

The
Alfred University Monthly

November

1907



Table of Contents

A Change of Opinion.....	29
Buster Brown.....	33
Foundations of Religious Belief.....	34
Another Kind of "Cramming".....	38
The Doleful Tale of a Doughnut.....	39
Popularity.....	40
From Skid.....	41
Freshman Point of View.....	43
The Freshman Banquet.....	44
Sophomore Point of View.....	45
Editorials.....	48
Athletics.....	51
Campus.....	54
Alfriedian.....	57
Athenaeum Lyceum.....	57
Sketches.....	59
The Difference.....	63
Alumni.....	64
Exchanges.....	65

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.

Subscription price, One Dollar per annum, payable in advance.

All subscriptions will be continued until notice is received to discontinue, and until arrearages are paid.

Address all matter for publication to the **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**; business communications to the **BUSINESS MANAGER**.

Entered in the post office at Alfred, N. Y., as second-class matter.

Alfred University

In Its Seventy-Second Year

Endowment and Property,

\$560,000.00.

**Six College Buildings,
Two Dormitories,
and a Preparatory School.**

Large Faculty---All Specialists

Representing Twenty of the Leading Colleges and Universities of
America and Europe.

*Modern, Well Equipped Laboratories in Physics, Electricity, Chemis-
try, Mineralogy, and Biology.*

LARGE GENERAL LIBRARY.

Also Department Libraries.

Elevation Above Sea Level, 1,800 Feet.

INEXPENSIVE,—Tuition, room, and board, \$200 per year.

Catalogue on Application,

**The Highest Standard Courses in the Liberal Arts and
Sciences.**

1. Classical, leading to the degree A. B.
2. Philosophical, leading to the degree Ph. B.
3. Scientific, leading to the degree S. B.

**Industrial Training and Mechanics. Fine courses in
Graphics and Music.**

HEALTHFUL CLIMATE AND HIGH MORAL INFLUENCE,

**BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS, PH. D., D. D., President,
Alfred, N. Y.**

Alfred Academy,

The University Preparatory School.

Large Separate Building.

Eight Members in Faculty.

College Preparatory Courses.

General Academic Training.

Correspondence Solicited,

**W. S. MAXSON, Principal,
Alfred, N. Y.**

Alfred University

College Faculty

BOOTHE COLWELL DAVIS, Ph. D., D. D., *President*
Ethics.

EDWARD M. TOMLINSON, M. A., Litt. D., LL. D., *Secretary,*
Greek.

ALPHEUS B. KENYON, Sc. D., *Registrar,*
Mathematics and Graphics.

WILLIAM CALVIN WHITFORD, M. A., D. D.
Biblical Languages and Literature.

OTHO P. FAIRFIELD, M. A.,
Latin and English.

CHARLES B. CLARK, M. A.,
Philosophy and Education.

DAVID H. CHILDS, B. S.,
Physics and Chemistry.

GRACE LOUISE ROBINSON, Ph. B.,
Modern Languages.

WAYLAND DELANO WILCOX, Ph. B., B. D.,
Public Speaking and English.

A. NEIL ANNAS, S. B.,
Director of Music.

NUBA MITCHEL PLETCHER, Ph. D.,
History and Political Science.
Physical Training.

JAMES DESETT BENNEHOFF, S. M.,
Instructor in Natural History

MAYBELLE M. CLARKE,
Instructor in Music,

ELMER STEVENS PIERCE,
Assistant in Mechanics.

HERBERT LEWIS GARDINER,
Assistant in Mechanics.

Green & Baggs

TO THE STUDENT BODY:

We are yours for business

The ☐ **Deal we promise**

you. Come and see us

Green & Baggs

ALFRED

The Equitable

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Of the United States.

Strongest in the World. Gigantic.

Marvelous Unequaled.

Organized July 26, 1850.

"Not for a day—But for all time."

Many Students

are obtaining an education today with
funds borrowed upon

Equitable Policies

W. H. CRANDALL

District Mgr.,

Alfred

G. SCHIRMER

Publishers and Importers of Music

35 Union Square

NEW YORK CITY

Our stock of Sheet Music, Books,
and Foreign importations is indis-
putably the largest in the country.

Our editions are the very best
and our prices are moderate.

Catalogue free.

R. A. Farley

Shaving parlors
where you can
get an **EASY**
SHAVE and
ARTISTIC
HAIRCUT.
A SHAMPOO
that will keep
you bright.
Razors Honed
in fine shape.

R. A. FARLEY,

Alfred, N. Y.

SCIENTIFIC MATERIALS COMPANY, PITTSBURG, PA.

Are Manufacturers and Importers of

**Scientific Instruments,
Laboratory Apparatus
and Chemicals, and
have a six story build-
ing filled with abso-
lutely everything used
in the Laboratory.**



Cotrell & Leonard

ALBANY, N. Y.

Makers of

Caps, Gowns and Hoods

To Alfred University, Harvard, Yale, Princeton
and Five Hundred Others.

Class Contracts a Specialty.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Illustrated Bulletin and Samples on Application

THE NEW HOTEL ALBERT

Eleventh St. and University
Place,
NEW YORK CITY



One Block West of Broadway

The only absolutely modern fire-proof transient hotel below 22^d Street. Location central, yet quiet. 400 rooms, 200 with bath, from \$1.00 per day upwards. Excellent restaurant and cafe attached. Modern prices.

Send 2c stamp for Illustrated Guide and Map of New York City.



The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**Commencement Invitations
and Class-Day Programs**

Dance Programs and Invitations, Menus,
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals,
Class and Fraternity Stationery, Class
Pins and Medals.

(Write for Catalogue)

MAKERS OF SUPERIOR HALF TONES

CALLING CARDS (Special offer to students)

Out of Sight Out of Mind !

Father cannot forget you with your portrait continually before him.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

But success is impossible without a little money now and then

T H R O

Get your Portrait at the Alfred Studio and send one to father.

Amateur Supplies and Finishing. Films bought of me developed at half price. (Tank development.)

AT HUNTING'S

REYNOLDS' MILL

Our specialties are feed, seeds, all kinds of grains, poultry supplies and Portland and wall cement, lime and land plasters, which we sell at the lowest market price.

J. L. REYNOLDS, Alfred

A GOOD START

Start now for this store ; get here. We'll show you Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes—Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, they'll start you right on the clothes question.

Absolutely all-wool reliability is guaranteed with the Hart, Schaffner & Marx label.

Clothes bought from us pressed and kept in repair one year free.

Star Clothing House

Leading Clothiers and Furnishers

109-111 Main, 4-6 Church St.

HORNELL, N. Y.

A. A. Shaw,

Jewelry, Optical & Photo

Goods

**Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry
Fine Hand Engraving**

An Optical Department complete in every detail. Examinations without expense Lenses replaced from broken pieces.

All work Guaranteed.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR
EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Complete line Photo Supplies always in stock.

**Parker and Wirt Fountain Pens
Alfred Senior Seal Pins**

Postoffice Block

THE ALFRED University Monthly

VOL. X.

ALFRED, N. Y., NOVEMBER., 1907

No. 2

Board of Editors

GRACE E. BURDICK, '08,

Editor-in-chief

Associate Editors:

Waldo Rosebush, '09, *Assistant Editor*

Bertha Riblet, '08

Mary Boyce, '09

Archie Champlin, '08

Cora Barber, '11

Lester Bacon, '10

Claude Cartwright, '09, *Business Manager*

Ford Clarke, '10, *Assistant Business Manager*

A Change of Opinion

"You may say what you please, Bob, you can't convince me that there is any good in football. It's dangerous. The boys don't study a bit, and they get so rough. This college ought to give up such sports. It's such an expense, and we will be beaten all the time, anyway. Old Weston has beaten us for three years."

"Yes, Weston has had the best of us for a while, but this year old Redskins will give her a good fight! Tomorrow will show what all our practice has done. The men are in good shape and—"

"Oh, yes, I know. I have'n't heard anything but that for a week, and I am tired of it. If they only spent as much time over their lessons!"

"But you think tennis is all right, and you play basketball, you know."

"Oh," said Betty with a toss of her brown head, "that's altogether different. Those are light sports, and they don't kill people, either. Anyhow, we don't talk of them all the time."

"Perhaps not. But it seems to me I heard a great deal about the "forward Nell," and the guard who sprained her ankle."

"Your memory is very good, I'm sure. But come, if we go along at this rate, I'll never get home in time to do my Logic before supper."

When they reached Betty's boarding place, Bob lingered a moment to say, "Well, of course, my place is with the team. But if it were possible, I'd like to take you to the game, and show you some of its good points. I suppose you won't go anyway?"

"Yes, I am going with Mr. James. But to show my loyalty to my college, not—my love for football.

"O—that cad!" muttered Marshall.

"Be careful," said Betty sternly, then she smiled, for she had heard Bob's dislike for James expressed before.

"Well, he is a regular sissy! If he had to get down and work a year or two on the field, it would change him some, I'm thinking. But we won't stop to discuss such a trifle. Good night. I hope football won't disturb your dreams.

"No danger," laughed Betty, as she opened the door. "It never has yet." But that night was an exception. In her dreams there was a tall, black haired fellow, dressed for football, and he was trying to teach a slender foppish young man the use of his arms and legs. The dude in his attempts gradually grew smaller until he seemed to have changed to a football, in the hands of the other. Betty awoke, scolded herself for being a simpleton, and went to sleep again. The next afternoon a note was given to her. It ran:

Dear Betty,—Will you do me a favor? Will you come to the game forgetting that you dislike it, and see if there isn't some good in it after all. I've heard you say there is good in everything. Try it as a problem in Logic.

Yours

Bob.

"Well, if he isn't a funny fellow! she said to herself, then nodding to a photo over her desk, she continued. "I'll try it, young man. It can't do any harm, though it won't do any good."

An hour later she was sitting in the front row of spectators, watching the two teams as they took their places.

"Aren't they a rough looking lot?" remarked James.

"Oh, I don't know. Their hair is tumbled and their suits are rather muddy, but it seems to me, they look the best I have ever seen them. Don't our boys' red suits look fine in contrast with the others' blue ones?" She smiled, and waved to a tall, broad shouldered player in red, who was looking toward the spectators.

In a few minutes more the game began. The teams were well matched and each worked hard. The Redskins made several trick plays, but their opponents were too quick for them and prevented any great advance. When within 20 yards of their goal, the ball had to be surrendered to the blues.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Betty. "Did you see that fellow strike Bill Jones? Bill never struck him back either, but turned and walked away. It must take grit to keep one's temper like that. O dear, now the Westons have made a gain, but they are going back. What is that for?"

"Weston made a foul play and is fined ten yards," said some one at her right.

After this, scarcely any gains were made by either side, and at the end of the first half there was no score.

When the second half began the feelings of the crowd were intense. All watched with eagerness every move. At the end of the second down, one of the men did not rise. The water boy hurried to him. Betty shuddered and covered her face.

"Don't mind, Miss Dayton," said the neighbor at her right. "He will be all right in a minute or two. See, he is up now. His breath was just knocked out, that is all."

"See that fellow at the end! Isn't his face hurt dreadfully. Ugh!" said Betty.

"It's just a scratch. To-morrow when you see those fellows in their other clothes, you will never believe they have been in a game."

The game went on, but with no better luck than in the first half. Many fine plays were made, but each was checked before its desired result was accomplished. The crowd look on breathlessly. Was the game to end

without a score? Such a thing had never happened in the history of the two colleges. Only 3 minutes more! Something must happen! Just then something did happen. A bad play was made, there was a weak spot in the line of the Redskins. Almost before anyone realized it, the ball went through and was carried swiftly toward Weston's goal. The movement was so quick that there was almost a clear field for the runner.

A girl's voice shouted, "Stop him! Bob. Don't let them make a touch-down!"

Ah!—a stumble, the ball dropped, and a big fellow in red fell upon it as it touched the ground.

A wild cheer, then death like silence.

Redskins must show what she could do. Though she had forty yards to gain, one last desperate attempt must be made.

"7, 3, 5, 24!" shouted the quarter-back. The ball was passed. A false play was made, calling attention to the right, while through the left end went the quarter back with the pigskin under his arm. He went this way, and dodged that, turning to the right, then to the left, and the field was clear. A few seconds, and the ball was triumphantly placed between the goal posts.

Time was called amid thundering cheers, while "Marshall!" "Bob!" "What's the matter with Marshall!" "Best play ever made on the field!" and other similar cries made all hoarse.

As Betty and her escort walked across to the gate, they stopped at a group, whose interest was centered in one person. She held out her hand to the grimy one of the player.

"Bob," she said, "I have changed my mind. Football is a great sport. It takes courage to play like that!" "Then she added so low that no one heard except the player, "Come up tonight and I will congratulate you."

"That is the best compliment of all" he answered. "I would do it a hundred times to hear you say that." And the expression in his deep brown eyes, showed that he meant it.

F.

Buster Brown

'Twas on a summer eyenin' on a dark and moonless night
Dat I put my great big sister and her fellow in a plight.
You see they all thought me abed, and sat there in the dark
A huggin' an' a kissin' an' a havin' such a lark.

But a course I couldn't stan' it just a lying there in bed
An' so much fun in progress; so I planned it in my head
Dat I'd have a little fun with 'em and kind a scare 'em too,
Somep'n really worser'n just a simply sayin' "boo !"

So I hopped out an' skeedaddled out to where the water stood
An' grabbed the whole big pail full in a frightened eager mood,
Then I got the pepper box, some ammonia, and soft soap,
An' mixed 'em all together in one gran' love curin' dope.

Nex' I scampered for my bed-room an' out to the door
Dat opened on the front porch where sat sis with her young wooer,
An' I slammed the whole concoction clean out upon 'em both
So the fires of love diminished like that foamy water froth.

Then yells of rage and terror, sneezin', coughs and cries arose
An' the young man felt so flustered that he needs must blow his
nose

For the pepper it was workin'; the ammonia and soft soap
Also aided in their function, an' I realized my hope.

Then the young man, he hicked out, he just reckoned he would
git

If this was his reception, when he fussed a little bit.

An' sis,—well, she blamed father, but a course she never spoke,
An' so I wasn't paddled for a playin' of this joke.

Resolved: that when your sister dasn't say a word to pa
(For of course she thought he did it), and can't confide in ma
It's the best time for havin' fun, cause you won't be to blame
An' get an awful paddlin', with sis laughin' at your shame.

—Anon.

Foundations of Religious Belief

In these times of various, and often rapidly shifting forms of religious belief, emphasis is laid upon the content of the belief rather than upon the form in which it is contained. Faith in the external symbol may be destroyed, but that for which the symbol stands will ever remain vital. While attention is thus being paid to what one believes, the manner in which persons acquire their beliefs, the foundations upon which such beliefs rest, will also be of interest. This paper, then, will deal with some of the causes of belief in the individual, beginning with childhood and tracing its growth through later years.

Without doubt the first cause of beliefs experienced by the child, is training. The first ideas of religion, the first conceptions of God, and notions of the world and its origin,—these are brought to the child through the instruction of its parents and teachers. The child readily receives, with little question, what is told it by others. In the experience of the child is unfolded the history of the race. The child lives, but the race lives in it. The first stage of childhood belief corresponds to the racial period of primitive credulity. As the age of the early man as crude and naive, that of the child is very simple. He believes whatever he hears. To him the world of stories and the world of facts are identical. The bigger the story the more eagerly is it absorbed by the child. This being so, it is often imposed upon by older persons who possess various motives. Too often, before the child is able to grasp the doctrines told him, before his experience is sufficient to make such things mean anything to him, his mind is crammed with catechisms and articles of faith which can hardly fail to be a burden to him as he grows older. In nearly every instance, were a child examined, his theology would be found to be an adaptation or a smattering of matters to which older ones give assent, though they scarcely understand their meaning.

If it were possible to shut a child off from all communication with his fellows, to allow no expressions of belief to reach him, it is likely that few, if any thoughts of God, etc., would arise in his mind. Psychologists say that except in a few abnormal cases, like that of Helen Keller's, the child's mind lies dormant, so far as religious

beliefs are concerned, unless these ideas are first implanted through some external means.

Closely allied to training, and perhaps included with it, as a cause, is authority. It is impossible to say where authority begins, as no arbitrary line of division can be drawn. Authority in religion does not end, of course, in childhood, but continues to a greater or less extent through later years. It is especially to be noticed among uneducated classes and early peoples. All races seem to have had their religion based on some supposed absolute authority. In Grecian times it was the oracle; in Roman the auger. Mohammedans swear by the Koran, over a hundred millions accepting it as God's word. Other Orientals rest their belief largely on the "sacred books of the East." In case of the Catholic the church is supreme. With many Protestants it is the Bible which in former times was thought to be infallible. Or perhaps it is the authority of tradition from which one feels loath to depart. In any case there is no essential difference in the cause—it is the force of the authority that compels the belief. History tells us of disastrous results caused by adherence to blind authority in the past, and we feel grateful that we live in a land of liberty and in a time of freedom of belief. We read of Colovius who said, "Who would dare to set the authority of Copernicus above the authority of God" (i. e. the Bible) and congratulate ourselves that we have advanced beyond such views. As the Hon. Andrew D. White, in speaking of the Bible, says, "No longer an oracle, good for the 'lower orders' to accept, but to be quietly sneered at by 'the enlightened.' No longer a fetich, whose defenders must become persecuters or reconcilers or 'apologists;' but a most fruitful fact, which religion and science may accept as a source of strength to both."

Authority in its proper sense has a legitimate use and possesses a real value. A large share of our knowledge is based on authority. One is often obliged to accept as fact the verdict of experts in fields in which he has little time to investigate for himself. This is true in science, in religion, in any line of inquiry. Any person has a right to assume, if he desires, that the given results in any line are authoritative, that he can depend upon them as reliable material with which to work. Any person also has the equal right, in any field, be it religion,

psychology or what not, to investigate the premises and conclusions of his predecessors, and if he thinks he is justified in so doing, to arrive at a conclusion differing from those before him, What young men ask, and what they have a right to demand, is that authority in religion as elsewhere shall not prohibit free inquiry and independent conclusions,

The third cause of belief is reason. With most thinking people the age of authority as such is gone. With it many of the reasons for religious beliefs have vanished. The time is past when the Church, or the Bible or Tradition can be handed out to thinking men as absolute, infallible guides in religious matters. A doctrine may be well proven in scripture; it may be ably supported by the Church; it may have the full sanction of tradition, and yet be far from what a person may rightfully accept. It matters little how much Papal or Biblical authority a statement may have, how much there may be behind it, if it does not contribute something that is vital to the life of the individual, he has no good reason for accepting it, and he has the best of reasons for declining to accept it.

Reason arises in a young person chiefly because he perceives there are warring authorities, and that he must necessarily make a choice. He therefore begins to doubt the value of any authority, or, on account of influence and social pressure, adopts one authority, throwing the others aside. According to Barnes, the critical spirit manifests itself at about the age of twelve when the child begins to puzzle his brains over religious problems. Starbuck says that doubts and questionings seldom trouble one after the age of thirty. The child sees the conflict between experience and the authority to which he has been accustomed, and he finally accepts the one which his reason tells him is more likely to be the truth; or as is often the case with certain individuals, they accept that authority nearest at hand and easiest to accept in order that the struggle may be at an end and that peace may result. As the youth grows older, many of the things he had formerly wondered at become plain, as he is able to reconcile them with his notion of what is dependable and real. He adopts a viewpoint similar to Sabatier who said, "When God wished to give the Decalogue to Israel, he did not write with his fingers on tables of stone; he raised up Moses and from the con-

sciousness of Moses the Decalogue sprang." Thus through natural and reasonable explanations he sees what the old forms mean, and the best that they contain, yea, all that they hold, are preserved for him. In this period the influence of tradition has little weight with him unless the traditional view can be made to accord with his reason and with experience. In this stage the two primary elements seem to be, first, an inherent tendency to doubt, a feeling of rebellion against all authority, a sense of independence, and second, a newly awakened reason which makes the individual severely intolerant toward any religious belief that is not logically founded in reason. Reasons for the existence of a God, such as the argument from design, the natural order in the universe, etc., appeal more strongly to him than do some of the less reasonable explanations offered by others. Some few, indeed, cast away all ideas of God and of religion. With many this period continues to the end of adolescence, and with a few to the end of their lives, but the majority find some ground which they consider to be strong enough for the foundation of their religious beliefs.

The final cause of belief, the foundation upon which many religious beliefs rest after all other reasons appear to have vanished, is an inner religious experience. To many who would otherwise become free-thinkers, deniers of God and immortality, there has come a deep, profound spiritual experience that has made them believers when no reason or argument appealed to them. Mysticism in some form has always existed. The experiences of mystics have differed, varying from wild, frenzied, extreme emotional expression, to quiet experiences whose chief element appears to have been peace. These intense, intuitive experiences defy statements of faith, and are beyond the reach of argument or reason. They lie deeply grounded in human consciousness and are not to be explained by mere definitions or creedal statements. Through these inner experiences most startling and dramatic events sometimes occur. Prof. James says that habits of years' standing are overthrown in as many moments, and that not only a man's valuation of objects and his general outlook upon the world, but his very organic impulses and desires are so utterly transformed that he can scarcely recognize himself and must needs

consider such momentous change the work of a power not himself. Such experiences bring to one a sense of realness of the Divine, and a feeling of nearness to Him. Results of questions submitted to a thousand persons indicate, in many cases, the preponderance of affective belief over belief governed by reason or even authority. It would doubtless be true to say that belief in the existence of a God among introspective people in any religious community is based largely, not on argument nor on authority, but on a private experience which has its origin in the sub-conscious self, in that back ground of consciousness which may be termed the feeling mass.

'09.

Another Kind of "Cramming"

Outside readings, outside readings,
We have never time enough,
And you're put upon your honour,
So you cannot work a bluff.

Almost every teacher this year,
Hits you hard for outside work.
If you don't get time to do it;—
Why, you're trying hard to shirk!

Outside readings get for this class,
Inside readings also do,
And between them both it means,
An awful lot of work for you.

Outside readings, outside readings,
How they pile up by the score,
Read them all you could not ever,
Though you read for evermore!

O these readings they defy you,
To remember them when read.
Time for nothing else they give you,
Cram, Cram, Cram, your poor old head!

The Doleful Tale of a Doughnut

I'm sending back her picture, I'm doing the same to her ring
And across the photo's written, "you're a horrid mean old thing."
Oh, I never would have thought so, accordin' to what has been
She'd a been like quite so horrid, so contemptible and mean.
But alas! it always happens so, for nearly every maid
Believes that a boy is no better than a clown in a street parade,
But my affections can't be trampled on, and every one shall see
That we've had one awful bust-up, Jennie Smith and me.

T'was all about a doughnut, she thought I wasn't near
And I saw her go behind the fence and act so awful queer,
And her little guilty conscience made her gobble it so quick
That I thought it would have choked her, or made her mighty
sick.

I saw that juicy doughnut, as she bit it with a zest,
It was one of those big fat ones, the kind that I like best,
And my mouth—Oh! how it watered, as her lips together smacked,
And I quickly ran behind the fence and caught her in the act.

At first she tried to brave it out, but I could easy tell
For trickling down from Jennie's mouth, were great big streams
of jell.

And Oh! the scent of doughnuts just hung about her clothes
And drove me simply frantic as it reached my snubby nose.
She only fibbed the more, when I made her 'fess her sin,
But sticking out her pocket, was a piece of doughnut thin.
And I snatched that piece of infanmy forth from it's hiding place,
And with an air of triumph, I shook it in her face.

T'was only pride that gave me strength, as on the ground I threw
The remnant of that doughnut, and I guess she never knew
Just what that action cost me, for it wasn't eaten quite,
And there was just enough of it for one more lovely bite.
But I scorned it, and I threw it with a haughty air, aside,
And just as I was doing it, upon her cheek I spied
Two long white strings of cocoanut, confirming my worst fears,
And telling of the cake she'd had. I busted into tears!

There's a yawning gulf existing now twixt Jennie Smith and me.
And when she's near, the temperature decends most rapidly,
And an icy frigid atmosphere o'er both a silence throws,
Accentuated some what by my elevated nose.
I forgive her for her fickleness, I've dried my eyes, once wet,
But there are things we may forgive, but never can forget.
But though Jennie on her bended knee, for pardon she should
crave,

Still the memories of that doughnut I shall carry to my grave.
"Bob."

Popularity

What makes a man popular among his associates? What makes a college young man popular among his fellow-students? Why is a boy looked up to by his playmates? Is it because they have money and can have everything they want, and "treat" every time they meet their associates? No! most of us are optimistic enough to believe that the good holds supremacy in men's lives, and that therefore the generality of men admire strength and nobleness of character above mere possession of wealth.

Popularity is a spontaneous feeling of admiration of the people—not of a certain set or class—for a person because there is something in his character which strikes a sympathetic chord in their own. If a man is truly popular it is because he stands for something and can be depended upon every time he gives his word. If the college young man is truly popular it is because he represents the best in college life. If a boy is popular among his playmates it is because he dares to do things which the common run of boys will not. True popularity is founded upon the admiration of the traits of character which a person possesses.

If a boy has six to a dozen chums and no other people take any particular interest in him, some people say, "He is a popular fellow." He is not popular. To be popular is to be respected by the common run of people. It is likely that this fellow has some secret influence over his chums. He has taken them into a secret of his or something of that nature.

Again, if a young man who has plenty of money is seen "treating" the other fellow and they all are laughing and joking and having a jolly good time, some people think, "That fellow must be a popular young man." But just take away his money and see how long that young man will be popular amongst that same set of fellows. Unconsciously or not those boys are chumming with him because he gives them a "jolly time."

Of course, a man must be free, open, and companionable if he wants to be liked, but that is secondary to the fundamental requisite—to be true to what he thinks is best in life.

We all would like to be popular, but, after all. popularity is a poor end to be working for. It is pretty apt to lead us astray from just what goes to the winning of the lasting love and respect of our fellowmen. If we put it up as our goal for the winning of which we are using all our means, we are likely to do one thing to please one person's whims, and an utterly inconsistent thing the next minute to please somebody else's whim. This not only does not go to the building of a strong character, but is bound to make a weak and fickle one.

This sort of popularity which is gained by trying to please every one we come in contact with, if it can be called popularity, lasts but for a day, while he who stands for what is true and pure, and stands for that all the while, may be at first against difficulties, will, sooner or later win the everlasting respect and admiration of all who admire firmness and nobleness of character.

From Skid

Alfred University, Oct. 5, 1907.

My dear Trix:

You will no doubt be surprised to learn that your brother has at last taken up his abode in a college town. Bow-wow, but it's great. I am so happy that my tail wags so for joy that I can hardly write.

The first of my story is not so funny. You know I got sick of that family I lived with, they weren't swell enough for a high bred dog like me, so I just made up my mind to take to my legs and find a more congenial home. I walked and trotted for miles and miles until my feet were as sore as my eyes used to be when I was a pup.

At last I came to a little town with a hill around it which was a lot bigger and higher than the barn in which we were born. As it was dark and I didn't have any place to sleep, I sat down under a tree to rest and wash my feet. In a few minutes along came two fellows who stopped as soon as they saw me, and one said, "Hey. Lou, let's take that dog along. We need him in our business." I rather liked the looks of them so I grinned at them with my tail, and let the one called Lou pick me up and carry me off down the street. They seemed to feel awfully

funny about something and talked a lot about cats, Brick, etc., but I didn't understand, then. Suddenly they chucked me into a big box and shut down the lid. Sister, I nearly died, for they left me in there for a week, I guess. I could hardly breathe, and hungry! Why I could have eaten dog biscuits, I believe.

After awhile I heard a lot of talking outside my cage, and before I could even howl, I was tumbled into a horrid old bag and carried away like a sack of flour. The next I knew, I was pulled up in the air for a long ways, then dumped through a window which closed behind me.

Scared! I shook all over, for I was in a great long hall with doors arranged something like box stalls in a horse barn. And cats! The hall was full of those horrid animals. One old black cat came up to me and tried to purr around me, acted as if she had quite a case on me, but I hadn't any time for her so I ran away to the other end of the hall. Then a lot of the doors opened and some girls with long flopping dresses came rushing out. They seemed quite excited. One big fat girl grabbed me under one arm and a number of cats under the other. She acted mad and threw us all out of doors. The next morning some girls who lived in this big building with so many doors, found me and gave me a lot of good stuff to eat. They said I must belong to something which sounded like "Freshmeat" class. I was scared, for I wondered if I was not to be made into mince meat like my poor father. They tied a big green ribbon around my neck, for they said all that belonged to that class had to wear green. You just bet I hustled around and lost it as soon as I could, for I wasn't going to belong to any such class as that. The girls in the big house were awfully good to me, gave me lots to eat, let me get warm by their fires, and then made me a bed at night in the back shed. They call me "Skidoo Brick" or "Skid" for short. I don't think it is a very pretty name, but it is better than "Yellow Cur."

The next evening, one girl took me to some sort of Brick meeting where a lot of girls sat up very straight and sang doleful tunes. I sat very quietly until a fly came along—you know I just dote on flies—and I snapped him up with considerable noise. Two or three of the girls giggled, but most of them looked shocked. Then a

was sorry I made such a disturbance, but that fly certainly did taste good.

Yesterday I went to two other meetings, classes I guess they call them. They didn't sing at these, but every body sat very still while a man talked for a long time. I caught a few flies at these meetings, but one of the girls punched me in the ribs every time I did, so I suppose I ought not to have done it.

In the afternoon, some men came out and marched up and down the street, while they blew on tin things and thumped on big round cheese boxes. I was scared almost to death for the noise they made sounded like the tin cans some horrid boys once tied to my tail. I do hope they won't come out every day.

Now sister, I hear some one calling me, so I must bark this up for now.

Your loving brother,

Skidoo Brick.

Freshman Point of View

THE SOPHOMORE BANQUET

Banquet days have their lights and their shadows, but Oct. 10th was not a day of total darkness for the class of 1911, although we did not score a victory.

It was impossible for the Sophomores to escape the vigilance of the Freshmen. By noon we knew that there would be something "doing" before night, so we prepared for the worst. The Sophomores went over Pine Hill, down the Gorge, and in fact in all directions, but came to the same rendezvous, the Station. After overcoming a few obstacles, too insignificant to be mentioned, we landed at the Station, where both classes left Alfred on train twenty-six,

At no time were we in doubt as to the plans of the enemy, and we, too, had a carriage waiting at Hornell which carried us to the Shawmut Station.

The Sophomores ran, the Sophomores flew
The Sophomores tore their shoes in two;
They went through Hornell as slick as eels,
For they thought the Frosh had them right by the heels.

The Sophomores' train had just pulled out when we arrived at the Shawmut Station, so we took a second section, with the understanding that the first section would wait for us at Arkport. But here we learned that the conductor, and in fact, several other parties, had been "bought off." We could not get on a moving train with all entrances barred, so we gave up the chase, hoping that the Sophomores would have a good time.

We had a good time too. We had a spread in the Arkport Hotel all alone. Here college songs and yells were mingled with laughter as the evening glided by. The distance from Arkport to Alfred was altogether too short, and I am sure precious memories will ever cling about those banquet days for all of us.

J. H. B. '11

The Freshman Banquet

FROM THE FRESHMAN POINT OF VIEW.

Throughout the fifth day of October, 1907, threatening whispers filled the air,—gentle warnings of some impending danger. Cautiously we Freshmen reconnoitered, and then aroused our classmates. By three magic words we stirred their hearts and bodies to quicker action. For what Freshman would not respond to the cry, "Sophs are out," in banquet season?

With wisdom far beyond their years, our leaders planned a campaign which even the Sophomores must think worthy of their notice. With the full intent of speeding after the escaped ones (at least so it appeared to all), we departed,—some in the open blaze of daylight, some in the enveloping mists of night. To these latter ones, the delay at the station seemed interminable, but we finally found ourselves on our way rejoicing. Arriving safely at Hornell, we were met by the other band of eager Freshmen, who gave vent to their joy when they discovered that the Sophomores had deemed it useless to try to follow the wily Freshmen. Those Sophs whom we did meet were apparently terrified at the sight of our mighty marching army, for they took to their heels, and escaped.

Undisturbed, we entered the Page House and made our way to the banquet tables. There we were served a

royal feast in royal style. The merry quips and retorts ran from tongue to tongue, while the room re-echoed with the laughter of happy, carefree youth, and—oh ye worthy Sophomores, didn't your ears burn?

After we had satisfied our appetites to the full extent, we were given some literary treats which sparkled with wit, good cheer, and dignity. Responding readily to our excellent toast-master, Mr. Baxter toasted to (or was it roasted?) "Our Friends the Enemy". Poor, poor Sophs where were you then? To keep us from weeping over thy remains, we were quickly transported into the austere presence of "The Faculty" by Miss Voorhees. After basking in the sunlight of their smiles for a time, we were led by Miss Bess to consider the true meaning of "The Violet and the Grey," and to cheer for them accordingly. It then remained for Mr. Davis to express our kind feelings toward the Juniors and all others who had helped us over the hard places.

Then rising from the table, we gave one good rousing yell with the glorious victory cheer at the end, and on our homeward way we made the hills throw back the refrain, "Banquet, our banquet!" If only another such opportunity may be offered, we will ever be ready to yell again:—

Whang, Bang,
Zip Bang Zeben,
Rah rah Alfred,
Nineteen Eleven
We—Have—Had—Our—Banquet!!

S. 1911.

Sophomore Point of View

Is not to be a prejudiced point of view, but a true picture of the affair. The class of 1910 boldly went to the Station. They had no fear of unsophisticated Freshmen or stately Juniors. The class of 1911 with their advisers strutted about the Station platform and smiled triumphantly at the apparently disconsolate Sophs.

The class of 1911 respected the physical prowess of 1910 for they made no effort whatever to keep the Sophomores off the train. And if Freshmen were capable of deep, logical thought, they would have known that this was their only chance of victory. But they could not

take the initiative without the guidance of their Junior friends and so the class of 1910 boarded the train unopposed.

At Hornell, Freshmen become confused. What train were they to take? Where were they going? These and similar questions bewildered them. Oh, if they only had some adviser now! But they had no Junior orator, diplomat or fighter with them. In the midst of the din of the city and the rush of people, the Freshmen lost their composure, but what was more important, they lost the Sophomores.

Here was another example of Sophomore foresight and prudence, for they had means at hand, by which they were rapidly conveyed to the Shawmut Station. The class of 1910 immediately boarded the already moving train, which had been held for them by the order of the Gen. Passenger Agent.

The Freshmen, arriving a few minutes later, boarded the second train for Canaseraga. Their train coming up with the "Sophomore Special" at Arkport, a few of the smaller Freshmen attempted to board the Special, while the rest of the "wearers of the green" looked on; but their attempt was useless.

The Sophomores went merrily on their way to Wayland, while the disconcerted Freshmen were left in the wilds of Arkport, from whence there was no escape. Upon arriving at Wayland, the Sophomores proceeded to the Bryant House, where they made ready to gather around the festive board—and judging from the noise in the Banquet Hall, the Sophomores were greatly enjoying themselves.

The fun did not end with the Banquet, for the town was theirs, and they took advantage of the privilege. Next morning the victorious Sophs, after a hearty breakfast, took a special train, on their railroad, for Hornell. Just as the old town clock struck ten, the Sophomore class entered the chapel room with flying colors, and smiling faces. The Sophs understood the grave faces of "The Frosh" and were greatly amused thereby.

The Freshmen Banquet as compared to the Sophomore Banquet was a very small affair indeed. What little ingenuity the Fresh displayed was a mere accident, caused only by their faithful advisors. With true

Sherlock Holmes sagacity they shadowed the Sophmores to Hornell, but no Sophomores were to be found there. Take time by the forelock was the shrewd suggestion of one of their advisers.

"The Owl" was rather expensive, and some of the more economical proposed the free lunch at "Sol's," but the more fastidious thought they could get a quick lunch at the Page. So thither they went.

The people in the hotel were surprised at the strange appearance of the gang. Indeed, a personal description of each member would be interesting and humorous, but too personal. Soap and water were immediately procured for them. Then the exuberant Freshmen, with smiles of exultation and expectation on their countenances, meekly followed the pompous referees to the lunch room.

Unfortunately the menu cards were not yet printed, but the editor of the Alfred Sun had been notified to have them prepared before Monday. The banquet took place Saturday night. While partaking of their frugal fare, they tried to look pleasant and animated. However I have been informed that some of "the Frosh" nearly choked over the ready wit of their impromptu speakers. My informant did not say whether the dryness of the jokes or the dryness of the lunch caused the chocking.

After partaking of the enjoyable repast some of the gang thought that they would see the sights of the city. Of course the sedate referees knew of, and the timid maidens had heard of, the wiles of a great city. In spite of their warnings, however, a few of the more daring of 1911 boldly started up Main street. They were soon engulfed in the black mass of humanity.

At a very early hour (I mean in the evening) the bunch returned to their Alma Mater, traveling as their ancestors did, in an old, rickety stage-coach. Upon arriving at Alfred they made known their presence by several feeble yells. Then they immediately went to bed. Next morning they loudly announced their victory and chuckled over their shrewdness and strategy.

These remarkable qualities were nearly as astonishing to the class of 1910, as they were to the Freshmen themselves. Keep it up Freshmen and perhaps next year you may be worthy of the name Sophmores, if you only develope in self-reliance.

B. '10

Editorials

The Japanese Way

It is interesting to look at things in America from a foreigner's point of view. Every nation has a way all its own of looking at the world outside. Not only is the point of view notable but even the manner of expression.

Who but a Japanese, would write the following criticism of three of our great cities;

"If New York were peony in the flower kingdom, Boston would be lily and Philadelphia would be chrysanthemum, New York may be day time, while Boston be dawn and Philadelphia be twilight."

These quaint, delightful remarks are extracts from a letter written by Mr. R. Takeyama who has studied in Alfred, to Mr. Fugii, and breathe the spirit of the beautiful Eastern land, the sunrise kingdom of Japan.

Why Don't You Sing?

While the subject of college spirit is old and hackneyed, it seems to us that perhaps another contribution may not come amiss. Once each day the whole student body gathers for a few moments, at chapel, and it is here that we ought to see the greatest exhibition of college spirit. Now our musical director is kind enough to come into chapel each morning a little early and play our college songs. We ought to show our appreciation of this and also have enough interest in our Alma Mater to join in and help sing. Instead of doing this a large number of students just sit and play, and it is not all under-classmen who do this either. Let us "take a brace" and see if we cannot improve this situation. Let us go into chapel resolved to join in on all the college songs and even if we are not all born nightingales, we can at least make a joyful noise. Every one put their shoulder to the wheel and we will make the chapel period the brightest of the day. This means you. Think it over.

College Precedent

What is the use of having the dignity of the upper classes if we are not to observe it? Are Seniors to say nothing when a Freshman calls out, "Say, take my book home for me, will you?" This isn't the proper training which the raw material coming into college needs, and each upper classman should take

upon her or himself to see that the Frosh keeps his place. In Chapel the Faculty designate back seats for Seniors, as a token of the dignity of their position. How is this dignity to be upheld, if underclassmen or specials take those seats, day after day, and pass out before their superiors? We don't deny that this may be a small matter, but it is the small things in life that count. And those who have worked faithfully for three or four years, should have what honor and glory we can give them. Don't let the new members of our college life forget to "give honor to whom honor is due."

The Football Story

Several very good football stories have been handed in this month, and the editors desire to thank those students who have had enough loyalty and enthusiasm to enter the contest.

Only one, under the circumstances, can succeed. We congratulate him—or her.

The rest must fail, and to them we say, "Try again". Very few people succeed the first time—for "we learn by trying" always.

"F." was the successful contestant and in the December issue the real name will be announced.

Dear Alfred Monthly:

Inter-Somebody Correspondence

So you really printed my other letter. A feather could almost have knocked me down when I saw it, and had to read it over twice to make sure I was not dreaming! As for all that taffy—! I was never called a "brick" before, and it gives me a good feeling down around the heart, even though I know you would take it all back if you knew who *Somebody* was. Lucky for you that you will never know—you'd faint away and have to be fanned with a toothpick.

Why are you so sure that Sombody is a girl? This isn't my natural writing, so you can't find out that way. Don't you wish you knew? I'm glad you are to have a new box, and hope the opening is larger than the old one so we can get something in without folding so much.

You really have encouraged me to try again, and if this letter has taken up too much of your valuable time to read, just remember that you gave me a broad hint to come again.

I am waiting (im)patiently for the November number to come out. Wonder who gets the subscription for the best football story. Wish it were I.

Long live the MONTHLY is the sincere wish of——

"Somebody."

If Articles are
Cut

The editors have heard some fault-finding among the contributors to the "MONTHLY" because of certain articles of theirs which have been somewhat mutilated.

We know perfectly the feelings of an author who has had his masterpiece—his carefully planned essay, or wonderfully executed story, cut to pieces. We can appreciate the heart rending that is experienced when some pet poetical phrase is crossed out—and some peculiarly beloved paragraph omitted. Because for several years our articles have suffered just such tribulation. Let us beg of you to be patient, for articles must be cut. It is to the MONTHLY'S advantage, and also for your own good that your articles are painstakingly read and criticized. If they are too long, they must be cut—if bad English occurs it must be corrected. If poor construction is used it must be remedied. Useless material must be "cut" in order to make room for the good. Some material not meeting the present needs of the magazine must be rejected.

So, we ask you again, don't get sore, don't be afraid of the editorial pencil. Hand your contributions in, with willing expectation of having them made the best of. Don't be a crank. Don't kick.

Be pleasant and generous and if any other injunction is necessary, just "put yourself in our place".

They stood beside the meadow bars,
Beneath the twinkling sky;
Above them, evening's stars
Like diamonds shone on high.
They stood knee deep in clover,
But whispered not of vows,
As silently they lingered there,
Two peaceful Jersey cows.

Athletics

Hobart 11 Alfred 0

The first football game of the season occurred Friday, Oct. 4, on the local field when Alfred met her old rival, Hobart. For many of the Alfred players, the game was a try out, as it was about the first time the men had played together, some of them having only been out to practice two or three nights before the game. As is usually the case the game was a close one, the score indicating that the teams were quite evenly matched. Considering the conditions under which the Varsity played, the plucky fight she put up was a surprise to every one. Alfred suffered because of many fumbles, while Hobart profited by them. The men from Geneva were repeatedly successful in working the forward pass which netted them many good gains.

In the first half Hobart kicked to Alfred. Alfred started down the field with a rush making substantial gains at every play. They soon began to fumble, however, and so lost the ball to the visitors. After the possession of the ball had alternated a number of times, Hobart scored by pushing Olcott over for a touchdown. Loman missed goal from the fifteen yard line. No further score was made in the first part. In the second half, Alfred kicked to Hobart. Both sides often resorted to kicking and toward the end of the half, Olmstead was sent over for another touchdown. Loman kicked goal. Time was soon called after the next kick off. Driscoll of St. Bonaventure acted as referee and did excellent and impartial service. Line up was as follows:

ALFRED	POSITION	HOBART
Cleveland	C.	Loman
Carney	L. G.	Westbrook
Sage	L. T.	Richards
Carpenter	R. G.	Palmer
McHenry, Allen	R. T.	Miller
Jackson	Q. B.	Woods
Champlin	R. H. B.	Olmstead
Teiper	L. H. B.	Oli er
Hartly	F. B.	Divinelle
Thompson	L. E.	Olcott
Straight	R. E.	Herneen

St. Bonaventure 9 Alfred 5

In Alfred's second game at Allegany, the Varsity showed a wonderful improvement in her playing, over the preceding game with Hobart. And in a cleanly fought game, Alfred showed that she had great possibilities for a good team.

In the first half St. Bonaventure kicked off to Alfred who returned the ball to her own thirty yard line. Alfred then carried the ball to the center of the field where she lost it on downs. The two teams then began to advance the ball back and forth, but St. Bonaventure soon showed that she had Alfred at her mercy and by a series of end runs and fake line-bucking she carried the oval sphere over for her first touchdown. St. Bonaventure failed to kick goal. When Alfred kicked to Bonaventure, the latter advanced the ball to her own forty-yard line, where she lost the ball on downs. But Alfred was soon forced to kick and St. Bonaventure began to once more rush the ball down the field and in the last minute and a half of play made a successful try for a place kick. This made the score at the end of the first half nine to nothing in favor of St. Bonaventure. Alfred had been unable to break up St. Bonaventure's end runs and did not seem to catch on to her opponent's fake line-bucks.

In the second half, however, Alfred took a brace and appeared to have waked up with a new spirit aroused. Alfred kicked off to St. Bonaventure and downed Bonaventure's man within five yards of where he caught the ball and St. Bonaventure failing to make sufficient gains was forced to kick. Alfred then pushed the ball down the field by using line bucks and end runs which worked successfully and made her touchdown in six minutes of play, Champlin tearing through St. Bonaventure's heavier line for eight yards. Teiper failed to kick goal. St. Bonaventure kicked to Alfred, and after a number of gains of from five to fifteen yards by Bailey and Teiper, Bailey circled the end for a run of forty yards. Alfred was fined for holding and penalized twice in succession so that they were compelled to kick and time was called before they could again reach the goal line.

Alfred 12 Mechanics Institute 0

Friday, November, 1, Alfred met the Mechanics Institute eleven upon Alfred field. The game was marred through out by frequent fumbles and ragged interference by the home team while the visitors often succeeded in breaking through the Alfred line. At no time during the game, however, were the visitors in striking distance of the goal and only made a very small number of first downs. The home team used the forward pass a number of times with success while the visitors failed each time they tried it. Capt. Sage won the toss and chose the upper goal. Mechanics kicked off and for about ten minutes the ball see sawed up and down the field, then Alfred forced them to punt upon their own twenty yard line. Teiper blocked the kick and securing the ball carried it over for the first score. Teiper kicked goal. Mechanics kicked off and after both sides had failed to make any long consecutive gains, time was called with the ball near the center of the field. In the second half, Alfred kicked to Mechanics. The visitors were held for downs. Alfred brought the ball to the twenty yard line where a try for goal by place kick was attempted but failed. After the kick out, Alfred brought the ball up to the one yard line by a series of plays in which quarter-back Jackson made a number of excellent runs, and Teiper carried the ball over for the second touchdown. Straight, Jacox, and Jackson deserve special mention for the good game they played. Line up as follows:

ALFRED	POSITION	ROCHESTER
Cleveland	C	Ball
Carpenter	R. G.	Kinney, Southwick
Thompson	R. T.	Hart
Straight	R. E.	Hagaman
Carney	L. G.	Halsey
Allen	L. T.	Kingsbury
Jacox	L. E.	Stape
Jackson	Q. B.	Benzoni
Bailey	R. H. B.	Neindock
Tiper	L. H. B.	Marian
Champlin (Actg. C).	F. B.	Curphey (Capt)

Campus

O, there you are!
 Do you want to laugh?
 Well! Well!
 Have you done anything
 To help the Campus?—No?
 And now you want to laugh!
 And be interested by it!
 Well! Well!

That annual story, "The Mystery of Florida, or How the Popcorn grows," was glibly and solemnly related by the Dean at chapel recently.

Our old friend "Jimmie" Crow has been seen stalking around the Campus lately. We greatly miss Jim's feats of superhuman activities in torrents of sublime phenomena, but are glad to get even a word of advice, now and then, from an old hand.

Prof. W. (in public speaking) "Ah, Mr. Withey you have a distinct nasal tone, I see. You may have to trim your mustache to remedy it."—Alphenus, generally goes to extremes.

Psychological Query: Is not a clothes line a line of a-wear-ness.

Why doesn't the Faculty alphabet begin with A? Ours does, and we are sure the Director of Music has speeches "up his sleeve."

(In English Bible) "What do you think of Ecclesiastes, Miss Jones?"

Ida: "I think the author must have had the blues when he wrote that book."

Information Wanted: What commission does the young man get, who delivers Sunday bonnets at Almond?

Hartley—"Guess I'll get a hair cut."

Allen—"Which one."

Hartley—"Both of them."

That four eyed fusser named Hugh
 Of snap-shots has taken a few.
 If Bertha is wary
 No Kodak she'll marry,
 I pity his intended don't you.

A Spark from Logic: If smoking leads to drink, it follows, doesn't it, that drinking leads to smoke.

Farley—"Does the razor hurt?"

Webster—"I don't know, but my face does!"

Papa Lawton raised a rock,
And cried in accents bold,
"Head ye, or I'll cast this stone,
"As David did of old!"
O Papa!

The Freshmen youth all stood aback,
And Papa then bethought,
It wasn't quite a preacher act,
To be so highly wrought.
Good Papa!

Academy Student "What is the comparative of full?"

"Deo" (dreamily), "Frances."

One of the girls in English XII, accidentally hit her foot against the coat of the man in front. Not wishing him to appear in chapel with soiled clothes, this bright young maiden passed him the following note:

"Can you solve this problem?"

"My shoe was muddy; my shoe hit your coat; therefore,—?"

The man in front returned the note with the addition,
"Therefore your shoe is clean."

Prof. Annas recently received music addressed, To the leader of the REFORMED church choir, in care of Rev. Alfred Dunaombe, Manhasset, N. J.

Uncle Sam's mail service knew! We congratulate Prof. Annas.

If you're a block-head—split!
If you're a mutton-head,—chop!
If you're a bull-head,—froth!
If you're a pig-head,—root!
If you're a barrel-head,—stave!
If you're a cabbage-head,—freeze!
But if you come under no head at all,—quit!
Because you'll be a basket eared, frozen, eyed, hammock
jawed, shaving mug of a man. Anyone could take a hammer
and make a better. Believe me, John Henry.

Smith was dead and a bulletin stating, "George S. Smith has departed this life for Heaven at 12 m," was posted on the door by the sympathetic family. A passing wag, full of mischief, posted on a telegraph sheet below the first notice;—

"Heaven, 12:30 p. m. Smith not yet arrived. Excitement intense."

Smith had never "Got Busy" for the Campus.

Jessie had a little dog,
His hair was brown as dirt,
And every where that Jessie went,
That dog clung to her skirt.

He followed her to class each day,
Which made the teacher sore,
And in the midst of lectures,
That awful dog would snore.

Over heard at the Freshman Roast.

He—"May I see you home?"

She—"I have an escort Mr.—"

He—"O thank you,"

Query—Was the poor boy relieved or rattled?

Ere you do it look behind you,
Keep your hands out or perchance
Some kind friend will soon remind you,
By foot prints on your Sunday pants.

With this issue of the MONTHLY you find yourself well started in your school work; Freshmen just starting in with their college course; Sophmores not quite over wondering how odd it seems to think of themselves as such; Juniors looking back on the first two years as but yesterday; and the Seniors dazzled by the swift flight of time, and half pleased, half anxious and subdued by the prospects of the wide, wide world they are so soon to enter.

Under classmen, think, as you do this or that, and turn it to its utmost possibilities; "release your imprisoned possibilities." Upper classmen, pause if you will, and think of yesterday, your years as under classmen, and of all the pleasant experiences you have had;—and tomorrow—?

Alfred, Alfred, may we be worthy of thy name!

Work! Work! Work!

Alfriedian

IN JUNE 1911.

"Miss Valedictorian, you may not remember me, but I wish to congratulate you upon your honors and your splendid oration."

"Thank you, Miss 1908, I do remember you though, You are one of the vivid recollections of my freshman year. How you used to tease me about missing a fine joint session of the Alfriedian and Athenaeon lyceums just to go to a class banquet! It was you, too, who took me to the joint session of the Alfriedians and Alleghanians the next week. You were on the program, and I shall never forget the readings of Prof. Wilcox or the piano solos of Prof. Annas. I met so many people in the informal hour that followed.

It was at the Alfriedian lyceum that I heard my first debate, one about Women's Wages, led by Laura Trowbridge and Luella Hood. I used to wonder if I could ever debate or prepare one of those splendid, witty numbers of "Leaves of the XXth Century". Thanks to my lyceum training, I can now."

"I remember those meetings, too. It was when Bertha Riblet presided for us so graciously, and Grace Burdick recited sometimes. We thought we ought to do our best our last year. We were always glad to welcome you new girls to our rooms and programs. Ruth Phillips was one of the first new girls to take part. We enjoyed her singing."

"You are as loyal as ever, I see, so we shall meet again at the reunion this afternoon."

Atheneaeon Lyceum.

In the seclusion of a dainty little sitting room, in our college, three freshmen girls, Dorothy, Ethel and Madge, were talking and laughing together.

"Madge, do help yourself to this fudge, and don't be always talking about those freshmen themes. Dear knows, they are hard, but let's change the subject," cried petulant Ethel with a little pout.

"Madge," cried Dorothy, "Tell us about what you did

with yourself last Saturday evening, Ethel and I played a duet for the boys' lyceum.

"Oh, yes let's hear about it", cried Ethel.

"Well", began Madge in her quiet way, "I was invited by an upper class girl to attend the Atheneaeum lyceum. She took me into a large well lighted room. Here were assembled a crowd of girls chattering and laughing. Soon, the meeting was called to order and an interesting program followed, at the end of which they had a farce in which eight girls took part. The girl who goes with that handsome darkhaired Sophomore was very funny trying to put on New York airs. Then they served a dainty lunch, after which they played games. I met a lot of girls and then we came home."

"I wish I could have gone," cried Ethel.

"I'll take some fudge on it", cried Madge.

Our Turn

Everybody roasts the Freshmen,

'Tis the proper thing to do.

And if you should once forget it,

We would probably be blue,

But we thought we'd like to try it

Once, to see how it would go,

And the roasting for ourselves do,

Just to test the sport you know.

So we to that dear old haunt went,

Which you know as "Lover's Lane".

Though upon this one occasion

Invaded by Freshmen plain.

Round a big bonfire we roasted

'Tatoes, marshmallows and such;

These with coffee and sandwiches

Made up just a splendid lunch.

Then we sat around the fire;

Told some stories, played some games,

And at a good and proper hour

We returned to our own "hames",

We can stand it to be roasted

We can take it with good grace

But amid all other roastings

Our own surely holds first place.

E. 1911.

Sketches

How happy we were in the old days of "make believe." Then all that was beautiful, rich and great was at our command. If we wished, we could have a hundred dollars, all piled up before us—in "make believe."

We didn't play dolls very often, dolls were for silly children, who could not run and play in the woods. Occasionally, however, we invited Mary to bring Isabella over to play house.

Then we often made believe we had in the trees, houses like the grown up people. We never lacked for money, or furniture, or food. We had them all in superabundance—"making b'lieve."

Don't you remember the afternoon when we overstayed our time at Mary's, and as we marched fearfully up the walk, you whispered bravely, "Let's pretend we are soldiers and arn't ever afraid, play mama won't dare to scold us." And with this ideal before us we trudged courageously on. And when we at last stood before the inexorable "grown ups," we cried together, "We're soldiers, mama, you musn't scold us." And the best part of all was that she very obligingly complied and only laughed merrily and hugged us.

At first the "grown ups" who never could do any wrong, punished us for our fancies.

You remember the time father whipped me. We had been to a fire in town, and we were "making b'lieve" the barn was in flames. I dragged the big hose out of the store-room, and pretended I was turning the water on the house, while I was hastening to the opposite side of the barn, the hose caught on the well curb and tore a great gash. Over I went, head first; but the "make b'lieve" was still strong in me, as I yelled, "For God's sake, turn off the water."

Father, who had just appeared on the scene, reprimanded me sharply for repeating the language I had remembered hearing at the fire, and I never quite forgave him for chastising me for the accidental leak in the hose.

But after your experience with the bees the inexorables never punished us severely for "make b'lieve."

I can see you today as you looked then, your bright face shining from the little pink sun-bonnet.

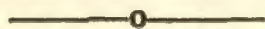
Father's bees were swarming, and as you stood by the apple tree, watching him, your bonnet fallen over your shoulders, the bees lighted in a great black mass on your sunny curls.

"Bonnie," father shouted, "hold perfectly still." Not a muscle did you move as you stared straight ahead, unblinkingly.

After the swarm had been harmlessly removed, father took you in his arms and pushing back the curls from your eyes, asked how you had been so brave and held so still. And in a tremulo you quavered back, "I was makin' b'lieve I was a soldier and if I moved a single bit the Indians would kill me dead."

O, those were bright days, those rosy days of make believe. Don't you wish sometimes you could turn sorrow into joy, and work into play, by making believe as we used to? But our minds are too practical, our hearts are too heavy to adopt the light fancies of childhood.

Yet, what would I not give to substract a few years from my age and fly back to the days of the pink sun-bonnets and "making b'lieve." G. '08.



Yes, here I am forty years old, and if I am ever going to marry, it is high time for me to be about it. Of all my feminine acquaintances there are only two that I would dream of marrying, Julia or Mary.

Let me see, now Julia is considered beautiful by every one. Yes, she is beautiful. I like her tall, stately form, her black hair and eyes, her white brow and rosy cheeks, her pleasant manner, her fluent conversation, her graceful carriage, and, above all, her delightful companionship. If Julia were my wife, I would never be ashamed of her. I could introduce her to my masculine friends with pleasure. With pride I could say "my wife," and when she offered them her beautiful fingers—those slender tapering fingers. How I could enjoy the thought that, in their admiration, they, probably, were wishing she were their wife. How I would enjoy taking her to a ball; enjoy seeing the other fellows stare in admiration at my wife; yes, and when it came time for refreshments, Julia would know just what to do. She

always knows just what to do and what to say and when to say it.

And then there is her dress. There is something about Julia's dress that is a little different from other girls, a little better, made more in style. She knows just what color to wear, just how to fix her hair, just how to hold her head, just how to smile. She knows how to sit down in a chair and how to get up again. She can do it properly without making a great fuss about it. Then if I should get puzzled over some hard problem in my studies, Julia could help me out. She would make an ideal companion for a scholarly man. I don't know that I can do any better than to marry Julia.

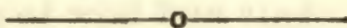
But then Mary is a good girl. Some people like blue eyes and golden hair. It is not Mary's fault that she is not so tall as Julia or that her nose is a little larger. Mary never would lace; that's why she looks rather chunky. Mary has so much to do at home that she does not have the time to spend on herself. Mary is not selfish, she thinks more of fixing up her little brother than she does of fussing with her own clothes. She would rather help her mother wash the dishes than spend the time in arranging her hair according to the latest fashion. Of course, if I were going to a fashionable ball, Mary would not quite fill the bill. The fellows would not envy me for having her for a wife. She would not be at home in a grand ball room, and would, probably, spill some of the sherbert. If I should take Mary to a ball, I, probably would be glad to get back home. But when I got home, how good Mary would be to me. She would use me just like she does her mother. She would do more for me than for herself.

I wonder how Julia would be at home. When I was thinking of Julia I never thought of home. It may be she would not be at home much. No, I'll wager, Julia would belong to all the female clubs and gossip societies that she could find. Of course it would not be nice to come home tired and hungry, and find no one there and nothing to eat, to find a line on the table saying your wife had gone to call on Mrs. so-and-so.

Now Mary would always be at home. She would be glad to see me when I came from work. The house would be warm, supper would be ready; and if I should be a little cross, and should find a little fault, tears would

start in Mary's eyes. Then I should be sorry, ask her forgiveness and all would be well.

I'll be hanged if this problem isn't getting quite difficult. Here is food for much thought. What a pity that Julia can not have Mary's disposition, or that Mary can not look so well as Julia.



Dunwoodie sat in a parlor, clad in a desire to run, and "throwing fearful glances around," considerably marred the furniture.

"I come, I come!" said a voice, as Frances "flew into the room, robed in the habiliments of joy."

"He took her arm and caught her eye," which looked at him with a fishy stare.

"A blush crept over her damask cheek," and leaped abashed to the floor.

The room was dark and "he turned on his heel,"—the gas being very low. The maid passing by, "stole a glance," and was afterwards sentenced to the gallows.

"He threw an ardent look at Frances" which knocked her over. "She struggled with herself," and cried, "You wring my heart,—please hang it out to dry!"

This "shook the nerves" of Dunwoodie, until they rattled like castanets. He raised her, and "she felt that she was supported by one of no common stamp,"—but at least a 'ten-center,'

"Frances dropped her head upon his shoulder," cracked it, thereupon "she dissolved into tears" and flowed across the room.

"Hastily collecting herself," from various cracks and corners, "she lowered her voice," about two inches from the floor and remarked, "Don't stand on idle ceremony, you may fall off."

"As the room whirled round," giving them a short ride, Dunwoodie "folded her in his arms," and tried to put her in his pocket, but hesitated as "she dropped her eyes to the floor."

"His blood curdled at the sound," and the next morning they had Dutch cheese for breakfast.

Dunwoodie "drawing his breath" from his vest pocket cried,

"Frances, you are mine!"

"Her guileless heart beat " against her side until she cried for mercy.

"The youth dwelt on her lovely features," no chair being near. Just then a "flush of fire " spread over her face, leaving it scorched.

Dunwoodie remained to supper, immediately afterwards "retiring with the cloth," which he made use of in his own room, and "slept in perfect forgetfulness " as there were no extra beds.

Before morning Frances "fell into a swoon," and was drowned.

Her face was buried in her hands.

Ye Fools, a la English 12.

The Difference

A Freshman and Soph were debating
As to whose banquet was the best.
They spoke of their methods of leaving town,
Of their menu and all the rest.

The Sophomore said in a scornful voice,
"Your banquet surely was bum!
We had Peaches and Cream at our feast,
While you had only a Crumb."

The Freshman said, "Peaches and Cream aren't
much,
They are superfluities small.
While bread is the staff of life, you know
And our Crumb was enough for all."

Alumni

This department must of necessity always look backward. But as we go back and trace the history of those who have left Alfred, each class has a longer list of achievements to record because of having been longer at work. Their Alma Mater does not alone look back at them but forward with them to their future which is hers. The December number of the MONTHLY will take up the class of 1899.

Nineteen Hundred

The class of 1900 was a very small one, having only eight members. Of one of these, Milo Brown, the department has been able to learn nothing except that he has been teaching ever since leaving Alfred.

Robert L. Coon soon after graduation married Miss Ellis of Alfred. He then went to Westerly, where he worked in a shop. After a time he left Westerly and now runs a farm and large truck garden near Ashaway.

Maleta Davis ever since nineteen hundred has been at her home in Jane Lew, West Va. For some years she taught there but has now given that up because of the ill health of her mother.

Harriet Foren for a year after leaving college taught in the Friendship High School. Since then her work has been in the Lawrence High School at her own home, Cedarhurst, New York, where she has charge of the English Department.

Winfred L. Potter after leaving here attended a medical school in New York City. He married a Brooklyn girl and is now practicing medicine in Homer, New York.

Delvinus Randolph during the whole seven years has been in the employ of the Prudential Insurance Company. He was first at Elmira where he married Miss Short of that city. Then he was promoted to a higher position and went to Rochester. Finally he was transferred to Pasadena, California, where he is at present.

Judson Rosebush spent two years more in study, first at Harvard. then at the University of Pennsylvania

and finally at Cornell. In 1903 he became Professor of Economics in Lawrence University at Appleton, Wisconsin, where he still remains. He spends his summers in the employ of the Bureau of University Travel, conducting parties through European countries.

Frank Whitford at first taught school in Little Genesee. From there he was called to Patterson, New York, where he continued teaching for some time. He then went to teach in Stamford, Connecticut, where he now is.

Exchanges

Judging from the small number of exchanges which we have received, the literary departments are a trifle slow this year about getting into working order. Hurry up, we want to see you again after your long absence.

Extracts from the opening address, delivered at Otterbein, by Chief Justice Shauck '66, are published in *The Aegeis*. It is a fine article. Here are some things which it would be well for all of us to think about. "If you succeed it will be because you are able to do the things which are beyond the powers of those who fail. In intellectual pursuits, success and pleasure are alike conditioned upon achievement. Descending grades are easily followed, but they do not lead to the summits. There is no intellectual pursuit in which you can reach success by 'coasting'."

The Carnegie Library at Otterbein is in process of construction and is to be completed by the first of April, 1908. Here's hoping that we may soon be able to say something like this concerning our own.

To appreciate *The Targum* one must know considerable about the people and affairs at Rutgers. Why not put in a story or essay which would interest us all?

The Owl appears this year in a very original and striking cover. The contents is mostly on the humorous order. It seems to us that one or two articles of a more literary style would be an improvement, lest too much play make it a mere toy.

As a result of questionable forms of hazing, Williams has abolished this practice entirely as well as the class rushes.

Iowa has inaugurated a pushball contest to take the place of the annual rushes.

In *The Madisonensis* for October 8, is printed the address delivered by President Merrill at the opening exercises at Colgate. His subject was, The Value of Academic Degrees, and it is an article well worth the consideration of college students. In closing he says, "Study as if there were no degrees. Study for truth, and the knowledge of it. Work, that you may be, not that you may have."

In nearly all the accounts of the class rushes we notice that the Sophomores are victorious. What is the trouble with the Freshmen?

The world is wide
In time and tide
And—God is guide;
Then do not hurry.
The man is blest
Who does his best—
And leaves the rest;
Then do not worry.

—Ex.

The New York State School of Clay-Working and Ceramics

Instruction given in the Chemistry, Technology and Art of Clay Industries. Practical and experimental work in brick, tile, terra-cotta, stoneware and porcelain. Bodies, glazes and colors. Preparation and firing of every description of clay ware. Write for catalogue.

Charles F. Binns, Director, M. S., Alfred, N.Y.

TO THE CLASS OF '08

We have begun our college campaign for next Spring and Summer. Over 25,000 employers look to Hapgoods, for their men in sales, office and technical positions in all departments. Most of these firms use college men. They arrange with us to cover the entire college world for them. We have a unique proposition of immediate interest to any college man who will be open for a proposition. Let us tell you about it. Write to-day.

HAPGOODS,

(THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION
BRAIN BROKERS.)

The Taylor Studio

*125 Main St., HORNELL
High Class Portraits by
Photography*

HAYNES TAILOR

*10 Broad St.,
Hornell, N. Y.*

*The Alleghanians and the
Athenæans bought their
Pianos of MERRIMAN,
Hornell, N. Y. Ask them*



ANALYZING



The chemical laboratory of Alfred University is thoroughly equipped for all kinds of analyzing. Work done promptly and accurately. Prices reasonable.

D. H. CHILDS,
Chemical Department, Alfred University,
ALFRED, N. Y.

Students

If you want to keep in touch with all college matters subscribe for **THE ALFRED SUN** and read the Campus News. :: :: :: ::

R. W. BARNEY,

DENTIST,

90 Main St., Hornell, N. Y.

WETTLIN

Flowers

HORNELL, N. Y.

S. S. SCOTT

*Bargain Store and
Sheet Metal Work
ALFRED, N. Y.*

The Warren Co.,

489 Fifth Ave., New York

MAKERS OF

**Fine Emblematic Jewelry
Class and Fraternity Pins**

DEPARTMENT OF STATION-
ERY offers all that is best in

High School and College
Engraving, Class day
Invitations, Programs,
Dance Orders, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE
I N V I T E D

Tuttle & Rockwell Co.

**Dry Goods, Carpets,
Furniture, Clothing,
Millinery and
Crockery**

136-142 Main Street

For Exclusive Dress Goods
Come to

Tuttle & Rockwell Co.,

136 to 142 Main St., Hornell, N. Y.

Mail Orders given Special Attention

Students !

We will try to supply
your wants with fancy
goods for your

**Spreads, Receptions
or Banquets**

—
Lunches Served Quickly
at any time

WELL, COME IN, AT THE

Alfred Bakery

Rough ^a_n^d Finished Lumber

DOORS AND WINDOWS
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

The largest stock in the county
to select from, so all orders
can be shipped promptly

Oak Duke Lumber Co.,
Wellsville, N. Y.

When a woman is in love it
is her business;

When a man is in love it is
his business;

When they are engaged it is
their business,

BUT

When they are married and
looking for Good Meats, it
then becomes my business
to furnish them the best to
be found in the market.

JESSE C. POTTER,
Alfred Market.

L. J. Fenner & Co.,

**Livery, Hack,
Sales Stables,
Auto in connection.**

*15 Church St. rear Postoffice
Hornell, N. Y. Both Phones*

FRUIT STORE

All Fruits and Vegetables in their
season. Confectionery to suit
every taste. Hot Soda, & Lunches

D. D. Randolph



YE WRITERS

Will find an up-to-date line of

**EATON-HURLBUT
STATIONERY**

at the store of

E. W. PLACE

ALFRED, N. Y.

The Right Clothing

GIVES A MAN the right appearance: the right appearance is one of the most important points in helping towards success. Kirschbaum Hand-made Clothes are right: the right styles and right colors and right sizes are here right now—and the prices are right.

TERHUNE SHOES

HAWES HATS

B. SHEFFIELD BASSETT, Alfred

SPECIAL

Special prices to students of 30c per dozen, for underwear, including negligee shirts.

Alfred Steam Laundry

W. H. Bassett ✂ Tailor

Corner of Main and Church Streets, Alfred, N. Y.

Telephone Central

Clothing made to order, and style and workmanship guaranteed.

Cleaning and pressing suit, 85 cents; pressing suit 65 cents; trousers, 15 cents.

The Stein-Bloch
Wool Test Clothing

AT

Schaul & Roosa,

130 Main, Hornell

Fenner Bros.,

Hardware,

Plumbing, Etc.

ALFRED, N. Y.

Burdick

&

Kenyon,

Livery, Sales,

Feed, and

Exchange

Stables

Bus to all trains

W. W. Coon, D. D. S.

DENTIST



OFFICE HOURS:

9 A. M. to 12 M. 1 to 4 P. M.

F. H. ELLIS

Pharmacist

**Pure Drugs, Perfumes,
Toilet Articles, Stationery,**

**Physicians' Prescriptions and Family
Recipes Carefully Compounded**

James D. Bennehoff

**College Colors and Ribbons for all
Societies, Classes, and Organiza-
tions of the College.**

Fisk Teachers' Agencies

New York, Boston, Chicago, Etc.

Over 24,000 Positions Filled

Especially serviceable to College Graduates by reason of large patronage among the better class of High Schools and Private Schools. Send for circulars.

H. E. CROCKER, }
W. D. KERR, } Managers,
P. V. HUYSSOON, }

NEW YORK OFFICE
156 Fifth Avenue

University Bank

Alfred,
New York

Capital, \$25,000.00
Surplus, 5.000.00

Students are cordially invited to open accounts with us. The Bank habit is a good habit to cultivate. Small amounts of money are just as good as larger to practice with. The Bank stands for security and convenience in money matters.

W. H. CRANDALL, Pres.

W. C. HATFORD, Vice-Pres.

E. E. HAMILTON, Cashier

NEW YORK COLLEGE MEN

Should Consider these Facts:

Pennsylvania is rapidly becoming the foremost High School State in the Union. Pennsylvania gives College Graduates Life Certificates of the highest grade after they have taught three years successfully. A life certificate in the best high school state in the Union is a valuable estate. Every year for the past five years we have located all our college graduates, and have had first-class opportunities for more in Pennsylvania and other states.

THE TEACHERS' AGENCY,

R. L. MYERS & CO.

101 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
1543 Glenarm St., Denver, Colo.
12-16 Trinity Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

—The— Pratt Teachers' Agency

70 Fifth Avenue, New York

Recommends College and Normal Graduates, Specialists, and other teachers to colleges, public and private schools and families.

Advises parents about schools.

WM. O. PRATT, Manager.

