

The
Alfred University Monthly



February

Class Number


1908



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Our Floating Fortresses

The recent sailing of the Pacific squadron has attracted world-wide interest. Many foreign nations have considered it as preparation for war against Japan, but most of us believe it a wise bit of diplomacy in guarding against eventualities. Our insular possessions lay in the Pacific and are almost unprotected against attacks by a large fleet of war vessels. Since we have become one great, compact nation, our greatest fears of trouble are through these islands. Therefore we must be prepared for any trouble that could arise from our rather intricate relations with other nations.

The development of our mighty nation has been aided by the navy no less than by the army. To our navy we owe in part our acquisition of power and wealth, for it has always protected our commerce from the encroachments of other nations. Through this aid to our commerce an important step was made toward bringing our nation into prominence, for it is through commerce that lines of intercourse are kept open, and a weak nation first attracts the notice of stronger ones. Thus, through our commerce, France first noticed us, even before freed from the mother country, and saw a great nation springing up on the west side of the Atlantic.

Now let us briefly persue the growth of our navy. While the republic was still in its infancy, two elements struggled for supremacy. One seemed weak and incompetent, while the other was remarkably strong and active. Yet the weaker one continued to do all in its power to promote the general welfare of the struggling colonies. When our nation had won its first great struggle for existence, the weaker element showed signs of gaining strength; and this it did until it has even excelled the other. Our first navy was built up by Benjamin Franklin, who persuaded the French government to sell some of its least valuable vessels to the little nation; and by patriotic merchants who fitted out their trading vessels as privateers. On some of these decks walked John Paul Jones, and from them he compelled other nations to respect the new-born "Stars-and-Stripes;" winning for himself imperishable fame and adoration.

From this small but illustrious begining, our navy grew in power, first coming into prominence in the war

with Tripoli when she compelled the Tripolian ruler, the terror of all commercial countries, to recall his pirates and to sue for peace. Again she became prominent when she, in a succession of brilliant naval battles, humbled the proud mistress of the sea, who had declared war against her own offspring.

After the war of 1812, our navy began to decline as there was no use for it, until the Civil war broke out. In this war a great evolution in the manner of ship building was brought about by the invention of the iron-clad Monitor by Capt. John Ericsson. In the battles fought by this strange craft, it was demonstrated that wooden vessels could not cope with the iron-clad monsters that were soon to roam the seas. The result in the United States was that ship building was nearly dropped, and our navy reached its lowest ebb.

Still it was not long to remain so for some of our statesmen foresaw that our strength lay, to a great extent, in our navy. The result of their agitation was that many orders were issued for first class battleships, and soon our navy ranked well among those of other countries. The opportunity soon came to test its strength;—the humiliation of Spain is still fresh in our memories.

We are proud of our navy, both past and present, and we look forward to its future with hope. The future of our navy and much of our nation depends upon the stand taken by our official representatives on the mighty question which now confronts us—the extension of our navy. Are we to put our full trust in arbitration; to cease building war vessels and let our naval strength gradually weaken? Grave dangers beset such a course. While we may not sanction the great expenditure advocated by Representative Hobson, still we must remember that nations are much like individuals, and as a nation backed by a strong navy our chances for justice in arbitrated questions will certainly be augmented. Great Britain, with its vast insular possessions, could not exist without a powerful array of battle ships. To be sure our territory is more compact, but our policy is toward gradual expansion; and during the last few years we have aided several weaker powers in their struggles for existence. Land forces alone will not intimidate an aggressive foreign power; and while we do not believe in war for the sake of blood-shed, still the balance of power must be maintained.

Then as true Americans, we are justly proud of our sailor boys; proud of the good old ships long since decayed; proud of the modern cruisers, now the safe guard of our shores. Glad that Perry, Porter, Faragut and Evans have helped to make our nation what it is.

Chronicles of the Hall of Burdictland

CHAPTER I

1. It came to pass in the year of the reign of the Freshman class of 1911, that a division came among the rulers of the people.

2. They waxed sore wroth one at the other, and the hosts at the going down of the sun met and compassed their hands about with gloves.

3. And a great strife arose. Dungan Hugh, son of Elbert, the agricola, smote the champion of the Philistines under the fifth rib so that he was slain.

4. The people marveled greatly and their arms were strengthened, and the enemy fled even unto their own walled cities.

CHAPTER II

1. And behold another time strife arose on the top floor.

2. And the people came and camped over against the enemy, even all the people who dwell in the walled cities of Burdictland Hall.

3. Then Whitford, the Billite a mighty man of valour arose and spake unto the multitude saying:

4. The enemy are even as the sand of the sea shore for multitude.

5. And he advised with the seers and prophets what should be done.

6. And lo they chose craft, saying: We will deceive the Philistines.

7. Hence a cup of water was placed in a secret place and the host lay in wait at the going down of the stairs and at the gates of their walled towns.

8. The enemy girded their loins and came forth to do battle.

9. But lo the cup of water fell and dampened their courage and they retreated again into their city of refuge.

10. And the enemy would not again come forth, for it was the rainy season.

11. It came to pass that a great and mighty man of valour laid the hall waste with paper, even up to the gate of the city of refuge.

12. And Rogers, son of Charles, the Newmarketite, a strong man of approved courage, the ruler of the Philistines, rose hastily from his bed, hearing the tumult, and drew near unto the gate to scorn his enemy from his strong castle.

13. Now it came to pass that Clarence of the tribe of Todd, son of Alexander, the Hartsvillite, passed by.

14. And this man, the armourbearer of King Donaldson, and a man of much repute, was keeper of the broom and the sapolio of the realm, and moreover a lover of good order.

15. He beheld the dust of battle and the hall laid to waste paper, and his anger was sore against the dwellers of the land.

16. And Lawton, the Leavite, a priest and judge among the people, made peace among the inhabitants of the cities and gathered the paper that had been laid waste in the hall into a sure and strong place. —Z., '11.

A Hallowe'en in Dixie

The darkies love chicken, and seem to have a slight-of-hand way of getting them. The darkies are also very superstitious and are afraid of ghosts. Uncle Eph had been stealing our chickens, and we boys thought we would break him of this bad habit. One Hallowe'en night we crept over cautiously to old Eph's cabin and listened at the door to hear him snoring; then slipping in the door, we stole the old moozer's breeches and shoes and hid them. Then we went out in the chimney corner, and inserted a very long gourd handle through a crack in the wall right under Eph's bed, and blew an unearthly "Honk" on it, that would have startled a marble statue.

"Lan' O'Goshen! what waz dat?" whispered old Eph as he tumbled out of bed, bringing all the bed clothes with him.

"It is Gabriel's ghost come after you for stealing old masters chickens. Old Eph, you greedy sinner, prepare

to die," came a harsh voice through the gourd handle, as we gave another resounding blast.

"Dat sure is de resmerrection ho'n," chattered the affrighted Eph, as he reached for the place where his breeches usually reposed, and fumbling vainly around in the dark, he muttered, "Wunner whar dem dratted britches is misconducted dem selves?"

"The spirits do not wear clothes where you are going," we yelled through the gourd handle. "Just lay down on the floor and die like the chickens you stole and have eaten. There will be a hearse along in a minute to take you to the spirit land." Then we made all the spluttering, hawking, and screeching sounds possible through our gourd-handle.

Old Eph stood the racket as long as possible, then he broke out of his cabin door, barefoot in the cold frost, with his scanty shirt flapping salutations to the whistling winds. Shivering and jibbering under the strain of affairs, he went straight to old master's home to make his confessions. In his effort to explain the situation, he made this avowal:

"Old marster, 'clar to goodness dem chickens of yourn jes up 'n follered me out'n dis yard. I jest came in through de yard and dem chickens jes' riz up, they did, an' chase me out, but marster I guin'er fetch you forty-leben dozen chickens, sure I is."

Old Eph was the hero of the quarters next day when it was known that the "resurrection" angel had honored him with a visit.

A Vision

One day in class as I sat, half asleep, listening to the halting translation, I closed my eyes and a vision appeared before me.

A long, bony hand was writing on the blackboard. Glancing at the bold, masterful penmanship, my attention was arrested by the first word that was being written. It was the magic one "Freshmen," and then followed "Class of 1911, Alfred University."

NAME	WHENCE THEY CAME	PURPOSE HERE	DESTINATION
C-r- B-r-e-	Suburbs	To join the Non Monopoly	Buffalo
J-s-e B-x-e-	Sunny South	Find his Affinity	Disappointment
L-n- B-s-	Hornell	To talk	Matrimony
J-m-s B-ow-n	New York	Keep Bobby Company	Ministry
E-p-a B-r-i-k	Fairyland	To fuss	A Man (sion)
M-l-a C-n-i-l-	Valley of Nile	Take Political Economy	Society leader
A. H. C-r-e-	Cherubland	Out do others	A. B. K's. place
C. E. -a-n-y	Lockport	Excel in French II	Antiquity
C-l-e -l-r-e	Basketball	To become Duny	The Stage
D-n-l- C-a-k-	College office	Slide through College	Editor of Police Gazette
C-e-e-a-d	Military School	To grow taller	Freshman English
R-l-h C-u-b	Printing Office	To get Bess (er)	Ring fire bell
V-c-o -a-is	Brick	To run	Devils Lake
H-g- D-n-a-	No man's land	For Society	Get blown up
M-r- I-is-	Penn. Ave.	Enjoy this high moral atmosphere	Upward
J-h- J-c-x	Clarke's	To have a good time	Chloe
R-b-r -o-r-s	Kindergarten	To make a noise	To find his Place
R-t- P-i-l-p-	Home	To grow better	To the skies
E-h-n R-g-r-	Jersey Swamp	To be a sport	The Stage
-t-e- -a-n-e-s	Little Rhody	Keep Still	Join the Quakers
-u-a- -n-l-	Devils Lake	To entertain	Concert Platform
B-r- S-r-i-h-	Nunda	To have whooping cough	Straight
Cl-r-n-e T-d-	R. F. D. No. 23	Become an Orator	Take Donaldson's place
V-r-i-i- V-r-s-s	A. A.	To console Jimmy	Hartsville
F-n-y W-it-o-d	Nile	To learn to dance	Back to Egypt
A-l-n W-l-i-m-	Laundry	To go with the girls	The wide, wide world

Suddenly, the faint sound of a bell aroused me, and I heard, in woman's voice, "*la classe est excuse.*"

Class Roll

Dungan--He of the grin from ear to ear.
The grin that lasts from year to year.

Baxter--He believes the old adage, "Good goods come in Small packages."

Todd--The mighty farmer from the hills
Who merely exists on ten penny pills.

Williams--"Nature never stores her treasurers in a garret."

Crumb--Our worthy president. He is going to accept a position with the Crandall Co., 'tis said.

Jacox—The mighty breaker of feminine hearts. A veritable Apollo.

Rogers—Heres' to "Bubby Hicks," our peerless ladies man,
He's lost his grip on Auntie's French since smoking he began.

Davis—Our dainty lady killer.

Cleveland—Oh! here is Stafford Cleveland
Who's as short as Brown is tall,
Our football man, our fusser bold,
Likes Ethel best of all.

Clarke—Our literary light. The coming novelist.

Brown and Morris—Those melodious tongued songsters whose silver notes have so often tickled the ear of Apollo.

Carney, the elder—He with the dark complexion and terrible scowl. The grinder of studies and a child of the muses.

Carney, the younger—A brother of Carney, the elder, and a victim of the smiles and wiles of one, E. C.

Straight—Great flag-rusher. Quiet fusser.

Barber—That Freshman maid so stiff and staid,
With J. E's. heart hath havoc made.

Clarke—Chloe dignified and tall
On the stage excels us all.

Small—Her name belies her.

Whitford—Fanny, thou art a dream, at least John says so.

Saunders—Ethel came from Rhody
But she left her heart behind
That is why the fellows
Her a faithless creature find.

Irish—The Irish are a great race but she, their namesake, is the greatest of them all.

Phillips—A maid whose voice soars among the clouds and jostles the stars when she sings.

Voorhees—She hath met her fate.

Bess—Lena is very fond of chocolate but we think she likes "Peters" best.

Canfield—Her brains and common sense will make of her an advocate of woman's rights.

Burdick—Tall and slender, graceful, dark,
Miss Burdick's always on a lark.

Late October

Through my window, I can see
The hill and sky, the vale and tree.
October's days are well adyancing,
Down from the trees the leaves come dancing.

Near by the popular, lank and lean,
Uprising from the ground, is seen.
His tall form, swaying in the breeze
Is greener than most other trees.

Most trees brown and russet grow,
Turned so by our early snow.
Where one warm red and yellow saw,
Now see you colors cold and raw.

Some trees there are already bare,
Tossing empty branches in the air.
With ragged look, some others are,
Which want of foliage seems to mar.

But the trees in all their roughness,
In all their mutilated gruffness,
Do seem so well to harmonize
With the fog, before sunrise.

In nature, how opposite we find
The rough made tree, and humankind;
One of them lays its clothes aside,
The other dons more for wintertide.

C. E. C., '11.

Sophomore

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The Mission of the Orator

Scientists may disclose the mysteries of the world; poets may paint the beauties of nature; philosophers may search for the rays of eternal light; but the orator of every age and of every nation has been the manifest leader. Through his advise, governments have been founded, organization of states have been in progress, and peoples united in common interests. Religion, morality, and political right are moulded and protected by the power of his superiority.

With the history of civilization begins the history of oratory. As an art it has been cultivated by all people. Its influence has been such as to render it the criterion of their intellectual advancement.

Having the power to wield the scepter of influence over the minds of the people, it has led them in the onward march of civilization. It has served the highest uses in promoting the prosperity of states, the adminis-

tration of justice to individuals, the open declaration of truth, and the denouncement of wrong, and the assertion of right in all ages.

When great interests were at the helm, oratory has proven more powerful than a sword. As an advocate of civil and religious freedom, oratory and liberty have walked hand in hand from the dark periods of Oriental nations to the bright days of modern civilization. Where liberty has prevailed, oratory has been its supporter; but with tyranny, the orator has dealt death blows to the vitality of its despotism. And it is true, the government of a nation depends greatly upon its statesmen, whose eloquence and logic has the power to persuade and convince the minds of their constituents.

It has been said that political freedom can not exist without public oratory. This statement has been proven in the history of every nation. History shows us records of nations that have perished in ruin; and we see inscribed upon their tombstones, as the cause, the fatal destiny of political freedom. Greece was prosperous in her government while liberty reigned, but when freedom was extinguished, confusion prevailed. That ideal republic, the waves of whose classic seas still chant a song of her once glorious days, reached her zenith, when Pericles, by his eloquence and wisdom shaped the policy of the state. The orator of democracy, instilled into the people by his awe-inspiring eloquence, those principles of the government which made Greece the cradle of liberty.

Other nations were started on the same road to destruction. Rome gloried in her greatness when nations bowed to her power. But today, read in the history the record of her fate. When the principles of right and justice were advocated within the Forum and Senate, she prospered; but when their voices failed to ring within the walls of legislature, she became the victim of evils, and fell. In the past history of Rome when the world was too small to gratify her ambition, we see the scepter of her government controlled by the statemen whose eloquence swayed the minds of the people.

The flowers of the field decay, as autumn approaches, but unlike them, oratory is cast out upon the sea of time, like the fragrance of roses in the air. Though the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero have died on the distant shores of time and their bodies returned to dust,

yet their spoken words have survived for two thousand years. Their fame towers above the ruin of nations they loved and honored.

But oratory did not exist with the ancient nations alone. It has been with the intellectual advancement of every age. During the dark ages, when civilization sank below the horizon of her former greatness, when religion struggled for existence, it was such men as Rabamus and Damina who by their eloquence kept alive the spark of hope amid the darkness of ignorance and superstition. They were as a guiding star on the sea of darkness, leading onward until the dawn of a brighter day.

England's history is written in the biographies of her orators. The names of Gladstone, Fox, Brougham, Chatham and Burke are associated with her grandest achievements. As long as the United Kingdom holds dominion over land and sea, their names will be lisped by lovers of civic virtue.

Our beloved country owes much to the orator. It was he who scattered the fire brands of the Revolution. In the council chamber of the nation, he directed our republic in the path of its glorious destiny. Still ringing in our ears are the thrilling words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." It is such orators as he who instilled into the hearts of the people, the remedy by which they could overcome their oppressed condition.

Never again will the people hear words of wisdom from our beloved orator, Webster. The voice that was music to the ear; that thrilled the heart with sentiments of newborn patriotism; and charmed a nation by its magic power, is stilled in death. But the light of its influence still shines on to the multitude as a star in the heavens. The policies of government he cherished and defended; the union "one and inseparable," still lives "in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit." When his eyes viewed the sun in heaven for the last time, and death shadows played upon his fevered brow, he whispered, "I still live," and so he does.

The orator has been the power to elevate society. He has shaped the laws of nature to conform with that eternal principle of right which has lifted the crown from the brow of kings and breathed into man the spirit of liberty which has effected a complete change in the science

of human government. When the country was at its worse, it was the orator, who stood at the head of the multitude, and by his eloquence rekindled the dying embers of liberty until every heart glowed anew with hope.

Looking backward to the morning of civilization, we see the ruins of nations that have perished with the decay of ages. Egypt, Persia, Babylon. Greece and Rome are buried with the past. Only through the light of history are we able to read the record of their fate. But still shining from the darkness of Greece and Rome is the light of eloquence that was kindled by Demosthenes and Cicero.

But leaving behind the scenes forever past, we see in the future, orators and statesmen leveling the mighty multitude of nations to higher plains. We see him shaping the policies of state. We see him in the pulpit proclaiming eternal truths. On his influence depends, to a great degree, the perpetuity of our free institutions. He is the guardian of our nation and holds within his power the seal of its destiny. The guiding star of the past, the greatest intellectual force of the present, he is the hope of the future.

Her Senior Friend

"Why, Dora, is it really you! The girls told me this morning that you were coming back this semester, but I could hardly believe them. Oh, I'm so glad to see you."

It was Katherine Standards who spoke, as she threw down her books and eagerly welcomed the Senior classmate back to her last half year in college.

"This is lovely of you to come to me so soon when I know all the rest of the girls must be dying to see you. Come now, let's have a good visit before that grinding little Freshman gets back. Who is she? Oh, my room mate of course. You know Maggie was seriously hurt in that railroad accident just before school began and hasn't been out of her room since, and the dormitory was full so I had to take this horrid Freshman in with me. I miss Maggie dreadfully after rooming with her for three years, and can never get used to a stranger. This little mortal is the most conscientious creature you ever saw, and always has her lessons. She's been off somewhere now

to study her Greek. But, let's not talk about her all night for I'm crazy to know about that camping expedition and all that has happened since I left you in June.

The door opened and a delicate looking girl entered. She greeted Katherine cheerily and, after carefully putting away her books, sat down on the hassock before the fire with pencil and paper. She wrote busily, while the girls, comfortably situated among the bright pillows, chattered on, paying no heed to her, until she was rudely interrupted by Katherine.

"Oh dear, there isn't one single bit of alcohol for my chaffing dish lamp, and I do want to make some welsh rarebit for you, Dora, and have a few of the girls come in, just as we used to last year." Then turning to her studious roommate she added, "you won't mind running down town to get some for me, will you Elaine?"

The usually willing Elaine looked up with the trace of a frown on her pretty white forehead, as she said patiently,

"May I only finish this theme first? It must be in by morning and I have it nearly finished."

There was a pleading note in her voice, but the beautiful Katherine did not heed. She must have the alcohol immediately, for Dora was tired and would not want to wait all night. Katherine did not see the bright tears quickly dashed away, as the slender figure before the glass tied her scarf over the luxuriant golden hair, nor did she see the quivering chin firmly set as the door was quietly closed.

"What would you do if you had such a horrid little Freshman to live with? You think she is real sweet? Dear me, she nearly drives me distracted. I can't even go out to class without coming back and finding my papers all arranged in piles and my gloves and hatpins put away, and even the pillows are arranged precisely as she once heard me say I liked them. No, I'm not cross, but there's no comfort in living with such a prim, goody-goody sort of a girl. She won't even hear us say one word against Mr. Smith. He's the new English teacher you know, and is a regular old fossil. He's so particular no one but Elaine can do work neat enough to suit him. He made me write a paper over last week just because I happened to get a blot of ink on it when I was trying to show Jean how I filled my new fountain pen. Then, too,

she's always bringing that cat of Grace's in here and you know how I dislike cats."

She was always cross when she talked of her roommate and most of the girls were accustomed to it, and as she sat carelessly twanging the strings of the guitar which she held, Dora wondered if it could be true that such a sweet, timid girl could be such a bore.

Elaine soon came in from her errand and wearily sat down to finish her interrupted work. After several trips to the kitchen Dora and Katherine had things prepared for a spread.

"Now I'll just put these things together for the Welsh rarebit, and you may stir it if you will Elaine, while I run down for Mary and Sue. You can finish that theme when I get back," said Katherine, starting out gaily.

She ran down the corridor and was part way down the stairs when, in her haste, she caught her heel in a rent in the carpet and fell. Elaine was the first to reach her, and, after tenderly helping her to the room, bound the sprained ankle. She arranged her as comfortably as possible and then, thinking Katherine slept, turned out the light and crept quietly into the study to bid Dora good-night, leaving the door ajar that she might hear, if her friend should want anything. As Dora opened the door to go Grace's tiger kitten stole into the room. Once alone, the miserable little Freshman resumed her favorite seat by the fire. Tears glistened in the big blue eyes as she gently stroked the kitten.

"Am I not a wicked girl, Tabby?" she asked, speaking half to herself, "I was as cross as I could be tonight just because Katherine wanted me to do a little errand. She is so good and wise I wish I didn't annoy her so. It didn't use to bother the people at home when I tried to help them. Maybe when I get to be a Senior I won't be quite so much in the way. I wonder if"—"Elaine," came softly from the bedroom. Brushing away the tears she went to Katherine.

"No, don't bother about the matches, it is better in the dark. Elaine, my little friend, come sit beside me; I have something to say to you."

Jane, 1910

Memoirs of a Sophomore

When I entered the college office to register I was a happy, boastful Sophomore, I thought of the timid, verdant Freshmen, and their terrible fears and doubts of the redoubtable and renowned A. B. K. Doubtless his full moon face would look terrible to them, but to the Sophmores, experienced in wordly matters and keen judges of physiognomies, his face beamed tenderness and affability. I sauntered about the campus in no great anxiety to meet the old Profs., but very desirous of giving the new Profs. the glad hand. I knew that in them I was to find my strength on the faculty; the old boys knew me too well.

The unconquerable class of 1910, who last year was vainly striving for foes, saw prospects of a little fun with the skulking Freshmen. and the prospects cheered their hearts accordingly.

We picked out a few victims to exercise our powers of castigation.

To-day in my classes I showed my erudition (learned this word in Fresh English) and *mes puissances d'uemouse*, I think that I will make a great student in French. I have started out in great shape at any rate.

Gee, you ought to see us and our Freshmen vaudeville troupe. Hammerstein could not touch us, when it comes to originality. Double shuffle is a winner as a song and dance artist. The other lads were too speedy on their feet.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. We received plenty last year, but we believe in paying back with interest.

Several false alarms have been sent into Freshmen headquarters, and early this morning that strange bunch were thronging the streets. I would hate to belong to the Freshman Detective Agency and sleep in the streets. It is alright to be a sport, but I draw the line when it comes to sleeping on an iron bench in the park.

Don't go to chapel very often this year. How much a fellow can learn in one year. While they sang No. 542 a few of "the boys" were smoking their pipes and singing "How dry I am."

Went to church to-day. Took up the collection and

afterwards I got flush and treated the boys to the cigars. I wonder why.

Scattered our gems of literature throughout Alfred and vicinity. The crack of revolvers and the clang of bells awoke the poor Frosch from their infantie slumbers. The kids showed some pugnacious tendencies, which we found expedient to quickly subdue.

I guess that it will puzzle the New York markets to furnish goods for our banquet. Slim and Hepner are on the Committee.

Saw the King of the Fresh and the tall bashful fellow (the skyscraper) go in the corner grocery and buy seven cans of sardines and some crackers. I notified the other fellows and we decided to let the poor down-trodden underlings have their banquet undisturbed. So they had their basket picnic at Hornell.

The Freshmen and their monitors, hearing of our travels in the interest of science and art, poured their blessings upon us at the Station. The Freshes lovingly followed us to Hornell, but seeing that their services could be dispensed with and that our railroad was very particular as to the quality of its passengers, they took the Overland Stage back to Alfred. Evidently the Fresh did not care for expenses. They were very free with the filthy lucre and all for our sake, too.

Saw one of those four flushers walking with my girl. When I become proficient in the manly art, I will make him look like Gunner Moir, when Tommy Burns got through with him.

Had a discussion with Pres. Davis on Ethics. I agreed with him completely. The talk lasted thirty minutes. I said, "Good morning, Pres. Davis." He said, "Sit down," and then—

Stung! (Flag Rush)

The annual session of that society upon which much cruel comment has been heaped, took place last night. That society, whose purpose it is to fill the air with good Christmas cheer, failed to produce the Christmas feeling of, Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men.

Returned to this peaceful retreat, whose very stillness and harmony is music to the soul. But the atmosphere is so high, that it is bad upon a person's throat, and the water is not that clear, sparkling kind which they have in Germany. (Learned this fact from chapel speech).

I am in love. I realize the boldness of this assertion, but I was always plain spoken in love or in war. She is that perfection, which I have long sought for. Such brilliant eyes, such black hair, Oh! Ouida where are we?

I am getting to be a traveler, in my mind. To-day I took a trip to England (magnificent country if my source of information is reliable). About a day after to-morrow I expect to be transported to the sunny climes of Italy.

Exams are coming. Be not afraid for by the aid of little ponies, you will survive the storm.

After the exams. Nothing to offer.

Feb. 1. Nothing doing (?)

Important Notice

According to a ruling of the Post office Department, after April 1st of the present year, publishers of newspapers, magazines, etc., will not be allowed to mail such publications to subscribers who are in arrears on subscriptions for more than one year. Therefore, after April 1st, we will be obliged to discontinue sending the ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY to those of our subscribers who remain indebted to us for more than the present year. We have several such subscribers on our list and we request such subscribers, as well as all others who remain indebted to us, to remit as soon as possible and save us the trouble of mailing statements.

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The Public School Problem

Not only from the standpoint of the educator, but also from that of the sociologist, the public school problem is a very vital one. Is our present school system practical, and does it create a higher type of individual through the training it gives him?

The ignorance of the people was the problem which our state legislators were attempting to solve when they enforced school attendance for every child between the age of eight and sixteen, and laid down a certain curriculum of study for the pupils. The question now arises: Is the present school system sufficient to meet the needs of the times? If it is, why is there still the cry of ignorance as such a factor in our social evils?

There seems to be two weaknesses in our system. The first is that we have created a vast net work of means, with no lack of equipment, but we have neglected the most important factor, the child. We have forgotten

that many children, through parental neglect, come to school in an underfed condition, or, in some other way, bodily unfit to do mental work. Their eyes are in need of attention, or they cannot hear well, because of improper treatment. A child cannot do efficient brain work when some other part of the body is taking its attention. There are certain conditions precedent to a successful education. Chief of these are a reasonable amount of good nourishing food and a healthy body. When either of these is lacking we cannot expect ideal results. And, where underfeeding is found, the other is apt to result sooner or later.

The second weakness in our present school system is the failure to meet the needs of all classes of students. Legislators fail to recognize here that ignorance is found not only, in regard to the three R's, but also in regard to the every day duties that face a great majority of our people. Our public schools do not give the poorer class of pupils an all round practical training which will help them to labor with their hands. We turn them adrift in the world, at the expiration of the time which they are compelled to attend school, unfit for its service and unable to adjust themselves to its demands. They know no trade and can find no work except such as will take the inexperienced and unskilled laborer. The fathers and mothers work in factories or elsewhere and have no time to give their children this very necessary part of their training. Thus, they become the unclaimed and uncalled for in the industrial world, and help to add to our tables of unemployed and unemployable.

If the fathers and mothers do not give them this part of their education, the public schools must. Unless they do, this class of people is going to help fill up our lists of paupers, because of their ignorance, even though they may be able to read and write. Even the child of the wealthy class would be benefited by such a training, for he would, in this way, be more skilled and better fitted to find labor if ever he needed to work. He would also gain a greater sympathy for his friends of the laboring class and, thus, be better able to manage his business when in charge over laboring men.

When we come to realize these two problems, the next thing we wish to learn is: Where are the remedies?

The answers are not so simple as it might at first seem. "O yes," you will say, "let our legislators make laws to the effect that children, who are underfed, be fed at public expense, and let a doctor be hired who shall inspect each school once in a stated length of time."

Simple as this may seem, it brings us face to face with another question which should come to our minds in all problems of charity, whether private or public. Sir Arthur Clay in a recent article on "The Child Feeding Problem in England" said, "to feed a child is to give relief to its parents and the effect must be to undermine their independence and self-reliance, and to give an object lesson to their children in the evasion of responsibility which will never be forgotten and which will bear fruit when they in turn become parents." This might also be said in regard to physicians being hired to look after the physical health of the students, for legislation, which tends to the degradation and discouragement of the great civic virtue of self reliance and due fulfillment of personal responsibility, can only retard social advancement, and, if persisted in, must ultimately destroy the nation which adopts it. It will give the children the impression that they are getting their meals without paying for them. It is giving them something for nothing.

Truly, something must be done, but how can these demands best be met? In some cases the answer to the second problem is being found by the public schools adopting a system of manual training and domestic economy to better fit the pupils for the duties of life. The equipment is very inadequate as yet, even in such schools. The boys are taught only how to do a certain amount of carpenter work, while the girls are taught cooking in some measure. Nevertheless, it is a hopeful sign in the educational world, and, as it comes into greater demand elsewhere, and the equipment is made to meet the demand, it will undoubtedly do much to solve this problem.

There is no apparent reason why the other problem may not be solved along this same line. Let the girls in the domestic economy classes prepare one meal each day, of which all the students may partake. In this way they are giving their work for what they get. Then, too, if the children of the wealthy homes are taught to work by the side of their poorer friends, it will not only give them

a better conception of their relation to humanity, but for the poorer child it will take away the idea that the scheme is charity toward them. The child of the rich will eat at the same table with the child of the poor. Of course, the evil of lessening parental responsibility still remains if the question is solved in this way. It is a question of which would be the greater evil; for the state to allow the child to spend its time in school in an underfed condition, due to parental neglect; or for it to lessen parental responsibility and take that responsibility upon itself?

B., '09.

Beth's "Stunt"

Beth Gleason was sitting in front of her fire place, gazing dreamily into the coals, when there was a rap on her door, and her chum, Margaret Evans, entered.

"Well, Beth, the B's are ready to finish you up. They just telephoned to me to bring you down as they are down with the other girls. You ought to have joined when I did, then you wouldn't have had this extra initiation. That pays you for waiting until your Junior year."

Beth rose, and went for her coat. "Well, what can't be cured must be endured. I suppose, Come lets hurry down there. I want to get it over. Don't let them be too hard on me, Madge."

"I can't promise you anything, for I am not on the committee and don't know anything about their plans."

Soon they came to South Hall and were taken by an attendant to a large room on the second floor. There were about twenty girls sitting around a sort of throne or elevated platform, where the President in her official robes, was standing. She pointed to a circle on the floor in front of her.

"Miss Gleason, you may stand there facing the members. You passed through the first part of the initiation very well, and we need no preliminaries. Tonight we are merely going to ask you a few questions, and give you something to do. Do you swear to answer truthfully all questions I shall ask?"

"I do," said Beth.

"First, do you like young men or not?"

"Why—I guess I like them," said Beth flushing, as a general titter went around the room. All knew Beth's attitude toward the male sex.

"Have you not appeared rather partial to a certain Senior, Harry Tracy, this year and last?"

"Perhaps so," Beth answered coldly as she raised her head a little haughtily and stared at the wall ahead.

"Is it true that you have quarreled with this Mr. Tracy?"

"I think that is hardly your affair."

"Answer, please."

"If you care so much to know, it is true."

This time Beth's eyes flashed and a bright spot glowed on either cheek.

"It's a shame," whispered Margaret to her neighbor."

"Beth will be awfully angry."

"O, she will get over it."

The President continued: "That is all for the question. Now as to your stunt. The committee has decided that you are a little too proud for a Junior, and that your independent spirit needs lowering somewhat. Accordingly you are ordered to ask Mr. Tracy to take you to the Leap Year Prom tomorrow night. This will not be much, as the girls are inviting anyway."

"I refuse!" exclaimed Beth. "I prefer not to belong to your old society."

"Miss Gleason, you promised, on your honor, to become a faithful member of this organization, and to perform, as a test of your fidelity, any task assigned; I think you will do as you have promised."

There was a hush, as all waited for Beth's answer. Finally she said in a low voice:

"Very well. I will keep my promise."

An hour later Madge found her sobbing in her room.

"I've sent it," she said. "Oh, Madge! I hate the B's and the whole affair. Harry will think I have relented. I wouldn't have asked him if he was the last person on earth! I never dreamed they would make me do anything like that, or I should never have joined."

"I'm sorry Beth, dear, but it will come out all right. You know she told you that you might explain afterwards."

Beth received her answer early the next day, and

several times she avoided Harry who seemed determined to have a talk with her.

Eight o'clock came. The bell rang in the hall, and Beth went to the door, frowning slightly as she opened it. Harry stepped in smiling.

"Does this mean——?" he began eagerly.

"It means nothing, except that you are my escort for the evening. Come we must hurry. We are late now."

Beth was silent all the way to the Hall, answering only in monosyllables, until Harry became discouraged and kept quiet also. When they went down to the reception room, and received their programs, Harry said, "Are you going to give me the first and the last?"

"It is customary, I believe," answered Beth icily.

"Well I will not trouble you for any more," and he walked slowly away as a fellow stepped up to speak to Beth.

But if Beth was indifferent to Harry, she was in her gayest mood toward others, and no one but Madge knew that she was not in the best of spirits.

The last waltz began, and as Harry crossed the room to the place where Beth sat, she drew a breath of relief to think that the evening was so near over. She had had time for reflection tonight, and she owned to herself for the first time, that she hated to quarrel with Harry. But she would not give in.

"Have you enjoyed yourself?" asked Harry.

"No, not much, the music was slow and my partners were tiresome."

Nothing more was said until the music stopped.

"Do you care to stay for the extra?"

"No, let's go now."

On the way home Beth was silent for several minutes, then she said, "I know you have wondered why I asked you tonight, after what I told you last week. But I'll tell you, it was a "stunt." I had to."

"I don't understand."

"Well I was initiated last night. The committee thought er—heard that you and I aren't very good friends any more, so they made me ask you, as a "stunt." I couldn't help it you see." Her voice trembled, for the evening had been more of a strain than she realized.

"Well, I admire your pluck. You carried it off in fine shape. It was pretty hard on you though wasn't it, little

girl? And you might have had your pick of them all. But we are at your door. As my company has been forced upon you this evening I won't bother you any longer. Frankly, I can't say that I have enjoyed the evening for I knew that my presence was not agreeable to you. But if you ever really want me to do anything of the kind again, I shall be most happy to serve you. Goodnight."

He started to go.

"You have my program Harry."

"O, yes, I beg your pardon. Here it is."

"Wait just a minute. You know there is a Leap Year sleigh ride next Monday night. I have been trying all the evening to decide what I ought to do. I have concluded that there is only one fellow whom I dare ask."

"And that is—?"

"It is Harry Tracy, and if you will come in a minute I will show you my "B" pin which I begin to wear tomorrow."

The next morning Harry's roommate said, "Well, old man, explain yourself. I thought you and Miss Gleason had quarreled, but it didn't look that way last evening at the Prom."

"Don't worry yourself, Ned, Miss Gleason and I are the best of friends."

—*Luah*, '09.

"Exams"

Once at a student's boarding house—
Where the studious students stay,
So much was said about exams
It took their breath away.
So some one brighter than the rest,
Proposed that each should pay
The sum of just one penny
Every time they say
Exams—

Now who would think that just one cent
From people, three or four,
Would add up, in one short week,
To such a goodly store,
These people said we'll have a spread
Olives, if nothing more.

From out the heart some mouths do speak
And some hearts were very sore
At Exams--

The days flew by, each tried her best,
To keep the bad word back,
But out it came exam, exam,
For all were on the rack.
It counted up—they'll have a spread
Of money there's no lack,
They're asking in a lot of folks
They planned it all with tact
After exams.

If you're asked for five o'clock,
Put on your gayest gown,
They're going to have a chaffing dish
And candy by the pound,
There'll be cake and nuts and coffee,
Oysters too are found,
It's going to be the greatest spread
Was ever in the town,
From exams. —C., '09.

The Quitter

T'was only a bit of common yellow paper and yet for the third time it was drawn from the mysterious depths of a man's pocket, and eagerly read:

"Meet me on train 7 this noon.

Mother."

Bob Case glanced at the little clock on the broze mantle, "Only half an hour more and dear old mom will be with me." The big broad shouldered Senior crossed the room. As his eyes fell upon a group of students across the street, the happiness died out of his face, and with knitted brows he turned and gazed into the empty grate.

"No, she shall never know how that promise has spoiled my life. Dear Mom, who has such high hopes for me, what would she do if she knew!" An expression of sadness settled over the handsome face, which fell forward upon his arms. A great struggle was raging in that strong frame. When again he raised his head it was with the light of a set purpose clearly written upon the

face. In his usual composed manner he turned to greet his roommate who rushed in in great excitement,

"It's alright Bob, they've come! Three cheers for Old Wesleyan's victory!" and three times the Junior's cap was waved furiously over his curly head.

"What are the prospects Chub? How about their fellows?"

"A heavier bunch than ours, but with W. U's. spirit back of us, we'll show them something yet," and again Chub's cap met the ceiling. Suddenly the Junior's face assumed an unusual seriousness. "Bob, you're certainly going to show us your true colors to-day. Come, old boy, throw up this nonsense of yours, and show the fellows what you can do."

"Chub, I have told you that I cannot play another game. I have given my word and I shall keep it." Before Bob could say more, the door was shut with a bang and Chub had gone.

When train 7 pulled into the station Bob stood waiting to receive his mother. All else was forgotten when once more he caught a glimpse of the dearest face in the world. How thin and slight she seemed as he folded her in his strong, powerful arms. With a new care and tenderness he lifted her into the carriage, while he mischievously whispered, "Little mother, you grow more beautiful every day."

Her only answer was a little hand that crept lovingly within the big one. Words seemed unnecessary to this mother and son, and as the carriage rolled on the thoughts of both were in the past.

Just two years ago, Bob had stood at the bedside of his only brother. The lad had been seriously injured in a football game. For many days his young life hovered at the threshold of death. At that time the heart broken mother had won from Bob a promise never again to enter the game. What a sacrifice it had proven, none could ever know. In his "prep" school he had played and delighted in the game. In college he received many a hard thrust because of his quitting the team. But as dear to him as was his Alma Mater, mother and his word were dearer.

T'was three o'clock and from his window Bob and his mother watched the crowd of people hurrying to the game. It was expected to be the last and best one of the

season, for the opposing team held the championship of the state. Colors were flying in all directions, the student body was collecting upon the campus amid the strains of the college band. The very air was heavy with excitement.

As much as Bob was interested in hearing from his home, he could not restrain his longing to be with the fellows again, and when his mother left him, he eagerly opened the door and stepped out. Scarcely had he done so when a hundred voices seemed to hiss,

"You're a loyal son of Wesleyan!"

"Yellow!"

"Coward!"

"Quitter!"

"Behold Bob Case, Quitter!"

With staggering steps Bob re-entered the house. All power of thought had left him. Those awful words seemed burning into his very soul. The deep burning flush of shame was followed by a death like pallor, and in spite of the warm sunlight around him, he shook like a reed in a mighty storm.

From an adjoining room Mrs. Case had heard all that had passed. So stunned was she at first by the cruel, unjust epithets, that she could not imagine the cause. Then a revelation came to her. She saw it all. "How could I have been so blind! Poor Bob, I meant it only for your good, but it has proven a curse." She stepped softly to the door. One glance upon the face that she had read for so many years was enough. Her mother's heart understood.

Bob suddenly felt a light touch upon his arm and a voice that he scarcely recognized whispered, "Go, my boy."

The magic word was said. Once more he was free. The blood leaped through his veins with a new life. With a wild hope that at last he might redeem himself, he bounded away.

Meanwhile the game was being hard fought by both teams. The Wesleyan's thus far had managed to hold their opponents. The last half was fast drawing to a close, and the ball was very near the Wesleyan's goal. Just after second down was called a hasty change took place in their team. Many, even on the side lines, did not notice that a sub had been called. However with the next play

some mysterious strength seemed to have been imparted to it.

They won the ball, and down by down, gained ground toward their opponents' goal. But one minute only remained. The crowd, as one man had risen to their feet, absolute silence reigned among them, every nerve was strained with suspense.

Then it happened, just how no one ever knew. The big stalwort center, with the ball, was making a wild dash for the goal. All in vain were the furious tackles of the enemy. The field was his. The ball touched the ground one second before the whistle blew.

Time was up and Wesleyan was victorious. Amid rousing cheers the "Quitter" was carried home on the shoulders of his comrades. S., '09

The Junior Museum

AGNES ALPHEUS BURDICK KENYON, Director and Manager of the Junior Museum, announces the following attractions. If this classification seems inadequate a two cent stamp will bring further particulars.

PAP, a remarkable specimen of the American bald-headed eagle. Once soared Zu lafty heights among crags and peaks, but now tame and domesticated and much given to perching on hen-houses and Tubbs.

IDA, the wonderful young Porto Rican Teddy Bear. Has the power of human speech. Can swear with facility.

SKID, the dog with, human mind and LUCILE, his trainer.

CRAZY HORSE ROSEBUSH, trapper and scout, hero of Goose Pasture and Jericho Hill.

FLORA, the original Circassian Beauty. Positively the largest head of hair in existence.

LAURA, the strange, mysterious Wonder; defies the laws of nature; the only example of perpetual motion extant.

The REAL OZONE SAGE, whose doings as recorded in the pages of the Elmira Telegram have made that paper a classic.

INEZ, THE PARROT, talks Greek, Latin and Irish incessantly.

FRED AND IRENE, the true Siamese Twins. In union is their strength.

MARY ELIZABETH, the SLEEPING BEAUTY. ~~Life~~
has been one continuous dream to her.

WEBSTER AND WITHEY, two man-like theologs, discovered by the renowned biological savant, Bennehoff, in the vicinity of Alfred Geological Cemetery.

MLLE. ETHEL EOLA, clairvoyant and palmist. Has supernatural powers of devination. Can foretell with absolute certainty as far ahead as 1909.

MARY HELEN BAKER, the only real dwarf since the days of Tom Thumb. She is so small that she is often mistaken for a history volume. Yet despite her size, she is an artist in the domain of domestic science, and well versed in the gentle art of organization.

SIGNORINA ISABELLA BARBERINO, the dark haired charmer of the East, is the most skillful of her class. Due to her natural fondness for the most poisonous and terrible reptiles, she is able to handle them with the greatest ease and daring.

MARY BOYCE, a gazelle, very shy and avoids the haunts of men, but is fond of horses; yet within the walls of the State School appears content and domesticated.

ANNA, the giraffe, was captured along the Nile shore, but seems to thrive on the pure ozone of the Alfred atmosphere. Devours Mathematics and Psychology with great avidity.

BELTZ, the hippotamus, is exceedingly fond of water, but very timid in the presence of professors and ladies. Favorite haunt—Burdick Hall.

DOROTHEA, the owl, sleeps days and begins her activities at night. A vegetarian, fond of Bud(s). Changes her nest frequently.

CLAUDE WILLIAM, a porcupine. At the sound of the human voice, his quills stand erect, especially those on his head. Fond of solitude, so makes his home beneath the reception room of the Brick.

MAUDE, the real, very playful and active, the pet of the snake charmer. Grows excited when teased. Lives on Juvenal and clams.

"HULSEY," the clown, the irresistible merry maker, with the contagious laugh. Marvellously fond of springing jokes without a point.

LUELLA FANNY PAGANINI HOOD and RUTH ADELLE PADEREWSKI ROGERS.

M. SOPHRONIA BROWNE, too late to classify,

Never in the history of Alfred has there been brought together an aggregation of attractions so varied and so complete as that which is now offered.

There was a young lad named Freddy,
Who played the cornet quite steady.
The truth, it is sad,
His playing was bad,
And the neighbors to kill him were ready.

Senior

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Colors,
 MAROON—OLD GOLD

Flower,
 CRYSTANTHEMUM

MOTTO:—Character—The end and aim of education

Editorial Committee

E. K. DEWITT

BERTHA B. RIBLET

Purple and Gold

Bright o'er us in life's morning
 Youth's purple skies unfold,
 And all our future visions
 Are lighted up with gold.
 And as our eager footsteps
 The upward pathway press,
 Their memories e'er linger
 And help us win success.
 And when around life's evening
 The sunset clouds are rolled.
 We find life's purple shadows
 Still brightened up with gold.
 As thus so constant round us
 These colors fair we see,
 How fittingly they symbol
 Our University!
 In youth our guardian mother,
 Strength of maturer days,
 The light and cheer of evening
 And downward trending ways.
 Thy gifts like gold so precious
 Are given royally,
 We'll cherish long thy colors
 For all we owe to thee.

—E. K. C., '08.

Are College Students Irreligious?

Most persons on entering college are struck with the apparent irreligion, not only among most of the students but, even among some of the professors. It seems to him that he has come to a place where every degree of belief and skepticism obtains; and the first impression is likely to be that Alfred tends toward irreligion. Recently a freshmen, who had been brought up orthodox, said that he found many men (with worthy ideals) here in college, but they all seemed to be skeptics.

It is easy to explain this apparent attitude. We are now in a great religious transition. Advanced thinkers are changing and have changed their conceptions of God and religion. The masses, however have not yet reached this point. Coming from all kinds of home training we have here students who represent all degrees of belief; but is that equivalent to saying that we have all kinds and degrees of irreligion?

Analyse any religion and you will find that it is composed of two elements or doctrines; first, that of moral principles, or good works; second, creeds and beliefs. The doctrine of moral principles is the out-growth of race experience and does not differ much in the various religions. The creeds and beliefs, however, are generally the result of so called revelation, or the postulates of some system of philosophy, and of course, differ widely. The logical product of the first is righteous action; that of the second is religious sects. From the doctrine of good works there has never been any dissenters; the doctrine of creeds has been opposed at every step and has covered the world with misery and crime, and filled the hearts of its leaders with arrogance and intolerance. Emphasis on this phase of religion has divided the religions of the world into hostile camps. It has inaugurated inquisitions, prosecuted persecutions, frenzied fanatics, and carried on the religious wars. This is the phase of religion that has been emphasized for 1500 years. Not that the doctrine of good works has been forgotten, but since that has been accepted as a matter of course, all the zeal and energy of the friends of any particular religion has been expended in defending doctrines.

When we divided religion thus into its two aspects and consider its basic principles and recall its history, is it

any wonder that thinking men are casting off dogmas and creeds? Is it any wonder that these special stories of a religion appeal to students merely as "old wives' tales?" Is it any wonder that they go to the other extreme and reject all creeds?

But in thinking of such people we should consider whether they are irreligious. Is it not true that they are on the whole better than ever before? Are they not merely emphasizing the first aspect, named right action? Admit this and we see these more liberal thinkers in a new light. Between them and the more orthodox the barriers fall, and we judge both by their actions and their ideals. Reasoning thus we cannot say that some of the professors and many of the students are irreligious; for whether we agree in our conception of God and religion with the old school in thinking God an anthropomorphic personality, or with Emerson in considering him "the over soul," or with Prof. James' idea that he is our "back ground of consciousness," or think of him as our ideal self, it matters little, for one is to be judged not by what he believes but by what he is. *Anon.*

Why the Railroad Never Came to "Bitter Gulch"

The day had been a hot one and that meant a great deal in Bitter Gulch, because they were used to warm days there. Days that would seem extremely hot to you and I, were taken as a mere matter of consequence there. But this day had been one even to remember in this country. There seemed to be no air at all to breath, and the broad expanse of yellow sand resembled an immense furnace, which had no pity for man or beast. The cowboys that you could see, although to be sure there were very few around this day, lacked the inevitable cigarette between their teeth, which bespoke of the great heat of the day. Life everywhere seemed to be half baked, and the brouchoes idly whisked their tails to make a lazy resistance upon the countless number of flies that added rather than detracted from the uncomfortable heat.

Bitter Gulch station was situated upon the plain twelve miles from the town itself, which had successfully withstood all the attempts of the railroad to disturb its

solitude. There was nothing but a station there, and that is rather a dignified name for the box car and shed that afforded a place of business and home for the station agent. There were three trains a week that stopped here, and an average of three persons a month took the train. And yet, the coming of the tri-weekly was heralded by a great deal of excitement for Bitter Gulch. The half dozen cowboys that had gathered around the station this very hot day, foretold the coming of this train. They had all come down from the Gulch with "Slim" Perkins, who expected a bundle of newspapers from a friend of his in the east.

At last a dim cloud of smoke was seen in the distance that, in the course of an hour, turned out to be the train, slowly winding its way through the plain. It had been impossible to lay a straight track here because of the quick sand; so as you looked down the track it resembled a huge snake, winding its way to the station. After about three hours waiting the train whistled and the small crowd got up from under the shade of the station and watched the engine pull the half dozen Pullmans and single day coach into the station.

Whether "Slim" Perkins got his papers or not that crowd didn't know or care, because much to their surprise two well dressed young men alighted from the train, each carrying a suit case. Then the train pulled out, leaving the two young men greatly bewildered. Evidently they had not expected to find what they saw here. One of them entered the station and came right out again, they both seemed at a great loss as to what to do.

Finally "Jerry" Todd, one of the crowd of cowboys, stepped boldly up and asked of them, "Do you fellers want ter go to the Gulch?" and receiving an affirmative answer, began to tell them that the stage didn't run only on Fridays but 'lowed as how the boys could get 'em up there if they wanted ter go kinder bad. By this time the rest of the "bys" were crowding around with a look of wonder in their eyes that seemed to ask the question "What be you kids doin here." At last arrangements were completed and both the strangers were seated behind cowboys holding their suit cases with one hand and holding on with the other.

They were "tender foots," that could be easily told, and they stood out in marked contrast to their rough com-

panions who were as much at home on the back of a bronco as they were on their feet. Considering the load that the two Broncos carried and the number of questions asked the twelve miles were covered in remarkably quick time. But quick as they were the news had gotten there ahead of them and Bitter Gulch had congregated upon the hotel steps to greet with scrutinizing stares the two strangers. However the strangers with remarkable unconcern entered the bar room and left the crowd to wonder and talk.

"Where be they from 'Slim' asked 'Chicago Joe'?"

"Don't know Joe, they're close mouthed as the book of Job and the more questions yer ask 'em the less yer know. Don't know but they're couple of college fellers to see "Hen" Garretson's kid. He's just home from college and he's togged out simlar ter these here fellers. But they're close mouthed; pretty nice kids I reckon. Better leave 'em alone I guess. They hain't used to our kind of living and couldn't stand much hoss play; feller back er me clung ter me like a puppy ter a bone all the way from the station. They won't harm anything I guess. I'll ride out and see "Hen" and see if his kid knows anything about 'em."

With the last of these words hardly out of his mouth "Slim" was on the back of his bronco on his way to "Hen" Garretson's ten miles up the Valley to see if "Hen's" kid knew anything about the two strangers.

All the rest of the day the Hotel was the chief center of attraction in Bitter Gulch. To be sure it usually was, but now it wasn't the bar room that attracted the crowd as formerly but the two strangers that sat under a tree at the side of the hotel smoking and consulting note books that they took from a suit case that sat between them. They did not seem to mind their audience and only once did they seem to realize that there was any one around. That time the larger one got up and gave "Jerry" Todd a couple of boxes of cigarettes to pass out among the boys.

That night there was a meeting of the citizens of Bitter Gulch in the rear of "Walt" Pennington's store to talk over the case of the two strangers.

"They're good fellows" said "Jerry." "The tall guy gave me a couple boxes of cigarettes to pass out among the fellers, and they were good ones too."

"Seems ter me they're perty durn suspicious" re-

marked "Bill" Stevens, "and I'm in favor of running 'em around er while ter see what their made on. We could scare 'em a little and probably have a perty good time out on it. No use on letting 'em come inter town and thinkin we're asleep. I'm goin ter have some fun."

"Don' yer touch 'em 'Bill' er I'll fill yer full of lead, so quick yer can look through yer own carcass. Ye scored that travelin' feller last year so he's never been back since and he was a bloody good feller. If yer go to kidden these fellers eny I'll bling yer one. Mind what I say." It was Jerry who spoke, and Bill knew that he meant it, and he could see that there were enough others in the store that would back Jerry up to make things uncomfortable for him, but "Bill" was a fool, because none but a fool would have given "Jerry Todd" a reason for taking a shot at him.

The meeting broke up and it was decided to let the two fellers figure if they wanted to; and as long as they behaved 'emselves ter stand by 'em and give 'em a good time because they were good fellows, even if they were dudes.

But the next morning came and the two strangers were not to be found anywhere. Their suit cases were where they had left them the previous night, before retiring. But they were gone and Bitter Gulch wondered. "Gone ter the station probly" said Slim. "Maybe a little bit home sick," but why the devil didn't they take their traps." So Bitter Gulch almost as a body started out to find the two strangers. A number started down the Valley to the station and a number started up the Valley towards the peak. The body that went to the station found them seated upon an empty crate, clothes torn and looking very much down spirited. "Bill" had put in his work.

"Where ye goin?" asked Slim.

The slender young man arose, looked him straight in the eye and said, "We came to your town to help it and not to injure it or its inhabitants in any way. We expected to treat you as men and be treated as men. We were not treated that way and we intend to take the next train to Phoenix. I presume that you know all that needs to be known and if you came down here to treat us as we were treated last night you are perfectly welcome to start right in. We are defenseless, unarmed; and we were last

night; or there might have been a little more to it. Give me a gun and I'll run the risk of taking my medicine with any of you but you are cowards if you attack us unarmed."

All at once it dawned upon the crowd what had happened, and Jerry Todd said "where is "Bill" Stevens?" But no one seemed to be able to answer. The gang left to hunt for Bill, and "Jerry" stayed to bring the "two fellers" back to the Gulch. But they would not come. They stayed with the station agent and left Friday on the afternoon train much against the wishes of the inhabitants of Bitter Gulch who came down to see them off.

"Bill" could not be found; he had been seen riding up the Valley towards Sawyer. He stayed away for nearly three weeks and finally returned one night under the cover of darkness. He went to his hut and curled up in his blanket to sleep. No one had seen him enter, at least so he thought.

Next morning the inhabitants of Bitter Gulch awoke and quickly became excited because hanging from the first limb of the tree where the two strangers had sat upon their afternoon stay in the Gulch, was the body of "Bill" Stevens with a small round hole through his head. Pinned upon his shirt was a small piece of paper which read:

"Never drive away home trade."

Slim Perkins was heard to say to Joe Miller later in the day, "That writing looks powerful like "Jerry" Todd but I guess he had more of a right to write it than I did. Wish I'd knowed "Bill" was back in town perhaps I'd writ it myself.

That is the reason why if you go "Bitter Gulch" to-day you have to take the twelve mile stage ride and if you should happen to ask Jerry Todd why it is that the railroad never came up to the Village he will tell you "because "Bill" Stevens wa'nt shot one month sooner."

—A. Harde Bange.

Grinds

"Bill Bailey, Oh, won't you come home "
Is a song we heard long ago,
With our " Bill " the same,
He conquered, saw, came,
It's quite liable to always be so.

Alfred Lawton: Huh, you can tell him at a glance. A preacher on Sunday but anything else on week days.

Ruth, Ruth
I would forsooth,
That I had somewhat to grind you
I hunt far and near
But your record is clear
You've sure left a good one behind you.

"B. J." A modern interpretation of Madame Pompadour.

Huldah Reed: Exquisite as the air of a young May morning, gentle as the dew thereof, and as bright as the sunlight. (Remarks.)

Ina, whose last name is Britton
A shy little, cute little kitten,
A wonder for boys,
A bad one for noise,
A hummer; at least so 'tis written.

Wm. T. Donaldson: A vain, self-assertive chap, always placing himself before others, and boastful of his prowess. (Rock salt at all grocers.)

There was a young man from Kentucky
Who considered himself ver y plucky
He'd stay in the Brick
Until he was sick
If he went home at all it was lucky.

Pierce: One of those dark complexioned guys, who either make preachers or bar-tenders.

There is a young man named DeWitt
Who went to East Orange to visit
A fine time he had
You can't blame the lad,
We would not for the world have him miss it.

Elmina Titsworth: A vivacious lively bit of a thing; always ready for some new stunt.

We haven't discovered yet why "Champ" was turned loose, but we suppose it was thought fresh air would do him good.

Coon has disappeared; flown the coop! "Doc" Burdick thinks he'll keep a few chickens now.

Miss Dealing: "You'll have to hur—ry."

Grace Burdick: A jolly lass, a hard worker, and, withal, one of the cream of society. Indeed Grace has worked so hard that the doctors made her take a furlough and leave '08 in dire distress.

Emma is still an old stand by; we don't know what will happen when her place is filled by some one else;—a man perhaps.

Marion Carpenter: A goodly girl and reserved; sort of a ballast to the rest of us we suppose.

Wm. V. Bragdon: One of those irresponsible reprobates who are always seeking to hinder the onward march of civilization. (Bill, do you suppose they'll swallow that?)

Bertha Goldenrule Riblet
The girl who ne'er told a fiblet
Quite jolly, demure
And coy to be sure
All right this Miss Bertha Riblet.

Ferd Titsworth: A liberal minded youngster who seems to have more about him than most men.

The Fight

THE WIND

It moans,
And groans,
And blows the snow from off the hill,
In drifts,
And rifts,
And banks so large—until
The roads and fields are mingled into one.

THE SNOW

So light,
And white,
In blowing, night itself appears like day,
We wonder
And ponder,
As we listen to it gayly rush away,
Whence it came and what victory it has won.

THE DAY

Appears
And cheers,
With warm sunlight.—The soul
That wrought
And fought
His weary way towards the goal
That meant to him, what only home can mean.

THE MAN

Percieves,
Believes,
His victory. In holding wind and storm at bay—
At length
Gains strength
To battle gainst another day,
Showing the world that he is what he seems.

—A. H. B.

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