

FRESHMAN OFFICERS



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Vice President.....	Goldie Peterson
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Treasurer.....	Holman Ferrin
Sargent-at-Arms.....	Arthur Silverman
Assistant	Edith Allworth
Reporter.....	David Mobley
Baby.....	William Livingston

a more enthusing spirit of "boost" for this our college paper, then we, the Freshman class of '10, shall feel jointly satisfied.

This is another time for reflection. At the close of this week the students go to their respective homes to spend the week of Spring Vacation. When we meet again, it is for seven weeks more of study—for some the last work here. As we look back over the school year that is near-

Spirit," commonly called "Boxer." We wonder how many students here know the significance of this metal figure and its history. For the benefit of those who do not we give a short account of it,— as best we can. Our description is second hand, for we, like most of our readers, have never seen it. It is a hollow figure of a dragon, so they say, standing about 20 inches or two feet from the ground, finished in dark metal. It is one of the old Chinese gods, and the Chinese in using it in their worship, burned incense sticks in its hollow body while the smoke poured out of its open mouth. J. E. Walker, of the class of '67, for more than thirty years missionary to China, brought it over on one of his trips, and for years it was kept in the family as an interesting specimen of Oriental idolatry. In 1898, while here on a furlough, Mr. Walker presented the image to P. U. Such a gift was a valuable curiosity, and was placed in the alcove in the chapel, and there remained till some class received the inspira-

the gift, given to the institution, has passed out of its hands. When it was held by the classes, altho' in a sense taken from the school as a whole, yet its presence was felt in the struggle for its possession and it the wide-awake class spirit aroused. But for four years it has been out of the realm of school life, and we feel that it is about time for it to make its return. Have the parties who have its keeping in charge—whoever they are— forgotten the claim of the college on its property? Have they forgotten, that like us they were students once, or do they fear the demoralizing effect of such an influence on our character? Surely they are not getting gray haired. But they have had their day— isn't it about time for another dog? Needless to say that its return will be appreciated. The Faculty assure us that the occasion will be solemnize in fitting and proper fashion. "To see once more with mortal eye," at any rate, long live Boxer.

Whough is Whough at P. U.

The Seniors in their dignity, Stern looks and benignity, I beg to introduce to you. Pray meet Count Gordon Brown;



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This is another time for reflection. At the close of this week the students go to their respective homes to spend the week of Spring Vacation. When we meet again, it is for seven weeks more of study—for some the last work here. As we look back over the school year that is nearly gone, as we realize that there is so little time left in which to do all those things we had planned to do, and have not yet done, we determine that the rest of the year shall be a long, glorious period of work and study. We almost look forward to this time when we shall revel in the conquering of our many difficulties, when we shall glory in our hardships, and we stop to pat ourselves on the head for the noble thought. The vacation week passes. We return to school with the same determination of our course of action,—only we have decided we must not start in too suddenly, sort of work up to it. Two or three days go by, and we find that we must take the working-up process quite slowly. The next day dawns the most beautiful spring day that seems possible, and we—well we go out and lay under a tree all day, with all scholarly ambitions gone. What's the use anyway? Such is man.

"Boxer."

On this page of the issue appears a picture of "The College

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"Boxer."

tion to annex it as a trophy to their possessions. Thereupon "Boxer" began a long and weary wandering, presiding over various hilarities and class functions, becoming the cause for mysterious midnight parades and also some little class mingling. At last it came to rest. With the exodus of the class of 1906, all trace and rumor of "The College Spirit" was lost, and here we are forced to discontinue our history; no one seems to know where it is now; we wonder if there are perhaps certain people who could guess.

This image, valued highly as it was by donor and recipient of

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I beg to introduce to you. Pray
meet Count Gordon Brown;
Here's Alex and Loretta Belle
There Jessie, Haskell and Ethel,
And here is Amy, Bill and Koch
who wear the cap and gown.

You'll need use no binocular
To tell a Junior jocular.
Note Maud, or Fritz, or happy
Wag, a smile is on each face,
'Tis so with Dora, Ralph and
Dick,
With Margaret, Willis and with
Mac,
And jolly maidens to be sure,
you'll find Christine and Grace.

The Sophmores in their wisdom
great
Do hold a very high estate,
But are, alas, by far too slow to
keep with this world's pace.
There's Jennie, Sum and Margaret G.
There's Hilda, Charles and Harlan T.
And many little Softys-more, all
far behind the race.

The Freshmen, tho they may be
green,
Some day in glory will be seen.
They are the finest class of all
and will be till they die.
Perhaps I speak in boastful way
But really now, what could I say
I am like great George Washington,
and cannot tell a lie.
Diogenes Doolittle '13.

Read our "ads"—old and new.