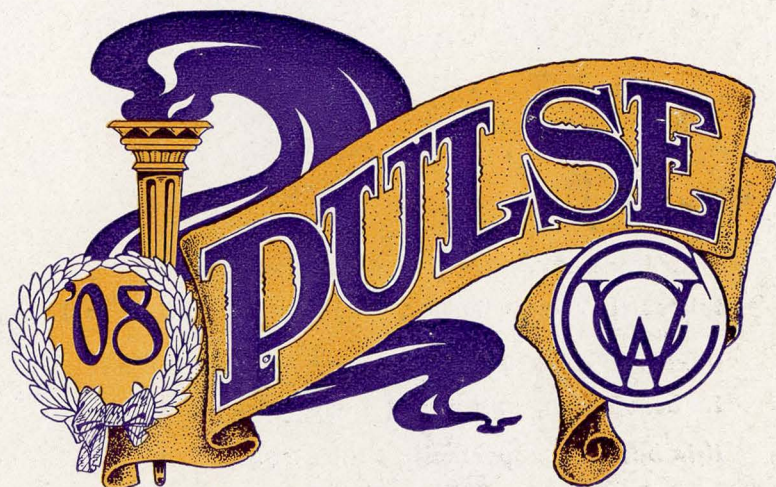




PULSE STAFF



PUBLISHED FOR THE SENIOR CLASS  
of  
CENTRAL WESLEYAN COLLEGE

Phil. H. Walter, Editor in Chief.

Paul Wipperman, Business Manager.

Wm. Morsey, Adv. Manager.

Edith Haessler, Art Manager.

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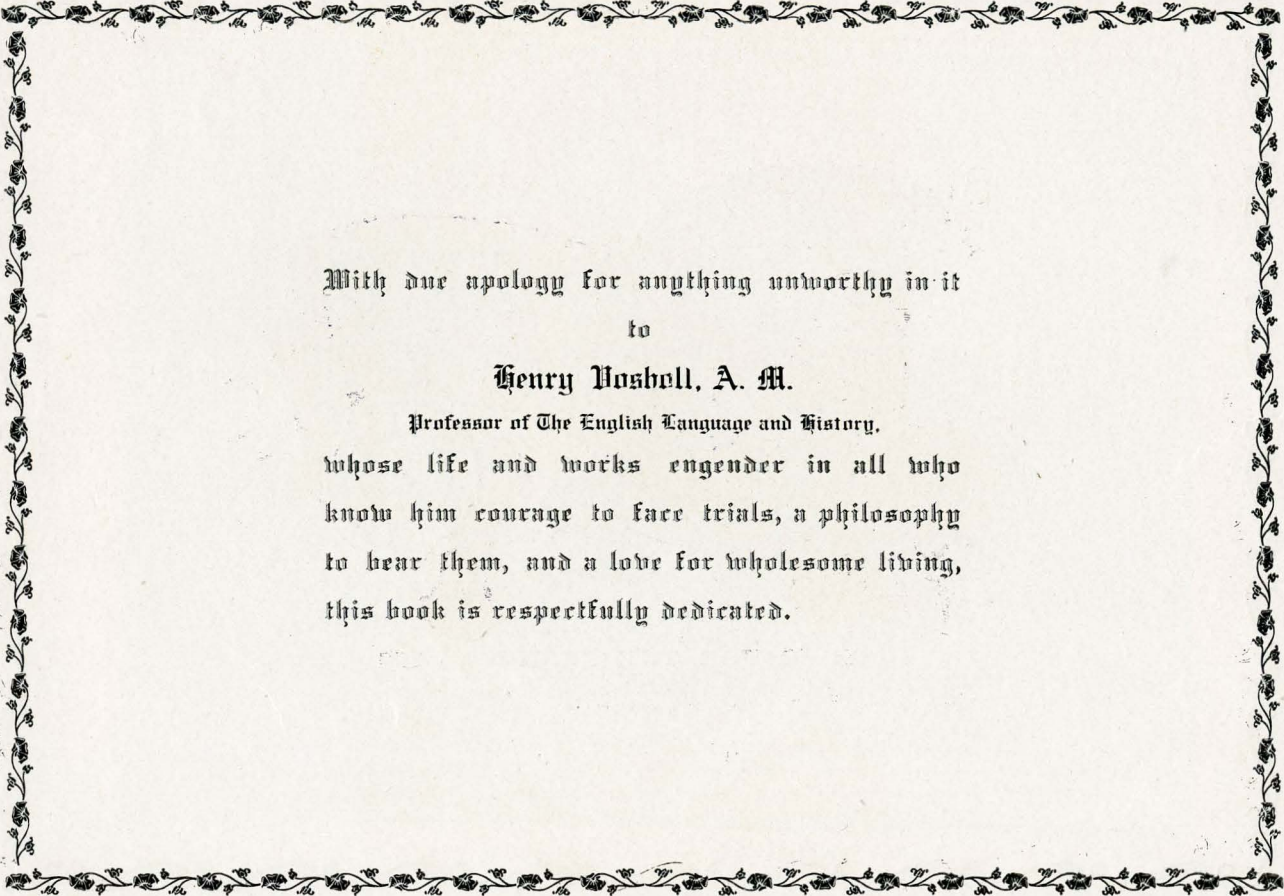
Henry Maag, German Dept.

Carl Sauer, Literary Dept.

Carl Bader, Organizations.

Albert L. Hessel, The Knocker.

BANNER PUB. CO. PRINTERS, WARRENTON, MO.

A decorative border of small, repeating floral motifs surrounds the central text.

With due apology for anything unworthy in it  
to

Henry Voshell, A. M.

Professor of The English Language and History.

whose life and works engender in all who  
know him courage to face trials, a philosophy  
to bear them, and a love for wholesome living,  
this book is respectfully dedicated.

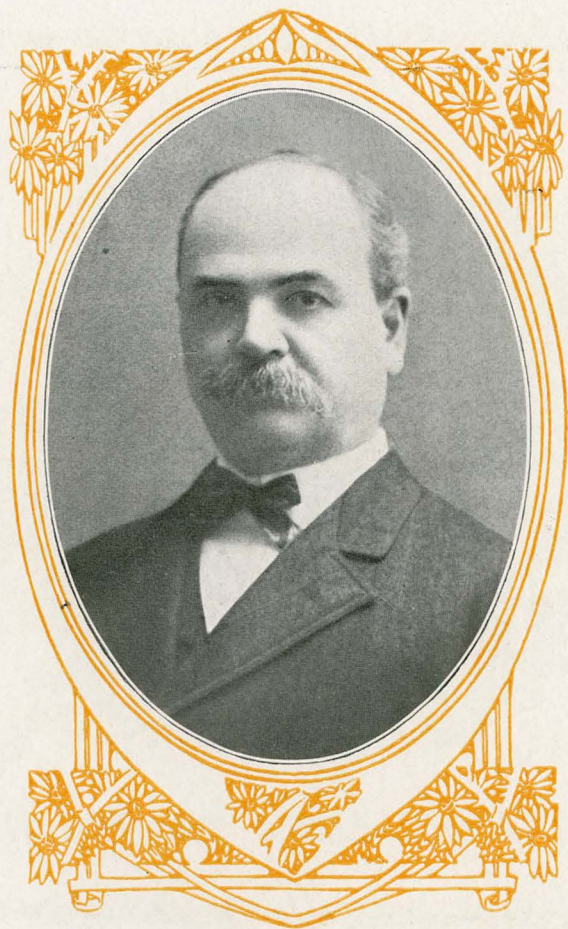
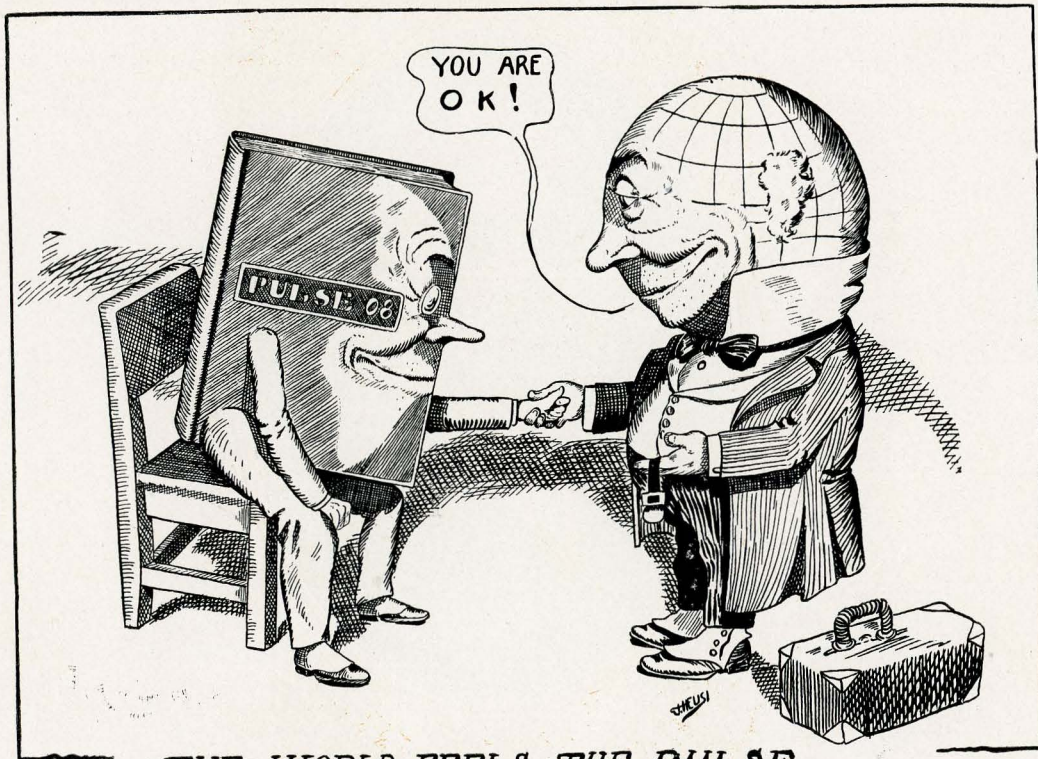
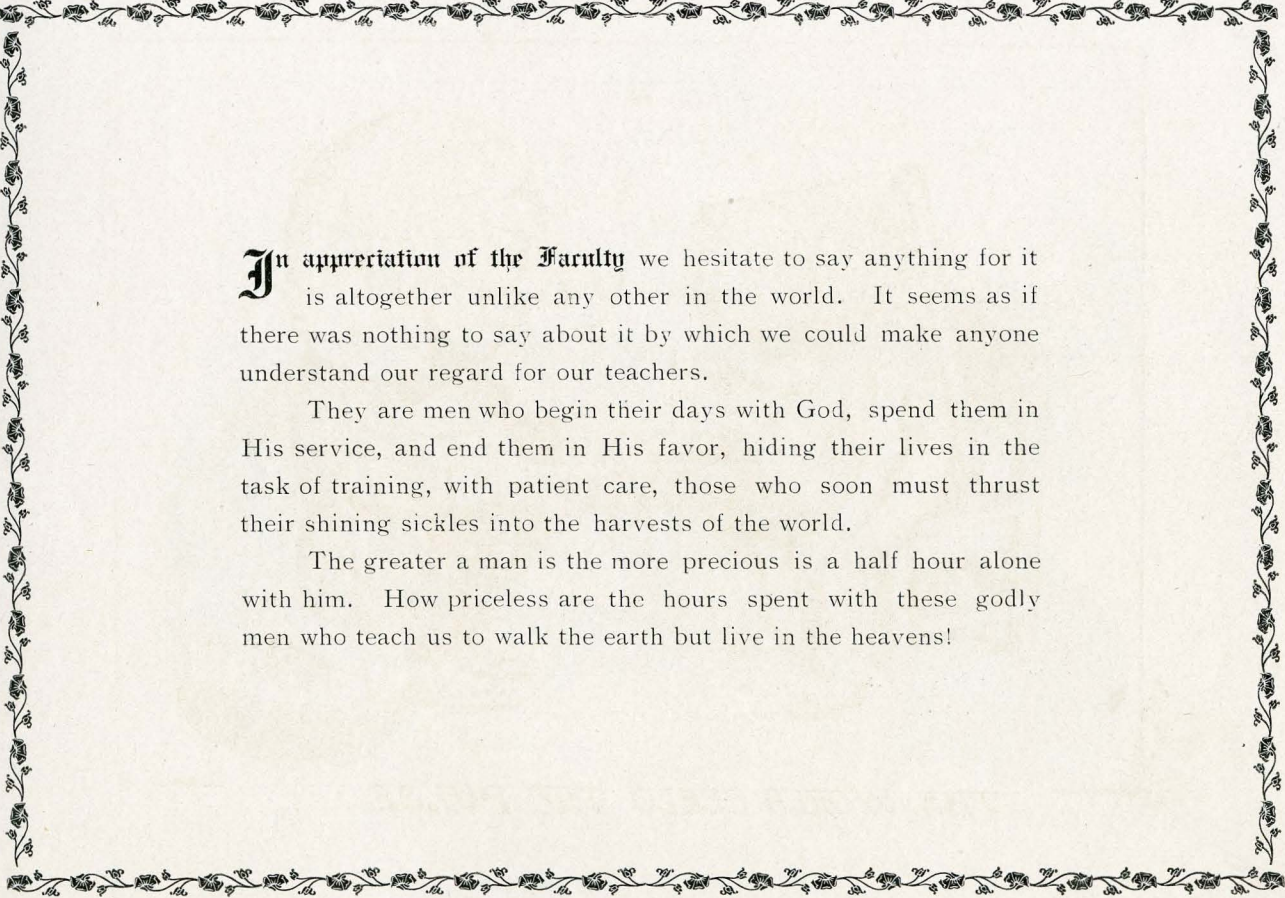


Photo by Redden & Schroeder.



*THE WORLD FEELS THE PULSE.*

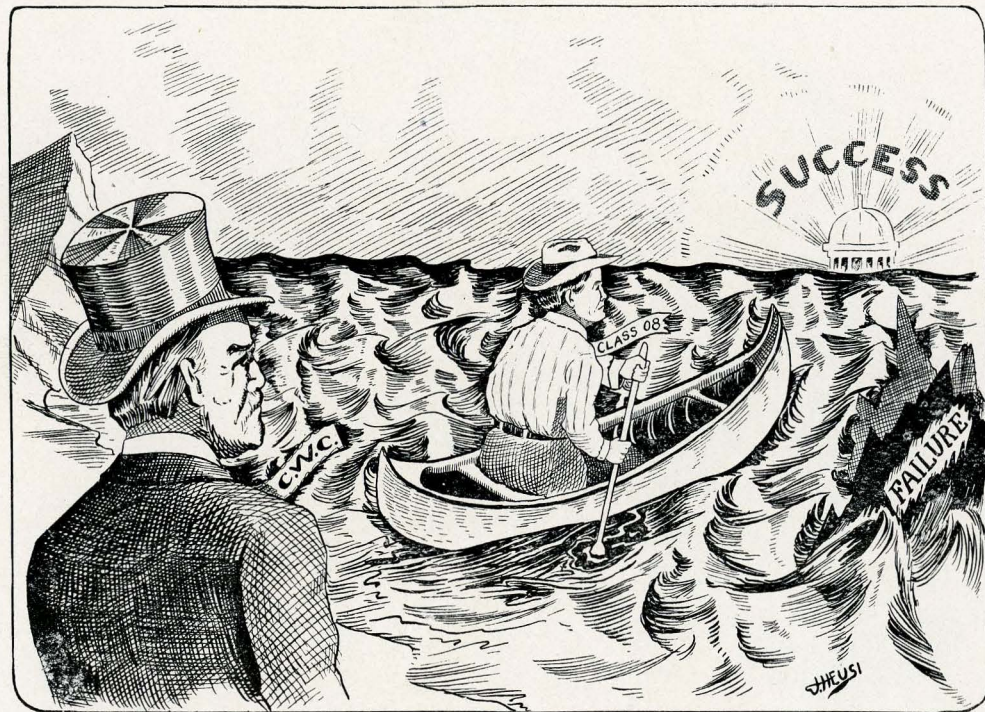
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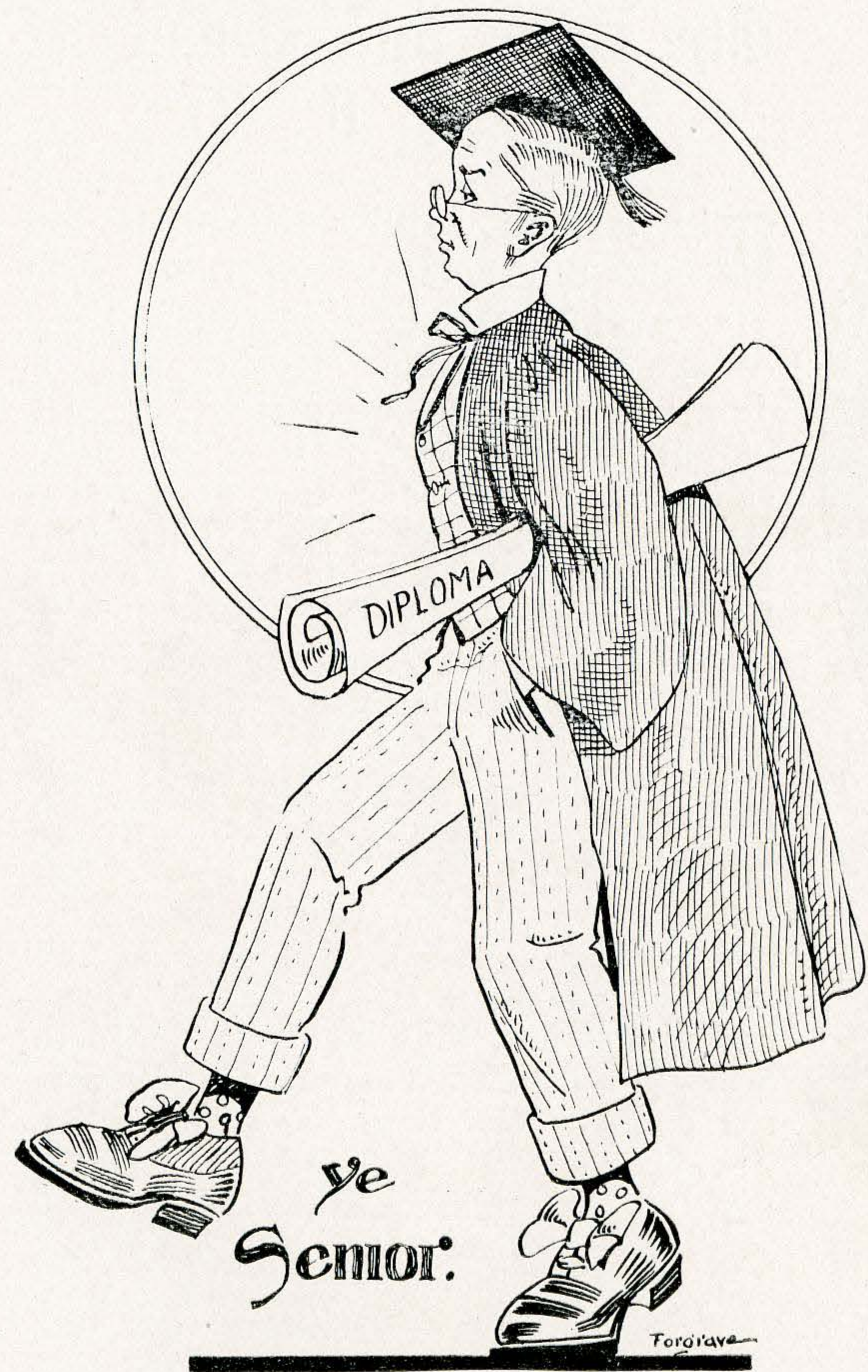
**I**n appreciation of the Faculty we hesitate to say anything for it is altogether unlike any other in the world. It seems as if there was nothing to say about it by which we could make anyone understand our regard for our teachers.

They are men who begin their days with God, spend them in His service, and end them in His favor, hiding their lives in the task of training, with patient care, those who soon must thrust their shining sickles into the harvests of the world.

The greater a man is the more precious is a half hour alone with him. How priceless are the hours spent with these godly men who teach us to walk the earth but live in the heavens!



C.W.C.—“THAT MAKES MY 39<sup>th</sup> I’VE LAUNCHED, AND I AM PROUD OF HIM TOO.”





CARL GEORGE BADER, Ph. B.,  
Fremont, Neb.

Annual Staff, Goethenian, President Athletic Association, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, Class Treasurer, Assistant Teacher (Commercial Law), Base Ball Squad

"God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the thoughts of our youth recall."

Principal Virtue: Comes to classes once in a while.

Principal Fault: Busiest (?) man in College.

## The Days and Deeds of 1908

The class of 1908 stands to-day on the threshold of the wide, wide world. We have almost run our college course. The eleventh day of June will mark the culmination of years of toil and pleasure. It is therefore right and proper for us to take a retrospective glance, and to trace the rough-beaten trail, which leads from the valley where the Preps dig and delve to that mountain peak where Seniors enjoy the honors and emoluments of the collegiate world.

Several members of the class have long been influenced by the genial atmosphere of C. W. C. Why, Carl Sauer took "Readin' Ritin' and 'Rithmetic" here before Roosevelt had stormed San Juan Hill or before Dewey had sailed into Manila Bay. William Morsey, native of Warrenton and Warren county, has been "brought up" a "moss back Missourian" "in whom there is no guile." Along about 1899 F. H. Kassman, then an ambitious pedagogue believing that "the school teachers of this generation are the statesmen of the next," acquired the



EMMA JOSEPHINE BRENNER, Lit. B.,  
Kansas City, Kansas.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Church Choir, Philomathian.

"With melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwining all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony."

P.V: Ditzen's sole excuse for being an optimist.

P.F: Devotes too much time to the study of the life of Paul.



PAUL HENRY DITZEN, Ph. B.,  
El Reno, Okla.

President English Oratorical Association, Assistant "Star" Editor, English Oratorical Contest, Goethenian, Assistant Teacher (Civil Government), Manager C. W. C. Book and Stationery Department.

"While words of learned length and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics rang'd around."

P.V: Defender of Goethenia's Constitution.

P.F: Exceedingly abstruse psychological concatenations.

rudiments of knowledge at the feet of modern Gamaliels.

These pioneers and their colleagues met in the fall of 1904 and organized the Freshman class. O. L. Winker, now a student in Northwestern University, was elected the first President. These Freshmen were peaceful and law-abiding. They perpetrated no wild and woolly acts about the campus. They boasted not of gigantic victories of the imagination. But when the class of 1907 floated their gorgeous colors in the morning breeze of February the 22nd, 1905, these Freshmen were astir. They planned, they wrought a scheme, they scaled the heights by an unknown passage, they captured the Sophomore flag! They tore it into shreds and wore gay neck-ties of crimson and gold. These were the heroes of the first color rush.

When school opened in September 1905 the aspect of the Sophomore class was dismal in the extreme. There were only ten men. No girls to whisper words of cheer or to bind up the wounds of college war. Only ten. Few in numbers, but mighty in courage, timid in appearance but fearless in reality. And their efficient courage was amply illustrated on February 21st 1906 when they fought the hosts of Central Wes-



NORA EISENSTEIN, Piano.,  
Warrenton, Mo.

"You're the flower of my heart, sweet Nodie mine."—Shorty.

P.V: Never lets Shorty go home hungry.

P.F: Ask Shorty.



EDITH HAENSSLER, Piano,  
St. Charles, Mo.

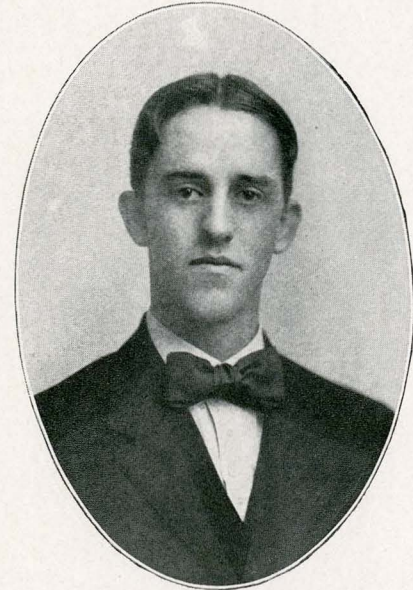
Pulse Staff, Instructor Violin, Y. W. C. A.  
Cabinet.

"Built to music, therefore never built at all,  
And therefore built forever."

P.V. Amiable as Mary. industrious as Martha.  
P.F. Sported Kettelkamp once.

leyan "tooth and nail." The Pulse of '06 speaks "of the glorious defeat of the Sophomores." Oh, biased historian! how couldst thou have penned that phrase after thou didst witness the combined forces of Preps, Freshmen and Junior strategists attack the Sophomore phalanx? Had that battle been fought out in a collegiate instead of a barbarous manner, then would the banner of 1908 have adorned the pinnacle of the college building until the warring elements would have unravelled it thread by thread.

This iniquitous class fight led to a declaration of college men's rights. It was printed in the Pulse '06. It is not necessary to analyze the literary merits of the document for these are above reproach. It is a veritable Magna Charta, another Declaration of Independence. Every student ought to commit it to memory, because it denounces artifice and treachery, because it is an appeal for true college spirit, and justice, pure and undefiled. I sing "All Hail" to the authors and signers of this declaration! Fearless exponents of the Truth! Independent thinkers, typical representatives of the class of 1908, who forever maintain principles in the heat of battle and fling their arguments in the face of opposition!



ALBERT LESLIE HESSEL, Ph. B.,  
Arley, Mo.

Pulse Staff, Vice President of the Class,  
Y. M. C. A., 1st Lieutenant Military Company,  
Goethenian, Assistant Teacher (Arithmetic),  
Church Choir.

"Singing is sweet, but be sure of this,  
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss."

P.V. Knows when he's got enough.  
P.F. Pulls that lower lip.



BERTHA JOSEPHINE JACOBY, A. B.,  
Quincy, Ill.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Church Choir.

"Her modest looks a cottage might adorn."

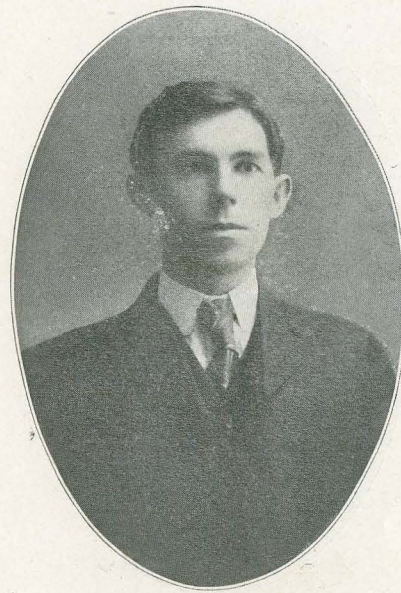
P.V. Sophomoric Devotion.  
P.F. So 'cute! Oh, pshaw.

The ordeal of the Sophomore year established at least one fact, that 1908 was not the least of the tribes of Central Wesleyan. In 1906 we returned, and were designated "Juniors." That junior year was one continual round of glory.

We wore white hats in "them times." Hats, that struck the observer's eye from afar, hats that reminded the history student of the plume of Henry of Navarre; hats that caused Preps, Freshies and Sophies to lift their own, hats that revolutionized the aesthetic natures of the austere Seniors.

Not only did we demonstrate that we possessed "good taste" but we wrought mighty deeds as well. We were noted for our strength as athletes. We challenged '07 to both base ball and basket ball games, but they, fearing the ominous potents of our challenges, buried them in the graveyard of Sophistry.

The Junior Exhibition, presented on March 13, 1907, was the consummation of Junior forethought, Junior skill, Junior ability. Rumors say that '07 with her Roman gardens and her gorgeous stars, displayed decorations, which eclipsed the handiwork of the past. But what did the natives of Warrenton say when they beheld that



FRED HERMAN KASSMANN, B. S.,  
New Haven, Mo.

Assistant Teacher (Grammar), Goethenian.

"Strongest minds are often those of whom  
the noisy world hears least."

P.V. A shark at Chemistry.  
P.F. Periodical pilgrimages to High Hill.



FRED OSCAR KETTELKAMP, Ph. B.,  
Nokomis, Ill.

Assistant "Star" Editor, President German Oratorical Association, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, Goethean, 2nd Lieutenant Military Company, Assistant Teacher (Geography), Basket Ball Team.

"You may convince him, but persuade—never."

P.V. A good half-miler, but only if he's running north.

P.F. He Drew. What? A four-flush? No, better! Maud.

arch inscribed "Iam Tempus Agi Res," when they saw '08 shields and pennants hanging in majesty on the wall, and when they were enraptured by the colored light effect? And what comments were made about the program, so devoid of fault or flaw? It is not polite to repeat compliments. Nor is it necessary. That exhibition left an indelible imprint upon the minds of the hundreds who viewed it.

We lived joyfully in the Junior Era. We plucked violets and pansies in fields Elysian; we partook of ambrosia and sipped nectar at all the prominent banquets. We reveled in "Dormitory Politics;" we sauntered along the winding Wabash railroad and along the rippling Charette creek with many a fair-haired co-ed. Kings might have envied such prestige! We held positions of honor. We left C. W. C. in June for the railroad's rail and the book agent's trail, and lived happily in "that good old summer time."

Vacation hurried by. The old college bell, blessed with sweetest melody laughed and rocked and rang and pealed when the Senior class was born on September the third, 1907. The well-known faces of Miss Frohardt and Mr. Roeder were not visible in that gathering. But the class has since



PERCIVAL HAVEN KRUMME, A. B.,  
St. Joseph, Mo.

Pulse Staff, English Oratorical Contest, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, Goethean, 1st Sergeant, Military Company.

"Sometimes addicted to thoughtful moods."

P.V. He's what men call studious.

P.F. He was once seen with a lady at a lecture.



HENRY MAAG, Theological,  
Granite City, Ill.

Pulse Staff, German Class Orator.

"Nun war ein Herr aus Schwabenland,  
Von hohem Wuchs und starker Hand "

P.V. Pope's couplet about fair tresses and the  
tractive power of a single hair, etc.,  
does not apply in his case.

P.V. Thinks too much of the "Muttersprache."

been re-enforced by the Messrs Krumme, Kassman and Maag and the Misses Brenner and Schulze. To-day we are nineteen, six ladies and thirteen gentlemen.

Six ladies. Only six? But six, who are wise with their lamps trimmed and burning, ready to illumine Life's dreary pathway with rays of kindness and love; six girls, happy, laughing, jolly, radiating good cheer wherever they go; six girls, prominent factors in the woman's world; two little ones, Ruth and Nora make melody like two little larks; another one presides with dignity in Philomathia's stately hall; one solves the business problems of the Y. W. C. A.; another paints beautiful pictures and manages the art department and the other playing on her violin causes the heart strings of audiences to vibrate with mysterious harmony. Six senior girls.

Thirteen men. Unlucky, you say? Yes, but thirteen men of high ideals, thirteen independent thinkers, thirteen leaders in college life, holding the highest offices in almost every organization; thirteen men, eight of whom are teaching classes in Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, French, Civil Government and Commercial Law, three of whom are leaders in the military company and



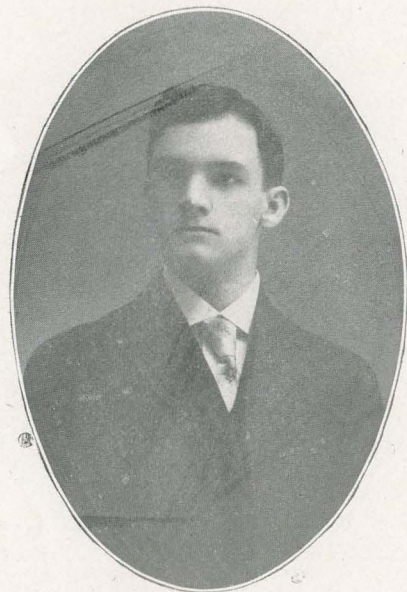
RUTH LINN MILAM, Piano.  
Jonesburg, Mo.

Philomathian.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

P.V. Mama's dear, sweet, obedient little girlie.

P.F. "I don't think I have any."



FRED SOLOMON MILAM, Lit. B.,  
Jonesburg, Mo.

Goethenian.

"Stiff in opinion, often in the wrong."

P.V. Always tremendously busy (?).  
P.F. Had a girl once.

one who is an active minister of the Gospel. Thirteen Senior men.

These nineteen constitute the class of 1908. We believe in C. W. C. and all her sacred institutions. We idolize this school of the West for it is yet the center of true democracy; it is the hope for the young American of small means and of high ideals.

We revere our professors. We have fallen in love with them. They dealt kindly with us when we neglected our lessons, when we missed our classes, when we heeded not their stirring words of advice. We have dedicated this precious volume to him, who taught us how to wield the pen and helped us to cultivate an appreciation for the best in literature.

Oh faculty, faculty, of C. W. C.,  
Nineteen hundred and eight loves thee!  
This, then, is the retrospective glance. This is the trail by which we ascended from the lowly valley to that sunlit peak on which we stand to-day. The way was sometimes rough and rugged, but we retained our faith, and struggled on.

Let us focus our field glasses and take one prospective glance. Let us view the world lying out in the distance beyond the Nebo of Graduation.

There are situated the fields of action

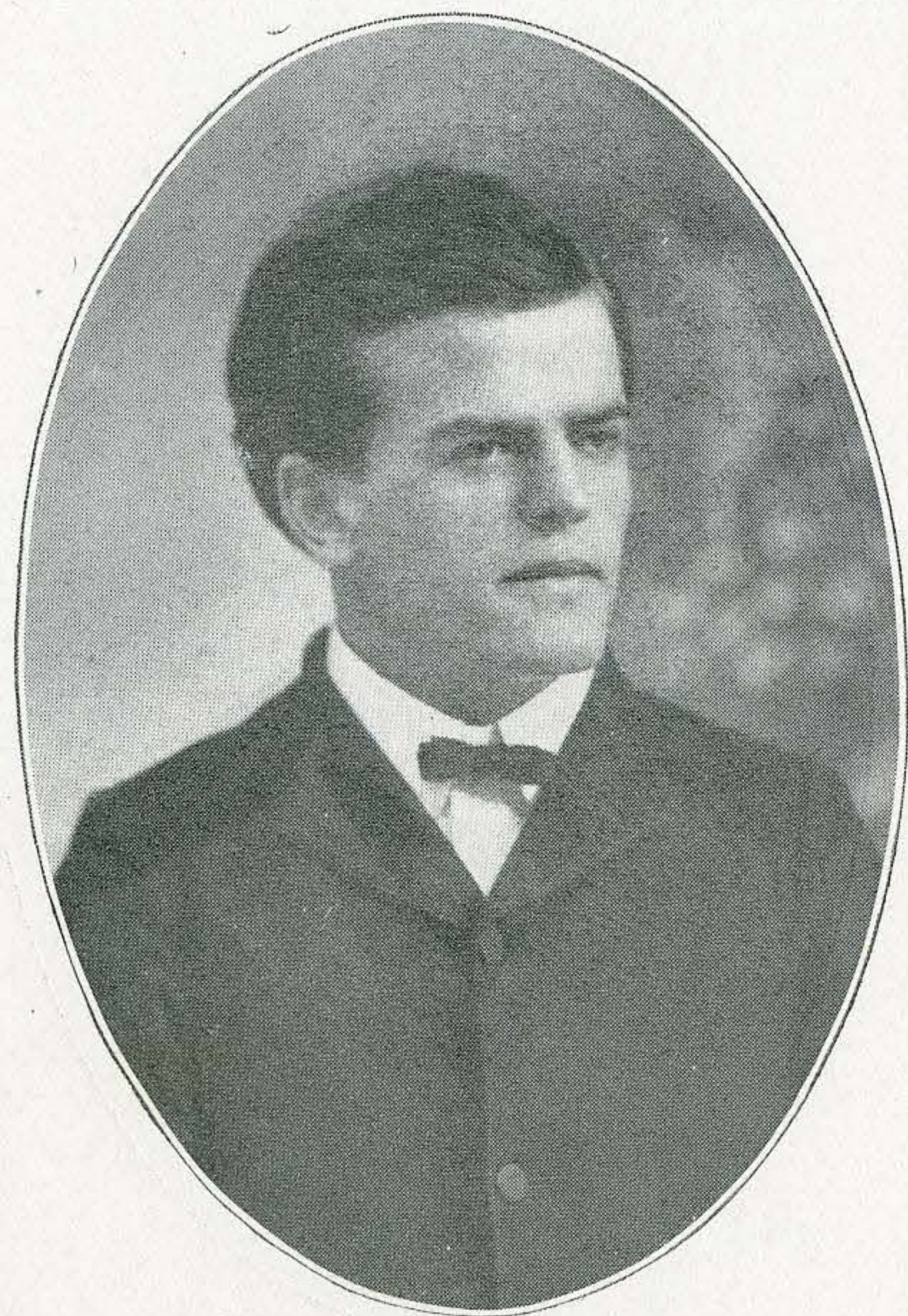


WILLIAM LOUIS MORSEY, B. S.,  
Warrenton, Mo.

Pulse Staff, English Oratorical Contest,  
Goethenian, Base Ball Team.

"Oh, that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious to wear a mouley coat."

P.V. The smile that won't come off.  
P.F. He's a rank punster.



MAX OPP, Theological,  
Farmington, Mo.

Serves a charge.

"Excelsior—Opp higher."

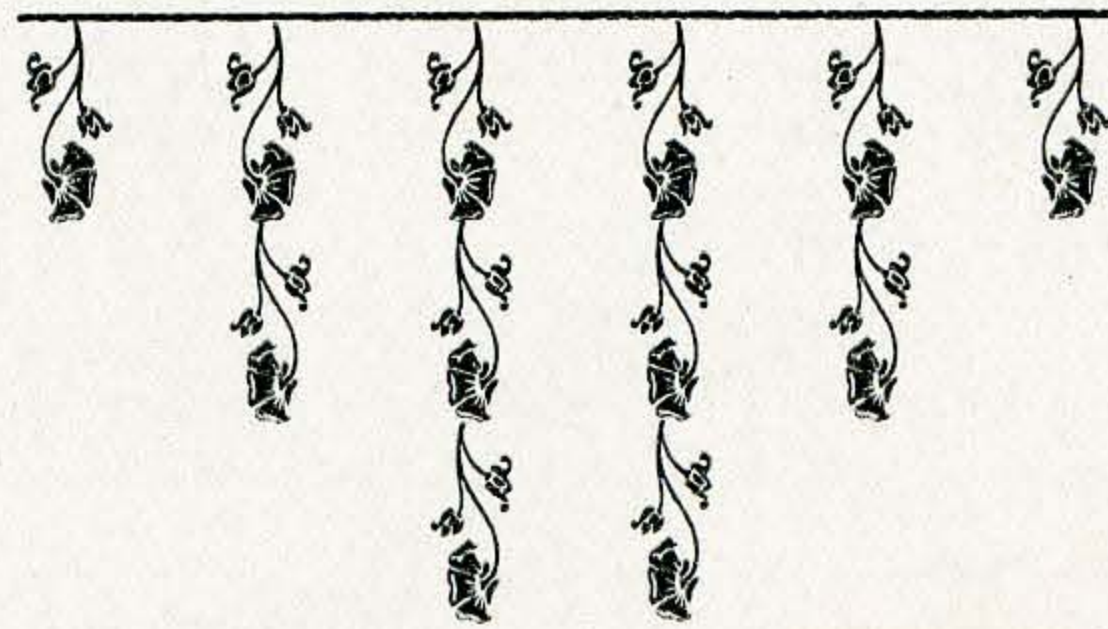
P.V. His impregnable heart.

P.F. German epitome of Daniel Webster.

that bid us to "Come and toil." There some of us will labor as artists, some as musicians, and others will be ministers and doctors and lawyers. We desire to infuse a little more of Truth where Truth is conquering. We hope to scatter a few mites of happiness among the sad and silent throngs of humanity.

Whether Success crowns our efforts or Failure blasts our hopes; whether Wealth leads us to mansions, or Poverty drives us to hovels; whether we be blessed with peace and joy and "three score years and ten," or whether we be burdened with endless days of travail and sorrow, we, the members of the class of 1908, shall ever cherish warm and generous hearts that will forever beat in unison with the progress and the prosperity of Central Wesleyan College.

PAUL H. DITZEN.



CARL ORTWIN SAUER, A.B., B.S.,  
Warrenton, Mo.

Pulse Staff, Epworth League Cabinet, Secretary Class, Goethenian, Assistant Teacher (French).

"My native village produced at least one great man."

P.V. Somewhat of a selachian in social circles, also a walking encyclopedia of professional base ball.

P.F. Those peg top trousers.



MARY ADELINE SCHULZE, Art,  
Warrenton, Mo.

Head of Art Department.

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles."

P.V. A first class Dauber.  
P.F. Sports a Prep.



PHILIP HERMAN WALTER, A. B.,  
Waltersburg, Ill.

Editor-in-chief Pulse, Class President, Class  
Orator, English Oratorical Contest, Assistant  
Teacher (English), Goethenian.

"He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone"  
—to Gore,  
What for? To see Cora, Begorra!

P.V. Pedagogical propensities.  
P.F. Never was a boy.



PAUL WILLIAM WIPPERMAN, Ph.B.,  
Warrenton, Mo.

Pulse Staff, English Oratorical Contest,  
Banner reporter, Vice President Athletic  
Association, Goethenian. Captain Basket Ball  
Team, Base Ball Team.

"Blessed is the bluffer—if he's big enough."

P.V. An expert on Sells—he makes a specialty  
of them.  
P. F. According to Jack—"A darned buttinsky."





## Junior Class.

### Officers.

MAUDE M. DREW,	- -	PRESIDENT.
MARIE D. HEMKE,	-	VICE-PRESIDENT.
HENRY F. SCHNEIDER,	-	SECRETARY.
KATHRYN W. FICKEN,	-	TREASURER.

### Yell.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!  
Hip boom bing-a-la  
We're the cream of all creation  
We're the Junior aggregation  
How, Chow, whew! (whistle)  
Rush Hush, whew! (whistle)  
Juniors.

### Class Roll.

Reading from left to right.

Top row: VON TUNGELN, GEORGE; HEMKE, MARIE D.; HEMKE, PAUL, E.; DREW, MAUDE M.; SCHOEPPPEL,  
IRVING W.; EVERSMEYER, ESTELLE J.; MYERS, JOHN T.  
Center row: MEYER, PAULINE A.; NAGEL, LUTHER W.; FICKEN, KATHRYN W.; SCHNEIDER, HENRY F.;  
SELL, ERNA I.  
Bottom row: KIRSHMAN, FRANCES; JANSSEN, HENRY.

## Junior Class Poem.

One word which more than others, to student's ear appeals,  
That fills his heart with ecstasy, which through his being steals  
And sets his pulses throbbing with a college spirit's joy,  
That is the height of bliss and hope of every Sophie coy,  
That word is Juniors! And can you ever wonder why  
That for our loved Junior Class we'd "lay us down and die"?  
Receding into dimmest past, we have with pleasure known  
That infantile effusions of Freshmanhood long since have flown.  
As well as Sophies frenzied strugglings, (most painful to behold)  
To seem supremely wise and all such foolish stunts untold,  
The misuse too of dictionary with words to twist their tongues  
All these and similar frivolities, into the past we've flung.  
And having not yet e'en attained unbearable conceit  
That somehow seems to follow when a class has found its seat  
Back in the southeast corner of our well-known Kessler Hall,  
You can, with greatest justice, call the Juniors best of all.  
(The editor was very much tempted to make an incision at this juncture, but after all—let  
the youngsters enjoy themselves—what'll they say next year about this?)  
Yet some-how, too, it seems to me, the class of nineteen nine  
(Just let me quote,) "that banner class round which our heart  
strings twine,"

Selected Sentiments

It is a well-known fact that Maude drew nine  
seekers toward the north, as a source of pure delight,  
One only was successful. To school and to the faculty and not without a right.  
With kindness and civility, we lower classes meet;

With due respect, but not servility the seniors treat;  
The faculty we love. For other people's rights we hold  
A just regard; nor do we tolerate rude jests untold.  
Our motto is our guide; we learn that we might truly serve  
Mankind with all our might, nor from that purpose ever swerve.

(Excelsior-Stuffing)

In nineteen five we wisely chose the violet for our flower  
And 'tis our symbol yet today and has been to this hour;  
"True blue" to Central Wesleyan and modest in our ways  
We've always been (?) nor do we idly deem it vain self-praise  
To set our unpretentious merits forth in words of truth.  
The ill-famed Junior pride which oft in former years, for sooth,  
Brought ill-repute on Junior name, we've used to suit our needs  
And modified in such a way that to our good it leads.  
In purpose we are steady, lofty, high, our common aim,  
Originality indeed, we cherish just the same.  
Then here's a rousing sounding cheer three times and thrice again  
To Juniors far and wide beloved by nations and all men.

M. D. H.

What fate has yet for thee, 'Tis all be-  
cred, thy lot is cast."  
Peggy at the fire: "Oh my diamonds and  
Olin's picture!"

## Selected Smiles and Sentiments.

It is a well-known fact that Maude drew nine seekers toward the north pole during the past year. One only was successful in making it a permanent stopping place.

"Sisterly love, oh me!" says Jack

"What bliss! may I never its fulness lack!  
Since she is like me and her hair's not black  
But rather like gold, like mine," says Jack.

Estelle's chief fault and greatest mark of distinction is that she has'nt any.

Luther Nagel, resigning his position as a porter has accepted one as bridge inspector. Miss H. says he performs his duty faithfully.

Erna's name is a paradox. First it was Erna Sold Myers, now it seems to be Erna Bought Whip. Next - - -??

Being the only preacher's son among us and visiting College Ave., are two note-worthy items about Paul H.

Kathie, (at the Oracle).

"Fret not, oh gentle maid, nor dost thou need to know

What fate has yet in store for thee, 'Tis all decreed, thy lot is Cast."

Peggy at the fire: "Oh my diamonds and Olin's picture!"

Neither Miss Kirschman nor Mr. Von Tungeln study Chemistry, yet their knowledge of affinities is so far-reaching that even their "French-books go to-gether." (For further information see Miss Drew or Carl Sauer.)

Bakery and verses  
Blending flour and rhyme  
Mixing sentiment and dough  
Composing all the time  
Dyspepsia disperses.

HENRY JANSSEN.

Mr. Schneider (musing). "How can a mortal man keep peace with his roommate and share with him all the happiness and sorrows of Eisenmayer life when he is trying to beat his time?"

How our hearts are touched, the depths of our souls stirred, when we behold the reunion of a number of loved ones! We stand aside in reverence as we see them together in their state of bliss, the love-light gleaming in their eyes. Such a sight is frequently afforded sojourners in the reading-room, when three Juniors (among them a brother and sister) and a Freshmen lassie get together. Only Fido yet to complete the circle. The meeting breaks up after singing "Blest be the tie" in an ocular way.



ye  
SOPH.



## Sophomores.

### Officers.

JOHN E. KIENLE,	- -	PRESIDENT.
CHAS. J. LOTZ,	-	VICE-PRESIDENT.
OLIN J. HESSEL,	- -	SECRETARY.
HOMER E. GRUNER,	-	TREASURER.

### Yell.

Hulla-baloo Orange and Blue  
Hulla-baloo Twenty-two  
Re Rah, Re Rah, Re Rah Ren  
Sophomores, Sophomores, 1910.

Colors: ORANGE AND ROYAL BLUE.      Motto: VOLENS ET POTENS.

### Class Roll.

1. BAUMANN, E. F.;
2. BOHM, ALVIN C.;
3. DASCHLER, ALBERT F.;
4. EVERSMEYER, CLARA.;
5. FRICK, VICTOR.;
6. FRITZ, CARL.;
7. GRUNER, HOMER E.,
8. HARTEL, LAWRENCE.;
9. HESSEL, OLIN J.;
10. KIENLE, JOHN E.;
11. LAEGER, HERMAN A.;
12. LOTZ, CHAS. J.;
13. MARQUARDT, GEORGE.;
14. NEUMEYER, FRANK.;
15. NOTHDURFT, GEORGE.;
16. OTT, MARTIN D.;
17. ROBERTUS, CARL A.;
18. SCHOWENGERDT, ERWIN.;
19. TWENTE, JOHN.;
20. WERNER, OSCAR H.;
21. WIPPERMAN LAURENT.;
22. ZEIDLER, OSCAR H.

## “Sophomores” In The “Crown.”

(With apologies to Demosthenes.)

Gentlemen of the Jury:

I stand before you today to defend myself and my class, not because we have been accused of any misdemeanor, not that we have neglected our sacred duties, but because we have been honored by those who esteem us and appreciate our merits and—how dare they—our enemies are brave enough to assault us openly in attempting to hinder Praise to be bestowed upon the Praiseworthy.

They would mock Demosthenes' rival (for our rivals they are) who was put to shame while the great statesmen flourished in the estimation alike of friends and foes.

Lo, we have been honored by our elder brothers the Senior Class—in recognition of our victories in 1906-07, over our mutual enemies, the class of 1909, furthermore they have honored us for our genuine worth as a class, and lastly for our reforms introduced into college life at C. W. C. They—the Seniors—have moved, in college assembly to crown us publicly in recognition of what we have done. And,—may they regret it—our enemies come out and bring suit against our allies—the Senior Class—for making this proposal which

they say is contrary to law. Oh! honorable Judge, do you not see through their scheme? Have they ever been so law-abiding as to carry out the law to such an extent? On the contrary; for instance in the color rush of 1906-7 the class of '09 disregarded the written law, and as to the law of equality and justice they have none. Oh! jurists it is the snare of the prejudiced schemer and the jealousy of the cowardly enemy. It is not a suit brought against the Senior Class but against us. Why should they bring suit against the class which they otherwise honor and fear, why slander the partakers of their mutual feasts?—and more than that, would they haughtily sue the class that is recognized by their own teachers as superiors to them, without some selfish or jealous motive? Perhaps they would—I am sure no other class would be so foolish.

Gentlemen, the charge is for the greater part against us, they have accused the Senior Class in order to accuse us. The Senior Class has proven to satisfaction, that they have not proposed anything contrary to law, but we are held by the statement of the Junior and Freshmen classes that we

are not worthy to be crowned. The burden of my defense is therefore to prove that we are worthy to be crowned according to the proposal of the Senior class.

These classes—'09 and '11—deny that we have done extraordinary deeds. What do they expect of us—aye indeed more than they themselves have done? But we have done extraordinary deeds. We have gained victories over the class of '09—even while we were Freshies. Oh Gentlemen, this is the whole secret of the charge namely one of revengeful men—not one of law abiding men. We surpassed them in the color rush in which they treated us so shamefully, we beat them in baseball, and as to basket ball they would not even accept our challenge. But our stubby Freshmen class says they beat us in baseball this year. Oh! yes by how much? By one awkward swing of the bat, but how about basket ball? Oh! they didn't mention that, did they? we put them to shame there. Furthermore these yearling classified say we did not have a color rush because we were cowards. Gentlemen I appeal to you, does

this show cowardice or does it show manly reform? The Juniors say they have not been crowned and that they are more worthy than we, but consider for a moment: where they made the color-rush fiercely cruel we eliminated it, when they left battles unfought and challenges unanswered, we have up to this moment upheld the honor of our class.

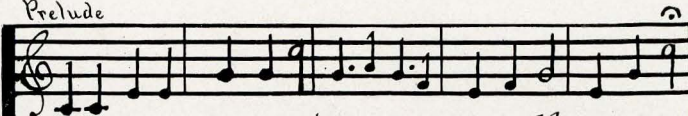
Gentlemen, if you can show us more prominent and worthy Juniors or Freshmen than we are Sophomores we will dedicate our crown to them. Our class stands high in every department of college, whether you go to department of Theology, of Philosophy, of Law, of Medicine, of Teaching, of Music, of Business or what it may be. Our class is worthy to be crowned in the face of every Junior and Freshmen of C. W. C. If anyone of them can prove the contrary let him come up and take my place. — — — None comes.

Gentlemen: The charge was practically ended when the Seniors made their defense. I think I have shown that in as much as we are concerned, we are worthy to be crowned.



TOSI

Prelude



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 + 9 + 10 + 11 Class of '11

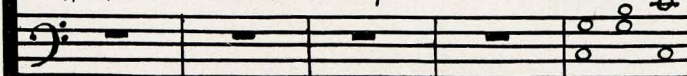
Hey-u! t-u! Gup-tup!  
Ri-prap! Chum-chum! Boom!!  
Honest, Upright, True.  
Striving, Faithful too—  
Don't you see  
Sixteen and seven  
Are twenty-three —  
Class of 1911!  
Six! Boom! Freshman!!!

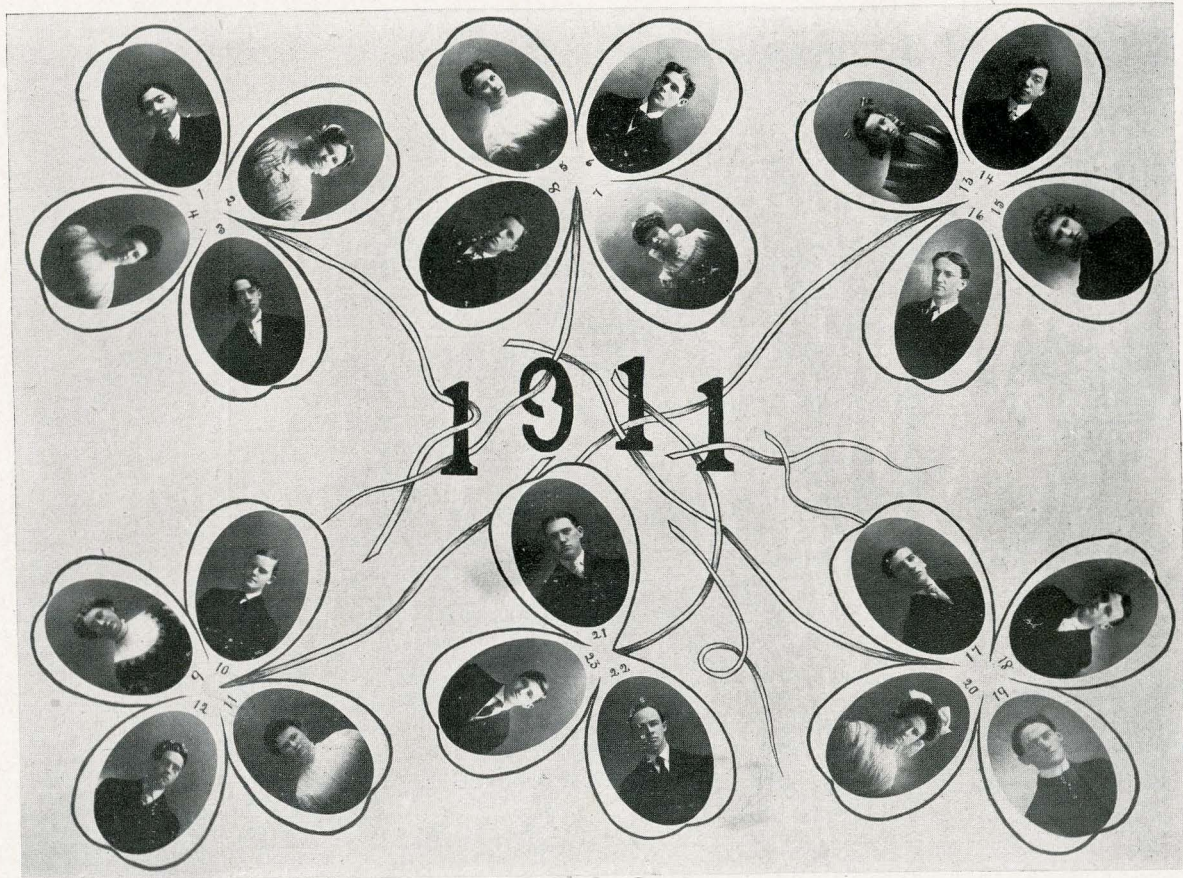
Postlude

Refrain



1, 2, 3, 4, 5 6 7, 8 + 9 + 10 + 11 Class of '11





# Freshmen Class.

## Officers.

LOUIS J. DUEWEL,	PRESIDENT.	OTILLIA W. DUEKER,	SECRETARY.
EDITH KRIEGE,	VICE-PRESIDENT.	ANNA RINKEL,	TREASURER.
LAURENCE W. C. EMIG,	Ass't Editor Star.	WALTER HEFTER,	Master of Athletics.

Class Flower: BLACK-EYED SUSAN.      Class Colors: BLACK AND GOLD.

Class Motto: "HE CONQUERS, WHO ENDURES."

## Class Roll.

1. JOHN F. TANG, 2. EDNA STUECKEMANN, 3. KARL S. EARP, 4. MAMIE O. DUEWEL,
5. OTILLIA W. DUEKER, 6. LAURENCE W. C. EMIG, 7. EDITH KRIEGE, 8. GILBERT KLEINSCHMIDT,
9. ESTHER HEILERT, 10. RAYMOND C. ADDICKS, 11. LULA M. SCHULZE, 12. FLOYD W. REYNOLDS,
13. ANNA RINKEL, 14. FRANK LING, 15. NORA L. SKIBBE, 16. LOUIS KUHZTZ, 17. WALTER HEFTER,
18. EDGAR G. YAEGER, 19. AUGUST H. NOTHDURFT, 20. LORENA SCHOWENGERDT, 21. LOUIS J. DUEWEL,
22. JOHN H. NOLTENSMEYER, 23. BERNARD H. HERTENSTEIN.

## Freshmen.

The combination of seven and eleven is often associated with good luck. The Freshmen Class has not been an exception, for never has any first year class been so fortunate. Not only has it received merited recognition but it has even successfully helped to cultivate brotherly relations with the Sophomore Class.

Our total weight is 3124 lbs. Our average age 18 1-2 years. In our number are seven ministers' children. Two of our boys came from distant China. We have representatives in almost every organization of the College, and several of our athletes have helped to win laurels for C. W. C. in interscholastic meets. Quite a few of the members of the class of '11 are accomplished musicians and the most brilliant students in the Virgil class, who always "get down" to the last line are Freshmen.

Last year the Freshmen Class boasted of being "the largest ever known to exist in C. W. C. We are proud to say we have beaten them by two. Our total number is twenty-three.

"Skidoo" was a surprise given to the representatives of the Sophomore Class in the tennis tournament on October 8th, after which they had to leave the court as losers. The greatest lemon

of the year was the base ball game of September 30th, when in the last half of the ninth inning, with two out and a score of 12 to 13 in favor of the Class of '10, one of our players knocked out a home run, allowing three runners to cross home plate. The score 15 to 13 was posted in many conspicuous places from second floor of Eisenmayer Hall to the P. O. bulletin board.

Our victories have been won, not without a struggle but we have succeeded in the spirit of our Class Motto: "He conquers who endures." Never has the Black and old Gold suffered disgrace for lack of confidence among its defenders or because of cowardice and fear to meet any foe.

This is the record of our first year. Watch us!

---

Prof. Frick: "How may a line be divided?"

Mr. N—: "Proffessor, the way I understood it, into commensurable and incommensurable segments,"

---

Hasenjaeger: "I must circulate my beautiful features around in the world by having photographs taken."

---

Kienle dixit: "Amor est mihi causa sportandi."



THE FRESHIE SAYS THAT  
HE IS NOT SO "DUMM."



THE "SOPH" THINKS HE KNOWS  
ENOUGH TO BE AN ALUMNUS  
OF SIX COLLEGES.

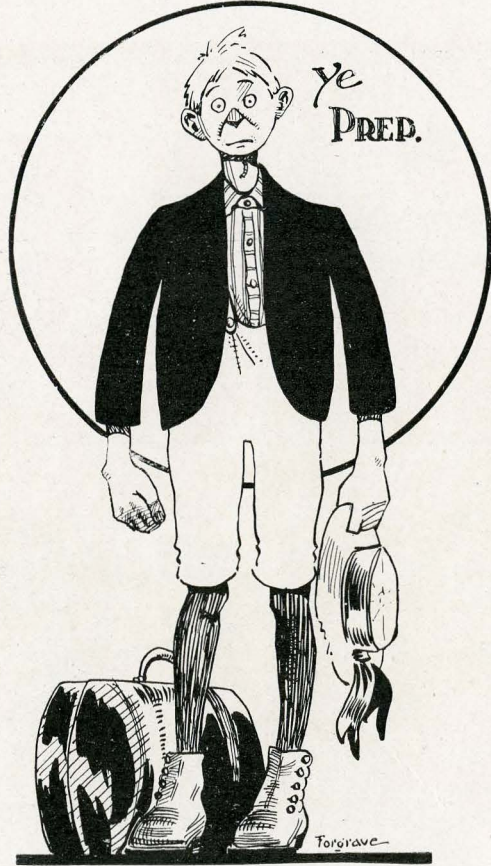


"I AM THE GENUINE IT,  
WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING  
AN INTELLECTUAL HIT."



THE SENIOR OF COURSE,  
IS JUST OUT OF SIGHT.

HEUS!



ye  
PRED.

Forgrave



# Preparatory Department.

## Officers.

H. C. LINDAUER,  
MISS ETTA HESSEL,

PRESIDENT.  
VICE-PRESIDENT.

MISS LECIL OVERSTREET,  
CHARLES F. JOHANNABER,

SECRETARY,  
TREASURER.

Motto: LET US BE KNOWN BY OUR DEEDS.

Colors: BLUE AND GRAY.

## Yell.

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!!!

## Preparatoric Diffusions.

Since our class is represented in practically every branch and department of collegiate activity, we believe it fitting and proper that in this publication, which is to represent the school, we, too as loyal members of the student body, should be represented.

We are "only Preps," it is true, and as such rank the lowest among the classes of C. W. C. But while we have not as yet many achievements of which to boast, it is also to be remembered that we have no mistakes to mourn, no blunders to blot our record. The whole future lies before us, and we are only at the lowest round of the educational ladder. But remember our Motto, watch patiently, and you will see us advance upward.

They admit:

That from this department men have entered all the different professions of life,

That members of this class have gained distinction in C. W. C. for proficiency in oratory, debate, and legal procedure,

That representatives of this class are among the leaders in every branch of athletics.

No Prep, No Senior,  
Yon giant oak was but an acorn once.  
A wise Prep is better than a dull Senior.

Signs of prominence:

1. Our class has the most prominent man in College—Mr. Hasenjaeger.
2. We claim the greatest Artist in school—Mr. Bauer.
3. In our ranks stand the two smallest students at C. W. C.—Mr. Korb and Mr. Bartholomaeus.
4. Our members have classes with Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors.
5. From our class the Military Department not only draws privates, but officers as well.
6. Our class includes the "brightest, the prettiest, the merriest, the wittiest" girls in C. W. C. (Some of the upper classmen would most heartily endorse this).
7. The Preps give vent to bursts of oratory from the stages of Garfield, Philomathia and Germania.





A HEALTHY  
LOCATION

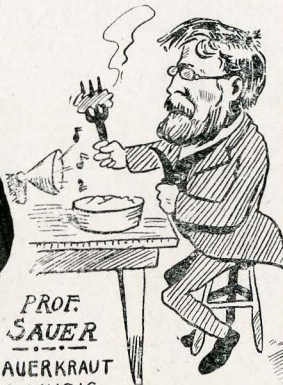
**GEO. B. ADDICKS** PRES.



**PROF. HOHN**  
DRAWN  
FROM DISCRPTION



**PROF. H. VOSHOLL**  
A MAN OF LARGE  
CAPACITY AND BE-  
LOVED BY ALL.



**PROF. SAUER**  
"SAUERKRAUT  
AND MUSIC  
ARE GOOD THE YEAR  
AROUND."



THEY



**DR. W. EBELING**  
THE DOCTOR WHO  
CANNOT CURE  
HEART-ACKE.



PROF. C.J. STUECKEMAN  
HAS BEEN CAPTUREING  
BIG GAME LATELY.



PROF. O-KRIEGE  
"BLESSED IS HE WHO  
HAS A CRAVEING FOR  
KNOWLEDGE AND AN  
APPETITE FOR  
CHICKEN?"



PROF. E. WEIFFENBACH  
"IT'S ALMOST AS GOOD  
AS GREEK TO ME."



PROF.  
J.N.O. H. FRICK



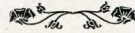
PROF. J.M. RINKEL  
COOK-IN-CHIEF OF C.W.C.  
GRUB BRIGADE.



UNCLE CHARUE  
WELLEMAYER  
AND HIS  
TROPHIES

J.M.W.

# Collegiate Departments.



## Theological.



Dr. Geo. B. Addicks.

GEORGE B. ADDICKS, A. M., D. D., W. F. and F. G. Niedringhaus-Professor, has been President of C. W. C. since 1895. Under his direction the College has made marked progress and it is through his untiring efforts that its efficiency is continually increasing. Dr. Addicks is a graduate of C. W. C. and Garret Biblical Institute. Dr. Addicks and the Professors of Philosophy and Sacred History compose the Theological Faculty.

## Philosophy.

OTTO E. KRIEGE, A. M., D. D., has occupied the chair of Historical Theology in the faculty of the Theological Seminary since 1899. Besides this he now has charge of the classes in Psychology, Ethics and Theism. Dr. Kriege was graduated from C. W. C. in 1888, then spent two years at the Universities of Bonn and Berlin. He was dubbed D. D. last year by Baker University.



Dr. Otto E. Kriege.

EUGENE E. WEIFFENBACH, A. M., B. D., Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the Seminary faculty, occupies the chair of Philosophy in the College of Liberal Arts. A thorough course in Introduction and History of Philosophy is offered. Professor Weiffenbach is a graduate of C. W. C., received his B. D. from Garret Biblical Institute, and has been a member of the faculty of C. W. C. since 1904.



Prof. Eugene E. Weiffenbach.

## Sacred History.

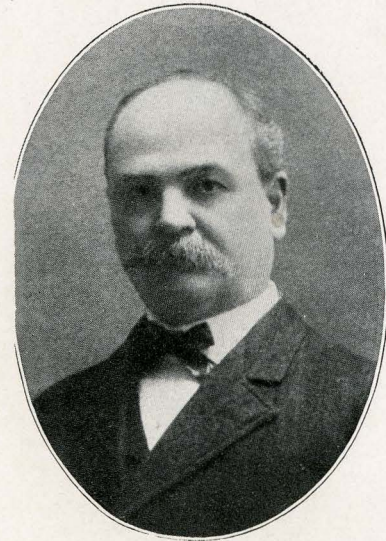
CHARLES J. STUECKEMANN, A. M., D. D., became Professor of Systematic Theology in the Seminary in 1885. As a member of the College Faculty he has charge of the Department of Sacred History and Evidences. One and one-half year's work is required in this subject for all Collegiate courses. Dr. Stueckemann was graduated from C. W. C. in 1880, then attended Garret Biblical Institute. He received his Doctor's degree last year from McKendree College. Dr. Stueckemann is also Principal of the Commercial Department.



Dr. Charles J. Stueckemann.

## History and English.

HENRY VOSHOLL, A. M., became Professor of English Language and Literature in C. W. C. in 1878. Besides this he now has charge of the Department of History. He is a graduate of C. W. C., attended Boston University two years and spent a summer term at Harvard and one at Chicago University. Professor Vosholl is also Principal of the Normal Department.



Prof. Henry Vosholl.

## Science and Mathematics.



Prof. John H. Frick.

JOHN H. FRICK, A. M., was elected Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science in 1871. He has continued his work in these departments, especially in the former, ever since. Professor Frick is an active member of the St. Louis Academy of Science and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.



Dr. Albert M. Ebeling.

ALBERT W. EBELING, B. S., M. D., was graduated from C. W. C. in 1893, received his M. D. from the Homeopathic Medical of Missouri in 1897 and after this became Professor of Natural Science in his Alma Mater, C. W. C. His fondest hope is that the dream of a Science Hall for C. W. C. will be realized in the immediate future.

## Latin and Greek.



Prof. Chas. Wellemeier.

CHAS. L. WELLEMAYER, A.B., was chosen Professor of Latin and Greek in 1900. He was graduated from C. W. C. in 1894 and later did two years' graduate work at the University of Chicago. An exhaustive course is offered in both languages.



Prof. William A. Sauer.

## French.

WILLIAM A. SAUER, A. M., Emeritus-Professor of French, was Director of Music at C. W. C. from 1875 to 1898. Later he was Professor of French. Professor Sauer's schooling was obtained wholly in Germany.

## German.



Prof. Gottlieb Hohn.

GOTTLIEB C. HOHN, A. B., has active charge of the Department of German Language and Literature. The past year was his first as a member of the Faculty of C. W. C. Professor Hohn is a graduate of C. W. C. Later he attended Northwestern University.



Prof. John M. Rinkel

JOHN M. RINKEL, A.M., B.D., Emeritus-Professor of German, has been connected with Central Wesleyan since 1881. He was graduated from C. W. C. in 1873 and received his B. D. from Garret Biblical Institute.

## Deutsches Departement.

Wir sind deutsch. Als deutsche Schule sind wir bekannt. Als deutsche Schule existieren wir und gebe das Glück, daß deutsch sein auch künftig unser Hauptcharakterzug bleiben möge.

Damit will nun Schreiber dieses durchaus nicht sich selbst mit seinem Beruf in den Vordergrund drängen. Daß wir ein deutsches Departement haben, ist nach allem doch von geringem Belang. Andere Schulen haben es auch mit viel besseren Lehrkräften, vollkommeneren Bibliotheken und modernerer Einrichtung. Was einigermaßen den Namen Hochschule verdienen will, hat Deutsch als Hauptsache auf dem Studienplan. Auf unseren Universitäten hat die Germanistik im letzten halben Jahrhundert sich bleibendes Recht und bleibende Pflege verschafft. Nirgends vielleicht findet deutsche Sprache, deutsche Wissenschaft, deutsches Geistesleben gegenwärtig außerhalb der Grenzen Deutschlands so freie und dankbare Anerkennung und Würdigung als auf Schulen wie Harvard Universität, Chicago Universität, Columbia Universität, N. Y., Northwestern Universität, Evanston, Ill., Wisconsin Staatsuniversität, John Hopkins Universität u. a. m. Die deutschen Universitäten blicken mit stolzer und dankbarer Freude auf die Saaten, die hierzulande aufgehen und schon zu reifen beginnen. Samen wie Runo Franke (Harvard), Calvin Thomas (Columbia), G. D. Curme und J. T. Hatfield (Northwestern), A. N. Hohlfeld (Wisconsin) finden sich in der-

selben Rangliste mit den hervorragenden Forschern Deutschlands. Hat doch Prof. Curmes deutsche Grammatik, 1906 erschienen, ihren Weg allbereits in jede bedeutendere Universität der Welt mit dankbarer Ausnahme gefunden.

Es macht uns gar kleinlaut, wenn wir mit ehrlicher Selbstprüfung uns neben diese Pflanzstätte und Vertreter deutscher Sprache und Kultur stellen. Was bleibt da noch Lebens- und Bemerkenswertes an uns übrig! Gar wenig. Aber dieses Wenige gibt uns Existenzberechtigung und dürfte unser Selbstgefühl stärken. Wir sind eine deutsche Schule in allen Fasern unseres Wesens. Wir studieren und sprechen nicht bloß Deutsch, sondern wir sind deutsch. Jeder Lehrer ist nicht bloß ein fabrizierter sondern ein geborener Deutscher. Unser theologisches Seminar besteht aus Männern, welche die deutsche Sprache fließend und rein und kraftvoll aus dem Stegreif reden. An der Spitze des englischen Departments steht ein Mann, der in seiner ganzen Innerlichkeit, in seinem Fühlen, Wollen und Denken ein Deutscher ist und der sich ebenso klar und genau ausdrückt in der deutschen Sprache als in der englischen. Ich habe in den letzten Jahren Menschen kennen gelernt, die fließend Deutsch redeten und deren Kenntnis der deutschen Sprache und Literatur nichts zu wünschen übrig ließ. Das war aber auch alles. Das Herz blieb mir fremd. Unwillkürlich wurde ich an jenes Sprüchwort erinnert: „Kleider machen Leute“ und an jenes arme Schneiderlein in Gott-

fried Kellers meisterhaften Erzählung, das unter seinem schmucken Radmantel und seiner polnischen Mütze in der Fremde die Ehre und Behandlung eines Grafen genoß

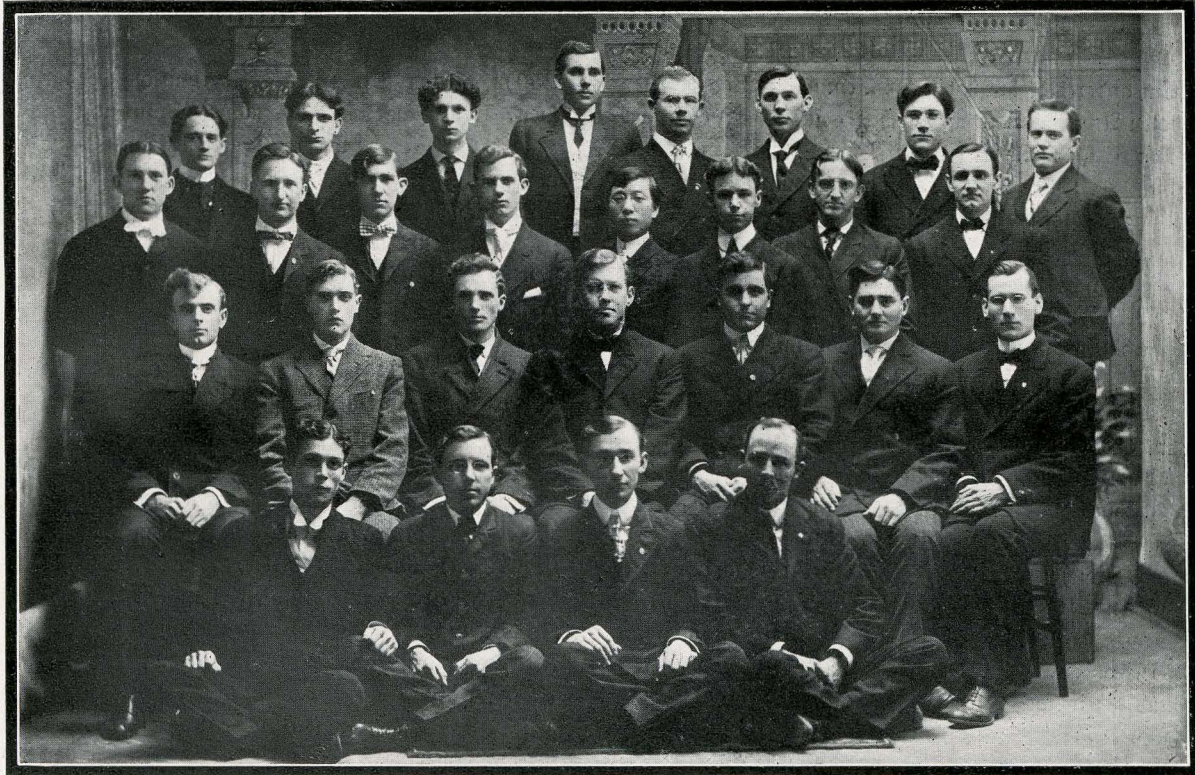
Auch sind wir Deutsch in unserer Art und Weise und unseren Idealen der Erziehung. Wir glauben mit dem deutschen Pädagogen die Idee echter Bildung richtig erfaßt zu haben. Für uns ist Bildung nicht etwas der Person von außen Hinzukommendes, sie etwas Umkleidendes und Verschönerndes sondern das eigentliche Werden und Sichgestalten des Menschen von innen heraus. Auch ist uns jenes kluge Berechnen, jenes nüchterne, trockene, gierige Haften und Drängen nach materiellem Gewinn, das in dem brutalen get ahead ein vortreffliches Stichwort gefunden hat, gründlich verhaßt. Ein ernstes, edles Ringen nach idealen Gütern ohne den Nebengedanken, wie man das erworbene Pfund innerhalb der nächsten vierundzwanzig Stunden hundertfach Zinsen tragend anlegen könne, versuchen wir an den Tag zu legen, denn ein Lohndiener in der Wissenschaft ist nicht besser als ein Lohndiener in der Religion.

Ebenso wenig ist es jenes Motiv des Ehrgeizes, des Weststreits, der Konkurrenz, das in der griechischen und römischen Erziehung eine so große Rolle spielte und auch manchem Modernen im Blute liegt, was unsre zu erziehende Jugend zu treulichem Bemühen anregen soll. Zweierlei tritt für uns an die Stelle dieses Motivs: einmal die Gewöhnung, sich mit sich selbst zu vergleichen, sein Ich von heute mit dem von gestern, und so über sich selbst emporzustreben Und zweitens: die Entwicklung des Pflichtge-

fühls. „Auch von dem Schulzögling soll seine Schülerarbeit als die ihn bindende Pflicht empfunden werden, der er genügen soll, wie es späterhin der Mann im Amt und in der Gemeinschaft sein soll, nicht als das Mittel, durch das man dereinst zu einer ausgezeichneten Position gelangen kann oder zu Behagen und Unabhängigkeit.“

Naheru hundert Studenten unterrichteten wir dieses Jahr in deutscher Sprache, Literatur, Geschichte und Kultur Eine wahre Freude war es, den Fleiß und das Interesse zu beobachten mit dem die Mehrzahl arbeitete. „Aller Anfang ist schwer,“ das hat der neue Lehrer oft schmerzlich empfunden. Um so mehr stimmt ihn die Rücksicht und Mitwirkung seiner Schüler zu aufrichtiger Dankbarkeit.

Zum Schluß sei uns noch ein Wunsch erlaubt. Derselbe pulsiere mächtiglich in den Herzen aller Leser des „Pulse.“ Es ist nicht etwas „Neues aus Evanston“ dieser Wunsch, es ist das alte Bedürfnis, das immer schmerzlicher empfunden wird, es ist eine deutsche Bibliothek. Ein moderner Schriftsteller argumentiert folgendermaßen: beraube den Menschen seiner Werkzeuge und er wird wieder zum Barbar; beraube ihn seiner Bücher und er wird wieder zum Sklaven, der seiner eigenen Kräfte, seiner eigenen Hilfsmittel und Rechte nicht bewußt ist. Es wirkt beinahe beleidigend, wenn unserer Schule vorgeworfen wird, oft von ihren eigenen Hausgenossen, daß sie „hinter der Zeit“ sei. Gebt uns den Luftballon und wir segeln auch durch die Wolken; gebt uns die modernen Hilfsmittel anderer Schulen und wir werden schon auch besser Schritt halten können. gebt uns Geld und wir machen aus Central Wesleyan Kollege eine Schule, auf die ihr alle stolz sein könnt. — G. C. Hohn.



THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS

## Central Wesleyan Theologisches Seminar.

Ein anderes Jahr hat unser Seminar den an dasselbe gerichteten Ansprüchen zu entsprechen gesucht. In diesem Bestreben gingen Theorie und Praxis Hand in Hand. Über die Arbeit in den Klassen wurde monatlich im Central Wesleyan Star berichtet. Aus diesen Berichten sieht man, daß die Seminar-Arbeit auf den vier Gebieten der theologischen Wissenschaft fleißig und gründlich betrieben wurde. Zu diesem Zwecke wurde in allen Klassen selbstständige Quellenarbeit getan, bei welcher die zu besprechenden Probleme und Fragen nicht nur vom Standpunkte des Autors des benützten Textbuches, sondern auch vom Standpunkte anderer Theologen beleuchtet wurden. In dieser Arbeit kamen die von unserm Buchverlag und von besonderen Freunden und Gönnern der Schul-Bibliothek geschenkten theologischen Werke gut zu statten.

Durch solche Arbeit wurde der geistige Horizont der theologischen Studenten erweitert. Nebstdem ist der Grund gelegt worden für späteres gründliches Forschen auch in der Berufsarbeit, denn derartige Gewohnheiten, während der Studienzeit angenommen, gehen mit durch's Leben.

Auch in diesem Jahre hat sich die Verbindung des Seminars mit dem Kollegium glänzend bewährt. Die theologischen Studenten, welche täglich mit so vielen (sage

250) anderen Studenten in persönliche Berührung kommen, lernen dadurch, wie man Mensch unter Menschen nicht bloß Theologe unter Theologen sein muß und bekommen durch solche Berührung die gewünschte Gelegenheit sowie die beste Anregung zur persönlichen Arbeit, die ja im späteren Berufsleben von so hoher Bedeutung ist. In der herrlichen Auflebungsversammlung im Januar unter der Leitung von Doktor Theodore S. Henderson und schon vorher hat solche Tätigkeit die erfreulichsten Früchte gezeitigt, ja, diese Vorarbeit hat ohne Zweifel viel dazu beigetragen unsere Januar Versammlung so segensreich zu machen.

Im Predigen, im Führen von Klassen- und Betversammlungen sowie im Halten von Ansprachen vor der Epworth Liga und auch im Unterrichten von Sonntagsschulklassen erwies sich als Haupttrieb das Verlangen sich vor Gott zu bewähren als ein Arbeiter, der da recht teile das Wort der Wahrheit. Wissen und Frömmigkeit kommen zur rechten Geltung und Vereinerung in demjenigen, welcher aufrichtig fragt: „Herr, was willst du, daß ich tun soll?“

Der Rückblick auf das zurückgelegte Jahr regt zu tiefster Dankbarkeit an, bietet aber auch zuverlässigen Grund für die Erwartung, daß unser liebes Seminar von Jahr zu Jahr Größeres und Besseres leisten wird.

## Sternennacht.

Von H. Maag.

Abendrot erglänzt am Himmel,  
Friede senkt sich in die Brust,  
Und das Herz aus dem Getümmel,  
Schwingt sich auf zu höh'rer Luft.

Milde Stern an Stern erscheint  
In der klaren Sommernacht;  
Blicken freundlich auf uns nieder,  
Preisen ihres Schöpfers Macht.

Sie erzählen von der Erde,  
Was sie da und dort geseh'n;  
Von der Freude, von dem Schmerze  
Wenn wir sie nur recht verstehn.

Malen auch mit ihrem Glanze  
Bilder uns in unser Herz,  
Die mit Freude uns erfüllen,  
Oder auch mit tiefem Schmerz.

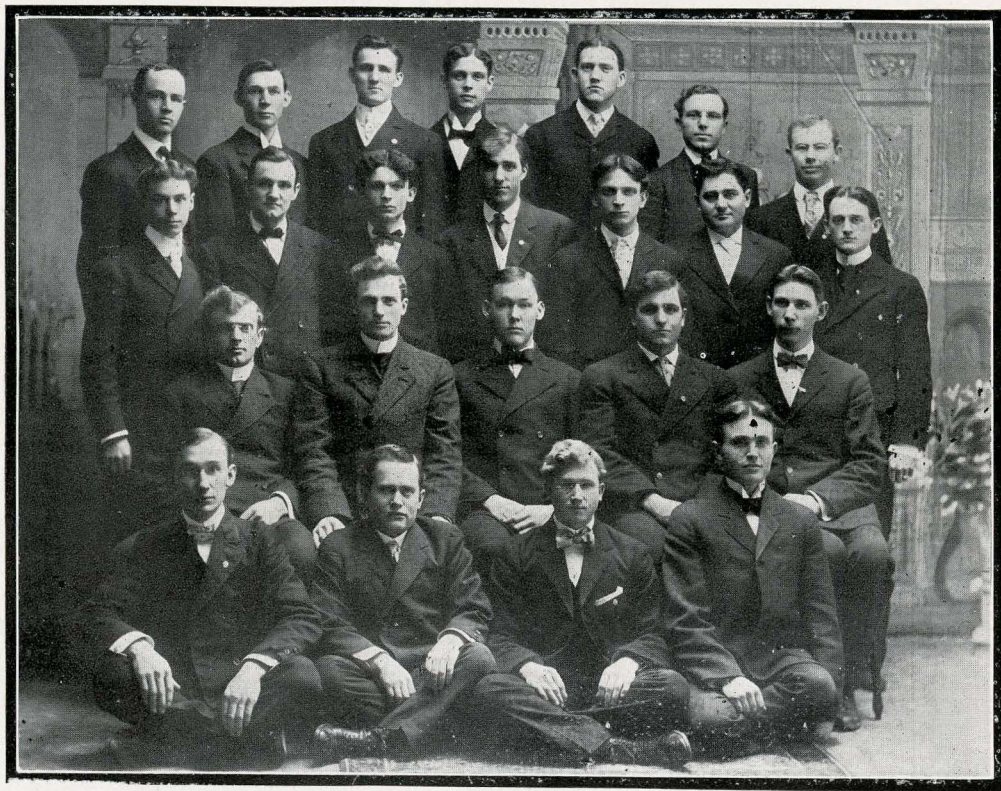
Fernen malen sie die Heimat  
In dem lichtesten Farbenton,  
Und es sehnt sich in der Fremde,  
Nach der Heimat mancher Sohn.

Und die Mutter denkt der Lieben,  
Die in weiter Ferne sind,  
Und es flüstern ihre Lippen;  
Hüt, o Gott, mein fernes Kind!

Freunden sagen sie vom Freunde,  
Der fern weilt in fremdem Land,  
Über fernem Meeresstrande  
Sei noch fest der Freundschaft Band.

Darum seid gegrüßt ihr Sterne,  
Die ihr bindet, was getrennt,  
Denn ob nah, ob in der Ferne  
In gleicher Pracht man euch erkennt.

Vater-, Mutter-, Freundesaugen  
Strahlen uns in eurem Licht,  
Und uns ist, als ob sie riefen:  
Menschenkind, vergiß uns nicht!



GERMANIA SOCIETY

# Germania Verein.

## Mitglieder.

Edwin Baumann, Heinrich Carl, Christian Cast, Ludwig Duewel, L. W. C. Emig, Karl Fritz, Reinhold Hohn,  
Jakob Hohn, Otto Hackmann, Johann C. Kienle, Georg Korb, Karl J. Loß, Heinrich N. Loß, Georg Marquardt,  
Richard Mülder, Georg C. Nothdurft, August N. Nothdurft, Franz C. Neumeyer, Johann Noltensmeyer,  
Arthur Schwarz, Jakob D. Thießen.

Den Leser grüßt der Germania Verein  
Und führt sich bei ihm in Keimen also ein:

Den Vorsitz führet Neumeyer,  
Er ist ein wackerer, edler Herr;  
Führt er, so sind wir gar nicht bang,  
Sein Wort hat solchen festen Klang;  
Das Schiff führt er mit starker Hand  
Auch durch den Sturm zum sichern Land.  
In unsern Reihen sind allerlei Geister,  
Auch ein Prophet, des Faches ein  
Meister,

Wie Noltensmeyer bewiesen es hat  
In schwierigen Fragen durch weisen  
Rat,

Auch wenn's in der Liebe ihm nicht  
will glücken,

Man muß im Leben sich in allerlei  
schicken.

Herr Wagner, der von Custis kommt,  
Enthält sich des, das ihm nicht frommt,  
Herr Bauman ist bekannt allda  
Als Gouverneur von Georgia.  
Als Philosoph von Warrenton  
Kennt jedermann den Reinhold Hohn,  
Und wie der Mond unter der Sterne  
Zahl

So leuchtet uns August mit seinem  
Strahl.

Wenn wir Germanen mit Laten und  
Laten

Mitunter in das Dunkle geraten ;  
Sein kluges Wort hilft uns wieder  
voran ;

So nimmt er sich unserer Nothdurft an.  
Ein edler Junge ist Herr Friß  
Voll deutscher Treu und Mutterwitz.  
Mehr als der Erde Lust und Scherz  
Ist „Liebe“ für GeorgeNothdurftsHerz.  
Herr Thießen träumt, er säße schon  
Mit Doktor Faust auf seinem Thron.  
George Korb, der ist im ganzen Land  
Als großer Dichter wohl bekannt.

Wenn Zeidler spricht, dann wird man  
dumm,

Als ging uns ein Mühlrad im Kopf  
herum.

Doch wer ist's, den schwarze Locken  
schmücken,

Bewundert stets von holden Blicken  
Gepriesen von aller Frauen Mund?  
Heinrich Loß ist's—das sei eu' kund.  
Von Oklahoma's gepries'nen Zonen,  
Wo „Schwarz und Weiß“ zusammen  
wohnen,

Kommt Arthur Schwarz, der elegant  
Mit Damen machet sich bekannt.

Es ist Herr Emig, der die Halle  
Erfüllt mit seiner Worte Schwalbe.  
Kerndeutscher Mann ist Christian Cast,  
Der fröhlich trägt jede Last.

Charles Loß, Magister lobesan,  
Steht uns als Hochgelehrter oben an.  
Herr Marquardt prebt vor allen Sachen  
Sich Metaphysik zu eigen zu machen.

So lang die „Parlors“ offen stehn,  
Wird Fräulein J. den Kienle sehn.

Ein Meister, dessen Worte Schall  
Uns trefflich klingt, ist Heinrich Carl.  
Auch Hackman wollt' Germane sein,  
Wir sangen und tanzten und wiegten  
ihn ein.

Herr Louis Duewel, unser Soldat,  
Hat schön're Manieren als mancher  
Prälat

Do, re, mi, fa, so, la, si, do,  
Herr Jakob Hohn sagt: „sell ischt so“  
Herr Mülder muß uns alle zieren  
Durch seine Kunst im philosophieren.  
Das ist nun der Germanen Zahl ;  
Zwanzig und drei, das sind sie all.

—Das Komitee.

## Allerlei Lächerliches.

Prof.: Mit wem kämpfte hauptsächlich Karl der Große?

Stembach: Mit denen er nachher Frieden machte.

N.: Es ist heute ganz hundsmäßig in der Grammatik-  
klasse zugegangen.

P.: Ei, warum denn?

N.: Wir haben die ganze Stunde „Hund“ deklamiert

Prof.: Warum entwickeln sich die Menschen nach der  
darwinischen Transmutationshypothese nicht noch in höhe-  
re Wesen?

Fritz: Das ist einfach, das Pulver ist ihnen ausge-  
gangen.

Prof.: Wie hieß dem Mohamed seine Frau?

Herrmann L., mit freudig-irahndem Gesichte, „Hed-  
schra.“

Wie sich zwei Herzen fanden zum Philomathia Spe-  
zialprogramm, darüber wird Herr Emig Auskunft geben,  
eventuell auch bezügliche Anleitung,mäßiges Honorar.

Philosophisch: „Lachen“ ist noch nicht glücklich, — Frl.  
Korb.

Prof. zu seinen Schülern: „Solange man sagt: man  
weiß nichts, solange ist immer noch Hoffnung da.“

Marquardt: „Was! sind keine Bohnen mehr da! Was  
soll man denn essen?“

Frl. Estelle Eversmeyer: „Nun, saure Gurken.“

J.: Gibt es auch Vögel ohne Federn?

B.: O gewiß! kommen Sie nur an einem Abend in  
die Eisenmeyer Halle, da können Sie einen „Freivogel“  
ohne Federn singen und zuzeiten schreien hören.

Prof.: Wie konjugieren Sie: du bist schön.

Dame: Ich bin schön, ich war schön \* \* O weh!

Student: Was für ein Bart ist Schreibart?

Prof.: Sie haben das Wort unrichtig geteilt, es heißt  
„Schreibart.“

Student: „Professor, warum heißen Sie denn „ich  
werde geliebt“ die Leideform, da es doch kein Leiden, son-  
dern ein Hochnuß ist.“ Antwort fehlt.

Prof.: Herr F. N., erzählen Sie uns etwas aus der  
französischen Revolution.“

N.: „Professor, ich bin dabei eingeschlafen.“

Prof.: „Nun, da müssen Sie ein schöner Sieben schlä-  
fer sein.“

Prof.: Herr L., sagt man: er Hohnlächelt oder er läch-  
elt Hohn?“

Herr L.: „Der Hohn lächelt.“

Herr Riente zu seinem Freunde H.: „Ach, wenn ich  
doch schon meinen B.D. hätte, dann könnte ich fortfahren.“

Herr H.: „Nun das ist einfach, machen Sie einen B.F.  
dann sind Sie ja „esirt.“

„Von Zeit zu Zeit findet eine Hasenjagd statt, und zwar in der Eisenmeyerhalle.“

Prep: Der „sporten“ wollte, nachdem die Sache schief ging: „ich wünsche die Dame nichts schlechtes, als daß sie eine alte Jungfrau bleibt.“

Unter der Studentenschar haben wir dies Jahr: zwei Körbe, drei Kasten, zwei Hasenjäger, einen Jäger, einen Schneider, einen Bader, einen Kleinschmied, einen Nagel, drei Rothdürftige, zwei kleine Großmänner, einen Wagner, einen Krug, und ein Baumann.

Professor: „Was sind „Quäker?“

Marquardt: „Leute, die sich ruhig verhalten.“

„Bitte, drehe das Rohr um, wenn du nach einem Mitmenschen schaust! Du hast's fast immer verkehrt in der Hand.“

Student beim Arzt.

Arzt: Was fehlt Ihnen denn?

Student: Der Schlaf.

Arzt: Und wie leben Sie?

Student: Ich arbeite wie ein Ochse, eß wie ein Wolf, bin Abends müde wie ein Hund und kann nicht schlafen.

Arzt: Ja, da müssen sie sich unbedingt an einen Tierarzt wenden.

Jakob Hohn: Mußt Physiologie nehmen!

G. Korb: Wie muß ich das nehmen, im Wasser?

Jakob: Nein, im Kopf.

Prof: Der Geburtstag der Reformation war 1517, als Luther die Thesen anschlug. Was war die herrschende Kirche ums Jahr 1492 gewesen?

H.: mit Bestimmtheit, „lutherisch.“

Prof: Machen Sie einen Satz mit dem Verb „stecken.“

Student: „Ich habe zu lange im Bett gesteckt“

Beide dieser Herren sind Dummköpfe, aber der große Unterschied liegt darin, daß der Eine es weiß und der Andere nicht.

Prof. „Was sehen Sie in diesen gedankenvollen Worten!“

Student: „Ich weiß es nicht, ich sehe nichts.“

Ein Herr Sophomore, der bis über die Ohren in der Liebe steckt, wird bald sein Studierzimmer in die Bibliothek verlegen. Aber doch net!

Boldt singt:

Das ist im Leben häßlich eingerichtet,  
Daß bei den Rosen gleich die Dornen stehn,  
Und was das arme Herz auch sehnt und dichtet,  
Zum Schlusse kommt das Boneinandergehn.

Unter den Studenten:

A. Mir kommt's immer vor, als ob Schopenhauer ein Musiker gewesen wär.

B. Vielleicht wegen der Ähnlichkeit mit Chopin?

Der Schwab: Un vialloicht von wegen dem Hauen.

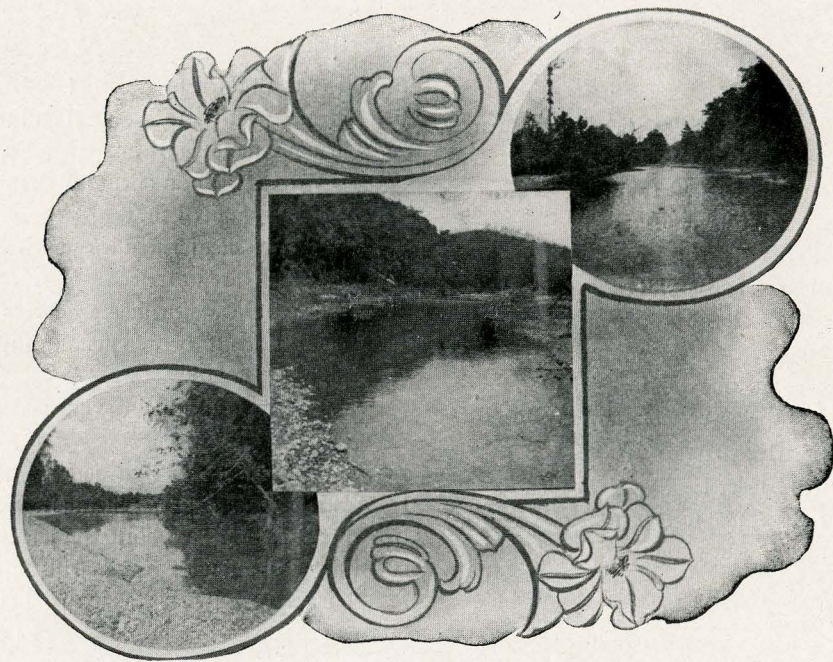
### **Wünsche!**

1. Eine elektrische Schnellbahn nach Truesdale, G. Nothdurft
2. Eine Abzweigung über die Brücke. L. Nagel.
3. Eine Verlängerung der Linie. F. Kettelkamp
4. Ein weiterer Weg von der „Engelsburg“ zur Konzerthalle, Viele.
5. Mehr Sympathie von den Damen, Noltensmeyer.
6. Schönes Wetter an gewissen Abenden, Thiessen.
7. Daß Frl. Krämer wieder zur Schule kommt, Kurz.
8. Schönes Wetter nach der Sonntagschule, Frl. Hemke.
9. Sonnenschein und Liebe auf dem Lebenspfad, Frl. Duefer

### **Was man wüßte!**

1. Wie sehr Herr G. Noltensmeyer liebt!
2. Warum Herr Muelder am Tische so traurig war!
3. Wie hoch viele Damen zielen, aber nicht treffen!
4. Welch hohes Ideal Herr C. Loß in seinen Gedichten verfolgte!

5. Wie das Prahlen so gut geht!
6. Wer die Schule mit Regimentsmusikern versieht?
7. Warum ein rothaariger Herr so berühmt geworden ist?
8. Wie Frl. C. W. dem Herrn C. Loß besondere Aufmerksamkeit zollt.
9. Wie kleine Menschen alles ihnen Unangenehme in's Große treiben?
10. Wie viele Menschen sich in anderen täuschen?
11. Wie viel Rente Herr Baumann für die Trommel verlangt?
12. Warum Frl. W. so gerne auf der Eisenbahnlinie spazieren geht?
13. Was in dem tiefen Blick von Frl. Kramer liegt?
14. Nach welchem Stil der Reinhold Hohn dichtet?
15. Wie Frl. Cast ihre Muttersprache liebt?
16. Wie geheimnisvoll Herr Christl Cast ist!
17. Warum Herr Zeidler beim essen so wenig zu sagen hat?



NATURE AT ITS BEST ON CHARRETTE



SENIOR COMMERCIAL CLASS



SECOND COMMERCIAL CLASS

# Commercial Department.

## Faculty.

PROF. C. J. STUECKEMANN.  
MISS CORNELIA HEIDEL.  
OSCAR WERNER.

## Officers.

CHESTER HARMAN, PRESIDENT.  
GEORGE MEINE, VICE-PRESIDENT.  
OSCAR QUILLMAN, SECRETARY-TREASURER.

## MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMERCIAL ASSOCIATION.

Warrenton, Missouri February 28, 1908.

Long before the day the students of Central Wesleyan rejoiced in knowing that the next meeting of the I. N. A. would be at Warrenton. Rightly so, for it was not a meeting of little importance but one where the great questions of the day were to be discussed by the leading business men of the world.

Promptly at nine o'clock on the day set Pres. Harman called the Meeting to order in the Auditorium of the magnificent Science Hall. A large and enthusiastic audience had assembled. Secretary Quillman, successor to J. Beerpoint Morgan, then called the roll. Every member was present. Thereupon Chaplain Hazenjaeger, manager of Shears Rawbuck & Co., led in the song "My Country 'Tis of Thee." When the sweet strains of our National Hymn resounded in the vast halls,

every one felt that America was leading the Commercial World, and that C. W. C. was the best spot on earth.

The first number of the programme was a welcome address by Dr. Addicks, D. D., Chancellor Emeritus of Central Wesleyan University whereupon Mr. Lessmann, Pres. of Brown's Business Colleges, responded.

Mr. "Shorty" of the Dixie Lumber Company of Arkansas addressed the meeting on "Woman's Suffrage," he brought out in an elegant manner the necessity of open parlors. He closed with an appeal to Humanity to give this great question its due consideration.

Mr. Lieser, successor to J. D. Rockyfellow, thereupon gave his lecture on "Who has the Oil Can?" He reminded us of the incident which led him to take this subject calling attention to the

days spent in old C. W. C. It was no more a joke but a reality that one of the Commercial Class of '08 had the oil can at last which caused so much complication and confusion.

Mrs. Tschaikonskyee, nee Delventhal, then rendered a vocal solo "Memories of the past," accompanied by Mrs. Constantinona, nee Allinger. Both showed remarkable ability and did credit to their world renowned husbands.

But the expectations of the day were climaxed when Rev. Schwartz, traveling solicitor for the German Aerial Association, delivered his lecture on "Power of Hot Air." He poured forth his principles in a brilliant style and showed his ability in expounding his views.

#### "EVENING MEETING."

The close of the day had come and night with its heavenly beauties was ruling supreme. Throngs of people filled the hall once more for the evening session. The topic of the evening was a debate.

"Resolved—That a highly educated person is a better citizen than one who has but a scant education."

The affirmative was presented by Mr. Holt, an accountant employed by the Truesdale Hoop-pole Co., and Mr. Detring Foreign Ambassador to Grease (Greece). The negative was presented by

Mr. Gaebe, owner of a Limburger cheese factory, and Mr. Middelkamp manager of the International Dried Fruit Co.

Miss Kelsick then favored us with a vocal duet entitled, "Had I but known." This was an enchanting and incomparable musical production and was the best heard here this season if not in years. Thereupon Mr. Shiermeier, catcher of the Chicago "Cubs" presented an address on "How to Catch" (Suckers). He showed the schemes of modern business men and proved that C. W. C. business men were first in rank.

But as all good things come they also pass. Prof Meine, President of the Chicago University of Shorthand, gave the closing address. Twenty years ago Prof. Gregg was known as a world renowned stenographer, but today Prof. Gregg lives in the past and is scarcely reckoned with Prof. Meine. In a fluent style he brought out the necessity of shorthand the world over and the general acceptability of his system. He stated that his start to success dated back to his training received at C. W. C.

After the meeting closed and it had been decided to meet the following year at Berlin the members of the Association retired to the Dining Hall and enjoyed a banquet given in honor of the Commercial Class of '08.



MUSIC'S RAPTURES.



**MUSIC FACULTY**

PROF. ZENO NAGEL.  
MISS MAUDE DREW.

MISS IRENE HARTEL.  
MISS EDITH HAENSSLER.



**CHURCH CHOIR**

Top row, reading left to right: Prof. Zeno Nagel, Director; Irene Hartel, Edith Kriege, Emma Brenner,  
Olin J. Hessel, Albert Hessel, J. E. Kienle.

Bottom row: Frances Kirshman, Pauline Meyer, Ellen Barcafer, Prof. Wellemeyer, Oscar Werner,  
C. J. Lotz.

## Conservatory of Music.

“O, music! miraculous art, that makes the poet’s skill a jest; revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings, by the aid of inexplicable sound! A blast of the trumpet and millions rush forward to die; a peal of the organ and uncounted nations sink down to pray. Mighty is thy three-fold power! Thou canst call up all elemental sounds and scenes and subjects with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! lo, the voice of winds—the flash of lightning—the swell of the wave—the solitude of the valley! Then thou canst speak the secrets of man’s heart as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! lo, our earthly love, our treasured hate, our withered joy, our flattering hope! By thy mysterious melodies, thou canst recall man from all thought of this world and of himself, bringing back to his soul’s memory dark but delightful recollection of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! lo, paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendor, and its gates of unimaginable glory.”

This art—the finest of fine arts—is being cultivated by a goodly number of C. W. C. students. It has been classed as one of the requisites to our life and development. Through it we can

find expression for the deepest inwardness of all conditions of the soul.

To stimulate the taste of those less appreciative for good music and to satisfy the cravings of the music lovers of this community an unusually good series of recitals was provided this season. The well known organist, Vaile McIntyre; Nathan Sacks, a St. Louis pianist; Wort Morse, a talented violinist; and Mrs. E. H. Knehans in her vocal recital, left us interpretations of masterpieces which will not soon be forgotten. The Musical Union rendered C. Whitney Coombs’ “The First Christmas,” Coleridge Taylor’s “Hiawatha’s Wedding Feast;” Mendelssohn’s “Elijah;” the Chapel Choir Ashford’s “Beatitudes;” and the seniors won laurels in their graduation recitals.

Three of our members will go hence, bearing the “sheep-skin.” Fondly we bid them farewell! Soon they shall meet the stern realities of life face to face, but we trust the music which permeates their whole being will make life’s pathway one continuous song. To you who are striving to gain the heights attained by those who are bidding us adieu we say—bon voyage!

## Characterizations.

DIRECTOR NAGEL—3 1-2 octaves short! Perfect symphony of good nature and harmonic smiles.

ASSISTANT IN PIANO, MISS HARTEL—Ruhige dunkle stimmung—bewegt zu besonderer Energie als Direktorin der Nachtgallen in der Damen Halle.

RUTH MILAM—Makes you think of a faint half-forgotten melody.

EDITH HAENSSLER—Musical prodigy: pianist, vocalist, organist, violinist, orchestra directress!

NORA EISENSTEIN—She is likened unto the last chord written in a faint minor key.

FRANCES KIRSHMAN—3 octaves—abbreviated. She is of a planissimo nature, steadfast and adhesive in manner.

PAULINE MEYER—Style, a staccato brunette. Deciso in manner. Her face, a measure of smiles. She longs for a whole rest.

ERNA SELL—A rhapsody of blue eyes and yellow hair, with variations of freckles and sunshine.

ALBERT HESSEL—Docile, with a semi-staccato manner. Can sing "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" and command a squad of soldiers.

DASCHLER—Has learned to sing do, re, mi. Sehr lebhaft bewegt.

BERTHA JACOBY—Affectionato al fine. Allegro agitato movimento. (Prof. Nagel heard in Conservatory corridor.)

PAUL WIPPERMANN—7 1-3 octaves high, twice repeated. Grossartig? Rather!

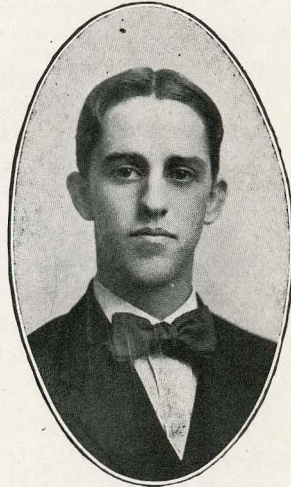
OLIN HESSEL—Aspiration—to be a physician. Musically inspired by a violin(?) Peg!

OSCAR WERNER—Primo tenore—college quartette. Semper forte.

College Quartette.



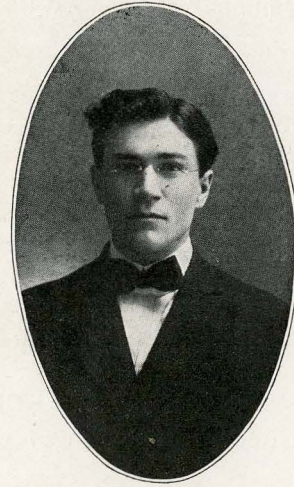
O. H. WERNER  
FIRST TENOR



A. L. HESSEL  
SECOND TENOR



OLIN HESSEL  
FIRST BASS



A. F. DASCHLER  
SECOND BASS



C. W. C. ORCHESTRA

# Orchestra.

## Officers.

E. E. BAUMAN, PRESIDENT. JNO. KIENLE, VICE-PRESIDENT.

C. G. KLEINSCHMIDT, SECRETARY-TREASURER. MISS EDITH HAENSSLER, DIRECTRESS.

First Violin: Pauline Meyer, George A. Meine, Erwin E. Schowengerdt, Robert Bolm, E. E. Bauman.

Second Violin: Bertha Lang, Jno. Kienle, Ferdinand Wirth, O. J. Hohn, E. H. Bauer.

Mandolin, Olin J. Hessel. 1st Cornet, John Bartholomaeus. 2nd Cornet, Victor Eisenstein.

Clarinet, Theo. Hollmann. Flute, C. G. Kleinschmidt. Baritone, Dr. F. W. Linnert.

Cello, Raymond Addicks. Accompanist, Marie Addicks. Drums, O. Leiser, Minor Bartholomaeus.

This year's orchestra which began with only a few members who displayed any interest in the work, has grown to a prosperous organization. The year's work was entered upon with scarcely any signs of success. But after the harmonious sounds of a few stringed instruments made their appeal to the busy student, he too was willing to unite his talent with that of the few and assist in the work. Week after week the organization grew. The Warrenton Band showed its appreciation in the work by sending on request the band instruments necessary to make the organization complete. With the united forces of twenty-one wide awake musicians the organization then prospered.

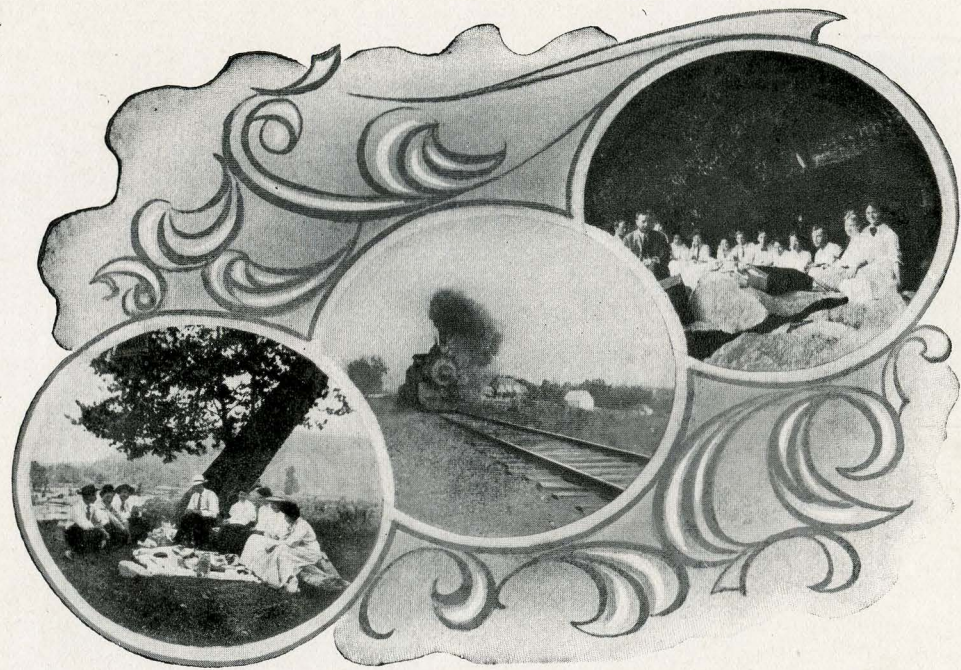
Miss Edith Haenssler, the directress, has proved herself to be an efficient leader. Under her guidance most gratifying results have been attained. The members of the organization are those who are students of stringed instruments, and others who are competent players on any orchestral instrument.

On April 15 the orchestra rendered its first annual concert. The numbers were all well rendered and a good program was reported by all those present.

We look forward to a much larger and better orchestra next year which we anticipate shall surpass any preceding one.



A DAY WITH NATURE ON CHARRETTE



AN OUTING ON CHARRETTE



Organizations.

# Goethenia.

## Officers.

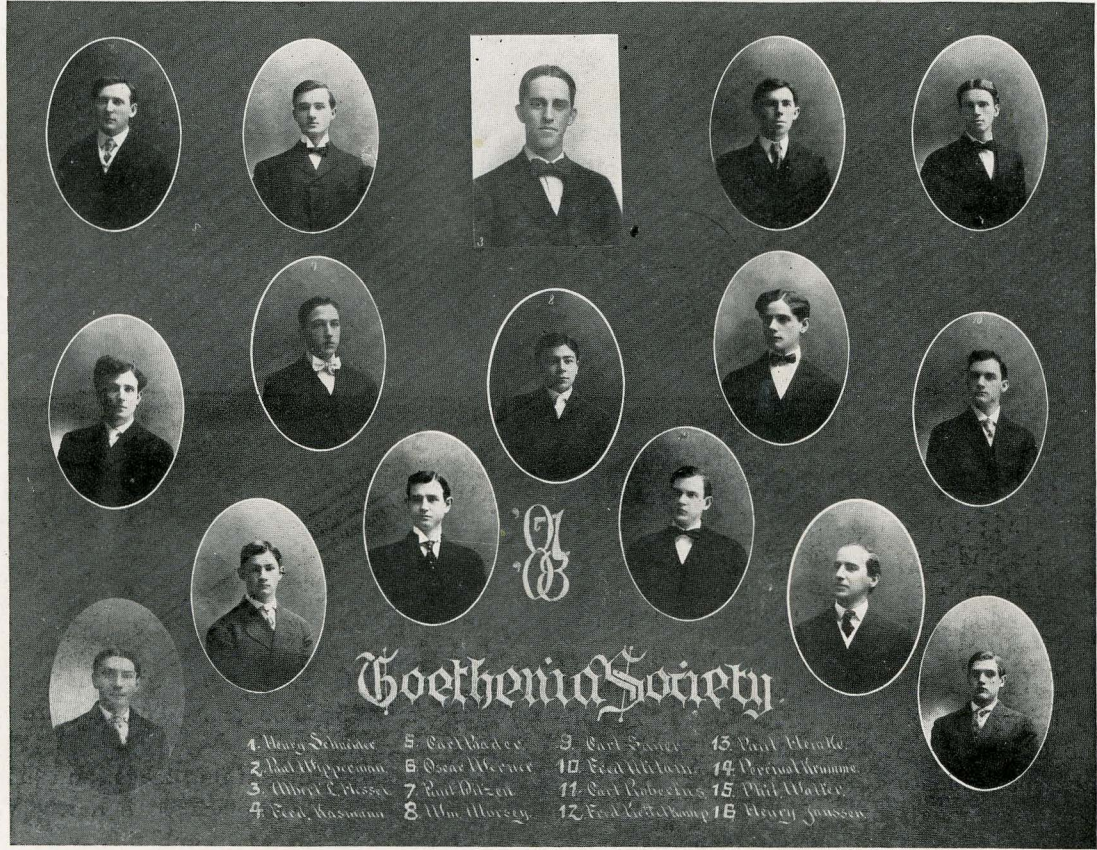
WM. MORSEY,	-	-	PRESIDENT.
CARL O. SAUER,	-	-	VICE-PRESIDENT.
HY. F. SCHNEIDER,	-	-	REC. SECRETARY.
PHIL H. WALTER,	-	-	COR. SECRETARY.
PAUL HEMKE,	-	-	TREASURER.
B. A. STAGNER,	-	-	CRITIC.

## Hell.

Razzle dazzle! razzle dazzle!  
Sis! Boom! Bah!  
Goethenia!! Goethenia!!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Colors: CORN YELLOW AND RED.  
Motto: "MEHR LICHT."

## Roll.

Bader, Carl; Ditzen, Paul H.; Hemke, Paul; Hessel, Albert L.; Janssen, Henry; Kassman, F. H.  
Kettlekamp, F. O.; Krumme, Percival; Milam, Fred; Morsey, Wm.;  
Robertus, Carl; Sauer, Carl O.; Schneider, Hy. F.; Stagner, B. A.; Walter, Phil. H.  
Werner, Oscar H.; Wipperman, Paul W.



1. Henry Schmitt	5. Carl Bader	9. Carl Sauer	13. Paul Herke
2. Paul Wyprecht	6. Oscar Werner	10. Karl Wilton	14. Herual Wonne
3. Albert C. Piesse	7. Paul Stizen	11. Carl Lubelius	15. Phil Walter
4. Ferd. Kasimann	8. Wm. Morsey	12. Karl Kalkamp	16. Henry Jansen

## Goethenia.

Another year has made its round and Goethenia has kept pace with the rapid strides of Central Wesleyan. Certainly this can be explained by the fact that it was made up of the leading men of the school. Of its seventeen members, eleven are on the roll of Seniors, three are Juniors, two are Sophomores and one a Professor.

Owing to this grade of talent, the members show their diversified interest in various lines. „Viele Koepfe, viele Sinne” is an old proverb and it can be applied even to Goethenians. President Morse presides with the sternness of Speaker Cannon. Judge Ditzen is the enforcer of the Law of the Medes and Persians, one that is needed in all organizations because the general opinion today is: “We don’t need more laws, we need more law.” Prof. Walter is our authority in English and exhibits great originality in all his productions. Principal Stagner being accustomed to have children about him points out our faults. But we must also make mention of our Political men, Dr. Kettelkamp, although one of Bryan’s campaign leaders, is a great friend and standby. Abbreviated Wipperman, our Taft leader, is a leader also of

Athletics. Consul Sauer, although C. W. C’s best all around Literary shark, is our society painter. Anyone wishing terms had better see him and his force, since he has a standing enforcement. Dr. Krumme Ph. D., President of C. W. C. Social Culture Club, is a close observer of all manners and customs. We look forth to the happy completion of his work of two volumes on “Etiquette.” Senator Kassman is a debating shark as a result of abstention from all social life (girls we mean). But we must not forget that we are well represented in “sporting lines,” Rev. Bader our first President this year, and Farmer Milam are the choice of our fair opposite sex and rightly so, we can’t all be bachelors which is generally an editor’s luck. Janssen, the Baker, Schneider the Veterinarian, and Hemke the “Krieger” constitute our Junior force. Robertus represents the ever-active Sophomores. The rest are only to be heard and not seen.

We are proud of our deeds, and justly so, for they give us a high place of honor. We always did our specials well but this year we did one better, just “As You Like It.”

# Philomathia Society.

## Officers.

EMMA BRENNER,	-	PRESIDENT.
ESTELLE EVERSMEYER,		VICE-PRESIDENT.
CLARA WEHKING,	-	REC. SECRETARY
HELEN KORB,	-	COR. SECRETARY.
ELLA WALTER,	-	TREASURER.
KATHRYN FICKEN,	-	CRITIC.

## Hell.

Boom-a-cracker, Boom-a-chacker roi!  
Sis boom firecracker, Philosmoi!  
Hipza, Rahza, Sis rah boom,  
We are Philomathians, Give us room!

Motto: "ROWING, NOT DRIFTING."

## Members.

Clara Baur, Emma Brenner, Pauline Cast, Otilia Dueker, Estelle Eversmeyer, Kathryn Ficken,  
Mary Kellner, Frances Kirshman, Helen Korb, Anna Lotz,  
Emma Meyer, Georgia Miller, Emma Nothdurft, Erna Sell, Ella Walter, Clara Wehking.



PHILOMATHIA IN MARTHA WASHINGTON COSTUME

## A Conversation.

PLACE:—Parlor in Ladies Hall, C. W., C.

TIME:— Commencement, June, 1914.

CHARACTERS:—Mrs. G. CAST, nee FICKEN, wife of Prof. G. Cast, Professor of German and boarding manager.

MISS OTILLIA DUEKER:—Preceptress of Woman's Home in large co-educational College at Caxton, Nevada; also Professor of Greek and Hebrew.

MISS ERNA SELL:— Lecturer, prominent as advocate of and agitator for Woman's Suffrage.

Kathryn: Oh girls, I am in the worst predicament! Georgia and Frances have just arrived and I don't know where to find room for them. This Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration is crowding our capacity to the utmost. You were indeed lucky to have arrived in time to get such pleasant rooms at the Orphan Home.

Otillia: Some more Philomathia girls here? How delightful!

Erna: Yes, isn't it? We must have a spread and a good general "confab" together before we go home. But I want to see Frances at once. Where is she?

Kathryn: She is resting now, and would rather not be disturbed, I think, for she is quite fatigued from travel and overwork. You know, as manager of the Park Conservatory of music in St. Paul, she has toiled unceasingly and because of her efficiency has made famous both herself and her school. Georgia, however, will soon be down.

Erna: I heard that HER husband has made a phenomenal record as Sousa's successor. I do not wonder at it a bit. Don't you remember his dili-

gence and perseverance as founder and manager of our orchestra in 1908.

Otillia: Talk about phenomenal records! I think Clara Baur has eclipsed us all. Who ever suspected that that quiet girl would develop into an astronomer, known over the whole world for her wonderful discoveries? She must be fonder of star-gazing than she appeared to be.

Kathryn: Well such is life! One never can tell how things will turn out. I never thought Pauline would forget the embryo preacher she ran with here. But, goodness, that wealthy rancher from Australia who visited our neighbors two years ago, just picked her up willy-nilly and took her to his home across the Pacific. She has found her manager all right and is as meek as you please.

Otillia: I believe we girls are scattered to the four corners of the earth. Anna and her husband are settled in a German parish at Spring Valley, Idaho, and Ella Walter and Mary Kellner are teaching in the Philippines. Then Helen Korb is in Damascus and Emma Meier in China. That courtship over the dishpan is really going to culminate, for C—L—left for China last month.

Kathryn: Emma Nothdurft is the only girl who has been sensible enough to stay with her parents. Her life and her character are a potent influence for good in her home community.

Erna: By the way, where is Clara Wehking and what is she doing?

Kathryn: Why, didn't you know that she and her musical(!) husband have gone to Germany for the summer? Upon their return they will take charge of Frances's conservatory for Frances has finally decided that tho "music hath charms" so hath—well, I am not supposed to tell.

Erna: Just as you say, but I'll get the information from Frances herself. You see if I don't! I'll ask her at once. She has rested long enough. Excuse me, please.

(Exit Miss Sell).

Kathryn: I should think that Erna's responsibilities would make her more precise and dignified, but actually she's as flighty as ever.

Otillia: Not to change the subject at all—but have you heard the latest about Estelle? There really was foundation for our suspicions in regard to those letters from Hyde Park, Chicago. She lives there, now. I am quite positive she and her literary (?) affinity will be here some time this week.

Kathryn: The little minx! She always was quiet about her "affaire du coeur." I never knew but that those letters were from her sister.

Otillia: Why Kathie, I gave you credit for more perspicuity than that. I supposed you knew

it all the time. Perhaps, you didn't notice Emma Brenner's "case" either.

Kathryn: Oh! that was too evident. But her name is no longer Brenner. She and her friend of the "sweet and tranquil sea of matrimony" fame have embarked on a "Cunard" steamer for Germany for the "Honorable" has been invited to deliver a series of addresses on "Republican Law" at the Heidelberg University. Emma will address the Woman's Club on "The Status of American Women."

Otillia: I always said she presented an excellent appearance on the platform—and you must remember she received most of her training in Philomathia, the rose among the thorns of literary societies of this institution.

Kathryn: That is true. Isn't it sad though to think how many who were here never took advantage of this manner of systematically developing their literary abilities? You know our strength as a society never lay in the number, but in the faithfulness, industry and perseverance of its members. That the discipline was of incalculable and invaluable advantage has been proven by our success.—But there are the girls coming down the stairs! Let's go to meet them.

Exeunt Mrs. Cast and Miss Dueker.

# Garfield Society.

## Officers.

M. D. OTT,	-	-	PRESIDENT.
L. W. WIPPERMAN,	-	-	VICE-PRESIDENT.
L. W. HARTEL,	-	-	CHAPLAIN.
A. C. BOHM,	-	-	COR. SECRETARY.
E. YAEGER,	-	-	REC. SECRETARY.
C. G. KLEINSCHMIDT,	-	-	TREASURER.
H. E. GRUNER,	-	-	CRITIC.
O. H. QUILLMAN,	-	-	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

## Hell.

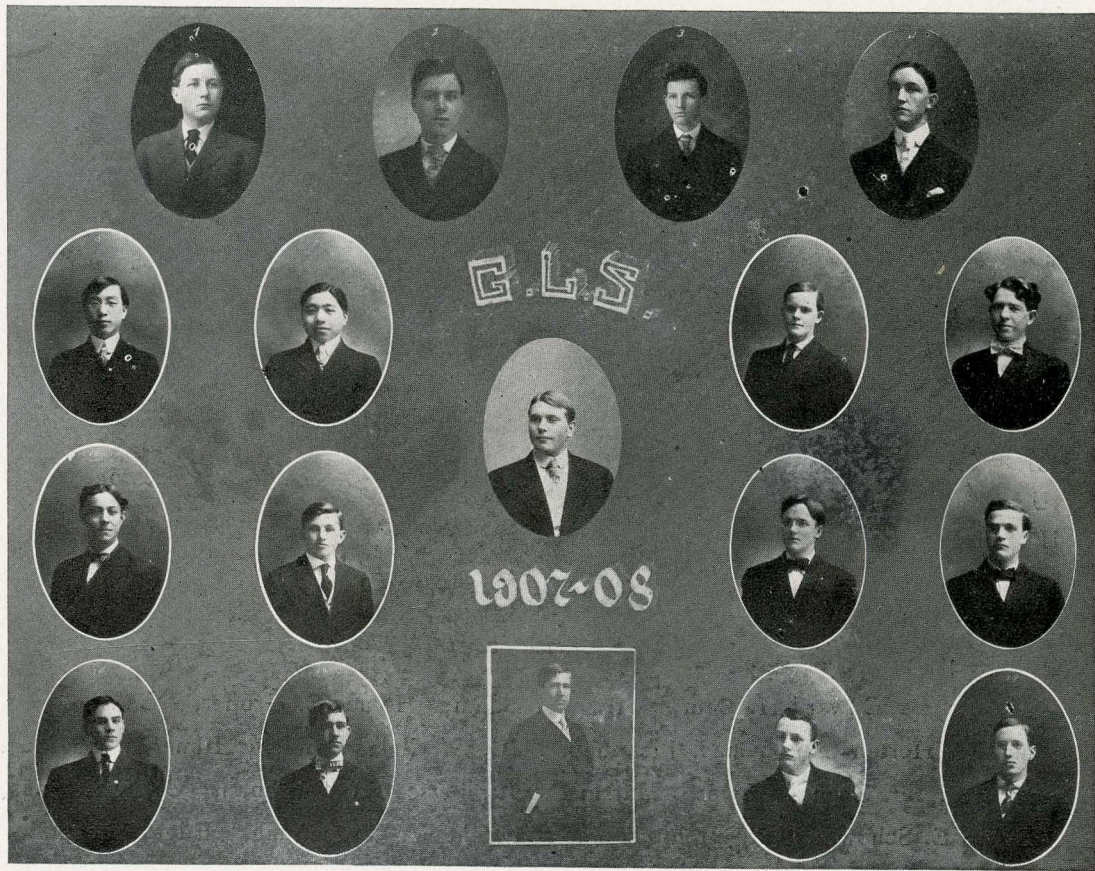
Chick-a-go-rock,  
Go-rack-go-ree,  
Garfield, Garfield,  
Wel !!

Motto: "EXCELSIOR."

Colors: RED AND BLACK.

## Members.

Raymond C. Addicks, Edward H. Baur, Alvin C. Bohm, Homer E. Gruner, Lawrence W. Hartel,  
Bernard H. Hertenstein, Chas. Johannaber, C. G. Kleinschmidt, Hilmer C. Lindauer,  
Frank Ling, F. Zwingli Meyer, Martin D. Ott, Oscar H. Quillman, Chas. H. Sasse,  
Erwin E. Schowengerdt, John Tang, Lawrent W. Wipperman, Edgar Yaeger.



## Garfieldian Notes.

Garfield Society has just had one of the most prosperous years in its history. We would in no way mar the record of its successes by praising them though anything less would be inadequate.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few personal notes may be of interest to friends of the Garfieldians.

Bolm: I would like to join the orchestra.

Bauman: What instrument can you play?

Bohm: I can rattle my brains.

Hartel has moved to the roof of Eisenmayer Hall in order to be able to study astronomy better.

Lindauer defending a man who has just been fined: "It is not de fine but de brincibal ob de ding."

Ask Sasse how much he would take for himself with his new overcoat on.

Schowengerdt has gone into the real-estate business. He will sell you land in Texas at 25c an acre that far surpasses the most fertile spots in Missouri or Illinois.

Addicks thinks "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

Quillman in Gruner's room reading a novel: "Gruner what does 'sop—histicated' mean?"

Yaeger will make a professional farmer. He says he can haul fourteen tons of hay on one wagon drawn by two horses.

Kleinschmidt rises very early; he needs no waking.—He has one (Clara.)

Baur makes pictures, his girl paints—a family of artists.

Tang, alias "Satchel," is noted for his talk on girls.

Ling is very modest and unassuming and does not talk much and so gives us no opportunity for a joke.

Meyer is going on the stage. We are confident that if the manager of a theatrical troupe could hear him rehearse "about—seek—burn—kill—slay—let not a traitor live," he would consider him a rare personification of operatic talent.

Ott joined the Hincumfunnydusters but did not stay with them long. Wonder why? Possibly it was on account of his studies.

Gruner has overcome his sporting proclivities and is now applying himself diligently to his studies.

Hertenstein alias "Yasaac" seems to have a strong desire to affiliate with the faculty; he has been hanging around one of the homes very often here of late.

Johannaber has overcome his "obstakles" in college life.

Wipperman will no doubt be Professor Frick's successor as Professor of Mathematics next year.



**Y. W. C. A. CABINET**

Estelle Eversmeyer, Irene Hartel, Edith Haenssler, Emilie Jacob, Emma Brenner.  
Bertha Jacoby, Maude Drew, Ellen Walter, Kathryn Ficken.

## Y. W. C. A. Notes.

MAUD M. DREW, President; EDITH HAENSSLER, Vice President; ESTELLE J. EVERSMEYER, Secretary;  
ELLA WALTER, Treasurer; IRENE A. HARTEL, Chairman Bible Study Committee;  
AMELIA M. JACOB, Chairman Missionary Com.; KATHRYN W. FICKEN, Chairman Devotional Com.;  
EMMA J. BRENNER, Chairman Social Committee; BERTHA J. JACOBY, Chairman Intercollegiate Committee.

The enrollment of the Y. W. C. A. during this year has surpassed that of former years, for the association now has seventy members. Every Tuesday evening we have our regular meetings, led by some member of the association. Our speakers are sometimes members and oftentimes outside speakers, who give us interesting and beneficial talks. The girls enjoy the "heart to heart" talks which are given by Mrs. Vosholl.

Bible study classes were organized with an enrollment of twenty-eight members. The following books are studied:—"Life of Christ" (Sharman) and "Harmony of Gospel" (Stevens and Burton) taught by Miss Heidel; "Miracles," Miss Frick; "Parables," Miss Brenner.

Our Cabinet this year has been studying a book on "Personal Work," taught by Mrs. Vosholl. We find it very helpful to ourselves in helping others.

A mission study class has also been formed.

They study "Gloria Christi" (Anna Lindsay), taught by Mrs. Rinkel.

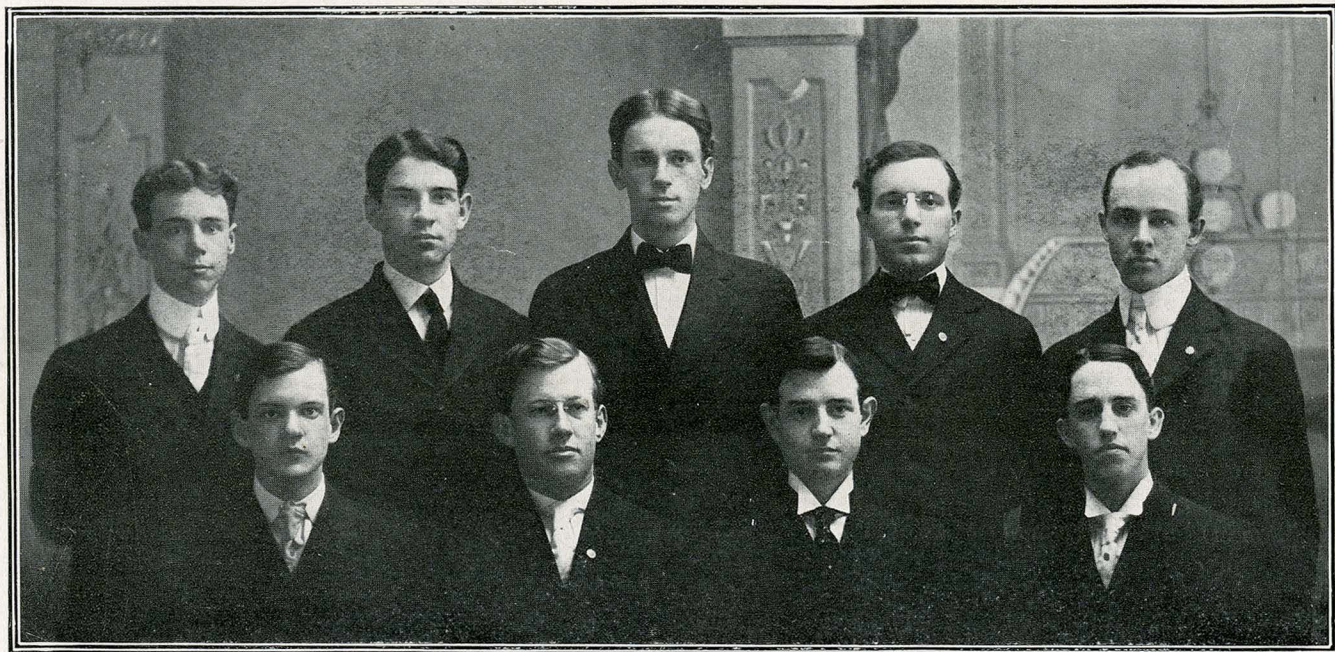
Miss Drew represented our association at the "Summer Conference" held at Cascade, Colo. in August. She brought back new ideas and plans for the benefit of the organization.

To the state convention held at St. Joseph, Mo., in November we sent four delegates:— Ella Walter, Clara Eversmeyer, Amelia Jacob, and Elsie Kramer. They reported an enjoyable time and noted things of benefit.

Our Association manifests great strength, not only in number but a true religious spirit and feeling exists. The girls take an active part and feel it their duty to do anything willingly and cheerfully that they are called upon to do.

Our prayer meetings are of special benefit, when all the girls feel free to take part. Our aim is to raise the girls to a higher standard of Christian life.

BERTHA JACOBY.



**Y. M. C. A. CABINET**

Geo. Nothdurft, J. T. Myers, C. G. Bader, Jno. E. Kienle, John Noltensmeyer.  
P. H. Krumme, L. W. Nagel, F. O. Kettelkamp, Albert L. Hessel.

## Y. M. C. A.

W. L. NAGEL, President; A. L. HESSEL, Vice President; CARL BADER, Secretary; J. T. MYERS, Treasurer;  
P. H. KRUMME, Chairman Religious Committee; JOHN NOLTENMEYER, Chairman Bible Committee;  
GEORGE NOTHDURFT, Chairman Mission Study Committee; FRED KETTELKAMP, Chairman Social Committee;  
JOHN E. KIENLE, Chairman Reception Committee.

The Y. M. C. A. during the past year has received cordial support on every hand and prides itself on having rendered at least a small service to the men of the student body. This is exactly as it should be. The Association in C. W. C. endeavors to meet certain intellectual, social and especially religious requirements in the life of every student whom it can influence. It does not try to foist on the boys something they do not want, but to satisfy a need which every student feels. And in view of these facts it is only to be expected that it receive healthy support from the faculty and student body.

Active interest has been taken in Bible and Mission study. C. W. C. ranks with the first in these branches. The devotional meetings have been interspersed by several life-work talks, which were distinguished especially by candid sincerity. A number of enjoyable social events have relieved the monotony of student life.

The year just closed was the sixth in the Y. M. C. A.'s history in C. W. C. We expect the seventh to be more fruitful and successful than any previous one.

We have eighty-five members.



THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

# The Student Volunteer Band.

## Officers.

CHAS. J. LOTZ,	President.	ALBERT L. HESSEL,	Secretary.
JNO. H. NOLTENSMEYER,	Vice-President.	MISS EMMA MEIER,	Treasurer.

## Members.

Louis Duewel, Mattie Dutton, A. L. Hessel, Mary Kellner, H. A. Laeger, Frank Ling, Chas. J. Lotz, Emma Meier, John H. Noltensmeyer, George C. Nothdurft, Jacob Thiessen, Mayme Schmidt, John Tang.

The Student Volunteer Band is again on a solid footing. Last year there was a band in College, however its existence was scarcely known by students not members. There were only five members, all these except one returned for this year's school. Now the Band has a membership of fourteen.

The Spirit of God has been and is having a great influence on the thoughts and conduct of the students. Never before have we been so impressed and so clearly informed that we should first try to do the will of God and all things will be added unto us. (Matt 6:33). We desire to follow that occupation in which we feel the greatest need exists and for which we possibly may become efficient.

Some of us have felt the special need of spreading the Gospel. We express our intentions by being student volunteers. We feel the need of more workers in Africa, China, India and other foreign fields.

We love to think of the time when we shall be prepared to do effective work abroad. It is our

purpose to acquire such knowledge and to have such experiences as will make us able missionaries. Should we be hindered in any way from attaining efficiency or should we be thwarted by physical disabilities, we shall give up our one minor ideal, but never shall we diverge from the supreme purpose to serve God as long as we live.

We have before us the motto of our Band, "The evangelization of the world in this generation." So if we are not factors in this cause abroad, we can be agents here at home. For in all great undertakings there needs to be a firm, strong base. Persons, as laymen, can and occasionally should direct their gaze and interests to mission work abroad. Then there is much to be done in missions right here at home. There are plenty left here to do it too. The shortage is caused by lack of application of the best that is in us. We beseech that we and many others may be more sincere, energetic workers at home and if abroad be capable missionaries.

A. H.



**EPWORTH LEAGUE CABINET**

Standing: Dr. A. W. Ebeling,  
Carl Fritz, Carl O. Sauer.

Sitting: Marie Hemke, Prof. Weif-  
fenbach, President; Edith Kriege.

# Epworth League.

## Officers.

Dr. GEO. B. ADDICKS, President. Vice-Presidents: PROF. WEIFFENBACH, DR. A. W. EBELING,  
MISS OLIVIA HEIDEL, MISS KATE FRICK. Rec. Secretary, HENRY MAAG. Cor. Secretary, MISS MARIE HEMKE.  
Treasurer, CARL SAUER. Organist, MISS EDITH KRIEGE,

The growth and development of our Epworth League during the year has been a source of great pleasure for both cabinet and members. The interest in the meetings has been unflinching, and the participation and attendance all that could be desired. The E. L. room is nearly always well filled. The league enrollment is about 140 members.

The chief stress of our work is laid on the devotional side, as social and literary demands are met by the other organizations of the school. The question that has occasionally been raised as to whether or not it would be wise to drop the league work, since Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. supply the necessary devotional meetings, has always met with an emphatic negation on the ground that the

joint meetings of young men and women are the most helpful and blessed, that even though this is the chief aim, our league has been active in other directions; such as supporting and doing missionary work, visiting the poor and the sick, as well as purchasing books for the use of both league and Sunday School. The efforts of the Social Committee livened the quiet of last summer's vacation by arranging a picnic at Little Charrette which proved a great success.

Several of the special meetings held at various times, deserve special mention. One was the union rally meeting of all the young peoples' organizations of the town, which undoubtedly brought a great blessing to all who attended. Dr. Addicks delivered the address. Our league also accepted the invitation of the M. E. Church South organization to hear a most profitable address by our League president. Another meeting which was especially helpful was the one in which the topic "What About the Kingdom," the question which struck the key-note at the convention at St. Joseph was discussed, and the New Years' Motto meeting, when each gave his motto for the New Year, will no doubt, be long remembered.

Die hiesigen Umhände verlangen, da eine ziemliche Anzahl nicht deutschredender Studenten zur Liga gehören, daß wir Deutsch und Englisch in unserm Vereine gebrauchen. Das Programm besteht gewöhnlich aus kurzen, von Herz zu Herzen gehenden Reden über die vorgeschriebenen Thematata, ernstern und herzlichern Gebeten und Gesängen, die aus Herzen kommen, die mit glühender Jesus-Liebe erfüllt sind. Ab und zu bringt ein lebendiger Gesang=Gottesdienst oder eine gesegnete Weihe=Stunde eine willkommene Abwechslung. Hier und da haben wir Epworth=Liga Versammlungen an Stelle des Abend-Gottesdienstes.

Die Versammlungen werden von einem zwanglosen Austausch der Gedanken und einer so herzlichern Spontaneität im Gebet und Gesang charakterisiert, wie es selten in solchen Vereinen zu finden ist. Ohne Zweifel ist die Liga ein Segen für Schule und Gemeinde. Vielen wird sie laut Bekenntnis zur Kraftstation, wo die Seele sich neue Gotteskraft und frischen Mut holt, durch die Gnade unseres Meisters.

Den Erfolg unseres Vereins verdanken wir der großen Willigkeit des Rabinets und der gesammten Bundesgenossen zum freudigen Dienen bei jeder Gelegenheit, die den schon vier Jahre dienenden Präsidenten, treulich und fleißig zur Seite stehen.

Als Verein streben wir immer mehr nach dem Ideal: Lebendiges Christentum zu fördern und das ganze Leben nach Jesu Sinn zu leben. „Einwärts! Aufwärts! Vorwärts!“ ist unsere Losung.— Marie Hemke, Korresp. Sekr.



STAR STAFF



BEFORE THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

# English Oratorical Association.

## Officers.

PAUL H. DITZEN, - - President.  
JOHN T. MYERS, - - Vice President.

GEO. VON TUNGELN, - - Secretary.  
EMMA BRENNER, - - Treasurer.

## Contestants.

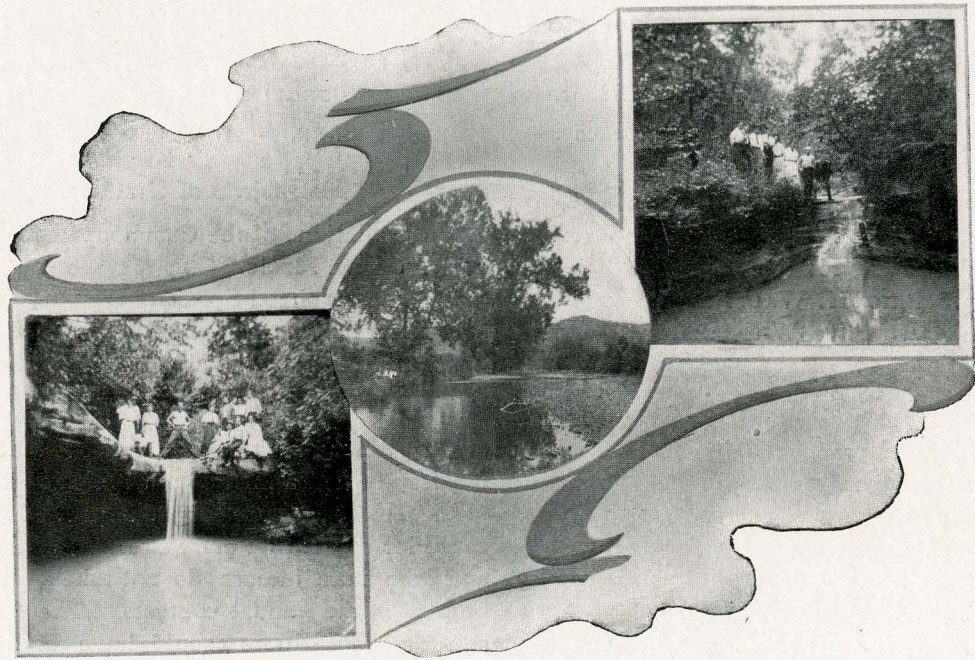
1. PERCIVAL KRUMME.
2. WILLIAM MORSEY.
3. PHIL. H. WALTER.
4. PAUL WIPPERMANN.
5. PAUL DITZEN.

## Subjects of Orations.

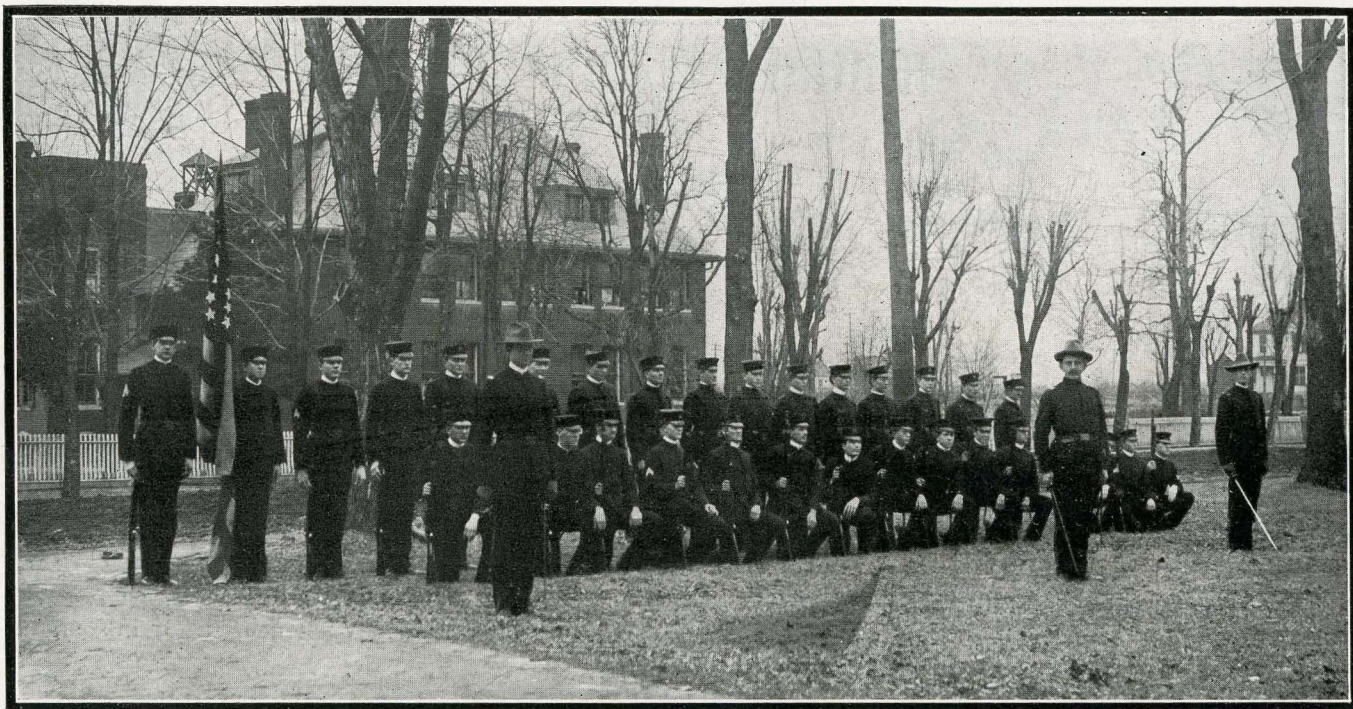
1. Consolations of the Commonplace man.
2. American Ideals.
3. When Manhood Speaks.
4. The True Ideal.
5. Our Notional Defender—Andrew Jackson.

That a love for and practice in the art of oratory might be encouraged and maintained in C. W. C., Mrs. Kriege and sons of Denver, Colorado, in 1893 established the Kriege Oratorical Prize. Annual Contests are held in which any classified student may take part. Steps are now being taken to make our Association a member of an Intercollegiate organization. The interest in oratory is by no means dead in C. W. C. It is the duty of the

men who come back next year to see that no stone is left unturned until we gain the place we deserve in the Intercollegiate Organization. It is a just cause for regret that more Freshmen, Sophomores and even more Juniors do not take a more lively interest in the Annual contests. There is no reason why the Seniors should have been the only orators in C. W. C. this year. Mr. Ditzen won first prize



SCENES ON CHARRETTE



MILITARY COMPANY

# Military Company,

## Officers.

PROF. E. WEIFFENBACH,	Captain.	L. DUEWEL,	Third Sergeant.
A. L. HESSEL,	First Lieutenant.	HENRY SCHNEIDER,	Fourth Sergeant.
F. O. KETTELKAMP,	Second Lieutenant.	VICTOR FRICK,	Color Sergeant.
P. H. KRUMME,	First Sergeant.	RAYMOND ADDICKS,	First Corporal.
L. W. HARTEL,	Second Sergeant.	CHARLES SASSE,	Second Corporal.

## Cadets.

Henry Barthel, E. Bauer, H. Bolt, A. C. Bohm, E. E. Bauman, A. Daschler, H. Freivogel, A. Hackman, E. Hasenjaeger, P. Hemke, R. Hohn, B. Hertenstein, Henry Janssen, Henry Carl, Charles Lotz, John Meyer, B. Overstreet, H. Peach, F. Preul, F. Reynolds, L. Shiermeyer, W. Steffen, R. Steinbach, J. D. Thiessen, George Von Tungeln, O. Werner, F. Wirth, E. Wirth.

## Odds and Ends of Military Tactics.

Since the burning of the Gymnasium the Museum has been pressed into service as an Armory. We hope that in the near future all the rifles now in use will be relegated to this most appropriate place. They are relics and should be put on the shelf. Let's all pull for new rifles.

Capt. "What is meant by rout step?"

Private in rear rank. "That means that if the route of march is long, you take long steps, if short, take short steps."

Officer. "When is the command 'Quick Time' given and what does it mean?"

Cadet. "The command 'Quick' Time is given only when being closely pressed by the enemy and it means to get out as quickly as possible."

Lotz (preparing to load shells) "Sergeant we can't find the decapitator."

Mr. H. to Mr. K., who is wearing his military trousers; "Hello there! Well, I see you are wearing your brave pants this morning."

Capt. in written exams. "What two kinds of commands have we?"

Cadet T. "The commands comparative and exautive."

Hasenjaeger measures his growth in weight by the number of military trousers he has had to buy.

1st Private. "What are we going to eat at Camp this year?"

2nd Private. "Shadow soup."

"What's that?"

"O, that's made by hanging up a bean so it will throw its shadow in a kettle of water for about five minutes. After this it is ready to serve. Guaranteed to quench thirst."

Corporal to private on guard. "If you see some one approach, tell him three times to halt, whereupon if he continues to advance you shall fire on him.

Guard seeing man advance; "Halt three times there or I shoot."

Guard on duty. "Halt! who's there?" "Advance and give the countersign, Gettysburg."

"Gettysburg."

There was no more disturbance.

# Athletic Association.

## Officers.

C. G. BADER,	-	-	President.	OLIN J. HESSEL,	-	-	Secretary.
PAUL WIPPERMAN,	-	-	Vice-President.	A. R. KALLMEYER,	-	-	Treasurer.
			RAY C. ADDICKS, Mascot.				

## Games Basket Ball.

	WON	LOST
Nov. 16, 1907, Granite City H. S. at Warrenton, - - -	55-8	
Dec. 27, 1907, South Side Y. M. C. A. at St. Louis, - - -		46-37
Dec. 28, 1907, North Side Y. M. C. A. at St. Louis, - - -		59-29
Feb. 3, 1908, Central College at Fayette, Mo., - - -	24-13	
Feb. 4, 1908, Kemper Military at Boonville, Mo., - - -		26-22

## Games Base Ball.

	WON	LOST
May 25, 1907, Wellsville 2nd team vs. College 2nd team, - - -	29-2	
June 11, 1907, Marthasville "Owls" at Warrenton, - - -	14-7	
Oct. 5, 1907, Jonesburg Leaguers at Warrenton, - - -	28-7	
Apr. 4, 1908, Warrenton on College diamond, - - -	18-6	
Apr. 18, 1908, Warrenton on College diamond - - -	3-2	
Apr. 25, 1908, Missouri Military of Mexico, Mo., at Warrenton, - - -	12-2	
May 9, 1908, Warrenton on College diamond, - - -		10-9

## Central Wesleyan College Athletic Dictionary.

**ADDICKS.** The promising scion of the House of George B. General all around shark; basket ball, base ball, tennis and pole vaulting. Has never been known to let his college work interfere with his athletics.

**BILL, (Morsey).** Makes 'em drop in the well out in center field, sure with the hickory and wears that eternal grin.

**DEBBY, (Delventhal).** The expert twirler; speed galore and curves—O My, watch for that sneaky raise.

**FAYETTE.** The place where our basket ball team in the secondhalf turned the joyous hope of the first half into grievous disappointment for the Central boys.

**FIELD DAY.** An important college event of mediaeval times and the passing of which is a mile stone in the development of athletics in C. W. C.

**FREIVOGEL.** The good natured little dutchman who gets his athletics by acting as everybody's boot-jack at Eisenmayer.

**GYM.** An imaginary place where all kinds of stunts are performed, but which is soon going to be a stunning reality. A Senior: "Why in thun-

der couldn't that box car burn down when I'd get some benefit out of a new one."

**HOMER GRUNER.** A species of parlor athlete.

**ISAAC, (Hertenstein).** Native of Israel; left fielder, sure catch and sometime a slugger when his batting eye is clear. Hopes to be a professor some day.

**JINKS, (Krumme).** Captain of the horse marine; star of the Hoplitcs but very modest about it.

**JOCKEY, (Hefter).** A fast basket ball gaurd and a faster third baseman. You'll do, Jockey.

**KALLY, (Kallmeyer).** A crackerjack at guard in basket ball and also a broad jumper. Outside of athletics he does nothing but dig and grind.

**KETTEL, (Kettelkamp).** Left forward basket ball team; successful bluffer; great on grammar, likes to conjugate and always uses the verb drew as a model.

**LIZZIE, (Bohm).** A variable quantity. Can dissipate all he wants and come forth as fresh and rosy as a new born babe. Occasionally does something that other people have not told him to do.

MARTHASVILLE. Birthplace of Hasenjaeger, ergo: a great city. Makes a very "picture-skew" appearance.

QUILL, (Quillman). Second baseman; dreams and dreams about the St. Louis Cardinals.

ROBY, (Robertus). Steady old hoss; right there when he's wanted; right forward, basket ball team; short-stop, also a bad egg when it comes to whipping 'em across the pan.

RUNNING TRACK. Another hallucinating will-o'-the-wisp that's going to become real one of these days when we wake up.

SAUER. A species of theoretical athlete. Can give instant information on parentage, nationality, age, early educational advantages, personal appearances, batting average and future prospects of any base ball player in either league. A Hop-lite.

SCHIERMEIER. The man behind (the bat). To see him play is a treat.

SHORTY, (Schulze). Noted for his speed (?) as left guard on the Basket ball team. Burned all the paraffine off the gym floor at Boonville. Right fielder; dutchman. When asked what he liked best of all, unconcernedly says, "O, Nodi(ngs.)"

Sox, (Earp). One of the three married men; forward, Little Giants; snappy ball player. Lots of wind.

ST. LOUIS. The village we visit when we want to learn by sad experience how to play basket-ball.

SONNY, [Bader]. Another of the three married men; President A. A.; first baseman; only southpaw. Likes all kinds of sporting except Dormitory sporting [?] Bang!!!

SPUDS, [Myers]. Coach on the Fayette-Boonville trip; grand exalted past master potato eater at the Hotel Million and everywhere else. High muckymuck, general adviser, knocker and disseminator of wise tips on anything pertaining to athletics—especially the St. Louis Browns. One of ye scribes.

TUBBY. Ye "Ott" to see him stick up for the Cardinals. Heavy of toot, good on the pull (at his pipe) and a sure setter in the grand stand.

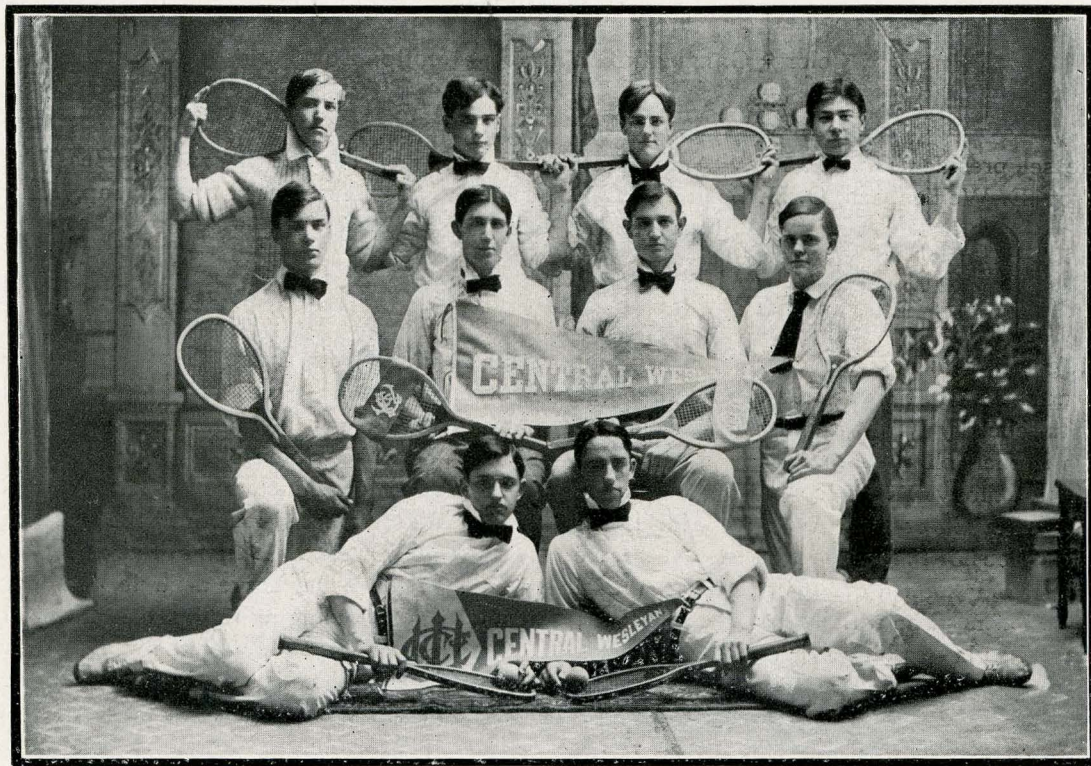
YE OTHER SCRIBE. A lengthy individual who disports himself on the green with exaggerated grace and superabundant vigor.



C. W. C. BASE BALL TEAM



C. W. C. BASKET BALL SQUAD



WALTON TENNIS CLUB

# The Walton Tennis Club.

FOUNDED 1907

Colors: GREEN AND WHITE.      Motto: LOVE ALL.

## Members.

Albert Hessel, president; Carl Sauer, vice president; Erwin Schowengerdt, secretary; O. J. Hessel, treasurer; Prof. E. Weiffenbach, O. H. Schulze, H. E. Gruner, Carl Meyer, Fred Kettelkamp, Rixey, William Morsey, Raymond Addicks.

## A Prose Idyl of the Walton Court.

Amid green trees lies the court, looking out upon the athletic field to the east. On the side stretches the country road, with farmers going home from town in their slow, lumbering wagons. The afternoon sun throws a welcome shade on its white sand but a short time before glaring in the sun. The echoes of the last bell have died on the lazy breeze, and soon a group of players in cool white stroll down. The white net, the count lines, the suits of the players blending with the fluttering green of the trees round about—the colors of the Walton Court!

The server stands with racket poised high above his head—serve one—with a vicious zip the ball hits in the court—the game is on! Strength

and skill and brains are being pitted against each other. Furious serves alternate with tricky cuts and curves. Volleys and lobs are employed to break down the defense of the opponent. The ball is directed into uncovered territory, and so the games are won and lost until the first supper-bell rings its warning. Bathed in sweat, glowing from the exertion, every nerve a-tingle, feeling refreshed and with a rousing appetite, the players leave the court to exchange play for the work of the school again. The place is deserted now; but the morning sun will again witness the white balls whinnying from side to side, and when the heat of noon has abated sufficiently, the grounds again become the scene of activity until once more night falls.

## Walton Tennis Club.

Patent not applied for by Wm. L. Morsey.

On the eastern end of Walton Street,  
Not very far away,  
There lies a pretty tennis court  
Where each one loves to play.

The club was found a year ago.  
Of members it had eight;  
But now it has some more you know,  
Whose names I shall relate.

The first of them a sweet young chap,  
Although his name is Sauer,  
Without a coat or hat or cap  
Plays tennis by the hour.

The next one is a happy boy  
Who dearly loves the dirt [?]  
He is somebody's sister's joy,  
His name is Schowengardt.

Shorty Schulze belongs to the club,  
This I want to say,  
Do not think Shorty a duf  
For he knows just how to play.

We have a professor with us too.  
Does this give you a shock?  
Let me introduce to you  
Professor Weiffenbach.

Another lad is Wipperman,  
Who has a dandy serve.

He puts them over black or tan,  
With an in, out, up, down curve.

His fame not known to ancient Greece,  
Who had a Homer sooner,  
We have a Homer, if you please,  
And this is Homer Gruner.

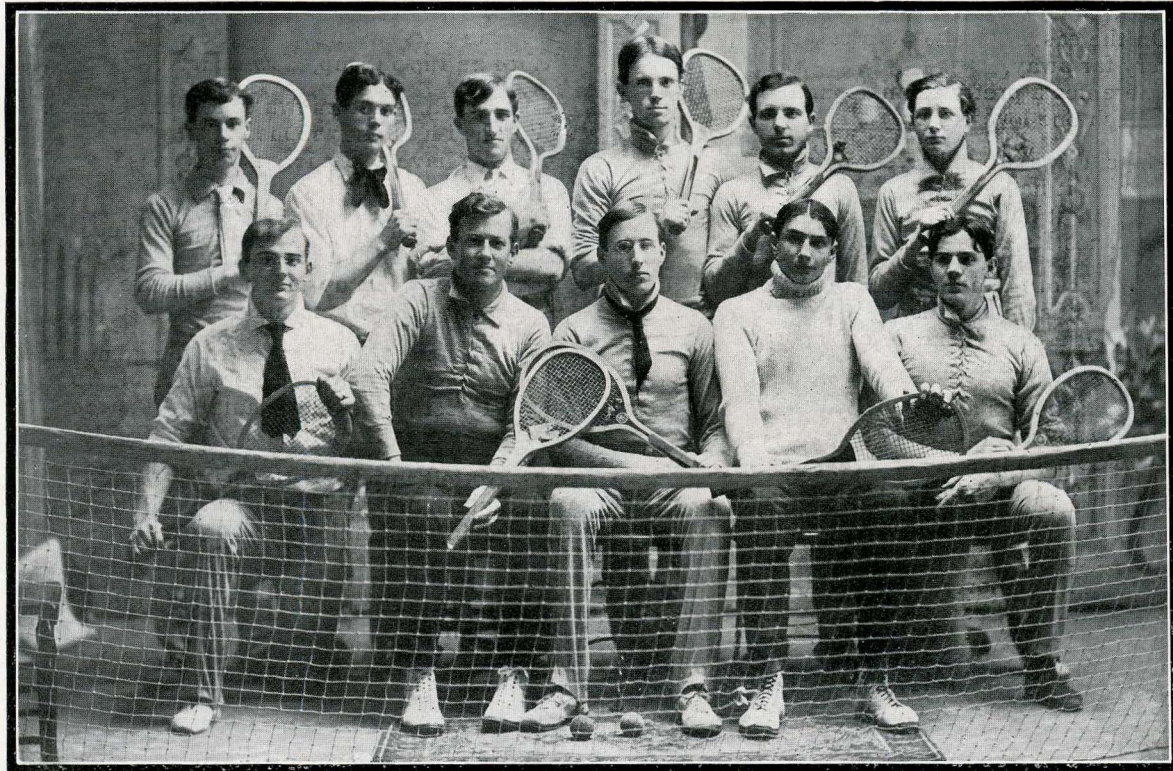
One other boy whose name is Meyer  
But we all call him Mike,  
Serves them up just hot like fire  
And makes the others hike.

We have two chappies in the game  
And these two youths are brothers.  
Hessel is the one's name,  
And Hessel is the other's.

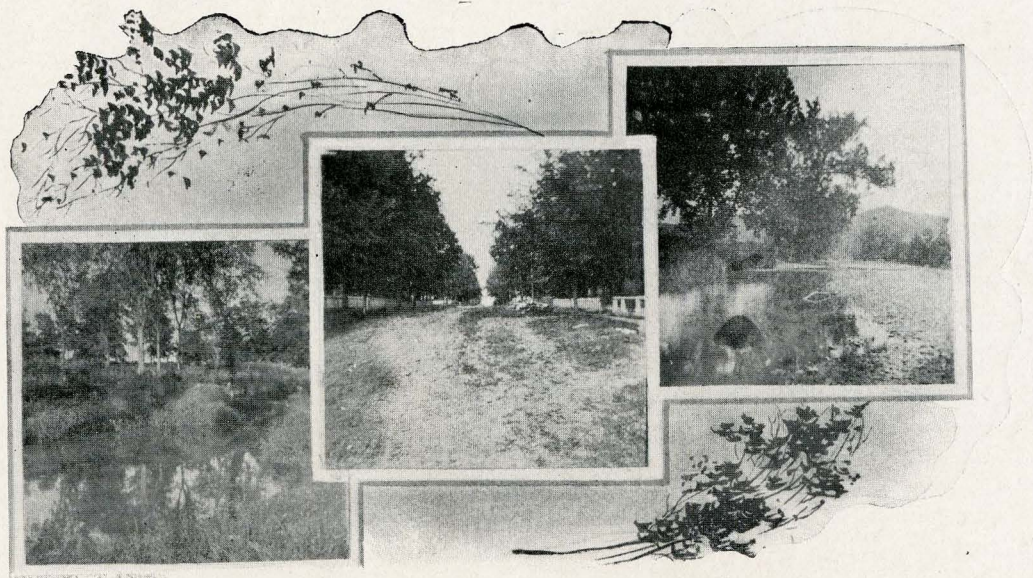
Kettelkamp, he's the man,  
Who plays the game, you bet.  
He'll run a mile if he but can  
To play a lone set.

Ray Addicks of Eisenmayer Hall  
Has us all beat,  
The way he makes you shag the ball  
Would almost burn your feet.

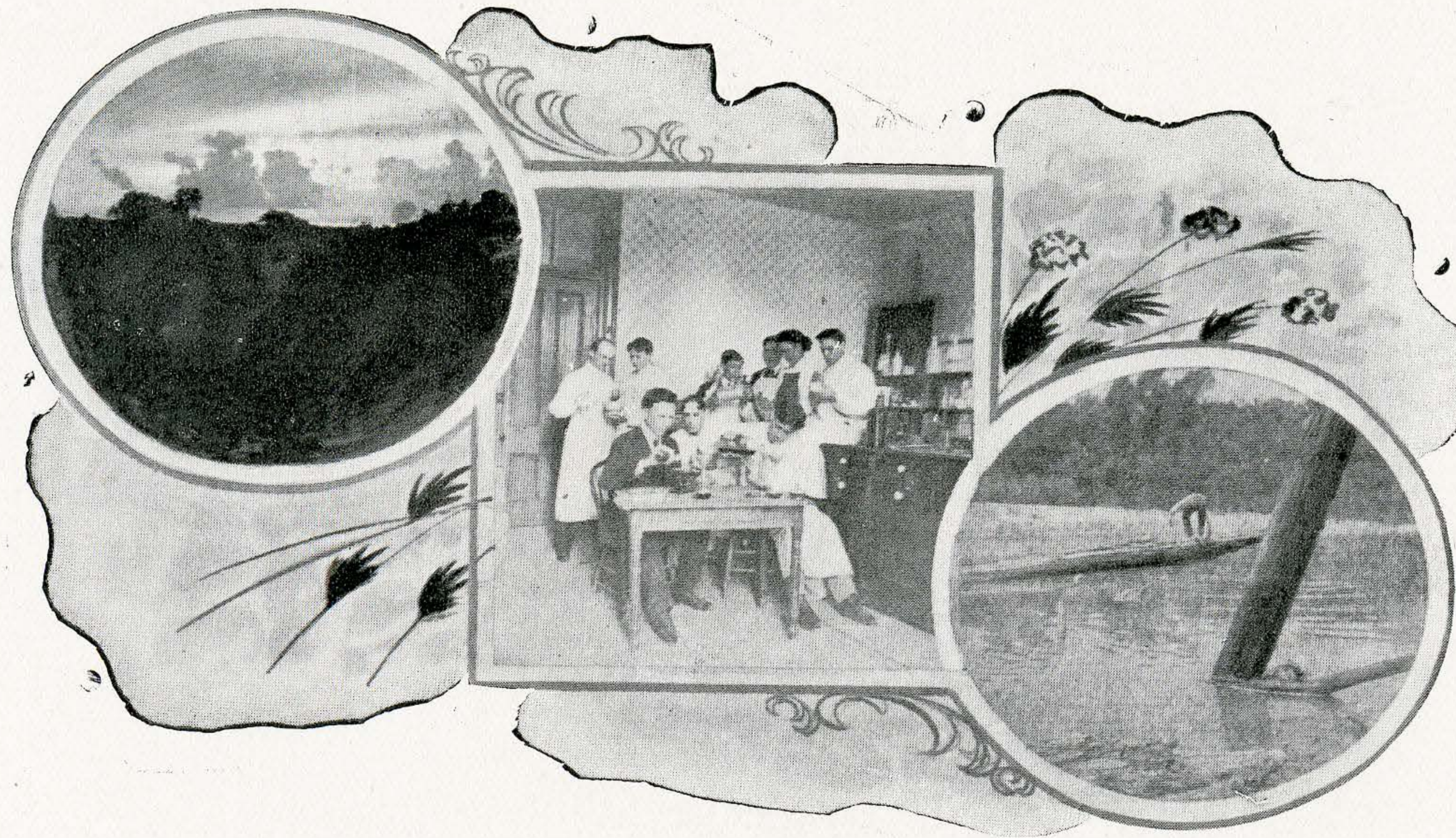
The latest addition to our team,  
Enjoys the name of Rixey,  
They say he has a lot of steam,  
And plays the game like Dixey.



C. W. C. TENNIS CLUB



SCENES IN AND NEAR WARRENTON



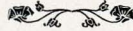
SNAP SHOTS



Literary.

# History of Central Wesleyan College.

## Told by Men of the Times.



### The Earliest Days of Central Wesleyan College.

by Prof. J. G. Frick.

Central Wesleyan in early days! What a host of reminiscences are stored up in memory from those days, with their simple pleasures, their difficulties—so small as viewed from the distance of almost forty years, but then, very real and perplexing,—and withal their wholesome good times. Space permits the recounting of only a few of these, so they shall be related in the order in which the connection is established in my memory cells.

Among those boys and girls of the old days are some, whom closer friendship or some trick of memory, has preserved freshest in mind. Among them are Dr. Christ Hillebrant who as a student bossed the job of moving the "gym" from Truesdale; Capt. Joseph Burger now in St. Paul was here then too, and can tell some moving stories of the early days; Prof. L. H. Jokisch, Prof. Henry

Jacoby, Henry Kuhl and Christ Boeshenz are associated together on account of chicken-fries and other adventures in the old Orphan Asylum attic. "Some of the boys" that helped to organize Goethenia Literary Society and used to make the rafters shake with their impassioned eloquence have later risen to prominent places in various parts of the country. Among these are John Papen, Christ Hillebrant, P. M. Kiely, Louis Schmidt, Chas. Harmes, Jacob Schlagenhaut, John Giesler, E. C. Magaret, Albert Harris, Chas. Hedler, Christ Bruegger.

In the early days Dr. Koch taught Arithmetic. He lost patience with one of the boys whom he had asked: "What is a fraction?" "Come here I'll demonstrate it to you." He took the ruler and gave the boy a rap across the small of the back. "This is the dividing line." Giving him another

rap between the shoulders, "and this is the numerator." Then with a smart rap on the seat of the pants, "And this is the denominator." It is needless to say that the whole class remembered the definition.

Jack and Henry, now professors at Central Wesleyan, were room mates and studying First Latin. One day Henry read and translated: "Nimius somnus neque animo neque corpora prodest." "A good motto," said the professor. "Write it above your door." The professor was himself not an early riser, so Jack and Henry pasted the latin proverb above the Prof.'s door. The next day the Professor had lost all appreciation of the proverb and raved and snorted about the mean trick that had been played on him.

When Doctor Koch had charge of the Orphan Home as well as being President of the College, he and his good wife had to be very economical to avoid deficit. Molasses was served at the noon meal only and the pitchers were kept in a safe near the lower end of the dining hall. In some mysterious way those pitchers came out one evening at supper time at the lower end of the table. After evening prayers Dr. Koch announced that he wished to see all those who had had molasses for supper in the office. It will be interesting to know, that of the stalwarts called into the office, one is an eminent

lawyer on the south side of the river and another is at present presiding elder in one western German Conference.

"Resolved that the shortness of life in the present age is caused by mankind himself," is one of the notable questions debated in Goethenia. Some of the ambitious orators brought their girls. Superintendent Charles Hertel, one of the affirmative speakers, cited tight lacing as one of the causes of deterioration of the race. A red headed dandy persuaded his companion to withdraw at this juncture. The secretary rose to a point of order and demanded that the speaker should not use such language. The speaker insisted that he had a right to tell the plain and unvarnished truth. Cries of "go on!" came from the audience. By this time the other young ladies took fright and hastily fled from the room. As the last hoop skirt sailed out of the door the applause was deafening. Their male escorts rose one after the other and cried: "Scratch my name out," and went chasing after the fleeing young ladies. The speaker felt somewhat sore over the results of his speech until Papa Kuhl patted him on the back and praised him for telling the truth. William Kessler said people lived long in olden times because the world was new and fresh—now it was old and smelled like old cheese—hence the shortness of life.

In the latter part of the school year '67-'68, Goethenia and Philomathia Societies organized a court of impeachment, and tried President Johnson for high crimes and misdemeanors. Johnson was represented by William Shakleford; Chief Justice, Christ Hendricker; Prosecutors: Butler, J. H. Frick; Logan, Henry Thane; Bingham, Hy. Martin; Lawyers for the defense: Curtis, Chas. Hertel; Evarts, Albert Fields; Stanbury, J. W. Delventhal. The War Secretary was represented by Judge Rudolph Hirzel, General Thomas by Prof. J. L. Kessler. The famous trial continued through nine sessions of the two Societies and resulted in finding the President guilty by over two-thirds majority. It will also be noticed that most of the participants after leaving College became prominent as lawyers or educators.

At one of our evening meals at which Papa Kuhl presided, he noticed that a number of students were dressed up preparatory to calling on their lady friends. At the close he lectured us on making good use of our time and closed with the following: "Eins will ich euch sagen. Ihr seid hier zum studieren und nicht zum carressieren. Ein Teil von euch ist noch nicht troken hinter den Ohren."

(Present day cradle robbers take heed.—Ed.)

Many are the stories told of Kadel, the cook. He had his favorites and often invited them to his room and regaled them with fresh sausage, cakes, etc. When the sausage began to get strong he brought it on the table. Many were the pranks played upon him by the hostile students. Once he chased out the music students, who practiced in the parlors. When Prof. Sauer appeared to ascertain the cause, Kadel said in great excitement: "Sh! Mrs. L. is dying. She prophesied herself that she would die at this hour and her friends are here singing and praying for her." Prof. S. asked Dr. Hoech to go and investigate. He found her in good health and told her it was impossible for her to die just then. She didn't die but married again and raised a big family.

These reminiscences are told by a country school teacher who arrived in Warrenton, October 1867 and matriculated as a student. In wonder one of the leading students remarked: "Well if he's going to be a student I'll give it up. He looks well nigh hopeless, doesn't he?" But—if you want to grow in good looks and better hopes come to C. W. C. The above named student graduated in 1870, and after 38 years' teaching is still "one of the boys."

## Ein Kapitel aus dem Anfang der siebenziger Jahre.

Von Prof. J. M. Kinkel.

Im Anfang der siebenziger Jahre hat sich in C. W. C. manches zugetragen des, wenn es gesammelt und aufnotiert worden wäre, ein für Studenten ganz interessantes Buch abgeben würde. Die Einrichtungen waren im Verhältnis zu dem, was die Schule den jungen Leuten heute bietet, ziemlich primitiv. Mit den Waisenkindern wurde geessen und ähnlich wie im Zwischendeck auf den Seedampfern in sogenannten Bants geschlafen. Daß sich ein intimeres Verhältnis, als es heut existiert, zwischen Studenten und Waisenkindern entspann, ist erklärlich. Manche der Waisen waren nicht so klein und wurden eine Anzahl der größeren Knaben Spielkameraden und der größeren Mädchen erst Freundinnen und später Gattinnen der Studenten. Zwei meiner Klassenossen haben im Waisenheim ihre Lebensgefährtin gefunden und beide waren in ihrem Eheleben recht glücklich. Leider wurde dem einen die Gattin zu früh durch den Tod von der Seite gerissen. Papa Kuhl, der die Superintendur beides über Waisenheim und Schule führte, sah es nicht ungern, wenn seine Lieblinge unter den Studenten sich mit den wohlgeratenen Töchtern der Heimat verlobten und später ein Ehebandnis mit ihnen eingingen. Daß die jungen Männer im grünen Gebäude alle in einem großen Zimmerraum in zweistöckigen Bettstellen schliefen, gab oft Veranlassung zu viel Lärm und heiterem Gelächter.

Es waren zu jener Zeit keine Lampen in den Gängen angebracht, und wenn die jungen Herren in ihren Zimmern die Lichter ausbliesen, um sich nach dem Schlafrum zu begeben, mußten sie ihren Weg im Dunkeln dahin fühlen. Es ging durch mehrere Türen hindurch und leicht konnte es passieren, daß man einmal an diese Ecke, dann an eine andere stieß oder über einen Eimer oder einen Stuhl hinweg fiel. Das dadurch verursachte Gerumpel wurde von denen, die schon in die „Klappe“ gekrochen, gehört und was dadurch folgte, ließt sich leichter denken als erzählen. Der arme Kerl, dem es ohnehin ganz heillos zu Mut war, wurde dann noch geuzt und ausgelacht. Eine witzige Bemerkung brachte die andere und anstatt zu schlafen wurde bisweilen gelärrmt, bis sich ein im Hause wohnender Professor einstellte und mit donnernder Stimme dem Unfug ein Ende machte. Mitunter kam der Professor auch leisen Schrittes herein, um abzuurtheilen, wer eigentlich der Haupt=Nichtsnutz und Anfänger des Aufruhrs sei. Einmal geschahs, als er in einer Ecke lauschend stand, daß ein Nachzügler gerade seinen Weg ins Zimmer fühlte und in die Ecke reichte, wo der Professor stand und ihn bei seinem langen Bart faßte. Er ließ ihn aber gehen, wie man ein heißes Eisen fallen läßt, und eilte stillschweigend seinem Lager zu, fast außer Atem seinen Schlaffkameraden mittheilend, was ihm begegnet sei. Manch=

mal, wenn der Spektakel gar zu groß war und Papa Kuhl in der Waisenheim davon Kenntnis nahm, eilte er herüber, mit seinem langem schwarzen Laufftock, zog seine Pantoffeln unten an der Treppe aus, schlich sich unbemerkt ins Zimmer und ohne ein Wort zu sagen, ging er an die Betten, wo die größte Lebhaftigkeit sich zeigte und schlug ganz unbarmherzig darauf. Man hörte dann auch noch ein Schreien, aber es war in einer anderen Tonart. Den nächsten Morgen haben die Burschen, wenn nicht gehinkt, doch von wunden Flecken geredet, die ihnen das Gaudium des vorhergehenden Abends gebracht hatte. Im roten Haus, wo die Schlafeinrichtungen nicht dieser Art waren, machte Papa Kuhl, wenn der Lärm in Waisenheim reichte, in derselben Weise sein Erscheinen und verabreichte seine Medizin. Bei einer Gelegenheit trug es sich tatsächlich zu, daß ein Wildfang, den er überrumpelte, vor Bestürzung zum Fenster hinaus sprang, um der Stockprügel zu entgehen. Glücklicherweise kam er zu keinem Schaden, trotzdem die Distanz etwa 16 Fuß betrug. Auch ereignete es sich, daß an einem Abend ein Student die unbegründete Nachricht ins grüne Gebäude brachte daß Kadel, der Koch, Hochzeit feiere. Kadel war ein alter Stroh Wittwer und wohnte in der Waisenheimat. „Wir machen Katzenmusik,“ rief einer und bald hatte sich ein großer Haufen mit Kuhglocken, alten Kesseln etc. vor der Tür des Kadel versammelt und einen fürchterlichen Lärm erhoben. Nach einer Weile kam Papa Kuhl heraus und seiner Gewohnheit getreu, teilte er rechts und links Schläge aus. Jeder floh, sobald er seiner gewahr wurde.

Einen erwischte er zuletzt noch im Glockenturm, der hinauf geklettert war, um die Glocke zu verrammen und das Läuten zum Frühstück den nächsten Morgen unmöglich zu machen. Die andern hatten ihm zu diesem Zweck Stöcke hinaufgereicht. Als er aber die Wucht von Papa Kuhls Stock einmal nach dem andern fühlte, rief er aus: Boys, I dont need any more sticks. Quit boys, I tell you to quit, I don't want any more sticks. Noch lange nach dieser Zeit mußte der arme Kerl hören: Jim, don't you want any more sticks? Leider entstand zur Zeit eine Gesellschaft, die es sich zur Aufgabe machte, des Nachts unschuldige(?) Streiche auszuführen. Abgesehen hatten die Mitglieder es hauptsächlich auf die, welche sie ablauschen oder verfolgten. Einer der älteren Studenten spähte ihnen nach und während er draußen umherlief, trugen sie ihm ein Kalb ins Zimmer. Den nächsten Morgen sagte er dem Papa Kuhl in aufgeregten Worten vor allen Anwesenden im Eßsaal: Letzte Nacht haben einige zweibeinige Kälber mir ein vierbeiniges Kalb ins Zimmer gebracht. Papa Kuhl erwiderte nichts darauf. Den nächsten Abend fand derselbe Student, als er sich zur Ruhe begeben wollte, ein Kalb in seinem Bett. Der Prediger der Gemeinde wohnte in der Stadt. Er hörte in der Mitternachtstunde die Glocke läuten und kam herauf. Als er den Täter nicht ertappte, hielt er den nächsten Morgen in der Aula eine Strafpredigt. Tags darauf lag sein Buggy in einem etwa eine Viertel-Meile entfernten Graben nicht weit von der Eisenbahn. Die Burschen wurden immer mehr verfolgt und verübten

infolge dessen immer tollere Streiche Papa Kuhl war ratlos. Stockprügel waren nicht in Anwendung zu bringen, denn man wußte nicht, wer die Schuldigen waren. In Vereinigung mit der Fakultät kam man auf den Plan den Friedensrichter zu rufen. Jeder, der im Verdacht stand, wurde vereidigt. Alle Geheimnisse kamen ans Tageslicht und die Gesellschaft wurde aufgelöst. Dies war unseres Wissens das einzige Mal, wo der alte Papa nicht sogleich Herr der Situation wurde. Das schlimmste Schnippchen haben ihm die Studenten geschlagen, als er als Delegat an der General-Konferenz in Chicago sich befand. Sie waren die Kost des alten Kadel müde und ohne ihre Handlungsweise zu überlegen, machten sie eine Petition auf. Papa Kuhl empfing das Dokument und wurde dadurch so sehr beunruhigt, daß er mit dem ersten Zug die Heimreise antrat. Zu Hause angekommen, bewahrt er seine gewohnte Ruhe und macht weder Erklärungen noch Besprechungen. Die Kostgänger waren beschwichtigt, nicht weil die Kost besser geworden, sondern weil Papa Kuhls Gegenwart einen solchen beruhigenden Einfluß auf uns übte. Es ist überhaupt merkwürdig, wie wohl sich ein jeder bei dem alten Herrn fühlte. Er hatte seine Fehler. Wer ihm schmeichelte, konnte leicht ein warmes Plätzchen bei ihm finden. Darum hatte er immer seine Lieblinge, denen er gewisse Vorzüge einräumte. Des ungeachtet war er bei allen fast ohne Ausnahme hoch angeschrieben. Seine achtungsgebietende Gestalt, seine Freundlichkeit und Leutseligkeit, sein wohlmeindendes Interesse, das er jedem gegenüber an den Tag legte,

erfüllte die Herzen mit Ehrfurcht und machte ihn zum Freund der jungen Leute. Für jeden, dem er auf der Straße begegnete, hatte er ein aufmunterndes Wort. Des Samstags, wenn die Studenten in den Wald gingen, Bäume zu fällen, war er ihr Begleiter. Mit seinen Geschichten erhielt er sie in solch interessanter Weise, daß mancher sich der Gesellschaft anschloß, weil Papa Kuhl die Führerschaft übernommen hatte. Manches hat er uns von unseren Eltern erzählt, das wir ohne die Bekanntschaft mit ihm nie erfahren hätten. In seinen schweren Heimsuchungen, namentlich als seine edle Tochter Amalia, die zwar schüchtern, aber doch äußerst lebenswürdig war, zu Grabe getragen wurde, hatte er die ungeteilte Sympathie der gesammten Studentenschar. Als er endlich von der Konferenz nach Denver gesandt, und er von der ihm teuer gewordenen Anstalt Abschied nehmen mußte, erregte es allgemeine Trauer. Waisenkinder und Studenten begleiteten ihn nach dem Bahnhof. Eins nach dem andern reichte ihm die Hand. Die ihm besonders nahe standen, zog er an seinen Busen. Dr. Koch und er umarmten sich, und als er in den Zug stieg und allen von der Plattform aus ein Lebewohl zurief, konnten sich wenige der Tränen enthalten. Die Szene bleibt ohne Zweifel vielen unvergeßlich. Heute ruht auf dem Kirchhof bei Warrenton seine ensieelte Hülle neben der seiner frommen Gattin bis zum glücklichen Auferstehungsmorgen. Ein einfaches aber hübsches Denkmal bezeichnet die Ruhestätte.

# Einige Platten aus meiner Kamera Obscura. 1876-'80.

Hon. J. G. Hildenstein.

Es war am 22. Oktober 1876, als Schreiber als 19-jähriger Junge nach dem Athen des Westens kam. In Truesdale, der Vorstadt, stieg man aus. Die Großstadt Warrenton hatte damals keinen Bahnhof. Durch Prof. Con. Steingröver sel. Andenkens, kam ich nach C. W. C. Ihn und Mama Koch lernte ich im August '76 zuvor auf Deutschhügel kennen. Dr. Koch, der nun auch im oberen Heiligum wohnt, musterte den Ankömmling. Mit Carl Emig (nun Dr. in St. Louis) teilten wir das Zimmer im grünen Gebäude. Der Schreiber brachte etwas Geld mit, aber noch mehr Wechselfieber von den Illinois Fluren. Bald folgte Gallenfieber. Da war es, wo F. Koch und Emig uns in der Quilt herumtragen und wo wir zum ersten mal eine Anwandlung von Heimweh nach „The little German Home across the Sea“ bekamen. Als Bruder H. C. Young von Minnesota uns schütteln sah, wurde ihm bange, denn im Norden gab es keine „Hills und Aque.“

Truesdale war um jene Zeit klein und ist noch keine Millionenstadt. Warrenton hingegen hat sich tüchtig gemacht, obgleich es mit St. Louis keinen Vergleich aushält. Von den gelben, roten, und grünen Gebäuden und dem kleinen Depot ist jetzt keine Spur mehr zu sehen. Alles war primitiv, nur das Kollegium nicht. Die Kirche fehlte. Oben im zweiten Stock wurden Gottesdienste ab-

gehalten. Dort fanden die Konzerte statt, wo heute das Museum ist. Hier hat es der selige Bruder Röder den Sündern heiß gemacht und Bruder Heidel gewaltig gepredigt. Noch seh ich vor meinen Geistesaugen, wie Herman Demand mit Gott rang. Unser Kracher fand auch Frieden um jene Zeit. Zu den Theologen gehörten der „kleine Meyer,“ Magel, Jakob und Heinrich Fröschle, Heinrichs, Koch, Wohlberg, Schulze, Mahle, Buchholz, Sternberg, dann später Stahmann u. s. w.

F. Demand, der einmal auf „Deutschhügel“ in der Ernte arbeitete, lehrte uns das Lied „Wir singen vom himmlischen Land.“ Er und C. G. Heidel, Jul. Winkler, Hy. Linnenschmidt waren damals die „upper ten.“ Hermon Demand, Chas. Heidel, Mary Koch, Maggie Kungesser (Heidel), Essmann, Kracher, Stueckemann, gehörten zu meinen Kriegskameraden in Friedenszeiten. Dr. Koch haben wir viel zu verdanken. Er gab den armen Studenten manchen Dollar zu verdienen. Seine Verdienste um C. W. C. sind groß. Seine Todfeinde waren der Schnaps und der Tabak. Seine Kraftausdrücke waren: Scamps, rascals. Mit dem Schreiber hatte er einen „Epat“ in Virgil. Ist längst vergessen. Er ruhe im Frieden

Mama Koch und Köchin Flora haben uns hie und da

einen Brocken extra gegeben. Schmalhans war um jene Zeit Küchenmeister.

Unsere Professoren waren nebst Dr. Koch, C. P. Koch, der nun Arzt in Chicago ist und seine Frau von hier (Mascoutah) holte, dann "The Grand old Man of C. W. C." Frick, Steingröver, Wösholl, Pfaff, und Dr. Repler ja nicht zu vergessen. Ein Nathanael ohne Falsch. Seine Devise war: Repetitio est mater studio. Prof. Sauer gab uns Unterricht in der süßen Musik. Auch Prof. Heiningen war ein Jahr unser Lehrer. „Ihr Einfallspinsel“ sagte er einmal in der Predigt. Das verschluckte bei manchen. Fraglich ob es Februar war. „Chapeltalks“ gab es wenige, es sei denn, man rechnet Dr. K's Philippika dahin. An „Lectures“ hatten wir auch keinen Überfluß, aber Geldmangel im Überfluß, sure! Von einem „Gym“ wußte man auch nichts in jener Zeit. Da nahmen die Studenten die Art, den Besen, die Schaufel und Kornmesser und übten sich. Die Firma Kracher, Essman, Buchholz und Hildenstein haben in einen Winter 80 Cord Holz gemacht, und Schreiber hat in einem andern Winter 36 Klafter allein geschlagen.. Das war kein Honiglecken. Es gab bei Vater Heidel nur „Molasses.“ Wir verdienten im ersten Jahr nur \$2 40, weil wir Geld hatten, im zweiten \$38, im dritten \$47, und im vierten \$67.

Unser Wohnsitz im ersten Jahr ersten Termin im grünen Haus, zweiten Termin bei Prof Steingroever, wo heute John Polster wohnt. Das zweite fand uns im roten Haus, das dritte im gelben, hoch oben unter dem Dach, wo

B. C. Schulze unser Genosse war, als er Vize-waisenvater spielte; das letzte Jahr im Kollegium, wo wir die Schläfer ins Bett und aus denselben lauteten. Im ersten Jahr hatte ich 11 Klassen, freilich von der niedrigen Sorte, aber sie mußten mitgemacht werden. Ich konnte nicht einmal das englische Alphabet und doch las ich im vierten „Reader.“ Warum weiß ich heute noch nicht Prot. C. P. K. habe ich die Rechenexempel oft in deutsch erklärt.

Prof. Frick war gelassen in Klassen, aber streng im Examen. Dr. K. streng in Klassen und milde in der Prüfung Prof. Sauer gab den voreiligen Organisten einen Verweis, wenn sie Lieder statt Fingerübungen vornahmen.

Bei aller Armutei waren die Studenten ein frohes Volk. Fritz Buchholz und Schreiber fangen beim Kornhacken zwischen Boln's Mühle und dem Waisenheim: „Way down upon the Swanee River.“ Draußen beim Holzfällen hielt Bruder B. seine Temperenzreden bei gefrorenen Kaffee. Kracher konnte dem Kreuz nicht das Kreuz, Flabjacks in Waldhasen übersetzen, und einen Stock-amerikaner lehrte er ein eigenartiges A. B. C.; kein Wunder, daß er es zum P. C. gebracht hat. Die Studenten hatten ihre Mucken. So läuteten sie die Glocke um drei Uhr statt um fünf. Sie steckten den „Gentleman of a chicken“ den andern ins Bett, oder perstreckten den Langschläfern die Beinkleider, so mußten diese nolens volens ihre Sonntagshosen herholen. Als Lizzie Koch und Louis Slitt Hochzeit machten, gab es zur Abwechslung „Charivari.“ Unser dicker Freund von Kansas eröffnete den

Reigen. Ein anderer suchte um Mitternacht nord von Warrenton mit einem Salzsack Schnepfen zu fangen. Das waren Zeiten.

Der Umgang mit dem weiblichen Geschlecht war strengstens verboten, und doch hatten sie ihr „Stelldichein.“ Uns persönlich hat es nicht viel in Anspruch genommen. Wir mußten sehen, daß der Exchequer etwas bekam. Als wir im Juni 1880 graduierten, überredete uns Chas. Stueckemann (nun Dr.), daß es nicht mehr als recht sei auch in dieser Hinsicht zu graduieren d. h. eine Dame zu begleiten. So geschah an zwei Abenden. Wir bekamen auch einen Blumenstrauß, aber nicht von der „Lady“, sondern von einer Prof. Frau. Sie wohnt heute noch in Warrenton. Die zwei besten Studenten in jenen Tagen bekamen bei der Absolvierung ihres Kurjus die Ehre und Verdienststelen. So war es unser Vorrecht, die Eröffnungsrede zu halten und Stueckemann als der Beste die Schlußrede.

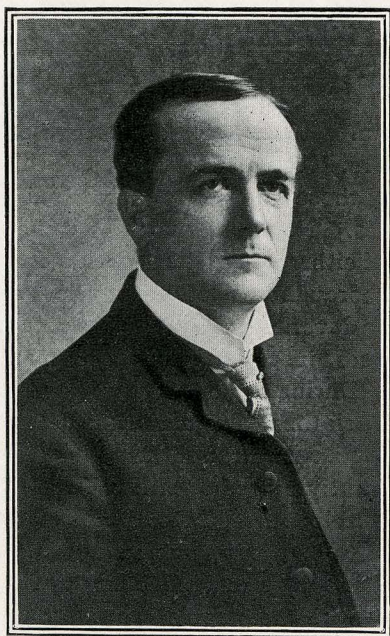
Bei aller Müdigkeit kam Vater Heidel am Samstag Abend oder sandte einen Waisen und ließ sagen: George, du sollst morgen in Pitts predigen, aber leider kann ich dir kein Pferd geben. So ging es per Schustersrappen die sechs Meilen im Schnee und Dreck. Heute tun sie es nicht, würde es auch nicht wieder tun, d. h. laufen, freilich predigen, das ist was anders. Habe oft die lieben Glieder draußen bedauert von wegen unserer „Lehrjuugenszeit.“ Häufig denke ich an die lieben Leute Polster, Kuhne, Groß, Frede, Winter, Boehmer, Nolting, Schiermeyer. Gerne aßen wir an ihrem Tisch. Gerne beteten wir mit ihnen an.

Unsere Mitgenossen am Tisch in C. W. C. waren immer froh, wenn wir am Sonntag fehlten, so bekamen sie das Stück „Pie.“

Zum Schluß will ich auf die „Old Timers“ aufmerksam machen, deren Zeugnisse von Gottes Liebe unser Herz erwärmte, uns anspornte für den Himmel zu leben. Da war in erster Reihe der feurige Klaffführer Hugo, der sanfte Koblfling, der gemüthliche Schuppann, der edle Lantow, der eifrige Geisfinger, Dr. Hoeh, der kleine Bothe, die Bolms Leute, Mutter Hummel, Blome, Drewer, Vater Witt, Schönebaum, und Stock. Die meisten davon im Vaterhaus. Wir erwarten sie am Tore!

In jene Zeit gehört Katiel, die franke Hanna, Waisenwatter Schlinger, Ditzel, Müller. Der erste W. A., den ich je sah, war Bruder Schwind, Besucher um jene Zeit in C. W. C. Dr. Liebhardt, der lächelnde, Prof Löwenstein, der ernste, Dr. Koenek, der uns einen Vortrag hielt; „Der Fragende nach den Fragenden!“ Er wurde dann Doktor. Bischof Bowman war bei uns und Chas. Hedler von Wisconsin. Vereine gab es: Germania, Goethe, Brüderverein, und Clionia.

Wie die Zeit eilt. Manches ist auf meinen Platten noch frisch in Erinnerung, anders ist verwischt. Viele der teuren Lehrer sind nach oben gerufen, viele der Studenten ruhen von den Mühsalen des Erdenlebens aus. Wir sind noch mitten im Kampf. Hülfe uns der Herr, fest zu stehen und treu zu sein!—  
J. G. Hildenstein.



PROF. J. E. KAMMEYER.  
Professor of Economics, Kansas State Agricultural  
College.



REV. J. G. HILDENSTEIN.  
Pastor German M. E. Church, Mascoutah, Illinois.

# Reminiscences of Central Wesleyan College.

Fall of '84 to Spring of '86.

by Prof. J. E. Kammeyer.

The architectural equipment of C. W. C. during the period of time above indicated was as follows: the Main building, the Red building, the Green building, the Hospital, the Ladies' Dormitory, then in its first year of usefulness, and the president's mansion (?) known as the "depot." To this list might be added semi-officially mother Drewer's boarding house across from Polster's grocery, and "Pap" Roberson's phalanstery adjoining the campus on the south. None of these were pretentious, some of them were old even in that day, but all of them had that at-your-service atmosphere which made one feel at home in any of them.

These buildings and their environs, peopled with the friends of my youth, and associated with early efforts, hopes and ambition, constitute "The spot which I love full well.

'Tis not in valley nor yet in dell;  
Ever it holds me with magic spell—  
I think of thee, Alma Mater."

The faculty men in those days were Koch, Frick, Sauer, Vosholl, Kessler, Rinkel, Stroeter

and Tieman. "Cheers for the living, tears for the dead." Drs. Koch and Kessler are still living in the lives of those who were privileged to be in their classes. No young man who came under the influence of either can get away from it. The one stood for thorough scholarship, tireless effort, and unswerving devotion to duty: the other for all that enthuses, inspires, and touches man's noblest purposes. During my twenty-two years of service in school work these two men have been to me an example and an inspiration.

Of the living who still labor at Central Wesleyan or elsewhere, I think with gratitude and admiration. They now shine in qualities which I then failed to appreciate. Their patience and forbearance with the impulsiveness and foibles of youth fell little short of heroism.

The student body in those days—(!)

"What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say?

What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface . . ."

Well, I will not dwell on those things. There was after all so much good in the lads and lasses

of those days, and so little bad in any of them, that we can afford to be charitable.

There were 259 of us in '84-85, and 236 in '85-'86; and I knew them all. The names and faces of some have passed from my memory, but most of them I can recall with ease.

There was Baab and Dueker and Bewig and Rummons; Beare, "Mike" Schoepel, Smith (D. W.,) Hemke and Bothe; "Pap" Roberson, "Dick" Gaeble, "Flicker" Waldecker and "King" Doppler; (Doppler once threatened to pummel me for some of my "spoutings" as College correspondent for the Banner. I could now remember him kindly for it if he had.) Eisenberg, Hollman, Drawing and Steininger; Bob Koeneke, "Judge" Klamm, Eddie Brenner, both Fiedlers and Dude; Schwiering, whose ra-pacity and ca-pacity for book-larnin' were phenomenal; Hoedus-stans-in-tecto-domus-Hoelscher, and Kukuk who made a speech in chapel one morning in which he used a qualifying adjective that shocked the faculty.

Then, too, I recall the mighty Haegele and the puissant Schultze who defended the main entrance against the "town crowd" as valiently as ever Leonidas held the pass of Thermopylae; the gentle Floreth, staid Brinkmeyer; and jolly Demand; Shaper, the two Schoenes, Wurst, Heidel and Barth.

Ludwig, Brink, Kriege, Miller, Solter and Tonat; Jacobs, Nigg, Jacoby, Schlueter, Panwitt and Kaiser; theologians all.

There are others that come to my mind, and whom I would mention were sufficient space at my disposal. I wish to devote a little space also to the girls of those days who occupied so much "space" in our thoughts, hearts, hopes, fears, joys, plans, disappointments, renewed hopes, et cetera world without end.

Here are some of them and some sobriquets now out of print but not out of mind: Emelia Huegely, Lydia Hehner, Anna Morse, Millie Nickles, the Misses Schlinger, May Schultz, Mattie Tieman, Lucy Harper, Kate Rosenberger, Emma Eberhardt, Carrie Stoerker, Mary Pucket, Kate Lindeman, the Misses Koeneke, Koch and Dryden, Emma Graeber, Rosa Hart, Bessie Ney, Mary Schoepel, Jennie Drawing, Martha Hummel, Emma Volrath and Josie Weber.

Most of these were re-christened for colloquial purposes and such names as the following recur to me: Yethmam, Schoolmarm, Dolly Vården, Cleopatra, Xanthippe, Queen Bess, Flowers, Yum Yum, Goldilocks, Pickles, Ike's Despair, and Miss Mittens. The knowing ones who scan these lines will have no trouble in making the proper association.

Probably the most notable, certainly the most stirring event that occurred during the period of which I write, took place in the fall of '84.

The Faculty made a rule, communicated in writing to the four literary societies by Prof. Vosholl, that the doors of society halls must be kept locked during the progress of meetings. This was intended to stop the disturbance caused by visiting from one society to another, and also to prevent lounging in the halls.

This communication was received with universal disapproval. It was considered "an unwarrantable invasion of our territory, and a subversion of our inalienable right to manage our own society affairs." It was pointed out moreover by such legal lights as Waldecker, Schaper and Beare, that it was "contrary to the laws of the sovereign state of Missouri to lock the doors of any room in which public assemblies are held; and that such doors must always swing outward."

Mass meetings were called at which practically the entire student body was present. Resolutions were adopted declaring in no uncertain terms that such a rule would be resisted to the uttermost. Fiery speeches were made, and quotations from famous orators were paraphrased or twisted to suit the occasion. It was "Give me liberty, or I'll go home." "Rebellion to tyrants

is obedience to God," and plenty of such tommyrot.

The climax was reached at chapel one morning when Prof. Vosholl tried to explain why such a rule had been adopted by the faculty. Following his address came the fulminations of the students. Perhaps half of those present seized the opportunity to make a display of themselves. After a long session the matter was finally compromised by "putting the rule in abeyance" for as long a time as the students would maintain good order in the halls and protect the walls against the vandalism of loafers.

Soon after this agitation all the doors leading to the society halls were changed so as to swing outward. I suppose they still do.

Since that time I have read something about the "psychology of mobs" that throws scientific light on our actions at that time and that does not reveal anything of which we can now boast.

Since then moreover I have passed through several rebellions of like character that have changed my point of view. My conviction now is that faculty men do not lie awake nights devising new schemes for disturbing the peace of students, or for tyrannizing over them. I will even say that most of them are well intentioned and desirous of the students' good in all matters pertaining to instruction and discipline.

## Einige Notizen aus den Jahren 1891 - 1894.

Von H. A. Hohenwald.

Das Zentrum der Erde ist ja bekanntlich gerade runter, da wo ich stehe. — Neulich lasen wir im Star, daß ein in Warrenton anwesender früherer Studiosus und Gottesgelehrter (und die reden ja immer, was sie glauben) gesagt habe, daß während seiner Schulzeit die beste Fakultät in C. W. C. gewesen sei. Hätte der das dem Schreiber gesagt, der würde gleich angestimmt haben: „O schöne Zeit, o goldene Zeit, wie bist du fern, wie bist du weit.“ Die beste Fakultät hatten wir eben zur Zeit, als Schreiber allda Jünger war. Das aber wußte ja jener Alumnus nicht, denn seine Fakultät lebte etwas früher. Aber Schreiber lebt nicht nur mitten über dem Erdzentrum, hatte nicht nur die beste Fakultät, er war auch unstreitig in der besten Seniorsklasse. So hat er selbst immer höchst eigen geurteilt. Einzigartig war jene Klasse und ihre Exemplare darum. Natürlich, ja, nicht alles Gold, nicht alles Weizen. War ja auch Spreu da. Wenn man aber so von ferne einer Dreschmaschine (und das ist eine Schule ja immer) zusieht und so viel Spreu über das Land fliegt, dann sagt man doch billig, daß, wo so viel Spreu, da muß auch Weizen sein. Spreu fliegt weiter, der Weizen aber bleibt bei der Maschine. So ging es auch der Klasse von 1894. Seht nur liebe Kollegen, wir sind fort, manche sind dort. Zwar sind es nur

zwei Körnlein unserer Klasse, aber jeder Name fängt mit „W“ an. Untrüglich — das meint Weizen.

In der Stille wird das Göttliche geboren. Da bilden sich die weltbewegenden und epochemachenden Kräfte. So ging es auch in jener Zeit in unserer lieben Alma Mater. Zwar hatte es schon gesiedet, gewaliet, geizischt vor 1893; aber in jenem Jahre kam der erste eigentliche große Ausbruch, nämlich der Ausbruch der großen oratorischen Weltkämpfe: die ganze Umgebung wurde dadurch beeinflusst. So schön singt ja der Musesohn: „Nun brechen aller Enden die Blumen aus grünem Plan, wo ich mich mag hinwenden, da hebt ein Klingen an.“ Singen war das Klingen dies Mal nicht, sondern der Schall kräftiger Studentensimmen. Ei, jeder Hag in der Umgegend schallte lebendig wieder, viele Baumgruppen waren Zeugen eloquenter Vorträge. Zaunpfosten und Baumstumpfen wurden zur Bühne und Katheder. Jener damals ausgebrochene Kampf liegt den Klassen immer noch in den Gliedern. Gold, Ruhm, unverwelkliche Lorbeeren sind errungen worden und Segen ist über die Staaten hingeflossen. Möge der deutsche Medestrom allda fröhlich weiter fließen.

Jene Zeit war eben eine rechte Renaissance-Periode. Das Schöne lebte auf, das Gute wurde geboren und das

Bergilbte bekam neue Deckel — Es trieb, dampfte und kochte überall. — Na manchmal ist es auch übergekocht — da hieß es denn auch: „Heilige Gluten, wen sie umschweben, fühlt sich im Leben, selig im Guten.“ Ob so etwas schon früher da gewesen, wissen wir jetzt nicht; aber wir erinnern uns, daß in jenem bildenden Drange sich ein neuer Landeslehrbesein formierte, den wir Temperenz-Verein benannten. Heißa, wie wir auch da im Guten geübt, ja ordentlich Exorzismus betrieben haben. Ja im Vorgefühl kommender Dinge und mit prophetischem Blick die Wahlen von 1908 überschauend, riefen wir schon damals:

„Alle vereinigt, hebt euch und preist:  
Luft ist gereinigt, Atme der Geist.“

Wir wollen nicht vergessen, was ja in dieser Welt unvergeßlich ist. Es waren in dieser Periode auch Wesen dort, die man gerne sieht und die seit Eva nie in der Welt gefehlt haben. Elfen, Nymphen und noch andre Namen haben ihnen die Dichter beigelegt. „Mädchen“ hat man sie in Prosa geheißt. Uns persönlich hat dieser Name nie zugesagt. Als Philolog haben wir uns nie aufgetischt; aber mancher Worte Deutung bekommt man, wenn man die Verkleinerungsilbe fallen läßt, vom Umlaut auf den Vokal zurückgeht und dann ein „e“ anhängt. Das kann man an „Blöschen“ (Blöse) „Nöschen“ (Nose) „Höschen“ (Hose) sehen. Nun versuche es mit Mädchen. Das verdirbt uns allen Geschmack. Wem würde diese Benennung für seine Schwester genügen? Lockfisch, haben manche gesagt. Das ist leichter erklärt.

Ihr wißt doch, was man Lockfisch nennt,  
Ein frisch und lustig Element,  
Halb sinnend Mädchen, halb noch Kind,  
Unartig oft, launisch gesinnt.

Aber das geht auch nicht. Der Volksmund hat einem lieblich glänzenden, schön besflügelten Geschöpf den Namen Jungfer gegeben und denselben dann auf unsre junge, erwachsene Schwester übertragen. Sonnig, leise umschwirrt uns jene. Das Sonnige, Leise in der Jungfrau zu entwickeln ist auch immer das Ziel unserer Alma Mater gewesen. „Das Ewig-Weibliche, das zieht uns an,“ läßt sich ja unser Dichterkönig vernehmen. Immer ist auch noch der Wunsch gar vieler:

„Es sei der Frauen Leben gleich wie ein geistlich Lied,

Das nicht mit eittem Brausen am Ohr vorübergeht,  
Das sich in festem Takte nur langsam fort bewegt,

Und doch der Herzen viele mit sich gen Himmel trägt.“  
Solche Jungfrauen sucht die Welt. Über solche kommt denn wohl gar mancher Studiosus in Dichternot. „Erzrötend folgt er ihren Spuren, er ist von ihrem Gruß beglückt.“ Wer will's ihm verargen?

„Möcht dir ein Sträuslein bringen,

Möcht dir ein Liedlein singen;

Wie aber fang ich's an?“

In solcher Verfassung hat dann der Schreiber manchen Kollegen gefunden und ihm dann mit einem Ständchen an Jea oder Emma ausgeholfen. Ob solche Notstände wohl auch früher dagewesen sind?

Flüchtig durch die Zeit eilen Freud und Leid;

Wohin sind die Sorgenstunden,

Wohin Freud und Leid geschwunden?

Doch, zielen Freud und Schmerz nicht auf Gewinn  
fürs Herz?

Da hatten wir des Morgens schon um fünf Uhr anfangend deklamiert und elokutioniert: „Wohlthätig ist das Feuers Macht, wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt, bewacht.“ Aber im Frühjahr 1893 sollten wir nun auch tatsächlich erfahren: „Doch furchtbar wird die Himmelskraft, wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft.“ Anheimelnd und traut hatte sie lange da gestanden, die Damenhalle. Doch in jener denkwürdigen letzten Nacht des Schuljahres, im Frühling 1893, leckte des Feuers Drachenzungen sie hinweg. „Leer gebrannt ist die Stätte“ hieß es nun. Das sahen wir des Lebens Symbol: Aufflackern, Geräusch, Qualen, Verglühn, Asche. Aber wie ein Phönix aus der Asche erstand ja Schöners auf jener Scholle. So war das Unglück ja doch verhülltes Glück.

Wenn wir nur auch die letzte Strophe: „Und sieh, es fehlt kein teures Haupt,“ hätten sagen können. Als aber im Herbst die muntere Studentenschaar einzog, da fehlte

ein teures Haupt. „Der Klammen ähnlich, die nach lohem Brande zu einem toten Aschenreiß vergalimmt,“ hieß es auch von einem unserer beliebtesten Lehrer. „Ein Menschenleben, ach es ist so wenig! Ein Menschenleben, ach es ist so viel,“ wurde uns da klar. Jeder vorangeschrittene Student empfand die Lücke. Er ist hin; aber: „Es wird die Spur von seinen Erdentagen nicht in Aeonen untergehen.“ Die Stätte da ein edler Mensch wirkte ist geheiligt. Gern senden wir ein wenig Weihrauch der Erinnerung nach.

Nun ist sie weit hinter uns, die schöne Schulzeit. Langend und hoffend sagten wir jenen Hallen Ade. Viele der Klassenossen haben sich seitdem nie wiedergesehen. Und manche sind nicht mehr. „In Memoriam“ heißt es schon von einigen der Alumnus jener Jahren. „Ein Schatten nur im täuschenden Gewande, der, kaum erschienen, wieder Abschied nimmt.“ Das ist ja Menschenlos. Aber wie viel Freud und Leid, wie viel Segen und Fluch, welch ein Gedräng von Schmerz und Seligkeit, welch ein Gewog von Lieben und von Hassen kann doch alles in diese Spanne Zeit gedrängt werden.

„Der Anfang, das Ende, o Herr, sie sind dein,

Die Spanne dazwischen— das Leben—ist mein.“  
Möchte jeder Alumnus, jeder Schüler sie wohl ausnützen.

## Reminiscences of my College Days.

by A. G. Monsees.

What happened? What changes took place? What has become of the old boys? Questions like these were the first to flit across my mind when thinking of C. W. C. as I found it in years 1898-1901. Then I began to recall incidents, the recollection of which has ofttimes caused me to yearn for the dear old college days.

During these years C. W. C. certainly enjoyed a season undaunted by storm and civil war such as originate now and then in every center of learning and prosperous land. Of course, where there are students, there is life; where there is life, there is action; where there is action there is something doing, and where there is something doing, innocent mischief and pure fun may be expected.

One early October starless night of the year 1898, the balmy autumnal atmosphere being more conducive to the harmless pursuit of the initiative than to the arduous task of untangling long latin sentences, a number of the Green Building boys resolved to pay their first respects to one of the many rural virtues of Illinois who had just come to Missouri to be shown. The scene of the occa-

sion was in the North East room on the ground floor of the Green Building. The company being admitted by the roommate of the newcomer, the "mouthpiece" perched himself upon the seat of a chair and explained the mission of the callers. The honored one being easily persuaded that it would aid him in gaining popularity among the fairer students, to join the society which the company represented, and, undergo the required initiation, he willingly submitted himself for the ordeal. A chair was placed in the center of the room, the candidate was instructed to kneel before the chair, bend his body over into the seat and with closed eyes to await the further ceremony of the occasion. The orders were promptly obeyed and immediately with myrth galore the company proceeded to apply provided shingles to the equator of the victim's anatomy. But suddenly the report came "Prof. Rinkel is coming," That caused a very sudden change in the program and had it been possible to adjust the optics adequately to the darkness of the night some interesting scenes might have been observed upon the campus. However, the next

morning revealed the fact that several had met with obstacles in trying to avoid the Boarding Master. One of the boys had broken his spectacles and skinned his nose, another had lost his hat entirely and still another was able to walk only by the aid of a cane. The Boarding Master called the same night at the room of some of the youths and gave some very wholesome advice, which, no doubt, has not been forgotten as yet. Incidents like this frequently gave color to the student life during the last years of the old Green and Red buildings. And, perhaps, if some of the boys of those days should now visit C. W. C. they would think of the old times as Goldsmith wrote in the *Deserted Village*: "These were thy charms Sweet Auburn sports like, But all these charms have fled."

But time brings changes with it and thus the old buildings had to submit their occupants to a more inviting one. The Old Green building was at once torn down and the Red, being remodeled, became the resort for enjoyment and exercise. What a joy it was to the boys in 1900 when they could take up their abode in the commodious Eisenmayer Hall where steam heat and electric lights took the place of wood stoves and oil lamps. Indeed it was a delightful change and should the

college boys of today find it their duty to clean lamp chimneys, carry out ashes and build fires on a cold morning, no doubt many would strap trunks and leave, offering no excuse unless it would be that such work "ossified their intellects." Therefore dear old C. W. C. may you continue to

Build thee more stately halls and swell thy soul  
As the swift seasons roll,  
Leave thy landmarks perish with the past,  
Let each new structure grander than the last  
Spread thy great fame o'er fields more vast.  
Till thou at length art known  
Placing thy sons where e'er as yet they have not  
flown.

It is oftentimes said and sometimes read that one does not realize the pleasure of an occasion or season until it is past and that one does not appreciate the value of a thing till it is no longer possessed. Concerning my days in college, I cannot thus speak. I did not fail to lay hold upon the pleasures of the school days as they came and went. The many over-land excursions to Charette and otherwise were indeed enjoyed and the pleasure thereof was not at all tardy in asserting itself. The pleasant association in the dining room, class rooms, society halls, and campus could not help but bring immediate pleasure to one

who sought to be a friend and cherished the friendship of others.

Still, it seems to be characteristic of boys and men to desire a friend in whom he can confide. This friend he wishes especially to know and is quite willing that this friend should know him. May it not be well to tarry here a few moments to consider this innate desire of man—this phase of student life? To locate real bosom friends in college shall we look on the street? nay, not there. Listen not to the noisy bantering in the halls nor on the campus but observe, if you please, two room-mates after their work is done for the day, the lights having been turned off, and, having retired in the stillness of the night; listen to their tales of by-gone day, their disappointments, their failures, their resolutions, their hopes, their ideals, their ambitions as they tell them one to the other. \* Inspirations are there wrought that are not lost as soon as caught.

Thanks to the Giver of all good for the life of the large hearted, noble minded, sincere young men with whom it was my privilege to room while in C. W. C.

The cheerful words: "Hello Al., hard at it,

are you?" accompanied by the bright countenance of H. W. Allinger as he would come into the room from class and elsewhere were not insignificant rays of sunshine that fell across my path during the Senior Year. The gratitude that I feel towards my roommate of my Junior year, for his pure, matchless life and loyal friendship can be expressed in the lines of Halleck

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my college days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise."

Through the death of Edw. C. Kettelkamp C. W. C. has lost one of her noblest and most promising sons and I have lost one of my dearest friends. But may this mutual loss help us to learn the lesson of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," that man's true happiness consists in the perfect conformity of his will with the divine will.

May the influence of C. W. C. never wane. May it be to many others what it has been to me. May the number of her sons be increased until all parts of the great U. S. shall feel the power of her virtue and may her students continue to be numerous and happy in their pursuit of knowledge!

## Reminiscences of my Days at C. W. C.

by J. E. Kirshman.

I was sitting on an imported boulder by the roadside in the heart of Illinois, 323 1-2 miles by foot and somewhat less overland from home. The soil had yielded in vain its sap to slake the thirst of the sun, while the foliage of the lonely peach tree just above my head hung in tearless mourning. The priceless roll, containing the crayon facsimile of Mr. Swindleborough and the sepia facade of Miss Dondlehaha, deserted me for a moment and lay imploringly at my feet on the parched grass. It was in the midst of these conditions that decision was made to subject Central Wesleyan College to an ordeal that would test the validity of her fair repute. Some weeks later after a thoro inspection by her officers admittance was gained to her halls.

For the purpose of a few moments of entertainment, only the towering peaks of subsequent experience claim attention here. From their caps jeweled in ceaseless radiance, will be heliographed the lesser heights. Perhaps, too, the gold contained in the sands of the ravines will be obscurely discerned.

True to our germanic instincts, militarism was one of the most characteristic features of life in this period. In spite of the ramifications of the sandhogs who root in the State subway, equipment was finally furnished us gratis. The day for target practice came. With sights raised to the limit, one by one, the balls from the economically loaded shells left the Springfields and proceeded on their

fifty-yard excursion, trailed to their destination as an accurate marksman.

At the southeast corner of the athletic field stood fortress Santiago. Against it the forces of General Shafter confidently moved. Everywhere the brave assailants fell,—secretly to slink away and make up the ranks of the reinforcements. Line after line was moved down, only to be replaced by the braver columns from the rear. The more valiantly the forces flamed their way toward the redoubt, the more cadaverous appeared the ragged mouths of the Krupp Steels, that were reputed to have seen service in the citadels that formerly adorned the campus. After a stubborn resistance the fortress finally fell, not a man being lost to either side.

Glory again attended company F of the 4th Missouri regiment when summoned to the dedication of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Returning from a month's furlough, I was again able to join the ranks. The company was halted between the monstrous openings on either side of the Varied Industries building. Thru them the icy blasts raged the live—long night, reducing the

members of the company to so many arincdillos. Early the next day, unrationed, we fell in and after a long parade at three o'clock, Teddy lifted his hat to the veterans of Santiago.

The Stars?! They were never beaten. The Eagles all but defeated them, losing it on a play out.

As evidenced by the present widespread inundation, the prohibition movement was strong, oratory flourishing. With abstemious countenances, the dauntless hosts assembled between the gateposts in front of Kessler Hall to steady the club's financial panic. The services of the quartet were procured. In vain Sambo labored to arouse the inhabitants of ancient Troy, to the realization of the pending concert. High above the peals that issued from the pelted tin vessel, was repeatedly heard the long drawn out solicitation. "The Warrenton show am in town." The gross receipts amounted to sevety-five cents. The next morning the liveryman went in search of his dilapidated conveyance; while amidst transports of joy it became the intrepid supporters to replenish the coffers of the club.

That spring they came three times a week. The students knew instinctively what the faculty had to reason out. It worked well. Interrogate the alumni, who are now enjoying, in the possession of an alumna the fruits of those transitional hours. This is unique in the annals of C. W. C. Tho remarkably successful, the faculty counsel in an August sitting repealed the law, declaring it to be the most foolish thing that that body had ever done. So the free evenings were no more.

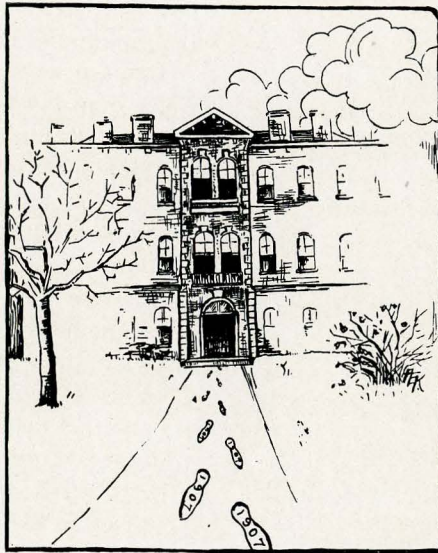
It happened about four weeks before the writer was graduated. Three of us from the class of '04 and one from that of '05, made up a congenial bunch. We went in a carriage. The ford was well known and safe. But before we were aware of it the tumultuous waters had swallowed the ponies and were contending for us. The vehicle was reversed and dragging on its side, while the occupants of the back seat crawled out of the only aperture in the side curtains, after which the whole immediately disappeared. One gained the shallow water, another remaining on the hub of the wheel gyrated with it, while the other two of us leaped for the shore but missed; but finally in

rodent fashion gained the bank. All told, the injuries were slight being confined to the carriage; losses, a hat and pair glasses; gains brandy for the constitution's sake, a deeper insight into materialism, another day off, sympathy from the emporium of tenderness, and at commencement congratulations from the faculty upon being alive.

It will now be conceded that the student body of this period is characterized as being the profoundest and most philosophical in the history of C. W. C. He who remains an honest doubter on this question may be further convinced by a consultation with the illustrious alumnae, many of whom have joined themselves in holy matrimony with an alumnus.

Thruout harmony was the key-note. Minors frequently occurred, but seldom discords. At times the staccatos stalked a hideous prance, but always found their legato.

By the close of the year 1903-04, I was thoroughly satisfied that the institution had nobly stood the three years' test. As did many others of the class '04, I then bade my alma mater an affectionate farewell and went out to run the bases in the game of life.



MAKING TRACKS!

## Making Tracks.

The members of the Class of '07 have reached the first mile stone on the long road through life. Have they been making tracks? Not as yet, being endowed with the power of ethereal flight, although without doubt so inclined, they undoubtedly have left marks of their brogans on the sands of time. The following is simply a brief biographical synopsis of the world stirring deeds of the Class of '07.

Gottlob Cast is making his Master's degree in German at Northwestern University. He is the star German student at that institution.

Louis DeVries and Emil Doernenberg are following in the footsteps of the immortal Cast. They are also working for their Master's degrees in German at Northwestern. It speaks well for C. W. C. that there are more of her graduates now attending at this University than of any other one school. Si are now doing post graduate work there.

Mattie Dutton has been putting forth credit-

able efforts toward carrying the light of modern civilization and culture to the benighted heathen of Truesdale, Mo. She has had charge of the primary department of the public school.

J. Franklin Haas always did have a propensity for making away with yellow legged roosters, so he joined the ranks of the proverbial chicken eaters. He has been officiating as pastor of the Methodist Church at Clarence, Mo.

Wm. H. Hackman, following his marked pedagogical instinct, has been busily dispensing the crystal waters of the Pierean spring at Maywood, Neb.

J. W. Hake has been studying engineering at Missouri State University. We see him about the Ladie's Dormitory every once in a while. Wonder why? If the joke wasn't so aged we'd tell you.

A. H. Hoech has had charge of the Bellflower, Mo. public school, and has of course given the Central Wesleyan brand of satisfaction. We all know what that means. At present he is attending Brown's Business College in St. Louis.

Walter Hollman has also found a little nook from which to let the dazzling light of his erudition beam forth. He is an assistant teacher in a business college in Los Angeles and is at the same time taking commercial work himself.

O. R. Martin has also joined the ranks of the pedagogues. He has been teacher of Latin and German, besides having charge of the Athletic Department of the Granite City, Ill. High School.

Henry Meyer, our Heine, is also making his mark in engineering at Missouri University. Heine always was a cheerful plugger and you're going to hear about him one of these days.

O. G. Schowengerdt was the first member of the class of '07 to launch his matrimonial canoe. He is now proprietor of a prosperous shoe business in El Reno, Okla.

W. F. Skaer is another of the teachers, in which the Class of '07 abound. He has been teaching the upper grades in the Gopher School near Nokomis, Ill.

W. H. Vosholl, the former standing joke of C. W. C., is another of the three members of '07 who are taking engineering at Missouri University, and he, as also have the other two, has a special

attraction here which makes it possible for us to see his smiling face occasionally.

Lillian Bluhm has been teaching school in her home town, Smithton, Mo. She returned to C. W. C. for the last term after the close of her school.

Irene Hartel has been doing efficient work as Assistant Teacher of Music at Central Wesleyan. The billets doux from the afore mentioned dispenser of the famous Pierean Spring water arrived with a periodic regularity quite astounding.—“But a year ago 'twas—And in one more 'twill be”—Thus we see how the old world wags.

Pearl Phillipp has been teaching music at El Reno, Okla., her home. As a side line she has been doing culinary and elocutionary stunts.

Herman Remmert has been working in a merchandise establishment at Louisville, Ky.

Luella Stueckeman has been teaching in the High School at Mist, Ark.

Lulu Watt has also been teaching Music at Marceline, Mo. It is said that she is becoming quite expert at preparing the yellow legged variety of the barnyard fowl every old way; a la francais, roti, etc., but especially a la Tommy Haas. Who said ouch?

## A Letter from one of the Students of the Early Eighties.

Smithton, Mo., May 15, 1908.

My dear——

Today I chanced on a box of old photographs, and at once I fell a-dreaming of the days when we were girls at C. W. C.

Though many a year has gone since then, yet how readily one recalls those familiar scenes and faces. How green the grass, and how bright the sun, on my first day in Warrenton!

It seems but as yesterday, and I could almost fancy that I still have a part in the pleasant hurry and bustle of getting settled for the year's work. Some of the acquaintances of that day have proven steadfast friends through all the years that intervene, and life has been brighter because of them.

When one thinks of it, old Central Wesleyan

was very busy in the early '80's, shaping the lives of future men and women of prominence. We are proud to hear of them as winning success in various professions, in the pulpit in Congress and in the home.

A good many of these, who now can hold and sway their audiences with their eloquence, no doubt got their first training in public speaking in the Literary societies at College. Do you remember what thrilling sessions we used to hear in Clionia? And how we used to envy the other societies, their spacious halls! In fancy I yet hear those bursts of oratory and soar of eloquence. Dear old Clionia!

Shall you ever forget the night in May, '82, when a cyclone wrecked the College building?

That was indeed a time of excitement. I have never forgotten the roaring wind, the torrents of rain, the ruins all about, and how all of these combined to so terrify us that some of us quite lost control of ourselves.

I remember a number of us were huddled together in the parlor, too frightened and excited to move, when Professor Kessler came to the rescue. He took one girl to the piano—it may have been you—and said “Play” and said to the rest of us, “Sing,” well, it quieted us as perhaps nothing else could have done.

And with what dismay we stood about the next morning, when we fully realized the full extent of the disaster. I remember that I wanted to go home, for I thought that it would surely end the school for that year. So it is something of which to be proud that so fine was the working system of the school, that only one half-day was lost. And how splendidly the students worked to save the property from further loss. You doubtless recall the “Broom Brigade,” which swept water from the second and third floors by day and by night; for you know it rained for days after the storm.

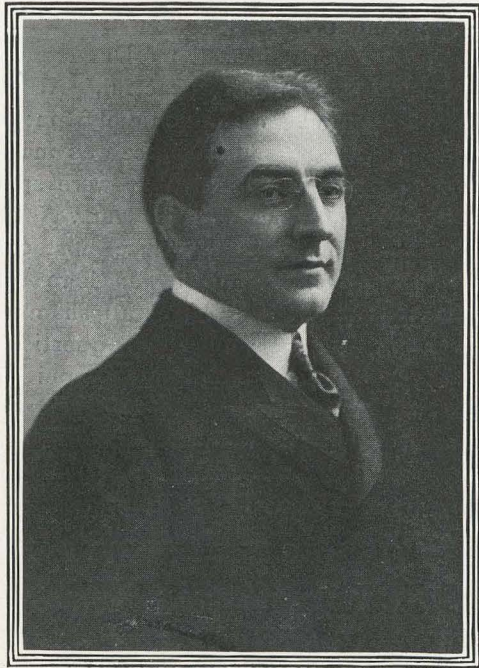
I wonder where all the singers are that sang in “Queen Esther.” I have occasionally met “Mordacai” and “Human,” and one or two others but for the most part: I have lost all trace of them, It has been my privilege to hear a good many concerts, but it still seems to me that “Queen Esther,” as it was sung in June, '83, was very fine indeed.

O, the memories of commencement time, when one belonged to the graduating class! The world was all rose color, and life was music and flowers and happiness; and the future was just waiting for great achievements. What if the rose color has sometimes faded. Life is made up of sunshine and shadow, of fair skies and tempests; and these are for our good.

As I recall, one by one, the faces of all the old school-mates and teachers, I realize that some have “Crossed the Bar.” These pleasant recollections are tinged with sadness; and yet, dear friend, it has been a delightful experience in fancy to renew the friendships of former days. May the remembrance of them ever be green in our hearts.

Sincerely your friend,

FANNY RINGEN.



DR. THEODORE HENDERSON

### Dr. Henderson's Words.

The Devils Philosophy is "never spend yourself, always spare yourself."

The secret of Christ's joy was not in chanting rapturous hymns; not in uttering fervent prayers to heaven; not in ornate speech and winsome words; but in self denying-service.

Christ was not great because he stooped low; He stooped low because he was great.

Christianity is not day dreaming; it is strenuous struggle for spiritual supremacy; it is not sweet sentiments served up in dainty booklets; it is moral heroism under fire.

Men of Central Wesleyan, The right sort of color rush is offered you in the Psalm 60:4—"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

The lordship of Jesus Christ over the lives of men makes it the greatest of sins for men not to serve him.

Whatever, Whenever, Wherever!

## Revival.

Revivals require no justifications; emotional and revivalistic revivals have no justification; energizing revivals carry their justification with them. The purpose of this article is to recite some of the salient facts in connection with a revival of the latter kind experienced at Central Wesleyan during the early part of 1908.

On December 28, 1907, the midwinter revival meetings at the College Church had been inaugurated. After two weeks of effective service led by the pastor and members of the faculty, the work was taken in charge by Dr. Theodore S. Henderson, general field superintendent of the General Conference Commission on Agressive Evangelism. Dr. Henderson's work has brought him in close touch with some of the largest Colleges and Universities in the United States. This fact explains the singular address with which he presented the gospel message both to individual students and to student audiences. In a further respect Dr. Henderson seemed peculiarly fitted to our situation: the Germans among us were as completely won by his captivating personality as the English-speaking, and consequently there was no difficulty experienced in using the English language in the majority of the meetings. Dr.

Henderson was with us from the eleventh to the seventeenth of January.

The method of work pursued by Dr. Henderson was Scriptural and eminently tactful. All the Christian forces at hand were immediately put to work. A free use of personal influence was made. Dr. Henderson's own time and effort were spent largely in private conference with students. The College office was selected as the place most convenient for these interviews, and it was here that from 150 to 200 students divested of all sham by frank and searching, yet not impertinent questions, and encouraged by kindly advice and admonition, broadened their views of things and took a determined stand for Christian manhood and womanhood. It is those personal interviews which will remain as mile stones in the life-course of more than a few of those who were students of C. W. C. during 1907-08.

Besides the intensely evangelistic sermons delivered at the College Church, which were in every case followed by Spirit-attended altar service, four addresses at Chapel exercises, and numerous others during meal hour, at special students' meetings, to the ladies, and to the theological students were delivered by Dr. Henderson. His

shorter talks were always in a spicy, epigrammatic style, which held the attention of all and fixed the thoughts expressed fast in the memory. In the choice of subject-matter for the addresses the same tact was evinced as in every other phase of the work. Every bit of advice to new converts was given at that time and that place calculated to give to it peculiar weight and to assure for it ready acceptance. The last evening's meeting, which was a fitting climax of a series of services in which so many had accepted Jesus Christ as the solution of the question of life, and the students' meeting in which "Life-work" was considered should be emphasized. The former made manifest the joy and gladness resulting from the conviction of sonship to God, and the other was a practical expression of this joy and gladness in the determination to follow the Master, "whatever, wherever, and whenever pleases him."

A partial appreciation of Dr. Henderson's effective work among us was rendered when, on the morning of his departure, the entire student body accompanied him to the station and bade him farewell. We desire here to record, in permanent form, the gratitude of everyone connected with C. W. C., first indeed to Dr. Henderson for the spiritual uplift he has given to our school, but ultimately, as we are sure he would have it, to the Giver of all good things.



BIDDING DR. HENDERSON ADIEU

## The Home Folks.

No apology is needed as an introduction to a writing in praise of those whose hearts have so many times in the past turned with fond concern toward C. W. C. Rather would we need to apologize had we forgotten them. Our best attempt to show them honor cannot be too great and anything less would be too small. Men are too prone to bestow eulogies upon the conspicuous and give never a thought to the humbler task more nobly done. But high purpose exalts the lowliest toil.

While Central Wesleyan students have spent a busy year each pursuing his chosen way, these to win literary honors, those to lead the athletic fray, others to chase the weary hours from one social function to the next, some to drink deep from the unfettered fountains of thought, many to have sought much and found little, they all have done or left undone enough to call forth this modest volume. But could we gather up in similar form the story the home folks could tell of how the students got their opportunities, what volumes that would fill.

That story began years ago perhaps. Some

mother leaned down over a cradle freighted with her future's hopes and prayed, "This child is thine, Oh Lord, help us to do well by him." Some father watched his growing son and said, "I'll give him a better chance than ever I had, God help me to give him the best." And then they poured out their lives in answer to their prayers. Wouldn't that fill a book?

Somewhere, for years perhaps, the home folks got up just a little earlier in the morning and worked just a little later at night because "the children must go to college." Somewhere mothers and sisters, modern Marys and Marthas, did the common drudgery at home doing in love's sweet sacrifice the things that other hands were wont to do. Somewhere fathers and brothers, the self appointed guardians of the opportunities of those they love, have paid the price of another's gain. But love lightens any burden and the way of sacrifice is sublime. Our home folk's noble purpose in the hope they had has made service a privilege to them and they have taught us better than any other teachers that they have most truly lived who have most truly served.

## Man, a Toast.

by Erna J. Sell.

The true characterization of any person can only be made from two points of view—first, that of the subject himself; second, that of the other fellow. So to characterize man we must discover not only his opinion of himself, but also woman's opinion of him. Then by a judicious weighing, sifting and mixing of materials. viz., these opinions, we obtain an accurate idea of the real characteristics of the subject under investigation.

In his own eyes man is might, achievement, nobility personified. His powerful arm protects himself and those dependent upon him from the ravages of wild animals; his active intellect wrests the resources from nature, his inventive genius adapts and utilizes them for the benefit of humanity; his strong sense of justice provides a system of government which restrains the strong and protects the weak; his incessant toil provides necessaries and luxuries for his wife and children. Who does everything great and good in the world? Man. Who should be boss of the universe? Man. What is man? He is IT.

In the eyes of woman, man is a mere admirable nuisance to be wheedled, cajoled and fed into good humor, a being who condescends to give her

that for which she coaxes and flatters—if he happens to feel like it, but who in the glory and pride of his autocracy refuses what she demands as a right. His powerful arm tries to confine her to the home to cook, bake, scrub, sew and drudge. His active intellect tries to shut in her face the door of opportunities to interests outside of the home, which would give her a broader and more wholesome view of life and humanity. His inventive genius cannot brook the thought that woman should be anything but an humble imitator. How dare she be original in her thoughts, her ideals and her activities! His sense of fitness demands a regime in which he is the governor and she the governed, not one in which she is his equal, his comrade. Who ridicules her for the tearful subterfuges, the smiling artifices, the petty deceptions, her circuitous methods for gaining her ends? Who forces her to make use of them? Who has kept her in durance vile since time immemorial? Who is compelling woman to extremes in her attempt to emancipate herself and to make herself so far as lies within her, so far as is in accordance with her nature, man's compeer? Who hinders her development into the ideal woman, the strong, fear-

less, intelligent helpmeet, who inspires in man not only the holiest and noblest of affections, but in whom he will find the ideal friend, peerless comrade who understands and trusts him, upon whom he can rely, confident of good advice when perplexed, tender sympathy and cheer when discouraged by failure, and mutual rejoicing when encouraged by success? Who is guilty of all these crimes and misdemeanors? The inevitable man.

But something must be wrong somewhere. Man says he is the cause of all the great and good things in the world; woman, that he is the cause of all the evil in the world. Both are right and both are wrong. There is however, a reason for this radical difference of opinions, and by impartial investigation, we may clear up this mutual misapprehension and obtain a true delineation of the true character of man. The flaw lies in the education of both man and woman. They have been reared to look from different viewpoints, their standards are dissimilar. George Meredith says in one of his novels: "They are foreigners when they meet. One may say they are trained to be hostile. Some of them fall in love and strike a truce and still they are foreigners. They have not the same standard of honor." But blessings on the American system of coeducation! In time man and woman will come to a mutual understanding and will forgive and forget their former disagreeable, unacceptable opinions of each other.

Some time women will learn that man is better than he appears to be, that underneath his crusty exterior he is true to the heart's core, that tho', so to speak, he is the baser element, yet he supplies the even tenor of the way. There are

times when man and man only fills the bill. In college he is the hero of the gridiron, the diamond and the track. He lifts the heavy beams and sometimes rides the pony. It is his scrapping instinct which produces class rivalry. It is his loyalty to and boasting pride in his college which brings about intercollegiate contests in athletics, oratory and debate. It is his inspiring personality which instigates and lends zest to many of the pranks and escapades for which the college woman is brought to task. He lures her to the midnight stroll and helps her through the window when the door is locked. He is her protector on the way to and from Sunday evening services and to concerts etc., in the hall. He brings her candy and flowers and carries her suit case.

In the activities of the world, man is a fighter. To gain subsistence, to satisfy his desires—physical, mental and spiritual, he struggles with nature, his fellowmen, himself and God. In the home man cares and provides for his family, he shelters them as much as possible from the turbulent, the harsh, the rough and seamy side of life, and tho' he demands much love and patience and toil in return, the true man is worth it. "A hundred men can make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home," yet "A man's a man for a' that and a' that."

So here's to man who is both wise and other-wise, who is the embodiment of courage, firmness of purpose, fine sense of honor, manliness and chivalry, who does his best according to the light given him by his Creator. Here's to him who gives to woman his heart, to the world his brain, and to God his unswerving fealty.

## The Ballad of Jennie McNeil Up-to-date.

Apropos of Philo Special.

Set to Rocking-Horse Rhyme.

Gait: Combination between gallop and fox-trot.

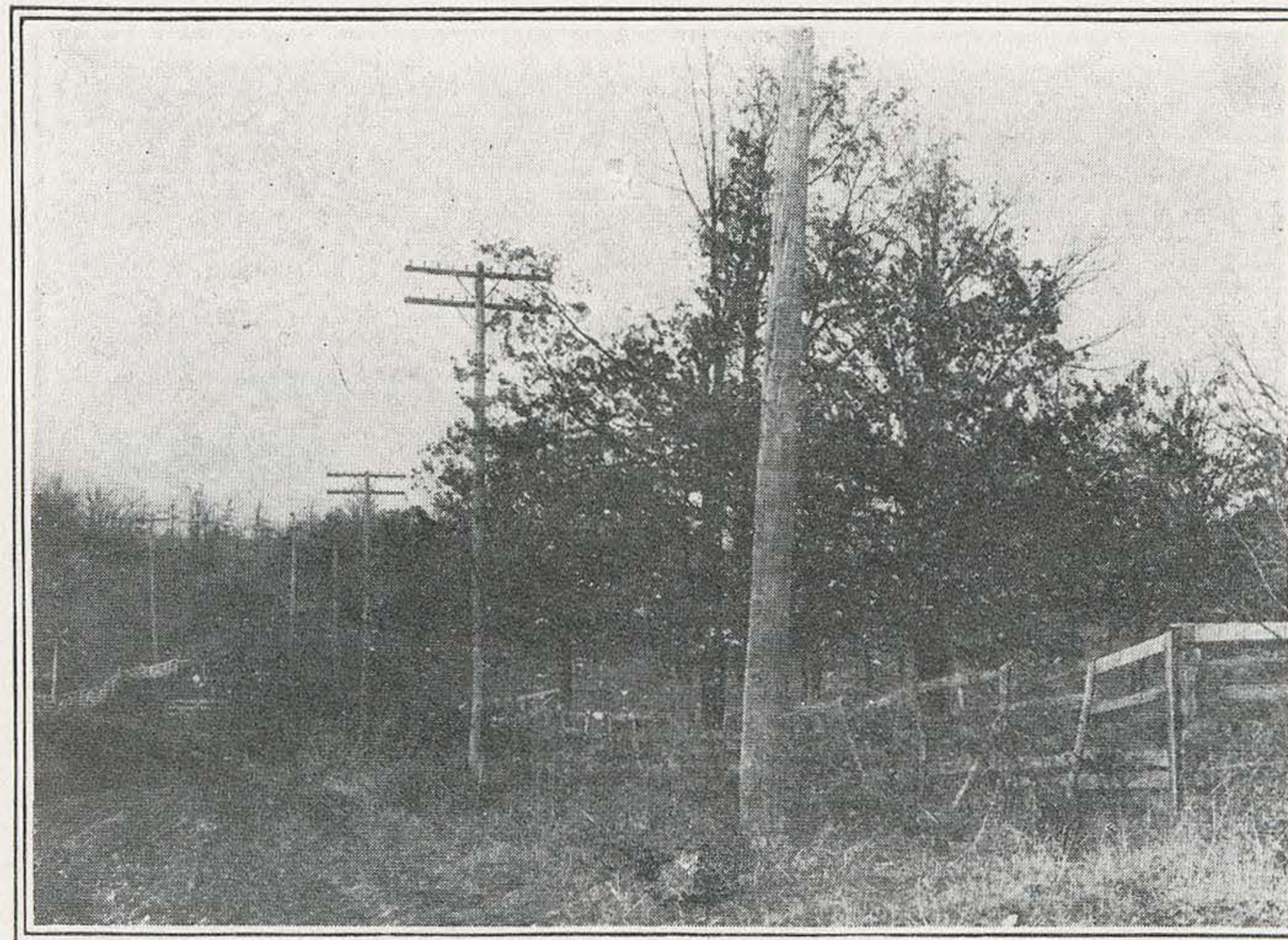
If Jenny McNeil were living to-day,  
On a black steed would she have sped away,  
With the red-coat troops in hot pursuit,  
A bangin' at her with rifles to boot?  
Would she for love of a colonel old,  
Brave darkness, and spooks, and dangers untold?  
Would she through briars and bushes ride?  
Her life to providence confide?  
And would she like another Paul Revime,  
Have gone a-clatt'ring down the halls of time?  
(His name was—vere, it was not—vime,  
But we had to hold the tott'ring rhyme).  
If Jenny McNeil were living to-day,  
Would she have ridden this dangerous way?  
Not on your life, oh no, nay, nay,  
If Jenny McNeil were living today,  
She would have taken an easier way.  
If the troopers had come and demanded to eat,  
With a pleasant smile and hurrying feet,  
She would start the 'lectric cooking range,

And broil and stew French dishes strange;  
While the gas-flame fried the Irish potater;  
And the coffee boiled in the percolator.  
When the coffee is served and the meal is done,  
To the soldiers then all unbeknown,  
Into each steaming, savourous cup,  
A headache—tablet would she drop.  
Then jest and threats are heard no more,  
Alone the deep—resounding snore,  
Of forty British troopers brave,  
Whom Jenny those headache—powders gave.  
How simple! Yet the deed is done;  
Our heroine now proceeds to the phone,  
She leisurely calls the old Colonel,  
And does of the threatened danger him tell.  
Refrain: The Colonel old,  
So dashing and bold,  
To Jenny heart-felt thanks expresses,  
His valet him then quickly dresses,  
And he's off for the West in his automobile,  
Thanks to the daring of Jenny McNeil.

## Ode to Lovers' Lane.

How dear the remembrance of old college heydays,  
When Annual 'Aught Eight presents them to view.  
The campus, the oak trees, the deep-trodden path-  
ways  
And every loved spot that the students well knew;  
The wide Open Parlors and the co-eds that smiled  
there,  
And the old reading room where to speak was pro-  
fane,  
The worn wooden bridge with its memories so fair,  
And e'en the sweet charms of the lone lovers' lane.

The dear lovers' lane that we hailed as a Mecca,  
For Cupid and silence reigned blissfully there.  
No place for dry text books and mind racking stu-  
dies  
When gallants read nature with ladies so fair.  
Where sidewalks so narrow demanded a union  
Seen only by old Mister Moon on the wane;  
Say, life seemed one blessed and happy com-  
munion  
When the shadows long lingered in lone lovers'  
lane.



To the rough iron railway this lane slowly winds  
To which Central Wesleyan's lovers still stray.  
And many a couple that wedlock now binds  
Found this the sure highway of loves endless day.  
And when far removed from our loved alma mater  
We fellows shall struggle mid pleasure and pain  
Our fancy will revert to days that were brighter,  
We'll sigh for fair co-eds and lone Lovers' Lane.

P. H. D.

## A Prep.

A SCENE FROM THE LATEST COMEDY, AS YOU GET IT.  
cf. Shakespear's "As You Like It."

Junior; How now sir, what look you so merrily?

Fresh; A Prep, a Prep! I met a Prep in the library, a nifty Prep, a miserable world! As I do live by stand-by, I met a Prep; who sat him down and warmed him by the radiator, and joked with the girls in good terms, in good set terms, and yet a nifty Prep. "Good morrow, Prep," quoth I. "23 sir," quoth he, "call me not Prep before my lady friends." And then he drew an Ingersoll from his pocket, and, looking at it with lack-lustre eye, says very niftily "it is eleven o'clock, thus we may see how time flies. 'Tis but an hour ago since 'twas chapel, and in one hour more 'twill be dinner; and so from hour to hour we study and study, and then from term to term we flunk and

flunk; and thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear the simple Prep thus moral on the time, my lungs began to screech like Schobes fiddle, that Preps should be so batty. And I did laugh sans side ache an hour by his Ingersoll. O Prep! A crazy Prep! A lemon's thy only wear.

Junior: What Prep is this?

Fresh: One that has been a sport and says, if girls but have powder, they have the gift to use it; and in his brain which is as dry as open parlors after a concert, he hath strange places cramm'd with foolishness, the which he vents in mangled forms. O that I were a Prep! I am ambitious to be a sport.

All rights reserved.

(Signed) Bill 'n I.

## Non Paratus.

by C. J. Lotz.

"Non paratus" this you'll say  
When you go to class today.  
"Non paratus" that is all,  
When your name your teachers call.  
"Non paratus" in your book  
You will work it with a hook.  
"Non paratus" so you may  
Get it 'ere examining day.  
"Non paratus" not prepared  
This you said and little cared.  
"Non paratus," this you'll say  
On examination day.  
"Non paratus" means you'll flunk  
And you'll say all kinds of junk.  
"Non paratus" means you'll quit  
'Cause you are'nt worth a bit.  
"Non paratus" out of school  
Where you showed yourself a fool.

"Non paratus" what is next?  
This you'll make your lifelong text.  
"Non paratus" same old word  
You have oft repeated heard.  
"Non paratus," you won't know  
What it means till old you grow.  
"Non paratus" you will whine  
When you sit beneath your pine.  
"Non paratus" now you're old  
Not prepared for hunger, cold.  
"Non paratus" at your death  
It will be your latest breath.  
"Non paratus" you will say  
When you're called on Judgement Day.  
"Non paratus," God will say,  
Was your theme your livelong day.  
"Not prepared for Heaven's fame  
Fit for naught but fire and flame."

**O, Look Who's Here.**

O look who is here!  
A wee baby dear!  
So chubby and small,  
As sister's big doll.

Three toothies so white,  
Just aching to bite.  
His akward big feet  
All else do they beat.

His dress is of yellow,  
The dear little fellow,  
And black is the trimmin,'  
The style of old women.

He's never seen silk,  
No! nothing but milk,  
His tears he does shed,  
Down the back of his head.

We hope he will grow,  
For we're worried you know.  
Perhaps he can learn,  
By some happy turn.  
That its wise to be good  
Tho' he wouldn't if he could!

## The Bells.

by Henry Janssen, '09.

Hear the rattle of the Bells,—  
Little Bells!  
What a day of laboring their loud alarm fortells;  
How they rattle, prattle, rattle,  
In the air of early morn!  
While the youth who loves to slumber  
Feels a thousand ills encumber,  
Crawling out, with look forlorn,  
Thinks of work, work, work,  
And the many pains that lurk  
In his pathway, as he rises with the bells.

Hear the Recitation Bells,—  
Sounding Bells!  
What a world of study their loud clamoring  
foretells!  
How they call us on to labor  
With a tone that ever swells;  
And the busy ones, returning  
To their books, in quest of learning,  
Do their tasks, as duty tells;  
With a careful thought that brings  
Precious views of higher things,  
And the monotone of drudgery expels!

Then the joyful dinner Bells,  
Welcome Bells!  
What a time of happiness their cheerful call  
foretells!  
How they spring, swing, ring,  
They re as happy as a king,  
Each one lays aside his labour.  
Going with his hungry neighbour  
To the hall!  
In that little creaking tower  
They announce the dinner hour,  
And we all respond with pleasure to the ringing of  
the Bells!

O ye blessed Chapel Bells,—  
Golden Bells!  
What a world of blessing your sweet harmony  
foretells.  
On the Sabbath morning bright  
How you fill our soul with light,  
As your blessed tones are rolling,  
Ever sweet, though often tolling,  
In your ringing, ringing, ringing,  
We can hear the spirits singing,  
Calling man to higher life, where'er he dwells.  
Blessed Bells!

## That's Who.

Eyes black as midnight, teeth white as snow,  
Smiles sweet as sunshine, lovely as a rose,  
Jolly, joking, jubilant, everywhere she goes;  
Who this girl is I'm sure you want to know.

Don't beg. That's Peg.

Freckles, fun and faultlessness mixed with subtile care,  
Prim politeness personified, wooing, wily, wise,  
Simply makes you love her, does it with her eyes;  
Flaunts a dash of gay repartee, a maze of golden hair.

Oh, yes. E. S.

Here, you foolish dreamer, quit telling on the girls,  
You havn't any business saying what you think,  
And couldn't do them justice with all your fluent ink.  
Praises match their practices as pebbles mate with pearle.

That's it. I've quit.



DORMITORY GIRLS

ANY STUDENT WHO WILL

- CONTINUALLY ENTER THEIR FELLOW-STUDENT'S ROOMS IN THEIR ABSENCE AND TURN EVERYTHING TOPSY-TURVY;
- TEAR MAGAZINES, OR SOIL BOOKS FROM THE COLLEGE LIBRARY;
- DEPOSIT TOBACCO JUICE BEHIND RADIATORS;
- TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR PROFESSOR'S OVER-SIGHT;
- BUM CLASSES JUST FOR FUN;
- OR IN ANY WAY MAKE IT THEIR BUSINESS TO MEDDLE IN THEIR NEIGHBOR'S BUSINESS, IS

**A FOOL**

BEHOLD,  
WHAT A BIG NUI-  
SANCE A SMALL  
MAN CAN BE!



## Psalm of Life.

A parody dedicated to the bachelor professors.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Wives are but a hopeless dream,  
For the heart is dead that slumbers  
And things are not what they seem.

Man is patient, man is earnest,  
For a wife to bless his soul.  
When he finds her she consenteth,  
Gives her heart so pure and whole.

Only enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is their destined end and way  
And to live that each tomorrow  
Finds them happier than today.

Life is short and time is fleeting,  
And their hearts are fond and true  
Still as one the other beating.  
Thus her love will be for you.

In the world's broad field of battle  
Midst the jealousy and strife,  
Some will comment, some will prattle,  
Never mind it, get a wife.

Trust in fortune, always pleasant,  
While you earn your daily bread.  
Love—love, in the living present  
Find a wife that you may wed.

Lives of others will remind you  
How to live and love and dine,  
Ne'er forgetting what to do  
To please this dear wife of thine.

So give warning one to the other,  
Sailing down life's solemn main.  
A forlorn and bachelor brother  
Seeing, may take heart again.

Get to loving and to wooing,  
Get to fishing with your bait,  
Still endeavoring, still pursuing,  
Get a wife in nineteen eight.—E. C. W.

### **Sophomore's Development.**

When I was a child,  
I was tender and mild,  
As children I knew and I did.  
But when manhood I gained,  
Men's knowledge attained,  
Of childish things I was rid.

When as Freshman I stood,  
I did as should.  
(That is as well as I could.)  
But Freshie became  
A Sophomore, by name,  
I threw off my old Freshman hood.

In Freshman's dark night  
T'was a mad color-fight  
That soothed my bleak passions and woes  
But in Sophomore's broad day,  
I've put it away,  
I strive for the learned man's rose

—C. J. LOTZ, '10.

[He gets the bouquet.—Ed.]

### **C. M. C.**

BY C. J. L. '10

There is a spot in old Missouri  
That is full of light for me  
And my heart is filled with rapture  
When in thought that spot I see.

There among the shady maples  
And the rigid oaks and pines  
Stands a structure strong and sturdy  
Where the climbing ivy twines.

'Tis the homestead of the student,  
And the learned mind's abode,  
'Tis the ladder of the climber,  
And the Seeker's shining road.

From it's halls of busy bustling  
From it's rooms of quiet search  
Come the men of law and clergy  
Men of worth who wield the birch

Famous men,—illustrious women  
Are the sons and daughters proud  
Of their loving Alma Mater,  
And they speak her praise aloud.

Dear old Central Wesleyan College  
Make a worthy son of me.  
Help me be what thou would'st make me,  
And what men expect of thee.

### Rehearsing a Frolic.

The Sophies dressed a little man  
In Freshman black and gold;  
They took a rope, and off they ran  
To taunt their rivals bold.

They climbed the college balcony,  
And from its lofty height  
They hanged the Freshman effigy,  
And yelled with all their might.

The Freshman now were filled with ire,  
With wrath from sole to crown;  
Their stalwart forms reached ever higher,  
To pull their mascot down.

But while the Sophs were taunting bold,  
One Freshie, brave and tall,  
Pulled down the man with mighty hold,  
And hid him in the hall.

With anger now the Sophs were filled,  
And fought with might and main;  
The hosts of Freshmen, brave and skilled,  
To get him back again.

Their efforts, tho, were all in vain,  
And are yet to this day;  
The Freshmen still their man do claim,  
And will for aye and aye.

So Sophies, dear, next time you would  
A joke on Freshmen book,  
Just say again: "If we but could!  
They're wiser than they look."

E. K.



**OH, JOY!**

## Salus and Hammers.

What would Central Wesleyan Business College be if:

"Fats" would forget to take his pipe to school.

Hehman could wake Gaebe on Sunday morning.

Alexander could talk German.

Freivogel wouldn't eat so much sauer kraut.

Armstrong were not so small.

Meyers could drown a dog.

"Artie" could see better through his glasses.

Miss Schaaake could pay all bills promptly.

Elmer could stop a ball.

Sutter could eat more candy.

Heidtman would not make himself so easily acquainted.

Talley could only secure a smokeless pipe.

Steffen could change the color of his hair.

Miss Nothdurft was not from Cape Girardeau Co.

Prof. in Philosophy: Plato held that man reaches the highest good not by isolation but by socialization.

Kettel: I beg to differ with Mr. Plato on this point. The highest good may be attained only through co-education.

"Time, tide and Goethenia roll-call wait for no man." Wipp.

Prof. in Economics: Is paper money classed as bad money?

Fair co-ed: No, I think it makes good money.

Prof. Yes, it is classed as bad money.

Co-ed: Why? because it tears easily?

Prof. in chemistry: What are the uses of nitro-glycerine?

Schneider: It is sometimes used for chapped hands.

Prof.: What is that animal called that carries an ink bottle about with it?

Bright student: An editor.

Prof. Frick calling up reminiscences in geology: "Why in those days turtles were mighty important personages on this old earth of ours. A good sized one was something like 18 or 20 feet across. They used to have railings built about them and made a mighty profitable business of ferrying other creatures across the prehistoric rivers."

Toodles: "Professor, do you think I could get a position in the Government Coast Survey?"

Prof. Frick: "Yes, I think they need a cook."



AND MY  
STAND-BY TOO  
BY GUM!

**Our Stand-by**

## Saws and Hammers.

### IN THE LATIN CLASS.

First Student— “What did you have in the Latin class today?”

Second Student— “We had the congregation of the verbs and dimension of a noun.”

Text— Equus consullem fundit.

Student translating— “The horse spilled the consul.”

Soph.— “Do you folks get your latin well?”

Freshie— Yes we first stumble through it and then the Prof. runs through it with us.”

‘Non capto cibo’ was lately translated “no food having been captured” which in case of frog legs would not have been inappropriate but usually it sounds better to say “no food having been eaten.”

If old Virgil but knew  
What a burden we bear,  
He'd surely feel sorry  
For us in our care.  
Feel sorry, I guess so,  
But this I'll vouch for  
Had he known we'd read it  
He'd 've written still more.  
Virgil student.

Student translates “Interea magnum Sol circumvolvitur annum” thus— “Meanwhile the old soul had traversed the course of a whole year.”

Prof. “What person is this verb?”

Student. “Impersonal person.”

Student reading is perplexed because he does not know his lesson. “I can't bring that out in English, Professor.”

Suspecting Professor “Bring it out in German then.”

Student reading comes upon a difficult word—

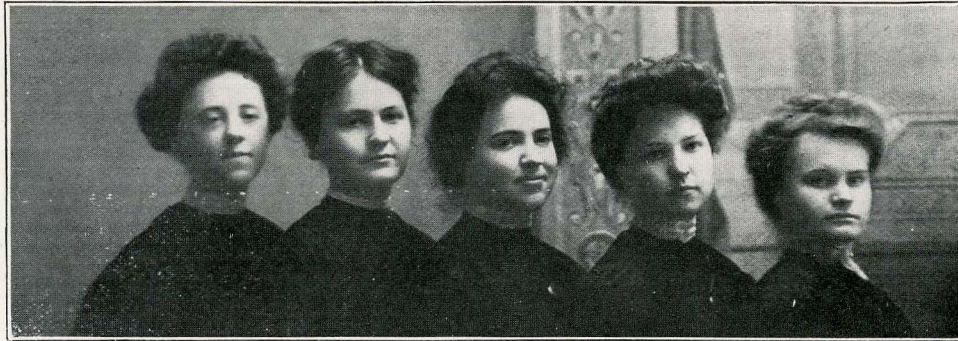
“What is that word, Professor.”

Professor “That is an old enemy.”

Student going on—”. . . . . so the old enemy was . . . . .”

A certain young man whose fair promises and plentiful excuses had kept him from under the bane of the Prof.'s displeasure just about to the danger line, finding dire necessity had made action imperative broke a long silence with a translation which began - - “At last - - -” The astonished professor looked up and smiled, “Yes, thank goodness.”

## The Jolly Fibe.



“Phoebe Jones”  
Miss Jacoby.

“Irene”  
Miss Hartel.

“Emma”  
Miss Brenner.

“Phoebe Baker”  
Miss Baker.

“Frenchie”  
Miss Kirshman.

## A Day in Music Hall.

6:00 a. m. Quartette practices "Evening," "Good night." etc.

6:30 Every-body slings hash.

7:00 Harry overcomes the stillness by practicing "Ben Hur's Chariot Race."

7:45 Miss Miller plays the piano while Mr. B. accompanies with the old students' pipe organ in Room No 16.

8:30 Al. takes a few vocal strains then beats time with one foot.

9:15 Peggy practices in No 9.

10.00 Chapel.

10:30 Klienschmidt's soul has a Waking and his musical talents are displayed.

11:10 Miss Brenner sweetly and clearly expresses the emotions and feelings of the love lorn musician.

12:00 I would rather eat than play.

12:45 Bibi well masters "Just a-wearyin' for you."

1:30 Bill skips over the noisy keys.

2:15 Jim, with Topsy as accompanist, practices her vocal lesson.

3:00 Miss H. gives expression to her finger tips.

3:45 Otherwise at 12:30. Miss Sell attempts the Wip-per-will stunt; she succeeds in getting pretty high.

4:30 Mac has a rehearsal of "Face to Face:"

5:15 Werner sings, "Indeed, indeed I do Just as I "Yust" to do."

5:30 A few danties for a repast.

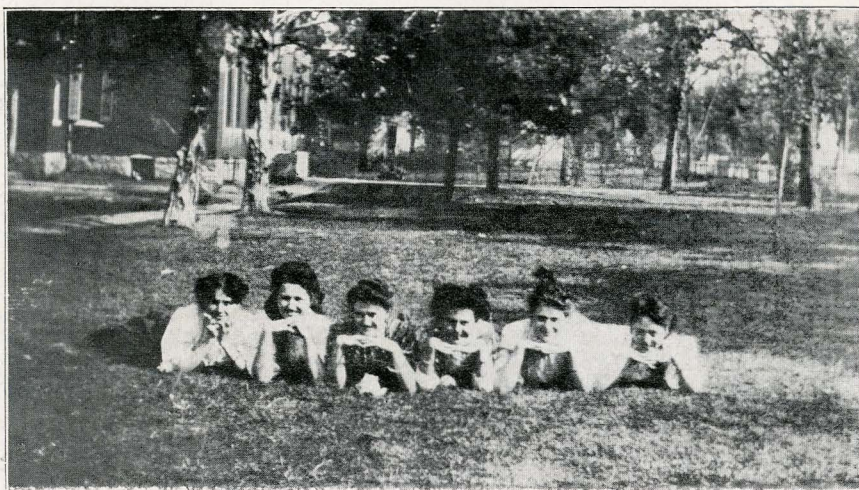
6:15 Daschler puts in a few weary minutes if he was not successful in getting some accompanist during the day.

7:00 "Elijah" and "Hiawathia" are practiced by a chorus of 50 voices.

8:00 Orchestra.

9:30. Oh! Sleep. How sweet!

## The Hincum-Funnyduster Family.



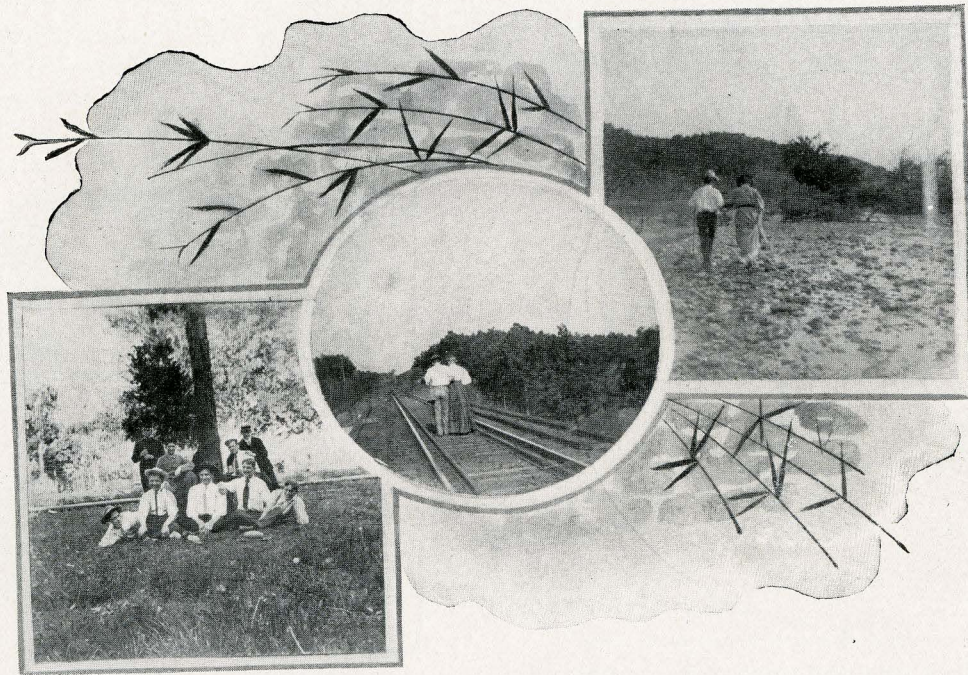
“Topsy” Miss Addie Weber. “Jacque” Miss Neiderjohn. “Bibi” Miss Barcafer. “Peggy” Miss Meyer. “Toodles” Miss Clara Eversmeyer. “Jim” Miss Lena Weber.



C. W. C. WORKERS CORPS



SCENES ON CHARRETTE



LOVERS RESORT



When the "Gym" burned.



Ask Jack about this.

## Saws and Hammers.

A PART OF C. W. C.—MO. M. A. GAME.

The umpire said "play ball,"  
Debby heeded the call.  
He sent up three  
As nice as could be—  
The batter was out, that's all.

ANOTHER PART.

The pitcher sent over an out  
Shorty soaked it a clout,  
A two base hit  
He made of it,  
And all the rooters did shout.

END.

Now that the game was o'er  
I asked a man for the score  
12 to 2 in favor of you,  
He said although he was sore,  
I hope you don't want any more.

Roll call in chapel: "Section one."

Monitor: "One, eight."

Morsey: "Did he get sick?"

Jinks: I was not stating this in any philosophical way but simply from common sense ground.

LOGIC.

Metaphysics comes after physics,  
Then the metaphysician comes after the  
physician.  
The undertaker comes after the physician.  
Therefore the metaphysician is an undertaker.

Talk about the ancient Greeks not having  
modern ideas, when a sentence in Greek I was  
translated: "And Cyrus gave to this one a horse  
and a golden necktie."

Professor — "How were the minor planets  
named?"

A Senior. — "They were named after female  
goddesses.

Junior telling of the discovery of one of  
Jupiter's moons — "They observed the observation"

Professor. — "Paul has your mamma any wind-  
ing-blades at home?"

Paul. — "I don't know Professor."

Prof. — "You better find out and bring them to  
class after this so you can wind up your legs and  
maybe you can find room enough on one bench  
then."

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ing larger season after season is the best  
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inery, Ladies' and Men's Furnishings, Carpets and  
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CHOCOLATES. Nothing better made.  
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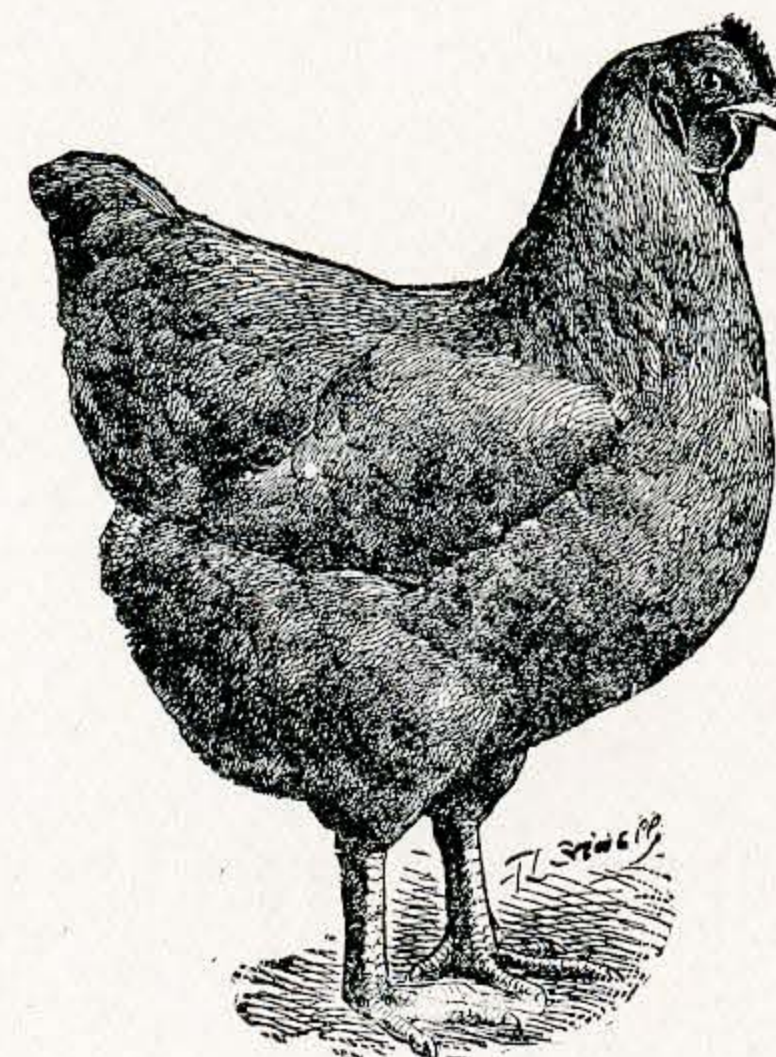
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Send for Booklet.

**E. L. DELVENTHAL,**  
Buff Rock Specialist,  
Box P. Warrenton, Mo.

Miss Jacob: "I would rather marry the President of Goethenia Society than the President of the United States.

E. H. "What do you do in the rapid calculation class?"

Harry "We dewelopp the mind and put rabidity in the brain."

"A godless woman is the saddest tragedy of human life."—Dr. Henderson.



**GEO. E. HACKMAN**

**General Insurance and Loan Agent,  
Warrenton, Missouri.**

**Phones: Office No. 7, Residence No. 9.**

In Rhetoric; Prof.— “Miss E., is this a good definition for man? ‘A man is a two-legged animal without feathers.’ ”

Toodles— “No, because a dog or a cow does not have feathers.”

How wisely nature, ordering all below,  
Forbade a beard on woman’s face to  
grow,  
For how could she be shaved, whatever  
the skill,  
Whose tongue would never let the chin  
be still?—Ex.

Pungent Prof. “Many people know that absence from class is against the rules unless excused, but some do not seem to know that their presence without an excuse is imposition.”

The unparalleled oration of the year was “Heroes and Hero Worship” by Prof. Frick.

**Waterman's**  
The pen with  
**Ideal**  
the Clip-Cap  
**Fountain Pen**

*W. Waterman & Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.*

**Peers & Peers,**  
Attorneys at Law.

**St. Louis                      and                      Warrenton.**

---

Professor Frick tells us that some years ago he went on a trip to the East to get a good look at the heavens. He said it seemed useless for him to take a telescope for his wife had one along but he added when he looked through it he never saw any stars.

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"Memory is the thing we forget with."

—Prof. Hohn.

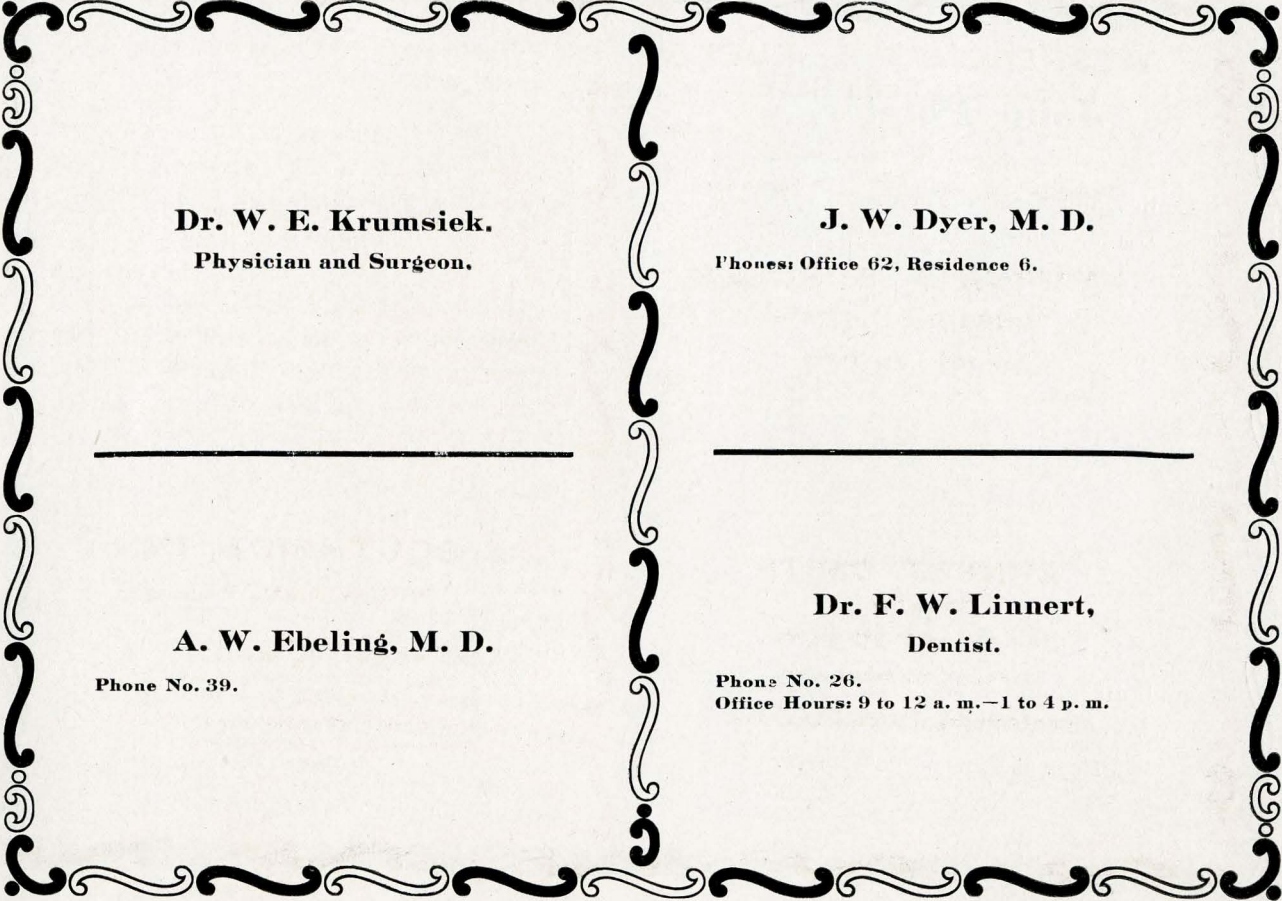
"In my opinion, genius is two per cent. inspiration and ninety eight per cent. perspiration."—Prof. Weiffenbach.

"When a thinking man beholds the glories of the universe and the systems of worlds that fill the fields of space how can he help believing and worshipping the Maker of them all?"

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Ho! Farer on the rugged road  
Halt here a while lay off your load  
Sit with us—laugh in glad release  
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That craving inner man we can satisfy  
And to sleep a cosy bed supply.



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**Warrenton . . . Missouri.**

Prof. "Did people have preachers in the olden times as we do now and how can this be shown?"

Student: "I can't say how far back but I am sure there were preachers in Virgil's time for I read in my lesson this morning about Pastor Polephemus."

Prep. "Do you take Chickanometry? That sure must be hard!"

Mr. Hasenjaeger: "I always accomplish my purpose before I do it."

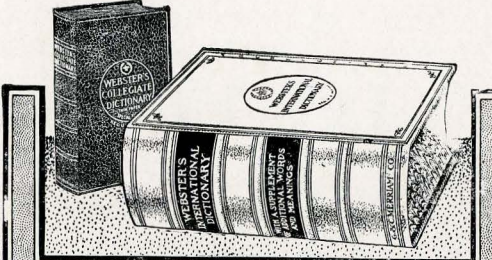
'Twould be fun to know:

Why Jack likes Spuds so well;  
Where his redheaded Sister gets her  
sunshine;  
What Jenks did with the olives at the  
Junior banquet;  
Who has the oil-can;  
When Wipp will have his "sell-out;"  
Whether H means Hasenjaeger or  
Hero;  
Why Elsie Sauer quit school;  
Where Miss Brenner lost that letter;  
What went with Jueter;  
Who swiped Uncle Charlie's class-  
book;  
When Al. ran through a glass door;  
and  
Whether Walter was game or Miss  
Eversmeyer wanted that pillow.

---

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## Warrenton, Missouri.

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G. Come on let's go to the bank,  
I want to get a draft cashed.


H. They wont cash a draft for  
you now on account of the money-panic.

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A logical conclusion, By Toodles.  
Hasenjaeger likes Topsy.  
Jack likes Topsy.  
Therefore Jack likes Hasenjaeger.

# FOX



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Every other typewriter than the Fox has SOME of these features, no other has them ALL. The Fox stands alone as a mechanical marvel in typewriter building.

It is the mechanical excellence of a typewriter that proves its worth and enables it to "stand up" as does the Fox year in and year out under all kinds of strain.

Advertised statements making general claims proves nothing. Prove the Fox by a comparison in your office at our expense.

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