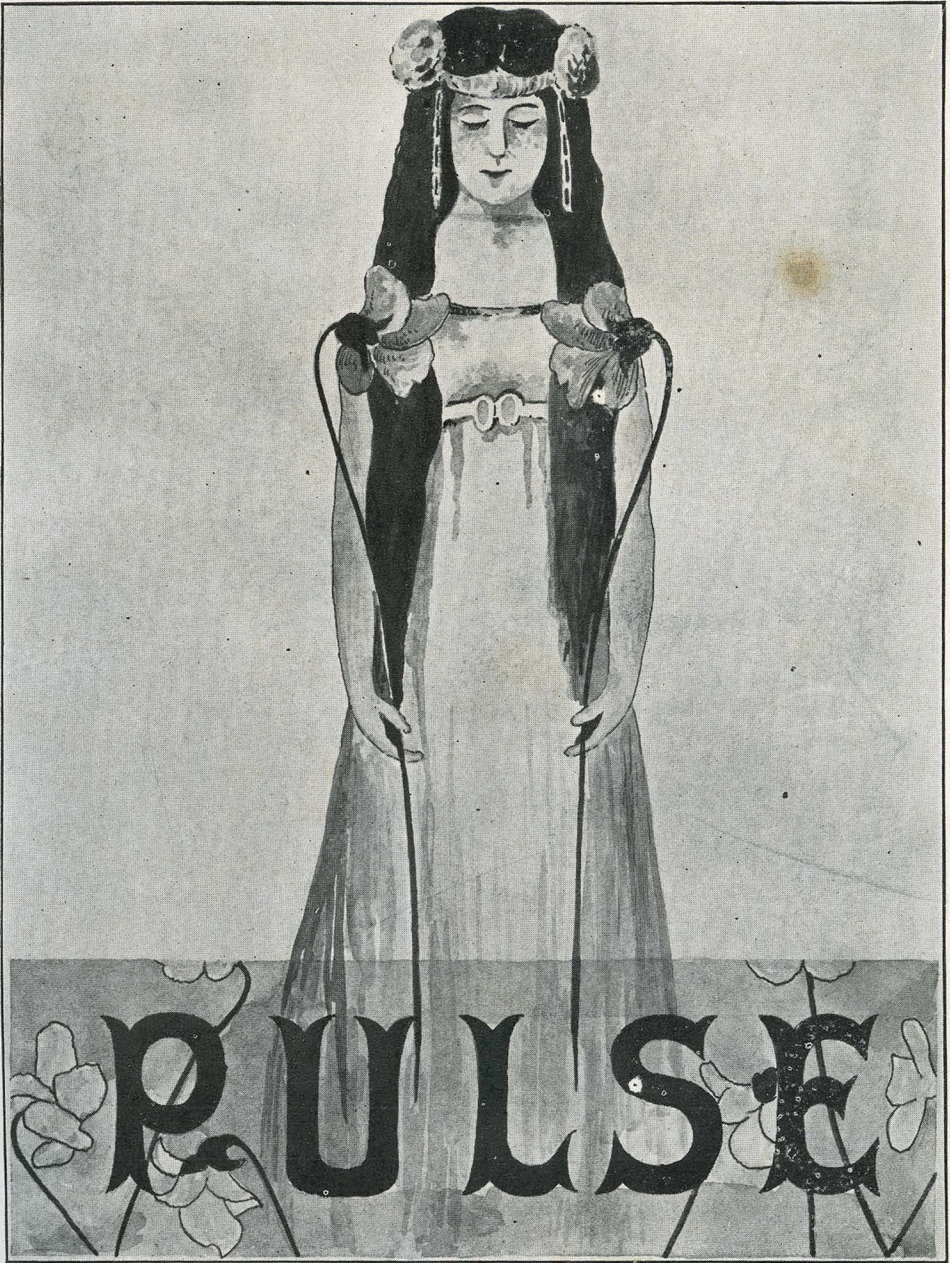


Das
Lulze





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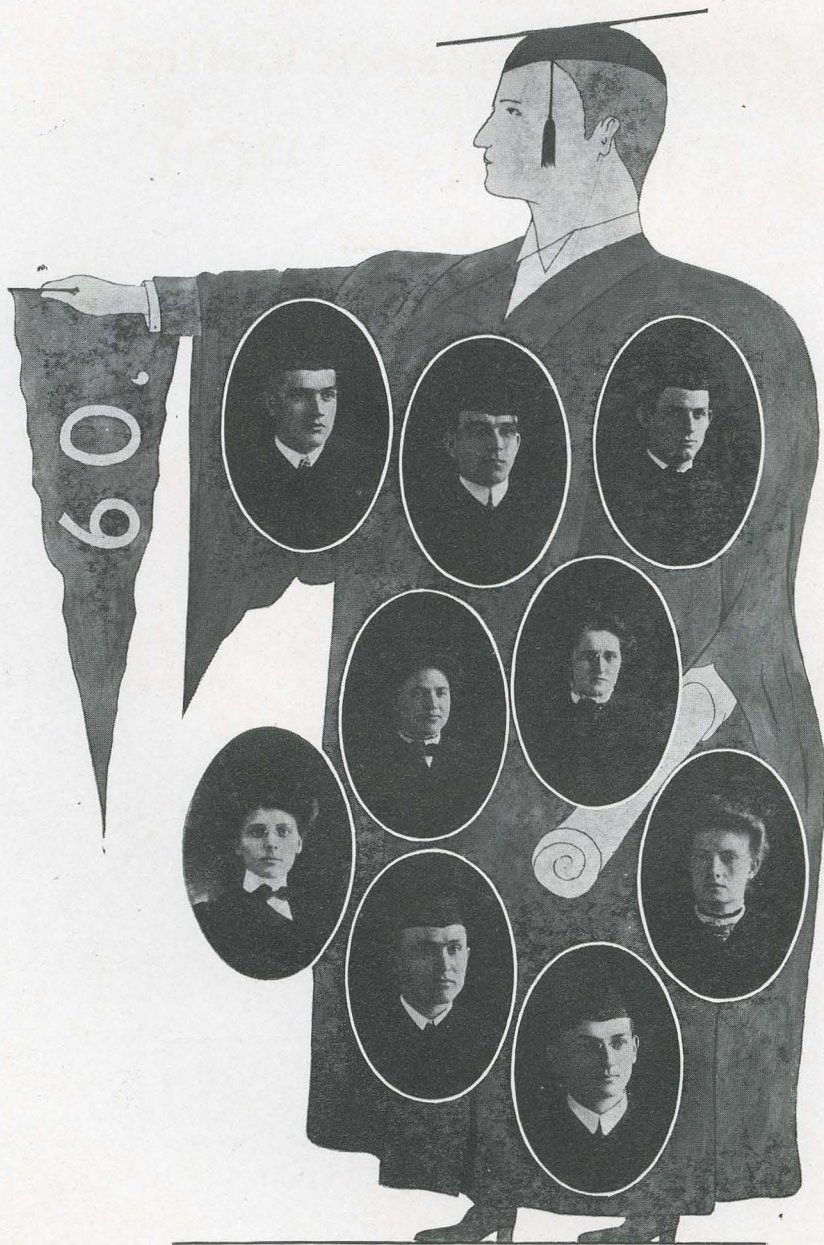
Foreword.

WHEN in some distant, happy hour
The nearer cares of life give place
To soft reflections of the days
You spent in youthful life and pow'r,

Then take this book; behold therein
Your hopes long cherished, pleasures, songs
Long lost in echoes, fears and wrongs,
With views of fame you sought to win.

If, like a magic book, it brings
Sweet pictures of the golden past,
It is content, and yet at last
May spur you on to higher things!





Henry Janssen. George Von Tungeln. George F. Rixey.
Maude M. Drew. Emma J. Brenner. Marie D. Hemke.
Edward E. Bauman. Irving W. Schoepfel. Erna I. Sell.

Central Wesleyan College

The Pulse 1909

Volume Four

Published by the Senior Class



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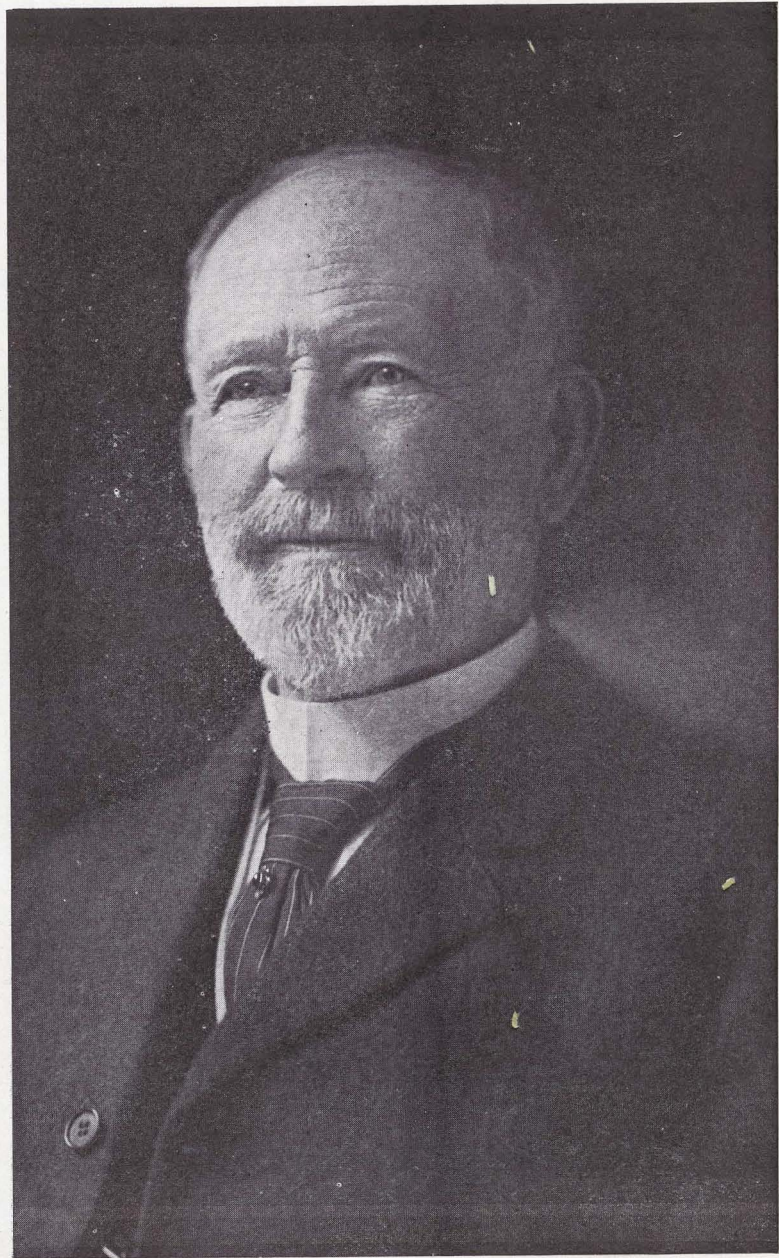
EMMA J. BRENNER, Art Editor.

GEORGE F. RIXEY, Humorist.



BANNER PUBLISHING CO
PRINTERS
WARRENTON MISSOURI

In Memory of
William F. Niedringhaus,
A Most Loyal Friend
of
Central Wesleyan College,
This Volume of
The Pulse
Is Respectfully Dedicated.





In Memoriam.

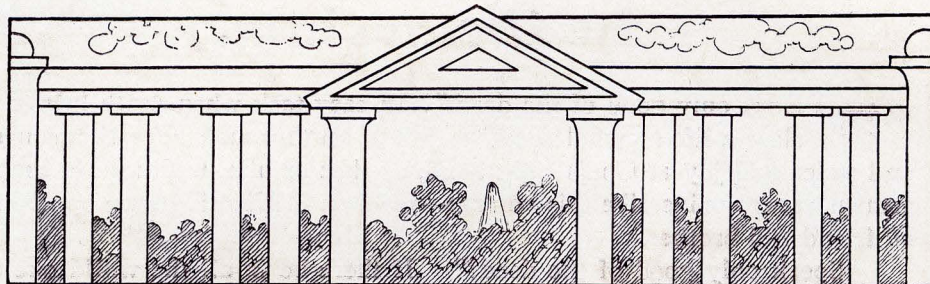
“**S**PEAK only good of the dead.” An easy task when death brings to a close a life so wholesome, so full of all that makes for righteousness and peace and joy at God’s right hand, as that of him, to whom in grateful remembrance we inscribe this volume—William F. Niedringhaus, our esteemed friend and brother.

“Speak only good of the dead?” If there be in all the world one who has said, or who could truly say aught against the character of him to whom this modest tribute is paid, we have yet to hear of him. Not that he was faultless, no man is that; but such was his sincerity, so gentle and kind his spirit, so cheerful and tactful his bearing, that to know him was to love him. His singular unselfishness, his generous interest, his frank and open nature, his genuine manhood, gathered about him many friends, and bound them to him as with bonds of steel.

His generosity found many ways to manifest itself. Charities, missions, hospitals, churches, schools, individual needs, and calls arising from a wider conception of social conditions and public responsibilities, were the recipients of his intelligent interest and bounty. Our own beloved college in the hour of its urgent need, felt the impulse of his practical friendship. In conjunction with his brother, F. G. Niedringhaus, he endowed a professorship, and thus so long as C. W. C. shall live and extend her benign influence to all around, this timely investment, for so the brothers regarded it, and so they frequently spoke of it, will continue to pay dividends of the most valuable sort.

He showed his lively interest, too, in many other ways. The names of some of his children appear on our roster of ex-students. The Professors were his brethren, always welcome at his home or place of business. Needy but gifted students found in him a staunch friend, and many a boy almost discouraged and ready to give up in despair, knelt at his bedside and poured out his heart in gratitude to God for the to him unknown friend who had put new hope and faith and courage in his heart, and equipped him anew for the desperate struggle.

Much more could be said to the same purport, but there is no need, Tho’ dead he still lives on in the hearts and lives of those who knew him and loved him. Central Wesleyan could not and would not have been what it is today but for this our noble friend. May his example inspire us the living, and especially the younger generations, to higher ideals, to more unselfish interest in others’ welfare, to more wholesome Christianity.



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College Yells.

Ricka-chicka Boom! Ricka-chicka Boom!
 Ricka-chicka Ricka-chicka, Boom, Boom, Boom!
 Who are we? Who are we?
 College! College! C. W. C.

Game Yells.

LOCOMOTIVE YELL.

Central Wesleyan College we are.
 Central Wesleyan College we are.
 Central Wesleyan College we are.
 Hurrah!

Hipety High! Hipety Huss!
 What in the Heck's the matter with us?
 Nothing at all! Nothing at all!
 We're the boys that play basket ball.

Rustle! Hustle! Bustle!
 Beat us if you can!
 We're the stuff!
 Hard to bluff!
 Central Wesleyan.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Hear us yell!
 C-e-n-t-r-a-l
 Wesleyan, Wesleyan, Wesleyan.

GAME SONG. (Tune: Harrigan.)

W-e-s-l-e-y-a-n spells Wesleyan
 We're proud of all the teams that represent her,
 We've never found a school that could resent her.
 V-i-c-t-o-r-y, you see.
 Any team, any time, any place that we play,
 It's Victory, O Gee!

Hulla-gazook, gazook, gazook
 Hulla-gazook-gazi
 V-i-c-t-o-r-y!
 Are we in it? I should smile!
 We've been in it, quite a while.
 Central Wesleyans.

College Song.

1909.

M. D. H.

E. J. S.

Refrain

Hail our college! Hip hurrah yah! Raise your cheer for Central Wesleyan!

Central Wesleyan! Three times more for Central Wesleyan! Sing its praises

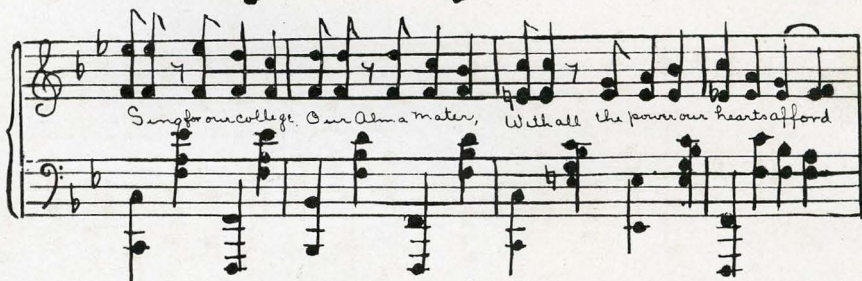
All the breeze! Take up the refrain, Central Wesleyan!

Central Wesleyan! Live for aye and aye

Fine



All tune, each voice with one accord, Rejoice with happy hearty chord.



Sing for our college, Our Alma mater, With all the power our hearts afford.



We pledge ourselves with heart and hand, If here or if in foreign land,

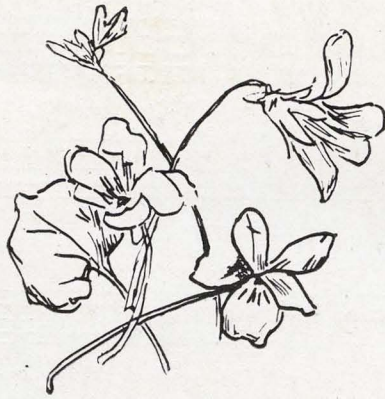


Our dear old college Our alma mater, Evermore a loyal band

Repeat Refrain

Central Wesleyan College.

Founded 1864



Presidents.

1864—Rev. Philip Kuhl—1872.

1872—Herman A. Koch, D. D.—1895.

1895—George B. Addicks, D. D.—

Our Faculty.

It has labored for the good of others, not for its own gain.

It has cheerfully assumed its burdens and has courageously overcome the obstacles which beset the path of a progressive Christian College.

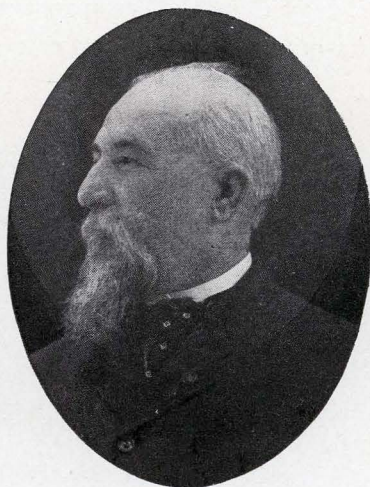
It has inspired its students to higher thoughts and nobler living.

May these manifest their loyalty and appreciation by lives of unwearied struggle against that which is ignoble, and for that which advances the spirit of brotherhood in the hearts of men.

May Central Wesleyan long remain under the guidance of that body of lofty-minded, God-fearing men which it proudly designates, "Our Faculty."



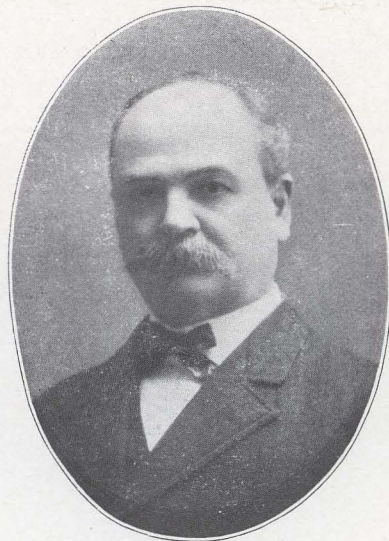
GEO. B. ADDICKS, A. M., D. D.,
President
W. F. & F. G. Niedringhaus-Professor.



JOHN H. FRICK, A. M.
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.



ALBERT SAUER, A. M.
Professor of French.



HENRY VOSHOLL, A. M.
Professor of English Language and
History.



JOHN M. RINKEL, A. M.,
Emeritus-Professor of German.



CHARLES J. STUECKEMAN, A.M., D.D.
Schrader- Professor of Rhetoric and
Sacred History.



OTTO E. KRIEGE, A. M., D. D.,
Professor of Psychology and Ethics.



CHARLES WELLEMAYER, A. B.,
Professor of Latin and Greek.



ALBERT W. EBELING, B. S., M. D.
Professor of Natural Science.



EUGENE WEIFFENBACH, A. M., B. D.,
Professor of Philosophy and Greek.
Military Commandant.



GOTTLIEB C. HOHN, A. B.,
Kessler-Professor of German Language
and Literature.



ZENO NAGEL,
Director of Music Conservatory.



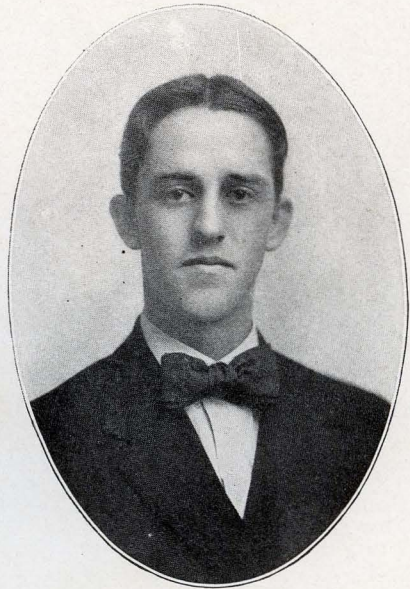
PHILIP STREMMEL,
Physical Director.



MISS IRENE HARTEL,
Assistant in Piano.



MISS ADDIE SCHULZE,
Drawing and Painting.



ALERT L. HESSEL,
Assistant in Mathematics.



MISS LUELLA STUECKEMAN,
Civil Government, Assistant in
Mathematics and Geography.



MISS KATHARINE FRICK,
Assistant in Mathematics.

LOUIS J. DUEWEL,
Assistant in Penmanship.

GEORGE VON TUNGELN.
Geography. Librarian.

PHIL GRONEMEYER,
Stringed Instruments.

MISS ELLA ALLINGER,
Assistant in English.

LUTHER NAGEL,
Penmanship.

MARTIN D. OTT,
Assistant in Mathematics.

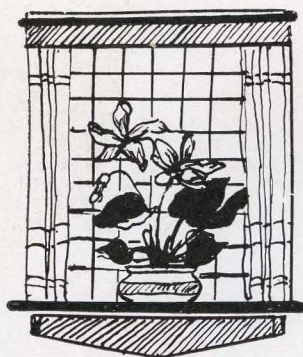
OSCAR WERNER.
Bookkeeping.

MISS MARIE HEMKE,
Reading and Spelling.

CHESTER HARMON,
Shorthand and Typewriting.

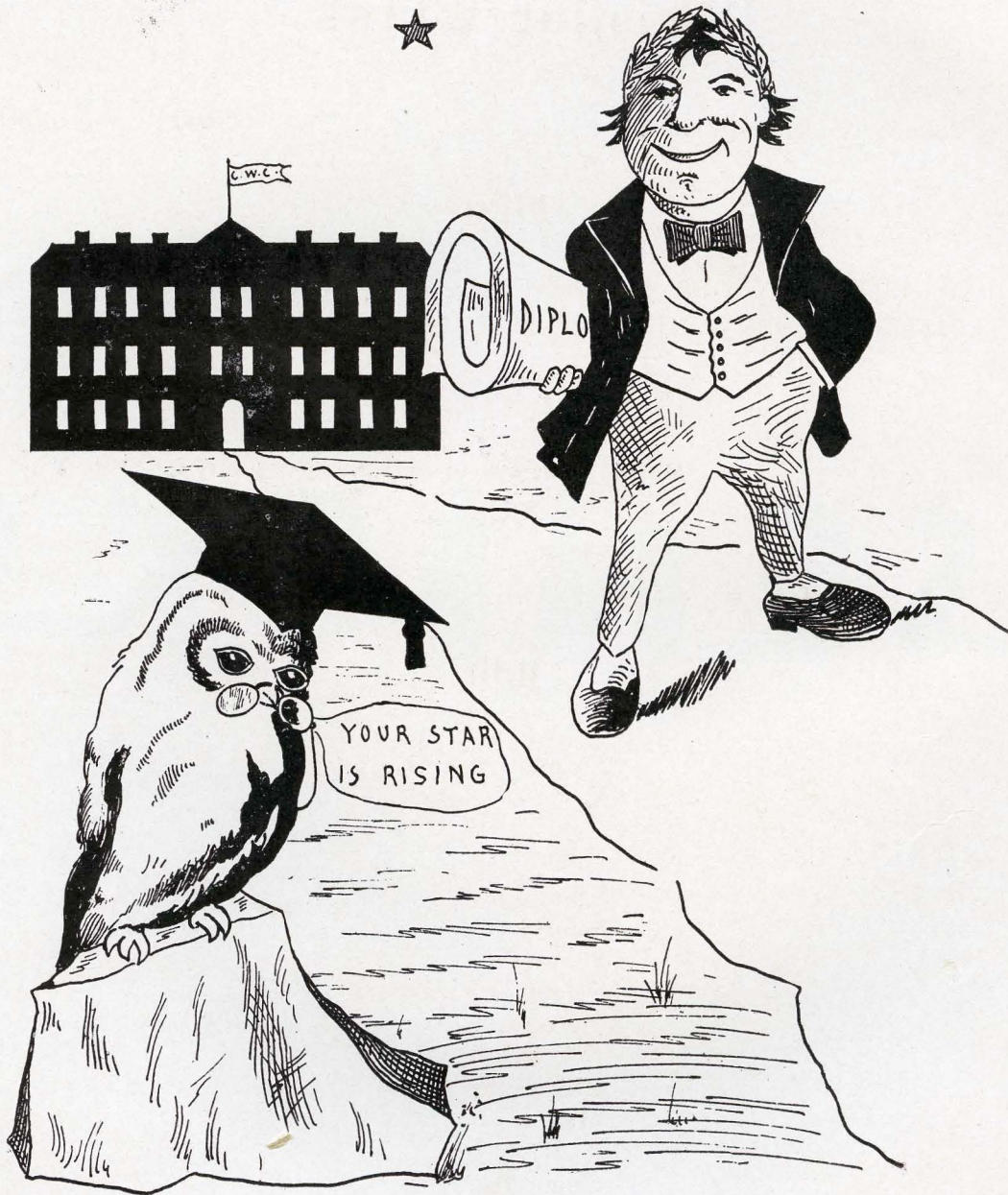
PAUL HEMKE,
Assistant in Mathematics.

OSCAR W. ZEIDLER,
Assistant in Mathematics.





SENIORS



Senior Class.

Colors: Violet and Cream.

Flower: Violet.

Officers.

W. LUTHER NAGEL, President.

PAUL E. HEMKE, Secretary.

MAUDE M. DREW, Vice-President.

ERNA I. SELL, Treasurer.

Motto: Discimus ut Serviamus.

Yell.

N-i-n-e-t-e-e-n '09

S

S-e

S-e-n

S-e-n-i

S-e-n-i-o

S-e-n-i-o-r

S-e-n-i-o-r-s-s-s-Boom!

We're it,

Got the grit,

Always fit,

Made a hit,

That's it!

Seniors! A-ah!!



EDWIN E. BAUMAN
Scientific
Prior Lake, Minn.

Y. M. C. A.: Asst. Business
Manager Pulse '09; C. W. C. Band.
Past—Came from Minnesota,
but couldn't help it.

Present—Secretary of the Uni-
ted Order of Goblins.

Future—Justice of the Supreme
Bench.



EMMA J. BRENNER
Vocal
Kansas City, Kans.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Philoma-
thia; Art Editor Pulse '09; Treas.
Engl. Oratorical Assn; Precept-
ress; Church Choir

Past—Indulging in stolen
walks and mad escapes through
back doors and windows.

Present—Preventing the girls
playing similar pranks.

Future—Supplying music for a
lawyer's office.



ALBERT F. DAESCHLER
Classical
Staples, Minn.

President German Oratorical Ass'n; Y. M. C. A.; Pastor at New Melle.

Past—Was an ordinary mortal.
Present—The Right Reverend Mr. Daeschler.

Future—Hopes to acquire the same proficiency in English as Dr. Kriege.



MAUDE M. DREW
Philosophical
Caldwell, Kas.

Vice-President Y. W. C. A.; English Editor Pulse '09; Vice-President Senior Class.

Past—Making contracts with admirers not to pass beyond Platonic friendship.

Present—Living up to this contract.

Future—Hoping that some one may break the contract.



MARIE D. HEMKE
Philosophical
Decatur, Ill.

Y. W. C. A. ; Ass't Editor Star;
German Editor Pulse '09; Ass't
Teacher.

Past— Official "growler" in
class-meetings.

Present— Advising the business
manager of Pulse.

Future—A continuation of the
present.



ESTELLE J. EVERSMEYER
Philosophical
Wright City, Mo.

President Y. W. C. A.; Philo-
mathia; Secretary German Ora-
torical Ass'n; Ass't Editor 'Star.'

Past—Too quiet to be described.

Present—Actually breaking
rules occasionally.

Future—Following her sister's
example.



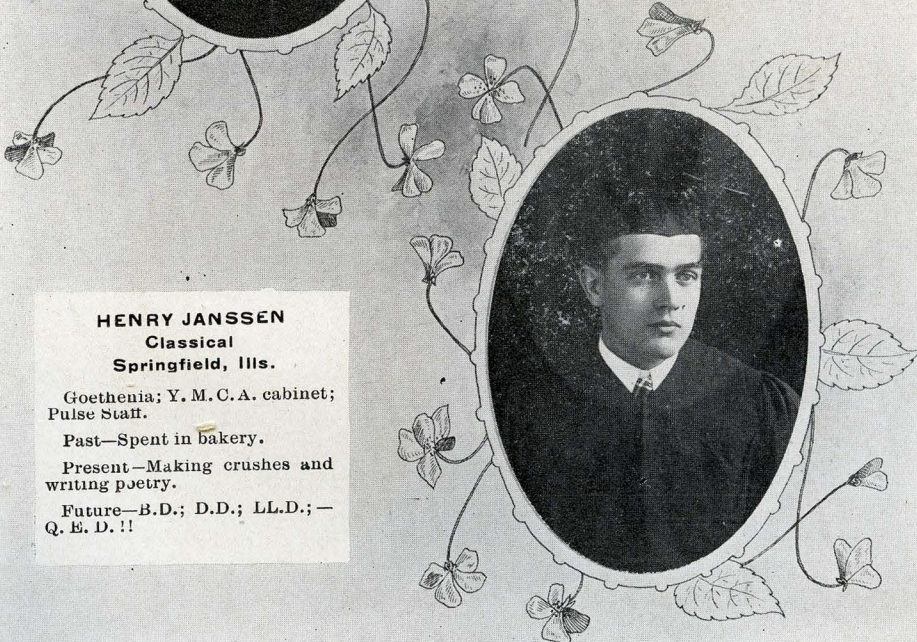
PAUL E. HEMKE
Classical
Decatur, Ills.

Goethenia; First Basket Ball Team; Base Ball Squad; Ass't Teacher.

Past—Was Marie's "little" brother.

Present—The athletic representative of Class '09

Future—The fulfillment of his desire for "closed" parlors.



HENRY JANSSEN
Classical
Springfield, Ills.

Goethenia; Y. M. C. A. cabinet; Pulse Staff.

Past—Spent in bakery.

Present—Making crushes and writing poetry.

Future—B.D.; D.D.; LL.D.; —
Q. E. D. !!

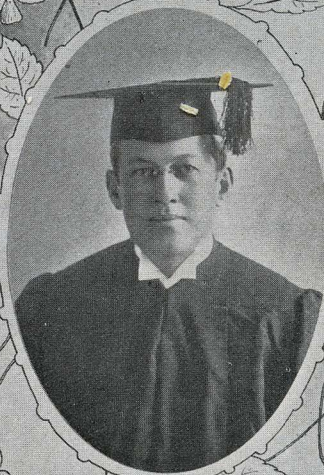


J. FRANCES KIRSHWAN
Piano
Jamestown, Mo.

Y. W. C. A ; Church Choir.
Past—Longing to study music
at C. W. C.

Present—Longing to stroll,
minus the company of the Ex-
Preceptress.

Future—Seeing that Ben gets
bread without any butter on it.



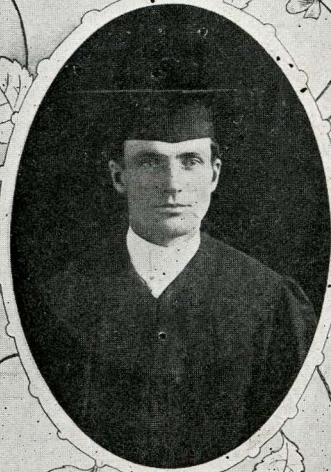
W. LUTHER NAGEL
Classical
Brighton, Ills.

Goethenia; Y. M. C. A.; Ass't
Teacher; President Senior Class;
Pastor at St. Charles.

Past—On the fence.

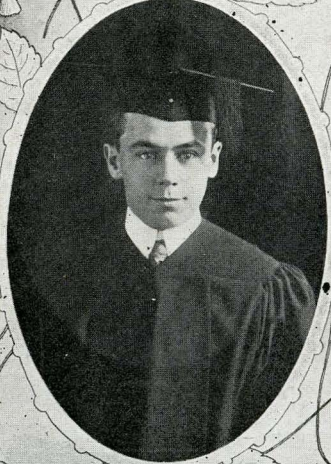
Present—Engraver of school
diplomas; no race discrimina-
tion.

Future—Butler in well estab-
lished English home.



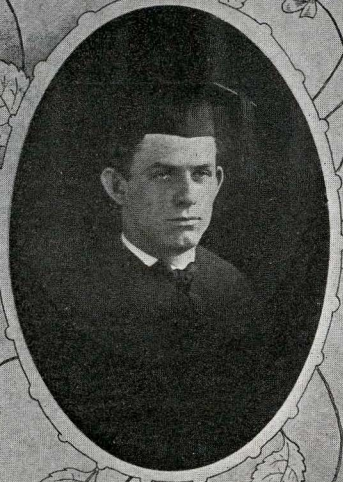
FRANK NEUMEYER
Theological Diploma
Gordonville, Mo.

Germania; Y. M. C. A.
Past—Taught to handle the
breadknife while young.
Present—Troubled by his con-
science.
Future—Brother in law of the
laundry man.



GEORGE C. NOTHDURFT
Classical
Jackson, Mo.

Germania; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.
Past—Breaking hearts.
Present—Busy giving his hear-
ty (?) support to the class.
Future—? ? ?



GEORGE F. RIXEY
Classical
Jonesburg, Mo.

Pastor Troy Circuit; Pulse Staff.

Past—Deliciously vague, but to the point.

Present — Taking dates for granted.

Future—A shining light in the clerical heaven.



ERNA I. SELL
Philosophical

Fairfax, Minnesota

Y. W. C. A.; Philomathia;
President Engl. Oratorical Assn.;
Asst. Editor-in-Chief Pulse '09;
Church Choir; Treas. Class '09.

Past—A pink-haired maiden.
Present—Fully decided on the baseness of man (generic, not specific!) and the rights of women.

Future—Handling a "Whip."



IRVING W. SCHOEPPÉL
Scientific
Ellis Grove, Ill

Y M C A ; Business Manager
Pulse '09.

Past—Having crushes on Maries.

Present—Turning search lights on married couples.

Future—Will develop later, at present dim.



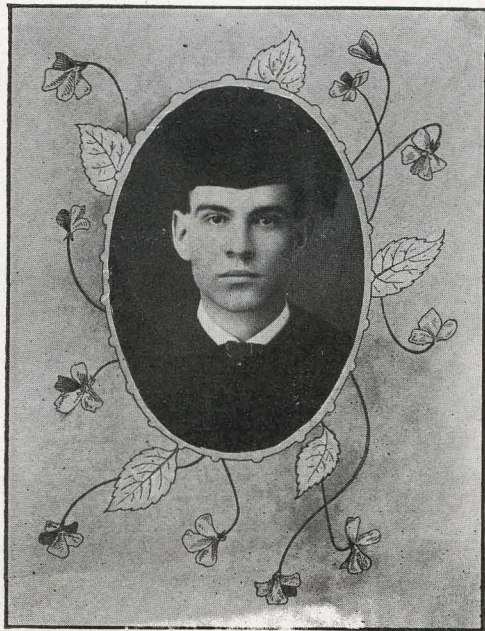
GEORGE VON TUNGELN
Philosophical
Golconda, Illinois

Editor-in-Chief Pulse '09;
Y M C A ; Ass't Teacher.

Past—Indescribable infant prodigy.

Present—Gravitation toward North Pole

Future—Probably the breaker of the contract (See above.)



JOHN T. MYERS
Philosophical
Dalton, Mo.

Past—Erna's brother.
Present—At home with mother.
Future—Quack Doctor.

L. H. H. WINTER
Theological
Drake, Mo.

Past—Bachelor.
Present—Benedict.
Future—Dubious.

History of Senior Class.

'Twas on a bright auspicious day of September in the year 1905, I ween, when a number of girls and boys, (or must I say young ladies and gentlemen,) saw each other grouped "side by each" as Freshmen of C. W. C. Surely it was a fortunate day of the languid month, else how such a happy fortunate Senior band of to-day? For lo, even so, these open-eyed wondering Freshmen of '05 are the Seniors of to-day, the monuments expressing the work and influence of C. W. C.

Monuments we might truly say, because the learned look, the polished air and the confident bearing are the final result of four years of classical chiseling, of college sandpapering and of great thought on the part of the Faculty. Of a certainty, the Seniors '09 are monuments.

Is Central Wesleyan proud of her product? Listen at Commencement when the Seniors go forth to fight life's battles and you will hear how she mourns the loss she has to sustain. Is the Faculty proud of this class? Attend closely and hear its voice thrill with pride and pulsate with praise when the Seniors are given their diplomas. Are the Seniors proud of themselves? Aye, even so! But theirs is not the overbearing, insolent pride of the braggart idler. Nay, rather it is the satisfaction of the strong man who sees his work well done, the pride of the soldier who has obeyed duty's command. For have they not fostered college spirit by means of their organization and progress? Have they not proved themselves to be of the mould of heroes and heroines? Possibly they have some marks of battle, but what soldier victorious is not proud of his scars. These but accentuate the glory of final triumph.

During this year have not the Seniors performed wonders? Tardily, yet well they dedicated the new gymnasium, even as it should be, by having the Senior-Junior Banquet within its spacious walls. Oh! was not there that which satisfies the nature of man? Say you not that that banquet is not known abroad. Know you well that the internal regions know of it. But not by this alone will the class of '09 be remembered. Nay, rather will it be revered and called "blessed" by succeeding generations of students, since it resurrected from oblivion and neglect Fourth Year Greek and Fifth Year Latin. With what fortitude, with what courage, with what daring this was done can never be estimated. Ah! for this, well may its name be hallowed!

But even here wonders do not cease. Behold! the Freshmen is amazed, he stops and stares; the Sophomore, more bold, dares to touch and ask questions; the Junior sees, smiles and dreams of what will soon be his; and the Senior is proud and struts. And well he may, for is he not garbed in the sable dignified cap and gown? Wonder of wonders! Miracle of miracles! Victory of victories! For upon the blessed head of the Senior the Faculty has placed the mortar-board, his sacred personage has it enshrouded in the time-hallowed gown,—at his request. Herein is he glorified. By this will he crown his honors. For was not his the privilege of adding a new dignity to the Junior Ex? Will he not be the first to demonstrate at Commencement what great things have been wrought? Yea, verily even so.

Then are we beholden to ascribe to the Senior Class of '09 much honor and great praise and proclaim them noblest sons and daughters of Central Wesleyan. Let us not fear that the Seniors will object. Kismet.







BE CHEERFUL
THE WORST IS YET
TO COME

CALL AGAIN

KEEP COOL IN
JANUARY

SISTER

SWEET ADELINE

BUTTER
MILK

SAIL ON
SAIL OFF
JUNIOR EX

SAMPLES
OF
COLLEGE
YELLS

PHILOMATH
BYLAWS

1910
JUNIOR
WHY AM
I

Juniors.

Officers.

MARTIN D. OTT, President. JOHN E. KIENLE, Secretary.
OSCAR H. WERNER, Vice-Pres. CLARA E. EVERSMEYER, Treas.

Flower: White Rose.

Colors: Fern Green and White.

Motto: Volens et Potens.

Members.

Allinger, Ella M.
Bader, Ernest F.
Bohm, Alvin C.
Brockman, Fred J.
Eversmeyer, Clara E.
Frick, Victor T.
Harmon, J. Chester
Hessel, Olin J.
Hertenstein, Bernard H.
Kettelkamp, George H.
Kienle, John E.
Kramer, Elsie L.

Lotz, Charles J.
Laeger, Herman A.
Marquardt, George W.
Matthaei, Milton H.
Ott, Martin D.
Robertus, Carl A.
Schneider, Henry F.
Schowengerdt, Erwin E.
Twente, John W.
Werner, Oscar H.
Wipperman, Laurent A.
Yaeger, Edgar G.

Hell.

Hipete-hi-te-ha-ha-ha,
Zoom! Room! Rah! Rah! Rah!
We're always first in line,
Rush! Push! Climb!
In song and fight and play
We always lead the way.
When others fear,
And Prof's are near,
Juniors cheer!
Re-rah, Re-rah, Re-rah, Ren!
Juniors! Juniors! 1910!



Ella M. Allinger
Burlington, Ia.



Ernest E. Bader
Fremont, Neb.



Alvin C. Bohm
Edwardsville, Ill.



Fred J. Brockman
Nokomis, Ill.



Clara E. Eversmeyer
Troy Mo.



Victor I. Frier
Warrenton Mo.



J. Chester Harmon
Montgomery Mo.



B. H. Hertenstein
New Baden, Ill.



Olin J. Messell.
Kearney Mo.



John E. Keme.
New Orleans La.



C.D. Kettelkamp.
Nokomis Ill.



Elsie L. Kramer
Brighton Ill.



Norman C. Leyer
Sterling, Nebr.



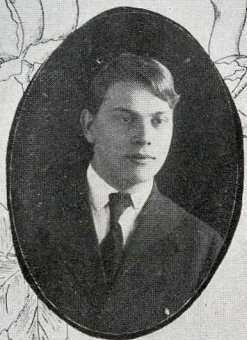
Charles J. Sotz
Leslie, Mo.



Geo. W. Marquardt
Bison, Kans.



MA Matthaei
Wathena, Kans.



Martin O. Ott,
Kansas City, Kans.



Carl A. Roberts
Warrenton Mo.



H. Schneider
Nokomis Ill.



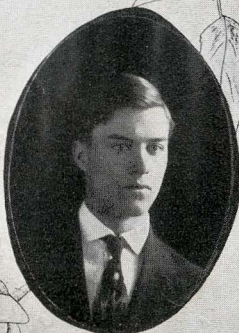
Ervin L. Schouenert
Warrenton Mo.



John W. Twente
Napoleon Mo.



Oscar H. Werner
Adams, Nebr.



Laurent A. Wippermaa
Warrenton Mo.



Edgar C. Yaeger
New Baden Ill.

Junior Class.

Occasion and duty compel me to invoke the
"Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
To somewhat loudly sweep the string,"

so that I may be able in a measure, "With Lucky Words" to do honor to the class of 1910. For any one who belongs to such an honorable body as the class of '10 must feel a heavy weight of responsibility. If not, he has no conception of the powers and duties vested in such a member or he is lacking in a proper sense of the obligations which membership places upon him. In order to achieve the ends for which the Junior class strives, it is necessary for each individual member to have a definite outline of his intended campaign in so far as his ideal can be anticipated. As a matter of fact these summary outlines are being developed and remodeled so that by the end of the present year, the volume of the Junior class will be complete and brim full of accomplished projects.

Then, too, at the end of the year all controversies between the class of '09 and '10 will have been favorably adjusted. The good feeling already existing between the two classes will have been increased to such an extent that their existence will be as one in an Elysian field. As a result, there will be such an elasticity of good will predominating that there will never again be any limitations to the joy and peace so essential to progress. All unnecessary embarrassment will then vanish. We would not assume such a narrow view as that the future conditions should secure for the class of '10 a greater or more perfect degree of independence than that of the class of '09, but that inter-class matters be subjected to arbitration through which both classes will receive the greatest possible advantage.

From the day that our class, the class of '10, first entered C. W. C. its members have proven themselves remarkable beings. Along just what lines we have been masters would require more space than is allotted to us in the Pulse '09. Suffice it to say that previous historians have as yet been unable to elaborate sufficiently upon all past data.

Sailing under the white and green, the twenty-four individual members united as a sovereign unity are recognized as potent factors in all college circles. In the classical hall or athletic field, in the drawing room or the chapel, in the philosophical or the scientific realm, in the Theological

Seminary or the business world, we are the same Junior Absolutes. C. W. C. points to us as Cornelia, the virtuous Roman matron, pointed to the Gracchi, and says with her, "These are my jewels."

Our true metal was proved on that cold winter day when our great brothers and sisters were passing through "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." We were also willing to pass through, had it become necessary, in order that they might fight successfully for the Cap and Gown.

Ah, how we used to rejoice when the chapel time came, for who does not know of that brotherly ordeal "The Junior handshake?" Not only did it signify warm Junior hearts, but also genuine Methodist spirit. Others may shake hands, but the singular hand shake of the members of the class '10 has a more significant meaning. It is a verification of a psychological fact, "A good habit persisted in becomes continually easier to perform."

Furthermore we were prominent in Chapel exercises. We remembered those famous lines from Pope,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

when we undertook to develop our Junior Theses. Those Theses will long be remembered for their completeness of thought on vital subjects. Seemingly they were written "Not for an age, but for all time."

That we lived through those anxious days preceding the Junior Exhibition was due to the fact that all work was scientifically planned and performed. Why, our class meetings were so absorbing that they were sometimes held twice a day in order that we might reconsider or rescind previous hasty actions. Yet the crowning event of the year was on March the tenth, when the capabilities of the class were truly portrayed, and it was proved beyond the question of a doubt that we were living our motto, "Volens et Potens." The decorations were unique and symmetrical, even to details. Those green Junior neckties alone, proved the unity of the whole.

Our rank in social circles is also worthy of mention, although some of us cannot boast of being sports, and are inclined to let the Academics plan manoeuvres in "Girlology," we, in spite of that fact have a few who understand the art and enjoy untold pleasures with the "Co-eds."

In conclusion we should like to enumerate our particular virtues, but we will only summarize. We are a great class, we are proud of our enviable reputation, our wholesome class spirit, and our twenty-four brilliant, jovial

and masterful personalities. We are a class noted for our veracity. We love the truth and cherish its principles. Lastly, we are an humble class. We have not the spirit of aloofness which is so evident in the Sophomoric section. We are meek and docile, and happy to know that we are humble in our greatness, for without us Central Wesleyan would feel a pang of regret. Upon our Junior memorial will be cut the epithet, "Oh, rare class of 1910."

Class Song.

The Rose of 1910.

A snow white flow'r, a fragrant flow'r
Stood sparkling in morn's silv'ry dew;
A tender rose 'neath shady bow'r,
Its perfume was pure as its hue,
The purest rose, the sweetest rose,
Most beauteous rose, fragrant rose,
All hail to the rose, to the snowy white flow'r,
All hail to the rose in the cool, shady bow'r.

Refrain: - Hail! Hail! Hail! Hurrah! Hail! Hail!
All hail to the rose, to the snowy white flow'r
All hail to the rose in the cool shady bow'r.

A handsome maid, a Junior maid,
This beauteous flower espied;
She plucked the rose, the snow white rose,
With ribbon the flower she tied.
A youthful lad, a Junior lad
Declared it the queen of flowers.
They made it their emblem, this snow white flow'r,
All hail to the class with the rose for its flow'r.

Refrain: - Hail! Hail! Hail! Hurrah! Hail! Hail!
They made it their emblem, this snow white flow'r
All hail to the class with the rose for its flow'r.

Oh rose so pure, Oh rose so true,
We hail thee, our emblem of white,
Thou flower of morn, in sparkling dew
With splendor so radiant and bright
Oh youthful class, Oh Junior class,
Oh glorious class of ten!
All hail to thy emblem, thy maids and thy men.
All hail to the Junior class "nineteen and ten."

Refrain: - Hail! Hail! Hail! Hurrah! Hail! Hail!
All hail to thy emblem, thy maids, and thy men.
All hail to the Junior class "nineteen and ten."

Oh Junior class, dear Junior class,
We joy in thy glorious name
Thy Alma Mater praises thee
And sings of thy wonderful fame
Arise and stand, thou youthful band,
Oh glorious youthful band,
All hail to the Juniors, their emblem and flow'r.
All hail to the class with the rose for its flow'r.

Refrain: - Hail! Hail! Hail! Hurrah! Hail! Hail!
All hail to the Juniors, their emblem and flow'r.
All hail to the class with the rose for its flow'r.

C. J. LOTZ.

Junior Jabber.

- Allinger, Ella "I am content for I am still young."
Bader, Ernest "A shark at making eyes."
Bohm, Alvin "If flunk we must—we must."
Brockman, Fred "This college never could get along without me."
Eversmeyer, Clara "This dimple, Oh! this dimple! Please call the doctor."
Frick, Victor "The most kiddish kid in school."
Hertenstein, Bernard "I mean to be steady if Schier doesn't come back."
Hessel, Olin "That we could fathom that far away look!"
Kienle, John "My hairs are few, I'm getting old—
 But I'll get there some day I'm told"
Kettelkamp, George "I doubt even the logic of great philosophers
 Unless it agrees with my own."
Kramer, Elsie "I o-o-oh, I is s-s-so-o tired."
Laeger, Herman "The most of it is that his logic's so strong
 That of two sides he commonly chooses the wrong."
Lotz, Chas "Grin'ds out verses by the yard."
Marquardt, George "I've a longing in my heart for — (?)"
Matthaei, Milton "I'm here looking for a wife."
Ott, Martin "Please go away and let me sleep."
Robertus, Carl "We'll crush any old basket ball team that comes here."
Schneider, Henry "Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all."
Schowengerdt, Erwin "Never do to-day what you can do tomorrow."
Twente, John "Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow the grub may be slim."
Werner, Oscar "When I get married—."
Wipperman, Laurent "Hi there, you crook, what are you doing here?"
Yaeger, Edgar "No tuft on cheek, or beard on chin."

“Sophomores.”





Sophomores.

Officers.

President, Laurence W. Emig. Treasurer, Edith H. Kriege.
Vice-President, Oscar W. Zeidler. Master Athletics, Raymond C. Addicks
Secretary, Lorena L. Schowengerdt. Star Staff, Louis J. Duewel.

Class Colors: Black and Old Gold. **Class Flower:** Black-eyed Susan.

Class Motto: He Conquers who Endures.

Members.

Addicks Raymond C.	Noltensmeyer, John H.
Buddenberg, Rahl H.	Nothdurft, August.
Duewel, Louis J.	Reynolds, Floyd W.
Ditzen, Margaret.	Rinkel, Anna C.
Emig, Laurence W.	Schowengerdt, Lorena L.
Fritz, Carl.	Skibbe, Nora L.
Kies, Paul.	Stueckeman, Edna M.
Kriege, Edith H.	Tang, John.
Laeger, Edward.	Zeidler, Oscar W.
Ling, Frank.	

Hell.

Bill! oh-h-h Bill— Bill! !

(To tune of "But the Smoke Goes up the Chimney Just the Same.")

"The Sophies are the kernel of the pie,
The Sophies are the kernel of the pie;
Youc'n look and laugh and snezze,
Youc'n say just what you please,
But the Sophies are the kernel of the pie."
See us! hear us! Black and Gold!
Soph'more virtues a-a-l-l-l untold.
Razzle dazzle! Razzle dazzle!
Sis Boom Ah!
We're the Soph'mores—Rah-Rah! !

Sophomores.

In the fall of 1907 an event most important in the history of C. W. C. took place,—the class of 1911 was organized.

As Freshmen we received merited recognition in our school work; we also did much to promote friendly feeling between the Freshies and Sophs. We were the largest Freshman class that C. W. C. had ever known.

We have lost a few of our last year's class but have gained strong new members. Although we now number but nineteen, what we lack in quantity we more than make up in quality. Among the Sophomores are some of the brightest, most diligent students in College. Several possess remarkable artistic and musical talent. We have proved by the excellent rendering of our Chapel declamations that from our class are to step forth the most promising speakers of the age.

We would have nothing of which to be proud, had we not continued this year active and faithful in promoting the harmonious feeling between the classes. We have been true to our purpose. Instead of the old time, barbarous Freshmen-Sophomore color-rush, on Saturday evening February the sixth, the Freshmen were entertained by the Sophomores. They reported an excellent time.

The class of 1911 has representatives in every branch of athletics in the Literary Societies, in the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Eight of our members are ministers' children and nine intend to enter the ministerial field of labor. One of our members is a star player on the First Basket Ball Team. We are also proud to own several trigonometry and physics sharks.

We are faithful and take interest in our school work, we attend classes regularly, prepare our lessons carefully, (except after Junior Ex. and such occasions) and are always seen in chapel—four virtues of which few classes can boast.

The class of 1911 has lifted the Sophomoric stage of C. W. C. life to a higher plane. Heretofore Sophomores have been looked upon as bigheaded, (because unaware of their ignorance) rough, antagonistic, always ready to make life miserable for the Freshies, and harboring ill-will and revengeful feeling toward the other classes. But a marvelous change has been effected. From this year forward the Sophomore class will be looked upon not as

bigheaded, rough and barbarous, but as modest, studious, and always willing and eager to further the brotherly feeling between the classes.

Now, as we bequeath our Sophomoric dignity to the Freshman class of this year, we hope they will continue the good work which we have so earnestly begun and that they will be successful in attaining the standard which we have set for them. We sincerely hope that in these efforts they will have the hearty co-operation of the new Freshman class. We wish to assure them that although they may not have the sympathy of the other classes, they will always receive true sympathy, help and encouragement from the class of 1911.

Sophomore Sauce.

"A" is for Addicks, whenever he's there.

"B" is for Buddenberg, butting in everywhere.

"C" is for Christmas, what a great time!

"D" may mean Duewel who studies the Divine.

"D" also stands for Ditzen whom Yaeger knows well.

"E" Ah! that's Emig—Etta can tell.

"F" is for Fritz, who's fresh, free and fair.

"G" is for greatness, in which the Sophs have no share.

"H" is for hush, this the Sophies can't bear.

"I" is for insanity, we hope none will go there.

"J" is not in the class so he can't make a noise.

"K" is for Kies, the boy from Illinois.

"K" is also for Kriege, a fair maiden is she,

So Hemke will tell thee.

"L" is for Laeger, the boy from the West.

Who on Saturday in hair-cutting does his best.

"L" is for Ling, the Chinaman Ling.

Who often tries but never can sing.

"M" I am for Marie

But the Sophies you see—haven't me.

"N" is for nothing, Northdurft and Noltensmeyer.

"O" is the eclipse that never is eclipsed.

"P" is for ponies well broken to ride.

"Q" is a queer fellow, by Sophies 'despised.

"R" is for Reynolds, too fresh to be wise.

"R" is also for Rinkel, too young for such ancient facial guise.

"S" is for Schowengerdt, too young and too fair

To have any care.

"S" is also for Skibbe who never wearies

In asking questions by the series.

"S" too, is for Stueckemann, with eloquent air.

"T" is for Tang, "Er ist nicht sehr lang."

"U" and "V" always come together

In rainy, stormy or any kind of weather.

"W" "X" and "Y" you know,

Are those Sophs cannot show.

Now last is "Z" and Zeidler it be;

And with this we repeat

The alphabet is complete.



Freshmen.





Freshmen.

Officers.

Chas. F. Johannaber, President. Chas. H. Sasse, Sec. and Treasurer.
Alice Richmond, Vice-President. Lecil Overstreet, Star Staff.

Class Colors: Black and Lilac. **Class Flower:** Pink Carnation.
Class Motto: "Perseverance means Success."

Members.

Herbert A. Boldt.	Lecil Overstreet.
Fred P. Gutekunst.	Aaron J. Rekop.
Oscar Henning.	Alice E. Richmond.
Chas. F. Johannaber.	Chas. H. Sasse.
George Korb.	Waldo Scheideman.
Wm. Lindau.	Edw. W. Skaer.
John Long.	Henry Steiman.
Zwingli F. Meyer.	J. D. Thiessen.

Hell.

Freshmen, Freshmen,
Rah, rah, rah,
Shake up, wake up!
Grand old make-up:
Black and Lilac!

Aha!

Freshie-reshie resh

Rah! Rah!

Freshmen.

Time brings about changes, the Freshman becomes a Sophomore, forgets the past and moves on to reach his destination. At the end of every school year the history of the Freshman Class ends and the following year evidently must begin without a Freshman Class. Nevertheless the autumn of 1908 saw another such organization come into existence.

We have labored under disadvantages and difficulties. Although the school attendance has been increasing during the past years, we cannot boast of the large membership of preceding Freshman Classes. Neither have we engaged in any athletic combats or been aroused by any sylphs or gnomes to engage in a "color rush." We can, however, boast of the meritorious recognition we have received in cultivating fraternalism with the Sophomore Class. The fear of class troubles this year more than ever before has been a stumbling-block in the classification of students as Freshmen. Notwithstanding, the efforts exerted on the part of some members to increase the membership have partly been crowned with success.

The members of our class is sixteen—fourteen boys and two girls—. Sixteen in itself is of no historical value but the number seven has through many ages been recognized as historical and sacred. Since the class numbers fourteen and the number is a multiple of seven, we have ample evidence of the genuineness of our class. Unfortunately it has but few roses among the thorns, a fact which causes every boy to cry out for more roses

Since we as a class are just beginning our college career, we have the greater part of our opportunities before us. Therefore we must persevere since success depends on perseverance. Our motto is, "Perseverance means Success." Success is the pearl after which everyone is striving. It is the aim of each member of the Freshman Class to become the possessor of this gem.

Man lives as he thinks; his deeds are the symbols of his thoughts. The Freshman Class, therefore, exhibits colors and flowers as the symbol of principals and qualities. The love for higher ideals is represented in the lilac color and pink carnation. In order to attain these high ideals, we must possess virtue and courage which are well represented in the color black.

Father Time carries the destiny of the classes in his hand. He has gifts in store for us if we are striving to attain them. The students of to-day are the teachers of tomorrow. Watch us!

Freshmen Hoibles.

Boldt, Herbert "One man who is afraid of the preceptress."

Gutekunst, Fred "Sings way down in his boots."

Henning, Oscar "Ein Deutscher stolz bin ich."

Johannaber, Chas. "Come to me, sweet Mayme."

Korb, George "Sawed off and hammered down."

Lindau, William "Say kid, do you ever think you will amount to anything?"

Long, John "Long John."

Meyer, Zwingli "Do get a hair-cut."

Overstreet, Lecil "Harry cannot refrain from going over(the)street."

Rekop, Aaron "My greatest ambition is to be a preacher."

Richmond, Alice "Such a giggle."

Sasse, Charles "Scholar? Ha! Ha!"

Scheidemann, Waldo "The world knows only two—that's the other fellow
that isn't very well known and myself."

Skaer, Edwin " Please pass the sauerkraut."

Steiman, Henry "With a smile that won't come off."

Thiessen, Jacob "That pompadour. "

“The Academy.”





The Academy.

Officers.

President, Richard Steinbach.
Vice-President, Edw. Baur.

Secretary, Florence Sell.
Treasurer, Henry Lotz.

Color: Old Rose and Hunter's Green.

Hell.

Ricka-chicka, Ricka-chicka Rah!!!
Prep Prep Ah!!!
Ha Ha Ha!
Are we in it?
Yes I should smile.
We've been in it for quite a while.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Prep!!!

Academic Inflamed Atmosphere.

Marvelous are the Preps,
Numerous are the Preps;
Ponderous they are and lilipution,
Blonde and Brunette in all confusion,
All shapes and all sizes, all shades and all hues,
Slow, verdant, sagacious, as you may choose,
Sports, digs, grinds, sharks and athletes,
And maidens with enticing air.
If variety is the spice of existence,
With us, then, no class can compare.

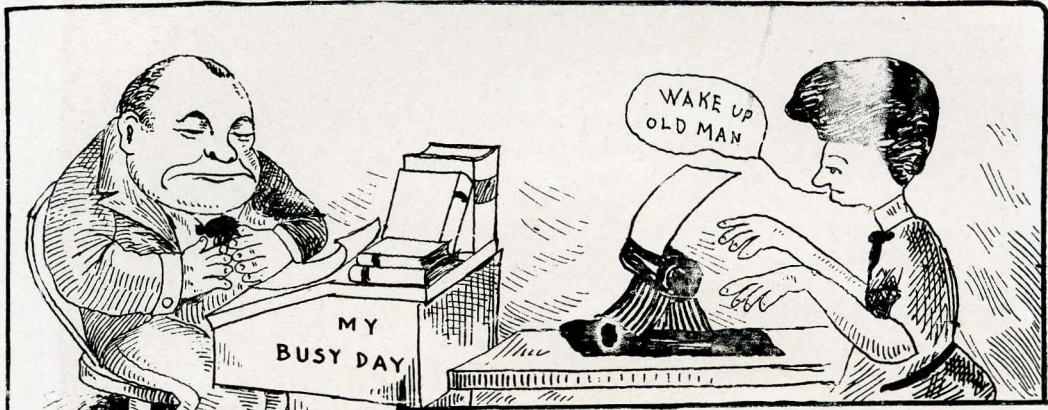
The Academic Department of C. W. C. inspires the soul to poetic fancies, the repression of which proves detrimental to the progress of our institution of learning and culture. So pardon the effusion of Preps who have studied neither rhyme, or rhythm, nor the various meters. All agreed poets are more concerned with the ennobling thoughts they wish to express than with poetic form. Thus it has been with us. We dare not further expatiate on the virtues of the Academic for it would require reams of paper, volume of space and all the big words in the dictionary. Let a few tales out of school suffice.

Wonder U

Iggie always tries to deceive the preceptress?
Florence Huegely wears that sanctimonious air?
The "Unlucky Fives" and their affinities are always singing "God be with
you till we meet again?"
Luella Smith always sings "Al's bright smile haunts me still?"
Everyone asked Missouri Kelly April 6th, "Why all those tears?"
Myrtle Taylor likes to chaperon to the M. E. Church, South?
Florence Sell has ceased to wreak pugilistic vengeance on the "Ray" of the
house of Addicks?
Flora Thee has many beaux and still never sports?
Grassmueck sent in so many jokes on himself?
Esther Huck is called the "Nashville Beauty?"
Ida Skaer writes poetry?
Brink does not dye his gory locks?
Borchardt sings "Harry married Lecil etc?"
Steinback sports Skibbe?
Wehrman does not get an instrument to measure the number of miles he
travels around the dorm by night?
Scotty loved "his friends" so?
Baur and Kuhrtz do not scatter each others wig on the green?
Elsie Hardt refused the Lager?
Curly sings: She's my lady Hottentot,
She has a mortgage on my heart,
She's the one I love the best,
My brown eyed Zuzu Girl?"
Schier does not come back to hold his own?
Etta Hessel found parting so delicious and yet so heartrending?
Quillman so enjoyed the reception he received the night the dorm (?) was
on fire?
Why Dewy is called the "Junior Mascot?"
The Academics are the wonders of C. W. C.?
Wonderous are the Preps,
Marvelous are the Preps,
Great and good are the Preps of C. W. C.



Commercial Department.





Senior Commercial Class.



Second Commercial Class.

Commercial Department.

Officers.

Wm. T. Sutter, President.

Fred Gutekunst, Vice President.

Thos. Rodgers, Secretary-Treasurer.

Motto: He conquers who endures.

Colors: Green and Gold.

Flower: Daffodil.

Hell.

Sis Boom!Commercial.

Sis Boom!Commercial!

Ah !

Hipeta Hi..... Zoom!Boom!

Hipeta Huss. What you know about us?

Listen! Honest! Faithful! Upright! Too!

We're the ones that never feel blue.

Central Wesleyan give us room.

Central Wesleyan Business College.

To the youth standing at the parting of the way and trying to decide where to go, we say "Come to Central Wesleyan Business College." That it is the best place for a business training is proved beyond a doubt; and with the two illustrious men, Prof's. O. H. Werner and C. Harmon at the helm, great things may be expected.

To be sure there will be difficulties; rulers, journals, cashbooks, ledgers, notebooks, and checkbooks will puzzle the wisest, but with the assistance of the faithful teachers who are ever anxious and ready to help, all the whys and wherefores connected with a business career will be readily acquired. To show that high ideals are cultivated it is only necessary to mention the ambition of the class of 1909. There are Messrs A. Schaper and C. M. Burnette who are ambitious to be managers of the Gem City Business College. Mr. E. Meier who began his business career in the actual business class expects soon to be at the head of the strongest Commission House in New Orleans. Nor shall we forget Messrs H. Steiman and E. W. Steffen, who are known for their honesty and integrity, are organizing the Manhattan Natl. Bank of New York. Messrs E. Kessler and G. Freese are on a deal for the Barr Dry Goods Co. with a capital of \$500,000. Miss N. E. Mahnken has in view a position as traveling saleslady for the San Francisco Wholesale Millinery Co. For some time Mr. Alex Nasse has been hesitating between several good positions that were offered him but finally concluded to accept the management of Sears Sawbuck & Co., and Miss Lulu Bolm will be his private secretary. Messrs P. Rixman and Geo. Middelkamp were always talking of fine auto rides and we are not surprised to note that they have finally decided to organize the Rixman & Middelkamp Auto Co. Miss Ruth Woods will go to Chicago and take a year of post-graduate work after which she expects to engage in teaching in her Alma Mater. Messrs O. Hermeling and F. Gutenkunst will soon go to New York City where they will promote a South African Mining Scheme out of which they hope to make a great fortune. With great pride we think of Mr. Wm. Sutter who has accepted the position of private secretary to President Taft.

Every member of the Commercial Class of 1909 expects to endure and conquer.

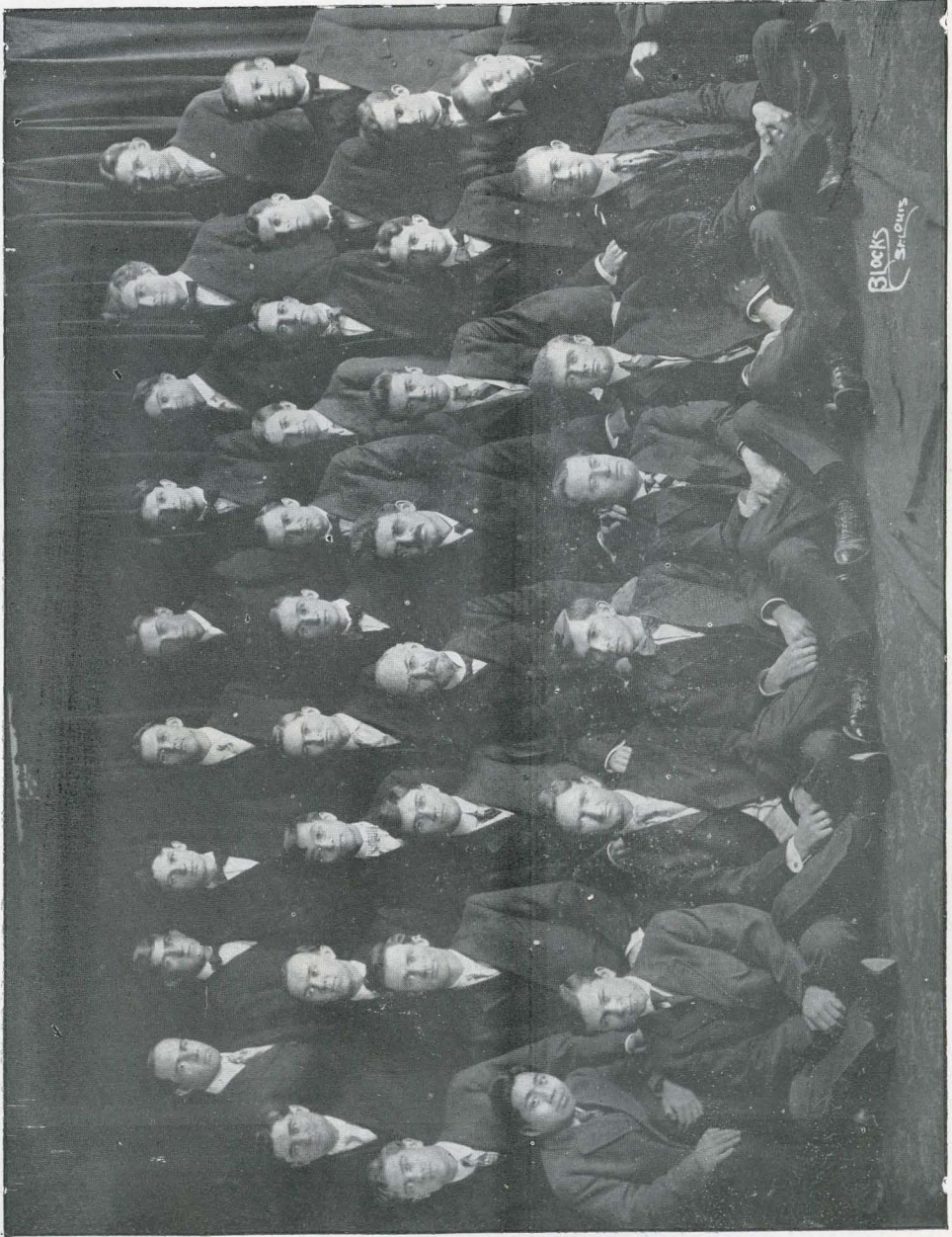
Saws and Hammers.

What would Central Wesleyan Business College be if
Baguer (Iggie) would not have to meet so many trains?
Miss Sell would not eat so much at night?
Hasenjaeger's hair were not so red?
Nienhueser did not have such an appetite for cocoanuts?
Neumeyer would not know how to write a check?
Heidmann knew how to sign his name?
Borchardt were a sport instead of Commercial Law shark?
Bockhorst would not have such nice hair?
Vieth knew how to run a bakery shop?
Boeckenkroeger (Scottie) had not been cashier of so many banks in St.Louis?
Dickmeyer knew how to rule a Ledger?
Freese knew how to decorate R. R. Car Windows?
Laeger (Bishop) would not rubber so much?
Schierloh (Shilo) could have gone to Sears Roebuck & Co., to learn
bookkeeping?
Miss Logue would not talk so much in class?
Roglin had not read Ben Hur in Commercial Correspondence?
Schnell were not so small?
Rodgers knew how to whistle?
Kuhrtz could keep his books straight?
Fields were not such a base ball shark?
Armstrong would not have such a strong arm?
Buescher would know how to stay away from Truesdale?
Kelly would come to class on time?
King would know how to sport?
Poisse were not so fast?



Theological Seminary.





Theologisches Seminar.

Der Wert des Lebens besteht in den Idealen, denen der Mensch nachstrebt. Gemessen an diesem Werte hat ein Seminar als Bildungsstätte für zukünftige Geistliche oder Prediger fürwahr einen grossen und herrlichen Beruf. Seine Aufgabe ist, die Prophetenzöglinge so auszubilden, dass dieselben Knechte Gottes werden, die da recht teilen das Wort der Wahrheit, welches Menschen beeinflusst vollkommene Männer Gottes zu werden, zu jedem guten Werk geschickt. Menschen zu retten war des Herrn Beruf, ist seiner Jünger Beruf. Unser Ziel ist deshalb nicht in erster Linie die Ausbildung wissenschaftlicher Theologen, sondern vielmehr die des evangelistischen Arbeiters, des schriftkundigen, beredten Predigers und des sympathischen Seelsorgers. Der Menschheit praktisch zu dienen ist eine hohe Lebensaufgabe, und da dies speziell der geistliche Stand tun darf, so ist er wohl der schönste, aber auch verantwortungsvollste Beruf. Hier ist's gemein, wenn das Amt nur Brotamt ist, also selbstsüchtig und gewinnsüchtig. Da wir keine Mietlinge, "nach Amos 7, 12 keine Fresspropheten" ausbilden wollen, und unser deutsches Werk ganz besonders Idealismus und Heroismus verlangt, so wird darauf gedrungen—ohne jedoch eine schablonenmässige, wunderbare Erfahrung als Prutstein anzuwenden—dass der sich dem heiligen Beruf widmende Jüngling die innere Ueberzeugung zum Amte entweder schon besitzt oder sie doch ernstlich sucht. Samuel und Amos, Jesaias und Jeremias im alten Bunde, sowie auch Johannes der Täufer und Paulus folgen einem unwiderstehlichen inneren Gottes Drange: "sie müssen reden," so Amos 3, 8; Jeremias 1, 4-9; Paulus Gal. 1, 75. Hat der Kandidat das Herz auf dem rechten Fleck, so will nun das Seminar das Feuer des Herzens erhalten und durch eine gründliche theologische Ausbildung auch dem Kopfe zu seinem Recht verhelfen. Der dreijährige praktische Seminarkursus gibt die so nötige Anleitung, um die Gaben in der Reichsgottesarbeit begeistert und zielbewusst verwenden zu können. Das Talent muss nicht nur dem Herrn geweiht werden, so wie es ist, sondern es muss auch ausgebildet, entwickelt werden. Das scharfe Werkzeug schneidet besser und mit weniger Kraftaufwand als das stumpfe. Unsere Zeit verlangt, dass der Arbeiter im Weinberg des Herrn die Prinzipien Jesu nicht nur anwende, sondern taktvoll und verständnisvoll, energisch und zielbewusst anwende. Der Herr Jesus, der grösste einzigartige Lehrer, hat sich seinen Jüngern drei Jahre ganz be-

sonders gewidmet; dass Samuel die Prophetenschulen gründete, ist allbekannt, also sind wir biblisch, indem wir eine theologische Ausbildung verlangen.

Obwohl unser Ideal ein praktisches ist, so meint das keineswegs, dass man sich im Seminar zufrieden gibt mit oberflächlichem, gefühlserbaulichem, frömmelndem Gerede über die höchsten Fragen des Lebens, über Gott und göttliche Dinge. Im Gegenteil, die streng-wissenschaftliche Methode ist auch im Seminar zu Hause und mit Recht. Gedankenloses Schwätzen passt ganz sicherlich nicht zur Königin der Wissenschaft, zur Theologie. Wer im Star die "Seminar-Berichte" las, der Klassenarbeit beiwohnte, der kann nicht bezweifeln, dass in den verschiedenen theologischen Disziplinen wirklich theologische Arbeit, gründliches Schriftstudium betrieben wird. Wir hoffen, dass die neue vereinigte theol. Schule mehr als je unser Ideal uns verwirklichen lässt und wir die theol. Studenten mehr als je zu bibelgläubigen und bibelkundigen, praktischen und denkenden Führern heranbilden, die in den grossen biblischen und sozialen Fragen unserer Zeit auch ein vernünftiges Wörtlein mitreden können. Unsere Zeit und der hohe Beruf selbst verlangt die beste und höchste Ausbildung. Sämtliche Mitglieder unserer theol. Fakultät besuchten nebst dem theol. Seminar von C. W. C. noch ein andere höhere Schule. Sie sind also mit den besten Methoden des theol. Unterrichts bekannt geworden. Unsere Lehrer stehen heute noch durch Lesen deutscher und englischer Magazine, durch brieflichen Verkehr mit Professoren anderer Seminarien, durch Studium der Meisterwerke in Fühlung mit dem theologischen Denken unseres Landes und Europas. Auch sind wir immer bereit, das Neue, Gute zu verwerten, mag's nun von Berlin oder Evanston, aus dem liberalen oder konservativen Lager kommen.

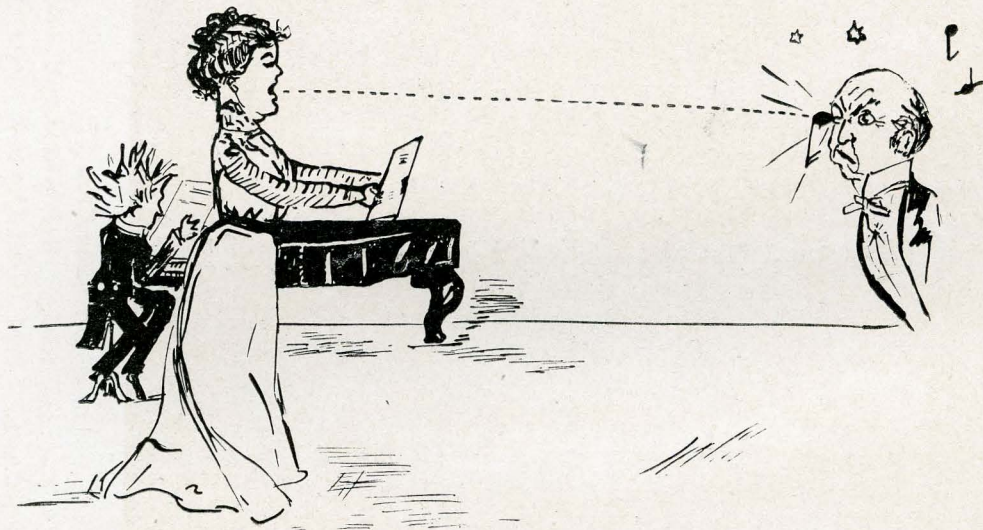
Oft hört man die Klage: Die Schülerzahl der Seminarien nimmt ab. Dies können wir nicht sagen. Wir zählen schon seit einigen Jahren zirka 40 Theologen. Der Bestand des deutschen Werkes verlangt nebst einer gründlichen theologischen Ausbildung auch Kenntnis und Gewandheit in der deutschen und englischen Umgangs- und biblischen Sprache. Wir streben dem Werke und den Jünglingen gerecht zu werden. Wir wollen uns weder an dem einen noch dem andern versündigen.

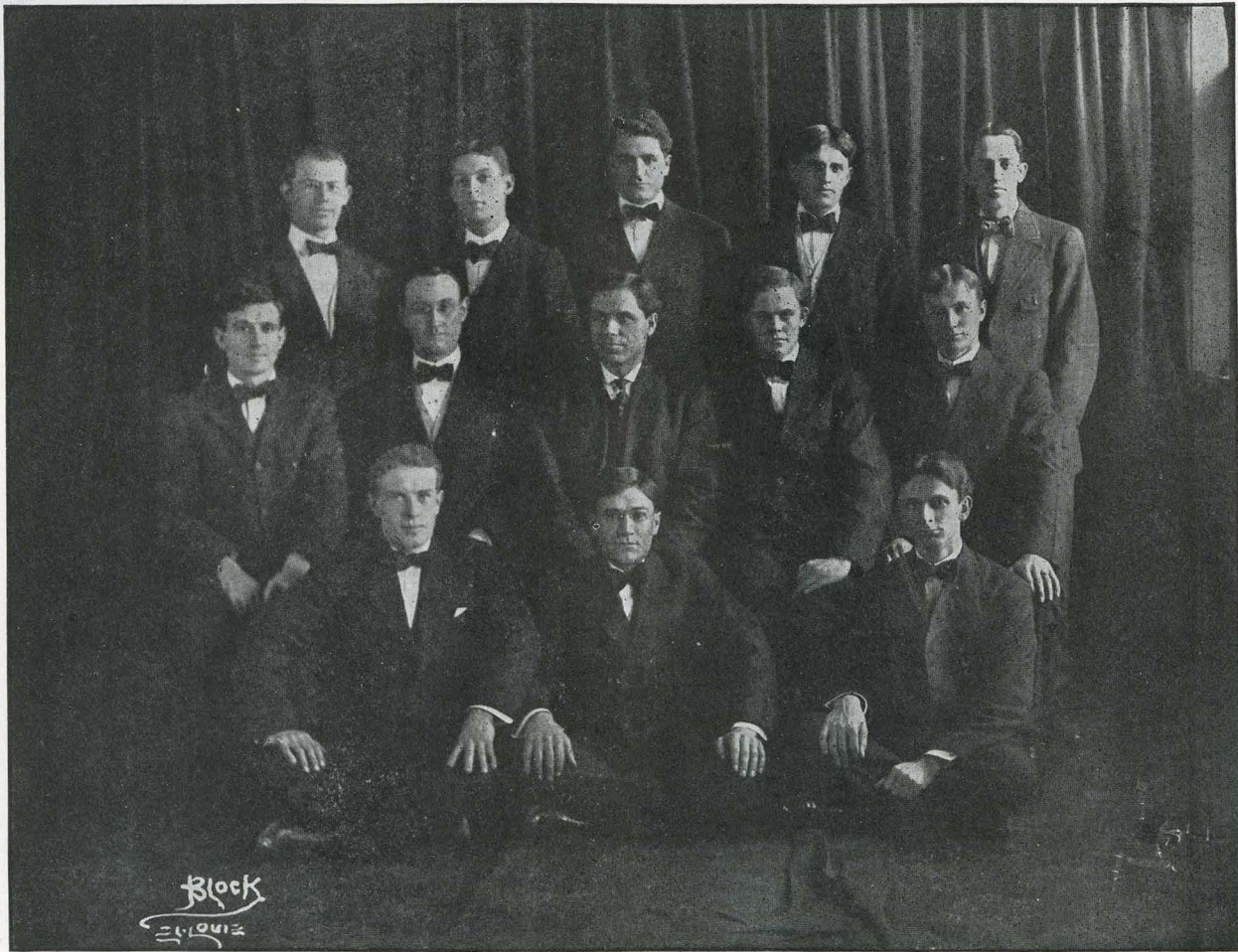
Wir hoffen, dass das deutsche Seminar noch lange seinen idealen Beruf erfüllen kann, dass es immer besser den gerechten Anforderungen unseres Werkes entspreche, und fromme und tüchtige Menschen erziehe für das heilige Amt, das die Versöhnung predigt.

E. W.



Conservatory of Music.





Glee Club.

Geo. Marquardt, Laurence Emig, Reinhold Hohn, Olin Hessel, Alb. Hessel.
Oscar Werner, George Kettelkamp, Prof. Hohn, Director, Raymond Addicks, Fred Brockman,
Ernest Bader, Albert Daschler, Charles Lotz.

Conservatory of Music.

PROF. ZENO NAGEL, Director
Piano, Voice, Harmony and Counterpoint.

MISS IRENE HARTEL.
Piano.

MR. PHIL GRONEMEYER.
Stringed Instruments.

Music is of all arts, the most universal in its appeal. "From the heart it has come, to the heart it shall penetrate." Unlike other arts such as sculpture and painting, music has no form which can be seen. It is a voice. Out of the unseen it speaks to the heart of the hearer. Like the voice itself, it no sooner utters the word than it is silent. When we would recall its message we must recreate the informing word.

It has been said: "The person who is susceptible to the charm of sweet sounds is more perfectly organized than he who is insensible or offended by them." There is no other art or amusement that will so inspire or brighten a life as music. How barren a man's existence would be if he were unable to read and write, and a knowledge of music is like opening a similar world of culture without which a person would be deprived of one of the greatest joys of an ideal life. This is being realized more and more by the institutions of higher learning all over our land and they are recognizing the claim of music to a place in the curriculum.

It is gratifying to know that the Conservatory of Music in Central Wesleyan College has been constantly growing in size and importance and now holds a most prominent place.

In order to stimulate the interest along these lines a series of recitals is provided for each year, which gives us an opportunity to hear the best musicians that can be procured. This year we have had Edward Baxter Perry, the famous blind pianist, Madame Blye, also a pianist of great ability, and Galloway, the well known organist. During two days of the Festival—May 14 and 15—the Chicago Festival Quartette furnished excellent entertainment.

Other advantages are also offered by the Conservatory. The chorus consisting of sixty voices rendered Gaul's "The Holy City" during the Christmas

holidays and will give Vincent's "The Prodigal Son" during Commencement. The church choir furnishes music every Sunday and a Christmas and an Easter cantata.

A series of student's recitals at intervals during the year proved interesting and beneficial to performers and hearers. The Glee Club furnished some excellent music on various occasions. Lastly, the Senior recital testified to the excellence of the work. The class this year being small there was only one recital, but what was lacking in number was made up in quality.

"Music hath power to turn the heart and thought to things divine." So may the darkest hours in the lives of all be made brighter by the inspiring voice of music.





Koelling, Stahlaber, Muelder, Bauman, Schaper, Lindauer,
Eisenstein, Zeidler, Ritter, Lessman,
Barringhaus, Kessler.

Literary Societies.

GOETHENIA
GERMANIA
GARFIELD

PHILOMATHIA





'08 '09

GOETHENIA

Read left to right:
 Top Row: Brochman, Schowengerdt, Werner,
 Morsey, Hemke.
 Middle row: Kettehamo, Hessel, Janssen, Matthaei, Bader,
 Bottom Row: Laeger, Wipperman, Nagel, Lotz, Ott.

Goethenia.

Officers.

Henry Janssen, President.	Olin J. Hessel, Rec. Secretary.
Martin D. Ott, Vice-President.	Herman A. Laeger, Treasurer.
Geo. D. Kettelkamp, Cor. Secretary.	Oscar H. Werner, Critic.

Motto: Mehr Licht.

Members.

Ernest F. Bader.	Milton H. Matthaei.
Fred J. Brockman.	Wm. L. Morsey, Jr.
Paul H. Hemke,	Luther W. Nagel.
Henry Janssen.	Martin D. Ott.
Olin J. Hessel.	Erwin Schowengerdt.
Geo. D. Kettelkamp.	Oscar H. Werner.
Herman A. Laeger.	Laurent A. Wipperman.
Chas. J. Lotz.	

Hell.

Razzle, Dazzle, Razzle Dazzle!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Goethenia! Goethenia!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Goethenia.

The motto of our society is of good German origin: "Mehr Licht." In plain English it is, "Additional Illumination." Every member of our colossal corporation is unintermittingly exerting efficacious potencies toward obtaining possession of this very beneficial brilliancy.

In eloquent disputations, which habituate the miniature telegraph lines of the cerebral spinal system to remain in a state of tranquility, the muscular organ which is the propelling agent of that circulating fluid essential to corporal existence to beat in equilibrium, and the source of all psychological research, the mind, to assemble and systematize the various phenomena, the very nucleus of the whole disputation, the arguments; in elaborate discourses, treating of important subjects in elevated and dignified language, which cultivate the oscillating movements of the brachial limbs of the human body to describe elegant elliptics, we can preserve our pre-eminence.

Not only has this organization endeavored to develop the latent powers of literary genius of those specimens of the genus homo who have affiliated themselves with it, but it also has invariably essayed to elucidate obscure constituent elements of parliamentary proceedings, in order to eliminate procrastination in attending to diverse duties and display themselves during different difficult disputations.

From such didactic drill and invaluable experience honorable Goethenians pass from the halls of Goethenia abundantly equipped to enter "Positions held only by leaders of men," becoming members of Congress, even aspiring to the successorship of the Honorable Joe Cannon, or willing to emulate Champ Clark. They can discharge their duties faithfully with such ease and perfection that it will cause their fellows to marvel and when in questionable circumstances they can say: "I cannot tell a lie, I learned it at Goethenia."

Oh! Goethenia thou hast indeed been a gentle nurse to us. Thou gavest that timid Sophomore lad, who knows nothing harsher than the sound of cat calls and a critic's rebuke in Parliament, a throat of brass and knees that will not quake, even when undergoing a most serious attack of stage-fright. Thou hast taught us to overcome our opponents in debate, to out-shine Demosthenes and Cicero in oratory. Thou hast taught us to be men who fear not the storms of life, who brave the deep, and who can truly say "A little learning is a dangerous thing, Drink deep or touch not the Pierian spring."



Germania.

Beamte.

L. W. C. Emig, Präsident	Paul Rixmann, Musikdirektor
Geo. Korb, Vice-Präsident	Emil Brink, Polizist
Reinhold Hohn, Protokol. Sekretär	George Marquardt, Diener
Walter Scheidemann, Kor. Sekretär	Albert Hessel, Gehülfsdiener
Friedrich Gutekunst, Kaplan	

Farben: Rot, Weiss, Schwartz.

Motto: Sapientia.

Namensliste.

Brink, Emil
Dewel, L. J.
Emig, L. W. C.
Hessel, Albert
Hohn, Reinhold
Gutekunst, Friedrich
Kienle, John
Korb, George
Laeger, Edward
Lotz, Henry
Marquardt, George
Nothdurft, August
Nothdurft, George
Rixmann, Paul
Scheidemann, Walter
Schmidke, Henry
Thiessen, Jacob D.
Twente, Johann
Tappmeyer, Daniel
Wagner, Walter
Zeidler, Oskar

Der Verein in seinem modernen Kleide.

Germania hat sich auch in diesem Schuljahr bestrebt, die gute deutsche Sprache zu pflegen und das Deutschtum in C. W. C. zu erhalten. Dieser Verein macht es sich zur Aufgabe, deutsche Amerikaner heranzubilden, die die Sprache fließend sprechen. Was man im Klasszimmer theoretisch lernt, wird im Verein praktisch ausgeführt; dort bekommt man die Ausrüstung, hier ist das Wirkungsgebiet. Mit einer Schaar von Wissbegierigen, deren Wunsch es ist, aus allen Gebieten des Wissens zu schöpfen, fing der Verein dieses Schuljahr an und scheute keine Anstrengungen, seinen Gliedern das Beste zu bieten.

In diesem Jahre politischer Bewegungen machte sich nicht selten ein Geist der Politik in unserer Mitte fühlbar. Es wurde einmal ein ganzer Abend diesem Gebiete gewidmet. An einem andern Abend wurden soziale Fragen behandelt. In allen diesen Fragen verlangte der Verein von den auf dem Programm Dienenden, sich gründlich vorzubereiten auf Grund der besten Autoritäten auf den betreffenden Gebieten. Auch in die unerschöpfliche Schatzkammer der Wissenschaft durfte der Verein durch den Fleiß der dienenden Glieder einen Blick tun. Ausgrabungen von Altertümern, die neuesten Erfindungen in den verschiedenen Zweigen der Mechanik sowohl, als auf medizinischen Gebieten wurden lebhaft besprochen.

Es wurden auch der grossen Dichturfürsten, denen ja der Deutsche seine Sprache und seine hohen Ideale zu verdanken hat, gedacht. Erstens wurde ein Abend für ein Schiller-Programm bestimmt. Wir versuchten sein ganzes Leben und Wirken von seiner Kindheit bis zu seinem Tode an unserem Gemüte vorbeiziehen zu lassen. Verschiedene Glieder des Vereins waren an diesem Programm beteiligt und behandelten erstens: seine Kindheit; zweitens: seine Schulzeit; und drittens: sein Wirken. Ein anderer Abend wurde Goethe eingeräumt. Dies Programm wurde auf das Wirken des Dichters beschränkt. Professor Weiffenbach lieferte uns an diesem Abend einen ausgezeichneten und wohldurchdachten Vortrag über das Thema: "Drei sittlich-religiöse Gedanken aus Goethes Faust" und erweckte in einem jeden Anwesenden tieferes Interesse für die deutsche Literatur. Durch seine Vorbemerkungen über das Wesen und den Wert der Goetheschen Lyrik und durch das Solo "Mignon" versetzte uns Professor Hohn in die Sphären der Gemütswelt. Auch das Lied "Heidenröslein" von unserem Germania-Quar-

tett war ein Genuss. Dieser Abend war einer der herrlichsten im ganzen Jahr. Es lebe der Geist der beiden Dichter in Germania fort!

Mit Recht sagt Schiller: "Arbeit ist des Bürgers Zierde, Segen ist der Mühe Preis." Auch das hat der Germania-Verein erfahren. Wir scheuen keine Mühe. Das Resultat war unsere neue Konstitution, welche nach vieler schweren beständigen Arbeit sich wie eine prachtvolle Rose vor uns auftrat, dem Vereine ein Schmuck. Diese neue Konstitution ist eine Verbesserung der besten Regeln der alten Konstitution, denen noch die besten neuen Regeln beigefügt wurden. Auch der Saal wurde nicht vernachlässigt. Neue Teppiche wurden angeschafft und andere nötigen Reparaturen vorgenommen, sodass der Saal jetzt recht einladend aussieht. Wir wollen auch in dieser Hinsicht mit der Zeit Schritt halten. Der Verein in seinem modernen Kleide soll stets eine Zierde für C. W. C. sein.





Philomathia.

Officers.

Clara Baur, President.	Estelle Eversmeyer, Chaplain.
Eleanor Kramer, Vice-President.	Lorena Schowengerdt, Pianist.
Anna Rinkel, Recording Secretary.	Edna Stueckemann, Sergeant of Arms
Lydia Hunziker, Cor. Secretary.	Irene Lauer, Sergeant of Arms.
Nancy Mahnken, Treasurer.	

Motto: "Rowing, not Drifting."

Members.

Ella Allinger.	Lorena Schowengerdt.
Clara Baur.	Irene Lauer.
Emma Brenner.	Nancy Mahnken.
Olinda Bierbaum.	Emma Meier.
Margaret Ditzen.	Lecil Overstreet.
Estelle Eversmeyer.	Alice Richmond.
Lenora Eisenstein.	Anna Rinkel.
Zula Henton.	Erna Sell.
Lydia Hunziker.	Edna Stueckemann.
Elsie Hardt.	Luella Smith.
Etta Hessel.	Flora Thee.
Esther Heilert.	Minnie Jungeblut.
Mary Kellner.	Clema Zumwalt.

Hell.

Boom-a cracker, Boom-a cracker, Boom-a cracker roi!
Sis boom firecrackers, Philosmoi!
Hiza, Rahza, Sis rah boom,
We are Philomathians, give us room!

The Philomathian Schooner.

It was a calm moonlight evening in October 1877, that a vessel with the brilliant word "Clionia" on its starboard, was launched on the Sea of Life, and struck boldly onward toward the "Isle of Improvement" for which it was bound.

The cargo consisted on eleven young women who were all noted for their wisdom and high aspiration, with Miss Rosetta Vosholl at the helm. For almost three weeks they worked their way up stream and all went well, until one evening as they were passing an Island they heard some reports. They knew at once some one was firing at them and were almost induced to turn back, but the brave captain kept up spirits and strictly forbade any of the crew to communicate with the foreigners. The next morning they found that they had passed the Island known as Gossiper's Isle and what they had heard were false reports issued only to induce "Clionia" to turn back. For fifteen years this vessel held out but upon its becoming weak, another was built. This one was much stronger and had more modern improvements. It was christened "Philomathia." After the vessel was launched and the gang plank thrown out, nearly two dozen of the most learned and most courageous young women of Central Wesleyan stepped in and undertook the task of directing this staunch and goodly vessel.

The material of Philomathia was supposed to have been of the very best, but it seems that the hull of the ship contained some little pests known as "the barnacles of disagreement." These industrious little beings soon caused a weak spot which resulted in a leak; but the Philomathians had prepared for leakage by supplying themselves with an unlimited amount of putty, which they had made by mixing equal parts of common sense, faithfulness and patience. With this wonderful substance they soon stopped the leak and destroyed the little pests.

Our crew of 1909, composed of nine capable young women, together with the seventeen passengers, now fills our ship to overflowing. Every ten weeks a new crew is chosen so that each one on board may become skilled in the "Art of Navigation." Clara Baur in her dimpled loveliness now stands at the helm, firmly holding the wheel, steering the vessel resolutely on towards the goal, proving herself useful as well as ornamental. Eleanor Kramer, the captain's assistant has chosen for her life motto: "To thy chosen career be true, and don't trust any man." Lydia Hunzicker acts as stewardess and

provides each one with a subject for "an appetizing literary production" to be rendered at the weekly programs. Anna Rinkel, who looks at life too seriously for her age, has charge of the logbook, that is, she keeps a record of all the proceedings of Philomathia. Estelle Eversmeyer, the Chaplain, officiates at the religious services and is noted for her extreme sweetness of disposition—it's so sweet it sweetens "My Thee." (Matthaei) Lorena Schowengerdt, a famous musician, furnishes music for our evening entertainments on deck. Lenora Eisenstein, our watchman, is so young she can't stay out late and therefore some one is always waiting at the door to see her safely home. Edna Stueckemann, the watchman's assistant, though young and pretty, already possesses a very inquiring mind. "Was wird das noch werden?" Nancy Mahnken with hawk-like eyes safely guards the Philomathia treasures, and thereby again proves her usual faithfulness.

Now we will introduce you to the passengers. Taken as a whole, they are a bevy of indolently industrious girls. First comes our beloved preceptress, Emma Brenner, whose gentleness and goodness of heart reveal themselves in every thing she says and does. Then comes our brilliant Erna Sell, whose liberal mindedness and wisdom are truly worthy of mention. Next is Edith Kriege, who has charmed many an audience with her beautiful voice. It is a remarkable coincidence that each of the above mentioned, could write a commentary on "Paul." "Mary Anne" Kellner, whose witticisms and parodies have been a boon to Central Wesleyanites, is chief adviser and consoler of some of our bereft young men. Luella Smith, whose gentleness has won other hearts besides "Al's," distinguishes herself by taking the "Twilight Stroll." Emma Meier, D. D. (Dormitory Doctor), is one of the few twentieth century women who still has faith in the average man. Ella Allinger, whose heart is too large for her size, is the only one on board whose age is shrouded in mystery. Minnie Jungeblut, though not interested in carpentry, has a strange affinity for a nail (Nagel). Irene Lauer, whose eyes are her great charm, has greatly erred by spending six months of her valuable time at Mt. Pleasant. Alice Richmond, although she possesses a strong imagination, can't imagine why Professor should so seriously object to girls talking out of the window. Flora Thee, though she possesses an extensive vocabulary, seldom uses other words than "I don't care." to express her sentiment(s). Zula Henton, by her modesty and independence has attracted the attention of "Curly." Lecil Overstreet, a splendid vocalist, has proven her ability in other things, for instance, handing lemons to a "Sasse" boy. Esther Heilert, whose hair is really naturally curly, pretends she is studying

to be a teacher, but we know "she's studying for a preacher." Margaret Ditzen, though she has great mental capabilities, has not been wise enough to escape the snares of a hunter (Yaeger). Elsie Hardt always wears the smile that won't come off, and, according to her own opinion has a superfluous amount of knowledge. Olinda Bierbaum, though a very capable student, is not a capable athlete.

Now perhaps, we have not portrayed as vividly as we should have liked, the virtues and excellencies which characterize the contents of the Philomathian schooner; but, we hope our attempt to give an idea of them has not been in vain. The Philomathian Schooner has been sailing on the Sea of Life for thirty years, each year venturing out a little farther. If its progress is as rapid during the next three decades as it has been in the past, it will not only reach, but will sail proudly by the "Isle of Improvement" and will cast its anchor in the harbor of "The Land of Perfection."





Garfield.

Officers.

Chas. Johannaber, President.	Floyd Reynolds, Rec. Secretary.
Edward H. Baur, Vice-President.	R. S. Buddenberg, Treasurer.
Alvin C. Bohm, Chaplain.	J. Chester Harmon, Critic.
Zwingli Meyer, Cor. Secretary.	Wilbur H. S. Bohm, Sergeant at Arms.

Members.

Charles Johannaber.	J. Chester Harmon.
Edward Baur.	Wilbur H. Bohm.
John Schierloh.	Henry Steiman.
Floyd Reynolds.	Forest Humphreys.
Ralph Grassmueck.	Victor Hartel.
Aaron Rehkop.	William Hessel.
Zwingli Meyer.	Charles Sasse.
Rahl Buddenburg.	Landon Schiermeier.
Sylvian Eisenstein.	Walter Krumsiek.
R. H. Steinbach.	John Long.
Fred Preul.	A .C . Bohm.
John Tang.	E. G. Yaeger.
Carson King.	Carl Wehrman.

Hell.

Go- rack- go- ree,
Chick-a- go- rack,
Garfield, Garfield,
We! ! !

Garfield.

A score and six years ago, Garfield began a history which has become rich with the spoils of time. It has developed into a large organization, infinite in its scope, perpetuating in its character, and resolute in its purpose. In the beginning its loyal supporters were few, yet they were not sailing on an unknown sea without chart or compass. Now, its band is twenty-six strong completely encompassing the limit set by the constitution and by-laws. With such an array of diversified capacities, we in no wise reflect discredit on our motto, "Excelsior."

Garfield has always had sagacious, judicious, and perspicacious leaders to guide it through difficulties and perplexities. Our present president, Chas. Johannaber, commonly known as Charlie, would in no way be over praised by the above attributes, and under his commendable leadership, Garfield has given a special of highest literary merit.

In conclusion, we have only one practical remark to make, the extreme force of which you will easily comprehend. John Schierloh said that Floyd Reynolds and Ralph Grassmeck had said that Aaron Rehkop and Zwingli Meyer were heard to whisper that Buddenberg and Eisenstein told Steinbach that Preul had responded to a question which John Tang was supposed to propound to Carson King who seemed to be satisfied that Judge Harmon and Bill Bohm would not be surprised if they had heard that Steiuann and Humphreys were under the impression that Hartel and Bill Hessel had said that Sasse was heard to remark that Baur was supposed to have imagined that Walter Krumsiek and John Long had suggested that A. C. Bohm and E. G. Yaeger might have known that Schiermeier and Wehrman were caught sporting one night.



Oratorical Associations.



English Oratorical Association.

Emma I. Sell, President
Martin D. Ott, Vice-President.

H. F. Schneider, Secretary.
Emma J. Brenner, Treasurer.

Contestants.

Janssen, Henry Scotland's Poet of Freedom.
Matthaei, Milton As a Man Thinketh.
Pixey, George A Study of Edgar Allan Poe.
Werner, O. H. Hidden Powers.
Von Tungeln, Geo. Respect for Law.

First prize was awarded to Geo. Von Tungeln.

Second Prize was awarded to Henry Janssen.

Subjects or Orations.

Oratory is both a science and an art. As a science, it classifies the principles of oratory necessary to obtain the desired expression. As an art, it is an application of the principles of public speaking. Scientific oratory is to know, the art of oratory is to act.

The mental culture oratory gives cannot be overestimated, well-conceived thoughts must be clearly expressed to be of value. The conception of a thought or an ideal strengthens the imagination. To think lucid, elevating thoughts, and to come in touch with independent thinkers develops the aesthetic taste in man. It creates a love for noble thoughts expressed in a beautiful and forceful style.

Oratory and public speaking, or a gift for thought-expression and transmission, is advantageous in that it makes the family circle more agreeable, the social circle more desirable, the business man more capable, the professional man more instructive. As we admire ease, grace and composure in portraits and statues, so we admire and demand these requisites in the person of a public speaker.

As Central Wesleyan is entering upon a brighter era, should we not expect her young men and women to become enthusiastic over their convictions and unhesitatingly to advance their theories in order to influence men to action for a higher standard of life? Let us have more orators who practice the cardinal maxim, "Be full of your subject and forget yourself." Let us have orators who can speak as forcibly with the eyes as with the tongue. A host of orators is in demand, who will not only break away from custom, but who will prove that their new theories will work upon application. There may not be any Websters or Clays in C. W. C. but the latent possibilities of some, if brought forth, might rival even Demosthenes. Why relegate the art of oratory to the past? Let us in the present become masters of this, the finest art.

Der deutsche oratorische Verein.

Beamte.

A. F. Daschler, Präsident.
John Twente, Vice-Präsident.

Estelle Eversmeyer, Sekretär.
L. W. C. Emig, Schatzmeister.

Kontestanten

Themata

Carl Fritz	Fortbildung.
Hermann Laeger	Wenn die Natur redet.
Chas. J. Lotz	Ein neu Gebot.
Marie Hemke	Herodes und Mariamne.
Luther Nagel	

Ein kostbares Vermögen ist die deutsche Sprache! Es ist bemerkenswert wie hoch sie in den Universitäten unseres Landes geschätzt wird. Auch in C. W. C. ist sie in schönster Blüte. Um das Interesse an der deutschen Sprache und an der Redekunst zu wecken, wurde im Jahre 1893 ein oratorischer Preis gestiftet. Jährlich wird nun ein Kontest gehalten, an welchem alle klassifizierten Studenten Anteil nehmen können. Dies Jahr wurde mit besonderem Enthusiasmus an's Werk gegangen, und es stellten sich Sophomoren, Junioren und Senioren als Kontestanten ein. Das sollte sich mit jedem Jahr wiederholen, und kann es auch, wenn sich die Deutschen treu zur Fahne halten.

Central Wesleyan Star.



Central Wesleyan Star.

For twenty-six years, the Central Wesleyan Star, under one name or another, has been shining on the college sphere. It may be called a well-known fixed star needing no write-up on this occasion, but for the benefit of possible new arrivals in our realms, and lest others forget, a few words may not be amiss.

The faculty members of the staff, Dr. A. W. Ebeling and Prof. Eugene Weiffenbach, have enjoyed the pleasure coming to a quill pusher for several years. This year they are ably assisted in their work by the Misses Estelle Eversmeyer, who succeeded Mr. J. T. Meyers, and Marie Hemke of the Senior class; Messrs. Oscar Werner and Chas. J. Lotz of the class of '10; Mr. Louis J. Duwel of the class of '11; Miss Lecil Overstreet of the class '12 and Mr. Edw. H. Baur of the Academic Department.

How much light has been shed by the Star is left to the judgment of the loyal readers. The aim has been to send forth rays carrying information on college doings, and at the same time serving as a lodestar to the halls of a Greater Central Wesleyan.

Religious Organizations.





Y. M. C. A.

Officers.

John E. Kienle, President. Olin J. Hessel, Secretary.
Geo. Nothdurft, Vice-President. Oscar Werner, Treasurer.
Laurence Emig, Religious Chairman.
J. T. Myers, Reception Chairman.
Henry Janssen, Social Chairman.
John Noltensmeyer, Mission Chairman.
Chas. J. Lotz, Bible Chairman.

Meetings.

Date. —	Topic.	Speaker.
1908.—		
April 7—	“Who is Who?”	J. E. Kienle.
	“What is What?”	L. C. Emig.
April 14—	Geneva Program	
	“Geneva Lake and its Surroundings.”	Olin Hessel.
	Geneva Meetings and Speakers	Hy. Janssen.
	Geneva Athletics	Paul Wippermann.
April 21—	Easter Message	Carl Sauer.
	“Swearing”	Carl Bader.
April 28—	“Persecution”	Albert Hessel.
May 5—	Prayer Meeting.	
	“Lord Help Me”	Prof. E. Weiffenbach.
May 12—	“The Old Time Religion”	Paul H. Ditzen.
May 19—	“What I Read	Fred Kettelkamp.
	“Our Dependence”	Fred Kassmann.
May 26—	“Moral Teaching”	Percival Krumme.
	“God in Nature”	Wm. Morsey.
June 2—	“Farewell”	Ph. H. Walter.
Sept. 8—	Address of Welcome	Dr. O. E. Kriege.
Sept. 15—	Bible Rally	Leaders of Bible Classes.
Sept. 22—	Why Join the Y. M. C. A.	Prof C. L. Wellemeyer.
Sept. 29—	“Whatsoever You do, do Well”	Rev. L. Ludwig.

Oct. 6—	“Put on the Whole Armor of the Lord”	Rev. A. F. Daschler.
Oct. 13—	“Christian Associations”	Rev. F. Elger.
Oct. 20—	“Character Building”	Fred Mocker.
Oct. 27—	“The Fire Giants”	Oscar Werner.
Nov. 3—	“University Life”	Paul H. Ditzen.
Nov. 17—	“Missions”	Dr. C. J. Stueckemann.
Nov. 24—	“St. Louis City Missions”	Mr. E. M. Card.
Dec. 15—	Reports of St. Joseph Convention, Olin Hessel and Jno. Twente.	
1909.		
Jan. 11—	“Personal Experiences”	Rev. R. Luecke.
Jan. 19—	Purity Talk	Dr. J. P. Rinkel.
Jan. 26—	“Erasers”	John E. Kienle.
Feb. 2—	“Gypsy Smith Echoes”	Laurence Emig.
Feb. 21—	“What, Where and When of Life”	Geo. Von Tungeln.
March 1—	Y. M. C. A. Work	John T. Bush.





Y. M. C. A.

Cabinet Members.

Estelle Eversmeyer, President.

Marie Hemke, Treasurer.

Maude Drew, Vice-President.

Anna Rinkel, Secretary.

Ella Allinger, Chairman of Bible Study Committee.

Emma Meier, Chairman of Mission Study Committee.

Emma Brenner, Chairman of Devotional Committee.

Edith Kriege, Chairman of Intercollegiate Committee.

Erna Sell, Chairman of Social Committee.

The Young Woman's Christian Association has met regularly every Tuesday evening for devotional exercises. Leading members of the association as well as prominent Christian workers of the community have addressed the meetings on important and practical topics. At other times the meetings were devoted exclusively to prayer and song. The girls have received spiritual blessing and strength in these meetings.

The Social Committee arranged three very successful social gatherings during the year. The first was held at the beginning of the school year for the purpose of introducing the new girls to the work of the association. After the trying examinations at the end of the first term, a very successful social was given, in honor of the Y. M. C. A., to all the students. This was one of the most successful financial efforts the association has ever made. In January the girls gave a box social which proved to be a delightful affair.

A number of classes were organized for Mission and Bible study with a total enrollment of thirty. The study of the Scripture and of the broad field of the church, under the guidance of efficient teachers, has been very helpful to the girls.

We trust that the object of this association, the development of Christian character in its members and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of the institution, may continue to be realized in the coming year.



The Student Volunteer Band.

Officers.

Louis J. Duewel, President.
Charles J. Lotz, Vice-President.

Mary Kellner, Secretary.
Herman A. Laeger, Treasurer.

Members: L. J. Duewel, Mattie Dutton, Mary Kellner, Herman A. Laeger, Frank L. Ling, Charles J. Lotz, Amanda Luelf, Emma Meier, John H. Noltensmeyer, John F. Tang.

Motto: "For the Love of Christ constraineth us" 2 Cor. 5, 14.

Although the Volunteer Band is not as widely known as some of our other associations, it is an intensely live organization, live as a force that radiates power and works wonders, and does not manifest itself in making a great noise and thereby uselessly expending its energy.

However little the Band is known, however small its membership, it holds up before the students the great cause of Foreign Missions and intensifies the spiritual life of the college. This is an unsolicited testimony for the Volunteer Band of C. W. C. by one of her most distinguished professors.

Our Band meets weekly and when we say "weekly" we mean every week without fail, except for a reason that fully justifies postponement. In these meetings varied programs are rendered on subjects relative to the foreign field in its different phases: the volunteer and his preparation, and the volunteer and his work after he becomes a missionary. In addition to such talks by members and other students, the Band in connection with the Y. M. C. A. procures missionaries and volunteer secretaries and has first access to them during their stay. A Bible missionary course of eight weeks has greatly widened the horizon of our Volunteers in the past year. It proved to them that the Bible in all of its parts is a strong advocate of Foreign Missions..

As to the practical work done, we can speak of having brought nearer to the hearts of almost all the churches in the neighborhood of Warrenton the great cause of Foreign Missions by extensive "deputation" work. We have given a few open door Band meetings. We have also given a few special programs in connection with the Epworth League and the Y. M. C. A.

These facts amply justify our existence in C. W. C. as an organization whose members have declared it their purpose, God willing, to become foreign missionaries.



The Epworth League.

Professor Weiffenbach, President.

The Epworth League of our community has again prospered. At the beginning of the year we succeeded in obtaining many of the new students as members. The meetings, which are held before the regular services on Sunday evenings, are well attended and are of great interest to all.

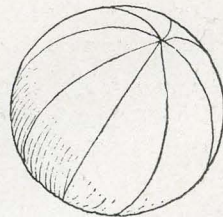
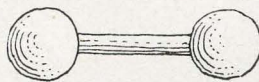
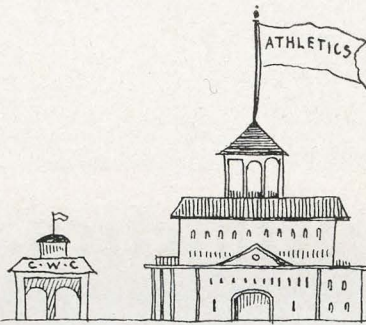
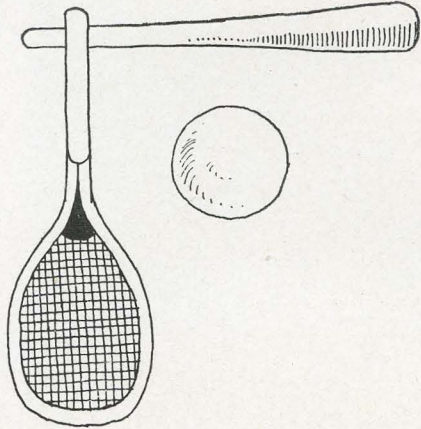
Usually one of the members gives a short address on the topic for the evening, though sometimes we have many appointed so-called minute or sentence speakers. Often we have no appointed speakers and after a brief and pointed introduction by our leader, an opportunity is given for everyone to express his thoughts on the subject. Our president, who is also vice-president, believes in planned and varied meetings, nothing stereotyped will do. Song services are also held instead of the Regular League service and sometimes the whole Sunday evening is given to the League for a special meeting.

Last summer on moonlight evenings we had several meetings out at Little Charrette. They increased the interest and were also a social success.

In our organization are committees for visiting the sick, comforting the distressed, helping the needy and doing much other missionary work. Thus many are reached who do not attend the church services.



Athletics.



Athletic Association.

Officers.

Coach, Philip Stremmel.	Secretary, Oscar H. Werner.
President, J. T. Myers.	Treasurer, Alvin C. Bohm.
Vice-President, Martin D. Ott.	Mascot, Edgar Yaeger.
Baseball. Manager, Bernard Hertenstein. Captain, Ernest F. Bader	
Basketball. Manager, Carl O. Robertus. Captain, Armin Kallmeyer.	
Track Team. Captain, Alvin C. Bohm.	

Through the history of the world this one idea is pre-eminent, that mind and body are closely related. The old Grecians taught that the development of the physical organs runs parallel with the development of the mental faculties. In the year of 1307 B. C. hundreds of people assembled at Olympia to behold gymnastic feats of the athletes of that time, and as a result, introduced the Olympian game, the history of which composes a great part of our knowledge of the ancient nation. The greatest nations of the world have been those that fostered Athletics. The secret of the success of our great country lies in the fact that its great institutions have realized that a strong mind cannot long endure without a strong body.

Our college, too, has made rapid strides toward offering greater opportunities in athletics. For years Central Wesleyan College was in a state of lethargy in the athletic department. But it is now in its Renaissance period. With the advent of a coach and the building of a new gymnasium, one of the finest in the west, athletics were revived. In former years very little outside playing was done, but this year our teams have traveled in the Orient and the Occident, and have played some of the strongest teams in the state and have won laurels for their Alma Mater.

Not only has greater interest been manifested among the students but also town and country have joined in cheering our hard-laboring teams to victory. A word of credit is due to our coach, Mr. Stremmel, who with a determination to have clean athletics worked with untiring efforts, and in a great degree has realized the fruits of his labors.

The future of athletics never looked brighter than it does to-day. The students together with the faculty, are looking to a great future. The new Gym. will prove a great help and we are sure that our bodies will better stand the strain of so much mental activity.



The New Gymnasium.

At the beginning of the season of 1909 our college will have one of the finest and best equipped gymnasiums of any college in the state, and we will not be exaggerating when we say that in many ways it will be superior to many of the gymnasiums found in the colleges and universities of the West.

The new gymnasium is a beautiful two story brick building 64x84 ft., with 126 windows. The upper floor, which is the gymnasium proper, has a basket ball court of 50x70 ft., a running track with 25 laps to the mile, dressing rooms for the young women and for young men, an armory for the military company, a room for the janitor, regulation diamond for indoor baseball and all apparatus that goes to make a first class gymnasium. The greatest feature and one that has been a long felt want is that of the bath room. This important feature alone will aid a great deal in keeping our students and especially our athletes in first class shape. This bath room will be equipped with shower baths, hot and cold water and needle baths. Moreover we think that no gymnasium is to be found anywhere that is superior to ours in respect to light and ventilation. In the basement, rooms have been set aside for physical and chemical laboratories, for a museum and a science room.

The new gymnasium will not only be one of the features for the coming year but it has already proved to be the place for indoor games and gatherings. Never before in the history of the school have there been such enthusiastic crowds at games. With its seating capacity of 300-400 besides the standing and playing space on the main floor which can accommodate between 700 and 800 people, the building has on more than one occasion been taxed to its fullest capacity. Not only has this been done, but an interest for indoor sports has been awakened and the school has been brought in closer relation with the citizens of the town.

More than this, our new gymnasium has proved to be the salvation of our athletic department for by means of the receipts taken at these games, the association has been able to bring its basket-ball season to a close with a goodly sum in the treasury which is to be used to encourage baseball and other athletic sports.

Having accomplished such results this year with practically an unfinished building, we can surely say that our new gymnasium with its equipments, fine athletes, basket-ball teams, etc., will be one of the greatest drawing cards that our college has ever been able to present to new students and because of it, athletes and teams will be heard from in future games and meets.

Phil. Stremmel, Physical Director.



Baseball.

For many years students of C. W. C. had not taken an interest in base-ball but within the last two years they have awakened to the fact that base-ball is one of the greatest sports a school can have,—both for exercise and advertisement.

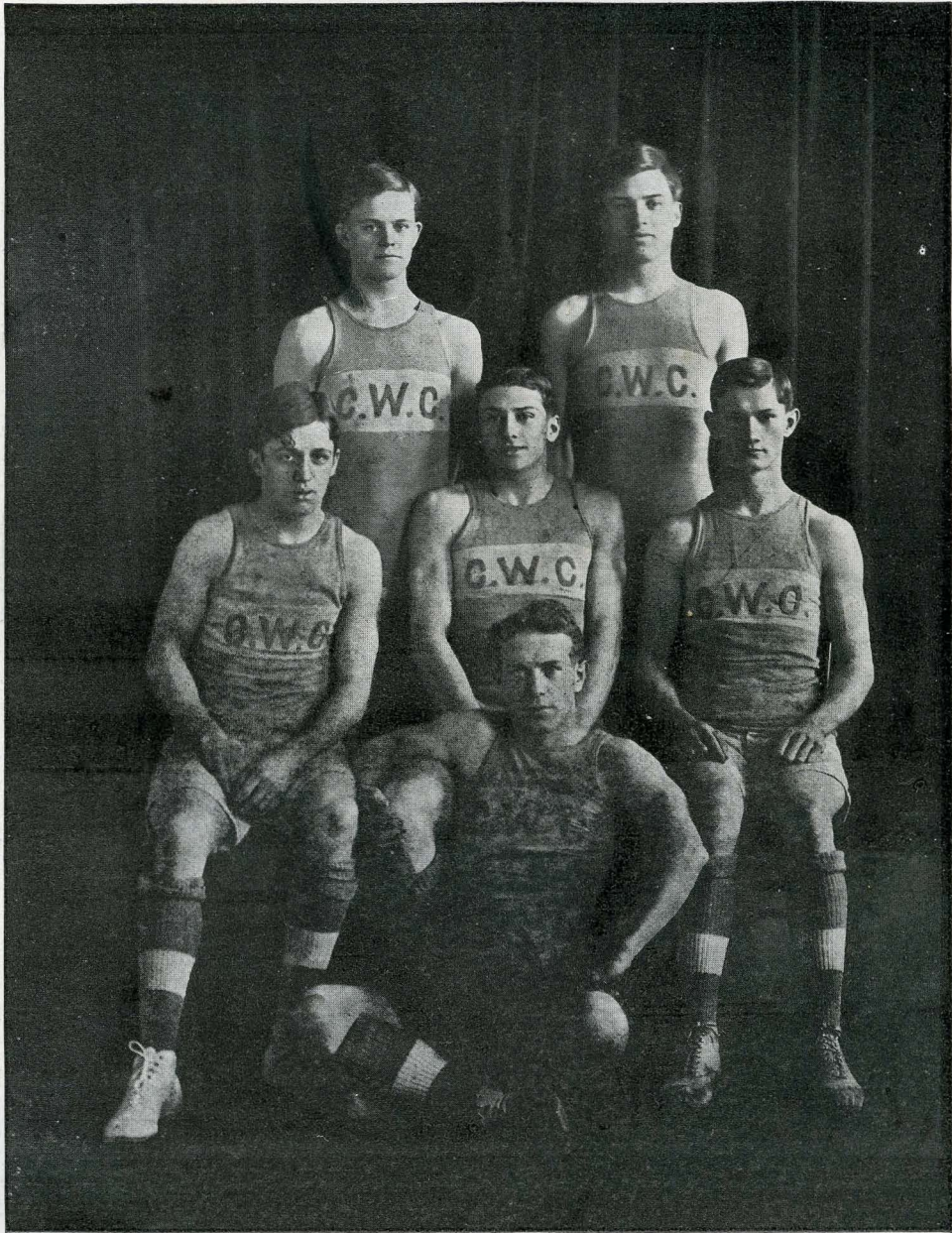
The intense enthusiasm that has marked the reawakening of this sport the national game of America, the interest shown by thousands of people in the professional games, has somehow not lost its effect upon the students of Central Wesleyan. Almost every student in the school is an enthusiastic "fan" and can tell more about the history of Ty Cobb or "Rube" Waddell than about Washington, Lincoln or any of the great men of history(?).

Interest is not only shown in this manner, however, for the men get out on the diamond and try it themselves. Formerly there were perhaps half a dozen out, now almost every evening after school, amateurs are practicing the art of McAleer and his heroes.

The diamond has been changed from its former position in the southeastern part of the field back of Eisenmayer Hall to its present position on the north side near the building. The field is more level in this position and a new regulation diamond has been laid out, shorn of its sod and leveled off. A strong new back stop has also been erected. Two things that are needed, however, are a grandstand, for which we have good prospects, and the leveling off of the out field which is very irregular. Last year for the first time the team had suits of blue with Wesleyan in white letters across them.

Not only did we have a team that looked handsome but we had one that knew how to play. Unluckily our snappy battery Delventhal-Schiermeier is no longer with us. Some of the others who have left us are C. Bader, Morsey, Schulze and Hefter. However there were still a few members of the old team, who formed a nucleus around which to build a good strong squad. The new men who joined us in the autumn were fast, energetic players who kept up our old record and will establish a better reputation. This was shown last fall when our boys walloped Missouri Military Academy of Mexico, Mo., 21-2. Jonesburg had been beaten some time before, 27-2 and they wanted a return game, which they got, a defeat 8-5.

During the winter months new material has been added to our list and we have prospects for a snappy base-ball team. There is intense rivalry for some of the positions, and consequently, the best team possible is assured. Our coach puts us thru a regular practice every Saturday afternoon, thus making the sport more delightful than ever. He takes great interest in putting out a first class ball team in order that they may shine equally well with our basket ball team, so that when school closes we will have a few more athletic victories added to the large list of those gained in basket-ball.



Basket Ball.

This year's basket ball season has been the most successful in the history of Central Wesleyan. Despite the disadvantage of having to work without the use of an indoor court during the first part of the season, Coach Stremmel succeeded in placing in the field a team which demonstrated to other schools that Central Wesleyan is capable of holding her own with the best. On account of his careful training the team made a very favorable showing even in the first game of the schedule. The team which played the inaugural game was composed of the following men: Addicks, right forward; Hemke, left forward; Robertus, center; Kallmeyer, (captain) right guard; Wipperman, left guard; Haferkamp, sub. This line-up was used in all the games of the season. The games which were played in Warrenton were well attended by both students and citizens, and the team, no doubt, owes much of its success to the loyal support of the spectators. Among the most inthusiastic of the rooters were the fair co-eds, and to hear them cheer was inspiring. Quite familiar have become such phrases as: "Shoot, Kally, shoot;" "Nice work, old head," "drop it in, kid," "pile'm up, they can't play marbles," and many other yells and cat-calls too numerous to mention.

The local league was composed of six teams. The team names and stand-ings are as follows:

Name of team:	Won:	Lost:
Wesleyans	10	0
Gladiators	8	2
Tigers	6	4
Cardinals	4	6
Sampsons	2	8
White Sox	0	10

The Wesleyans, who represent C. W. C., were never hard pressed, but some of the other games were intensely interesting, especially the ones between the Gladiators and Tigers and between the Cardinals and Sampsons.

The team has already been organized for the next season, Carl Robertus having been elected captain and Raymond Addicks manager. The prospects for a good team next year are even better than they have been before. The team loses by graduation only one man, Paul E. Hemke, and although the loss of this valuable player is much regretted, we have ample material from which to choose men to fill this vacancy. A strenuous schedule is being prepared and with the new Gymnasium (one of the finest in the state) at our

disposal from the beginning of the season, we hope to win laurels such as no team has attained in the past, and thus help to put Central Wesleyan College on a par with the best schools of the west in athletics.

The following is the result of the schedule of 08-09:

Team:	Played at:	Won:	Lost:
Wellsville High	Warrenton	27-5	
Wellsville High	Wellsville	47-12	
McKendree College	Lebanon, Ill.,	29-26	
North Side Y. M. C. A.	St. Louis		17-42
Kemper Military School	Warrenton	49-16	
Central College	Warrenton	34-19	
McKendree College	Warrenton	45-19	
C. W. C. Alumni	Warrenton	60-12	
North Side Y. M. C. A.	Warrenton	44-34	
Central Y. M. C. A.	Warrenton		18-56



Young Women's Physical Culture Club.

Officers.

Captain, Clara Baur. Manager, Erna I. Sell.
Treasurer, Flora Thee.

Why sing of the past with its glamour of chivalrous knights and beautiful ladies? Oh, women of the nineteenth century, why sigh for the days gone by? You have lost nothing and are gaining more and more each year. Woman is becoming emancipated. She is no longer a pet of man, "a little better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse," something to fondle instead of his pipe, or a drudge made to obey his every whim. She is vindicating her ability to take care of herself in all positions which circumstances thrust upon her. She is no longer a hot house flower which cannot endure the breath of a cold-wind. She is a little blossom hardier and stronger than many a weed.

The young women of this day and age have learned that it is not necessary for them to be weak and ailing. They realize their right to and need of strong healthy bodies. In their girlhood they have romped and played, have climbed trees and waded creeks, yet in their teens and twenties they are not whit less maidenly and attractive than their less agile sisters. The pale, languid, fade-away young lady has gone out of fashion. The energetic, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lassie has taken her place. The young woman of to-day knows that the healthier she is, the better fitted she will be to endure the strain life will entail upon her strength. She knows that in her search for health, she gains in grace and beauty and adds greatly to her enjoyment. Therefore she rides the horse, rows the boat plays tennis and basket ball, and takes gymnastics and calisthenics.

Central Wesleyan girls are modern. Though their efforts to add to their strength and grace by gymnastic exercise have been seriously hindered because of the delay in getting everything ship-shape in the new building they have not become discouraged. Basket ball for girls will be given a better opportunity next year than ever before, and the new tennis court will aid materially in inducing the young women to exercise after the arduous tasks of the day have been completed. And when the new gymnasium is fully equipped and adequate arrangements have been made for more systematic physical training, Central Wesleyan will be able to send forth from her halls, young ladies pre-eminent in religious, moral and intellectual culture and second to none as typifying physically perfect American womanhood.



Walton Tennis Club.

Rules for Making a Tennis Court.

Primarily select a choice bit of terra firma whose topography still exhibits its effects of the prehistoric primeval upheavels of its surface and then, after procuring the necessary agricultural implements, proceed to equalize the altitudes of the respective portions of this surface which has previously been selected and bounded by a quadrilateral whose dimensions are to be found in the manual.

After completing this task deposit a good layer of the charred remains of the most extensively recognized geological formation of the Carboniferous era upon the aforesaid surface and then mixing decomposed quartz and a portion of the soft plastic earth which is formed by the eroding of aluminiferous masses of stony material, diffuse this conglomeration upon the aforementioned surface. Now your court is complete. After allowing it to remain in solitude a few days in order to recuperate and rest its tired nerves, it will be ready for service.





Military.

Officers.

Prof. E. Weiffenbach, Commandant.

A. L. Hessel, Captain.	E. Hasenjaeger, Color Sergeant.
L. J. Duewel, First Lieutenant.	F. Brockman, First Corporal.
Victor Frick, Second Lieutenant.	F. Preul, Second Corporal.
C. J. Lotz, First Sergeant.	G. Kettelkamp, Third Corporal.
G. VonTungeln, Second Sergeant.	H. Steimann, Fourth Corporal.
F. Reynolds, Quartermaster Sergeant.	O. Zeidler, Bugler.
E. Baur, Third Sergeant.	H. Kriege, Drummer.

Members.

E. Bauman	Geo. Kettelkamp
E. Baur	W. Kramer
E. Brandt	H. Kriege
F. Brockman	W. Lavender
C. Burnett	C. J. Lotz
C. Cast	L. Nagel
L. J. Duewel	F. Neumeyer
V. Frick	A. Nothdurft
G. Giese	F. Preul
V. Hartel	A. Rehkop
E. Hasenjaeger	F. Reynolds
P. Hemke	R. Schnell.
A. Hessel	H. Schmidtke.
W. Hessel	H. Steiman
E. Hughes	Geo. VonTungeln
A. Johannaber	O. Zeidler

A Letter from the New Cadet.

Warrenton, Mo., September 30, 1920.

Dear parents - I must tell you something about the millinery company. I joined it two weeks ago. I ordered my union form, which I received to-day. It fits fine only the ensign on the hamlet was a little bent. The suits are turkey blue and have navy red trimmings. The officers wear stripes that they call Shiver-runs. We carry rifles in all the man-overs, especially in shame battles. We shoot blank powder in shame battles. I helped load some shots. This is the quartermaster's business. The first Sardine falls them in line, then he calls the honor roll. If any privant commits a misty meanor he gets the court marshal arrest. Our captain gives us commandments, and the Lou Tennants and the first Sardine see so we extract them directly. The Corpuscles are commentataors of the skwad.

The color Sardine carries the U. S. Red white and blue stripes and stars—Old Glory. I can do all the manual of the armies except "Forward, Salute" and "Salute the dead." One day one of the boys gave me orders just for practice—he gave me "forward march" and then he didn't give me any more. I kept going on and waiting for another command till I got a mile out of town. I guess he didn't know the other command. He should have give me "Forward to the Rear."

I'll be home Xmas and execute a few man-overs to show you. I guess I can get into the antillery department of the U. S. Navy next June if I keep on like this. I know all the millinery terms already. We will have expectation of arms next Tuesday.

I must close now.

Your Soldier boy,

Bill.

English Department.



Abraham Lincoln.

Abstract of Address by Prof. Hosholl, February 12, 1909.

This week and this day Lincoln's birthday is celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land, not only here in our own country but in other lands is he honored. He was an American of Americans. His life is a lesson to every man, not only to us, but to men everywhere. Beecher said of him: "He is ours and the World's," and it is literally true—ours and the World's. It is marvelous that such a man with such an origin, come up as he did from the very bottom, should rise to the very heights in the hearts of the people. Who was he? Who was his father? Who was his mother? His father was a rolling stone, shiftless, thriftless, unsuccessful, a failure. His mother—as far as we know—and we don't know much—was a good, kind, gentle-hearted woman of whom Lincoln said: "What I am I owe to my mother," but she died when he was nine years of age.

His early surroundings were poverty stricken. There are some here whose parents are poor; but they are kings and princes in the surroundings of their homes to what Abraham Lincoln experienced in his childhood. For a while—probably for more than a year living in a "half-faced" cabin in Kentucky—a "half-faced" means a one room shack with three sides to it; for four or five years in Indiana he lived in a cabin somewhat better but without window, without door, without floor; and the whole country was in this primitive condition. That is where Lincoln spent his boyhood. Of course there were no schools, except here and there a wandering teacher taught a few months. It is said in all Lincoln's life he had not a year's schooling. What are the possibilities of human nature when a man without a year's schooling could become the greatest president of the country? He worked hard and had no comforts and conveniences. But he did learn to read and write. He wrote and ciphered on the back of a wooden shovel, and finally learned enough to be something of a surveyor. He had no library, but among his few books were the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, The Life of Clay, The life of Washington. These were the books to which he had access. It seems to me, he must have read them over and over again, filling his mind with noble ideas and beautiful expressions.

He remained with his father until he reached manhood, when he struck out for himself. What is he to do? Among the things he does is to make

a contract with a widow to split four-hundred rails a yard for jeans dyed with butter-nut, enough to make him a pair of trousers. He slaughtered hogs, he worked on the farm, he clerked in a little store. He began to work on a flat boat and floated down the Mississippi River. It was on this trip he got the first real insight into slavery in its worst forms somewhere down in New Orleans. Then and there his whole being was filled with hatred of that evil. He said: "If I ever get a chance to hit it, I am going to hit it hard. A man engaged in flat boat work, an ordinary laborer says: "If ever I get a chance to hit that institution I will hit it hard." It seems to indicate a consciousness of the future, a feeling that some day he would stand where he could hit that institution. The time came and he hit it. Returned home he keeps store; he becomes a post-master, where he carries the letters in his hat; he becomes a politician; runs for the state legislature several times and is elected each time. Then he studies law, and is finally admitted to the bar and begins to practice in Springfield, but he is still a politician. He runs for Congress and men begin to speak of him. He is climbing. Then comes the great struggle between him and Douglas. In Illinois Lincoln was nominated for the Senate by the Republicans, while Douglas who had been the Senator was renominated by the Democratic party. These two men—giants they were—met in debate throughout the length and breadth of the state. When the debate closed, Lincoln was asked to address the Republicans of New York City; and when they looked at the ungainly, awkward figure they were sure that he was from the wild and woolly west. But when he had finished his address, they knew him as an orator, a patriot, and a statesman. His fame was national. The next step in his life is his nomination for president and his election. This man from nowhere is president of the United States.

He gets to Washington and he finds he has no support. All hesitate as to what is to be done, the whole country is in a condition of uncertainty as to the future. But Lincoln finds his way 'day after day and week after week with the burden of the Civil War upon him. So heavy is the burden that he is sometimes called: "The man of sorrows." He was tender hearted. When he saw a birdling fall from its nest, he said: "I couldn't have slept if I hadn't replaced it." Now a man who couldn't pass by the suffering of dumb beasts—that man's heart would bleed with the suffering of the Civil War. He was abused, ridiculed by editors and leaders throughout the land. Men that should have supported him, abused and hampered him. Four or five years went by and then came the end—that terrible day when throughout the land flashed the news that Lincoln had been assassinated. He was

an instantaneous hero whose glory shone above that of every other name in the Civil War. The nation mourned as Rachel who would not be comforted. Even the South laid their wrath upon his bier.

Now how was it possible that this man should run such a career? What were some of the elements that went to make up Lincoln's greatness? He was naturally a gifted man. We do not know much about his father or mother, but somehow, in the providence of God, he had inherited a wonderful nature. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Some are born short. Lincoln was born long, physically long, six feet four inches, and mentally and morally long and broad and high. He was naturally a man of wonderful endowments and that is one reason why he achieved the position that he did. We say: "Environment makes the man." Environment did not make Lincoln. There were no environments that could help him.

Among his characteristics was honesty, not only material but mental. In the least things he was honest. While he was a clerk in a store, he found one day that he over-charged some good lady four or five cents, and she did not know it. When evening came, he walked several miles to bring her the few pennies. Another time he made a mistake in weighing a quarter of a pound of tea, and again when the day is done he walks several miles to make good the deficiency. When he was post-master—that strange post-mastership where he carried the mail in his hat—the post-office was closed and no inspector came to straighten out the business; but after years had gone by, the inspector came to Lincoln for the money in his hands. Lincoln said: "I have got that all right." He went to his trunk and brought out the coins he had received in the post-office—the identical small coins. Several times he had been in great need of money but that was the government's property, laid away and saved for a number of years, hoping some day it would be called for. He was minutely honest mentally. He thought himself through to conclusions and results honestly and squarely. He faced a proposition until he arrived at a clear logical result. He was a truth seeker,—a man who wants to know exactly what the facts are and lives in accordance with this principle. In the beginning of his senatorial contest with Douglas he used this expression: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect this union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." Lincoln read that to his friends and said: "What do you think of it?" They said: "Don't say it; that is bad policy." Lincoln said: "That is the truth and I believe it ought to be said." Everyone with a

single exception said: "No; don't say it", but when the day came, he said it. He sought the truth, he followed the truth, he lived the truth—"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith do our duty." He was so honest that he made a poor lawyer when he was on the wrong side. On one occasion when he and another lawyer were trying a case after listening to some evidence Lincoln said: "Sweet that man is guilty, you defend him, I cannot." He was thoroughly honest and sought the truth. That was one of his characteristics in his administration as president. When they wanted to know, what are you going to do about slavery? Lincoln said: "I am trying to save the Union. If I can save it with slavery, I will save it with slavery; if I can save the Union without slavery, I will save it without. If I can, I am going to save the Union." He never put himself in the forefront. He always felt that he must serve the people and the cause. Since they had placed him in his position, it was necessary that he should fill his place and he did his duty.

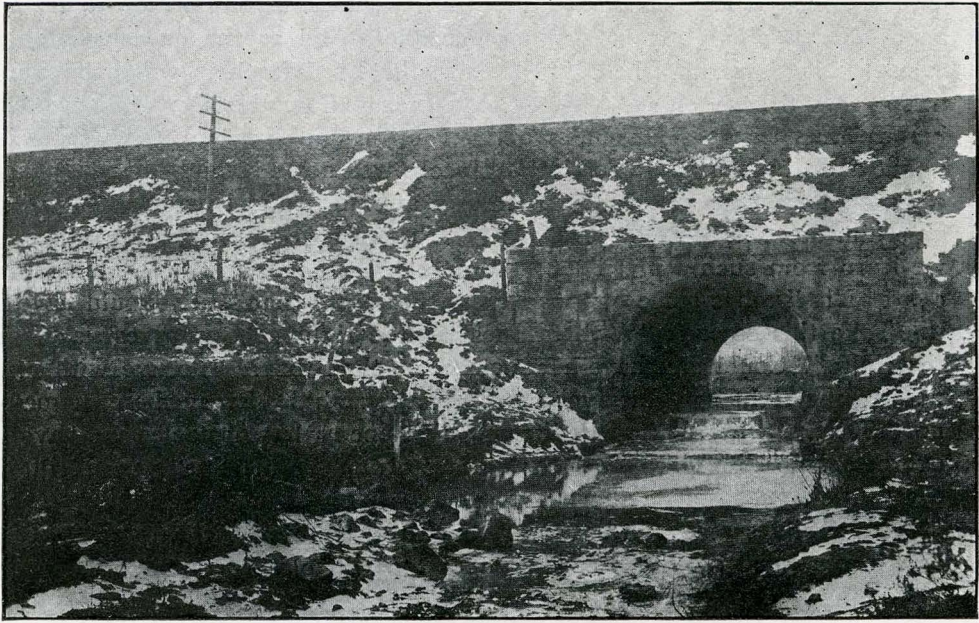
Another thing that contributed to make him great was his wonderful sympathy and his comprehension of the people. He was a people's man. He understood men and women as they lived and they loved him for it. As I said before, the leaders in public life abused him, his cabinet did not seem to understand, but the people understood him because he understood the people. First we find Lincoln in touch with the small community in Illinois, finally he is the heart of the nation. Everywhere he is the support of the people. This peculiar trait of his—this insight into the common people is manifested in many ways. One of the most interesting is, I think, the fact that they called him, "Father Abraham." There were very few men who called him "Honest Abe" to his face. There was a certain dignity, something that prevented men from becoming familiar with him. Still with the common man he was "Father Abraham." They sang: "We are coming Father Abraham—we are coming 300,000 strong." The common people stood by him and because they stood by him he stood by them.

Lastly Lincoln had a profoundly religious nature. Some people think he did not have much religion. I do not know whether he could define in language, whether he was a Baptist or a Methodist or something else, but his nature was filled with confidence and trust in God. That shows itself in hundreds of ways. You pick up almost any public address that he delivered—any proclamation that he issued—a message that he sent to Congress, and in it you find somehow he expresses the idea that unless God is with the cause he is engaged in, the cause will not prosper. He had the confidence that God is directing the affairs of the world. On one occasion a minister

met him and said: "I hope the Lord is on our side." Lincoln said: "I don't know whether I am much concerned whether the Lord is on our side—my constant anxiety and prayer is that both myself and this nation shall be on the Lord's side." Do you see the difference? Then he said: "The Lord is always on the right side." I think that when we go through life trying to be on the Lord's side, we will find it a wonderful life to live, and Lincoln tried to be on the Lord's side. This absolute and utter trust in the Lord was one of the reasons for the influence and success that he had in his life. Think of the millions who were sorrowing because of that war and who were looking to Lincoln. It is a hard thing for a man in such a position to depend upon himself alone. It is incomprehensible. And as the burdens and responsibilities increased, he could look to the Lord for help which he could not get anywhere else. A marvelous man! Sometimes, you know, our heroes are soldiers. Alexander and Napoleon and Fredrick the Great and Grant and Sherman were soldiers—Lincoln was not a soldier—he was just a common man, who sought the light day after day and trusted the Lord to give him more light as he needed it. What can we see in this? What can we learn from such a president? What can you learn from the life of Lincoln? His life has some of those traits that every man's life should have in it. Take this saying: "With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." Could you have a better motto than that? "To live with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." Everywhere, it makes no difference what station in life, no difference what obstacles we have to overcome, no difference how dark the storm may be, this maxim will fit every life.

If our lives are lived earnestly, honestly, truthfully, with trust in God, as Lincoln lived his life, then our lives too will bless mankind.

For a man to be intellectually and morally honest, he must think it through.—Prof. Vosholl.



The Faculty Goes Traveling.

A Visit to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

In 1904 the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Los Angeles, California. A large number of delegates from the middle and eastern states had arranged with the Santa Fe Railroad Co. to stop at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado over Sunday on their way going. Accordingly nine long Pullman trains besides the one I had taken, branched off at Williams for the Grand Canyon. Before arriving, the passengers reviewed their literature on the Canyon, talked of their impressions and wondered if they had not over-strained their imagination in trying to form an idea of the Canyon. We arrived in the afternoon in time to take a hasty look at this world wonder. As I stood at the rim and looked down into the chasm, one-half mile to the first plateau, then cast my eyes across the Canyon to a dim outline of mountains on the other side, said to be thirteen miles away, I was over-awed with the immensity and filled with thoughts of the Great Creator of Heaven and earth. At the time I stood there I had seen the ocean and viewed its vast expanse until I was lost in thought; I had visited Mammoth Cave and walked for miles hundreds of feet under the earth's surface; I had looked down from the mountain peak upon cities that lay like play gardens at its base; I had stood beside rock-ribbed Niagara until I was touched by its grandeur, but in no instance was I filled with a sense of the sublime as when I first saw the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It was the greatest among the great wonders I had seen. It was beyond the farthest stretch of my imagination, the largest thing I had ever seen. The many colored rocks lining its wall or forming great temples on the plateau beneath and the great piles of stone added grandeur and beauty to the sublime. Instead of decreasing, the feeling of sublimity, grandeur and beauty increased as we walked down the trail on Sabbath morning, reached the plateau upon which we walked several miles until we came to the edge of another precipice as high as the one which we had descended. Looking down we saw the Colorado river flowing in its deep bed like a silver thread. Here we were seated upon a huge rock, in sight of great stone temples. (in company with several hundred other passengers,) and the great stone walls, thinking of the grandeur and beauty which surrounded us when some one, as by inspiration, began to sing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee," and all present joined, feeling the

presence of the Divine One whose endurance and eternity were impressed upon us as never before. After a number of short prayers and spiritual hymns without a sermon or a leader, the company quietly wended its way back to the train feeling that it had spent a Sabbath in the presence of God.

Geo. B. Addicks.

A-Foot in the Alps.

The other day, while fondling my books, my eyes fell on a little volume in brown leather entitled "Pocket notes on my travels in Europe, 1888-1890." How the memory images came trooping up as I fingered the pages of the little diary! The indescribable charm which rested on people and places then has merely been mellowed by the flight of twenty years. Here is the Rhine of song and story. Neumann had bidden me farwell saying: "Grüsse mir der Vater Rhein." There are the lofty spires of the great cathedrals, Cologne and Strassburg,—those dreams in stories. There are the castles, from which gallant knights sallied forth to fight for fair ladies. There is the verdant coronet of the Alps set with its emerald seas. I see between the shades of beach or pine the chateaux, the villas and the Sennhütten. I hear the tinkling of the silvery bells as the flocks of goats or herds of cattle are pastured on the fat hillside. Yes, that is the echo of the Alpine horn, which a mountaineer plays for our pleasure. And this is a group of teachers making the summer night melodious with their volkslieder and marvelous yodles. Yes this is the Gemmi Pass, leading from the Valley of the Rhone to that of the Aar, and we walked the entire distance, 34 miles, my friend Heidel and I, in one day! And this?—But I forbear. Would you know more, come into my "Plauderstübschen" when twilight shadows fall.

Otto E. Kriege.

The Moffit Road.

An excursion on the Moffit Road, from Denver to the summit of the Rockies. I remember with pleasure. Up! Up! the train, in several sections climbed the mountains. In tortuous curves we pass over hanging cliffs on one side; on the other, precipices, down, down, to dashing montain torrents fed by everlasting snows; then plunging into dark tunnels for a space, then into the light again. The view from the eighth tunnel back upon the plains

is grand. But on, the puffing iron horse draws us into the next tunnel and the plains and sunshine are gone. We emerge into a mountain valley, but hark! what means that rattling sound? Hail! Hail! We are in a hail-storm. This soon changes to sleet, rain, snow, and a few minutes we are in the bright sunshine again. Up the mountain side we now see a train going to the right and one a little higher up, going to the left. These are sections of our train climbing on the rungs of a great mountain ladder. We mount this ladder with a swing to the right around a spur, then a curve to the left, around the beautiful "Yankee Doodle" lake and passing thru a tunnel here and there we are soon far above lake and valley. So we turn and twist thru pine clad slopes, in sunshine, rain, cloud and snow, until we reach the summit of the mountain pass, at Coronation, in the midst of a snow storm. We get off the cars and seek shelter in the station and in snow sheds. The storm ceases, the sun is coming out, but where? It seems to be on the wrong side of the track.

We have lost our bearings. The great snowfields are glittering in the sunlight, but near us the rocks and grass and flowers and mineral specimens. In a little while a great cloud comes sweeping over the mountains and we are enveloped in it and can only see a few rods ahead. Where now is the station?

How shall we find our way back? The cloud lifts, it snows, rains, then the bright sun comes forth, and everything is beautiful. We return, enter the cars and go thundering down the mountain on the return trip. On the way up several persons fainted, on account of the altitude and the rare atmosphere, but we experienced no ill effects.

Thus ended a day of rare experiences.

J. H. F.

In Ludendo.

"Please write up a trip for the Annual,"
Begged a fair Senior maid of me,
Deftly first making sure my good nature
Would secure the success of her plea.

"In style make it graphic and trenchant,"
Continued the guileless maid.

"Bright, witty, engaging,—O you, Sir,
Will know what is wanted." she said.

Now was ever commission so given,
In a carefully limited space,
To describe a delightful excursion
And in thought all my steps to retrace?

But here I am wasting the moments,
Already I should be half done,
And I've not even made a beginning,
Not a sign of a joke or a pun.

"You're invited to thanksgiving dinner,
Now please come," wrote "Meta and Joe"
"You'll have the time of your life, "Uncle Charlie,"
And you promised us, now, don't you know?"

Who, pray, could resist that, I wonder?
Besides 'twas a Varsity Town,
And a good chance to see how Ph. D.'s
Drew the reins over scholar and clown.

So the night train that left for St. Louis,
Carried with it a passenger brave,
Bent on business as well as on pleasure,
With ears full of Doc's "Now behave!"

There's much could be told of that outing,
But there! What's the use? Don't you see,
It would only prolong this effusion?
So I'll close, Veni, vidi, vici.

C. L. Wellemeyer.

A Tenderfoot Trudging up Pike's Peak.

Though not a globe trotter I lay claim to a "Wonderlust" which drives me to seek new scenes and, like Longfellow's youth, to strive, in spite of obstacles, to go farther and higher.

In July 1905, I had my first glimpse of our Rockies and spent some time among their foothills. After several excursions on foot and by rail, I essayed a more pretentious trip, namely the scaling of Pike's Peak, 14,147 feet high. Pecuniary considerations as well as desire for advantage caused our company to scorn the luxury of burro or cog-wheel road. At 2 p. m. on July 14, we sallied forth on foot, bent on an all night trip to greet Old Sol's first ray on the summit.

Amid sweltering heat we left camp at Manitou, but, as we trudged on, now and then resting and enjoying Nature's beauties so lavishly displayed, it gradually grew cooler. The Half Way House—really the First Quarter House—saw us mailing messages telling friends on lower levels that we were on the way to greater heights. Soon supper was eaten and our crowd of three men and two ladies was joined by three lone but courageous Kansas girls, so we men had five fair burdens to cheer us on.

Other pilgrims of the night were on the way, some returning in high spirits having reached the summit, others in a mood of despair because heart or lung forbade them going higher. We had our names put in the most elevated newspaper in the world and trudged on with slackening speed. The night waxed colder as we seemed to draw nearer Luna's chill countenance, "Windy Point" was passed. Our ladies with one exception, deserted us to seek shelter in a cement house until our return. On and on we went in spite of the cold blasts until the summit was scaled. Alas! Old Sol had won the race. Whether he laughed us to scorn we know not, for a cloud hid his face most of the time. We took in the sights, picked up some granite, and watched the people, some of them who began to feel as though they "were wrong side in."

Soon we began to trace our steps back toward the camp. As on the way up we followed the cog-wheel road right of way, but now with somewhat greater speed so that by noon we reached Manitou. Though blistered in face and bruised on foot, I was glad to have made the trip firmly averring that, at the next opportunity, my motto should be "Excelsior."

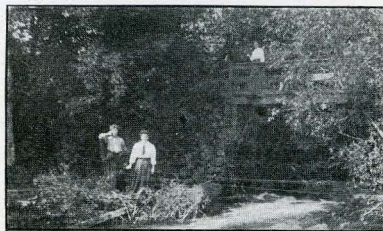
A. W. Ebeling.

Recollection of Rome.

Memories of students days inLeipsic take me back to a vacation trip with a friend through Germany, Austria, Italy and Switzerland. I am once more in Rome hurrying to St. Peters on Sunday morning.

The approach to this grand temple of worship is most impressive. The curving colonades on either side, the obelisk in the center with fountains on right and left, the grand steps and finally the great breadth of the structure itself surmounted by the glorious dome, leave an impression in the mind never to be effaced. To the right is the Vatican with its 4422 rooms. Of these we visited the Sistine Chapel containing the famous works of Michael Angelo. The Coliseum, the Forum, the Appian Way, the Castle San Angelo, the Capitol, the Art Gallery and the Pantheon are some of the objects which claim attention for the next three days. Although the July sun was very warm the interior of the massive building was always cool, and we spent most of our time during the day in these buildings, taking advantage of cool mornings and evenings to view other parts of the city. An epidemic of fever made us fear Naples and we returned to Florence and traveled on to Northern Italy and Switzerland.

Zeno Nagel.



College Spirit in Former Days.

College Spirit in 1875.

Good fellowship reigned supreme. This good will kindled and inspired the spirit of lasting friendship. To live, to think and to work in the conviction that he was not only wanted but needed was the student's constant inspiration. He realized that the welfare of himself, as well as that of the College was depending on his efforts to improve his opportunities, so he always did his best.

His growth, development, and accomplishment were stimulated by emulation. This forbade allowing a class-mate to recite lessons better, to understand the problems of higher Algebra more thoroughly, to deliver a more laudable oration. The ambition to lead his class to higher honors never over-shadowed the endearing feeling of congenial comradeship. Close application to study did not keep him out of occasional mischief. His stunts produced mirth, joy, and laughter. Few have forgotten the midnight visits of the old Doctor, with lantern in hand, marching through our Dormitory, "The Green Building," shouting; "where is the scamp that is ringing the bell?" Alas, none ever learned his name or saw his shadow.

We had all the essential requisites of a student,—busy brains, earnest purpose, and swift feet. The cherished friendship and comradeship of fellow students commended itself to each one but the good will of our teachers was the prize sought by all.

J. P. Rinkel.

College Spirit in 1892.

The class of 1892 was one of the largest in the history of C. W. C. up to that time. It was of such unusual size that two Commencement Exercises were held to give all the graduates an opportunity to deliver their orations.

The Sophomore class of that year was also composed of an unprecedented number of students, and had just lately been augmented by several youths from Mt. Pleasant German College, who had soon become quite enthusiastic for the class which they had just entered. Early in the year some friction began to manifest itself between these two large classes and as the months passed this friction became more pronounced. While before this there had

been rivalry and some bitter antagonism between different literary societies, and while due reverence was paid the austere Senior, and proper credit was given to the self-confident Freshmen for their verdure, there had been no class organizations to speak of, with the exception of the organization of the Senior Classes. Formerly little was known of college spirit and even much less of class spirit, but that year the Sophomores had a complete organization, and the influence of that organization made itself felt in all the departments of the school. Those of us who attended C. W. C. that year will remember the morning on which the Sophomore Class disturbed service by marching into chapel in a body long after all others had taken their seats. Nor will we forget the peculiar frown on the brow of our sedate president as in a long row they passed immediately in front of him and saluted him with their canes, to which the colors of their class had been tied. Such an occurrence was unheard of at C. W. C. Soon after a Sophomore was burnt in effigy in front of the main college building, not by the Seniors but by their allies,

My room-mate was a Sophomore and though an excellent fellow in every respect, still he was a Sophomore. He bestowed no other title upon me than "Sinner of '92" while I in turn honored him with a shorter and uglier term abbreviated from Sophomore.

That year seems to me to mark the genesis of class spirit and the revival of college spirit at C. W. C. Whatever were the temporary results of this class spirit, and they probably were not all beneficial, this will remain true, that somehow in connection with or as a result of this awakening of class spirit, there was brought about more healthful and a more active college spirit.

H. G. Leist. '92.

College Spirit in 1902.

What a sad calamity it was to our dear Alma Mater when in the most memorable year of all her history, 1902, the most exquisite company of young people marched out of her portals to return no more.

Twenty there were—four highly accomplished young women and sixteen brilliant young men. The angels of heaven might envy mortals the glory of having belonged to that distinguished company.

They are gone, but marvelous as it may seem, the dear Alma Mater still survives. The aspiration of that class represented a large variety indeed,

for there were doctors, lawyers, musicians, politicians, teachers, preachers and house-wives represented.

For periods of varied duration these twenty vivified 'dynamos' helped to electrolize college life. They were instrumental in shaping the college spirit during their stay, but especially during their senior year. The distinctive character of the college spirit of that year may probably be best described by the word "conciliatory!" There were no class fights, no flag-rushes, no bunting robberies, no hazing-crimes, no monument-burials, no effigy-burning or other college-pagans. This was largely due to the fact that one third of that epochal class consisted of ministerial candidates, some of whom held themselves responsible for the sanctity of the very atmosphere. But the college spirit of that year was not a passive one, it promoted noble activity of truly educational value, for that year marked a revival of debating, declamatory, and oratorical excellency. The class hopes to have added something of lasting value and to have perpetuated some good at Central Wesleyan College.

C. Hohn.

College Spirit in 1908.

One year ago! Then we were agonizing concerning the Pulse, agitating in Goethenia or Philo, and awaiting the gale of inspiration supposedly somewhere en route—soon to burst upon our lambent fires of oratory, and fan them into brilliant flames as Senior orations. But the expected gale wore down to a breeze, and perhaps might never have arrived had not the long-suffering faculty at least sent us forth to meet it. Of course we also tried to impress upon the teachers the fact that we were busy Seniors and ought to be privileged characters, but we couldn't make them see it. And, of course, we complained occasionally of the sameness of school-life and thought the college-bell quite monotonous. And then one day we left our books and class room, and our president preached us a noble sermon and the streets and halls were full of people from everywhere. That week a stranger spoke grand words to us, lined up before him; after that we stood upon the stage, received a roll of parchment from the hands of the president, and then it was all over.

And now, others have taken our places, and the school doesn't even seem to notice its loss. Of course, in a 'desultory' fashion, as our Alma Mater she will ever remember us, but we "don't belong" any more, and even if we have not as yet passed our first anniversary, a year ago is ages back. I

imagine that when a magazine first becomes a back number it feels as if it belonged to Vol. I, years back. Again at times it is, as if to-morrow we would all come back and take our old seats in chapel—rear right—those fellows (usurpers all) will have to get out, and when the roll is called, the monitors will begin as usual: "Nos. one.—" But no, for No. one, and all, will be there. Strange how the college-bell peals, whereas it used to drone so! And we will find that we have been day-dreaming, and that the old days at C. W. C. are gone for good. And now we begin to see how good those days were.

The law of eternal change is demonstrating itself upon us, but may this be only upon our conditions, for our hearts shall remain true to each other and to the institution which gave us not only learning, but the principles of inspired living, however, far we may fall short of them.

Carl O. Sauer



Keep cool. Anger is not argument.

Men are servants of State, fame, and business.

Young men are more fit for invention than for counsel.



How Elmwood Won the Championship.

It was only three days before the game, the great game that was to decide the championship of the season. Everywhere the coming game was the subject of conversation. Excited groups discussed the prospects of Elmwood winning the game from Norfolk and with it the championship pennant. Thus far both teams had won and lost an even number of games, and the rivalry between them was intense. Norfolk had won the pennant the two preceding years and confidently boasted of winning again.

That morning in chapel the coach announced that the names of the players who were to participate in the coming game, would be posted at noon on the door of the gymnasium. After dinner a large crowd gathered there and greatly to their surprise they found that the name of Stone, their crack center, was not on the list. In his place was the name of Klein, a Freshman not very well known; while Stone, an upper classman, was very popular. Many were the surmises as to the cause of the coach's action, but nothing definite could be ascertained. Klein, who happened along just then, was nettled by some of the remarks made concerning himself and determined to justify the confidence of the coach, and besides, to prove to the fellows that he could "make good."

In his office on the main floor of the gymnasium the coach sat thinking about the existing conditions, "Have I done right?" was the question he asked himself again and again. Stone had been indifferent to the practice games, had failed continually to be on hand and when questioned had rudely refused to discuss the subject. The truth was that while Stone had gone "sporting" with the girls, Klein had taken his place at practice and had worked hard. When he thought of this, he decided that he had done right. It is one-fifteen. He went out to meet the players at one-thirty.

He found the team assembled, and after greeting them cordially, came at once to the question uppermost in the minds of all. He told them in a few short words what he had done and why he had done it, hoping that they would take kindly to the change and do their best in the game now near at hand. After considering a few minor details he dismissed them.

That evening he noticed that there was ill-feeling between Klein and Ricker. But for this the practice was entirely satisfactory. After dismissal he called Ricker to him and tried to make him see how important it was to have harmony among the different members of the team. But Ricker only

replied, "Stone is my best friend and chum." The coach felt far from satisfied but decided to let the matter drop and hope for the best.

The teams were equally matched and the play was fierce and quick. Up and down the floor they went, passing, blocking, dribbling. Several times Klein had shots for the basket, but someone, he knew not who, always held his arm, pushed him or kept him in some way from making a score. The crowd thought it was lack of skill that caused him to miss and all through jeered him unmercifully. Besides there were many loud calls for "Stone, Stone, Stone." At one time the coach was about to give in, but he thought, "No, the boy has stood by me; he deserves every chance." Finally Norfolk scored. Again play was resumed, and after a few minutes they gained a foul throw. Neither side scored during the next play. At the end of the first half the score stood 3 to 0 in favor of the visiting team.

The rest being over the teams again took the field, and the Elmwood men wore a determined look. After about ten minutes of play Elmwood scored two goals in quick succession, making the score four to three in their favor.

The crowd grew wild with enthusiasm, but was soon silenced when Norfolk raised the score 6 to 4 in their favor. Play was again resumed, and now, Elmwood gained a foul throw. Score was 6 to 5, still in favor of Norfolk. Then the Elmwood boys seemed to gain new strength. They played like demons. Klein, in particular, seemed untiring. The ball was worked down to Elmwood's goal passed from Black to Klein, who was alone quite near the goal—a miss seemed impossible. The suspense was intense—"Would he do it?" He held the ball for an instant, then—someone hurled upon him and he was knocked to the floor.

A dead silence fell upon the crowd. When Klein opened his eyes and rose to his feet, the members of both teams were standing around him and the coach was leading Ricker to the sidelines. It was clear to him now. Ricker had been spoiling his game and blocking his throws. But listen, the crowd was cheering—"Could it be possible?" Yes, it was, the crowd was cheering him. In a few minutes the "sub," McArthur took Ricker's place and the play was resumed. "Only two more minutes of play," the timekeeper announced. "Could Elmwood win the game?" Klein seemed to be everywhere. He ran around, receiving here, passing there, blocking throws and playing fast ball in general. Finally he caught the ball near center, and turning, he jumped and threw the ball at his goal. He saw it hit the backstop and weakly drop down. A deafening cheer arose. "Time!" called the timekeeper. Elmwood had won 7 to 6.

The College Girl.

O how shall the tongue of a mortal bring forth
The infinite beauty, the wonderful worth,—
The life of all effort in work and in play,
The girl of our college—the best of to-day!

Then dip your great pen in the rainbow of spring,—
And blot with the dust from a butterfly's wing,
The zephyr of April, the robin's sweet song,
The brightness of blessing, the shadows of wrong.

Must mingle in thunders;—the depth of the sea
With the pearl of a dewdrop, together must be;
Such flashings and sputterings, the jest and the jot;
Then mumurs and moanings, with cunning and plot.

Now weave in true love; carrying out your design
Until it is spun most amazingly fine,
Then weave it again; toss it up in the wind,
And lo! It is gone—'twas a thought—you were blind!

Her commands are caresses; her threats are her tears,
Her smiles are her poems; great omens, her fears;
Her hopes are as sunbeams—a shadow goes by,
And they are destroyed, in a tear and a sigh.

But forever? No, Never! she sees them again
And holds to them firmly, in pleasure and pain;
Then alas! how they vary in darkness and light,
Till they 'die in her sorrow, or grow in her might.

Will she sacrifice? Ah! in the depths of her love
She will stand a whole day by the hot kitchen stove,
To prepare the sweet morsel, and send to his hand
Whence that little blue missive comes—beautiful land!

Or should her affections toward others be bent,
She will toast and will roast, to her deepest content;
Yea, all the sweet dainties that Polster can show
Are pressed into service, her love to bestow.

And brave! Of her virtues 'tis never the least,—
Not a fear for the darkness, or demon, or beast,
But out in the night!—let those moments be blest,
For they mean the dread torture of campus arrest.

But who cares for such dangers? They torture in vain,
For out in the moonlight, in "Lone Lover's Lane,"
She hears the sweet story, so old and yet new—
Ah! that is her realm, so I've found it—have you?

What a calmness in trial! How bravely she stands,
Their bliss interrupted by meddlesome hands;
With never a thought nor a fear for her fate,
She goes before Prof., her sad doom to await.

O poor thoughtless maids—after such blessed times
They wrestle with sentences, figures and rhymes,
As if wisdom were found in a bubble of life,
Yet how sweetly they carry that wonderful strife.—

Mixing love with arithmetic, kisses with tears,
And the rhythm of music with heart beats of fears—
Putting wit with philosophy, affection with Greek,
Then from Friday till Thursday, the issue they seek.

What a marvelous compound—how many her needs,
All so artfully blending—yet never she leads
By her strife in the forum; sets others apart,
Let her be the true flower of only one heart.

But the truth of her life let the ages extol,
She will help the true man to his loftiest goal.
Put away the old shell—bring her forth in her power!
Sound a greater advance—she's the maid of the hour.

Then here's to the truest and best to be found—
May our institute long in such maidens abound!
She has come to our aid—then, your banner's unfurl,
Here's a health to our leader—the true College Girl!



Junior Ex.

(From the Soph's point of view.)

Thy mournful strain, Melpomene,
We bid thee sing to-day ;
In deepest mourning are we now—
Our sister passed away.

Our Alma Mater much doth weep
And sitteth all forlorn,
While our dear Father Faculty
Doth grieve the second born.

Six moons before the Ides of March,
Four sisters were we then ;
But on that night grim Orcus claimed
The class of nineteen ten.

Her name was Rose and fair was she,
Her face as white as snow—
Her pallid cheeks we long had seen
And feared Apollo's bow.

So when we heard her gloomy fate—
That she must then depart—
We gathered at the funeral hall
With sympathizing heart.

Our oldest sister, used to tears,
Was veiled in blackest weeds—
Our youngest was too young to know
What sorrow Orcus breeds.

Our Father entered silently ;
We sisters at the door
Did each in turn a chorus sing
To honor her once more.

We saw her sail in Charon's skiff
Across the Stygian tide,
We saw the craft of cypress green
On blackest billows ride.

We saw her spirit's winged white,
On which her name was writ,
We saw it lowered from the breeze
And sad she saw us sit.

She spoke to us with many words,
But when she seemed most gay,
The cypress green and winged white
Bore her fore'er away.

Yet as she yonder disembarked
Where Orcus grim doth dwell,
She shouted loud her last adieu,
And we our last farwell.

But now, O Muse, before the court
Of Minos she must stand;
And give account of all the deeds
She did with careless hand.

Alas! we fear the keen-eyed judge
Shall with his stately face,
Denying her Elysian fields,
Assign her other place.

P. K. '11.

First Declension.

“Ach! Schön Fräulein,
Für dich allein,
Mein Herz ist dein!
Ach sei du mein!”
“Thanks I decline.”

Musical Exhibition in Dormitory Vicinity.

There's music in the early morn,
When "John" the fires doth make;
His song's sweet notes are upward borne
And cause us to awake.

There is music in the dining room,
When Noltensmeyer laughs;
It certainly dispells the gloom
And troubles fly like chaff.

There is music in the yard at night
When J. N. locks the doors.
His whistling, when he feels just right,
Would drown a lion's roar.

There'll be music in lands far away,
Where he'll work, preach, sing and smile.
But when Warrenton he leaves some day
We'll be sad for quite a while.

M. A. K.

CO-ED.

A sailor hat, with band of red,
Brown hair that's ever curling,
Two soft dark eyes that set my head
And heart and brain to twirling.

My heart leaps up when I behold,
A co-ed wink her eye.
So was it when my course began;
So is it now, as Senior man;
So may it be when I grow old, or let me die.

A "Prep's" First Week in Chapel.

Monday March 15, '09—When at ten o'clock this mornin the dinner belle rite south of the college bildin wrung, the fellers in the Hall yelled "Their goes the Chappel Belle." I looked up the street but didn't see anything. Pritty soon one of the fellers came in and sed "Say, ole crook, ain' you goin' to chappel?"—All the swelled fellers hear have ninknames, they call me 'crook.' I guess that must have ben the name of some grate powett or a ottomobel in-venter. So we went to a brick house and when we got nere it i thot it wuz a musick box, but when i got inside, i tho't it wuz a rattle-box. The fellers, awl klapped when i caim in, they wuz so glad to see me.

After a wile a man—doctor Somethin I dont recomember his name got up and wrung a little belle. The doctor called out some numbers and then the other kids kalled out some more. So i gess it must have bin a Rithmatic klass. It must be a new kind of Rithmatic kause I didn't understand it. After they got thru ' recitin Prof. Weifenbach (I gess that's His name) red a peace out of the bible in Jerman. Then that little Prof. got up—the one that hain't got any hair on his head yet—and kalled out another number and sat down at the banana and played the organ. he played a little wile and then all the kids got up, i got up so's i kould sea better. All at onc't i heard a noise, I looked round an saw they was all tryin to Sing. I kneew that song so i helpt them out. After they got thru singin' they all shut ther books, and the man who red, sed a prayer. Wen he got done all banged down the seets and set in them—the doctor got up now and sed "any denouncements." Then that little fat Prof. sed "Mr. Hasenggigger (he's my next door nabur) lost his hat, any one who finds it please return it to him, iv'e ben lookin' for it ever since but can't find it. that Prof. who played the song got up again and I tho't he were goin to play Sum more musick but he only sed. "Korus at seven o'clock this evenin'. I wonder if they always do that way, sing the verse at 10 o'clock in the mornin and the korus at seven in the evenin. While I wuz wanderin bout this, the doctor got up and waved his hand, i looked round for i tho't sum one wuz kummin in the dore but awl got up and went out so I went along.

Tuesday 16th.—They kalled out numbers again after the little belle rung, I asked one of the fellers how they worked that Rithmetic. He just grinned, he wuz so awful glad that i noticed him enuff to ask him, then he sed that's the row(11) call. I noticed that each row answered so i gess he tole the truth. Uncle Charlie now red in Proverbs 31, 16-31, you know it begins with "Who

can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies," he is an ole batchlor that's why the fellers awl smiled so when he sed this. His voice wuz very sad, i bet he wishes he could find one.

Now Prof. Nagel sed "No. 247" the awl new this song pretty well so i didn't think it wuz necessary to help them. Uncle Charlie sed a prayer after they got through singing. When he had finished i wuz so tired standin, i just dropt down in my seat but i like uncle Charlie all right otherwise for sum of the fellers say he is very kind hearted.. Dr. Kriege now renounced that we would listen to a exclamashion by one of those fellers they call "sops" He must have he'd a sore arm for he had a black rag tyed round his left arm. Out home we always use white rags to tie up soar arms.

Wednesday 17—had that Rowll call agin. This morning docter ebelin got the bible and red us a peace then we sung "the haf has never yet bin told." I beleve he prayed but i didn't hear anything. We had a chappel talk but that wuz in jerman so i didn't understand it.

Thursday 18—This mornin wen we had that rowll call one feller sed a big long string of numbers. Prof. Frick red skripture from the bible,(he's a dander Prof. everybody likes him). The Prof nagel said "twenty three" this wuz a new song I didn't know it, the other Preps didn't no how to sing yet and the freshy's all had a very bad cold. The Sophies don't sing env thing but Klassikle music like "the smoke goes up the chimney" and the Seniors were too busy studvin' so the juniors an the fakultv sang a duet with each other. After prayed doctor Kreege sed "we will now hear a junier teas us by Mr. Bome." He must be smart because he used so many big words i didn't even know the meanen of them. I heard one of the junciers say this Senior sed "if the juneriers knew as much as they tho't they did thay wood dye of mental dispepsy."

Friday 19—Prof. Hohn led the devoshunel egggersizes. Prof. Weifenbach anounced a basket ball game. I gess I'll go two and sea them play ball with a basket ball. After that Uncle Charlie went up to the desk and put his arm on the desk, and i wondered what wuz kimmin' he said "he wanted a strong man to help him ketch a feller an hang him bekause "Kollies Weakly" had gotten out of the readin room. He looked rite at me I 'spose he saw that I wuz strongg an he wanted me to help him, but i jst kean't do for i hate the idea of killin a fellow critter. Their is plenty other fellers that are not so tender-hearted as i, who will do it. I bleave chappel is the best part of this schoole. I enjoy it more than any class.

M. A. K. and E. K.

Dreams.

How like a night of thronging dreams,
Life's short course seems,
Scarce one is finished,
When on our heated fancy playing,
But half explored, all undiminished
Dread fears portraying,
They come apace,
Or bringing hope with shining face.

Bright dreams of wealth, of joy and mirth,
To modest worth
Earth tribute paying,
The clasp of hands, sweet friendship's token,
The joy of fellowship, cares allaying,
Of strength unbroken
By sickness' thrall
For service true, and duty's call.

Sweet dreams of conquest, fairer yet
The hours beget;
Of home enchanted
So warm and bright, with love exalted,
A peaceful haven, in earth implanted,
By heaven o'ervaulted,
A pure retreat
'Gainst storms that stagger the weary feet.

Glad dreams of rest, that cometh soon—
O priceless boon!
All toil is ended.
Beyond the river dark and dreary,
The Savior stands with hands extended
To greet the weary,
The toil-worn soul
To dream no more while ages roll.

C. L. W.

An Ode to Wisdom.

Oh, wisdom great, thou first of all,
Dear to both rich and poor;
Help thou us to obey thy call
That thou with us would'st moor,

Leave them thy gifts, who at thy fount
Drink from thy silver streams;
For they alone can hope to mount
Above all earthly dreams.

May they climb higher round by round,
And there unfurl thy sail;
Where thy sweet notes are yet unfound
Amid life's storm and hail.

So that when this short life is o'er,
They to fairer ports may steer,
And live in peace as ne'er before
Where there will be no tear

G. V. T.



Goethe als Lyriker.

Mit stolzem Recht deutet das deutsche Volk auf Goethe als einen der hervorragendsten Dichter aller Zeiten, einen Meister in der Behandlung aller Arten der Poesie, der in keinem andern Lande seinesgleichen findet. In der Epik Goethes finden wir den höchsten Grad der Vollkommenheit und Schönheit des Styles sowohl, als wahren literarischen und historischen Wert des Stoffes. In dem Drama ist er Schiller fast ebenbürtig in der meisterhaften Handhabung der Gedanken, der ethische Tiefe und der Biegsamkeit, Lebendigkeit und Kraft der Form und Handlung. Und doch, erst wenn wir neben den grossen dramatischen und epischen Dichtungen seiner Sturm- und Drang-Periode, auch die süssen Töne seiner Lyrik hören, erfassen wir seine ganze unbeschränkte dichterische Schöpferkraft.

Es ist kaum denkbar, dass ein Mensch, geartet wie Goethe es war, sich anders als im Liede ausdrücken kann. Von stets wechselnden Gefühlen durchzogen, die sich in irgend einer Weise Ausdruck geben mussten, ein Mensch, der die wahrhaft wunderbare, ja geheimnisvolle Eigenschaft grosser Genien besass, das Normale mit dem Genialen, das Ausserordentliche mit dem Gemeingültigen zu verbinden, so darf es uns kaum Wunder nehmen, wenn seine Lyrik am Ende nichts ist als ein getreues Spiegelbild seiner selbst.

Deshalb ist die Lyrik Goethes der eigentliche Mittelpunkt seiner Dichtung. Er selbst erkannte an dem Entstehen und Glücken seiner Lieder am besten seine literarische Begabung. Es war eben ein natürlicher Impuls, seinen Gedanken, Empfindungen und Eindrücken im Liede Ausdruck zu geben und oft, fast gegen seinen Willen oder ohne seine Vermittelung, entsprangen seine Lieder aus sich selbst. Es waren Inspirationen im vollsten Sinne des Wortes. Und so konnte er sagen: "Die Lieder machten mich, nicht ich sie"; oder: "es sang bei mir"; oder auch: "Ich singe, wie die Vögel singen."

Die Form seiner Lyrik ist in fast jeder Hinsicht ideal, harmonisch, klangvoll und natürlich, Eigenschaften, die an die ganze Menschheit appellieren. Obwohl von dem Feuer der Sturm- und Drang-Periode durchglüht und zum Teil ihre Zwanglosigkeit sich aneignend, finden wir doch, dass Goethe nicht in die zügellosen Ausschweifungen anderer Dichter dieser Periode geraten ist, die oft alle Regeln der Form vollständig beiseite schoben. Davor bewahrte ihn seine vorzügliche literarische Bildung und seine Vertrautheit mit dem Besten und, zur selben Zeit, Einfachsten der klassischen Kunst-Literatur. Seine Gedichte sind durchaus von einem fast vollkom-

menen Sinn für das Ebenmässige und Formvolle gekennzeichnet, der fast dem der Griechen gleichgestellt ist. Und doch ist ihm die Form nicht etwas von aussen an das Lied Herangebrachte, sondern vielmehr eine innere Notwendigkeit, ein aus der Natur des Liedes Herauswachsendes.

Wenn wir nach Elementen der Schönheit in Goethes Lyrik suchen, finden wir zuerst eine meisterhafte Verwendung des Kontrastes, beides des stofflichen und des aus der Kunst der Darstellung entspringenden. Gewöhnlich finden wir in einem Gedicht einen vorherrschenden Ton, der es ganz durchzieht, doch in Goethes Lyrik schwellen die verschiedensten Töne einander herrlich entgegen. Stille und Leidenschaft, Hass und Liebe, Schuld und Unschuld, Traum und Wirklichkeit, Vernunft und Phantasie, Natur und Kultur, Gott und Mensch—alle Gegensätze, die je die Brust des Menschen bewegten.

Trotz der verschiedenen Elemente, die Goethe in seine Lyrik einwebt, herrscht doch vollständige Harmonie. Sie zeigt sich in der Feinheit, mit der der Dichter die Regungen des menschlichen Herzens bloslegt, in der Zartheit der Stimmungen, die über das ganze schweben, in der Vermeidung alles Harten und Eckigen sowohl, als in der knappen Lebendigkeit, mit der eine Situation nach der anderen sich vor uns auftut und entwickelt. Auch zu bemerken wäre die herrliche Sprachmusik, die wunderbare Tonfülle, die wir in Goethes Lyrik finden. Z. B.:

“Auf der Welle blinken tausend schwebende Sterne.”

“Rausche Fluss, das Tal entlang
Ohne Rast und Ruh.”

“Weisse Nebel trinken rings die türmende Ferne.”

Und doch, trotz aller glänzender Eigenschaften der Lyrik Goethes, ist es vornehmlich ihre Einfachheit, die uns am meisten anzieht. Denken wir an jenes weltbekannte Liedchen:

“Sah ein Knab ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden.”

so können wir nicht anders als Goethe einen der ersten Plätze in der volkstümlichen Lyrik einzuräumen.

Den Inhalt der Lyrik Goethes bilden die eigenen Erfahrungen, Empfindungen und Gedanken des Dichters selbst. Im einfachen tiefempfundenem Volkslied und in stolzen gedankenschweren Rhythmen der Ballade ergiesst sich sein volles Empfinden, Hoffen und Streben, denn hinter allen Dichtungen steht der lebenskräftige Mensch mit der Ahnung einer höheren Bestimmung der Seele. Das rein Menschliche findet in seinen Liedern Aus-

druck, die, obwohl subjectiv verfasst, doch von ausnehmendem objectiven Wert ist.

In aller seiner Lyrik wird uns die Natur in herrlichsten Bildern vorgeführt und nirgends redet sie eine lebendigere Sprache als in Mignon, wo er fragt:

“Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunklen Laub die Goldorangen glühen?
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still, und hoch der Lorbeer steht.”

Goethes Lyrik kennzeichnet sich ebenfalls durch eine eigenartig tiefempfundene Traurigkeit, die sich überall kund giebt in Gedichten, wie “Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh.” Die Gedanken, die er ausspricht, sind von universeller Wahrheit und bleibendem Werte, jedem gemeinnützlich und doch oft von grosser philosophischer Tiefe. Nebst allem diesen finden wir eine tiefliegende Symbolik in vielen Balladen. Der Erlkönig ist durchaus symbolisch gehalten, indem unter der Erzählung des Rittes des Vaters ein tiefliegender Gedanke verborgen ist, nämlich die Gewalt der unteren Götter über die schwachen Geister, denen sie sich in verführerischem Gewande nahen.

Von welcher Seite sie auch betrachtet wird, ist die Lyrik Goethes eine nie-erschöpfende Quelle des Genusses und obwohl manche ihm vorwerfen, dass ihr oft das trauliche, gemüthliche das demütig-fromme und das specifisch vaterländische fehlt, so ist ihr doch an Reichtum des Stoffes und der Form keine überlegen und ihr erhebender Einfluss auf den einzelnen Menschen sowohl, als auf das deutsche Volk ist unleugbar.

M. D. H. '09.

Du bist wie ein Esel.

Du bist ja wie ein Esel,
So langhorig und dick;
Ich schau' dich an und lächelnd
Geb' ich dir ein Kick.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Ohr dir legen sollt',
Und dann es sehr zu ziehen
Wenn du hinten ausschlagen wollt'st.

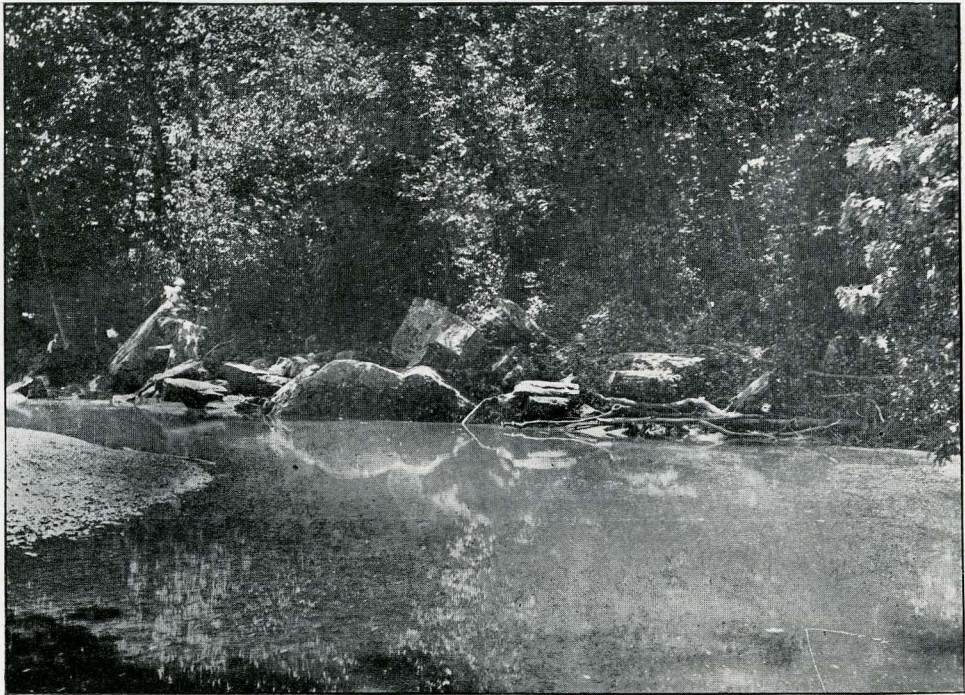
Ein Traum.

Der lange Abend war hereingebrochen,
Ich sass im Dunkel meiner trauten Stube,
Wo schlicht in Reihen—manchesmal bedrängt
Von solchen, die erst spät hizugekommen—
Die Bücher alter Tage friedlich standen,
Die Central Wesleyans Hallen schon gesehen.
....Es war der Schlaf schon im Begriff dem Müden
Die Augen zuzudrücken; stille war's;
Nichts störte mehr die Ruhe der Natur,
Als wie der Regen, der an's Fenster schlug;
Dem Ohre klingend wie ein Schummerlied....
Da schiebt's und scharrt's im grossen Bücherschrank.
Ich trau den Augen kaum ob dem Gewimmel.
Als Band um Band verlässt die alte Stätte,
Zu Boden stieg gar feierlich und stumm,
Gleich einer Königin voll hoher Würde,
Der letzte Puls, um den herum im Kreis
Die andern Bücher dichgedrängt stehn.
Nachdem die Grüsse ausgetauscht in Stille,
Vernimmt mein Ohr das folgende Gespräch:
"Habt ihr gehört von unsrer Schule Wachsen?.....
"Wie manches Herz, das längst im Sturz und Stoss
"Der Lebenswellen hart und starr geworden,
"Zu neuer Liebestat sich aufgerafft?"....
"Habt ihr gehört, wie ihre Gönner rufen:
— — —"Ich helf dir vorwärts zum gesteckten Ziel!
Die Pflicht befiehlt zu leben und zu kämpfen,
Befiehlt für Weib und Kind und selbst zu sorgen;
Befiehlt mir aber auch die Last zu tragen,
Die, allzu schwer, den andern niederdrückt."....
"Es zeigt das Leben doch nur scharfe Scherben,
"Und Undank macht den Weg oft doppelt schwer.
"Drum lasst uns heut zum Bunde uns vereinen,
"Und unsere Tat sei Anfang besser Zeit.
"Wer noch ferne steht, den wollen wir umwerben.
"Bis er der Stimme freudig mag gehorchen,

“Die ihn zur Unterstützung kräftig treibt.”....
“Nicht rasten wir, bis Herz und Hand sich reget,
“Um Dankespflichten treulich zu erfüllen.”....
....“Ich sehe schon in Zukunft unsre Schule
“In Macht und Glanz, von allem Druck befreit.”....
* * * * *

Da schlägt die Uhr und stört den tiefen Schlummer;
Bleischwere Stille lagert rings um mich.
Indessen hat der Mond die Wolkenschicht,
Die lange ihn verhüllt, mit Macht durchbrochen.
Sein Licht durchstrahlt den Raum; es wird mir kund,
Dass alles nur ein Traum.—Und Traum wird bleiben,
Bis dass die Schulter an das Rad sich legt,
Und gibt nicht nach, bis dass die Tat vollbracht.

Francis W. Kracher.



Der Frühling.

Es ist Frühlingszeit. Man hört's von allen Seiten. Die Vögel singen es, die Blätter an den Bäumen flüstern es, der Wind bläst's einem in die Ohren. Auch dem kleinen Bach der den ganzen Winter lang so still gewesen, ist die Zunge los geworden und er rauscht und murmelt heiter über die Steine, "Der Frühling ist da! Der Frühling ist da!" Den Kindern in der öffentlichen Schule, den halb-erwachsenen in der Hochschule und den Erwachsenen in dem Kollegium ist der Frühling auch in den Kopf gestiegen. Bücher zum Kukuk! die Natur studieren sie in dieser Jahreszeit. Die kleinen Burschen schwänzen die Schule, um Fische zu fangen,—Hecht, Forelle, Spiegelfisch, was es nur alles geben mag. Die Grösseren machen es auch so, aber sie fangen, oder wenigstens versuchen es, eine ganz andere Art Fische zu fangen, die viel schöner und grösser sind. Unser junger Herr Professor kann der Versuchung gleichfalls nicht widerstehen. Er entlässt seine Klasse und mit Angelrute und Korb an einem Arm und seine Herzallerliebste am anderen geht er nach Fische angeln.—So denkt er wenigstens, aber in der Tat ist er der Fisch der geangelt wird. Der Gechäftsmann vergisst endlich den ewigen Taler, packt seine Siebensachen und macht für den Wald, wo er doch einmal frei aufatmen kann. Da sieht er sich selber an mit Erstaunen. "Bin ich's selber?—dieser der mit Hurra und Juchhei in der Waldung so jagt und treibt." Er kann es fast nicht glauben. Seine liebe Gattin hat ebenfalls das Frühlings Fieber, aber sie wendet ihre überflüssige Energie etwas mehr nützlich an,—das ist, die Hausputzerei. Federbetten, Kopfkissen, Bettdecken hängen aus allen offenen Fenstern. Fussdecken, Vorhänge, Kleider, Pelze hängen an der Waschleine. Im Hause darf man nicht ohne Schuhe herumlaufen, wenn man nicht mit Tapeziernägel, Stecknadel oder sonst etwas intime Bekanntschaft machen will. Alles ist durch einander, draussen und drinnen. Nichts ist am rechten Platz zu finden. Kein Wunder dass der Mann in den Reisesack warf, was er zusammen finden konnte, dem Hunde piff und sich aus dem Staube machte. Der Maler beginnt aufs neu seine Arbeit; der Dichter macht nun die Verse die uns im trüben Herbst und kalten Winter aufmuntern und die Zeit vertreiben; der Schmied hämmert frisch auf dem Eisen los; der Bauer singt beim Pflügen und Säen; der Matrose auf dem Schiff der Soldat auf dem Feld. Zu der Frage was dies denn eigentlich sein möge, dass alles so beseelt, kommt in einem Atem und halbt immer wieder die Antwort, "Der Frühling."

Witz und Humor.

Dr. Kriege (in der Psychologie): "Welchen Teil eines Kreises sehen Sie zuerst?"

Herr N: "Ich sehe die untere Ecke zuerst."

Aus einem Aufsatz: "Durch den Schlaf wird der Mensch leiblich und 'geistlich' gestärkt."

Aus einem Aufsatz: Der Arzt ist um das "physikalische" Wohl des Menschen besorgt.

Fräulein B. (vom Heiraten sprechend): "Die Männer fragen uns doch wenn es auch Hüpfjahr ist. Ob sie wohl aus Erfahrungen spricht?"

Aus dem Germania Protokoll: "Veschlagen dass wir heute Abend einen grossen Schmaus haben. (Herr T. wurde beauftragt für fünf Cents Peanuts und zehn Cents Candy zu holen.)"

Fräulein S. (übersetzend): "Peanuts, sind das nicht Erbsennüsse?"

Schüler: Professor, setzt man eine Konjunction vor oder nach einem Namen?"

Professor: "Davor."

Schüler: "Nun, hier heisst es 'Karl Johann aber ging heim!'"

Professor: "Sie haben das falsch gelesen, es heisst Karl Johannaber ging heim!"

Professor in der Exegese Klasse über Fasten: "Fasten wir heutzutage noch?"

Schüler: "Ich tue."

Professor: "So? Wann denn?"

Schüler: "Nun, z. B., heute Morgen habe ich zu lang geschlafen und ich leide so viel wie Elias in der Wüste."

Eine Uebersetzung: He took the train for the South.

Er nahm den Schweif des Südens.

Prof. Hohn in der deutschen Literatur Klasse: "Was ist Goethes Faust?"

Herr D: "Ich weiss nicht, ich denke es ist ein Durchhauen der Literatur."

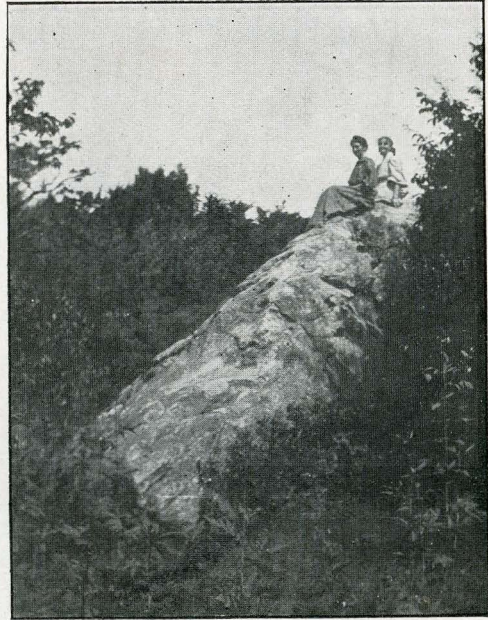
Frage: Wie viele Pfunde gab der reiche Herr seinen Knechten in dem Gleichnis von den Pfunden?

Antwort: Er gab jedem eins, aber sie waren von verschiedener Schwere.

Druckerteufelscherz: Peter hat sich ein viertel Thalers werth Briefe gekauft um seinem Mädels ein Couvert zu schreiben.

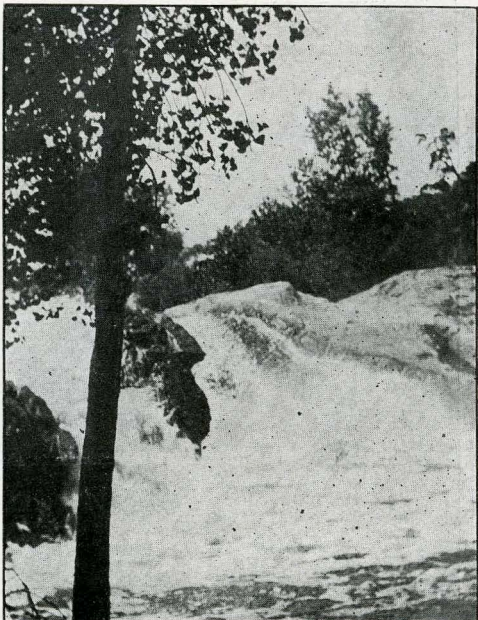
In der Chemie; Dr. E.: "Wozu wird Silber am meisten gebraucht.?"

Herr H.: "Zum Reichwerden."

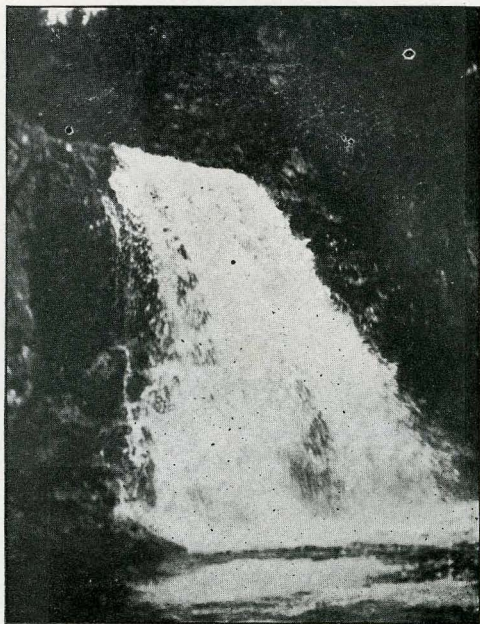


DOWN ON CHARRETTE.





DOWN ON CHARRETTE.



The Krook Klub.

President, Alvin Christian Bohm. Advance Agent, Geo. J. Middlekamp.
Vice-President, Benjamin Haverkamp. Business Manager, Carson King.
Secretary, Wilbur Harrison Bohm. Instructor, Carl O. Wehrman.
Recording Secretary, Henry Steiman. Sargeant-at-Arms, Jack Humphreys.
Treasurer, James Chester Harmon. Janitor, Henry Boekenkroeger.

Motto: Do Others Before They Do You.

Just as it takes many kinds of people to make a world, so it also requires many organizations to compose a student body. Realizing this fact, we have recently organized a jolly club known as the Krook Klub. We were very fortunate in securing the valuable services of an experienced business man (?) Alvin C. Bohm in the capacity of President. A member of the Krook Klub must be thoroughly familiar with the rights of that body. His outward appearance is always good, but the dormant power in his nature is ever ready to burst forth spontaneously.

We fully realize the deplorable fact that this august assembly almost suffered disruption when its faithful member, Landon Richmond Schiermier, departed for his home. Yet we still have the consolation of having George J. Middlekamp among us, and through his valuable services this Association has prospered.

We have taken in a few new members. Although these are not now adepts in the machinations of this body, nevertheless they are learning fast under the tutorage of our efficient instructor, Carl O. Wehrman.

Our business manager reports all business in good condition. Mr. King has always proved himself an expert in every line he has undertaken and we find that we made no mistake when we intrusted our business to his care.

Our treasury is replete with funds on account of the painstaking methods used by Judge Harmon in handling the money. Our books we find in good shape, owing to the care exercised by our experienced Secretary, Wilbur Harrison Bohm. And right here we might also add that Mr. Henry Steiman has proved himself quite worthy as Recording Secretary.

Only a few times has our Vice-President, Mr. Haverkamp, been called upon to preside, yet he has proved beyond contradiction that his services will be very acceptable the coming term.

At all times order has been maintained in our meetings owing to the efficient service of the Sergeant-at Arms, Mr. Humphreys.

Scotty, Our Janitor, needs no particular mention. The condition of the hall shows for itself that a more painstaking Janitor would be unnecessary.



Slips and Quips.



Class Crinkles.

Prof. F. (in geology)—“Name some vertebrates of the early Devonian era.”

Mr. B.—“Spiders.”

Dr. E.—“Are zinc compounds rare or abundant?”

Freshman—“I am not certain, but I think both.”

Student: This test tube is busted.

Professor: What did you say, sir? I don't understand.

Little Wip: He meant, Profethor, that it ith buthticated.

Dr. E.—“How are stalactites formed?”

Boots: “Water containin^g H₂O and CO₂ passes over limestone and dissolves it. Then the CO₂ evaporates and the limestone forms icicles.”

Dr. K. (in Psychology): “Look at the green tree. Is the color in the leaves or where is it?”

Tubby (Junior): “The green is in us.”

Prof. E. W.: "There are two sides to everything."

Mr. O. W.: "How about a circle?"

Prof. E. W. (dazed for a moment but quickly recovering): "True also, an inside and an outside."

Prof. V.: "What and where is the Susquehanna here mentioned?"

A Junior: "A river in Asia."

Another: "Oh no, it's in Georgia."

Prof. V. (commenting after class): "It is queer how careful one must be of what one asks the upper classmen."

In Pol. Econ: "Can you think of a man who works for the public benefit and gets no credit for it?"

Student: "Yes, the business manager of the Annual Staff."

(Editor's comment: He gets credit for other things).

A Case of Torticollis Wippermannii



A scene of Yesteryear,
(a sell on "Wipe")

Sagacious Smiles.



I will now proceed to replenish my tobacconistic reservoir, and, having ignited the same, will inhale the fumes of the obnoxious weed.

Air is a great mass of gas enveloping everything, even the talk of some people.

A great mind has nothing to do with consistency. Women are inconsistent, therefore, women have great minds.

Prof. Rinkel does quite a bit for temperance by providing chimpignee water at meals.

Wise men sometimes change their minds, but a krook hasn't any.

Genuine loafers would lose hold on their excuses if all the grafters were dead.

Sept. 1. School opens. Arrival of a hopeless looking set of Freshies and "Cads."

It Is Co Raff.

Freshman: "How is it you know so much about everything?"

Junior: "Why, I read everything tabooed by Uncle Charley."

Dr. K. forgets sometimes. In writing out a student's receipt the young lady's name slipt from his mind. Not wishing to appear so forgetful, he asked whether she spelled her name with an "e" or an "i". The young lady smilingly replied, "Why, Doctor, my name is Hill."

Prospective Boarder: "Is the water you have here healthy?"

Prof. R.: "Yes, sir; we use only well water?"

Oct. 5. Taft visits Warrenton.

Dr. K.: "Bohm, what is the objection to the board at the dormitory?"

Bohm (bringing a dormitory dainty): "Taste this and tell me what you'd call it."

Dr. K.: "I'd call it very thin soup."

Bohm: "Doctor, that's just the trouble. They persist in calling it coffee."

M. D.: "Habes magnum capitem?"

Jiggers: (Doesn't know Latin). "Oh, yes, yes."



In Chemistry: "What is an eight-day match?"
 Smarty: "A couple that gets campus for a week."
 Student: "In German Literature we are reading Goethe's 'Fist'."
 To Mr. N.: "Do you think you'll ever amount to much?"
 Mr. N.: "I ought to, I've got pretty good stuff in me."
 Mrs. R. (at dormitory): "Did you make out your meal?"
 Youth: "No, thank you; I've had enough."
 Frances (at Kessler door after choir practise, the train just having gone by): "What is this anyway, smoke or fog?"
 Dulcet tones at her right: "Why, this is Uncle Charley."

Queer Queries.

What is the loudest color in C. W. C.? Lavender.
 What student is a nature faker? Jiggers; for he's always found in the grass.
 Is he a grammarian? No, but I guess he's a Missourian.
 What could a fellow smell if he had a wax nose?
 Is it true that a beautiful character beautifies the face? (Laeger.)
 How many ties has Bill Bohm?
 What student is a real estate agent and why? Zuzu, because she is interested in lots (Lotz).
 Do you ever talk out of your head? Preul does.
 Could it really be that Estelle Eversmeyer should become so absorbed in her tho'ts that she stands before her own door and knocks?
 Vat you dink dis is? A dutch bicnic?
 Did you ever take it in your head to make money?

Recipe for Kissing.



To one part of dark piazza, add two people. Press into two strong hands, a small soft one. Sift slightly two ounces of attraction, one of romance, and add a little measure of jollity; stir in a floating ruffle, and one or two whispers. Dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence; dust in a small quantity of hesitation, one ounce of resistance, two of yielding, a kiss on one flushed cheek of two on two lips; flavor with slight scream and set aside to cool. This will succeed in any climate, if directions are carefully followed.

Formula approved by Dr. A. W. E., Professor of Chemistry.

Some Folks' Ideas of Heaven.

- Seniors: There'll be no faculty there.
 Juniors: No go. Too dry, and no smoking allowed.
 Sophomores: Glory, hallelujah, we're on the way.
 Freshmen: Too young to have an opinion on the subject.
 Prof. Weiffenbach: "A University where I will meet such kindred spirits as Socrates, Plato, Kant, etc., where I can pursue my psychological, philosophical and sociological investigations.
 Uncle Charley: Alas, alack, no marriage nor giving in marriage.
 Dr. Ebeling: There'll be no waiting there.
 Yaeger: N. G! No orphans there.
 A. C. Bohm (Skeet): Fine! O. K.—subergopslaptious! Addition of wings to increase speed.
 Prof. Rinkel: There'll be no night; therefore, no prowlers there.
 Taylor: Bad, no need of cool drinks and refreshments.
 Casper: Just the place for me! I can exert my musical abilities on a harp.
 ... John Tang: It's like China—no sweeping to be done.
 Quillman: Punk! No grafting allowed.
 Isaac: The question is too deep for my mental capacity.
 Fuzzy: The height of bliss; no danger of campus.
 Rugs: Out of sight! No cameras there.
 Florence S.: Ditto.



Nov. 7—Uncle Char-
 lie celebrates the (?)
 anniversary of his
 birthday by a chicken
 fry on Little Charrette

Dec. 1.—Power
 house out of whack.
 Heat is at a premium.
 Girls form a mutual
 consolation club.



Nov. 18.—Peg wears the weeping willow. Delegates leave for Y. M. C. A. convention.

Nov. 23.—First time that Miss Brenner doesn't visit mail box before the first hour class.

Dec. 8.—Baxter Perry concert. Cupid very busy; thirty couples out.



January.

Jan. 8—The heights by Seniors
reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden
bounds,
But they, while their professors
slept,
Appeared in Chapel in caps and
gowns.

Jan. 11.—Holiday for Seniors and
Juniors.

Jan. 29.—Dormitory alarmed by
false fire alarm. Quill proves him-
self a hero.



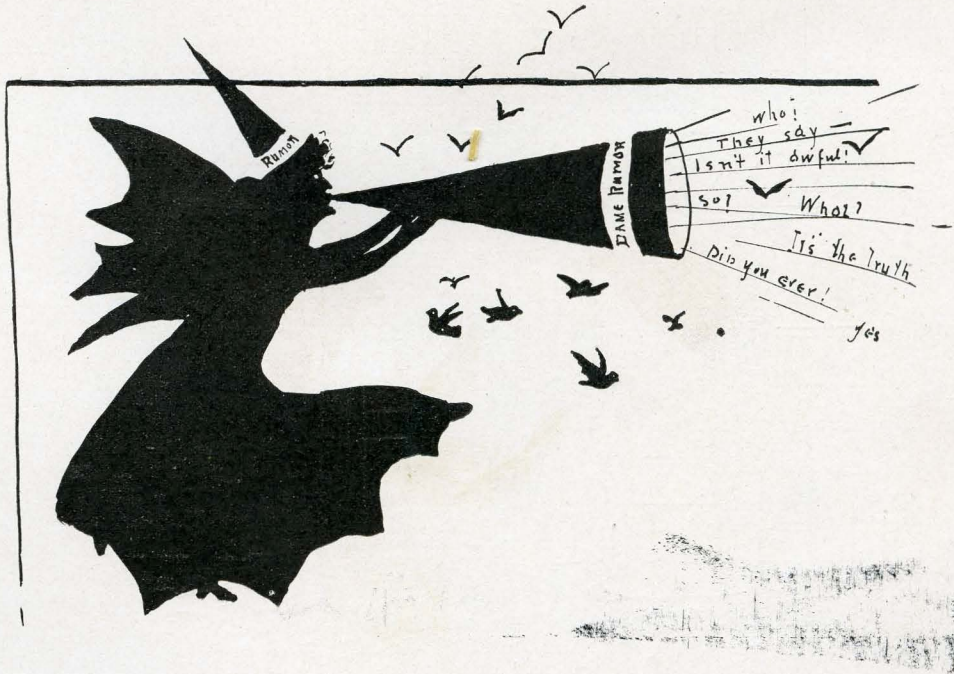


Feb. 4th.—“Dado” and “Bill” finds pan of water very comfortable seats.

Mar. 5.— Skeet hands girls pop and sandwiches on a clothes prop.



The highest purpose of intellectual cultivation is to give a man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self. Often our wrong deeds are better than excuses for them. It is a good deal easier to build air castles than real cottages.





HOHN, SWEET HOHN.

(As sung by Elsie Kramer.)

'Mid ladies and gentlemen
 Though we may roam,
 Be they ever so polished
 There's no man like Hohn.
 They say: "To make his mark
 In this world he bids fair,"
 And such a man surely's
 Not found everywhere.

Chorus.

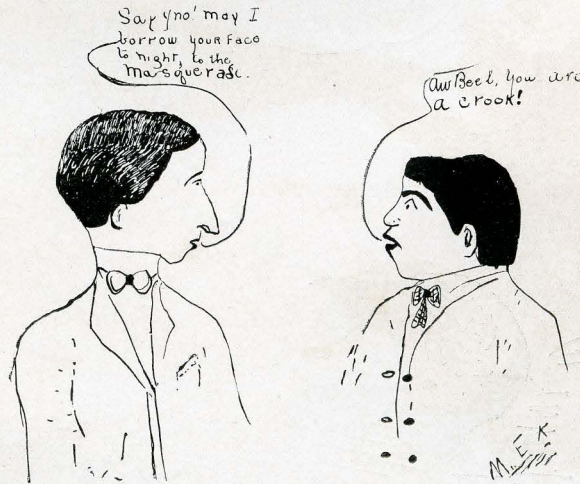
Hohn, Hohn, Reinhold Hohn,
 Be he ever so polished,
 There's no man like Hohn.

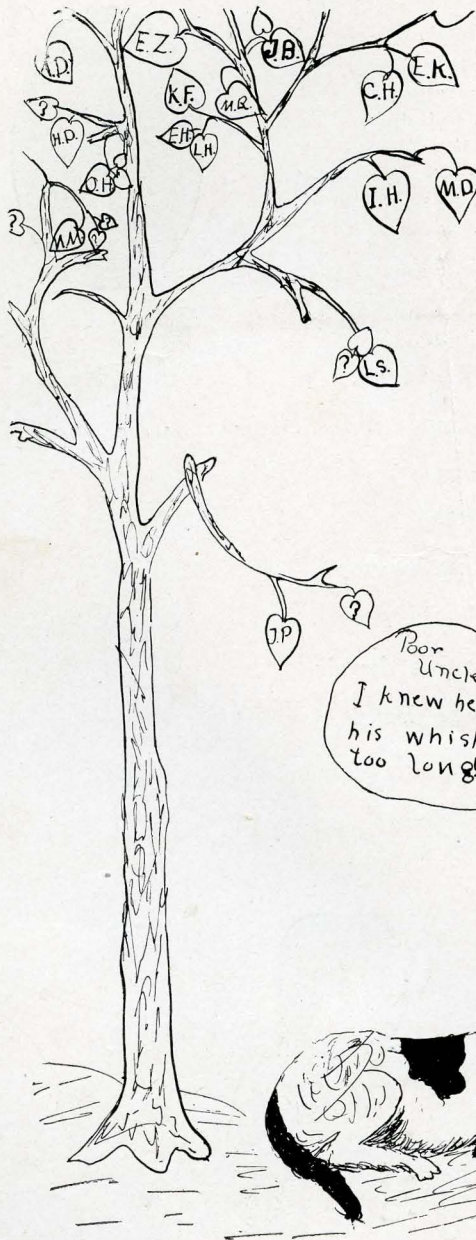


April 3.—Baseball season opens. Goethenians house-cleaning, the first time since 1869.

An Explanation.

Now, when a Prof. turns up his nose,
 And sniffs the air where'er he goes,
 Think not 'tis pride. He sniffs the air
 To see if smell of smoke be there!



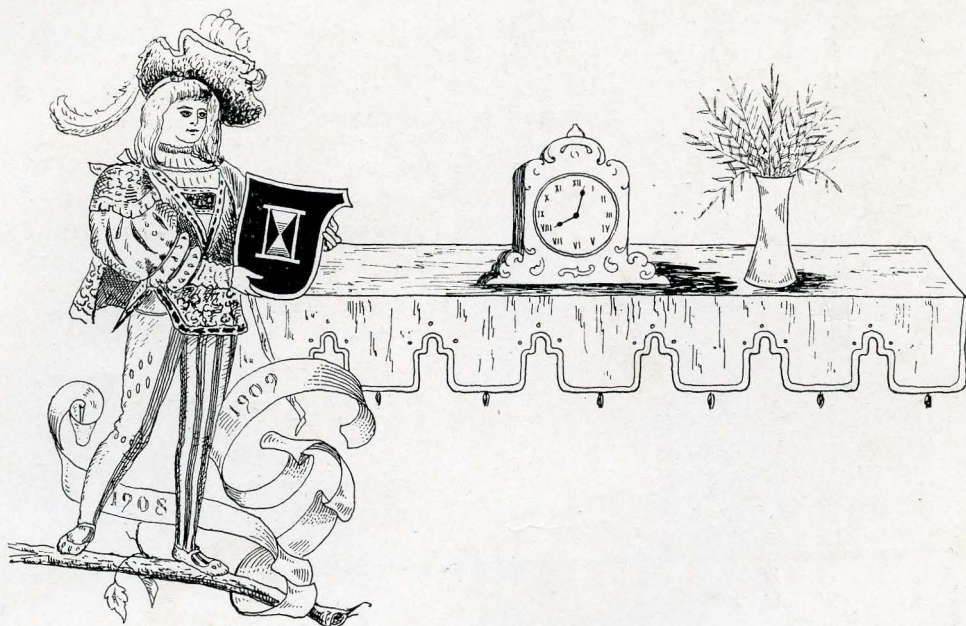


My how the tree has grown!
O days of my youth! Return!
Girls! Golden haired! Blondes!
Brunettes! ALL Gone!! In Lost,
Lost, Lost! ALL is turned to stone!
No one will enter the Garden of
Hesperides and secure the
Golden hearis!

Resolved that I'll quit
and be a bachelor
forever!

Poor
Uncle Charley!
I knew he wore
his whiskers
too long!





College Dictionary.

Amalgamated Bug Juice—Coffee (D. B. F.)

Apology—Cake (D. B. F.)

"Babe"—Gilbert Giese.

Bachelor Maid—A long resisting sister.

Basketball Game—A fierce scrimmage after which the girls are serenaded.

"Becky"—Paul Hemke.

Beligerents—A misnomer for Seniors.

Bet—An exuberancy expressed in dough or candy.

"Boots"—Victor Frick.

Box of Candy—Package of adulterated sweetness,—syn. Co-ed.

"Brains" or "Bugs"—Raymond Addicks.

Bullets—Beans (D. B. F.).

Campus Arrest—A restriction or punishment for the intemperate indulgence of one's social proclivities.

Cabbage—Ask Schoeppel.

Churchhaus—Ditto.

Cap and Gown—The Stunt of the Seniors.

Chicken—Fried liver. (D. B. F.)

Chewing Gum—Bread. (D. B. F.)

Chum—A confidant not always wanted, yet not to be discarded.

"Clown"—Fred Brockman.

College Dictionary—A collection of college curiosities and monstrosities.

Conglomerate—P u d d i n g (D. B. F.)

Coed—A bit of tantalizing femininity, demoralizing to the masculine elements general and to the theologues in particular.
 Compound—Dressing (D. B. F.)
 "Cora"—"Kacky" or Wehrman.
 Cotton Rags—Caps and gowns.
 Cream of C. W. C.—"Jane" and "Topsy" (John Delventhal).
 "Crook"—See "Liz."
 "Cupid"—Waldo Scheideman.
 "Curly"—Henry Lotz.
 Cuss—A jolly good fellow—Safety-valve for vengeance.
 Date—A fruit closely allied to the pear (pair).
 Devolution—See cartoons.
 Dimple—A receptacle for ardent osculatory affection—A disease (according to "Toodles").

Dope—Gravy or sauce (D. B. F.)
 Dormitory—Hencoop.
 Epithet—See Junior write-up.
 "Etta Bill"—Etta Hessel.
 Excuse—A fabrication to mitigate one's shortcomings.
 Fido, alias "Dog"—Sausage. (D. B. F.)
 Flunk—Natural concomitant of loafing, sporting and not letting one's studies interfere with one's education.
 Fork—Implement of attack (D. B. F.)
 Fry—Four animals of biped genus; twenty-four eggs; spider, half full of Greece; two jars of pickles; plenty of smoke; unlimited capacity.
 "Fuzzy"—"Ernest" Bader.



The "Devolution" of the College Crook.



The "Devolution" of a Dormitory "GOODY GOODY IT"

Flunky—A good-natured extreme altruist, willing to do anything for anybody, specializes in taking the girls to the 4:38 a. m. train.

Gentleman—Prevaricator.

Goblins—An order which indulges in mysterious observations. (Ask Bauman).

"Grafter"—"Quill" or Quillman. Gvnmnastic Exercises—Running jumping, "hoping."

"Hans"—Walter C. Wagner.

Hashhall—Dining-room.

Hard-tack—Crackers.

Holden's—Spooners' refuge.

"Hooks"—What Preul got.

"Iggie"—Ignatio Baguer.

"Isaac"—Bernard Hertenstein.

"I"—Marie Hemke.

"Jane" or "Primrose"—Alice Richmond, part of the "Cream

"Jiggers"—Edgar Yaeger.

"Judge"—Chester Harmon. of C. W. C."

Junior—Put a pipe in a man's voice and he's a Junior (M. D. H.)

"Junior Mascot"—Reinhold Hohn alias "Dewey."

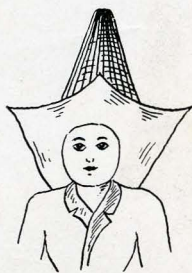
Junior Thesis—A method of torture invented by Faculty (Isaac).

"Kansas City" or "K. C."—Harry Borchardt, alias "Dada."

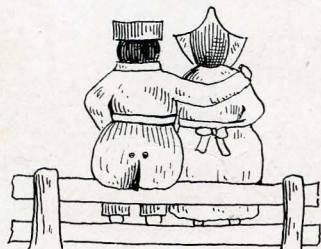
Kiss—A noun, both common and proper, not very singular and agrees with you and me.

"Kettel"—George Kettlekamp.
 Krook—A specimen of the genus homo who has devolved from the simple life.
 Lucky Five—A misnomer formerly applied to a clique (Buster, Brownie, Toodie, Chick and Kitty).
 Lemon—What Sasse got.
 "Liz"—Alias "Skeet," alias A. Crook Bohm.

Open Parlors—A nerve-wrecking ordeal which must be restricted to semi-occasions (Prof. R.)
 Heavenly bliss for the sports (Isaac), Torture (?) ("Jane").
 Ordeal—Junior handshake. (See Junior write-up).
 "Pat"—Rahl Buddenberg.
 "Peo"—Pauline Meyer. (See Cartoon for May, 1908).
 "Pete"—Erna's sister.



Maid One



Maid Won



Made One

Matrimony Cards—A bit of pasteboard on which students are requested to record their intentions.
 Man—A woman-deceiving being. —A mere admirable nuisance (E. I. S.)
 "Matzy"—Milton Matthaei.
 Measles—An excuse for bumming classes.
 "Misery"—A nickname for Missouri (after Burnett left).
 Mumps—A three-minute method of acquiring flesh.
 Muo—Face.
 Necktie—Symbol of green Juniorhood (according to Junior write-up.)
 Obstreperous Bunch—Baptismal name of the Juniors.
 Obnoxious Weed—Tobacco.

Personal Liberty—The freedom to become saturated with the dilectitious condensed effluvia of tobacco, pickled and canned. (Prof. V.)
 Pipe—Alte Louisa.
 Tobacconistic reservoir.
 Pulse—A Senior concoction flavored with college wit.
 Putty—Pie (D. B. F.)
 Preceptress—See cartoon.
 Railroading—Chief occupation of sporters.
 Recitation—A means of displaying one's ignorance.
 Rocky Mountains—Muffins.
 Rope—A conveyance of hamburgers, sodas and ice cream.
 Rules—Something always in evidence, never obeyed.
 "Satchel"—John Tang.



Sauerkraut—Indispensible adjunct. (D. B. F.)

“Scotty”—Mr. Boeckenkroeger.

Sensation—Something that happens suddenly and unexpectedly, as a death (Psych. Exam.)

Shark—An individual with an abnormal propensity for a particular activity (also called “dig” or “grind.”)

Short Line—The longest distance between two straight points.

Sinkers—Biscuits. (D. B. F.)

“Sissy”—Olin Hessel.

Slam—A truth fraternally expressed and subjectively disbelieved.

“Sleeping Beauty”—George Kettelkamp.

Spanking—A method of reaching the sensibilities through the skin.

Sophomore Dec.—A execrable duty which falls to the lot of ye Sophomore for the purpose of demonstrating natural grace and symmetrical gestures.

Spread or Banquet—A student’s barbarous assault upon his gastronomic organs.

Spoon—A Junior, (according to Brockman.)

Sport—One who shuns solitude. —A mortal with exaggerated swagger of speech, toothpick shoes, pegtops, noisy socks, obstreperous, cigar or pipe in mouth, hair parted in Grecian bend, hat on one ear. (O. E. K.)

Sporting—Begun as a pastime, a state of bliss aspired to by the multitude, attained by the few. (Ask O. H. see cartoon).



"Ain't it awful, Mabel?"



Things are not always what they seem.

Stand-by—Molasses (D. B. F.)
(Also, glue, Bavarian beer, sunshire, Steinbach, Uncle Charley.)

Spuds—Potatoes (D. B. F.)

Studies—Time devouring duties which 'serve to broaden the mental capacities.

—That which interferes with athletics and sportology.

Surplice Waist—One that fits too soon. It goes around and laps over. (Bugs).

"Topsy"—Florence Huebly, also part of "Cream of C. W. C."

"Toodles"—Clara Eversmeyer.

Tobacco—A stimulant needed by some people to make them go to sleep (O. H.)

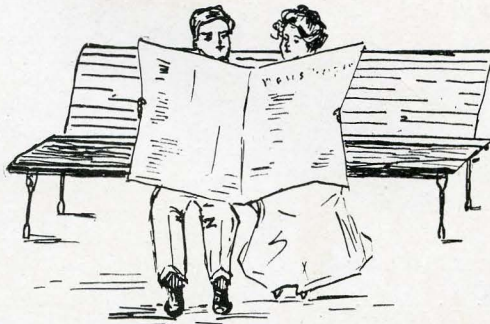
Trailer—One who keeps his glims glued to the dormitory door and his personage to whatever emerges therefrom.

Taylor's—A good place to meet accidentally.

Track-walking—Favorite pastime of "Bugs."

Bad weather results in

this!



This results in ----- ?? Ask Uncle Charley.

"20"—Mark of John Twente.
Vacuum Pressure—That which
makes the Juniors' caps stick
on.
Weather—See above.
Woman—A man-hunting crea-

ture.—A funny creature (ac-
cording to Bugs).
"Yellow Head"—Elsie Kramer.
N. B.—D. B. F.—Dormitory Bill
of fare.





Afterword.

Our work on the Pulse '09 is ended. Great efforts have been put forth to publish a book that would represent our college life in all its varied phases. Through the united efforts of all the members on The Board we have been able to make the Annual what it is. However, without the aid of the other men and women, who have contributed to its success, this volume would have lost much of its value.

Our work as editors being finished, it is altogether proper that we should make our last will and testament, therefore:

We, The Board of Editors of the Pulse '09, in the County of Warren and State of Missouri, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this our last will and testament.

First, We bequeath to the Class of '10 all suggestions it may be able to get from the work we have left behind.

Second, We bequeath to them all honor that the publishing of an Annual for the year 1910 may bring.

Third, We bequeath to them our wishes for their success.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint the said Junior Class of Central Wesleyan College sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Pulse Staff, the testator, have to this, our will set our hand and seal this first day of May, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and nine.

George Von Tüngeln,

Erna I. Sell,

Maudé Drew,

Marié Hemke,

Henry Janssen,

Emma Brenner,

George Rixey,

Irving Schoeppel,

Edwin Bauman,

Board of Editors of Pulse '09.





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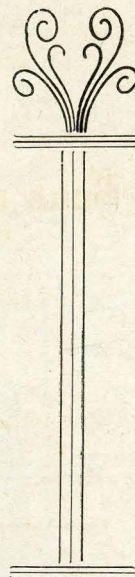
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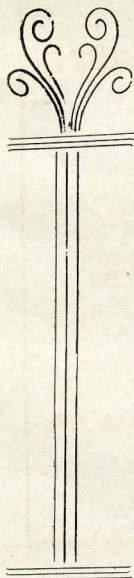
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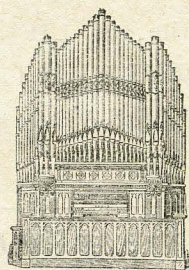


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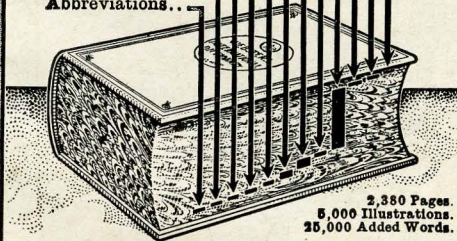
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