



This book is "a bird with a long, long bill."

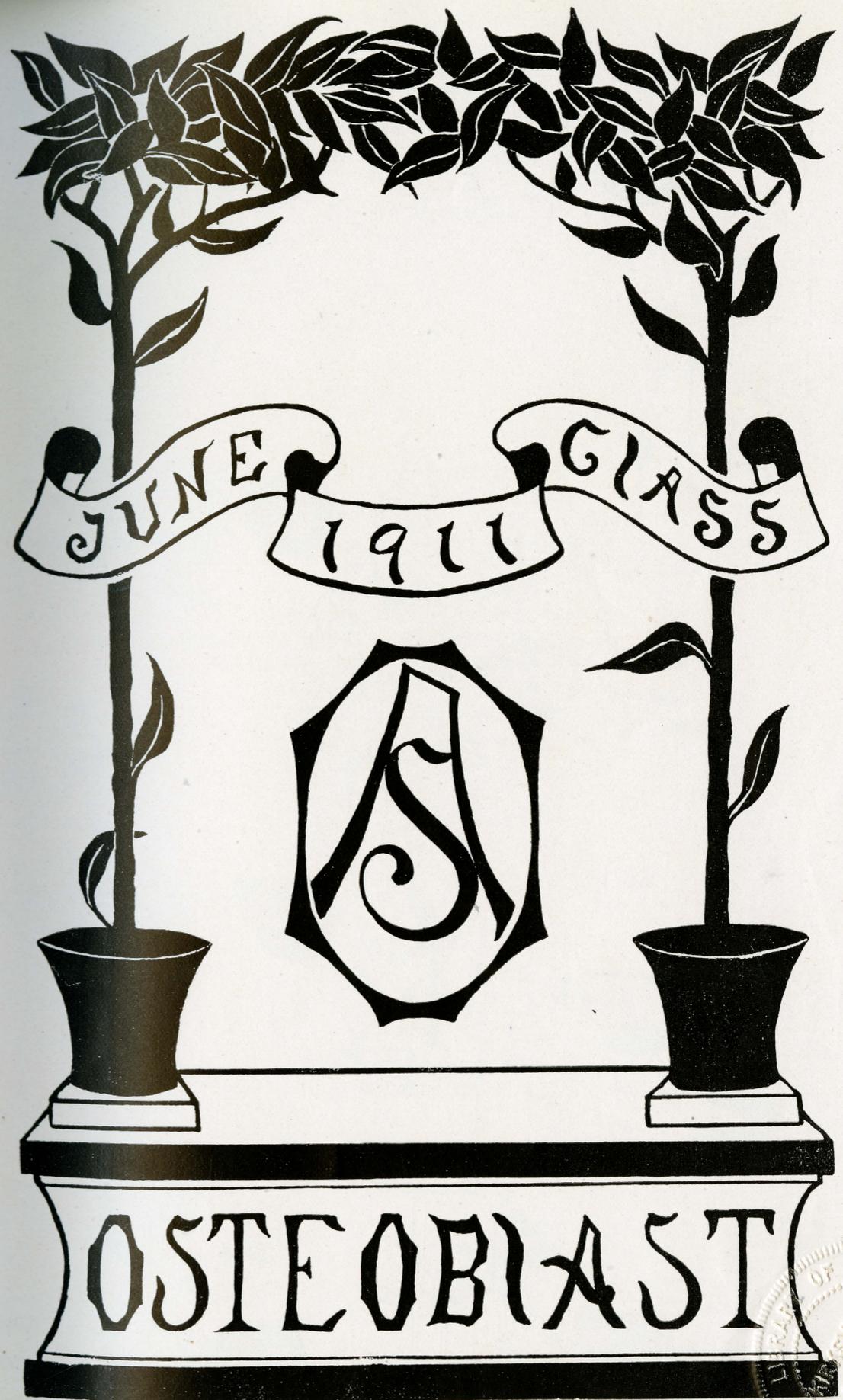


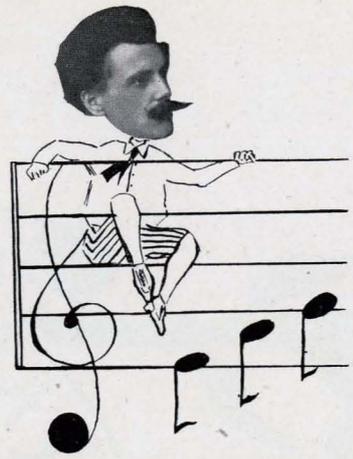
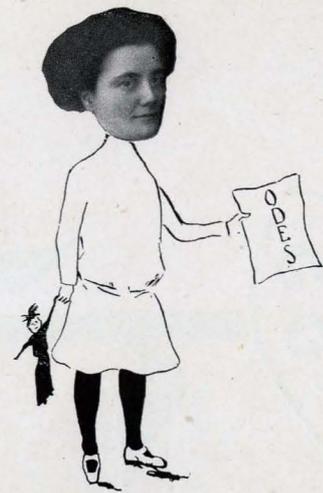
To Mrs. Andrew Taylor Still, the loving wife and companion of our Esteemed "Leader." To her of whom it may be said that none other could have been of more service, by her fidelity and love, to the cause of Osteopathy, we, the Class of 1911, affectionately dedicate this volume.



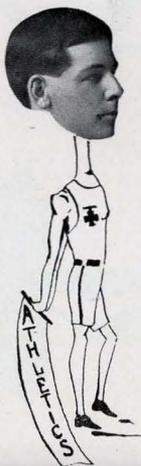
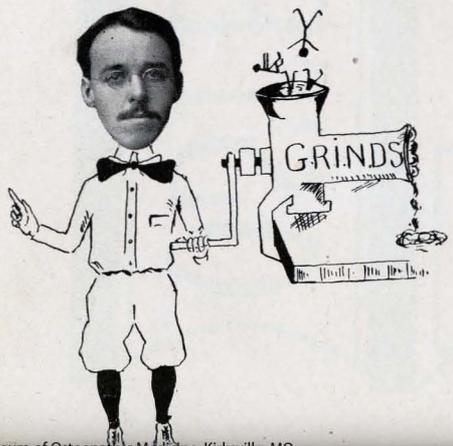
MRS. ANDREW TAYLOR STILL.

"Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds,
But you can't do that when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."
—W. Carleton.





48576



The Staff



GLEN R. INGRAM, Literary Editor.
HATTIE GARROD, Literary Editor.
CHARLES DEJARDIN, Literary Editor.
ELIZABETH BREWSTER, Literary Editor.
THOMAS R. THORBURN, Art Editor.
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PAUL S. EMERSON, Athletic Editor.
MARY E. EMERY, Art Editor.
JAMES F. MINEAR, Literary Editor.

“We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.”



Greeting

HERE it is—the result of much conscientious labor on the part of those representatives of the Junior class to whom its editing was entrusted. It has been the ambition of the members of 1911 to graduate as a concordant body and this spirit of unity and harmony which has characterized us as a class, has also prevailed among the staff who have been instrumental in compiling this volume.

We have endeavored to perfect a book consistent with the progress of our college. Both in the selection of illustrative material and in the arrangement of the statistics, our best efforts have been directed toward making the book interesting alike to professors and students, whom we trust will appreciate the fact that it has been entirely the work of the Junior Class. Not one reference has been made with malice aforethought. It has been our purpose to collect such material and present it in such a manner as will always call forth pleasant memories and happy recollections when we are successful practitioners.

Officers of the School

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Dr. A. T. Still
Dr. C. E. Still
Dr. George M. Laughlin
Dr. Warren Hamilton
Hon. M. D. Campbell

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD.

Dr. A. T. Still, President
Dr. C. E. Still, Vice-President
Hon. M. D. Campbell, Counsel
Dr. Warren Hamilton, Secretary and Treasurer.
Dr. J. A. Quintal, Assistant, Secretary.



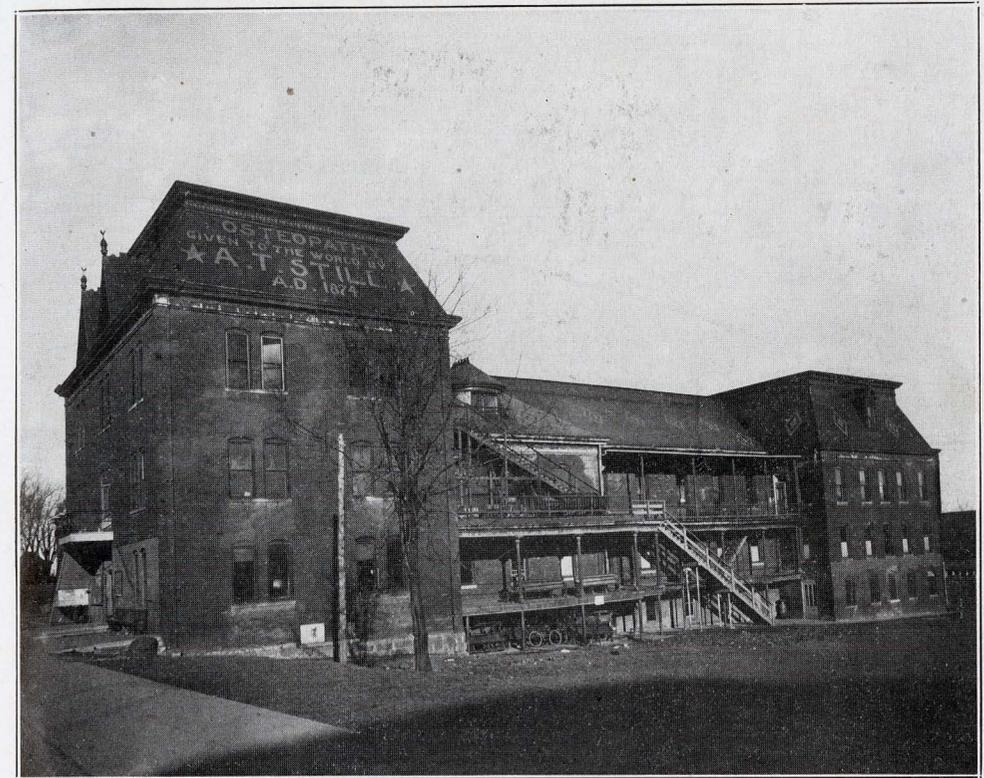
The American School of Osteopathy

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY was chartered and established in 1892. Eighteen years prior to this time Dr. A. T. Still had given Osteopathy to the world as a science of healing. Dr. Still until 1874 had been an honored member of the medical profession. However, he had not been satisfied with the results of drug treatment. In consequence of this dissatisfaction he began research along different lines and after many years of study and investigation, he found that he could relieve suffering humanity without the use of medicine. The hardest of the pioneer work was done by Dr. Still during the years in which he struggled alone to place this new science in its proper sphere. The successes of Dr. Still were many and wonderful, and his fame spread far and wide. Patients came to him in great numbers from all parts of the country. He

was unable to cope with such a large practice, and wishing to educate his sons to assist him, he conceived the idea of founding a school. He first began to demonstrate his ideas to a little band of friends. Many days Dr. Still could be seen in his yard pointing out the truth of his system, and illustrating to them from a skeleton and chart suspended from the limb of a tree.

Like many of our great institutions of today, the American School of Osteopathy did not start on the most promising conditions. The school was first opened in September, 1892 and offered a four month's term. The first class assembled in a modest three roomed cottage on W. Jefferson St., owned and occupied as an office by Dr. Still. It consisted of sixteen earnest and studious men and women, who had cast in their lot with Osteopathy and desired to know the truths of this new system of healing.

The first indication of growth was the erection of a frame building near the

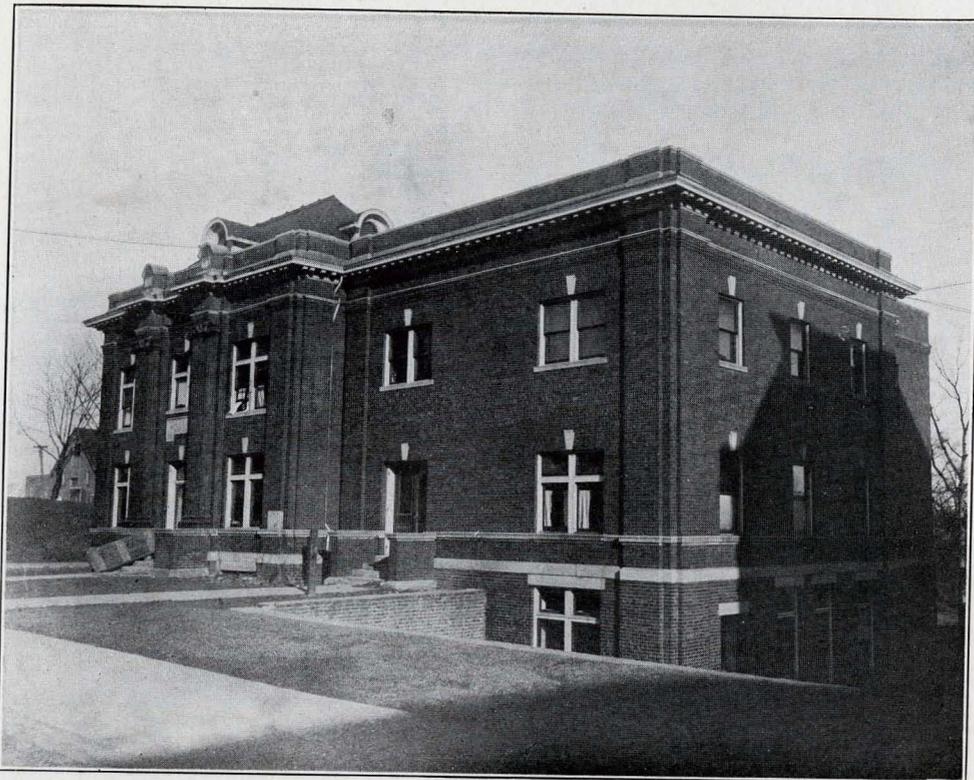


cottage for the use of the educational department, while the cottage was retained for an office and treating purposes. The course of study at this time embraced the two subjects, Anatomy and Osteopathy. Anatomy was taught by Dr. Wm. Smith of the present faculty. Dr. Smith received his medical education in Scotland, having there been associated with some of the world's best anatomists. Passing through Kirksville while travelling in the United States Dr. Smith first heard of Dr. Still and Osteopathy. Being of an investigative turn of mind, he interviewed Dr. Still regarding the new science and its claims. After being convinced that this science was superior to medical therapeutics, he consented to assist Dr. Still in his school. Dr. Still, himself, taught and demonstrated Osteopathy as a science for the treatment and relief of human ailment.

Owing to the rapid growth of the school in 1895 it became necessary to provide new quarters, as the old ones were entirely out-grown. A handsome brick

building was erected on the site of the cottage. The structure was built not only for the school, but also to accommodate the infirmary practice, which had grown to considerable proportions. It was thought at this time that the second building would meet the needs of the school for years to come, if not for all time, but such was not destined to be the case, for again in 1897 two three story additions were added to the second building bringing the main building up to the imposing structure of today.

Dissections for demonstrating anatomy were first made under very adverse



circumstances. Material was scarce and hard to obtain, and the first dissecting room was a small frame structure wholly unsuited for its purpose. It stood just west of the present home of Dr. Still. "Mike" was the first victim of the embryo osteopaths and is the only survivor of those trying times. He may yet be seen as he still maintains his sphinx-like silence, refusing to be interviewed except by Dr. Smith, hence all that has transpired along these lines in the past cannot be told.

Conditions have greatly changed. First, there is a modern building in close proximity to the school, which houses the heating plant, a surgical laboratory, and an up-to-date dissecting room, which will accommodate more than one hundred students; also an abundance of material for dissecting provided by the laws of the State of Missouri. The improvement in the curriculum also kept pace with that of the plant. In 1896 physiology, urinalysis, demonstrative anatomy, and symptomatology were added to the course.

A course in surgery was first offered about this time and in order that surgical cases might be cared for a cottage was built and equipped for a hospital and in it the first surgical operations were performed. Today are taught, not only the subjects mentioned, but practically all subjects that are taught in the leading medical schools of the country, except *Materia Medica*, and in its stead Principles

of Osteopathy and Osteopathic Mechanics. Laboratory work is now being made a feature of the course. Besides the chemical, histological and pathological laboratories there have been added during the past year laboratories for bacteriology, physiology, physiological chemistry and clinical work.

The year 1906 saw another great step of progress in the development of Osteopathy when the new hospital was erected and opened. This was the first exclusively Osteopathic hospital to be established. It can best be described in two departments: first, one strictly private hospital for those desiring the best service and second, two large charity wards. The clinical amphitheater and the operating rooms, which are the most modern and scientifically equipped, are situated within the building.

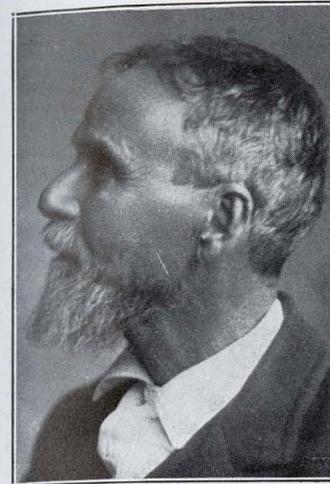
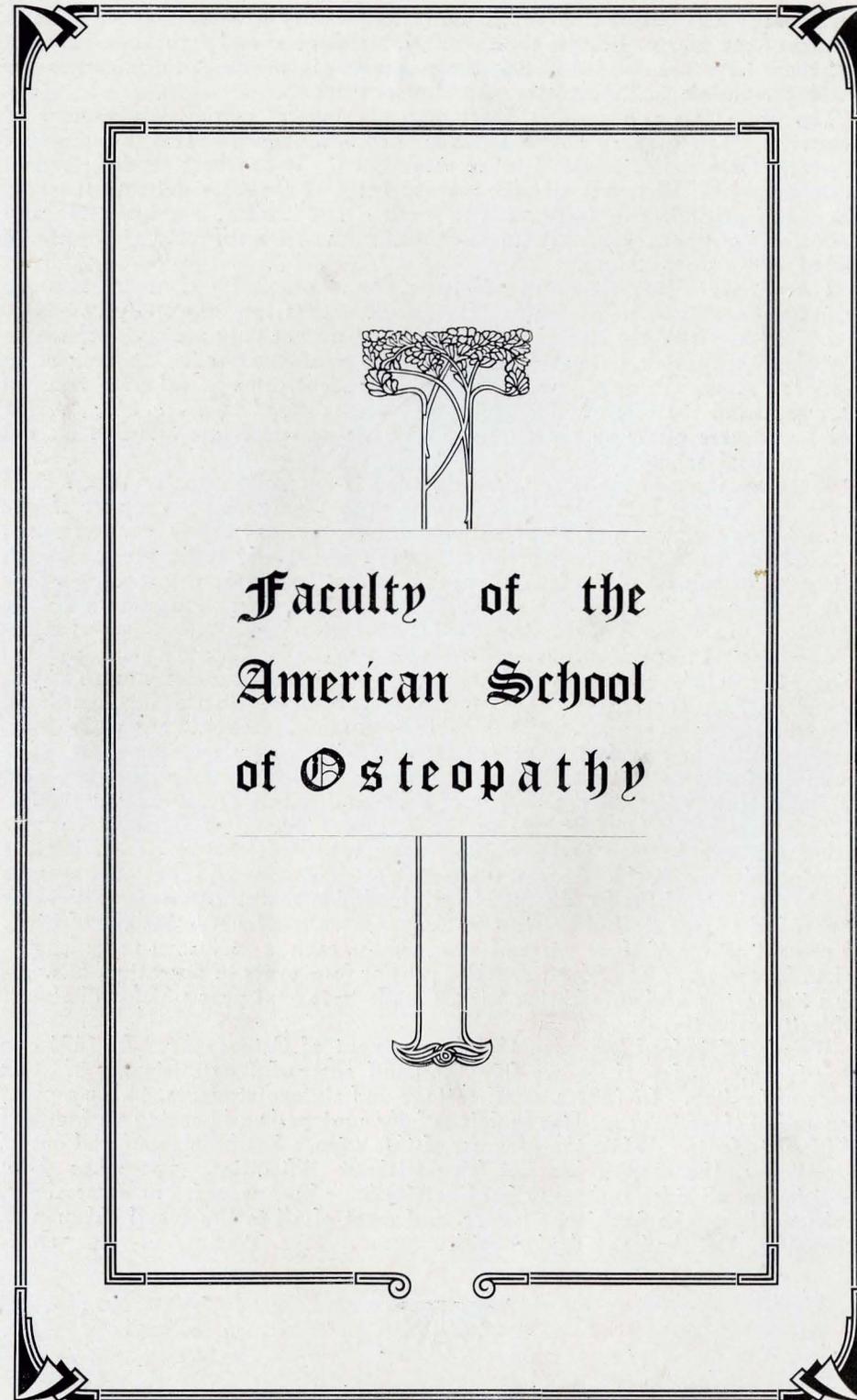
The charity wards are unique features of the hospital and in addition are advantageous ones in many ways. It is seldom that free hospital advantages are enjoyed in a city the size of Kirksville, but here not only are they offered to the residents of the city, but patients coming from outside places are accommodated at very low rates. In these wards, also, each student gains a valuable hospital experience from the internship, which they are required to serve. The varied clinic found here offers to the students advantages which are afforded by the largest medical schools.

When speaking of the hospital, one's mind is naturally directed to the chief surgeon, Dr. George Still. Dr. George while yet a young man is the peer of any surgeon in the country, and is as thorough an Osteopath as any in the profession. Dr. Still need not be eulogized here as his work will testify to his merit through all time. The subject of the hospital cannot be finished without just a few words about the Nurses' Training School, which is maintained in connection with the institution. This course of training was established in order to supply and maintain the hospital force of nurses and make it possible for Osteopathic physicians having patients who require skilled nursing, to have them cared for in an Osteopathic manner. The hospital, as it is today, is complete to the smallest detail and modern in every respect, and has never been found lacking in any emergency. Every practitioner now feels that he can send his patients to a hospital which is conducted along Osteopathic lines, and where they will receive the very best care and attention, be the case either of a surgical nature or otherwise.

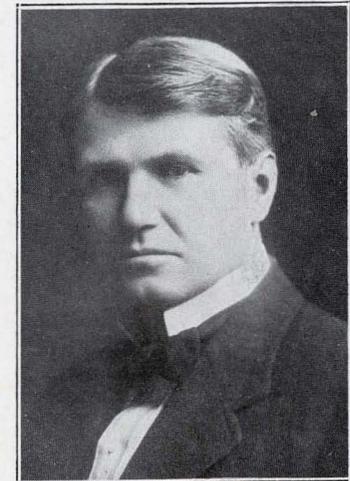
To sum up this brief history of the American School of Osteopathy, only development can be seen in the future. The board of trustees are at present discussing plans whereby a preparatory college, which would be of immense value to students of the future, may be established in this city. The faculty is now composed of a large staff of efficient workers, each a specialist in his line of work. The present course of three years of nine months each is very soon to be lengthened to four years. The hospital, while yet not four years in operation, has outgrown its quarters and an addition will be made to it next year which will almost double its capacity.

Wonderful indeed has been the development of Osteopathy. In 1874 one lone advocate, today there are five thousand successful practitioners of this science of healing. In 1892 a small cottage and sixteen students, today a plant composed of three large modern buildings fully equipped and housing six hundred and fifty students. While the progress of this science has been rapid and out of the ordinary, the growth has not been without difficulties. There has been opposition on all sides and many hard battles have been waged, but successfully, thanks to those who have gone before, and most of all to the grand old man of Osteopathy, Dr. Andrew Taylor Still. G. I.

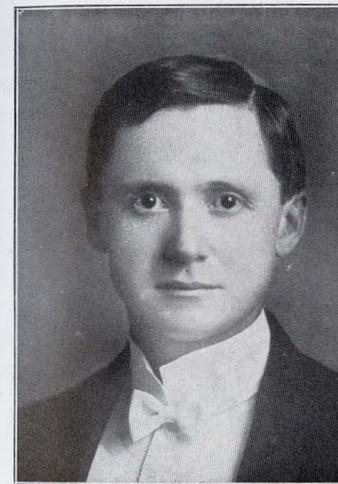




Andrew Taylor Still, M. D.
President.



Charles E. Still, D. O.,
Vice-President.
American School of Osteopathy, 1894



Warren Hamilton, D. O.
Secretary and Treasurer
American School of Osteopathy, 1900.



George Laughlin,
M. S. D., Kirksville State Normal, 1894.
D. O., American School of Osteopathy, 1900.
Practice and Clinics.

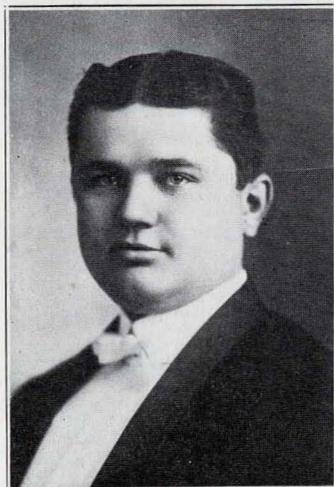


Dr. L. Van H. Gerdine, A. M., M. D., D. O.,
Professor of Pathology, Diagnosis and
and Nervous Diseases.

R. E. Hamilton, M. S., D. O.,
Dean of Faculty and Professor of Histology and
Physiological Chemistry.



George A. Still, M. S., M. D., D. O.,
State Normal 1896.,
Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, 1900.
Northwestern Medical College, Chicago, 1904
American School of Osteopathy, 1905.
American School of Osteopathy Post Graduate,
1906.
Surgeon in Chief, A. S. O.



Frank P. Pratt,
A. B., University of Kansas, 1899.
D. O., A. S. O., 1906.
Descriptive Anatomy and Principles of Osteop-
athy, '06-07.
Physiology—Gynecology, '07-'10.



Earl Laughlin,
D. O., A. S. O., 1903.
Past Graduate, 1904.
Faculty, 1906.

Everett Roscoe Lyda,
Attended K. S. U., and Missouri University
D. O., A. S. O., 1906.
Post Graduate, A. S. O., '07-'08
Principles and Mechanics.



Arthur D. Becker,
Still College of Osteopathy, Des Moines, 1903.
Post Graduate, A. S. O., 1909.
Practiced five years.
Instructor of Practice of Osteopathy, Osteopathic
Manipulations.
Faculty Treating Staff.

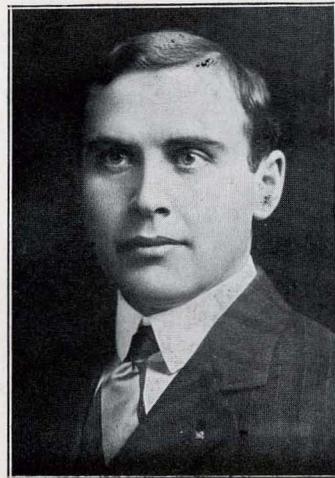


Frank L. Bigsby,
Keokuk Medical College of Physicians and Sur-
geons, Iowa, 1901.
A. S. O., 1903.
Practiced.
Attended Rush Medical and Northwestern
Universities, special study under Dr. Samuel
Gant, New York.
Professor of Histology, Pathology, Bacteriology
and Dog Surgery.

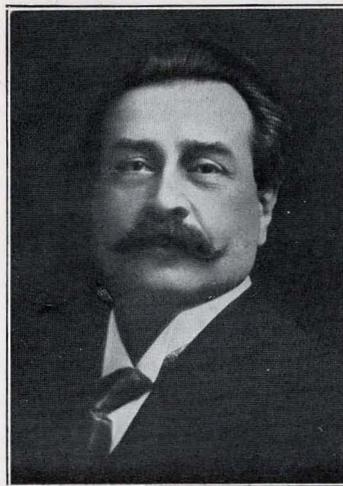




John N. Waggoner,
A. S. O., 1905.
Yale, Conn., 1909.
Post graduate courses in Chicago, New York and
Boston.
Practiced in Eureka Springs, Ark.
Professor of Neurology, Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat
and Veneral diseases, Insanity and Diagnosis.



Chester D. Swope,
D. O., A. S. O., 1908.
Instructor of Chemistry, Osteopathic Manipu-
lations.



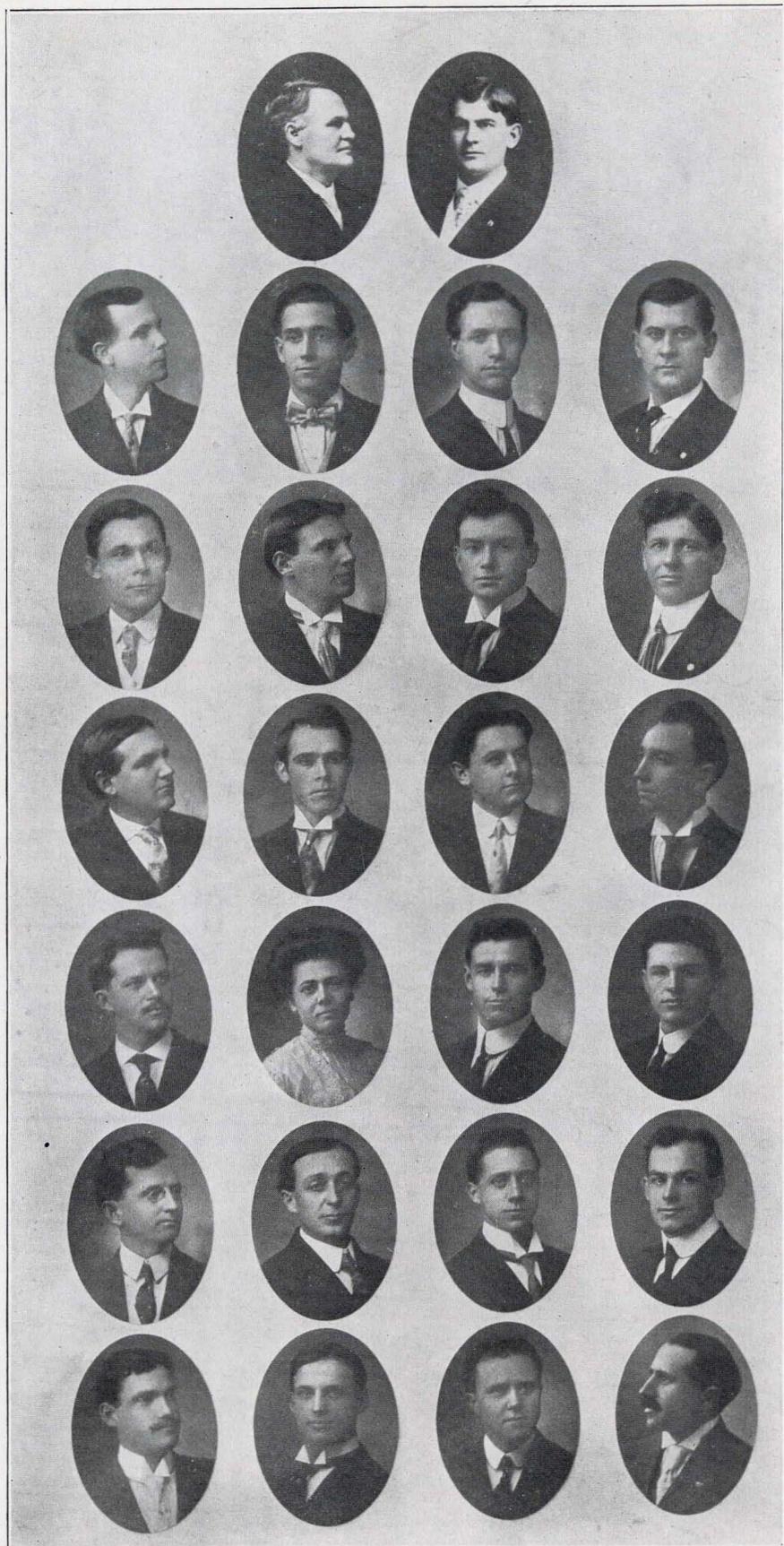
William Smith, M. D., D. O.,
Licentiate of the Royal Colleges of Physicians
and Surgeons, (Edinburgh) and of the Faculty
of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow (Scotland).
Member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society and
Fellow of the Obstetrical Society, Edinburgh;
Honorary Member of the Medico-Legal Society
of New York. Holder of the first Osteopathic
Diploma and the First teacher in any Osteopathic
School.

American School of Osteopathy

Know all men by these presents, that
William Smith, M. D.
having attended a full course of Lectures on, and
Demonstrations of Osteopathy, and having, after due
examination, been found fully qualified to practise the
Art in all its branches, is hereby conferred by me
with the title Diplomate in Osteopathy.

Given at Kirksville, Missouri
this, the 15th day of February 1893

A. J. Still.
President



Assistants

First Row—¹Reginald Platt '10. ²Walter Grow '10.

Second Row—Arthur C. Hardy '11. Mercen C. Hurd '11, Will W. Grow '11

Third Row—³Tunis J. Emley '11, ⁴Aura B. Ford '11, Leonard E. Staff '11, ⁴Michael E. O'Bryan '11.

Fourth Row—Arthur Cole '11, Wm. Smith '12. J. S. Whitehead '11, James L. Walker '11.

Fifth Row—W. H. Andrus '10. Pauline Dietrich '12. Royal W. Neff '10. ⁵W. O. Sweek '10.

Sixth Row—Edward S. Mitterling '11. ⁶John Deason '10. Arthur S. Hollis '12. Ellis J. Carel '11.

Seventh Row—Ralph W. Walton '11. Eugene C. Waters '11. ⁷Marion A. Boyes '11. Keene B. Phillips '11.

¹ In charge of Pathological Laboratory.

² In charge of Anatomical Laboratory.

³ In charge of Chemical Laboratory.

⁴ Prosectors.

⁵ Pathologist to A. S. O. Hospital.

⁶ In charge of Bacteriological and Physiological Laboratories.

⁷ In charge of Histological Laboratory.



Post Graduates

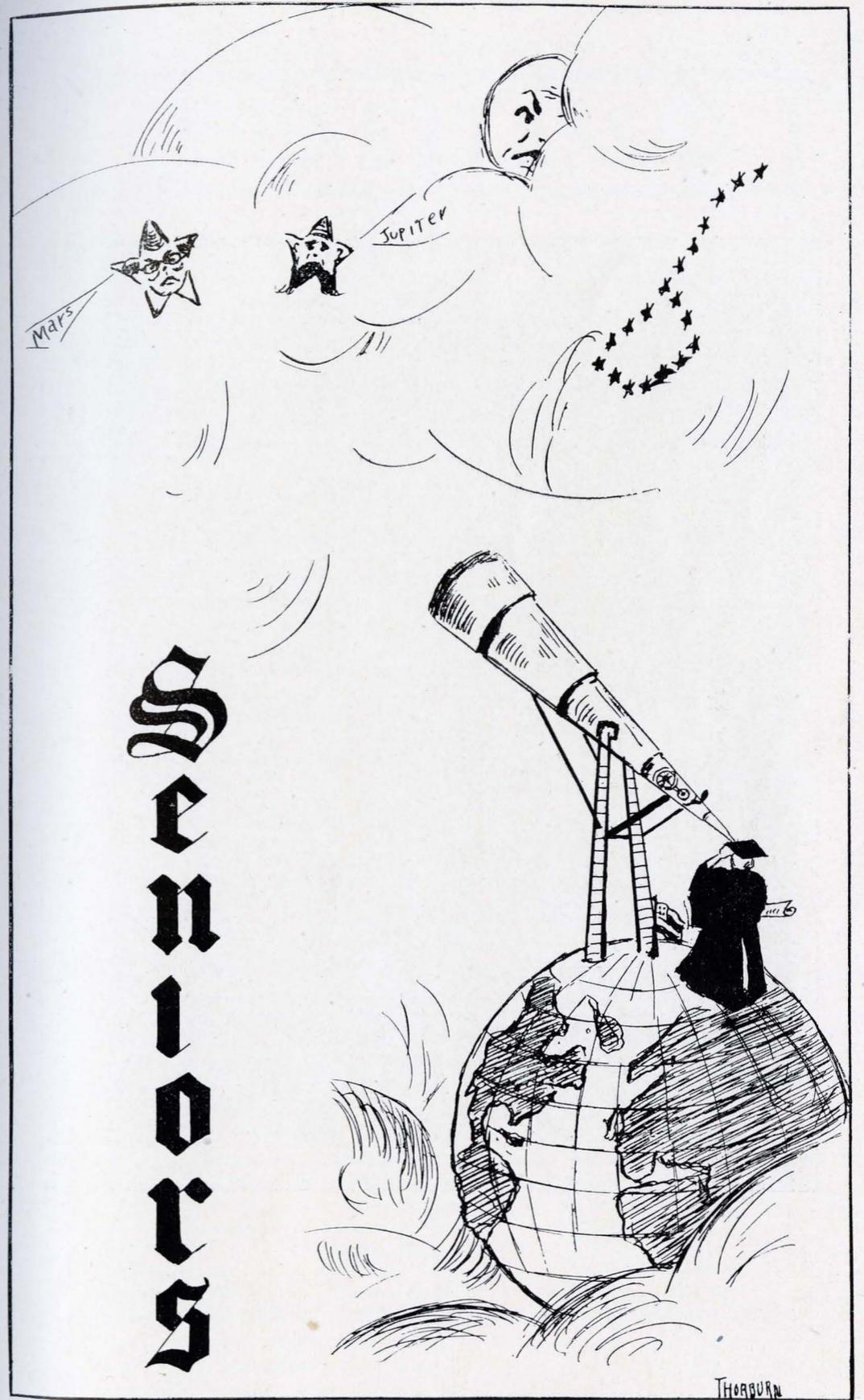


Top Row

Dr. Alice Skyberg Gooden
Dr. Della Kevil Stevens
Dr. Mary E. Perrett
Dr. Clara E. Morrow
Dr. Margaret S. Thompson
Dr. Carrie E. Mundie
Dr. W. H. Marshall
Dr. J. C. Glasgow

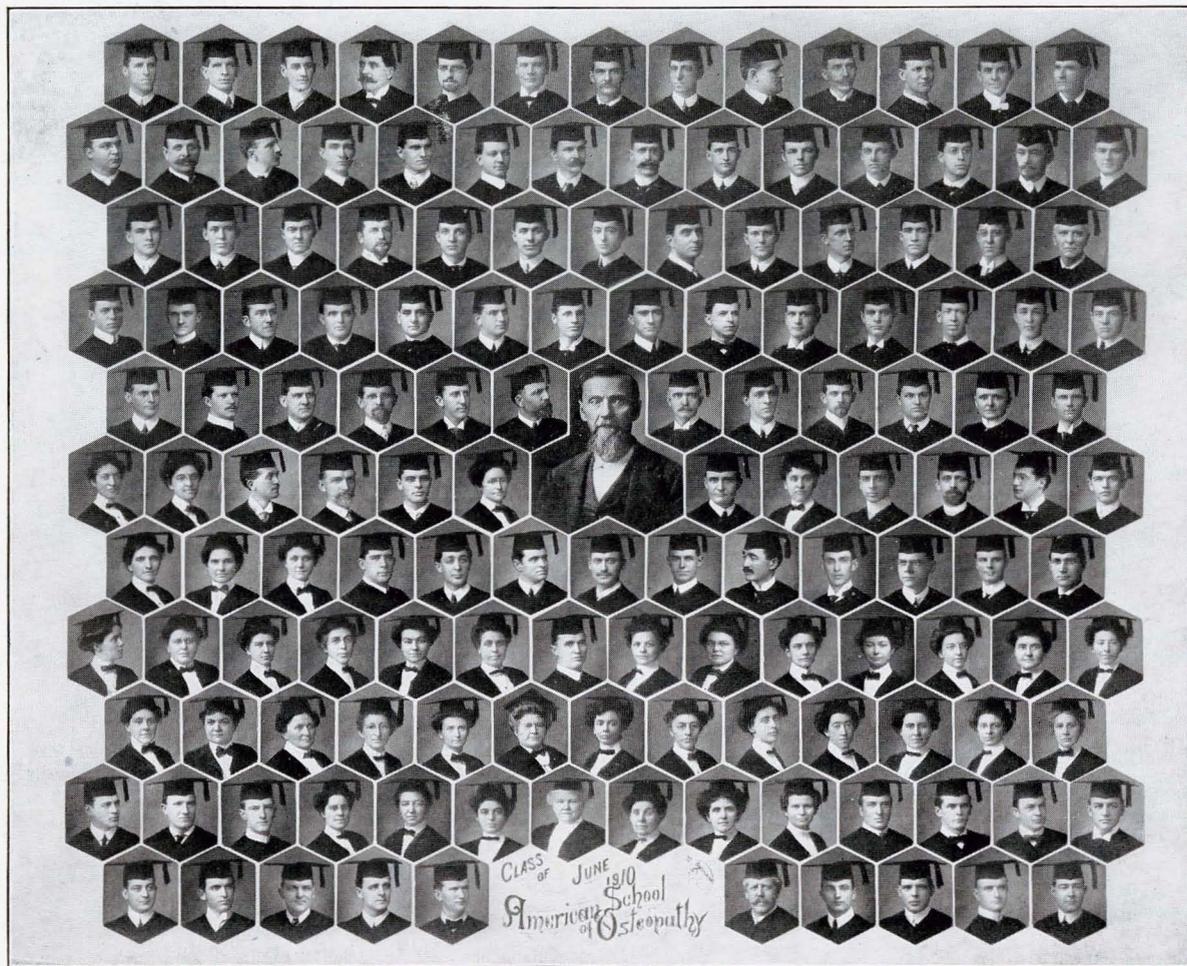
Second Row

Dr. A. K. S. Calvert
Dr. H. C. Phelps
Dr. J. N. Thompson
"Old Doctor"
Dr. C. E. Shifflett
Dr. J. E. Derck
Dr. J. A. Vreeland



Seniors

THORBURN



JUNE CLASS

1910

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Andrus, W. H. | Hastings, T. E. | Purdy, V. W. |
| Avery, Frank | Haven Mrs. Typhena | Purdoim, Miss Zudie |
| Bean, E. H. | Hayden, Bruce L. | Reynolds, D. I. |
| Becker, B. H. T. | Hays, Ralph | Rogers, Mrs. Ida M. |
| Bingham, L. J. | Holmes, Mrs. L. H. | Sash, Ida M. |
| Blue, Coral E. | Hoxsie, Bismarck | Schreiner, John S. |
| Brackett, Chas. N. | Hubbard, Lula | Sears, Harriet |
| Burk, Millie | Johanson, P. E. | Sears, Pauline. |
| Burnett, Fred G. | Kaiser, I. H. | Sherriffs, Mary |
| Burney, Aphra M. | Keller, Fred B. | Shortridge, Rosette |
| Blanchard, Lydia C. | Kemp, E. C. | Shultz, R. W. |
| Craft, Mrs. M. C. | Kirkbride, H. C. | Slaughter, J. T. |
| Campbell, Ida S. | Koeling, W. J. | Smith, E. H. |
| Carle, Robert L. | Krill, J. F. | Smith, F. L. |
| Carney, E. B. | Lacy, H. N. | St. John, F. M. |
| Carver, Hattie T. | Larmoyeux, Helen E. | Stryker, Wm. R. |
| Chesebrough, Edna | La Rue, Chas. M. | Sutton, Emilie V. |
| Clark, Elizabeth L. | Laws, Helen A. | Sweek, Wm. O. |
| Clark, Fred D. | Learner, H. W. | Savage, Jas. A. |
| Clore, Wm. A. | Learner, Mrs. H. W. | Sherill, C. M. |
| Coplantz, Russ | Levegood, Robert R. | Starkweather, Mrs. L. |
| Covey, G. E. | Loring, Margaret L. | Snapp, A. J. |
| Craig, Irvin Fish | Lovell, F. A. | Tandy, R. T. |
| Craig, Mrs. Eva M. | Lyda E. L., | Taylor, Lily T. |
| Cramer, O. H. | Mcknight, Isadora | Thomas, R. M. |
| Curtis, J. L. | McWilliams, R. A. | Thomas, M. E. |
| Deason, J. | Munice, C. H. | Thompson, W. H. |
| Davies, Owen P. | Manchester, F. P. | Thorn, F. E. |
| Davis, E. E. | Marshall, C. | True, Wm. F. |
| Davis, J. W. | Maxwell, E. O. | Ventress, K. C. |
| Day, L. E. | Mendenhall, M. S. | Ventress, Mrs. K. C. |
| Deitz, P. L. | Meyer, F. J. | Vincent, Euna J. |
| Dellinger, J. L. | Moore, D. V. | Van Osdol, O. |
| DeWolfe, Winifred P. | Moore, Coyt | Waldo, Wm. E. |
| Erwin, Hubert C. | Morris, F. W. | Wallin, Lena |
| Evans, Mrs. C. H. | Morris, L. O. | Warner, Maude L. |
| Fraker, Frank | Munger, Wm. R. | Watkins, H. E. |
| Fullford, H. J. | Murphy, Mrs. Verna | Weidlein, F. H. |
| Gair, E. Florence | Murphy, O. H. | Westfall, E. H. |
| Garlinghouse, A. J. | Neff, Royal W. | Westfall, W. R. |
| Geyer, E. M. | Newbury, Elizabeth | Wetzel, Carl. |
| Givens, J. P. O. | Nichols, Paul S. | Wheeler, J. E. |
| Good, Ezra | Norris, Frank L. | White, Meredith |
| Good Milton | Nyberg, M. O. | Wilke, L. G. |
| Gooden, A. E. | Orrison, L. A. | Williams, E. D. |
| Groenewoud, Mrs. J. | Parker, Grace J. | Wilson, Grace |
| Gross, Albertina M. | Peterson, E. O. | Wilson, G. S. H. |
| Groth, A. C. | Platt, Reginald | Wirt, F. C. |
| Hallock, L. K. | Plymell, Geo. W. | Woodruff, E. V. |
| Hanson, Chas. P. | Porter, A. H. | Wright, Lydia H. |
| Harkins, Marie H. | Poulter, Alley Ora | Young, Lillian, G. |

1910 HISTORY

The third and last chapter of the history of the Class of 1910 will be short. We might say that we have accomplished everything we came to Kirksville for, and then quit; but we will tarry just a moment and mention a few of the events that come to our memory first, as this will be our last word with you.

We told you in the first and second chapters of our history how on the gridiron at the class rush game, on the diamond, and in the class room we had defeated every opponent. We have no defeats to apologize for in this chapter. No tie-games mar our record. We do not call ourselves "undefeated". We have been the winner in every contest. All a rival has had to do was to make a noise like a chip on his shoulder, when off we would knock it.

Well, let us walk over to the athletic field in the spring of our Junior year and survey the base-ball score board:—

Class of 1910—10	Class of 1911—9.
Class of 1910—17	Class of January 1912—4.
Class of 1910—9	Class of 1909—5.

The three games were won so quickly and so handily that our good pitcher Meredith White, seldom had to exert himself.

Everything won thus far, we took to the field for our summer practices, to try our skill at battling against disease (and poverty). Figures are not available to show exactly how many thousand !! dollars we cleaned up, but at least one of our members made enough to defray his car-fare back to Kirksville. The few that could not get out of town held office hours at the Infirmary, cutting more or less deeply into the four hundred required treatment.

Summer gone, we returned for our senior year. An election of officers held during the second week resulted as follows:

William E. Waldo, President.
Frank A. Lovell, Vice-President.
R. M. Thomas, Secretary,
Oscar VanOsdol, Treasurer.

Early in the senior year is when one feels his chest expand—'cause all the buttons have dropped off his vest. One's patients call him "Doctor". How welcome, that word! It is the nearest to "Thanks" that he receives from some of his patients. What a scramble for patients to treat! How proud and boastful are those who have twenty (or less!) What fun, this treating! Soon it is winter. One's tally of treatments has reached 400, 500, 6000. The last semester is on. One commences to review for those frightful state board examinations. He has little time to devote to treating now. Several of his

old patients are attacked by acute diseases of winter and call upon him to treat them. He has to do it. He must study his lessons. He wants to review. He is simply up in the air mentally and over his head in work. This is general, but it fits the lives of most seniors during the winter months.

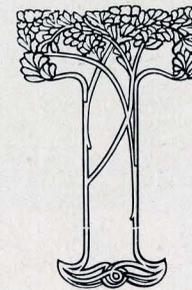
To return more specifically to events—the mid-year and last election of class officers resulted in the election of Kit. C. Ventress for president. The life efforts of Brother Ventress were at last crowned with success. From years in the pulpit to the final chairman of the class meetings of the Class of 1910 entitles him to a page in "Who's Who—and Why." Mrs. K. C. Ventress was elected vice-president, but only after the protest that she never had occupied a position second to her husband and did not want to now. Mrs. H. W. Learner was our choice for secretary and J. F. Krill for treasurer.

We could mention many other details in our history; we might tell you about the various marriages that have taken place, and how glad we were to lose our only Cutter; but this volume will be large enough without our going into greater detail.

Our patients have all been cured. We are buried in our books and quiz-classes. Let the finish come.

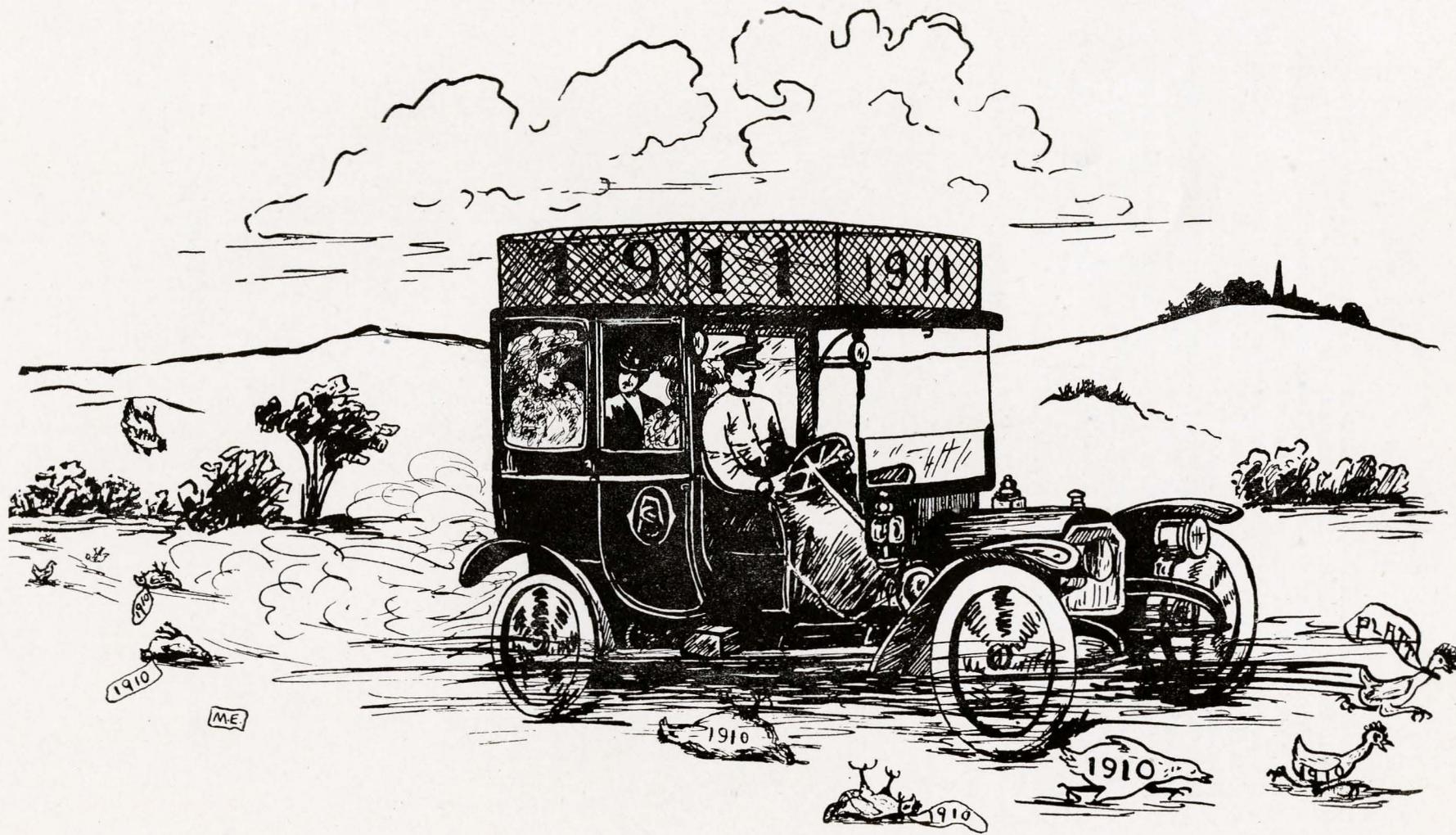
Good-bye, Pap.
Good-bye, Dr. Charlie.
Good-bye, Teachers.
Good-bye, Juniors.
Good-bye, Freshmen.

—Homer E. Watkins.

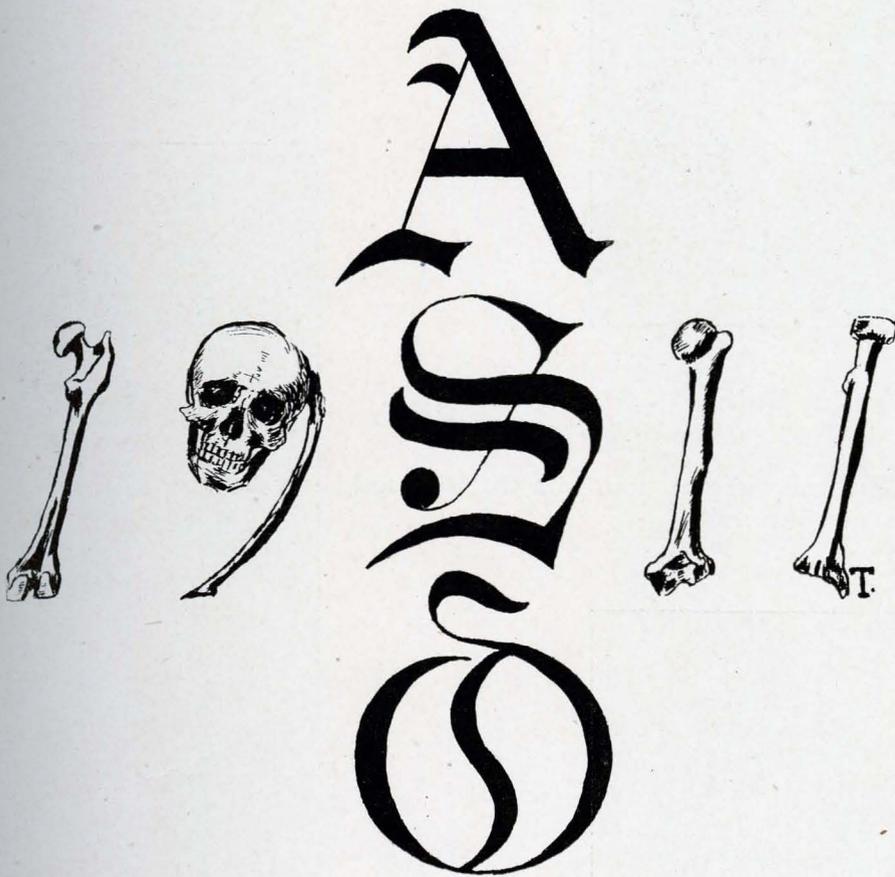


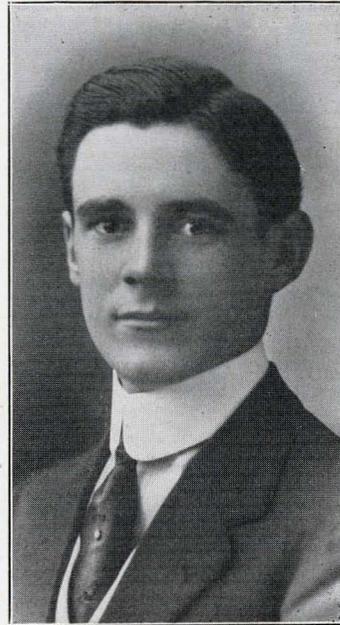
"There is nothing, either so good or bad, but thinking, makes it so."

Hamlet.



ARTS

The word 'ARTS' is rendered in a large, black, gothic-style font. The letter 'A' is at the top, followed by 'R', 'T', 'S', and 'O' at the bottom. To the left of the 'R' is a long bone, possibly a radius. To the left of the 'T' is a human skull. To the right of the 'T' is another long bone, possibly a tibia. To the right of the 'S' is a long bone, possibly a femur. To the right of the 'O' is a long bone, possibly a humerus.



Charles J. Alexander, Charleston, Ill.

"Alex"

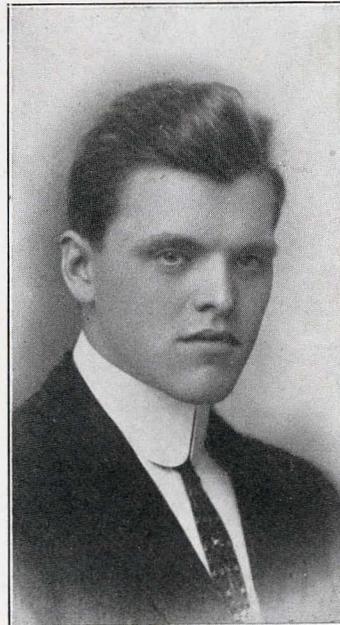
"Hang Sorrow! Care will kill a cat—and therefore let's be merry."

F. Arminta Bailey,

St. Louis, Mo.

"Minta"

"She was a woman, now, with the heart and hope of a woman."



Fred D. Baker,

Jamaica, N. Y.

"Fritz"

"Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health."



Ralph P. Baker,

Delaware, Ohio.

"Cupid"

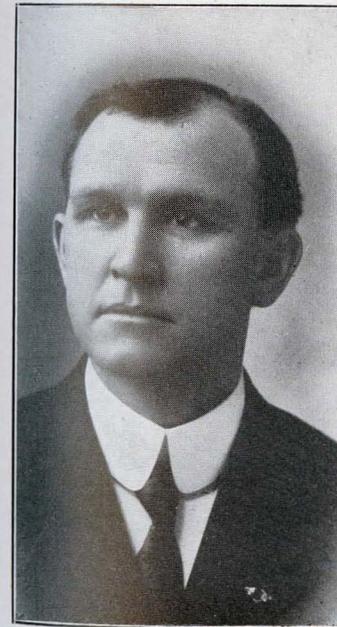
"Wee One," "Tiny," and "Shorty," and "Bake"
We love them all for Burney's sake.

Isabel Barber,

PawPaw, Mich.

"Belle"

"She hath a unique affliction,
She is called a sensible girl."



Herbert S. Beckler,

Columbus, Ohio.

"Herbie"

"I winna blaw about myself,
As ill I like my fauts to tell,
But friends, an folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me,
Tho I maun own, as mony still
As far abuse me."



Mrs. Jennie K. Beckler, Columbus, Ohio.

"Jennie"

"If you could make a pudding without thinking of the batter, it would be easy getting dinner."

Arthur V. Benedict, Woodstock, Ohio.

"Bennie"

"The wise, for cure on exercise depend,
God never made His work for man to mend."



Thomas L. Bennett, Owensboro, Ky.

"Tom"

"May our purses always be heavy,
And our hearts always light."



Walter R. Benson, Moravia, Iowa.

"Wattie"

"Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not,
What he remembers, seems to have forgot."

Frederick A. Bereman, Layons, Kansas.

"Berry"

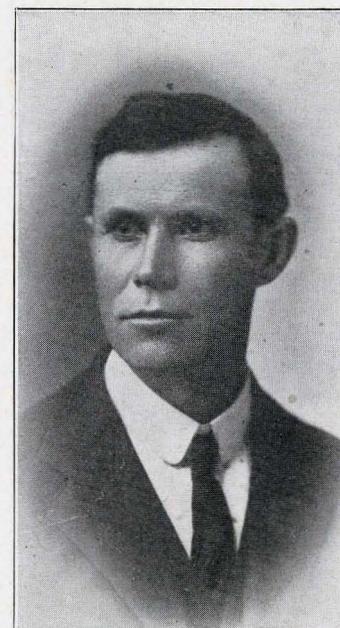
"Never let our eyes be keener when we look
upon the faults of others, than when we survey
our own."



Hugh L. M. Betzner, Berlin, Ontario.

"Betty"

"He dares the world and, eager for a name,
He thrusts about and jostles into fame."





Alice Bierbower, Colfax, Ill.
 "Allie"
 "Work is my recreation."

Matilda Blunck, Vermillion, S. Dakota.
 "Fraulein"

Eine bezanbernde Fraulein.
 Some trouble with English. She finally learned that you say get up, not sit down, to a horse.



Marion A. Boyes, Aux Vasse, Mo.
 "Prof."
 Real genuine sorghum when it comes to soliciting advertising.



Edward C. Brann, Tuscola, Ill.
 "Chops"
 "Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heaven invites, Hell threatens," but — — — — ?

Elizabeth Brewster, Beatrice, Neb.
 "Beth"
 Saucy, natty, and neat,
 Intelligent and mighty sweet.



John C. Burnett, Hartford, Conn.
 "Poky"
 "Yet not in action, word, or eye, failed aught in courtesy."





Chauncey M. Bush, Syracuse, N. Y.
"Anneheuser"

Fired with ambition, good conversation-
alist, good company.

Frederick H. Butin, Enid, Okla.
"Butt in"

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise,
Nae fool'ry tho' ye do despise,
The hairum, scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattling squad;
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road!



Allen B. Caine, Racine, Wis.
"Pedagogue"

"True hearted friend of all true friendliness,
brother of all true brotherhood."

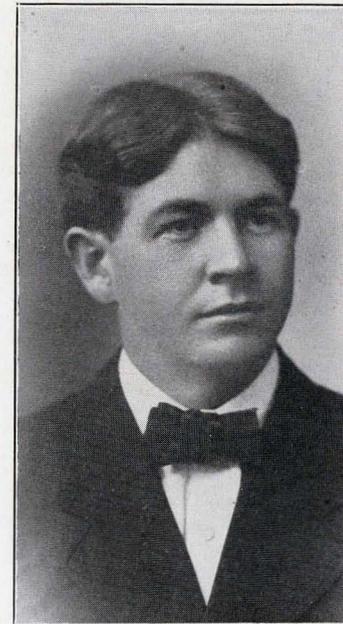


Edward H. Calvert, Selma, Ohio.
"Cal"

"Man was made to mourn"
But this one does not.

Bula B. Cameron, Wahpeton, N. D.
"Biff"

"For she is wise if I can judge her,
And fair she is if that mine eyes be true."



Ernest M. Cannon, Leitchfield, Ky.
"Big-gun"

"Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a peal of thunder."



Ellis J. Carel, Liberty, Mo.
 "Squeeze"
 "They want no guest; they need's must be each others own best company."



Lillian L. Carter, Greenville, S. C.
 "Cartier"
 "'Tis said that she hath a generous soul."



Charles H. Chandler, Independence, Kans.
 "Cholly"
 "He is great who confers the most benefits."



Mrs. Ruth B. Chandler, Independence, Kans.
 "Ruthie"
 "May we have the wit to discover what is true and the fortitude to practice what is true."

Mrs. Julia J. Chase, Portland, Me.
 "Lady"
 "An excellent sweet lady."



Thomas E. Childress, Baring, Mo.
 "Sonny"
 "Praise is deeper than the lips."



Dorr C. Crocker, Beatrice, Nebr.
"Dorr—Dorras,—Dorrat."

Although his name is very latin,
He has a voice as fine as satin.
Make him a doctor against his will,
And he would be an Actor still.

Mary G. Crossman, Taunton, Mass.
"Buzz"

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong
in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger
thereby."



J. W. Crum, Barlow, Florida.
"Tad"

"The time we live out, not to be computed
by the number of years, but by the use that has
been made of it."

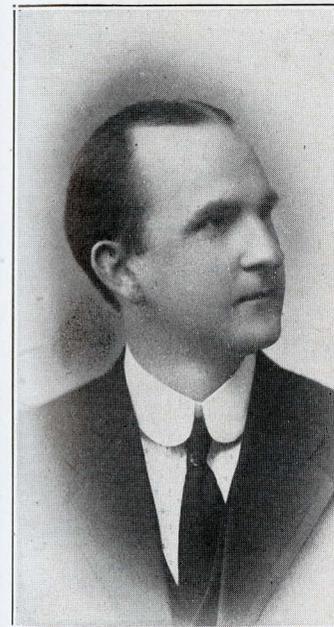


William E. Crutchfield, Durham, N. C.
"Crutch"

"For a crowd is not company and faces are
but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling
cymbal where there is no love."

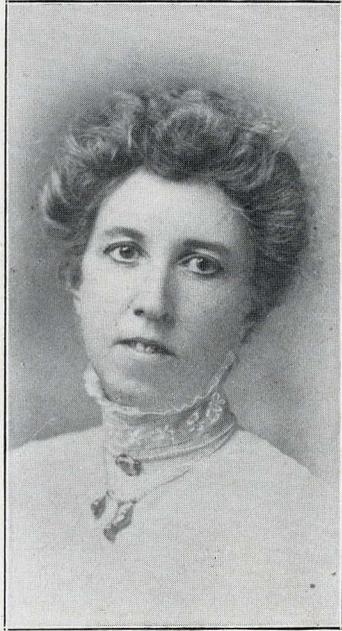
Reignald E. Cunningham, Leitchfield, Ky.
"Rex"

The ladies! Our arms are their defense,
Their arms, our recompense.



Fred J. Dawson, Jackson, Tenn.
"Freddie"

"Strong men have strong convictions and
one man with a belief is stronger and greater
than a thousand who have only interests."

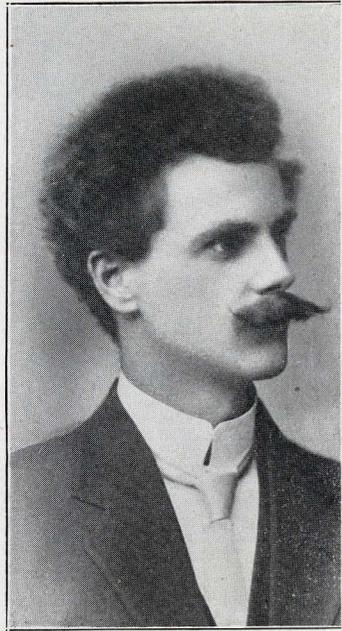


Mrs. Edith J. Dejarain, Toronto, Ont.
"Duck"

She has a quiet sweetness,
A nature far above,
A woman whom to know,
Is but to love.

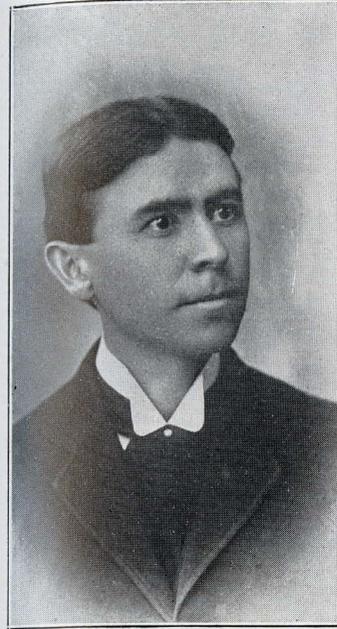
Charles Dejarain, Toronto, Ont.
"Curly"

"I am merry when I hear sweet music."



Vera E. Derr, Fostoria, Ohio.
"Dear"

"No life is so strong and complete
But it yearns for the smile of a friend."



Emmett P. Dougherty, Owensboro, Ky.
"Colonel."

"Here's that ye may never dye, nor be kilt
till ye break your bones over a bushel of glory."

Elroy C. Downey, Paris, Ill.
"Deacon"

"The world is upheld by the veracity of good
men."



Llewellyn M. Dykes, Bristol, Tenn.
"Turtle"

"Slow and steady wins the race."



Helen D. Earle, "Caanan", Esmont, Va.
"Nellie"

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Vernon H. Edson, Williamstown, Vt.

"The reason why men who mind their own business succeed is because they have so little competition."



Mrs. Anna Edson, Williamstown, Vt.
"Teddy"

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."



Mrs. Emma H. Edwards, St. Louis, Mo.
"Emma"

"Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven, lighted her soul."

James Edwards, St. Louis, Mo.

"Corns"

Always standing for the right.



Paul S. Emerson, Richmond, Ind.
"Emmie"

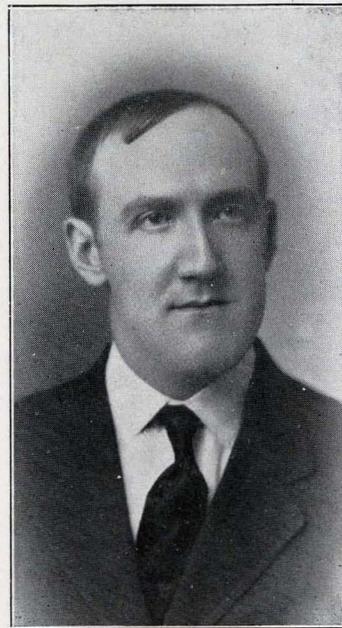
Earnest and sincere.





Mary E. Emery, Somerville, Mass.
 "Birdie"
 "Age cannot wither nor customs stale her infinite variety."

Tunis J. Emley, Sidney, Ohio.
 "Tunie"
 "Man is an eternal mystery even to himself."

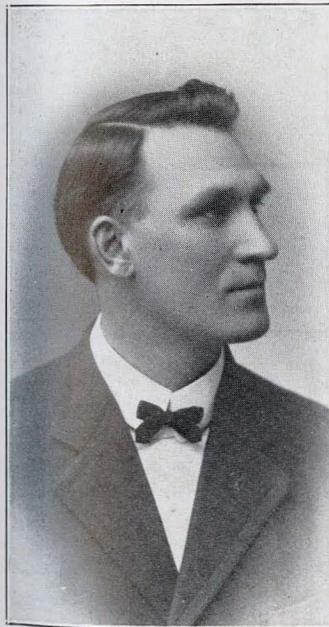


John G. Evans, Newton, Iowa.
 "Jack"
 "O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful! and yet again wonderful and after that out of all whooping!"



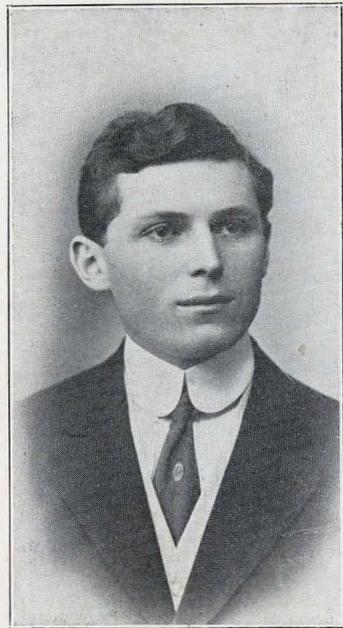
Council E. Faddis, Chicago, Ill.
 "Fad"
 "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Mrs. Jennie W. Ferguson, Washta, Iowa.
 "Brevior"
 "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."



Raymond B. Ferguson, Washta, Ia.
 "Longior"
 "Conservative men are like paper weights, they hold things down but never move."





Gervase C. Flick, Altoona, Penn.
 "Jerry"
 I have no other than a woman's reason;
 I think him so because I think him so.

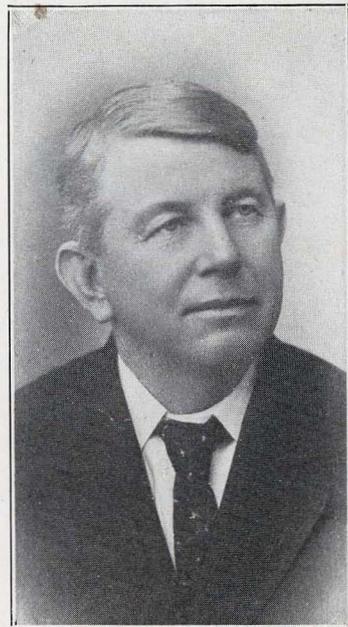
James F. Foncannon, Kirksville, Mo.
 "Daddy"

"If you see a hand or a limb, you know the trunk to which it belongs is there behind."



Aura B. Ford, Kirksville, Mo.
 "Bud"

One glorious architecture of sinew and muscle, but with all a voice and manner as gentle as a woman's.



J. P. Flynn, Los Angeles, Cal.
 "Irish"

"Here's to the love that lies in woman's eyes and lies and lies and lies."

May Foster, Laredo, Texas.
 "Skeeter"

"In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Showed she was come of gentle race."



Mabel E. Fouch, Parma, Idaho.
 "Fouchie"

"She is a soft landscape of mild earth where all is harmony and calm and quiet."



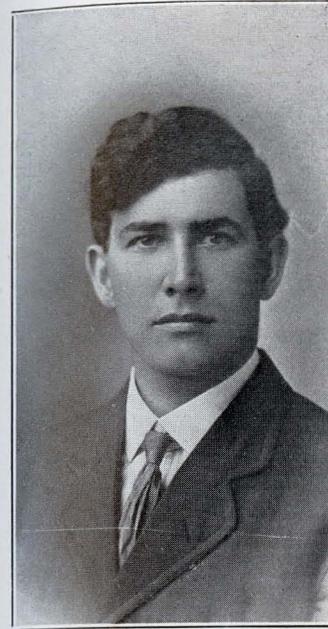


Mrs. Hattie Garrod, Winnepeg, Manitoba.
"Dolly"
And we all like "Billy's girl."

J. A. Gillespie, Honaker, Va.
"Jiggs"
"A fair maiden smiled on me, once."



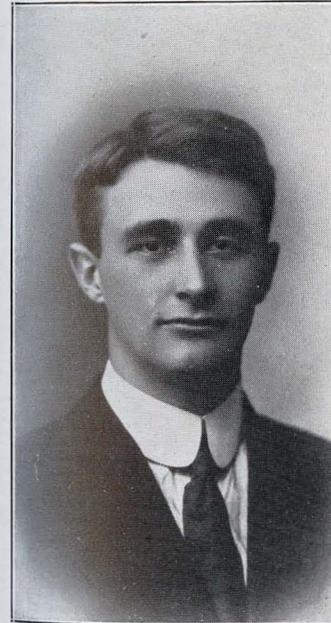
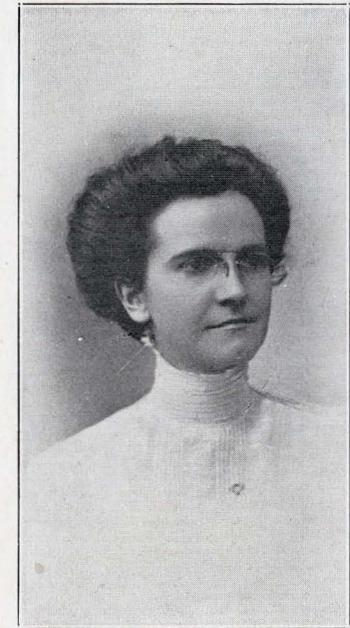
Clayton H. Goodell, Toledo, O.
"Goodie"
"A man so well contented with himself
that he never looks into a mirror."



Fred W. Graham, Hammond, Ill.
"Tousle"

"My character may be my own, but my reputation belongs to any old body that enjoys gossiping more than telling the truth."

Caroline I. Griffin, East Grandby, Conn.
"Ginger"
"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

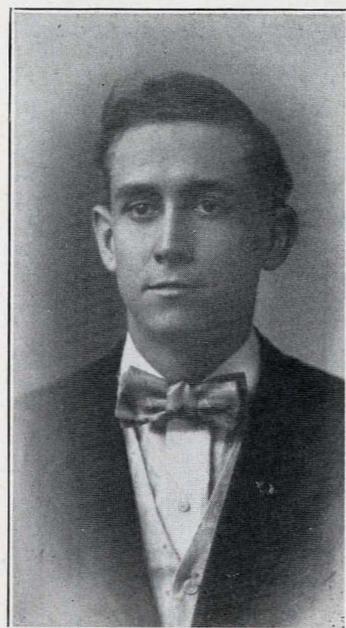


Chester A. Griffin, Lansing, Mich.
"Griff"

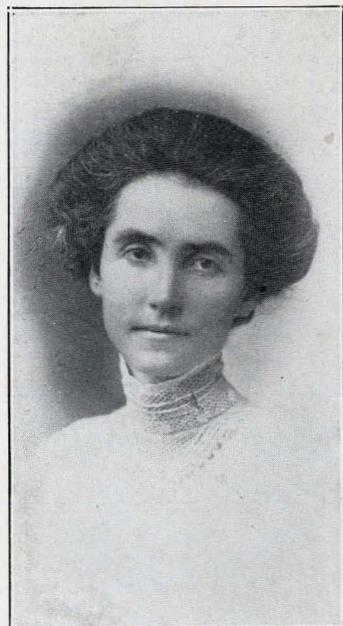
"'Tis not indeed my talent to engage in lofty trifles or to swell my page with wind and noise."



Will W. Grow, Danville, Ind.
 "Willie"
 "The particular man aims to be somebody."



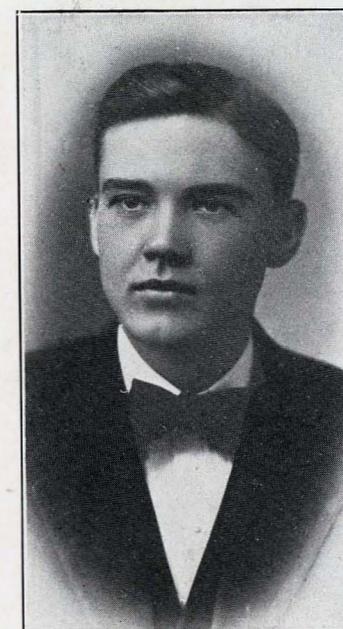
Arthur C. Hardy, Lockhart, Tex.
 "Art"
 "Diligence is the mother of good fortune."



Rebecca E. Harkins, Blairsville, Penn.
 "Beckie"
 "She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise."



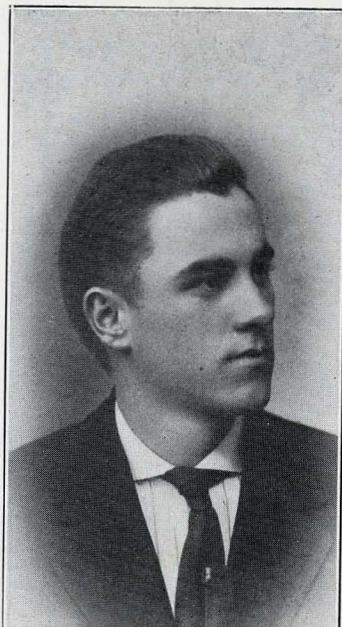
Locious A. Harris, Dayton, Wash.
 "Mousie"
 "There was a little man and he had a little soul,
 And he said, 'Little soul let us try, try, try.'"



John H. Hastings, Grant City, Mo.
 "Happy"
 "Live to help others live."

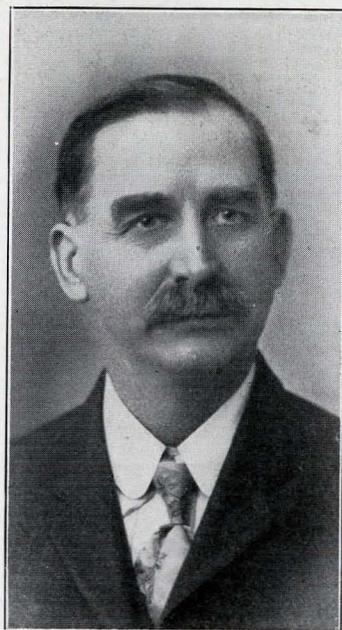


Harriet A. Hitchcock, Redfield, Kans.
 "Hattie"
 "Content to do her duty, and finding duty done, a full reward."



Rolla Hook, Cherokee, Iowa.
 "Unciform"
 "A hearty grasp, an honest eye, a voice which means the things it says."

John E. Hoskins, Coin, Iowa.
 "Farmer"
 "His corn and his cattle his only care,
 His surpeme delight, a county fair."

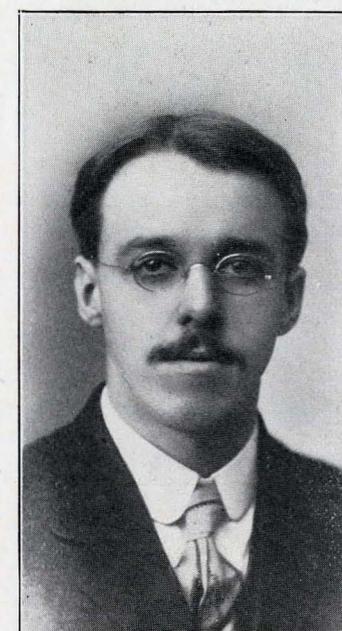


Charles G. Howard, Canton, Ill.
 "Cha"
 "For everything you have missed, you have gained something else."



Mary S. Howells, Albany, N. Y.
 "Mary"
 "Silence is golden" so they say,
 And surely it is wisdom's way.

Allan P. Howells, Hamilton, N. Y.
 "Sunny Jim"
 "There is no substitute for thorough-going ardent sincere earnestness."



Mrs. Lucy M. Hull, Iola, Kansas.
 "Lou"
 "Twas just a womanly presence,
 An influence unexpressed."



Rose A. Hudson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"Huddie"

Kindness, endurance and repose,
Are petals on this sweetest "rose"
Who thinks men a necessary evil.

Ernest R. Humphries, Malden, Mass.

"Humpy"

"Thoughtfulness and consideration for the
other fellow are his strong points."



Mercen C. Hurd, Clio, Mich.

"Red"

"Here's to love and unity,
Dark corners and opportunity."



Nettie M. Hurd, Chicago, Ill.

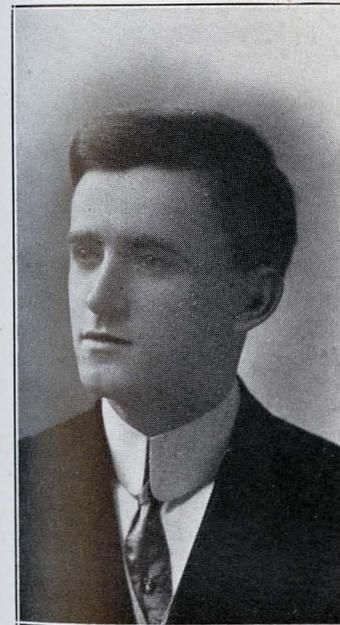
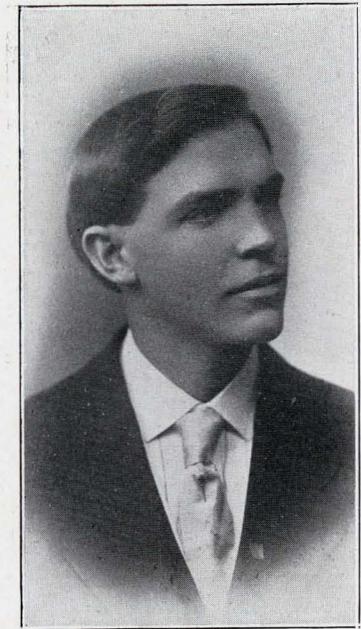
"Peggy"

A dainty girl, from head to toes,
With laughing eyes and lots of beaux.

Orville R. Hurd, Urbana, Ill.

"Orry"

"Pleasures are like liquors, they must be
drunk, but in small glasses."



William D. Inglis, Jersey City, N. J.

"Billy"

Nobleness was not dealt to man according
to his size,
The smaller jewels are the rarer stones, which we
most prize.



Glen R. Ingram, Tuscola, Ill.
"Stub"

"He war a cork that could not be kept under many moments at a time."



Mrs. Christine M. Irwin, Gault, Ont.
"Tiny"

"The light is sweet, and the pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."



Etha M. Jones, Summerville, Penn.
"Jonesie"

"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."



Ray M. Jones, Cherokee, Iowa.
"Joker"

In name he is a ray,
In sunniness, also a ray,
May he continue to ar-ray
His face in the same glad way.



Warren H. Judd, Detroit, Mich.
"Pepsin"

"There's no pleasure in living if you are to be corked up forever, and only dribble your mind out on the sly like a leaky barrel."



Frederick E. Keefer, Fitzgerald, Ga.
"Fred"

"The kindest man, the best conditioned un-wearied spirit in doing courtesies."



Andrew M. Keethler, Summitville, Pa.

"Andy"

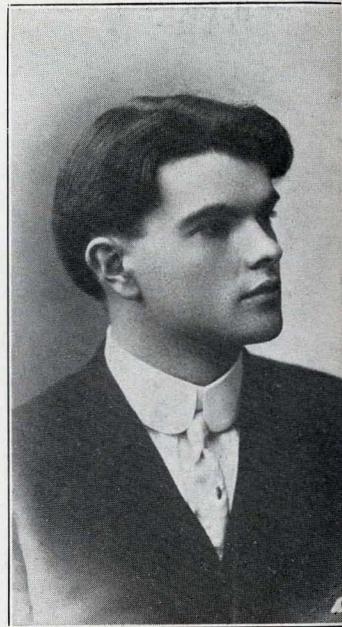
"What is remembered, dies, what is written, lives."

Wm. G. Keller,

Portland, Ore.

"Gus"

"With pipe and book at close of day,
Oh, what a sweeter mortal, say."



Mrs. Julia M. Kincaid, Skowhegan, Me.

"Julia Maine"

As the morning sun doth light the eastern skies,
So the love of kindness shineth in her eyes.



Walter Kurth,

Buffalo, N. Y.

"Gink"

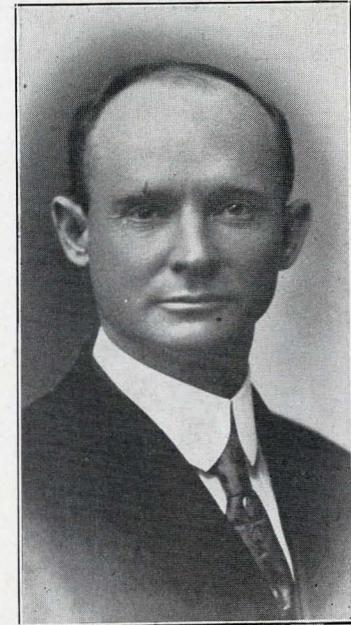
"Two's company, three's a crowd."

Frank B. Landrum,

Johnston, S. C.

"Hec"

"Men of few words are the best men."



Mrs. Elizabeth Lane,

Courtland, N. Y.

"Frizzie"

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all it knew."



Irene K. Lapp, Rochester, N. Y.
 "Pet"
 "A face with gladness overspread."

Clara J. Laughlin, Decatur, Ill.
 "Warbler"
 "I never did think that lady would have loved any man."



Harley A. Linebarger, Paris, Ill.
 "Cheese"
 Be sure you are right, then go-a head.

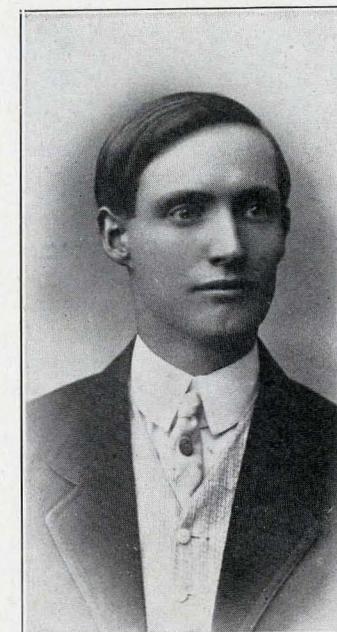


Mrs. Mabel Link, Bismarck, N. D.
 "Mab"
 "In the chain of memories regard me as a link."

Jay J. Link, Bismarck, N. D.
 "Jay"
 "After man came woman, and she has been after him ever since."



Clara U. Little, Kensington, Md.
 "Doc"
 "A countenance in which did meet,
 Past records and promises as sweet."





A. J. Little, Chicago, Ill.
 "Bobby-boy"
 "Nature has given all—the little arts, and
 soothing and blandishing the female."

James S. Logue, Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Jimmie"
 "Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
 who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."



Addie M. Lutz, Clearfield, Penn.
 "Pattie"
 "She is beautiful and therefore to be wooed,
 She is a woman, therefore to be won."



Joan C. McAllister, Guelph, Ont.
 "Johanna"
 "Our aim is happiness, 'tis yours 'tis mine,
 yet few attain it if e're attained."

Ralph N. McBride, Independence, Kans.
 "Scrubby"
 "Opportunity is the cleverest devil."



James A. McCaslin, Butler, Penn.
 "Dubbie"
 "Though half his virtues are not here expressed
 The modesty of size conceals the rest."





Raymond E. McDowell, Santa Ana, Cal.

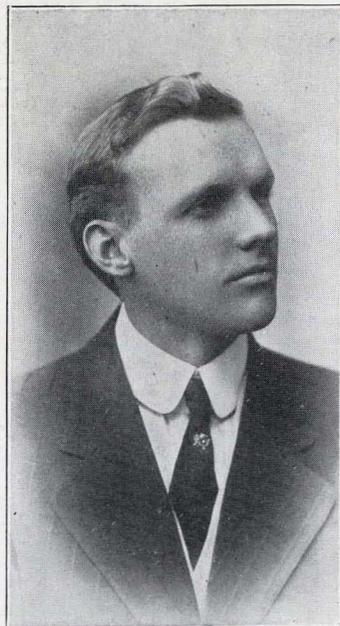
"Dow"

"Go thou forth and fortune play upon thy prosperous helm."

Frank S. McGonigle, Pocatello, Idaho.

"Musical Mc."

"The force of his own merit makes his way."



Floyd E. MaGee, Bridgeport, Ind.

"Mac"

"A wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves, as ithers see us."



James E. Manuel, Minneapolis, Kans.

"Mandy"

"For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self."



Walter W. Markert, Battle Creek, Mich.

"Sweeney"

He looked with wondering gaze on the long
vista of schooldays.



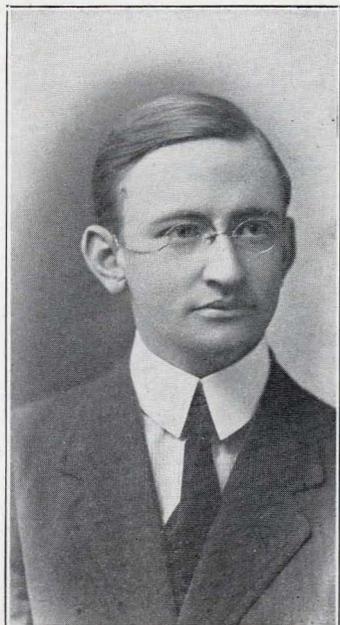
Edythe L. Maika, Joplin, Mo.

"Mikey"

"Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in
a picture.

It gives it strength and makes it stand out."





Robert L. Miller, Paris, Ill.
 "Milly"
 "Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return."

James F. Minear, Springfield, O.
 "Spud"

A twinkle in his eye,
 A twinkle in his feet,
 A jolly little soul,
 As you would chance to meet.



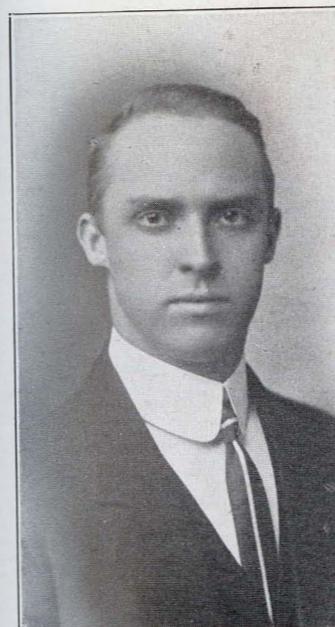
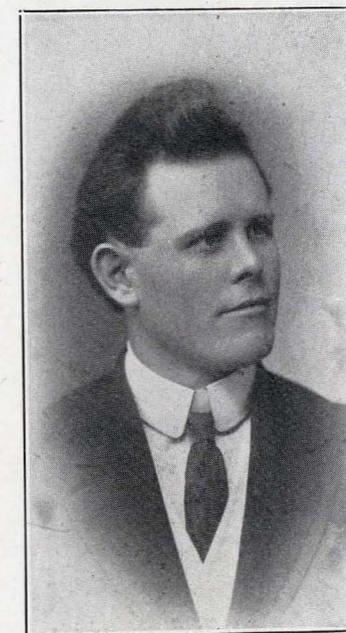
Mrs. Marion E. Mitterling, Fremont, Nebr.
 "Mittie"
 "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."



Edward S. Mitterling, Fremont, Nebr.
 "Mit"
 A lot of splendid virtues in one small man.

William E. Mooney, Milo, Kans.
 "Mooney"

"Always going to do what he wants to do,
 and will do what he don't want to, if he wants to."



Park A. Morse, Plymouth, N. H.
 "Spike"

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them."



Paschall Morris, Philadelphia, Penn.
 "Quaker"
 "Methinks I can see force and wisdom back
 of thy reserve and stillness."

Lawrence C. McCoy, Hagerstown, Md.
 "Cherub"
 "Brevity is the soul of wit."



Julia M. Nevitt, Rifle, Colo.
 "Maidie"
 "Her looks displayed the simple grace of
 sylvian maid."



Don C. Nye, Chauncey, O.
 "Bill Nye"
 A quiet man who offendeth none,
 A pleasing student, well begun.



M. Edward O'Bryan, Owensboro, Ky.
 "Mike"
 "There are at least some well-disposed men
 in the world."



Laura Nicholson, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 "Nick"
 "She hath a natural wise sincerity, a frank
 and simple truthfulness."

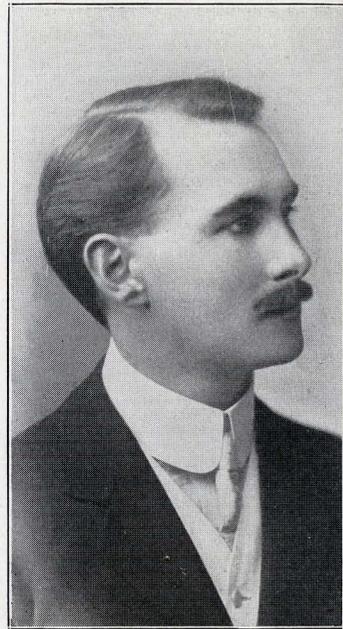




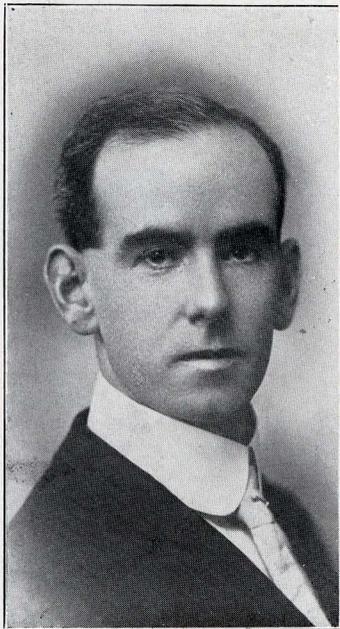
Ernest H. Pape, Berkeley, Cal.
 "Pie"
 He, like wine will improve with age.

Frederick A. Parker, London, Eng.
 "Parkie"

"Solitude is sweet, but I like someone to whom I may whisper, 'Solitude is sweet'".



Robert F. Parker, London, Eng.
 "Bobbie"
 "Woman,—she needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

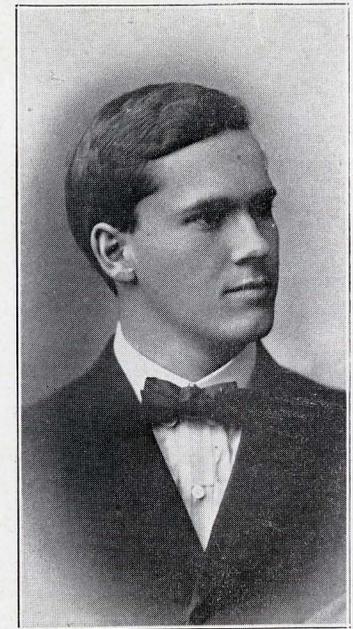


Joseph W. Patterson, Delaware, Ohio.
 "Pat"

Why can't we all be happy, happier and happiest?

Willis E. Paul, Savannah, Mo.
 "Saint"

"Self-trust is the essence of heroism."



Hermon L. Pease, Shrewsbury, Mass.
 "Dietetics"

There never was a minute,
 That H. L. wasn't in it.



Mrs. Beatrice N. Phillips, Grand Rapids, Mich.
"Bee"

As love can calm the wildest fear,
So smiles can dry away the tear.

Keene B. Phillips, Grand Rapids, Mich.
"Ka Be"

"He is very like a cock, as thinks the sun has
rose on purpose to hear him crow."



J. Marshall Phillips, Newcastle, Penn.
"Philly"

A man that has more faith in himself than
he has in the bank.



Hubert J. Pocock, Toronto, Ont.
"Laddie"

It was sure a surprise,
To see his head in the skies,
While his azure blue eyes,
Looked so wonderfully wise.

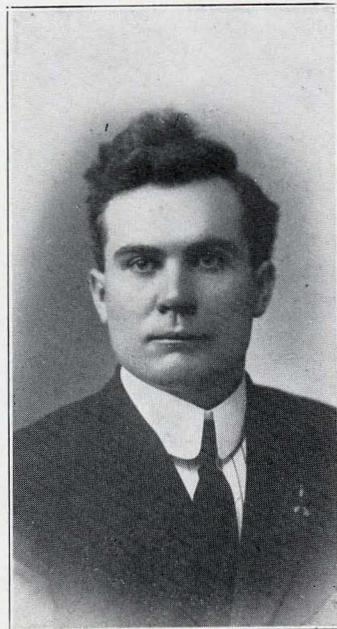
Orrila M. Reeve, Hampton, Ia.
"Giggles"

"This world that we'er a livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat.
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet!"



Henry Raindge, Ft. Madison, Ia.
"All-a-board"

"He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."



Charles L. Richards, Gloucester, Ia.
"Richie"

"The difference twixt optimist and pessimist is droll,
The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist,
the hole."

Thomas K. Richards, Oil City, Penn.
"Cassie II."

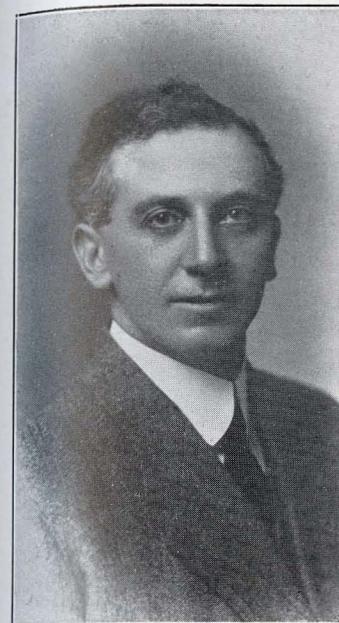
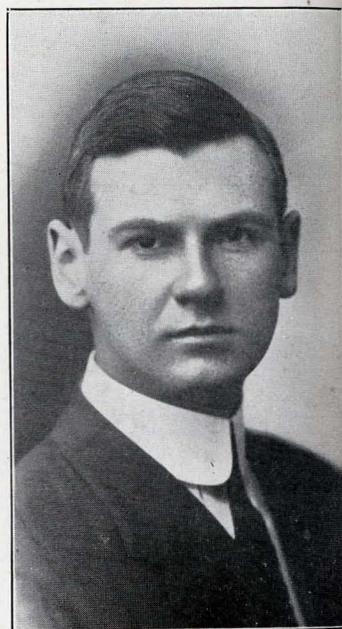
"He is happier who renders the greater number happy."



Mrs. Myrtle C. Riley, Hartford, Conn.
"Muddy"

"To soothe and to solace, to help and to heal,
the sick world that leans on her."

6b

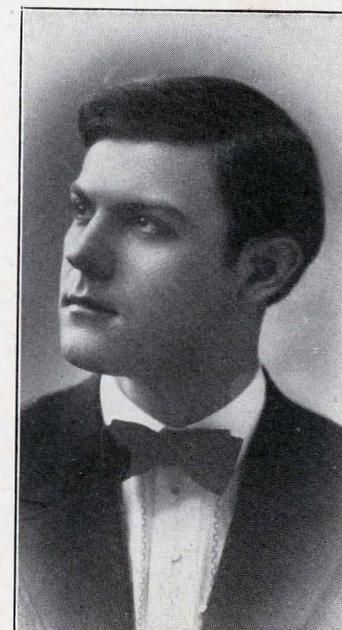


Charles E. Robinson, Visalia, Cal.
"Rob"

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Foot-prints in the sands of time."

Charles E. Rogers, Mound City, Mo.
"Rat"

"Blessings on thee little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan
And turned-up pantaloons."



Harry G. Rolfe, Pratt, Kansas.
"Heine"

No man is shallow, who thinketh deep.



Florence O. Schaepe, Utica, N. Y.
"Flossie"

Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Schaepe's eye.

Edwin L. Schumacher, New York City, N. Y.
"Sumach"

"My Tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain."



Clement C. Schafer, South Bend, Ind.
"Tubby"

A smile and the glad hand for everyone.

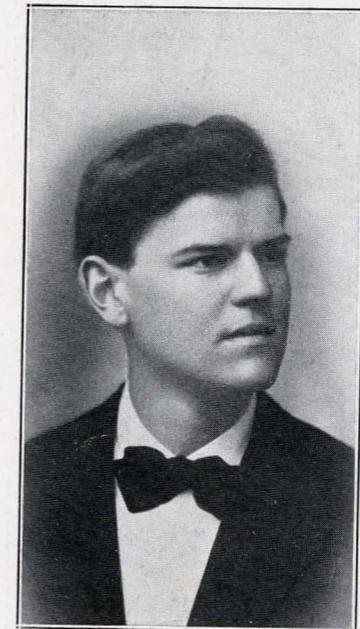
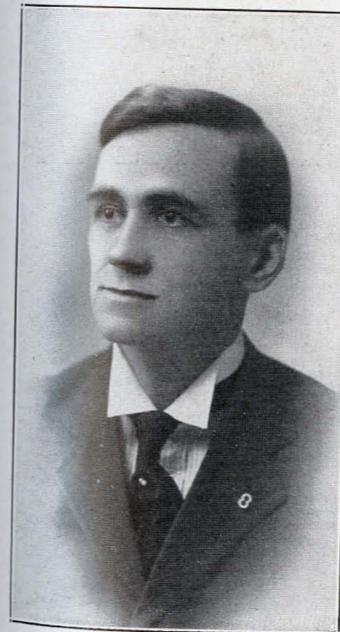


Dewey A. Shambaugh, Plymouth, Ind.
"Shammie"

"A man with music in his soul and who is
moved with the concord of sweet sounds."

Richard A. Sheppard, Dayton, Ohio.
"Dick"

"The best doctors in the world are,
Dr. Diet and Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman
(and Dr. Sheppard.)"



C. Wagner Sherfey, Cherokee, Iowa.
"Tooth-pick Jake"

"Humor which sometime hath his hour with
every man."



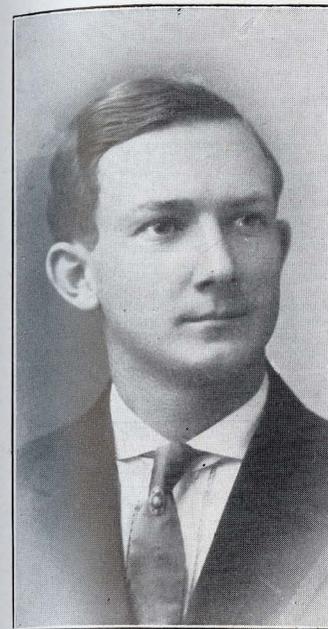
Mrs. Emma Sherrill, Los Angeles, Cal.
 "Sherry"
 "Live truly and thy life shall be a great noble creed."

Alexander H. Smith, Barre, Vt.
 "Zander"

"The man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."



Andrew M. Smith, Petersburg, Vt.
 "Dutch"
 Don't be satisfied until you have discovered the cause-there's a reason.



Harmon C. Smith, Cherokee, Iowa.
 "Sneeze"
 "Much can be made of a man, if he can be caught young."

Joseph P. Smith, Bennington, Kans.
 "Joe"

"No man was ever weary of thinking, much the less of thinking he had done well or virtuously."



Tom Spalding, Niles, Mich.
 "Wick"
 "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing."



Clyde B. Spangler, Paris, Ill.

"Spang"

"A man of whom many good things can be said."

Roger M. Squire, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Roggie"

"It is true greatness to have in one, the frailty of a man and the greatness of a god."



Leonard E. Staff, New Canton, Ill.

"Len"

S stands for Staff a most serious man,
With regards to his lessons he learns all
that he can,
Studious Staff.



Trueman Y. Stelle, Alton, Ill.

"Stellie"

Merry is he and jollier still
Who can be happy against his will.

Mrs. Mabel F. Still, Kirksville, Mo.

"Stilly"

"She that was ever fair and never proud."



Mrs. Fannie G. Stoner, Blythedale, Mo.

"Bob"

"She is neat she is sweet,
From her bonnet to her feet."

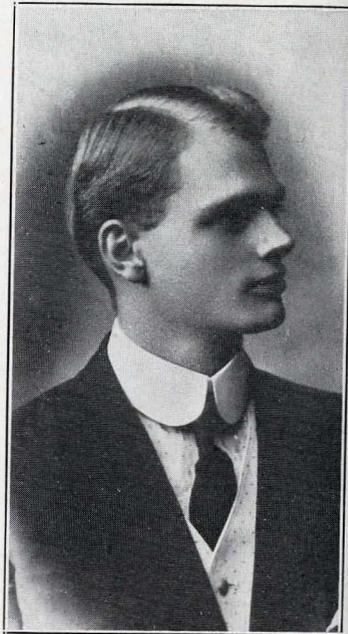


Robert M. Struble, Jersey City, N. J.
 "Strube"
 "We cannot part with our friends, we cannot
 let our angels go."

Albert A. Swift, Blackburn, Mo.
 "Gee-whiz"
 "Drive out nature with a fork, she comes
 running back."

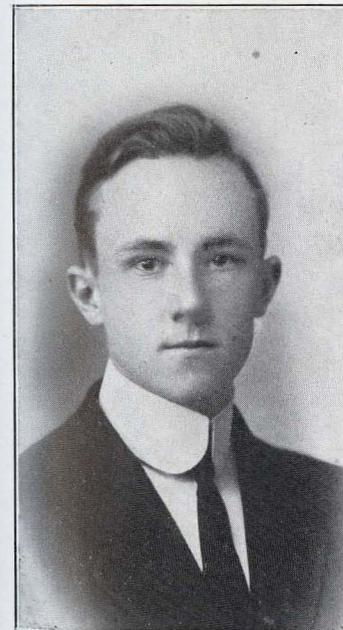


Thomas R. Thorburn, New York City, N. Y.
 "Buck"
 Modesty in a man is a commendable virtue
 when combined with true daring manliness.

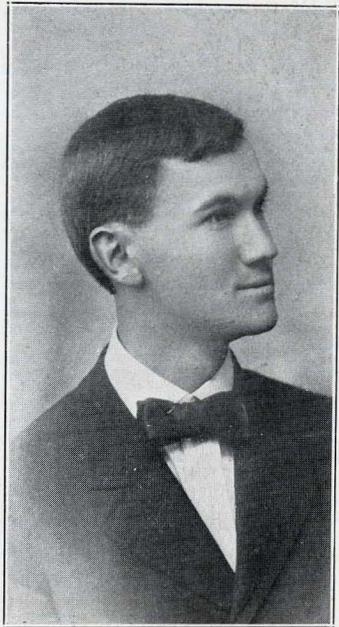


Claude I. Treichler, Sanborn, N. Y.
 "Spokes"
 "A man's a man for all that."

H. Hallam Trimble, East Point, Ga.
 "Hassie"
 "The heights by great men reached and kept,
 were not attained by sudden flight."



John A. VanBrakle, Plainfield N. J.
 "Van"
 We must aim high,
 Though we strike low,
 For motive counts,
 And not the blow.



Arthur Van Winkle, Markleville, Ind.
"Rip"

"For every grain of wit, there is a grain of folly."

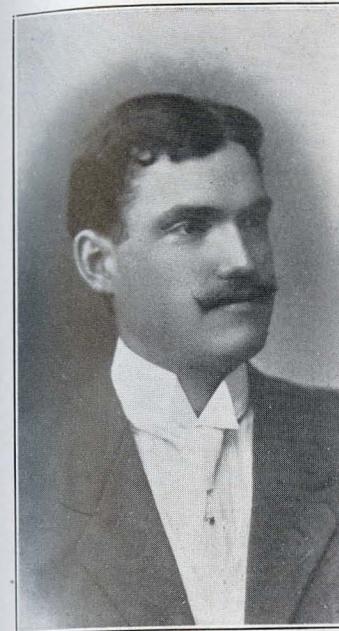
J. Martin Voorhees, M. D., Marshall, Mich.
"Chappie"

This man the degree of M. D. hath,
And now he's to be an Osteopath.



James Leroy Walker, Memphis, Mo.
"Basso"

Heavy weight on the "Apollo Quartette."
A big bug of the "Aluminum Gang,"



Ralph W. Walton, Keene, N. Y.
"Dreamer"

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and all that
Gie fools their silk and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for all that."

Maude E. Ward, Tuscola, Ill.
"Wardie"

"She hath a heart susceptible of pity, and a
mind cultured and capable of sober thought."



Eugene C. Waters, Chillicothe, Iowa.
"Tick"

"Great men are made up of qualities that
make or meet great occasions."





Mrs. Alice P. Whipple, Delaware, Ohio.
 "Pearl"
 She is active, stirring, all fire,
 Cannot rest, cannot tire.

J. S. Whitehead, Ft. Worth, Texas.
 "Whitie"
 "I need no grind; I am one."



James P. Whitmore, Ellsworth, Me.
 "Skid"
 "Describe him who can, a collection of all
 that was pleasant in man."

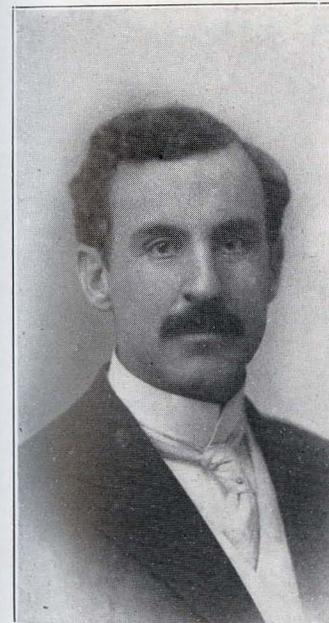


Ursa Wimp, Greensburg, Mo.
 "Si Plunkett"

"The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damm'd my fortune to the goat,
 But in requit,
 Has blest me with a random shot
 O' contra wit."

Alpheus W. Worley, Washington C. H., Ohio.
 "Woozy"

He is jolly because he sees the funny side of
 life.



Joel D. Worrell, Bowen, Ill.
 "Bounce"

"Some love two, and some love three,
 I love one and that is me."



Those Called Away by Change of
Occupation



Mrs. Ida B. Armstrong
 Lloyd L. Arnold
 Mrs. Blanche B. Broderick
 Mrs. Nellie M. Engle
 Rufus N. Gillis
 S. E. Grow
 W. P. Harrison
 Pearl Hill
 J. Jay Hisel

Bertha Lash
 William B. Martin
 Miss Ivey M. McKamey
 Mrs. Laura Mullenbrook
 John J. Mullenbrook
 Kathleen Pocock
 Vernon T. Sanford
 Mrs. Sarah J. Young



Class Officers

Aura B. Ford, President
 Irene K. Lapp, Vice-President.
 Rebecca Harkins, Secretary.
 Keene B. Phillips, Treasurer.



Class Colors

Orange and Black.



Class Bell

Os - to - o - path
 Nine - teen - lev - en
 Hoo - ra - Hoo - ra
 Nine - teen - lev - en
 'Lev - en - 'Lev - en
 Os teo ! ! !

Junior History



Chapter I.

To Kirksville—first revolution—knowing and being known.

For something more than a decade and a half, there had been vibrating in the atmosphere of ideas that impinges on our mental life, a new thought, ever widening its influence from its point of initiation by the "Old Doctor" at Kirksville. And so it came about that, reacting to its positiveness, there drew from many directions and distances, a company of individuals in on Kirksville along about September fifteenth, nineteen hundred and eight, to form another ring of the system swayed by Saturn's mental magnet.

It is here the purpose of the historian to give some true account of the course of this body relative to the environment of the many forces appertaining to the system. By way of the Dean's office they entered the four-walled



Our First Class Rush

realm dominated by the central force, and began in the amphitheater, the program of indicative influences. And now there occurred the first marked phenomenon incident to the arrival of a new class. Considered in reference to its attending circumstances, it seemed of only passing import (it occurred on the way from the amphitheater to the outside entrance); to those who viewed it from a distance, it appeared a confusing, hazy spectacle, though there is no evidence that such a theory of it, was held at the time. However, the event relates itself to subsequent history, and there were many of not more than the ordinary gift of prophecy, who scented from the future something more interesting. Figuratively considered, it was the first encounter with the inner rings of Saturn's system. The appearance of a new body in the field, drew the inner circles from the even tenor of their ways and there was precipitated the initial chaos of unadjusted repelling and attracting forces. With the final separation of the elements, a few points had been determined: the Freshman ring believed it fitted into the system; one revolution had been made and the orbit of the new body established; the plane of its orbit crossed that of the inner body, and the chances of collision hung on the erratic course of the inner body.

On a somewhat more formal basis the Juniors gave a reception to the new class in the assembly halls on the evening of October 9th, where the passing

down the line was by the conventional hand-grasp. This was a most enjoyable occasion, characterized by the mutual willingness to become acquainted, and went a long way toward introducing the Freshmen to the good fellowship of the school.

Chapter II.

Class organization—rank in seats determined—class picture.

The class early had a meeting of their own, growing out of numerous interests not immediately related to the course of lectures they were sitting



The Requisites

under. To superintend these side activities, they elected Mr. Boyes, and he ably and tactfully met, throughout the year, the emergencies and responsibilities incident to his office. Mrs. Herman Still supported him in the vice-presidency; Miss Little was made the keeper of the archives, and Mr. Caine, the class financier.

The seating of the class relative to each other, was plated out in the various assembly-rooms. Succession in procuring a sitting, was determined by no such irrational luck as a drawing chance. Decision, promptness and recourse (principally recourse), as they were indicated in the order of payment of entrance fees, were the classifying factors. That is to say, the (in) tuitional receptivity of the trustees had everything to do with it.

Nowhere was the distinction of seat more in the atmosphere, or the maintenance of position more jealously guarded, than in the amphitheater. One might as well, have been out of the lecture as to have been out of his own seat. One member (whether he did not know his own seat or whether he did not want his own seat, is difficult to say), barely escaped the classic shipment on a never-harbor-making vessel. If he had but realized how near all at sea he was! The

front row was reserved for cases of equity. The roost was awarded on a special competitive standard and attracted its own peculiar interest. Pocock and Ralph Baker had no difficulty in fighting there; they had long inured themselves to the upper strata of air, and in Baker's case it later came to our knowledge, that he had an individual buoyancy, keeping him on top, due to the aerated nature of the frontal bone sinuses. Butin won a place there: the gravity of his thought was such that it would fall of its own weight. As to Emley, it was conceded that he had a mathematical mind, and in case he should take a header, he would describe a perfect parabola, and hence give satisfaction to all. Van Winkle was unqualified being given to somnambulism.

To procure the first of a "before and after" series, we got together on the "Old Doctor's" lawn for a picture taking. The general effect in print was very good. Further developments still belong to the future.



Good Clothes

Chapter III.

The color enterprise—the playing off of the Juniors on the Freshmen's challenge.

The class was in an unsettled condition, until it had given expression to its color concepts. It was a task of artistic prophecy, to divine the temperamental color-tone of the organization, and the committee who undertook it, proved themselves true schemers of tints, to blend so harmoniously the factions of many hues. The combination wrought out, the orange and the black, which was to give color to many an event, received the instant and general assent of the class.

In the prae-sem-light period of the second day of October, a detail of the class let fly the dark-rifting colors on the school campus. Through the gates of the Juniors' citadel of sleep, sifted the vibrations of orange and black, and the upstarted by twos and threes came to the distal view of the campus. Their bird-fancying practices prejudices their interpretation of the phenomenon; some said it was an oriole, and they carefully skirted its position, scaling the farther trees to get an uninterrupted look.

The inconsiderate yells of the Freshmen disallusioned them and they came down to earth from their bird-flights. It was a pretty strong dose of color for

them and they rushed forward as moths fly to a radiating point of light, blinded by its brilliancy; but up against an all obstructing surface, fell back stunned. But as a film of the merciful mud was smeared over their ocular organs, they made a rush in better form, but although they were up in the air, they had no long enough reach for the height of color. "They meant well, but their English was bad."

The ingredients are mixed in the Juniors in unusual ratios and quantities. The degree of their supersensitiveness would be difficult of comprehension to anyone but those who knew them hand to hand and by fresh-class observation. And in the instance under relation, they evidenced all the undoubted signs of wretched embarrassment; whether because of their earthy appearance (for they are normally unearthly), or from the issue of the situation being 'way over their heads, or from the concussive effect of sudden mental activity, can not be determined. However it may be, they exhibited as pretty a color rush, although head-long, as anyone would wish to see; a ruddy tint suffused their faces suddenly, and glowed there; but unfortunately, its maintenance resulted in a very bad case of epistaxis.

The promptness and brilliancy of action, on the part of one of their members, saved the day from utter disaster. Securing a pitcher of ice, he clinked it loudly for some minutes about the scene of blood. The sound, so cool and collected, very soon restored an equalized circulation and normal temperature among them. A certain counsellor advised immediate absent treatment. This move seemed the only course consistent with their recent state, and furthermore the only alternative in view of the report brought in by a particularly keen-eared scout, of having heard a cough out of the distance; also there was a growing sentiment against missing the eight o'clock class, so they hurried away.

Recognizing the embarrassing circumstances attending the color fray, the class sent the Juniors, in unsullied sportman's spirit, a challenge for a football game. We were surprised to receive the intimation, that they would play us with the school team in so far as they could work a claim on its individual members, and for the rest, hire professionals at large, if they might be allowed the requisite time for arrangements. In answer, we indicated to them our appreciation of their exalted notions as to the technical skill necessary to meet us adequately and satisfactorily, but urged them to go to no such trouble and expense; that we were merely desirous of a game, for mutual good enjoyment, and the knowledge that there existed people who played with a high degree of skill and all the niceties of technicality, need not deter us from expressing in a mutual game, our love of sprit, with such measure of training and ability as we could boast, exclusive of the regularly practiced men.

But the Juniors had ideals of such a nature as not to be amenable to reconstruction, adaptability or rationality. They were just at the time of working the hard diagnosing science, taking as a fundamental dictum, "Every-body is queer but us," giving no place to intuitive good sense and—forgetting what was trumps. And so, because our ways were not their ways (!), they could understand us on no other basis than that of pathogenicity, and on the false premise, made the diagnosis of the quack who mumbles the formula, "Fee, fi, fo, fum" and hitting on "fum" fumbules; an interesting method in its haphazardness, but embarrassing in the reputation it entails.

All hope of a game was abandoned; we were disappointed and said as much, the attitude of the Juniors being such as to justify an expression of unqualified disgust. Remarkable as it may appear, the Juniors actually went out to the field on the day they had set for the game. It was conceded that they were "game" at any rate, in carrying out their bluff; or had bluffing become so real to them? Immediatey on receiving the news of this action, we dispatched a hastily gathered line of small boys to the field to let the Juniors, since they were taking themselves so seriously, down easily, and to spare their feelings as much as possible in event they should "come out of it."



Chapter IV.

The "Old Doctor's" visit—formation of concepts—the dissimulation of Dr. Pratt.

One morning when we had assembled for Anatomy, the "Old Doctor" slid in on us, and dropping down on one of the amphitheater steps, made one with us by his spirit of simplicity, his faculty of human contact, his homely humor. His blue negligee shirt loose about the throat, trousers tucked into the high-topped boots, the knotted stick—support in his hand, besopke the pursuance of the unbroken way and a proportionment of values that comes of investigating and finding. Anatomy was suspended to let the "Old Doctor" speak to us; to call his own for his followers; to father in them the ordeal of knowing and finding for themselves. Representing on the board by a mound, a hay-stack, he likened to it the mass of knowledge we were attacking, carrying out the simile as to the time necessary for consumption and process of digestion, promising us that these seemingly dry, dead facts would organize into a vital concept. One of the best things about us at the time, was our clothes, and the Doctor was appreciative enough to give them due recognition, assuring us, however, that all those things would wear off, and that what was better, indeed indispensable, was some sense. From that time, we have been sensing everything, until we have builded a solid reputation with the faculty for good sense. In the aggregate (since we number 200), piled up in so many examination leaflets, it is over-whelming to the instructors. On the face of it, Dr. Pratt always seemed to expect a supra-sense from the doubles in the class; he usually found at best that they agreed, and the singles were never convicted of being handicapped.

At the outset of Anatomy that first year, we boned for Dr. Pratt with all the grit there was in us; then and there, we got the habit, and since, whatever comes along, it is b(h)one. In Histology, we got down to fine things, enlarging the scope of our visual ken; embryology took us back to the beginning of things as it is found prototyped in chicken. Chemistry appealed to many as too elemental; they were restive under its laws; but when Dr. Hamilton took us into its organized values, we struck better times. The benzene ring-series, however, threw Beckler into some confusion; his was the perplexity incident to attending the circus! how to watch all rings simultaneously. Some said, "Peruna," but it seems more just to explain it on the basis of idiosyncrasy. A rather disconcerting incident occurred the first of April. An encounter with Dr. Pratt was imminent; the course of events had been unmistakably leading up to it; beside threats had not been lacking. So there was the usual anticipatory laying in of ammunition of one form or another, particularly during the week immediately preceding the looked-for attack. On the appointed day, April the first when we met him with lead and board—palisade (no cavalry in evidence, for we were the plodding kind), the Doctor said he did not mean it any of the time, and merely wished to see us work. We forgave him on the spot as one voice, and though some had gone to no end of trouble, we are happy to say there was no trace of sullenness. The delicate adjustibility of balance, characteristic of the class, was evidenced by their perfect sameness of deportment under the pressure of undischarged knowledge. Toward the end of the year, Dr. Pratt became especially "nervy" (if we may be allowed the term) and gave physiology and anatomy. It was high living and quite as tall thinking, but we became inured to it, and felt like all possessed when we came to his inclusive finals in May. There were no prostrations, however pathetic our condition might have been. Suffice it to say, we were ready for Pathology. Many stayed for the course during the summer, to take advantage of their accrued fitness.

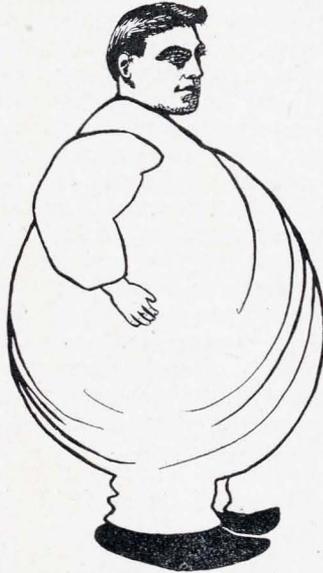


JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM 1909-1910

Chapter V.

The Baby-Freshmen arrived—the court scene.

The latter end of January, nineteen hundred and nine, the snowiest time of all the year, a little bunch of weather-tossed people blew into sight of the school-house and were coralled in North Clinic room. They were so little, no one could help giving them the appellation of "The Babies," and besides they looked so new; but oh my! they must have had traditions in common with Minerva; they were clever. We tossed them a bit the first day; they were too tempting; they evinced good bounce, crowd, and proving themselves as a whole agreeable, they were given the privilege of the building. Their courteous bearing was early evidenced and admitted to be unimpeachable but no one dreamed that they would indulge in such gratuitous courtliness as to stretch their pennant on the court-house cupola. The different possible motives involved, makes the problem of its appearance there an interesting one. We can hardly judge that they were enlisting the protection of the magistrates;



Our Big President

but rather that it was their love of law and order asserting itself in this courting the attention of the upper classmen. Nevertheless, the impropriety of the appearance of the pennant there, was both apparent and real; so the Upper Freshmen took it down and gave it back to the Babies with the admonition not to put it on the court-house again; but they were told it might go up any where in the immediate neighborhood of the campus with the approval of the Upper Freshmen. As a matter of fact, the pennant never came up again.

We gave them a party soon after that, and invited the whole school and the teachers. There was plenty of pink lemonade and sugar-wafers and the Babies dreamed that night about the happy time they had had.

Chapter VI.

The Junior-Freshman base-ball game.

The spring revived in the Juniors some latent germ of geniality or decency, and they made overture to us, expressing a desire for a game of ball. We were entirely willing. There was enough base-ball spirit and to spare in the class, and enough active individual spirits from which to pick a nine. There were

Patterson, Market, Waters, Pape, Hill, Ingram, Worley, Hook, Coulson, Baker and others, a list that is significant of the support they could win or the winning they could do without support. Fortune smiled in the weather. It was baseball type. The air, that perfection of medium through which every thing looked bright and clear, thru its balminess let loose the physical energies. The bleachers were full to hanging over the edges, the Juniors occupying the tier on the north, the Freshmen, on the east, each position presenting its own peculiar variegated appearance of pennants and streamers. The band furnished the musical prelude while the men were warming up with some rapid work. And here on the hour of action, the Junior team showed up short of men. Possibly they were born short. There were numerous Juniors in the wop-wowers' line but they said they hadn't played many games, and didn't have their suits with them, and since there were some regular team men at hand, it was not really necessary for them to play beside they had the pow-wow work to get in. To a less elastic bunch of men than the Freshmen, such a line of argument might have proved rather flabbergasting, but since the consideration uppermost just then, was the fact that it was time and meet for the game, the Juniors were allowed whom they would, and also given the choice of an umpire, as the safest course in securing the progress and final consummation of the game.

The Freshmen went to work and played up to a good standard against odds. The scene never stood more than two scores apart insuring all the enlivening uncertainties of a good game. The waves of emotion elicited from the alternate bleachers by the alert, brilliant work, were expressed by the medley of vibrating pennants, and the spontaneous burst of noise and call. The pleasure of the Juniors so altogether possessed them, that once or twice, the diamond seemed to them to have no other fitting purpose than to be paraded over. Everyone was indulgent, remembering that they had not seen many games, and might never see another. Furthermore the game was a triumph of good nature. The score in the end stood ten to nine in favor of the Juniors, but, excepting Griffin and Emerson who might have suffered some diminution of their natural vigor, for they poured prodigally of their reserves through the megaphone, there was no loss of tone among the Freshmen, nor did their smile abate in its usual amplitude. We played the game whether winning or losing.

Chapter VII.

Classification as Juniors—Classic efforts of 1912 Freshmen—foot-ballgame, Nov. 30th.

We were back again in the fall of 1909 from the various summer tours and recreations, but not back again to the same place in the school activities or to the same world of perceptions or feelings. Time's current bears us on, and though we may be a loop in its course, come on the old scene again by the same approach, there is no coming back; it is different, we are different, everything is different. The entering fall class we regarded with some interest as the successors to our last year's and were on the lookout for what steps they would take in the way of Freshmen. They proved a very ready class. It was during the first week that the news of their colors was in the air, showing that invariable tendency of the unburdened brain to soar, they had perched their streamers on the up-right of the school-house, with the giddy feeling of being on top. The Juniors cut breakfast to go up and scrap with them on the score of their loftiness. Cournyer in the lead, a half dozen of the Juniors climbed to the cornice of the building. The roofers reacted to the advance in the spirit of a push game. This interpretation of it, affected Cournyer principally, and sent him rolling down the incline of the lower roof; but he caught up with himself, so to speak, on the way, and went back to the roofers to say that since they took him for a ball, he WOULD ball them out. Cournyer often illuminated what he said with light from his eye, and he might have done so in this instance. At least, the Freshmen came down to the ground as was expected of them and

their colors came also. On the campus followed a delightful series of wrestlings which seemed from time to time to be at an end, when either side would look at the other, and begin again, while delicate skirting put on increasing rag-giness of edges. Dr. Hamilton, an interested spectator of the scene, was carried away by the enthusiasm to a bench on the side, and made a speech to the effect that any thought of calling classes was abandoned, as nothing but scraps remained of the day. The final tear was the tearing down the street.

The Junior members on the Athletic Board of Control for 1909-'10 applied their good judgment to the problem of determining and securing the adoption of regulations to obtain in inter-class games. When at the close of the foot-ball season, the Freshmen sent us their challenge to play, no time was wasted in vain discussion of terms. Twenty or more raw men of the Juniors volunteered and made good in getting out to work under Coach Minear, preparatory to



Practice (8:00 A. M.)

meeting the Freshmen, Nov. 30th. The day was not the sunniest to be found; however, it did not rain and the side lines were filled with all classes, the orange and black showed up on the two farther sections of bleachers and the blue and white, meek and quiet, up the line. Cournyer had a lightning-rod of orange pennants and he and Hurd led valiently the not-to-be-beaten yells.

The Juniors had trained on a list of neat plays, but the conditions for artistic playing were rendered negative by a particularly heavy field of mud, which was forced on the attention, every move made, clogging ever scrimmage. The two teams held each other mostly in the center of the field, with now and then a breaking our of classy playing. McCoy made ground (or better tracks) in left tackle buck under the lead of Baker; Inglis and Patterson made enviable spurts; Waters played as if to hold the whole team, and Burnett did wide-awake tackling. Baker first missed by two inches kicking goal, slightly miscalculating the depth of mud on his right shoe. Toward the end of the game, he had gotten in better form, shuffling off the earthly soil, and did some elegant playing on a short suit.

The Freshman team got pretty well mud-fagged (they did not know mud) and Junior-fagged, and were penalized for time.

Brinkerhoff was so impeded, he was usually discovering his move just too late; Bush was erratic taking tangential flights; and Hull was always running into someone by mistake. For score, it was all for naught, that is, it was naught for all; but it was a good time all the way round.

Chapter VIII.

New officers—goners and comers—developments.

At the beginning of the Junior year, we thought it no more than fun, fully appreciating, however, the b(u)oyancy with which he had borne the brunt of all the first year's stormy course, to indulge Mr. Boyes retiring nature and elect a new man in his stead. We entrusted ourselves to the leadership of Mr. Ford, an able foot-ball player, strong of limb and strong of voice, an all-round man, capable of shouldering the responsibilities of the controlling office. Irene Lapp was elected to the vice-presidency, because of her art of pleasantry; Rebecca Harkins having made a record, was made secretary; and Mr. K. B.

Phillips was given the practice of collecting money.

The roll-call revealed a few missing in the regathering. Miss McKamey, for one, had become matrimonially obscured. From various osteopathic teaching centers we received a wave of immigrant students who affiliated with us readily, and were given, on their signing a statement as to birth and bringing-up, the privilege of those belonging, including the voting-franchise.

We missed not being Freshmen anymore, in one particular of beginning the day's program with Anatomy in the amphitheater. But we did not long linger on the past; our energies were pretty well absorbed about eight o'clock in getting to Practice before Dr. Laughlin should rap on his box and the door be closed. When we used to break in on Dr. Pratt's lecture, we apologetically explained about the freight train, but this year, the freight train cut no figure, being but one of the high places we touched in the strenuous effort "to get there."

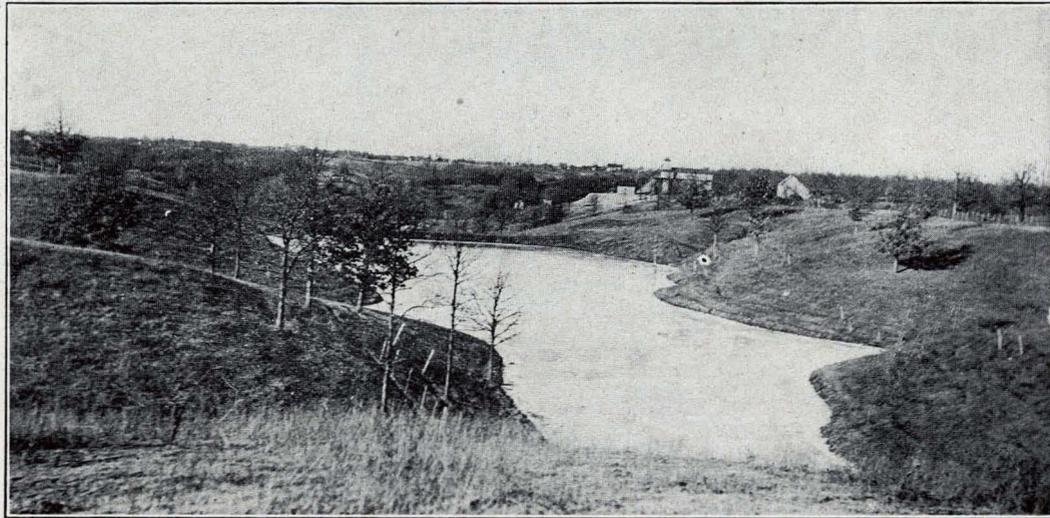
We fell under the spell of Dr. Smith for Anatomy, and went thru by the rapid method of slides. It was going some, but we learned to keep our heads and balance, and slipped up on quizzes as rarely as the best of amateurs. All this required lantern light accompaniment, which was a good way, let it be known, from soft bewitching moonshine that the professors of our Freshman days had warned us against as being an improper light in which to see anything. Mr. Grow ran the lantern efficiently, keeping it burning with a bright steady glow and shifted with precision on the word "slide."

When we came to dissection, we realized we were getting our hand in. Some of particularly artistic vein, developed beautiful regions of anatomical vistas and views. Mr. Bereman made a photographic record of each dissecting group, cadaver in situ, and often in time to come, will these pictures bring to mind those hours of gaining first hand acquaintance with the structures, whose mental counterpart furnishes the stroma of our osteopathic thinking. The bug-course was too considerable to pass unmentioned. Notes in that work consisted in the main of "luck negative" or "luck positive."

In the second semester, we came to manipulations with anticipation of testing our working knowledge in handling a case; and Dr. Pratt began anew to apply anatomy to us, which called for some application on our part.

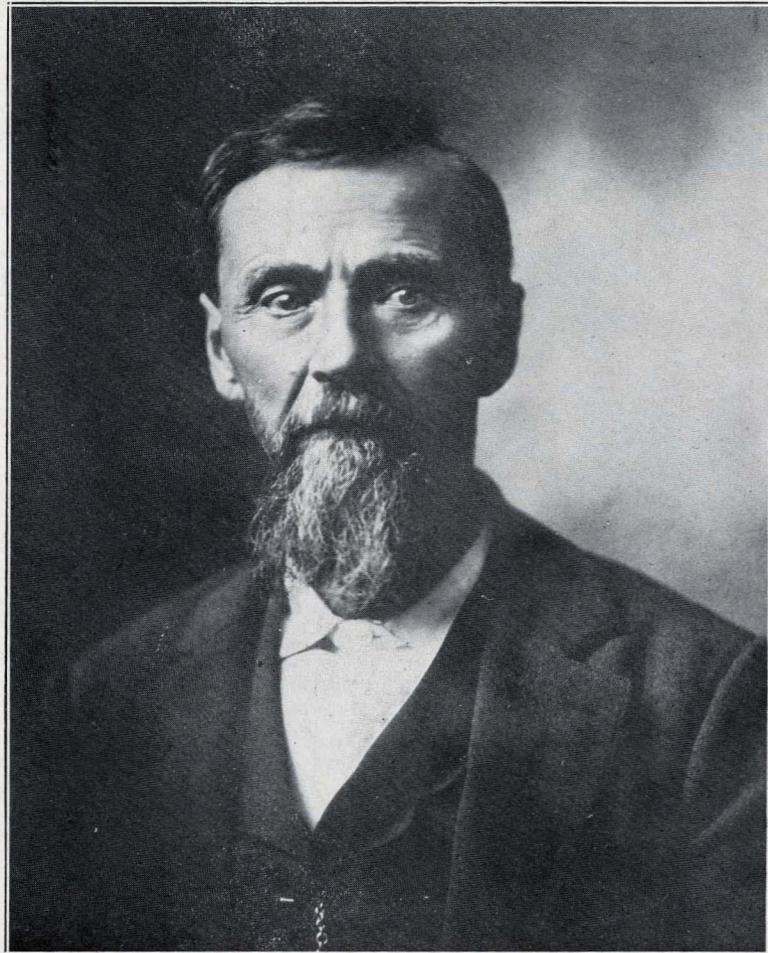
And now the evolutionary influence of the second year's work is all but completed, and soon it will be as the grave old Seniors that we will be playing our part in the college scenes.





DR. CHARLIE'S POND.





DR. ANDREW TAYLOR STILL.



THE 1911 Year Book is much larger than one written in 1874 would have been, when Osteopathy had but one advocate.

Today the advocates and friends of Osteopathy can be counted by many thousands, which is a strong evidence that a useful and accepted science was born on June 22, 1874.

My motto then was,—to proclaim nothing as truth that I could not demonstrate. I believed that disease was an effect of a cause, producing some abnormal condition of mind or body, which cause could be found by the anatomist who knew the superstructure of the human body.

I have been building for thirty-six years on that foundation. I have searched for the causes and successfully combatted all the diseases I have met, of climate or season. In all cases I found a bony lesion. When I adjusted that lesion from the abnormal to the normal, health was the result and the answer was,—A lesion precedes and produces the effect known as disease. This is the soul and body of osteopathy as a healing art.

—A. T. Still.





NURSES OF THE A. S. O. HOSPITAL.



THE TWO GHOSTS.

Hospital Day.

Hospital Day was inaugurated for the benevolent purpose of raising funds that the poor and unfortunate sick might receive proper care and treatment in the Charity Ward of the A. S. O. hospital.

November 6, the date set aside for the 1910 Hospital Day, arrived with every one as happy as the day was bright. More ideal weather could not have been desired. Kirksville seems to have awakened to the fact that Hospital Day is something other than friendly robbery; that on that day alone is one able to get his money's worth with some thrown in for good measure. The streets were fairly thronged by eager spectators, who gently jostled one another that they might see all to be seen, and hear all to be heard—and there was certainly plenty to be seen and heard. Music, music everywhere, with now and then a "prize-fight," "war dance," "baseball game" and "patrol ride" or some other exciting spectacle good for sore eyes. The good will with which the performers entered upon their tasks, and the generosity with which the citizens responded to their appeals for money certainly served to encourage both sides. Not until sheer weariness and empty purses demanded, did the fun cease; and it certainly was fun for all. The day was unique in every particular, and passed with a smoothness which showed the pains-taking care with which every detail had been planned by the student performers as well as the managing committee. Mr. James E. Goodwin, president of the Business Men's League, praised the Day and the excellent cause for which it stands, with the following well-chosen remarks:—"The parade was unique and highly entertaining to the hundreds of people which packed the side-walks along the route. It was the best of its kind that I have ever seen. Dr. William Smith deserves much credit, as does every student who threw his energies into this worthy cause. The American School of Osteopathy is a great institution in relieving



JUST INTO TOWN.

is small in comparison with the great number of patients treated and the amount of suffering relieved. Let the good work go on. I feel sure the people of Kirksville will contribute more and more each year for the relief of the poor and afflicted."

Such eagerness and enthusiasm was shown by the students that, long before the appointed time for the parade to begin, every available spot in the vicinity of the school was occupied by either a stunter or an interested bystander. Just at the proper moment Old Glory, closely followed by the A. S. O. Band, was seen to slowly wend her way toward the square. One by one the various organizations, collectors, and individual performers fell in line and the day had begun.

The usually solemn and dignified A. S. O. Band assumed an entirely different aspect in the gala attire for the day. The costumes were as gaudy and unique as the day demanded, even transgressing to the alarming extent that a greater portion of the noise makers were transformed into likenesses of the fair sex. However, no insult to our ladies was intended, because we always endeavor to imitate those whom we admire, and, although the attempts at imitations were in most cases far fetched and unrecognizable, yet we tried our best, and any failure was due more to our inexperience than to our wishes to cast any unsavory reflection on the true articles.

Anyway women are the representatives of all that is pure and sweet, and this particular bunch of "ladies" sustained that enviable reputation by letting loose volumes of rich soul inspiring music.



MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!

the suffering. It is here that hundreds of people receive treatment, while thousands of Osteopathic doctors are being sent by this institution to all parts of the world to relieve suffering humanity. A few days ago I remarked to a friend that Dr. Andrew Taylor Still would go down in history as one of the greatest discoverers the world has ever known. The amount collected on Hospital Day may seem large to some but it



THE "GREAT" DIVIDE.

the same colors. Their section in the parade was headed by two weird looking ghosts, followed in turn by the booth on a wagon, and the sorority girls carrying pennants.

The Iota Tau Sigma boys, true to their fame as musicians and entertainers, were not found wanting at the call of duty. Even though Logue's "war horse" did lean against a tree, and the Peroxide French Doll did smoke nasty cigarettes and need a shave, still the day passed without a hitch. The music of the "all It" band was a dangerous and worthy rival of that of the much tooted aforementioned A. S. O. collection; while the famous and highly entertaining "It" chorus was rivaled only by the Theta Psi warblers. Their section of the parade was headed by three Knights of the Saddle, one carrying the Iota Tau Sigma banner, the other two accomplishing feats of horsemanship so daring and dazzling as to put the Rough Riders to shame. The long and short Gold Dust Twins afforded a musement for all who were so fortunate as to get a peep at them. That



"MA," "HIRAM" AND "LITTLE SISTER."

The quality of this was assured by the generous sum of contributions turned in by the Real Band.

The New York State Club and British Association both created quite a stir. The latter by the ever commanding presence of the Union Jack, the former by the grotesque likenesses of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary reposing serenely in their float. However, that only goes to prove that even the very much bragged of New York State produces fakirs as well as men worth while. Anyway, so eager were the N. Y. people to swell the Charity Ward funds that they offered for sale their proudest possession, and now the people of Kirksville are the sole owners of the much strived for North Pole. Concerning the prodigies of King Edward we will say that never before have we been favored with the spectacle of a Scotch lassie of a British Association impersonating a Dutch boy selling clay pipes in the United States.

The Delta Omega Sorority, realizing the human weakness for toothsome delicacies, contrived the novel idea of supplying this demand by offering for sale very large quantities of home made candy. For this purpose they had constructed a booth, which they made attractive with exquisite drapings of green and gold, surmounted by a goodly number of pennants of



THETA PSI MINSTREL TROUPE.

was another example of a sudden descent from dignity and reserve to serve a worthy cause. The French doll was very sweet to look upon and some of the fellows, who did not know her as a fickle and frivolous flirt, fell desperately in love with her. However, methinks "she" would have been more pleased to have been the Giant Baby partaking of the nourishment from Aunt Dinah's big bottle. The Zulus were there too. Their war paint and decorations of human bones certainly proved them to be the real stuff from Jungle town. The war dance executed by the two Zulu Chiefs and their Cannibal tribe was indeed a revelation. It and their excellent assortment of songs sufficed to hold the undivided attention of eager throngs throughout the entire day.



THE PRIZE FIGHT.



GOLD DUST TWINS.



Jeffries and Johnson Bout.

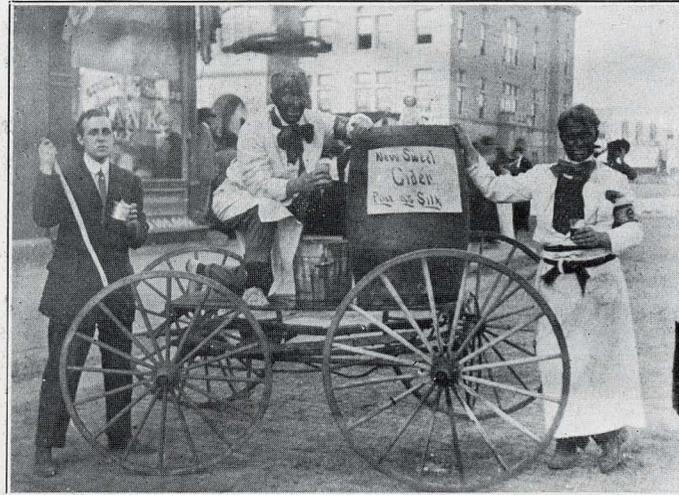


"The Girl in Red."

In the parade the Atlas Club was represented by a very large float profusely decorated in red and white, and as a means of reminder to the public the placard, "We love our money but you Hospital" met the gaze at every turn. Occupying one end of the float was a gaunt, sallow, weak looking individual labeled, "Before taking Osteopathy." Opposite him was a strong, robust, healthy individual, with bright, flashing eyes and ruddy cheeks. He was appropriately labeled "After taking Osteopathy", but that fact needed no labeling. Closely following the float came James Jeffries Ford and Jack Johnson Carel donned in ring attire. Later in the day they were the participants of a



Following the Flag.



"No Spikes in This"

lively ring battle and needless to say the champion of the White race was victorious.

The Theta Psi Minstrel Troupe was on hand early, well equipped for the day. A decided novelty was introduced in the form of an up-to-date upright piano firmly secured on a wagon of doubtful make and manipulated by one "Good Morning" Struble. Gathered around the instrument the troupe sang a wide variety of the latest song hits of the day in true minstrel style. Solos and duets were also in abundance. Two burlesques, a "Prize Fight" and the "Final Championship Game" between Detroit and Pittsburg, were presented with decided success. At the game Pittsburg's battery, Adams and Gibson, and Ty Cobb, of Detroit held down the leading roles. But alas! 'tis human to make mistakes and the umpire was human, so he sloughed off under the gentle hands of the infuriated players. The "fight" was the center of attraction for the throngs of lovers of the manly art. Here again the referee was in grave



Now for a Picture.



New York State Club.

danger of complete annihilation, having succeeded in getting in the way of several wicked swings. The trainers had done their duty well and the "fight" lasted two whole rounds. Clever foot work on the part of the smaller fighter was the cause of the downfall of the larger. The knockout was effected by a well directed blow from the rear. Two members of the Theta Psi bunch appeared with a barrel on wheels. The Temperance drink within (some called it cider) was the cause of much friendly crowding to see who should get the next drink. We suppose it was a Temperance drink because it was labeled "No spikes in this," but repeated visits by certain parties would suggest otherwise.



The "Squaw Meets "The Hobby Horse."



"Si Plunkett"

Realizing the insufficiency of the local courts and abhorring the prevailing conditions of drunkenness, robbery and homicide, existing in our city the Friars took it upon themselves to hold a court of last resorts. Judge Bledsoe had the throttle wide open and a record number of cases were tried. All were found guilty and few were shown leniency. Some of the less timid criminals made repeated dashes for liberty but the cops were on the job, having faithfully practiced the hundred yards for the special occasion. A glance at the



Aunt Dinah and her Giant Baby.

court records may reveal a few things.

Dr. Charlie Still, charged with selling cheap cattle and raising a general rough house. Appropriately fined.

Dr. Emmett Hamilton and Mr. Clarence Baxter, both arrested for drinking large quantities of soft sweet cider from the Theta Psi barrel. Both plead guilty of that pleasure and were heavily fined.

Dr. Bigsby, charged with fighting on the streets of St. Louis, bailed himself out.

Dr. Herman Still, fined for trying to bribe the cops and later resisting arrest. Later Dr. Herman gallantly paid the fine imposed on his wife for selling chickens and failing to give him the money.

Dr. Green, fined for being a dentist instead of a D. O.

Dr. Waggoner, fined for causing the hammock on the lawn of the Nurses' cottage to prematurely wear out.

Dr. Link, bribed the Judge with a substantial check.



The Cannibal Tribe.

Mr. Bonfoey, fined for associating with such men as Bank Presidents, also issuing floating insurance policies.

Marshall Hull, fined for impersonating an officer and attempting to stop class fights.

Jesse Jameson, Steward of the K. B. M. Club, fined for serving "soft drinks."

Police Judge Yates, fined for spying on Judge Bledsoe with intentions of imitating him.

Superintendent of Nurses' Training School, fined for permitting Dr. Roscoe Lyda to hold her hand on the square.

Night Superintendent of Nurses fined for trifling with the affections of Dr. Waggoner.

The charming wife of one of our most prominent faculty members was accused of carrying concealed weapons and, without provocation, shooting at and thereby cruelly killing a monstrous and harmless grizzly bear in the wilds of Minnesota. Case dismissed as improbable.

Engineer Bledsoe, fined for posing as a learned Judge.

The Lucky Thirteen Club made arrangements with the managers of the



Two Sorority Girls.

Victoria whereby a percentage of the earnings of that house was to be turned over to the Hospital fund, in return for which they should lend their efforts to induce patronage. Representatives of that Club acted in the capacity of criers during the day and evening.

There were also many individual stunts, dressed in costumes of varied styles and attractiveness. Their collections added not a little to the total fund, and they are to be highly commended for their efforts in behalf of the cause. There was Aunt Dinah and the Giant Baby, not to mention the Giant bottle. Also Wimp who so successfully impersonated the county jake. Then there was Thorburn the hobby horse, the two clever cow girls, the Indian squaw and her papoose, the "girl in red," the carefully bandaged cadaver, Ping Pong Hiram with his sister, Little Red Riding Hood; the widowed mother and her hungry child, the two palmists and the Nun.

The lunch counter conducted by Mrs. Learner and Mrs. Whipple and assistants was generously patronized during the day. All kinds of lunches, hot and cold, and the choicest line of home made pastries and other dainties were to be had at a price within the reach of all.

The seventeen official house to house collectors were dressed as nurses, with long white aprons and red crosses on their arms. These costumes were made by Miss Anna Smith, a graduate of the Nurses' Training School of the A. S. O. She deserves great praise for her tireless energy and unwavering devotion to the worthy cause.

PRIZE WINNERS.

In order to stimulate the workers in their efforts to raise money for a purpose so praiseworthy, some of the merchants offered generous prizes for the various events of the day. These prizes were won as follows:

The \$5 in merchandise offered by Mr. Goodwin, of the Grand Leader, to the lady collecting the most money, was won by Miss Elsie Houriet, January class 1912, she having collected \$29.00.

A \$5 pair of shoes offered by Major H. H. Davidson to the lady wearing the most unique costume, and acting the part, was won by Miss Arminta Bailey, class 1911, as Aunt Dinah, Miss McDonald January class 1912, was a close second.

The \$5 in merchandise offered by Mr. D. C. Burchett, the jeweler, to the lady's organization collecting the most money, was won by the Delta Omega Sorority, the sum collected being \$76.76.

A \$5 pair of shoes offered by Myers' Bros. to the gentleman collecting the largest amount of money, went to Mr. Hermon Pease, Class 1911, his collections being \$25.00.

The \$5 in merchandise offered by the Normal Book Store, to the gentleman wearing the most unique costume was equally divided between Mr. Stanley Johnson, January Class 1912, as the big, colored Mammy, and Mr. Ursa Wimp, Class 1911, as Si Plunkett, the rube pop corn vender.

The \$5 in merchandise offered by Murphy, Mills and Garges for the gentlemen's organization collecting the largest amount, was won by the Friars' Club who succeeded in collecting \$141.17. in fines.

The gold watch given by the Thomas Jewelry House, and on which Herr Hans sold chances, was won by Edward Brann, Class 1911.

As a token of his appreciation of Kirksville's response, Dr. William Smith gave out the following letter of thanks:

"In the name of the committee for the management of affairs of Hospital Saturday, I beg to extend to the citizens of Kirksville our most grateful thanks for their generosity manifested Saturday November 6, 1909. The promise was made that order would be kept, that only fun and goodfellowship should be striven for; the students of the A. S. O. most gallantly upheld my words, and today I am proud to be able to say that the day which has passed gave to this town an exhibition which no other town in America ever had, an absolutely unique day, and the fun of which meant peace and comfort to many a poor sick man or woman during the coming year. It is spontaneous good-will such as shown by our students and hearty generosity as shown by our citizens which make one feel that this world is not all dead and cold; that there is such a thing as human nature; that there does exist men and women whom to know is to honor. Once more most gratefully in the name of the committee and of the sick poor who will benefit from your goodness, fellow citizens, I thank you."





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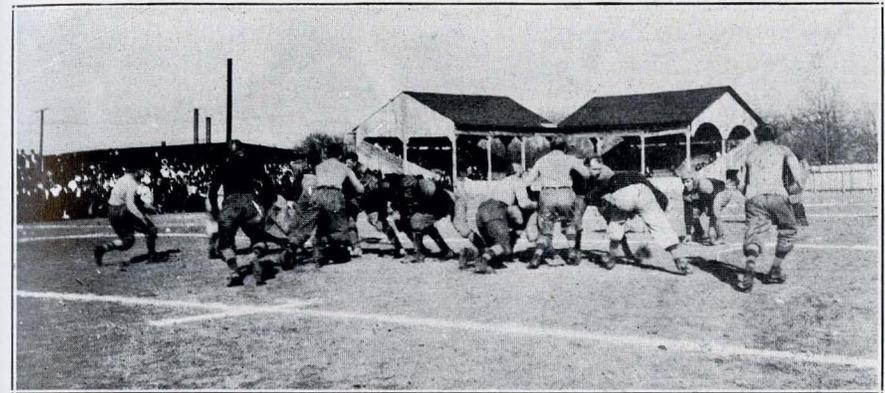
Hospital Day Receipts.

The following is an itemized statement of the day's collections:

\$ 25.00	Pease, Class 1911.
23.00	O'Bryan and Butin, Class '11.
20.24	Benson and Schaepe '11
15.01	Smith and Larmoyeux '12
13.20	Buffalo and Stotenberg '12
10.95	Allen and Roop '12
15.95	Treichler and Edwards '11
8.00	Rodie and Lower '12
7.56	Rob and Swain, '12
7.00	Morris and McAllister, '11
29.00	Miss Houriet, January '12
26.94	Cowboy Girls, '12
15.00	Mrs. Plaskett, January '12
10.81	The Baby
8.20	J. Baum, '12
7.24	Hiram and sister, '11
8.61	Hollis and Richmond, January '12
5.14	Girl in red, and the clown, '11
4.85	Mrs. Judd, '12
4.00	H. J. Moore, '12
3.50	Gypsy, '12
2.90	Hardy and Stoner '11
2.10	Master Richard Miller
1.65	Reichart, '12
1.58	Wimp, '11
1.15	Wolfe, January '12
.70	Caine, '11
110.00	Mrs. William Smith
141.17	Friars
76.76	Delta Omega
64.38	Iota Tau Sigma
33.70	Theta Psi
18.75	Lunch Counter
10.53	N. Y. Club
1.75	Crysanthemum Sale
1.24	Miscellaneous Band
37.75	A. S. O. Band
35.70	Freshman Lecture
26.90	Victoria (Lucky Thirteen Club)
8.50	Scott Pop Corn Man
1.50	Bowling Alley
8.60	Baby Freshmen
856.71	Total

Submitted to the Public this the 15th day of November, 1909.

E. Goode C. B. Doron
O. Van Osdol R. L. Walker.



A Scrimmage.



Those receiving Degree of D. O.

JUNE, 1909.

Abeld, Miss Isabel	Greenlee, Mrs. Sophia E.	Ownby, Warren
Allen, Mrs. Susan P.	Groenewoud, John C.	Perry, Mary W.
Ashby, Miss Edith	Groth, George W.	Perrett, Miss Mary E.
Ashcroft, Robert, Jr	Haight, Lou L.	Powell, George Byer
Aydelotte, Wm. F.	Haley, Mrs. Rhoda C.	Prescott, Allen Z.
Barger, Miss Maude F.	Hawkes, Charles L.	Price, Houston Aron
Barger, Miss Eva L.	Henke, Mrs. Criscense	Poulter, Roland
Bell, David	Henke, Miss Clara E.	Prindle, Richard H.
Bergin, Miss Fay	Herbert, Miss Vena L.	Prindle, Lucy Adelaide
Black, Arthur Chester	Hoefner, Victor Casper	Pherigo, Mrs. Nora B.
Blackmer, Joselyn W.	Hollcroft, William	Pellette, Eugene F.
Boles, Mrs. Florence A.	Howard, Wells Tiltan	Poulter, Mrs. Estelle
Boulware, F. A.	Johnson, Doran Garnett	Ray, Cyrus N.
Brown, Albert Field	Johnson, Henry T.	Ray, Mrs. Mary
Bucknam, Herbert L.	Kenney, Charles F.	Roach, Miss Effie
Burnham, Carson W.	Kerr, Frank Austin	Rothfuss, Chas. W.
Burton, William Henry	Lloyd, James W.	Sawyer, Mrs. Charlotte
Cary, Philip P.	Lord, Emery Melvin	Schilling, Frederick
Childs, William S.	Lord, Guy B.	Scrofe, Mrs. Bessie M.
Cockrell, Irwin	Lyke, Selden	Shupe, Miss Grace
Conklin, Hiram L.	Luft, Christian G.	Stover, Samuel H.
Conover, Robert H.	Marcy, Mrs. Nellie L.	Sutton, Harry William
Crow, Miss Lyda E.	Maxfield, James Harris	Swift, L. J.
Daniel, Ora	Mayers, Mrs. Rebecca B.	Stokey, Miss Laura E.
Derck, Jerome E.	Mayes, Walter	Tabor, Leonard
Earle, Miss Edna	Mayes, Mrs. Carrie S.	Thoms, Miss Fanny
English, Ross	Miller, Harry Trimble	Thompson, Miss Almedia
Estes, George Raymond	Mitchell, Edgar Blaine	Twitchell, Iona C.
Eskridge, Ernest M.	Moomaw, Kenton B.	Wakeham, Mrs. Jessie A.
Ewing, Mrs. Mary M.	Moomaw, Mrs. Bertha F.	Waller, Granville B.
Farnham, James M.	Morrison, John Finley	Weber, Aucher Christian
Ferry, Mrs. Nellie	Morrow, Carroll B.	Williams, Miss Maude G.
Floyd, Mrs. Amye May	Most, Louis Henry	Wilson, Norman Dickey
Gazda, Joseph A.	Mundie, Miss Carrie M.	Wismer, Miss Rose
Givens, Mrs. Laura Belle	Murphy, Edward C.	White, Burt H.
Gosden, Miss Fannie	Northway, Roy A.	Young, Miss Eva L.
Grant, Roswell Denton	Oglesby, Harry L.	
Greenlee, A. C.	Overfelt, George G.	

"The desire of power, in excess, caused the angels to fall, the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall." Bacon.

SUMMER



7 to 11 AM

SCHOOL

2 P.M.
AT
OWENBY'S



9 P.M.

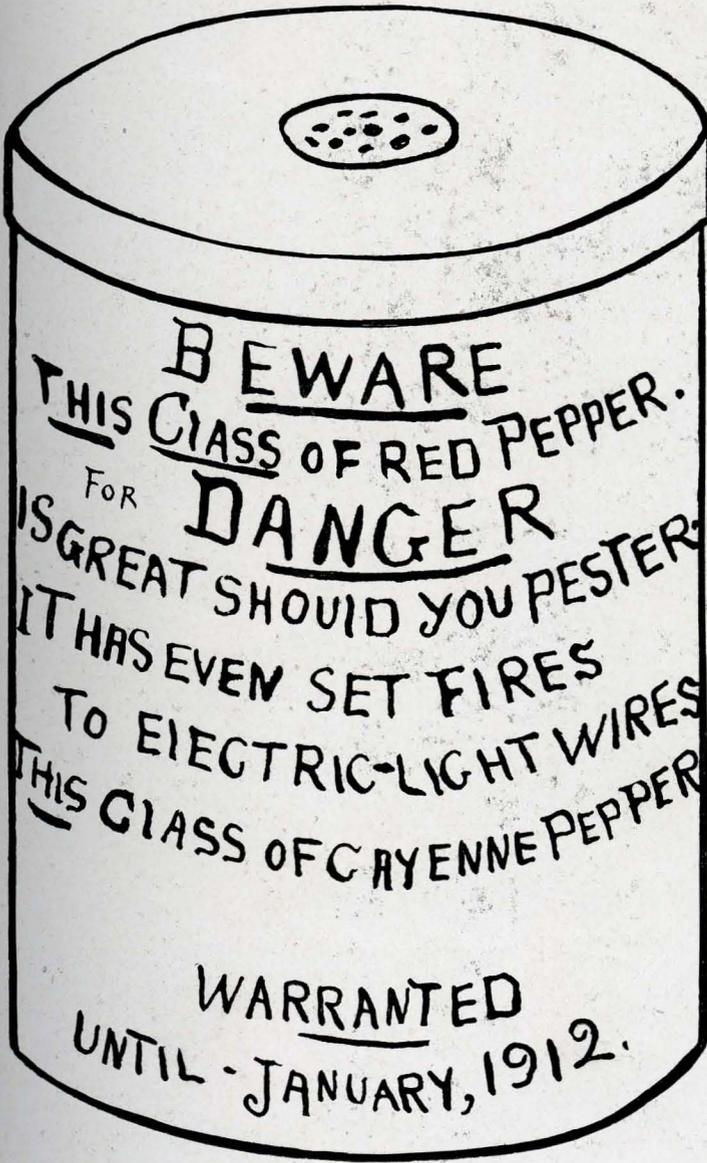


1 A.M.



GOOD NIGHT!!
TIME ?

TRE





Class of January 1912.

Class of January, 1912



FIRST ROW.

Carlos K. Garrett
Thomas V. Anderson
Robert J. Pickhardt
William R. Archer
Frank H. Martin
George P. Smith
Claude D. Sawtelle
John R. Witham
C. D. Clemons

SECOND ROW

George R. Westgate
Roberta Smith
Harry R. McLean
Charles C. Richmond
Alvin M. Farnsworth
Nancie E. Plaskett
Ray L. Park
Franziska Nickenig
Jesse S. Johnson

THIRD ROW

Charles A. Rose
Hannie Elmore
Roy M. Wolf
Anna C. Myles
Alstorphyus E. Estlack
C. Elsie Houriet
Herbert T. Cooke
M. P. Lyla Macdonald
Lindsey C. Cromer
Mrs. Annie Murphy

FOURTH ROW

Harold M. Slater
Margaret F. Rogers
Samuel Borton
Mrs. Rose Keller
Ralph G. Cockrell
Annette M. Alexander
Harry W. Sawyer
Mrs. Effie L. Gulliland
Raymond Hanna
Mrs. Mabel Payne

FIFTH ROW

Arthur S. Hollis
Carl A. Wohlferd
Arthur W. Kitchell
David D. Donovan
Arthur H. Olney
Charles E. Medaris
Wellington K. Jacobs
George H. Payne

NOT IN PICTURE

Lunsford Abbott
Frederick C. Hickson
Bernard McMahan.



The Class Rush

of February 2nd, 1910.

The shades of night were clearing fast
As o'er the Kirksville highway passed
The Baby Class, thru mud and ice
Intent upon some strange device.
Excelsior.

All brows were glad, all eyes were bright
With spirits ardent for a fight
The champions of the former stand
Their final contest was at hand.
Excelsior.

In downy beds they'd heard the call
"To battle for your honor, all!
Aloft the freshmen colors are flown,"
And from no lips escaped a groan.
Excelsior.

"Climb not the poles" the watchers said,
"Fierce is the current overhead,
Touch not the wires upon your life,"
A voice came floating o'er the strife.
Excelsior.

"Fight on" the maidens cried "nor lag
Till from the wires you've torn their flag."
All eyes were tearless, hearts were light,
Cheered by such council for the fight.
Excelsior.

"Beware the pine pole's shaking mast
Beware the falling wire's blast."
Such cries were heard from all around,
One word replying to the sound
Excelsior.

"Show forth your loyalty this day,"
So cried the leader of the fray,
"The word defeat we must not hear,
Repute and honor are too dear."
Excelsior.

There in the mud pond, cold and gray
Dirty, but beautiful, they lay;
And from their hearts, in accents soft
Still whispered to their comrades oft
Excelsior.

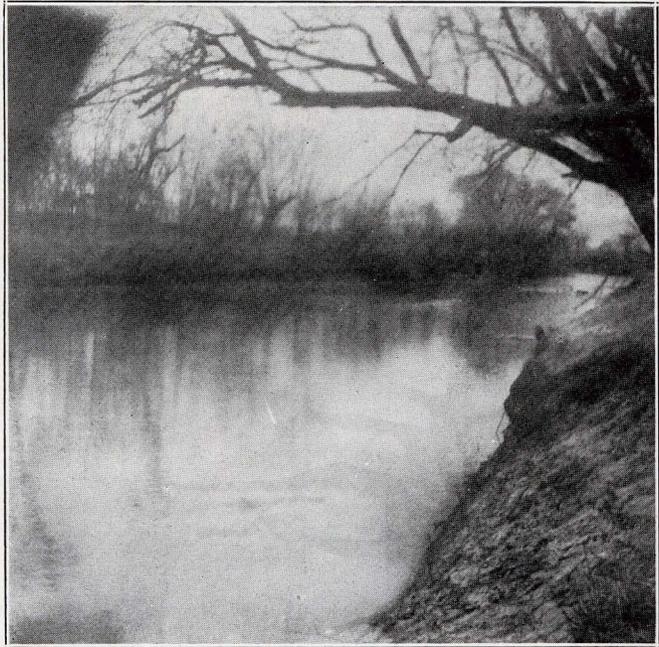
Such sporting teams are rarely seen
As battled for that red and green;
And where the gauze may now be found
The Babes can herald with the sound
Excelsior.

A. Hollis.

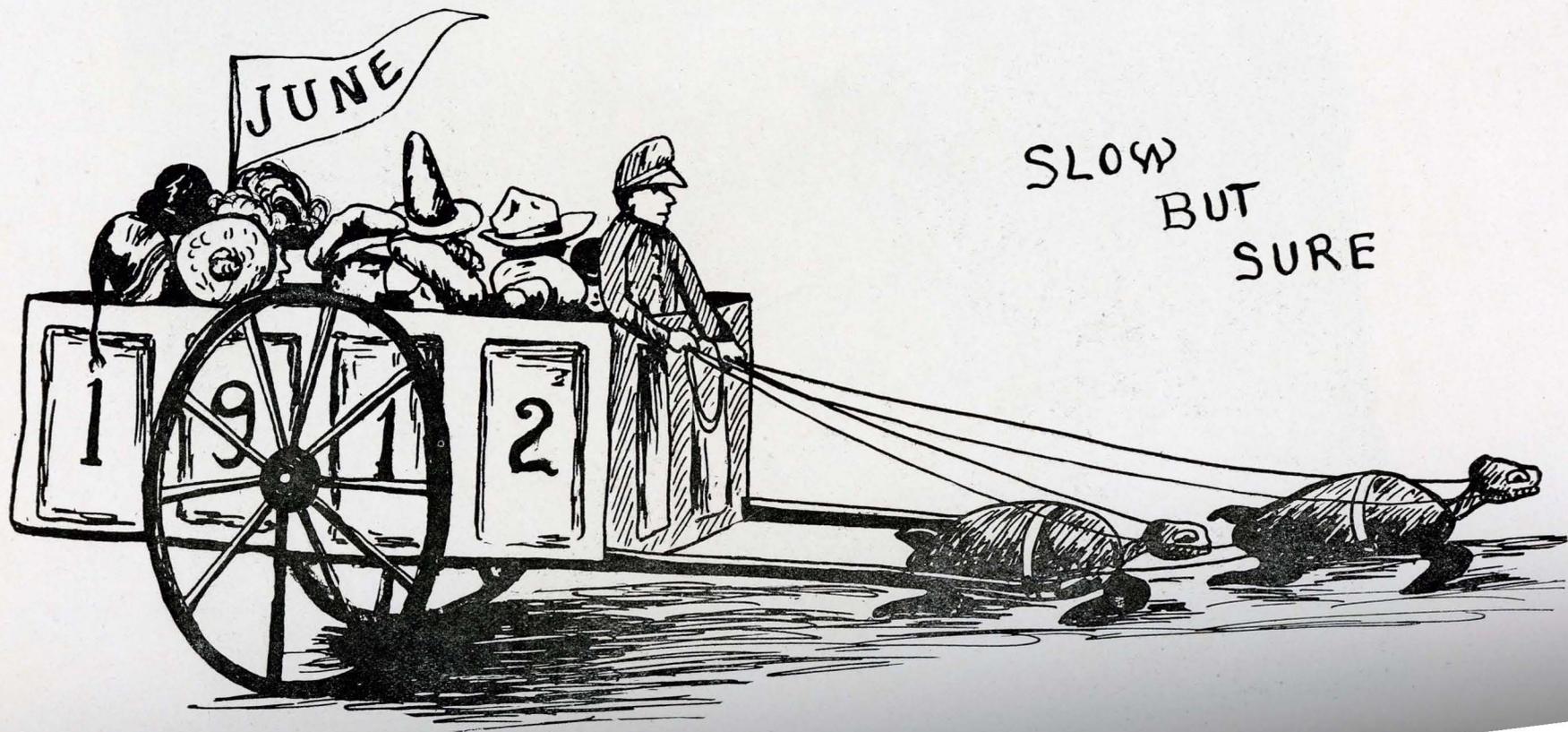
"Though this is madness, yet there is method in it."

Hamlet.





The Beautiful Chariton.



ME.



Class of June 1912.

June Class, 1912



Allabach, Lazarus B.
Allen, Wm. E.
Angell, Julia E.
Ashton, Frederick H.
Bailey, Walter E.
Bales, Grace M.
Balfe, Sarah L.
Ballew, W. H.
Barber, Chas W.
Baum, John
Baxter, Oscar D.
Bebout, Esther M.
Bell, Haney H.
Bell, Lewis J.
Bird, Hal. C.
Blankinship H. W.,
Branner, Louise M.
Breckenridge, K. B.
Brinkerhoff, VanWyck
Brugh, Mrs. R. A.
Brugh, Spangler A.
Buffalow, Oscar T.
Bush, Lucius M.
Carlson, Edward J.
Caruthers, Iva M.
Champlin, Mrs. Etta
Champlin, Charles
Chase, Jennie M.
Clark, Clayton N.
Clark, Clyde A.
Clark, Frederick W.
Clement, Henry W.
Cole, Earl A.
Collins, Paul R.
Crehore, Alice M.
Davis, Geo. R.
Davis, Ida M.
Deane, J. W.
Dietrich, Pauline J.

Doron, Chas. B.
Dudley, Claude S.
Eckert, D. Ferne
Erven, Edith
Fahrney, Milton S.
Faires, Mary
Finney, Julia E.
Gay, Mrs. Virginia C.
Gidley, John B.
Gillett, Mrs. L. J.
Gilmore, S. Jordan
Goodrich, Joe K.
Gordon, Louis E.
Greathouse, Paul A.
Griggs, Henry
Gripe, Otto H.
Guthrie, M. E.
Hancock, Herbert W.
Harker, Glenn L.
Harker, Wade C.
Harrison, John H.
Hess, C. Florian
Hetherington, Orville R.
Hoard, T. H.
Howard, Warner W.
Hughes, Arthur L.
Hull, Wm. P.
Hunt, Jacob (deceased)
Illing, Harold E.
Jeffrey, James C.
Jewell, John W.
Johnson, Oscar E.
Jones, Sarah E.
Jones, Mrs. Mattie E.
Judd, Mrs. Warren H.
Kelly, Mrs. Jean C.
Kerrigan, Mrs. Lou M.
Kline, Courtes A.
Kincaid, Frederick,



Class of June 1912.

June Class, 1912



Kintz, Adolph J.
Larmoyeux, Julia A.
Landis, Harvey L.
Linss, Bess
Lippincott, Archie A.
Lightsey, DeWitt T.
Lower, Beulah A.
Lord, Mrs. Emery M.
McBeath, Mrs. Ruth
McBeath, Thos. L.
McCole, Geo. M.
McCowan, Don C.
McQuary, Amy
Mayhugh, Norman B.
Miller, Chester L.
Mills, Anna M.
Miller, Wm. C.
Malcomson, Emily
Moberly, Dollie
Meleski, Mary M.
Meek, Katherine N.
Moore, Harry J.
Moore, Geo. W.
Myrick, Edward W.
Nichols, Walter W.
McCarthy, J. A.
McCarthy, Mrs. Corinne
O'Niell, Margaret L.
Opdycke, Florence M.
Palmer, Walter W.
Pearl, Dave E.
Peck, John F.
Penfold, Margaret
Phares, Elizabeth B.
Pheils, Erwin H.
Pickerell, Arthur L.
Pippenger, Mrs. Cora
Powell, Wilbur S.
Priseler, Ethel
Prudden, Meryl A.
Reinecke, Harry J.
Reid, T.C.
Reichert, E. W.
Reznikov, Anna
Rifenbark, Ray D.
Robb, Lewis J.
Roddy, R.
Roop, Ethel D.
Roleke, Helen A.
Roscoe, Percy E.
Sanford, Chas, F.
Shaw, Minnie A.
Stephens, W. Haydon
Smith, Wm. P.
Shugrue, Mrs. L. F.
Schloesser, Alma C.
Schilling, Josephine
Sharp, Fred J.
Stoltenburg, Anna L.
Sullivan, Richard
Sutcliffe, Dora
Swain, Ida G.
Taylor, John C.
Templeton, W. F.
Tuttle, John C.
Warden, Alice J.
Weaver, Calvin R.
Weaver, Charlotte
Willet, Mabel
Williams, Sidney B.
Williams, Elmer
Wilson, P. A.
Wise, H. T.
Wood, W. A.
Wright, Ernest P.
Zimmerli Mrs. A.
Zimmerli, Chas.

Officers of Class 1912

President—Charles B. Doron

Vice-President—Nancy K. Meeks

Secretary—Harold E. Illing

Treasurer—Charles W. Barber

Board of Control—James C. Jeffrey

Van Wyck Brinkerhoff

Hospital Board—Charles B. Doron.



1912 Class History

The factors which were concerned in bringing us together as a class, were as varied as individual experiences could make them; but we had one common object, that of learning Osteopathy under the best conditions—in touch with the Founder of the science.

We all felt that it would be a privilege to meet him—one of the great men of the century. Like all the truly great, he was found to be simple mannered and easy of approach.

Individual in speech and dress, he lives above criticism. His ears dulled to whatever censure may be given—hearing only the cry of distress, or the voice which has called him these long years, and with which he communes and finds companionship still in his aged days, as he moves solitary, if not alone, among us.

Nature has told her secrets to his listening ear and entrusted their keeping to a soul great enough to hold them.

When our class assembled for the first time, it was in the amphitheatre. After a friendly talk by Doctor Charley Still and others, we were dismissed. As each man reached the bottom of the first flight of stairs, he was seized by a noisy mob of Juniors, pushed and pulled and reeled down the line at a rapid rate. This was part of the initiation and was to be borne bravely, along with other ills of life.

The second degree followed later, when one day the Juniors descended upon our studiously assembled Chemistry class and gave their war cry. It was answered by our braves and soon upon the campus was a mixup scene of men and mud.

Mr. McCowan, fearless warior,—led the way, and though our men knew not Freshmen from Juniors, they bravely fought for principle and thus upheld the honor of the class.

The contest had been precipitated by the Seniors placing the Freshmen colors on the roof of the school building, without our knowledge. The Juniors had attempted to take them down, and in the exciting scene which followed an accident occurred which might have resulted fatally.

Some time later came the event of the true color rush—only there was no rush.

Through the skill of intrepid Freshmen, early one morning our colors were seen floating, high in air, anchored to the radiating wires of the tall grim smoke-stack at the rear of the school building.

Blue and White! Could there be a more pleasing sight than the clear, bright blue pennant—a fragment of sky it seemed, caught between heaven and earth, challenging capture. Not even the Juniors could gaze on its beauty

and seek to do it harm, for when they walked right down and looked right up, they turned around and walked away again.

After this touching event other touches followed—class dues, tickets for football games, sweaters, etc.

Perhaps the climax of events was reached when our class challenged the Juniors to a game of gootball.

The crowd gathered upon the athletic field was an enthusiastic one and the gray day was made bright with color by waving banners of blue and white and pennants of black and gold.

The field was heavy with yellow clay which had a glue-like tenacity for sticking everything it touched; this precluded clever playing, but both teams struggled bravely for mastery and our Mr. Prudden really made a brilliant showing, several times running through the ranks of the Juniors with the ball.

The game ended at last in a tie—with a sprained knee for Mr. Jeffrey and a lost shirt for Mr. L. J. Bell. Later on some tender hearted ladies of the class made a very dainty little garment and gave Mr. Bell to replace the one lost nobly on the field of battle.

Our class now felt that it was time to begin serious work. Work, did we say? That is a misnomer. Of course, there are moments that approach “near-work,” but they are quickly forgotten when we enter the class room and begin the easy (?) task of writing for alas.—“of which—as you might say” there are a great many varieties. But whether atoms enter into the composition of a molecule, or a molecule is composed of atoms, this was never satisfactorily explained.—so the “matter” remains the same.

If we were downcast the first hour, we were greatly uplifted the second and felt it, too, as we climbed to the amphitheatre.

“When I was in Edinburgh, in the recent state, I had a patient once who had no thyroid, when men hung themselves to trees—but wait you shall see these things on the screen, for if you attempt to remember them as they are in Cunningham we will begin—on the roost,—next slide.”

The next hour we descend to North Hall and although so foreboding a subject as the “building of a cell” is considered, we contribute what we can with cheerfulness, under the influence of the Bigsby smile.

The serious part of the hour is the roll call, which is a blessing in disguise, as the few remaining minutes leave but little time for a quiz.

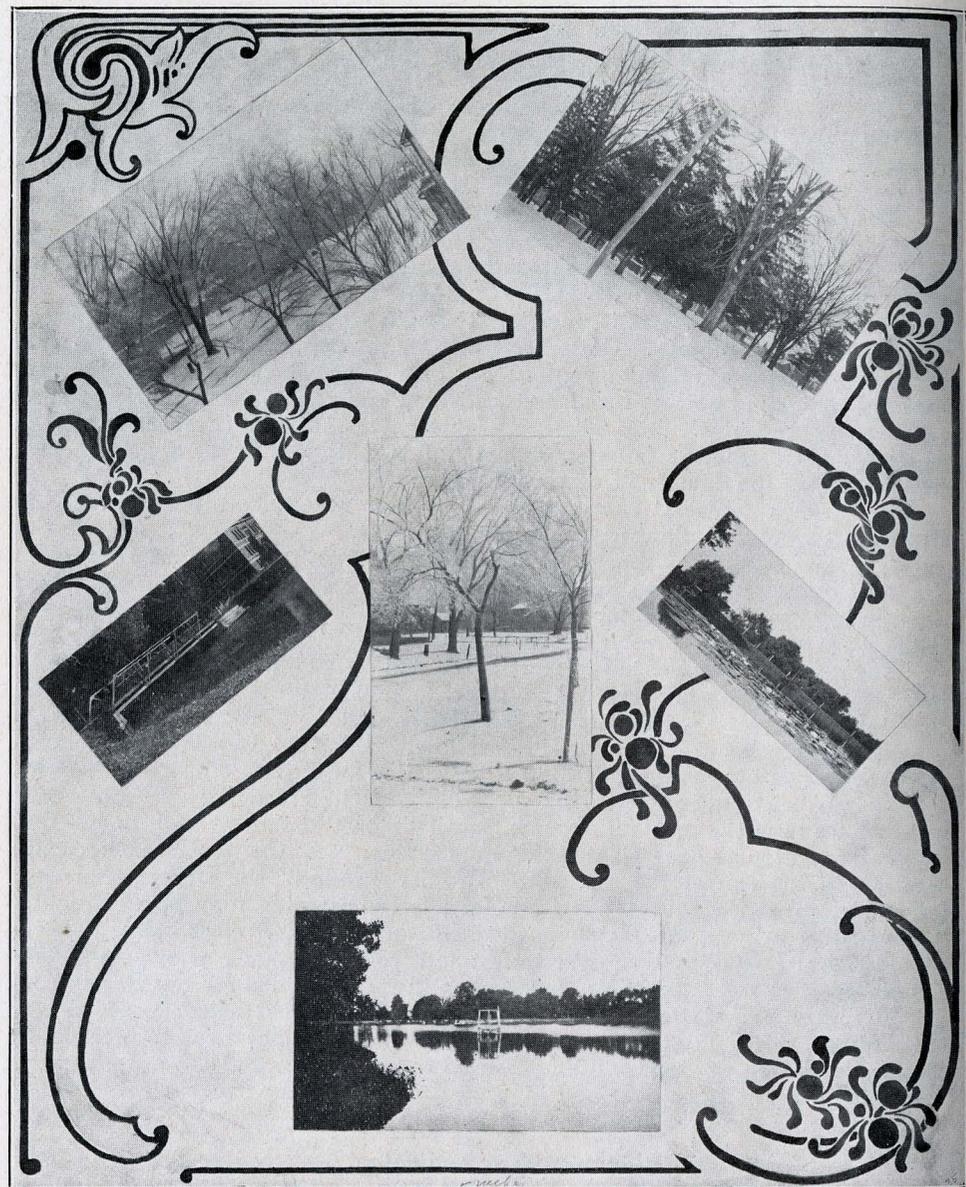
It is a brief transition to the room assigned to Physiology. From the moment we hear the cry “all aboard”, until we cast anchor at high noon—on deck, all is action and reaction—acid and alkaline. Action to the blackboard, reaction to the rim of the rostrum. “We have found” the Doctor observes (and he does) if we do not know our lessons the reaction may be very acid. “It is further proven, Mr. Man” that the Doctor is at heart most kind.

Hospital Day was given over to fun and frolic and many of our class distinguished themselves by their clever work in raising funds for the free ward.

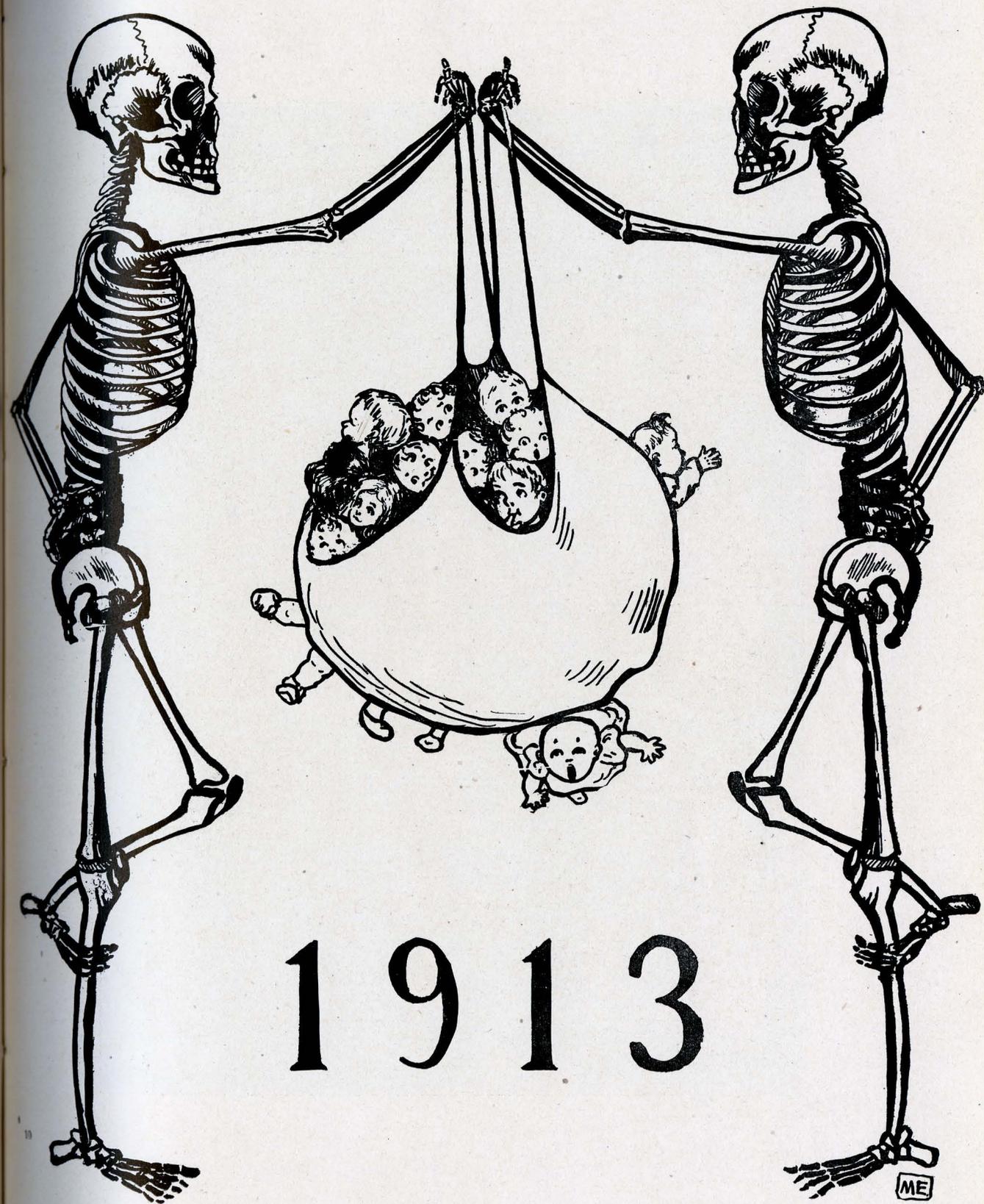
Mr. McCowan was our first President and he has just been succeeded by Mr. Doron. With Miss Meek as Vice-president there has been a precedent established which we hope will be observed in future elections.

With examinations over and high grades given every one, we enter upon the last lap of the first year.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Though kind teachers here may pass us
May not so, the Board of State.



Kirkville Scenes.



1913



Class of January 1913.

Roll of January Class, 1913.



Achor, J. Merlin
Alkire, Mrs. Maggie
Allabach, Frieda F.
Allen, Harry W.
Armstrong, Janet M.
Ahlquist, Olag P.
Becker, Ethel L.
Bierbower, Margaret K.
Bone, Chas. A.
Brown, Justus C.
Bryan, Jeanne
Callahan, Kate T.
Chadwick, Harry L.
Chalfant, Vera
Chance, Carrie B.
Clark, John F.
Clark, Velma
Crain, Mrs. Elizabeth
Crain, Claude J.
DeHaven, Mrs. Ruby
Faris, Louise E.
Gardner, Orville L.
Getzlaff, Carl
Gouidier, Chas. H.
Gobel, Bertha
Graham, Frank F.
Hall, Elmer L.
Hart, Theo. E.
Haupt, Vernon B.
Hensley, Alfred S.
Herche, Jeanette B.
Hibberd, Emma A.
Hovland, Suella
Howard, E. Sherman
Howd, Albert O.
Hohnes, Mrs. Rachign
James, Isaac L.
Jones, Aubrey D.
Jones, Davis
Kinney, Lecta F.
Lawrence, Elmer M.
Lawrence, Wm. P.

Laughlin, Harry T.
Leonardo, Marie B.
Lucas, Frank N.
Lyke, Winnifred B.
Mead, Clyde D.
MacNab, Mary M. H.
Mosely, Vilas C.
Overton, Edna P.
Pickhardt, John J.
Rader, Geo. B.
Raynor, Eugene E.
Rezinikov, Alexandra
Riel, Thoe. F.
Rifenbark, Lloyd I.
Ryel, Jennie A.
Robson, Theodore T.
Rowland, Nina T.
Siehl, M. Elizabeth
Sanders, Clarence H.
Schavinger, Paul G.
Sellars, Allen H.
Shaw, Enos L.
Sharp, Elizabeth
Smith, Elizabeth
Stover, Orvin O.
Steward, Willie A.
Stark, Roy
St. John, William W.
St. John, Lawrence E.
Taylor, Fred
Tedrck, Chester A.
Tillyer, Belle
Thibadeau, Viola
Turnbull, Mrs. Marie G.
Turnbull, John M.
Thwaites, Walter G.
White, Walter L.
Weeks, Carl H.
Waller, Orville A.
Weaver, Mrs. Ida L.
Whallen, Grace
Zimmerman, Conrad A.

Officers January 1913 Class.



Theo. T. Robson, President
Ethel L. Becker, Vice-President
Walter L. White Treasurer
Mrs. Marie G. Turnbull, Secretary.

CLASS COLORS:—Red and Green.

CLASS YELL.

Ka-zip-ka zan, Ka zah-kazoo
Ka biff-ka bang Ka bah-kaboo
Rickety, racketsy Rah Careen
Freshmen-freshmen Nineteen thirteen.



Class History.

The morning of January 25, 1910 was marked by an event of no little importance. It was the entrance of the January Class of 1913. The remainder of the day was spent in getting acquainted with the professors, the class, and with certain original forms of welcome tendered by the upper classmen. The next few days were spent mostly in holding class meetings and deciding on the colors. The colors finally decided on were red and green and at 4:30 on the morning of February 2nd, these colors were hung on the electric light wires on Jefferson Street near the school. Long before the sun was up the Freshmen gathered about the pole nearer the colors, prepared to defend them to the last. The "Baby Juniors," after a great deal of deliberation, attempted to burn the colors down by placing a flaming board across the wires, but by accidental short circuit the wires burned in two and the colors fell to the ground, where the greatest struggle in the history of Osteopathy took place over the possession of them. The color scrap continued fast and furious for an hour and a half, at the end of which time there was a decided lull as the combatants were considerably "all in" and they retired, covered with glory — and mud. As is usual in these events, both sides claimed a victory—we all have the privilege of our own judgment in this—but we would say that we have heard from some (who have been reckoned judges) that there are but few in either of the two classes who seem to know the meaning of the word "quitter."

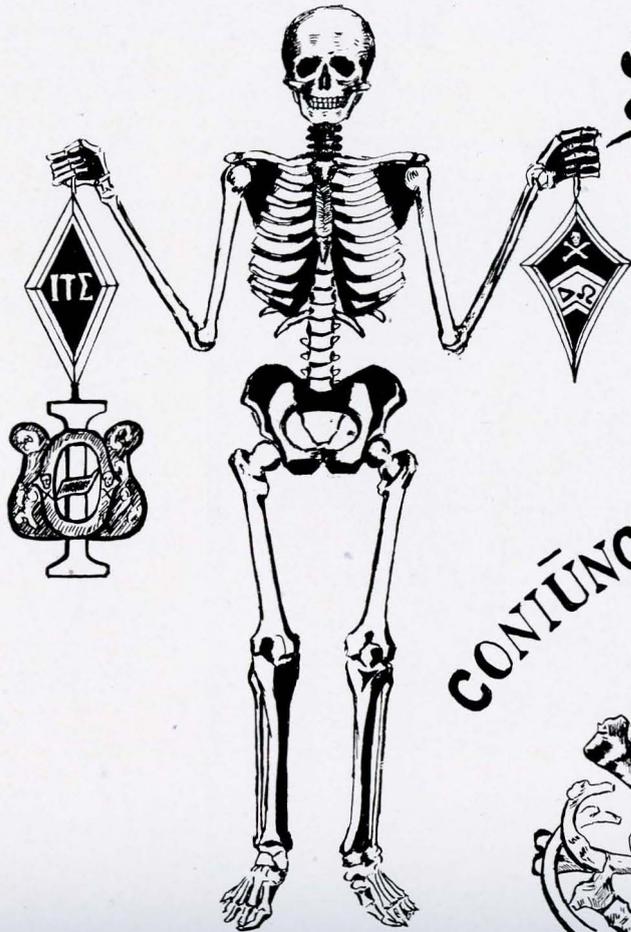
The next event of importance was the reception given by the "Baby Juniors" on the evening of February 18th. The two north halls of the school were thrown open and a very pleasant evening was spent including an excellent program, hand-skaking and refreshments.

On the evening of February 25th the Freshmen were royally entertained at a reception given by the Stillonian Society. The evening was passed in the enjoyment of an excellent program and a general good time.

All of the excitement of the first few weeks having passed, the class settled down to the mild pleasures of life in Kirksville and only one point remains to be settled, and that is the class pennant; but everything else points to a speedy settlement of this difficulty and, if the past may be taken as an omen, this class need have no fears for their success in the future.

Fraternities

Sororities.



CONIUNCTI STAMUS DIVISI CADIMUS.

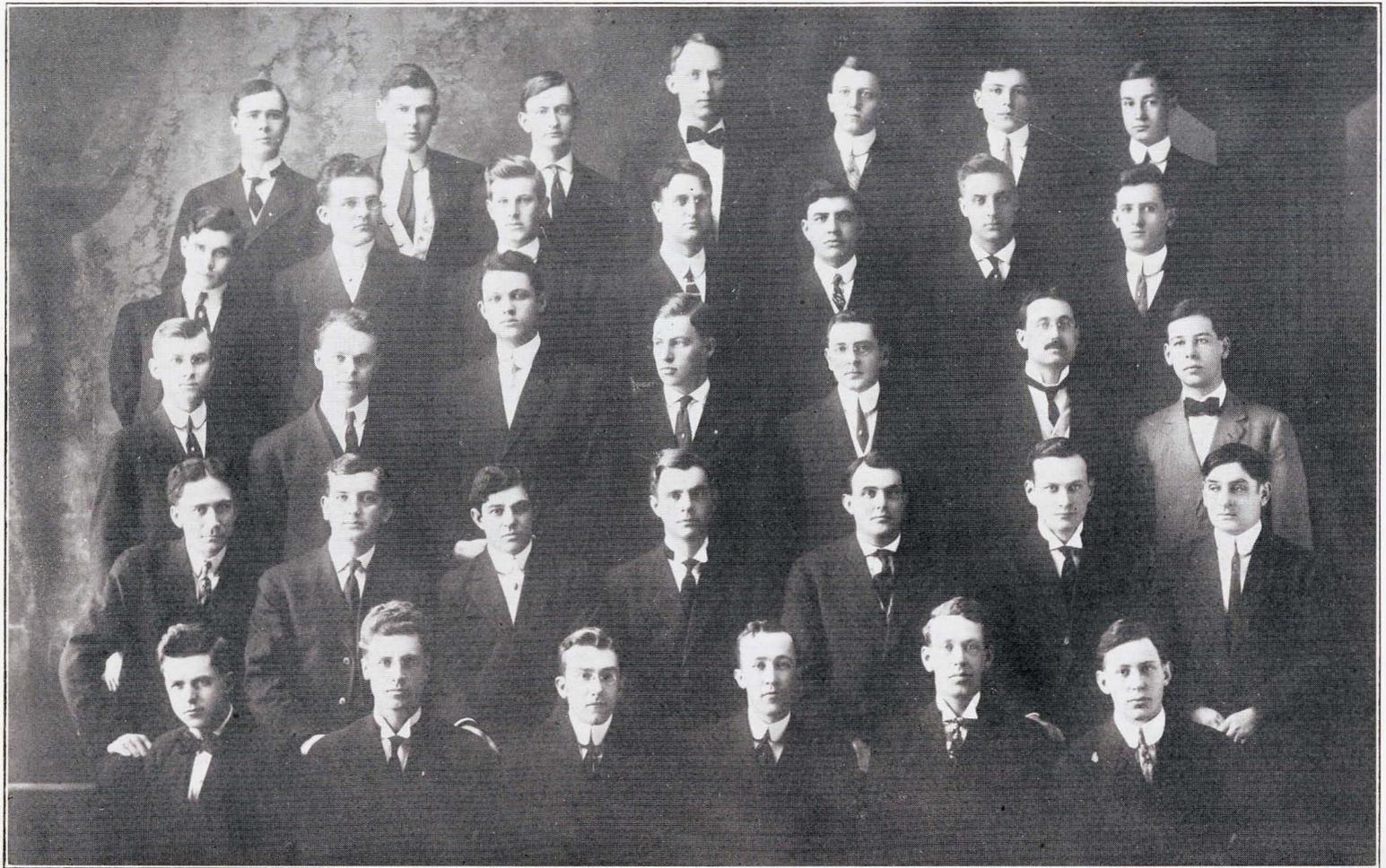


**Fraternities
and
Sororities.**

IOTA TAU SIGMA
THETA PSI
PHI OMICRON GAMMA
DELTA OMEGA



I. T. S. Shield.



Iota Tau Sigma Fraternity.

Iota Tau Sigma Roll.



CHAPTERS.

Alpha—American School of Osteopathy.

Beta—Still College of Osteopathy

Gamma—Los Angeles College of Osteopathy.

Delta—Philadelphia College of Osteopathy.

Epsilon—Massachusetts College of Osteopathy.

Alpha Chapter.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

George A. Still, M. S., M. D., D. O.	Warren Hamilton, D. O.
George M. Laughlin, M. S., D. D. O.	Charles E. Still, D. O.
L. Van H. Gerdine, A. M., M. D., D. O.	Chester D. Swope, D. O.
J. N. Waggoner, M. D., D. O.	

FRATRES IN ACADEMIA.

1910.

Fred D. Clark	O. P. Davies	Homer E. Watkins	
A. J. Garlinghouse	Frank Fraker	A. J. Snapp	
Harry C. Kirkbride	E. Carl Kemp	W. Royal Westfall	
F. L. Norris	F. A. Lovell	Wm. E. Waldo	Edgar H. Westfall

1911.

Joseph W. Patterson	Harley A. Linebarger	Roger N. Squire	
Lawrence C. McCoy	J. Stanislaus Logue	Gervase C. Flick	
Charles E. Rogers	Thomas K. Richards	William D. Inglis	
Paul S. Emerson	Hubert Pocock	Dewey A. Shambaugh	
Paschall Morris	R. Lee Miller	Ralph P. Baker	Clayton Goodell

Jan. 1912.

H. W. Sawyer	A. M. Farnsworth
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June 1912.

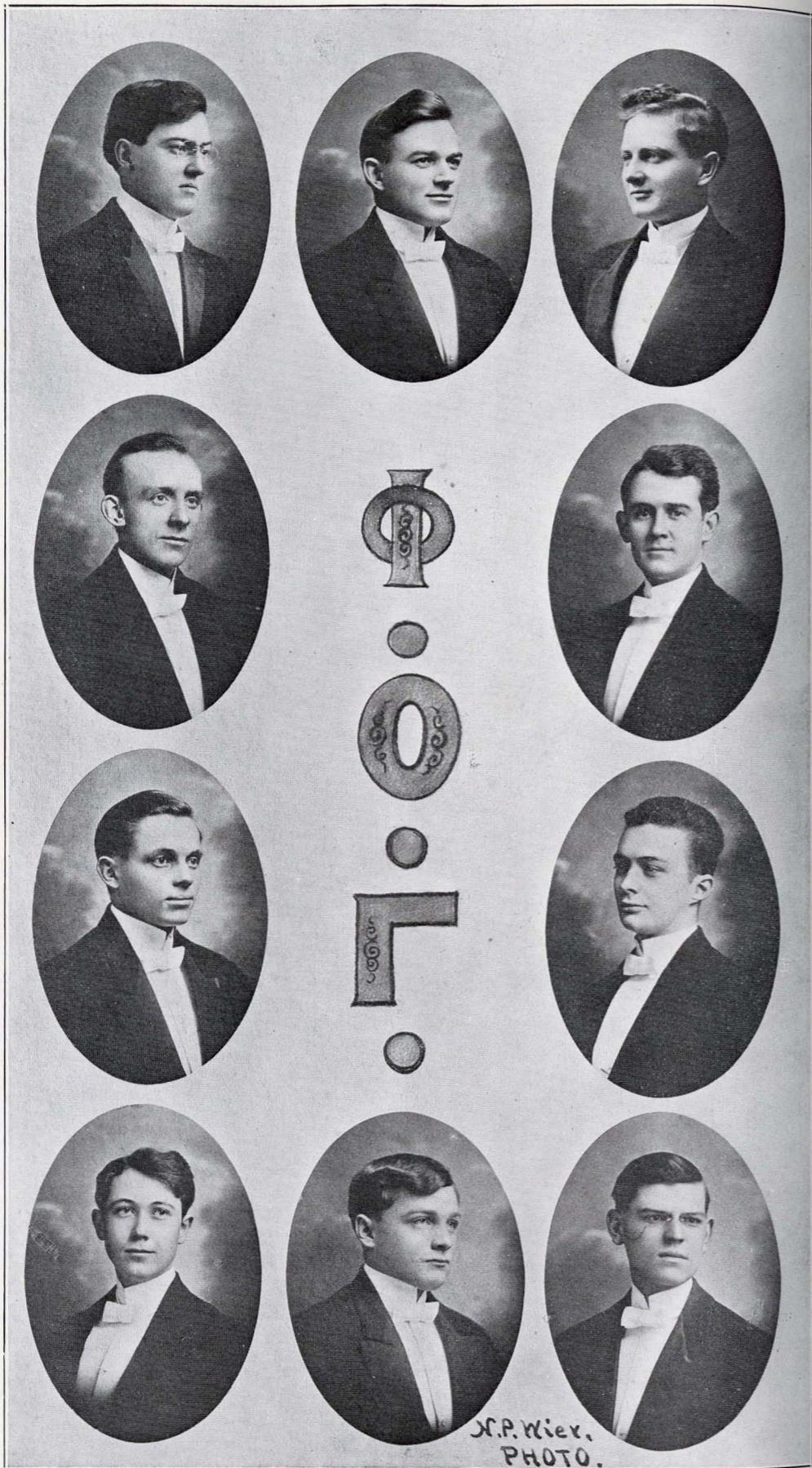
Charles W. Barber	V. W. Brinkerhoff
Walter E. Bailey	Joe K. Goodrich



Theta Psi House.

A TOAST.

Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from;
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.



J.P. Kier,
PHOTO.

Phi Omicron Gamma.

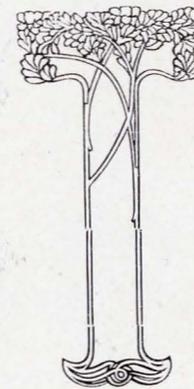
Phi Omicron Gamma

CHAPTERS.

Alpha—Philadelphia College of Osteopathy.
 Beta—American School of Osteopathy.
 Gamma—Los Angeles School of Osteopathy.

BETA CHAPTER ROLL.

M. E. Thomas	M. White	E. H. Pape
A. J. Little		O. D. Baxter
D. E. Pearl		H. J. Moore
C. S. Dudley	E. W. Myrick	R. A. Sheppard.





Delta Omega Sorority.

Delta Omega Roll.

Top Row.

Effie L. Gulliland
M. Lyla Macdonald

Second Row.

Laura Nicholson
Lydia H. Wright
Laura Shugrue
Florence Opdyke
Virginia Gay

Third Row.

Nettie M. Hurd
Helen Earle
Margaret O'Neill
E. Rebecca Harkins
Irene Lapp

Fourth Row.

Pauline Dietrich
Margaret Rogers
Ruth Chandler
C. Elsie Houriet
Adda M. Lutz

Fifth Row.

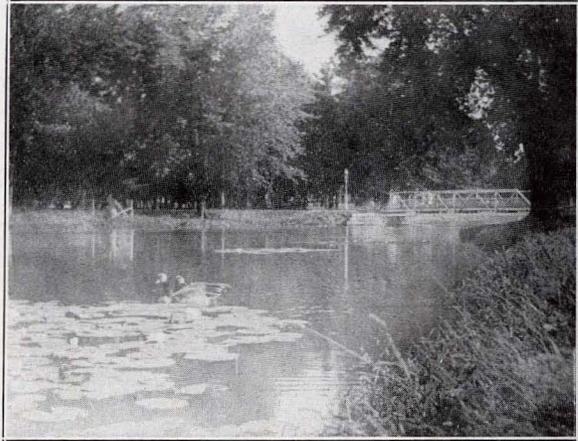
Emilie V. Sutton
Edna Chesebrough
Clara U. Little
Marie H. Harkins
Winnifred DeWolfe

Sixth Row.

Jennie K. Groenewoud
Coral E. Blue
Bertha L. Ventress
Elizabeth Clark
Elizabeth Newbury

Seventh Row.

Beatrice N. Phillips
Mrs. Warren Hamilton
Mrs. Geo. Laughlin
Mrs. Frank Pratt



Normal Lake.

C
L
E
B
S

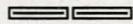
1911



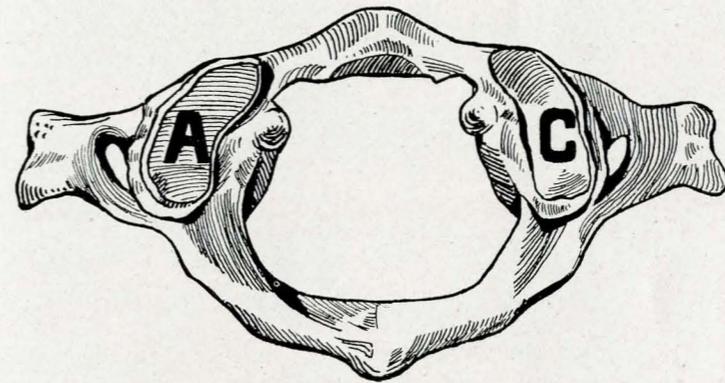
THORBURN

DR
C
A
N
I
N
V
E
I
G
N
S

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS



ATLAS CLUB
AXIS CLUB
STILLONIANS
FRIARS





Atlas Club.

Membership Roll of the Atlas Club.

SENIORS.

L. J. Bingham
C. N. Brackett
I. F. Craig
H. J. Fulford
J. F. Krill
H. M. Lacey
L. C. Marshall
C. H. Muncie
F. H. Weidlein

JUNIORS.

C. J. Alexander
E. C. Brann
M. A. Boyes
H. L. M. Betzner
A. B. Caine
C. H. Chandler
V. H. Edson
W. W. Grow
J. E. Hoskins
G. R. Ingram
W. H. Judd
F. E. Magee
P. A. Morse
C. L. Shafer
L. E. Staff
E. C. Waters
J. L. Walker
R. M. Wolf
G. P. Smith

FRESHMEN.

H. W. Hancock
W. P. Hull
H. E. Illing



Atlas Club.

SENIORS.

F. E. Avery
E. H. Bean
L. J. Dellinger
Jno. Deason
H. C. Erwin
C. P. Hanson
F. B. Keller
E. M. Geyer

JUNIORS.

H. C. Beckler
R. E. Cunningham
A. B. Ford
J. A. Gillespie
M. C. Hurd
W. G. Keller
E. S. Mitterling
C. E. Robinson
T. Y. Stelle
A. H. Smith

JUNIORS (JAN.)

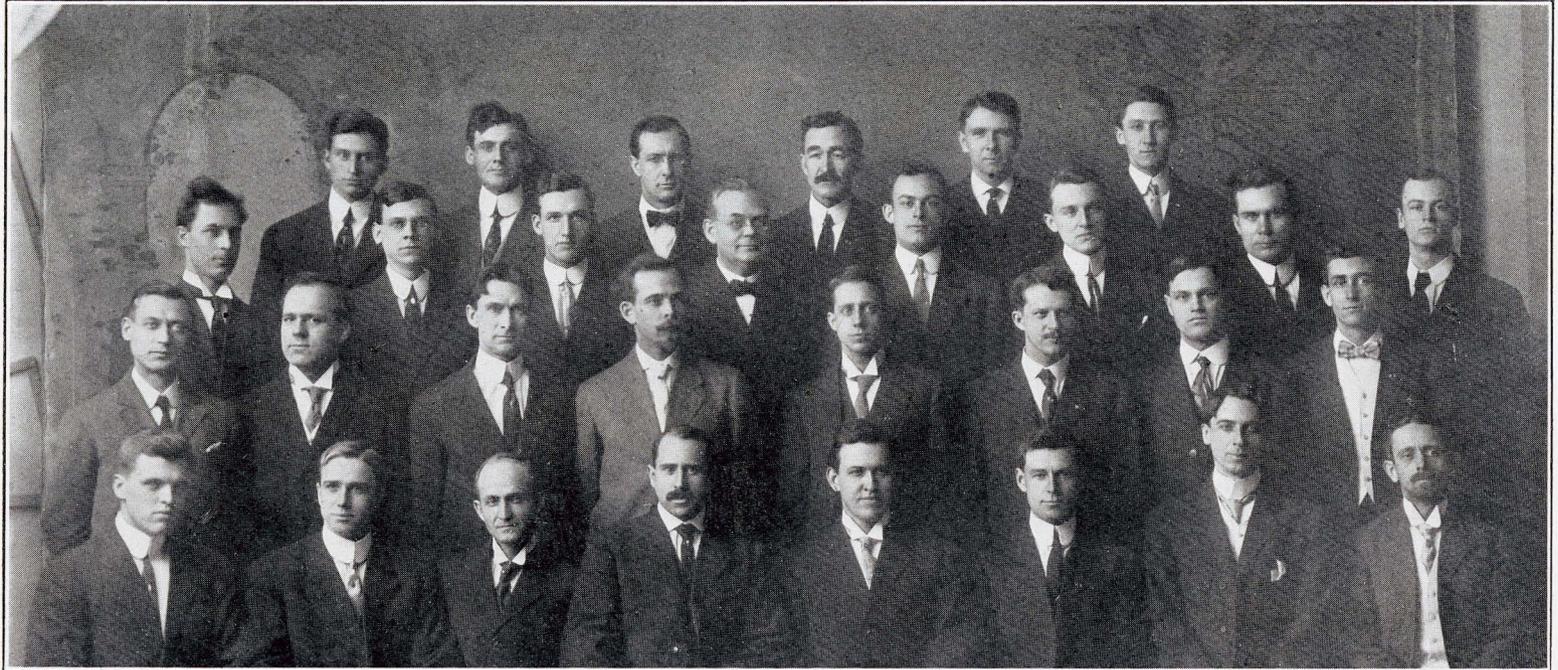
F. H. Martin
C. E. Medaris

FRESHMEN.

C. A. Clark
S. A. Brough
H. W. Clement

POST GRADUATES.

J. E. Derck, '09
W. H. Marshall, '05



Atlas Club.

SENIORS.

W. H. Andrus
R. Coplantz
O. H. Cramer
C. N. LaRue
F. W. Morris
B. H. T. Becker
P. S. Nichols
R. W. Neff
G. S. H. Wilson
F. E. Thorn

JUNIORS.

F. D. Baker
T. L. Bennett
C. H. Cournyer
E. G. Carel
D. C. Crocker
A. C. Hardy
E. R. Humphries
H. N. Clark
D. C. Nye
K. B. Phillips
C. L. Richards
H. H. Trimble
T. R. Thorburn
Wm. Worley

JUNIORS (JAN.)

L. C. Cromer
A. S. Hollis
W. K. Jacobs

FRESHMEN.

C. B. Doron
H. T. Wise

POST GRADUATE.

C. E. Shifflet, '03

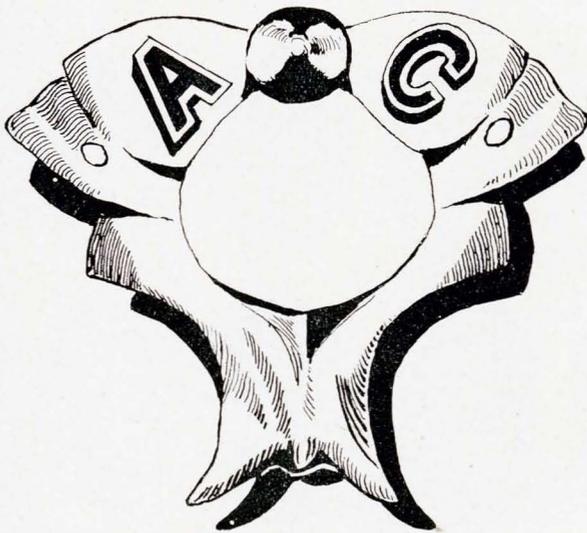
THOSE NOT IN PICTURES.

E. B. Carney, '10
F. S. McGonigle, '11
B. McMahan, '12
O. H. Gripe, '12
G. P. Smith, '12



Museum of Osteopathic Medicine, Kirksville, MO

ATLAS ORCHESTRA—First Row—M. C. Hurd, F. Clark, B. McMahan, R. M. Wolf, F. S. McGonigle, R. E. Cunningham.
Second Row—F. D. Baker, W. W. Grove, W. K. Jacobs, A. S. Hollis, J. Deason. Not in picture—H. C. Erwin (cello), F. H. Weidlein (traps)





Axis Club.

Axis Members.

XXXX

First Row

Miss Mabel E. Fouch
 Miss Caroline I. Griffin
 Mrs. V. H. Edson
 Miss Arminta Bailey
 Miss Mary Howells

Second Row.

Mrs. H. T. Still
 Miss Lillian Carter
 Mrs. A. E. Stoner
 Miss Julia E. Angell
 Mrs. G. H. Payne

Third Row.

Miss Harriet A. Hitchcock
 Mrs. Christine Irwin
 Miss Mary G. Crossman
 Miss Ethel Roop
 Mrs. E. S. Mitterling

Fourth Row.

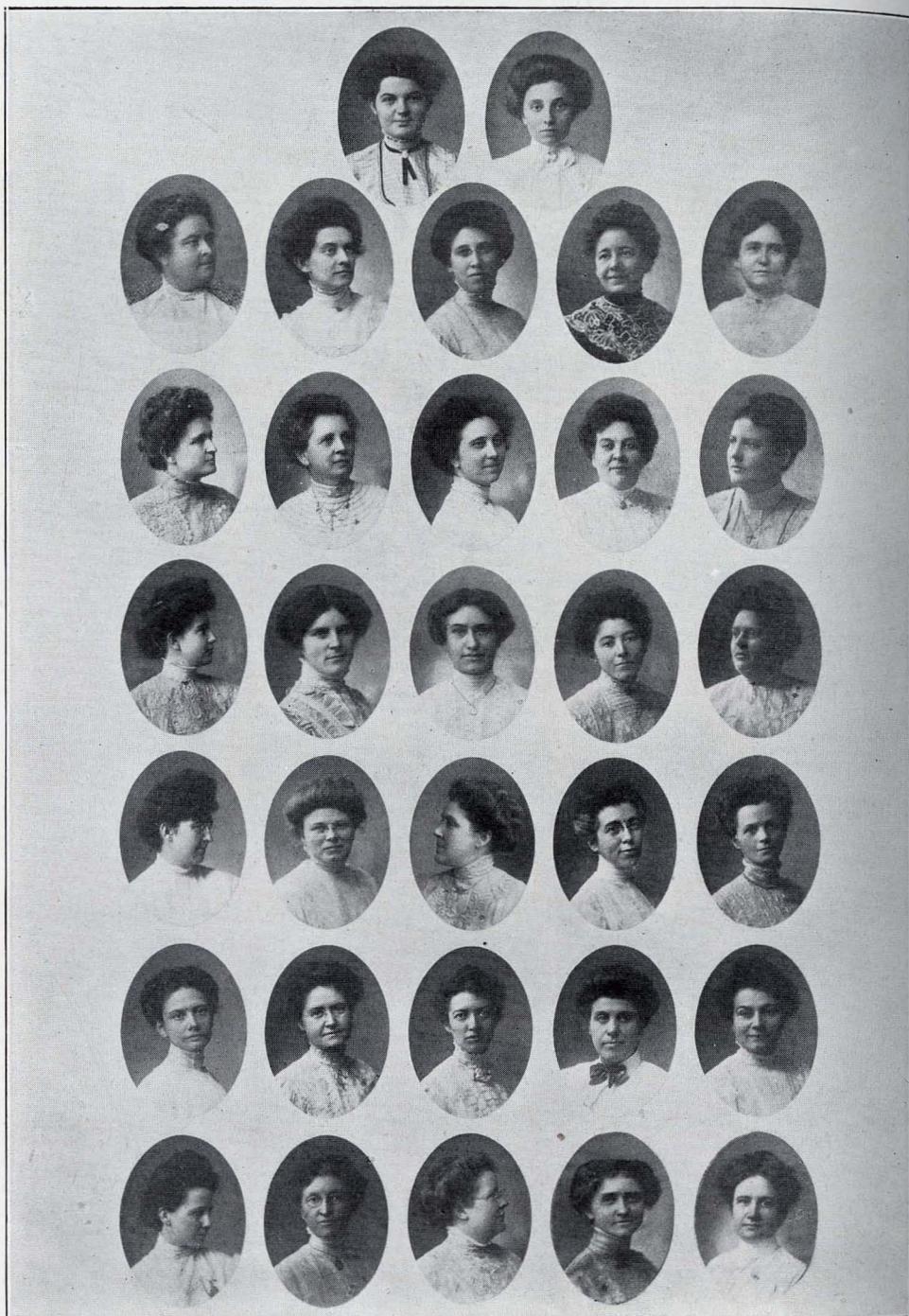
Miss Council E. Faddis
 Miss Emily Malcomson
 Miss Jennie E. Chase
 Miss Ella D. Coltrane
 Mrs. W. P. Hull

Fifth Row.

Mrs. Tryphena V. Haven
 Miss Margaret Loring
 Miss Lily F. Taylor
 Miss Maude E. Ward
 Mrs. H. W. Learner

Sixth Row.

Dr. Alice Gooden
 Dr. Mary E. Perritt
 Miss Harriet Sears
 Miss Pauline Sears
 Miss Albertina Gross



Axis Club.

First Row.

Miss Elizabeth Finney
Miss Ethel Priseler

Second Row.

Mrs. Annie R. Murphy
Mrs. Elizabeth H. Lane
Miss Bula B. Cameron
Miss May Foster
Mrs. H. S. Beckler

Third Row.

Miss Elizabeth Brewster
Mrs. Julia J. Chase
Miss Mae Branner
Mrs. Lou M. Kerrigan
Mrs. H. L. Riley

Fourth Row.

Miss Lulu Hubbard
Miss Franziska Nickenig
Miss Mary E. Emery
Miss Mary Sheriffs
Mrs. Lydia Holmes

Fifth Row.

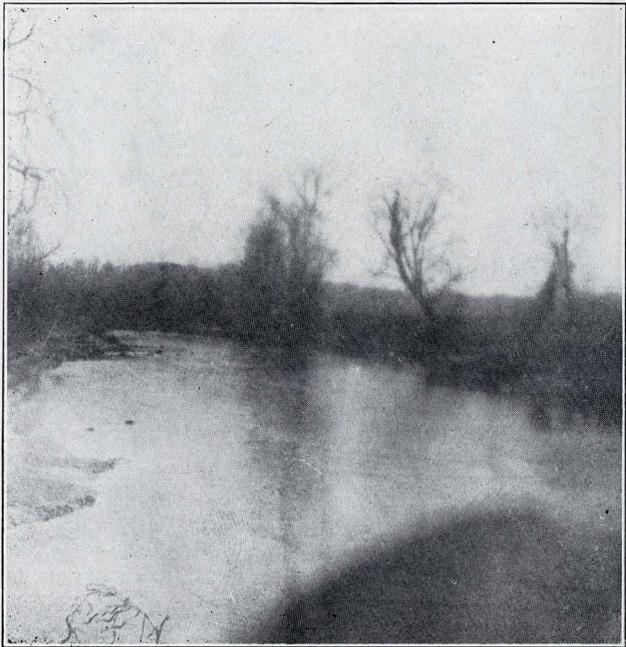
Miss Grace D. Wilson
Mrs. E. C. Murphy
Miss Zudie P. Purdom
Miss Maude L. Warner
Mrs. Eva M. Craig

Sixth Row.

Miss Helene Larmoyeux
Miss Ida S. Campbell
Miss Harriet Carver
Mrs. Ida M. Rogers
Miss Ida M. Sash

Seventh Row.

Dr. Mina Robinson
Dr. Carrie Mundy
Dr. Clara E. Morrow
Dr. Della K. Stevens
Dr. Margaret Thompson



A Bend in the River.





Stillonians.

Stillonians.

The "Mary Still" Chapter

Founded April 9, 1909.



Colors—Old gold and purple.



FACULTY MEMBERS.

Dr. Andrew Taylor Still

Dr. Charles Still

Dr. George A. Still

Dr. R. E. Hamilton

Dr. George Laughlin

Dr. A. D. Becker

Dr. F. L. Bigsby

Dr. F. P. Pratt

POST GRADUATES.

Dr. J. A. Vreeland, Still College of
Osteopathy, 1906.

Dr. J. C. Glasgow, A. S. O. 1901.

Dr. J. D. Miller, A. S. O., 1906.



Stillonians.

1910 CLASS.

Albert E. Gooden
Milton Good
L. K. Hallock
Floyd P. Manchester
Carl Wetzel
Edwin D. Williams
Allie Poulter
George C. Wilke
Walter Koelling
Lillian G. Young
Philip Deitz
Llewellyn W. Plymell
William O. Sweet
John P. O. Givens
Orley H. Murphy
Mrs. Maria Crafft
Lena Wallen
Ernest A. Woodruff
Dennis A. Moore
Frank M. St. John
Ezra Good
William A. Clore
William R. Munger
Robert M. Thomas
Reese T. Tandy
Oscar VanOsdol
Isadora McKnight
John S. Schreiner
Milo S. Mendenhall
Euna J. Vincent
Fred G. Burnett
Grace Parker.

1911 CLASS.

Raymond B. Ferguson
Miss Jennie Ferguson
Elroy C. Downing
John C. Burnett
Allan P. Howells
Frederick E. Keefer
Ursa Wimp
Thomas E. Childress
John L. Mullenbrook
Mrs. Laura Mullenbrook
Alice Bierbower
John G. Evans
Ralph W. Walton
Claude L. Treichler
C. Wagner Sherfey
Henry Raingde
Robert F. Parker
Mrs. Mable Link
J. Jay Link
Omer C. Cole
Chas. G. Howard



Stiffonians..

1911 CLASS.

Edwin L. Schumacher
James S. Whitehead
Ray M. Jones
Richard A. Sheppard
Clara J. Laughlin
Julia M. Nevitt
Albert A. Swift
James W. Crum
Walter A. Benson
Florence O. Schaepe
Harry G. Rolfe
E. R. McDowell
Hermon L. Pease
Harmon C. Smith
Joel D. Worrell
Mathilda Blunck
Andrew M. Keethler
Ralph N. McBride
Frederick A. Parker
James F. Foncannon
Arthur E. Cole
James E. Manuel
Andrew M. Smith
Fred W. Graham

JAN. 1912 CLASS.

Roberta Smith
Samuel Barton
Robert J. Pickhardt
Clarence D. Clemons
Chas. A. Rose
David D. Donovan
Carlos K. Garrett

1912 CLASS.

Clayton N. Clark
John Jewell
Roy D. Rifenbark
Arthur L. Hughes
Chas. Champlin
Mrs. Chas. Champlin
Don C. McCowan
George W. Moore, Jr.
Alice J. Warden
Frederick H. Ashton
Minnie Shaw
O. C. Johnson
Margaret Penfold
Dewitt Lightsey
John C. Taylor
M. C. Guthrie
Anna Reznikov
Amy McQuary
Sarah C. Jones
H. W. Blankinship
Mabel Willett.



Stillionians.

Stillonians.



The year 1909 marked the organization of a new society in the student body of the American School of Osteopathy. For months the question of club advantages and facilities had been earnestly discussed. A careful study and investigation of the conditions which obtained led many to favor the organization of a society for the purpose of furthering the interests of Osteopathy and aiding students who wished to affiliate with a progressive club. A meeting of interested students was held on April 2nd, and, after thoroughly discussing the situation, a motion to organize was unanimously carried. Committees to draft a constitution and to solicit charter members were appointed. It was unanimously agreed that the constitution should make women students and practitioners eligible to active membership. This is a feature that distinguishes our society from other school organizations, and has proven highly satisfactory.

On April 9th a large body of students met in Knights of Pythias Hall. The report of the membership committee showed that one hundred and thirty-six students had signed the charter membership roll. One hundred twenty-five of these responded to roll-call. Temporary organization was effected by the election of J. P. O. Givens, temporary chairman and R. M. Thomas, temporary secretary. Several names for the society were now suggested. The name "Stillonian" was enthusiastically received. It was urged that, as we are banded together for the purpose of advancing Osteopathy, it would be manifestly proper to designate members as followers of its illustrious founder. In choosing an emblem the same reasoning prevailed and Stillonians wear a pin that thoroughly identifies them with the profession.

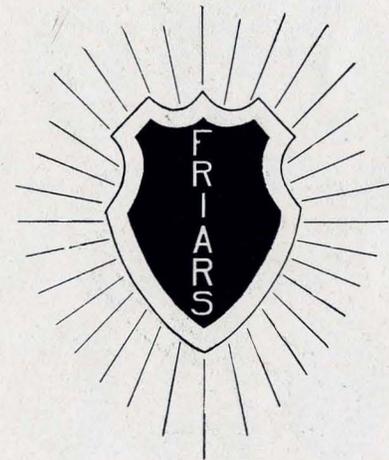
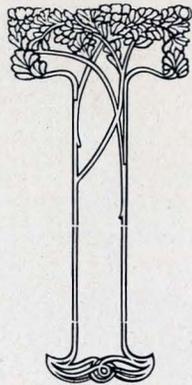
After adopting a constitution and by-laws, permanent organization was effected by the election of the following officers: President, J. P. O. Givens; First Vice-President, O. Van Osdol, Second Vice-President, C. N. Ray; Recording Secretary, R. M. Thomas; Financial Secretary, A. P. Howells; Treasurer, Milton Good; Trustees, F. L. Smith, C. W. Sherfey and D. D. Donovan.

Though only a short time intervened between the date of organization and the closing of school several lectures were enjoyed in the interim. "Fraternities" by Dr. R. E. Hamilton, "Osteopathic Etiquette" by Dr. L. Von H. Gerdine and "Psychic Phenomena" by Prof. J. D. Wilson of the State Normal were especially interesting and instructive. Since the opening of School last September, we have had much in the way of lectures and clinical work. An excellent series of lectures on chemistry by Prof. W. A. Lewis of the State Normal; on embryology by Dr. Geo. Still, and on applied anatomy by Dr. F. P. Pratt are some of the features of this year's work. Both seniors and juniors maintain classes in practical work, while the freshmen are by no means neglected. The social features of club life have not been overlooked, as several functions of this nature within the past year indicate.

In February 1910 appeared the first number of "The Stillonian," an attractive journal, the official organ of the association, which will keep our field members in touch with the Mary Still Chapter.

Only one year has elapsed since the organization of the society, yet the "Stillonians" are now one of the strongest organizations in the school and has a most promising future. The purpose of the society is best set forth in the preamble of its constitution which is, "The object and intention of this Association is for the purpose of pursuing our studies to better advantage, for the uplifting of the moral and mental tone and the cultivation of the special virtues of this student body; therefore this society—known as the "Stillonian," which shall encourage independence of thought and action, favor rectitude of conduct, and shall be for the uplifting of Osteopathy is duly organized."

D. D. Donovan.





Friars Roll.



First row

Dr. G. A. Still
 Dr. E. R. Lyda
 Dr. C. D. Swope
 Dr. Wm. Smith

Second Row.

R. W. Hanna
 Lawrence E. Day
 Elmer Smith
 E. H. Calvert

Third Row.

T. F. Riel
 G. C. Coulson
 Tom Spalding
 Jas. Slaughter
 A. H. Porter
 E. O. Maxwell

Fourth Row.

Coyt Moore
 Thos. C. Reid
 Ralph Cockrell
 Geo. Pound

Fifth Row.

C. H. Tedrick
 W. G. Thwaite



Musical



Organizations

TROBMAN



The Apollo Male Quartette.

1st Tenor	Baritone
C. P. Hanson, '10	D. C. Crocker, '11
2nd Tenor	Bass
J. W. Patterson, '11	J. L. Walker, '11

The Apollo Male Quartette was organized in the fall of 1908.

Hanson, the Illinois-ian, holds the position of chorister of the First Church of Christ, Kirksville.

"Pat" is an ex-member of the famous "Apollo Male Quartette of Ohio."

Crocker, was a member of the Standard Opera Company for several seasons.

Walker is the "Pipe Organ" basso whose reputation is best evidenced by his numerous invitations and offers to sing with both male and mixed quartettes.

The object of the organization has been to furnish entertainment for the student body at receptions, commencements, etc.; but it has also assisted materially in raising funds for the Hospital Free Ward. The climax of all their successes was in the "Busy Bumble Bee" on the night of the Freshman reception, when "Pat" swiped Hanson's "Air", Walker lost the "key" and couldn't get in, while Crocker hasn't yet discovered the selection attempted.



A. S. O. Band.

A. S. O. BAND.

This organization is now in the third season of its existence. It has developed into one of the most enthusiastic bodies of the school and its popularity with students and townspeople increases year by year. No important event in connection with the school is now considered complete unless the A. S. O. Band is present. It plays a prominent part in all the athletic encounters, not only in entertaining the spectators before a match and at half time, but also (especially in inter-class games) in adding "din" to the class yells. On these occasions the instrumentalists join the spectators of their own individual classes. The band has also been in demand at many political and social functions. Programmes of a popular and classical character were rendered on the square on several occasions during the athletic season. For the past two seasons the band has been under the direction of Mr. C. Dejardin (class 1911), late of Band of Garrison Artillery (Volunteer) Edinburgh, Scotland.

Director, C. Dejardin, '11.

Solo Cornets

J. Deason, '10
W. E. Paul, '11

Tenor Horn

E. Goode, '10

Bass Drum

F. H. Weidlein '10

1st and 2nd Cornets

M. O. Nyberg, '10
D. W. Deane, '12
R. Sullivan, '12

Valve Trombones

W. R. Westfall, '10
R. M. Wolf '12

Slide Trombone

W. J. Koelling, '10

E Flat Bass

A. Van Winkle '11

Solo Clarinets

M. C. Hurd, '11
F. W. Clark, '12

Euphonium

A.M. Keethler, '11

Flute and Piccolo

C. W. Barber, '12

Saxophone

R. E. Cunningham '11

Alto Horns

B. McMahan, '12
R. M. Jones, '11

Slide drums

M. White, '10



The 1911 Orchestra.

The 1911 Orchestra.

There are two noteworthy facts about the class of 1911 of the American School of Osteopathy. One is that it is the largest class that has been enrolled since the three year course was required and the other is that from its members the complete 1911 orchestra was formed. At the reception given by the class of 1911, this orchestra delighted the large audience with classical as well as lighter music. Its members have also assisted in many musical functions in and around Kirksville, including the "Great Musical Festival" given in May 1909 at the State Normal School. The 1911 orchestra is under the direction of Mr. C. Dejardin, '11.

MEMBERS OF THE 1911 ORCHESTRA.

1st Violin	Cornet
C. Dejardin	W. E. Paul
F. D. Baker	Saxophone
Mrs. A. Whipple	R. E. Cunningham
2nd Violins	English Horn
W. W. Grow	R. M. Jones
H. Pocock.	
'Cello	Euphonium
Mrs. E. J. Dejardin	A. M. Keethler
Clarinet	Piano
M. C. Hurd	D. A. Shambaugh





The A. S. O. Ladies' Quartette.

1st Soprano	Miss Nettie Hurd, '11	1st Alto	Miss Vera Derr, '11
2nd Soprano	Mrs. Grace Learner, '10	2nd Alto	Mrs. Allys Whipple, '11

This popular quartette is composed of four of the leading vocalists of the former A. S. O. Choral Club. Each member is a soloist and a musician of high musical ability.

Miss Hurd has a voice sweet and sympathetic as well as one of exceptional flexibility. Her rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer" and "The Gypsy Maiden" is still fresh in our minds.

Mrs. Learner's rich voice will be remembered in the solos and duets of the Cantata "The Holy City" given by the Choral Club in the spring, 1909.

Miss Derr is the possessor of a contralto voice of marked power and sweetness.

Mrs. Whipple has a fine contralto voice of unusual range and depth. She is also a talented violinist and a member of the 1911 orchestra.

The quartette gave a most pleasing programme of a varied nature, from their extensive repertoire, on the occasion of the reception given to the Class of 1912. Their services are frequently in demand at social evenings, concerts and in connection with oratorios.





Athletic Board of Control, 1909-10.

Members and Officers of Board of Control.



Dr. George A. Still faculty Representative.

(From Left to Right.)

A. M. Farmsworth, '12 Secretary

J. M. Turnbull, '13

F. D. Clark, '10 Treasurer

R. P. Baker, '11 Foot-ball Manager 1909

C. M. Bush, '11, Vice-President

J. C. Jeffrey, '12

E. E. Raynor, '13

J. W. Patterson, '11

V. W. Brinkerhoff, '12

M. White, '10

P. A. Morse, '11

E. Waters, '11, Manager Baseball Team, 1910

E. H. Smith, '10, President

J. F. Krill, '10

H. W. Swayer, Jan. '12

R. W. Hanna, Jan. '12





Basketball

1909 == Baseball == 1910.



Baseball at the A. S. O. coming as it does at the end of the year is somewhat handicaped in comparison with the other sports. The 1909 season suffered to a certain extent on this account and many difficulties which arose while the season was in progress, were fought and overcome.

C. B. Morrow, known to the boys as "Pop" handled the managing reins with success, presenting a schedule at the opening of the season, which gave promise of some lively battles on the diamond. "Monk" Powell who captained the team is deserving of credit for the intelligent manner in which he handled the men on the diamond.

The season was finished with a record of six games won and five lost which was a very creditable showing under the existing circumstances.

This year's baseball season gives promise of developing into one of the most successful that the A. S. O. has experienced in several years. Elmer Smith, who covered short stop position last season has been elected Captain. Eugene Waters, of the Junior Class will act in the capacity of Manager and from all indications he will prove worthy, for his past experiences are of the highest class.

The Board of Control should be congratulated in securing Dr. J. M. Voorhees as Coach. Dr. Voorhees, for thirteen years held the position of physical director also head coach at Pratt Institute, New York, and comes to us with an enviable reputation. His ability cannot be questioned, and with the cooperation of both players and student body, we will have a winning team this season. Five of last year's team are still with us and many new men of college experience have presented themselves as candidates for the team.

Manager Waters has succeeded in procuring the following schedule which may have slight changes.

Baseball Season, 1910.

Home Games.

- April 11—William Vashti, Aledo, Ill.
- April 15—Central College, Fayette, Mo.
- April 22—Kirksville State Normal
- April 27—Rolla School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.
- May 5—Warrensburg State Normal, Warrensburg, Mo.
- May 17—Kirksville State Normal
- May 23—Westminster State Normal, Fulton, Mo.
- May 25—Kirksville State Normal.

Away from Home.

- May 11 and 12—Missouri Valley University at Marshall, Mo.
- May 13—Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Mo.
- May 14—Central College at Fayette, Mo.

FOOTBALL



ELMER H. SMITH.

Captain Smith at the position of quarterback played a commendable game throughout the season, showing marked football ability in running the team. "Smithy" tackled low and hard pulling his man down on the spot.

LEWIS J. BINGHAM.

The team this year was very fortunate in getting Bingham for a coach as he had had wide experience along this line of work, having been physical director at Ohio Wesleyan, also general physical director at Shady Side Academy, Pittsburg. Coach Bingham looked after his men well. He always put forth his utmost energies to develop a first class team. There is little glory in coaching a team, but whatever there is, the coach justly deserves.



R. P. BAKER.

Manager Baker had a difficult job to start with, because not a game had been scheduled when he accepted the position but soon he managed to get some first class teams to play the A. S. O. "Cupid" deserves the compliments of the team for every one knows he had a thankless task for which he sacrificed his time and energy to make a success. "Bake" missed the train at Moberly, and with seventy-six ham sandwiches in his arms, he gazed after the rear end of the coach headed for St. Louis.



Ford at right tackle was a good, steady player. Against Wentworth he played an exceptionally fine game. "Big One" was injured in the Rolla game, but nevertheless was out for practice all the rest of the season. Old Ford never lost his temper except at St. Louis and it is reported that he said some naughty words to a few of the Barnes' players.

Erwin played end; coming out for the team because they needed more men. He played in the majority of games and showed that he knew how to handle the pig-skin.

Orrison known to the boys as "Old Huckleberry" played center, being used as half-back in the latter part of the season, playing a very creditable game in that position. He was very strong at

backing up the line and never was afraid to get into it.

Minear was the most valuable man the team had for left end position, never allowing his man to escape. Coach Bingham had no other man to use as second quarter, so "Little One" willingly gave up his position as end, to serve his team in emergencies, for which he deserves a good deal of praise for showing the true football spirit. When "Minnie" was replaced at end, he always made good.

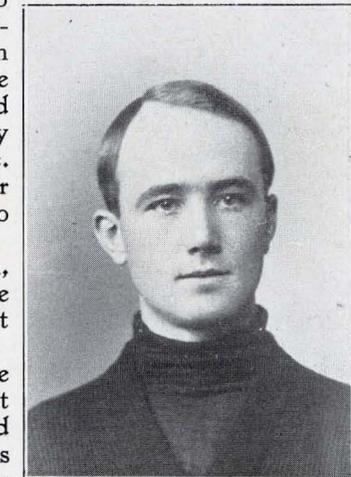
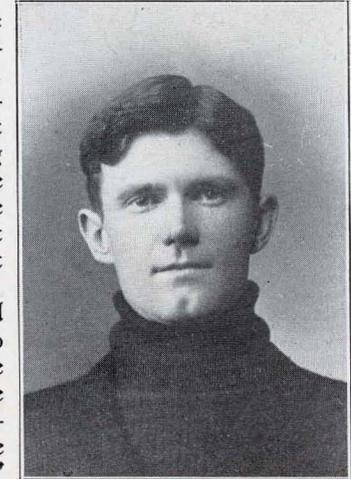
Reed, Captain-elect for next year played a clever game at right half. He is without dispute the fastest man on the team and will make a good Captain. Reed was out of the game during the latter half of the season owing to an injury. His loss was keenly felt by the other members of the team.

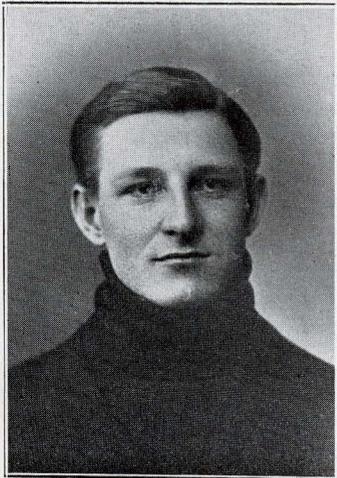
Palmer at full-back never saved himself and could be depended upon to make his distance. In backing the line he was second only to Orrison, on offensive work he was quite strong.

Hess, a new man to start with, was considered the best line man on the team, being the only man that played every minute of every game on the schedule. He is a good tackler and always sure to open up big holes.

Allabach joined the team late in the season, playing a favorable game considering the time he was out for practice. Next year he will without question develop into a fast player.

Slaughter at left half was no doubt the star of the team. He hit the line with all his might so that something had to give or break. "Slaught" tackled sure and hard always dropping his man in his tracks. In the last game of the season Slaughter played two thirty minute halves with a fractured





clavicle proving that he never tried to save himself in the least. He is the only man who has succeeded in winning three O's, having won a letter each season he had been in school.

Benedict a new man at the game has the natural qualifications for a good football player and towards the end of the season developed into a steady consistent player. "Benny" played guard.

Pape deserves a good word as some thought he could not play the game. However he proved to the satisfaction of all that he could "deliver the goods." "Slaughter" had a bad habit of stepping on Pape's toe. Ask him about it.

Gripe trained well and did his best. He was always willing

and anxious to make the team a success. Gripe will make a valuable end for next year's team.

Wise at the position of guard was an inexperienced man to start with, but developed into a good player, opening up some big gaps in the line. You wouldn't think it, but Wise developed some marvelous sprinting powers during the latter part of the season.

Hill at end, played a fast game throughout the season. He is a tower of strength, breaking up interference and getting down under punts; few were

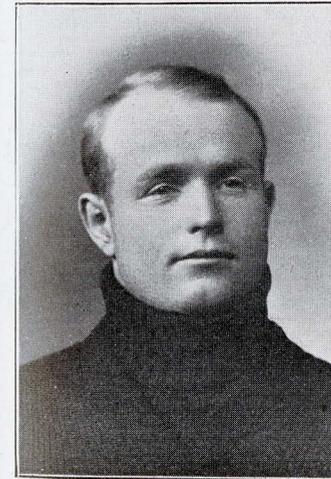
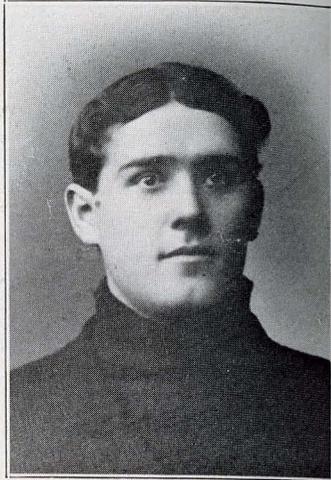
able to come up to him. We all hope to see Hill back with us next year, as the team will lose a valuable man—mighty hard to replace. His picture does not appear owing to the fact that he was called out of the city.

The beginning of the football season was anything but encouraging. The selection of a coach and manger confronted the Board of Control. Lewis Bingham, a man of wide experience seemed to be the best man for Coach and R. P. Baker for Manager, and after being elected, immediately entered upon their duties. Bingham with six experienced men as a nucleus soon developed a team which looked quite promising.

The students were out in full force to witness the first game with Shelbina, which was played in the rain and mud. Although our boys won by a large score, there were many weak points which showed up during the game.

The following week the team practiced diligently, Coach Bingham showing the team some new methods of play which were soon worked up into shape.

The game with Barnes University at St. Louis was lost but never should have been by such a score



as 22-0. When a team loses, as a rule it is a custom to kick. If ever a team received a raw deal, we received it there and even some of the newspapers spoke concerning the way our team was treated on the grid-iron at St. Louis.

When practice was resumed the results of some hard knocks brought clearly to the minds of the players that harder work than ever was before them. The players pitched in for all they were worth, being bound to win the, next game.

The two games following, one with Christian University, as yet undefeated, the other with our old rivals Chillicothe Normal were both victories. Every one was proud of the good work of our boys.

The Wentworth game was looked upon with keen interest because last year they trimmed us by a score of 22-0 and had not been defeated in two successive seasons. The result of the game was a tie score. The contest was one of the cleanest and best of the season. Every man played his position in a faultless manner which was the result of hard steady practice and clever coaching.

The game with the Rolla School of Mines resulted in a decisive defeat. The Rolla team outclassed us in several respects, however, our boys fought a grueling battle to the finish.

The last game with Iowa was easily won, being characterized by spectacular runs and general good playing.

We can look upon this season with pride. Out of seven games four were won, two lost and one tied.

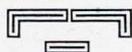
Congratulations to the team, thanks to the student body for their hearty support, and lastly thanks to the faculty and Board of Control for their assistance towards making such a successful season.





Varsity Foot Ball Team, 1909.

The Varsity Squad.



ENDS.

Minear

Erwin

Gripe

Hill

GUARDS.

Benedict

Wise

Hess

TACKLES.

Pape

Ford

Hetherington

CENTERS.

Orrison

Allabach

QUARTER-BACK

Smith

HALF-BACKS.

Slaughter

Reed

The Games of the Season resulted as follows:

Oct. 8—At Kirksville	A. S. O.—50	Shelbina,—0.
Oct. 16—At. St. Louis	A. S. O.—0	Barnes—22
Oct. 22—At Kirksville	A. S. O.—11	Christian University—0
Oct. 29—At Kirksville	A. S. O.—18	Chillicothe Normal—3
Nov. 8—At Kirksville	A. S. O.—0	Wentworth Military—0
Nov. 13—At Kirksville	A. S. O.—0	Rolla School of Mines—28
Nov. 19—At Kirksville	A. S. O.—24	Iowa Wesleyan—0





Track Team, 1908—1909.

TRACK TEAM.

The prospect for a first-class track team, this season is very encouraging. A meeting was called for all men interested in track work. Thirty students responded, most of them having made past records which they may well be proud of. There is a man for every event making it possible for a good track meet.

In past years the reputation established by the A. S. O. track men, was the talk of all the large colleges. A little history may be related here. During the Pan American, Denning, Petit and White, the latter, one of the best all around athletes in the country, competed with chosen representatives from all the big Universities. Denning won the broad jump, Petit tied the world's greatest pole vaulter, while White was presented with a gold medal for being the best all around man. With this record of former years, we can hardly let track work take a back seat the way it has for the last two or three years.

Last year a date was scheduled with the Normal. The few men who went out worked hard, and expected to give the Normal men "a run for their money" but owing to the rainy season, the field was in such a poor condition that the events could not be pulled off.

If possible we are going to send a few men to Kansas City to represent the A. S. O. in the big annual meet. It is a sure thing if they go, they will bring home some trophies. A meet with the Normal is promised for sure, so when the time comes every student ought to come out and give their loyal support.

Dr. Warren Hamilton said that he would just as soon see a good track team as he would a football team. R. E. Hamilton used to be a track man himself and several times he has been noticed practicing the broad jump on the campus next to the school.

The Board of Control offers their support, so with the cooperation of all parties, keep your eyes open for some events which will be worthy of your support.

The school and track team wish to thank President Kirk and Mr. Bell of the Normal for their kindness in allowing them to use the Normal track and apparatus.

ROLL CALL.

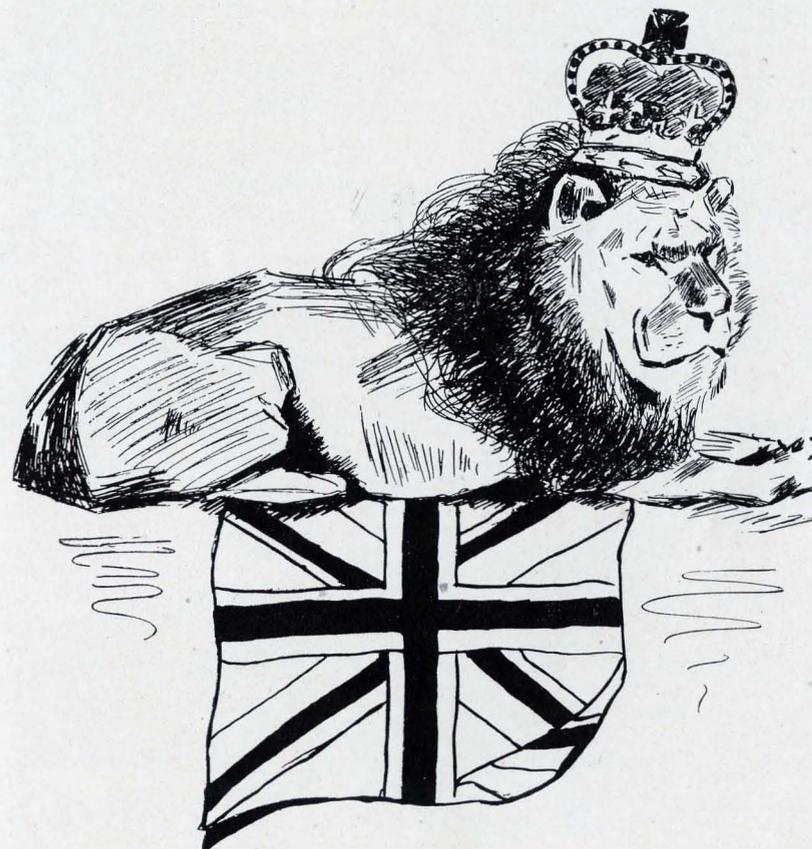
Top Row, Left to Right.

Wilke, (pole vault) Emerson Manager. Hurd (1-2 mile and mile)
F. D. Baker (pole vault) Howells (1-2 Mile) Carel (hammer, shot and discus)
Nyberg (100 yards and high hurdles)
Griffin (running broad-jump 100 yd. 220, 440 yds.)
J. C. Burnett (440 yd. and high jump)

Roll of Associations
OF THE
American School of Osteopathy.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION, Institued, 1906.
NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION, Institued, 1909.
NEW YORK ASSOCIATION, Institued 1909
OHIO ASSOCIATION, Institued, 1909.
PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION, Institued 1910.

British



Association

THORBUAN



The British Association.

British Association.



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Mrs. Christine M. Erwin, Galt, Ont., Vice-President
Hugh L. M. Betzner, Berlin, Ont., Secretary
Arthur S. Hollis, London, England, Treasurer.

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W. K. Jacobs, Berlin, Ont.



New England Association.



1620—1910.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION.

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Miss Lydia Wright	Mr. Park A. Morse
Miss Edna Chesebrough	Mr. Jas. E. Wheeler.



Pennsylvania State Association.

Pennsylvania Association.



1st row—left to right

M. Sangree Fahrney
T. K. Richards
Paschall Morris
G. P. Smith
W. Haydn Stevens

2nd row.

O. P. Ahlquist
Gervase Flick
Francis LeRoy Smith
James A. McCaslin
Chas. F. Sanford

3rd row.

C. W. Barber
G. W. Moore
R. R. Levegood
J. H. Cournyer
J. Stanislaus Logue
J. Marshall Phillips
Harry L. Landis

4th row.

Jeannette B. Herche
Adda M. Lutz
Etha Marion Jones
E. Rebecca Harkins
Marie H. Harkins
Clara Evaline Morrow



Ohio Association.

The Ohio Association.



CLASS 1910.

Miss C. E. Blue
Miss Maud Warner
Fred D. Clark
O. H. Cramer
L. J. Dellinger

E. O. Maxwell
W. R. Westfall
E. D. Williams
E. V. Woodruff
W. R. Munger

E. H. Bean
H. C. Kirkbride
L. A. Orrison

POST GRADUATE.

Dr. Margaret S. Thompson

CLASS 1911.

R. P. Baker
H. S. Beckler
Mrs. Jennie Beckler
A. V. Benedict
E. H. Calvert

A. E. Cole
Vera E. Derr
P. S. Emerson
T. J. Emley

C. H. Goodell
J. F. Minear
R. A. Sheppard
D. C. Nye

J. W. Patterson
C. L. Richards
E. C. Waters
Mrs. Allys Whipple
A. W. Worley
W. W. Markert

CLASS 1912 (JAN.)

Samuel Barton
C. D. Clemons
Herbert Cook
Elsie Houriet

CLASS 1912

Miss Balfe
John Baum
Esther Bebout
V. W. Brinkerhoff

Fred Clark
E. A. Cole
F. C. Hess
Erwin Philes
Wilbur Powell
P. E. Roscoe
William Smith
Miss Weaver
Paul Greathouse

CLASS 1913 (JAN.)

Miss Tillyer
Miss Siehl
Miss Page
O. O. Stover
E. L. Hall



New York State Club.

New York State Club.

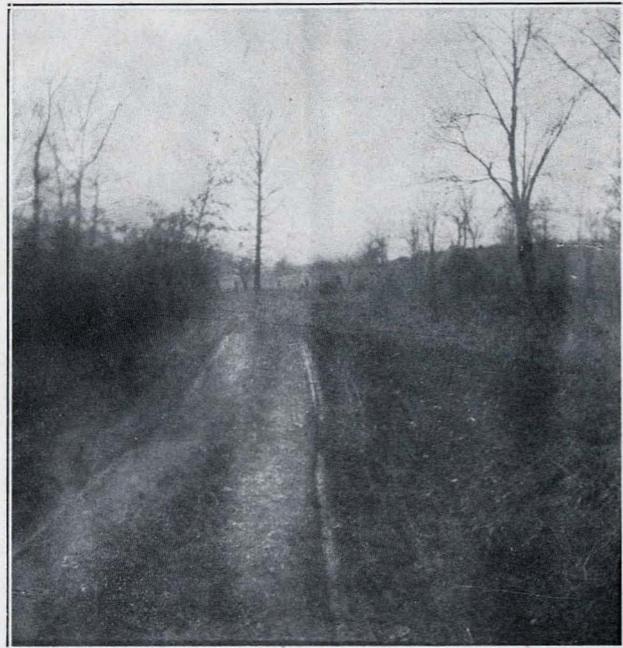
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OFFICERS.

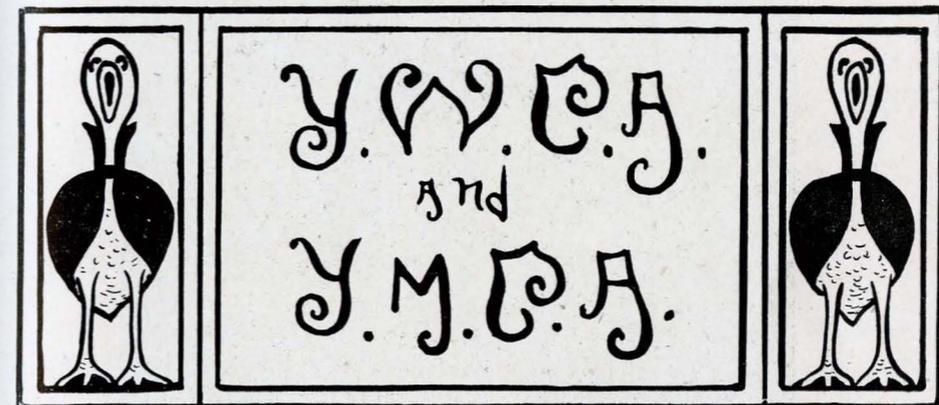
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Charles B. Doron, Vice-president
Miss M. E. Penfold, Secretary
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A Highway.





Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.



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F. A. Lovell	R. A. Sheppard
F. H. Weidlein	R. D. Rifenbark
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E. D. Williams	S. J. Gilmore
E. C. Bean	F. Howard Ashton
Claud Wilson	Jas. A. Savage
J. W. Crum	Oscar F. Buffalow
A. E. Cole	H. T. Laughlin
J. A. Gillespie	E. C. Downey
G. R. Ingram	L. I. Rifenbark



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Y. W. C. A.



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Mrs. Grace Learner
Miss Lena Wallen
Miss Lillie Taylor
Miss Grace Wilson

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Miss Isabel Barber
Miss Clara Laughlin
Miss Mary Howells
Miss Harriet Hitchcock
Miss Elizabeth Brewster
Miss Vera Derr
Miss May Foster
Miss Bula Cameron
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Miss Florence Schaepe
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Miss Mary Meleski
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Miss Minnie Shaw
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Mrs. Purl Mullins.

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Mrs. Ethel Van Winkle
Miss Jennie Herche
Miss Jeanette Jolivette

“Woman she needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself.”



Tributes To Junior Profs

The Dean.



Who helps the students all he can?
 (Whether class or base-ball plan)
 Who's an all round obliging man?
 'Tis R. E. H.

On whom do homesick freshmen call
 When others find their interest pall?
 Who'll push most anything at all?
 'Tis R. E. H.

Who is the students' friend and pet,
 Deserving all he'll ever get?
 Whom do we roast the most, and yet—
 'Tis R. E. H.

B. B.

M.E.

Dr. Laughlin.



Here's a tribute to Dr. George Laughlin,
A staunch Osteopath through and through,
For of years half a score he has practiced,
And knows well what his treatments can do.

He's a student, fair-minded and able,
Having the practical knowledge a store.
He infers from his own observations
And instructs from experience's lore.

With M. D's. he has no great contention,
He respects all the good that they do.
But he's sure he has something far better,
And the world is accepting his view.

He is versatile, too, in his treatments.
We have seen him, with ease, cure right off
"By suggestion"—for closer attention—
A distressing and irritant cough.

That most great men antipathies harbor,
You will find all traditions agree.
When the students stroll in late to lecture,
Then you're apt Doctor George's to see.

As a skilled orthopedic surgeon,
And a diagnostician so true,
He is taking first rank, and "a wiz" he is called
For the wonderful cures he can do.

We "the on'ryest class," now salute him,
Whose work daily is making us sure,
That all Osteopaths have a mission,
Giving Nature a fair chance to cure.

M. C.

Dr. Pratt.



There is a little man, and he is wondrous wise,
And always looks so smart, with his twinkling eyes,
Who's that? Dr. Pratt.

He's energy personified, obliging and mighty clever,
The class of nineteen-eleven, wish he might live forever.
Who's that? Dr. Pratt.

He's a man that's manly, and a boy with boys,
Likes baseball and color rushes, football and all such joys.
Who's that? Dr. Pratt.

So here's to him we love with his vim and snappiness,
And the whole school wishes him, Health, Wealth and Happiness.
Who's that? Dr. Pratt.

H. G.

Dr. Smith.



In Bill, we feel we have a friend
Who to our woes, an ear will lend,
And to our interests attend,
 Will Big Bill Smith.
There's not an hour in the day,
We wouldn't go out of our way.
To hear the things he has to say,
 Old Big Bill Smith.

He tells us of a perfect land,
 Does Big Bill Smith.
Where everything is fine and grand,
 To Big Bill Smith.
We thought at first 'twas Paradise,
But soon sat up and rubbed our eyes,
'Twas Scotland; to our great surprise.
 Good Big Bill Smith.

He knows his work from A to Z
 Does Big Bill Smith.
A wonder in Anatomy,
 Is Big Bill Smith;
When in the Roost, he starts to Quiz
We find we don't quite know our "bizz"
He shows us plainly, he knows his.
 Does Big Bill Smith.

But Bill don't rule with tyrant's sway,
 Our Big Bill Smith.
He has a friendly happy way,
 Has Big Bill Smith.
And if in quiz, a chap falls down,
Big Bill don't stare and sternly frown,
But let's him softly, gently down,
 Does Big Bill Smith.

Now please don't think that he's a saint,
 Our Big Bill Smith.
I'll tell you plainly that he "aint,"
 This Big Bill Smith.
But when in Heaven this class shall meet,
Our union would not be complete,
Unless, we had the joy to greet
 Our Big Bill Smith.

P. M.

Dr. Bigsby.



A tribute to the man we all honor,
A tribute, for the lessons, he taught.
And memories of pleasant recollections,
That are carried by an earnest thought.

Assisting the meek and discouraged,
To a higher, and a nobler plane.
A man, among men, with great ambitions,
And a man, that is always the same.

A teacher, not a model of text-books,
Fine physique, and an honest profile.
Scoffs, jeers and frowns, to him are as outcasts.
He harbors a most "malignant" smile.

A faithful instructor, of individuals
With conceptions, either great or small.
A position, not every professor,
Scarce can fill, with contentment to all.

A task, that surely does test endurance,
When striving, such a large class to please,
In propounding pathological features,
As exist, in each human disease.

Though the text does not read like a novel,
Instead it seems to grow very senile
He assists in bridging over those chasms,
They are spanned by a "malignant" smile.

U. W.

Dr. Waggoner.



When first he came to the A. S. O.
We smiled the critic's way.
We dubbed him "Kid," measured his height,
And wondered what he'd say.

But when the Kid began to talk
We sat up straight and gazed
And on he went so glib and smooth
And on we sat amazed.

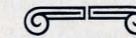
Without a note, without a break,
And always with a smile.
His manner calm revealed a mind,
Broad, deep and versatile.

Each day he lectured four hours straight,
This same composed way.
His voice the same, his smile the same,
And he knew the things to say.

And so we grew to like the Kid
A little more each day.
We liked the others, but, Oh that Kid:
We hoped he'd come to stay.

B. B.

Masters of Manips.



Dear old "pap" the practical knowledge brought,
And caused manipulations to be taught.

There's Doctor Lyda, with mechanical skill,
Who works with all his might and will.

Then Doctor Earl Laughlin every day
Says, "Do your adjusting, just this way."

We love Doctor Becker. He makes things plain,
And repeats and shows us over again.

Doctor Swope helps us in our noble call.
Man is a machine. May we be mechanics all.

H. G.

Cheer for the Faculty.

As you travel this wide world over,
You'll find Profs. where'er you go;
But there are no Profs. that can compare
With those of the A. S. O.

Rickety! Rackety! Sis—boom—bah!
Profs! Profs! Rah! Rah! Rah!

They work with unlimited patience,
Courage undaunted by foe,
No Profs ever lecture more ably
Than those of the A. S. O.

Rickety! Rackety! Sis—boom—bah!
Profs! Profs! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Our Profs are giving much to the world,
Of that which they've tried and know;
And you'll find no Profs in such good work
As those of the A. S. O.

Rickety! Rackety! Sis—boom—bah!
Profs! Profs! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Professors of Osteopathy
Need never their own horns blow,
For helpful deeds, they're bidden Godspeed.
Three cheers for the A. S. O.

Rickety! Rackety! Sis—boom—bah!
Profs! Profs! Rah! Rah! Rah!

M. C.

Somebody has been monkeying with
this class.--Dr. Charlie Still.

The Red and Black Pennant.

How "dear to our hearts" were the days as a freshman
And the trials that went with them, have passed from our view.
The Chemistry, Anatomy, the deep tangled brain-food
And every old book that the poor Freshman knew.
The wide spreading table, and the books that laid on it,
The dictionary and note-book, where the lamp rays did fall.
The cot in our room, the skeleton nigh it,
And e'en the rude pennant, that hung on the wall.
The red and black pennant, the dust covered pennant,
The A. S. O. pennant that hung on the wall.

The dusty old pennant, we hailed as a treasure,
Will hang in our office when we'er out in the field.
We find it an object of exquisite pleasure,
As pure and as sweet, as our school days could yield.
How anxious our gaze with eyes that are glowing.
What it means to us, volumes could not tell it all.
We gaze on that emblem with fond recollections.
By three angles 'tis pinned to the web covered wall.
The red and black pennant, the dust covered pennant,
The A. S. O. pennant that hangs on the wall.

How sweet are those colors; you may not believe it,
Still pinned on the walls and our trunks packed to go,
Money or treasures would not tempt us to leave them,
Though our baggage is full, and of space we don't know.
When preparing to leave that beloved old college,
Those colors fond memories will invariably recall,
As fancy turns back, to the birth of our knowledge,
And sigh for the pennant, that hung on the wall.
The red and black pennant will go with our baggage
The A. S. O. pennant that hangs on the wall.

U. W.

Dr. Fiske's Wedding.

Franklin Fiske, A. B., D. O., our chemistry teacher at the A. S. O. took unto himself a wife April 14th, '09 at Locust Crest, Ill.

The strange thing about this is how these two ever drifted together as they floated so calmly down the golden river of love. The suspicion is out that the Doctor didn't really drift, but that he paddled around a good bit and sized up quite a number of A. S. O. girls who have been and are yet for that matter still drifting along on the same old stream.

After once seeing the bride it is easily understood why the Doctor fell in love and the affair took place at Locust Crest, April 14th, '09.

They didn't take a wedding trip at this time but enjoyed themselves visiting among friends at various places. In fact the Doctor enjoyed himself so much that he telegraphed Dr. Hamilton for permission to stay two days longer. This alone is proof that the professor was having the time of his life, for nothing else in this old world could have prevented his appearing before his beloved chemistry class. While all this was going on in Illinois, the students at the A. S. O. were laying plans and preparing to give the Doctor and his bride a grand reception. They did not know "Egg-actly" what day he would have the courage to come back, but they did know that nothing earthly could keep him away from his classes for any length of time, so they watched every train and threw pounds of rice at the poor unsuspecting passengers.

The Doctor and his bride, however, were quite foxy, for they arrived Sunday morning April 25th on an unexpected train, and were proceeding quietly to their apartments on Franklin Street, when discovered by one of the musical students who belonged to the Doctor's A. S. O. Band. From this point on they marched to some beautiful music rendered by said student on his Cornet. But what's the use talking about all this, the show took place the next day and this is just how the whole thing happened.



At the School.

All the students gathered at the A. S. O. about 7:30 a. m. They came about five hundred fifty strong, consisting of men, women and children, the children belonging mostly to the 1910 class.

A rickety old express wagon was procured and the parade headed by the A. S. O. band and "Pop Morrow" marched to Caldwell's boarding house where the Bride and Groom were getting their proteids.

The wagon was stopped in front of the place while some of the boys went in search of the Doctor. Right here was the first surprise of the morning for they found him in the kitchen. How is that for getting domesticated suddenly? He didn't want to come out, but the boys persuaded him to change his mind though he still continued to spar for a time believing his little stunt was to make a speech, and he wanted to think of something real nice to say. Imagine his surprise when his eye dropped on that old wagon, plastered over with the following signs, "Just married," So "happy," "A real Man Now," "Wifey where are my slippers?" etc. But the crowd showed no mercy for he was quickly carried to the wagon and deposited on the seat. Now you would naturally think that a Professor of the A. S. O. with a couple of degrees tacked to his name, would look about as much in place on that old wagon as a brand new set of horse-hair furniture would look in a log cabin with a dirt floor; but such was not the case, for he harmonized very nicely with the outfit. In fact some remarked that he would make a good expressman while others said he didn't like to work well enough.

After the crowd had sized him up in his new situation and "Oskie wow wowed" more or less, the Doctor started on his wedding trip alone. This was his own fault, however, for the boys wanted to put the bride beside him, but he plead so hard, and having been humored so much when a child, it was useless to reason with him. He also displayed such strange symptoms of apoplexy, that there was danger of turning that old express wagon into a hearse if the issue were forced, and besides some of the students who had not yet dissected, began to cry, consequently they let hubby ride alone. There may have been "a method in his madness" for it's a sure bet that he would have attracted little attention with the bride in the wagon.

As the parade started toward the Square the band struck up "Hot time in the old town tonight," which increased the crowd several hundred and things began to get interesting.



Ready for the Ride.

It is strange how a wedding or a funeral affects some people—a funeral dashes all hopes to the ground while a wedding seems to revive them. It was amusing to watch the expression on some of the faces; old maids who had long ago lost all hope, followed after the wagon, with the fire of youth revived and gazed longingly at every eligible man in the crowd. Grandma looked on with loving tenderness, for the sight of the bridal pair called up pleasant memories of the past, and it is even hinted that some of the married men kissed their wives that night.



Taking in the Public Square.

and gazed thoughtfully at his patent-leather shoes.

'Tis sweet to love and win your lover
But when we lose, oh, cruel fate,
To see him wedded to another
How quick we turn from love to hate.

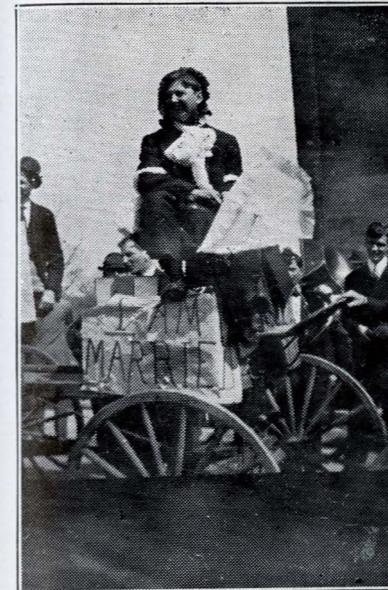
To say the least the situation was very embarrassing, and to make matters worse, the long winded attorney yelled, "He wouldn't know how to treat a wife if he had one." This caused some of the crowd to think that the Doctor wasn't treating his little bride right in refusing to let her ride on the wagon and the boys were going to put her up in spite of him. This caused some excitement. The Doctor was only saved from one of his tantrums by someone suggesting another rig, and an old buggy was procured and willing hands helped the bride mount to the seat. She looked so sweet that she won the hearts of all the crowd, and even one of the disappointed 1910 girls threw all memories of the past to the four winds of heaven and took a seat by her side. It is strange how differently the two rigs looked, the professor harmonized so nicely with his, while the little bride looked like a beautiful rose in her outfit.

The parade started around the square with the band in front, the Doctor's outfit next followed closely by the bride's chariot which was drawn by Drs. K. B. Phillips and Wm. Grow, who differ from mules mostly in the length of their ears, as they are both stubborn and possess a tendency to kick. There was something happening all the time, especially after the bride got up in sight. Couples who had only been friendly before, held hands in the crowd like old

time lovers, and many a maiden looked forward to a proposal that night and some were not disappointed.

Something about the professor must have suggested a bonnet, for he was presented with one, though it grieves us to remember that a slight mistake was made in choosing the color. It should have been blue instead of red for the Doctor's mother said that even as a child he was always partial to blue, and when a baby (just think of it) would laugh and coo and pat his little hands if he so much as saw a piece of blue baby ribbon. He was next presented with a little parasol, and his eyes danced with delight as he clasped his "tender hands" about the little handle and realized it was his very own. He looked so sweet and cute in his little bonnet that the 1910 girls hovered around him like flies around a molasses barrel, while the boys lingered behind and gazed with admiration at the beautiful little bride. Everybody was happy and bubbling over with good fellowship, none more so than Doctor Wm. Smith and wife who stuck tight to the bunch and offered suggestions at every turn.

The little bride was handed flowers at every corner, causing the crowd to cheer wildly for they only added to her beauty. With the band playing "How to be happy though Married," the parade circled the square a thousand strong headed for the Normal. As we passed the post office one of the officials rushed out with an armful of letters and dumped them at the groom's feet; you could almost hear his belt crack under the strain as he hypertrophied with pride; but alas, it was only pseudopopularity for all but one was for the bride, and this made the Doctor realize more than ever that he was now Mrs. Franklin Fiske's hubby.



Enroute.

This little incident befuddled the professor somewhat for he lost his sense of direction completely and asked one of the boys where he was going. On being informed that we were working for a touch down at the Normal, and that a bath had been suggested, he got excited and called Doctor Wm. Smith to the wagon for consultation, he told Dr. Bill that he didn't need a bath because he had taken one two weeks ago while preparing for the wedding, and begged of Dr. Bill to intercede for him with the crowd. Doctor Bill told him that it was sometimes customary for people to take baths after being married, in fact, it was necessary

if health were considered, and that this was to be more in the nature of a baptism. But the Professor's fear could not be quieted, for he dreaded water more than the City officials, and plead with Dr. Bill to let him prepare for the awful ordeal; he wanted to go home and get his bathing suit saying he knew it would please the ladies to see him with it on, for it was blue with white stripes and had never been wet as he had only used it to walk up and down the beach at Atlantic City and that besides he would have to have his cake of rose scented soap; Dr. Bill side-stepped his excuse by suggesting a bar of Rub No More. This was a cruel blow, for the Doctor fainted and the parade was delayed for sometime while Dr. Bill was bringing him to. He looked so wild and excited that the crowd assured him there would be no bath.

After Dr. Bill had straightened his bonnet and placed his parasol in his hand, we got under way and reached the Normal without further trouble.

After marching around the magnificent pile of masonry like a band of Flat Head Indians they halted in front and "Oskie wow wowed" that Institution to a stand still. The windows filled with happy faces and the dignified professors scraped and elbowed with the little school girls for a good place to see.

When President Kirk understood what had happened, he willingly consented to make a speech from the Doctor's wagon. The thoughts of a wedding seemed to make him young again for he climbed to the platform with the alacrity of a school-boy. Casting one suspicious glance at the groom, the gallant old boy turned his back and beamed with pleasure on the pretty little bride, then facing the crowd with the fire of youth rekindled he made a good old fashioned college speech sparkling with wit, humor and goodfellowship.

You could feel the bonds of friendship strengthening between the two great Institutions and for the moment the Doctor was forgotten, but not the bride, for the old boy kept his eye on her the whole way through. Dr. Smith, the Professor of Anatomy at the A. S. O., made the reply. He never even looked at the groom, but after paying a pretty compliment to the bride launched out in his good old way and spun off the speech of his life. In fact it was a regular old love feast, we had that morning, between the two Institutions and friendships sprang up between some of the students that will end in love, and heaven only knows what will happen after that!

We were treated so cordially that it was hard to tear ourselves away, but we finally did make a grand march to the A. S. O. where some more speeches were indulged in. Dr. Hamilton was captured after a hard run and elevated to the wagon. We don't know why he was so timid and shy, unless it was the fact that he himself had also gone through the ordeal of marriage. In fact the whole faculty had to be carried to the platform, and they were all rattled except McCoach. He faced the crowd with six fingers shy in counting the refusals he had received from the 1910 girls owing to "that Chemistry exam." But what did he care! Were there not other classes. And while the question of marriage was foremost in their minds, was not this the chance to make a matrimonial hit? He must have thought so, for he straightened up and swung out, "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "I'm—I'm—I'm—single, that is I'm not married. Now er-er I'm sure Dr. Fiske will be happy, for it's nice to have a little home all your own. I've always been a man who loved home life and I've always looked forward to the time when I could direct my foot-steps toward my own little home instead of a boarding house." At this point, the old maids of 1910 began to elbow their way to the wagon looking daggers at one another. And the speaker who saw the telling effects of his remarks, leaned eagerly forward like a back-woods preacher trying to bring a soul to the altar. There might have been a free for all scrap over this choice, untrained Count, but Dr. Pratt who is, "Johnny on the Spot," first, last and all the time, and who has an eye out for the student's well-fare, reached up and grasping the speaker by the coat tails, jerked him backward from the wagon. At this point the band struck up, "Oh why am I always refused," and the parade started for the residence of the bride and groom. Right here is where the Doctor sprung a neat little surprise on us. The wagons were drawn up to the door and the happy couple were lifted to the porch, where the 1911 Class presented them with a beautiful clock and realizing the boyish nature of the groom, selected one with a glass case so he could see the wheels go round. The Doctor wasn't to be out-done, however, for just when the crowd thought it was all over, the front door opened, and there loomed in sight piles of dainty wafers and a bowl of punch that would make a cadaver's mouth water. Everyone was invited on the lawn, and while the little bride helped serve these delicate refreshments, the Doctor busied himself by distributing a few boxes of "ten centers." After this, congratulations were in order.

The band struck up "Home Sweet Home" and when all had shaken hands, the crowd departed.

The Doctor and his beautiful bride, made a picture long to be remembered, as they stood on the porch and bowed farewells to the crowd. The students hurried anxiously to their studies and in ten minutes the old town was dead again.

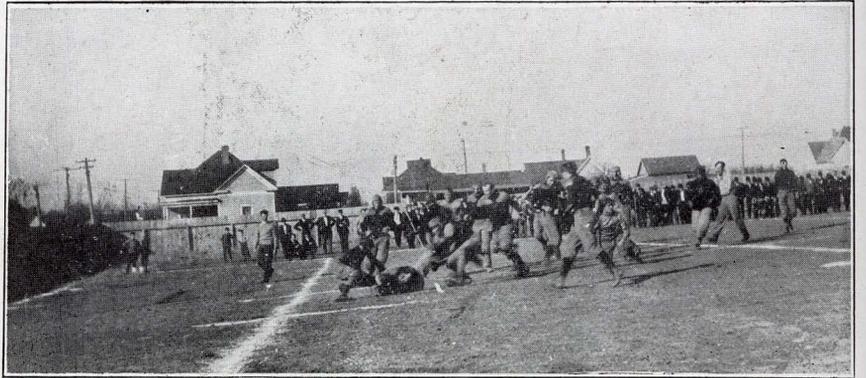
This little house was surely blest
For each one loved the other best
Yet some of the girls of 1910
Sighed as they thought, it might have been.

P. S.—Wish Dr. Waggoner would get married ! ! !

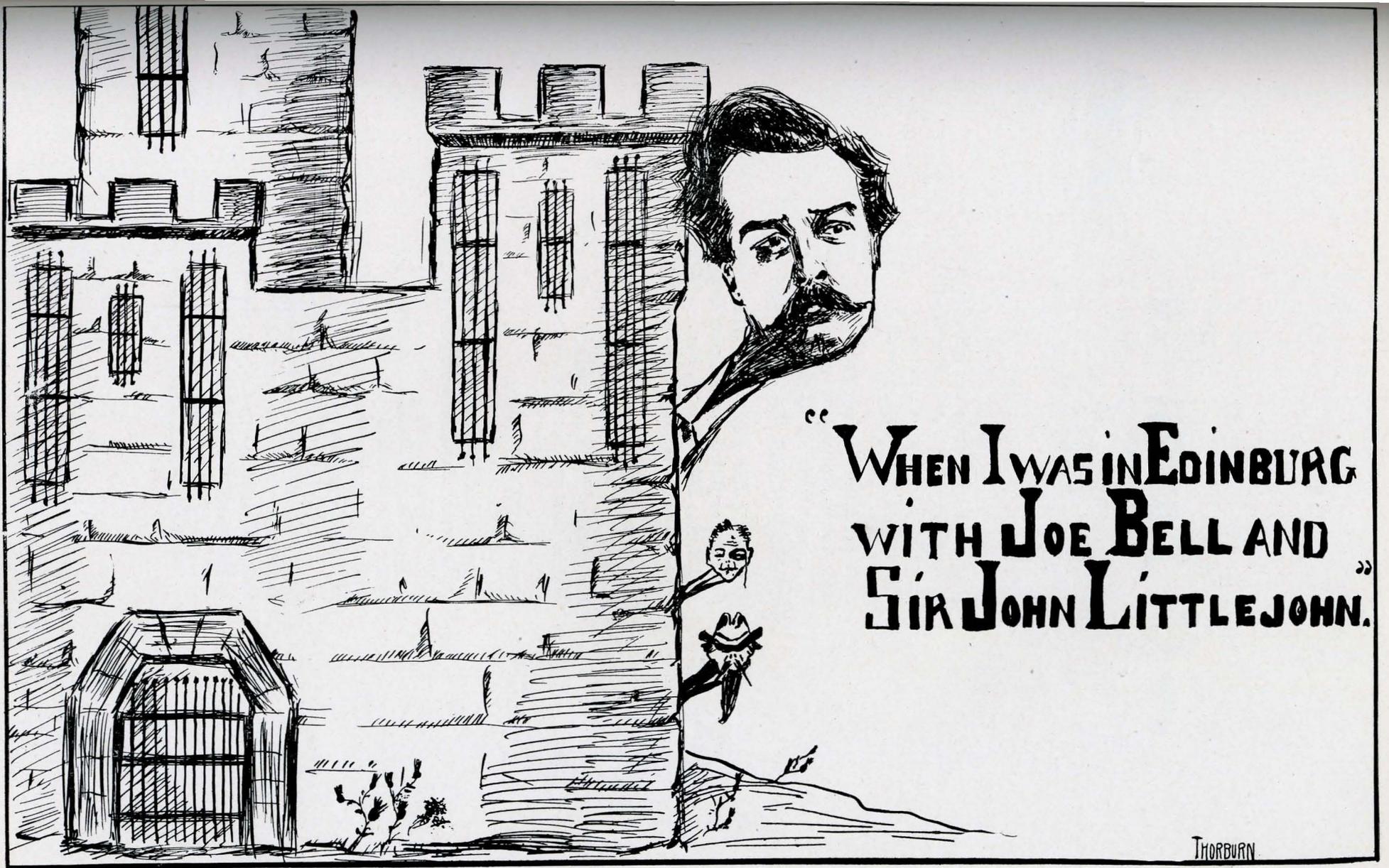
J. C.



Bride and Groom.



At The Field.



“WHEN I WAS IN EDINBURG
WITH JOE BELL AND
SIR JOHN LITTLEJOHN.”

THORBURN



Rough On Rats



Doctor Bill's big house was full of rats.
He couldn't drive them out with cats,
He said, "I know what I will do,
I'll just get me a pup or two."

So he sat down that very day
And sent to Scotland far away,
To Thomas Keith his old time pard
For six young pups that bite real hard.

And Doctor Tom who has the pull
Sent Doctor Bill the breed called bull;
And Doctor Bill said to his frau,
"We'll make those pesky rats hike now."

Now Doctor Bill who does things right,
Worked, at a class-room day and night,
For catching rats is quite an art,
And he must give the pups a start.

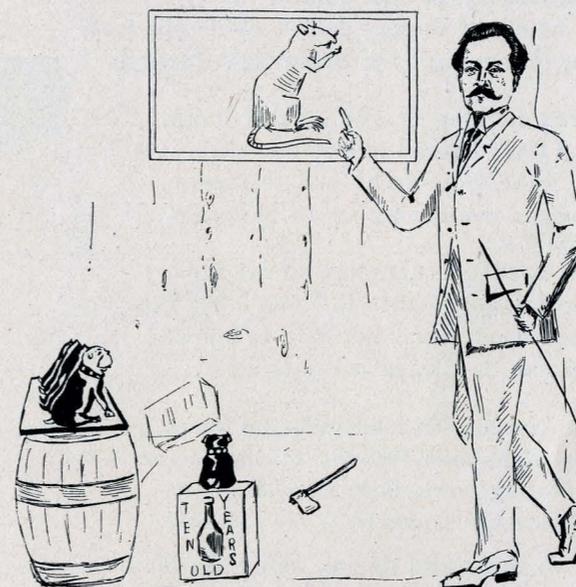
So in an old potato bin,
He built his class-room, so that when
His young bull-pups arrived that he,
Could teach Ratdestructivity.

He placed a black-board on the wall,
So the little pups could see it all;
And on this board so smooth and flat,
He drew the picture of a rat.

He told his wife that it was done,
And now he wished the pups would come.
They did in just a day or so
And he was tickled "doncher know."

The pups were cute as they could be,
The shortest tails you ever see,
Which caused his wife to think that they
Would never do, when built that way.

But Bill was sure the pups were right,
And told his wife with all his might,
That Doctor Tom knew what to send—
That dogs caught rats with the other end.



The Class.

They fed the puppies nice rich milk,
And Bill said they were fine as silk,
And told his wife, now much subdued,
That little pups were sometimes rude.

And that tomorrow he would start,
To teach them how to act their part,
The puppies seemed to understand.
And licked the dirt from William's hand.

Bill's wife went down the cellar stair,
Made them a nest with motherly care,
And then she hollered up to Bill,
To bring them down, he said, "I will."

So he took them down, with fatherly pride,
To their little nest, all warm inside;
And when their little prayers were said,
They tucked them snugly in their bed.

When she said, "Aren't they little dears!"
Bill kissed her,—the first time in years.
They gave each pup a little smack,
And up the cellar stairs came back.

That night Bill couldn't sleep a wink,
But laid awake and tried to think;
So he didn't snore,—don't laugh!—'tis true;
The Missus slept the whole night through.

Next morning he got up real quick,
And fixed himself to look real slick.
To wake his wife he had to scream,
For she was having an awful dream.

The sweat was standing on her brow,
She'd dreamed that Bill was a big Bow-wow.
The reason why is not hard to know,
Because he always gr-o-w-ls so.

She saw him on his hands and knees,
His night-shirt blowing in the breeze,
Imitating howls both long and dole,
Outside the house by a big rat hole.

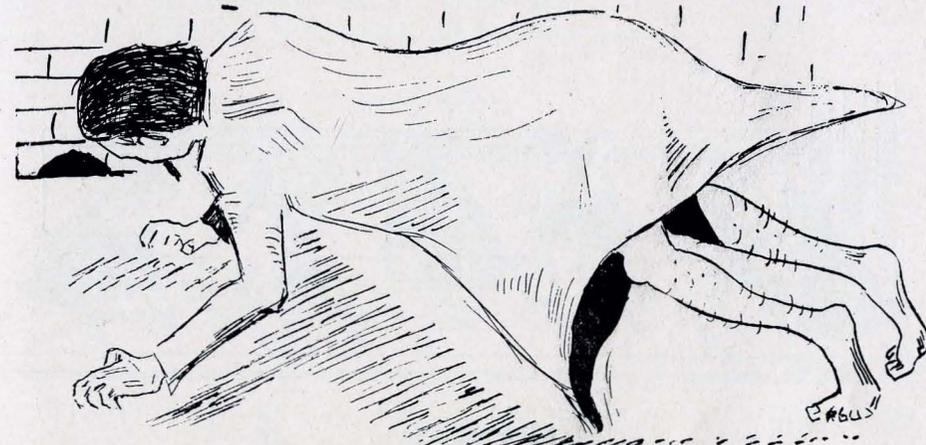
From this awful dream, Bill woke his frau,
And says, "Go feed the puppies" now,
He looked so fierce and ugly too,
She thought, perhaps, her dream was true.

The class Bill said would start at eight,
But it's well known he's always late,
And when he'd gotten them in line
The tower clock was striking nine.

They looked so sweet and cute you know,
Six little puppies in a row.
And on their little tails they sat,
While learning how to kill a rat.

Bill lectured on the rat's sly ways,
And told them that for days and days
He'd meet them promptly every time.
And teach them how to bite a spine.

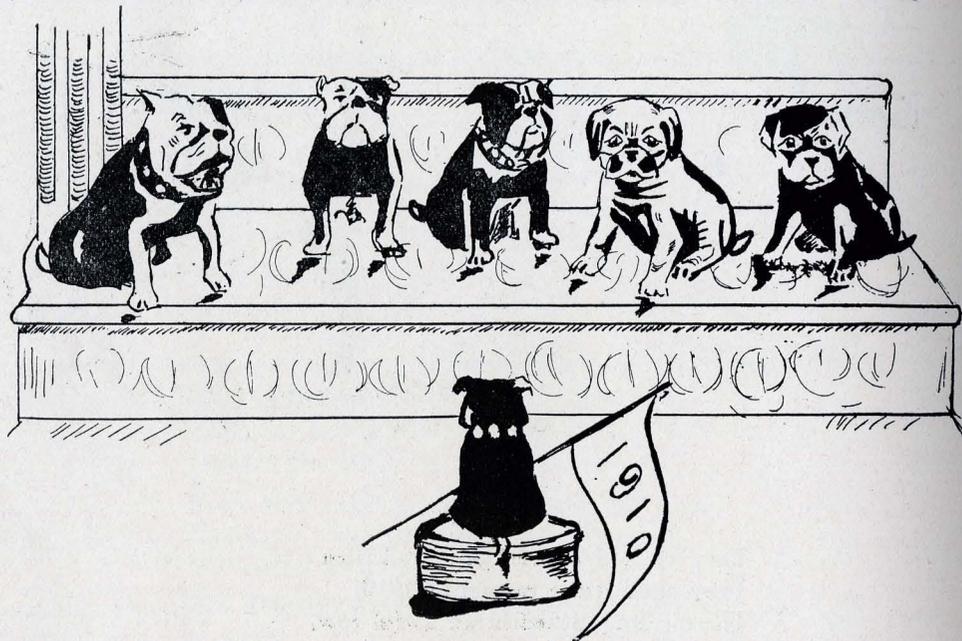
Bill got a telegram (?) next day,
Which took him many miles away.
But the little puppies didn't care;
They held a class meet on the stair.



Observing a rat hole.

They elected a president, and then
They chose their pennant—1910.
The meeting closed in an awful row,
Over their class yell "Bow! wow! wow!"

Bill met the class next day at ten,
And told them all just where he'd been.
He said in Scotland, he had seen
Rats as big as a four horse team.



They Held a Class Meeting on the Stairs.

Bill told them how to watch a hole
And how to judge' twixt—rat and mole.
He also taught the puppies that
They shouldn't kill the neighbor's cat.

He told them when a rat they'd seen
To run and brush their teeth real clean,
And then to bite the rat real quick,
And they would kill it pretty slick.

He lectured the whole winter through
And taught them just what they should do.
In killing rats Bill knows his bizz.
One day he'd lecture, the next day quiz.

The puppy class is doing fine,
Bill meets it almost half the time
They've studied hard, I've heard him state.
In 1910 they'll graduate.

—J. C.



Graduated.



It Pays to Give Antitoxin.

Those Berkshires.

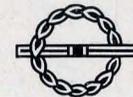


Come here yer gol darn berkshires
Back up ter this machine
Yer half ter take this serum
Don't be so blasted mean.

To onery and thin fer a treatment
Yer bones they hurt me hands;
Be gosh! I bet, I got yez
When Dr. Charley lands.

We'el relax all yer muscles
An rotate yer snout an tail,
Then I'll get this er serum
An we'el drench yer with a pail.

—Wimp.



FOR SALE.

For Sale—Fine bales fresh cut red clover hair. Richmond.

For Sale—After June 1st. One car-load ponies. All branded 1910. For particulars address, Bracket.

For Sale—Cheap, am going out of business. Good sized stock of Peruna. Beckler.

For Sale—After June 1st. My pull with the Faculty. Daddy Platt.

TO TRADE.

To trade—A 2lb. blond rat for a turban. Hudson.

To trade—A parlor lamp for a small settee. Cameron.

To trade—Plenty of wind and bluster for a little practical knowledge. Urgent. Any terms accepted. Must have it soon. 1910.

LOST.

Lost—Snow-shovel. Reward. Dr. Wm. Smith.

Lost—The peace of mind of the editorial staff.

Lost—The saphenous opening and the ligamentum nuchae. Finder please return to Edward Brann.

Lost—Somewhere in Iowa or Missouri a two quart jug of "get-up." Sherfey.

Lost—My happy smile. Any one finding or capable of restoring same, address, Miss Earle.

Lost—Somewhere between the Infirmary and Hospital two large black bows, Size 5x17 inches. Waggoner.

WANTED.

Wanted—Beaux, most any kind will do. 616 W. Jefferson.

Wanted—An inexhaustible and unlimited supply of notoriety. Treichler.

Wanted—To correspond with a young woman of prepossessing appearance and one capable of earning a living for two. Dykes.

Wanted—To make the acquaintance of any buxom young widow with two sons. Cournyer.

Wanted—A box of Little Early Risers. Struble.

Wanted—A good secondhand dietetics and a year's subscription to the American Medical Journal. Pease.

Wanted—A rotary snow-plow. Dr. Wm. Smith.

Wanted—A laryngoscope to look for that choked disc. Shafer.

Wanted—A position as editor of something big. Reason for changing, climate too hot. Morse.

Wanted—A man to match Miss May Foster. Must wear a one piece suit.

Wanted—A second-hand baby carriage. Spalding.

Notice—My pet peacock is NOT for sale. Harkins.

Wanted—Good steady man, others need not apply. Miss Earle.

Things We Have Heard



That Dr. Waggoner is a minister's son.

That Daddy Platt has discovered there is a difference between the Ileum of the small intestine and the Ilium of the Innominate bone.

That C. L. Richards is a "knocker."

That the Baby Juniors owe the Electric Light Co. \$36.

That K. B. Phillips is not a member of the Faculty.

That Standard Time can be had in Kirksville.

That Linebarger does not look like a married man.

That Thorburn has been taken for a P. G.

That Red Richmond once had whiskers.

That Treichler won't fight.

That Miss Emery does not like Dr. Boyes.

That the Freshmen can play football.

That Swift is looking for some one to love him.

That Shafer's mother called him "tubby".

That the A. S. O. will have a girls basket ball team—"In the sweet Bye and Bye."

That Miss McAllister occasionally visits the eight o'clock class.

That Bush and Baker are from New York.

That Logue is a lady's man.

There will soon be an important business change in the Candy Kitchen the new firm to be Giftakis, Alexander, Boyrees and Muncie.

That Struble is studying Osteopathy.

That Burnett was late to class one day but we can never be induced to take this as a serious fact.



College Days



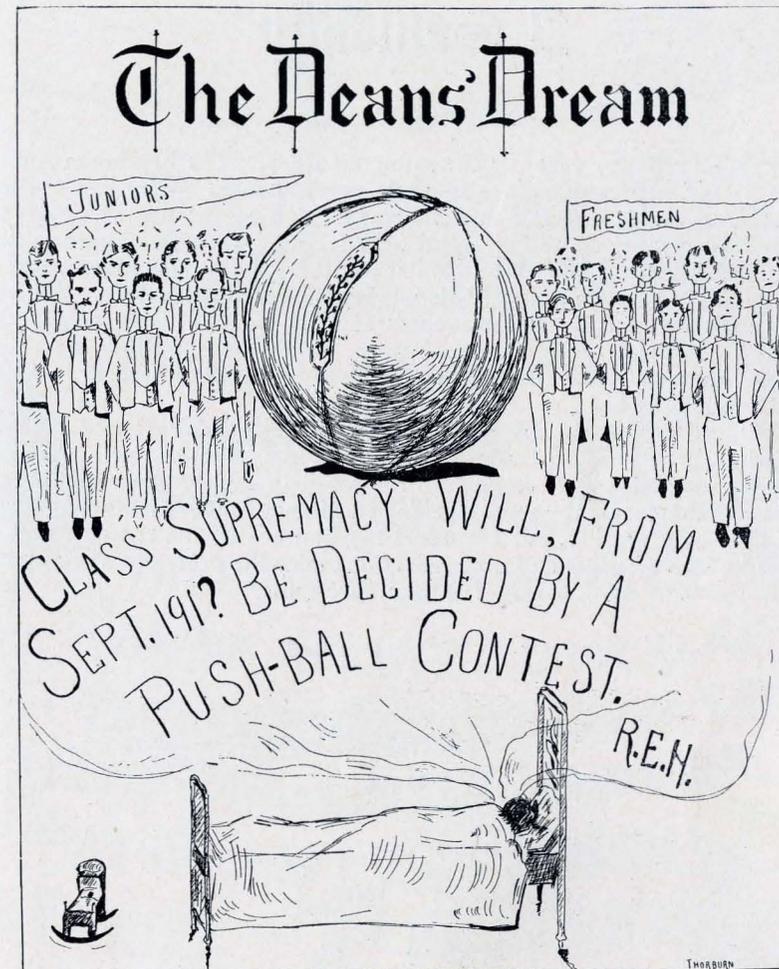
As friends, we met in college days,
Coming from many different lands,
To learn the truth, as it is practiced,
By that mighty drugless band.
We studied, pondered, and reflected
In many ghastly, unique ways,
Though of all our past we will ne'er forget,
The memories of our College Days.

The future may bring dark shadows
To cast in the path of fame,
Trials and troubles may have their places,
And sorrows, too, we cannot name.
Dark clouds in the horizon may gather
They will fade in many ways
To happy thoughts of smiles and sunshine,
In memory of our College Days.

When out in the field of battle
And striving the top round to attain
Disappointment may stare in our faces
A fine motto, "Don't give up in vain."
But grasp at the next round above us
And hold on, let come what may
Though with all our strife and ambition
Let's remember our College Days.

We held for each other in college
Let's hold when we get in the field
Hand in hand, build up our profession
When rebuked, neither falter nor yield.
But stand for professional colleagues
Each help the other in clearing the way,
Out in the field "Harmony and Union"
As we had in our College Days.

After all what is life but a drama
In which we all act a part;
The play will be much as we make it,
Will we act with a friendly heart?
And at last when the curtain is drawn
Will our colleagues be able to say,
We lived and acted the hero
As we did in our College Days?



The above is a mythological picture
And a much imagined view
Of the way we might settle class strife
It is thus R. E. would do.

A push ball costing two hundred
To be purchased by the A. S. O. Dean,
But alas! our great expectations
Were found to be only a dream.

Wimp.—

A Soliloquy



An hum—! Every year 'tis the same old story. The Freshmen shun me, and gaze at me with repugnance in their every glance. Why can't they at once recognize and appreciate my charms, which to me are so dear—these orbs with deeps profound, and straight, unflinching gaze; tresses, rare as depth-of-ocean gold; my swan-like neck; a waist as ethereal as angelic form: this nose—space makes only a mention of this wholesome feature possible. I dare not begin to expatiate on its attractiveness as it is my one weak point. Well, well, none so blind as those who won't see. You need not think me vain. I am simply anxious for a just consideration by people of insight, which all Osteopaths ought to be.

I'm biding my time, however, I know what is before these Freshmen. They'll wiser grow and instead of looking at me askance, will assiduously cultivate my acquaintance, coming to me for help and longing inexpressibly for the establishment of the same degree of intimacy which the instructor has.

It's lonesome waiting, but I comfort my bones with the thought that soon I'll no longer be a stranger and abhorred, but under the professor's re-animating touch, the cynosure of all eyes. Till then, farewell.

M. C.



- ENGAGEMENTS -

- MISS ROSE HUDSON - Dr. A. B. FORD.
- MISS E. L. MAIKA - Dr. E. G. CAREL.
- " ARMINTA BAILEY - Dr. Wm. D. INGLIS.
- " MARY G. CROSSMAN - Dr. Os. TOPATHY.
- " MABEL E. FOUCH - Dr. F. E. MAGEE.
- " ADDIE M. LUTZ - Dr. W. G. KELLER.
- " FAIR UNKNOWN - Dr. FRED. J. DAWSON.
- " BEULAH CAMERON - Dr. S. SAWYER.
- " MAY BRANNER - Dr. J. S. LOGUE.
- " L. CARTER - Dr. F. B. LANDRUM.
- " HELEN EARLE - Dr. ALEXANDER.
- " BURNEY - Dr. R. P. BAKER.
- " YEAR BOOK - Dr. PARK MORSE.
- A MICHIGAN BELLE - Dr. C. A. GRIFFIN.
- " TERY OF SCIENCE - Dr. A. C. HARDY.
- " F. O. SCHAEPE - Mr. A. C. SPEARS.
- " 1 - ? - Dr. J. H. COURNYER.
- " 2 - ? - Dr. J. H. COURNYER.
- " 3 - ? - Dr. J. H. COURNYER.

ME

Junior Primer



- A stands for Alexander, who has wooed an Earle.
 B for Bakers, short and long, who make the football twirl.
 Also for "Quiz me" Beckler, and our big pet Boyes,
 And Brewster of the "Year Book" with its attendant joys.
- C stands for Crum, our hero, and Caine who knows a lot,
 And Calvert who's in love, and Cournyer who can't be bought,
 Also for happy Cameron, and the musical Cole,
 The clever comedian Crocker, and Crossman, the dear soul.
- D stands for Dawson, who can talk out brave and bold,
 The violin fame, of the DeJardins need not here be told.
- E stands for Emery, artist, and Emley, man of "dopes,"
 Also the clever Edwards and Emerson with his ropes.
- F stands for Faddis, the fair, and Ford our boy of hope,
 And Foster, too, you'll find (if you have a microscope).
- G is for Griffin, who Carols-a-line, and Will Grow,
 Also for Griffin the Chester, who says things "Are So."
- H stands for Hook and Hardy, as you may have Hurd
 And if Harkins, Howells, please don't say a Hull word.
- I stands for Ingram, who changed his girl last "winta,"
 Also for Irwin, and Inglis, who loves his Arminta.
- J stands for noble Judd, who likes to have his say,
 K stands for Keller, who is going the same old way,
 L stands for Lapp and Lane, who are working with a vim,
 Also for Logue, who's flirting is his besetting sin.
- M stands for Morse, who's editorial life's one grand dream,
 Also for MaGee, the Spokesman, and Minear, the bright sunbeam.
 Mitterling's the Midgets, and Maika with a cook-book,
 Also the pink-haired Miller and Markert, the crook.

N stands for Nye and Nevitt whose voices are seldom heard.
 O for O'Bryan, on whom a French(?) name was conferred.
 P is for Phillips "Individualist" and Phillips who is Keene,
 And noisy Parkers, Babe Pape, and Pocock, long and lean.

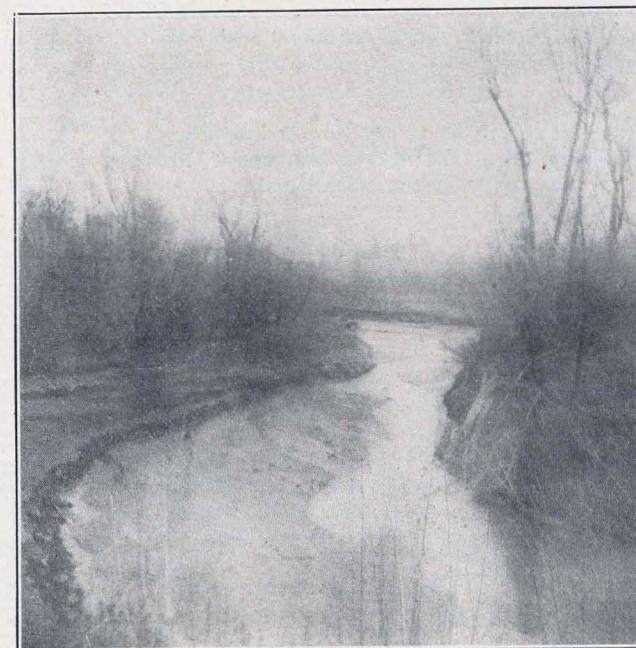
R stands for Reeves and Riley, and each is a featherweight,
 Rogers who got his length at a reduced rate.
 Then important Tommy Richards, who rides a litte "pony"
 And Robinson, who does his front hair up, quite toney.

S stands for Smith, (we've four) and Still, the black-eyed lass
 And Schaepe, who nods her 'ittle head and goes to sleep in class.
 Also for Sherfey and Savage, who think their whiskers great,
 And Stoner the fat girl, and Spalding, who couldn't wait.

T stands for bashful Trimble, and Thorburn from New York town,
 V for Van Winkle, whom history has handed down.
 W stands for Waters, and Walker with "a wee small voice."
 Here's a toast, and a roast for the rest of the girls and boys!

H. G.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."—Pope.



Near Kirksville.

A Tribute to the Students' Friend



Who was the friend that stayed close by,
When we 'gan to study anatomy?
The Medical Dictionary.

Who was the friend that heard our sigh,
At the many strange words we did descry?
The Medical Dictionary.

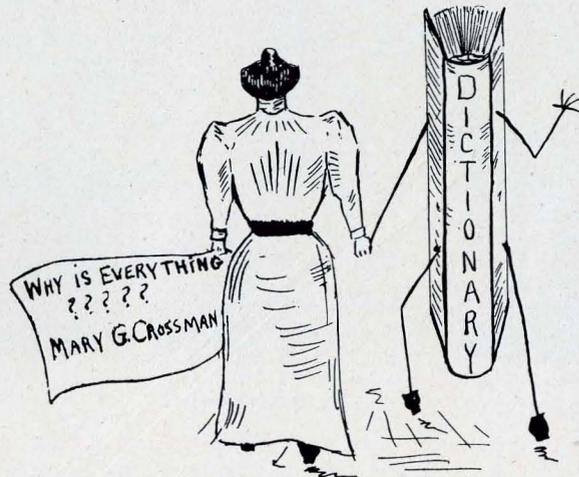
Who was the friend who helped us find
The meaning of these, and to fix our mind?
The Medical Dictionary.

Who was the friend our joy to see
When we read a page in less hours than three?
The Medical Dictionary.

Who is the friend who cares not a whit
If he's laid on the shelf to rest a bit?
The Medical Dictionary.

Who's the friend to whom thanks are due
For giving "first aid" these two years through?
The Medical Dictionary.

M. C.



"Fussers"



First sweet Bailey and Bill Inglis
They like each other's company best.
Of Carel and Edythe Maika
Well, you surely know the rest.

Buck Sawyer is not in our class
But his dearest Cameron is,
Regardin' Fouchie, sweet and silent,
MaGee certainly knows his biz.

Now pretty Earle and Alexander
We scarcely need to mention;
But fair Lutz and her man Keller
Should receive lots of attention.

Then there's "little" Cupid Baker
And Miss Burney of another land;
Prexy Ford sighing for McKamey—
Alas! McAnally has her hand.

You may think all the rest are free,
But to show you that you are wrong,
Just watch these few lines right closely
As we quickly ramble along.

For Lapp and Hurd are often seen
Wandering slowly down the street,
And Stelle eats a hasty dinner
His dear Miss Holloway to meet.

Bush will likely invest in flour
He surely knows the Miller well.
Now of "Jimmie" and the milk can,
That we have promised not to tell.

Goodie's calendar has one month
And much regard for June he shows.
That Struble prefers his Jessie
Is a fact that everyone knows.

Thorburn would be a good student
If everything was on one Page
While Logue is true to Miss Branner
Though squeezing others is his rage.

Kurth never lacks in his morals
Because all that he says is "Shaw!"
And Pape 'tis said, sees Sands often
Although the sea he never saw.

Jones don't take electric treatments
Yet often receives a Shock.
Shafer is interested in Spices
And a Spicer he will not knock.

Trimble knows all about the cards,
In hearts he always takes the Jack.
Van Brakle's heart a freshie has
Will his Miss Davis give it back?

—A Victim.



Newly=Weds



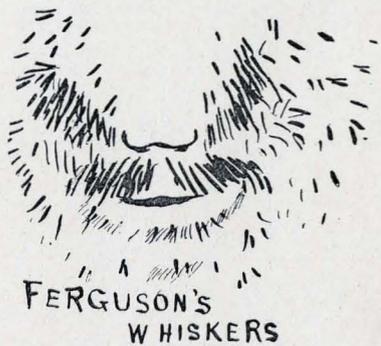
Matrimony is said to be an endemic disease and also one without a known method of cure. The class of 1911 escaped this dread trouble for a short time after arriving in Kirksville, however, prodromal symptoms were noticed among several members of the class shortly after they became acquainted. The first victim was Miss Miller who about Thanksgiving, 1908, was married to Mr. Sherrill of the 1910 class. This seemed to bring several people of the 1911 class to a realization of the fact that they were very slow. For a time it took all the advice of Dean Hamilton, regarding quiz classes etc. to prevent an epidemic, however it was warded off for the rest of the term. Yet the symptoms which had been noticed had not entirely subsided, and the disease broke forth during the summer and as a result, the class lost Miss McKamey, who is now Mrs. McAnally of Texas. Mr. VanWinkle, Mr. Linebarger and Mr. Cole returned last September with wives, who had been the sweet-hearts of the boyhood days back home. Mr. Spalding, not to be out-done by his fellow-classmen, this term led to the altar a fair young lady of Kirksville. The disease at present seems to have subsided somewhat, but from present indications another out-break is feared at any time.



"Oh Mabel! Thou the loveliest
Of all the human race
The sweetest joy I have on earth
Is gazing on thy face"—MaGee.

Note—He's no star gazer.

INDIVIDUAL FEATURES OF THE JUNIORS



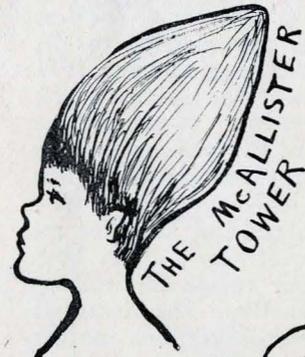
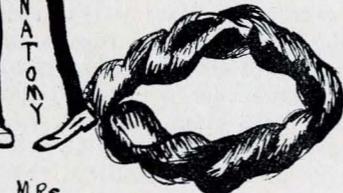
OF THE JUNIORS

MRS. LANE'S SWEATER

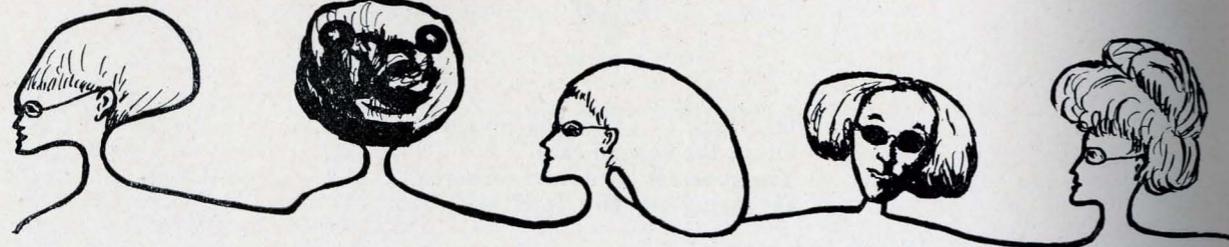


SHERREY'S

ANATOMY



THE KINCAID JUG-HANDLE



LATEST in LINK STYLES OF COIFFURE

Mr. Ferguson's Whiskers



So short their life,
So cruel their fate,
My whiskers, how I mourn;
Lived one short day,
Then passed away,
And left we all forlorn.
So shall I be,
As now you see
My face, all shaved and shorn;
But,—last of May
I'll hike away
And raise them thick as corn.



We Wonder



If it is necessary for the school to require students to agree not to practice in the "City of Darkness" after graduation.
If Dykes has found out why a nurse holds her watch during an operation. (He says to time the operator.)
If there is a Junior who has not heard of "My friend, Joseph Keith."
What the senior class would do for dignity without Sherrill, or for wit and humor without Porter.
If there is any one who has not had a chance to subscribe for a medical journal.
If any of us has failed to select our treating room.
If Kirksville will have street lights in 1920.
That Daddy Platt doesn't devise more ways and means for killing time in Pathology Lab.
If it is possible for any of us to fail when we take the state board exams.
If the students didn't sit up and take notice when Dr. George said, "Now you want to remember that, it's important."
If Shafer has had that "choked disc" removed from his throat yet.
How many of us will be on hand for that European trip.
If Miss Harkins intends to locate in Canada.
What Shafer is going to do with that trunk full of love letters.
What is back of that constant smile and that far-off look on Thorburn's face most of the time.
If Morse isn't the chief asset in "Brewster's Millions."
How that story on K. B. Phillips and the basal fracture did get out.
How many cousins Hook really has in Kirksville.
Where Ingram goes every Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock and finds it necessary to leave "Endeavor" at 7:15 sharp.
If Thorburn believes in woman suffrage—because he wore the opera cape, while she wore the overcoat, walked on the outer side and carried the umbrella.
Why Morse has to sit on the hall floor and play ball in order to get a permit to teach dancing.

Did You Ever



Did you ever—
Imagine that Boyes wouldn't bluff?
That Struble's a student who would not sluff?
That Beckler could tell when he'd said enuff?
That Emerson never has smoked a puff?
What! Never?
That's strange.

Did you ever—
Think Treichler would make a great hit?
Or that F. E. MaGee was much of a wit?
Or that Trimble and Brann have a good bit of grit?
Or that Logue has been known to flirt just a bit?
What! Never?
That's strange.

Did you ever—
Wonder if Crossman didn't use to teach?
And how far Laughlin's charity'd reach?
And haven't you thought Miss Little's a peach?
And haven't you smiled at Miss Emery's speech?
What! Never?
That's strange.

Did you ever—
Force out a laugh at Hamilton's pun?
Or wonder when Carel and Maika'd be one?
Or if Miss Foster ever would weigh a ton?
Or walk Burnett in only for fun?
What! Never?
That's strange.

Did you ever—
See Judd without any gum?
Or wonder why Schaepe always looks glum?
Or what shade of hair would suit Landrum?
Or if 1911 ever would come?
What! Never?
That's strange.

Did you ever—
Think shy little "Cupid" would play football
Without any sweater on at all?
Or imagine what a great big lot of gall
We'll all of us need for a professional call?
What! Never?
That's strange.

Conundrums



If a man carried a trunk on his shoulder what would be get?
Ans. "A tip of course." Dr. Waggoner.

What is water in the solid state?
Ans. Hard water.

When the patient first gets up he will be found sitting down says Dr. Waggoner. How does he do it?

Would a baby fed on elephant's milk grow a pound a day?
Ans. Yes, if it were a baby elephant.

How does the moon differ from the Junior class?
Ans. The moon gets full only once a month while the Juniors get full (of pathology) once a day.

Why was the class of 1911 taking Chemistry under Dr. Fiske like the radical O H ?
Ans. They were an "unsatisfied group."

What is a leucocyte when it is not a corpuscle?
Ans. It is a corpse cell.

What is the difference between ague cake and egg cake?
Ans. The one that is inside, you would like to get outside and the one that is outside you would like to get inside.

If an X-ray should be taken of the lungs of a dog what would you expect to see?
Ans. The seat of his pants.

Why is Schumacher like a saint?
Ans. Because he's always shadowed by E. Manuel.

Why is the spine?
Ans. ? ? ? ? ?



The
Ataxic
Gait



Quotations.



"I follow the can of course." Dr. Smith.

"You can't study anatomy by the light of the silvery moon." Pratt.

"It only takes a 4 oz. hug to reduce a rib lesion." Becker.

"Slop, slop, slop,
In the cold wet mud, Oh, Fresh,
And I would that my tongue could utter,
Some words that would scorch your flesh!" Baby Juniors.

"The lung is bounded on the south by ——" Struble.

"Quiz classes of two are apt to prove unprofitable." R. E. H.

"I'm growing old and older,
Every year,
I can see my finish clearer,
Every year,
Hoary hairs are growing thicker
And I'm growing more a kicker
Every year." C. L. Richards.

"He told me the old, old story,
Until I believed it true,
We were married . . . ——
Then any old story would do." Mrs. Beckler.

"The saphenous artery goes thru the saphenous opening under the ligamentum nuchae." Brann.

"He! ah!" (Emery)

"Punking cells!" Walton.

"Billie" Garrod and Bailey.

"An so on and so forth."

"The census embraces seventy-five million women,
I'd like to be the census!" Logue.

"All Aboard."

"I hope to go to heaven but if by chance I should get into the other place,
I hope they'll give me three years credit for time spent in Kirksville." Mrs. Whipple.

"That's right. Squeeze your neighbor's hand if you don't know the answer"
Waggoner.

"I love the Juniors, but Oh you Jersies!" Dr. Laughlin

"This irritation occurs in smike pokers." Bigsby.

"Where a man's Atlas pin is, there will his heart be also." Thorburn.

"The names in this roll book mean nothing to me," Waggoner.

"And so on and so forth."

"Of all the folks I ever met I like myself the best." MaGee.

"Billie and I."

"Dogs fight over bones, why shouldn't men." Dad.

"Now-er-ah-Doctor did you mean so and so?" Boyes.

"The book doesn't give it that way." Crossman.

"And so on and so forth."

"You will find the patient with heads on one side and feets on the other."
Becker.

"During an epidemic, I had a great number of children." Smith.

"It keeps me busy reading all the new books in order to keep up with
progressive medical ignorance." Dad.

"And so on and so forth."

"To thine own self be true. Let the rest go the the d——." Smith.

"Yes the tetanus bacilli spread very, very rapidly. It has been demon-
strated in the laboratory that if you inject tetanus into the tail of a mouse,
unless that member be severed it will in the course of an hour produce death of
the rabbit." Bigsby.

"And so on and so forth."

"He's a good preacher, because he has one hell of a voice." Dad.



Some Examination!



It was in our Freshman year, when the announcement came, "Examination on the Brain!" Nothing daunted, we began to struggle with the complicated mass of gray and white matter. And it "mattered" a great deal. We trod the streets in a dazed condition not recognizing friends until we bumped noses, and exclaimed, "Oh, I was thinking of the exact origin of the seventh cranial nerve." Every question asked was absent mindedly answered by more brain talk.

Quiz classes met, morning, noon and night. Little groups of students slid quietly and stealthily out of that house into this, and in hushed voices, that were little more than audible whispers, discussed the disgusting "matter."

The brain model was each day pounced upon by a new bunch, who seized the monstrosity, and tightly grasped it as if it were their natural prey. The size of this model was nearly twice that of the human head and yet, a brilliant and very promising (?) student asked if it were "the exact size of the brain?"

When the examination morning arrived the white faced throng with lap-boards and examination leaflets, awaited their doom, and when Dr. Pratt entered the amphitheatre there was one, long gasp.

Then the idol of the school, told us we were good students and had studied hard and also that it was April the first—April Fool! We were credited with grades! Hurrah!

Many wiped tears from their eyes, some because of the snap of relief to strained and tired nerves, and others because they had been denied the opportunity of showing their extreme cleverness. One student found vent thus:

Examination (there was no "After")

With every "Nerve" and "Muscle" tense,
And both "Optics" staring wide,
With aching "Cranium," tired "Cerebrum"
We dreamed that we had died!

In the "Fourth Ventricle" they buried us,
With "Cerebellums" we were wedged in,
They pillowed our head on the "Pulvinar"
With "Cranial nerve nuclei" and their kin.

A "Restiform Body" thus we made,
The "Calamus Scriptorius" wrote it thus,
"Pull the 'Opercula' over them,
And point their feet to the "Crus".

Our hands were tied with "Spinal Cord".
They pinned "Collosums" on our breast,
Placed "Radiations" around our brow,
Then we crossed the "Pons" to our rest. (?)

H. G.

"And that is all there ar' to it."



Kirksville



There's a little town called Kirksville, in old Missouri State.
For those who have not seen it, some things I'll now relate.
The "show me" spirit here is strong, believe me it is true,
I cannot tell you all it means—that part I'll leave to you.

The streets at night are dark as pitch, there's not a light in town,
It's hardly safe to venture out after the sun goes down.
The woods are ankle deep with mud, a soft and sticky clay,
We blindly swim thru it at night, we wade thru it by day.

Sometimes the good old Sun shines forth, the mud it quickly dries,
And then the wind springs up, and drives the dust into our eyes.
We must have something bad or else, this little town would be
A paradise where all would wish to spend Eternity.

We have a theatre in the town and sometimes there's a show.
Just why these "troupes" drift into town, we really do not know.
The plays they give are something "fierce" it really seems to me
That they badly need the money and we're "easy" don't you see?

And then we have a "Bee-hive," but it's not a place for bees,
But a swell Cafe where gentlemen can eat whate'er they please.
It is famous for its Hamburg Steaks and Eggs and Weenies, too,
You couldn't find a better place if you roamed the whole State thru.

I'd have you know, our Court House is a building mighty fine,
How the gilded lady on the tower, in the noon-day sun does shine!
Woe to the man who dares to gaze upon this dazzling sight
For him henceforth is darkness, for his day has turned to night.

The merchants pull the Students' legs, and roast them to a turn.
They think that they are millionaires, with money made to burn.
But the Students never murmur as they softly whisper "Stung!"
The praises of these girls and boys in Heaven should be sung.

The O. K. Railroad runs some trains a week or so apart.
You can't tell when you'll reach this place, so make an early start.
And, if by Providential grace, alive you leave the train,
Just thank your Stars and never ride, upon this road again.

Kirksville has been made famous by dear old Doctor Still.
Half of the world has heard of him, the other half soon will.
His name in history will go down, and this little town shall be
A Shrine and Mecca for the friends of Os-teop-athy.

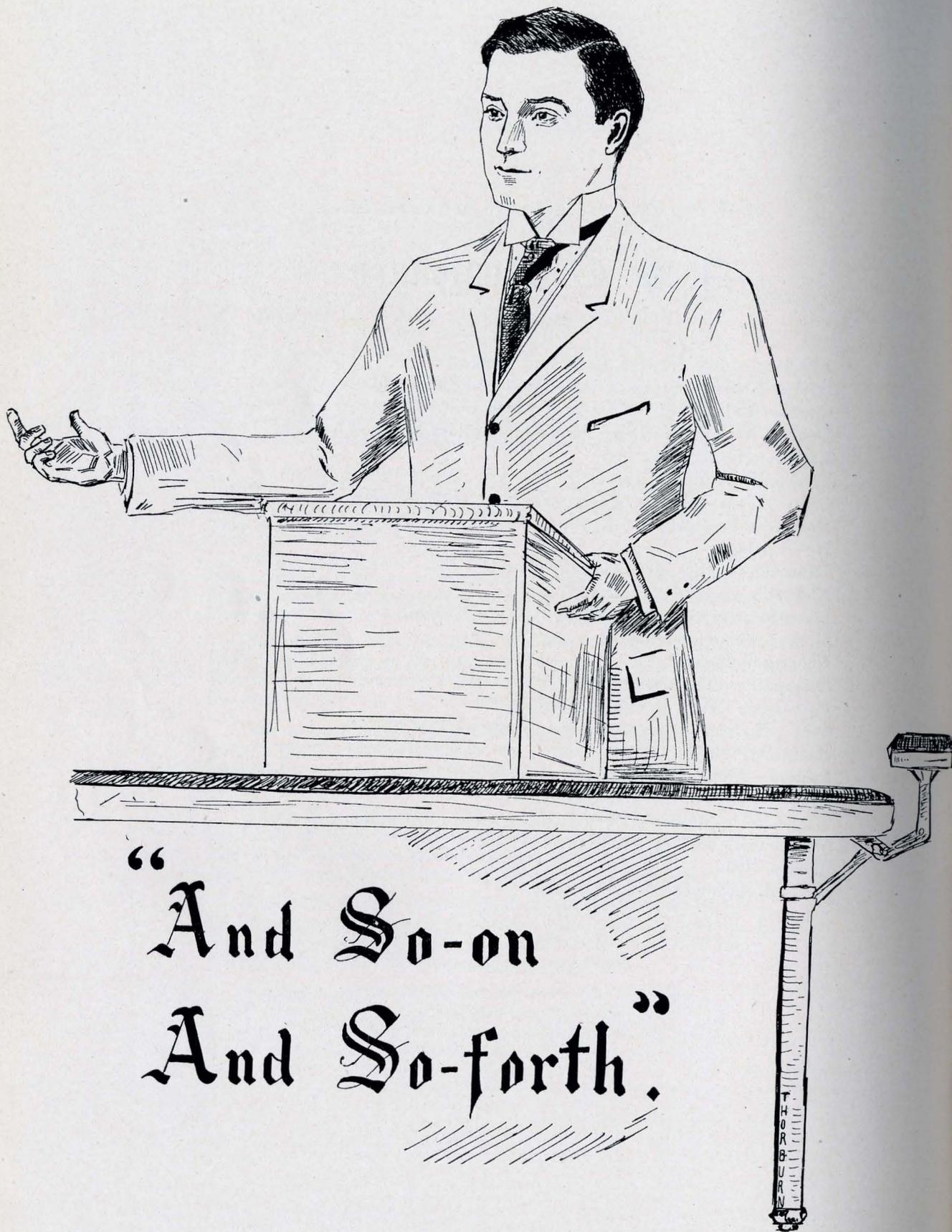
A college here was founded just seventeen years ago,
That's why we're here as Students of our dear old A. S. O.
So let your Oskie Wow Wow's ring, in voices clear and loud.
If you want to be an Osteopath, come out and join our crowd.

P. Morris.

A. S. O. Dictionary



- Affection—Link between Carel and Maika.
Boyes—The art of making folks think you know a lot.
Credits—Evidence of things once heard of.
Dunce—What you feel like when Pratt decides to "show you up."
Exams—The student's joy.
Freshmen—A kind of greens.
Great—Those grimaces Waggoner makes while lecturing.
Heavenly Poultry.—Y. W. C. A.
It—Treichler.
Joinsomethingitis—Freshmen's Affliction.
Kirksville—A hole in the mud.
Lies—Some of those "cures" the P. G.'s. tell about.
Money—Minus quantity.
Nonsense—MaGee.
Osteopathy—The real thing.
Post Office—Place to meet a Normal girl.
Quiz—The place when we "stand together."
Ruffnecks—1910.
Society—Snub, snob, snicker, sneer.
Trouble—Dr. Smith's greatest joy.
Unspeakable—Daddy Platt's Pathology Lab. instruction.
Van Brakle—A library fixture.
Windy—1910.
X. Y. Z. continued in next number.



Some Things We Like



We like that "pump-em-dry" system of Waggoner's.

We like the breezy way the freshmen have of butting right in and taking charge of things as soon as they know the way to the different class rooms.

We like the way G—— combs (?) his hair.

We like the way S—— has of always adorning his face with a tooth-pick.

We like our pathology Lab. work. It is so restful.

We like that steadfast and unalterable composure of Bigsby's and wonder if we ever will succeed in disturbing it.

We like the way Miss M—— snuggles up to C—— like a "sick kitten to a hot brick."

We like to hear Deason say, "Put the lid on there."

We like to think that the Dean has not roasted us all the year. Never mind about last year.

We like that air of contentment the visiting osteopaths have and wonder if it isn't "ambition gone to seed."

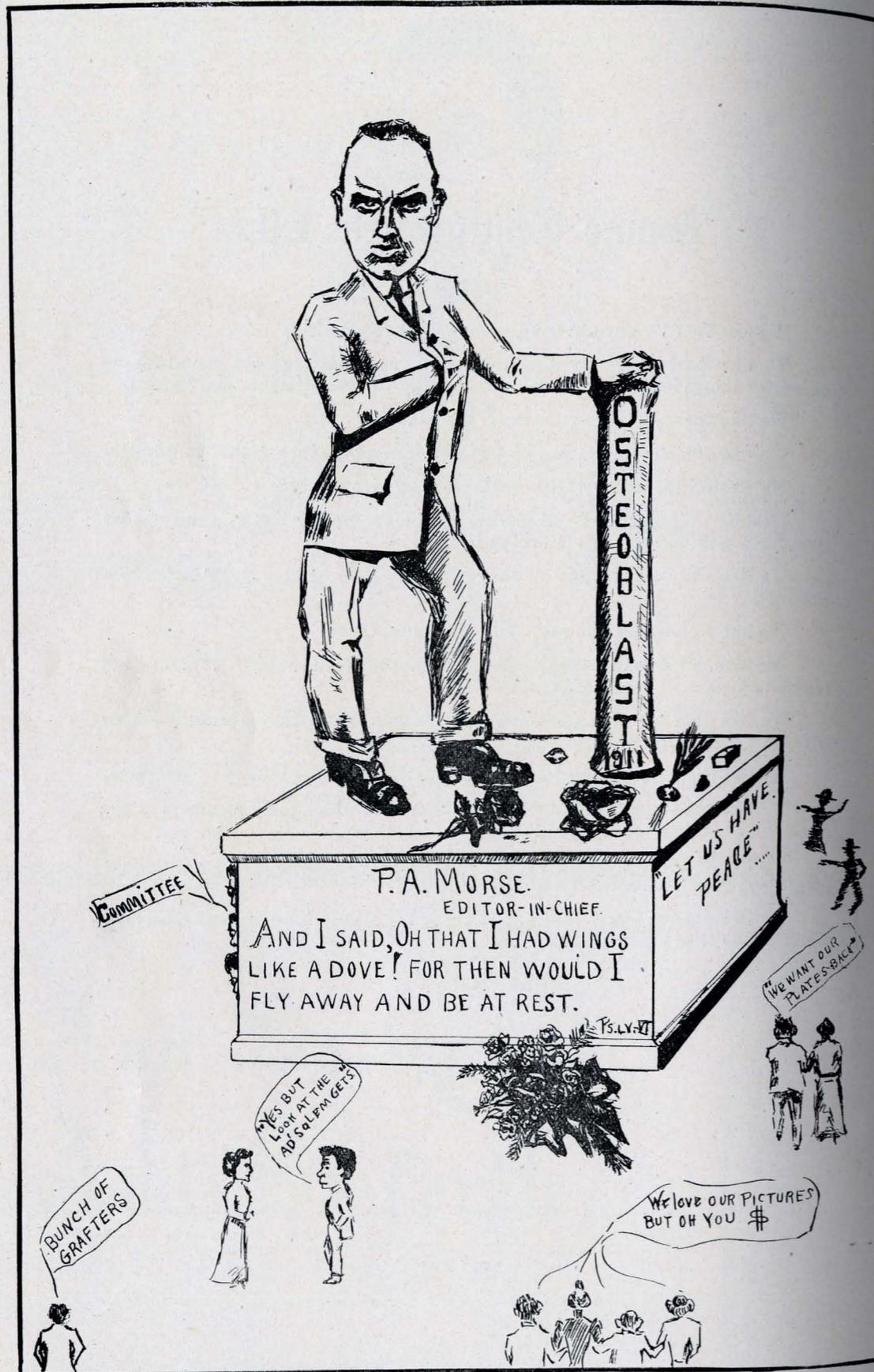
We like the "beg-pardon-for-being-on-earth" attitude of the P——brothers.

We like the looks of those thistle patches with which some members of the class are adorning their upper lips.

We like the way some people act in class. It takes us back to our childhood days when we attended kindergarden.

We like a great many things, and think life a very funny game, especially when one is wise enough to look on.





Roasts



Which Was it?

Bennett insists that the reason Prof. Lloyd overlooked him in quizzing on dissection last summer, was his diminutive size, and the fact that he hid on the floor and was not detected. There is a rumor, however, among the other members of the group that the true reason for his not being quizzed was that Prof. Lloyd knew just about how he would answer, and being of a generous nature did not ask him any questions.

"A Daisy."

When Judd was in the ministry he gave his congregation the following bit of oratory. "The Lord made the mountains and he made the grains of sand, the Lord made me and he made a daisy."

I Know.

Sez I, "How d'yer know yer right?"
 "How do I know?" says he,
 Well now I vum! I know by gum!
 "I'm right because I be."—C. L. Richards.

Extract From Delaware, Ohio County Bugle.

Dr. Ralph Pierce Baker arrived yesterday for a two days' visit with home folks. He cannot remain longer as his popularity and assiduous duties in Kirksville will not permit of an extended absence. A few of the capacities in which Ralph has served in the short time he has been there are, President of A. S. O. Tennis Club, High Chief of the Wearers of the Yellow Slicker, Manager of the Football Team, Organizer of Kappa Gamma Gamma, Manager of janitors of the I. T. Z. Fraternity, and Floor-walker in Root's A. S. O. department store. He has, so it is said, earned the sobriquet of "Cupid" by the excellency of his aim with his bow and arrow, and we hasten to congratulate him in advance. The "Bugle" predicts a very bright future for Dr. Baker, who is one of the most promising young men Delaware has sent into the world of science.

With the Editors.

Editor-in chief—"We will have the picture of the Junior Class Babies on the left hand page, and write-up about them on the right hand."

Assistant-Editor—"Why do we need a write-up about them?"

Editor—"Oh you all know what I mean, an explanation."

The other members of the Staff wish to know if the Babies also owe him an apology.

Treatment for Anaemia.
(Recommended by Dr. Bigsby.)

Iron administered by a shot gun—and so on and so forth.

The Legend of a Trunk.

It was the year 1920 and Dr. Ellis J. Carel had returned to his home after an exhausting day's work at the office. His wife met him at the door with a cheerful smile on her countenance and the little Carels clustered around him, pulling and tugging at his coat for their share of love and attention. The happy family gathered around their evening table and with jest and laughter, the meal was soon over.

The Doctor was immediately besieged by the children who implored him to tell them a story. They pulled his morris chair close to the fire-place and dragged him into it, and then nestled at his feet in eager expectancy. It was a pretty home-like scene and the Doctor smiled with contentment as he glanced around. He was in a reminiscent mood, as they could tell by the far-away look in his eyes.

He began, "Once upon a time, there was a young man in college, with whom I was very closely associated, who was madly in love with a fair charming girl in his class. Every moment he could spare from his duties, he spent in her company until the very stair carpet bore the imprint of his foot. One morning he must needs return a book he had borrowed and he stayed all the forenoon. After dinner he had a message that simply must be delivered to her in person. The message took longer to deliver than he had expected.

Their sweet and romantic reverie was broken into by the harsh clanging of the door-bell. Reluctantly he went to answer its urgent appeal, great was his surprise on opening the door to find his companion of travel and home life, his saratoga trunk prancing impatiently around the piazza. Then it stood still, and began an earnest appeal, pleading and beseeching him that he would come home sometimes or let them together take up their abode at this house forever and a day. It had become so lonely without him at home and could stand it no longer. He persuaded it to go home and bide its time, with a promise that later they three would go to some quiet spot, and there live happily together for the remainder of time."

And catching up the wee one he exclaimed, "And this dear children is when I won your dear Mamma."

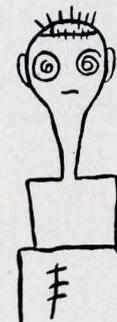
Moral—Don't leave your trunk too long at a time.



Jokes



"It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it, at the expense of a friend."



Drawing by artistic professor.

Dr. Smith: "Mr. Brann, locate for me the Parotid gland."

Brann: "I know it is in the stomach, but I can't just think which end."

Dr. Waggoner (Testing for astereognosis, puts watch in student's hand)
"Now sir can you tell me what this object is?"

Student: "Feels like a turnip."

The last time Burnett missed out: When he arrived at the gallery too late to be taken with the N. E. Association.

Isn't it funny that Dr. Bigsby can discover anything of the "peacock" in Pocock or a "dear" in Miss Derr, or find one single "scruple" in Struble, or a "croaker" in Crocker, or a "rain-ditch" in a simple Raindige? But to discover a "corn-ear" in Cournyer is as impossible as that Butin could "butt-in" or that Miss Schaepe would shake e.

Instructor in Principles: "Mr Markert, what would you do in case you were treating a small boy who had colic caused by eating green apples?"

Markert: "Give him a physic."

Miller: "I'd give him a treatment."

Student: "Why should a patient be given crushed ice in case of hemorrhage?"

Dr. George: "Oh, just to be doing something."

(Ford coming down street in a shower with his (?) umbrella raised)
 Fellow-student (two blocks away) "Gee Ford! Got the blues? Pretty swell umbrella, but do you like 'em blue?"
 Ford (Jerking umbrella forward as his face "rosies") Why those handles were exactly alike."

Janitor: (At the door) "Is Mr. Scruple here?"

A baby Junior left her back hair on the table. When she returned to her room, she found a fellow student "asleep at the switch."

When Van Brakle was young did his mother put him in the library for punishment, or how did he get the habit of hanging around the library?

Bigsby: "What is myxedema?
 Cupid Baker: "A mixed tumor."

Fellow student: "Did you put on more clothing this cold morning?"
 MaGee: "Yes, I put on a pair of socks without holes."

Anna Mary had a little lamb,
 It's name was Jimmie Minear
 And Mary and her little lamb
 Were known both far and near.
 Cause everywhere that these two went
 They took a little can
 And Jimmie went without being sent
 Just like a little man.



Jimmie's Milk Can

Dr. Pratt: "Mr. Bereman, tell me the formation of the brachial plexus."
 Bereman: "Fifth, sixth, seventh, eight dorsal and first lumbar."

Dr. Smith: "What vessels pass thru the opening in the adductor magnus?"
 Pocock: "None, it's femoral before and popliteal after it passes thru."

Dr. Smith: "What is that abominable odor, smells like some one smoking, most intensely disagreeable to me,"

Dr. Bigsby: "Give an example of a disease peculiar to men and not to women."

Logue: "Barber's itch."

Why does Dr. Charlie so ardently love a dress suit?

Side Owenby's Lake the frogs were croaking
 As if the world were free from sin
 When down the road came another "Croaker"
 And the frogs sang out, "Now don't But-in."

Dr. Waggoner: "Now Mr. Morris, What is the important symptom in the second stage of locomotor ataxia?"

Mr. Morris: "Ataxia."

Dr. Waggoner: "Right! Now why do we call it ataxia?"

Mr. Morris: "Why because it attacks the muscles, I suppose."

Dr. Waggoner: "Mr. Schafer, what is meant by choked disc?"

Schafer: "Why, a sensation of being choked I think."

R. M. Jones has given evidence that he knows very little about farming. He does not know when harvest time is over. We have all seen him out Shocking nearly every day this year.

Dr. Quintal (At door) "I want Mr. Grow."

Dr. Laughlin: "Who is the young lady?"

Downey (To instructor): "What part of the peritoneum forms the saphenous opening?"

Dr. Smith (In dietetics on How to Choose a Chicken): "Scaley legs, stiff toes, claw behind, angular breast-bone, calcified ensiform cartilage. Leave it alone."

Ask Pape how long he wore his girl friend's pin, as a reward for refraining from "coffin nails."

A bed-bug bit on Beckler's toe,
 What happened to the bed-bug we don't know
 But Beckler's toe got awful sore
 And laid him up for a week or more.

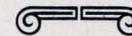
Dr. Smith: "MaGee what is the nerve supply of the biceps?"

MaGee: "The deltoid."

Dr. Becker (To Miss Earle): "Have you had any heart trouble yet?"

Whitmore (After giving cadaver a hair cut and shave): "Face massage?"

Dr. Laughlin (As noisy seniors were leaving the class room): "That must be the Farmers' Institute letting out."



Did Beckler give his Loco-motor patient "peruna?"

Dr. Smith (In hygiene just as he flounced off the platform): "Tomorrow we will take up the disposal of the dead."

Dr. Smith (In dietetics): "For removing the taste of ice-cream take one green onion and thoroughly masticate."

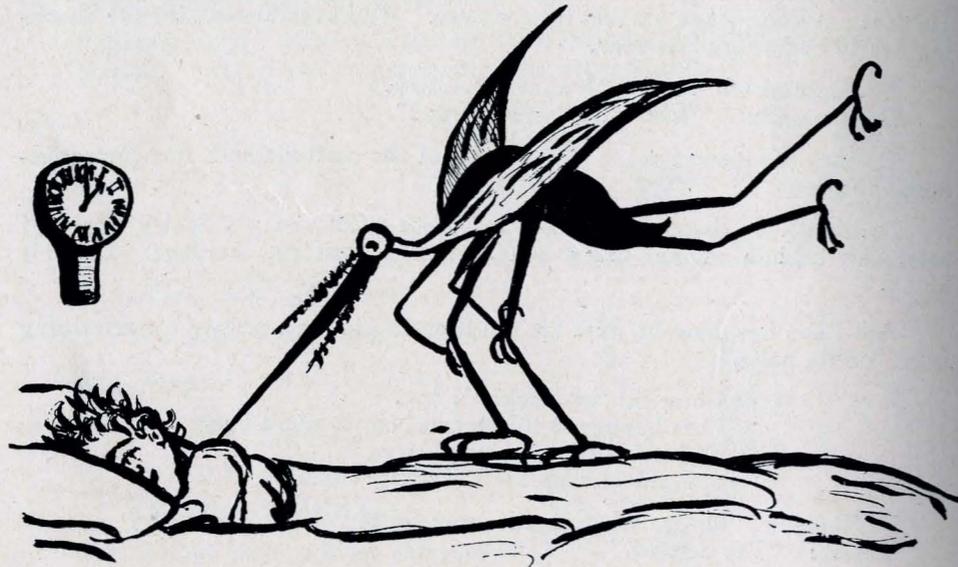
Student (Drawing class' attention to bird which had alighted on chandeliers) "Dr. Smith there is some one in the room who has not paid his tuition."

Dr. Smith: "Will you please go down and see Quintal about that?"

Miss Lapp (In her inaugural address): "I think Mr. Ford is a very stable-man so I will not have much to do."

Dr. Bigsby: "Where does Dr. Geo. Still carry his fat?"

Sherfey: "In front."



The Anophiles

Here is the bug Anophiles,
Who seeks always to carry
Away with him where'er he flees
Plasmodium Malary.

Fresh: "Those Baby Juniors are the, d—dest ! ! ! ! niftiest bunch yet."

Senior: "Say young fellow, be careful of your vocabulary there."

Fresh: "Well aint nifty a good word."

"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis today."

"Naw, I'm tired of these organ recitals."

Student (To Dr Charlie): "What are some of the most common complications of typhoid?"

Dr. Charlie: "One of the most fatal is death."

Miss Emery (looking for cartoon) "Where is that dog-gone dog, gone?"

Howells (original remark): "We'll put something on that page, if we don't leave it blank."

When in doubt about anything, say mercury, white of egg and stomach pump, and the 10th nerve.

From early dawn till setting sun,
Up-down-across and on the run,
Set well to the tune of, "Go'in' some,"
Judd chews-chews-chews on his chewin' gum.

One-two-three, and on—to eighty-five,
Every minute, as you're alive,
Judd clamps his jaws in perfect rhyme,
And never gets tired throughout all time.

Miss Nicholson to Dr. Pratt: "This is so sudden!"

Dr. Savage: "Yes, a man has to have a beard to be a successful practitioner, among the ladies."

Flick: "Yes, all the girls are crazy about me."

Dr. Pratt may look straight but we all know he has a crooked rib.

If the gentleman's heart beat which Miss Emery examined had been normal would she have been studying Osteopathy?

Dr. Becker: "Mr. Dejardin, where do you usually find rose spots in Typhoid Fever?"

Mr. Dejardin: "You usually find them on the body.
You may get me to say crisis, but I refuse to say abdomen."

WOMAN.

"O, woman, in her hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please,
But seen too oft, familiar, with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

(Apologies to Scott and Pope.)



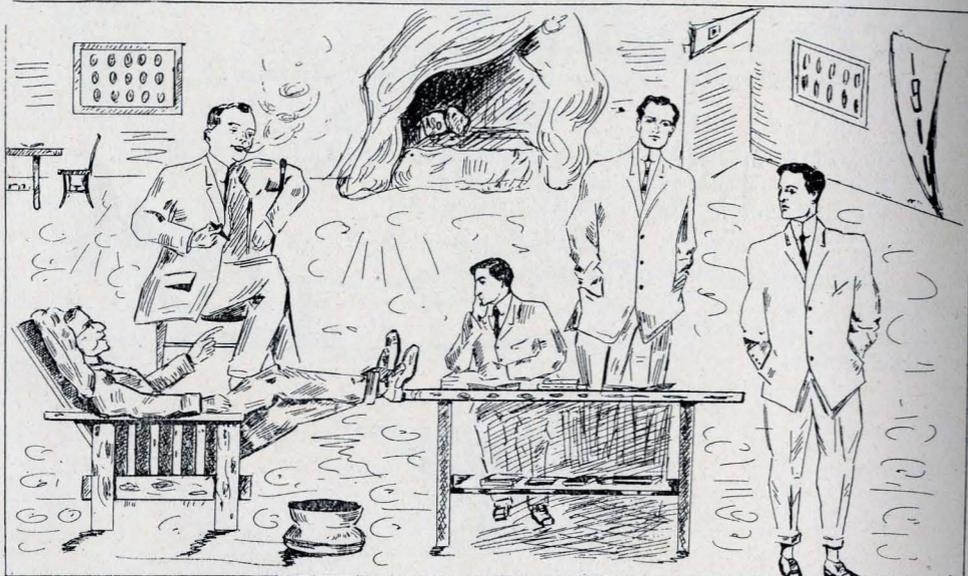
A Snipe Hunt



"I know not what the truth may be
I'll tell it as 'twas told to me."

"Say jellows," said Alexander Smith at the Club one night as he jacked his feet to the top of a table and took a large chaw from a borrowed plug; "did you hear about the snipe hunt pulled off on Betzner last year?"

"It happened this way," said Alec, as the boys kicked a cuspidor where he could hit it occasionally. You know Betz is from Canada and like all the people from English soil he just can't appreciate a joke unless you shoot it into him with a canon. He's a dandy little fellow and always in for a good time; but if there's a joke connected with it, you have to back him in a corner and begin about like this—Now Betz we're going out for a little sport tonight and we're going to play a joke on a fellow a J—O—K—E Betz that is we're going to fool him doncher know.



Alec jacked his feet to the top of the table

He tries hard to understand, but you never can tell whether he does or not, in fact, he reminds me in his ability of absorbing a joke of the 1910 Class trying to absorb osteopathy—he just can't do it. The joke was partly on us for we laid plans for a whole month to catch him, which was entirely unnecessary.

"It happened this way", said Alec (flopping his chew); "a bunch of us were hibernating over here on Mud Ave. last year and one night we started a little game of Authors! as Boyes and Carel objected to cards owing to their connection with the Church; its hard to get Carel to play any kind of a game, he's so conscientious. He and Boyes played against Betz and McGonigle while I acted as peacemaker.

In the conversation something was said about hunting snipes and Betz

wanted to know all about it, so Carel who belongs to the same Sunday School class as Ingram, cut loose, about how snipes should be hunted and if ever a fellow laid himself out in weaving together a smooth bunch of lies he did; and Betz just tipped his little head back like a young robin and swallowed the whole business.

Carel said the snipe was the queerest bird known to science and it was from this bird the Wright Bros. got their ideas about a flying machine and they were the only men who had ever been able to observe the bird in flight, and Carel went on to tell how the Wrights had hunted snipe every night for fifteen years.

"Did they hunt them in the winter time?" asked Betz. "Yes," said Carel, "they would follow them south every fall and back north every spring." Carel explained how the snipe only flew at night which made it very difficult to get a line on its mode of action. Another thing which added difficulty to a complete understanding of this wonderful bird's flight was the fact that it didn't possess any wings, in fact, it didn't even have feathers but went around entirely nude and being a very modest bird it only traveled at night.

"If caught," Carel said, "it would live in captivity if kept in the dark, but died from blushing if exposed to light." He said the Wrights had been able to keep the birds alive in daylight for a considerable length of time by making little kimonos for them.

"But how in thunder does it fly?" asked Betz. "I'll get to that in a few minutes", said Carel. "As I was saying," said Carel, "the Wright Bros. are the only ones who have studied this bird scientifically and Wilbur Wright is publishing a book on its habits which will be out in a short time! "How did you get to know about the habits of this wonderful bird if the book isn't out yet?" asked Betz. This nearly floored Carel but he rose beautifully by telling how he belonged to Wilbur Wright's Bible class back in Ohio, and that he had helped him prepare the manuscript. "The reason I'm here now," said Carel looking as innocent as a baby freshman, is "to get a scientific understanding of Anatomy so I can work more intelligently in analysing the mechanism of this bird's flight." About this time, Betz got a pathological condition of curiosity and nothing would do but stop the game while Carel explained the morphology of the snipe, and Betz got his note-book out to take down the interesting points. After we all got settled Carel went on to explain that the snipe not only differed from other birds in the absence of wings and feathers, but was constructed along different lines entirely. And the only way you could tell it belonged to the bird family was by the Widal test. He said the body of the bird resembled a tube somewhat, or in other words it was hollow from before backward and that it was the air passing through this space which gave the peculiar whistling sound when the bird was in flight. Every time Carel would mention flight, Betz would break in with, "I don't see how it can fly," and Carel would spar for time by saying, "I'll explain that in a few minutes." Carel described the beak of the bird as consisting of a horny projection resembling a spade somewhat and that it was not used as a beak at all but simply as a mode of obtaining food, saying that the bird would find a worm hole and sticking its little spade firmly against the ground would press it in with its foot the same as an Irishman would in digging a hole. After it had bared the worm it would grasp it by the hair of the head and—"but worms don't have hair on their head," broke in Betz. "The kind that snipes feed on do," said Carel, and as I was saying, "after grasping the worm by the hair of the head with its toes it quickly carries it to its mouth which is located under its left wing." "Thought you said it didn't have any wings," said Betz, looking back at his notes. "I didn't mean wing, I meant to say leg," said Carel. "You know when a fellow is talking about birds he's liable to use the word wing absentmindedly; and another thing," said Carel, "I don't want you or any one else doubting my veracity when I'm talking scientifically. Of course, I may make a few minor mistakes for this is a subject that has been studied, but a short time." "I didn't mean anything," said Betz, "as

humble as a Normal student, I only wanted to have my notes correct." "This little show of temper" said Alec, as he missed the cuspidor for the fourth time, "carried Carel over the difficulty of explaining how the bird could ever get its toes under its left leg, but there's no doubt that he could have fixed it all right for he was building the bird as he went along." "Now in regard to flying," said Carel, "realizing that he might as well come to the point first as last, "the bird has wonderful long legs and great muscular power which makes it very swift on its feet, and projecting from its back is a contraption which resembles an umbrella but is perfectly flat when open." "The opening and closing of this umbrella-like structure is one of the most wonderful pieces of mechanism seen in nature," said Carel, "and that's one of the reasons I'm here." "How does it work?" asked Betz. "It is worked by a nervous reflex," said Carel, "which the snipe controls in this manner. In its tube-like body it carries a grasshopper which is attached to the wall of the cavity by a little connective tissue chain about ten centimeters long and when the bird starts to run, the air passing through the tube carries the grasshopper backwards to the posterior opening where he, being scared, tries to jump out, and in giving the powerful backward kick, for which the grasshopper is noted, presses strongly on the semilunar ganglion causing a stimulus to pass over the great splanchnic nerve



After Carel got him fixed

to the mechanism of the umbrella causing it to open and, as the plane of the umbrella is elevated in front, it lifts the bird in the air."

"How does it stay up after the momentum of the run is exhausted," asked Betz. "By shoveling air against the under side of the umbrella with its little spade," said Carel never cracking a smile. "Oh I see," said Betz dotting it down in his notes, "but how did the Wrights ever get to see it in flight?" "It was very simple," said Carel, "and the wonder is that it was never thought of before. Wilbur had his left eye removed and a cat's eye substituted which enabled him to see as well at night as in the day time." "That kind of spoils his looks don't it," asked Betz who's a little fastidious, "What does a scientist care for looks!" said Carel, puffing out his chest. "They don't care whether they impress the Normal girls or not. I'm going to have my right eye changed as soon as I finish my course here." "Supposing the grasshopper would die," asked McGonigle, who wasn't quite sure whether Carel was lying or not "wouldn't that put the bird out of business?" "For a short time only," said Carel, "for as soon as the grasshopper's head had atrophied enough to slip through the little connective tissue collar, the bird starts on a run and the air passing through its body carries the cadaver of the insect out. After being freed from the dead grasshopper the little connective tissue chain contracts into a little coil, with a little collar hanging over it, resembling a little nest and it is this fact that enables the bird to get another grasshopper. For all it has to do is sneak off in the grass and lay low. After a while a female grasshopper comes along

looking for a place to deposit her egg and spying this cute little warm nest already built, she lays her egg in it, little thinking she is going to make her child a prisoner for life. In due time the young grasshopper is hatched out and as it grows, its head passes up through the little collar and when it reaches maturity and tries to hop out, it finds itself fast."

"Isn't it wonderful," said Betz, his eager eyes sticking out like stops on an organ. "I'm going to take up the study of this bird when I finish my course." "After Carel finished this lecture it took the whole bunch of us to keep Betz from starting out that night," said Alec, as he flopped his chew to the other side, and made a center shot at the cuspidor. "The only way we could hold him was by starting Carel out on the preparations necessary to successfully hunt the bird." Carel said in the first place Betz would have to learn to imitate the whistle of the snipe. "But how am I going to learn to imitate the whistle unless I hear it?" asked Betz. "I'll teach it to you," said Carel. "It's not very difficult. After you get the principle of the thing, but you must practice. In order to produce the peculiar sound you must purse your lips up something like this," and Carel puckered his mouth as if he was going to take a sip of hot soup, and emitted a long, low, pathetic, melancholy, mournful sort of a wail which caused cold chills to chase each other up and down our spines. "You'll crawl to Novinger on your two knees to see Betz try that whistle," said Alec, as he shot a stream of amber fluid at a fly perched on the edge of the cuspidor. It sure was funny; he would pucker his lips like a Normal student about to stick a kiss on the buccinator muscle of a town girl and emit a wail that sounded like the wind whistling through the key-hole of an M. D.'s office. And the worst of it was, he kept it up day and night for a whole month; in fact, he got his orbicularis oris in such a condition that his mouth looked kissey all the time. And the only good it has ever done Betz as far as I could see is to give him a stand in with some Normal girls. He would ask Carel every day if he didn't think the whistle was all right and Carel would find some fault with the pitch of the note or have some kick on the way Betz crooked his neck. He had the boy going through all kinds of contortions. Finally Carel decided that Betz was far enough along to try for a snipe.

The following Friday night was the time set for the hunt. Betz didn't go to school Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday but stayed at home and worked on his outfit. He bought a little brass lantern and filtered the oil for it, then he spent a half a day polishing the globe. On Wednesday he got cloth and made his sack and put two sticks crosswise in the mouth of it as Carel had directed him. He practiced all day Thursday and Thursday night on holding the sack properly. Carel made him stand all humped over with his left foot toed in and his chin drawn down on his breast so the snipe couldn't see his face, for Carel said if a snipe ever got a glimpse of it, all puckered up like that, he'd keep right on going, explaining that in that way snipes differed from Normal girls. It was honestly pitiful to see how earnestly Betz took all this," said Alec, as he borrowed another chaw, "for he stood all night out back of the coal house shining the light from his little brass lantern into the mouth of the sack and every two minutes emitting that awful, mournful wail; but he came in smiling Friday morning saying he had it down pat. All day Friday he walked the floor in a brown study thinking strongly of giving up Osteopathy and taking up the study of the snipe as his life work; he was so excited that he didn't eat any supper and we could hardly keep him quiet until it got dark enough to go." As the time drew near, he said, "fellows I feel that there's a great change about to take place in my life, for I feel that I was ordained to bring before the world the habits of this wonderful bird."

"We fairly got started," said Alec, as he rolled his quid to the other side and the janitor emptied the cuspidor for the fourth time, "and it made us hump to keep up, for Betz was anxious to get in snipe country. We walked about four miles north-east of town where we struck across an old pasture for the

brush. Betz was quivering with excitement and just as we reached the middle someone kicked up a meadow lark. It was so dark we couldn't see it and as it whistled away, Carel in a deep coarse tragic whisper said, "that's one," and Betz showed that his training was not in vain, for he dropped into position like a trained soldier and shining a light from his little brass lantern into the mouth of the sack, he gave forth a whistle so sad and mournful that Boyes didn't swear for five minutes and I couldn't think of anything but a funeral", said Alec, embalming a fly with a mouthful of juice. "It was sure great, fellows, never in my life did I see a fellow take things so earnestly, he would do everything Carel said—and Carel sure said a plenty. We plunged into the brush where it was so dark we had to strike a match to see the light from Betz's little lantern. After stumbling around for about an hour, Carel found a good hard place for Betz to stand and put him in position. Betz was pliable as putty for Carel would bend him this way and that and he would stay put every time. After Carel got him fixed, we told him that we would go and drive in the snipes and for him to stick to his post and whistle every two minutes. We were going to stay and listen for a while, but it started to rain so we made a break for home and as we plunged through the brush we could hear the low dismal wail as it echoed from the hillside and grew fainter and fainter as we left Betz alone with the snipes. I don't believe I ever saw it rain harder than it did that night," said Alec, taking a shot at another fly—"it just simply poured, but Betz stuck to his post all night, which reminds me of the "Boy stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled." We worried a good deal all night about him and at day break we started after him. We could hear his low dismal whistle as we hit the brush and found him exactly as Carel had placed him the night before. As we approached he looked up excitedly and said, "fellows I—I—I almost got one. It came so close I could see its little spade, let's come out again tonight.

Talk about a fellow being wet, he was just soused and nothing but his excitement kept him warm. All the way home he laid plans for another hunt and talked so much around the school about the snipe he saw that Purdy in the 1910 class started in to hunt them too, and sneaks off to the woods every night with his lantern and bag. It's just leaked out that Betz has a quiz class on snipe hunting," said Alec, "for I heard him explaining to Purdy that they would meet down on the hay scales every Thursday night, rain or no rain, for they didn't intend to let the Wright Bros. get all the glory in bringing the habits of this wonderful bird before the world." "But what I don't see," said Purdy, "is why you need a little brass lantern," "Because," said Betz, "the snipe is a nude bird and very modest and when it comes near a light it dives into the first dark hole it sees, hence the sack." "Oh!" said Purdy. J. C.



On the way home





A Scene on the Chariton.



Class Bells

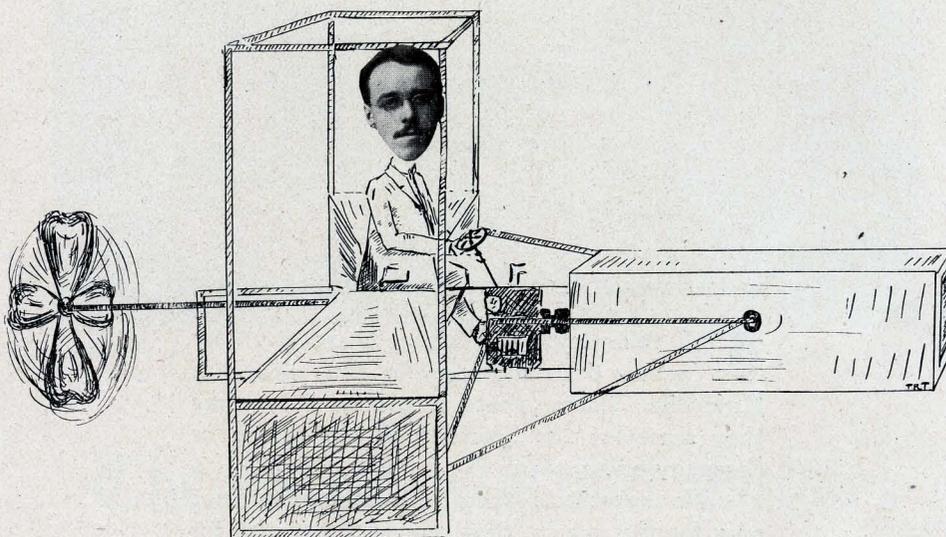
Hear the jingling of those bells—
Calling bells!
What a world of information their jingling foretells!
How they jingle, jingle, jingle,
At the early hour of eight
Out on the balcony and then the hall,
We can hear their urgent call,
“Don’t be late, don’t be late!”
And we hustle, hustle, hustle,
With a wild mad bustle
While the jingleingleingle still noisily wells
From those bells, bells, bells, bells,
From those jingling, from those tinkling bells.

E. B.





GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.



After the publication of the 1911 Osteoblast the staff departed for the following places:

Morse—To Parts Unknown

Boyes—Avalon

Garrod—Fiji Islands

Dejardin—Auld Reekie

Brewster—Alaska

Thorburn—North Pole.

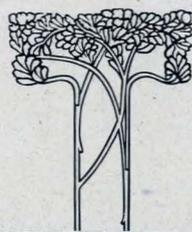
Emery—On the road to Jericho

Minear—Chili

Emerson—Sing Sing

Howells—Gone to Sphenoid Bone

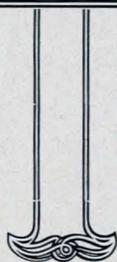
Ingram—Foreign Field



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We appreciate these advertisements not only for the money they represent but also for the cordial relations they indicate as existing between the advertisers, principally citizens of Kirksville and the American School of Osteopathy.

We, the students of the Junior Class, shall strive to keep to par these pleasant relations through our Senior year as during the past two years so that when we leave Kirksville next year we may carry away only happy and pleasant memories of the beautiful little City of Kirksville.



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1901

BALDWIN HALL
1873

SCIENCE HALL
1906

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KIRKSVILLE, MO.

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Illustrated Bulletin free.

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Dry Goods Store. We carry
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the eye will shut out the sun."*

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"The Quality Store."

The College Yell! All together One - two - three - four - five - six

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Over 2500 different items to sell at 5 and 10 cents. Home usefuls of every description. Location about the center of the south side square.

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THE Trustees of THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY wish to announce to their friends a policy. A gradual increase in requirements for entrance and graduation in keeping with the growth of the school and the science.

We desire further to call attention to the fact that in the eighteen years of its existence there has been built or purchased for the school nine buildings or additions.

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Whose establishment is rightly called

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If not already a patron come and get acquainted We are manufacturing jewelers and can skillfully execute any difficult work.

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"The Right Place"

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*Dry Goods and
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*"Queen Qual-
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The kind that are made with the character of the man. Beautiful patterns, many models and guaranteed to wear and fit.

*American Gen-
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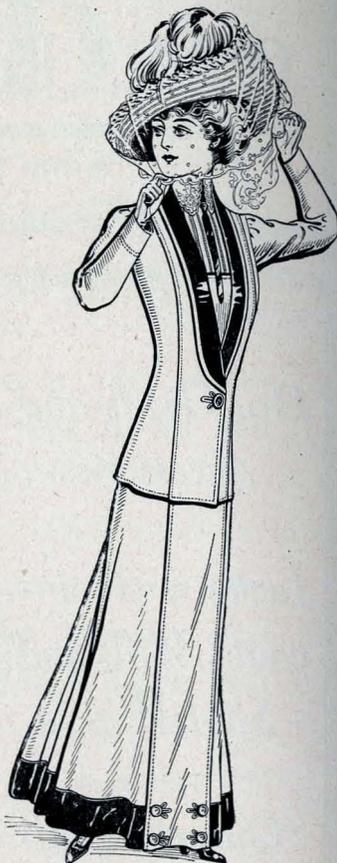
No merchant appreciates an Osteopathic dollar more than we, and our merchandise and efforts to please will convince you the real value of one dollar.

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Our store is full and overflowing in all its departments with new and snappy goods.

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This Department is one of the largest and most complete in all North Missouri. Rugs of all sizes and grades; Roll Carpets, such as Lowells, Hartfords, Gold Medals, Westmorelands, etc.; Linoleums, Mattings, Portiers, Lace Curtains, etc. In fact, we carry a large assortment of everything carried in a good up to date dry goods store. We extend a cordial invitation to all.

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Kirksville Trust Company

Kirksville, Mo.

Capital Paid, - - \$50,000.00
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DEPOSITS APRIL 9, 1907.	78,316.21
" " " 1908.	135,406.54
" " " 1909.	240,906.01
" " " 1910.	271,000.00

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KIRKSVILLE, MO.



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LUMBER, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,
LIME, CEMENT

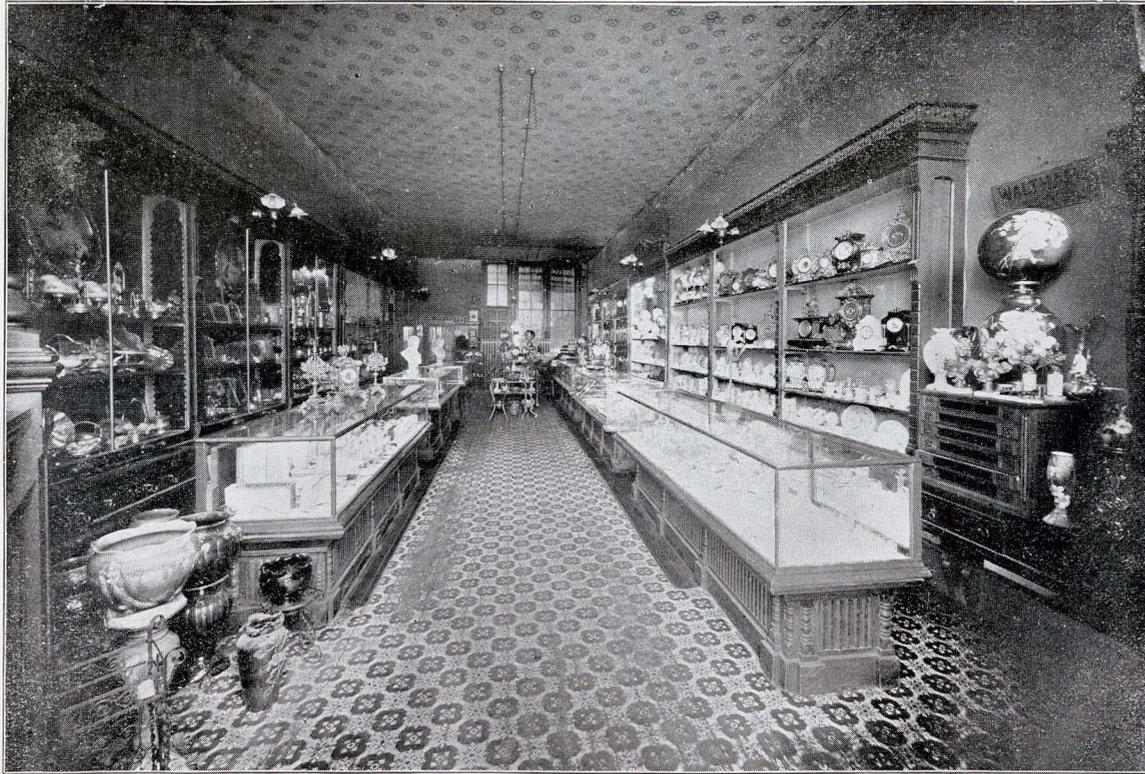
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DIAMONDS in all sizes and qualities for all purposes, all mounted in our "Shop of Art".

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Good Clothes Make Good Men

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No Other Way to Secure Such Exclusiveness

Our portfolio shows samples of more than TWO HUNDRED fabrics, all in vogue this Spring. And it offers you the following wide selection from the cream of the season's styles:

- 24 separate styles of suits*
- 18 of the newest styles in skirts*
- 12 designs for coats and capes*
- 12 selected dress designs*

Any garment you choose, in any cloth you select, will be made to your individual measure. Thus you are offered a greater variety than could be obtained from any other house in America.

Imagine an exhibit of 24 styles of suits, each made up in 200 fabrics, and each in the usual number of sizes. There would need to be in such an exhibit some 14,000 suits.

Such an exhibit, of course, is unthinkable. Yet that is the assortment which you get in this book. Any garment, in any cloth, will be made to fit your figure, style and individuality. And with such a variety there is not one chance in a thousand of anyone else having anything like it.

There is no other way to secure such utter exclusiveness. No store in the country, and no other ladies' tailor, begins to offer such a variety.

American Ladies Tailoring Co.

Spring 1910

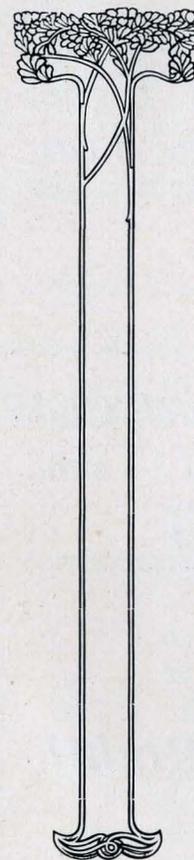
Chicago

JOSEPH CRIST

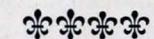
EAST SIDE SQUARE

THE Wissler Novelty Store

WEST SIDE SQUARE

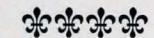


JUST a moment please—we want to tell you that the “New Store” will be glad to have you on its list of patrons. We’ve a number of articles useful in light housekeeping; things to wear and small goods for presents.



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If you are, or want to begin, you’ll find here all sorts of China, Glass and Kitchenware, large and small Rugs, Curtains, Towels and Crashes.



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*The Celebrated Monarch, Club
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Prices Always Right!

*Call and See Me on East
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*When You Want It to Eat
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**R. K. Thom's High Quality Store is THE
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Phones 27 and 38

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

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Just as there is always a POWER behind the throne, so there is a REASON for this store being a LEADER in this city.

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EAST SIDE SQUARE

CARL P. WERNER.

The subject of this sketch was ushered into this glad old world on August 29, 1879, at Sedalia, Mo., and after having been mentally measured by his parents in order to give him an appropriate name, he was formally christened Carl Philip Werner.

As his name indicates, Mr. Werner is of German descent, his parents, both Germans, were among the first settlers in Sedalia, where his mother is still living. His father has been deceased for a number of years.

Mr. Werner's boyhood was quite stormy. He was not just what could be called a "model boy", and albeit that we must tell the truth, he was a leader of what the staid German people considered the "tough" boys; often would he steal away to go swimming, and not content with fighting his own battles, would willingly employ his fists either defensive or offensive in the interests of his friends.

He attended the Sedalia public school in winter, and a German school in the summer when not playing "hookey". He speaks German fluently, as well as English. At the age of fourteen he had reached the seventh grade, and decided his education completed. He accordingly apprenticed to a plumber to learn the heating and plumbing trade. Commencing at a wage of \$1 per week; at the end of the third year \$6 per week. After learning his trade he went to work for \$2.50 per day for a while, and then decided to heed Horace Greely's advice to "go west, young man," and accordingly we next find him at Evanston, Wyoming. He remained there working at his trade at \$6 per day until he had saved about \$200, when he heard glowing accounts of work at Salt Lake City, Utah, which inclined him to almost believe that it was a plumber's paradise. He accordingly went to the city of the Latter Day Saints, and instead of finding it a Plumber's Paradise, he found it to be—well, he did not find any work, even though he spent all his money looking for it and finally found himself almost destitute. He had a ring worth about \$18 which he had worn a number of years, and finally it became necessary, as Westerners say, to "soak" the ring, which he did, obtaining by this means \$2.

Having a partner also in need, he divided, each man taking one dollar. Mr. Werner thought it about time to return to Missouri, which he did, and as he naively puts it, he paid but little car fare.

At Pueblo, Colo., he made a stop and secured work. This enabled him to reach home in a more comfortable manner than that in which he started. Shortly after his arrival at Sedalia his father was stricken and died, which tied Mr. Werner at home.

He entered the plumbing business for himself, but the hard times of 1901 and 1902 made business very dull. He then applied to the railroad for work and eventually became a locomotive fireman and later an engineer. This he followed for three years, and during that time had four narrow escapes from death by accident. At the end of this period he re-entered the plumbing business. Having secured a couple of sewer contracts and finding them profitable, he turned his plumbing interests over to his brother. He has since confined himself to paving, sewer and building contracts, and has accepted such contracts not only in various parts of Missouri, but in Kansas and Oklahoma as well. He has just completed a large paving contract in Kirksville, Mo., amounting to \$100,000.

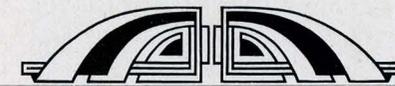
In 1907 Mr. Werner decided to take on a life contract and accordingly led to the altar Miss Wallace S. Mayes of Warrensburg, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. Werner are now the proud parents of a fine two year old boy.

Mr. Werner is fond of hunting, delights in fine horses, is devoted to his business and is a shrewd politician; is liberal in his charitable work, having never failed to support any worthy object; is a true friend or a constant enemy, and, in short, is the kind of person with whom one likes to be associated.

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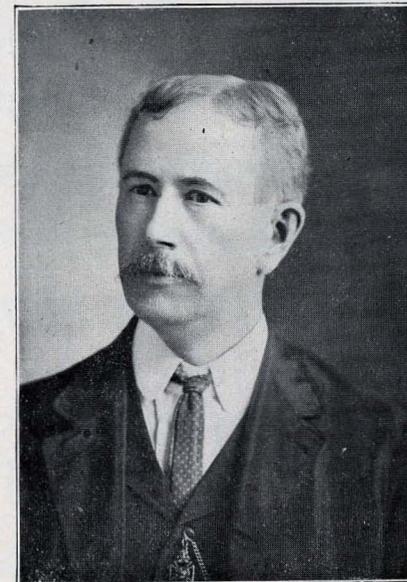
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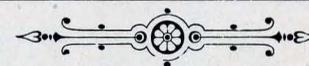
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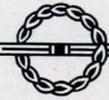
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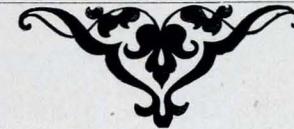
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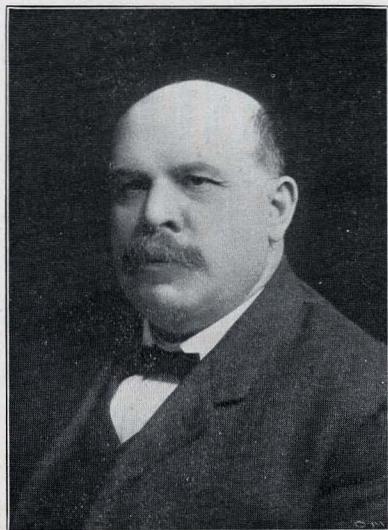
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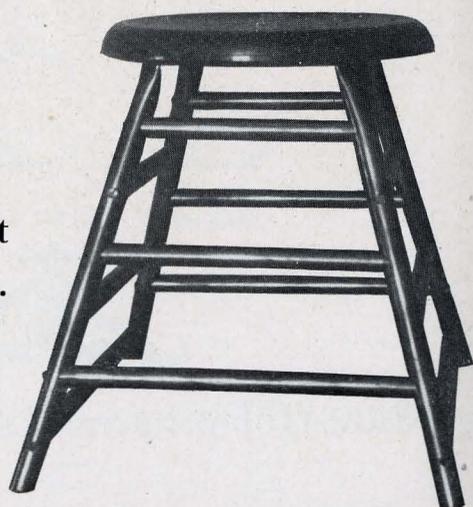
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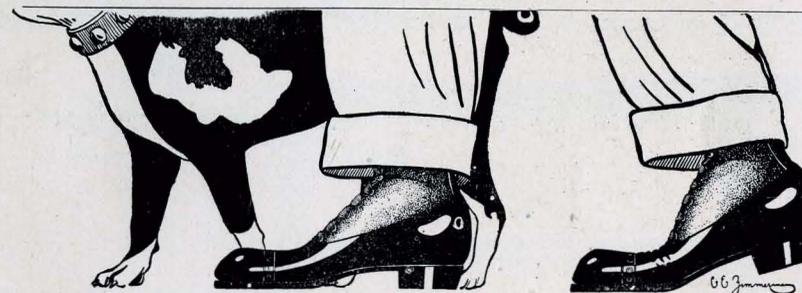
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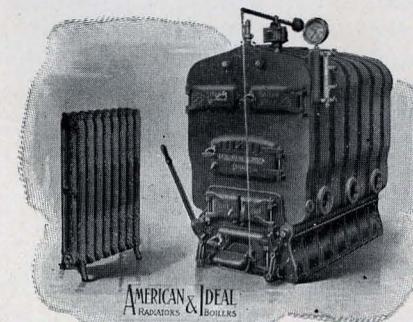
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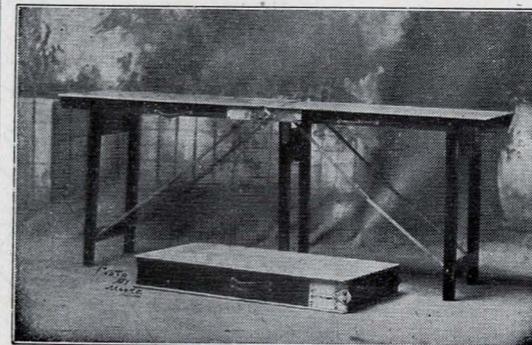
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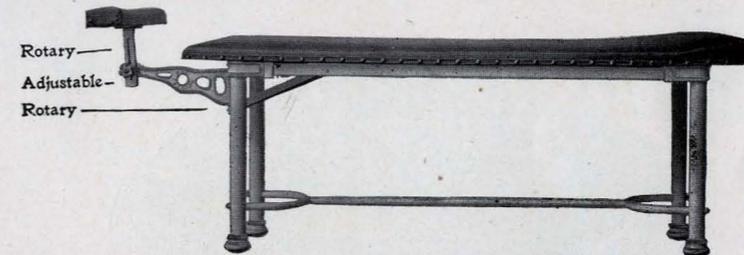
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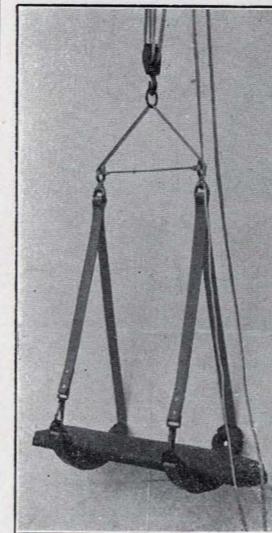
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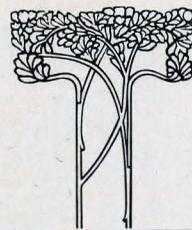
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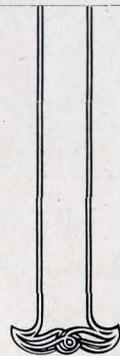
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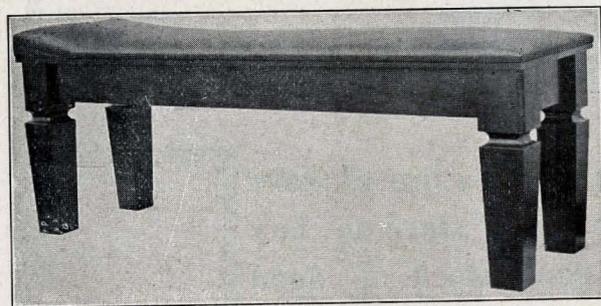
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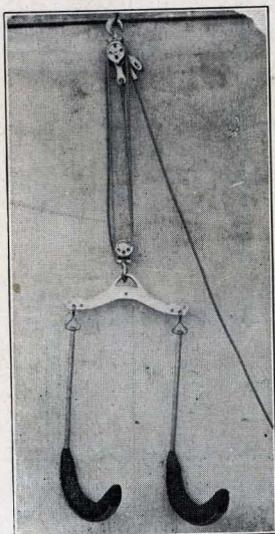
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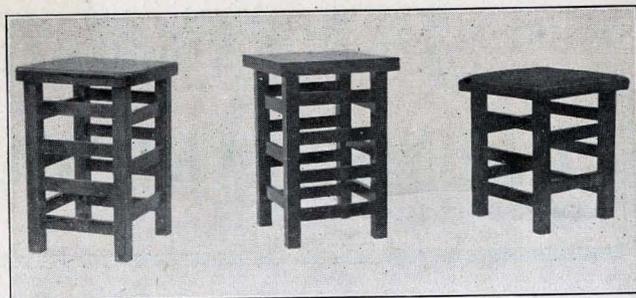
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