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THE CAMPUS

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THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

The bells that from St. Mary's tower
Sent silv'ry notes o'er Shannon's wave
Had told a tale, were theirs the power,
A story sweet, yet sad and grave.

A young Italian labored long
To mould and shape those metal throats;
With purpose firm, and courage strong,
He strove to harmonize their notes.

And when his years of toil were crowned
With great and glorious success,
His exultation scarce knew bound,
His cup o'erflowed with happiness.

His bells he sold a convent near,
And on Lake Como's lovely shore
Secured a villa, where he 'd hear
Their sweet tones wafted to his door.

Here would he spend his coming years,
Here live enrapt through future time,
Where, morning, noon, and night, his ears
Might feast them on his lovely chime.

But feudal broils with direful pall
Swept down upon that peaceful land;
His family, fortune, friends, and all,
Fell victims to a Vandal hand.

Heart-sick and lonely, thus was turned
His highest joy to deepest woe;
Yet one faint hope within him burned,
To guide him whereso'er he 'd go.

His bells borne hence, he knew not where,
Were ringing in some stately tower;
A weary pilgrim, worn with care,
He sought them from that crucial hour.

Long ere his journey's end was near
His hair grew white, his frame was bowed;
Yet still in mem'ry he could hear
Those sweet bells ringing clear and loud.

Through murm'ring groves their tones would sweep,
In crowded streets they did not cease;
By day, by night, in troubled sleep,
They brought fond dreams of rest and peace.

One day a mariner returned
Of wondrous chimes a story tells,
And that faint hope which long had burned
Suggested those might be his bells.

He voyaged thither, sick and worn,
Until to Shannon's mouth they passed,
And, safely o'er its waters borne,
Were anchored in the port at last.

Thence in a smaller boat they steered,
To reach the wharf of that old town
Where high St. Mary's spire was reared
Above the smoke that settled down.

The angels whispered as they sped,
That his lost bells were stationed there;
With beaming eyes he raised his head,
And softly breathed this fervent prayer:

"O bells, but greet me as I come,
And sound a welcome, only one;
Then heaven's bells shall call me home,
And my sad pilgrimage is done."

The night was quiet and serene,
And mirrored on the river's face
The city's towers and streets were seen,
And stars there found a resting-place.

And on the ripples 'round the boat
The city lights danced merrily;
There sounded no intruding note
To mar the scene's tranquillity.

But suddenly a shower of sound
Burst forth upon the evening air,
And in that chime the old man found
An answer to his recent prayer.

As rich tones floated from the tower,
Bright visions of the happy past
Beguiled the gloom of darker hours
And grief was changed to joy at last.

The music ceased, the boatman turned
To rouse him from his raptured spell;
But his fixed eyes all effort spurned—
His own dear bells had chimed his knell.

Chas. A. D. Jacobus.

ROME.

Rome, Italy, Sept. 29, 1898.

"The Niobe of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownlesss in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

With what feelings of eager and reverential wonder one enters for the first time the Imperial City! As we rode into the city upon an express train it seemed almost a desecration to enter the sacred precincts in so modern a manner. The large and commodious new depot was something of a surprise with its "modern improvements," but we had scarcely left it before we came upon ruins vast and ancient. For the Baths of Diocletian, over 1500 years old, stand directly across from the railway station. These were the most extensive baths in Rome and accommodated 3.000 bathers daily. It seemed strange to meet these relics of past ages in the midst of the most improved nineteenth century buildings, but everywhere one comes upon this incongruous mingling of the past with the present, and the visitor need only turn his eyes about to realize the number of centuries which separate him from the past.

To the ordinary visitor there are two Romes: the Italian Rome of to-day, happy and smiling, with its pretty shops and hotels, its gardens and promenades: then the old Rome dimly revealed through the veil of ruin and débris.

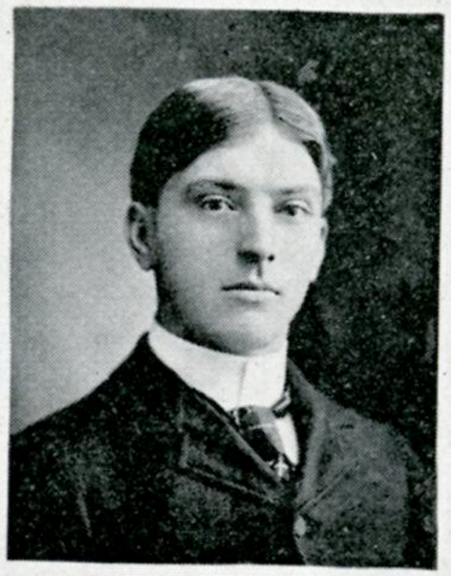
But to him "who treads Rome for the sake of ages" there is but one Rome: the Imperial City, whose spirit yet breathes life into crumbling tower and wasted fane. Every bit of broken wall recalls the story of her greatness. It is the city which has been, and now is no more, which the scholar sees most clearly and with fondest regard.

The most interesting ruins, of course, are to be found in the old part of the city and upon two of the ancient seven hills; that is, upon the Palatine and Capitoline. At the foot of these hills lies the Forum Romanum, the ruins of which have been unearthed at various times. It had been left to decay, until in many places the ancient pavement was forty feet below the present level of the ground. The Forum was originally used for trading purposes and as a market-place, and along its sides were ranged the shops occupied by merchants, butchers, and other craftsmen. In the course of time a number of public buildings, temples and monuments were erected, and the small dealers banished. It became, too, the public meeting-place of various political parties and speakers.

"The Forum, where the immortal accents glow;
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero."

Here to-day we may see the ruins of the rostra or orator's tribune erected by Augustus; an extensive raised platform adorned with statues and tablets, and giving the orator room to walk during his speech. Here also are the ruins of the temples of Castor and Pollux, of Vesta, of Romulus, of Cæsar, of Vespasian, and of Concordia; the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Basilica Julia, and other famous structures. There were many different Forums in Rome, but the Forum Romanum was the most ancient as well as the most interesting. It has required years of patient industry as well as considerable expenditure of means to unearth this ancient Forum, and at one time its location was quite forgotten. It had become no more than a rubbish-heap. "Its desolate area was covered with the teams of buffaloes and oxen of the peasantry, and the mechanics established their work-shops around it, while a few isolated columns alone protruded from the rubbish."

The Palatine Hill is to-day one mass of ruins, about many of which there is some uncer-



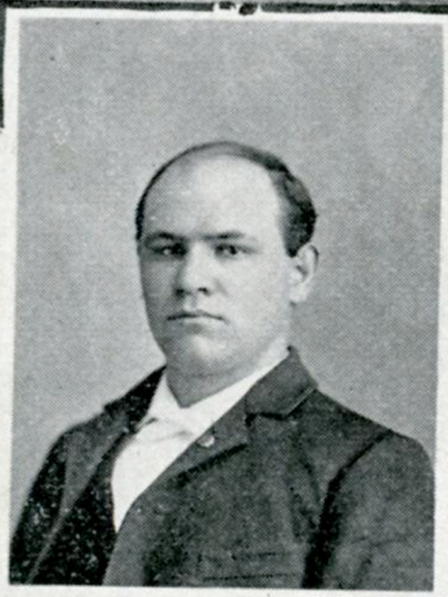


Photo. by Martin.

SENIOR CLASS.

MISS BELL, Cl. GEAR, Normal. TROUT, Cl. MISS NEWTON, Sc.
MISS CHAPIN, Ph. WRIGHT, Cl. MISS EVANS, Ph. MISS KING, Ph. HAGEMAN, Cl.
MITCHELL, Sc. MISS BENSON, Ph. TRIPP, Normal. MISS SHELDON, Ph.

tainty as to the original names and purposes. Here are found the ruins of such palaces as those of Augustus, Tiberius and Septimius Severus, as well as many beautiful private houses; for this hill was in republican times a favorite residence portion of the city. It was the nucleus and center of the city, and here in the glory of its history was most displayed the wealth, the luxury, the art and learning of her greatest men. How shrunken now seems all this grandeur!

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
Matted and massed together; hillocks heaped
On what were chambers; arch crushed, column
strown in fragments."

Not far from the Forum Romanum stands one of the best preserved and most extensive ruins in Rome, the Colosseum, that famous arena, about which so much has been said and written. It stands to-day almost complete among heaps of other ruins. Although it has stood for over 1800 years, it seems capable of standing as many more. The outer wall is built of blocks of Travertine, which originally were held together by iron clamps. In the interior tufa and brick-faced concrete have been used. It is an elliptical-shaped structure and the external circumference measures about one-third of a mile. It consisted of four stories, the first three formed by arcades, supported and ornamented by pillars of the Grecian orders.

The seating capacity of the Colosseum has been much exaggerated, but the best authorities say there were seats for about 50,000 spectators. The foremost row of seats, called the Podium, was destined for the emperor, the senators and the vestal virgins. The emperor occupied a raised seat, and the others had places of honor. There were two rows of marble seats above this, and still farther above rose a girdle-wall supporting a colonnade in which were wooden seats. The humbler ones of the audience, those without togas, stood upon the roof of the colonnade. The arena, which was 279 feet in length, was destined for the gladiatorial combats, naval contests, wild beast fights and other Roman games. It was so arranged that it could be flooded, and thus was prepared the place for the battle of ships. Beneath the arena and adjacent to the inner walls were chambers and dens for wild beasts or captives. The arena was fitted with theatrical apparatus, so the scenery could be changed. In the palmy days of Rome the favorite sport was the gladiators' combat, when captives were forced into the arena to kill each other for the sport of the populace. Byron's lines to the dying gladiator best describe the last agony of the Dacian captive, as he sinks upon the sands of the arena. The contestants were at the mercy of the audience, for if the latter gave consent, the victorious survivor might withdraw; if not, he must give further evidence of his strength and bravery. Noble youths, gray-haired statesmen, delicate maidens and haughty matrons all joined alike in the shouts of applause, pity or condemnation. A favorite time for visiting the Colosseum is at moonlight, when the mild beams of the moon throw a softened halo over "the arena void, seats crushed, walls bowed, and galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud."

In the early days of the church, the Christian martyr, youth or maiden, was forced into the arena to fight with the wild beasts, and this pastime was continued until finally abolished by the Christian emperors. The Colosseum has been used at various times as a quarry, from which building material has been extracted for the construction of palaces and public buildings, and many large holes may now be seen in the outer walls, which were bored there in the middle ages for the purposes of extricating the then rare and valuable iron. Notwithstanding this, it still stands and seems as if it were made for eternity. One may almost believe the saying of the old Saxon pilgrims,

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall
stand;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the
world."

Continuing our drive from the Colosseum, along the Appian Way, we came to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. At the entrance we were met by a heavily-garbed and hooded monk, who presented us each with a small candle. Descending the stone steps to the passage-way underground, he led us through the damp and dark passages, explaining the history of various chambers or chapels through which we went. The Catacombs of St. Calixtus are the most interesting of the forty different catacombs found about Rome. Indeed, the whole city is encircled as with a subterranean trench with these underground burial-places. They served as places of interment for the early Christians, and as the Roman law required that all dead bodies be buried outside the precincts, these Catacombs were dug just without the walls. They are simple in their construction, and consist of narrow subterranean passages, along the walls of which are recesses in which were placed the bodies of

the dead. These recesses were then closed with tablets of marble, on which were recorded the names of the deceased and some simple inscription. Various ornaments and memorials were sometimes interred with the bodies. Along the walls we occasionally noticed small recesses, too small even for the reception of infant bodies. These the guide told us were for the remains of Christian martyrs, who were so torn and devoured in the arena by wild animals that but little of their bodies was left to be interred. Other small niches along the walls held earthenware lamps which had been used in ancient times for lighting the passage-ways. There were a number of chambers which served as chapels. These were often richly ornamented with rare marble and fresco work. The paintings on the walls represented the early Christian ideas and were chiefly symbolical. Lazarus coming from the sepulchre in grave-clothes represents resurrection; the good shepherd, salvation. The fish is very frequently pictured on the wall or sarcophagus, because of the similarity of the letters in the Greek word "fish" (Ichthus) to the initial letters of "Jesus Christ, Savior, Son of God." All of them are interesting, as they are the earliest representations of Christian art-work. When the persecutions against the Christians became too severe, they found the intricate passages and dark chambers of the Catacombs a safe hiding-place and a secure place of meeting for religious worship, and many a Christian martyr met death here. Hence it came that in later centuries devout pilgrims came here to render honor to the dead, and gain a special blessing. So too the Catacombs were often plundered for the sake of treasure or the bones of the martyrs, which were carried off and sold as relics. "That a skeleton was found in Roman soil was sufficient warrant for attributing miraculous virtue to it, and thus it probably happened that the bones of those who had in their time descended to the Catacombs as sinners were suddenly brought to light again as the remains of the saints of heaven."

When the Pantheon at Rome was transformed from a pagan temple into a Christian church, twenty-eight wagon-loads of bones were carried from the Catacombs and deposited beneath the altar. The monk who acted as our guide through these subterranean passages seemed to have always lived here, and in the dim light of the flickering candles one might easily imagine him to be the spirit of some pious hermit who had been treading these narrow aisles for a thousand years or more.

The population of Rome contains a large percentage of monks, nuns, and other members of churchly orders. Churches abound everywhere and one is amazed at the miraculous things shown to visitors, with the sincerest faith in their reality. One illustration will serve to show the credulity of many of these devout believers. In one of the seven churches of Rome there is shown the original footprint of Christ on a piece of stone, said to have been left there by Him when He met Peter, who was fleeing from the city of Rome and from the death of a martyr. As Peter saw his Master, he inquired of him, "Master, whither goest Thou?" "*Quo vadis?*" To which the Lord replied, "I am come again to be crucified." At this Peter, being ashamed of his cowardice, returned to the city and later met his death there.

One of the most interesting and peculiar ruins in the city is the well-preserved mole or tomb of Hadrian. It stands near the Tiber, over which the bridge of San Angelo here extends. As one gazes to-day upon the Tiber, about which so much has been written and sung, and of which the ancient city was so proud, it is difficult to imagine that at one time it was navigable for sea-faring vessels as far as Rome. It has shrunk into a shallow and insignificant stream in keeping with the ruins and waste upon its banks. "Thou dost flow, old Tiber, through a marble wilderness."

An imposing and interesting ancient structure is the Pantheon. Originally a pagan temple, it was dedicated to the gods of the seven planets. In 609, however, it was consecrated as a Christian church.

"Simple, erect, serene, austere, sublime;
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time."

The exterior of the building, though beautiful in its simplicity, is surpassed in beauty by the interior, whose special charm is its vast dome with a diameter and height equal to each other. The sole light which enters the church comes through an aperture thirty feet in diameter in the center of the dome, and as its mellow radiance falls upon altar and shrine one feels as if "a sudden revelation has fallen upon him."

Rome's pride, however, to-day is the magnificent cathedral of St. Peter. Its chief beauty and charm is its vastness—"vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize, all musical in its immensities." It is the largest church in the world, that of Milan being the second, and of St.

Photo. by Martin.

JUNIOR CLASS.

MISS CROSS. REESE. MISS PIKE.
PIERSOL. MISS COWLES. FOOTE.
MISS HARGIS. HAM. MISS BLACKSTONE.

MAUDE HARGIS, Literary Editor.

JESSIE FOSTER, Poetry and Fiction.

Paul's, London, the third in size. The first near view one has of the exterior of St. Peter's is somewhat disappointing, for the weak and unsuitable façade mars the effect of the whole and obscures the beauty of the dome. It is from the interior one realizes the vastness and symmetry of the dome, which is an unsurpassed model and the conception of the greatest of artists, Michael Angelo. As we enter the church, we notice on the pavement of the Nave close to the central door a slab of porphyry on which the emperors were formerly crowned. The pavement of the church, like the walls, consists of colored marble inlaid with various designs. As one stands at the entrance of the church and looks the length of the Nave, 636 feet, the distance does not seem so great, but he is surprised, when he attempts to walk it, to find that with each step, the size of this vast church seems to increase, and new beauties and magnificence undreamed of unfold themselves to his view. The side aisles with their beautiful chapels afford a continual surprise.

Many beautiful and renowned statues adorn the large marble pillars and numerous altars. But the one which attracts the most attention, not for its artistic merit certainly, is the bronze sitting statue of St. Peter, venerated by pilgrims for so many centuries. As we stood apart and watched the people come and go, it was interesting to see with what devoutness all approached this sacred shrine. Two poorly clad young Italians drew near, and, bowing themselves, they murmured a prayer; then rising and nervously twisting their shabby wool hats in their fingers, they reverently approached the statue and kissed the great toe of the saint. These were followed by an old beggar woman, whose tatters did not prevent her from imitating the example of the others in thus rendering her homage to the revered statue. Then came several elegantly attired ladies, foreigners evidently, who also seemed to think it a great privilege and blessing to be allowed to kiss the foot of the statue of Rome's patron saint. As we approached to examine the figure more closely, we noticed that the right foot had been worn smooth by the kisses of countless devout pilgrims. The most sacred relics preserved in the church are shown on festival days in the loggia beneath the dome, but only to canons of St. Peter's. These are the spear that pierced the Savior's side, a portion of the cross, the head of Saint Andrew, and the Sudarium of St. Veronica. It would be impossible to describe all the beauties and magnificence of St. Peter's, for to it the world's greatest artists have given their time and genius to render it the grandest church in the universe. Bramante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Bernini, and many others are represented here in architecture, fresco, sculpture and mosaic. As one gazes up into the central dome he is lost in wonder at the beauty, the clearness and vastness of it. As we gaze up into this magnificent vault we feel the truth of the poet's lines:

"But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone with nothing like to thee,
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Majesty, power, glory, strength and beauty, all
are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

Directly beneath the dome rises the imposing bronze canopy borne by four richly gilded spiral columns. Underneath the canopy is the High Altar, where the Pope alone reads mass on high festivals. To one side is the Confessio, surrounded by ninety-five burning lamps. One descends to it by a flight of double marble steps. Here, too, is the tomb of St. Peter, and the niche which contains his sarcophagus is closed by gilded bronze doors taken from the original church, said to have been founded by the Emperor Constantine. The end of the nave is terminated by the fantastic bronze throne upheld by the four doctors of the church, Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius and Chrysostom. This throne is especially reverenced, because within it is cast the ancient wooden episcopal chair of St. Peter. In the left transept are confessionals for ten different languages, as indicated by inscriptions written above the confession-boxes, so that pilgrims from almost any land may be confessed here. The new or present church was consecrated in 1626, thirteen hundred years after the dedication of the original building. Its erection has cost over $50,000,000, and the expense of its maintenance is about $37,500 per annum.

To attempt a detailed description of the Vatican, which adjoins St. Peter's, would require the space of a longer letter than this. It is the home of the popes, and is the largest palace in the world. It contains some of the greatest art treasures in the world. It covers an area of over thirteen acres, and contains about one thousand halls, chapels, saloons and private apartments. The papal court occupies but a small portion of them, as most of them are given over for use as museums or picture-galleries. Permission is given to all to enter here and view the storehouse of the art of all ages. The most valuable art works in the Vatican are the paintings upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, by Michael Angelo, and Raphael's Stanze. The Stanze were the papal state apartments, and it is here we find the foremost of the creations of the great master Raphael. The Vatican collection of antiquities is the finest in the world, and here are seen such masterpieces as the Torso of Hercules, the Laocoön, and the Apollo Belvedere.

The picture-gallery abounds with the works of the greatest masters of all ages, and the value of some of these can hardly be estimated.

Frances C. Norris.

LII.

Shortly after I had finished my college course, some friends invited me to accompany them on a trip to Oklahoma. I accepted the invitation with pleasure, as I had been longing for a change of climate and associations, and while visiting in the "Strip," I secured a school for the following winter.

Going from a comparatively level country, that into which I went was quite a contrast.

The district in which I taught bordered on the south on the Arkansas River, and was very rough and hilly and covered with a net-work of small streams.

The school-house in which I was to teach was perched upon a hill and was exposed to all the winds of a very windy country. My boarding-place being two miles from the school-house, I rode to and from school on horseback. I can never think of those horseback rides without a thrill of pleasure. The life-inspiring canter in the freshness of a morning that has just a touch of frost in the air and a picturesque beauty of scenery that relieved a tired body and mind are things not easily forgotten.

The country stretches in long hills on all sides. These hills, very rough and rugged in places, seem in the distance to drop suddenly into a valley, with perhaps a solitary gnarled oak on the brow of the steep declivity. Scattered in all kinds of fantastic shapes over these hills, and often forming regular ridges along the brow of the hill, are massive slabs of rock. Some of these look as if they had started on a slide down-hill, while others, partially embedded, slant at all angles from the ground. They are old and gray and worn, yet withal so picturesque. The long wild grass covers the hillsides, forming a beautiful coat of varying shades of glistening brown and green, without which these hills would be dreary barrenness; and among these great flat rocks and high upon the hillsides, even above the topmost ledge of rock, their enameled leaves glistening in the sunlight, are the jack-oaks.

Photo. by Martin.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

ADAMS. ALLISON. VINTON. EBY. MISS FOSTER. FITCH.
MISS ADLER. MISS JOHANNES. SAMPLE. DARNELL. BROWN. MISS LISTER.
MISS SHELDON.
NORTHWAY. McFELEA. BARNETT. CRAWFORD. MISS GEBHART.
MISS WARREN. MISS ADAMS. W. M. EBY. MISS STEPHENSON.

On suddenly turning a curve in the road one involuntarily exclaims. The Arkansas River lies hundreds of feet below us.

We look almost directly down upon a forest, the colors of whose gorgeous leaves seem as ever changing as those of a summer sunset. Away in the distance are the blue hills, with here and there a purple field made ready for the sowing, and in the midst of all is the river itself, small at this season of the year, a blue ribbon gleaming in the white sands of its broad bed.

School had been going on uneventfully for two months when one morning there appeared at the door of the school-room a big overgrown girl, who appeared to be about 16 years of age. She wore a much worn calico dress, hardly reaching to the tops of her heavy plow-shoes. A wavy tangle of sunburnt red hair crowned a rather large head, and a pair of gray eyes looked out from a deeply sunbrowned face. It was altogether a very plain figure, yet there was something in that face which appealed to me from the first. It was a face that told a story, the story of a delicate musical instrument that had been handled by rough and careless hands; the child at once sensitive, passionate and proud, distrustful of all, and at seeming discord with the world, yet with a longing for human love and sympathy. As she stood before me, I recognized that in her I might have a loyal friend or a troublesome pupil.

The girl gave her name as Lily Alice Lynden, a name so incongruous with its owner that I could hardly repress a smile as I wrote it down.

I learned that she belonged to a family that had come to the country during the summer, and, living in a tent by the river, eked out a poor existence by cutting wood and doing odd jobs for the farmers.

All went smoothly for a day or so, when one recess a scholar burst into the room with the news that the new girl was fighting. I rushed out in time to see one of the largest boys of the school, who was somewhat of a bully by nature, receiving a sound beating from a big strong-armed maiden of the woods, who informed the spectators that "she wouldn't let no one call her 'sorrel-top,' her name was Lil."

Ever after this occurrence the boys treated her with a great deal of respect and never attempted to call her any other name than Lil.

In her studies she was much behind those of her age; in fact, she could hardly read at all, but in arithmetic she was a marvel. The only book she brought with her was a Ray's Higher Arithmetic, and she truly knew that by heart.

I could not help but feel sorry for her, as she, standing awkwardly among the little folks, stumbled through the third reader lesson, and, with head resolutely erect and crimson cheeks, took her seat.

From the first she did not mingle with the rest of the scholars. Her appearance was not prepossessing, and she seemed averse to making friends; yet, odd as it may seem, the little ones soon learned to like her. She helped them to build their play-houses and they one and all recognized in her a champion for all their rights.

I have often seen a number of the little ones, gathered around her as she sat on a log, listening large-eyed and open-mouthed to the wonderful stories of the woods and the travels she had taken. She seemed then quite another person, and it seemed a great pity that she could not always be her better self, for she was her own worst enemy.

One evening I called her to my desk and told her that if she would remain after school I would hear her read by herself, and such a grateful look came into her face that I felt amply repaid for my trouble.

One Monday I missed her among the rest. She did not come to school that week, and on inquiry I found that her father had been hurt by a falling tree and that she had to take his place in the work. After that for several weeks she came only now and then and seemed more unapproachable than ever.

I often closed the school-house at noon and with the children spent the noon-hour in the woods near the house. One day I was so careless as to leave my watch among the papers on my desk and did not miss it until I looked to see if it was time to call school; then I remembered that I had left it on my desk. When I came to look for it, it was nowhere to be found. We searched everywhere, but in vain. I was quite sure I had not taken it to the woods with me, but nevertheless we searched there.

No stranger had been near the school-house and I had left Lil amusing the little ones on the shady side of the building by her usual mode—viz., story-telling.

I called school and the work went on as usual. All the afternoon I noticed that Lil sat white and silent in her seat at the end of the row and didn't seem to study much, and I could see by significant glances that the older scholars suspected her of taking the watch. At the close of school I spoke of the value of the missing property and asked all to be on the lookout for it, but cautioned them against accusing anyone, lest they accuse falsely. The next day went as

usual and still no trace of the missing watch. By this time the directors had been told and quite a sensation was created in the district.

All suspicion seemed to turn to poor Lil. I believe she knew it, for all day she would sit with pale, set face and sullen brow, scarcely raising her eyes from her book. Some way I could not believe her to be guilty.

On the third day after the loss Lil was not at school, and some whispered that she was afraid to come. Although I much desired to recover my lost property, I could not bear to think of accusing her as the board suggested.

The day dragged. All day that white face was before me, and I wished time and again that I had never carried the watch. Just as school closed, by some strange chance, my pony, which had been tied in the school-yard, broke away and went galloping home without me.

I went into the school-house planning to look over some school-work, and then, if no one brought my horse back, walk to my boarding-place. I made all ready to leave and sat down at my desk. I tried again and again to fix my mind on my work, but in vain; the very compositions to be corrected seemed full of that which troubled us all. I was about to give up in despair and start for my boarding-place, when I heard a queer noise, which seemed to come from under the school-house—a scraping and bumping, as if some large animal were moving about under the floor. I listened intently. In one corner of the school-room was a hole in the floor. A rotten board had been put in in building the floor and a large knot in the wood had dropped through. This place had gradually been widened by mischievous boys until quite a large hole had been formed.

The noise seemed to come from that corner of the room, and there, his sharp nose pointing up through the hole, was Coonie, a pet coon, that often followed his master to school. I was just about to speak to it when I heard the thumping again and a smothered exclamation. I knew then that some person was under the house, and was somewhat frightened, for I could not think what object any one would have in hiding under the school-house. I listened intently. From the sounds the person seemed to be moving toward an opening in the foundation wall. I crept cautiously toward the window above the opening and presently saw a tousled head of red hair appear, then a dim old calico dress, all torn and covered with dust, and to my astonishment recognized Lil there on the ground, her dress-skirt pulled up around her, in which she carried a queer assortment of pencils, handkerchiefs, mittens, and rubbers, and in her hand she held my watch. She was the thief, after all!

I was thinking as to what I had better do, when her dog came snuffing round the house and attempted to crawl under the school-house.

"No, no, Tige," she said; "you mustn't hurt Coonie. He didn't mean to steal. He didn't know any better. What shall I do? What shall I do? Teacher won't believe me if I say it was the coon; and if I leave them on her desk, they will think I was afraid and brought them back. They think I steal! I hate them all! I wish I had never been born!" And the dusty head went down on the shaggy dog's side and she cried as if her heart would break.

In a flash I understood it all. The coon had taken those things through the hole in the floor and hidden them under the house. I had never paid much attention to the little animal, as long as he did not trouble me; but she, used to the ways of animals, in her trouble had thought of this. I crept softly to the door and round to where she was, and, kneeling on the ground beside her, spoke her name. She started and turned crimson under the tan. I hastened to tell her I understood it all and how I had never really suspected her; and then, all her pride subdued, the false pride burnt away by those three days of anguish, she told me all her trials and hopes, and, after a long talk, went home with a brighter face than she had worn for many a day.

The next day the school heard all about it, and, in the remorse of having suspected her wrongfully which followed, she was made much of, and, best of all, she forgot her grievances in the sweetness of human sympathy. Coonie was sent home to be chained up, and Lil became one of the best and most-loved scholars in the school.

Ruth Alderman.

Photo. by Martin.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

MISS VAN CLEVE. HOPKINS. MISS THOMPSON. NEIGHBORS. MISS ZARING. MISS MEEKER. LAMBERTSON.
GENTRY. MISS HEFLING. CHAPMAN. GOODMAN. MISS TAYLOR. JOHNSON. MARCELL. QUINN. MISS WHITE.
HARE. ATWOOD. MISS BEACH. NEWELL. BANTA.
BARKER. MISS GAGE. MISS RILEY. KING. MISS ALDERMAN.

THE PENNANT.

A group of Drextel College boys had gathered in one of the students' rooms, and were talking and laughing until the landlady called up: "A little less noise, boys, if you please."

For a moment all was still; then Frank Greene broke the silence: "I tell you what, boys, if the umpire gives us a fair deal, we 'll win the game."

"That 's right!" replied Harry Rogers. "If Jean pitches the ball that he did against the Roseberry team, Frankfort University will not be in it. How 's your arm, Jean?"

"It never felt better," responded Jean Jackson, who was the crack pitcher on the Drextel College baseball nine, and the ideal of every lad in knee-breeches that lived in Morgansburg.

"Boys," joined in Captain Homer Reid, "I would rather win that game to-morrow than to have Jean's new wheel. But I tell you right now, that we will have no easy snap. Frankfort has won the same number of games in the league and from the same teams that we have, and they are just as anxious to keep the pennant another year as we are to get it from them. They have the advantage over us in having two good pitchers, while we must rely entirely upon Jean's holding out the entire nine innings. Of course, his arm is strong and in excellent condition, but if he should weaken in any way, we might just as well forfeit the game. But I do wish we had a supply pitcher. The outcome of the game depends—"

"Say," interrupted Ernest Kurtley, the little 12-year-old humpbacked pet of the whole school, and who has the distinguished honor of being mascot for the Drextel ball team, "I was down to our new Latin professor's room last Sunday afternoon, and he told me that he had pitched for Harvard's team every year during his college course. He said he would like to play with our team, but that his post-graduate work, in addition to his teaching, kept him busy."

"Why, I didn't know that," said Homer. "He told me that he used to play ball, but didn't say anything about his being a pitcher. But it 's too late for him to do us any good for to-morrow. Well, fellows, it 's now 9 o'clock and time for us to go home, as we must get a good night's rest. We 've got to win that game. The eyes of each of the other six teams in the league are turned on us with favorable expectation, and we must not disappoint them. Give your arm a good rubbing down before you go to bed, Jean."

"Don't you worry. I will pitch the game of my life to-morrow. I think I shall capture their hard-hitters with that new shoulder clipper ball. Well, good-night, fellows. Success to you."

"Good-night," "Good-night," was echoed back to him as the representatives of the Drextel College ball team went down the stairway.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

It was an ideal day for a baseball game. The sun rose strong and bright, the air was clear and crisp, without the semblance of a cloud to be seen. The sun seemed to act as a motor for generating energy and exhilaration in everything. The game had been announced for 3:45, but by 3 o'clock the spectators, consisting mostly of students bedecked with the college purple, had filled the grandstand. "Here they come now! Hurrah for Drextel!" burst forth from an hundred lips as the home team appeared and made for the ball-field, while the band struck up the college song. For a few moments all was flurry of colors, and band music interspersed with the college yell. Then, as the team commenced practice, everything quieted down. Just watch them! How accurately and yet how gracefully the balls were gleaned from the diamond and thrown to the bases, as though shot from a rifle. Notice the perfect team-work, as at every play each man shifts his position accordingly and almost as regularly as clock-work.

"But where is Jean Jackson? You can't play without him, can you?" inquired one of the girls.

"He will be here presently. He 's coming from home on his wheel," replied Homer.

At that moment a new yell is heard and the Frankfort team appears on the scene, conveyed in a 'bus covered with brown bunting, and on top of which was held the beautiful glistening pennant, supported upon a staff also wrapped in college brown, and for whose ownership a gallant struggle would soon begin. The Brownies now take the field, while the Frankfort rooters in the five carriages break forth in full force. Whatever was to be said in commendation of the Drextel boys' practice could certainly be emphasized concerning the Brownies. Every play was perfect. In the meanwhile, little Ernest Kurtley was laying the bats side by

side, so that no time would be wasted by each player hunting his favorite stick.

"Now, Ernest, keep your eyes on the bats and don't allow Frankfort to use them," instructed Homer. "How Jean worries me! He said that he would be here promptly at 3:30. He will need to work his arm up a little before the game. It 's now 3:25; only twenty minutes until time for the game to be called. But look! Who is this running so fast up the road?"

"I hope it 's Jean," said Ernest.

"Oh, no; Jean wouldn't tire himself like that before the game. Will you get in your buggy and go after him, Ernest? Why, that 's Philip Grant, our janitor; I wonder what he wants."

In a moment the runner is amid the crowd. "Where is the captain—Captain Reid? Oh say, Homer, what 're you going to do?" he called, gasping for breath.

"What 's the matter? What 's up?"

"Why, as Jean Jackson was passing my house on his wheel just now, going at full speed, his bicycle chain broke and he fell off and cut his head—a terrible gash—on the curb-stone. I took him in the house, but he is in awful pain, and keeps saying, 'I 've lost the game! I 've lost the game!' And so I have run to tell you."

"Is that the truth, Philip? Confound it! Well, boys, there is no hope for us now. We 'll have to forfeit the game."

No one noticed little humpbacked Ernest seize Homer's hand and say: "Do not forfeit the game until I come back. Will you promise?"

"Why, what can you do, little fellow? Yes, I promise."

And away dashed Ernest to his buggy, who in a moment was seated and driving at full gait in the direction of town. In twenty minutes the game would be called.

It took but a few minutes for the sad news about Jean to pass among the spectators, followed by a low, roaring hubbub of voices as they discussed the accident and its probable results. Five minutes more and the umpire will call time. A hurried consultation among eight disappointed, chagrined, broken-hearted ball-players was being held. The boys soon agreed to rather forfeit the game than to receive a certain, overwhelming defeat. Only two minutes remain. The umpire steps from his carriage and walks to the center of the diamond.

"Captain of the Frankfort team, are you ready?"

"We are!" rang out clear in the forced silence of the sympathetic crowd.

How the throbbing hearts of the Drextel team ached as they prepared themselves to hear the disastrous answer which the hand of misfortune had compelled them so unexpectedly to formulate.

"Captain of the Drextel team, are you ready?"

Homer Reid opened his mouth to give the disheartening reply, but, suddenly recalling the promise made to Ernest, he looked at his watch and then said: "It 's yet one minute until time. I shall then answer you."

"See! there must be a fire some place! Here comes the chief's buggy!" cried one of the girls.

"Why, no; that 's Ernest Kurtley's rig. See how he drives! But who is that with h'm? Whoever it is, he is dressed in a crimson base-ball suit."

By this time every eye was turned down the road, as the horse was driven up at breakneck speed.

"Oh, Homer, it 's the new Latin professor! I wonder if he 's going to pitch for us."

In a moment Professor Searles was standing in the midst of the ball team.

"But can you hold out?" asked Homer.

"Leave that to me, boys. My arm has yet to fail me for the first time."

"Captain of the Drextel team, are you ready?"

"We are!" was answered amid a medley of clapping of hands, yelling, and band music.

The teams took their respective positions, with Frankfort at bat. "Play ball!" The first half of the game was close and exciting, and at the end of the sixth inning the score stood 3 to 4 in favor of the visitors. Frankfort is again at bat. But now gaze upon that form in the box. As the race steed is at its best after it has been exercised, and stands covered with foam and with nostrils dilated on the very verge of the race, so stands Drextel's pitcher, with his cap drawn tightly over the high white forehead, and lips compressed, as the old spirit of determination, which has so often won, is again aroused within him. Not another hit is made off of him. The last of the nine innings has come without any change in the score. Frankfort has had her last time at bat, and now the home team comes in from the field for the final effort.

"Boys," said Homer, "they are yet one in the lead, and this is our last chance. We must win that pennant. It 's now or never."

Harry Rogers goes to bat with a firm countenance, but a sad heart. He hits a bee-liner to shortstop. "The man 's out!"

Photo. by Martin,

SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS.

ELLIOTT. PHILIPPI. MISS BURNEY. WILBUR. MISS MINER.
COLLETT. ABBOTT. HOUGH. REYNARD. NICHOL. MISS REMINGTON. REECE. DODDS.
MISS BAKER. SCOTT. MAMMEL. VEBURG.
MISS ROBBINS. MISS BEATTY. MARCELL.
EISENMENGER. DANIELS.

Shorty Williams now faces the pitcher. In attempting to dodge a pitched ball he is struck on the hip. "Take your base," called the umpire. Now it 's Homer's time at bat, but he gets out on a fly to right field. Indeed, all hope of getting the pennant has faded before the bright and brilliant prospects of Frankfort's team. Even the captain, who has just now been called out, sees no alternative. "Searles at bat, Grimes on deck," called the scoreman. If Searles does get to first, Grimes, who is the poorest batter on the team, will likely fan. Every eye is straining as the professor picks up his own beloved fifty-ounce bat, takes his position by the plate, and calmly-but seriously surveys the despairing situation. It needs but one glance to show to his experienced eye what alone can be done. "Ball one!" "Strike one!" He now braces his feet firmly on the ground; grasps his bat as though in a vise; concentrates every energy and attention for the one final effort. The ball leaves the pitcher's hand—crack—all is breathless. Even the air refuses to stir. Suddenly the realization of what has been done comes home to the minds of the players and spectators alike. With uncontrollable enthusiasm, they cry out, "Hurrah for the professor! What 's the matter with Searles?" while they jostle each other around in their thoughtless delight, resembling a collision in a football rush. What had happened? The professsor had brought Harry Rogers in from first, who got his base on a dead ball, while he himself passes first, second, and third bases fleet as a deer, and slides twenty feet to home base, just as the ball is thrown to the plate from deep center, thus making the winning score. Amid shouts and cheers, he is seized by the boys and carried to the umpire to receive the long-coveted pennant.

"No, it must not be taken with my hands. Little Ernest Kurtley deserves that honor."

Was it Ernest or the professor who won the pennant? *J. W. Eby.*

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

It seems rash to attempt to write on such a subject within the short space of a "Campus" article. We can only touch the question, and leave the discussion proper to be filled in by the minds of the friends of our University who are interested in what may be suggested here.

"Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors." As we contemplate the small beginnings of our University, and observe to what she has grown, we must not think we are in the time of fruition, but rather in that of the larger hope, rather in the time of thanking God and taking courage.

As those men of fragrant memory, who were instrumental in establishing our school, anxiously watched its beginnings, wondering whereunto it would grow, who shall say how often discouragements arose, how often apparently insoluble problems were presented for solution, how often the temptation came to abandon the whole enterprise? But no! Pioneers are made of sterner stuff than to be dismayed by difficulties which cause weaklings to waver. These men were pioneers; they accepted their responsibilities, and felt that keen interest in their enterprise which some of us now feel "after many days." They brushed aside the discouragements, they solved the problems, they spurned the temptations, they labored, and we "have entered into their labors."

What is it into which we have entered? A campus of thirty-three acres in a beautiful location; a substantial college building, containing chapel, class-rooms, library, and reading room; an older building, in which are laboratories, museums, and society halls; a pleasant home for a score of young women; between three hundred and four hundred acres of land waiting for a rising market, but meanwhile rented, and in large part cultivated; a productive endowment of over seventy thousand dollars; a board of trustees, shrewd, cautious, consecrated, conservative, yet progressive; a Faculty, able, faithful, devoted; a body of students, earnest, enthusiastic, loyal, promising, whose superiors can be found nowhere in this land; friends by the thousands scattered broadcast over this commonwealth, loyal, confident, and hopeful, friends who have done much to make the foundations broad and deep, who will do more to make the superstructure grand and high.

But what of the future? Does not every man want his business to grow? We want the same for our school. Does not every man wish to prosper from year to year? So do we. Our new college building, which is only a wing of a larger building in contemplation, is already practically outgrown, and the entire structure is needed. Our scientific equipment, laboratories, museums, apparatus, is lamentably insufficient for the work we wish to do; our library ought to be increased ten-fold; our cottage for young women, improved very much during the past summer by the enterprise of our Women's Committee, still lacks some modern improve-

ments and homelike touches; our endowment should be trebled at once.

What of the future? Our trustees can manage only what they have, but more should be put in their hands. Our Faculty can do only to the extent of their ability; their number should be enlarged. Students will come to us in increasingly larger numbers, so long as our reputation for earnest and thorough work is maintained, but we must continually advance; we dare not stand still. Friends of the institution will be raised up here and there, so long as she continues to show herself worthy of their friendship and their aid.

What of the future? Those who are now friends of the institution must answer. Those outside are looking to us, students and others who read these lines, who are more intimately acquainted with the work and the needs of Ottawa University, to make these things known, to act, and to give them an opportunity to act. Those who in the past accepted and nobly discharged responsibilities for the present, are rejoicing in this present, in the measurably large fruition of their hopes and the visible answers to their prayers. They also realize that "to whom much is given, of him shall much be required," and they are watching and wondering if the present, with the same degree of courage, of faith, and of hope which *they* manifested, will undertake responsibilities for the time to come. And we will. We look with gratitude upon the record of the past, and with hope upon the picture of the future. We have seen the bright dawning of the day, and we hope that many of us will live to see her in her full meridian splendor. The labors, tears, and sacrifices of those gone before have not been in vain, and many generations of children yet unborn will rise up and call them blessed.

It has never been the policy of this administration to make promises, and it is not the purpose to do that now. We prefer to act as rapidly and as cautiously as possible, and then from time to time to announce what has been done. It will not, however, be considered premature to say in this connection that the board of trustees of our University have authorized the engagement of a financial secretary. It will be the business of this officer to attempt the increase of our endowment and equipment, to advertise the school and its work in all honorable ways, and to endeavor to enlarge the sphere of her usefulness. There has been considerable delay in the engagement of a gentleman for this important work, simply because men possessing the requisite qualifications are very rare. But we hope soon to find a man with the necessary ability, consecration, and knowledge of the needs, who may be placed in charge of this business. Meanwhile, let us all, who are interested in the growth of our loved University, do all we can do to prepare for his coming by interesting our friends, by studying how we may ourselves further the enterprise, and by praying for the continued blessing of God upon the work that is here done in the name of His anointed Son. *J. D. S. R.*

MISSIONARY.

The work for missions this year, although difficult, has been one of marked advancement. The former chairman of the missionary committee having failed to return to college in the fall, the work was allowed to drop until the reorganization of the committee the first of December.

During the last six months, however, the interest has been constantly increasing. We have had within that time two addresses by Rev. W. R. Manly, who spent nearly eighteen years in India and Burmah; one address by Rev. F. M. Alexander, of the First Presbyterian Church; an address on "J. Hudson Taylor," by Rev. C. S. Nusbaum, of the First Methodist Church; an address by Miss Olive Blunt, of Japan; and one by Mr. Burton St. John, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. This is, perhaps, the best course of lectures on missions that has ever been given in Ottawa University.

The second phase of our work has been the study-class. We have a library of about seventy-five volumes and during the year we have made good use of it. We have had a total enrollment of fourteen young men and ten young women. The study has been of a general nature covering the special features of missionary work. Next year the work will probably be of a more specific nature. Our aim in this department has been to gain knowledge and thereby create an interest that will be permanent.

As auxiliary to the other work, we have made two wall-maps for class use; secured a number of specimens for the Missionary Museum; added about a dozen volumes and several thousand pages of tracts to the Missionary Library; conducted two rallies in the city B. Y. P. U.'s; and last, but by no means least, we have secured pledges amounting to about $60.00 for the foreign field.

Our work has been entirely among the students and without any aid whatever from any member of the Faculty.

Photo. by Martin.

MIDDLE ACADEMIC CLASS.

REED. GOTTMAN. HARGIS.
E. B. MANLEY. A. B. MANLEY. PECK. NEWELL. MISS KIDD. ELDRIDGE.
MISS SHAFER. MISS ST. JOHN. COOK. MRS. ELLIS. RANKIN. MISS BELL.
BAXTER. HESS. MISS TURNER. ELLIS. MISS LUCAS.
MISS SHANKLIN. WALLACE. MISS HALL. GEBHART. MISS ALLEN.

THE CLASSES.

PROVERBIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SENIORS.

A. G. C.—"Müsziggang ist aller Laster Anfang."

S. J. H.—Eile mit Weile."

L. S. S.—"Denn wer lange bedenkt, der wählt nicht immer das Beste."

H. L. T.—"Ein treuer Freund ist goldes Wert."

G. W. T.—"Was man kann nicht meiden musz man willig leiden."

L. E. N.—"Immer das selbe."

C. C. W.—"Die rüstige Jugend verspricht ein glückliches Alter."

S. M. B.—"Ende gut, alles gut."

F. A. B.—"Das Beste ist gut genug."

C. M. G.—"Ein pflänzt den Baum, der Anderer iszt den Pflaum."

C. E. E.—"Morgen Stunde hat Gold im Munde."

A. E. K.—"Aus dem Augen, aus dem Sinn."

"LES IMMORTELS."

When poets in immortal verse decide to carve a line,
For inspiration they invoke one of the Muses nine.
And painters famed for genius great, to give their works renown,
Invoke the Muse of tragic art, with fame their lives to crown.
As Muses in ye ancient times inspired men of clay,
So do the Juniors, also nine, inspire men of to-day.
With modest, unassuming mein, we tread our quiet ways,
Content to bask within the light of Wisdom's genial rays.
In fair Kate Cross, with tresses light, Erato lives again;
Polyhymnia, the pensive Muse—in Hargis still is seen;
Clio with scroll of past events, in Reese is here revived;
Piersol wears Thalia's ivy wreath, of comic mask deprived;
In Mabel Blackstone, happy maid, Terpsichore abides;
In Foote, with admirable guile, Melpomene hides;
With double flute Euterpe comes, revealed in Ham the Sphinx,
Whilst eagerly Calliope the mystic music drinks—
Calliope is Minnie Pike, to be "the clinging vine";
Urania, Rice, the heavenly one, completes the Muses nine.
Let not the carping critics rave, that I 've ascribed to men
Traits erstwhile held by th' fairer sex, till this inspired pen
Rises above the barrier high as inspiration can,
And dares ascribe virtues alike to Reese or Rice or Ham.

CLASS OF 1901.

C-ontinental A-ssiduous A-pplication.
G-reat M-atrimonial A-spirations.
J-olly C-heerful A-ngel.
M-usical A-nd A-miable.
C-omical A-nd B-ig.
O-ver Head B-ald.
R-ather K-nowingly C-ute.
F-or ——'s D-electation.
W-ants M-ore E-ntertainment.
J-ust W-itty E-nough.
F-ully T-rained F-isher.
J-ust M-y F-ancy.
B-ears A-ngelic G-races.
H-as E-xcellent J-udgment.
C-easelessly T-oiling L-eader.
B-egs A-cceptance M-uch.
N-ever W-ears N-eckties.
S-weet J-oyful S-miles.
C-ant B-e S-erious.
L-eans T-oward S-ciences.
G-reat M-ind V-elocity.
E-asily A-ttains W-isdom.

CLASS OF 1902.

A is an Alderman always "glad."
And also for Atwood, a football lad.
B is a Banta, a smiler of fame;
And B is a Barker, but "What 's in a name?"
A Beach who speaks of "that sweetheart of mine."
C, Chapman, a poet without rhythm or rhyme.
Our D, E, and F are places to fill;
Come fill them, and thereby gain our good will.
In G are both Gage and our Gentry combined,
Both mathematicians, she in heart, he in mind;
G is also for Goodman, a fellow who 'll "pass."
H is for Hare, the shepherd of the class;
It also means Hopkins, the man "clear from Wales,"
Who can keep your eyes bobbing with wonderful tales;

THE OTTAWA CAMPUS.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the Ottawa University Oratorical Association.

THE STAFF:

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . G. W. TROUT, '99
Assistant Editor-in-Chief . . . . . ANA KING, '99
Business Manager . . . . . O. E. ATWOOD, '02
Assistant Business Manager . . . W. F. MITCHELL, '99
Literary Editor . . . . . MAUDE HARGIS, '00
Fiction and Poetry . . . . . JESSIE FOSTER, '01
College and Personal . . . . . ORVILLE BROWN, '01
City and Conservatory. . . . . MABLE BLACKSTONE, '00
Athletic . . . . . R. K. CRAWFORD, '01
Inter-Collegiate . . . . . F. T. FITCH, '01
Society . . . . . TERESA STEPHENSON, '01

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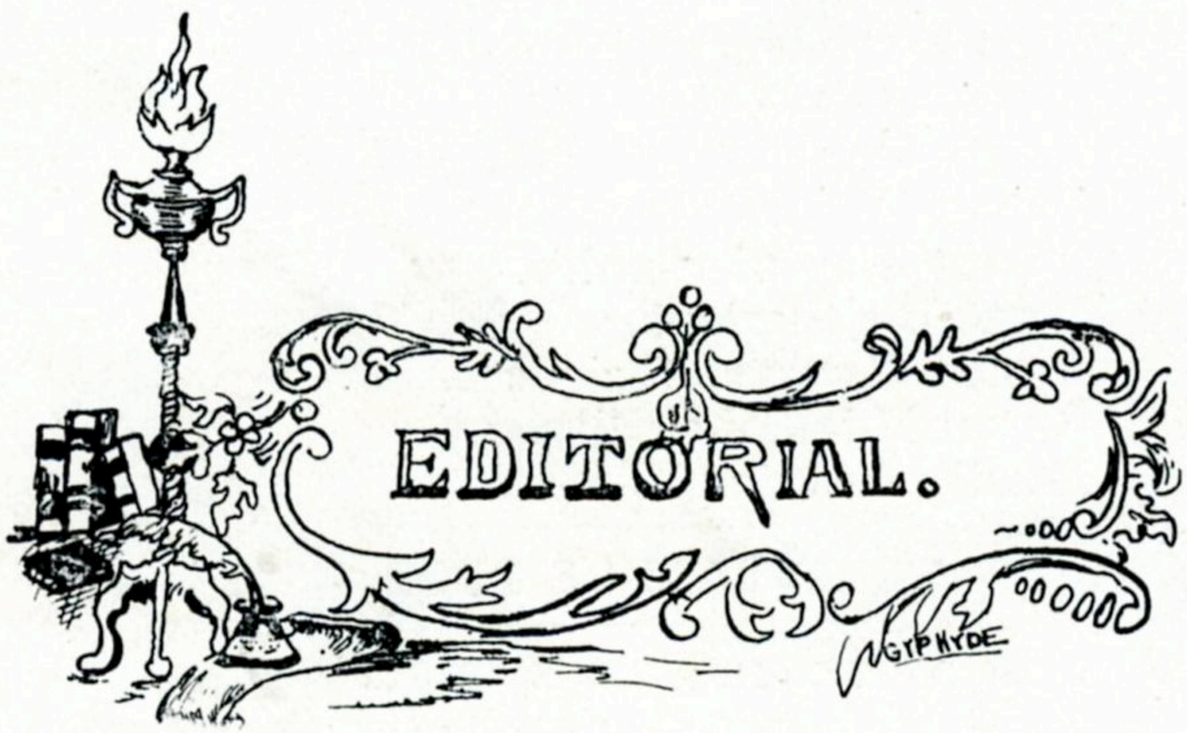
Any subscriber who fails to receive the paper at the proper time will confer a favor by informing the Business Manager immediately.
No anonymous articles will be received for publication.
Address all communications to
THE CAMPUS, OTTAWA, KANSAS.



With this issue of the "Campus," the present staff closes its labors. The work of the year has been very pleasant, in spite of the many changes made in management and editors. We have not, for various reasons, been able to raise the "Campus" to our ideal. We hope we have not lowered its standard any, but no staff should be satisfied with such a standard. Our assistant editors have performed their work well and faithfully. If we were to criticize any it would be that each editor should attempt, at least, one article out of his department. We are under many obligations to members of the Faculty, for valuable articles during the year. We are especially grateful to Miss Norris, who has an article in this issue, and has furnished us several very interesting and valuable articles during the year.

We are also thankful to those students who have furnished matter. But let us urge that every student, from Freshman to Senior, write an article for next year's paper. Let us still hold to the college magazine idea. There is a tendency to run to the weekly paper plan, but we have observed that those college papers which are run on the magazine plan are the best and most interesting. If the policy of expansion should strike the "Campus," let it be in making it larger and better and not oftener. We feel sure we shall be delighted with our college magazine as it comes to us in the future.

The following is the result of the election for a new staff: Mr. Reese will occupy the dignified position of editor-in-chief; as associates, Miss Foster, literary editor; Miss Meeker, poetry and fiction; Miss Hargis, society; Miss Blackstone, inter-collegiate; Mr. Eby, college and personals; Miss Thompson, city and conservatory; all of whom are well adapted to the positions they will occupy. The management will be under the skill of Fred Fitch, manager, and A. B. Newell, assistant manager. We wish you success and humbly hope you may be able to make our college paper better with each issue.

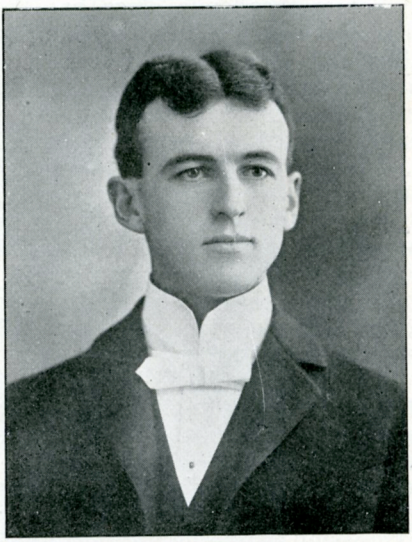
* * *

President and Mrs. Riggs entertained the Faculty and the Senior Class at their home on the evening of May 3d. Each guest was presented with a "Pi," one piece of which was "Harte lidlef thiw nem rewe lilts a dulosite." While the Misses Ella and Madge Topping and Mr. Roy Chaney were serving the delicious refreshments, cards entitled "Digesters" were distributed. The application of the name was found in the amusement which was afforded. The answer to each puzzle was the name of a guest. "A blind benediction" proved to be "Benson," "What Eve did between the extremes of an affirmation" was "Y-a-t-e-s," and "An Englishman's exclamation" was "'Evans." Dr. and Mrs. Riggs entertain each Senior class, and these evenings are looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure.

G. W. TROUT, Editor-in-Chief.

ANA KING, Assistant Editor-in-Chief.

O. E. ATWOOD, Business Manager.



W. F. MITCHELL, Assistant Business Manager.

It stands, too, for Hefling, "Precise Little May,"
While J stands for Johnson, "Perverseness of Way."
K is a King, football'r—flip-flopper.
L is for Lambertson, "Lady's heart-stopper."
M is a Meeker dramatist finds,
And Marcell, a student of imbecile minds.
N is for Neighbors, our "spectacled sage,"
And likewise for Newell, the "man of the age."
O is for Optimist, that 's what we are.
P is for Pilgrim, whose goal is a star.
Q is for Quinn, a barber by trade.
R is for Riley, the golden-haired maid.
S is for Someone we all hope to see,
S is for Something we all hope to be.
T is a Taylor to him-ward in-Klined,
And Taber, who Heralds the 'Varsity mind,
Or Thompson, a possible sunshine or shade;
While U is the Union our trials have made.
V is for Van Cleve, who lives down the road.
W 's White, who came to be "showed."
X and Y are qualities all of us seek,
So strengthen the strong and lift up the weak.
Z is for Zaring—her name comes down last,
And yet she 's as "gritty" as any we 've passed.
Throw in some years, and stir through and through,
Then choose what you wish from 1902.

CLASS OF 1903.

The Senior Academic class has that individuality which comes from the pursuit of mutual aims and purposes. You must know a "Senior Ac." whenever you meet him. When the present Seniors first met as Juniors, no class personality existed; all peculiarities were individual. There was but one common characteristic—one which is found in crab-apples along in early June. In a class-meeting then a young lady arose and said, "Mr. President, I think that, for a class social, souvenirs would be very nice." To which the worthy chairman replied, "Why, yes, I think myself they would be nice, but I should like to know what souvenirs are." Since then members have learned to conceal any little deficiencies in their attainments, believing that "silence is the best substitute for wisdom."

The class has acquired considerable proficiency in art study—an accomplishment which finds expression in the daubing of unoffending horses, mules and donkeys—not the biped kind, however, with class numbers and mottoes—a diversion the like of which is perhaps not altogether unknown to other classes as well.

The "Seniors Acs." have impressed their personality upon the class below them, and have even given the awful collegiates a taste of what to expect "when we become Freshmen." They have now reached a mile-post in their notable career, and, having taken every stronghold in sight, are now looking for "other worlds to conquer."

MIDDLE ACADEMIC.

Color.—Violet and green.
Flower.—Violet.
Motto.—Vitæ discimus.
Yell.—Rah! rah! jay haw!
Naught-four, Ottawa!
Wheezie easy, easy aisy,
Keezie aisy, yang!
Whack-a-lack-a,
Boom-a-lack-a,
Boom! zip! bang!

Miss Allen—Manipulator of stringed instruments.

Helen of Troy—Is Bell of our class.

Mr. Baxter—Always happy and brimful of fun.

Mr. Cook—Gymnastic performer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis—"Two minds with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one."

Mr. Eldridge—Modern Atlas, carries the *World*.

Mr. Gottmann—Equal to any equation.

Mr. Gebhart—Athletic enthusiast.

Mr. Hargis—Captain of the naught-four baseball team.

The pride of any school—the Hall.

Mr. Hess—Class orator and football-player.

Miss Kidd says: "What 's in a name, anyway?"

Miss Lucas—Our musician.

Messrs. Manley—Modern "Comedy of Errors."

Mr. Newell—Our soldier boy.

Mr. Peck—The class measure.

Mr. Rankin—Our prospective editor.

Mr. Reed—Last class president and first baseman.

Miss Shanklin—"Precious things are done up in small packages."

Miss St. John—Never gets mad, but just a little "Hough-y."

Miss Shafer—Our studious little Nell.

A necessary power—Turner.

Mr. Wallace—Not General Lew, but the comedian.

Photo. by Martin.

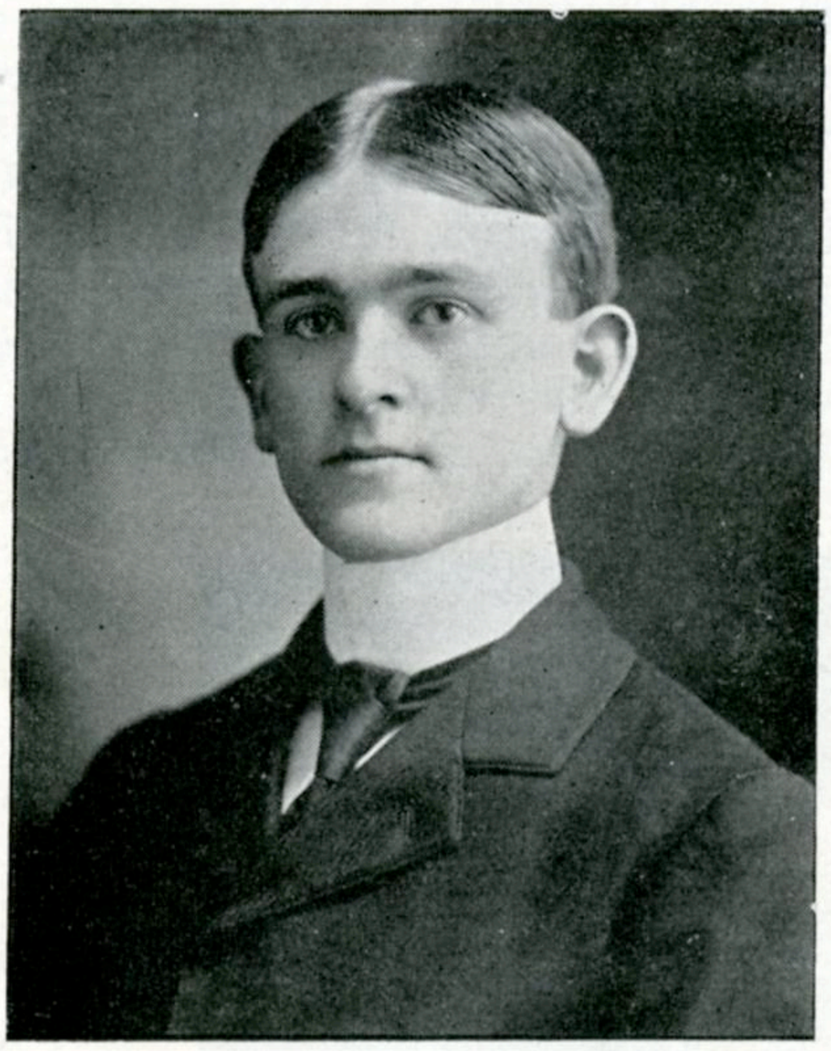
OTTAWA UNIVERSITY BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

BIOGRAPHY.

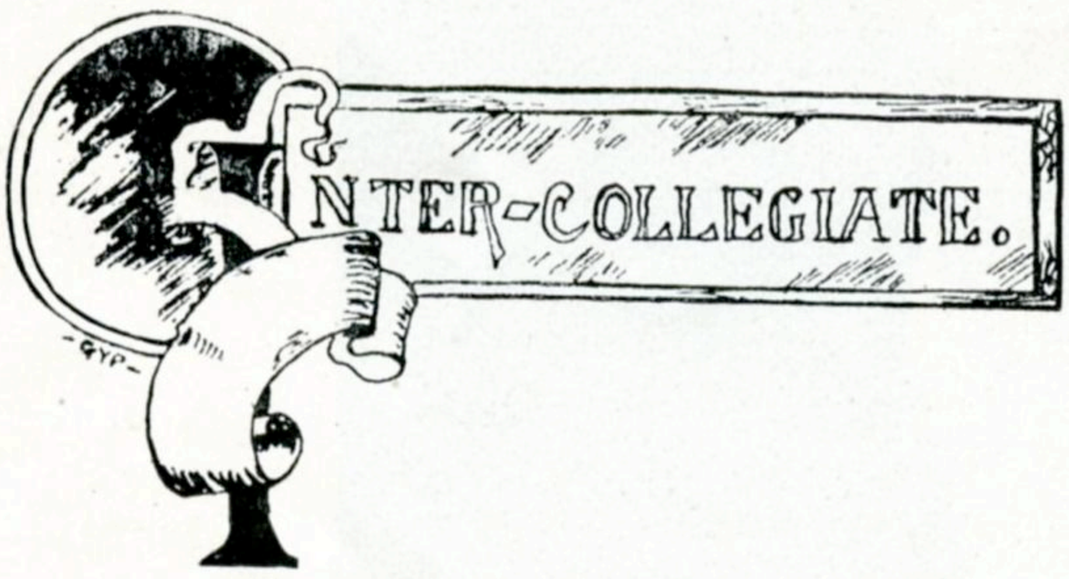
Willard W. Boyd.—Born in Chemung, N. Y., November 22, 1843; reared in the State of Maine. At the age of 13, he prepared for college, but, his health failing, went into the counting-room of his father at Springvale, Me., and learned the cotton manufacturing business. At the age of 18, his father died, and he became superintendent of the mills. Both churches in the village being without pastors, he opened the Baptist church, and began on Sundays to read sermons of the great preachers to his operatives. Then he talked to them. For several years these services were conducted by him, changing for the better the religious conditions of the town, and determining him to enter the ministry. He resigned his position as superintendent of the mills, and entered Harvard College in 1867, being graduated as A. B. in 1871. The next two years were spent in German universities. Then he returned to Harvard as a tutor, pursuing at the same time his theological studies. He was ordained to the ministry as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass. In 1877 he became pastor of the Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo., and continued in this relation until 1887, when he was called to the First Baptist Church of Newark, N. J. After a pastorate here of seven years, his old church in St. Louis recalled him in 1894, since which time he has been pastor in St. Louis. He has published several books and a large number of addresses and lectures on literary and sociological subjects. In 1880 Shurtleff College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

WILLARD W. BOYD, Class Orator.

The class of 1899 congratulate themselves upon securing so excellent a man for their orator.



FRED FITCH, Exchange Editor.



Three members of the Peace Commission are graduates of Columbia.

The number of college alumni in the United States, is said to be 400,000.

In the midst of life prepare for examinations.—*Hastings Collegian.*

Three-fourths of the colleges founded in the last twenty years are south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The student who does not read the daily news is dead, and the life is not in him.—*University Life.*

Soph.—"Why should a Senior behave himself?" Jr.—"I don't know." Soph.—"It is a case of diploma-cy."—*Holcad.*

You cannot expect a girl of the period to stand fire just because she is accustomed to face powder.—*Baker Orange.*

Thirty candidates for next year's football team at Harvard are lining up daily, and getting in trim for next year.—*Tar Heel.*

Harvard annually buys $16,000 worth of books for her library. Yale spends 7,000 for the same purpose, and Columbia $13,000.

During the presidency of Dr. Dwight, of Yale, he has given the university more than $100,000, or twice the amount of his salary.—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

"Australian Farming," by Prof. E. M. Shelton, of the Colony of Queensland, in Australia, is an interesting and instructive article in the May number of the *Industrialist.*

It is discovered that Wallace C. Andrews, the New York millionaire who lost his life in the recent fire, left a will providing for the founding of a woman's college in Ohio.—*Public Opinion.*

The question, "Should women propose?" is discussed at some length in the April number of the *Emory Phenix.* "One in Exile," who discusses the question, argues strongly for the affirmative side.

The Freshman Class of Grand Island College published the April number of the *Volante* in a very creditable manner.

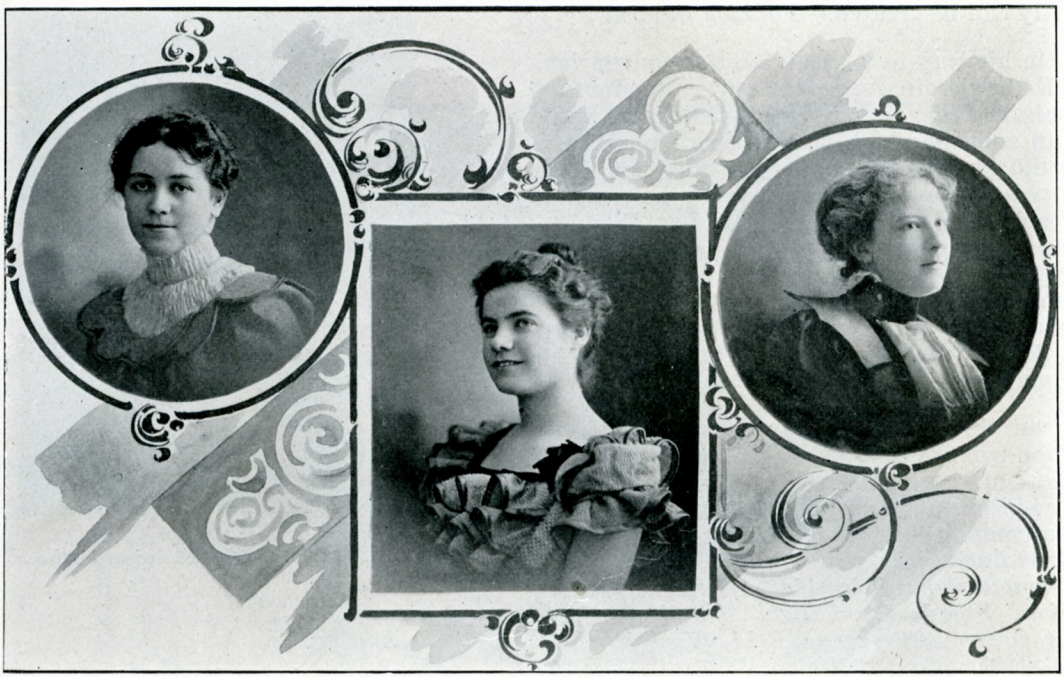
Their urgent plea for class organization we believe is well made.

Oberlin College won the Northwestern League oratorical contest. The University of Chicago took second place. W. I. Long, of Clay Center, Kan., represented Oberlin. The subject of his oration was "Lincoln's Debate with Douglas."

At Havemeyer Hall, Columbia University, representatives from Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell and Columbia met recently, and formed a cross-country association, to be known as the Inter-Collegiate Cross-Country Association of Amateur Athletics of America.

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, recently announced that gifts aggregating more thn $4,000,000 had been made to that institution during the past year. These include adjoining land, given by Marshall Field, and donations of money by John D. Rockfeller.—*Cooper Courier.*

Beloit College, Wisconsin, won the twenty-sixth annual contest of the Northwestern Inter-



MUSIC GRADUATES.

MISS REXROAT. MISS BROCKWAY. MISS BRADSHAW.

state Oratorical Association, comprising the colleges of ten States. Mr. A. C. Northrup, of Kansas Wesleyan, William Allen White's 100-per-cent man, who represented Kansas in the contest, took eighth place.

Jack.—"Why do you think our English course is good sport?"

Dick.—"Because it is a snap; a snap is a break; a brake is a four-in-hand; a four-in-hand is a necktie; a necktie is an Ascot; the Ascot is a horse-race; and a horse-race is good sport."

Jack.—"Oh! I see."—*Tiger.*

A daring Freshman of Columbia painted his class numerals in letters over two feet high, on top of a massive smokestack that extends one hundred feet above the temporary roof of the university hall. Then he so manipulated the rope running through the top pulley, by which he had climbed, that it was impossible for anyone to undo his work.

Harvard University has lately received a novel and interesting endowment, establishing what is to be called a professorship of hygiene. The professor is to be a medical friend to the students, a skilled and experienced physician, whose advice and sympathy the students may seek at any time. The endowment is large enough to provide ultimately a salary higher than is now held by any professor at Harvard. —*Chronicle.*

The college daily newspapers now in existence are the *Harvard Crimson*, *Yale News*, *Princetonian*, *Pennsylvanian*, *Cornell Daily News*, *University of Michigan Daily*, *Daily Cardinal* of the University of Wisconsin, the *Palo Alto* of Leland Stanford, the *Californian*, the *Brown Daily Herald* and a paper at the University of Georgia. Brown is the smallest college in the land that maintains a daily. The paper's profits in one year reached the respectable sum of $1,000.—*Kansas City Journal.*

In almost every college is published a request for literary contributions from students; some papers even offer prizes for the best essays and poems. Yet the literary departments give the reader the impression that it is a difficult matter to find material enough to fill the necessary columns. This ought not to be so. The editor ought to have so great a supply that he need choose only the best. Surely there is talent enough among college students to support a

college paper if the interest necessary to arouse activity can be created.—*Yankton Student.*

On his way to a great Baptist convention, Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, superintendent of schools in Chicago, was endeavoring to think out an address which he was down to deliver, according to an exchange. In order not to be annoyed by the talking around him, he went on the back platform of the train and sat down to think. As the train dashed by a station the operator telegraphed ahead, "Look out for tramp on rear platform." It was only with difficulty that one of the train hands was convinced that Andrews was not stealing a ride on the rear platform.—*Standard.*

From time to time we have had occasion to mention some of our exchanges in our columns, but lack of space has not permitted us to mention each one separately. We purpose here to give a complete list of the exchanges we have received during the year:

Chautauquan, Scientific American, Public Opinion, Standard, William Jewell Student, Baker Orange, Silver and Gold, Washburn Review, Southwestern Collegian, Student's Herald, The Oven, College Life, The Tiger, Sunflower, Yankton Student, Stetson Collegian, K. U. Weekly, Volante, Student Life, Knox Student. College Days, Lowell, Emory Phenix, McMaster Monthly, Midland, Doane Owl, Ursinus College Bulletin, Western College Magazine, Talent, Kansas Star, Franklin Academy Mirror, Juniorum Heraldus (Missouri Normal), *Osawatomie Globe, Our Dumb Animals, Cooper Courier, Abbey Student, Baconian, Eastman College Magazine, Missionary Herald, Industrialist, Baylor Literary, Augustana Journal.*

Junior girl: "Did you hang May-baskets to your class boys?"

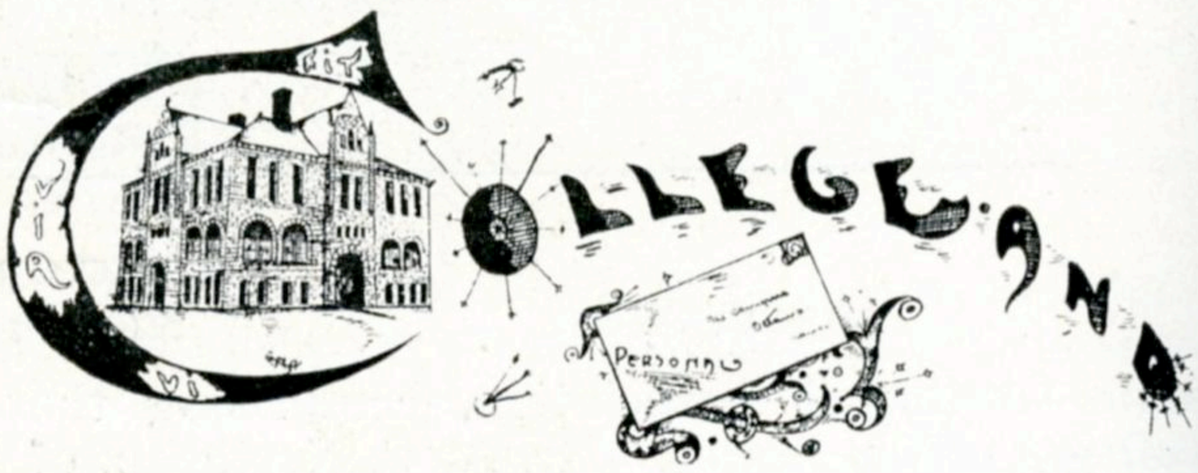
Sophomore: "Yes, we usually hang to them when we get a chance."

"Straight is the line of duty;
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee."

"All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin."
Byron.

"Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set."

O. H. BROWN, College and Personal Editor.



Three months vacation.

Ralph Shiras will fish this summer.

Dr. Riggs preached at Argentine April 30th.

Pitcher Gill was gladly welcomed back to school.

The college campus is very beautiful in the spring.

Professsor Parker had business in Chicago recently.

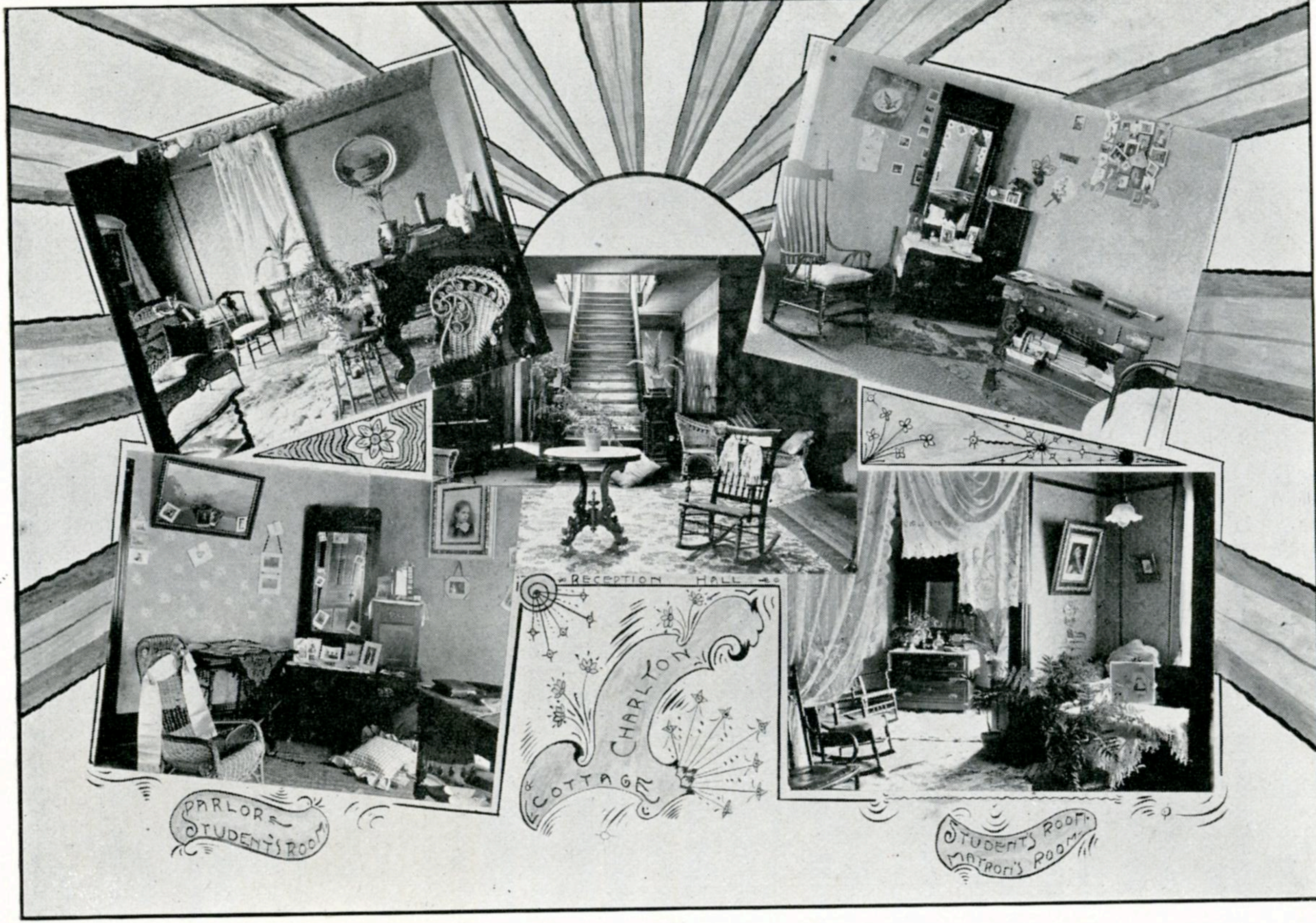
Mr. Nixon spent a few days in the city recently.

K. U. failed to score against our "issue" April 24th.

The Business Department will be in session all summer.

The schedule for the local contest of tennis has been posted.

Manager Barnett has been securing the best teams available.



VIEWS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE COTTAGE.

George Long is a new student in the Business Department.

When is a hammock not a hammock? When it is a spoonholder.

Five tennis courts are now cleared off, and being regularly used.

Merl Newell is the Kansas City *Star* boy on Cedar Street, now.

Professor Kline made a business pilgrimage to Cherryvale May 8th.

Let each one of us try to bring back a new student next September.

Miss Florence White enjoyed a visit from her mother, of Joplin, Mo.

Professor Parker made another trip to Chicago recently to see (?).

Dr. Harry Tessendon presented the Science Department with a live hawk.

Miss Norris entertained a few of her friends in a very royal manner May 4th.

Mr. Rice is spending all of his time on college work and fishing this month.

Miss Irene True, of Topeka, spent a few days in the city the latter part of April.

Cyrus Merrifield will take charge of Prof. Ward's classes during his absence.

Charles Barnett umpired the K. U. *vs.* B. U. game played at Baldwin, April 24th.

Miss Laura Newton presented to the Botanical Museum a very pretty specimen.

Miss Stella Baxter recently spent a few days with her uncle of Neosho Falls.

G. W. Trout attended the Inter-state Oratorical Contest at Lincoln, Neb., May 5th.

"Dad's Old-timers" play fast ball. They show the result of much training in their youth.

The city people are very much enthused over our prospects for a winning football team next fall.

Chas. Barnett, W. M. Eby and Royal Dárils are among the number who will sell views this summer.

Janitor Mulkey deserves much credit for the interest he takes in beautifying the college grounds.

Miss Teresa Stephenson's parents have moved to their new home in the suburbs of North Ottawa.

Mr. Shoemaker, of the Ottawa University Business Department, has accepted a position in Kansas City.

Miss Blanche Gebhart entertained the Sophomores at her beautiful home on Main Street, May 15th.

Burnett Marcell accepted a position as an attendant in the Topeka State Insane Asylum, and has left school.

The Y. W. C. A. social given April 24th, in the basement of the old college building, was a success in every particular.

The college team and the "Ottawa Ponies" played a game of baseball April 26th, which resulted in favor of the college.

Messrs. Goble and Durham filled the pulpit of the North Baptist Church April 30th, morning and evening respectively.

Miss Norris gave a talk on the "Ruins of Pompeii," April 24th, before the children of Mr. Adams' room of the city schools.

James T. Chase had the misfortune to fall while playing and break the same arm which had been broken during the winter.

Emporia has a good baseball team. They have the privilege of playing professionals since they do not belong to the league.

A. C. Banta, of the Farmers' State Bank, Oberlin, Kan., visited his many friends of Ottawa University, the first of the month.

Messrs. Fitch and Vinton expect to summer in Connecticut. They will visit relatives, and meanwhile canvass for Underwood & Underwood.

A couple of young people from the country who desired to be tied together were accommodated April 30th, at his residence, G. W. Trout officiating.

Miss Leta Chamberlain, who is the instructor on the guitar in the Music Department, left May 9th for St. Louis, where she will spend a month studying.

The young ladies of the class of '02 gave the boys of the same class a very elegant reception at the home of Miss Lizzie Taylor, on the evening of May 3d.

MABLE BLACKSTONE, City and Conservatory Editor.

Dewey day was observed in the various city schools with appropriate exercises.

May 1st was a decidely "Dewey day" in Ottawa. Patriotism was at a high ebb.

The Western Star Concert Company has engaged Miss Belle Brockway as soloist for the coming year.

Miss Dent assisted the regular quartette of the Baptist Church both morning and evening, Sunday, April 23d.

The '97 Shakespeare Reading Club recently spent a day in the country, at the home of Miss Cora Luce, near Centropolis.

The recital at the Conservatory Wednesday evening, May 3d, was well attended. The program was interesting and well rendered.

Rev. W. R. Manley filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church both morning and evening, Sunday, May 7th, owing to the illness of the pastor, Rev. W. R. Wood.

Rev. E. B. Meredith, of Topeka, filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church Sunday morning, April 23d, when the annual offering for the missionary work in Kansas was made.

Mr. W. E. Ringle, of Cherryvale, made a short visit in the city recently. Mr. Ringle is engaged in newspaper work for the summer, and has a half interest in the Cherryvale *Evening Clarion.*

The Commencement exercises of the public schools of the county will be held in Forest Park, Friday afternoon, June 9th. State Superintendent Frank Nelson will deliver the address to the class.

Mrs. J. B. Washburn died at her home in this city Saturday, April 22d, after a long illness. The "Campus" extends sympathy to the bereaved family, especially to Miss Editha and Samuel, students of our University.

Tuesday evening, May 2d, the Senior and Junior Bands of the city, gave their first concert and social of the season, in the city park. Success crowned their efforts in every way. They expect to repeat these concerts often during the summer.

On the evening of May 13th, the W. C. T. U. gave a reception to the city teachers, at the home of Mrs. John Chenoworth. An impromptu program was rendered in a pleasing manner by the guests, and refreshments were served by the ladies.

The people of Ottawa were delighted with the concert given by the Choral Union, at the Rohrbaugh, Friday evening, May 12th. The Hutchinson contest numbers were rendered and the concert showed that much time and practice had been devoted to each selection.

Instead of the usual prayer-meeting service, a fellowship-meeting was held at the Baptist Church Thursday evening, May 4th. A part of the roll containing the names of those who had become members since last September was called. With few exceptions, all were present and made a brief response.

The Franklin County Normal Institute will convene in the college building June 5th. Messrs. Frank Nelson, John Macdonald and H. G. Larimer will deliver lectures during the institute. Superintendent E. E. Smith is putting forth every effort to make this one of the most successful institutes ever held in the county.

The Santa Fé Hospital of this city, which has been newly remodeled and repaired, is now considered by the Santa Fé Company to be the pleasantest, excepting Topeka, of any upon its line. Beside the improvements on the building the grounds have been beautified, and much

VIEWS IN CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

done to make this a home for unfortunate railroad boys.

The reunion of the Alumni of Ottawa University will be held in the parlors of the First Baptist Church, on the evening of June 7th. A short program will be rendered by the orator, poet and others of the association. The address of welcome to the class of '99 will be given by Miss Mabel Crawford, '92, responded to by G. W. Trout, '99. A delightful social time is anticipated by the members of the association.

In the Baptist Church, on the afternoon of May 1st, the High-school teachers, pupils and patrons celebrated in a patriotic manner the new holiday. Mr. J. Whit Eby, Rev. C. S. Nusbaum and a quartette composed of Messrs. Detwiler, Kerr, Cravens and Wilcox, furnished the music. Mr. Wellington Davis delivered an oration and Miss Jean Fraser gave a reading. An address, a description of the battle of Manila, was given by Mr. W. S. Jenks.

Under the auspices of the two W. C. T. U. Unions of the city, the citizens of Ottawa celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of the Prohibitory Law of Kansas, at the Baptist Church, on the evening of May 1st. Mayor F. O. Hetrick presided at the meeting. Addresses were given by Rev. G. W. Searles, of the Congregational Church; Rev. Mr. Rice, of the North Methodist Episcopal Church; and Rev. E. N. Phillips, of the Christian Church. A talk was given by Superintendent Olin, who represented the public schools of the city, and Miss Norris, of the University, gave a very appropriate reading. A large audience was present and much enthusiasm was manifested.

Monday evening, May 1st, the regular monthly meeting of the Commercial Club was held. Mr. R. G. Banta, Ottawa University football manager, presented to the club the advisability of having a coach for the University football team. A committee, Messrs. F. M. Harris, Earl Armstrong and Fred Dobson, was appointed to coöperate with the college boys in securing a coach. A committee of three, Messrs. Skinner, Wasson and Hamilton, was appointed to draft and present resolutions to the State senators and Congressman Bowersock, urging them to use their influence with the War Department and have the victorious 20th Kansas boys, at Manila, brought back by way of the Suez Canal and Mediterranean Sea, thus completing the circuit of the globe, in honor of their valiant deeds.

RALPH CRAWFORD, Athletic Editor.

Ottawa University is the best exponent of college athletics of any school in the State, yet athletics are not supreme over school-work. The school-room grade required of all candidates for athletic honors forces them to "dig" on their lessons, as well as on the field. The three aims of college athletics should be, to afford the students opportunity for exercise, to foster college spirit, and to advertise the school and town. All these Ottawa University accomplishes. Our campus is large; all students work together in planning and take pride in the success of our athletic teams; and from every place an Ottawa University team has ever visited they have brought away good will and friendship for their clean playing and gentlemanly conduct.

Professionalism has also been barred, both by rule of the Faculty and by the public opinion of the student body.

Much of our success is due to our excellent gymnasium, which is the best equipped college gymnasium, in the State. It is a large building, well equipped with apparatus and baths. An

athletic entertainment was given this spring, which reflected great credit upon Prof. Kline, Mr. Mitchell and Miss Mooney, who had it in charge.

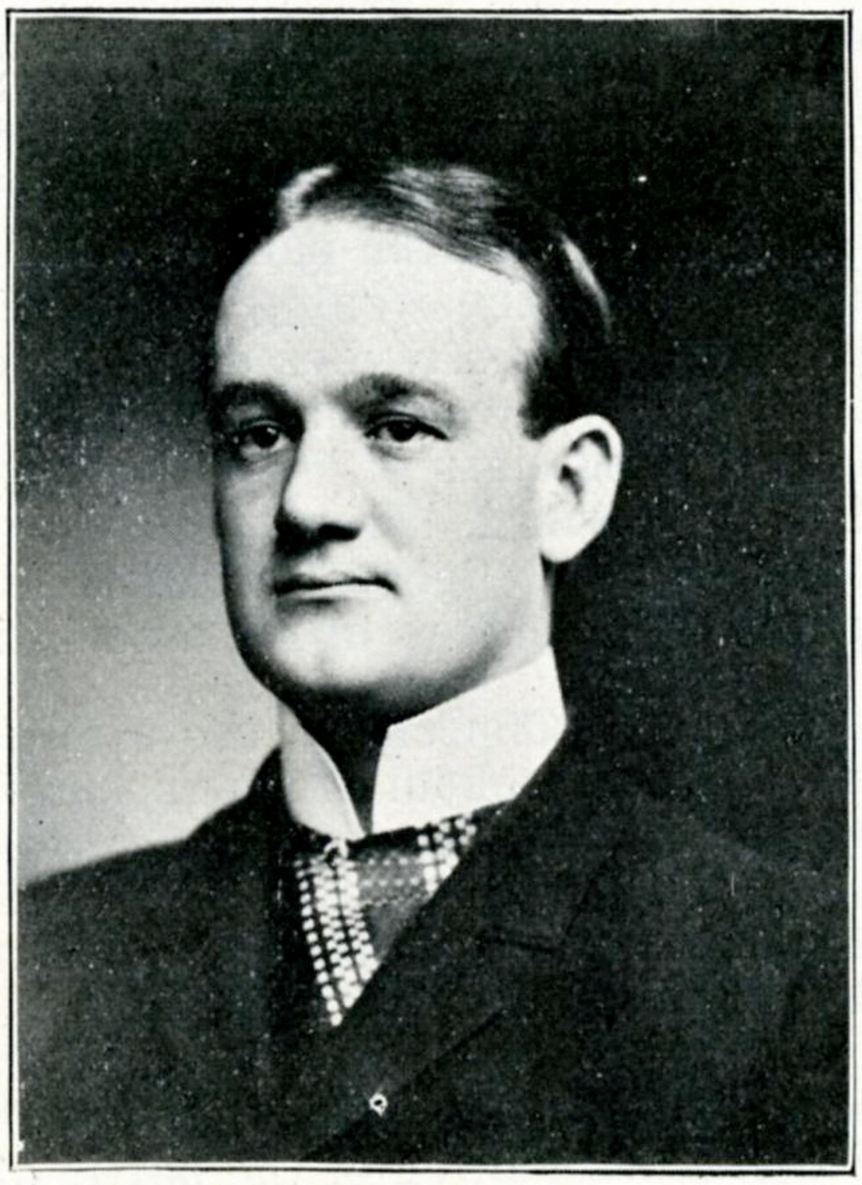
Football enthusiasts point with pride to the records made by Ottawa University's football teams. Ottawa players have established and have always maintained an untarnished reputation for fair play. No umpire has ever disqualified an Ottawa man for foul playing. This policy consistently adhered to, even under the greatest provocation, has done much to win over those who were lukewarm toward the game, and even those opposed to it. Nor is it dangerous to play football at Ottawa University. Ottawa has never had a serious accident. Last season the only casualty was a sprained ankle, which was due to a rough, icy field at Topeka.

Last September football prospects were very poor on account of the inexperience of most of the candidates; but by the end of the season we had one of the best uncoached teams in the West. To make it the best without any qualifying word the students and business men of Ottawa decided that we must have a coach for the '99 team. Therefore Manager Banta, who has a communication in another column, backed by the Ottawa Commercial Club began correspondence with available men. We are to have two coaches, one for the line and one for the backs. "Rock of Ages" Pendleton, the Medic player, who will locate in Ottawa, will coach the line, while an Eastern man will probably be chosen for the backs.

This coaching will surpass that of any other school in the West. And with most of last year's team here next fall, and with the new material which we will have, there can be no reason why Ottawa University's '99 football team will not hold the championship over all other schools west of the Mississippi.

Let each student make it a point to advertise our coaching facilities, our gymnasium, and our school and town. Interest your friends who play or would like to play and who contemplate attending some school to become candidates for positions on a winning team; and interest those who do not play to attend the school which will be more talked of next year than any other school in the West; but one in which at the same time athletics is not the end, but merely the means to an end.

Owing to the date on which this material goes to the printer, we are able to say nothing definite in regard to a football coach, and little in regard to baseball. Up to the time of writing the only league game we have played was with Baker, which we lost by a score of 3 to 6. Our players were: First base, Mitchell; second base, Lambertson; short stop, Mammel; third base, Wilbur; left fielder, Barnett; center fielder, W. M. Eby; right fielder, Hageman; catcher, Whit Eby; pitcher, Thayer.



ED. PENDLETON, Coach for '99.

OUR FOOTBALL PROSPECTS.

To go into a detailed argument as to the good or evil results of football would perhaps be as uselesss as uncalled for in this article. The writer has been asked to give a synopsis of the prospects for a winning team next season, and the means to be employed to secure the best results, not only in that which goes to make up a fast team, but also morally. As to the latter we take pleasure in noting the fact that our Faculty has made a qualification rule; viz., that no one who has not a good grade in his studies shall be eligible to the team. This was found to work admirably last season, and we think will be adavantageous in the several neighboring schools which will follow our example the coming season, not only in shutting out a class of professionals in school just for the season, but also in raising the entire team to a high intellectual level.

Our team has always had the reputation of playing clean, gentlemanly football. But in addition to the drawback of having practically no coaching, our men have always been very

BASEBALL TEAM.

GILL, p.

MITCHELL, 1st b.

EBY, c.

EBY, c. f.

MAMMEL, r. f.

THAYER, 3d b.

WILBER, s. s.

LAMPERTSON, 2d b.
CAPTAIN.

BARNETT, l. f.
MANAGER.

light; usually being outweighed by their opponents from ten to twenty-five pounds to the man. Still they have always played a stiff, scientific game, winning their share simply by team-work, and by that which always characterizes the student of Ottawa University—push and grit. With this principle, what should we be able to do with large men and a coach?

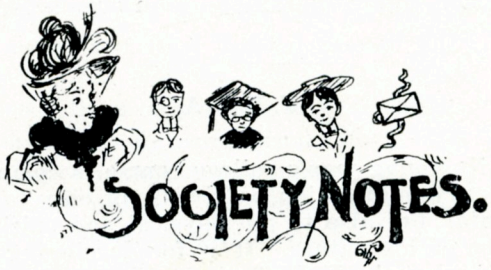
When the season closed last fall; practical men said of our team: "If you hold those players together and get a coach, you will have a team hard to beat anywhere." (We might now remark that, with a single exception, all the old players expect to be back next season; also much new material.) To be brief, we will say that our highest hopes were realized when "Rock of Ages" Pendleton came with the declaration that ours was the coming football team of the West, and that he wanted to coach us to victory. Football enthusiasm took a new impetus; everyone talked it; business men took it up; the city dailies pushed it; even the Commercial Club set aside a time and enthusiastically discussed it, deciding to help us to make our team a winner. Pendleton was secured for the coming season. Not wishing to stop with having one of the best known men of the West as coach, they went still farther. The Commercial Club appointed a committee to confer with the management, and it was decided not only to have our team equal to the State universities' as far as coaching is concerned, but to make our coaching facilties superior to the best in the West, and as nearly equal as possible to that of the big teams of Eastern universities.

It was decided to get an Eastern coach to put his time entirely on the backs, making a specialty of them. Everybody knows Pendleton cannot easily be equalled either east or west as a line coach; and with such a line as we had last year, heavier than that of the universities of Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, or Iowa, surmise the result for yourself. Put behind this line the strong set of backs, coached not only by one of the best men of the land, but by a man who has made just that work a specialty; give the men a training-table as they will have, where every physique will be developed to its utmost health, agility and strength; with these advantages, supported by a loyal school and an enthusiastic town, will we not have a team that will be a credit to the institution it represents?

Little more need be added. It might, however, be of interest to know that the manager is now in correspondence with several Eastern men in regard to coaching. The probabilities are that a coach from one of the Eastern schools, after putting in his early work with individuals, as is always done, will take charge of our backs. Such was done last season by Coach Morris, who, after helping Yale to start, came west and coached the Kansas City Medics.

Now a word to new men who may think of trying for the team. There are often two or three men on a 'varsity team who come to school for the football season only, receiving some remuneration for their services, thus shutting out honest, deserving men. As to this we wish to say, that merit will win; that the only inducement offered will be to all alike, that of being under scientific and superb coaching. Inexperience will be of little consequence, as all will have equal chance of starting in for the first time under efficient coaches—a chance which cannot be equalled at the State universities, and one seldom found. *R. G. Banta.*

TERESA STEPHENSON, Society Editor.



OLYMPIAN.

The chief characteristic of the society this year has been quality, not quantity.

The programs have been prepared with care and well rendered. One upon Cyrano de Berg-

erac, and the program for the 1st of April, were especially entertaining and instructive.

April 15th, Miss Norris entertained the society with a lecture on "Rome." She gave very graphic descriptions of the ancient and modern buildings in that renowned city.

A new stove, new chairs and gas-burners have greatly improved the appearance of the hall.

One of the most interesting features of the society has been the *Olympian Folio*, edited monthly. The contributions to this paper have preserved a high literary standard, which deserves commendation.

The interest in the Academic Division has steadily increased throughout the school year. Never in the history have there been so few non-appearances on the programs.

Debates, which are usually a menace to academy students, have been entered into with unusual vigor.

PHILALETHEAN SOCIETY.

Ever since the organization of the Philalethean Society, its members have never lacked in loyalty. This year has been one of advancement and an increase in membership.

Several programs of unequalled interest have been given.

Miss Norris gave an hour, in which she described Paris as she saw it

Professor Kline gave several selections of special interest.

The Academic Division has increased greatly in numbers and efficient work.

During the year the room has been repapered; new curtains and a new carpet have been purchased; with these additions, the hall makes a much better appearance than ever before in its history.

Y. M. C. A.

No young man's college course is complete unless due attention be given, not only to the mental, but also to the physical and spiritual sides of his nature. It is for developing the latter that the Y. M. C. A. has been organized. The association is entirely controlled and conducted by the students. In addition to the officers common to such organizations, there are the following committees—viz., the Bible, devotional, missionary, music and invitation. Bible-classes are organized at the beginning of each fall term and continue throughout the year. The Y. M. C. A. has a large and enthusiastic membership, and is one of the most helpful influences in the college.

Y. W. C. A.

Pausing for a moment and taking a backward glance at the work of the year, we cannot but see how God has led the work.

At the beginning of the school-year the girls felt their inability to undertake the work, after the loss of several strong girls who graduated.

The new girls were met at the train and assisted in every way possible. During the first week of school all the new girls were remembered with a bouquet.

Three Bible-classes were organized, and all the girls were urged to join one of the three. The classes were, "Life of Christ," "Outline Study," and "Character Study," the last of which was lead by Prof. Kline, the other two by student girls.

A reception was given during the fall term at Charlton Cottage; it was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The association this year undertook the support of a Japanese student girl.

At present plans are being made to send at least one delegate to the Summer School at Lake Geneva.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

At the beginning of the school year the Ministerial Association had a comparatively good number of members, but during the year several of the boys have left school.

It is the purpose of the organization to encourage ministerial education and to present an opportunity for the discusssion of subjects to such as bear on pastoral work. A part of this year was spent in the study of the Articles of Faith of the Baptist Church.

Probably the most important, even of this year, was the address by Prof. Price, of Chicago, on theological work.

The Middle Acs and Junior Acs met in a fiercely contested battle on the diamond May 8th. Cook as the twirler for the Middles and Shiras for the Juniors; both did commendable work. Score, 24 to 10; in favor of the former.

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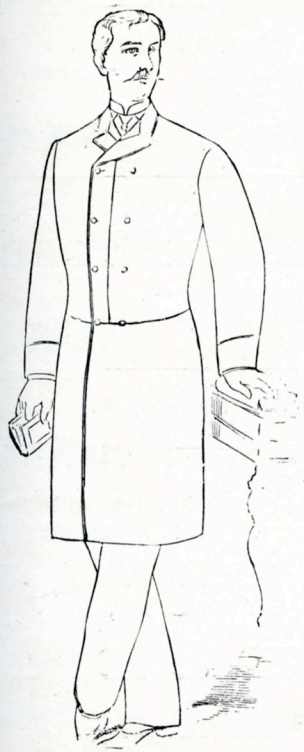

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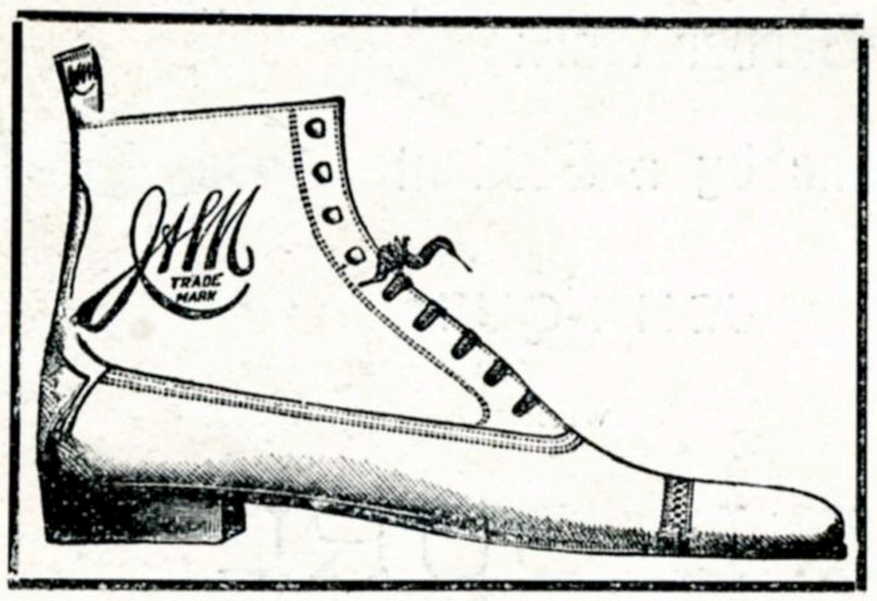

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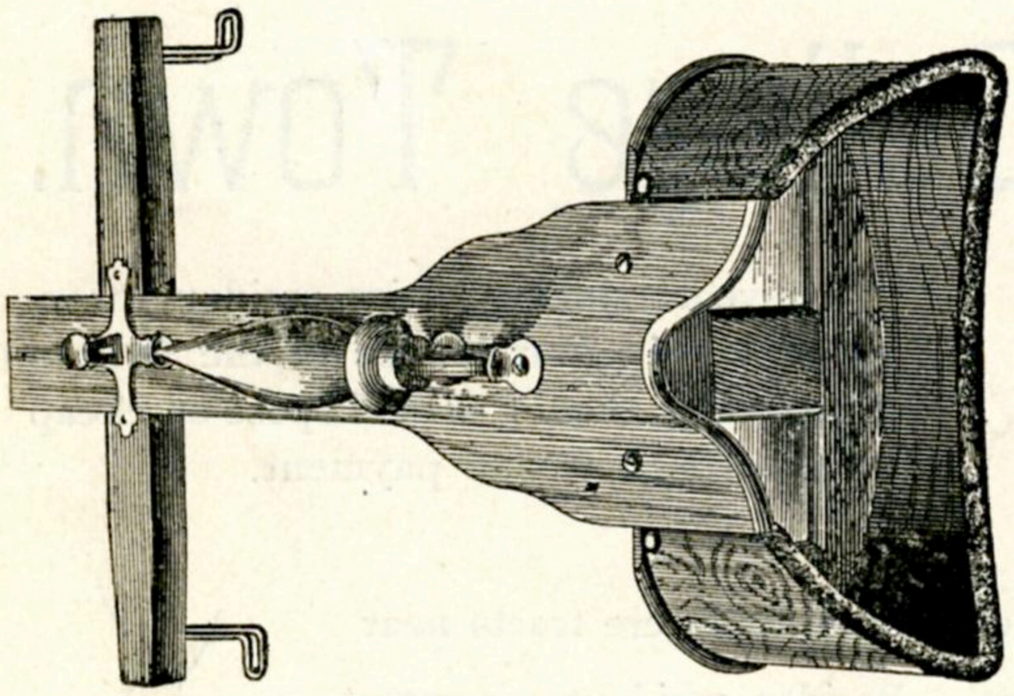

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