Scientific.

Class Color—Royal Purple and Old Gold.

Officers:

President: McCallas Burns
Secretory: Andrew Morrow
Treasurer: Harry Night.
Scientific Class.

SAML McCUNE GILLAM, ........................... New Washington, Pa.

"The gifted seer in the skies by whose guidance

"Earthly hopes are measured and all things are seen"*

McCALLAN GARDEN, ............................... Pt. Liddeton, Pa.

"Man delights not only the eye but the heart

"Though as poor working you seem to me."*

AUGUST MURPHY, ................................. Allegheny, Pa.

"More worth the less dear. Hopeful, brave age,

"In every province, gentle."*

HARRY NERET, ................................. Clarion, Pa.

"Here with a gentle and modest eye the Berne,

"McKenzie made the world of his brother;

"And he gave thy name, to the world, good remembrance."*

* HENRY WILSON ROBB, .............................. Indiana, Pa.

"In time, thus, long, and I look it to the distance

"Wishing to my dear lady friend about this country."*

WILLIAM HENRY SPEICHE, ....................... Lebanon, Pa.

"True quality of merit imprinted upon,

"Make this good name known to mankind."*

ROBERT MALO WILSON, ............................ Bellefonte, Pa.

"Esteemed heart would not be for

"Gentleman, henceforth serve with a firm."*

* Read at Preliminary Examination.
The Tale of the Scientists.

AGNES MORROW.

If there be any room in the wallet of Time for our contributions, let our historian stand on tip-toe to put it in. But Time would need to pause for us, were we to go back to render the annals of '93, '94, '95—minutes of faculty meetings, and records of annual characters, for the pre-scientific history of our class.

Two years ago we assembled, six relics of former battles, and joined in a new march for victory. We have stopped sometimes to laugh, sometimes to pick up chintz, again to bid farewell to those who have left us, and Godspeed to those who have joined our company. And now there are six of us, to look back at the tracks we have made in the external snow, to rejoice over the distance passed, to regret the sometimes dim, mountain traces of our footsteps.

We started out well, one girl, well protected by five brothers, from the wild haunts of Zoology, prowling around in meek companionship, and from the director of those animals who often played his "Broken Cracker Act," a performance fraught with danger.

In the summer term we hailed with joy the arrival of another girl, who brought us a whiff of fresh Cranfield air, and gave us a new impulse. She added much to the pleasure of our surveying expeditions. Concerning these, we may say this much: the trampled down wires, and fallen trees on the hills about our little town, still bear witness that scientific feet have passed that way. The geological expeditions were also much enjoyed, especially by the ladies, who forget to be invited. It was several miles to flat town, and when the boys arrived there they weekly needed some wise girl, for they became confused about the gasometer and coal oil, and the results were almost fatal.

When the summer vacation came, none of us tarried our faces homeward. But one went to Philadelphia, and for awhile we thought he was forever lost to us; but at last, he returned, and while we were making our laboratory scenes and walks, we listened to an account of the wanderings of our Iliad.

These scenes and walks, the tables and other chemical apparatus, deserve a prominent place in our history; for they were themselves cut in our service, and have now given us "a home where no trouble ever returns."

Their renown were hardly laid away before joyous year came upon us—a memorable year, as may be imagined. In the majority of our class, on account of our "two maiden ladies of uncertain age," at least their ages were formerly uncertain. But the more
of Astronomy came out from a total eclipse, and in the glow of her bright new light all mighty secrets were revealed. The age, henceforth, were certain.

The winter was made lovely by receptions and Rowan trees. Our dear old friend, the Rowan trees, also proved a source of much comfort.

Our story is nearly told. We have hitherto looked at the tracks behind us; let us now look far ahead.

First, reflected on the clouds, I see a mighty throng of people. Before them stands an angel whose eyes flash forth his feeling, whose tongue utters his sympathy for the people. A burst of applause breaks on my ear. The picture vanishes. The moon is dimmer.

Now I see a land all dark. In the distance a light appears, dim yet, but showing the dusky wondering faces of the inhabitants. As the darkness deepens, the faces grow eager, and we recognize the figures that bear the lamp. A flash illuminates the scene, and the land once dark is filled with radiance. The picture fades. It is only a lightning flash, but the steady moon still shines.

Next I see a busy student. Books are piled high around him. His lamp is burning, and in the intense silence his pen still scratches on. At last he lays aside his pen, puts out his light. The scene is enveloped in darkness. The moon has gone behind a cloud.

A little clearing in a forest. A hard pioneer leans on his ax, and smiles as he views his little cabin surrounded by the guardian trees. It begins to rain. He leaves his work, and walks briskly to the house. As the door closes behind him the cabin disappears. But I still hear the rain.

A man is playing a great organ, whose tones thrill us through and through. But stark! he lifts his voice, which rises and swells with the sound of the organ, then dies away in a soft, sweet strain. The cloud of sacred songs, and I hear only the vinds.

I see a weary teacher standing before a class of eager pupils, whose questioning faces are all turned toward her. And as she talks her own eyes have been its windows and she vanishes with a smile. Yet the pupils faces become brighter, brighter, until my picture is gone. But the storm has ceased, the clouds have rolled away, and the stars are out.
The Normal Revisited.

SADIE M. GILLESPIE.

O wondrous Nile, whose silver stream,
For ages saw the potent king;
Whose waters swept the task away,
In thee we seek an emblem pure;
Of wisdom's wealth and learning's lore,
In rich and still untarnished store.

From hidden lakes and mountains high,
Furnish creeping stores against the sky;
Fresh fields beyond the utmost view,
Thy province is slowly raised
By springing flower and growing corn;
And verdure covering all the plain.

Thy children nourished by thy hands,
The waters bathed of glory loud;
And Gardner from an alien shore,
Shed down to earth thy waves once more,
And quench their thirst with cooling drink;
Amongst the avenue thy bright.

So we, true Normalites of yore,
A band assembled for learning's sake,
And now returning pangs count bare.
Happy revisit our Alma Mater,
To greet the truth in Normal fields;
And seek the peace that wisdom yields.

Familiar scenes our memories greet,
As with them once again we meet;
Revisiting scenes true and rare,
With all our days, pure and bright;
With absent voice they cheer the hours,
And bid us not again depart.
THE NORMAL REVISITED

Our looking grove and field and town,
The Normal towers in height alone.
And measuring with the neighboring hills,
Their rugged breasts with easy fill;
About her spreads the campus green,
Where shady boughs sweet visions screen.

At home once more within the walls,
We seek for those the heart recalls—
Friends, teachers, schoolmates of the past,
And soon with some glad hands are clasped;
Yet here with joy a new band blends,
For met we return the missing friends.

Returned we seek, O Father Nile,
As Egypt blessed by good Ptolemy's smile,
Revisit all our purpose strange,
A taste for wisdom to peddle,
Until we've proved our motto true—
"For what we know, but what we do."

25
Senior.

CLASS COLORS—DARK BLUE AND CHOCOLATE.

Officers:

President: ...................... Selden M. Est.
Vice President: .................. Horace N. Wheeler.
Secretary: ....................... Mark H. Hamilton,
Treasurer: ....................... W. F, Denslow.
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<th>Name</th>
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<td>Alberta Hay</td>
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SENIOR CLASS

Emma Olinda Haney .......................................................... Allegheny, PA

Emma Elynn Jones ............................................................. Richmond, IN

Edith Jones ................................................................. McKeesport, PA

Emma Maynors ............................................................... Carbondale

Emma Wakefield ............................................................. Weehawken

Eliza May Myers .............................................................. Allegheny

Mary Shrewsbury McBee ................................................... Butler, PA

Mildred McGovern ........................................................... Philadelphia, PA

Rosa Parks McGow ........................................................... Jamesport, NY

Rebecca Miller ............................................................... McComb, MS

Frederick Clark Minn ....................................................... Williamsburg, VA

Sarah Rook ................................................................. Allegheny

Margaret Burns ............... .................................................... Goshen's Mills, MI

Belle Johnson ............................................................... Roder, NY

Emma Ridge ................................................................. Fairmount, ME

Mary Birt Row ............................................................... Indiana, IN

Grace Annette Shakespeare .............................................. Corydon, IN

Mary Adkins Smoke ....................................................... Allegheny

Emilia Smother ............................................................. Indiana, IN

James A. Talmage Streeter ................................................ Springfield, MO

Grace Beatrice Smith ..................................................... Scottsdale, AZ

Bessie Walker Stevenson ................................................ Allegheny, PA

Margaret Swansboro ...................................................... Hutton, PA

Mamie Title ................................................................. Columbus, OH

Flora May Van Meter ...................................................... Butler Falls

James Patterson Walker ................................................... Oakland X Roads, WV

James Hamilton Walker .................................................. Springburg, WV

Frances Newton Weather ................................................... Oxford, WV

Eva Virginia Walker ....................................................... Allegheny, PA
History of '88.  
KATHERINE S. CHRISTY.

SINCE histories are so perfect in the historian is wise, there can be no doubt that this work will be beyond criticism. Yet since we can hardly tell what facts to record. At this early day it is not feared expedient to give an account of stolen interviews, to tell where and how the duties with which to make fore-2
bidden. Hence are presented, nor to explore that the mysteries figure that sometimes
shakes the watchman on his rounds is not Mary Jane wrapped in her faded drapery.
We shrink from giving publicity to such matters, and find it to furnish enough for the
writing of a Faculty meeting, or "When princes meet, men's heads may mark it, an
ominous conjunction, full of feeling."

We are too modest, as "tell the world how some of our members have distinguished
themselves in law, how in the famous case of Freeman v. Fauber, Mr. Justice
Lewins, some have shown themselves well fitted to accept a seat in the highest court in our land, or have, in the same case, a few of those whom nature
gave "colder heads, bound in a shallower brain," have conclusively shown that
they possess the requisite qualifications for an "intelligent judge." Nor can we
vouch our readers to vary by an account of day-spent in pleasant excursions. Here is a life
of labor. We pass our days in unceasing toll, and if we are certain that the teachers are
enjoying their needed rest, our lamps been far into the night, for of the Normal
Course the lengthy week cannot say, "I came, I saw, I overcame."

To us was given the honor of being the first class to take Junior Final, and on the
morning of that fateful day, after much kindly advice from our proud Principal, we entered
the Chapel. First we were asked to write our names and ages. This we did without
reference to family Bibles, hence there may have been some inaccuracies. This for-
necessity finished, we were given a list of questions in United States History. Before
entering the exam we had felt able to discuss anything in American history, from the
landing of Columbus to the passage of the Interstate Commerce Bill, excepting the
Battle of Man's Course, with an accurate list of the killed and wounded. But
also for human hopes, what a Waterloo we met when we attempted to plumb columns
that never knew.

Many of the incidents of that day have been forgotten, but some of the most im-
portant are indelibly impressed upon our minds. We remember that in case of earnest en-
deavor, many of us could spell paraphraphisme, but when called upon to spell by
our pensmanship by writing the letters of the English alphabet, out of as could result
but twenty-three letters, and that when asked to draw were permitted to write the
HISTORY OF

name of the object reposest hereon beside the sketch, as length the examination and consequent array of wailing were ever, and we were truly proclaimed the Romans of 1898.

We now began to feel that we were a united body, and when our representatives in the junior college organized themselves as well, and our excursions were so favorably compared with those of the outgoing group, we felt that commendable pride, pride in our own, because it is our own.

It might be well for me to allow authors to tell how they have distinguished themselves in the class-room, but for four or five laborious historians will give us the praise that is due, we shall simply say that no other college equaled us. It has been said, "Joe is whatever is impelled to say," hence, in certain branches, we have forgotten more than any preceding class, but at the same time we have seen more of the results of chemical experiments than any of our predecessors could do and live. The walls of the laboratory have been decorated with our likenesses--skulls and bones, that would lead Curie to imagine we had incurred skeletons of animals hitherto unknown to science. Impressed by a desire to excel, one of our number actually claimed that he had a spinal column thirty-two inches long, and when the professor in charge insisted that such a "wattled head with twice attachment" did not exist, we, in time, felt that we had been destructive patrons of being unique. Altogether, we have made it very difficult for our successors to win our hearts.

While we seem to boast of our achievements, we fairly acknowledge our shortcomings.

We have not for whole vacation periods listened to an explanation of some difficult point, and when on the next day, some evidence that we had heard and understood was demanded, our unaided failing to possess the leading thought has caused the patience of the inspector to be a decorating variable, whose limit was speedily reached.

We remember with delight the hours spent, in contemplating the massive evidence of Egypt's desire to build for eternity, in studying under the guidance of a skilful leader the rise and fall of ancient Greece and imperial Rome; in reveling in the oriental magnificence of the Samarian temple; or gazing in the bold demands of England's bowling at Eton meals.

Our work would be incomplete without some mention of the Modal School, of the boys spent in carefully washing dishes, rolling paper and painting yards, hoping that by this tithing of mind and labor we might escape revenge for failure in the weightier matters of dish-washing; but alas, in such attention to minor duties sent us from excisions when we had failed in essential.

For two busy years we have worked together, and with regularity we confess that thorough-knowledge has been gained, yet "wisdom increases." But whether we have gained wisdom or not, the time is near when, like those who have gone before us, we shall give place to our successors, and our work over, shall lay aside


*Tavern. 18th cen.*

Every work occasion wrote.

We have attended and crafted.

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