





Das Ding an Sich

(The Real Article)

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR COUNCIL
KNOX COLLEGE



Tho it isn't fundamental,
Yet there may be *something* in it
That will pay for the investment
Of two bits and half a minute.

Galesburg, June, 1908

"Every age hath
its Book."

FOREWORD

DAS DING AN SICH is the final word of the Senior class. It is not intended as a literary masterpiece, but is simply an expression of opinion regarding a few things around school which seem to us to be deserving of comment. It has been urged by some that Seniors as they are leaving school should refrain from criticism, but we feel that this is the very time when we should voice our appreciation of Knox and when from our four years' experience here and the realization that comes to us of our own short-comings, we can point out some ways of possible improvement to those coming after. If some of the criticism seems directed toward the non-essentials it is because we believe that in the big things Knox is all right and that these can be better dealt with in the other publications of the school. DAS DING AN SICH, therefore only endeavors to say a few things that have been left unsaid and we hope that they will be received in a like spirit to that with which they are given.

Senior Creed

We believe in the ideals of
Knox, the College
Pin—emblem of our Alma Mater—and
the sacredness of the "K."

We believe in the dignity of
the Caps and
Gowns, the Senior Council, Philosophy
Three, and College Dramatics.

We believe in Whiting Hall
and the Green
Daveuport therein, in Moonlight Strolls,
in Class Stunts;

And maybe a few More things.

—Amen.

Knox---An Appreciation

IN these last days of the college year, when our course at Knox is drawing to a close, we cannot but think seriously on the school in which we have spent the past four years. As one event follows another and we remark it as the last of its kind—the last exam, the last recitation, the last chapel service—it seems that Knox means more to us than we ever before realized. We wish that we had done more to show this in the past. Perhaps it is not yet too late to express this little word of appreciation, and, as we go out from these college halls never again to re-enter as students, to unite in saying, "We are glad we came."



THERE is one phase of college life, without mention of which no publication purporting to be the work of Senior men, would be complete, and that is the spirit of fellowship which reaches its culmination in the last few months which the men of any Senior class spend together. To an underclassman it might seem that a large degree of that spirit is experienced during the opening years of a college course but it remains for the closing years to bring the fullest realization of its significance.

When this period has been reached petty grievances are put aside, false reserve is thrown away and then for the first time one comes to know his fellows in the true sense of the word and to feel that each member is a true, tried comrade to every other one.

Many speak of literary, class room or athletic training as the important thing of a college course but the experience of this spirit of fellowship is and must be the good most desired and coveted. Without it college loyalty cannot be of the truest sort and without it also class reunion and alumni gatherings lose their deepest significance.

So with this word we extend to the men of the coming classes the hope and assurance that the greatest and most cherished experience of college life is yet to be theirs.

NOX COLLEGE has a corps of teachers that is second to none—a glance through the college catalogue will reveal to anyone the time and patience some of our faculty have spent in preparing for their life-work. But that glance will not give one the true



insight into their character and abilities—contact has given that to us. We feel that the personnel of the faculty is the most important feature of any institution and that in this respect we have been peculiarly fortunate in our choice of Knox.

WE all admire the splendid ability of the man who has made famous the "big stick," and the "delighted" smile, who says what he means in a way that can not be misunderstood. We too, have just such a man among us, who can swing the "big stick" when necessary and can truthfully inscribe it with the magic initials "T. R." and it will be no imitation either. When Teddy was leading his "Rough Riders" down to shoot the Spaniards, "Tommy" was teaching younger America "how to shoot" and had been doing so for years—it is still doing so. It is our earnest hope that he may continue to do so for many more years, always remaining the champion of the students and the patron saint of our athletics and other student activities.



THE Latin professor is all right. We respect his erudition in the ancient tongue, and believe that he is doing a great deal to inspire a study of it here at Knox. His skill and methods as a teacher, and his command of his subject make him a valuable member of the faculty. As we said before, Prof. Drew is all right, and he knows it, too.

WE all like to see our efforts prosper. At most colleges there is a course considered the bug-bear or hoo-doo of the curriculum. The course in chemistry I. at Knox is, or has, the reputation of going from bad to worse. We have the instructor's word for that. Every year the class is a little worse than the one preceding. For this condition no one is directly to blame, but something must be wrong. With one of the most popular and able men of the faculty in charge, it is hard to see how the course works so adversely. No greater friend or franker man with the students ever lived than Prof. Griffith. He is always aiding the students and student activities. We do think that the Professor of Chemistry fights himself too much. A certain amount of pessimism is all right, but there is such a thing as too much. Even irony and satire may be exercised too freely by a skillful mind. We sincerely hope that Chem. I. may in the near future become as popular as the instructor, even tho both may be "hard" to fathom.



PHILOSOPHY! Requirement for the Juniors, and privilege of the Senior! What is it?

It is the keystone in the arch of knowledge. It is that which gives unity to the several aspects of the mental life. It is the consummation of the college course.

To our Professor of Philosophy the Senior Council wishes to extend its deepest words of respect. There is no one of us who does not admire him as a teacher and as a man. Broad-minded, kind, sympathetic, large in his capacity to see life and its relations, true to the highest ideals of character and conduct, he has gradually lifted us up towards his plane of thought and directed our eyes to the new vision which alone can give the Universe its true meaning.

Appreciation—that is the best word we can use to express what we feel for William L. Raub.



WILLIAM EDWARD SIMONDS—he whom a Freshman unjustly termed the “nominal” Professor of English. It may be true that Professor Simonds is a little slack in his class-room attendance and work and that the English at Knox is perhaps too easy. A student appreciates what he has to work for and it might be that if the required English courses were stiffer they would mean more to those who take them. While it is always true that a man gets out of a course just what he puts into it, yet it is possible that there could be more enthusiasm aroused and interest taken in the work of the English department.

But after all, this criticism touches only one side of Dr. Simonds' nature; there are others sides which the Senior Council cannot too highly commend. Yes, sir, we like to be called by our first names. It makes us feel good, and then we know, too, that Dr. Simonds has a personal interest in each one of us. He is never too busy to stop and listen. And that smile of his goes right to the heart.

And there is something else. Dr. Simonds' depth of literary appreciation is something unusual. Those who take his higher courses cannot but feel that they are under the guidance of a genuine scholar.

But perhaps these are points which the criticizing

Freshman didn't know. By the time he becomes a Senior he will be able to overlook a few cuts from class and and to see in his English Professor a man of absolute worth.



WE all like Conger even if he does talk funny, and in the course of the year have come to respect him. As Merritt's successor we naturally didn't know just what to look for, but those enrolled in his classes soon realized that the work was under the direction of a pilot sure to steer into port. At first his ways seemed a little odd to us, but we believe that he is well stocked with the gray matter and that in a short time he will settle down and become an indispensable member of our faculty.



WE wish to congratulate Mr. Arnold on the friendship and frankness which exists between him and the student body. During the time that he has been with us he has entered heartily into our activities and has been one of us. In the class room he has laid little stress upon details and has realized that the important work of the teacher is to fill the minds of his students with large ideas.

WE must not forget to say a few words in appreciation of Dr. Neal. It is the highest praise we can give him when we say that he has, as the years go by, become more and more a Knox man—one who loves our college and who lives for its advancement. Through the class-room, his relationship with the individual students, and his work in the educational world we know that Dr. Neal is seeking constantly to make Knox College a school in which the highest ideals of scholarship, citizenship, and character are taught, one from which men of truest manhood are graduated.



IF ever there was call for two pairs of eyes and ears and five or six hands each able to write a separate page of notes, they are needed by the one who expects to take the course in Physics. If one is qualified to write 250 words per minute, watch a figure, understand a lecture, and comprehend the meaning of all these at the same time, or if he can rehearse on paper the history and development of the transmission of intelligence by electricity and *discuss fully* two or three other subjects in one hour, he is fitted to take the course in Physics II.

However, we are convinced that Prof. Longden

knows whereof he speaks and is able to give definite and concise information on nearly every subject which falls under his department. He is a scientist of recognized ability and his devotion to his chosen field has made him a master in it.

We are glad to recommend Prof. Longden to the coming classes of the institution.

NOTE—The Senior Council refuses to say anything about Prof. Longden's jokes.

IT is evident that the Director of Athletics has certainly earned his salary by manual labor. In starting and arranging the work of the new gymnasium he has been the man for the place. He has on some occasions astounded many by his sternness and in his blunt, straightforward manner he has at times said things which on calm consideration he would probably not have said. His material for athletic teams has not been the best and many of his men have been mediocre indeed. For that reason no knowledge of his coaching ability can be gained from the record of the teams.


Undoubtedly the Coach makes mistakes in talking too much—that is, his criticism does not fall in the proper place and in this way he hurts the attitude of the men in

their work. If he will rid himself of a few uncertain and not easily understood tactics he will receive the highest approval of all.


WE regret exceedingly, that owing to an unfortunate accident in the early part of the second semester, we have been deprived of the presence around college of one of our most popular instructors. Students of Knox who have taken the French courses will always hold them among the most pleasing courses of the curriculum, and will carry away with them the highest appreciation of the kindly manners and efficient instruction of Miss Mary Hurd.

MISS IDA McCALL is Queen of Prepdom at the present time, and it is quite needless to say that she is mistress of that realm! She teaches Latin for the most part, but she could probably teach most anything and do it very well indeed! She is wise, and she is womanly! Now isn't that a rare combination? Miss McCall is a walking history of Knox College! A "Book of Quotations" from that famous Academy Latin room would be a treasure indeed, for the mind of this

gracious woman is stored with treasures from literary mines the world over. Two things we have come to realize about Miss McCall: she is always at her post, and she is always toned up to the day's work! The motto over her class room door is: "Be thorough; and once again, be thorough!" And then as for good advice: well, no one we ever knew has so much of it on tap as she. Not all profit by it, of course. But then who ever did? We will straightway proceed to forget the good advice, but we will not forget this womanly woman, whose presence is always an inspiration. Looking back over things, it will occur to most of us that we might have done better work in that room of yours, Miss McCall. But we can't for the life of us see how you could have behaved any better than you did.



A college president in this age occupies a most difficult position. He must command a high place among the educators of the country and at the same time he must be possessed of the executive ability of a railroad president. President McClelland answers both of these requirements. The progress that has been made since we came to Knox toward the desired position of financial security is due to an immeasurable degree to his efficient and thorough work. We, as Seniors, congratulate Prexie on what he has accomplished and what he is engaged in doing for the school. We have come to appreciate the personal feeling that he has for the students and the interest he feels in their welfare. The relations between the class and Prexie have been most pleasant and we have the highest respect for him and the good he is accomplishing.



Mr. Dooley on Student Self Government

WELL," said Mr. Dooley, "I see be th' pa-apers aboot a convinshun of pro-fissors down to Knox Collidge where they been talkin' silf-giverment for the studes.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I'll explain it to ye," said Mr. Dooley, lighting his pipe. "'Tis this way. Ye see, Hinnessy, the studes down there to that prodigal instichoochion are afther awakin' an inthrest f'r manigin' their own affairs. Th'r tired iv bein' driv around like goats or blowed about like ships propilled be th' wind. They preefur to steer th'r own autymobill up th' hill. They don't want to be trated like idjits. They are rale min and wimin. So they be consarnin' thimsilves wi' th' advocashun iv stude silf-governmint.

"Till me about it," said Hennessy, with some show of interest. Whereupon Mr. Dooley continued his remarks.

"I till ye 'tis a great problem, Hinnessy, this silf-givernmint. I am glad, I am that, to see the studes agitatin' the sibjct. I belave in it. An' I'll till yez why. The collidge is f'r to rayform—no—divilop char-ac-ter. Th' collidge is f'r to make min out iv little boys, don't ye

think, Hinnessy? Edycashun—that's the wur-rud. Sez the poet, sez he, 'A little larnin' is a dang'rous thing.' An' he sphoke true. I belave he knew what he were talkin' aboot. A lad that knows just enuf to think he knows more, knows less than him who knows none. Like ivery thing else I cud say aboot the same thing, it daypinds on th' man. But afther a' that, as the Pha-a-losifuler sez, 'Ye larn to do by doin' ". An' to iverything that presints innny opporchunity f'r a bunch iv young America to be larnin' in th' way iv practical government I'm a goin' to say, 'Amen.'

"Ye will see th' value iv trainin'. I wud apply th' method to votin.' Iv all th' gr-reat evils now threatenin' the body politic an' th' pollytical bodies, these mendashus organizashuns iv polytishuns is perhaps th' best example iv what arnest citizins kin do whin they are lit alone. If I have innnything to say aboot it, these hossile combinashuns cannot be stamped out by ligislachion which is too frindly. Their disthruchion cannot be accomplished by dimagogues. How to do it? Why, mon, by the trainin' iv our youth. Lit thim larn th' art iv votin' whin the're in collidge.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Hennessy, "to think iv th' ignorants iv thim collidge fellers consarnin' th' dooties iv th' Austraylian ballot! It do bate all!"

"It do that," said Mr. Dooley. "It bates th' wuruld. An' what's it comin' to? Now, Hinnessy, there is our ol' frind who undherstands that there's a few hundrids iv people livin' in th' sivilth ward that have on'y two pleshures in life. It's to wur-ruk an' to vote, both iv which they do at the unyform rate iv wan dollar an' a half a day. D'ye raykollect as how thim rayformers nerely illicted their riprisintitives iv pure givernmint over him last illichun day? An' why wuz it? Didn't me cuzin George git himself nomynated enthusyastically at a prym'ry hild in his barn same as iver? Didn't he put a man on th' night watch an' till him to spake gently to inny rigistered voter who attinded collidge be day an' th' White Elephant be night? May I ask who suscribed fift-ty sints to th' jim fund? Me frind George. Who cast six hundred votes in the First Ward where there are only four hundred votes? Me frind George. Who prevayled upon Latta Croush, be kindness, to canvass the studes f'r suffrage? Me frind George. Ye bet yer life it wuz. George wuzn't out f'r th' good iv the community. George wuz out f'r George an' th' stuff sam' as iver.

"Then I ask, why wuz he illicted be on'y eight majority? I'll till ye, Hinnessy. The collidge studes voted illaygally. Ivery man, with few excipshuns voted agin th' riprisintitives iv th' party iv manhood, honor, courage,

librality an' American thraditions. Think iv it, they voted agin me frind George who 'loves Knox Collidge with her glor-rious thraditions; who loves ther Pro-fissor of Bayology." An' why? Becuz the studes they be so wo-fully ignorant iv th' use iv th' ballot. They don't know th' caddychism iv suffrage.

"Who made ye? Gawd made me. Why did he make ye? I's to know him, love him, and sarve him all me days. Thets th' way iv th' caddychism I larned whin I was a la-ad behind the barn. But now 'tis 'Who gave ye th' ballet? George. Why did he give it ye? 'Tis to know him, love him and vote fer him all yer days.'"

"Well," said Hennessy, thoughtfully, "How can we larn thim th' caddychism?"

"Be silf-givernmint, Hinnessy, be silf-givernmint. Thet is th' only way. Give thim som practicile experience in th' use iv th' ballet. Larn thim th' purchasin' power iv manhood suffrage an' me frind George's expin-ses wont be so high nixt campain. Teach thim th' merket value of the ballet day by day. Give thim instruck-shun in th' deeplom-macy iv poleticks an' their educashun will be completed. At prisint th' collidge vote is too ignorant, anyhow, Hinnessy."

"Thet's just the pint," said Mr. Hinnessy.

"Indade it is thet," rejoined Mr. Dooley. "Whin

things go wrong, when th' whole country is alar-rumed, do not attempt to disthroy th' hateful abuses with harsh laws an' adverse ligislachion. Git to wor-ruk to train th' youth. Th' hop iv our salvashun raysides in th' collidge studes. The pro-fissors an' th' thrustees should gra-ant thim silf-givernmint. Yes, sir, Hinmissy."



HERE is one essential feature of real student-life which Knox does not possess. This is centralization. Living out in town, as they do, the fellows have no common meeting-place. Our student-life lacks the unity which some other schools have. One remedy for this need is the erection of a dormitory. The trustees, we realize, are aware of this deficiency, and we know that they are doing all in their power to alleviate it. Meantime let us do the best we can. The campus is here. Let us use it. Anything to bring the student body together. That college breakfast was quite a stunt—a step in the right direction. We wish that such events could come oftener.



Juniors—The mere fact of "being different" which you assert through the '09 *Gale*, is not *necessarily* a proof of superior merit. Society provides mad houses for people who are *too different* from the rest.

Uncle Dudley to Willie at Knox

Dear Willie:

In the shelf-worn words of Papa Longden, "Tempus do continue to fugit," things has changed some since I was in school and no mistake. "Spartacus to the Gladiators" used to be good enough then for the embryo orators to work out on and I don't understand this "Up, up, up, double-up-John" stunt of Biddle's, that you write about. Guess I am rather far behind the times. But I do guess that "Bid" would have been a peach of a mountain climber or a dandy elevator boy but for the life of me I don't see how he would ever get "down, down, down" unless he jumped off the roof. You tell me that "Doc" Neal is in politics, too. It used to be that the Profs were busy working on culture. If they go into politics one line or the other must suffer. I never saw a man that could do two specialties at once without spoiling one of 'em. You say that Mrs. (but that's a secret, isn't it?) tried to organize the girls into a suffragette club, but the girls got chills in their pedal extremities. Truth is, Willie, I don't think the girls want to vote.

But I started to give you a few worldly-wise jolts, so here goes. When you grab your bunch of goat-hide from

Prexie next Thursday, don't you get it into your head that he has handed you a first mortgage on the earth, for he hasn't. You're going into a cold, cold world and you'll find that sheepskin about as comfortable shelter as a peekaboo waist on a polar expedition. You'll have to go some to keep your blood circulating. But here are a few scintillating solecisms that you'd better nail into the crown of your hat or paste onto the bosom of that white party shirt of yours:

Don't forget that genius is often confused with the art of giving people a pain but it is not the near-genius who does the suffering. On the other hand remember that all the belly-ache you have in the world is what you carry around with you, and nobody cares to hear your troubles. Don't think you know it all; maybe you do, but the chances are that you don't. Remember that 9 times in 10 when you carry your point you make an enemy. Let your talk factory shut down for repairs now and then. Argument doesn't consist wholly of noise and some arguments are unanswerable simply because the other fellow won't give you a chance. You'll be told that a fool and his money are soon parted but it is just as important to remember that a wise man and his money are often never even introduced. Don't be too d—blamed modest. Pretty often the fellow that hides his light under a bushel

makes you sick calling your attention to the size of his extinguisher.

Don't be too good a fighter. One trouble with the fellow that doesn't know when he's licked is that he gets so blamed enthusiastic over fighting that he doesn't know when the other fellow has had enough. Don't worry because some other fellow has managed to get his lunch hooks on a bunch of coin—for there are lots of folks in this world that have so much money that lots of other folks don't know what they are going to do with it. It's nice to be full of expedients, but not of fool ones. Remember old Mrs. Murphy who sold her only stove to buy coal to keep the family from fretzing to death? Get acquainted with hard work. Start at the bottom but if you are going to carry bricks you needn't think you can tote 'em in a suitcase. Forgive your enemies but for heaven's sake don't forget 'em. If you start out to look for a gay time just glance into your hat and read this one: "The guy who goes around looking for temptation generally stumbles into it without the aid of a guide." Nature made fools of some folks but in extreme cases it is often necessary to turn the job over to a woman. Now, if you were to ask Prof. Raub he would in all probability tell you that this sort of philosophy is the grist that men grind out when they have nothing to do and can't find time to finish the job—and Raub's right, too.

And now, Willie, remember that when a fellow hasn't got any ideas of his own he ought to be kinder careful who he borrows 'em of.

Hopefully,
YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY.



H. L. SMITH.

In base-ball, track and foot-ball, Smith's possessed of
world wide fame,

In fact, there's nothing under Heaven he can't do.
The poetry that he writes would make Browning blush
in shame,

At least, *he* thinks so and of course it must be true.

Ten Bar Rooms in a Night

IT was the night before the saloons went out and in consequence of the hot and breathless battle between the "spirit mediums" and the followers of truth and right it was deemed necessary to send out in the interest of science a few observers who should keep a close watch and make a scientific report of the seances which were reported as going to take place at the rooms of the aforementioned mediums. For this task a number of amateur detectives offered their services as Sherlock Holmers for the farewell night of the bacchanalian revels. The first step in the search for the advancement of science was a visit to the palatial rooms in which a fine bunch of merry-makers were livening things up a bit by knocking off a few white collars. Spirits were moving merrily about disguising their appearance so slightly that any man, scientific or naive, could summon a spirit to his side by merely exposing a nickel to the view. To add fire to the scene, that vivacious young gent, Mr. Coad, was seen wending his way among the revelers, his flaming headlight looming up like cherry in a mint freeze. As he seemed innocent of any breach of good conduct, it was not thought worth while to make further observations in his direction, so the sleuths moved their base of

operations to the noted zoological specimen, dubbed in common parlance, "The White Elephant." Their eagle vision alighted upon the smiling countenance of one Sigvard "Seager" Nelson, who was busily engaged in extracting from the Merry Widowers of Haw Creek the secrets of agricultural rent. Little was visible except the "smiling" rays of our old friend "Sol," so soon to slide behind a cloud for two years or so.

Thence they wended their way to the polished parlor known as the Blue Ribbon. Here was found the famous captain of the pigskin gang, Herr Cushing, absorbing quantities of salted goobers extracted from the penny slot, capably assisted in his work of destruction by one Gault, and seconded by another loyal citizen of Iowa, designated by that claim of all breakfast foods, great Powers. Teddy Dunn, of the austere countenance, was also there trying to figure out for his own satisfaction how a man can be a Christian in Germany. Seven more places were included in the tour of investigation, revealing at one point or another the presence of some native of Augusta or Plymouth getting pointers to display to the boys "to hum" concerning the advantages of a gay life in a college town.

Crabbers' Club

Motto—Smile, Dam You, Smile.

(In some way, shape or form.)

Yell—Solid bone, no fat

Keep a-chewing.

Flower—Rag Weed.

Patroness—Josaphine Weiss Elstein.

OFFICERS.

President . . . Coach Harry Merritt Towne
 Vice President . . . Harry Merritt Towne
 Secretary . . . Harry M. Towne
 Treasurer . . . H. Merritt Towne
 Marshal . . . H. M. Towne

CHIEF GROUCHERS.

Coach Towne Grouchy Grif
 Tuck Sellew* Harry Smith
 Les Latimer Howle Moore Towne
 H. M. T.

*Black-balled by Towne.

Knox Phi Beta Kappa

Founded in '06 by A. N. Merritt.

Colors—Green with a streak of yellow.

Flower—Dandelion.

Poet Laureate—Zebold.

Keeper of 'L Gate—Purcell.

Faculty Member—Towne.

Keeper of the Archives—Everlasting Rowdy Bridge.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Rapp Crouch
 McGee "Nosy" Hatch

PROBATIONERS.

Pillsbury Jay
 Babcock Smith (H)
 Powers Elstein
 Judy Baldwin
 Dunbar Group

Lewis

PLEDGE MAN

Biddle.

FOR the man that hath music in his soul Knox is certainly a field of opportunities. And yet we fear the advantages accruing from our close connection with so excellent a conservatory of music are too seldom utilized. Many students leave school without having ever attended one of the weekly, or graduating recitals, and do not realize until it is too late how much of real value they have missed. Those of you who are to be here next year will do well to acquire the "recital habit."



The Senior Council feels that there is something radically wrong in a man's makeup when he will pay a small boy 10 cents to act as eavesdropper to the conversation of two other students, who are on the opposite side in a political campaign, as was recently done. Such methods are worthy of a 7th ward politician and do not become a college student.



Specialists in Their Lines

Wind Jammers—	
McCabe	McDaniels
Ewart (Bawls)	Wotman
Pool Room Sharks—	
Springer	Loomis
Barnett	Essick
Tin Horn Sports—	
Jay	Templeton
Lewis	McClellan
Book Worms—	
Suspension Bridge	Szold
Woolsey	Flynn

Dutch Proverbs

Coad—"Obstinacy is the surest proof of stupidity. Is there anything so assured, resolved, disdainful, contemplative, solemn, and serious as the ass?"

Dunbar—"With stupidity the gods themselves struggles in vain."

Swan—"Grace makes a man irresistible."

Collins—"Women and girls must be praised whether it is true or false."

"Der brave Mann drukt an Sich zuletzt," is Prof. Willard's motto.



Our Contemporaries

Mr. Clifford Bateman Ewart, the son of our leading and highly respected Presbyterian minister, is home for a few days' vacation. We were very fortunate in securing an interview. When asked as to the cause and condition of the recent financial panic, Mr. Ewart stated that as manager of the baseball team he felt competent to say that Ivory soap would probably go up in the Spring as the result of excessive snows in Manitoba, and that the red rust on Minneapolis apples would cause a rise in the price of paper for the *Knox Student*. When asked, however, as to the advisability of purchasing a new town pump he ejaculated, "O balls," and refused to commit himself.—*Newton Blatter*.

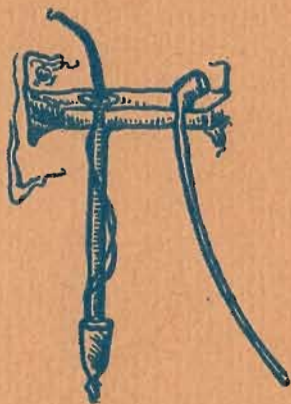


Our industrious society editor called on Miss Miriam Hunter who is home from Knox College, and was favored with A-very pleasant interview. Miss Hunter is enjoying A-very delightful year were it not for A-very growing tendency toward double chin. "I am," she said, "getting so I cannot even look at my betrothal beads."—*Chillicothe Concarni*.

Our Hallie of Knox Conservatory is planning a campaign against the devil in China.—*Garnett Setting.*



Shy Gamble, author of the successful drama, "Who Stole Mother's Dish Rag," has returned from college and is now starring in a six-act comedy, "Not Like Other Gales" or "Windstorms That Are Different."—*Woodhull Huller.*



WE are glad that this year has seen the college band reorganized. Such a necessary and helpful adjunct to the athletic field has during the past year had no small part in the success of our teams. The Senior Council most heartily commends the band boys for their loyalty to the cause of Knox, and to Prof. Drew it extends its sincerest words of appreciation for the sacrifice of time and energy which he has bestowed upon the work.



The Senior Council would like to point out the difference between a case and a nuisance. In *The Gale* philosophy there is the expression, "Love much." Now nobody minds a *case*, provided it does not take so malignant a form as to become a *nuisance*, to be led around school by the hand, patted on the head and forever forced on a patient public. The Fleharty syndicate has long ceased to be a case, let us hope that we are soon to be rid of this nuisance.



Prof. Biddle—Good bye.

Mary I. to Shy G.—“How far is Sappho from Rio? I heard one of the girls say she was going there this afternoon.”



Dear Miss Innes:

Wouldn't it be nice to walk home with someone besides a tin-horn sport whom you have to ditch at the corner?—*Senior Council.*



Peters—He has an almost human look at times.



WE wish, on behalf of the class, to express a word of thanks to the librarian and her assistants. It has been thru their untiring, cordial and helpful co-operation that the advantages of the Public Library have been placed within reach. The school has been signally favored, and to some degree responds in terms of appreciation and gratitude.



Plymouth Rox
Came to Knox
Gaudy Sox
Empty Blox.

—*Selah.*

This applies to McDaniels, McCormick, Holmes, et al from this neck of the woods.



Rusty Coad—An erstwhile dog-in-the-manger politician.



Coad—Ten-cent vaudeville artist.

Types We Have Met

Prototype—Peters.
 Linotype—Fleharty.
 Tintype—Maud Hedgecock.
 Daguerreotype—Wickham.
 Stereotype—Teddy Dunn.
 Electrotype—Waxy.
 Monotype—Charles.
 Typographical Errors—Joy, Springer.



Comments

Jacobson—Head squaw of L. M. I.
 Lundgren—Goo-goo eyes.
 Schmidt—Mary Scott's understudy.
 Keefer—Chief Rough-houser.
 Art—Drawbridge.
 Elstein—The Hebrew goat.
 Rowe—It's the man with the jingle.
 "Prep" McClure—Bought from the Boston Bloomers.

Gale Questions Answered

How about the foot ball "K's"?

They were awarded by the Athletic Committee.

And the Science Haul?

Patience, children, it is coming.

When will the Coach have his picture taken?

No reason under heaven why he should.

Why is Prof. Biddle?

Nature has done strange things in her time.

What was Winifred Felt's original story?

We will have you understand this is a perfectly proper publication.

Will Elstein be here next year?

Only his memory, we hope.

Did the Gale hit you?

No casualties reported.

Are you a member of the D class?

Not us. This class open to Juniors only.

Do you like it?

If you mean the Gale, why, of course. It's a Knox publication.

Are you going to sell aluminum?

Yes and no. Depends on the temperament of the individual.

How about the Senior Warcry?

It isn't from any "Wow" gang.

When will Bridge graduate?

When the faculty get tired of tolerating public nuisances.



Sig Nelson—We had an "unmitigated ass" here last year, so be careful how you steer.

Bridge—Beware of the high water, there may be a wash-out.

Say "Bill" Bailey, don't you 'low that when you leave the college will run just about as it has for the last seventy years before you came. Don't worry too much.

WELL, folks, we hope you have been interested in the first pages of this book. As advertisers we hope you will be equally interested in the following pages. Let us assure you that the literary merit of this publication is not wholly confined to those afore-said first pages. We as advertisers have in our section of this book the best bits of English now in print—the kind of English that saves you worry, time and money. Have a look—it costs you nothing. We have already paid the bill.

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Spring Suit, you are looking at a
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WHEN asked why we should be unvergesslich,

Our only reply shall be

The Gale, the Student, the Das Ding an Sich,

We have need for but these three.

We like to print for College fellows;
They recognize an idea when they see one.



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We can make you happy.
You are never too old to try again.

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By use of our own special system, numbers of those placing themselves under our care have been happily married off. Many others are hanging on the verge. We are advertised by our loving friends. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

For references see Prep. McClure, Zen Smith, Pillsbury,
Etc.

MR. and MRS. SWEETHEARTY,
DIRECTORS

The Agency will close this June in celebration of the
Denny-Stevens affair.



He who eats Horseshoe Pie and goes away,
will live to eat another day---Maybe

We cooked for the Y. W. C. A. Breakfast

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sky? I did when
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I keep all the latest and best
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P. S.

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Nights nor the Knox
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Say Bridge, let

Dr. Sargent

furnish you a set
of

Wisdom Teeth

Have you noticed my
CUTE HAIR CUT?

I found it at the

UNION
Barber Shop

Signed

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FAMOUS

PONY

BALLET

Flo-flo Giles

Do-do White

Mu-mu Mooney

Pi-pi Jacobson

See the Dormitory Scene that Electrocuted Avon. The Wonderful Barber Shop Exhibition. The Hypnotic Seance

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"A strictly moral play"—Log City Christian.

"A dam good show"—Felt

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—C. A. Morrow

I recommend Harrison.—Coach Towne.

Your reconstruction work in that Gale Board picture was simply wonderful. Signed—Gale Board.

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ARE being worn by many just now.
The fact that the fold where the
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riment to them with many. This can be
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