

# THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

*Edited by P. Gandy*

November, 1903

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## THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

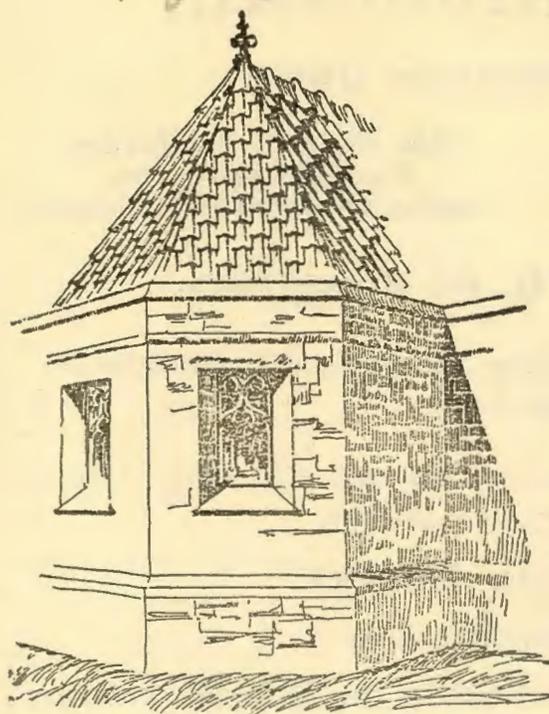
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*Aunt Ruth Watson was editor. She instigated first edition.*



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## Mehetabel's Vocation

Mehetabel lived with Miss Mellona Butterfield—"Miss Mell," everyone called her for short, except the minister who said, "Miss Butterfield," and the minister's wife who went a step nearer and said "Miss Mellona." The two, Miss Mell and Hetty, lived in a little house in a little town—a town in which everyone knew everyone else and what everyone else was doing, and Miss Mell was not behind her neighbors in the art of gossiping. Walking home from church on a Sunday and during their frugal dinner, she would talk to Mehetabel about Miss Peters' new dress, the new baby at the butcher's, Mrs. Hound's sad looking face—"for all the world as if her husband ill-treated her, Hetty!"—the stranger in the front pew, Elder Pinter's cough,—“I've a good mind to take him some of that cough bottle, Hetty, ma's receipt you know, with the turpentine in it!”—And Hetty agreed to everything, she always did, it never occurred to her to do anything else. Hetty had been taken from an orphanage by Miss Mell, a tiny, nameless baby, and had been named by her, Mehetabel, for some distinguished ancestor. “A very fine woman she was, my dear, a relative to be proud of!” Miss Mell would say when anyone questioned the choice of such a name.

Poor Hetty was not bright like other children, her mind was weak and the doctor said she would never be

any better. She had been sent to school, but she was always getting into trouble with the teachers for being stupid, and her head nearly always ached, and so at last she was taken away, and allowed to sit and sew and dream her little dreams. Miss Mell taught her to cook, wash, clean, and make herself generally useful, and Hetty loved her devotedly, and would have worked her small fingers to the bone or have run up and down stairs from morning till night to prove her affection. But there was one thing against which Hetty, in her inmost heart, rebelled.

Miss Mell was very economical, even a trifle "near," the neighbors said. Her account book was a model of neatness, and every cent had its own particular mission; and if there was one point on which she was especially careful, it was—sheets. Not a thread would she buy until every sheet had been used to its fullest extent, and Hetty's work was turning the sheets,—tearing them straight through the middle, sewing the outside edges together, and hemming all raw edges. Every afternoon she must seat herself on the front steps, if fine,—“The air is good for you child,” Miss Mell would say—or by the kitchen window, if stormy. Hetty would sometimes wonder vaguely if she would sew sheets always, and when she heard the minister talk in Sunday-school about heaven, she always pictured it to herself as a place where there would be no sheets,—“Because if there were any, she argued, they'd be sure to wear out, and then they'd have to be turned, and maybe they'd ask me to do it.”

It had been an unusually hot summer, and day after day Hetty sat on the doorstep, it was quite shady then in the afternoon, and sewed her seams patiently. Miss Mell knew nothing of the rebellion that raged in Hetty's heart. Perhaps she was not very observant or she would have noticed the listless way in which the child performed her tasks. And yet Hetty had no thought of open revolt, only she wished there were no more sheets to turn.

But one day something happened which Hetty ever after believed to be a sign from heaven that turning sheets was her vocation in life. “If I hadn't 'a' been sewing onto that sheet, what would 'a' happened? I wouldn' be here to tell the tale,” she used to say, “an' if the baby had ben killed, I never would 'a' forgiven myself!”

She was sitting in her usual place on the doorstep

and for a moment the long uninteresting seam had dropped from her tired fingers. She gazed down the long street where the hot September sun was beating down, and then to the road in front of her where in the shade of a big tree the minister's baby was. She loved that baby, next best to Miss Mell; it was so pretty, it had golden hair and blue eyes—Hetty's ideal of beauty. She used to examine her own hair, "dunduckity mud color," Miss Mell called it, and wondered if in heaven she would have golden curls—oh, how she longed for them! So she watched the baby as it played in the dust and then she looked down the road again. A boy was coming towards her leading a big black bull—Hetty was dreadfully afraid of bulls and cows and all horned things. She always crept along by the fence when she passed through a field, for fear the cows would notice her. This one had a rope tied to a ring in its nose though, so it was harmless. But oh, what was the matter? The animal was pulling at its rope and dancing round the boy—Hetty laughed to see a bull dance. Suddenly there was a shout and an angry bellow. The rope had broken and the animal was coming towards Hetty, head erect and tail switching.

There was the baby in the road, and it had on a red frock. Hetty had been told something about bulls and red, but she could never remember whether it was that red was their favorite color or otherwise. But the big creature was quite near now and its head was lowered and the baby was right in front of those dreadful big horns. What would the minister's wife do if the baby were killed! In an instant Hetty had sprung from her seat and flung the big white sheet over the head of the angry creature. For the moment the animal was baffled, tossing its head and pawing the ground in impatient endeavor to free itself, and in that moment Hetty seized the baby and fled to the house. The shouts of the people, the screams of the baby, the noise of hoofs as the infuriated animal rushed down the street, all grew dull and far away, and she felt as if she was sinking down, down, into something that had no bottom, and she fell on and on, until suddenly she stopped with a bump, and opened her eyes to see Miss Mell standing by her with a white face. There was water on her own face and her dress was wet and the smelling salts, which Miss Mell with trembling

hands held to her nose, were so strong that she sneezed several times,—then she found her voice.

“Where is the baby?” she asked, “an’ oh, don’t let him wear a red frock again, bulls don’t like red—least this one didn’t. An’ please Miss Mell, did they give you back your sheet? I’m ’fraid it’s mebbe torn a little, it’ll have to be turned again. I guess, an’ oh,—”

“Jes’ stop talkin’, Hetty, lie still— I’m goin’ to brew you a right strong bowl o’ smart-weed tea, it’ll hearten you up some, for your face is like a nickle’s worth o’ soap after a week’s washing, and give the Lord Almighty thanks that you wasn’t killed nor the baby neither!”

Miss Mell bustled away and Hetty was left alone. She could not remember ever lying on the lounge in the day time before; it was a nice sensation for she was tired and her head ached. She tried to think, but things got sadly muddled, and golden haired babies with red dresses on, and big black animals with white sheets over their heads, and bottles of smelling salts as big as men, all marched by her in a solemn procession and then made a circle round her and gave a shout all together, just like the horrid bellow which had startled her so before. That woke her, and there was Miss Mell again with the smart-weed tea; oh, how bitter it was! And then came the minister’s wife with the baby in a nice clean frock. Hetty cried when she saw him, and the minister’s wife cried, and Miss Mell carried the empty bowl to the kitchen, and when she came back her eyes looked quite red. It was worth while having such a fright, Hetty thought, and fainting away in the hall, when everyone was so kind to you afterwards.

“I want you to come over every day, Hetty,” said the minister’s wife, “and take care of baby for me while I am busy; he is very fond of you and I know I can trust you, and you mustn’t sit still so much, must she, Miss Mell?” and of course Miss Mell assented. Still every day Hetty sewed away at the sheets, she firmly believed it to be a solemn duty. But brighter days had dawned for her. Miss Mell curbed her sharp tongue somewhat, and smiled at her more often with softened eyes. Hetty changed her mind about heaven too. There were to be golden-haired babies there in little white dresses, and angels looking like Miss Mell and the minister’s wife, and she would turn sheets for them all the time.

*Elsie Binns, '06.*

## A Trip to Tennessee\*

To do justice to the subject I ought to have written this nine months ago but I will try to give you just a little idea of eastern Tennessee. When you are right on the spot and the inspiration of the new scenes is in your heart and soul, then sometimes your pencil catches a glimpse of the beauty and holds it long enough to put on paper.

I spent the winter in Grand View, a very small village on the Waldrew ridge of the Cumberland mountains. It is really on a vast tableland, stretching back through miles of woodland to other mountain tops in the rear, but in front looking over the valley below and away beyond where ridge upon ridge of mountain ranges rise in the blue distance, fading away into the mist of the clouds. The place is named from this view and it is really "grand." The ride up the mountain is fine, too, if you have perfect confidence in your driver and horses, so that you are prepared to appreciate it. The so-called "road" is just a ridge and a very rough and narrow one, winding back and forth where there are fewest difficulties—often overlooking its own road bed and much of the way dug from the solid mountain. It reaches the top at last and winds through the rough woodland.

After a time you see the cupola of the school building and a little later, some houses and two stores, in one of which is the postoffice. The school is the most important feature of the town. Beside the main building there are the boys' and girls' dormitories. The school was established by the American Missionary Society, especially for the benefit of the mountain children, but now it also draws pupils from the surrounding valley towns. The teachers are nearly all northern people and certainly earn the small salaries they receive.

The population is composed of a few families who stay there to educate their children. Of course there are all sorts of ideas about the "mountain tribes," but most of the people we saw were respectable in appearance and probably had some degree of education. It was interesting to see them come into town Saturdays and Mondays, chiefly old women and boys, leading their donkeys or

\*Read before the Athenaeum Lyceum.

mules loaded down with "truck" which they exchanged for store goods. They came from many miles sometimes and invariably walked, for their old nags could not "tote" them and the truck too. Many of these families have children in school at Grand View. Farther back among the mountains are many families who have lived for generations without a partical of education, farming in the crudest manner a few acres of land and managing in some way to keep themselves from starving. But now schools are being started in many mountain regions and an effort is being made to induce the children to attend. This is not always successful, but still many more than formerly get at least a few months of "schoolin'."

Near Grand View are several deep gorges or "gaps," as they are called, where the solid rock seems to have been rent asunder in time past and the great rocks rolled and piled in every direction.

There are several falls within driving distance, where the creek-bed seems suddenly to drop out of sight and the water goes rushing down to find it again. The nearest one of these falls is especially beautiful. The path down to it is indescribably rough and romantic. All along one side is a perfect bank of rhododendron bushes, which must be georgous when in bloom. One can go behind the falls and on a sunny day there is a beautiful rainbow in the spray. The whole range of mountains in Eastern Tennessee is full of these beautiful gorges and falls. The climate, too, is very invigorating and this mountain region is quite as much a summer resort as a winter one.

*Marie C. Allen, '92.*

"That football game is over,  
And, yes, our team has won,  
And Alfred boys will sing their joys  
Each day till next game is —?"  
So say we all.

## The Princess Porcelain

They grew in the same bed on the north side of the driveway,—the King of the Blacks, sturdy in his thrifty growth, and Porcelain Blue, a slender plant with small buds.

The first this lusty flower noticed of his weaker neighbor was one fine June morning after the gardener had watered and weeded the bed. While James was at work, the King of the Blacks had heard him say, grudgingly, "Well, I s'pose the little 'un 'll have to stay, being it's one of the border plants." In all the pride of early manhood, the prosperous pansy patronizingly surveyed his neighbors and saw the small plant with pale buds in the outer row.

Porcelain Blue's pride was hurt and she hardly dared look up, but spent every energy in sending down roots to nourish the growing leaves and few buds that careful cultivation and bright sunshine were bringing forth. The brave struggle was not unnoticed by the monarch of the bed who was gaining wisdom with days, and had ceased to fret at every visit of the gardener's boy that he was not cut and carried away in the large basket. On dark days he urged his frail neighbor to reach up higher, for there the sun was brighter, and the outlook—O, how fine!

Had it not been for the boisterous, rough East Wind, the King of the Blacks might never have known that he loved dainty Porcelain Blue, but his royal soul filled with anger and contempt at that ruffian's treatment of the frail creature, and there arose a burning desire to protect and shelter a helpless maid with his own strong leaves. At first little Porcelain did not hear his murmurs, begging her to grow strong and tall that he might clasp her hand just for a moment, but, as the days passed, her leaf-stalks were surely farther from the ground and her petals larger than the week before.

Meanwhile, His Highness was impatient and restive, yet ever encouraging and hopeful to her. Was he not straining every muscle to send his longest stalks down to her and come more than half way? To be so near, yet, O, so far!

\* \* \* \*

That dark and dreadful night was over at last. Through the long hours the King had heard the trees groaning as their leaves and branches were snapped off, and several of his own buds were broken by flying sticks. Sick at heart, he looked down to see Porcelain prone on the earth, her leaves torn and her pale face spattered with mud. But the thought of a certain strong and tender love looked up in her pathetic little face as she made a plucky struggle to rise, and laughingly taunted the King with his own losses. A gentle shower washed the leaves of grass and flowers and the gardener kindly re-covered the earth-washed roots.

After a week of tireless watching and loving persuasion, the king of the Blacks was in despair, for the morning was sultry and Porcelain Blue had sighed as she urged him to thrive and think no more of her. A gentle breeze was blowing and the King was pondering what could be done when along come the West Wind—the hearty, rollicking West Wind—and blew Porcelain Blue right into his arms.

Was ever such bliss! such joy for twenty seconds!

The memory of it kept them happy all summer, and next spring when the Lady bent over the bed at a graceful blue face, expressively marked with black, she exclaimed, "Ah, my beauty! You must be the Princess Porcelain."

*Adapted from Clara Morris.*

### **A Tribute to Commander Robert E. Peary**

Hail, dauntless Hero of the North,  
 Thou Soul of magnet, ever drawn  
 With force resistless to the Pole!  
 Hail, patient Heart, through Arctic nights  
 With danger, darkness, death entombed,  
 Yet greeting morn with courage high!  
 Well may'st thou call the mountains thine,  
 Well feel thy spirit grow elate  
 Where only thou and God hast trod.—  
 Upborne by purpose high and strong  
 Thy name thou'st writ in fadeless light,  
 But grander still—the deed sublime,  
 Thou'st laid thy life's rich fruitage down  
 For other men to pluck and eat.  
 Did'st miss the Pole, intrepid Soul?  
 But thou hast reached the World's warm heart.

—C. D. G.

## The Inspiration of Material\*

As we study the past we see that in each country where great art developed, the strong points sprung from a use of the materials close at hand, and from an appropriate use of those same materials. Egypt, the parent of all art, shows us the massive sedate sculptures that "speak in stone," and that severe yet powerful *speech* is a direct result of the hard basalt that was used. The Greeks, *speaking* in a softer material, show wonders of grace and purity. This arose from the inspiration of material, coupled with a sense of delicacy and refinement.

Metal has a peculiar quality and inspiration by its nature and the method by which it must be worked. Metal may be hammered, bent, cast, engraved, or inlaid. The possibilities in each case form the inspiration for work. In the Damascenes we see that the people of Damascus, working in the fourth or fifth centuries, siezed the essential character of the materials in their chiseling of steel and inlaying with gold.

Glass, by its nature, we know has to be treated while hot and ductile. It must be drawn or blown, and this directs the mode of work. In enamels, where there is a combination of glass and metal, we see the beautiful treatment of the Chinese and Japanese in cloisonné.

The need of a stitch or weave in textiles makes their own style. The fact that we are open in one direction and hedged in in another helps us to determine for each material its proper use and form.

What are the inspirations of clay? Where may we walk legitimately? Where are we barred? In the first place we are inspired by its history. From earliest time people have revelled in clay. We are in a long line, linked to worthy associates. May we not disgrace them!

To many there is a beautiful appropriateness in working with the clay that we dig up from under our feet—that we walk upon every day. We like to work with the shale that comes from the banks that tower above the creek down near the Alfred Station. But setting sentiment aside, the essential thing is that it is clay. That is enough for the potter. Is there any other way by which we may express form half as well as with clay? Surely not by

\*Notes on a lecture by Prof. Binns

drawing. And the expression of form is one of the things we long for. We see the contour of a hill, the outline of a tree, the petals of a flower. We may not copy the thing itself in clay, but we may do more—give forth our interpretation of it—the expression of ourselves.

Close upon the heels of form comes color, and in clay we have ample opportunity to express our appreciation of it. Nearly all clay colors are restful. We see the greens of the field, the brown of the freshly plowed earth. Are there not colors for them in ceramics? We find beautiful natural colors to put into houses in bricks and adobe.

Another inspiration comes from the method of working the clay. The built Indian jar was from a different sort of motive power from that which threw the Greek piece. Some forms seem best cast. Do not think casting is abominable. Some pieces may be fittingly made that way which can be neither built nor thrown. The form suggests the method by which it shall be made. Think of it in the light of a process.

There is vast inspiration in fire. Pottery is not pottery till it is fired. This idea must always be prominent. Never use aniline dyes to put on a color that cannot be burned, nor stain on a lacquer. No color is legitimate in clay that has not been put there by fire. The question sometimes arises—are greens and blues that do not exist naturally in clays, allowable? If they can be put there by fire, they are, for they are no *make-up*. The material allows it. "Whatever is, is right." Even the scars made by burning are beautiful. They are the outcome of the method. The Chinese and Japanese revel in the chances of fire. Let the fire do the work. It constitutes a large part of our inspiration. It is precarious. Sometimes we lose all except the experience we gain. But it is worth while.

*Adelaide M. Blanchard.*

"That football game is over,  
Where is that beastly book?  
For two weeks I've not seen it,  
Now at the lesson I must look."  
So say the team.

## The Potter County Ice-Mine

Many people of northern Pennsylvania and southern New York have heard of the "ice-mine" near Sweden Valley, a hamlet of Potter county, about five miles from Coudersport, the county seat. But probably a large part of these regard the reports as myths or exaggerations, unless they have been among the hundreds who have visited the mine and handled the proofs for themselves. Below are a few facts gathered at the place.

About eight years ago some men were examining the rocks and digging into the hillsides here and there in the hope of finding silver ore, which had for sometime been thought to exist on the farm of John Dodd, a small farmer of Sweden Valley. Along the face of a wooded hill near the village, they struck into what seemed to be frozen ground, about six or eight inches below the surface, though it was then summer. Naturally, their curiosity was aroused and forgetting silver ore, they made a closer examination of the strange phenomena and of the hillside in general. Choosing what seemed a central point, they made an excavation which has since been enlarged, until at present it is seventeen feet in depth and about eight feet in diameter. Within this cellar-like space (and the owner believes for considerable distance on either side) Nature has certainly placed very peculiar conditions or set in operation very unusual forces, for winter and summer seem to have changed place and character completely.

Early in June ice begins to form within this shaft and by the middle of summer, the formation has become a solid mass about two feet thick in the bottom, the wooden ladder is coated its entire length and the walls are frozen hard, except near the top where the warmer air from above causes a constant melting and dripping of water. Mr. Dodd has built board walls seven or eight feet high above the mine, but no roof. Naturally, a vapor is always rising and the moment the door is opened, one feels as though he were in a refrigerator. If he descends the ladder, he feels as though plunged into icy water. It should be mentioned that in certain places in the mine, strong, cold drafts of air are felt, as though from crevices in the rocks.

In September, or a little later if the season be a warm one, melting begins, and by November not a trace of ice remains in the mine. The owner avers that he has kept

eggs and fruit in the bottom, safe from freezing during the coldest winter weather.

Various theories have been proposed to account for these strange phenomena, but none, thus far, seem entirely satisfactory. *Charlotte Dowse Groves, '70.*

## Pine Needles

Drink has killed many a man, the great Caesar, whom we all have loved, was killed by too much Roman punch.

Whatever troubles Adam had, no man could make him sore by saying, when he told a joke, "I've heard that joke before."

The man who does things makes many mistakes, but he never makes the biggest mistake of all—doing nothing.

Ridicule is only a shower—put up your umbrella and let it rain.

Handsome is as handsome does, but it saves a lot of trouble to be born good-looking.

The joke of a person without a sense of humor is like the playful kick of a Missouri mule—well meant, but disconcerting.

When all candles bee out, all cats bee gray, and when all freshmen be out, all sophs keep watch.

"Look ere ye leape" has gone out of date since football came in.

There is one time when you are sure of hitting your mark, that is when you aim at nothing.

We really hate no one. We merely abhor the lack of our own virtues in others.

Oh wa'd some power the giftie gie us,  
To see us freshies as sophies see us!

Some genius may tend toward degeneracy, but all degeneracy tends away from genius.

"The inner side of every cloud  
Is bright and shining;  
I therefore turn my clouds about,  
And always wear them inside out  
To show the lining."

## The Scribe

On September fifteenth, registration day, as the students began to assemble in the chapel, the Scribe, as was his custom, glided in and took his seat with the rest. There was such a buzzing of voices he could scarcely think. It seemed to him as if each student were telling his neighbor all that he had done during the summer, just what subjects he was going to take in school, and indeed, all of his plans for the coming year.

In fact, there was so much laughter and frivolity among the students that the Scribe was afraid the freshmen and other "new ones" might take a wrong view of college life. They, perhaps, would get the impression that attending college did not necessitate so much hard work and studying after all. But when the little door behind the platform opened, all the fear in the Scribe's heart vanished, for he felt that each student must share his impression with him.

As the faculty, one by one, came onto the platform, a feeling of pride as well as of awe came over the Scribe. He thought to himself, where do we find in as small a college as Alfred, or even larger colleges, such a body of men of powerful intellect as constitutes our faculty. Each professor, a specialist in his branch of work, and yet a person of broad education. "Our gallant young leader" whose ability and power is recognized among the leading educators; our professor of Greek, of whom it might be said as of Queen Elizabeth, "He reads more Greek in a week than most persons do in a year;" our professor of philosophy and pedagogy, who seems to know better how much we (yes, the Scribe, also) know, than we know of ourselves. There is not room to mention each individual in the faculty, so the students must be left to think for themselves. It will not take long to see that we are especially privileged in our teachers in all departments of work.

After six weeks of studying under these teachers, the Scribe feels safe in saying that most of the students now know that college work is not play, but that it demands good hard digging into the subjects undertaken. If we want to get the most good from these exceptional advantages, we must put our best into the work. We all

know that we cannot get something for nothing, and this is as true in education, as in any other sphere of life.

The Scribe feels inclined, and he usually follows his inclinations, to close with a little incident which illustrates the point mentioned above. A gentleman was walking down town one warm afternoon when he saw a lemonade stand which was kept by two small boys. The older brother sold his drink for four cents a glass, while the younger sold his for three. The man thinking he was getting a bargain, took a three cent glass. Upon asking the smaller boy why he sold his drink cheaper, he received this reply, "I can't get so much for mine for the pup fell into it."

M. T. R., '06.

## Editorials

### An Opening Word

THOUGH several weeks of college have passed, no welcome has yet been given the students from the pages of the MONTHLY. This time-honored custom is in no way binding upon the present Board of Editors, but we are indeed glad that this fall sees so many students here, ready to enjoy both the pleasure and the work of college life with us. It is a generally accepted truth that the freshman, on entering college, feels the whole weight of the institution upon his shoulders, and he feels that he is an important factor in the progress of learning. Do not laugh at him for this, but instead think and see if he should *not* have some feeling similar to this one you have for so long condemned in him. "The proverbe saith that many a smale maketh a grate." If this sentiment were ever applicable in any case, it is true in the college world to-day. Let each individual student feel that upon him rests the honor and prosperity of his college, and that institution will grow in size and influence. But let each student feel that there are so many others there, and others much more attractive and capable than himself—that he can do nothing big enough to count—and that institution will become dead. So, freshmen, keep on feeling that the prosperity of your college rests in your hands, remembering only that but a small fraction of it depends *directly* upon you. Remember that you *are* indispensable in so far as "many a smale maketh a grate."

**Our new  
Departments** HAVE you noticed "Pine Needles?" With this number of the MONTHLY we begin this new department for your combined pleasure and profit. No "Needles" are intended to wound and no personal "hits" will be made under this head. We do, however, feel that this may be made an attractive feature of the paper, if you will help to make it so. Will you not? Besides "Pine Needles" we would call your attention to the series of articles telling of real places, interesting perhaps from historical mystery or as a scientific phenomena. Last month "The Mystery of Muller Hill" was published and this month, "The Potter County Ice-mine." Are you not familiar with some *modern* historical event or place which would interest the readers of the MONTHLY?

**Our Creed** AN extract from the guide-book used by the editors of the ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY may be of interest to the student body. The purpose of the paper is to maintain the highest literary standard possible with the material provided, to represent, fairly and without prejudice, the various college interests and organizations. The paper desires to be recognized as doing this and to be given a place in the esteem of each student and organization which will insure to the publication the support of all. The true use of the paper—and its whole value can only be realized under the above conditions—is to stimulate the students to increased literary effort, to bring them into closer intellectual touch, to induce greater harmony among the various interests and organizations, to fairly represent the social and intellectual life of the college, to act as a medium of exchange of thoughts and ideals between our own college and other institutions. This is what the editors aim to do. Will you help?

"That football game is over,  
At last, perhaps, I hope, may be,  
My class will have their lesson,  
In my especial 'ology."  
So say the professors.

## Literary Notes

The October issue of *The Critic* contains a very readable article by George S. Hellman on *Men of Letters at Columbia*. The Alfred student who reads this article very naturally finds his interest centered on the page devoted to an introduction to Professor Harry Thurston Peck, that gentleman having been an honored guest here last Commencement week. Mr. Hellman says: "That a cordial feeling exists among many of the Columbia men of letters is proved by the frequency with which they dedicate their books to one another. In *What is Good English*, we find Mr. Harry Thurston Peck writing, 'To my friend and colleague, Brander Matthews, as evidence of the discord of our opinions and the harmony of our tastes.' Mr. Peck is very refreshing in the discord of his opinions; and his buoyant, assertive, and yet at times analytically thoughtful method, both as editor and author, indicates a capable character and a capable mind. He is, above all, fair-minded and unafraid; and he accepts criticism in the same spirit with which he deals it out. In spite of his being a professor of Latin, nothing dry finds its way into Mr. Peck's writings. In his essays there is a quick seizing of each theme, and a clear elucidation of the author's thought.

\* \* \*

We read the introduction to *Trimalchio's Dinner* and recognize how interesting, how easy-flowing, justly written, is this essay on the story, the romance in antiquity. Wide knowledge and a graceful style go hand in hand. As a Latin scholar who is at the same time a lover of literature and a stylist, its author could, if he but devoted himself to the task, enrich American culture through worthy translation and interpretation of the ancient writers. There is much need to-day of a Jebb or a Jowett on this side of the Atlantic; some one to raise the study of the classics from its archaeological and etymological slough of despair. It is not enough for those who admire Mr. Peck to pass many an hour in the perusal of his lighter papers, discovering that he can with equal penetration trace to their very roots the charms of feminine tresses, the growths of political disturbances, and the intricacies of Latin verbs.

\* \* \* How we should welcome some long, serious work from Mr. Peck! \* \* \*

On the personal side, Mr. Peck is of that class of professors who, without ever becoming widely known to the student body, impress all who come into close contact with them with the genuineness of their interest in what concerns Columbia. His judgments are not over-quickly pronounced, but they are almost invariably on the right side. His mood is generally serious, but his faculty of humor is always making itself known. With a great capacity for executive work, he is equally at home as the journalist in Newspaper Row, the editor on Fifth Avenue, or the professor on Morningside Heights. And, best of all, like so many of the Columbia professors, he is ever willing and eager to help others. There are many young men dependent on their own exertions, who have reason to be grateful to Mr. Peck."

### A Few Recent Books

*The Princess of Hanover*, by Margaret L. Woods, is considered by Thomas Hardy the book that he had "read with most interest and pleasure in the year." It has been well received by many of the best critics abroad.

*Biographic Clinics: The Origin of the Ill-Health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning*. By George M. Gould, M. D. This work is said to be interesting not only to medical men but also to the general reader. The author believes that all these eminent men suffered from eye-strain, astigmatism, or other affections of the eyes.

*Mutual Aid a Factor of Evolution*, by P. Kropotkin. This treatise was suggested by a lecture of Professor Kessler of St. Petersburg, on the law of Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution in addition to the law of Mutual Struggle.

*The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens*. Edited by F. G. Kitton. This is the first complete collection of Dickens's verse, with interesting biographical notes. Some of it has not been printed before.

"That football game is over,  
My boy is alive—or dead?  
He thinks the training helps him,  
It will turn gray every hair of my head."  
So say the mothers.

## Campus

“Though college days  
Have their delights,  
They can't compare  
With college nights.”

Miss M—“Well, do you wonder we get lonesome at the Brick? Why, even the milk is blue!”

Some people enjoy a silent run across the campus. But then, there was no need of a hurry, for the door was not locked.

The night before the Niagara game, the students held a mass meeting in the college chapel. Enthusiasm ran wild and could not be caught until the game was over and Old Alfred victorious.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these, “Brick locked at ten.”

Freshman (at phone), “Central, give me the college office!”

Prexy,—“Hello.”

Freshman, “Can I cut chapel this morning and make it up later?”

The class presidents for the year are,—Senior, H. Eugene Davis; Junior, Sarah R. Babcock; Sophomore, Wm. N. Langworthy; and Freshman, Harry Langworthy.

“Young man,” said the embryonic preacher, as he took the misguided freshman by the shoulder, “I believe Satan has hold of you.”

“I believe he has,” was the reply.

C. Esther. “Are you writing to your mother?”

B. Ella. (absent mindedly) “Yes, I promised him I'd write every other day.”

“Went to see the football game,  
Thought that I could play the same,  
So, in haste I joined the eleven—  
I am writing this from heaven.”

The Debating class is making arrangements for a public discussion on the labor union question.

In the last number of the MONTHLY the new organization for scientific research was referred to as the Atheneaeum of Alfred University. Since that time it has been christened as the University Club.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. A. A. Allen, it was decided by the Alfriedian and Athenean lyceums to jointly publish a memorial in honor of Mrs. Allen. A committee, under the direction of Miss Eva St. Clair Champlin and Miss Frances Babcock, undertook the work.

The book was completed and has been on sale for some time at fifty cents a copy. Three hundred copies must be sold to cover expenses and it is earnestly hoped that all acquainted with Mrs. Allen, or interested in her life work, will take this opportunity to secure a sketch of her life and a tribute to her memory.

### Sophomore Banquet

On the evening of October 27th, the class of '06 added another laurel to their long list of victories, by successfully holding their banquet at the home of Mr. J. S. Kenyon. It is marvelous how every member of the class succeeded in eluding the watchful freshmen and arriving at the rendezvous promptly on time. After an hour spent in social enjoyment, they were conducted to the dining room where a bounteous repast was served by caterer Jaques, and his corps of able waiters.

After the good things had been disposed of without any interruption, the following toasts were given: first, Mr. Howser was requested by the toastmaster, Mr. Langworthy, to fire a few bricks at the freshmen, which he did to the enjoyment of all; Mr. Campbell set forth the great advantages of being a sophomore; and Mr. Clarke explained his method of educating the freshmen by means of procs. Next was a recitation by Mr. Shannon which he delivered in a pleasing manner. Then Miss Richer very cleverly handled the subject of debating. Mr. Lapp responded with much enthusiasm to a toast on class spirit. Mr. Norwood followed this by an interesting description of his trip across the sea. Mr. Vincent's speech on practical logic was a fitting climax to the evening's entertainment.

## Athletics

The Athletic Association, at its annual election of officers, chose the following for the ensuing year: president, R. E. Horton; vice president, W. N. Langworthy; secretary, O. G. Brown; treasurer, R. M. Briggs. A vote of thanks was given Mr. E. R. Brown, the retiring president, for his efficient and faithful service to the Association. Mr. Brown was elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Association. Mr. V. A. Baggs and Mr. Chas. Stillman were also chosen members of the Board, as representatives of the business men of the town. The Association has been in a prosperous condition the past year and it is hoped it will continue so.

### Football

Alfred, 5

Mansfield Normal, 6

On October 14th the "Varsity" went to Mansfield, Pennsylvania, to play the State Normal at that place. As the team was in good condition, every one anticipated an easy victory and much disappointment was felt in the result of the game. Though Alfred outplayed Mansfield in nearly every point, she seemed to be playing in hard luck most of the time. At least two more touchdowns should have been credited to Alfred but for the interposition of what seemed nothing but fate. One other touchdown was made but not credited because of a claimed offside play. Again at the end of the game Alfred had the ball on Mansfield's three yard line, but owing to the deafening uproar, the signal could not be heard and time was called when the signal was being given for the third time. Both teams played hard and the game might have been called rough, though no hard feelings existed between the teams after the game. A return game will be played on Alfred Field November 4th and the "Varsity" expect to turn the tables.

2nd Varsity, 29

Wellsville High School, 0

On the Friday following the Mansfield game, the second team succeeded in arousing a bit of spirit and easing the soreness of defeat by winning a large score from Wellsville High School. The game was one-sided from start to finish and was full of long runs and star plays. Wells-

ville, at no time, was able to make her gains, while Alfred carried the ball along at will. Brown, Stillman, and Moulton were the best ground-gainers. A return game will be played November 6th, at Wellsville.

Alfred Varsity, 12

Niagara University, 6.

On October 21st, before a very enthusiastic crowd, Alfred defeated Niagara by a score of 12 to 6. The night previous, a mass meeting was held in Memorial Hall and by speeches, songs, and cheering an amount of spirit and enthusiasm was aroused which lasted both in the players and in the student-body, throughout the game. Every man on the team went to the field in good condition and with the intention, either to win, or to die in the attempt. Alfred scored once in each half, while Niagara made her only touchdown in the last half. In every way Alfred's playing was superior to Niagara. Niagara's full back played a star game both in aggressive and defensive. For Alfred, Wright, Young, Stillman, Greene, and Briggs made the best gains, but every man on the team played hard, and the game was won more through team work than individual playing. Niagara again meets Alfred at Hornellsville on Thanksgiving day.

2nd Varsity, 0

Canisteo High School, 16.

On October 23rd a light second team was sent down to Canisteo to play the High School at that place. By comparison of previous scores an easy victory was expected, but for some reason things were not what they seemed. Though Alfred played well, she could not hold the heavy live plungers and the fine interference of Canisteo. If a return game is played, Alfred will be strengthened and will surely win.

## **Basket-Ball**

This fall there seems to be much talk of basket-ball and in proportion to the interest there should be a good team turned out. There is at present under discussion a project for holding a series of games for the class championship of the college. Certainly each class has enough men so that a good team could be picked from each. The game is very exciting and if a series of, say, twelve games could be arranged, it would encourage athletics.

and at the same time furnish a means of amusement for some of the long winter evenings when study becomes tiresome. There seems to be no reason why the plan should not succeed.

## Christian Associations

Every student who earnestly enters into the work of the Christian Associations will find that these quiet Sunday evening meetings are a practical help in the every day college life. All are cordially invited to attend, and it is greatly desired that no student should miss this opportunity for becoming better acquainted with himself in relation to Jesus Christ. The secretaries, who come to us, bring with them an enthusiasm which greatly helps the work, and inspires the thoughtful student to put forth a more determined effort to carry on the work in the most beneficial way. They bring to the students new lines of thought, and present others in such a way that a new and clearer light is thrown upon them.

On November 8th, Mr. John H. Irons, the secretary from Hornellsville, gives the Young Men's Christian Association a talk on social purity.

Miss Dorothea E. Lewis, the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, will be the guest of the Association from the 4th to the 8th of November. A reception will be given at the home of the Association president. Special prayer will be held and an opportunity given to meet Miss Lewis in private conference.

## Theological Seminary

This year the Seminary has seven regular students, four in the second year or Middle Class, and three in the first-year or Junior Class. Twelve college students are doing special work under Dean Main and Professor Whitford.

Of the Juniors, C. S. Sayre, Milton, '99, is pastor of the church at Alfred Station; E. D. VanHorn, Milton, '03, has charge of the Scio Church; and A. J. C. Bond, Salem, '03, preaches at Main Settlement.

Of the Middle Class, H. N. Jordan, Alfred, '03, is pastor of the Hartsville Church; H. C. VanHorn, Milton, '98,

is pastor at Richburg, and W. L. Greene, Alfred, '02, holds the position of Physical Instructor in the University.

Messrs. Jordan, Sayre, Bond, E. D. VanHorn, and H. C. VanHorn, accompanied by their wives, attended the semi-annual meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Western Association, which met at Hebron, Pennsylvania, October 16th to 18th.

### Athenaeon Lyceum

The high standard of work maintained since our last report, as well as the renewed interest of our members in the lyceum, show that we have a prosperous year before us. The officers for the quarter are as follows: president, Mrs. Clark Stillman; vice president, Flora Burdick; secretary, Ethel Witter; critic, Bertha Brown; treasurer, Alice Brown; 1st teller, Kate Davis; 2nd teller, Maud Young.

The program for October third included two interesting and well written articles, "The American Negro of the 17th and 18th Century," by Mrs. F. M. Babcock; "The American Negro in the Present State of Civilization," by Mrs. Clark Stillman; and an able discussion of "The Great Race Problem," by Marjorie Beebe. Floy Babcock rendered a fine violin solo.

On the evening of the tenth, a Jack-o-lantern social was held. While a number of Jack-o-lanterns blinked happily upon the crowded room, an interesting autumn program was presented: Miss Eva St. C. Champlin, "The Pumpkin Glory;" Mattie Canfield, "The Pumpkin," by Whittier; Chloe Clarke, "Possum Time." The music for the evening consisted of a violin solo by Bennie Bell, a piano trio by the Misses Coon, Stevens, and Barber, and a piano duet by Misses Burdick and Place.

The program for October seventeenth, contained interesting readings by Mary Baker, Sadie King, and Miss Champlin. Miss King's selection was especially pleasing, and Mrs. Stillman furnished music. "Athenaeon Echoes" have been edited by Mary Baker, Alice Brown, and Flora Bell.

## Alfriedian Lyceum

One of the interesting features of the Alfriedian programs during the past month was an enthusiastic debate between freshman and sophomore girls, "Resolved, that it is better to be a sophomore than a freshman," in which the affirmative was victorious. On the same evening "Sophomore Sorrows" and "Freshman Joys" were set forth by members of the two classes. Football was the subject of one evening's program, the chief numbers being a paper on football, a football story, and an informal discussion on the benefits of the game. College stories and a paper on "Women Educators," formed the literary part of the third program. Aside from the usual numbers of music, the lyceum has frequently indulged in the Alfriedian song, hoping that in this way all members might become thoroughly familiar with it. Much interest in lyceum work has been manifested and several new members have been received.

## Orophilian Lyceum

Since our last report the Orophilian Sessions have been as usual, characterized by earnest individual work and the true Orophilian spirit. The programs have been highly interesting and instructive, and been rendered with the inherent Oro snappiness.

C. L. Clark's oration on Expansion, and J. G. Stevens' paper, "Christian Citizenship," were of exceptionally high literary order. A. E. Babcock's paper "Electricity on the farm" was a very unique and well prepared article, showing considerable originality.

Our music has been especially fine and we have highly appreciated the selections given. Among the young ladies who have so delightfully entertained us are Misses Middaugh, Shaw, Crandall, Dixon, Clark, Randolph, and Taylor.

The debates have been up to the usual high standard, especially the last one on the question: "Resolved, that the State should appropriate \$101,000,000 for the barge canal." The proposition was lost after a lively discussion.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter: president, J. G. Stevens; vice president, C. A. Howser; recording secretary, C. L. Clark; critic, J. N. Norwood; treasurer, T. G. Davis; assistant treasurer, J.

P. Green; corresponding secretary, R. M. Briggs; 1st teller, E. R. Brown; 2d teller, C. L. Clark.

Several new members have been elected among whom are the following: H. W. Jackson of West Virginia; Geo. Shaw of New York; T. Takahara, Japan; Waldo Rosebush, of Alfred.

### **Alleghanian Lyceum**

The work of the month just closing has been of the highest order and our members may well feel gratified in looking over its results. At the beginning of the school year, circumstances had been such that several of our best members were necessarily taken away, some by graduation, others by being called to other fields of work, and it seemed as though the work of this year could not possibly be favorable to a record, equal to that which had formerly been made. But each member, feeling the need of the lyceum, has taken part readily and willingly and done all in his power to make the lyceum work what it should be.

Much has been accomplished in debating on live questions of the day. The discussions have been sharp and, with possibly one exception, of a high order.

Twelve active and three honorary members have been enrolled during the month.

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The sudden death of Mrs. A. E. Main, wife of Dean Main of the Alfred Theological Seminary, on the morning of November second, cast a deep shadow over the whole University and community. The sincere sympathy of all is extended to the bereaved family.

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## Alumni Notes

Elsie B. Bond, '90, is teaching in Salem College, Salem, West Virginia.

S. B. Everts of the class of '03 is principal of the Scio public school.

Alva Davis, '03, is principal of the Leonardsville public school this year.

Walter L. Greene, '02, has charge of the physical culture department in Alfred University.

Clyde L. Rogers, '99, has for three years had a position in the Patent Office in Washington, D. C.

Gilbert A. Farwell, '03, has charge of the mathematical and scientific departments in the Cattaraugus High School.

Adalyn Ellis, '01, is the vice-principal of a high school in Henvelton, St. Lawrence county, New York. She has charge of the French and English departments

Professor Henry M. Maxson is now the superintendent of the public school system in Plainfield. Prof. Maxson is a leader among the educators in New Jersey.

David I. Green, '83, after taking an honorary degree in John Hopkins University, has been for a number of years superintendent of the Charity Organization Society in Hartford, Connecticut.

We are glad to be able to give some brief extracts from a letter, written by Mr. David C. Bell.

"I was an Almond boy and a student at Alfred in the spring and fall terms of 1856. In '58 I went West to help my brother start a little pioneer country store at the Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota. I was simply caught in the whirl and grew up with the country out here. \* \*

\* \* I cannot say that I have achieved anything worthy in life; yet my ideals have been Alfred ideals: character, the principal thing. Carleton College, at Northfield, this state, stands for the same ideals and I account my connection as trustee of this institution, since 1870, as one of my rarest privileges. \* \* \* \*

The young men and women who are now privileged to be students at Alfred, and especially those to whom it is

given to earn their own way, should appreciate the value of that part of their discipline. Nothing can take the place of it."

In '59, Mr. Bell helped in launching the Minneapolis Athenaeum Library; in '66, he was elected the first president of a Young Men's Christian Association in Minnesota; he was for years connected with a Linseed Oil Company; he served six years on the state board of charities and correction; in '91-92, he visited many European countries as a special agent of the United States treasury department, in the interest of the Columbian exposition. He is, at present, treasurer of Hennepin county, Minnesota.

### State School

Twenty students are now registered in the State School. The way in which the new students are taking hold of the work is encouraging and inspiring to the advanced ones.

We are very glad to welcome Miss Sherman back among us this year.

There are thirteen members in the design class. This is a larger number than we have had heretofore and the grade of work done is correspondingly good. There seems to be, also, an added interest taken in the building of pottery. Already a number of very nice pieces have been made and we are looking forward to a great many, by the end of the year.

Students who are experimenting in porcelain, pottery, stoneware, and glazes have met with considerable success thus far.

We are exceedingly fortunate in having such a fine collection of casts from Coproni Brothers' Art Gallery in Boston. There are thirty-six pieces in the collection, including casts of a portion of the Parthenon prize, Niké, or the winged Victory, Michael Angelo's Madonna, and several reproductions of Donitello's works.

"Lives of croakers all remind us  
We can make our lives a pest,  
And departing leave behind us  
Feelings of relief and rest."

## Academy Notes

Regent's Inspector Peck has been visiting the Academy lately.

Since the last report from the Academy, the Training Class has organized with the following officers: president, Mabel Wentworth; vice president, Lou Rainey; secretary and treasurer, Esther Jacox.

At the last meeting of the Debating Club, an interesting discussion took place on the question, "Resolved, That co-education is desirable." This question was decided almost unanimously in favor of the affirmative.

The Academy seems woefully deficient in items of interest for the MONTHLY. Classes come and go just as usual without any alteration, and everything goes on in the same "old way" with little variety.

## College World and Exchange

Niagara High School has a fine new building.

Cook defeated Genesee Wesleyan football team October 11th, score, 14 to 0.

Elmira Free Academy football team played Mansfield Normal Saturday, October 10th, score 0 to 0.

After a very hard-fought battle Cornell defeated Colgate at football October 10th, score 12-0.

Potsdam Normal enters the year with a first year class composed of seventy-one young ladies and twenty young men.

The Allegheny football team defeated Grove City, September 26th, the score 27-0. Allegheny showed up very well for the first game of the season.

Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt of New York has announced the gift of another dormitory to the new Sheffield Scientific School quadrangle at New Haven.

The registration of the freshman class at Yale is seven hundred seven this year, an increase of one hundred fifteen, due largely to the withdrawal of Greek as an entrance requirement.

Dolly Gray had a brother,  
 Her brother's name was Bill,  
 I lent Dolly's brother a dollar;  
 Good bye dollar bill. —*Ex.*

"Go ask papa," the maiden said;  
 Now the young man knew that her papa was dead,  
 He also knew what a life he had led,  
 So he understood when the maiden said, "Go ask papa."—*Ex.*

The series of articles in the Targum entitled European Capitals are not only well written and interesting, but are instructive.

The Exchange Editor may scratch with his pen  
 'Till the ends of his figures are sore;  
 But some one is sure to remark with scorn,  
 "Rats! how stale! I've heard that before."

The annual rope rush at Rutgers took place on the plain of Wilson, September 25th, and resulted in the complete annihilation of the sophs. The struggle was witnessed by a venturesome and excited crowd, containing a number of press correspondents.

The Freshman-Sophomore rush at Dickinson was by previous agreement presided over by some of the upper classmen who were referees and time keepers. The rush lasted ten minutes and the judges decided unanimously in favor of the sophomores.

The University of Chicago has enrolled over 2,396 students to date. It is said that the women outnumber the men in all departments. The 'Varsity has opened six new buildings. A Japanese girl, a protegee of Mrs. Gould, is an attendant. The management has received \$300,000 for archæological research in Egypt and Babylon.

A goat butted a boy out of the front yard.—Sweet girl graduate's version: "He hurled the previous end of his anatomy against the boy's afterwards with an eagerness and velocity, which, backed by the goat's avoirdupois, imparted a momentum that was not relaxed until investigation of the vehement exasperation was landed on terra firma, beyond the pale of the goat's jurisdiction."—*Ex.*

The upper classmen at Annapolis Naval Academy has devised some new and interesting methods of hazing. They deem it very necessary that the new men should go

through a system of physical training in order to become hardened and seasoned. Some of the exercises in their system are rather trying, in fact a number of fourth classmen have been sent to the hospital on account of an over-indulgence. Yet mid-shipmen strenuously deny that hazing in any form is being practiced.

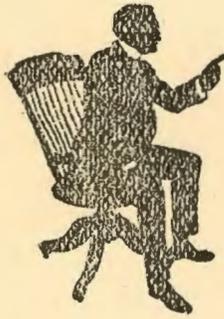
The fathers, too, must have their view,  
The brothers, large and small,  
For football and the football team  
Do interest us all.

College men seek "higher" culture,  
And, each others heads to break,  
Seems to all the surest method,  
To an enviable record make.

Put not your trust in money and put not your money  
in trusts.

Possis ignavus haberi et subiti casus improvidus, ad  
cenam si intestatus eas. —*Juvenal.*

These belong  
under "Ours Needs",



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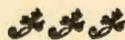
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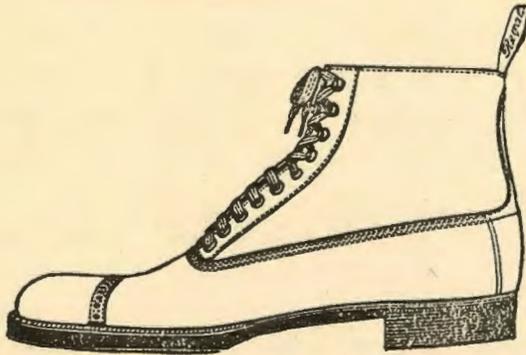
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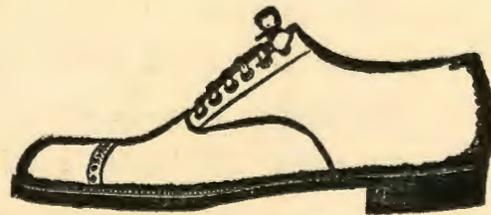
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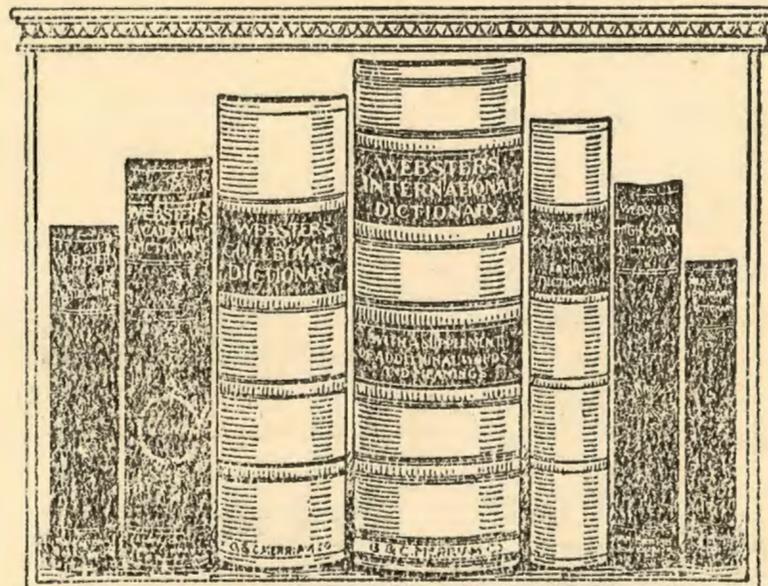
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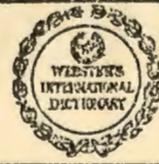
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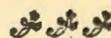
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