

# THE ARGO



1906





J. L. Silvers



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# WESTMINSTER COLLEGE

## ARGO

Published by the Class of  
Nineteen Hundred and Six

NEW WILMINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA,  
1905

VOLUME II

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To Our Beloved Friend and Teacher,  
Professor John I. McEree,  
who by his kindness and nobility of character has won  
our profound respect,  
this volume is respectfully dedicated.



PROFESSOR JOHN J. MCELREE



## INTRODUCTION



O the Soph's, who are a worldly set and need a word or two,—  
Our glorious example's worth much more than gold to you."

Such was the legacy received by the class of 1906 from the departing class of 1904; and in attempting to follow the "glorious example" referred to, we have undertaken the publication of the second edition of the "Argo."

With the determination to do justice to their class and college, the Board of Editors have labored diligently to make this book interesting and entertaining to all who in any way may feel an interest in Westminster and the life here.

To those who have so kindly assisted us, in any way whatever, we desire to express our sincere gratitude, and to say that without their assistance we would not have been able to fulfill the task assigned us. And as last year's Annual was considered a pioneer, so we too look upon this year's as among the Early Settlers, and beg our readers to be lenient.

Should you ask us, whence these stories?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the fragrance of the class room,  
With the shout and cry of ball field,  
With the fine imprint of learning,  
With the doings of the students,  
With their frequent flunks and failures,  
And the trials of patient teachers  
In their seeking to instruct them?

We should answer, we should tell you,  
From that greatest seat of learning,  
From the halls of old Westminster,  
From the land of foot ball players,  
From the land of the swift runners,  
From the Hall, the Gym and college,  
Where from senior to the preplet  
They seek knowledge and instruction.

— *The Editors.*

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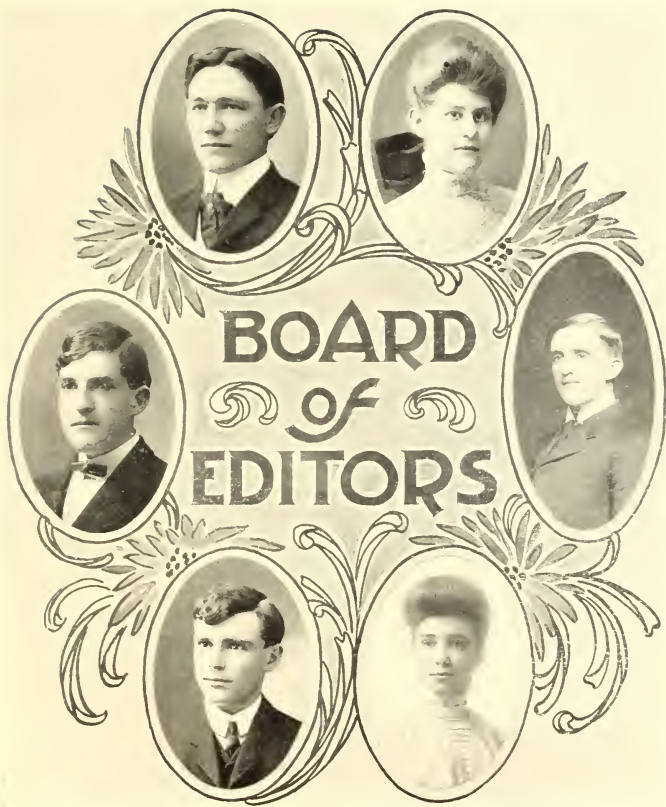
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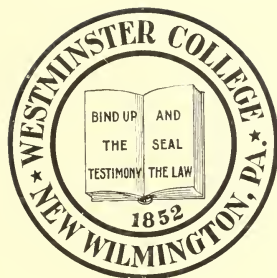
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## Experiment 51

To convert a class of verdant Freshmen into dignified Seniors. (Great care is required in this experiment, as it is often a complete failure.)



ABOUT fifty of the most verdant Freshmen that could be procured were emptied from well-furnished homes into Westminster College. To prevent them from becoming homesick and to cure any that were homesick, they were hazed by treating with a hickory stick and cold water. They were then well shaken by tossing in a blanket. By continuing this treatment for some time, their homesickness entirely disappeared. They were then placed in chapel next to the glorious Sophomore class, '04, with the hopes that they might imbibe some of the knowledge that class possessed. But not until they came into closer contact with the Sophomores in a flag rush, did the superior wisdom of the upper class have any effect upon them. When the two classes were brought together, action took place immediately. Both classes were thoroughly shaken up, and the precipitated Freshmen settled to the bottom.

The Freshmen were next placed in a basket ball crucible and heated gently, until all hopes of victory were given up. It was soon observed that a great many changes had been brought about. From Freshmen they had been converted into Sophomores. The Sophomores now obtained were placed upon the "diamond" in the presence of a new and powerful class of Freshmen, and treated as before. Violent reaction between the two classes was noticed. When the action ceased, most of the Freshmen had been deposited on the ground. The Sophomores were next heated in the flame of an Algebra examination for three hours, until all their frivolity passed off. After they had cooled down to the ordinary temperature and had been passed through all sorts of humiliating defeats, they were converted into Juniors.

The Juniors were placed in the chapel half-filled with spectators. Their original brilliancy having been previously well-mixed with small quantities of the eloquence of Cicero, the wit of Mark Twain, and the genius of Shakespeare, each Junior was allowed to stand on the platform for fifteen minutes until agitation had ceased. After this they were treated with Chemistry, Calculus, Greek and French and were found, by testing, to have absorbed sufficient knowledge of these branches to change them to Seniors.

The experiment started with verdant Freshmen, and we have now seen them changed successively into Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. It now remains to carefully compare the properties of the Seniors with those of the Freshmen, to see if, in any way the Seniors suggest the Freshmen with which the experiment started. But accurate calculations cannot be made until Commencement. At that time the intellect of each should be carefully weighed; and by subtracting from this result the former weight of their intellects, it will be possible to determine whether the percentage gained is sufficient to give them a sheepskin.

E. G., '06.

## Senior Roll



C. C. ADAMS,  
PAULINA R. ALEXANDER,  
LIDA M. ARMSTRONG,  
ALICE BARD,  
FLORENCE E. BEATTY,  
L. G. BENNETT,  
W. D. CLELAND,  
M. W. COX,  
H. M. CLARK,  
F. C. DAVIDSON,  
D. C. FULTON,  
J. L. HAZLETT,  
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R. A. HENDERSON,  
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W. K. LONG,  
P. A. LOVE,  
J. C. MAWHINNEY,  
W. P. McCORMICK,

ANNA McLACHLAN,  
MARY M. McELREE,  
M. A. MCGILL,  
W. D. MERCER,  
A. C. MERCER,  
A. H. METZ,  
J. G. NEVIN,  
WINIFRED E. ORR,  
ELIZABETH QUAY,  
H. D. RUDOLPH,  
IDA MAE SCHOLL,  
W. T. SCOTT,  
F. J. SEWALL,  
J. A. SMITH,  
L. E. STEWART,  
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J. S. TANNEHILL,  
LAURA B. TURNER,  
R. W. YOURD,

J. R. WRIGHT.



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 ST. LOUIS, MO.

CLASS OF 1908 - WESTMINSTER COLLEGE

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE  
 ST. LOUIS, MO.



# Record of the 'Tribe of '06



COLORS—ORANGE AND BLACK.



AND it came to pass, on the ninth day of the ninth month in the nineteenth year of the reign of Robert Gracey Ferguson, that a class arose in Westminster College. Its name was loved and feared throughout all the land, for it was great in wisdom, power and honor.

In the first year of its reign it went up against the tribes of the Sophomores and overcame them in foot ball and basket ball. And the women also prepared themselves unto battle, and arrayed themselves against the great women of '05 and utterly subdued them.

And it came to pass at the time of the return of the year, at the time when the tribes go out to choose colors, that the princes of '06 departed from the ways of their fathers and chose for themselves banners of Orange and Black. And after this it came to pass that the king of the Freshmen declared war against the king of the Sophomores, and the hosts of the Freshmen came up to do battle. And the Plain of Athletics was black because of the multitudes of the Freshmen; but before the battle was at an end a great terror seized the Freshmen, for the Powers of They appeared and put them to flight. And it came to pass at the end of that year that the fame of '06 had spread throughout all the land, and there was no more spirit left in the other tribes and nations, for the princes of '06 increased in wisdom and power, and glory was added unto them from day unto day.

And it came to pass in the third year of the reign of '06 that they were greatly prospered, and They arose and said: "Give," and the princes of '06 answered and said: "What shall we give?" and the voice answered and said unto them: "Junior Orations." So the princes of '06 arose with one accord and gave the Junior Orations. And great wonders filled the breasts of the nations, for never before had a class in one year given all the Junior Orations; and it was said among the nations that the order of them was higher than any that had gone before or had come after.

And it came to pass that the time of year for Chemistry Explosions drew near. And '06 went up unto the lab, to do experiments. And behold two

books awaited them there, and one larger than any that had heretofore been used, for great was the capacity of the minds of 'o6, for lo, were they not famed for wisdom? And there arose a contention among the princes of 'o6, whether it be right to print an "Argo" or not; and behold, the right prevailed, and they edited an "Argo."

Now the rest of the acts of 'o6, first and last, are they not written in the book of Doctor, the President, and in the record of the Scribe, and in the Chronicles of the Historian, and in the heart of each Prince of 'o6? E. F.



JAMES ALLEN BARR.

Some time in the eighties, in the little town of Prospect, Pa., a babe was born, destined to be one of the mightiest powers of his time. "Dodger" has been making history ever since he came to college, as a good student and a loyal upholder of his class's honor. His great renown lies in his quarter-back playing on the class football team in his 3d Prep. year. Dodger is now our class President.

EVELINE M. BIGGER.

There's a girl here in college named Bigger,  
Who's cutting a pretty fine figure  
In every line that she tries.  
In her youth she received such a squelch  
In her French, that she's taken to Welsh,  
And studies it now with a John.  
She declares it shall be her life's work,  
And she never her duty will shirk.

PEARL B. CARTER.

Pearls have always been considered among the most precious and alluring of all earthly possessions. Our class is voted by all as one of the most fortunate in the college, for lo! a Pearl is in our midst. Although Pearl did not enter our class until the beginning of the Junior year, she has already added to our glory by her illustrious presence.

SAMUEL EARNEST CALBOUN.

"Coonie" has well been named "Earnest," for he goes at everything with a vim. His push has been felt in football, baseball, basket-ball and on the track. Coonie is a bright, cheerful student, a most artistic decorator, and one of Westminster's champion "rooters."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN CHRISTIE.

"Chris," or "Docey," our genial ice-and-lumberman, is one of our "good fellows." He is a good bugologist, being especially good at catching flies—for the second baseball team. He is a fine singer, a good track man and an authority on the Bible.





CHARLES FLEMMING CLUTTER.

"Charles," who comes from Florence, is not a fruit dealer nor an organ grinder, but '06's most famous twirler. Never can we forget the look of wonder on '05 faces, as man after man fanned out in rapid succession. Clutter is an adept at pony riding, and a noted bluffer.

G. L. COCHRAN.

"Cupid" is a loyal upholder of '06. He is one of the most popular men in school, and is a great mathematician. His true worth was not fully recognized until he was elected Associate editor of the *ARGO*. He is also a member of the *Holcad* staff. His life work has not yet been announced.

WALTER RAYMOND DAVIS.

Walter Raymond Davis, better known as "Cap," comes from Greenville, Pa. He delights in athletic sports and is an artistic baseball player. He holds a place of eminence in the social world, is a very modest fellow, and seldom says anything unless there is something to talk to. His favorite expression is "Rowdy-dow." His future intentions have not yet been announced.

JAMES DOUGHERTY.

This and the accompanying photograph will introduce to you James Dougherty, Jr., the man from "Back East." The photo is a good likeness of Jim, but does not do him justice. You should see him to appreciate him. He did not enter the race for a sheepskin, with the class of '06, but by fast running has caught up with us, and is now a happy Junior.

LEWIS JOHN DAVIDSON.

Lew, when not otherwise busily engaged caring for his younger brother, is actively pursuing a sheepskin. He also made a record rushing the pigskin as a speedy "end." Lew is a typical American, and a leader in all gym. work, excelling all in the standing broad grin.



LEE ROY DEEVERS.

After having a violent quarrel with his nurse, Roy escaped from her clutches and joined the class of '06, then in its infancy. He is still characterized by his tempestuousness, he is, however, a loyal Junior, a good student and an expert in basket-ball.

BERTHA JANE DOUTHETT.

Somewhat apart from this village and nearer the town called Butler, Lived our fair class-mate and friend, who is loved by all those who know her. Into our school she did come, and excels all in virtues and graces. Studios is she in her work, and congenial with all her associates. One whom the gods have intended to brighten the lives of all.

WILLIAM JACOB EVERHART.

"Bill," an honorary member of the class of '06, hails from the beautiful town of Sharon, eighteen miles distant. William is a heavy fellow, of the broad type, has a remarkable physique and is generally known throughout the student body as an excellent football player, debater and society man.

ETHEL FINNEY.

All lands join hands in honoring our class, but Egypt has been especially good in sending Ethel to us. Ethel is a fine musician, an excellent student, and a most charming classmate. She is a good worker in everything in which she participates, always rushing off with, "Oh, children, we must hurry."

EDITH BELLE GALBREATH.

Edith is a dignified maiden, with a fondness for study and has seldom been known to flunk, but in class it invariably is, "Oh, kids, I'm scared to death. I don't know a thing." She is always "dreadfully glad to see you," and so "dreadfully happy." For her the banquet was "just dreadfully lovely."





HEBER LEMOYNE GORDAN.

"Gordie," who hails from the Buckeye State, is a great "bucker," having made a place on this year's 'varsity team. His most noted characteristic is his winning voice, which, when accompanied with his sweet smile, make him a winner in his chosen profession—canvassing.

EMERSON E. HAZLETT.

Emerson, "the ice man," came to college in the fall of 1903, in care of his brother Howard. He was a member of the '06 relay team in his sophomore year, is a member of the lecture course committee, and one of the Adelpic preliminary orators this year.

ALONZOA MAE HOAGLAND.

Alonzoa comes to us from the country, near Volant. She did not enter our class until the spring term of 1904, but is truly a worthy member of '06. She is a good student, a charming classmate, and is a willing worker at whatever she is called upon to do.

WILLIAM V. IRONS.

In January, 1903, Irons appeared on the scene of action at Westminster College. Bill is the personification of the old saying, "Still waters run deep." He takes college life seriously, and keeps most of his thoughts to himself. His ambition is to be a doctor.

RANKIN SMITH JOHNSON.

Johnson was born in the early eighties. His early efforts along educational lines were made in one of the far-famed "little red school houses," and in the New Wilmington High School. He then entered Westminster College, and after much hard study, to say nothing of "pony riding," he has attained to the dignity and honor of the Junior class.

GEORGE ANTHONY LEWIS.

This young man whom I write about is a noted character. He has great literary ability, which is now being utilized in his work as Editor-in-Chief of the *Holcad*. Lewis is one of the Inter-Society contest essayists.

AULEY McCAULEY.

This innocent looking fellow is "Young Auley." He has been with us for some years, but has kept so very quiet that there is little to say about him. Although he is a very brilliant fellow, he has never been seriously troubled with the swelled head. It may be said of him, "What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

JAMES HOWARD McBANE.

Mac, surnamed Sal, is one of those quiet fellows of whose worth people hear very little until it is demonstrated to them, perhaps, by Junior Oration. We are all very proud of Sal, and we regret to confess his one uncontrollable habit, that we leave you to infer from his title (Sal).

MARY MYRTLE McCALMONT.

Mary Myrtle McCalmont in the year '01  
Came to Westminster, not only for fun  
But to gain knowledge in every way—  
In science, art, in night school, too, they say.

The gentlemen, she liked to entertain  
At socials, banquets, as occasion came,  
Yet she still pursued her studies with care,  
And of college honors receives her share.

ADAM MURDOCK McCLURG.

Adam is not the man of whom we read in the Bible, for his ribs have often been counted in the gym., and they're all there. Adam is an expert smoker, an old-timer at hill climbing and an authority on anything that ever happens in the professional world.





ROSS S. MCGOWN.

The managing editor—yes, this is he,  
 A kindly and brisk-looking chap,  
 Who always resembles the hard working bee,  
 Since he ever has business on tap.

He's tall and he's jolly and light-hearted, too,  
 As Southerners generally are,  
 And in giving orations so strong and so true  
 McCown is reckoned a star.

HELEN AMANDA MELVILLE.

How dear to her heart is the college, Westminster,  
 Which fair Helen Melville has come to attend.  
 Her gaiety, graces and charms she brought with her  
 From Braddock, 'tis said, where her life she did  
 spend

Before she did come to be one of our number,  
 To work and rejoice with us, till the glad end.

JAMES CASPER NEGLEY.

Ever since he cut Prof. Hewie's hair too short  
 "Neg" has lost his "drag" with the Faculty. How-  
 ever, he is still as popular as ever with the fellows.  
 Although short in stature, no chicken roost's too high  
 for Jim. He's great on Jui Jitsu, having thrown  
 nearly the whole class of '07 in the flag rush.

LUCILE G. NEVIN.

In New Wilmington, Pennsylvania,  
 For at present this town's her abode,  
 Lucile's seeking a co-education,  
 And she's far along Wisdom's rough road.

'Tis needless to speak of her learning,  
 She knows everything mortals know,  
 And doubtless in climbing Fame's ladder  
 She will leave us all far below.

THOMAS ROSCOE PATTERSON.

Our Thomas, known only as T. R., is entirely  
 free from bad habits. He shows great skill in de-  
 bating, in a very few minutes, arguing a question  
 from seventeen standpoints. T. R. is a zealous stu-  
 dent and a great reader. His leisure time he devotes  
 to long tramps in the country.

CHARLES LARIMER PEAIRS.

Like all great men, Charles hails from the rural districts. He is distinguished for his love of study and staying qualities. He is a zealous worker, and, though fitted for any calling, he is at heart a Jacobite and will preach.

GLENN MCKILLIPS PIERCE.

In 1903 Glenn quietly drifted into our midst. He is noted for a love of sleep and a profound dislike for anything in the form of hard work. He intends graduating with us, and afterward to study medicine.

DAVID IRWIN ROSE.

The Rose of '06 is not strictly an American Beauty, but a wild rose taken from the fields of Conoquenessing to add its fragrance to our class. Rose is great on the "spiel," and a great track man. His best time was made one night when handicapped with four heavy chickens.

WILLIAM ROTZLER.

Rotzler joined our class in the fall of 1904, just in time for the line up for Junior orations. He has no bad habits except his love of sweet cider. He has been known to walk six miles for one drink (a gallon). He is decidedly studious, and has been seldom known to flunk.

EDGAR REESE SAMPSON.

"Sammie" was born somewhere in the country—where, is not definitely known. Although small, his marks in class show up big enough. His chief delight is in bothering or playing tricks on—some one. Sammie is far-famed for his heroic defense of a turkey.





AMY ANNETTE SEIDEL.

Over the hills from Mercer,  
 Another maiden came  
 To join the ranks of 1906,  
 And help increase its fame

Her stay with us has been but short,  
 But since in lab. she's careful,  
 She will be with us longer yet  
 And escape a fate so fearful.

JULIA RUTH SNODGRASS.

Ruth is one of the few girls who have belonged to the Tribe of '06 since the first year of its reign. Unlike the Hebrew Ruth, who was fond of Boaz (beaux), our Ruth prefers only one. Always bright and smiling, she confirms the statement of one who said of her, "She's just the sweetest little thing."

ALEXANDER NEWTON TANNEHILL.

On September 8, 1903, Newt. eluded the watchful care of his nurse, and via. the Sharpsville Flyer, triumphantly appeared in our midst. Very soon Newt. made his debut into society, and, from all appearances, will be a shining light. He has also developed some peculiar traits, prominent among them being that of hill climbing.

LAURA THOMPSON.

"Crowned with laurel" means her name,  
 And 'tis by such the Greeks proclaim  
 The ones with fame and honor blest.  
 'Two honors hath this maid possessed—  
 The first, within her name you see.  
 The last, a home 'neath old Westminster's tree.

SCOTT NEVIN WATT.

This mysterious "Shadow" appeared in New Wilmington in the fall of '03, and soon made its presence felt in the college world. Of it the professors have often exclaimed "Great Scott! Watt a phenomenon." "Shadow" is noted as a very diligent reader. In fact, he spends most of his time in the library and reading room.



Herbert W. Caswell  
1925





## Mark Antony on the Sophomores



RIENDS, students and classmates, lend me your ears:  
I come to roast the Sophomores, not to praise them.  
The evil that they do lives after them;  
The good they ever did was while at home  
Tied unto their mothers' apron strings.  
They tell us that they are ambitious,  
Let them tell us! It is a grievous lie;  
For speedily the days have passed them by,  
And for the time they nothing have to show,  
Worthy of such an honorable class.  
The annals note the deeds that they have done,  
And I selected was to tell them all.  
They are class, conceited, bold, and free,  
And know not when nor where to play their pranks,  
For fame in wily tricks they are ambitious,  
And all do say,— "We are an honorable class."  
They have brought many troubles home to themselves,  
Which money took to get them clear and free:  
Is this what they do call ambition?  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.  
You all did hear how, on one Autumn night  
They stole in silence to the Ladies' Hall,  
And pasted on the walls their master pieces!  
They used a ladder as the poets tell,  
(And sure it was the fire escape),  
By which to attain the heights of their ambition.  
But here I am to tell what all do know,—  
The Burgess caught them then and they did fight;  
Which fight brought more trouble than they desired.  
Oh Judgment, thou camest heavy on them then,  
But they must conquer rashness — Bear with them:  
They only learn by dire experience.  
And they at most are only children still.  
Have patience, Sophomores, for I am almost done;  
Yet it is meet that you should know it all.  
You are not wood nor stones, but human beings,  
And as such, hearing this may improve you.  
It should incite you to do nobler things;  
For now you see yourselves as others see you,  
And know wherein you all have failed.

— H. M.

## Freshmen



**I**N the fall of 1904 we entered the old college building under the colors of green and white, not knowing one recitation room from another; but by the kindness of some higher classmen we were led to the chapel. After the customary devotions the next day's lessons were announced, and five of them were in the freshman schedule. But supposing that the Faculty had assigned this double work as a compliment to our ability, we settled down uncomplainingly to the grind. On returning to school the next morning what was our surprise to find the sidewalks artistically decorated with the numerals '08.

When our class was organized we found that we were just about one-half the number of our would-be instructors — the Sophomores —; so we decided that what we could not do with our physical powers, had to be done by our mental ability. Believing that discretion is the better part of valor, we decided not to raise a flag. But oh! the fun we had with their posters! What must have been the chagrin of the Sophomores to find, after a night of toil and turmoil, that the morning sun shown on not a single poster. Even the girls of their class would never have known what their seal ('07) was being attached to had not a few of the posters circulated from hand to hand. We have heard it intimated, too, that these little play papers were rather expensive to our rivals, and that a few objected to paying the price.

The annual two-mile relay race was held on October 14, 1904. We knew, before our team started to train, what the result would be. But we at least showed that we know how to take defeat when it comes rightly, and we are not at all ashamed of the record that we made on that eventful day. We cannot boast of our numbers. Our class may look small in chapel, but the vacant chairs of our class rooms are always filled by irregular Sophomores.

Our class is yet in its youth, but in the future we will show to our college friends that we have not forgotten their parting advise — "Remember the Day of Small Things."

'08 HISTORIAN.

## The Preps



THROUGH the kindness of their hearts the Junior Class has given you a page in their Annual for your instruction and edification. With Paul we have decided not to despise the day of small things, feeling that in the future you may rise to some degree of prominence.

As your most fitting motto we would suggest "Follow the Juniors." Your instructors recognizing our merits asked us to deliver for your benefit especially, a series of instructive and eloquent orations and essays. And we know by the wrapt attention you gave to all of them that it has been good seed sown on good ground.

Always bear in mind the famous exhortation to the Trojans, "Beware of the 'horse'" for in a time when you think not you shall fall to speedy destruction. Remember that there are no such words as "can't" and "swipe" and beware of Mark Twain's method of raising chickens. (This is a joke.) Beware of hill climbing, it's bad for the heart. (This too is a joke).

In the future we will look to you more and more for our athletes, but be careful of breaking into study hours. Strive to be modest and unassuming in all things, so that in the future you will be recognized as the faithful followers and disciples of '06.



# Music Department



MUSIC has an important place in the social and religious life of the present day, and as a consequence it is a subject of great importance in education. In religious life, music is most important. There are a few people who are tone deaf, just as others are color blind, and to these music probably affords no pleasure; but to most persons sacred music is such a part of worship that a religious service is empty and unsatisfactory without it.

We are fortunate in having a good department of music in our college. The Literary Societies all have music on their programs, the evening orations would be incomplete without music, and the oratorical contests invariably have musical numbers.

We have a fair equipment and excellently educated instructors. The director of the department, Mr. M. Luther Peterson, is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, and has studied in Europe. He has proved himself a successful instructor in piano and vocal music. He is also excellent as a chorus conductor. Miss Warner, the assistant in the department is also a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, and an equally successful instructor.

From time to time the department gives recitals in the college chapel. The programs of some of these follow:

	October 21, 1904.	
Mendelssohn,	. . . . .	Lieder Ohne Worte Scherzo in E minor
	MISS WARNER	
Mendelssohn,	Lord God of Abraham } It is Enough } . . . . . (Elijah)	
	MR. PETERSON	
Van Dyke,	. . . . .	The Lost Word
	MISS ACHESON	
Schumann,	. . . . . Warum } Grillen } From fantasie stuecke, Op. 12	
	MISS WARNER	
Hervey,	. . . . .	Violet Thou art the Sun
	MR. PETERSON	
Haynes,	. . . . .	The Wetherell Wedding (Monologue)
	MISS ACHESON	
Schubert,	. . . . .	Haiden - Roeslein Du bist die Ruh! Der Wanderer
	MR. PETERSON	
Liszt,	. . . . .	Liebestraum No. 3
	MISS WARNER	

November 22, 1904.

Bach	Prelude and Fugue in B flat From the well-tempered Clavichord
Bach	Gavotte in D From the sixth violoncello suite
Beethoven	Sonata Op. 13 (Pathetic) Grave — Molto allegro, Adagio, Allegro
Godard	Au Matin Op. 83
Grieg	Butterfly Op. 43, No. 1
Schumann	Teasing Child, Rider of the Hobby Horse, Trauerei From Scenes from Childhood Op. 15
Richter	Gondellied in F sharp minor
Chopin	Prelude in D flat
Chopin	Waltz in A flat, Op. 31, No. 1
Liszt	Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 6

January 27, 1905.

PART I.

Ambrose, Herbert,	A Madrigal Ah, Love Me
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MR. USSHER

Grieg,	Bridal Procession Passing By, and On the Carnival. From Suite Op. 19
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MR. WEDDELL

Chandon,	An Old Love Song
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PART II.

Stainer,	The Crucifixion
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MR. JOHN C. USSHER, Tenor      MR. CHAS. FREEMAN, Bass  
MR. WILLIAM P. MCCORMICK, Baritone



DIRECTORS ROOM — CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC



**T**HERE is no truer sign of a broad and liberal culture than a genuine appreciation of the highest forms of Music and Art. He is a man with but half a mind, whose ears are dull to the one and his eyes blind to the other.

Not long ago, a great and simple man, in speaking of Music, let fall this striking phrase — “the Glory of the Eternally Beautiful Music.” Every lover of Music will see at once the truth and beauty of the expression. But not less quickly will every lover of painting recognize the aptness of the phrase as regarding Art. The man or woman who is blind to the beauty of these two worlds, is missing a part of the greatest “glory” of life, and his mind, in these respects, lies like an uncultivated garden.

Nor do we need, as many suppose, a technical education in order to appreciate Art. Skill in painting may give a large knowledge of the mechanical part

of producing a picture, and yet no work of the painter show any "glory of eternal beauty." Among the Russian pictures at the St. Louis Fair, was a rough, unfinished-looking painting of a shepherdess and some sheep. It was a study in oils, done by a poor, oppressed, eighteen-year-old Russian peasant lad, who could neither read nor write. He had seen an artist at work in his village, and when the man returned the next summer, the boy showed him the sketch, and was at once urged and helped to go to St. Petersburg for the training he needed. Thus we see that there may be great skill, but no perception of beauty; and, on the other hand, a wonderful, poetical conception of the "glory" of all true Art, and little skill. The man who has both skill and true artistic instincts, is a genius. The most of us, however, can be appreciative even if we have little or no skill, and can, by observation and study, be able to know a good picture.

Westminster College has an Art Department, which, while sadly lacking in much needed equipment, has been able to produce good work. Why? Because of the high and true ideas of Art entertained by the instructor; and because there is a continual effort to attain, even in a small measure, in every pupil's work, the best and truest artistic result. Of the long and tiresome struggle to train hands and eyes; of the careful, stroke by stroke, production of a picture; or of the repeated firings and tests before the design on the china is fully developed; of all these things, only those in the department can fully know. But the *results* — *the finished work* — *these* the College world ought not to pass by! Why is it true, that many a student graduate who knows nothing of the work of the Art Department? We would justly think him a strange student, who had never attended a Musical Recital during his College course. Is he less ignorant who has never tried to appreciate Art? We plead for a fuller recognition and cooperation of Department with Department; so that no student shall leave school without some training along all lines.

By opening his mind to the beauties of *this* world, the student of Westminster will go forth to the battle of life not only armed as was the knight of old, but, like him, also bearing in his heart, the lofty inspiration to courage and honest work that comes from a true love of the "eternally beautiful."

## Y. M. C. A.



**N**O other phase or department of college activity is so closely and vitally connected with the deeper and more serious life of the college man as is the Y. M. C. A. For twenty-three years has the Y. M. C. A. of Westminster College been making its influence felt among the students. The Association was organized in December, 1882 and since that time has been conducted with varying degrees of interest and activity. The high-water mark of attainment in this respect was perhaps reached during the year 1902-1903, but the work of the present year under the leadership of W. D. Mercer, '05, has been conducted in a steady and thorough-going way that has been productive of good results.

The work of the Association begins in the fall term when, with the aid of the Y. W. C. A., a reception is given to the new students. A like reception is held at the beginning of the winter and spring terms. But the most direct way in which the Y. M. C. A. comes in touch with the student body, is in the Tuesday evening meetings. Once each week, the young men come together in the college chapel for an hour's meeting conducted by one of the students who is appointed by the prayer meeting committee. These meetings have been especially helpful during the present school year, being characterized by freedom from restraint and a readiness of expression which is refreshing.

Another channel through which the Y. M. C. A. works, is the Bible and Mission Study Classes. In the Mission Study Classes the group system is followed, but the groups are usually somewhat larger than in the Bible Study. The countries which are being studied this year are Japan and the Philippines; last year India and Egypt were studied. These classes are attended by the ladies as well as the gentlemen and the number of members enrolled in the various classes is over fifty.

The Association is connected with the college world at large by the delegates which it sends to the various conventions and conferences and with the greater world of activity by visits of the State Secretary and others connected with the Y. M. C. A. work in general. The newly elected president of the Association is sent each spring to the Presidents' Conference; this was held last year at State College. Four men attended the Summer Conference at Lakeside, Ohio, and six men went to the Bible and Mission Study Conference held last fall at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. Indications point to a Student Conference to be held during the spring term under the auspices of the Westminster Association, similar to that which met last year at Xenia and the year before that at Allegheny.

The practical efficiency of the association as a factor in college life would be much increased by the possession of a building which could be regarded as a home for the two Associations. Such a building may only become possible as the Alumni and friends of the college co-operate with the students in their work and plans for the highest good of the Association.

C. C. A.



## Y. W. C. A.



THE Young Women's Christian Association of Westminster College was organized December tenth, 1889. Before that time the Christian young women of the college had most loyally supported and encouraged the work of the Young Men's Association; but their helpful spirit found a greater field for usefulness in their own organization. Although the life of the association has been comparatively short, yet it has been a life full of faith and good works.

During the last year every department of the work has been in a flourishing condition. Most of the committees have gone about their work with interest and energy. Out of the eighty girls in college sixty are members of the association. The Tuesday evening prayer-meetings are usually well attended, the average attendance being forty. And these meetings are not uninteresting. Thoughts and perplexities regarding spiritual things arise in the girls' minds and in these free and unconventional meetings opinions are exchanged to the enlightenment and help of every girl. The one quiet hour set apart in the week's round of duties and pleasures is refreshing and uplifting.

The devotional work of the association, however, must not be emphasized to the neglect of the educational. Three classes for Bible Study have been conducted; and three, together with the young men, for Mission Study. The work in Bible and Mission Study cannot be too strongly urged upon those who are to be the church's future leaders at home and abroad. The Association's value socially is evident in all the study and devotional, as well as strictly social meetings.

The local work, encouraging Christian living among Westminster students, is of course the first desire in the hearts of the Association girls. However, our work might become narrow and selfish were it not for the affiliation of the local organizations in the world-wide Y. W. C. A. We keep in touch with our sister Associations by sending delegates to conferences and by receiving visits from the State Secretary. In July, 1904, our Association was represented at the Students' Conferences at Silver Bay by Miss Mary McElree. On January 11, 1905, the Secretary for Pennsylvania and Maryland, Miss E. Jean Batty, made us a helpful visit. On February 9, the world's call for Christian help and sympathy was most inspiringly presented by Mrs. Lawrence Thurston, a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Every young woman who holds herself aloof from the Association work deprives herself of a great delight and of a broad opportunity for helpfulness.

B. H.

# Bible Study



BIBLE study has always been a factor at Westminster. Formerly it was included in the college curriculum: some part of the Bible was taught during the fall term in each of the classes from the Second Preparatory to the Senior. These classes recited once a week according to the schedule and all students were required to take the subject. But in 1902 Bible Study was dropped from the curriculum, and since that time it has been carried on by the Y. M. C. A.

The method by which the work is now carried on differs radically from the old one. The books used are arranged for systematic study, which requires about fifteen minutes daily. Instead of meeting in large classes, as was the former custom, the group plan has been adopted wherein from six to ten fellows meet together on Sabbath afternoon to discuss informally the questions that have come up in the week's study.

Five different books are used as follows: Preparatory, "Life of Christ as found in Mark's Gospel," Murray; Freshman, "Life of Christ and Harmony of the Gospels," Burton; Sophomore, "Acts and Epistles," Bosworth and Burton; Junior, "Old Testament Characters," W. W. White; Senior, "Studies in the Teachings of Christ and His Apostles," Bosworth.

In 1901 the membership of the Bible Study Department was fifteen, comprising three classes. Since that time it has grown to over sixty men, who are enrolled in seven classes. There are also several classes among the ladies which are supervised by the Y. W. C. A.

Although the systematic study of the Bible is still in its infancy here, we believe that it will continue to grow up as the conception of education becomes broader and as the true value of the Bible is more fully recognized.

It has been prophesied that in the near future a man will not be able to call himself educated who has not a good working knowledge of the Bible. John R. Mott said: "The student should be reminded that in the Bible is to be found the basis of the best system of law and political economy that has endured; that it contains the most faultless history ever written, the history of a race that has influenced after history more than the history of Greeks and Romans, to which he justly pays so much attention; that its philosophy is the most profound and satisfying which the world has ever known; that its system of ethics is absolutely unsurpassed; that it contains the most truthful and inspiring biographies ever written, and notably that single biography which has influenced mankind more powerfully than all others combined. Can a man graduate from a college to-day and honestly call himself educated if he has neglected this most remarkable library of essential knowledge?"

May all future graduates of Westminster be able to say that they are educated in this broad sense.

W. D. M.



# The Intercollegiate Oratorical Association



THE Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio was organized early in 1895. It was first known as the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and included the following institutions: Allegheny, Bethany, Geneva, Thiel, Waynesburg, Westminster, West Virginia University and Western University of Pennsylvania. The name was changed to the present one at the time of the admission of Muskingum in 1900.

The membership has changed somewhat and last year only six colleges were represented in the contest. W. U. P., due to the lack of interest, was represented only a few times and dropped out entirely in 1899. West Virginia University withdrew in 1900 after having won three contests. Thiel was not represented last year but still retains her membership.

The object of the Association is to improve the standing of college oratory among the colleges of the organization by holding an annual contest. In this it has succeeded well and at present a friendly rivalry exists that has awakened a greater interest in oratory, and at the same time stirred up more genuine college spirit than ever before was apparent.

Westminster can well be proud of her record for she has won no less than four medals and received second place twice. West Virginia has won three medals; Allegheny two, and Geneva one. Westminster has also been honored by once having elected as president of the Association one of her undergraduates, J. A. Chambers '00. J. M. McCalmont, '03 also served as secretary for one year. Our orators and the rank received by each have been as follows:

1895.....	H. B. Hezlip .....	First.
1896.....	R. E. Taggart .....	Seventh.
1897.....	J. M. Ferguson .....	Third.
1898.....	J. W. Scott .....	Fourth.
1899.....	H. R. Miller .....	First.
1900.....	W. E. Brooks .....	Second.
1901.....	W. B. McCrory .....	Second.
1902.....	A. G. Weidler .....	Third.
1903.....	H. T. Getty .....	First.
1904.....	F. J. Warnock .....	First.

L. G. B., '05.



F. J. WARNOCK

# Intercollegiate Debate



THE third annual debate between Geneva College and Westminster College was held at Beaver Falls on March 2, 1905. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That the railroads of the U. S. should be owned and operated by the Federal Government." The Geneva debaters were S. G. Finney and R. M. Young, who took the affirmative side of the question, and the Westminster representatives were William J. Everhart, '06, and J. Frank Schrader, '07, who supported the negative side.

Geneva supporters were very confident of winning, while we felt a little *dubious* as to the outcome. But when, the Genevaites had spun their beautiful theories and built their wonderful air castles of Utopian centralization of power in the Federal Government, Everhart dealt his ponderous blows, shivering their fabric to splinters, we settled back in our chairs with a sigh of relief; and then, when Schrader brought forward his well chosen arguments with such smooth delivery, our expectations of winning rose high.

And we were not disappointed, for when the judges, President Moffat of W. & J. College, President Staples of Beaver College, and Attorney J. M. Buchanan of Beaver, returned a unanimous decision in favor of the negative, we realized that victory had again come to old Westminster. And a glorious victory, too. For had not "our own" journeyed to foreign soil and snatched a hard fought victory from the very teeth of the enemy; and had they not even reversed the usual order of such contests viz. that they are won by the home contestants.

Mr. William J. Everhart, of Sharon, Pa., entered the Sophomore class of Westminster college in the fall of 1903. He played center on the Varsity football team 1904. He is a member of the Adelpic Literary Society and was elected by it to represent the college in this debate.

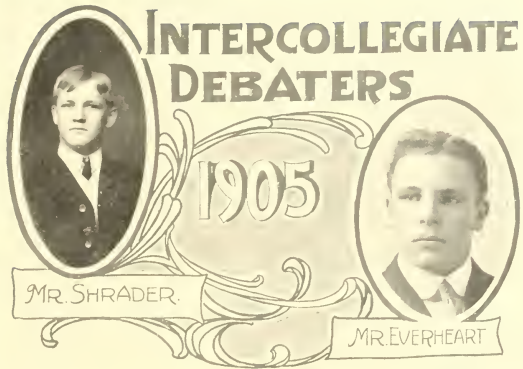
Mr. J. Frank Schrader, of New Concord, Ohio, entered the Freshman class of Westminster college in the fall of 1903, having finished his preparatory work in Muskingum college. He is a member of the Philomath Literary Society and was chosen by it to represent the college in this debate.

These two young men by their hard, consistent and persevering labor, have brought much honor upon Westminster as well as upon themselves. Long may they be remembered for it and may it be said, "thus doth Westminster to her sons, whom she delighteth to honor."

The first of the Geneva-Westminster debates was held March 5, 1903, at Beaver Falls and was won by Geneva. Our debaters were H. C. Hildebran, '03, and H. Bailey, '03.

The second Geneva-Westminster debate was held at New Wilmington on March 6, 1904. The question was, "Resolved, That employers are justified in refusing recognition to labor unions." Our debaters, W. C. Press, '04, and L. G. Bennett, '05, supported the affirmative. Westminster was awarded the decision in this debate.

L. R. D., '06.



INTERCOLLEGIATE  
DEBATORS

1905

MR. SHRADER.

MR. EVERHEART

## Societies



SOCIETY work has ever been considered of the highest importance by the Faculty of Westminster College. Since Westminster is a denominational institution, and primarily aims to educate for the ministry, she offers to her students many opportunities for public speaking. The Faculty requires each student to join in this literary work so that all may be benefited.

To this end there have been established at Westminster four societies: The Chrestomath, Philomath, Leogorean and the Adelphi. The membership of the first and third is limited to the ladies; that of the second and fourth, to the gentlemen. Every Monday night these societies meet in their respective halls, which are in the main college building. The meetings are well attended, for most of the students take a lively interest in the work.

There is a rather helpful spirit of rivalry among the four societies. This rivalry, however, lies for the most part between the Philomaths and Adelphics. Two annual contests foster it. The first is the Preliminary contest, which is held early in the spring term. Three members from each society contest for the delivery of the best oration. The winner then represents the college in an Inter-Collegiate contest. Then at the end of the spring term comes the Inter-Society contest. This event is looked forward to for the greater part of the year. In this contest each society is represented by four men; one in each of the following classes: Declamation, Essay, Oration and Debate. The winning side always celebrates its victory, and everybody feels that this is a deserved privilege.

The following opinions of our societies will close this description: Our alumni say that they were greatly benefited by the literary training received in Westminster's Society halls; our Professors declare society work to be equal to a regular class study, if rightly pursued; and we students know that even our short experience has helped us, and that we, too, shall have reason to thank old Westminster for the training received in her Society halls.

GEO. A. LEWIS, '06.





WILL MERCER,  
PHILO ESSAYIST.

MR. LEWIS,  
ADELPHIC  
ESSAYIST.

W.T. SCOTT,  
PHILO DEBATER

MR. HENDERSON,  
ADELPHIC DEBATER

# INTER SOCIETY CONTESTANTS.



R. W. YOURD,  
PHILO ORATOR

MR. FULTON,  
ADELPHIC  
ORATOR

JOHN CAMPBELL  
PHILO DECLAIMER

MR. ACHESON,  
ADELPHIC DECLAIMER





# Philo Society



## BOTTOM ROW NUMBER 1.

G. L. COCHRAN, J. A. STRANAHAN, J. C. SMITH, J. G. NEVIN, D. P. TEN-  
NENT.

## ROW NUMBER 2.

H. B. HOON, W. K. LONG, W. F. CHRISTIE, L. H. MOORE, J. F. SHRADER,  
J. A. CAMPBELL, J. R. MITCHELL, W. R. DAVIS, M. W. COX, H. PATTERSON, J.  
A. SMITH

## ROW NUMBER 3.

A. D. STEWART, J. C. CAMPBELL, W. N. FERGUSON, R. C. MCKELVEY, A.  
A. McDONALD, J. LYTLE, J. A. BARR, H. M. METZ, W. V. IRONS, R. W. TIMMS,  
G. M. PIERCE.

## ROW NUMBER 4.

L. O. THOMPSON, J. G. MCKAY, E. R. SAMPSON, S. M. SMITH, F. C. HOUS-  
TON, D. H. DICKEY, N. A. TANNEHILL, C. H. MATHIOT, C. O. RICKENBRODE,  
D. C. MCFATE, A. D. THOMPSON, J. S. TANNEHILL.

## ROW NUMBER 5.

W. M. ORR, C. F. PEAIRS, C. M. MCNARY, W. S. RAMSEY, A. M. MCCLURG,  
R. S. JOHNSON, W. L. MARKS, D. J. MOORE, E. G. HESS, C. H. JANZHEIMER.



PHILOMATH SOCIETY

# Chrestomath Literary Society



## TOP ROW.

ALICE WRAY, PEARL CARTER, HELEN MELVILLE, MINNIE McMASTER, ETHEL FINNEY, EMILY REDMOND.

## SECOND ROW.

JANE DOUTHETT, LAURA TURNER, IRENE GALBREATH, FLORENCE BEATTY, LETTIE METZ, ELIZABETH QUAY, HAZEL BENNETT, ALICE BARD.

## BOTTOM ROW.

KATHERINE McVEY, MARGARET BELL, ANN McLACHLAN, ELIZABETH DONALDSON, MARTHA McMILLAN, EDITH GALBREATH, FLORENCE WRIGHT, AMY SEIDEL, HELEN CUMMINGS.



CHRISTOMATH SOCIETY

## Adelphic Literary Society



### TOP ROW.

S. R. FULTON, A. McAULEY, E. GRAHAM, H. D. RUDOLPH, L. E. STEWART,  
S. M. JAMISON, E. E. HAZLETT, P. A. LOVE, W. ROTZLER, H. L. GORDON.

### SECOND ROW.

T. M. BLACK, T. R. PATTERSON, SCOTT, G. A. LEWIS, M. A. MCGILL, D. I.  
ROSE, J. L. HAZLETT, C. C. VANCE, A. K. THOMPSON, S. K. CUNNINGHAM, H.  
P. ARMSTRONG.

### THIRD ROW.

D. F. STEWART, C. C. ADAMS, R. A. HENDERSON, R. S. McCOWN, J. R.  
WRIGHT, J. R. DICE, J. B. FULTON, C. HARTFORD, R. F. GALBREATH, F. C. DAV-  
IDSON, P. A. KUHN, F. S. GRAHAM, R. A. WARREN.

### BOTTOM ROW.

H. C. McAULEY, W. P. McCORMICK, K. M. MILLER, W. E. BROWN, J. W.  
CARL, H. A. CANNON, E. CALHOUN, D. C. FULTON, W. REID.





ADELPHIC SOCIETY

## Leogorean Literary Society



### TOP ROW.

EVA SMILEY, ANNA BARRACKMAN, FRANCES McCLAREN, SARAH McCOY,  
ADA PARK, MARY McCALMONT, IRENE THOMPSON, LYDA ARMSTRONG.

### SECOND ROW.

BESSIE HENDERSON, ELLA MONTGOMERY, LAVINIA SCOTT, NELL KLINE,  
WINIFRED ORR, MARY McELREE, DELLA GROUNDS, HARRIET SHARP, BERTHA  
KIRKHAM, ALONZO HOAGLAND.

### BOTTOM ROW.

NELL McAULEY, LINA ALEXANDER, OLIVE SMILEY, RUTH SNODGRASS,  
ELEANOR CLARK, LUCILE NEVIN, ELSIE CLARK, GRACE NEWELL, BERTHA MAG-  
NUS, LAURA THOMPSON.



LEOGOREAN SOCIETY

## Kelley Club



J. C. BELL,  
J. C. CAMPBELL,  
D. R. CALHOUN,  
D. B. CLARK,  
W. D. CLELAND,  
PATTERSON COX,  
F. C. DAVIDSON,  
C. R. DAVISON,  
L. J. DAVISON,  
DAYTON A. DOYLE,  
W. N. FERGUSON,  
D. C. FULTON,  
W. N. GOEHRING,

HUGH LAMBIE,  
J. C. MAWHINNEY,  
L. V. McCLEAN,  
A. A. McDONALD,  
A. C. MERCER,  
J. C. NEGLEY,  
J. G. NEVIN,  
HERBERT PATTERSON,  
J. MILTON SCOTT,  
PAUL SIMISON,  
J. C. SMITH,  
S. N. WATT,  
R. W. YOUNG.

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## McAuley Club



H. P. ARMSTRONG,  
T. McC. BLACK,  
J. W. CARL,  
S. K. CUNNINGHAM,  
L. R. DEEVERS,  
R. F. GALBREATH,  
H. L. GORDON,  
E. E. HAZLETT,  
J. L. HAZLETT,  
R. A. HENDERSON,

P. A. LOVE,  
W. P. McCORMICK,  
R. S. McCOWN,  
W. J. ROTZLER,  
H. D. RUDOLPH,  
F. J. SEWALL,  
L. E. STEWART,  
J. R. WRIGHT,  
R. A. WARREN.

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## McCown Club



FRANK BACHOP,  
S. R. FULTON,  
J. B. FULTON,  
FRED. C. HOUSTON,  
L. H. MOORE,

A. M. McCLURG,  
C. M. McNARY,  
JAS. G. PATTERSON,  
J. A. SMITH,  
B. A. ZUVER.

## Van Orsdell Club



J. ALLEN BARR,  
L. G. BENNETT,  
FRANK W. CHRISTIE,  
G. L. COCHRAN,  
MILO W. COX,  
W. R. DAVIS,  
W. V. IRONS,  
J. L. LEACH,  
W. L. MARKS,  
A. H. METZ,

A. MCLACHLAN,  
JNO. G. MCKAY,  
W. M. ORR,  
G. M. PIERCE,  
JAS. A. STRANAHAN,  
J. FRANK SHRADER,  
J. S. TANNEHILL,  
N. A. TANNEHILL,  
HOWARD WOOD.

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## Venable Club



J. WILLARD ACHESON,  
PAUL L. ANDREWS,  
WALTER E. BROWN,  
S. ERNEST CALHOUN,  
HARRY A. CANNON,  
CHAS. F. CLUTTER,  
PAUL G. DICK,  
WILLIAM J. EVERHART,  
WILL. E. FELDSTEIN,  
CLIDE C. HARTFORD,

S. MARTIN JAMISON,  
BEN. F. LAUGHLIN,  
GEO. A. LEWIS,  
J. HOWARD MCBANE,  
KARL M. MILLER,  
DAVID I. ROSE,  
A. HALDEN SCOTT,  
CLARK C. VANCE,  
JOHN O. WELCH.

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## Wilson Club



WADE ALTER,  
JAS. DOUGHERTY,  
H. K. HARTSUFF,  
DALE McMASTERS,  
S. B. MITCHELL,

E. M. RENO,  
C. H. REX,  
W. T. SCOTT,  
W. F. WILSON.





- athletics -

# Foot Ball



COLLEGE opened in the fall of 1904, with athletic circles in a state of anxious expectancy — half of hope and half of fear. The board having withdrawn its support of the foot ball team, a mass meeting was held, at which the needed money was pledged by voluntary subscription, and Roy W. Hayes, late of W. and J., was chosen coach.

"Pop" arrived the following Monday, and then things began to boom. Candidates came out by the score, until it was impossible to furnish them suits. Such abundance and variety of material certainly should have satisfied the most exacting. There were veteran back field men of years experience, big linemen who had never seen a pigskin kicked, and verdant freshmen who avowed their intention of trying for "hump-back." The high pitch of interest shown at the opening of the season never died out, and even in the stormiest weather, when practice time came, the sidelines would be black with students who cheered their team with song and yell. Hard, snappy practice was a feature of the entire season, and such constant, persistent dieting and training was never seen at Westminster before. Too much credit cannot be given to the boys on the "scrub" team who came out night after night and cheerfully took their bumps, without which the winning team would have been an impossibility.

The first game of the season was played at Morgantown. The West Virginians had promised to "do 'Pop' Hayes' infants to a frazzle," but they were treated to a vigorous surprise. The "infants" bucked their line, held them for downs and when the whistle blew, they had been able to score only three touchdowns and no goals.

The next game was with Geneva. For the first time in several years Westminster journeyed to meet her rival at Beaver Falls with the hope of victory. Geneva had imported a strong professional back field, who seldom failed to gain ground. Yet by steady, consistent play, Westminster carried the ball over Geneva's goal line. Here the fates deserted us. Westminster fumbled the ball at the critical moment; a Geneva man caught it, carried it back over the goal line, and saved the day for his college. The final score stood 0-0, but Geneva acknowledged her defeat later, when she canceled the return game, giving as her reason that she could not win.

The following week, Waynesburg College having canceled, a professional team from New Brighton was taken into camp to the tune of 75-0.

It has always been Westminster's misfortune to have to play university teams because they can offer good guarantees. So October 15, saw Westminster's team with "rooters" a hundred strong, take their way in a brilliantly decorated coach, for the game with W. U. P. at Allegheny. The game was of unusual interest, and, when we consider that it was a contest of amateur against professionals of years of experience who had been scored on but once the entire season, a score of 38-0 was no disgrace.

We soon forgot our disappointment however, when a week later Allegheny College went down to an ignominious defeat, by the largest score ever made against any team on the local gridiron: 76-0.



The climax of the season came the following Saturday at Grove City. The day was an ideal one. Long before time for the kick-off the sidelines were packed with rooters. Songs filled the air; Blue and White answered back to Crimson, and Crimson to Blue and White, with cheer after cheer. At 3:30 the ball was kicked and the struggle was on. Time after time Westminster carried the ball to within a few yards of Grove City's goal only to lose it on a fumble and gain it again on downs near the center of the field. At last the ball went over. Then pandemonium broke loose. Hats went into the air, or were smashed on the ground; boys hugged each other and yelled; girls held each others hands and screamed; and it is recorded that Dr. Campbell took an uncommonly large chew of J. T. The game was in many ways the best of the season. Officials Campbell and Aiken knew their business and cut out all jangling and rough playing. The game was marred only by the unsportsmanlike action of an organized band of Grove City tin horn rooters, who made it their business to drown out Westminster's signals. After the first touchdown, the result was never in doubt, and the game closed, as we smilingly told our friends, with the score "23 to 0 on their own grounds." The victory was duly celebrated on the next Monday night with a ghost dance and bonfire at the Hall.

Election Day and W. and J.'s cancellation broke up practice and sent the team to Hiram, November 12, in poor condition. Although they repeated the Grove City score, the injuries received by two of our back field men was felt in the return game with Grove City, at Cascade Park, a week later. This was a new departure in foot ball and met with some opposition, especially on account of the crippled condition of the team. Grove City had strengthened her eleven since the last game and the teams were evenly matched. The battle was hard fought from start to finish. Neither side scored. Westminster had the ball within a few yards of Grove City's goal in the first half but by a costly fumble lost her only chance to score.

After this game there remained but the final struggle with Allegheny on Thanksgiving Day. Two of Westminster's back field men were still unable to carry the ball although the regular team was put on the field for the first time since the Hiram game. The day was bitter cold and the large crowd was impatient for the game to begin before Allegheny's players arrived on the field. It was then discovered that Allegheny had secured no official and intended to put in one of her own players as referee, without consulting Westminster's manager. Westminster objected, and after considerable altercation, consented to take one of Allegheny's substitutes, Smith, who was afterwards reported to have had money up on the game. His conduct was aptly described later by one of Allegheny's own men, as "simply daylight robbery." Near the end of the last half Westminster carried the ball down almost to Allegheny's goal line. Here she was penalized time after time by referee Smith till her quarter back punted back over Allegheny's goal. Then on account of darkness and the crowd on the field, the umpire called the game. The score stood 6-5 in Allegheny's favor. Westminster's manager immediately challenged Allegheny to a third game to be played with neutral officials, on any grounds. But Allegheny discretely refused to answer.

Thus Westminster closed the most successful season for many years, and having been fairly beaten but twice, and that by University teams, she justly claims the championship of all colleges of her class in Western Pennsylvania and North Eastern Ohio.

"MANAGER."

## Names of Players

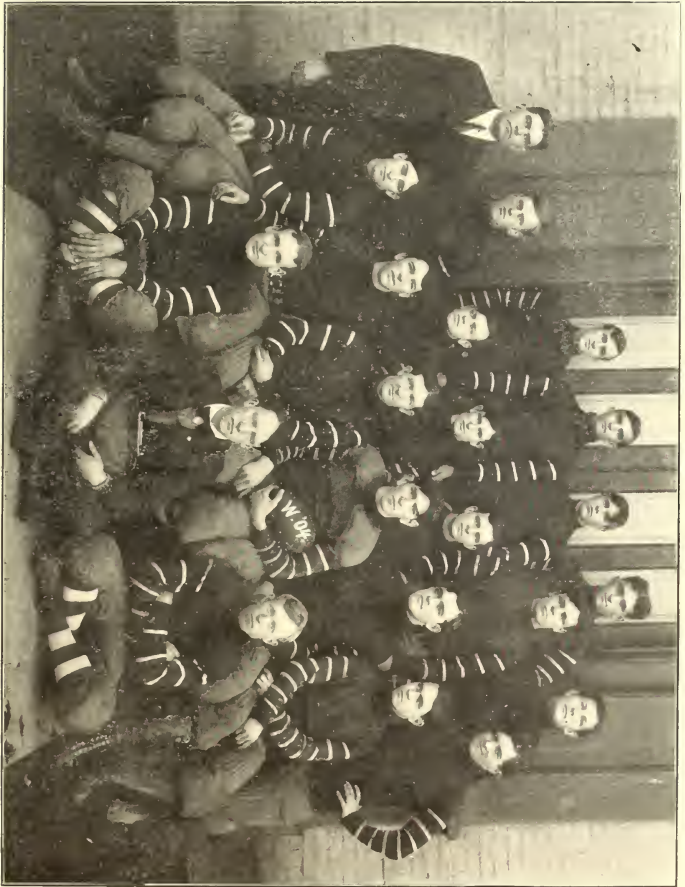


*Manager*, D. C. FULTON,      *Coach*, R. W. HAYS,      *Captain*, W. D. CLELAND.

J. G. NEVIN, J. C. SMITH, W. L. MARKS, L. J. DAVISON, FRED. LOCKE,  
W. J. EVERHART, W. M. ORR, W. H. WOOD, B. CLARK, P. A. LOVE,  
L. E. STEWART, D. R. CALHOUN, J. M. SCOTT, J. G. MCKAY, H. I.  
GORDON, W. D. MERCER, S. E. CALHOUN,

A. A. McDONALD, *Surgeon*.

'04 FOOT BALL TEAM



# Basket Ball



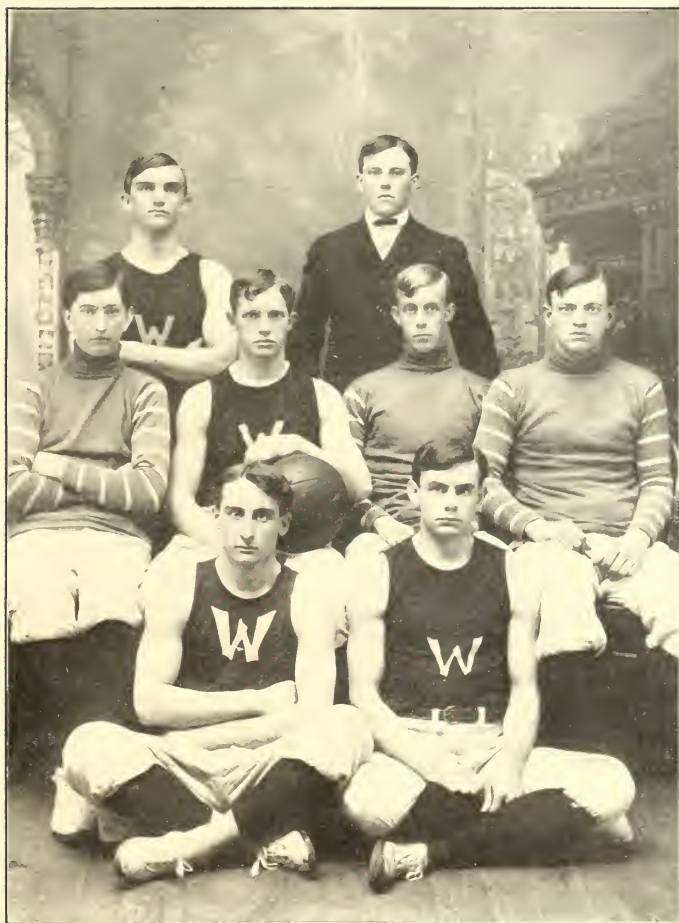
ASKET ball is a popular game in New Wilmington. The game is one that deserves to be popular. It is wholesome, exciting, and easy to be understood. It comes in a season when the weather rules out all other athletic sports. Basket ball is also the only game in which the smaller colleges can hope to compete successfully with the larger universities, without indiscriminate hiring of players.

For several years Westminster has been well represented in this branch of athletics. Our team, this season, has been even stronger than usual. We have met many of the strongest teams in the country. While we have lost five out of ten games played, we have met with but one decisive defeat. Twice our old time rivals from Grove City went down in ignominious defeat before our "sturdy braves." The University of West Virginia was defeated by an overwhelming score. On our home floor not a single game has been lost. The following is the result of games played.

Westminster.....	62	New Castle .....	11
" .....	14	Grove City .....	12
" .....	15	Indiana .....	37
" .....	13	Kiski .....	23
" .....	39	U. of W. Va.....	10
" .....	30	Grove City .....	16
" .....	16	Geneva .....	22
" .....	27	Sharon .....	32
" .....	18	Allegheny .....	23
" .....	57	Geneva .....	11
" .....	53	Wooster .....	22
" .....	344	Opp. ....	219

The hearty support received from both students and Faculty has been fully appreciated by players and manager. A great factor in the success of the college team is the support given them by the student body. Westminster still holds the reputation of having a right royal band of rooters. May her future success in all branches of athletics be as great as she deserves.

R. H.



BASKET BALL TEAM

W. L. MARKS,	R. A. HENDERSON, Mgr.,		
J. A. SMITH,	HUGH LAMBIE, Capt.,	H. P. ARMSTRONG,	D. R. CALHOUN,
ROY DEEVERS,	HERBERT PATTERSON.		



## Base Ball Players



*Manager*, W. E. MINTER

*Coach*, PROF. McELREE.

SECOND ROW.

W. D. CLELAND, D. P. TENNENT, A. D. STEWART, W. S. RAMSEY,  
E. N. McBRIDE.

THIRD ROW.

J. G. MCKAY, D. R. CALHOUN, D. L. McBRIDE, J. A. STRANAHAN,  
L. R. DEEVERS,  
A. M. MOORE, *Captain*.



BASE BALL TEAM

# Track Season of 1904



*Manager, J. G. NEVIN.*



INTEREST was aroused in track athletics about the middle of the winter term, when Westminster received an invitation to attend University of Pennsylvania's Annual Field Meet. Little could be done this term except a few cross country runs and some special work in the gymnasium.

At the opening of the spring term the men began practicing on the athletic field. The track had been put in shape, but was heavy, and continued so after the trials had been run. Owing to this fact, the time made at the trials was rather slow. On comparing the time of the different runners, it was found that Thompson, Clark, Stewart and Lambie would represent our college. The team left Friday, April 22, for Philadelphia. On Saturday, twelve hundred athletes gathered on the Franklin Field. About the middle of the afternoon our race was called and positions drawn. Westminster got the pole, Georgetown Law School next, then Villa Nova, Muehlenburg and Allegheny. Our first two men and Georgetown's ran neck and neck; then Stewart "killed" his man about the middle of the quarter, thus giving Lambie a good start. He was not pushed during his entire quarter and came in an easy winner, fifty yards ahead. Georgetown, our only dangerous rival during the race came in second. As prizes, each member of the team received a gold watch, and a silk banner bearing the names of the schools taking part in the race, was presented to the college.

We also sent Thompson, Lambie and Stewart to take part in the St. Louis race. Lambie took second place in the half mile finals and Stewart fourth place in the hundred yard dash.

With such a start and so many winners to choose from it looked as though Westminster was to have a successful season. However, the meet of the colleges of Western Pennsylvania, to be held at Geneva was declared off. Allegheny would not hold a dual meet and Washington and Jefferson made unreasonable demands, giving as their excuse that we had too many good men. Hence the only other event in which our track men took part was the Inter-Class Meet held about the middle of May. The Inter-Class Mile Relay, the principle event, was won by the class of 1905.

By '05.





RELAY TEAM

# The Tennis Association



THE Tennis Association of Westminster College was organized in the spring of 1900, by lovers of the sport among the faculty and student body. The membership, which at first was thirty, has gradually increased to forty.

The courts are centrally located near the First United Presbyterian Church. At the time of organization the association constructed three courts, but the increase in membership demanding more, two additional ones were built. They are all kept in excellent condition, and are often all in use.

Each year contests are held in both singles and doubles. During 1904 the championship in singles was won by Herbert Patterson, '07, and in doubles by John Campbell, '07, and Herbert Patterson, '07.

## OFFICERS.

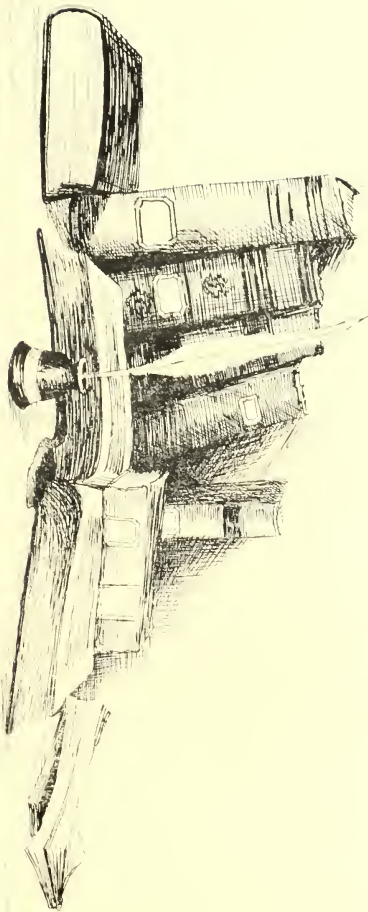
President, . . . . .	Walter K. Long, '05.
Vice-President, . . . . .	George L. Cochran, '06.
Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . .	Johnson Moore, '07.
Executive Committee, . . . . .	{ G. L. Cochran, '06, L. R. Deevers, '06, J. C. Campbell, '07.







# LETTERS



Madsen

# The Large Work of the Small College



REV. ROBERT MCWATTY RUSSELL, D. D.

(Class of '80.)



IN presenting the claims of the smaller college and emphasizing the importance of its work, two propositions can be logically maintained:

First, There is need for the denominational college and local institute for higher education, in order to meet a need that is not met and cannot be met by the larger and more distant institutions of our land.

Second, The maintenance and generous support of these is along the line of broad philanthropy, true patriotism and wise provision for the growth of both State and Church.

In arguing that there is need for the denominational college and local institute for higher education in order to meet a need that is not and cannot be met by the larger and more distant institutions, no word derogatory to the greater institutions of our land need be uttered, nor a single fault be found with the fathers and mothers who select these distant places for the mental culture of their sons and daughters. All should rejoice in the largeness and success of Princeton, Yale and Harvard, of Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith, and all the other great centers of learning that command national respect. All should be glad for the parents that can bid sons and daughters spend four years of earnest effort amid these classic surroundings, and youths are to be congratulated who have opportunity for self-culture in institutions that are historic and enriched by the treasures of many generations. But after all the just claims of the larger institutions have been admitted, much remains to be said concerning the importance of the denominational college and the local institution for higher education, in their adaptation to need not be met by the larger institutions, in whose greatness and success all can rejoice.

First of all, there is need of the local college to furnish opportunities for higher education to the large number of young men and women who cannot bear the expense of attending the distant and large university. The expense side of a college education is a small matter where parents are affluent, where checks can without embarrassment be drawn for large tuition, college expenses and travel by the way. But to those of small means, where the wealth consists of children, where the riches is mainly in throbs of ambition, the problem of securing higher education is a different matter. It means little for some parents to furnish from 600 to 1,000 or 1,200 dollars for the maintenance of a son or daughter for a year in the distant schools; but these financial considerations are insurmountable barriers to the larger number who crave college education, and who would use it to the glory of God and the welfare of country when received. Granted that a few boys of moderate means may find their way to eastern universities, and by wood-sawing, janitor work, commissary club agency, or tutoring win their way, it is to the smallest number

that the door of opportunity can open through these strenuous efforts. Let there be, however, the local institution which can be reached with the minimum of traveling expenses, where the tuition of the year will not exceed 45 or 50 dollars, where the living expenses may reach a minimum of \$2.50 a week and be on a scale of bounty at \$5, then can the youth rich only in his ambitions enter the doors of higher education. Such opportunities are offered by many worthy colleges; Westminster, Grove City, Geneva, Washington and Jefferson, Muskingum, Tarkio and Cooper, all affording opportunity for a college course of four years at little above the maximum cost of a single year at some of the larger institutions. Whether such opportunities have been of service to the world and Church let the character of the graduates answer. Benjamin Harrison, Whitelaw Reid, and a host of others great in national affairs were educated at Miami University, Ohio. From Muskingum College, with an enrollment of \$40,000, and a building plant worth but \$25,000, there have gone forth such men as President Harper of Chicago University, President Thompson of Ohio State University, Professor Moorehead of Xenia Theological Seminary, Professor McClenahan of Allegheny Theological Seminary, and a host of others. The roots of the great Chicago University thus reach back to little Muskingum while from Miami there flashes a light into the ambassador's court of Edward VII. Franklin College also, with its almost 800 graduates, has an enviable reputation for producing great and useful men, among these there having been four U. S. Senators, one Governor of Ohio, one Minister to Japan, one Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, one member of the Supreme Court of Ohio, one celebrated author and scholar, and almost 400 ministers of the Gospel. U. S. Senators, Edgar Cowan, Joseph Fowler and William Shannon were graduates of Franklin. Hon John A. Bingham, Minister to Japan, Hon. William Lawrence, Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, and Hon. John W. Welsh of the Supreme Court of Ohio found the path to knowledge and greatness here. Of college presidents and professors, Franklin has sent forth a large array, among them Professor Joseph Wray, author of Mathematical Series, Dr. George C. Vincent, first president of our own Westminster College and Dr. David R. Kerr of Westminster College, Missouri. Why we come to have the proverb, "Some men are born great, and some are born in Ohio," is thus easily explained, Ohio being studded all over with College towns, meeting the aspirations of the humblest of her citizens with doors of opportunity. The record of the small college in other states is perhaps just as striking. President McKinley was educated at Poland Academy and Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. James G. Blaine was graduated from what is now Washington and Jefferson College. From Westminster have come forth lawyers, judges, physicians, ministers who have taken equal rank in the work of life with earnest men from the larger institutions.

These facts furnish basis for another, that the establishment and maintenance of the smaller colleges is reasonable, because within a given area of educational progress, they can minister to the intellectual, moral and spiritual needs of the young as fully as can the larger. Since education means the feeding of the mind with truth and the development of soul powers by the discipline

of study, it certainly can be claimed that the essential elements of true education can be furnished by the smaller college as truly as by the larger. As thirst can be as truly slaked at the brook as at the river, and muscle developed in the gymnasium 20 x 40 feet as in one of cathedral dimensions, so can thirst for truth be met by the smaller institutions and mental muscle developed in the colleges of small degree. No doubt some people will always prefer when visiting New York to stop at the Waldorf-Astoria or the Regent; but others find adequate accommodations in some hotel scarce offering capacity for one hundred people. No doubt the new Bellevue-Stratford of Philadelphia will have appointments and provisions unexcelled, but it is doubtful whether we can ever surpass the cuisine of the old Bellevue, with its cottage-like appointments. You thus perceive that in the line of bodily nourishment the main thing is proper food and its proper preparation and service, whether this is in the frescoed hotel or beside the mountain camp fire. The old adage that a log with Prof. Mark Hopkins on one end and student James A. Garfield on the other would constitute a university is based upon this fact that true education consists in getting truth, and not merely in finding propitious surroundings. Prof. Brashear has remarked that three things are necessary for success in making astronomical observations, "an instrument, an atmosphere and an operator," and that these are mentioned in the inverse order of their importance. An instrument is important, but much can be done with a poor instrument, if there be a good atmosphere and a skilled operator. The instrument may be poor and the atmospheric conditions unfavorable, and yet much may be accomplished by a skilled operator. But let the operator be without skill, no worthy results can be obtained, no matter how fine the instrument, or how clear the air. In college work, three things are necessary, an equipment in college buildings, an atmosphere of moral earnestness among students, and professors who are wise to teach; these three factors also being arranged in inverse order as to importance. With poor college equipment, noble work can yet be done, if there be the atmosphere of moral earnestness among the students and skill of instruction in professors. With even general lack of moral earnestness among students, a skilled professor will yet accomplish much good in individual cases; but let there be lack of ability to teach in the faculty, and all noble results of college life will be wanting. It is possible, therefore, to have the main essentials of college success, the teacher and the atmosphere of moral earnestness in the small college. When Professor Mitchell held the chair of Greek in Westminster College, half a score of the larger institutions had yearning eyes upon him because his students took first rank in post-graduate work wherever they went. He remained true to his Church and to his alma mater until his death, illustrating the fact that it is possible for the small college to have great teachers and do the greatest of work. It is possible to secure for all our denominational colleges and smaller local institutions true men and women for teachers, who in scholarship and moral earnestness will be the peers of those who serve in larger institutions, and who will be recognized as such by those favored with the wider environment. To bring about this, all that is needed is more generous endowment, not phenomenally



large, but sufficient to furnish earnest men with proper remuneration for their toil. Since all true education and development of character is dependent upon bringing men of large thought and purpose into contact with youth, and since earnest effort by the student in private study is largely dependent upon the catechetical demands of the class room, it is evident that the close contact between teacher and student in the smaller college has a value not easily overestimated. It is a significant fact that President Woodrow Wilson is asking for Princeton College an increase of \$2,500,000 in endowment, so as to increase the number of teachers, and so affect that advantage of personal contact demanded in all true education; an advantage which, as President Moffatt of Washington and Jefferson naively remarks, has been enjoyed in the smaller colleges since their beginning.

The record of past years also goes to show that only by the maintenance of the denominational college vivified by the evangelistic and missionary spirit of our denomination can we hope to procure a corps of workers who will enable our Church to man its pulpits and to fulfill the missionary command, "Go ye into all the world." Of the 979 ministers of our Church reported one year ago, our denominational colleges furnished 545, local undenominational colleges, 90; the larger institutions but 16; while 150 remained to be distributed among sixty-one colleges, sixty-nine of our ministers not having been graduated from any college. The earlier supply of ministers for the Churches which united to form the United Presbyterian Church came from Jefferson, Washington and Franklin Colleges and Miami University. Franklin College still pours her annual contribution into the seminaries of our Church, leading the rest of this group in her contributions to our ministry. The ministerial graduates from each institution are as follows: Franklin College, 69; Jefferson College, 33; Miami University, 15; Washington College, 8; Total, 125. In another group of undenominational colleges the contributions to our ministry are as follows: Grove City College, 36; Washington and Jefferson College, 30; Geneva College, 24; Total, 90. Very few of the older and wealthier institutions have any representatives in our ministry. Neither Harvard nor Yale is represented. Princeton has 11 graduates ministering in our Church; Johns Hopkins, 2; Brown has 1; Amherst 1, and Williams 1. In contrast with all this, our six denominational colleges have furnished a total of 545; Westminster, 224; Monmouth, 209; Muskingum, 78; Tarkio, 22; Knoxville, 7; Cooper, 5. The statistics of the Foreign Field do not differ proportionately from those just given, since of the 37 regularly appointed male missionaries in India, Egypt and the Sudan, as reported a year ago, 9 are graduates of Westminster, 6 of Monmouth, 4 of Muskingum, 3 of Tarkio, 2 non-graduates, and the remaining 13 distributed among seven colleges.

The record of our denominational college in the wider work of the whole Church is likewise most interesting. Of Westminster's 1,355 graduates, 442 became ministers of the Gospel, 255 teachers, 144 wives of professional or business men, 120 lawyers, 85 physicians, 75 wives of ministers, 41 Foreign Missionaries, 40 teachers in Freedmen's schools; at least one-half entering the direct work of the Church. Muskingum, with its \$40,000 of endowment and \$25,000

of equipment, has furnished for the whole Church 207 ministers, 32 missionaries, 16 workers among the Freedmen. Sixty per cent of its graduates have entered Christian work. From the records of all our denominational colleges similar statistics might be compiled. The influence of our Western institutions is felt profoundly in the East, at least 9 of our prominent denominational pulpits in Pittsburg and Allegheny being filled by graduates of Monmouth, while the students of Tarkio and Cooper hold worthy place in the classes of our seminaries.

In the light of these facts, it is evident that if our denominational life is to be continued, and men and women produced to prosecute the work of the Church at home and abroad, then must there be the support and maintenance of our denominational schools. Judging from the past, from what other source shall the Church obtain its ministry, or the hundreds of missionaries needed for the evangelization of India, Egypt and the Sudan? It would be uncharitable to say that the graduates of our larger institutions are any less consecrated to God or less spiritually minded than the graduates of smaller colleges; but the opinion may be ventured that the ministry of the Church and her missionaries for a long time will have to come from the regions of the Church and the environment of the denominational college, where there is not felt, as in our large cities and universities, the ambition for wealth and the desire to have large part in the material progress of the world. Only in our denominational colleges, whether at home or abroad, where the atmosphere is surcharged with evangelistic and missionary enthusiasm, will there be raised up a force of workers to go forth for world evangelization in Jesus' name.

Only by way of brief suggestion is there need of emphasizing our second proposition, that the maintenance and generous support of our smaller colleges and local institutions for higher education is along the line of broad philanthropy, true patriotism, and wise provision for the growth of both State and Church.

Philanthropy means the love of man, and must be wide as the race. The maintaining of a few magnificent universities here and there in our broad land, furnishing our opportunities for higher education to the affluent only, would be as contrary to the spirit of our democratic institutions as the maintaining of a few palatial homes, with the vast multitudes of our population living in cottages and hovels. God bless the great universities, for we need the inspiration of their greatness; but the special need of our land is a line of Christian colleges running through it, like a chain of forts in the battle line of truth. While a great university, with ten millions of dollars in equipment and endowment, can have mighty influence for good, twenty Christian colleges with half a million each in equipment and endowment would almost immeasurably surpass the former investment.

True patriotism must include local patriotism, or the desire that our own community shall equal others in the comforts of life and means of culture. There is no reason why the Western University of Pennsylvania may not equal the University of the East, other than lack of patriotism in our local citizenship. There is no reason why Pennsylvania College for Women may not be-

come the shrine of culture for our own part of the state and for vast adjacent areas, until it shall equal in importance the noble schools of the East, and be to our homes of the West and South what Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn Mawr are now to our state. There is no reason why Westminster College may not become the glory of our denomination in the East, and all the colleges of our denomination challenge the respect of the world in their equipment and efficiency of instruction, except the dishonorable one of denominational unfaithfulness to the very citadels of her power. Our colleges have suffered both from lack of local support in their own communities and by the indifference of the Church at large. Local communities have not given the support that might have been given. The affluent in the Church at large whose sons and daughters have been educated in the larger universities, have felt their responsibility to the cause of education ended when their tuition has been paid. This fallacy, when realized, will open the channels of beneficence. No student can be educated at the cost of tuition, but is in some sense a beneficiary upon the endowments that have been laid up. Men of means in our Church, whose children have been educated in eastern universities, owe something to the general fund of education, and can best pay the debt through a bill of exchange to the credit of local and denominational institutions, whose efficiency lies at the foundation of our Church's success.

That effort in this line is wise provision for the growth of both State and Church is almost axiomatic. Harvard, Yale and Princeton were once small colleges; but became large through growth of population and the generous support of benefactors. When the population of our whole country has doubled; when Pittsburg has a million of inhabitants, and when her surrounding towns are cities, then will there be the blush of shame at memory of the present generation, if, with all planning for greatness, there is not laid broadly the foundations of knowledge. What is true of the State is true also of the Church. Our holy war of evangelization cannot go on without our Westminster, our Monmouth, our Muskingum, our Tarkio, our Cooper, and our Knoxville colleges, any more than can our army and navy maintain equipment without its West Point or Annapolis. It is no longer a question as to whether these institutions are worthy of the Church, but whether its members shall be worthy of them, living with the spirit of broad philanthropy, true patriotism and wise provision for the future.

When the sum total of the influences that have blessed the world has been analyzed in the bright light of the future, the small college serving with a large faithfulness will be found high on the roll of honor. It will be found that through the multiplication of the smaller institutions the fires of knowledge, patriotism and zeal for Christ's kingdom have been kindled over wide areas, and that with the torch of truth flashed in new centers, new communities have felt unmeasured uplift in life and character. It will be found that the Church has had her very foundations of success here, and that to the nation they have their fountains of patriotism. Let the work of the small college be sufficiently broadened so as to do foundation work for every line of life. Let the prospective merchant, lawyer and physician find opportunity in them to lay

broad foundations for success. Let the prospective farmer learn the secrets of nature as to the chemistry of the soil and adaptation of seed to locality and the possibilities of true living upon the farm. Let young womanhood gain a culture in which strength and beauty shall be blended. Let all be bound together by the golden girdle of allegiance to Christ, so that the Church of the future shall be one in aspiration and effort, the minister and missionary having behind them a constituency sharing their vision of the coming kingdom and serving as fully and faithfully as though ordained to special work.



## Westminster



(A RETROSPECT FROM FURNACE HILL)

Westminster! Many a time on memory's stage,  
Since when I bade farewell thy studious arts,  
Have I played o'er my little college parts:  
Heard Cicero his lofty rhetoric speak,  
Or hung amazed on Homer's full-toned Greek,  
Or, on some gala day with Blue and White,  
Sung "Boola, boola," far into the night,  
Nor thought of rest so dear to peevish age.  
And now once more, as from old Furnace' height  
I view thy classic walls embowered in green  
(To me of all things dear the dearest scene)  
Once more I am a careless happy wight,  
And tread the learned hill — Apollo's hill,—  
And hear the lute of Orpheus echoing still.

## The Aftermath



Dear college days! wild hours of youth  
When we as students sought for truth  
    Among earth's lore;  
When we, as athletes, toiled and fought,  
Our Alma Mater's glory sought  
    On field and floor;  
When we of great achievements dreamed,  
And life a burst of music seemed —  
    They're gone.

Gone! to the unrelenting past,  
Following others close and fast,  
    Beyond recall.  
Little we dreamed or realized  
How much they meant, how should be prized,  
    Each one and all.  
Yet tender memories of them cling,  
And to our eyes a tear will bring  
    As we live them o'er.

Fitted in these, our hearts are staunch,  
Boldly our little bark we launch  
    Upon life's sea.  
Bravely we set the sail, and glide  
Out from the harbor, on swelling tide  
    Merrily.  
Soon come the storms, but college bred  
We have no fears, nor ever a dread  
    Of darkness.

Firm is our trust, our faith is sure,  
Our love for our God is strong and pure.  
    Kindly we're kept,  
Kept when the danger is worst and most  
From shipwreck, on the barren coast  
    By wild winds swept.  
After the night, the dawn appears,  
Banished, our lingering doubts and fears  
    Of evil born.

Soon calmer waters begin to come,  
Almost the whole of the course is run  
Nearer the goal.  
Safely we've steered our little bark  
Out of the mist, and the fog and the dark,  
Clear of the shoal.  
Anchored at last, we can now rejoice,  
Happy we are to hear the voice,  
"Well done."

R. W. Young '95.





ALUMNI.



## A Kitchen Romance



GLANTON, MASS., October 3, 19--

DARLING BETTY:—I have just received your note, and, Betty, I can't tell you how much I appreciate your sympathy. You have no idea what a comfort you are. Yes, it's all true. We lost everything in that dreadful Merchants' Bank. I wouldn't mind it so much for my own sake; but poor papa, he feels it so. Since then he has done nothing but work and worry.

Yes, I really don't feel so badly about our loss. You know what dreadfully independent ideas I always had. And now I'm to taste the joys of independence. Betty, I am really going to earn my own living. Papa was dreadfully opposed at first, but by the most skillful use of my powers of persuasion, I prevailed upon him to consent. So now I am to try my brains and paddle in the art of pedagogy. There are so few vacancies, but my Wellesley diploma ought to win a way for me. But if I fail to secure the title of "school marm" I know another, to me just as honorable, and even more desirable. But I'll not tell you my scheme unless the case demands. I don't wish to give you any unnecessary shock.

Lovingly,

PEGGY CLARK.

GLANTON, MASS., October 10, 19--

DEAR OLD BETTY:—I have decided, and I mean to stand by my convictions. For sake of friends and kindred dear, I have sought all kinds of conventional employment. But the various school superintendents didn't seem to be of my opinion. So I am going to be a cook. I haven't been studying social problems all these years for nothing. According to my often quoted theory, domestic work is perfectly honorable, and requires a practical scientific education. Now I'm going to prove my deductions, and as well, make some further investigations. Cooking I know and like; and besides the money means much to me. I won't depend on papa now after all the expense of my four college years. I have figured it up, and I find that a cook's salary is really good.

The scene of my future culinary labors is Norton, a small city about forty miles from here—that is, if the author of this ad. will except me. Poor dad, it would break his heart, but he doesn't know. I had applied for a school in Norton, so to-day when I told him I had about secured a position there, he asked no questions. Isn't my plan lovely? Farewell then, to the conventions.

Happily,

PEG.

NORTON, MASS., October 20, 19—

DEAR OLD BETTY:—I have just a minute now while dinner is cooking, so I seize the opportunity to congratulate you on your generous amount of good common sense. I know you were dreadfully horrified, but you took the sensible view of the matter, and spared me useless remonstrances.

Mrs. Livingston was evidently much dismayed by the appearance of her would-be cook, though I tried to be as cook-like as possible. "Can you cook?" she asked with surprise. "I can, madam. I have never had a position, but I know I can do the work."

My business-like manner evidently impressed her favorably, and she quickly accepted me. Oh! its great fun, Betty. The Livingstons are lovely — so considerate and respectful to me. (I am "Maggie" for cooking purposes.) The novelty fascinates me, and honestly, I'm delighted with the work. You should see my kitchen. My "modern methods" are evidently a revelation to the Livingstons. How Aunt Clara would grieve over my plebian tendencies! I wonder what Charles Reed would say, too? Do you know it seems to me that he hasn't called quite so often since papa's failure.

As to the other servants, one can hardly call their society exhilarating. Annie, the maid, is engaged at present in a flirtation with a fat policeman. The new chauffeur, who came yesterday, is really interesting — awfully polite, and doesn't look a bit like the ordinary chauff.; but he does remind me so much of Jack Murray. You remember Jack. He is the cousin Maud used to talk so much about, whom we were all so anxious to see, and who was so attentive to me at a certain class reception of the long ago. I hear that he has just returned from his four years' stay in Europe. Of course, I take no notice of him — the chauffeur, I mean. Tradition is too strong for that.

Lovingly,

PEG.

NORTON, MASS., October 31, 19—

DEAREST BETTY:—Really you can't imagine how pleasant this life is — so very novel, too. I'm all enthusiasm for the work. Oh, I wish you could just taste some of my exquisite dinners. I do get a bit lonely sometimes, but I'm still satisfied with my theory of the servant girl problem. Indeed, experience only strengthens my convictions.

Really, Betty, the new chauffeur is provokingly interesting. He is terribly handsome, with stunning features, and such fearless, yes, positively audacious, gray eyes. I suppose I should properly be bored with him, but to be real honest, I don't believe I am — yes, I'm quite sure. But he does talk so intelligently. Oh! Betty, I must be a dreadful flirt. For (Oh! how contemptible I am) I almost believe that I really want to make a good impression on this chauffeur — I, a Clark. It is awfully annoying. Do you think it could be possible for any one experimenting in the servant problem to come to disregard social distinction, and through daily association with servants to actually imbibe their ideas and tastes? Oh, no; it could not be.

It is certainly remarkable the resemblance John, the chauffeur bears to Jack Murray, as I remember him. It's more than just his looks, too. Really, he puzzles me. What would Jack the aristocrat think of my comparison? But he, too, has some independent ideas on the social question, though he used to say he doubted the sincerity of my convictions.

But I will be rude to John, yes, I will, though it is hardly consistent for Cook to snub chauffeur. I know he is a gentleman — "financial reverses," perhaps.

Yours in doubt,

PEG.

NORTON, MASS., November 15, 19—

DARLING BETTY:— I'll have to give notice here at once. I know I'm a coward to desert my convictions, but I must and will. Why did I ever theorize about social problems? Well, I have solved one according to my own prescription. Betty, I simply must confide in you, scorn me, though you will.

Oh, oh, the horror of it all! I, Peggy Clark! he a servant, a chauffeur. You see what my theories have done. I have disregarded tradition, reason, everything. But it's true, it's true. I may as well face it. What use is it to deceive myself? Poor papa! What would he think if he knew that I had — yes, I must say it — fallen in love with a servant? But after his earnest avowels, surely he could not scorn me. But John must not know it. I must get out of here immediately.

Yours in despair,

PEGGY.

NORTON, MASS., November 20, 19—

DARLING BETTY:— The coward, the snob! To think that I could ever have believed him. Cook though I am, Charles Reed is beneath my notice — even as I am beneath his. Perhaps you are wondering what this outburst of wrath means. Let me explain.

Mrs. Livingston gave a dinner to-night for some friends of Mr. Livingston. What did Annie do just two hours before but elope with her policeman. Poor Mrs. Livingston was in despair. After all her goodness, what could I do but offer to go into the dining room? You don't know what a sacrifice it was to volunteer to go before guests in a subordinate position. For I've been priggish in spite of my professions.

I made myself as attractive as possible in the white cap and apron, and took my place with the intention of discharging the obnoxious duty as gracefully as it was in my power. Imagine my astonishment at finding myself looking into the face of Charles Reed. My embarrassment was quickly succeeded by indignation as I beheld his expression. For a moment it was pure astonishment, then embarrassment, and then scorn. Once our eyes met but his refused recognition. He was not haughtier than I. Anger spurred me on, and there was never more condescending waitress or more perfect service. Keen was my delight in knowing that the situation was much more uncomfortable for him than for me.

I'm going to the theatre to-morrow night with my friend, the chauffeur. He is a true gentleman. Say what you will, Betty. To-morrow is my last day

here, and I'm going to disregard all else but the agreeable present. I wish Charles Reed could know that I'm going out with a servant. By the way, John is leaving here to-morrow, too — for a better position, he says.

Well, I'll soon be at home again — a failure in my chosen vocation.

Your unhappy

PEGGY.

GLANTON, MASS., November 23, 19—

DARLING BETTY: — Prepare for the greatest surprise while I relate to you the ending of all my woes. Oh, I can hardly believe it yet. It's all just like a fairy tale.

Dear papa, he was so delighted to have me home again. He asked so few questions, that my short, dark experience as cook will always be a blank — to him, but not to me.

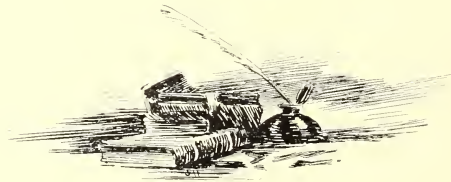
Yesterday I heard that Jack Murray was in town, so I was not much surprised to-day when Aunt Clara told me that a gentleman, a Mr. Murray, wished to see me in the parlor. He did not hear me entering, and was standing with his back toward the door. Even there he looked awfully familiar considering the four years since I had seen him. Attributing this to his resemblance to John the chauffeur, I was prepared for a remarkable likeness, but Betty, I was not prepared to look into the face of John himself. I was simply dumbfounded. Jack, or John, was enjoying my surprise immensely. Seeing this, I became indignant, and then he explained. He told how, a few days after his return from Europe he had been expounding his opinions to a friend as to the honorableness of servant labor, how his friend had dared him to prove the honesty of his convictions, and how he had by chance engaged at Mr. Livingston's, where he saw and recognized me. Yes, the wicked creature, he had known all the time.

Well, Betty, I'll never exploit any more social doctrines; I've given up theorizing. And, Betty, I'll not seek another position, for — yes, you may congratulate me, Jack has engaged me as cook.

Yours peacefully at last,

PEGGY.

E. M.



## The Seven Ages of Man



(Westminster Version.)

Our college world's a stage  
And all it's simple students merely players  
They have their entrances and graduations,  
And each man in his time has many flunks  
His chief stunts being seven. First the Junior Prep  
With many books and tablets in his arms,  
And then the whining Middle Prep with none,  
Making faces at his teacher's back,  
And writing on the seats. The Senior Prep  
Riding hard his pony, full of dreams  
For coming college years. And then the Freshman  
Creeping through the alleys to his club  
And barring all his doors at nine o'clock,  
Seeking to make a reputation  
Even 'round the flag pole. And then the Sophomore  
Smoking like a furnace, full of schemes  
For midnight revelry, flunking boldly  
Because a poster had to be designed.  
The next scene ushers in the august Junior  
Great Apollo's son, renowned in feats  
Of love though not of war. His once shrill voice  
Growing strong and clear in preparation  
For his speech in public. Last scene of all  
That ends this strange eventful history  
The lean and anxious Senior flunked to death  
Sans song, sans sleep, sans hope, sans everything.

## Adapted Quotations



- C. C. Adams.  
"They are never alone who are accompanied with great thoughts."
- Miss Alexander.  
"All that I ask is to be let alone."
- Miss Armstrong.  
"Gentle in manner but vigorous in deed."
- Miss Bard.  
"A woman's at best a contradiction still."
- Miss Beatty.  
"Her smile is like a rainbow flashing from the sky."
- L. G. Bennett.  
"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty."
- M. W. Cox.  
"Arms crossed, brow bent, thought immersed, a student indeed."
- H. M. Clark.  
"I to myself am dearer than a friend."
- W. D. Cleland.  
"The bed has become a place of luxury to me,  
I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world."
- F. C. Davidson.  
"Then he will talk — good lands how he will talk."
- D. C. Fulton.  
This is a lesson that we cannot learn too soon, that the world can go on,  
easily without us."
- J. L. Hazlett.  
"I hear a hollow sound. Who rapped my skull?"
- Miss Henderson.  
"She is pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant to think on."
- R. A. Henderson.  
"There's mischief in this man."

- C. H. Jaxtheimer.  
"Who pulled the pole down? I pulled it down."
- W. P. McCormick.  
"This is the short
- W. K. Long,  
—and the long of it."
- P. A. Love.  
"Frame work alright, rest not completely finished."
- Miss McLachlan.  
"Every woman prefers prettiness to saintliness."
- Miss McElree.  
"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."
- M. A. McGill.  
"Words, words, words."
- W. D. Mercer.  
"Such stuff the world is made of."
- A. H. Metz.  
"I dare do all that may become a man; who dares more is none."
- J. G. Nevin.  
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
- Miss Orr.  
"Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."
- J. C. Mawhinney.  
"His nature's too noble for this world."
- A. C. Mercer.  
"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."
- Miss Quay.  
"Is she not passing fair?"
- H. D. Rudolph.  
"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast."
- Miss Scholl.  
"So quiet a girl you seldom see."
- W. T. Scott.  
"I have immortal longings in me."

- F. J. Sewall  
"I am Sir Oracle,  
When I ope' my lips, let no dog bark."
- J. A. Smith.  
"Like some slim sapling of the wood."
- L. E. Stewart.  
"What we know here is very little, but what we are ignorant of is  
immense."
- J. A. Stranahan.  
"List' to the thunder of his voice."
- J. S. Tannehill.  
"To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten  
thousand."
- Miss Turner.  
"This is a flower that smiles on every one."
- R. W. Yourd.  
"I am nae poet in a sense,  
But just a rhymer, like, by chance."
- M. J. Wright.  
"Many people are esteemed merely because they are known"







## Letter of a Self-Made Fool to His Alma Mater



MY MOTHER FAIR: This morning I woke up in Oxford — that was because I got here last night. I wanted to go to sleep again; but an old boy full of side whiskers walked into my room as though he owned the college, threw open the window-shutters, and said "Good morning, Sir." Well, I thought it must be the Provost, or the Dean at least, and I scarcely knew how to answer, but thought it safe to echo his sentiments, so I said "Good morning, Sir." He turned around quicker than I ever expected to see him move again; his hands went up in the air, and he said in really horrified tone: "Oh Sir, you mustn't 'Sir' me, Sir; I'm your servant, Sir; it's against the etiquette of the Varsity, Sir." I swallowed both sheets and half the blanket trying to keep from laughing. That is no whole cloth either.

After breakfast I went to call on the Senior Tutor. When I came away I don't know whether I was really visible or not. I felt much too infinitesimal to be seen except through a microscope. He thinks all I labored so hard (! ! ! !) to learn from you will scarcely give me a start here. It certainly won't if I have to learn as much as he knows. A fellow who was in my room to-night told me that the old tutor has the reputation of knowing absolutely everything. One time the other tutors tried to stick him, so they all read up "Chinese Music" in the encyclopedia and started a learned conversation on that at dinner. After bit they got into a discussion on a doubtful point and referred it to old Walker to decide, for he could tell, of course; he knew everything. Well, Walker waited long enough to deposit a little smile beside his plate, and then looked up and said: "Really my views have changed since I wrote that article."

Some of the English freshers are quite as green as we Americans are. You know we all have dinner together in the hall; the tutors sitting at "high table" upon the platform, the scholars of the college next them, and we commoners down at the other end. No person can leave his table in hall till all have finished, the table has been cleared and the head waiter has trotted up to high table to get permission. Several fellows made breaks on that to-night, and were sent back to their places in shame and ignominy by some servant.

I remember the first time I came to stay with you, the only visitors I had the first night were Skinny Price and Biggy Gamble. Shortly after their call I appeared on the foot-ball field in the role of a light opera complete in one act. (Incidentally also I have not forgotten the barrel-stave applause behind my back.) I had several more visitors than that to-night. I believe by rights I ought to have been out calling at the rooms of the freshers who were calling

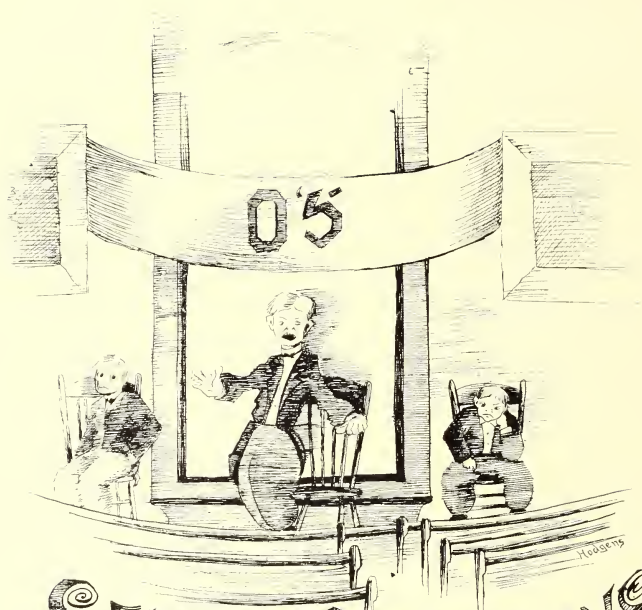
on me. If there was anybody in the college who was not out making calls to-night, I should like to meet him.

Everyone who came in noticed the pictures of your football teams "Ach!" they would murmur, "What fearful armor you wear when you play footer: what a dreadful game it must be! Haow many cawsuawlties do you usually have in a game?" I finally got it through my head that they wanted to know how many were killed, on an average in a single game. You see over here they put on running clothes and football shoes, and go out and play their English football; so they think our game is about the most brutal thing imaginable. One fellow wanted to know why we wore pads on our shoulders, so I described the way we dive to tackle a man. His comment was: "What a deucedly ungentlemanly trick to collar a man that way! You might hurt him." I think I want to play that game, where it is "deucedly ungentlemanly" to keep another team from beating your college.

The debating club had its first meeting to-night. Their style of voting on questions is decidedly good. After the discussion was finished the president got up and said: "All in favor of the motion please say 'Aye'", and every one fairly yelled "Aye." Then the president said: "All opposed please murmur 'No'"; and again every one roared at the top of his voice and kept it up as long as possible. When it grew partially quiet, the president remarked "I declare the motion lost by fifteen seconds. The meeting is adjourned."—So is this letter — good bye,

GEORGE VINCENT.





# SENIOR ORATIONS

## The Fable of the Orator Who Flew His Kite and the String He Let Out



ONCE upon a time there was a student in this renowned arena of learning who, having been separated from parental care, became wise to the fact that, by order of the Powers Behind the Throne, it was up to him to write an oration for public approval. So in a careless manner he shoved all his books and papers to one side of his desk, and commenced to light in and get the stuff off his mind. It had always been his notion that the orators did not fly their kites high enough. "What's the use of just letting out enough to reach Washington, Napoleon, or some petty political idea?" Nay, nay, my friends, this oration was to have a more lofty ideal. In fact, he was up against it, and he intended to give them all he had in the shop at a bargain sale price.

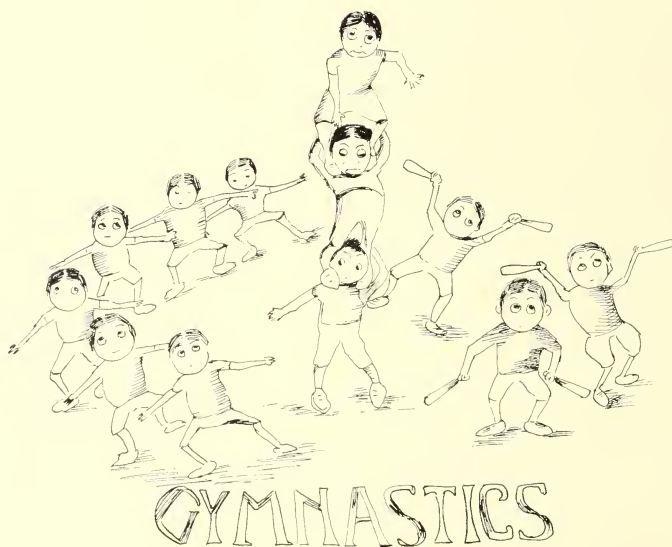
For about a week he kept his nose pushed deep into volumes of the prehistoric ages, digging up forgotten heroes and phrases, and at last he had the goods and began forming a master-piece. The subject, no matter where nor how you began to read it, didn't mean anything. When at last the day landed he was all in Sunday regalia to greet the rising sun, for "to-day the big show is on."

When the time came he was very much worried to find himself classed with such a poor lot of speakers. He did not fancy such blasé young men, — they were *nix bonus*, too *e pluribus* to please his style. But when the pilot cried, "Aye, aye, Sir," the gallant youth rushed upon the deck and opened fire with every gun aboard; and even the babies had sense enough to duck behind the man in front, while this spieler of spielers shot forth a line of gab, the like of which had never before been heard. His Delsarte was great, and he had Jui Jitsu beat forty ways when it came to holds on the atmosphere, and as for touching language, Oh say! there is where that boy sure made good. Not a particle of common college tongue escaped his lips; nothing but Latin, Swiss, and an occasional mouthful of Hebrew — and the way he handled it! He had Maud S. faded at the first quarter post and lame when it came to speed. Every time he worked off a big word or flowery sentence he would search out the mathematics prof. and shoot him square between the eyes, to impress the fact that a correct

rendition of the mother tongue is more complicated than the "Binomial Theorem." Then he would wax eloquent, work a few Bostonized words out of his system and then, sinking his masterful voice to the pitch of low x. elucidate some of the laws governing Astronomy and Histology and although there was no clue, the poor boy shed a few salty ones and the bunch gave him the "Chautauqua Salute" in return.

When at last, all damp with moisture he had finished his lap, he nudged the next fellow and called attention to the scared, half-criminal look on the features of the audience.

Did he make a hit? Well now I should rather murmur! They were simply squelched, and piled about three-deep trying to get out ahead. When some impudent chump asked in a scared voice, "Did you write that?" the educated youth simply said, "Yea," pulled the tip of a saucy blue handkerchief out of his pocket and lit a cigarette that smelled like burning leaves in the fall. McD.



## It Depends



### I.

You may count it rather cynical,  
And I think you're not to blame,  
That each from his own pinnacle  
Can't see things just the same.

The standpoints of all vary;  
No two at once advance;  
We'll find they necessarily  
Depend on circumstance.

### 2.

Our John's agoin' off to school,  
And I jest tell him now  
He's got to work and mind the rule,  
To all his duties bow.

Says I "You mind your dad's at home  
To stay through thick and thin,  
An' he don't work and fuss and foam  
To have you blow it in.

You jest stay out of them class fights,  
And pesky rushes too;  
An' don't you run out late at nights,—  
Them things the fellers do.

Then mind your dad don't pay the bill  
For suppers and the like;  
Nor liv'ry every time you will  
Some pleasure out the pike.

And foot ball, base ball, hazin' too;  
Them games is awful rough,  
Now don't you let me hear of you  
Goin' with them boys that's tough.

An' runnin's awful on the heart;  
Don't run and jump and skate."  
An' then I tell him here's his start  
To make a man of state.

Them Jones' boys they did no good,  
Jest learn to jump an' run,  
An' play basket ball — I guess they could!  
They jest went there for fun.

But I tell John he'll cut that out  
An' spend his time with books.  
He'll show them all what he's about —  
Not carin' for his looks.

But he'll jest peg ahead each day;  
Learn them a thing or two.  
No one will stand in our John's way  
For boys like him is few.

3.

Some years have passed since we begun  
To educate our boy.  
I tell you were it not my son  
I'd count it little joy.

Nobody knows jest how we worked  
— his dear old ma an' me;  
We never onet our duty shirked  
When he sent for a V.

He says a feller's got to care  
A little for his looks,  
Or every place he goes they'll stare  
— It's not all in the books.

How often, too, we sent him checks,  
An' still he wanted more  
— But then I think the other sex  
Was having fun galore.

An' then of course, it takes some more  
When he in trouble falls:  
Them officers is quite a bore  
For stoppin' all their brawls.

An' when their schemes has reached their cars  
Of postin' bills, you know



Them rascals interferes.

It's plain they're after dough.

Now why should we withhold from him?

Why he's a cracker jack;

He leads 'em all on field an' gym

An' beats 'em on the track.

For downright buckin' John's right there,

When football season comes;

An' all athletic sports, I'll swear

He's got 'em by the thumbs.

+

Now fathers dear, won't you be slack

In starting off your lad?

For when you're on the inside track

It's never half so bad.

An' laddies dear, and lassies too,

When you go off to school

Be sure you're not one of the few

To be the others' tool.

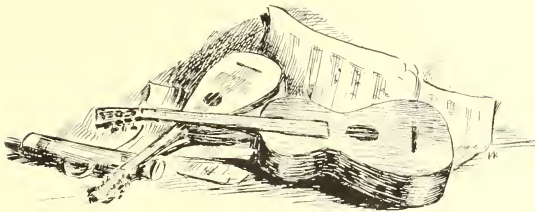
And don't forget where e'er you roam

You'll find some persons true;

But back within that dear old home

They'd give up all for you.

"Mac," '03.



## Milestones In Westminster's History



HERE is no progress without change. The history of any enterprise which has prospered will amply testify to the truth of this saying. So the story of Westminster's progress is but the history of the changes that have taken place in all her departments and regulations. The milestones along her way mark the places where wise plans, or force of circumstances, or perhaps both, have turned her course to one side or another.

If some of her oldest alumni were to come back again, they would find scarcely a trace of the college they left so many years ago. Westminster Collegiate Institute, founded in a wilderness but few years removed from a primeval forest, and which felt herself fortunate in securing a little four-roomed house in which to carry on her work, would not recognize herself now in the garb of a three-story college building, well equipped Science Hall, and Gymnasium, with the beautiful, smooth, green campus surrounding the whole, and a Ladies' Hall shining over all like a beacon light, from its high hill.

In some of her regulations there has been decided change. The liberty ladies and gentlemen now have of mingling together, both in the class rooms and in social affairs, would no doubt shock the old-time Faculty. The rule forbidding ladies and gentlemen visiting each others Literary Societies without special permission, gives some idea of the care with which the sexes were kept apart in those days. Progress has been made by giving greater freedom to students in this respect, as in many others.

Westminster has enlarged her borders many times in the last fifty years, and in no case is this more noticeable than in the increase of her Faculty and the enlargement of her curriculum. For almost twenty years after the founding of the college in 1852, the Faculty consisted of half a dozen members who gave their lives to the work and grew old with it. They comprised in themselves Classical, Scientific, and Literary courses; manufactured and managed their own chemical, physical, and botanical laboratories, and did, each one, what would now be called two men's work. The idea in those days, of a college education seemed to be that of a man who said his ideal of a University was a student on one end of a log and Johns Hopkins on the other. Truly Westminster's success is largely due to the far-seeing broad-mindedness and the large-heartedness of the man who laid deep her foundations in honesty, truth, and right principles. The old time pupils will always hold in loving remem-

brance the memory of such men as Drs. Vincent and McLean, Mehard and Black, as well as others, who by the example of their own splendid characters, as well as the force of their trained intellects, taught them lessons of right-living at the same time that they impressed upon them the importance of clear thinking. The catalogue of studies issued in those days seems very meagre when compared with that of the present. Great stress was laid on the Classical course, the Scientific course was then but in its infancy, and the Literary course was not even dreamed of, while Music, Art, etc., were in a very elementary stage. The principle change in the list of studies consists rather in addition than omission. With the increase in number of subjects studied, came a corresponding growth of the teaching force, which is now more than twice as large as the first Faculty.

As an enlarging curriculum demanded additions to the corps of instructors, so it also called for a larger equipment, and this has resulted in the erection of several buildings. During the early days of the college, the chemical laboratory was placed in the room now occupied by the Art department, and if not a "basket of bottles and a bag of bones," its modest array of apparatus could almost have been packed into the aforesaid basket. The Gymnasium was the room beside the laboratory part of which is now used as the library. The connection between the laboratory and the gymnasium seems always to have been a very close one, for when it began to be feared that the students of chemistry, in their eager pursuit of the invisible atom, were more than likely to fire the building, during some interesting experiment, the whole department was moved over to the new gymnasium building, where rooms were provided for its accommodation. By reason of the rapid growth in the study of the sciences and by the liberality of friends, the present Science Hall which is well equipped for scientific work, was built in 1893. The Gymnasium has not fared so well, and is yet waiting for a liberal hand to raise it out of its present uncomfortable and crowded condition.

Erection of the Ladies' Hall in 1886 was another important addition. Before this date, the number of girls attending college was very small, and they had been forced to obtain lodging at private houses in the village. After the Hall was built, the number rapidly increased until now, even its capacity is sometimes taxed. With the advent of the Conservatory of Music, came a great advance in the study of this Art as well as that of Painting.

Westminster's growth, though gradual, has been steady and assuredly for the better, though there are those who still blindly chant the praises of the good old times of their fathers. But any one studying the history of the college cannot fail to see that her "new" times are better than the old. May she ever, choosing wisely from the things of the past, take the best from them and add thereto the best of the present, thus widening and broadening her influence until it is felt to the ends of the earth.

M. E. S., '03.



WHEN THE HUNTING SEASON OPENS.

## A Hymn of the Hall



It was many and many a year ago,  
On a high and sunny hill,  
That a mansion was built, which you may know,  
For it stands there firmly still.  
Of this mansion the legends and stories and songs  
Full many a volume would fill.

Its inmates! We sigh for a Shakespeare's sweet tongue,  
Or a Nestor's honeyed phrase,  
Or a voice to sing as Homer has sung  
In beautiful Helen's praise;  
But after all they're only maids,  
Just maids in words and ways.

The maidens are ruled by the tap of the bell  
Both morning, noon, and night;  
When dawn's approach the bell's tones tell,  
They rise from slumber bright.  
And would they, did the gong not sound,  
Feel hunger's pangs?— Oh well!

When the night has drawn her curtains down  
And lights have blinked—at ten,  
The studious girl, without a frown,  
Lays down her book or pen;  
The bell's tap calls to sweet repose;  
If heeded not— what then?

In one dark nook a candle glows;  
A maid is making fudge,  
A knock— alas, that knock she knows!  
The maid's afraid to budge.  
The tabor's snuffed; the maiden dreams;  
Her rest we'll not begrudge.

In other rooms the midnight oil  
Burns to the wee, small hours;  
Some girls who are aversed to toil  
Ride ponies— Vengeance lovers!  
For some, delight in work well done  
Their love of fun o'erpowers.

But often to this mansion high  
Come many youths apace:  
With maidens then they chat and sigh  
For five brief minutes' space:  
When, all too soon, they must depart  
Or see stern Justice's face.

And so it goes — the Hall's gay life,  
Amid delights and dances:  
'Twixt maid and maid there's little strife  
As hastening time advances.  
Much joy — there are so few real woes —  
The Hall girl's life entrances.

"THOMAS.



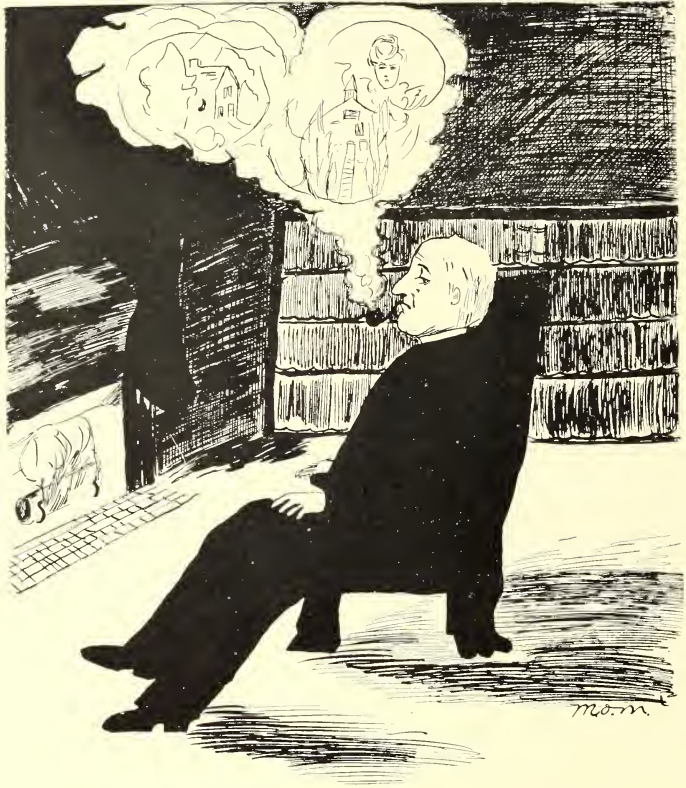
LADIES' HALL.

## “Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled”



- “Μη ταρασσέσθω ἡρῶν ἡ Κυρῶνα.”  
*How sweet to the ear is the sound !*
- “Μη ταρασσέσθω ἡρῶν ἡ Κυρῶνα.”  
*Telling that grace doth abound.*
- “Μη ταρασσέσθω ἡρῶν ἡ Κυρῶνα.”  
*You are the children of God.*
- “Μη ταρασσέσθω ἡρῶν ἡ Κυρῶνα.”  
*Hope for the dead 'neath the sod.*
- “Μη ταρασσέσθω ἡρῶν ἡ Κυρῶνα.”  
*Trust in the Father above.*
- “Μη ταρασσέσθω ἡρῶν ἡ Κυρῶνα.”  
*God is a God of love.*
- “Μη ταρασσέσθω ἡρῶν ἡ Κυρῶνα.”  
*Jesus from sin doth save.*
- “Μη ταρασσέσθω ἡρῶν ἡ Κυρῶνα.”  
*Christ hath conquered the grave*

R. W. Y., '05.



PIPE DREAM

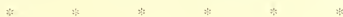


## A Pipe Dream



HE shaded lamp threw a mellow glow over the artistically furnished den in which Dick Waywin sat. He had entered the room a half hour before and had thrown himself into an easy chair before the fire, as he dropped his skates from his half-numb fingers. The warmth of the fire and the solace of his pipe made him drowsy and with his eyes riveted on the dancing flames, he saw castles and figures and grotesque shapes, and he dreamed and built air castles as he had done ever since he could remember. To-night, however, his fancies had taken another turn, for had not his tutor told him recently that next year he would be ready for the University, the acme of his ambition? Even now he could fancy himself among such fellows as were his brother's classmates and could almost hear their rollicking songs and shouts and could almost know the delights of a college man.

Mr. Waywin, Dick's father, was a wealthy broker of New York, and all that money could obtain, he had given to his two sons. Nothing was wanting to give them pleasure — their home was luxurious, their associates from among the best families of New York, they had traveled to their hearts' content, and now it was time for Dick to complete his education at the University.



Weary and worn from a hard day's work, the old man dropped unsteadily into his arm chair and lit his pipe. His face was furrowed with care and hardships and his snow-white hair told only too well the number of winters that had passed over him leaving their trace on his once brown locks. We can scarcely recognize in this man the Dick Waywin of fifty years ago, yet it is he. To-night as he brooded over the fire, his head was dizzy and his heart-beats feeble; he realized that he was old and that life had been a failure. This was not the first time he had communed thus with himself, but never before had the picture of his past seemed so darkly tinted, nor never before had he given up hope for the future years.

He leaned his head against the back of his chair and, closing his eyes, he let memories come and go. It hardly seemed possible that over two score years had passed since he had left his eastern home and had come west. He thought

bitterly of the days of toil and the months of incessant labor that had been his lot for years past. The ranch which he had purchased had not been successful; the water supply had been low for years; his cattle were not many now for he had lost heavily from those animals which he had preserved through the bleak winter by sheer desperation.

With each puff of his pipe, his thoughts rambled on and on over the past years, and as the smoke curled from his lips and rose in the air, the spun thread of his life unwound before him. One by one the memories came and paused for him to contemplate and then passed on and seemed to dissolve with the smoke in mid air. He thought of the life he and his brother had led in the west—how different, he mused, from the life they had known before. He thought of their western trip; of the brave hearts that had tried to win in spite of difficulties. He thought of his brother's marriage and the few bright years that had followed. Fate had been kind at first but again she had turned fickle, and as Dick thought of those dreary days when his brother's wife had died, leaving the little three-year old Hope to be their sole comfort and encouragement, he took one long pull at his pipe as if to ease his aching heart.

The little Hope was grown to womanhood now and in the hearts of the two men she reigned supreme. All they had done had been for her that she might know the comforts of life as they had known them. But they had failed! Ah, bitterly did Dick realize this. Now they were old and life was almost done and Hope—he dared not think of her future.

He let his mind revert to former things. He could fancy himself again at his father's bedside, watching in the room when death stood on the threshold coming to claim his own. He remembered how his heart had ached and how he had tried to be brave for the sake of his broken-hearted mother. Then had come the news of his father's failure in business and at one sweep their property had been taken away and then, silently, as a flower drops its petals and is no more, his mother had passed away, leaving her two sons alone with an unknown future.

Those happy days had come and gone, he could not help but muse a little about them.

He remembered—it was but yesterday—those years when cares and anxieties had never intruded, but where ease and enjoyment had run riot; where mother and father had been and when peace and luxury had ruled their home. He remembered how anxiously he had waited till he was ready for the University and then—he was there, living again those pleasant college days with their work and their play. He was in his room again, discussing the probable outcome of the approaching foot ball game with their greatest rivals. He was at the game on that great gala day, wild with enthusiasm, rushing up and down,

yelling his throat hoarse, enjoying with all his freshman heart those great heroes of the game who had won the victory, those giants of brawn and muscle who were fitted to bring laurels for their Alma Mater.

One by one the memories came in rapid succession. He was at a regatta: again he was being hazed or was with his roommate on some lark. Now he was at a banquet given by his brother's friends for some of the new students. He could hear the sorrows with which the evening closed and the toasts that had been given; he could see each face as he had seen it that night, lit up by the growing lights and sparkling with the joy that filled each soul. He forgot that very few of those friends were on earth now for was he not with the boys as he remembered them? A toast was proposed to which he was to respond. He felt that all eyes were upon him, his hands trembled and his knees shook and with one mighty effort he tried to rise as he had done that night but his heart fluttered strangely; a slight tremor ran through him—then another and then—infinite peace came to him and he was with those boys whom he had dreamed of and so longed for.

Thus Hope found him. She gazed in his face in silence, touched by the expression of wondrous contentment and she realized that he had passed away as silently as the embers had died out in his pipe.

E. E. Q., '05.



## A Case



**H**E was a Mr. Clayton Clay. She was a Miss Clarissa Cling. Both He and She arrived in New Wilmington at the same Fateful moment, namely 11:30 o'clock on the first Wednesday of the second week of September, 1902. For three days following, these two Young Things lived on in the same town unknown to each other, then Friday night happened along and its succeeding Train of events.

Friday night in New Wilmington is Reception night. At this time most everybody in that humble Burg becomes acquainted with most every other body. And what a lot of Bodies there are! Old acquaintances should not be forgotten; but if on the next day you don't happen to recognize one you are excusable. The extenuating Circumstances of the previous night will let you out.

Right here is where many a Heartache begins. For next morning some fair Co-ed on Her way to the Postoffice meets a Boy. He tips; Mercury drops. Farther up She sights another Boy. "Surely," she thinks, "there's the Boy who helped me put together the pieces of that Lemon Froth Cake-Icing receipt last night." She nods, and smiles; but it wasn't He. Sudden arrival of Warm Wave. This experience follows Reception night just as sure as Shootin'. 'Tis a pity that it is so; yet so it is.

In the case of our Hero and Heroine, however, such was not the case. They affinitized at the first Interview. Found out ever so many things on which they agreed, and disagreed just enough to be interesting to one another. The gods were indeed kind to this particular case. He was a Freshman; so was She, therefore no class rivalry could spring up to agitate the unruffled surface of their Mutual esteem. Yes, all things were lovely. They were both together in one place, and in one accord. What more could be desired?

They, apparently, were entirely satisfied, for that night (Friday night), the Boy took the Girl home — i. e., the Ladies' Hall. On the way over He made a Date for the next coming Event, and thereafter made all other Dates in the same way — The Way Over.

But the next Event occurred to each one singly and undated. The Boy fell in with a Rude Crowd, whose members persuaded Him by force to play Tag with the Fire-flies which flew about on the Athletic Field. There under the cold glittering light of the Twinking Stars He took His first open-air lesson in College Gymnastics, that was Saturday night.

The same night witnessed a like performance in an upper room of the Hall. A show similar in Spirit, but dissimilar in Letter. The Girl had delightedly

accepted an invitation to a Spread; but soon found that she was the main Lay-out. The leading Lights in this Frolic placed the Poor Innocent in the center of the room; tied Her hands behind Her back, and prevailed upon Her to assume a kneeling attitude on the floor, with Her knees resting across a Broomstick. About two feet away a Pin was stuck in the carpet. From this comfortable position our Heroine, just about the time that our Hero was bringing His Stunt to a grand Finish, was reaching forward vainly trying to bite off the Head of the Pin to the great glee of the giggling Gang about Her.

Saturday night ended. Both remained alive to tell the Tale, tho' they never did. Some other mean thing attended to that.

However, the regularly arranged for Date did come off, and many others followed. People began to wonder and to talk. He was a hard case: She was a queer case: Their's was a bad Case. Indeed, some Folks went two degrees further, and said it was the Worst Case ever known. But this did not affect the Case.

No, It pursued the Even Tenor of Its way thro' Fall, Winter and Spring. Football and Junior Orations afforded opportunity for the Case to develop a vigorous growth. Basket ball, and Sleighing gave an added zest to It. Base Ball, and Afternoon Walks in the balmy Spring air almost made the Case a never ending One.

Alas! It was not so to be. The sad words of the Poet — "It might have been" — seem here fittingly to Slide in. The Case which afortime walked a Path strewn with stone Slabs and railroad ties, suddenly stumbled and suffered a severe Jolt.

The cause of the stumbling happened along about the first day of Commencement week in the shape of the Girl's Fellow from back Home. Here, while the Boy was straining every nerve, and His bank account, too, buying Chocolate Chips and Reserved Seat tickets, etc., to keep ahead in the Race, this Unknown was hanging on in His rear with the easy stride of One Letter per Week answered just as often. When the Fellow made His appearance the Girl (looking ahead to "the Good old Summer time") signaled for him to take the Pole. Of course the Boy was knocked out of the Running.

This was very sad. Commencement week being the one in which Cases are considered all day long, our Hero naturally looked forward to it. Little wonder, then, that the Girl's Inconsideraton jarred Him. Fortunately the jar broke the Spell. He judged that here was a Case which would not be held over to the next Term. Therefore He called the Case, and assuming the role of Juror, Judge and Plaintiff found the Defendant guilty. And thus another Case was settled.

All this took place in the year 1902 and '03. But 1902 is no exception, the year 1852-53 probably saw the same thing, and so too, shall the year 1952-53.

L. '06.

## Mottos For Class Rooms



Dr. Campbell.

"Save himself who can."

Prof. Hewetson.

"By associating with wise people you become wise yourself."

Miss Knott.

"He who falls to-day may rise to-morrow."

Prof. Shaffer.

"Every day brings its sorrows."

Prof. Martin.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Prof. McGill.

"Beyond all the peaks is rest."

Miss Hodgens.

"I, too, am a painter."

Prof. Freeman.

"All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Prof. Shott.

"Omniscient am I not; though I know much."

Miss Acheson.

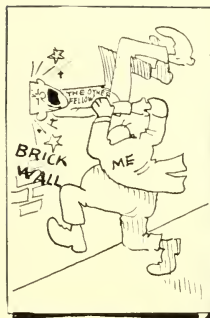
"Such is the way to the stars."

Miss Warner.

"Learn, girls, virtue and true labor from me."

Prof. Peterson.

"As the elders sing, so will the young ones twitter."



ROBERT MITH









## Another Rip Van Winkle



(With apologies to Diedrich Nickerbocker.)



IT was Indian Summer. A blue haze hung on the distant hills, and the sunlight slanted downward on the yellow and gold of the forest leaves. A spirit of quiet and rest and perfect peace pervaded the soft air, all nature seemed to be calling one to come out into the fields and woods, and enjoy a perfect autumn day.

Along one of the roads leading from the village, trudged John Holt, member of the class of '06. With his sturdy form held erect, he walked briskly onward, keenly alive to the beauty of the autumn scenery. Thoughts of unlearned lessons and poor recitations were driven from his mind as he gazed upon the panorama of hill and dale spread out before him. Here close by stood a small tree, its leaves turned flaming red by the magic of the frost king; off to his right was a group of trees more somber in their coloring; and still farther away a great giant, stripped of his leaves sooner than his fellows, lifted his bare limbs to the sky.

Presently Holt vaulted over the low fence that bounded the roadway, and struck out across the open fields toward the forest-clad hills that rose before him. On he went over meadow land, and through a corn field, where brown cornshocks stood in rows; then across a little brook and through a strip of woodland, and so on till he paused to regain his breath near the edge of the woods that crowned the hill top. He stood for some time gazing back over the path by which he came; then he turned and made his way among the trees. He pushed on into the woods till he came to a secluded spot, and here he threw himself down on a bed of moss to rest awhile after his long tramp. Lighting a cigar he began to smoke, but soon the quiet of the woods, broken only by the low song of the wind blowing through a pine tree near by, made him feel drowsy. His head began to nod, the cigar stump dropped from his fingers, he stretched out at full length upon the moss-covered earth, and was soon borne away to the land of slumber.

\* \* \* \* \*

A sigh escaped from the sleeping figure, and as he slowly came back to consciousness Holt rubbed his eyes and sat erect. As he rose to his feet and stretched his stiffened limbs, he glanced at the sun, and gave an exclamation of surprise for he saw that it was but little past mid-day.

"Gee! I must have slept here all night," he said to himself. "I guess I'd better pull for home or they'll have a searching party out for me."

He made his way to the edge of the woods, and stood for a moment looking at the strangely unfamiliar scene that met his gaze. Everything was changed from the day before. The fields near at hand were cleaner and better cultivated, more houses had sprung up, and off in the distance where the day before he had left a village, the smoke of a city arose. He pressed his hand

to his head as if to expel some bad dream, and then began to retrace his steps of the previous day.

As he came out upon the high-road and made his way along it, vehicles of various kinds passed him; and almost invariably the occupants of these vehicles stared at him and smiled. Some even made chafing remarks; but he paid no attention to these, but kept steadily on his way.

Soon Holt found himself entering the outskirts of the city which seemed to have sprung up in the night like Jonah's gourd. As he went farther into the city he made his way to the place where, as near as he could tell, the house in which he had roomed had stood. But it was gone. In its place was a cold, inhospitable-looking business block. He stood staring in utter bewilderment, unable to understand the changes that had taken place on every hand. Insanity—the thought came to him with crushing force. Could all these things be but the vagaries of a disordered mind? No, the changes had actually taken place. They were realities.

Finally he accosted a passerby and asked to be directed to the college.

"The college? What college?" Asked the man.

"Why Westminster college, of course," replied Holt, somewhat nettled by the others manner.

"O! You mean the University. The main buildings are at the corner of Market Street and Fifth Avenue. Go four blocks further on, then cross to the first street to your left."

Soon he stood on the campus gazing at the magnificent buildings that stood where he had been accustomed to see only the "Old College," the red brick science hall, and the gym. Around him a crowd soon gathered, pushing and elbowing to get a glance at the stranger who was attired in such queer old clothes, and who talked so strangely.

At this point a keen-eyed little man, the head of the law department of the University, elbowed his way into the crowd and began to question Holt.

"What's your name?" he began.

"John Holt," was the answer.

"Where are you from?" was the next question.

"I am from here—that is—I mean I was from here yesterday but I don't know where I'm from to-day."

A few more questions brought out Holt's story. He hadn't much to tell. The day before he had gone out into the woods and fallen asleep, and to-day he had awakened and returned to find everything changed.

An old citizen who had pushed his way into the crowd, on hearing the name John Holt, stepped forward and said, "I knew John Holt, he was a member of the class of '06. He suddenly disappeared from here about—let me see—yes, it's twenty years ago, and has never been heard of since."

He leaned forward and peered into the wrinkled, unshaven face of the stranger, and said, "Yes, that's Holt. Where have you been all these years, Mr. Holt?"

It was soon explained. To Holt the twenty years had seemed but a night, twenty years had passed as twenty-four hours. Then he began to inquire for old friends and acquaintances.

"Where is Dr. Ferguson?" was his first question.

"He resigned twenty years ago, and is living a retired life. He is respected by the whole student body. Only last night a reception was given in honor of the Doctor and his wife."

"Is Prof. Freeman still here?" he then asked.

"Yes, he is still with us," was the answer. "He has become famous all over the world as the discoverer of the new element, explosuranium."

"And Miss Knott?"

"Alas! She's Knott no more."

"What about Prof Hewetson?" Holt then asked.

"All anti-fat remedies having failed to reduce his excess of flesh, he was forced to give up all his active class room duties but he still directs the affairs of the English department.

"What has become of Prof Shaffer?"

"After years of patient effort to instill some inkling of mathematical knowledge into the minds of the members of the class of '08, he was attacked by derangement of mind, brought on, the physicians say, by the realization of the futility of his endeavors. After a period of confinement in an insane asylum, death freed him from his afflictions."

"Where's Prof. McGill, is he dead too?"

"No, poor man, he's married," some one answered. "He was forced to give up his work because of an attack of insomnia."

"What has become of Prof. Shott?"

"Since inventing the new instrument for weighing electricity, known as the Shottmeter, he has retired to private life, and is now occupied mainly with domestic duties."

"What is Dr. Campbell doing?"

"He has gone into politics. He was one of the most noted republican speakers in the last presidential campaign. At present he holds the responsible position of Justice of the Peace."

"And Miss Acheson, what is she doing?"

"She has been travelling in this country and in Europe, for some time past."

"Miss Hodgens, I suppose is here yet?"

"Yes, but she doesn't teach any more. All her time is spent in illustrating the Holcad, The Westminster Review, The Argo, and the other publications of the University."

"Is Miss Brownlee still at the Hall?"

"She has control of all three of the large dormitories that are found where the Hall once stood."

"What has become of Prof. Martin?"

"He is now hard at work securing material for his new book on the Latin verb."

"Is Perry Kuhn still living?"

"Yes, and he gives promise of being with us many years yet. He retired from active service about eight years ago, and was pensioned for long and meritorious service."

And so Holt went on down through the whole list, asking about each member of the old Faculty, and many others he had known. All this time the name of a certain maiden had been uppermost in his mind, and finally he gathered courage to inquire for her. His lips moved but no sound came from them, they refused to form her name, and choking down a lump in his throat, Holt hurried on to ask some other questions.

Finally he turned his eyes once more to the towers of the great buildings before him; then he asked the way to the station, and heaving a sigh, moved slowly and sorrowfully away.

S. B. M., '07.

## Great Was the Fall



The boy sat in the Latin room  
Whence all but him had fled.  
The flames that mark the flunker's doom  
Kept licking 'round his head.  
Yet beautiful and brave he sat  
As flunking was his rule,  
A creature lazy, dull, and fat,  
Compelled to go to school.

The day rolled on, he did not go,  
But sat and looked at space.  
That teacher, faint with one so slow,  
Glared at him from his place  
He called aloud: "Say fellow, say,  
Is yet thy task not done?"  
He knew not that the paper lay  
With none correct but one.

He shouted but once more aloud,—  
"Oh! How long must I stay?"  
When lo; to join his jolly crowd,  
The weary boy made way.  
He creased the paper with a groan,  
And sighing passed it in.  
That Prof. left in the room alone,  
Could not forbear a grin.


There came a card to tell the tale.  
The boy — Oh! Where was he?  
His father went to get the mail,  
His grade was forty-three.  
Wasted was the father's care,  
Repentance was sincere,  
But the noblest thing that perished there  
Was that boy's school career.

07.



## Westminster Canvassing Boys



N the morning after commencement a surrey containing four students drove rapidly away from the hotel of a college town. A steady, drizzling rain was making the roads sloppy; and the gray clouds, which seemed to hover just overhead, made the day dark and gloomy. But the occupants of the surrey did not glance back at the town they were just leaving—that place in which they had spent nine jolly care-free months,—nor did they give it hardly one passing thought. Despite the rain and muddy roads they laughed and talked in the highest spirits. Were they not going to Cayuga County, New York, to spend their vacation canvassing for F. B. Dickerson & Co., of Detroit, Michigan? Was not the company they represented as safe as Gibraltar, and was not the book the greatest seller of the times? After sixty days of delightful work, during which time they would be received with wide-open arms by the good citizens of that state, they would return to school with purses overflowing with money, laden down with the profits of a successful summer's work. Thus they started on this great business adventure. There could not possibly be a mistake. There was no such word as failure.

After a drive of about five miles they changed conveyances, and, joined by two more school mates at the station, were whirled northward on the train. Two days were spent on the trip but they passed all too quickly for the boys, and almost before they could realize it, they landed in the county seat of one of the central counties of New York. During the entire journey the same jovial spirit prevailed. Care was completely banished. The unaccustomed scenes of the country through which they were traveling occupied their minds and prevented any anxious thoughts about the future from marring the pleasure of the trip.

But when the afternoon had been spent in viewing the sights of the town and the little group met again in the station, there was a slightly different expression on their faces. They were not playing pranks on one another and laughing and joking as they had during the trip. Instead they walked uneasily up and down the platform. They realized now that in a short time they must separate and each go to his field of labor. This fact aroused them from their dream that all would be fair sailing, and caused sober looks in spite of the joyful appearance each tried to assume. Soon the "all aboard" sounded and the first would-be agent to depart, reluctantly tore himself from the handclasps of his mates and stood gazing back at them as the train rapidly bore him away. As he thought that perhaps he would not see a single person he knew during the entire summer, he saw that the venture was not altogether a delightful pleasure outing, and it was with a very lonesome feeling that he gazed out upon the now dull scenery. As every moment carried him farther away it also increased the gloom on his face.



Although such a parting had not been anticipated, there were other disappointments soon to come. They passed through what our hero had imagined to be a good sized village, but instead an isolated station appeared. Another name on the map, which he had supposed to be a charming little town, was only a very small station. And the next stop was his destination! He found himself at a similar small station, with the lake on one side and a high bluff on the other, up over which led the road. He inquired for the town and was informed that it was back over the hill, two miles away, and the stage did not meet the evening train. There was but one thing to do. To walk up the hill and try to get lodging for the night. After passing by several rather shiftless looking places he summoned courage to ask to remain for the night. Instead of the wide-open arms, he was received with much suspicion, but after a consultation between the farmer and his wife he was allowed to stay.

The next morning he established headquarters in the town, wrote some letters and started out in the afternoon to make a few canvasses. He went to three houses without any success, although he had followed instructions to the letter, employed all the tricks he knew, and talked 'till he was completely winded and almost black in the face. He returned to his room tired, hungry, and very much downhearted, although he had received the encouraging information that he knew his story all right, that the book was no doubt a good one, and that there were lots of old women around there who would perhaps be fools enough to buy it. The next day was one of the longest Sabbaths he ever spent. All afternoon he lay on the bed in a vain attempt to sleep, while equally vain longings for home and friends filled his mind. He had pushed himself out into the world and must either sink or swim.

Determined at least to keep afloat he set out the next morning for a week's work. The agonies of that first week can never be expressed. To walk all day along the hot dusty roads; to enter house after house and encounter equally hot tongued women; to meet the attacks upon his book, his occupation, and his past life in general; and to beat a graceful retreat when the boiling point was reached by either party, taxed his abilities to the utmost. At the end of the first week his air castle had vanished. The surplus gold which could be gathered together in that country by canvassing for his book had taken an unspeakable remoteness. He faced the fact that he would have to hustle to ever make enough to pay his car-fare home from the forsaken country.

Still hoping for better luck, he continued week after week, every day crowded with dismal adventures, a history-making epoch in his life. Long before the time set for making his scanty deliveries, he began to look forward to the time when he could turn his back on such a miserable occupation, and be a respectable, civilized being once more.

Contrary to his expectations he was richer in experiences than in gold. These were some of his riches. He had worked hard, had been turned down times without number, reproved and rebuked often. Four hundred times, if at all, he had been called upon to defend the reputation and worth of his book from ruin. Five times he was assailed by hungry dogs, thrice he was forcibly ejected from dwellings, twice he chose his own resting place, and once he was pursued by an infuriated man armed with a pitchfork.

At last the long-looked-for time arrived, and our book agent boarded the train for his homeward journey. The swiftly moving train seemed barely to creep, so eager was he to reach home. In a short time he was travelling among the hills of his own state, and finally he alighted at his native town a wiser, if not richer, man.

'07.

Lost:—The following letter. If the member of the class of '08 who wrote it will call at the office it will be duly returned.

New Wilmington, Pa., October 9, '04.

Dear Ma:—

I got your letter last week. I always know when I get your letters for nobody else ever writes to me except Susie and I haint got a letter from her yet. It was awefully lonesome up hear at first but it haint now. Say Ma wont you send me 2 dollars to get a new hat? Mine old one haint big enough any more.

Our boys beat Grove City in foot ball yesterday. I like foot ball. I think I'll make the team before the season is over. My position is hunch-back. Oh ma you ought ter see the celebration we had. All the boys got horns and cow-bells and we all went over to the hennery, that's where they keep the girls and we built a big bonfire, and the boys got me to sing a song, then all the girls claped their hands at me. All the girls always smile at me when they see me. I guess its because Im so popular. Its nice to be popular. I'm taking dutch this turn. I have a good stand in with my teacher. She always laufs when I resite, and all the girls and boys laufs too.

I steady latin. Its awefully hard. The boys told me if I would get a pony and ride it would be dead easy. I didn't see how that would make my latin any easier. But they told me the Profs. always rode and if I wanted a stand in Id havt to ride two. And I asked them what kind of poneys they rode. And one fellow said that the best were those imported by Hinds and Noble. Some of the Seniors told me that the well water was bad and they never drank it. So I drink only milk. Its about 8 o'clock so I must go to bed. Good night

Your duetiful sun,

Willie.

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#### ANOTHER LETTER.

New Wilmington, Pa., October 20, '04.

Dear Ma:—

Thanks for the 2 dollars. I couldn't get a hat in the town big enough so I went to New castle. They dont keep anything over 8½ in hats hear. Im getting along beautifully in a social way. I have joined the Mission Class and the Westminster Athletic Association. I joined the Philo Society weak before last. The boys were all after me to join there society but none of the girls asked me and I just thought that if they didn't want me that they didn't have to have me.

I spoke a peace last Monday night. I forgot every word of it. As soon as I got up I set down and the critiks said I ought ter comit my peace before I got up. Say ma you ask pa if he ever went snipe hunting. Its awefully nice. I was out last night only we didn't get any snipes. The boys let me hold the sack and I thot it was weal nice of them. But I got awefully lonesome out in the woods and I got scared and ran home before they drove the snipe in. I didn't go to church to-day. I ain't well. Im never well on Sunday. Well I must close and go to dinner. My but I like dinner on Sunday. We uns all do. Good by

Your loving Sun

Willie.

P. S. Dont forget to feed my Ginea Pig. Tell Susie if she dont write I wont love her any more.

# CHRONOLOGICAL CALENDAR



1904 SEPTEMBER 1904

SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
26	27	28	29	30			



msm

MARCH



- March 1. Recital by Misses Speer and Warner.
2. Jack McKay goes to all classes.
  3. Senior-Junior basket ball game. Score 25-11.
  4. Senior orations.
  5. Basket ball game that wasn't played.
  6. Chapel service conducted by Rev. P. L. Corbin.
  7. Cap positively affirms that his case is further along than any one in the school.
  8. No electric lights; sad students, they have to go to bed early.
  9. Soph-Fresh basket ball game. Score 27-10.
  11. Wash woman gets sick; boys try their hand at washing.
  12. The Fresh-Senior basket ball game. Score 17-10.
  13. Gym class exhibition.
  14. After an interesting week, the following item came out in the Globe:  
"Some of the hen roosts around town have had to suffer during the winter from persons who have no keen sense of the rights of property. It would be a good thing if some of these chicken thieves could be captured and made examples of. A chicken thief has as much right to feel the penalty of the law as a horse thief. There is no difference between the two except in the size and value of the animal."
  16. Fadettes, Woman's orchestra of Boston.
  17. Declamation contest. First prize, L. O. Thompson.
  18. "The hot weather so affected the rails on the Sharpsville Railroad that a rail twisted 45 degrees out of line was discovered between New Wilmington and the Junction. It was repaired before the train passed over it."
  19. Students leave for spring vacation.

 APRIL 
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- April 5. Sharpville Flyer arrives fifteen minutes late bringing back students.
6. New Post Office. Awestruck students standing in wide-mouthed amazement.
7. Wash out. Everybody takes to the tall timbers.
8. Miss Brownlee orders that young men shall not sit on the stairs nor stand on the Hall porch.
9. Doctor encourages new students to use the dark room.
10. Love goes to church.
11. Sharpville late again.
12. Social at the U. P. Church.
13. Milton delivers a spiel on cigarette smoking.
14. Newt Tannehill buys ten cents worth of cubebs.
15. Emmett McBride violates orders and seeks a secluded nook at the Hall.
16. "Darkey Town" at the Adelpfic Society.
17. It rains and nobody goes to church.
18. "Lend me five shillings." I never got mine back.
19. Harry McAuley in search of a girl.
20. Doc. Campbell. "What is sin?" "Chief end of man."
21. Henderson catches a sucker on the wrong end of the pole.
22. McBride gets a hair cut ! ! !
23. Our fellows win first place in the races at Philadelphia.
24. The woods entice lovers of Arbutus.
25. Mr. Gearhart gives a lecture.
26. "Buzz" decides to get a diamond.
27. Rudolph becomes a regular visitor at the Hall.
28. Crowd goes to sugar camp. Remarks, "It was the sweetest spooning I ever did."
29. McCown makes a spiel on the Xenia conference.
30. Base ball game at Geneva. We lose.

		<b>MAY</b>	
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- May 1. T. R. Patterson cracks a smile!
2. Everybody takes a stroll up the Sharpsville.
  3. Dodger decides to miss dinner for a chance to go to the Hall.
  4. Right smart shower, but several devoted couples promenade.
  5. Base ball game; Bethany, 0; Westminster, 2.
  6. '07 gives a reception to '05. Green the prevailing color.
  7. Base ball game at Waynesburg. Full moon, bad omen, we lose.
  8. Stranahan drops two buttons in the collection basket.
  9. Lack of spoonholders greatly felt.
  10. Cap visits the Hall.
  11. Warnock wins first place in the Inter-collegiate Contest.
  12. Charlie Peairs does a double shuffle.
  13. Happy Orr has an "explosion of a blood vessel in his eye."
  14. McKay attends all classes again!
  15. Milo Cox goes to Y. P. C. U! !
  16. We're to get a new gym.
  17. W. and J. base ball game.
  18. Amphion Quartette, quite a treat.
  19. Hall girls '04 give an "At Home."
  20. Geneva base ball game.
  21. Nothing worthy of record, everybody saws wood.
  22. The sun shines brightly, fine walking on the Sharpsville.
  23. Wash out on the line.
  24. New song in chapel, No. 12.
  25. It rains.
  26. It rains again.
  27. The much needed rain has arrived.
  28. Base ball game, Grove City vs. Westminster.
  29. Love doesn't feel well. Goes to church again.
  30. McBride's new crop is a promising one.
  31. The rain spoils our procession.

	JUNE	
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- June 1. Seniors enjoy their vacation.
2. It rains.
  3. Base ball game, Westminster vs. Slippery Rock.
  4. Everybody crams for exams.
  5. Sabbath.
  6. Base ball game, Westminster vs. Grove City.
  7. Argo arrives.
  8. Special music in chapel, No. 12.
  9. Misery ends.
  10. Junior contest. Metz wins.
  11. The ensemble Recital.
  12. 11 A. M. Sermon to Christian Association by Rev. W. W. Lawrence of Bellevue.  
8 P. M. Baccalaureate sermon, Dr. Ferguson.
  13. 2 P. M. Class day exercises.  
8 P. M. Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "Athalie."  
10:30 P. M. Pipe of Peace on the Campus.
  14. 10 A. M. Reunion of Christian Associations.  
8 P. M. Reunion of Class of 1889.  
9:30 P. M. Alumni Banquet.
  15. 10 A. M. Ball game.  
2 P. M. Commencement Oration and Graduating Exercises.  
8 P. M. Contest of Literary Societies.


SEPTEMBER


- September 6. Dr. Ferguson waiting in his office to give entrance exams. He waiteth in vain.
7. Gala day in New Wilmington!! Damp weather with the freshmen.
  8. Fond mammas bring in more freshmen.
  9. 8 P. M. Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception.
  - 9 P. M. The freshies are befuddled with all the new names.
  11. The first letter home, "Dear Ma: — It seems an age since Wednesday noon."
  12. Bobby and Ruth make their first visit of the term to Shaky Hollow.
  13. Coach Hayes arrives.
  14. New student — "Some of you fellows seem to think that I don't know that there is such a thing as 'hunchback' on a foot ball team."
  15. Prof. Martin at the Japanese reception — "When I was young, I was very pretty." Students look incredulous and in the excitement Minnie falls off her chair and Pat picks her up.
  16. Coach Hayes calls at the Hall!!
  17. Miss Bard discovers that in beautifying(?) the Hall, \$363.67 were spent for carpets alone!!
  19. At the Philo-Chresto open meeting it was decided by debate that old bachelors are of more use in the world than old maids. Oh horrors!
  20. Mary McElree, delegate to summer conference at Lake George gives report to the Y. W. C. A.
  21. First corn-roast of the season.
  23. Amid yells of "Ki-Yi-Blue" and "Brek-ek-ek-ex" Manager Fulton with his foot ball giants starts for Morgantown to "do" the University of W. Va.
  24. They didn't "do" them. U. of W. Va., 15, Westminster o.
  25. "Brite and farc"—Went to church.
  26. Dodger at society — "Mr. Chairman, I move that we 'disperse' with the program."
  28. 11 P. M. All serene.
  29. 1 A. M. The sophomores begin to stir.
  - 2:30 A. M. Posters appear all over town — also on the newly frescoed walls of the Hall.
  - 4:30 A. M. Freshies also begin to stir and posters to disappear. Wyatt Campbell and Burgess Ashenhurst start on the war path.
  - 6 A. M. — — — ? ? ! ! !
  - 6 to 12. Perry cleans the chapel windows. The Sophs go to Mercer for a lawyer. Citizens try to compose themselves. "The trial will be Friday afternoon."
  - Midnight. Thirteen ghostly figures bearing a casket and torches wend their way to the Hall, where they conduct funeral services over the remains (?) of Wyatt Campbell.
  30. Trial postponed until October 4.






OCTOBER




- October 1. Foot ball game at Geneva. Score 0-0 in our favor.
3. The beginning of the "rainy week." All "do the Pike" in the gymnasium.
4. 2:30 P. M. The "trial" comes off. Judge, jury, lawyer and plaintiff—Mr. As'enhurst!! Fine of \$5.00 imposed upon each one who took part in the fray.
5. Freshies excited over invitations to a "Huskin' Bee."
6. The fire department called out to extinguish the fire at the "Huskin' Bee."
7. In chapel—Dr. Freeman announcing the "Tree Social" to be given in the Sec. Church—"It never rains but it pours. I hope it will be dry weather next week."  
8 P. M. Dr. Freeman attends the tree social!!!
8. New Brighton A. C. whitewashed by Westminster. Score 75-0.
9. "Present at both."
11. Cap and Laura enjoy usual evening stroll.
12. Prof. Freeman is having his wish. Nothing doing.
13. Prof. Freeman announces that every Junior will be compelled to give an oration this term "unless providentially hindered."
14. Students begin to go home for Field Meet vacation. Sophomores win the relay race.
15. A holiday. Special coach decorated with Westminster banners starts for Pittsburg. W. C. P. wins the game.
16. Students who went home take the day off and don't go to church.
17. The wanderers return.
18. Profs. busy writing zeroes.
19. Winifred Orr recites in English!!
20. Hall girls have a banquet!—Menu—Dried Beef and accessories (?)!!!
21. The faculty in the musical and elocution departments give a recital.
22. Allegheny takes to the woods! Score 76-0.
23. — — walks home from chapel services with — — !!!
24. The Pittsburgh artist (?) assisted by James Veazy scrapes off posters and redecorates the walls of the Hall.
25. Professor Hewetson announces to the English class—"After all Shakespeare is the greatest." Students look dumbfounded.
26. Faculty makes new rules—"No one allowed to go to Grove City in single rigs.
27. Milk wagons and Amish conveyances suddenly become popular.
28. New rules for the Hall girls—"No more trips up town for mail after supper."
29. Emigration wagons set out for Grove City. Emigrants return home hilarious. Score 23-0 in favor of "we."
30. Decevers goes to sleep in church.
31. Bonfire celebration at the Hall.

NOVEMBER

- November 1. Another banquet at the Hall. Menu—Hash. Miss Bard has the nightmare.
2. Concert by the Lulu Tyler Gates Company.
  3. "After all Shakespeare is the greatest." Students diligently take notes.
  4. Bobby and Welch make a hundred yard dash for the library. Bobby gets there first.
  5. Fulton takes his collar to the laundry.
  6. Dr. Freeman puts a penny in the collection basket.
  7. "Are you a "Republican?"
  8. Election day. Wild excitement in the hose cart shed.
  9. Returns received. Teddy wins.
  10. A. C. Mercer recites without asking more than half a dozen questions.
  11. The junior orators begin to settle the problems of the nation.
  12. Foot ball game at Hiram. McDonald and his little satchel in demand. Score 23-0 in our favor.
  13. Beginning of week of prayer for colleges.
  14. "Brite and fare." Walter K. Long smiles! ! !
  15. Doyle studies Latin—by mistake.
  16. Great excitement—caused by the wedding of Rev. Ira Leeper and Miss Bess Whitney, 'oo.
  17. Several Hall girls, desirous of learning their fate sleep on pieces of the Whitney-Leeper wedding cake.
  18. Dr. Willits in his lecture—"Do your best, leave the rest, don't worry." Students resolve to follow his advice, especially the second part.
  19. Westminster plays Grove City at New Castle. Score 0-0 in favor of Westminster. More problems settled by the Junior orators.
  20. Chicken dinner at the Hall.
  21. The "Beatty-Turner Zoo" opened. One of the most valued animals upset its cage and nearly loses its life.
  22. Professor Peterson gives a classical Lecture-Recital for the benefit of the students.
  23. The Staff holds a meeting.
  24. Thanksgiving. Saddest day in all the year—for the turkey; also for the foot ball team. Allegheny wins by a score 6-5.
  25. Bad effect of Thanksgiving—Classes very small. Still more problems settled by the Juniors.
  26. Tetralectic Club holds regular meeting.
  27. First real snowstorm of the season.
  28. Great consternation among occupants of the Hall. The water supply gives out.
  29. Peace restored—water supply on again. Kis Calhoun elected base ball captain, for the 1905 season.
  30. Prof. McGill is away, much to the sorrow (?) of his classes. Locke is elected foot ball captain for next fall.


 DECEMBER
 

- December
1. The Junior decorations disappear from the chapel. Who did it?
  2. And yet again the problems of the nation are discussed.
  3. Ross and his Kitty are nearly drowned. Doyle rescues them.
  4. Once more are we "present at both."
  5. Two Act Comedy, "Nance Oldfield" given in the college chapel by members of the Elocution Department.
  6. Deevers elected foot ball manager for 1905.
  7. Shakespeare is still the greatest, much to the surprise of the English students.
  8. The Staff decides that publishing an "Argo" is — no joke.
  9. More problems and weighty dissertations.
  10. Only fifteen more days till Christmas.
  11. Remember the Sabbath Day.
  12. First basket ball game of the season. Score — Westminster 62, New Castle 11.
  13. The foundations of the earth shaken by last outburst of Junior oratory.
  14. Miss Brownlee goes to prayer meeting!
  15. The very studious ones begin to review for exams.
  16. Mr. Black takes Ella Montgomery to hear the Byron Troubadors.
  17. Sad occasion! ! ! Last day of recitations for fall term.
  18. Did the people who stayed at home from church sleep or cram for exams?
  - 19-20. The same old story — cram, exam, flunk.
  21. Students leave on the "Sharpsville Flyer."
  22. "Home sweet home."
  23. Faculty busy making out reports.
  24. "It was the night before Christmas."
  25. Christmas. It rains and Santa Claus gets stuck in the mud.
  26. Great joy (?) The report cards are received.
  31. Notices received that vacation will be extended until January 9. "The days added to winter vacation will be taken off spring."


JANUARY


- January 1. "Happy New Year."
4. Some few who received no notices come back.
  6. Still more arrive.
  8. Revival services in the Methodist Church.
  9. "The Special" comes and school opens. Lessons assigned! ! ? ? !
  10. Schedules arranged and disarranged.
  11. Dr. Hillis lectures on "Oliver Cromwell."
  12. Prof. Martin's curtains, with which he had adorned the Latin room, disappear. *Quis latro erat?*
  13. "Swapping Social" in Philo Hall.
  14. Some people drive to Volant to go skating and come home with their ears frosted.
  15. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."
  16. The Leagoreans and Adelpheids hold union meeting.
  17. Cold and stormy. We sing No. 12 in chapel — for a change.
  18. A memorable day in the history of the Junior chemists. They begin work in the lab.
  19. Prof. Hewetson — "For sublimity of thought Milton surpasses even Shakespeare." The students turn pale.
  20. First explosion in Junior lab.
  21. Nothing doing.
  22. Day of rest.
  23. Goat-riding popular in the Literary Societies.
  24. "Rather cold isn't it?"
  25. Senior party. Each girl takes two boys out to supper.
  26. Basket ball. Westminster 39, University of W. Va. 10.
  27. Chorus class recital. The tenor makes an impression! ! !
  28. Prof. McGill takes a nap!
  29. Dr. preaches a sermon on "swiping."
  30. The Grove City people, confident of victory, come to play basket ball. They leave a few hours later not quite so confident, having been defeated by a score of 30 to 16.
  31. Finis for the first month of 1905.


**FEBRUARY**


- February
1. The Hall girls have a chicken dinner in the middle of the week.
  2. "Brite and fare" The Ground Hog sees its shadow.
  3. The Senior orators begin to display their ignorance.
  4. What is the matter? The Profs, are all off on a grouch! ! !  
Assignments for Junior-Freshmen banquet received.
  5. Dr. McElree dismisses church at five minutes of twelve! ! ! !
  6. All serene along the Neshannock.
  7. Dr. MacArthur lectures on "The Empire of the Czar." Banquet cases (?) begin to appear.
  8. Juniors hard at work decorating for the banquet. Consequently—
  9. Many flunks.
  10. The great day at last. The Junior-Freshmen Banquet comes off.
  11. Half the Junior and Freshmen classes absent—the rest half asleep. Basket ball at Sharon. Buhl Club 33. Westminster 26.
  12. Rainy and slushy. Hall girls have nuts instead of ice cream for Sunday dinner dessert — ! !
  13. The Chrestomaths "At Home" in Chresto Hall.
  14. During a meeting of the Staff one of the editors finds a dollar bill lying on the floor. Taken as a good omen that we will not come out in the hole.
  15. Hartsuff plays (?) with sodium and burns himself.
  16. Miss Acheson displays "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works" at the Thursday Club meeting. Kit and Ann eat peanuts in Greek class! ! ! !
  17. Assignments for the Sophomore-Senior banquet out at last.
  18. Mass meeting to practice "boola-boola."
  19. Icy. "Take heed lest ye fall."
  20. Basket ball at Sharon. Allegheny 24. Westminster 19.
  21. Cox decides that "coming over to the Hall to ask your lady for the banquet isn't what it's cracked up to be."
  22. The Staff grows desperate!
  23. And more desperate! ! !
  24. Hotel McCreary the scene of great festivity. The Sophomores banquet the Seniors.
  25. A holiday. Breakfast and dinner served at twelve.
  26. Rev. Veazy late for chapel!
  27. The "Argo" calendar neareth its end.
  28. It is done. A sigh of relief from the chronological editors.



—W. E. B.—

90



SCENE ON THE NESHANNOCK

## Some of Our College Yells



Ki-yi blue, ki-yi white!	
How's Westminster?	1905.
She's all right!	Wie-wah, wie-wah!
Well I guess yes!	Wie-wah, wive!
Oh yes sir!	Hoorah! Hoorah!
Vive la, vive la!	1905.
Westminster!	

Brek-ek-ek-ex, Kō-ax ko-ax!  
Brek-ek-ek-ex, Ko-ax ko-ax!  
Do it again! do it again!  
Westminster!

1906.  
Hobble-gobble, Razzle-dazzle,  
Rie, rah, rix!  
Boom-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a!  
1906.

1907.  
Killi-Killick,  
Killi-Killa!  
1907.  
Hurree-hurrah!

1908.  
Nike, Nike,  
A la tete!  
Hoorah — hoorah!  
1908.



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Bobby without Ruth and vice versa.  
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Professor Shaffer dancing a two step.  
Dr. Campbell out skating.  
McCown without his grin.  
Professor McGill playing center on a basket ball team.  
"Happy" Orr in a hurry.  
Red Davidson cross eyed.  
Professor Peterson with a pug nose.  
Clutter wide awake.  
Professor Freeman taking a cross country run.  
Kis Calhoun with dreamy eyes.  
Professor Shott with spectacles.  
Fulton with false teeth.  
Henry Jaxtheimer in full dress suit.  
Doyle shedding tears.

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"That reminds me of a man out in my town who is so mean that he makes the members of the house write small hands, in order to save ink."

"A friend o' my faather's, suh, wuz even wus than thet," came promptly from the Baltimorean. "He stopped the clocks at night, suh, because o' the wear and tear on the works."

Then the Philadelphian: "Well, there's a good old Quaker out in Wayne who won't read the papers. Wears out his glasses, says he."

All three looked inquiringly at the man from New York, but he merely smiled and rang for the waiter to take the orders.—*Smart Set.*

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## When Mark Twain Ordered Oysters



Mark Twain and W. D. Howells were one day lunching in a cafe in New York. Two overdressed young men entered, and the first said in a loud voice:

"Waiter, bring me some bisque of lobster, a bottle of white wine and a chop. Just mention my name to the cook, too, so that everything will be done to my liking."

The second young man said:

"Bring me some sole with peas, and tell the cook who it's for."

Mr. Twain gave his order a moment later. He said in a rather loud tone, with a quick glance at his companion:

"Bring me a half dozen oysters, and mention my name to each of them."

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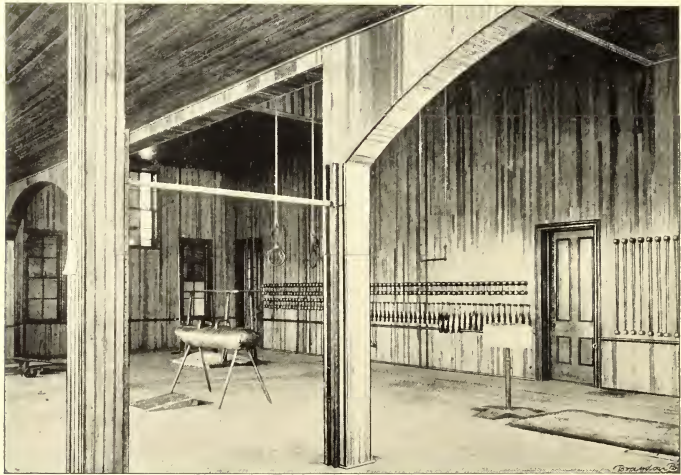
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And her great wheel at some one else to stop?  
Remember that there's sunshine in the valley  
Just the same as on the highest mountain top.

Has sickness fixed its power upon your body  
And do you feel sometimes as though you'd drop?  
Remember that there's sunshine in the valley  
The same sunshine that's on the mountain top.

Has death come to your home and ta'en a loved one,  
Or has there been a failure of the crop?  
Remember that the sun is shining for you  
In the valley, same as on the mountain top.

It matters not how straight may be our pathway,  
Or rough the road on which our feet have trod,  
We'll always find bright sunshine waiting for us  
If we in faith will upwards look to God.

R. W. Y., '05.

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## The Reason



"A lizard came unto a wall  
All on a summer's day,  
It looked once, it looked twice  
Then turned and went away."

"A little bee came to a flower  
All on a summer's day,  
Came to it once, came to it twice  
Then turned and flew away."

"A man came to a lovely maid  
All on a summer's day,  
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice  
Then turned and went away."

Moral:

"The wall was not sunny,  
The flower had no honey,  
The maid had no — money."

— *Ex.*



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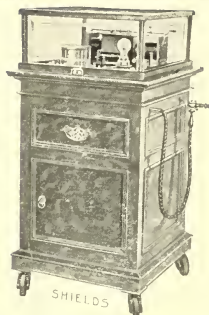
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"The pine trees pine  
And the paw-paws pause,  
While the bumble-bee bumbles all day,  
The eavesdropper drops  
And the grasshopper hops,  
While gently, the cowslips away."

— *Ex.*

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## Some Curious Epitaphs



Carved by a German on his wife's tombstone: My wife, Susan, is dead  
If she'd had life till next Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree  
falls so must she stand. All things is impossible mit God.

From a Vermont cemetery: "She lived with her husband fifty years, and  
died in the confident hope of a better life."

"My wife lies here,  
All my tears cannot bring her back,  
Therefore I weep."

From Burlington:—

"Died when young and full of promise  
Of whooping cough, our Thomas."

This comes from Oberlin:—

"Under this sod and under these trees,  
Lyes the body of Hiram A. Peese.  
He is not here, only his pod,  
The Peese shelled out, have gone home to God."

From Connecticut:—

"Here I lie, and no wonder I'm dead,  
For the wheel of a wagon ran over my head."  
"Here lies the body of William Dent,  
Death turned up his heels and away he went."

From New York:—

Here lies the body of Peter Bodson, who was shot through the body with  
three ounces of lead and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."



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