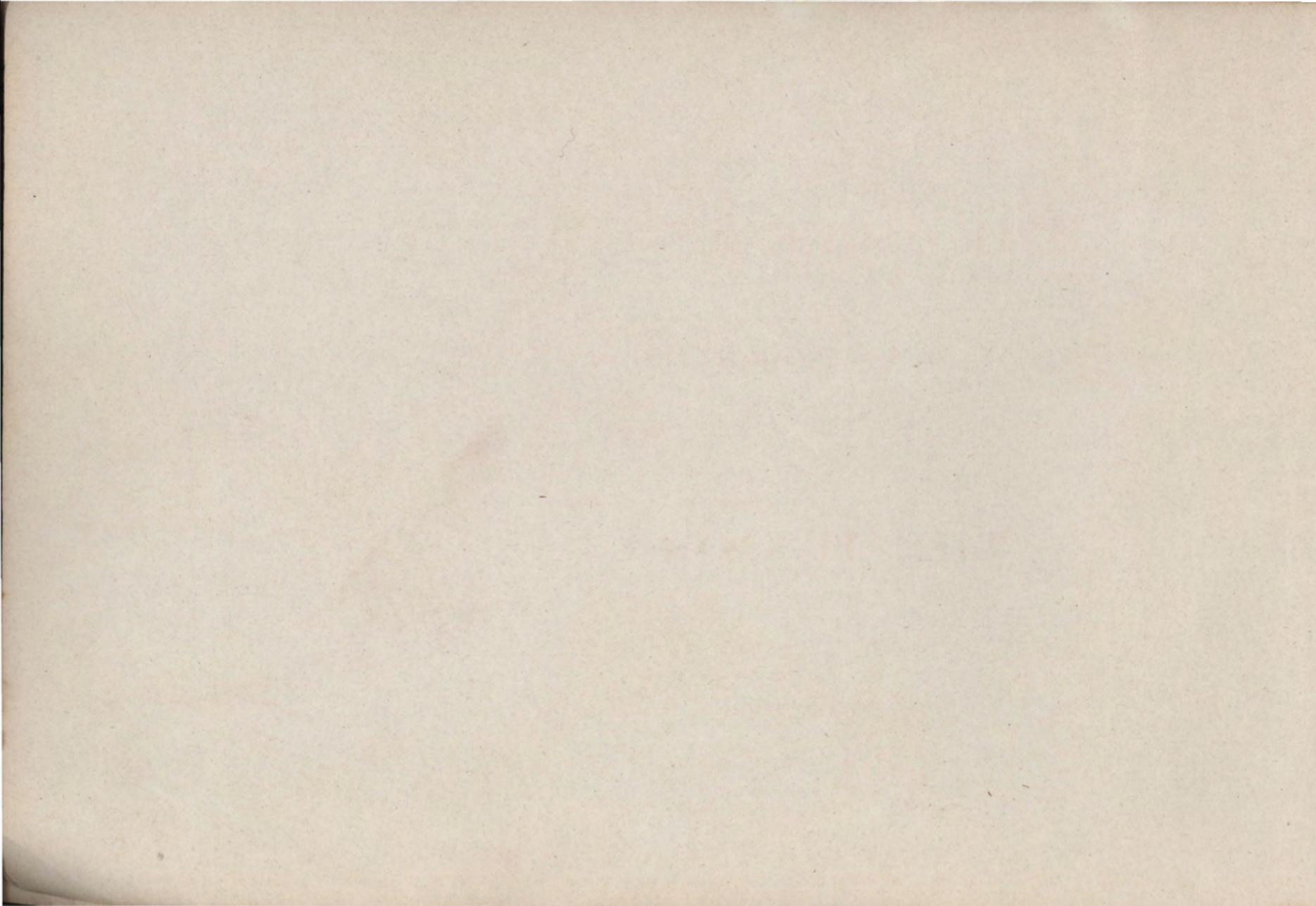


THE Blue  
AND White

MR. A. H. SCHATZ  
2900 Jennings Street  
Sioux City 4, Iowa

65-55-5





# THE BLUE AND WHITE

MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE.

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

PUBLISHED BY

## THE JUNIOR CLASS

VOLUME I.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.

PERKINS BROS. CO., PRINTERS.



SIOUX CITY, IOWA.





XX

...Dedication...

*To our beloved President, Dr. W. S. Lewis, who has labored so constantly, earnestly, and untiringly for the success of our school, this little book--the First Junior Annual of Morningside College--is affectionately dedicated by the*

*Class of 1902.*

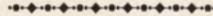


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# Editorial



To Our Readers:—

Whence came the idea of a Morningside College Annual? We can scarcely say. Perhaps that incorrigible gossip, the "little bird" who is always telling things, chirped the idea into the ear of a listening Junior. It is more probable, however, that it came from one of our brilliant fellow-students.

At all events it came and came to stay. It absolutely refused to be driven out.

We Juniors met and discussed, but our ideas of college Annuals were extremely vague, and we could arrive at no definite conclusion. We adjourned, borrowed Annuals from all available sources, and carefully perused them. Again we met and discussed. The project looked not so extremely difficult after all. All the best schools publish Annuals, and we were anxious to keep up with the procession; moreover, to be the pioneers in such an enterprise would be a pleasant distinction. We consulted with the ruling powers and obtained their sanction to the plan, and finally we decided the question in the affirmative.

We crossed the Rubicon!

The Blue and White has been a source of labor and some anxiety to us, but we have endeavored to perform our several duties faithfully

and well. We realize that our work has many imperfections, but we crave your indulgence on the grounds that we have had no previous experience and no established precedent to guide us in our labors, and that we have honestly tried to make our Annual worthy of your patronage.

We extend hearty thanks to the various organizations—classes, societies, etc.—and individuals that have so heartily co-operated with us, and without whose aid Volume I of The Blue and White would have been, not a reality, but a dream. Special thanks are due Miss Kitty Patterson for her ready assistance in the art department.

It is with some misgivings that we send our little volume forth into the world, feeling not wholly confident as to its reception—especially as regards the joke column. We hope, however, that you will, one and all, take any little "hits" in the friendly spirit in which they are given, and will profit thereby.

We expect that in future The Blue and White will appear regularly once in every two years, and we bespeak for it through all future time your hearty interest and co-operation.

Humbly trusting that our work may meet with your approbation,  
we are,

Yours respectfully,

CLASS OF 1902.



faculty the Ionian society was discontinued, and in February, 1892, a charter was granted to the Philomathean society. Society rivalry was bitter at this time and there is a tradition that class work was suspended for a day or two, while the societies settled a disputed point.

Rev. Wm. Brush, D. D., was made Chancellor in 1893. The financial storm had broken over the country by this time, and the men who were backing the University had other affairs to look after. The following item placed in the catalogue of that year remained in several succeeding ones: "One building is completed and occupied, and called the School of Technology. \* \* \* The College of Liberal Arts will be a magnificent building, 80 by 140 feet, and when completed will rank with the best educational edifices of the country. \* \* \* The foundation walls are now built at a cost of \$30,000, and the completion of the great structure we hope will not be delayed."

Now followed the darkest days of the institution, when its fate hung in the balance. These are sometimes referred to as the "heroic days." The students worked on the campus, made roads and planted trees. The faculty was burdened with paying heavy bills from light receipts and trying to live on the remainder. A spirit of uncertainty pervaded the school. As one of the students expressed it, "We didn't

know when we left school one day whether there would be any school to go to the next." The different colleges separated, some to cease work, some to become separate institutions. The Sioux City Medical College is one of the departments that continued its work.

At this juncture, the grounds and building at Morningside were purchased by the Northwest Iowa Conference of the M. E. Church, the name changed to Morningside College and Rev. G. W. Carr was made its president. He was appointed some time during the fall of 1894 and served until June, 1897. We do not know just how many students were enrolled during the first year of the college, as the number was not given in the catalogue at the close of that year. One hundred and eighty-seven were enrolled in the second year. On Commencement Day of this year, Dr. W. S. Lewis was installed as president. During the four years since that time the school has grown rapidly, so that the enrollment for the present year will exceed four hundred. Aside from the increase in numbers of students, it has increased its buildings, its equipment and its faculty, and is eagerly looking forward to the day when it will be the leading educational institution of the Northwest.

B.

# Main Hall



Main Hall was opened for use at the beginning of the present school year, the chapel being dedicated September 11th.

It is erected on the foundation of Garretson granite which was built in 1890.

When the time came for the prosecution of the work of building, a building committee was appointed from among the leading business men of Sioux City, with Dr. Lewis as their chairman. The men selected were Messrs. Craig L. Wright, L. A. Haskins, E. C. Peters and J. M. Brown. They were chosen from the Sioux City Commercial Association, which has from the first done everything possible tending to the success of the building project. It has been the intention of these gentlemen that the college shall be distinctly a Sioux City institution as well as a Methodist college.

Architect Wilfred W. Beach was given charge of the work, and designed a building which has been pronounced by those competent to judge, one of the finest college buildings in the state. It is built of pink pressed brick in the attractive style of the modernized Italian renaissance. Its principal front is toward Morningside Avenue, on the east, and the main entrances are on that side and on the north, facing the other building, from which it is not far distant.

The building is T shaped, with the stem, which is the chapel wing, extending to the west. On either side of this are the entrances to the basement hall and chemical store rooms. In the southeast corner of the basement is the gymnasium, 32 by 43 feet, with a 15-foot ceiling. Adjoining the gymnasium are bath and dressing rooms for men and women, with lockers and the best of modern plumbing. The re-

mainder of the basement is 10 feet high. It is about one-half above ground, and so is well lighted. The room at present occupied by the commercial department is the same size as the gymnasium, and is in the northeast corner. The rear of the basement is now in use as day-chapel, but after a time the department of physics will probably be housed here. In the basement also are the heating plant and rooms for the fireman and janitor.

Commodious stairways lead to the stories above the basement, which are each 12 feet high and have a central hall 19 feet wide communicating with all the rooms. On either side of the front entrance are cloak rooms. The front of the first floor contains six class rooms, averaging forty seats each, and the office of the president. In the rear are the laboratories, store, class and lecture rooms of the departments of chemistry and physics. On the second floor are the chapel, two offices, six class rooms—including the biology laboratory—and the library and reading room.

The chapel is 46 by 72 feet and extends through two stories. The main floor, which is raised in the rear, will seat 550 and the gallery 150. The stage is arranged to accommodate the large chorus of a concert or oratorio and will seat 108. Space is left for a pipe organ back of the chorus and over the stage entrance.

In the third story are five large halls for student organizations, four of which are furnished and occupied—one by the Christian associations and three by literary societies.

The building is now well equipped, and sufficient for the accommodation of eight hundred students.

# FACULTY





HENRY F. KANTHLENER, A. M.,  
*Greek.*

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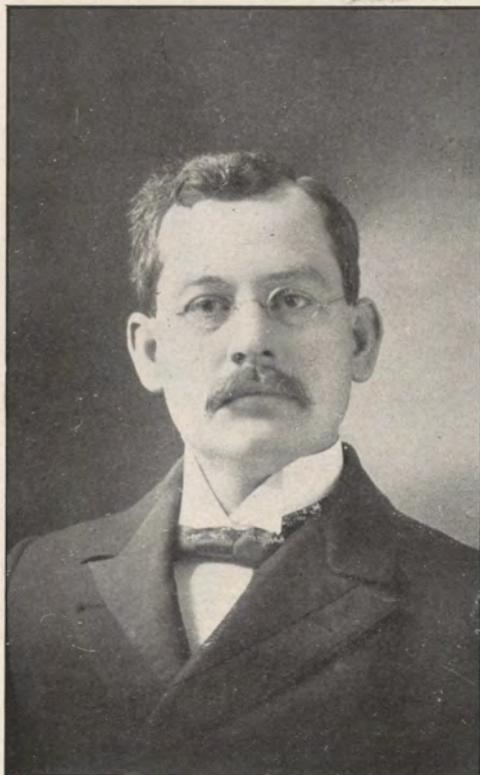
LILLIAN E. DIMMITT, A. M.,  
*Latin.*

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REYNARD B. GREYNALD, A. M.,  
*French.*

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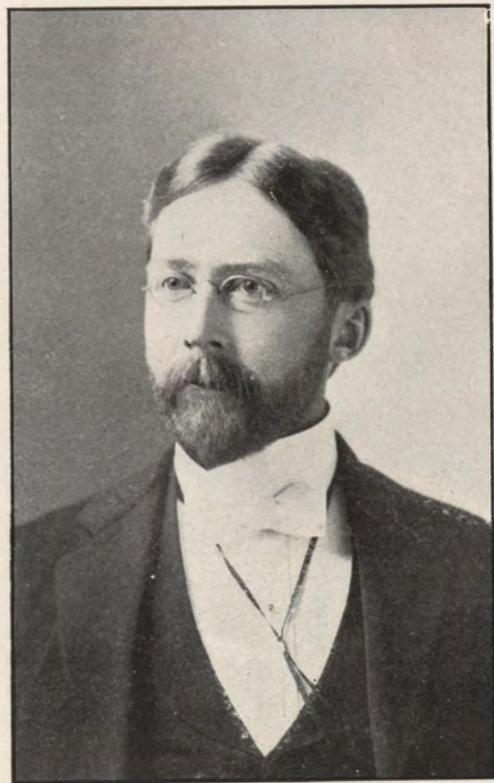
ALFRED N. COOK, A. M., Ph. D.,  
*Chemistry.*

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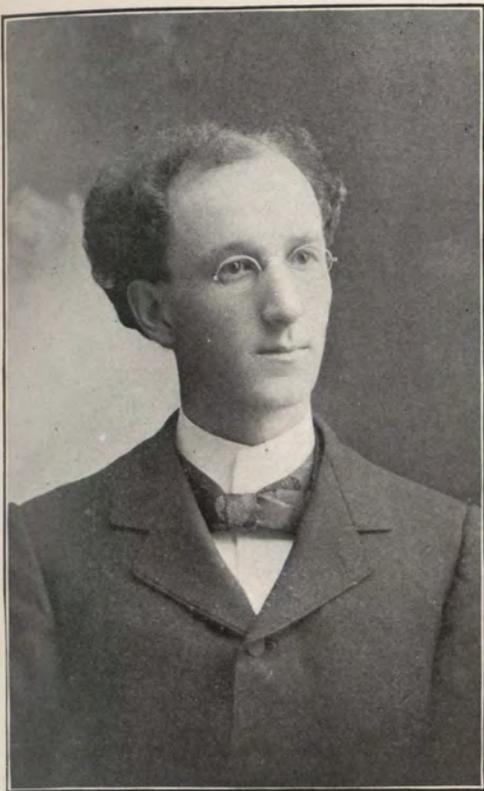
HELEN I. LOVELAND, A. M.,  
*English.*

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ROBERT B. WYLIE, Sc. B.,  
*Biology.*

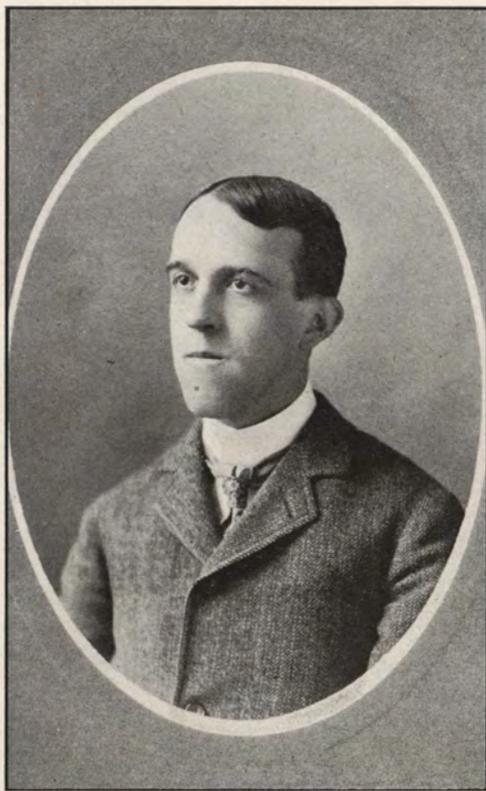
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FRANK H. GARVER, A. B.,  
*History and Economics.*

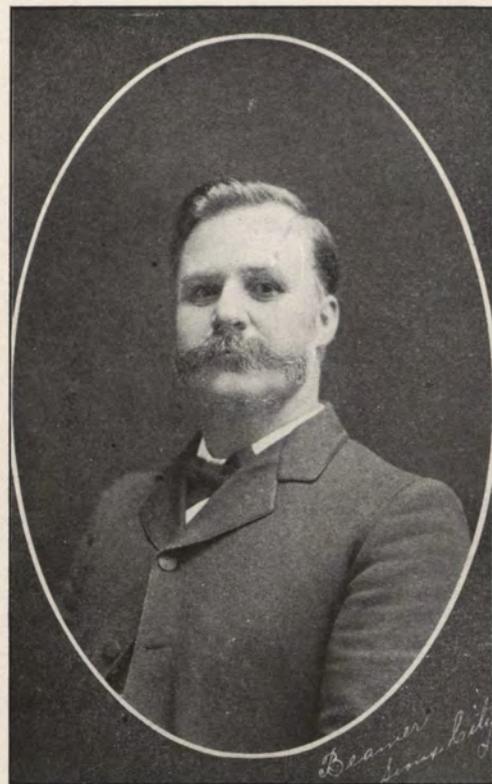
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FRED E. HAYNES, A. M., Ph. D.,  
*Political Science.*

O.  
Hist Long

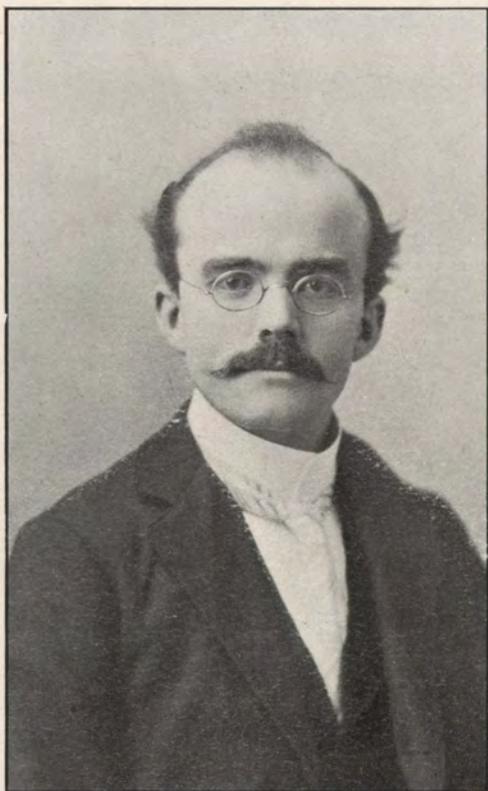


EPHENOR A. BROWN, A. M.,  
*Normal.*

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Beamer  
Lumpkin



JOHN W. GREEN, Sc. B.,  
*Physics.*



CHARLOTTE E. HICKMAN, B. L.,  
*Mathematics.*



WILLIAM A. BLACKWELL,  
*Commercial.*



CLARA J. YETTER, A. B.,  
*Assistant in English.*



KITTIE A. PATTERSON,  
*Drawing and Painting.*



BLANCHE P. BARBOUR,  
*Piano.*



ALICE K. BARBOUR,  
*Voice and Piano.*



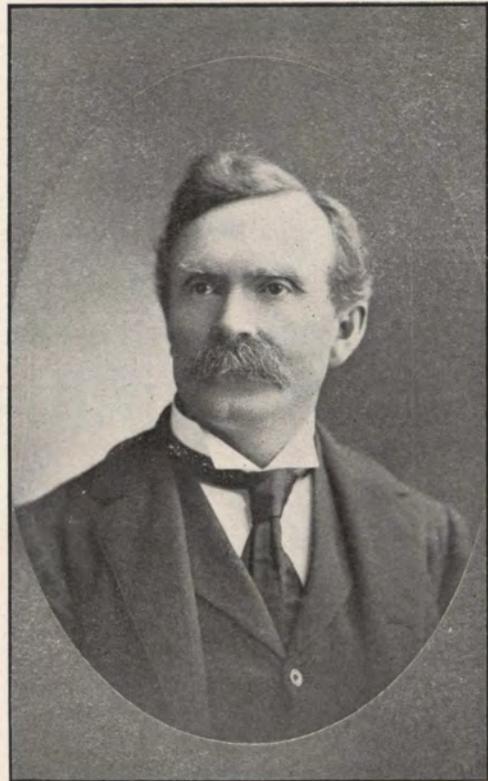
FLORENCE G. LEWIS,  
*Piano and Musical History.*

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BERTHA E. BENEDICT,  
*Voice.*



OVID P. BARBOUR,  
*Director of Conservatory.*



MYRTLE M. LOTHIAN,  
*Piano.*

# Class Organizations







CLASS  
OF



1901

President ----- ANNA MARSH

COLORS—Scarlet and White.

MOTTO—"Be your ain sel'."

Yell

"We don't yell."



## Class History

The author of this sketch has been diligently and systematically persecuted for many days by the enterprising editor of The Blue and White. Ever and anon the burden of her refrain has been, "When are you going to write that Class History?"

Several times in desperation the pencil and paper was taken up, all available inspiration was invoked and a brave effort was made to tell the story of the Seniors.

Each effort ended in failure and even now after a third attempt the writer feels inadequate to the important task.

A picture of the Class of 1901 will accompany this article. On this

account it appears that words certainly ought to be unnecessary. From the engraving on the opposite page the student of physiognomy may read the present state of achievement and foretell the future glory of these six choice spirits.

It might be well to make mention of the characteristics and attainments of the various members of the class if it were not that Mr. Reinhart objected to personal mention beyond the words, "Just tell them that you saw me."

The gentle reader of The Blue and White is referred again to the class picture for proof of the statement that Mr. Adair enjoys the dis-

tion of being the class beauty. This honor has been accorded to him through the modesty of the rest of the class, although secretly each member felt himself a candidate for the position. The class deserves special commendation for the spirit of self-sacrifice and generosity manifested in this instance.

Miss Marsh is the efficient corps of officers that keeps in running order the wheels of 1901. It was unanimously decided at a class meeting held early in the year that the offices of president, secretary, treasurer, and any other office that it might be deemed necessary to have, should be imposed on this smallest member of the class; and faithfully and well has she discharged her duties.

The three remaining members are worthy of mention chiefly in that they have supplied the dignity of the class, thereby making up in a measure for what they may have lacked in looks or offices.

The class taken as a whole has come up through many difficulties to the "high and topplin' eminence" of seniorhood.

The details of our history we leave to those who write our biographies after we have become famous, and for the present we will merely call attention to the two most important events of class history for which we ask your commendation.

Firstly—On the morning of May 16th the Class of 1901 donned their caps and gowns, which they hope, like Charity, will cover the multitudes of their sins.

Secondly—Never in their wildest dreaming did they publish an Annual. Let this be the glory of 1901.

◆◆◆◆◆

## Class of 1901

Our labors are ended and we close our books,  
As we gaze at our classmates with lingering looks;  
For we've greeted them often in times of yore.  
But college greetings and joys are o'er,  
And now must close all school day fun  
For the Senior Class of 1901.

Four long years are ended at last,  
And we pause with sadness as we think of the past;  
Of the old stone building with its turret bold,  
Where pigeons built their nests of old,  
And soothed our minds so weary with care,  
As they gently cooed in the morning air.  
Those pleasures are past, but the victory's won  
By the Senior Class of 1901.

We look once more at the building gray,  
As it boldly faces the breaking day.  
Each stone in its wall seems to tell of strife,  
And speak of the hardships of college life;  
Each window too small to admit the light  
To solve our problems as dark as night.  
Each stone in its steps seemed a mountain high,  
To keep the student from passing by.

But its conflicts are ended and the course is run,  
By the Senior Class of 1901.

We think of the bell and the work it has done  
As we've heard it creak in the rising sun,  
And roused up from slumber with murmuring sighs,  
As we wearily rubbed our drowsy eyes.  
We think of its clapper and how it has told  
The tales of Chapel to us of old,  
Until weary with labor it seemed to be,  
And took its repose in a maple tree.  
But there joined in such sport not a single one  
Of the Senior Class of 1901.

We think of the friends who have passed its door,  
And gone out into life to return no more;  
But time has mellowed the hardships of old,  
And its pleasing scenes we love to behold;  
For we gladly forget the conflicts and pain,  
And sweet memories shall ever with us remain.  
With aching hearts we bid farewell,  
To the old stone building with its creaking bell;  
Its cares are ended and its toils are done  
For the Senior Class of 1901.

As we now must leave the old college halls,  
We glance once more at their dusky walls;  
Each mar on the wall seems now to tell  
Of the bygone scenes we have loved so well.  
As we silently look we breathe a prayer  
That lonely students in lingering there,  
May learn the lessons of wisdom true,  
From these humble rooms as they are passing through;  
And when their struggles in college are done,  
They may follow the Class of 1901.

As we leave the old building and enter the new,  
We gaze at its splendor as we are passing through.  
Not a mar is seen on its spotless walls,  
No crowding is felt in its broadened halls.  
As we look for the friends of long ago,  
The faces that greet us we do not know;  
For our schoolmates of old are departed and gone,  
And we are left in college alone.  
But the college is almost done  
For the Senior Class of 1901.

As we slowly walk o'er its campus green  
And behold the beauties so often seen,  
Each blade of grass seems fairer now,  
As we smooth the wrinkles from our troubled brow.  
And we walk the paths where we used to roam  
When heart-sick and sad and away from home,  
And the thought of friends who were left behind,  
Weighed heavy upon our homesick mind.  
But the cares of life have just begun  
For the Senior Class of 1901.

But the dreams of the past now flee away,  
For we are fast approaching Commencement Day,  
And soon must stand with cap and gown,  
On the Chapel rostrum; and looking down,  
Deliver our message of parting thought,  
So carefully and so wonderfully wrought;  
And gracefully bowing, take our degree,  
And from college cares be forever free.  
For the long, long course at last is done  
For the Senior Class of 1901.



# CLASS

OF

# 1902



President ----- FLORENCE CATE  
 Secretary ----- BESSIE CARR  
 Treasurer ----- ROSS BROWN

COLOR—Yellow.

MOTTO—"Parati ad Omnia."

Hell

Chicabaloo, chicabaloo!  
 We're the Class of 1902!  
 We're the starters in the fight  
 Of getting out "The Blue and White"!

## Junior Class Statistics

	Date of Birth	Height	Weight	Eyes	Hair	Size of Shoes	Most Prominent Characteristic	Chief Occupation	Favorite Pastime	Most Common Exclamation	Studying for what?
Ethel Walker .....	1879	5 ft. 5	145	Blue	Dark Brown, Curly	5½	System	Recounting her love affairs	Writing and reading letters	Cracky!	Parson's wife
Guy Frary .....	1880	6 ft. 2	179	Blue	Brown	9	Cheerfulness	Whistling	Junior Annual	O shoot!	M. D.
Bessie Carr .....	1881	5 ft. 5	108	Blue	Golden	3½	Studiousness	Committee meetings	Scolding	Shoot the luck!	Miss Dimmitt's position
C. F. Eberly .....	?	5 ft. 11½	153	Brown	Red (what there is of it)	8	Deliberation	Chemistry	Chemistry	S-ay!	Farmer
Emma Flathers .....	1881	5 ft. 4	95½	Brown	Golden	3½	Industry	Roasting	Guy-ing	Cats!	Grades
Samuel Knoer .....	1874	6 ft.	170	Gray	Light Brown	10	Obstinacy	Washing dishes	Debating	Gracious me!	D. D.
Ethel Gantt .....	1880	5 ft. 5	117	Blue	Brown	4½	Independence	Playing boyish tricks	Bicycling	Gee!	Ranchman
Ross Brown .....	1881	5 ft. 7	136	Blue	Brown	7	Business Sagacity	Tennis	Flirting	By jinks!	Attorney at Law
Florence Cate .....	1880	5 ft.	130	Blue	Brown	4½	Contentment	Blinking	Studying Pricce	My goodness!	Deaconess



LASS OF



1903

President .....	D. M. SIMPSON
Secretary .....	ROSA DURST
Treasurer .....	IRA ALDRICH
Historian .....	RAY TOOTHAKER
Poet .....	GEORGE GILBERT

COLORS—Purple and Old Gold.



### Bells

Bang! Bang!  
Look out! See!  
Who's a-coming?  
1903!!

Sing a song of Freshmen  
Baked up in a pie!  
Four and twenty Sophomores,—  
Freshie better fly!  
Wrap him up!  
Strap him up!  
Tie him to a tree!  
Sophomore! Sophomore!  
1903!!

## Sophomore History

It is with a feeling of pleasure and pride that we submit for print a short sketch of what we verily believe and evidently know to be the largest, possessed of the keenest intellects, of the most natural ability, the most brilliant, illustrious, impulsive, scholarly, yea—indispensable, Sophomore class that ever trod the halls or campus green of Morningside College.

One thing we regret is that the space allowed us is so small that we are unable to mention one iota of the mighty deeds and glorious achievements with which their lives have been fraught.

Marshalltown Times, July 7, 1880: "Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Finch, a son."

The Sheldon Mail, June 19, 1899: "The graduating exercises held in the Baptist Church last evening were a marked success. Among those who received special mention in class work and attendance was George W. Finch. Especially do we think this deserving to him, for with scarce the absence of a day, during the extremes of weather for four full years has he driven to school from his home four miles south of town."

Morningside Junior Annual: "One of the best informed, symmetrically developed and promising orators, a member of the Sophomore class—is the captain of our next year's football team."

\* \* \*

On the rolling prairies of the Cherokees, in the balmy month of May, 1877, the sun streaming through a window of a humble cabin, fell, for the first time, upon the smiling face of an infant child.

Twenty years later, in the same month, the same sun streaming through a window of the Sutherland High School, illumined the countenance of the once, self-same child.

Tutored in that school of western prairie experience—the Alma Mater of freedom, independence, and stability of character—having completed the common branches in the greatest institution of common school instruction, "the little white school house," and the High School at Sutherland, Iowa, he turned his steps toward the hills of Morningside, where, now, there sits in our midst the finished product of America's greatest western progress—a true scholar, our esteemed member, George Gilbert.

\* \* \*

Born nineteen years ago, Jack Ackenback. Raised and educated in Spencer, Iowa. Blessed, as were the majority of our Sophs, with a High School training, which he completed in the spring of 1899, he en-

tered Morningside College in the fall of the same year, and has been steadily climbing the hill of knowledge ever since. He is a close student and fares well to mount the summit among the foremost.

\* \* \*

Not only a loyal Sophomore, but the most prominent and popular member of the school is Ira R. Aldrich, the proprietor of the college book store, a typical Othonian, manager of the track team. He, too, has received a degree of B. A. in that practical school of "Scratch for Yourself," having been left an orphan at eight years of age. He was born in Woody, Wisconsin, in 1878. On the death of his father, who by trade was a blacksmith, he came to Rock Rapids, Iowa, to live with an uncle. He graduated from the Rock Rapids High School in 1896. After two years of rustling he entered Morningside College, where he has been rustling ever since.

\* \* \*

In the wilds of the primeval forests of Canada, where are developed those men of mighty sinews, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, was born he, the Sophomore Champion. In the fall of the same year, 1880, though strenuously objecting, he accompanied his parents to the United States. He entered school at the age of six years, and, being a minister's son, has been continually entering ever since. Having graduated from the Spencer High School, he entered Morningside College in the fall of 1899. In athletics he has made a high mark, as may be observed from a certain football yell—

"See Vermillion's gills get yellow;  
Smylie, Smylie, he's the Fellow."

\* \* \*

Born, somewhere, some time between 1881 and 1883, a "destined child." The place that then knew him, knows him no more. But several places since have claimed his birth-place.

There was at that time a small hamlet in Palo Alto county undergoing the throes of choosing a name. Hearing of the birth of this illustrious infant, they immediately named the town Ruthven in his honor. Being thus flattered, the youthful "Ascanius" moved and at once look up his residence at his namesake town, where he spent the succeeding years of his life. The progress of this precarious youth through the High School was as the flash of a meteor. In vain did his teachers struggle to hold him back with his class. Having graduated from school, he entered Morningside College in 1898, where as a club, athletic and society man he has speedily made a name. Besides

occupying the position of assistant in the biological department, in the Sophomore department of Archaeology he occupies the distinguished position of Rameses II.

\* \* \*

M. F. McDowell was born in La Fayette County, Wisconsin, in 1875. When fifteen years of age he moved with his parents from near Council Bluffs to Primghar, Iowa. After completing one year in the High School he entered Morningside College as Junior preparatory; completing which in June of 1899, he is now among our number one and inseparable.

Throughout his course Mr. McDowell has been especially prominent in Mathematics. He is now assistant instructor in Physics.

\* \* \*

Born in a log cabin on Cedar Ridge, Benton County, Iowa, F. E. Mossman. Graduated from the Academy of Tilford College in 1894. Since which time until September last he has been counted among those "who rule with double sway."

Like all men of strong intellects, he was raised in the free and open air of an exhilarating, rural atmosphere.

He is an ideal college man, a staunch prohibitionist, a prevailer among men, president of the Y. M. C. A. and a typical Sophomore.

\* \* \*

Space is too limited to even touch upon the varied experiences and vicissitudes which have marked the years of this our most eminent member; born midst the inspiring environment of the wooded lakes and hills of Canada, whither his parents had sought refuge from that overcrowded and congested "Metropolis of the World."

They journeyed westward at an early day, crossing the Great Lakes, witnessing the ruined heaps and smouldering ashes of the Chicago fire, until they reached fair Iowa's prairies. Here, trained and disciplined in the western "School of Cincinnatus," where are born all lofty aims and emotions, he now sits in our midst, whom we proudly hail our noblest, Rev. A. B. Gilbert.

\* \* \*

Born in Illinois, of an ancestry weird and witty, staunch and undaunted—Scotch-Irish. Reared midst an environment exhilarating and inspiring, where cooling zephyrs fresh from ambrosial seas fan the fervid cheek and laureled temples of the shepherd lad. For five terms he attended the Illinois State Normal, after which he entered and completed the Academy of Northwestern University.

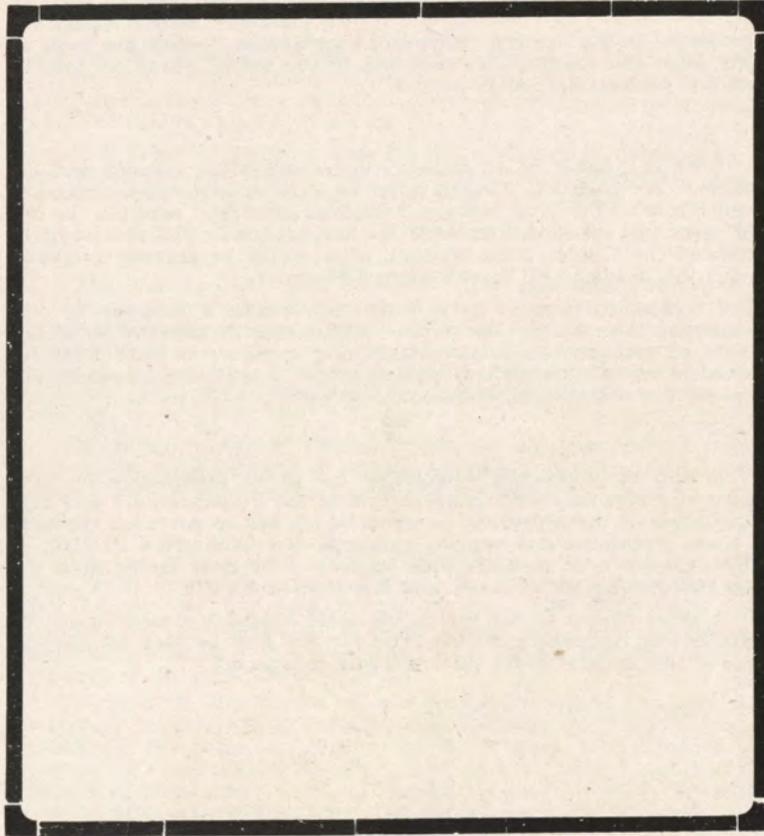
He came to Iowa in 1896, where he became a member of the Northwest Iowa M. E. Conference. Although still showing some few marks of rusticity, he is an entertaining speaker; an enthusiast for athletics; one filled with true college spirit; a typical Sophomore, our honored president, D. M. Simpson.

\* \* \*

It will be practically impossible for us to promulgate or even panegyricize any panoramic presentation of the preponderance and prodigiousness of the proverbial progress which has so pervaded the days of these prominent and popular paragons, our Sophomore Puellae; so all we can do is to mention their names: Miss Rosa Durst, Miss Sophie Heiby, Miss Mabel Jewel, and Miss Bertha Swartz.

A short sketch of the life of the most unlaudable member of the class and of the author of this brief history may be seen on another page of this Annual under the name of a Retrospect.

## Freshman History of the Sophomore.



"NOT DEAD, BUT FORGOTTEN!"

Author, Freshman Class.

*"When you are angry take three breaths before you speak."*

♦♦♦♦♦

RAY TOOTHAKER:

"Bilious wretch, who abuses you, because you write better than he."

GEORGE FINCH:

"To flunk is human, to succeed divine."

MABEL JEWEL:

"The personification of her name."

L. F. SMYLIE:

"Every natural action is graceful."

IRA ALDRICH:

"With the Shades of all the good and great for company and for solace, a self opinionated life."

ROSA DURST:

"The Rose looks fair, but looks are oft-times deceiving."

GEORGE GILBERT:

"There is no object in nature so beautiful as a conscientious young man."

M. F. McDOWELL:

"I'd be a butterfly."

BERTHA SWARTZ:

"What should be the height of a woman's ambition?—To wear hearts as trophies."

JOHN ACKENBACK:

"An elderly gentleman wishes a situation; he will engage in any respectable employment not too laborious."

SOPHIE HEIBY:

"I can bear misfortune and poverty and all the other ills of life, but to be an old maid—to droop and wither, and wilt and die, like a single pink—I can't endure it; and what's more I won't."

D. M. SIMPSON:

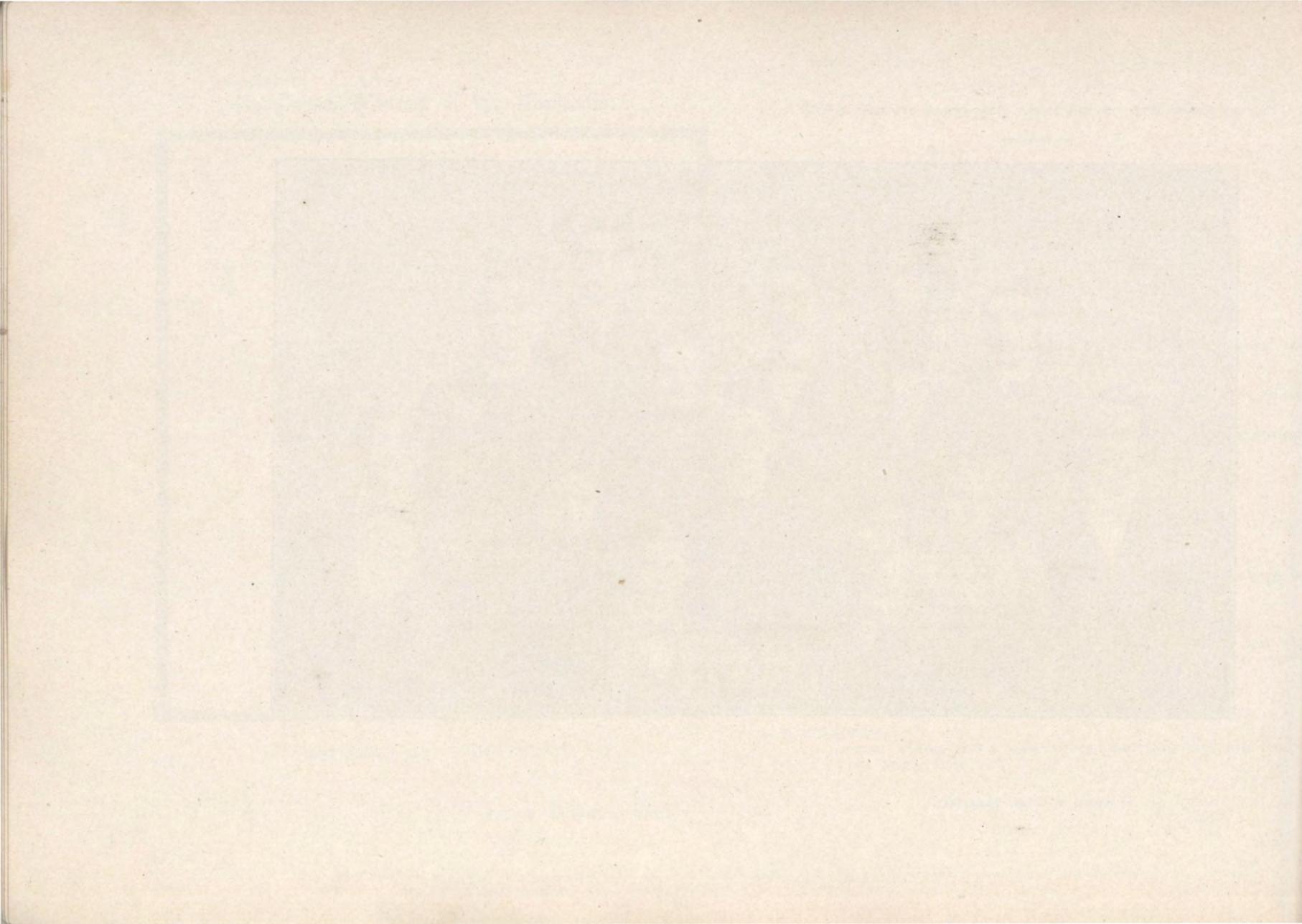
"The best time to choose a wife is early in life."

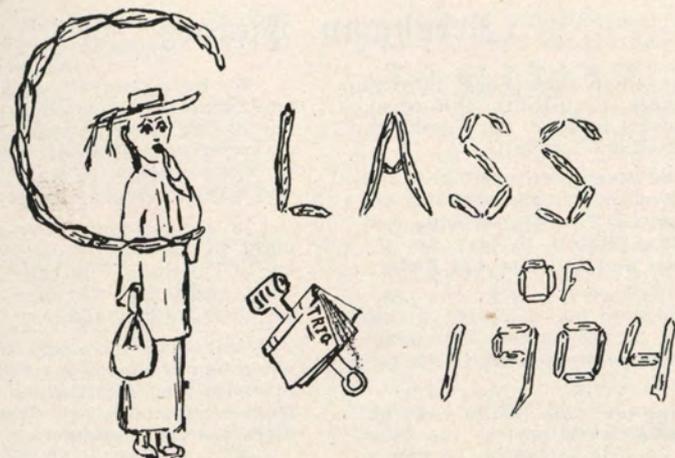
A. B. GILBERT:

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree, the more they are beaten the better they be."

*"Bought with a price."*







President .....	FAE SIMAN
Vice-President .....	STANLEY CARSON
Secretary .....	FAYE HOUX
Treasurer .....	W. L. HARDING
Chaplain .....	R. J. McISAAC
Sergeant-at-Arms .....	MINNIE SARGENT
Starter .....	J. W. McCARTHY
Timekeeper .....	GRACE DARLING
Second .....	STANLEY CARSON
Football Captain .....	BEVERLY CLARK
Cobbler .....	BERT SHOEMAKER
Missionary Committee .....	CORWIN TAYLOR
Poet .....	HARRY BRIGGS
Orator .....	EDITH EMPEY
Chorister .....	FRANK WHITING
Brass Band .....	{ MABEL KILLAM
	{ NARCISSA MILLER
	{ HARRY JONES

CLASS COLORS—Maroon and White.

CLASS MOTTO—"Wir haben es gethan."

Hell

Hi ski—hi ski—hi ski—yee,  
M—D—CC—CC—IV!!

## Freshman History

The members of the faculty were arrayed in their finest fabrics; the street car company had lady conductors, beautifully uniformed, on the cars; Sioux City was out in gala attire to meet the Freshman Class, the class of 1904, when they entered school last fall.

The little matter of matriculating was soon performed and the Freshman Class, which was awaited with so much anxiety and expectancy on the part of the Board of Trustees, Faculty, students and people of Sioux City in general, began immediately to play an important part in the affairs of the institution and to shape her history for all future time.

To write a history of this class would be to pen a history of the institution since the class has entered upon its fair career. Our members have been not only active but have been leaders in every important line of work in the college.

Space will not permit details concerning our part in the victories on the football field, nor would words be adequate to portray the valor of our men who played with the pigskin. I will not speak of how a member of this class was given first place in delivery in the oratorical contest, or of the part we take in the musical events of the college, and in the work in the literary societies. All these are as nothing compared with our position as leaders in society. It is as ladies and gentlemen versed in the art of entertaining, in a social way, that we believe we will longest be remembered by coming classmen, and that our names will be cherished and given an honored place in the galaxy of those who have sacrificed and suffered for the college.

We have always been kind and gentle toward the Sophomore Class and furnished a closed carriage for one of their members to attend one of our swell parties. We assisted this favored one in his choice of wardrobe and so arrayed him that he was quite presentable; then he was permitted to watch and imitate as closely as possible the genteel ways of elegant society.

In a missionary way also we have been active. On Hallowe'en night we took the whole college and showed them through the "Chamber of Horrors," that they might get a glimpse into the future and see what awaits the wayward on the other side, and how necessary it is for their future happiness that they respect the Freshman Class.

Only once have any of our members gone astray and that was when two of the class got into the company of some "Preps" and committed a deed so atrocious that they were compelled to wear for some time in common with these "Preps," with whom they associated, an extra pair of suspenders.

So far our career has been auspicious. We have completely won the confidence of the Faculty and are quite often consulted by them in important matters.

The future spreads before us bedecked with golden opportunities. We are monarchs of all we survey and none dare dispute our rights. We simply ask you to waten our smoke and read the rest in the 1903 Annual.

## Historical Sketch of the Freshman Class

One of the most tragic epochs in the annals of the history of Morningside College began in September, 1900. 'Twas in the early autumn; the green foliage of the trees had turned to gold; the grassy nooks were clothed in brown; all nature had donned her autumn garments. The fleeting summer days had passed and nothing remained to recall the grand Elysian scenes, except the evergreens on the college campus which raised their pointed tops heavenward as if to catch the last rays of the setting summer's sun. The season of love and poetry was about to pass into oblivion, only to be recalled as a pleasant memory, a sweet oasis in the desert of life, when there came upon the stage of action a questionable number of individuals who were destined to

keep before our eye, even in the midst of the winter's snows, the sylvan shades and verdant fields (especially the latter).

This class of bashful youths and blushing maidens, fresh from the parental roof of love and care, caused delight to gush through the veins and produced in the heart of the Sophs a feeling similar to that of a lion when he sights his prey. All that saved this uncouth band from immediate annihilation was the fraternal spirit which pervaded the Sophomore Class, whose members thought of the blighted hopes of parents and their victims' tender age.

However, temptation became too great and opportunity for fun too abundant for the conservative spirit of the Sophomores. This

spirit finally gave way, and Hallowe'en night was rendered memorable by the enactment of a tragic comedy which was destined to a serious end but for the timely intervention of the "authority."

In accordance with a decree issued by the highest collegiate power, on Hallowe'en eve, in subterranean caverns, the college classes furnished, in friendly (?) rivalry, entertainment for the school. In order to add to their own glory and to humiliate the obnoxious Freshies, the Sophomores captured, gagged and embalmed the most distinguished personage of the presumptuous horde.

For nearly two hours a continuous stream of curious sight-seers encircled the glass case containing the supposed remains of Rameses II., until the "authority," wearied with the wailing committees of sobbing and frightened Freshmen, ordered the release of the captive. And thus ended one of the most cunningly planned and skillfully executed deeds recorded in Sophomore annals. Then did those rustic youths hold secret meetings, council and plot until there emanated from their feeble minds a novel plan. They resurrected the bones of the long buried dead, dressed the skeleton in new clothes, thinking thereby to deceive their foes. They would now be revenged. Their wrongs would be washed away by the tears of their victims. They

would kidnap a Sophomore! Oh, peerless intellect! Oh, originality, thou art a jewel! but thy name is not Freshman.

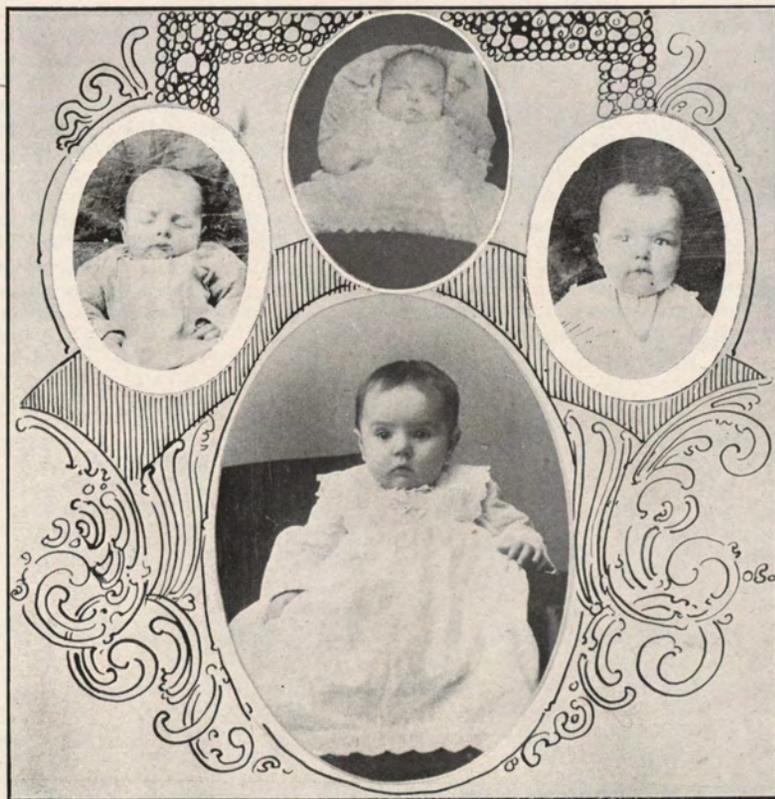
They did kidnap a Sophomore and a typical one, at that; they are to be commended for their ability to select specimens. So miserable was life made for them by the tricky lad, that of their own free will he was set free before the evening's entertainment began. But this young man had taken to the Freshies, and did not leave until he had taken all the provisions that were on hand for the coming banquet—with other household articles too numerous to mention.

That very night what was intended for a Freshman palate loaded down the banquet table of the once more victorious Sophs.

Before this brief sketch is done, we would fain drop a tear of pity on the shroud of a respected but necessarily defeated self-made foe. For long before your eyes have scanned these lines, the subject weighed down by grief and humiliation, wasted by defeat, will have succumbed to an opprobrious end.

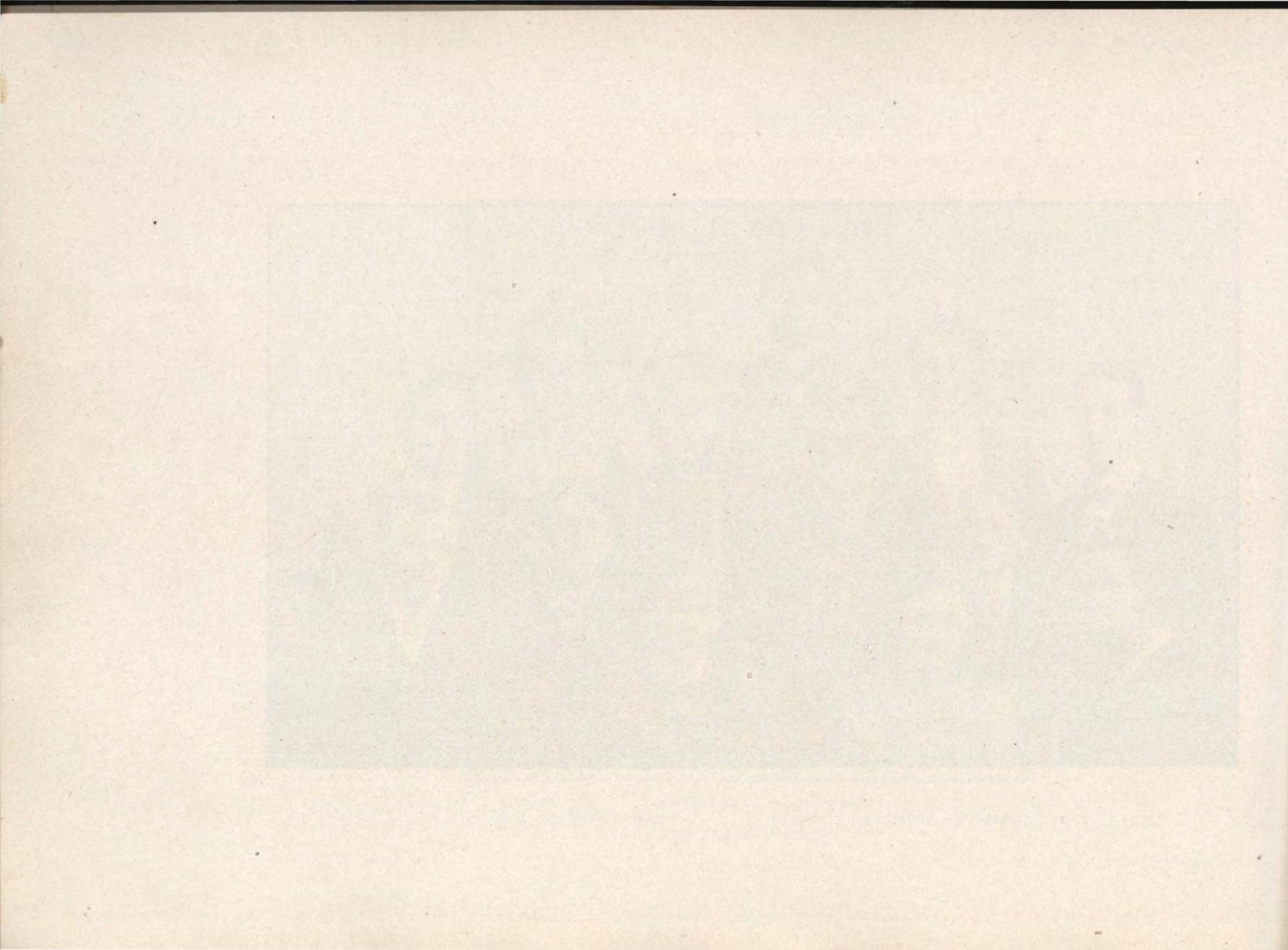
Moral—A premature advent upon life's rugged pathway;  
A misguided ambition;  
An ignominious end.

—A SOPHOMORE.



FAYE HOUX, Secretary.  
W. L. HARDING, Treasurer. STANLEY CARSON, Vice-President.  
FAE SIMAN, President.



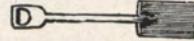


## Senior Academy Class

President ----- B. F. WENDEL  
Secretary ----- VERA YETTER  
Treasurer ----- ALICE MARSH

MOTTO—"Dig."

CLASS EMBLEM—



COLORS—Olive Green and Old Rose.

Hell

S—s—s— Boom! Rive! 19—19—1905!



## Class Catechism

1. Q. What is the chief end of man? A. The chief end of man is to work the Faculty and appear wise forever.
2. Q. Who compose the Faculty trinity? A. Hickman, Sifert and Cook.
3. Q. What is a spirit? A. Slocum's memory.
4. Q. Can you mention some created spirits? A. Hotchkiss and Karkuff.
5. Q. What is a sin? A. Hazing, or riding a pony.
6. Q. What is repentance? A. Signing a resolution.
7. Q. By what influences are men led to repentance? A. Indefinite suspension.
8. Q. What if we should be called upon to suffer persecution? A. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

## History

It is with great reluctance that we begin the task of writing the history of the Senior Academy Class. Indeed, it is only after earnest solicitation on the part of the Juniors that we begin the work, and, having begun it, it is with the feeling that, in complying with their request, we are simply "casting pearls before swine." We fear lest we should mar the good name of our class in attempting to relate our varied experiences; perhaps it were better that some things remain untold.

Modesty has been our distinguishing characteristic. To this may be due the fact that our sister classes have overlooked us in some particulars.

We heartily indorse the scriptural injunction, "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Consequently we do not pretend to know as much as the Sophs or Freshies, for we believe with Billings, that "it is better not to no so mutch than to no so many things that aint so." To the Juniors and Seniors we bow our heads in humble submission, for we realize "how unsearchable are their judgments and their ways past finding out." We aspire to be known only as "Preps."

But we are continually "reaching forth unto those things which are before." Next year our academic buds will burst forth in the full

bloom and verdancy of the first year of college life. Neither would we be "forgetting those things which are behind" (as most of the members of the collegiate classes have done). We trust that upon the "pons in Rheno factus" we learned to cross safely over the difficulties of the future.

Nor would we be unmindful of future demands. We will not neglect, when we become Freshmen, to "put away childish things" (ponies). We shall endeavor, notwithstanding the dismal failure of the present Sophomores, "with all our getting to get understanding." Unlike the Juniors, it will be our earnest endeavor not to "publish our folly;" and above all, we will shun the example of the Seniors, and will try not to be "wise in our own conceits."

We take this opportunity to thank the Middle Prep Class for the kind reception tendered us during the winter term; also to thank the Senior Prep Class of last year for the hats so generously bequeathed to certain members of our class.

It is not without a pang of regret that we bid farewell to the Academy, but it is also with a feeling of gratitude that we can enter upon our college life so well prepared.



# Departments





# The Normal Department

Organized January 2, 1900

CLASS COLORS—Purple and White.

The purpose of the Normal Department is twofold: first, to give instruction in the practical workings of a school—how to organize, manage, interest and teach a school. It is further aimed to give the students a thorough knowledge in the branches they are to teach, and to drill them in methods of presentation. This is usually called Normal work. Second, to give instruction in the history of educational methods and systems, in the principles on which education as a science is based, in the application of psychology to teaching, in the philosophy of education, and in the study of child nature. This is more properly called the Science of Pedagogy. The tendency of modern educators to recognize more and more the necessity of Pedagogy as an element of a liberal education, requires that a course in Pedagogy be offered.

An excellent class spirit has been manifested in this department. The Normal students were called together in the fall term of this year, and a class organization was effected. Officers were elected and class colors chosen.

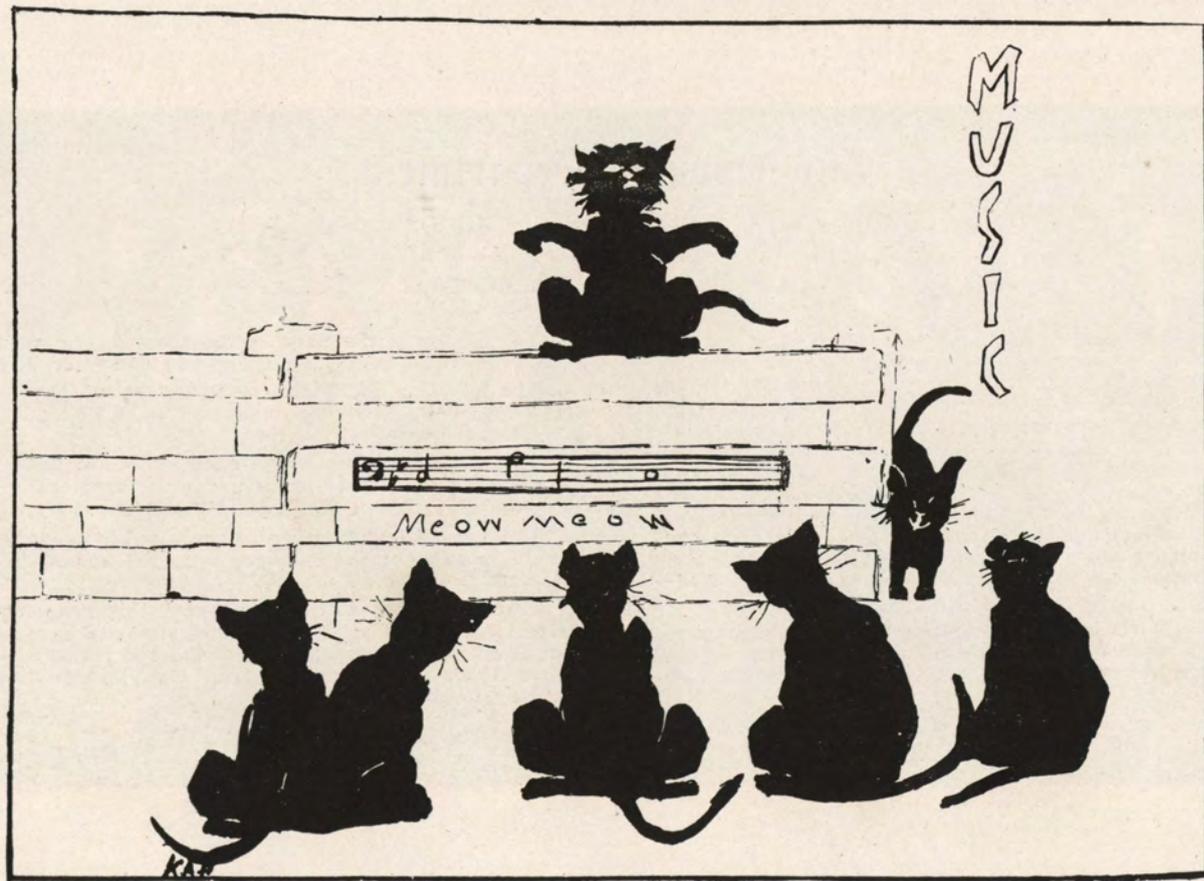
The officers of the class for the present term are: President, Miss Cora Wilcox; Secretary, Jennie Smith; Treasurer, J. N. Day.

The members of the Normal Department have considered themselves especially fortunate in having talks and addresses by leading professional teachers from the city schools.

The students have been invited and have been welcomed to the discussions and lectures given under the auspices of the Professional Teachers' Association of the county and city.

The Normal Department was organized in January of last year, and has an enrollment this year of sixty-five members. Some of these are graduates of high schools.

Three members will be graduated this year from the four-year Normal Latin Course. The Normal students have secured President Wm. Beardshear, of Ames, to give the address at their graduating exercises, Friday evening, June 7th. Miss Loretta Kelly will give the oration on behalf of the class.



# SENIOR RECITAL

OF

MISS CARRIE LAMOREUX      MISS MATTIE CULBERTSON  
MISS CLARA KILLAM

Students in Voice of Miss Alice K. Barbour,  
Morningside College, Sioux City, Ia.

IN

## COLLEGE AUDITORIUM,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1901, AT 8:00 P. M.

Assisted by PROF. O. P. BARBOUR and HUGH D. BARBOUR.

### PROGRAMME.

"You"	- - - - -	Robyn
	MISS KILLAM	
Dear Love	- - - - -	G. W. Chadwick
	MISS LAMOREUX	
Polonaise de Concert, Op. 14,	- - - - -	Popper
	HUGH BARBOUR	
Bonnie Sweet Bessie	- - - - -	Gilbert
	MISS CULBERTSON	
{ a. Rec. "Why Have I Found Grace?"	- - - - -	"Ruth," A. R. Gaul
{ b. Air. "Past All Knowledge is the Kindness"	- - - - -	
	MISS KILLAM	
Trio, Piano, Violin and 'Cello, Op. 1, No. 2,	- - - - -	Beethoven
	MISS BARBOUR, O. P. BARBOUR, H. BARBOUR	
{ a. Absence	- - - - -	Little
{ b. Florean's Song	- - - - -	Godard
	MISS LAMOREUX	
Hearst Thou	- - - - -	Tito Mattei
	MISS CULBERTSON	





T



# Associations

# ATH- LETICS



## The Athletic Association

The present Athletic Association of the college was organized in the winter term of this year, when the following officers were elected: President, Guy G. Frary; Vice-President, Effie Durst; Secretary, Anna Marsh; Treasurer, W. L. Harding.

The plan of this organization is to have a general association which shall have the overseeing of all the athletics of the college, giving the specific work for the carrying on of tennis, baseball, football, etc., to sub-organizations. A fee of \$1.00 is the requirement for membership in the general association, and when the student has joined this association he is entitled to participate in any business that may come before the association, and is eligible to membership in any or all sub-organizations without additional fees. The President and Secretary of the general association and the Presidents of the minor associations constitute an Executive Committee, which apportion all funds and settles any disputes that arise between the minor organizations concerning dates, or otherwise. The decision of this committee, however, may be appealed from at any time by two-thirds of the interested members.

Constitutions have been adopted and accepted by the general association, authorizing the organization of tennis, baseball, football, and track associations, and they each have elected officers as follows:

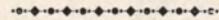
Tennis Association—President and Manager, Ross P. Brown; Secretary, Guy G. Frary.

Baseball Association—President and Manager, Ray Toothaker; Secretary, L. F. Smylie.

Football Association—President and Manager, W. L. Harding; Secretary, Loren Haskins.

Track Team Association—President and Manager, Ira R. Aldrich; Secretary, Loren Haskins.

The plan promises to work satisfactorily. About one-half of the membership of the school has already joined the association. The managers of the different departments are all doing good work in their respective lines. The football team next fall will play a series of seven games, four at home and three away. For the home games a season ticket will be sold for \$1, or single games will cost 50 cents.



### Football Team

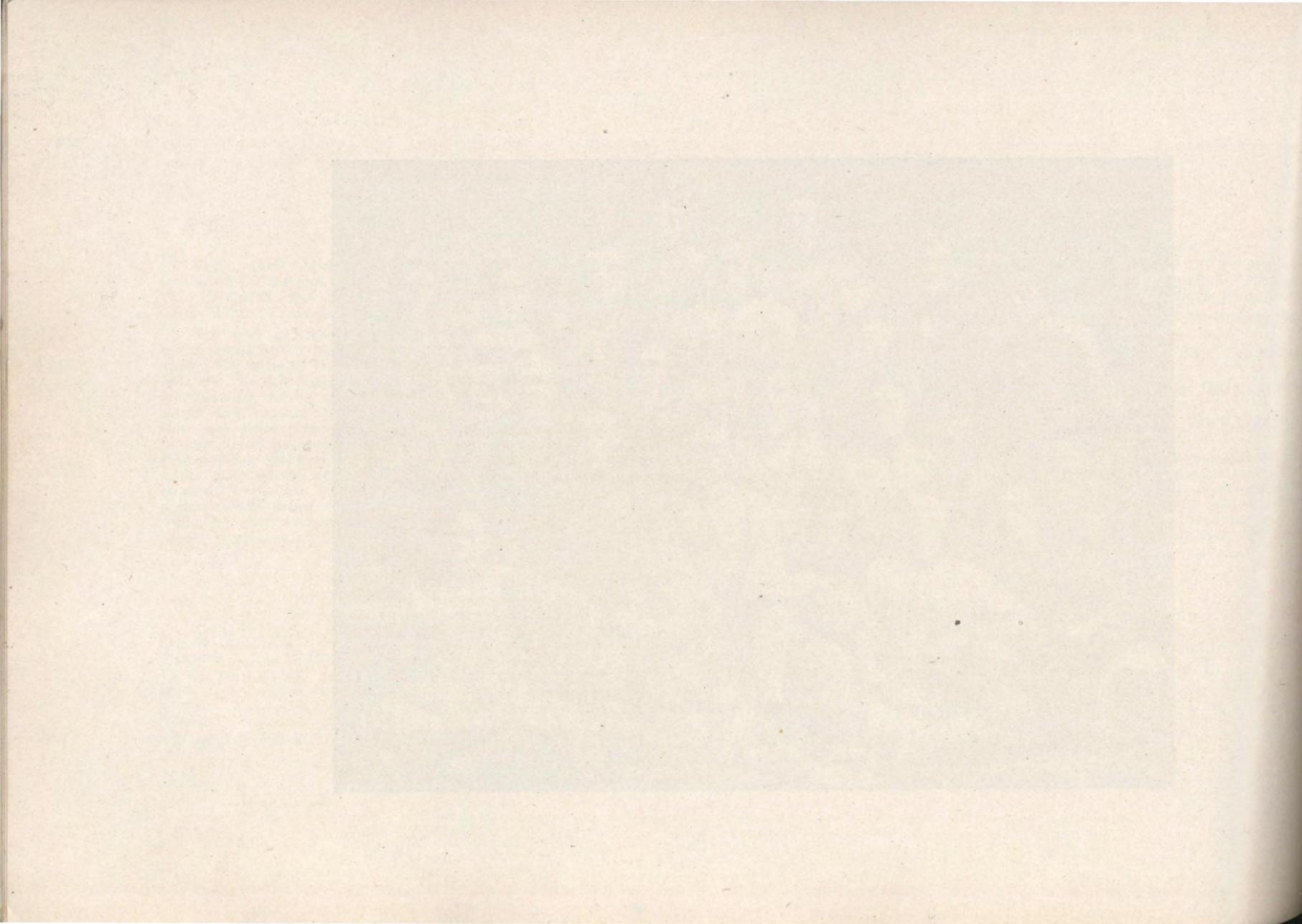
Smylie -----	Left Tackle	Haskins -----	Left End
Fletcher -----	Right Tackle	Finch -----	Right Half Back
Taylor -----	Left Guard	Toothaker -----	Left Half Back
Price -----	Right Guard	Reinhart -----	Quarter Back
Melson -----	Center	Foster -----	Full Back
Nissen -----	Right End		

Substitutes—Hicks, Briggs, Rosecrans, Ruthven, Flint, Van Dyke.

### Football Records

	PLAYED AT	WON BY	SCORE
M. C. vs. S. C. Medical School..	Morningside	M. C.	6-0
M. C. vs. Yankton.....	Yankton	Yankton	11-0
M. C. vs. U. S. D.....	Morningside	U. S. D.	29-6
M. C. vs. Yankton.....	Morningside	M. C.	16-15





# Military Drill

## Company A.

Captain -----	Oscar Reinhart
First Lieutenant -----	Guy G. Frary
Second Lieutenant -----	Geo. Stephens
First Sergeant -----	Roy D. Kling
Second Sergeant -----	John Gardener
Third Sergeant -----	Alex. Ruthven
Musician -----	Ray Toothaker
First Corporal -----	R. J. McIsaac
Second Corporal -----	Bert Shumaker
Third Corporal -----	W. W. Harris
Fourth Corporal -----	Fred Hartzel

## Company B.

Captain -----	M. F. McDowell
First Lieutenant -----	Stanley Carson
Second Lieutenant -----	Ralph L. Milliken
First Sergeant -----	John Ackenback
Second Sergeant -----	Floyd McCaffrey
Third Sergeant -----	Asa Brower
Musician -----	Hira Ellis
First Corporal -----	John Price
Second Corporal -----	Wm. Wunn
Third Corporal -----	(Vacant)
Fourth Corporal -----	(Vacant)

Among the many improvements made at Morningside College since the opening of Main Hall is the re-establishment of military drill. It is now one of the leading sports of the students.

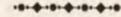
In the "good old days" of the college military drill was required of all the men, but for various reasons it was allowed to die out. Then for several years efforts were made to have it re-established. Volunteer companies were sometimes organized, but usually after a little rallying and petition signing the matter would be dropped until the next year.

In the fall of 1900, however, a determined effort was made and in due time permission to organize was given, and additional accoutrements secured from the state. This was most gratifying to the promoters of the object.

Two companies were then organized and the commissioned officers elected. A competitive examination for the positions of non-

commissioned officers was held. Lilley uniforms of cadet gray, West Point style, have been adopted.

The campus of Morningside College is admirably adapted for military drill, and it is hoped that next year, whenever the bugle sounds the "Assembly," all the men of the school will fall in.



# Oratorical Association

Until the school year '98-'99 the important task of developing oratorical ability among the students had been left largely with the literary societies. In the year mentioned, however, the school awoke to the fact that we ought to belong to the State Oratorical Association and take our place beside the leading colleges of the state in the field of oratorical endeavor.

Accordingly an organization was effected among the students and a delegate sent to the state contest, which was held at Mt. Vernon on February 22d. The delegate, F. H. Garver, was commissioned to gain for us admission into the state association, if such a thing were possible.

The subject of the admission of Morningside College was brought up at the regular business session of the association on the afternoon of February 21st. The Committee on Membership reported favorably on our name, our delegate presented the claims of our school as strongly as possible, and we were admitted by a unanimous vote.

We had scarcely dared hope for admission at the first trial, and great was our delight and enthusiasm on hearing the report of our delegate. The enthusiasm, however, waned slightly before the date of the Home Contest of the next year, and only four students entered the race. Of these, Jas. A. Davies won first place, H. A. Keck second, and Edna Hathaway third. Mr. Davies and Mr. Keck attended the state contest of 1900 at Grinnell, Mr. Davis delivering his oration and winning ninth place.

In the home contest of the present year five students participated, H. A. Keck ranking first, Edith Empey second, and R. H. Toothaker third. These three students represented us at Mt. Pleasant, our orator ranking seventh in the judges' decision.

Our school has not as yet won the highest honors in the state, but we know that our work in the association has been of benefit to us, and we entertain high hopes for the future.

# Alumni Association

## Officers.

EARNEST RICHARDS, Ph. B., '99-----President  
 S. L. CHANDLER, A. B., '99-----Secretary  
 DORA EISENTRAUT, A. B., '95-----Treasurer

## Executive Commiffere.

J. B. TRIMBLE, A. B., '91, D. D.  
 CLARA YETTER, A. B., '00.  
 EARNEST RICHARDS, Ph. B., '99.

## Roll of Members.

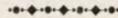
J. B. TRIMBLE, A. B. ----- '91 Sioux City, Iowa.	S. L. CHANDLER, A. B. ----- '99 Sioux City, Iowa.
T. F. WARNER, Ph. B. ----- '91 Postville, Iowa.	A. R. HASTINGS, A. B. ----- '99 Sioux City, Iowa.
ED. MAHOOD, Ph. B. ----- '93 Lakelet, Canada.	EARNEST RICHARDS, Ph. B. ----- '99 Lester, Iowa.
J. H. O'DONAHUE, A. B. ----- '93 Storm Lake, Iowa.	W. B. EMPEY, A. B. ----- '99 Moradabad, India.
E. M. CORBETT, A. B. ----- '94 Sioux City, Iowa.	CLARA YETTER, A. B. ----- '00 Sioux City, Iowa.
F. J. PLUNKE, Ph. B. ----- '95 Everly, Iowa.	EDNA HATHAWAY, Sc. B. ----- '00 Milford, Iowa.
E. L. BENEDICT, A. B. ----- '95 Boston, Mass.	A. JASTRUM, A. B. ----- '00 Remsen, Iowa.
J. H. BENEDICT, A. B. ----- '96 Pender, Neb.	C. E. VAN HORNE, A. B. ----- '00 Holstein, Iowa.
DORA EISENTRAUT, A. B. ----- '96 Sioux City, Iowa.	ROBERT VAN HORNE, Ph. B. ----- '00 Baltimore, Md.
F. D. EMPEY, A. B. ----- '96 Sioux City, Iowa.	J. A. DAVIES, Ph. B. ----- '00 Boston, Mass.
FRANK MITCHELL, Ph. B. ----- '97	CARRIE BARTLETT, Ph. B. ----- '00 Odebolt, Iowa.
J. O. EISENTRAUT, Ph. B. ----- '99 Washington, D. C.	HATTIE BARTLETT EMPEY, Ph. B. ----- '00 Moradabad, India.

## Y. W. C. A.

President -----	FLORENCE CATE
Vice-President -----	NETTIE FRY
Secretary -----	NETTIE BARTLETT
Treasurer -----	NELLIE BLOOD

### Committee Chairmen.

Devotional Committee -----	EMMA FAIR
Missionary Committee -----	CORA WILCOX
Bible Study Committee -----	EMMA CAIN
Membership Committee -----	GRACE DARLING
Social Committee -----	ROSA DURST
Finance Committee -----	NELLIE BLOOD
Room and Library Committee -----	NETTIE FRY
Intercollegiate Committee -----	SOPHIE HEIBY
Extension Committee -----	ALICE MARSH



## Y. M. C. A.

President -----	F. E. MOSSMAN
Vice-President -----	D. M. SIMPSON
Recording Secretary -----	A. R. TOOTHAKER
Corresponding Secretary -----	W. W. HARRIS
Treasurer -----	B. F. WENDEL

### Committee Chairmen.

Devotional Committee -----	D. M. SIMPSON
Missionary Committee -----	CORWIN TAYLOR
Bible Study Committee -----	STANLEY CARSON
Finance Committee -----	B. F. WENDEL
Intercollegiate Committee -----	W. W. HARRIS

### Work for New Students.

Train Committee -----	CHAS. HARDING
Social Committee -----	G. G. FRARY
Census Committee -----	C. F. HARTZELL
Employment Bureau -----	IRA ALDRICH

## Prohibition Club

This club was organized irrespective of any outside influence or organization. It was a natural outgrowth from the hearts of those who desire the betterment of mankind.

It is composed of young men, together with a few zealous young women, possessed of enough patriotism and love of country to be willing to study her social and political conditions, that they may better fulfill this, their sacred trust—a Christian citizenship.

Their object is, to study with equanimity the paramount issue of the day, viewing it from every side and angle of vision—from a material, moral, social, economical and political standpoint,—and while determining for themselves these vital questions, to create and spread among their fellow-students and associates the right spirit of good citizenship, and to awaken them to a proper sense of their social relations and political responsibilities.

The club was organized January 17, 1901, with a charter membership of twenty-two. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers elected:

President—Ray Toothaker.  
 Vice-President—Herbert Keck.  
 Secretary—Samuel Knoer.  
 Treasurer—Frank Whiting.

The membership now numbers thirty-six. A class in Economy has been organized, and is studying Hopkins' "Wealth and Waste."

Two teams are studying and preparing for practical campaign work next fall. The club was represented in the State Prohibition Contest of Oratory by Geo. W. Finch, who carried off all the honors and came home victor.

## Collegian Reporter.

Published Weekly by Students of  
**Morningside College**

Entered at the Postoffice at Sioux City as  
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**TERMS**—The Collegian Reporter will be  
sent to subscribers until ordered discon-  
tinued and all arrearages paid.

We wish to invite the attention of all our  
readers, especially our students, to the ad-  
vertisements in our columns. We solicit  
for each firm herein represented your pat-  
ronage.

Published by W. L. HARDING.

### Editorial Board.

W. L. HARDING, Editor-in-Chief  
NORMAN McCAY, Assistant Editor  
C. L. GILBERT, Assistant Editor

The hopes of the past are the real-  
izations of the present. Three years  
ago Main Hall, that now graces the  
College Campus, was a dream; today  
it is a fact. That Main Hall is beau-  
tiful as well as substantial no one will  
deny. However, to a few it is a known  
fact that it did not spring sponta-

neously into its present state. Dr. W.  
S. Lewis, our beloved President, is the  
one man above all others to whom the  
honor of its existence is due. The  
great structure is a monument in  
brick to his untiring energy, and de-

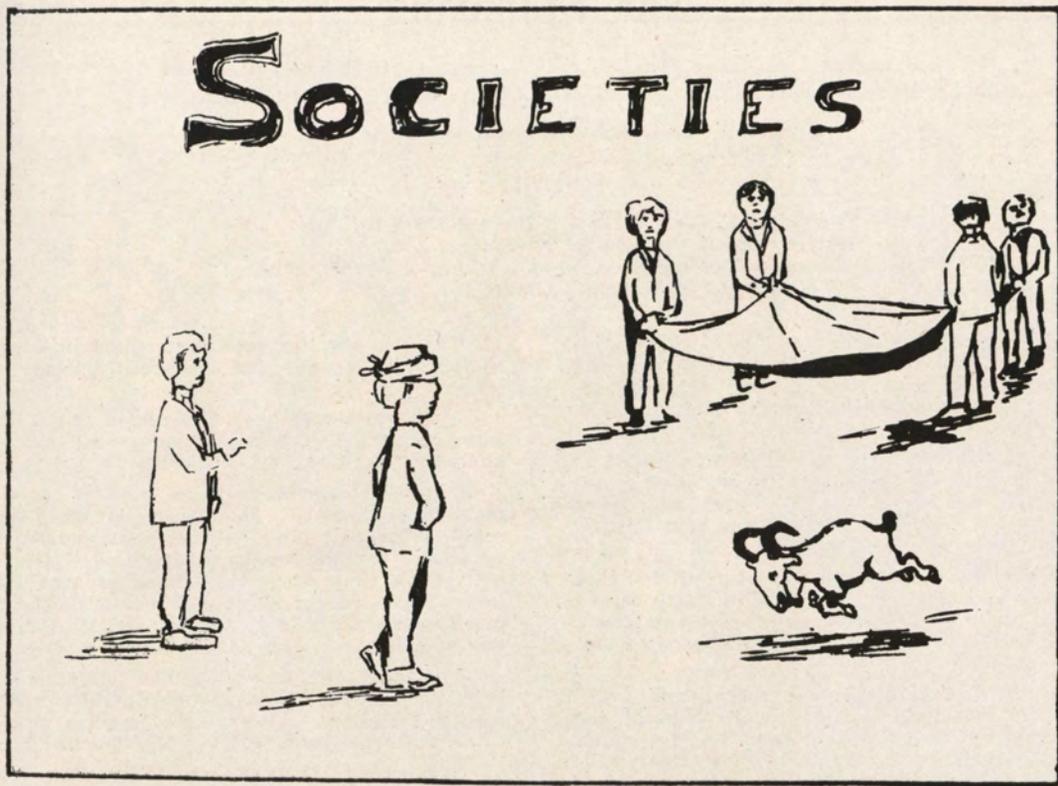
votion to the best interests of the  
young manhood and womanhood of  
Northwest Iowa.

For three years he has been carry-  
ing the great burden on his shoulders  
and through it all he has had time to

listen to the sorrow laden heart of the  
least promising student who came to  
him and by words of encouragement  
and kindly suggestion has sent him  
forth resolved to conquer and be  
cheerful.



# SOCIETIES



# The Othonians

President ----- STANLEY CARSON  
Secretary ----- GEORGE FINCH

COLORS—Pink and Cream.

## Bell

One a zip a! Two a zip a! Three a zip a zo!  
Ripple tipple! Roly poly! Ki-o-to!  
Whang a doodle! Hi-ty Ti-ty! Whang a doodle, Whang!  
Otho! Otho! Boomerang!! Bang!!!

In the fall of 1901 a body of young men, students of the newly-founded University of the Northwest, who felt their great need of the literary training and social development which come through society organizations, created and established the Othonian Literary Society.

Being the first society of its kind in the school, it was forced to mark out its own path and pave its own way without model or precedent. The place of organization was in Grace M. E. Church, which was then used in connection with the University, and it was here that its first business meetings and public programs were held.

A constitution and by-laws were drawn up and adopted, fourteen students signing their names as charter members. The motto chosen was "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re." The badge adopted symbolizes the unrivaled power of the pen, and the unsurpassed influence of oratory.

The object of the society is the intellectual, moral, and social education of its members. In the intellectual line, aside from all the regular literary programs and the intersociety debates and programs, the Othonians have attempted in another way to be of service to the public. In the school year of '94-'95 it brought before the people of Sioux City and of Morningside a lecture course, containing numbers by some of the ablest orators and thinkers of the day—among them Robt. McIntyre and Bishop Fowler. It proved a success in that it not only tended to entertain, enlighten and educate the public, but also prepared the way for other courses that should follow.

The "Boomerang" was first edited in '93, and was the first paper to appear in Morningside. It is still one of the leading papers of the school.

Active measures have been taken to aid in the growth of the College Library. The society takes several leading magazines, which are annually bound and placed on file for reference.

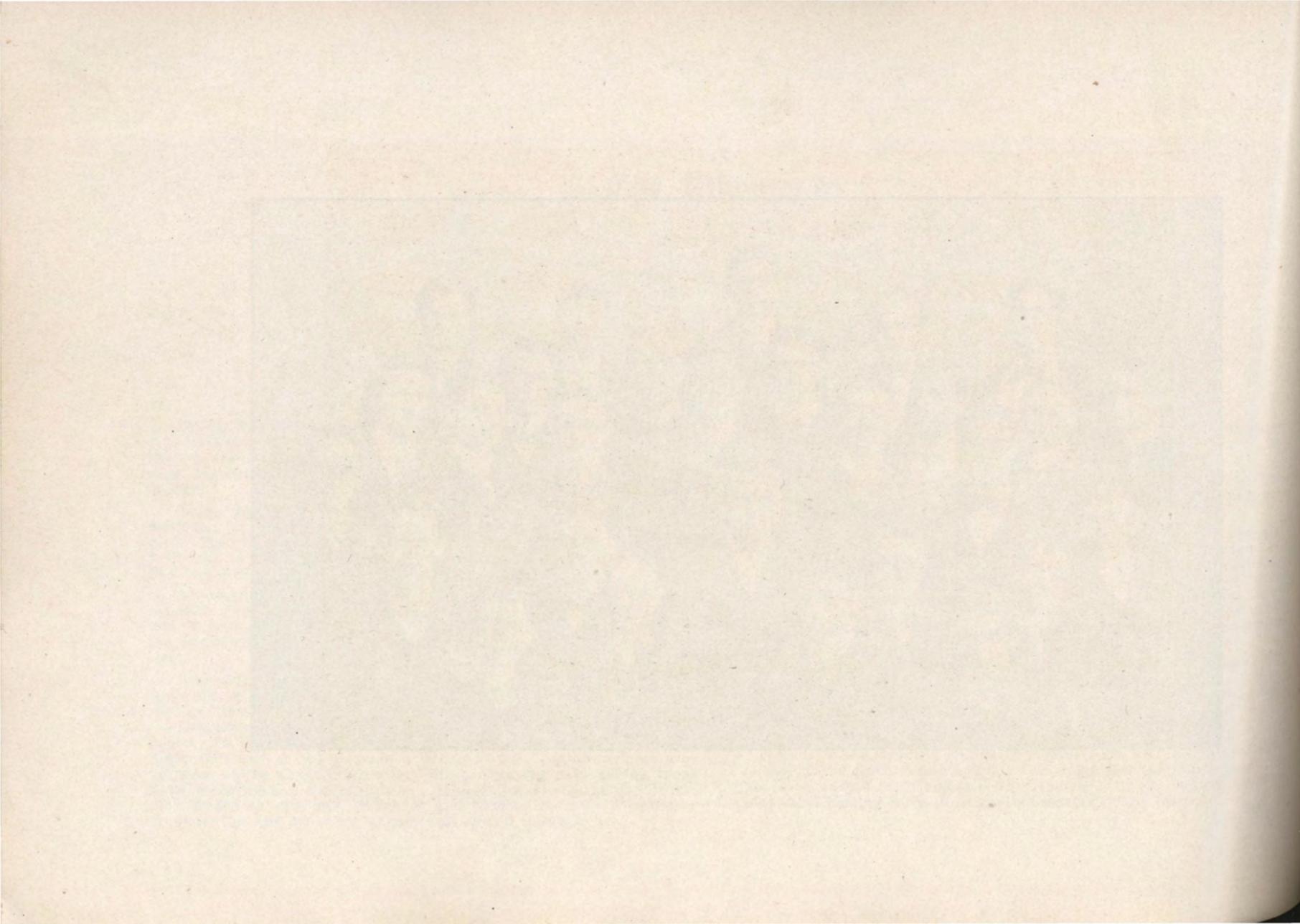
There has also been much interest taken in the social development of the society. Aside from the more common and frequent receptions for welcoming new students and entertaining other societies, an annual banquet has been instituted. This is a time of great social activity; a time when the climax of both the social and the intellectual development of the members is reached; a time when the graduated members are invited in to participate in student festivities again, and to give to students some hints of practical life.

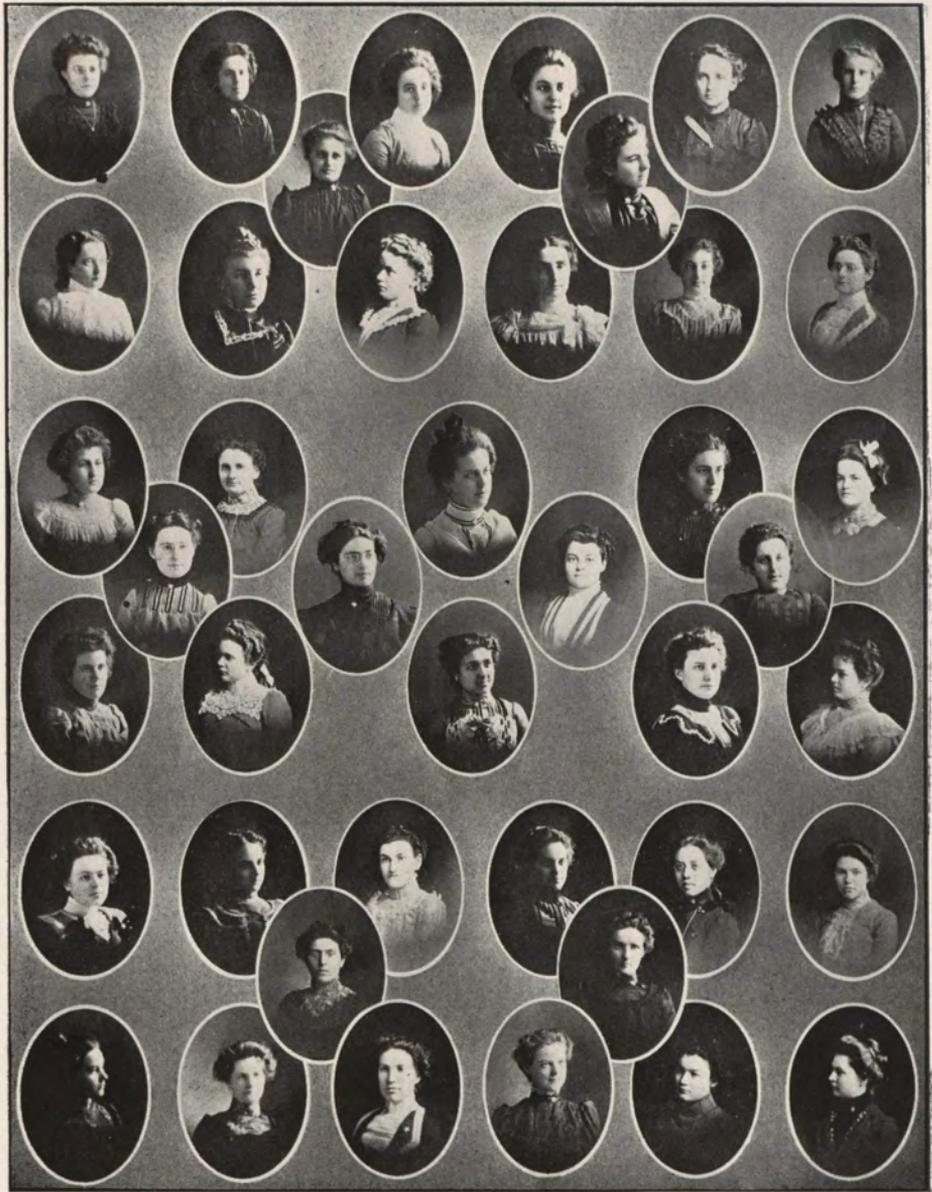
For ten years the society had no established place for work, but held its business meetings and public programs wherever circumstances permitted. At last it has a permanent and well-furnished hall—the northeast room on the third floor of Main Hall.

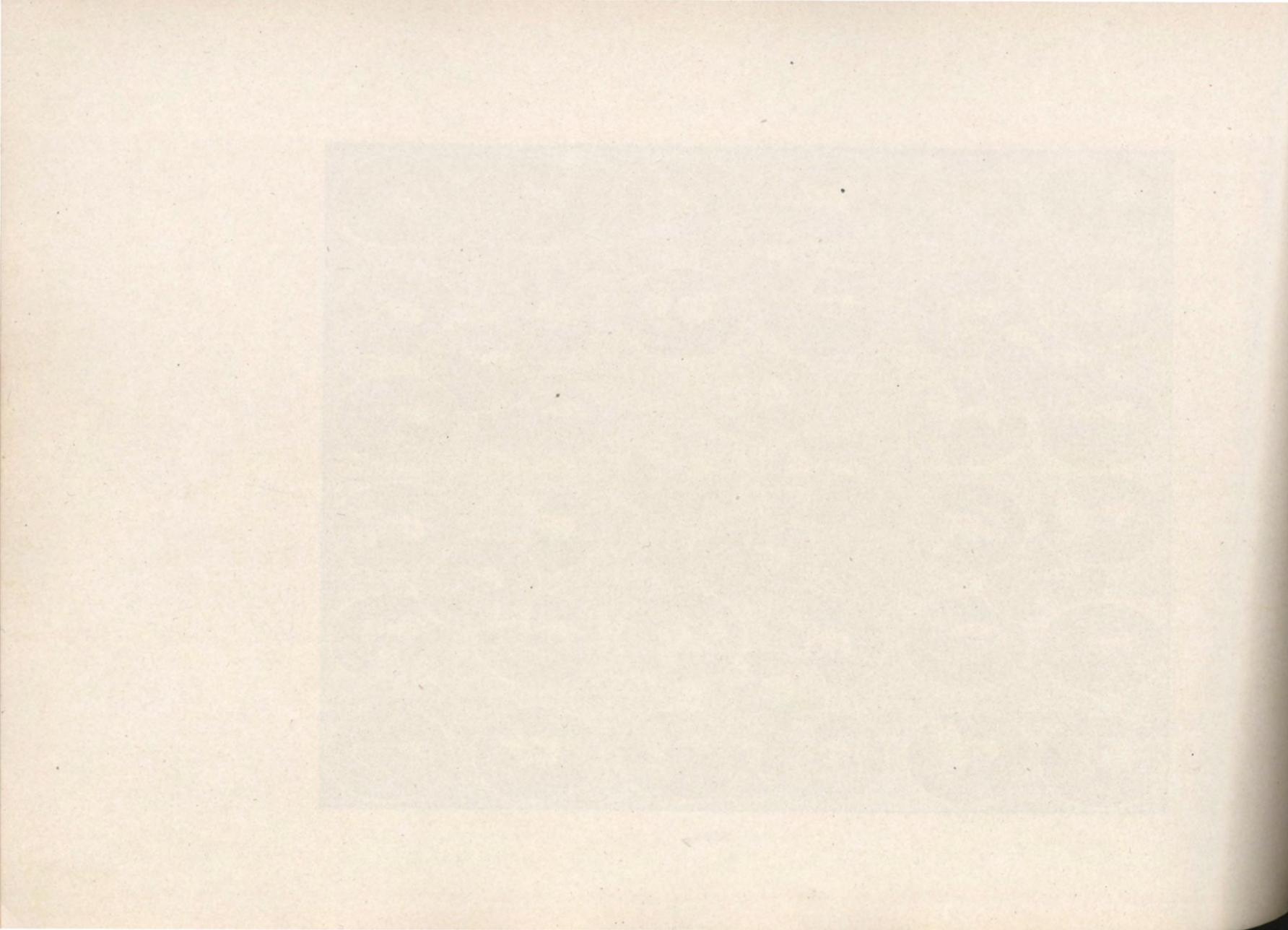
The society became collegiate in the spring of 1900.

Many of the society's graduated members are now filling positions of worth and prominence, and the Othonians feel that their past has not been devoid of triumphs. Nevertheless they are laying broader plans and looking forward to greater success in the future.









# The Atheneums

President ----- ROSA DURST  
Secretary ----- STELLA RAW

MOTTO—"Utile dulci."

COLORS—Light Blue and White.

## Bell

Rippi Zippi, Rippi Zippi, Rippi Zippi Zee!  
Boomaraka, Boomaraka, Boomaraka Ree!  
Who Are, Who Are, Who Are We?  
We're the Atheneums of M. S. C.!

The recollection of the past is either a boundless fountain of pleasure, or a perpetual source of regret. From the store of the past we draw courage to explore the future, or despair with which to undertake the present. Thanks to the Fates who have so faithfully guarded our pathway, thus far our path has been a source of pride and encouragement.

The Atheneum Literary Society first saw the dawn under the old regime, the University of the Northwest. In the fall of 1891 twelve noble young ladies, recognizing the need of a ladies' society, and also determining not to be outstripped by the sturdier members of the school, effected its organization.

Our hearts swell with pride and throb with sympathy as we but dimly appreciate their untiring zeal and faintly realize their discouragements; those two elements which always strive for supremacy in the early life of any organization.

November 14, 1891, the new organization made her first public appearance and was christened "the Atheneum" in honor of Athens of old. Nor was this an aimless appellation, since like her who strove

to unite the material with the intellectual, we ever advance under the banner, "Utile dulci," the useful with the pleasant. Mrs. Lola Pearson, nee Clark, as its first President very successfully guided the infant society through its first term.

Nine and a half successful years have rolled by, and although our vision has sometimes been blinded by darkness as well as the brilliance of triumph, we are not disappointed in our career.

During the winter of 1898-99 we won the honors in a debate between the ladies' societies. An important stride was made in our history in the fall of 1900, when our society was raised to collegiate rank.

Among the Alumni who have left our college halls, five collegiate and eight normal Alumni have borne the stamp of the Atheneum Society. Both from the Alumni and from the undergraduates have gone out representatives, over whose loyal heart shines the Atheneum star. Some of our brightest stars have gone to illumine the darkness of heathen lands, to lighten the degradation of America's slums, and to challenge the diamonds of the world's aristocracy.

# The Philomatheans

President ----- M. F. McDOWELL  
Secretary ----- R. J. McISAAC

MOTTO—"Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

COLORS—Olive Green and Maroon.

## Dell

Ripity Zip, Ripity Zip, Ripity Zip Te Zee!  
We're the boys that make the noise in the Twentieth Century!  
Run us, Catch us, Beat us if you can!  
Philo, Philo, Philomathean!!

One evening in October, 1892, a number of students met in the reception room of the college and, after consultation, decided to organize a new literary society. The name chosen was Philomathean. E. M. Corbett was elected first President.

During the first year both ladies and gentlemen were admitted as members, but the next year, by common consent, the policy was changed, and henceforth gentlemen only were elected to membership.

The membership during the first two years was very small, but at the present time is larger than that of any other society in the school.

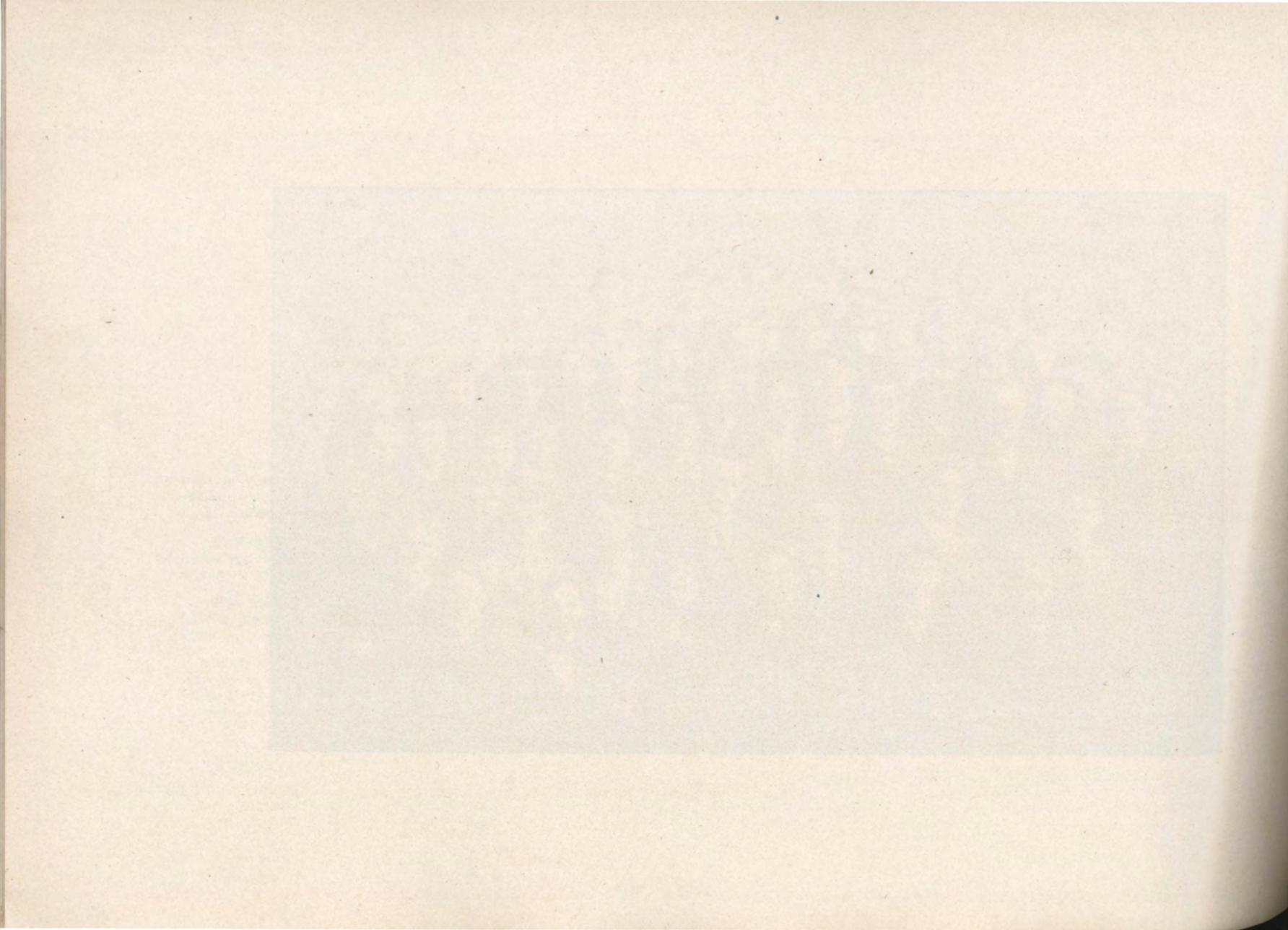
With the opening of Main Hall last September the society moved into its new hall on the third floor, which it shares with the Athenium Society. Near the close of the term it became one of the four collegiate societies.

From the first the Philomathean Society has stood for a high grade of literary work, and has endeavored to cultivate a taste for the same among its members. It has also endeavored to maintain a high standard of morality, and to promote the general welfare of the school.

In a social way, also, it has endeavored to make its influence felt. Three years ago the old custom of giving an annual banquet was dropped, and in its place was substituted the idea of an annual excursion and picnic. Thus far the excursion has been in the form of a trip up the Sioux by boat. The trip this year was made to Belle Vista farm on May 27, and was the most enjoyable outing in the history of the society.

Many of the Philomathean Alumni are filling important places in business and professional life, and the society trusts that they have gained something from their connection with it during their school life.





# The Zetaethans

President ----- EMMA FLATHERS  
Secretary ----- CLARA KILLAM

MOTTO—"Esse quam videre."

COLORS—Scarlet and Black.

## Hell

Unser Weider, Unser Weider, Unser Weider Uns!  
Sum, Es, Est, Sumus, Estes, Sunt!  
Il-y-a—, Il-y-a—, Il-y-a—a  
Zetaethan, Zetaethan! Rah, Rah, Rah!!

In Tennyson's poem, "The Talking Oak," is pictured a broad and stately old tree with tow'ring branches hidden in verdant foliage. Many years had it stood within that field, many years had the poet basked beneath its branches.

That mighty oak had braved the storms of many a winter's blast and shaded the weary traveler from the summer's sun—but only to one, in the imagination of Tennyson, had it breathed its deepest thoughts, its human longings; only to one had it revealed its fondest secrets, and in turn, listened to its tale of happiness or woe.

Wearied by the city's din and strife, in the words of England's bard:—

"To yonder oak, within the field,  
I spoke without restraint;  
And with a larger faith appeal'd  
Than Papist unto Saint.

"For oft I talked with him apart,  
And told him of my choice,  
Until he plagiarized a heart,  
And answered with a voice.

"Tho' what he whispered under Heaven  
None else could understand;  
I found him garrulously given,  
A babbler in the land.

"But since I heard him make reply  
Is many a weary hour;

'Twere well to question him and try  
If yet he keeps his power.

"Say thou, whereon I carved her name,  
If ever maid or spouse,  
As fair as my Olivia, came  
To rest beneath thy boughs."

To this "The Talking Oak" replied—although he had sheltered many a maiden—"This girl was three times worth them all."

"Upon her head and lips and eyes, I've let the sunbeams slip,"  
"Drop't dews upon her golden head and acorns in her breast."  
Oftimes—"I've wished myself the fair young beech,  
That here beside me stands,  
That round me, clasping each in each,  
She might have locked her hands."

But the picture I would present to you is not of an imaginative, soulless body, but a real living tree in whose leaves God hath planted an immortal spirit capable of realizing its heart-felt longings. Its leaves are not composed of mere bundles of fibre, coloring and veins, through which flows a colorless sap, but they are human flesh and bone, in whose veins flows the rich, red blood of life.

Not many years has this tree stood in the broad battlefield of life, and, so as yet, it hath no branches, only leaves, bound to the body by chords of faithfulness and love and to each other by ties of tenderest sisterhood. At first, this Zetaethan tree was a mere sapling, as all trees are, with but eight leaves; as the years have come

and gone they have taken some of the old leaves with them, and at their return brought new ones; while others can boast of a life dating from the birth of the tree,—although they are not so green as the newer ones, they are still unwithered;—through the storms of time and the heat of battle they have remained unblemished.

As with all beautiful trees, its leaves differ in size, shape and character, each contributing to the beauty and harmony of the tree. Some leaves are large and imposing, some slender and graceful, others neither. Not like the idol of Tennyson, it reveals its thoughts to all who care to listen. If perchance you might listen to its softest whisperings, you could hear those leaves debating over "raiding joints," the "benefits and evils of co-education," and numerous other questions which you would not think so near to the heart of a tree.

Some have heard a particular leaf, discussing the great political issues of the day; another, with inspired tones, her deepest thoughts

conveying, and some have even heard messages, such as Tennyson, but "no one else can understand them."

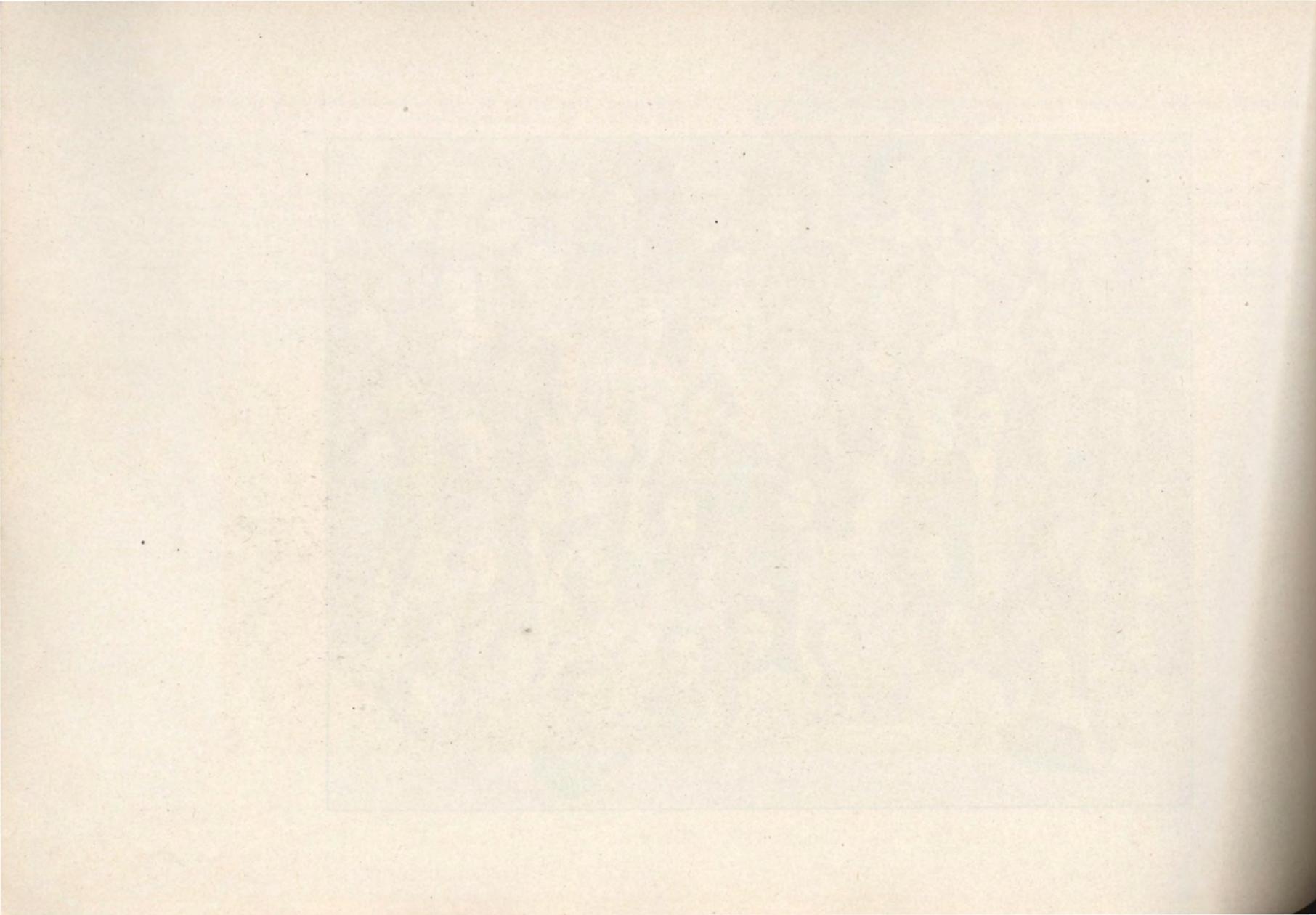
Oftimes the little birds twitter among its leaves, but only to a few hath been given softest musical tones. However, they may frequently be heard warbling their evening lays.

But, to give pleasure and enjoyment is not the highest ideal of this tree; it is ever striving to attain to the highest standard in beauty of character and form, so that, like its emblem—the maple, its leaves may become more beautiful at their fall. It is ever striving to reach the stars; yea, even to rival the earthly stars.

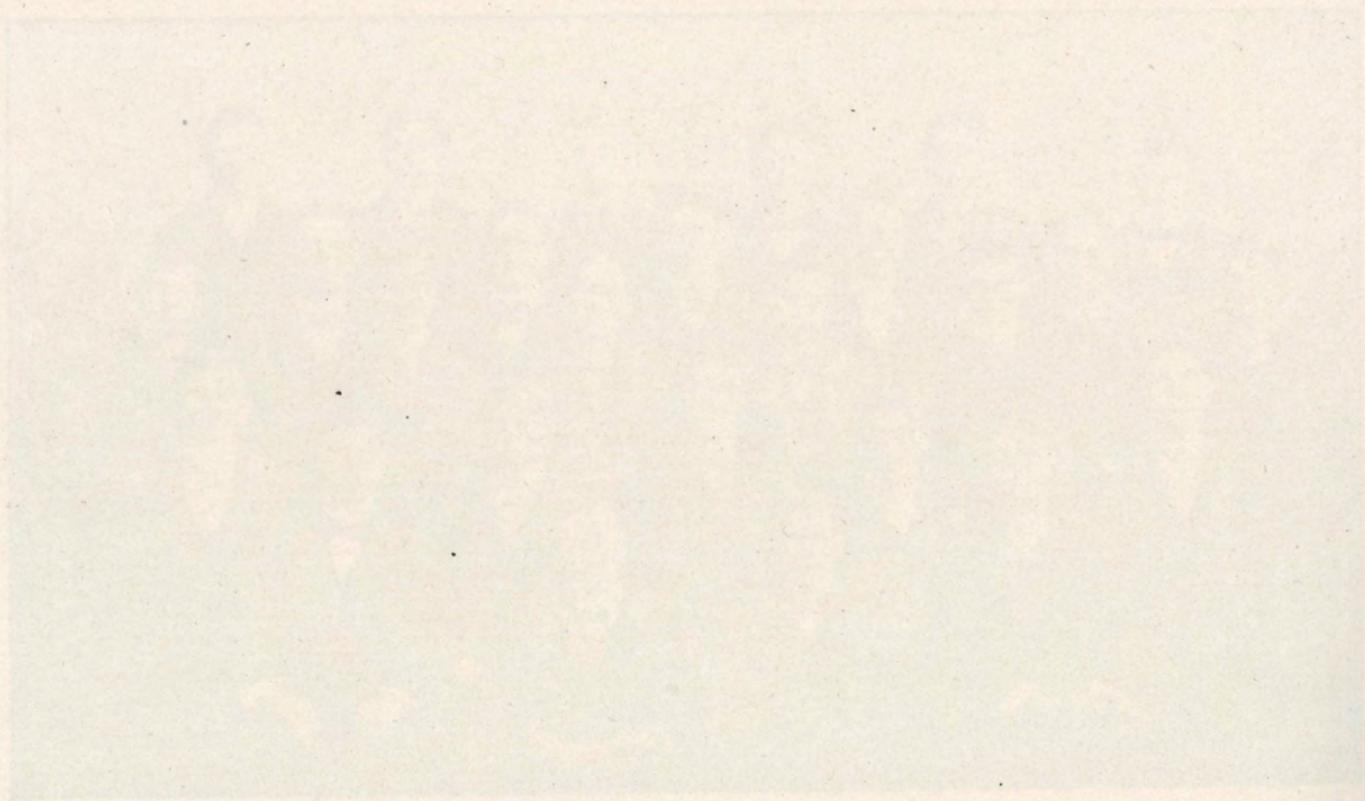
If in the course of its short life—it will have "dropped balm-dews to bathe thy fevered brow" and "let the sunbeams slip between its leaves," it will have succeeded in its mission.

But if this story you do not believe, remember it was one of the leaves who told it.









# The Hawkeyes

President ----- LON A. HAWKINS

Recording Secretary ----- FRED NULL

MOTTO—"Non palma sine pulvere."

COLORS—Silver and Gold.

## Dell

High! Rickety! Whoop-tee-doo!

We're the Hawkeyes! Who are you?

The Hawkeye Literary Society was the first society organized for Academy students at Morningside College. A band of boys, believing that they could better develop literary talent when working among their classmates, met to lay plans for the organization of the new society. On the 27th of September, 1899, the first meeting was held in Room 12 of North Hall. At this meeting little was done except to elect a president pro tempore, and appoint a committee to draw up a constitution. The committee succeeded in writing a constitution which, with a few exceptions, met the approval of the boys and was adopted. At this time the future of the society looked somewhat gloomy. There was not a cent in the treasury, and daily the expenses were increasing. The members were unskilled in literary work and many of them

had never appeared before the public. At the same time they often heard the cry "public programme" from their older brothers and sisters. The boys were anxious to respond to these requests, yet they believed that they should be faithful to the closed door work until they felt able to appear before the public. After working behind closed doors most of the year, on the 25th of May, the society gave their first public programme in the Chapel room of North Hall. Since then the way has been brighter. The membership has increased from seventeen charter members to the present membership of thirty-six; and the society now shares a hall with the Crescent Society in Main Hall.

# The Crescents

President ----- JENNIE SMITH  
Secretary ----- MARGARET WIGHT

MOTTO—"We succeed by doing."

COLORS—Black and Gold.

## Dell

Morningside College, Sioux Citee,  
United States of Amerikee,  
Western Hemisphere, the E-earth,  
Stand aside and give us a berth.  
For we are, we are, we are the  
Crescent, Crescent Societee!

How often great thoughts, which have been the forerunners of great achievements, have sprung from the mind of one who was apparently unconscious of having done anything which would be handed down through countless ages, and become a great part of the history of the world. Columbus, when he discovered America, did not know he had done so. His thought was to reach the Indies by sailing west, but instead he found this country of ours. He never knew that he had discovered a new continent.

The rule above stated applies also to the Crescent Literary Society. The young women who conceived the idea of forming such an organization among the girls of the Academy were not fully conscious of the greatness of the plan nor the far-reaching results which were destined to follow it.

In the fall of 1900, both the young women's societies of the school having become collegiate, all non-collegiate girls were debarred from the privilege of society work. Hence the idea entered the minds of some of the girls of the Academy that it would be a good plan to organize a new literary society.

A meeting was accordingly called, to which all girls belonging to neither society were invited. At that meeting a committee was appointed to draft a constitution, and one of the girls was asked to circulate a petition asking the Faculty for the privilege of organizing a new society.

This petition was granted.

The Crescent Literary Society was organized November 2, 1900. Its first meeting was held in the room at the north end of the hall on the third floor—the room which it still occupies together with the Hawkeyes.

The charter members of the society numbered fifteen. The enrollment at present is thirty-three.

Every enterprise at its beginning meets more or less hindrance; even so with the Crescent Literary Society, but in spite of these obstacles its outlook is exceedingly bright.



Crescent Society



LITERARY



## The Annual

The college days were flying fast  
As through the college halls there passed  
The Juniors, uttering loud and long  
This motto, as they passed along—

“An Annual!”

Enthusiasm was in their eyes,  
And oh, their looks were wondrous wise.  
They said, “Whatever others do  
We still must keep this end in view—

An Annual!”

Great difficulties now appear  
(Fame’s road is always rough, I hear)  
And many obstacles now spring  
Athwart the path of this new thing,

The Annual.

“Try not the plan,” the Senior said;  
“Walk in the beaten path, instead  
Of seeking things untried and new.  
How can you publish—you, so few—

An Annual?”

The Juniors hope that you will find  
This little book quite to your mind,  
And if you, friend, are “hit” herein—  
Remember ’tis the custom in

An Annual.

“Beware financial loss,” then said  
The student grave, with shake of head.  
“I’m very sure it will not pay  
And then you’ll view with great dismay

Your Annual.”

The Juniors heeded not the cries  
Of their schoolmates so wondrous wise.  
Ambition still did fire their soul  
And still their eyes were on the goal—

The Annual.

“Come for a walk,” the youth did say.  
The Junior maiden answered “Nay,”  
And when he asked the reason why,  
The maiden made this brief reply—

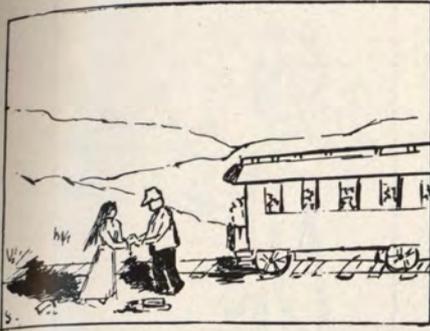
“The Annual!”

And now the happy Juniors stand  
Upon the long-desired land.  
In college halls at length appears,  
In spite of doubts, in spite of fears,

The Annual!

# Calendar

## SEPTEMBER.



8. Woman's street car day. Ethel Walker has her first experience as conductor.
9. Dedication Sunday.
13. Hold-up on Morningside Avenue. Four men robbed Mr. Lockin of a water-melon.
15. Zet-Otho Promenade.
21. Faculty reception.
24. Joseph Koshaba lectures at College.
27. Mr. McCaffree breaks his nose playing football.



## OCTOBER.

3. The school presents an entire set of office furniture to Dr. Lewis.
4. "Hot time in the old town tonight."
9. Bert Smith, Klondiker, is enticed into home of Hiawatha and held as captive.
9. Senator Allison in city.
12. First class scrap of the season between Middle and Senior Preps.

13. Seaver and Price enjoy midnight lunch of grapes.
15. Football, High School vs. Morningside. Score, 10 to 0 for M. S.
19. Slim Chapel. Boys went to hear Mark Hanna.
22. Football, Medics vs. College. Score: M., 0; C., 6. All nature weeps in sympathy.
23. Bruce and Hattie Empey reception.
29. Stevens honored for his heroism and Smiley again cut out.



29. Philos test their ability as political speakers.



31. Hallowe'en! Of course. Ghost party at College. Sophs kidnap the Freshie devil, Alex Ruthven.



## NOVEMBER.

3. Football, Yankton vs. Morningside. Score, 11-0 in Yankton's favor.
3. Geo. Gilbert thought he could manage one girl, but five are four too many.



5. Wm. Bryan and daughter Ruth appear at Otho's program.
14. A Senior's twenty-second birthday.
21. Big snow storm.



28. Faculty treat students to an old fashioned Thanksgiving eve. Mr. Emery's patent leather shoes and girl obliged him to walk the streets of Sioux City all night.
29. Thanksgiving day.



#### DECEMBER.

6. Excitement runs high in Oratorical Association.
6. "Quo Vadis," but no, the students wouldn't go.
7. Oratorical Contest.
8. Zets woman's rights program.

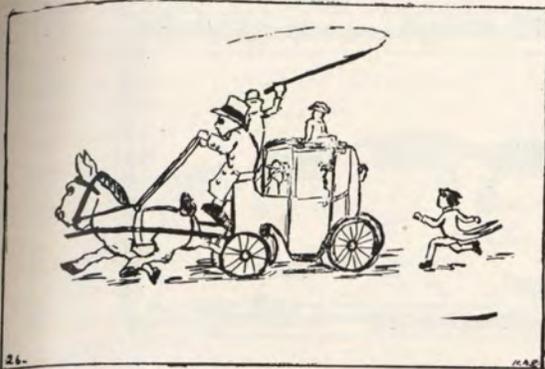


12. Mr. Whiting has a birthday. Receives an automobile and horn.
13. Examinations.
14. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.



#### JANUARY.

2. School opens.
8. Prof. Kanthlener instructs his class in classical cake-walking.
22. Journal states that all the Sophomores are carried off by Freshies.



9. Mr. Null and Mr. Fry enjoy a walk home from the city through snow after an enjoyable sleigh ride.
9. A crowd of twenty attempted to sleigh-ride, but preferred riding on the car to standing still.



10. Smallpox proved to be chickenpox. Klondike boys appear with shaved heads.
14. St. Valentine Day. Dr. Lewis picks the Chapel lock.
15. Business manager has mumps.
22. Washington's Birthday.

◆◆◆

MARCH.

5. Campus unexpectedly transformed in college graveyard.
6. Mrs. Trimble and six girls have a lively game of hide and seek in the halls.



8. Public exhibition of the affection existing between Faculty and student, given by Mrs. Trimble and C. L. Gilbert.

26. Freshies take revenge for Hallowe'en. Ira Aldrich the victim.
27. Sophs and Freshies still fighting.
29. John Temple Graves lectures.
31. Prayer day. Seniors lower their dignity and beg to come to Junior prayer meeting.
31. Juniors decide to publish Annual.

◆◆◆

FEBRUARY.

4. Mr. Eberly institutes a new rule of etiquette. He thinks a gentleman should accompany his lady only to street car door.
6. Faculty determines to make college classes apologize for their fun.
7. Mr. Hartzell has smallpox!!! A new holiday instituted. "Vaccination Day." Everyone has a part in the exercises.
8. Mr. Simpson loses his mustache.

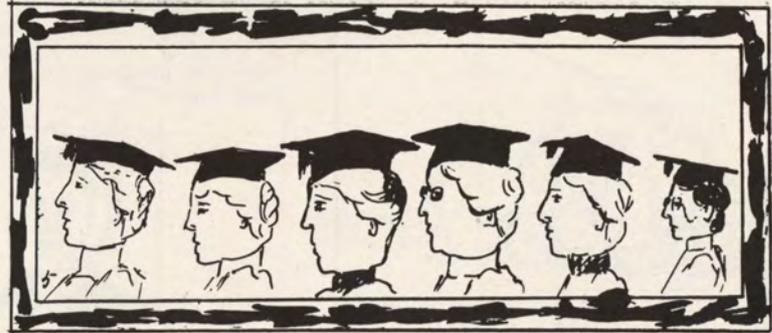


8. Prof. Green while searching for Miss Sargeant's home encountered as many and dire misfortunes as Ulysses.
22. Crams, examinations and flunks.
27. Glee Club go to Elk Point to attend protracted meetings.



#### APRIL.

1. April Fool, you know.
3. Chapel piano suddenly develops a mandolin attachment.



5. Senior Elocution Class endeavor to outstrip Collegiate Seniors by appearing at Chapel in mortar boards.
6. Winter picnic on third floor brings out parasols and sun bonnets.
9. Address by Dr. Buell of Boston.
11. We attempt a new Chapel hymn.
11. Jennie Swekis, Oscar Reinhart and Harry Adair suspended.
17. Senior Preps suspended for not handing in their orations.
23. Prof. Barbour leads Chapel exercises. Reads Ps., 51st chap.
24. Prof. Brown leads Chapel exercises. Reads Ps., 51st chap.
25. Juniors decide to give the Seniors a quilting bee for the benefit of the Senior girls.

27. The tables turned and Miss Loveland and Prof. Barbour bore us with orations.
29. Mr. Hotchkiss has surprise party. Mr. Carkuff acts as reception committee.



#### MAY.

1. Business manager and literary editor suspended for orations, consequently business suspended.
2. First appearance of gentlemen's shirt waists at Chapel.
2. Enrollment 300, minus 8.
3. Mass meeting. The Faculty have the pleasure of marching out of Chapel first.
4. Menuota girls have a spread; live frog.

4. The girls of the second year French Class are conspicuous by their absence, but find themselves locked in at noon.
11. Campus Day. We paint the college yellow, to the great astonishment and jealousy of Prof. Garver.
11. May Morning breakfast and picnic at Riverside.
21. Geo. W. Finch wins the State Oratorical Contest of the Prohibition Club at Des Moines. Six delegates are in attendance.
22. Students and Faculty hold a mass meet-

ing and plan to give Finch "A Warm Reception."

23. Finch is hauled through the streets in a cab by students. All classes are off in the forenoon, and special cars carry the students to city and back. Tomorrow the students will wear bandages on their throats, for Prof. Garver gave them some new yells today.
23. Prof. Garver announces to the whole school and a part of the Faculty that his idea of a good time is to be dearly loved by all the girls.
24. Medal Contest of Conservatory of Music.

## JUNE.

9. Commencement Sunday. Baccalaureate and annual sermons.
10. Alumni meeting.
10. Academy Commencement.
11. Annual concert of Conservatory of Music.
12. Annual lecture.
13. Commencement Day.

# Prizes

Best Original Poem—from 30 to 60 lines. Prize, \$4.  
Awarded to the poem entitled "Time," written by Ray Toothaker.

Best Original Story—limited to 800 words. Prize, \$3.  
Awarded to the story entitled "The Sleeping Cadet," written by  
Ralph L. Milliken.



## Time

Time, Time, thou fleeting, evanescent Time!  
Forever present, ruling every clime;  
Thou art a winding, never-ending stream,  
Whose murm'ring calls to mind this tuneful dream.

Ah, Time! E'er since my birth, to this glad day,  
About my boat, I've watched thy ripples play;  
Yet to this day thou hast not gone astray,  
Nor wandered back, nor lingered on thy way .

For one brief moment check thine onward speed,  
Rein in, rein in thy dashing, tireless steed;  
For since the day thine endless course began,  
Thou hast beheld each deed of mortal man.

Oh, for a moment pause, "Thou sire of spoils,"  
And tell us of thy ceaseless daily toils:  
When first in cold and trackless space was born  
Man's richest boon, the bright, the golden morn.

When first o'er this expanse, her shroud of light  
She flung, and thus dispelled Earth's endless night.  
When first the eve, the waning waters veiled,  
Or silver beams its shadows dark dispelled.

But man, God's masterpiece, was made at last,  
To rule thy present, wonder at thy past;  
To tread the sands of thy far-winding shore,  
To walk thy dells, and live forevermore.

Tho' man was made a universal king  
To reign supreme o'er every living thing,  
For this old world, e'en he must stand aside,  
And let it drift adown thine ebbing tide.

O Stream of Time! Oft thee do I compare  
Unto the mighty Mississippi, fair;  
Whose clear stream rising in the northern lakes,  
An image of the vaulted heaven makes.

Upon Itaska's lake of infancy,  
Our bark of life begins its history;  
Then rippling o'er the rocks of change it plays,  
While quickly fly the merry childhood days.

Adventurously down thy stream we glide;  
Our quiv'ring bark the blue waves proudly ride,  
While on, the thoughtless years of youth fly fast,  
And often leave those happy hours o'er-cast.

By ports of opportunity, alas!  
How many, many carelessly we pass;  
And drifting further down the flowing stream,  
We hear but echoes of a fancied dream.

With more solemnity thy waters flow,  
As into manhood's proud estate we go:  
Life's richest stores of knowledge and of gold,  
On either side continually unfold.

The changing scenes of life, how quick they fly;  
The everglades, the bayous, soon pass by.  
Old age is on,—the delta lies in view;—  
Life's varied changing course is almost through.

O Thou, whose source lies in the Infinite,  
That flowest on through Life's broad continent,  
Into the boundless gulf thou'lt usher me  
Into the broad, unfathomed eternity.

—RAY TOOTHAKER.

## The Sleeping Cadet

One sunny afternoon last May I was strolling over to North Hall. There was nothing in particular going on at the time, nor did I have any inclination to study, for spring fever had evidently laid hold of me. I was hoping to meet some one with whom to gossip, and, to my delight, just as I reached the stone steps of the Hall, whom should I see getting off the car but my friend, Miss Euart, from the city?

"Good afternoon, Miss Euart," I said, as she came nearer. "Coming for your music, I suppose."

"Yes, twice a week now. So warm to practice, too, this weather."

"I presume it must be. 'Most sick myself."

"Really? Why, what?"

"Oh, I don't know. But aren't you afraid the sun will injure your delicate complexion if you don't wear a veil?" I said, to change the subject.

"There isn't much danger, I guess," she replied, laughingly. "It's time for me to go in now, anyway. Goodby." With this she started up the steps.

"Say, I'll be waiting for you when you come back."

"All right," she said, and disappeared.

So I sat down to wait, but finding the steps rather cold and hard I went around on the south side of the building and crawled up on

the sill of one of the printing office windows. Presently sweet tones came floating down from the studio above, as one might fancy the dew drops of heaven descend.

What a charming girl! thought I, and what grace and becoming manners she has. There isn't another such a girl in the whole school! But the warm sunshine and the music of the piano were too strong for me to withstand. I became drowsy, forgot to think, and finally fell asleep and dreamed.

It seemed that the Cadets were on parade. Besides the students many girls from the city were watching them. Sweetest of all was Miss Euart. Each company assembled on its own parade grounds, every Cadet appearing at his best, his uniform neatly pressed, his cap on straight and his gun polished to the brightest degree possible. The officers were strutting about, vain as peacocks and as graceful as ramrods. After the preliminaries were finished the companies marched out together on the campus. Command after command was being given and executed in rapid succession. The spectators were evidently well pleased, for whenever a particularly brilliant movement was being performed, cheers arose. Everything was going splendidly.

"Lieutenant Bromley, take the company," commanded the Captain of our company.

I saluted and took my position (anxiously considering what command to give). Left Front Into Line, seemed best, and I shouted, "LEFT—"

"Yes, I think you are left," hollered some one near by. Everything seemed changed. My mind was all in confusion.

"Your girl has gone without you," laughed the imp from within the printing office. "She was looking for you and waited a long while. You're left all right."

Still rubbing my eyes, I hurried back around the corner of the building. And, sure enough, there she was, just getting on the car to go home, and that horrid old Williams was with her! The car went on and so did I, but in a different direction, for I was "left."

—RALPH LE ROY MILLIKEN.

## A Retrospect

Upon the crest of a steep and rockribbed bluff,  
Amid a scene serene, unhewn, and rough,  
A lovely ivymantled cottage stood,  
A place I long to see, if I but could.

Along the base of this far distant hill  
A little village rested, which rests there still,—  
A village of no fame or great renown  
(But nicknamed from its occupation, Jugtown).

Hard by its bank, in solemn silence, flows  
The stream, whose majesty alone in prose  
Cannot expression find which will express  
Its thrilling grandeur and its wondrousness.

It is that river, if I may further tell,  
Whose delta bore the footprints of La Salle,  
Whose gentle waters bore Evangeline,  
A constant suppliant at sorrow's shrine.

'Twas here amid such scenes of great renown,  
By this deep stream, in this sequestered town,  
That first the light, out from the eastern dawn,  
In gentle streams, across my visage shone.

'Twas in the fated year of seventy-nine  
A spirit entered first this temple mine;  
They say 'twas in December, cold and bleak,  
But of the facts I can no further speak.

And thus amid these worldly storms and strife  
My bark was launched to battle for its life,  
Was launched upon life's rough and stormy sea,  
To bear unto an unknown shore, e'en me.

And then at last the cold, long winter waned,  
And spring again the elements had tamed;  
And yet 'twas early still, that time of spring,  
When geese do cleave the air on feathered wing.

Yea, winter past, the heart of Nature warms  
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;  
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,  
The southern slopes are fringed with verdant green.

The time had come when he, my honored sire,  
Must needs pursue a journey long, entire,

Across the trackless plains, to this Northwest,  
Unto this land we now of all love best.

There on the prairies broad, he took a claim,  
Which meant much more to him than just the name;  
'Twas granted for the sacrifice of home, yea life,  
For service in that long and bloody strife,

When he, upon a southern battlefield,  
With boys in blue, fought hard our flag to shield,  
And break the chains with which a race was bound,  
And tell the world that this was freedom's ground.

'Twas on this dear, paternal, old homestead  
That first my tott'ring, falt'ring steps were led,  
And here does ling'ring memory first recall  
The incidents that did my youth befall.

O Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up thy stream of Time I turn my sail,  
To view again the scenes of childhood days,  
Of youthful happiness and youthful plays;

To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers.  
O Memory, lingering long, so sweet, so dear,  
Thou makest me wish that I were there, not here.

How oft, mid summer's breezy, balmy days,  
Have I led forth the eager flocks to graze;  
Accompanied by that one, on whom I could depend,  
The shepherd dog, my nearest, truest friend.

Still other scenes do crowd my wand'ring mind,  
Scenes I could see e'en now, though I were blind.  
The little church, that on the corner stood,  
Where gathered friends from all the neighborhood.

Across the road from this, the country school,  
Where first I learned life's golden rule,  
Near this, the little clover-mantled plot,  
The place where death gives each a common lot.

The hill of knowledge here, grew much more steep,  
As in the classics there delved I more deep,  
And much more difficult was it to climb  
This ever-upward, rising mount of Time.

Howe'er the time has thus so quickly sped,  
A course of five full happy years was led;  
Yes, years of deepest pleasure, joy and strife,  
The shortest, happiest years of all my life.

Ah yes, those High School days have now passed by,  
And, glancing back, I scarce repress a sigh,  
Which now bursts forth in well nigh open grief,  
To think the time has been so short, so brief.

And oft I've watched the slow and solemn tread  
Of those who bore the pall, the confined dead,  
As from the church's door they wend their way,  
Their last sad rights the dear beloved to pay.

Those incidents of youth scarce more do seem  
Than just the fancies of a golden dream;  
The days but days of sunshine warm and bright,  
Except when darkened by the shades of night,

Or, now and then, a low'ring, passing cloud  
Of sadness my horizon would o'ershroud;  
Which soon, howe'er, dispersed and cleared away,  
And brightly shone the rainbow of the spray.

Then came that day on which we had to part,  
And leave behind things grafted in our heart;  
And oh the thought, the ache, the pain, the smart,  
'Twas though an arrow'd pierced the bleeding heart.

Yes, know I well that long and final day,  
When ceased most all my youthful joy and play;  
That day we left behind the old homestead,  
Where'er e'en now I'd turn my wandering tread.

We moved into a city small, yet fair;  
'Twas noted for the Grace and Knowledge there;  
A place of all most pleasant to reside,  
And spend life's morn, and noon, and eventide.

And thus it seemed the Fates to be,  
And there my bark into an untried sea  
Was wafted by a providential wind,  
To broader, deeper fathoms for the mind.

Howe'er the Fates again my lot would cast,  
To kindred dear and friends and all the past,

With sadness and with deep regret, I bade adieu,  
Intent a course at college to pursue.

The change, for all the past, I would ne'er rue,  
Well nigh two years of which I've now passed through,  
Which brings me up—if I may tell—  
When first appeared a Junior Ann-u-al.

—RAY TOOTHAKER.

◆◆◆◆◆

## That Chapel Bell

(With Apologies to Thomas Moore.)

That Chapel Bell! That Chapel Bell!  
At ten o'clock its pealings tell  
That youth and maid must go to bed,  
Or meet the Faculty instead.

That happy night hour has passed away,  
And many Preps that then were gay,  
Within their beds now snugly dwell,  
And do not hear the six o'clock bell.

And so 'twill be when you are gone—  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other Preps shall walk this dell  
And fail to hear—that Chapel Bell.

◆◆◆◆◆

## How the Year 2050 Saw Its First and Last Game of Football

It was late in the month of September in the year 2050. During the day the autumn sun had shone with a chastened remembrance of its summer intensity and its setting rays brought relief to a weary world. They bathed the earth in a flood of golden glory and then transformed it into a dream of mingled gray and rose.—In their conquering path the rosy beams pierced the small and dusty windows of an old attic and fell upon the golden head of pretty May Irvine as she knelt before an old chest filled with heirlooms.

Jack Merwin sat in the parlor below, waiting for her coming, but he waited in vain, for the capricious May refused to see him. He had

been chafing under her iron rule of late and she had decided that he deserved to be punished.

So, as she sat listening for the sound of departing footsteps, she turned over the contents of the chest. At its bottom she found some old books and time-worn papers, relics of an ancestor of whom she had often heard. Family tradition told much of his prowess as an athlete and little of his fame as a student. In fact, he had been killed in a football game before he had found time to distinguish himself in the classroom.

History told little of the game in which he had lost his life except that it had been a sport in which the college pugilists had fought to the death for the possession of a football which they seldom got a chance to kick. The game had finally become so brutal and the loss of life so great that it had shocked even the barbarians of the early days of the Twentieth Century, and in obedience to public sentiment had been forbidden by the college authorities.

Imagine May's surprise as she discovered a small book, much worn, not only by time but also by use, wherein this ancient game was fully described. She pored over its faded pages until she had mastered their contents.

The next morning, as she stood before her mirror and smiled at its pleasant revelation, she remembered Jack's defection and decided to punish him still more. True to this purpose, she told Fred Clay, Jack's rival in love and athletics, of her wonderful discovery.

During the next few weeks the football fever ran high. Fred and Jack were chosen captains of the rival teams. Lessons were forgotten and the Faculty frowned as it considered whether an edict passed so long ago by its predecessor could still be declared valid. May, whose ambitious soul was on fire, was high priestess of the gridiron, for with singular foresight she refused to allow any other eyes than her own to behold the sacred document which was the key to her power.

After weeks of hard practice, the match game was set for Xmas day. But ere it came, May revolted from the barbarism and brutality of the game and bitterly regretted that she had found its secret.

Wherein prosperity falls, adversity is often successful, and with the vanished smile of Jack, May learned of her love for him. Had her pride permitted her to beg his forgiveness, she would have done so, but its power was still unbroken. Jack, hurt at her willful conduct and angry at the favor shown his rival, held himself aloof and the days but widened the chasm between them.

At one o'clock on Xmas day, May sat in her seat of honor with the precious book of rules in her hand, and heard the shrill sound of the whistle, as the Yellows, under their Capt. Jack, kicked off. The fierce and bloody battle was on. She gasped in horror as she saw the pile of writhing human bodies in whom the savage instincts of ancient ancestors seemed revived. As she saw the fierceness, the cruelty, the

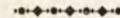
blood and wounds of the scene, she grieved to think that her ambition had caused it all.

Suddenly a cry of horror arose from the crowd, and soon she saw Jack borne from the field of strife upon a stretcher. The world grew black before her gaze, but she sat motionless until a fiendish yell of victory announced that the Yellows had won the game.

A hiss arose from the spectators, who shook their heads in disapproval of the bloody scene. As the husky football giants gathered around May she rose, and, with pale but determined face, tore the sacred book of rules into shreds. Her voice trembled as she said: "Boys, I beg your pardon, but why should we revert to the barbarism of our ancestors? Why should we seek to imitate their love of blood? I have destroyed the only book of rules. Will you promise to again bury football in the grave of unbroken oblivion?" The "boys" assented, and thus did the glorious game of football revive, only to die again, in the year 2050.

That night, as Jack lay swathed in bandages, a scented note was placed in his hands. Within it were the words, "Forgive me." A glow of joy passed over his pale face, and although a twinge of pain reminded him of the discomforts of football, he was not sorry that May had presided at its brief resurrection.

—ANNA C. MARSH.



## Football Rhymes

There was ease in Smylie's manner as he stepped into his place;  
There was pride in Smylie's bearing and a smile on Smylie's face;  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly touched his broad forehead,  
No college man in that large crowd could doubt that he was football bred.

Ten hundred eyes were on him as he held it in his hands that day;  
Five hundred tongues applauded when the ball was set in play;  
Then when that huge and haughty center came ca-bump against his hip,  
Defiance glanced in Smylie's eye, and rage curled Smylie's lip.

And now the pigskin-covered sphere came whirling through the air,  
And Smylie stood a-watching it with a defiant glare;  
Close by our sturdy tackle the swift ball unheeded sped;  
That is too bad, our Smylie—that "First down," the umpire said.

Then from the lines so thick with people came a muffled roar,  
Just like the beating of storm waves upon a distant shore;  
"We'll show you what Vermillion's made of," said their huge half-back;  
And likely he'd have showed him, but our Captain said, "Stand back."

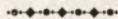
Then with a smile of Christian love great Smylie's visage shone;  
It stilled the rising tumult and so the game went on;  
The quarter gave the signal and once more the football flew,  
Again the thing was fumbled and the umpire said, "Down two."

Hurrah! cried the gladdened hundreds and an echo answered, Rah!  
But a scornful look from Smylie put the audience in awe;  
They saw his face grow stern and then again to blush,  
And thus they knew that he would surely make a center rush.

The curl was gone from Smylie's lip, and yet he did not cheat;  
He grabbed with cruel violence the ball from 'neath his feet.  
And now our tackle holds the ball, but look! above his crown  
The lanky full-back grabs the ball and makes the first touch-down.

Oh! on some other gridirons the sun is shining bright,  
And in a near-by college town all youthful hearts are light;  
And there some football teams do play, and football players shout,  
But there is no joy in Morningside, for Smylie was done out.

—AN ADMIRER.



### Time's Soliloquy

Long have I winged my weary way  
Down through the ages of the past,  
And now, at eventide's slow flight,  
Appears my distant home at last.

Though long now seem these closing hours,  
Yet brief hath been the passing day  
Since in Beginning's crimson morn  
From unknown Past I sped away.

Unbounded Chaos that same morn  
Received her stellar Galaxy;  
The Sun and Earth, God rolled them forth  
Upon their unobstructed way;  
And me commissioned duty gave  
To guide them in their course begun,  
And watch the changing scenes of Earth  
Till its predestined course be run.

What sudden changes first were wrought!  
A sudden change?—in one short day,  
From gleaming gas and liquid mass,  
To oblate form of earthly clay.  
The boiling seas asunder rushed  
As mountains from their bases grew,  
And rumblings long and loud were heard  
As into smoke and flame they gushed.

Soon silence stole across the face  
Of barren plain and rocky height;  
And from a craggy mountain top  
I viewed the restful, peaceful sight.

A day passed by, perhaps an age;  
Scenes fled so quickly then along,  
And lo! one morn when I awoke  
The air was filled with warble song.

A wondrous strangeness crept o'er me;  
My eyes were dazed with mystery.  
For when from the height I looked below—  
O Sleep! why robst thou Knowledge so?—  
Transformed by an unknown, unseen hand,  
I thought myself in fairyland.  
Across on yonder sloping height  
A verdant forest met my sight;  
Down through the sleepy vale below  
A winding, glassy river flowed.  
A carpet of green stretched out between  
The foothills and its pebbly banks  
And every living thing the like of which  
I ne'er before had seen—  
Of beast and bird, of man and herb—  
Were in that garden green. \* \* \*

But days and months and years passed by  
Like Lightning's flash in Thunder's sky.  
I took my flight around the earth  
And saw the nations have their birth,  
And wage their cruel wars.  
I watched the course of human waves  
As they ventured forth from their eastern caves,  
To the hills of Media, their first new home;  
Through Babylonia, to Greece and Rome,  
Into the midst of Germany's wilds,  
Then across the strait to the British Isles.

Nations rise, flourish, and decay—  
Century after century speeds away.

My flight in past ages had been very fleet,  
But now in these times I care not to meet the end of my race  
When Nature's so grand; so I've slackened my pace.  
Oft I pause in the morn as the oak drops its acorn,  
And watch the tiny sprig that's within its hard shell hid—  
As it springs forth from the ground,  
And before amazed eyes, lifts its branches  
To the skies with acorns ripe—while  
The mother tree has scarce a decayed trunk  
To its memory,  
And the child that played 'neath the old oak in the morn  
Stands at eve by the old young oak,  
With tottering form and snow-white hair.

O loving, youthful hearts, cruelly swift my flight may be;  
Only could I see the Creator's plan fulfilled in thee,  
Gladly would I lengthen thy happy days.  
But there is an end which by me must be gained;  
Each generation sees that end nearer attained,  
For in the present age of the world we find  
The grandest achievements of human kind.

In Life's great drama you all have a part;  
Prepare well—play it well, with noble, true heart;  
The time will soon come when things that now be  
Shall vanish away in Eternity.

—BENJAMIN WENDELL

### A Melon-choly Tale

(Dedicated to J. W. Lockin.)

Happy hour when Prep-boy Felix,  
With a smile serene and sweet  
And a nickel in his pocket,  
Went a-toddlng down the street.

Blissful moment when the grocer  
Made his happiness replete  
As he sent him with a melon  
Back a-toddlng up the street.

Now some other wicked Prep-boys,  
Such as you may often meet  
Holding whispered consultation,  
Came a-toddlng down the street.

Sad, sad hour when little Felix  
Chanced these wicked boys to meet;  
For without his precious melon  
He went toddling up the street.

Now, all Felix boys, take warning,  
Lest you lack for sweets to eat;  
All alone and unprotected  
Don't go toddling down the street.



### Melancholy Moments' Musings

Say! do you ever stop to think,  
As you near life's closing brink,  
To the depths that you may sink,  
Just because you do not think?

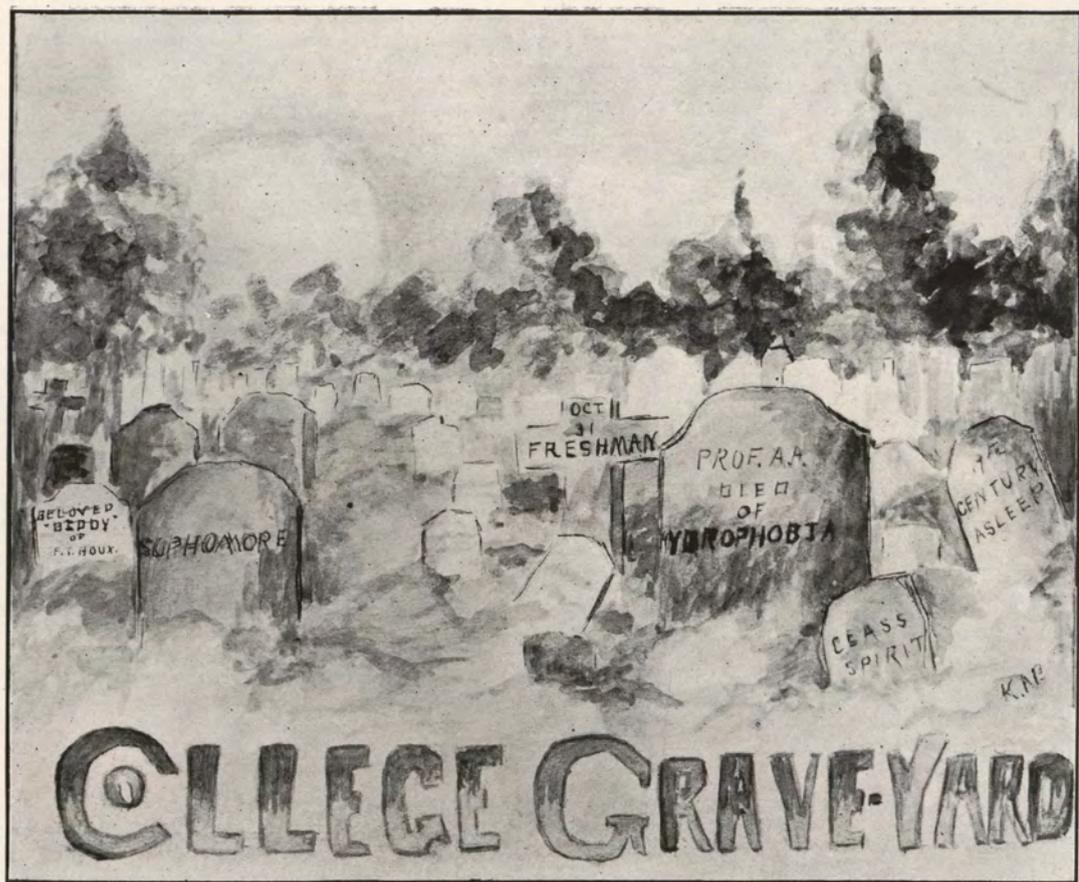
Say! do your wandering thoughts e'er rise  
To the place beyond the skies,  
Or to the place that lower lies—  
One of the two he seeks who dies?

Say! are you drifting aimlessly  
O'er life's pleasant (varied) sea,  
With no aim or thought to be  
Something for humanity?

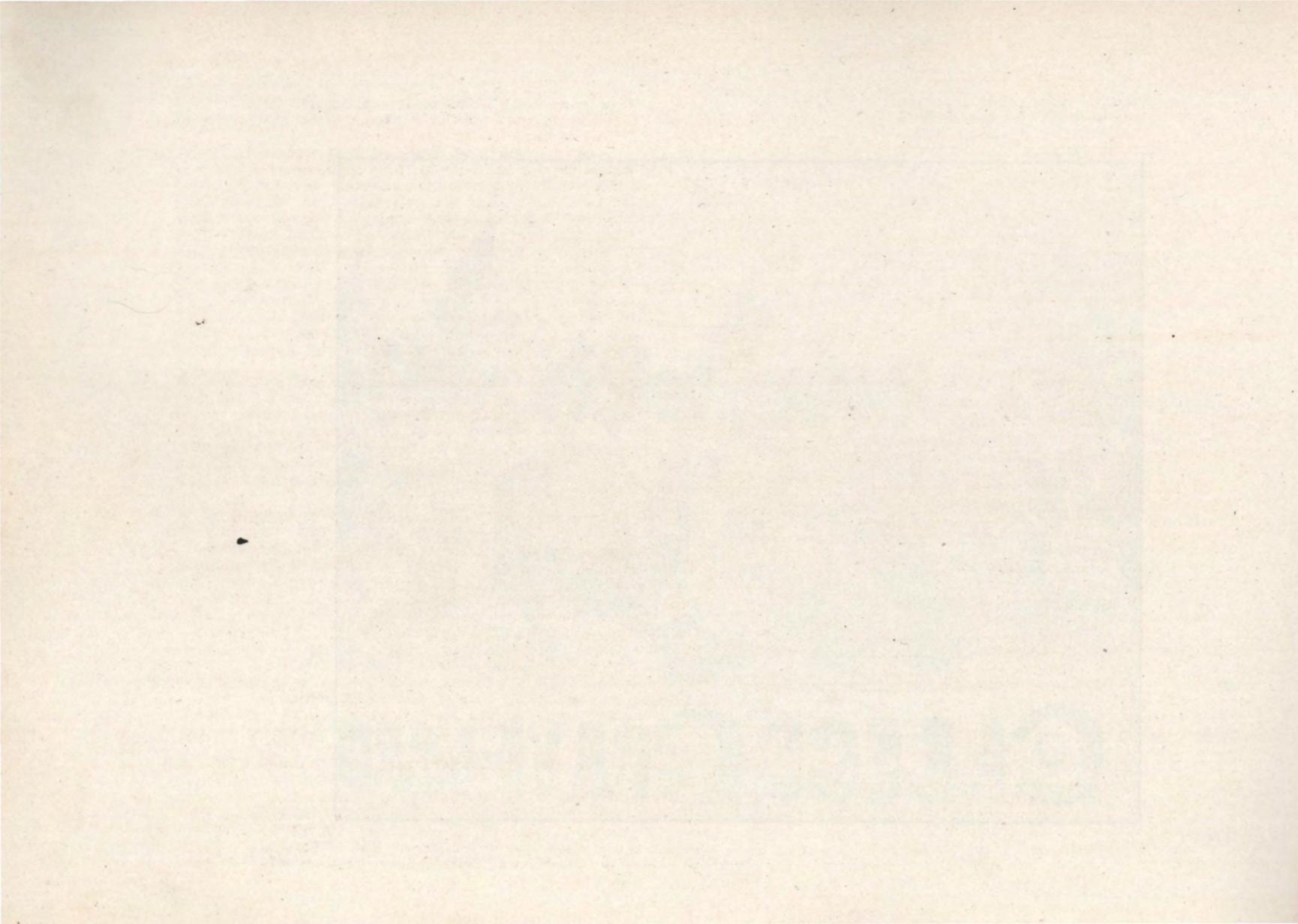
Say! is your life an idle dream;  
Do stern realities all vacant seem;  
Are ponderous problems just a theme;  
Does no clear light across your visage stream?

Awake! from out thy dreams awake;  
Thy destiny eternal is at stake.  
Thy life is what you will to make;  
Awake! O Idle Dreamer, wake.

—RAY TOOTHAKER.



COLLEGE GRAVE-YARD



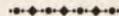
## America's Greatest Hero

Sweet Peace reigned o'er our land, so dear;  
No sound of war this many a year;  
When lo! right o'er our calmly head  
The war cloud broke with awful dread.  
Our land was rent from shore to shore—  
The North, the South—as ne'er before,  
By fife's shrill notes, and drum's loud beat,  
That brought together the hurrying feet  
Of men who dared make this reply  
When called for service, "Here am I."  
And out they sailed across the sea,  
Determined that Cuba should be free.  
In Santiago's bloody fray  
The sons of veterans Blue and Gray  
Marched side by side in stately tread,  
Where Spanish shell and hissing lead  
Swept through their ranks. Without a fear  
The heroes with the flag so dear  
Moved forward, step by step, until  
The flag from Morro Castle hill,  
Just at the setting of the sun,  
Revealed the truth of victory won.  
For days was heard the booming guns,  
And many mothers' loving sons  
Laid down their lives to rise no more  
In trenches filled with ruddy gore;  
And this was all their hope and aim  
That Cuba might her dream obtain  
Of freedom from the Spanish yoke,  
From war and carnage unprovoked.

Now list, ye boys of ninety-eight,  
Whate'er thy lot, whate'er thy fate.  
To heroes such as thee, we raise  
The greatest honor, love, and praise,  
For daring deeds of battles fam'd,  
For victories won and freedom gain'd.  
Ah thou, who left thy native land,  
To fight the tyrant of Cuba's strand,  
Urged so by love of humanity  
That death was sweet if so need be;  
Thou art Columbia's choicest pride,  
Because it cannot be denied  
That he the greatest hero is  
Who for mankind his life he gives.

How much such deeds of love as thine  
Are like to those of Christ divine,  
Who left his home in heav'n above  
And came to earth for works of love.  
His heart was moved with love for men  
Enslaved by chains of sin; so then  
He gave his life for you and me,  
That we might be forever free.  
If such a love as Thou hast shown  
In hearts of all could be enthroned,  
We'd hear no more the wail or cry  
Of hosts of men about to die,  
Held down by cruel tyrant hand,  
Or bound with slavery's mighty band.  
The happy time would then have come  
And ushered in the millennium.  
All hail that day the world shall learn  
That a needy race is the world's concern.  
Ah, then mankind will happy be,  
For Peace shall reign eternally.

—GEORGE R. GILBERT.



## How a Freshman Applied for a Situation

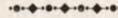
A Freshman having been to Morningside College for two terms and having made quite rapid strides in various ways, according to the judgment of all, as well as of himself, on returning home for the spring vacation, decided he would not return to the college, but would teach school in his country burg; accordingly, the opportunity being given, he appeared before the somewhat rural board to make his application.

In an ostentatious manner he began: "It would be idiocratically supervicaneous, for me to attempt to concatenate at the present crisis, an altisonant coaservation of ostentatious apologies, for intruding so unceremoniously into your most celebrated conventicle. I shall, therefore, approximate at once to the subject by informing you that I called in as a Teacher of Common Schools."

Trustees—We don't understand you, Mr. Shoemaker; please explain yourself.

"Mirabile dictu. That the mental organization of the people in the Twentieth Century should be so obscured by the darkened inebriations of fatuosity, that the idiosyncracies of this progressive age should be so apparently multitudinous. Oh! ye Shades of the mighty dead, whose orient gleaming, dazzling corruscations wake in memory's

grand receptacles, a laboratory of meteoric, luminous, blazing inspirations, whose electrifying powers, positively charged, culminate in the philosophical demonstrations of magnificent problems. Oh! ye Shades, linger and play around the summit of immortal greatness, from whose towering height, from whose pinnacle of fame, in madness, I reluctantly break and reverentially announce to you, gentlemen, that I am solicitous of acquiring a situation as a Teacher of Common Schools." He didn't get the job, so he is working on the farm.



## The Charge of the Bite Brigade

(The occasion of this poem was the remarkable swarm of mosquitoes which tormented students and Faculty of the College during the Fall Term, 1900.)

Fifty score! Fifty score!  
Fifty score onward!!  
Over the hilltops of death  
Flew the ten-hundred.  
Forward the Bite Brigade!  
"Now watch the fun," they said.  
Over the hilltops of death  
Flew the ten-hundred.

Forward the Bite Brigade!  
Was there a one dismayed?  
No; but with hearts of steel  
Dear ties they sundered.  
Theirs not to make reply;  
Theirs not to reason why;  
Theirs but to bite and die.  
Over the hilltops of death  
Flew the ten-hundred.

Victims to right of them,  
Victims to left of them,  
Victims in front of them.  
Muttered and wondered.  
Slapped at and scared away,  
Boldly return did they,  
Scarcely with time for breath,  
Throughout the livelong day,  
Buzzed the ten-hundred.

Each, with his saber bare,  
Floated about in air,

Till he discovered where  
Blood might be plundered.  
Then through the hide they poke—  
Slap! and their backs are broke.  
Large one and small one  
Reeled from the sudden stroke,  
Shattered and sundered;  
Then some flew back—but not,  
Not the ten-hundred.

By-words to right of them,  
By-words to left of them,  
Curses behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at by everyone,  
Who could not see the fun.  
They, when their work was done,  
Met with a wintry blast,  
That finished every one,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of ten-hundred.

"When will the red spots fade?"  
Whispered the pouting maid.  
Everyone wondered.  
Curse on their bloody raid!  
Death to the Bite Brigade!  
Blasted ten-hundred!

—O. D. X.



## I Wonder

Why Prof. Garver doesn't part his hair in the middle?  
Why the Faculty meetings of Blackwell and Yetter are held no more?  
Why Prof. Cook walks so heavily?  
Why Seaver goes to Milford so often?  
In what dictionary Miss Swartz found Hamlet pronounced Han-ni-bal?  
What Prof. Cook does during Chapel prayer?  
If Mrs. Wylie takes as long steps as the Professor?  
Why two lady members of the Faculty prefer to give their pictures to Mr. Frary rather than to the Faculty editor?  
If there was magnetism in Prof. Green's back the night of the Glee Club concert at Elk Point?

Kindig and Miss Byrkit.

Carson and Miss Darling.

Ruthven and Miss Siman.

John Price and his giggle.

Rosa Durst and her woes.

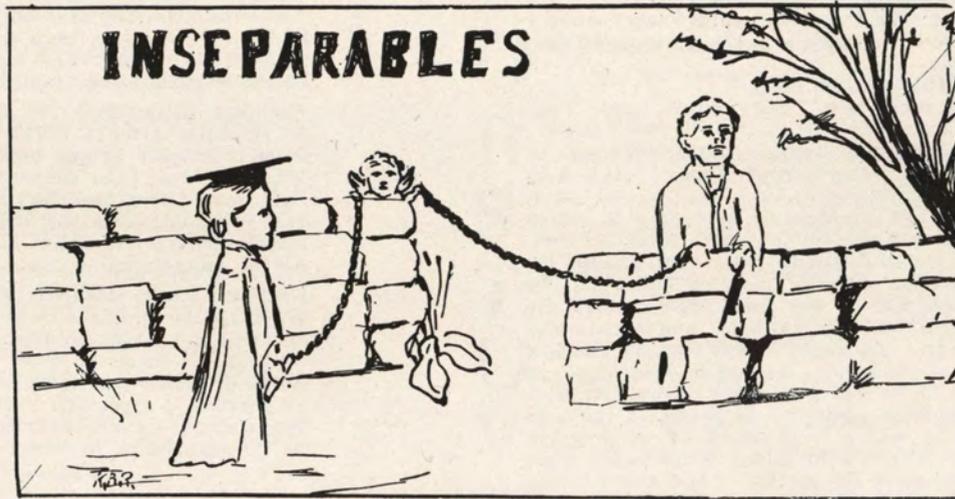
Melson and Miss Durst.

Null and Miss Empey.

Reinhart and Miss Marsh.

A. W. McIsaac and the girls.

Miss Ellis and her affectation.



Miss Loveland and her poses.

Prof. Haynes and his "ideer."

Prof. Garver and his "points."

Smylie and Miss Fluker's Door.

Miss Loveland and Miss Dimmitt.

Beverly Clark's hair and the kinks.

Miss Hickman and Isaiah, 55th chapter.

Asa Brower and his high-water trousers.

Prof. Greynaid and his ugly, ill-bred pup.

A certain young lady and a new hat at a  
Zetaethan program.

## A Letter Home to Paw

Morningside College,  
Sioux City, Iowa,

April 1, 1901.

Dear Paw:—I'm tired of school, Paw, and want to come home. I'd rather plow corn than to try to git my trig. I never worked so hard in my life before, and never felt so dull. I'm up at three in the morning and don't get to bed till midnight. That only leaves me six hours sleep, and if I doze in trig class, I catch it, I can tell you. By the way, it reminds me of you, Paw, when Prof. gets thru with me.

My teacher's name is Brown. He treats me white except when I don't recite, then he says my record's black and I'm green till I feel so blue I don't know what to do.

I'm sure I'll flunk if I stay till the term ends.

Sometimes I don't care. I don't now. They might make Trig. easier for some of us.

But I'm not the only one that may flunk, about five-fourths of our class will or I'm a blockhead. (Beg pardon, Paw; I can't help making puns.)

Two years ago when Euclid and Archimedes were here in school taking nothing but mathematics and physics they both flunked. Prof. told us about them one day. He said Euclid instead of gitting his rithmetic lesson spent all his time drawing pictures and that he would ask such foolish questions that no one could answer him. He was trying to square a circle or something or other. And Archimedes would not work in the Lab. at all. One night it was that he was lost and the whole town turned out to find him. At last he was found on top of a long telegraph pole which he had partly dug up but left with one end in the ground in a slanting position. Strapped to the pole about four feet from the ground was a large block of wood which "Archie," as he was called here, named a fulcrum. When asked what he was trying to do he said, "To move the earth." "And how are you succeeding?" "Not very well," said Archie, "but if I had whereon to rest my fulcrum I am sure I could do it," replied he.

Prof. thot he was crazy but the city doctors said he had the small-pox. Archie was suspended for 99 years. Euclid stayed the rest of the term but Prof. flunked him and he left. He refused to ride on the St. car, but walked to the city muttering to himself that a strait line is the shortest distance between two points.

Word has come back that both Euclid and Archimedes have become famous now and that Euclid has made a geometry. Prof. don't know just what it is but has sent for one for the museum, if he finds it can live in this climate.

So you see, Paw, I don't care if I do flunk. I think all great men have been dull students when in school, at least that's what a speaker

told us the other night. I do want to be a great man for your sake,  
Your Loving Son,

—A. BLOCK HEAD.

## Katharine Eliza

(To the Tune of Clementine.)

Kathreen Eliza, Kathreen Eliza—  
She makes us all sit in a line,  
Strikes her desk hard with her scissors  
When we chance to speak out of time.  
"Will the little boy take out his kitty?"  
Spoke she clear once on a time,  
Looked she sharply thro' her glasses  
At the culprits all in line.

Kathreen Eliza, Kathreen Eliza—  
As all settle down to work,  
Spies a whisper in the corner.  
Who has there then chanced to lurk?  
Calls out—"Read the rules behind you;  
You your neighbors will disturb"—  
Looking sharply thro' her glasses  
At the culprits all in line.

Kathreen Eliza, Kathreen Eliza,  
When the silence falls once more,  
Speaks out loud in thund'rous accents,  
"Periodicals found on shelf four."  
Blank are faces—thoughts have fled,  
Frightened to return no more,  
While she peers out thro' her glasses  
At the culprits all in line.

## Books that Have Helped Me

Roberts' Rules of Order—Gus Quirin.  
Cicero (full translation with notes)—Lloyd Harding.  
How to Appear Dignified—John Price.  
Self-Appreciation—H. A. Keck.  
Winning Hearts—Lulu Fluker.  
Pelletier's Fashion Plate—Lillian Koser.  
How to Flunk Gracefully—D. M. Simpson.  
Pickings from Puck—Benjamin Wendell.  
Methods of Bluffing—Ray Toothaker.  
Business Guide—Fred Hulser.  
Horace (Interlinear Translation)—Lorne Smylie.

# College Alphabet

By The Junior Girls

**A** stands for Annual, just now in full blast;  
All other great issues are things of the past.

**B** stands for Barbour, surnamed Ovid Pope;  
When things go wrong he's on the mope.

**C** stands for Cadets in their uniforms gray,  
For which we hope they'll some day pay.

**D** stands for the Darling who smiles so sweet  
When the famous Stanley she happens to meet.

**E** stands for the cause of those midnight crams,—  
Those horrible, terrible, awful "Exams."

**F** is for Faculty, Freshies and Fools,  
Which are sure to be found in all classes of schools.

**G** stands for Garver, for Groans, and for Grinds,  
Which are enough to make us lose our minds.

**H** stands for Hartzell, who gave us the scare,  
And caused so many boys to cut off their hair.

**I** is for Irwin, the large and the small;  
The little one, always, is found in the hall.

**J** is for Junior; whilst writing in rhyme,  
Forgets to send in his oration on time.

**K** stands for Kanthlener, teacher of Greek,  
Whom his wife says is really exceedingly meek.

**L** stands for Library,—on second floor,  
Where you dare not whisper any more.

**M** is for Morningside College so grand,  
Which we hope will be, some day, the best in the land.

**N** is for Nuisance, known to us all:  
The idle student who stands in the hall.

**O** is for Office, south end of first floor,  
Where Finch & Co. will study no more.

**P** is for Prep.—our life in the past;  
"Thank Goodness," said Freshie, "it's over at last."

**Q** is for Quirin, a Senior sedate,  
Who learned his oration, alas! too late.

**R** is for Reinhart, lost in the Marsh,—  
May the Fates keep their lives from being too harsh.

**S** is for Seniors, who love to roast;  
The Juniors and Faculty catch it the most.

**T** is for Toothaker—who soars so high,  
We fear some time he'll hit the sky.

**U** stands for old University Row,  
Where all bad boys are said to go.

**V** stands for the sometimes much-needed Vim—  
When Prof. Cook announces a new Chapel hymn.

**W** stands for Winter, who shaved his head bare;  
He thought he'd look better without any hair.

**X** is for X-rays—Oh, what would we find,  
If we could but use them to pierce the closed blind?

**Y** stands for You—who are "hit" in these rhymes;  
We charge nothing extra—just keep your old dimes.

**Z** stands for Zero—which we fear no longer;  
Our dread of an E is very much stronger.

## A Historic Epic--Sophomoric

Dim in the west fades Aurora, while soft-feathered eve spreads her pinions;  
Gently the mantle of darkness settles on building and by-way;  
Shadows, like grim voiceless spectres, are lurking by corner and hedge-row;  
Brightly the lights from the windows peer out into persistent darkness;  
Here on the hilltops before me looms up the new College building,  
Casting its uncanny shadows into the gathering blackness,  
Bringing up witch-tales of childhood and many a quaint recollection.  
Yonder the lights on the river keep hiding and then reappearing,  
Mocking the moon, pale and listless, mid clouds ill-disposed, vainly struggling.  
Pensively eating his supper, with boarding house food sore afflicted,  
Sits at the table a Sophomore, worn from his mental exertions;  
Sits there contentedly planning an evening of rest from his labors.  
Saturday night, I remember, the night of the Crescent's first program.  
Stirring events, too, were brewing, calling for men and for courage.  
Morningside (long live its heroes!) furnished the first stage for action;  
Dark in its alleys and shadows, skulking and whispering softly,  
Freshies galore, planning vengeance, waited in trembling excitement.  
For—The brave hearted Karstone, and Ruthene bold and swift-footed,  
Led by the wisdom of Hardon, and urged on by Shoornae and Isko,  
Summoning courage heroic—uncommon great e'en for Freshmen,—  
Counting a month's spending money spent in a cause well-deserving,  
Hire a cab and a driver, a team of real horses, not wooden—  
Not like a rope-raveling mounted ones to which they had been accustomed.  
All the way out from the city, rode they undaunted and daring;  
Hardon the wise even risking his neck on the seat with the driver.  
Naught but the love of Faeburnae and Faeblon, the queens of Freshartland,  
Could ever have nerved for the struggle these rivals of Homer's gigantes,  
Save 'twere a smile soul enchanting from over the river Missargae.  
Now at the scene aforementioned, the Sophomore from supper has risen,  
Having been called to the front door; he quickly responds, and is greeted.  
Karstone the brave, and Ruthene, with knees agitated and white-faced,  
Stammering words incoherent, startle and puzzle him greatly.  
Sudden, as in desperation, seize they him all unsuspecting;  
Presence of mind only saved him from being asunder divided.

Then from the darkness appearing, their allies unnumbered came crowding.  
Tense was the fight and uncertain. Hair flew and vest buttons severed.  
Mars in the heavens all smiling, thought of the days of Achilles.  
Finally, almost exhausted, by sheer force of numbers defeated,  
Into the cab he is crowded, tied with a strap and a clothes-line.  
Ah! Who can tell of the struggles the four noble guards then endured.  
Hercules in his twelve labors, compared, into nothingness dwindles.  
On through the streets of the city, with many quick turns and strange tactics,  
Cab-driver guided the bold steeds through long, winding lanes and back-alleys,  
Till, with a jolt and a rumble, it stops near Fablonide's dwelling.  
Anxious, the rest of the party come to the doorway to meet them.  
Eager they bear in the captive. Ah! see the eyes gloating o'er him.  
Can you not see Proserpina, her victim receiving in Hades,  
Pluto or Cerberus waiting and grinning in huge expectation.  
Then in their midst he is seated, tied and blindfolded and handcuffed;  
While from the company round him come jokes, puns, and wit undeciphered.  
Adrix, the Sophomore, smiling, gives back and takes without flinching.  
Not of the wit is he thinking, but in his mind is evolving  
Plans for the evening's enjoyment, and beyond their anticipation.  
Tiring full soon of the roasting, they carry the prize to the kitchen;  
There, by the light of a lantern, apply they lamp-black on his visage,  
While the room rings with their laughter and fun at his classic expression.  
Now with his hands tied before him, an old tattered hat his head gracing,  
Him they send forth in the starlight, thinking him lost and bewildered;  
Then they repair to the banquet which Faeblon has long been preparing.  
Meanwhile Adrix slips his binding, using his teeth to advantage;  
Then by a route circumspective finds his way back to the kitchen.  
Hearing the telephone ringing, he stealthily creeps to the window:  
There at the phone stands wise Hardon, calling up Sophomores many;  
Trying perchance to deceive them by crying for help as if Adrix.  
Sudden the phone ceases working; vainly he shouts, "Hello, Central!"  
Adrix, outside, knows the reason, and chuckles to hear the wind wasted.  
Trying the back door now gently, it opens; and there, spread before him,



## Index

As they sat closely side by side, beneath the trees together, she was heard to say: "I know, Mr. Whiting, you assured me but last night that you loved me, but are you quite sure that you love me above everybody and everything in this world?"

Mr. Whiting: "I surely do love you above every girl on the face of the earth."

"But, Mr. Whiting, do you love me above everybody and EVERYTHING in the world?"

Mr. Whiting (shaking convulsively): "Why, dear, you are unreasonable. Did I not tell you that I loved you above any other person in the world?"

"But, Mr. Whiting, do you love me above everybody and EVERYTHING in the world?"

Mr. Whiting (flying into a passion): "Now, see here, Miss ———, you can just go. I'll give you to understand that I am not to be trifled with. As to my loving you more than I love ANYTHING in the world, I'll tell you, right off, that my love for you is not a circumstance compared with my love for an automobile."

She still lives.

Said the Psychology Professor to the Junior: "How did you cultivate your observation yesterday?"

Junior: "By observing the cultivator." —R. Brown.

Solomon: "If the Didactics Professor's boys are 'Brownies,' what are the Chemistry Professor's boys?"

Socrates: "Cookies, of course." —Miss Dimmitt.

Miss Loveland (to Sophomore Literature Class): "Will you name men who are or have been noted for oratory?"

Response from different members of the class: "Demosthenes, Cicero, Fox, Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips."

Miss Cate, entering the class a little later, quickly asked: "Has the name of Mr. Keck been given?"

"You bet I'm strong. I'm a chip off the old block, I am," said the Freshman.

"Judging your father by yourself, I'd say," put in the Senior who overheard, "that you were a chip off the old blockhead."

New Student (young man) to former student (young lady): "May I enjoy the pleasure of your company to the reception next Saturday night?"

"Why, Mr. New Student—I—well—really, I—I—you—possibly you are not acquainted with the custom here. Will you grant me until tomorrow afternoon for consideration? Your request is so unexpected.

You must know that my acceptance of your company virtually means a matrimonial engagement."

Said a friend to McCay, the first week of the spring term: "How did you like Canada?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Is it a healthy country?"

"Yes, I believe so. I gained 110 pounds in seven days."

Said one Literature student to another: "When I go to Heaven I'm going to ask Bacon if he really did write Shakespeare's plays."

"What if he isn't there?"

"Then you ask him, won't you?"

English Teacher (to class): "Let each pupil hand in, tomorrow, an exclamation arranged in transposed order."

Here is the example of Mr. Blank: "Land, I Love—Helen!"



*"There's a chiel amang ye takin' notes."—Burns.*

Miss Dimmitt—What does fidibus mean?

Class—Lyre.

Miss Dimmitt—It's spelled l-i-r-e.

Mr. Ackenback (translating)—And they rushed—

Class (simultaneously, sotto voce)—The can.

Students—Ahem! Ahem! Ahem!

Librarian (in a loud voice)—Some of you better go and get a drink to stop your coughing. (Students snicker.) Librarian—It might send you into bronchitis.

Student—Has the bell not rung?

Prof. Haynes—Why—er—why—er—why. I don't think so. I have seven minutes to eleven.

Student—The period closes at 10:45.

Student (translating)—And Hannibal, who was the greatest General—

Miss Dimmitt (hastily rising)—Ju-bet.

Eberly (in Chemical Laboratory)—Did you get your CuS?

Quirin—Hi there, Eberly, what are you saying over there?

Eberly—Oh, that's all right; CuS means copper sulphide.

Quirin—Well, I don't want to hear you copper-sulphiding around like that again.

A Would-Be Minister in Sophomore Literature Class—Did the children of Israel borrow the jewels from the Egyptians before or after they left Egypt?

Miss Dimmitt—Why was "cena Thyestae" called tragedy?

Miss Gantt—Thyestes was invited by his angry brother to dinner and his two sons were served up to him.

Mr. Ackenback—I'd call that comedy.

Prof. Cook (in Laboratory)—Remember to wash, to wash clean.

First Senior to Second Senior—You needn't think you can write your class poem this week. The muses are all busy singing to me; I have engaged them for the whole week.

First Speaker in Othonian Debate (soaring)—This fact is axiomatically true on the face of it.

Prof. Cook (becoming rattled)—How are tree-weeds seated? (Sea-weeds treated.)

Bright boy to Gus Quirin when a certain young lady has been waiting for him—Here is a dis—Gus—ted girl waiting for you, Quirin.

At the Phone: "This is Morningside College—My name is Simpson—S-i-m-p-s-o-n—A student of the College—COLLEGE.—I want an oculist—an oculist—an EYE DOCTOR—yes—why, I've broken my glasses—my eye-glasses—my SPECTACLES."

Senior (as he tackles the hardest Analogy examination on record)—This dispensing with term examinations isn't all it's cracked up to be.

The Geology Class has been collecting some interesting minerals—among them, "mosquito-bite," "Campbellite," "window-light," "appetite," and "silly-cate."

Garver (explaining a yell): "Pull out your no's as long as you can. Pull it out as long as my arm."

#### AN AFTER DINNER INCIDENT.

Davis (having been summoned to work on the tennis court)—I suppose I must go. It's the birthright of man to labor, anyhow.

Ruthven—Say, friends, I'll sell my birthright for a mess of pottage.

## College Want Ads

WANTED—Dishpans.  
Prof. Green.

---

WANTED—To win a game.  
Baseball Team.

---

WANTED—Unity.  
Othonians.

---

WANTED—Subscribers with 50c.  
Collegian Reporter.

---

WANTED—Name for my new com-  
pound.  
Prof. Cook.

---

WANTED—A cheap shave.  
Prof. Garver.

WANTED—Students who will ask  
permission to go down town.  
Faculty.

---

WANTED—Ability to study with-  
out disturbing my neighbors.  
Anna Goodall.

---

WANTED—Instruction in Bible.  
Sophomore Literature Class.

---

WANTED—Stand-in with Faculty.  
Fred Seaver.

---

WANTED—"Spon."  
Business Manager.

WANTED—College Spirit.

---

WANTED—A Spelling Book.  
Lloyd Harding.

---

WANTED—Temper-easer.  
Prof. Barbour.

---

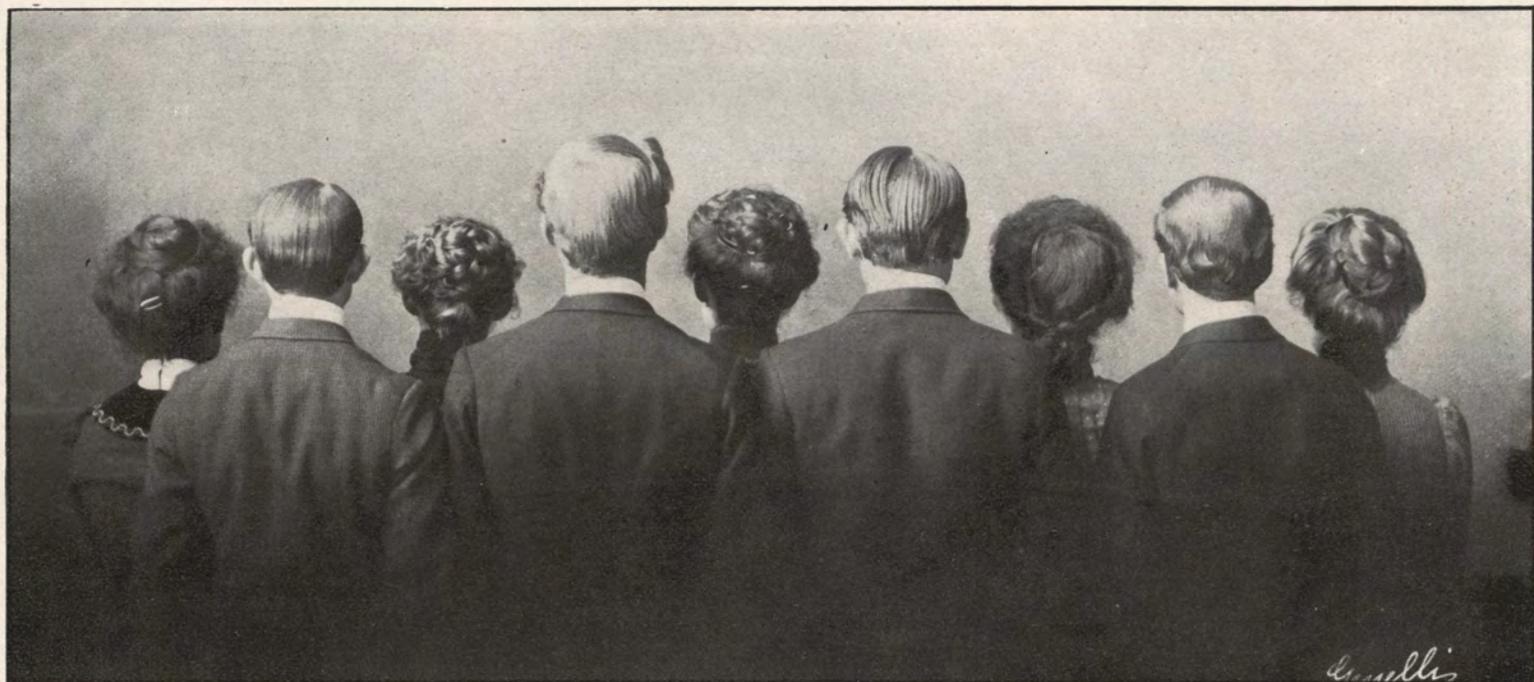
WANTED—A Hair Dresser.  
Miss McKnight.

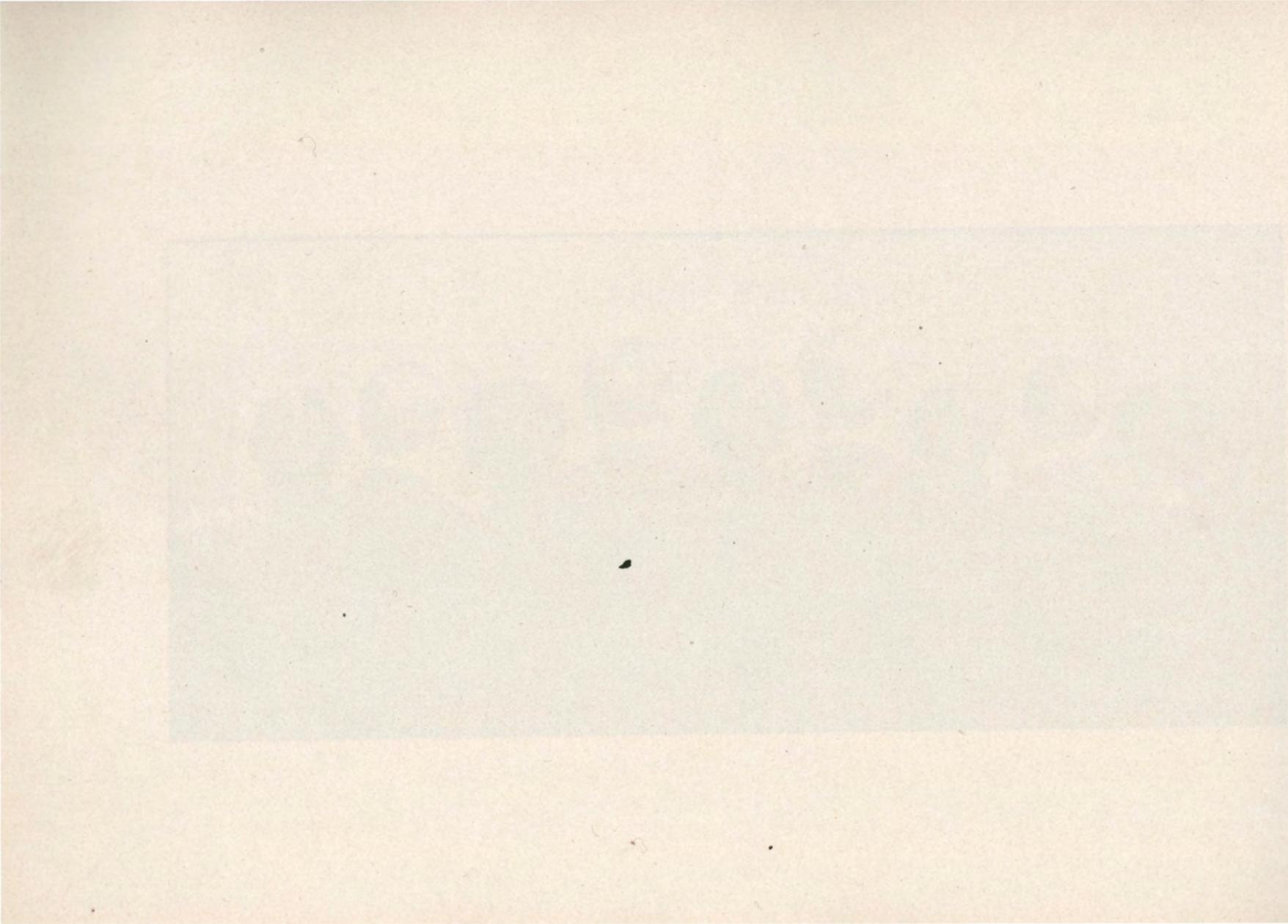
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WANTED—Students without  
squeaky shoes and whistles.  
Dr. Lewis.

---

WANTED—Instruction in Division.  
M. F. McDowell.





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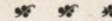
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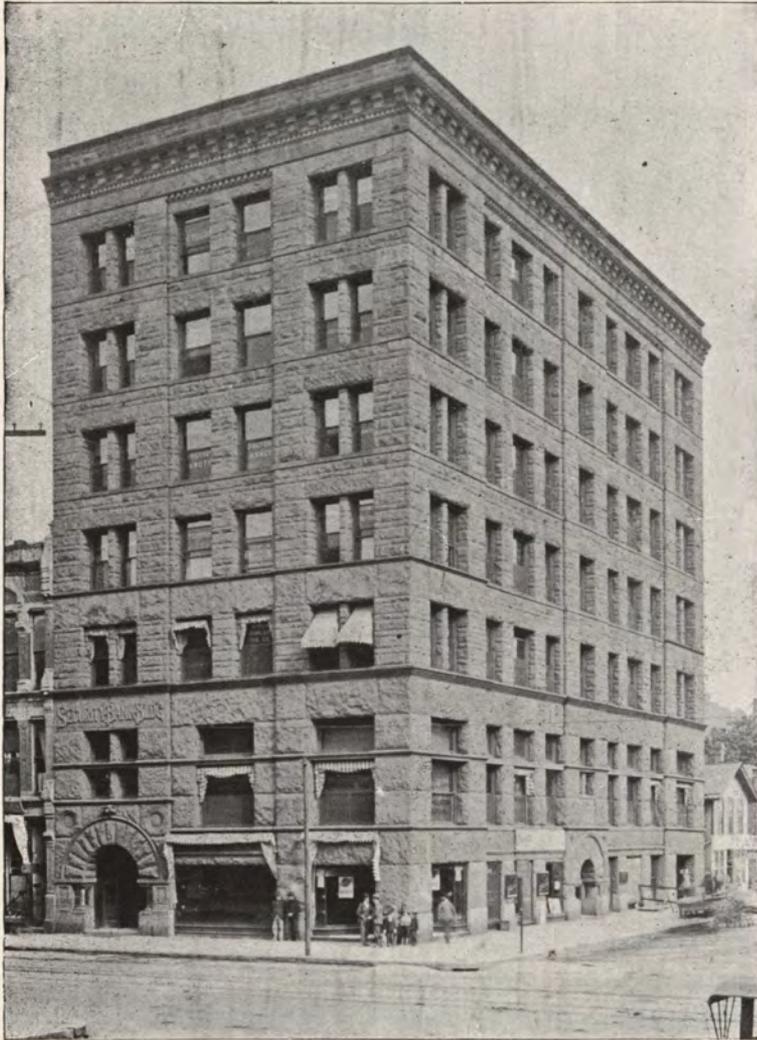
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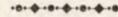
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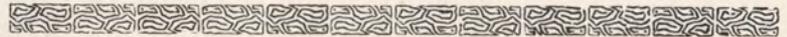
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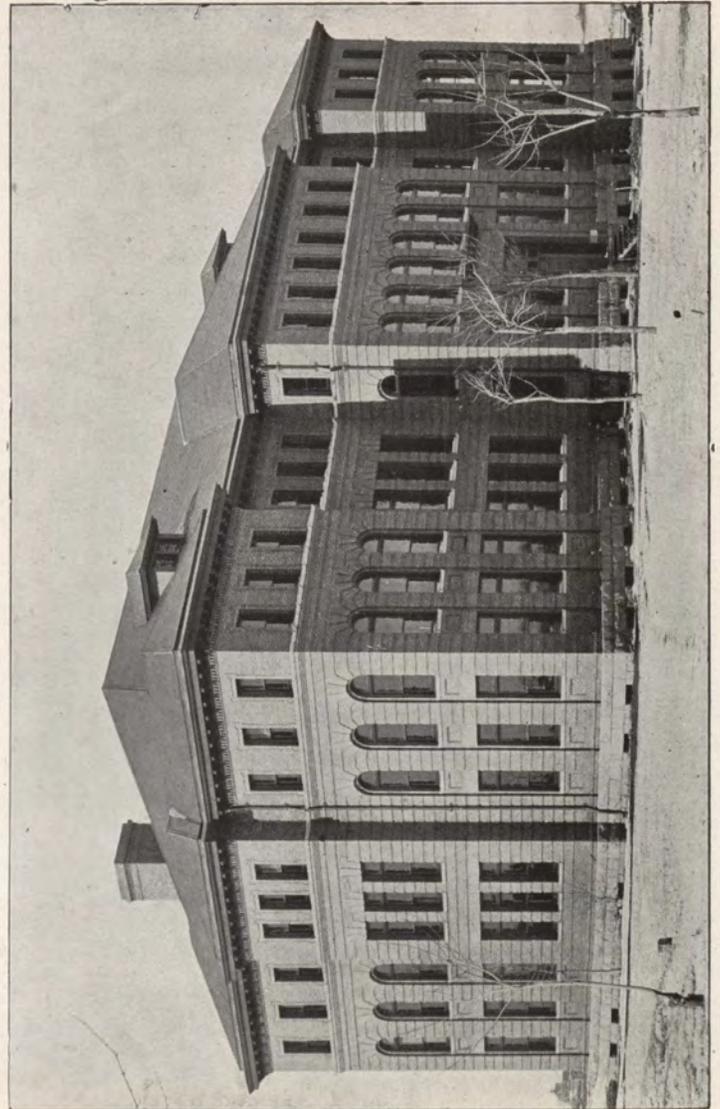
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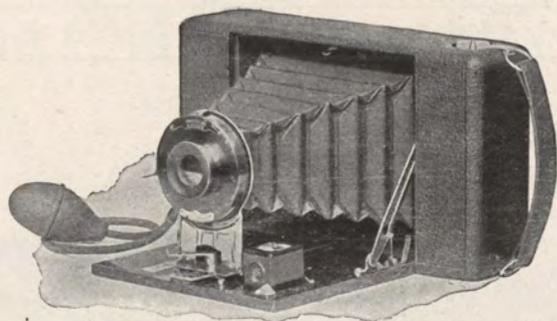
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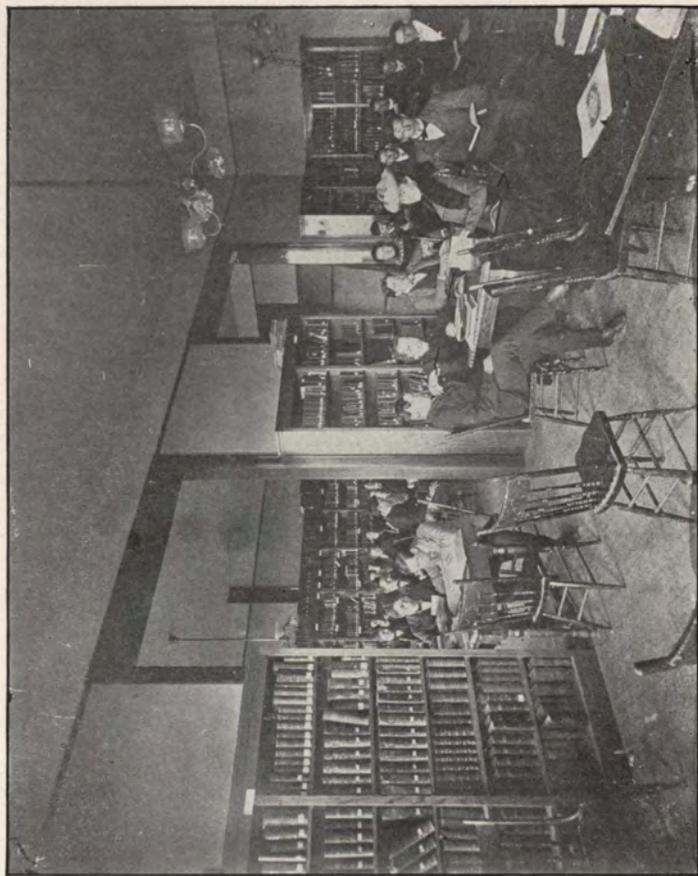
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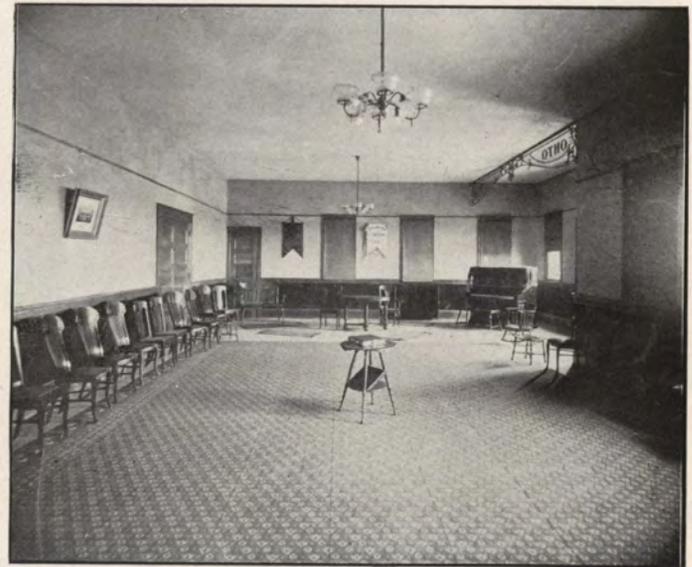
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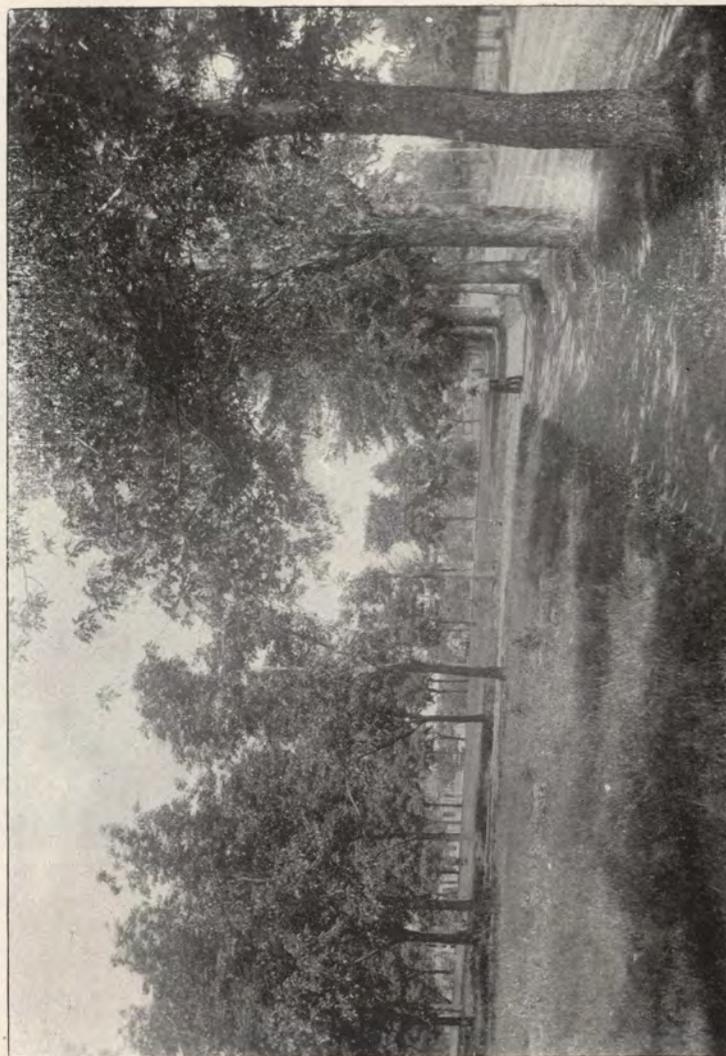
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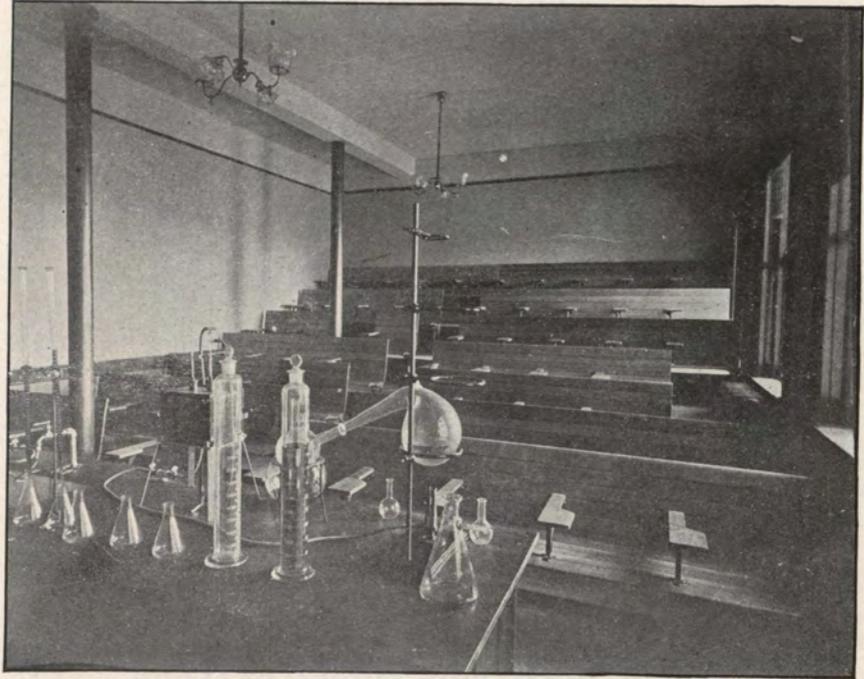
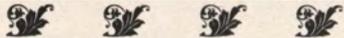


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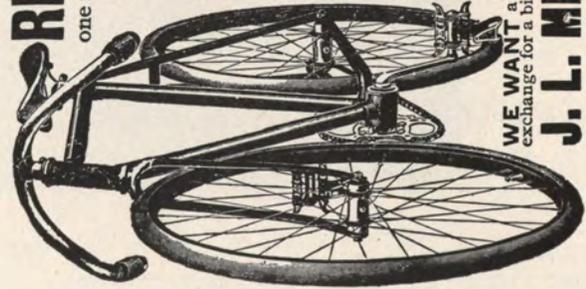
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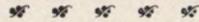


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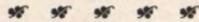
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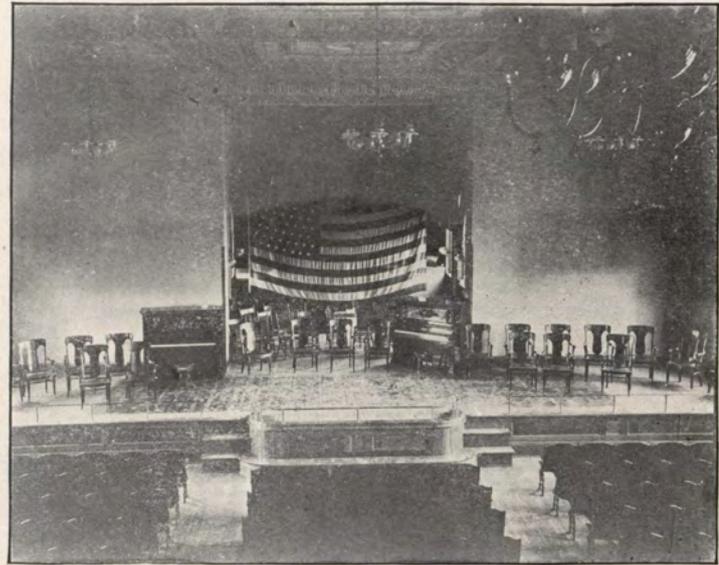
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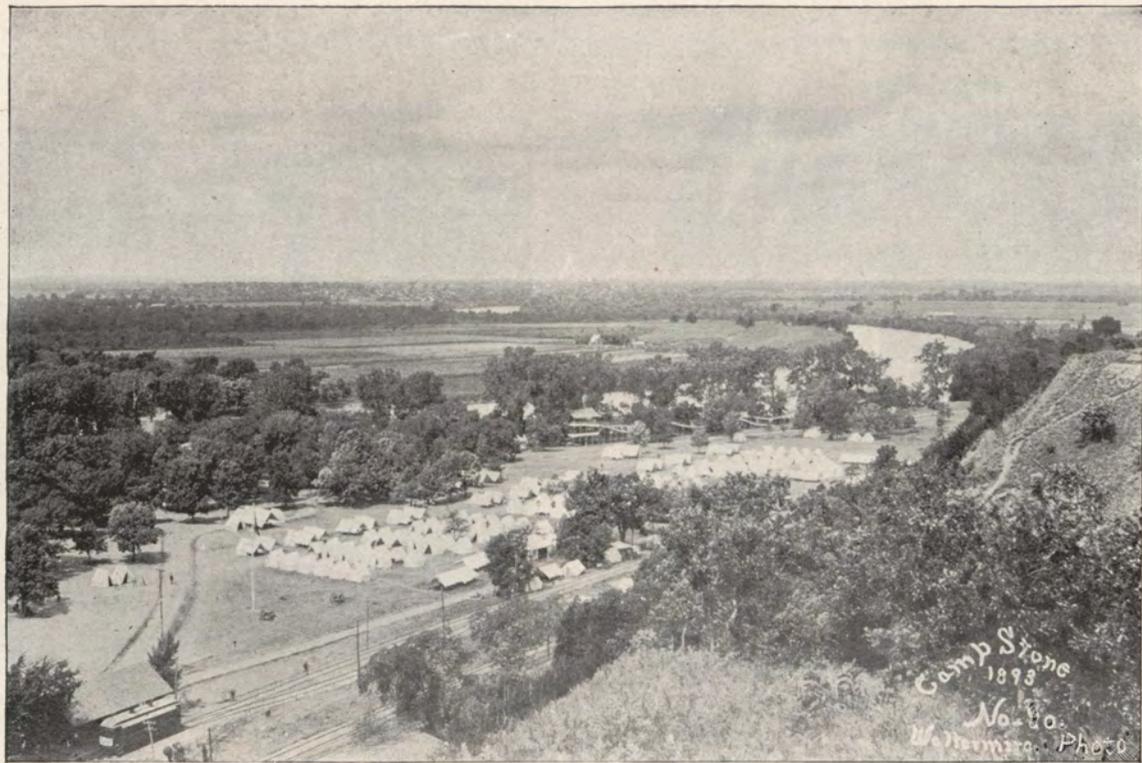
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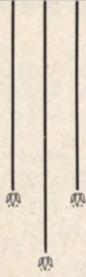


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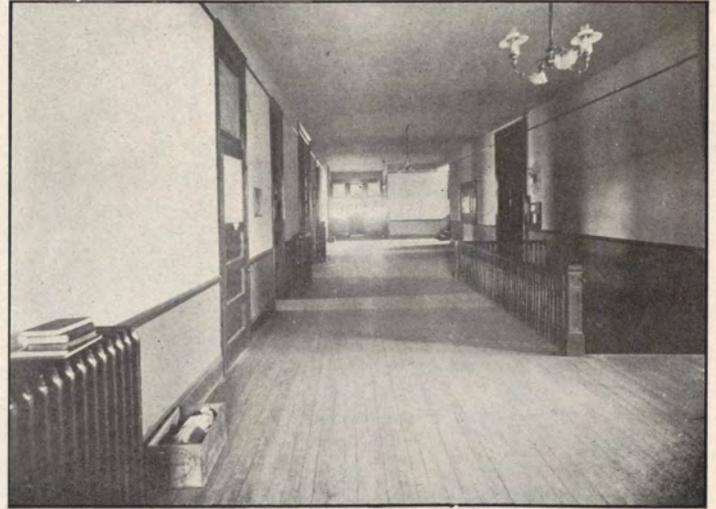
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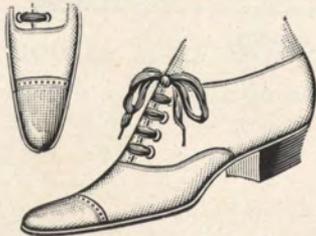
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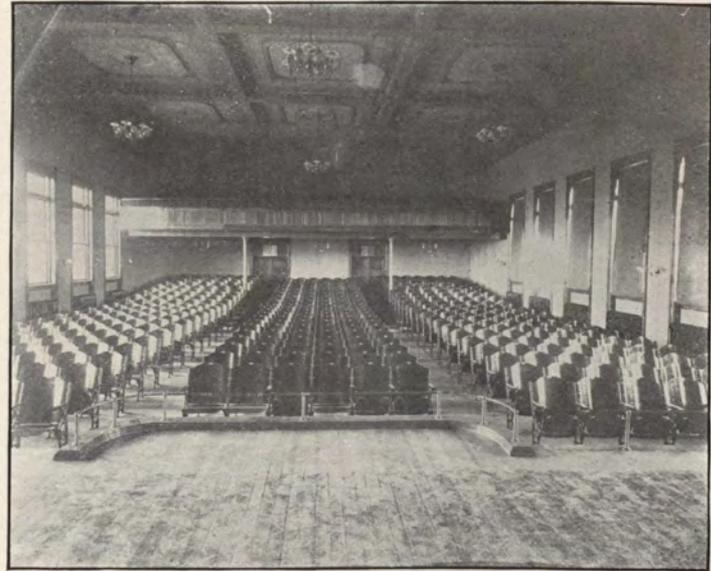


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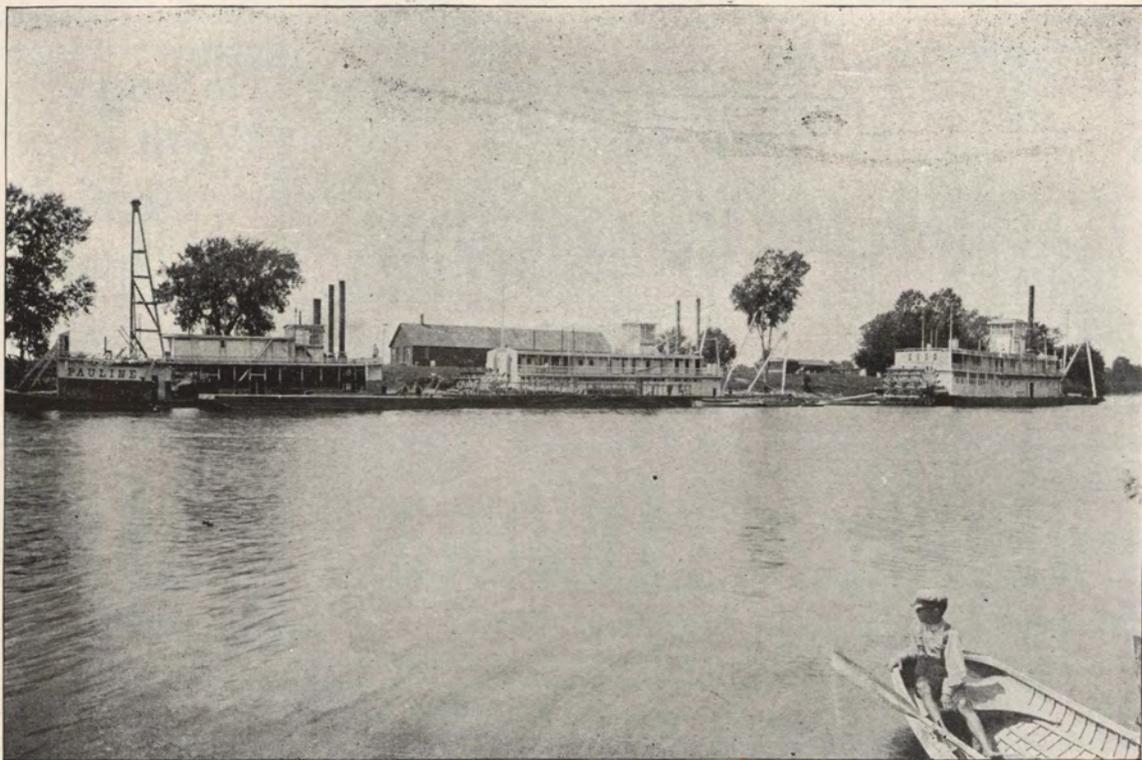
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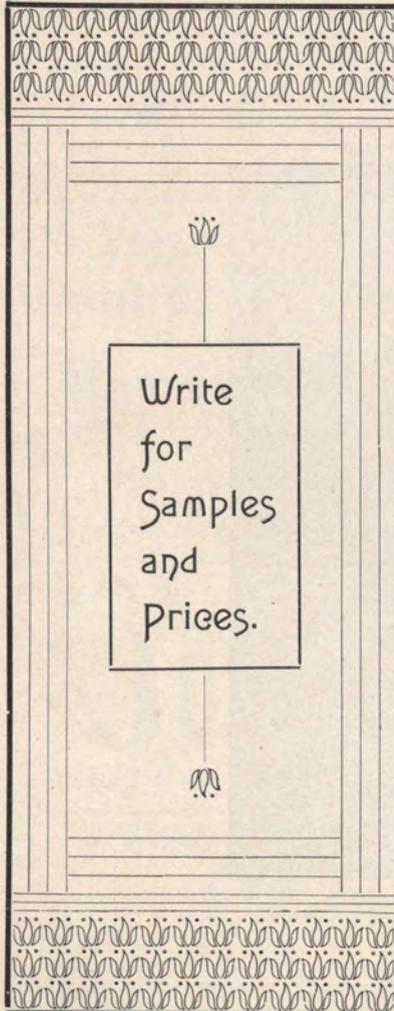
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