

The
Alfred University Monthly



April

Lyceum Number

1908



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The

Alfred University Monthly

Is published monthly during the college year by a board of editors chosen from the four classes. The aim of the magazine is to encourage literary work among the students; to be a true mirror of the college life and spirit; to offer a means of communication among the alumni and friends of the University. To these ends contributions to any of its departments from both undergraduates and alumni are solicited.

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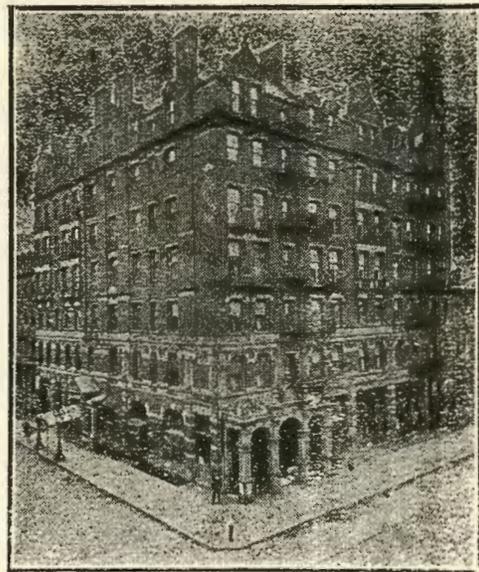
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Awakening Japan

Japan's closed door was at first involuntary and instinctive, due to her isolated position and the menace of the Tartar and Mongol hordes of the continent. It became a conscious national policy in the sixteenth century when the Portuguese and Spanish were expelled for plotting the annexation of Japan. The importunity of the nations, voiced most effectively by our own Commodore Perry in 1853, reopened the Japanese door to trade in the nineteenth century. The removal of the Anti-Christian Edicts in 1873, opened the way for missionary enterprise and foreign residency. In 1899 the country was nominally opened by the revision of the treaties with occidental nations which placed Japan on an equal footing with them, though even now the holding of real estate by foreigners is restricted. The Japanese attitude has been in accord with the advice given by Herbert Spencer to Baron Kaneko in 1892: "The Japanese policy should, I think, be that of keeping Americans and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length."

After the Chino-Japanese war in 1895, Japan as the victor became the arbiter of the East in matters commercial and diplomatic. Her domestic policy was extended to the Island of Formosa, which she acquired by the Treaty of Shimonoseki at the close of that war.

In 1900 Japan was called upon to unite with the nations of Christendom in quelling the Boxer uprising in China and added yet more to her prestige.

Japan's interest in Korea, unselfish through her former championship, and selfish as an outlet for her surplus population, led her again into war,—the sharp victorious struggle with Russia in 1904 and 1905. It was a conflict, not only between Russia and Japan, but "between continental militarism and maritime commercialism," and commercialism conquered.

By the Treaty of Portsmouth, September 1905, which closed this war, Japan gained nothing which she did not already hold by conquest, except the recognition of her position in Korea and Manchuria. The Chino-Japanese Treaty in December of the same year strengthened her hold in Manchuria by ratifying the railway concessions, the consular ports, and the lease of the Liao Fung Peninsula ceded by Russia in the Portsmouth Treaty.

Japanese power in Manchuria, a dependency of China, must of necessity be less than in Korea where it is the preponderating influence, but community of economic interest binds the three closely together. Japan's administration within her "sphere of influence" in the territory along the railway where she has the right to develop the natural resources which include rich mineral deposits, and in the treaty ports is setting the standard for the country. Should China prove too weak to govern her northern province, Japan would be the natural guardian. This is the question of Manchuria's future.

In Korea Japan has a serious problem. With the purpose, not of conquest, but of guidance in solving the country's economic and administrative problems, she has met many difficulties and made some mistakes. Her policy of retaining the native administration under the advice of a Japanese Resident General and assistants is an excellent one, but it has not worked out ideally because of the hostility and stupidity of the Koreans, and the injudicious measures of some of the Japanese officers and colonists. Postal, telegraphic, and railway reforms meet with more approval than educational and currency improvements. The Koreans will not voluntarily attend the schools founded by the Japanese, and they think they have been made poorer because their voluminous nickel coinage has been replaced by modern paper and metal currency on a gold basis. Yet with time and a higher class of colonists in Korea, Japan will doubtless carry out her purposes if permitted by the Powers.

To many this strengthening of Japan territorially augments the "Yellow Peril," but there is reason to question the existence of such a peril. It is certainly not military, for a nation with over \$1,100,000,000 national debt is not in condition to carry on war. Neither is the peril industrial, for a country where the laborer is so inferior to the American as to command an average daily wages of twenty-three cents in eleven skilled and unskilled trades, is not going to compete seriously with occidentals. There may be a danger from surplus population to immediately adjacent lands, but it will not extend to western nations unless they, by injustice and aggressions, arouse the yellow races to retaliation.

Japan, as the representative eastern nation, holds herself open to every influence for progress and culture,

encouraging schools, industries, and commerce. She wants foreign capital, though she prefers to supervise its investment herself. She has a large export and import trade, the latter consisting chiefly of machinery and raw materials for her manufactories. The development of internal industry is shown by the increase in her exports of manufactured goods from \$119,382,000 in 1890 to \$120,000,000 in 1904.

This policy of appropriating all the good from the outside world while developing all the resources within, will be extended with Japanese influence to her dependencies, and the whole east as far as she can reach it. As one of her sons formulates it, the mission of Japan is, "To advance and show what a great thing civilization is; to harmonize eastern and western thought; to regenerate China and Corea, and to promote the peace and commerce of the east."

Baron Takahira ably summarized the foreign policy in an address soon after his arrival in America last month: "The maintenance of lasting peace with all nations, and the conservation of the rights and interests of all people are the cardinal objects of my august sovereign in his international dealings."

Emma K. Cartwright '08

Friends

"Ellen, what is your idea of friendship?" Ruth suddenly asked her room-mate, breaking the long silence that had fallen between them as they sat before the open fire in their study.

Ellen's thoughtful eyes rested on the burning logs as though they might help her to put into words all that that word meant to her. "Why dear, I don't know that I can define it on such short notice. Do you mean friendship between men, or women, or women and men? You know I don't believe the latter is possible."

Ruth shook her tousled head rebelliously. "Well I do," she exclaimed, "but I meant in this particular instance friendship between women."

"Oh, I see now" Ellen pondered for a few moments, tapping the arm of her chair gently with her slender fingers. Finally she said, "I think it means that you do

all the things for your friend that she can't do for herself, as Bacon says in his essay, and much more too, that you correct in the gentlest way, all the little things which you notice in your friend that aren't just right. Of course it means more but I can't put it all into words at once."

Ruth flushed rather guiltily for she remembered the ungracious way in which she had received some of Ellen's gentle criticisms, which in her heart she knew were just. "Oh," she said softly, and after a moment's silence she burst out impetuously, "My ideal of friendship is that of perfect trust and understanding. I think to give up the thing you love most in life for the sake of friendship is my ideal of what friendship should be."

"What are you thinking of, Ruth?" Ellen demanded.

Ruth's expressive face grew first red, then white. She seemed at a loss for a moment and then said with forced lightness, "Oh, of a story I read. Two girl friends were in love with the same man. The man was paying more or less marked attention to one girl, while the other girl who loved him too, knew that he loved her, but because of her friend she would not let the man know that she cared. That is my idea of friendship and was what made me speak as I did." Rising lightly she bent over Ellen and kissed her. "Let's get to bed, honey, it's late," she said with forced gaiety.

It was three months after the conversation by the fireside; spring was in the air. Even if the birds and budding times had not proclaimed it one could have told it from the preparations that were going forward on the athletic field for the big baseball game that was to come off in a few days.

Four young people were walking gaily toward the athletic field to watch the practice of the nine. It was a beautiful Saturday, and Ellen was unusually happy because the beauty of the day had induced David Richards to leave his law office and musty books down town and come up to the college to spend a few hours with her. Ruth and her young medic Hugh Wilson were quarreling as usual. "Oh, children, do stop bickering on this delightful afternoon," Ellen cried in laughing remonstrance.

"I don't care, I think Hugh ought to show his loyalty by playing on one of the teams. Don't you Dave?" Ruth appealed to the big blond lawyer who looked decidedly

boyish in spite of his thirty years. A smile of sweetness unusual in a man, spread over Richards' face as he laughingly refused to argue the case on the evidence Ruth had brought forward.

The friends had been watching the practice for a short time, when Ellen interrupted a heated discussion between Ruth and Hugh by exclaiming "I forgot to read my letter and its from Aunt Ellen too."

"Go ahead and read it" David said, "I'll volunteer to keep peace between the children."

A frown of disappointment clouded Ellen's face as she finished reading. "Do you know I can't be here for the Zeta Psi dance" she exclaimed.

"Why not honey?" Ruth asked.

"Why Aunt Ellen wants me to go to Fernwald for that week end and I can't refuse for she is devoted to me and I don't dare to disobey, for this is literally a command."

"Oh, fudge!" Ruth cried, "let her command. She will get over it if you don't go."

"Yes, she'd get over it by cutting me out of her will," Ellen dolefully remarked.

"Horrid old thing," Ruth said, "she has spoiled your good time this afternoon too, so we might as well go back now."

That night Ellen shed bitter tears because of her disappointment. "Don't take on so, honey," Ruth counselled, "there will be other dances."

"Yes I know," Ellen wailed, "but I'm sure from something Dave said that he intended to propose then. He said he would have something important to tell me at the dance if a certain big law suit he is working on came out as he expected." Ruth drew in her breath sharply at this as she patted Ellen's shoulder soothingly.

The night of the Zeta Psi dance Ruth was strangely restless, her eyes had a feverish brightness and there was an unusual, but becoming, color in her cheeks as she waited for her bell to ring. Now she wished Hugh would hurry up, then she wished he wouldn't come. She didn't know what she did want, she only knew that she feared he would propose to her on the way to the yacht club house or during the evening. "Oh, why don't I feel happy as I ought?" she groaned, hiding her face in her hands. Just then the matron rang her number. As she put on

her long white coat before the mirror she looked steadily into her own eyes for a moment, "Ruth, remember your friend," she whispered to her reflection.

Hugh was waiting for her in the reception room, impatiently striding up and down its length. Ruth stood for a moment framed by the dark curtains, a wistful expression in her eyes. Just then Hugh's walk brought him to the end of the room and as he turned to come back he saw her.

"Ruth," he exclaimed, his whole face lighting with pleasure as he came toward her. "How lovely you look to-night, little girl" he said softly, as he stood before her.

Ruth laughed merrily as she swept him a mocking courtesy. "No thanks to you, Hugh Wilson, for you're frightfully late and I'm sure my forehead is a mass of wrinkles from worry."

"Well I simply couldn't help it, Ruth," Hugh protested. "Somebody wanted me on long distance and I waited until I saw how late I was going to be. Finally I told central to call me up at the club house when she got them again. It won't take so very long to drive out to the lake."

All the way to the Yacht Club Ruth rattled on gaily. "Poor Ellen! What a shame she had to miss this dance for it's sure to be the best of the year. Hugh, what makes you so solemn? Are you worrying about that message?"

"No I was thinking about a nice cozy corner on one of the verandas at the club house that I want to show you during the evening." Hugh was going to say more but Ruth interrupted him by exclaiming, "Here we are and there is Dave."

"This is our dance, Ruth," Hugh said, as he came up to Ruth just before supper.

Ruth smiled and said with a certain recklessness, "Oh yes, and you were going to show me that corner you had discovered."

Hugh led the way to a secluded corner of the veranda, dimly lit by the glow of Japanese lanterns. After he had arranged the cushions comfortably behind her, he stood before her with a determined air. He was silent for so long that Ruth tried vainly to think of something to say.

Finally Hugh said, "You know I love you Ruth and to-night I want to ask you to be my wife. This is my last year in college and my uncle wants me to go into the office with him as his practice is too large for him to manage

alone, and I will have a fine chance to start in my profession. Do you think you love me enough to marry me dear?"

Ruth closed her eyes. What should she, what ought she to say. Hugh loved her devotedly, that she knew, but she, did she love him well enough to marry him? She knew that her heart was not hers to give, for she had given it unasked to David Richards. She had not known how far things had gone between Ellen and Dave then, but now she knew. From a distance Hugh's voice recalled her.

"What is it, dear?"

With an effort she looked up "Will you give me until to-morrow to decide?" she asked.

Just then someone called Hugh's name. "Excuse me, Ruth" he said, and left her to her own, though rather unhappy thoughts. When he came back Dave was with him.

"It's that message, Ruth; I can't get long distance connection out here for some reason and I will have to go back to town. I'm awfully sorry, but Dave will look after you and take you home." He took Ruth's cold little fingers in his own palm. "Good night" he said with unusual gentleness.

Ruth leaned back in the carriage with a tired sigh when they finally started for home. She was silent for a long while and David seemed absorbed in his own thoughts.

"My world is out of sorts to-night, Davy," she said with a catch in her voice. "I want the moon as I used to when I was a little girl."

"If it is anything I can give you, it's yours child," David said simply.

Ruth laughed rather bitterly. "You are the last one who could give it to me."

Just then the carriage stopped at the hall. Richards helped Ruth out and up the steps, for suddenly she seemed very little and tired as he looked down at her. He pushed the heavy door open, but at a little exclamation he turned.

"I've dropped my ring, it is loose and slipped off my finger just now."

"I see it" David said.

Ruth rested her hand on the door casing watching David as he stooped to pick up the ring. A sudden draught started the heavy door and it swung slowly to upon Ruth's fingers. The pain was sickening. She sank weakly against the door, unable even to try to open it. Things swam before her eyes. She felt herself lifted and carried into the house and heard David entreating her to open her eyes. She felt him kiss her but she could only submit passively, yet through all the pain she felt a thrill of joy. David loved her, not Ellen. Finally things grew clearer.

"I'm better now, David, I think," she said. "I'll get Mrs. Evans to dress my hand and then it will be all right."

"Are you sure?" David asked anxiously. "I'll come up tomorrow to see how it is."

"Yes, to-morrow," Ruth murmured. "Good night."

When Ruth finally reached her own room she paced restlessly back and forth. What could she do. She knew that David was the soul of honor, but perhaps he had loved her unconsciously. Ellen loved him and Ellen was her friend. She could not sacrifice her. But if she denied that she loved David would that make him love Ellen? Perhaps it would if she were safely out of the way. Ellen would never suspect for she had not dreamed that Ruth had meant herself that night when she had spoken of the friends. At length Ruth sat down at the desk and wrote a note to Hugh. It contained but one word "Yes." Then she signed her name, "Ruth."

A. H. V.

What Our Name Means

Amiability

Loyalty

Fun

Romanticism

Independence

Enthusiasm

Daring

Ingenuity

Ambition

Notability

Alfriedians Ground

M - - - - C - N - - - N

"A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade
And a hand to execute any mischief."

A - I C - BR - - -

Alice has a phonograph
It's voice is harsh and shrill,
It woke the girls from slumbers,
And it's entertaining still.

R K - NT - - R

"Sure to charm all was her peculiar fate
Who without flattery pleased the fair and great."

MRS. W - - ST - R

"The best thing about many a man is his wife."

EL - IN - TI - - WO - - h

"She is given to sport, to wildness and much company."

IN - Z MC - - T -

"Mild and unassuming."

I - A J - - E -

"All nature wears one universal grin."

M - R - ON C - RPE - T - R

"Still waters run deep."

E. R - - ER - - L -

"I'll hold thou hast some touch of music."

N - NN - E BI - NS

"Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year to follow."

L - - R - L - M - N

"The path of duty was the way to glory."

M. B - - - -

There is a young maiden named Boyce
Who goes to the State School from choice,
Prim and demure,
With industry sure,
She makes her teacher rejoice.

E. M - XS - -

"I've waited, honey, waited long for you."

E. C - - TW - IG - -

"She kneads the lumpish, philosophic dough,
Then marks the unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physics, politics and deep divines."

- E - S O - K -

“Love me, love my dog.”

B - RT - A R - B - - T

“A gracious girl,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy.”

R - T - P - IL - P -

“There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose higher and higher,
'Till it reached such a height,
It got clear out of sight,
And they found it next day on the spire.”

G - - - - BU - D - - K

“To win the wreath of fame
And write on memory's scroll a deathless name.”

E. S - UN - ERS

“She never worked but moments odd,
Yet many a bluff wrought she.”

A. K - NY - N

“Can't you see my heart beats all for you?”

HE - NE

“If music be thy flood of love, play on,
Give me excess of it.”

A - - - E B - RB - R

We know of a lassie called Bahbah
Who goes at her work with much ahdah,
A mild coquette,
She'll land him yet,
When the tide comes in at the hahbah.

D. C - R - - N - ER

“The best of me is diligence.”

G. P - R - O - S

A good all round sort of a girl.

L - U - - T - O - BR - D - E

The glory of a firm capacious mind.

H. R - E -

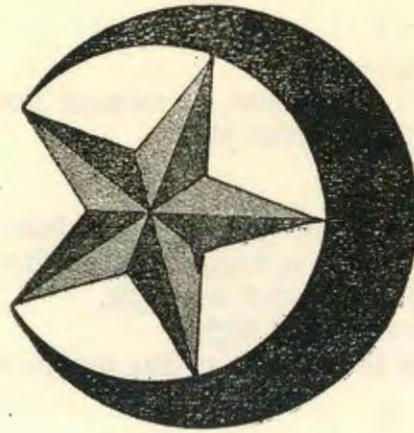
A fusser, weightier matters permitting.

L. H - O -

Much better unroasted.

N - LL S - UN - - RS

“Sing me a song of the sunny South.”



Alleghanian

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America's Contribution to Civilization

We are all glad to own this land of the brave and home of the free as our native country. We love to read the history of her noble past. It inspires us to think of those noble characters who so safely guided this nation during the days of its infancy, those characters, to whom we are indebted for those fundamental principles of government which have nursed this republic into greatness. We as young men do not and can not fully appreciate the boundless blessing of being born into this world of action with the priceless legacy of American institutions and American opportunities. Mayhap, if we could visit China, just awakening from her long sleep of superstition and error, Russia, with her masses of ignorant people, and Turkey, steeped in Mohammedanism and fatalism, we might realize the true value of American citizenship. Emerson has well said, "We are living in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for 'Opportunity.' Our whole history appears like one last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race. Not even the wealth of Croesus is more conducive to self-delusion than has been our national prosperity during the past century. Beginning the century, a small weak people, we ended it masters of the continent from ocean to ocean, rich and prodigal. We began it on one side of a continent, poor and frugal, we ended it one of the greatest and most powerful nations of the earth."

The world's great civilization is only the sum of the individual contributions of individual nations, who have stamped the earth with their life and character. Although the little nation of Greece lost her political independence and became absorbed in the Roman Empire, yet she gave to the world her best in speculative philosophy, architecture and sculpture. The Hebrews have left us many priceless gems of religious thought. To Rome we are indebted for a large body of public law, and to England, our mother country, for the institutional development of representative government and for public justice. What place does America, one of the youngest of nations, hold among the great benefactors of the human race? What has she given to civilization?

If she has given nothing else to civilization, she has been rich in her production of noble men; self-educated

men, many of whom have gained an education after their day's work was done, by improving the spare moments ; men who have tasted the bitter dregs of poverty and drunk from the cup of success and power. But if she can claim the production of such manhood as this she may claim a place among the most worthy contributors to civilization.

One of her contributions is the advance made, not in theory but in practice, toward the abandonment of war and the substitution of arbitration and discussion as a means of settling disputes between nations. If the intermittent Indian fighting and the brief contests with the Barbary corsairs be disregarded, the United States has had about eight years of International war since the adoption of the Constitution. The United States has been a party to not less than fifty arbitrations which have been more than one-half of all that have taken place in the modern world. The second Hague Conference is composed of delegates from forty-five nations and Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, the Outlook's representative at The Hague, says that there is no more efficient delegation than the American. It is composed of a dozen men. Its ambassadors are Messrs. Choate, Porter and Rose, and Mr. Choate is quite as impressive a figure as any in the Conference. These facts must suggest the influence which this nation must have in the present Conference. The great achievements of our worthy and honored President in the cause of arbitration have not only given him a unique place in the world's history, but they have also placed this nation in the foreground, as the most worthy contributor to universal peace. The beneficent effects of this contribution have been of two sorts ; first, the direct evils of war and of preparation for war have been diminished, and the influence of the war spirit has been lessened. War diminishes individual liberty and makes man only a machine when he ought to represent the highest expression in thought and action of his divine Creator. War destroys the home and strews with desolation the land that once teemed with industry and peace. But in all of our wars the main motives have been self-defence, resistance to oppression, the enlargement of liberty and the conservation of national acquisition. Thus the United States may rightly be called a worthy benefactor of the human race.

Another contribution is the acceptance, in theory and

practice, of the widest religious toleration. It was an intense love for religious freedom that led our forefathers away from England, away from their homes, across the trackless deep into an uninhabitable wilderness, where, even on their way to worship, they were obliged to carry guns as a means of defence against the heartless savage. Freedom of worship in a wilderness was sweeter to them than slavery of thought in the midst of civilization. In the latter part of the Commonwealth period, the most serious question was, What must be done with the Quakers? This sect was well calculated to arouse hostility. They would strip all formality from religion. They would recognize no priestly class, nor would they take up arms in the common defence. These Quakers were terribly persecuted. When two women arrived in Boston, by way of the Barbadoes, as a vanguard of the Quaker missionary army, the colonial authorities were aghast with horror and shipped them back to the Barbadoes. A law was enacted against all Quakers, providing for their punishment and imprisonment at hard labor. Very many severe punishments were inflicted; but when four Quakers lost their lives by hanging on Boston Commons, public sentiment revolted at such spectacles and thereafter they were subjected to nothing worse than being flogged in the several towns, and even this ceased with the growth of a more humane spirit. At the present time one can not help but notice the friendly relations existing between the different denominations and their Christian co-operation in every enterprise that develops a more perfect manhood and womanhood; and the sentiment of the whole nation today is that civil authority should not hinder a man from worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

The last contribution which I would mention is the safe development of a manhood suffrage, nearly universal. Manhood suffrage is the ultimate goal of successful democracy. It is not a remedy for the cure of all political ills, for the people of the United States feel its dangers today. It has not worked perfectly well in the United States or in any other nation where it has been adopted, nor is it ever likely to work perfectly. It is like freedom of the will for the individual—the only atmosphere in which virtue can grow, but an atmosphere in which sin also can flourish. It needs to be limited and surrounded

by certain checks and safe-guards. Suffrage is stimulating to ambition for it permits the capable to rise through all the grades of society in a single generation. From youth to old age every American is bent upon bettering himself. Nothing is more striking than the mental condition of the American laborer, belonging to the working classes, but conscious that he can rise to the top of the scale; and the European mechanic, peasant or tradesman, who knows that it will be very difficult for him to rise out of his own class and is therefore content with his hereditary classification. By the suffrage, the voter becomes periodically interested in grave problems of State, which take his mind away from thoughts upon his daily labors and household experiences into broader fields of activity. All of the most civilized nations of the earth have adopted this final appeal to manhood suffrage, or are approaching its adoption by rapid stages. The United States, having no traditions or customs of an opposite sort have lead the nations in this direction, and have had the honor of devising, as a result of practical experience, the best safe-guards of manhood suffrage.

Thus our own America has given something to civilization and each one of us should have an intense desire to help in making America's influence upon civilization even greater and more far-reaching in the years that are to come. Our lives are not all made up of college days and recitations, for soon, (oh too soon), we must leave this beautiful retirement to forge our way in the wide and busy world, and fight life's rugged battles, and this campus with its natural surroundings will only dwell in our memory as a pleasant reminder of college days. Our college training has well been called only the beginning of life, only a preparation for broader usefulness; and the success of our lives must depend in no small degree upon our faithfulness in the duties of youth. But as Father Time, in his onward march, leaves the imprint of his touch upon our faces, may our contributions to American thought and activity bear the impress of golden lives, well spent in the service of God and humanity.

—H. L. C.

The Jokers

"It used to be an advantige in them days ter belong ter the Malishee, 'cause a feller what didn't berlong couldn' git in on these here happenin's I was a-tellin' you about."

I heard Uncle Joe Nolan say this as I went up the steps of the only hotel in town. Uncle Joe had been pointed out to me on my first day in town, as the man that always knew where to go for the best day's hunting or fishing. So I felt as though I knew him pretty well by this time. You see, I had spent four days roaming the surrounding country, with a gun on my shoulder, in search of game. Uncle Joe had accompanied me on two of these occasions, and as he wished to impress it upon my mind that ours was to be more than a mere scraping acquaintance, I had come to know him pretty well. The first thing that he wished me to understand was that he had been "a member of the Malishee, when the Malishee was at its best." No, he hadn't gone to war, he had an aged mother that demanded his attention. "Not as how I didn't wanter," he told me. "But you see I just couldn't git ter go with so much dependin' on me ter home. I sent my younger brother though. He was killed to Getteysberg."

So when I heard Uncle Joe relating another one of his Malishee stories, as I termed them, I lingered just outside the circle of eager listeners, for want of something better to do, to hear what he had to say. I have often thought that since I would write it down as I remembered it; but never until now has it appealed to me strong enough for me to act.

"No," he said, "It wazent 'zactly that way; you see 'twas long before the war that I'm a talkin' er'bout. I tell yer boys them was the good old days. Yer see Lem Simson, what was killed ter Bull Run, was a keepin' company with Squire Aikins youngest darter then, the one wot married the feller from Boston. The Squire was set on her marryin' him from the first, an I never could jest figger out how Lem kept a goin' there the way he did fer the Squire was dead sot again Lem from the beginnin'.

"Lem an me was kinder runnin' mates in them days, an so 'a course I kinder wanted ter see him git ther bulge o' that city chap. So a 'tween us we hitched up a scheme

that if it worked alright wouldn' leave no question as ter who waz superier, leastwise at courtin', anyway.

"Yer see the Malishee waz t' hold its annual pickinic over to Simson's grove, an Lem he lay out ter take the Squires darter. Isezbelle, I guess her name waz. I most clean fergot it, been so long since I hearn 'o her. Lem he tries all kinds a ways ter see her, but he can't fer the Squire's a keepin' his eye peeled and the city feller's there 'bout all the time. I reckon as how he waz purty hard hit the way he hung 'round these here parts.

"Now, Lem he wan't no Deleware oyster ter be ketched er-sleep that way, so one night he dresses up in his Malishee uniform, hitches up his Pop's team and drives along the road what leads ter the Squire's, whistlin' loud ez he kin, 'course he wanted it ter appear as how it waz an accident he happened ter be comin' that way at all. Fer it seems the Squire had told him not ter let him ketch him in sight o' his house again. Come ter think o' it though I don't know but that's the very reason Isezbelle lay out ter be so all fired sweet on Lem, jest ter tease the old man, and that there city feller.

"Well, this night I was a tellin' yer about, Lem he was a drivin' by whistlin' as though he waz happy as a Canarie bird, when all ter once, just when he was passin' the Squire's driveway, the front wheel come off his buggy, topplin' Lem out head over heels. I hearn tell he let out a turrible screech when he hit the groun', and lay there a moanin' and groanin' zif he's kilt. His ole hoss didn't have 'nuff gumption ter run, so he jest terns his head, looks at Lem kind o' sympathetic and then goes over long side o' the road and eats grass.

"I ken tell yer it didn't take long fer the Squire and his folks ter git out o' the house to where Lem waz a-layin'. Isezbelle, she was first one there an lifts his head up and rubs it with them little hands o' her'n, all the time askin' him if he waz much hurt? Lem, he makes out as how he waz, an so they carries him in ter the Squire's house an lays him on the sofie.

"Lem waz a-tellin' me 'bout it hissself later on, an he says he never had no idea a gal could be so nice ter a feller, fer she jest kept a huggin' him, an tellin' him how sorry she waz; an how anything she could do fer him she be tickled ter death ter do. That kinder got ther best o' Lem fer he ups right then an there an asks her ter go ter

the Malishee picnic with him, stead o' goin with that city chap. Course there wan't none of the other folks in the room when that happened, an so she said she'd go.

"It certainly waz wonderful the way Lem picked up after that, fer it wan't long afore he could sit up an take a generous nip o' the Squire's long live bitters. The Squire himself seemed ter melt a little tor'd him, an offered ter take him home if he was feelin' well enough. That kinder put reef in Lem's rapid recovery; but he got so he could go home long 'bout ten o'clock. The Squire fixed up his buggy fer him and Lem drove home all by hisself, and I hearn tell he whistled most o' the way too.

"Well, the day come roun' fer the Malishee picnic, and sure 'nough Lem had Isezabelle thar. The city chap was thar too, but he didn't cut no ice long o' Lem, fer Lem he bought her pink lemonade and donuts by the hundert, an didn't lose no chance ter show the city chap he didn't have no chance 'tall. Every body was a feelin' good that day, with the posserible 'ception of that city chap, fer he didn't seem ter enjoy himself none too well. Some o' the boys ketched on that thar waz somethin' o' a racket on and made things powerful uncomfortable for him, fer yer see Lem waz purty pop'lar 'mong the boys.

The next night after the pickenic Lem spent ther whole evenin' tellin' me how him an Isezabelle war a goin' ter git hitched, an how they waz goin' ter live thick ez two peas in a pod with his mar on the Simson place. He had everything figgered down fine, even ter how much he waz a-goin' ter pay the minister.

But the boys kinder got the laugh on him next day fer the news come 'round that Isezabelle Aikins had run off en got married ter the city chap. Jest why they should a done that nobody know'd, but I reckon jest ter rouse a little excitement. 'Bout noon I seen Lem a comin' over ter our place and I knowed he wan't feelin' quite natural by the way he walked. When he got in speakin' distance I see he waz a smilin' kind o' a sickly smile, and I asked him wat waz the matter.

'Matter' says he 'matter 'nough, Belle, she runned off en got married ter that city chap and kinder played a joke on me, but I wonder wo't they'd say if they knowed we fixed that wheel so as how it would come off whenever I gave that stick a kick. Guess they 'ain't the only ones that ken play jokes."

—A. Harde Bange.

Mother Misery's Answer Box

We have received a particularly large and earnest batch of letters this month. We have room to answer only a part of them.

Cuspy—Your enthusiastic letter was much enjoyed. We should not, if we were in your place, go to Canaseraga more often than semi-weekly. Wouldn't it be more honest to tell H. about the other one, Eh?

Doc—Yes, we believe that all of the "How to grow tall" advertisements are fakes. Smoking by small boys is apt to stunt their growth. Contrary to the opinion you express, "Faust" is one of the acknowledged masterpieces of world literature. We presume you have become prejudiced in some manner. Try to be fair.

B. J.—Yes, it is perfectly proper for you to visit your sister's room and remain there during the calls of her girl friends. There is nothing either immoral or overbold about it. Never leave precipitately.

J. E. T.—We must say in all kindness that she is too young and innocent for you. You should be more considerate of the young Irishman's feelings, also.

Mac.—To become an orator you must practice. Remember Demosthenes. Hill-climbing and celery are nerve bracers.

Ted.—The best remedy known to us is "Dr. Spratt's Anti-Fat." In regard to calling hours under the circumstances you mention we would consider it improper to stay later than ten o'clock.

Lew.—You cannot hope to get rid of your ailment until the cause is removed. If you cannot resist the tempting viands change your boarding place. There are plenty of places where you cannot get enough to eat.

Staff.—Read our answer to J. E. T. We know no disadvantage in being related to a tailor if his character is good. The soundness of the N. P. L. is a debatable question. We should not base our choice on Papa's vocation.

G. P.—A college student is not popularly supposed to be a saint or an ardent searcher after truth. A man of strong physique does not require ten hours of sleep per diem.

H. M. B.—We have known three or four to finish their college course in spite of the same obstacle. However we would not advise everyone to take the step. As to the refrigerator we are uncertain, being unmarried ourselves. We would advise you to correspond with Papa Lawton, Knoxville, Pa.

E. K. D.—The address is East Orange, N. J.

Despondent Bobby—Yours is one of the many cases of Miss Placed affection in which we are made a confident every month. We can only say that time and patience alone will heal your wound.

Brownie.—It is true that the Bowery has produced some great men, yet we would not advise you to go on the stage until your voice has been cultivated and fertilized.

Hulsey.—“Velox” is undoubtedly a good paper, but the editor would not assert that it is the best, as individuals differ. The Ladies Home Journal always contains bright, interesting anecdotes, also Ezra Kendall's “Good Gravy” is full of excellent, up-to-date jokes.

Bert.—We have treated exhaustively the subject involved in your question, in our book, “How To Be Happy Though Married.” We advise you to peruse it carefully. Price \$2.00 post paid.

Jessie's Guter Kamerad

Jess hatt' einen kameraden
 Einen bessern findst du nit.
 Er ging an Jessie's seite,
 Er nimmer wished zu bite 'er
 Did Jessie's good dog Skid.

Sie liess den Brick, did Jessie
 Und ging zum Engels' Retreat,
 And Skid mit ihr auch trotted,
 But ihm kein platz was allotted
 Und nichts fand er zu eat.

Now Skid he roams die strasse,
 Derweil Jess nach ihm klagt:
 “Kann dir die food nicht geben,
 Mit dir the Deuce nicht heben,
 Mein guter kamerad.”

—C. W. C.

Athenæan

President, MARY BAKER

Vice President, ETHELYN SLADE

Secretary, GEORGIA BURDICK

Treasurer, ANNA BURDICK

Critic, AGNES ROGERS

That Memorable Night

Jim, my brother, is real smart but I'm the biggest, so I'm going to tell the story.

Well, in the first place, you must know that grandfather and grandmother had gone visiting and wanted Jim and me to come to the farm to do the chores and stay nights with Aunt Drusilla. Aunt Drusilla, grandmother's sister, is an old maid as cackly and fussy as a white leghorn hen. For fifteen years she had been expecting burglars and they hadn't come yet. She declared that burglars would be sure to come if she was left with us boys. However grandfather persuaded her that she was perfectly safe in our keeping and it would be a foolish burglar who would tackle a house with nothing of value in it.

Accordingly grandfather and grandmother drove away while Aunt Drusilla stood weeping and watching them out of sight for she had had a premonition that grandmother would never get home alive.

That night Jim and I did the chores and after eating supper we sat on the porch until bed time. Evidently Aunt Drusilla's premonitions weighed heavily on her mind, for she fidgeted around, making all sorts of preparations for the night. First, she bolted the hen house door, then she locked old Bouzer, the dog, into the barn, hooked the barn yard gate from the inside, climbed painfully over the fence and came back to the house. She joined us on the porch and sat for awhile trying to comfort herself by worrying a little. At bed time she locked all the doors and handed me the revolver to take to bed with us while she took down grandfather's musket off from the pegs in the kitchen remarking that it was too heavy for me to manage so she would take it.

As a last precaution she told us boys that she would put her diamond brooch, which was a present from her sweetheart who was killed in the war, in its case and tuck it under her pillow and trust to Providence that we would get through the night some way and if we heard her scream to get down stairs quicker than lightning.

Jim and I suppressed our amusement and wished her a good night. We both fell asleep at once and were insensible to any impending danger.

I woke with a start. "What was that noise?" I listened an instant; a blood curdling scream rent the still air then followed the report of the musket and the sound of smashing glass.

For an instant I was paralyzed with fear, a moment more and I was tumbling down stairs with my revolver in my hand and Jim following me.

"My brooch is gone," shrieked Aunt Drusilla, "take after him, boys, he jumped through the parlor window and he's got my diamond brooch!" I did not wait to hear more but was in the front yard in less time than it takes to tell it. I heard a sound in the road and away I ran after the burglar. I heard his feet on the dusty road. The night was as dark as a pocket but I aimed straight ahead and fired. Instead of dropping dead the burglar only quickened his pace. On we ran until suddenly he turned into the corn field and I shot again. I was not far behind. My wind was beginning to give out but on I ran, dodging through the corn. He was getting ahead of me I felt confident of that when all at once we came out into the meadow. I could not trace him by the sound now but rushed blindly on until I came plumb up against a board fence. I was too tired to race many more miles but I fired my last shot over the fence at that burglar.

At first I was at a loss to know what to do next, so I groped my way back to the road. Here I could see the light in the house and hastened toward it. At the door I was met by two very frightened people. Aunt Drusilla nearly fainted for fear I would get hurt. Jim had attempted to follow me but he could not keep up, so had returned.

I had nothing to tell only that I had chased the burglar to the fence and had fired at him three times.

It was then four o'clock so we sat and waited for daylight. Aunt Drusilla tried to compose herself with peppermints and the camphor bottle. As soon as daylight came, Jim and I went out to discover any traces of our burglar.

In the first place the parlor window-light was all broken out. We could discover no tracks whatever under it. A little farther down the yard the grass was nibbled off short as though some animal had been grazing there. When we reached the road the tracks in the dust were somewhat indistinct. However we discovered

the prints of my bare feet and also the tracks of a cow. When we came to the cornfield we thought we should find the burglar's tracks plainly enough but to my surprise and chagrin the tracks of the cow and the bare feet led straight into the corn field.

I was determined to find out this mystery so we followed the path through the corn. On reaching the meadow we heard a cow bawl and turning beheld old Brindle chewing a corn stalk. We approached her and finding traces of blood, discovered a bullet hole in her left ear. Jim fairly rolled on the ground with laughter to see my chagrin and disappointment and at the joke generally.

We hastened back to the house and told our story to Aunt Drusilla. She was not to be convinced by that. Where was her diamond brooch? Then and there we began a search for the lost article. We searched for an hour but could find nothing but the empty case.

Every possible search and inquiry was made for the burglar as well as the brooch but it led to no further discoveries. The disappearance of Aunt Drusilla's diamond brooch became town talk and finally was forgotten.

When grandmother returned she said that she had raised the parlor window and left it without any stick under it. In the night it had slammed shut, breaking out the glass and frightening Aunt Drusilla, who fired the musket, every shot of which went into the back of the best upholstered chair in the house. In spite of these facts which I thought proved that there had been no burglar, no explanation could be found for the missing diamond.

I think my conscience would trouble me if I did not relieve your mind by adding that when grandmother cleaned house the next spring, the diamond brooch fell out of a small rip in the mattress.

Although I should live to be an old man I will never regret the exercise I got, chasing that imaginary burglar, for I feel thankful that Aunt Drusilla's long expected burglars took such a harmless form; besides it made one less thing for her to worry about.

Nellie's Salad

"O dear! what shall I do?" said Nellie Ford as she sank into a large chair in a heap.

Her brother Fred had just phoned from the office that one of his former college chums was passing through the city and that he had asked him home to dinner.

If Nellie had been brought up to cook it would have been a different matter. But Mr. Ford, who was well off, desired that his daughter should be liberally educated and so hired a girl to help his wife with the household duties. Mr. and Mrs. Ford had gone to spend two weeks with one of the latter's sisters. They had been away for about one week, and Nellie and Fred had been getting along finely with Mary Ann to cook for them. Nellie was left with the responsibility of directing the affairs at the house while Fred had that of keeping things going down at the office.

"To think that Mary Ann should be called away this very morning to see her sick sister," said Nellie half aloud. She had told Mary Ann that she could go just as well as not for she and Fred could live on bread and milk for two or three days, if worst came to worst.

"Let's see what she has left in the refrigerator. Here's some of that nice cold beef that was left from yesterday's dinner—how fortunate; and here's a can of tomatoes ready to heat. I think I can boil some potatoes and turnips without burning, and, isn't it lucky? here is some of Mary Ann's delicious brown bread. I'll warm some of it up just as I've seen her do. But dear me! what shall I have for dessert? I can never make a pie. It would be an insult to offer my pies to pigs! I know what I will do—I'll make a salad like the one I've seen Mary Ann make so many times. I think I can do it." So saying, she took the cook book and found the recipe. The first thing to do was to make the dressing so as to have it cold. It said, "Take half a cup weak vinegar, set on the stove to heat, then beat together the yolk of an egg, a tablespoon of sugar, a teaspoon mustard, a tablespoon butter, four tablespoons oil and a pinch of salt. Just before taking from stove stir in the white of the egg beaten lightly.

She immediately went about to do as it directed, and put all the ingredients together but the oil. She could

not find that. She looked in all the cupboards and drawers. As she was about to give up finding it, she thought of the shelf behind the door. She looked there and found a bottle of oil, unlabelled.

"Surely this must be it," she said to herself, and taking four spoons of it she stirred it well into the mixture. When it was well cooked she set it away in a dish of cold water. She then began to busy herself about the dining room, putting fresh linen on the table and setting it. Then she prepared the vegetables ready for cooking. She must go to her room and put on one of her prettiest gowns, one which Fred liked to see her wear. This was a white shirt-waist suit with short sleeves.

When her brother with his chum came home, he was much pleased with Nellie's appearance and her happy mood.

Everything passed along beautifully and Fred's chum was enjoying to the utmost, the excellent dinner, thinking of course, that she must have had long practice. Nellie had served them to salad and wafers and had seated herself when Fred, who was the first to taste it, threw up his hands in astonishment and exclaimed, "What have you put into this?"

She named over the ingredients.

"Where did you get the oil?" he asked.

"From a bottle in the pantry," she replied.

Fred rose from the table and went to the pantry. When he returned he had the bottle from which Nellie had taken the oil.

"Is this it?" he asked.

"Yes" replied Nellie.

"Why Sis, this is some oil mother asked me to get for the machine," exclaimed Fred.

They all laughed, but Nellie could not keep back the tears of humiliation and shame. Before they could say anything she had fled from the room. Thinking that she would be crying, they followed her and comforted her, so that soon she was smiling with the others.

Many years have passed. Nellie has taken a course in domestic science and is now a lady with a house of her own. Often-times her husband says something about salad and salad-dressing; but she usually replies with the old saying, "There is no great loss without some small gain."

Orophilian

President, R. WITHEY

Vice President, MR. ATKINSON

Secretary, MR. BAXTER

Treasurer, MR. TODD

Critic, MR. F. ROGERS

Their Victory

"They're quite a husky-looking bunch, aint they Holly? How you feeling?"

"Just in proper trim, Cap. What do you think about the game?"

"Well it doesn't look as bright for us as it did with McQuin at full. We could run those fellows right into the ground with him working right. Joy is going in there. He's pretty good."

"Too bad Billy got hurt. Grafton and Ishall miss his interference on our end runs, and his bucking was always good for some gain. Still Joy is mighty fast and the best tackler on the team."

"Billy always backed the line well though."

"Well, who're you going to put in at left guard?"

"Why Chub is the first choice. He's doing better now."

"Well, then, with you at tackle the line won't need much backing. We'll just give them the hardest tussle they've had in a long while. Guess I'll have to hurry to get what little dinner I want. That's about half what I ought to have. So long."

Holly had played at right tackle on the varsity eleven for two years, and, although light, was a valuable man because of his nerve and the life he infused into the whole team. Joining the squad when it was in sore need of a clever, fast man, he had made good from the first. In a letter home he had told his mother of the hopes of his college for a victory over their rivals from Western, a college about sixty miles from his own. In her answer she had expressed a regret that he was expected to play, but, as was her usual custom, encouraged him to do his best.

And this was the day for the great game. Two nights before, Billy McQuin had sprained his ankle and was forced to abandon all hope of playing. This accident was a hard blow to his team's hopes, but it had gone to work again, determined to fight to the last ditch.

There had been but a light work-out the night before the game, and Holly, after a shower-bath, was walking along a shady path with Rose Cameron.

"I hope you win tomorrow Bert," she said, "I only wish I could help."

"Oh! but you can help," he replied. "You girls

don't seem to know how much it helps us poor fellows to have you say that you want us to win. It arouses a sort of dormant chivalry to think that we are doing it in part to please you. Does it seem silly? Well, honest, it is the truth."

It was 3:30 on the afternoon of the big day. Captain Herbert, the referee, and the big angular captain of the visiting team, stood apart from the rest of the crowd. The referee tossed a shining coin into the air, and, as it fell, bent over it. Herbert had won, and he chose to defend the east goal. A gentle breeze, which would aid punting, was blowing from the West, but the ground sloped gently from the East.

As the teams trotted to their positions, McQuin, from a chair on the sideline, shouted "Now get into 'em, boys. You can do 'em. Eat 'em up from the first jump."

Holly glanced toward the line of girls, and saw a banner, fastened to a little cane, waved towards him. His breath came in quick, jerky gasps, and his weight seemed on other limbs than his own.

The whistle sounded and Western kicked off. After a series of brilliant end runs, the Olympia boys lost the ball when Joy failed to make his gain through right tackle. The visitors, after twice making their downs, lost the ball on a fumble. Again Olympia lost on downs but recovered it when their opponents were forced to punt. Then Holly got free and carried it to the twenty-yard-line. After two unsuccessful plunges, the quarterback, on a trick play, carried it across for a touchdown. But it was close to the sideline and the try at goal failed. Neither side scored during the rest of the first half.

In the second half, the local boys received on their fifteen-yard-line. After making their downs three times, they were forced to punt, and her opponents started hammering the line. On one plunge, Cobb, Olympia's right tackle, was laid out and Conroy took his place. Immediately the visitors began testing the new man, and time after time sent their huge fullback through for consistent gains. On up the field they worked, but lost at their eighteen-yard mark. The local boys failed to make good gains and punted into their opponents' territory. Again the latter began their slow resistless march up the field. On the sidelines, McQuin was vainly calling on his mates to hold and writhing under his desire to get into the fray.

Holly, each heartbeat shaking his whole frame, was faithfully trying to throw himself into the center of each play. But success for the visitors was not to be staved off, and after one "pile-up", the ball was found to lie over the line. With the favoring wind the goal was easily kicked and the score stood 6 to 5 in Western's favor.

Olympia chose to kick off, and, a visiting player fumbling the catch, Grafton promptly fell on it. Then the local rooters gave a loyal cheer and the team, inspired with the hope the turn of affairs gave them, again began their gains around the ends. Near the twenty-five yard line, they fumbled, but recovered it. Seventeen yards from the goal they lost on downs. Again Western began their line plunges, but lost through a mistake in the signals. Olympia again worked the ball to the twenty yard line and, on the third down, signaled for a place kick.

The quarterback knelt and Grafton placed himself in position to kick. Western's big fullback took a position just outside his end, and it was up to Holly to prevent his spoiling the kick. Bert's troublesome knee was weakening and his limbs shook almost to the point of collapsing. His opponent had the advantage of the lay of the ground, about twenty pounds in weight and was the aggressor. Holly looked at the figure in a crouched, determined attitude opposite him, and a faint feeling came over him.

"Hold that big hoss, Bert. Don't let him spoil our last chance. Catch him low and you'll turn him wrong side up" came McQuin's voice through a megaphone.

Then "Varsity! Varsity! Varsity!" came the entreating cheer from the sidelines.

As though electrified, Bert's muscles became rigid and he, with a white, set face, crouched in readiness for the rush.

"Pass." There was a shock and Bert rolled on the ground. But he had stopped his opponent and the ball had crossed the goal.

Only three minutes were left to play and the score remained 9 to 6 in Olympia's favor.

Each player was praised, but Holly considered himself more highly complimented than the rest when Rose Cameron said "You played a brave game today Bert, and I am truly proud of you." And then she blushing added "Can't you come over tonight? I want to introduce you to my mother."

Will History Repeat Itself ?

The Renaissance of the thirteenth century, originating in Italy and terminating there in complete license, gradually worked northward. Reaching Germany it was given an entirely different turn from that received in the South.

The German scholars were conscious of the defects that had grown up within the church. They saw that it held the common people of their beloved land in spiritual and superstitious bondage. They realized that the ennobling and satisfying spiritual teachings of Christ, which the church should have freely taught, had by this very institution been partially buried under a mass of ceremonies and forms which were being appropriated by the people as constituting the true spiritual life. So the task which the German Humanists set for themselves was to re-discover the primitive and simple religion of Christianity and give it to the people. Yet these men were conservative. They conceived the accomplishment of their emancipating task as best brought about by slow evolutionary methods. By their writings and teachings they intended to educate the people so that they might break away from their servile condition. These humanists, led by such men as Von Hutten, Reuchlin, and Erasmus, the wisest German scholars of the times, made a mistake however in believing that their intended reform could only be accomplished by gradually educating the masses. They failed to see that the minds of the people were ripe and anxious for the breaking of their spiritual bonds. All they lacked was a leader and he was soon to come.

For in 1511 we find the young college professor, Martin Luther, returning from a trip to Rome, filled with revulsion at the wickedness which he found existing in the lives of the church leaders. Upon reaching Germany Luther began to preach, and to search the Bible for the true teachings of Christianity. As he studied and worked he saw that the church had partially lost sight of the essential and true doctrines of the scriptures. So advancing from one position to another, breaking bond after bond, Luther finally reached a position which the Pope declared constituted heresy, and he was excommunicated. A new church was at once formed based upon the primi-

tive faith as Luther interpreted it. This was the origin of the Protestant church which we have today. During these exciting times the humanists, fearing that Luther by his bold and courageous stand against the false doctrines and ceremonies of the church would make a failure of it all, withdrew their support from the Reformer. But they were wrong, for the people quickly accepted the doctrine which taught that man can come into contact and harmony with God without the mediation of priest or Pope.

This was the beginning of a new order and now we stand removed from it by over 350 years. We now have many denominations, differing in minor points that amount to little, but united in regard to the great teachings of Jesus Christ. Indeed these different denominations, acting as a check upon each other have caused the early faith to be kept purer than a universal church would have kept it. Yet during the past three centuries the more perfect interpretations of the scriptures and of truth made through the advancement of Theology, since it is a growing science, *have been kept from the people.*

So we find a slight resemblance at least between our own times and the times immediately preceding Luther. Thousands of people today are in bondage to the belief that absolute acceptance of the story of creation in regard to the human race and its early history as given in the Bible and conceived by imaginative Jewish scribes, constitutes true religion. This belief is today blinding the eyes of the common world to the true, uplifting and ennobling teachings of Christ. The humanists of our times, the truly educated teachers and ministers, know that this is so, yet they are relying upon education to slowly come to the masses and lift them to a realization of the truth rather than boldly presenting it to the people as Luther did his message. Again thousands are in bondage to the belief that there is a great gulf between religion and such sciences as geology, evolution and the like, whereas the true scholar sees that they are in nowise antagonistic.

Yet these facts are not presented to the people and the great question is, must these truths come to the masses slowly through universal higher education, or would it not be better to give them to the people at once boldly and freely ?

G. P.

True Art

Ruskin says, "Painting, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing." He goes on to say that he who has learned "what is commonly considered the whole art of painting" has only learned the language by which he is to express himself. He has learned only the forms which are to hold and convey his meaning to others.

In literature we find many pieces of fine style and diction and beautiful expression, and yet, when we search for a meaning in them we find them barren. They have the form and that is all. The author used fine language but he had nothing to say. It is the same in all art—it matters not whether music, poetry, or painting—they may excite our wonder and admiration as pieces of accurate workmanship and careful observance of technical rules, but a work of art has missed its only worthy aim unless it goes beyond this and touches, be it ever so little, the human soul. And it must not only stir the soul of the poet, composer, or painter, merely because it is a work of his own hands, but it must have a certain element of the Universal in it which shall mean something to the soul of humanity.

There are a few great fundamental relations and experiences in the Universe which strike a harmony in the souls of all men. It is the degree of universality—the extent to which it thrills the souls of men everywhere, not only now but for all time—that determines the greatness of a work of art. The art of the Renaissance was great and remains great just because the painters of that period put something of the Universal into their work. The Renaissance has been likened to that period in a boy's life when he ceases to be a boy and awakens to ask himself "What is the meaning of life? What am I here for? Youth and this awakening are things of universal experience, and as the Italian painters of that period were thinking universal thoughts, it could not but show in their art. In fact, their art was the expression of this awakening spirit. This is why so many paintings of that period are full of meaning. But there were those who painted only to see what fine work they could do, and who cared

for nothing except to get an exact representation of whatever they were painting, or to see how many problems of technique they could successfully solve. Technique and good workmanship are necessary, and they must be acquired before one can execute a really great piece of art, but they must not become an end in themselves. They are essential and useful only so far as they furnish a smoother channel for the outflow of the deeper feelings of a man's soul.

Is it not because so many of us have not a soul to appreciate the yearnings and struggles of men as expressed in their art, and that we look only at the form, that a large part of what is called art is hardly worth the name? The artists (if we call them such) who have no real depth of soul become enamored of solving the problems of technique, and work on the language for the sake of the language, or on the picture for the sake of the picture, and, instead of letting their soul reach out through their art and become greater, they keep it repressed or neglected behind their work. The greatest art has always come from men whose souls were their greatest selves—those who have struggled hardest, and suffered most, and felt deepest. They have sought for the Divine, the Infinite, and the imperishable things. Their art was simply the expression of their soul. Art that is this cannot but thrill deeply the soul of him who has a soul made in the image of the Infinite.

—F. '10

Adoration

O! thou art my Goddess sweet;
 I'll bow and worship at thy feet.
 Allow me not in vain to seek,
 May it be soon that I may speak
 To thee, darling, of my love.
 And as I kneel, I glance above:
 Is thy face wreathed with a smile,
 Thy cheeks suffused with blood the while?
 O! do I hear thy heart beat fast,
 Mayst thou on my breast be cast,
 There to 'suage its pain at last?

—C. E. C.

Home

The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the market place or forum but at his fireside. There he lays aside his masks and you learn whether he is an imp or an angel; a king or a cur; a hero or a humbug. I do not care a copper what the world says about him, whether it crowns him with glory, or pelts him with eggs. I care not of what religion he may be. If his children dread his coming home and his better-half swallows her heart every time she asks him for a five dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first nature, even though he prays night and morning until he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children run to the front gate to meet him and love's own sunshine illuminates the face of his wife when she hears his footsteps, you can take it for granted that he is pure gold—his home is a haven, and the humbug never gets near the throne of God.

He may be a rank atheist and a red flag anarchist, a Mammon and a mugwump; he may buy votes at the election, deal from the bottom, and drink beer until he can't tell a silver dollar from a circular saw, and still be better than the man who is polite, but who makes home a hell, who vents on his helpless wife and children the ill nature he would like to inflict upon his fellow men but dares not. I can forgive much in a fellow mortal, who would rather make men swear than women weep, would rather have the hate of all the world than the contempt of his wife, who would rather call anger to the face of man, than fear to the face of woman. —X. Y. Z.



Oros

As I sit and think of those, who are Oros through and through,
 And try to write a joke, which will surely hit a few,
 I feel my inability, it comes to me right now,
 I lack the greatest requisite, that is, I don't know how.

That is why I write it thus, and try to make it rhyme
 To elaborate the reason, would take too much of time,
 But limericks like poetry, as you know from observation,
 Are good or bad according, as they stretch your imagination.

There is Bill of Burdick Hall, the coming speaker of the day,
 He talks on all occasions, without a thing to say.

Raymond Withey, lately benedict, though very good I'm told,
 Is so because he thinks it brings an angel's harp of gold.

Billy Bragdon's very harmless, but a good sort just the same,
 He'll never have to think at all, when Huldah gets his name.

Now Virgil knows enough, and acts alright I'll swear,
 And would make a good appearance, minus that cotton colored hair.

Pap, the mighty, Pap, the bold,
 Has more knowledge than he can hold.
 He has a girl, whom he loves more—
 Well just keep still and give him the floor.

Albert Bivins, heart masher by trade, and fusser by occupation,
 Seems to forget the object of college education.

There's Rogers Fred, a thinker deep, who's sure to be a wonder,
 Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

Victor D. is a nice young fellow, though just a little small,
 Swears he'll go west where Jake can't go, and get her after all.

Waldo Rosebush dotes on guns, on guns and ammunition,
 To get some guns, and get some more is the height of his ambition.

W. Gates, he grinds and grinds, to fill his head with facts,
 The knowledge must be stored in there, in heaps, and lumps, and
 stacks.

Now there are many others, whose names I've failed to mention,
 But I hope they won't feel slighted at this bit of inattention,
 And now we have it written, and still there's nothing said,
 We only hope 'twill be the same, when you the thing have read.

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