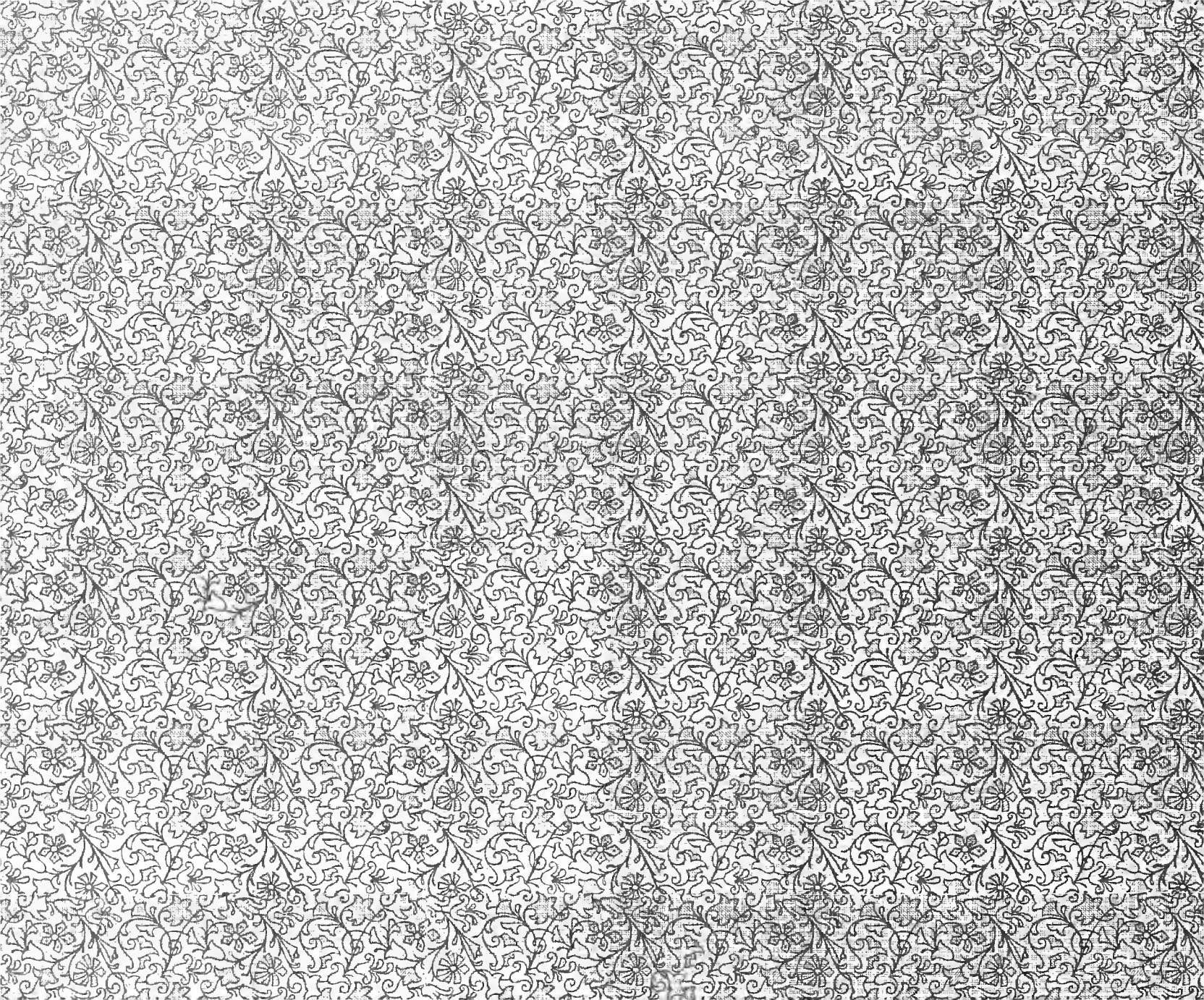
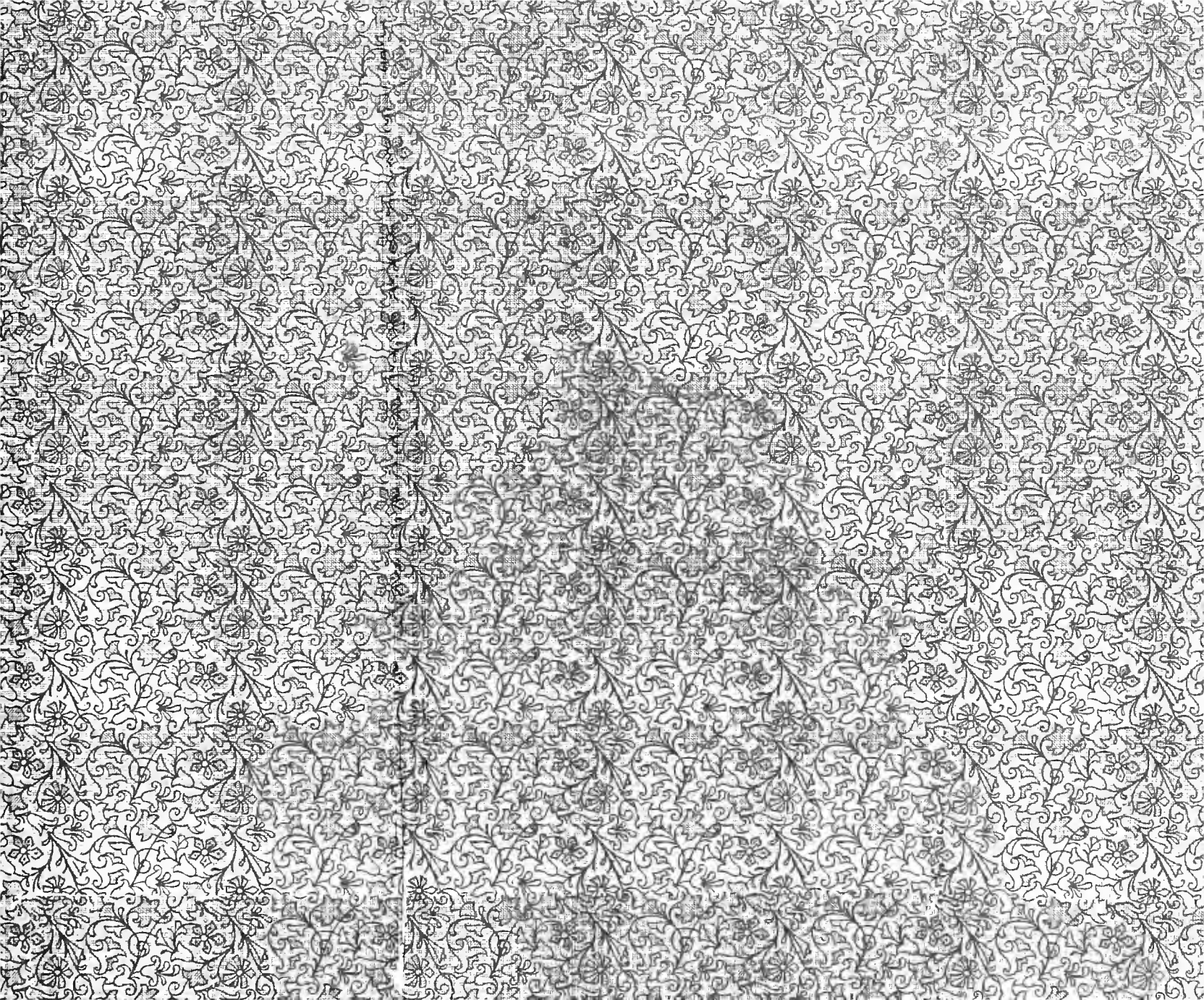




FAIRRE

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*To Our Teacher and Friend  
Prof. Hiram Herr Shenk, A. M.,  
The '05 Bizarre  
Is Respectfully and Affectionately  
Dedicated*



## *Preface*

TO THE faculty, alumni, students, and friends of Lebanon Valley College, greeting ! We, the Junior class speak to you through this, our annual, the things which we hope you are most desirous of hearing concerning the various interests of our beloved college. Our aim has been to present to you every phase of life at L. V.; the religious environment, literary and musical advantages, athletic development and last but not least the social life.

We have no apologies to offer for anything that is in this volume which you think should not be in, nor for anything that is not in which you think should be in. We have written nothing which you, our readers, are not able to understand, our caricatures are the best illustrations of by-gone "happenings" that we could procure, our "roasts" are all taken from your own experience, so if you are inclined to criticize too severely we kindly ask you to "Stop, look, listen;" put away your ill feelings and prejudices and go on your ways rejoicing, the better for having stopped and reflected.

To you, in future time, O fellow students may this, the '05 Bizarre, be a reminder of the many pleasant days we spent together at L. V. May you, in old age, take this cherished book from its honored place on the shelf, and opening it before you, gather your children or perhaps your grandchildren about your knee and with fondest memory tell them the never-to-be-forgotten experiences of your happy by-gone college days.

THE EDITORS.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editorial Staff  
S. Berry Plummer.

Associate Editors.

E. Frances Engle.

Ellen Weinland Mills.

May B. Hershey.

Charles C. Peters.

Pearl Eugene Markham.

Benj. D. Rojahn.

Poets.

Alice L. Crowell.

Gordon A. Rider.

Artist.

J. Bayard Beatty.

Business Manager.

Ralph L. Engle.

Assistant Business Managers.

Victor A. Arndt. J. Bayard Beatty.

Arthur R. Clippinger. Elmer E. Erb. Winsfeld S. Knauss.

Titus H. Krider. George D. Owen.



MAIN BUILDING

## College Calendar

### *Fall Term*

September 14, Monday 2 p. m.—Registration  
September 15, Tuesday. Entrance Examinations  
September 16, Wednesday 10 a. m.—Instruction begins.  
November 26, Thursday, 7.30 p. m.—Clionian Literary Society Anniversary.  
December 23, Wednesday—Fall Term ends.

1904

### *Winter Term*

January 5, Tuesday—Instruction begins.  
January 29, Friday—First Semester ends.  
February 7, Sunday—Day of Prayer for Colleges.  
February 22, Monday—Washington's Birthday.  
March 25, Friday—Winter Term ends.

### *Spring Term.*

April 4, Monday, Registration, 9 a. m.  
April 5, Tuesday, Instruction begins, 9 a. m.  
April 8, Friday, Anniversary of the Kalozetean Literary Society.  
May 6, Friday, Anniversary of the Philokosmian Literary Society.

May 23, Monday, Senior Final Examinations begin.

May 30, Monday; Memorial Day, a holiday.

June 12, Sunday, Baccalaureate Sermon by Pres. Roop, 10.15 a. m.

June 12, Sunday, Campus Praise Service, 6 p. m.

June 12, Sunday, Annual Address before the Christian Associations, 7.30 p. m.

June 13, Monday, Commencement of Department of Music, 7.30 p. m.

June 14, Tuesday, Meeting of Board of Trustees, 9 a. m.

June 14, Tuesday, Junior Oratorical Prize Contest, 7.30 p. m.

June 14, Tuesday, Alumni Banquet and Reunion 9 p. m.

June 15, Wednesday, Thirty-eighth Annual Commencement, 10 a. m.

June 15, Wednesday, Conservatory Concert 7.30 p. m.

June 16, Thursday, Summer Session Begins.

August 24, Wednesday, Summer Session Ends.

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Adam R. Forney, A.M., Annville.

\*Deceased

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and Officers*



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*Thomas Gilbert McFadden, A.M.,  
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Professor of French and Associate in English*



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*Howard Edward Enders, M.S.,  
(Absent on leave—Johns Hopkins University)  
Professor of the Biological Sciences*



*Rev. Lewis Franklin John, A.M., D.D.,  
Professor of the English Bible  
and Associate in Philosophy*



*Edith H. Baldwin, Drexel Institute,  
Principal of the Art Department*



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*Wesley M. Heilman, A.B.,  
Principal Teachers' Preparatory Department*



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Instructor in German*



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*Instructor in Oratory and Physical Culture*

*Benjamin A. McComsey*  
*Instructor in Violin, Strings, Etc.*



*Frances Shively*  
*Instructor in Harmony and Analysis*



*Henry E. Spessard, A. M.,  
Principal-Elect of Academy  
and Instructor in English*

*Paul M. Spangler,  
Instructor in Book-Keeping*

*Andrew Bender,  
Laboratory Assistant in Physics*

*Mabel M. Spayd,  
Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry*

*David W. McGill,  
Alma Mae Light, M. S.,  
Alvin Binner,  
Harry M. Mease,  
Instructors in Teachers' Preparatory Dep't*

*Merle M. Hoover,  
Assistant Librarian*

*Rev. William J. Zuck, D. D.,  
College Pastor*

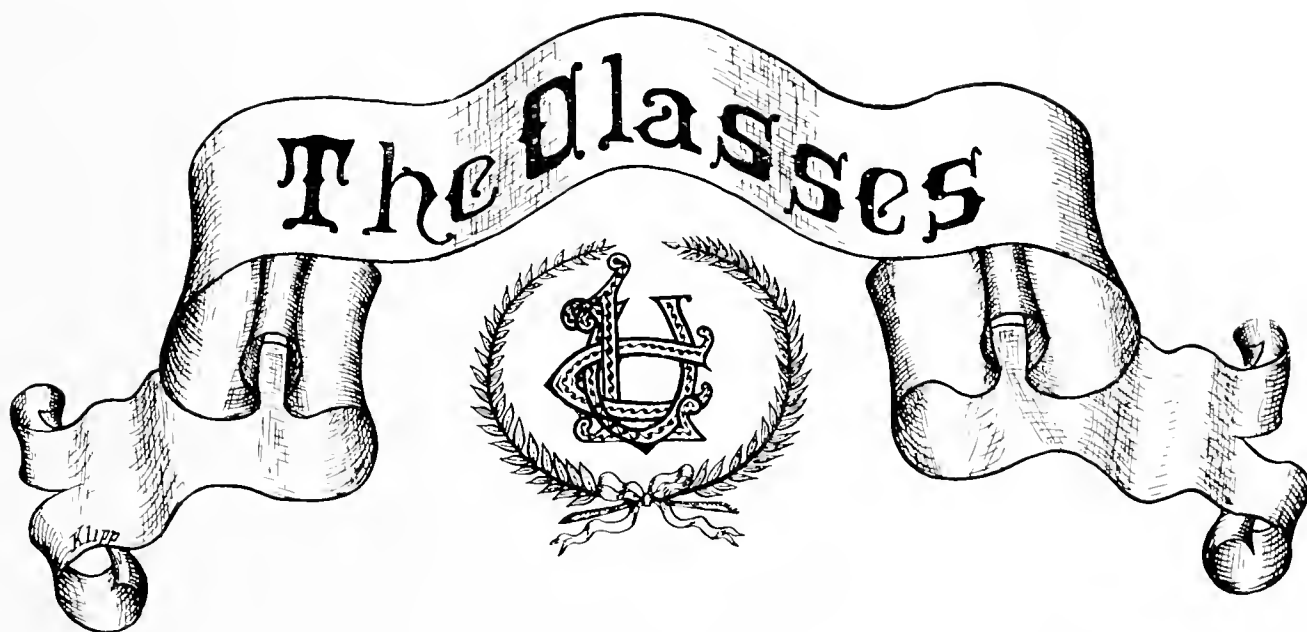
*SPECIAL LECTURE STAFF, 1904—1905*

*Bishop E. B. Kephart, D. D., LL. D.,  
Lecturer on Archaeology*

*Daniel Eberly, D. D.,  
Lecturer on Philosophy of History*

*Bishop J. S. Mills, D. D., Ph. D.,  
Lecturer on Sociology*

*W. H. Gotwald, D. D., LL. D.,  
Lecturer on Apologetics*

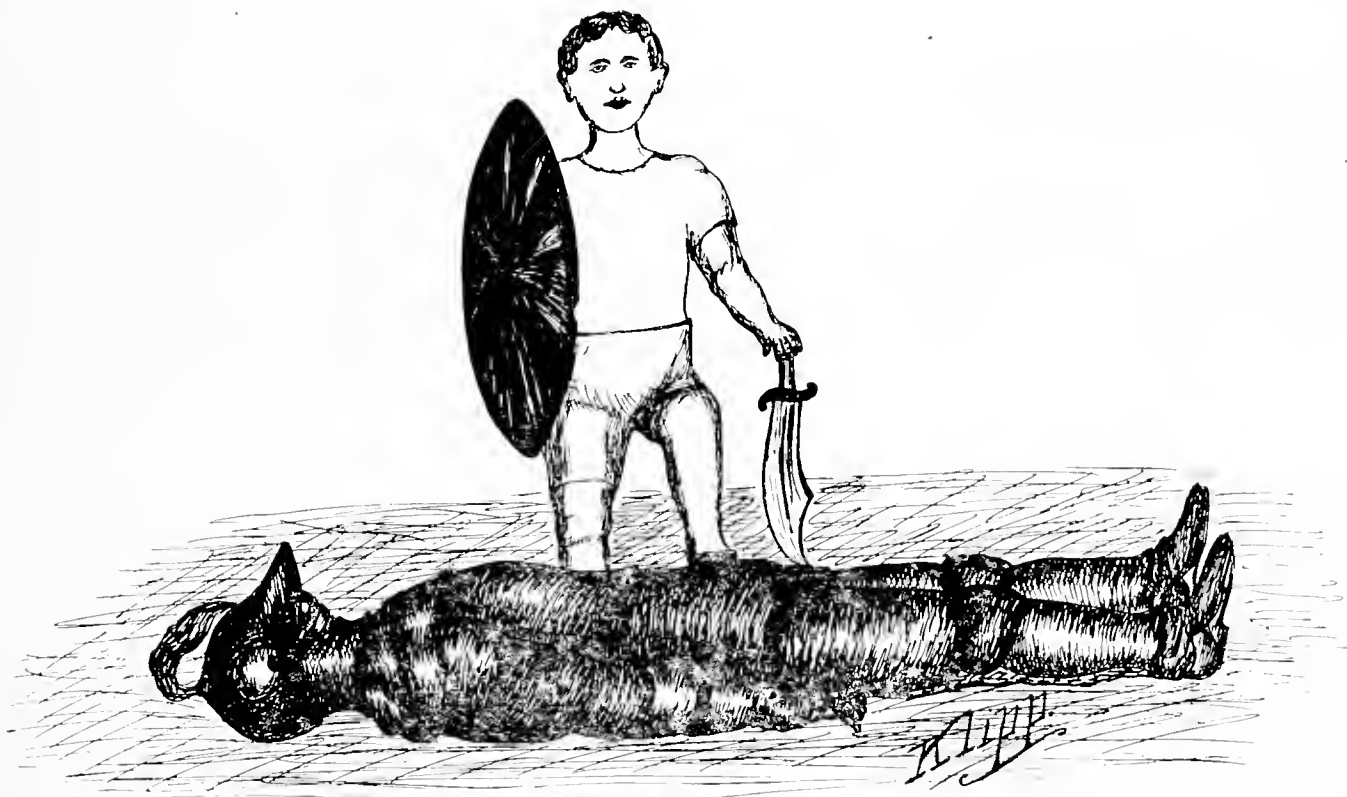


## *Graduate Students*

Henry H. Baish	-	-	Altoona	Harry E. Miller	-	-	-	Myerstown
John H. Best	-	-	Baltimore, Md	John W. Owen	-	-	-	Mechanicsburg
David D. Buddinger	-	-	Bellegrove	Jacob Mark Peters	-	-	-	Steelton
Morris W. Brunner	-	-	Philadelphia	D. Augustus Peters	-	-	-	Steelton
Robert R. Butterwick	-	-	Palmyra	Jacob Hassler Reber	-	-	-	Waynesboro
Clarence V. Clippinger	-	-	Huntsville, Wash	Irvin E. Runk	-	-	-	Mt. Joy
Walter G. Clippinger	-	-	Dayton, Ohio	Maude Ruth	-	-	-	Scottdale
Joseph Daugherty	-	-	York	David H. Scanlon	-	-	-	Berrysville, Va
Enid Daniel	-	-	Missouri	Ottoman Schieder	-	-	-	Pittsburg
Grant B. Gerberich	-	-	Johnsonburg	Harry E. Spessard	-	-	-	Huntsville, Wash
Clinton C. Gohn	-	-	Williamsport, Md	William J. Sanders	-	-	-	Sunbury
Anna Mary Keller	-	-	Philadelphia	Edith E. Spangler	-	-	-	Lebanon
Reba F. Lehman	-	-	Sugar Grove	Adam S. Ulrich	-	-	-	Annville
David E. Long	-	-	- Lykens	George A. Ulrich	-	-	-	Philadelphia
Lewis Walter Lutz	-	-	West Fairview					







VINCENT

Senior

## Senior Class

### *Officers*

*President—D. D. Brandt*

*Vice President—Nell C. Reed*

*Secretary—W. E. Reidel*

*Treasurer—A. C. Crone*

*Poetess—Mary N. Light*

*Historian—W. R. Appenzellar*

*FLOWER—Bird-foot Violet*

*COLORS—Red and Black*

*MOTTO—"Qui studet contingere metam, multa tulit fecitque."*

*YELL—Rac-a-de cax, co-ax, co-ax,  
Rac-a-de-cax, co-ax, co-ax,  
Lebanon Valley 1904 !  
Sis-boom-bah !*



## *History*

AS we stand upon the threshold of active life and are about to leave our studies of theories and ideals to enter into a field of more practical affairs, we are frequently impelled to pause and in retrospect, to glance over our college days and ponder on the many changes, both external and internal, which we have experienced during our years of work and play at Lebanon Valley. Both evolution and revolution have occurred in the actions, thoughts, and character of us all. Looking backward, the time seems long since we entered here with minds eager and craving for learning, for we had taken "all knowledge to be our province," fully expecting that we should survey and mark out that entire province to our own complete satisfaction and to the surprise and delight of a world, astonished at and bewildered by our remarkable achievements. True, the change has been accomplished, though not that which imagination had pictured for us. But there has been an alteration in ourselves, and thus our view-point has been changed. The brightness of the flaring enthusiasm of past years has been worn off and in its place has arisen a more desirable and steadfast quality, a definite purpose. We have come to realize our insignificance and importance, our limitations and our qualifications and possibilities. Our chiefest ambition is no longer to have our memories perpetuated by a tablet in a hall of fame, but to have our lives remember for our actions and influence among our fellow-men, for "to live in the lives we leave behind us is not to die." We feel that truly our lot has been cast in pleasant places, for our life here has been filled with many pleasant experiences and we realize that these are probably the happiest days that we shall ever know. The benefits we have derived we shall soon appreciate at their full worth and we trust that we have not been parasites, but have in turn helped to some extent in the development of the school.

As a class we feel proud of the record of our achievements. We have entered into all phases of college life with earnestness and enthusiasm, and progress has ever been our policy in whatever we participated. In all branches of athletics our class, from its organization, has been well represented; in society work we have been most active; in the class room and laboratories we have worked faithfully; in the religious life of the school we have always been prominent, nor have we neglected its social side.

A few weeks more and our work here will have been finished; the members of the Red and Black will then separate and take up their various vocations, ever keeping in mind our worthy motto, "He who strives to reach the goal, first bears and does many things" yet we shall oftentimes return, in memory at least, to our Alma Mater, for this has been our second home and the associations clinging about it will always be a source of pleasure when they are recalled. And we shall be true to our foster mother, though the school loses sixteen students it gains the same number of loyal alumnae and alumni.

### *Poem*

Four years have speedily, silently sped  
Since first we gathered here,  
Four years of life,—of work and play,  
Four years to youth so dear.

Our good old college days are gone,  
And we are wiser grown;  
For first we seemed to know it all,  
But now, in more serious tone,

We ponder problems, think new thoughts,  
Which puzzle heart and brain,  
And make us feel that, after all  
There's Knowledge, still, to gain.

Then, let us in this larger life  
That opens before us now  
Our strength employ, our powers try,  
To help Mankind below.

## *Roll*

William Ralph Appenzellar	-	Chambersburg	Walter R. Kohr	-	-	-	-	York		
Kerwin W. Altland	-	-	-	-	York	Mary Naomi Light	-	-	-	Lebanon
David Dickson Brandt	-	-	-	Newville	Margaretta Catharine Miller					Dayton, Ohio
Augustus Crone	-	-	-	-	Eastmont	Alfred Keister Mills	-	-	-	Annville
Maud Edna Engle	-	-	-	Hummelstown	Nell C. Reed	-	-	-	-	Shamokin
Charles H. Fisher	-	-	-	-	York	William E. Riedel	-	-		Dallastown
John H. Graybill	-	-	-	-	Annville	John I. Shaud	-	-	-	Annville
William M. Grumbine		-	-		Annville	Mabel M. Spayd	-	-		Chambersburg
Frank Heinaman	-	-	-		Lancaster					





## *Junior Class*

### *Officers*

*President—Titus H. Kreider*

*Vice President—Benj. D. Rojahn*

*Secretary—Alice L. Crowell*

*Treasurer—Chas. C. Peters*

*Historian—A. R. Clippinger*

*Poet—Gordon I. Rider*

*COLORS—Pink and Olive*

*FLOWER—Pink Rose*

*MOTTO—"Ad summa tende."*

*YELL—Wacka lacka ! Wacka lacka !*

*Wacka lacka lu !*

*We're the Class of 1905,*

*Who in the world are you ?*

*YELL—Ach ! ja ! ja !*

*Donner Wetter yet !*

*Does dem Juniors !*

*You shust bet ! ! A'n't !*

## *History*

Since the close of the last chapter in the history of the class of 1905, the wheel of time has made one more revolution, and the historian is called upon to record the facts of another year.

Just as the president of the College distributed diplomas to the graduating class of 1903, the curtain was drawn aside and we entered the "Holy of Holies," as it seemed to us, for we now assumed the responsibilities of Upper Classmen. From our very earliest history we have been loyal and true to the college and obedient to the professors, but since we have entered into this new arena of college life we have been even more precocious, because we are always mindful of the dignity of our position, and have been trying to walk worthy of our vocation.

After spending the summer months in ways appropriate to students' vacation, we returned to take up our studies for another college year. On calling the roll we found that four of our number had not returned, but since then we have added to our number two persons who have shown themselves worthy of the class of 1905, namely, Miss Nancy Kauffman and Mr. Pearl Mathias. With an original membership of 20 we have gained and lost until at present we have 18 noble men and women, who claim allegiance to the banner of Pink and Olive. Of this number five are ladies who give grace and beauty to our class.

The year has not been marked by any startling events. There have been no hard fought battles of blood and carnage for we have passed beyond that stage. At present we are contending with more difficult things in life than class enemies for we have come face to face with problems of Philosophy, Science and Economics. Many long and tedious hours have been spent in search for truth, in performing experiments, and in heated discussions upon economical problems, the victors of which shall only be named in after life.

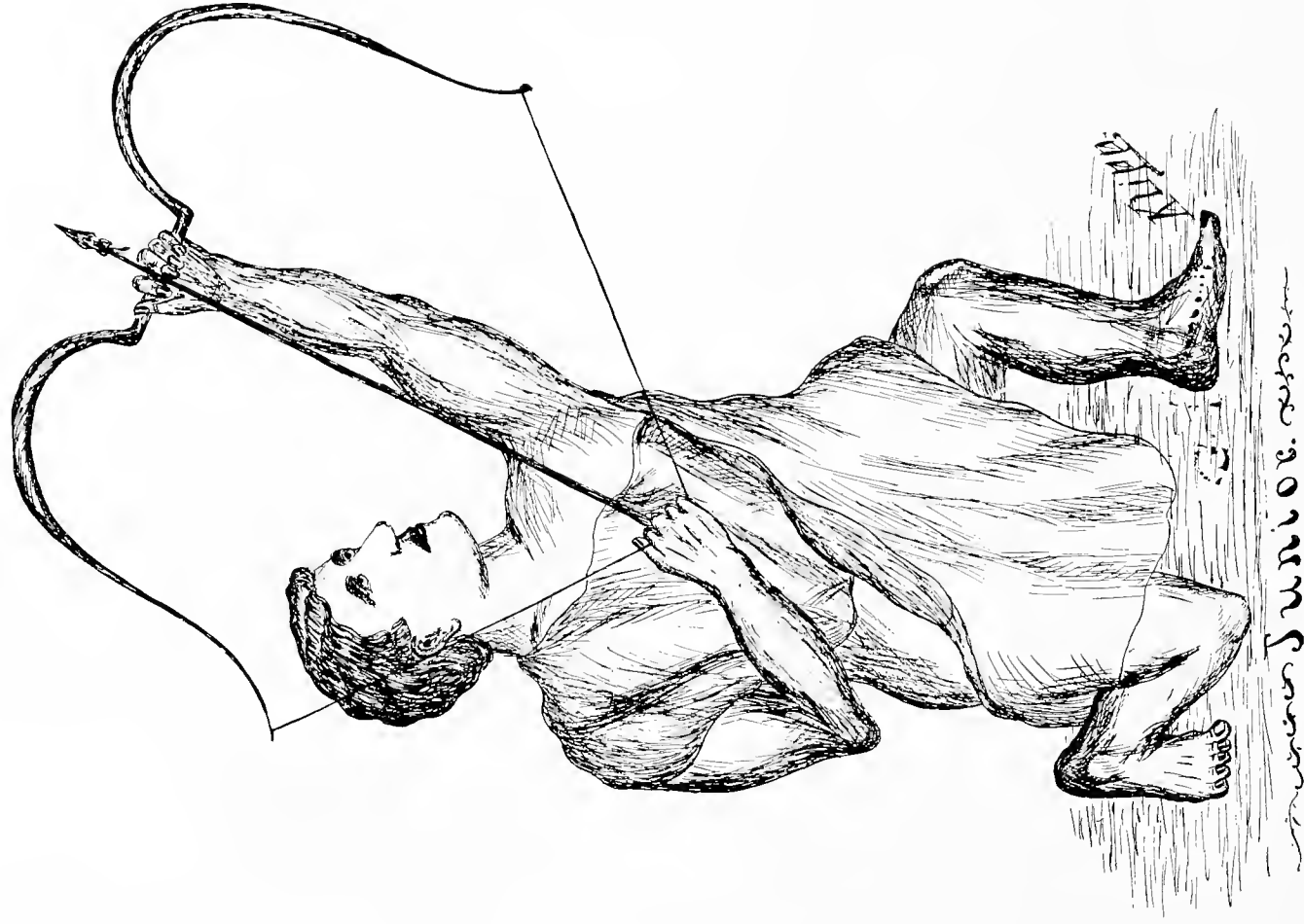
Thus the class of '05 appears before you—a class composed of many members with as many different minds, traits and characteristics peculiar to each one. Some are searching for material gain others are in quest of honor, and still others are in search of truth and usefulness, but in all we are true to the motto of the class, "*Ad Summa Tende.*"

We dare not close this record without giving due space for an account of our banquets during the year.—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Engle of Palmyra invited the class to banquet in their home on the evening of Dec. 7 ; and the evening spent with them was novel and entertaining. But not of less importance, we mention the elaborate meal prepared by the host and hostess. This was an evening long to be remembered.

Another gala occasion and a very important one was the reception given by Pres. H. U. Roop and wife on the evening of March 19, who spared no pains in making it very pleasant for every member of the class.

Time and space have made it impossible to enumerate all the events of the year, or to give a detailed account of any. Only in a very general way have we portrayed our history.

In this our closing paragraph we beg leave to inform our reader that we have carried on integrity with us for the entire year. We did not find every day the most pleasant nor the most fruitful, but in a retrospective view we had a successful past with the hope of a still more glorious future. So in these the closing hours of our Junior year we look forward with delight to the time when the mantle of the Senior class be laid upon our shoulders with its high honors and virtues.



*Victor Arthur Arndt.*

VICTOR ARTHUR ARNDT, better known as "Irish," was born at Lebanon, Penna., once upon a time. He is the son of an itinerant United Brethren preacher and consequently has never lived for any very great length of time at one place. During his peregrinations over Eastern Pennsylvania he became acquainted not only with his Irish brethren but his Dutch cousins as well. Victor graduated from Mt. Carmel High School in the spring of 1901 and entered L. V. in the fall of the same year. He is not very fond of work (just like the rest of us) and besides working for several months in the coal mines at Mt. Carmel, he has lived at ease all his life. He has distinguished himself playing at quarterback on L. V.'s noble football team during the greater part of two seasons; and in baseball no one can excel him in "holding down" second base. Victor's biography would not be complete if we should neglect to mention the fact that on a certain dark night, about the hour of 2 P. M., several years ago, he entertained the League of Death for a half hour or so with aerobatic stunts and war-whoops and was himself much benefited thereby. Victor will, no doubt, after graduation apply for a position in the Hershey Chocolate factory at Derry Church, for he has a peculiar fondness for everything named Hershey. "Stick to it," old boy, and success will be yours.





*Thomas Bayard Beatty.*

THOMAS BAYARD BEATTY was born at Quincy, Penna., within the latter half of the nineteenth century; when he was quite small his parents moved to Allegheny City, and after residing there for a few years they moved back to Quincy. Bayard graduated with diploma from the Franklin county schools in the spring of '98 and taught school for three years, winning the love and respect of both pupils and patrons. He attended Shippensburg Normal School during two spring terms and finally decided to win for himself an A. B. from Lebanon Valley. It would, indeed, be a very difficult task to give a full account of Bayard's stay at L. V. for he has been very busy ever since his arrival. He is one of four or five "preachers" who always succeed in having others do as they say, and with "Doc's" hearty co-operation he makes all who enter "44" bend the knee or else take water. Beatty will graduate in elocution this year and it is quite likely that he will continue his elocutionary studies after his graduation next year. But the most important events of his life are yet to be told, and these cannot be told at present because they are not fully known; probably Clara knows and would tell, but let us wait and see for time alone will tell all.

*Emma Frances Engle.*

FRANCES, best known among the girls as "Nane" is the witty girl of our class. She always has a clever word to say to every body. Ever since we were Sophomores she has been a member of our class and in all this time not any of her class mates has ever heard her say a cross word or seen a displeased look on her face. She was born and reared in the heart of the beautiful Lebanon Valley. Her pleasant surroundings may, to some extent explain her cheerful disposition. Do not infer from what has already been said that she is one of those goody-goody girls for she is not. She rooms on second floor, and all that happens on the entire floor, which the preceptress does not favor, Frances is accused of planning. Now we well know she is not guilty of all for how could she do all this besides all her lessons? She is the only girl in the class who is developing her musical talents. She is making a special study of English and is rapidly winning great fame because of the many excellent stories she writes. When in her room every spare moment she has is spent in writing some original article. Immediately after she has received A. B. at L. V. she expects to leave for parts unknown with the object she has in view also unknown.





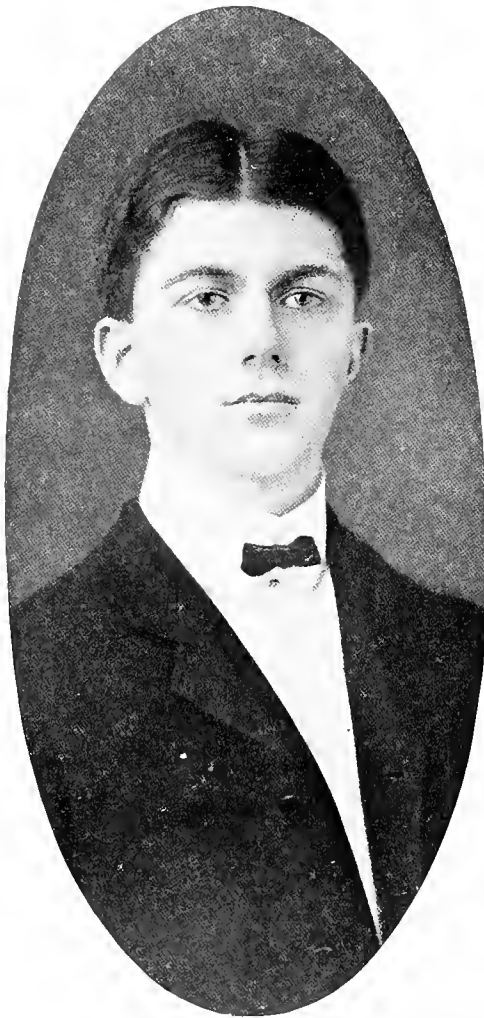
*Arthur Raymond Clippinger.*

ARTHUR RAYMOND CLIPPINGER was born at Lurgan, Franklin county, Penna., sometime during "the dear dead days beyond recall." In the early days of his youth Arthur's parents thought perhaps he might become a politician but he was destined to become a preacher and a preacher he is. He is very pious, extremely fond of chicken and wears a split-tailed, cut-a-way coat. He began teaching in a little country school when he was only eighteen years old, much to the disgust of the sages of the neighborhood in which he taught. After pumping knowledge and wisdom into the heads of the Franklin county Irish for four years, he entered an institution of learning known as Lebanon Valley College where he has kept house until this present date. "Clipp" has distinguished himself in many ways. He has been preaching at irregular intervals for several years. He is an accomplished farmer and a well known miller; well known because of the fact that he has been studying Mills for nearly two years and intends to take unto himself for life's help-mate a goodly portion of the Bishop's household. After graduation he will preach for several years, complete a course in theology in Union Biblical Seminary and will finally become a Bishop in the United Brethren Church.

### *Alice Lydia Crowell.*

IT is a striking fact that many of our greatest poets were born in the country. Alice was born in the beautiful stretch of country outside of York. Here she spent many a happy hour roaming o'er the hills. She was a strange child. When just a tot, scarcely able to walk, she would steal off to some pretty nook, and play there for hours, to the anxiety of her mother. When Alice was about seven, Mr. Crowell moved to York, and she now entered into the hum-drum of school life. She was a very diligent and brilliant pupil, always standing at the head of her classes. In 1901 she was graduated at the York High School, receiving first honors. In her school work, she showed her ability as a writer. Her early poems were very successful, but only in a restricted circle. She needed a place like London to appreciate her and give her a world-wide fame. She found this place at Lebanon Valley, where she came in 1902. Her work here was met with storms of applause, and she was made poet laureate at once by Dr. Roop. A ballad on the "Innocence of Youth" is her most famous work. She is now assistant editor of the Forum. Alice is a religious and social leader as well as an intellectual one. She is President of the Y. W. C. A. Her manner is most quiet and unassuming, and happy will be the man who will win Alice for his bride.





*Ralph Landis Engle.*

R ALPH LANDIS ENGLE the hustling business manager of the Bizarre was born on a farm a few miles south-east of Palmyra along the public road leading to Campbelltown. At a very early date in his eventful career, indeed it is recorded that he was not more than two years old, Ralph became tired of farm work and requested his father to move to the city; the father allowed himself to be prevailed upon by the son and Palmyra has been the place of residence ever since. Ralph has spent nearly all his school days between the classic walls of old L. V., having entered the preparatory department the day after he put on short trousers for the first time. He is a jolly good fellow, has a deep bass voice and takes great delight in singing all up-to-date love and coon songs. His countenance is fresh and blooming, not as yet having been disturbed by the many trials, troubles and tribulations which cruel fate has thrust upon some of the older members of the class. He is the youngest member in the class and after graduation will study medicine at Johns Hopkins University. We predict for him a bright future but we are unwilling to offer ourselves as his first patients (victims) after he hangs out his "shingle" as Ralph L. Engle, M. D.

*Elmer Ellsworth Erb.*

ELMER ELLSWORTH ERB first saw the light of day about twenty-three years ago in the little town of Hockersville, situated along the Phila. and Reading Railroad about nine miles east of Harrisburg. Graduating from the Hummelstown High School in 1900, and not being content to live quietly and peaceably on the farm or in the grocery store he decided to enter the hustle and bustle of active life at L. V. Elmer is quite an athlete playing at tackle and full-back on the football team through all the defeats and victories of two seasons. His speed is swifter than the winged arrows of Achilles and his strength is equal to any of the great tasks of Hercules. Elmer is a "happy go lucky sort of a fellow," not caring to trouble his mind in acquiring a true conception of the atomic theory of the chemist, or of the problem of knowledge of the philosopher, but is ever ready to mind his own business, and if necessary to help his down-trodden brother or sister (particularly the latter) in times of sore distress and affliction. As he is very popular with the ladies it is unnecessary to say that he will marry directly after graduation and settle down in business. May he live long and die happy!





*May Behm Hershey.*

MAY was born in the large manufacturing city of Derry. She was a spirited and adventuresome little youngster, ever seeking the new. She went to the little red school house in the suburbs of Derry, and here played many a lively game of "Hide and Seek," and "Lady Locket." It was here that she got her great ambition to be a school "marm," and with this purpose came to Lebanon Valley. She never boarded at the hall, but was always the jolly day student. This shows her eye to business, for in her education she did not wish to neglect her domestic science at home, as she would need it later. But as she came in contact with the boarding students her sympathy was aroused, and her ideals changed. May now pays more attention than ever to her cakes and pies, and brings many a fine sample to the hungry girls at the hall. We are glad to know she is aspiring to be the matron of the college. She intends then to put her chemistry in practice, and to use all Bunsen burners. May was the first girl to join the class of 1905. She is considered a great prophetess by the Chios, and they listen to her prophecies with as much eagerness as those men of old did to the oracle at Delphi. May is foremost in nearly everything she undertakes. She has the determination and perseverance, and is destined to succeed.

*Titus Heilman Kreider.*

TITUS HEILMAN KREIDER was born somewhere, it is evident, but just where, it is not known. According to chronological records he first saw the sunshine in the beautiful Lebanon valley a few years less than a century ago. He claims to be a descendant of sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestors, but his "Ach!" tells us that from head to foot, inclusive, he is a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Titus is a very close observer and thinks it will not be a very hard task to change the name "Kauffman" to that of Kreider and with this end in view he wends his weary way to Lebanon as many as three times a week. "Crabby," he is called by his associates, not because he is crabbed to any very great extent, not because he is contrary, for he is not, but simply because he is "Crabby" and not "Jimmie" or "Billy." It is hardly probable that he will become a minister for he is rather inclined to law, and as he possesses great executive ability may some day become Governor of Pennsylvania or President of the United States. Titus has at all times proved himself true and loyal to the noble class of 1905, and on commencement day will no doubt receive the reward given to the faithful.





*Winfield Scott Knauss.*

WINFIELD SCOTT KNAUSS is (or rather was) one of the many distinguished personages hailing from York, Pennsylvania. From early youth he has devoted all his spare time to the editing of a book entitled "Ten thousand suggestions on how to live without work," or more truthfully he has been working out the principles for himself and will leave some one else do the editing at a later date. "Foxy" is a fine looking young man, as you may see from his picture, but alas! alas!; tired of living at the slow pace which his more conservative class brothers have set for themselves, he leagued himself with those whom he thought would be able to show him a "good time," visited in Lebanon three or four times a week, and "flagged" at least half of his recitations. Consequently the faculty held a special session on March 21, another on March 23, and on March 24, "Foxy" sang that old familiar song entitled, "Home sweet Home." Whither he went, we know not; where he is, we know not; but wherever he is may he so conduct himself in the future that his children's children may speak with pride of their "Foxy" grandpa.

*Frederick Berry Plummer.*

FREDERICK BERRY PLUMMER first honored the world with his presence about nineteen years ago near Hagerstown, Maryland. He has been fond of introducing himself as "F. Berry Plummer of Bissell, Md., going to school here." With indefatigable zeal he struggled through the Hagerstown High School, walking there several miles from his home every day, but in spite of these disadvantages he held a very high place in his class and was on several occasions publicly commended by the business men and the press of that city for his perseverance. Mr. Plummer is one of the babies of the class and has a very delicate, handsome face, which, when you remember that there are five ladies in the class, furnishes the only possible explanation for his being elected Editor-in-Chief of the Bizarre. Indeed ever since his cheerful face came to brighten the halls of Lebanon Valley he has been "right smart" popular among the ladies which is proved by the fact that he is frequently seen in company with one of the very largest in the Ladies' Hall, both in stature and intellectual accomplishments. Berry is a great orator, judging from the volume of his voice and the violence of his gestures and he frequently uses his eloquence in defense of his native Maryland. However he is a pretty respectable sort of a fellow and because we are naturally very generous we wish him well.





*Nancy Rachel Kauffman.*

VERY little of Nancy's early history is known. Biographers have tried to get a glimpse into her childhood days at Dallastown, but in vain. It is generally supposed however, that as a child she had a great deal of trouble with her tongue. She talked from morn till night, so that her parents became alarmed. This incessant chatter could not last forever. Everything was tried, but nothing would avail. Finally as a last resort she came to Lebanon Valley. The effect of college life was marvelous, and reform was brought about immediately. Nancy is now quite a different girl, as kind and good natured as ever, but oh so sad, and silent. That forlorn and weary look on her face grieves me. She surely is not happy. Nancy is a conscientious and hard working student, very patient and persevering. Many people do not appreciate her sterling worth, for she is one of those timid girls, who need now and then a pleasant smile or a kind word--a little sunshine to cause the bud to unfold its petals, and shine in the beauty of its flower. Children recognize her gentle and sympathetic nature. Little Carroll wants Nancy to do this and that for him, and he is never happier than when she is drilling him in his Latin songs. Indeed she has so much tact in dealing with children, that I would not be a bit surprised to see her some day the head of the Prep. Department of L. V. C.

*George Dickson Owen.*

GEORGE DICKSON OWEN, according to the International Encyclopedia, was born near Bucktown, Perry County, Pa. Mr. Owen, when asked regarding the truth of this statement declared that it has been so long since that time that all the particulars of that event including the place and date he has really forgotten. but being free from that Mediaeval simplicity which imposed as the limit of conception the tangible, he firmly believes in his own existence from which it naturally follows that he must have been born somewhere and at sometime and since he does not, from personal observation, know anything to the contrary he admits that it might as well be the place mentioned above as any other.

George has a remarkable genius for mathematics and philosophy but at the request of his mother and for the sake of popularity among the ladies he is having theology instilled into him. He is a faithful student and a brilliant orator, his ability being a source of great satisfaction to everybody especially to himself. Mr. Owen resembles the noted Dr. Johnson in his fondness for polysyllabic words, indeed his literary productions in this respect are wonders, and inspire the greatest admiration, especially in those who consider obscurity and depth of thought necessarily concomitants. We sincerely hope that he may realize the dual object of his ambition, to find a sympathetic wife and to lead sinful humanity into a higher life.





*Ellen Weinland Mills.*

ELLEN is our only representative from the much fabled "wild and woolly West." She spent the greater part of her early life chasing the Indians. In her spare time she went to school, first to the kindergarten, and afterward to the public schools. She came to Lebanon Valley in the prime of youth with her hair still in braids. She entered into college life at once, and though at first she rebelled against the conservatism of the East, she soon got used to it. A born leader, she was always very prominent in C. L. S. She has held many offices, and her opinions are greatly valued. She played guard on the newly organized basket ball team and quite distinguished herself. Ellen has great determination and strong will power. She will not be laughed at or trampled upon no not by anyone and she is quite able to take care of herself. Very modest and refined, she is a perfect lady. Very few people understand her, and her intimate friends are the chosen few; living out in town, she does not get into the scrapes and feel the hardships of the dormitory girls, but she sympathizes with them. She has often proved a ministering angel to some poor suffering girl far from home. Ellen says she is going to be a trained nurse, but somehow we cannot quite believe her. She surely would not leave her excellent training in housekeeping go to waste. I would rather believe that some day she will be a preacher's wife.

*Benjamin Daugherty Rojahn.*

BENJAMIN DAUGHERTY ROJAHN, the little man with the big name, hails from Dallastown, Penna. He is not an exception to the rule that "good goods come in small packages" for he is solid to the core. He is a cigar-maker by trade and is capable of making the rankiest kind of "stogies." Benny is the midget of the Junior class, but he is a terror to all enemies of the "true and loyal sons and daughters of Lebanon Valley College." He has distinguished himself in many ways, especially in the department of athletics; he was sponge hustler for '05's wonderful base-ball team and is an expert basket-ball player, playing all-around his big opponent, Max Snyder, in the Fat Men vs Lean Men, game. He is the author of the famous expression, "You old soak," and often sings "I wonder if she's waiting.  
The girl I left behind."

Ben is a good United Brethren and an adherent to the principles of the Republican party. If it were not for the fact that he will complete his theological studies at Union Biblical Seminary, and become a U. B. preacher, we would predict for him the presidency of the U. S. also riches and fame: but under the circumstances it is impossible to predict any of these. May he become a great preacher and rival Clippinger for the honors of a Bishop.





*Pearl Eugene Mathias.*

PEARL EUGENE MATHIAS was born and raised at Highspire, Dauphin County, Penna. Graduated from public schools at Highspire and attended Shippensburg Normal School during one spring term. He has had considerable experience teaching public school and has worked in the steel mills, tube works, and type-writer factory. Several years ago he entered L. V. and since then has distinguished himself in many ways. He has won for himself the "L. V." playing tackle during the season of 1902; he has won for himself the title "preacher" by offering to sell Y. M. C. A. religion to new students in twenty-five cent lots; and he has won for himself the editorship of the "Forum" through his excellent work in the class room. Although Pearl is a good boy he is none of those "goody-goodies," (samples of whom are to be found in the Sophomore class,) for he is always ready to play jokes on the Profs., and his associates, and is one of the high "muck-a-mucks" in the League of Death. Pearl is also a singer, and delights in calling the boys together and lead them in singing old time revival hymns. No, he isn't married, but, "as all things come to him that waits," surely Cupid will some day steal his heart, give it to some fair maiden and Rev. Clippinger will do the rest.

*Charles Clinton Peters.*

CHARLES CLINTON PETERS was born at a little Franklin County village, named Duffield, something less than forty years. He is able to say like Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici," for he has never attempted anything unless he has made a success of it. Besides being a student he has had considerable experience at farming, teaching, and canvassing. He is the philosopher of our class and indeed of the whole school, for neither does Fisher nor Crone venture to enter into philosophical discussions with him. Charles is rather free in expressing his opinions and this often gets him into trouble; he was even bold enough to tell four of the preachers of the Junior class that the weakest intellectual men study for the ministry. Many of the L. V. girls think that Peters is a woman hater, but this is not the case, for it is said that he fell in love with a Franklin county lassie a few years ago and "popped" the question the second time he called. No, Peters isn't studying for the ministry; he will take post-graduate work in Philosophy at Yale, and after he becomes a Ph D. will establish a system of philosophy which will rival that of Socrates, but he will never be brave enough to drink the cup of hemlock for the sake of his standard of right.





*Gordon Ira Rider.*

GORDON IRA RIDER was born at Warsaw, Indiana, sometime during the early part of his eventful career. He often speaks of the many fishing excursions on which he went while living in his native state and in his youthful days, and is very sorry that his parents saw fit to remove him to Pennsylvania when he was but six months of age. Not much is known of "Doc's" life before he came to L. V. and it is to the sorrow of all, and especially to himself, that so much has been learned of him since he did come. "Doc" is a genius in more respects than one. Instead of using the hatchet, as did Carrie Nation, as his weapon of warfare, he uses the pitcher, the bucket, and the sprinkling can; he delights in getting ahead of the other fellow, and is always delighted for he is generally ahead. Rider has already begun his ministerial work, as he has been "spitting gospel fire" at the Baptists in Lebanon all winter, winning for himself lots of money for his purse and fame to be added to his future stock of glory. His future is already planned out for him, or at least the greatest part of it is, for he already knows the name of the person, who in the near future he shall know as Mrs. Rider. "Doc" carries with him the best wishes of all his friends for future happiness. "Three cheers for "Doc" Rider, and may the gods give him joy.





Sopbas.



## *Sophomore Class*

### *Officers*

*President—J. Curvin Strayer*

*Vice President—Ora M. Harnish*

*Secretary—Charles A. Fry*

*Treasurer—John E. Hambright*

*Poet—Cyrus E. Shenk*

*Historian—Merle M. Hoover*

*FLOWER—Golden-rod*

*COLORS—Brown and Gold*

*MOTTO—"Wie die Saat, so die Ernte."*

*YELL—Ricka-racka, ricka-racka,  
Ricka-racka-ricks,  
Lebanon Valley, naughty six !*



## *History*

**A**S the class of nineteen hundred and six has now passed through another year in its four years' race towards graduation, it is best that the history of the past successful year be known.

We have just completed our Sophomore year and are now ready to enter the ranks of the "upper classmen." We feel that in this year our two years' experience as "under classmen" has been finished in a way that we can well be proud of and that could wisely be followed by future Sophomore classes.

During this year the class has made a record that we believe is creditable both to ourselves and to the institution in which we are so proud to be placed. We have laid away the freshness and the greenness of our Freshman year, and now from a higher vantage ground we can look down with pity and amusement upon the class which has received our legacy of "verdancy." With Shakespeare we can say, "For this relief much thanks."

Within this year we have achieved some things that can not help but give us the greatest satisfaction. In the beginning of the year we forced the class under us to relinquish both colors and caps to their great chagrin and mortification. In the winter we held the greatest banquet ever held by a class at Lebanon Valley College, and leave it as one that is impossible to surpass for years to come. We are the only class that has ever had the spirit to go as far as Harrisburg and to hold a banquet such as we have held.

Throughout the entire year as a class we have shown a class spirit that is above reproach, and have shown ourselves to have such a degree of unity and energy as to win the respect and admiration of every class in the college.

Individually the members of the class are still the leaders among the students as characterized us during our Freshman year. In athletics under a member of our class as captain the football team

completed the most successful season in the history of the college. In one of the ladies of the class the ladies' basket-ball team found one of their star players, and in every department of athletics we have furnished our full quota of representatives.

In the literary societies our class members have been some of the most important officers and leading spirits. In the classroom, in religious life, everywhere in fact, in every department of college life, the members of our class leave spotless records behind them.

So we believe that our class has made its Sophomore year one with which it can be more than satisfied. We know that this year we have lived up to our highest ideals, that we have this year "sown" such seed as will surely result in a glorious "reaping." And we are sure that this year will be always kindly remembered by the members of the class of nineteen hundred and six.

HISTORIA N.

## *Poem*

We proceed, as time advances,  
Through hours of work and pain,  
Still will come the joyous time,  
When pleasure comes again.

As rest comes after striving,  
So reward will follow toil,  
And memory prize our labor,  
As the conqueror his spoil.

As we think of future joy  
At the closing of the day,  
What to-morrow may have for us,  
In its broad mysterious way.

And as our time at college lessens,  
We think of years before us,  
And really wonder, as we study,  
What the future will have for us.

Whether joy, or whether sadness,  
Whether grief, or whether tears,  
"Naughty six" will be remembered,  
In the future, hidden years.

And when our college work is ended,  
And the joyful race is won,  
We will know we've conquered bravely,  
When we hear the words, "Well done."

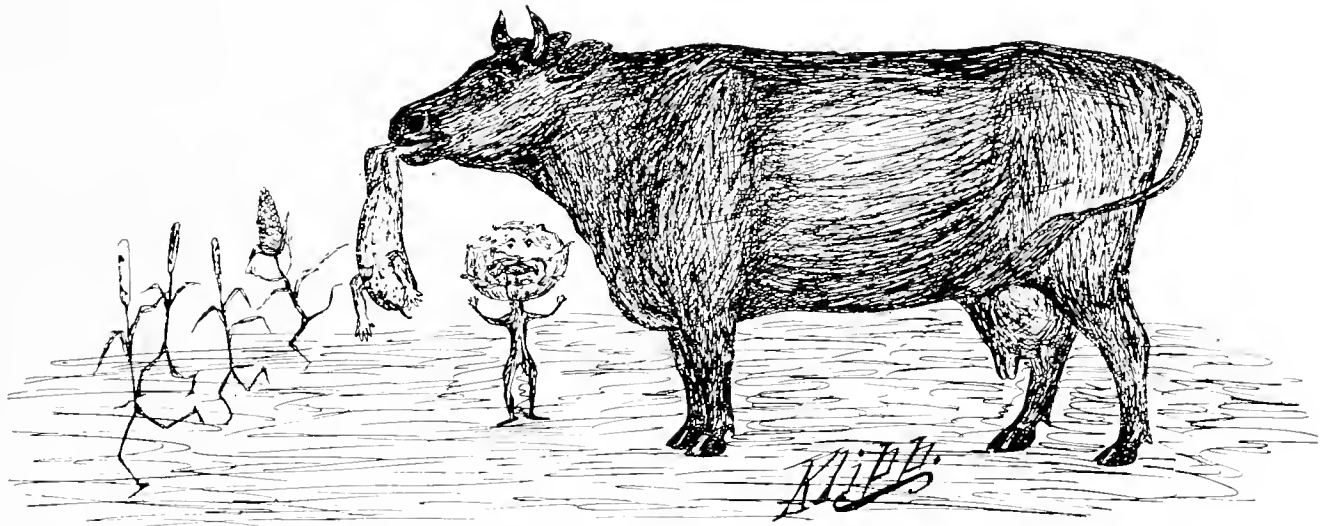
# *Roll*

Helen H. Bressler - - - - Lebanon	J. Warren Kaufmann - - - - Lebanon
Clarence K. Dickson - - - - Dillsburg	Homer M. B. Lehn - - - - Alger
J. Raymond Engle - - - - Palmyra	Ray G. Light - - - - Avon
Charles A. Fry - - - - Bellegrove	Ida M. Martin - - - - Annville
John B. Hambright - - - - Florin	John C. Rupp - - - - Liverpool
H. E. Gehman - - - - Ephrata	Cyrus E. Shenk - - - - Deodate
Robert B. Graybill - - - - Annville	Emanuel E. Snyder - - - - Yoe
Ora M. Harnish - - - - Mechanicsburg	Max O. Snyder - - - - Liverpool
Ruth Mary Hershey - - - - Derry Church	Paul M. Spangler - - - - Lebanon
Elmer V. Hodges - - - - Winchester, Va	John Curvin Strayer - - - - Red Lion
Merle M. Hoover - - - - Chambersburg	J. J. Unger - - - - Vineland, N. J

"VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM"







Freshmen

## *Freshman Class*

### *Officers*

*President—Max F. Lehman*

*Vice President—Andrew Bender*

*Secretary—Edward E. Knauss*

*Treasurer—Elias M. Gehr*

*Historian—Helen E. Myers*

*Poetess—Effie E. Shroyer*

*COLORS—Crimson and Steel*

*FLOWER—Red Carnation*

*MOTTO—"Vestigia nulla retrorsum."*

*YELL—Rip-a-Zimmer, Rip-a-Zimmer,*

*Rip ! Rap ! Zoo !*

*Pan handle—Roman candle*

*Bim-a-lee, Bim-a-loo*

*Er-a-lum, stum, flum-a-dad*

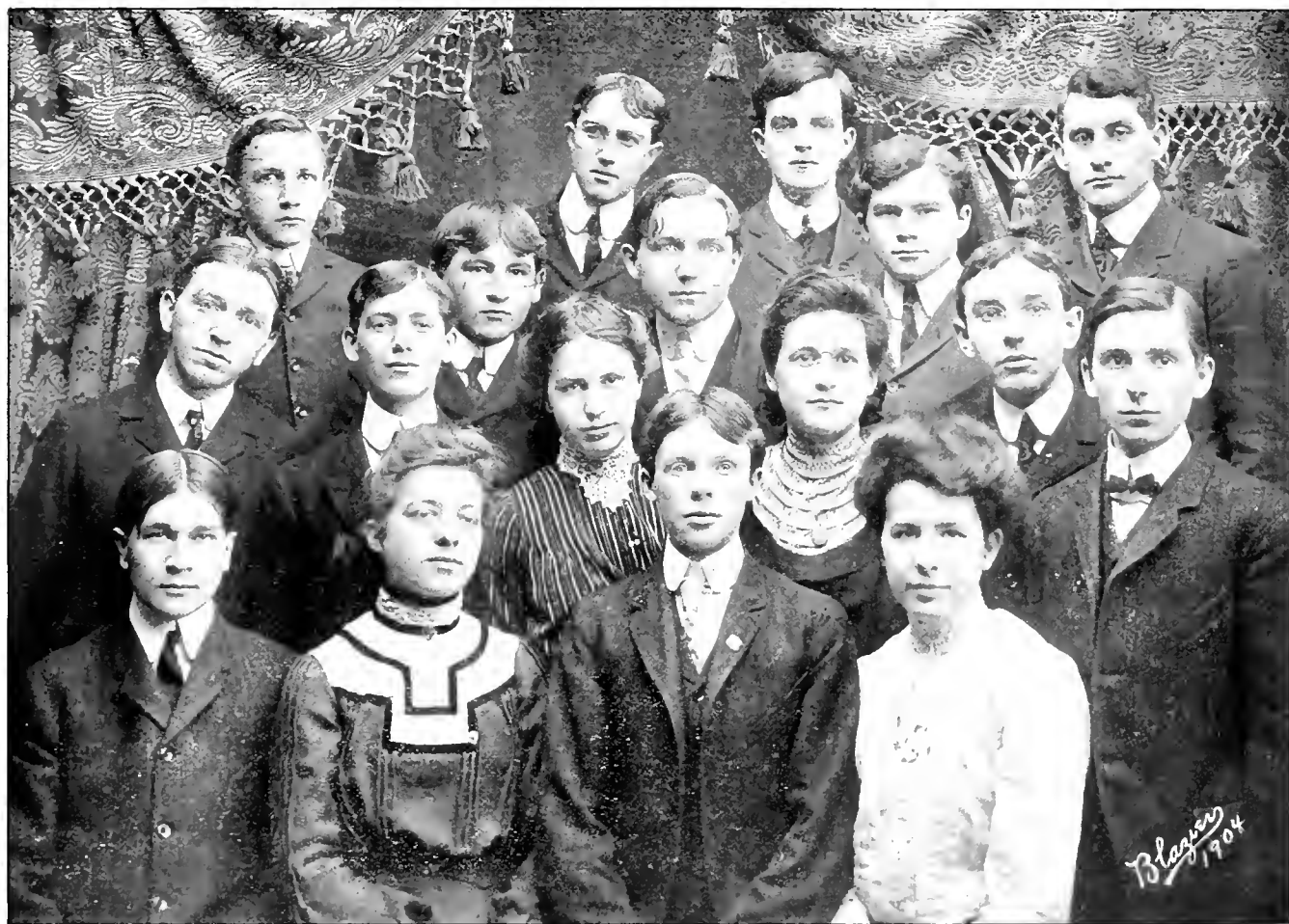
*Tip-top marmalade*

*Rip-a-Zimmer, Rip-a-Zimmer*

*Rip-a-Zimmer-Zeven,*

*Lebanon Valley College*

*1907.*



## *History*

**T**HE first glimpse which we had of our class brothers and sisters was at the little railroad station at Annville. At that time we did not know who was who. Later we met in the registrar's office, then in the dining hall. In some mysterious way we learned the names of those who were to be enrolled as members of the Freshman class. At our first class meeting we made the acquaintance of each other, Pennsylvanians, all except one lonely Marylander, who in a short time found the longings for "Maryland my Maryland" too strong for him, so he left us.

We as yet do not have a history, for our deeds are of the present, not of the past. We have just begun a record, which though now contains but little, we hope some day will be filled with the many and great achievements not only of the class but of the individuals.

During the beginning of the fall term, we waited anxiously for some movement on the part of the Sophomores. Finally we decided to take the initiative. The day was decided upon when we should first wear our colors to chapel. We fought valiantly and at the close of the fight some of our boys wore the crimson and steel. Our class caps, we hope may be a beauty and a joy at least until the end of our college course.

To the class of 1907, February the ninth will always be one of their red letter days. For it was the night our banquet was held. The first Freshman banquet to be held by the students of Lebanon Valley. It is needless to tell of the secret meetings, the talks at odd moments and odd places, the constant lookout for eaves droppers, the plans that were formed and then put aside as useless, and the fear of being discovered that preceeded the appointed night. Without any opposition and with all our members present we reached Lebanon.

As a class we are wide-awake and interested in the things around us. We are well represented in the religious and literary work of the college as well as in athletics.

We have made mistakes but who does not? Some things that we have planned have turned out failures but it is from experiences, no matter how bitter that success comes. We have our day dreams and we build our castles in "Spain" idly. Some may not be as far out of our reach as they seem now. Who knows who among us may not be a famous writer, a renowned philosopher, or the president of the United States? Only the future can decide those things. For the present we are content to be the Freshmen of Lebanon Valley

HISTORIAN

### *Poem*

Thirteen brave lads, valiant and strong,  
Four lasses, bright, fair and true,  
Are Freshmen of the noble throng  
'Neath the honored white and blue.

We have come from village and town,  
Far away from loved ones,  
To L. V. C. so well renowned  
Through many illustrious sons.

Ne'er was purpose more firm and true,  
Nor minds upon truth intent!  
Nineteen seven will not eschew  
Their day and place so potent.

The world's achievements are but stone,  
Chiseled steps toward higher fame—  
Fame of true service, which alone  
Is worthy of a great name.

There are great battles to be fought,  
Perchance vic'tries to be won.  
Whether defeat, or triumph wrought,  
That we strove, merits, "Well done."

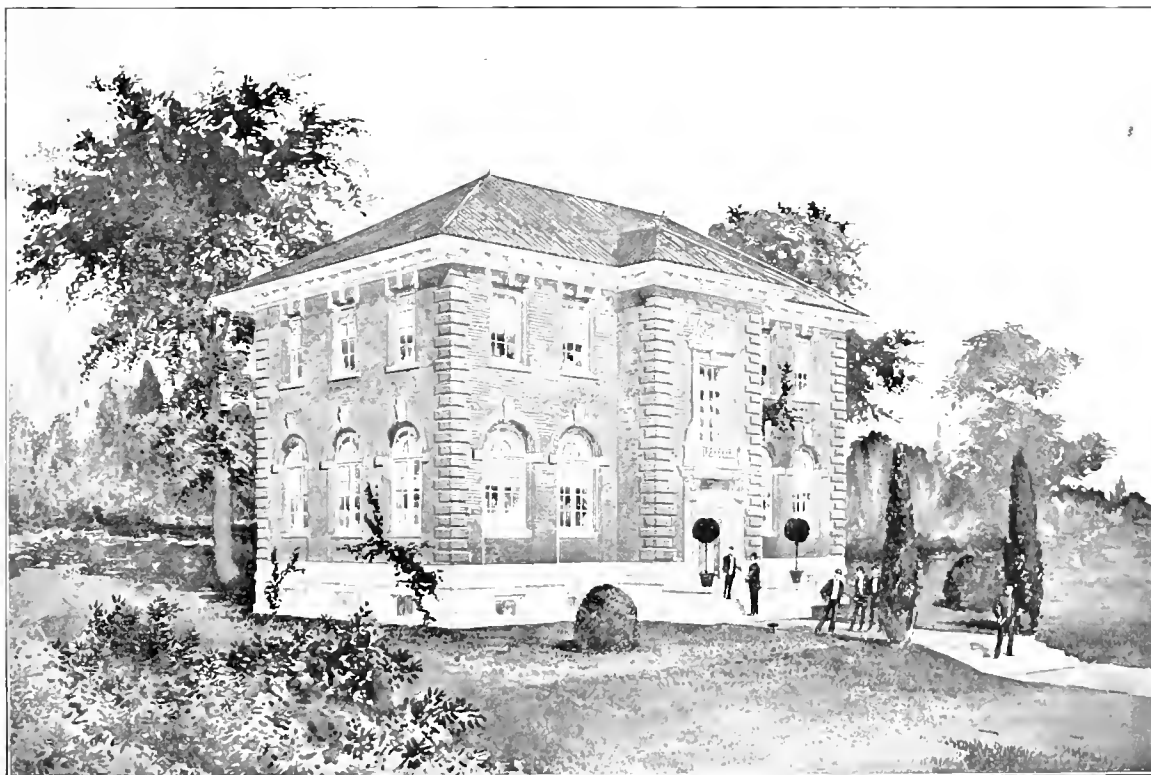
Every class flies its color,  
Of our emblem proud we feel.  
We'll vie with all men of valor  
Under the crimson and steel.

Our motto is, "No steps backward,"  
The past's tomb dead bones enfolds,  
Who then would be a laggard?  
The future its best holds.

Then let scenes shift and ages roll,  
Men and women on the stage,  
Father Time unrolling the scroll,  
Life's drama will consummate.

## *Roll*

Clayton W. Bachman	-	Palmyra	Ezra C. Leuchauer	-	-	Cincinnati, Ohio
Andrew Bender	-	-	Dillsburg	Ethel Myers	-	Mount Joy
Harvey J. Behney	-	-	Fredericksburg	John Fred Miller	-	Dayton, Ohio
Cecilia Bohr	-	-	Lebanon	Jacob H. Martin	-	Vian
Alvin Binner	-	-	Lebanon	Harry M. Moyer	-	Derry Church
Park F. Esbenshade	-	Bird-in-Hand	Fred W. Porter	-	-	York
William G. Fishel	-	-	Seven Valley	Mary Elizabeth Peiffer	-	Lebanon
H. B. Garver	-	-	Middletown	Ray F. Rohrer	-	Eakes Mills, Md.
Elias M. Gehr	-	-	Cedar Lane	Joseph Newgard	-	Lebanon
Abram R. Geyer	-	-	Middletown	Effie Evelyn Shroyer	-	Shamokin
Norman H. Haar	-	-	Abbottstown	John H. Sprecher	-	Lebanon
Rush M. Hendricks	-	Hummelstown	Walter Steckbeck	-	-	Avon
William Eby Herr	-	-	Annville	Elmer B. Ulrich	-	Annville
Edward E. Knauss	-	-	York	R. P. Wolfesberger	-	Bismarck
Arthur Jones	-	-	Williamstown	Harry Yingst	-	Mount Zion
Max Fisher Lehman	-	-	Annville			



THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY BUILDING—Now In Course of Construction.

## *Special Students*

Allen Beckley	-	-	Prescott	Elizabeth M. Light	-	-	Lebanon
Harold E. Bryner	-		Cisna Run	John F. Light	-	-	Bellegrove
Harry K. Bomberger	-	-	Lebanon	Harry W. Light	-		Bellegrove
Rosa Cohen	-	-	Lebanon	Eber E. Ludwick	-	-	Middletown
Joseph L. Davis	-	-	Lebanon	David W. McGill	-	-	Jonestown
John I. Clay	-	-	East Hanover	Morris Meyer	-	-	Palmyra
John A. Detweiler	-	-	Palmyra	Harry B. Moyer	-	-	Palmyra
Lillian A. Feese	-	-	Lebanon	William S. Poorman	-	-	Palmyra
Jacob L. Graybill	-	-	Palmyra	I. Clarence Moyer	-	-	Bismarck
Mary Gruber	-	-	Bachmanville	Raymond F. Schaak	-	-	Lebanon
W. G. Goodman	-	-	West Hanover	Frances M. Schively	-		Chambersburg
Mervyn J. Hocker	-	-	Highspire	Sara A. Snavely	-	-	Lebanon
Clara Heuston	-	-	Lebanon	Walter M. Swope	-	-	Lebanon
Lemuel S. Heisey	-	-	Palmyra	John C. Tressler	-	-	Newport
John A. Hershey	-	-	Lebanon	David Sheetz	-	-	Lebanon
H. S. Kieffer	-	-	Grantville	Stanley Snyder	-	-	Liverpool
Sara A. Klick	-	-	Lebanon	Morris Umberger	-	-	Palmyra
Frank Krimmel	-		Pinegrove	Elizabeth Walters	-	-	Annyville
Beulah Lebo	-	-	Lebanon				

## *Preparatory Students*

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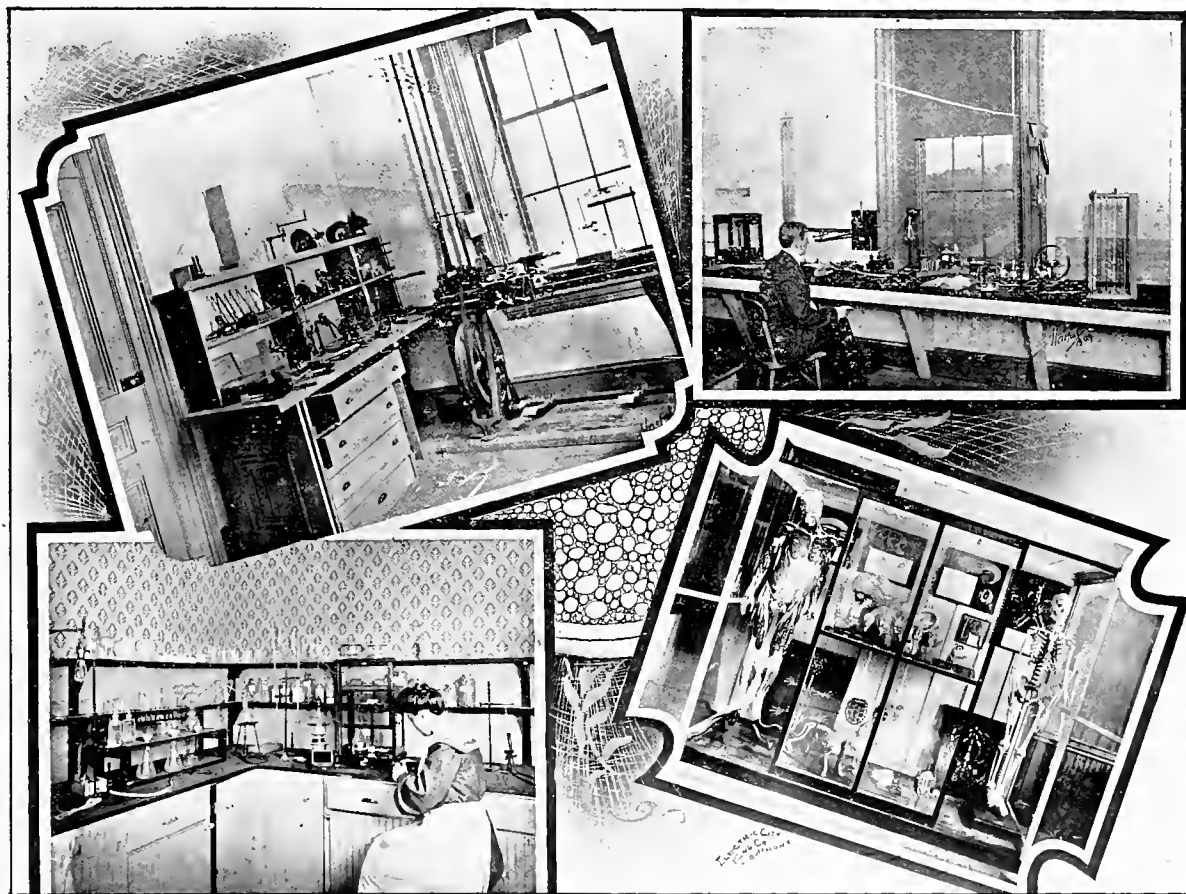
Bertha Adams  
Mark A. Albert  
Elizabeth Arnold  
Chalice C. Baker  
Harry Barnhart  
C. Ray Bender  
Lizzie Boeshore  
Florence Boehm  
Lizzie Bomgardner  
Jessie Brane  
Thomas E. Beddow  
Clare Baille  
Sherman C. Deitzler  
Laura A. Enders  
Richard B. Earnest  
Joseph Ellenberger  
Walter L. Eshleman  
Augustus Epler  
Clyde Erb  
Anna B. C. Ehrhorn  
Elias A. Faus

Estella M. Fasnacht  
Harry Fegan  
Charlotte Fisher  
Walter Fellers  
Lawrence Groff  
Alvin E. Foltz  
Catharine M. Gensemer  
Frank Gray  
W. G. Goodman  
Margaret W. Gray  
Vernon Grubb  
John Gillis  
Ervin M. Hatz  
Roger S. B. Hartz  
Adam G. Heilman  
Valeria Sue Heilman  
Adam L. Haesler  
Clara Heilman  
Lizzie Henry  
Lawrence DeWitt Herr  
Denver Herr

John F. Herr  
Minnie A. Hicks  
Opal Hoffman  
George N. Hoffer  
Pharis M. Holdeman  
Leroy O. Holler  
Allen G. Horst  
Carroll James  
Rex Kephart John  
Dwight Trefts John  
Hiram S. Keiffer  
Ammon H. Kreider  
Rhoda Kelley  
John W. Kiracofe  
Neda A. Knaub  
Gideon R. Kreider Jr.  
Sallie W. Kreider  
Edith R. King  
John Lehman  
Jennie Leslie  
E. Victor Light

## *Preparatory Students*

Horace Light	Rufus E. Morgan	Richard F. Shelton
John A. Light	Harry Moyer	George W. Richter
Nancy J. Light	Minnie Olive Moyer	Ray Sheesley
Sara E. Light	Mame K. Moyer	Charles W. Shoop
Oscar Light	Lizzie Moyer	John H. Triest
Norman L. Linebaugh	Constance W. Oldham	Katharine Ulrich
Bertha A. Long	Cecilia L. Oldham	Jennie Vallerchamp
John G. Loose	Stanley R. Oldham	Raymond Wagner
Henry Matz	Calvin T. Peiffer	William C. Winters
Iva B. Maulfair	John R. Boyer	Charles A. Weaver
Laura E. McCormick	John A. Saylor	John H. Vogt
Oliver Mease	Mary Seabold	George Wharton
Thomas C. Miller	Daniel O. Shelley	Anna M. Wolfe
A. Lucille Mills	John H. Sherk	Elizabeth Willis
Ivan J. McKenrick	Charles Suavely	Holden Warlow
Lester J. Meiley	Frank L. Stine	William K. Wolf
Amos B. Moyer	Mary Stover	John Yingst
Harry B. Moyer	Robert A. Snyder	Helen Zearfoss
Maurice Metzgar	David K. Shupe	George Zimmerman
	Daniel Shelly	



CORNERS IN THE LABORATORIES.

## *Teachers' Preparatory Department*

---

Elizabeth Arnold  
Lizzie R. Bongardner  
Elizabeth Clouser  
Katharine Clouser  
Cora Ebersole  
Mayme Fasnacht  
Stella Felty  
Irene Felty  
Edna Felty  
Edith Heilman  
Kate Henry  
Mamie Haner  
Clara Heilman  
Kate E. Henry  
Naomi R. Light  
Ida Mease  
Estrella McLaughlin  
Lizzie Moyer  
Barbara Miller  
Effie M. Smith

Sara Snavely  
Nellie Speicher  
Mary Seabold  
Elizabeth Shaud  
Mary Rutherford  
Sara Wagner  
Erwin E. Boyer  
F. M. Boeshore  
Allen Brandt  
Clayton Brandt  
John I. Clay  
Samuel Deininger  
Sherman Deitzler  
Willis A. Dundore  
Joseph Ellenberger  
Frank Fasnacht  
Alvin Foltz  
Frank Gray  
Calvin Heilman  
Lemuel Heisey

## *Teachers' Preparatory Department*

Robert J. Hetrick	John E. Michael	Raymond Shaak
Abram Himmelberger	Henry H. Matz	Walter Swope
Harvey E. Herr	Harry Moyer	Morris Umberger
Elmer Klick	Henry H. Moyer	Harvey Wolfe
Clayton H. Longenecker	John N. Ohnmacht	William C. Winters
Oscar Light	William Peiffer	Harry W. Walters
H. W. Light	William Seibert	Henry Yingst
Clayton Lehman	John Sherk	Irwin Yingst
John K. Lehman	Daniel Shelley	Landis Zimmerman
Oliver Mease	Harry Swanger	George C. Zimmerman
Morris Moyer		

## *Department of Elocution*

Nellie Boltz	Elsie Henry	Viola Moyer
Clara Eisenbaugh	Valeria Heilman	Frances Shiveley
Clarissa Elrhorn	Nancy Kauffman	Mary Stover
Edna Engle	Neda Knaub	Clare Wood
Alra Fasnacht	Edith Lehman	Naomi Whitman
Elizabeth Gallatin	Sara Light	T. Bayard Beatty

## *Department of Art*

---

Rosa Bachman  
Emma R. Batdorf  
Mary C. Batdorf  
Florence S. Boehm  
Helen Brightbill  
Elizabeth Brotherline  
M. A. Blazier  
Elsie Condran  
M. Edna Engle  
Frances Engle  
Laura E. Enders  
Lillian Feese  
Mrs. I. Calvin Fisher  
Emma L. Gettel  
Emma Gingrich  
Alice Gruber

Ethel Hendricks  
Sara Elizabeth Helm  
Mary Heydrick  
Caroline May Hamaker  
Kathryn Hoffman  
Martha B. Henry  
Annie E. Kreider  
Mary E. Kreider  
Ida Kreider  
Lillian G. Kreider  
Sallie W. Kreider  
Mary Keller  
Ruth M. Leslie  
Mattie Lesher  
Alma Mae Light  
Iva Light  
Jessie Light

Emily E. Loose  
Edna Loose  
Kathryn Miller  
Mrs. Mark  
Allen Meyer  
May Meyer  
Sarah E. Musser  
Mary K. Mills  
Viola Moyer  
Elizabeth Rebstock  
Mrs. Schwenk  
Bertha Schools  
Katharine Schools  
Mary M. Shenk  
Sara Snively  
Elizabeth Yordy



ENGLE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

# *Department of Music*

---

P—Piano ; V—Voice ; O—Pipe Organ ; H—Harmony ; T—Theory ; Hi—History ;  
A—Analysis ; Vi—Violin.

---

## *Senior Class*

Lillie Burkey, O.  
Clara Eisenbaugh, P.  
Margaret Gray, P.  
Mame Keller, V.

Susie Reiter, P.  
Jennie Vallercham, P.  
Ruth Leslie, O.

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Mark Albert, P.  
Bertha Andrews, V.  
Elsie Arnold, V.  
Bertha Adams, P.  
Harry Barnhart, P.  
Ella Black, O.  
Jessie Brane, P. V. Hi.  
Virgie Bachman, P. Hi.  
Emma Bomberger, P. T.  
Clara Baillie, V.  
William Beckley, O.

Lillie Burkey, O.  
Luella Bowman, P.  
Florence Coppenhaver, P.  
Herbert Crawford, O.  
Paul Daugherty, C. P.  
Della Dullabohn, P.  
Maggie Wissler, P. V.  
Eby Forney, P.  
Clara Eisenbaugh, P. V. H.  
Frances Engle, P.  
Mark Evans, P. Hi. T.

## *Department of Music*

---

Laura Enders, P.  
Eli Faus, P.  
Irene Fasnacht, P.  
Charlotte Fisher, P. V.  
Mabel Foltz, P.  
Walter Fellers, P. II.  
Ray Graeff, O.  
Margaret Gray, P. V. A.  
Edith Gingrich, P.  
Catharine Gensemer, V.  
Amy Gable, P.  
Ivy Gemmill, P. V.  
L. DeWitt Herr, O.  
Ervin Hatz, P.  
Elmer Hodges, P. V. T. II.  
Carrie Himmelberger, P.  
William E. Herr, P.  
Mabel Herr, P.  
Valeria Heilman, P. V. A.  
Sadie Heckert, P. II.  
Ora Harnish, P.

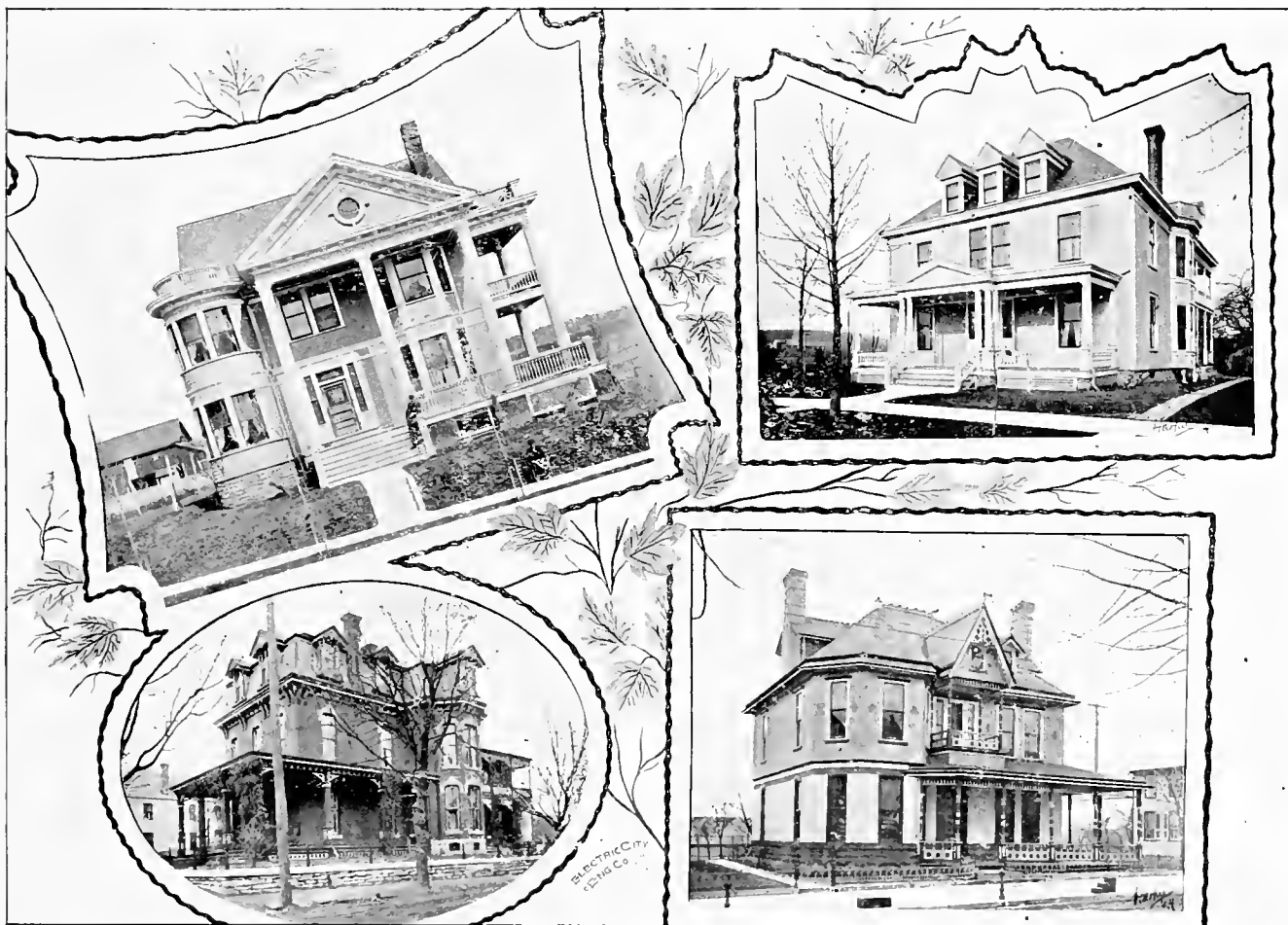
Ruth Hershey, P.  
George Haas, P.  
Mary Horstiek, P. III. II.  
Sannie Hartz, P.  
Wm. Hostetter, P.  
Abner Hummel, V.  
Emily Johnson, P.  
Mamie Keller, P. V. II.  
Kathryn Kauffman, P. V.  
Edith King, P. V. T. II.  
Edward Knauss, P.  
W. S. Knauss, V.  
Louise Kreider, P.  
Jennie Kohr, P.  
Anna Kurtz, P. V.  
Jennie Leslie, P. O. V. II. II.  
Max Lehman, P. V.  
Ruth Leslie, O.  
Sara Light, P.  
Edith Lehman, P.  
Bertha Long, P.

## *Department of Music*

---

Lucille Mills, V. T.  
Laura McCormick, P. O.  
Helen Morgan, V.  
Iva Maulfair, P. V. T. H.  
Minnie Moyer, P. T.  
May Meyers, P.  
Lizzie Moyer, P. V. Hi.  
Harry Moyer, P.  
Ivan McKenrick, O.  
Grace Nissley, P. H. Hi.  
Maggie Oberholtzer, P.  
Constance Oldham, P. H.  
Cecilia Oldham, P.  
Caroline Patschke, P.  
F. Berry Plummer, Vi.  
Susie Reiter, P. V. H. Hi. T.  
Nell Reed, V.  
Charlotte Reigert, O.  
Gertrude Schaeffer, P. Hi.  
Harry Schaeffer, P.  
Frances Shively, P. O. V.

Lottie Smith, P.  
Ella Smith, P.  
Catharine Smith, V.  
Mary Stover, P. H.  
Leonora Stauffer, P. V. Hi. T.  
Daniel Shupe, P.  
Florence Seibert, P.  
Ruth Spangler, P.  
Annie Shenk, P.  
Edith Snively, P.  
Mabel Stauffer, P.  
Bessie Schoek, O.  
Kathryn Ulrich, P. V. H. Hi.  
Walter VonNieda, P. H. T.  
Jennie Vallerchamp, P.  
Irene Weinhold, V.  
Blanche Wolf, P.  
Mabel Witman, P.  
Fanny Weiss, P.  
Mabel Walmer, P. H. Hi.  
Mabel Walters, P.



TYPICAL ANNVILLE RESIDENCES

❧	<i>The Christian Associations</i>	❧
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THERE has been a gradual increase in the religious life and power of American colleges during the past seventy-five years. During all this time the Day of Prayer for Colleges has been annually observed. These institutions have been centers of great religious awakenings and aggressive movements in behalf of the conversion of young men and women.

In our own college it is gratifying to know that marked prominence is given to the religious feature of our educational work. Here the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. with their Bible Study classes, Mission Study class and weekly devotional meetings play an important part.

The classes for systematic Bible study are organized by the Bible Study Committee of the Y. M. C. A. The members of the various classes spend a portion of each day in Bible study and then come together for one hour each week to consider the part studied.

The Mission Study class, whose object is to arouse a missionary interest, also meets weekly at a time convenient to its members.

The regular weekly Y. W. C. A. meeting is held every Wednesday evening, while that of the Y. M. C. A. is held Sunday afternoon in the Association Hall. In addition to these meetings, on the first Sunday of every month a joint missionary meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. is held, at which time special programs are arranged for. These meetings are made as helpful and interesting as possible. In the past they proved very important in emphasizing missionary interest.

A week of prayer in November, given to special prayer for unconverted students, is also annually observed by the Christian Associations of our college. A meeting is held each evening

from six to seven o'clock. These series of meetings have for their object the conversion of such as have not yet accepted Christ, and the deepening of the lives of those who have already accepted Him. These meetings have, in the past years, resulted in the conversion of quite a number of the students and in the raising of the Christian students to higher plains of usefulness and service to God.

Then these Christian Associations also afford opportunities for social development. These are many and various, but we can call attention to but a few. An opportunity is given each year to a number of Y. M. C. A. members to go to Northfield. The ten days spent there are devoted to Bible Study, Study of Missions, general platform meetings, general meetings addressed by some prominent religious workers, and the afternoons of each day are devoted to playing tennis, golf, base ball, and other games. Here the student comes in contact with the different students of the Canadian and American colleges and the greatest religious workers of the country. Not the least of the opportunities of the Conference is that of meeting these men personally and conferring with them in regards to problems of their personal life. The opportunity for fellowship, too, is a delightful and rare one. Friendships are formed here which last for life. Thus both the religious and social influences of attending this Conference are many.

Again, there are receptions held jointly by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. at the beginning of each term. To these all students are invited. These are conducted very informally and afford an excellent opportunity for social development.

Lastly, we would call your attention to the lecture course arranged for each year by a committee composed of Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. members. The entertainments are all of the best and highest order and are both interesting and instructive. Thus we see that the spiritual and social advantages of these associations are many.

These associations should be remembered in prayer, that through their efforts the young people in the schools may be led to God and to devote their lives to his service. In this way the arms of practical Christian sympathy will be thrown around the young people now in the schools of the land. ~ ~

# Y. W. C. A.

## *Officers 1903—1904*

*President—Nell C. Reed*

*Treasurer—Frances Engle*

*Vice President—Edna Engle*

*Cor. Secretary—Laura McCormick*

*Secretary—Jennie Vallerchamp*

*Pianist—Frances Shively*

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### *MISSIONARY*

*Edna Engle*

*Mame Keller*

*Neda Knaub*

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*Frances Shively*

*Ethel Myers*

### *MEMBERSHIP*

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*Mary Stover*

### *SOCIAL*

*Margaretta Miller*

*Alice Crowell*

*Charlotte Fisher*

### *FINANCIAL*

*Margaret Gray*

*Ora Harnish*

### *BIBLE STUDY*

*Mabel Spayd*

*Jennie Vallerchamp*

# Y. W. C. A.

## *Officers 1904—1905*

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*Vice President—Frances Engle*

*Secretary—Ora Harnish*

*Treasurer—Charlotte Fisher*

*Cor. Secretary—Ethel Myers*

*Pianist—Catharine Gensemer*

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### *MISSIONARY*

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*Laura McCormick*

*Catharine Gensemer*

### *SOCIAL*

*Ora Harnish*

*Edith King*

*Frances Engle*

### *DEVOTIONAL*

*Effie Shroyer*

*Frances Shively*

*Laura Enders*

### *FINANCIAL*

*Charlotte Fisher*

*Neda Knaub*

## *Members Y. W. C. A.*

---

Edith Baldwin  
Alice Crowell  
Clara Eisenbaugh  
Laura Enders  
Edna Engle  
Frances Engle  
Charlotte Fisher  
Catharine Gensemer  
Margaret Gray  
Ora Harnish  
Ruth Hershey

Mame Keller  
Edith King  
Laura McCormick  
Margaretta Miller  
Ethel Myers  
Nell Reed  
Mrs. N. C. Schlichter  
Frances Shively  
Mabel Spayd  
Mary Stover  
Jennie Vallerchamp

# Y. M. C. A.

## *Officers 1903—1904*

*President—A. C. Crone*

*Treasurer—F. Berry Plummer*

*Vice President—G. I. Rider*

*Organist—E. A. Faus*

*Secretary—Max O. Snyder*

*Janitor—Andrew Bender*

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### *BIBLE STUDY*

*D. D. Brandt*

*B. D. Rojahn*

*J. Warren Kaufmann*

### *DEVOTIONAL*

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*A. R. Clippinger*

*John B. Hambright*

### *AUDITING*

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*J. W. Kaufmann*

### *MISSIONARY*

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*Andrew Bender*

*Park F. Esbenschade*

### *FINANCIAL*

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*P. E. Mathias*

*William K. Wolfe*

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*W. E. Reidel*

*C. H. Fisher*

*P. F. Esbenschade*

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*A. C. Crone*

*J. B. Hambright*

*J. W. Kaufmann*

# Y. M. C. A.

## *Officers 1904—1905*

*President—A. R. Clippinger*

*Treasurer—Max O. Snyder*

*Vice President—J. B. Hambright*

*Organist—Elmer V. Hodges*

*Secretary—J. Fred. Miller*

*Janitor—Wm. K. Wolfe*

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### *MEMBERSHIP*

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*E. E. Snyder*

*Andrew Bender*

*N. L. Linebaugh*

### *BIBLE STUDY*

*G. I. Rider*

*J. Curvin Strayer*

*E. M. Gehr*

### *DEVOTIONAL*

*Merle M. Hoover*

*B. D. Rojahn*

*W. K. Wolfe*

### *FINANCIAL*

*M. O. Snyder*

*F. B. Plummer*

*J. B. Hambright*

### *MISSIONARY*

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*J. W. Kaufmann*

*G. M. Richter*

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*F. Berry Plummer*

*T. Bayard Beatty*

*Max O. Snyder*

### *AUDITING*

*D. D. Brandt*

*E. E. Snyder*

## *Members Y. M. C. A.*

---

---

W. R. Appenzellar

T. B. Beatty

A. Bender

D. D. Brandt

A. R. Clippinger

A. C. Crone

Prof. B. F. Daugherty

Prof. S. H. Derickson

P. F. Esbenshade

E. A. Faus

C. H. Fisher

E. M. Gehr

J. B. Hambright

F. Heinaman

M. J. Hocker

E. V. Hodges

P. M. Holdeman

M. M. Hoover

Prof. L. F. John

J. W. Kaufmann

F. B. Krimmel

W. R. Kohr

E. C. Leuchauer

N. L. Linebaugh

I. D. Lowery

E. E. Ludwick

P. E. Mathias

Prof. T. G. McFadden

J. F. Miller

A. K. Mills

R. E. Morgan

Prof. H. Oldham

S. R. Oldham

C. C. Peters

F. B. Plummer

W. E. Riedel

G. M. Richter

G. I. Rider

B. D. Rojahn

Pres. H. U. Roop

W. J. Sanders

Prof. H. H. Shenk

C. E. Shenk

E. E. Snyder

M. O. Snyder

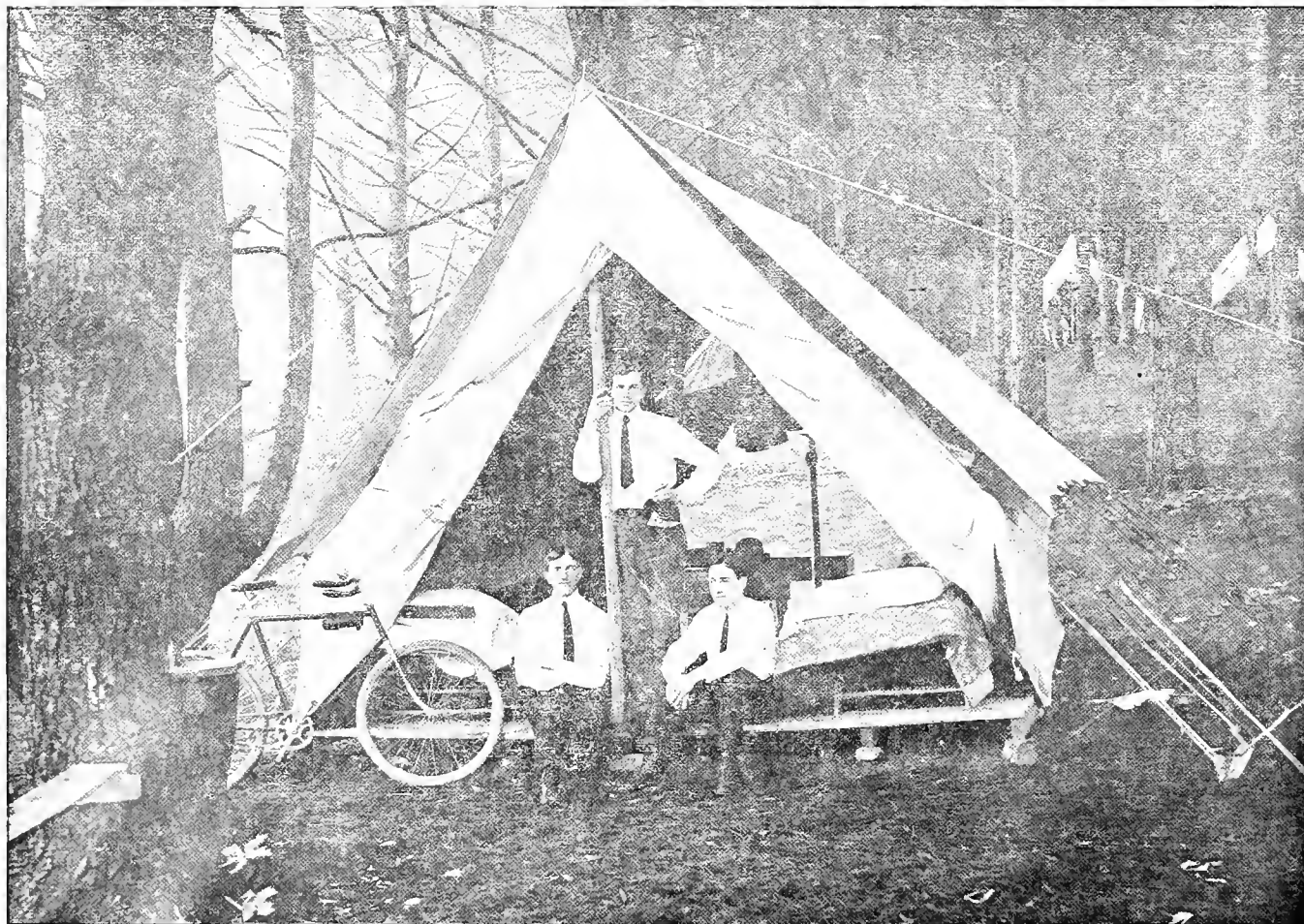
R. E. Snyder

S. A. Snyder

J. C. Strayer

J. H. Triest

W. K. Wolf



NORTHFIELD DELEGATION 1904—J. B. Hambricht J. W. Kaufmann A. C. Crome

## *The Forum. 1903=1904*

THE FORUM is the interesting paper published by the students of our college each month during the school year. The outward appearance of it is very neat and pleasing. Its contents are instructive. A noted writer has said, "Variety is the spice of life," and if this be true the Forum must cause its many readers to look forward to its publication with great eagerness, for it abounds in variety. In it are found many very excellent articles written by members of the different classes on subjects of interest. It tells of the movements of the college people both teachers and students which surely is welcome news to all the friends of the college. Then it contains a brief account of the important happenings of other educational institutions and in addition to all these it always informs its readers of the doings of the alumni and the works of the alumni make a name for the college. As has been said before, it has many readers who cannot speak too highly of its merits. This year their praises should be showered on the following, as they constitute the Forum Staff :

### EDITOR-IN-CHIEF :

W. E. REIDEL, '04.

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS :

MARY N. LIGHT, '04.

W. R. APPENZELLAR, '04.

### DEPARTMENT EDITORS :

ALICE CROWELL, '05.

R. B. GRAYBILL, '06.

J. H. GRAYBILL, '04.

V. A. ARNDT, '05.

### BUSINESS MANAGERS :

J. WARREN KAUFMANN, '06, Chief.

### ASSISTANTS :

C. E. SHENK, '06.

M. O. SNYDER, '06.



## *Clonian Literary Society*

COLORS—Gold and White.

MOTTO—"Virtute et fide."

YELL—Rio ! Rio ! Sis ! Boom ! Bah !  
Clio ! Clio ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

### *Officers*

		<i>Fall Term</i>	<i>Winter Term</i>	<i>Spring Term</i>
<i>President</i>	- - -	Edna Engle	Mabel Spayd	Margaretta Miller
<i>Vice President</i>	- -	Mame Keller	Margaretta Miller	Ellen Mills
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	-	May Hershey	Clara Eisenbaugh	Charlotte Fisher
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>		Charlotte Fisher	Charlotte Fisher	Neda Knaub
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - -	Alice Crowell	Frances Shively	Ethel Myers
<i>Critic</i>	- - -	Ellen Mills	Margaret Gray	Alice Crowell
<i>Pianist</i>	- - -	Laura McCormick	Catharine Gensemer	Mary Light
<i>Chaplain</i>	- - -	Ora Harnish	Lucile Mills	Nell Reed
<i>Editress</i>	- - -	Florence Boehm	Alice Crowell	Catharine Gensemer
<i>Librarian</i>	- - -	Ethel Myers	Laura Enders	Frances Engle



## *Members C. L. S.*

Florence Boehm  
Alice Crowell  
Clara Eisenbaugh  
Laura Enders  
Edna Engle  
Frances Engle  
Irene Fastnacht  
Charlotte Fisher  
Margaret Gray  
Catharine Gensemer  
Ora Harnish  
Valeria Heilman  
May Hershey  
Ruth Hershey  
Nancy Kauffman  
Sallie Kreider

Mame Keller  
Edith King  
Neda Knaub  
Mary Light  
Jennie Leslie  
Iva Maulfair  
Laura McCormick  
Margaretta Miller  
Ellen Mills  
Lucille Mills  
Ethel Myers  
Nell Reed  
Frances Shively  
Effie Shroyer  
Mabel Spayd

# *Kalozetean Literary Society*

COLORS—Red and Old Gold.

MOTTO—"Palma non sine pulvere."

YELL—Wah hoo ! Wah hoo !

Rah ! Rah ! Ree !

Palma non sine pulvere.

Wah hoo ! Wah hoo !

Rah ! Rah ! Ree !

Kalozetean, L. V. C.

## *Officers*

	<i>Fall Term</i>	<i>Winter Term</i>	<i>Spring Term</i>
<i>President</i> - - -	A. K. Mills	J. M. Hostetter	J. H. Graybill
<i>Vice President</i> - -	I. D. Lowery	V. A. Arndt	P. M. Spangler
<i>Recording Secretary</i> -	C. A. Fry	C. R. Bender	E. E. Knauss
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	G. M. Richter	E. E. Knauss	J. F. Miller
<i>Critic</i> - - - -	J. H. Graybill	J. W. Kaufmann	E. E. Erb
<i>Chaplain</i> - - -	A. L. Haesler	N. L. Linebaugh	J. H. Triest
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> -	Richard Ernest	D. K. Shupe	N. L. Linebaugh
<i>Editor "Examiner"</i> -	W. S. Knauss	P. M. Spangler	J. H. Sprecker
<i>Censor</i> - - - -	J. W. Kaufmann	A. K. Mills	
<i>Treasurer</i> - -	C. E. Shenk	C. E. Shenk	C. E. Shenk
<i>Pianist</i> - - -	E. E. Ludwick	E. V. Hodges	E. E. Ludwick







## *Members K. L. S.*

V. A. Arndt  
C. Ray Bender  
E. E. Erb  
R. Ernest  
C. A. Fry  
J. H. Graybill  
A. L. Haesler  
L. DeWitt Herr  
Denver Herr  
E. V. Hodges  
J. M. Hostetter  
J. W. Kaufmann  
W. S. Knauss  
E. E. Knauss  
R. G. Light

N. L. Linebaugh  
I. D. Lowery  
E. E. Ludwick  
J. F. Miller  
A. K. Mills  
R. E. Morgan  
H. M. Moyer  
S. R. Oldham  
G. M. Richter  
R. H. Sheesley  
C. E. Shenk  
D. K. Shupe  
P. M. Spangler  
J. H. Sprecker  
J. H. Triest

# *Philokosmian Literary Society*

COLORS—Gold and Blue.

MOTTO—"Esse quam videri."

YELL—Hobble gobble, razzle dazzle, L. V. C. !

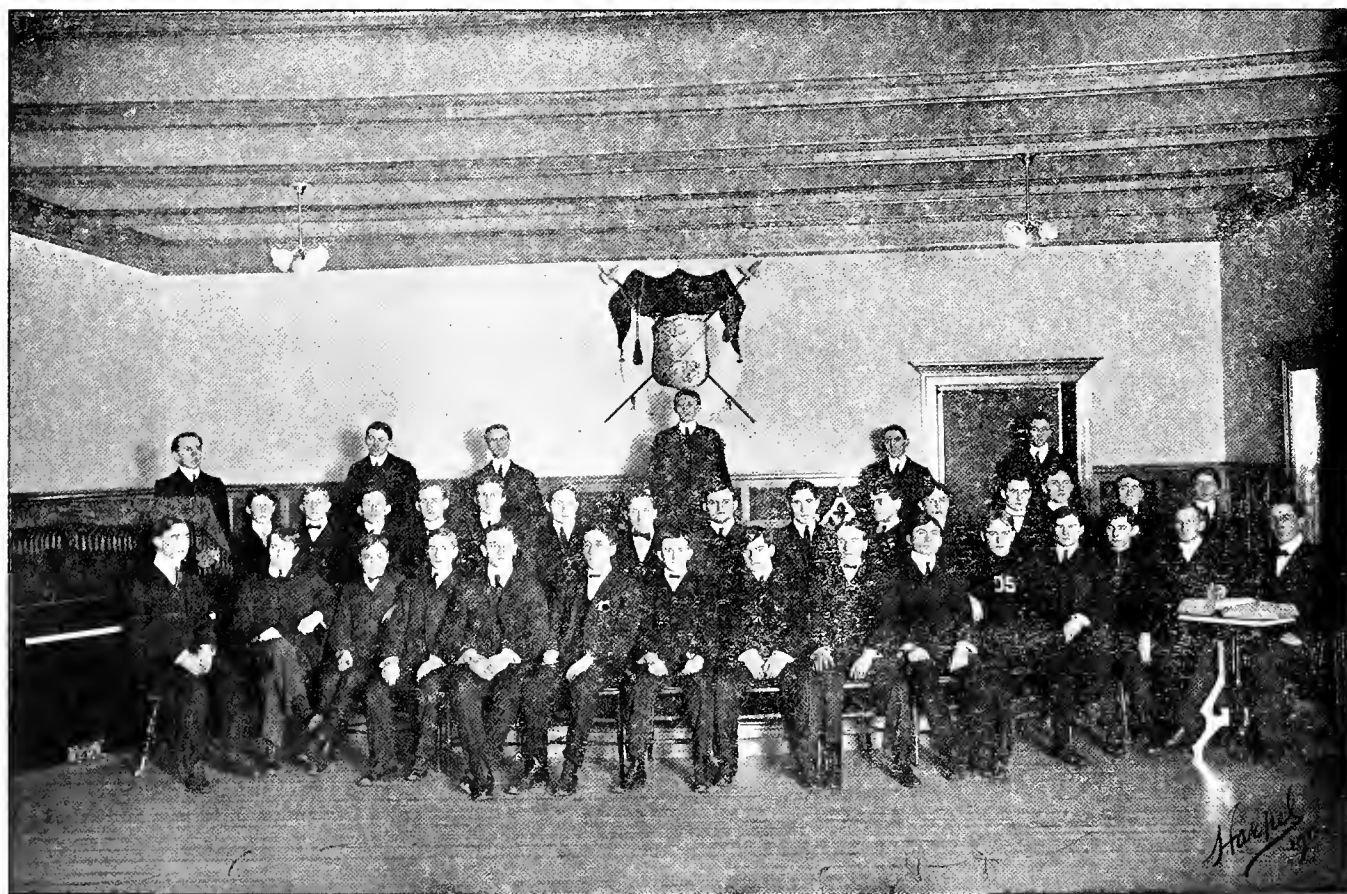
Esse quam videri !

Hobble gobble, razzle dazzle, sis, boom, bah !

Philokosmian, rah, rah, rah !

## *Officers*

	<i>Fall Term</i>	<i>Winter Term</i>	<i>Spring Term</i>
<i>President</i> - - -	C. H. Fisher	W. R. Appenzellar	A. C. Crone
<i>Vice President</i> - -	F. B. Plummer	T. B. Beatty	P. E. Mathias
<i>Recording Secretary</i> -	J. C. Strayer	M. M. Hoover	R. L. Engle
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	E. M. Gehr	B. D. Rojahn	J. B. Hambright
<i>Chaplain</i> - - -	A. Bender	E. M. Gehr	B. D. Rojahn
<i>Critic</i> - - -	P. E. Mathias	G. D. Owen	F. Heinaman
<i>Pianist</i> - - -	W. R. Fellers	E. A. Faus	A. Bender
<i>Janitor</i> - - -	M. O. Snyder	C. H. Fisher	E. E. Snyder
<i>Assistant Janitor</i> - -	F. B. Krimmel	W. K. Wolfe	C. C. Baker
<i>Editor "Living Thoughts"</i>	M. M. Hoover	J. B. Hambright	P. F. Esbenshade
<i>Treasurer</i> - - -	C. C. Peters	C. C. Peters	C. C. Peters



## *Members P. L. S.*

---

W. R. Appenzellar  
C. C. Baker  
T. B. Beatty  
Andrew Bender  
D. D. Brandt  
A. R. Clippinger  
A. C. Crone  
S. C. Deitzler  
R. L. Engle  
P. F. Esbenshade  
E. A. Faus  
W. R. Fellers  
C. H. Fisher  
E. M. Gehr  
R. B. Graybill  
W. M. Grumbein  
J. B. Hambright  
R. S. Hartz  
F. Heinaman  
W. E. Herr  
M. M. Hoover  
C. F. James

W. R. Kohr  
A. H. Kreider  
T. H. Kreider  
G. R. Kreider  
F. B. Krimmel  
M. F. Lehman  
E. C. Leuchauer  
P. E. Mathias  
G. D. Owen  
C. C. Peters  
F. B. Plummer  
G. I. Rider  
W. E. Riedel  
B. D. Rojahn  
J. D. Saylor  
J. I. Shaud  
A. J. Shenk  
E. E. Snyder  
M. O. Snyder  
J. C. Strayer  
W. K. Wolfe  
J. L. Zimmerman

## *Saint Cecilia Society*

COLORS—Purple and White.

FLOWER—Roi de Dijon Rose.

### *Officers*

PRESIDENT—Margaret Gray

VICE PRESIDENT—Mame Keller

SECRETARY—Jennie Vallerchamp

TREASURER—Constance Oldham

CHAPLAIN—Laura McCormick

CRITIC—Prof. H. Oldham

LIBRARIAN—Emily Johnson

### *Members S. C. S.*

Mark Albert

Elsie Arnold

Bertha Adams

Emma K. Bomberger

T. Bayard Beatty

Florence Boehm

Florence Copenhaver

Paul Daugherty

Frances Engle

Clara Eisenbaugh

Mark Evans

Irene Fastnacht

Eli A. Faus

Walter R. Fellers

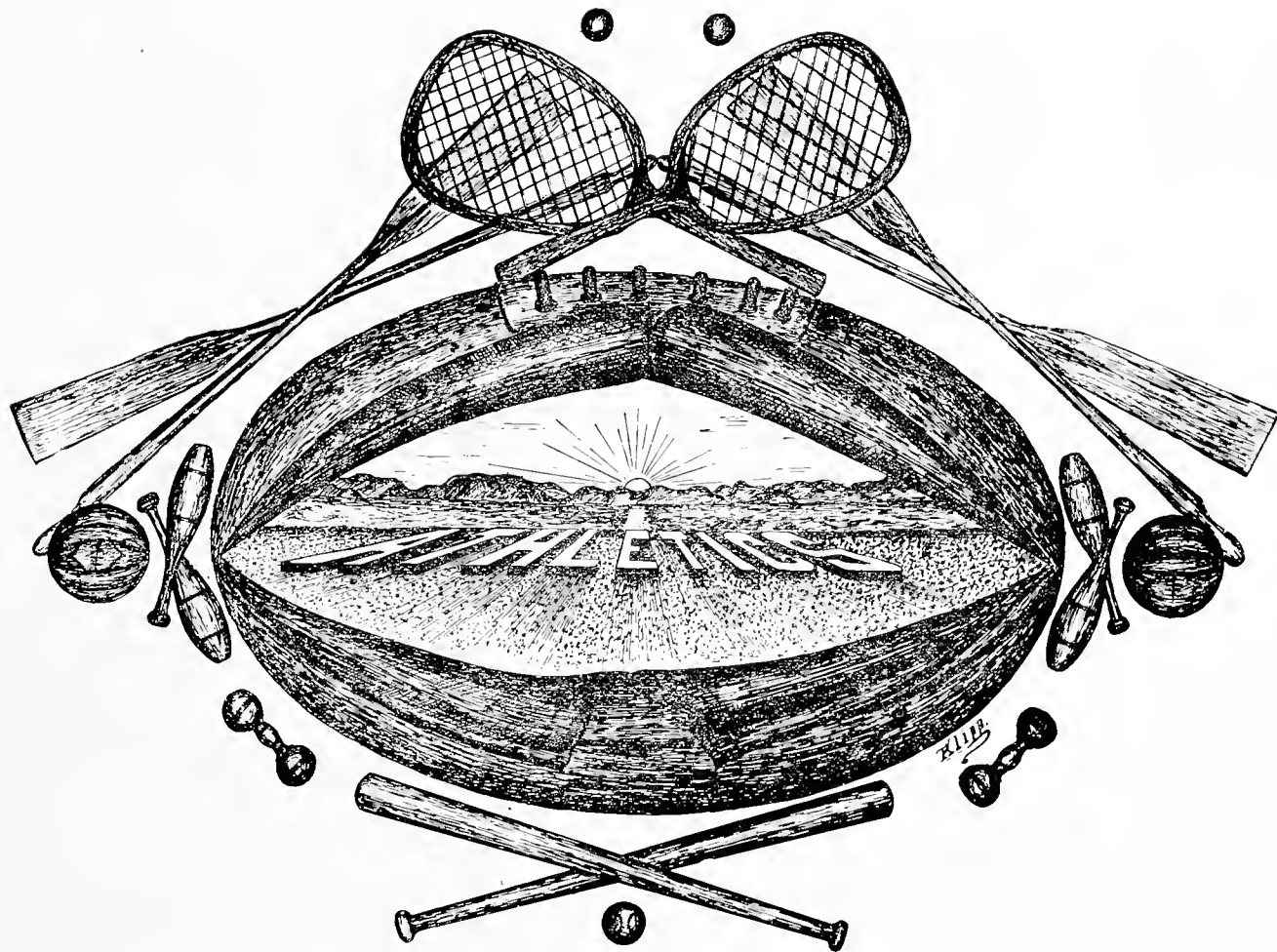
## *Members S. C. S.*

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Charlotte Fisher  
Mabel Foltz  
Amy Gabel  
Catharine Gensemer  
Edith Gingrich  
Margaret Gray  
Sadie Heckert  
Valeria Heilman  
Mabel Herr  
William Herr  
DeWitt Herr  
Carrie Himmelburger  
Elmer Hodges  
Emily Johnson  
Jennie Kohr  
Kathryn Kauffman  
Mame Keller  
Edith King  
Louise Kreider  
Max Lehman  
Jennie Leslie

Sara Light  
Lizzie Moyer  
Iva Maulfair  
Laura McCormick  
May Meyer  
Lucile Mills  
Helen Morgan  
Herbert Oldham  
Constance Oldham  
Cecilia Oldham  
Charles Oldham  
Nelle Reed  
Susan Reiter  
Frances Shively  
Catharine Smith  
Ella Smith  
Lottie Smith  
Ruth Spangler  
Leonora Stauffer  
Mary Stover  
Jennie Vallerchamp





# *Athletic Association*

## *Officers*

*PRESIDENT—A. R. Clippinger\**

*SECRETARY—Alice L. Crowell*

*TREASURER—Cyrus E. Shenk\**

*Football Manager—F. Berry Plummer\**

*Baseball Manager—W. R. Appenzellar\**

*Assistant Manager—Paul M. Spangler*

*Assistant Manager—Victor A. Arndt*

*Basketball Manager—J. Arthur Jones*

## *Executive Committee*

*Dr. E. B. Marshall*

*C. J. Barr*

*A. C. M. Hiester*

*H. O. Nutting*

*S. P. Light*

*Prof. B. F. Daugherty*

*Prof. H. H. Shenk*

*Members of Executive Committee, ex-officio*

## *Base Ball.*

THE SEASON of 1903 in this branch of Athletics proved to be a great disappointment to the student body. A team was organized and began the season with fair prospects. A schedule had been arranged and a few games were played, when, owing to a combination of circumstances, the team disbanded and the schedule had to be canceled.

Baseball is one of the oldest phases of athletics at Lebanon Valley and several splendid teams have represented her in the past. These teams have met successfully some of the strong teams in Eastern Pennsylvania, and it is much to be regretted that last year's season was an exception to the rule. We hope that the present year's team may win back our old place in this phase of athletics, and represent us successfully on the diamond winning glory for themselves and credit for Lebanon Valley College.

## *Basket Ball.*

A NEW departure in athletics came to us this year in the form of basket ball. Much interest was taken in the sport and the ladies and gentlemen each developed a creditable college team while there were various other teams among the classes and preparatory students. All these teams made good showings and the students are gratified with the results of this season's work. With this year's experience next year should develop teams able to compete successfully with the various college teams in basket ball.

By removing the benches and the rostrum from the "Old Chapel," a convenient place for this sport was furnished. The games were well patronized both by the students and outside persons. Mr. Gillis coached both teams and much credit is due him for the success of the season.

## *Foot Ball.*

UNDER THE efficient coaching of Mr. John Gillis, assisted by his splendid playing, Lebanon Valley developed probably the strongest team in her history.

The 1903 team was able to meet successfully the teams of other colleges which have always heretofore been too strong for us. There were one or two scores that were somewhat disappointing but for these there were sufficient reasons.

A source of great regret in the seasons record is the game with Ursinus. After Lebanon Valley had clearly defeated this, her old time rival by a score of 5 to 0, and when there was less than a minute of the game yet to be played, Ursinus left the field on account of a disputed decision and declared that Lebanon Valley had forfeited the game. The score was published as 6 to 0 in favor of Ursinus, thus robbing Lebanon Valley of the credit for her hard-earned victory.

Another source of regret is the fact that Captain Snyder was injured early in the season, and for this reason was compelled to remain out of many of the games. In spite of his injury, however, he continued to very ably captain the team until the close of the season.

Lebanon Valley College is proud of her team and of the men who so successfully managed this season's work.



## *Varsity*

				L. V.	OPP.
Sept. 19	Lebanon Valley	vs	Indians, at Carlisle	0	28
Oct. 13	"	"	" Ursinus at Annville	5	0
" 16	"	"	" Gettysburg, at Gettysburg	0	0
" 17	"	"	" Moravian, at Annville	28	0
" 24	"	"	" Susquehanna, at Selinsgrove	0	17
" 31	"	"	" Williamson, at Annville	5	0
Nov. 7	"	"	" Bucknell, at Lewisburg	6	47
" 14	"	"	" Williamstown, at W'mstown	12	0
" 21	"	"	" Williamstown, at Annville	29	0
" 26	"	"	" Bloomsburg, at Bloomsburg	0	35
				85	127

Games won, 5 ; games lost, 4 ; tie game, 1.

## *Reserves*

				L. V. R.	OPP.
Oct. 17	L. V. Reserves	vs	Lebanon High School, at Lebanon	0	22
" 21	" " "	"	" Steelton High School, at Steelton	0	11

## Foot Ball Association



### *Teams*

VARSITY		SUBS.	RESERVES		SUBS.
Jones, c.	Arndt, r. e.	Kaufmann	E. Snyder, c.	E. Knauss, r. e.	Shupe
S. Snyder, r. g.	Barnhart, l. e.	A. Kreider	Eshenshade, r. g.	Ludwick, l. e.	Krimmel
Gillis, l. g.	Epler, r. h. b.	W. Knauss	James, l. g.	S. Oldnam, l. h. b.	Baker
Holler, r. t.	Beddow, l. h. b.	Warlow	Gehr, r. t.	D. Herr, r. h. b.	Richter
Shelley, l. t.	Erb, f. b.	D. Herr	Kaufmann, l. t.	A. Kreider, f. b.	Riedel
Kohr, q. b.		Gehr	Hocker, q. b.		Leuchauer

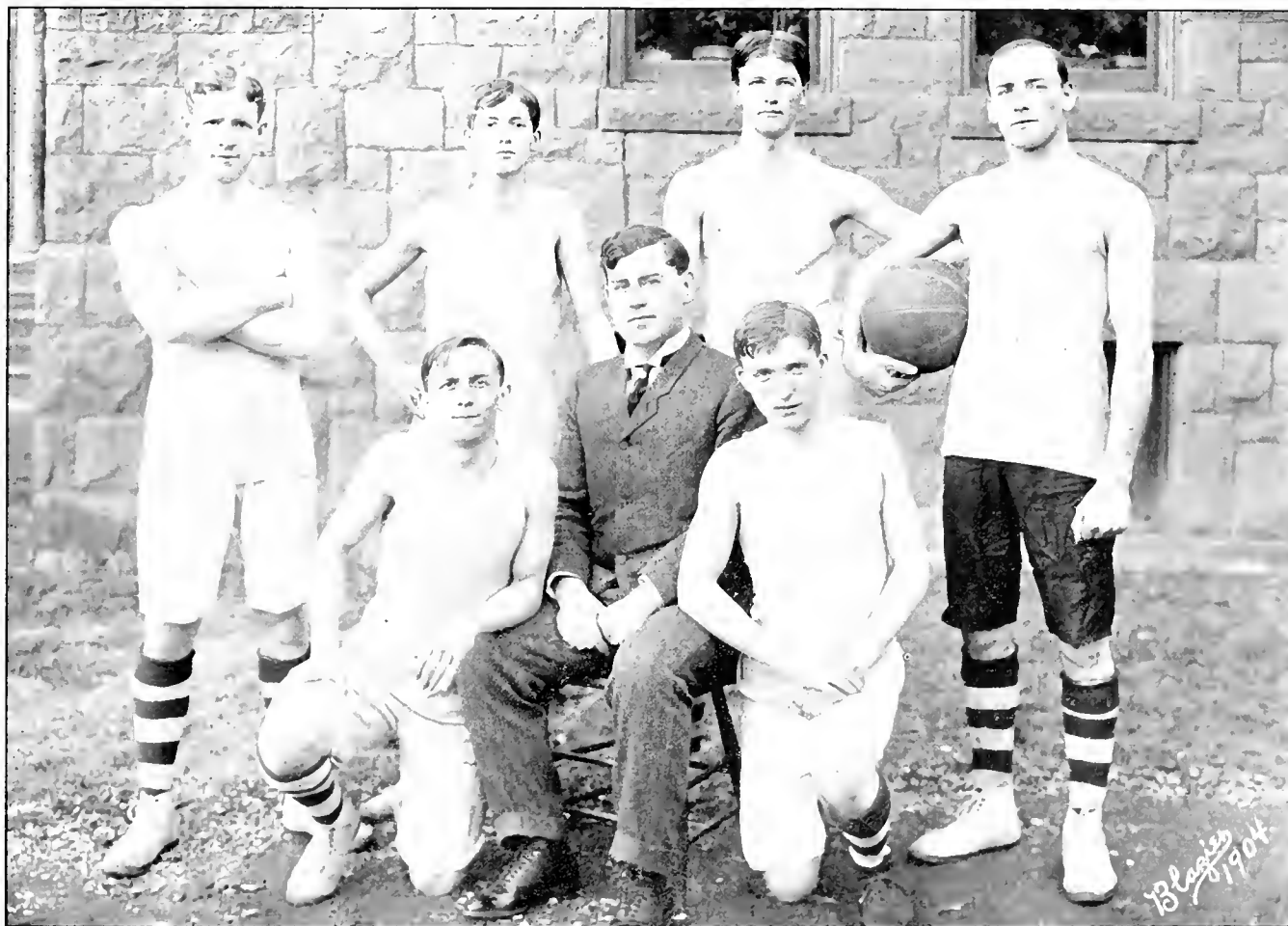
## *Basketball Scores*

### *Men's Team*

						L.	V.	OPP.
Jan.	16	Lebanon Valley vs Co. H., at Lebanon				22		8
"	23	" " " " " " " Annville				20		15
"	30	" " " " " " " Lebanon				19		30
Feb.	2	" " " Ben Hur, at Reading				6		25
"	5	" " " Middletown A. A. at Middlet'n				24		7
"	13	" " " Co. D., at Harrisburg				9		24
"	20	" " " Ben Hur, at Annville				5		34
"	27	" " " Middletown A. A., at Annville				30		7
Mar.	4	" " " Y. M. C. A., at Middletown				12		23
Games won, 4 ; games lost, 5.						147		183

### *Ladies' Team*

Feb.	6	Lebanon Valley vs Steelton H. S., at Annville	2	24
Mar.	3	Literary Students vs Music Students, at Annville	10	4
"	5	Lebanon Valley vs Steelton H. S. Alumnae, Annville	9	8
"	16	Literary Students vs Music Students, at Annville	12	4
"	19	Lebanon Valley vs Steelton H. S., at Annville	16	2



# *Basketball*

## *Men's Team*

Captain—Alvin Binner.

James, centre  
Warlow, guard  
Binner, guard  
Hocker, forward  
Beddow, forward

SUBS.

Kohr  
E. Knauss  
S. Oldham  
Shupe  
Barnhart

## *Ladies' Team*

Captain, Nell Reed  
Ethel Myers, centre  
Nell Reed, centre  
Edna Engle, guard  
Ellen Mills, guard  
Charlotte Fisher, forward  
Ruth Hershey, forward

SUBS.

Lucile Mills  
Margaret Gray  
Mary Light  
Constance Oldham  
Mame Keller  
Frances Shively  
Emma Batdorf



## *Tennis Clubs*

### *Bison*

W. R. Appenzellar  
C. H. Fisher  
E. V. Hodges  
L. D. Herr  
A. H. Kreider  
M. F. Lehman

A. K. Mills  
C. H. Oldham  
S. R. Oldham  
F. B. Plummer  
Prof. N. C. Schlichter

### *Quittapahilla*

D. D. Brandt  
P. F. Esbenshade  
R. B. Graybill  
J. B. Hambright  
W. E. Herr

C. F. James  
J. W. Kaufmann  
E. E. Snyder  
S. A. Snyder  
J. C. Strayer

### *Wynnegette*

Edna Engle  
Charlotte Fisher  
Mary Light

Ethel Myers  
Ellen Mills  
Neil Reed



*Literary Department*



## *Among The Hills*



I SHALL never forget the first time I saw her. She was standing by a mossy rail fence looking out to the purple hills. The quiet tone of her simple dress harmonized so perfectly with the sombre tints of nature that she seemed part of the landscape itself. As she pushed back her bonnet the evening breeze blew a few dark ringlets across her placid face. She was apparently a woman of middle age.

As I looked upon her I involuntarily said, "What would I not give for a life like hers? She never knew what it was to strive for something only to be disappointed in the end, to grasp the object of an ambition only to find out it was not what she wanted after all. She was content with the even tenor of her way and never longed for the unattainable. The hills shut in her little life but they also shut out the angry conflict and bitter unrest of the world beyond."

The sound of my voice seemed to interrupt her reverie for she turned toward me with a very pleasant smile. When I heard her calm low voice I forgot the errand that had brought me up to this little clearing on the hillside. I saw in her eyes what she saw in mine—a spirit of reverie such as the sombre autumn twilights have awakened since times immemorial. That common spirit made us forget that we were strangers and almost involuntarily I took my place beside her and looked off to the distant hills toward which her eyes had wandered again. "You were speaking of the restless world beyond those hills, you, too, have found it tireome?" she said in a dreamy tone. I did not reply for a moment; I was beginning to realize that this woman was not what I had expected her to be. "I see you are surprised" she went on, "You thought these hills had always been my home

but it is not so. You thought I had no ambitions that led me away from this spot. There are some lives in these hills that have had such a story but mine is not one of them. Aren't those tints of purple fading away in the palest blue wonderful?"

Do you see that little log school-house at the foot of the hill? Well, it was there I first learned to be discontented with this spot. Every morning Ned, he was neighbor Jackson's son, took me to that little school-house. He was so good to me, he used to slip such a big red apple in my hand at recess when the teacher wasn't looking. On my fifteenth birthday two things happened which were for a long time contending forces in my life, Ned gave me a picture of himself and there was a new teacher at the old desk in the school house. After school that evening he showed us some sketches and water colors that he had made, then he took up a book and showed us prints of great paintings and told us of the art galleries in the great cities. As I went up the hill that night I was cross and peevish, I was almost unconscious of Ned's presence, I hated the hills that shut me in this narrow place. When the teacher saw my interest in his work he left me sit and watch him paint; he gave me lessons in the great art which was now the ruling passion of his life. He praised my work, he urged me on in every way. I was overcome with a desire to become a great artist like the masters, to paint pictures that the world would be proud to own.

Finally the day came for me to leave this place. It was an autumn day much like this when I and my selfish ambition left the hills I had learned to hate, and started on a new life. There was so much excitement in the city that I had little time to think of the people I had left behind me. I studied under one of the best masters; I struggled on far into the night but never becoming discouraged. Finally I painted a picture which gave me a taste of the fame I was working for. Every one praised it, I was flattered by those who scarcely noticed me before but somehow the feeling of success was not as I had expected it to be. One day a letter came saying that mother was sick, she'd like so much to see me if I had time to come to the old home again for a few days. That letter was the death blow to my selfish life. I saw clearly in that moment what I had seen

dimly for a long time, that the pursuit of my selfish ambition brought renown but not happiness. People could not see why I canceled my orders and left the city so suddenly. I don't know what they thought for I've never gone back to find out.

Several days later I was again in our little home. You can't imagine the change those six years made. Father was so stooped and feeble I hardly knew him. One glimpse at mother's face told me her life could not last long. I shall never forget the smile that lit up their faces when they saw me. That look of genuine love meant so much more to me than all the simpering smiles I had left in the great city. That evening Ned came to see what he could do for the old folks. We hardly knew what to say to each other at first, everything seemed so different. As I was emptying the basket of red apples that farmer Jackson's sent up we seemed to forget all about the intervening years. We laughed and talked about those good old days till even father and mother seemed young again. Ned paused a little at the door that night to ask me when I was going to the city. In the pale moonlight I could see the anxious expression on his dark handsome face give way to one of joy as I said "never."

Well, it's just twelve years ago to-night that I came back to these hills. That's what I was thinking about when you came along a bit ago. I love the hills to-night as never before! But you wonder if I do not sometimes long to go beyond them to the world out there. No, I've seen them from both sides and they seem most beautiful over here. I love art more devotedly than ever since I've learned the true spirit of it. You know there are enough artists over there to paint the pictures for the crowd but I was the only one that could brighten the old home, at least that is what father said just before he died. Some one else can fill your orders down there, Ned used to say but no one can take your place up here. I still paint a little, if you'll come along up to the house I'll show you some of my work. I love to blend colors and besides little Ned will soon be old enough to paint. I must keep in practice, he is such a bright little chap. I should not like him to outdo his teacher at least for some years to come. Some day he will fill the orders I cancelled years ago when I paid the price of selfish ambition for the untold joys of the hills."

e	<i>The Preacher</i>	e
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WE CAN not get you to realize too soon, fool readers who are stupid enough to peruse this nonsense, that we are going to speak about *preachers*. If we had intended to speak of horse jockies or medicine fakers or any other kind of hypocrites, I suppose we could have put this dignified essay under that title, but since we have promised you to talk about *preachers* we are going to confine ourselves to that article. We mean the real, dandified, over-fed long-faced preacher in a Prince Albert coat and eye-glasses which he can change forty times a minute. No man would think of being a preacher without both a long coat and a pair of eye-glasses, it would be as absurd as going to fish without a hook. They finish out this piece of affectation and give to it a dignified appearance before which the simple people of the neighborhood shrink as did Jack beneath the threatening voice of the fabled giant.

First it must be observed that, as all men very well know, preachers are impostors. They go about sponging on the people and drawing their annual salaries of from fifty thousand to half a million dollars for absolutely nothing but "speeling" once or twice a week for which service I should think that the pleasure of hearing themselves talk would be quite ample reward. But notwithstanding the fact that they already owe you for a load of hay, six chicken dinners and a bushel of choice apples they are continually sticking under your nose the plate for "a contribution to the pastor's salary" and you are extremely fortunate if you have not forgotten to get your nickle changed before coming to church.

And then they are *such* a nuisance to the boys. Why, would you believe it, the preacher actually expects them to sit quiet with sober faces for a whole hour, truly, without joking, a whole hour. And then as if Sunday's punishment were not sufficient for the sins of the little codgers, sometime when they were engaged in such praiseworthy and wholesome sport as robbing birds' nests or covering each other with sand, they are startled by the awful intelligence, "the preacher's comin' !" And I shouldn't blame them at such times if they should say away down in their little beating hearts, "confound the preacher." And then they must sneak in, like a little timid cur who fears his master's anger, and look sober while the preacher humors his parishioner with some such edifying subject as the corn crop or the weather.

And then they also make themselves *very* odious to us older boys. Why when an unmarried preacher comes to town every young man who is disposed to cast anxious eyes on the fair sex is caused to tremble and fortunate are you, my dear fellow, if it is not your sweetheart that he "decides upon." And then his financial pull ! When there is a picnic or camp-meeting anywhere he, who sits in the pulpit all day with a face as long as a rail and as sour as Aunt Martha's pickles, goes for half fare while you, my injured friend, who go with a smiling face, and do very much more to make things lively, must pay your full fare.

But yet, dear reader, I will tell you in your ear (but remember this is strictly confidential, you must promise upon your honor *never* to whisper it to *anyone*) they have some redeeming virtues. It is after all a great relief to turn aside for an hour of a Sunday from the cold, stern business world and take your place in the pew of the steepled church. It is so soothing to abandon yourself completely to the majestic pealing of the deep-toned organ or to the soft notes of the chanting choir. A holy awe pervades the room, bearing on its silent wings the sweet consciousness of some Supreme Good—the possibility of some deep, rich life nourished by the hand of the Perfect one. And how your burning heart swells up and your longing soul gropes for that good as hands of the blind for the face of a friend !

And I suppose the services would become rather insipid and monotonous were it not for the

guiding hand of the preacher. When the people have been seated and the anthem sung and a sacred stillness is reiging over each expectant pew, then, coming from his chamber of secret prayer, he stretches forth his revered hands over his trusting people and intercedes for them with the omniscient. And as his rich voice pours forth from the depth of his noble heart, his earnest, tender pleading for the presence and guidance of Divinity and for universal happiness you somehow feel your own heart melting into sympathy with the great heart of mankind and you believe at least for a moment—ah happy, happy moment:—that there is yet something in life worth living for and something in death worth dying for.

Might it not be true after all that it was worth the paltry sum it cost you? I thought already that perhaps it is of great importance to spend just a little sometimes to nourish the immortal soul rather than give one's life entirely to accumulating wealth. Is it not possible that after all the real life is the psychic and not the material? Might not a rich, beautiful soul—one that could weep with poor, suffering humanity, one that could spread the sweet odor of its sympathetic purity like liquid drops of Morphean poppies healing by the reanimating rays of hope the smarting wounds of the friendless be worth just a little? I am sometimes inclined to think—but don't censure me, Mr. Stoic. It is only when I am very weak and foolish and when I have those faint, sweet gleams of what it would mean to be serenely good—that those dear, dear moments when we can lose ourselves completely, to the good,—when we can lose ourselves to everything but love for our fellows—that sweet, tender emotion which is the richest food for the hungry since it feeds not the conquerable body but the invincible soul that those moments, when our burning hearts go out to meet the loving heart of God in one overmastering desire to save the world—are the most precious moments of our lives. And possibly, then, the preacher whose aim is to make men better, who receives from the world a little of its material goods in exchange for that which is immortal, one to whom you can go when all the world is cold, when the animating fire of hope which once blazed up so brightly has burned out, and lay bare your heart before a sympathetic friend—possibly after all such a one is not entirely a parasite.



## *Kinopsis*



**A** KISS is a holy meet. As a verb it is generally in the active voice but sometimes active with respect to one subject and passive (*i. e.* acquiescent) with respect to the other, optative mood expressing a wish; present, past and (we hope) future tense; all persons (except, of course, the first); and dual number, always agreeing with the subject and generally with the object. As a noun it is in the third person (being the thing dreamed about); plural number (who would stop with one?); neuter gender (to others being confessed by neither) and Genitive case, Genitive of source (of inspiration).

And now having explicitly defined this transcendently important term which all men have perceived sensually but few intellectually, since their attention at the time in question was occupied with the more weighty matters of concealing their nervous trembling, or other things of equal magnitude, we shall proceed to set forth a philosophical treatise on it which we modestly hope will be as much appreciated as it is needed.

The first essential is an object (pardon me if that expression is too common place I mean ladies, a sweet, modest, beautiful, tender little angel) to kiss. It is all very well to sit and dream in glorious anticipation of your future sweetheart or to fondly kiss the pure ideal of a noble mistress who does not, and perhaps never will, exist, but you yourself must go through the ordeal before you are able to philosophize about it as wiser men can do.

I realize, my dear reader, that it is an awful crisis in a young man's life when he first gives expression to that ennobling passion, love, that stream of rich, golden emotions swelling up in his impressive, hopeful nature and making music of everything in life—I say it is an awful crisis when he first gives expression to it and asks a kiss in answer. I imagine I see him now. He has been

sitting for half an hour several yards away thrusting his hands into his trouser pockets an hundred times a minute and as often taking them out again to play with his watch chain. An hundred times he has opened his mouth to make the fatal declaration but by that time the pre-arranged words have all escaped him as the waters of Tartarus from the seared lips of the thirsting Tantalus. Fortunately, however, his genius has not deserted him and I hear him making such transcendently intelligent and truthful remarks as "Jack Jones has got the measles, Joe Bumbaugh got licked in a fight, Our dog Rover ran off last night," etc., a conversation which will give indisputable evidence of the marvelous versatility of his conversational ability. Why do you think the little queen before him seems to be exerting herself to suppress a smile? Can it be that she is partly conscious of the intense struggle raging within his manly breast? But at last, determining that whether the result be life or death he will free himself from this intolerable suspense, he rises and approaches his mistress as dexteriously as an African elephant—and you know the rest.

But life is not all one broad, smooth, flower-strewn way and neither is love. Sometimes the tender little innocent one sternly resents such familiarity. Now don't tell me they do not. I know it is true because they said so themselves and who would not believe them? I know a fellow who magnanimously resorted to a novel device to avoid wounding his lady's pride. One night when being entertained by his sweetheart he timidly said to her, "Would you care if I'd put my arms around you." Now, although from a theoretical standpoint this was highly commendable and doubtless most moral philosophers would uphold it as the ideal of delicacy, I yet hesitate to very warmly recommend it for the reason that nearly all women have the absurdly contradictory mannerism of always saying a thing diametrically opposite to what they mean. It is a strange thing, isn't it, that women never can learn the difference between an affirmative and negative answer. Why, bless their dear little hearts, they will sit half the night and baffle a timid lover (they never would kiss, that is a horrible familiarity fit only for story books) while all the time they were pitying, or perhaps disgusted with, the poor fool for his "denseness."

Another striking paradox in love is the fact that theft is not culpable. Indeed if you are capable of penetrating beneath the superficial stratum of affection you will very soon discover that Robin Hood, and Jesse James are not the only robbers who are admired for their adroitness. It is true that women cling more tenaciously to tradition than we fickle men for certainly the old Spartan adoration for cunning theft still finds a thrilling echo in their gentle bosoms. They will attempt to be angry with you for stealing a kiss but from beneath their vexation they will look upon you with such soft, sweet tender eyes that they might be the windows of Heaven beaming with all the splendor of the eternal host upon you who are so good, so brave, so strong, so—bah! such a big hypocrite if they only knew it.

And now in concluding this important essay I would give you some advice, dear reader were it not for the fact that theory and practice differ so widely that they are as often an impediment to each other as an advantage. It might do you some good, however, to experiment awhile upon your sisters (they would think you meant it and call you a dear, affectionate brother; poor, simple things!) but even then one playful turn of that perfect head is sufficient to overturn your carefully formed plans as easily as the autumn winds scatter the seared leaves of the forest. I can only wish you a smooth and pleasant journey through that terrestrial Elysium and hope that at your sweetheart's door you may drink deep draughts of delicious nectar which, Lethian-like, bury in dark oblivion the chilling griefs, and sorrows of the past, and the painful fears for the future and leave but blooming hope through which your dreamy eyes behold winding far down through the flowery vale of life the ever broadening, ever widening, perennial stream of love on which you sail surrounded by a glittering troupe—your domestic joys.

### *Meditating*

Far off in some lonely cottage,  
Sits my sweet-heart sad and lone ;  
And her eyes are wet with weeping,  
Thinking of her absent one.

### *In the Neck*

Little un der stand ing  
Little "taffy" too  
Little too much walking  
Little "hullabaloo"  
oo ! oo ! ( Brandt. )



## *Aunt Alice's Story*



"WHY DID you never marry, Aunt Alice?"

Two figures were sitting in the twilight before a cheerful open fire whose dancing flames alone were able to disclose a pleasing picture. A middle aged lady with a calm, strong face which yet bore traces of former beauty, was sitting in a large chair, and at her feet, with her head resting on the elder lady's knee, sat a beautiful girl who was just entering the portals of womanhood.

The elder lady was Alice Carson and the girl at her feet was Janet Roland, her niece. Janet had been left an orphan at an early age and had been under her aunt's care ever since, and no mother could have given more care to her child than did Alice to her niece. Always calm and gay she seemed to Janet to possess every virtue, and as the girl grew older and the mysteries of love began to unfold in her own heart she could not help wondering how one possessing so many virtues as her aunt, could have remained alone in the world.

On this particular evening they were sitting in the dreamy twilight, each busy with her own musings when the question which opens our story, burst from the lips of Janet and indicated what had been the trend of her thoughts.

On hearing this query Aunt Alice started, and a sudden shade of pain passed swiftly over her usually placid features, as though some wound, long hidden had broken out anew.

After being silent for some time she remarked, "My dear Janet, that is a story on which it is hard for me to dwell, and I thought never to mention it again, but since you have asked me I will tell it to you especially since I see that you have somewhat of my disposition, and it may save you from the sorrow that has come upon me."

"At your age I can say without vanity that I was a beautiful girl. I must confess however that I was somewhat vain and that I had an imperious temper." "I would never have believed it, Auntie dear," said Janet. "It is true nevertheless, but bitter suffering has burned it from my heart."

"But to continue my story, I had plenty of suitors, and was always a center of gayety at any party where I might happen to be."

"At a party one night, I met Donald Harvey and at once was attracted to him. He was a tall, splendidly built young man, with dark hair, glowing eyes, and a noble, open face. At the close of the party he accompanied me home and from that time our friendship began."

"Friendship soon ripened into love and one glorious summer night he poured into my ears the story that made my heart sing for joy. We were engaged and were only waiting until the time when he should establish himself in business, to be united in marriage."

"But, alas! my vanity coupled with my wicked temper, destroyed forever this vision of happiness. Frank Brinton, a dashing city man, came into our neighborhood and seemed to be much attracted toward me. He began paying me marked attention which I should immediately have rejected but which my silly vanity permitted. I could see that it was annoying to Don, but yet for some time he uttered no word on the subject."

"At length, however, he spoke to me about it and gently urged that it was not just a proper thing. Instantly my anger flamed out and I twitted him about being jealous, and said that he had no right as yet to guide my conduct."

"He disclaimed any intention of doing this but said that people were noticing Brinton's attentions, and he would suggest that I refuse to receive them."

The details are too painful to repeat but, let me say, that my unreasoning anger led me to utter harsh and bitter words, and finally we parted in anger. In parting, I told him that since he presumed to direct my actions before he had a legal claim on me, it would probably be best to cancel our engagement, and so I released him from all obligation to me."

"Several days passed and my conduct began to appear to me in its true light. I repented of my rashness and comforted myself with the thought that he would soon make up our quarrel. With this thought in my mind my heart leaped with joy on receiving a letter in his well-known writing, but in opening it a chill passed over me. It was very formal and stated that he enlisted in the army and would probably never see me again."

"Stunned by the news I only then realized how I loved him; it was as my own soul."

"But now hope, that precious jewel, again arose in my breast and I determined to await his return, beg his forgiveness, and tell him my great love. Frank Brinton was now hateful to me and at his first advance, I dismissed him with very little ceremony."

Human hopes, however, are very deceptive, and one day my heart was crushed on hearing that he had been killed. There was a skirmish with the Indians and a bullet had pierced his heart. They brought him home, clad in his blue uniform, and as I looked on that still form and into his pale, calm face, a wave of anguish swept over my soul such as I never again hope to experience in the future."

"Since that day I had several suitors but I could not accept any of them, for my heart lies buried with him."

A silence followed and Janet on looking up saw that Aunt Alice was weeping softly. Touched by the sad story the impulsive girl threw her arms around her Aunt's neck and the tears of the two were mingled.

### *Accidental*

Out upon the bridge Max met her,  
Our charming girl Miss King,  
So he thought he'd pop the question  
As he held on to her "wing."  
Side by side they strolled together,  
And they spoke of prospects bright :

And before they thought it over  
Found themselves in darkest night,  
But they reached the college safely,  
Mr. Snyder and Miss King,  
And to take a walk to-gether  
Each one thinks is just the thing.



## *That Banquet of Ours*



WE WERE SOPHOMORES then, and if I remember rightly were noted for our quiet and meek spirits. Every one loved us especially our friends, the brave Juniors, and the bright and lively Freshmen. Indeed their generous love would have led them to do anything for us. "Charlie" would have fought for us on many an occasion, only he had that provoking propensity for forgetting his razor. We were humble, that we were, but certainly not heartless. We saw the glittering worth of our friends and loved them with even a greater intensity than possible.

When in the stormy month of March, we decided to have a banquet, we were at a loss to know how to go about it. How could we ever do anything without the kindly advice of the Juniors, and the self-sacrificing help of the Freshies? It seemed an impossibility. I acknowledge it had been for better, if we had implored their co-operation, for though the Juniors were a mere Advisory Board, the Freshies were always in good fighting trim, and besides the reserve force in the town was in excellent training. However that seemed too great an imposition. We would do the best we could. Our plans were simple and strictly secret. Everyone was impelled by a spirit of romance. About twelve o'clock, in the dark, dark night, an old farmer with clothes all ragged and torn, came driving up the street. "Gee up," he grumbled as he passed one of the stately "Junior-men." The mule heeded not the command, neither did the Junior. Both went on as unconcerned as ever. In the shadow of the trees not far from the Ladies' Hall, the farmer stopped, then stealing softly up to the boy's building whistled low. Immediately a big bunch was let down. The farmer snatched it up, and rather surprising for his age, started off with a bound.

I do not know whether this sounds romantic to you or not, but we thought this was a real novel way of getting some clothes to a farm-house. This was the night before our banquet. The boys next afternoon had only to go out to the athletic field with the pretense of playing base-ball, then go to the farm-house, and get ready for Lebanon.

The girls had more trouble. It has often been said that girls are more curious than boys, and I never believed it until I saw how curiously those two little girls from "Greenland" watched the movements of the Sophomore girls. But could we expect anything else? I don't blame them a bit. They knew the Soph's were up to something and they wanted to see. They did not know, but that they were having a banquet, and in that case they had a right to know, so they followed their elder sisters everywhere staring at them with wide open mouths. At last they had an idea. They would get advice from the wise Junior girls, and the little bits of green went fluttering away. That was a sad moment, for now the Sophomore maiden's escaped.

"Where are the Sophomores," was the distressful cry about five o'clock. The howling wind brought back the answer, "Down at Lebanon," but alas those Freshies and Juniors were to sorrowful to hear it. They ran about distracted. Never was greater grief manifested for friends. If only they could see where they were! Hope was well-nigh spent, when one bright little Freshie exultingly cried, "Oh! the spy glass," and with one accord they all rushed to the cupola with the spy glass.

Poor things! Their eyes must have been blinded by intense love, or else surely they would have seen us through that spy glass as we eighteen in all gathered round the table at the Colonial. I am sorry they did not, for our merry laughter and the triumphant and happy look on each face would have done their hearts abundant good.

I would love to tell you of all the fun we had at that banquet, of the toasts, and of the good things we had to eat, but ah! words fail me. I can only hope that if ever our friends live to see such a sumptuous banquet they may have the same delightful time.

## *"If I Only Had my Razor"*

NOT MANY years ago, in fact it has been only a few months more than one year ago, our beloved President, Dr. Roop, decided to give the members of the class of 1904 a reception. Secretely did he send them the invitation to be present at his home on a certain Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, more secretely did they accept the invitation, and most secretely did they try to keep the whole affair ; but the ungodly ( ? ) Sophs. found it all out and they helped the unsuspecting Juniors keep their secret.

At last the evening came when the aforesaid Juniors thought they would go to the reception unmolested, have a jolly good time, return and tell the Sophs. all about it. Now, there is in that wise ( ? ) class of 1904 a certain long-legged, starched, stiff-looking walking delegate whose name during his childhood days was "Chollie" Fisher and who upon this occasion was bold, daring and courageous enough to walk out alone with nothing but a "hard-biled" shirt for a protection against enemies. He proceeded but a very short distance from the dormitory when he was caught and bound tightly by a legion of bandits (as he said,) but in fact by only three charmingly innocent little Sophs, who afterward were joined by a few more of their angelic tribe ; after repelling the attacks of several of the prisoner's class brothers, the victors carried their captive away and held him in concealment for a few hours. During these moments of awful suspense, the tortured ( ? ) victim was heard to implore the gods above, and the gods below to send him a razor, a baseball bat, and other instruments of barbaric warfare which we do not remember ; but as "Chollie" was a bad boy the night before, and failed to make the necessary sacrifices to the gods, his prayers were not answered.

After having the prisoner make stump speeches for an hour or so, the captors delivered him into the hands of his Junior friends, who carried him in sadness back to North college, and thence to the reception where, it is reported, there was much feasting over the return of the prodigal son of 1904.

## *Prospects*

Three short years we've been together,  
Many were the victories won ;  
But the dim dark future tells us,  
Life's great work is just begun.

May we then be up and doing,  
With an effort strong and brave ;  
Each a noble work pursuing,  
Though the storms of life may rave.

Though the tempests rage around us,  
As we're sailing life's great sea,  
Let us like a mighty fortress,  
Bold, and strong, and steadfast be.

Let no storm nor billow move us,  
As we stand for truth, and right ;  
And for virtue, love, and honor,  
Dare to stand and nobly fight.

When life's storms and trials over,  
And our work on earth is done,  
Let us hope to meet our Father,  
And his own beloved Son.

One more year and then we sever,  
Ne'er on earth to meet again,  
But we hope some time to gather,  
Free from sorrow, sin or pain,

In his own eternal city,  
With its streets of shining gold  
What a sorrow, and a pity,  
Should one face, we not behold.

Doc.

## *Strolling*

One of our number, a fine fellow is he,  
A few months ago, took a stroll with Miss E.  
'Twas Sunday morning, November two,  
You'd hardly believe, but I tell yon tis true.  
Out by the grave yard they walked  
    And they "blowed,"  
Till they came to a tree  
At the right of the road ;  
So seeing no person, they now proceeded  
To take a good rest, which they very  
    Much needed.  
They looked to the left, and they looked  
    To the right,  
As they spoke of the morning sun,  
    Shining so bright ;  
They seated themselves on the top  
    Of the fence,  
And spoke of such things as folks do,  
    When they're "dense."

The rail which they sat on was six inches wide ;  
And you may conjecture, they took  
    The soft side.  
They looked at both ends just to see  
    All was right,  
And they stayed there from eight,  
    Till a fraction of night.  
We're glad they've returned,  
And love affairs booming,  
And glad for the lessons  
They give us in spooning.  
But we kindly advise them  
The next time they go,  
To choose a post fence  
More remote from the road.

Doc.

### *Three Violets.*

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We were three violets in a dell  
Close by the brooklet's brink,  
Where mosses are the draperies  
And fairies stoop to drink.  
We lived our modest little life  
Away from human sight,  
Content to while our time away  
To make our spot more bright.

But then one day a maiden came,  
With light and aimless tread  
She stepped upon a violet  
Tripped on and left it dead.  
Its purple life blood ebbd away,  
The breezes ceased to stir,  
She crushed a bit of fragrance out,  
But what was that to her?

Another came with gentle tread  
But with no heart to suit,  
Soon seized the other from its stem  
And left me standing mate.  
I saw it drop its dying head  
Amid her fluffy lace,  
I looked in vain for sympathy  
Upon her smiling face.

I bowed my head in loneliness,  
No longer to resist  
The sorrow clinging to my life  
Like evenings chilling midst.  
My weary head was then raised up  
By one so wondrous fair,  
She looked with love into my heart  
Kissed me and left me there.

A. L. C.

## *A Memory.*

I can see the place to-night, old boy,  
When the heart was always bright  
And the wintry stars shone bright  
Thro the still and frosty night, old boy.  
I can here the pines to-night, old boy,  
As they play their magic tunes  
Like sweet music born in June  
'Neath the smiling of the moon, old boy.

I can hear the echoes still, old boy,  
Of the songs we used to sing,  
Of the shouts that used to ring,  
When each one of us was king, old boy.

I still hear the dinner bell, old boy,  
How it rang through frosty air  
Bidding us lay down our care,  
How we hurried to get there, old boy.

I remember still the path, old boy,  
That winds beneath the pines  
In there long and dusky lines  
Gilded when the moonbeam shines, old boy,  
She was talking soft and low, old boy,  
Was it Mary, Kate or Flo?  
I am sure I do not know  
But I was happy in those days, old boy.

A. L. C.

## *Leap Year.*

Why does she smile so, my lady fair,  
What is the secret of all the care,  
She bestows on her big class brother?  
Why does she have a jaunty air?  
Why is she ready to do and dare?  
Smiling at one and "cutting" another?  
It's leap year!

Why does her bank account run so low?  
Where do all her dimes and dollars go?  
Her class brother smiles and knows full well,

Why is she never without her beau?  
Are you stupid, you do not know  
Have you seen all this and can't you tell?  
It's leap year!

Why is everyone bright and gay,  
Why don't things go in the slow old way!  
As they've gone for the last eight years?  
What is the magic secret I pray,  
That has swept the bashful lads away?  
With all their blushes, quakings and fears?  
It's leap year! A. L. C.

## *Dreaming*

### *Junior Class Poem*

Waking up at darkest midnight,  
I've been dreaming now I think ;  
And to-night my dreams are colored  
With the olive and the pink.

I could scarcely think 'twas dreaming,  
For the boys and girls so dear  
Seemed to speak with loving voices  
Words I always love to hear.

Some were sitting in the class-room,	Some went strolling to the country,	Friendly faces smile upon me,
Some were walking in the hall ;	To Romantic Lover's Leap ;	As I lay and dream to-night ;
Others spooning on the campus,	Still another friendly couple,	And our own beloved college,
Which to them was best of all.	Sought the shade of Love's Retreat.	Seems to smile with radiance bright.

Waking from my pleasant slumbers,  
I'm reminded 'tis a dream ;  
For around, I see my classmates,  
Even lovelier than they seemed.

I am sitting up at midnight,  
Smiling now as you may think,  
For to-night my dreams are colored  
With the olive and the pink.

## *L. V. Variety Soup.*

A dozen potatoes, Irish or sweet,  
Four barrels of water, two pounds of tough meat,  
Corn, and tomatoes, enough to suffice,  
A few grains of barley and fewer of rice.  
A handful of cabbage, and three grains of corn,  
Makes a soup that is sure to protect from the storm.  
For years we have eaten and know what we say,  
As it comes to us surely at least once a day ;  
So if you are hungry, our soup we commend,  
For the one who partakes his life ne'er will end ;

But will live forever, and many years longer,  
And his life will ever be brighter and stronger.  
This soup when prepared is so rich and so sweet,  
The bottom is seen in at least forty feet.  
The advantage of this is easily seen,  
For the student when hungry may dive for a bean,  
And never need fear his mark he will miss,  
But pull up his fortune in joy and bliss.  
We advise all to try the soup we suggest,  
That the ages to come may be happily blessed.

Doc.

## *Is Life Worth Living.*

Is there aught to do for others,  
Is there wrong that you can right,  
In the midst of life's great battle,  
Which each of us must fight ?  
Is there a wayward brother,  
Is there a gloom that you can chase ?  
If 'tis true, then life's worth living,  
So enter in the race.

Are there weak, oppressed by stronger,  
Burdened down by strength and might ?  
Are there thousands all around us,  
Steeped in sin as black as night ?  
Are there lives that you might sweeten,  
Are there tears that you might dry ;  
If 'tis true then, life's worth living  
When you hear the needy cry.

Doc.

❧	<i>Doings of the College Year</i>	❧
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September

15. Two thousand students (more or less) arrive at L. V. and business begins.
16. Trouble in the registrar's office; a gawky country jake answering to the name of Stanley Snyder tries to persuade the registrar that he should have none but Senior studies.
17. Work begins in earnest. Augustus Cæsar Crone has a touch of the spring-fever.
19. Reception for new students.
20. Hoover does not take Miss Harnish to church; mirabile dictu.
21. Beatty and Rider entertain friends in forty-four. After the feast a free bath is given each one present.
22. Nell Reed accepts a call as missionary to the Hunkies.
23. Kohr admits for the first time that he is leading hot-air man at L. V.
24. "Bobbie" Snyder wears a white vest but fails to catch a girl.
25. Many girls appear on the campus to witness the foot-ball practise; an unusual number of male spectators are also present.
26. Prof. Derickson and Plummer go on an expedition after birds and toad-stools. Neither of them had "the spade," but as they had double-barreled shot guns it is the greatest wonder that both returned alive.

28. Two dignified Juniors kick up a 'rumpus' on second floor with boxing gloves. Prof. Spangler thinks that each should have three demerits.
  29. Elmer E. Erb begins a correspondence with Miss Sarah Jane Waite.
  30. Owen receives an offer as traveling salesman for a whisky firm.
- October.
1. Hambright's ponies break loose, Max Snyder loses his tobacco, Bender and Heinaman have a scrap, and pandemonium rules supreme on the second floor.
  4. Election of "Bizarre" board.
  5. Crone forgets that he is President of the Y. M. C. A., and it all happened because the lecture course literature didn't arrive in time.
  6. Several preachers from the Eastern Pa., Conference visit the Dining Hall, and decide by unanimous vote that they'll never come back any more.
  10. Grand parade to celebrate L. V.'s noble work on the Gettysburg grid-iron. Peters makes a close acquaintance with a telephone pole.
  11. Roger's, Grilley Concert Co. League of Death initiates a half-dozen "greenies."
  12. Sophs try to take off the Freshies' colors, use knives, razors, and other weapons of barbaric warfare but fail to accomplish their purpose.
  13. Laura McCormick declines, with much emphasis, in German: Du, Deiner, dear Dick.
  14. Seven young preachers of L. V. go to Chambersburg to get annual licenses.
  15. Miss Eisenbaugh dresses in mourning; Beatty is away.
  16. "Deacon" Jones takes the kitchen faculty to the foot-ball game.
  17. Rider, Crone, Linebaugh and Brandt return to school with their annual license, and mournfully sing, "It's good-bye booze forever more."
  18. Edna Engle calls a midnight meeting of the C. L. S. to further discuss Robert's rules of order.

19. Clippinger and his mustache return to school.
22. Peters declares that he gets more inspiration from reading Geo. Eliot's novels than he does from the Bible. A committee immediately proceeds to his room and finds his Bible under his bed covered with dust.
23. Students hold indignation meeting. "We must have better grub and bath tubs."
24. Straw ride to Mt. Gretna after chestnuts. Appenzellar nearly broke his jaw eating one of the sandwiches the girls had prepared for lunch.
26. League of Death drags six "sleeping beauties" from their beds, and holds revival services up in forty-five. Moyer asks for "hearts" and gets "clubs."
27. Mrs. Logie offers a recipe book for sale; it contains 429 valuable recipes for preparing apples.
28. Prof. Shively moves her worldly possessions back to the Ladies' Hall.
29. Dr. Roop asks Rojahn to name the arts and their various stages of development: "Benny" first turns green, then pink, then white, but finally recovers enough to say that he should be given a job in harmony with his size and not one large enough for Hercules.

#### November.

1. Students carry chairs out of the recitation rooms, and place them in penitentiary. Two leading imps in devilishness barricade the doors and escape out of the windows on ropes.
2. The chairs, the chairs, where are the chairs?
3. Beatty and Miss Eisenbaugh absent on their wedding trip.
4. Max Snyder is thinking seriously of matrimony. Mathias, Riedel, and Fisher give Max very valuable advice all of which he accepts. The married men of the school extend to him their sympathy.
8. Frances puts a dummy in the matron's room, and scares Mrs. Logie nearly to death.
9. Gillis falls in love with the ladies of the Ithaca Concert Company.
10. Hostetter makes himself at home in the Junior class meeting.

12. Prof. Derickson advises Miss Harnish to label her drawings in English instead of Latin.  
(Perhaps "*amo-amare*" doesn't have the same significance with the Prof. that it does with Miss Harnish.)
14. Ernest Gamble Recital Co. Roscoe Gehr has a misunderstanding with his chum, the Jewish Rabbi.
15. Rider preaches two sermons, teaches a class in S. S., leads C. E., holds an afternoon meeting at a church in Lebanon, and receives \$2.00.  
Clippinger preaches two sermons, leads C. E., and receives \$.40 from a church in Palmyra.
16. Prof. Schlichter gives his class in French valuable information on matrimony. Alice Crowell decides to immediately change her name.
17. "Jesse" James attends prayer meeting for the first time expecting to have the pleasure of escorting Sadie home; but Sadie was not present and James vows that he will never attend prayer-meeting again.
18. Miss Harnish says she is sick with the grip. Dr. Rider diagnosed her case and says she has the heart trouble.
19. Capt. Snyder has cold feet and believes he is getting pneumonia.
20. Capt. Snyder's pneumonia goes from his feet to his head.
21. Poverty social. Masters D. K. Shupe and E. E. Ludwick are very anxious to be introduced into L. V. Society.
22. Hambright says everytime he opens the door he thinks of the Knaub.
23. Many students attend the concert given in Lebanon by the Philadelphia orchestra.
24. Gehr begins to fast. (It is only two more days until Thanksgiving.)
25. Gehr's fasting still continues.
26. Thanksgiving, Gehr eats two wings, two legs, neck, breast, and back of the turkey, two pieces of pie, pint of ice-cream and many other things too numerous to mention for dinner. Clio anniversary and reception. Emanuel Snyder is married to the punch bowl.

28. Rider's girl comes to visit him; he is as gay and happy as a lark.

29. Hello! Central! Give me Myerstown for my Susie there!

December.

1. Owen knowing that Miss Crowell will return from home at 8:55 P. M. decided to meet her at the train, but unfortunately he was locked in Peter's room. Esbenschade escorted Miss Crowell to the Hall. Peters gets angry and uses little cuss words because "Bugs" Snyder threw a bucketful of water in his room. There was a hot time, on the third floor, to-night.
4. Gehr thinks that if sermons and other church services are too dry for the members, they ought to be baptized again.
5. "Sir Thomas Lipton" Baker appears at lunch in the dress of an admiral. His costume was very elaborate consisting of a red sweater, rubber collar, white vest, a little white cap, low shoes, gray cotton coat, and corduroy trousers.
7. Election of foot-ball managers. Messrs Hostetter and Mills distinguish themselves by their admirable behavior during the election.
8. Prof. John submits certain things to the judgement and conscience of the Senior class; although they may have something of the latter, whether or not they possess any of the former may be seriously questioned.
9. Margaretta composes a new song entitled: "Send the light, the blessed Freddie Light."
10. Peters voluntarily attends Bible study; the other members of the class decide to get drunk to celebrate the occasion.
11. Leuchauer gets his hair cut, and shines his shoes for the first time this year.
12. Janitors of the C. L. S. sweep the hall at midnight.
13. "Preacher" Mathias expresses his opinion concerning card playing.
15. Prof. Lehman gives an illustrated lecture on the moon.

16. Chas. F. Underhill impersonates Rip Van Winkle. "Roscoe" Gehr and "Rabius" Leuchauer make their debut into married life.
  17. Mr. and Mrs. Engle banquet the Junior class, at their home in Palmyra.
  20. Miss Miller breaks up house keeping and gives her personal property to the poor and needy.
  22. One kiss more, Valeria and Walter suffer the intense agony of parting for vacation.
  22. Fall term closes.
- January.
5. Twenty-three students return and school opens.
  6. Emanuel Snyder returns from York Haven where he held revival services during vacation ; one conversion reported, that of a fair damsel. She is now Mrs. Snyder.
  8. Max Snyder offers to sell a \$4 pair of shoes for \$1.99 ; his tobacco box was examined and found empty.
  9. Beatty teaches Miss Eisenbaugh the art of skating. Both at various intervals made graceful bows to the ice, and saw many beautiful stars.
  11. Sleighing party to Shaefferstown. Rev. Hambright and Rev. Brandt ate all the chicken. Thanks to Prof. and Mrs. McFadden who kept such watchful eyes on Engle and Miss Gensemer.
  14. Rider gets ducked and "Deacon" Jones calls out the brass band to celebrate the event.
  16. The girls give the bashful boys a leap year skating party and show them the best time of their lives.
  17. Strayer gets Rojahn "riled" at him and Ben. uses words foreign both to the English dictionary and to the Revised version of the Bible as well.
  18. Who tore up Dick Brandt's room ?
  20. The "Messiah" rendered in Lebanon. Many couples attend.
  24. Miss Engle goes home and Brandt "flags" church in the evening.

25. Clippinger gets the nightmare and kicks part of his bed through the window.
26. Peters attends prayer-meeting once. Let all L. V. rejoice !
31. Eisenbaugh, Spayd and Co. take a walk in thirteen (13) inches of snow.

February.

1. Lights out.
2. Prof. Schlichter gives interesting lecture on "Othello."
3. "Othello" in Lebanon. Several of the couples miss the car and are compelled to wait for the midnight train, much to their sorrow(?).
4. "Spadie" takes a long tramp through the snow, unaccompanied, and gets caught in an opossum trap.
6. First division, Senior Rhetorical. Upon this occasion many students lose all confidence in senior ability.
8. Owen has the mumps, and Rider has the measles.
9. Y. M. C. A. cabinet have their pictures taken.
12. Clippinger, Beatty, and Plummer, the inseparables, visit C. L. S. and make stump speeches.
13. The second division, Senior Rhetorical, gallantly restores the senior class to the students' confidence.  
Prof. and Mrs. John gives a reception to the Seniors and one lonely Junior, (the Seniors' only friend in the Junior class.)
16. Prof. McFadden gives interesting lecture on radium.
17. Some of the Sophomores hear several asses braying and mistake the noise for some of their class brothers giving their yell.
18. Miss Heilman emphatically announces that Mr. Kohr never shows his affections.
20. Social gathering in the Ladies' parlor. Amos Moyer very well pleased, and thinks he will hunt himself a girl. Good luck to you Moyer.

22. Kalo masquerade. Two couples hold an interesting masquerade(?) of their own in the Ladies' parlor.
23. Preachers hold a smoker in Baker's room. "Capoochie" announces that he will be conquered by no ——— conquest.
24. Do you really think Arndt and Miss Hershey are serious?
26. Thirteen unmarried couples hear Dr. Furbay lecture.
29. Mills very industriously studies the book of Job, while the rest of the Seniors seek wisdom in the proverbs of Solomon.

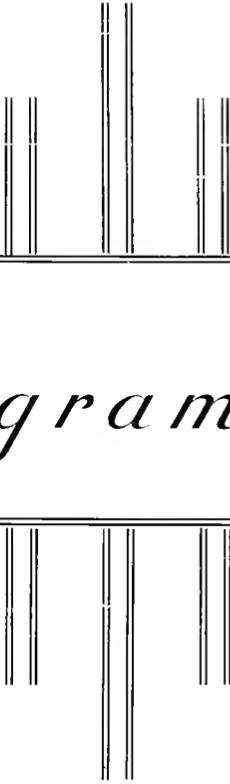
March.

1. Rev. M. O. Snyder goes to Lebanon and comes back sober; a miracle.
2. Snyder quartette pose for their pictures; the camera, where is the camera?
4. One of L. V.'s rising young ministers spells gospel, g-o-s-p-l-e.
5. Ladies' basketball team surprises the Steelton H. S. Alumni, the score being 9 to 8.  
First division, Junior Rhetorical.
6. Harnish, Knaub and Co. go walking in eight (8) inches of mud.
7. "Wang" Snyder asks what the chemical symbol Pb. stands for. A young genius immediately replies that it stands for potato bug.
12. Second division, Junior Rhetorical. A majority of the members of the faculty forget the rhetorical. (Surely evening dinners appealeth very strongly to the palate.)
13. Y. M. C. A. holds special business session in the R. R. station while waiting for the Sunday newspaper train.
15. What villians put up the banner in chapel? "Did the faculty forget it? What? Junior Rhetorical."
17. Literary Amazons and Music Tigresses contend with each for basketball honors.
18. Fisher advertises "hot air" for sale.

20. Pres. and Mrs. Roop entertain the Juniors at their home. Ladies basketball team defeats Steelton H. S. by the score 16 to 2.
  22. Max Snyder loses his razor. (For further information apply to his chum Merle Hoover.)
  24. Several representatives of the students make speeches in chapel in behalf of athletics.
  25. Students leave school for vacation with light hearts, full heads, and empty stomachs.
- April.
5. Spring term begins. "Normalites" numerous.
  7. Berry's face is all smiles, Mabel returns to school.
  9. Reception for new students. Max Snyder decides again to take unto himself a wife. Lieut. Mathias organizes Co. B., 1st L. V. Volunteers.
  10. L. V. lovers hold joyful reunion at Steinmetz's, Bachman's, Violet Hill, Cemetery, Lover's Leap and Lover's Retreat.
  11. Walter is happy once more. Valeria decides to dwell in the dormitory one term more.
  12. Bishop Mills presents to the Senior and Junior classes sociological studies of Japan and Russia.
  14. "Right about face! Forward March!" shouts Lieut. Mathias and the volunteers quickly fall into line.
  15. Kalo anniversary. Some volunteers become regulars.
  16. Tennis is blooming: jolly boys and laughing girls are heard yelling fifteen love, thirty all, and deuce the whole day long.  
Hambright and Hoover call upon their lady loves and wend their way homeward through tin cans and old buckets.
  19. Students by a unanimous vote agree to have \$5.00 added to their matriculation fees for the benefit of athletics.
  20. Benny Rojahn takes a bath in the large bath tub and gets sea-sick.

23. L. V. defeats Indians by the score 3 to 2.  
Max Snyder in harmony with his football spirit plays guard at the game. (Miss Fisher is the lucky (?) one.)
24. "There's a charm in the old love still;" Dickson Brandt and Frances Engle again sing that old familiar hymn entitled, "Blest be the tie that binds."
25. "Please keep off the grass."—Pres. Roop.  
Dr. Pauline Root, returned missionary from India addresses Y. W. C. A.
27. Prof. Schlichter lectures to an appreciative audience on "Comic scenes from Shakespeare."
28. Junior's preliminary oratorical contest.
29. C. L. S. entertains the Seniors.



The word "Programmes" is centered within a rectangular box with a double-line border. Above and below the box, there are three sets of vertical lines. Each set consists of two thin lines and one thicker line in the center, creating a symmetrical, stylized architectural or decorative element.

*Programmes*

# '05's Sophomore Banquet

*Colonial Hotel,  
Lebanon, Pa.*

*Thursday, April 23, 1903  
At 8 o'clock, P. M.*

## *Menu*

*Olives      Spiced Water Melon Rind*

### *ENTREES*

*Pine-apple Short Cake      Corn Fritters*

*Tomatoes with Filling*

### *SALADS*

*Chicken Salad*

*Potato Salad*

### *MEATS*

*Roast Beef*

*Cold Tongue*

### *VEGETABLES*

*Fried Sweet Potatoes*

*French Peas*

*Cranberry Sauce*

*Roman Punch*

### *DESERTS*

*Ice Cream*

*Mixed Cakes*

*Cheese*

*Wafers*

*Coffee*

*Tea*

## *Toasts*

<i>The Best Class at L. V.</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>F. Berry Plummer</i>
<i>The Junior Class</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>Chas. C. Peters</i>
<i>The Freshman Class</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>George D. Owen</i>
<i>Class Athletics</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>Titus H. Kreider</i>

## Baccalaureate Services

*Sunday, June 14, 1903*

### *Morning Service*

Invocation	Bishop Kephart
Hymn—"Holy, Holy, Holy!"	
Scripture Lesson	
Hymn—"Our Lord is God Forever"	
Prayer	Bishop Mills
Anthem—"Hear My Prayer"	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Soprano Solo, Mamie Keller	
Sermon	President Roop
Hymn—"In the Cross of Christ I Glory"	
Benediction	Bishop Kephart

### *Evening Service*

Invocation	Dr. H. U. Roop
Hymn—"A Mighty Fortress"	
Scripture Lesson	
Hymn—"Onward Christian Soldiers"	
Prayer	Rev. J. T. Shaffer
Anthem—"King all Glorious,"	<i>Brady</i>
Soprano Solo—Helen Morgan	
Alto Solo—Jennie Leslie	
Address	Congressman M. E. Olmsted
Hymn—"Abide With Me"	
Benediction	Dr. H. U. Roop

# Junior Oratorical Contest

*Tuesday Evening, June 16, 1903*

Organ Solo—Offertoire in G Major	<i>Batiste</i>	Oration—The Negro Problem	
Miss Arabelle Batdorf, '02			F. Heinaman
Invocation		Vocal Solo—Good-Bye	<i>Losti</i>
Vocal Solo—"Heaven Hath Shed a Tear"		Miss Anna Kreider, A. B., '02	
Mrs. S. P. Light, B. S., '82		Oration—The Great Conqueror	
Oration—The Paradoxes of the English Constitution	W. R. Appenzellar		Miss Nell C. Reed
Oration—An Opportunity for the United States	C. H. Fisher	Oration—The Re-union of the Puritan and the Cavalier	John I. Shaud
Piano Solo—Faust's Fantasie	<i>Liszt</i>	Piano Duet—Puritan	<i>Berg</i>
Isaac F. Loos, '02		Miss Lillie Kreider, B. S., '02	
		Miss Ella Moyer	

## *Decision of Judges*

Winner of First Prize	-	-	-	-	John I. Shaud
Winner of Second Prize	-	-	-	-	Nell C. Reed
Honorable Mention	-	-	-	-	C. H. Fisher

## *Judges*

Rev. A. B. Statton, Hagerstown, Md  
 Rev. E. O. Burtner, Hummelstown, Pa  
 A. Brooks Parker, Esq., LL. B., Boston, Mass

## *Alumni Prize Committee*

Prof. H. H. Shenk  
 Prof. H. E. Enders  
 Rev. R. P. Daugherty

## *Class Day Exercises*

*Wednesday Afternoon, June 17, 1903*

Music—Dixieland	<i>Haines</i>	Who We Are	Edith E. Spangler
President's Address	C. Allen Fisher	What We Will Be	R. C. Schaeffer
Class Minutes	U. J. Daugherty	Music—Air de Louis XIV	<i>H. Glys</i>
Scarlet and White	Sara E. Helm	Ivy Oration	I. Moyer Hershey
Pessimist	P. P. Smith	Presentations	{ C. E. Roudabush
Class Oration	W. C. Arnold		{ E. C. Roop
Calendar	Lillian M. Schott	Class Song	
Poem	J. Walter Esbenschade	Music—Composin	<i>Chattaway</i>
Music—Hiawatha	<i>Moritt</i>	Planting of the Ivy	
As We Were	H. F. Rhoad		

# *Annual Concert Conservatory of Music*

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*Wednesday Evening, June 17, 1903*

Lemaigre—Meditation	Rossini—Barber of Seville
Bizet—Torreador's Song	Clara Eisenbaugh      Margaret Gray
Lawrence DeWitt Herr	Laura McCormick      Jennie Vallerchamp
Batten—"Come Unto Me"	Prof. Oldham
Elsie Arnold	
Gillet—Loin de Ball	Nevin—Doris
May Myers      Edith Gingrich	Clara Eisenbaugh      Mamie Keller
Delibes—"Coppelia Valse"	Jennie Leslie      Sue Reiter
Helen Morgan	Gounod—"Message d'amour"
Adams—"Si J'etais Roi"	Jennie Leslie
Katherine Kauffman      Iva Maulfair	Val del Paz—Cortege
Constance Oldham      Sue Reiter	Emily Johnson      Blanche Wolfe
Mulder—Staccato Polka	Lemare—Romance in D
Clara Eisenbaugh	Ella Black
Batiste—Cecelia Offettoire	Lalo—Le Roi D'ys
Ivan McKenrick	Virgie Bachman      Mary Horstick
Recitation—A. The Minuet      B. Selected	Grace Nissley      Mabel Walmer
Valeria Heilman	

# Commencement Exercises

*Thursday Morning, June 18, 1903*

Music—Dixie Girl		<i>Lampe</i>
	Orchestra	
Invocation		
Music—Figar Oochzeit		<i>Mozart</i>
	Orchestra	
Commencement Oration	Dr. A. E. Winship	
Music—Irminie		<i>Jakobowski</i>
	Orchestra	
Presentation of Diplomas and conferring of Degrees		
	Dr. H. U. Roop	
Music—Dolly Varden		<i>Edwards</i>
	Orchestra	

# Senior Rhetorical

## *First Division*

*Saturday Evening, February 6, 1904*

Invocation		The Historical Position of Lord Byron	
Piano Solo—Prelude	<i>Rachmanikoff</i>		Edna Engle
	Walter Fellers	Contrasts	Alfred K. Mills
The Man of the Nineteenth Century		Vocal Solo—The Loveley	<i>Liszt</i>
	W. R. Appenzellar		Catharine Smith
Savonarola	C. Margaretta Miller	Character Drawing in Fiction	Nell C. Reed
Seeking the Grail	D. D. Brandt	The Influence of a Life	W. E. Riedel
Vocal Solo—The Colden Pathway	<i>Gray</i>	Organ Solo—Pastorale	<i>Duncan</i>
	Catharine Gensemer		L. DeWitt Herr
Real Sympathy	A. C. Crone		

# Senior Rhetorical

## *Second Division*

*Saturday Evening, February 13, 1904*

Invocation		The Wizard of Menlo Park	F. Heinaman
Piano Solo—Tarantella	Thorne	Madame Roland	Mabel M. Spayd
Iva Maulfair		Vocal Solo—A Rose	Denza
Political Tendencies	W. R. Kohr	Edith King	
The Mission of Humor	Mary N. Light	An Impending Crisis	C. H. Fisher
Is Our Recognition of Panama Justifiable?	J. H. Graybill	"Philosophers Falter in Wisdom"	J. I. Shaud
Piano Solo—Second Mazurka	Godard	Piano Solo—Tremolo	Gotschalk
Lenore Stauffer		Emily Johnson	

# *Junior Rhetorical*

## *First Division*

*Saturday Evening, March 5, 1904*

Invocation		The Outcome of the Labor Problem	
Piano Solo—Polka	<i>Wallace</i>		Ralph L. Engle
	Margaret Gray	Organ Solo—Gavotte	<i>Mignor</i>
The Land of the Rising Sun	Victor A. Arndt		DeWitt Herr
The Ambition of Macbeth	T. Bayard Beatty	Frederick Froebel	May B. Hershey
A Cheerful Philosophy	Alice L. Crowell	Uncle Sam	Elmer E. Erb
Vocal Solo	Selected	Little Things ; Builders of the Great	
	Clara Eisenbaugh		Nancy R. Kauffman
The Isthmian Canal	A. R. Clippinger	Vocal Solo—Thou Art My Springtime	<i>Abt</i>
The Test of Character	Frances E. Engle		Jennie Leslie

# *Junior Rhetorical*

## *Second Division*

*Saturday Evening, March 12, 1904*

Invocation		The Rejected Philosopher	C. C. Peters
Piano and Organ Duet—Consolation	<i>Liszt</i>	Achieving Success	Benj. D. Rojahn
Jennie Vallerchamp	Prof. Oldham	Piano Solo—Alice	<i>Ascher</i>
Andrew G. Curtin	Titus H. Kreider	Walter Fellers	
The Crisis of the Rebellion	P. E. Mathias	American Citizenship	G. I. Rider
Theodore Momsen	Ellen W. Mills	Election of U. S. Senators by the People	
Vocal Solo—Serenade	<i>Jouberti</i>	F. Berry Plummer	
Edith King		Vocal Solo—In Love's Delight	<i>Liszt</i>
Personality or Party	G. D. Owen	Mamie Keller	

# Thirty-Third Anniversary C. L. S.

*Thursday Evening, November 26, 1903*

Organ Solo—Cantilena	<i>G. Moring Stebbins</i>	Piano Duet—Hungarian Dances 8 and 10	
	Jennie Leslie	Charlotte Fisher	<i>Johannes Brahms</i>
Invocation		Laura McCormick	
Piano Solo—Erlkönig	<i>Liszt</i>	Third Orator—Shall We Follow the Deer	
	Laura McCormick		Nell C. Reed
Address	President	Essay—Making the Crowd Beautiful	
Vocal Solo—Carmena	<i>H. Lane Wilson</i>	Alice L. Crowell	
	Clara Eisenbaugh	Piano Solo—La Favorites	<i>Jascher</i>
First Orator—The Higher Heroism		Iva Maulfair	
	Mabel M. Spayd		
Second Orator—Charles Sumner			
	Ellen W. Mills		

# Twenty-Seventh Anniversary K. L. S.

*Friday Evening, April 8, 1904*

Invocation	Bishop J. S. Mills	Essay—Franklin and Education	
Music—La Cinquantive	<i>Gabriel Maine</i>		Victor A. Arndt
	Kalo Orchestra	Violin—(a) Serenade	<i>Gounod</i>
President's Oration—Projected Efficiency		(b) Mazurka	<i>Wienianowski</i>
	John H. Graybill	Frederick W. Light	
Organ Solo—Offerture No. 4	<i>Gladstone</i>	Ex-Oration—Luck and Labor	
	L. DeWitt Herr		Rev. Harry E. Miller
Oration—Good Citizenship		Music—Largo	<i>Haindel</i>
	Alfred Keister Mills		Kalo Orchestra
Music—Just a Song of Twilight	<i>Halcomb</i>		
	Kalo Quintet		

# Thirty-Seventh Anniversary P. L. S.

*Friday Evening, May 6, 1904*

Duet—Grand Valse de Concert	<i>Mattei</i>	Quartet—When the Little Ones Say “Good Night”	<i>Parks</i>
Elias A. Faus	Will E. Herr	D. D. Brandt	P. E. Mathias
Invocation	Rev. L. F. John D. D.	M. F. Lehman	Ralph L. Engle
Address of Welcome	A. C. Crone, President	Eulogy—Marcus A. Hanna	W. E. Riedel
Glee Club—We Meet Again To-Night		Oration—Municipal Rottenness	J. I. Shaud
Oration—The American Monarch		Quartet—Sweetheart Awake	<i>Storch</i>
	W. Ralph Appenzellar	Essay—The Color of the Spectacles	Frank Heinaman
		Glee Club—The Minstrel and the Maiden	



*Organizations*

*Illustrations*

*Rubs and Bumps*



## *Students' Militia*

### *Co. A, 1st L. V. Regulars*

CAPTAIN—Ellen W. Mills

1st LIEUT.—Arthur R. Clippinger

2nd LIEUT.—Clara E. Eisenbaugh

Chaplain—T. Bayard Beatty

Color Bearer—Mabel M. Spayd

2d Sargent—F. Berry Plummer

Corporals—Ora M. Harnish

Merle M. Hoover

Cooks—Neda A. Knaub

John B. Hambright

#### *Privates.*

Frances E. Shively

J. Warren Kaufman

Valeria S. Heilman

Walter R. Kohr

Catharine Gensemer

Ralph L. Engle

Susan J. Reiter

Edward E. Knauss

Lucile A. Mills

W. Ralph Appenzellar

Nancy R. Kauffman

Augustus C. Crone

Sadie Heckert

Carroll F. James

Margaretta Miller

Fred'k W. Light

#### *Deserters.*

E. Frances Engle

D. Dickson Brandt

Alice L. Crowell

George D. Owen

## *Students' Militia*

### *Co. B, 1st L. V. Volunteers*

CAPTAIN—Charlotte Fisher  
1st LIEUT.—P. E. Mathias  
2nd LIEUT.—Ethel Myers  
Chaplain—Park F. Esbenshade  
Color Bearer—Mary Lehman  
Sergeant—Max O. Snyder  
Corporals—Edith R. King  
            Benj. D. Rojahn  
Cooks—Mrs. Virginia C. Logie  
          Gordon I. Rider

#### *Privates.*

Nell C. Reed	Mary N. Light
Charles H. Fisher	Frank Heinaman
Mamie Keller	Constance Oldham
Vernon Grubb	Elmer V. Hodges
Sallie W. Kreider	Anna M. Wolfe
William E. Riedel	Elias M. Gehr
Laura A. Enders	Laura McCormick
Eber E. Ludwick	Mervyn Hocker

#### *Applicants for Admission to the Ranks*

Margaret Gray  
Chas. Peters

Edna Engle  
Stanley Snyder

# League of Death<sup>\*</sup>

## *Officers*

PRESIDENT—Fritz Plumbob

HIGH COCK-A-LORUM—Eugenius Mathonse

LOW COCK-A-HIRUM—Gourd Ryder

Representative from the Infernal Regions—Dickie Brantus

CHAPLAIN—Jimmie Spangler

HEAD USHER—Warren Caughman

## *Victims 1903—1904*

S. Snyder

Krimmel

Ludwick

Wolfe

Miller

James

Faus

Moyer

Baker

Fellers

R. Bender

Kiracofe

Shupe

\*The Death League is one of the oldest organizations of L. V. It is reported that the faculty were its charter members, but as they did not have the ability or time to perform its arduous tasks it passed into the hands of that heavenly body of angels called the students. The members of the League of Death have always, without exception, maintained law and order and upheld the dignity of the Y. M. C. A. and other religious bodies of the college. If new men do not honor the faculty, nor respect upper classmen and insist upon getting too fresh they are lovingly, gently, and tenderly conducted to "forty-five" and there they receive their just dues.—EDITOR.



THE- LEAGUE-OF-DEATH.

## *Criminal Club*

### *"First Anniversary"*

The first anniversary of the Criminal Club was solemnized with very impressive exercises, on the evening of June 3, 1903. The program rendered was as follows :

Singing—"How Hungry We Are"

Congregation

Devotional Exercises, Conducted by

Rev. T. Bayard Beatty

President's Address—"The Power of Unity"

Rev. Gordon I. Rider

Oration—"Why Doesn't the Devil Skate"

Hon. W. R. Appenzellar

Duet—"How We applied the Flame"

C. C. Peters, Esq.      C. E. Roundabush, Esq.

Oration—Beef and Potatoes

Rev. A. R. Clippinger

Poem—"Am I my Money's Keeper"

Rev. D. D. Brandt

Reading—"Is Hell Fire Blue?"

Dr. John B. Hambright

Recitation—"The Night was Dark"

Park F. Esbenshade, Esq.

Quartette—"Good-bye Booze"

Rev. E. M. Gehr      C. K. Dickson, Esq.

Prof. V. A. Arndt      Adam Heilman, A.B.

Oration—"The Value of Coal-oil"

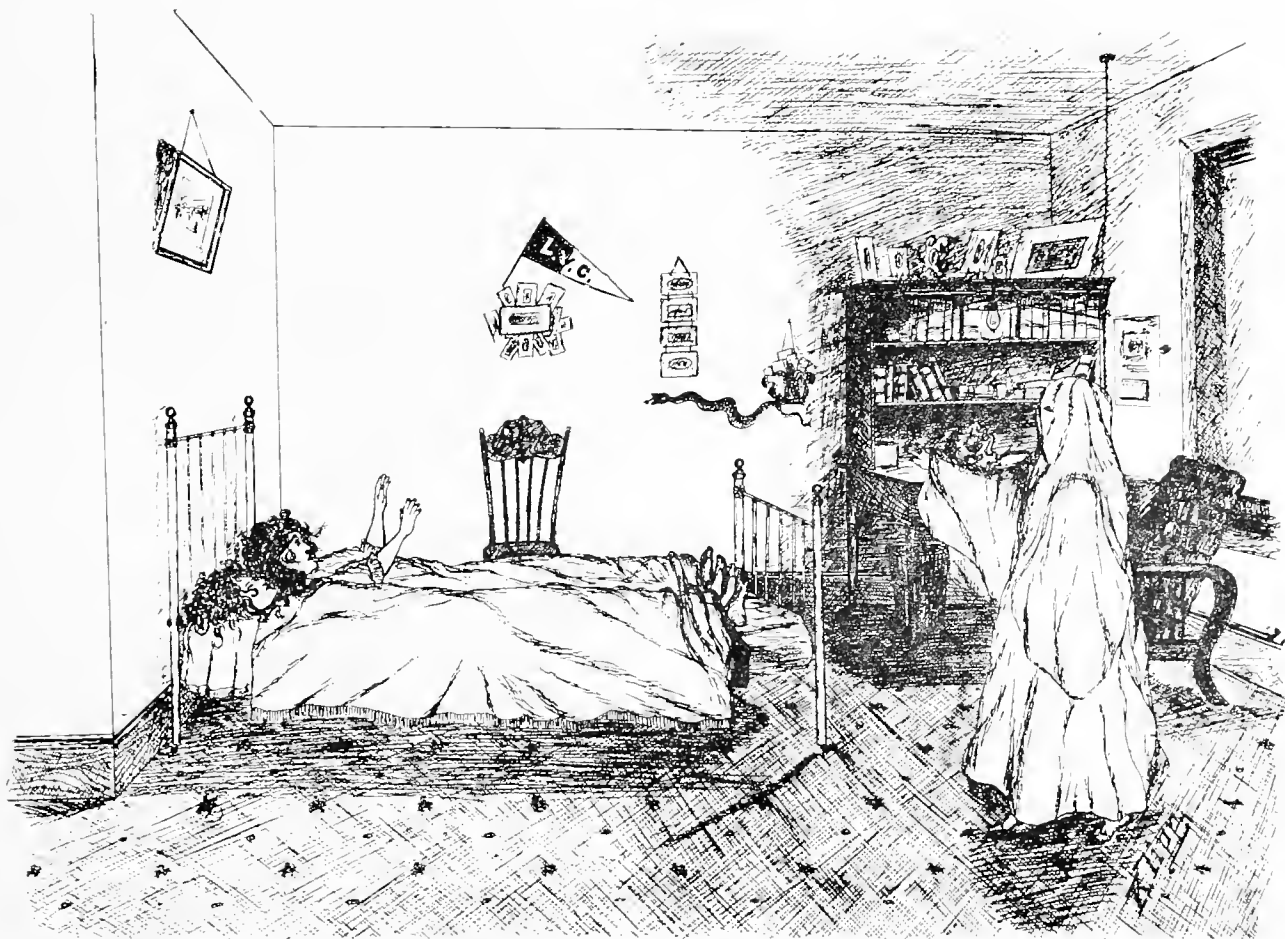
Hon. S. D. Kauffman

Trio—"And It Cost 2.63"

Bro. Ebersole      Bro. Knupp      Bro. Richards

Chorus—"Our "Gymie" 'Tis of Thee."

Congregation



THE GHOST IN THE LADIES' HALL

# *The Razorites*

## *Officers*

CHIEF SLASHER—Chas. Fisher

FIRST ASSISTANT—"Sir Thos." Baker

BLUNDERBUSS WIELDER—Max Snyder

BLOOD CATCHER—Wm. Riedel

MANUFACTURER—F. Heinaman

HEAD DRUMMER—Park Esbenschade

STAR FIGHTER—"Capaochie" Shelton

"CAPOACHIES" ASS'T.—Dan Shupe

## *Charter Members*

Fisher

Shelton

Baker

## *Honorary Members*

M. Snyder

Riedel

Heinaman

Esbenschade

Shupe

## *Taken from the Lips of various Members*

I wish I had my razor

I'll be conquered by no *damned* conquest

Where in the —? ?—? —? ??—is my razor

I'll slash you from ear to ear



*"Ho Sophy! Now I've got my  
razor."*

## *Dining Hall Bill of Fare*

### *Breakfast*

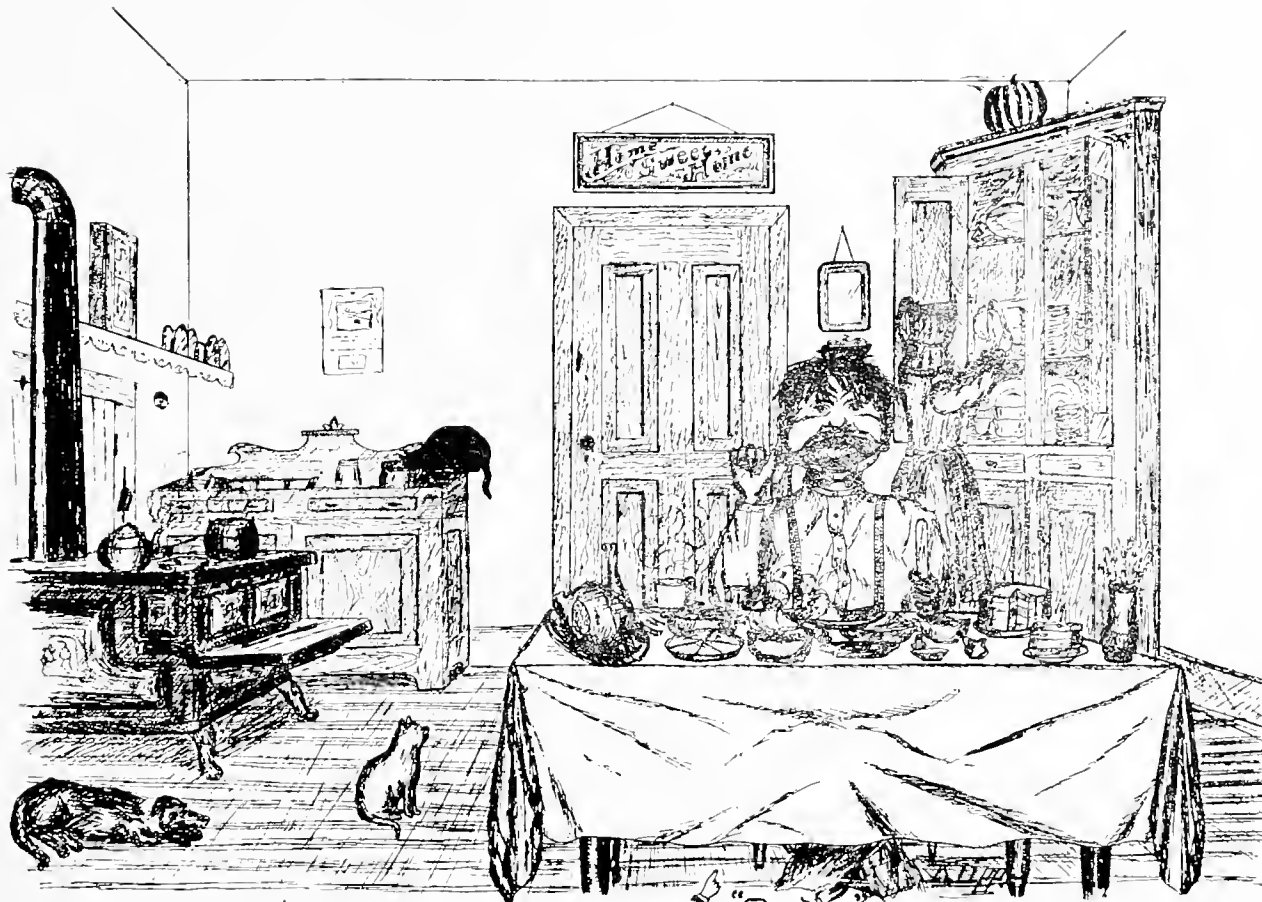
<i>Sour Grapes</i>	<i>Bran Chops</i>
<i>Red Shorts</i>	
<i>Saw Dust Cakes</i>	<i>Milk Soup</i>
<i>Warm Water</i>	

### *Luncheon*

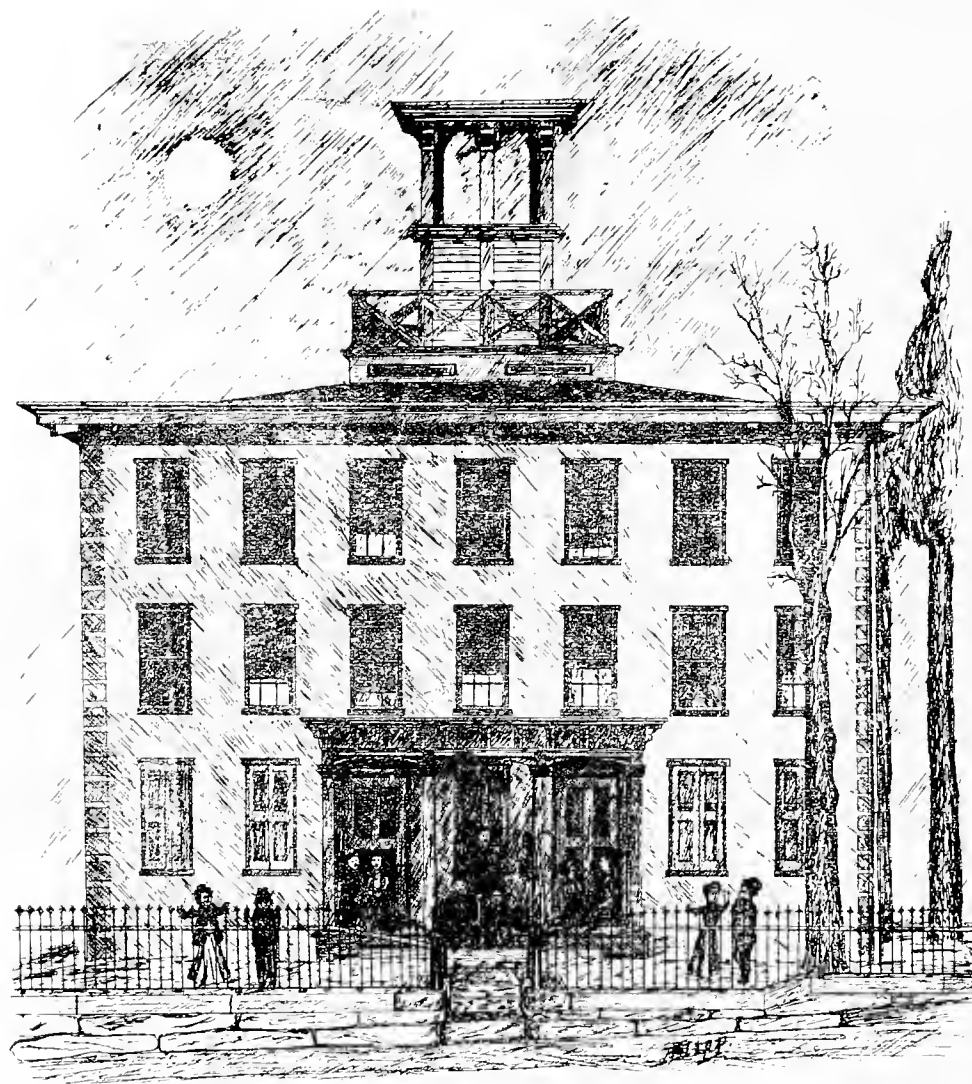
<i>Thin Corn Soup</i>	<i>Macaroni</i>
<i>Hash or Dried Beef</i>	
<i>Pretzels</i>	<i>Peanuts</i>
<i>Fruit Hash</i>	<i>Popeorn</i>
	<i>Agua Impura</i>

### *Dinner*

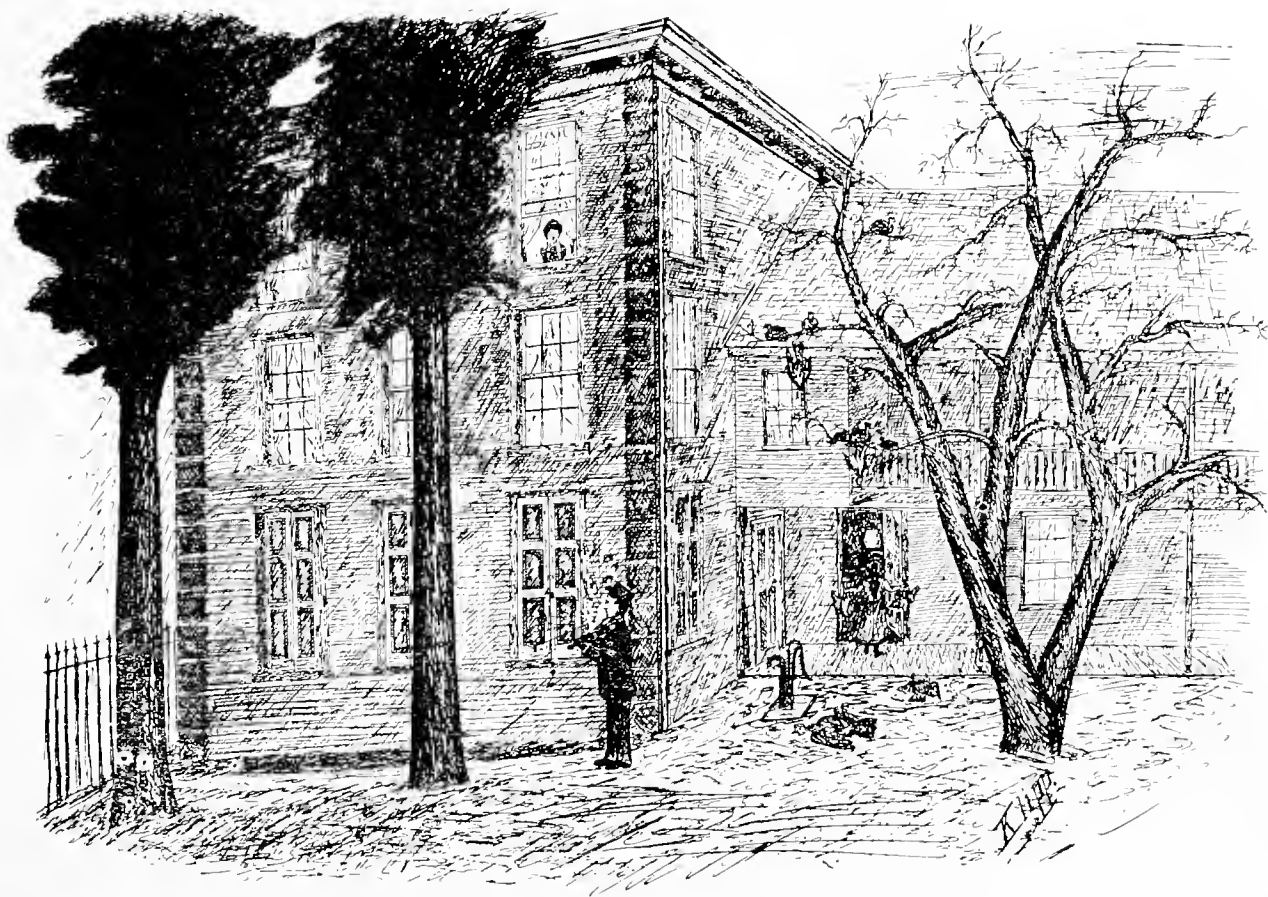
<i>Oleomargarine</i>	
<i>Bread</i>	<i>Bacon</i>
<i>Salt Water Potatoes</i>	<i>Sauer-kraut</i>
<i>Pig-feet</i>	<i>Pumpkin Sauce</i>
<i>Roxbury's Rye</i>	<i>Lager Beer</i>



Appetite in gear—"Gehr."



AFTER THE LECTURE.



"FRANKIE SERENADING HIS NELLIE DEAR"

## *As They Are Known*

---

"Irish" Arndt  
"Sir Thos. Lipton" Baker  
"Dickie" Brandt  
"Parson" Clippinger  
"Deacon" Crone  
"Jupiter" Daugherty  
"Nanc" Engle  
"Stony" Erb Sr.  
"Abe Lincoln" Erb Jr.  
"Lizzie" Fellers  
"Cholly" Fisher  
"Biggie" Fisher  
"Roscoe" Gehr  
"Gloomy Gus" Grub  
"Buffalo Bill" Grumbein  
"Pony" Hambright  
"Nosy" Herr  
"Bill" Heckert  
"Jesse" James  
"Deacon" Jones  
"Granny" King

"Foxy" Knauss  
"Crabby" Kreider  
"Sheeney" Leuchauer  
"Preacher" Mathias  
"Jerry" Miller  
"Monkey" Miller  
"Senator" Mills  
"Freddie" Plummer  
"Sue" Reiter  
"Doc" Rider  
"Billie" Reidel  
"Bill" Sanders  
"Mollie" Schlechter  
"Capoochie" Shelton  
"Bugs" Snyder  
"Fat" Snyder  
"Wang Doodle" Snyder  
"Bloomers" Sprecher  
"Jack" Strayer  
"Culley" Warlow  
"Happy Hooligan" Wolfe

## *Written to Suit*

Kohr—"A barking dog does not bite"

Mathias—"A clear conscience is a good pillow"

E. Engle—"A woman conceals what she knows  
not"

Owen—"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady"

Prof. Schlichter—"God sends meat but the  
devil sends cooks"

Hambright—"He that tells his wife news is but  
newly married"

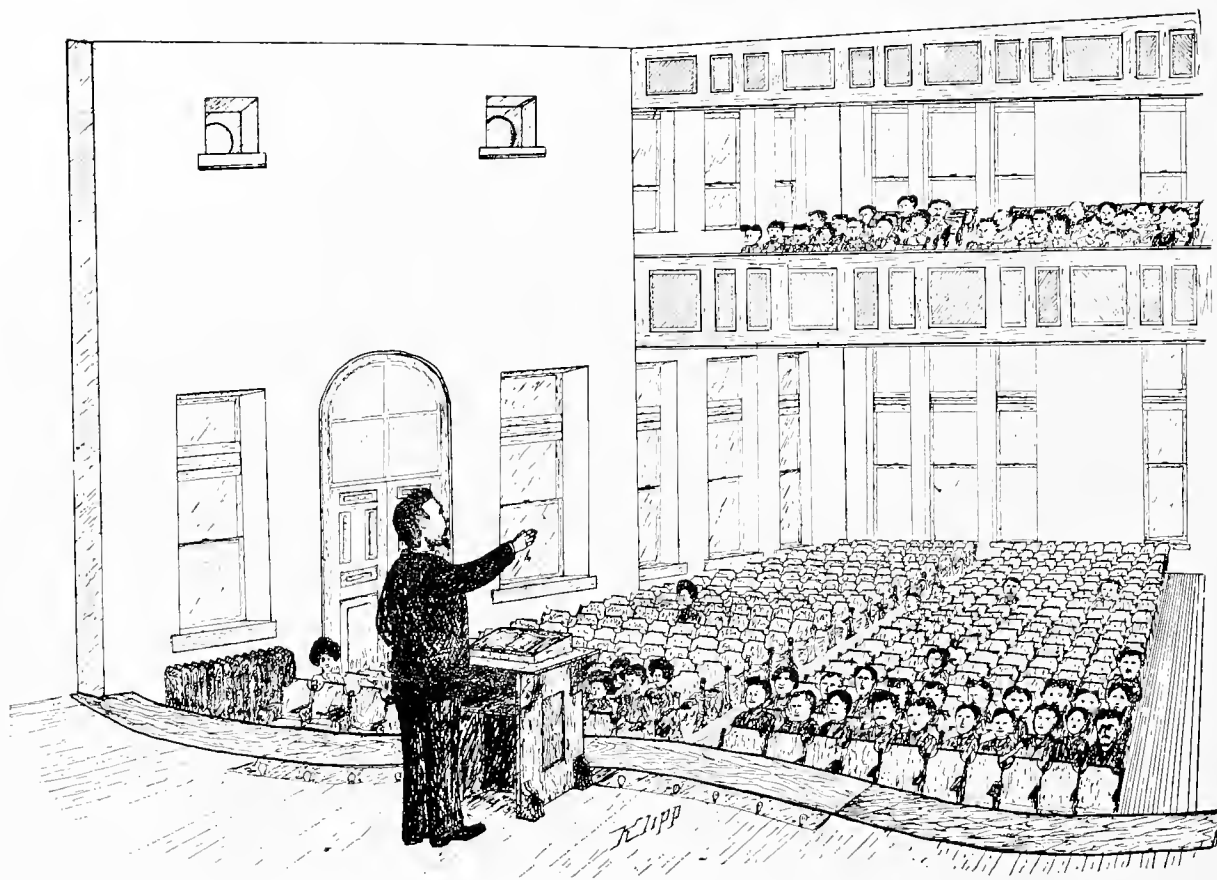
Clippinger—"He who is about to marry should  
consider how it is with his neighbors"

Fisher—"A fool of the third story"

Crone—"He looked like a walking West Indian  
epidemic"

Grumbein—"He looks as if he had been rubbed  
down with sand paper"

A. J. Shenk—"If standing between a donkey and  
a poodle dog, he were to ask, "When  
shall we three meet again?" He  
would be incontinently kicked and  
bitten by his two comrades."



"I APPEAL TO YOU AS TRUE AND LOYAL SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LEBANON VALLEY TO COME DOWN"  
(PRESIDENT FOOP)



'05'S HEADQUARTERS—ROUGH HOUSE



LADIES' HALL



GIVING PETERS A RIDE

## *We Complain*

Because our money is all,

Because Fisher tries to philosophize,

Because the Senior class is so full of conceit,

Because the apple crop was so large last fall,

Because the Sophs. are too slow to stop quick,

Because Prof. Schlichter doesn't get his hair cut oftener,

Because this is leap year and all the girls do not have beaux,

Because the Preps. try to rule the faculty and college students,

Because the grub isn't as good as we would get at the Waldorf Astoria,

Because Richter never applies H<sub>2</sub>O to some of the distal portions of his body,

Because the preceptress will not allow one couple to entertain alone in the parlor,

Because there is a greater need for a divorce lawyer among the couples at L. V. than for a preacher.

## *We Rejoice*

Because we are living.  
Because we are unmarried.  
Because we have good appetites.  
Because we are students of a co-ed college.  
Because eggs are only fifteen cents per dozen.  
Because "Capoochie's" stay at L. V. was so short.  
Because President Roop is the student's best friend.  
Because the League of Death preserves such good order.  
Because once upon a time Prof. Schlichter got his hair cut  
Because the volunteers are one by one enlisting with the regulars.  
Because the Normalites are with us during only one term of the year.  
Because L. V. is winning a name for herself in every department of athletics.

## Who?

Who says "gol-darn"?	Max Snyder
Who looks down on the boys?	Miss King
Who wears number nine shoes?	Vernon Grub
Who is the sweetest girl at L. V.?	My Girl
Who will make the best housewife?	Miss Harnish
Who made Prof. Schlichter drunk?	Charley Fisher
Who "swipped" Bishop Mills' turnips?	"Appy" and "Clipp"
Who is a bigger liar than Tom Pepper?	"Deacon" Jones
Who didn't attend the Junior Rhetoricals?	The Faculty
Who will succeed Quay in the U. S. Senate?	Prof. Shenk
Who entertains in the laboratory on the second floor?	Miss Spayd

## *Why ?*

Why doesn't Gehr get dyspepsia ?

Why is Richter the strongest man ?

Why don't some of the girls propose ?

Why is the Senior class so "stuck up" ?

Why does Peters wear a smile on Wednesday evening ?

Why is Rider so anxious to begin his ministerial work ?

Why doesn't Prof. Spangler bring us that maple sugar ?

Why did "Wang" Snyder flunk in every chemistry quiz ?

Why doesn't "Deacon" Jones observe the Sabbath by church attendance ?

Why did Max Snyder lose his religion when someone spirited away his razor ?

Why was Pres. so foolish as to request the Sophs. to come down out of the gallery ?

### *Retrospect*

Sunbury is the place for me,  
Said Moyer half forlorn,  
When coming to old L. V. C.  
'Twas there that I was born.  
But now I've come to dear L. V.  
That girl I left behind ;  
Another just as dear as she  
Is pretty hard to find.

### *"Clipp"*

There is a young fellow named Clip,  
And he is wondrous wise ;  
"To pony" would be sin says he,  
"To trot" he never tries.  
To be a Bishop is his aim  
A noble start he's made.  
A few more years may prove to us  
The truth of what he said.



PROF. LEHMAN JUMPING ACROSS (?) A RIVER ON THE MOON



LUCILE SHENK  
CARROLL DAUGHERTY

LEWIS JOHN  
LENORE JOHN

CATHARINE ENDERS  
MARGARET ROP

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Ruth Spangler  
Professor of Latin,  
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Professor of English,

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Edith Lehman  
Professor of History,  
Lucile Shenk  
Professor of Chemistry,

Professor of Biology,  
Catharine Enders

Professor of Music,  
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### *Committee on Cakes and Candies*

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SONG—"Good-bye Booze."

PURPOSE—To cheat the people and beat the devil.

MOTTO—Let him that exhorteth wait upon his inspiration.

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W. R. Appenzellar

J. A. Jones

F. B. Krimmel

A. B. Moyer.

## *In the Class Room and Elsewhere*

Prof. McFadden.—Mr. Knauss how large is an atom?

“Foxy”—Don’t know, Professor, never saw any.

Prof. Derickson.—Mr. Peters, in the digestive cavity of the dog, what organ corresponds to the gizzard of the earth worm?

Peters.—The tail.

Prof. Stein (On Monday morning).—Mr. Hoover, if its no secret, who was that lady with you at church last night?

Hoover.—Er-er-itsa—Miss Harnish.

Prof.—Harnish! Harnish! I have relatives by that name; I wonder if we are not related Mr. Hoover?

Sallie Kreider (Reading a passage in Anabasis).—“Immediately then the wild asses climbed the palm trees to make wine.”

Prof. Spangler—Let us pray!

## *In the Class Room and Elsewhere*

Prof. Schlichter.—Mr. Snyder what can you say of the death rate in Perry County?

Max.—Much greater than formerly; there are people dying to-day who never died before.

Prof. John.—If you were in a battle, Mr. Spangler, and the bullets were whizzing thick and fast past your head and through your clothing, what would you do?

Paul.—I'd run.

Lieut Mathias(instructing Sargeant Snyder).—Now Sargeant if Edith should come to the door what would you do?

Sargeant Snyder(remembering former drill).— I'd form a line, sir.

Lieut. Mathias.—What! One man form a line!

Sargeant Snyder.—Yes, sir! I'd form a bee-line for her, of course.

Miss Eisenbaugh.—Oh! Professor! Miss Spayd can just make elegant dried beef dressing.

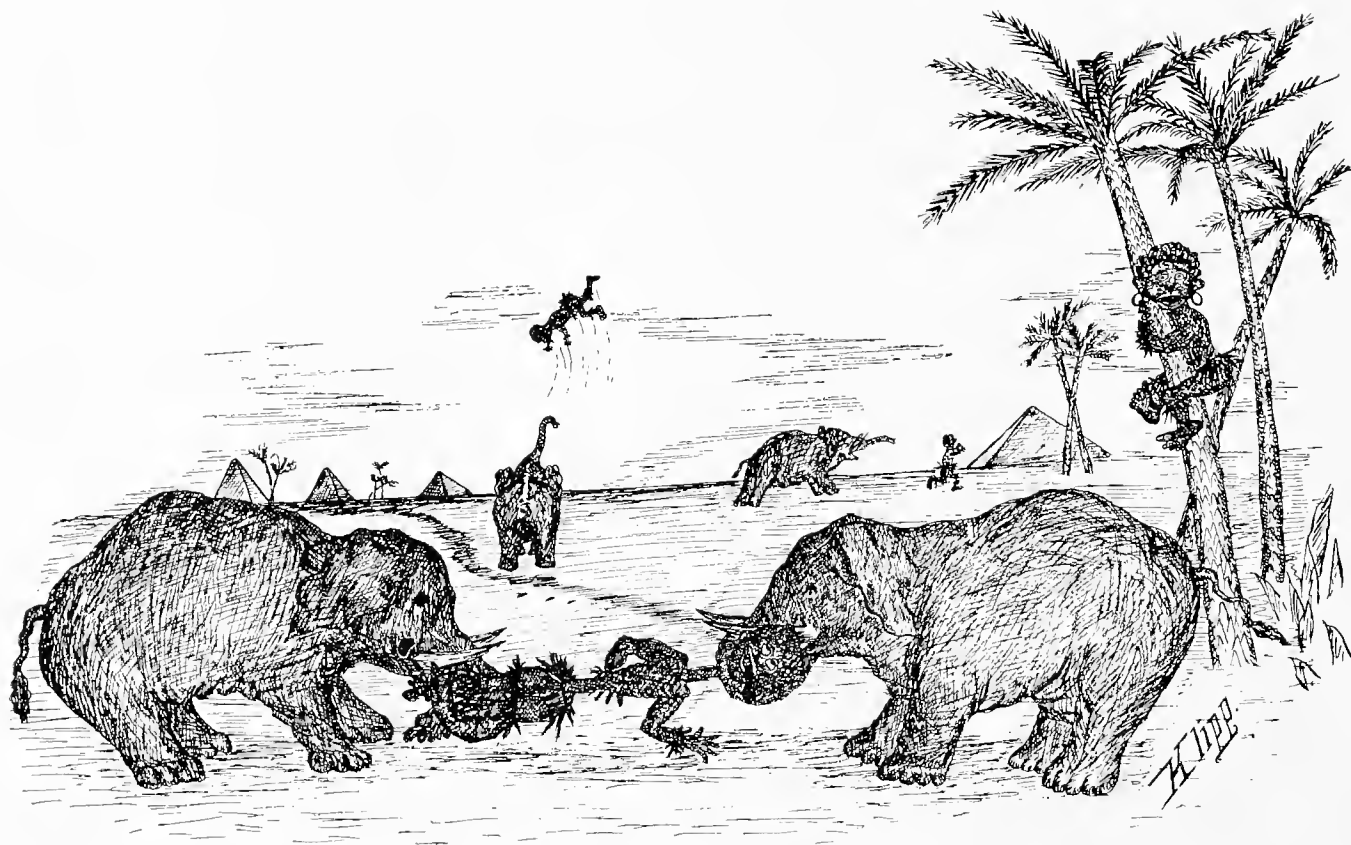
Prof. Derickson(Mournfully).—It's no use to tell me that now any more, Miss Eisenbaugh.

## *Advertisements*

WANTED—A Girl,	D. D. Brandt.
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“ —A Mustache,	D. K. Shupe.
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“ —A Housekeeper,	Prof. Seblichter,
“ —Something to eat,	Dining Hall Victims.
“ —A chew,	Max Snyder.
“ —A cigar,	Emanuel Snyder.
“ —A keg of Beer,	Stanley Snyder.
“ —Some one to love me,	Robert Snyder.
“ —Hair Dye,	J. F. Miller.
“ —Elephants milk to make me grow,	Wm. E. Riedel.
“ —Kohr,	Valeria Heilman.
“ —The “plumber,”	Mabel M. Spayd.
“ —The “spade,”	F. Berry Plummer.
“ —A divorce,	Ora M. Harnish.
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“ —Something to relieve us of our swelled heads,	Sophomores.
“ —Livlier Sophs.	Freshmen.

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- “ —A thoroughbred pony, sired by Hinds and Noble;  
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- “ —All hope of getting married, P. E. Mathias.
- “ —My engagement ring, Edna Engle.
- “ —Part of my trousers on the night I entertained the  
Death League, Chalice C. Baker.
- “ —Much of my ability as a Parliamentarian,  
J. M. Hostetter.
- “ —My ring, during a walk last Sunday afternoon with  
“Jesse” James, Mary Lehman.
- STOLEN The only “hard biled” shirt I ever possessed;  
also a valuable razor, C. H. Fisher.



THE END



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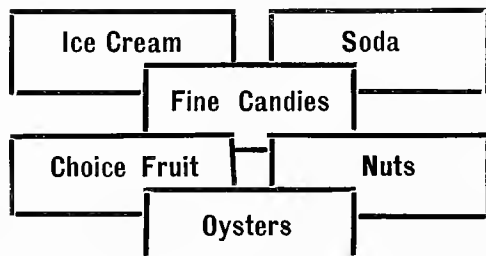
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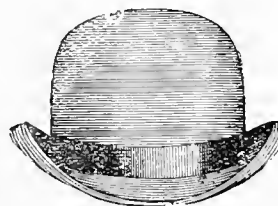
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