

ROCHESTER ALUMNI HOLD THIRD ANNUAL BANQUET

W. N. Langworthy Is New President of Association

DIAL PARODY IS SUPPRESSED BY BOSTON POLICE

Second Harvard Publication To Be Condemned Within Month

A parody of The Dial by the Harvard Advocate, which appeared on the newstand several days before the Harvard Lampoon, is now under fire in Boston. Judge John Duff sitting in the warrant session of the Central Municipal Court declared that the parody was "obscene, profane, and unfit for sale or exposure for sale and sufficient to corrupt the morals of youth." This was followed by a general order to all police divisions to purchase a copy of the publication at each news-stand or hotel and if possible to prosecute immediately the vendor on a charge of selling indecent literature.

Copies of the parody number of the Advocate were held at the Cambridge Post Office for several days until a decision as to its mailability could be reached by the Post Office Department at Washington. The Post Office Department's final decision was to permit the Advocate's passage through the mails.

As in the Lampoon case, the Harvard Crimson came to the support of the threatened publication. In an editorial it held to ridicule the "humorless deficiencies of the post office officials." "The same government which protects the liberties of its citizens," it declared, "must define the boundaries within which that liberty may be exercised. But hypocrisy and cant must not be allowed to dictate these boundaries. The field of human freedom must be kept as wide as possible, and the arbitrary definition of moral standards by insincere and prurient politicians is an infringement upon the field of free activity."

Modern Aesthetes Burlesqued

The Advocate parody of The Dial, organ of the advance guard in art and letters, is an extremely clever one. All the various departments of the magazine are caricatured and the mannerisms of each of The Dial authors are broadly burlesqued.

A futuristic sketch of two nudes in an embrace is called Neo-Platonic Love. It is this picture which aroused the moral indignation of the police and the local post office department.

In the department, Briefer Mention, appears the following review of the New York Social Register:

"The New York Social Register anonymous (8mo, 450 pages; Button: \$5.00). It is with rare fore-thought that the author of this amazing pile of twaddle remains unknown. The public is long suffering, but when it is offered thousands of almost identical characters, sketchily drawn, and with them no plot, no description, no feeling, and no thought, it has to rise in revolt. The perpetrator of this crime should be tarred and feathered."

Meanwhile an expurgated edition of the Lampoon is enjoying a brisk sale. The "offensive" picture is covered with type which reads: "Part of this picture is omitted in this edition in deference to the tastes and prejudices of sundry nasty-minded Torquemadas and Dogberries. Art lovers may see the original of the painting by Manet excellently reproduced among the university prints which are on sale at the Fogg Art Museum and the Harvard Co-operative Society." The American flag on the cover has been removed and a white flag put in its place.

The third annual banquet of the alumni in Rochester and vicinity of Alfred University was held in the Blue Room of the Hotel Seneca, on Saturday evening, last.

After a short time spent in renewing friendships and recalling the good old days at Alfred, forty guests were ushered into the dining hall, where was served one of those banquets for which the Hotel Seneca is famous. Before being seated the president of the association, D. E. Wilson, called for the singing of the Alma Mater in which all joined.

After the menu had been fully discussed, interspersed with college songs, Toastmaster Wilson opened the intellectual feast of the evening by calling on Miss Norah Binns, executive secretary of the Alfred University Alumni Association, who, in a very pleasing manner, told of her love for Alfred, and of the great work the college was doing. Miss Binns urged all to in a measure, repay their debt to Alfred by taking out Loyalty Bonds, which call for the payment of ten dollars per year for five years.

After a very pleasing piano solo by Mrs. Ruth Stillman Huggler, President Davis was announced as the next speaker, and he was greeted with great enthusiasm. He spoke of the many problems confronting the college in the way of the much needed gymnasium and assembly halls and of money for the increasing of the salaries of the faculty, in order that the best men obtainable can be retained.

A nominating committee was then appointed whose report was adopted, thus electing the following officers for the coming year:

President—W. N. Langworthy
Secretary—Miss Hazel Parker
Treasurer—Irving Saunders

After the election of officers the toastmaster announced that he had been able to get Robert Greene, Alfred '16, of Geneseo Normal, to give his puppet show, which was indeed a more than interesting feature. Mr. Greene was assisted by four young people from Geneseo, and they presented the fairy tale, "The Three Wishes."

We are glad to state that Mr. Greene will undoubtedly give his puppet show in Alfred at Commencement time, in connection with the entertainment to be put on by the Wee Playhouse.

At an early hour the alumni and friends left for their homes, pronouncing the banquet one of the "best ever," and resolving to be at the banquet next year, bringing more of the alumni and friends.

Following is a list of those in attendance.

Pres. and Mrs. B. C. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Boyce, Miss Norah Binns, F. A. Crumb, Alfred.

Miss Ruth Hunt, Brockport
Miss Edith Teal, Edna Eustace, Victor

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dunn, LeRoy
Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Jackson, Lima
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaw, Caledonia

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greene, Miss Maud Congdon, Mr. and Mrs. George Young, Geneseo

Miss Mary Coleman, Ovid

Mrs. J. W. Dodson, Misses Florence Brown, Alice Brown, Louise Gratz, Ethelyn Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Coon, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Huggler, Mr. and Mrs. Clesson Poole, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Wilson, W. L. Langworthy, Irving Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burr.

GLEE CLUB VISITS SILVER SPRINGS AND PERRY

Songsters Are Cordially Greeted On Concert Trip

The College Glee Club returned Tuesday afternoon from a concert trip which took in Silver Springs, Silver Springs High School and Perry High School. Without a doubt it was the most successful of any of the trips that they have taken this year.

To greet the lads at Silver Springs, Monday evening, besides a former Alfred Glee Club man, Benjamin M. Volk, and a group of hospitable people, was a fine write up in the local paper giving considerable enthusiastic space to the coming of the Club. The concert went off smoothly and the audience was not lazy in showing their appreciation. Perhaps the feature numbers were violin solos by "Benny" Volk, who, at the request of Director Wingate, consented to play with his former professor. Just before the numbers Professor Wingate paid a fine tribute to Mr. Volk, not only for his ability as a violin artist, but for his loyalty in the service of his Alma Mater.

At the high school Tuesday morning, the Club ran through a part of their program for the youthful audience and added a few new and appropriate numbers to suit the occasion, all of which went across big. Later in the day at Perry High, where the boys had been requested to stop for half an hour, they had to remain at least an hour to respond to the applause of the largest high school student body the Club has appeared before this year. Surroundings no doubt had no little good effect upon the songsters in this concert for the auditorium in Perry High is as large and beautiful an assembly room as any High School can boast.

A week from Monday the Club leaves on another trip to take in Friendship, Bolivar and quite likely Bradford, Pa.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON HAS ROTC TROUBLES

Compulsory military drill is a question that worries students on the Pacific as well as the Atlantic coast. On May 17, a debate on the subject is to be held in the Seattle Labor Temple under the auspices of the Seattle Labor College. The subject is worded, "Resolved: that compulsory military drill should be abolished in the University of Washington."

During the last few months the campus has been stirred by a violent controversy on the subject.

Persistent and continued efforts to have compulsory drill abolished have been made ever since 1909. Several times groups of students travelled to the state capital at Olympia to petition the legislators. At different times students have been suspended from the University for active opposition to military drill.—New Student.

FISK PRESIDENT RESIGNS

Dr. Fayette A. McKenzie has resigned his position as president of Fisk University, Tennessee, after a long and active feud with students and alumni of that institution.

Although no successor to Dr. McKenzie is being considered, it is very probable that he will be a white man. There is no expressed sentiment for a negro president. Dr. McKenzie's successor will, however, be someone who will give the students an opportunity to participate in their own government and who will have a more liberal attitude toward negro education.

Many clashes have occurred between the students and liberal alumni of Fisk and Dr. McKenzie. The climax occurred when five members of the senior class were arrested and imprisoned on the charge of inciting a riot last February. They were subsequently expelled from the university by the president. Following this act

ALFRED WINS BY BIG MARGIN FROM ROCHESTER

Purple Track Men Are Pushed But Little In Dual Meet

DELTA SIGMA PHI BANQUET AT HORNELL

Hotel Sherwood Scene of Much Merry Making

The Hotel Sherwood was the scene of yet another banquet last Thursday evening. On this occasion it was the annual formal spring party of Delta Sigma Phi. By six-thirty about forty-five couples had gathered in a variety of conveyances and were ready to have the fun commence.

The principle attraction for the next hour was the dinner and the favors. By the time the music started everyone was feeling in the mood to have a good time and Fitch Brother's orchestra did everything in their power to keep them in that mood. They fully lived up to their reputation of being one of the best orchestras that have ever appeared in Alfred. It was hard to break away at midnight but rules are rules so the revelers departed to rest up for the trials of the next day and, incidentally, to comb the confetti out of their hair.

Faculty guests were Pres. and Mrs. Davis, Dean Norwood, Director and Mrs. Champlin and Professor and Mrs. Potter.

The committee in charge of the party was Babcock, chairman, Kelley, and Schlosser with Fraser as advisor.

SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET OF KAPPA PSI UPSILON

Saturday evening, May 9, the second annual banquet of Kappa Psi Upsilon was celebrated in Firemens Hall.

Guests were Professor and Mrs. Wingate, Sanford Cole '23, and fiancée Frances Halderman.

The thirty couples assembled at 6:30 and soon began a satiation of appetites about the candle illuminated tables. "Sammy" Cole spoke in behalf of the alumni and expressed his pleasure at being present on such an occasion. He closed his speech by enjoining all to hold dearer the ideals of Alfred as the years rolled by.

At the close of the banquet cigarettes were passed to all, which, fortunately for the morals of the young men and women, proved to be only ravenous whistles, and amidst the joyous din the couples ascended to the dance floor.

The dance hall decorations were veritable syncopations of colors, tastefully and skillfully placed to afford maximum enjoyment.

Snappy music from the Hornell Aces of Syncopation soon enticed dancing feet and from 8:30 to midnight, joy and reveling reigned.

By the stroke of midnight the second Kappa Psi banquet was over, the lights dimmed and the weary revelers wended their respective ways to rest.

PRESENTED WITH MEDAL

Arthur E. Baggs, Alfred ex-'12 of of Marblehead, Mass., was presented with a bronze medal by the Boston Arts and Crafts Society at its annual meeting in February. At the same time he was elected to the advisory board of the society. Mr. Baggs is an Alfred boy and we are always pleased to note these appreciations of his work.

This week he has an exhibit in the "Home Beautiful" show, an annual affair held in Mechanics Hall, Boston, during the entire week.

came a student strike when many of the students returned to their homes in protest against what they termed an arbitrary and unjust action by the president.—New Student.

Outclassing their opponents in both field and track events Alfred won a decided victory over the University of Rochester on the latter's field Saturday by a score of 77 to 49. This was Alfred's first win over the Yellow since athletic relations were resumed two years ago and the Purple squad drank deeply from the cup of victory.

Alfred took but three firsts in the eight running events but seconds and thirds swelled their score and gave them a slight margin in this department. In the six field events however the Varsity came to the front and more than doubled the scores of the opposition.

McConnell High Scorer

L. F. McConnell was high scorer for Alfred with a total of twenty-one points. The big boy took three firsts two seconds and a third.

Captain Pendleton and Suttle of Rochester each scored ten points for their team, Pendleton repeating his victory of last year in both hurdle events and Tuttle taking first honors in the 220 and the 440 yard dashes.

Alfred swept the field in four events the half mile, mile, pole vault and the discus.

Results:

100 yard dash—

McConnell, A, 1st

Lahr, A, 2d

Black, R, 3d

Time—10.6 sec.

220 yard dash—

Suttle, R, 1st

Lahr, A, 2d

Black, R, 3d

Time—23.9 sec.

440 yard dash—

Suttle, R, 1st

Black, R, 2d

Taft, A, 3d

Time—52.1 sec.

Half mile run—

Navin, A, 1st

Alexander, A, 2d

Herrick, A, 3d

Time—2:05.5

Mile run—

Herrick, A, 1st

Navin, A, 2d

Lampman, A, 3d

Time—4:40.5

Two mile run—

Page, D, 1st

Smith, R, 2d

McGraw, A, 3d

Time—10:36.3

120 yd. high hurdles—

Pendleton, R, 1st

Gibbs, A, 2d

McConnell, A, 3d

220 yd. low hurdles—

Pendleton, R, 1st

Gibbs, A, 2d

Schneckenburg, R, 3d

Time—27.7 sec.

Pole vault—

Kelly Nellis and Lyon, Alfred, tied for first.

Height—9' 9"

Shot Put—

Tate, A, 1st

McConnell, A, 2d

Wilcox, R, 3d

Distance—36' 3 1/4"

Continued on page three

SOCIETY NEWS

THETA THETA CHI

Bertha Rossman of Lake Placid, N. Y., has been visiting Ruth Bull at Morgan Hall.

Alma Wise and Elizabeth Richardson drove to Rochester to the Trtck Meet on Saturday.

Louise Cottrell spent the week-end with Esca Payne at her home in Fairport.

Winifred Stout spent Friday and Saturday in Sinclairville.

KAPPA PSI UPSILON

Interior decorating,crazy colors and their applications, apply to F. M. Strate.

Brother Spalding reports that his flivver did twenty-four on the Hornell road as he was alone and as his watch is inaccurate we hesitate to give him credit.

Caruso informs us that Denniston has aspirations of being a policeman. More power to you Paul.

We are pleased to hear "Sammy" Cole '23, among us again.

Arnold is apparently preparing for a sea-voyage, he leans over the porch-rail for an hour every evening.

Caruso bought an imaginary E-string for his imaginary harp.

PI ALPHI PI

Esther Bowen spent Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Cohocton, N. Y.

Esther Seamans spent the week-end at Sodus Point, N. Y.

Ada Mills spent the week-end at her home at Fillmore, N. Y.

We are happy to announce the following girls as members of Pi Alpha Pi Sorority: Elizabeth Selkirk, Dorothy Uttrich, Mabel Wagner, Margaret Voorhies, Winifred Love, Mary Newcomb, Cora Jackson, Beatrice Coleman, Helen Morgan, Marian White.

Christine Clarke, after having received two letters 'from abroad' spent the rest of the week-end at sea.

Ruth Fuller attended the track meet at Rochester.

Dorothy Uttrich and Winifred Love were guests at the house on Saturday.

KLAN ALPINE

Mrs. David Robinson (Amy VanHorn '21) of Zanesville, Ohio, was a dinner guest at the house Sunday.

Professor Seidlin passed out the cigars after dinner Sunday. Three cheers for John Woodrow.

Brothers Rayy, "Riley" Prentice and "Sport" Rogers motored to Hornell Saturday evening, where they rented three theatre chairs for an hour. Something happened which inspired "Al" to purchase a bouquet.

Whipple and Amberg played the part of the Good Samaritan in Rochester, Friday night. They proved that four people can easily lie in one bed all night.

The hedge is nearly all planted! The elm trees show signs of life.

Bonzo managed to keep seven steps ahead of Gibbs all the way downstairs Sunday morning. Walt is slow to anger and slow to forgive.

For the first time in history there was no one to respond to the dinner bell Saturday evening.

TAU SIGMA ALPHA

Mildred Day has been confined to her home in Canisteo with the chicken pox.

Dorris Wambold and Olive Clark spent the week-end, as usual, at their respective homes, Dalton and Greenwood.

It so happened that C. L. E. Lewis and son Gerald were both entertained at the house one night last week.

Charylene Smith and Dorris Wambold have been trying their "wings" at teaching, in near-by communities.

Florence Jones has determined to quit the teaching game and settle down—.We wonder what the reason is for the sudden change.

A dinner party was given at the house last Tuesday evening in honor of Joe Laura.

Now that spring is surely here, Gertrude can show us a full line of dress goods.

After one serious fall, the porch hammock has again been put in good condition.

ETA PHI GAMMA

Who said the age of miracles is past? Jack Lahr won a track letter at Rochester.

Barney Harris is wearing an Eta Phi pledge button.

Brother Chet Taylor is driving a new (to him) Cadillac.

"BRICK BATS"

A sound pulses through the Brick corridors all 'noise hours' and week-ends. It throbs with a mad primitive lilt. Play on O thou ukelelians. Practice makes perfect!

The annual mock banquet of the "Nu Alpha Delta" was held in "Wells-ville Centre." This charterless organization partook of pancakes and sausages with lusty appreciation. Marian Sixby almost convulsed her audience with an exceedingly original solo dance; after which came the after-dinner speeches which "went over big." All the members feel that the banquet was indeed a great success, and all look forward with eagerness to the next one.

The results of the annual "Brick" election were: President, Agnes Lunn; Secretary, Alma Haynes; Treasurer, Dorothy Lavison.

Cas Buck is reducing. Her method is "humming" to Hornell at least three times per week.

Prerequisites of a real "Brick" apartment: 1. Light and air—mostly hot; 2. Distant from central headquarters; 3. Electric light proof. No out-lying cracks desirable; 4. quiet and peaceful surroundings.

Last Friday Mary Hunter informed an interested group that she didn't like an audience when she put her face on.

Anne Minoff has again taken up her abode at the Brick.

Brick K. P. limped painfully along this week-end with one regular, and seven substitutes. Food was served on time as usual—pardon me, I mean on dishes.

Mary Brown has her car here this week anyone interested call 70Y3.

Here's to your ability to dodge.

ALFRED WINS BY BIG MARGIN

Discus Throw—

McConnell, A, 1st

Vaughn, A, 2d

Tate, A, 3d

Distance—107' 2 3-4"

Javelin—

McConnell, A, 1st

Hedges, R, 2d

Kelly, A, 3d

Distance—145' 9 1-2"

Blood jump—

Binning, A, 1st

Garlick, R, 2d

Barber, R, 3d

Distance—20' 4"

High Jump—

Stephenson, R.

Barnes, R, and McConnell, A, tied for 2d

Height—5' 8"

Heard in the Restaurant

Herm: "I'm a bear cat with the women"

Maglin: "You ought to see them fight over me"

Herm: "Good thing it isn't leap year."

Maglin: "That woman wanted to meet me but I wouldn't give her any chance."

Waiter: "Anything else gentlemen?"

Herm: "Put it on two checks."

Y. W. NOTES

The weekly Y. W. C. A. meeting was held at the Brick on Sunday night under the leadership of Miss Esther Bowen. The service, which included a poem read by Irene Mackey, a selection from Bernard Clausen, and a piano solo by Elizabeth Selkirk, carried out the idea of Mothers' Day. There was a short business meeting after the devotionals.

NOMINEES FOR STUDENT SENATE

FROM JUNIOR CLASS

Harry Rogers, Chamberlain, Lyons, Herrick, Coleman, Young.

NEW YORK CITY TO HAVE MOTOR TOURISTS' CAMP

Automobile tourists of this section will be gratified to know that at last New York City has a motorists' camp.

Known as Camp New York it is established well within the city limits, being but thirty minutes from Times Square by rapid transit with a station directly at the camp entrance.

Its forty beautiful acres of high ground are situated at the junction of Boston Post road and Baychester Ave., with ample room for a thousand cars, or a daily accommodation for five thousand people.

Developed by a group of experts, nationally known in motor touring circles, nothing in equipment has been overlooked in this camp to add to the comforts of the visitor.

Among the conveniences included are a general store, restaurant, American Automobile Association Information Bureau, spacious community house, city water, sanitary toilets, shower baths, day and night police protection, electric lights, telephone, telegraph, a wenty-four hour laundry service, daily post offic delivery and newspaper service, bread, meat and vegetable service, tent platforms and bungalows.

There are also a children's play ground, library, dancing pavilion, motion picture and radio entertainment.

The camp overlooks Long Island Sound, and Pelham Bay is but a mile distant and famous for its salt water bathing, boating and fishing. Bronx Park with its renowned Zoological Gardens and Botanical Gardens is near by.

The establishment of Camp New York now enables the visiting motorist economically to visit New York, the Wonder City of the World, and with his entire family inspect its museums, parks, libraries and historical places of interest. It assures him comfortable, safe and hygienic living conditions with police protection for his family and car at no extra cost, aside from the small daily camp fee.

On May 2, Camp New York was officially opened with befitting civic ceremonies.

RANDOM SHOTS

"What does a professor of Greek get?"

"About 3000 a year."

"And the football coach?"

"About 10,000 a year."

"Quite a discrepancy."

"Well, did you ever hear 40,000 people cheering a Greek recitation."

Playing the Game

Locke: So you are giving your boys a college education?

Sayers: Yes, I want to play fair. I want my boys to start out in life with the same handicap that other boys have! —Life.

Prof. Seidlin says that his youngster is in the 135 pound class.

LaRochevoucauld says that one would rather speak ill of himself rather than not to say anything about himself.

Four black boys on bended knees Supplicatin' words and whispered pleas, Arm outstretched an' a palsied hand Come on niggah, join the kneeling band,

"Ivory babies, speak to me, Whisper confidentially Seven spots is what ah craves Mighty bones fum 'chanted graves, Turn those eyes and look at me Tell me niggah is ah readin' three?"

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Twelve o'clock at assembly, a professor is reading a paper that for time of preparation, for thought-provoking suggestiveness and for pioneer-like audacity has been unequaled in years, and students squirming in their seats consulting watches and passing feeble attempts at ocularity like grammar school kids. Yet they are attending an institution of higher learning, and expect to offer themselves to the world as samples of the culture and training that a college education is supposed to give.

In these days a college degree or diploma is nothing more than a certificate of attendance. The average student is in the same class with the athlete who is given a letter for going for the team four years but has not the ability to make the varsity. How many students pass in and out without ever entertaining an original thought or studying an hour or a page further than is required by the assignment? Eighty per cent, ninety per cent? Who can tell? However, the number is certainly not small. It is farcial, too, to expect any change to come from the students themselves. They are too content to drift, doing what is absolutely necessary in the study line and no more.

What a furor is created when even at the low index requirement some few persons are flunked at the end of a term, especially if the person happens to be an athlete and well-liked. How the ears of concientious professors must must ring as condemnation is piled high.

While it is ridiculous to allow a person who has not the mentality to maintain a grade of D to remain in school, how many "flunks," profanely packing their bags will agree? And it IS a question of mentality whether it concerns application of ability or the original ability itself.

When news of a new system of graduation requirement filtered out, that of eliminating the grade of B for Major work, what was the reaction? Was there joy that now one might be able to round out a full education without narrowing his endeavors to a particular department? Not on your life. The principal topic was that now So-and-So would be able to graduate and already snap-courses are being looked for.

Whatever the immediate results and complaints, there is but one method of securing results and graduating students who will be a compliment to the school. More rigid requirements and more flunks, and when they are once flunked keep them flunked.

To keep the comparison, giving an honor student the same degree as the shirk who bluffs his way through is as absurd as giving the star player the same letter as scrub. They both should be a token of ability as well as effort.

Those that live in the city probably find that groups of Salvation Army workers singing by the heartless street corners is no uncommon sight. In fact it is so common that many become "hardened" to it. They become so calloused that they can easily pass them by without any disturbance of conscience.

Little may they think or care about what these workers are doing. Some whose hearts are the most hardened may even scoff; but if that day should come that those very ones should be in distress, it would be the Salvation Army that would be the most willing to be of assistance.

How could one fail but to have reverence for a band of workers organized on principles so Christian? They are the ones whose main aim in life is to serve suffering humanity, without hope of any material reward. Their lives are simple and full of hardship. They face the cold, taunting world; but yet they are receiving that great prize for their services—the satisfaction and exaltation of treating fellow humans as they themselves would like to be treated.

Meager though their lives may seem to be, they have an advantage over most college students in that they have found the position in life that makes them the most happy. Riches and other superfluities of life are not expected; therefore they are not disappointed at not receiving them. Theirs by choice is the life of service. To serve—that is the big thing worth striving for.

If when we are graduated we too have found out how to serve our fellows in the greatest possible way, college education will have accomplished its purpose.....

A FEW THOUGHTS INSPIRED BY COLLEGE ASSEMBLY

If Wednesday morning assembly is to be regarded as representative of Alfred student life, then the occasional visitor may be justified in his dictum that Alfred students lack good breeding.

Most students are so egoistic that they must start a little assembly program for the benefit of their surrounding neighborhood. It never occurs to them that anyone might want to listen to the speaker when they can provide such uplifting entertainment.

One faculty member said that the most interesting sight to him from the platform was the way in which some fellows could spit while they sang the college songs.

Other interesting sights from the platform are the little love scenes so touchingly portrayed at every corner.

Cross word puzzles form the means by which many persons, while away their assembly periods. One girl could not think of a seven letter word meaning "to bubble" until the speaker happened to articulate it in the course of his lecture. She thought the speech was "marvelous."

Ask the average fellow who has just come from assembly, what the speaker's subject was and he will be unable to tell you. Very rarely do you find an individual who can repeat the substance of the lecture.

One girl heard the last part of an address, longer than usual, because she happened to get her letters all written and had forgotten to bring along a magazine.

Several girls like to make eyes across the hall at every man who thinks his chair is hard.

It appears that the average span of attention of the student in assembly is ten minutes. Of course, if the talk is funny more attention is paid, since the laughter keeps many persons awake, and the others are attracted to the speech by curiosity.

It would be more beneficial for those few who actually wish to hear the assembly address, if the noisy ones could be excused directly after the announcements, and allowed to go up and play in the gymnasium for a half hour.

The Varsity A Club held its yearly election Monday, May 11. The following mtn were appointed:

Pres., H. E. Chamberlain

Vice Pres., Paul Babcock

Sec., Hollis Herrick

Treas., Chester Lyon

Historian, Kenneth Nichols.

HISTORY MEETING AT CAZENOVIA

Perhaps the most unique of any meeting of scholarly organizations was the meeting of the teachers of History and Political Science in New York State Colleges, held in the Linkshire Hotel in Cazenovia from Friday noon until midnight Sunday. This meeting is an annual affair and is usually held the first week-end in May. There are no officers, dues or program. The get-together is entirely informal, but it brings around the same table some of the biggest historians of the day. The State Historian, Professor Fitch, was present this time, Prof. George L. Burr of Cornell was there, the entire staff of the School of Citizenship from Syracuse University, representatives from Hobart, Hamilton, Colgate, Rochester, Union and Alfred and other colleges, all helped to make the two days worth while, with some good sensible discussion concerning problems pertaining not only to class room alone, but to world room also.

Dean Norwood was Alfred's color bearer, and from what the reporter could gather from a conversation with a Cornell History Professor, the brother truth-teachers there had agreed that Alfred University had a History professor who was on the upper part of the role in his profession.

Incidentally Alfred had reinforcements at this meeting for an hour or so Saturday night when the track team with Drs. Ferguson and Andrews stopped long enough to enjoy a mighty good dinner on their way back from Colgate.

JOE COLLEGE WRITES HOME

Dear Dad:

Am writing to let you know I am well and getting along fine in my work. I had dinner at one of the Professors last week—his daughter invited me.

How is everybody at home? The baseball team won from Custer Saturday, 9 to 4. The captain of our team is my room-mate. We are great friends. I've invited him home in June. Do you mind?

Well, I'll write again soon and by the way—I just remembered—I need fifteen dollars for our Fraternity dance which occurs next Saturday.

Love from your son,

Joe

Mr. A. and Dr. Marie Schroeder of Nanuet, N. Y., announce the engagement of their daughter, Emma Rosine Schroeder, of the class of '22, to John Dayton Slough of Wellsville, N. Y.

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OVER YOUR HEAD OR HIGHER

By Lester Carson Spier

Homesick

I've lived abroad for quite awhile,
Perhaps, nine years in all;
I know the lotus-blooming Nile,
I've heard the old world's call.
I'm weary of the weird old Sphinx,
And Tutenkhamen's tomb;
I want to see some bobolinks,
And goldenrods in bloom.
So I love the soft, melodious tongue
That the Italians speak;
By others are the praises sung
Of Spanish, French and Greek;
But I've an ache that's like a tooth,
A steady, growing pang
To hear the language of my youth
In good old nasal twang!
The bees still make on Grecian hills
The honey Venus ate,
And Hybla's busy swarm distills
A brew more delicate;
I envy not the ancient horde
Who gorged these classic eats—
Give me some maple syrup poured
Upon a stock of wheats!
The seven hills of ancient Rome
Appeal to me in vain;
I long to see my father's home
Among the hills of Maine;
I'm tired of all this foreign bliss;
I'll trade the Grecian sky
And throw in the Acropolis
For a piece of pumpkin pie!
So I'll take a ship and fare due West
Along Columbus' track
Up to the land I love the best
And never more come back.
I've seen, thest many restless nights,
They beckon me by day,
The elfin, dancing harbor lights
Of New York, U. S. A.!

The Vagabonds Toast!

Come, vagabonds, whose feet have trod
Each distant, outland trail;
You who have known the breakers' surge
Or faced the northwind's flail.
Come, raise your glasses high tonight

LAUGHING GAS

By L. LeVator Serviss

Lawn mowers are another of our annoying steps toward progress.
They were invented by some gasping jaspers who hated grass, but didn't hate it enough to trim it.
These baby grand lawn pianos are used to marcel terraces and bob into dseolate Saharas.
When in full action they sound like seventeen-year locusts making up for sixteen postponed visits.
They go wheezing and grinding all over our happy valleys and congested plateaus. In winter they hibernate like bears, but spend their summers feeding on clover, buttercups, grease and fingers.
One healthy lawn mower can consume more oil and grease than all of Mr. Ford's passenger tin cups.
No matter how much you polish and pamper them they are always rusty.
These overland safety razors are never in working order unless they are taken apart and left that way.
Some of our biggest garages are devoted exclusively to care and nourishment of young lawn mowers. Expert mechanics spend their time and your money investigating clogged mowers and removing frogs, lap dogs and tomato cans.

One peculiar trait of these traveling scissors is that they are never sharp until you run your finger across their blades. Then they demonstrate their ingrained and hereditary peevishness by sawing off your best thumb.
Although they are not cannibals and do not eat their young, they are a pleasant mixture of Siamese snapping turtles and mechanical leopards.
Fortunately for man, they cannot leap more than their own length.
Their sluggish disposition in summer is the only thing that prevnts them from decimating our population.
Marathon races are a result of first man trying to remove dandelions from a six by six lawn. No lawn mower ever removed anything in less than one hundred round trips.
However sawing away at average fifteen foot lawns makes one of the nicest week-end excursions on our de-tour map.

"Liza you is exactly like brown sugar"
"Howzat niggah?"
"Sweet but awful unrefined."

And drink a toast with me:
"To memory of the things that were—
To kids that used to be!"

Mile after mile your feet have trod
The off trails of the world;
From mountain peak and valley depth
Your campfire smoke has curled.
But here tonight, from out the wreck
Of dreams that might have been,
We'll lift our glasses high to toast
The "boys who were," again.

How wide the far-flung trails may stretch,
How steep or dark the way,
We only know who roam the world
From Hope to Baffin's Bay.
How drear the years and lonely, too,
We only know, who roam—
But through the tears we'll drink tonight:
"To mother! And to home!"

Song of the Drifter

This is the song of the drifters,
Plodding their way along—
Slaves to the lure of the open road,
Lifting their voice in song.
Up hill! Down dale!
Plodding ever on,
Hearing always, through the night,
Voices of the dawn.
Up hill! Down dale!
Hoping soon to find
Newer dreams that may replace
Those which lie behind.
Up hill! Down dale!
Like a burst of song
Comes the Circe voice of fate
Urging us along.
Up hill! Down dale!
Through the endless years
Watching golden dreams that fade
In a mist of tears.
That is the song of the drifters.
Weary and tempest tossed;
Grayed by the dust of the endless miles—
Seeking a hope that's lost.

To satisfy a demand for original prose and also to fill up superflous space, we are running the following serial. The story is by that master teller, Uppen Nattum, whom you all know but little appreciate.

A PEDALIAN ROMANCE

By Uppen Nattem

In the first place, to put you hep, I'm a manager of sundry spavined and sway-backed box-fighters (self styled), and I'd just about come to the end of my rope, and I'm no horse thief either. Anyway it wasn't that kind of a rope.
One-round Hogan had lived up to his numb-de-ploom in a reverse English sort of way by getting knocked for a row in the first lap of a ten round race, and by a third-rate Swede also. Hogan had hit the deck so hard he bounced back on his feet, but it didn't make no difference. He'd picked an armful of daisies by the time the square-heads left had coupled. Needless to say he bounced no more but clung to the mat like the proverbial vine. Hogan was my best bet and he was thru. It ain't human nature to get thumped like that and call for more.
Wild Jim Jones and Lightning Lester, the remaining numbers of my dwindling family, in spite of their awe-inspiring names, were curtain raisers and always would be.
I was about ready to start chinning with an auctioneer when this guy Rainey steps aboard. He grabs my hand in a firm and friendly clasp, looks me straight in the eye in the approved manner and does the customary.
"Mr. Muldoon, I believe."
"So do I," I rejoins. He looks a bit puzzled but goes on.
"My name is Samuel Rainey, place of residence, Wellsville, New York, but don't get the idea that I'm a hick and don't ty and double cross me. Don't do it," he repeats, tapping me on the shoulder with a manicured fore-finger.
I'm undecided for a minute whether to take offence or agree when he adds: "I'm telling you now because you'll have plenty of opportunities. Jerry, old topper," he leans forward, a benevolent expression playing across his handsome face, "out of the hundreds of managers in this fair city, I have selected you to manage me."
"Oh, you have?," I comes back sarcastically, "and when do I begin work.
He misses the point, however, and says, "Right away, if you can arrange a match."

I was about ready to wise him to the fact that his match wasn't born yet and shed the parting tear when the delapidated condition of my retinue finds a resting place under my Stetson. I looks him over for the first time and finds he isn't so worse. He still has all his ears but his neck was good and his shoulders heavy enough to do damage.

"Light-heavy," I comments. Perhaps he could fight.

"One-seventy."

I complete the scrutiny. A slim-waist and lean hips convince me I have a possillity then my eyes fall and my rising hopes are shattered.

Feet! Say, Charlie Chaplin is a Chinese princess compared with this hombre, and Herm Chamberlain to-dancer. The heavenly assembling rooms sure made a misprint when they fastened those dogs to this boy.

"Mr. Rainey," I fixes him with a baleful eye, "this is a training stable for box-fighters not soccer players. Now that you have pulled your little joke you can journey hence. Good afternoon." With a long drawn sigh I resumes my mourning.

"Muldoon—I could see that he's in earnest—if you're interested in managing the next light-heavy champ, snap out of it! You haven't seen me work yet."

There is but one answer to these persistent creatures so I motions him to the dressing-room.

"I'll see you now then. Lightning Lester will act as the piece-de-resistance. But there ain't no shoes here that will enfold them feet. You'll have to go without."

He looks at me a bit reproachfully and says, "I have my own," then picks up a grip and disappears.

I regards the door resentfully. Why couldn't he have been normal, at least? It's always possible to corral a guy who can do better than take second money and lately I was finding even that scarce.

"Well, bo, I'm ready." The object of my contemplations appears.

"Lester," I bellows and that person leaves the punching bag he is batting and comes upstage.

"Take on this modest future champion and show him what he don't know about the grand old game. Do it right," I adds winking meaningly. Lightning is wise and grins with glee. After all the hammering he has been receiving of late, it's a regular picnic to have a greener to get back at.

"Three two minute rounds," I announces when they face each other on the mat, "and may the best man win."

With Rainey in costume, his feet look worse than they had before. If I'd seen a picture of him I'd swore the camera was out of focus, but he wasn't so bad with his mitts, at that.

Lightning leads off, faking with his right, then comes in for a left hook. It doesn't land but he does. Rainey had shuffled forward, countered with his right with a punch that started from his hip. Lightning does a jack-knife backwards and reclines ungracefully on the canvas. He rolls his eyes sort of reproachfully towards me as he passes out. I don't stop to apologize but drags Rainey toward the office and a contract.

"My boy," I orates, when I have his John Henry safely in my waistcoat, "you ain't built right for a champion but you're sure going to keep the grim, gaunt wolf from the door of the Emerald Club, J. R. Muldoon, proprietor."

And Sam did.

I don't like to linger long on the months that followed. They didn't fill my heart with love and good-will for my fellow-beings. I didn't know what it was to be razzed until I first offers Rainey to the mob's approval. The hoipolloi had in some way learned of San's generous, too, too generous feet and the bout causes as much comment as the final. There was eleven cases of hysteria when Sam tangles his feet in the ropes, coming on, and needs both seconds to help him loose. The police get a riot call when the bell rings and Sam stumbles and nearly breaks his nose on Kid Elkins' knee. Oh, he won the fight but he's the prize boob of New York and I'm his manager.

It's a scream the way he battles and the crowds he gets is an insult to real battlers. If he hadn't been so neces-

sary to the old cash-box I'd have folded his tent like the Arab and whispered a fond farewell in his ear. I had to admit that he came through. Fourteen wins he had and only one lose, when he tangles his feet side-stepping and hooks his chin over one of Gunner Smith's wild swings.

Finally he's up to the top except for the champ, Battling Burke. He's Stumbling Sam now and he's got a following that rivals the Yanks' but he's as popular as a skunk at a lawn party. They come to hand him the old-fashioned razz-berry and you can take my word he gets it. One by one the peoples favorites had over estimated the stumbling dub's ability and are counted out. Luck, the papers called it and in my heart I knew they were right, but I had to bluff.

Then the sport sheets started to call for a title bout and my heart started to hang fire. Once his run of luck was broken it was the greased tobaggan for Stumbling Sam and I could see myself prominent in the wreckage. I could never hope to come back with the rep I had gathered mothering that monstrosity.
(To be continued next week)

THE LOVER

There are those who love at sight
And I am one
Trees, wahnly brown in the sunshine,
Pale vistas between dim hills,
Lilacs filling the air with delicate perfume
But best of all—I love a smile.
That gleam of beauty in another face
Which passing in the street
One remembers—long afterwards—
Years perhaps
Tho we shall never meet.

—Peter Wren.

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	8:40	1:40	†7:15 Alfred Sta.	11:45	5:45	11:00
	9:00	2:00	†7:30 Almond	11:30	5:30	10:45
	9:15 Ar. 2:15	†7:45 Hornell	Lv. 11:00	5:15	10:45*	

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