

HVERFORD

1905

Class Record



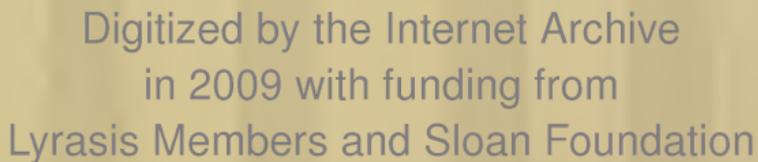
Helen G. Perot

from

A. Glyndwr Priestman

2nd. J. Smith

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THE CLASS

RECORD  
OF THE  
CLASS OF NINETEEN-FIVE

OF

HVERFORD COLLEGE

HVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1905



The John C. Winston Co.  
1006-1016 Arch Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## FOREWORD

**I**F, as the Poets say, Youth is the Springtime of Life, we may indeed liken College days to the season of the Blossoms, and the manifold Blessings which Alma Mater bestows, to the Blossoms themselves. For four years, all too short, alas! we have sipped like the fabled Bees at those honeyed Stores which now we are so loath to leave. But Springtime draws to a close, and we can but pluck a few Leaves and Flowers for Memory's sake. 'Twould be better far if we could tarry in the Garden, but Destiny bids us forth and we hastily gather a few Remembrances. Who shall say that their Fragrance may not lure other Bees to taste of the Garden's sweets, or that in the Summer, or in the Autumn, yea! even in the hoary Winter Season to come, their lingering Loveliness may not delight us with joyful Memories of Haverford days when we so truly became

*Non doctior sed meliore doctrina imbutus.*



BOARD OF EDITORS

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1905  
CLASS RECORD

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HAVERFORD  
1905  
CLASS RECORD

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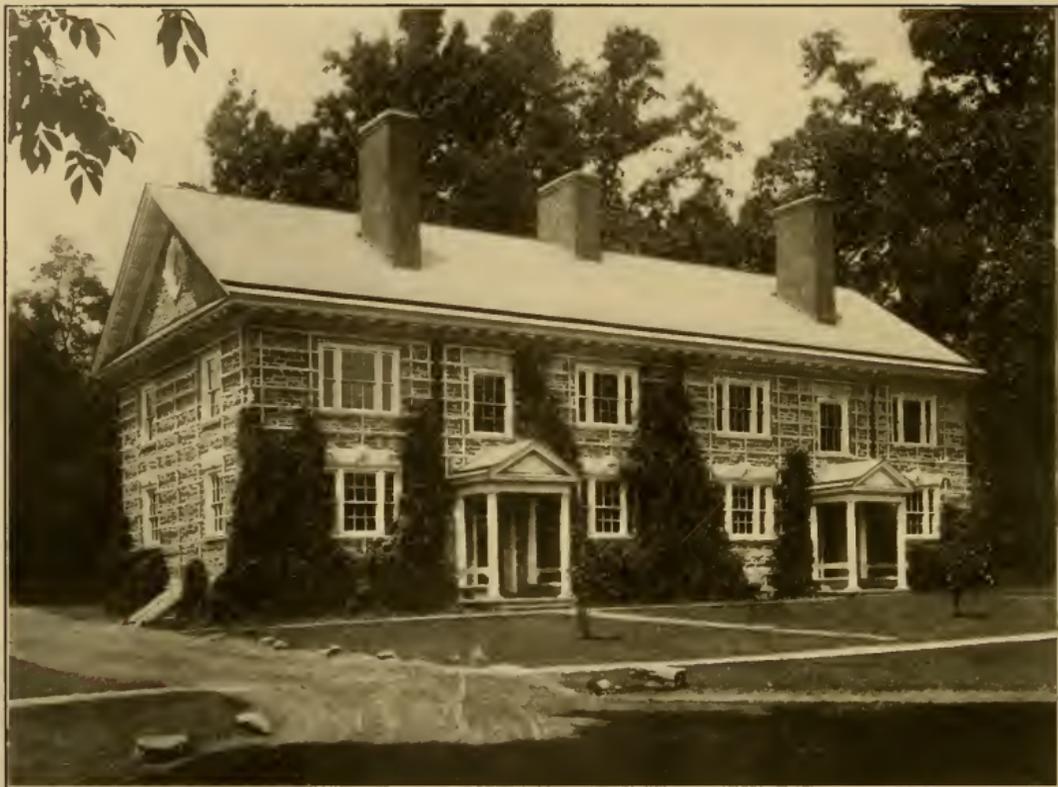
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LLOYD HALL

# Senior Class

## OFFICERS

|                    |   |   |   |           |                |
|--------------------|---|---|---|-----------|----------------|
| SIGMUND G. SPAETH  | Φ | Φ | Φ | President |                |
| ERNEST M. EVANS    | Φ | Φ | Φ | Φ         | Vice-President |
| ELIAS RITTS        | Φ | Φ | Φ | Φ         | Secretary      |
| E. CONVERSE PEIRCE | Φ | Φ | Φ | Φ         | Treasurer      |

## Senior Class

CHARLES ALLISON ALEXANDER, Devon, Pa.

Entered class in Freshman Year from Easttown High School. Foot-ball squad (3, 4). Class Cricket team (3).



"ALICE"

ADELBERT OWEN ANDREW, Eudora, Kan.

Entered class Senior Year from Friend's University. Class Track team (4).



"ANDY"



"BABB"

MAURICE JEFFERIS BABB, State College, Pa.

Entered class Senior Year from State College. Formerly Haverford, '96.

THOMAS MENROY BALES, Wilmington, O.

Entered class Senior Year from Wilmington College. Scrub Foot-ball team (4).



"BAILZY"



"BOWSE"

THOMAS FRANKLIN BAUSMAN, Lancaster, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Haverford Grammar School. Football squad (1). Track team (1). Class Track team (1). Captain (1). Cane Man (1). Left at end of Freshman Year.



"POKER"

SYDNEY MORRIS BOHER, Shippensburg, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from St. Luke's School. Class Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Relay team (1, 3, 4). Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4). Scrub Foot-ball team (2, 4). Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4). Glee Club (3, 4). Chorus of "Haverford Bandit" (2). Junior Play Committee (3). Class Record Committee (4).



"BUSH"

CHARLES STONE BUSHNELL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Friends' Central School. Corporation Scholarship (1, 2). Advisory Board (3, 4). Chairman (4). Gymnasium team (3, 4). Captain (4). Track team (3). Assistant Manager Track Department (3). Manager (4). Honorary Vice-President I. C. A. A. A. A. (4). Class Vice-President (2). President (3). Class Debating team (2). Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4).



"KATY"

BENJAMIN HAROLD CATES, East Vassalboro, Me.

Entered class Freshman Year from Oak Grove Seminary. Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4). College Orchestra (2). Class Cricket team (2, 3, 4). Class Treasurer (2). Glee Club (4). Class Record Committee (4).



"COOKIE"

HAROLD HOLMES COOKMAN, New York, N. Y.

Entered class Freshman Year from Wilmington Friends' School. Scrub Foot-ball team (4). Second Cricket team (2, 3, 4). Association Foot-ball team (2, 3, 4). Club Swinging team (3). Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Orchestra (1, 2). Class Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4).



"HASSAN"

HARRY GREER COX, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Westtown Boarding School. Class Foot-ball team (1). Substitute Class Foot-ball team (2). Scrub Foot-ball team (3, 4). Cup for most conscientious work on Scrub (4). Class Debating team (1). Fourth prize for systematic reading (3).



"DEACON"

THOMAS STALKER DOWNING, Wilmington, Del.

Entered class Freshman Year from Wilmington Friends' School. Gymnasium team (3, 4). Second Cricket XI (1, 2, 3, 4). Class XI (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Track team (2). Association Foot-ball Squad (2, 3). Class Secretary (3). Vice-Chairman Association Foot-ball Association (4). Corporation Scholarship (1).

BENJAMIN ESHLEMAN, Lancaster, Pa.

Entered Freshman Year from Yeates School, Lancaster, Pa. Foot-ball team (2). Foot-ball squad (3, 4). Foot-ball Scrub (1). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2). Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Relay team (1, 3, 4). Chairman of Foot-ball Department (4). Manager of Association Foot-ball team (4). Assistant Manager (3). Glee Club (2). "Ye Haverford Bandit" (2). Nominating Committee for Athletic Association Officers (3). Class Vice-President (2). Class Secretary (1). Junior Play Committee (3). Class Record Committee (4). Corporation Scholarship (1).



"BENNY"



"BONES"

ERNEST MERVYN EVANS, Germantown, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School. Second Cricket team (1, 2). Won '85 Prize Belt (2). Gymnasium team (2). Foot-ball squad (3). Corporation Scholarship (3). Chairman Cricket Department (4). Treasurer College Association (2, 3). Vice-President (4). Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (3). Advisory Board (3, 4). Class Treasurer (3). Class Vice-President (3). Class President (3). Class Cricket team (4, 2, 4). Class Foot-ball team (2). Chairman Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4). Cricket team (4).

CHARLES WORLEY FISHER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Central High School. Honorable mention, Philip C. Garrett Greek Prize (1). Corporation Scholarship (3). Glee Club (4).



"WORLEY"



"TAR"

MONTGOMERY WARD FLEMING, Bellefonte, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Bellefonte Academy. Foot-ball squad (2, 3). Foot-ball team (4). Class Secretary (2, 3). Class Vice-President (3, 4). Class Presenter (4).



"GODDIE"

HARRY GODSHALL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from West Chester State Normal School. Glee Club (1). Chorus of "T. T. T. Robbery" (1). Left at end of Freshman Year.



"HOPPY"

ARTHUR HADDON HOPKINS, Haddonfield, N. J.

Entered class Freshman Year from Friends' Central School. Foot-ball team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Track team (1, 2, 3, 4). Cricket team (2, 3, 4). Second Cricket team (1). Hinchman prize bat (3). Class '85 prize ball (2). Record cup for running broad jump (1, 2). Secretary of Athletic Association (2). Vice-President (3). President (4). Honorary Vice-President of I. C. A. A. A. (3). Assistant Manager Track team (2). Manager (3). Chairman (4). President of College Association (4). Glee Club (2, 4). Assistant Manager Musical Association (3). Advisory Board (3, 4). Class President (1). Class Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (2, 4). Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (2, 3, 4). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2).

PAUL JONES, Wellesley Farms, Mass.

Entered class Freshman Year from Stone School. Debating team (4). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2). Class Track team (1). Chairman Civics Department of Loganian Society (4).



"ADMIRAL"



"H. W."

HAROLD WILLIAM JONES, South China, Me.

Entered Freshman Class from Friends' School, Providence, R. I. Football team (1, 2, 3, 4). Track team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain Track team (4). Captain Class Foot-ball team (1, 2). Captain Class Debating team (1, 2, 3, 4). Winner Everett Medal (1). Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3). President Y. M. C. A. (4). Assistant Manager Gymnasium team (3). Chairman Gymnasium Department (4). Secretary Scientific Society (3). Secretary College Association (2). Class President (1). Advisory Board (3, 4). Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4). Holder of College record in Hammer Throw (1, 2, 3, 4).

CHARLES SMITH LEE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Haverford Grammar School. Gymnasium team (3, 4). Class Track team (1). Tennis championship (1, 2, 4). Vice-President Tennis Association (4). President (3). Captain Tennis team (3, 4).



"PAGAN"



"MOLLIE"

JOSEPH HOWARD MORRIS, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Lower Merion High School. Glee Club (4).



"HAM,"

EFFINGHAM COCK MURRAY, New York, N. Y.

Entered class Freshman Year from Friends' Seminary, New York. Scrub Foot-ball team (1). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2). Association Foot-ball squad (2, 3).



"LAURA JEAN "

RALPH GARFIELD LIBBY, Portland, Me.

Entered class Freshman Year from Philips Exeter Academy. Track team (1). Class Foot-ball team (1). Class Track team (1). Glee Club (1). Chorus of "T. T. T. Robbery" (1). Left at end of Freshman Year.



"FREDDIE "

FREDERICK WILLIAM OHL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from the Philadelphia Central High School. Corporation Scholarship (2, 3, 4). Philip C. Garrett Prizes in Latin (1), Greek (1), and Themes (2). Class of '96 Prize in Latin (2). Glee Club (4). Clementine Cope Fellowship (4).



"DUTCH"

RALPH LINCOLN PEARSON, Germantown, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School. Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Foot-ball squad (1). Foot-ball team (2, 3). Association Foot-ball team (2, 3, 4). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2). Class Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (1). Class Vice-President (1). President (2). Gymnasium squad (1, 2). Ground Committee (2, 3, 4). Vice-Chairman Cricket Department (3). Vice-President Association Foot-ball Association (3). President (4).

EDMUND CONVERSE PEIRCE, Haverford, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Germantown Academy. Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Cricket team (2, 3, 4). Second Cricket team (1). Class Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4). Assistant Manager Foot-ball team (3). Manager (4). Assistant Manager and Secretary Musical Association (2). Class Secretary (2). Treasurer (4). Class Record Business Manager (4). English Cricket Tour (3). Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4). Sophomore Mathematics Prize (2). Vice-President Scientific Club (4). Chairman Freshman Rules Committee (2).



"YUNKO"



"MOTHER"

ALBERT GLYNDON PRIESTMAN, Germantown, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School. Cricket team (2, 3, 4). Second Cricket team (1). English Cricket Tour (3). Manager Cricket team (3). Ground Committee (4). Class Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (3). Foot-ball squad (2). Foot-ball team (3, 4). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2). Gymnasium squad (1). Track team (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Track team (1, 2, 3, 4). Association Foot-ball team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Secretary-Treasurer (2). Manager (3). "Haverfordian" Board (2, 3, 4). Class Record Committee (4).

WILLIAM J. REAGAN, New London, Ind.

Entered class Senior Year from Earlham College.



"WILLIE"



"LIAS"

ELIAS RITTS, Butler, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Butler High School. Manager Gymnasium team (4). Manager Cricket team (4). Assistant Manager Cricket team (3). President of Class (2). Class Secretary (4). Class Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4). Second Cricket team (2, 3, 4). English team (3). Class of '85 Prize Fielding Belt (3). Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4). Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2). Loganian Council (2, 3, 4). Mandolin Club (2, 3). President Golf Association (3).

JOHN LAWRENCE SCULL, Overbrook, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Haverford Grammar School. Football team (3). Football squad (2). Track team (1, 2). Class Football team (1, 2). Class Track team (1, 2, 3). Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3). Junior Play Committee (3). Class Treasurer (1). Left at end of Junior Year.



"TUB"



"LES"

LESLIE B. SEELY, Beach Haven, Pa.

Entered at beginning of Junior Year from '06. Advisory Board (4).  
Honor System Committee (4). Philip C. Garrett Prize in Biology (3).  
Secretary Y. M. C. A. (3). President Scientific Clubs (4).



"DOC"

MARION B. SEEVERS, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Entered class Senior Year from Penn College. Foot-ball team (4).



"JEWS-HARP"

JAMES MANNING SMITH, Mt. Summit, Ind.

Entered class Senior Year from Earlham College. Scrub Foot-ball team (4).

LINDLEY SMYTH, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Haverford Grammar School. President Musical Clubs (4). Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Treasurer (3). Junior Play Committee (3). College Orchestra (1, 2). Banjo Club (3).



"LADYSMITH"



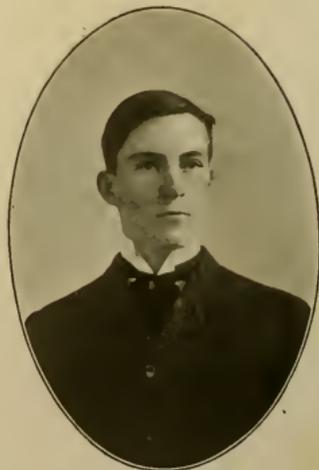
"RAB"

SIGMUND G. SPAETH, Mount Airy, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from Germantown Academy. Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Leader (4). Glee Club (3, 4). Leader (4). Banjo Club (3). Orchestra (1, 2). "Haverfordian" Board (2, 3, 4). Editor-in-Chief (4). Second Cricket XI (2, 3, 4). Winner of '85 Prize Bat (2). Association Foot-ball team (2, 3, 4). Tennis team (3, 4). Chess team (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (3, 4). Class President (4). Chairman Junior Play Committee (3). Editor-in-Chief Class Record (4). Class Honor System Committee (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Cricket team (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2). Class Debating team (1, 2). Tennis Association Treasurer (2). Vice-President (3). Secretary (4). President Chess Club (4). Winner of Chess Tournament (3, 4). Winner of Teaching Fellowship (4). Winner of First Prize for Systematic Reading (3). Honorable mention Sophomore Theme Prize (2). Contestant for Everett Medal (2).

GLENN WENDELL STARKEY, North Vassalboro, Me.

Entered class Freshman Year from Oak Grove Seminary. Sub. on Class Cricket team (1). Elected Treasurer for Sophomore Year (1). Left at end of Freshman Year.



"STARKEY"



"BEERY"

HERMAN KROBERGER STEIN, West Chester, Pa.

Entered class Freshman Year from West Chester High School. Con-  
testant for Everett Society Medal (2).

ELLIOT KAYS STONE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Senior Year from University of Pennsylvania.



"SHAKESPEARE"



"KID"

NICHOLAS LECHMERE TILNEY, Orange, N. J.

Entered class Freshman Year from Haverford Grammar School. Freshman Rules Committee (1). Mandolin Club (1). Chess team (1). Left at end of Freshman Year.

CHESTER JACOB TELLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered class Junior Year from Cornell University. Glee Club (3, 4). Alternate Debating team (3). Debating team (4). Honorable mention in Alumni Oratorical Contest (3). Winner in Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest at Mt. Gretna (4). Teaching Fellowship (4). Corporation Scholarship (4). Class Poet (4). Business Manager Class Record (4). Winner Alumni Oratorical Prize (4).



"UNCLE"



" TOMMY "

HOWARD PITNER THOMAS, Kennett Square, Pa.

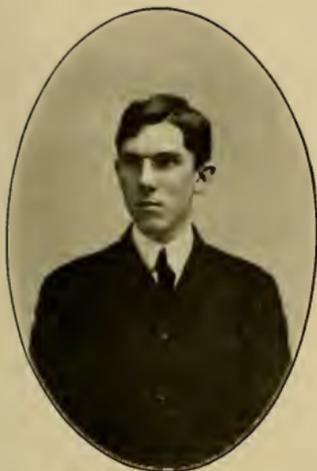
Entered class Freshman Year from Martin Academy. Corporation  
Scholarship (2).



" VIC "

VICTOR WAYNE WHEELER, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Entered class Freshman Year from Penn Yan Academy. Foot-ball  
squad (2). Second Cricket team (1, 2). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2).  
Class Cricket team (1, 2). Shakespeare Prize Bat (1). Contestant for  
Everett Medal (2). Left at end of Sophomore Year.



LYNDON LEA WHITE, Raleigh, N. C.

Entered class Senior Year from Guilford College.

"WHITEY"

EDWARDS FAYSSOUX WINSLOW, Baltimore, Md.

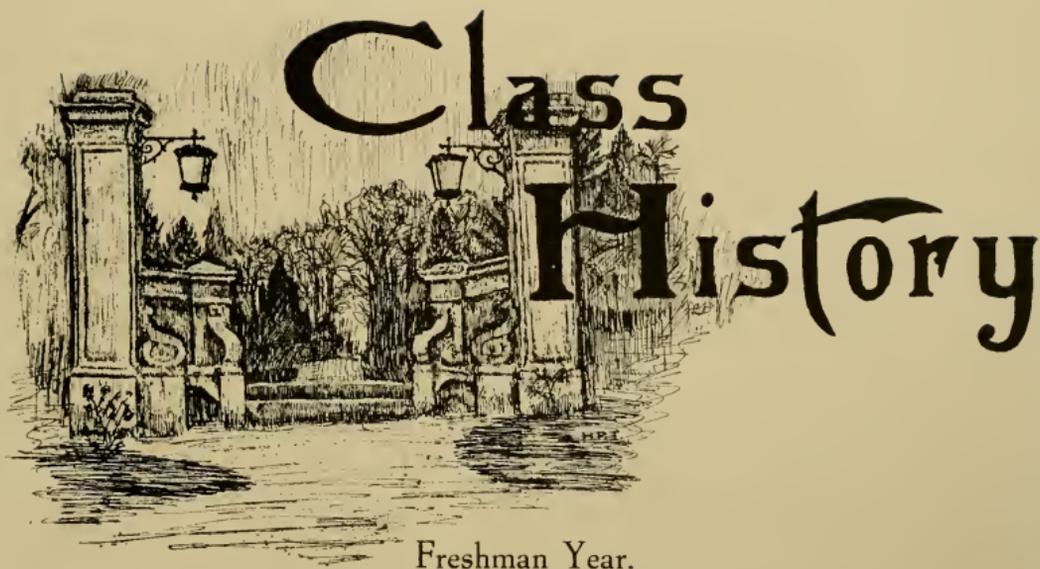
Entered class Freshman Year from Marston University School. Football squad (2, 3). Class Foot-ball team (1, 2). Class Cricket team (3). Track team (2, 3). Class Track team (1, 2, 3). Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3). Glee Club (2). Banjo Club (1). Chorus of "Haverford Bandit" (2). Left at end of Junior Year.



"FISH-HOOKS"



FOUNDERS HALL



'Tis a far cry back to Freshman Year, when, restrained by no thought of the morrow nor of responsibility to any, we made merry with that joyous completeness which ever brings a bright remembrance to our jaded minds. Never can we sit down and conjure up recollections of college days but that the same old sentence is sure to come up, "yes, that's all right, but don't you remember that time in Freshman Year when"—. Never will the wild pranks of those sleepless nights, nor the zest with which we made life miserable for others, quite fail to make us smile and rub our hands in gleeful recollection. Ah, boys, those were most scrumptious times!

When, on that memorable Wednesday, we were first gathered together,—when 1905 came to be, gathered from the far winds,—knowing little, thinking we knew much, and looking ourselves over, our conclusions were pretty much the same. We were *it*,—that was about all there was in the case, —and we would take good care that the proof should have a well-earned Q. E. D. thereafter. “Fresh!” said the Sophomores. Perhaps we were, for we posted their own undisclosed rules that afternoon, with numerals and classes reversed, and likewise held well onto our end of the cane. We took our medicine that evening in proper style, and edified the old inhabitants a few days later with a wild soap-slide.

Quickly we found ourselves, and, once found, we never lost; but there went through, with a zip, one of the merriest years that ever caused some old hitching-post of preceding generations to remark, “Wal, I bin here nigh thutty year, and them’s the orneriest set I ever see.”

In the day-time we got our bearings, listened to the fatherly advice of Juniors who wanted to see some excitement without participating in it, and sometimes took a little well-earned rest by going to classes and sleeping through them. At night—well, we didn’t *sleep* much. We carried out our schemes of the day, drank chocolate till the raw material failed, and sang in hideous discord till the pattering of foot-steps and the appearance of a red bath-robe and green-shaded lamp advised us to turn in. We obeyed *then*, for we hadn’t been on the premises very long.

Soon we learned the exquisite joys of clanking iron, muffled shrieks, and runs into the dark halls as some luckless one fell out of bed. Many a night, at the Kid’s call, we assembled, and picked our unfortunate victim. It was easy work, though music-stands, chairs and even infernal machines barred our entrance. But when one’s fingers just get a good grip on the iron work, oh, the joy of artistically heaving the unsuspecting occupant into the air, jerking the bed from under, hearing him grunt as he hit the floor, and then throwing the clanging bed on top and clearing out. And best of all to go in and throw poor Bones out and stand at the door as he emerged, shivering, from the *débris*, and hear the Piker’s sleepy voice say, “Whatup, Bones?” and that dear soul’s grieved reply, “Aw, Dutch, they *dumped* me.” Then would appear again that inevitable student lamp with the green shade on the background of red bath-robe, and our buxom proctor would find only a few innocent ones sitting in the darkness singing, or else everyone asleep.

Space fails me to tell of the many varied experiences with our guardians or the songs dedicated to our respected proctor’s sleep, or the general good time that varied each night and day. Time passed quickly, not even the fire-hose dampening our ardor, till that memorable night before the Christmas holidays when we stormed the Heights of Barclay, while water and molasses, boxes and barrels and buckets, impeded our progress in vain. On we charged under cover of our heavy artillery, the over-worked fire-hose, to the top of the stairs, where the “Tub” broke loose and ran bravely into a flaming torch which promptly turned

him back into the ranks. Glorious was the conflict; great was the victory. Long will we remember the sight of our valiant proctor as he scurried for cover under the merciless fire of the hose.

Thus far I have neglected to mention the college affairs which, curiously enough, were going on without our help. The foot-ball season had been a prosperous one, ending in a tie game with Swarthmore. We Freshmen rooted lustily with the rest, and learned to sing, "Comrades Come," without knowing or caring much what it meant. We were represented on the team by Hoppy and H. W. The former secured a lasting place in the Hall of Fame by his sensational run of the length of the field against Columbia. H. W.'s manly form and evident superiority in years led us to elect him captain of our class foot-ball team, which, however, was doomed to disappointment, as the interclass game had to be omitted. Having lost the fall track-sports, we were naturally a little anxious for another try at our tutors, and eagerly waited for the cricket season.

With the long winter months, we were forced to depend upon our own originality for amusement. We tried experiments on various time-honored institutions and eventually succeeded quite creditably in bringing down the wrath of the entire community on our heads. There was a clock in Barclay Hall. It was a friendly clock, of staid and quiet demeanor and of slow and regular speech. Its innocent face was its undoing. One morning the inhabitants of Barclay were grievously shocked to observe a startling change which had mysteriously come over the clock in the night. Its usually healthy brown complexion had become a flaming and sanguineous red. Two enormous ears projected from the sides, two staring eyes from the middle, while below a ghastly mouth stretched grinning. Across the face appeared a motto, whose precise meaning has never been discovered, but whose humor was of that vague, mystical sort which pleases only the most aesthetic taste. Thus rejuvenated, the clock indeed took on a somewhat worldly aspect, hardly in keeping with a solemn place like Barclay Hall. Still the smiling face appeared to please many, and was even openly admired by a few bold onlookers. Strange, then, that a suggestion soon came from headquarters that the class might take the liberty of substituting a new time-piece for the old and gaily bedecked one. Strange, also, that a few members of the class should have taken upon themselves the responsibility of presenting the suggested clock to the college, with many happy returns. Perhaps they knew something of it. Who can tell?

Our experiments were not limited to Barclay Hall. One of our members took a lively interest in electricity. During the progress of a lecture in Alumni Hall, he descended boldly into the cellar, on scientific investigation bent. Finding a row of wires extending into infinity, he determined to see whether the electric current could still pass through if the wires were cut. One fell stroke of the knife did the trick. Then the scientific investigator returned to the upper regions to see if the lights were still burning. They weren't.



THE CLASS IN FRESHMAN YEAR

The audience were in a state of subdued hysterics. The lecturer was balancing himself in the middle of the stage vainly clutching at the dark to find the end of his last sentence. Dr. Babbitt was meandering slowly down the central aisle, carrying blessed relief in the shape of an oil lamp. Into this scene of horror and confusion, our young Galileo calmly stepped. Covered with dust and cobwebs, he could not escape detection. Strangely enough, his efforts in the cause of science were not appreciated.

The class now began to feel more responsibility. Filled with a desire for unity and organization, it formed a species of self-government which rivalled that of Bryn Mawr. The arbitrary acts of power which followed gave valuable experience for the succeeding year. The first event may be likened unto the stable-cleaning of Hercules. A certain member of the class, (alas, he is with us no more), was possessed of a Paderewskian head of hair, with a "glory that was grease" and perpetual evidences of his earthly foundation. Let us omit the harrowing details. He was attended by a polite committee armed with a long-handled floor mop and some strong soap. A Barclay Hall bath-room was sacrificed for the committee-meeting. After a short discussion the doors were thrown open to the public, which entered with a rush and quickly occupied every available seat. The ceremonies which followed were most impressive. Detailed information may be procured from "Fish-hooks," who did most of the work.

Numerous other instances there were of our class self-government. How we heard Green's History on ice, how we hunted the "Rabbit," armed with safety razors—these and other events remain forever in our memory. Our political system was also extended to cover some of our more refractory professors. One, of gentle spirit and obliging disposition, had to be amused by a menagerie. So, one morning, when the first signs of spring were already in the air, a dozen yellow fluffy chickens were simultaneously released on the floor of the room, and immediately there arose a piping such as had never been heard since the days of Pan. The mother of the downy chicks was also brought into service. Our long-suffering proctor entered one evening to find the sedate hen in proud possession of his room, stepping with dignified grace around the foot of the bed. Other animals were also honored by a participation in the mysteries of the class room. Memorable was the day when our Greek professor was startled from his usual composure by the appearance of a large bull-frog on the platform. With admirable presence of mind he seized it by one eye and calmly dropped it out of the window. The frog went down to a martyr's death, but he was avenged by others of his family who hopped alluringly out of the Doctor's reach, until, in desperation, he permitted "Benny" to round them up. Later, when all had become quiet again, the measured flip-flap was suddenly renewed. With a wild cry for revenge, the Doctor descended upon the supposed frog, only to find a pair of pencils connected by a twisted rubber winding themselves on the floor.

In connection with the dear Greek professor, the recollection of "Youngster's" sudden illness and faint-

ing fit is naturally revived. The combination of a bloody handkerchief, a deadly pallor and a well-timed sprawl upon the floor, sent the sympathetic professor into an agony of terror. Four of us immediately leaped to our feet, and, casting reproachful glances at the Doctor, carried the prostrate Youngster to Barclay Hall. The scheme worked so splendidly, and the Doctor took such a genuine interest in the welfare of the invalid that it seemed a pity to divulge the hoax. So it is probable that the sympathetic professor will never know the truth. Other schemes there were, of minor importance, such as Freshmen usually work off on their guardians. Some were funny, at least to us, while some were merely a relief for superfluous energy. The college body finally took exception to our pranks and that august body, the Advisory Board, tendered us a reception, in which the pleasure was somewhat one-sided. We put on a bold front, marched lock-step into Alumni Hall, and sang cheerfully while the Board prepared to express its wrath in fitting terms. The remarks which followed sobered us somewhat. But after we had been placed in a receptive mood by the kindly words of the first speakers, the president of the Y. M. C. A. produced a sad anti-climax by losing his temper completely, and ending with that famous sentence, "It's not clever, and it's not funny; it's just darn fresh!" In spite of the effect of this Websterian bit of oratory, the impression created on us by the little reception was, on the whole, a good one. Thereafter our minds turned to more serious subjects, and some of us even got to work. Mid-years passed with their historic regularity. With the approach of Spring we began to take a lively interest in athletics. Our class possessed some good cricket and track material, and we hoped for glorious results. In cricket, however, we were sadly disappointed. The Sophomores made it plain that Freshmen must not attempt too much at a time, and so we fell back on track sports. The Seniors were the recognized champions of the cinder path, and, having won the cup regularly for three years, were determined to finish with a startling and complete victory. Our intentions were otherwise but we kept a discreet silence. To make assurance doubly sure, the Seniors invented a new event by which they seemed certain of scoring at least half-a-dozen extra points. This event was "kicking the foot-ball." 1905 immediately prepared to win this event along with the rest, and "Tub" and the "Dutchman" were entered. "Bones" had not then proved his efficiency as a kicker, so his latent skill was allowed to pass unheeded. To the surprise and chagrin of the over-confident Seniors, "Dutch" booted the ball about 70 yards, winning the event, while "Tub" came up smiling in second place. We would probably have won the meet, anyway, but the kindness of the Seniors made the job much easier. That night we paraded the country for miles, "en blanc," and roused the inhabitants of the entire township by our vociferous joy.

Then came the real Spring weather again. Our evenings were now spent in the time-



honored French cricket, or in wandering over to Bryn Mawr to sing our passionate love-songs to those fair damsels whose appearance makes the stoutest heart shudder and every dry eye turn—away. We loafed and played, and waited cheerfully for the Final Examinations. They turned out to be a small matter, and so, after a year of fun and frolic, of much idling and foolish play, but still of solid education for all, we separated finally, at the doors of the Summer, and departed for a brief space to prepare our hearts and minds for the responsibilities of Sophomore Year.

## Sophomore Year.

Exit Freshman Year and all childishness. Enter Sophomore Year and responsibility. When 1905 returned to college to begin the second year of striving for those noble marks of superior wisdom, those passports to all wealth and scholarly distinction—Degrees—it was with the firm resolve that, though all else be forgot, 1906 should be brought up in the way that it should go. As Freshmen, our class had been distinguished by a certain manly carelessness of demeanor, a disregard for established customs and authority, and a firm belief in its own divine right to do as it pleased. As Freshmen we had been not a little proud of this record, but now with the Sophomoric dignity sitting heavily on our shoulders our attitude naturally changed. As we looked back on that dark record of crime and bloodshed, as we reflected on poor old Hankey's sleepless nights, on Lewis's never-ending labors in clearing up our Barclay Hall messes, on the noble but fruitless efforts of the Advisory Board to lead us in the ways of righteousness, the springs of repentance bubbled up in our manly hearts and we wept tears of remorse. Never, never should another class act as we had! Yea, verily, we would see that 1906 sat up straight and behaved itself!

So the class plunged into the work. Not that it was much of a task for us; but soberly and with fitting dignity we saw to it that no unsightly numerals should "deface the property of the friends and neighbors of the college." What a shocking idea! To place numerals on other people's property! Never should it be! But landscapes in green spread over rambling fences, seas of emerald hue covering the base and inartistic pavements, and heroic animals, of the cloven hoof and twisted tail, grazing upon a background of red gas-tank! Such artistic efforts as these were surely worthy of approbation! And truly did they receive their due





SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL TEAM

from the eyes of Ardmore's respectable citizens, who gathered in surging masses and spent days of delight in viewing our little exhibition. Thus were the forbidden numerals superseded by a collection of aesthetically attractive pictorial effects, and be it understood that, even if the actual manual labor was performed by obedient Freshman hands, yet the credit of overseeing and directing the work belongs to 1905. Art for art's sake! This was ever our motto. Thus began the careful and systematic education of 1906.

Once upon a time, ever so long ago, Haverford was younger. A newly established institution, it had, in the year 1—, but one class, for how could there be Seniors in the first year of the college's existence? All were Freshmen. In his studys at Pliny Earle Chase on that 23rd of September, in the year 1—; there he sat watching the incoming *class* file through the old arch, beneath him, to the dormitory. "What husky brutes are these!" thought he. "Truly they be horny-handed sons of toil,—yea, men to make Swarthmore ill, (if that 'home of learning' were founded in this early year.) How shall I, a poor, weak president, impress upon these young Herculese the sanctity of the college customs, even of my own noble person?"

He sat there, deep in thought, for some time. At length a slow smile lit up his stern features; he said nothing, but closed his book and went to Ardmore. In that home of escaped gas and other odoriferi he purchased a portable electric lamp, some fish glue, and several large sheets of paper. Then, as he noticed a clock pointing to five minutes of six, he hurried back to the first evening "table de scramble," carefully concealing his purchases, as is now the custom of those who buy food in Ardmore. Late that night, even an hour after the lights were out, Pliny, in a short night shirt and worsted slippers, sneaked out of his room. On each Freshman's door he posted a notice.

#### HEAR, FRESH!

All Freshmen must brush their hair and wash themselves neatly before coming to breakfast.

I never expect to see any Freshman in the tap-room of the Red Lion.

Freshmen must be respectful to me whenever they get a chance.

This task accomplished, he entered the room of the smallest Freshman. Pouring a little glue between the half open lips of the sleeper, Pliny spoke: "Arise, gentle Freshman. Tell me thy name. Why did thee come to college, leaving thy happy home and mother? Can thee spell thy name? Backwards? Spell it! Faster! Faster! Dance a little meanwhile! Kick! Higher! Higher! Can thee sing? Stand on thy head and sing Bedelia."

Not till Lewis with his bell warned him of approaching breakfast did the worthy president cease from his labor; but it had not been wasted. When those brawny Freshmen read the notices on their doors, and realized how they had been made fools of—lo, they were as meek as any lambs, and twice as gentle.

Thus did father Pliny found a custom; and, mindful of the customs outraged the year before, 1905 held to this one like men. All night The Class labored to make the Freshmen feel at home. That it succeeded goes without saying. At times, however, a Freshman would forget the lesson which had been drilled into him on that first memorable night. Then a little "make-up exam" would become necessary, the culprit being called before the entire class, in solemn conclave, with the result that he entered voluntarily upon several amusing stages of temporary insanity. To 1905 belongs the credit of inventing the "megaphone searchlight," a device which at once compelled the attention of any shy or embarrassed entertainer and at the same time gave the audience an opportunity for delightful studies of facial expression. A daylight session of the inquisition was once attempted with the result that the valiant Freshman, encouraged by his ability to see his surroundings, suddenly mutinied and refused to remove certain minor details of clothing. Prompt action, however, proved successful, for Bones Evans with one mighty bound placed his foot against the door, effectually barring the exit. The Freshman, after one dismayed look at the barrier, meekly surrendered and henceforth cheerfully complied with the requests of the board of examiners.

Athletics formed a prominent part of our life in those days. Foot-ball, of course, was all-important, and we entered heartily into the sport. Having been unfortunately defeated in the cane-rush by our young and husky pupils, we naturally felt a keen desire to make things even in the interclass foot-ball game. Long will we remember that struggle. Fresh from a summer's loafing, we were in no condition to stand the strain of a hard contest. Nevertheless, with defeat staring us in the face, we went gasping through those two seemingly interminable halves until finally "Tub" Scull crashed through the centre in one mighty plunge, and trotted across the coveted goal-line. Our opponents having scored five points, it was only necessary to kick the goal to make victory certain. "Tubby's" sure foot did it, and we limped laboriously but victoriously back to the Gym. In the fall sports we again tasted the bitter pill of defeat. "Bausie's" iron legs were no longer with us, and with "Hoppy" nursing a lame knee there was little hope for us. Still, one or two of the class trained faithfully, while the rest smoked and made calculations. The contest itself had a few bright points to stand forth from the general gloom. Chief among these was Charles Bushnell's beautiful race in the half-mile. By winning handily against a heralded marvel, Bush clearly proved the efficacy of his great motto, "Don't worry! Smile!"

The foot-ball season of that year was a disastrous one. In spite of the efforts of a plucky little captain and a hard-working coach, fate was against us and we were overwhelmed by Swarthmore. 1905 did

its best to appease the fickle goddess by the presentation of a beautiful goat mascot. But for some reason the sacrifices were unfavorable, and Fate finally decided that *we* were the *goat*. It was a sad crowd that returned from Whittier Field that night and scattered to the various theatres in town to seek relief for its feelings.

With the end of the foot-ball season, hard work began for all of us. Those who were inclined to study nobly represented 1905 in the class-room. The rest devoted their time to the various activities in college, and the spirit of the class was evident in all that was done. Through the long winter months we barely controlled our restless energy. A rash promise made to Hankey in our Freshman year prevented the continuation of the time-honored "stair-fights," and Christmas passed without a struggle. Later, however, the snow-ball fight gave us a chance to exercise our warlike spirit again. The result of the battle was an unsolved problem, as usual. But even if we *were* unable to show any broken teeth or other marks of valor, still there was a feeling, deep down in our hearts, that we had had the best of it. Was it ever otherwise? Alas! Humanity now forbids those "barbarous" and deliciously unsettled struggles. A new generation has come into the world, setting up laws unto itself. "It was not thus in the olden days."

The altruistic spirit of 1905 came into evidence about this time. We were blessed with a Latin professor of undoubted German nationality and of a somewhat childish and simple disposition. He was short, stocky and irascible. The presence of a faithful dachshund at his side served to disguise the Doctor's shortness in some degree, for any animal would appear tall beside a dachshund. By this simple device, the Doctor preserved a slight dignity, but was also the inevitable cause of the low aims of his pupils. Knowing that in Germany the Christmas tree is considered as one of the signs of the zodiac, and knowing also that the Doctor, being far from his fatherland, would probably have to resign himself to a dark and treeless Christmas, the kind-hearted class determined to prepare a pleasant surprise. Three bold spirits entered Chase Hall at midnight, and, with fear and trembling, made their preparations. The next day, the Doctor, entering his class-room with a cheerful smile, was confronted by a magnificent sight. A tree, composed of a branch from one of the campus firs, was propped upon the desk in the corner. It glittered with tin stars and garlands of newspapers. Choice and appropriate gifts for the Doctor's family lay scattered about. A stocking, filled with luscious mock oranges,

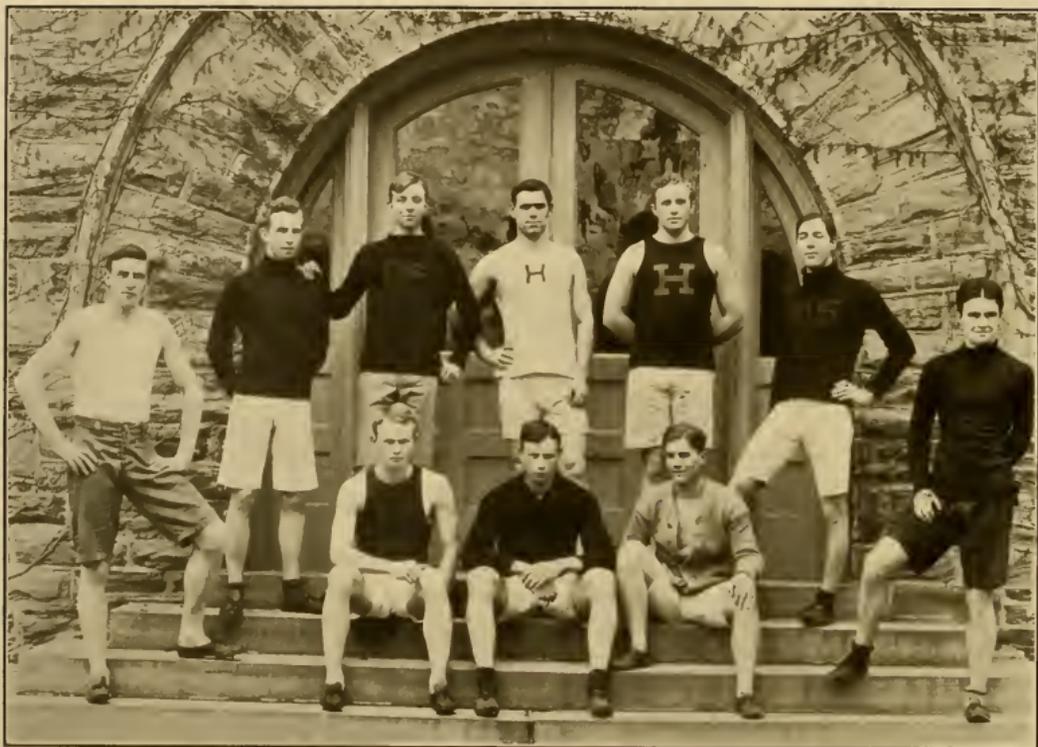




SOPHOMORE CRICKET TEAM

horse chestnuts and bricks hung gracefully from the reading-stand. Mural decorations covered the black-boards, the faithful dachshund being drawn to its full extent, surrounded by the Teutonic emblems,—the stein, the sausage and the pretzel. With pure delight the Doctor viewed this scene of bliss, and henceforth the class of 1905 was as dear to his heart as the "scenes of his childhood." The general rejoicing and the beautiful Christmas spirit were not confined to the Latin department alone. All day the members of the faculty and the students of the college kept coming to see the lovely tree. May we not hope that each one went away with his heart a little lighter and his soul ennobled by his brief glimpse of the joys and pleasures of an innocent child?

Encouraged by the fruit which our first seed bore, we soon hit upon another means of entertainment for "our dear teacher." We were all immensely interested in Pliny's letters,—so much so, in fact, that Peirce once tried to ascertain whether the famous author ever attended Johns Hopkins University. The letter concerning the eruption of Vesuvius had a peculiar fascination for us. Suddenly there came a brilliant thought. Why not have a real eruption take place in class? Why not show our interest by illustrating the lesson by an actual phenomenon and thus winning the esteem of the Doctor forever? To think, with 1905, was to act. A quantity of clay was procured from the Biological laboratory. A tin can filled with red-fire powder was placed in the middle, and Vesuvius was built up around it. Real trees and stones were placed on the sides. At the foot was a lake made of a real mirror. Its sandy shores stretched to the edge of the card-board foundation. Soon the whole structure was completed. Truly a work of art! The mountain rose in magnificent grandeur to the height of nearly a foot. Its slope was gradual and perfect. Its crater was just the right size. In fact, the volcano needed only a match and the approval of the Doctor to be an assured success. The match was not wanting, but, strange to say, the Doctor's approval was a little backward in showing itself. In fact, when the volcano was put into action, having been stealthily introduced into the class-room, placed on the table, and lighted while the Doctor was closely surrounded by a group of aspiring Latinists,—when the dense volume of smoke arose and the magnificent flash of the red-fire illuminated the dingy blackboards,—then a curious change came over the beloved professor. Instead of clapping his hands in sheer delight at the spectacle, as all had expected he would, he flew into a Teutonic rage. One look at the flame-spitting devil on the table told him that it was useless to struggle against the elements. One whiff of the dense smoke which now filled the room told us that trouble was coming. It came, it saw, it conquered. Quickly distributing papers to the class with wrathful instructions to write out the *entire* lesson, the Doctor retired to the nearest window, opened it, carefully placed his anger and himself on the window-sill to cool off, and left the class to labor through that translation in a perfect "Black Hole of Calcutta." However, we did not lose heart by this failure to please the dear Doctor, but



SOPHOMORE TRACK TEAM

began with renewed vigor to pour our little friendly attentions upon him, until, by the time the third quarter began, he was quite in his usual good-humor again, and dealing out A's to all that asked for them.

Mid-years passed, although all of us did not. Nothing daunted, however, we pressed on. Over the bodies of dead Freshmen, slain in the inter-class debate, we marched on to the track and cricket seasons. About this time, Roberts Hall, which had long been a castle in the air, finally became a material reality, and in order to celebrate the completion of the greatest and most long-drawn-out architectural achievement since the Pyramids, it was decided to hold a grand house-warming,—the heat to be supplied through the discourse of a noted lecturer.

The night of the lecture arrived; Roberts Hall was approximately complete, a large crowd was assembled, but there was no lecturer. For five minutes we waited, ten, nearly fifteen; then something happened. "I'll give you a dollar to go up and sit in the president's chair on the platform." "I'll give you another." "And I." "And I." "And I." Five dollars were offered thus to a Junior, but he refused. Then a calm, intrepid son of 1905 turned and said: "Will you give me that? Not that I care for the money, but will you?" "Yes! Go up! Go up!" He went. That was all right, but he sat there until the president and the lecturer arrived. Then, arising gracefully to surrender the chair, he scuttled directly under the noses of both men and returned to the ranks.

Our athletic triumphs of the year culminated in the winning of the track and cricket championships. In the former we had a fairly easy time, but the cricket proposition was harder. In the class of 1906 we found a team of seasoned players, determined to win the deciding point in the interclass series. At first our chances looked bright. We retired their strong batting side for a comparatively small total, owing to the excellent bowling of Hopkins and "Mother" Priestman. But when we came to bat, disaster descended upon us. Our best scorers were retired in order and victory seemed impossible. "Bones" Evans, however, determined to uphold the opposition, clinging to a lost hope with characteristic tenacity. He stayed grimly at the wickets while the tail-enders managed to beat out half-a-dozen runs apiece. In a few minutes the game actually grew exciting. We crept slowly onward toward the alluring total. "Cato" became reckless and was run out after a graceful but damaging slide. Finally, "Bones" himself fell a victim to the desperate bowling of the '06 captain. With only one more wicket to fall, "Poker" and the "Youngster" grimly set themselves for a last effort. With a mighty swat the versatile product of St. Luke's *tied the score*. Only one run to win! Alas! it was not to be. "Youngster's" wickets slowly bent backward under the strain of the next ball, and





the score remained a tie. After much haggling and smearing of the score-book, in desperate efforts to discover an extra run lying around loose, it was decided to play off the tie later. We felt decidedly relieved, for Freshmen could never *repeat* such a performance! Imagine our consternation when they started in with fresh vigor, and rolled up what then seemed to us a tremendous total. This was too much! These Freshmen must be taught a lesson! Silently but wrathfully, "Hoppy" and "Dutch" went to the wicket. The latter fell almost immediately, and 1906, gaily tossing the ball about, waited for the next victim and planned the details of a celebration. "Pride goeth before a fall." There *was* no next victim, unless it were 1906 itself. "Mother" Priestman came in and quickly arranged the plan of action with "Hoppy." Then began a rain of drives, cuts, pulls, glides and scientific snicks.

The bewildered Freshmen chased boundaries till their tongues swept the ground. Still the two batsmen, grimly smiling, continued their work. Finally, when the Freshman score had been easily outdistanced and the pleasant afternoon had come to a close, it was decided to stop the slaughter and go to supper. "Hop" and "Mother" were caught by their enthusiastic classmates and carried off the field in triumph. They had scored 96 not out and 64 not out, respectively. With this great victory to our credit, it was only just that we should overwhelm the Juniors in the final match. Practically everybody on the team made some runs, 'Lias Ritts's slugging exhibition being especially noteworthy. The light-headed Butler youth also contributed a sensational catch in the field, retiring 1904's best batsman. Thus we ended our athletic career, for that year, in a blaze of glory.

We cared for little after that. The perfect days of June had come! Again the ground was dry and springy; again the breezes were soft and seductive; the world out-of-doors was alive and calling to us. The finals were coming from somewhere, but why should we work when all else was playing? We didn't, with one or two exceptions. But professors are lenient in June, and, although there were a few scattered flunks, the class passed solidly on into Junior Year.

## Junior Year

It is Junior Year. Once more the local trains are full of sun-burned youths with the glow of summer on their faces; once more vacation's weeds are trampled into dust on the old familiar trail from the station by the undergraduate foot; once more the peculiar air of renewed familiarity pervades the musty halls of Barclay. Thus it is that each succeeding autumn sees the return of the prodigal sons of Haverford from

the husks of idleness, and hears the voice of the fatted calf raised through hall and campus—"Hello, old man! Well, well! how's the boy? Darn glad to see thee!"

And thus it came to pass that on the 25th of September, 1903,—or, by the more familiar reckoning, the 1st day of the year 3 after entering,—the lusty thud of thirty battle-scarred suit-cases upon the several floors of Barclay announced the arrival of the class of 1905. Thirty, did I say? No, there were but twenty-nine,—one was missing, that of our bouncing comrade Wheeler; but we all felt sure that his case was present in spirit, if not in the leather. Sincerely we missed "Pricitor," not only on the gridiron, on the crease, and as a redoubtable stump orator, but also in those fields where honest good-fellowship is supreme. Alas! a business career claimed him; but the echoes of his laugh are with us yet.

In place of his suit-case soon appeared a carpet-bag bearing the strange device, "Chester J. Teller, Phila-on-the-Schuykill," and with this addition to its numbers, 1905 turned to assume its new dignities and responsibilities. The class organization was effected with Bushnell as president, and we looked about us to find several changes of unusual importance. The new administration building, Roberts Hall, still lacked some minor details of equipment, "yet," as Shakespeare says, "the unshaped use of it doth move the hearers to *collection*." The addition of the Ardmore House (formerly Merion Cottage) to the dormitory facilities of the college transferred some of our members to its quarters; and the early morning half-mile run to breakfast became one of the sights of the campus, and resulted, with the advent of zero weather, in the organization of the famous Blue-beak Brigade.

The local color of foot-ball that characterizes every fall season was reflected by the class with a representation—Hopkins, H. W. Jones, Priestman, Scull and Pearson—which formed the backbone of the 'varsity. This branch of sport found 1905 fully as strong as did the various other activities in which the class has been an important factor at all times.

But the energies of its members were not entirely directed toward athletics. It must be recorded that, in defiance of all regulations, an illicit distillery flourished within the venerable walls of Barclay Hall—yea, even in Jones's room, until, one frosty October night, a wandering Senior fell from grace before the seductions of that tempting concoction of alcohol and tooth-powder, ever after famous as the "Hungry-Joe High-ball."

Though feeling that Freshman and Sophomore years had practically completed their education in most directions, quite a few Juniors continued to nibble at the college curriculum. Emerging from the "Ebeling" *régime* with a hearty dislike of all things Latin and Greek, we proceeded to celebrate our emancipation by the dissipations of Psychology and Economics. It is true, we entered upon these subjects with some degree of awe, inherited from certain Seniors to whom the mighty adjective "teleological," and other



THE CLASS IN JUNIOR YEAR

scraps of erudition only less terrible, were words to conjure with. But of all complete and respectful awe, most evident was the healthy fear of the subject of economics which possessed the genial soul of Dr. Harry. To those who were privileged to enjoy the few short months when he was attached to the chair of Political Science, the memory of those golden days will be a priceless heritage; and his definition of a "private bank," to those who heard it in the original, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

To return to weighty matters—Hankey no longer led a strenuous life as proctor in Barclay; as Dr. Hancock, he now guided the efforts of Harry Cox and a dozen other culprits in Forensics. With no more midnight insurrections to quell, "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Difficult indeed is the position of the scribe, between the chief priests of college authority on the one hand, and, on the other, the undergraduate pharisees. But I feel sure that I will be supported even by profane history when I record for all time that society had long recognized Eshleman's right to the Fusers' Cup, (the only prize cup with but two handles). Smyth's soulful expression and ladylike disposition made him a dangerous rival, but Lindley always lacked Ben's winning quality, the confidential touch. Pearson also ran.

Imagine the consternation then, when one bright Sunday morning just before Christmas, "Fish-hooks" Winslow appeared in number 27 with the breathless news. "I've been engaged for six months—tell the boys!"

Hail to the first son of 1905 with the courage of his convictions!

Hardly had the excitement subsided when the first snowfall of the season recalled glorious memories clustered about the bridge on the way to the meeting-house. Twice had the fighting spirit of 1905 arisen, snowball in hand, to smite the enemy in joyful battle, in Freshman year and again in Sophomore year. But now we were denied the satisfaction of beholding, from the Junior eminence, a goodly conflict between the lower classes; the Sophs and Freshies, in complete amity and brotherly love, wisely determined to abolish that time-honored relic of barbarism, the annual snowball fight—so productive of cold feet. One more triumph for peace at any price? No; it becomes a painful duty to note that, on the 10th of December, the cohorts of the peaceful were set upon by the insatiate Juniors, aided by certain Seniors who forgot their dignity and their gowns alike; and the sound of battle rose even unto Bryn Mawr.

Two weeks later, all marks of the conflict removed, we began the joyful exodus for the Christmas vacation. By the time we were again assembled, all else was overshadowed by the approaching storm—mid-year's examinations. Now, the skating pond and the crisp, glistening January snow knew us not; our days were spent in unremitting toil, and our nights in more of it; verily, "now was the winter of our discontent."

But the cloud soon showed its silver lining, and the second half came, bringing blessed promise of a two months' loaf. About this time Evans succeeded to the presidential chair, and in consequence, spirits rose, and with them sundry other things. The monotony of midwinter fare was broken by hilarity in the dining-hall, and heavy care flew on the wings of the bread-ball. Each day saw deeds of individual valor. Uncle Teller received his baptism of fire, and soon became an epicure with the best of us. Each man waged his own mode of warfare, but of all methods, none, in the last resort, was so effectively devastating as that of Eshleman. One table, manned by Spaeth and Hopkins, conceived the unique idea of eating a toast to each other's health, and raised their festive board aloft at arm's length with great zest. Fearing lest it should not come down again, Isaac demanded one of the "Sunset Apologies" in which he has a firm belief. Thus ended the Bread Riots, and once more law and order reigned in the dining-hall.

As time went on, various phases of college life presented themselves, various activities made their demands upon our attention, and none, we believe, was met with anything but credit to the class and honor to the college. The usual Senior-Junior debate did not take place, though '05's team had been chosen, under the able captaincy of Harold Jones; taking advantage of a misunderstanding as to the date for determining the question, for which we were in no way responsible, the Senior representatives brought pressure to bear upon the Loganian Society, which awarded them the dried laurels of a forfeited debate. However, 1905 was ably represented by Teller, on the team which later won the annual debate with Pennsylvania.

Throughout the latter half of the winter, cricket practice was going on in earnest within the gray confines of the shed, great interest arising from the coming English trip. A good proportion not only of the 1st eleven, but of the entire squad, were members of 1905, much in evidence, both indoor, and, when spring weather permitted, out-door practice, and the old nets on Walton Field were filled with flying wickets and dodging bowlers. Then it was that those whose bent was toward other sports, or perchance toward no sport at all, sauntered out and looked on, more or less regretting their ostracism. Track work began to claim its quota from our ranks, and for the trouble of merely walking the short distance to the athletic field, "Stones" Bushnell could daily be seen, seriously contemplating the probable outcome of the mile-run.

The interclass relays on the 8th of April added another conquest for the class, '05's quartet, Bushnell, Boher, Eshleman and Priestman, winning the event in good time. Both cricket and track work progressed rapidly, and occupied the attention of everyone whose indulgence in athletics was not prevented by the strife for high marks, or other equally serious impediment.

Truly, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,—in short, Yearly Meeting came



on apace, bringing with it Spring vacation. A good week's loaf for most, it was nevertheless a week of cramming for certain of our number who had not resigned their Freshman prerogative of taking make-up exams. But let no man mock at his brother's infirmity; there are few members of 1905—murder will out—who cannot confess to at least one "condition."

But hence, loathed work! The interclass sports were finished on the 27th of April, and although 1905 concluded to retire gracefully from the prominence of the championship, having won it the two previous years, she obtained second place with a very creditable total of points.

Now the month of May advanced with rapid stride, and hurried us on to the event for which the class had been living ever since, long before, a committee of five men, tried and true, had been chosen to produce a Junior play or die in the attempt. Not even the maternal care with which Mr. Cope blessed every nail and caressed every shingle that went into the new cricket pavilion approached the fervor and spirit which the class, from the blackest "Blackguard" down, showed during the teething period of "The Queen of Hearts." A pardonable modesty restrains the rapturous references to the Junior play, which have been characteristic of past classes—for be it known that 1905 was ever a modest bunch, whatever else may be laid at its much battered door.

No other single event in the life of the class ever exercised such an influence upon its members. A splendid spirit of willingness and unity was manifest from its beginning until the night of nights—the 6th of May—when the play was happily presented, and followed by a delightful promenade concert. With a class bound by strengthened ties of association, and an audience of friends unanimous in their sincere praises, we lived the happiest hour of our college career. Fleming, as the "Queen of Hearts," Smyth and Eshleman, as the "Cricketers," Spaeth as "Unlock Homes, Detective"—all the courtiers and faithful "Blackguards" will have a wondrous tale to tell and retell, even unto their children's children.

With the cricket season in full blast came those days when very living is a joy, and Haverford the only place to live; when green lawns and old trees, flannels and bare heads, blossoms, balls and bats, all are poured together in one mass of delight for the sons of the old Quaker college.

No wonder that we won our match with 1904 by Priestman's stand for 121 not out; nor that, with whetted appetites, we devoured 1906 the day after, Hopkins and Pearson piling up 93 for no wickets. Thus 1905, for the second time, won the interclass cricket championship.





THE DRIVEWAY.

But the glorious culmination of the whole season came with the game between the "Trolleyloo Birds," our crack team of non-combatants, and the Sophomore "Chain-gang." Though the "pride of the class" went down to defeat, we shall never forget the supreme moment when Captain Smyth, armed *cap-à-pic*, even to a nose-guard, went forth to the stumps—and was bowled on the first ball!

But even May has its end; at the last of the month, final examinations broke out all over college and were not checked until commencement week. Yet what is an examination when the days are June days, when commencement week is at hand, with its joys of irresponsibility for the Junior? The prospect of unlimited "feeds" and unlimited fusing brought smiles to every face, and all the world was bright.

Then we said farewell to work, and to our fleeting Junior year, and watched the departure of our friends in the graduating class. A subtle change stole over us, as we realized what was past, past forever. Yes, far more—with light smiles but sober hearts, we were thinking, thinking, thinking—fondly anticipating the time when "we mark not the world's course, but would have it take ours"—Senior Year.

## Senior Year.

Senior year! Is it possible? Have we already progressed so far on the last lap of our college course that we can look *back* over the past months and speak calmly and dispassionately of *Senior Year*? Alas! it is too true. The black shrouds which always commemorate the departure of a class, and which are politely called "gowns," are already a firmly grounded habit with us. No longer do we trip over the edges, as we mount the stairs. No longer do we forget to wear our insignia of mourning to collection. In fact, we do not now have even a chance to forget, for the "presence of the *Senior Class* will not be required hereafter." Sad message of despair! Those words always mean that the homestretch is reached and there remains only the final sprint for the red tape of graduation.

Our feelings on entering upon our last year at Haverford may be described as indescribable. Most of us were somewhat elated at our new dignity and importance, even though this dignity did *not* find a permanent abode in some of our hearts. Others pondered in gloomy silence over the few short months of college life still left to us. Still others took little note either of the rapidly passing time or of our new duties and responsibilities, but made the most of the joys which fell to their lot, and allowed the world to take care of itself.

The absence of "Tub" Scull and "Fish-hooks" Winslow was the darkest cloud upon the horizon of our entrance into the Senioric twilight. We missed them sadly, both on the athletic field, in the realm of

music, and in the numerous daily happenings which form the social side of college life. Our numbers were increased, however, by the addition of half a dozen promising Westerners, who, according to the accounts of a rival college, came simply to play football. However that may be, they certainly were a credit to the class. Babb possessed the proud distinction of being the only father we ever owned. Sloppy old "Merry-greek" SeEVERS, the ideal tramp of the "Wayfaring Life in the Twentieth Century," soon stopped reading letters from home and made his position on the football team. Smith and Bales took their share of hard knocks on the Scrub, while Andrew, White and Reagan stood on the side lines and looked wise. The ranks of the "half-breeds" were later strengthened by a new and startling arrival. History has it that James Addison Babbitt, while traversing the campus in his usual energetic style, suddenly came upon a shining bald head surmounting a reddish mustache. The latter is the unmistakable signal of the old-clothes man, and James therefore had no compunction in running the intruder off the grounds. Subsequently the "old-clothes man" turned out to be a son of "dear old Penn," who had come to Haverford to put the finishing touches on his liberal education. It was soon discovered that his face contained the characteristics of several of our honored alumni, and he was accordingly christened "Eliowistaritch." A real or fancied resemblance to the "sweet swan of Avon" led to the additional title of "Shakespeare." These two names soon became a familiar sound, and their mention never failed to bring forth the well-known gurgle of delight and the massive grin of appreciation.

The college year began with a most successful football season. Under the leadership of "Hoppy" and "Gunk" Peirce, the team reached the final game of the schedule without having a point scored against it. Although outclassed in this final game, the plucky fight put up by our men was most creditable.

The winter months brought on the usual activities of the season. Bushnell labored with the gym-nasts of the college and turned out a good team in the course of time. On the football field, "Mother" Priestman initiated a small band of enthusiasts into the mysteries of "association." The later success of the team was something phenomenal. Aside from these diversions, however, there was little to do but study. Thus it was that Smyth first formed the determination to pull an A average before the year ended. How well he succeeded will be told later.

The musical clubs, under the leadership of "Rab" Spaeth, practiced assiduously and even intelligently for their Christmas concert. This great event turned out to be a *howling* success. The glee club, however, may resent this compliment, so we will drop the subject.

The winter was an unusually severe one. From the firesides of Lloyd Hall we looked out upon a landscape of perpetual snow. At one time as many as seven layers, representing seven distinct storms, covered the ground. For those who enjoyed sleighing the season was a magnificent one. Many a time did the

brave sons of Haverford drag forth the much battered "bob" and sail gloriously down the horizon of the golf-links into the darkness of the winter night. But all things come to an end at last. The declining days of March brought a sudden wave of warmth, and the white blanket of snow quickly disappeared, leaving the bare and steaming toes of Winter wiggling in the warmth of Spring. Then did the scantily clad followers of Jimmie Babbitt again dance lightly o'er the cinder path. Once more the strenuous doctor fired his pistol to his heart's content. After many false reports and fresh starts, a strong track team was developed, with H. W. Jones at the head, and Charles Bushnell in the position of manager. The fact that six records were broken in the victory over Wesleyan is a silent testimony to the improvement shown by the men.

It was at this time that the mania for study which had possessed the class all winter found its full expression in Smyth's magnificent achievement. His motto had always been "Make haste slowly." Hence he had begun his college course with a series of the lowest possible marks, merely to show the desirability of a slow and gradual rise to fame. In Sophomore year he moved up to a D average, while in Junior year a few C's actually adorned his report. But the final stroke remained for Senior year. In the first half, Smyth purchased a complete shoe-blackening outfit at the Broad Street Station Emporium. Then he gritted his teeth hard and set to work. His earnings at first were comparatively small, two B's being the best he could do. With the third quarter, however, his time of triumph arrived. No one can deny that his work was systematic and artistic. Bolles and the dear Dean, of course, were easy. Hancock and Rufus Jones required a little careful manipulation, but were not found wanting when the crucial moment arrived. Finally Gummere himself succumbed to the charms of a discursive essay on "The Women of Shakespeare," and the list was complete. Few wondered, therefore, when old Founders' bell tolled out the glad news, "Straight A for Smyth." All honor to whom honor is due! As President Sharpless often says, "It is not for knowledge or for high marks that we come to college, but for the *power to acquire* knowledge and high marks." May this power never fade in our new intellectual leader!

The new dining-hall, which had long been admitted to be an urgent necessity, now gave promise of becoming a reality. The Seniors learned with regret that they would be forced to vacate their old quarters before the end of the year. With tearful eyes we gave a last look at the rows of empty "Force" boxes, commemorative of narrow escapes from starvation. With gulps of grief the last bread balls were fired at the ceiling. Then we were remorselessly expelled into outer darkness. How many memories cling about those green walls! What a comfort it was to be able to lounge over the tables after meals, and exchange knocks amid the congenial atmosphere of tobacco smoke! Many a game we





CRICKET PAVILION

rehearsed with delight as the flowing bowl of sparkling iced tea was replenished again and again. Often our meals were enlivened by little entertainments similar to the Roman exhibitions of old. The memory of "Uncle's" sub-table rides still throws us into convulsions. But the passage of a staid and respected alumnus over the same route undoubtedly "capped the climax."

The balmy days of Spring having arrived, we naturally spent most of our time out-of-doors. Classes were a very slight inconvenience. The President cut Ethics with characteristic consistency, while Gummere and Rufus Jones nobly sustained their reputations. The announcement that graduating theses were due on May 20th caused some consternation, but most of us succeeded in finding some subject which was sufficiently unimportant to merit a fifty-page exposition. The cricket season arrived in due time, claiming the attention of most of the class. A heart-breaking match with the Juniors, ending in a tie at 135 to 135, gave us plenty of excitement as a starter. Later we managed to lose the Inter-class championship in graceful style to 1906. The first eleven, under the captaincy of "Dutch" Pearson, began the season rather inauspiciously, but gives promise at present of doing better in its later matches. The athletic victories of the year were accompanied by the third consecutive defeat of Pennsylvania at the hands of our debating team. Much of the credit for its success belongs to Teller and Paul Jones, who ably represented 1905 on the platform.

With all the college activities fast coming to an end, we spent our last days in careless ease, enjoying our freedom while we still possessed it, and preparing for the hard work which we were soon to encounter in the outside world. In those last days we began to realize what Haverford had done for us, and what it meant to us. We saw ourselves as we had been before entering and as we now were upon leaving. For the first time we fully appreciated the value of the Haverford atmosphere, the influence of the standards of gentlemanly conduct which had been surrounding us. Unconsciously we asked ourselves the inevitable question, "Are we good Haverfordians? Do we represent the college fittingly? Has the environment of the past four years done for us what it should?" Perhaps we cannot all answer in the affirmative. Some of us may have cause to regret lost opportunities. Yet, as a class, we may undoubtedly call ourselves representative Haverfordians. We have learned the lessons of experience. We have profited by the example of the men who were in college with us and of the alumni who were here before us. We have lived ourselves into our surroundings and become a part of a great institution. May we never forget the lessons taught us at Haverford. May we never fall short of the standards and ideals which were there placed before us. May we go through our lives with that fine old Haverford spirit deeply rooted in our souls,—that spirit which created, moulded, completed and ever will hold together the Class of Nineteen Five.



BARCLAY HALL

## Class Ode

Commemorating 1905's Leabtaking, Commencement Day, June 16, 1905

### I. INVOCATION.

*O Thou whose will transcends all space and time  
Encompassing the universal laws  
Of motion and of mind, embodying all  
In one supreme Idea and joining all  
In one eternal Principle of Right!  
O grant Thy favor, if Thou deem'st it just  
For mortal men to ope their hearts in praise  
Of one among the myriads of years  
That Thou hast sanctified for love of them,  
And of their seed; and lend Thou to my song  
Not wealth of words nor choice of childish rhyme.  
But rather lofty stop of lyric verse,  
The sentiments sublime of highest space  
And fleeting Fancy's flight with winged darts  
That Thine own herald, Time, alone imparts.*

## II. TIME'S FLIGHT.

*As when tired travelers on Life's rock-strewn ways  
Ascend with measured tread the arduous heights,  
The many milestones swiftly stealing by  
Remind them of the day's laborious march.  
Thus passing years remind us of our tasks,  
And thus as ever on He speeds his way,  
Dispelling darkness, putting wrongs to right,  
Dissolving mysteries of darkest hue,  
Fulfilling dear desires of longing hearts,  
Old Time rejoicing rolls his pinioned wheels,  
The vasty future still to feel its birth—  
And silent death—soon mingles with the past;  
To-day is but the narrow bridge that spans  
The chasm 'twixt these two unbounded lands.*

### III. THE BRIDGE.

*O Bridge of Blessedness! thee now we hail  
Extol thy praises to the very skies  
That shine resplendently on all our days.  
O present year! O glorious Nineteen-five,  
Thou rich attainment of our youthful strife,  
Thou wast not ever thus, but e'en as now  
We greet thee here, so in the yester-years  
We sought thee, and as now we raise aloft  
Our songs and paeans loud thy praise to sound,  
So did we then with emulation bold  
Look forth to thee, O never-failing guide  
Of holy splendour; and as e'en we gazed  
Thine ever-during beauty like a light  
From some tall sea-tow'r, steered our course aright.*

#### IV. RETROSPECT.

*We stand upon the bridge; the goal is won.  
The victor's garland crowns our common toil  
Down time's long avenue, our eyes we turn  
And view the vista of the vanish'd years.  
Sweet memories, like hov'ring angel shapes,  
Regale the mind as joyous college hours  
With images of triumph and defeat  
Pass in review. We live them o'er again.  
We undertake old quests, perhaps to reap  
The fruits of sober trial, or if to lose,  
To learn that failure is but hope deferr'd.  
Those by new fields allur'd we bid farewell,  
And stretch firm friendship's hand to all who come  
To enter lists for laurel wreaths of Fame.*

V. PROSPECT.

*But lo! Time's silvery sands flow quickly on!  
The beacon of the future bids us forth;  
Rich harvests of the blessedness to be  
Bedim the beauteous visions that we loved.  
The hallow'd music of the olden days  
Gives place to strains of new-born harmonies.  
No more companions on the way, no more  
Co-workers in a common field, henceforth  
The ways divide, from fellows each must part.  
Yet whatso'er our ministrations be,  
Or whatsoever weal or woe betide,  
Each champion of his individual cause,  
Shall e'er be moved with love of thee, O year  
Of Nineteen-five, thou harbinger of cheer!*

CHESTER J. TELLER.



ROBERTS HALL.

## The Inquisition.

The average age of the class is 21.7 years. The average height is 5 feet, 9½ inches. The average weight is 156.9 pounds. There is a slight difference of religious opinion in the class. We possess seven Friends, four Episcopahians, four Methodists, three Freethinkers, two Baptists, two Lutherans, two Presbyterians, one Israelite, and a number of unlicensed denominations. H. W. Jones calls himself a Buddhist, while Seevers believes himself to be a Vegetarian. The nationalities represented are numerous. The English and Scotch races predominate. There are four German-Americans, one Irish-German and one Dutch-Scotchman. Dutch, one; Irish, one. "Hurray for the Irish!" Two or three men give strong evidences of Simian origin. Fourteen men have escaped without a condition or flunk of any kind. About half the class refrain from smoking. The drink question is in an unsettled state.

1. *Who is the handsomest man in the class?*

None to be found.

2. *Who is the ugliest?*

See class picture.

3. *Who is the best-natured?*

Downing wins this event, with Fleming a good second. One reason given for Downing's election is that "you can call him a — fool and he'll apologize for not being a bigger one." Sounds plausible.

4. *Who is the grouchiest?*

This is a dead heat between Bushnell and H. W. Jones. The latter's grouchiness is undoubtedly innate; whereas, Bushnell has really achieved his greatness.

5. *Who is the most disorderly?*

Murray wins easily, for his consistent defiance of law and order, and his versatility in childishness.

6. *Who is the sloppiest?*

Seevers, although arriving late, won this in record time. No one can approach him.

7. *Who is the tightest?*

Secretary instructed to cast an affirmative ballot for Smyth.

8. *Who is the greasiest grind?*

The presence of Ohl in the class made a vote on this question unnecessary.

9. *Who is the brightest?*

Peirce. Nobody knows what he doesn't know. Stone's gleaming bald head came in for one vote.

10. *Who is the best boot-licker?*

Smyth's artistic work in the third quarter of Senior Year occasioned such a burst of enthusiasm that he won easily. P. Jones got in some good licks, but is a little sensitive on the subject.

11. *Who is the bummiest politician?*

Fleming's natural appearance recommended him for this honor, but Eshleman, by his liberal use of cigars and confidential smiles, snatched the victory at the last moment. Evans also ran.

12. *Who is the most versatile?*

Spaeth wins easily. His ability to eat cauliflower and drink salted milk is cited as sure proof of his genius.

13. *Who is the least appreciated?*

Out of a large field of contestants, Cox struggled to the front and won out with characteristic persistence.

14. *Who is the biggest bluffer?*

Although Eshleman began with a bluff par excellence, (winning a Corporation Scholarship on entrance), he degenerated later, and Paul Jones finally outstripped him by his consistent striving. For further information, apply to the Dean.

15. *Who has the biggest feet?*

This was a tremendous and inspiring contest between Murray and Spaeth. On the last lap, Spaeth put his best foot foremost and won by half a length.

16. *Who will be the most successful in later life?*

Peirce's proficiency in managerial graft and his chronic treasurership make him a worthy successor to Russel Sage. Ritts's steady habits and Murray's gambling ability presage brilliant futures for both of these. Eshleman, Spaeth and Teller received votes.

17. *Who has the largest capacity?*

The best efforts of the College failed to produce an article of food which Spaeth couldn't eat. He, therefore, scores an overwhelming victory. In wet weather, Lee is in a class by himself. Passing by the gastronomic question, we find that Evans is a worthy successor to Libby in respect to credulity.

18. *Who is the best athlete?*

Hopkins wins for his all-round superiority. Honorable mention, Cox.

19. *Have you ever kissed a girl?*

Practically everybody pleaded guilty. Hopkins, sarcastic as ever, said, "No, indeed!" Lee, on second thought, refused to answer such an "impertinent question." Cox said it was an insult. We are perfectly ready to believe it.

20. *Have you ever been asleep in meeting?*

A great majority of the class answered in the affirmative. Many merely pointed an accusing finger at George Barton.

21. *Who is your favorite actress?*

The returns gave this honor to Ethel Barrymore. Murray voted for the third from the right end in the front row of "Piff, Paff, Pouff."

22. *Who is your favorite Professor?*

In a close contest between Dr. Brown and Dr. Jones, the former won out by one vote, despite the handicap of his subject, "Higher Mathematics." Among the "better halves" of the faculty, the preference of the class was for Mrs. W. W. Comfort.

23. *What was the best year in college?*

The charms of Senior life proved strongest, especially with the ease-loving members of 1905. One vote was received for the 12 months comprising the vacations of all four years.

24. *What is your favorite elective?*

Forensics was the preference of several lovers of innocuous desuetude and harmless hot air, but Dr. Hancock's fond hopes were blasted by the cinch-hunters, who rallied with the slogan, "It's a shame to take the money," and piled up an overwhelming majority for Dr. Bolles' Commercial Law.

25. *Who is Dr. Hancock's favorite author?*

The survivors of four years under the genial instructor in English Literature are of the opinion that this coveted distinction belongs to the author of "Henry Bourland." Some fool voted for Corot.

26. *What institution about college most needs reforming?*

The dining-room seems to be the favorite. It is treated, however, in various aspects. The manners of the occupants received much well-deserved censure, particularly from the Advisory Board members. Some referred to the insubordination of the meals themselves. The waiters received their share of the blame, individually and collectively. On the whole, the dining-room *docs* seem to need reform. It is a source of gratification to us that the college has decided to take action on the matter.

27. *What is the finest thing the class has ever done?*

Our action, in Freshman Year, which has been tersely described as "the solution of the immigrant problems by the Compulsory Bath System."

28. *What is your own greatest achievement?*

Murray unquestionably has the greatest claim to notoriety—"Took 115 cuts in Senior Year and had them all excused." Truly a noble monument to our obliging Dean.

29. *What is the use of the observatory?*

Uncle Teller maintains—"To obstruct observation." In this connection, see question 19.

30. *What is the funniest thing that ever happened in college?*

Of the more serious votes, the majority supported the eruption of Vesuvius in Dr. Ebeling's Latin Class. Several other episodes connected with that genial professor revived mirthful memories. Chief among them were the Christmas Tree and Peirce's "feint faint." Dr. Hancock's declaration of war and his Barclay Hall difficulties lay claim to some consideration. Several men pronounced Shakespeare Stone the "funniest thing that ever happened," while others were inclined to give the honor to the ever-present Dr. Hancock.

31. *What is the best thing you have ever written?*

As usual, the endorsement of checks proved to be the favorite expression of wit. Of the real literature turned out by the class, Boher's immortal "Ainmore" is surpassed only by Cox's autobiographical "Rammings of a Hard Head."

32. *What is your ideal in life?*

We are unable to equal the awe-inspiring humor of the answers given to this question by our predecessors. Many of the class, (Evans, among others), apparently *have* no ideals. A number made some indistinct reference to a happy marriage with "her." To Charles Lee, the ideal "she" would be a brewer's daughter. Seely hopes some day to carry an election without resorting to the bribery of Preston's citizens by free beer distribution. Manning Smith is struggling in the vain hope of outlining the habits contracted by him in one year at Haverford. Murray's happiness will be complete when he can write something which will mean as much to himself as it does to Dr. Hancock. At present his success seems doubtful.





GOLF LINKS.



THE LIBRARY.

## The Tayle of Nynteene Fyve.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following fragment was recently discovered in an unused corner of the Observatory. On the evidence of Dr. Gummere and Dr. Barton it can unhesitatingly be ascribed to Geoffrey Chaucer. The style is similar to that of the "Canterbury Tales," but the poem, as a whole, is infinitely superior to that masterpiece. Thus it forms a valuable addition to English literature. The manuscript will be placed in the trophy room of the Gymnasium.]

O Muse, thy aide I heerebye do invoke!  
Come helpe me thatte thysse legende may be spoke.  
To telle the tayle of lustie nynteene fyve—  
Thysse be my taske, and do thou make it thryve.  
Foure yeeeres agoe, if recordes truthfulle be,  
There enterred in a newborne centurie.  
The goddes on hyghe Olympos counselle soghte,  
To celebrayte th' occasioun as they oghte.  
They pondered longe and deeplie on thysse task  
And much advysse dydde of echeothere aske,  
Tyll finallie farre-thunderinge Jove dydde ryse  
And thusse dydde alle the lessere goddes advyse:  
"Laydies and gentilmenne, it seen-eth fyfte  
For us who heere on hygh Olympos sytte,  
To celebrayte thysse proude and happie tyme  
By somme great acte of power and myghte sublyme.  
Now lysten alle ye who have eeres to heare,  
And thysse my planne it straightwaye shalle appeare.  
Send forth oure messengere, swyft Mercurie,  
Lette hym select, from alle mankind thatte be  
In the foure quarteres of thysse mortalle earth,  
Them whych have shewn perfectioun from their birth.  
In shorte, we'll have hym gathere in one bande  
The nobleste mortalle menne of alle the lande.

And thysse greate companie shall lyve and thryve,  
And shalle be knowne as "Haverforde '05."  
Loude dydde the goddes applaude thysse snappie planne,  
And straightwaye from their mydst Mercurius ranne.  
Jove's orders he dydde carrie out fulle welle,  
As eke thysse recorde heere anon shalle telle.  
For whan Septembre wyth hys sunnie skyes  
The yonge clarks of their studies dydde appryse,  
At Haverforde there dydde assemble thenne  
A groupe of swich parfait, and vertuous menne  
As nevere in thysse worlde's historie  
Nor goddes nor mortalles e'er agayne dydde see.  
Thenne Jove dydde laugh, as wyth delyghted eye  
He yondere lustie companie dydde spye.  
"Welle done," cryde he, "zoundes, jimminie, begobbe!  
Mercurius thou hast donne a splendyd jobbe.  
Methynks thatte through yon noble companie  
All honour's donne to oure newe centurie.  
Now lette these youthes continue on their waye,  
Bounde faste in frendshyppe, both in worke and playe.  
Lette them remayn togethre foure yeeeres' spayce  
Atte Haverforde, yon free and frendlie playce;  
And by their dedes and by their recordes heere  
Proclaymed shalle be in lands both farre and neere

The glorie of thisse new-borne centurie.  
 Our blessinges on their heddes forever be!"  
 He spoke, and from hys lypes a thundere felle,  
 Whose noyse was drowned by a barbarian yelle;  
 For nynteene fyve hadde now togethre gotte,  
 And e'en alreadie Haverforde waxed hotte.  
 The goddess of hygh Olympos hadde no neede  
 Of fyre-workes their festivalle to speede,  
 For whan it cayme to fyre-worke truth to telle,  
 '05 gotte busie and dydde rayse alle Helle.  
 Thus dydde begynne the lyfe of thisse great classe,  
 And throug foure yeeres of glorie dydde it passe.  
 In vayne dydde otheser stryve to blocke its waye,  
 For nynteene fyve excelled in worke and playe.  
 At foote-balle, criquette, tracke, yea gymme and chesse  
 Debaytes and oratorie none the lesse,  
 Alle foes were overcome, in victorie slayne;  
 '05's superioritie was playne.  
 O reedere, keep thy patience for a bytte  
 And throwe not yette an epleptyc fyfte;  
 It now behooves thatte I sholde telle by nayme  
 Each wight who's entered in the Halle of Fayme.  
 O printere, keep thy temper in controlle, —  
 Trulie thisse taske will try thy noble soul.  
 O Catalog, thou booke of manie factes,  
 Showe me thisse Classe, thatte I may note their actes!  
 The firste heroick youth Mercurius founde  
 Hadde lokkes crulle and eke a bodie rounde;  
 A face as faire as Venus e'er could shew,  
 "Alyce" he was yclept, as alle menne know.  
 The nexte manne, of ecclesiastick fayme,  
 Was somewhatte layte; St. "Andrewe" was his hys nayme.

Lykwyse a longe and handsome youth clept "Bayls"  
 —But if of oates or haye, ny memorie fayles.  
 A Euclyd in disgyse came alsoe layte,  
 "Babbe" was the nayme thisse mortalle had by fayte.  
 A priest of Bacchus and runnere fletee  
 Was "Bowse," the manne of iron limbes and feete.  
 To stir the fyre of goddess in mortalle souls,  
 Vulcanne sent down a "Pokere" from hys coals;  
 And thisse same "Pokere" wyth hys fyrie wytte  
 Kepte Haverforde in a continuous fyfte.  
 In nynteene fyve there alsoe grew a "Bush,"  
 (A verie Hercules in strengthe and push.)  
 In gymme and on the tracke he set the payce,  
 The smyle-thatte-won't-come-offe was on hys fayce.  
 A gentil blowere of the pypes of Panne  
 Was "Katie," (notte a mayden, but a manne.)  
 A "Cooke," besydes, of culinarie arte,  
 Wyth flute and voyce dydde playe hys lyttel parte.  
 There was alsoe a "Turke" of feerfulle mien,  
 Possessed of patience swich as ne'er was seen.  
 He focht the fyght of fayth with stedfastnesse,  
 And "Hassan Ali" was his nayme, I gesse.  
 A downie "Deaconne" of greate modestie,  
 Dydde showe Aurora's blushes constantlie.  
 He kept the servantes in their propre playce,  
 And made a studie of the nigro rayce.  
 From Lancastere's Teutonick halles of fayme  
 There came a wight clept "Benjamyn" by nayme.  
 Hys glorie was the kind thatte nevere fades  
 Among professores, coons, dogges, menne and maydes.  
 A bonie "Parson" of great dignitie  
 Uphelde the oppositioun valiantlie.

A "Fisher," too, there was,—a manne of wytte  
 So subtil thatte but few could fathom it.  
 A tallé Adonis, naymed by mortalles "Tarre,"  
 Was for hys noble figure faymed afarre.  
 "Goddie" was hight anothere lovelie youth;  
 Hys voyce and nayme were both divyne, forsooth.  
 A gladiatore and an athleet bolde  
 Was "Hoppie," eke a famous manne of olde.  
 Another athlete was "Aychdubbleyoo;"  
 He paynted hys opponents blacke and blue.  
 An "Admiralle" there was, who sailed the sea;  
 He steered the courses of the Facultie.  
 There was also a "Pagan" of renown;  
 He kept a laundrie down in Chinatown.  
 Alsoe a guilelesse youth clept "Laura Jeanne,"  
 —So innocente a mortalle ne'er was seene.  
 Besydes there was a "Mollie," sweete and kynde;  
 He had a bass voyce, but an honest mynde.  
 Next came a "Hamme," possessed of hygh idealea;  
 He measured syx foote three from head to heeles.  
 A wyse and learned clark, a studious youth,  
 Was "Freddieohl;" yea, he could grynde, forsooth!  
 "Pyker" was hight a ladde whose skyll was such  
 That few at criquette tryed to beat the Dutche.  
 For keepynge its accountes and recordes cleane,  
 'e5 possessed a "Youngstere," bryght and keene.  
 He handled alle their fylthie lucre welle,  
 And how he kept it straighte, no manne can telle.  
 Another financier, a manne of marke,  
 Was clepèd "Mothere," eke a criquette sharke.  
 A gentil student of philosophie  
 Was known among hys comrades as "Willie."

There was a Butler youth with golden hayre;  
 His nayme was "Lyas" 'mong the natyves there.  
 He played the gayme of baysballe passing welle,  
 And was a friend of the greate Rube Waddelle.  
 There was a "Tubbe" of greate soliditie,  
 Who danced wyth marvellous rapiditie.  
 Alsoe a wight who fain wold bugges explore;  
 Hys nayme was "Les," but he hymself was more.  
 A layte arryvalle, surnaymed "Meneegreeke,"  
 Amused all menne; he was a harmless freake.  
 Lykwyse a tunefulle "Jews-harpe," clepèd Smith;  
 (Hys nayme dates back to prehistorick myth.)  
 A follower of Orpheus from hys birth  
 Was "Smuggil," a musician of greate worthe.  
 He played the mandolyn wyth dash and fyre,  
 And sometymes he could even playe the lyre.  
 Another greate musician, tytled "Rabbe,"  
 At evrie kynd of arte dydde make a stabbe;  
 But for hymself he drewe the sweetest tone  
 Whan playing on a luscious chicken-bone.  
 A baysballe sharke whose fayme was not the leaste  
 Was known as "Starkie," coming from Downe Easte.  
 A youth clept "Beerie" on his math dydde dote;  
 Wyth trembling hands he caughte the asymptote.  
 In nynteené five there was one precious Stone,  
 The lyght of whose bald head arounde hym shone.  
 His voyce was strayned to an unerthlie pitche,  
 Hys nayme was "Shakspere Eliowistaritche."  
 A "Kid" there was, who ruff-housed some, you bette,  
 And manie calculatiouns he upsette.  
 Alsoe a tinie ladde called "Tommerotte,"—  
 Hys forme was lyttle, but hys brayne was notte.

A philanthropicke, philosophicke ladde  
 Was "Unckel,"—he whose fayce was never sadde.  
 He lifted up his voyce in eve:ie playce,  
 And tryed hard to uplift the humanne rayce.  
 A manne of mirth and a perpetualle laugh  
 Was "Victor," the world-famous phonographe.  
 For learnynge and philosophie far faymed  
 Was "Whyte;" hys caractere was ryghtlie naymed.  
 Laste but notte leaste, in 'c5, came "Fysh-hookes,"—  
 He was a manne of beautie and goode lookes.  
 Such were hys charmes that ere hys course he ranne,  
 He turned into a happie married manne.

Thysse was the classe, thysse was the nobell crowd  
 Thatte made the goddes and goddesses so proude.  
 These were the menne of all humanitie  
 To represente the dawninge centurie.  
 Trulie Jove's planne dydde worke exceedynge well,  
 For these were parfait mortalles, truth to telle.  
 What neede their later actiouns to recounte?  
 From glorie unto glorie they dydde mounte;

And all too soone the foure yeeres' sypace dydde passe  
 For thysse superior and vertuous classe.  
 But whan the tyme dydde come for them to parte,  
 The menne had growne into one syngle hearte;  
 So thatte it was decreed by kindlie Fayte  
 That they in *spirit* ne'er should separayte,  
 But ever aftere, in their future life,  
 Throgh alle thysse worldè's hardshyppe, toyl and stryfe,  
 Should follow the sayme standardes and ideals,  
 Gyve the sayme answeres to the sayme appeales,  
 Fynde pleasure for themselves in common joye  
 Nor lette false gloome their happiness destroye;  
 In shorte, a spirit of communitie  
 Should gyve the classe perpetuall harmonie,  
 And they should alle their lives wyth one accorde  
 Be guided by the thought of Haverforde.  
 Wyth this greate purpose, and wyth thysse desygne  
 No earthlie bounds their progress will confyne.  
 Of well-earned glorie none will them depryve  
 —Alle haille to the greate classe of nynteene fyve!





GYMNASIUM.



JUNIOR PLAY.

# The Queen of Hearts

PRESENTED BY

The Class of 1905

...Cast...

Haverford College

MAY 6th, 1904

|                                       |                      |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Her Majesty, the Queen . . . . .      | M. Ward Fleming      |
| <i>The Pastry Saint of Her People</i> |                      |
| The Knave of Hearts . . . . .         | John L. Scull        |
| First Cricketer . . . . .             | Benjamin Eshleman    |
| Second Cricketer . . . . .            | Lindley Smyth, Jr.   |
| Unlock Homes . . . . .                | Sigmund G. Spaeth    |
| Dr. Watsup . . . . .                  | Howard P. Thomas     |
| Bishop DeLong . . . . .               | Effingham C. Murray  |
| Simple Simon . . . . .                | A. Glyndon Priestman |
| General Prosperity }      The         | Irregular Army {     |
| General Information }                 |                      |
| Herald . . . . .                      | Sydney M. Boher      |
| Bugler . . . . .                      | Benjamin H. Cates    |
| Dr. Jabbitt . . . . .                 | Edwards F. Winslow   |

|                          |                                |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Citizens . . . . .       | Charles A. Alexander           |
|                          | Charles W. Fisher              |
|                          | Harold W. Jones                |
|                          | Frederick W. Ohl               |
|                          | Joseph H. Morris               |
|                          | Leslie B. Seely                |
|                          | E. M. Evans, <i>Head Guard</i> |
|                          | R. L. Pearson                  |
|                          | H. K. Stein                    |
|                          | T. S. Downing                  |
|                          | H. G. Cox                      |
|                          | C. S. Bushnell                 |
|                          | C. S. Lee                      |
| H. H. Cookman            |                                |
| E. C. Peirce             |                                |
| Elias Ritts              |                                |
| Stage Director . . . . . | Paul Jones                     |

The Blackguards  
who protect her majesty  
with a strong lock-step

## Argument

"The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts  
Upon a summer's day;  
The Knave of Hearts he stole the tarts  
And bore them all away."

## Scene

HER MAJESTY'S COURT

## Committee

SYDNEY M. BOHER  
BENJAMIN ESHLEMAN  
LINDLEY SMYTH, JR.  
JOHN L. SCULL  
SIGMUND G. SPAETH, *Chairman*.

## Argument

In the summer of 1904, the steamer *Haverford*, hearing the precious cargo of Friendly Cricketers on their English trip, is wrecked off the shores of a tropical isle. Two of the cricketers escape to the island—which proves to be the realm of the Queen of Hearts. Here the action begins.



CLASS FEED.



"Gentlemen, I arise to propose the health of Nineteen-five," said "Tar" Fleming, as with one hand he raised his glass to suit the action of his words, while with the other he clutched a half-eaten dish of ice cream. And right heartily did everyone drain his bumper, while Spaeth who had been striving zealously to make way with as much cream as "Tar," unconsciously filled and emptied his glass twice more, so far did his class spirit overcome all his other feelings. Then as we "gathered round" to sing our class song, cares were soon forgotten, past and future were blended into the present, and we gave ourselves up to the subtle enjoyment of comradeship.

At the beginning of the Junior Year, when a few of the class emigrated from Barclay to Lloyd, they decided to celebrate the event by giving a class feed, and we were shortly enjoying the hospitality of the Lloyders. This feed with others that followed it proved doubly enjoyable, first, because anything extra in the line of edibles always appeals to the college man, but more especially because they served to bring the class together, which had been further separated by several moving to Merion. Beginning thus in our Junior Year, after we had been drawn together by the first two years of college life, they obtained speedy favor, and upon our return as Seniors it became, by unanimous consent, a part of our regular program to meet once a month to light our pipes over the brimming stein.

My space forbids entering details, and such events are, from their nature, far better treasured in memory than in any sketch of this kind. Therefore, suffice it to say, that with the exception of an occasional outburst into song on the part of Cox, nothing has arisen to jar upon the enjoyment of these occasions. And as we have eaten, drunk and sung together, gradually, though silently, have the bonds of friendship been tightening about us, until as we watched the fireside's dying embers slowly fading through the hazy smoke from a score of pipes, we have separated with the firmly woven bonds of fellowship uniting us in our love for "1905."

May we prosper through her, and she through us.



THE FACULTY.

## Specimen Lectures.

The efforts of some of our "happy faculty" are reproduced below for the special benefit of students who contemplate taking such courses. The elective system, as Dr. Sharpless has often remarked, has a tendency to force men into hasty choices of which they are apt to repent at leisure. It has often been remarked that students have little or no opportunity of studying the merits and demerits of a certain professor before entering blindly upon his course. Therefore we present the following specimen lectures, the result of years of careful observation, in order that all men contemplating the taking of such courses may enter upon them with eyes wide open. Be it understood that these specimens represent the highest achievements of the respective professors, and are not merely examples of their average work. It is only just that we should give them credit for their best performances. Out of fairness, it must also be said that their average work is not *very far* below these specimens. Of course there are times when a lapse occurs, but usually they come fairly near to the standard given here. May all electors be honestly guided in their choice by these little insights into reality!

### DR. BROWN

SCENE.—The Math Room, Founders' Hall.

TIME.—Our Sophomore Year.

CHARACTERS.—All the poor fools, who either through parental and presidential advice or unchecked ambition, elected Math II.

Desk at right. Hat and coat resembling those worn by Caleb lying on the window sill. Dr. Brown sits at desk. Freddy Ohl is seated. Rest of class enter boisterously, followed by "Beery" Stein wearing a worried look.

DR. BROWN (after calling the roll).—Mistah Smyth, w-e-o-n-t you *please* get your coat?

[Exit Smyth, wearing the look of a martyr.]

DR. BROWN (continues).—N-e-o-w, gen-tail-men, what do we ha-ave today? Umph? Mistah Bush-knell?

"STONES" BUSHNELL.—Concentration of the radiation of the major axes of a hyper bollissimus about the sum of the finite centimeters of a temperature of seventy degrees. (Aside) Oh say, fellows, did you see him mark that ten down for me? [Falls asleep at once.]

DR. BROWN.—N-e-o-w, Mistah Bow-Hair, will you do—[Evans interrupts.]

EVANS.—Doctor, I don't quite see how the author discovers the theorem about the multiplicity of the co-ordinate radiation of the major axis.

PIERCY }  
FREDDY }  
TOMMY } (*The shark chorus*).—Neither do I, Doctor.  
BEERY }  
DEACON }

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—To make this scene fully realistic it is necessary to use "Mathematical Jiu-Jitsu" by Ernest M. Evans and Ernest W. Brown.]

DR. BROWN.—Ca-an't you dew it? Well, well, *ca-an't you dew it?* It's only a mere bit of mawth-e-mawt-ical deduction. A simple bit of Awl-ge-lbra. Did you try "Oilers" Theorem? Umph? Umph?

EVANS.—Yes, Doctor, but it wouldn't come out.

BEERY.—(Waving his hand as if trying to flag a West Chester local). Now I tell you that will give it to you. I worked seven hours last night and got the answer in the book. I had to work awful hard but I got it awl right, awl right.

DR. BROWN.—Do you grawsp it neow, Mistah Evans?

EVANS.—Yes! Yes! I merely forgot to subtract the dividend from the divisor.

DR. BROWN.—N-e-o-w, Mistah Bow-Hair, you may solve the Fourth Example.

BOHER.—Couldn't do that one, Doctor.

DR. BROWN.—Umph? Very well, you may dew the Sixt. We only had the even ones today, didn't we? Umph?

BOHER.—Doctor, I didn't get time to look at this lesson, so I'm not prepared.

DR. BROWN.—Oh! Mistah Bow-Hair, ca-an't you dew it? That is one of the simplest, most evident ones in today's lesson. N-e-o-w, *don't* you see I ha-ave me "x" axis and me "y" axis and a shystem of ellipsis abe-out the point *p*. It's very simple. Ca-an't you dew it? W-e-o-n-t you *please* try it, Mistah Bow-Hair? Umph?

BOHER.—Doctor, I'm behind in this subject and haven't had time to work it up.

DR. BROWN.—Well, Mr. Bow-Hair, you will ha-ave to get these lesmons up. It is extremely essential you mastah this in ordah to be above grade at the end of the quatah. (Aside) Wheah is Mistah Smyth?

SCULL (awakening from his Rip Van Winkle survey of the ash-pile in the court-yard). He's dropped this course, Doctor. It's too easy for him. He's afraid he'll pass the exam. He's going to take Doctor Bolles' Finance instead.

DR. BROWN.—Oh, very well! Now, gen-tail-men, at the next hour we will ha-ave an examination on the subject matter which we have covered this quartah; I conjectuah it will only take about seventy-one and two-thirds to get this up. It is very impoahtant that all of you (facing Lee, Boher, Morris, Bushnell, Alexander, Scull and Fleming) should get this up.

PRIESTMAN.—Doctor, we have an exam. in French tomorrow; can't we have it next Tuesday?

DR. BROWN.—Botheah, no! Mr. Priestman. We must have it next houah, for the mawks must be in befoah full moon. I don't fawncy you will ha-ave to work as hawd as when I was in college. We had a fortnight of exahms. and then a fortnight's rest and then another fortnight of exahms., doncherknow. Umph! We were exahmined over three full yeahs of work. We had to work very hawd, doncherknow. Umph! Is that all gen-tail-men, umph? Any questions, umph?

[Graveyard silence ensues].

DR. BROWN.—If that is all the cla-as is excused.

[Shark Chorus rush to Dr. B.'s desk. Exit rest of the class. Pagan Lee sings "I wish I were an angel." Red fire. Curtain.]

DR. BOLLES.

SCENE.—A Room in Chase Hall.

(The Doctor enters with Napoleonic coat hung over one shoulder, and books under arm. Calls the roll, getting a different answer from each member of the class. Finally, after various reminders and requests for quiet, the Doctor begins to lecture.)

DR. BOLLES.—Yes, yes, yes, I got you. Oh, yes; I think I got everybody. Well, now, we will go on with the lesson. Now last time we were talking about bills. Now, ah-ah-ah-ah-many a bill is-is-is knocked on the head by containing two provisions. Yes, yes, yes. Well, now, then we come to-to-to an interesting subject.

VOICE.—How about that ship story you were going to tell us, Doctor?

DR. B.—Oh, yes. I had almost forgotten that. Yes, yes, that's a good story. Well, now, you see, a few years ago,—no, I guess it wasn't quite so long ago as that—well, yes—a few years ago—one of our Presidents had to appoint an inspector in the navy. Yes, yes, yes. Well, now, Mr. Fiddlesticks thought he would like the salary connected with such a job, though, mind you, he didn't know a thing about boats. However, he considered that a small matter, so he asked his good friend, the President, to give him the place.

Yes. Well, after he had obtained the position, he thought he had better go aboard a ship to see what it was like inside. Yes, yes. So he went aboard. Yes. Well, he walked all around the decks till he finally came to the hold. Then he looked up very surprised and said, "Why, the —— thing's hollow." (Dr. Bolles smiles broadly). That was funny, wasn't it?

CLASS (convulsed). It certainly was, Doctor.

DR. B.—Yes, yes. That's a good story. Yes. Well, now then, we come to banking. (Someone interrupts with a question). Well, now, that's a good question. Yes. Now, I had a friend up in Scranton who was interested in that kind of a question. He's a first rate sort of a man. He ought to be governor instead of that fellow that's up there now. Yes, yes; he's a fine man. He's interested in Sunday-schools, too. Well, now, he'd like to answer that question. Yes, he's interested in that question. Well, now, I don't know just how I'd answer that question. Yes, I think there is some such law. Yes, I think I should say, yes. Well, now, no—maybe not. Now, perhaps, sometimes one way or the other. Well, as you please. Yes, yes. I think not. No, I guess that's right. I should say, no. Yes, no. (Several more questions are answered in similar style. Then comes a short discussion of the lesson with a few more stories thrown in. The Doctor asks a few questions himself, somewhat in this style):

DR. B.—Well, Seevers, how must a person pay for bank stock?

SEEVERS.—I don't quite understand your question, Doctor.

DR. B.—Well, can he pay for it in brass monkeys or old hats?

SEEVERS.—No.

DR. B.—No. That's right. He must pay for it in money. Yes. That's right. Money.

(By skillful manipulation, a few such questions may be expanded so as to cover the entire hour. The Doctor, good-naturedly, enters into every discussion and smiles benignly on the boot-lickers. At the end of the lesson, Smyth, Seevers, and others of the shoe-shining fraternity rush forward in a body, relieve the Doctor of all his books and other impedimenta and accompany him in a triumphant throng to Barclay Hall.)

#### DR. GUMMERE.

SCENE.—The English Room, Chase Hall.

(Dr. Gummere enters in breezy fashion, removes hat and coat, hangs them on door, and mounts platform. Looks over his morning mail, ripping off wrappers with one hand and consigning the contents to waste-basket with the other. Class enters slowly, in groups of two or three, co-eds coming first to escape notice.)

DR. G. (looking up suddenly).—Just a few notes this morning,—just a few notes—just a few—let's see—where did we stop last time?—how many of the Elizabethan dramatists have I given you?

COX (hoarsely).—Pale-Green-Kyd-Mash-Chopmeat and Farlowe.

DR. G.—Right, Cox, right. Cox possesses a good memory. (Signal for laugh. Class responds heartily.) Now—let me see—ah yes—ah, ah—Smyth here? Smyth? Oh yes, yes, yes—ah, ah—I want you to take down a few facts about Mitchell and Fletcher, the famous playwright partnership. Don't claim any originality for this—it's not my own at all—but the opinion of an *expert* on the question—and I want you to have an idea of the influence of these men. Influence, of course?

CLASS (joyously).—Astrological term!

DR. G.—That's good. That's good. Now, Farlowe, you remember, had no sense of humor. Humor, of course?

CLASS (rapturously).—Galenical medicine!!

DR. G.—That's good. That's good. Now take this carefully—ah, ah. Hopkins absent?—oh yes, I see—get this straightened out gradually—Hopkins is *present*—well now—Fletcher—take this carefully—Fletcher possessed the elements of genius—Fletcher possessed the elements of genius—

SMYTH.—Mind repeating that, Doctor?

DR. G.—Ah, ah—you mean the last sentence? Oh yes,—Fletcher possessed the elements of genius—

BABB (softly).—What was that, Doctor?

DR. G.—Fletcher possessed the elements of genius—the elements of genius—in a marked degree—but did not *practice* what he *preached*. *Practice*, of course?

CLASS (wildly).—Treason!!!

DR. G. (complacently).—That's good. That's good. By the way that word has an interesting etymology. This isn't my own. Etymology isn't my strong point—but I like to remember these little things, the way I learned them long ago—probably tell you something different now—maybe if you gave this etymology at Harvard, they'd laugh at you—so don't do it—by the way, ever tell you my experience with the case of ut? Case of ut?

CLASS.—Yes, yes. Cut out the ut.

DR. G.—The recollection seems to be painful. Well, I see you know that—just shows how times will change ideas—now this word treason—I won't swear to its etymology at all—but here it is as I learned it terrific black-boards they have here—where's the chalk?—confound it, if they'd only let me have my classes on the roof—might find things in their place—ah—here we are—here we are—chalk turns up smiling at last—well, now, here's this word treason—won't swear to the etymology—I suppose you all know the penalty for treason?

CLASS (shuddering)—Death.

DR. G.—Exactly. Now, then, where did they use to hang people?

CLASS (doubtfully).—On trees?

DR. G.—Exactly. On trees. Trees on! Now what do you get? Treeson! Original meaning—that for which men were hung on trees. Change the spelling to the modern form—one of the idiosyncrasies of present-day culture—no reason for it at all—and that's the etymology of the word treason. (Dr. G. flings away the chalk in triumph—brushes dust off hands—pulls down map to show "Hamlet's place" and Copenhagen—and wanders gradually into a maze of anecdotes, legends, memories of college life, Germany, etc., etc., finally coming back to his subject just as the bell rings for dismissal. Class departs regretfully, and Dr. G. throws open all the windows to let in some *cold* air for a change.)

#### DR. HANCOCK.

(SCENE.—The English Room in Chase Hall. Dr. H. discovered on platform, *a la* squab on toast. Class mostly on back row, armed with Nick Carters.)

DR. H. gazes intently at class, muttering incantations to himself. After a long silence, he announces, "The absentees are Messrs. Cox, Teller and Murray."

COX (waving himself wildly in the air.)—"Wa-ha! Hey! I'm here, Doctor!" (Boher gently taps him on the neck. Cox turns and lets off surplus energy in terrific swings at the air.)

DR. H.—"I apologize for my error. The absentees are Messrs. Teller and Murray."

TELLER (emerging from behind seat).—"I'm here, Doctor,—um, um, um (shakes up and down), um, um (takes off glasses and brings out handkerchiefs), um, um, um" (rolls on floor and subsides).

DR. H.—"I apologize! The absentees *is* Messrs. MURRAY." (This is a safe guess, as Murray is always absent.)

DR. H. prepares to give notes. Class prepares to go to sleep. The Doctor carefully assumes attitude No. 1,—right elbow in middle of desk, chin forward, left hand ready for action, mouth set firmly, forelock rampant.

DR. H. (slowly and tragically).—"Imagination is *vivid visualization*." (Pauses to note effect. No effect evident. Repeats.) "Imaginay-shun is VIVID-VISUALI-ZAY-SHUN!" (Reagan, White and Andrew write it down. Otherwise still no effect.) The Doctor changes to attitude No. 11,—arms spread-eagled and clutching corners of desk, head thrown back and eyes half-shut. Continues, "Now, merely as an example of the visualizatiatory—potentiality—of true imagination—let me read you an extract from that foremost novel of the nineteenth century,—Mr. James Lane Allen's 'Choir Invisible,'—(a long

sigh from the back row. Dr. H. fixes his gaze on the culprit, who looks nonchalantly at the man beside him. A long silence. Smyth's anvil-chorus watch gives three loud ticks. The Doctor prepares for battle, rises and adjusts scalp-lock. Class sits up and begins to take notice.)

DR. H. (vehemently).—"Now,—this thing has come to a crisis. We might as well settle it once for all. Is it peace or war?" (Mutters of "war" from the back row.) "Now,—I demand an explanation of this conduct."

VOICE I.—"I didn't do anything, Doctor."

VOICE II.—"What's the trouble, anyway?"

VOICE III.—"Isn't it mostly your fault, Doctor?"

VOICE IV.—"Let's have a debate."

(The Doctor wilts gradually as various suggestions are thrown at him. He finally wipes his brow in despair, apologizes to the class, individually and collectively, and crawls slowly back into his seat. Bill, the dog, slides in through the open door and, with eyes upturned in peaceful resignation, lays his faithful head on his master's shoulder. Tableau.)





THE FACULTY FOOTBALL TEAM.

## The Faculty Foot-ball Game.

The foot-ball season of 1904 was well under way, when the faculty held a secret meeting, on the 20th of October. Just what matters of moment were considered behind the doors of the sacred chamber in Founders' Hall, were known only to the coons at the key-holes without; but with a thump and a shout that were heard all over college, Hankey brought down his fist upon the much carved and initialed table, and shouted—"Why Rosenfelt himself played foot-ball the-year-I-managed-Wesleyan-and-we-beat Harvard 5--0! I tell you we can lick 'em!"

With a ringing "Give 'em the ax" the faculty rose and marched out, singing "Haverford Forever."

Two days later, the challenge, drawn up in Hankey's best style, was forwarded to the faculty of Swarthmore by Manager Caleb Worrall, and an acceptance followed immediately, proposing Thanksgiving day as the date for the game. This proved satisfactory, and it was agreed that the game be played at Haverford.

Up to this time the students had been kept in the dark to as all plans, but the secret leaked out when the faculty squad began to practice every day on Elliot Field, back of Lloyd Hall. Short, snappy signal practice was indulged in, after which a line-up was held to enable Coach Lewis to get a line on the form of the candidates. A training table was established at the Red Lion, and three times a day the wheezing athletes jogged to and from Ardmore.

At the next faculty meeting the squad unanimously elected Sharpless captain, because of his qualities of leadership, combined with superior weight and build.

With the advance of the season, the men showed some signs of improvement, and as Thanksgiving day drew near excitement rose to fever heat. Betting ran high, and many students even pawned their clothes and went to bed, in order to place their money. Odds of 2 to 1 on Haverford prevailed at the college office in Roberts Hall.

At 2 o'clock on the day of the game a great procession of students and alumni, headed by the Moya-mensing Band, marched to Walton Field, where thousands of enthusiasts were already gathered. Tumultuous cheering rent the air as Captain Sharpless, followed by his team, trotted on the gridiron, wearing their scarlet sweaters with the black "H. F." Manager Worrall led forth the team's famous mascot, Hankey's dog Bill, uniformed in scarlet and black pajamas. The faculty line-up was as follows:—

Right End, Babbitt, Right Tackle, Comfort; Right Guard, Gummere; Center, Hancock; Left Guard, Barrett; Left Tackle, Edwards; Left End, Jones; Quarter-back, Hall; Right Half-back, Mustard; Left Half-back, Brown; Full-back, Sharpless, (Captain).

Captain Swain, of Swarthmore, won the toss and elected to defend the north goal. Promptly at 2.30 he kicked off to Mustard, who ran the ball back 15 yards before he was downed. When the teams lined up, it was seen that the Swarthmore line out-whiskered the Haverford line, making it difficult for the referee to detect offside players. But with a hastily-borrowed pair of hedge clippers the ambush was laid bare, and the game proceeded.

On the first play Brown, taking the ball, brushed tackle like a greased asymptote, but was intersected in his major axis by the opposing quarter-back for a gain of but 1 yard. Mustard then tried left end, but stepped on his interference and gained but little more. But on the 3rd down the mighty Sharpless crashed through center for 10 yards. From the bottom of the pile-up muffled yells issued, "Get up! get up! D'ye want to fight?"; and a moment later Hancock was sorted out of the scrimmage with a concrete and vivid lump over one eye.

On the next play Gummere was too anxious, and Haverford was penalized 10 yards for offside play. Twice did Brown, describing acute parabolas, hurdle the line for small gains, and Sharpless was forced to punt, the presidential toe curling about a magnificent 70-yard spiral.

Swain caught it, but Babbitt downed him in his tracks. Time was taken out to allow Hankey to catch up with the scrimmage. Swarthmore now began a series of attacks on left guard, gaining 20 yards on four successive plays through Barrett, who was too obliging to resist. Time out, till Barrett came to. Then the garnet captain got away with a clear field, save for the doughty Sharpless, and tore straight for the goal-line, but was brought down with a terrific shock that laid out both men for several minutes. Chase, running on the field with a bucket of ice-water and a mop, soon brought them around. "I fear thee almost went under," Oscar said, as Ike, throwing his broken nose-guard at him, strode back to the scrimmage.

Above the frantic yells—"Hold 'em! hold 'em!" from the side lines, was heard the desperate puffing and blowing of both teams; and scarlet and black whiskers, mingled with those of garnet hue, lay about in tufts on the torn turf. At this point occurred a play which elicited a yell even from the Bryn Mawr faculty in the West Stand.

Swarthmore essayed a play around Jones's end, but the runner was picked up by Mustard and flung back over his own line, so hard that he fumbled the ball. Quick as thought, the alert Hall picked it up and, dodging the entire field, made a spectacular run of 65 yards before he was precipitated to the ground by a hard tackle round the neck. It was now Haverford's ball, on the 10-yard line, and Sharpless called his team together for a short faculty meeting. The regular order of business was dispensed with, and he delivered a few terse and forceful injunctions to his men. As a result, in two plays Ike was pushed over for

a touch-down. A storm of cheering shook the stands, which broke into bedlam as our captain, carefully adjusting his glasses, looked over them, and kicked the goal.

Barrett got the ball on the kick-off and, hesitating a moment, started toward his own goal, but was turned around by splendid interference and downed before he could do any further damage. Comfort and Edwards fooled the Swarthmore defense on two tackle plays for 12 yards, and Sharpless, never failing to gain, crashed through right guard 8 more.

With the ball in midfield, Hall winked at Ike, and tried a double pass, resulting in a head-on collision between Jones and Babbitt. Both men lay dead to the world, despite the use of hand grenades on their heads, and fire-extinguishers down their necks, until Hall brought them to their feet with a blood-curdling yell—"Stand up!"

Hancock, engaged in discussing Wordsworth with the opposing center, made a bad pass, and caused a fumble. It was recovered by Gummere, who was shoved over backward by his opponent and sat upon the ball with such gusto that it burst. However, Babbitt quickly repaired it with adhesive plaster, and Gummere re-inflated it with a few timely anecdotes.

Babbitt was offside twice in succession on the next two plays, and Sharpless punted. The gruelling contest was beginning to tell on both teams, and Hancock and Barrett weakened under the frequent pounding of mass plays, until Swain walked through the hole to Haverford's 5-yard line. One more plunge, and the garnet captain was straining over the goal-line, with Don C. and Hankey clinging to his legs. At this psychological moment the Haverford secondary defense butted him in the middle and threw him back, saving a touch-down.

But though Ike and Lyman Beecher desperately pounded their men on the back, and shouted frantic exhortations, the same old weak spot in the line was found once more by Swain, and a score resulted. Though Hall, Comfort and Babbitt jumped into the air to intercept the ball, the goal was kicked, and the score tied at 6--6.

The whistle announcing the end of the half then sent the teams to the gymnasium. As the drooping warriors lay about the dressing-room, at least twenty conflicting opinions were advanced at once, the chief one being that the suits were not becoming. Isaac cut the argument short, and said—"We are a hissing and a byword; the Freshmen will point their fingers at us and say, 'Go up, thou baldheads.' We will win this game! If there isn't an improvement in the second half, Haverford will have a new faculty!" But the team was already on the run for the field, and trotted out amid deafening cheers.

Sharpless kicked off, and Comfort made a wild effort, but missed the tackle, and the ball was returned 20 yards before Hall jumped on the runner, climbed up his back and brought him to the ground.

Swarthmore then ripped up the center of the line for a heavy gain, and Hancock was carried from the field, borne aloft on the shoulders of four coal-black waiters from the dinning-hall. Chase was substituted in his place, and the garnet now changed their tactics, finding this part of the line unapproachable. A moment later their quarter-back shot out from the bunch with a clear field; Comfort made a ferocious dive but fell three yards short, and Haverford's goal was once more in jeopardy. But Jones, pursuing the runner, tackled him *a tergo* on the 25-yard line. Jones was injured, and Reid was substituted. On the next play, Reid, mistaking Barrett for a Swarthmore man, tackled him, and revolving about him in the plane  $f(x)$ , flew off at a tangent. Barrett was picked up with a black eye and eleven slashes on his forehead, and was put out of the game by Capt. Sharpless for taking too many cuts. Bolles was put in at guard in his place.

Defeat now stared the faculty in the face; their only hope lay in their star back-field, Sharpless, Brown and Mustard, and in Hall, the foxy quarter-back. Swarthmore repeatedly worked Babbitt's end on fakes, but could not get past Hall, who never failed to bring down his man. As a last resort they tried a drop kick, which went too low; but Babbitt, playing in close, to whisper a story in Comfort's ear, stood up to illustrate the point, and the ball glanced off his head, and sailed over the goal-posts. The score was now Swarthmore 10, Haverford 6.

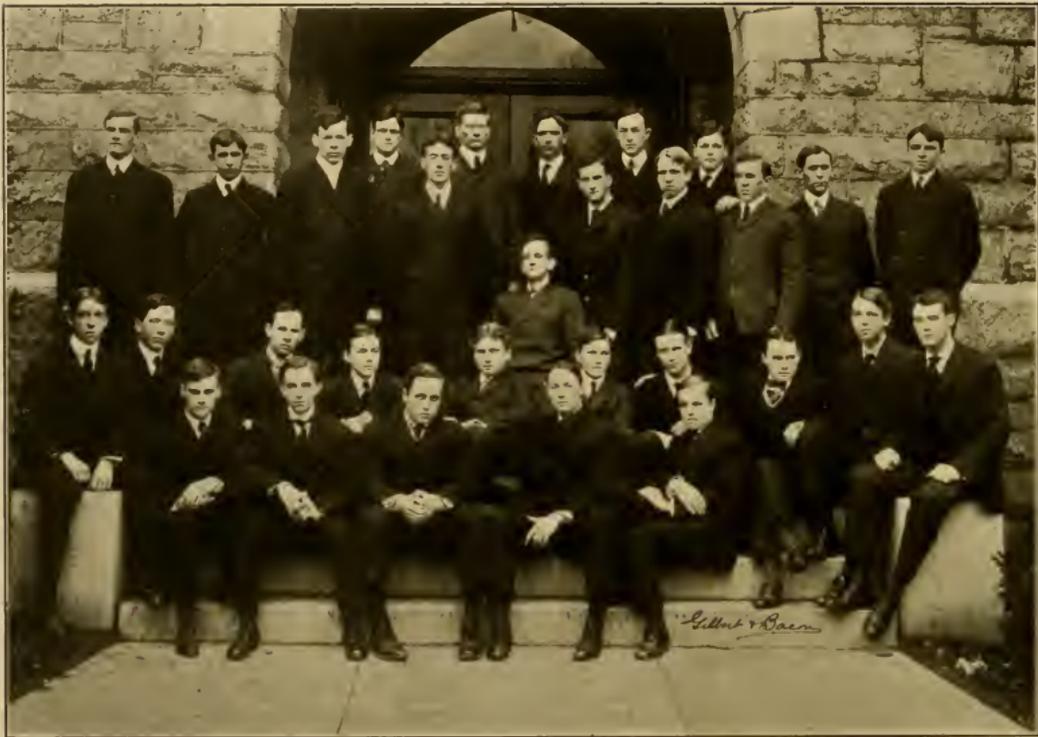
Again the faculty got together, and on a tackle-back tandem formation, Gummere, with a loud roar, hit the line for 15 yards. Now came a brilliant succession of plays that brought the band out of its slumbers, and raised from the stands a storm of flags, canes, hats, collars, neckties, and even shoes, flying in the air. Hall, playing his last card, gave the signal for the famous "Transcendental Pyramid." Brown and Mustard leaped upon the guards and center, Sharpless upon them, and Hall ran up over their backs with the ball and charged forward. The entire formation, by the weight of brains composing it, rolled over upon the enemy and fell upon the Swarthmore captain with such force that he was carried from the field unconscious. With the ball on the 45-yard line, and but 2 minutes to play, Hall worked a clever quarter-back run for 15 yards. Then the mighty Sharpless took the ball, and with a terrific smash through center, walked right down the field with the entire garnet team on top of him, and made a touch-down—and the game was won.

The scene as the victorious faculty were carried off the field was one to be remembered. Enthusiasm knew no bounds, when Capt. Sharpless mounted the steps of Founders' Hall in response to cries of "Speech! Speech!" Words failed him; he made a few efforts to speak, but a deep blush of embarrassment spread over his upper lip; and, pulling his sweater over his head, he fled into the faculty room.

Thus the faculty covered themselves with grime and glory, and established a strong claim to respect in the eyes of the students of Haverford.



ROBERTS AND BARCLAY.



JUNIOR CLASS.

## Junior Class

### OFFICERS

*President.*—WALTER CARSON

*Vice-President.*—FRANK SENECA BREYFOGEL

*Secretary.*—RODERICK SCOTT

*Treasurer.*—ELLIOTT BARTRAM RICHARDS

### THE CLASS.

Edmund Fletcher Bainbridge

Frank Seneca Breyfogel

Thomas Kite Brown, Jr.

Walter Carson

Richard Lucius Cary

Thomas Crowell

Aubrey Cowtan Dickson

Henry Warrington Doughnten, Jr.

Joseph Pusey Edsall

James Turner Fales

William Henry Haines, Jr.

Harry Boardman Hopper

William Kennard, Jr.

Arthur Tilghman Lowry

Warren Koons Miller

James Monroe

Francis Bolton Morris

Joseph Walton Mott

Spencer Gilbert Nauman

Jesse Duer Philips

Henry Pleasants, Jr.

David Reid

Elliott Bartram Richards

Ralph William Sands

Daniel Herbert Schweyer

Roderick Scott

Franklin Gates Sheldon

Raphael Johnson Shortlidge

Albert Keith Smiley, Jr.

John Alfred Stratton

Francis Richards Taylor

Joseph Tunney



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class

### OFFICERS

*President.*—WILBUR HAMILTON HAINES  
*Vice-President.*—IRA JACOB DODGE  
*Secretary.*—HOWARD HEY SHOEMAKER  
*Treasurer.*—EMMETT ROBINSON TATNALL

### THE CLASS.

Donald Cornog Baldwin  
Karl Jackson Barr  
Joseph Cooper Birdsall  
Arthur Emlen Brown  
Paul Willits Brown  
Richard Cadbury, Jr.  
George Brinton Comfort  
George Craig Craig  
Ira Jacob Dodge  
William Stauffer Eldridge  
Harold Evans  
Henry Percival Fritz  
Francis Downing Godley  
Samuel James Gummere

Wilbur Hamilton Haines  
Ernest Fuller Jones  
James Phineas Magill  
Joseph Cornell Beans March  
Michael Henry March  
John Whitall Nicholson, Jr.  
José Padin  
William Ryle Rossmassler  
Howard Hey Shoemaker  
Edward Comfort Tatnall  
Emmett Robinson Tatnall  
Alexander Nes Warner  
William Butler Windle  
George Hallock Wood



FRESHMAN CLASS

# Freshman Class

## OFFICERS

*President.*—JOHN THEODORE TROTH.

*Vice-President.*—GEORGE KING STRODE.

*Secretary.*—CARROLL THORNTON BROWN.

*Treasurer.*—MORRIS ALBERT LINTON.

## THE CLASS.

Fisher Corlies Bailey  
Carroll Thornton Brown  
Howard Burt  
Joseph Bushnell, 3rd  
John Browning Clement  
Clifford Carmalt Collings  
Calvin Coulter  
Walter Lewis Croll  
Thomas Charles Desmond  
Cecil Kent Drinker  
Edward Aikin Edwards  
Joseph Passmore Elkinton  
George Williams Emlen  
Thomas Lightfoot Green  
Jacob Jarden Guenther  
John Howard Haines  
Thomas Rothwell Hill  
William Wesley Kurtz  
Morris Albert Linton

Thomas Morris Longstreth  
Charles Lichly Miller  
William Haviland Morriss  
Frederick Omar Musser  
Henry Grant Pearson  
Clifford Stevenson Phillips  
Charles Henry Rogers  
Winthrop Sargent, Jr.  
Carl Forse Scott  
Walter Rodman Shoemaker  
Wilson Sidwell  
Hugh Smiley  
William Clarkson Stribling  
George King Strode  
James Carey Thomas  
John Theodore Troth  
Walter Wilkin Whitson  
Stephen Remington Wing  
Edwin Wright



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM



# FOOTBALL

On entering college in the fall of 1901 a number of the class donned foot-ball togs and tried for the team. As usual, it was of the utmost interest, not only to our class, as Freshmen, but to the Alumni and student body at large. The necessary qualifications for the game, the intense excitement it produces, and the unwavering loyalty of the Alumni in supporting it are sufficient proof of its value both to the player and the college. In fact, what other sport or event, during the college year, can bring together such a genuinely enthusiastic group of Alumni, as that which is present at the final game of the foot-ball season? That group of which a large percentage is composed of former players, can readily understand what it means to a team to win or lose a game after eight weeks of hard work have been spent in preparation for it.

To those who made the success of the season depend upon winning the Swarthmore game, the last few seasons have been unsuccessful. Many are inclined, however, to lay some stress on the rest of the games, which is, it seems, the more broad-minded view to take of the matter. This eliminates, to a great extent, the business aspect of the game, and affords much more pleasure to the player.

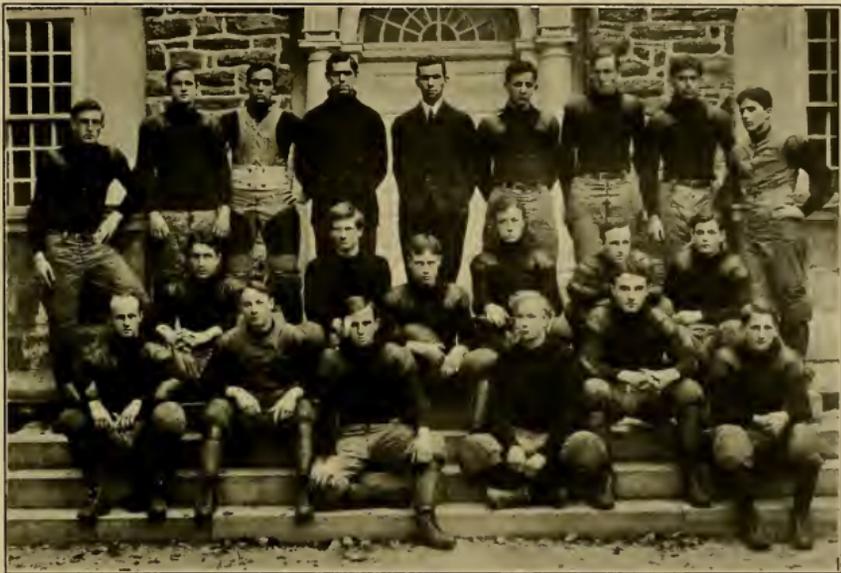
We believe that most Haverfordians and friends of the college realize the difference in the athletic standards of Haverford and Swarthmore and hence support most heartily the step taken by the foot-ball committee in breaking athletic relations with our former rival.

In Freshman Year Jones, Hopkins, and Bausman joined the Varsity squad and at the end of a rather uneventful season the former two received their H's. Priestman, Murray, Eshleman, Libby and Winslow did some conspicuous work on the scrub the same year. The next year the team, though in rather poor condition, put up some good fights. Jones, Hopkins, Eshleman, Priestman and Pearson all figured on the Varsity. Cox, Alexander, Cookman and Downing were the new members to join the scrub from 1905.

Junior year the team split even in games. Scull played with the Varsity for the first time while Hopkins, Jones, Priestman, Pearson and Eshleman held down their places. Priestman and Pearson were the new men to receive H's. At the close of the season Hopkins was elected captain. He was strongly supported this year by Fleming, Priestman, Jones and SeEVERS of 1905, not to speak of the able management of Peirce. This was one of the most successful seasons the college has ever had; for, omitting the last game, the team was not scored on and rolled up a total of 142 points against its opponents. Until late in the season Haverford shared with Pennsylvania and Dartmouth the honor of being one of the three colleges in the East whose goal line had not been crossed.

In regard to the coaching of Thorn, '04, it is sufficient to say that every Haverfordian is perfectly satisfied with the present system, for his work lay beyond criticism. Once again Dr. Babbitt generously gave his services as trainer, with the result that no Haverford team ever went through a season in better condition and with fewer injuries.

Arthur T. Lowry, '06, has been elected captain for the coming year. May his team experience the best of success.



FOOTBALL SQUAD



CRICKET TEAM



Cricket has always been the characteristically Haverfordian sport. The care with which this game has been fostered at Haverford has resulted in the unusual success of the past few years. Out of fifty-four matches played in three seasons, only eight have been lost. Only one of these was an intercollegiate match.

In 1905's Freshman Year, both Pennsylvania and Harvard were easily defeated, and the Intercollegiate Cup thus became ours. 1905 was represented on the first Eleven by R. L. Pearson, and on the Second by Hopkins, Peirce, Priestman, Evans, Downing and Wheeler. The following year the Intercollegiate series ended in a tie, and Haverford retained the cup by virtue of her previous victory. Hopkins, Peirce, Priestman and Pearson, of 1905, all made the team this year. Cookman, Downing, Evans, Ritts, Spaeth and Wheeler were placed on the Second Eleven. In our Junior Year, the cricket season was one continuous success. The approaching English Tour gave an added interest to the home season and all the

players worked hard to make the team. Only one game was lost, and that by a single run. The Intercollegiate championship was again won decisively, Harvard being literally overwhelmed. The English Tour, which took place during the summer vacation, is described at some length in another part of this book. The team of fourteen included Hopkins, Pearson, Peirce, Priestman and Ritts of 1905. At the end of the tour, R. L. Pearson was elected captain for this year. Under the management of Ritts, an attractive schedule was prepared and at present writing the season promises to be a successful one. As no matches have yet been played, it is impossible to say how strong the team will be, but we hope that when this book appears, the Intercollegiate championship will again be ours and another series of victories will have been completed.





CHASE AND WHITALL



ENGLISH TOURISTS



## The English Tour

The days of our college life are now over; we shall never again be able to experience all their joys and their interests; we shall never again be able to have their opportunities and their pleasures, but we shall always have, as an ever-living monument, the memory of those college days. And if there is any one event that will stand out in the memories of a few fortunate members of our class it will be the trip to England at the end of our Junior Year. What fun it was, what an experience, what an education!

All Haverfordians have probably heard from the newspapers and other sources of the doings of "Trolley Cope's" little band,—how they invaded England with their bats and their bags, and how they played the big English schools at their national game and returned home with flying colors, after having figuratively singed the whiskers of the British Lion. They have heard the results of all the games and have realized that the team made a better showing than any previous Haverford eleven. They have noticed the scores of the various members and have seen how all of them managed to get in their share of the good work. The well-earned victories over Clifton, Marlborough, M. C. C., Harrow and Tonbridge, the draws, favorable, unfavorable and neutral with Rugby, Shrewsbury, Winchester, Charterhouse, Repton and Bootham and the sad defeats at Malvern and Eton with the splendid uphill centuries of "Chris" Morris at Malvern and Winchester are now all matters of history.

These are the facts, that will stand out in the minds of those who watched the doings of the Haverford team from this side of the Atlantic, but to those who were on the team the life off the cricket field made almost a stronger impression. The social events, the excursions, the sight-seeing, in fact the curious novelty of the whole country are quite as deeply imbedded in our memories as the excitements of the contests themselves.

Who will ever forget the departure from New York? How the good old Umbria gave one long piercing toot and then steamed slowly and majestically out of the dock, leaving thousands on the wharf cheering and frantically waving handkerchiefs until they appeared nothing but a confused mass of black specks in the distance. Then, just as the hawsers were loosened, the "long and fast" was given and a fine old scarlet and black Haverford flag was hoisted up the mast!





Who will forget that first Sunday at Sea? How we all came bravely up to breakfast and then gradually decided that discretion was the better part of valor and one by one betook ourselves to some breezy nook and suffered in solitude. It was a sorrowful crowd that day —, but this is a painful subject to some so I must proceed.

The team is now in Liverpool; good byes have been said to all the pleasant acquaintances of the voyage, the customs officials have been passed without much difficulty and the cricketers get their first impression of old England. Everything is strange at first, the streets with their old dingy little houses, the "tram

cars" with their upper stories, the very people themselves,— all have something new and peculiar about them. The Adelphi Hotel is reached and here each member of the team finds a brand new straw hat, fashion à la English, with a red and black ribbon bearing the initials, "H. C.," waiting for him. (It was not quite clear whether these stood for "Haverford College," or "Henry Cope.") The afternoon is spent showing off the new hats to the British public, and incidentally walking off our "sea legs" and seeing the town. Thus the first day passed. A whole book could be written,—and it would be an interesting one too,—of all the travels and wanderings of the team, but space only permits me here to dwell on a few typical incidents of the trip.

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the tour—if it be possible to pick out the most enjoyable—was spent at Cheltenham. After a long day's fielding on a hard, dry wicket in the baking sun, we left the cricket field and went to our rooms to dress. Shortly before eight we appeared by twos and threes at the

front door of Mr. Waterfield, head master of the school. A dinner table was set within for the members of the two teams and for several of the masters and their wives and daughters. It was a dinner such as only an English host knows how to serve, and when we had finished we felt refreshed in mind and body. As usual, the meal ended with a toast to the visitors, and Mr. Cope was given an opportunity to get off his regular speech, in which he explained that he had not intended to make a speech, but after such hospitality, he felt it his duty to acknowledge it. By this time both teams had become well acquainted and all of us





enjoyed our conversations that evening with our English friends. Singing then followed. A few of the Cheltenham masters had excellent voices and treated us to some solos. But it was not all listening and smiling sweetly for us, for nothing would suit our hosts but that we should sing some of our college songs. We tried "Comrades, Come," but somebody gave us the key (we were out in the garden and therefore had no piano) about three notes too low. The result was disastrous and we did not sing much after that. So the evening passed. We had similar entertainments at almost every school and it is hard to say where we had the best time—perhaps we liked the places best where we made the most runs.



After touring about the Western part of England the team finally arrived in London about the sixth of July. Here we made the Kingsley Hotel our headquarters until the twenty-fourth. During our stay in the great metropolis the M. C. C. was kind enough to make us honorary members, and so we took the opportunity to see the Gentlemen vs. Players and the Eton vs. Harrow matches. The former was the best and most exciting game that one could well hope to see, while the latter was a society spectacle long to be remembered.

The team had been given a box in the top of the grand stand, where we commanded a splendid view of the whole situation. It certainly was interesting to look over the field at the Eton and Harrow game. Here was London "dressed to kill," ladies in silks and satins and "men" from the age of ten up with high hats, white gloves and canes. The field was surrounded by carriages and coaches, in some places three rows deep, and many a grand lady sat with her back to the field drinking afternoon tea and "enjoying the game." Between the innings the whole crowd flocked onto the field. The sight was a wonderful one. The gaily colored parasols and the gorgeous dresses made the field look like a meadow of flowers.

One week-end Mr. Cope very considerably decided to take the team to Ventnor, a seaside resort in the Isle of Wight. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, bathing, boating and walking in the well known watering place, but some of us came dangerously near spending the succeeding days in the town lock-up.





American sense of humor came to the rescue and the irate warden ended by asking us to call again. Many other pleasant times did the team spend, and the six weeks of the tour in England passed all too soon. It was with feeling akin to sadness that we said good-bye to each other in a little pavilion at York after the Bootham game and scattered in groups of twos and threes over the continent of Europe.

In closing, I must not fail to mention two features which were largely responsible for our enjoyment of the trip: English weather and English hospitality. If English summers are said to be always rainy, we were fortunate enough to close the summer which was the exception to the rule, for out of twenty days of play there were only two on which we ever had to leave the field for a moment on account of showers. If English people are said to be somewhat stiff, we were fortunate enough to be entertained by an exceptional set, for we were made to feel at home wherever we went. May the custom of sending an eleven to England every four years long continue, for, besides spreading the fame of Haverford far and wide, the tour makes

Filled with a spirit of curiosity for the past a party of us made an excursion to the old Bon church,—a church dating back to Saxon times. Finding nobody around we waxed bold, skipped over the garden wall, and then, with considerable difficulty, over a little iron gate into the church itself. Little did we dream what a crime we were committing until, as we were about to go out, the excited warden came rushing to the door and accused us of sacrilege. He informed us that he was going to take us straight to jail. Fortunately our



every man that goes a better lover of cricket, a better educated man and a better Haverfordian.







GYMNASTIC TEAM



The gymnastic system in vogue at Haverford, under the directorship of Dr. J. A. Babbitt, is a sure means of bringing out material. Every Sophomore and Freshman is obliged to spend three and four periods a week, during the winter months, in the gymnasium. The most promising men are given places on the second team and, as soon as their ability warrants it, they are placed on the first squad.

During the winter of 1901-02 several of our class worked with the second team, and Priestman and Pearson made places for the joint exhibition with Pennsylvania. In our Sophomore year Evans made the first team for the N. Y. U. contest, and the following year Lee, Downing and Bushnell performed in the Haverford-Lehigh dual meet.

Ritts was elected manager and Bushnell captain, for 1904-05. Under this régime a very attractive schedule was arranged which included a quadrangular exhibition with Columbia, Princeton and Pennsylvania, and dual contests with Rutgers, Lehigh, and Pennsylvania, not to speak of the annual interscholastic meet. Haverford lost two of these contests, winning from Rutgers, all of the meets being decided by the last event. Downing, Lee, and Bushnell won places in competition and received their gymnasium emblems.

T. K. Brown, Jr., 1906, has been elected captain for next year, and with him as a leader and the material, in college, the prospects for a winning team are bright.



TRACK TEAM



Track athletics no longer hold a secondary position among Haverford College sports. Interest in them has constantly been increasing and Haverford men are making better showings in collegiate meets every year.

In Nineteen-five's Freshman Year the first dual meet in which Haverford took part was held with Lehigh and resulted in a victory. Since that time, at least one dual meet has been held each season. This year Track has taken another stride forward, and besides having a meet with Annapolis a contest has also been held with Wesleyan University. The class of 1905 entered heartily into the work and its members have always been prominent on track and field. Hopkins, Jones, Bausman and Scull all won their H's in their first year, while Priestman, Winslow, Bushnell and Libby have also made the team. In Freshman Year, likewise, H. W. Jones made a record in the hammer throw, Hopkins in the broad jump, Bausman in the half-mile, while John Scull equalled the record for the pole vault.

To add to our fame as Freshmen, the class won first place in the Interclass sports, defeating 1902, who had won the championship for three successive years. The following year in spite of the loss of Baus-



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM

man, Nineteen-five again won the Track Championship, but in our Junior and Senior Years the development of stars in the other classes obliged us to retire from the premier position.

This year the team is under the captaincy of H. W. Jones, while Bushnell occupies the position of manager. Under the rule of these "naughly five" men track work is progressing smoothly and favorably, and at the time of going to press the prospects for a most successful season are very bright.

## Association Foot-Ball

During 1905's stay at Haverford, the game of Association Foot-ball was taken up and developed rapidly into a very important form of athletics. In our Freshman year, some energetic Seniors founded a club whose sole object was the maintenance and advancement of the noble game of "socket." The team which represented this club was a strong one and practically won the championship of the Cricket Club League, although no cup was then awarded. The only '05 man on the team was A. G. Priestman, S. G. Spaeth being a substitute. The success of this first venture induced the college body to take up the game regularly, and we entered a league composed of second teams from the Cricket Clubs. As nearly all the experienced players had graduated, our eleven was not a strong one. Nevertheless we finished well up in the race. Priestman, Spaeth, Cookman, Pearson, Evans and Downing, of 1905, were all on the squad. In our Junior year the Manheim Cup competition was begun. Our team showed up fairly well against its more experienced opponents, and finished in third place, Merion and Belmont being ahead of us. At the end of the season, Priestman was elected captain and Eshleman manager. With the beginning of this winter, the class entered heartily into the work of getting out a winning eleven. Priestman proved to be an able leader, and through the management of Eshleman, an interesting schedule was arranged. Besides the captain, 1905 was represented by Cookman, Evans, Pearson and Spaeth on the Varsity and by Downing, Murray, Eshleman, Ritts and Seevers on the scrub. We began by defeating Germantown C. C. rather easily. A second game was played during the Christmas holidays, and this resulted in a tie. We then sailed into Merion and defeated them 2 to 1, after a terrific struggle. A trip to New York followed, with a tie game against Staten Island. After this we scored a rather easy victory over the Reading Railroad team, and also lost our return game to Merion. This left us with one more victory necessary for winning the Manheim Cup. We played off the tie with Germantown and won by the score of 3 to 0, thus clinching our hold on the trophy. A week later we entertained the Staten Island team who had come down for a return game. After leading by the score of 2 to 1 up to the last minute of play, a timely shot equalled our score



MUSICAL CLUB

and we were forced into another tie. The climax of the season came with the two Harvard games. The first was played on Soldiers' Field and resulted in a victory for us by the close score of 1 to 0. Two weeks later the Harvard team came to Haverford and, in spite of their greatly improved form, once more went down to defeat, the score being again 1 to 0. This ended a most successful season. The interest taken by the whole college was most encouraging and points to a glorious future for inter-collegiate "soccer." May the noble sport ever flourish on American soil!

## Musical Clubs

During Nineteen-five's four years at Haverford, music took a firm hold upon the college and is now the major activity, aside from athletics. Ten years ago an opera, such as the "Haverford Bandit," would have been considered a blot on the face of Nature, while a concert with an informal *dance* attached was beyond the wildest dreams of anyone. Yet both these events came off successfully and were actually a credit to the college. As Freshmen, the class found the musical interests in the hands of an unmistakable genius, who was already preparing to produce an operetta. With such a glorious ideal in the dim future, 1905 jumped into the work with avidity. Libby and Godshall were selected for the Glee Club, while Smyth, Spaeth, Cookman, Winslow and Peirce found immediate favor with the Mandolin Club. Lee is said to have played with the Banjo Club for awhile, but at the end of the year, Winslow was alone in his glory in that small but select company. The Christmas concert was a tremendous success that year. Smyth had been selected as one of the soloists, but owing to an unfortunate clash of two independent spirits, he was deposed and Spaeth took his place. What mattered it, as long as it was a 1905 man?

The contemplated operetta soon took shape, and under the title of "The Great T. T. T. Robbery" it developed into a thing of beauty. Smyth took the position of first violin in the orchestra, Cookman tooted his flute, while Spaeth sawed hard at a 'cello and pretended to play with ease. Libby and Godshall took their places in the chorus, while Peirce and Tilney donned startling apparel and appeared as tormenting demons of the lower world. Several enjoyable trips were taken by the opera company, and the success of the experiment led to its repetition the following year. The same unmistakable genius was in command, and this time he produced an actual opera,—the famous "Haverford Bandit." Our orchestra players again filled their positions, while Boher, Eshleman, Hopkins, Winslow and Scull appeared on the stage. This year the Mandolin Club also claimed Boher and Ritts, 1905, while Cates added his cornet to the orchestra.

In our Junior year the regular opera fell through, owing to lack of material. A successful concert

was given at Christmas, and another in the Spring, the latter being followed by an informal dance. Teller, Boher, Scull and Spaeth made the Glee Club this year, and all the old members were found in the Mandolin Club. At the end of the season, Boher and Spaeth were awarded pins with eight other of the college musicians. Smyth was then elected president of the association, while Spaeth received the leadership of both clubs.

In our Senior year, the musical season was a most successful one. Cates, Fisher, Ohl, Hopkins, and Morris were all added to the Glee Club, which was the largest in the history of the college. The Christmas concert was well received, and the program was repeated a month later at Camden, where a most enjoyable evening was spent. Little trips were taken at various times to the Merion Cricket Club, multitudinous Boy's clubs and finally to Mr. Henry Cope's Insane Asylum at Frankford. Needless to say, all these trips were enjoyed by us, and sometimes even by the audience. While there is not much material in the lower classes at present, it is hoped that some will develop, so that in the future the musical clubs may keep up to the high standard which has been set in previous years.





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About the middle of our Freshman Year, a notice was placed on the bulletin board which aroused the literary ambitions of certain members of the class, for it announced that a competition would be held for places on the *Haverfordian* board. Be it known that this was no easy competition such as was held this year and the year before, but one which called for fixed purpose and hard work. Literary ambition waned somewhat in the hearts of most of the aspirants when they read the notice to the end, for it was found that a number of sketches, poems, college notes and an article of at least two thousand words were all required. Nevertheless, four brave spirits, Cox, Fleming, Priestman and Spaeth summoned the necessary energy and with beating hearts handed in their literary effusions to the austere board. Shortly afterwards Priestman and Spaeth were gladdened by the news that they had been admitted to the brave little band.

These were the days of Henry Joel Cadbury and the "Aspects of Thackeray." Joel divided the work of the journal among the various editors, and humble were the duties the two Freshmen were called upon to perform.

An important side of life on the *Haverfordian* was the custom of holding regular "feeds," at which there was a continued flow of "wit, wisdom and wittles." In this line of activity, our representatives easily held their own with any editor on the festive board.

Time passed, the Senior editors resigned and Burgess was elected to the editorial chair. Under his *régime* articles of naught-five men became more frequent and Spaeth established his reputation as a humorist. At this time also, the board was given the president's office in Barclay Hall as a sanctum, and merrily did it celebrate the occasion with another historic "feed."

At last Spaeth became editor-in-chief and had the privilege of inflicting his opinions upon the public under cover of his editorial "we." Our class then became a regular contributor to the paper, and sketches by Paul Jones and Smyth adorned its columns, while the melancholy stories of "Ham" Murray and the immortal "Ainomore" of Boher also took their places in the hall of fame.

The two nineteen-five editors finished their terms in February, and thereupon gracefully resigned, with expressions of relief and gratification plainly written on their faces and with neat little pins conspicuously displayed on their vests. In spite of their resignation, however, the HAVERFORDIAN still exists. Long may it prosper.



DEBATING TEAM

## DEBATES

Debating has taken an important position among the college activities and during the last four years great interest was shown in the contests with Pennsylvania. Of the four debates, held during 1905's stay at Haverford, only one was lost, the last three being won in succession. In our Freshman and Sophomore Years we were not represented on the college team, but, in Junior Year, Teller was selected as alternate, and in Senior Year both he and Paul Jones made the team and did good work. The three successive victories over Pennsylvania give Haverford a strong lead in the series. Out of seven debates, five have been won and two lost. This record is most creditable, especially when the difference in the size of the two colleges is considered.

In the Interclass debates, 1905 was defeated once, but made things even by a decisive victory later. As Freshmen we were represented by H. W. Jones, Cox and Slonimsky, with Speath as alternate. This team met defeat at the hands of the Sophomores. The following year, however, we beat the Freshmen in a very exciting contest. Our team was composed of H. W. Jones, Bushnell and Spaeth, with Wheeler alternate. In our Junior and Senior Years, the Interclass debates were omitted owing to misunderstandings of various sorts.

In connection with debating, the various oratorical contests should be mentioned. In our Freshman Year H. W. Jones won the Everett Society Medal against a strong set of competitors. Teller received honorable mention in the Alumni Prize Contest in Junior Year, and afterward won first prize at Mt. Gretna.

The amalgamation of all the literary and scientific clubs under the head of the Logonian Society points to a brilliant future for debating and oratory at Haverford.







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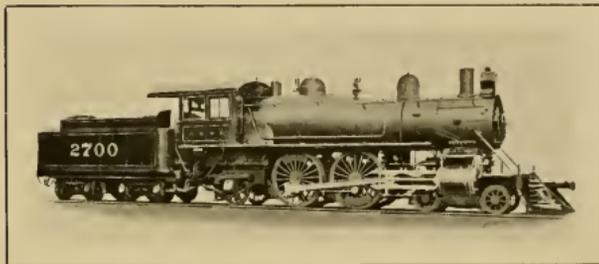
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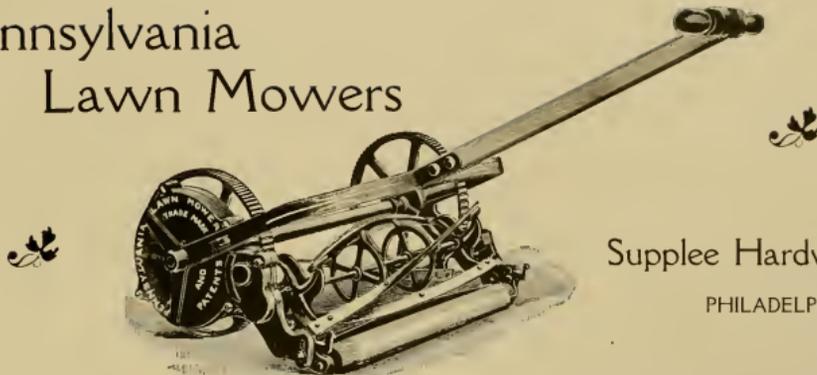
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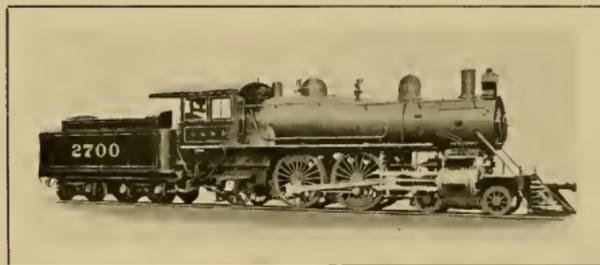
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