

THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

Class Number .

February, 1905

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Class of 1908.....	124
At a House Party.....	125
Who Knows?.....	129
A College Man's Religion	129
Class Hits.....	131
Reaction Against Corruption	132
Toasts	134
A Fable.....	136
Twenty Years Later	138
Hamilton and the Constitution.....	141
The Lucky Thirteen	146
Our Standpoint.....	147
Public Spirit.....	148
Alfred.....	150
Laughing is Catching.....	151
Visitors	156
Senior Characteristics.....	157
With Apologies to Whland.....	158
Student Chronicles... ..	159
Wanted	160
Senior Editorials.....	161

THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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

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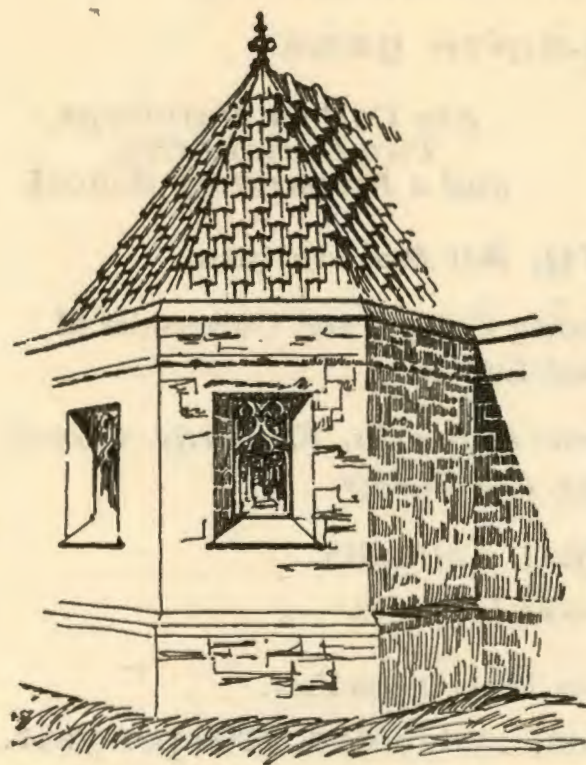
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
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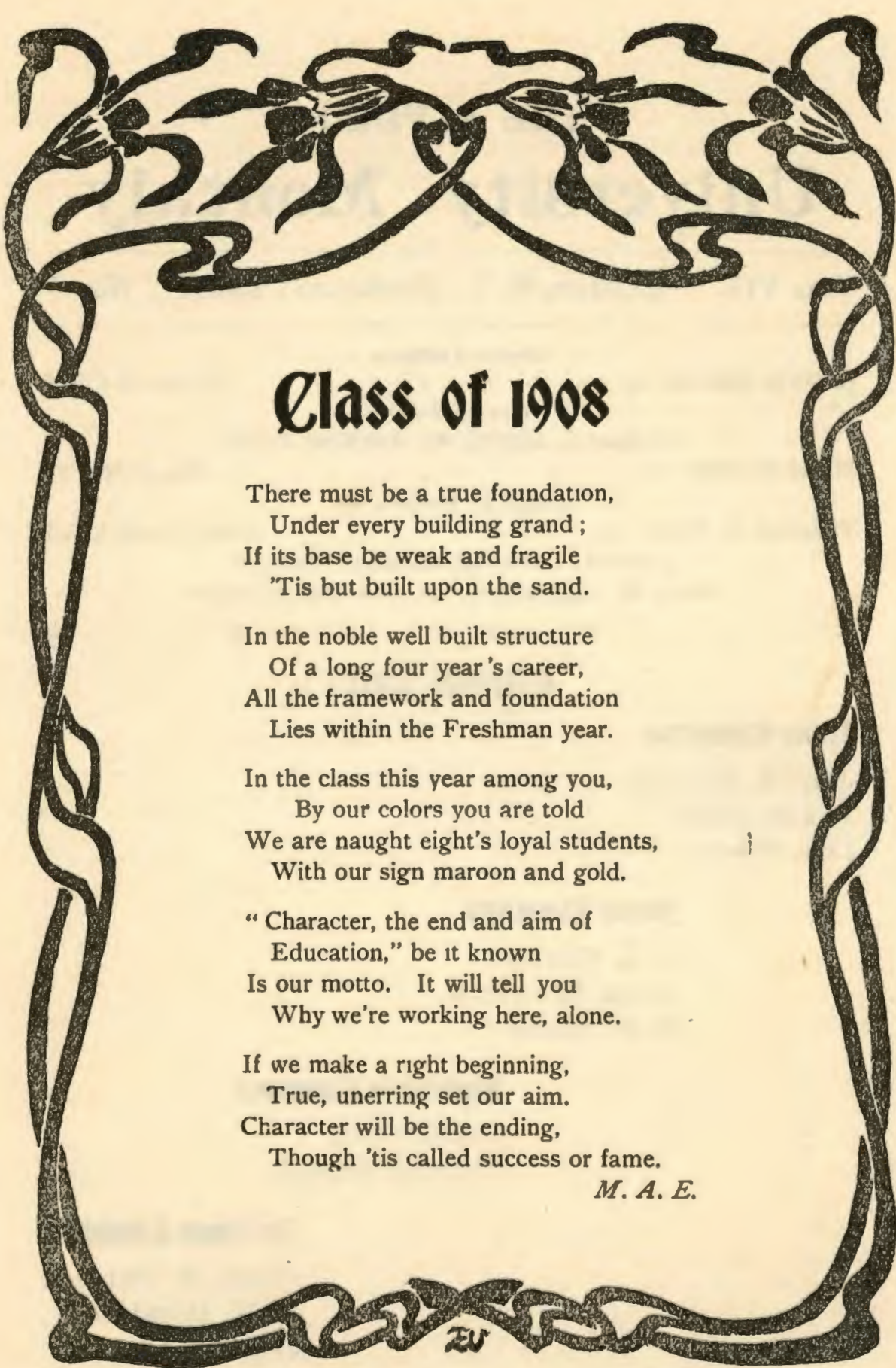
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Class of 1908

There must be a true foundation,
Under every building grand ;
If its base be weak and fragile
'Tis but built upon the sand.

In the noble well built structure
Of a long four year's career,
All the framework and foundation
Lies within the Freshman year.

In the class this year among you,
By our colors you are told
We are naught eight's loyal students,
With our sign maroon and gold.

"Character, the end and aim of
Education," be it known
Is our motto. It will tell you
Why we're working here, alone.

If we make a right beginning,
True, unerring set our aim.
Character will be the ending,
Though 'tis called success or fame.

M. A. E.

At a House Party

It was a very warm day in August. The cars were filled with interesting passengers as they always are. Nannie Bradley had taken the train at nine o'clock at the little station in Ohio and had spent the day—it was about three in the afternoon—looking out over rolling tracts of land. The thoughts of the good times she was to have during the next two weeks kept her spirits up, for she was on her way to a house party which her college chum, Constance Winters, was to give in her honor. Now she was getting tired and wishing for a change of some kind when she was startled by a pleasant masculine voice—"Is this seat taken, madam?" She looked up into the face of a young man who had large blue eyes, and a firmly chisled chin that would have been almost too stern were it not for the generous curves of the mouth.

"I think not. Did you wish to share it with me?"

"If you have no objections," he replied.

"Oh, certainly not. In fact I'm glad to share it. I was just wishing for something to happen to change the monotony of this journey."

He, too, was glad when he looked into her pretty brown eyes.

"You speak as if you had been traveling for some distance," he ventured.

"It seems a long way. I left home at nine o'clock this morning and I don't know what time the train reaches my destination."

"Oh," he was saying to himself, "why did I promise Tom to prolong my stay? See what a pleasant ride it would be if I were to have her to talk to all the way home. In thirty minutes I'll be at cousin Jack's."

She too was thinking, "how much he looks like a picture of a young man with Constance's brother Tom, which she has."

They kept up a brilliant conversation first about the scenery, then the present political questions, and finally drifted to music and art. He had made up his mind that she was a pretty bright girl and was about to ask what her college was when he suddenly realized that they were almost at the West Side station where he must leave her.

"I trust I may meet you again, Miss—" he stopped—neither had told who they were. "Let us exchange

cards for that is often better than telling names," he suggested. She felt in her purse, and taking out one handed it to him without looking at it. "Good-bye," he said, giving his card to her, and in less than a minute was gone. She read Mr. Philip B. Silverton. She had all she could do to keep from uttering a little cry of half surprise, half delight. "That was Phil Silverton after all. What a little goose I am! Why didn't I tell him Tom is my chum's brother and that I am going there and"—her mind went whirling over a dozen things unsaid.

Phil in the meantime was reading the little piece of card board. "Miss Evelyn Grant Price, well that is queer. I thought she was certainly a girl I've heard Tom speak of dozens of times, but her name isn't Evelyn."

When they reached the Central Station Nan found Tom waiting for her. "I guess this is Miss Bradley? I'm Constance's brother. She has a beastly headache so I came over for you. Right glad to see you. Where are your checks?" He disposed of them to the drayman and they were soon in the auto spinning on their way to the Winters' residence.

"Was the trip rather tiresome?" Tom asked.

"Oh, some at first, but I didn't mind it, especially the last part."

"I suppose the thoughts of being so near to the coming fun made it somewhat enjoyable."

"Yes, that was it," she said, blushing.

But Tom wasn't looking at her then, so didn't notice the falsehood plainly written on her face.

"Constance has hardly been able to wait for you, Miss Bradley. I say now, may I call you Nan? Miss Bradley sounds so dignified, and I much rather you would call me Tom."

"I agree, as long as I know you better as Tom. I venture to say I've never heard you called Mr. Winters, either."

"All right. It is a go. Tonight we are to have a little dinner party and a hop afterwards. An old friend of mine, Phil Silverton is to be there. He came this morning, I suppose, but was to spend the day over on the West Side with his cousin. Constance has always wanted you to meet him."

But to himself he was saying, "I don't want him to meet her. They will fall victims to Cupid just as sure as

they see each other, and I shouldn't mind having a claim on her myself."

By this time they had reached the house. Greetings over, the girls improved their time while dressing by talking over everything that had happened since college closed.

"Nan, you simply must wear that blue gown with the for-get-me-nots. Phil just loves blue. I am so anxious to introduce you to see the effect. It's a surprise to him, he hasn't any idea that you are to be here." At that moment Nan was terribly interested with some laces and merely said, "Yes, I should like to know Mr. Silverton because you have always talked so much about him and Tom." She refrained from telling Constance what had taken place that very afternoon on the train, for it would be such a good joke when the introductions came.

Phil was among the first to arrive, and when Mr. Silverton was presented to Miss Bradley, a surprised look came over his face as he recognized his traveling acquaintance, Evelyn Price. However Nan played her part well and acted as if they had never met.

Dinner passed pleasantly, but Phil didn't have a chance to see Nan alone till after the first dance which he had taken with her. They were walking to the opposite end of the hall from where most of the guests were when Phil said, "Miss Bradley, didn't I meet you this afternoon?"

"I think so, if looks and cards agree, she answered.

"My card says Miss Evelyn Grant Price and that surely is not Bradley."

Nan laughed. "How stupid of me. I should have looked at it before I gave it to you. So that accounts for those strange expressions, Mr. Silverton. I remember now that Evelyn put her card in my purse one day and I hadn't thought to take it out. I am Nan Bradley and not Evelyn Price."

"I'm glad of that fact, Miss Bradley. I thought you were she until I read your card and after that I kept puzzling my brain to find out where I had seen a face like yours. Isn't it queer how such things happen and then are all made right in the end?"

Before Nan could make any reply the music began again and her next partner came for her. A careful ob-

server would easily notice a pair of blue eyes which kept following a blue gowned figure as she gracefully glided over the floor. Also that by quick, sly glances Nan Bradley knew where Phil Silverton was most of the time.

* * * * *

Two weeks of dinners, parties, picnics, and excursions were ended. Tomorrow the last guests would depart, and among these were Nannie Bradley and Philip Silverton. It had happened at most of these gayeties Nan and Phil had seen a great deal of each other, and were occasionally left to entertain themselves. But she had spent most of this afternoon in the library with Constance, either reading or talking. Constance had just been summoned to the parlor to receive some callers so Nan went over to the window seat to meditate, a thing which she had not found time to do since her arrival, and even now she was interrupted before five minutes were past.

"Oh, here you are. I've been looking all over for you." Phil Silverton stood beside her. I believe you have been trying to avoid me today. Isn't that so, you sly little elf?"

"Really and truly it isn't. Constance and I have been enjoying a whole afternoon together. We've hardly seen each other, except in society, since I've been here. Just now she is in the parlor with callers.

"Nan," he began again, "these two weeks have been the pleasantest I've ever had, and do you know I am sure it is because of the presence of a little girl with brown eyes who has been in my thoughts ever since last winter when I stole her picture from Constance."

"What! Are you guilty of theft, Phil?" She exclaimed appearing to be very much surprised and indignant.

"Well, you see it was this way," he went on, "I saw it here and at once fell in love with that pretty face, and resolved if I ever had the pleasure of meeting the owner she would have to hear my little tale."

At that moment Constance came into the room and Phil's opportunity was lost.

X. Y. Z.—'08.

Man is somewhat like a sausage,
Very smooth upon the skin,
But you can never tell exactly
How much dog there is within.

Who Knows?

The Freshmen aren't so very wise,
But then, you see, they know it.
They're awful green, they know they're green,
And my, but don't they show it!

The Sophs, they know about as much,
But think they must be *it* ;
Tho' anyone with half an eye
Can see their little wit.

The Juniors just begin to get
A little bit of knowledge,
Yet think that they know more, perhaps,
Than anyone in college.

The Seniors in their dignity
Are wise, and oh! they *know* it.
They're wisdom in a nut shell, yes,
And you just bet they show it.

G. E. B., '08.

A College Man's Religion

The nature of a college man contains the four elements: RELIGIOUS, MORAL, INTELLECTUAL, and PHYSICAL. We propose briefly to discuss religion related to a scholastic life.

The present age has been called the "era of the intellect." An age in which there is less infidelity than formerly, but more seeking after the truth for its own sake. Some men have been troubled by the so-called "conflict between science and religion." To thinking men, able to view questions in all their relations, this "conflict" is fortunately over. When viewed in their proper light, religion and education, science and the Bible are harmonious. When we determine whether Biblical language is historical, figurative, literal or Hebrew poetry, much of our difficulty vanishes.

Religion and science have found a common ground. Theologians apply their faith by scientific methods; scientists begin their work in faith. One of America's greatest philosophers says, "The world of science is a world of faith. The faith which is the basis of religion and theology is only the extension and completion of this

faith that the universe is a complete and organic whole." Religion is education, and education, when fully evolved and the process is known, is religion. Here are the definitions, "Religion is man in his superhuman relations and those relations bearing human fruit." "Education is simply making the most of oneself for usefulness."

In two respects are religion and education similar. First, they are progressive. Second, they require faith.

The name education from the Latin means a drawing out. The true teacher strives to lead out; to cause growth; to encourage originality. Jesus Christ taught this same pedagogical principle. Nearly all his illustrations are figures of growth—the blade, the ear, the full corn. So a college man's religion need not demand an instant revolution, a total upheaval of life; or overthrow of nature. If it is gradual and progressive it complies with the great Teacher's principle.

Education demands faith in the truth and the teacher. Religion demands faith in the soul, in God, and mankind. Christ showed faith in the wavering, denying Peter when he selected him as "the rock on which he should build his church." He had faith in the doubting Thomas when he offered proof instead of reproof for his doubt. It is the same with education. The teacher believes in the boy when the boy doubts himself. The instructor sees the boy's possibilities when the youth is unaware of them.

College men who have imagined a great gulf between christianity and themselves as educated persons are gradually being undeceived. Matter of fact young men who scorn the emotional are discovering that the Christian religion as taught by its founder does not appeal primarily to the emotions but to the will. It signals obedience. Christ said, "Follow me," and to-day the best educated men and the most highly civilized nations are following his teachings. And the mere act of obedience is but the beginning of a progressive life of religion and education, which, when carried to its culmination, means the millenium.

A. E. W., '08.

There was a professor named Bates,
Whose hobby was juggling dates,
When he gave an exam,
The students would cram,
Till their brains oozed out of their pates.

"A few of the unpleasantest words,
That ever blotted paper."

"Some one says I am a Still man."—George Babcock.

"When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live 'til I were married."—Alfred Lawton.

"Good goods are done up in small packages."—Elmina Titsworth.

"I would rather be a Widdoe (s) than an old maid."—Jessie Clarke.

"I *Will* have it."—Myrtle Evans.

"I may justly say of the hooked nosed fellow of 'Rome,' I came, I saw, I overcame."—Sam Guthrie.

"I *can* not tell what the dickens his name is."—Radoslav John Setchenove.

"Fie upon this quiet life, I want work."—Albert Webster.

"Come, give us a taste of your quality."—Melvin Coon.

"I never saw so young a body with so old a head."—Irving Fairfield.

"Men of few words are the best men."—B. J. Carpenter.

"I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all edicted,
To closeness and the bettering of my mind."

—James P. Green.

"Every man has his faults and honesty is his."—Vivian Burton.

"Framed to make women false."—Ferdinand Titsworth.

"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant."—Will Donaldson.

"To beguile many and to be beguiled by one."—Mary Rowley.

"Age can not wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety."—Huldah Reed.

"Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides."—Archie Champlain.

"One Parks, a hungry lean faced villian, A mere anatomy."—Class President.

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive he."—George Davis.

"Appear to be all that you are not."—George Bartholomew.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."—George Harris.

"O, what may man within him hide,
Tho,' angel on the outward side."—W. V. Bragdon.

"A morsel for a Monarch."—Grace E. Burdick.

"This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."
—A. M. Larrowe.

"A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue as I am glad I have not."—Bessie Barclay.

"Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a fine world this would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea."—Ruth Carpenter.

"Great wits jump."—W. Dunn.

"The daintiest last to make the end most sweet."—Evelyn I. Hill.

Reaction Against Corruption

The story of the economic development of the United States during the past century is one of the most thrilling in any language. Out of the great opportunities, resulting from this stupendous industrial conquest, enormous wealth was created, fabulous profits realized and colossal private fortunes built up. In the last few years the ever-widening waves of expansive development reached the Pacific and began a reaction. Competition, heretofore minimized by the possibilities of investment in new and undeveloped resources, with large profits, now became exceedingly keen, and profits were greatly curtailed. To restore them manufactures combined to form monopolies with their unnatural profits.

Since the Spanish War these combinations have increased at a tremendous rate, until to-day nearly all the staples of life as well as the great highways of transportation are monopolized. In order to perpetuate this system of

monopoly, it has been necessary to corrupt courts, bribe officials, dominate legislatures, and control elections. To do this the most sweeping graft was resorted to. Men were chosen to Congress and Legislatures and as members of high courts for the express purpose of representing monopolies, while grafters, like vampires, hung at the throat of every municipal treasury. President Roosevelt in his last speech before election said "If I am elected I shall do all in my power to see that every man has a square deal, no more, no less." The people were looking for a "square deal" and elected him by the greatest majority ever known. At the same time Mr. La Follette of Wisconsin and Mr. Folk of Missouri, both bitter and relentless enemies of the boodlers were elected governors although the influence and money of the great corporations were arrayed against them.

That the president was sincere in his promise is proven by his recent recommendations to Congress. He urged that the tariff be revised, and that the interstate commerce commission be given power to regulate rates. This is striking at the very root of some of the most gigantic and ruthless monopolies in existence: for some industrial combinations, sheltered behind an excessive tariff, have raised prices to an outrageous point; while common carrier's monopolies have by means of rate discrimination and other injustices brought many honest competitors to the point of ruin.

Attorney Gen. Moody has supplemented the president's work by determined insistence on enforcement of existing laws. In his recent prosecution of the beef trust he has demonstrated that no monopoly, however rich and powerful, can defy the laws with impunity. Mr. Bryan warmly commends the work of the president and attorney general, and urges every "square deal" Democrat to support it.

No small credit for this popular awakening is due to some recent writers among which are Miss Tarbell and Thomas W. Lawson. Miss Tarbell has in a recent series of articles shown up the dark side of Standard oil. And Mr. Lawson—whatever his motives may be—has, in a series of articles in *Everybody's*, thrown a flood of light on the methods of high finance.

Most people are reasonably honest, and demand honesty and efficiency in their public servants. And it is

only natural that recent developments should cause the great rank and file of the American people to shake off their political apathy, and start a crusade against the money changers who are desecrating the fair temple of our government. And we must not be surprised if more of the men to whom we have been accustomed to point as representative business men, captains of industry and high legislative and judicial officers, when subjected to the ordeal of rigid investigation, do not come out scatheless.

W. T. Donaldson, '08.

Coasts

May we look forward with pleasure, and backward without regret.

May we never break a joke to crack a reputation.

To the Auto:—

May we hear its toot,
In time to scoot !

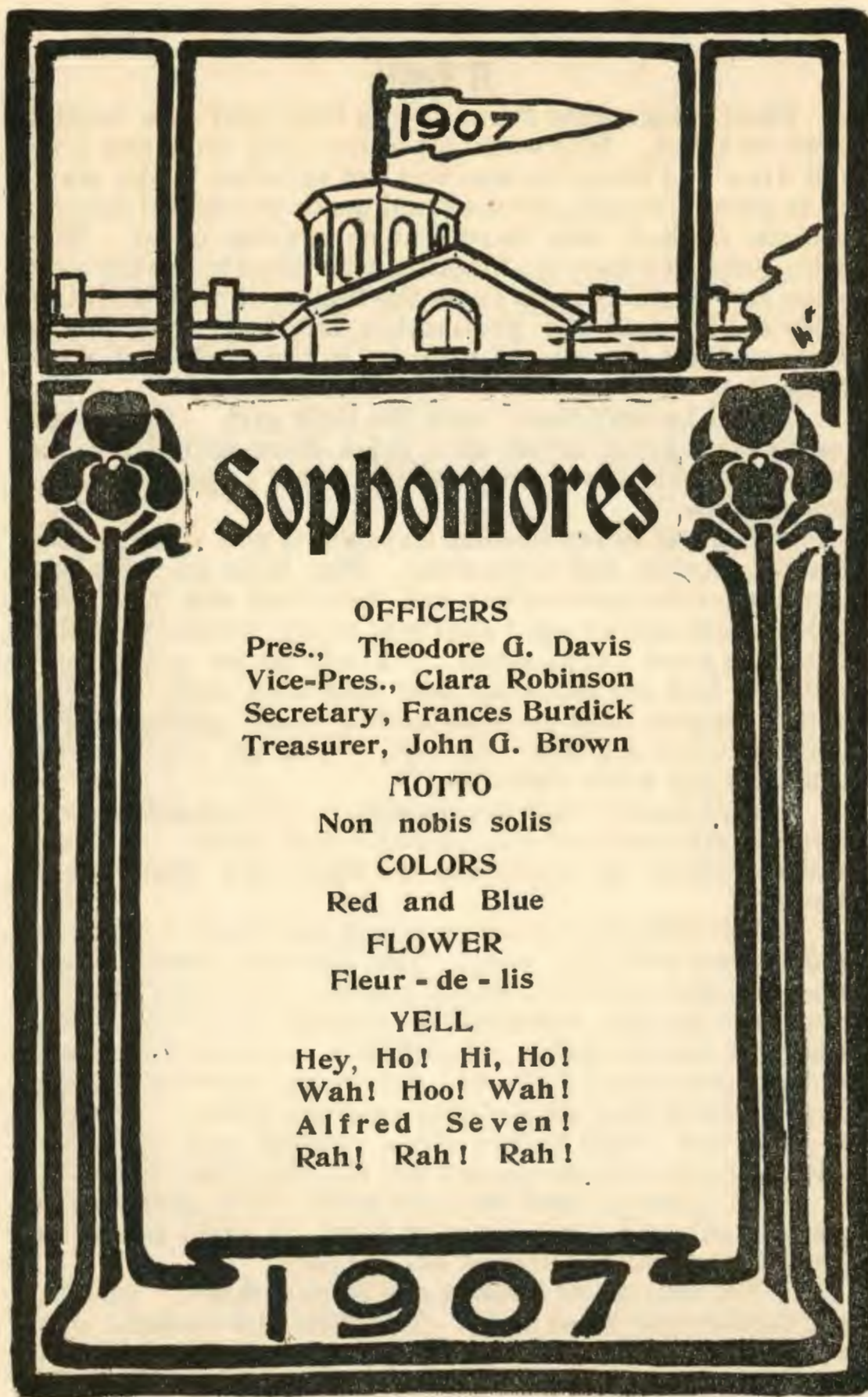
Here's long corns and short shoes to our enemies.

May every one be what he thinks himself to be.

Here's to all the world, for fear some fool will take offense.

Here's to the light that lies in woman's eyes, and lies and lies and lies.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
College life is but a cinch,
For the one is flunked that slumbers,
And we get through on a pinch.



1907

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Hey, Ho! Hi, Ho!
Wah! Hoo! Wah!
Alfred Seven!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

1907

A Fable

Once upon a time there lived a little girl who wanted to be an artist. She would sit in her little room and draw and draw and draw but she was not satisfied. She wanted to paint splendid pictures and make wonderful designs and she worked very hard but no results came. This little girl had a fairy-god-mother who came to see her very often and whenever she came the little girl was drawing. "My child," said the god-mother one day, "go out-of-doors and see the beautiful things in the world and draw those."

"Oh I haven't time," said the little girl. "I am going to be a great artist so I must draw and draw and draw; I would never become an artist if I spent my time out-of-doors."

"You will never become an artist if you don't," said the god-mother, and went away. The little girl thought about what the god-mother had said and she was very sad because she thought she could never become an artist. Then she grew happy again. "I will be an authoress," she said, and she put away her drawings and began to write. Before long the god-mother came again. "Put away that pen and ink," she said, "and go out into the sunshine and write about that."

"Oh, I can't," said the little girl. "I am going to be a great authoress and I must write and write. I would never become an authoress if I spent my time out-of-doors."

"You will never become one if you don't," said the god-mother and went away. The little girl thought over what the god-mother had said and she was very sad because she thought she could never be an authoress. Then she grew happy again. "I will be a musician," she said, and she practiced scales and five-finger exercises every day. Before long the god-mother came again. "Go out-of-doors and listen to the birds singing and the brook trickling over the stones and put that into your music."

"Oh, I can't," said the little girl. "I'm going to be a musician and I must practice hard. I could never become a musician if I stayed out-of-doors."

"You will never become one if you don't," said the god-mother and went away. The little girl thought over her god-mother's words and she was very sad for she was afraid she could never become a musician. Then she

grew happy again. "I will be a good little girl," she said and she began to sew and she sewed very hard every day. Before long the god-mother came again. "Put away that sewing," she said, "and go out into the woods and see the wonderful things God has made."

"Oh, I can't" said the little girl. "I am going to be good and I must sew and sew and sew. I wouldn't become good if I spent my time out-of-doors."

"You will never become good if you don't" said the god-mother and went away. The little girl thought over what her god-mother had said and she was very sad for she thought she could never be good. Then she grew happy again. "I will try god-mother's plan" she said and she folded up her work and went out into the woods. But her eyes were tired with all her hard work, and the woods seemed very dark and lonely and she could not see any of the beautiful things her god-mother had spoken of so she decided to go home. But suddenly her god-mother appeared. "Good child" she said "to do as I said, but what's the matter are you not glad you came?"

"It isn't beautiful and it's dark and lonely and I'm going home," said the little girl.

"Come with me first" said the god-mother and she touched the little girl's eyes and took her hand. She led her a little way and then pointed between two trees. "Oh I wish I could draw that picture," said the little girl. "If you come and look at it every day you will be able to some time" said the god-mother and led her a little farther. Then she pointed up into the tree above them, "Look up there and listen," she said, and the little girl looked and saw a little red squirrel and heard him chattering. "Oh I wonder what he says," she cried.

"If you come and listen to it every day you will know sometime" said the god-mother and led her farther on. Then she made her sit down by the brook. "Listen," she said and the little girl listened. "Oh, what beautiful music," she said, "I wish I could play it."

"Come and listen every day and you will be able to play it some time," said the god-mother, "and now sit awhile and I will leave you. You will not need me now. Here you may learn to become an artist, an authoress, a musician, yes, and a good little girl," and with a smile she was gone. And the little girl was left alone to learn new lessons from a new teacher.

M. E. B. '07.

Twenty Years Later

For some time the airship continued her course due east, without either captain or mate speaking, when suddenly Mr. Blank looked up from his *Scientific American* and said, with a hasty glance at his watch,

"Jack, where in the world are we?"

"90° west by 40° north," briefly replied the pilot after a careful look at the sextant.

"Well, drop us a few miles south and we will spend some moments in St. Louis. I hear that Arlie Whitford, an old schoolmate of mine, is there, and perhaps he will decide to travel to Alfred with us. The class of '07 is to have a big reunion soon, and although I did not graduate with them I am as interested as ever."

Accordingly the course was changed and thirty minutes later the traveler found himself in the parlor of the Grand Pris Hotel.

"Well, I must get started," interrupted Mr. Blank. "Couldn't you possibly accompany us? We will be gone but two or three days."

"Go with you!" ejaculated Whitford. "Why, I couldn't find time to go if it didn't take over fifteen minutes to make the trip. I am four months behind with my engagements now."

"Engagements? What are you doing?"

"Oh, I am promoting the general welfare. Stop and see me when you come back and tell me all about the chapel founded by E. J."

"E. J. founded a chapel!"

"Oh, yes, he is a doctor now and has all kinds of money."

"Don't think that fellow crazy, Jack," said Mr. Blank as they again whizzed through the air, "his tongue always went like a loose door in a rain storm. As to-morrow morning sees us in Alfred I think that I will sleep a little now. Please wake me up when you cross 76°, 42°."

It seemed to Mr. Blank that he had scarcely closed his eyes when he heard Jack muttering something about having already crossed 42°. "Had I better stop?" were the first words which he distinctly understood

"No," replied the waking man, "this is Jamestown. I can tell by the lake. Slow her up a little, Jack, and give me time to get my baggage together. Be careful not to strike any of the electric wires or radium lights in the descent. I guess you had better steer a little east and land us at the Golf House on Pine Hill."

The first morning that the traveler spent at the home of his Alma Mater was full of surprises. The beautiful green campus, thickly dotted with large brick buildings, the Mechanical and Civil Engineering Department, brought about through the strenuous effort of our still beloved Registrar Kenyon, the Library given by Carnegie, and the Manual Training Hall, founded and presided over by M. Carl Almy, were among the most interesting features of Alfred's progress.

Scarcely had Mr. Blank reached the Steinheim when he found himself accosted by Mr. and Mrs. Watson.

"Why, Huber and Fanny, are you here?" joyfully exclaimed the astonished visitor.

"Yes, we have been in Alfred for some time. You know I took a course in theology at Potsdam, but was offered such a good salary as

assistant professor in German here that I have been teaching for the past three years. My wife here is at the head of the Music Department and pays especial attention to voice culture."

"Oh," interrupted Mrs. Watson, "have you seen anything of Mabel and George? You know he is preaching down at Baker's Bridge, but perhaps you saw him on your way up. Well, good bye, we'll probably see you to-morrow."

Blank had taken only a few steps toward the Library when another familiar face attracted his attention.

"Why, here is Frances Burdick. How do you do?" he said. "Shall I say Miss or Mrs.? but anyway I suppose it is Frances."

"Yes," she smilingly answered, "it's Frances just on from St. Agnes, where I have been teaching the fashionable young ladies to elocute."

"Where are you stopping? Perhaps I can call on you before I leave," was the next remark.

"I am spending the week with Elsie Binns, the same dear girl as ever, and so wrap up with her landscape gardening."

"Great Scott! there goes twelve o'clock," cried Mr. Blank, as he was just entering the library building. "I must put this off until afternoon and hunt up something to eat."

Here comes a familiar form but I can't place him. He calls out "Hello, is that you Blank?"

"That can't be D. O.," he thought but quickly recovering his senses he calmly asked

"What are you doing now D. O.?"

"Oh I feel it my calling to dissuade young men from the evils of this wicked world, where, alas, too many like myself spend their best days in smoking vile cigarettes and playing cards."

"Well old sport I must hurry on," interrupted Blank entering the dining room of the hotel. "Guess I'll sit down here," was his next thought. "Here Waiter, have you any of those famous breakfast foods? I don't feel at home in Alfred without them."

Suddenly the white haired gentleman at his right startled him by saying

"Don't you know me old man?"

"No I can't seem to place you."

"Not when I tell you that my name's Robinson?"

"Not E. J., glad to see you old man and tell me how is the world using you now adays."

"Somewhat better than I use it."

"What, not an undertaker?"

"No," he laughingly replied, but the next thing to it—an M. D."

"Married?" was the next question.

"Well I should hope not. Sis is looking out for my comfort."

"Housekeeping?"

"Oh, we have apartments but take our meals at the Iroquois. And yet Sis spends about half her time that she is not assisting me in medicine, in Chicago."

"Chicago!" Blank asked wonderingly. "What is she doing there?"

"She visits Dr. Whipple."

"What, have Bernice's people moved to Chicago?"

"No, but Bernice has. You know her favorite motto has always been "Where there's a Will there a Way." She took a D. D. S. degree in Columbia. She used to be fond of digging out Greek roots in Alfred but now extracts the real thing without so much pain to herself."

Having finished lunch Blank started out again to visit the Library building, when, suddenly in the portico of the State School he saw Baggs and Cowan.

"Hellow fellows," he cried as he dashed over to them, glad to see you."

"And we are glad to be here," they answered in one voice. "We just arrived from Paris last night. We are rearranging the Louvre but risked the rough voyage to once again visit old Alfred."

"Why that must be Bell's pottery over there. Let's go over and see it. I hear that he is making money hand over fist."

* * * * *

Alumni Hall was gay with the naughty seven as they gathered around their time honored and beloved Prexy.

There was Bishop J. G. Brown brilliantly chatting with Ruth Graham, as *young* as ever, and at present an instructor in Logic and Pyschology in Wellesley. In one corner sat Mr. and Mrs. Harry Langworthy. Notwithstanding the fact that Emily is quite unfamiliar with her subject she still writes some of the most stirring love stories of the day, and under the supervision of her husband, publisher and printer, these stories cannot fail to be recognized by the great critics of the times. It was with great regret that at roll call no Theodore Davis responded. He, like John, is a voice in the wilderness crying, "Make straight the way of the Lord."

In the midst of a jolly group was Ethel Stevens, who is conducting one of the swellest and most fashionable dancing classes in Western New York. For some time she has made her headquarters at the Page House in Hornellsville. Leon Shaw, a heart crusher, who had lost the fourth light of his life, was busy trying to strike a fifth match. Here in earnest conversation was Mrs. Myra B. Palmer and Orville Hoxie. They were discussing his latest interlinear translation, complete with the aid of a trotter and notes taken while in A. U. He also says that as a past time he writes stories, the main features of which, as ever, he takes from the magazines. Myra, true to her Y. W. C. A., tried to dissuade him, but alas—too late! Just before leaving the hall James Crow was being unanimously chosen to commemorate the event in one of his Homeric-like poems. And there in the farthest corner, and seemingly buried in his own thoughts stood Frank Shaw. He, after a course in the law department at Cornell, has given it up in order to live out his religious convictions which were so firmly implanted in him while a member of '07. He has left his fair home in sunny Georgia to accept the position as pastor of the S. D. Baptist Church in Alfred. It is with longing that Alfred and her visitors look forward to the Baccalaureate Sermon which he is to deliver next Sunday.

* * * * *

A week later Mr. Blank might have been seen entering his air ship preparatory to his return to California.

Contributed.

Hamilton and The Constitution*

After the Colonies had thrown off their allegiance to England, and proved after seven years of desperate fighting that they were able to successfully resist the unlawful aggressions of the mother country; there remained to be demonstrated that as a nation they were capable of keeping the prize which they had won. In this case the danger from an exterior source was superseded by one scarcely greater arising in their very midst. This was the natural jealousy of the STATES themselves.

The ARTICLES of CONFEDERATION were at once shown to be defective and the thinkers of the time realized that something must be done and that immediately or the country would sink into oblivion by the establishment of petty kingdoms. Among the foremost of these was Alexander Hamilton, who at an early age had distinguished himself as one of the ablest statesmen in America, and who realized that in union there is strength. He used all the energy of an influential politician to make the people appreciate this fact.

At the beginning of the Revolution, Hamilton saw that since the people had declared themselves independent of England, they must have an efficient well organized government. Being busily engaged in the war he at first could give little attention to the government but nevertheless he had plans in mind and submitted them whenever practicable to prominent military leaders and other influential men, Duane of New York, and Madison of Virginia. After the war, he was elected to congress where he endeavored to show the people the weakness of the Articles of Confederation by concrete examples. While engaged in these affairs he did not hesitate to use the press as a medium by which to reach the people for he scattered thousands of pamphlets, in which his ideas were clearly stated and upheld through the country. Although having no direct effect upon the government, these works were not without reward for they prepared the minds of the people for the change which was so essential to the welfare of the nation.

Hamilton's first direct work began at the Annapolis Convention which Virginia called to consider the commercial conditions of the country. Hamilton, with his

*Read before the Orophilian Lyceum

usual foresight, perceived that this convention would afford an excellent excuse whereby a convention to consider the necessity of a stronger central government could be called. Having influential friends in the New York legislature, he was appointed as one of the five delegates to the convention, but the whole country was so indifferent to anything of a national character that only two of the five delegates, Hamilton and Benson, attended meeting there delegates from only five of the other states.

Since the convention had no authority from the home governments, it could do nothing but issue an address drafted by Hamilton exposing the deplorable conditions of the country and the threatening dangers, and asking Congress to call a convention, the delegates of which would have the power to thoroughly reconstruct the national government if it were deemed necessary.

The convention having adjourned, Hamilton returned to New York, and, as a member of the state legislature, succeeded in obtaining the appointment of Chief Justice Yates, John Lansing and himself as delegates to attend the approaching convention at Philadelphia, notwithstanding a strong opposition to him by the Clintonian faction. In this he gained a decisive victory by forcing New York to send representatives at the convention, although the other two delegates were uncompromising Clintonians.

On May 25, 1787, the convention, which had been called for the purpose of considering the national government, met at Philadelphia. Hamilton's work was done not so much in the convention as before and after it. From the beginning, he was seriously handicapped since the vote of New York could be cast against any measure for a stronger central government, as the votes were cast by states. Therefore he decided to take no active part in the debates, but to attempt to carry the convention by one masterful stroke. After all the plans had been submitted (perfectly familiar with his subject) he delivered an address of six hours duration in which he advanced his ideas of a central government and used every argument at his command to show the benefits which could be derived from that system of government.

The plans which Hamilton advanced although similar to the English government, in that it was strong centrally, was yet in some respects similar to the one finally adopted. However, from the first, he perceived that

such a scheme would not be adopted by the people for the reason that they thought it gave too much power to the national government, since a president elected for life with the power of appointing the state governors seemed to resemble, in principle, a limited monarchy. Nevertheless this speech was not without effect, for it aroused the minds of the members of the convention to a higher knowledge of what a federal government should be.

Having delivered this speech, he quietly waited, knowing that he would be outvoted by the delegates from his own state, but to his immense relief Yates and Lansing returned home, leaving the field clear. Hamilton at once assumed the responsibility of representing New York alone, and signed his name and that of his state to the constitution, although the majority of the people of New York were not in favor of such a system of government.

Hamilton now rendered his greatest service to the country in securing the adoption of the constitution by the people. No sooner had the Constitution been submitted to the people than the Anti-Federalists of the whole country, led by the Clintonians of New York, at once endeavored to prevent its adoption by publishing a series of brilliant articles against it. Hamilton at once replied to these in his world-wide Federalist papers, which treated the subject so thoroughly that many people, who at first opposed the Constitution, were led to radically change their views, and to become its most hearty supporters.

The papers were the best literature of the period. Their style was strong and original, and presented his theories in a concise, yet novel manner. But more important than their literary value, these papers were, and are, of the utmost value as constitutional authority, doing more to forward the cause which he was advocating than any other thing, and so wonderfully sound are their doctrines that to the present time they are considered as the fundamental principles of constitutional government. Even the German leaders referred to them when they were forming the New German Empire.

After the publication of the Federalist, Hamilton's next important work was at the convention called in New York to consider the adoption of the Constitution. The Clintonian faction led by Melancthon Smith, a man of great ability, strongly seconded by Yates and Lansing, had a majority in the convention, but Hamilton was well

prepared and entered the contest, confident in himself, and determined to win. The opposition moved for a delay on the plea that they wanted to see the system tried in other states. This plea of evasion was a shrewd one, but it was met by a firm opposition on the part of the Federalists and when the matter came to a vote, the Clintonians were defeated.

Failing in this, the opposition was compelled to meet the issue in a different way. Taking up the constitution as drafted by the Philadelphia convention, they assailed it from every point of view. Hamilton was leader of the Federalists, and as such it fell to him to do most of the debating. He was treated as if a part of the Constitution itself, receiving not a few personal insults; yet through it all he never wavered, but met all the attacks with the energy of a Hercules.

For a time, there was inaction; but while they were waiting the ninth state ratified, making the union a certainty. The Clintonians again proposed adjournment, but were again defeated. Then followed the attempts for amendments and a conditional ratification. In a three hours' speech, Hamilton pleaded so convincingly for the adoption, that Melancthon Smith was won over, and in the final vote the Constitution was adopted by a majority of three out of all—a total of fifty-seven votes being cast. Thus the convention ratified the Constitution, although, at the beginning, the Clintonians had a two-thirds majority and had elected George Clinton chairman in order that he might give the fatal blow if the vote should be a tie.

Hamilton had won. He had won a complete victory in the face of a powerful, united, and determined opposition, but he did it at the cost of almost superhuman labor and a great amount of time. He threw his whole soul into the work, and so completely was he master of his subject that he was able to meet every argument his opponents advanced. His natural talents were a great aid to him in his controversies, for his was a creative imagination. Talking with all the energy and influence at his command, he could not fail to win votes. By his private talks and correspondence with influential men, by his essays scattered broadcast over the country, and by his passionate speeches in the legislatures, Hamilton did more than any other man in bringing about the making and the securing of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

S., '07

1906

COLORS:

Blue and White

MOTTO:

That we may be of service

YELL:

Wahoo! Wahoo!

Zis! Boom! Bix!

Alfred! Alfred!

Nineteen Six

OFFICERS:

John A. Lapp, President

Helen A. Titsworth, Vice-President

Ralph M. Briggs, Secretary

Sabella Randolph, Treasurer

The Lucky Thirteen

G. F. Bakker,

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Sabella Randolph,

"Her faults lie gently on her."

R. M. Briggs,

"Whose skull Jove cramed with brains."

W. B. Lewis,

"There's just one girl in the world for me."

Julia Pierce,

"O, marvelously modest maiden, you !"

E. C. Palmer,

"A man's a man for a' that."

J. A. Lapp,

"And still they gazed,
And still the wonder grew,
That one small head
Could carry all he knew."

E. L. Babcock,

"I can counterfeit a deep tragedian."

Dora Brown,

"A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly."

J. G. Stevens.

"The art of silence."

H. F. Binns,

"Fat vertically."

C. L. Clarke,

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of
his argument."

Helen Titsworth,

"Who e'er saw such a frivolous creature."

Our Standpoint

By the time one has attained a seat among the Juniors, he has reached the place, above all others in the college course, most conducive to good conscientious work. He has overcome, by opportunities multifarious, all those objectionalities so prominent in the personality of a freshman, pertness, and rashness for example; and likewise he has cast off the bombast and rodomontade of his sophomore days. Not but that these things have a service to perform in accomplishing the greatest possible development of a student, but that the Junior has passed into a greater circle of knowledge and experience and sees a higher power in reserve.

The Junior's life is not a life of bluffing as some may have supposed, but it is a life of quiet and constant effort. All conditions which may have lingered over him as shackles, heretofore, are now put out of his way and he is free to do his best.

What the great body of working people is to the world, the Junior class may be said to be to the college. They are called upon to some considerable degree to regulate and manage various departments and organizations of the college.

On the other hand the Juniors have none of the burdens which the Seniors must bear, for example, the right of senior dignity, and the nervous strain of the final functions of Commencement Week—Everything considered, it is a good thing to be a Junior.

Sabella Randolph

Public Spirit

There is a phase of development in college life which is quite overlooked in summarizing the benefits of a college course, viz., the development of public spirit as a spring to public action. Whenever it is discussed, it is considered more as an incident in a college course than an end worthy of the most careful effort. Notwithstanding its neglect, however, it has continued to be one of the real attainments of a college course. While educators have been discussing the means and ends of education; quibbling over the relative values of different subjects in bringing about the end—complete living—which all agree is the true end, this force has been silently working toward the very end which they seek. It has been preparing men and women for complete living.

It is now a truism that man cannot live by and for himself alone. Unless he withdraws from civilized society, he is bound by the intricacies of a growing civilization. He must live with his fellows, work with them, and enjoy the pleasures and woes of life with them. The progress of the times make this unity of all mankind inevitable, and the progress of education at the same time makes it more conducive to happiness. This interdependence is at the very basis of society; all must work for each, and each for all.

In this collective capacity, there are certain mutual ends to be attained, certain results which benefit no one in particular but all in general. To be able to see those ends and help in their accomplishment, although it would mean sacrifice of self, is a worthy ideal. To do it needs a mind trained for the public service, one which feels a sense of responsibility to the race, and is willing to sacrifice its own selfish ends for the sake of furthering the great ends of society. It is not always clear just what constitutes the public ideals, but when they are apparent, the public spirited man will bend all his energies to attain them, while he who has not developed that sense of public duty will continue in his selfishness to get the most for himself. It is self-evident that the man who would live completely and properly must be the servant of the public. He best insures his own happiness who insures the happiness of his fellows. All of the great men of past ages whom we now revere and delight to honor, were those who were

most willing to live for the world and to do its work. The men to-day whom we hold foremost in our love and respect are those who see clearly their public duty and do it. Greatness has been, and is measured by sympathy; sympathy for all the efforts which uplift the world. Would we seek a small share of greatness, then let us improve the grand opportunities which are ours now. College life is a fertile field in which to plant the seeds of public service. Conditions are more favorable there for germination than anywhere else. The college community is a unit, even more closely bound together than society as a whole. There is a clear mutual interest in all the work carried on. Like joys and sorrows, work and recreations, purposes and ideals, bind all together in a strong unity. Mutual interests are thus stronger than in the world outside; and a greater opportunity is given to develop a spirit of public service.

But even with all the favoring circumstances it is sadly true that many students fail to take advantage of them and do not get beyond the bounds of their own narrow purposes and desires. Interest in those things which concern all seems too intangible, and they leave the rich harvest, which otherwise might be theirs, to other hands. For it is a rich harvest to imbibe the spirit which makes public spirit a joy. One who has never served his fellows can hardly realize the deep feeling of pleasure which that service gives, nor the pain which a depreciative word or an unsympathetic attitude will give to the altruistic worker.

College life provides many opportunities for service; there are athletic teams to be maintained, college societies and papers to support, and, above all, there is the reputation and influence of the college itself to be maintained—each of small importance to the individual but of transcendent importance to the college community as a whole. In doing one's part to maintain and enlarge these general interests, intangible as they may seem, one is but laying the foundation of larger service in the future.

The analogy between public spirit in college and in the world at large is striking, there is the same necessity for self-sacrifice, the same intangible good to be derived; and the same spirit of indifference to be encountered. The greater unity of the former should, however, make it more easily developed there. It is safe to say that he

who does not become altruistic in the favorable surroundings of college life, will not become so in the world life. He will be what he has made himself—a *self-centered recluse*—while he who learns to know and to feel his duty to his fellows, will go out into the world fortified by public spirit for the great problems which confront mankind.

Be public spirited then, not only for the pleasure which it will give in the narrow present, but for the far greater pleasures which will be derived from the formation of a character dedicated to service. Complete living is impossible without serving and being served by our fellow men. And in the formation of character, which will make complete living possible, let us not ignore the vital element—public spirit. J. A. L., '06.

Alfred

Fair Alfred—Thy very name
Unto my mind recalls
Hills and pines and cloudless skies,
Green lawns and classic halls—
Pathways thronged with happy youth,
Now in the morn of life,
Preparing here with joy and toil
To meet the days of strife.

May we who now these pathways tread,
Such inspiration gain
That when it is our time to go
Into the world of men,
We may full well thy colors bear
Wherever we may be,
That all, while they do honor us,
In turn may honor thee.

H. A. T., '06

Laughing is Catching

There were three of us taking cross sections for a lumber rail road in the mountains of northern Pennsylvania. Frank Lion and I were new at the business, and were continually meeting with accidents and making blunders. Will Wren, who ran the level, was an experienced man and never made a mistake. He had all kinds of fun over our blunders, never losing an opportunity to joke; and I believe he would have laughed at his own funeral if anything laughable had happened.

But on this particular day the tables turned. A storm was coming up. The wind was rising; the peals of thunder and flashes of lightening were increasing in intensity and frequency.

"Boys," said Will, "we must get measurements for the fill before the storm strikes us or the temporary marks will be blotted out and we will have to do the work all over again."

I scrambled down the hill a little distance with the ostensible purpose of getting some better stake timber; but in reality I was looking for a possible nook where we could be sheltered from the violence of the storm.

I found exactly what I was looking for. A good many years before a cluster of rocks about three feet thick had collected on the upper side of a thick clump of birch saplings. Of course the top surface of these rocks was very rough; but a thick coat of leaves had gradually collected over them so that only the highest projections remained above the leaves. Down over these rocks a much larger rock had slipped. The upper part of the large rock projected several feet beyond the lower part thus making a triangular cave.

I hurried back to the boys and told them of my find just as the rain began to fall. Will gave us the location of the two remaining stakes that had to be driven, pulled up his instrument and rushed for the cave. Frank and I had to see to setting the stakes which kept us a minute longer. When we reached the cave the rain was coming about right. The cave was pretty small for three, but Will, who always managed to be a little ahead, had backed in as far as he could, and was comfortably lying on his face with his legs between two rocks which stuck up from the bottom of the cave. The place was just the fit

for him, but as there was only one such place Frank and I had to twist our bodies around to fit the uneven floor. Will had an opportunity to joke again, and even the raging of the storm was not sufficient to stop him; although a storm like that on the side of a mountain is very exciting.

In this instance Will's joking was rudely broken up. There was a blinding flash of lightening accompanied by a deafening peal of thunder a short distance up the mountain side. Will, who had been in worse storms, was not disturbed from his comfortable position between the rocks, but it was new experience to me and I rushed to the mouth of the cave to see what I could see.

I could see enough. A large boulder four or five feet thick was bounding down the irregular side of the mountain towards the rock under which we were located. Should I remain where I was? The unevenness of the ground made it impossible to tell where the rock would strike, besides I would not have had time to change my position if I had wished. On it came and struck the cave with a shock that shook it to its foundation. The motion of the boulder was stopped, but it split a large piece off of the back edge of the rock under which we were situated. The piece fell into the cave right over Will's legs in such a way as not to hurt him, but to pin him fast as snugly as a plaster paris mould.

Well, it had all come so unexpectedly, and the immediate danger was over so quickly that we did not realize the danger we had been in. Frank was inclined to get even with Will now that he had him at his mercy. But affairs were a little too serious, and after a few lame jokes he gave it up. And really when we looked at Will's face, and considered his dilemma we had sufficient revenge.

However, Will was game. After several unsuccessful attempts to extricate himself he said, "Well boys, you have the drop on me this time. If you don't help me I will have to stay till I starve slim enough to crawl out."

The question was, could we help him? The piece of rock weighed half a ton at least. There was no room to get levers under it, and we could not dig the foundation away under him for it was solid rock. What were we to do? Should we go for help? Time would not allow. The rain had practically ceased; but the water continued to

rush down the mountain, beginning to run into the mouth of the cave. Something must be done and that quickly.

Not knowing what else to do, I went around to the lower side of the cave. There I noticed that some of the rocks of the floor had been slightly loosened by the force of the boulder when it struck. The thought came to me that it might be possible to cut away some of the trees and pry the rocks away from under Will and thus let him out.

When I went around to the front of the cave the water was running into the cave around Will so that he had to hold his head up to keep it out of the water. Affairs were both comical and serious. I hurriedly told them my plan. Frank hurried out to look and decided it was possible, if we only had time, but the water continued to rise.

Another difficulty presented itself. The piece of rock which had fallen in rested on one of the rocks which would have to be moved before Will could be released. If that rock came down on him his days would be ended. He might keep his head above water only to be ground to pieces between the rocks.

The only way to find out how the rock would act was to measure it and figure out its size, to see if there was enough extending over to over balance it when the lower support was removed. This was a time when it was necessary to do rapid and accurate measuring and figuring under difficulties. By this time the water had found a crevice through which it could flow out of the cave so that it ceased to rise so rapidly, but the attitude which Will had to take to keep his head above water was becoming almost unendurable, so we placed a stick under his breast to help support him. The rock was found to be enough on the upper side so that it would not tip down when the lower support was removed.

Frank remained in the cave with Will to see that nothing went wrong inside, while I began to cut away the trees. This was a short job, and I was soon able to stick a hand spike in by the side of the rock and pry it loose. This I was hastily doing when Frank called out for me to stop as both rocks were moving. I tried to stop the rock but it had acquired too much momentum and came rolling down. The upper one, not having started quite as quickly, its speed was not as great, and Frank was

thus enabled to seize Will by the shoulders and pull him out before the piece of rock above came down. He dragged him to one side out of the water, just as the rocks went rolling and grinding down the mountain side.

If we were going to get even with Will for laughing at us, now was the time when the danger was over; but we were too much impressed with the danger from which Will had just escaped to have any wish to joke him about his dilemma.

It made an impression on him, however, which did not soon wear off. He did not laugh at the misfortunes of others with his old time heartiness for many months.

L. Emile Babcock.

Why do we live?
For what is all this struggle?
All seems in vain,
And God is far away.
Is earth so dark?
And is there naught but trouble?
Or is this only night;
In time will follow day?

Oh, now 'tis morn,
The birds are sweetly singing,
The earth is full
Of joy and love and light;
Gone is the sadness,
It seems now but a shadow,
For God is good
And all the world is bright.

RAH RAH RAH

BIFF
BANG
GIVE
A-
L-
F-
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D

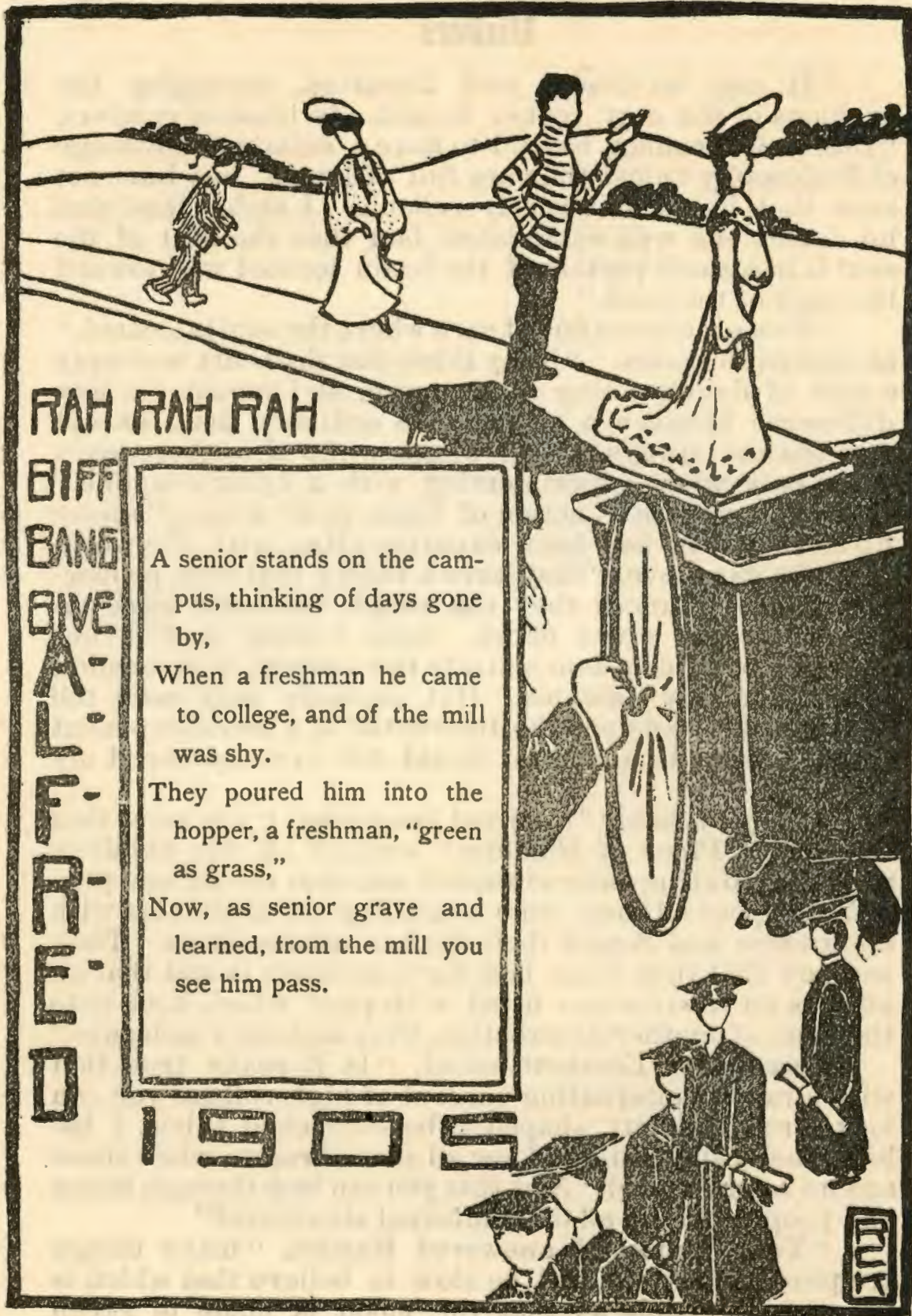
A senior stands on the campus, thinking of days gone by,

When a freshman he came to college, and of the mill was shy.

They poured him into the hopper, a freshman, "green as grass,"

Now, as senior grave and learned, from the mill you see him pass.

1905



Visitors

"It may be true," said Decartes, arranging the cushions of the cozy corner to suit his ideas of comfort, "that people cannot be said to have a suitable knowledge of Philosophy unless they are full of Bacon, but I am not sure that Bacon is entirely reliable. I understand that he denies the well established fact that the seat of the soul is in a small portion of the brain located well toward the back of the head."

"These moderns do not care where the soul is located," answered Socrates. "They think that the heart is simply a sort of double-acting force pump, and cannot see any difference between a god and an ordinary man, except that the one always wears wings while the other wears them only when experimenting with a flying machine."

"Yes, and their notion of ideas is all wrong," spoke up Herbart who had been experimenting with the workings of a gas stove, "they have a theory that with properly adjusted balances they can weigh the brain force expended in any given effort. Now, I know that is impossible, but I can demonstrate the method of determining mental effort by Calculus. But probably they can't tell the difference between the differential of a literal exponent and of a logarithm, and so would fail to comprehend my method."

"Very probably" asserted Browning, "you know that 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' enticed all the children away, and during their enforced vacation the college professors spent all their time searching for molecules with a telescope and forgot their higher mathematics. They say now that they know how big a molecule is and that an atom is an abstraction fitted with pegs which hook onto the pegs of another abstraction, thus making a molecule."

Here Queen Elizabeth asked, "Is it really true that with a rapidly alternating current of high voltage you can look through funny shaped tubes—crooked tubes, I believe they call them—and see all sort of colors when there are no colors there? And that you can look through boxes and people and see all their infernal structure?"

"Your Majesty," answered Hamlet, "many things are possible but we will be slow to believe that which is not plainly visible as that the moon is made of green cheese which is eaten up by the mice each month, or that

which appeals strongly to the sensations as does the law of gravitation when we fall down and bump our noses." "By the way, Hamlet," interposed Herbart, "will you come with me to Psychology class to-morrow and explain the circumstance of the appearance of your father's ghost? We are just now studying psychical phenomena and the records of that instance are most interesting."

Before Hamlet could respond the study door opened and in rushed Faust, closely followed by Mephistopheles in full costume and demanding that Faust begin a series of experiments to determine the effect on the human system of borax, salicylic acid and other food preservations. Faust begged to be consigned to the lower regions at once, but in vain, and was borne away in despair by the exultant Mephistopheles,

This turned the tide of conversation and Socrates commenced a learned discussion of bacteria. He advanced the theory that the platelets of the blood and lamellae of the bones were the dishes upon which the meals of the bacteria were served, and that they lived chiefly upon sugar introduced into the system in the form of fudge. This theory provoked a chorus of derision which gradually merged into the ringing of the alarm bell of the little clock on the desk. The sleeper stirred and awakened just as the last guest vanished—the work of examination week was at hand. '05.

Senior Characteristics

"With just sufficient wisdom to misquote." Collectively—the mustard. Individually—an old married fellow, an infant, a musician, a society man, a business man, a preacher, a clay-man, a scientist, a mathematician, a sage southerner,—and a Rosebush.

Annas—I will sing as long as I live, while I have my being, will I sing. May you never know the sad satiety of love.

Baker—A little child shall lead them. A child as yet and all unknown to fame.

Brown—O Lord, how wonderful are they works, keep your eye on E. R. Brown.

Cox—This is the clay, and *he* our father. A cunning artist will frame a basin for that well.

Jones—In her left hand are Chemistry and Biology. Talking of stones, clay, plants, of acids, flies.

Horton—A prudent man dealeth with knowledge. Are you a small unbound edition of Moses and King Henry VIII?

Reed—All things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Ilisped in numbers for the numbers came.

Vincent—Seest thou a man diligent in his studies, he shall average 95 per cent. O rare John Vincent.

Watson—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly. The supernatural here never becomes grossly palpable.

Wilson—She openeth her mouth with wisdom. There is a light within her eyes, her thoughts seem to be memories.

Rosebush—Now he was ruddy and of a beautiful countenance. He maketh music with his lips—aye, his tongue's sweet air more tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear.

With Apologies to Whland

Hast du den Senior gesehen
Den hohen Senior auf 'm campus?
Gelehrt und stately walking
Mit dignity rund herum us.

Er mache sich niedersehen
In die classmen unter ihm,
Er anhaben ein cap und gown
Das mache ihm hoch und slim.

Wohl habe ich ihn gesehen,
Den hohen Senior auf 'm campus.
Er mache himself a nuisance
Tu all das Volk around us.

Er balt wird den college verlassen,
Und die students alle will say,
Lebe wohl, den hohen Senior
Es bald wird werden our day.

'05.

Student Chronicles

CHAP. LXVIII

1. Again when the harvest time had come and the days of idleness were over The Great Ruler of the Alfredites did sound his call over all the land.

2. And there came every man of them to his place; a mighty host did come at the call, from east, from west, from north, from south, from the rivers and from the ends of the earth.

3. Verily there were many new and strange beings in their midst whose raiment was so dazzlingly green that the very sight was blinded by its brightness.

4. But the tribe who had been known as juniors found themselves alone as leaders of their kinsmen. Whereupon they murmured among themselves, saying:

5. "Where are our black robed brethren who were wont to wander among us? Have they taken offense against us, and perchance are they preparing for battle against their kindred and nation?"

6. At these mutterings the Mighty Ruler arose, and stretching forth his strong arm said: "Peace, my children, those whom ye seek are not here."

7. "Nay they shall not rise up against you. They have sought for themselves new houses, and strange women do minister unto some of them."

8. "Ye are henceforth my chosen leaders and the protectors of my people. Be ye hereafter known as Seniors, and let all other tribes bend the knee and bow the head before thy greatness."

9. "Ye shall sit before me in the chosen seats of the mighty, and

all other tribes shall range themselves behind you. Yea, according to rank shall every man be seated."

10. And it was done accordingly as he commanded, and verily it was good.

11. So the time did pass and the Seniors did wax strong in wisdom and power and their dignity was beyond compare.

12. Now it came to pass that the Great Leader called all his chief priests and elders before them, and thus spake he unto them:

13. "We are set as rulers over a mighty people; they have been adding muscle to muscle and sinew to sinew. Verily let us test their strength and courage."

14. Thereupon a mighty wall was built by the leaders, and every chief priest and elder did bring a stone or brace, yea, every stone was cemented a little stronger in its place than the one before.

15. Therefore, at length it stood solid, massive, and terrible before the people, and the Ruler looked on and saw that it was good.

16. Then the tribes did gird themselves and prepared for the mighty battle. Some came on props and crutches, and some on ponies, but most of them came with arms bare and muscles tense.

17. Verily, when the mighty fortress had been taken, the scribe of the Ruler wrote the names of all the victors in a mighty volume which was placed on record in the archives of the citadel.

18. Then the High Priest called his chosen tribe before him and said: "Well done, good and faith-

ful servants; take courage, for your works shall follow you. Put on your wonderful trailing robes of dignity and the great headpiece of wisdom, for ye are not found wanting."

19. Thus spake the Mighty Ruler, and all the people heard, and some of the people did marvel

at his sayings but the Seniors and the prophets did understand the meaning thereof.

20. Then he bade them kneel before him, and he did stretch his arms above them and pronounce a benediction upon them, and wished them well.

A., '05

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May-a-Re-d

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L-e-a-e

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L-loyd W-a-s-n

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Senior Editorials

Time is—what? Did you ever stop to figure out just what your time was worth? Man's life is short at the best and time goes on just the same when you are in college as when you are out. If time is money to the business man, it is more than money to the college man. To a college man his time plus the money he spends = the money he might be earning plus the energy exerted. To make the time balance with the expenditure it must be filled with something substantial. Now assuming that every man wants to get full value for the four years in college, it is evident that he, himself, will have to assimilate that value. To do this he must get not mere facts, not mere physical strength, not mere social power, not mere oratorical power, nor even mere thinking power. He should get rather that which includes them all—life power. Life power means power to live, power to fill your place in the world. Take a part in every phase of your college life; go into athletics, debating, society doings, Lyceum work, and dramatics, feeling that in them you are getting a power you could never get from class work alone. College is not the place for professional work nor specialized study: a fellow should spend his four years in college to get the widest possible view of the world and to make of himself the best possible well rounded man. Don't think that this means spreading yourself out over a vast territory; it means simply making every minute count for something. Work when you work; play when you play; but let both your play and work make you broader and stronger, in short add to your life power. Only so will you be truly redeeming the time.

To many good students the mastery of English is one of the most difficult tasks. Unfortunately students of the mother-tongue are not in a position to appreciate, until the work of mastering grammar is past, what improvement of syntax and eliminating of redundances have been worked out by the whole line of our ancestors.

In the evolution of language, nouns were the first part of speech to appear. At this point language was exceedingly difficult and uncertain; for if a hunter wished to record the simple act of having seen a bird, how would he

do it? He could draw a picture of an eye and a picture of a bird, but who would know whether these meant that he had seen a bird or that something about the eye of a bird was intended?

With the invention of copulae and words of relation came greater facility; but it is only little by little through unknown ages that all the parts of speech have been evolved, by the mastery of which we are able to record to all succeeding generations the most abstract thoughts of which the mind is capable.

The student of language should appreciate the fact that more than one race has been engaged in the work of perfecting for our use the simple and easy means of record of which we are the happy possessors.

Have a hobby. Don't be a "cracker barrel" philosopher—wise upon every subject. Know one thing well. Do one thing the best. Be enthusiastic in it and let its life get into you. Never be a drone—a do-nothing. If you can't do anything else, whistle, but whistle as if your fortune were at stake by it. If you are a good whistler you are "good for something." Get an object ahead—something that agrees with you. Knowing nothing you want to do and doing nothing are twin sisters. Look out. Find your hobby at once. How? Why, *Get Busy!*

Has anybody ever come into your room while you were studying and hindered you when you needed the time? On the other hand have you not gone into some other person's room and done the same thing thoughtlessly? Not long ago somebody remarked, "That fellow stayed in my room all the evening and when he left, I had to work till one o'clock to make up for it." How many hours are thus wasted. We must be sociable, but there are times when one should not be interrupted. If one on entering a room should see that the occupant was busy, it would do away with much burning of midnight oil, if he would quickly transact the business and vacate. Try it.

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
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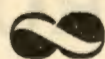
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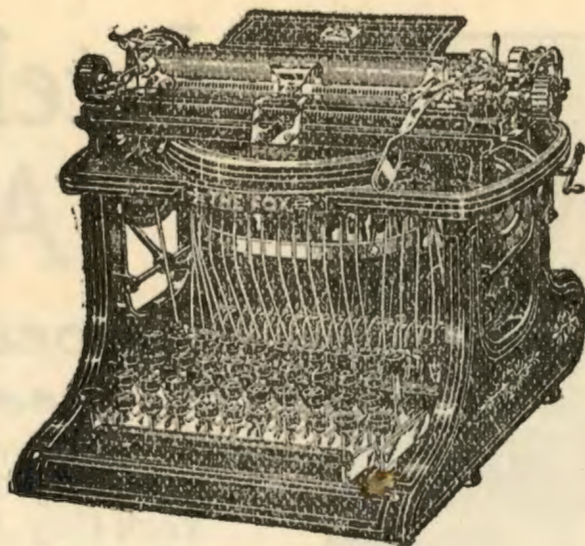
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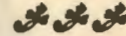
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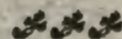
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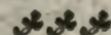
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