Chronicle of Events

September 24.—The term begins.
September 26.—The engineers return by night from Arcadia.
September 28.—The usual Soph-Fresh scrap does not come off.

October 9. —Junior and Senior classes elect officers. Schuyler attains
greatness and Pritchard has greatness thrust upon him.

October 15. —Mr. Thomas Moore is elected editor-in-chief of Student
Life. On account of a change of management, it is
announced that the first number will be a month
late.

October 21. —Mrs. Van Ornum entertains the Civils at the Mercantile
Club.

October 31. —Mr. James S. Martin entertains the Sigma Chi’s at a Hal-
lowe’en party.
The Sig Alph’s entertain at their rooms. The “Globe”
says “apples and chestnuts were served.”

November 6. —Yell fest in chapel, solos by Cram and Sammelman were
the features.
The Tiger arrives and.—

November 7. —Has his tail twisted. Much joy at Washington.
Sigma Chi’s entertain the M. S. U. chapter with a dance.

November 13.—Chapel choir organized. Smith, Schuyler and Heim-
buecher members. Singing is much improved.

November 16.—Complaint of the amount of work required. The faculty
should have more care for the students’ nerves.

November 19.—The Chancellor reported to have spoken to a student. Re-
port probably untrue.

November 20.—Report confirmed. Investigation ordered.

November 26.—Washington holds Iowa down to 12-2.

November 28.—Owing to sickness on the staff, Student Life is four weeks
late.

December 5. —Robert Walls has his nose broken at handball. If handball becomes a destroyer of beauty it had better be abolished.

December 9. —The Freshmen raid the Soph spread. Results—Sophs' disordered raiment and much rope. Fresh—Glory, but no grub.

December 10. —Charles Herbert Louis William Cassell is elected football captain.

December 14. —Chapel choir develops into glee club.

December 15. —English and Chandler meet and form the W. U. Debating Club. Two other freshmen voted in.

December 16. —Theta Sigma dance in co-ed den. Freshmen stags worry the dancers.

December 18. —Sophs paint their numerals on the Dental College wall. Burroughs, '07, invents a new game, played with bottles of ink.

December 19. —Fresh-Soph wrestling match at the gym. Toeppen wins from Heimbuecher, and English from Luecher by default.

December 23. —Student Life only three weeks late. The management receives an ovation.

December 23. —Special chapel services. Chancellor urges students not to study during holidays.

December 23. —X-mas holidays ushered in by the Beta dance.

January 1. —Phi Delta Theta minstrel show and vaudeville performance.

January 4. —Holidays close with Sigma Chi dance.

January 5. —Ping pong opens in civil den.

January 8. —Handball tournament begins.
January 11. — Hatchet representatives and board meet at the club. Ideas, feed and smoke.

January 20. — Picture of Soph handball team appears in the paper for the second time. Tuholske looks more emaciated than before.

January 21. — Smoke talk at the club. Dr. Willard Bartlett speaks on Mexico.

January 22. — Program of exams. posted. The Freshmen prepare for the slaughter.

January 23. — Student Life six weeks late. Printing press blew up. Staff uninjured.

February 1. — Special exercises. Mr. Wizelenaus, '70, and Prof. Shep-ley spoke. Mr. Wizelenaus spoke about "girls."

February 2. — Three new Freshmen appear and ride brooms down Locust street, after which they sweep out the co-ed-den.

February 4. — Election of athletic association officers. The question, "Is it better to have nine more votes or go to the penitentiary," was argued by Tolson and Sale. The decision arrived at was that—the Dents had better lungs, but the Medics had more proxies.

February 5. — Freshmen dance at Odeon.

February 10. — Phi Delta Theta bob party and supper.

February 17. — Sigma Alpha Epsilon dance.

February 18. — Prof. Snow's Smoke talk at club on Russia.

February 22. — H. E. T. fancy dress dance. The only discordant note was from the glee club.

February 25. — At the suggestion of Mr. Schuyler the Athletic Association will in future keep two "roosters" for election purposes.
This beautiful epic poem was written by Holford Lulock, Esq.
The Grimey Grind

Who has not seen the grimey grind?
Where'er you go at least you find
A single model of his kind.
    To right or left he never looks,
    No interrupting joke he brooks,
    He is intent upon his books,
    This beautiful, dutiful grind.

He never goes out for a lark,
But haunts the college till it's dark,
And tries to get the highest mark.
    The lines of care upon his face
    Show he is striving for first place
    In the collegiate grinding race,
    This hustling, rustling grind.

With all the profs, he thinks he's thick,
I must admit he makes me sick,
The way he crawls for a bootlick.
    I never saw him stop to chaff,
    Or give a single hearty laugh.
    He has no time to take a bath,
    This slimey, grimey grind.
Billy Connett

The grand stand always cheers our boys
When they come running out,
They form a circle on the field,
And pass the ball about.
Although I give a yell for them,
Yes, give it with a will;
I always save my hearty cheer
Till I see Bill.

At grand stand playing Bill's no good,
He plays the game for fair;
And when the crowd applauds his work,
Why Bill don't turn a hair.
He's just the umpire all the time,
Without a single frill,
That's why when he comes on the field
That I cheer Bill.

No matter where the scrimmage is,
There in the dusty fray,
We see our Uncle William sit,
And calmly hold the ball.
When I run for the heav'nly goal
In me 'twould hope instill
If I could know the umpire'd be
My old friend Bill.
Trig

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother, dear,
To-morrow will be the maddest grind of all the mad new year.
Of all the mad New Year, Mother, the day that is fullest of woe,
For Trig comes to-morrow, Mother, Trig comes to-morrow, you know.

There are many flunks to fear, I know, but none looks quite so bleak,
There are Latin, French and Chem. to pass, English, too, and Greek,
But none so much, I'm sure, mamma, to make a poor man dig,
Like this confounded Trig, Mother, like this confounded Trig.

I sleep so sound all night, Mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, Mother, when the day begins to break.
For I must bone up on some thirty pages more or so,
For Trig comes to-morrow, Mother, Trig comes to-morrow, you know.

There is an Eating Club
Two blocks away,
Where they have lovely grub
Three times a day.
Oh, hark! the students' song
When they hear the dinner gong.
Oh, there is something wrong
Three times a day.
A is for Art
And for Art's devotees
They live upon hope
But they need bread and cheese.

B is for Ball Player,
Just see his big mitt
When he jaws at the umpire
The crowd thinks he's "it."

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C is for Co-ed
With her learned books,
She's long upon knowledge,
But short upon looks.

D is for Dentist,
Who pounds on our teeth.
Of all the pain artists
He should get the wreath.
F is for Football.
The players delight
To gouge out an eye
When they get in a fight.

E is for Engineer,
Running a line
He looks in the picture
Like a valentine.
G is for Grind,
    Who works early and late.
When discussing a meal
    His book serves as a plate.

Chemical Tests for Freshmen

Add to the mixture in which you suspect the presence of Freshmen, one or two Sophomores. Close the doors. The reaction is usually violent.

Properties Useful in Their Detection

They readily combine with the surrounding atmosphere and form volumes of hot air.
    They act but slightly on the instructor's suggestions.
    They turn pretty co-eds red.

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What Our Graduates Will Do

Trueblood will conduct a Matrimonial Agency in Kansas.
Bischoff has been engaged to coach the Mary Institute Football team next year.
Hempelmann will place a new breakfast food on the market.
Kissack will write Russian Poetry for a living.
Pritchard will become a missionary in South St. Louis.
Jones has secured a place with the “Price of Pilsen” chorus.
Toensfeldt will draw Poster Girls and a salary, perhaps.
Rosenberg will take tickets for the World’s Fair.
Dennis will have an interest with E. J. Arnold & Co.
Thomas has accepted a position as Society Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
Clayton expects to sell firearms in South America.
Cram will be Train Caller at Union Station.
Evers will be an Undertaker.
Lockwood will manufacture Hot Air Furnaces.
Hall will conduct the “Side Talks with Girls” department of the Ladies’ Home Journal.

The Place He Came From

IT WAS three days before the Christmas holidays. I knocked at Starbird’s door and was surprised to hear a restless snore like that of a person who hears the get-up bell and wishes he hadn’t. The door was not locked. I opened it and beheld our infant English assistant asleep at his desk.

A smile came over his face—his lips moved, and he murmured:

“She..............car..............go.”

What were those disjointed words? What did they mean? Again he muttered:

“She..............car..............go.”

Could it be? It must be that Mr. Starbird was engaged to be married. There was the “She” and what else could “car” and “go” mean but the wedding trip? That was it. I began to pull the door to and steal away, when the sleeper moved a bit. His dream was more vivid. He wagged his head as if immensely pleased over the prospect of his wedding tour. Then he chuckled naturally and said:

“Chicago.”
The Engineers in Arcadia

As the shadows gathered, a band of bearded men surrounded the station. Their beards were long and full of straw and hayseed and many things more. And they spat upon the ground, which was very right and proper; for they were Arcadians, and the mail train was to come.

Behold it arrived and stood still. And straightway one descended who wore a long coat, and a goatee and a grin, whereat the Arcadians were happy, for they perceived that there was no harm in him. But there followed others, Engineers, who looked upon the Arcadians and laughed loud in their glee; nor were they surprised at the uncouthness of the natives. They had read the “Sunday Republic Comic Section.” But the Arcadians were sore afraid and followed the strangers with troubled gaze. For they had had sad experience with Engineers in the former times.

So the Engineers came to Arcadia. Then they took their baggage and passed to the hotel. There they seized upon the house and divided it among themselves. Now it came to pass that Seniors were on one side and the Juniors on the other. Then they donned their flannel shirts and leggins and descended. And when they had entered the place of feed and had sat down, Mrs. Mulligan, who is called the witch, brought them food; whereof some ate and some did not. But in after days all ate, yea, and clamored for more; but there was no more.

Now when they were wearied with the struggle with the feed they went outside the place. Some there were that sat them in the swing and some upon the grass. And they lit their pipes, the better to think o’er the strange things that had befallen them. Then was Kissack moved to raise his mellow voice in song, and others likewise became tuneful minded; so that the inhabitants came and stood outside the fence to listen. Whereat Kissack and Pritchard and Bischoff and Jones were pleased so that they sang many times, until the people could stand it no more and went away.

Now upon the next day one who was in authority gave hatchets to the Seniors and bade them follow him in single file. And they did so, and followed him throughout the valley putting flags on the hill tops and in the bottoms, in the orchards and the gardens of old ladies, who straightway the Seniors were gone tore down the stakes with vindictive joy.

And there followed the Seniors, the Juniors, who carried levels, transit and stadia. And so the Engineers ran many lines throughout the
town and the fields around about. But often were they fain to leave their instruments in the field and betake themselves to the cool swimming hole, or the watermelon patch in the shade of the forest. Even so worked they, all day long, for many days together.

But at night they hied them to the town across the stream, where they bought ice-cream and sang, and gave their college yells with a right good will. Now it was here that they met the maidens of Arcadia; and some were good to look upon. So they went to dances and were entertained liberally by the young men of the town, of whom Patton, called Dinks, was the chief.

But it came to pass that some of the Juniors who were evil-minded and crafty were wont to come in through the hotel windows at night and throw tacks and water on the others while they slept. They would even pull down the bed and take away the clothes. So that a great noise would arise and much rough-house at dead of night. And it so happened that once when half the Juniors had left the place, the Seniors set upon the rest and bound them fast in the summer house. But when the other Juniors returned, the bound ones broke loose and drove the Seniors before them in utter rout.

Then in the last days they balanced their surveys, and to say the errors were many minutes; whereat Goodwin, the great, was sorely grieved and wept bitter tears. But the Juniors distributed the error, and when it was all done they rejoiced at heart and were glad.

So the Engineers packed their army shirts and leggins, and stole away at midnight. But the people of Arcadia know not to this day where they are.
Faculty Field Day

1. 100-yd. dash—Won by Prof. Hambach. Time: Watch ran down.
2. Putting the 56-pound shot—Won by Prof. Keiser. Distance, 210 ft. Prof. Keiser made this record from the top of the Chemical building.
3. Riding a bicycle without handles—Won by Prof. Nipher. Ten blocks to one tumble.
4. Attending chapel—Prof. Snow won. Second, Dr. Chaplin. No other entries.
5. Broad Jump—Won by Prof. Fletcher. Distance, 37 ft. (very strong wind blowing).
6. Holding the Baby—Won by Prof. Shipley. Endurance record: 7 nights a week.
7. Hurdle Race—Won by Mr. Goodwin.
8. Raising Mustaches—Won by Prof. Chessin. Record, 3 inches on each side. Second, Mr. Reiff, 2½ on one side, 2 inches on the other.
9. Chewing the Rag—Won by Prof. Heller. All did very well.
10. Flunking the Freshmen—Won by Mr. James, 28 out of 35.
11. Relay Race—The Union team, composed of Charlie, the Office Boy, Adolph, Robert and Pete, won.
12. Running Broad Smile—Three slaps to the smile—Prof. Swift. (The race is not always to the swift).
What I Would Rather Have Been,
Next to a Professor

Chaplin—Cigar Manufacturer.
Woodward—Athletic Manager.
Snow—Grand Opera Star.
Nipher—Trick Bicycle Rider.
Van Ornum—Soldier.
Shippley—Orator.
Hall—Anything with Home Cooking.
Keiser—Jockey.
Lovejoy—Gas Man.
Chessin—Nihilist.
Fletcher—Pugilist.
Starbird—Patent Medicine Agent.
Swift—Preacher.
Heller—Secret Service Agent.
Douay—Matrimonial Agency Manager.
Ewington—Hobo.
Reiff—Barber.
Langsdorf—Artists’ Model.
Mann—Cartoonist.
Leavitt—Chorus Girl.
Coulter—Either a Bishop or a Book-maker.
Hambach—Tight Rope Artist.
Vose—Judge.
Goodwin—Four inches shorter.
James—Cowboy.
Smith—Undertaker.
Winston—Contortionist.
Prof. Woodward (grasping his whiskers meditatively): “What have we here, what have we here?”

Prof. Van Ornum: “To steel an engineering material.”

Prof. Woodward (pointing at his feet): “You can’t deal mathematically with a large, irregular body like that.”

* * *

Professor Shipley’s annual came off December 14. It was well attended and quite successful. All the class smiled. It follows: The Augur Murena was a good deal of a bore. Ha? Ha?

* * *

Here’s to Adolph, the Cleanly:
May he sweep everything before him and leave a clean record behind him.

* * *

Skinker takes Greek, but in translating “the billious waves,” when Sophocles wrote “the billowy waves,” he must have been a-dreaming.

Tiger, Tiger, you’re a sight!
Where thy burning hues so bright?
    Tail contracted, claws extracted,
      Tiger, Tiger, you’re a fright!

From that touching ballad, “Sure Mike,” by Coach Boynton, in the Post-Dispatch.

NOTICE!

O, Monkton-Tappan, so hailey
claim the Freshmen championship in
wrestling and will meet anyone of the class
on either Wednesday or Saturday aftern.
Muggles’ gymnasium.

M. Johnson
H is for Handball.
This player's in trim.
He developed his muscles
At "Old Muegee's Gym."

I's for Instructor,
Who's got lots of nerve.
He keeps in the girls,
But we're on to his curve.
J is for Janitor,
Thinking he's working,
But washing the windows,
For months he's been shirking.

K is "Kat Katcher,"
And I rather suspect,
He gets thirty cents
For each one they dissect.
L is for Lawyer,  
In these times out of joint.  
All the boodlers get off  
On his technical points.

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Scintillations From the Law School

MR. BISHOP—It is regarded as an assault to knock out the fore teeth.  
MISS OVERSTOLZ—Would it be an assault to knock out two teeth?  
MR. BISHOP—Yes, indeed.  
MISS OVERSTOLZ—But I thought you said to constitute an assault you had to knock out four teeth.  
The Angry Mob—Slap! Bang!! Smash!!

* * *

DEAN CURTIS—What is a nuisance?
ORTHWEIN—Keeping a cow.

* * *

JUDGE HYSON—What would be the legal effect if you sampled a barrel of whiskey I sold you?
SHERMAN—I don’t know what the legal effect would be—but I can guess the effect.
Mr. Bishop—Mr. Casey—ah! Casey at the bat.
Casey—(After reciting)—I made a home run.

* * *

Judge Keyson—An inn-keeper is usually responsible for the clothes of his guests.
Miss Overstolz—Is he responsible when the guest does not have his clothes on?
The Angry Mob—Slap! Bang!! Smash!!!

* * *

Mr. Bishop—If a man shoots at what he supposes is a ghost and kills a man, is he liable.
Dr. Wertherm—Not if he believes in ghosts.

Judge Adams

Who is it answers for the class?
Judge Adams.
Who at the head will surely pass?
Judge Adams.
Who to himself all eyes can draw,
Who wears tobacco in his jaw,
Who thinks he knows the whole blamed law?
Judge Adams.

Who gives us pointers every day?
Judge Adams.
Who tells us what we ought to say?
Judge Adams.
Who puts to shame both you and me,
Who tells us what the law should be,
And with it gives a "warrantee?"
Judge Adams.

Who's never absent from his place?
Judge Adams.
Who "gin'rally" knows every case?
Judge Adams.
Whom will I fine when I shall be Chief Justice, Washington, D. C.,
For laying down the law to me?
Judge Adams.
The Law School's One Co-ed

Judge Keysor—Who will tell me what a tort is?
Co-ed (bravely)—I will. A tort is where your dressmaker does not make your dress properly.
Judge—But I do not wear dresses.
Co-ed—Well, you know what I mean.
Judge—I thought that a tort is a private wrong.
Co-ed—Exactly. If my dressmaker makes my clothes so badly that they do not fit, isn't that a private wrong?
Judge—It may be.
Co-ed—It is more than a wrong. It is a sin.
Judge—but you go to a dressmaker with an exact pattern, and there is an implied warranty that it will fit.
Co-ed—Judge, you do not understand. You never had any dresses made.
Judge—Not often enough for it to become a custom.
Co-ed—Judge, can you raise a custom from an implied warranty?
Judge—Not any more than a hen can raise a chicken from a door knob. But I see that we are getting off the subject. Suppose my neighbor has a savage bull-dog, and the dog gets loose and bites me. Is that a tort?
Co-ed—No.
Judge—But it is a private wrong.
Co-ed—Oh, I meant to say yes. But Judge—.
Judge—What is it?
Co-ed—Suppose the dog was drunk?
Judge—In that case it would be damnum absque injuria.
Co-ed (aside)—The horrid man! How can he swear like that?
Judge—There would be no criminal intent. Do you understand?
Co-ed—Oh, yes. Then a gentleman could not sue a lady who absent-mindedly left her false teeth on the seat at the station, and he sat down on them, and they bit him?
Judge—No, there would be no criminal intent.
Co-ed—Could he sue the maker of the teeth?
Judge—On what ground?
Co-ed—On an implied warranty that the teeth would chew nothing tougher than beefsteak.
JUDGE—I think not.
Co-ed—I thought that was what was decided in the leading case of Lee vs. Griffin?
JUDGE—You did not understand the application of the case. I see that we will have to pass on. What is a nuisance?
Co-ed—It is a nuisance when the horrid men rap with their pencils whenever a gentleman speaks to me in the library.
JUDGE—I mean in a legal sense.
Co-ed—Oh, a nuisance is—a nuisance is a wrong—a nuisance is a legal wrong—I don’t believe I know.
JUDGE—It is a wrong by which a man is disturbed in the lawful enjoyment of his health.
Co-ed—I knew that, but I just forgot it.
JUDGE—Give an example.
Co-ed—The men who smoke in here before class.
JUDGE—Would you consider that a nuisance?
Co-ed—Yes, indeed, it disturbs me in the awful—I mean lawful—enjoyment of my health.
JUDGE—That might be; (aside) but I should prefer to regard it as a conspiracy.
Co-ed—Judge, if I should make biscuit for my husband—
JUDGE—Ahem!
Co-ed—And he should complain that they were not like those his mother used to make, could he sue me for nuisance?
JUDGE—On what ground?
Co-ed—Because I disturbed him in the lawful enjoyment of his health.
JUDGE—Since the husband did not lie about the biscuits, I do not think that a cause of action would lie.
Co-ed (joyfully)—Oh, I’m so glad. You know that I may have to cook if his regiment—Oh, I forgot!
JUDGE—Suppose a neighbor’s rain spout emptied water on your land, what would you do?
Co-ed (surprised)—Oh! excuse me; I was thinking of some one—something else.
JUDGE—Just suppose a client came in and asked you that question. What would you do first?
Co-ed—Take his five-dollar bill.
JUDGE—I see that the time is up. The class is excused.
M is for Medic,
A man of great learning,
To hack and to carve our
Appendix he's yearning.

I AM A MEMBER of the class of W. U. M., '05, in Paradise. Years ago the unprecedented achievements of my classmates as doctors of medicine startled the universe. I myself—but that is a different story. St. Peter cheerfully opened the gates to most of our class. A number of us who came later were only admitted after an urgent request by those who were already glorified. The glorified members sent a committee with a petition to St. Peter, urging him to admit us. The committee—Hale, Reiss and Craske—at last told him that the class would go out in a bunch unless he complied. Hale was chairman; St. Peter submitted.

Schernitzauer, who came last, got in on a technicality, the recording angel having misspelled his name. We have formed a club which has many distinguished members besides the Class of W. U. '05. Dan C. Goodman is club president. He is looking happy in a bright new pair of shoulder and heel wings and a nobby radium halo trimmed with gold. George M.
Park is chanting with Julius Caesar. Caesar says of Park: “Of the holy, he is the holiest,” while Confucius calls Park “Innocence.”

E. T. Senseney has just left the clubroom where I am writing. He sends a friendly greeting to all, and says he must make a call in consultation with Hippocrates over a sick cherub on Golden Gate Boulevard. B. C. Kern is at present sojourning with Diogenes in the latter’s tub. Kern is probably discussing with him the advisability of electing H. Hirsch as next president of our club.

H. H. Cline took Cleopatra to the matinee this afternoon. Doc Nettles, Anthony and Caesar and Hannibal tried to pass Cline up in the club room the other day, but Cline bluffed them out.

Hawkins and Smith are out in the gym, having a friendly “set to” with John L. Sullivan and Hannibal as referees. Gregg just came in whistling “In the Good Old Summer Time.” He wishes to be kindly remembered.

Thompson, Guggenheim and Vonnahue are in the hall, giving Blackstone a few new ideas about English law. They are all too preoccupied to send any messages.

Klenk is making a microscopic examination of some solar nebulae for Galileo. He’s got a pull with the old man. I won’t disturb him. He is also house physician to St. Patrick.

Z. D. Lumley and Fildes are the house musicians of our club. C. Rose and Prof. Warren are examining the stomach contents of Nero to prove that he died of ptomaine poisoning. Both send their kindest regards. Joe Oliver has just arrived to announce a lecture by Dr. Luedeking on “What to Feed the Cherubs.” So I must bid you all a farewell.

PARADISE.

Freels, the poet-humorist from East St. Louis, has issued an edition of his jokes bound in black cloth, for use at funerals.

Liston drew a group of nerve cells, and colored it highly. Someone wrote under it, “Puzzle: Find the Chinaman.” Dr. Budgett spent three hours studying it, and finally decided there was no Chinaman there.

“Peter must have the money. He has children. Joe has no right to a Christmas present, either morally or constitutionally.” (Prolonged Applause).—Sentences from oration delivered in Freshman class: Subject, “Peter the Great.”
Esculapius, the son of Apollo, and god of medicine, restored to life Hippolytus, the son of Theseus. For this deed Jupiter struck him down with a thunderbolt.—Mythology.

Our patron saint did quite too much.
Instead of curing ills and such,
He brought life back to those, 'tis said,
From whom the vital spark had fled.
And he, for this misguided zeal,
The wrath of Jove was made to feel.

The lesson plainly taught us, then,
Is practice on but living men;
That when we've made the sick ones well,
Or well ones sick, to stay our skill,
And leave the dead to that great morn
When Angel Gabriel blows his horn.

* * *

English at the Medical

Dr. F.—Mr. C, tell me what is the matter of this man.
Mr. C.—I ain't see'd him yet.

* * *

Big Doc.—Say, son! How much of a boodler are you?
Little Doc.—Sh! Thompson won't publish the story.

* * *

Dr. Engman—Dr. Robertson, have you read the recent work of Erlich?

* * *

Dr. Robertson—Don't bother me. Have you Red Raven Splits?

Dr. Dixon—Gentlemen, I will ask only one question at our exam. next Monday.

* * *

Fischel.—What's it to be?

Seth Smith exclaims with gleaming eyes,
Foot-ball is the talk. And I surmise,
In fact I know I'll take the prize,
"With the smile that won't come off."

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Conversation I. (at Mullanphy)
LIGHTNER—Say, Park, what’ll you take for that ring?
PARK—Oh! as I need the money, you may have it for five.

Conversation II. (at Dunn’s)
LIGHTNER—Say, how much will you give me for this diamond?
EXPERT—Ten cents.

* * *
Tragedy in Three Acts

Act I. Jesse James, ’05, standing in Billiard Hall with his new mustache and muffler.
Act II. Union Cab Driver come in. Asks “Where is the driver of that hack out there?” And then he sees Jesse.
Act III. Overflow meeting in Jefferson Avenue.

Some Junior Dents

Baldwin comes from an Illinois town.
When singing he sounds like an old bass hound.
George is a very industrious boy,
Always making some funny wax toy.

Walter Blanck comes from a very small town,
For soldering brass, he has achieved renown.
At the club telephone, he is always kept busy,
Making dates with Mabel, Myrtle or Lizzie.

Chaudet is a sporty looking man,
Stays out of classes whenever he can.
And when Doc. Kennerly begins to jaw,
He presents excuses from his ma.

Faherty, the Irishman, from Chester came,
Every one laughs at the sound of his name.
His teeth are worn by mechanical abrasion,
Telling Irish jokes is his vocation.

Carter comes from the K. C. college,
Of all quiz questions, he has some knowledge.
In Bartlett’s quiz on the Bonwill stuff,
He was first to go to the board with his bluff.

Finot is proud of his black mustache,
At his boarding house they have plaster hash.
Paderwiski’s long hair gave him fame,
Finot thinks his will do the same.
It's fifteen feet 'round August Gast,
Visit Lemp's Brewery, he always leaves last.
Once he asked the question imprudent,
"What effect has beer on a German student?"

Harry Green from West Plains came.
Tell how he looks by the sound of his name.
Went to war as a volunteer,
Says he's a dentist but that sounds queer.

Walter Hudson is a big fat man.
His relatives have doubtless rushed the can.
As a "Sergeant-at-arms," he is certainly tame.
He loves to watch Kimball's favorite game.

Glover Johns comes from the "Lone Star State."
His overcoat is his running mate.
On the football team, he achieved renown,
By carrying the water when a man was down.

Saliba, a student from over the sea,
Decided a dentist he'd like to be,
And so with diploma from us, he'll depart.
And return to Turkey a school for to start.

Earle Sharp, always so neat and trim,
Makes his name a credit to him.
For sharp he was when of Sidney P.
He demanded better grades in physiologee.

Shields is a rather tall adipose man,
Takes a walk every night that he possibly can.
He ran a mile in ten hours flat,
The football team wouldn't stand for that.

Next we come to fatty Spencer
With a plaster spatula, he's quite a fencer.
He caught a rabbit, it was a male,
And carried it to Budgett by the tail.

Umbarger is a man of great renown,
For he has a girl in every town.
And he receives, most every day,
A letter with "postage due" to pay.

Joe Fred Kimball is a Kansas Jay Hawk
Two speckled bones excite him to talk.
He laid champion Linder on the floor,
Now he's champion, he couldn't be more.
Call a fifth floor man to the tube,
An answer you'll get from Lambrechts, the Rube,
He's so very angular, multiplied by slim,
He resembles the prophet, "Sunny Jim."

Lottes, reminds you of little Jack Horner,
For his seat is away, way off in the corner.
He is generally known as in inveterate bluffer,
He has learned to fill teeth with a sausage stuffer.

Neuhoff, the curly-headed lad,
Has a walk, quite his own fad.
His clothes are padded to make him look stout,
And he certainly loves his sauer kraut.

Next is Shieck, our bad wild man,
Makes all the noise that he possibly can.
He broke his plate and had to patch it,
But got through in time to get in the "Hatchet."

Villars has a fish story to relate;
He came, we hear, from the Gas City state.
With Riley's love-lyrics, he spends most of his time,
So judge for yourself whom he left behind.

As Linder was going out one night
His father questioned: Whither?
And Roy, not wishing to deceive,
With blushed answered: "With her."

"More teeth have been lost by badly fitted banded crowns, etc."
"Prac-ti-kally valueless."
"Put out the volcanoes."
"Bonwell Theory."
"My friend Dr. Black of Chicago."

"Say, Hudson, look here, I weigh four pounds more than you!"
"Aw, you're cheating, Scotty; you've got your hands in your pockets."

Army Wallace will give an exhibition of military tactics on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Walter Blanck, Manager.

President Bailey, candidate for the football team, has begun early practice. His first work out was a low tackle on a Market street car.

Curfew shall not ring tonight, but Deacon Hayward will sing.
The Art Student

I would not be a medic,
I would not be a dent,
I think that botany is
    Not worth a bloomin' cent;
I would not be an undergrad,
I would not study law;
I wear a flowing necktie,
    And I draw.

I'm fondest of this still-life,
    Yes, I am fond of rest,
I am so fond of antiques,
    I love my old clothes best.
I am so fond of modeling,
    I am a model man.
My life I've modeled after
    A Fine Arts plan.

I call my life bohemian,
    For each day when I dine
I eat both cheese and crackers,
    And drink a light French wine.
My purse is altogether
    The bearest thing I own.
No king I know is happier
    Upon his throne.
Why has Fred Gray adopted the Irish brogue nowadays?
What is so attractive about the northwest corner of Nineteenth and Locust that Leland, Schuyler and Wingo should visit there every afternoon?
Carpenter’s “high light” is fast losing its former brilliancy. It has now faded to a dull grey.
“Muzzletop” Nash, “the pride of the Life class,” has nearly exhausted his once bountiful store of risque stories. He’ll have to take to “the Road” again.
The other day somebody overheard Leland making a noise like a peanut, just to remind himself of Italy, his Fatherland.
A smart youngster blew into our midst not long ago and began dishing out his calling cards which ran as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Let's Get Aquatilized Capital $1,000,000 in my dreams.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LT. Binkowski                                      Looking for someone to love.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Millionaire                                 Not Married and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kind Regards to All                                  Out for a good time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends and Neighbors</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

One early morning while returning home, “Little Horace Milliken” tried to walk between a lamp-post. A black eye of two weeks’ standing was the result.
“Rough House Flossie, the tenor of the Brazos,” was absent for a few days in January. During her absence Wingo and Schuyler brightened up and took interest in life again.
Abrahamson, erstwhile “Gloomy Gus,” has felt the broadening influences of the Life class and is quite a “ladies’ man” now.
O is our Office Boy,
He will then feel the joke.
When he's puffed it a while
Learning to smoke.

N is for Nanny,
Who here bravely stands
To help the frat's freshmen
Go o'er hot sands.
P's for Professor,
Who's deeply immersed
In a new book of Sanscrit
In which he is versed.

Q is for Queen,
Who sets them all crazy,
Just take the next waltz,
They say she's a daisy.
R is for Rooter,
   Who helps win the game,
But if we are losing
   He yells just the same.

S is for Spreadist,
   Who ne'er happy felt
Till all within sight
   Was tucked under his belt.

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T is for Tennis,
A game loved by all,
This man spends his time
In chasing the ball.

U is for Umpire,
A man made for strife,
No one will insure
His most hazardous life.
V is for Victor,
Who now points with pride
To the “W” he won
With his wonderful stride.

W's for Wearer
Of our sacred letter,
And it shows in his line,
That no man is better.
X Y Z stands for “Russian,”
A soft hearted man,
Who donates an “A”
To his class when he can.

How to Pass an Exam

1. Go into the room five minutes late. Speak to everybody, especially the girls.
2. Take a seat right under the Prof’s eyes. This is always a trump card.
3. After you get your paper, turn it over and sharpen a pencil for five minutes.
4. Read the questions. Allow about half an hour for this.
5. Look around the room and smile.
6. Go up and ask the Prof, about some minor details.
7. If you know anything, put it down. This is not really essential, but hurts nothing.
8. Be sure to write at a furious pace, if you write at all. Mutter words of disapproval occasionally.
9. Be sure not to read the paper over. This betrays lack of confidence.
10. Walk up to the Professor and give him your book. Compliment him on such a fair examination and ask when he can come out to dinner.
11. When outside, whistle the long metre doxology audibly.
12. Don’t worry.
Ain't Star\n•

A. Allegretto.

Allegretto.

Let each good fellow fill his glass, and thrill the air with joyous song. For Alma Mater is our host—Oh may she flourish long! (Hurrah!) She took us when we were but lads, and made us men as men should be; So while we live we'll never forget our Uni\n•

ity (Hurrah!)

William Schuyler 74

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Washington University!
Majesty of the West, may she long be the joy of our land!
Washington University!
May her fame forever spread over
all this great country.
All this great country.
ALMA MATER.

BY WM. SCHUYLER, '74.

Let each good fellow fill his glass,
    And thrill the air with joyous song,
For Alma Mater is our toast,—
    Oh, may she flourish long—(spoken, Hurrah.)
She took us when we were but lads,
    And made us men as men should be;
So, while we live we'll ne'er forget
Our University. (Spoken, Hurrah.)

Chorus:
    Washington University
She's the Mother of us all, long may she glorious be,
    Washington University:
May her fame forever spread o'er all this great countree,

Let old Alumni, Seniors wise
    And Juniors, Soph'mores—Freshmen too—
All join to raise the song of praise
    For Alma Mater true—(Hurrah)
She keeps the lamp of learning bright,
    Holds it aloft so men may see
The paths to ever loftier heights—
Our University. (Hurrah.)
Litoria

(W. U. Version.)

Snow and Nipher had a fight,
Swe-de-le-we-dum bum;
They fit all day, they fit all night;
Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
And in the morning they were seen,
Swe-de-le-we-tchu-hi-ra-sa.
Rolling down the college green,
Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
Litoria, Litoria, Swe-de-le-we-tchu-hi-ra-sa,
Litoria, Litoria, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.

In Miz-Zoo- Ree

There is an ancient Facultee most ancient in renown,
That runs an ancient 'varsity, built in an ancient town,
The town is in the inland, far from ye raging sea,
About the eastern edge of the state of Miz-zoo-ree.

The town is full of tal-i-ent, and lager beer saloons,
The boys sometimes get hard up and pawn their pantaloons;
But this thing seldom happens—the reason you shall see,
We can usually borrow when we're broke—in Miz-zoo-ree.

We spend our leisure moments beside ye ancient girls,
All powdered up and modernized by chignons, rouge and curls;
They always smash our hearts, altho' it strange may be,
The same girls smashed our father's hearts in Miz-zoo-ree.
Myrtle and Maroon

Words by J. T. MUENCH.  
Composed by W. H. POMMER

Andante maestoso.

In our scramble of her knowledge, In our
Thro' our years of toil and pleasure, Happy
search for wisdom's stone, In our daily occup-
years of college life, May we keep in mind the

pa-tions, Let us never stand a-lone. Let us
pleasant, And for-get all petty strife. When at
always hold together, if the end comes late or
lost the end draws nearer, with each slowly waning

soon, for the love we have in common to the
moon, we will think with deep affection of the

Myrtle and Maroon, for the love we bore in
Myrtle and Maroon, we will think with deep affection

common to the Myrtle and Maroon.
When We Were Only Six Years' Old

CHORUS.

Presto.

Oh! when we were only six years old, Oh! when we were only six years old, Oh!

When we were only six years old, our papa sent us to school.

They wanted us to begin our lives like twigs are made to bend, and

thought that by learning every thing we'd know it at the end. So,

D.C. Chorus.
Chorus:—
Oh, when we were only six years old,
Oh, when we were only six years old,
Oh, when we were only six years old,
Our Papas they sent us to school.

Solo:—
They wanted us to begin our life
Like twigs are made to bend,
And thought that by learning everything
We’d know it at the end.

Chorus:—
And when we got hold of a spelling book,
And when we got hold of a spelling book,
And when we got hold of a spelling book,
Our happiness still flowed on.

Solo:—
We studied our g’s and x’s and z’s,
And saw what a snap they had;
They didn’t hae any work to do,
And it made us howling mad.

Chorus:—
And then we got into another class,
And then we got into another class,
And then we got into another class,
And dined on grammatical rules.

Solo:—
They wouldn’t digest at all with us—
We found them very tough.
As soon as we got the slightest chance
We said that we had enough.

Chorus:—
So into the Latin and Greek we plunged,
So into the Latin and Greek we plunged,
So into the Latin and Greek we plunged,
Regardless of danger or death.

Solo:—
For Hannibal, Fabius, Scipio,
Alexander, Germanicus,
Aurelius, Cæsar, Trajan,
We were ready to fight or fuss.

Chorus:—
Next came the tangents and cosecants,
Next came the tangents and cosecants,
Next came the tangents and cosecants,
Of trigonometrical lore.

Solo:—
We learned how the corners were quickly turned
At any hour of night;
A vanishing point we always were
When wanting to get out of sight.

Chorus:—
But rhetoric nearly ruined us,
But rhetoric nearly ruined us,
But rhetoric nearly ruined us,
By swelling our bosoms with pride.

Chorus:—
So down at our desks we sat, and then—
So down at our desks we sat, and then—
So down at our desks we sat, and then—
The fun of our life began.

Solo:—
The teachers would keep us after school,
And spank us now and then.
They taught us to spill an inkstand on
The stub end of a pen.

Solo:—
We, each of us, was a Cicero,
Demosthenes or such,
But miserable critics said that we
By no means knew so much.

Chorus:—
At last in our solemn Senior year,
At last in our solemn Senior year,
At last in our solemn Senior year,
We reveled in luxury.

Solo:—
For boating and ball and driving clubs,
Were constantly combined,
With beautiful saintly sweethearts of
Idealistic minds.
Chorus:—
And then on the platform we did speak,
And then on the platform we did speak,
And then on the platform we did speak,
Amid unbounded applause.

Solo:—
The sheepskins were given each of us,
And flowers without end.
All had a congratulation from
Some dear and loved friend.

Chorus:—
We smiled as we left the hall and said,
We smiled as we left the hall and said,
We smiled as we left the hall and said,
Good-bye to our W. U.

Solo:—
But now we are growing old and gray,
We wish we could go to school.
We want to recall our childhood days,
And stay till our life is done.

Chorus:—
For when we were only six years old,
Yes, when we were only six years old,
Oh, when we were only six years old,
Our Papas they sent us to school.
Hace testimoniam omnes damus. Amen.

Before and After
(By Grant Beebe.)

Air—The Gospel Raft.

Oh dere's goin to be some doins in de ole Mizzouri town
Whar dey'll hab de bigges show you ebber see,
An' a feature of that show as you folks will sho'ly know
Is de buildins of de universitee.
Git yer baggage on de train. Don't you mind the heat or rain,
Cause de folks from all de world is gwine ter go,
Oh you musn't keep away if yer hab de price to pay,
Cause it's gwine to be a buster of a show.

Chorus:—
Come along, come along,
For de folks from all de world is gwine ter go,
Oh you mustn't keep away if you've got the price to pay,
Fer it's gwine to be a buster of a show.
Oh de peoples of ole Europe dey is gwine ter send dere best
An de countries of de islands of de sea,
But dey'll hab to get up early if dey want ter get away
From de people of de universitee.
Oh dey sholy will be found if you only look around
In de hall of arts or anywhere you like,
But de place where I would hunt 'em if you reely want ter know
Is in der patch of grounds dey call de Pike.

*Chorus:*
Come along, come along,
You can hunt yor friends in any place yer like,
But de place where I would hunt 'em if you reely want ter know,
Is in der patch of ground dey call de pike,

Now when de show is over and de folks is gone away
An every thing is quiet as can be,
The crowd to keep things movin in de way dey ought ter go,
Is de people of de universitee.
Oh 'twill be a happy day when de folks is gone away,
For then we'll see a sight we want ter see,
'Cause then we'll fill dose buildings from de bottom to de top,
With de students of de universitee.

*Chorus:*
Come along, come along,
For that will be a sight we want ter see,
When we have filled those buildins from the bottom to the top,
With the students of the university.
Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill

Full many a time did we use to hear
That the University would move "next year";
'Twas said that Washington 'd never stand still
But would perch way out on the top of a hill.

_Chorus:_

And it's drill, ye tarriers, drill,
Drill, ye tarriers, drill.
Oh, it's work all day without sugar in your tay,
When you grind away in that 'Varsitay,
And it's drill, ye tarriers, drill.

And one fine day our dream came true,
We found that there really was a new W. U.;
And we all rejoiced and our hopes were high
That the boys might study by the light of the sky.

_Chorus:_

The builder built with all his might,
And the tarriers drilled by day and night;
But when it was ready the Fair it did suit,
And we hiked back to the Mary Institutoot.

_Chorus:_

When nineteen five the calendar showed,
A would-be Freshman went to Skinker Road;
But he opened his eyes with dire dismay
When he found he was strolling down a gay Midway.

_Chorus:_
A Hymn of Washington

Tune, "Maryland, My Maryland."

I.
Come, Seniors, on this parting day,
Washington, dear Washington,
With voices strong we'll sing the lay
Washington, dear Washington.
When we are gone and others here—
For Thee, to all of us so dear,
Shall rise the never-ending cheer
Washington, dear Washington.

II.
The time has come to leave thy halls,
Washington, dear Washington.
A sterner world to us now calls,
Washington, dear Washington.
In after years, where e'er we be,
Our hearts shall fondly turn to thee
And sing thy praises joyfully,
Washington, dear Washington.