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Sibyl 1904

Otterbein University

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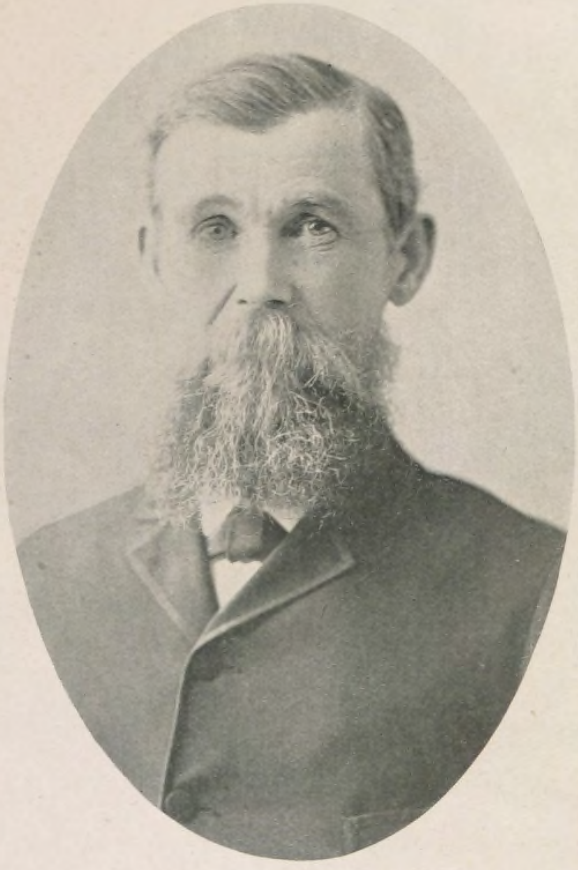
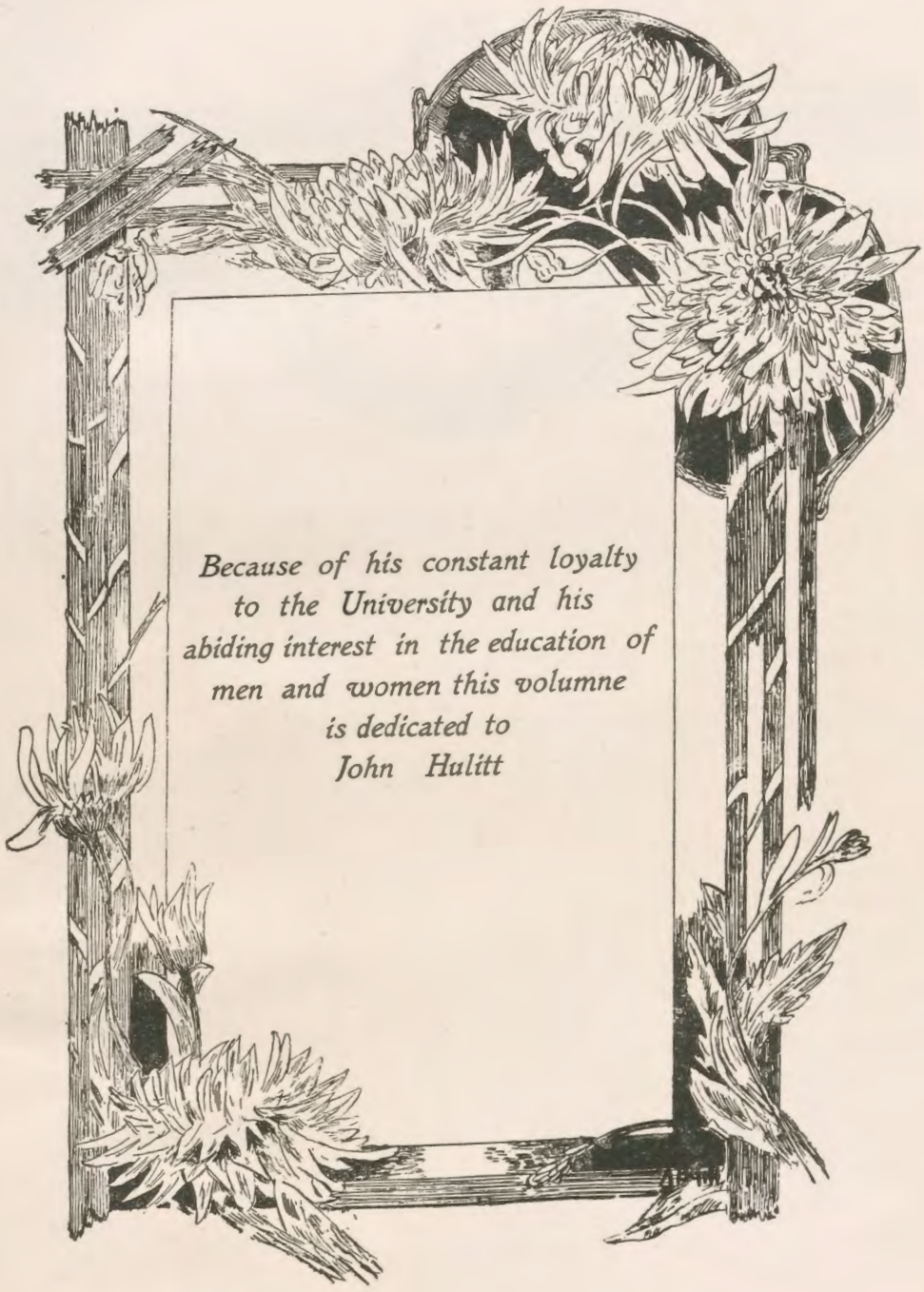
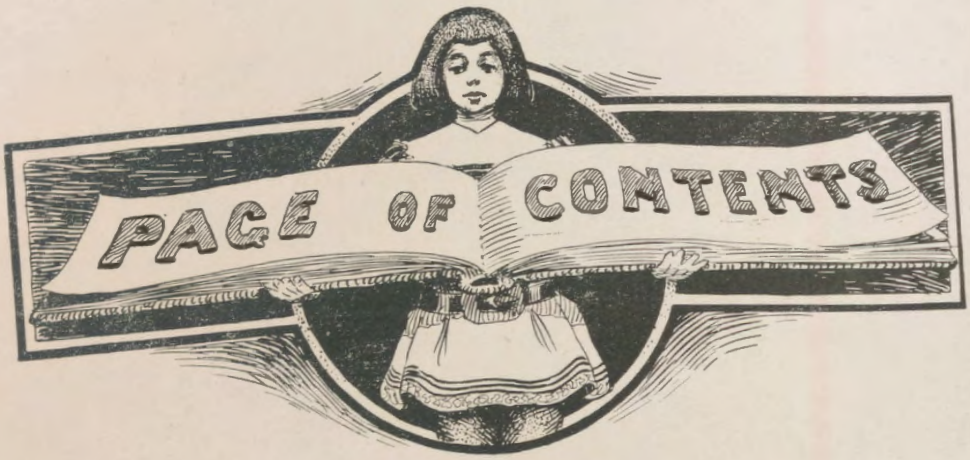
SIBYL

'04

SIBYL
1904




Because of his constant loyalty
to the University and his
abiding interest in the education of
men and women this volumne
is dedicated to
John Hulitt



Frontispiece

Faculty

College Classes and Academy

Literary Societies

Athletics

Miscellaneous

Literature

Memorial

Jokes and Yarns

Calendar

Editorial

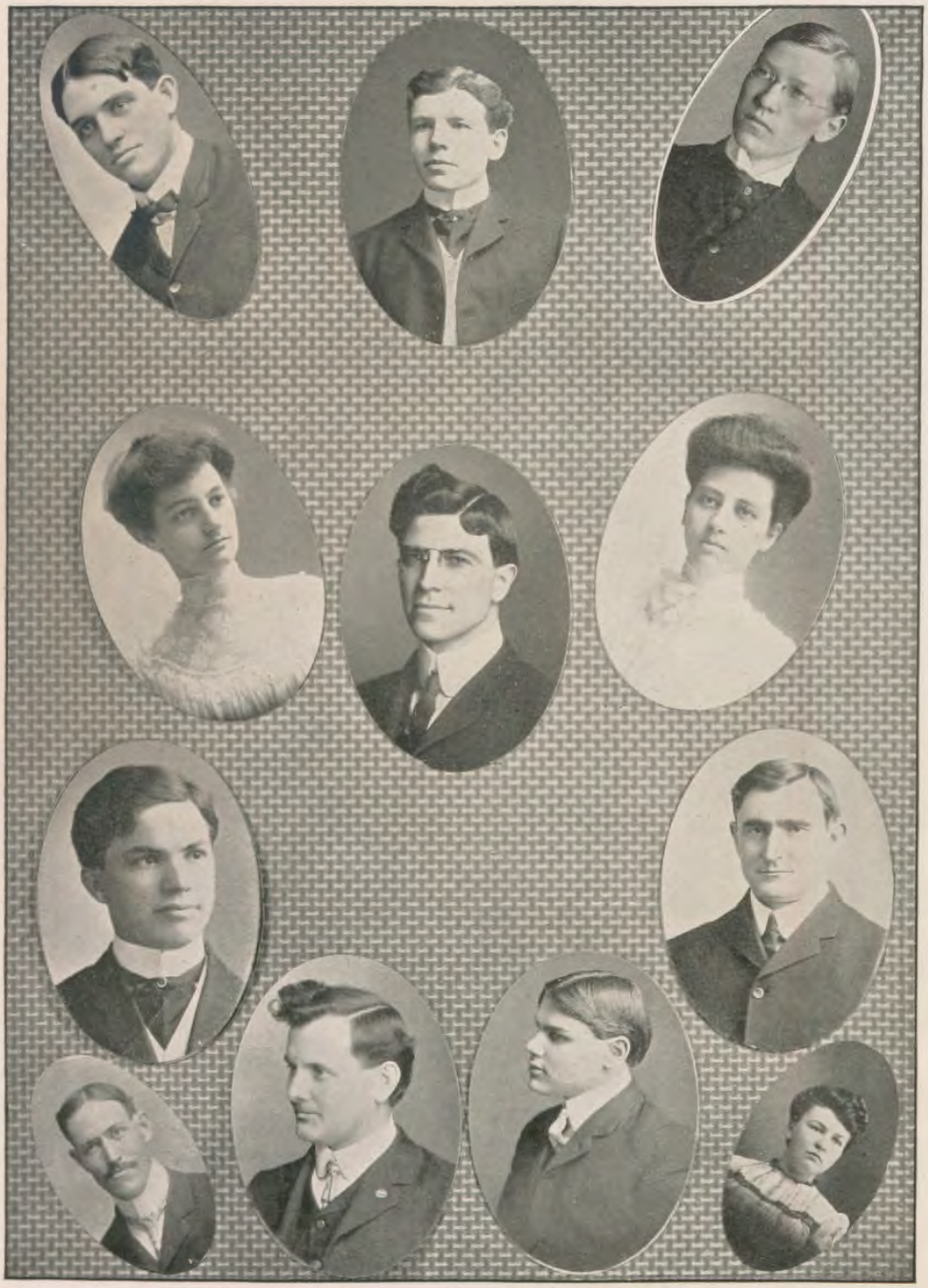
It is finished at last. The task of putting out a book that would modestly endeavor to meet the expectations of every student has not been an easy one. Yet we have derived much enjoyment and valuable experience therefrom. We have striven to compose a book that would exceed its worthy predecessors and that would define a course which others in the future might develop and improve. We trust that we have succeeded in this. And in no small measure the success of our effort is due to our hustling, tactful, and resourceful business manager, Mr. B. F. Shively.

Among our many experiences we have learned that college life is too strenuous for the students to give such a literary undertaking the thuro consideration and attention it deserves. We regret this condition of affairs, but trust that the future editors of the SIBYL will receive the hearty support of the student body. The SIBYL, we maintain, is not an enterprise of the Juniors alone, but is an affair in which the whole college should have a vital interest.

We take much pleasure in presenting this product of the genius of the class of Naughty-five. Even geniuses have their faults; so if this book fails to attain the acme of perfection, it is to be remembered that we are but human like other folks.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge an indebtedness to many of our friends in the school for their generous co-operation and advice. We wish especially to mention the valuable assistance rendered by Mr. E. J. Pace, who has drawn all the illustrations in this book—work which we believe challenges comparison with that of the best artists. We extend our hearty thanks to Mr. J. Warren Ayer, Mr. L. R. Burdge, Mr. U. B. Brubaker, Mr. Sardis W. Bates, Mr. J. H. Pershing, Mr R. L. Hewitt, Miss Katherine Shauck, Mr. E. J. Kiehl, Miss Daisy M. Clifton, and to many others.

THE EDITORS.



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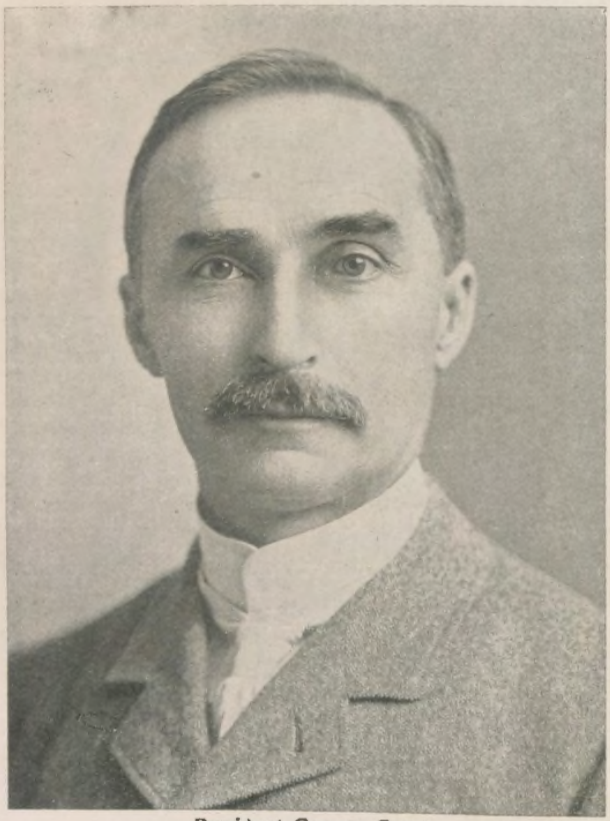
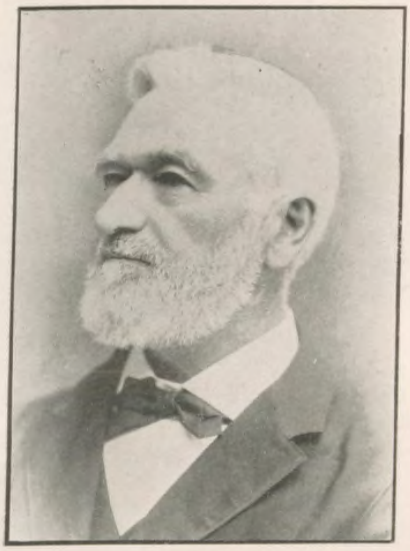
FACULTY



President George Scott

Alfred University, 1876, Ph. B.; 1877, A. B.; 1880, Ph. M.; 1881, A. M.; 1887, Lit. D.;Yale Uinversity, 1890, Ph. D.; professor of Latin, Alfred University, 1877-88; professor of Latin, Otterbein University, 1888 to date; principal of Latin department in Chautauqua Summer School, 1886-87; student in Athens and Rome, 1890; President of Otterbein University, 1901 to date.

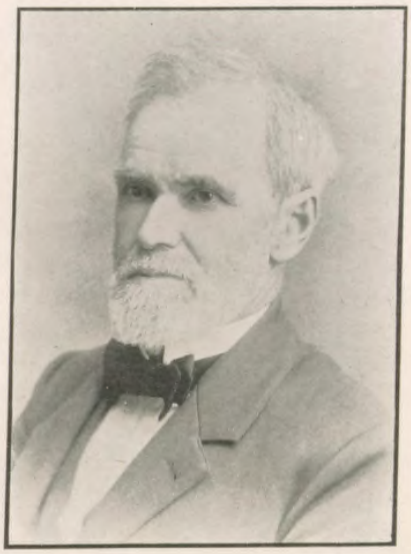


Henry Garst

Otterbein University, 1861, A. B.; 1864, A. M.; Lane Theological Seminary, 1867, D. D.; pastor of United Brethren churches in Dayton and Cincinnati, 1861-69; professor of Latin and literature, Otterbein University, 1869-86; president of Otterbein University, 1886-89; professor of mental and moral science, Otterbein University, 1889-1900 elected professor *emeritus*, 1900; secretary and treasurer, Otterbein University, 1900 to date.

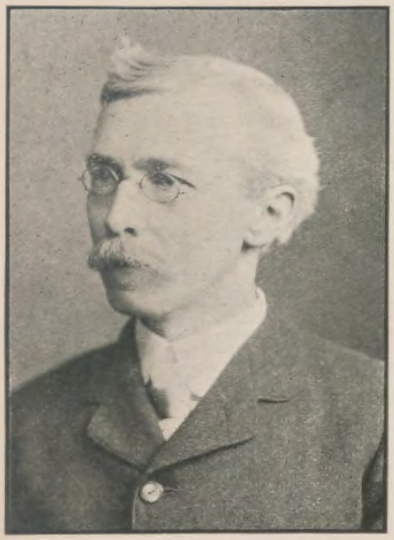
John Haywood

Oberlin University, 1850, A. B.; 1853, A. M.; Otterbein University, 1893, LL. D.; professor of mathematics and natural science, Otterbein University, 1851-62; Mt. Pleasant Academy, 1863-67; Otterbein University, 1867-93; elected professor *emeritus*, 1893.



Thomas J. Sanders

Otterbein University, 1878, A. B.; 1881; A. M.; Wooster University, 1888, Ph. D.; superintendent of public schools, Edon, O., 1878-1881; West Unity, O., 1881-82; Butler, Indiana, 1882-87; Warsaw, Indiana, 1887-91; president Otterbein University, 1891-1901; professor of mental and moral philosophy and pedagogics, Otterbein University, 1882 to date.

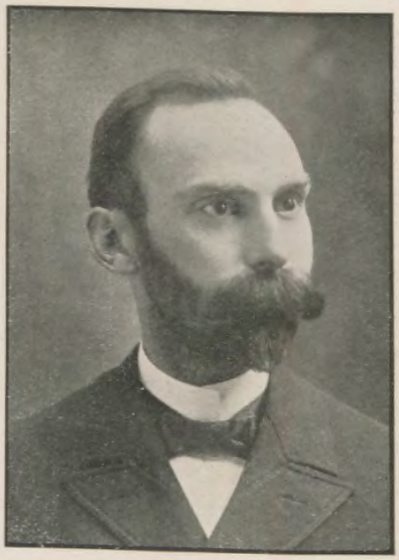


Frank E. Miller

Otterbein University, 1887, A. B.; 1890, A. M.; 1891, Ph. D.; superintendent of public schools, Mogadore, Ohio, 1887-88; professor of mathematics, Northeast Ohio Normal College, 1888-1889; principal of same college, 1889-1890; professor of mathematics, Otterbein University, 1890 ao date.

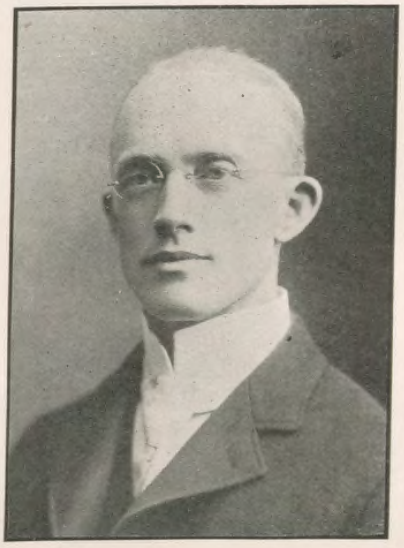
Louis H. McFadden

Otterbein University, 1874, A. B.; 1877, A. M.; professor of science, Lebanon Valley College, 1876-82; professor of physics and chemistry, Otterbein University, 1882 to date.



Josephine Johnson

Western College, 1887, A. M.; professor Elroy Seminary, 1878-79; professor Western College, 1879-81; professor of German and history, Otterbein University, 1881-90; student of German and French, Hanover and Paris, 1885-86; student of language and history, Berlin, 1890-91, professor of modern languages, Western College 1891-93; professor of German and French, Otterbein University, 1894 to date.

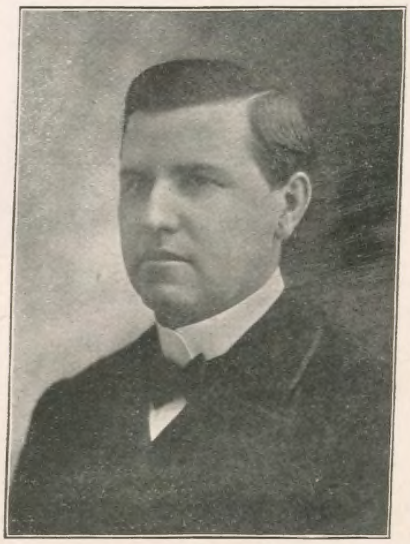


Noah E. Cornetet

Otterbein University, 1896. A. B.; 1903, A. M.; college pastor and professor of Greek, Avalon College, 1896-99; pastor at Logan, Ohio, 1899-1901; professor of Greek, Otterbein University, 1901 to date.

Charles Snavely

Otterbein University, 1894, A. B.; teacher in public schools, Massillon, Ohio, 1894-96; student of history and economics, Johns Hopkins University, 1896-99; 1902, Ph. D.; professor of history and economics, Otterbein University, 1900 to date.

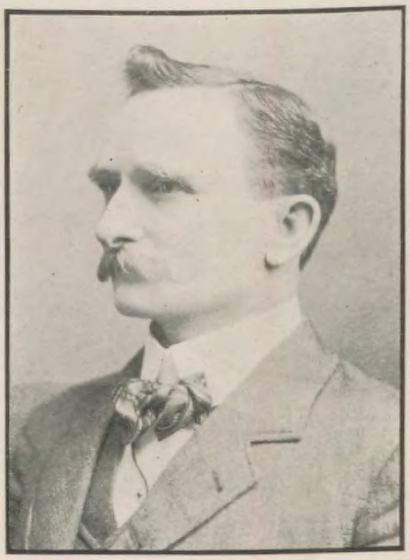


Sarah M. Sherrick, Ph. D.

Otterbein University, Ph. B., 1889; preceptress and professor of English, Lebanon Valley College, 1889-92; Ph. D., Yale, 1896; professor of French, Otterbein University, 1902-03; head of the English department, Otterbein University, 1903 to date.

Alma Guitner

Otterbein University, 1897, Ph. D.; student in German and French, Berlin, Germany, 1898-99, receiving a diploma at the end of her course; instructor in German and French, Eastern Indiana Normal University, 1899-1901 instructor of German and English, Otterbein University, 1900 to date.



Rudolph H. Wagoner

Otterbein University, 1892, A. B.; 1901, A. M.; instructor in mathematics and Latin and principal of the Academy, Otterbein University, 1893 to date.

William C. Whitney

Otterbein University, 1895, Ph. B.; Chicago Homeopathic Medical College, 1898, M. D.; had charge of the bacteriological laboratory at same medical college, 1897-98; practised medicine, 1898-1900; professor of biology and geology, Otterbein University, 1900 to date.

Gustav Meyer

Received his early education at his birthplace, Neustadt, Germany. Later a student in the Gymnasium of Hanover for nine years, where he received, in 1878, a diploma, which is equal to the A. B. degree in the American college; a student in the University of Erlangen, 1881-82; University of Leipsic, 1882-83; director of music, Geneseo, Illinois, 1885-90; director of music, Agner Scott Institute, Decatur, Georgia, 1890-93; the following year traveled and studied in Europe; director at Davis Conservatory, Otterbein University, 1895 to date. Wooster University, 1899, Ph. D., *cum laude*.

Bertha S. Flick,

Otterbein University, Ph. B., 1898; student of German and French, Berlin and Paris, 1902-03; instructor in French, Otterbein University, 1903 to date.

Lulu May Baker,

Otterbein University, A. B., 1896; graduate in music, 1898; instructor in music and Latin, Eastern Normal School, Fort Royal, Va., 1898-1901; teacher of music, Montrose, Colorado, 1902-03; instructor in Piano, Otterbein University, 1903 to date.

J. A. Bendinger

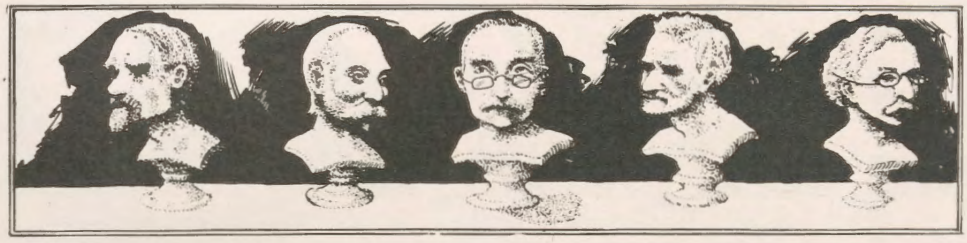
University of Michigan, 1891-94; University of Cincinnati, A. B. ,1895; Cincinnati College of Music, 1895-97; professor of voice, Wittenberg College, 1897-98; professor of voice Otterbein University, 1904 to date.

Isabel Sevier Scott

Student in Rogersville College, Tennesee, 1887-88; student in Pratt Institute, 188-90; Columbus Art School, graduater, 1894; principal of art department, Otterbein University, 1894 to date.

Bertha Monroe

Instructor in Pyrography.



The Faculty; a Reverie

February 29, 1920.

Now, while I am speeding along toward Chicago, I wonder what I can remember of dear old Otterbein.

Yes, there it stands, the same old place. There's the old college building, guarded, as it were, by the beautiful and stately trees standing in front of it.

Just to the right of the left entrance, is the office, where Dr. Scott used to hold court. Quite stormy, too, at times; especially if there had been a push the night before. For instance, that one the Freshmen held in the doctor's recitation room when we were Juniors. Didn't he storm, tho! They said his teeth fairly clattered when he saw the grease spots on the floor. And I don't wonder at it either; for I remember how his chin would quiver, when we forgot the present subjunctive of some Latin verb. And how it did please him to get a joke off on some one. But some of his jokes seemed to have Latin points to them; at least, they were somewhat difficult to see. Well, the most of us liked the old Doctor real well, despite his rigid regime. And I believe he kept getting better natured year after year. Possibly this was due to the good influence that Mrs. Scott had upon him. She did not look as if she ever had been or ever could be angry. She had such a beaming countenance. I really believe the boys liked her better than any girl in college. I know she could entertain better than any one of them; and I guess that very often is the best way to reach a boy's heart, even if it is not the psychological way.

Now, that leads me to think of Dr. Sanders and his Psychology class. How I did enjoy that class. I regretted very much that I did not sit on the front row, for the Doctor did not call on those very often. They could sit and look out of the window and enjoy those beautiful spring days, while the Doctor was trying to make the rest of us understand the difference between "sensationalism" and "perceptionalism." Possibly, after all

of us had failed in distinguishing between these points, the Doctor would be heard to say, that he knew the lesson was difficult and he did not blame us for not getting it. However, the real trouble was that none of us had seen the inside of our texts until after coming to class. Of course we appreciated very highly the Doctor's kindness and patience! It made things so much easier for us. How we did delight in asking him questions that would lead him to lecture on some line. Yet we enjoyed the privilege of accompanying the dear Doctor on some of his ethereal flights into the realm of fancy, for he was a safe and sure guide. In class he was generous and kindly; but how he could get money. He seemed to have a wonderful ability of getting down into the boys' pockets. And those exhortations of his in chapel, on physical culture, were enjoyed immensely, especially by those who had nine o'clock mathematics under Dr. Miller.

Dr. Miller, yes; what a genius in mathematics. He could begin with nothing and prove almost anything. He could even make you believe you had money in your pocket, when you were in debt for last month's board. How those eyes of his would flash when he talked of space and those imaginary figures without angles. But the class certainly did enjoy the Doctor's mistakes in addition and subtraction. His lectures were regarded as marvels until it was found out, that he had used these identical ones every year since he took his chair. They were good, anyhow, and I am sure we all enjoyed them; especially if they overlapped into the next period, that of Dr. Snavely.

Well, now, thinking of him, I wonder if that frail body of his has been able to sustain the continually accumulating load of History, with which he was ceaselessly taxing it. That was one man I never could "bluff." I tried it once in International Law, but never did again. However, the Doctor was not altogether infallible as we at first thought, for we did puzzle him a few times. When puzzled, he always got into that high key of his. I wonder if they ever got him a new chair. I remember

he would make a bottom for his chair either of his overcoat or of a lot of pamphlets. At last we did catch on to his system of cards, and one was about sure to be called on every other day. If I had been in his place, I think I would have shuffled them a little oftener. And yet he quizzed us oftener than we were prepared for. His anecdotes and slowly enunciated jokes were the main feature of his courses of study. As he swung back in his chair, telling them with an immobile expression on his face, he impressed me with his classical appearance.

Now, while I think of classics, I am reminded of Greek and of Professor Cornetet. And my recollections are very vivid, also. I can almost see the professor walking to class with that studious look on his face. And when he came to class, looking thus, the boys, Chester Wise especially, knew trouble was brewing. How he would lecture to them on those mornings. I always knew the professor was easily angered, but I believe, at times, his classes would try to anger him the more. I don't know how he did pass Wise that year, considering the many squabbles they had; but possibly he looked back over the "historicity" of the affair and concluded that Chester was not so bad after all.

Now, that word "historicity." I wonder what Dr. Sherrick would have said about it. I am sure she would have found some fault with it. She always did with our compositions. How determined she was when she talked to those Seniors at times. And then how sarcastically she scored that unfortunate Junior whom she caught unprepared. The intricacies of the English language seemed to be made even yet more complex by some of the texts which she chose. And how she did pronounce some words and names. But of course we undergrads never questioned the Doctor's pronunciations. However we all recognized one fact, that she had always read the authors which she criticised, and knew whereof she spoke.

But now my thoughts stray from her stately presence to the more genial one of Miss Guitner. I yet feel some heart pangs on account of the way we acted toward her. Often we would go to class and trust to her kindness in helping us over the places we could not translate at sight. The best scheme of all was to ask her questions and get her to explain something we knew all about. In this way we avoided some impending danger for which we were insufficiently prepared.

But she knew German and knew it well. However, her work on me seems to have been a failure for I seem to know less now than I did in my first year. But that is the way with a good many things—take, for instance, chemistry.

What I know of chemistry is somewhere but I don't know where. And

Professor McFadden did his best with me, too. When he would lecture, three or four of us would fall asleep. Somehow the professor's tone always did have a soporific effect. We always liked his quiet method of assisting us in the laboratory.

He was quite in contrast with Dr. Whitney in the Biological laboratory. How he did pace the floor! I suppose a new floor has been put in since. And the Doctor entered politics. I suppose lobbying did always please him. It was better than teaching or practising medicine, and doubtless it was more interesting. However, the boys always liked the Doctor, particularly because of his athletic predilections.

Now, that seems to be all of the Faculty. No, there was Dr. Meyer. He was a unique character, that is certain, full of life and interest. I remember he was very popular among the students even if he did "go the street up" and the like. He was surely a good man for the position of Conservatory Director.

I see another familiar figure as he sits before his desk, who reminds me of Goldsmith's schoolmaster.

> "Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
> Full well, the busy whisper, circling round,
> Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned."

"Prof. Rudy," as the boys affectionately called him, dearly loved his joke, and often said some really bright things. As a drill-master he had no rival and many a man no doubt remembers yet the joy with which he harassed the poor fellows in Latin and mathematics. He was the best "rooter" on the athletic field and no one more than he knew the football and the baseball lingo.

Then there was Miss Flick, with her innocent ways, dishing out "Parlez vous" to a rebellious set of under-grads. And also Mr. Bendinger, "whose technique" in voice culture became quite famous! And—well, is this Chicago? I little thought I had been dreaming so long. But then it has been very pleasant.

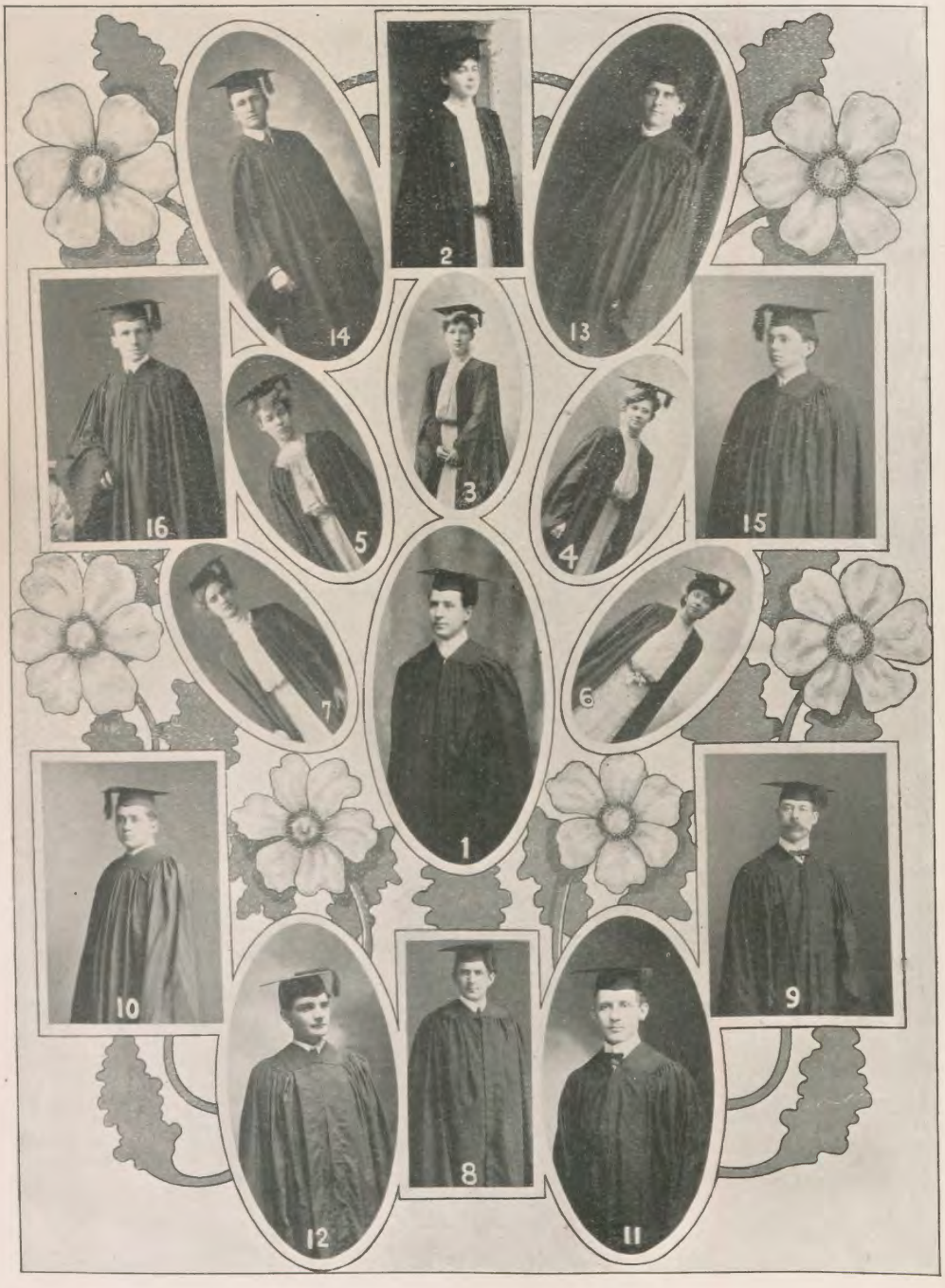
Appropriate Mottoes for the Various Class-Rooms

FACULTY.

1. Scott:
   Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate. —Dante.
   (Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here.)
2. Sanders:
   Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
   Fortunam ex aliis. —Virgil.
   (Learn, boy, virtue and true labor from me;
   Fortune from others.)
3. Cornetet:
   Σοφοῖς ὁμιλῶ καὐτος ἐκβήσῃ σοφος —Menander.
   (By associating with wise people, you will become wise yourself.)
4. McFadden:
   El que hoy cae puede levantarse mañana.
   (He who falls to-day may rise to-morrow.)
5. Sherrick:
   Nulla dies maerore caret.
   (Every day brings it sorrows.)
6. Snavely:
   Allwissend bin ich nicht; doch veil mich bewusst. Goethe.
   (Omniscient am I not; tho I know much.)
7. Guitner:
   Uber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'! —Goethe.
   (Beyond all the peaks is rest!)
8. Flick:
   Sauve qui peut!
   (Save himself who can!)
9. Mrs. Scott:
   Auch! io sono pittore!
   (I, too, am a painter!)

10. Whitney:
    A chaque jour suffit sa peine.
    (Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!)
11. Wagoner:
    Sic itur ad astra.
    (Such is the way to the stars.)
12. Meyers:
    Was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch! —Schiller.
    (What cannot men learn to bear!)
13. Bendinger:
    Wie die Alten sungen, so zwitschern auch die Jungen.
    (As the elders sing, so will the young ones twitter.)

CLASSES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11

Senior Class

Brubaker, Uriah Benjamin

Lloyd, Grace Maude

Kiester, Alice

Scott, Georgiana

Moore, Edna Grace

Markley, Josephine Miriam

Moore, Mabel Beatrice

Wise, Chester Garfield

Durrant, Edwin Poe

Bookman, Clarence Monroe

Weitkamp, Alfred Henry

Morain, Jesse Lawrence

Good, Charles Martin

Wilson, Dudley Reed

Ulrich, Lorin

Callender, Rolla Amos

Cowan, Clyde E.

Colors: Cardinal and Gray.

Yell

Clickety, clackety, sis, boom, roar!
We're the class of nineteen four!
Rain, snow, mud, or dust,
Naughty-four succeed or bust!

Class History

The class of '04 was organized in the fall of 1900, when twenty bright Freshmen boys and girls assembled in an appointed place and elected the officers that should guide them during the year. Miss Mabel Thompson become its first president. After organizing and making the usual display of class colors and filling the air with class yells and songs, the first great social event in the history of the class was planned, and a sumptuous banquet was held in the home of Mr. Roloson, one mile north of town.

During the Freshman year the class showed a marked improvement over other classes, and set a pace which has been hard for others to follow. When the fall term of 1901 opened, the class took its place under the gallery where it became noted for its good behavior and good singing. Miss Georgiana Scott was chosen president of this class which still consisted of twenty members, and under her effective leadership, the Sophomore year of this class was even more marked than the Freshman year, and its previous record upheld. The most notable events of this year were the winning of the local Oratorical Contest by one of its members, the elab-

orate banquet given at the home of Mrs. Vance, the royal reception tendered by President and Mrs. Scott, and the decisive victory gained over the Juniors in a game of baseball. It was during this game that Wilson and Good became famous.

The fall of 1902 found this class occupying the seats back of the Seniors. This time there was but six boys and six girls; several dropped out and three joined the Senior class. But what they lacked in quantity they made up in quality, and under the leadership of Lorin Ulrich as president, the work which was done by this class during its Junior year will go down into history as marvelous. Joining hands with the Freshman class, they administered a severe defeat to the other classes in a game of football. They were royally entertained by the Freshman class at the Hotel Holmes, which served to strengthen the bonds of union between these two classes. The SIBYL of 1903 is the product of this class and we refer the readers to this noted book for further information of that year's work.

The Senior year of this class began when the class of 1902 received their diplomas, and to show that they were Seniors, they marched into the chapel in a body wearing their caps and gowns much to the chagrin of the class of '02, but to the delight of all other classes. The ranks of the class increased to seventeen during the Senior year, with U. B. Brubaker as president. They appeared frequently during the fall term in their caps and gowns and in many ways added dignity and influence to the class. The year was marked with a number of social functions, most notable of which was a reception given to the Sophomore class in the Association building.

As to the future of this class we can truthfully say no other has a brighter outlook. It has within its ranks those of unusual ability and will be represented in different professions.

Watch the class of 1904 as its members enter the arena of life. You will hear from them later.

HISTORIAN.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction

NOVEMBER 13, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

After an unusually busy day of harrowing care marked by several complete "runs up" I came to my den in a somewhat dejected mood. Taking my History I tried to study, but found that impossible. Strange thoughts crowded my mind—recollections of days gone by, and wonderings of the future. Lighting my pipe as I was wont, with my feet on my desk, I leaned back in my chair and tried to forget my unpleasant thoughts by a perusal of Dante. I had just begun the second Canto of the Inferno, when slowly the door opened, and with noiseless tread there entered my room a tall erect figure wrapped in a coal-black shroud—eyes that pierced my very soul. I felt myself under some strange spell. Resistance was useless.

Suddenly I felt the earth receding from us and I knew that we were passing thru space at a terrific rate. Almost too fearful to speak, and yet anxious to know my destiny and my strange companion, I finally took courage, and thinking that a little Latin would be appropriate, with faltering voice, I uttered two words which I remembered having heard Dr. Scott use: "Quo vadis?" He immediately replied: "To the Inferno. I am the spirit of Dante, fear not, but follow, and I will lead you thru the eternal place where thou shalt hear the desperate lamentations." We soon alighted in a deep ravine which he said was a part of Italy. Down the dark doleful ravine we went, he first, I following, past rugged rocks, and frowning cliffs. Soon I could hear a great indefinable noise far in the distance, and the air seemed charged with peculiar fumes. A little farther on my companion pointed to a great gate—at its summit these words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter in," and I knew that I was at the place of Dante's dream. "Oh Muses, Oh high Genius, now assist me! Oh Memory! that didst write down what I saw, here thy nobility shall be manifest."

What a sight! If I were possessed with unlimited gift of language I could not begin to describe what I saw. Such hideous sounds and horrid appearances! All was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, all uproar and confusion. Finally my guide, turning to me, said: "You look to me like a college man." "Yes," said I. "I used to be a student at Otterbein, and one of the famous class of 1905." Then my mind went back to the golden days spent in college. I could again see the faces of my old college chums and hear the rippling laughter of the light-hearted girls. My guide saw at once that the mention of college interested me, and said: "I shall take you to the College Department of the Inferno. Since I wrote my poem, an eighth circle has been established especially for college people. Conceit, you know, is their besetting sin." We passed thru one circle after another, seeing every possible description of people in every conceivable mode of torture, and at last came to a valley walled in by rugged hills. Over this valley hovered constantly a cloud of smoke, and from my elevated position I could see indistinct forms moving about and hear a deafening mingling of college yells. I thought that I heard the familiar "Whoop Hip Whoop Whoo!" and yet I could not make myself believe that there were any here from Otterbein. But soon I saw thru the smoke the waving banner of the class of '04. Said I, "Is it possible that any of the class of '04 are here—I knew them all."

Said he, "Did you know, Bookman, Wise, Callender, and those fellows?"

" Well," I responded, "I should say I did. Surely they are not here."

"Yes," said he, "the boys of '04 are here without a single exception."

"Pray tell what they did," said I, "that they should be committed to this doleful place."

"Well," said he, "Bookman, you know, was a very conceited fellow and personally attended to the glorification of 'Bookie.'"

Said I: "I can't believe it. Bookie and I were good friends. Please be more definite."

"Well," said he, "he is charged with having written three-fourths of the 1903 Annual himself and in that to have used the word 'I' 419 times in heavy type. And Wise—well, Wise, as all know, was a good fellow, and would have escaped had he remained with class of '05, but the evil influence of '04 swept him along. He is charged with voting the 'Official Ripple' in the midst of a Greek recitation, of being President of the college Republican Club, and other offenses ad infinitum. And Callender, for making such hideous noises when trying to sing, thus profaning the sacred place of prayer. And Good—Ah! Now language come to my rescue! Principal charge: He attempted to wear an angel's smile altho a mortal. The girls of '04 were instrumental in sending him here. They sent a petition, dated October 14, 1903, to Pluto, requesting that he be transported here. Brubaker's experience as business manager of the 1903 Annual proved his ruin; and Wilson and Ulrich, of course, could not hope

to escape. Weitkamp, Morain and Durrant, ex-members of '05, would also have avoided this fate, but for the debasing influence of '04."

"Well," said I, "this is surely surprising, but where are the girls of '04?"

"Oh!" said he, "they are not here. They are in Paradise. A finer party of girls could not be found. Their only fault was their connection with the class of '04. There was Alice, with her simple innocence, Georgia with her sweet seriousness, Edna and Mabel as happy as can be, Grace and Jo full of mirth—Oh! They are not here."

All of this information almost dazed me, and as I was pondering over it, I was suddenly awakened by the college bell. It was the bell for the seven o'clock recitation. The sunbeams of a bright November morn were chasing each other about my room. My pipe had fallen to the floor. I hurried to recitation without breakfast—but I shall never forget my dream.

Yours respectfully,

A FOLLOWER OF THE BLUE AND GRAY.

Quotations, Seniors

Stulti stolidi fatui fungi bardi blenni buccones!

Brubaker:

I am pressed down with conceit,
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

Bookman:

These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men. —Shakspere.

Markley:

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn. —Byron.

Good:

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. —Pope.

Kiester:

She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases, battered, stale and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite. —Swift.

Ulrich:

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—Sir H. Taylor.

Moore, Mabel:

My heart is turned to stone, and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. —Shakspere.

Weitkamp:

I am a sage and can command the elements—
At least I think I can. —After Scott.

Lloyd:

Who hath not owned with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of Grace, the magic of a name. —Campbell.

Wise:

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew. —Goldsmith.

Moore, Edna:

I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.

Wilson:

Too much of a good thing. —Cervantes.

Scott:

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

Callender:

You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home. —Pope.

Durrant:

He could stuff four rag-bags sausage-wise
With sophistry, with bookish odds and ends. —Browning.

Morain:

A little learning is a dangerous thing. —Pope.

Cowan:

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure. —Byron.

DIPLOMA
SKIPPER
U.B.
DISTRESS
NAUGHTY-FOUR
ROLLA
C.G.W.
WILSON
MUD
GOOD

Senior Prophecy

List, ye class of naughty-four!
Your troubles here will soon be o'er
And you will all desire to know
What Fate on you will then bestow.

The president of your proud class
In vain a-seeking for a lass
To Africa's dark shore will depart
Carrying with him a heavy heart.

Fair Georgia, slow and dignified,
With all her haughtiness and pride,
Will to a farmer's life betake,
And learn to handle hoe and rake.

Now Good will spend full half his life
A-seeking for a learned wife,
And then an actress he will wed
And spend his life in jealous dread.

Then Grace, whose temper has no stop,
Will never climb towards the top
But at the bottom she must stay
And keep on fretting away.

Then he whose face portrays him Wise
Will give us mortals no surprise;
When he begins to plead his case
The Fates will give him lofty place.

With all your tricks and flirting, Joe,
'Tis sad you'll never own a beau,
So it is well that you prepare
The old maid's lonely lot to share.

And strenuous Bookie with his I
To hold a learned chair will try;
And men from everywhere on earth
Will learn to know their own true worth.

Now, Callender, your faulty speech
Debars your wish to teach or preach,
So you will buy a spacious field
To make it a crop of 'taters yield.

So, Edna, bright star of the class,
Many a man's heart will harass.
And in old age sadly recast
O'er opportunities long past.

In failing sinful men to reach
Dud Wilson will see he can't preach,
So with many a sneer and snub
He'll try to run a students' club.

Sweet Alice with her pretty face
Before the bench will win her case
And, save her littleness alone,
Will be the power behind the throne.

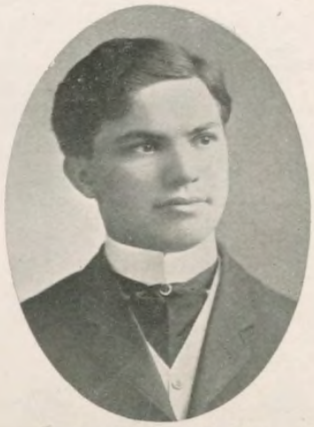
Weitkamp and eloquent Morain
Will both assume the preacher's strain
And with the sinful and the just
Will strive, and these will no one trust.

And still there is another Moore,
The peacemaker of Naughty four;
She once desired to be a Bean
But will a nobler seek, I ween.

Now Lorin's fate is awful sad
But not so as to make him mad,
For know that Fate has now decreed
That he and "Baldy" won't succeed.

JUNIORS
SIBYL
COPY
COPY

Junior Biology



VIRGINIA RITENOUR, a distinguished representative of the F. F. V's., after graduating from Eastern College, Virginia, where she attained distinction by her superior ability in various lines of college activity, came to Otterbein to secure a second diploma. This is her first year here, and she has gained already the admiration of the student body not only for her scholastic and oratorical ability, but for her stately carriage and fine Virginian manners.

This self-confident looking young man is THOMAS EDWIN HUGHES, the proverbial bad boy, son of a preacher. Unfortunately "Tommy" is not the exception which proves the rule, as some of his escapades both as a boy and in O. U. will testify. It is stated, tho, on good authority, that he did study some the first year he was in college. "Tommy's" two hobbies are basket-ball and the girls. As the president of the Junior class, he has shown himself an efficient pilot thru troubled waters, and as Editor-in-Chief of the Aegis, he has instilled new life into that periodical.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SHIVELY, of Chambersburg, Pa., is spending his third year in O. U. This lad of twenty-three summers is what we would term in business a "hustler." While he has taken part in almost every phase of college life he has *graciously* entered into the social side. The greatest proposition he ever "tackled," however, was the management of the 1904 Sibyl.

This smooth-faced lad is CARL *M.* STARKEY, one of Otterbein's famous athletes. He runs a mile very easily without—stopping—and usually he is the head man when the tape is crossed. This gentleman has also taken part in oratory, having been one of our representatives in the inter-collegiate debate (which didn't take place). While he has been interested in athletics and the study of the humanities, he has given no little attention to the study of "Damselology."

AMY WALKER WARD. This modest and unassuming little woman, is a recent and welcome addition to the class of '05. She is noted as a hard student and has out-stripped many in her class. She is also noted for her great adoration for one W. E. Ward, who is also a member of the Junior Class. By her lovable disposition and ever kindly smile she has won many friends, and, in fact, is a favorite with the whole school. She is president-elect of the Y. W. C. A., and with "Willie" expects to enter the mission field when Otterbein is left behind.

CHARLES WESLEY HENDRICKSON, the big brother of Carrie and Arletta, is spending his *nth* year in Otterbein. This gentleman left the beloved woodland hills of West Virginia sometime in the nineties to enter college, hoping to be able to deepen the convolutions of his brain. Altho he has displayed more talent in music, and as assistant subscription agent of the Sibyl than in books, he is a steady worker and in the long run his continuous and systematic efforts bring great results. He knows how to play basket ball, and his work one famous day aided in bringing victory to the Junior class team.

CARRIE HENDRICKSON has in the adjoining picture a very good likeness of her fair physiognomy. Modesty is so plainly depicted therein that we cannot help but exclaim with Thompson:

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed."

She is a patient student, and shows little tendency towards the study of *affaires du coeur*.

FRANK LLEWELLYN HAGER, Editor-in-Chief of the '04 Sibyl, has had a rather varied experience. After graduating from Steele High School of Dayton, O., he enlisted in the regular army in the war with Spain. Disappointed in not attaining a generalship or, at least, a colonelcy, he retired from the service and accepted a governmental position at Washington, D. C. Disappointed in politics, he drifted into O. U. in the fall of 1902. Frank dislikes shams and girls. He has few intimate friends among the boys and fewer among the girls; but no doubt he will be better known when he gets thru attending to the challenges he will receive after the issue of the Sibyl.

LEWIS WAYNE WARSON, the "Sage of Hillsboro," has so distinguished himself in commanding the Naughty Five "militia" during class "pushes" that he is now known as "General." He is very fond of his native county and is the founder of the Highland County Mutual Admiration Society, which has its headquarters on South State Street. His stately presence lends increased dignity to the dignified Junior Class and inspires deep and submissive respect in everyone he meets.

ARLETTA HENDRICKSON came to Westerville when she was still under the impression that the world was bounded by the large horizon which limited her view. Since that time, she has learned of the six continents, five oceans, and many other things. When a "Prep." she loved to go on botany tours, spending her leisure time with Charlie on the banks of Alum Creek, gathering "Heartsease" and "Johnny-jump-ups." She is thuro and faithful in all her work and is an enthusiastic follower of the Blue and Gray.

WILLIAM EDWIN WARD, altho small in stature, is mighty in ability. He compasses the fields of music, literature, philosophy and domestic science. However, his great strength lies in his ability to make money. When other boys come back to school after vacation financially embarrassed, "Dominus" Ward always returns with both pockets tightly stuffed with the "filthy lucre."

ALZO PIERRE ROSSELOT is a native of Highland County, O. He goes by the nickname of "Frenchy," which he undoubtedly deserves. One of his chief delights when he can get an audience is to prate about the Huguenots and his French ancestry until you would think he had just been naturalized. "Frenchy" has won distinction on the athletic field and in the class-room. As you can detect by the set of the countenance he is a young man of decided opinions and has a decided way of expressing them. In all he is a hail fellow well met.

WILLIAM DELLER has gone thru all the ups and downs of a long and strenuous college life. He did not come here before the Deluge—but his arrival took place not long after the flood of '84. He is an enthusiast when it comes to athletics and Y. M. C. A., but his enthusiasm for the study of irksome languages, literature, and mathematics is not so apparent. He is a good fellow and is always on hand when there is any fun a-doing. His marital bonds wear lightly on him, and he strongly recommends to every young man the taking unto himself of a helpmeet.

MR. EDGAR WILLIAM MCMULLEN is a native of Virginia, which state he thinks exceeds Ohio in great men, and came to this Fount of Knowledge several years ago to accumulate a thuro equipment of dead languages and dry mathematics with which to torture the easy-going Virginians when he returned. He is proud to be a member of the Junior class and has been its faithful ally in everything it has undertaken. His systematic application to study and his firm strong-willed disposition are sure to bring to him the highest honors his native state can bestow upon him.

Blithe and full of welcome joys
Like the birds of sunny lands;
Unrivaled are you, girls and boys,
Endowed with might and willing hands.

Above, the sky of azure hue;
Not a fleck in its clear blue
Dares present itself to you.

Go then, eager men and maids,
Right ahead and upward strive.
All ambitious, undismayed,
You shall win, O Nineteen Five.

Junior Class

Colors: Blue and Gray.

Yell

Jay-hawk, Ray-buck! Razoo Ray!
Banner brave the Blue and Gray!
Veevo live—O veevo live!
Naughty-five! O Naughty-five!

Junior Quotations

Hac re videre nostra mala non possumus,
Alii simul delinquunt, censores sumus.

Hughes:

Es ist eine der groessten Himmelsgaben,
So ein lieb Ding ein Arm zu haben. —Goethe.

Starkey:

Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan. —Goethe.

Deller:

Et scereratis sol oritur. —Seneca.

Ward:

Qui a bonne femme est bien allie.

Ward, Amy:

Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur. —Horace.

Hendrickson, Chas.:

Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.

Ritenour:

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

Hendrickson, Carrie:

Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere. —Horace.

Rosselot:

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae fuit.
—Seneca.

Hendrickson, Arletta:

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus. —Horace.

Warson:

Natus ad gloriam.

Shively:

Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke.
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag. —Halm.

Hager:

Les tonneaux vides sont ceux qui font le plus de bruit.
—Proverb.

McMullen:

Il n'a pas invente la poudre. —Proverb.

Naughty Five

I.

Come, classmates, come to the fountain freely flowing.
Ah! stream of joy, we welcome thee.
Come o'er the fields where the south-wind, gently blowing,
Calls thee for a stroll on the lea.
Let's leave hard Trig. with its sines and cosines so worn,
Let's throw away dull books and steal an hour at morn
By this crystal fount on the lea.

II.

Then, Juniors, one and all, come join the glad refrain,
Echo back, ye sad students, all,—
We'll fathom the wild splendor of your mystic strain.
Fill up the cup for Freshmen tall.
We'll sing you a song as the days pass one by one;
All hail to those bright, gladsome days of careless June
When we were big, and yet so small.

III.

Here's health and wealth to those who've gone afar,
Best wishes to you from Naughty Five.
Here's joy to those who'll follow the Juniors' bright star.
Good gifts to you from Naughty Five.
Both hale and strong we stand ever ready to raise
For thee, dear Otterbein, three lofty cheers of praise.
All hail! to thee, dear Naughty Five.

V. R., '05.

A Lay of Ancient Rome

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
  He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobiles
  And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
  An elegant cravatum,
A maxima cum laude shirt,
  And *such* a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hock,
  And bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others, tho,
  He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
  At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
  Those goo-goo oculorum!

Altho he lived in Rome—
  Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
  A horrid individ'l;
Oh! what a diff'rent thing
  Was the homo (dative hominy)
Of far-away B. S.
  From us of Anno Domini.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

SOPHOMORE
ALL OTHER
CREATION

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ELECTRIC CITY ENG. CO.

Sophomore Class

Geeding, Mary Susan

McDonald, Frederick Wilson

Bates, Sardis W.

Caldwell, George Thomas

Park, Georgia West

Burdge, LeRoy

Landis, Alden Eugene

Boring, Nellie Lenore

Burtner, Elmer Edwin

Hamilton, Gerald Clinton

Altman, Cary Oscar

Bennett, Raymond Durling

Mauk, Lillian

Hewitt, Raymond LeRoy

Offenhauer, Roy Ernest

Pace, Ernest James

Weber, William Albert

Hursh, Edwin May

Magruder, Daisy

Ressler, Grace

Hewitt, Mary Elizabeth

Groves, Mamie

Barnett, Frances Ellen

Williams, Harry Markley

Funk, John Waldo

Baker, Mary Neikirk

Pershing, John Harry

Rymer, Elbert McCoy

Maxwell, Ora Belle

Mumma, Jessie Estella

Flick, Ira Carlton

Shauck, Mary

Weaver, Dora Love

Alexander, Fanny Dee

DuPre, Henrietta

Sophomore Class History

Colors: Golf Red and Green.

Yell

Boomalacka! Boomalacka, Clingalacka Lix,
We're the class of Nineteen-Six!
We win with ease;
We're sure to please;
Down on your knees
To Naughty-Six!

At the beginning of the fall term of '03, the Faculty met in executive session. An interesting and exciting contest took place between the various members for the coveted honor of serving on the classification committee. All realized that it was an eventful time; an opportunity that would perhaps never present itself again during their short transitory period here below.

A new class was to be organized, and judging from the material at hand, it promised to be a wonderful and marvelous organic combination. From the standpoint of courage, honor, valor, loyalty and scholarship, the far-seeing eye of the august Faculty beheld the creation of a luminous star for Otterbein. They heard the distant echoes of heroic defiance ring thru the old college halls. They felt the future wave of the gentle zephyr bearing aloft a class personality such as never before challenged the twigs and branches of the trees on the dear old campus.

In the face of this supreme moment for wise council and judicious action, a heated discussion arose as to who should have the enviable honor of classifying these illustrious young people. After a prolonged struggle, the cherished hope finally fell to Dr. Snavely and Prof. McFadden by virtue of their combined mental and physical powers.

The class was duly organized with fifty-five charter members ready to do or die for the red and green, their chosen colors. As individual members they were quiet, persevering and peaceful. Lofty ideals dominated the mind of each Naughty-six Freshman.

The first important event in the history of the class was the reception given them by Mrs. Friend, one of the most popular and pleasing social leaders residing in Westerville at that time. The conduct of the individual members on this occasion proved beyond a shadow of a doubt the rare judgment and skillful interpretation of human nature which the classification committee had exercised in selecting candidates for membership in this world-wise, star-illumined body. The girls were queenly in their appearance and the boys were as valiant, dignified and courteous as King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table.

Striving toward a lofty conception of what constituted true scholarship and class spirit, it was their ambition to pursue their college course

on strict terms of friendship and peace with all. Entangling alliances were to be left out of consideration. But jealousy, that "green-eyed monster" which has corrupted so many souls, and blasted so many fond hopes, was already at work in the hearts of some higher classmen. So when, one bright September morning, they filed into the sacred precincts of the college chapel, waving aloft their banner of red and green, the emblem of purity and friendship, they were most treacherously attacked by a half organized band of warriors, anxious lest their despotic power should be ignored by these youthful heroes. The battle was begun in the chapel but the climax was reached out on the campus. When the last man had been dragged from the field, the first cry to fall on the ears of the interested spectators was "Down on your knees to Naughty-six!" The red and green waved majestically over a loyal and victorious class.

During the short history of '06 their annals have been filled with glorious deeds, nobly done. When Freshmen, by combining their forces with their Junior friends, they challenged the whole company of Seniors, Sophomores and Preps to a game of foot ball which they won by the decisive score of 12 to 0, in one of the most exciting and brilliant contests ever witnessed on the college gridiron. They next tendered the Junior class a banquet at the Hotel Holmes. This was the most successful social event ever taken place in the history of the University.

During their Freshman year they were highly honored by being represented in the State contest by an orator, chosen from their ranks. He came within a very small per cent. of winning the crowning laurels.

They have furnished two football and two baseball captains. The football captain-elect is also a highly respected member of the class.

As Sophomores they were beautifully entertained by their former Junior brothers and sisters, now grown into learned and dignified Seniors. The reception was held in the gymnasium, and while the girls were preparing the feast, the boys incidentally captured twelve prowling Juniors whom they held in captivity as example to their associates.

As Freshmen they were wise beyond their years, being entirely free from the frivolity and petty connivances so characteristic of the usual Freshman.

During this their second year at Otterbein they are recognized as a leading prime factor in raising the scholarship of O. U. to its present high standard.

With their profound wisdom, broad experience, deep insight and unparalleled judgment, coupled with their simplicity and respected dignity, they inspire hopes of revolutionizing the world.

Dr. Snavely and Prof. McFadden are watching their rapid strides with much fatherly pride. They are already looking forward to the not far distant time when the leading pulpits of our land shall be occupied with members of the class of '06. They are eagerly awaiting the day when the halls of Congress shall echo the resounding reverberations of these eloquent voices. They are joyfully anticipating the realization of More's Utopia when the ermine robes of public justice shall fall upon their

worthy shoulders. Methinks I can see these coming glorious achievements and in my dreams I can hear the old familiar cry,

"We win with ease;
We're sure to please;
Down on your knees to Naughty-six."

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Quotations

O wad the powers the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!

Mauk: . .

Tell me,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman,
Such war of white and red within her cheeks. —Shakspere.

Flick:

Greatness, as we see it, is unsociable. —Landor.

Landis:

From a taciturn man, I believe she would transform me into a talker. —Bronte.

Caldwell:

My life is one demd horrid grind. —Dickens.

Geeding, M.:

Thou'rt a woman
And that is saying the best and worst of thee.

Alexander, F.:

Universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries. —Shakspere.

Baker:

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on. —Suckling.

Funk, J.:

God made him and therefore let him pass for a man.
—Shakspere

Weaver, D.:

He's of stature somewhat low,
Your hero should be always tall, you know.

Burtner:

They always talk who never think.

McDonald:

Cares not a pin
What they said, or may say.

Offenhauer:

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads. —Milton.

Pace:

A minister but still a man. —Pope.

Rymer, E. M.:

I am nae poet in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance. —Burns.

Williams:

The nymph surveys him and beholds the grace
Of charming features and a youthful face. —Pope.

Barnett, F.:

For whom do you bind up your tresses?

Ressler, G.:

That word Grace in an ungracious mouth is but profane.
—Shakspere.

Groves, M:

Study to be quiet. —Bible, Thess.

Hursh:

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark. —Shakspere.

Boring:

This is the short—

Bennett, R.:

—and the long of it. —Shakspere.

Bates:

See what a grace was seated on his brow,
Hyperion curls; and the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command.

Burdge:

Upper rooms to rent he has,
Without furniture, but with gas.

Altman:

I charge thee fling away ambition.
By that sin fell the angels.

Maxwell:

And when once the young heart of the maiden is stolen
The maiden herself will steal after it soon. —Moore.

Mumma (Dr. Sanders):

Fast asleep? It's no matter.
Enjoy thy honey-heavy dew of slumber. —Shakspere.

Du Pre:

Retta, like the hazel twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. —Shakspere.

Magruder:

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
She kept the noiseless tenor of her way. —After Gray.

Hewitt, M.:

Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass. —Dryden.

Pershing:

This most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman.
—Shakspere.

Park:

It is, so to speak, an inborn quality of girls to wish to please everything that has a pair of eyes.

Weber:

All that I ask is to be let alone.

Shauck, M.:

'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto your bow.

Hewitt, R.:

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me. —Moore.

FRESHMEN

Freshman Class

Worman, Eugene Clark
Stouffer, Hattie
Scott, Chester
Lambert, Mary Esther
Ayer, James Warren
McBride, Nettie Grace
Burnett, Ernest
Bell, Clair Haydn
Wills, Nora Ethel
Shauck, Katharine
Trimmer, Walter Howard
Zuck, Alice Martha
Bair, William Aaron
Kring, Walter Devaine
Shauck, Robert Weinland
Roberts, Grace
Hollman, Albert Conrad
Bennett, Perez Nathaniel
Bale, Ora Leta
Bale, Fred
Rymer, Karl Halter
Smith, Floyd
Courtright, Mary
Whetstone, Walter Sherman
Garwood, Lynn Eugene
Snavely, William Garfield
Bean, Benjamin Farquar
Charles, Bertha
Risley, Frank
Warner, Margaret Dott
Funk, Nellis Rebok
Lesher, Earl William
Scott, Mary Lillian
Rowley, Lethe
Moore, Dora Bennett
Swartsel, Horace A.
Martin, Charles Harris
Lesher, Minnie Maude
Weimer, Lucetta Elizabeth
Weinland, Mary Shauck
Ash, Warren King
Clifton, Daisy May
Dean, Ethel Minerva
Worstell, Hiram Maynard
Lloyd, Charles Clifton

Freshman Class History

Colors: Royal Purple.

Yell

Baruche! Barumale!
Zip guy yuy!
Mic zic a lic-a-pic!
Guy, guy, guy!
Bing-a-ling! Bing-a-ling,
Bing-a-ling a-leven!
Otterbein! Otterbein! Nineteen-seven!

Hundreds of Freshman classes have frequented the hallowed halls of Otterbein. Year after year these marvels come and go. The inherent spirit of every Freshman class has engendered hopes and inspirations of future greatness. Naturally the thoughts about sheepskins bring sweetest delights to the heart of every Freshie. Three years of hard work is the only barrier to this crown of college efforts.

While such fond ideals have permeated the minds of past Freshmen, the class of Naughty-seven surpasses all others in hopes for fame and admiration. Our faces are turned toward magnificent goals with the resolute determination to conquer every obstacle. We expect to baffle every Doctor and Professor of O. U. with our great discoveries of universal truths and our wonderful inventive brains. However, with all the promising greatness of this most excellent class, no traces of egotism and bigotry are seen to provoke the hatred and criticism of upper classmen. We are a merry, light-hearted and free company of brave soldiers.

The recollection of former Freshmen failures vanishes into thin air when Naughty-seven is mentioned. The SIBYL is proud to devote many pages to its history.

Why is it, that people in general are inclined to ignore Freshmen and call them "greenies?" Our class is composed of wide-awake young men and women, fine looking and pleasing in dress and appearance. Awkwardness is unknown among our ranks. Not one has the usual attack of hayfever from the hayseed in his hair.

Last August when the Faculty sized us up, they gave us the choicest front seats in the chapel without the least remonstrance from anyone. Our superior gifts were recognized by the common consent of student and instructor alike. A few enviable glances were cast in our direction by the less fortunate classes, for our name was "Legion." The originality and cleverness of each member of our class was plainly evident in our midnight pushes, and inspiring and fantastic yells. The royal purple is truly emblematic of the brilliant powers of Naughty-seven. The rulers of the land are adorned in purple robes of greatness, so the high places in Otterbein are occupied by the wearers of the color of majestic sovereignty.

The usual blunders of entering the wrong recitation rooms and mistaking Seniors for janitors were experienced by some of our number during the first week in September. The Bell of our class was inveigled into a snipe-hunt. We have our own Trimmer for decorating purposes. We possess Bales of fine quality in the Oratorical field. Our wits are always kept well sharpened and dull spirits flee before our Whetstone. The Dean of the college is a representative of our class. Whatever we do, we are always applauded by cries of Moore. Forty-six have joined our rank and file. We are marching under the banner of royal purple to the musical rhythm of "Bing-a-ling-a-leven, Otterbein, Otterbein, Nineteen-seven."

Not long after the usual organization meetings we challenged the haughty Sophomores to a tug of war. The challenge was accepted and the date for the conflict was set for October 2d, on the conditions that the losers should pay for the rope, but for some unknown reason they failed to pay for it. You infer from this that we won. Surely we won! The best of good cheer and mirth did not exist between the two classes for several weeks after our glorious victory. The loyal Freshmen girls entertained their brave heroes, their defenders of the *Royal Purple,* by a rather formal (?) banquet in President Scott's recitation room. We left him a nice little lunch for the use of his room. On the following day he made a personal speech of thanks to our class president, Mr. Worman. He greatly appreciated the honor we had bestowed upon him in selecting *his* room for our feast and gave us a cordial invitation to use it again any time we could get in the college building.

After such a jolly time together, we eagerly anticipated the evening of October 5th, so soon to follow, which we were to spend at the country home of Miss Mary Courtright. No class was ever more royally entertained than we were on that eventful evening.

One of the principal feats of great valor in our history was accomplished when we defeated the Sophomores in an exciting basket ball game by a score of 31 to 3. Our faithful allies, the Juniors, surpassed us by three points in the final game of the class series, so the championship was lost to us for this year.

After numerous class meetings we entertained the class of Naughty-five by a leap-year banquet on the evening of March 8th. The charming class spirit and close sympathy existing between the two classes was exhibited to an almost alarming degree. The Juniors are proud of us and we are proud of the Juniors.

Another mark of our mental strength is prominently noticeable in the fact that one of our number represented the University in the State Oratorical Contest. He won third place and we think deserved even higher honors than he received.

In short terms we are a great honor to Otterbein. We can point with just pride to orators, poets, musicians, lawyers, actors, artists and preachers. No wonder we can say:

"The class of O. U. that leads the rest is the class of Naughty-seven, loyal hearted Freshmen."

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Song

Tune: Stars and Stripes Forever.

Join in the song with voices strong
And swell the mighty chorus to the skies.
Oh, wondrous class whom none surpass,
To thee we're bound by loving ties!
And emblem of the brave and true—
Our hearts and hands are both for you—
The purple banner, royal hue,
Is Freshman's joy and hope.
Other classes may deem themselves the best
And thus shout with great exultation,
But the class of O. U. that leads the rest
Is the class Naughty-seven, loyal-hearted Freshmen.

Then hurrah for the colors we love,
May they wave as our banner forever!
And all other classes above
May the purple ever be !
Naughty-seven, our hearts turn to thee
And we all with a mighty endeavor
Will strive ever loyal to be.
And in thy name
And for thy fame
We'll work together.

DAISY M. CLIFTON, '07.

Freshman Quotations

What we know here is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense. —Laplace.

Worman:

My nose is huge!
'Tis an appendage I am proud to bear,
Because a large nose is the unfailing sign
Of a good man and kindly, generous,
Courteous, full of courage and of wit. —Rostand.

Charles, W.:

'Tis hard for an empty sack to stand alone.

Funk, N.:

Did you see how he walks like a grand aristocrat, serenely silent?

Bean:

I hear a hollow sound. Who rapped my skull?

Ayer:
They are never alone who are accompanied with great thoughts?
—Sidney.

Rowley:
Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever. —Shakspere.

Lambert:
Words, words, words. —Shakspere.

Lesher, M.:
Is she not passing fair? —Shakspere.

Bair:
So wise, so young, they do say ne'er live long.

Hollman:
Is most intolerable and not to be endured. —Shakspere.

Garwood:
Such stuff the world is made of.

Bale, F. G.:
Framework all right, rest not completely finished.

Wills:
There is a language in her eye, her cheek,
Her lips; nay, her foot doth speak.

Weinland:
Every woman prefers prettiness to saintliness. —Goethe.

Warner:
Why should I blush to own I love?
Birds can fly, why can't I?

Shauck, K.:
Woman is fickle and ever changeable. —Virgil.

Whetstone:
I play the whetstone; useless and unfit
To cut myself, I sharpen other people's wits. —Creech.

Martin:
The atrocious crime of being a young man. —Pitt.

Kring:
A voice and nothing more.

Lesher, E.:
Nowher so busy a man as he ther n'as
And yet he seemed besier than he was. —Chaucer.

Swartsel:
List to the thunder of his voice.

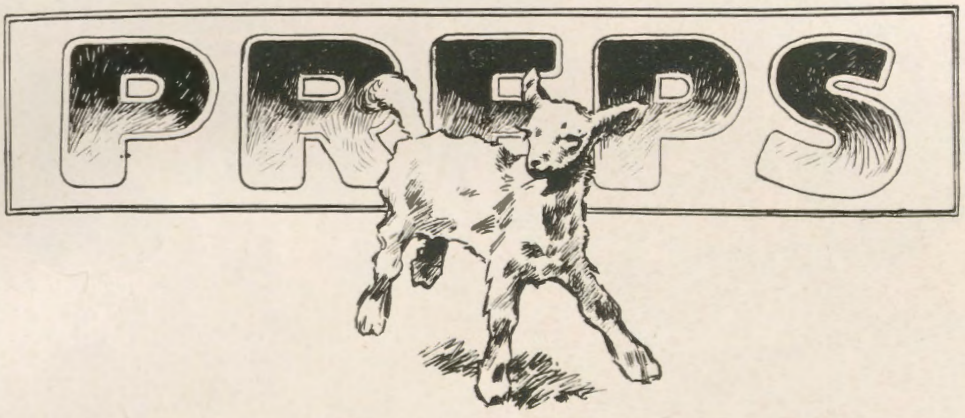
Lloyd, R.:
Like some slim sapling of the wood.

Ash, W.:
He did nothing in particular and did it very well.

Bennett, P.:
From the sublime—

Snavely:
—to the ridiculous.

Burnett, E.:
They say, best men are molded out of faults. —Shakspere.
Trimmer:
That fellow would vulgarize the day of judgment.—Kipling.
Scott, L.:
There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.
—Shakspere.
Courtright, M.:
She's beautiful therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Scott, C.:
I never knew so young a body with so old a head.—Shakspere.
Stouffer, H.:
I am resolved to look young until forty.
Shauck, R.:
There's mischief in this man. —Shakspere.
Roberts, G.:
I dote on his very absence. —Shakspere.
McBride:
Her smile was prodigal of summery shine—
Gaily persistent—like a morn in June. —Preston.
Worstell, H.:
He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower. —Milton.
Smith, F.:
The man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. —Shakspere.
Risley, F.:
Arms crossed, brow bent, thought-immersed,
A student indeed. —Browning.
Dean: This is the flower that smiles on everyone. —Shakspere.
Bale, O.:
This is a lesson we cannot learn to soon, that the world can go on, easily, without us. —Goethe.
Weimer:
A woman's at best a contradiction still.
Clifton: As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers for the numbers came. —Pope.
Moore, D.:
So quiet a girl you seldom see.
Zuck, A.:
A creature of dumps and doles,
But most undeniably fair.
Rymer, C.:
I pride myself upon being a stubborn man.
Bell: I am a man, that is, I wear pants.


PREPS

The Academy

Eckstine, Calvin George
Sexauer, Llewellyn
Galliett, Harold Howard
Funk, Frank Wesley
Young, Harry Emitt
Porter, Elmer Lloyd
Shimmel, Jesse Edward
Roberts, Edna
Hollman, Edward Frederick
Maxwell, Harry Harold
Hoover, Harvey Floyd
Schear, Edward Waldo Emerson
Charles, William Andrew
Gerlaugh, Elizabeth
Demuth, William Clark
Wade, Van Dola
Ressler, Roy Sammis
Lemon, Walter
Euverard, Clara Magdalene
Ressler, Ethel
Johnston, Leroy Albert
Mangus, Elizabeth Amelia
Postlethwait, Samuel Leroy
Frank, Eva Dessie
McMahon, Lola Ree

Clymer, Irvin Lloyd
Deller, Estella
Washburn, Dott
McMahon, Flora
Good, Jeanette
Lucas, Maude Leone
King, Clarence Raymond
Ewers, Charles Addison
Mills, George Wesley
Knox, Jay Flickinger
Todd, Granville Harry
Worstell, Sylvia Belle
Mumma, Golda Emma
Dunmire, Homer Stuart
Blackshare, Lena
Habegger, William
Albright, David Russell
Alexander, Karl Blenn
Ash, Frank
Barton, Dora K.
Baird, Hester Amanda
Bender, George DeWitt
Fossard, Bertha Adell
Christman, Maggie
Counsellor, Clona Zifkara

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Flashman, Charles
Courtright, Florence
Dehnhoff, Charles Virgil
Denlinger, Arthur William
Garst, Minnie Pauline
Geeding, Adam
Geiger, Brent Clifford
Ditmer, Merlin Ammon
Dobbie, Isabel
Grant, Claudius
Drinkwater, Murl Mae
Hall, Bovey
Hall, Minnie Agnes
Hall, Otterbein
Hamilton, Catharine
Hanawalt, Maud Lucretia
Hansford, Emory
Hansford, Ethel
Hansford, Maud
Heckert, Beatrice Clyde
DuPre, Daisy Grace
Holmes, Chloe Katharine
Holmes, James Edward
Kiehl, Samuel Jacob
Lawrence, John
Lesher, Clara Rebecca
Louthain, William
Robinson, Charles Mark
Roby, Joseph Clarence
Rymer, William Day
Luh, Philip Casper
Scott, Ora Belle
Major, George Hay
Sheperd, Kate
Sherrick, Hazel
Miller, Ethel Dent
Snavely, May
Monroe, Bessie
Ulrich, Christian Owen
Mumma, Paul
Ong, Olive Anna
Weaver, Earl Crosby
Winkle, Oscar Clarence
Work, Clara Louise
Postlewaite, Paul Revere
Yager, Blanche Emagene
Raber, Edna

Academy History

Colors: Navy Blue, Gold and Scarlet.

Yell

Whoa! Oh no, move along, get along,
Jump along, hop! Prepdom! Prepdom!
Always on top! Day time, night time,
Suntime, moon-time, never stop!
Prepdom! Prepdom! Always on top!

It has always been the chief delight of the upper classmen of Otterbein to sneer and poke fun at the Preps. Evidently they think such treatment will lessen the bravery and daring so characteristic of our notable battalion. We look back over our victories of this year with satisfaction and pride. We have succeeded in all our undertakings and know that others have seriously felt the pressure of this success.

The first thing of any importance that we did in the fall term was to call a meeting for the purpose of finding out the quantity and quality of our company. We elected officers. In this no lack of good judgment was displayed, for wise and crafty men and women were chosen to discharge the exceedingly responsible duties of these offices. In C. G. Eckstine we have a president of great executive ability and of sterling character, and in S. J. Kiehl a man of thuro scholarship to aid in guiding our craft thru troubled waters. No lack of enthusiasm and class spirit could be traced in these gallant young people who had so recently left their paternal care, to give "Prexie" Scott a few lessons in the discipline of tricky and mischievous, undeveloped, human entities.

One night in the fall term when the moon shone bright and the stars sang love ditties, our party indulged in a most enjoyable hay-ride. We refuse to give a description of the shy goo-gooing and wild wooing that will so long be remembered by each naughty-four Prep.

Vivid recollection of another night in the fall term now presents itself for consideration. The Seniors undertook to entertain the "Sophs" in the "gym." A few of the more daring Preps took the responsibility upon themselves of furnishing part of the menu, which part consisted of eggs "well done." Unfortunately one of this number fell into the hands of these upper classmen. He was taken into their midst and forced to partake of that part of the menu which he had so cheerfully helped to provide. However, this did not effect his daring nature for he bore his torture like a real martyr.

After waging this successful battle all the Preps settled down to hard work. However, we have always been accused of being mischief-makers. So when the door of the Town Hall was blockaded during the Freshman-Junior banquet, naturally we were blamed for it. At any rate

the joke was on the Freshmen, for they had to bear the expenses of repairing the door. Such heroic feats as the above is proof of our efficiency for the coming arduous tasks as Freshies, Sophs and, perhaps, Juniors. As space is limited, the historian will not attempt to speak of individual merits This would necessitate the naming of every Prep in particular which would more than fill a volume of the SIBYL. It will suffice to say that we have the best aggregation of Preps that has frequented the halls of Otterbein for years.

HISTORIAN.

Preps., Art and Music Quotations

Young:

And both were Young and one was beautiful. —Byron

Eckstine (on meeting):

And Satan stood awhile
As mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply. —Milton.

Kiehl:

Night after night.
He sat and bleared his eyes with books.

Crabbs:

What stature is she of? Just as high as his heart.—Browning.

Post, H.. }
Post, L.: } Two lovely berries molded on one stem. —Shakspere.

Postlewaite, P.:

There was a little man and he had a little soul,
And he said, little soul, let us try, try, try! —Moore.

Thompson, N.:

I have no other but a woman's reason.
I think him so, because I think him so. —Shakspere.

Johnston

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon. I must slumber again."

Iles, J.:

Thy wily ways do win all sorts of men.

Lesher, C.:

How pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blushed again.

Courtright, F.:

O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully —Shakspere.

Science Hall and Laboratory

MUSIC.

Music Department

Department of Music

Of the influences that promote interest and enthusiasm in all departments of college life, that which emanates from the department of music may well be counted among the first. This influence finds its center in the Conservatory of Music and is radiated through the orchestras, glee clubs, and other musical organizations.

For the past nine years the Conservatory has been presided over by Doctor Meyer. Under his efficient direction the quality of work done has attracted students not only from all parts of this state but from neighboring states. The department has far outgrown its home and it has become necessary to use rooms in the Association Building. Eighteen pianos are now owned by the college and these, along with several private ones, are in constant use.

There are at present one hundred and seven regular music students. In his own work Doctor Meyer has more applicants than he can accommodate, and he has been compelled to refuse admission to a number. Application for admission is often made several months and sometimes a year in advance.

A choral society of about forty voices meets each week and is one of the practical features of the work in music. Professor Bendinger, the director, is now preparing them to give "Rose Maiden," a cantata by Fredric Cowen.

The instructors are as follows: Gustav Meyer, Ph. D., Director; Professor J. A. Bendinger, Voice Culture; Lulu May Baker, Piano Assistant; Herbert G. Eagleson, Violin; Ludema A. Van Anda, Mandolin and Guitar; Calvin C. Eckstine, Leader of College Band.

Music Department

Badgley, Iccie Anna
Baker, Lulu May
Barnes, Ella Pricilla
Bean, Benjamin Farquar
Brubaker, Uriah Benjamin
Brundage, Ruth LaMeine
Burdge, LeRoy
Burke, Ruth
Cooper, Nina
Crabbs, Mabelle
Crouse, Lora Glenn
Decker, Edna
Deller, William
Ditmer, Merlin Ammon
Dobbie, Isabel
Drinkwater, Murl Mae
DuPre, Daisy Grace
Finkbone, Hazel
Fox, Sophia
Frank, Eva Dessie
Geeter, Lola Katharine
Gerlaugh, Elizabeth
Ginbey, Anna
Griffiths, Lula Marie
Good, Jeanette
Gorsuch, Margaret
Graden, Wilda
Griffiths, Lula May
Martin, Lula Arsella
Mauk, Lillian
Mauk, Plezza
Maxwell, Harry
McLeod, Luella Rosamond
McCoy, Meda
Miller, Ethel
Miller, Ethel Dent
Mumma, Golda
Offenhauer, Roy Ernest
Ong, Olive Anna
Osborn, Helen
Osborn, Henrietta Belle
Post, Hattie
Post, Launa
Postlewaite, Paul Revere
Powell, Gertrude
Remaley, Anabel
Ressler, Grace
Ressler, John Earl
Ressler, Lillian
Roberts, Emma
Stark, Blanche
Robbins, Beulah Caroline
Robbins, Myrta Clara
Rowley, Lethe
Rymer, Mary
Scott, Chester

Groves, Mamie
Hanawalt, Edith
Hanawalt, Maude
Hanson, Nelle
Heckert, Beatrice Clyde
Hendrickson, Charles Wesley
Hewitt, Mary Elizabeth
Hewitt, Raymond Leroy
Hughes, Thomas Edwin
Hursh, Edwin May
Iles, Jessica
Johnson, Goldie Florence
Kitch, Delia May
Kring, Walter Devaine
Lesher, Clara Rebecca
Lesher, Mary
Lesher, Minnie Maude
Louthain, William
Magruder, Daisy
Markley, Josephine Miriam
Schear, Edward Waldo Emerson
Sherrick, Hazel
Smith, Lucile Helen
Snavely, Mary May
Spreng, Blanche
Stark, Blanche
Stouffer, Hattie
Thompson, Nora
Ulrich, Christian Owen
Ward, William Edwin
Warner, Margaret
Weimer, Lucetta
Weinland, Mary Shauck
Wells, Frank
Williams, Clarence
Wilson, Dudley Reed
Worstell, Nettie Theressa
Yager, Blanche
Young, Harry Emitt

Davis Conservatory of Music
Association Building

ART DEPARTMENT

Art Department

Students in Department of Art

Bale, Ora
Barnum, Mae
Beal, Theodore
Brubaker, Uriah Benjamin
Brundage, Ruth
Clark, Amanda
Clements, Sarah
Clifton, Daisy
Courtright, Florence
Courtright, Mary
Flick, Ira Carlton
Grant, Claudia
Hewitt, Mary
Hughes, Belle
Jones, Olive Morrison
Lambert, Mary
Lesher, Clara
Lesher, Paul
Magruder, Daisy
Maxwell, Ora Belle
McMahon, Flora
McMullen, Anna
Miller, Ethel
Monroe, Bertha
Monrose, John George
Moore, Iona
Post, Launa
Ressler, Ethel
Ritenour, Virginia
Roby, Mabel
Schrock, Ola
Scott, Georgiana
Sexauer, Llewellyn
Shauck, Mary
Shaw, Roland
Sheperd, Kate
Stark, Blanche
Sumption, Winifred
Thompson, Nora
Turner, Emilie Waldo
Weaver, Edna
Weinland, Mary
Wheaton, Daisy
Worstell, Hiram Maynard

The Art Studio

Never before in the history of Otterbein University has the interest in art been so manifest as during the past few years. This year, an unusual appreciation of the beautiful and aesthetic side of life and nature is shown among the students by an increased enrollment in this department. Under the guidance and direction of our most excellent teacher, Mrs. Scott, the work done is approaching a high degree of perfection.

China painting, Oil and Water Color have attracted much attention, but drawing from casts and still life studies reveals the pupil's deepening insight into the essential value of true art. Our students realize the necessity of mastering the fundamental principles.

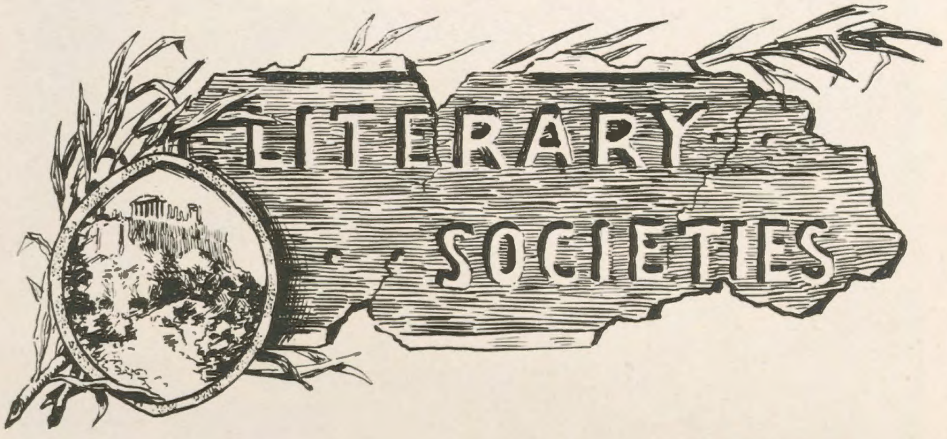
Drawing is the means to a higher end, the foundation, without which the art student cannot attain to a supreme appreciation of the truly beautiful. Our art teacher has succeeded in convincing her students that drawing is fundamental to successful work in art, and the fruit of her sowing is being seen, in that so many art pupils are choosing this ground work, so that their advanced efforts might prove more efficient and satisfactory.

Pyrography and Wood-carving also receive some attention, but this year the work in china seems to be in the ascendency. This is perhaps due to the improved facilities for firing the china. A new kiln has been placed in the studio the past year.

This year an assistant was needed to aid Mrs. Scott in her department and Miss Bertha Monroe has filled this place very satisfactorily, especially in connection with the instruction in Burnt Work.

Every student has the privilege of selecting any particular phase of the work and as no part is slighted, we have some models of excellent workmanship for the exhibition during commencement week.

The work accomplished is a credit to the University and a pride to the students. Otterbein shows her gradual development in the growing interest in art. The primary function of art is not amusement, but a revelation of self, an expression of freedom in the form of gracefulness. The pleasure and delight gained from the harmonizing of material things by means of skilled fingers with the spiritual activities of the soul is the source of exquisite joy to the artist. Furthermore he finds self reflected in that he makes real his ideals. We are pleased to know that our students have something of this high conception of are and are availing themselves of the exceptional opportunity of improving and cultivating the aesthetic part of their natures.


LITERARY
SOCIETIES

Philomathean Literary Society

Philomathean Literary Society

Founded March 19, 1858 Color: White

Motto: Quaerere Nostrum Studium est.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Bale, F. G.
Bennett, P. N.
Bennett, R. D.
Bell, C. H.
Bookman, C. M.
Burdge, L. R.
Charles, W. A.
Cowan, Clyde E.
Deller, W. N.
Demuth, W. C.
Eckstine, C. G.
Ewers, A. C.
Galliett, H. H.
Garwood, L. E.
Geeding, *A.*
Hamilton, G. C.
Hewitt, R. L.
Hollman, E. F.
Hollman, A. C.
King, C. R.
Landis, A. E.
Luh, P. C.
Morain, J. L.
Offenhauer, R.
Pershing, J. H.
Porter, E. L.
Rosselot, A. P.
Scott, C. R.
Sexauer, L.
Starkey, C. M.
Snavely, W. G.
Ulrich, C. O.
Ulrich, L.
Ward, W. E.
Warson, L. W.
Weitkamp, A. H.
Wise, C. G.
Worman, E. C.

Young, H. E.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Weber, W. A.
Durrant, E. C.
Smith, F. L.
Roby, J. C.
Johnson, L. A.
Lemon, W.
Flick, I. C.
Hager, F. L.
Wade, V. D.
Alexander, C.
Habegger, W.
Ash, W. K.
Swartsel, H. A.
Ash, F. J.
Robinson, C. M.

Philalethean Literary Society

Philalethean Literary Society

Founded 1852 Colors: White and Old Rose

Motto: Veritas Nostrum Clipeum

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Georgiana Scott
Mary Baker
Nellie Boring
Mary Courtright
Ethel Crouse
Mayme Geeding
Mary Hewitt
Jessie Mumma
Alice Kiester
Mary Shauck
Georgie Park
Amy Ward
Mary Weinland
Estella Deller
Lillian Mauk
Ora Bale
Nora Thompson
Lillian Scott
Bertha Bossard
Katharine Shauck
Nora Wills
Daisy Magruder
Margaret Warner
Elizabeth Gerlaugh
Virginia Ritenour
Mabelle Crabbs
Florence Courtright
Ethel Dean
Clara Euverard
Dot Washburn

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Alice Zuck
Ora Belle Scott
Edna Decker
Iccie Badgley
May Snavely
Edna Raber
Lucetta Weimer
Mrs. Kate Sheperd
Minnie Garst
Jeanette Good
Nellie Hanson
Edith Hanawalt
Maud Hanawalt
Glenn Crouse
Isabel Dobbie
Golda Mumma
Maud Lucas
Mrs. Mabel Roby
Grace Roberts
Edna Roberts
Lulu Martin
Bertha Spreng
Lola McMahon
Flora McMahon
Goldie Johnson

Philophronean Literary Society

Philophronean Literary Society

Founded March 12, 1858 Color: Blue

Motto: *Φιλία καί Φρόνημα*

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Altman, C. O.
Albright, D. R.
Ayer, J. W.
Bean, B. F.
Bates, S. W.
Brubaker, U. B.
Burtner, E. E.
Burnett, E. J.
Callender, R. A.
Ditmer, M. A.
Denhoff, C. V.
Dunmire, H. S.
Denlinger, A. W.
Flashman, C. C.
Funk, N. R.
Funk, J. W.
Funk, F. W.
Gantz, W. M.
Good, C. M.
Hughes, T. E.
Hursh, E. M.
Hendrickson, C. W.
Kring, W. D.
Kiehl, S. J.
Lesher, E. W.
Maxwell, H. H.
McMullen, E. W.
McDonald, F. A.
Major, G. H.
Pace, E. J.
Postlethwait, S. L.
Postlewaite, P. R.
Rymer, E. M.
Rymer, K. H.
Risley, F. A.
Shively, B. F.
Williams, H. M.
Worstell, H. M.
Rymer, W. D.
Schear, W. E.
Trimmer, W. H.
Wilson, D. R.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Caldwell, G. T.
Grant, Claude
Hansford, E. H.
Hall, B. M.
Hall, O.
Knox, J.
Lloyd, C. C.
Lauthain, Wm.
Mills, S. W.
Ressler, R. S.
Shauck, R. W.
Schimmel, J. E.
Williams, C.
Whetstone, W. G.

Cleiorhetean Literary Society

Cleiorhetean Literary Society

Founded 1871 Colors: Light Blue and Tan

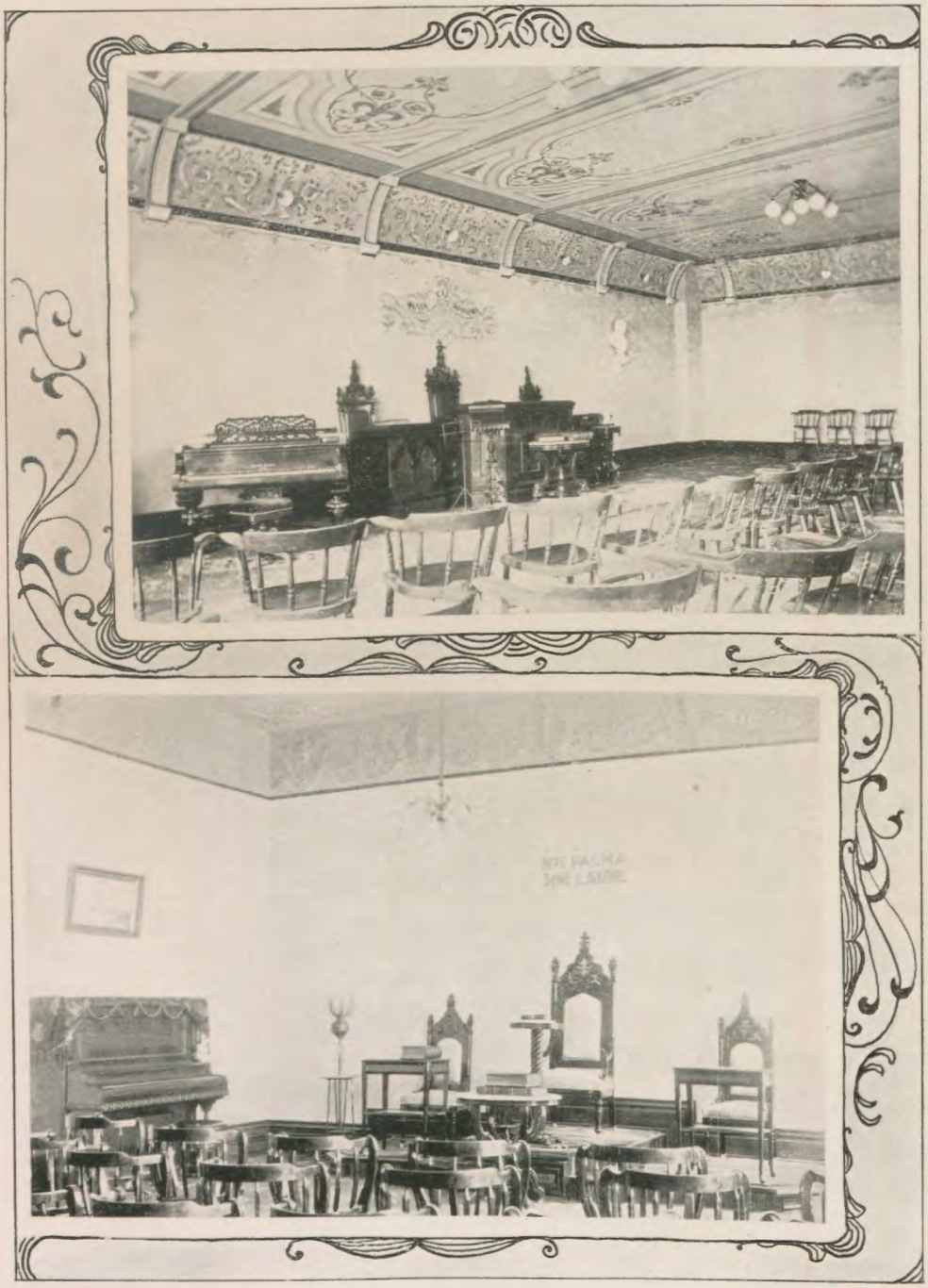
Motto: Non Palma sine Labore

ACTIVE MEMBERS

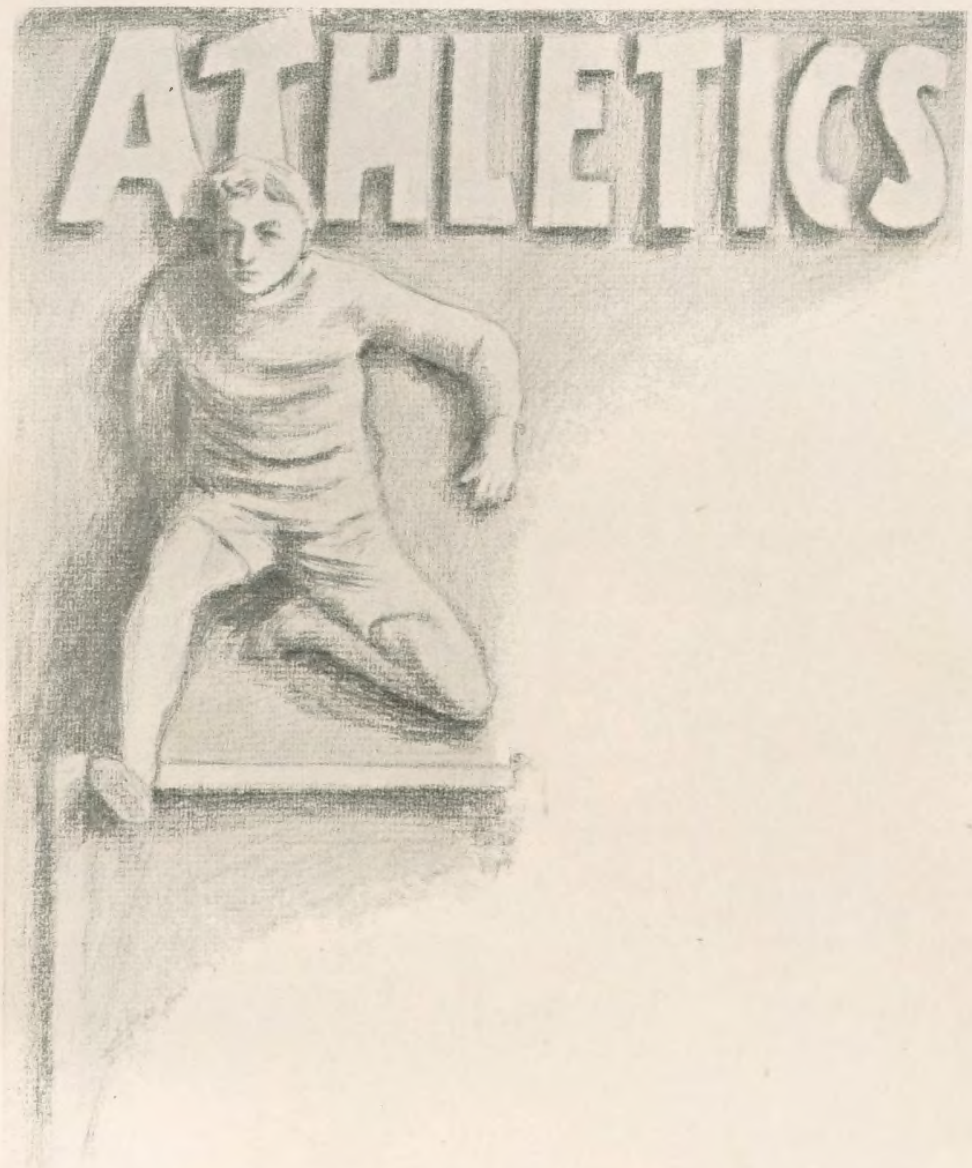
Hester Baird
Ella Barnes
Frances Barnett
Bertha Crarles
Mrs. Amanda Clark
Daisy Clifton
Muriel Drinkwater
Henrietta DuPre
Eva Frank
Arletta Hendrickson
Carrie Hendrickson
Ethel Hansford
Mrs. Minnie A. Hall
Katharine Hamilton
Jessica Iles
Minnie Lesher
Grace Lloyd
Mary Lambert
Josephine Markley
Ora Maxwell
Plezza Mauk
Mabel Moore
Edna Moore
Dora Moore
Meda McCoy
Grace McBride
Mrs. E. J. Pace
Mamie Groves
Fanny Alexander
Grace Ressler
Ethel Ressler
Anabel Remaley
Dora Weaver

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Maud Hansford
Ethel Miller
Grace DuPre
Blanche Yager
Hattie Stouffer
Clyde Heckert
Lillian Ressler
Florence Allen
Helen Osborn
Elizabeth Mangus
Silvia Worstell
Laura Post
Hattie Post
Claudia Grant
Hazel Sherrick
Miss Kitch
Clara Lesher
Edna Weaver
Edith Miller
Lena Blackshare
Clara Worstell
Mrs. Anna McMullen
Wilma Bartlett
Mary Rymer
Artinsel Gorsuch
Nettie Therissa Worstell
Bertha Monroe



Philophronean Hall
Cleiorhetean Hall


ATHLETICS

Football Team

Athletic Association

Before considering the progress made in the several departments of athletics at Otterbein some general remarks should perhaps be made. After one year of trial the new system of athletics may be said to be on the whole successful, and with some revisions it will be continued. The constitution of the Athletic Association has been revised and the respective duties of the graduate and student managers more clearly defined.

H. R. Jones, '98, has been elected graduate manager and a vigorous and judicious management of athletics can be expected under his supervision.

It is to be regretted that H. R. Keene could not have been retained thruout the year. He had proven himself a good foot-ball coach and a gentlemanly all-round athlete who had the success of Otterbein's athletic team sincerely at heart.

Hereafter the 'Varsity O will be awarded to the members of the foot-ball, baseball, basket-ball and track team. This move will add greatly to the interest in athletics and is sure to find favor with all who are interested in Otterbein.

Financially, the Athletic Association is getting on a firm basis and by the end of the year hopes to be out of debt.

The foot ball outlook at the opening of the season of 1903 was, to say the least, very discouraging. Of last year's "'Varsity," but five were out on the field for practice, and the new material, while willing and enthusiastic, was very light for a college team. Truly Coach Keene faced a difficult problem. A line, equal to the task of opposing the best in the state, had to be constructed from players who were no heavier than the average high school player. He set to work with the material in hand and the measure of success attained under the circumstances is remarkable Two victories and one tie out of eight games played is a commendable record in view of the class of teams that were played, and the run of ill luck in the matter of injuries that seemed to follow the team. The game with O. S. U. on September 26th was as usual the first of the season. The defenders of the tan and cardinal made a good fight, but the greater weight, rough playing and superior training of our opponents told in the end, and we were defeated by a score of 18-0.

On October 10th a little patched-up squad of foot ball players was sent up against the heavy team of Ohio Northern University. Otterbein played a good game. The light line held well against their weighty opponents, and several gains for good distances were made by our back field. Funk's place kick saved O. U. from a shut out. Score, 23-5.

The game with O. M. U. was a surprise on both sides. It seemed almost impossible that our light team could hold the Medics as it did. The game was clean and fair from start to finish, and tho beaten by a score of 24-0, the Otterbein warriors returned to camp with a satisfied feeling.

The following week a crippled, over-trained team was sent up to Delaware, there to suffer the worst defeat of the season. Otterbein showed splendid offensive work during the first five minutes of play and gained a touch-down, but after that the Methodists had things their own way.

The next game was played with Wooster on the home grounds Saturday, October 31. A more interesting and exciting contest could hardly be imagined and this was without doubt the best game of the year. It was fiercely contested. Captain Bates was injured and forced to leave the field. Things looked rather gloomy for Otterbein for a time, but a sensational end run in the last few seconds of play turned the tide for the tan and cardinal, and we were able to credit the team with a well-earned victory by a score of 12-10.

Ohio University at Athens was next on the schedule and we kept up the good work by defeating them, 22-0. The back field in this game did particularly good work, making many long runs.

The last inter-collegiate game of the season was with Dennison at Westerville on November 21st. The defeat we experienced that day was due to an ill-fated combination of wretched fumbling, hard luck, and lack of head work at critical moments. Otterbein outplayed the opposing team in straight football and at times was a veritable stone wall on defense. But a fumble can undo a great deal of good solid work and we lost, 18-0.

The season closed with the game with the Dayton Athletic Club on Thanksgiving Day. The score of 0-0 represents a spiritless and careless contest, which should have been a victory for Otterbein.

On the whole the record of the season was fairly good, and Coach Keene, of Brown, deserves great credit for the manner in which he developed the material at his command.

The financial support given by the school was not as good as that of the previous season, and the enthusiasm should have been more pronounced. The good old Otterbein spirit cropped out a little during the Wooster game, and the whole hearted rooting on that occasion did much to win a victory.

Captain Bates did good faithful work and he proved to be one of the best captains that O. U. has ever had.

The following players played on the team during the year:

Player	Position	Halves Played	Player	Position	Halves Played
Bates	L. H.	15	Ayer	G.	7
Altman	R. E.	15	Flick	F. & T.	6
Bennett	C.	14	Worstell	R. G.	5
Rosselot	L. G.	14	Pfinney	T.	4
Lloyd	Quarter	14	Postlewaite	T.	3
McDonald	L. T.	12	Van Sickle	T.	2
Shively	R. H.	10	Williams	G.	2
Funk	F.	8	McCleod	C.	2
Clymer	L. E.	7	Van Buskirk	G.	2
Bookman	R. T., Q., H., & F.	7	Deller	T.	2
Gantz	L. E. & H.	7	Kiehl.	E.	1

Last spring Otterbein was represented on the diamond by one of the best teams she has had in several years; and this, too, in spite of the fact that the support given by the student body in general was very poor. Of seven games played, three were victories for O. U., while one, the game with Capital at Columbus, was forfeited. For one thing the team was very fortunate in its captain. Bates proved to be a splendid field-general and furthermore showed the ability to get the maximum amount of work the team.

The pitching department was well taken care of by Sanders and Lloyd, who alternated in the box during the season. In fact all the boys played good ball, and the chief fault was a lack of ability to hit the ball at critical times. The following players made up the team:

SANDERS	Pitcher
LLOYD	Pitcher
FLICK	Catcher
FUNK	First Base
BOOKMAN	Second Base
KRING	Short Stop
BATES (Capt.)	Third Base
TITUS	Left Field
HUGHES	Center Field
POSTLEWAITE	Right Field

The prospects for this season are good and there is no reason why Otterbein should not have a winning team, provided the players come out and work faithfully. Last year's infield remains intact, and there is promising new material in school which will make the old men hustle to keep their positions. Manager Altman has completed a good schedule, and with Bookman as captain, we will surely have a successful season.

Basketball Teams

Enthusiasm in basket ball was high in Otterbein last winter, and the record made by the team is an excellent one. Eight games have been played, and of these, five have been victories for O. U. One game only was lost in the home gymnasium.

Manager Wise had arranged an excellent schedule which was, on the whole, well supported by the student body. But one bad defeat was suffered —that at the hands of the O. S. U. team in the O. S. U. gym. Unfamiliarity with the floor and lack of training accounts for the overwhelming score. The best work done by the team was in the return game with Ohio State at our own gymnasium. The boys played splendidly and it was only by the hardest kind of work that the Scarlet and Gray succeeded in coming off victors.

T. E. Hughes made an excellent captain and proved to be particularly expert in goal throwing. The 'Varsity line-up was as follows:

T. E. Hughes, Left Forward, Captain.
C. M. Bookman, Right Forward.
W. N. Deller, Center.
C. G. Wise, Right Guard.
Ira Flick, Left Guard.

The following is Otterbein's record for the season:
Dec. 12.—O. U., 35; O. W. U., 17.
Jan. 9.—O. U., 10; O. S. U., 74.
Jan. 16.—O. U., 18; Kenyon, 17.
Jan 23.—O. U., 28; O. S. U., 37.
Jan. 30.—O. U., 12; Kenyon, 31.
Feb. 6.—O. U., 46; Bliss School, 22.
March 5.—O. U., 59; Newark, 23.
March 18.—O. U., 40; Mutes, 21.
Total—O. U., 248; Opponents, 242.

Girls' Basketball

The basket ball fever seized upon the fair sex as well as upon their brothers, and Otterl ein was represented by an excellent team. Five games have been played. Heidelberg was defeated twice, while one game each was lost to O. S. U., Muskingum College, and East High School. Miss Ora Maxwell made a good captain and has played a steady game at forward. Grace Ressler proved to have considerable abiliity at goal throwing, doing particularly fine work in the second game with Heidelberg. The playing of "the twins" has been a feature in all the games. In fact all the girls have done good work, and in spite of the three defeats they can look back on the season with pride. The following girls composed the team: Misses Maxwell, Hewitt, Shauck, Lloyd, Heckert, Clifton, Allen, Grace Ressler, Ethel Ressler, and Hansford.

Field and Track Events

Track Athletics

After two years of sad neglect, track athletics last spring again assumed a place on the list of college activities at Otterbein. An interesting and closely contested class field meet was held on Tuesday, June 2, 1903. A large crowd of enthusiastic spectators was present and in spite of the fact that no records were broken, the field day may be said to have been fairly successful. The following score was the result of the contest: '07, 69 points; '06, 61 points; '05, 26 points.

The prospect for a good track team this year is encouraging and at least one inter-collegiate meet will be held. Success in this can come only as a result of consistent training and faithful practice. With the support of the whole school we have every reason to expect a victory such as has in past years graced the tan and cardinal.

Records

Event	Winner	Second	Record
100 Yds. Dash	Funk, '07	Detmer, '07	11¼ sec.
3-5 Mile Bicycle	Williams, '07	Bryant, '06	1:51
440 Yds. Dash	Starkey, '05	Ayer, '07	57 sec.
120 Yds. Hurdle	Funk, '07	Hughes, '05	20 sec.
220 Yds. Dash	Funk, '07	Detmer, '07	25 3-5 sec.
1 Mile Bicycle	Williams, '07	Bryant, '06	3:10
880 Yds. Run	Starkey, '05	Bates, '06	2:31
220 Yds. Hurdle	Funk, '07	Flick, '06	32¼ sec.
1 Mile Run	Starkey, '05	Bates, '06	6:10¾
Relay Race	1907	1906	
Running High Jump	Funk, '07	Starkey, '05	5 ft. 1 in.
16 lb. Shot Put	Flick, '06	Worman, '07	31 ft. 11 in.
Running Broad Jump	Lloyd, '06	Ressler, '07	18 ft. 2 in.
Pole Vault	Flick, '06	Starkey, '05	7 ft. 6 in.
Standing Broad Jump	Lloyd, '06	Flick, '06	9 ft. 8¼ in.
16 lb. Hammer Throw	Flick, '06	Bailey, '06	73 ft.

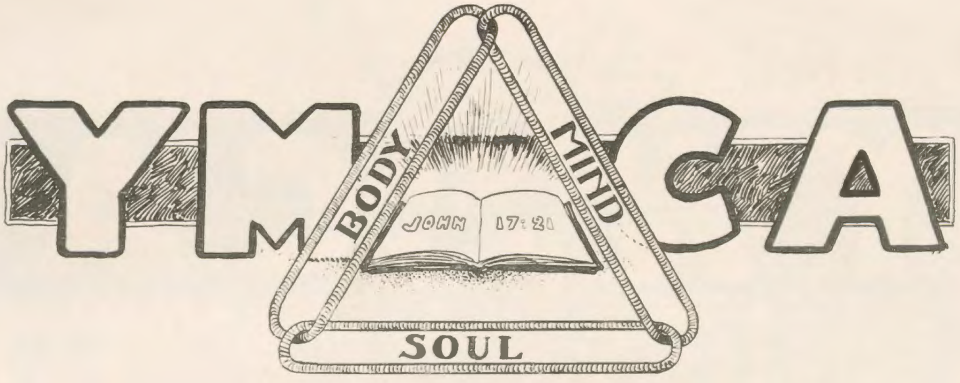
OFFICIAL BOARD.

S. W. BATES - - - - - - - - - President
C. G. ECKSTINE - - - - - - - - Vice President
N. R. FUNK - - - - - - - - - - Secretary
C. M. STARKEY - - - - - - - - - Treasurer
B. F. SHIVELY R. L. HEWITT
H. R. JONES - - - - - - - - Graduate Manager

	MANAGERS	CAPTAINS
Foot Ball - -	C. M. BOOKMAN -	S. W. BATES
Track Team -	R. L. HEWITT -	C. M. STARKEY
Base Ball - -	C. O. ALTMAN -	IRA FLICK
Basket Ball - -	C. G. WISE - -	T. E. HUGHES

MISCELLANEOUS
ORGANIZATIONS

Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Cabinets



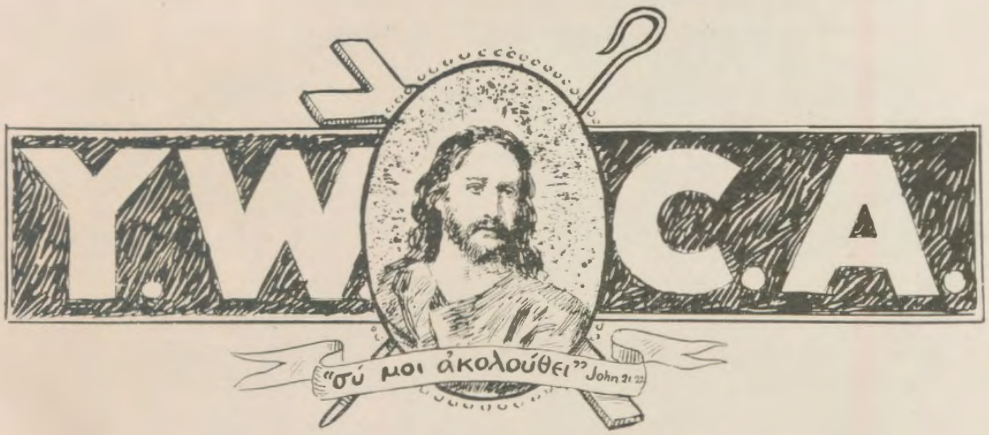
The characteristic Otterbein spirit, so marked among her students, is the product of several different activities. These have been working and leavening for so many years that no matter how many students come and go, the college atmosphere and influence remain the same. One of the most potent of these forces has been the Christian Association.

Nurtured by a devout church, Otterbein was among the first to take part of this noble line of endeavor. Altho many successful seasons of Association work in Otterbein have been recorded, yet we believe that for definite results the past administration stands in the front rank.

The Y. M. C. A. began work under favorable auspices. Able to build on the solid foundation of past experience, and with a progressive and energetic president, who knew how to choose and how to handle men, it seemed to start from the very first with an irresistible impetus.

The membership of the Association has increased so that all but two are allied with the organization. Twelve Bible classes, having a total membership of ninety, have been in steady operation during the entire year. All the committees have labored faithfully and steadily. Especially do we wish to mention the finance committee whose exceptional success has been a source of gratification to all concerned.

One great aid and source of power was the union Bible Study conference which was held here January sixteenth to seventeenth. From meeting with such men the Association derived much strength.



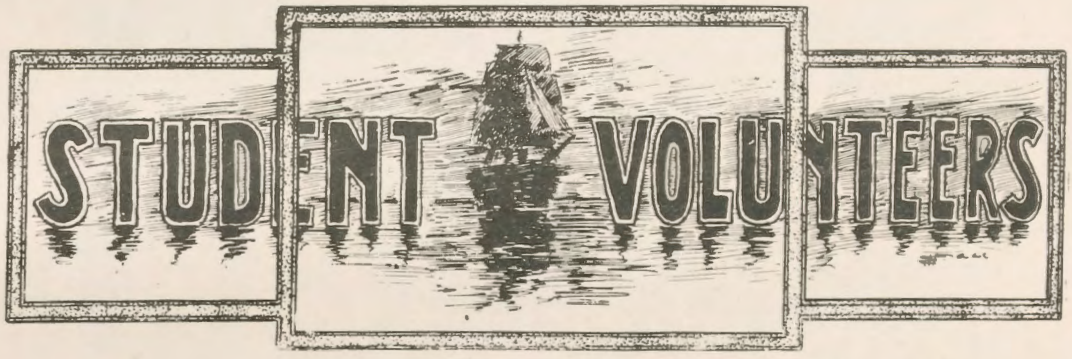
The Y. W. C. A. has also had a very prosperous year. From the very beginning, it has seemed to be moved by the same hidden force which was so noticeable in the Y. M. C. A. The girls of Otterbein are noted for their vigor and push as well as for their other womanly qualities; and in no part of college activity do they manifest any more spirit and aggressiveness than in their Association work.

The cabinet for the year was especially strong. In membership the Association has so grown that very few if any of the girls are not members either active or associate.

Financially and in all other respects the organization has been well supported.

One thing which goes to show the spirit of the Otterbein girls was the splendid entertainment which they gave to the visiting delegates of the missionary conference, March twelfth to thirteenth. But doubtlessly they have been amply repaid by the good they received. The girls feel thankful for the work of the past year and it will be difficult to surpass the record.

In this sketch, it would be but proper to mention the work taken up by the two Associations, aided by the faculty, to raise fifteen hundred dollars for the purpose of putting in baths in the gymnasium basement. They have so far succeeded that we now have a splendid system of hot and cold water baths for both ladies and gentlemen. In this they have been greatly aided by the student body and friends.



The Volunteer Band stands as a direct outgrowth of both Associations and is the exponent of all that is pure and unselfish in Christian life. In the past years, Otterbein has been deeply touched and stirred by missionary impulses, but never has there been a more consecrated band of volunteers than at present. We hope that their fondest hopes may be realized and their sincere devotion be of lasting benefit.

U. B. Brubaker
E. C. Worman
D. R. Wilson
A. H. Weitkamp
E. M. Hursh
A. E. Landis
J. L. Morain
W. E. Ward
Amy W. Ward
Grace Lloyd
Ora Maxwell
Minnie Lesher
Jessie Mumma
Mary Lambert
Hester Baird

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

President	W. N. Deller
Vice President	U. B. Brubaker
Secretary	L. R. Burdge
Treasurer	B. F. Shively

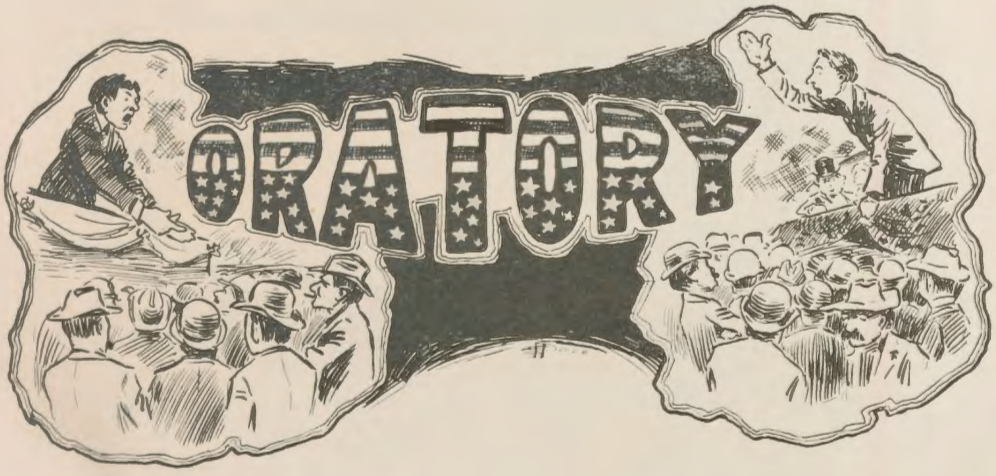
A. P. Rosselot
E. E. Burtner
E. C. Worman
E. M. Hursh
A. E. Landis
C. M. Good
R. A. Callender
W. E. Ward

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

President	Mabel Moore
Vice President	Alice Kiester
Recording Secretary	Ora Maxwell
Corresponding Secretary	Amy Ward
Treasurer	Grace Ressler

Josephine Markley
Georgiana Scott
Mamie Geeding
Grace Lloyd

Otterbein University—Main Building



It cannot be said that oratory and debate have been a prominent feature of college work this year. From some unaccountable cause interest in this fine art has fallen to a very low ebb. No doubt there is some reason for this, but that cannot refute the fact that one of the most important departments of the college training has almost gone by the board. Little interest has been taken in the contest and no enthusiasm was manifest on the part of the student body. There are many capable men in the college who should realize the great value of a training in the forensic art. Much has been done to make this work attractive to the students. Mr. C. M. Bookman, the president of the Debating Association, secured from the Faculty a grant of two hours' credit for those who would enter the local debate and four hours' credit for those who would enter the intercollegiate debate.

At the preliminary oratorical contest in February, Mr. U. B. Brubaker, Mr. C. M. Good, and Mr. Fred G. Bale entered into competition. Mr. Bale won first place and thus became the representative of Otterbein in the Ohio State Oratorical Association contest.

This contest was held at Berea, O., March 9. Antioch, Baldwin, Otterbein, and Heidelberg Universities were represented. James Herbert, of Antioch, gained first place, obtaining the grade of 89 3-4%, R. A. Gill, of Baldwin, second, with 89 1-3%, and C. G. Beaver, of Heidelberg, fourth,

with 83 2-3%. Our representative acquitted himself splendidly and received first place from four of the six judges. His grade was only five-twelfths of one per cent. less than that received by the first man.

The inter-collegiate debate proved a fizzle. A preliminary contest took place in which the debating team was tried on the question selected for discussion in the intercollegiate debate. Mr. B. F. Bean, Mr. C. M. Starkey, and Mr. C. O. Altman were selected to meet the team from Wittenberg. Mr. W. G. Snavely was designated as alternate with Mr. Altman. The team showed great skill in the disposition of the argument and would have given Wittenberg a hard fight, had not that college withdrawn from the contest. The question for discussion was, "Resolved, That the European powers should interfere in the Macedonian troubles." This debate was to have come off March 14, but four days before Wittenberg withdrew without giving any explanation of their unexpected step.

The officers of the State Oratorical Association are W. W. Swartz, Baldwin, President; E. C. Worman, Otterbein, Vice-President; C. G. Beaver, Heidelberg, Secretary; and C. I. Powell, Antioch, Treasurer.

College Band Commencement 1903
Philomathean Orchestra

College Band

Calvin G. Eckstine,	First Trombone, Director
Chester R. Scott,	Solo Cornet
Harold H. Galliett,	Solo Cornet
Earl W. Lesher,	First Cornet
Paul R. Postlewaite,	Second Cornet
Leroy R. Burdge,	Piccolo
Harry M. Williams,	First Clarinet
John Funk,	Second Clarinet
Clair H. Bell,	First Alto
Ray King,	Second Alto
William G. Snavely,	Second Trombone
Fred DuBois,	Baritone
Paul R. Good,	Bass
Henry E. Young,	Snare Drum
Llewellyn Sexauer	Bass Drum

Philomathean Orchestra

Fred DuBois,	First Violin, Director
Harold H. Galliett,	Second Violin
Paul R. Good,	Viola
Carl Zebrowsky	'Cello
William G. Snavely,	Bass
Leroy R. Burdge,	Flute
Edgar L. Wineland,	Clarinet
Chester R. Scott,	Cornet
Calvin G. Eckstine,	Trombone
Karl B. Alexander,	Drums
Ray L. Hewitt,	Pianist

Philophronean Orchestra

J. W. Funk, - - - - - - - - Second Clarinet, Director
F. W. Funk, - - - - - - - - - - First Violin
E. W. Lesher, - - - - - - - - - First Cornet
P. R. Postlewaite, - - - - - - - Second Cornet
H. M. Williams, - - - - - - - - First Clarinet
L. M. Barnes, - - - - - - - - - Trombone
E. M. Rymer, - - - - - - - - - - Bass
Miss Blanche Yager, - - - - - - - - Pianist

Cleiorhetean Octette

FIRST SOPRANOS

Blanche Yager — Josiphine Markley

SECOND SOPRANOS

Francis Barnett — Hellen Osborn

FIRST ALTOS

Anabel Remaley — Dora Weaver

SECOND ALTOS

Ione Moore — Ella Barnis

Blanche Yager, Leader
Grace Ressler, Pianist

Philophronean Glee Club

FIRST TENORS

L. M. Barnes
E. J. Pace
E. M. Hursh
W. E. Shear

SECOND TENORS

B. F. Shively
H. S. Dunmire
W. M. Gantz
E. S. Zuck

FIRST BASSES

U. B. Brubaker
H. H. Maxwell
C. M. Good
C. W. Hendrickson

SECOND BASSES

J. W. Funk
F. W. Funk
E. W. Lesher
D. R. Wilson

E. M. Hursh, Leader

Philalethean Glee Club

FIRST SOPRANOS

Mabel Crabbs
Nora Wills
Edith Hanawalt
Blanche Spreng

SECOND SOPRANOS

Ora Bale
Mary Hewitt
Daisy Magruder
Nellie Boring

FIRST ALTOS

Lillian Mauk
Katherine Shauk
Goldie Mumma
Clara Euverard

SECOND ALTOS

Glenn Crouse
Lulu Martin
Beth Gerlaugh

Mary Weinland, Leader
Lulu M. Baker, Pianist

Philomathean Glee Club

FIRST TENORS

W. N. DELLER — W. E. WARD

SECOND TENORS

E. C. WORMAN — L. R. BURDGE
A. E. LANDIS — C. H. BELL

FIRST BASSES

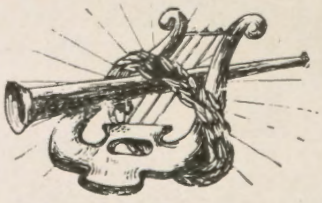
P. N. BENNETT — C. R. SCOTT
E. F. HOLLMAN — H. H. GALLIETT

SECOND BASSES

C. O. ULRICH — E. L. PORTER
F. G. BALE — A. C. HOLLMAN

W. E. WARD, Leader
W. A. WEBER, Pianist

Otterbein Musical Association



Somehow, somehow, somewhere, in the very morn of its existence, it—it passed—well—who knows where? But it is gone, and we can only bow in deep agony of soul and mourn its early departure.

Social Events

Sociability and congeniality have always been marked characteristics of the students of Otterbein. Cliques and classes are not popular, as every student in the University shares equally with all in the enjoyment of social privileges.

On Saturday evening, September the tenth, the regular annual reception to new students was given by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Many new students were present, and all seemed to enjoy the exceptionally great interest the older members of the institution took in them.

The members of the Cleiorhetan Literary Society, on Friday evening of September 18, 1903, gave their improvement committee, which had rendered such efficient work in repairing their hall during the summer, a beautiful lawn party, at the home of the Misses Barnes. Forty-seven members were present to enjoy this most delightful occasion.

On the evening of October 2, the Freshmen celebrated their victory over the Sophomores in the tug-of-war with a midnight "feast," in President Scott's recitation room.

The Seniors entertained the Sophomores at a "punch and wafer" banquet, given in the Association parlors, on the evening of October 5, 1903. On account of the quietness of the occasion some Juniors were called in late in the evening, to furnish entertainment.

On Hallowe'en Mr. Henry Williams entertained very delightfully at flinch. The party consisted of the Misses Blanche Yager, Frances Barnett, Grace Ressler, Mary Lambert and the Messrs. Thomas Hughes, Frank Shively, and E. M. Hursh.

On Sunday, December the sixth, a very delightful dinner party was given by Mr. Ray and Miss Mary Hewitt in honor of Miss Ethel Crouse. The party was composed of six couples.

Thanksgiving evening was spent very pleasantly by a party of O. U. students at t e Southern Theatre in Columbus, witnessing the rendition of Faust. Among those present were: Misses Baring, Mauk, Yager, Roloson, Monroe, and Messrs. Young, Lawrence, Williams, Brubaker, and Barnes.

On Thursday evening of November 10, Miss Alma Guitner entertained very prettily in honor of Miss Worman of Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Hazel Sherrick, on the evening of November the fifteenth, entertained six couples very neatly, in honor of her friend, Mr. Durbin of Lafayette, Ohio.

On the evening of January the seventh, Miss Frances Barnett entertained several of her friends with a very pleasing chafing-dish party.

One of the most novel social events of the year was the masquerade as an opening reception for the winter term, given by the two Christian Associations on Saturday evening of January the ninth, nineteen hundred and four. Every member present was dressed in full masquerade. Almost every nationality on the globe was represented; Indians and negroes being the most numerous. Some of the most prominent characters were: Li Hung Chang, Mikado, George Washington, Happy Hooligan, Martha Washington, Mephisto, Santa Claus, Little Red Riding Hood, Western Scout, and Three Jolly Fat Men.

A very pretty six o'clock dinner was given by Miss Katherine and Mr. L. M. Barnes on Saturday evening of January the ninth. Five couples were delightfully entertained.

On Monday evening of January 25, Mr. Bookman very pleasingly entertained the Seniors with a leap-year party, given at the Chapman residence on College avenue. The Feature of the occasion was a wedding. The girls made proposals to the boys during the evening, and whenever they were accepted a heart was given them. Miss Mabel Moore, being the only girl who received a heart from every boy, became the bride; and Mr. Morain, who had given but one heart during the evening, became the groom. May they live long and prosper.

On the afternoon of February 25, 1904, Miss Katherine Shauck entertained in honor of her sister, Miss Alice Shauck of Dayton, at the home of Mrs. Frankenburg, on State street. The house was beautifully decorated in various sized hearts, and light refreshments were served.

Miss Nina Bartles, on the evening of January 27, entertained several O. U. students very beautifully in honor of Miss Elsie Smith of Cardington, O., a former student in Otterbein.

Probably the most elaborate social event of the year was the banquet given the Juniors by the Freshmen, on Tuesday evening of March the eighth. In splendor, exuberance, and social enjoyment it far surpassed the Junior-Freshmen banquet of last year. The menu and toasts were as follows:

MENU.

Oyster Patties

Cream Potatoes Cream Peas

White and Brown Bread

Veal Loaf Ham

Pickles Olives

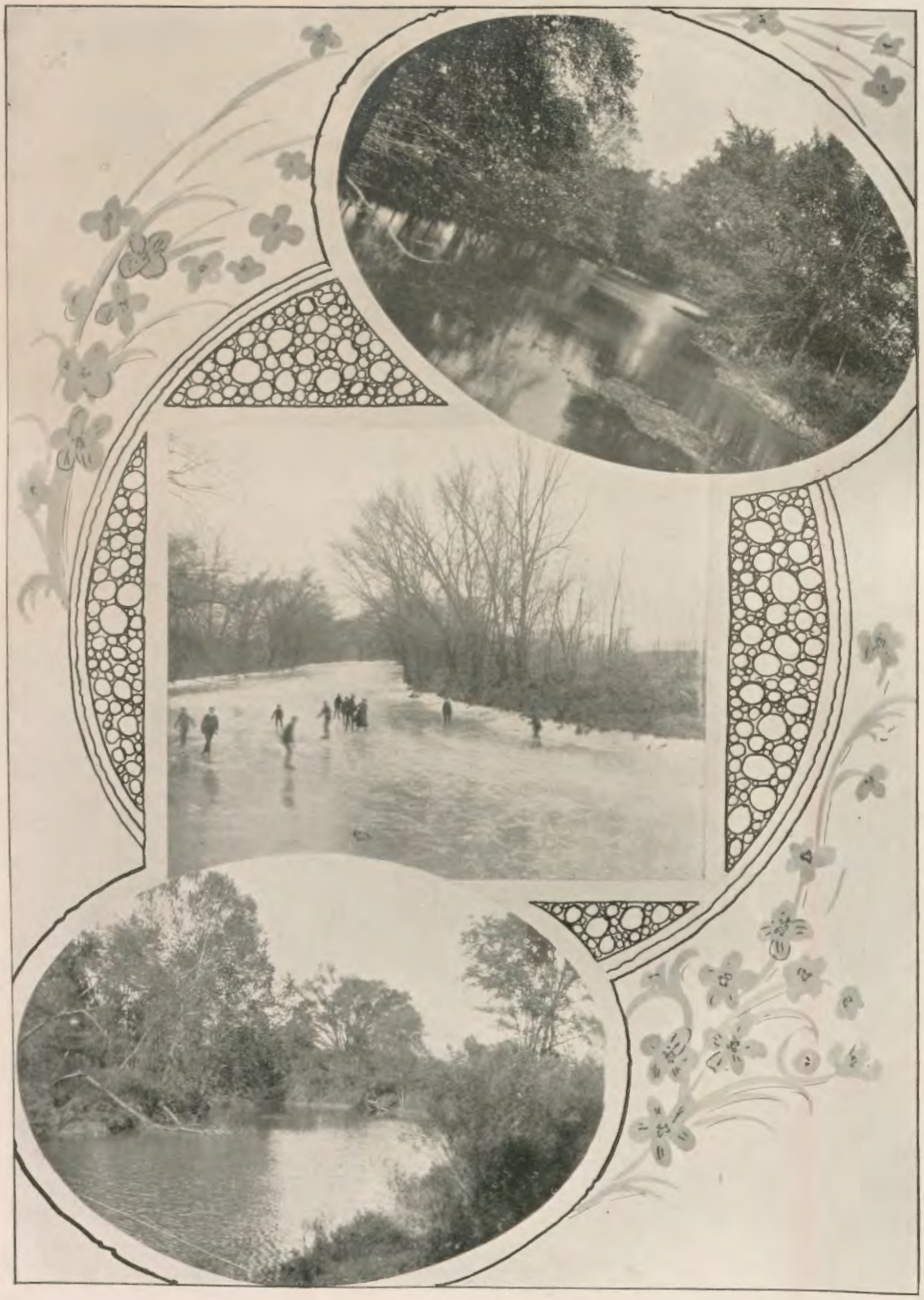
Chicken Salad Wafers

Neapolitan Ice Cream Assorted Cakes

Coffee Candy

TOASTS

Toastmaster - -	E. C. Worman, '07
Welcome - - - - -	Mary Lambert, '07
Response - - - - -	T. E. Hughes, '05
Class Spirit - - - - -	W. G. Snavely, '07
Guitar Solo - - - - -	C. A. Scott, '07
Class Prophecy - - - -	Katharine Shauck, '07
The Athletic Freshie - - - -	Nellis Funk, '07
If We Were Gone - - - -	C. M. Starkey, '05



Scenes Along Alum Creek

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W.E.WARD,'05

OUR ALMA MATER

—Allegro—

1. O Ot-ter-bein, our Ot-terbein, Thy name shall e'er our hearts en-twine,
2. O Ot-ter-bein, dear are thy halls; Sweet mem'ries cling a-roung thy walls.
3. O Ot-ter-bein, both far and near Are loy-al hearts that hold thee dear;

Where-e'er we be tho' far or near, Thou art to us for-ev-er dear.
May bright-ly shine for-e'er thy fame; Our wisdom's home, we praise thy name.
And in all lands, e'en 'cross the sea, Come floating back sweet thoughts of thee.

CHORUS:—

All hail to thee our Ot-ter-bein; All hail to thee from every clime.

We'll sing thy praise for ev-er-more, And ev-er shall thy name adore.

The Alcoves

I

(This tells of a college where the Faculty allows alcoves!)

A college gay is Otterbein—
Now this is true.
And the library it owns is fine,
For the students—and that's a good sign—
Like it too,—
At least a few.

II.

(This stanza tells why they like it.)

And one of the things it has possessed—
'Sides Thirza B.'
Are alcoves nice where the weary may rest
And talk at their ease quite unsuppressed
By the Powers that be—
Don't you see?

III.

(Read this; it tells you how they do it.)

Tho Thirza's a hard proposition to do,
If you have the least wit,
You'll give her sugar-plums to chew
So she'll shut her eyes, and both ears, too,
Then you go sit
And spoon a bit!

V.

(Read this, too; it gives you a pointer.)

So if you ever come to Otterbein
Where these alcoves are,
And you and your true love sometime
Want a tete-a-tete in a place sublime,
Just bring your star
Where the alcoves are!

D. M. C., '07.

Did you ever
Know anyone to ride this animal?
PONY
Notice 'Pete' (No. 2) Whetstone's walk?
See Good sing?
Observe the lay of Postlethwaite's hair?
See Deller grin?
Look up at Ray Bennett?
Think that 'Sard' looks like a Sioux brave?
Gaze on this shining pate in chapel?
YES- Did you ever?
Have Brubaker look at you like this?
Bet-cher life I have.

A Recitation in English

While Doctor Sherrick is patiently waiting for order in the room, we may notice the attitude of the class. Over in one corner sits McMullen with his face screwed up to a high pitch of "rhetorical" shrewdness, while at his side Callender is restlessly awaiting with eager countenance the first question. Ben Shively tilts back his chair and, when the Doctor is not looking, laughs clear across the room, while Warson in thoughtful attitude crosses his legs and thinks hard. Next is Offenhauer the "Janitor of the class," who opens and shuts the stove-door at the command of the doctor. Hendrickson is almost asleep, and the others are in a state of doubtful expectation as to what will be the first question.

Dr. Sherrick (suddenly)—"Mr. Hendrickson, what is the lesson about?"

Hendrickson—"It's about—a—well—a—several things. I don't just know how to state it. It's so complex."

Dr. S.—"Did you read the lesson?"

H.—"Yes, sir"—"yes, ma'am."

Dr.—"You must have a very poor memory if you can't tell what you've read."

After this bombardment the door opens and Pershing enters tramping heavily across the floor, followed soon by Hager, always late.

Dr.—"Well, Mr. Deller, perhaps you can tell us about the question I asked."

Mr. D.—"Will you please state it again?"

Dr. S.—" What is the lesson about?"

Mr. D.—"Well—I—I—didn't just get over all today's lesson."

Dr. S.—"Why, how disappointing! I haven't heard from you for so long, Mr. Deller. Will Mr. Durrant tell us the substance of the first topic?"

Durrant—"We have for today a discussion on words and figures for connotation and also their various uses. I suppose this latter would have to be included, not mentioning various minor points."

Dr. S.—"Very good, Mr. Durrant, you are one of my brightest pupils. I have great hope in your becoming a rhetoric professor some day. Will Mr. Hewitt please tell me what a Simile is?"

Mr. Hewitt (after looking in his book)—"A Simile is an expressed likeness."

Dr. S.—"Very good, Mr. Hewitt. Mr. Morain, what is Analogy?"

Morain—"As a rule between Analogy and Simile we find quite a good deal of remarkable discriminations to be divulged to the less attentive researcher. Indeed a complexity of relations often originates spontaneously, which being scarcely recognized is yet perceptible; and owing to other irreconcilable reasons not indeed transparent, as it were, to the original researcher, often there comes unobtrusively to one's didactic sense of understanding and ability to differentiate conclusions the interchangea-

blenes of these aforesaid figures, which is comprehensively noticeable in its distinctiveness."

Dr. S.—"I think you do not mean what you say and, furthermore, I wish you would take, say, twenty minutes off each day and learn how to pronounce the more complex words of our language. Will Mr. Ward tell me what Synecdoche is?"

Mr. Ward—"It is letting the half do those things the whole should do."

Dr. S.—"Next." (Which is Mrs. W.)

Mrs. Ward.—"It is letting everything alone and thinking only of the better half."

Dr. S. (quickly and impatiently)—"What is Circumlocution, Mr McMullen?"

Mr. McM.—"Well, to begin to answer a question like that, it indeed is rather difficult. But then, as the author states it, it is a negligent way of speaking, and shows a languid mind. We are not to use circumlocution only when it is absolutely necessary and then only in rare cases. It is sometimes used in oratory—in legal arguments—and—and—"

Dr. S. (suddenly)—"Yes, and the recitation room, too."

At this juncture Hewitt leaves the room in order to catch a street-car.

Dr. S.—"Now, Mr. Pershing, tell us all you know—about the lesson."

Pershing (saying to himself, "That won't take long,") speaks out boldly and impresses all with his familiarity with the subject, but carefully avoids the question asked.

Dr. S.—"Mr. Starkey, what is Allusion?"

Mr. S.—"Well—a—I think—a—it—that Illusion is a reference to something—that the reader knows all about—and yet does not know really so much about after all; at least that's the idea I got in my study of it."

Dr. S.—"How much time did you put on this?"

Starkey—"Well—sleeping off and on, about half-an-hour."

Dr. S.—"Mr. Callender, what is Personification?"

Mr. Call. (beginning by rocking in his chair and looking wise and very confident)—"Personification is the embodiment of human attributes in an inanimate being." (Aside to McMullen) "Wasn't that a scorcher? That will raise my grade to 95 sure."

Mr. Deller—"Doctor, I would like to ask a question."

Dr. S.—"Certainly I will try to answer anything you ask me."

Mr. D.—"What is the difference between Allegory and Irony?"

Dr. S.—"Mr. Deller, that is very easy; will Mr. Hager answer this question?"

Hager—"Allegory is the truth told in an indirect way, while Irony is a lie told in a direct way."

Dr. S.—"Is it clear, now? If it isn't, just let me know and I shall ask someone else. Miss Hendrickson, give an illustration of Exclamation."

Miss Hendrickson—"What a piece of work is a man!—In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, how very, much like—Charlie!

Dr. S.—"That is a good example for the figure in question, and now will Mr. Weitkamp tell something about any part of the lesson?" But before Mr. Weitkamp can gather his scattered thoughts together, the bell rings.

The Song of the Chapman Club

Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this tale of tangled meaning,
With the odor of the butter,
With its legends and traditions,
With the breakfast food and spruce-juice,
With the tough beef steak and mince pie,
With the griddle cakes and stewed corn,
And their frequent repetitions,
I should answer, I should tell you:
"From the wigwam of the Chapman's,
Pitched upon the college trail."
If still further you should ask me,
More concerning Chapman's wigwam,
I should answer your inquiries,
Straightway in such words as follows:
"In a room all bright and cheerful,
Stands a table white and lengthy—
White until the apple-butter,
Or the gravy mars its cleanness.
Dignified the tribe surrounds it;
Squats each one in his wonted place
With his scalping-knife uplifted—
Ever ready, ever waiting—
To attack what's good forthcoming
From the spacious inner kitchen.
At the head sits the noble chieftain,
Bookie Manitou, the Mighty,—
He, the buyer of all good things,
From the stores of Westerville.
He, who calls us all together,
Calls us thrice a day together,
To partake of bounteous feasting.
All the warriors drawn together,
By the signal from the bell,
To the wigwam of the Chapmans
On the broad blazed college trail.
And they squatted not in silence,
But with shouts and roaring laughter,
Did they gather there together,
In the wigwam of the Chapmans
In the town of Westerville.

H. H. G. and L. S.

Junior Basketball Team

That Jug of Cider

In the busy days of Autumn
When Prof. Snavely scanned the roll
He thought that George was faking;
Him he thought he would control.

Then majestic spoke Professor,
"You may give a good excuse."
"I was doing something 'besser,'
Making good sweet apple juice."

"Your excused for doing labor
For such a very worthy end,
But when late just show your favor,
Bring a jugful for your friend."

The next day quite delighted
George reported at the door,
At once the prof. became excited,
Thought with him it all was o'er.

In his hands a jug of cider,
He shambled to the desk.
"I accept it with much pride,—er—
You be seated with the rest."

But when the hour's end had come
He called young George to the chair;
"You take this cider with you home
And for a month stay there!"

Dr. Sanders' Recitation Room
College Library

Morning

Awake! thou student sleeping!
Now fast the rising sun
O'er all the land is creeping—
A new day has begun.
And yonder bell is pealing
Afar it's joyous lay.
Awake! for time is stealing
The precious hours of day.

Awake! thou student sleeping!
Your lessons must be learned.
Neglected duties are a-heaping,
And laws cannot be spurned.
Professors long have waited
To hear your lagging feet.
Awake! O youth belated,
And flying Time defeat!

Girls' Basketball Songs

Tune: "Bedelia."

We're a crowd of jolly "Gym" girls
With a naughty taking way,
And we'll keep you all a-jumping
Every minute that we play.
We are all hot sand and ginger
From our "rats" down to our feet,
So you better bet that we are hard to beat,
So you better bow to Otterbein's élite.

CHORUS:

For O. U. is here to show you
That O. U. is just the pie;
We'll beat you to a standstill
Or we'll know the reason why.
Say somethin', then, why don't you,
Don't be afraid to speak out,
For O. U., O .U., O. U. is right up here to show you
We're the candy without a doubt. D. M. C., '07.

Tune: "Down, down, down where the Wurtzburger flows."

We're from down, down, down, where the tan and cardinal wave.
You can't down, down, down us, not even your lives to save;
For students and profs, they all think it worth while
To greet even defeat with a jolly good smile—
No jolly, it's folly to be melancholy
Where the tan and the cardinal wave.

Uncle Max

On the north side of the Ohio a few miles from the city of Cincinnati, lies the Woodburn estate. Just to the left of the house a narrow lane leaves the main road, and leads one diagonally up the steep hillside. As you make your way with increased expenditure of energy along this steeply inclined pathway, you reach a recess in the tall trees. The wooded heights still rise precipitously above you. Not far away a sparkling brooklet comes dashing down over its rocky bed, while far down beneath your feet and closely following the course of the river, appears the main road dotted on either side with comfortable farm houses nestling cozily among wide-spreading trees. From this elevation the eye commands an imposing view of the beautiful Ohio slowly winding along the peaceful valley. Now and then a steamer may be seen moving sleepily along on the placid surface of the river; and far away the somber hills of Kentucky rise like mighty billows until away in the distance they seem to meet the descending sky. Here upon a narrow terrace stands a neat little cottage. Tall oaks and maples stand like giant sentinels about the solitary dwelling. Everything about the cottage and its surroundings suggests seclusion, peace and comfort.

Here dwelt for many years an old man, whose whitened locks betokened the flight of seventy years. Yet, in spite of his advanced age he was well preserved and was still able to attend to the cultivation of his vineyard on the hillside behind the cottage. He was a sympathetic lover of nature, and gleaned many a precept of right living from her works. Kind and compassionate, he possessed many friends, and young and old came to him for advice and consolation.

He had a passionate love for music. On a summer evening after a hard day's work, he was wont to take his beloved old violin, and seated upon a bench beneath a stately oak just in front of his home, and leaning against its massive trunk, while the birds in the branches above him were carolling their evening songs, he would pour forth the unspeakable desires of his soul in soothing strains. Unmindful of weariness he would sit and play until the distant Kentucky hills were immersed in a sea of darkness and the silence of night crept down over the world. Then he would rise and walk slowly into the house.

Altho he was so well known to all, there was a certain air of reserve and mystery about the old man which no one could penetrate. Of his early life he was never known to speak. No one but he knew the story connected with his arrival at the cottage of Grandfather Woodburn upon a spring morning more than forty years before. Yet the neighbors did not fail to notice the strangeness of his manner. At time he was observed to turn around suddenly as if he were about to encounter some unseen foe. His countenance betrayed a time-worn desire to find some long lost treasure.

One evening while the young people were gathered about him, as they were accustomed to do, to listen to the melodious strains of his violin, he

laid aside his reserve and disclosed the mystery which had enshrouded his whole life. The story was a strange one, and his listeners followed him with silent, eager attention.

"It is about an affair which has troubled me for many years," he said, "and which I have long feared to tell. But now I am an old man, and no doubt shall soon be called away from these pleasant surroundings; and perhaps the telling of the story will relieve my troubled spirit.

"It was during the early fifties. My parents lived in western Pennsylvania. When I was about twenty-four years of age, I fell in love with a sweet girl of the neighborhood, Edith Osborn, the daughter of a thrifty farmer, and later married her. No objections were raised to our marriage. But John Stewart, a worthless fellow of the village, declared that Edith had promised to marry him. He had manifested a malicious hatred toward me, and I was not surprised to learn that he was plotting to put me out of the way. I was never a coward, but by the urgent and judicious advice of my friends we decided to slip away and go to southern Illinois. We left the village under cover of darkness and, upon reaching Pittsburg, it was decided that my wife should take the steamer to Cincinnati. I was to go on horseback across the country and meet her there. I knew the St. Joseph was a very slow craft, so I could easily arrive at Cincinnati before she landed there.

"The necessary preparations were soon completed and I took my departure. The weather was fine and I arrived at my destination several days before the boat was due. Those long hours were spent in impatience, but at last the time for her arrival came. That day passed and another. A week went by with no tidings of the belated vessel. My fears that the journey had been delayed by some serious mishap were fully justified.

"You have heard the story of the terrible fate of that vessel and her crew. It was the work of John Stewart, as I learned later, that sent her to the bottom. Stewart arrived in Pittsburg the same day on which I took my departure. My wife had already gone aboard, so he did not see her. During the night he sneaked aboard, and fastened the safety valve and steam gauge in such a manner that neither would work properly. The second night of the trip a terrific explosion took place, followed immediately by the sinking of the vessel. But few reached the shore alive, and I never saw Edith again."

"But, Uncle," a listener ventured to ask, "how do you know it was John Stewart who did it?"

"Alas, in regard to that I must disclose my own terrible guilt and I condemn myself for not telling it long before this. When I learned of the fate of my dear wife I knew of nothing else to do, so I found employment with a fisherman a few miles below here. There I stayed for about six years, and it was there that I accidentally ran across John Stewart. It was the day before I came here. I recognized him at once, but since my beard had grown to a considerable length, he did not recognize me; for I never wore a beard when I lived in Pennsylvania. When I had gained his confidence I succeeded in drawing from him a full confes-

sion of his nefarious deed. Then I made myself known. When he learned that Edith, and not I, had gone down with the St. Joseph, an incontrollable fit of anger took possession of him. Drawing a large knife he came at me like a demon, but before he could strike a blow, I seized a stone and knocked him to the ground. There in the sand beneath the willows close by the water's edge, I buried him and fled from the spot. I came directly to this place.

"The rest you know; and now I am free after all these years of bondage, for it seems as if the spirit of John Stewart has haunted me all this time, so that I could hardly believe he was not present, ready to strike me down. But I am free at last; a burden has been lifted from my mind, and I shall spend my few remaining days in peace."

On a beautiful evening a few days later Uncle Max was observed to take his accustomed seat beneath the tree. In his hand was his precious violin. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills, and its last glowing rays had converted the placid surface of the river into a sheet of glittering gold. The emerald hills of Kentucky were reflected in the glassy surface of the Ohio so distinctly that one could scarcely tell where land and water met. With this soul inspiring prospect before him, Uncle Max turned to his beloved instrument; for in this way his tender spirit found its most fitting expression. Not often is one permitted to hear such music as then floated out on the still evening air.

In a little cottage just across the river lay an old colored man. His legs had been crushed by a falling tree, and physicians were trying to set the broken bones. The pain was intense, and the old negro looked up imploringly into the face of the surgeon.

"Dat hu'ts pow'ful bad, doctah; but I beliebes I could stan' it if I only could heah Massa Max's fiddle."

Just then the beautiful strains of a familiar hymn were wafted over the river in the quiet of the evening.

Old Aaron smiled faintly and said: "Dat helps wonde'ful; it ain't neah so bad now." After a short time he spoke again: "De pain am all gone, doctor; ev'ything's jus' glorious now. I'se gwine home, Jinny," he said faintly to his wife, and all was over.

The music ceased. Uncle Max leaned back against the stately oak. Far up the river the whistle of a steamer was heard.

"Sounds mighty like the old St. Joe," he murmured.

Gradually she approached, and directly in front of the little cabin she landed. The last light of departing day shone down upon old Max's upturned face, and tears of joy streamed down his wrinkled cheeks. Merry voices sang out below.

"So you have come at last, Edith," he whispered. "I knew you would. It is very beautiful here."

The steamer moved slowly out of sight down the river. The ruffled surface of the water became quiet once more. The opposite shore faded from view in the darkness. Then as the rising moon cast its first rays full in his face, again the old man whispered: "It is so beautiful here."

It was morning to Uncle Max. He had gone to that land of eternal day, thru which flows the most tranquil of rivers, the River of Life, and whose hills possess a grandeur and sublimity not to be compared with those seen with mortal eyes.

J. WARREN AYER. '07.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can scrib a little scribble,
And departing, leave behind us
Little verses in the SIBYL.

D. M. C.

Student Volunteer Band

Scenes Here and There

By the Light of the Moon

Spring had come. The warm balmy breezes were directing the thoughts of the students to fancies little connected with their prosaic studies. The youth of Ridgeway College were not constituted differently from the youth of the world. The winding pathways with their verdure and sweet scented blossoms were tempting, the purling stream enticed them to linger along its banks, and the buds and all awakening life invited them to come. The girls looked longingly out of their windows in Selton Hall and bore impatiently the restraint imposed upon them.

Inez Wilson was one of these. Of an active, restless, fun-loving and romantic nature, she fretted under the strict rule of the stern-visaged principal. Her active mind often unconsciously strayed from stupid Logic and lifeless Latin and wandered thru green fields and along the babbling brooks.

Madge Baker, her less romantic room-mate, one time noticed this abstraction and taunted Inez of sentimental fancies. Guiltily she blushed and said:

"I want to enjoy my rightful freedom. Dear, how I wish I were a boy. There! see that fellow with his hands stuck in his pockets, strolling towards the river. Why shouldn't I be as free as that? I will. Only I must wait for the opportunity."

"But how will you ever do it, Becky, dear?"

"I don't know. The plan will come some time in a moment of inspiration or—desperation— Why that's Bert Marsden, my brother's roommate! Jeminy! I wish I were out of here."

"Why, you bold, impudent flirt!"

"Call me a flirt or anything you like. I am getting tired of this monotonous old Hall ,and I mean to get out of here soon."

"O, Becky! you foolish girl! don't you know that is almost an impossibility. So many have tried and failed. You know what the penalty is."

"Yes, I know that, but as I feel now, I could attempt the impossible."

"Well, if you are determined to make the attempt, I wish you success, and I am willing to do all in my power to aid you. Have you laid any plans yet?"

"No, Madge, I am still depending on inspiration; if it doesn't soon suggest something, then look out for something desperate."

"Can't you get your brother to help you? He and Bert have roomed together so long that they both seem like brothers to you. I imagine that they would have some valuable suggestions."

"I can work my own way out if you will help me by not giving me away to the prin— Just look up the street. If that isn't Bess Taylor and that ubiquitous brother of mine. I'll bet that they have been out to the cemetery. O! I wish I hadn't seen them. It only makes me feel more impatient of my thralldom."

As they passed the Hall they could see Inez apparently deep in study beside her window.

Tom, knowing her disposition, spoke in a sympathetic tone to his companion. "I wish Inez possessed more privileges than she has. Wouldn't she enjoy a drive this evening?"

"Indeed she would; just the thing. Can't we get her out some way?"

"I am willing to do all in my power."

That evening after Tom returned he found Bert in his room. He stepped to the window and while gazing on the sloping campus before him, turned and said in a mockingly sentimental tone: "How I would enjoy a drive this fine evening."

"Alone?"

"I'm not so selfish."

The suggestion had gone home. A troubled expression on Bert's face betrayed his thoughts.

"A noble thought, Tom, but she can't get away."

Tom paused a long while to evolve some plan of action, then suddenly cried out, "Eureka! Here is a plan by which you may spend a stolen hour with your divinity. I have some letters from home which I shall take down to Inez and in that way I shall be able to see her and suggest a drive. I'm sure she will make an effort to get away."

Tom went over and waited in the reception room until she came in and affectionately greeted him.

"Any letters for me?"

"Yes. Here."

Tom gave her the letters. He had added to one of them a note, of his own, explaining his errand. When she reached this note she dropped the letters and looking up at her brother, said, "Dear Tom, how sweet of you. You don't know how eager I am to get away from this prison for an hour of freedom."

Tom read her thoughts and suggested an arrangement in which she readily acquiesced. This was that Tom and Bert would be at the home of Bess Taylor at seven o'clock, and if she was there, all well and good; if not, they would know that the fates were against her.

Inez hastened back to her room, and, taking a seat by the window, said to her room-mate, "Madge, we must think of some way by which I can get away. Tom was just here and told me that if I could get away, he and Bess and Bert and I would take a drive tomorrow evening."

"Won't that be great! But how are you going to get away?"

"I do not know what to do, myself, yet. I know one thing and that is, that I am not going to study my lessons another minute this evening; but am going to work in earnest to think of some means of escape."

Bed-time came and yet no solution to the problem. Some time during the night Madge was awakened by Inez who began to disclose to her a plan which she had worked out.

"We can fix up a paddy and place it on the couch. At supper, I shall complain of having a severe headache and shall get excused before

the others are finished. Then instead of going to my room I shall go to the basement stairway which is not used so very much and conceal myself in the basement until dark; then I shall slip out the outside basement door. The cook is on the side of us girls and she will help me. When Miss Pearson calls to inquire about me, you meet her at the door and tell her that I have just fallen asleep and that I am very easily wakened. When she looks through the opening of the door she will see what is supposed to be I lying on the couch, and she will pass by without suspicion. Now, I shall run a great risk in getting away. When I return the cook will let me in if she has not retired, or I might stay with Bess and when Miss Pearson is taking her morning walk around the square I could slip in unobserved and be on hand for breakfast."

"You certainly are a schemer, Becky. I hope you will succeed."

"O, you know, Madge, where there is a will there is a way. I hope I can get to see Tom in the morning and tell him my plan."

Tom met her in the afternoon and gave her a letter from home. She had read but a few lines when she looked up and said: "Tom, I have my plan of escape drawn up."

"Capital. Let's hear it."

Hastily she gave him a brief outline of it. When she had finished Tom seemed pleased with it and as they parted Tom expressed the sincerest hopes for her success.

She was soon in her room and with the aid of Madge, they soon had the patient arranged, which was a fine imitation of a person. As they were going to supper Inez met Miss Pearson in the hall and told her of her illness. She soon excused herself, leaving the impression that she was going to her room. When she came to the side door she saw that it was opened. "Here is my chance," she said to herself, and looking about to see if any one was near, found the coast clear, and courageously walked towards her friend's home.

She was soon beyond the campus and was going rapidly down the street, congratulating herself on her good luck when she looked up and saw a professor, with whom she was well acquainted, approaching. Dismay seized her. It was too late to retreat. Mustering her courage she passed by him unrecognized, and all was well once more. She saw Bess in the doorway waiting to greet her. Inez told her of her exciting experience and narrow escape. By this time the boys were there with the carriage.

After the other girls had finished their supper, one of the girls asked Madge, in the presence of Miss Pearson, to go to the class meeting with her that evening. Madge thanked her and stated that she would be obliged to remain with Inez. When she reached her room no one was there except the silent patient on the couch.

About seven o'clock Miss Pearson called to see Inez. Madge met her at the door and told her that Inez was still sleeping and that they should not make the least noise as she was very easily wakened. Miss Pearson, glancing over Madge's shoulder and seeing the form on the couch, went quietly away.

As soon as she was gone Madge gave a sigh of relief and exclaimed: "What a narrow escape! I suppose those young people are enjoying themselves immensely, and here I am telling a great many fibs for their sake."

As they were nearing the town the town clock told Inez that it was after hours.

"I'll bet that the cook will have locked the door."

"You can stay with me, then," replied Bess.

"I am afraid to risk that."

Just at this moment they came upon a crowd of girls. Inez's keen eye soon detected that they were the Senior girls from the dormitory; Miss Pearson was also seen to be among the number. They had been to a class meeting and had had a prolonged discussion about caps and gowns.

As the carriage passed Miss Pearson stopped and turning to the girls said: "Wasn't one of those girls Inez Wilson?"

The girls professed innocence.

"Did you notice that old hawk stretching her neck to the fullest extent to see who we were?" said Inez after they passed them. "Drive up, people; maybe I can get in before they get here."

In a few minutes Inez might have been seen creeping towards the basement. It was locked! Dismay seized her. What should she do? Only one hope remained, and she must act quickly. She hastened to her window and saw that it was slightly open. She whispered hoarsely to her roommate, who quickly responded to her call.

"Slip down and open the side door. Be quick! They are coming."

In a moment Madge had the door open and two girls stealthily but hastily went to their room.

"I am afraid she saw me on the street a while ago, so we must hurry and get in bed, because she is sure to be here to see if we are both here."

The paddy was soon out of the way, and in a little while Miss Pearson was heard approaching. She knocked and both girls sleepily responded. Satisfied that she was mistaken she went away. LEROY BURDGE, '06.

A Toast to the Basketball Girls

Here's to the girl the jolliest yet,
If you see her once you'll ne'er forget,
For with sparkling eyes and flying feet
I'll tell you, she's hard to beat.

And laughing gaily, her bloomers flopping,
The game she's playing, never stopping,
Side-combs falling here and there,
Hair-pins dropping everywhere.

She doesn't care—she's in to win;—
So fill your glasses to the brim;—
Come, and to the clink, clink, clink,
A toast to her drink, drink, drink.

D. AND M.

Hiram's Letter

My Dear Pop:

There is not much doin' jist now, so before I get my dutch out will pen you a line. I did not realize till to-day how short this term is. I will have to begin to cut out lot of these extra doins. Yes, pop, the profs use that word "cut it out;" it is alright, and prof, we never think of saying "professor." I must break the news gently. I have a point. Now, a point, pop, is your best gal, your sweetheart. The one you eat with, walk with, study with, and—well, you can't hardly get along in a big college like this without a point. Mine, she is a peach. And the boys are good scouts, too. They just take you by the hand and pat you on the back and say, "by jove you're a good old sport." When I speak about the scouts I mean the 'Matheans and 'Phroneans, they are the boys' societies and the Clios and Letheans is the girls societies. I was told by one of 'em that they ride people but it surely ain't so because they have been so nice to me. They also say they knock on each other, but I don't think they mean it. A knocker, pop, is one who knocks. Oh, but I was scared this mornin', I was afraid I was goin' to run up under Doctor Scott, in Latin; and he said if some of them didn't grind and burn a little more midnight oil, they was goin' to flunk. He was illusion to the exams, pop. One of the Sophs the other day says to me, you must begin to cram about two or three weeks before the finals. Of course you won't understand some of the stunts that I talk about but pop, I am certainly doin' society. Nellis Funk, he is my Fresh brother, said we would take up campus work and give more time to girlology when spring comes. Bennet told Nellie you *must* to Court-right. They said put more time on your pony and the lessons can be got in half the time. A pony is a little book we have that is not in the catalog but you can buy 'em at Shylock Morrison's. They are such a help. They have certainly been roastin' the seniors here lately. The girls wanted to go sleighin' but the boys was too short to take 'em, so jist everybody has been talkin' bout the shortskate seniors. We didn't even have to ask our Fresh girls you know, this is leap year and Kad Shauck she got all the girls together and they jist asked us to the biggest class push Tuesday night I ever saw; and they paid the price, too. She was certainly swell and oh the eatins we did eat. They locked us in the hall (Doctor Scott didn't want us to have the Association buildin', so we jist rented the Town Hall). But pshaw, we didn't care for bein' locked in, but King and Hollman jist knocked the door down and it only cost us 15 plunks. I told you 'bout our class rush in our last letter, didn't I, pop? Well, they are slow when it comes to basket ball. I did not get to play in the game with O. S. U. but I done plenty of rootin' on the side lines. Them O. S. U. boys are corkers at Basket Ball. I have written you more than I intended, but I have my math. out and we Freshies don't have to desecrate our minds as hard as Preps. They are regular book worms, and you ought to see the Sophs, such grinders you never did see. I have only cut about

6 times this term. I hope Prexy won't call me up but if he does I will get Worman (he is our high muckety muck) to fix that up. I am takin' Cemestry this term so if you hear of me gettin' blowed up in the Lab. don't be worried. We are goin' to the city tomorrow to get our mugs cracked, for the annual. Sort a hate to mention the money question, pop, I ain't exactly broke but I'm pretty badly bent. Will make me go some to pay for my hash this week unless I hear from you soon.

Your affectionate son,

HIRAM CHESTER SNAVELY.

A Dream

In the bounds of Hell's Half Acre
  Out along the Harbor road,
Stands a lonely erstwhile dwelling,
  Which of evil does forbode.

Often passing quickly by it,
  Had I shuddered, awed with fear,
For I knew 'twas long since haunted;—
  So it was for many a year.

Oft I heard of ghosts and goblins;
  Strange lights, too, were oft seen there;
Weird, mysterious shadowy phantoms;
  Fearful voices in the air.

The country near abounds with tales
  And twilight superstitions,
And oft I thought what fun 'twould be,
  To see these apparitions.

Now soon did gracious Fortune grant
  This wild desire of my heart,
And in an unlooked for moment
  I found myself ready to start.

'Twas the week just after Conf'rence
  Met in sleepy Westerville,
One cold night in drear October,
  When all the world was still.

With quickened pace I hurried on,
  O'ercome by some magic spell,
Towards this dreadful, dismal spot
  Where all these demons dwell.

But now my courage left my soul;
My heart seemed not to beat;
This unseen force was over me;
Too late 'twas to retreat.

For, from out the stilly darkness,
Came a ghastly form in white,
Leading slow a long procession,
Chanting baleful songs of night.

They entered the house together
Bearing me alarmed along;
I heard the groans of my schoolmates
Issuing from the great throng.

These forms all seemed a mystery,
Together thus assembled,
Till one arose and spoke to them.
(I remember how I trembled.)

"We, members of the faculty,
Have come to prescribe the fate
Of those who during Conference,
Kept us in a half-crazed state.

"By their noise and nightly prowling,
And yelling and serenades,
By all forms of rude disturbance
From alarm-clocks to parades.

"The culprits have been gathered here
And are in that outer room.
They stand in patient waiting now,
Ready to meet their doom."

My schoolmates!—I hardly knew them!
What awful sights they were!
Chains and shackles bound them strongly
So they could hardly stir.

Some gnashed their teeth and wept aloud,
While some seemed not to care;
With old and haggard faces some
Betrayed confinement there.

The Faculty no mercy showed
In their treatment of them all,
They meted justice equally
From the largest to the small.

They flouted these with tortures dire;
  Those they roasted at the stakes;
And others fated were t' abide
  For aye within a den of snakes.

Hideous some were to roam the earth
  Bearing forms of animals wild;
Centaur-figures a few became;
  One changed to a crippled child.

These they scourged with cruel scorpions,
  Those went o'er the precipice steep.
Some, besides, to the river were dragged
  To drown down in waters deep.

With gleaming spears and falchions bright,
  With vengeance in each breast,
They thus their victims castigate,
  Nor pause they once to rest.

I thought they had o'erlooked me,
  Nor could I steal safe away,
And one, O horrors! me approached:—
  "Alarm clocks," I heard him say.

I turned and tried to flee the place
  His grasp was that of steel;—
I screamed and looked in fright around!
  What was that so unreal?

Yes, I heard a well known tinkling.
  Ah, it was half-past five.
My own clock was merrily buzzing,
  And I was still alive.

KATHARINE SHAUCK, '07.

Extracts From the Advance Sheets of Hodge-Podge

She arose before dawn, and sat down to reply to her friend's appeal. Her thoughts came slowly, and often she seemed to have forgotten her purpose altogether. She had Ritenour when the Young aide came in at a great Pace and Shauck-ed the Good lady by his impetuosity. "I have Bean sent by the King to command you to come Poste-haste to the Hall. I shall be your Ward-er until we reach the Royal Park. The horses ought to Landis there is Sexaurs. Du Pre, hasten to make ready. We must start for the Court-right away."

Soon they were out in the early morning Ayer. The shady Groves populated with tall Holmes and Ash trees enveloped them in its mystic spell. The eastern sky began to assume various lovely Hughes, and the Robbins and the Mauk-ing birds awoke drowsy Nature with their song. Occasionally a Martin, Pershing on a lofty limb, put in a sweet note. * *

The fair lady at his side, after a long pause, says, "Be Frank with me and tell me something of your early life." After a long silence in which he reflected over the propriety of revealing his humble origin, he began.

"I was born according to the Callender about twenty-seven years ago in the Waite-revere Iles. I was a poor boy. My mother early bound me over to a Weaver. It was a life of drudgery. My master was a severe task-master and I saw little of the life around me. Occasionally the Baker, or the Miller, or the Cooper, or the Smith, would drop into the shop for a chat, but for the Major part of the time I rarely saw any one else. My master had one weakness—a weakness for poetry and song. He welcomed with una-Lloyd pleasure every wandering Rymer. Seated upon a Bale of cloth in Luh of a more convenient resting place, the minstrel would recite the most beautiful verses. But I cannot dwell long on this part of my life.

"There was another poor fellow who was similarly bound out. Max's master was the keeper of the Duke's vineyard. An Irishman he was, with all the national irascibility and Gall; iet he was not without his native humor. I remember after my apprenticeship was at an end and I was plying my trade, the old man would say: 'It Bates all; Oi never saw the ioikes of thot bhoy in all me loife. Niver. Wur-ruk? Not a bit, 'cipt when you sthood over him wid a sthick. When it was hot and the ither Rowley-king spalpeens were on their way to take a schwim in the crick, furninst the two Mills, Oi wud let the bhoy Offenhauer or so and he wud promise to be back soon and make up for lost toime. Wud he? Not he. indade. Och, but he wud pay for it, tho. I wud put the Schear in his hand and tell him to sthay down in the vineyard till Oi shud call him. After he had Benn-ett it for some toime afther dark Oi wud call him in and set him to sharpenin' the tools wid the ould Whetstone. Och, he was a bad egg.'

"When several years had passed, I conceived the idea of setting out into the world to seek my fortune. I induced the boy to run away and join me. Maxwell-ed with joy at the prospect of wandering thru the world and seeing some of the wonderful things he had heard of. We left the peaceful village of Clifton under cover of darkness, and made our way to the shore of the island. Loosening the fastenings of a fishing boat, we jumped in and set out for the mainland. All day we rowed and when at dusk we reached the other shore, we decided to sink the boat to prevent its discovery. Max set to Boring a hole in the Kiehl of the yawl, but I. being desirous of effecting the destruction at once, climbed the mast and brought down a heavy belaying pin, and with this I Stouffer in.

"When we had set foot on the shore I led the way up the precipitous cliff, when suddenly a voice sounded out in the darkness: 'Alt-man!' I turned to escape. 'Halt, or your life will go out like a Flash-man. By

the Holy Book-man, halt!' I stopped. He stepped up. 'I am the keeper of the Earl's domains and you are under arrest.' Just then Max came up. I told the keeper of our fearful experiences and averred that I was ignorant of any unlawful act. His severe manner underwent a complete change. 'What if you Wor-man. I shall see that no harm will come to you. Follow me.' On the way we learned that his name was Mark. We at length reached the lodge. The keeper's wife greeted us kindly and attended to our needs, especially our appetites. Soon afterwards we lay down on the hard floor to sleep. It suddenly occurred to me that the keeper might still put us in prison. So after a long wait I wakened Max and told him the need of taking flight. Mark-ley in deep slumber and we stealthily crawled out of the house. We heard a horse stamping in his stall in a Barn-ett a little distance and as quick as thought I brought him out and we were soon galloping away. The North Star was our guide. 'Come, Dobbie,' I cried to the splendid animal, 'you must carry us to safety.' Steadily he cantered along, hour after hour, neither pausing to Drinkwater nor to rest. Anon the sun arose and we were enabled to note the nature of the country about us.

"But the lad's courage slowly weakened, and he began to whimper. Suspecting that he might Funk out, I endeavored to cheer him and said: 'We are going to see the king and, of course, all will then be well with us. We Wil-son be there, if I am a good judge. It is not Wise nor expedient to go back home now. Heaven Wills it that we go on. My fate and Ewers are one. You must Bair up a little while longer. No brave man would Kring-e before such trifling obstacles as these.' Again and again I tried to hearten him and sometimes succeeded. * * *

"The Bavarian peasants were very hospitable, and we were everywhere kindly entertained. But we were anxious to press on to the court. I sat down upon an old abandoned Eckstine (cornerstone) of some long forgotten building and studied what I should best do. Patiently the boy awaited my decision and continued to Flick the dust-spots off his clothing. The horse stood patiently, too. What a fine beast he was! A Trimmer steed I never saw. For a-Mangus islanders, horses are uncommon and of very poor quality. I picked up a small stick and began to Hewitt down and, by the time I had whittled it away, my decision had been reached.

"We again took up our tedious journey. The day was hot and sultry, and I was not at all surprised later on to find heavy storm-clouds gathering rapidly and ominously behind us. We were pressing on anxiously and were passing thru a well kept Park, belonging probably to some nobleman, when suddenly, Great Scott! a blood-chilling scream bore down upon our startled ears. It evidently came from within the grove. Here was danger, but nothing daunted we Spreng from the horse's back, hastily tied him, and hurried within. We soon arrived at the source of the cries. A little girl had fallen into a small yet rather deep stream, and, altho it was clinging to the bank, it would surely have been drowned had I not come in time. I picked her up and assayed to Hursh her cries. I coaxed and Kiester but to no avail. The child was well dressed and very pretty, and was evidently of noble blood.

"Clambering up the bank with her I looked about to discover some signs of people about. The rain began to fall and then to cease for a while. Soon, however, Morain fell and we were drenched to the skin. The boy by this time had joined me, having gone to bring the horse, and together we reached a prominence overlooking a little valley. The valleys in this great Weinland are very beautiful. In the distance I descried a pretty Weitkamp, and concluded it was from there that the child came.

"Descending slowly thru the forest, I had just reached the foot of the declivity when the lightning began to flash fearfully. I sought the shelter of a low apple tree, deeming it to be the safest place I could go to. We hovered close to the trunk, and strange to say the child became quiet. The wind blew strongly, and many of the Crabbs fell to the ground. This drew the child's attention. Just as the storm subsided, a little, short, bedraggled individual appeared and I hailed him. He bore evidence of having received many hard Knox in clamboring about thru underbrush and ravines. He said: 'Who are you? Where did you find that child? I have been looking for her all afternoon. I am the Yager (game-keeper) for the Grand Duke. Come with me.'

"We arrived at the camp. All ran out to greet the child. Albright and happy the Duke hurried to me and said: 'Tell me how you found her. And tell me, if it is in my power, what I can do for you. I shall Grant you almost any favor you ask. Our palace is in Weimer and there we shall go soon. What do you say?' I replied that I desired nothing then except a little food to strengthen me. After a most bountiful repast, in which we both forgot our privations, I humbly thanked the Duke for his kindness and generosity, and said, if it was agreeable to his lordship, I would be pleased to have the position of Porter at the palace. This request was readily granted.

"The next day was a joyous one in camp. Games were arranged among the yeomen and the guards of the Duke's company. Fencers, marksmen, Resslers, and followers of other manly sports displayed their skill.

"In a few days we reached the head city. The old Bell in the Cathedral tower pealed forth a thunderous note as we entered. * * *

I remained here three years, in which I rose to a prominent and responsible position under the Duke, when a longing seized me to hear and to speak again my native tongue. Arriving in England, I carried a letter of the Grand Duke to the Prince of Wales, who received me kindly and gave me a place in the King's household."

He ceased. They were near the royal Park. Before he had time to Warner, the sentry cried: "Halt!" Recognizing the young aide, he allowed them to pass on.

The lady resumed the conversation, and said: "I wish the old Dear had heard this narrative of your early life. The dear old man would have muttered: 'Wonderful, wonderful.'"

F. L. H., '05.

A Sad Case

I.

A young man sat before his desk
And on it wildly gazed,
His fingers clutched tight in his hair
His eyes with terror glazed,
And ever and anon he groaned
And wrung his trembling hand
As a piece of paper on his desk
He wildly, madly scanned!

II.

"Write for the Sibyl," thus it read;
"Something new and unique;
Scribble it off very soon—
Must hand it in next week.
Be sure the rime is perfect
In every single verse
And be careful of the meter,"
And signed—
"The Editors."

III.

In vain his Logic to study he tried,
It wasn't the least bit of use;
His brain seemed whirling round and round
And trying to get loose.
His books, his pencils, everything
Seemed to make an effort to speak
And a chorus sounded in his head
In a kind of ghostly squeak:—

IV.

"Get out your pencil and paper,
Write something new and unique.
Hustle up! Go faster, can't you?
You must hand it in next week!
If it isn't a fine production,
The Editor vengeance will wreak—
Write it up quick for the Sibyl,
And hand it in next week!

V.

In obedience to the chorus
Verses wrote he by the score.
As fast as one was finished
He started on some more!
Night after night he scribbled them
And e'en day after day,
Till the folks said he was "luny"
And they carted him away!

VI.

And now in the Sanitarium
The attendants soon wax weak,
Striving to hold a madman down,
Who fights with this one shriek—
"Let me go—now—this instant!
My home at once I must seek.
I *must* write a verse for the Sibyl,
Something quite new and unique—
A nice little rime for the Sibyl
And hand it in next week!

—Daisy M. Clifton, '07.

In the Spring

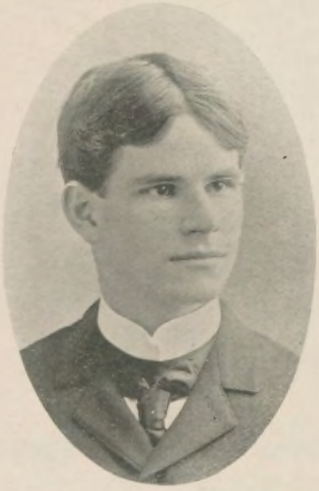
In the spring a young man's fancy
  Lightly turns to thoughts of love;
And a maiden waits the wooing,
  Dreams she is a turtle-dove.

Here at college, spring advancing
  Brings the South in glorious flood,
And the problem becomes distressing
  How to avoid the nameless mud.

Philomathean Hall
Philalethean Hall

Memorials

William Augustus Garst



The news that came to Westerville on Sunday evening, April 19, 1903, that Will Garst was dead, was almost incredible. It was but a few days since he had been among his friends He was hale, hearty, and in the natural course of events he gave promise of a long life. But that dread malady, scarlet fever, seized upon him, and in a few days snapped the thread of life.

William Augustus Garst, only son of Dr. Henry Garst, was born September 13, 1873, in the village of Westerville, Ohio. At the age of fourteen, he entered the preparatory school of Otterbein University, which work he finished in the spring of 1890. In the fall of the same year he entered the Freshman class of the college, and completed his college course in the spring of 1894, a member of the largest class that has ever been graduated from the college.

In the fall of 1894, Mr. Garst entered Harvard University, and received the B. A. degree at the end of the year, receiving honorable mention by the Harvard faculty. He then took up the study of law in the Ohio State University. In the three years spent in the law school he made an enviable record, and in the pursuit of his chosen profession he met with

abundant and merited success. He had built up a comfortable practice. His death was doubly sad, made so by the fact that he had married just a few days before he was taken sick, and was planning and fitting a comfortable home for himself and chosen companion. His wife was Miss Myrtle Lester, of Cambridge, Indiana.

"Caesar," as everyone in college called him, was an extraordinary character. He was a boy in knee pants when he entered Otterbein, but in mental grasp he had the power of a man. Language work, the bugbear of so many students, was almost play to him. He excelled in all he undertook. In stature, "Caesar" was small, but he was strong and active, and took an active part in the game of football, which was just then being introduced into Otterbein athletics.

No student, old or young, then in the college knew so much of books and authors as Will Garst, for he was an omnivorous reader of good books and current events. Of all the members of the class of '94 none was more highly honored, none more universally loved, than William H. Garst. Could he have lived out the allotted days of man his name, without doubt, would have been among the most famous of Otterbein's sons.

Honori Cornell Miller

Honori Cornell Miller was born September 14, 1873. From her first babyhood she showed an independent disposition and will power of her own, which afterward strongly developed. She had a slight symmetrical form and a beautiful face which soon distinguished her as a child of remarkable beauty.

Her early school years were not different from those of the average school girl, except that she was always a favorite with both teacher and scholars. In 1890 she left the grammar school and entered Otterbein, remaining until June, 1895, having finished the Sophomore year in the collegiate department.

These were very happy years for her as she deeply enjoyed school and school life. The friendship and society of cultured people made a lasting impression on the young life just budding into womanhood.

How she loved the college building, the society hall, the campus, the social gatherings of her classmates and college friends! The very name of Otterbein gave her a thrill of pleasure. The sound of the bell was an inspiration, the college yell and college songs had their charms. "O Otterbein, no name like thine," was one of her favorite songs.

She was unable to re-enter college on account of ill health, but she

continued the study of music and graduated from the conservatory in '99, the peer of any in the class. She had an aesthetic love for music, and would sit at the piano for hours, rendering studies from favorite composers, hardly conscious of her surroundings.

The greater part of the next three years were spent at home. In household affairs and in association with her friends she showed a genuine interest and attentiveness. On January 5, 1903, she married John D. Miller, the grandson of Prof. John Haywood, and went at once with him to Philadelphia, remaining until her husband completed his medical course. Then she returned to Westerville, May 22, and was greatly delighted to see the old familiar scenes and to be at home once more. But how soon the happy days were ended! Like a beautiful flower she gradually faded, till in the early morning hours of June 25th, just as the day was breaking, the silver cord was loosed and her spirit returned unto the God who gave it.

We mourn for the young life gone from our midst, just as she was entering the broader fields of earthly existence. She dearly loved her home, and there shone as star of the brightest magnitude. Her sympathetic heart and willing hands were always a comfort when others were in trouble, and her sweet smile, like the sun on a summer's morn as it glistens on the dewy blades, drove anguish and sorrow away, disseminating cheerfulness and tranquility.

Luke Statton Hendrickson

Deeper than all other mysteries is the mystery of life, grander than all other opportunities is the opportunity of living, and greater than all other blessings is the blessing of a triumphant death. Surrounded by happiness and joy, man lives, moves and works in a world of gloom and despair. The great stream of life, however peacefully and deeply its currents flow, sooner or later pushes its way into the infinite mystery of death. Into those dark regions the human mind is not permitted to look, save as it sees by way of the cross. Just as the evening sun was bidding farewell to the May of 1903, the angel of death claimed as his own the life of Luke Statton Hendrickson.

Before coming to Otterbein, Luke completed the course of instruction offered by the common schools of West Virginia and also spent two years in the university of his native state. After teaching four years, he entered Otterbein University in the fall of '97 and graduated therefrom in June, 1901. Diligently engaged in all the activities of college life, he was a true type of the real student. Always true to his conscience, he faithfully prepared every task. Altho he was not brilliant, he never failed to master the subject under consideration. He did much collateral work, and

thus laid a broad foundation, on which he had hoped to build. Attentive to systematic exercise he built up a constitution that was indeed enviable. Active in all Christian work, the religious side of his life was well emphasized. During his entire college course he devoted much time to Christian Association work. After his graduation, he taught school for a short time and then turned his attention entirely to the work of the Y. M. C. A. His great ambition was to rescue the youth of this country. His anxiety for success brought on a nervous breakdown from which he never recovered.

Altho he is dead, he lives in the hearts of all who knew him. He was greatly loved and respected. One said of him: "I never knew a man like him. He puts Christ first in everything." He was deeply devoted to his home and his college. Never did he forget the sacrifice of his father and mother and always did he hail with delight the name of "Otterbein."

He now lives in a larger and far grander life. The painful and lonely hours of his bereavement were but the dark clouds on which the love and joy of Christ revealed themselves. His chamber of death was but the vestibule of heaven. His remains were laid to rest in the historic Otterbein Cemetery, beneath the very shadow of his Alma Mater. He now rests from all his labors and his works will follow him. When the King of Glory shall lift the veil that separates the faces of weak mortal man, we shall then behold him face to face and also enter into that larger life, in which he is now living.

Elsie Lambert Riebel

When, on the evening of December 11th, from the far distant shores of Africa, flashed the news under the sea and over the land that Elsie Lambert Riebel had passed forever from this life, multitudes of hearts were bowed in deepest grief. A hush of sadness pervaded all Otterbein University and the village, where she was so well known and so deeply loved. Many hearts in other lands were made to weep because the young, sweet, beautiful life had gone out so soon.

Elsie Lambert Riebel was born at Plantsville, O., September 26, 1880; graduated at Otterbein University in June, 1903; was married to Wallin E. Riebel August 12, 1903; sailed for Africa, September 20, 1903; and died at Freetown, Africa, December 10, 1903.

Active and faithful in all the departments of the college, Elsie was a perfect example of Christian womanhood, and her rare sweetness and worth endeared her to all. Her sweet, gentle life was a fount of inspiration, and to us she was indeed a true missionary. She went forth from her Alma Mater with high hopes that she might be an honor to her God, and to her college—for she considered it the greatest joy and honor of her life to be one of God's chosen reapers, appointed to work for Him in Africa.

To become a "missionary" had been her life-long desire, which was greatly augmented throughout her college course. With her enlarged knowledge of the world and its needs, her vision grew and her faith increased until she said, "Jesus Christ wants me to carry a message for Him and I go gladly." How dearly she loved her native land and home, but she loved God even more and for His sake did she lay down her life!

How happy was her short stay in Africa, and how eagerly she watched for opportunities to tell the sweet story of the Cross to those who had never heard it! Her own lips uttered these words: "It is the greatest joy of my life to realize that I am in Africa as a missionary, and I think it would be worth living one's life to make one of these dark faces shine with the love-light of Jesus Christ." Ah! she loved her life not too dearly to lose it for His sake. Yet how great was that loss to our companion, home, college, church, and friends, in this and other lands. But in her sweet, short life, she has accomplished more than many of us may ever hope to accomplish in the alloted time of life.

Her sweet, beautiful life lives on and continues to bless humanity with its pure and sacred memory.

O loved and lost, and yet not lost, but gone
From bliss of earth to fairer bliss of Heaven.
We bow in grief, but she has waked to joy;
For her the morn,—for us the shades of even.

But God is good. He gave her to our love,
And so we praise amid the falling tears.
Our own she was in all her precious youth,
Still, still our own thruout the changing years.

JOKES
YARNS
ETC.

NAME	AGE	REPUTATION	AMBITION	Favorite Study	WEAKNESS	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Hewitt, Ray	13	Shaky	Majority	Girls	Knocking	"I need the money"
Crabbs, M	10	Diminutive	Patti's successor	High Notes	Apple butter	"Carl says—"
Shauck, K	28	"Good"	Cause trouble	Weight Reduction	Sweater	"I'm not that kind of a girl"
Mackley, Jo	?	Flirt	A lady	Dress	Fickleness	"Us Seniors—"
Deller, W. N	19	Uncertain	Play basketball	Finance	Y. M. C. A.	"I want your subscription"
Mauk, Lillian	11	Stylish	A bride	"Bill"	Love Lyrics	"Isn't that sweet"
Worman, E. C	18	Sporty	A sophomore	"Ben Hur"	Card playing	"Where's my Bible class"
Barnett, F	16	Lovely	A cottage for two	Not books	Long walks	"I wish Tom would come"
Iles, Jessie	20	Talkative	Composer	Nonsense	Hats	(Requires a phonograph)
Bates, Sardis	10	Pugnacious	Supreme bench	Co-education	Athletics	"Get into that fellows"
Starkey, C. M	15	Faithful	Merchants chair in Chemistry	Brachyurous Crustaceans	Chickens	"Didn't find time to study last night"
Bennett, P. N	17	Quiet	None	To Court-right	Football	"Just as Wise says"
Eckstine, C. G	25	None	A beard	Band	Baked beans	"When I'm married"
Ressler, Grace	14	Sweet	Preacher's wife	Poor Richard's Almanack	Attentions	"O, that strikes me so funny"
Funk, F	12	Kiddish	To teach the Profs.	Unknown	Butting-in	"When I was with the Westingho'se"
Rosselot, A. P	33	Self conscious	Mommsen II	Measles	Extemps	"This must be settled tonight"
McMullen, E. W	55	Crabbed	To teach	Interlinear	Nigger-phobia	"I want this when I come to teach"
Wise, C. G	9	Enviable	Preach	Ingersoll	Politics	"You crazy Arab"
Lloyd, C	7	None	An athlete	The "Horse"	Pouting	"I will go right home then"

Dr. Whitney enters politics.

Department of Amorology

FACULTY AND INSTRUCTORS.

REV. DR. THOMAS G. HUGHES, DEAN,
Semi-monthly Lectures.

ALVIN E. LANDIS,
Professor of First Principles.

DUDLEY R. WILSON,
Professor of Advanced Spoonology.

CHESTER G. WISE,
Professor of Practical Campus Work, and Lecturer on Substituting.

EDWIN M. HURSH,
Instructor in Osculatory Science.

BENJAMIN F. SHIVELY,
Philosophy and Ethics of Pointology.

HARRY WILLIAMS,
Instructor in the Science of Conservatory Visiting.

HAROLD H. GALLIETT,
Instructor in the Science of Evening Strolls.

LECTURERS.

U. B. BRUBAKER,
"Proposals."

W. E. WARD,
"Marriage and the Home."

C. M. GOOD,
"The Philosophical View of a Refusal," and "The Senior Girl."

E. C. WORMAN,
"Engaged But Free."

E. E. BURTNER,
"It Might Have Been."

C. M. BOOKMAN,
"My Fiancée Is Away."

Historical Statement

For several years, the idea has been uppermost in the minds of many of the friends of Otterbein to create a department of Amorology. Altho much excellent work has been done during the past by the students themselves, it was thought that much better results could be obtained if a special department were established in the college course having this work solely in charge. Dr. Sanders was the prime factor in this movement, and called a meeting of the Board of Trustees, October 19, 1903. This body carefully considered the matter and decided to institute the department. Funds were voted and a faculty was chosen. By November 1st the department was thuroly organized and enrollment began. Great interest has been manifested and many have enrolled, but it is expected that many more will enter during the spring term. It will be noticed that the department was organized for gentlemen only, but a similar one has lately been organized for ladies and placed under the direct supervisiion of a committee appointed by the President, consisting of Miss Frances Barnett, chairman, Miss Mary Courtright, Miss Mary Baker, and Miss Hattie Stouffer. We feel assured that these departments will be very successful and will add much to the renown of Otterbein.

DEGREES AND DIPLOMAS.

No degrees are given, but a successful completion of the course will entitle the student to a beautifully embossed Marriage Certificate.

EXPENSES.

No tuition is charged, but incidental expenses, such as for Flowers. Trips to the Park, the Theater and Sodas must be guaranteed by the student on enrollment. However, it is thought that no student who earnestly desires training in this course of study will hesitate to enter.

A Good Joke

After "He didn't know exactly what to do."—Prince of Pilsen.

C. M. Good went out a-seeking
For a girl whom he admired
To take her to the lecture the next night.
But he soon got into trouble
When the question he had fired
For she knew he'd asked most every girl in sight.

CHORUS.

She didn't know exactly what to do,
She didn't know exactly how to act,
For all the time her troubles deeper grew.
She didn't know the proper way to act,
But just as he was feeling mighty blue,
An unkind fate gave him the answer true,
For the girl said, "You're too late.
Thank you. I've another date."
And then he knew exactly what to do.

She blushed with sweet confusion,
And he wondered what to say.
For she dared not for her life to tell a lie.
While the man nearby her side
Cuddled close and cooed and sighed,
Confident he'd happy be at last.

Farther down the street he went
On his mission still intent,
Till he met sweet Ora Maxwell so demure.
He tried Mary, Cad, and Jo,
And the girls all teased them so
For he had told his fond emotion pure.

But the climax came one day
When to Georgia he did pay
His respects by perfumed letter thru the mail.
He thought he'd try one Moore,
But when turned down he felt so sore,
And ever we shall hear this tiresome wail:

Soliloquy

One afternoon, when the world without was dark and gloomy, while sitting in an upper room of a modern house on State street, a peculiar Senior was dreamily soliloquizing over his life and deeds during five years of sorrows and pleasures in Otterbein. His monolog ran something like this:

"When I first entered Otterbein people thought that since I was classed a 'prep,' I was, indeed, ignorant like other 'preps.' But, oh! how I've surprised them. It didn't take me long to prove to them that there was something in me. After I gave my lecture that first year, and "showed up' so good on the football field, I could hear students say as I would pass them on the street, 'There goes a mighty bright fellow. Notice how dignified he looks. He somewhat resembles "Mike" Daugherty of Lancaster, O., or Senator Bailey of Texas.' And really, I think people have the same opinion of me today."

But now the scene changes and a heavy frown comes over our friend's face as he thinks of that awful Junior class.

"Dear me, I do detest that 'Naughty Five' class. When they were Freshmen their basket-ball team went up to Kenyon and posed as the college team. Ever since that time I've really had it in for them. But, oh! they're hard to down. I tried my very best, when we Seniors played them in basket-ball, to defeat them Really, I tried to put some of them out of the game. If I just had another year in college perhaps I could concoct some scheme to humble their haughty spirit; but I'm a Senior.

"Even if I can't down the Juniors, my work in athletics anyway has indeed, been marvelous. I've played on the foot-ball, basket-ball and base-ball teams. Those 'grand-stand' plays I made will always be remembered, too, by the students of Otterbein. Think of the way I carried the ball when we played the Dayton Athletes, farther than any other man on the team! And those fifteen goals I made when we played the Newark basket-ball team! Of course, I hadn't made many in the previous games, but these so amply count up for them.

"Then, too, I've been very popular in society circles. My appearance has added so much toward making me a favorite. I've always dressed nicely, really, more nicely than other boys. At the evening parties I always wore my special dress suit; a thing that scarcely any of the other boys ever did. This added so much, I think. Even if I didn't have any more money than some of the other boys, I think I used what I did have to a better advantage.

"The girls, too, have always looked on me with a great deal of admiration. I can see them now, how queerly they looked at me the first couple of years I was in school. They don't look at me like that any more, for they all know I'm 'taken up.'

"When I leave this school, how they will miss me! Don't see how the college can possibly run. Still I've given the students something to

remember. The 'stakes' I have set in athletics, society, and oratory (altho I never won first place in oratory, my personal appearance on the floor has, indeed, been a model) will keep the boys hustling to reach for many years to come."

At this point the windows were so violently shaken by the raging of the obstreperous winds outside that our friend was awakened from his reverie in time to hear the college bell summoning him to supper.

Ode to the Locke House

Oh, a house that is known the college o'er,
And one with a gay reputation,
Is the Locke House, 'neath whose massive door
Boys few by name
But known to fame,
Hold many a jollification.

Oh, the noise they make is something fierce,
And the times they have are warm,
But every one bows and no one jeers
When Galliett and Ex,
And valiant Sex
Stroll up the street arm in arm.

They are each the pride of Otterbein,
Grow nicer each day than the last;
As they walk along to see them is fine;
For each prof. in the Fac.,
With a bow steps back
To let the Locke House boys go past!

Song of the Wolverines

"C, dat's de way to begin,
H, dat's de next letter in,
I, dat am de third,
C, dat's to season de word,
K, dat's a filling in,
E, I'm near de end,
C-H-I-C-K-E-N,
Dat's de way to spell chicken."

Two Senior Records

When they came to college some four years ago
The ways of the student, true, they did not know,
But of their adventures and of days bygone,
I will proceed to portray a few lines further on.

The first week in school, while working one day,
Fred looked up and said: "Do you think it will pay
To stay here and study and work and recite?
There's no fun in this life; it's so dull, it's a fright."

"Yet, Freddy," said Joe, "There's no doubt if we stay
And labor and hustle in the end it will pay.
For your Math. is easy and conquer you will;
Perchance supplant Miller—a professorship fill.

"For myself it's a pleasure in language to seek
For verbs and the dative in Latin and Greek.
It's this way, old boy! my opinion I'll give,
That Scott and Cornetet can't always live."

As Freshmen no study for them was too hard,
But baseball and football they had to discard,
They went to bed early, they arose at four,
But in their fond studies they made a good score.

In our Sophomore year they thought they would try
To enter society—there was no reason why—
They couldn't play football, but to study hard
The boys have told them "is a good playing card."

This year they are Seniors. How easy t'will be
To carry from O. U. an A. B. degree.
The last year is easy, there's no studying to do,
They needed only loudly to shout, "Whoop! Hip! Whoop! Whoo!"

Should any one ask you how they got there so soon,
Just say, "With such practice you could jump to the moon."
Study hours they passed with one mighty leap;
But they're lame for the future, and only can creep.

Limericks

There was a learned man named McFadden,
Who aspiring young students would madden
With experiments galore
And grades that would pore
Out phials of wrath, which would ne'er Prof. sadden.

There was a historian named Snavely,
Who to his musty old job bravely
Brought yearly forty big pails
Of old jokes and whiskered tails
And passed them off as his own so gravely.

There was a great teacher named Sherrick,
Who used to yank up like a derrick
Our innocent young "Josh,"
To tell all he knew, b'gosh,
And show that he knew nothing of Rheterrick.

Mary H. often calls me LeRoy.
She tells me I'm a great boy.
For just to amaze her
I use my keen razeher
To cut all my classes. Oh, joy!

In studies I take a few dabs,
I spend most of my time in the labs,
Some day of my life,
I shall choose me a wife.
They say that her name will be Crabbs.

There vas ein musiker heisst Herr Meyer,
Who had ein gross burning deseyer
Which vas der English to spoke
Like any other old moke—
But I'll bet he will first expeyer.

There was a gentle Prof. named Guitner;
No one had more grace and wit'n'er.
All the lads she beguiles
With her generous smiles,
But prattling of love is not befitt'n'er.

There was a young man in the choir
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till so high did it soar,
You could hear it no moar,
And 'twas found next day on the spoir.—Ex.

Aunt Sally's Adventure

The Seniors and the Sophomores,
One cheerful, drizzly night
When all their evening chores were done
And mamma said they might,
Thought it time they'd get together
And some mischief bring to light!

And so to the Gymnasium
The way was quickly led,—
For 'twas in that festive ballroom
They'd planned to have the spread—
But alas! an interruption came
E'er either class had fed.

Crash, thru a neighboring window
Some decayed hen-fruit came,
And brought to an untimely close
An interesting game.
They adjourned to another room,
The reason why is plain.

Tho so intensely interesting
I'll not tell of their rage;
Suffice to say, they took a vow
Warfare for aye to wage
Against the jokers who had dared
In this trick to engage.

They set their mighty brains to work
For means to have some fun;
They wanted to do something great
That no one else had done.
At last to them a thought did come,—
They'd get the skeleton.

'Twas scanty, I must say.
In fact the poor old lady's dress
Was quite décollêté!

And there she hung for days
To raise our risibilities.
No one would take her down, tho Prex
Implored on bended knees,
So greatly did her smiling face
The student fancy please.

And now when future classes ask,
"Of those who came before,
Of the great immortal phalanx
Who once roamed the campus o'er—
Who played the newest, funniest joke?"
The Sibyl will say, "Naught—Four."

(History does not tell who was the originator of this wonderful idea.)

And after due deliberation
They worked that old, old gag—
They stole poor old Aunt Sally
And on her put a tag,
Then strung her on the electric wire
And let her gaily wag.

They dressed her up in colors brave,
With garments blue and gray;
And tho purple was her raiment

DAISY M. CLIFTON, '07.

As Others See Us

"NOW YOU BAD
CARTOONIST,
LET ME ALONE"

I.

They sat on the sofa
  Quiet and still;
They looked at the landlady—
  Peggy and Bill.

II.

But landlady went in too soon;
  (Some landladies will),
They sat on the sofa,
  Peggy &Bill.

Feb. 2:

Young C. M. S. sprained his ankle
  And was penned up in his room;
To M. C. all the world was darkened,
  And her face pictured her gloom.

Feb. 3:

Sad and silent grew poor M. C.,
  Oft she sighed and said, "O dear!"
When I questioned her, she answered,
  "Why—a—the cold wind hurts my ear."

Feb. 4:

C. S. out again! Glad M. C
  Said, "Bring forth the fatted calf.
C. S. answered, "That's my sprained one.
  I'm too modest by a half."

We would like to know—

Why hair doesn't grow on Durrant's head?
What Johnston is doing here?
If Ulrich is really a Senior.
What attraction the Academy has for Morain?
Why Altman always shrugs his shoulders?
Why some that are here don't get married?
Why Demuth doesn't establish a point?
What Trimmer meant when he said a mile swallowed a boot?

How sweet this life would be—

If Callender wouldn't try to sing in chapel.
If Markley would make a recitation.
If Mumma wouldn't go to sleep in class.
If Porter would demonstrate a proposition in geometry.
If C. Scott was more dignified.
If only some students wouldn't knock.

Favorite pastimes of various students—

Johnston—Sleeping.
Callender—Talking ads.
Hager—Attending church.
Bates—Singing "Alice, Where Art Thou?"
Bookman—Tennis.
Boring—Trying to be young.
G. Scott—Playing Chess.

What I came to school for —

Eckstine—To study mathematics.
R. Shauck—To run everything.
Kiester—To learn to talk.
Brubaker—To choose a "Student Volunteer."

How they became famous—

Good—Marvelous ability as a proposer.
Pershing—Bluffing.
Funk, N.—Punting.
McMullen—Work on the Annual.
Pace—Caricaturing the Faculty.

Who?

Who makes the path so rough to walk,
Who scores the boy with so much talk,
Who thinks that he ought ne'er to balk?
Cornetet.

Who drags him up and pulls him down,
Who tells him he is but a clown,
Who lashes him until he's brown?
Cornetet.

Who would do well to mend his pace,
And shorten up his lengthy face,
And laugh *once* with a seeming grace?
Cornetet.

At last Charlie Hendrickson has found a "point"

Love's True Course

"Why, Molly, what is wrong," Yenn cried,
"What are you crying about?"
Molly gave a sob and sighed,
"Harry and I are out."

So to work went Jo and Yenn
To soften the youth's hard heart,
Until Molly and he at peace again
Vowed they would never part!

One short week Yenn exclaimed,
"Molly, what do you sigh about?"
And Molly said, "He's to be blamed;
Harry and I are out."

Notice: (Dec. 1.)

I, Dad Trimmer, would like to have some pretty girl to take to the entertainment Thursday evening. Apply at my room at Thompson's, East Main Street. I am willing to pay her way.

P. S.—Remember, first come, first served.

Notice: (Dec. 3.)

Wanted—A bonny lass to accompany me to the lecture on Thursday evening. Any one between the ages of thirteen and forty-five will be acceptable. Must have good moral character.

C. M. Good.

P. S.—Applicant must furnish testimonial from previous "point" and have in her possession two tickets. C. M. G.

Rose at it Again

Rose kissed me to-day,
Who will kiss her to-morrow?
That's always the way,—
When she kisses to-day
I ask with dismay
Not unmixed with sorrow:
Rose kissed me to-day,
Who will kiss her to-morrow.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Some Forecasts

Recent excavations in the Orient have brought to light many ancient manuscripts and parchments which are of the utmost significance. The discoveries most interesting to us, as well as those about which the deepest mystery clusters, were made at the present location of Naples, the supposed site of the Ancient Cumae. Dr. Scott of Otterbein University, a famous student of ancient manuscripts, who had visited this part of Italy in 1890, requested that some of the discovered parchments be sent him for investigation. In answer to his request the Doctor received not long since a large supply of these manuscripts. These he successfully deciphered and submitted some of them to the editors of the Sibyl for interpretation. They found that these manuscripts were written on papyrus and in the form of a prophecy. This lead the editors to conclude that these manuscripts were some of the leaves that were kept by the Sibyl at the Cave of Cumae. We shall reproduce a few of these prophecies with their interpretation as determined by the editors.

The first is as follows: Deus dixit Universitas Otterbeiniana clarita opulentus CCIↃↃↃ. This was interpreted to mean that Otterbein University will become exceedingly famous and no cloud will darken the horizon of her future. The handsome sum of $500,000 will be donated in the year 1920 and by the year 1925 there will be erected a costly Sanctuary, a Conservatory of Music, a Gymnasium, a Library, a large Science Hall, and an extensive Dormitory.

The second reads somewhat like this: Deus dixit Bonum philosophia adspirare theologia femina. This means that Common Meter Good, the gifted philosopher and theologian, after leaving Otterbein and attending for a brief time a larger school, will content himself with trying to solve the philosophy of womanhood.

The third reads thus: Deus dixit Carolus Starkii delectationis abundatia. This means that Carl Starkey, altho he loved to play truant and go Crab(b) hunting, will become very famous in science, but overcome by a desire for wealth, will forsake scientific pursuits and go to Alaska to accumulate great riches.

Another reads as follows: Sardis Batesis jurisconsultus egregius assequi munera civica. This means that Sardy Bates, the noted athlete in O. U., will become a very successful lawyer. Not only in his legal practice will he be noted, but he will be widely known for his integrity and honesty. He will finally enter the political arena and attain the governorship of the State of Ohio, and later will become Secretary of War. After serving several successful terms in these positions he will gain the high office of Street Commissioner of Westerville, Ohio.

CHOICE BITS FROM THE SIBYL BOX.

There are three difficulties in authorship—to write anything worth publishing—to find honest men to publish it—and to get sensible men to read it.—Colton.

Dr. Sanders: "A phenomenon exists only in relation to something else."

B. F. S.: "Then I am a phenomenon for I can't get along without Grace, the dear girl."

Student: "I think Roosevelt is a very small man if he is really only five-feet-six in height."

Dr. Sherrick: "Yes, indeed. Why, I am only five-feet-six, myself."

Repartee:

The Starter: "Bell, you say you write poetry. Tell me, doesn't 'poet' rime with 'goat'?"

C. G. E. (piping in): "Not if I know it."

M. C.: My, how witty Ex can be."

K. S.: "Yes, but he will be Whittier some day."

Prof. Snavely's Chapel Attendance book for the Freshman class, bears on its cover this title: "Herbarium and Plant Descriptions."

Doctor Scott, desiring him to say "flame:" "Give me another word for 'sweetheart'."

Rymer: "Point."

Mabelle: "I couldn't tell Nellis Funk from me at the masquerade."

Dr. Sanders to Miss Maxwell: "Is the chair you occupy the same as the one Mr. McMullen sits on?"
Ora: "The same."
Doctor: "What will Mrs. Mac say?"

"May I print a kiss on your lips," I said,
And she nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Callender, in a private decision, said that Sunday courtship was wrong. We admit from this point of view he is right. One day in seven should be kept sacred.

Hoover, on being asked how his finance is, takes hold of his *biceps brachii,* swings his arm and says, "Fine, fine."

Mary H. H. to Daisy: "Bring my mail."
Daisy: "What's your number?"
Mary: "Locke House No. 8."

Mary had a little lamb,
She has fleeced it oft, we know,
But everywhere Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.—(Guess!)

Altman:

When all my winks in vain are wunk
When all my thinks in vain are thunk,
What saves me from an awful flunk?
My pony.

"O would I were a bird," she sang.
And each disgusted one
Thought to himself the wicked thought,
"I wish I were a gun."

Bean offers in class an original plan for heaven, in which the inhabitants are to be concentrated in one great flat, built on modern principles, with heat and light, and so forth.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, altho there's nothing in it.—Byron.

Altman's favorite expression: "The conditions in Macedonia are these."

You're the light of my life," she whispered,
As he kissed her once more good night.
And then from the top of the stairway
Came a voice, "Well, put out the light."—Ex.

Miss Courtright: "I have no desire to see Ben Hur any more; I prefer to see Ben(nett)."

MacDonald: "I certainly have no organic disease, but I am convinced that a pianic disease has a deep hold on me."

Dr. Snavely: "This is a case of the tail trying to wag the dog."

On February 14 Senior boys gave Senior girls carnations. March 10, Senior class assessed for carnations!

Ex: "Since we can't get along I want the question settled; give me either acquittal or the chair."
Glen: "I'll give the the chair—high chair."

Francis Barnett, at Basket ball game: "I shall yell for the Seniors, but my heart is with the Juniors."

Overheard in Laboratory:
Said A. Tom to Miss Molly Cule, "Come be a wife to me."
"Nay, nay," quoth she, "for twixt us two, there's no affinity."

Burtner: "Mrs. Cooper, why don't you get me a nice point?"
Mrs. Cooper: "Because you are too boyish."

Porter, in German, translates: Ich stand am Fenster und sah wieder der knabe der Hund schlug; "I stand on the fence and saw how the boy slugged the dog."

Memory drill was of such vast benefit that every student remembered the—joke—and was absent from the last two lessons.

If at first you don't succeed
Just flunk and flunk again;
In Freshman Math. you'll learn with speed
This fate awaits all men.

Kad Shauck: "I always see *Good* in everything."

Dr. Sanders: "What signal did the hosts of Israel receive for them to move from Mt. Sinai?"
Shively (half-back): "9-5-26."

Dr. Sherrick to Miss Scott: If you wish to get capacity of movement in your poem, what do you do with your feet? If mine, I'd divide them.

Prof. Miller: "Now, listen, all of you. I might accidentally say something that would be helpful to you."

Dr. Sanders: "What if Hanna could know God as Moses did."

During the Rainy Season: "Bean, is the creek rising much?"
"Yes, around the edge, but not much in the middle."

Dr. Sanders: "There are more centenarians now than I have known for the past 2000 years."

McDonald: "Are you going to the Y. W. C. A.?"
Funk: "No, I am going to C. A. Y. W."

Their favorite phrases:
Prof. Miller: You will at once see.
Prof. Sherrick: Now, tell me all you know about the subject.
Prof. Sanders: Really and truly this is the best class I have ever had to teach.

On the evening of December 8th, the Otterbein Orchestra gave a concert at Sunbury, Ohio. Ladies from Otterbein graced the occasion and encouraged the boys to splendid efforts. Great crowd. Orchestra declared a profit of two cents on each share held.

Bennett, P., (collecting laundry bills): Student asks him: "How much do I owe?"
B.: Have you your laundry slips?"
Student: "No."
B.: Then it's $1.87.

Cram,
Exam,
Flunk,
Trunk—Ex.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

Sprig. sweet sprig, is cobig;
For I feel it id the air,
See, the groud is gedtly thawig,
Bud ad slush are everywhere.

Dow I doff by widter fladdels,
Ad I dod by subber close;
Thed for weeks ad weeks together
Vaidly try to blow by dose.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HARD TO BEAT.

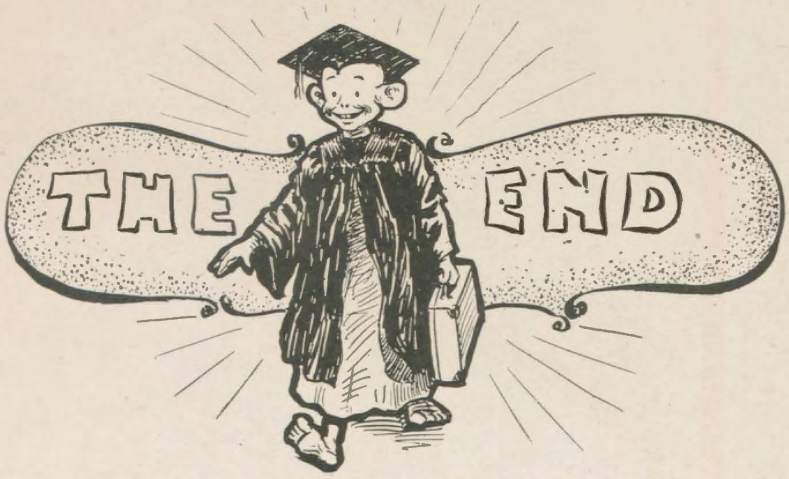
Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat;
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand into my soul
Could greater solace bring,
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.

—*Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

To the Reader

When bitter thoughts go thru your mind
Because within this book you cannot find
    Some joke on yourself,
Accept for the reason for this deed
That your life is governed by such creed
    That your not worthy of such pelf.

But you against whom these jokes are directed
And think in your life some new thing is detected
    Of good or worth or truth,
Don't run about with your chin projected
Because we find your life affected
    With manifold excesses, forsooth.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Calendar

SEPTEMBER.

1. Opening day; several prepare for peaches and cream.
10. Bookie goes to Scott's; looks for Deeder.
14. Class presidents meet Dr. Scott to whom some good advice is given about running the College.
16. Students seated in chapel; Freshmen are nervous.
18. Bookie sad; Deeder not coming.
19. Brubaker arrives at 10:30 P. M.; goes immediately to see Pa and Ma, North State street.
20. Wise goes to church just in time to hear benediction.

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23. Freshmen give a yell—at least that is Worman's testimony.
25. Caps and gown in chapel; Seniors look dignified.
26. O. S. U. Foot ball game; Sard displays pugilistic ability.
28. Faculty in difficulty. How to classify a man as Sophomore who took Senior Girlology. Junior Campus Work, Soph Spoonology and Freshman Pointomatics.
30. Dr. Snavely to Miss Park. "What ordinance did Jefferson introduce?" Miss Park. "North Western Territory."

OCTOBER.

1. College work increasing in intensity; five extra pages to each assignment.
3. Preps prepare for aggressive warfare.

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4. Sopho-Senior banquet; putrescent eggs served.
5. Preps on war path. Eckstine Commander-in-Chief.
8. Major presents Dr. Snavely with a jug of cider during class hour.
11. Rev. Stiverson nominates boys as entertainment committee for conference.
13. "Chicken eaters" and "booze fighters" receive a cordial welcome from the boys.
14. Wolverines satisfy hunger for chicken.
15. Nightshirt parade in honor of conference.
16. Chapel exercises run on time. Champion alarm clocks used.
17. O. M. U.—O. U. foot ball game.
25. Pershing, Sunday evening, 11:30 P. M. "Really I must go home and study."

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26. Dr. Snavely: "The ring is a symbol of submission and servitude." Ora Bale immediaiately removes new ring.
28. Landis-Mumma tour to Round Stone hollow; stop at Ward's on the way back for practical suggestions.

NOVEMBER.

2. Hollman boys nearly drown Ash boys in an attempt to extinguish fire; it was all smoke, no flame. New French pipes being tried.
3. Sophomore push at town hall. No eggs served.
4. Everybody congratulates Dr. Whitney.
5. Twenty-five boys call on Dr. Whitney who rehearses campaign stories. He has not lost his ass-pi-rations.

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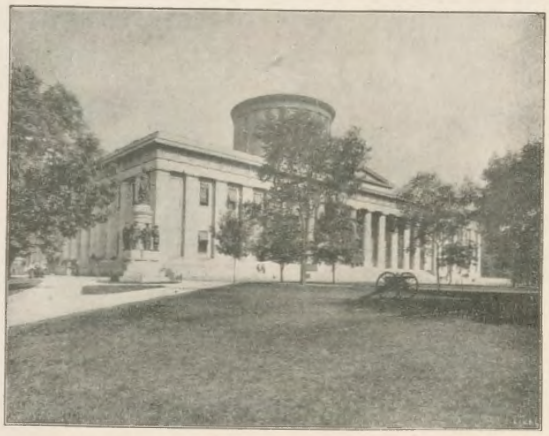

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6. President's monthly calls. No one at home.
8. Annual campaign of Christian Associations begin.
10. Hursh, Wills, Barnes, Bale, in choir: "Ev-en me, ev-en me."
13. Ash, Groves; Wills, Porter; favored by a call from Pres. Scott, who gives some instructions in physical—geography.
14. Tom returns home at 3:30 A. M. from an evening call.
17. All Senior and Soph girls have invitation to Columbus lecture that C. M.('s) Good.
25. Students go home to eat turkey.
28. Twenty-five hobos engaged by Christian Association to dig trench.

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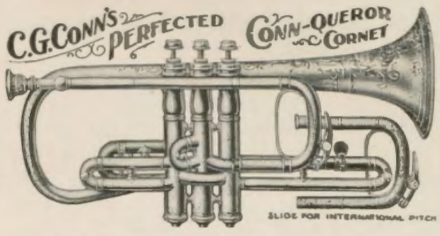

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DECEMBER.

2. Senior girl has a fit of ecstacy over reading Ingersoll's speech at his brother's grave.
3. Prof. (?) Burtner substitutes for Greek Prof. Class votes the official ripple and assumes control at 11:30.
4. Burtner's attempt at teaching repeated—only to be locked in the room to die of starvation.
6. Wonderful opportunity comes to Cad. Good proposes.
7. Worman asks Miss Courtright to go to lecture. "I mean it, Mary."
8. Dr. Scott takes B.'s place in Greek room. No song, no "official ripple," only silent thought. Behold the change!

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11. Carl carrying lantern searches Main street for Mabelle's hat.
13. Otterbein begins basket ball season. Defeats O. W. U.
15. Schedule posted for finals. Worried expressions.
18. Finals over. One good breath a year at least.

JANUARY.

1. Brubaker resolves to cultivate a new crop of hair by commencement time.
3. Galliett arrives to take Examinations. Exams held at Hewitt's.
4. The arrival of Johnston with his white vest creates quite a sensation.
5. School begins, plenty of new students, more peaches and cream.

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6. Everybody down to hard (?) work.
8. Leap year. Boys' societies disturbed by girls waiting outside.
9. Papa brings Robert to College. Masquerade reception.
10. White vest still in evidence, but murmurs, "Mistah Johnson, turn me loose."
11. Great sensation. It is said that Bookman is in correspondence with Deeder.
14. Morain studies facial expression.
19. Junior class free themselves of three great burdens, Wise, Weitkamp, Morain.
26. Bell in Natural Theology. "You're a dependent thing."
29. Seniors hold periodic class meeting. Nothing done but kill time.

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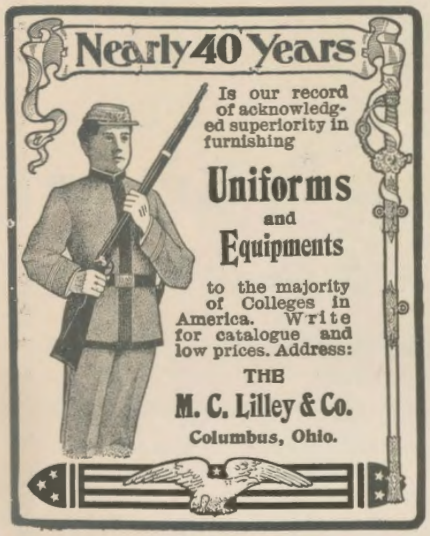

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FEBRUARY.

1. Johnston thinks of Matriculating.
2. Hoover seen with a linen collar on. Look out for a new point.
5. Weitkamp recites in Quaternions. Professor Miller suffers a severe nervous attack.
8. Preps have meeting after chapel. Some discord. Commander - in - chief Eckstine fears mutiny. Asks Juniors for advice.
10. Lockhouse gang caught studying.
12. Creek on rampage. 9:40 P. M., Harry and Nellie go down to see the big ice cakes.
13. Dr. Hall speaks to men.

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17. Miss Frank decides that her folks will not keep a club in the spring. They may keep one or two private boarders.
22. Seditious action on the part of Shively and Deller causes a riot; quelled by Dr. Scott by dismissing school for the day.
26. Wise tells a story; a record-breaker.
28. Boys go to Columbus to hear Sherwood Eddy.
29. Miss Mumma refuses to get annual. Landis has signed.

MARCH.

5. Basket ball with Newark. O. 59, N. 22.
8. Freshman-Junior banquet; royal menu. Gorillas attack banquet hall; repulsed with slight loss in the pass.

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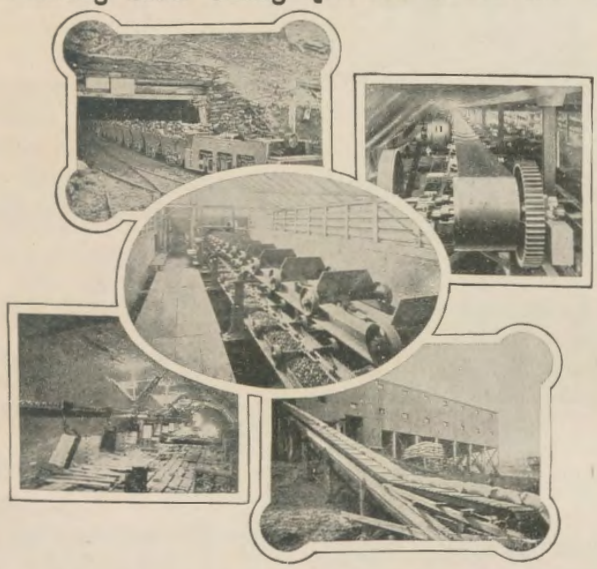

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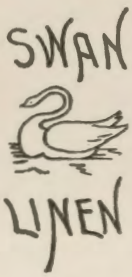
9. Poor lessons; such a tired feeling.
10. Miss Georgia Scott instructed members of her society to address those in their "coficial apacity" by proper title.
11. Girls basket ball with Heidelberg. Boys give the visitors reception. Hewitt may go to Tiffin next year.
14. Mrs. A. T. Howard spoke to volunteer band; scolded Brubaker for wooing all the girls.
15. Juniors all out of classes; working on annual.
16. Brubaker recites whole lesson in Psychological Foundations.
18. Wilson goes to "Bald-headed Row."

APRIL.

4. Ora Maxwell orders groceries for dinner at 12:55.



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Citizens Phone 899. Bell 441

10. Harry Young moves to W. Main street.
12. Alice Kiester gets her "Bates" ready to go fishing; then stays at home.
16. Frances Barnett's picture found in the Philomathean Orchestra Music.
21. Landis stays until Jessie gets sleepy.
22. Jessie sleeps in class.
24. Mr. Charles seeks Bail (Bale).
25. Eva Frank orders wedding dress.
26. Many new points preparing for commencement.
27. Joe, to her Senior sisters: "I do expect to have a decent dréss for graduation."
22. Garwoods takes fright during a midnight disturbance.
24. Good writes an emphatic letter to Mabel.
25. Good makes personal explanation.
29. "Midnight Marauders" ring college bell.

MAY.

1. Wolverines stack Burtner's room.
27. Morain writes to a Matrimonial Agency (in part): I very much prefer to correspond with a young lady not more than 25 and possessing not less than $50,000. College graduate preferred.

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