The Lady and The Tiger

It was Evelyn's first day at Washington, and Mary Lance had taken the Freshie in tow; she, of course, was looking for sorority material and Tom Belt's sister would be a catch for the Chis.

"Chapel time," announced Mary, keeping her arm firmly in Evelyn's, "Come on girls," and they all trooped up to Chapel, where they wriggled around for some minutes searching out new faces and old, until Chancellor Rain arose, smiling graciously, and quiet ensued, while Evelyn began a casual (but systematic) investigation of the balcony opposite her, till she was caught in the act by a pair of handsome blue eyes in the first row. For an instant she looked frankly, then indifferently lowered her gaze. "Who is the big blonde up there in the first row, Mary?"

"That's Hal Carsten, a Junior, one of our class, you know, isn't he good looking? And rather stealthily Evelyn peeped again, but he was evidently absorbed in Dean Forest's speech. Dean Forest was a favorite with the boys.

How good they all were to a new girl: why, the minute Mary released Evelyn's arm, some other girl, a Zeta, slipped in and introduced several friends, and as soon as one of them left her side, a Chi again had taken the other's place, and was so sweet and pleasant; with the result that Evelyn found Washington perfectly delightful. Soon both the Zetas and the Chis were to give parties, to which they had invited her; do you suppose they were "rushing" her? Tom had told her the way the fellows "rushed." And another circumstance which tended to rouse her suspicions, was that her escort to the Zeta party began a methodical plan of telling her: "Oh, yes, the Chis were quite a nice lot of girls, but the Zetas you see are 'the girls'—Really they were lovely to her, and the boy was charming; he was very handsome—she wondered if Hal Carsten could be as nice.

Next morning Mary and she came out on the car together, and as they were hurrying along the library corridor, He crossed their path, stopping before them. "Miss Belt, Mr. Carsten, and I believe Hal is to be your escort Thursday Evelyn," said Mary, breathlessly, grinning with delight that it had happened without the usual managing, to get the two together. He carried Evelyn's suit-case over to the rooms, at the same time making an appointment with her, for eleven o'clock, in the library.

At eleven, however, a Zeta girl cornered her as she entered the library door. "I have something to say to you, Evelyn dear," she began solemnly, when Hal strode up and began a breezy conversation which admitted of no interruption. The moment surely was not auspicious, the baffled Zeta stuck for a while, then finally departed.

Evelyn thought that Hal talked splendidly, he seemed like such a masterful fellow! He led her off for a walk and led her back into the the clutches of
the Chis, who pounced upon the Freshie and triumphantly entered the building with Evelyn Belt decorated in Chi pledge colors.

When the night of the party arrived, Hal felt that she was safely captured, so he allowed sorority subjects to rest in peace. Of course, the girl's eyes were bright and big with interest, while her lips said just enough to lead him to talk of himself.

"Yes, Dad's always been something of a student, living off in a little old Springdale, and his views aren't just what ours are. For one thing, his mind is dead set against football, ever since I broke my arm last year, in the game with Missouri—cruel sport, you know, and all that."

"Does the mother disapprove too?"

"Well I'm no snitch, but I've a sneaking notion she'd like it. Oh, mother's a regular girl, but she's a bit awed by father; the fact is I have a large store of admiration for him myself, and I'd hate to 'hurt his feelings.'"

"I know how hard it must be," she sympathized, "but it is only right to regard his wishes. I do admire a man who sticks to his point; then, too, father always says a man must learn to obey before he can command."

He laughed, "Well, I hope I'll command some day, but I know one person I'll never command, that's father. Mother is the only one who ever managed him, and you don't hear her issuing orders. Funny how a woman can get around a man, isn't it?"

So, while he had some vague notion that perhaps, some day, he might command the maiden, the maiden had a very definite and wicked little notion that she would "get around" him, and I think she did, for their friendship was not long in developing the usual symptoms of a "case." He asked her to three dances before anyone else had a chance, she wore his Tau Sigma pin and his "Chain and Ball" pin, and what was really unusual, Brother Tom approved of him highly.

"He's a dandy," said Tom, emphatically, "but I wish he'd play football, he's been out, practicing around, but he won't get in a game; you ought to have seen him play last year—and the night of the Class Scrap! You know that big mild-looking guy's a devil; he forgets his gentle, harmless ways sometimes! We were up in that tower, freezing and crazy mad, Fresh were chopping the beams from under us, and that fool stuck his hand right down through the black hole and grabbed the axe as it swung back to chop. Then maybe he didn't use his rope on their heads, whanging away, and cussing like a trooper!" Tom shook his head. "But I wish we had him for the team; why we need him, Evelyn, we can't beat Missouri if we haven't a better man for half-back than Hi—and the spirit of the team, oh, rot!" The young fellow was pacing back and forth while his sister watched, smiling a little.

"But I think he's right to hold to his promise, Budge," she murmured. "Looky here," he burst out, turning upon her suddenly, "You can do it, tell him he is a coward, and he will play, sure and certain, say you'll do it, Sis—" he ended in a wheedling tone.

"I can't, Budge, and I won't, I don't think it is right," she said, rising determinedly.

But Tom was not so easily baffled, he influenced Mary Lance to work on Evelyn's feelings, and although the Chi sisters vigorously took up the cause, still she stood firm. "It is for old Washington against the Tigers," they urged, eagerly. "It is not right," she maintained, obstinately, and in spite of their
THE LADY AND THE TIGER—Continued

insistence, it was not till the day of the game with Murdfelt that she gave in. John Lawson and her brother Tom were with her, poor Tom, who was out of the game with a sprained ankle, while Hal had gone crossly over to the rooters, where he was viciously yelling his lungs out. The girl had been doing her share with the rest of the frenzied crowd, and was tense and wild with excitement when the playing ceased, and after an anxious lull, Hi Staunton was carried off the field, with a broken leg—disabled for the season!

The game was resumed; Murdfelt had scored a touch-down, Washington was losing, hundreds of throats were yelling, and Tom, in a moment of inspiration turned and seized his sister by the arms. "Promise you'll make Hal play against Missouri, promise!" he shouted, "I promise, I promise," she shrieked above the din, her eyes wild and bright, and thus had Tom gained his point.

"Isn't it dreadful about Hi?" mourned Evelyn, "Now it is impossible for us to win from Missouri."
"Sure is hard luck" agreed Hal dolefully, "Gee, but I wish I could play!"
"But papa says I mustn't" she chirruped, sweetly malicious.
He glanced at her quickly, "The fellows have tried to work on my feelings, but they know I'm not a coward." His eyes narrowed, "One of 'em called me that."

"So we wiped up the earth with little Charlie, thus demonstrating conclusively that we were not cowards, didn't we?" mocked she in a soothing tone.
"I hope you don't think me one?" he asked irritated.
She shrugged her shoulders.
"Do you?"
"Oh, Bosh! How silly you are, Hal!"
"Do you?" He persisted, anger gleaming in his eyes.
She gasped a little, "How can you think it?"
"Yes or no—"
"I won't tell you," snapped Evelyn, white but determined.
"Then I know," he flashed, "and I shall prove I'm no coward. I'll play—I'll play if I can make them put me in, but for you, who have not believed in me—well, I suppose you care for the glory, and all that rot, and that's the kind of girl I never shall care for." And Hal stalked tragically out; his young life was blighted, blighted!

Evelyn dropped into a chair, "And flung the glove but not with love right into the lady's face." She giggled weakly. "I suppose it has to go back now," she sighed as her glance caught his frat pin, "but I kept the promise, and maybe I'll have it again some day—but he is so obstinate—oh, I almost wish I hadn't done it."
THE LADY AND THE TIGER—Continued

At last came the great day, and Evelyn felt the excitement in the air all the more keenly since she was wondering feverishly if Hal would be allowed to play. Tom had been telling gleefully of Hal’s “stunts” in practice, but was not sanguine of the young fellow’s prospects of playing against Missouri. “Oh, he’s undoubtedly the best man we could have for left-half, but it is awfully hard for the coach to put Jacky out; Jacky is pretty good, and it doesn’t seem fair, since he fought so hard for the place, and Hal hasn’t cared a rip till now.”

The day was damp and penetratingly chill; there had been rain the night before, leaving a soggy field, and the shivering crowds in the grand-stand were trying to keep warm by a dull tattoo of stamping. Horns were blazing, cow-bells clattering discordantly, myrtle and maroon was floating in defiance of the dull sky and rather hopeless outlook for Washington.

Evelyn waited, chattering excitedly to John Lawson, and watching impatiently for the team to appear, but when the Myrtle and Maroons straggled into view, she looked in vain for Hal in the line-up. There was Tom at quarter, and there was Jacky Britton at left-half, while Hal, she saw with disappointment, yes, Hal was only on the side-lines.

The game commenced. For a while the playing was about even—Missouri would gain, Washington would retrieve her loss. The playing was sluggish, but Missouri had the evident advantage in weight, and was now pushing steadily toward Washington’s goal, when their left-half attempted a run around Jacky Britton’s end. Jacky was not playing strongly, so though he tackled bravely, his man wrenched himself free. Jacky recovered, and was after him fiercely, with Tom close beside, when the Missouri end made a successful dive at Jacky, who crumpled down across Tom’s path, and Tom came down in the heap.

The Missouri rooters went wild with crazy joy as the first touch-down was scored, but the wind was blowing sharply and they missed goal, at which Washington feebly cheered.

After the kick-off, the game went against the St. Louisans, and the whistle blew for the end of the half, with the ball on Washington’s five-yard line.

During the intermission Evelyn’s thoughts had time to become personal once more, as she remembered the glances she had caught now and then, of Hal’s grim young face as he stalked back and forth raging on the side-lines, and the girl raged too. Why didn’t they put him in? But it was not till afterwards that she heard how, at the coach’s scolding and the team’s rather furious taunts, Jacky had become a little too recklessly impudent and the coach had put him out, so that at the opening of the second half Hal was in the line-up as left-half-back. Evelyn only knew that her spirits rose, and she turned to John radiantly hopeful. “We’re going to win!” she declared joyously, then blew a triumphant blast on her huge tin horn.

But the bright prophecy seemed doomed to be left unfulfilled. The men, disheartened and spiritless, could only defend. Hal made desperate, futile attempts at offense, but the tackle was playing a weak game; the other team broke up each play and was beginning to gain once more. Then Missouri fumbled—Hal seized the ball, shook off the quarter-back, wrenched away from the full-back, and started down the field with that swift little quarter up and after him. Hal ploughed on through the heavy mud, he felt the distance shorten between him and the following footsteps, the pursuer drew close to his big quarry, but a little too close, for one of the flying heels struck him and
he fell—Washington five, Missouri five. Washington kicked goal and it was their turn to release the awful bedlam of joy.

That was enough for the men—the far-famed spirit that lurks in the heart of a Washington football team was at last roused against its mortal enemy, the Tiger, and again was "The tail of the Tiger twisted, to the tune of twelve to five," as the hilarious students were singing next day.

The stimulus was gone, and Evelyn felt a little disconsolate, but she still felt a pride in her hero, so when she saw him approaching, she smiled, and "Hal," she said, frankly holding out her hand, "I can't help congratulating you, you were splendid." But she was so very frank and friendly, that he, quite taken by surprise, said nothing, and she turned and left as quickly as she had spoken.

Tom told her that he had confessed his share of the plot, so though Hal had been furious with Tom that afternoon. I think Evelyn half expected the boy when he appeared at her home in the evening.

She entered the room and gave him not quite the same frank smile of the morning, but a little half-frightened smile, and he caught her hands, "I could not have stood it another day Evelyn, so when Tom told me about it, that was just the end of my resistance—now can you forgive me?"

"Hal, you've a nasty temper," she said faintly, still smiling tremulously, then they both laughed at nothing at all; but the key was in the key-hole, and Evelyn's little brother had to come in quite obviously, through the hall door, to hear Evelyn asking "But what does your father say?"

"Oh, I shall trust to mother," he grinned significantly, "She can manage him, I think—she's a woman, you know."
The Fortune Teller

Will Carleton was walking briskly across the campus, whistling happily as he went. He was going to Read Hall to get “the prettiest girl in the college” (according to him) to go walking with him. Arriving there, he found her on the verandah, looking “sweet as a peach,” as he emphatically put it. She picked up her parasol, and off they started. They turned away from the college town, and took a road leading to the country. As they walked off together a watchful observer would have been pleased with them, Will, tall, straight, and dark, with a clean-cut, firm, and altogether pleasing face, and Marguerite, small, dainty and fair, with deep, soulful blue eyes, and delicate, flower-like features.

Marguerite was blissfully unconscious of the fact that three or four of her best friends were standing at the window talking about her. Her room-mate, Mabel Lansdale, was entertaining them with an account of how pleased Marguerite was, and what kind of a fellow Will Carleton was.

“You should have seen her, girls; she came up to the room day before yesterday—see, that was Thursday, wasn’t it? Anyway, I was writing up some extra experiments—and she said something or other foolish to me. Of course I stopped writing to talk a little while, and everything she said would end up in the funniest, happiest little chuckle. I didn’t understand it; so I said: ‘What’s up?’ She said, ‘You know that fine-looking Mr. Carleton? Will Carleton? Well, he wanted to know whether I’d go walking Saturday if he happened around about three o’clock.’ She was the gayest person in the world. And there they are, happy as polar bears sent to the north pole from a circus in Arkansas.” (She was noted for her strange comparisons.)

In the meantime, Will and Marguerite were almost out of sight, turning down a lane. On one side there were fields of wheat, with two or three unpainted sheds in the middle distance, and a red-roofed white farmhouse set among a cluster of trees still further off. On the other, western, side was a wood from which a cool, green breeze came through the trees along the lane. Presently, coming to a most inviting spot, where the grass was soft and green and the shade deep and dense, the walkers sat down to cool off for a few minutes.

They admired the beauty of their surroundings, picked out especially handsome trees, and were talking of everything under the sun, until finally their conversation drifted to what was going to happen.

“I can tell you,” said Will. “And I’ll wager it will come true, too.”

“How can you?” asked Marguerite, interested at once.

“Didn’t you know that I studied palmistry? Sure, I’ve told lots of fortunes.”

“Will you tell mine, sometime?”

“De-lighted. I’ll do it right now, if you will.”

“Well,” she said slowly, as if trying to decide. “All right. Go ahead. Only don’t tell me anything awful.”

He began by telling her a few characteristics from her face. “You are very original—that kind of forehead always means that. You love to be outdoors. You—let me see—you don’t get angry often, but when you do, you’re
THE FORTUNE TELLER—Continued

awfully mad. And you don't like to be crossed. But let's see your hand. I can tell more from that, because I'm not up in face-reading just now. You used to be very changeable, but you are getting over it." ("I'm glad of that.") "You can draw—you have what they call an engineer's hand, a sure sign. Better take up architecture." ("I'm going to. Tell me some more.") "You have a few faint tendencies to consumption, (gasp) but you'll never have it. You'll live to at least seventy-five. You will never make a good cook." ("I can make cream-puffs.") "Fancy living on cream-puff! Oatmeal for breakfast, I suppose. You are rather romantic, and you have a good imagination. You will get married between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-four." ("But I won't, I'm going to be a bachelor.") "He will be big and dark." ("That's all right—only I won't marry him.") "Then you'll be a widow, and when you're about thirty-five you'll be asked again, but you'll turn him down." ("I surely will.") "Yes? I see you being a bachelor maiden."

"Well, I certainly am going to be."

"Pooh! You say that now, but wait until the time comes."

"I guess I know what I'm going to do. I've made a resolution, and I intend to stick to it."

"I don't know about that. I can tell you within three months of the time. I'd be willing to make a wager."

"Well, when do you say?"

"Let me see your hand again. March 15th, between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-four. Wait a minute. That will be 1910."

"All very good; but you said you'd make a wager. I'd love to. The only trouble is, that's such a long time, and no telling where we'd be."

"I'm willing to take the risk. What will you wager? pins, flowers, candy, cigars?"

"It doesn't make any difference, only I don't smoke. Candy'll do as well as anything, I guess."

"All right. Let's write it down, 'Lest we forget,' you know."

Then Will tore two pages from a memorandum book, handed Marguerite his fountain pen, and dictated. When finished, this unique pledge read as follows:

"I hereby promise to pay Miss Marguerite Atwood one box of candy on April 1, 1910, if I lose our bet of May 1, 1906.

On the outskirts of Columbia, Missouri.

(Signed)

WILL CARLETON."

Then Will made a copy, which Marguerite signed. He took it, and she took the one he signed, laughing, and saying:

"The only trouble is, I'll be so hungry for that candy before the time's up."

To which he replied, "I hate to do this, for it's like taking candy from a child, or robbing baby's bank."

"Just wait and see. Now look how dark it is, and you haven't finished telling everything. Oh well, you can finish some other time, for I just must go now, or I won't have any supper."
Early in 1910 a man of about twenty-five, in the jaunty blue shirt and jeans of a miner, stood in front of a tiny cabin in the hills of Mexico. The sun was just setting, and the last rays of soft light made long indefinite shadows everywhere, and softened the rough outlines of the cabin and of the heaps of ore beside it until the scene was one of surpassing beauty. The light on the distant hill tops changed from brilliant orange-red to deep bluish-purple as the sun sank lower and lower, and faded gradually until it was a soft, beautiful lavender; then suddenly the hill-tops were covered with a misty whiteness that gave them a delicacy, a gentle gracefulness, that they had not had before. The man stood gazing out over the hills to the west, taking in the full beauty of the sunset and enjoying every phase of it, but with a wistful enjoyment, for it made him think of the radiant happiness of "those dear old college days" and long for the companionship of his own kind. For he was an assayer, and worked among the mines up in the hills, with not a single American within miles of him. It had not been so hard when he was in Aquas Calientes, where there was an American colony; but here, in the mountain-wilderness, he had no one but the Mexicans. There was no one to whom he could talk in English. There was no comfort. His mountain shack was poorly built, his food was not exactly what he had been brought up to eat. "Not like mother used to fix," he whimsically told himself; everything seemed wrong, though he had been very, very successful, and in a week his labors in the hills would be finished, and he would have a rest, to go where he liked.

He went into his cabin, took a box from his grip, and began to look through it. His face brightened as he picked up a bit of soft felt—a piece of the flag! What a lot of associations that one small square of cloth held! He sat thinking of the many incidents connected with it, then went on through the pile of souvenirs; dance programmes, invitations, cards, notes, everything a college man has, until he came to a small piece of wrinkled paper, a leaf from a tiny note-book. He glanced at it, then sat for a long time holding it in his hand. This browned, stalwart man was Will Carleton—graduate of Missouri State University.

Will thought of all that paper had meant to him then' and what it meant to him now, and wondered if she valued hers. Then he remembered that in a week he would be free for some time, and decided that he needed the rest a few weeks on the Pacific Coast would give him.

Full of these thoughts, and gladdened by the thought of seeing her, he went out into the night. The hills still stood out clearly from the sky, but it was not the radiantly beautiful sky he had left earlier in the evening. It was the clear, deep blue that we see only in July and August, and the stars really looked like diamonds in the sky. The earth was still, for Mexican miners do not keep late hours; and it seemed to Will that no place could ever be more beautiful, for the moon's bright, clear light contrasted strongly with the many clear-cut black shadows and the hills and mountains were dark, towering and mysterious. Will was no longer wistful, but full of plans and expectations.
The long week at last ended and two days later Will was at the station at Aquas Calientes, surrounded by baggage and disappointed friends.

"I thought you'd at least stay over a day," said one.

"You look like you needed to recuperate, you do," said another. And thus it went on.

But they tried in vain to dissuade him. The train came and he waved good-bye from the platform almost before they realized it. He sat down, very well satisfied, pulled out a journal, and began to read. He soon closed it, however, for he could not keep his mind on what he was reading. He tried looking out the window, but was absolutely uninterested in the straggling little villages and the occasional ramshackle way-stations.

We will omit the details of the journey, and find him alighting from the train at Los Angeles on April 1, 1910. He decided not to telephone Marguerite, but to go right out; so he stopped only long enough to register at the nearest hotel and to get some violets—he remembered Marguerite always liked violets.

She was staying at a little cottage in the suburbs of the city. She had told him so in her last letter. He was not sure she was still there (she had not written for some time), but he would take the risk. He was walking up the avenue wondering which house it might be, when, at the farther end he saw a little white cottage with a large verandah—and hammock on the verandah—and he said, "Just what would suit Marguerite."

A girl in the hammock sat up as he walked up the steps—oh, how beautiful she was. On seeing him, she started to say something, but her words were smothered in his fierce embrace.

With joy in his heart he lifted her clear of the hammock and tasted the joy of their first kiss. Something fluttered to the floor—it was the paper. She recognized it immediately and smiled—the smile of content.
His Commencement

When commencement morning came, the Senior dressed in his black robe and collegiate cap. He was very happy; a sort of nervous, irresponsible happiness.

From his apartments he could look out over the campus, stirring already with robed seniors and busy undergraduates with flags, flowers and music; the quad was happy with sunshine and summer. Off beyond the gym there was more summer, shining over the waving green forest country, and neatly partitioned meadow lands. There was a soft peace everywhere, but beneath it all the Senior felt the sparkle, the expectancy, the life, the hope of this day. His day; the hour of his beginning. He felt as if he were drugged, strangely reverential, good and proud.

It had been a busy year. No time to think or plan. And now, at commencement week, there were college functions and class ceremonies. That week he had buried finally all the little traditions and student vagaries which had become a part of the four careless years. He had even given over his particular library bench to a coveting Junior and his place at his frat table had been promised to a long suffering Sophomore brother. It was quite over.

Yes, today he was going to pass away from it all. Of course, he was sorry to leave—they had been dear, jolly years—but then the big untrodden future. The blood was jumping through his veins again.

Then he went out into the gladness and when the college chimes rang out the hour of twelve his commencement was over.

There was the alumni banquet that afternoon and in the evening the Prom. Always the artificial stress and excitement were with him; his brain was throbbing; he was hot and nervous.
When the lights were out and the dance given that evening, he did not return to his rooms. It was peaceful in the gardens and he remained. There was the same summer hush that had lingered over the morning; only now, in his night solitude, with most of his colleagues gone and the thousand disinterested farewells still with him, it was different. The cool, purple night was calmer, saner. And while he strolled through the dreaming gardens, the tinsel and glare of his last month paled in the stern simplicity of the night and the boy felt something calling to him—he was strangely oppressed.

Behind him his college stood out in the gloom; at her portals two groups of lights burned steadily and unflinchingly. She looked big and noble. The student had learned to love every rough-hewn step leading up to her arch. On early spring nights how often had he and the fellows smoked away long delicious hours beneath its Cathedral dome.

The city was before him, restless and busy with a thousand lights. Its night was not pure and undisturbed; he knew it was more restless and peevish than his college city. But to-morrow he would join the scene before him; he would leave the dear, careless year behind, his campus, his quad, his college larks. The big mysterious future was losing the veneer he had coated over it—oh, it was good and peaceful and dear to him here.

He suddenly dreaded the new big city, with the struggles it held for him. He would be quite alone—his student days would be over.

The homesickness was tugging; there was a cruel sting across his eyes. "I don't want to go," he cried out in his heart ache, but only the stars heard him. The big, black walls beyond him were silent, the city blinked unmoved.

The beautiful gardens dreamed on; finally he slept, too, on a cold stone bench which cooled his fever.

And in his dreams he saw two roads; two beautiful foliage-bordered paths. But one was short—it had no turning. The other showed a beautiful, graceful bend, but beyond the bend the eye could not see.

And then there appeared to him a woman, a strange, beautiful creature, with stars shining in her hair and a cross upon her breast.

"Choose," she told him. The short path was beautiful, but he could not advance; it had no turn; he must go back and forth. But he who travelled back and forth its length would know no strife. It was a simple life.

The other was a mystery—the bend hid the future.

"There is no turning back on this path," spoke the woman. The youth debated long. The short path was sweet and peaceful; there were no high places. But the call was too strong and he chose the path of mystery.

When the morning came it was glowing and joyful and the garden was alive with singing birds. And when the youth awoke the ache and despair were gone. There was only a treasured sweet memory for the short road, but a new, brave hope for the long.
Percy

Once there was a boy named Percy. You'd know that was his name anyway, for he had it written all over his face; and the way he carried around his 580 page Gardener's History of England and 760 page Ganot's Physics all the time showed just about what his speed was. He thought boys were real rude, so he spent most of his time with the co-eds. By and by he fell in love with a little light haired blue-eyed maiden who knew more than you'd think when she'd look up at you with that O-I-think-you're-just-too-grand expression. Perce spiked her for the first Lock and Chain and it all would have been over but the shouting, BUT—

Well, there was another lad named Bill. He was a loafer for sure. He spent his time telling the Profs. why he didn't get the last problem, and looking over at the Hennery. When he wasn't telling smutty stories in the locker-room, he was stalling Miss Page for another chocolate cake. Yea, his was the sad case. Well, Bill—even he—thought that the little lady was all to the merry, and when that Lock and Chain came around, you can bet that he was there like a rubber duck with all the blue lights on.

Now, Perce danced pretty much like an Ad. for a wagon factory. So it came to pass that when the band struck up No. 6, he couldn't find the one devotion of his life anywhere. And e'en when the first extra came around, he was still looking for footprints in the palms. And during all this, Bill was having as easy a time as a course in Harmony, and before the evening was over, he had left the Polar Wave Co. in the dim distance when it came to cutting ice. They came to Earth again just as Charlie was dousing the last gleam. But Perce, O, where was he? Well, you just ought to have seen him rubber when Bill and Blue-eyes swept by—why he was ruled off the track, 46 double quick, and Billy was right there, forty ways, with his hair braided and his ears pinned back.

The moral is—that it's better to be President of the Smut Club than to get A in six out of seven studies.

Bill

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The Whack of the Ruler

The silence was appalling. Jim Johnson even stopped kicking the boy in front of him. Bet Thompkins laid her slate-pencil on the desk, felt of her long yellow braids to see if they were still there, heaved a great sigh of relief, and then looked at the teacher with wondering eyes. Buddy Carrol recited "Spare the Rod"—under his breath, for Buddy was the star pupil at Sunday school. No one in the school room was at ease.

At last the teacher relieved the tension. "Frank, come here immediately!" he commanded staccatoing every letter.

Frank, on being called, tried to hide his face behind the slate, but failing in that, he rose slowly, snaked down the aisle, stopped to pick up a pin lying on the floor, and at last reached the desk. The room admired Frank. "Gee, ain't he got the nerve?" said Jim to Bet.

"Did you throw that piece of chalk?" asked Mr. Beggs sternly pointing to a dirty piece of white substance that had barely escaped hitting him. "Ye—es," admitted Frank.

"Hold out your hand," was the next order.
Frank slowly drew his palm to view. Whack! went the ruler, cracked, and then split in two. Some of the children laughed. Bet's eyes were filled with tears.

Mr. Beggs took another ruler, gave another whack, and again broke the weapon. He waited for Frank to "holler." Frank was thinking of "hollering" and nearly began when the door opened.

The children craned their heads to look. Mr. Beggs stopped short in reaching for the third ruler.

In glided Miss Bernice Sears, smiling sweetly, under her wide-rimmed leghorn hat. Upon seeing the apparent state of affairs she stood undecided whether to stay or go. Mr. Beggs forgot his duty for the moment and went beamingly to meet her.

"Am I intruding?" she asked coyly.

"Not at all, not at all; indeed not." The children all knew that Mr. Beggs was "sweet" on Miss Sears. Jim's pa had told his ma that the new teacher was "stuck on" Bernice. "Won't you sit down and listen to our lessons?" he ventured further.
THE WHACK OF THE RULER—Continued

After she had accepted the invitation, he turned to Frank who had been gazing with open eyes and mouth. "As for you, young man, hold out your hand; here hold this ink bottle for the rest of the afternoon," and he laid the unoffending ink bottle on the outstretched palm. "You see," he said, turning to Miss Sears, who had been regarding him with questioning eyes, "that is an excellent way of punishing a child; rulers won't hold him," looking meaningly at the broken bits of wood.

"Yes," she admitted, "it is a good way."

Then the usual lessons were resumed. Miss Sears listened attentively, and Frank was seemingly forgotten by all but Bet, who tried to console him with a smile of encouragement.

At last school was dismissed. Frank quickly laid the ink bottle on the desk, upset it in his haste, ran to the door, turned and "made a face," and disappeared. "Such a boy, and my first day with him," said Mr. Beggs solemnly as he began to wipe up the ink with his handkerchief.

"Dear me, that is nothing," quickly assured Bernice. "He does worse things than that."

"So his fame has spread! Just so he won't lead the other boys into his way of acting silly. Just think what an undisciplined home he must have."

"I never did forgive him when he upset a bottle of ink on my new hat," said Bernice.

"Ink on your hat? Did he deliberately throw it on you as you were walking in the street? Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"No, indeed; he came up into my room and in trying to get something out of my desk upset the ink. It had just come from the store and was lying on a chair near by."

"Into your room? That is even worse than I would have thought he would do. He's no better than a young—young—. By the way, what is the rascal's name?"

"Sears," I believe," said Bernice with a wicked little laugh.

Mr. Beggs in his excitement brought the ink-stained handkerchief up to his face.

"Don't," she said, teasingly, "it's liable to dirty your face; and listen. I came today to find out if you thought him too bad to stay in this school. If you do, father will send him to a military academy."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Beggs, "no, indeed; I insist on having him here. This school is what he needs. There is something in that boy," looking at Bernice for encouragement.

"Perhaps—there is," she said as she answered the look.

ROSE LENORE COHN.
STUDENT INACTIVITIES.
SOME CLIPPINGS OF LAST JANUARY.

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THE REVIVAL
CLIPPED IN FEBRUARY.
The Rubberneck Through Washington

"Honk, Honk!" It was the rubberneck automobile speeding up Lindell way and announcing to the University from afar the arrival of another assortment of the pest known to science as tourisus vulgaris. There was the usual irritating, irritable old gentleman, carrying information and particular as to details. Also there was the bachelor maid with the rainy-day skirt, the stiff linen collar, and a general air of yes-I’ve-traveled-about-a-good-deal-you-know-and-you-needn’t-try-to-tell-me-for-I’ve-got-it-in-my-Baedeker.

Then there was the Sweet Young Thing who really saw no harm in asking questions and less use in burdening her mind—if she had one—with their answers. And next came the old lady "slightly" deaf with the—But what’s the use? You’ve met her, and then fled, at your earliest convenience.

The other tourists were "just tourists." They are the same the world over. Large round, helpless eyes, under some outlandish type of hat, aided and abetted by a guide-book or a note-book or both. One old lady enjoyed the special advantages of an ear-trumpet. "Honk, Ho—nk!"

The horn continued where it left off and the Barker, aroused from a short nap, jumped up, megaphone in hand, just as he had done hundreds of times before and expects to do hundreds more if his nerve holds out.

Then raising the megaphone, he assumed a stentorian tone (his voice was flat and brassy, but "stentorian" sounds well), and spake:

The next object of interest, ladies and gentlemen, is that much praised, pampered, petted, endowed, neglected, ridiculed, loved and laughed at institution—Washington University.

Built on a hill, its aims are the highest: to say nothing of tuition and grub. No chairs have been endowed as yet, so the faculty are compelled to use stools, while the students have become quite accustomed to sitting on the floor. Freshmen always stand for fear of tacks.

"Why don’t they let"—began the Sweet Young Thing, but the rest was drowned by the flood from the megaphone.

"Now turning to the left we see the University Gardens. Stone benches are furnished in secluded corners for couples who cannot study in the quad, being disturbed by the jingle of pennies in the Arcade.

Here in the pavilion the Seniors hatch out an annual play, followed by their prom. To enhance the romantic tone of the place an ingenious contrivance has been constructed in the basin to make a noise like a frog. A cast iron chaperon of suitable years is stationed behind a bush at the south end of the walk.
THE RUBBERNECK THROUGH WASHINGTON—Continued

The scope of this University is enormous. Its branches cover a broad and expansive field. Observe the field to the left. The tree in the distance, marked by a numeral flag at the top, is the tree which George Washington, founder of the University, chopped down at the age of nine. Four nuts were discovered on that tree one cold morning just before Christmas. All efforts to dislodge them were fruitless.

Close by the road, there, ladies and gentlemen, you perceive a solitary digger. That is the agricultural department gone "buggy."

"May I ask, what was that you said about agriculture?" piped she of the ear-trumpet.

"Buggy, madam, buggy! Nuts! Dippy! That is to say, his top floor is for rent. Understand?" (Pause.)

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, to further explore the institution we will alight and walk about. You may leave your coats in the auto, only Seniors are allowed out in front and they are too wrapped up in their caps and gowns to meddle. The steps here are arranged three treads to a flight, to keep students from getting flighty, and to give Freshmen a rest between climbs. Besides, they increase the vocabulary of all students chasing Clayton cars.

Passing through this arch, the best example of groined arch in the country, we pass to the executive offices. In the first cage on the right, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Chancellor, quite tame, I assure you, under ordinary circumstances, yet dangerous at times. He's the big noise—the main works—the powers that be, all rolled into one, and they're proud of him.

Passing up the corridors we see the offices occupied by the Deans of the Departments. They will be out, no doubt, for they've seen us first, and they are a bit shy. Upstairs are the English, German, and Math Departments. The only attraction is Dr. Chessin. We shall encounter him later.

Before we quit this building, however, I must show you the boys' room in general, and the mail box in particular. The fellows to the right, those with the wild eyes, are waiting for the mail. They all live in the hope that father has overlooked the "miscellaneous" item on the last bill and will respond satisfactorily to the latest "touch." The frantic youth in the front is Pieksen. He received but four letters in the last mail. Only three of them were addressed "in a feminine hand," and he fears that soon they will stop coming altogether.

The girls, whose room is on the other side of the building, are particular about their visitors; we will not go in there.

Now we cross the quad on our way to Busch Hall, and I crave your careful attention as I point out any celebrities we may meet. This way, please.

The Bachelor Maid forgot Baedecker for one brief moment as the guide continued, "The couples which you see strolling about belong to the Department of Sighcollegy. They are investigating the physic effect of spring weather on the motor ganglia and on the involuntary muscles of the heart.

The lone youth by the wall is Mr. Cobb, editor of the Hatchet. I must ask of you not to appear to notice him as we pass, for he is given to blushing in the presence of ladies.

The two Japanese across the quad are Hittemona Koko and his friend, Katuro Hasigawa. That young woman farther over is Twiddles, strolling arm in arm with the Princess. The crowd lagging pennies in the arcade have asked to have their names withheld, so let us pass on. No,
just a moment. That bright spot off to the right is Hugh Fullerton. He's bright because he can't help it. He claims his mother calls him "sun."

These windows here belong to the correspondence school. This consists of Mr. Brown, a typewriter, and a great deal of letter paper. The yell is nine Rah's written in purple ink.

We will now proceed to Cupples I., the main building of the Engineering Department, Cupples II., being merely an appendage to this building. We will first go upstairs. To the right is the draughting room, thoroughly fumigated since its evacuation by the Freshmen. Those objects dashing out of the second door are Mr. McFarland, closely followed by Trelease and Chamberlin in their daily frolic entitled, "Poo, Poo, on Hooper." That horrible sight farther down is Snipe Crecelius, with his back bent into a parabolic curve as he sweats over his drawing board lest some one slightly overhaul his lead of 36 hours on the rest of the class. We will not go near him, as he is obnoxious and the air about him is polluted.

There in the middle of the floor is Mr. Hooper making his daily speech. See how the class push forward with eagerness lest they miss some of the words of wisdom, which he scatters with such careless prodigality. Hear how he announces that the next plate will be due on Tuesday at 3:48 p. m. mean lunar time—all his calculations are based on lunar time.

That harsh voice at the east end of the room is Morgan telling about himself and calling "check."

This room across the hall is the C. E. Locker Room. It is here that Baum devours unlimited numbers of cheese sandwiches of unknown quality and powerful odor. This must be what makes him such a breezy individual. That is Stoecker gazing with hungry eyes out of the window, waiting for his lady love to pass by on the quad.

Quiet down ladies, do not be alarmed at that awful rumpus downstairs, which resembles a herd of swine released from their sty. It is merely "Scum" coming in for their lecture. They do not know how to act in the presence of gentlemen.

That horrible odor permeating the building, ladies and gentlemen, is caused by three reasons—viz: Prof. Van Ornum's cigars, Baum's pipe, and Culberston's jokes. We will now pass on to Cupples II.

The noble pile you see looming on your right is Cupples Hall II., the home of true erudition. In the rear is a splendidly equipped lab., containing planers, buzz-saws, etc., where, under competent supervision, students may amputate their fingers and any other members they deem superfluous. We shall alight and spend a few moments in inspecting the curiosities in this place.

(In hall) The door on your left leads to the office of Frederick Hale Vose, Professor of Mechanical Engineering. Though a bit excitable and violent at times, Mr. Vose is ordinarily a good-natured individual, so we'll venture to peep in. Prof. Vose is the small gentleman with the dome-like forehead seated at yon desk. He is now taking fifteen minutes to impress upon an awestricken Junior how valuable his time is.

Across the hall to the left is the M. E. draughting room. The grinding noise is "Dug" Turner. Don't be alarmed, lady, by that fiendish sound arising from the basement, it's only Mr. Gallenkamp smiling. The youth with the pay-day walk is Hirder, who reads text-books in order to correct the errors therein. He is regarded as the "Cupples 20 Century Book of
THE HATCHET

SAYINGS OF THE PROFS. AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

Dr. Tupper—"At this point here, gentlemen—"
Dr. Grindon—"And there you see the characteristic appearance, gentlemen; the pearl upon the rose leaf."
Dr. Fry—"Well, say something, or I'll mark yeh absent!"
Dr. Hardaway—"I gave him a little KI (niit) and he was well in a couple of days (niit)."
Dr. Steele—"Immobilize the joint and wrap it round and round and round."
Dr. Tiedemann—"Well, Mr. B., that's new—that surely is a new discovery. You better stick to preachin'—you got only one book to study there."
Dr. Bartlett—"My friend Crile tells me," etc.
Dr. Zahorsky—"You find the baby has fever, gentlemen, and you give him a cereal decoction."
Dr. Schwartz—"Wot I mean is dis—"
Dr. Glasgow—"Well, I just put in a silver wire drain, see! You can make 'em yourself, see!"
Dr. Behrens—"Then what do we find, gentlemen? We find the apex beat displaced to the left; isn't that true?"
Dr. Blair—"O, just let that little beggar of a nerve go—yeh can't always find 'em in a nigger anyhow."
Dr. Hoffmann—"Now, in Potts' diseases, gentlemen—"
Dr. Royston—"Don't get facetious, young fish—you're on the out-clinic and no excuse goes."

HEARD IN DENTAL LECTURES.

Prof. Lischer—"At what time does the first permanent molar begin to calcify?"
Pinion—"One year before birth."
Prof. Pippin (next day after the class fight)—"Ruckstuhl, if it take the Juniors a minute and a half to whip the Freshman class and a Senior medic, how long will it take them to pass a metallurgy exam.?"
Ruck—"About two hours."
Dr. Neuhoff—"What is destrase?"
Rabenstemer—"It is colorless crystalline liquid with a sweet taste."
Dr. Brody—"What is temporary hard water?"
Bames—"Ice."

DENTAL NOTES.

Characteristic of—
Prof. Kennerly (of necessity)—The money question.
Prof. Bartlett—"Beyond a question of a doubt."
Prof. Campbell—"Perhaps, if you want to put it that way."
Prof. Lischer—The artistic scientist.
Prof. White—Prompt with the bell.
Prof. Prinz—"Now den, gentlemen, in dis particular case we begin at 8 o'clock—come then, or stay away."
Prof. Pippin—The favorite Prof.
Prof. Lindsay—"Exfoliated."
Prof. Klenk—"Gentlemen, what I give you is absolutely correct, regardless of what older men may say."
Prof. D'Oench—His lectures.
Prof. Blair—"Tells only what he knows."
Prof. Brody—"Thanks, gentlemen, for not making any more noise than you do."
Prof. Hewlett—"Let's have a little quiet, please."

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THE POWERS THAT BE

"That reminds me—"

APROPOS OF—

Chancellor Snow—Voice—whiskers.
Dean Woodward—That five-mile rowing course on Creve Coeur Lake (see topographical map).
Dean Hall—How things would be if everything went smoothly and everyone were good.
Prof. Nipher—That "dog-on-ed" bridge-vibration story (see graphical representation of same).
Prof. Heller—Keeping tab on Frerich's cigarettes—being mistaken for circus performer (see "Fame").
Prof. Keiser—Lavoisier—de-phlogisticated air.
Prof. Van Ornum—Quaker oats (see picture of Little Willie).
Prof. Shipley—Cherubic appearance—"sourcasm."
Prof. Chessin—"Is that right, huh?"—more whiskers.
Prof. Mann—Lord Chesterfield.
Prof. Swift—Oscar Wilde neckwear.
Prof. Chenery—"Why do they call me a 'Gibson Girl?'"
Prof. McCourt—"Sassy Cobuckle"—idol of co-eds.
Mr. Starbird—Careless English.
Dr. James—"Alphar, betar and gammar."
Mr. Usher—Steamer shawls at baseball games.
Mr. Gallenkamp—A nerve-racking laugh.

Dean Morris (of the Janitor Department)—Super-heated air.

THREE GUESSES!!

He was there with the smile and the voice—
A bewhiskered old fogey from choice,
With the co-eds he'd chin
With that fatherly grin,
But he had his bad days with the boy-ce.

CONVERSATION IN IOWA CITY.

Clerk (behind bar): Good evening, Professor!
Prof. Heller (elated): How did you know I was a professor?
Clerk (aforesaid): Why, aren't you with the circus over there?

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### A List of Philosophical Neckwear

**AS FLAUNTED BY PROF. CORY**

#### November, 1907

1. Blue, with white polka-dots.
2. Blue, with white stripes.
3. Bright purple—wing tie.
4. Blue, with white figure.
5. Blue, with black figure.
7. Green, with brown figure.
23. Hydronaphalenetetracarboxylene blue bow tie.
30. Congo red puff.

#### January, 1908

17. Grey, with black stripes.
25. Light brown butterfly.
28. Pink Lord Byron.

#### February, 1908

5. Merry Widow doo-funny.
9. Indigoferatinctoria blue.
16. Biebrick scarlet.
23. Naphthol yellow.
The Tale of the Stomach Pump

A Chinese History in Thirteen Eruptions

Last Friday night in Tin Cup Row,
At number six, two flights below,
Little Ah Fing, the Chinese scamp
Was seized with a complex shooting cramp.

And Fing would yell and howl and squeal,
And vomit green—right off the reel.
The symptoms, too, began to spread,
And soon young Fing appeared quite dead.

Now, Fing's dark ma, who was Miss Jones,
Presumed the cause was in his bones;
But Fing's Old Man; Ah Fing the First,
Said evil spirits—of the worst.

So out they went with all due haste
And to their favorite doctor raced,
And "round up" with consideration
And have a first-class consultation.

Soon Mrs. Fing came back all right
And with her colored Dr. White;
And Fing himself had brought in two,
A Freshman Green, and Surgeon Woo.

And so the consultation started;
Knowledge, Genius, wise looks darted,
And with the medicines prepared
Poor Ah Fing sat up and stared.

"Doctor" White, to insure rest,
Put horse liniment on his chest.
The Chinese classic Surgeon Woo
Began his anti-spirit brew.

Ox gall, crow's foot, and robins' gizzard,
Snake tails and cobweb, mixed the wizard.
He called the mixture "Callie Nation,"
It acted like a fumigation.

The Freshman Green "was up a stump,"
So he produced his stomach pump,
And poor Ah Fing made not a note
As the rubber tube slid down his throat.

Then lo and behold, to young Green's glory,
Up came evidence of the whole sad story;
Bird's-nest soup with sausage and cheese,
Pan-cakes and pigs' eyes devoured with peas.

Turtles and eels and eggs boiled hard,
And little neck clams all fried in lard;
All these and more came up with a bump,
Then foxy Ah Fing just swallowed the pump.

With the tube way down Fing felt quite well,
And then sat up in bed to tell
Of things he saw back in his "fit,"
Spiders eating him,—bit by bit.

The doctors then, to earn their fees,
Sought a name for this new disease.
The tube way down, and a meal in courses,
So they diagnosed "Tuberculosis."

—J. E. Pritchard
A Mammoth Spring Diary

Monday, 8-2-'07.—Leave St. Louis. Mr. Sweetser arrives with his bride.

Tuesday, 8-3-'07.—Arrive at Mammoth Spring at 12:30 p. m. 12:32 p. m. Mack goes fussing. Local lady fussers hike for the tall uncut. Trelease gets blue letter.

Wednesday, 8-4-'07.—Prof. Van O. and Seniors decorate themselves with red and white rags and parade around streets—"Oh, you cut-ups." Mack and Bill Henger get "acquainted" at merry-go-round. Visit fish hatcheries with Anna. Goldsmith gets cold feet. Jacobs gets stung—girl lived five miles away. Trelease gets blue letter.

Thursday, 8-5-'07.—Ruby and Carrie begin to take notice. Ula visits hotel. Grace holds reception at merry-go-round. Soest puts on a clean collar and his "bled" shirt. Trelease gets blue letter.

Friday, 8-6-'07.—Rody and Ambie happen to think of the trip and arrive. Chivvis also comes. Snipe Crecelius signs "Moral Law of Arkansas" in drugstore and thereby reveals a shocking past. Mack goes fussing. Trelease gets blue letter.

Saturday, 8-7-'07.—"We want some pie." Mack intercepts water bag with his head. Anna goes to West Plains. Dusty and Carrie admire the mellow moonlight all by themselves. Watermelon party in room 6. Everybody else hides under beds. Old man Jones catches Mack on his front porch. Trelease gets blue letter.

Sunday, 8-8-'07.—Anna’s gone. Rain. Mr. Sweetser and wife go to church. Prof. Van Ornum also goes—don’t know why—his wife ain’t here. Chamberlin startles townj with "Bedelia." Girls visit hotel and Rody puts on his "store clothes." Dusty and Carrie go fussing. Trelease gets two blue letters.


Trelease gets blue letter.
A MAMMOTH SPRING DIARY—Continued


Thursday, 8-12-'07.—Bill Henger gets box of "divinity" from Kansas City. Still have pork for all meals. That was an awfully big pig. Most as big as Buettner. Rody goes swimming and river overflows. Surrounding country inundated. Dusty and Carrie take a walk. Baum washes himself. Great preparations for snipe hunt. Mack goes fussing. Trelease gets blue letter.

Friday, 8-13-'07.—Friday the thirteenth unlucky for everybody but Crecelius, for didn't he go snipe hunting today?—Crecelius takes down his trusty sword and blunderbuss and goes in search of the elusive snipe. Crecelius makes a triumphal entry via the back door—Rody chief witness. Awful!—Swimming hole discovered to be slaughter house run-off. Mack goes fussing. Trelease gets blue letter (perfumed).

Saturday, 8-14-'07.—Hirdler goes home—Hurray! Mary Maudlin makes a bum out of Morgan. Walks five miles to meet her—gets yellow and walks back—gets stuck for her livery bill—stung. Stoecker and Anna, Jake and loidy go walking. Jake sets 'em up for the crowd at the drug store. Mack goes fussing. Trelease gets blue letter.

THE HATCHET

A MAMMOTH SPRING DIARY—Continued


Tuesday, 8-17-'07.—“READ THAT AZIMUTH”!! ! ! ! ! ! Mack goes fussing. Trelease gets blue letter.

Wednesday, 8-18-'07.—Chamberlin buys bottle and little tin box at drug store. Chamberlin sits up all night. Mack gets home in time for breakfast. Trelease gets blue letter.

Thursday, 8-19-'07.—Crecelius washes his celluloid collar. Mack goes fussing. Trelease gets blue letter.

Friday, 8-20-'07.—Last night. WHOOP LA!!! BANG!!! !!! Watch out below—Jake gets soused with paper receptacle containing water. Old Baldy gets his. More water bags! My! If Mr. Hooper were only here! Old Baldy prays. Prof. Van Ornum passes restless night. Prof. V. walks in his sleep. Trelease gets blue letter.

Saturday, 8-21-'07.—Winn, Chamberlin and Henger raise mustaches. Young has a beard. Town in tears. Girls come down to station to bid us good-bye. Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Mary Maudlin gets on train. Cy and Dink quake with fear. Old Baldy smiles the smile of content.

WE’RE GONE!
"STRAT" MORTON, Chief Rowdy, King of the Martyrs, Royal Rough-houser, and Leader of the Mob—commonly known as President.

HUGH FERRISS, Lord High Terrorist, Honorary Member and General Superintendent of Actions Unworthy of Gentlemen.

ALLAN STEVENS, Official Waver of the Red Flag and General Howler. Member Emeritus and Ex-officio.

"MEL" HALL, Chief Satellite, known to gentlemen as “Sergeant-at-Arms.” (Holder of the Door for the President.)

"HAYWARD" CHALLISS, Common Everyday Criminal, "Undesirable Citizen;" Chief Sandwich Snatcher and Free Lunch Lifter, Official Whipping Boy to the Freshmen.

TOM ELIOT, Grand Hobo and Hardluck Man, Innocent Babe-in-the-Woods-and-all-that, Confidence Man; euphonically known as Secretary-Treasurer-Dictionary.

"ED" MITCHELL, Main Assistant Boose (C. S. J.) Hoister and Substitute Bottle Thrower. The Angel of Fourth Street. Master Spread Smasher, Orator and Historian.

THE ELECT

CHARTER MEMBERS

STRAT MORTON HUGH FERRISS ALLAN STEVENS

THE SEETHING MOB

MITCHELL ELIOT CHALLISS M. HALL
LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDERGRAD

APRIL

Mon. 1. The Foolkiller overlooked several juicy victims. Usual intellectual elevation in Girl's Literary Soc.

Tues. 2. The Glee Club rehearses at Musical Arts. (Artists evacuate.) "Mr." Selwyn sings so low that he has to be pulled up.

Wed. 3. Obelisks do cunning tricks on the quad. 'Varsity beat McKinley on the diamond.

Thurs. 4. More Obelisk antics; fine sermon by Rev. Mitchell, assisted by Deacon Ferriss. Blackstone prepares for debate with Cin.

Fri. 5. Red Letter Day. "Good Natured Man" at its Odeon. 'Nuff said.


Tues. 9 Mr. Jastro of Wisconsin begins lectures on the mind.

Wed. 10. Baseball—Won from St. Louis U. Hooray!

Thurs. 11. Varsity lost to Kansas. Thyrsus played at Sedalia.


Sat. 13. Track—Fresh vs. Central High. Co-eds have heart failure.

Mon. 15. Rainy and very dark. Somebody got slapped in the Library.


Thurs. 18. Big crowd at Stadium to see Central High Field Day. There's one loyal bunch.

Fri. 19. Won from Mo., score 7-4. "Didn't I tell you?" Cutie takes his class to Onondaga Cave.

Sat. 20. Game lost to Mo. Several people lost more than that.

Tues. 23. Theta Sigma Dance a great success. Gertie finds her affinity.

Wed. 24. St. Louis U can't play baseball a little bit.


Sat. 27. Chemical Lunch. Very unique and exclusive. Pi Phi Cookie-Shine at Miss Woodward's. Ditto.

Mon. 29 and Tues. 30. Surkuss preparations fast and furious.
MAY, 1907

May 1—Wild excitement. Hatchet issued on time. Hugh and George perched in Student Life office, exchanging year books for much filthy "lucre." Thyrsus in "Tommy's Wife." Frank Fisse, the ardent lover—temperature 10° below 0.

May 2—"Tommy's Wife" warmed up a bit.

May 4—Baseball again. St. Louis U. is easy.

Tues. 7—Dents, break up the Freshman Smoker. Shame! Wed. 8—The Surkuss—a real live college stunt! Wyatt in pink tarleton, a dainty little soubrette. Ah me, such blushing checks and blond curls. (Said soubrette retires often for long puffs at a black cigar); and Iacho, Karamo and Spochilla, the Egyptian dietes, superb in red calico bolers and Turkish towel turbans and Wiener—and noise—lovely! Thyrsus held its Annual Social.

Thurs. 9—Student Life elections billed—false alarm.

Fri. 10—Grandmothers' day. Everybody out to Stadium. Ferriss broke the mile record on heavy field. Pralma presents pledges.

Sat. 11—Varsity played St. Louis U.


Fri. 17—Glee and Mandolin Concert was a scream! Very hot and crowded, but you forgot it all when Selwyn sang. He's so shy, too. Pi Phi's Quaker Tea.

Sat. 18—Interscholastic Field Meet. Cute children. Prof. Nipher has a tent for a private surkuss all his own.

Wed. 22 and 23—Varsity played Baker Univ. Burnett addressed a co-ed.


Wed. 29—Frat play ball—bum ball, too. Thyrsus plays "Lend Me Five Shillings."

Fri. 31—Lock and Chain give their "last dance." Pouring rain.
June 1—Class Tennis begins, and the loafers embrace this pastime. "Fussers" move out to "watch the fun."

June 3—Ten co-eds appear in frat pins.

June 5—Last regular edition of Student Life. Frat baseball begins, and the rivalry all comes out. The freshmen entertain the sophs at British Pavilion, and for a wonder, are let alone.

June 6—Girls drop hats out of the Red Room window to Romeo's in the quad.

June 8—Strange forebodings. Regular exams begin.

June 9—Helen and Amy adore in silence.


June 18—Senior Luncheon. Bill Henger the only man present. Bill always was a favorite with the ladies.

Wed. 19—Class Day. Senior prom.

June 20—Tent Exercises. Mr. Bryce graces the occasion.

Fri. 21—Frat houses ripped up. Many touching partings.
OCTOBER, 1907

Oct. 2—McMillan opens. Larry Cobb the first man to brave its perils.

Oct. 3—1909 Class Elections.

Oct. 9—Sim Tyler elected senior president. Louise Birch rescues a cat from the library.

Oct. 10—Ortrude Hoerr makes her famous speech at the Soph. spread. Memorable Nabisco chase feature of this same spread.

Oct. 11—Dotty Marsh’s bed has not yet arrived at McMillan—meanwhile Dotty sleeps in her trunk. Elizabeth Forbes’ baby party. Lovely “eats.”

Oct. 13—“Pee” Hawk has Mrs. Sebree out.

Oct. 18—Hennery blow out—Dr. Usher attended by Cupid.

Oct. 23—Mrs. Sebree has “Pee” Hawk over to dinner. (Later) “Pee” Hawk buys umbrella for Mrs. Sebree—it rained! (Later still) Mrs. S. steps on umbrella—hors de combat. (Next day) “Pee” Hawk broke.

Oct. 24—October crushes begin. Miss Hirdler and Miss O’Connor also ran.

Oct. 30—Heart to heart talks from King Solomon, in chapel. Result of a hot old rough-house.

Oct. 31—Dinks Frazier mortifies his flesh.
Nov. 2—St. L. U. game. "Tears, idle tears."

Nov. 6—The tragedy of Paul Hawkins; the midnight serenade and The Hat. Also Chenery and McCourt give a pink tea. Messrs. Starbird and Chessin came without hats, and Profs. Winston and Wernicke floated—so did some of the McMillanites who crossed over to Tower in the rain.

Nov. 13—Initiation in front quad. Do you wish to proceed further?

Nov. 20—Japanese tea at McMillan. Mr. Starbird appears in evening dress and pink flannel slippers. Much admired by the co-eds. Prof. Ed. Mitchell delivers his first lecture.

Nov. 22—Hank Hall posts notice in architectural library—falls out of favor with the girls.

Nov. 24—Calamity at McMillan. Morris locks the fudge pantries.

Nov. 27—Glauber's maiden appearance at gym. A study in stripes.

Nov. 28—Obelisk initiation. Trixie Schiller executes the radium dance in the quad with much skill.
DECEMBER, 1907

Dec. 3—Miss Page closes up ON TIME.

Dec. 4—Jocko lifts his hat to a lady.

Dec. 5—Girls' Glee Club organized. The rumble of distant thunder is heard. The storm breaks. Tearful, indignant maidens; much discord. Miss Hirdler retires in white heat. The flag of truce—the clouds break. Mary and Jane embrace and Peace reigns once more.

Dec. 6—Max Diez seen alone.

Dec. 11—"Sunset"—George Logan—"Come up the Heights with me ! ! ! ! !"

Dec. 12—First Hatchet meeting. Hard cider.

Dec. 14—Shurtleff game—score 54-14.

Dec. 16—Freshman dance.


Dec. 21—Beta Theta Pi dance.

Dec. 22—Holidays begin, but nobody got any rest. La May Watts held the first affair, and lots of gay stunts followed.
JANUARY, 1908

Thurs. 2—Phi Delta risk their furniture and invite the Debaters to meet there.

Fri. 3—Sigma Chi Dance. Ask some pretty freshman for the particulars. Bill was in his element.

Tues. 7—Lecture on Greece.

Wed. 8—Basketball Team leaves for Liberty, 10:30. (red ink). Publication of Student Life will be suspended indefinitely from this date. Stevens resigns. McMillan entertains for the "Lonelies," across the way.

Thurs. 9—All activities die. Lots of pleasant engagements smashed. No dances, no basketball, no nuthin! Campus indignant and determined. The tragedy of the four cigars—Morris, Miss Babcock and Mr. Lamke.

Tues. 14—W. U. joins Sunday School Basketball League. Mr. and Mrs. Jock announce the engagement of Miss Dolly Elliot to Mr. Dick Marsh. Bill Henger appears on campus without his pipe.

Jan. 15—Earl Morgan's green and purple hose create a riot in the first quadrangle. Morris restores order.

Jan. 29—Beat Missouri in Basketball. "I guess we are not a good little team!"
FEBRUARY, 1908

Month begins in gloom of W. U. inactivities.

Wed. 5—W. U. rises from the dead.

Thurs. 6—Mandolin Club getting to be a wonder. Sigma Chi entertains the Debating Club. Cracks in plaster discovered later.

Feb. 7—The first real event since the awakening—Lock and Chain gives a dance.

Sat. 8—Basketball well on. Seniors 24, Sophs. 13. Fully made Track Captain.

Wed. 12—Bonfire. McMillan serenaded. The chief strain rendered was "Hallelujah! Give us a Hand-out." February soup quoted at six cents. Much grumbling at Commons. Mr. Usher rises to the occasion.

Thurs. 13—W. U. A. A. Smoker at Dental School? Wasn't present, so can't say.


Sat. 15—Girls' Basketball. Such a squealing!

Feb. 16—McMillanites present thrilling melodrama; at 30 minutes notice, "Pearl, the Pirate's Bride, or Rouged for Life." Miss E. Wahlert presented with a violet. Hurst well hissed. Hopie, the composer, faints from exhaustion.

Feb. 18—S. A. E. dance. Charming, as usual.

Feb. 21—Junior Prom., a great success, especially the 1909 corner (we hate to brag).


Feb. 26—Thyrsus presents "Hick'ry Farm," a rich melodrama. John Mare sacrificed his blondness to assume the role of the interesting "dark gent." Looked almost human. A. I. E. E. trip.

Feb. 28—Kappa Sigma dance. Pechman did the usual tricks, and was squelched. Naughty.
MARCH, 1908

Tues. 3—Prof. Chessin startles the natives with his new spring bonnet. The Hero of the Hour—Fritz Van Blarcom—rescues a blond maiden from the nth story of a burning building.
More Glee Club practice.

Wed. 4—Girls' Glee Club mistaken for Angels' Choir.
That's going some, for the Glee Club, by gum.

Thurs. 5—Sigma Chi serves nice eats to the Debating Club. Cross country run in the P. M.

Sat. 7—More gymnastic contests. Girls' Basketball; several narrow escapes.

Tues. 10—Nothing much this week but rehearsals.

Fri. 13—Lock and Chain dance. "Who is his new crush?" Riddle solved.

Tues. 17—Another lecture by Dr. Abbot.

Wed. 18—Chapel Musicale. The Curl Twins are attracting much notice. Six clubs met that evening.

Fri. 20—St. Louis U. Indoor Track Meet.

Sat. 21—Annual Reception by Pi Phi, held in Cabanne.

Fri. 27—"London Assurance" at the Odeon. The whole school present in flossy togs—and of course, it poured. Two romances on the side.

Sat. 28—Spring has come, and once more the "fusser" reigns supreme on the quad.
The Editors take this opportunity to acknowledge the interest which has been shown by students of this institution and to extend their hearty thanks to those who aided the production of the '09 "Hatchet."

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Cohn,
Glasgow,
Hurst,
Randall,

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Evans,
Mersereau,
Secor.

Messrs—
Alexander,
Chaffee,
Dittbenner,
Ferriss.

**Art.**

Misses—
Spargo,
Wahlert,

Messrs—
Proetz,
Ferriss,
Prichard.

Messrs—
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Hall,
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