

SENIORS



Class Colors—Purple and White

THE SENIOR CLASS '08



CLASS OFFICERS

Leslie Dodge, Sec.

Frances Goldwater, Vice-Pres. William Brashears, Treas.
Earl Olliver, Pres.

Class Roll

Gertrude Lillian Berry,
William Nathaniel Brashears,
Maude Earle Dayton,
Leslie Elden Dodge,

Loretto Eleanor Duddleson,
Winona Frances Faris,
Merim Frances Goldwater,
Florence E. Harvey,
Herbert Joseph Hauser,

Earl William Oliver,
Howard Farnham Parsons,
Raymond Victor Peterson,
Ida May Woffington.

POST GRADUATES.

Carrie Grace Gray,

Lilliegrace C. McLaughlin.



A Senior's Diary



SUNDAY.

BEAUTIFUL Sabbath. Got up at six o'clock and went to early communion. I always feel so much better when I do go that I am going every Sunday hereafter. The service is so beautiful! The cool church, the light shining in from the high, stained windows, the singing of the choir, all make one feel like leading a nobler life. Reached home in time for a very nutritious breakfast. Afterward I read over my Sunday school lesson, went to Sunday school and church and afterward was invited out to dinner. Had a delightful time visiting with my friends during the afternoon. When I again returned to the Dormitory I found my room-mate still in bed, reading "The Younger Set," and eating chocolates. I sat down to read the Sunday school lesson for the following Sunday to her, but she politely told me that she was in the most thrilling part of her book and for me to "chuck it!" I gave up in despair and read to myself till supper time. After supper I wrote a long letter home saying that they were sending me unnecessary amount of spending money, and covered all the main points of our Wednesday's address in assembly. Retired for a good night's rest. Last thing I heard was that boy-crazy room-mate of mine murmuring as she tossed in her sleep, "Gee, but he was swell! and he looked at me, too, even if Gen did think it was her."

MONDAY.

Am always glad to begin my lessons again on Monday morning. Had perfect recitations in every class. Am very much interested in Trigonometry and Mr. Morris certainly make beautiful s's. Enjoy my Virgil immensely, too, only it would be more interesting if we took, say two hundred more lines a day. Was completely disgusted with my room-mate again this morning. Stayed in bed and bribed some of her classmates to bring her some food from the Dining Hall **in their hands!** Luckily Miss Kahn met them on the way and scolded them properly. Room-mate was indignant, but I thought it was just right. Freshmen are rather inclined to be coarse anyway. Had a delightful conversation with Prof. Muchlen on Philosophy in the afternoon. Went to hear Mr. Flower's lecture on "Ben Hur," the main object being to escape the mob of Freshmen gathered in our room discussing Merry Widows!

TUESDAY.

Headache! Room-mate had another escapade and made me nervous (Freshmen truly are a trial!); couldn't understand my lessons and they worried me sick. Went to a "Twilight League" ball game at six-thirty. It was very interesting, although I was perfectly willing to comply with Miss Kahn's instructions that we should be home at seven thirty so that the game should not interfere with study hour. All the girls were highly indignant, but of course it was the only thing to do as nothing should be permitted to interrupt the study hour. A very annoying little incident occurred

during the evening. It seems that Mildred sneaked into Susie's room without permission and while she was in there Miss Kahn tapped on the door. By the time she had entered the room Mildred was safely hidden in the clothes closet. Then it so happened that Miss Kahn went to Mildred's room and not finding her at home asked Eva where she was. The loyal room-mate replied that she did not know, and Miss Kahn left word that she would like to see Miss Gayle when she returned. Mildred went and the following conversation was repeated, word for word, to me by my saintly cousin, who was standing on a chair placed on her trunk, and with her head out of the transom (as were all the other transoms likewise decorated):

Miss Kahn—"Mildred, where were you just now when I was in your room? In Susie's or Nona's room?"

Mildred—"I was in Susie's, Miss Kahn."

Miss Kahn—"But I was just in there myself. Now you must have been in one of two places, under the bed or in the clothes closet."

Mildred—"I was in the closet, Miss Kahn."

At this point the chair on which the Freshie was standing slid off the trunk and in the noise that followed Mildred and her troubles were soon forgotten.

WEDNESDAY.

I always look upon Wednesday as the day upon which we receive a special treat, for the lectures given by the different members of the faculty are always instructive and interesting. Today Mr. Steendahl gave a very interesting talk on "Pike's Peak and Back for 25c."

Everything went off nicely all day till study hour. When we had been at work about half an hour I heard a little nibble, nibble, behind my shirt waist box, and, fearing the little mouse would do some damage, I proceeded to hunt it up. When I had chased it into the middle of the room I called to my room-mate to keep it from getting out of the door, but alas! when I looked around for her there she was on top of her trunk with her skirts gathered high around her, screaming and sobbing at the top of her voice. To say the least, I was disgusted and let the mouse alone. A little later, one of the girls found a dead mouse in the waste paper basket and brought it in and put it on the table where the Freshie had been writing her penmanship. She soon sat down to the table again and seeing the mouse, went into one of her ridiculous fits of hysterics, which lasted three hours. I kept her shut up in the clothes closet though, as nothing disgusts me so much as emotional scenes. As for being afraid of mice, it is nothing more or less than a fit of insanity.

THURSDAY.

Woke up to find, "Thursday Always Was My Jonah Day," ringing in my ears. I discovered it was my room-mate singing, and after advising her to go and hunt up the tune, I turned over and went back to sleep. Room-mate was late for breakfast again; came in just as we were all leaving the table. At dinner Ross didn't have anything but a hole for a napkin and so, hung that around his neck to keep it out of the way. It seems that by evening his crimes had increased to such a degree that he was told that he drank out of the cream pitcher, was rude to the waitress, etc. Of course there is no doubt about this being so, but it is queer that we who sit at the same table have never seen it. We

do, however, have a good deal of trouble in keeping the water pitcher and cream pitcher straight for the contents of both are the same. After supper there was a water fight between Olie and Ethel directly beneath our window, which was very annoying. Of course, she let Olie get the best of her. After we had retired it seemed rather warm, so as Freshies always have to obey the commands of Seniors, I ordered my room-mate to get up and open the window. There she found a rope dangling down from the room above and knew in a second that there were girls upstairs hanging on to the other end of the rope patiently waiting for the boys to bring over a spread. Accordingly the horrid girl didn't do a thing but tie the rope to our radiator and lay in bed chuckling to herself till after midnight.

FRIDAY.

It seemed to bid fair that Friday was to be a fair day. That the Freshies would for once mind their own affairs and be quiet, but alas! it was too much for them to behave during the day, for in the evening all their pent up energy of the previous hours broke loose in a fire drill. About seven o'clock it was spread abroad that Miss Kahn was going to a banquet and soon afterward there was a notice on the bulletin board stating that there would be a "Kimono fire drill" at 9:30. I was left in charge that evening and accordingly put my foot down good and hard on the proposition. The result was that I was taken by main force and locked in the bath room during the whole affair. However, I was able to hear scraps of conversation which were something as follows:

Bess—"For goodness sake, kids, can't you take the hose long enough for me to get Platt's picture out?"

Eva—"Mildred, will you please quit primping and throw Olie's picture out to me?"

Florence B.—"Girls! Girls! don't let my eyebrow pencil burn!"

Susie—"Oh, dear! this is taking all the curl out of my hair."

Linnie—"Really, girls, it is so damp it reminds me of Chicago."

Ethel—"All the wounded and fatally injured please run right up to my room and I will fix you."

Gretchen—"Poor, dear little Florence Ranson has fallen out of her window. Shall I tell you why?"

Gen—"Be careful, girls, and don't turn the hose on Mr. Fowler. He doesn't like water."

When I was finally released I found the whole place in darkness, but out in the hall, down on their knees, Japanese fashion, were all the Freshies fanning the floor to get it dry before Miss Kahn came home.

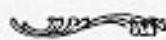
SATURDAY.

A grand day! The wind was in a fury at daybreak but died down to a pitiful sobbing by breakfast time. I do adore the conflicts of the elements. Received a letter from an old school teacher this morning. I always enjoy them so. They are so instructive and intellectual. Her theme was Psycheology. Studied all forenoon and played three sets of tennis after dinner. In the afternoon went down town to make arrangements for the Senior Ball and walked home with When we got directly under my window what did that horrid room-mate of mine do but hurl down on dignified 's head, a shower of books, dishes, water, etc. The worst of it was that when he had turned on his heel and gone off in a rage, and flew into the Dormitory, that wretch of a girl couldn't see anything wrong about it and thought it so funny to see me crying.

—NONA FARIS.



THE SENIOR BALL



ON February twenty-eighth, the Senior Ball of the Class of '08, was held in the Mc-Nichols and Wright hall. The decoration for the most part consisted of pennants of every color and from almost every school, which lined the walls and made a bright and college-like background for the dancers. The balcony and ceiling were draped in royal blue and white, the class colors, while the stage was banked with orange and black. The programs were in the ordinary form with the Academy seal on them, and also the class roll of '08. The delightful music for the evening was furnished by the Samms' Orchestra. As one sat in the balcony and looked down at the happy throng (students for the most part) the sight was indeed a gay one. The many light

shades of the girls' dresses, constantly mingling and intermingling as the dancers swung to and fro, and the smiling faces gave evidence that the crowd was enjoying itself to the utmost. The dancing lasted till twelve o'clock, after which the dancers reassembled at the cafe for lunch. All in all, the Seniors' Ball is looked upon as a complete success and a feature of the school year of '08 that will not soon be forgotten.



The Senior Class Play, "Merchant of Venice Up-To-Date"

THE graduating exercises of the Class of '08 will consist of the popular play, "Merchant of Venice up-to-date." This Shakespearean play was revised and modernized in 1896 by a certain school and since that time has been a universal favorite as a substitute for commencement programs.

Instead of the merchant Antonio and his friends of the Rialto, we have him as a football captain and his friends as members of his team. Bassanio, one of the friends, is the successful suitor who by stratagem finally wins Portia; Gratiano, the other friend, makes use of a good opportunity and is accepted by Nerissa. Shylock's part is slightly altered, but his purpose is that of the original. He rents Antonio a "pony" in place of money. Antonio also takes the part of Lorenzo, and wins the hand of Jessica, Shylock's ward. The fact that Jessica loves Antonio widens the breach of enmity between the latter and Shylock. Portia, a rich heiress, and her friend Nerissa fill the positions of the original drama in about the same manner.

It happened this year that the class contained about the usual per cent of boys and girls to suit a play, so that the leading characters have been assumed by members of the class, however, several students of lower classes have been chosen to assist as Duke of Venice, teacher, Professor of Science, Policeman, and football players.

The play is, as a whole, a reproduction of school life slightly exaggerated, full of spirit and humor, and containing occasional references to old Venice.

DRAMATAE PERSONAE.

Antonio, a senior-captain of Academy football team.....	Leslie E. Dodge
Bassanio, his friend, and suitor to Portia.....	Howard F. Parsons
Gratiano, another friend	Raymond Peterson
Shylock, a wealthy gambler.....	Earl W. Oliver
Tubal, his friend, and Captain of Belmont Football Team.....	William N. Brashears
Launcelot Gobbo, a servant to Shylock.....	Herbert Hauser
Portia, a rich heiress	M. Frances Goldwater
Nerissa, her friend	Nona Faris
Jessica, Shylock's ward	Loretto Duddleson
Polly, Portia's maid	
Antonio's Mother	Florence Harvey
Duke of Venice	Del Sullivan, '09
Miss Abbie S. Threedice, teacher.....	Genevieve Gee, '10
Mrs. Gobbo, Launcelot's mother	Mayme Taylor, '10
Policeman	Marshall Olsen, '09
Professor X-Ray, Photographer	Lawrence Redford, '10

Football Players.

L. E. D., '08.

"He Who Laughs Last, Laughs Best"



HAT are those Freshies up to, I wonder," said Katherine, nodding towards a group of the aforesaid Freshmen, whispering mysteriously at the other end of the hall. "I don't know," answered Lois, "but I think we Seniors ought to make it our immediate business to find out."

That evening a Senior class meeting was called, presumably for the purpose of selecting a class pin, but it is safe to say that no such subject was so much as mentioned.

The library at White Hall was buzzing like a bee hive that night and Freshmen in groups of three and four occupied every nook and corner, but Miss Smith was reading her Bible lesson and noticed nothing. Then Betty and Pats came whirling in. They had come out on the last ear, having been in the city all afternoon at the dentist's. They were at once the center of attraction, but at Miss Smith's "Girls, too much noise," they fled. At the door Betty paused. "By the way, girls," she called, "I got some of the prettiest new patent leathers today. Better come up and see them when you get time." Every Freshman followed.

Fully seven minutes before recreation the lights were out in at least eight of what were on ordinary occasions the noisiest rooms in the hall. Just as the lights went out, however, there was a whispered, "Betty, are you sure you got the pickles?" "Yes, you lovesick thing, I got the pickles." Two doors banged.

Promptly at twelve o'clock seven doors were drawn stealthily open, and thirteen girls went creeping, sneaking, giggling up the hall. The eighth door swung open, and then—once more the hall was vacant.

Inside Betty's room the alcohol lamp had been lit and the girls were forming a circle on the floor, squatting on sofa cushions. Suddenly Pats gasped, "Where's Alice?" No one knew. Just then there was a tap at the door. "Girls, for goodness sake, let me in quick!" "What's the matter?" was the general cry, or rather whisper. "Oh, matter enough. Maybe you think I didn't come mighty near dying of heart failure. Just as I reached the top of the stairs I tripped and fell clear down to Miss Smith's door. I looked around and sure enough there she was right behind me. She looked at me for about a minute, then out came that everlasting, 'Aliee, what is the meaning of this?' From this on I believe in visions, for while I stood there studying the pattern in my kimono all of a sudden my cue came to me, so instantly I looked right up into her face and said tremblingly, 'Why, Miss Smith, I must have been walking in my sleep and fallen down stairs.' And the dear old soul believed it, and after giving me two teaspoonsful of the awfulest medicine I ever want to imagine, sent me to my room." The laugh that followed Aliee's story was merry, but under rather heavy pressure. Then Betty bravely brought forth the feast, and such a spread as it was. The girls had certainly done their work well that afternoon. There were bread, jelly, cheese, crackers, cake, pickles, doughnuts, bananas, sardines, and the necessary articles for making fudge. The chafing dish was assigned to Pats. Everything was going beautifully.

"Pooh! we're not going to get caught." Mayme helped herself to another pickle.

"Well, I speak for under the couch if we do," shivered Dot.

There was a creak in the hall.

"Girls, I hear her coming," gasped Nan.

Everyone listened. Sure enough. Such a flight would have put a defeated army to shame. The tablecloth with all its contents was gathered up by the four corners and stuffed into the waste basket with a sofa cushion on top, and the girls—well, there were girls everywhere, from under the couch to on top of the book shelf.

"Girls!" said a stern voice.

There was a general titter.

"Girls, open this door at once, please." Every girl was trembling.

"Betty, you go!"

"I won't."

"Go on!"

"I won't, go yourself."

There was a rap at the door. Carefully Betty crept out from a barricade composed of a shirt waist box, a guitar, a mandolin, and a trunk cover, and went to the door. Carefully she opened it, then stood back defiant to meet—not Miss Smith, but a tall figure clothed from head to foot in deepest black. Some instructions were immediately whispered in her ear and then she was instantly hustled off to goodness only knows where, or in other words, the long unused linen closet on the fourth floor. Then the black gowned figures entered the room. By this time there were fully two dozen and each little Freshie was dug out of her secure hiding place and carried off to other haunted parts of the hall.

Once more the forbidding apparitions assembled in the ink black room in which all this time the chafing dish had been contentedly pouring its contents over the tabouret legs into a molten mass of sugar and chocolate on the floor beneath. Each figure bumped into every other one, giving each other merciless digs, until finally Alice called out, "It's all right, girls, I've found their lamp," and forthwith it was lit. It was found, however, that very little alcohol remained and that it gave forth but a little, blue flame. Then the feast was located and again a circle was formed on the floor and merriment reigned supreme—that is, for about two minutes, for of one accord every girl was suddenly aware of the little, white-capped figure of the preceptress, standing in the darkened archway, her hands drawing slightly apart the curtains which divided the sitting room from the alcove. There wasn't a sound, but the trickling of the fudge on its way to the floor. Then, just as the little flame flickered and died out, Miss Smith began to speak. "Young ladies, I have been here through the whole of this disgraceful performance. I was over on this side of the hall on my way to little Hattie Breinhall's room, as she didn't seem so well this evening. I found her sleeping peacefully, however, and was returning to my room when I noticed a light on this floor. I found that it was Mary O'Brien reading a novel again, and so was not in the pleasantest state of mind when, on leaving her room, I noticed a little white figure being hustled down the hall with a black one on either side. I reeled into the deeper shadows until I noticed the same two dark forms going in the other direction. I followed, and have remained here in the alcove, seated on Miss Betty's bed during this confusion. Now, I would like to see you all in my study immediately, and the fact that you are Seniors will make it none the easier for you."

With this she swept from the room, leaving such a wilted, shamefaced looking lot of girls as it would be hard to

imagine. Slowly and solemnly they filed down to the study. Much to their surprise, however, they found that all was dark therein. "Oh, she's going to do something awful to us, I know," shuddered Nan. "Well, I wish she'd caught us before I ate so blessed many of those sardines," sighed Pats, knocking timidly on the door. There was no response. They waited, then knocked again, this time a little louder.

At this the door was opened and there before those quaking Seniors stood Miss Smith in dressing gown and night cap, blinking in the light which she had just turned on, and gasping the inevitable, "Girls! What is the meaning of this?" "Why," gasped Kitty, "you told us to come!"

"To my study immediately," said the half-awakened preceptress, "and I assure you that if this is some practical joke you will be amply repaid for it."

Alas, for the poor Seniors seated in the high-backed chairs of Miss Smith's library, confessing the whole of their wicked plot on the Freshmen. Little did they dream of the different scene now going on in the room from which they had so tremblingly departed.



"Oh, girls," sighed Jean, sinking down on the couch with her feet held fast in the fudge, "I never in my life did such hard work. To think that those dear, thick Seniors let a poor insignificant Junior pass before all the whole bunch of them as Miss Smith. It really is worth all my practicing, and I'm really glad my voice is so much like hers, after all. But come, we've no time for rejoicing. They'll be back in a minute, and in the meantime we must have done away with every atom of this spread. Toss me a doughnut, Dolly. I'm too stuck up to move."

And so the revelry ran on this time uninterrupted and when the Seniors returned to release the wilted little Freshies they found only a vacant room in which two victories had been won—and it looked the part.

Meanwhile the Juniors were chuckling to themselves behind the silent safety of their darkened doors.

—NONA FARIS, Feb. 14, 1908.

THE SENIORS DEPARTED.

By Lester Roberts.

Comrades, come and mourn with me,
For 'tis lonely, lonely we,
All our "weeds" have gone to seed,
That is why we dullness plead.
Willie gone; Loretto, too;
Comrades, dear, what shall we do?
Dodge no more, I grieve to say,
Flings Miss Kerr his big bouquet.
Then in losing Callie Gray,
Our grief is more indeed, I say.
From our Florence forced to part,
Grief-oppressed is every heart,
Parsons, woe-begoggled ape,

From our ranks has made escape.
We bid Oliver a farewell,
Hoping he's not gone to — —;
Worst of all, our Nona's gone;
Comrades, I am all undone.
Then again comes Raymond, dear,
And for him we shed a tear.
All our teaching went for naught,
When Herbert we the lessons taught.
Now in losing Francis G.,
It brings the tears of two or three.
Drink, for sore bereft are we,
By the mighty faculty.