

THE ALFRED
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The Alfred University Monthly

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
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1909

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The Joker Joked

"Who," wailed the owl; "Who," screamed the wind. It was a nasty night; black, damp, and above all there was that in the air which made one shiver,—not from cold. However, through it all the practical joker made his way. "Capital night," thought he, "I'll scare the souls out of those two hardened medical students. Bet a dollar they won't dig up many more bodies from that cemetery," and he grinned maliciously to himself.

John Smythe was dead and buried. But the job had been rushed, and so that night the Joker had an easy time of it getting to the coffin. "H'm," thought he, "never was afraid of nothin' in my life, but this 'ere joke comes mighty near to liftin' my hair. Gee! If it effects *me* this way what 'll it do to those two students." So thinking of the end in view, he set his teeth, and after prying off the top of the coffin with an axe, he lifted the body out and deposited it carefully on a tombstone a short distance away. Then he placed the top of the coffin crosswise over the shallow grave and covered it with the damp clay which he had deposited, as he had taken it from the grave, in a small heap at one side. Then placing his tools carefully in the coffin he nervously stepped in himself. "Queer I should feel so," he whispered through his teeth. In sort of a sitting posture, he lifted the whole load on top of the coffin lid and swinging it around adjusted one end to its respective end of the coffin. Then slowly leaning back and sliding forward he let the other end down, jarring the whole to make the dirt smooth on top. Thus the Joker entombed himself.

He had not lain long in the mouldy smelling resting place of the dead before he heard footsteps approaching. This relieved him indeed, for he, strong nerved as he was, could not have stood it much longer. As he strained his ears and bumped his head on the top of the coffin in doing so, the dank chilly sweat stood out in beads on his throbbing head. Above him he soon heard the students' helper at work scraping off the slight covering of clay with a shovel. He lay back in his coffin and closed his eyes. Then suddenly the lid was raised. In the lightened darkness the Joker felt hands groping toward him. He sat up. The effect on the students was ghostly; it cannot be described. They stumbled over each other and fled in

mad terror, never noticing serious hurts obtained in falling headlong over tombstones and tripping on iron chains and fences surrounding graves. At the same time the Joker fell back in his coffin.

It was after midnight and the two medical students staring into each others blanched faces leaned against the wall in their room. Suddenly a light tap sounded on the door and they both sank to the floor. But as if to reassure them, a low voice sounded without. So gathering together the courage of both, one of them stepped and cautiously opened the door. Their helper stood there with damp clay still clinging to his trouser legs and beckoned them to follow him. He was old in such service and they implicitly trusted him, so they followed him to the dissecting room. "What have you got?" one of them summoned courage enough to ask as they hesitated before the door. The man made no answer and they followed him in. "'Taint John Smythe but it's one just as good," said he as they saw on the dissecting table the naked body of the Joker, his head matted with clay and with blood from a shovel wound.

"Who," wailed the owl; "Who," screamed the wind, and the night without grew nastier than ever.

—*Jack Crawford, '09*

A Freshman's Nightmare

I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour,
Between the dark and the day light
When the night is beginning to lower.

The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
And I see the long procession lead
By Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan,
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on thee, little man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
On this bridge with the wooden piers,
Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Comes the thought of earlier years.

And I would that my tongue could utter
Those thoughts that arise in me.
That point and beckon with their hands
At the foot of thy crags, Oh sea. —*M. W.*

The New Station

A hot car wheel had stopped us in the midst of miles upon miles of unbroken prairie. While the men were working over it, the conductor stepped to my side and said, "Do you see that small black object off over there on the horizon? Well, that is the dispatcher's office, the only house on this section of the road, but one had to be put there to notify headquarters of dangers," This did not add to my delight over my new position, for even the old country town was preferable to absolute silence unbroken except for the click of the telegraph machine. The conductor seemed to see my unenthusiastic look and continued, "Of course it is lonesome, but a man has to step on every round of the ladder to gain the top. About one in every three dispatchers put there never goes any further, though." Then looking me over quizzically and almost amused, he said, "The place don't seem to agree with some of the high strung fellows, the last one came back to civilization unable to recognize his best friends. The night express should have open signals there, but found one night a closed signal. When they stopped they found the dispatcher cutting out paper dolls and talking to them. All he said for weeks after was, "When they come I shall be ready for them.""

"What did he refer to, do you think? Are there Indians around the office?"

"Oh no, they are not bad if they like you. Anyway there is a regiment about fifty miles away that can reach you in a few days. The men generally are advanced in two or three years."

The car wheel was by this time repaired and we started on toward the lonely tower in the distance. At last the water tower could be distinguished from the main office, though there was not a tree or a house besides. I began to wonder if I would ever be able to reach the next higher position or would follow the lead of my nervous predecessor.

M. C. B.

Strains From a Violin

We were sitting under a willow tree by the lake, my friend and I. A summer in the White Mountains was revealing to us delights which we had never before experienced. It was growing dusky. My friend had brought her violin and had been playing softly while I dreamed. The gay little waltz that came tripping into my thoughts took me back to my childhood. But the waltz was ended. The sun had sunk below the horizon; the stars began to peep out, and then the great round moon rose slowly over the lake, and cast a melancholy light on the scene about us. It must be the moonlight, and the soft breeze, and the beauty of the trees and lake had slid into the heart of my companion for she was improvising as if inspired, and the clear sad strains brought a picture back to me.

I am a child again. Under an elm tree at the foot of the lawn is a high swing, where Kittie and Glen and I are swinging. I am ten years old, and feel that I must care for my cousins for their mother is dead and they live with us. Glen and I have been swinging and now Kittie is in. She is going very high, her rosy lips laughing, golden curls flying in the wind, and sunbonnet hanging around her neck. The wreath of violets, which we made in the orchard an hour ago, is slipping off her curly head.

Suddenly there is a snapping and creaking, and Kittie gives a little cry, and all is still. (One of the violin strings break and my friend replaces it.) I realize that the rope has broken, and Kittie has fallen upon a root of the great tree. I hasten to her still form, and speak to her, but get no answer. I send Glen for water, and while he is gone, I gently lift her limp little body and put it on the bench near by. Glen is here with the water, and I speak to her again and try to give her a drink. But her dull eyes give no sign of recognition. (My friend is playing a slow mournful strain with occasional excitve snatch-es.) Glen has gone, and soon returns with my mother. She asks how it happened, for Glen has not been able to tell her for fright.

Mother wets Kittie's brow, and tenderly carries her into the house. The doctor comes. Kittie is still motionless, although mother has been working over her, and I am chafing her hands and feet. The doctor gives her some medicine and in a few minutes her eyes begin to

brighten and soon she asks what has happened. (The violin now has a little hopeful tone, but saddens.) Doctor says that Kittie's back is broken, and she cannot live long. Mother's eyes fill with tears, and she folds her to her bosom for she loves her as an own daughter. Glen and I throw ourselves upon the floor, crying with broken hearts.

When Kittie sees us there she calls us to her, in a low broken voice, and taking each by the hand, asks us not to cry. Her eyes are brighter than I have ever seen them before and her sweet face glows with light. In a low voice, for she is almost gone, she gives her playthings to us, and in a whisper tells us she loves us. (The sad notes of the violin are growing fainter and fainter, yet clear and sweet as an angel's voice.) She kisses us and then her arms tighten around mother's neck for the cold chill of death is fast coming upon her.

A faint "goodbye" and her form is motionless. Mother lays it gently down, and leads us from the room. (The violin gives a faint note, which dies away.) And I start from my reverie to find my face wet with tears.

—R. A. R., '09.

What They Are Noted For

Miss Baker, for her linguistic ability.

Miss Barber, for her reputation in English Bible and her fondness for "Jersey mosquitoes."

Mr. Bell, for his expression, "Aint she a Lulu?"

Howard Beltz, for his aversion to bathing.

Mr. Best, for his exemplary conduct in the post office.

Miss Boyce, for her studiousness and general good behaviour.

Miss Burdick, for the *height* of her ambitions.

Miss Dortha Carpenter, for her loud, boisterous manner and her violent disposition.

Mr. Cartwright, for reading "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," whose principal character is a *Slade*.

Charles Willis Clark, for his courageous conduct in perilous situations.

Miss Congdon, for her quiet, gentle and retiring disposition.

Miss Emery, for making up in quality what she lacks in quantity.

Garwood, for his deep, bass voice.

Hartley, for his excessive use of "herpicide."

Miss Hood, for her skill with a bow.

Huntington, "For the last state of that man is worse than the first."

Miss Jones, for refusing to believe in Santi-Claws.

Miss Kenyon, for her fairness of face and fullness of fun.

Miss Martin, for her mathematical precision and her theological expression.

Miss Maxson, for her dreams of what will "happen" in 1909.

Miss McNett, for being "all right in her weigh."

Mourhess, for his frequent visits with relatives (?) in Andover.

Miss Oaks, for being a tower of strength on the basket ball courts.

Miss Riberolle—"O Shaw!" for being Frank, I guess.

Rogers, for possession of sufficient wind to extract music from a hollow reed.

Miss Ruth Rogers, for her ability to charm wild animals.

Rosebush, for living the simple life.

"Jack" Ryan, for his historic clock.

Sage, for his fondness for the opposite sex.

Miss Slade, for her interest in bugology and Proverbs.

Miss Trowbridge, for her sense, serenity and seriousness.

Webster, for his hirshute adornment (?).

Miss Wilcox, for her charming vivacity, her sparkling wit and her pointed repartee.

Miss Zulauf, for being Ernest.

Miss Parks, for her gentle voice whose soft cadences rise in the class room as June zepthers float o'er a field of new mown hay.

—1909.

The Seniors and the Juniors have their mascots,

To the Sophs a young reverend came,

The Freshmen have no mascot at all,

But they get there just the same. —M. D. C.

With the Assistance of Jimmie

"Will you behave now, young man, and stop throwing water on people?" inquired Mayne, punctuating his question with resounding thwacks upon the part of a struggling small boy's anatomy where they would do the most good.

With a wail of offended dignity Jimmie promised to behave more properly in the future, at least with regard to throwing wet sand upon Mr. Mayne's immaculate white ducks. As soon as the youngster found himself at a safe distance he turned and shrieked defiantly, "You just wait till I tell my Aunt Judy."

Now Mayne didn't care a rap who Aunt Judy was. Probably some hideous old maid who was devoted to her heathenish young nephew. The reason he objected to Jimmie's decorating him with wet sand balls was of an entirely different description. She was fair and slender and brown eyed. Her name was Miss Ormsly, but best of all she was staying at Mayne's hotel. It was for her benefit he was so fetchingly attired. Certainly he did not present an unpleasing appearance stretched out on the warm sand.

The next morning as Mayne emerged from the bath house ready for a swim he saw Miss Ormsly just entering the surf. Without wasting any time he hastened out into the water and was soon swimming with long easy strokes out toward the raft anchored at a little distance from shore. In the mean time he kept a careful eye upon Miss Ormsly. Perhaps he might have a chance to rescue her from a watery grave. Of course he didn't wish anything to happen to her, but then if it *should*, he was at hand.

It did not seem likely, however, that there would be any need of a rescue, for the young lady was a splendid swimmer and sent her slender body along with strong, sure strokes. She reached the raft and climbed upon it. As Mayne drew nearer he thought there seemed to be something the matter. The girl was clasping her right arm in evident pain.

As soon as he gained the raft Mayne inquired if he could be of any assistance.

"Thank you," the girl replied. "I have hurt my arm in getting on the raft."

"Let me see, is it anything serious?" he asked so-

licitiously. The flesh seemed to be bruised more than anything else. Even his prolonged examination failed to find a sign of a cut or scratch. "Can you bend it?" he next asked. "No, that is just the trouble, and I don't see how I'm going to get back to shore."

"If you will let me take you back," said Mayne eagerly, "I shall esteem it a great pleasure."

"Oh how kind of you," the girl cried. "I hate to trouble you, but I can't possibly get back alone."

"It is no trouble at all. Hadn't you better rest a few moments before we start" suggested Mayne, anxious to make the most of his opportunity. "If you think best," his companion agreed sweetly.

Mr. Frederick Mayne made himself very agreeable during the time they sat on the raft. But even with the refreshing rest, it took a surprisingly long while to get back to shore. Their arrival was at length accomplished. But in the midst of his fair companion's thanks a shrill voice broke in:

"Oh Aunt Judy, he's the man that licked me."

Aunt Judy stopped suddenly in her expressions of gratitude and turned a glance full of indignation upon the unhappy Mayne.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayne," she said coolly and walked off to the bath house.

At a safe distance Jimmie grinned impishly.

A month later one moonlight evening two people sat in a shady corner of the hotel porch.

"Fred," Judy said softly, twisting the button on Mayne's coat, "I knew you all the time. Cousin Tom had told me you were here. And I—I." Her head sunk lower until the words came in a scarcely audible murmur from the vicinity of Mayne's collar, "I spanked Jimmie myself when we got home."

I. J.

Waldo Emerson's one of your class.

He's come to life once more.

Remember the story of "Old Jack,"

'Tis worthy of that author's lore.

There was a Freshone named Maud,

They all called her "Shorty" and "Fraud,"

But they couldn't tease her,

And her friends then to please her

Bought her a doll with a little tin sword.

The Last Stand

Three troopers and a scout, going from one post to another have been rounded up by the Indians in a coral made of the dead horses of the men. They are fighting desperately to repel the deadly circle which steadily draws nearer. Jets of flame and smoke shoot from the muzzles of their carbines, while here and there a riderless horse among the Indians shows the effect of their marksmanship. A cloud of smoke hangs over them like a pall. The blue uniforms of the soldiers and the red shirt of the scout show a contrast to the heavy gray alkali dust which rises in clouds, all but hiding the whirling circle of savage men and horses.

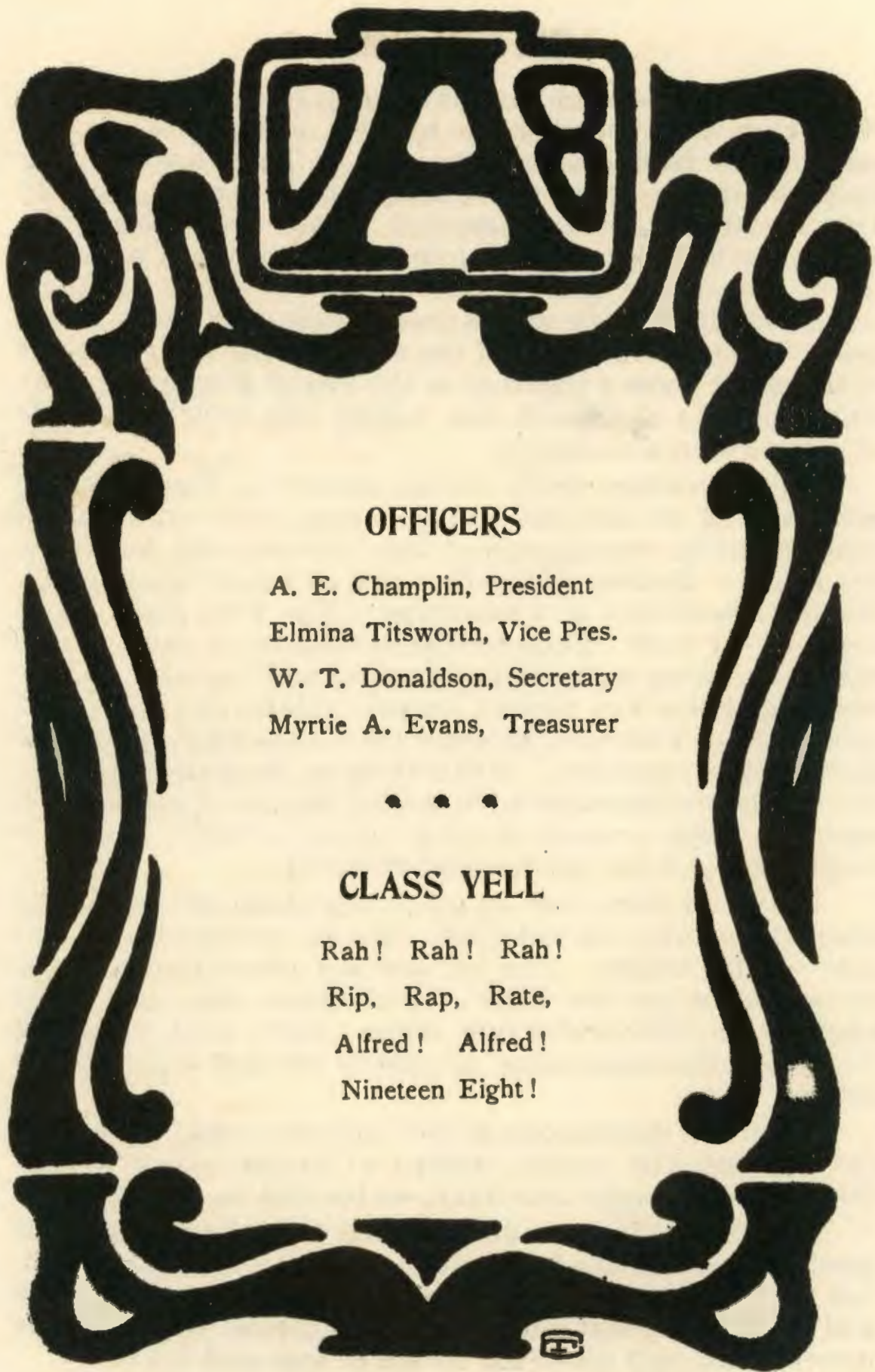
This whirling circle draws nearer. The cracking and banging of carbine, musket and revolver, mingled with the harsh warwhoops of the Indians add terror to the scene. Bullets strike the dead horses with a ripping, tearing sound that is nauseating. The men fight more desperately now. They realize that there is no hope of aid; but nothing is shown but bravery and courage. Their cartridge belts are almost empty. Here one blue clad soldier gives a sudden jerk and places his hand for a moment on his shoulder. Nevertheless, he still fights on. His hands are scorched with the hot barrel of his Sharp's carbine. The ground around him is strewn with the empty shells of his carbine and revolver.

Here and there, one by one, they drop out until the scout is the only one left alive. He is wounded and can only use his hands. The Indians are close now. They swoop down on the little fortification and the scout empties his Winchester into them. Then also emptying his Colt of five cartridges, he shoots the last into his own brain.

Then the warwhoops of the Indians rend the air as they secure the scalps, scalps of brave men who lost their lives in doing their duty,—who died as Americans.

And as the Indians disappeared over the horizion the smoke lifted and the dust settled, showing the same white, hot, Sahara-looking plain appearing much as it did before; and the sun, a great molten mass of intense heat, glaring down on the still distorted forms of man and beast.

Jack Crawford, '09.



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CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rip, Rap, Rate,
Alfred! Alfred!
Nineteen Eight!

Costly Prudence

"This is the worst thing I ever tried to use, Sarah, we must get a new carpet-sweeper"—but Sarah was busy watering the plants, and did not hear, or at least she did not make any reply—so Kate continued to push the sweeper back and forth over the carpet, only to find that the dust still remained. It was disgusting; and when she was in such a hurry too, Kate did take things in an energetic sort of way, we would know that just to see her. However, she had to make up for the easy-going and comfortable ways of her sister.

The reason that Kate was in such a very great hurry on this particular morning, was because there was to be an auction of household goods on one of the neighboring farms that afternoon, and she intended to go. There was a number of things of which they were in need, and of course these things could be purchased much cheaper at an auction than at the village store, even if they were not so new, it did not matter. Kate was reviewing in her mind the things she wanted to get, and as the carpet-sweeper just then slid over an especially dusty place without taking up a particle of dust, Kate decided then and there, that if there was such a thing as a carpet-sweeper to be found at the auction, she was the one to have it at any price.

Sarah had finished watering the plants, and on her way to the kitchen she looked at the sweeper closely, a smile spread over her face, but she did not speak. However, if Kate had looked out of the window a minute later she might have seen Sarah in deep conversation with Mr. Bennett who lived just across the road.

The afternoon arrived and Kate started forth to the auction. Sarah had some sewing she wanted to finish, so she did not go with her sister. Kate was used to doing things by herself so did not mind driving alone. She hurried old Dobbin somewhat as she did want to have a chance to look over the things a bit before everybody arrived.

The drive was short and there were few people at the farm when she drove into the yard. After Dobbin had been satisfactorily cared for, Kate was ready to go into the house and make a selection of various articles and an

estimation of their worth, so she would be ready when they were put up for sale. There was a churn she wanted to get and several milk-pans, two of these had holes in them, but Kate thought they weren't so large but that the "hired man" could solder them. Then there was a pair of clothes-bars just what they needed, and oh, yes, there was the carpet-sweeper! and such a good one, the very make she had always wanted. She must get that even if she had to let some of the others go.

When a crowd had gathered the auction began. Every one seemed happy and very excited, and the auctioneer most of all. Things went fast and at good prices. Kate had succeeded in getting the churn and one of the milk-pans when the carpet-sweeper was put up for a bidder. "One dollar!" cried some one. "A dollar and a half!" called Kate. "Two dollars!" said another. "Three dollars!" cried a voice from the adjoining room. Kate was getting excited. "Three and a quarter," she cried from the next room. "Four dollars!" "Four and a half," from Kate. "Five dollars!" from the opponent. "Five and a half!" cried Kate and then she heard the auctioneer say, "Five fifty, only five and a half, shall it go at that? Going—going, now is your last chance—Gone!" and the carpet-sweeper was Kate's.

On reaching home in the late afternoon Kate was met at the door by Sarah who seemed in an unusually happy mood. "Did you get your carpet-sweeper, Kate?" she called as Kate came up the steps. "Mr. Bennett did his best to get it he just told me, but you were too much for him, he would n't bid over five for I thought that was as much as we'd want to pay. But he had no idea he was bidding against you—he was getting it for me—I wanted to surprise you."

—R. K.

Hidden Treasures

On a bank close by the roadside,
Halfway up the little hill,
There's a place where snow melts early,
While around it all is chill.

People pass along the highway,
Sometimes notice, sometimes not,
That the thrill of spring is felt there
In that sunny little spot.

Some observe the dull leaves merely,
Nothing bright to catch the eye,
Never guessing that great treasurers
Underneath might hidden lie.

But at last there comes an urchin;
Bright eyes see and understand,
Then he kneels beside the green leaves,
Raising them with careful hand.

One sweet cluster, then another,
Of the fragrant, dainty flowers,
Peeps out with its pearly tinting,
Faintest hues of dawning hours.

He has recognized the message
Written there by nature's pen,
And to him she yields the treasure
She withholds from busy men.

This arbutus is but one thing
Hidden from the common mind;
There are others stored around us,
Which by seeking we may find.

Ev'rywhere are hidden beauties,
Like the heralds of the spring,
Lights and shadows thrown around us
By the deeds of child or king.

Poets see these things of beauty,
Tell them out to all the world,
Making many a life the brighter
By the visions rare unfurled.

—M. A. E.

Reflections on Philosophy and Religion

The passing years have brought about many changes in both philosophy and religion. Philosophy has advanced from the humble position of hand-maid to religion to the important position of critic. Religion on the other hand has been broadened and liberalized.

In the first place, it has come to be the sphere of philosophy to place a check, or reason gage, on what otherwise might become the wild, unbalanced speculation of feeling. If dependence in religion be placed on feeling alone, we would go to wild extremes, and miss both truth and God, and the way to truth. Therefore, as a fundamental postulate of both philosophy and religion; truth is conceived to be the same for each, and not to be relative. What is true for religion is ultimately true for philosophy. The controversy lies in the widely separated new points of each, and the effort to discover ultimate and universal unity at a single bound. Using the above stated postulate, religion and philosophy both advance along their particular lines of thought, each representing a distinct phase of the ethical nature of man, and each with fair hopes, and for all we can conceive, equally fair chances of attainment.

For us to say that this goal of truth may only be found by following along intellectual lines of thought and reason alone, would be absurd. For if truth is at all knowable by man it is as easy to conceive of the fact that he will come upon it through religious exercise as through intellectual, or any other ethical phase of man's life. A single element of man's power exercised alone, gives unsatisfactory results. But through the combined application of all powers working in harmony, we shall go as far as it is possible for man to go on the road toward eternal truth. Here then, is a strong plea for the all around development of the powers of the individual.

Truth may be likened to a map puzzle which requires the accurate placing of each block before the relation of each part to the whole can be seen. Logical fallacy, or mental discord, will blur the unity we are trying to behold.

Perhaps this speculation is a bit wild or fanciful and not as yet clearly demonstrated, yet we find those who tell us we have within, the sure guide to truth. Emerson

says that the people know more than their teachers. The criterion is within, the touchstone of truth, a power to discern the true and false. There is no man who has not felt at some time the pungent conviction that God had endowed him with a power to discern the true and false, and that his knowledge came not from without, or even through the senses, but that it came from within, undefinable, yet, to him, most true. If our senses some times deceive us so must also our powers of thought and thought co-ordination. These things then are not infallible.

Turning now from the means of knowing truth we take up some of the principal questions common to philosophy and religion and present in the thought of mankind in general. Is there a supreme being? and if so what relation do we sustain to that being? and what is the relation of man to man? Here is where philosophy and religion touch. But if they touch here, they touch everywhere and every phase of man's life.

The existence of a supreme being is generally conceded by both philosophy and religion, and though differing in details they agree on the fact. In philosophy we are given the conception of God as the ultimate, all inclusive and self consistent, imperfectly represented in all its parts, but imaged in a weak imperfect way in its minutest part. To this ultimate personality is not ascribed in as much as the conception of the ultimate is supra-personal and grander. Here is where imagination fails us, for we lack the power to conceive of anything grander or greater than the person. Time and space are merely phases of the ultimate, cause and effect or change is simply an internal balanced alternation which banishes our common idea of change. Prayer is principally a reflex act, a communing with our highest conceptions of what we as individuals deem greatest, highest and most powerful. In this way we come to evolve toward our ideals, this in turn is the spirit of worship. The light in which philosophy views religion is an evolutionary advance of parts of mankind with a corresponding retrogression of others. Of course as we advance our ideals recede or become higher and greater and are not attainable. This means that religion is an evolution toward higher intellectualism.

On the other hand, the time honored theory of religion is that God is an intelligent being, possessing all the characteristics of man, in that he loves, hates, is merciful,

takes vengeance, but always in justice; that he is the ruler and judge of this world, as well as creator of it and all things in it. He will hear prayer and answer, he will help us when we are in need, if we love and seek to obey him. His will is revealed to us in his word. He is omnipresent and his spirit is in every heart, as a prompter of good and a warner of evil. For a while he suffers evil that we may be proven true to his commands in trial. We are responsible in as far as he makes known his will to us and vouchsafes the power of choice.

Philosophy has shown the implied relationship of man and the absolute in the statement regarding ideals; and at the same time has shown the relation of man to man, in as much as the general acceptance of those ideals considered best and noblest, will eliminate enmity and hatred, and make for harmony.

In religion the relation of man to God is clearly shown, while that of man to man rests on identically the same basis, namely: To love God with heart, mind, soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.

—A. G. L., '08.

The Romantic Movement in French Literature

In the 18th century, there existed in France a slavery to form in all the activities of life. In dress, politics, religion, and especially in literature was this subserviency manifested. In politics, the state machinery was a confused tangle of red tape and tyrannical laws and customs. In literature the classic ideal prevailed. The writers were confined to the strict formulas of classicism which compelled them to be precise and exact, and to express their ideas only in a conventional way.

In the latter part of the 18th century and the early part of the 19th, France underwent a transition. The great revolution broke down the traditions and political formalism of the old regime and instituted a spirit of freedom and liberalism in politics which extended its influence far beyond the boundaries of France. The same spirit of iconoclasm pervaded the realm of letters and is known as romanticism. "Romanticism," said Victor Hugo, "is nothing else than liberalism in literature." The romantics gave full play to their emotions and expressed the passions of the human heart without reserve. They went

into ecstasies over natural scenery, possessed a great love for the picturesque and unusual, and reveled in the wonderful and mysterious. They exhibited an intense interest in distant times and places which greatly increased their breadth of mind and enlarged their quota of subjects. Artificial imitation was abolished and new productions evolved which gave vent to the sentimental feeling of the writer's own heart.

These great changes in sentiment exerted an inestimable influence upon the literature of the country. The love for the romantic took them back to the middle ages when daring knights, beautiful ladies, tournaments and crusades were the centers of interest and thereby extended the scope of their view point. Their interest in other places and peoples led them to a study of other countries and literatures, which in turn greatly enriched their own. Dante, Bocaccio and Tasso of the Italians, Cervantes and Calderon of the Spanish, and the authors of various other countries were made accessible to the French people through translations as a result of the romantic movement. A forerunner of romanticism, Madame de Stael, made her name immortal, and conferred a lasting benefit to her country in her book, "On Germany," which opened to the eyes of her countrymen, the great worth of the German masters of literature. Thus we see that with the advent of romanticism a new epoch is reached in the history of literature. In general the romanticists were distinguished by their emotional natures, sensitiveness to the picturesque, love of natural scenery, interest in distant times and places, impatience of limitations and an eagerness for experiments with new forms of art.

A. E. C.

Maroon and Old Gold

Maroon and old gold tell out the story,
A class of brave students destined for glory.
Bravely they march to fame,
Character their end and aim.
All thro' the years they hold
Aloft their banner, maroon and old gold.

Class, then, of 1908, onward to victory !
Let our true records hold a stainless history.
Tasks have been set and done;
Labor been mixed with fun;
While with its colors bold
High gleams our banner, maroon and old gold.

O, class of 1908, the time is nearing
When we must quiet down, to books adhering.
When in cap and gown,
We leave our college town
Let us our flag unfold,
Raise it above us, maroon and old gold.

Dear class of 1908, when all is over,
When we must separate, each one a rover,
Still, wheresoe'er we be,
Our hearts turn back to thee,
Alfred our home of old,
Where first we loved thee, maroon and old gold.
—G. E. B.

Will T. Donaldson—"For every condition a theory."

William M. Dunn—"Betrayed by a woman's tongue."

Myrtie A. Evans—"The glory of a firm, capacious mind."

Irving H. Fairfield—"He, above the rest in shape and gesture proudly eminent, stood like a tower."

James P. Greene—"I am in earnest, I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard !"

Evelyn I. Hill—"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

Ruth C. Kentner—"Innocense and virgin modesty."

Alfred G. Lawton—"A little, round, lean, fatherly man of God."

Charles J. Parks—"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing."

E. J. Pierce—"Never can get into the United States Senate."

Huldah A. Reed—A sight to dream of—not to tell.

Bertha B. Riblet—"Here comes the lady, oh! so light of foot."

Jessie Robbins—"A sweet angelic slip of a thing."

George L. Babcock—And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy name, my name." (Ruth 1:16.)

J. Roy Bailey—"A jovial cuss!"

William V. Bragdon—"Eternal grins his emptiness betray."

Grace E. Burdick—"One a critic cannot criticize."

B. J. Carpenter—"Compared to him, Moses was somewhat of a dare-devil."

Ruth Marion Carpenter—"The best of me is diligence."

Emma K. Cartwright—"Oh, for a forty-parson power."

A. E. Champlin—"Better as he is, without roasting."

Melvin E. Coon—"This is the type to which when it develops and grows whiskers, gold bricks are sold."

{ Guy Cowan
 { Sam R. Guthrie—"My life is one damned grind."

George H. Davis—His voice was low and sweet, a pleasant thing in woman.

Allie Belle Dealing—"Welcome ever smile and at farewell goes out sighing."

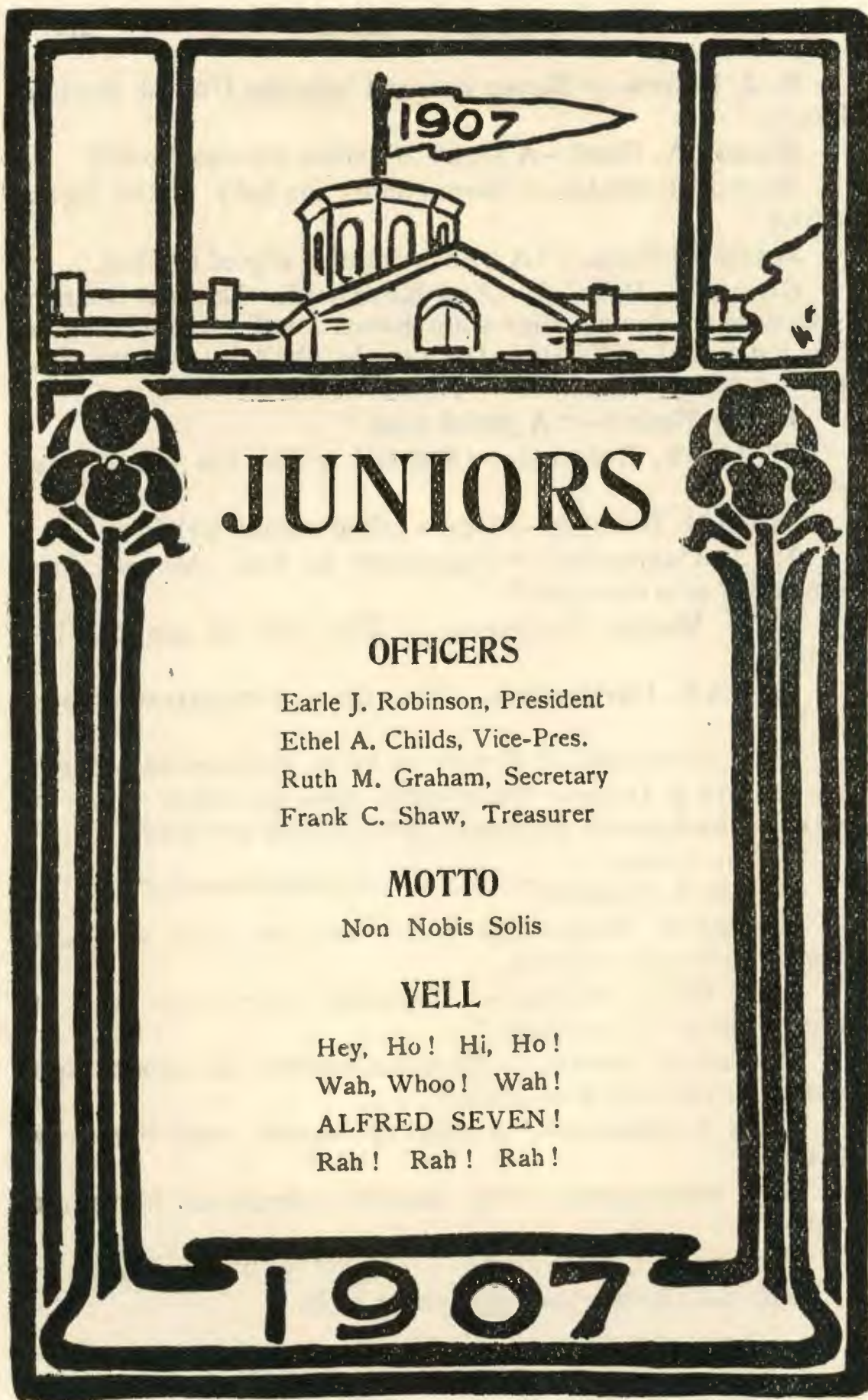
Eugene K. Dewitt—"Who can foretell for what high cause this darling was born?"

Mary V. Rowley—"A mighty hunter, and her prey was man."

R. J. Setchanove—"He mouths a sentence like a cur a bone."

Ferdinand L. Titsworth—Not pretty, but massive.

Elmina Titsworth—The short of it.



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MOTTO

Non Nobis Solis

YELL

Hey, Ho! Hi, Ho!
Wah, Whoo! Wah!
ALFRED SEVEN!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

1907

Student Support of Athletics

To anyone who has been closely connected with the Athletic Association the lack of financial aid to successfully carry on the work has doubtlessly approached him. We are hampered on all sides by this shortage of funds. Our football schedule is incomplete because we lack money to bring outside teams here, and because we are a small college it is impossible to take the team on trips which must be made at a financial loss or not at all. The baseball management meets with the same difficulties. There is a lack of funds to properly equip our Athletic teams and to engage successful coaches to provide for their training. Basketball seems to be the only one of our Athletic departments that is self-supporting. The reasons for this are obvious.

Baseball and football, the two leading departments, are not self-supporting. They must be kept up by other means than the gate receipts from the games played. Doubtless some reader will say, "Well, we have always managed to keep them up in some way in the past and I guess we shall be able to do so in the future without any new schemes for raising money." To be sure we have always kept them up in "some way," but is this "some way" the best and most effective way we could have done it.

A study of the athletic conditions in other universities and colleges will reveal a situation very similar in many respects to that which exists at Alfred. That is, their athletic teams are not self-supporting but are kept up by means of outside aid. In most cases the deficiency is made up by means of a uniform tax upon the members of the student body. Usually this athletic tax is added to the regular tuition bill. Paid in this way it borders very close upon an indirect tax, and like any other indirect tax it would not be seriously felt by those who pay it. This is a far easier and more efficient way of meeting this deficiency than by asking for subscriptions. For in the case of the subscription a few students are usually obliged to raise almost the entire amount. If enough cannot be raised in this way carnivals, amateur plays and other means are resorted to. The result of such a system in that a few must carry the burden of financial responsi-

bility and it seems to be the same few who do this year after year.

Athletics is a matter for the whole University. Every student should feel a personal interest and responsibility in the teams which are sent out. If they win we should all share the honor of victory and if they lose we should all suffer the humiliation of defeat. If we were all contributors to a common fund for the support of athletics we should all feel more keenly our interest in the success or failure of the teams. At present there is a tendency for a few active supporters of athletics to take all the praise or blame as the case may be.

It is the duty of every loyal Alfred student to give his support in every way possible to a matter so vital to the welfare of the University. The feeling of common interest would be greatly strengthened if every student could feel that he was on equal financial support with every other student in the college. It would create a sort of mutual corporation in which every student would be a stockholder and director. It is said "that where a man's money is there is found his heart," and I believe that we would add greatly to the success of athletics in Alfred University if every student could be made a common contributor to this fund.

The amount to be raised in this way could easily be decided upon. I believe that a fair sum would be to tax each student \$3.00 per semester. This with the present enrollment would give us an athletic fund of about \$800. With this amount to fall back upon our athletics would be upon a safe footing.

Some one will doubtless say that this is unjust, as there are many students here who are supporting themselves and can not afford to contribute this amount. Let those who are of this opinion remember that no matter how hard pressed a student may be for money, if he can raise enough to carry him through school for the year, he can certainly raise \$3.00 more each semester if he only has the disposition to do so. The student who has not enterprise enough to do this is of little credit to the college which he attends and can not be expected to accomplish great things later in life.

'07.

Junior

Bakker, Garreht Freerk: A man of few words, Rotterdam Dutchman.

Bell, Marcus Llewellyn: Basketball man, Deposit.

Bonham, Fannie: Future intended, Shiloh, N. J.

Booth, Emily: Constancy, Mattock Bridge, England.

Campbell, A L E X A N D E R: might vocabulary, Seneca Falls.

Chesebrough, Orville Hoxie: Boy or Girl? Clarks Falls, Conn.

Childs, Ethel Arvilla: Contented, Erie, Pa.

Craw, James: Poet laureate, Alfred.

Dixson, Ida Mable: Sabbath-school teacher, Alfred.

Graham, Ruth Evelyn Mary: A student of few names, Angelica.

Langworthy, Harry Wells: "Kanakadea King," Alfred.

Langworthy, William Norton: I'm not prepared, Professor, Alfred.

Richer, Julia Rose: A pleasant remembrance, South Otselic.

Robinson, Earl Judson: fusser and faculty buckler, Friendship.

Robinson, Deo O.: Y. M. C. A. fame, Hornellsville.

Rogers, Mable Titsworth: out of the union, Daytona, Florida.

Shaw, Frank Clyde: 542, West Almond.

Shaw, Leon Irwin: ladies man, Alfred.

Stevens, Sara Ethel: A student grind, Alfred.

Sutliff, Carl Andrew: Philosopher, Addison.

Watson, Charles Huber: A tangent, Cuba.

The National Hero as an Educator

"C'est Lignomini a soif de Consideration."—*Hugo*.

When I was a small boy my mother read me a story about a lad who, during a heavy storm, drove the cattle of the village to the hills to escape the flood he knew would follow the rain. After the water had gone down his family were mourning for him, and the whole neighborhood were wailing the loss of their live stock which formed their chief support, when they heard the discordant tinkle of cowbells coming from the hillside—and after the herd came the missing boy. When the father called him a hero the boy objected, that he had only done what he thought best under the circumstances. His father answered that was just what constituted true heroism—doing the right thing at the right time.

It has been said that we would hate to have the world know the motives for our best deeds. Some cynical kickers go so far as to say that our boys in uniform do spectacular things just to get their names in the papers. It seems to me this is an unfortunate position and the product of too strict analysis from a wrong point of view. There is a large difference between courting publicity and enjoying just appreciation of duty well done. Moreover, most high strung natures have an instinctive craving for the dramatic.

Men say that the patient loving women, who stayed at home and did the ploughing, and darned socks and mended underwear, that their husbands and brothers might keep up the fight for the Union, deserve just as much—yea, more appreciation than the men who led daring charges. But what gave them this spirit in the midst of toil and hardship? Was it not the accounts they heard of these same great deeds? These very women on the farm spent more time making that regimental banner than they did darning the socks or mending the underwear which they sent to the front in the same blessed box.

It would be folly to hold that the terrible Jones was playing to the grandstand when he yelled, "We have not begun to fight," and who can think that Lawrence was acting for effect when he whispered, "Don't give up the ship!" Those brave men of the 17th Illinois Volunteers at Gettysburg must have known that their names would never appear in print or on marble, and that they would

answer their next roll-call in heaven, yet each man filled his place with the precision of parade. They had a sense of the eternal fitness of things, and even in death would not disgrace their colors, uniform or company. Likewise every school boy appreciates the appropriateness of Ethan Allen's "In the Name of God and Continental Congress." I haven't the least idea that Allen sat up all night to rehearse that speech. It belonged to the occasion and if he had been less self-confident or less enthused with his cause he would have sported it all—and who can reckon the loss to our national spirit? For what is history to the vivid imagination of the average school boy but a succession of pictures of dramatic events? All I can remember of the war of 1812 is a picture of Perry in an open boat transferring the flag from his disabled flagship to one who could fight.

It takes more real courage to fight Indians in the dark under brush and get shot by a poisoned arrow in the back, as thousands of men have, than to fight in the open in a bunch back to back, but it was Custer who said, "If we've got to die, boys, we'll sell our lives dear." And his were the men who cheered with their eyes never loosed from the rifle sights. Hundreds of brave men have rallied a retreat to court death and defeat, but we will remember the Sheridan who said, "Come on boys, we're going back."

What would our flag be without these associations? I have seen horse blankets just as pretty. This spirit of rising to the occasion of keeping up the honor of the uniform and never allowing the flag to lower has become part of the very nature of every true American. Any man who has attended Memorial Day services and seen the dim, wet eyes of the veterans light up as they rest on old Glory, the faded uniforms carefully cleaned and brushed, those wasted shoulders thrown back and the bowed backs straightened—the tottering feet in vain trying to keep time to the old tunes—any one who has seen and appreciated, would cry for shame to the idea that this is all for effect. It has taken ages of heroism and rivulets of blood to make these priceless associations. They are the essence of that national spirit which reaches below, above and far beyond desire for glory, wealth or fame, and makes common every day men great, invincible, glorious. And we should institute a special sedition court to try

people who give no place to this sort of romantic insanity in their theory of life.

—J. C., '07.

The Old Pierre Mansion

About a mile from the village of Luneville stood the old mansion of the Pierre family. The house, situated far back from the main road, and surrounded by a grove of lombardy poplars, presented a dark and gloomy aspect. No one had lived there for several years because of the associations connected with one room in the house. Fifty years before this time the owner of the mansion had been a cruel, hard hearted man who had been feared and hated by his neighbors. His wife also stood in great awe of him, and there in that particular room had lived a solitary and unhappy life. After some years she had suddenly disappeared without leaving a trace of her whereabouts. Immediately afterward, her husband with his little daughter had moved away and his neighbors heard nothing more concerning him.

From that time, though many attempts at renting the house had been made, no one could be found who would live there for any length of time and all on account of this one room. On the east side of the room was a full length mirror, built into a mass of cement, extending about two feet from the wall. Any one looking into the mirror would see a dim image of himself as well as another dimmer and more mysterious shadow. This mirror, together with the peculiar atmosphere about the whole house, had repelled even strangers upon their first visit.

Oddly enough, we college boys at Luneville had never thought of using this gloomy old mansion for any of our initiations, or other college pranks, until the time of this narrative. There was then to be initiated into our Theta Phi society a particularly hard case, a freshman to whom we wanted to do some unusual stunt. One member suggested taking this excessively scientific and practical "initiate," Clarence Burns, to the old Pierre house, and compell him to sleep in the room of the strange mirror.

I remember well the night of our escapade. The wind howled as I have not heard it howl before nor since. Some of the boys were in favor of postponing the initiation, but the majority thought that it was just the proper kind of a night for it, and so four of us were chosen to

take Clarence to the house, and four more were to be ready to go for him in the morning. The "Freshie" took it all philosophically; his calm mind was not to be disturbed by such trifles. He has told me since how he felt when he was left alone, locked in this room, with no way of escape. His first care was to remove the bindfold which his companions had thoughtfully placed over his eyes. At first he could not think where he was, then as his eye caught sight of the peculiar mirror, it came over him like a flash.

"Well," he reflected, "If they thought they could frighten me they will find themselves most awfully fooled." And he immediately prepared to go to sleep on the blanket which had been left for him.

Sleep, however, did not come easily. The wind had died down to a low moan, and the foreboding cry of the screech owl could be heard from one of the trees near the window. "There's going to be a storm," he thought—"I hope the old roof does not leak."

Then he went over to the mirror. "Funny that they should have built it this way," he meditated, "There must have been some reason. I wonder if it is true, as they say, that when any one looks into the glass he sees two reflections?"

Holding in his hand the candle which the boys had left him, he stepped before the mirror. The flickering light made him look strange of form, or perhaps—yes, there were two reflections, some one standing beside him!

"But then, I am not sure," thought Burns. "The light was too faint and uncertain."

He went closer and examined the cement carefully, but he could find no clue as to why the mirror had been so constructed.

"Now this is just what the boys wanted me to do, spend a sleepless night," he said to himself. "I shall stop this nonsense and go to sleep."

His will power was great enough to gain control over his physical being, and after watching some time the flickering light of the candle as it fell upon the wall, he dropped to sleep.

He awoke suddenly, and found his eyes fixed on the mirror. "I wonder what time it is," he thought, "I forgot to bring my watch. I haven't any idea how long I have been sleeping."

Then, as he had no desire to go to sleep again, and as he knew of nothing better to do until the boys should come, he began examining the mirror once more. Pounding the cement with his fist, he found to his surprise that it sounded hollow. He had considered it as a solid mass, and the thought of there being an empty space inside aroused his curiosity.

"Maybe there is some way of getting inside," he said, "Perhaps the mirror serves as a door."

He could find no way, however, by which the mirror could be moved, either in or out. That part of it was made solid, at any rate. So he went to pounding again.

"Cement often dries and cracks after many years," he thought, "There may be a loose place somewhere."

By the help of his candle he looked up and down the sides of the cement, pushing and pounding to see if he could not make a hole through the wall. His perseverance was at last rewarded; he found a place where part of the cement had cracked and loosened itself from the rest of the mass. He tried it; it moved, and pushing with all his power, he managed to shove it back until it fell inside the space, giving forth a strange rattling sound as it struck the floor. So overcome by his success, the usually self-possessed Clarence could scarcely muster courage to look into the hole. By the feeble light he could distinguish little when he first looked, but as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he could see something which appeared to be bones. That was all he could make out, and as there were no more loose places to be found, he stopped investigating and waited until the boys came.

When the story of his discovery was known the mirror was removed and the house renovated. Perhaps it was because of his interest in the place, or perhaps it was for some other reason that Clarence later brought the heiress of the Pierre family back to the old home as his bride.

—R. S. T., '07.



SENIORS

MOTTO - THAT WE MAY BE OF SERVICE

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19  06

A Note of Warning

A condition has been revealed this year which needs a corrective influence or else it will lead to the complete demoralization of all student activities. We refer to the growth of a feeling of irresponsibility on the part of many students in doing those things which have been assigned to them as a public trust. The condition has been apparent to close observers for some time, but it has been very strikingly illustrated within the last few days, even by members of the upper classes. When a person is placed on a Lyceum program, or as chairman or member of a committee, or who is given anything to do which is an honor from the student public, and the performance of which is a public trust, and he deliberately and culpably fails to perform his duties in regard to it, he is worthy of the heartiest condemnation which righteous wrath can pour forth. What the state of mind in such a person is, is beyond the power of our words to describe. That college students, even Juniors and Seniors, are so disregardful of public obligations as to leave duties undone which affect us all, exposes a condition fatal to the development of student activities or of personal worth in the individual. The demoralizing effect upon them is beyond calculation. But the loss does not stop with the individual, it extends even to those who ordinarily do the duties of college life well and cheerfully. The atmosphere of irresponsibility pervades everything; it takes the spirit out of everyone and results in a low state of public conscience.

This is not a pessimistic view but a plain statement of what is resulting here in Alfred from the violations of public trusts and public duties. Alfred University stands for high ideals of service. Let its students therefore be worthy followers of those ideals.

L.

My Dear Mr. Editor,

There is a matter I have had in mind which I wish to express through the columns of your paper. This is in regard to chapel. It seems to me that there is a feeling amongst the students that chapel does not mean as much to them as it might. I think that this feeling is more or less justifiable. The fault lies with both themselves and the faculty. The students could make the time we daily spend there much more beneficial, especially in promoting college spirit. We are a small college, and it is absolutely necessary for us to stand together. I do not think that there is one of us but what wants our college to be a success, and is willing to do all they can to help make it such. When we get together once a day we have an admirable opportunity of creating the spirit desired. This does not mean that there should be a general "rough house" before the regular exercises begin. Every student should know the words to every Alfred song and also to many others. With a few leaders who know the tunes every one should be able to sing, at least make a joyful noise. The students here do not know how much it adds to college life for every one to join in the songs. It is a little thing, but expresses spirit and loyalty better than anything else.

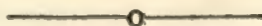
Perhaps it is out of the way for a student to say anything about the chapel speeches. But it is usually the man before the gun that is in a position to tell what is the most effective ammunition. I think I am not far wrong in saying that too many of our chapel exercises have been after this manner. The president—no the registrar, "Prexie" is out of town,—announces a hymn endeavouring to make his voice heard above the confusion. After singing, one of our professors makes a few (?) remarks about some antiquated fossil that lies in a far corner of the Steinheim, that we will have missed the one essential feature of our college course if we do not spend the rest of our sojourn here in seeking out this philosophers' stone. Or it may be that the speaker has not had time to prepare such an elaborate address, and we are favoured with a half hour's reading from an article of special (?) interest. Following comes the scripture reading and prayer, closing with another hymn. When we are dismissed one would think that a pistol had been fired for the starting of a race. Everyone seems to think that the one who gets

to the postoffice the first is the best fellow. When we think about it later we wonder why it is that chapel is such a vacant affair.

We do have speeches and speechns, that are right. but they are hardly the rule. When a student spends his whole day in study and recitation, or lectures, he needs something to arouse his thoughts along other lines. The chapel speeches are the best means of doing this. We need something of present interest, something that effects our lives directly, something to which we may tack the results of our studies. One would think from some appearances that chapel is a mere makeshift, not important and demanding no special preparation. I say, in some cases, not all. While in the class room the professor is meeting only a small proportion of the student body, in chapel he is meeting them all. I am inclined to think that after we have gone out into the world one of the last things we will forget about our college course will be the chapel exercises. Considering this, it is reasonable to think that this part of our work should have the attention due it.

Now Mr. Editor, if I have said anything that should have been left unsaid I hope you will excuse me, but it is a matter that has been on the minds of a number. I hope that others will be free to express their opinions through the columns of this paper.

Respectfully,
CHAPEL.



Here's to Good Father Hartley,
May he ever progress.
We hope that his shadow
Will never grow less.
May he live long and prosper,
And never get bald,
Though by some even now
"Dear Father" he's called.
And further we'll add,
That you all may be sure,
If you've not heard so before,
He's from Gouveneur.

Symmetrical Development

Perhaps the most common way to consider man's nature is to divide it into physical, mental and spiritual divisions. But as we learn more of the complexity of man we see that this division is artificial. These different aspects so blend and interweave that they form one compact whole. Failure to take account of this unity leads to serious blemish.

In harmony with this division the world's work is similarly divided. A man chooses one of these divisions in which to exert his energy.

Study for a moment the relation of his physical and mental nature. The encouragement of athletics, and the plea for all round development are the testimony of colleges to the truth of this thesis. Athletics are only a stage in the evolution of the development of man's physical nature. They have no intrinsic worth. Therefore students have to be warned continually against making athletics an end in themselves.

It is possible to get physical development in a way to combine all the advantages of athletics, increase the bank account, and do some of the work which the world needs done. There is as much pleasure and profit in pitching hay in the hay-field as lifting weights in the gymnasium. It is pitching hay after the human system has enough of that kind of development which makes the hay business lose its zest. Think of lifting weights or playing foot-ball ten hours a day. Yet that is just the way men do in their work. A farmer exhausts, or over develops, his physical nature and neglects his mental nature; while his neighbor, a teacher, develops his mental nature and dwarfs the rest of his being. The result is, they are both kept groveling in the mud; when they might be sailing among the stars if each would divide with the other.

It is a sin to lessen our capacity for work when the world is languishing for service which we might perform if we would only keep our selves in trim. In this age of specialization we fail of the highest achievement because we lose sight of the unity of man and the unity of the world. To perform our work in harmony with this unity will require a radical readjustment of our industrial system; but a symmetrical development is impossible without it.

—L. E. B.

The Power to Feel

If one were asked to state an important shortcoming which is likely to characterize a really good student, the answer might easily be that such a student often lacks the power to feel. By this is meant the power to appreciate the true, the beautiful and the good, in a sense which is not primarily intellectual. This failure can be partly explained by the fact that the students interests are first of all intellectual. The great question in class and in study is, Do you know it, do you see it, do you understand it? instead of, Do you appreciate it? This tends to magnify the intellectual at the expense of the appreciative.

That this is a defect of importance, and that feeling or appreciation is essential to real success in life, it is not hard to see. We by no means wish to underrate or to decry knowledge and intellectual power as such. Immeasurable benefits have come to our civilization through this power and every student should develop such power to the greatest extent. On the other hand the men and women who have moved the world, the men and women to whom we look back as good and great, have been those who could appeal to and arouse the deeper emotions. A great truth or a great ideal is never translated into actuality until it is burned into the hearts and minds of the people. The ideals of popular rights and individual freedom had been long held in Europe, but it was not until they were burned into the common thought and feeling of a nation by a sympathetic and enthusiastic man like Rousseau, that these ideas blazed out in the French Revolution, and set up a tidal wave, the influence of which has not yet ceased to operate throughout the civilized world. The fact that it went to excess only emphasizes the great power of feeling. A college baseball team must drill and practice, learn the rules and get control of itself; it must spend days and weeks on these things, but in spite of all, unless, when the time comes, it has some life, some enthusiasm, some spirit, they cannot expect to win the game. How much, too, it helps if they are backed by the feeling and enthusiasm of others, every player can testify.

The opportunities for the cultivation of this quality are legion. For instance, who has not fallen in love with some grand old tree? Perhaps it was in the door yard at

the old home, perhaps it was in the orchard or in the sugar bush. Anyhow it was one of those old settlers whose gnarled and knotted trunk, and weather-beaten limbs tell of the long roll of years through which it has stood a silent sentinel. Perhaps under its shade you have made some of your life's decisions, or it has been the silent partner of your childish griefs. That old tree means more to you than to anyone else. You know it better. It has grown to have a spiritual life closely linked with your own. The scientist may describe that tree, but you appreciate it, and that the scientist, as such, can never do, for a scientist, pure and simple, deals only with the mere outside shell of reality, with the symbols of it.

The subjects of the college curriculum vary widely in their power to awaken in us this element. Literature, art, history and philosophy have possibilities which are less prominent in mathematics and the elementary stages of foreign grammar. But before the former can appeal to us much in the sense we mean, we must have lived and felt to some extent. It is with great pity that we sometimes see students show themselves utterly incapable of appreciating some of the very deepest and richest things in life. Either their deeper sensibilities have never been touched, or they have none and are doomed to go through life on a purely animal plane. These we say have our pity. Not that we are mystics and can tolerate no others. The writer is certainly no mystic. But who has not thrilled when the Professor has opened up to us the beauty and dignity and depth of some great poem, or when he has given us fresh glimpses of subjects the grandest and sublimest and mightiest that it is the privilege of the human mind to contemplate? Truly if one has not, college life must be a dry, prosaic, dreary thing.

To go out into the woods on a June day and see things the botanist never classifies; to see the glories of the starry heavens and read there truths no telescope can ever reveal; to feel the thrill of pleasure and inspiration as new visions of truth and its meaning come to us over our books or in the class room, these are some of the real things of life. By these and other means we get very close to that great Heart of the universe, which is all about us and within us, yet so often unrecognized; to that God to which science, philosophy and religion all point us, with different but unerring fingers, if only we are attuned

to read. This is what we mean by the power to feel. To fail to do this is merely to exist, and in so far as we succeed in doing it, to that extent we have lived. N.

Senior Grinds

L. E. Babcock: "Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail."

R. M. Briggs: Amour fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout.

J. G. Brown:

"Up! up! my friend and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.

Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?"

C. L. Clarke: "Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend."—*Mary*.

L. Cook: Style is the man himself.

T. G. Davis: Musician, orator, An(d)a Pugilist. Guess how.

J. A. Lapp: That everlasting grin.

W. B. Lewis: Enjoys Dealing with Prof. Clark.

J. N. Norwood: Present where talk is wont to be made.

J. G. Stevens: A fusser, weightier matters permitting.

S. R. Babcock: Brilliant, but not at recitation.

D. Brown: Want's Commencement to come in January.

S. Randolph: "And those that paint her truest, praise her most."

C. Robinson: "Consistency thou art a jewel."

J. Pierce: "Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

H. A. Titsworth:

Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
Hers worst of all whose kingdom is a school.

B. Whipple: "Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

And the grinders cease because they are through.

Senior Notes

13 to 9.

April showers.

Six weeks to Commencement.

What's the matter with our basketball team!

Who said that thirteen is an unlucky number?

How do the Seniors look in cap and gown?

Busy is the word that describes these days.

There are seven Seniors in the play "Second in Command."

Miss Sara Babcock spent a day or two in Buffalo recently.

L. Emile Babcock is president of the Orophilian Lyceum.

The Senior basketball team has yet to meet its first defeat.

T. G. Davis attended the Y. M. C. A. Presidents' Conference at Williams College.

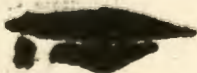
Miss Helen Titsworth, '06, who is teaching this semester, visited friends in town and college recently.

J. A. Lapp very successfully carried the part of "Prof. Reed" in "The Toastmaster" at the Athletic Carnival.

For the third time in succession the '06 team has carried off the class basketball championship. We're proud of them.

Miss Sabella Randolph has just accepted a very fine position as art teacher in the University of Chicago. Congratulation.

H. W. L. (assisting Miss B. with her rubbers, to Clarke who is going to Philosophy class)—"Clarke, if you get there before I do, tell 'em I'm coming *two*!"



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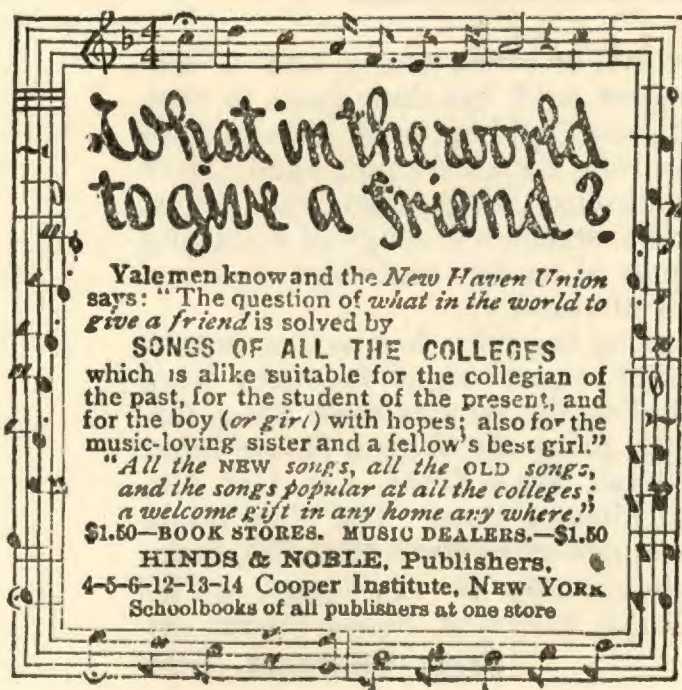
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