

THE WOOSTER VOICE

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CROWNED AT LAST; DR. SCOVEL FALLS ASLEEP

A Long and Useful Life Comes to an
End— There Was a Coronation up
in Heaven Tuesday night.

As the evening shadows gathered November 29 in Wooster and the city lights began to gleam out here and there, Dr. Sylvester F. Scovel caught the glint of the harbor lights in the far port of Home, and fared forth.

* * * * *

Six days before he had been with us, full of life and hope. He had just returned from Philadelphia, where he had presided at the great meeting of the nations in the interests of reform. Tired out with the demands made upon his time and strength, he came back on Monday night and again took up his work, so soon to lay it down.

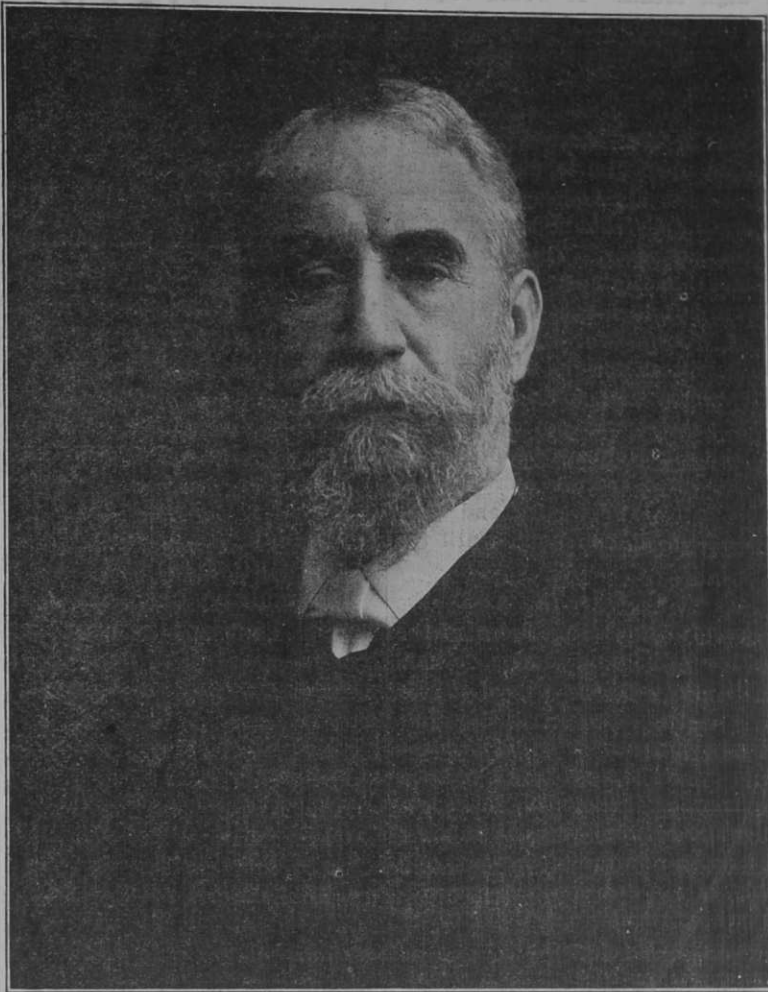
Wednesday afternoon he went down town, even then suffering with pain about the heart. Returning he stopped to leave a message of cheer for one of the students on his way, one of his kindly, thoughtful messages that mean so much and such as have been characteristic of his life.

Wednesday evening with a friend he went to the prayer meeting, as was his wont. Three times on his way he stopped, troubled with his breathing and the pain tugging at his heart again; but he would not go back, though urged to do so. "It will soon pass," he said, "and I enjoy the hour and do not wish to miss it."

* * * * *

His word that night was one of unusual cheer and optimism. He began by quoting from Browning's beautiful poem "Grow old with me * * * the best is yet to be," basing his thought on the lesson of the evening, the marriage in Cana and the good wine given at the last. He seemed almost to look beyond the human range of view and see the things that God has in waiting for His own—not knowing how soon his prophecy was to be made reality. His face was lit up with a radiance that bespoke the inner soul and his deep feeling.

His word of greeting to his friends at the meeting's close was especially warm and kindly, as many pressed around him to speak of the great gathering he had attended and what it might mean to God. No one would have known, to hear him speak, that he had been one of the greatest of the great who gathered there; or that his words were the weightiest of them all. It was a message to remember. How many more would have treasured it if they had known it was his last.



SYLVESTER FITHIAN SCOVEL

At midnight of that same day he wrote the last letter that ever he penned, a message to his son in Pittsburg, full of tenderness and feeling. "And now I'm going to rest," it closed, "with love. Good-night."

* * * * *

That night at two o'clock a warning came, and in the red blood that issued forth the sick man read the end. Nor was it long in coming. Sometimes, indeed, he gathered strength, and hope arose in other hearts, but not in his.

* * * * *

Friday he was worse. The arteries of the heart were hardening. Pneumonia developed. Physicians and nurse and loving care were powerless to change the end. Suffering was alleviated, but Death had set his seal.

* * * * *

In his delirium the teacher was working at his tasks once more. His pencil, ever busy, was gliding over imaginary pages once again. His last wonderful address in Philadelphia was on his mind and his only promise unfulfilled—to have ready for the printer "by Monday night." Those who gathered round him heard him again in some grand plea for peace and good will to men; or as he faced an unseen audience and poured forth

his heart in his desire for the amelioration of mankind.

* * * * *

God was good; in those last days he suffered little pain. But the white face was growing paler; his voice was not so strong; but when the conscious moments came, and they were many, he ever evinced that same, sweet courtesy that helped to make him great. Two of his fellow-teachers called to ask for him. "Tell them," he said, "for me I thank them."

* * * * *

Thousands waited for the messages from the darkened home. The papers waited for some word of hope and cheer. Old students that had known and loved the teacher, waited, afraid to ask for fear, for fear—

Thousands prayed that he might live if it were God's will, though no one grudged the white-haired man the rest that he had won. Only then they began to realize what loss the world would suffer if he should not stay.

* * * * *

The days and nights went by. Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, almost noon—"a little easier, if anything," but it brought hope. The hours wore on. It was growing dusk, and still no other word. The sun went down; the darkness set-

tled deep, but not on him—no shadow there.

Lamps in a thousand homes in Wooster had been lighted. The family circles were completed at the close of the day's hard toil. The tables had been set and the meal was ready. It was six o'clock and still no word.

* * * * *

In a City far away they were making ready for the coming of a guest, a noble man whose name and deeds were on record in that place. The evening bells rang out with startling sweetness, and I think the white-robed choir had a new song of welcome for the one whose work was almost done and who so soon was coming to his rest.

"It is almost time," they said, "and he will soon be here. Let us go to meet him."

* * * * *

At the earth end they were preparing to say Good-bye.

* * * * *

A slight uneasiness was noted in the sick man; the silver cord was being loosed; the golden bowl was breaking.

And then as peacefully as the wind goes down upon a summer's night; or as the bird settles into its nest, the teacher fell asleep. With the Pilot from the sunlit Land of Home on board and at the wheel, his ship fared forth and crossed the bar. His coronation day had come.

* * * * *

Twelve years before another white-haired man had died. Thousands had listened to his eloquence, spell-bound. God had given to him rich gifts; he could sway and hold vast throngs at will. And many followed him.

At last the time came to him that comes to all, the time to die, and even the great Ingersoll could not say himself, "Nay," when Death stretched forth his hand and his lips said "Come." At that command he went forth, but not in triumph. A few days later there gathered round his open grave those who would do him honor. What word of comfort and cheer could be uttered for the living? "We do not know, we do not know," was all that they could say. Ingersoll had taken hope from thousands and given husks instead.

How different from the life that Dr. Scovel lived,

* * * * *

It was a comfort to them all that his children could be with him at the last. His only son, Charles, of Pittsburg, reached the city Saturday. His daughters, Mrs. Robert Barnett, from Shadyside, La., and Mrs. Hartzall of Canton, intercepted while in Montana on her way to the Pacific Coast, came together Tuesday noon.

It will be one of their sweet memories that they were not too late and that their father knew them both.

* * * * *

Dr. Scovel was married fifty-three years ago to Miss Caroline Woodruff, who walked and worked with him for forty-three years, a gracious, gifted lady. Ten years ago she laid down her work and passed into the "brightness."

She may have been the first to meet and greet her husband at the gate on Tuesday night—who knows?

Harry Scovel, the noted war correspondent, and Minor Scovel, a civil engineer, were his two sons, whom death had claimed before.

* * * * *

The Alumni are glad that they did not wait until the last to bring all their flowers to lay upon his breast. Five years ago they helped him celebrate his seventieth birthday, and on that occasion presented him with two books beautifully bound, containing some message from each graduate whose address could be secured. Wonderful and tender were the words they wrote their loved teacher, words that are not for the eye of the world to read; but some times when the load was heavy and the way seemed hard, Dr. Scovel would sit down with their kind words upon his knee, and reading them, would take new heart, and thank God for those who knew and loved him.

* * * * *

Had he lived a few weeks longer, Dr. Scovel would have rounded out his seventy-fifth year. Harrison county, this state, had the honor of his birth, while Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania were the field of his endeavor.

He graduated from Hanover College, in 1853, young in years, but recognized even at that time to be of unusual mental and spiritual ability.

Four years later he completed his theological course at New Albany Seminary, later moved to Chicago, and the name changed to McCormick, in honor of its liberal supporters.

He then accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in Jeffersonville, Ind., where he labored till the breaking out of the war, when he accepted a call to Springfield, Ohio, remaining for six years full of splendid harvesting. Pittsburg then desired his service in the First Church, the largest in the city and at that time one of the largest west of the Alleghenies. He labored there until in 1883, he was called to Wooster to take up the work of the Presidency laid down by Dr. A. A. E. Taylor, who preceded him some years to the spirit land, as has also Dr. Lord, the first President of the institution, thus leaving no ex-President of the University alive.

For fifteen years, Dr. Scovel wrought in this field of service, making a deathless impression on the col-

lege and its students. Facilities for work were enlarged; endowment gathered; friends made—the work of three men done, executive, field, and teaching, yet through it all there shone his splendid optimism and high ideals. It would require more than the pen of "a ready writer" to match the achievement of those days.

In June of '97, he handed his resignation to the Trustees, but they prevailed upon him to discharge the duties of the high office for another year until they should have time to find his successor. This quest was successful, and in July, '98, Dr. Louis Edward Holden was elected President of Wooster University.

No easy task for the average man to step from first to second place; but Dr. Scovel was not an average man, and Dr. Holden's beautiful tribute presented further on will bear witness to his sweet spirit and helpfulness from that first day until the end.

* * * * *

Then with the laying down of the executive cares and duties, began, possibly, the sweetest period of the teacher's life, though possibly less in the public eye. Now he had the time to devote himself to his beloved department of sociology and economics, while his long-founded interest in the great reforms of the day, and notably in the movement for world-wide peace, became more and more prominent.

Students counted it a rare opportunity to take his courses in the College, his wide view and clearness of vision making him a master in this realm of thought.

* * * * *

For more than fifty years he had been interested in peace, and none spoke with greater eloquence or more convincing power of the cruelty and ravages of war. His was no mere light observance of the question; the world's best thought was at his tongue's end, and again and again he crossed the sea to take part in some great program of workers having as their aim the beating of the spears to pruning hooks. Nor in our own land was he un-honored. His voice was always a commanding one in great conventions, and recently he was lifted to the highest post of honor that could be conferred, The President of the International Reform Association. For the last five years, his had been the last word on the Winona programs in behalf of these great questions, all recognizing that no one else was so well qualified to give a great climax to their thought.

* * * * *

Dr. Scovel was honored among the educational leaders of the land. Never was he too busy to take time for the interests of our schools, and no voice ever rang more clearly in the state and national conventions on the important questions, morals, and the Bible in the public schools.

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In the humbler meetings of local gatherings, teachers listened and were inspired by what he said—but most of all by what he was.

And the individual counsel and help that he gave, who can reckon it? Not only the students in the college, but any who needed help were sure of finding it in him. Again and again have I known the school boys from here and there, some who never were here at school, come to him for assistance in debate or other matters. A few days before he died the writer sent away to western part of the state material carefully gathered and arranged to some students who were to discuss the question so dear to him, of peace.

* * * * *

Nor should we overlook those years of active ministry. Dr. Scovel was an honored pastor for twenty-seven years, just half of his active life. The records show that as a result more than one thousand were

added to the church, considering more than six hundred of them profession of their faith. And the harvest that has been and is to be from these later years at Wooster, none can speak; but this we know, that thousands who have come and gone from Wooster have seen his beautiful life and been influenced thereby. Sometimes the great truth for which he stood and which he lived have taken time to sink down; but after, when some of the swift current of life's stream has passed, then we stop and think, looking back, see what Dr. Scovel has meant to ours.

* * * * *

The funeral was held Thursday afternoon from the Chapel that he loved so well. Beautiful flowers gave tribute of the thoughts many in that hour, but through all there ran a note of triumph—a soldier who had won and not sorrow that his gain had come. Yes, bitter loss; but no regret that the race was won.

Pays at the Syndicate

The casket was borne by six members of the Congressional Club, which Dr. Scovel had fostered and of which he was an honorary member, Karl Weygandt, Karl Barton, Nepper Richards, Walter Scott, Walter Reeves, and Harry Peiker. Preceding them were the honorary bearers of the pall, Prof. J. O. Notes-tein, Professor Elias Compton, Professor H. G. Behoteguy, Judge J. C. McClarran, Albert Shupe, John M. Criley, John McSweeney and James Mullins. The members of the Senior Class acted as guard of honor, while the other classes of both departments attended in a body, accompanying the dead teacher from his home.

The cortege was met by the Memorial Choir, who sang a song of triumph as the procession filed in. Dr. O. A. Hills read a few appropriate verses and led in a short prayer. One of Dr. Scovel's favorite hymns was then sung, after which President W. O. Thompson, of Ohio State University, Columbus, led in a touching prayer of thanksgiving for the life whose active work was ended but whose influence was to go on and on.

Dr. O. A. Hills, ever a warm and personal friend of Dr. Scovel, then spoke in beautiful terms of the dead, of his finished, perfected work and of what it means to the world and will mean still. Following him briefly through his career, he called attention to three points in particular that were prominent, his indefatigable industry; his deep interest in the welfare of the University; and his great concern for the progress of the Kingdom.

The speaker saw a special fitness in this great gathering at Philadelphia as the consummation of Dr. Scovel's hopes and plans. For years it had been his desire that there might be a world-wide gathering in the interests of reform. In the reports brought by its representatives from many lands there was much that cheered and warmed their leader's heart. Dr. Hills spoke of Dr. Scovel's great address on this occasion as his "swan-song," full of fore-gleaming of the end approaching; and closed with a tender account of that last prayer meeting of Westminster that Dr. Scovel attended.

Dr. S. S. Palmer, '87, pastor of the Broad Street Church, Columbus, last Moderator of the Synod of Ohio, for a time president of the Board of Trustees of the University, and a member of the first class to graduate under Dr. Scovel as well as a life-long friend and admirer, was the next to offer his tribute of love. He spoke especially for the students of the earlier days, making mention of Dr. Scovel's beautiful and never-failing courtesy; of his high birth; of his broad-mindedness, his mental and physical power; of his self-effacement; and then in the last place

he spoke of Dr. Scovel as a friend and helper, and especially of the letters that he always seemed to have the time to write and seemed never to forget.

Dr. L. E. Holden followed with a beautiful tribute to the man with whom he had labored for twelve busy years, bearing witness to the untiring zeal and wise assistance of Dr. Scovel. "Never," said President Holden, "has a man had more loyal friend and helper than he has been to me." Dr. Holden bore witness to the truly great and loving spirit of his friend, a man of strong and earnest convictions and yet who never kept a hard thought in his life. High tribute was paid to him as a teacher and leader in the educational thought of the day, and then in closing, Dr. Holden spoke of his last tender message received after leaving Wooster for New York a few days since on his great mission for the University, a little note of sympathy and encouragement and commitment to the "everlasting arms."

Dr. J. F. Martin, of Pittsburg, General Superintendent of the National Reform Association, brought greetings and sympathy from the organization whose head Dr. Scovel was. He spoke in highest terms of the work and influence that had Dr. Scovel as its center. None were listened to more closely; none whose judgment counted for so much; none whose heart beat more loyally to country and to country's God; the climax of his long and brilliant career was this national gathering in the East, and Dr. Scovel was the leading spirit in it all. He spoke of the Association's loss in the falling of their leader, but of their rejoicing in his triumphant death.

Representing the students, W. Carl Richards, Editor of the Voice, then brought the last tribute of the day, voicing the love the students bore the dead and of the help and inspiration his life had been to them.

Then for the last time the great audience that had gathered to honor Dr. Scovel, townsmen, alumni, stu-

dents, many from a distance, looked upon his face. Flowers in rich profusion lay about him; but better than that was the love they bore him. Many a tear fell as men and women gazed down upon his face—the first time in all their lives that they had done so and received no answering greeting.

Six stalwart students now performed their last, loving service for the dead, and bore him forth.

And then, amid the falling shadows and the snow, they laid their teacher down to rest.

J. H. DICKASON.

Tributes to Dr. Scovel by Dr. O. A. Hills.

Twelve years ago this month, in conducting the funeral of our beloved and gifted Mrs. Scovel, I felt warranted in speaking of hers as a "Finished Life,"—rounded out under the gracious guidance of a "holy, wise, and tender Providence," and perfected by the discipline of her Heavenly Father's gentle hand. Today, as truly as then, may I not say, We here contemplate a finished career? Dr. Scovel departed from us, not one day too soon, nor one hour too late. He left us, not till his work was done, nor lingered a broken and useless wreck when his powers had failed. He died, as he would have wished, with the harness on.

There was a pleasing symmetry about Dr. Scovel's public career seldom witnessed in the lives of our departed. For twenty-seven years, as a Christian pastor, he preached the glorious Gospel of the Son of God; and then, for twenty-seven years more, he taught the eternal truth of God from the desk of the University class-room.

Dr. Scovel was born in the last month, and almost the last day

Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

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before Nov. 1st, \$1.25.

Advertising rates on application

In the death of Dr. Scovel, the Voice has
lost one of its most enthusiastic supporters.
He was always willing to contribute, and
his articles were always of that high order
which characterized all of his work. He
has often expressed to the editor, his in-
tense interest in the College paper. "If
you don't mind, 'I will be sort of a Peace
editor,' he said on one occasion, with that
genial modesty that was peculiarly his.
His advice was frequently sought, and his
words of commendation and thoughtful
suggestion were always highly treasured.
Frequently has it been the privilege of the
present editor to interview him on many
questions. He was ever courteous and
patient and always eager to give of his
great knowledge. If there was any hard
problem to solve, we never felt satisfied
until we had secured his opinion. His
death will be keenly felt and his contribu-
tions greatly missed.

Had Charge of the Funeral Ceremonies.

Prof. J. H. Dickason, a close
friend of Dr. Scovel, had charge of
the funeral ceremonies. The tender
care and sympathy with which every-
thing was done showed forth the
great love of the pupil for his hon-
ored teacher.

Dr. Hill's Tribute

(Continued from Page 3)

(29th), of the year 1835, in the vil-
lage of Harrison, Hamilton county,
Ohio, twenty-five miles north-west
of Cincinnati. The town lies on the
boundary between Ohio and Indiana,
its main street identical with the
State line. His parents lived on the
Ohio side of that line; and so it
came about that our friend first saw
the light of day in this state.

When he was less than a year old,
his parents removed to Louisville,
Ky., from which city and later from
New Albany, Ind., his father for
ten years discharged the responsible

duties of Superintendent of Home
Missions in a large part of four cen-
tral states. He resigned this position
in 1846, to accept the Presidency of
Hanover College. His son entered
this institution at an early age, and
was graduated therefrom in 1853,
when but seventeen and a half years
old. In the autumn of the same
year, he entered the Theological Sem-
inary at New Albany,—the institu-
tion afterward transferred to Chi-
cago, and now known as the McCorm-
ick Theological Seminary. He
here studied Theological learning for
four years, under the noted Dr. E. D.
McMasters, one of the ablest Theo-
logians of our denomination in the
middle of the nineteenth century.

Graduating from the Seminary in
the summer of 1857, a few months
later, in October of the same year,
he was ordained to the full work of
the Gospel Ministry, and installed

pastor of the church of Jeffersonville,
Ind. It was a little church of about
120 members, on the banks of the
beautiful Ohio river, and in the
charming Ohio valley, nearly oppo-
site Louisville. Here for four years
he had opportunity to grow in know-
ledge and power, and to learn how
to preach.

But he was not allowed to remain
in obscurity, and in the latter part of
1860, he was called to the pastorate
of the First Presbyterian Church of
Springfield, Ohio, one of the most
prominent of our Ohio Churches. His
service of this church continued from
January 1st, 1861, to January 1st,
1866, and embraced the dark and
trying years of the Civil War. He
was called in 1866 from Springfield
to the pastorate of the First Presby-
terian Church of Pittsburgh. It was
then the largest church of our faith
and order in Western Pennsylvania,

IN MEMORIAM:

SYLVESTER FITHIAN SCOVEL

The tribute of a verse seems little worth:
Thy soul was greater than mere words can tell;
As thou dost leave the vanities of earth,
I bow my head and whisper, "It is well."

Ah, well it is, for thou hast walked with God
And dwelt in realms of light, all spirit-filled;
And striven to lift men above the clod
By noble action and by words that thrilled.

Thou hadst the wisdom that is from above,
The wisdom that is pure and full of peace:
All gentle; easy to entreat as love;
Filled full of mercy's fruits; without surcease;

Without hypocrisy:—O, wisdom rare,
That rose above the scorn and taunts of men:
That made this dark world seem a place most fair,
And set the rain-bow in the heav'n again.

God's Word was unto thee a Rock secure,
The strong foundation that could not be mov'd:
Thy hope hereon was builded firm and sure,
Since God in Christ had for thee all things prov'd.

No bitter malice ever filled thy heart;
The good in all men only didst thou seek;
In taking on thyself the servant's part,
Thou wast in service strong, in spirit meek.

When men with less of power, and less of grace
Sat in the scorner's seat—unknown to fame—
With solemn majesty, and earnest face,
Thou hast with dignity put them to shame.

Thou didst with Christ, thy Master, take the sin
And burden of the world upon thy soul;
With Christ, thy Master, thou hast entered in
Where heart and mind and spirit are made whole.

Farewell, O Greatheart, enter on thy rest:
The sounds of war-drums and of conflicts cease:
"The golden evening brightens in the West,"
And angels whisper down earth's highways, "Peace"

WALDO H. DUNN

Doctor Scovel was one of the few men who have made me forget
my own insignificance and ignorance, and have given me confidence in
my own powers and self. I have come in contact with many teachers
of different kinds—from those who have held that technical knowledge
was the *sine qua non*, to those who have had utter lack of human sym-
pathy—and I have to say that our beloved friend was a prince of teach-
ers from the standpoint of influencing life, and inspiring the soul. It
always seemed to me that he had the *true wisdom*,—the only kind
which God recognizes—defined in James 3:17, "The wisdom that is
from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated,
full of mercy and good fruits, without variance, without hypocrisy." As
a student, I found that not the least of these qualities evinced by Doctor
Scovel, was the one defined as "easy to be entreated", and I loved him
for it.

W. H. D.

if not west of the Alleghenies.
for eighteen years, he grew to
commanding position of know-
power, fame and fruitfulness.
here he finished his life service
twenty-seven years as a Chris-
pastor. I say well it was a noble
fruitful service. The records
that in those twenty-seven years
three churches he had served re-
ed an aggregate accession to
numbers of over thirteen hun-
members, more than six hundred
whom came into the commun-
the church upon the confession
their faith in Christ. A noble
fruitful ministry it surely was
if his earthly course had ended
we should have felt confident
there awaited him the welcome,
done, good and faithful serv-
enter thou into the joy of thy

But his public work was only
done. In the summer of 1883,
Scovel was chosen the third
dent of the University of Wo-
and on the 24th of October, of
year, his inauguration took
with simple, yet solemn cere-
He modestly refers to the spirit
of spirit with which he entered
on the duties of his office, wonder-
"how he obtained courage to
take the task, and accounts for
acceptance by some enthusiasm
learning, a deep interest in
people, and the natural presump-
of unimpaired health to which
naively says, "must be added a
siderable share of happy igno-
of just what the situation and
conditions would require." That
py ignorance was soon dispe-
and, if he had cherished visions
dignified President in den and
pursuing congenial studies
themes, he soon awoke to the
reality that he was to be hence-
a peripatetic beggar for both
dents and money throughout
commonwealth. But he had put
hand to the plow, and there was
looking back. Manfully he put
shoulder to the wheel. For
years he carried the burden of
institution handicapped by the
if slowly increasing resources.
it is safe to say Wooster was
known through her better
President, than through anything
was in herself.

A number of things must im-
every thoughtful observer reflect
upon this period of Dr. Scovel's
work. One is his indefatigable
dust. He was a prodigious read-
and to the last was amazingly
trious in gathering stores of
ledge. And when his precious
scripts, and accumulations of
were swept to ashes, with his
able working library in the great
with an indomitable courage
untiring diligence, he set himself
repair, as far as possible, the
ages of the flames. Much of
work indeed was gone beyond
ery. But the fountain ever
so full a stream that none of
students ever knew what a volu-
life-giving waters had gone to

BASKET BALL

Thursday, December 8, 1:30

Seniors vs Sophmores

Freshmen vs Preps

Armory

25c

Saturday, December 10, 2:30

Preps vs Seniors;

Sophomores vs Juniors

in that, to him, disastrous conflagration.

Another thing characteristic of this second twenty-seven years was his ever-deepening interest in the University. For fifteen years he gave the College the strength of his days and the toil of his nights. And, even after he gave up the Presidency, he failed not in love or labor. In the noblest spirit of self-forgetting Christian devotion, he met the peculiar trial of taking the second place where for so many years he had occupied the first. With rare fidelity and love he gave his successor a most cordial, loyal and efficient support, desirous only, and most of all, that the University should prosper and grow.

Another feature of Dr. Scovel's ministry, and especially of its later years, was his intense interest in the progress of the Kingdom of Christ, in its wider aspects of National Reform, Civic Betterments, International Arbitration, and Universal Peace. His tongue and pen were ever ready for the earnest advocacy of these great interests. A charter member of the National Reform Association, and for twenty-five years its presiding officer, he noted with joy in these later years, the increasing attention to those interests, which had been so fostered and advocated by its members and in its publications. Peace Day at Winona was his special charge; and the success of the great "World's Christian Citizenship Conference," held but two weeks ago in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the National Reform Association, was due in no small measure to his untiring endeavors. Most appropriately he was honored by those delegates from many nations in being called to preside over the sessions of the Conference; and he gave himself heart and soul to the furtherance of the purposes for which the great assembly had been convened. After four days in the chair, he delivered three addresses on the Lord's Day, Nov. 20th, in the interest of the cause he loved.

The next day he hurried home, spending the entire day on the cars, in diligent study, preparing to meet his classes, for it was characteristic of Dr. Scovel that, while he gave his pupils enough to do, he never asked them to study half as hard as he did himself, in preparation for the recitation hour.

During the last few months, and, especially these closing days, he

seemed to have increasingly clear premonitions of the approaching end. Referring to the addresses of that last Sabbath he expressed to a friend the conviction that they were his "swan song." And so it proved. He sang no more that lofty theme. He came to the prayer-meeting of the Westminster Church on Wednesday evening, (Nov. 23d), though obliged to sit down twice en-route, because of intense suffering from cardiac pains, and able to reach the place of prayer only through the help of a friend. But he persisted in coming on, rather than going home.

We were considering the Wedding Miracle; and one had spoken of its parabolic lesson that, as the best wine was preserved to the last, so to the believer the best things are in the future, and "Yes, better,—ever better,—farther on." He arose immediately, with the quotation of Browning's familiar lines,

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first
was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, a whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God:
see all, nor be afraid."

and went on to speak delightfully and most convincingly of the evidential value of the Lord's "signs" in manifestation of His glory and in attestation of His true and proper Divinity. It was his last public utterance. And a beautiful ending it was, that he, who but a few days ago had been so honored by his co-laborers of many peoples, should in the humble place of prayer use his last opportunity to place the diadem of Supreme Deity upon the brow of Him whom he loved and whom he had so recently joined in proclaiming "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Then came rapidly on the closing hours. In the early morning after Thanksgiving the final struggle began; and, before the terrible assaults of complicated disease he sank into unconscious slumber, and after five days, without an intelligent sentence, passed from the shadows of evening to the joys of an eternal morning. He needed no dying testimony to assure us that it was well with his soul; and today we bury his precious remains in the confident belief that he has gone to join "the choir invisible," and is now hymning the eternal anthem. Glory be to God for such a life! Amen!

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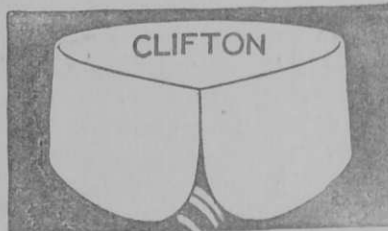
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Tribute to Sylvester F. Scovel, D. D., LL. D. by Pres. L. E. Holden.

In the death of Rev. Sylvester F. Scovel, D. D., LL. D., Ohio has lost one of its most influential and distinguished educators, and the University of Wooster, its most universally honored and beloved teacher. It is fitting, therefore, that we, his brethren and associates, pay our tribute to one who gave his heart and life to Christian education. This is not a time for sorrow to rule the hour; let no tear dim our vision. There has been no defeat, nor missing of the mark in Dr. Scovel's life. Very early in his career he chose his way and the truth to reach it, and he lived long enough to accomplish his purpose. He shall in no wise lose his reward. The reward of faithfulness unto death is the gift of an increased life. He has won the prize for which he struggled. The life which is ended here has begun there in victory.

Dr. Scovel's natural abilities were of a high order. He would have distinguished himself in any of the several professions. His heart was in his chosen profession and his splendid service of 53 years, which was nearly equally divided between the pulpit and the administrative and class room work of this University, is a record rarely equalled in our day.

He came to the University of Wooster as its president in 1883. He was a son of a college president and his 26 years of pastoral service in large and influential churches, had splendidly equipped him for the service before him. He had come to believe, "that the world's greatest and most beneficent enthusiasm, this side of religion, was for education, and the religious type of education was the supreme form of higher education, and the one destined to be dominant." With this belief he assumed the duties of the high office to which he was called and gave himself unsparingly for the next fifteen years to its administrative work. Those were years of tremendous activity. The unprecedented interest in higher education among the masses, the age and the apparently unlimited resources of other institutions added greatly to the care and anxiety of those who stood at the head of the distinctively Christian colleges, born out of due season. With untiring zeal and noble courage this brave man carried not only the work of the administrator and the executive, but also the Hoge. Profs. of Morals and Sociology, which he held to the day of his death. He gathered about him a faculty of men, not only of sound scholarship, but of sound character as well, who with him kept the faith and preserved the college to this day.

With all Dr. Scovel's great abilities, he was a man that never oppressed you with them. He was modest to a fault. Life to him meant opportunity to testify to the world,

his belief that Jesus Christ was the divine Son of God, the Savior of the world. This he considered his business in life. With all his simplicity of manner there was a firmness and sincerity of his character which were born of his right estimate of eternal things.

While Dr. Scovel was quiet and reserved by nature, he was strong in his defense of the principles for which he stood. His singular and exceptional devotion and steadfastness to truth and duty, as he saw them, obliged him to decry error whenever and wherever it showed its head. However, he never cherished ill-will for any man with whom he could not agree. When the debate was over, he greeted you just as kindly and cordially as though you had agreed with him.

Dr. Scovel was always the chivalric and courtly Christian gentleman. He was born and bred a gentleman. He was thoughtful of others, forgetful of self, graceful, tactful, a man without guile. His character was as simple and as transparent as a child's. His great heart was responsible not only to the Master's voice, but to the gentlest call of human need or danger. He was charitable in his judgment of other men who differed with him. There was no malice in his soul.

To many of us, Dr. Scovel seemed like one of the prophets of Old Testament times, whose life quite as much as his words, gave us his message, "make straight the way of the Lord." It was not an infrequent thing to hear alumni, citizens and professors ask—"what does Dr. Scovel think of it?" He was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. People hid behind him from the changing winds of opinions and the fierce gusts of temporary passion. They knew where to find him and they leaned on him for strength. He was unmoved by opinions unless those opinions accorded with the word of God. While living in the world he had determined not to be of it. He was unmoved and firm like a great rock.

None of us can say that we knew Dr. Scovel intimately. There was a central of Holy of Holies in his life, into which none of us have ever entered. His life was deep rooted in the Eternal life. He never seemed to need the world nor those in the world, and yet he was not alone, the Heavenly Father was with him. Nothing of the social or physical world could disturb his sweet communion with God. He lived in a fairer atmosphere than most of us. He lived as though he had an immortal soul. He thought and acted as though he never were going to die. That which obstructs faith in immortality is what the Apostle called "The law of carnal commandment." We have not been living as immortal souls. To practice the presence of immortality is to discover its truth. The dynamic of Dr. Scovel's faith was the power

of an endless life.

We are reminded today how bewildering it must have been to the disciples of Jesus when they seemed most dependent upon Him to have Him say to them, "It is expedient for you that I go away." While He was with them they did not half understand His teaching. They were willing that He should be their reason and their conscience. Left to themselves, they came to know Him better. His message needed perspective and distance. "If I go not away," He said with profound discernment, "the Comforter will not come unto you." Memory was more convincing to them than companionship. Is it not so with us? While he walked with us in the way, our eyes were blind and our ears dull of hearing. The time arrives in every life when the supports of our education shall be withdrawn, when we must think and act for ourselves.

May I be pardoned at this time for most briefly referring to my personal relations with Dr. Scovel? Never did a retiring president greet his successor in office more cordially than Dr. Scovel greeted me, when eleven years ago I assumed his duties. Throughout my administration no man has been more appreciative and grateful for what has been accomplished. His life has been a benediction throughout my administration, and singular enough, his last word to me is indicative of what his life exemplified in our relationship together. Some of you will remember that just before leaving for New York I had spoken to the students at Chapel on that beautiful verse in Deut. 33:27, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Dr. Scovel tarried a moment after Chapel, as he frequently did, to bid me good-bye, and to wish me success. Little did we dream that we were speaking to each other for the last time. He knew well the task that was before me and he offered his kind words of cheer and comfort, and we parted. Somehow this did not satisfy him and after a few days he wrote me one of his kind letters and this is the way he closed his letter and his life to me: "With best wishes and earnest prayers for your finding support from the 'Everlasting Arms,' I am yours sincerely, Sylvester F. Scovel."

My friends, let me share this benediction, of a just man made perfect, with you, and with the light of his life shining upon our path, let us serve our day and generation as faithfully and as unselfishly as he did, until we too, shall hear the call to our Father's house.

DR. PALMER'S TRIBUTE TO DR. SCOVEL

All hearts today are sad and lonesome. Members of the Board of Trustees as well as students feel that a great and good man has gone

from among us. To me, however, is not a time for sorrow. We would not withhold from him the Master's word "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." If "the best is yet to be," a sentiment he pronounced a week ago at prayer meeting, we want him to have that best.

I should like, however, to say a single word or two about the man I knew him. When a student he seemed to me a great man. I heard a distinguished gentleman remark in 1883 after Dr. Scovel had taken the Presidency of the College that he was a man who did not realize his own power. I thought of him then as great. I have always thought of him in the same way. Some may grow less as you go on. Dr. Scovel seemed just as big last week as he did 27 years ago.

To begin with he was well born. A good parentage is a priceless gift. When the remark was made to his mother, "I should think you would be proud of your son," she answered, "Not proud, but grateful."

He was broad-minded. The quality of his mind was of a rare character. His capacity for work was simply phenomenal. I have never known a man who could work so many hours in one day. His convictions were strong. He was not content to think on the surface.

Along with this characteristic broad-mindedness let me also say self-effacement. No one ever felt that Dr. Scovel was championing a cause for himself, or that he was concerned for his own reputation. The cause to him was always more than the man. He was more than willing to keep quiet if the cause succeeded.

I should like to add a word about him as a friend. This man, so broad-minded and generous, the ideal Christian gentleman, so capable of self-effacement, was a true friend. It might seem to some that he was so far away that he could not touch human hearts. If in his study he could dwell apart in the world movements he could also speak as friend to friend, and the friendship of such a man makes life rich.

Dr. Scovel was a friend such as the Book of Proverbs describes, "A friend loveth at all times and is a brother born for adversity. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel. Thine own and thy father's friend forsake not." Dr. Scovel had many friends because he gave so freely. No friendship worthy of the name can exist when we think alone of what we are to receive.

TRIBUTE FROM W. CARL RICHARDS, WHO SPOKE FOR THE STUDENT BODY:

It is with great sorrow and profound respect, that we as a student body are called to the death bier of

our beloved professor and friend. For many years he has labored with a spirit of sacrifice and unselfishness that has won for him the esteem and the love of all who knew him. And countless numbers who knew him not, as we have been privileged to know him, knew of his life and mission of service to the great cause of suffering humanity.

For nearly 30 years he has labored for our beloved institution. His struggles and privations on behalf of Wooster can never be known. It was his part to bear in silence the fierce trials which confronted the youthful institution. Without money or material resources he managed to keep together that poor, weak college through years of bitter disasters. And to the very end of his life, his greatest joy was in service to others. As a friend, we love him, as a teacher, we honor his memory; as a great Christian leader, we join the whole world in paying him respect.

But the "Grand old man of Wooster" has passed from us, on that long journey to a brighter, and better world. His place in the faculty is vacant; his chair, over yonder, will never more be filled by his mortal body; his seat here in the Chapel continually reminds us of our great sorrow. He was called from us. In the bright Indian summer of his days

Dying to leave a memory like a breath

Of summer, full of sunshine and of flowers

A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

Before I conclude these few words kindly permit me to give just one brief personal testimony. For four years I have known him as I knew my own grandfather. I well remember the first time I ever met him. It was at the first meeting of the Wooster Peace Association. It was in this little room, right underneath the platform on which I am standing. From that moment until this he has been one of my dearest friends. Associated together in the class room and in various college activities, we have formed a friendship that shall never be broken. Thus it is to a true Christian friend, that with profound respect I pay this last solemn tribute.

There fell asleep, a few years ago, an old gray-haired man. Thousands had listened to his eloquence. He was counted as a man of great wisdom, as the world considers wisdom. But a few days later, when his friends had gathered around his grave to say their last farewell, the highest tribute that could be paid was an echo of those words which all the world has heard, "I do not know," "I do not know." This is all that they could say of him who had stolen away the hope of thousands, the hope they had of an immortal life. Today, we are gathered together to pay our last respects to an old gray-haired man. A man who has charmed many by his fervent eloquence. A leading intellect

of his day and generation. A man whose fame has traversed the entire world. Today, it will be our sad part to place his lifeless body in the cold and sullen grave. But how different the scene, which we shall soon witness around his open grave. How different the life of him who sleeps before us now. From ten thousand hearts today goes up a prayer of thankfulness for this life of his, that to our eyes is at an end, but which will go on in its grand influence for ever. Today, with joyful sorrow, we all repeat his oft repeated motto, "I am sure." "I am sure that my Redeemer liveth." "I am sure that there is a life beyond the grave."

PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO DR. SCOVEL FROM PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The following telegrams and personal tributes to Dr. Scovel were received by the members of his family, Dr. L. E. Holden, President of the University of Wooster, and Mr. Jesse McClellan. They have kindly permitted us to publish them in the columns below.

TELEGRAM FROM DR. CHAS. F. THWING, PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY, CLEVELAND, O.

The University of Wooster has, in the death of Dr. Scovel, lost a noble scholar, and every worthy cause a devoted friend. Convey to the family the assurance of my sympathy.

CHAS. F. THWING.

MR. L. H. SEVERANCE, WRITES AS FOLLOWS:

My Dear Dr. Holden:

My sympathies are with you and all the friends of Wooster at this time. Dr. Scovel was a rare man, with rare gifts, conscientious in all that he did, patient under the many trying experiences of life, zealous for the things that are right, a lovable Christian in all his association with his fellowmen. Please extend to his immediate family my deep sympathy.

L. H. SEVERANCE.

THE STATED CLERK OF THE SYNOD OF OHIO WRITES:

Always Dr. Scovel has been to me the highest type of scholar, administrator, and with Sir Philip Sydney added: A great man and a good one, is a loss to the church, and to the service of the Head of the Church. Who can take his place in the University? None can take his place in the hearts of those who honored and loved him. In the close relationship which I held with him in the late meeting at Wooster, he honored me continually by counselling with me in the appointment of committees, in asking as to points of order, and the methods of procedure. Coming from one I esteemed so far my superior, it made me humble to see him depending on me for guidance and assistance.

I deeply regret my inability to pay a sorrowful tribute at his side tomorrow. No words of mine could add to his laurels, but it would be a grateful service to me.

EDWARD T. SWIGGETT.

THE STATED CLERK OF THE PRESBYTERY OF PITTSBURG WRITES:

His death will be a great loss to Wooster. A great scholar and a splendid Christian gentleman.

CHAS. L. MCLELLAN.

TELEGRAM FROM THE RETIRING MODERATOR OF THE SYNOD OF BALTIMORE:

It is with sincere sorrow that I hear of the death of Dr. Scovel. I join the family, the University and the vast company of friends in mourning the loss of such a great and good man whose life has been an inspiration to me.

T. D. RICHARDS.

THE PRESIDENT OF LANE SEMINARY SENDS THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM:

Profound sympathy. Second Samuel third chapter, thirty-eighth verse, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

WILLIAM M'KIBBIN.

THE DEAN OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE WRITES:

I learned with profound sorrow of the untimely passing away of Dr. Scovel. I remember my short stay with him a year ago last April, when attending the Oratorical contest of the Inter-collegiate Peace Association, and have frequently thought of his great kindness and noble and splendid spirit.

S. F. WESTON.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF HANOVER COLLEGE COMES THE FOLLOWING:

Dr. Scovel was a delightful friend to me. For sixty years we have walked together in spirit, and I look forward with joy to an unending companionship with him in another World. God has given him a great and good work to do, and he has all these years faithfully and grandly performed it.

J. B. GARRITT.

PASTOR OF FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY WRITES:

I mourn, with all of you indeed. Yet also I rejoice, because of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and because of the wondrous share of that glory that shone in him whom we loved.

EDGAR W. WORK.

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY:

The thought that his life is closing has brought out in bold relief before me what seem to me to be his outstanding traits; and I am thinking of him as I am writing, as without

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vanity and without guile; as by eminence charitable in his judgements of other men and generously appreciative of their good work; but because he cherished high ideals and was loyal to them, as tireless in his labor to realize them, and severe in his judgment and treatment of himself.

JOHN DE WITT.

PROMINENT CLEVELAND ATTORNSNEY WRITES:

His rare Christian fortitude and faithfulness was an inspiration to all with whom he came in contact. In his death we lose a personal friend and the world loses a most able advocate of lasting peace between the nations.

GEORGE S. MYERS.

EMINENT PREACHER AND TRUSTEE OF UNIVERSITY WRITES:

An acquaintance of near 40 years has only deepened my admiration and increased my high regard for him. As a scholar, as a theologian and as a preacher he had few equals. While the loss to the University is great, the loss will be far reaching. He has done much for the world-wide peace. And every good object had in him a friend.

WM. GASTON.

PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION SENDS THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM:

Was deeply grieved to learn of the death of our Dr. Scovel. We shall greatly miss the Doctor in the peace movement, where he exerted an influence on the thought of the world. We were much together at Philadelphia two weeks ago, and dined together the last day with Dr. Dickey of Berlin. I never knew him looking better or talking brighter. He came nearer than any man I have known, of being a universal scholar. Tell all friends I am sad and profoundly sympathize with the sorrow of Wooster.

SCOTT F. HERSHEY. TRIBUTES FROM STUDENTS.

The following tributes were sent to the family of Dr. Scovel:

From the Peace Association.

We the representatives of the Peace Association of the University of Wooster and friends of Dr. Scovel, having felt the inspiration of the life of our beloved Professor, who has striven to spread the spirit of the Prince of Peace throughout the World, hereby extend our heartfelt sympathies to the sorrowing relatives and friends in our mutual loss.

Committee,

D. N. RICHARDS,
H. I. DONNELLY,
J. S. TWINEM.

TRIBUTES FROM THE STUDENTS.

In such a moment of sorrow as comes at the death of one so near to you, is our desire that you

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know that we as well, share the sorrow occasioned by the loss of one so dear to us. We knew him as one whose gentle example elevated the thoughts and lives of all with whom he came in contact, and as one who made into good all which he touched with hand or brain. In your sorrow, we beg to extend to you our sympathy and our comfort in the thought that this is but the benediction of his perfect life.

On behalf of the Student Body,
NINA P. ELLIS,
CLARA LOUISE BARRETT,
ROBT. GUINTEHER,
HARRY THORPE.

FROM CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY:

It comes as a shock to read of the death of Dr. Scovel. Wooster will not seem the same with him gone.

RALPH HALL FERRIS.

MRS. THAW OF PITTSBURG, FAMOUS FOR HER PHILANTHROPY, TELEGRAPHS AS FOLLOWS:

It was a beautiful ending to a life time of earnest work.

MARY C. THAW.

THE NATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION, THROUGH THE CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, SENDS THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM:

The executive committee of the National Reform Association feels profound sense of loss in the death of Dr. Scovel, the honored president of our association, and expresses deep sympathy. The Superintendent of our Association, Rev. J. S. Martin, will represent us at the funeral.

W. I. WISHART,
Chairman Ex. Com.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION TELEGRAPHS AS FOLLOWS:

We mourn, in common with you, the loss of our friend.

J. DIDCOCK.

PROMINENT ALUMNI SEND MESSAGES:

Your telegram, confirming sad news published in Chicago papers this morning, received. My sympathy is with you all.

C. M. MODERWELL.

Dr. Scovel's death is a great loss, not only to the University, but to the Nation.

JOHN E. WEST.

It is with a great deal of regret received your telegram announcing the death of Dr. Scovel. I was shocked to hear it.

W. S. THOMAS.

The news of his death will fill the hearts of his former pupils and friends with deep sorrow. The University has suffered a great loss.

S. STEFFENSE.

THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY OF STARK COUNTY TELEGRAPHS:

I deeply deplore our loss of Dr. Scovel. In his death he is not separated from us. Thank Heaven for his princely life.

CHAS. KRICHBAUM,
Canton, Ohio

THE EDITOR OF THE YOUNG TOWN TELEGRAM WRITES:

His was a great mind and his influence upon his students was one which has stayed by us through the years.

SAMUEL G. M'CLURE

He was a great man, in mind and heart, and in his going, Wooster has lost one of her very staunchest and truest friends.

CLARENCE G. MILLER,
Fremont, Ohio

Those Who Sent Flowers.

Mrs. Arthur E. Lyman, Mrs. Scovel, Trustees of the University of W., The Congressional Club, and Mrs. C. A. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen Barnett, Mrs. Isabelle Barnett, Mrs. H. L. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Criley, Miss Mary M. Andrews, The Century Club, The Peace Association, Mrs. W. R. Barnhart, Jr., The Student Body of the University of Wooster, Mr. and Mrs. James Mullins, Mrs. Follis, Faculty of the University of Wooster, Dr. DeWitt, Mrs. McSweeney, Mr. J. Hoelzel, Mr. Frederic J. Mullins, William Mullins, Miss Contance Mullins.

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