

1903

1903 Memorabilia

Cedarville College

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Ray Henderson

Cedarville College

1902-03.



MEMORABILIA.



EDITED BY THE JUNIORS.

CEDARVILLE HERALD PRINT.

Cedarville, Ohio.



CEDARVILLE COLLEGE.

CEDARVILLE COLLEGE.

REV. DAVID M'KINNEY, D. D., PRESIDENT.



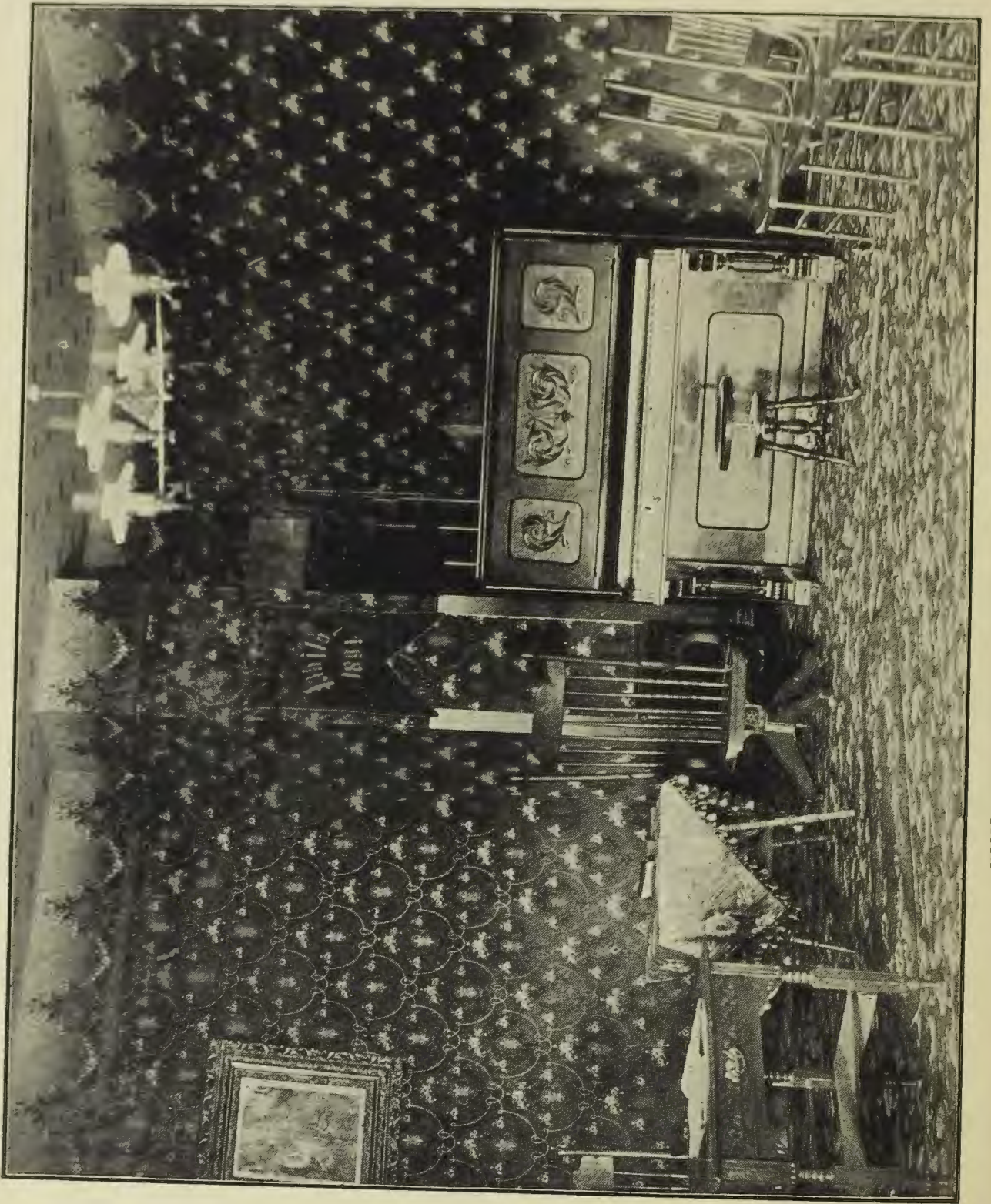
THE history of Cedarville College began in May 1885 when the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church directed that a College be established at Cedarville, Ohio. It was not until 1894 however that the practical beginning of the institution was made. On the 19th of September of that year, in an old mansion house, where years before Dr. Hugh McMillan had held a classical school, Cedarville College opened its doors to thirty seven students. A few months after steps were taken to erect the present main building. This was ready for occupancy at the beginning of the college year 1895. The endowment was bequeathed by William Gibson Esq., of Cincinnati, and amounted to \$20,000. By judicious investment this has been increased until at the present time it is worth at least \$25,000. The church, under whose fostering care the college was started, has aided it every year by contributions from the different congregations, by donations from the Board of Education and funds under the control of the Theological Seminary. Besides these sources of revenue, friends have, from time to time, given liberally to sustain the work. The Alford Memorial Building, used for a gymnasium, consisting of a building and a large plot of ground, opposite the college campus, was given by Mr. W. J. Alford in honor of his parents. His father, the Reverend John Alford, being the oldest minister in the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

The Faculty consists of twelve professors and instructors. There are two courses of study in the college proper, the classical and scientific. There is also a preparatory school. In addition there is a well equipped musical department. Elocution and art are taught by competent instructors.

Cedarville College makes no pretensions to do the work of a university. It has no post-graduate course. Its aim is to do thoroughly and carefully whatever it claims to do. Athletics are encouraged among the students. In winter there is basket ball in the gymnasium, in the spring there is base ball, and in the fall foot-ball.

There is also a helpful social life. The homes of Cedarville are open to the students. But the main end of a college, the work of education, is never lost sight of. Students must study. It is impossible for them to shirk work. Their personal habits are known, and where they interfere with the college work, are corrected.

Above all Cedarville College believes that the culture of the mind without the nurture and growth of spiritual life is a mistake. Education without morality is a menace to the state. Morality to be deep and abiding must have its springs in religion. Accordingly the Bible is a text book of the college. No student can graduate who has not taken a thorough and systematic course in it. The professors are all earnest christians, actively engaged in work in different churches. They are glad to assist students in every possible way.



PHILADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL

PHILADELPHIAN SOCIETY.

(One afternoon in September 1894 a band of energetic students met in the chapel of the old college for the purpose of organizing a literary society. In spirit and in deed have its supporters ever sought to carry out the significance of the name, Philadelphian, then adopted. Taking as its colors black and old gold, and as its motto "With Malice Toward None and Charity for All," the Philadelphian Literary Society launched forth upon a career which has ever been progressive. The society took up its headquarters in the large hall, facing the west, on the third floor of the present college building in 1895. This has been improved and refurbished from time to time, till at present it is an object of admiration and beauty.)

Many loyal supporters and friends have contributed to the hall pleasant reminders of their love and interest for Philo.

In the fall of '95 another society was organized among the students, and the following spring the first Inter Society Contest was held. It resulted in Philo's winning all ten points. These contests have been held annually ever since, and are the most interesting feature of the college year. Philo has suffered her share of apparent defeats, but victory, unseen, often lurks in defeat.

The meetings from week to week have always been of a high literary order, and very instructive both to the performer and to the audience. (Too much cannot be said of the training which a literary society affords. It is a necessary factor to a college education, but it can not be found in text books. It is developed only through individual experience.)

(Still, the most important training of all is that which develops character, and by no means has Philo neglected this. It is her aim to send forth the noble men and women for whom this age is clamoring.)

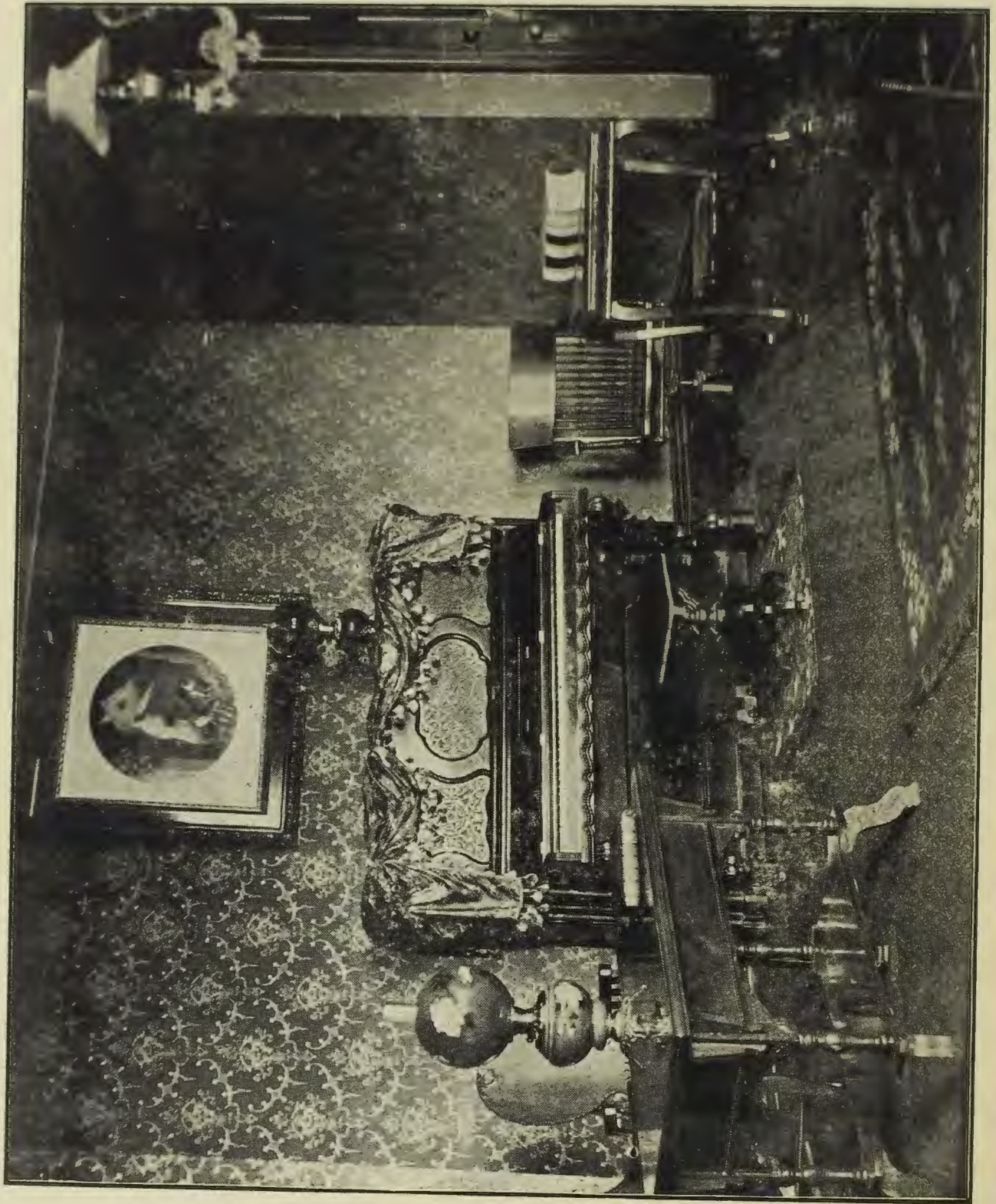
She has always been justly proud of her members who have ever been loyal and true to the society to which they owe so much.

Graduates have gone forth from Philo Hall who have won respect and honor where ever they have cast their lots.

We cannot measure her influence, but, no doubt, if we could, it has been felt in places of which she knows not.

For the future we have only the brightest hopes and best wishes.

(Flourish, prosper may thou ever;
Loved and honored be thou still!
Tho' some ties we all must sever,
In our hearts we keep the will.
In the years that are before,
May countless trace their fortune back
To the name they now adore,
Written in the Gold and Black.)



PHILOSOPHIC LITERARY SOCIETY HALL.

PHILOSOPHIC SOCIETY.

The rise of every great institution is a thing of interest, so of course the first appearance of the Philosophic Literary Society on the world's platform could not help but attract attention.

At the time of the organization of this society, December 5, 1895, thirteen energetic and loyal students of Cedarville College composed its membership. But soon several others, realizing that the success of the Society was certain, added their names to the roll.

After holding their meetings in the College Chapel for nearly a year they moved into their hall on the third floor of the college building.

Within the next few years the society elaborately furnished the hall, realizing that although the primary aim of every Philosophic should be to adorn with imperishable things, the interior of his head, yet it is not amiss for him to devote some cash and energy to the beautifying of the Literary Hall.

Meetings are now held weekly and the appreciative audiences enjoy the interesting literary and musical programs given by members of the Society.

One of the most interesting events of Society life is the annual scramble for new members. Then it is that each student is expected to work hard and talk long, and pay special attention to each new student. He must seek his companionship eagerly; bestow upon him covert looks of admiration; ask his advice on every important subject; in short, make him think that wisdom will die with him.

The girls fight side by side with the boys, and often prove better marksman than they, the tongue being the most important weapons used.

They promise anything and everything with the utmost ease and assurance. Such promises made by any other than a Philosophic would seem impossible to be fulfilled, but everyone knows that the Philosophic Society is equal to the fulfillment of any promise they may give.

They promise, for instance, that Philosophic programs will be out of sight; and once or twice they have been—part of them at least. They promise that we will always win contest; and we do. At least it is not our fault if we do not.

Then at last when words fail, they invite these would-be members to "Come and See for Yourselves." At the first meeting of the Society all the new students are charmed with the excellent program, delighted with the elegant spread, and finally thrilled with the song "There Are No Flies On Us."

It need not be said that after this quite a number of names are always added to our roll. "Why do not all join?" It is because they do not have the essential qualifications so we will not have them. But only the beautiful, the brilliant, the best in every line are Philosophics.

So it has been in the past years of the Society, so may it be to the end.

Let each Philosophic keep strongly in mind that the end and aim of his Society is culture and cultivation of the best gifts; let him continue to make Philosophic Literary Hall a pleasant place in which to spend a scholarly evening; and let him remember that time and money given for the honor of Philosophic will yield no small returns in benefit to humanity.

GREEK.

W. R. M'CHESNEY.

You can become acquainted with a race by studying its language, customs, and laws. No people are too inferior to interest a lover of mankind. There are some, who from their inherent traits and influence in the world, are so superior as to command our admiration and call for our worthiest consideration. Such were the Greeks. Is it military prowess that charms you? Then read of Marathon and Thermopylae and be content. Your ideal may be in art rather than in the force of arms. Then go study yon sculpturing of Phidias and know that to a Greek belongs the honor of the world's master artist. But if husbandry with its peaceful toil holds, read and learn that in Thessaly were the richest farms, finest horses, and bravest yeomanry of all ages. Commerce, that goddess of American thought and effort, had her greatest shrine in Corinth. Athens was an epitome of the world in men, buildings, amusements, occupations, courage, learning, wisdom, and religion. What other nation of ancient, mediaeval, or modern times can present a list like this: Homer, Socrates, Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Sappho, Phidias, Solon, Thales and others equally worthy but too numerous to mention? Only one of like territory has approached and that is England, but even she has come far short.

It is universally admitted that the Greeks for all time thus far are first in letters, arts, war, learning and the accomplishment of all that makes a people truly grand and great. They give place to the Hebrews in only one thing—religion, and even in that they had evolved the greatest mythology ever born of human mind.

To know the Greeks properly one must study their language and literature. It is a language and literature dead only to the man without a soul. The language is the basis of the Latin and the outgrowths thereof. It has penetrated and become the life and power through Latin as a channel the leading tongues and literatures of the world. One, who would unravel the mysteries of the New Testament and revel in its sweet delights, must be a master of Greek. Greek unlocks the secret door the nomenclature of science. Greek sparkles the most resplendent in the gems of our literature. Greek pervades our mental and ethical sciences. Greek laid the foundations of our natural philosophies, laws, schools, gymnasia, athletics, medicine, and technics. Greek gave the world its truest democracy and made us all of one kin. Without Greek and what it has brought, your schools, sciences, and for most part honorable practices would still be in the embryo of their development.

To learn and to know Greek is to acquire the touchstone of everything. To refuse or neglect to learn Greek is a crime against ancient times and peoples, a disgrace to mediaeval peoples, and equivalent to self-separation from the noblest and best in our modern civilization.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

W. J. SANDERSON.

Endowed with the capacity to know, man's perfection is to be realized along the line of acquiring knowledge. Mind is the stamp of Divinity. Ignore it and we gravitate toward the inhabitant of the field; but brighten it with wholesome culture and it becomes a star, guiding man to his noble destiny.

Solomon says: "Receive knowledge rather than choice gold." Gold may be a help to some things, but knowledge blesses all. The pursuit of knowledge implies that knowledge is something to be sought after. Men are not born with it, it is to be acquired. The best knowledge makes no advances; it awaits approach. It is not illusive, but yet it is reserved. A very gentle call may be all that is necessary to break up the reserve, but the call is awaited. The wonderful facts pertaining to electricity have always existed but it is only recently that man began to know them. Pursuit must be made. Franklin sends forth his kite, and it becomes his instrument in the chase. Knowledge yields and becomes the precious prize of the pursuer. Nature says to us if we would obtain her treasures we must dig for them, and in like manner if we would enjoy knowledge we must pursue it.

There are many ways and many places in which knowledge may be obtained. Like the fern it is to be found in all climates, and like ether it exists in every object. "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." Each must do his own speaking, his own pursuing if he would gain the knowledge. "It cannot be gotten for gold." Mr. Locke was asked how he contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and so deep. He replied that he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information; and to the rule he had laid down, of conversing with men of all descriptions. Knowledge may be found in all objects and in all men. Eloquence can be heard from the humblest blacksmith when his theme is the welding of iron. Wisdom is often found with the poor, and he who would be wise will not only mind high things but will condescend to men of low estate. The treasure of knowledge is enriched by acquisitions from many sources. The more complex it becomes the more it gratifies and blesses. He that rings only one bell hears only one sound, but from the small and great bells together come the sweetest chimes.

The pursuit of knowledge holds also the foremost place in man's pleasurable experiences. The labor of pursuing is abundantly rewarded by the joy of obtaining. Kepler's exclamation, "Eureka," is but the note of gladness ringing out from an intelligent soul that has added one more diamond to the treasury of knowledge. Such joy is ennobling and elevating. It is a sure ground for happiness and honor to excel even in the most trifling species of knowledge. Here then is a pursuit which will never fail of its reward. "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honor." Every advantage offered, therefore, to the young for the laying of a foundation for the acquiring of knowledge should be seized by them. All need to be equipped in order that they may pursue and possess, and he who makes it his purpose to possess knowledge will be better fitted for apprehending and accomplishing his life's task and for winning of honors which can never die.

ENGLISH.

MARY B. ERVIN.

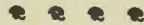
The aim of our course in English is to arouse in our students a deeper interest in our mother tongue, to train them in the power of expression, to cultivate the faculty of originality by requiring each individual to think for himself, and to develop their appreciation of good literature.

Rhetoric is truly an art. Not all are endowed to the same extent with the gift of expression. But to those who seem not to possess this inborn aptitude, discipline and perseverance yield marked results, and in time the productions from such pens will be characterized by precision and grace.

The source of so much failure today is the lack of practicability. Errors are made so much from ignorance as from the non-application of the principals that have been learned.

In connection with this we are reminded of the words of Shakespeare, "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces." We err largely not from our not knowing what is good to do, but rather from neglecting to do that thing which we know to be good.

Strict adherence to the principles of English will result not only in our being able to do the good thing ourselves, but it will enable us to appreciate the good that others have done—which is one of the most desirable attainments that an individual can make.



TO THE GRADUATES.

BY THE JUNIORS.

"Rome was not built in a day," you say,
"Beyond those Alpine heights your Italys lay,"
"From the foot of the ladder you wend your way"
"Into the ocean; out of the bay."
With "the key to success" held tight in your hand,
"Trust (ing) not in man; he's but shifting sand,"
"On the threshold of another century you stand"
"While the American eagle soars over the land."
"There's always a way where e'er there's a will,"
Then you'll tell of Thermopylae and Bunker Hill,
You'll get out the war-flags and wave them on high,
You'll praise "those who dared to do or to die."
You'll start our government on the right basis again,
You'll cheer Grant and Lee, then all of their men
You'll tell of "Higher Education" and "International Law."
Then go back to live with your pa and your ma.

MATHEMATICS.

DORA ANDERSON.

It is said Euclid always insisted that knowledge was worth acquiring for its own sake, and one day when a lad who had just begun geometry asked "What do I gain by learning all this stuff?", Euclid made his slave give the boy some coppers, "since," said he, "he must make a profit out of what he learns." The same question has doubtless been asked many times since the days of Euclid, but it is not probable the same answer is always given.

One cannot blame a student for desiring to make a practical use of his studies. The point is we differ on the meaning of practical utility. If you ask what you will gain from a particular study, do you mean how will it help you to earn your bread and butter, or how will it broaden your ideas of life, and help you understand something of the thoughts of men of learning, in short make life more worth the living? Assuredly the latter. The student who aims to learn nothing except those facts which will help him earn a living is fitting himself for a life of intellectual poverty, when an inheritance which would make him a prince among men of letters is his if he will but take it.

There is so much in mathematics which is useful for every-day life that we sometimes forget that there is any other phase to it. We point out to the student the beautiful figures of speech in choice literature, the wonderful sequence of events in history, but say nothing about the beauties of a mathematical demonstration when in reality it combines the beauties of all these. History has no such sequence of events as has a proposition in geometry, no such fine shades of meaning in classic or modern literature as are contained in a single equation in calculus. The student who sees in a proposition not only the proof of that problem, but the wonderful chain of logic connecting it with all that precedes, and who gets a working idea of it for the problems to follow, will go into the world able to look at the events of the day with the eye of the historian.

According to one's mood mathematics exalts or humbles one. Sometimes we need to be taught that, while certain things are within our power to do, others are as absolutely beyond our control as the sweeping course of the planets. You may push a stone over the cliff, thus far you are master; but from the moment you release it you have no more control over its motion than the stone itself has. You may choose to let fall a perpendicular from a given point to a straight line, but from that moment you are as much a creature of circumstances as the stone, and can no more dictate where the perpendicular will strike the line than the stone can choose where it will fall. You are only a humble spectator waiting to see the result of laws over which the finite mind has no control.

If one feels humbled or discouraged let him solve a difficult problem in geometry or algebra, or let him, even though it be with considerable labor, work out the paths of the planets, then when he realizes that the Creator of those planets and of the laws which control them in their course, has given him the power to reason out the result of those laws in the same way he reasons two times three are six, then he will indeed realize that God has made "him only a little lower than the angels."

There is no study aside from the Bible itself which brings one so close to the Creator as mathematics. Here the finite comes nearest the Infinite by recognizing the same unerring laws.

LECTURE COURSE.

F. A. JURKAT.

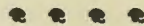
A lecturer is one who reads. This being so, it seems strange that the popular lecturer should leave his manuscript at home and talk off-hand. Perhaps this is for the purpose of emulating the elocutionist, who calls herself a reader but is not.

But we are wandering. What we had started to say was that just as the ancient drama used to be a musical performance with talking-matches between the acts, and gradually changed to a talking-match with music thrown in, so the lecture has changed from a serious talk with jokes interspersed to a pack of chestnuts with a serious remark now and then to rest the people from their furious outbursts of laughter. This explains why the lecturer does not read—he does not want the people to see whose almanac he is using.

The foregoing remarks do not apply to our lecture course. We spend lavishly, and get the best we can for the money. If the performers are not up to the expectations, that is the fault of the highly-imaginative advance agent. He is chosen for proved ability, and is the best talker the bureau has on its list, no matter what the lithographs may say. The advance agent is to the lecturer what the university is to the college, and is in one of the higher classes at that.

But to return. Why do the musical companies not give their encores first and render the regular program while the delighted audience are putting on their wraps and fling out with the remark that the company is the best that ever hit the pike? If the people are not educated up to classical music, the best way to train them is to put them where they do not have to listen to it. Give us the good old classics like "Sally in our Alley" and away with Wagner's rag-time and Chopin's Opus 4-11-44. Leave Mozart for funerals and Mendelssohn for weddings—the opera house is hardly appropriate for either.

But to return—Alas! the space is used up.



NOW AND THEN.

What is the dearest household article to Prof. J-rk-t? Bro(o)m-agem.

What office in the church is J-h- W-ls-n seeking? Elder.

How does Fr-d B-rb-r like to deliver packages to the Crawford boarding house? Carry them.

What kind of a musician holds first place in Prof. A-d-rs-n's heart? A Harper.

What question enters M-ry St-r-ett's mind about the time of an entertainment? Will (ie) ask me?

What people are good friends of M-ry R-ms-y? Young.

What ford does M-lt-n Ha-n-a approach most frequently? Craw-fords.

The byword of the Juniors. Oh Shaw!

What kind of a fowl is Prof. L-w-s' pet? A Young "Chick."

Prof. Ervin—Mr. McFarland, what makes you laugh so much?

Mr. McF.—I just swallowed a feather.

FUNNY HAPPENINGS IN THE AMERICAN LITERATURE CLASS.

About the warmest class that ever struck Cedarville College was the American Literature Class of 1903. This is a Senior study but various attractions induced Juniors, Sophs, and even Senior Preps to join the class.

Such a queer combination could not help but have queer happenings, some of which will never be forgotten by the members of that class.

One member seemed to be well posted on the life of Benj. Franklin and on investigation as to the cause of this unusual amount of knowledge we were informed by our fellow classmate that his great-great-grandmother's uncle was Benj. Franklin. Of course we all expected one with such distinguished ancestry to make a star in our Literature class but we were disappointed. Maybe if the rest of us had our father's business to attend to, several farms to look after, and such sad love affairs as this person had, we would not have been able to keep up the record of our ancestry either.

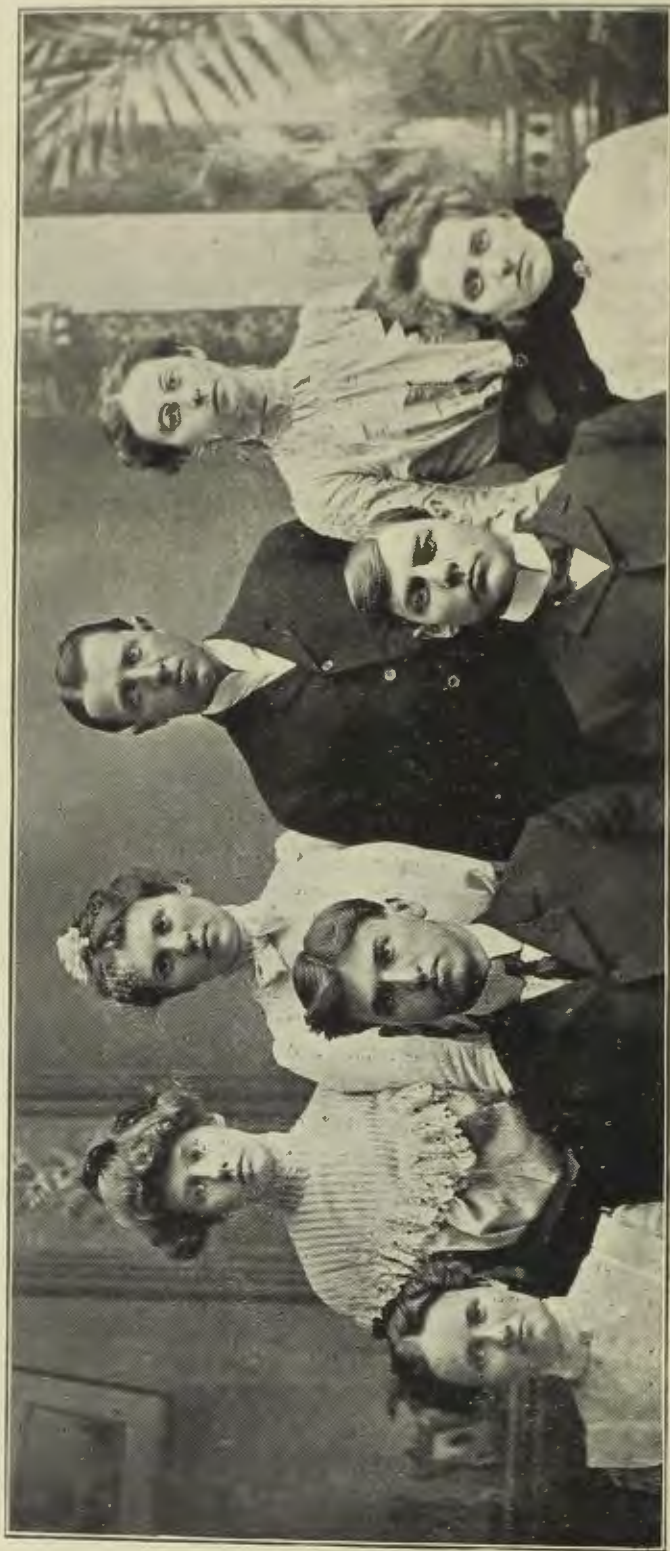
Another member of this class, who indulged in the Indian weed, was careless one day about putting his pipe in the same pocket with an essay. When the Prof. called on him to read his essay he pulled it out and found the folds of the paper filled with the contents of the pipe. This did not seem to embarrass him in the least for he politely emptied the tobacco on his knee, and after smiling at the other boys, blew it off and proceeded to read.

Had we not seen the tobacco we might have suspected something stronger for in reading he pronounced "Nevermore", "Moreover;" "Blithedale Romance," "Riverdale Romance," and when asked why a certain author was a clerk at 13 he said he guessed it was because he thot he wasn't old enough to be president. At another time when the subject came up that Emerson had married a lady by the name of Miss Tucker, this witty Prep asked if she was any relation to old Dan Tucker. On one occasion however he blushed. Miss Lewis asked where Bowdoin College was and he said that he thot it was in Cedarville. "Yes," she replied, "I think some of the students here act like some did at Bowdoin." It will be remembered that some of Bowdoin's students were very reckless.

Another boy appeared to be very familiar with the teacher and walking into the class room one day remarked to "Nell" as he called her that it was too windy in the room. She with her usual wit replied that it was not so until he came in. (This was "Windy" who came in.) To have heard "Windy" recite that day anybody would have agreed that he was well nicknamed, for every general question that was asked he yelled out some answer whether it hit or not and in the majority of cases it didn't hit. For example, when the question was asked who was Robt. Morris, "Windy" yelled out, the inventor of the telegraph. A female Senior, not accustomed to making breaks however, asked if Robt. Morris was not the inventor of the Morris chair.

Another noble Senior felt more like a Prep one day, for in reading Maud Muller he called Maud's brown ankles brown anchors.

These are only a few of the many queer happenings but they will suffice to show you the result of such a mixture.



SENIOR CLASS.

—Photo by Downing.

SENIOR CLASS.

Six long, happy, toilsome years have passed since the class of '03 began its existence. During these years we have had many trials and tribulations but we have always risen above such things and found enjoyment where others failed to look. We do not claim to be so "brainy" as the Class of '97, or so "warm" as '00, neither are we so good as the Class of '02 who never had to be corrected, but for good practical common sense we surpass all other classes. During our Prep years, we never made any noise nor caused any trouble, consequently we were regarded by the faculty as a model class. But when we entered our Freshman year a number of new members joined us and our days of good behavior were over. Our favorite meeting place was the library. There we gathered to discuss all manner of subjects so dear to a Freshman's heart. Elaborate spreads were held there during vacant hours, no visitors being admitted except Dr. McKinney.

Our favorite study was Rhetoric and many a merry chase did we lead Prof. Campbell. He was not able to stand the strain, so he resigned at the end of the year.

During our Sophomore year, some of the class dropped out, and our rendezvous was broken up by the establishment of a Reading Room in the library. For a time we gathered on the stairs, but after the sentinels were placed on duty, this privilege too was denied us, and we were obliged to be content with whispered conferences while the sentry paced his beat. Our Junior year was characterized by the beginning of our regular class meetings. We elected our class officers and chose our colors. Then we felt that we were somebody, and looked down upon the children of the Prep department, with sincere pity and upon the Sophomores with disgust.

What was our chagrin on coming in sight of the College one morning to see a red and black rag fastened to the cupola and pulling at its fastenings as if ashamed of its position, and desirous of flying away to some remote corner of the earth, where it might hide in oblivion. Before chapel, however, a brave Freshman scaled the lofty heights and bore the red and black in triumph to the first floor, where there ensued one of the most exciting battles recorded in history. The conflict was not over in a day but other battles followed in which blood, teeth and tempers were lost and finally the flag was won back by its original owners.

Our Senior year has been a prosperous and happy one so far. We have eight members in the collegiate department and three in the musical. As yet we have had no rushes, but the year is not yet finished, and we predict that if the flag of '03 goes up it will remain until taken down by Senior hands.

Our college career has not been an exciting one; none of us have ever been expelled or suspended; we have spent most of our time in attending to our own affairs and getting high grades, but in spite of all, as the time draws near for us to separate and leave the old college walls forever, a feeling of sadness creeps over us and we are inclined to wish that Father Time would move a little slower and allow us to remain students together for a little longer time. But wishes are seldom gratified and in a few more weeks we will be ushered out into the world in order to make room for those coming behind, and then only sad, sweet memories of our college days will remain.

FAREWELL TO THE SENIORS.

It is sad when we think of the departure of the good old class of 1903. They who have been so faithful and so good all through their college course are now ready to take their departure from the C. C. C.

The old college building will seem lonesome without their sweet presence for anywhere and at any time some or all of them were laughing and talking and whenever there was a great racket of any kind we always said "well I guess it is just one of the Seniors." They will be missed by the faculty and students not only in the college proper but also in the societies where so much interest and good work was displayed, and in our social gatherings; and soon we will not hear their kind and gentle words and that old and familiar salute, which we have all heard so much: "Hello, what do you know today anyhow?" or "What's the news."

The Seniors, we must acknowledge, are considered as one of the best classes that ever entered the grand old college at Cedarville, Ohio, with one exception, that of the class of 1904.

How sad it is and yet how happy to think that when the Seniors have gone the Juniors will presently assume that noble name Senior and fill their place to the best of our ability. When we meditate upon the thought that these our fellow students have completed their college course, which has been so carefully laid down by the faculty, and that they must be separated from each other and from us all, as faculty and students working together, it fills our hearts with sorrow and yet we may rejoice when we think what each can and will do for himself, for now they have attained the name "Senior," that long and cherished hope of many a student but soon it will be forgotten and that great responsibility of being a Senior will be lifted from their shoulders only to receive greater ones. Yet we as Juniors will soon have the same thing to confront us, and if we improve our golden moments we may look back over the past as time well spent in preparing us for what is to follow.

We hope that next year the Seniors will not forget that the Juniors as well as the other classes, are still acquiring knowledge from the same books which they studied. Also in after years when the Seniors chance to meet one or all of the Juniors that they will remember us as once being Seniors in Cedarville College also. But we know they will for they show us great respect and will do all in their power to aid us in our work. The Seniors must know that the Juniors are ready to lend a helping hand when needed and we only hope that they will be able to say of us that we aided them with our best efforts.

And as a last farewell the Juniors extend their best hopes and wishes to the Seniors for their most decided success in life as men and women of the highest type.

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS AN INDICATION OF WISDOM.

Talking is not simply a habit, but a matter of original constitution. Some persons have a talking endowment and some have not. There is a positive faculty of expression, or vocalization, of which silence is merely the negative. As cold is only the absence of heat, so silence may not be the result of prudence but the want of the gift of speech.

There is a popular impression that great talkers are, of course, flippant, and that silent people are, presumptively, wise. In popular estimation, to say of a man; "He talks a great deal," is equivalent to saying that he thinks but little. But will observation bear this out? It is true that some wise people are taciturn; but of others, equally sagacious, are talkative. Some foolish people talk a great deal, but there are a great many foolish people who are very uncommunicative. On the other hand, some wise men talk very little, and others, equally wise, talk a great deal. A little observation will show too, that some silent men think much, and other silent men very little. It is true that a training in the ways of the world will render a man cautious of what he says, and how and where he says it; but the impulse of speech is so strong in many natures that nothing can repress it.

Gen. Sherman was an incessant talker. He would talk for hours, for the sake, it would seem, of relieving himself of some inward fullness. Gen. Grant, except in private and confidential circles, was a very silent man. Yet both of these men were wise, and each one undoubtedly was a great genius, nor was Sherman less wise for his speech. Each of them was wise in his own way.

Some people hold their peace because they will not say anything, some because they cannot say anything, and others because they have nothing to say! Silence is a mere cover. It hides thought and equally it hides emptiness. As solemnity is the arch-father of hypocrisy—the mask behind which can't and insincerity practice their parts—so silence is sometimes used to hide weakness or folly.

A talkative man is seldom over-estimated, a silent man often is. There is great cunning in a judicious silence. To sit quietly while one talks, to look knowingly, to shake the head skillfully, to retire with grave features and silent tongues, gives one the reputation of being wise, considerate and self-contained.

He is to be most commended who uses speech or silence as an instrument of his will. Some there are who discern your moods and occasions and know when silence will soothe or when speech will cheer. Their converse is food when you hunger or medicine when you are sick. It does not assault you, rapping on your unwilling ears, like a sheriff that forces on you a process. It steals in like a summer wind from the garden. The silence of such is like a pause in music, holding you gently between sounds remembered and those expected.



JUNIOR CLASS.

—Photo by Downing.

REMINISCENCES.

Old people love to sit and think of their youth; their childhood days, but best of all they love to talk about what happened when they were young.

So it is in college life. As we near the close of our college days, it gives us great pleasure to recall our past experiences. Some of these are very amusing, while others may be sad.

As a Prep I recall the board walk, which formerly extended from the gate to the college. It was hardly wide enough for two; and here and there you would find one or two boards off, or a loose board. It always made you feel rather queer, when going along this board walk and probably not paying strict attention to your feet, your mind being occupied with high intellectual tho'ts, to come to a place where there was a board off and one foot would go down lower than you expected, then in all probability you would follow suit.

Then sometimes two would be walking together and they would come to a loose board. One person would accidently step on one end of the board and of course the other end would fly up and then as a natural consequence there would be one or two people on the ground.

But all these trials are over now for we have a nice cement walk leading from the gate to the college.

When you are a Prep you may stand off and look on; when you are a Freshman you are just beginning to be in the push.

The next thing of importance that comes to my mind is a story entitled "The Adventures of Oscar Pridget," written by the beginning rhetoric class in 1899. Prof. Campbell was teaching rhetoric then, and we had to write essays to be read in class. One member would read an essay one day, and another member the next day, and so on. Well we wrote essays until we exhausted almost all the subjects about which our young minds were then capable of writing. So we asked Prof. to let us write a story of several chapters, each member writing one chapter. He granted our request and when the last was completed we had a story of eight chapters. We tho't about having it published in the Cedarville Herald, but decided not to do so.

"In the springtime the young man's Fancy lightly turns to tho'ts of love," sings the poet, sad doubtless this is true from the following event. One morning in the early spring of 1901, on arriving at college, we noticed a mysterious air about some of the students, and heard them talking about some one having been "belled" the night before. You know when you hear talk like that you naturally infer that there has been a marriage. So our curiosity was very much aroused, and we made inquiries concerning the matter. We were very much surprised when we were told that Miss Edith Perril, one of our students, was married and it was she who had been "belled" the previous evening. Now, it was on Friday that we heard this. The previous Saturday the lady went to Xenia where she met her beloved. Then they went to Kentucky and were married. Miss Perril returned to Cedarville late Saturday evening and came to school all the next week until Friday, before anyone

heard of her marriage. Then Thursday evening she was "belled," and of course after having had that honor, she would not care for school.

Well, when her father heard about her marriage he telephoned to her and asked if she was the one who was married, she said she was, and then he said "Goodbye," and rang off. Finally a reconcilliation was made.

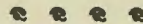
The first Sabbath the bride and groom were at church, the bride saw one of her girl friends and approached her with the words, "Didn't I cut a dash!" During her short school life Miss Perril remained at Mr. Thompson Crawford's home now familiarly known as the "Barber Shop" or "Hanna's Junction."

We used to have a student by the name of Mr. Samuel McMillan. Now "Sammie" began to admire one of the young ladies who lives on Xenia Avenue.

One Sabbath evening Mr. Robt. Wallace, a former student, had the pleasure of escorting a young lady to church, leaving her older sister to come by herself. Then after church Rob and the two sisters were slowly wending their way homeward, and Sammie was going home too. So he thot to himself, "Now is my chance." He walked up to the younger sister requesting to take her home, and she being of a gentle and amiable disposition, always ready to oblige—gave her consent. She remained on the same side of the pavement, on which she had been when with the others. But poor Sammie must have become frightened at his own bravery, or else he forgot the warning to "Keep off the grass," for he walked at the opposite side of the pavement.

We cannot help wondering if that is the way "Bill" does.

One of our former Professors would occasionally get his grammar a little mixed. One day in a recitation in his room, he had explained something to us, and after finishing the explanation, asked us if we understood it "pretty carefully" His favorite expression was "for instance," meaning of course, "for instance." After this Professor left college his favorite expression seemed to be taken up by one of the lady Professors.



No wonder Jennie Cooper looks so heart-broken; J. McC. has gone home to vote. Cal Wright can afford to smoke cigars since he has gone into the newspaper business.

Wonder if Agnes Stormont has accomplished her purpose of coming to college, viz: getting into society? Possibly she has for S. H., J. J. W. and S. C. at least have shown her around.

The girls tried to tell us that their basket ball games were gentler than those of the boys. But after one game Carrie Hutchison, a forward, had a black eye and her opponent, guard Alice Bromagem, was compelled to wear a crutch in order to get around.

Little grains of powder,
Little drops of paint,
Make a lady's freckles
Look as if they aint.

FAREWELL TO THE JUNIORS OF '03.

NELLIE B. LEWIS.

"As we know nothing, how can we explain;
Add naught to nothing, how much is the gain?
We came from nothing, and to it return;
Take naught from nothing, what then will remain?"

Some farewells are delightful things; in fact, I would not for anything miss my chance to say "goodbye" to some acquaintances. To feel that they are gone, and gone forever too, brings exultant joy, and unutterable relief.

Such feelings come after stormy interviews with those unpleasant affairs—book-agents; or electric road promoters, with their fanciful dreams; or people, who wish you to write articles for them, apparently thinking you have only to dip your pen in your heart's blood, and produce something worth while.

Yet I cannot be angry with the juniors, if I would, and I should not, if I could; for never have I seen their equals, in good humor, industry(?) and evident desire to please.

So it is with a heart almost dreary, and a yearning pain which makes me "weary" that I begin to say "farewell."

I remember the dear Juniors years ago, when some of them were Preps; when some of them were mere children in the High School; before they had become dignified enough, and wise enough, and aged enough, and moneyed enough to attend college. For you know, one must possess dignity, and one must be wise; one must be groaning under the burden of many years, and one must have money to spend at college, especially when so many books have to be bought in the literature course. But I am progressing too rapidly—

When the Juniors were Freshmen, I was not at college then, but I am sure of it, they were very "green." People simply cannot avoid a verdant appearance at that early stage.

They were just bubbling over with college spirit and enthusiasm. They realized their own importance and brilliancy as no one else did or could.

Strange to relate, but true, for truth is stranger than fiction, they tried to impress others with, well—little success.

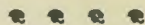
Let us draw the veil on this painful period, we have all been there, and think of them as they are now. You see they still have a little more to learn, but not much. In their Sophomore year they became more or less disillusioned. For the first time they began to doubt their own wisdom, only the suspicion was not very firmly planted. They found that they did not occupy as prominent a position in the world as they had supposed. Life was not all fun, after all, therefore not so enjoyable. This year the liking for "night" work increased, and loss of sleep became a habit. From a slender thread it had grown into an iron chain. But they had a decidedly "jolly" time, and remained out until the wee sma' hours, much to mama's or the landlady's consternation.

Once in a while Pater took a hand in the game and the result generally was a change; a new order was instituted. (Taking it for granted that Pater is typical of his sex.) He did not speak often nor so very fluently, but somehow the Soph remembered his remarks. Now they are Juniors and are beginning to acquire occasional dignity (for there are lapses still), and real wisdom. A few who prematurely develop find that they are not wise at all, and that they have previously overestimated themselves. Then it is that the outer world, that great critic, who is always watching; always noting down facts and never forgetting them; then it is, I say, that she finds out that the Junior is wise. For the outer world, altho' stern in criticism is generally just and sometimes kind, and she is first to realize that because knowledge has come wisdom will linger.

Do you know, it seems to me, that it is not so much what and where we have studied, as what we have assimilated? All thro' our college course we are saturated with knowledge which books have given us, but when we go out into the world we become fraught with the wisdom taught by practice. If we are truly wise, we will be wise today, while we may; for the night cometh when no man can work; and the true hearted Junior with all his getting wishes to get understanding.

But now we digress! These particular Juniors are all fluent speakers, but they remonstrate about placing their tho'ts on paper. I know that to be a fact, yet when they overcome their prejudices, what good papers they would prepare. Some of them are independent thinkers too. You know how beautifully Bobbie Burns has sung to his "Mary in Heaven." The sentiment is good and the expression excellent; yet one member of the class had the temerity to say that he preferred to sing his song to "Mary on Earth."

All things have an ending, whether they be good or evil, so I suppose my farewell to the Juniors must be said. I tremble to do so and my pen almost refuses to write, for I liked everyone of the Juniors of nineteen hundred and three. I rejoice with them in their past successes and wish them every happiness in the future; hoping they may conduct themselves as admirably when Seniors, as they have done while Juniors.



SENSE. AND NONSENSE.

Carrie Rife (in Bible class) — David captured the Philistines and killed them only once.

Wonder if J. W. Shigley's Cincinnati Insurance policy has yet expired. If so, he can play foot ball next fall.

Senior—Can you tell me why our college is such a learned place?

Freshman—Certainly! The Freshman always brings a little learning here and the Seniors never take any away, hence it accumulates.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss
And in less than a jiffy
They looked like this.

JUNIOR CLASS.

President, CARRIE RIFE. Class Colors, Old Rose and White.

Mr. Editor:—Understanding that your class intends to publish an Annual, and knowing that your class historian would not dare tell all the good qualities about the class and its members, because "self praise is half scandal;" I take the liberty to write you and give some points of interest which I have gathered by observation and inquiry, and which, no doubt, will help some in preparing a history.

I arrived in Cedarville a few weeks since on Monday eve and after supper I strolled out toward the College, and, seeing a light, ventured in. Before leaving I visited both societies and heard some of the best productions that I ever heard given by college students. After dismissal as I walked down town with a gentleman I asked who the students who had given such excellent productions, were. He kindly informed me as to the names and also that they were members of the Junior class.

Not having to leave your village until the following evening I at once determined to visit the college and hear this class in the recitation room. Accordingly I arrived at the college the following morning in ample time and lounged about the halls and library to observe their conduct there, which I found to be the best. Overhearing them saying "I don't know a thing today," I began to consider that because of society the previous evening, possibly I had come at an inopportune time and they were not fully prepared. But once in the class room all doubts were quickly cleared away. John Stuart Mill never handled logic better and Sir William Hamilton never knew more about Sense-perception, Thought or Intuitions. Our vocabulary is entirely devoid of epithets that would justly express the ease and fullness of their recitations. Their work commends itself. I understand that they are surpassing any preceding class and are establishing a record that will be very difficult for succeeding classes to attain. Their civility to the other members of the college is very marked. Another very noticeable characteristic is that all are about on an equal standing, no one seems to be in the least in advance of the other members, which is of rare occurrence, as classes almost always have one or more members who compose the rear guard.

As to athletics I shall mention nothing because the people of Cedarville well know the ability of the Junior Class in that line. But what I shall mention is that the Junior Class furnishes almost half of the contestants for the present year, which shows that their ability is fully recognized and appreciated by the other members of the college. Also their conduct in chapel is not to be overlooked. The class is composed of but ten members; but these are assembled from half of the U. S. representing that portion lying between the Atlantic ocean and the Father of Waters.

Hoping that I have said enough to be of some benefit to your historian in preparing a history, I now shall close by wishing the class as much success in the future as it is now achieving.

Truly Yours,

Wilmer Winklereid.

[Since having received the foregoing communication our historian has been excused from writing.—EDITOR]

CLASS OF '05.

President. EMERSON SHAW. Colors, Blue and White.

In the year 1899, there was sown on the soft, green turf of Prepdom, the seed of a mighty oak, the embryo of the Class of 1905. This seed has long since sprung into a tree, mighty and strong, which is able to withstand all the mighty storms and strong winds of heaven.

We compare our physical strength to that of an oak, and well we may, but in addition to our physical strength we possess mental and moral strength in proportion.

When we were Freshmen, we spake as Freshmen, we understood as Freshmen, and we thought as Freshmen. But since we have become dignified Sophomores we have put away all our childish actions and are now looked up to even by our brother, the haughty Senior.

For close study, original investigation and deep thinking '05 is unrivaled. Our excellence in the class room, the literary hall, or even on the athletic field has attracted universal admiration and praise. Who but a Sophomore can deliver such fine orations or who but a Sophomore can write such delightful essays? When a Sophomore speaks, a reverent quiet prevails in the audience and the thought forces itself upon each hearer that before him stands the future great orator, lawyer or theologian and his present ability is only a sample of what it will be in years to come. In the class room "they'll have to give it to us." Examine all the class records and to whom do all the high grades belong? Answer, "Sophomore."

In addition to our physical, mental and moral attainments, we are humble. In other words we have not the "swell head" as some have. We abhor self-praise and show the greatest sympathy for those we see struggling along after us.

The Sophomore boy is excelled only by the Sophomore girl. In speaking of her I can only say in the words of the poet:—

"To see her is to love her,
To love but her forever.
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another."

And now, dear reader, we must bring the history of this noble class to a close although not the half of our virtues have been enumerated. Hoping that this short article may prove an inspiration to all who read it, we bid you farewell.



Notice to Ladies—Those desiring the latest ideas in hair dressing consult Agnes Stormont.

Prof. E.—What made the god Vulcan lame?

Bright Freshman—He had a fall.

Prof. E.—What caused his fall?

Bright Freshman—He was walking on top of Mt. Olympus and slipped on a thunder peal.

Dave Cherry (one of four in a buggy)—Well I'll swear if that fellow hasn't got his arm around that girl. I guess I'll try it just for luck.

CLASS OF '06.

President, MILTON HANNA. Colors, Red and White.

In the lives of all great men there is always one event that is most memorable.

So it is with the class of 1906—the class noted for hard study and good grades. On the 11th of September 1900, eight of the brightest students that Cedarville College can ever boast of came into the building, and after listening to an address, and having had their lessons assigned, paid their tuition and went home a great deal lighter in pocket-book and heavier in mind.

The next morning all reported to Prof. Jurkat and came out of the recitation room forty minutes later looking like nothing and nowhere to put it. Next we reported to "Deacon" George in the General History class. Here we were favored with a very eloquent address by Dr. McKinney, entitled "It's awful hard to say it." The Dr. really meant to convey some important truth concerning ancient history, but he missed his mark slightly. And if he was as badly bored as he looked its no wonder he left before the hour was over. After two other recitations we finished our first day in college. The following days were all similar to the first. Soon however one member dropped out and another one being tired of school and being entirely "mashed" on a certain young man, decided to change the monotony of affairs and went away a "Chitty."

Another member having studied so hard that his eyes gave completely out, stopped about a week before exams. It was reported that he was threatened with nervous prostration. Sometime after this the nervous strain proved too much for another one and he left and is attending the O. S. U.

At the beginning of the present school year our class was increased quite a good deal, both as to size and knowledge.

As has been said before we are the class of classes, noted for hard study and good grades. We do not claim to study ten hours every school day, all day Saturday, and Sabbath, as a certain promising Sophomore claims to do. Nevertheless we are more than "Speedy."

Ask all the Preps who stay out of chapel to look at the different grade books, how our grades stand. They will all tell you that everything in sight are tens, and all the rest are going to be.

Ask all the students what class is the brightest looking and best behaved in college—Fresman. Ask the professors what class has gotten the best grades in the last fifty years of the college history.—Class of 1906.

As to the athletic field we're there with the goods. The Freshmen have made by far the greatest number of touchdowns, and still there are others to hear from. We make all the baskets in both basket-ball teams, and even in croquet we are the best players in college.

We stand at the top notch in college work and we will stand here for three years longer. What then? We will step out into the world and conquer all difficulties.

We, Class of 1906 of Cedarville college, will be the great men and women in the intellectual, social and political world. And the other noted persons of that time will count it a high honor to meet us and exchange the compliments of the day.

"We Are It" and yet the half has not been told.

CHAPEL HOUR.



It would not be right for us to publish our paper without a few words about our chapel hour, which might also be called the "social hour," as at that time everyone gets to see everyone else and has a chance to talk of something besides lessons.

The bell peals loudly and soon there is heard a sound of treading feet from all parts of the building, and crowds of bright faced students come from upstairs and downstairs and from recitation rooms along the corridor.

The dignified Seniors come in with grave faces and stately tread, looking right properly shocked at the foolishness of those about them and, taking their seats in the very front row, look around upon the rest of us poor mortals as if to say, "Now you children will have to take a back seat."

Soon the Juniors appear and, not even deigning to look at the Seniors, go to the very back row and take their places. They do not think that it is any sign of superiority or any advantage either to sit in the front row, for from the back seats one can get a good view of the world in general and can see everything that happens, besides.

The intervening seats are soon filled with gay Sophomores, foolish Freshmen, and silly little Preps, all talking at once and each one trying to make himself heard, while here and there are studious ones who are trying in vain to study a little bit in the few minutes before the exercises begin.

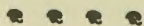
Everyone seems especially happy this morning and we soon see the cause of it when who but our honored president, who, every week or so, comes up from Cincinnati to see us, ascends the platform.

The faculty has by this time taken their places before us and the president, after rapping loudly for order, announces that: "We— will— sing— from page—a 110— 1st, 2nd and 3rd verses in-a-clusive." Prof. Sanderson, arising, starts the tune in a high tenor voice and—the faculty sings. Prof. Jurkat's deep base voice blending well with Prof. Ervin's soprano and Prof. Anderson's alto, while Prof. McChesney and Dr. McKinney look mildly around to see what is the trouble, but the students are all looking innocently at the ceiling for the tune and saying nothing. When the first verse has been well rendered by the faculty quartet, the Dr. suddenly jumps to his feet and, pounding loudly on the desk, says, "I don't want any more of this foolishness now all of you sing." A perfect burst of song greets our ears and the remaining two verses are sung through with great vigor. After the devotional exercises we are favored with a speech from our president, in which he commends us for our good deeds and reproves us for our bad ones, (mostly the latter) and after lecturing on this subject for some minutes, during which time no one seems to be one bit interested and everyone looks decidedly bored, he announces that,— every—one who—hasn't paid—his tuition would please come to him in his office—and all who have excuses for absence from school must report to him or they would get zero in their recitation. This announcement is made in such a compli-

cated manner and is so long drawn out, that by the time he is through it is necessary for Prof. McChesney to explain to us what he wishes us to do.

When this matter is suitably explained, Prof. McChesney brings forward a pile of magazines, just lately received, and proceeds to read to us the titles of the articles contained in them, so that if any of us wish to read something on a certain subject we will know where to find it.

After announcements from the other Profs. and the final and most important one, that the Junior class will have a meeting immediately after chapel, we are excused for recitation.



HISTORY OF ANNUAL.

Jan. 11, 1897. The notion of publishing an Annual in Cedarville College first conceived.

Jan. 15. Board appointed.

Feb. 2. Work progressing nicely.

Feb. 15. Annual receives the name Imago.

Mar. 1. Imago board began to hustle.

April 6. Imago goes to press.

June 10. Imagos sold. Losses paid by board and kind friends.

June 11. Annual publishing went into trance.

Feb. 1, 1903. Awakened from trance, by strenuous effort, after a slumber of almost six years.

Feb. 15. Faculty pushing the idea.

Mar. 3. Board of Editors appointed from faculty and literary societies.

Mar. 10. Board meets; prospects doubtful.

" 15. Board meets; Jurkat funny; no business done.

" 17. Miss Anderson resigned; Board decides to refer publication of paper to Junior class.

Mar. 25. Annual referred to Junior class; class discusses the matter.

" 26. Class meets; divides on question; prospects doubtful.

" 30. Decides in favor of paper, by a majority of one.

Apr. 1. Articles called for.

" 7. Editors appointed.

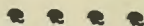
" 15. Class meets; serious talk of dropping paper because of nearness of end of college year.

May. 8. Annual re-christened Memorabilia.

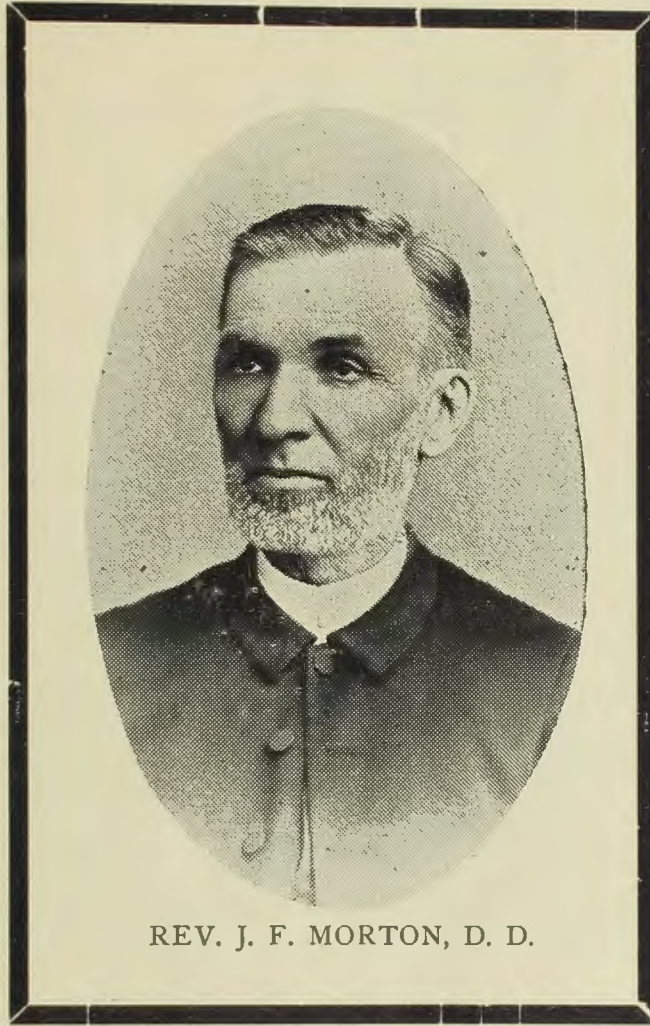
" 9. Editors meet; Anger and articles get mixed; talk of resigning.

" 16. All articles in.

" 18. MEMORABILIA goes to press.



Prof. McChesney says, "Playing croquet is a good exercise to develop the muscles. Prof. plays croquet. Hence—?"



REV. J. F. MORTON, D. D.

James Foyil Morton, son of James and Mary (Brackenridge) Morton, was born near Fayetteville, Lincoln county, Tenn., January 18, 1828. In early boyhood, his father's family removed to Salem, Illinois, where his years were spent upon the farm and in the work of teaching. He completed his literary and theological course in Monmouth college and the Theological Seminary then located there, graduating from the former in 1861, and the latter the following year. He was licensed to preach the gospel by the Western Reformed Presbytery, April 1862. Having received and accepted a call from the Cedarville Reformed Presbyterian church he was ordained and installed pastor May 19, 1863. He was married to Miss Martha Blair, of Sparta, Ill., June 3, 1863, who, with one son and two daughters, survives to mourn his departure. He was moderator of General Synod in 1872 and 1883. In 1881 Monmouth college conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. At the organization of Cedarville college in 1894 he was chosen Vice President and continued to fill this position until his death. After a lingering illness, patiently endured, he fell asleep Sabbath morning, May 31, 1903. He rests from his labors and his works follow him.



ALFORD MEMORIAL.

ATHLETICS.

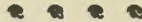
W. R. GRAHAM.

Cedarville College, although young, may look back with pride upon her athletic achievements. They began with the college and have grown with it, until we have risen from obscurity to an enviable place among our rival colleges, which are many years our senior. We have developed athletes whose services are coveted by our larger institutions. The founders of Cedarville College, also the president and faculty, knowing the value of the physical in connection with the intellectual development, have at all times encouraged athletics. At the beginning of the year of 1902, the students, as a body, did not seem to take much interest in athletics. Foot ball was talked about, but everyone seemed to think we would have no team on the gridiron this year. But after the season was well advanced, the boys woke up and did business. They obtained the service of James Scarf, of Charleston, the famous coach who lead the old team to victory. One week after the team was organized they played their first game with a team superior to them in every respect, except in bull dog grit which has always made the Cedarville boys famous. On this virtue they won the game. During the remainder of the season several fast teams tackled them for a snap but got a surprise instead. They all found that a Cedarville man never fought his best till he was in the last ditch and just when you thought they were beaten they were not.

Emerson Shaw captained the team during the season and proved himself capable of filling the position.

In January, 1903, the college received the valuable gift of the old R. P. church which was turned into a gymnasium. A new association was formed, and soon after a basket ball team. During the season the college team played some of the fastest teams in the state, and although no complete victories were won they made a record not to be ashamed of, considering the practice they had.

For three successive years, beginning with 1896, Cedarville held the championship in foot ball and base ball over all the surrounding colleges. Then followed a few years in which her banners were somewhat lowered, but they have never trailed in the dust. Athletics at Cedarville College, like everything else, have had their dark days but the future never looked brighter than at present. A glance at her record for 1902-3 will convince all that her star is rising.



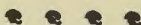
Cedarville college was greatly favored this year by being the recipient of a much needed gymnasium, know as the "Alford Memorial."

The girls as well as the boys took advantage the opportunity offered for athletics and two girls' basket ball teams were organized under the names of the "Blues" and the "Reds."

After two weeks practice it was decided to have a public game. The report drew a large crowd, as the girls games always did. (I might say right here that the boys knowing the popularity of girls' games, were sharp enough to influence the girls to join them in the same association so that they, i. e. the boys, might pay their expenses out of the treasury). When the game was called the following line-up was made: "Reds"—Clara Adams and Anna Orr, centers; Carrie Rife and Carrie Hutchison, forwards; Effie Crawford and Ruth Flatter, guards. "Blues"—Clara Kemler and Irene McClellan, centers; Echo Sterrett and Ina Murdock, forwards; Alice Bromagem and Mary Sterrett, guards. The "Blues" had everything their own way during the first half, keeping the ball the entire time and making such a score that, altho the "Reds" played well the second half, they were not players enough to make the score of "Blues," and went home feeling badly beaten.

According to the usual result of a victory the winners, highly elated over their success, were weakened while the losers were strengthened and filled with determination to beat the "Blues." When arrangements for the second game were made some of the "Blues" did not care to play and a redivision of the teams was made with only two centers. But when the time set arrived, for some unknown reason both old teams lined up. Of course this had its effect, and talk about warm games, this one was warm mentally as well as physically. This time it was the "Blues" who went home sad, for they had to admit that they were not the only basket-ball players.

This would have ended the history of the girls' basket-ball games had not the boys coaxed them to have one to draw a crowd for them on the night they played Xenia Seminary. Once more were the "Blues" lucky, so the season ended two to one in their favor.



Ask Carrie Hutchison how she likes to "Waddle," in a broken rig, to an oyster supper in Clifton.

We desire to call special attention to our advertisements. These firms are in every respect worthy of your patronage.

We trust that the Junior class next year will continue the work already begun and that our college Annual will become a permanent thing.

Frank Bird, alias "Speedy," alias "Freshie," won't, for some reason or other, purchase any "ponies," yet he always uses those of others. If this were not a religious college he might not fare so well.

Any young man desirous of an economical young wife would do well to consider Miss Margaret Finney. When the girls gave the boys a "spread" she declared 25 cents worth of boiled ham would be sufficient. About sixty people were expected at the "spread."

RECORD OF CONTESTS.

PHILADELPHIAN—10.

L. E. RIFE †
 CARRIE HAINES †
 C. B. COLLINS †
 J. A. ORR †

PHILADELPHIAN—1.

JUNIA POLLOCK †
 MARTHA RAMSEY
 L. E. RIFE
 HOMER McMILLAN

PHILADELPHIAN—5.

JENNIE MORTON
 W. A. CONDON †
 J. C. GEORGE †
 L. E. RIFE

PHILADELPHIAN—3.

CORA ANDERSON †
 R. C. GALBREATH †
 W. A. CONDON
 R. B. WILSON

PHILADELPHIAN—4.

MARY ERVIN †
 NELLIE USTICK
 J. P. RAMBO †
 J. C. GEORGE

PHILADELPHIAN—5.

AGNES STORMONT †
 N. E. STEELE
 J. FRED ANDERSON
 R. C. GALBREATH †

PHILADELPHIAN—3.

VERA ANDREW
 LULU HENDERSON
 JOHN J. WILSON †
 ROSS McCOWN

†—Winners.

—1896—

Declamation
 Essay
 Oration
 Debate

—1897—

Declamation
 Essay
 Oration
 Debate

—1898—

Declamation
 Essay
 Oration
 Debate

—1899—

Declamation
 Essay
 Oration
 Debate

—1900—

Declamation
 Essay
 Oration
 Debate

—1901—

Declamation
 Essay
 Oration
 Debate

—1902—

Declamation
 Essay
 Oration
 Debate

PHILOSOPHIC—0

ANNA ORR
 ANNA ROBB
 J. M. McQUILKIN
 R. P. GORBOLD

PHILOSOPHIC—9.

MARY LITTLE
 MARY KNOTT †
 J. R. HARPER †
 J. M. McQUILKIN †

PHILOSOPHIC—5.

NELLIE LEWIS †
 T. R. TURNER
 MARY KNOTT
 J. R. HARPER †

PHILOSOPHIC—7.

G. A. HARPER
 MARY LITTLE
 C. A. YOUNG †
 W. W. ILIFFE †

PHILOSOPHIC—6.

ECHO STERRETT
 NELLIE LEWIS †
 G. A. HARPER
 C. A. YOUNG †

PHILOSOPHIC—5.

CARRIE RIFE
 J. N. WOLFORD †
 H. B. HENDERSON †
 S. C. WRIGHT

PHILOSOPHIC—7.

CLORIS AIKEN †
 COLLINS TURNER †
 J. N. WOLFORD
 HOMER B. HENDERSON †

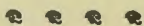


A VIEW ON XENIA AVENUE.

FACTS.

- Andrew—"Little, but large enough to love."
Bromagem—"The king he is hunting the deer."—Shakespeare.
Hammond—"An innocent, "guileless child of nature."
Lulu Henderson—"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."
Stormont—"Beauty is worse than wine, it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder."
Wilson—"Here comes Sir John."—Shakespeare.
Wright—"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."
Pollock—"On nature do not lay the blame but rather on the place from which he came."
Sterrett—"A spirit nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride."
Stewart—"Laugh not too much, the witty man laughs least."
Shigley—"What tempest, I trow, threw this whale ashore at Windsor?"
Ramsey } Inseparable. "But they do no more adhere and keep place together
Garlough } than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves."
Hutchison—"I think he's stuck on me, for every time he looks at me he has to laugh."
Dallas—"God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way."—Shakespeare.
L. Flatter—"I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome."—Shakespeare.
Cooper—"The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?"—Shakespeare.
Graham—"By my troth, I tarry too long."—Shakespeare.
Rife—"In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle."—Shakespeare.
Shigley—"When he speaks, did you ever hear the like?"—Shakespeare.
Adams—"I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion."—Page.
Orr—"Believe it, Page, he speaks sense."—Shakespeare.
Smiley—"The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild prince and Poins."—Shakespeare.
Stewart—"Let me play the lion too; I will roar."—Shakespeare.
Tate—"The most lamentable comedy."—Shakespeare.
Kemler—"Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?"—Shakespeare.
R. Liggett—"Who is next?"—Shakespeare.
F. Williamson—"I am weary of this man; would he would change!"—Shakespeare.
C. Nash—"This is not so well as I looked for."—Shakespeare.
E. Shaw—"I will praise an eel with the same praise."—Shakespeare.
Murdock—"Well educated infant."—Shakespeare.
Lackey—"Can such things be?"—Shakespeare.
Roy Henderson—"A country lad is my degree."—Burns.
M. Finney—"See what grace is seated in this form."—Shakespeare.
R. Flatter—"I would this world were over, I am tired."—Bailey.
N. McFarland—"So gentle yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet."
P. McCampbell—"Go, some of you, and get a looking glass."

- J. Nash—"Be of his virtues very kind,
Be to his faults a little blind."—Prior.
- McCall—"I am not in the roll of common men."—Shakespeare.
- McFarland—"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings pent within his breast?"
—Keats.
- A. McCampbell—"He must be a grand man he speaks so much of himself."
- Morton—"The generality of man is perfect, take me for example."
- Finney—"Perhaps he'll grow."
- B. Liggett—"And still the wonder grows."
- L. McMillan—"Perhaps she'll grow."
- McCown—"He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and
old."—Shakespeare.
- Hanna—"I never heard such a drawling affecting rogue."—Page.
- Young—"How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?"—Ford.
- Crawford—"If there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one."—Shakespeare.
- Barber—"Sir, I hear you are a scholar; I will be brief with you."—Shakespeare.
- Cherry—"Experience is a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate."
- Bird—"He is a better scholar than I thought he was."—Shakespeare.
- Peter Knott—"How might we disguise him."—Shakespeare.
- Smallwood—"I had as lief bear so much lead."—Shakespeare.
- Fitzpatrick—"This passes."—Shakespeare.
- McLaughlin—"Come to the forge with it, then shape it."—Shakespeare.
- R. Shaw—"They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay."
- Paul Knott—"Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously."
- C. Liggett—"What is he? I think you know him."—Shakespeare.
- McClellan—"A man may hear this shower sing in the wind."—Shakespeare.
- Bull—"This is the period of my ambition."—Shakespeare.



ECHOES FROM THE RUSH.

Graham (before rush)—Let them come; I can handle three or four of them.
(After)—There are others.

"Fitz"—I wish that Senior girl and Second Prep girl would not pull my hair so much next time.

Bull (on pole)—This flag is of so cheap a material that it will not burn when well coal oiled.

Wilson—Pollock, do you hug the girls as tightly as you are hugging me now?

Pollock—By grab, John, there is where I got my practice.

Anderson—It was rather amusing to see them lying around on the campus by twos and threes, and one man on the pole.

Stormont—I think about a dozen Junior girls had a hold of me. (There are but four in the class.)

Bird—Nash, don't you tear my twenty-five cent vest.

Shigley (weight 208 pounds before rush)—Now boys, they have it in for me; you must keep them from hurting me.

DIAGNOSIS OF JUNIOR CLASS.

NAME.....	BULL.	HUTCHISON.	POLLOCK.	GARLOUGH.	SHAW.
Gen'l. Appearance	Thin	One of the fairest of her sex	Stooped	Shinin' Brown Eyes	Tall
Disposition.....	Active	Gay	Lively	Jolly	Joking
Bad Habit.....	Using Expression, "As it were"	Talking to Boys	Outspoken	Teasing	Looking out of the window
Favorite Dish.....	Pickles	Fudge	Malta Vita	Olives	Bread and Butter
Favorite Resort....	Xenia	Barber Shop	Sterrett's	Adjoining Farm	Hustead
Favorite Study.....	Pretty Girls	Hair Cutting	Human Nature	Rubber Tire Bug- gies	Conundrums
Int'd. Occupation...	Laundryman	Teacher	Preacher	Dancing Mistress	Farmer
Prob. Occupation...	Talker	A Barber	Fiddler	Elocution Teacher	Humorous Lecturer

DIAGNOSIS OF JUNIOR CLASS--Continued.

NAME.....	ORR.	RAMSEY.	SMILEY.	FITZPATRICK.	RIFE.
Gen'l. Appearance	Slim	Short	Gray	Beardy	Tall
Disposition.....	Gay	Lively	Sullen	Pious	Lovely
Bad Habit.....	Talking	Giggling	Pouting	Riding Ponies	Talking to Boys
Favorite Dish.....	Bread and Milk	Chocolates	Ginger Snaps	Irish Potatoes	Onions
Favorite Resort....	Rife's	President's Room	Andrew's	Xenia	Cedarville
Favorite Study.....	Girls	International Law	Dancing	Self	The Mining of Or(e)
Int'd. Occupation...	Cattle Raising	Teaching	Preaching	Lawyer	Teacher
Prob. Occupation...	Farmer	House Keeper	Profn'l Ball Player	Teacher	Farmer's Wife

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