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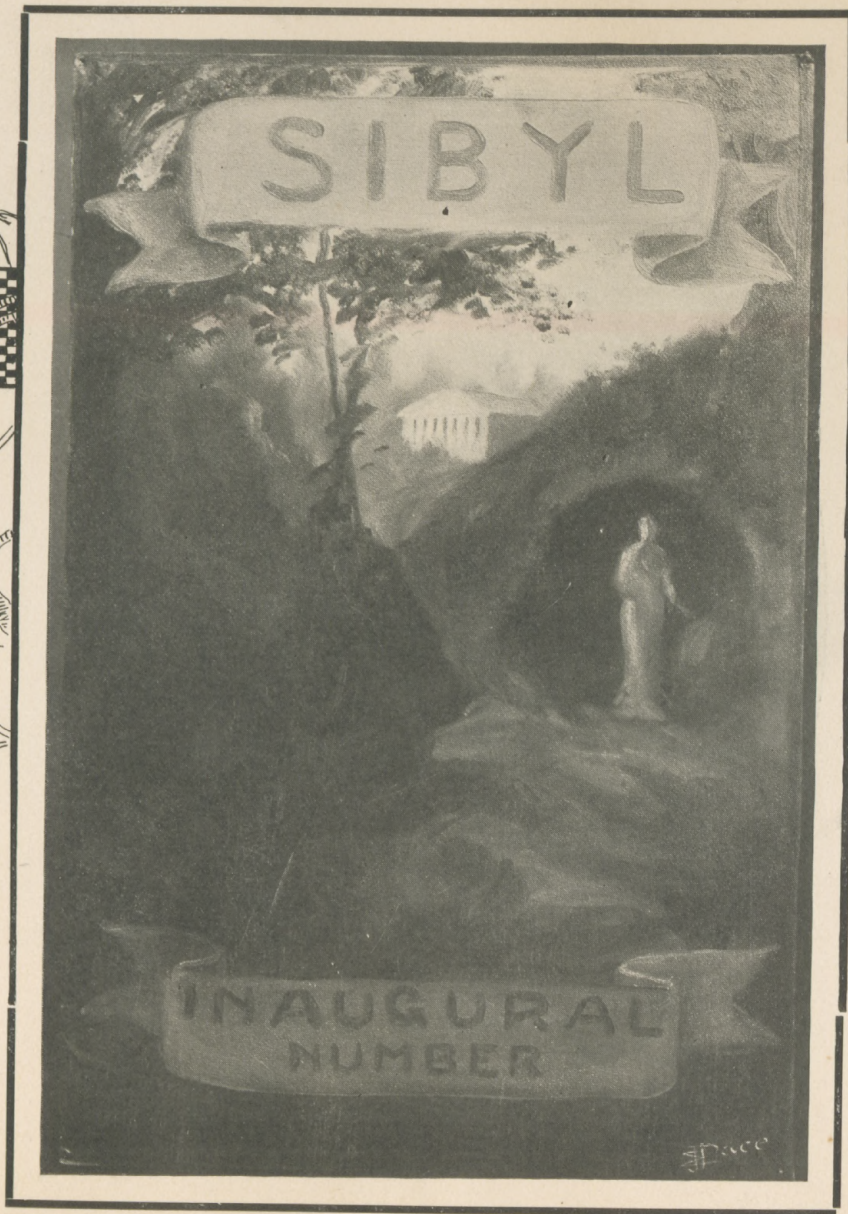
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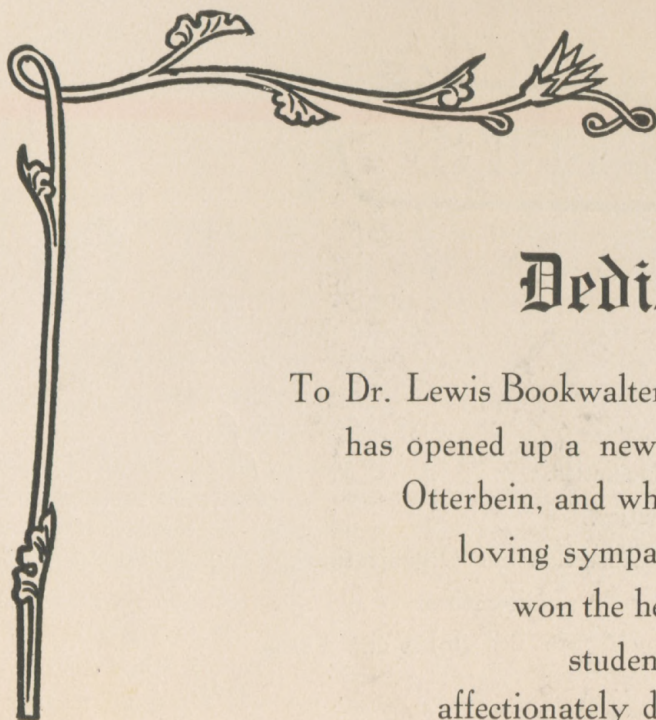


SIBYL

A red decorative flourish or scrollwork element positioned directly beneath the word 'SIBYL'.







Dedication

To Dr. Lewis Bookwalter, whose advent as President
has opened up a new epoch in the history of
Otterbein, and who by his justice and
loving sympathy has already
won the heart of every
student, do we
affectionately dedicate this book.



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OTTERBEIN University has entered upon a new era of growth and prosperity. Like the growth of the mighty forest oak, which had its slow beginning in the little acorn, has been the development during the fifty-eight years' existence of this university. Unseen forces have been at work patiently toiling, toiling, toiling, to build up and establish for you and me this noble school of learning. Time has wrought many outward changes, but the spirit with which Otterbein was founded is the same loyal spirit with which the work is now being advanced.

In sending out this, the fifth volume of the "Sibyl," we have kept three objects constantly in view: to add our little mite toward this wonderful progress of our Alma Mater; to present a true picture of college life at Otterbein to all those who are contemplating entering its sacred halls; and to give the alumni and undergraduates a record of the events and pleasantries of the year just passed.

The work has been that of untried hands; we would therefore ask your indulgence if this, our attempt, does not quite meet your expectations. The matter herein presented is published without any feeling of animosity or spite and we hope that our work will be received as it is intended.

In conclusion we wish to express our appreciation to our many friends who have aided us in the preparation of this book. Especially would we thank Mr. E. J. Pace for his valuable assistance as cartoonist, Miss Daisy M. Clifton, Mr. Warren Ayre, Mr. C. H. Bell, Mr. L. Sexauer, and many others for their literary contributions.

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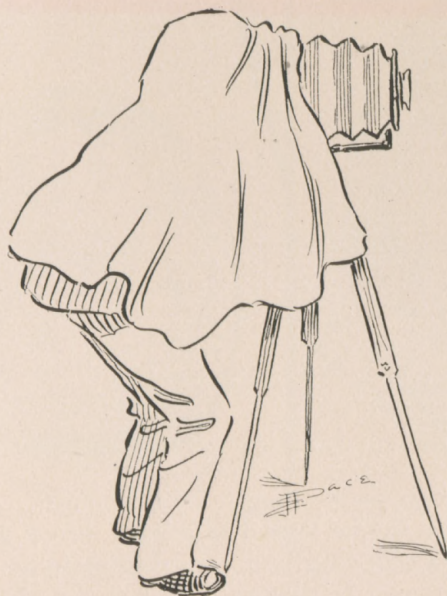
FREDERICK DUBOIS,
Instructor in Violin and Leader of Orchestra.

P. F. WILKINSON,
Principal of the School of Commerce.

FACULTY YELL !

Georgia, Tommy, Charlie, Frank!
Kill those seniors, they are rank.
They are easy, they're a bluff,
Otterbein Faculty is the stuff!





The
FACULTY
in
EMBRYO



NURSERY RHYMES.

LITTLE Tommy Sanders sits on the floor,
Reading a book of Philosopher's lore.
When he grows bigger, what will he not do?
High minded midget, ambitious too;

HUSH-A-BYE baby,
Don't pull my wig!
Some day you can rule
When you are big.

IF Henry keeps on at the gate he is going,
He'll some day be known as a good money getter.
The art of collecting he's learned to perfection,
And a terror he'll be to a poor student-debtor.



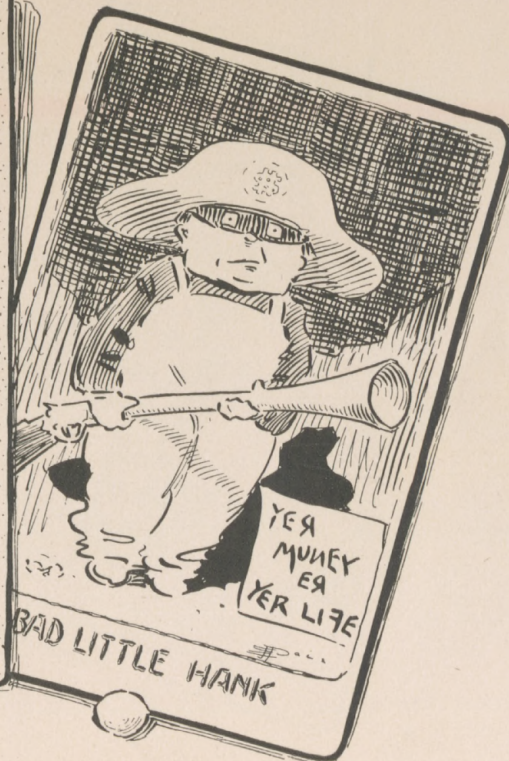
from a daguerrotype
taken in 1855.

"STUDIOUS TOMMY"



Papa Bookwalter

"ACH! LOUIE"



BAD LITTLE HANK

LITTLE Cornetet, sat on a Grammar
Heaving a little sigh
He opened a book, and took a short look
And said, "O, what a smart boy am I."

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, where will you go?
I will go to Prof. Wagoner's to see a big show.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what will you do there?
Watch him teach Latin from off his big chair.

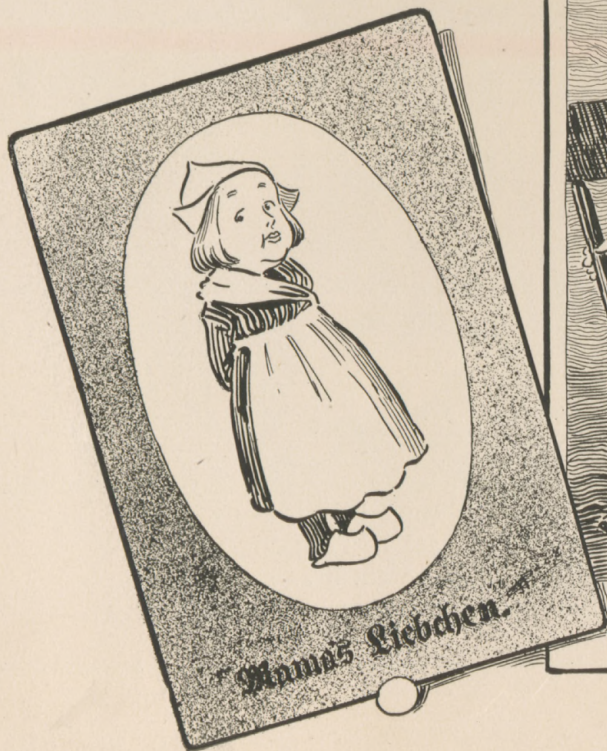
CHARLIE SNAVELY loves his books
Beyond all comprehension;
And you can tell, just from his looks,
That his mind is on a tension.



LIEBE kleine Alma,
In her little Dutch shoes,
And a wee nose,
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

FRANKIE shall learn subtraction,
And Frankie shall learn to add,
And Frankie shall be an attraction,
When he grows to be a big lad.

LITTLE Miss D'auber
Come mix your colors,
And some sweet day,
You will make many dollars.



EDWIN, Edwin has no hair,
His shining pate is bald and bare,
But four and twenty will make a wig,
So bide your time for he'll grow big.

I'M a little German laddie
With a mighty music bump
Some day I'll be a teacher
Won't I make the pupils hump?

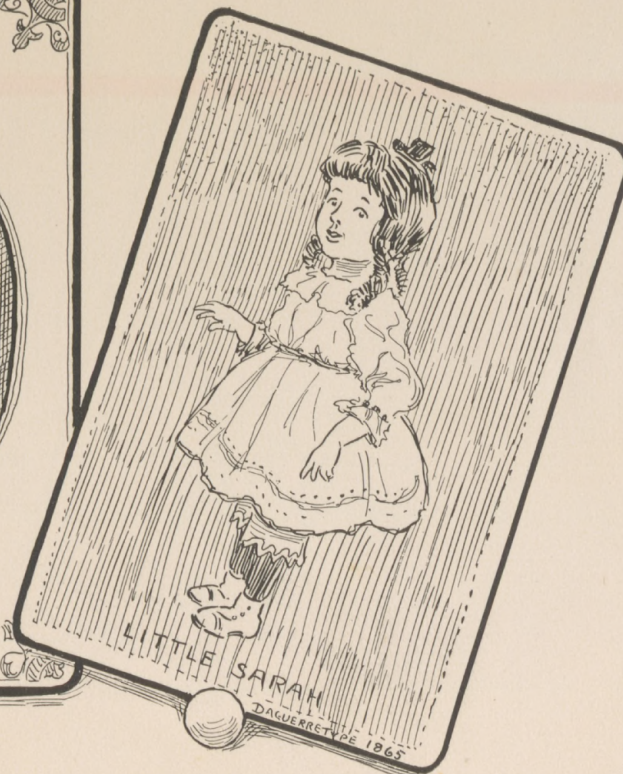
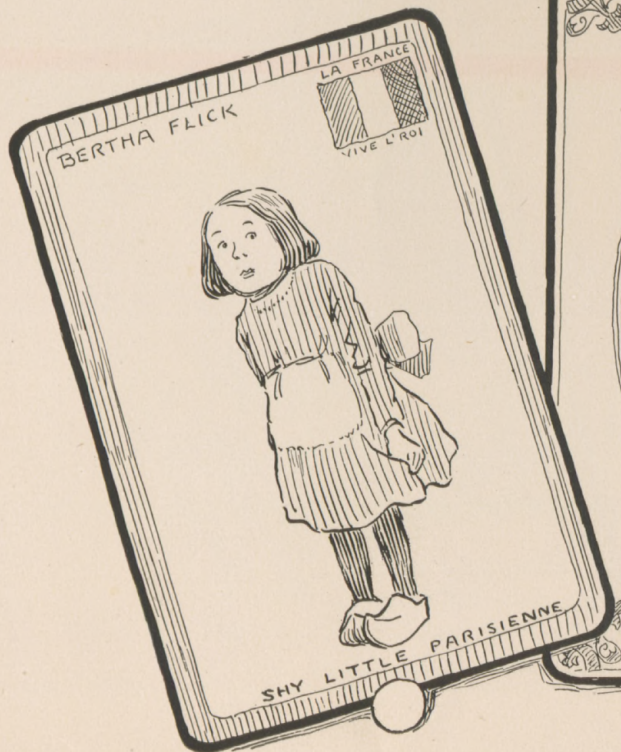
WHAT are you doing, my bonnie lad?
I'm testing this milk to see if it's good
I'm hungry — O my! And I want it *so* bad;
For it's nearly as good as good breakfast food.



BERTHA, Bertha, the French teacher,
Has a sweet face and will keep it.
When she grows big she'll entice
Boys and girls who are very nice.

THERE was a little girl who had a little curl,
And they called her little Lulu May.
When she was good she was very very good,
When she was bad, she was bad all day.

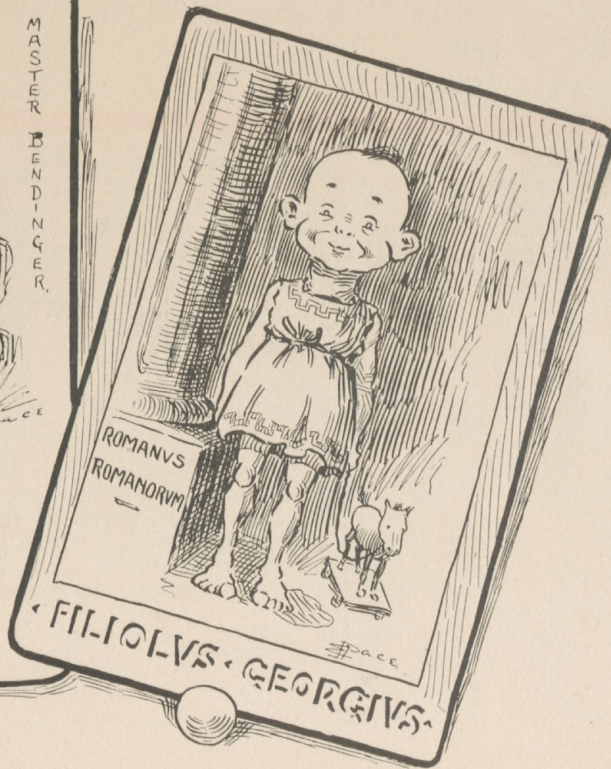
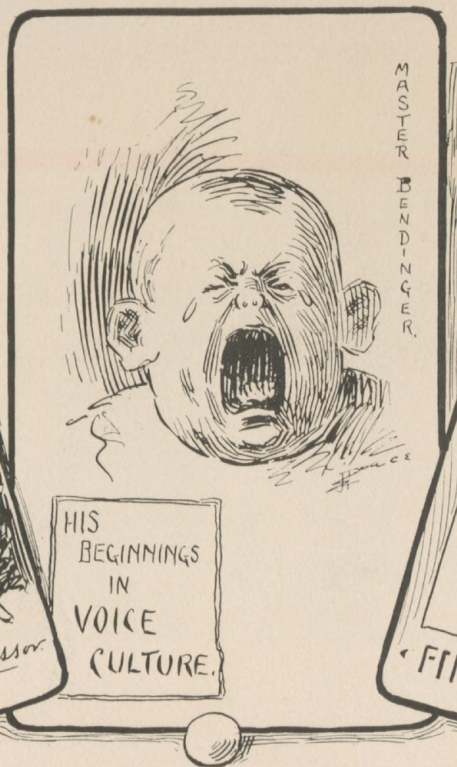
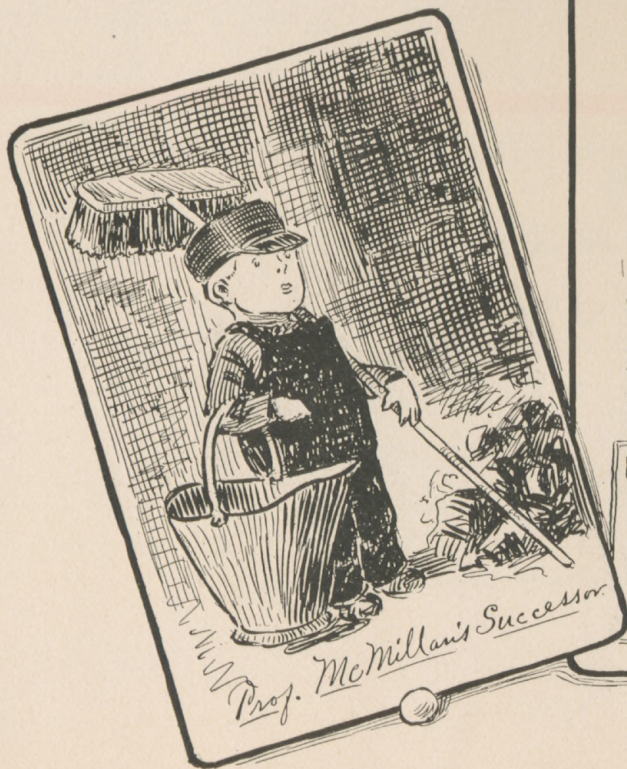
SARAH, Sarah quite elated,
Have you some wee boy that's dated?
Snaring him with charming smile,
Thinking far away the while?



ALBERT grow quick,
And Albert work well
And then you may ring
The college bell.

I'LL sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it's as pretty as any.
In the future my singing
Through mighty halls ringing,
Will appeal to the auditor's many.

GEORGE, George a Latin boy,
Wears a smile and plays with toys
His smile is broad and George looks cute
As he grins within his Roman suit.





SENIOR CLASS.



E. J. Pace, *President.*

Altman, Cary Oscar,
Bates, Sardis,
Boring, Ada Leroy,
Burge, Leroy,
Deller, William,
Hendrickson, Arletta,
Hendrickson, Carrie,
Hendrickson, Charles Wesley,
Hughes, Thomas Edwin,
Hursh, Edwin May,
McMullen, Edgar William,

Offenhauer, Roy Ernest,
Pace, Ernest James,
Ritenour, Virginia,
Rosselot, Alzo Pierre,
Shively, Benjamin Franklin,
Starkey, Carl McFadden,
Ward, Amy Walker,
Ward, William Edwin,
Warson, Lewis Wayne,
Weinland, Louis Augustus,
Williams, Harry Markley.



SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, June 23, 1914.

DEAR AMY, —

Since I have been "roaming over mountains and crossing the seas" the truth of the old song, "There's no place like home," has come back to me very forcibly. True, I saw many beautiful sights and had many pleasant experiences but I was extremely glad to get back to the old home. Of course you will want to know all that has happened to me and you shall, in time. But to-day I am only going to tell you about some of the old friends I met or heard about, particularly your own classmates, the Otterbein people known as "Naughty Fives."

When we, Margaret and I, set out a year ago last spring to visit the noted spots of other lands we had no idea of meeting so many old friends. Having planned to spend several days in the Alleghenies we were delighted to find this region of our own country so beautiful. We were therefore but little surprised when one day rounding a steep bluff we suddenly saw before us the most idyllic spot conceivable. Before us lay a beautiful valley, and partly hidden in the midst of a cluster of fine trees we spied a cozy country villa, the home of — well whom do you think? C. M. Starkey! After his retrain from Panama he brought his little wife to this secluded spot so as to have his lovely

song bird all to himself. The pleasant hours we spent here will never be forgotten.

Reaching New Jersey the following night we spent a day in Trenton. As we were strolling down one of her main streets, taking in the sights, a showy sign suddenly attracted our attention. E. W. McMULLEN, M. D. it read. "Can that be," — I began, when Margaret interrupted me with, "O look here," and following the direction indicated by her, my eyes beheld the words printed on a neat sign:

Rev. A. L. Boring, Funeral Sermons a Specialty.

but that was not all. As we were yet wondering whether or not these inscriptions referred to our Otterbein friends, a man stepped out of the adjoining store and advanced in our direction. As he noticed us he stopped and we recognized C. W. Hendrickson, who has established himself here in the undertaking business. Fancy the humor of the situation! After a mutual exchange of greetings Mr. Hendrickson told us that the two signs before us indeed belong to the two Otterbein men of '05. He further informed us that his sister Carrie is keeping house for him and that Arletta now holds the position of a local secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Oregon. It was also news to us that H. M. Williams had just been made first assistant to the chief chemist of the National Milk Testing Commission and that Rev. William Dellar had been sent to Halifax to

labor among the Canadian Indians. That was all he knew, but it was indeed sufficient to keep our minds occupied for some time.

After several minor adventures we finally found ourselves comfortably settled on deck of the magnificent steamer which was to carry us to Liverpool. Our hopes for a quiet, restful trip were however soon shattered. We were scarcely out of the bay, when the captain, leisurely pacing down the deck, suddenly stopped in front of us with an exclamation of surprise. Looking up we beheld none other than L. A. Weinland. I rubbed my eyes, thinking it a dream, but soon became aware of the reality of it all. As his wife was on board with him, he at once took us to her. I need not tell you that Gertrude is delighted with her present manner of life.

During the entire trip we then spent our time recalling the "good old times" which we enjoyed in the land of "pushes and points," for Mr. Weinland is, as you know, an interesting talker. He told us that L. W. Warson has risen to the superintendency of the Highland County Public Schools while A. P. Rosselot is now professor of French in one of the western colleges, where C. O. Altman holds the chair of History. But I was stunned to hear of the success of S. Bates. Did you know that he has been admitted to the Bench of the Supreme Court? Think of it, one of your classmates occupying such a prominent position in the National capital. But all things take an end and so did our trip.

By this time we were ready for almost anything, so

we tried to appear calm when one fine morning, sauntering through the park near Windsor castle, Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Hughes suddenly stood before us. Having been for some years the successful pastor of the First U. B. church in Chicago, he had taken a sudden notion to treat his family to a tour across the continent. In the course of a pleasant conversation we learned, too, that Rev. B. F. Shively is holding a position similar to his own in St. Louis.

I wish I could stop to tell you about our journey across the continent. That was delightful. Just think! R. E. Offenhauer actually mastered the German tongue and has lately been given, through the intervention of his Leipsic cousin, a professorship of English Language and Literature in one of the German colleges. In Turkey we encountered L. R. Burdge as secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; in Palestine we enjoyed a little chat with E. M. and Mrs. Hursh on their return to Central Africa where they hope to convince the Bushmen of the advantages of cooking their food. Mr. and Mrs. Pace, whom we hoped to see in Canton, China, had just returned to the interior, so the pleasure of meeting them was denied us. They are, however, working there with great success. I shall always regret, too, that we could not stop to look you up in southern India. I am so glad that you and Mr. Ward are enjoying your work there so well, and hope that you will soon come back to Ohio, at least for a long visit. Until then think occasionally of your old friend from Otterbein.

L. W. O.

A PSALM OF (COLLEGE) LIFE.

Tell me not in accents dreary
"Seniors are a glorious dream!"
E'en dignity at times grows weary
And bluffs are not what they seem.

Tommy knows this, so does Eddie —
"Pancoast" has to suffer for 't.
'Gainst occasional slights of study
Loop-holes always are prepared.

Not the fear of midnight worry
Or hard work at peep-of-day
Can make Offenhauer hurry
Or Starkey give up foot ball play.

"Art is long and time is fleeting; —"
Hear our Boring brave and strong
In funereal tones repeating: —
"Do the right and shun the wrong."

On the gridiron's field of glory
Rosselot takes his stand with pride,
And "Cap" Altman leads to victory —
'Less that's with the other side.

Trust no "rider"; goodly baited
Are his angles, smooth his vow;
False he'll prove — his plans frustrated —
Claim those who from experience know.

Bluffs of Seniors all remind us
Just to conjecture — "Thus and So" —
When the stern prof's questions find us
Unprepared — (he'll never know.)

Bluffing thus may help another
The heights of "knowledge to ascend
With as little toil and bother
As will keep him still 'prof's friend.'"

Let us then with fresh endeavor
Follow the examples wise
Of our Seniors, who will never
Know their value — in our eyes.

With apologies to H. W. Longfellow,
L. O. — '06.

„Friede sei mit euch!“





JUNIOR CLASS.



Henrietta Du Pre, *President.*

Laker, Mary Neikirk,

Boring, Nellie Lenore,

Burtner, Elmer Edwin,

Du Pre, Henrietta,

Funk, John Waldo,

Geeding, Mary Susan,

Hamilton, Gerald Clinton,

Hewitt, Mary Elizabeth,

Hewitt, Raymond Leroy,

Landis, Alden Eugene,

Leshner, Edgar James,

Mauk, Lillian,

McDonald, Frederick Wilson,

Mumma, Jessie Estella,

Oehlschlegel, Lydia,

Park, Georgia West,

Pershing, John Harry,

Ressler, Grace,

Rymer, Elbert McCoy,

Van Sickle, Frank Overton,

Weaver, Dora Love,

Weber, William Albert.

NAUGHTY SIX.



ALTHOUGH in the course of time many a name has shed its light on dear old Otterbein, our alma mater has never before been able to boast of a class whose prospects of future success are so promising as are those of the class of '06. From the very beginning this wonderful class proved itself to be composed of more than ordinary material. Not only was the notorious freshman "greenness" conspicuously absent from this remarkable body of students, but deeds at once gave proof of worth.

The organization of the class had scarcely been completed, when one morning the banner was carried into chapel with an enthusiasm unrivalled in the history of the institution. Such was the valor displayed in its defense that the combined efforts of the enemy failed to secure the cherished treasure.

That every phase of college life was from the beginning given due consideration by these broadminded individuals speaks well for them. Consequently they could not fail to reap high honors, especially in athletics and oratory. In no small measure was this marked success due to the harmony and friendship which has always existed among the members of the class and which has done so much to make the various social functions so very enjoyable.

Of course our numbers have decreased in the course of time, but quality rather than quantity has always been regarded as the attribute chiefly to be desired. Thus the high standard of the class has always been maintained. Of the members now composing the class, fifteen remain of the original stock, while the other five grafted into the sturdy trunk have increased its strength and vitality. But the awakening genius of Naughty Six will appear from the following, taken from the lives of the characters.

Mary Neikirk Baker, having made her appearance on August 20, 1884 amidst the fruit gardens of Maryland was in early childhood transferred to Ohio soil. Her occasional visits to the old home accompanied by extensive rambles over hills and through vales inspired in her a strong love for nature which has however of late years been superceded by a stronger for — well ask her.

The blue skies of Indiana first smiled upon Georgia West Park on March 1, 1884, She, too, soon found a permanent home in Ohio. In due time the determination to rise in the world led her to O. U. where she became identified with the class of '06. After the completion of her course she expects to advance the interests of humanity by entering the ranks of teachers.

The woods of southern Ohio were just beginning to don their new fall gowns when Mary Susan Geeding arrived in the beautiful Miami Valley on September 27, 1881. The motherly care which she early bestowed on her family

of dolls at once revealed her natural bent. As she grew up she came to realize the superiority of living beings over inanimate things. At the same time a desire to improve her mind turned her attention to Otterbein whither she eventually proceeded in time to become a member of the finest class every known here.

The paternal home of Frederick Wilson McDonald was enriched by the advent of that important personage on April 20, 1882. He attributes his own success in life to the fact that his birth occurred at about the same time as that of the crown prince of Germany. This happy coincidence did not, however, prevent him from following the natural course of childhood through the entire series of measles, mumps, and soothing-syrup. But these he has long since successfully overcome. Since the rudiments of a liberal education have opened his eyes to the deplorably confused condition of business in general, he has decided to help untangle the intricate meshes of commercial intercourse by entering the business world himself.

Another prospective business man here claims attention in the person of Raymond Leroy Hewitt who reached this terrestrial sphere on March 4, 1884, as a wonderfully bright baby. Music had an irresistible charm for him, consequently it has taken a prominent place in his education. Indeed he has risen to be one of the musical beacon lights of the institution. But this has not hindered him from taking an active part in athletics besides following up the regular college course.

Mary Elizabeth Hewitt though two years younger than her brother—claiming August 21, 1886 for the day of her birth.—recognized early the peculiar honor of being a

member of '06. She therefore made special efforts to gain admittance into the illustrious circle and succeeded in her attempt. Though her future is as yet undecided, it is to be feared that some representative of the stronger sex will in time induce her to share his joys.

Only a few months earlier, on January 6, 1886, Henrietta Du Pre landed near Mt. Sterling, Ohio, in the midst of the greatest blizzard known to the inhabitants of the region. However this seemed to have had only a very beneficent influence upon her, as, to the astonishment of all she walked very early without having even pretended to crawl, and talked soon after. From early childhood it was her desire to go to college and then travel and write books which everybody would read. Her literary productions at present evince a genius which will doubtlessly lead to the realization of her fondest hopes in the near future.

Elbert McCoy Rymer made his appearance in a cozy U. B. parsonage situated between two high hills of West Virginia on October 3, 1882. Doomed to move about from place to place with his parents, he once had the rather unique experience of being lost on a Kansas prairie. The wholesome lesson which he derived from this event has never been forgotten and as he always profits by mistakes we need have no apprehensions for his future welfare.

West Virginia also claims to be the birthplace of one of our girls, Dora Weaver, who arrived in that hilly region March 1, 1884. In childhood she was charmed by the wild flowers and hickory nuts in turn, to gather which, she spent much time. Gradually, however, her thoughts began to turn to the more serious side of life and since her sojourn in Otterbein her course has been one of steady progress.

In Alden Eugene Landis we possess an aspiring young minister. Born January 14, 1882, near Brookville, Ohio., he was brought up on a farm, where the varied experiences of a country boy crowded into his life. As a staunch defender of right and justice and a firm believer in the equality of man, he hopes some day to be able to help restore the equilibrium of the races, spiritually at least, by personal work among the heathen of foreign lands.

It is not granted to many mortals to be ushered into life amidst the noise and display of gorgeous fireworks. Yet such was the fortune of Lillian Mauk who made her appearance on our planet on July 4, 1884. It is doubtless owing in great measure to this noted circumstance that she developed in such a marked degree the strong, freedom-loving spirit so characteristic of '06. She has also gained considerable renown in music which brightens many hours for herself and another.

Even old Virginia the famous mother of presidents desired to be represented in this remarkable class. She consequently sent us a worthy representative in Elmer Edwin Burtner, whose deeply philosophical mind has settled upon theology as the one thing worth mastering. Born October 31, 1881, he soon gave evidence of future greatness by the wonderful way in which he was able to domineer over the entire household. Thus he grew up in the full realization of the childhood dreams of most boys — almost free from school discipline — until his tenth year. But after that he seems to have made up for lost time, for in 1902 he allied himself with the newly organized class of '06 of O. U. whose members feel that he will some day rise to a position worthy of this illustrious class.

John Waldo Funk drew his first breath March 30, 1884 in Scottdale, Pa. The stormy character of the month seems to have left its impression on him, for he soon displayed a decided will of his own, to which he expected those about him to accommodate themselves. This indomitable firmness is still a prominent characteristic of his. But he has not been able to withstand the charms of music and is expected to make his mark some day as a musician of note.

The advent on August 16, 1883, of Jessie Estella Mumma, near Dayton, O., marked an epoch in the history of that thriving town. Not in vain was her childhood spent in a secluded country place near to the great heart of Nature: the lessons there learned were never forgotten. After coming to Otterbein her loving heart was so touched by the spiritual and physical needs of the heathen as portrayed by enthusiastic Y. W. C. A. workers that she did not hesitate to offer her own services for the foreign field.

That the musical spirit so prevalent in Otterbein does not fail to exert its influence upon the inhabitants of Westerville appears in the case of Mary Grace Ressler a native of this town since July 21, 1883. Possessing a wonderful natural talent for music, she worked her way through its various mysteries so successfully that she now shines as one of the musical stars not only of Naughty Six but of Otterbein.

On July 30, 1880, the smiling summer sun of Cincinnati, Ohio, first discovered the tiny boy who was in time to become famous as the editor-in-chief of the Otterbein SIBYL of '05 — William Albert Weber. He seems to have exerted a strong attraction upon the sunbeams, for some of them have clung to him ever since. His wonderful mu-

sical genius found expression in his boyhood longings to some day rival Mozart, Beethoven, and his own great ancestor Carl Maria von Weber. It appears that these bright dreams are in a fair way of being realized. In O. U. he soon gained the reputation of never "running up" and he will enter his chosen profession, the ministry, with the highest expectations of Naughty Six for his future success.

John Harry Pershing entered upon life on December 9, 1882 with the brightest prospects of a promising future. As the gloom of the smoky region surrounding his birthplace was hidden by the glistening splendor of the newly fallen snow, his very first view of life was a pleasant one. Consequently he has come to be characterized by a strong preference for that in life which is pleasant and agreeable.

Petersburg, Ind., is the place which on September 15, 1880 rejoiced in the arrival of Frank Overton Van Sickle. Having early manifested a great admiration for manliness and physical strength, it seemed natural that he should take a prominent part in athletics from the time he entered O. U. The increased successes of the Otterbein team in the last few years have been largely due to his strenuous efforts and skillful management.

Edgar James Lesher, a native of Western Pennsylvania, first saw the light of day on October 16, 1882. From the very first, his meddling, inquisitive turn of mind led him into a variety of experiences, as a result of which he feels himself equal to almost any occasion. The position of dishwasher, laborer, teamster, store clerk, carpenter, paper-hanger, structural ironworker, painter, draughtsman,

preacher, bookkeeper, and lumber yard manager have all been given a trial, with the result that he was qualified for the responsibility of steering the 1905 SIBYL through the troubled waters of financial difficulty. As a student, he never created much excitement by his brilliancy. His course has been taken on the installment plan, and covers a period of over seven years. He expects to graduate in 1906, and will pursue a business career in the Smoky City district of Pennsylvania.

The last addition to the class was Lydia Oehlschlegel who dates her carnal existence back to February 3, 1881. The first five years of her life were spent in her birthplace near the shores of the German Ocean. After that Thuringia, whose natural beauties and myth-encircled castles rival those of the Rhine regions, claimed her until she accompanied her parents to America at the age of ten years. After a varied career in this land of extremes she finally became identified with the class of '06 of O. U. Here she hopes to so develop her natural bent for language and literature that she may in time guide other students through the mysteries of knowledge.

Although volumes might be written concerning the high aspirations and noble traits of this remarkable class we will leave that work to others only summing up the characteristics in the apt and telling words of Goethe,—"Selbst ist der Mann."

CLASS EDITOR.

THE WIGWAM BY THE STYX.



Listen to me now, my children,
Listen to me while I tell you
How the Juniors came together,
In the middle of the winter,
In the village close by Alum creek,
By the snowy banks of Alum creek:
How they came from all directions,
Close upon the hour of midnight,
In their winding, ghostly garments,
On their way to visit Hades,
In the boat of grim old Charon,
To the wigwam of old Pluto,
Close beside the river Styx.
They were welcomed by Cerberus,
Welcomed too by Proserpina,
In the dimly lighted wigwam,
In the wigwam of old Pluto.
How of Otterbein they told him,
And the good old Faculty there,
'Till he cried out in his anguish,
"Oh that I had known it sooner,
Oh that you had told me of it,
So that I might have gone there too."
But his anguish was unheeded,
Unheeded all his words of pleading,
Onward went the fun and laughter,
Until the stories all were told,
All were told and all completed;
How with merry shouts of laughter
They were told before old Pluto,
How they then were all photographed,
Standing in a grewsome corner,
That he always might remember,
As he dwells within his wigwam,
In his wigwam by the Styx,



All the Juniors who had been there
 From the dear halls of Otterbein.
 How Van Sickle then came forward,
 To pour out the sparkling cider,
 That each maiden from its bright depths,
 A happy future might behold;
 How there rang out peals of laughter,
 As the events of the future,
 Were revealed unto the maidens.
 How refreshments rare and dainty,
 To the merry guests were offered,
 And partaken of with pleasure,
 In the wigwam of old Pluto
 Close beside the river Styx.
 How the hour drew near to morning,
 Ere the guests at last departed
 For their homes within the village,
 In the village of their people.
 How the Juniors gay and happy,
 Gay and happy in their friendship,
 Slowly wended their way homeward
 To their dear loved college town,
 Thinking of the happy future
 Which was spreading out before them,
 And the maidens thinking also
 Of the stalwart Junior braves,
 Who had to them this pleasure giv'n
 Of beholding grim old Pluto,
 In his wigwam by the Styx.

HENRIETTA DU PRE.





OTTERBEIN '06.

Our Alma Mater
Than whom none greater
Renowned old Otterbein!
To thee we bring
Our offering
Of purest love divine.

Full many a name,
Owes greatness and fame
To thee, dear Otterbein.
Whose fostering care
Developed wisdom rare
In hearts most truly thine.

Yet hast thou ever
Seen such endeavor,
O glorious Otterbein!

Of hearts a-yearning
For honest learning
Within thy sacred shrine,

As do now prepare
For life's trials with care,
Belovéd Otterbein,
And long to be
By truth set free
Through guidance so benign?

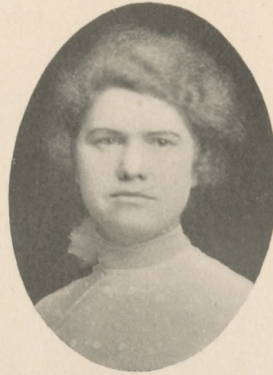
And of all now here
With hearts full of cheer
For dear old Otterbein,
Naughty Six stands forth,
Feeling well her worth,
As the noblest child of thine.

Naughty Six'll be true
To thy standards, as few,
Revere thee, Otterbein!
She will prove her worth,
In the world at the hearth,
As Providence may design.

May thy stars rise high,
Naughty Six! nor e'er die
Thy love for Otterbein!
That her name may be
Borne o'er land and sea,
By that class so great and fine —
Of 1906!

L. O. '06.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.



Blanche Bailey, *President.*

Fannydealexander,
Jameswarrenayer,
Blanchebailey,
Otterbeinandrewbailey,
Oraletabale.
Francesellenbarnett,
Gertrudelouisabarnett,
Benjaminfarquarbean,
Clairhaydenbell,
Pereznathanielbennett,
Berthacharles,
Marycourtright,

Iracarltonflick,
Nellisrebokfunk,
Lynneugenegarwood,
Walterdevainekring,
Maryestherlambert,
Etnalawrance,
Earlwilliamlesher,
Minniemaudlesher,
Dorabennettmore,
Lewisedwinmyers,
Graceroberts,
Letherowley,

Karlhalterrymer,
Edwardwaldoemersonshear,
Floydsmith,
Williamgarfieldsnavelly,
Walterhowardtrimmer,
Margaretdottwarner,
Maryshauckweinland,
Waltershermanwhetstone,
Josephflickingerwilberforce,
Noraethelwills,
Eugeneclarkworman,
Hirammaynardworstell.



"THAT SOFT-MORE PUSH."

I.

When the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock,

And the leaves upon the trees were turning brown,
The Sophomores of '07 on a Saturday evening,

By twos and threes went slipping out of town.
And to conceal their rapture at the mere thought of a
"push,"

They hid their joy beneath a look forlorn;
And with hurrying steps went southward for perhaps a
mile or so,

And there they congregated in a barn.
Was it merely their vain fancy that the night wind blowing
by,
"Help! • Murder!! Mister Snavelly!!!" seemed to sigh?

II.

After the class had all assembled and had joined in quite
a feast,

They set to work to have a husking-bee;
And each laddie bold and lassie fair strove with all might
and main,

A red — among the yellow ears — to see.
And some of the thoughtful laddies fearing there'd not be
enough,

And moved by sheer good-will, kindness of heart,
Had provided themselves with red ears ere they left the
town, and now,

Gave lessons in the osculatory art!
And was it only their vain fancy that the night wind blow-
ing by,

"Help! Murder!! Mister Snavelly!!!" seemed to sigh?

III.

The evening passed with lots of fun but oh, alas! alas!

When Dot Warner went with Smithy for a walk,
Some daring preps and freshmen came creeping thro' the
night

And rudely interrupted Smithy's talk.
They hustled him toward the car — those naughty, naughty
boys;

It chanced that not a Sophomore happened by —
Dot tried her best to help him but her strength availed her
naught.

"Help! Murder!! Mister Snavelly!!!" was her cry!

IV.

Smith's classmates all came rushing out, but oh! it was too late —

His captors had him safe upon the car.

And the way those Sophomores felt it is best not to relate,

When they heard prep shouts of triumph from afar.

The remainder of the evening was melancholy quite,

Their minds were all so worried o'er Smith's doom;

Mister Bell and Mister Bennett kindly kissed each of the girls,

But even that could not dispel the gloom.

For to their hearts so troubled the night wind blowing by,

"Help! Murder!! Mister Snavelly!!!" seemed to cry!

V.

And soon they all came creeping home, a sad and sorrowful band

With many a careful glance and cautious step,

For every time an object in the darkness loomed ahead

They thought it was a freshie or a prep!

For their nerves were all so shattered and their minds were so disturbed

That each fence-post filled them with a wild alarm —

And each one from the president to little Hi Worstell,

Was anxious to get home and safe from harm,

For to their frenzied, fearful hearts the night wind blowing by,

"Help! Murder!! Mister Snavelly!!!" seemed to cry!

D. M. C.

FRESHMAN CLASS.



E. F. Hollman, *President.*

Anderson, Robert Cooper,
Bailey, Sadie Florence,
Bosley, Nell,
Bossard, Bertha Adell,
Bower, Louis Floyd,
Burnett, Ernest,
Clifton, Daisy May,
Clymer, Irvin Lloyd,
Cooper, Lafe Penn,
Denlinger, Arthur William,
Ditmur, Merlin Ammon,
Du Pre, Daisy Grace,
Funkhauser, Luther Kumler,
Gaut, Adah Catharine,
Good, Irby,

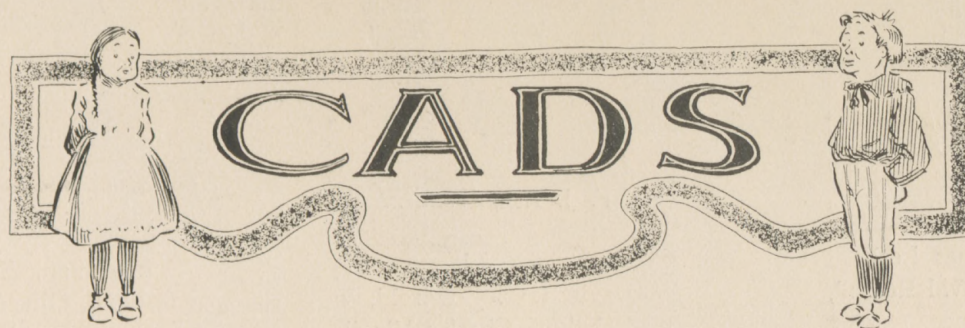
Hatton, Jacob Foraker,
Henry, Lillie Kathron,
Henry, Viola Pearl,
Hollman, Edward Frederic,
Kirkbride, John Harvey,
Kinefelter, Theron Albert,
Knox, Jay Flickinger,
Laughbaum, Ray,
Leshner, Clara Rebecca,
Major, George Hay,
McBride, Nettie Grace,
McKee, Flora,
Menke, Clara Nellie,
Mong, Charles LeRoy,

Porter, Elmer Floyd,
Postlethwaite, Samuel Leroy,
Ressler, Ethel,
Risley, Frank Asher,
Rock, Blanche Violet,
Scott, Mary Lillian,
Shauk, Robert Weinland,
Staley, Robert Keller,
Strahl, Frank Leslie,
Streich, Edna May,
Thorne, Essie Alice,
Weaver, James Henry,
Whistler, Alvin Rose,
Yearly, Mary,





WINTER SCENES



THE ACADEMY.



F. J. Ash, *President.*

Alban, Thomas Leslie,
Albright, David Russell,
Allen, Florence,
Andrus, Claude Burnett,
Ash, Frank,
Baird, Harold Clair,
Baird, Hester Amanda,
Barton, Dora,
Bennett, Winnifred Isabelle,
Blackshare, Lena Ellis,
Blauser, John Wesley,
Bookwalter, Ruth,
Charles, William Andrew,
Christman, Maggie,

Courtright, Florence,
Davis, Harley Harold,
Dehnhoff, Charles Virgil,
Demuth, William Clark,
Denny, Mark Edwin,
Dobbie, Isabel,
Douglas, Delphie May,
Duckwall, George William,
Dunham, Percy Horace,
Dunmire, Homer Stuart,
Eckstine, Calvin George,
Elliott, Harvey,
Ewers, Charles Addison Skidamore,
Eyman, Frank Austin,

Flashman, Charley,
Floyd, Oliver,
Funk, Frank Wesley,
Funk, Mary Adrienne,
Galliett, Harold Howard,
Garst, Minnie Pauline,
Geeding, Adam,
Geiger, Brent Clifford,
Geiger, Jesse Oscar,
Gerlaugh, Elizabeth,
Gilpin, Luella,
Good, Jeanette,
Good, William Henry,
Grant, Claudius,



Habegger, William,
Hall, Bovey,
Hall, John William Pitman,
Hall, Minnie Agnes,
Hall, Otterbein,
Hamilton, Catherine,
Hanawalt, Fred Arthur,
- Hanawalt, John Wesley,
Hanawalt, Maude Lucretia,
Hanger, Wallace Edwin,
Hansford, Maud,
Heckert, Clyde Beatrice,
Heller, Orpha Grace,
Holmes, James Edward,
Hoover, Floyd,
Hyatt, Lela,
Iles, John Clifford,
Iles, William Otto,
Johnston, Leroy Albert,
Jones, Orel,
Judy, Bessie Rebecca,
Kiehl, Samuel Jacob,
King, Clarence Raymond,
Latto, Noble Furney,
Lawrence, John,
Lemon, Walter,

Lewis, Charles William,
Lucas, Maud Leona,
Luh, Philip Casper,
Mahaffey, Laura Isabel,
Mangus, Elizabeth Amelia,
Maxwell, Harry Harold,
McFarren, Harvey Gilbert,
McMahon, Flora Henrietta,
McMahon, Lola Ree,
Meyer, George Shaw,
Meyer, Lucy Caroline,
Mills, George Wesley,
Mix, Mina Belle,
Morris, Ralph Hamilton,
Mumma, Golda Emma,
Munger, Stanley,
Nunemaker, Noah Bright,
Pfaffmann, Lydia Margaretha,
Postlewaite, Paul Revere,
Powell, Rush Augustus,
Raber, Edna,
Ressler, Lillie,
Ressler, Roy Sammis,
Roberts, Edna,
Robins, Lena Roy,
Roby, Joseph Clarence,

Rogers, Percy Harold,
Roop, Carl,
Rowley, James William,
Rymer, William Day,
Sanders, Charles,
Scott, Ora Belle,
Sexauer, Llewellyn,
Shaw, Lela Maude,
Sherrick, Hazel,
Shimmel, Jesse Edward,
Shunk, Fannie Louise,
Snively, Mary May,
Tippie, John Wesley,
Tittle, Charles Oscar,
Ulrich, Christian Owen,
Voorhies, Sherman Otis,
Washburn, Dott,
Weaver, Earl Crosby,
Wenger, Ethel May,
Winkle, Oscar Clarence,
Work, Clara Louisa,
Worstell, Rachel Clarissa,
Yager, Blanche Emogene,
Young, Harry Emitt.



STUDENTS IN MUSIC.



Senior Music Students

Alexander, Thomas Earl,	Edwards, Cecelia,	Judy, Bessie Rebecca,
Bailey, Blanche,	Fox, Sophia,	Judy, Mary Helen,
Bailey, Sadie Florence,	Freeman, Carrie,	Kirkpatrick, Pearl,
Baird, Harold Clair,	Funk, Mary Adrienne,	Kitch, Della May,
Baker, Anna Gertrude,	Geeter, Lola Katharine,	Kring, Walter Devaine,
Baker, Lulu May,	Gerlaugh, Elizabeth,	Leshler, Clara Rebecca,
Baker, Mary Neikirk,	Gilpin, Luella,	Leshler, Earl William,
Barnes, Ella Priscilla,	Good, Jeanette,	Leshler, Edgar James,
Barnett, Frances Ellen,	Gorsuch, Margaret,	Leshler, Mary Ruth,
Bean, Benjamin Farquar,	Griffiths, Lulu May,	Magruder, Daisy,
Blauser, John Wesley,	Groves, Mamie Catherine,	Martin, Luella Arsell,
Bookwalter, Ruth,	Grubbs, Sadie Catherine,	Maynard, Goldie Johnson,
Brundage, Ruth La Meine,	-Hanawalt, Edith,	Mauk, Lillian,
Burdge, Le Roy,	-Hanawalt, Maude Alice,	Mauk, Plezza Melzenia,
Burke, Ruth,	Hansford, Ethel,	Maxwell, Effie Inezz,
Chambers, Walter Harry,	Hanson, Nelle,	Maxwell, Harry,
Clymer, Ira David,	Hatton, Jacob Foraker,	McClimans, Vona,
Cooper, Nina,	Heckert, Clyde Beatrice,	McCoy, Meda,
Counsellar, Clona Zephara,	Heller, Orpha Grace,	McDonald, Josephine Marie,
Cowan, Clyde,	Hendrickson, Charles Wesley,	McLeod, Luella Rosamond,
Crabbs, Mabel Florence,	Hewitt, Mary Elizabeth,	McMahon, Lola Ree,
Deller, Estella,	Hewitt, Raymond Leroy,	Miller, Ethel Dent,
Ditmer, Merlin Ammon,	Holmes, Chloe Catherine,	*Miller, Winifred Maud,
Dobbie, Isabel,	Horn, Gertrude,	Miller, Zilpha Edith,
Douglas, Delphie May,	Horn, Ralph Coleman,	Nafzger, Ethel,
Downing, Pearl,	Hughes, Thomas Edwin,	Nunemaker, Noah,
Drinkwater, Murl Mae,	Hyatt, Lela,	Offenhauer, Roy Ernest,
Dunmire, Homer Stuart,	Iles, Jessica,	
Du Pre, Daisy Grace,	Johnson, Allie,	

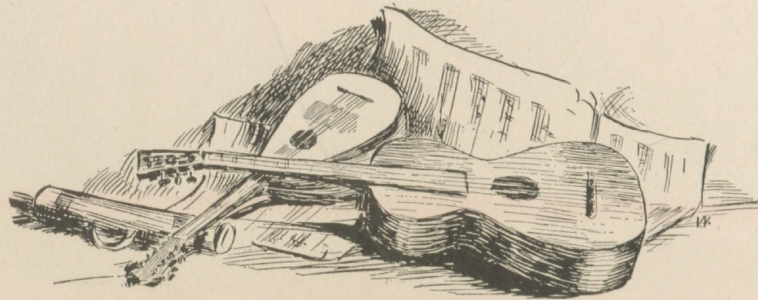
**Died January 10, 1905.*



Osborn, Helen,
Porter, Elmer Lloyd,
Post, Hattie,
Post, Launa,
Postlewaite, Paul Revere,
Powell, Gertrude,
Remaley, Anabel,
Ressler, Grace,
Ressler, Lillian,
Roberts, Emma,
Roberts, Grace,
Robins, Beulah Caroline,
Robins, Myrta Clara,
Rock, Blanche Violet,
Rutherford, Bertha,

Rymer, Mary,
Schaff, Ethel Mae,
Schear, Edward Waldo Emerson,
Scott, Chester,
Scott, Myrtle,
Shiveley, Benjamin Franklin,
Smith, Lucille Helen,
Snaveley, Mary May,
Spreng, Blanche,
Stark, Blanche,
Starkey, Carl McFadden,
Stouffer, Hattie,
Streich, Edna,
Swank, Ella Florence,
Swisher, Edna Pauline,

Thompson, Nora,
Thorne, Essie Alice,
Urich, Christian Owen,
Warner, Margaret Dott,
Weimer, Lucetta Elizabeth,
Wells, Frank,
White, Elva,
Williams, Clarence Francis,
Wills, Nora,
Wilson, Dudley Reed,
Wilson, Eva Frank,
Worstell, Nettie Theresa,
Yager, Blanche Emogene,
Young, Harry Emmitt.



FIRST EPISTLE OF A MUSIC STUDENT.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, September 30, 1904.

DEAR PA :

I haint had no time to rite cause we bin to bizi. i think i will like colledge reel wel. The fellows treet me awful nise. i guess they like me a whole lot for they awl want me to jine their socyeties. i think it is bekaus i got that prize at singing school at Redville. The organs here don't have to be pedeled like ourn to hum. Only the one in proffesur Meyers room he always pedels it awl the time. It is the funniest thing the wa he pedels and jumps. Reminds me of our old thrashin mashine that time the rail fence got started to goin there. Yisterday he was plain somethin that he said was a show Pin waltz, i just forgot and yelled, —“that mashine will brake if you don't stop that bloomin injine this minit.” Wall i new when i sed it that i orter not. But you no i run our injine so long i just forgot.

He asked me yisterday if i wanted to take hominy. i sed, “if you pleese,” jist like you told me to sa when the preecher kame. Wall you no i used to like that hominy that ma used to make, and i thot i could eet a hole plat ful cause i haint had none sence i bin up heer. Wall my mouth

wuz jist waterin and heer he ment harmony. i am so hum-sick to-day. This mornin wen i went intu the konservatori somethin was the matter with the furnase and the rume was jist ful of smok. Wall i set down and it jist seemed like i was in our old smokhouse to hum. It jist seemed like i kood see that wite pig hangin up thar and i jist sot down and kried big as i am, — six feet in them red yarn socks with the green patches on, you no.

My face is broosed a little now. It looks like my stif hat did the time that fat womin set on it. When i was takin my music lesen yisterday, proffesur Meyer wuz killin some flies that wuz buzzen round the rume. He killed to, and wuz goin after another wun when it lit on my cheek. The next thing i new i wuz sprawling on the floor and there wuz a fly mashed in a blak and blu spot on my fase, the fly was ded i gues.

I am so humsik i guess i won't rite any more. When you cel the pumkins send me that money pleese. Good-by rite soon.

Your loving Sun,

RALPH WALDO EMERSON SQUASHSEED.



ART STUDENTS.

Bailey, Otterbein Andrew,
Baker, Lulu,
Bale, Ora Leta,
Barnum, Mae,
Beal, Theodore,
Boring, Ada Leroy,
Boring, Laura May,
Bower, Isaac Newton,
Brubaker, Uriah Benjamin,
Brundage, Ruth La Meine,
Clark, Amanda,
Clements, Sarah,
Clifton, Daisy May,
Courtright, Florence,
Courtright, Mary,
Ditmer, Merlin Ammon,
Du Pre, Daisy Grace,
Flick, Ira Carlton,
Fox, Sophia,
Gladfelty, Stella,
Hendrickson, Arletta,
Hewitt, Mary Elizabeth,

Iles, Jessica,
Jones, Mamie Ranck,
Keene, Hersey,
Knox, Lou Etta,
Lambert, Mary Esther,
Leshner, Clara Rebecca,
Leshner, Paul,
Magruder, Daisy,
Markley, Josephine Miriam,
Maxwell, Ora Belle,
McMahon, Flora,
McMahon, Lola Ree,
McMullen, Anna,
Miller, Ethel Dent,
Mix, Mina Belle,
Monroe, Bertha,
Monrose, John George,
Moore, Ione,
Pace, Ernest James,
Post, Launa,
Purcell, Bertha,
Ressler, Ethel,

Ressler, Grace,
Ritenour, Virginia,
Roberts, Edna,
Roberts, Grace,
Roby, Mabel,
Scott, Georgiana,
Sexauer, Llewellyn,
Shaw, Roland,
Sheperd, Kate,
Sherrick, Sarah,
Stark, Blanche,
Stiverson, Annetta,
Streich, Edna,
Sumption, Winifred,
Thompson, Coral,
Thompson, Nora,
Warson, Lewis Wayne,
Weaver, Dora Love,
Weaver, Edna,
Weinland, Mary,
Wheaton, Daisy,
Worstell, Hiram Maynard.



THE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE.



P. F. WILKINSON, PRINCIPAL.

There are many people who believe that a college course in itself is not sufficient to fit a young man or woman for a practical business career, and doubtless they are right in holding such an opinion. Recognizing the need and the growing demand for a thorough course in bookkeeping, stenography or in short a complete technical training for business, Otterbein, ever on the alert to the demands of the times, has instituted this year, a new department designed to equip the student thoroughly and efficiently along these lines.

University training for business is one of the essentials to success, it matters not what calling one may choose. Those

who wish an advanced course in bookkeeping, accounting, shorthand, and kindred subjects, by attending our School of Commerce, will have the advantage of receiving instruction from a teacher of years of experience, who is an expert both as an accountant and as a stenographer.

The courses offered are two: A regular and an elective. The regular course leads to graduation and degree; the elective is intended for those who wish to supplement the arts, science, or music course. That the work done is of the highest quality is attested by those who have availed themselves during the past year of this great opportunity offered them by the college.

DEPARTMENT OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.



THE work being done in elocution and oratory in Otterbein was this year recognized by the authorities and given the dignity of a special department. There is offered a two years' course in either elocution or oratory and on completion of either course, students will be presented with certificates of graduation. These courses cover about the same ground usually covered in colleges and universities of this class, and Otterbein took an important step in advance when this department was created.

Already students are looking forward to the completion of these courses and when it becomes generally known that the University offers this opportunity others are sure to become imbued with the same worthy ambition. The department is still in its infancy yet quite a good showing is being made by those who have taken up the work.

It is part of the plan to give at least one recital each term, giving the students practical drill in public work. With the support of the students, faculty and trustees, this last added department may be made a credit to Otterbein and a great benefit to her students. We give here the programs of two of the recitals given here this year. The one was given entirely by Miss Bertha Alice Monroe an advanced student.

Music *Male Quartette*
 Rosalind's Surrender — Monologue..... *Pauline Phelps*
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's..... *J. W. Riley*
 Music *Quartette*
 The Minister's Black Nance — Monologue..... *Pauline Phelps*
 A Load of Hay..... *J. W. Lampman*
 The Hen..... *Edmund Vance Cook*
 Music *Quartette*
 Scene from "Leah the Forsaken"..... *Augustin Daly*
 Music *Quartette*
 My Boy Will..... *Sam Walter Foss*
 "Tradin Joe"..... *J. W. Riley*
 Music *Quartette*
 King Robert of Sicily..... *Henry W. Longfellow*
 Music *Quartette*
 Holy City Pantomime.

Miss Anabel Remaley at the piano.
 Monologue — "Musicale"..... *Mrs. Leland T. Powers*

Part I — Rehearsal. Part II — Musicale.

Luella Gilpin

Scenes from "Birds' Christmas Carol"..... *Kate Douglas Wiggins*
 Ethel May Wenger.

Monologue — "My Double and How He Undid Me".... *E. E. Hale*
 Oral I. Jones.

Monologue — "The Peculiar Attack"..... *Phoebe Hart*
 Bessie Judy.

Scene from "Leah the Forsaken"..... *Augustin Daly*
 Bertha Monroe.

{ *a* — Scene from "Ben Hur"..... *Lew Wallace*
 { *b* — "Sense Mary Jined the Club"..... *Sam Walter Foss*
 { *c* — "The Bear Story"..... *J. W. Riley*
 Mrs. Carr.

OTTERBEIN FRESHMEN STRUNG UP BY SOPHS.

AS REPORTED BY AN IMAGINATIVE SOPHOMORE.

Strung up by the neck and shorn of their locks was the experience of four Otterbein freshmen at Westerville last night, the "stringing" being for the purpose of revenge and to amuse the fair co-eds of the sophomore class.

The sophomore girls gave an "at home" to their gentlemen classmates at the home of Miss Roberts, on State street. Some of the freshmen broke into the reception and stole one of the sophs. Then the trouble began.

In a body the sophomores hunted up the freshmen, and finding four of them, carried them to the Robert's home. They were strung up by the necks until their toes just touched the floor, and while in this position the fair co-eds amused themselves by taking a flashlight picture of them and by clipping off locks of their hair for keepsakes.— Clipping from *Ohio State Journal* of March 7.



Mitgefangen, mit gehangen!



CLEIORHETEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Founded 1871.

Colors: Light Blue and Tan.

Motto: Non Palma sine Labore.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Frances Barnett,
Gertrude Barnett,
Bertha Charles,
Daisy Clifton,
Merle Drinkwater,
Henrietta DuPre,
Ada Gaut,
Mamie Groves,
- Maude Hanawalt,
Ethel Hansford,

Clyde Heckert,
Minnie Hall,
Arletta Hendrickson,
Carrie Hendrickson,
Mary Lambert,
Clara Leshner,
Minnie Leshner,
Effie Maxwell,
Meda McCoy,
Dora Moore,

Annabel Remaley,
Ethel Ressler,
Grace Ressler,
Lillian Ressler,
Hattie Stouffer,
Dora Weaver,
Clara Worstell,
Blanche Yager,
Mary Yearly.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Ethel Wenger,
Viola Henry,
Lillian Henry,
Gertrude Horn,
Elva White,
Lela Hyatt,
Delva Douglas,
Josie McDonald,

Stella Gladfelty,
Luella Gilpen,
Sadie Grubbs,
Ella Florence Swank,
Edna Swisher,
Maud Hansford,
Ethel Miller,
Grace DuPre,

Florence Allen,
Helen Osborne,
Claudia Grant,
Della Kitch,
Edna Weaver,
Edith Miller,
Lena Blackshare,
Bertha Monroe.



PHILOPHRONEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Founded March 12, 1858.

Color: Blue.

Motto: *Φίλια Καὶ Φρόνημα*

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

D. R. Albright,
C. O. Altman,
J. W. Ayer,
S. W. Bates,
B. F. Bean,
A. L. Boring,
E. E. Burtner,
E. J. Burnett,
L. P. Cooper,
H. H. Davis,
C. V. Denhoff,
A. W. Denlinger,
M. A. Ditmer,
G. W. Duckwall,
H. S. Dunmire,
O. W. H. Floyd,

J. W. Funk,
N. R. Funk,
J. W. P. Hall,
B. M. Hall,
J. F. Hatton,
C. W. Hendrickson,
T. E. Hughes,
E. M. Hursh,
O. I. Jones,
W. D. Kring,
E. J. Leshner,
E. W. Leshner,
G. H. Major,
F. W. McDonald,
H. G. McFarren,
E. W. McMullen,

E. J. Pace,
S. L. Postlethwait,
R. A. Powell,
F. A. Risley,
E. M. Rymer,
K. H. Rymer,
C. F. Sanders,
W. E. Schear,
R. W. Shauck,
C. O. Tittle,
W. H. Trimmer,
E. C. Weaver,
W. S. Whetstone,
J. F. G. Wilberforce,
H. M. Williams,
H. M. Worstell.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

T. L. Alban,
H. C. Baird,
L. F. Bower,
H. Elliott,
Claude Grant,
R. C. Horne,

O. W. Isles,
J. C. Isles,
J. Knox,
Noah Nunemaker,
R. S. Ressler,

J. E. Shimmel,
F. L. Strall,
Sherman Vorhis,
Frank E. Wells,
C. F. Williams.



PHILALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Founded 1852.

Colors: White and Old Rose.

Motto: Veritas Nostrum Clipeum.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Blanche Bailey,
Sadie Bailey,
Mary Baker,
Ora Bale,
Winifred Bennett,
Ruth Bookwalter,
Bertha Bossard,
Mary Courtright,
Florence Courtright,
Mabel Crabbs,
Estella Dellar,
Lydia Oehlschlegel,
Mamie Geeding,

Grace Heller,
Mary Hewitt,
Pearl Kirkpatrick,
Lillian Mauk,
Nellie Menke,
Mina Mix,
Lola McMahan,
Flora McMahan,
Jessie Mumma,
Grace Roberts,
Blanch Rock,
Letha Rowley,
Myrtle Scott,

Clona Counsellor.
Flora McKee,
Elizabeth Gerlaugh,
Fanny Shunk,
Nora Wills,
Amy Ward,
Mary Wineland,
Margaret Warner,
Edna Streich,
Georgia Park,
Lillian Scott,
Ora Scott,

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Bessie Judy,
Nell Bosley,
Vona McClimens,
Katharine Airhart,
Helen Judy,

Margurite Pfaffman,
May Snaveley,
Minnie Garst,
Jeanette Good,

Nell Hansom,
Isabelle Dobbie,
Goldie Mumma,
Cloe Holmes.



OTTERBEIN PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Founded March 19, 1858.

Color: White.

Motto: "Quaerere Nostrum Studium Est."

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

F. J. Ash,
O. A. Bailey,
P. N. Bennett,
C. H. Bell,
L. R. Burdge,
W. A. Charles,
I. L. Clymer,
W. N. Deller,
W. C. Demuth,
C. G. Eckstine,
F. A. Eyman,
I. C. Flick,
L. K. Funkhauser,
J. O. Geiger,
L. E. Garwood,
I. J. Good,
G. C. Hamilton,

W. E. Hanger,
E. F. Hollman,
W. Habegger,
R. L. Hewitt,
C. R. King,
T. A. Klinefelter,
W. A. Klein,
A. E. Landis,
E. A. Lawrence,
P. C. Luh,
R. H. Morris,
C. R. Mong,
S. G. Munger,
L. E. Myers,
R. E. Offenbauer,
J. H. Pershing,
E. L. Porter,

P. H. Rogers,
C. V. Roop,
A. P. Rosselot,
L. C. Sexauer,
W. G. Snavelly,
F. L. Smith,
R. Staley,
C. M. Starkey,
S. Tryon,
C. O. Ulrich,
F. O. Van Sickle,
W. E. Ward,
L. W. Warson,
J. H. Weaver,
W. A. Weber,
L. A. Weinland,
E. C. Worman.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

J. Hanawalt,
J. W. Rowley,
G. S. Meyer,
R. Laughbaum,
P. H. Dunham,

R. C. Richman,
W. H. Good,
C. Lewis,
N. F. Latto,

C. B. Andrus,
J. H. Kirkbride,
R. C. Anderson,
I. Clymer,





PHILAETHEAN GLEE CLUB



CLEIORHETEAN OCTETTE



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



COACH KEENE.



NE more year has passed into history for Otterbein and with it goes another administration in the Athletic department. Looking back over the past twelve months and taking everything into consideration, we can truly say that Athletics at Otterbein has not been in a more flourishing condition for many years. The clouds at times have hung heavy over the heads of the leaders, but by dint of hard work and persistent pegging they have been able to close up affairs in good shape. The business end was not in a very flourishing condition during the fall term, but the athletic board, by a great deal of

hustling during the winter term, brought the finances up in good shape and finish their term of office with an excellent showing.

The students of O. U. are as a rule warm supporters of athletics both with money and their rooting. Many outside things seemed to detract a little from their usual enthusiasm this year, and there were not as many rooters out as usual. Every man in school should endeavor to be present at every athletic contest if possible, and show his loyalty to the home team by his yells of encouragement. This applies to the ladies also but of course they are generally there, if the boys are present.

Before closing we would drop a word of commendation for Coach Keene. He has raised the standard of the work and has created an interest in athletics which has never been equalled here before. Much praise is due him for his untiring efforts to make athletics in Otterbein what it should be.

The following members composed the Athletic Board:

C. M. Starkey.....	President
N. R. Funk.....	Vice President
W. N. Deller.....	Secretary
M. A. Ditmer	Treasurer
I. C. Flick	}Lay members
F. W. McDonald	

ADVISORY BOARD.

R. C. Kumler (Chairman)	} Alumni
H. M. Kline	
Dr. Gustav Meyer	} Faculty
Prof. R. H. Wagoner	
I. C. Flick	} Student
F. W. McDonald	

Manager	Team	Captain
C. M. Starkey,	Foot-ball,	C. O. Altman.
C. H. Bell,	Track.	N. R. Funk.
F. W. McDonald,	Base Ball,	Ira C. Flick.
M. A. Ditmer,	Basket Ball,	W. N. Deller.



FOOT BALL.



HERE are ways and ways of measuring success in life. This rule holds good in the field of intercollegiate foot-ball, as much as in any other. For any one to pass judgment on the work of a team he should have been in close touch with that team during the entire season. He should not only keep a record of the scores, and from these draw his conclusions concerning their success or failure, but also he should remember the circumstances at the beginning of the season. He should follow the men on the long wearisome trips and partake with them of the poor food snatched here and there at railroad lunch counters and poor hotels. Also he should take into account the number of games played within reach of loyal and warm-hearted supporters, and those played with a howling crowd surrounding them, whose every outburst is a taunt or a sneer. If, after having seen all this, he still finds the men keeping earnestly at work and not breaking in on their training, and sees them faithfully coming out night after night for practice, working courageously no matter what the odds against them, then is he in position to measure the success of a footfull team during a season.

Viewed from that standpoint our team has accomplished a great success this past year. The men came out and prac-

ticed better than any time for five seasons past. The scrubs were always on hand ready and anxious for a line up. In the games our men played just as long as they could stand and proved themselves fighters to the very last.

One thing in which we as a college take a just pride above everything else, is the manly way in which all the fellows, without exception, conducted themselves on their trips, both on and off the field. There never has been a more representative crowd of fellows who upheld the glory of old Otterbein, not only by their fairness and honorable dealing with their opponents, but also by their courteous conduct toward those with whom they came in touch. Here's to the hope that Otterbein may ever be represented by such men as gathered round her banner this fall and, lustily shouting the old war cry "Whoop! Hip!" defended her fair name to the utmost of their ability.

Limited space will not permit a detailed account of the games or a tabulation of scores. Suffice to say that Otterbein won every game played at home and lost only those games played on strange fields where the opponents were the best in the state. We do not claim that the record made this season surpasses all others made heretofore by an Otterbein team for there have been several championship elevens. Our boys worked against heavy odds but by their unflinching perseverance they gained a record of which they need not be ashamed. Hurrah for our Otter-

bein boys! What's the matter with the foot ball team? They're all right! They get there every time! Now we'll vote the official ripple H—A!—H—A! Ha! Ha!!

We lose this year three good men by graduation. They are Captain Altman, Rosselot and ex-captain Bates. All three have been pillars to the team for several seasons. With this exception next year's eleven will be intact with the privilege of picking from the new material.

The following is a list of the players:

	Tackles.	
F. O. Van Sickle,		H. M. Worstell.
	Guards.	
A. P. Rosselot,		O. A. Bailey.

Center.
P. N. Bennett.
Quarter.
Sard. Bates.
Half backs.

E. L. Porter,		F. L. Smith.
	Full back.	
	I. C. Flick.	
	Ends.	
Ervin Clymer,	F. Ash,	C. O. Altman.
	Substitutes.	
I. Clymer,	F. A. McDonald.	N. R. Funk,
	A. R. Whistler.	



BASKET BALL.



WE have a just pride in our basket ball team this year for the men have made a fine showing. Especially would we congratulate them on their success knowing the unfortunate start the team had at the beginning of the season. The first game was with an old rival, O. M. U. Owing to a decision which our captain refused to accept the game was forfeited although our men outplayed the opposing team and were far in the lead.

Besides this game Otterbein played six other games three of which our team won holding the other three to small scores. The game of January 20th with Bliss College was played hard and fast. The visiting team worked hard and made a good showing as the score Otterbein 38, Bliss 35 shows.

On February 3d, our men met the squad from Cincinnati University on the home floor. Our boys were defeated after a hard fight, but defeat from such a team is not dishonorable for Cincinnati is supposed to be in the Yale Class. However they beat our boys by only eight points, the score standing 23 to 31.

We had two games with Wittenberg this year; one February 11th, at Wittenberg and the other on the home floor. The condition of the floor was against our men in the first game, and this accounts in a measure for their defeat. The game played at home was one of the swiftest and most hotly contested games played here this year. The team work of our men however very much excelled that of the visitors due to their hard training and also to their being accustomed to the floor. The score of these two games were, first game, Wittenberg 37, Otterbein 16; second game, Otterbein 49, Wittenberg 33.

CLASS BASKET BALL.

According to custom Otterbein held a series of class basket ball games this winter. The schedule was as follows: Sophomores and Freshmen first; Seniors and Juniors second; then the winners in the two games. The Sophomores were successful in the first game and the Seniors won out in the second. In the hotly contested game for championship the class of '07 was victorious, winning by 18 points, the score standing 36 to 54.



PLAYERS.

Dellar, Captain, L. F.
Kring, L. G.
Smith, R. G.

Hughes, R. F.
Hall, B., Center.
Bennett and Clymer, Substitutes.



GIRL'S BASKET BALL TEAM.

Blanche Bailey, Captain.
Ethel Hansford,
Daisy M. Clifton,

Grace Ressler,
Nell Bosley,
Florence Allen.

BASE BALL.



IN a college like Otterbein, where every student has so many outside interests to engage his time and attention, it is always a serious question how to get the boys out on the diamond day after day for practice. However when we take everything in consideration we can truly say that our boys make every possible sacrifice for the glory and honor of O. U., and generally are very faithful hardworking men. What made matters worse for our team last year was that we had no coach, the lack of which was felt all through the season. We had some excellent material but we did not have the man to work it up to its highest proficiency; there was no one to take the initiative or to give encouragement at the critical moment.

Both, our captain Mr. Bookman, and our manager Mr. Altman worked with a persistence and determination, characteristic to both of them. We place them in Otterbein's Hall of Fame along with men like Gothers and Thomas.

And as for the rest of the team, we have nothing but words of praise and commendation for the noble work they did in the face of adversity. The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize. It is by such experiences that we learn to know what Shakespeare expressed with these words; "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like a toad, though ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

For this year the outlook is exceptionally good. We have a valuable man in Coach Keene, and an energetic leader in Captain Flick. Our manager, McDonald has a schedule of 13 games arranged, all of them with college teams, and with a good coach, a good captain, and a good schedule, our fellows ought to have some incentive to win.

The team last year was composed of the following:

S. W. Bates,	I. C. Flick,
C. C. Lloyd,	N. R. Funk,
W. D. Kring,	L. W. Warson,
C. M. Bookman, Capt.,	C. G. Wise,
P. R. Postlewaite,	L. A. Johnson.
F. L. Smith,	







TRACK TEAM.

N. R. Funk,

C. M. Starkey,

W. A. Charles,

E. L. Porter,

H. M. Worstell,

Captain C. H. Bell,

J. W. Ayer,

E. F. Hollman,

F. A. Eyman,

M. A. Ditmer,

E. W. Leshner,

S. O. Voorhies.

WEARERS OF VARSITY "O."

FOOT BALL.

Bennett,
Rooselot,
Bailey,
Van Sickle,
Worstell,
Irvin Clymer,

Ira Clymer,
Ash,
Bates,
Porter,
Flick.

BASE BALL.

Bates,
Lloyd,
Kring,
Bookman,

Postlewaite,
Smith,
Flick,
N. Funk.

BASKET BALL.

Deller,
Hughes,
Smith,
B. Hall,
Kring.

TRACK TEAM.

N. Funk,
Starkey.



SOPHOMORE CLASS BASKET BALL TEAM
CHAMPION CLASS TEAM

MISCELLANEOUS



ORGANIZATIONS.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET.

S. W. BatesPresident
 A. P. RosselotVice President
 E. E. BurtnerRec. Secretary
 N. R. FunkTreasurer
 E. F. HollmanCor. Secretary.

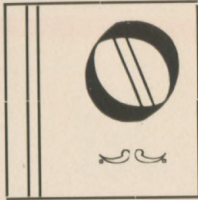
COMMITTEES.

E. J. Pace,
 E. C. Worman,
 W. N. Deller,

W. H. Trimmer,
 W. A. Weber,

L. R. Burdge,
 K. H. Rymer.

Y. M. C. A.



ONE of the principal characteristics of school life at Otterbein is the interest which is taken in the Christian Association work. The students do not allow the cultivation of the intellectual side of their lives to become of more importance than the spiritual; they feel that only in this way can they become really useful men and women.

The Y. M. C. A. can justly be proud of its work this year. The members of the Association have been enthusiastic, each one always ready to do his part. Mr. Woodmansee, the State Secretary, said, when he was here, that Otterbein had the best Y. M. C. A. in the state. We feel that this is due in a great measure to our president Sardis Bates, and to the earnest work of the true Christian men who composed his cabinet.

As a result of the work of the Bible Study Committee, our Association leads the state in Bible Study, having the highest percentage of members.

The Association has been very fortunate this year in having occasionally, special leaders for the Thursday evening meetings. Among the addresses especially helpful were, "The Open Door for Young Manhood," given by Dr. Washington Gladden; "The Ministry as a Life Work," by Dr. James Albert Patterson; and "Law as a Life Work," by Mr. Rector.

Another great help to the Association was the Bible Conference held here January 14 and 15. The addresses given by Dr. Lewis, Dr. J. P. Landis, and Mr. W. W. Peter, were appreciated very much by all who heard them. Mr. Herrick Clark, the Secretary of the Cleveland Association, presented the Bible Study work, and conducted a Bible Class on the topic, "The Boy Jesus." New lessons were learned from His life which will no doubt influence the men, advance the work of the Association and increase its power for good.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

Mamie S. Geeding.....President.
 Grace ResslerVice President.
 Mary BakerRec. Secretary.
 Nora WillsTreasurer.
 Blanche Bailey.....Cor. Secretary.

COMMITTEES.

Henrietta Du Pre, Carie Hendrickson,
 Arletta Hendrickson, Mabel Crabbs,
 Minnie Hall.

Y. W. C. A.



AS we look over the past year we see that it has been one of the very best years in the history of our Association. Many things have combined to make this so. First of all, it has had for the foundation of its work the only true foundation, which is Jesus Christ. The work which has been done has been practical, but not so practical that it has become commonplace; an effort has been made to make it spiritual as well as practical.

Great interest has been manifested in Bible Study this year, more girls being enrolled in classes than ever before.

The twentieth annual convention of the Young Women's Christian Association of Ohio was held at Otterbein, Oc-

tober the twenty-seventh to the thirtieth. The Otterbein girls showed the true spirit of hospitality in the way they welcomed and entertained the delegates from the other colleges of Ohio. Very much good was derived from meeting so many young women with the one great purpose in life — that of glorifying God.

The privilege of hearing such women as Miss Condé, Miss Cratty, and our own state secretary, Miss Kemper, was fully appreciated by the girls. The influence of the "Quiet Hours," conducted by Miss Condé, will long be felt in the lives of the girls and in the work of the Association.

On the whole, this has been a good year in our Association, and judging by the past we may hope for even better things in the future.



VOLUNTEER BAND.

A. E. Landis,
E. C. Worman,
W. A. Weber,
E. M. Hursh,
G. W. Duckwall,

W. E. Ward,
Amy Ward,
P. N. Bennett,
Fannie L. Shunk,
W. N. Deller,

Minnie Leshner,
Jessie Mumma,
Mary Lambert,
F. L. Smith,
Bertha Charles,

E. J. Pace,
Mrs. E. J. Pace,
B. F. Bean,
Bertha Bossard,
J. F. G. Wilberforce.

VOLUNTEER BAND.



Go ye forth into all the world and preach the gospel to every living creature," is one of Christ's commands which is thoughtfully considered by most of our Otterbein students when they are choosing their life work. As a result of this we have a Volunteer Band of twenty young men and women who have decided that they can exert the greatest power for good in the foreign mission field.

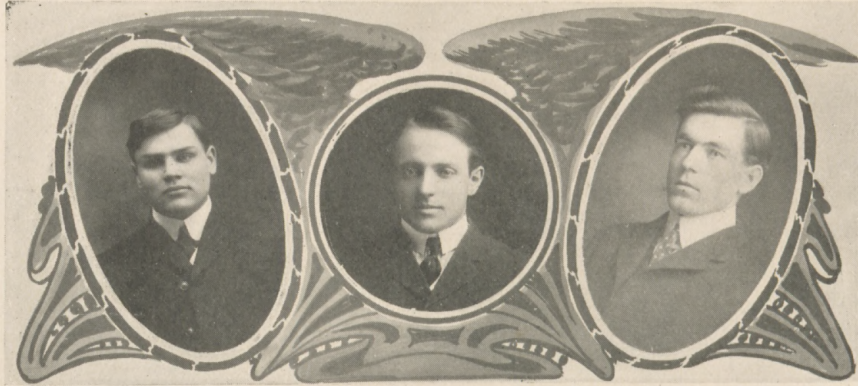
The Band holds regular weekly meetings, and once every month there is a meeting of the Intercollegiate Union of the Volunteer Bands of Central Ohio. Each Band is

helped very much by this meeting with the members of the other.

Our Associations have been very fortunate this year in having with them for a few days in February, Dr. Haas, the National Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement of the Y. M. C. A., and later Mrs. Thurston, the Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement of the Y. W. C. A. As a direct result of the visit of Dr. Haas, new Mission Study Classes have been formed, in which great interest is being taken.

The members of the Band are earnest workers, and when the time for preparation is past, they will go forth to reap large harvests in the Master's harvest field.

DEBATING TEAM.



A. P. ROSSELOT

W. G. SNAVELY

R. E. OFFENHAUER

WINNER IN LOCAL ORATORICAL CONTEST.



E. C. WORMAN

SOCIAL EVENTS.

"Society—the only field where the sexes have ever met on terms of equality, the arena where character is formed and studied, the cradle and the realm of public opinion, the crucible of ideas, the world's university, at once a school and a theatre, the spur and the crown of ambition, the tribunal which unmasks pretension and stamps real merit, the power that gives government leave to be, and outruns the lazy church in fixing the moral sense."
—Wendell Philips.



THE regular annual reception given by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. in honor of the new students was held at the Association parlors Saturday evening September 10, 1904. This gathering is

always enjoyed by the students as they are all glad to get back and shake hands with old friends and get acquainted with new ones.

During the afternoon of Friday, October 7, Mrs. Guiter gave a reception to the ladies of the college and town in honor of Mrs. Bookwalter.

The students of the academy had two social functions during the year. On the evening of October 7, two hay-wagons took the merrymakers on a pleasant trip east of town. On March 3rd the class had a Library Social, held at the Town Hall.

The girls of the Junior Class, on the evening of October 18, entertained their class brothers at the Bradford home, on West Park street. The house was prettily decorated with autumn leaves and the green and red, class colors, were displayed in various ways. One of the prin-

cipal features of the event was the Junior Police Force. Despite the shouts and uproar of besiegers without, the Juniors had a delightful evening.

On last Hallowe'en a party of boys and girls assembled at the Rowley home. A husking bee, a hay-wagon ride and a midnight lunch were the features of the occasion. Those present were, the Misses Markley, Crouse, Hewitt, Weinland, Rowley, McFadden and Shauck, and the Messrs. Funkhouser, Kirkbride, Anderson, Hewitt, Keene, Mong and Rowley.

At seven o'clock on the evening of November 4th, a reception was tendered President and Mrs. Bookwalter by the Board of Trustees of Otterbein. The students were present in a body, beside many citizens and visiting friends. At eight o'clock the door was opened into the gymnasium, where the inaugural banquet was served. After the repast, Judge J. A. Shauck, of Columbus, Ohio, was introduced as the toastmaster of the evening. Following were the speakers and toasts:

Untitled Heroes	J. A. Weinland.
	Westerville, Ohio.
Our Relations	A. B. Riker, D. D.
	President Mount Union College.
A Man of Letters — of Many Letters. . .	S. J. Flickinger, '72.
	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Our Work	Alfred T. Perry, D. D.
	President Marietta College.

Miss Grace Ressler entertained the Cleiorhetean Octette at a five-o'clock dinner, November 21.

One of the delightful social events of the winter was the reception given by the Otterbein Philomathean Society to the faculty, students and friends Friday afternoon, January 27th, 1905. The occasion was the dedication of the society hall, which had been remodeled and refurnished during the Christmas vacation. A large number of friends and alumni were present and all expressed their delight in the signal success of the undertaking. In the evening a special program was rendered, Dr. Henry Garst presiding. Among those present were, Hon. L. D. Bonebrake, '82; Rev. J. G. Huber, '88; J. D. Reibel, '97; H. M. Kline, '01, and J. R. Walton, '01.

A "Co-ed party" was given in honor of the Girls' Basket Ball Team on the evening of February 13th, by the girls of the gymnasium class. All the girls present voted the affair a great success.

The members of the senior classes of all departments of the college, with their lady and gentlemen friends, enjoyed a most delightful evening at the home of Mr. Williams, on Saint Valentine's evening. The house was tastefully decorated with hearts and under the magic hand of Mr. Williams the cakes also assumed that shape. Wherever it was possible to do so this design of Cupid's was carried out.

Miss Henrietta DuPre entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening, February 17. The hostess car-

ried out several original and interesting plans which made the evening very delightful.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. Bible Classes gave a George Washington Party to the boys of the Y. M. C. A. Bible Classes. Many were dressed in colonial costume, among whom were represented George Washington and his cabinet with their wives. A supper was served in the gymnasium. The most amusing proceeding of the evening was the reproduction of an old-fashioned country school. The scholars represented every type imaginable for such a body and each one carried out his part well. Without doubt this event was one of the most successful college functions of the year.

Every year a banquet of some kind is given by the Football boys. This year the chief thing served was Belgian Hare. Cider and doughnuts had their turn. The affair was informal and of such a nature to bring enjoyment to every one. The toasts and speeches were made by Captain Altman, Sardis Bates, A. P. Rosselot, Ira Flick, Hiram Worstell, F. O. Van Sickle, and others. Much enthusiasm prevailed during the evening, which proved to be but emblematic of the general good feeling among the players of the team.

Miss Ella Swank and Miss Merle Drinkwater gave a reception for Miss Swank's sister February 21st, from 8 to 10 o'clock.

The girls of the Freshman class entertained the Freshman boys at the Dobbie home, west of Westerville, on the evening of February 23.



LITERARY
DEPARTMENT



INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LEWIS BOOKWALTER D. D.



At the meeting of the Board of Trustees in June, 1904, Dr. George Scott closed his term of four years as president of Otterbein University. His service for these years was invaluable. The school was then passing through a crisis and needed a strong hand to guide it. This it found in Dr. Scott. He is a great scholar and possesses also rare executive ability. For his service he has the gratitude, and rightly so, of many hearts.

With his resignation came that difficult task of selecting a man to fill a place so important at that time. A committee, of which Dr. Lawrence Keister was chairman, was appointed to report to a called session of the Board in the summer. After some thought the Board met at Columbus. But one man seemed to be the right man, and he was Rev. Lewis Bookwalter, D. D., then president of Western College, Toledo, Iowa.

The highest compliment which can be paid to a man is that his office seeks him, believing him to be the one man who is able to carry and meet the duties it presents to him. This was the case in the choice of President Bookwalter.

At this session of the Board an Inaugural Committee

was chosen, of which Prof. A. B. Shauck, of Dayton, was made chairman. The day finally set for the occasion was November 4, 1904. The guests were many. Prominent laymen were not wanting, and many former students came with glad hearts as if it were a home-coming for a reunion. How warm were the greetings and how hope and pride in their dear old Alma Mater beamed from every face. Besides there were many distinguished men of the church present and a number of college presidents and professors of this state.

Long before the exercises began the college auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity with eager townspeople and guests. A little past 1:30 the procession entered and took its seat on the enlarged platform. Excellent music, directed by Prof. Bendinger, was furnished by the college band and choral department.

After the invocation by President Hunt, Prof. Shauck, chairman of the inaugural committee, in his own inimitable, mirth-provoking manner, spoke of the occasion, and then of the career upon which the college at that moment was entering. He then introduced the permanent chairman, Fred H. Rike, of Dayton, President of the Board of Trustees.

The following speakers were introduced: Rev. A. T. Howard spoke for the alumni, E. E. Burtner for the students, Rev. W. R. Funk, D. D., for the church, Hon. E.



OTTERBEIN IN WINTER

A. Jones for the state, and Rev. T. J. Sanders, Ph. D., for the faculty. President Henry C. King of Oberlin, on behalf of the colleges of the state, then gave a very cultured, impressive address in which he brought to President Bookwalter words of congratulation, fellowship and well-wishing. Following President King, Chairman Rike spoke briefly upon the presidency vacant and the presidency filled, and then introduced President Bookwalter.

At his appearing hundreds of flags which had been quietly distributed were waved in greeting while cheers and college yells made the building tremble. The President's subject was, "The College and Leadership." In the space allotted to this article only this can be said of it, it was a clear, masterly speech. The President could not have appeared to better advantage and in every way he did credit and brought honor to himself and the college.

In the evening at seven o'clock in the Association parlors, a reception was given in honor of President and Mrs. Bookwalter. After this hour a delightful time was spent at the banquet tables. So large was the crowd that the gymnasium was none too large to accommodate it. Some excellent toasts were given by prominent educators.

All in all the day was a significant one. Every one felt the terrible struggles of the dear old institution were over. No, her struggles are not over for she has begun to strive to multiply her powers many times, but no longer must she struggle for existence. Neither do we say that the fourth of November, 1904, turned the crisis favorably to her, but that it does mark her day of entrance upon the career of splendid service just ahead. Until now she has been building, making herself; and what a worthy noble institution she now is. Because this day witnessed her entrance upon this new era it was an important day. Dr. W. J. Shuey said, "This is the greatest day Otterbein University

has ever seen." It was a valuable day because the experience quickened its life and made it enter upon the future with hope and courage and vigor.

The reasons for hope are found first in the President himself. President Bookwalter is a man of ripe scholarship, a born leader and one who is wise enough to know where to lead his following. He has passed through critical periods in the church and has been put to crucial tests. He possesses a strong personality and that rare and delicate college spirit which is so important and essential for a college president. The words of Mr. Rike with reference to his career as he introduced him are true and speak high praise. His "whole record throughout his service to the church shows clean as polished gold with every attempt a success, never a failure." Surely to such a man can, with safety, be trusted the presidency of our college. The school already feels his life and is aware of the new impulse which he has imparted to it and which will express itself in an abiding growth.

And now that Otterbein has at last seen this glad day, the one when she became free, a day for which there have been many prayers, heartaches and sleepless nights, and now that she has won honor, respect and permanence she inspires confidence. Because of the feeling that has gone out to the uttermost bounds of her territory and the entire church, there is more than hope in her heart, there is confidence.

The policy of his administration is enlargement both in her possessions and in her life. The motto is, "Forward into wider fields and enlarged usefulness." With every rising sun her feet bend more swiftly than ever to this end, and at every setting sun she reviews the vantage gained. What a kingdom is this! Only future generations of men dare speak, only eternity can tell.

PREPARATIONS FOR A SHOPPING TRIP.



ARE you acquainted with one of those busy girls who are found in America to-day? You will find her kind in every college. She is naturally ambitious, and desires to make use of every moment and opportunity. As a result she is burdened, or I should say she burdens herself with twice as much work as she is able to manage. She seldom has time to prepare her lessons or write her productions until the lateness of the hour urges her to do it. She never makes preparations for any event until "the last minute" when there is a great excitement and worry and a resolve made that in the future she would begin in time.

There comes a time when she must have a new dress. She appoints the day and the hour at which she will go to the neighboring city to do her shopping. An hour before train time she thinks it might be best to consult the dressmaker. When she returns to her room she finds she has twenty minutes until time for the train to leave. She determines to change her dress. When this is done in a great hurry she finds she has yet ten minutes. She comes down stairs congratulating herself that she can get to the depot in plenty of time.

When she puts on her hat she finds she needs another hat pin. To save time she calls to her room mate, "Nora, won't you lend me a hat pin. I must hurry or I'll miss that train." She gets into her coat alright but when she pulls on her gloves she notices how badly they need mending. "Kathryn, will you please let me wear your gloves; I'm in such a hurry." Then the next cry is "Will some one get my overshoes for me. They are on the porch if the dog hasn't taken them away. Oh, I don't see how I can go on that train for it takes five minutes to walk to the station. Then in an excited and nervous manner she snatches her pocket book and starts, calling back as she runs down the street, to telephone to several girls and send some messages she did not have time to deliver.

Half way to the depot she hears the train whistle. She runs a few yards more, then slackens her pace to a brisk walk. Reaching the station, tired and out of breath, she boards the waiting train without taking time to buy her ticket. No sooner has she stepped onto the platform than the train starts. Finding a seat near the door she drops into it. Just then it occurs to her that she forgot to ask the dressmaker how many spools of thread to buy, but she tries to feel comfortable, since she is really on her way.

G. R. '06.



HIDDIGEIGEI—EPIC CAT OF CHARACTER.

(Soliloquizing.)

Many an obscure problem have I
Well revolved within my cat-heart
Until solved and nicely cleared up;
But there's one remains a myst'ry,
Still unsolved and undigested:
Why do people kiss each other?
'Tis not hatred—for they bite not,
Don't in hunger eat each other;
Neither can it be just aimless
Blind nonsense, for in all things they're
Wise, and knowing in their actions.
Why, then, still in vain I ask it,
Why do people kiss each other?
Why particularly young ones
And why these mostly in spring-time?
On these points I will to-morrow,
On the roof of my old gable,
Meditate a little closer.

From the German by Scheffel.

RAGS—THE UNPOETIC CAMPUS DOG.

(Replying.)

Hey, old friend, 's that all your trouble?
You just ought to come to college!
Here you'd find some greater myst'ries
Which to solve would make your head ache.
Students have the queerest ways of
Naming things, and twisting meanings
Tantalizing to all strangers.
Hear them talk of "points" and "pushes"
"Running up" and trusting "ponies"
And the like of dark expressions
That would puzzle any dog's brain.
Yet those're fun compared to others
Which are even worse than riddles:
Why does Bill Charles worship Baal?
What makes Tommy look so happy,
Landis so extremely pale?
Why so fond of th' mountain Ash is
Blanche, why Trudie of the Buckeye?
O, the myst'ry of such problems —
It's a constant source of worry.
Cert'nly Ulrich needs a Dot and
Patrick's Kirk requires a Bell — but
How could Scott(land) without scruples
E'er dethrone a king like Charles?
What on earth can be the meaning
Of such tangled combinations?
Who can tell me, friend or foe?
O, relieve my anxious pining
And restore peace to the soul.

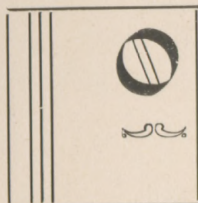




COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

WEDDING OF MISS DINAH CRANE JUDKINS AND HON. JACOB X. KNICKERBOCKER.

Most noted social event of the winter.



1905
 ON the evening of February 13, the Co-ed friends of Deacon and Mrs. Judkins participated in one of the most charming affairs of the season. The unique and extraordinary festivities were celebrated in Hotel Calisthenia of Otterbein, in honor of the nuptials of Miss Dinah Crane, only daughter of Mrs. Judkins, with the Hon. Jacob X. Knickerbocker. The bridal procession, headed by the venerable deacon Blimber, entered the festal hall to the soft strains of "Lohengrin."

The prospect of losing his fair daughter moved "Mr." Judkins to tears, which were flowing freely while he presented the bride to the "man" of her choice.

The scrumptious spread which followed was served per *assiettes a la bois*, the guests reclining in the modern fashion of the ancient Romans. Hilarity reigned supreme and "laughter was holding both his sides." Special praise is due the pseudo-gents who succeeded so well in their endeavors to make the occasion one to be remembered.

An extract from the memorable speech of deacon Judkins may serve as a sample of the extinguished addresses delivered. "Ladies and gentlemen," said *he*, I—I—am too full for utterance. . . . I am unable to express my thoughts to-night, so I will send them by freight. . . ." That such eloquence was worthily received need not be added.

Taking all into consideration it is no wonder that, at a late hour, fair Luna greeted the dispersing company with her broadest smile of approval.

TANTAE MOLIS ERAT FRESHMANAM CONDERE GENTEM.



'Twas a night in October; the campus was bare
Save for "Rags," who was pacing as sentinel there.
Thru the trees a bright light shed its clear shining ray.
Something's doing, that's sure, at the Y. M. C. A.

Oh yes! 'twas the night when the world was to learn
Naughty-eight was a class which it could not long spurn.
These tender young Freshmen together were met
To do business which no one would ever forget.

On the campus black forms soon appeared in the night,
And hovered like moths 'round that int'resting light.
Now up went a window, and quick thru it poured
These black forms in a stream which increased to a horde.

A lusty young Freshman then gave forth a yell
Which brought the whole class down the stairway pell-mell.
But there they soon saw, to their growing dismay,
That escape was cut off by those forms in the way.

In that scared Freshman class then some strange noises
followed.

Major bleated, "Doc" pleaded and brave Ditmer bellowed.
Waxing wrothy a trifle, his spirit grew bold,
And he threw out his arms to fell numbers untold.

But after a struggle, severe altho brief,
He retired to his comrades with sighs of relief.
Some wit was comparing the group with the grass
When somebody suddenly turned out the gas.

In some ghostly fashion not yet brought to light
George Hay Major was spirited out in the night.
His courage forsook him; he lost all his glee,
While his captors danced round him enjoying the spree.

They said, Hay! young Major, we'll give you your choice
Of three pleasures which surely should make you rejoice.
You may give us a dollar, be tied in a tree,
Or be ducked in the creek. Tell us which it shall be?

Major's face then grew rueful. He reached in his pants
But his pockets held nothing except a few cents.
"It's all that I've got. You can have it," said he!
But please do not duck me; I'll climb up the tree.

His captors were cruel, and quick to suggest
That a plunge in the creek would perhaps be the best.
Poor Major opposed this, and after a wrangle
A compromise finally cleared up the tangle.

On the gridiron, where many a battle was fought,
The miserable, trembling young captive was brought.
"Now, open your mouth," the cruel order was given,
And into the cavern a paw-paw was driven.

He was shown to the goal-post, and someone said, "Climb!"
And Major shinned up it in double quick time.
He was placed on a cushion before he was tied,
Otherwise the sharp seat might have injured his pride.

In this striking pose, to be sure, he looked pretty,
But here we end our poetical ditty.
Thus ends the adventure of this lofty male.
How Major got down is no part of our tale.

B., '07.

PICTURES ON MEMORY'S WALL.

Among the beautiful pictures,
That hang on Memory's Wall,
Are the scenes of the dear old college,
Which many a struggle recall.



TEN years have already elapsed since we left dear old Otterbein and stood on the threshold of the great world, dazzled and bewildered by the strangeness and confusion of actual realities. Do you remember, old chum, with what expectations and hopes we left our alma mater and how we all thought we would set the world afire by our brilliancy and bring the nations on their knees before us in humble adoration? I guess we all feel farther from the coveted goal today than we did on commencement day. I never dreamed then that you would become a missionary, still less that we would be so fortunate as to work together here in Africa.

The invitation to the commencement exercises of the class of '15 takes me back to the old town again, and I hear the old bell ringing and see the old buildings just as they stood when we roamed through those halls. I do not know, though, how I would feel should I have an opportunity to revisit the Otterbein that we knew and loved so well. Since they have rebuilt the main building and replaced Saum Hall with an imposing stone structure, not to men-

tion the other new buildings that were erected last year, I fear it would seem so strange that it would only make me the more homesick for the old college.

There comes just now the picture of Dr. Sanders' room to my mind, where we used to sit in wise deliberation and discuss evolution, presentationalism, logical necessity and all those perplexing questions of psychology. I often wonder now how Dr. Sanders could be so patient with us. Do you remember how he would sit at his desk and with an indulgent smile listen to our miserable attempts of talking about things we knew nothing of?

And talking about unknown reminds me of Dr. Sherrick's, Jr., rhetoric recitations. I can see that old room yet with its walls blackened by time and smoke, and that big round coal stove around which we would congregate on





cold mornings and condole one another on account of the impending evil. Those days certainly proved Longfellow's assertion:

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

Now and then, however, the sun would break through those monotonous clouds, and we would have a little diversion. I remember once when Dr. Sherrick was urging us to read Milton, she unconsciously proposed what seemed a statement contrary to fact. She said that she had read Milton's



Paradise Lost when only twelve years old, and that she had read it six times since. At the same time she advised that we also read this greatest epic at least once a year.

In Dr. Scott's room we used to have many a good hearty laugh, but I remember there always was a secret dread beneath the fun for fear of some sudden storm. He was typical of Goldsmith's village school-master in that respect:

"A man he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disaster in his morning face.
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."



If those four walls could speak, they certainly could tell of some fierce conflicts and tortures in which the Dr. seemed to take impish delight. Woe unto that tender young prep-let or freshman who dared come to Latin without having his lesson prepared. It were better he had invested in a pony or two and had ridden till midnight than to run up in that class.



Another room that had its terrors for the freshman was Dr. Miller's. But that was not on account of the Professor himself, dear soul, but rather his study. That college algebra used to haunt me like evil spirits, and try as I would, I could never appease the furies no matter how much midnight oil I would burn as a sacrifice. The daily recitations were bad enough, but our cup of misery overflowed at the finals. Do you remember how we used to get together with some of the girls and try to digest whole chapters in a few hours which we could not begin to understand in that many years? Then how, wearied and dejected we would do the Cato act—ponder on our immortality the night before we met our fate.

But there was always one haven of rest for our shipwrecked, tempest tossed barks, and that was found at the north end of the hall. Fräuleinchen, as we boys fondly called her, always had a smile and a sympathizing heart for

each poor struggling student. In fact, she was all sunshine, and, though we often tried her patience to the utmost, and took advantage of her, which I now regret with all my heart, she always forgave her erring sheep, even going beyond the limit of the law of seventy times seven.

Here we have been sitting talking and never noticed how late it is. Well, already twelve o'clock! That would make it about 6 P. M. at Westerville. And this being Friday evening, the literary societies are about to call to order the last session for the year. From the photographs sent us of the four new society halls, I judge the students must have about all they could wish for in that line. But when I think of the societies the pictures that come to my mind are not those of the new marble tiled buildings, but of the four halls on the top floor of the old college building. Of course, now you naturally think first of Cleiorhetean and then of Philophronean hall as you last saw them.





I well remember the first night I entered those halls. You folks had an open session, the first one of the term. To me, fresh from the verdant fields and backwoods farm, it was a wonderful sight, and I distinctly remember wondering where in the world the societies got the money to fix up the halls in that grand style. I remember also very distinctly the first open session I attended of Philalethea. Little did I dream that my fate was being sealed that night, and that the timid half-scared little maiden whom I seemed to frighten with my admiring gaze would sometime cross the great Atlantic with me — the wife of a missionary.

Yes, I have a tender recollection of those old halls.

When I look back it seems as if but yesterday I appeared on the floor in Philomatheia with my first production. How my voice did tremble and my knees did shake! I thought I would never get through that paper. Before I went up I thought I had a very good production, but when the critic had an opportunity to give his official opinion I felt as if I could never attempt such a thing again.

But, come! it is time we were off to bed, for the cock will crow before we have had three hours' sleep. After indulging in such a reverie our dreams ought to be pleasant unless we are transferred back again to our college days and the professor's stern look should seem too realistic. Good-night!



A DAY AT OTTERBEIN AS TOLD BY RAGS.



HEN I heard my master stirring, I jumped up from my bed of old carpet, gave myself a good shake and scampered out as soon as he opened the door. It was quite early and none of the students were abroad so I took a good play over the campus. I ran after all the birds I saw, tossed up the leaves and ran round and round after my tail. But at last I got tired of playing all by myself and I was pretty glad when I saw Mr. Pace takin' a hike across the campus for up town. I suppose Mrs. P. had sent him for something for breakfast. I ran after him but he didn't seem very sociable. Maybe he had been hearing a curtain-lecture.

Just then the breakfast bell rang, so I stopped running 'round and sat down to sing. Whenever the bell rings I sing. I heard one of the students call it "howling" but that just shows how ignorant he is. I can beat some of Bendinger's pupils alright.

By this time there were lots of students hurrying along to get their morning bone and it made me think of the one I had buried over back of the Y. M. C. A. so I dug it up and gnawed away at it. It tasted pretty good, I can tell you! While I was eating it I saw Bill Charles rushing along towards the cemetery with a cautious look and a bundle stuck up under his coat. I reckon he'd had a

chicken roast the night before and was going to bury the remains. I thought I saw some feathers on his coat.

Then the coach came down street and went into the basement of the gym. I followed him and saw him soak his head under one of the shower baths. He kept saying "Oh my head" and sort of groaning and I felt rather sorry for him but my sympathy soon disappeared for when I was in the other room sniffing around he went out and shut me in. I barked and barked and barked but there I stayed and it was chapel time when finally some fellow let me out. Oh but I was mad! I always make it my business to be on hand before chapel to see if Mary and Bobbie and the others are there, and here this morning almost every one had gone in when I arrived.

I only got to see Frances and Tom, but they were cutting chapel for a stroll so I tagged along. I thought maybe Tom would say something funny but he didn't. I'd tell what he said only there are some things too crazy for even a dog to repeat. He certainly has got a case on her!

After chapel I loitered around awhile and finally started to follow a bunch of those Dayton boys who are running the school this year, but pretty soon Funkhouser joined 'em and then I left. The same crowd can't hold him and me. He kicked me one night just because Mary wouldn't let him walk up street with her. It wasn't my fault she preferred Bob.

Then I scampered back to the college and got there just in time to sing to the ten o'clock bell and see Ash and Miss Rock go to German together. They do that every day. They've "got the habit." When the students had all gone up to their classes I had one of my few leisure periods so I went to visit Bruno, a friend of mine who lives near the college. He was full of news, as usual, and asked me if I had heard about Harry and Blanche quarreling. That rather worried me for I had long considered that combination a settled thing and had quit paying much attention to them but now I was all on the qui vive and Bruno and I played around Saum Hall till we saw Harry walking home with Blanche at eleven o'clock. Then we felt relieved and knew it had only been one of the reports those old "knockers" are always spreading.

We went over home then and had some dinner and after that we took a good, long dog-nap. When we woke up some of the boys were practising base-ball so we knew it was rather late in the afternoon. We nosed around and watched them awhile but when Shammy did one of his stunts and sent a liner 'way into the outfield that nearly took my head off we decided to leave.

I wanted Bruno to stay with me but he wanted to go and follow Nellie and Ralph. He said he 'most always went along with them on their walks and that they had awfully interesting conversations. I trotted up as far as Crouse's with him for I wanted to see if a rumor I had heard was true. I saw that it was for there was a fellow in a brown suit and a light hat—I can't remember his name—talking to Glen. They had been on the "outs," so I was interested to see them getting a case again. I only stopped long enough to say "Hello" to Geoffrey and ask him how it all happened. He gave a sort of disgusted look at the

couple and growled, "oh don't ask me! This must be about the 'steenth time they've acted this way."

Then he hushed up and when I found he wasn't going to tell me any more but would only lay there and growl, I trotted across the street and up past Antrim's and when I was sniffing 'round under the front window, I heard some one say, "Now, Eddie, I want you to behave." I don't know who it was but it didn't interest me any way. It was nearly supper time and I felt hungry so I hustled home. I was rather tired and ready to go to sleep but I heard my master tell his wife there was going to be a lecture, so I resolved to stay up and wait around in front to see the new points. I felt it was no more than my duty to be out there and see how affairs were going. The students think I don't care for these things but you can bet I do. Why I was tickled to death when I saw Charlie and Miss Scott coming down the street! I sympathized with Charlie in his misfortunes and how I rejoice with him in his success. I was also glad to see Clair Bell and Miss Kirkpatrick, and my heart fairly leaped with joy when I saw Miss Sherrick gliding along with some stately gentleman in tow. All the old points were there; Perez and Mary, Dit and Daisy, Dot and Chris and so on. I did feel sorry for Mabel, tho', when I saw her come in without her Starkey! Poor little girl, I grieve with her!

Of course, Mary and Bobbie arrived fashionably late. Adrian came, too, and I was anxious to learn which of her numerous swains she had selected. I saw that her choice had fallen on Ray so I gave some sympathetic growls for Harvey and Bill.

By this time I was as tired as a little doggie could very well be and I thought surely things would go off alright without my further care, so, after one last look over the darkening campus I barked a satisfied good night.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT ?

Who'll be the next to heed our Mary,
When first she smiles on him so sweet?
Who'll be the next to say "Oh deary!
I fear you want me at your feet?"

CHORUS.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?
Who'll be the next to flirt with Mary?
Who'll be the next to flirt with Mary Dear?
Flirt with Mary Dear.

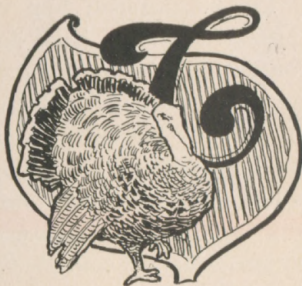
Who was the next to follow dear Scott?
Who was the next to run the race?
Who was the next man on the spot?
Why ask? You know who filled the place.

Who was the next to follow Galliet?
Who was the next to lose his dough?
Who was the next man to run into debt?
Now it is queer if you don't know.

Who'll be the next to follow Bobby?
Who'll be the next to serve his time?
Who'll be the next? Some Tom, Dick or Robby;
Know you that? Finish then this rhyme.

SOCK AND BUSKIN.

The sock and buskin he did don,
His own ambition egged him on.
The sock and buskin he did doff,
The angry public egged him off.



IS MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP."

It was a black, gloomy night. Dark clouds went scurrying across a darker sky, while here and there a star showed dimly between the rifts. However in spite of this a spirit of festivity was abroad in the air, for was not this the night when Sir Roy and Sir Robert gave a banquet to their lady loves? It is true that there were no invited guests to witness this proof of their generosity and to mingle with them in their merrymaking, but who cared for that? It was enough for these simple country people to have the honor of having these famous knights in their midst; and to be informed of the event besides, was enough for anyone.

The magnificent feast was prepared at the home of one of their retainers in order that the happy ones might not

be annoyed by the vulgar smell of cooking. At the appointed time the dainties prepared for the feast were to be carried to the castle guarded by an army of vassals. The *piece de resistance* consisted of a turkey, a noble bird which had been donated (?) for the occasion.

But as has been said the news of this great feast had been spread far and wide. So it is but natural that it should reach the ears of the bandit chief of that region. This man was a brave, handsome young fellow, of dashing appearance, and stalwart build. He did not commit his deeds of darkness because of a depraved nature but because he loved adventure and deeds of daring. So Chief Van called his second in command, Lieutenant Clair, and ordered him to summon his brave band together. A council



was held, spies sent out, and plans laid to waylay the servants and capture their burden. But on account of a traitor in their midst, Sir Roy was informed of the intentions of the bandits, so he gave orders that all precautions must be taken. So a plan was conceived by which they hoped to outwit the bandit chief. The procession started, burdened with baskets and bundles. They had nearly reached their destination and they had not seen the bandits. They were congratulating themselves on their easy escape when from behind a hedge, dark forms suddenly appeared, the intrepid Van in the lead. There was no time to escape so they put about to defend themselves as best they could.

The bandit chief perceiving a large hamper being carried by one of the men concluded that it contained the main object of his quest. So with a few great leaps he seized the handle and made off. The bearer was not to

be so easily overcome however, for he pursued him on the instant and overtaking him, jumped on his back and brought him to the earth. The contents of the basket, consisting of clean linen, were scattered far and wide. One of the men also engaged in a scuffle with the lieutenant, seizing him by the hair, but the valiant brigand tore loose from his opponent, however losing his hat.

The Turkey, the object of the assault, was being peacefully carried by one of the women, who of course, the gallant brigands would not allow to be attacked.

So the feast was held. Amid many a gibe of wit at the expense of the luckless brigands, and with Sir Robert's stories, a most merry evening was spent. And the story of the generosity of these good knights to their fair ladies, is still told around the hearthfires and no doubt will be handed down to posterity.



LOG-BOOK OF A FRESHMAN.

I was in a reminiscent mood this afternoon. While overhauling my book case I chanced upon a well worn leather bound note-book, on the fly-leaf of which was printed in large capitals:

"Log-Book of Voyage Through Otterbein — First Cruise."

Carelessly dropping my dusting cloth on a chair and leaving the books piled on the table, I began to look carelessly through this memento of my first days at college. Turning back again to the first page I began to read.

Westerville, Ohio, Sept. 7th, 19—. Arrived at dock about six P. M. tired with the long trip. A drizzling rain-fall has rendered the streets and sidewalks, if such they may be called, soft and slippery with mud. Left my sea-chest at the station and bravely started down the street with my grip and umbrella. While thus intent on navigating down the road I collided with a man of middle age who was going in the opposite direction. He greeted me in a friendly manner and inquired if I was a new student. Relieving me of my luggage he offered to pilot me to the captain's office. By the cut of his jib I first took him for one of the professors, but later found he too was still on his voyage through college, though he expected to be discharged when we reached port in June. He stayed right by me and kindly helped me find a bunking place and also locate a mess-room. Later in the evening he brought several other men around to entertain me and revive my leaden spirits. Altogether I think he is a jolly good fellow and would make an admirable shipmate. But it is late and I must turn in.

Sept. 8th. Was kept busy to-day signing up for the voyage and stowing away my belongings. I found the grub quite good and my messmates as jolly as any sailors on board a merchant-man or man-o'-war. More rain to-day. I wish I were back on the farm this evening. As long as the fellows are around it is not so bad but now that I am alone I feel I would rather be back home. But perhaps with fairer weather the sailing will become easier.

Sept. 10th. My friend Deller, the fellow who piloted me to the captain last Tuesday, called this afternoon to invite me to his literary society this evening. Later one of the other boys, Mr. Hursh, dropped in and took me out for a stroll. He also asked me to come to his society, but since I promised Deller for to-night, I will go with Hursh next Friday. There seems to be something queer about these societies but I am still in the fog as to what it is.

Sept. 11th. The program last night was fine, especially the orchestra. My! but I wish I could play like some of those boys. This evening I attended a grand reception at which all hands were on deck. They served grog and hardtack freely, though they called it punch and Nabisco. Became acquainted with a lot of ladies but was dreadfully embarrassed and confused with so many names. All evening I was in an agony of fear lest I flounder on some hidden shoals, or run amuck on the ladies' trains and skirts. The jolly tars at the mess room advised me to get a "point," by which I afterward learned they meant a girl. But I steered clear of the entrancing sirens knowing well enough that they

would not have anything to do with a green, lubberly "ranik" like me. Two of the boys went home with me and on the way we stopped at the bakery where they set up the "dopes" as they call it. I am beginning to like the place better the longer I am here. The boys all try to out-do each other in showing us new fellows a good time. In fact I do not see where I will get much studying done if I am expected to accept all their invitations to "pushes" and other social events. I did not dream when I left home that anybody would be interested in a verdant freshman like me, but really, they seem to think they cannot do enough for me.

Sept. 12th. Went to Sunday-school and church this morning where I met the chaplain for the first time. Some of the boys took me in tow this afternoon and we enjoyed a good long walk. As a consequence I am tired to-night, so will turn in early.

Sept. 13th. Nothing of importance to record to-day. Attended four classes. Day was calm, and sailing smooth.

Sept. 16th. I am afraid I am making more friends than I can conveniently take care of, for some of the fellows who are friendly to me, do not think kindly of each other and are even disposed to make slighting remarks. Went to Y. M. C. A. this evening and enjoyed the meeting very much. It just seemed like home to me.

Sept. 17th. Attended Mr. Hursh's literary society this evening, the Philophronean, I believe they call it. They had a good program which was well rendered, and their Glee club sang two dandy sailor songs. The boys from both sides have been asking me to join, but shiver my timbers!

I do not know yet which society I prefer. I think I shall wait till next term as they say you can belong to only one, and when once a member you can never withdraw and join the other. One of the boys said it is almost like dying. When once there you can never come back, therefore it is very important that you make no mistake as to where you go.

Sept. 23d. After Y. M. C. A. this evening the fellows invited me to a snipe hunt. I suspected a joke but thought the only way to learn is to go in for everything that comes along. Will know better next time.

Sept. 29th. Our class organized to-day. I was elected treasurer but as there will not be any funds to handle they relieved me from giving bond.

Oct. 1st. We held our class "push" this evening at a farm house a few miles from town. Some of the sophs and seniors tried to head us off and spoil the fun, but we slipped them and had a jolly good time. Took a girl home. She certainly is a dandy and invited me to call sometime. Guess I will go next Sunday.

Oct. 3d. Did not have much time for study Saturday, so found myself in deep water this morning in Dr. Scott's Latin class. I found the lesson several fathoms too deep for sight reading and consequently "ran up" as the saying is here. Gracious! but the prof. was angry at our class. His lower jaw fairly shook and,—

Here I was interrupted by the voice of my room mate reminding me that it was time to betake ourselves to the club for supper.

AN EPISODE.

It was a night in the winter term;
Up at the Antrim house;
When Mary and Eddie, who meant no harm,
Wished those upstairs to rouse.

The ones above were Laura and Earl,
Just peacefully passing the time;
The ones below were Ed. and his girl.
The hour was half-past nine.

So the facts of the case you plainly see;
Below they had nothing to do.
But a hole in the ceiling there happened to be,
And they poked the poker through.

Those above, as expected, were not asleep;
A coal bucket covered the hole:
Those below burned sulphur until caused to weep,
For the fumes did certainly roll.

Sulphur, sulphur, they surely did burn,
Until their sulphur was all,
Then towards the drug store they did turn,
And for more sulphur did call.

And when they burned all the sulphur they had,
They found to their dismay,
That the air in their room was rather bad;
The others had won the day.

The fumes did not reach those on high,
For plugged was the aperture tight.
But when some water fell as from the sky,
Eddie felt ready to fight.

The water soaked through both the carpet and floor,
And filled the whole room with its flood.
There was nothing to do but to open the door,
And walk around out in the mud.

LIMERICKS.

There once was a fellow named Bob,
Who was certainly onto his job;
He'd smile and he'd laugh
And jolly each Prof.
Till they all gave a hundred to Bob.

There was a young fellow called Kirk,
Who often his studies would shirk;
He'd sit still and smoke,
And say, "It's no joke!
My health won't permit me to work."

There once was a maiden named Floss,
Who never was known to be cross.
She'd smile and she'd tease,
But yet she would please,
Till all the girls envied our Floss.

Arletta is really quite sweet,
She's so dainty and prim and petite;
Each man that goes by
Gives just one cry,
Then flings himself down at her feet.

A fellow from Pottsdam called Ditty,
Was so awfully brilliant and witty,
That thro' a smoked glass
Folks watched him pass,
And remarked, "My! isn't he pretty!"

HIS FRIEND.

(A Story.)

With long and measured stroke two boys about eighteen years of age were driving their graceful skiff through the gentle current of the river. Thoughtful they were, and who could be otherwise in the midst of such surroundings? Whoever has seen a great river in the sweet quiet of a June morning, before the splashing wheels of the steamer have awakened its waves from the slumbers of the night, could not have failed to be deeply impressed. The sun had not yet risen over the eastern hills. The drooping willows and high hills were depicted in the glassy waters of the river as in a mirror; while far beneath, the blue sky was reflected even more beautiful than it appeared overhead. The odor of flowers was now and then wafted out over the water by gentle breezes; while the ear was delighted by the morning carols of the birds, flitting joyously among the branches of the trees.

Thus the two boys were rowing along, each wrapped in his own meditations, when suddenly as if by agreement, both glanced toward one place on the north shore. There seated on a log beneath a wide-spreading tree was a man whose very bearing betrayed the fact that something other than the burden of his seventy years had bent his form; that something more than the frosts of as many winters had whitened his silvery locks.

"George, who is that old fellow?" asked one. "His very appearance arouses my curiosity."

"Why, that is Andy Norton. A queerer, better-hearted

old man than he never lived. That little cottage just behind the trees on the hillside is his house. I often come up here to talk with him; and strange to say, he never allows me to leave without asking me whether I have seen or heard of Frank Carlton, saying that if I see him to tell him where Andy Norton lives. If you like, we'll pull to shore and have a chat with him."

The old man, seeing them turn their boat shoreward, arose and smiling walked down to the edge of the water.

"I was just thinking," said he, extending his hand, "as I saw you two youngsters rowing along, that I would like to talk with you; for you reminded me of a story. It is true, and if you will just sit down on this log I will tell it to you."

The boys sat down immediately, anxious to hear what so queer a man as Andy Norton would say. The man looked cautiously about, then began his story.

"Two young men were once rowing along, just as you were this morning. They were friends, and were talking over their plans for the future. Since they intended going to college in the fall, of course, that was the principal topic. Their conversation ran about as follows:

"Well, Frank, I have always been watched pretty closely, never had much liberty, so when I get away to school I'll have a good time and see some of the world. You see, I'm tired of being cooped up here in the backwoods, and I intend to have some fun for once; see if I don't."



SPRING AT OTTERBEIN

'It will be all right for us to enjoy ourselves,' said the other, 'only let's not do anything wrong.'

'O, what's the use being so nice, do you want to be a baby always?' was the sarcastic reply.

Frank, seeing that it was useless to argue with his companion, said no more.

Early in September they started together for college. For some months things went along smoothly, and Frank was beginning to think that his chum had forgotten about the good times he intended having. Finally, however, each received an invitation to a party where cards and wine were to be the main features.

'I'm not going,' said Frank, 'and I think no gentleman should.'

'And I am going,' replied his companion, 'furthermore, I am as much a gentleman as you. If you expect to be counted among my friends, why come along and we'll have a time.'

'To be sure I will be your friend,' protested Carlton, 'but I warn you this is dangerous business. Let us not risk it.'

With angry words the other left the house, and the next day secured a room where he could entertain his wild companions without being censured by his solicitous friend.

There was another cause for his growing dislike for his room-mate. That was because he was jealous of him. He thought that a certain young woman, for whom he had some regard, was rather more friendly to Frank than to himself.

There is no need of me telling you how young Frank was abused by that one whom he had tried to save from

ruin; how he was laughed to scorn before the shallow bigoted companions of his foolish friend. Nor need I trace the steps of his fall whose jeers had been received without offense. It is an old story. Merely let me give you a picture of his distress, and tell you of the heroic action of that one whom he had said could no longer be his friend.

As time went by the gay young fellow became more and more depraved; was soon justly set aside by that young lady whose influence no doubt had kept him in the right way for a time, and finally in his senior year was expelled from college. Ashamed to return to his home, he wandered aimlessly about until he found himself in a great city. Here he met those, who like himself, had seen some of the world, and with them he drifted resistlessly downward. Nothing but the coarse wit of the down-town bar room and its hideous accessories could longer please his morbid mind. The spring was gone from his step; the sparkle had faded from his eye; and with stolid step he stalked about the town, his tattered hat pulled down over his bleared and sunken eyes.

Thus he sauntered into the meanest saloon of that wicked city. Here in the midst of a drunken brawl he stabbed a miserable wretch to the heart. Sobered by the sight of blood, he fled from the spot. Fearing the strong hand of the law, and with deep remorse of conscience, a criminal, he wandered far out into the country.

It was a chilly, drizzly night in February. Who can imagine the fearful pictures which flitted through his half dazed mind. On he went, fearing to look around lest he should behold some hideous, glaring monster, whose purpose it was to drag him to speedy justice. At length he entered a gloomy, desolate valley, known for miles around as

"Spooky Hollow." How his blood curdled in his veins as he staggered along its dismal length! High overhead the wind howled mournfully through the branches of the trees. The few withered leaves of an old beech rattled in the damp wind, as he passed by; while down beneath his feet a small stream gurgled along with a hollow unearthly sound. The very trees seemed like gloomy fantastic forms, bowing to him in mocking derision. Then to add to the weirdness of it all at measured intervals an owl poured forth its most melancholy wail. What wonder then that the very wind seemed to be howling of his fate. Everything seemed to repeat, in accents too ghostly for human utterance, the one word, ruined, ruined, ruined. Believing himself a murderer, that homeless man fancied himself surrounded by the very spirits of darkness. Thoughts of suicide passed through his mind, but he was too weak to attempt it. Then the shifting panorama of his wasted life passed darkly before him. With bitter remorse did he remember the words of that one at whom he had jeered. In despair he longed for his counsel and friendship.

As he moved slowly along thus rapt in his sad meditations there appeared suddenly before him a dark object. Was it an apparition or an officer sent to bring him to justice? It was no other than his old friend Frank Carlton, who, having heard of his presence in the city, had traced him to the bar-room, arriving just in time to see him stab the poor wretch. Having first learned that the wound was not fatal, Carlton had followed the fugitive into the desolate place just mentioned. With words of sympathy and admonition Frank Carlton led his unworthy friend Andrew Norton to a better life. He saw him restored to his parents, and

with their aid secured his return to college, then departed and has not been seen since."

"Yes," said he, noticing their astonishment, "I was that wayward young man. And that is why I ask every one whether they have seen Frank Carlton; for I feel that I must see him before I die that I may thank him for what he has done for me."

One beautiful evening a short time after this the same boys were again seen rowing up the river. In the stern of the boat sat an aged stranger. It was Frank Carlton. He had come to the village that morning; and the boys, having learned who he was, had told him of old Andy. As the boat approached the shore an old man could be seen shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the evening sun.

When they had fastened the boat the boys stole back among the willows, leaving the old men alone. For some time neither of the old chums spoke a word, but the silence expressed far more than words have power to say. At length they inquired about each other's experiences since they had last met, and after a pause Andrew Norton asked what had become of Zada Wilson.

"Why, I married her," said old Frank, at the same time looking for signs of displeasure in his friend's countenance.

But that one only smiled, and said: "I am glad you did, for I was not worthy of her. Where is she now?"

"She died almost two years ago, and I have scarcely enjoyed a day since. I have been living with my son. O, yes, I am treated well, only I am very lonely. But," said he, his face lighting up, "my son is now in business in the village and we can be together a great deal."

Both glanced at the rippling water then at the slowly

sinking sun, whose level rays spread like burnished gold over the surface of the river. Sweetly in the trees above them the birds warbled their good night songs. Distant and faint sounded the whistle of a steamer. Then as the sun disappeared behind the hills, with tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks Andrew Norton turned toward his friend, and seizing his hand said in faltering accents:

"Such is the evening of my life, calm and happy, and ere long its sun shall set in as pure and cloudless a sky as this. How different it will be to fall asleep in this lovely spot, than to have died in that dark hollow as I should have done had it not been for you. To you I owe everything."

"No," replied the other, "I had promised to be your friend, and I only did my duty."

The twilight deepened until the full moon rising above the wooded hill tops shed her silvery rays down over the scene. The boys then stole softly out from their place of concealment. Close beside that same log on which old

Andy Norton had been seated when the boys first saw him lay the two old men still grasping each other's hands. Their emotions had been too much for their tired bodies, and they had fallen asleep. The young men aroused them gently and conducted them through the little grove to Andy Norton's cottage, then walked slowly back to their boat and rowed home.

Frank Carlton and Andy Norton are still living, and on a fine day can be seen along the river rowing or fishing. Thus, together, they are living over again the days of their boyhood, while often their conversation turns to the incidents of their college life. To be sure, old Andy feels keenly the debt of gratitude due his friend, but the latter will hear nothing of it, saying that to see a man arise with such decision and so nobly to conquer all temptations has been a continual inspiration to him, always adding that he himself has only done his duty.

J. WARREN AYER.



PHILIP S. COCHRAN MEMORIAL HALL.

For years the most pressing need of Otterbein has been a Ladies' Dormitory. It is a cause for rejoicing not only among the student body but also among all the friends of the college that during the summer a commodious home for ladies will be erected. Some years ago Rev. Lawrence Keister, D. D., of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., succeeded in interesting a wealthy and liberal lady of western Pennsylvania in providing for this need.

Quite recently the matter was brought to a consummation. The lady who makes this generous gift is Mrs. Sarah B. Cochran, who gives the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for this building. Mrs. Cochran builds the structure to the memory of her husband, for some years deceased, who was a student at Otterbein. The building will be known as the "Philip S. Cochran Memorial Hall."

The ground upon which it is to be erected is a lot 200 x 350 feet located on the southeast corner of the block north of the Science Hall. For convenience and general beauty a better spot could not have been chosen.

The building committee is composed of President Bookwalter, Dr. Lawrence Keister, Dr. W. R. Funk, Fred. H. Rike and Professor Scott. They have employed an architect from Dayton, Mr. Chas. Herby. The general plans have been determined upon and when the *SIBYL* reaches its readers, no doubt work will have been begun on the foundation.

It scarcely need be said that this hall will be a thoroughly modern structure with every convenience and comfort.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY.

Early in April, soon after Mrs. Cochran's gift was announced, President Bookwalter announced to a very large audience in the college chapel that Mr. Carnegie had consented to give us twenty thousand dollars for a Library Building. Mr. Carnegie gives this money on the condition that the college raise twenty thousand for the maintenance

of the Library. This the college will do at an early date, and the building will be erected as soon as possible.

The exchange of our present cramped quarters for the coming, modern building will be an important event in the internal work and life of Otterbein. We cannot estimate the far-reaching educational influence upon our work of this valuable addition to our facilities.



PERHAPS IN HEAVEN.

Roop will learn to sing.
 Rymer K. will be able to crack a joke.
 Van Sickle will be missing.
 Softmores will be sophomores.
 There will be no exams.
 Miss Mix will not have to write so many letters.
 Miss Carrie Hendrickson will get a "point."
 Miss Clifton will have her wings clipped.
 Funkhouser will have more courage.
 Charles will know some Latin.
 There will be hot water in the gymnasium.
 The Freshmen will banquet the Juniors.
 Garwood will stop smoking (if he gets there; otherwise not).
 Miss B. Bailey will not be sarcastic.
 Miss Grace Ressler will not have to work so hard.
 Mrs. Ward will divide her affection.
 Bennett will not be so conceited.
 McDonald will raise some down on his head.
 Kring will fatten up.
 Miss Mumma will wake up.
 Miss Lambert will not criticise.
 Miss Park will grow.
 McFarren will be more modest.

"The Ash is my favorite tree," said she.
 Blanche paused — Frank took the cue.
 "If I have a favorite tree," said he,
 It is undoubtedly yew!"



There once was a fellow named Hughes,
 Who bought a brand-new pair of shughes,
 Then straightway went he
 His sweetheart to see,
 But his calf-skins forgot he to ughes.



Modern Bale Worship.



"Our Jack."

EXHIBITION WORK OF PREPDOM.

(As executed by the most luciferous stars in the class.)

Young Sanders translating in first year Latin Class:
"No one is happier than he who bravely contends with his wife and children."

Overheard in Grammar Class:

The word "kiss" may be parsed as follows:

Kiss is a conjunction, because it connects.

It is a verb because it signifies to act and to be acted upon.

It is a preposition, because it shows that the person kissed is no relation.

It is an interjection (at least it sounds like one).

It is a pronoun because she always stands for the noun.

It is also a noun because it is the name of the oculatory action; both common and proper; second person necessarily. Plural number because there is always more than one. In general it is masculine and feminine mixed. Frequently the case is governed by circumstances and light, according to rule one: "If he smite thee on the one cheek turn thou the other also."

It should always begin with a capital letter, be often repeated, continued as long as possible, and ended with an exclamation point.

Kiss might be conjugated, but ought never to be declined.



Flick's Winter Habit.



There once was a fellow named Hewitt
And dress! you just bet he could do it;
And whatever his whim,
If to keep in the swim,
He never was known to taboo it.

Prof. Wagoner in first year Latin class: "Who can tell me what is peculiar about that word "quoque?"

Hanger: It always follows the word that precedes it.

Prof. Miller in algebra class: "How do you get that quantity out from under the radical?"

Bright little Prep: "Rub it out."

Prof. Sherrick to Dunham, Ph. D.: "You may discuss gender."

Dunham: "There are three genders, masculine, femi-

nine and neutral. Masculine, men; feminine, women, and neutral,— I don't know, unless that's old bachelors."

Prof. Wagoner: "What is the meaning of ignosco?"

Timid Preplet: "I-a I don't know."

Prof. Wagoner: "Correct."

Prof. Sherrick in Grammar Class: "How would you punctuate this sentence:

'Luella a pretty girl went down the street.'

Chorus of boys: "Make a dash after Luella."



A BUDDHIST'S OF VIEW SOME OTTERBEIN STUDENTS.

Present Existence.

John Waldo Funk,
Edgar William McMullen,
Ernest James Pace,
H. C. Baird,
Frank A. Risley,
R. A. Powell,
Mary Weinland,
Walter Devaine Kring,
Mary Elizabeth Hewitt,
Percy Horace Dunham,
E. A. Lawrence,
Harry Markley Williams,
Edwin May Hursh,
Blanche Bailey,
Mabelle Crabbs,
Blanche Rock,
Mamie Groves,
Edward Waldo Emerson Shear,
Perez Nathaniel Bennett,

Former Habitation of Soul.

Black Bear.
Dried Herring.
Alligator Lucius.
Bandy Rooster.
Snail.
Grass Hopper.
Kangaroo.
Chip-munk.
Pea-fowl.
Elephant.
Monkey.
Red-fox.
Turtle dove.
Pug dog.
Nightingale.
Wood-pigeon.
Poll-parrot
Chattering squirrel.
Hippopotamus.

EVOLUTION OF DR. SANDERS.



PAST.



PRESENT.



WE HOPE NOT !

'T WAS ON THE EVE OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

'Twas on the eve of St. Patrick's Day
That the "Flicker's nest" was happy and gay.
A push they had planned: "Wieners" they bought,
Which after the debate were hastily sought.

But when they came home, how sad was their plight!
For Peanuts and Wieners had taken their flight.
Oh, where had they gone? Not one of them knew!
But the guests were all there, so what could they do?

They looked and searched, and counselled and talked,
And through the whole town they hungrily walked;
And then did they find them? Well, I guess "yes!"
But the moon can tell where, I'll never confess.

HOW WOULD THEY LOOK ?

Deller in short pants.
Anderson leading chapel.
Denlinger on a spree.
Luh grinning.
Worman with a pug nose.
Williams in a Prince Albert coat.
Rosselot with a full beard.
Bell weighing 200.
John Funk in a good humor.
Eckstine at a class.
Burtner smoking a cigarette.
Hollman with his head shaved.
Dad Trimmer and ? in loving embrace.

JINGLES.

ARLETTA TO HER BROTHER.

I.

Of all the famous student boys,
Who've wandered these halls thro',
There's not a one who can compare
My dearest — Charles, with you!

II.

There's none so wise, so gay, and true,
And then think how you can sing!
I tell you, when your course 'is o'er,
They'll miss you like everything.

EDDIE TO HIMSELF.

I.

I wonder, at this time next year
Where on earth I'll be?
Teaching some little coon, I suppose
In far off Africky.

II.

But never mind, the time will pass,
Soon Mary'll come, you know —
And we'll keep house together
In a whitewashed bungalow!

DORA SOLILOQUIZING.

I.

With modest mien I walk along,
Nor look to left nor right —
If boys then stop to speak, you know.
I very calmly bid them go,
For boys are needless quite.

II.

I wend my quiet way alone,
And not a pleasure can I see
In any stolen strolls or talks
Or those much vaunted Sunday walks;
The single life for me.

CHORUS BY MR. AND. MRS WARD

We're two jolly little seniors
Happy in our married state.
And the thought that with this famous class
We will graduate.

For each member's married or engaged,
Now don't you think that's fine?
Oh, I tell you we are hustlers here
In good old Otterbein.



Komm ich heut' nicht, so komm ich morgen.



"Old Horse."



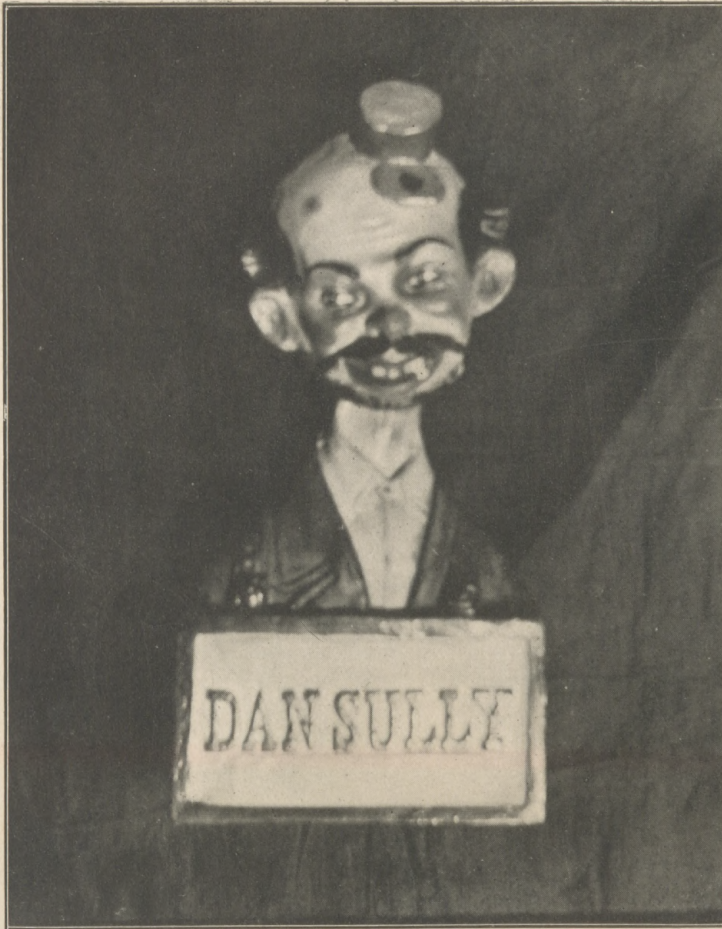
"Nothing ever happens but once in this world."
—Emerson.

THAT LITTLE OLD PLAID TIE.

That little old plaid tie,
That little old plaid tie,
That little old plaid tie
Prof. Meyer wore;
It is gaudy and light
But its memory still is bright,
That little old plaid tie
Prof Meyer wore.

A Sophomore went to Hades,
To see what he could learn;
They sent him back to earth again,
He was too green to burn.





Miss Streich's friend from Portsmouth.

A FEW JOKES.

Prof. Guitner (in 2d year German).
 "Don't you know what 'Münchener' is?
 Have you never heard of Münchener
 beer? I see it nearly every time I go to
 Columbus." She pauses, then adds,
 "On the signboard." Miss Bailey thinks
 she said, sideboard, and nearly faints.

Miss Rock to Ash — "I have a trade
 last for you — it's about me."

Baird, the man of giant intellect, ex-
 changed his mind for two small ones and
 gave one away.

Dr. Sanders (in Psychology) — "This
 study enables us to look within ourselves
 and see the wheels work."

Bovey Hall—Chief-not-afraid to rest.
 Charlie — the cat that walks by him-
 self.

"What is the meaning of 'facilis'?"

"Easy."

"What have we derived from it in the
 English?"

"Faculty."

Jan. 16th. Dr. Landis in Chapel.—
 "We are still here. It is hard for us to
 break away. I mean Mr. Shively and
 me."

Bob Anderson—"No Glen, no girl will
 ever wear my frat pin, until I am sure
 she is mine forever." A few days later
 Glen meets Mary and Bob together.

Glen — "Why Mary, you are wearing
 Bob's frat pin! What did you tell me
 a few days ago, Bob?"

Bob (blushing)—"Well what of it?"

ASSISTANT DIRECTORS OF THE DAVIS CONSERVATORY.

"Rags".....Vocal Instructor.
 Carl Starkey, A. B.....Soprano Accompanist.
 LeRoy Burdge, Q. E. D.....Entertainer
 and consumer of an infinite number of practice hours.
 College RoosterSoloist.
 (Music furnished for chapel, weddings, funerals,
 and other entertainments).
 Ray Hewitt, X. Y. Z.....Harmony Annihilator.
 (The essential and only characteristic of his phe-
 nominal voice is volume).
 Margaret WarnerPreceptress.
 (Senior gentleman a specialty).



He does not need a guide-post
any more.



Do your best this year for next year
I'll be handicapped.

A FEW SLAMS.

Miss Ora Scott explaining to Ruth Bookwalter where
Miss Crouse lives:

Ruth: "Oh, you mean where Eckstine rooms?"

Miss Pfaffman has recently come to Otterbein and is
in for business — at least so Hanger says.

Dr. Sanders (to Miss Bale in Psychology): "May
you liken the materialist's idea of soul to a gas?"

Miss Bale: "No, I hardly think so. I don't see how
my soul could be a gas in my body."

Dr. Sanders: "They say that is all there is to some
people."

Ash (to the postmaster): "Is there anything in the
Ash box?"

Snavelly, you are a union man; do you believe in a
Streich?



"A bunch of Longfellows."



Foxy Grandpa.



We naturally suppose Kirkbride to be a transplanted specimen.

"If you want home-made bread you must get a home-bred maid."

A PAGE OF JOKES.

Dr. Sanders showing that we know that an earthworm feels pain which has been cut in two by a hoe. "We infer it from its wriggling and writhing. However, the earthworm itself is not conscious that it is the I, or ego that has been hurt."

Bean: "Then I should think it would leave the earth worm next to it do the wriggling."

Dr. Scott, reading announcements in chapel: "Y. M. C. A. this evening 6 o'clock. Leader — Sard Bates — Show thyself a man."

Miss Mauk (translating—*Sie küssen sich—es laütet*). "They kiss each other, it sounds."

Editor to Smith: "I would like to have you write up a short love story for the *SIBYL*."

Smith: "How would my autobiography do?"

Winifred: "Where are all the folks?"

Chorus at Club: "We are all here."

Winifred: "I mean Smithy and Perez."

Club: "Oh, they are not all the folks."

Winifred: "They are for me!"

In Psychology: Dr. Sanders explaining the difference between necessity and certainty. "It is certain Mr. Pace is here but it is not at all necessary."

Miss Kirkpatrick (to Mabel weeping disconsolately): "Why don't you go along with Carl to Panama?"

Mabel: "I would but the crazy thing won't ask me."

Miss Sherrick to Van Sickle: "Do we punctuate more or less now than 25 years ago?"

Van (blushing): Well-a-I guess I punctuate more."

First Girl to Adrian Funk shortly after her arrival: "Adrian, who are you going to keep company with here?"

Adrian: "Oh, I have heard so much about this place. Who goes with Bob Anderson and Ray Hewitt?"

First Girl: "Mary Hewitt goes with Bob, and Ray is engaged to a girl in Cleveland."

Adrian: "Oh, pshaw! All the nice boys are taken."

Prof. Wagoner: "Mr. Porter, you may give the principal parts of the verb, *proficiscor*, meaning to depart, to set out."

Porter: "Prof-i-kissed-her — that's as far as I can go."

Demuth (the student barber): "Do you know what makes men bald?"

Student: "No, I don't."

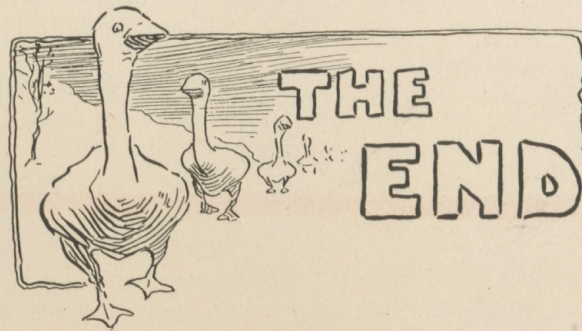
Demuth: "Their hair comes out."

To the Reader.

And now, gentle reader, we must part. Let none take offense at the follies we have committed nor at those omitted. If you think you were abused, remember the words of Edwards, that abuse of any one generally shows that he has marked traits of character; the stupid and indifferent are passed by in silence. The humor goes round and he that laughs at you to-day, will have somebody to laugh at him to-morrow.

And you who have gone unscathed or have done more than this book says you have, remember it was necessary to leave room for the ads.

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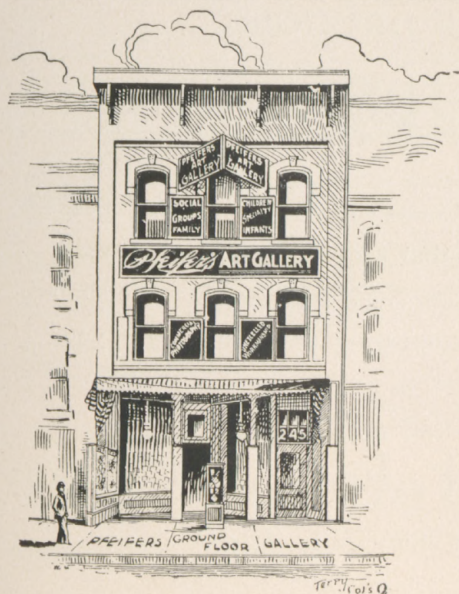
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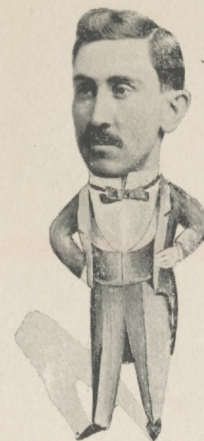
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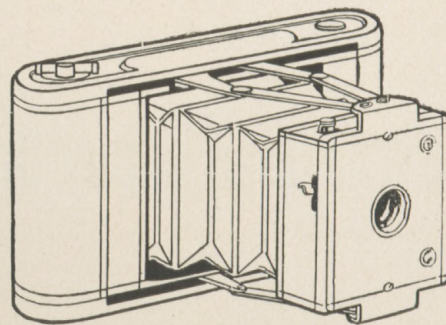
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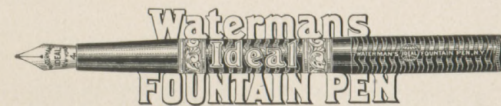
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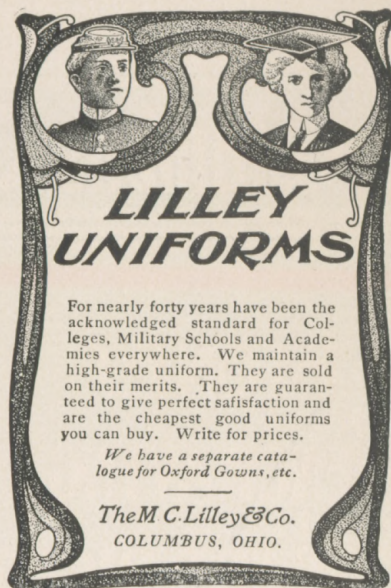
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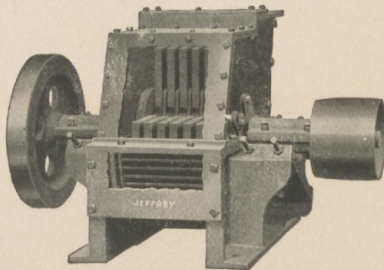
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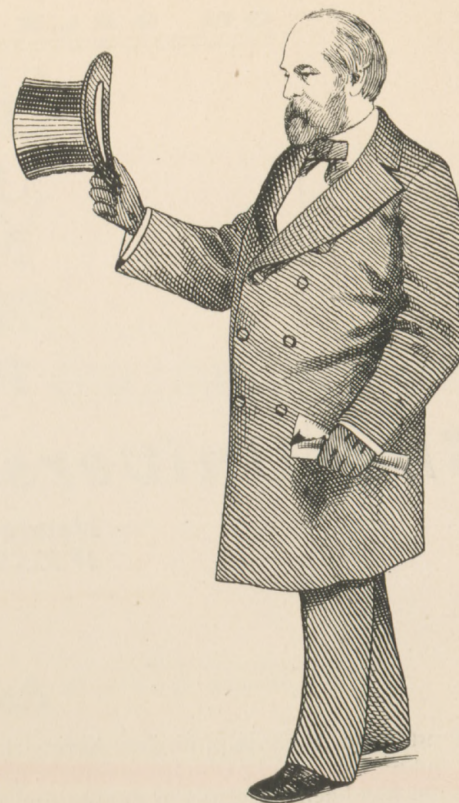
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