1905 Modulus

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Mordulas
1905
THE MODULUS
1905
PUBLISHED BY
THE JUNIOR CLASS
OF THE
ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
DEDICATED

To those who've gone before,
To those who know our woes,
To the engineers of note,
Of the alumni of old Rose.
Dedication
Greeting
Chauncey Rose
Faculty
School Yells and Colors
Classes
Banquets
Street Fair
Helps by the Wayside
Athletics
Diary
Organizations
Hallowe'en
Fraternities
That Brazil Affair
To the Class of '01
A Midnight Rhapsody
A Trip Up the River
Just Us
The Nineteen Hundred Five Modulus Board hereby officially announces its willingness to exchange for a dollar and fifty cents the seventh biennial publication of the Junior Class, trusting it may be considered a worthy memorial of the class and of general interest to the student body at large.

From those who have labored before, the editors expect that sympathy which is mutual between fellow-workers. To you whose turn is yet to come, profit by our blunders.

Most of those who may find "one on them" among the following pages will take the allusion in good part, we are sure; and those who feel that they must "have it out" with some one will please bring the matter up at the next meeting of the Debating Society.

In conclusion, the editors wish to express their heartiest thanks to all those whose contributions and valuable suggestions have made the publication of this book possible.
CHAUNCEY ROSE

HAUNCEY ROSE, founder of the Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Ind., was born at Wethersfield, Conn., December 24, 1794, and died at Terre Haute, Ind., August 13, 1877. He was a son of John Rose, a farmer and an influential and prominent citizen—a man of moderate means and of a quiet and evenly-poised life.

His grandparents emigrated from Scotland early in the eighteenth century, and Mr. Rose inherited many of the characteristics of the Scotch people. He had only a common schooling, but he possessed good health, plenty of courage, energy, intellect and common sense. He was self-reliant, had a firm will, and in all his acts and works showed his unflinching integrity.

Mr. Rose came in the fall of 1817 to the Wabash Valley, and traveled through Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Alabama, looking for a place to locate. In 1818 he came to Terre Haute, then consisting of two log cabins, but the next year moved to Parke County, where he engaged in milling and merchandising. In 1824 he returned to Terre Haute and engaged in trade, becoming a popular and successful merchant. He invested his savings in the neighboring farm land, which he worked in the best possible manner. As the little town grew larger and larger, Mr. Rose found his farm land becoming valuable city lots. He also engaged in railroad work, and through his efforts the T. H. & I. was built. He was also interested in the building of the E. & T. H. and the roads to Crawfordsville and Danville.

His financial successes were great, but so was his industry. His fortune was not clutched as the miser does his gold, not struggled for simply for itself alone, but at all times used for the good of others. His industry and integrity would have given him fortune, but these were aided by an understanding of the future.

A distinguishing mark of the man's character was his public spirit and liberality. He always responded liberally to every worthy application. He also kept a purse for private charity, and this becoming known, often caused him much annoyance.

A few incidents will give a better insight to his character. That he was a man of his word is shown by the fact that nearly every summer he visited his old mother in Connecticut, as he had promised. He often had to travel the entire distance on horseback. Mr. Rose also spent six years in legal litigation before he could dispose of his brother's property as the latter had desired. This entire amount, about $1,600,000, was given to charity in New York. At his mother's death, Mr. Rose gave the old homestead to the town of Wethersfield, and added $3,000 to improve it. He also gave $2,000 for a library and $12,000 to endow an academy.

Mr. Rose was not afraid nor ashamed to work, and was often seen working about the Terre Haute House, then his hotel. The five years spent in Parke County were years of hard labor, chopping timber, driving oxen and working about his mill. He
was also fond of working in his lawn and garden, trimming the trees and keeping things in order. Mr. Rose built the house at the northeast corner of Seventh and Chestnut, and here he passed the remainder of his life. The house, while having undergone several alterations, is essentially the same. It is situated in the midst of a grassy yard, nearly a block in size, and entirely surrounded by trees. Here were many new enterprises begun, and here met the directors, trustees and managers of all the various organizations with which Mr. Rose was connected. It was here that Mr. Rose refused to sell the T. H. & I. Railroad, though he wanted to sell and was offered his price. He refused because the purchasers would not treat all the other stockholders as they did him. The would-be purchasers threatened to parallel the road, but this only made him more determined. No event in the man's life, not even the adjustment of his brother's estate, shows his downright honesty in opposition to his own interests so well as this.

Although one of a family of seven children, Mr. Rose had no relatives in his old age, and left almost his entire fortune for the benefit of the community in which he lived. He endowed sundry charitable institutions of Charleston, S. C., and his provision for the New York Newsboys' Home was learned after his death. He established and endowed the "Ladies' Aid Society" of Terre Haute. He provided for the valuable library of the State Normal Institute of Terre Haute, and secretly educated and paid the bills of a large number of students. He gave also to the support of Wabash College.

Mr. Rose provided in his will for the maintenance in Terre Haute of a dispensary. This building is now erected and known as the Rose Dispensary. He also endowed the Rose Orphans' Home and the Rose Polytechnic of Terre Haute.

Mr. Rose was a strong man, and his entire power was expended as the helpful friend of his race; that is, he wanted to help men to help themselves. Every one of his faithful servants, those beginning in his employ, even in the humblest capacity, in the course of years became wealthy. But if one will investigate these cases, he will find that their wealth came to them comparatively slowly. In no case of the many did he ever make the mistake of oppressing them through the years and then, dying suddenly, thrust upon them fortune they could not intelligently use. He had trained and educated them. Largesses came and they were prepared for them, without shock, without surprise, without even knowing when they came and scarcely from whence.

Mr. Rose's character will well repay study. It is full of good traits worthy of imitation, and not at all too perfect to be human.
William C. Ball, B. A., President
Preston Hussey, Esq., Vice-President
George M. Crane, Esq., Secretary
Demas Deming, Esq., Treasurer
Ray G. Jenckes, Esq.
William S. Rea, Esq.
John B. Aikman, B. S.
Samuel S. Early, B. S.
William S. Roney, Esq.

ALUMNI MEMBERS

Fred F. Hildreth, B. S.
   Term expires June, 1904
W. Arnold Layman, E. E.
   Term expires June, 1905
CARL LEO MEES
President, and Professor of Physics.

Our President, Carl Leo Mees, was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1853. At the early age of eighteen he was graduated from the Ohio State University, and four years later he was graduated and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the Starling Medical College. During the years 1870-75 he held the office of Assistant Chemist of the Ohio Geological Survey. In 1876 he accepted the Professorship of Physics and Chemistry in Louisville Male High School and filled this position for four years. The years 1880-82 were spent in studying abroad, in London and in the Imperial University, Berlin. He was called from abroad to take charge of the Department of Physical Science in the Ohio University. Dr. Mees came to Terre Haute in 1887, to occupy the Chair of Physics at Rose. After the resignation of Dr. Eddy in 1895, Dr. Mees was chosen president. He is a member of a number of American societies for the advancement of engineering education, and for four consecutive years was secretary of Council and general secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.
JAMES A. WICKERSHAM, A. M.
Professor of Languages.

Professor Wickersham was born in Wilmington, Ohio, in 1851. He took the preparatory course in the University of Kansas and graduated from that institution in 1876. After graduation he held an instructorship in Greek there and in two years' time gained the degree of B. A. From 1878 to 1881 he studied under old German masters at Leipzig, Berlin and Fulingen. In 1879, he received the degree of A. M. from the University of Kansas. Upon his return to America in 1881, he accepted a position as principal of the high school at Franklin Falls, N. H., and soon afterward he became Professor of Languages at Rose.
Born in Northfield, Vt., in 1863, Professor Howe received his early education in the graded schools of that place. Before completing the high school course he entered the sophomore class of Norwich University, a military school at Northfield, from which institution he graduated in 1882, with the degree of B. S. He then became second master in the Vermont Episcopal Institute. Resigning this position after a year, he took post graduate work at the Thayer School of Civil Engineering. Having spent one year in this school, he engaged in practical engineering work for two years, returning to Thayer in 1885, from which school he then received the degree of C. E. He worked in the drafting department of the Edgemoor Bridge Company and then entered Harvard University as Instructor of Surveying and Drawing in the Lawrence Scientific School. In 1887 he was called to his present position at Rose.

Professor Howe is a member of numerous societies, the more important being the American Society of Civil Engineering, the Engineers' Club of St. Louis, the Indianapolis Engineering Society, and the American Society for the Advancement of Engineering Education.
THOMAS GRAY, Ph. D.
Professor of Dynamics and Electrical Engineering.

Professor Gray was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1850. He entered Glasgow University as a student of engineering and graduated B. Sc. and C. E. in engineering science. He was awarded the University Cleland gold medal for a series of investigations on the magnetic properties of steel and the determinations of magnetic moments. He was engaged by the Japanese government to teach electrical engineering in the Imperial College of Engineering at Tokio and continued in this service from 1878 to 1881. He was in the service of Sir William Thompson until 1888, when he came to America to take the professorship which he now holds.

While in Japan, Professor Gray invented a number of mechanical devices for the autographic recording of earthquake motion. He is the author of a large number of scientific and engineering papers, and is a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburg, of the Imperial Institute of Great Britain, and of a number of other scientific and engineering societies in this and other countries.
ARTHUR S. HATHAWAY, B. S.
Professor of Mathematics.

Arthur S. Hathaway was born in Van Buren County, Michigan, in 1855. He graduated from the High School at Decatur, Mich., in 1868, and graduated from Cornell University in 1879. For two years after leaving Cornell, he was Professor of Mathematics in the Friends' High School at Baltimore. He accepted a fellowship at Johns Hopkins from 1882 to 1884. In 1885 we find him Instructor of Mathematics at Cornell, from which position he was raised to the Assistant Professorship in 1889, and in 1891 he accepted the chair of mathematics at Rose.

Professor Hathaway is an ardent admirer of athletic sports. In fact, we might class tennis and quaternions as his special hobbies. His coaching proves invaluable to our players.
JOHN B. PEDDLE, M. E.
Associate Professor of Machine Design and Drawing.

John B. Peddle was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in 1868. After completing his second year in the Terre Haute High School in 1884, he entered the Rose Polytechnic. Shortly after his graduation, he accepted a position with the Thompson-Houston Company, which position he held until 1890. He then traveled for the Dodge Coal Storage Company, superintending the erection of their plants. After this he became an employee of the Brooklyn pump manufacturer, Henry R. Worthington, in the drafting and testing departments.

In 1894, Mr. Peddle assumed the position of Instructor in Drawing at Rose and was elected to his present position in 1896. He took the degree of M. S. in 1895, and M. E. in 1900.
FRANK C. WAGNER, A. M.
Associate Professor of Steam and Electrical Engineering.

Frank C. Wagner was born in Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1864. He received the degree of A. M. at the University of Michigan in 1884 and the degree of B. S. in mechanical engineering in 1885. He was in the service of the Thompson-Houston Electric Company from 1886 to 1889. In 1889 he accepted the position of Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Michigan.

Mr. Wagner came to Rose in 1896. He is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.
EDWIN S. JOHONNOTT, Ph. D.
Associate Professor of Physics.

Edwin S. Johonnott was born in Richmond, Illinois, in 1868. He graduated at Rose in 1893 and received the Heminway gold medal. He was examiner in the Patent Office and then Professor of Mathematics and Physics at Drury College. He was a graduate student at Johns Hopkins in 1895-96. Dr. Johonnott was also a graduate student at Chicago University from 1896 to 1899, where he received the degree of Ph. D. in 1898. He held the first Senior Fellowship there. He came to Rose as Acting Associate Professor of Physics in 1899.
Near Charleston, Indiana, in a large, old-fashioned homestead, was born in the year 1867, Robert L. McCormick. Professor McCormick spent his early school days in the public schools at Franklin and Indianapolis. From Indianapolis he went, as a special student, to Indiana University from 1887 to 1888. He then entered the sophomore class of Rose Polytechnic Institute, graduating in 1888. He received honorable mention in all years and won the Heminway gold medal for the best work throughout his course. Having displayed such ability, upon graduation he was offered the position of Instructor in Mathematics, which position he still holds.
ALVAH W. CLEMENT, B. S.
Associate Professor of Shop Management and Practice.

Alvah W. Clement attended, as a preparatory school, Worcester Academy at Worcester, Massachusetts, and graduated in 1891. He was assistant in Chemistry at this school for one year after graduation and then he entered Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He graduated in electrical engineering in 1895 with the degree of B. S. He held a position with the American Wheelock Engine Company in 1895-96, and was in the experimental department of the Compressed Air Power Company of Worcester and New York in 1896-97.

Mr. Clement was in charge of the experimental department of the Draper Company, of Hopedale, Massachusetts, in 1898-99. He entered upon his present duties at Rose in 1900.
JOHN WHITE, Ph. D.
Professor of Chemistry.

John White was born at Poolesville, Maryland, in 1866. He graduated from Johns Hopkins University in 1888 and received his Ph. D. degree from the same institution in 1891. While at Johns Hopkins he held successively an undergraduate scholarship, a graduate scholarship and a fellowship.

Dr. White was Instructor in Chemistry at Cornell University from 1891 to 1893. He went to the University of Nebraska in 1893 and was first an instructor and then an adjunct professor of general and analytical chemistry. In 1903 he was called to Rose. Fifteen months in the years 1901-02 were spent in study in Ostwald's Physico-Chemical Laboratory at Leipsig, Germany, and at the Federal Polytechnic at Zurich, Switzerland. He is the author and joint author of a number of scientific papers, chiefly of an analytical and physical character. In 1901 he published a laboratory manual on "Qualitative Chemistry."

Dr. White is a member of the American Chemical Society and of the Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft.
ARTHUR J. PAIGE, B. S.  
Instructor in Drawing.

Arthur J. Paige was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1882. He received his early education in the public schools of Terre Haute. After completing the third year of High School work, he entered Rose Polytechnic, the youngest member of his class. He graduated in 1902 and received the Heminway gold medal. He has been Instructor in Drawing at Rose since his graduation.

JOHN M. NELSON, B. S.  
Instructor in Chemistry.

John M. Nelson was born at West Point, Nebraska, October 19, 1876. He graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1901 with the degree of B. S.
Mr. Nelson was State Chemist of Nebraska for two years after graduation from the University. He came to Rose in 1903.
NEIL H. WILLIAMS, A. M.
Instructor in Physics.

Mr. Williams graduated from the University of Michigan in 1893. He spent one year as superintendent of an electric lighting plant. He then returned to Michigan University and received, in 1895, the degree of A. M. from that institution. He accepted the position of teacher of physics and chemistry in the West Bay City High School, and afterwards became principal of this school. He taught for three years in the Central High School of Detroit, and then in the science department (physics) of Shortridge High School of Indianapolis. He came to Rose in November, 1903.

FREDERICK P. WADLEIGH, A. B.
Instructor in German, and Librarian.

Mr. Wadleigh was born in East Berkshire, Vermont, in 1877. He graduated from the University of Vermont in the year 1901. He studied two years in Germany at the Universities of Berlin and Munich, and came to Rose Polytechnic Institute in 1903.
SHOP INSTRUCTORS

Photo by Bauer.
CLASS YELLS AND COLORS

SENIOR
Brown and White.
One a zippa, two a zippa, zippa, zippa, zam!
We're the Class of Naughty Four and don't give a——
Razzle, dazzle, hobble gobble, sis boom bah!
Nineteen naught four, rah, rah, rah!

JUNIOR
Black and Red.
Breka, Keck Kex, Koax Koax,
Breka, Keck Kex, Koax Koax,
Hi yi yi, we're all alive,
Rose Polytechnic Naughty-five.

SCHOOL
Rose and White.
R. P., R. P., Rah, rah, Rah, rah,
R. P., R. P., Rah, rah, Rah, rah,
Hoo-rah, Hoo-rah,
Rose Polytechnic;
Rah, rah, rah.

SOPHOMORE
Purple and Grey.
Rickety Rickety Rickety Rix.
What's the matter with Naughty-six?
Are we in it? Well I guess!
Naughty-six, Naughty-six, yes, yes, yes.

FRESHMEN
Black and Gold.
Naughty-seven Rah!
Naughty-seven Rah! Rah!
Naughty-rah! Seven Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
SENIOR CLASS ROLL

Ross  -   -   -   - President
Miller  -   -   - Vice-President
Touzalin  -   - Secretary-Treasurer

Barbazette  McFarland
Bowsher  McNabb
Brannon, C.  Miller
Bryon  Mullett
Cohn  Noelke
Cory  Randall
Crane  Regan
Dorn  Ross
French  Sharp
Garrettson  Smith
Hahn  Staff
Hazard  Tipton
Hill  Toner
Katzenbach  Touzalin
Landrum  Whitten
McCormick
SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

It was a memorable day for us when we met in Professor McCormick's room to listen to the words of wisdom of the "Doc" and hear from his lips the rules of Poly etiquette, which we have religiously forgotten. The fall term passed quite pleasantly. Sometimes we accepted the invitations of the Sophomores to take long evening strolls or rides. Sometimes we declined, depending on circumstances. Frequently they were our guests. We entertained at Woodlawn, on the banks of the Wabash, or at Forest Park, or any other place that suited our fancy. Near the close of the term we held our first banquet. Every man who intended to go, reached the Terre Haute House unmolested by prowling Sophomores, who could scarcely be convinced that a class might throw aside all fear of coming exam's and outwit them by holding a banquet before Christmas. We had a glorious time that night. One man returning to his room found his bed going "round and round" like the proverbial monkey's tail. Wishing to retire, he made a dive for the bed as it went past him. His ideas of angular velocity had no doubt been confused by the many witty jokes of our illustrious president, who had instructed him in mechanics. He failed to make a correct estimate of the radians per second and missed the bed, landing in a corner. Many heart-to-heart talks between the doctor and various members of the class were the results of that banquet. It was at this time that the class of '03 started the custom of "stacking" a room when its occupant was absent, attending a banquet. The custom never gained favor in our class and we are glad to note that it did not outlast '03. The day following the banquet the proprietor of the Terre Haute House sent out a "swipage" bill for lace curtains, wine glasses, spoons, etc., most of which the Sophomores stole. We paid it cheerfully, remembering that there would be a Freshman class for us to victimize the next year.

The winter was uneventful except for one occasion, when Sec. A, during the absence of Mr. Wires from the woodshop, was informing any members of the general public who happened to be within hearing, how Daddy Wires walks, emphasizing it in the proper places with hammers and mallets. That worthy individual appeared on the scene in time to see the atmosphere clouded with everything large enough to throw that wasn't fastened to the floor. We were suspended for the afternoon and the Terre Haute papers informed us that we were the most unruly class that ever entered the Institute.

During the Sophomore year our president was kept busy telling the "Doc" how it happened. Not that we were at all bad but he seemed to fear that we would be. We did not then, nor do we now, take Poly life very seriously. When Dr. Mees informed us that the Institute could get along without a Sophomore class we took it as one of his jokes and looked pleasant. One day we threw our note books at Jo Jo, our friend of the soap bubble. He told us with tears in his eyes that he expected to be killed every time he came to recitation and that he would have to carry a heavier life insurance policy. We smiled as innocently as Maltese kittens. We meant him no harm and
only did it to break the monotony. The note books were light and not dangerous, as there was little in them. Of course had he passed "hurriedly" over the "fundamental" evil of throwing things at an instructor we would not have been guilty of such misdemeanor.

Our Sophomore banquet was an unqualified success. "Here's to Noughty Four; long may she wave," was the sentiment. The headaches of the next day were forgotten in the pleasant memories of the night before. There are reminiscences connected with it too sacred to be disclosed, even to our friends who shall read this sketch; hence we but mention it in passing.

The Junior year was characterized by our ceasing to worry over the difficulties of college life, if the class of '04 can be said to ever have worried about anything, and giving ourselves over to its enjoyment. The class developed a remarkable interest in the fair sex. Card parties, Sunday night calls, cozy corner specialties, the skating rink and society stunts in general were the fad. We spent the time in Hath's room recording enjoyable events in our hand books, and getting some much needed sleep. As to Calculus, most of us could work the "cow tied to a tree" problem. What more could Hath expect? The good old summer time brought new delights. Nights on the river, at the park, or in a hammock with a Poly girl. We enjoyed it all and left the city at the close of the year with reluctance.

We have now nearly completed our Senior year. There were no electives in our course. We took what they gave us and asked no questions. Some of us passed successfully; others failed.

There are twenty of the original forty left. Poly life proved too strenuous for some; others went into other lines of work. Some successfully entered the matrimonial market. New recruits have brought the number to graduate up to thirty. We look back on our college course with few regrets. Perhaps did we take life more seriously we would have more. We have not enough book learning to set the world on fire with our knowledge, nor do we think we have, but we have learned a few things not written in books. We will leave Rose, willing to take our chances on whatever the future has in store for us.

M. B. M.
# JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Watson</td>
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<td>Spalding</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<td>Daily</td>
<td>Secretary-Treasurer</td>
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| Atherton  | Hanley  | Reynolds |
| Bauer     | Heick    | Robertson |
| Benson    | Jenckes  | Schuchardt |
| Bland     | Johnson  | Shryer    |
| Blanchard | Kadel    | Snider    |
| Burr      | Kiefer   | Spalding  |
| Cargill   | Klenk    | Speaker   |
| Cook      | Larkins  | Sproull   |
| Daily     | Leedy    | Stoddard  |
| Davies    | Lewis    | Trowbridge|
| Everson   | McBride  | Watson    |
| Falley    | Newnam   | Wells     |
| Goodman   | Parr     | Wilson    |
| Gray      | Peddle   | Wood, C. L.|
| Greenleaf | Pfeif    | Wood, O. L.|
| Haller    | Reed     | Wright    |
FRESHMAN BANQUET. JANUARY 24, 1902.

About three o'clock in the afternoon word was passed around that the banquet would be held that evening at the Terre Haute House. This had been kept very secretly, for the Sophomores had a way of attending banquets uninvited. A lively mix-up took place in the hall, but order was restored by a short man with a heavy moustache, whose authority no one questioned. The trip was orderly until we reached the door of the Terre Haute House, when we were set upon by Philistines, in other words, '04's. Then "the lid of hell flew off and the devil laughed." They got three and we got two, but the police wouldn't let us keep them. However, they are not good eating, so we cheerfully gave them up. Cards, stories and music were indulged in until about 8 P.M., when the banquet was ready. That was an event long to be remembered. Interspersed with the delicacies and indelicacies of the season, the following toasts were answered to. A. McDonald acting as toastmaster.

Chauncey Rose
The Outer World
"Daddy" Wires
Class of '05
Boarding Houses
The Faculty
Class of '04

Herbert L. Watson
Fred B. Lewis
Charles B. Falley
E. H. Spalding
S. W. Innes
C. R. Peddle

The Ringgold Orchestra discoursed music during the spread. Cigars and cigarettes, and story-telling continued until a late hour. Then the class disbanded, feeling sorry for everybody who was not a partaker.

SOPHOMORE BANQUET, NOVEMBER 7, 1902.

Was held at the Terre Haute House. About fifty plates were spread and the celebration began. The occasion was not dry in any sense of the term, and the only incident not on the program was the theft of hats by the Freshmen. They played the second story to a finish, getting about eighteen hats, with a skull cap and a sombrero for limits. Many new members who had joined hands across the table for the first time were made to feel as though they had been with us always. Trowbridge acted as toastmaster and introduced the following:

Old Rose
The Ladies
Class of '06
Our New Members
Our Old Members
Athletics
The Normals
Class of '05

C. B. Cook
F. A. Wells
H. E. Shryer
J. S. McBride
F. O. Reynolds
George Benson
R. C. Blanchard

The toasts were heartily received and goodfellowship reigned supreme. An attempt was made by a Freshie to create disorder by means of mustard oil, but a waiter was the only victim. The Ringgold Orchestra furnished the music for the occasion, while some of our musically inclined members furnished the noise. Songs and speeches were heard until midnight, when the class went home happy.
**SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL.**

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<th>Canfield</th>
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| Adams        | Lee, A. W. |
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| Bell         | Modesitt   |
| Benbridge    | Morrow, T. R. |
| Brooks       | Morrow, A. W. |
| Butler       | McComb     |
| Cadden       | McCormick  |
| Canfield     | Nichols    |
| Cannon       | Nicholson  |
| Curry        | Pote       |
| Delle        | Rogers     |
| Demmott      | Rotz       |
| d'Amorim     | Ryan       |
| Eastwood     | Schauwecker|
| Evans        | Thurman    |
| Freudenreich | Turk       |
| Glover       | Williams   |
| Hatch        | Willien    |
| Hensgen      | White      |
| Jackson      | Wilkins    |
| Johnson, J. M. | Wilms    |
| Kahler       | Wischmeyer, C. |
| Kellsall     | Wischmeyer, H. W. |
| Lawton       | Worthington|
Along with the advent of the melancholy days comes the Terre Haute Street Fair and Carnival with its neutralizing effect upon the spirits. As the threshing machine separates the golden grain from the sheaves, so this carnival was designed by the enterprising citizens to separate the golden equivalent of said grain from each individual within the confines of the R. F. D. who is engaged in Cincinnatus' favorite pursuit. This disapproves the claim made by some pessimists who aver that the carnival serves no other purpose than to grant to the Poly student a splendid opportunity to do any stunt short of taking human life or contesting honors with Nero.

Poly life up to this time is generally in stable equilibrium, but with the coming of the street fair a new force is introduced, and according to John Rankine, whom any of us can quote as familiarly as Mother Goose. "there is something doing." During this week the average Poly expends enough energy in dealing good times to himself, which, if properly applied, would pull an "A" from Jo-Jo. Come with me, indulgent reader, and do the fair for a night. It is free, so you need not hesitate and figure on standing your landlady off for another month. This brilliant thoroughfare, with its myriads of electric lights and throngs of people, is the rue de Wabash avenue. The sounds emanating from the various organizations intended to dispense music, it is true, would have no effect upon a tuning fork, and would cause Apollo to destroy his ear drums in self-defense; but everything goes at a street fair. What is that you ask concerning the gentleman with the worried look on his countenance, dashing in and out among the multitude? No, he is not an aspirant for the $100,000 prize in the airship race at the World's Fair. It's only Hath, who has been separated from his differentials, and those balloons are their property. Notice the young fellow on the corner trying to appear at home in the jostling crowd. See how his jaw drops and his eyes bulge as the painted maidens mount the platform in front of the tent to begin a free exhibition. He will squander as high as 30 cents on orange cider and crackerjack, and go home about 9:30 resolved never more to dissipate. Can you make out those letters on his cap? I. S. N.? Yes, that's it.
We will now journey down the street and see what turns up. No, that is not a coyote you hear above the din. It is only Ross and Idaho, celebrating the fact that they are not due until ten the next morning. The jolly crowd of young fellows you see marching down the street in double file to the martial music of a bazoo are Poly freshmen. They are experiencing for the first time the keen delight of independence. When they turn in now there is no stern voice demanding of them the position of the polar co-ordinates on the clock. Yes, I notice that most of the girls we meet have their faces heavily coated with powder; but the reason I am unable to explain. Look ahead! There seems to be some excitement. Let's butt in and see what's doing. A big policeman has in tow little Willie Heick. 'Tis he who has been applying the powder to the faces of the fair ones, gratis, and according to the latest rules laid down in the beauty supplement of the Chicago American. Don't worry, he'll get out of it all right. He will hire a legal advocate, who will prove conclusively to the judge that Bill's motive was wholly philanthropic, and that instead of censure he should receive the thanks of the community.

If you will notice, the group of Polys standing on the corner over there have a sad and serious expression on their faces. They seem as though they applied themselves too closely to their studies. Notice how quickly that look will vanish as soon as the austere-looking little gentleman with the spectacles catches the car he is waiting for.

-you say some of the decorations might have been better? Well, I don't know about that. They might have been better guarded, perhaps. You see the Polys have removed most of the decorations since the fair began, to furnish some member of the Rose Scientific Society sufficient data for a paper on "Decorating as a Science."

The hour grows late. Let us retrace our steps and wend our way homeward along North Seventh street. No, this is the Vandalia crossing; the Big Four crosses further ahead.

Through youth: through prime, and when the days
Of harvest time to us shall come.
We'll always hold to memory dear
Those golden days, dear college chum.

'Tis the Old Guard returning from a night at the fair. Hark, they come now!
Hail Chief!
Hail Scout!
'Tis a bitter night, mate!
Aye! Aye! Uncle Heine.
What's that you say? Well, I don't care if I do.
## FRESHMEN CLASS ROLL.

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<tr>
<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>H. Shickel</td>
<td>Scharpenberg</td>
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<td>Vice President</td>
<td>Post</td>
<td>Shickel, B.</td>
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<td>Secretary-Treasurer</td>
<td>McDaniel</td>
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HELPS BY THE WAYSIDE.

No book of this character would be complete did it not contain a few kindly words of advice and help to future members of "Old Rose." In the hope, therefore, of making easier their first few months among its learned shrines, the editor has carefully collected a few notes on the more essential points of the Freshman's first practical work; namely, the making of a good moldable pattern.

The first step is, of course, to procure a drawing. These are usually to be found among the lumber piles, under the workbenches, locked in the tool room, or in some other conspicuous and accessible locality. In case of failure to ressurect one, however, even after prolonged research, a piece of old newspaper will give the same amount of information. If a drawing is provided by the shop instructor, it ought to be diligently scrutinized as long as he is within observing distance, and then placed where someone is quite certain to set the glue or overturn the black shellac upon it. A drawing, in time, may become a trifle disfigured by this method of study, but there is always a neighbor's to refer to and the defect need not, therefore, be regarded as serious. Many Freshmen speedily learn to produce the most beautiful cups and picture frames imaginable from a drawing of a gas engine crank case.

The next step is the obtaining of material. Taking any saw near at hand, proceed to the lumber piles and, if pine be the specified material, cut, from the nicest piece of quartersawed oak obtainable, as large a block as is thought will be sufficient for the work in hand. Always allow plenty of margin for sawdust, miscalculations and the like. After leaving the saw in a place where it is least likely to be found by its owner, the block should be carried to the instructor. Ask him earnestly if the block be pine, and when answered tersely in the negative, remark forlornly that "there ain't any then." While he is procuring the proper material one has an unexcelled opportunity to secrete his pretty quartersawed block for useful but somewhat personal objects. When this has been accomplished it will be quite time to go and learn how to distinguish between pine and quartersawed oak.

If a pattern is to be made of hard maple or cherry, it is best to vary one's method by making the proper selection at once and consulting the instructor as little as possible. Transfer the lumber discreetly from the instructorial line of vision and cut off very little for the pattern and very much for emergencies. Emergencies are most frequent a few weeks before the Christmas holidays. Whenever material of this kind has to be ripped, waste no precious moments or physical energy in doing so with the plebian hand tool. The crosscut circular saw was designed for this very purpose, and it answers the requirement perfectly, but will persist in smoking. Do not mind this smoke. One rapidly becomes accustomed to it and desires to produce it every time an opportunity presents itself. If the hasty approach of the instructor will permit time, one might afterwards examine the beautiful tints of the saw teeth. There is no really practical knowledge to be gained
from such an examination, however, as the phenomena is merely a common one of drawing the temper of saw teeth and instructor. Should the latter come up unseen there is opportunity to learn much eloquent English, but most students have had such training previously and naturally desire to avoid repetition.

The next and most delicate task is the obtaining of sharp tools. No good workman will use dull implements. Of the two methods of procuring sharp tools, one is by sharpening one's own in person and the other by permanently borrowing someone else's. The former is safe but slow, the latter, speedy but hazardous. As these are hints on pattern-making and not on the gentle art of self-defense, information will be given on the first of these methods only.

Sharpening an edged tool involves obtaining a box with a broad and comfortable top, placing it directly in front of a grindstone and sitting on it with the dull tools within convenient reach. Taking them one at a time, apply the metal portion lightly and easily to the stone. By carefully grinding in a fresh place every few moments, an edge is readily obtained which will cut even hard water with neatness and dispatch.

After the tools have been sharpened, the principal part of pattern-making has been completed. Lay off work with a blunt pencil or nail and work to lines with deliberation and accuracy. Should the pattern require gluing, do so at the beginning of the shop period that the remainder may be devoted to waiting for the work to dry. Moreover, do all gluing on benches with large cracks in their surfaces. Glue upset upon such, gleefully drips through into some other man's drawer, upon his overalls and nice clean towel. Although many experiments may be performed with glue, such as gluing blocks to the floor for the instructor to kick, sticking vise-jaws or overall legs together, or unconsciously spilling a little over some tempting seat, these are so detrimental to rapid progress that they are regarded with disfavor by the majority of pure minded students.

The treatment of a completed pattern requires but little comment. Handing it to the instructor is generally all that is necessary. If there be any doubt about a pattern's correctness, lay it upon the instructor's desk at the close of the shop period and await developments. The instructor will frequently discover an error after a casting has been made and is invariably more than willing to discuss the matter at some length.

In the above collection the editor has drawn largely from the personal experiences of himself and classmates, rigorously excluding all frivolous and irrelevant matter. It is certain therefore, that the sober minded, ambitious student who follows implicitly the instructions given, will not fail to be glorified by the haloed crown of success.
FOOT BALL.

Looking back upon the foot ball season of 1903, upon the night after night of hard work, upon the defeats and victories, the question naturally comes to one's mind: Was it worth the time, and the money, and the work? By many this would be quickly answered in the affirmative, first among which the team and every so-called his habits, temperate in his eat-greatly benefitted. The past of with mingled feelings. Beginning all new material, was no small discouraged by defeats, (which have been victories) every man the team what it was. Our Washington University, in St. team played an excellent game and then completely lost heart without much resistance, men of the team, on the evening of the Rose Poly Alumni of St. Nothing daunted by this de-work the team with renewed on November 17th with Eastern training would do. This game was played on the Poly field. The team went into the game with the determination to win and when time was called for the second half the score stood 5 to 0 in Poly's favor.

Because of a precedent established some years ago, and because of the unanimous vote of the Rose team against playing a negro, our game with Wabash was cancelled. At this time Wabash was considered our strongest opponent and beyond a question the game would have been a hard fought one.

Perhaps the fastest and prettiest game ever played on the Rose gridiron was the game with the Shortridge High School of Indianapolis. For speed and science, an equal to this game would have been hard to find. The ball, once in our possession, was carried quickly down
the field for a touch-down. Victory seemed within easy reach for us then, and after the ball was again carried the length of the field by the Poly team, victory seemed indeed certain. During the second half the ball changed hands continually, and it was in the "eleventh hour" of the game and after the dusk of evening had fallen over the field that victory was snatched from us. The loss cannot be said to have been the fault of any one man, but may be attributed to the darkness in which the latter part of the game was played. Had not our team failed to kick the two goals to which we were entitled, the score would have been a tie, which would have given much more satisfaction.

On the 31st of October, we met Hanover on our gridiron and although it resulted in a victory for us, it was comparatively slow. The team lacked the swiftness and the spirit of the previous game.

Perhaps it were best not to mention our game with Franklin. Priding ourselves as we do in all that is fair and square, it was quite natural to resist any attempt of unfairness toward us. Had these attempts been discontinued after attention had been called to them over and over again, our captain would not have called his men off the field.

Our victory over Butler, with the score 31 to 0, speaks well for itself. It was just previous to this game that the team was reorganized and Mr. McBride elected captain, which position he filled admirably.

Close upon this victory followed another, our second victory over Eastern Illinois. In commenting upon this game it should be said that Pat Daily and Lammers played especially good ball. Every man was heart and soul in the game and with a bunch of rooters, seventy strong, to cheer them on, the team did splendid work.

In the closing game of the season, with Earlham, on Thanksgiving day, we were completely walloped by our opponents.

**SCHEDULE FOR 1904.**

October 5—Washington University at St. Louis.
October 8—Eastern Illinois at Terre Haute.
October 15—Culver Military Academy at Culver.
October 22—Shortridge High School at Terre Haute.
October 29—Eastern Illinois at Charleston.

November 5—Kentucky State College at Lexington.
November 12—Earlham at Terre Haute.
November 19—Millikin University at Terre Haute.
November 24—DePauw at Terre Haute.
At the close of the foot ball season of 1902 the general attention of all the students was turned to basket ball. This was the first year that the team was allowed a schedule, and the excellent showing made by the men proved that the money was well spent. The prospects seemed unusually good, because all of the old players were back. We all remember the playing of Hadley and Irving Cox at forward, Daily at center and Barbazette and Fitzpatrick at guard. The subs were Thurman, Williams, Glover and Johnson.

This was the first time that a game was scheduled with Purdue, and when the team left for Lafayette there was a great deal of speculation on the score. We had all heard of “Long John” Miller, and when the score was sent home it was at once attributed to him. On the return game a large crowd gathered in the Poly gym to see the above-mentioned “Long John” win the game. None were disappointed, for he took a position under the goal, and as soon as the ball was passed to him lifted it up and dropped it through the basket. In the first half he threw goal after goal; but in the second half Williams delighted the rooters by holding the big man down to a few points. Still, we were beaten by a large score, and the only consolation to be found was the fact that all the other college teams were beaten in the same artistic manner.

At the close of the season things looked blue for the next year, on account of the graduation of H. Cox, I. Cox, Williams and Fitzpatrick. In the fall, however, with Thurman, Johnson, Barbazette, Daily and Glover back, and Trueblood and Shickel, old Y. M. C. A. players, in the Freshman class, it was evident that we were to have an unusually strong team.
Manager Reynolds prepared a good schedule, having games with all the leading colleges.
The first game was with our old friends, the Normals, and a happy crowd saw them beaten to a finish. Score: Rose, 48; Normals, 12.
Next came the game with Co. B. Score: Rose, 72; Co. B, 5. Enough said.
The team left for Crawfordsville on Jan. 8, 1904, to play two games. The first was with Crawfordsville Business College, and was won by Rose by the close score of 21 to 20. The next night, however, Wabash won by the score of 34 to 26.
On Jan. 13, we were beaten by the Y. M. C. A. by the score of 21 to 19. This game was close and exciting, for first one side was ahead, then the other. A field goal in the last minute of play lost the game.
Then came the game with Purdue on Jan. 16. A great deal of interest centered on this game. In the first place, Purdue held the State championship, and in the second place, "Long John" Miller had graduated. For a long time Rose was ahead, but in the finish Purdue won by one point. Score: Rose, 18; Purdue, 19.
The next game was with Indiana on Jan. 30. The visitors played a fine game, and, at the end of the first half, were slightly in the lead. But in the last half Rose, by excellent team work, soon ran up the score, and when time was called the score board read: Indiana, 17; Rose, 22.
We have now come to the return game with Wabash. We hesitate to call it basket ball. Basket ball is a game in which speed, team work, endurance and brains are necessary. The team which has these qualities best developed should always win; but with ignorant or partial officials the game is always spoiled, and this, unfortunately, is often the case. The game with Wabash was marked with unnecessary delays and bad decisions. In the end the Wabash team (some say the referee) won. Score: Wabash, 26; Rose, 24.
On Feb. 17, the Normal team was again beaten, by the score of 52 to 14, and on Feb. 20 the Crawfordsville Business College lost by a score of 29 to 19.
The team played Purdue at Lafayette on Feb. 29, and after a hard game, lost. Score: Purdue, 34; Rose, 26.
On March 2, Co. B was taken into camp by the second team by a score of 60 to 8.
On March 5, we received our worst defeat, from Indiana. The game was played at Bloomington, and Indiana won with ease. Score: Indiana, 50; Rose, 19.
One game yet remains, with the Y. M. C. A. on March 16.
The team for the year was: Daily and Thurman, forwards: Trueblood, center; Barbazette, Johnson and Shickel, guards. Substitutes: Glover and Wischmeyer.
BASE BALL.

While foot ball is the college game of America, yet there is not a college or university of any size or note in this country that has not its base ball as well as foot ball team. Let a crowd of Alumni get together and grow reminiscent. One will recall how Bill made a 60-yard run for a touchdown in the last minute of play and won the game, or how Jack made a diving tackle that saved the game. Then another will remember how Tom won such and such a base ball game with his three-bagger with two men on bases, or how Pat struck out the opposing side with men on bases in the last inning. Such are the positions of base ball and foot ball in college life. They seem to go hand in hand. Foot ball is the college game of the country and base ball the national game. And Poly may, indeed, consider herself lucky that she has a team in the national that can compete with any college team in this section, and beat the great majority of them.

Last season the base ball team won five of its eight scheduled games, and stood at the end of the season with 50 scores to 26 for its opponents. A summary of the games is as follows:

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<tr>
<td>Danville Normal</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Washington University</td>
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<tr>
<td>Purdue (Rain)</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Indiana State Normal</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wabash</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Wabash</td>
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<tr>
<td>Indiana Law School (10 innings)</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Indiana State Normal</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kentucky University</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Total</td>
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It will be seen that in only one game were we beaten badly, and that was in the Kentucky University game, which was the only game we deserved to lose. Our team had an off day that day, and Kentucky played her best game. We lost the Indiana Law School game at Indianapolis by a score of 4 to 3, after ten innings of battle, and then only through the ignorance of the umpire in interpreting the rules of the game. Daily struck out thirteen men in this game. On Decoration Day, at Crawfordsville, Wabash beat us in the mud by a score of 1 to 0! That game was as pretty a game as the most ardent fan would care to see. The diamond was very muddy from a hard rain of the night before, making the ball slippery and hard to handle, and that fact was what cost us the game. A wild throw over third base in the seventh inning gave Wabash their only tally of the game. That game was certainly a pitcher's battle, both Daily and Fisher striking out ten men, while Daily only allowed Wabash three hits, and we making four hits off Fisher.

Wabash claimed second place in the State championship, Notre Dame retaining the championship. Wabash had no more claim on second place than we did, for after the second game we challenged Wabash to play off the "rubber" at Indianapolis, which they, for reasons best known to themselves, refused. Since they refused to play the third game, the total score is the only criterion we have to judge the merits of the two teams, and as we had the best of them there, we were entitled to second place. On account of the negro question Rose will not meet Wabash this year.

Last year's team consisted of: Reed, catcher; Daily, captain and pitcher; Stoddard, short stop; McBride, first base; Freudenreich, second base; Dimmitt, third base; Bowsher, right field; Bland, center field; Cushman, left field; Braman, extra pitcher; Cox, substitute short stop; Baylor, utility man. Of last year's team Cushman is the only regular player that has left school. Braman and Cox, both extra men, also graduated last June.

The team's greatest weakness last year was its batting, but judging by the work this year in the batting cage the batting will be greatly improved. Although its hitting was not heavy, it was generally timely, and that is what wins games. In eight games played the team scored 50 runs on 55 base hits and stole 50 bases. There was team work at the bat.

It was in the pitching department that we loomed up the strongest, and that was due to Daily, who in the seven games he pitched, struck out 67 men, allowed 60 base hits and gave but 16 bases on balls. It was when men were on bases that Daily did his best pitching. He was steadier then than at any other time. Daily also led the team in batting, with an average of .310.

Even with that pitching it would take a team that could field to win the games. The team was strong in the field. They played a good consistent game, averaging only three errors a game, which is better than many professional teams do.

This year the team starts out with but one man out from last year's regular team, and he an outfielder. We still have our same infield back, and that means a whole lot. From the present outlook it seems that, with the nucleus from last year's team, Rose should have the best base ball team in her history. The team's batting will be better than last year, judging from the indoor work: and there is no reason why the team's fielding should not be as good, if not better, than last year.

Last year we had Manager Walters, of the Terre Hautes, to coach us until April 1st. This year Captain Daily is acting as coach, assisted by Reed, pitcher, with Terre Haute last season.

The schedule this year is very good, thanks to Manager Mullett. It is as follows:

April 16—Indiana University, at Bloomington, Ind.
April 23—Purdue University, at Lafayette, Ind.
April 30—Indiana State Normal, at Terre Haute.
May 4—Kentucky State College, at Terre Haute.
May 6 and 7—Louisville Manual, at Louisville, Ky.

April 16—Indiana University, at Bloomington, Ind.
April 23—Purdue University, at Lafayette, Ind.
April 30—Indiana State Normal, at Terre Haute.
May 4—Kentucky State College, at Terre Haute.
May 6 and 7—Louisville Manual, at Louisville, Ky.

May 14—Washington University, at World's Fair Stadium, St. Louis.
May 17—Indiana University, at Terre Haute.
May 23—DePaauw University, at Greencastle, Ind.
May 28—Indiana State Normal, at Terre Haute.
May 30 (Decoration Day)—DePaauw University, at Terre Haute.
THE TRACK TEAM

When Charles McCormick, by his eloquent appeal to the patriotism of the sons of old Rose and to the cash box of the Student Council, procured the necessary funds to send a track team to Earlham for the first State meet of the I. C. A. L., many students thought that our efforts for a successful track team would be as futile as the former attempts in that direction. But led by Captain Turk, and under L. A. Touzalin’s able management, the team grew into a team of which Rose was proud.

In comparison with the feeble attempts of the previous years for a team, the record made by Rose was a phenomenal one. Besides taking the lion’s share of the firsts at the state meet, we overcame our friends, the enemy—the Normals, by the decisive score of 83 to 34.

As the score indicates, our dual meet with the State Normal on May 9 was a walkaway for Rose; yet in some of the events, particularly the hurdles and the mile run, the interest was intense. In the hurdles, Rose was supposed to be weak, but the game hurdling of Peddle and Modesitt was a revelation. In the mile run Hahn, having an almost insuperable lead to overcome, made a hundred-yard dash for the tape, which won him the race and the deafening applause of the grand stand.

In the dashes Turk, A. Lee and Willien had these all to themselves. Turk was penalized two yards on a false start, and then he ran so far ahead he could afford to look back to see where the Normals were. Turk also made 22 feet, 1 inch in the broad jump, just three-fourths of an inch behind the state record. It is a pity that this event did not come earlier in the day, as then, no doubt, we would have had a state record.
EVENTS

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Total score—Earlham 48½, Wabash 39½, Rose 28, Hanover 1.

As the I. C. A. L. meet is to be held at Rose this spring, let us show the visiting teams how well Rose can entertain. And may the best team win.

*In the pole vault, Normal dropped out and the places were decided by lot.

The first annual track and field meet of the I. C. A. L. was held at Earlham on Saturday, May 15. While we were somewhat disappointed that we did not win first place, the great showing made by Turk almost made up for the defeat. By taking four firsts and a third place, he carried off the honors of the day. His hundred-yard dash in 10½ sec. and A. Lee's time of 10½ sec. were good for first and second place. Larkins took second in the pole vault.
Quoting from Professor Hathaway, Rose has at the present time the best tennis material she has had for years. It is expected this Modulus will appear before the State Tennis Tournament takes place here May 19th and 20th, so the strength of our tennis men, tested inter-collegiately, can not be described here.

In the last school tournament A. Lee won over Cargill in a hard fought match. Lee's endurance and Cargill's skill should make a winning team for us in the doubles of the State Tournament. Cargill came to Rose as inter-collegiate tennis champion of California. He was winner over Cushman, the former champion, in the spring tournament of '03, and will doubtless represent us in the singles of the coming state contest.

A large amount has been layed out in fixing up the courts this year, and with them in their present condition more good material may come out and develop into champions. And even without playing to win a great amount of pleasure and exercise may be obtained from this most interesting game.
1901-1902

September 15—Arrived in Terre Haute at 1:38 P. M. and was met by a Rose Y. M. C. A. man with a gray cap with a red R. After securing a room went to Poly., saw several scared looking embryos, who later turned out to be classmates. First heard of pipe rush (annual slaughter and feast day, fatted calves killed).

September 18—Morning uneventful. Decided to feed at Poly. beanery (a hash house founded for, by and of Poly. students anno domini 1891). 2:00 P. M.—Met Dr. Mees. Much pleased with his cordial manner. After it had been proved that the progress of the world rested on our shoulders and advocating that a gentleman should behave in a gentlemanly manner, the rest of the faculty were introduced. (Subduers led forth and good qualities stated).

September 17—First school day at Rose. Now understand how she gets her reputation. Air is thick with something doing. Soph. challenge to-night. 9:30—Ramble out to Poly. Sophs. are already there; we rush, we fight, we lose; experience is against us. Six men carried to the country and spend the night tied to fences. Pipe rush Saturday at 2:00 P. M.

Dear Bond: Pipe rush is over and '05 won. The game of baseball that began the entertainment was a trifle slow, but when a freshman held up a pipe, events tumbled over events in their hurry to eventuate. It was a grand rough and tumble. Sophs. trying to take pipes from freshmen. This lasted about fifteen minutes, then the big pipe was placed in the middle of the field, the two classes being lined up fifty yards each side of it. At a signal all hands rushed and after fifteen minutes more of getting acquainted, hands were counted. '05 had the more on the pipe, so they were winners and they proceeded to fill the air with unpleasant sounds, and the barbarous ceremony was over.

Yours,

September 20—Reported for duty at 8:00 in the wood-shop. This is the realm of Daddy Wires, king of patternmakers, also inventor and patentee of a remarkable mining car wheel. Given charge of a set of tools, including chisels, squares, hammer, saws and planes; also instructed in the use of lathes, circular saws, band saws and heavy planers. Lectures once a week in patternmaking, moulding, woods,
etc. Among other things patternmaking is taught here. Fourteen hours per week devoted to shop by freshmen. Geometry and algebra under Professor McCormick followed dinner. Mac. is there every time in mathematics and there is very little in the game that he doesn’t know. German under Professor Wickersham followed the mathematical stunt. Wicky knows his subject and never allows himself to be flustered. Next came Dr. Mees, in mechanics.

September 27—Saturday night. Everybody goes to see May Irwin. Introduction to “roost” and its attendant formalities—“Attention, gentlemen; hats off.”

September 29—Street fair opens, of which more later.

September 30—Quiz in geometry. My mark 25; thankful it wasn’t lower. Went to street fair at night. Secured room decorations.

October 1—Quiz in algebra. Die game.

November 26—Thanksgiving tomorrow. Two days’ vacation. Thankful for that and thankful that I have an invitation out to dinner. Thanksgiving boxes arrived to-day. Grand opening to-night.

December 20—Exams. over; breathing regular, temperature normal. Many freshmen leave town.

January 2—Institute opens and Saturday P. M. is decided upon for glee club meeting. Glee club and orchestra together called Rose Symphony Club. Constitution drawn up and R. S. C. becomes a recognized Rose Poly. organization.

January 24—Freshmen banquet.

March 31—Began spring term. Class divided. Mechanicals and electricals begin foundry work under Mr. H. A. Dickerson. “Arry” is in a class by himself and is command of “Hinglish” is excelled only by his skill as a brass worker. Six hours per week with “Arry.” Went to show at night. Two men from crowd buy tickets for bunch, the rest hold door. There is nothing like system for everything.

April 2—Became acquainted with Professor Hathaway. If Hath. takes any curve at all, \( y^2 = 4px \) for instance, a solution is inevitable and all differentials look alike to him. Mac. comes on the stage again with spherical trig. and projective.

April 24—Daddy took us to visit the car works; had a fine time. The affinity of the pattern numerals for us was so great that Daddy was placed in rather an embarrassing position; but as the end of the term is not so far away we all (?) returned them to him.

May 28—Due at shop this 7 A. M. This throwing of blocks and glueing of overalls is growing monotonous. Will be glad when we have gone down to the machine shop and boiler room.
May 30—So hot, study is impossible, so here's for a trip up the river. I know I'm not up in Dutch to-morrow and we don't have a recitation in mechanics, as Doc. is out of town.

June 10—Exams. begin. The game is up and results count.

June 14—Senior-faculty game. Seniors won and faculty played second best. All scores for the year were settled with faculty at bat.

June 19—Graduation. Poly's leave nest. "Here endeth the first year."

1902-1903

September 23—The first day in machine shop. Mr. Logan took our names and after assigning each one a locker informed us that, according to an ancient custom, a deposit of fifty cents would be required for the key. As expenses for books have been quite heavy I asked him to stand me off. Am going to write home for money to-morrow. Asked "Sir Tom" to lend me two bits, but he didn't know what I meant. Guess they don't have bits in Youngstown. Also asked "Atthee," who said he always kept his money. Must have been the truth, for the next day he borrowed two text books and took my seat in the physical lecture room. Logan gave me a round piece of iron and said it was to cut threads on. Then he presented me with a thread gauge; charges 25 cents, which recalled to my mind that valuable things come in small packages. The machine he said to use didn't work just right. One of the machinists showed me how to change the gears and the thing went along fine. Can't see why they don't print the names of the different parts on the machinery. Logan said to put No. 45 on the shaft and 14 on the spindles, but I get the two of them mixed up every time I try to change. Some of the fellows said that we are going to get lectures on shop practice and management. That will be a fine thing. Looked in the "come-on" book and it said so, too. Hope they will start soon. Logan came around and told me not to whistle in the shop. He said that every time a fellow whistled it sounded like "Daddy" Wires trying to talk to him through the tube. Heard a noise behind me and looking around saw a freshman trying to keep still.
November 17—We renewed our acquaintance with Harry this morning. Going into the foundry, after answering to roll call in Mr. Logan’s office, we found the worthy artificer of castings diligently scrubbing off the sign “Arry’s Place” from the door which opened into the blacksmith shop. The vocabulary which accompanied this occupation need not be here repeated. “What’s this, ‘Arry?” said Brinson, holding up an antique looking pattern. “That’s a triple valve for a hair brake; hand you’ll have to use three cores to make hit. Take one o’ them big flasks hover there.” Just here his instructions were interrupted by a noisy argument over the likeness of a plaster pattern. “That’s no owl,” Wells was saying (the fellows all call him the “Shister,” because he laughs so cutely), “it’s a hawk; that’s what it is.” “Aw you don’t know nary thing about hit,” said Harry. “Hit’s not a howl nor a hawk, but hit’s a heagle, the hemblem of this blasted countree.” Thus satisfied, “Shister” took the pattern and dropped it on Lawance, who was asleep in a sand bin. “What did you say that is, Harry?” asked Jenckes. But Harry was busy with “Grasshopper” Johnson, who wanted to cast seven Lincoln heads, and sell them to Kansas preachers for five dollars apiece. Finally he turned to his questioner and said: “Say, you take that sieve hover there hand fetch some shavings from the wood shop.” “Sigfried” always did like to fire the furnace, and before long he returned with the sieve heaping full of various kinds of shavings. Some were mahogany, some were white pine, some were red wood, and in fact he had every kind of shavings to be found in the shop, all arranged so as to resemble a huge bouquet. The fellows all lined up in a row, and when Arry looked around from the flask over which he had been bending, “Sigfried” held the shavings toward him and made this oration: “In token of the friendship, love and esteem in which we hold you, our beloved teacher, it behooves us as obedient scholars to present you with this beautiful bouquet. Accept it, we beg of you, our dear teacher, for with it goes the heartfelt gratitude of the faithful bipeds you have so nobly taught.” (Loud applause from the sand bins, and a voice from the rear): “Phew! By the nine gods which roast upon high Olympus, methinks I do smell——” “Git out! Git out!” said ‘Arry, “you ought to be han hactor.”

December 17—

“We work in metal.
And the hammer or the shovel
Is not that we can’t make, sir.”

‘Tis a good thing to have members of the glee club for shopmates, who can turn the songs they know into things that appeal to our everyday work: “Now, when I was chief dra——” So began Mr. Leedy, as he rattled the change in his trousers pocket and got ready to give a dissertation on the Carnegie Steel Works. But he didn’t give it, for the new blacksmith came up and told him to fix his fire and make a round piece of iron square. He also told how to square a circle, and his plan of doing this was quite unique. This blacksmith acts like he is going to make us work harder than Frank did. Guess ’04 thinks so, too, because he made them finish up nine mine cars last week.

“Daddy” Wires sent a freshman down for an oil stone, and he got Faust’s cake of Grandpa’s Wonder Soap and started upstairs with it. C. L. Wood said it was a
wonderful discovery. Klenk's hands got sore about nine o'clock, and he couldn't work any more, so Faust let a few of us, in the same condition, polish some brass knives we had made in the foundry. Logan came in this morning and caught "Grasshopper" Johnson filing Lincoln heads. "Grasshopper" said he used to be a fireman on the Santa Fe. He worked quite a while at this, and made several trips into Southern California and Mexico. He also worked at a lot of other things, among which were: Fifteen years as a trombone player with a traveling orchestra, and quite a while on newspaper work. One day the fellows added up all the time he had spent at different places, and found him to be a hundred and fifty years old.

Well, this has been a hard day's work, and I'm dead tired. But I've found out a good many things to-day, and never before realized the amount of art and exactness which there is in good blacksmithing, especially in true shaping and good welding. Faust has all kinds of little horseshoes and hammers and things which he has made. They are about large enough for watch charms, and are perfect in every detail.

Have four recitations to-morrow, but will get them in the morning. Guess I'll go down to the Northern and get a sandwich—9:30 p.m.

June 15—Professor Mack started us out early this morning on the survey of a proposed cut-off for the Vandalia railway. The freshmen civils were permitted to drive stakes, carry rod or chain and to run errands while resting. Prof. R. L. Mc. told me to take the level today, and, although it was no cinch at times to keep one's notes the way he thought they should be kept, we had finished up five miles of leveling by night.

Think I'll try to get a job some place this summer, as I like the field work best of all. A fellow they called "Babe" or "Big He" was carrying the rod for me and we did pretty well as long as we could keep him awake. Had a good line on him one day on a hillside and turned the instrument for a back sight, but when ready to sight on the next station couldn't find "Babe" any place. We beat around on that hill for about twenty minutes and finally found him asleep in the weeds. Guess "Babe" doesn't enjoy being focused on as well as one of the fellows says some folks do. Said he was out running levels in town last month when he ran across a bunch of Normals talking about their next day's spelling lesson. They saw him leveling up the instrument and asked him if he would take their pictures. "Sure," he said, and lining them all up in a row, told them to "look pleasant," pressed on the plumb bob and said the job was done. Some of them wanted to buy a picture so he told them to call at the "White House" on Main street that evening and leave their money. Bet they left it all right if they got inside.

Yesterday was "Nunie's" last day with the civil camp, so we all took him down to the creek for a farewell swimming party. Professor McCormick heard the noise and told us that some of those snake hunters out in the brush would give us a "cleaning" if we didn't keep still. Mack always was a little suspicious of the gang after Goodman's deal in picture frames. However, Patsy McBride came to the rescue and "Nunie" departed with high honors. And such is life. We are now glad to let the Electricals and Mechanics talk about their volt meters and gear teeth; for give us the transit or level and a line to run in open air, with no smoke or dust to clog one's head. They can have their indoor work if it pleases them, but—

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."
September 14—Arrived in Terre Haute again. Made a resolution to quit all "bumming" and work hard this year. Called on "her" in evening. Missed the last car and had to walk to hotel (twenty-one blocks). Weather bad.

September 15—Started on a hunt for a room. One lady says, "Do you smoke much?" "Yes, ma'am: quite a little." "Oh! I couldn't have you. I can't stand smoke of any kind in my house." Enter volumes of smoke through the register. "Neither can I; good-bye." Found a comfortable room and a congenial, fat old landlady. Met a number of the old fellows again. Retired early.

September 16—School opens. Paid $23.25 for books and $50.00 for tuition. Write home for more of papa's "dough" and expect to get papa's "don't." Went to show, "The Denver Express," in evening. Swore to cut out all such hereafter.

September 17—Had Jo-Jo's first "spoutings on electricity" to-day. Was introduced to his famous "little element" and many of the new freshmen. Called on "her" in evening. Weather fine.

September 19—Went out to pipe rush and helped cheer '07 to victory. Had hash, toothpicks and water for supper. Think of home and threaten to change boarding place.

October 10—Went with football team to Charleston. Walked 3.3 miles to normal building and .3 mile farther to football field. Twas a queer shaped building, this normal. Rose came, saw and conquered, singing "Bullfrog on the Bank," composed by Hath. Arrived home at 3:15 A. M.

October 17—Took "her" out to football game. Weather cold.


November 26—Ate Thanksgiving dinner at Terre Haute House. Went to minstrels in the afternoon. Had box from home in evening. A large evening and corresponding stomach ache.

December 1—Wrote home for more "dough." Called on "her" in evening. Weather gloomy and storm brewing.

December 4—The "dough" arrives. I knead (need) it, but it rolls out too easily. Think I will get a new batch.

December 22—Started on my homeward way, with a fond farewell to "her." Weather rainy. Arrived home in evening.

January 4. Returned to school after a fine vacation. Made up shop time for Logan, shoveling snow. There's nothing like practical work.
January 18—Took “her” to basketball game. Weather promising, but sun (son) is doubtful about shining.

January 27—Term exams. began. Took a short course in cramming, one in studying and one in plugging. Retired at 2:20 A. M.

February 3—Exams. over with. A mighty battle fought and won. Will give “her” and “the Duke” some attention now. Weather cloudy, snow flurries in northern portion.

February 10—Began physical lab. with dear Jo-Jo. It’s a fine place to work. But I regret with sadness that I had to leave the “potentiometer” and to delve in the mysteries of the “optical bench.”

February 15—On the morning of February 15th the Juniors were much concerned at the absence of Jo-Jo from the institute. And later in the morning, when he put in an appearance, his vast and amiable countenance was illuminated with a “star” smile. This “star” smile set three of the “wise men” of the class thinking and after some deliberation, they deduced the fact that said “star” smile was the natural sequence of a visit from a stork. Now, the class of ’05 fully endorse the sentiments of Teddy Roosevelt and a meeting was held to decide the most fitting manner to celebrate the event and extend congratulations. The meeting was harangued by several orators, whose persuasive ability will be conceded when it is known that at the end of the meeting a collection was taken up which amounted to $1.95. This sum was entrusted to a committee with instructions to expend same on some appropriate present for our “latest friend.” That the committee was a good one follows from the fact that instead of one they bought four articles calculated to evoke infantile appreciation. The presents consisted of a drum, a high chair, a rocking chair and a baby carriage. The following morning at 8 o’clock the class assembled in the physics lecture room for Jo’s recitation. The presents were arranged on the lecture table, which looked like a nursery floor on Christmas morning. To enhance the effect the gorgeous green umbrella on the carriage was opened and gaily decorated with the class colors. Great was Jo-Jo’s surprise at the sight he beheld when he entered the room. One of the Juniors made a few remarks and in behalf of the class tendered the gifts and extended hearty congratulations. Assuring him of the fact that though the “little stranger” had been but a short time on earth he had already a true and loyal friend in every member of the class of ’05. Jo-Jo responded in the following words: “The presents are acceptable and very appropriate. I wish to thank you all and hope you will remain friends of his always. May the little fellow live to get the same chance at you in ceremonies similar to this morning’s.” When Jo turned his eyes toward the blackboard they rested on the following manifesto neatly printed: “Inasmuch as the Divine Providence has endowed our beloved Professor Jo-Jo with a ‘nine-pounder’; we, the class of ’05, do hereby declare the treats are on him and extend congratulations. Cigars are acceptable.” Jo-Jo stated that he would not erase it as he wished to get a copy. But it is doubtful if he ever did, and if so he certainly overlooked the last sentence.

February 22—“Doc” gave us a vacation. Improve my time by reading Ainslee’s three hours and Dynamo fifteen minutes.

March 17—“The Duke” celebrated St. Patrick’s day by a quiz in applied mechanics. Therefore we naturally felt green at this, his first quiz.

April 5—Mid-term exams. began. “Her” gone and forgotten. Weather, windy, and smoke has cleared away.

April 16—First baseball game of season. Rose wins, 9 to 3. Went to glee club concert in evening. Fine thing.

May 18—Secured a position for the summer in a steel plant. Cut Jo-Jo and went up the river in the afternoon.

June 6—Exams. are over and we walk forth with that grand and haughty air of seniors. After three years of study the goal is now in sight and with a little rest for the final sprint we are all sure to reach it.

FINIS
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M. B. Miller, Vice-President
H. R. Canfield, Secretary
C. B. Speaker, Treasurer

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The Polytechnic Telegraph Co.

is now in the eleventh year of a prosperous and eventful life. Each winter of this life has brought with it along with the reopening of the line, new and difficult problems, but the obstacles in the way this year were greater even than usual. It seemed as if everything offered “resistance.” Few of the members realized the “gravity” of the case; at one time the hopes of the officers seemed to “sink” so low that they “code” easily have been “induced” to “call” out for a “topper” or “wall” over they could get. But the “key” to the situation was secured by a “call” for “currents” and for fear of re-Morse not a member refused. A little work along this “line” and the foundations were “reached upon a sounder” basis. Since the number of members made a “short-circuit” impossible, there were no “ground” for complaint; everything went off with a “dash” and is still “OK.”

Officers:

C.B. Speaker, President

H.J. Wilms, Sec'y-Treas.

C. Wischmeier, Superintendent
While it is true that the camera club has not been overcrowed with active members, nevertheless amateur photography has shown a marked revival during the last year. Many artistic and interesting exhibitions have been displayed in the camera club case and the individual members have secured valuable souvenirs of their college life in the way of photographs. Photography as related to engineering has not been developed as it should be in such an institution as Rose, but if an active interest is once awakened in the subject of general photography the student will gradually learn to apply his knowledge of the art to aid him in his engineering studies.
THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

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Senior Councillor - - - - - - - - - R. W. Hill
Junior Councillor - - - - - - - - - E. H. Spalding

Papers read before the society during '02, '03, '04 were as follows:

October 25, 1902 - - - - - "Schools I Visited This Summer in Europe"
Dr. Noyes

November 8, 1902 - - - - - - "Frogs and Switches"
C. L. Post, '03

November 22, 1902 - - - - - - - "Modern Illustrating"
A. N. Austin, '03

January 17, 1903 - - - - - - "Transportation in New York City"
A. E. Michel, '03

April 25, 1903 - - - - - - "Electric Signaling"
W. A. Peddle, '03

October 31, 1903 - - - - - - "Acetylene Gas"
Dr. White

November 14, 1903 - - - - - - "Construction of Modern Buildings"
William Noelke, '04

March 12, 1904 - - - - - - "Carnegie Steel Company"
C. E. Leedy, '05
W. H. Burr, - - - - - President
C. W. Post, - - Vice-President and Corresponding Secretary
K. D. White, - - Recording Secretary and Treasurer

The Rose Tech Y. M. C. A. is one of the most flourishing organizations at the institute. It has for its purpose an object which no other society possesses; the spiritual development of the student. The Y. M. C. A. has a room set apart for its own use as a meeting place and reading room. Meetings are held each Friday night which are devotional and social in character. Every effort is put forth to make these meetings as interesting as possible. Outside speakers are secured who give addresses as to the application of Christianity to their particular business. Socials are given during the year which are a source of much enjoyment.

Bible classes are conducted throughout the term. These have proven to be very profitable in awakening an interest in the bible which does not cease with college days. An information bureau is maintained at the beginning of each fall term, to aid new students in finding suitable locations. Those who affiliate themselves with the association while in college receive impressions which stay with them throughout their professional careers.
In a far western country, province of Indiana, town of Terre Haute, there dwelt a tribe called '05. Tho the professed code of worship was the Coran and their father, our father, the Great Father Mees, their sins and their iniquities became so numerous and their religious fervor so lax that they were no longer high in the graces of the Great Father.

In the year of Our Father, 1903, tenth month, tenth day and tenth hour, they were assembled together in Temple Rose, and thus addressed by High Priest Watson:

"Children, we have done much to invoke the displeasure of the Great Father. In prayer I have received this message: 'Thy people are my people, but unless they make atonement, their sons shall never enter Kingdom Come.' So says the Great Father. Why are we no longer high in esteem? Listen!

"We have warred with other tribes, notably '06. On one memorable occasion we mercilessly attacked this people while they were on a peaceful visit to a nearby town—Brazil. We were detained behind massive walls and iron grates, and were compelled to pay tribute ere we could return to our homes. Do you wonder that the ignominy of this defeat of the chosen people should invoke the wrath of the Great Father?

"More than all this, we have ceased to make offerings at the altars of the saints. Have we not ceased to laugh at the witty sayings of Saint Jo-Jo, and refused to believe his fundamental principles? Have we not been found awake in the study of Saint Wickie, whose pleasure and teaching is sleep? Have we not at times attempted to solve examples in the calculus of Saint Hath, whose examples, the Great Father has never given us to solve, but only to admire? Have we not ridden in the golden chariot of Saint Paige without offering to help 'crank her over'? Did not we on one occasion bolt from the class of Saint Jackie, and suffer for this misdemeanor in the records of the Great Father?

"Children, are you ready to reinstate yourselves? To insure ourselves a place in the Kingdom Come there is but one way. Listen! We shall build with our own hands, that is, with our own money, a set of gates to adorn Temple Rose. They shall be so exquisite that they will rival in beauty the portals of Kingdom Come. On them shall be emblazoned in gold the symbols '05.' I know of a certain metal worker who will gladly prepare this little sacrifice of ours, provided the inducement is large enough. The coffers are low. No son of '05 shall enter Kingdom Come unless he give to the cause all he can afford even if he has to borrow for next week's board. I shall call by name some representative sons of '05. By their opinions shall I judge the tribe. I shall first call upon Atherton as a strong man."

Atherton—"I presume the plan is most feasible, I heartily indorse it. Healthful exercise is most benefic.

Reynolds—"Sure, Mike! You're on."

McBride—"Put in or take out? Put in? All right, I'm in $5.00; it's cheap at that."
Cargill—"All right; make it five. I don't care."

Newnam—"I'll be there in time for the banquet."

Heick—"Fine."

Leedy—"We make much better gates at the Homestead mills, but count me in."

Now again spoke the High Priest:

"Children, you have heard. I shall see to the making of this beautiful memorial. On the night I select, I shall send to your homes a forerunner, the swiftest in the land, Atherton by name. Depart and make ready."

On the night of All Saints' Day, for that was the night selected, the messenger was dispatched, and the sons of '05, well sandaled and robed for the task, assembled to the call. A twenty-oxen team awaited, and the High Priest lead the way to the far off metal worker. The precious gates were carefully loaded and swiftly carried back to the temple. For three hours did they labor, each at his task assigned. At length 'twas done. High Priest Watson arose and spoke to them: "The Great Father has sent to us Alec Sandison to prepare a feast for us. It is ready in the banquet hall. Nine rahs for Alec."

```
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Alec!
```

The hall was a joy to beholders. From corner to corner extended a table loaded with viands and wine, the like of which had never been seen outside of high priced restaurants. Meats, salads, ices, cakes, port, champagne, cigarettes, cigars, enough to fill the heart with joy and the stomach with good cheer.

Soon all were seated and their High Priest arose, and with tears in his eyes and a quaver in his voice, spoke:

"Children, you have had your failings. You have fallen. The fault is mine. 'Tis I who am to blame. I am ashamed to conduct this feast. I leave it to one who is more capable, who is beloved of the Great Father. He is among your number. Bill Heick shall be toastmaster."

```
Hooray! Hooray! You can do 'er, Bill.
```

Straightway Heick arose: "Fellows, 'tis true; we have fallen. But are we not reinstated? We shall, each of us, receive the sheepskin, the passport to Kingdom Come." (Pause.)

Hooray! Hooray!

He resumes: "Sam, fill up the bowl and take something yourself. Now I want to hear from Lewis A. Snider on '1905, the Past."

Amid much applause Snider arose and said in part:

"As I look back upon the past, I see nothing to feel ashamed of save that we didn't tear down the lock-up before we started in on the hotel." (Pause.)

"Fine! Got any mustard oil?"

Resumes: "Our past would be irreproachable were it not for the people of Brazil?"
Then said Heick:

"We have with us to-night one whose ability as a speaker is unquestioned in his own mind. Herbert E. Shryer will tell us about the faculty."

Shryer then warned the tribe of what to beware in the characteristics (lovable and otherwise) of the everyday saints.

Said Heick: "We will now hear from our orator, William S. Hanly, 1905. 'Present and Future.'"

Given the word, Hanly mounted a chair and spoke feelingly on what might be the future. "Who knows," said he, "some day the sons of little Patsy McBride, passing this way, will point to our memorial and say proudly, 'Look! Look what pa done.'"

Heick again took charge to quiet the uproarious applause. "Edward H. Spalding is going to tell us about the memorial."

Said "Teddie": "This magnificent memorial of exquisite iron work and glittering gold is much more than they thought us capable of. 'Twill make our progress easy. Here's to '05 and to the memorial. Long may she wave."

The good humor of the crowd was now at its height. Nine 'rahs for Spalding, nine 'rahs for '05, nine 'rahs for everything in sight, were shouted in quick succession. At this point Benson rose and lead that inspiring song, "Here's to '05, Drink 'er Down." The old walls echoed and re-echoed as the fifty sons of '05 sang:

Here's to '05, drink 'er down!
Here's to '05, drink 'er down!
Here's to '05, we're glad that we're alive.
Drink 'er down, drink 'er down, drink 'er down!
Rolling home, rolling home.
Rolling home, rolling home.
We're obliged to the man who will treat us
As we go rolling home.

With a howl and a few unearthly yells the tribe adjourned to the temple yard. A bonfire of immense proportions, fed with "Daddy's" trash boxes, was a feature, and the festivities continued until the fourth hour in the morning.

After everyone had had something to say all joined in a fervent appeal to the Great Father for forgiveness.

"'Doc.,' we have done our best. The memorial isn't so very fine; but say, 'Doc.,' ain't she a beaut!"

So saying, the sons of '05 departed for their homes as best they could, and so ends chapter I.
Mrs. A. G. Adams. - - - - - - Director
W. R. Heick. - - - - - - President
George Benson. - - - - - - Vice-President
R. Blanchard. - - - - - - Secretary and Treasurer

Hazard, '04 FIRST TENOR Rogers, '06 Shryer, '05
Blanchard, '05 SECOND TENOR Dorn, '04 Falley, '05
Wells, '05 Kahlert, '06

Benson, '05 FIRST BASS Peddle, '05
Heick, '05 Crain, '04

Trowbridge, '05 SECOND BASS Brooks, '06
Regan, '04 Shickel, '07
Lewis, '05
ROSE POLYTECHNIC ORCHESTRA

Mr. Hugh McGibeny, Director

OFFICERS
Robert D. Landrum, '04, -- -- -- -- President
J. Edward Daily, '05, -- -- -- -- Vice-President
Leo F. Dorn, '04 -- -- -- Secretary and Treasurer

INSTRUMENTATION

FIRST VIOLIN
J. Edward Daily, '05 Harry R. Canfield, '06

SECOND VIOLIN
Leo F. Dorn, '04 Herbert G. Kiefer, '05
Carl V. Wischmeyer, '06 Henry W. Wischmeyer, '06

CELLO
Tracy R. Morrow, '06

PIANO
Bert H. Bard, '07

CLARINET
Robert D. Landrum, '04 J. Boyd Shickel, '07

FLUTE
Arthur W. Worthington, '06 Fred N. Hatch, '06

BASS
Roscoe Whitten, '04 Charles E. Scott, '06

CORNET
Carl E. Eppert, '06 Clifford W. Post, '07

TROMBONE
Harry M. Shickel, '07

DRUMS
Edward Flickinger, '07

SAXOPHONE
Albert Goetzinger
Mandolin Club

W. G. Brandenburg - - - - - - Director
E. Turk - - - - - - President
C. Trowbridge - - - - - - Vice President
Z. Adams - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

1st MANDOLIN
Gibbons, '08
Trowbridge, '05
d'Amorin, '06
Grain, '04

2nd MANDOLIN
Lee, A. W., '06
Ryan, '06
Atherton, '05

3rd MANDOLIN
Brandenburg, (Director)
Barbazette, '04

GUITARS
Turk, '06
Adams, '06

CELLO
Morrow, A., '06

FLUTE
Worthington, '06
A MIDNIGHT RHAPSODY
PRELUDE

There were once upon a time two mutual and industrious friends, whom we will call, for the sake of our personal appearance, Allen and Locke. These two mutual and industrious friends slept at the Rose Polytechnic Institute by day and attended numerous and varied exercises in feminology by night. The process was a very continued one, be it understood, since it always began and ended without ceasing. It soon became evident, however, to certain solicitous fellow students, whom we will call Retribution, also for the sake of harmony, that Allen and Locke were stopping entirely too many of Cupid's piercing darts, and imbibing insufficient applied mechanics, calculus or other curative matter, to keep in healthful and unbroken contact with good old Mother Earth and the Rose Polytechnic Institute.

It occurred to Retribution, accordingly, to take measures leading toward the proper correction of the misguided pair, and thereby bring about a much needed reformation. The correcting part of this undertaking was devised and executed with praiseworthy thoroughness, but Retribution observed with keen regret that the longed for reformation did not materialize.

MELODY

Allen and Locke ambled homeward one starry eve, just as the twelfth stroke of the old Poly clock was dying lingeringly among the echoing soot flakes. The exercises of the evening had been unusually interesting and, as a result, the two were so full of a fresh supply of darts that there was not even space enough left for a good, wholesome argument. Nevertheless, Locke concluded to spend the few remaining hours of night with Allen, and together they identified the proper dwelling and climbed the stairs to Allen's room. As he fumbled for the door knob, Locke sighed plaintively concerning the "divinely fair Miss Smith" and expressed an excessive longing to "pillow his little weary head.— at this highly interesting point he opened the door. Straightway two large and feathery (?) bolster shot, like winged thunderbolts, from the gloomy regions above and landed upon his roughish pancake hat with a caressing tenderness like unto that of a young and ambitious steam hammer. Locke, surprised and a trifle annoyed, started for the fallen bolts with a foot full of genuine disapproval. In the dark, however, a large, promiscuous collection of hard and unsympathetic bottles, piled upon the floor in thoughtful precision, became involved in the maneuvers and began to upset one another about with a joyous, jingling tumult. Meanwhile Locke assumed a posture of studied repose, two hands very full of abraded shin and a single head very empty of everything save poignant self-commiseration.

Having discovered that no matches existed in his exercising apparel, Allen started for the supply upon his dresser. His progress thither was materially assisted by an artistic collection of furniture which Retribution had carefully piled in his path. A projecting chair leg chucked him encouragingly beneath the chin, a rocker arm industriously promoted his breathing and digestion, while sharp, angular table corners and the like investigated countless tender portions of his anatomy with inspiring spontaneity. Despite so much assistance, however, not a match was available. Retribution evidently considered matches unnecessary and had discovered the supply first. Consequently, the only illumination forthcoming was a partial lightening of Locke's gloomy outlook on life's perspectives during Allen's interview with the furniture.

Thus is explained how the erring mutual and industrious friends came to prepare for soporific relaxation by the dim and religious light of a distant street lamp. Locke, having but one anatomical dent to distract his attention, was prepared for the above mentioned relaxation...
before Allen had completed his enthusiastic researches for a missing floating rib. Contentedly he thrust his eager feet between the yielding sheets. The latter parted readily—for half their length—and then cohered with a distressing firmness which the vigorous onslaught of Locke could in no wise disconcert. He thrust and thrust again, but uselessly. It was third down, no gain and Retribution once again in possession of the ball.

Inaugurating a personally conducted exploration, Locke speedily discovered a long and tenacious strap circumscribing the sleeping apparatus and exerting a baneful influence upon bed clothing deportment. By an acute process of reasoning Locke also inferred that the buckle was beneath the bed, since it could not be found above. Reporting his discoveries to the attentive ear of Allen, he awaited relief with a sense of duty well and faithfully performed.

After mature reflection and coy hesitation Allen spread his airy pinions and soared steadily but gracefully beneath the bed. In contracted and irritated haste the peace disturbing buckle was sought and loosened and the flight to upper regions recommenced. But just as a slipping boulder often starts a resistless avalanche, so the moving form of Locke precipitated the chaos. The mass of mattress, clothes and Locke, rejoicing in their freedom, began a downward flight, which, in our opinion, shamelessly interfered with Allen's own attempts in this line. Allen's opinion in regard to the interruption was not immediately audible, though he did his best while endeavoring to rise and smite in righteous indignation. At first provoked, but ultimately delighted, Locke speeded the rescue in uncounterfeited glee, encouraging the vanquished with words of cheer and sympathy. To these the other paid ungrateful inattention, and with a grim and uncommunicative air set about reorganizing the tangled wreckage. This accomplished, after a fashion, the pair betook themselves once more to rest and dreams of vengeance.

Presently, influenced by the tempting silence, a stalwart alarm clock began to chant its joyous paean. The sleepers awoke, perceived the encircling gloom and waxed exceedingly wroth. The time to arise was not yet. Mid expostulation, argument and threat, Allen forsook his downy nest and went to lay his itching, gentle fingers upon the unseen songster. Suddenly there came the shock as of a mighty earthquake and the thud of dropping humanity. The house quivered, shutters banged and the windows chattered in their frames. Locke, seeking repose at any price, impatiently demanded the cause of such disturbance and delay in silencing the ringing notes. Then, on his coign of vantage in mid-floor, Allen sat and made oration thusly:

**TRIO**

Wouldst thou upon thy witching, naked feet
Piroute and lightly patter.
When round about them lie on every hand,
By gloom concealed,
Tobacco tins wide open and unfilled?
?? --- !!! - ? !! - ?? !! --- !!! ???? ! --- ?!

Esteemed readers, the ethereal strains of this immortal song become too divine for mortal pen to trace or ear to hear. The grandeur of their majesty enthralls us ere our work is done. We can no more. Amen. Amen.
## ALPHA TAU OMEGA
### INDIANA GAMMA GAMMA

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Members</th>
<th>States</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1904</td>
<td>George H. Crain, Howard A. Mullett.</td>
<td>Michigan, Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Erwin J. Miner, Paul R. Wickliffe, Donald McDaniel.</td>
<td>Kentucky, Kentucky, Illinois</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ACTIVE CHAPTERS OF ALPHA TAU OMEGA

PROVINCE 1
Alabama Alpha Epsilon, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn
Alabama Beta Beta, Southern University, Greensboro
Alabama Beta Delta, University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa
Georgia Alpha Beta, University of Georgia, Athens
Georgia Alpha Theta, Emory College, Oxford
Georgia Alpha Zeta, Mercer University, Macon
Georgia Beta Iota, School of Technology, Atlanta

PROVINCE 2
California Gamma Iota, University of California, Berkeley
Colorado Gamma Lambda, University of Colorado, Boulder
Louisiana Beta Epsilon, Tulane University, New Orleans
Texas Gamma Eta, University of Texas, Austin

PROVINCE 3
Illinois Gamma Zeta, University of Illinois, Champaign
Indiana Gamma Gamma, Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute
Michigan Alpha Mu, Adrian College, Adrian
Michigan Beta Kappa, Hillside College, Hillside
Michigan Beta Omicron, Albion College, Albion
Nebraska Gamma Theta, University of Nebraska, Lincoln
Kansas Gamma Mu, University of Kansas, Lawrence
Minnesota Gamma Nu, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis

PROVINCE 4
Maine Beta Upsilon, University of Maine, Orono
Maine Gamma Alpha, Colby College, Waterville
Massachusetts Gamma Beta, Tufts College
Rhode Island Gamma Delta, Brown University, Providence
Vermont Beta Zeta, University of Vermont, Burlington
PROVINCE 5
New York Alpha Omicron, St. Lawrence University, Canton
New York Alpha Lambda, Columbia University, New York
New York Beta Theta, Cornell University, Ithaca
Pennsylvania Alpha Iota, Muhlenberg College, Allentown
Pennsylvania Alpha Upsilon, Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg
Pennsylvania Alpha Pi, Washington and Jefferson College, Washington
Pennsylvania Tau, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia

PROVINCE 6
North Carolina Alpha Delta, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill
North Carolina Xi, Trinity College, Durham
South Carolina Beta Xi, College of Charleston
Virginia Delta, University of Virginia, Charlottesville

PROVINCE 7
Ohio Alpha Nu, Mount Union College, Alliance
Ohio Alpha Psi, Wittenberg College, Springfield
Ohio Beta Eta, Wesleyan University, Delaware
Ohio Beta Mu, Wooster University, Wooster
Ohio Beta Omega, State University, Columbus
Ohio Gamma Kappa, Western Reserve University, Cleveland

PROVINCE 8
Tennessee Alpha Tau, Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville
Tennessee Beta Pi, Vanderbilt University, Nashville
Tennessee Beta Tau, Southwestern Baptist University, Jackson
Tennessee Omega, University of the South, Sewanee
Tennessee Pi, University of Tennessee, Knoxville
SIGMA NU
BETA UPSILON CHAPTER

1904
Harry Barbazette - - - - - - - - Indiana
Clifton Brannon - - - - - - - - Kentucky
Brown N. Katzenbach - - - - - - - - Indiana
John F. Regan, Jr. - - - - - - - - Indiana
Clarence A. Cohn - - - - - - - - Utah

1905
Ralph C. Gray - - - - - - - - Ohio
Charles B. Trowbridge - - - - - - - - Michigan

1907
Claude L. Crane - - - - - - - - Indiana
Harry H. Watt - - - - - - - - Ohio
Albert Gerst - - - - - - - - Ohio

FRATRES IN URBE
J. Robert Riggs
Claude E. Cox
ACTIVE CHAPTERS OF SIGMA NU

FIRST DIVISION
Pi—Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.
Beta Sigma—University of Vermont, Burlington.
Gamma Delta—Stevens' Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.
Gamma Epsilon—LaFayette College, Easton, Pa.
Gamma Theta—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

SECOND DIVISION
Beta—University of Virginia, University Postoffice, Va.
Lambda—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Omieron—Bethel College, Russellville, Ky.
Sigma—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Psi—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.
Gamma Iota—State College of Kentucky, Lexington.

THIRD DIVISION
Mu—University of Georgia, Athens.
Theta—University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa.
Iota—Howard College, East Lake, Alabama.
Kappa—North Georgia Agricultural College, Dahlonega.
Eta—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Xi—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Beta Theta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Gamma Alpha—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.

FOURTH DIVISION
Epsilon—Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.
Beta Beta—DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
Beta Nu—Ohio State University, Columbus, O.
Beta Zeta—Purdue University, LaFayette, Ind.
Beta Eta—University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.
Gamma Pi—University of West Virginia, Morgantown
Beta Iota—Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio.
Beta Upsilon—Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Ind.
FIFTH DIVISION
Gamma Gamma—Albion College, Albion, Mich.
Gamma Beta—Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.
Gamma Lambda—University of Wisconsin, Madison.
Gamma Mu—University of Illinois, Champaign.
Gamma Nu—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.
Delta Theta—Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill.

SIXTH DIVISION
Beta Mu—State University of Iowa, Iowa City.

SEVENTH DIVISION
Nu—Kansas State University, Lawrence.
Rho—Missouri State University, Columbia.
Beta Xi—William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
Gamma Xi—State School of Mines and Metallurgy, Rolla, Mo.
Gamma Omicron—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

EIGHTH DIVISION
Upsilon—University of Texas, Austin.
Phi—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge.
Beta Phi—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

NINTH DIVISION
Gamma Eta—State School of Mines, Golden, Colo.
Gamma Kappa—University of Colorado, Boulder.

TENTH DIVISION
Gamma Chi—University of Washington, Seattle.
Gamma Zeta—University of Oregon, Eugene.

ELEVENTH DIVISION
Beta Chi—Leland Stanford Jr. University, Stanford, Cal.
Beta Psi—University of California, Berkeley.
P. I. E. S.
MEMBERSHIP ROLL

CLASS OF '04

W. H. Bowsher  
Ernest Bryon  
E. H. McFarland  
M. B. Miller  
J. Newton Ross  
L. A. Touzalin  
Roscoe Whitten

CLASS OF '05

Charles B. Falley  
W. S. Hanley  
H. G. Kiefer  
J. S. McBride  
H. E. Shryer  
E. K. Stoddard  
H. L. Watson  
F. A. Wells

CLASS OF '07

Harry H. Orr
# LIST OF MEMBERS M. E. P.

## CLASS 1904

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>City, State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L. F. Dorn</td>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. W. Hill</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## CLASS 1905

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. O. Bland</td>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Daily</td>
<td>Terre Haute, Ind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. E. Larkins</td>
<td>Terre Haute, Ind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. R. Reed</td>
<td>Terre Haute, Ind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O. F. Reynolds</td>
<td>Terre Haute, Ind.</td>
</tr>
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## CLASS 1906

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. D. Baylor</td>
<td>Tremont, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. R. Demmitt</td>
<td>Illiopolis, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. W. Lee</td>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Wischmeyer</td>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. W. Wischmeyer</td>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. W. Worthington</td>
<td>Steubenville, O.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## CLASS 1907

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M. S. Barker, Jr.</td>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Stalker</td>
<td>Terre Haute, Ind.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE POLY STUDENTS' FIGHT

Culminates In the Arrest of Twenty-Four by the Police at Brazil Last Night

A ROUGH HOUSE AT BRAZIL HOTEL

PROPERTY WAS DESTROYED IN THE SKIRMISH AND MUSTARD OIL WAS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE BUILDING—THE DISTURBANCE FINALLY STOPPED BY THE RIOT CALL.
DESERTED MOB
THREATENS BRAZIL

EL, TERRE HAUTE, INDIA

ONLY VALIANT ACTION OF PO
LIKE PREVENTS WHOLE
SALE SLAUGHTER.

THREATENED MOB
THREATENS BRAZIL

OUTSTANDING ACTION OF PO
LIKE PREVENTS WHOLE
SALE SLAUGHTER.

After the fight the mob is
Cleared and the City
Was Saved.

About 12 noon of the 20th of April, the mob known as the Dedham之
movement, under the leadership of a Mrs. The movement
for the purpose ofIPH was a
large and well-organized body of people who were determined to
prevent any violence or damage to the property of the Japanese.

The mob was led by a man named Mr. Brown. He had
previously been involved in several similar acts of violence
against the Japanese community. The incident was
welcomed by the local authorities, who had been
looking for an excuse to clamp down on the growing
hostility towards the Japanese.

Despite the efforts of the police, the mob managed to
break through the barriers and enter the Japanese-owned
property. The situation was quickly out of control, with
reports of looting and vandalism.

The Japanese community was in a state of shock and despair. They
had been living in fear of such an event for months, and
now it had finally happened. Many families were forced to leave their
homes, and businesses were either destroyed or looted.

The government quickly took action, deploying troops to
suppress the mob. The situation was contained, but
at a high cost. Many lives were lost, and the community was
left in ruins.

The incident highlighted the deep-seated racism and
prejudice against the Japanese community in the United States.
It served as a reminder of the need for greater acceptance
and understanding.

In the aftermath, efforts were made to rebuild the community
and heal the wounds. However, the scars remained, and the
incident served as a stark reminder of the challenges faced by
minority communities in the country.

The Dedham incident was just one of many similar acts of violence
against Japanese Americans during the 1930s. It was a dark
chapter in American history, and a reminder of the importance
of standing up against discrimination and injustice.

The incident was just one of many similar acts of violence
against Japanese Americans during the 1930s. It was a dark
chapter in American history, and a reminder of the importance
of standing up against discrimination and injustice.
TO THE CLASS OF 1901

The final organization of the Amalgamated Association of Gallery Gods was due to the class of 1901. The constitution and by-laws, officers and members were first recorded in the Modulus published by that class. Most of these charter members are no longer active in the association, either in Terre Haute or in divisions elsewhere. They are now holding good positions and can better afford the lower floors.

The class of 1905 has taken advantage of all the benefits that the association affords, and here we take occasion to express our gratitude to our brothers of the class of 1901 who have made these opportunities possible.

The theatrical production which is a favorite with the class as a whole is "An Ex-Convict," a charming play, whose main character has an indefinable something in common with all of us. We close with a list of favorite individual selections of different members of the class.

"Col." Wood—"The Cowboy and the Lady."
"Capt." Falley—"The Taming of the Shrew."
Stoddard—"Mrs. Jack."
Peddle—"Way Down East."
Trowbridge—"The Girl from Up There."
Jenckes—"Captain Jinks."
Benson—"The Telephone Girl."
McBride—"City Sports."

Atherton—"The Liars" and "Gentleman Jim" (Jas. J. Corbett).
Heick—"Hello, Bill!"
Goodman—"The Spenders."
"Dutch" Kadel—"Katzenjammer Kids."
Cargill—"California."
Klenk—"A Southern Gentleman."
Robinson—"The Dangers of a Great City."
Newnam—"The Pardon Came Too Late."
Along about that time of the year when old Sol occupies such a position in the zodiac as to necessitate the use of electric fans, what is more enjoyable than a trip up the old Wabash? As you are about to descend the steep bank at the Big Four bridge to the boat house you will probably meet some old river man, who, on the slightest provocation, will give you the whole history of the river with a finished ease in the use of hyperbole that would do credit to Munchausen. If you engage him in conversation he will tell you all about the balmy days of flat-boating, show you the sites where industries along the river stood years ago, and of which at present there is no trace. He will point out to you the different changes in the channel and go you several feet better on any high water mark of which you have any knowledge.

As you begin your pull up the river you pass the Terre Haute Water Works. On the high ground now occupied by this plant there stood, years ago, the Indian village of Quiateno, a village of the Wea Indians. The name means "rising sun," and rightly named, too, for from this point of vantage an unobstructed view was given toward the east across the broad prairies where now stands the city of Terre Haute.

How different is the aspect now to what it must have been in the days when the only craft on the Wabash was the light birch bark canoe of the Indian. The natural beauty of the place has suffered at the hands of civilization. Continue your pull and fill your lungs with the bracing air of the Wabash Valley. It is the same atmosphere which gave vigor and vitality to such lives as Chauncey Rose, Daniel W. Voorhees and Col. R. W. Thompson. After a few minutes you come upon a party of youngsters in swimming, all enjoying themselves immensely in nature's natatorium. A lusty lad standing on a log calls to his companion, "Hey, Chimmie, watch me dive." And in he plunges with the dexterity that betrays the fact that, though his experience with porcelain bath tubs may be limited, he is nevertheless a regular bather. On the bank may be seen a couple of the boys cautiously subjecting the clothes of their fellows to a process that will make dressing a tedious job.

As on you go further up the river the scenery becomes more picturesque. The banks are lined with venerable sycamores, from which comes the call of the bob white. The landscape, all resplendent with the fresh green of the young summer, the warm sunshine, the refresh-
ing breeze and the rippling of the water makes it seem as if all nature was extending to you the "glad hand" and bidding to be merry and forget the existence of Rankin and other cures for insomnia.

About two miles up the river from the city you will notice a high bluff on the east bank of the river, commanding an extensive view in all directions. On this site stood Fort Harrison. The fort was built in 1811 and was the scene of many conflicts with the Indians during the trying times when civilization was first obtaining a foothold in Indiana. Captain Zachary Taylor, who afterwards became President of the United States, commanded the fort in 1812. It may be of interest to know that Chauncey Rose, on his first visit to this part of the country, in 1817, boarded at this fort. All traces of this old military fort have now disappeared. There is nothing now in the peaceful landscape to betray the fact that here once stood a pioneer outpost of civilization. At that time one never knew when he arose in the morning but that his scalp would be the property of some Indian before nightfall. How fortunate are we to exist in the present age.

As you continue your trip you are delighted by the graceful curves of the river and the fertile country its waters enrich. Among the huge trees on the banks you see the white tents of campers, who have come away from the city to enjoy a week of fishing. Yonder is a man running a trot line, and how you envy him as he unhooks and strings up his catches.

You behold nothing along the old Wabash but what is conducive to the soul's tranquility.

Turn your boat homeward now and take it easy, for the current is with you. And soon in the glory of the summer sunset you arrive at your starting place with a keen appetite and a feeling that you have been much benefitted by your trip up the river.
DONALD H. ATHERTON, Gill, Mass.

D. H. Atherton is our only representative from Massachusetts, but that state need have no fears on that score, for "Athie" is well able to uphold the dignity of anything. With his dignity, however, he has the attributes of modesty and delicacy of feeling developed to a high degree, as may be seen, during one of Prof. W.'s stories, by the beautiful coloring of his ears. Physical culture is, however, his forte, and a slight idea of his fine physique may be obtained from the accompanying snap-shot.
EDWARD BAUER, Terre Haute.

The accompanying sketch is not a cartoon, strictly speaking. We wish to assure those who do not know "Happy" that drafting is one of the things he is good at. Those who have seen his work may not agree with us. Bauer, above all, is an authority on basketball, and is recognized as one of the best referees in the state—second only to "Vanderbilt." He has never been known to show partiality to any but the home team.

He is one of the up-to-date photographers for the Modulus. He spells it f-o-t-o-g-r-a-f-e-r to appear Modern, like Holloway.

He and a freshman are building a launch, which will run when oar-locks are provided.

GEORGE BENSON, Brockport, N. Y.

George Benson, alias "Bunsen," is a good, all-around fellow. "Bense" has stuck his finger into several of the side-dishes of college life, such as Glee Club, Technic, etc., with mutual advantage to the dishes and himself. Our artist was able to obtain a fine portrait of this member of '05, from which, however, it must not be inferred that he belongs "'to a stiff-necked generation," but simply believes in holding his head high. However, he wears a sweater part of the time, as otherwise, at a cent a square foot, his laundry bills would come rather dear.
R. C. BLANCHARD, Terre Haute.

Who has not heard of the time when Blanchard completely "floored" the redoubtable "Hath," by solving a problem in calculus without the help of the omnipotent differential?

Our chemist wears a pair of $8.00 shoes in bad weather and is business manager of the Technic. Acting in the capacity of the latter he has increased expenses and incidentally made a better magazine, at least its contemporaries say so: modesty prevents an expression of our opinion.

Blanchard is another one of the Modulus photographers. He was "caught" by "Hath," in the characteristic pose shown.

JOHN O. BLAND, Louisville, Ky.

Johnnie Bland is a well-known figure in athletic and literary circles. In baseball and football he has made his mark, especially in the former. As editor of athletics for the Technic he has furnished many an interesting and able review of our games. Mr. Bland is of a very sensitive nature and asked that in connection with this article a particular nickname be suppressed: We wish to take occasion here to say that it is a "dog-goned" shame to call him this thing and we ask that if anyone knows it they will kindly refrain from using it, as it grates on his finer sensibilities.
WALTER H. BURR, Morrison, Ill.

Walter Burr descended from a long line of ancestors and Morrison, Illinois, about three years ago, in order to join '05 and the Rose Polytechnic Institute at one and the same time. We do not permit him to regret joining '05 and he never repents joining the institute except during calculus examinations.

It has been suggested that Walter joined the Y. M. C. A. as a result of one of these examinations, while seeking comfort and consolation, but we are quite certain that, if the assertion is true, Walter joined under the impression that Y. M. C. A. denoted Young Men's Calculus Association. At any rate Walter, on finding himself a member, took up the association work with such energy and enthusiasm that he has been recently rewarded with the privilege of receiving its president's mail.

Just now Burr is doing his best to help get out the little Y. M. C. A. handbook, so useful to everyone during the school year. In view of this fact, it is manifestly ungrateful to hit him too hard, so we are moved to let him down easy.

STUART CARGILL, Anaheim, Calif.

Stuart Cargill is variously known as "Planimeter," "Hath," etc., for good and sufficient reasons. He and Prof. "Hath" are boon companions, and study together over problems in anything from bowling to triple integration. It was our pleasure once to watch a bowling contest between the two, in which "Hath" was badly worsted, the apparent object of the game being to put as many balls in the gutter as possible. However, this same juggler of mathematical problems can make most people think that they know very little about the games, tennis and chess.
C. B. COOK, Frankfort, Indiana.

Our "Schneewischen" shines especially bright in the Y. M. C. A. and, at the beginning of the school year, may be seen corralling the poor freshmen in a corner of the building and informing them of quarters which he thinks they are fit to occupy. He is also an important adjunct to the football team, and it is said that, during one summer's vacation, he kept in good tackling form by practicing on some of his father's cows. This was continued, with astonishing results, until his parental relative discovered that such strenuous amusement caused the cows to give buttermilk. His gridiron companions of that summer, however, enabled him to become quite proficient in bovine language, and it is not infrequent that the silence of three long hours of valve motion is broken by, or what seems to be, the plaintive bleat of an impatient calf.

J. EDW. DAILY, Terre Haute.

Daily may not be so very good looking, for we know those cartoons in the newspapers are a kind of a giveaway, but still he has one advantage which will never fail him. "Pat" has kissed the Blarney stone. We feel sure of this fact, not because anybody witnessed the event, but simply because—well, really now, how do you suppose he ever got an "A" in electricity.

When "Pat" was a year old his parents tried the Chinese plan to find what his profession would be. They surrounded him with various things, symbolic of different professions, and it is sworn that when "Pat" caught sight of a rubber ball that had strayed into the collection, he picked it up and, with an awkward throw—for that graceful pose he now has took years of practice before a mirror—he hurled the ball with all his strength and struck his "dad" squarely in the eye. His father's sorrow was touching to see, and he said, "I can see he will never be an engineer, now! I will have to send him to the Poly."
CARL G. DAVIES, Marshall.

Dear old "Grandpa," how well we know his gentle ways and silvery locks. Quiet and friendly, but never growing reminiscent, he thinks himself still a boy and dearly loves to tell of big times to come, and to boast of his prowess in rough housing.

Feminine hearts were thrilled by his debut into society during the past season, and while this event occurred rather late in life, he took the fatal step with all the proverbial gayness of a widower three score and ten.

In spite of his years he but seldom shows signs of becoming childish, and we all stand ready to forgive his last slip: the time he lost his cigars Hallowe'en.

RALPH C. EVERSON, Kearney, Neb.

Ralph C. Everson is a product of Nebraska, of the grasshopper family, judging from the length and size of his legs. Although from a windy state he has a very good control of his speech, which is particularly remarkable from the fact that he is a civil. He has been known to work all night surveying one or another of the neighboring coal mines. This means business. His special qualifications for class honors however, is his sneeze, if it can truthfully be called such, for, like a bob-tailed flush, it is never complete. '05 will never forget the "Duke's" look of surprised disappointment upon the occasion of his first exhibition in the former's class. If he can ever overcome this habit of stuttering in his sneezes, he will probably be a good chairman some day.
CHARLES B. FALLEY, Bible Grove, Ill.

Attention! "Le Captaine." For you see before you one who has fought and bled and died in his country's service. A good fellow is "Cap.," one who was not spoiled even by his army career during the Spanish-American war. "Cap." was sitting in machine design one day and was in a semi-somnolent condition. The lecture had been long and somewhat tiresome and the look on "Cap.'s" face was one of fatigue, disgust and longing for outer air combined. Suddenly Jacky, who was discussing some particular style of bearing cage, spoke of opening some slits (Schlitz) in them. "Cap." had heard, the bored look instantly gave way to a broad smile and the captain straightened up and began taking notes with alacrity. Truly, anticipation is a cure for most troubles.

L. GOODMAN, Terre Haute.

The worried look on the face of the business manager is due not so much to the amount of the correspondence about him as to the character of it. Bills, duns, more bills. "Maggie" is a good girl, but she has a most annoying way of objecting to the price of things.

"Mag" is the one who, when asked to help pay the bail at Brazil, made that famous statement, which will be handed down along with "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"—"Fifty dollars!!! Why, we'll stay here all night."

During each Modulus dance he assures himself of the sobriety of the crowd by drinking all the punch himself.

He says that with Charles McCormick he can "skin the President out of his job." In truth, he will not need Charlie.
RALPH C. GRAY, Youngstown, Ohio.

"Sir Tom," like Mr. Leedy, is a native of Youngstown, Ohio, but unlike Mr. Leedy, he has never been the president of the Youngstown Engineering Company, and is, therefore, unable to give the professors the benefit of his practical experience. "Sir Tom" also delights in the euphonious cognomen of "Big Indian," and as this probably indicates a Chief, it may also refer to his characteristics of nobility. These characteristics often enable him to secure positions far above those of his fellow students; so far above them, in fact, that he is unable to obtain a good view of the "actor ladies" except when looking downward at an angle of seventy-five degrees. As financial secretary of the Amalgamated Association of Gallery Gods, he has gained high honors.

GUY W. GREENLEAF, Terre Haute.

The fellows call him "Greenie," but this does not necessarily imply the fact that he is one. In fact, his nickname arises only from an economical motive. "Greenie" always displays an antipathy (?) for "cutting" French. He says if he had followed his vocation he would have been a professor of languages. He has always been prompt and attentive to his gastronomical wants, and his favorite position on the campus is that in which the potential energy of his anatomy is reduced to a minimum. He has a merry twinkle in his eye and his features betray the fact that he has an optimistic temperament.

"Greenie" is an ambitious Mechanical and perhaps some day some poet will sing his praises as Longfellow did the Village Blacksmith.
FRED W. A. HALLER, Cincinnati, O.

Fred Haller is one of the top-notchers, as "Athie" calls them. He is studying Electrical Engineering, and if he is always as careful of his electrical instruments as he is of his watch, we feel sure he will succeed in his chosen profession. It is quite interesting to see him pull out a bundle of chamois skin from his pocket, and unwrap it fold by fold until finally his watch is revealed. Nor is it ever replaced without a careful polishing.

Haller tried to "substitute" his credits at Rose for an equal number at Cincinnati Univ., but being unable to do so, he came back to lighten Jo-Jo's gloom, and he may be found on the sidelines almost every evening offering his sage advice to the athletes.

WILLIAM S. HANLEY, Terre Haute, Ind.

Greece had her Demosthenes, Rome her Cicero, but we our "Biscuits." Verily, our cup of notables is full to the brim. Owing to his innate modesty, nevertheless, "Biscuits" did not begin his oratorical career by haranguing the tempestuous Wabash with cinders in his mouth, nor by committing his eloquence to paper for the benefit of future generations. Instead, the Ph. C. initiations, the dedication of '05's memorial with its accompanying toasts, the celebrated presentation speech to "Jo," and finally, the soliciting of advertising for the Modulus, were the successive steps by which "Biscuits" won renown. Lest our discourse be mistaken for unseemly flattery, however, we will invite him to speak for himself.

"Begging many pardons, ladies and gentlemen, begging many pardons, but I have something to say. We are living in an age of marvelous industrial and engineering progress. The Panama canal is rapidly becoming a reality and the Eighth Street sewer is practically completed. Daily the piers of the new Wabash river bridge settle more firmly upon the purses of the people, and the election of Governor HANLEY is a certainty. Behold Japan and Russia made inseparable by that triumph of civil engineering, the Trans-Siberian Railway. Never were there such unequaled opportunities for winning immortal glory. O, fellow civils, classmates, then let us climb the glittering, giddy heights of imperishable fame and paint in master strokes upon the burnished sky: '05 and Old Rose Forever.' Ah! Many thanks, kind friends, many thanks for your well deserved applause."
WILLIAM R. HEICK, Louisville, Ky.

Will Heick is one of Poly's football men, and also a big man (6 ft. 2 in.) in the glee club. He is endowed with a remarkable degree of "stick-at-it-iveness" which he exhibited recently at a south side residence. Being thoroughly imbued with the idea that a supper invitation extended from three in the afternoon until the "wee sma" hours of the morning, he proceeded to put the idea into practice with alarming results from a little tin clock upstairs. He departed a sadder but wiser man.

HARRY R. KADEL, Terre Haute.

Hoch der prince. This popular scion of the German aristocracy, alias Kadel, is a familiar figure to all. Although offered extreme chances and inducements on such occasions to "keep out," you will find him "Johnny on the spot" at all arguments, class fights and other events, public or otherwise. It makes no difference to the prince. And it seems as though they never will break or wear smooth.

Don't be alarmed if the prince should ever address you—the growling, gurgling, choking noises that proceed from the front part of his head are not indicative of a savage nature. If you knew the trouble the prince had in collecting and forming those words, you would wonder that they did not gurgle and growl more than they do. We could not get along without him, however, and here's a final "Hoch der Doodle" for him.
RAY G. JENCKES, Jr., Terre Haute.

Jenckes, or better known as Siegfried, is the '05 member of the faculty and “Doc.’s” right hand man, but his most prominent position is that of our minstrel man. If you have never heard his playful ditties or his heart “rendering” jokes you have escaped a thing that no other member of the R. P. I. ever has.

In person, this important member of '05 is not extremely imposing, but rather dumpy, but he seems to realize this and tries to procure an effect of importance by constantly wearing a derby.

WALTER E. JOHNSON, Emporia, Kansas.

Johnson is our “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” We have taken him to raise, but fear that our endeavors have not produced any great results. He still refuses to increase his stature. Some imaginative wretch has called him “Grasshopper,” and said that he never was raised, but just caught by the hair of his head and jerked up. Such assertions, however, only reflect upon the character of those who make them, for although he, at times, likes to impress his guardians with his knowledge of this great world, he is commonly a quiet, good child, and is never punished for his sportiness.

In point of age “Skonsing” is one of the oldest men in '05, but in that respect only, as his years certainly do not weigh heavily upon him. They have, however, enabled him, before entering Rose, to gain quite a large and varied practical experience, which he has been known to draw upon for the entertainment of his classmates. His various occupations before coming to school and his age, as determined by time spent in different parts of the western hemisphere, have been compiled and revised to date by numerous students of a researchful nature and will probably be published by the Police Gazette upon his graduation.
LORENZ W. KLENK, Blue Island, Ill.

"Mistah" Klenk is a handsome young man with a classical nose. He is also an authority upon the pronunciation of the English language and always knows just how to use the "formula."

Certain irresponsible members of his class have, at times, taken the liberty to speak of "Lawance" as "the anarchist," but upon considering his valiant endeavors to save "Daddy" Wires' boxes from the fire on the night of our Hallowe'en banquet, such a charge appears only as an infamous attempt to ruin his reputation.

It may be truthfully remarked that "Lawance" is "heah" with the goods.

HERBERT G. KIEFER, Louisville, Ky.

This Kentucky colonel—he of the dignified mien and stately walk—has of late been much interested in historical incidents, especially in relation to the fight of the Serapis and some of the familiar names connected thereto, principally the latter as applied to the more modern times. Although apparently of a sunny turn of mind he has one hobby peculiar to himself alone. He loves to be in the dark. In fact, he loves it so well that he has been known to resort to all sorts of artifices to attain this much desired condition of affairs. But be not frightened, gentle reader, for he is not dangerous. Investigate and possibly a better knowledge of him will expose some of his virtues.
E. E. LARKINS, Terre Haute.

E. Ernest Larkins, one of our artists:

What! don't remember "Doc"? That's because you have never seen him. He would have borrowed a dime and you would have had something to remember him by. He is an ardent admirer of good clothes and an exponent of the don't-work-too-hard theory.

At the field meet—three o'clock:

"Doc" has some sort of a pull with the track team captain, and he's always entered in the pole vault. That is he, standing there eyeing the cross-bar, (he's been in that same position for the last fifteen minutes), resting the pole in his left hand and smoothing his hair with his right. Now he's off. Oh! isn't that too bad? His hand slipped just before he reached the take-off. He balked. We might as well watch the other events until four o'clock. "Doc" always clears the bar after the fifth balk. He ought to clear the first height in an hour.

CHARLES E. LEEDY, Youngstown, Ohio.

Now appears before us he of the sprightly carriage, humorously quizzical squint, and inexhaustible supply of spontaneously effervescent interrogation points—Charles E. Leedy. In addition to these accomplishments, Charles also possesses the distinction of being the first member of our class to labor for A. Carnegie. On account of this, and out of respect for his deep knowledge of the great man's steel industries, Leedy has come to be officially known to '05 as "Carnegie."

Charles has always been of an inquiring disposition and came amongst us imbued with a mighty desire for learning; a desire which has been most accommodatingly gratified by both faculty and comrades alike. He has learned to demonstrate most astounding truths by calculus, solve intricate problems in electricity, translate weird, uncanny sentences of French and can tell in a flash exactly what happens to banqueting Freshmen when caught by zealous Sophomores.

It is also rumored that "Carnegie" is the only person who ever made Dr. Mees stutter. Dashing into the sacred sanctum sanctorum one memorable day long ago, "Carnegie" breathlessly demanded if this be the favorite abiding place of the delicately rounded square. From the depths of his official throne the good Doctor stared dumfounded and finally gasped, "W-wh-whu-what!!! Gg-g-gw-gwan nup t-t-t-to P-P-Pro-Prof-f-ess-ssor Mm-m-Mc-Mc-McCormick."
The absolute power of our editor-in-chief necessitates a happy selection of descriptive phrases, and a little exaggeration of his excellent characteristics is absolutely essential, else a stroke of the editorial pen will cut it all out.

Lewis is a man of widely varied experience. After spending several years in roaming o'er the Pacific coast and the state of California, dabbling in everything from electricity to society, he comes to Rose and asks us to fit him for a position he can hold. We are doing our best, and the institute trusts that he is doing the same. One of his best known and greatest accomplishments is his "Imitation of a Mosquito." All that is lacking is the sting and that is sometimes supplied with a pin point. Lewis is another of the section of three who fooled Jo in the electrical lab. He wouldn't take an "A." "Jo-Jo, I refuse to accept it. All honor is due the third member."

JOHN SCOTT McBRIDE, Louisville, Ky.

Is he Dutch? Not much! "Mac" is an exile of Erin and his genial Celtic countenance is always lit up with a smile peculiarly his own. He takes a violent interest in athletics and is captain of the football team. Mac says his life at Rose was just like visiting a rich uncle until he was required to take a German exam. on St. Patrick's day.

As an after dinner speaker he is a decided success, and his style of delivery would make Chauncey Depew turn green with envy. Mac has never stopped at the River Side Hotel, although he has been seen leaving the Big Four station in an omnibus that carries only passengers who are prospective guests.

He is the first of his name who ever attended Rose, but along about the class of '20 there will probably be received at the institute the application for admission of a little fellow named Patsy who spells his last name the same as Mac.
FRANK H. NEWNAM, Indianapolis, Indiana.

This is the member of our class
From Indianapolis way.
Frank Newnam is his name, of course,
But "Newnie" is what we say.

Our Frankie is a clever lad,
And has a level head.
But, like some others in this world,
He loves to lie in bed.

Now that is very nice, it's true.
But 'tis also very plain.
One cannot be in school and bed
At a moment just like same.

So this is why for class, you see,
Our "Newnie's" always late,
And seeing him on route to school
Accelerates our gait.

Then, lo, our "Athie," all inspired,
Proclaimed in tones sublime:
"Be not amazed! Creation's dazed,
For 'Newnie's' here on time."

For French, one morn, some time ago.
The class together met,
And something happened, strange and queer,
Which we will ne'er forget.

The sun grew dark, the wind arose
And blew with might and main;
The building rocked, the thunder crashed,
The sky—a sheet of flame.

Women shrieked and children screamed.
While men paused in dismay.
"The end has come," a preacher roared,
"Get on your knees and pray."

We sat transfixed upon our seats.
While "Wicky's" hair turned red.
And one and all, both large and small,
Were filled with awful dread.
HUBERT PARR. Fontanet, Ind.

Hubert Parr came to join '05 many moons ago, cherishing in his heart an abiding hatred of women and a gentle affection for a luxuriant growth of graceful curls. But lo! How are the mighty fallen! The heart once so full of unseemly hatred now brims with overwhelming admiration for all maiden kind and the sighs of such beseech continually for "just one little curl." Judging from the chronic shortness of the hair in question we opine that the sighs are not without effect. May Providence temper the wind to the shorn lamb!

But "Curley" is also something of a worker, as the accompanying photograph proves. Behold him performing an exceedingly elaborate experiment in the Physical Laboratory. Note the absorbed attention paid to the work, showing an enthusiastic interest in its successful completion. Observe the alert, wide awake expression caused by a dance the evening before, and finally witness the peculiar contraction of body, due to a sudden chilling thought of approaching examinations. Yea, of a surety, Hubert is an eager gleaner in the fields of wisdom.

Still, one cannot help wondering what would happen to that experiment if a bevy of pretty girls should unexpectedly appear on the scene.

CHARLES R. PEDDLE. Brookland, N. Y.

Charles Augustus has acquitted himself favorably in athletics and is a hurdler of some renown. He is a versatile genius and chases his favorite phantoms with a laudable avidity. He plays the piano and when he attacks the instrument he displays his stick-to-it-iveness by going through his whole repertoire. Still rent has not depreciated in his neighborhood. When Charlie's countenance relaxes into a serious expression he looks very much like a statesman (?). This comes, very likely, from associating so much with Congressmen and Senators when he is home. Those who would like to learn more of this estimable young man can look him up in "Who's It in America: pages 11 to 44.
GEORGE H. PFEIF, Terre Haute.

When Pfeif first came among us he was a small youth with a large protuberance on the back of his neck. He is not very large yet, but, as Pfeif says, "It isn't always the biggest fellow that can correct an answer for temperature and pressure to within one per cent. error."

This picture of Pfeif was taken just after he had been elected treasurer for the athletic directors, so we can easily pardon his self-satisfied air. He has made a good treasurer, however, and we are only to have a fifteen-dollar assessment next year.

MERLE R. REED, Terre Haute, Ind.

We now introduce, in our genially informal manner, the prominent member of '05, known to the faculty as Mr. Reed and to the faculty's most ardent disciples as the "Deacon." Precisely how the difference in nomenclature arose is difficult to explain, but it may be that a deacon lends a certain degree of dignity to class meetings, banquets and the like which is very superfluous in faculty gatherings of similar character. At any rate, in virtue of his title, the "Deacon" wears a collar sometimes and talks occasionally.

In character the "Deacon" is essentially receptive and retiring, both traits having been most assiduously cultivated for a space of three years. As a result he has been in undisputed possession of the receiving end of the baseball team battery during the same length of time, and retires an opposing batsman on the third strike with the greatest of cheerfulness and fatherly smiles.

Our photographer has evidently "snapped" him while he was preparing for a little diversion of the above character. Daily insists, however, that the "Deacon" can smile just as sweetly behind one of his best cigars as he can behind that mask.
O. FRANK REYNOLDS, Terre Haute.

The accompanying illustration of the trousers represents O. Frank Reynolds. The Modulus artists could be justly criticised for the superfluous addition of a head to complete the drawing. The trousers are all-sufficient, and the immensity of the affair demands special attention.

"Cotton" is a chemist who "acifies" and "triturates" solutions with the same degree of accuracy that a girl throws stones. He is one of the few eternally jovial souls, and one whom nothing worries save slurs upon the character of his life-long friend, Henry C. Steeg, the peoples' candidate for mayor.

O. Frank describes his favorite theatrical performance thus: "I seen a show two or three years ago: let's see, it was 'The Maximum' by Hall Caine. Say, it was a peach. It was the synonym of artistic beauty. I'll tell you. And say, the little soumbrettes were beauts."

CLAUDE E. ROBERTSON, Greenup, Ill.

Claude E. Robertson, a bright eyed youth from the Sucker state, was sent to Rose to finish his education, after a course in music and art at the E. I. S. N. S. Bobby believes in plenty of sleep and is generally too tired to do much else, unless it be to find mistakes for other authors, or to run a race with the g'erms. During a recent smallpox scare, this favorite (?) of Wickie's became very much excited, for the first thing he did was to telegraph mamma, asking her whether he should come home or remain in this cop-infested nest of microbes.

If you want a one-sided, bevel-edged argument, just ask him to explain how to use a slide rule. This advocate of the tight trouser is also very proud of the existing similarity between his initials (dashed), and Ohm's Law, which if taken with the infallible slide rule, will make a combination such that he will be able to astonish the world by the proper manipulation of either.
HERBERT E. SHRYER, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Friends, Brothers and Fellow Classmates: What you see before you, you do not behold. One might infer from the sketch that the subject was working, but such would be erroneous. He is only trying to find a reagent which will precipitate any solid matter possibly present in one of Jo-Jo's lectures. Perhaps he is also thinking of a good story with which to introduce his oration at the next class meeting.

Chemical research and quantitative analysis have shown "Herbie" to be that which he is not. However, it is said that his labors as depicted above, have determined the fact that it would not be good policy to drink Seidlitz powders one at a time. They should be mixed before taking.

RUDOLPH SCHUCHARDT, Terre Haute.

Often known to his classmates as "Sugar," but among the faculty he answers to names as numerous and varied as Hath's solutions to a problem. On first sight he appears to be a sleepy sort of a personage, but beneath this dreamy exterior is hidden a veritable Sherlock Holmes. Most strongly was this characteristic displayed when he discovered that the Brazil banquet was on, and thus, true to his architectural training, laid the foundation for one of the biggest times in '05's career. His reputation as a ladies' man is quite extensive, but in the midst of his social duties he has somehow found time to become an ardent Y. M. C. A. man, and to him credit is due for the last handbook and map, or more correctly, "map and handbook."
EDWARD H. SPALDING. Concordia, Kans.

We are compelled to deal gently with this illustrious member of the Junior class, since there is really nothing to say against him. Even Coach Holste, who was so unusually keen in picking out the flaws in football material, could find no fault. His praises of the beautiful headwork shown by Spalding when running his team, will long be remembered. Even Spalding can be brought to admit that it was a little too cloying at times; but then he never got vain about it.

Spalding contracted the dancing fever some time ago in its most malignant form. He hied himself to the place where they sell the light fantastic trips, and he got along beautifully. But you may imagine Eddie's rage upon overhearing this little remark between two young ladies: "Don't you think they let some of those Polys enter school awfully young nowadays?"

LEWIS A. SNIDER.

Lewie is one of our sharks and what he does not know, he'll make you think he does. Never was he known to miss a chance for an argument, and it has been said by one of "US" that "Where there is an argument, there is Snider."

He worked at civil engineering last summer. He was that fellow, you know, that carries an ax and brings water to the men that are working. It must have been awfully hard on him, but just think of the good experience he received.
JOHN SPROULL, Ansonia, Ohio.

Once upon a time, over in old Ohio, there dwelt a youthful prodigy, who, having tired of teaching, of lumbering, of banking and of traction engineering, packed his grip, stuck his "unlimited" engineer's license into his boot and hied himself away to Rose. Arriving here his forlorn and dejected looks immediately drew our pity and our hearts went out in sorrow as we listened to his numberless tales of woe. Even Mack's stern nature softened and at last this suffering Freshman was allowed to pass. Once firmly established as an upperclassman a self-satisfied smile slowly replaced the look of woe until today there stands before us the well known face of "Battle Ax" Johnny. Owing to the generous proportions with which nature had endowed him, and a certain spirit of "Johnny to the front," it naturally seemed that athletics had drawn a prize package, but after removing many a wrapping the prize still remains hidden.

C. B. SPEAKER, Manson, Iowa.

"Flossie" hails from Iowa, which state brought him up to some six feet four, and then shipped him to Rose. When Rumbley first saw him he recognized in him another one, who, like himself, was "mounted on the airy stilts of abstraction," and falling on "Flossie's" neck he cried, "are there any more at home like you?"

This picture was evidently taken just before an exam, for it does not represent Speak, at his best. Did we not hear these words fall from his lips one day recently, "I wonder what a person could rent a house for in Terre Haute?"
CHARLES B. TROWBRIDGE, Decatur, Mich.

From the region of Kalamazoo, where the woodbine twineth and the wood chuck chucketh. This "celery bleached" gent from the north, until a short time ago, had great pugilistic aspirations. He procured a pair of gloves, together with all the other necessary paraphernalia, and wended his way unto a worthy "exponent" of the boxing art, where he made due application for membership in one of his classes. The art at first was not strenuous and for seven consecutive lessons he battled manfully, putting in and taking out. Then came the catastrophe. The eighth lesson he went "up against it" and when the smoke had cleared away from the fracas, our Trow. was found stretched his length, minus most of the life-giving breath and also considerable of the necessary "claret," which found its way to the outer air by way of his face, principally his nose. Apologies from the perpetrator and extra inducements had no effect on the fallen hero. The art had evidently become too strenuous. He never went back again, and sealed bids will now be received by him for the gloves. But boxing is not his only accomplishment, as his heart-smashing abilities are too well known to even dwell upon them here.

EUGENE K. STODDARD, Madison, S. D.

"Jack," as he is generally known among the fellows, is one of that species who is always perfectly satisfied with life just as it comes. So much so that he would do nothing whatever to change it. No, not for the world, for that would require work and that is one thing to which he is strenuously opposed.

He likes to argue and his main point is "Now look-a-there," and when he confronts you with such a strong argument as this how can one help being convinced?

Gene likes the girls, too, and it is a shame the amount of money he spends for stationery at Herz's just to get to talk to the girls. They say the girls like him pretty well, too, but you can't blame them. No one could resist that earnest smile and those winning ways.
HERBERT L. WATSON, Terre Haute, Ind.

Our Herbie is a classical appearing young man with big-legged trousers and short white coat. His style is more modern than antique, strongly resembling the Corinthian while partaking somewhat of the romantic.

Watson is also endowed with a remarkable fondness for the fair sex and more especially for those whose tendency is toward pedagogy. This fondness has enabled him to acquire a strong taste for the study of psychology and other things relating to a "normal" education.

His searchings for these have very frequently kept him up very late at night; so late, in fact, that his usual sparkling vivacity was reduced to a minimum the next day, and snoozes were partaken of in "gasheous gob." These lethargic symptoms have at times lead his doting professor to suggest that he sleep at night. Don't ever jolly him, though, concerning these researches, for he will grow angry and start an argument which will surely end in your being called a socialist or something worse. On the other hand, if you want to please him and see that self-contented smile spread over his face, just ask him to tell you about his experience in that stove foundry where he worked last summer.

F. A. WELLS, Winchester, Ill.

It has been attempted here to give some of the characteristics of "Scheister's" bewitching smile. Had the Modulus Committee been Anti-Expansionists they might, perhaps, have inserted his laugh, but all are vigorously opposed to compressing anything save young ladies into such narrow limits.

"Scheister," when ignorant but truthful, hastened from Winchester, Ill., to convince "Wicky" that "the sister" in the Queen's good English was equivalent to "Der Schweister" in the Kaiser's liquid German. He now believes himself no longer ignorant and we fear he is no longer truthful, for he insists that Illinois campers sleep beneath cast-iron kettles and clinch mosquito beaks with hammers as fast as they penetrate the metal. Now "Schweister" cannot hit even a nail on the head once in ten times, yet he claims to have gone camping very often.

Not long ago "Scheister" learned to dance and play euchre in order to profitably pursue his electrical work. With the aid of these powerful instruments he is at present conducting (singly as far as known) a series of minute researches in South Terre Haute "Formulae." All honor and praise to industry. Death to goats.
CECIL L. WOOD. Davenport, Iowa.

Wood came to Rose with deeply rooted tastes for typewriting and automobiling. The former taste was acquired from necessity, since, when writing to his girl friends, he was so embarrassed that his writing stammered. The illegible result being taken to mamma for translation, demanded some other means of communication, and the typewriter was the result.

Cecil's taste for automobiling is apparent in his glasses and in wearing his hat pulled low over his eyes. His speech also, runs to floatfeed, carburreters, transmission gears, water jackets, etc. We fear that if he should ever ride in an auto, his joy would be too great for him.

He has another habit, (we would blush to call it a taste) and that is for playing the cornet. In spite of the threats of his neighbors and the entreaties of his landlady, he will not give it up. He has even been taken to hear the Normal band, to show him where he is drifting, but still he persists. Verily the pleasures of mankind are difficult to understand.

ROBERT M. WILSON. Paris, Ill.

Robert Wilson hails from gay Paree, but Prof. Wicky will tell you that he has positively none of the features of a Frenchman. However, he manages to make most of the faculty think he knows something of their subject, for he frequently pulls an A or B, although he has been "sure that he had flunked" in every exam, since beginning his career at Poly. "Fluffy," as he is commonly known, from the fact that his auburn hair will do anything but lie down, is very much of a home boy, and the Poly. girls seem to have difficulty in impressing him with a due sense of their attractiveness, judging from the way he has of "lighting out" for Paris whenever he gets a day off. Bob is a good civil, though, and there are very few books on the subject that he does not possess.
OWEN L. WOOD, Sante Fe, New Mexico.

Mexico, or colonel, as he is familiarly known is a quiet looking sort of individual, and to look at him one would scarcely imagine that down under that meek, gentle face there lies the character of a genuine broncho-buster and of an artist with those playthings generally known as horse pistols. But when he starts to talk: there the true spirit of Mexico asserts itself. He tells of broncho-busting, Indian hunting, and of how, down in their country, if a baseball umpire does not suit them they ventilate him, or if a man starts to run a base he is persuaded not to by means of a lariat.

The industrious part of the colonel is shown in his wish that we were due every morning at 7 o’clock in the shop. Here’s hoping that his wish may not be granted.

DUDLEY WRIGHT, Shelbyville, Ill.

Wright is shown here mixed up as usual with a few wires, and is about to determine, for a change, a fall of potential. If we could insert a phonographic record we could reproduce his voice as he calls up the shops over the ’phone: "Hi, Clement! Put on the coil and give me the low potential.

Dud is a hard worker, power varying with the fall of potential. He sleeps in coils and he snores in volts. He rises in the morning, gives his brushes a lead, breakfasts on currents and potatoes a-la-fall of potential, and spends the day at the institute determining the fall of potential. In the evening he amuses himself at the skating rink, takes a fall of potential or two, and when the sparking has ceased, goes home feeling as if his electrical efficiency were much too low.
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