THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

Lyceum Number

April, 1905

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THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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

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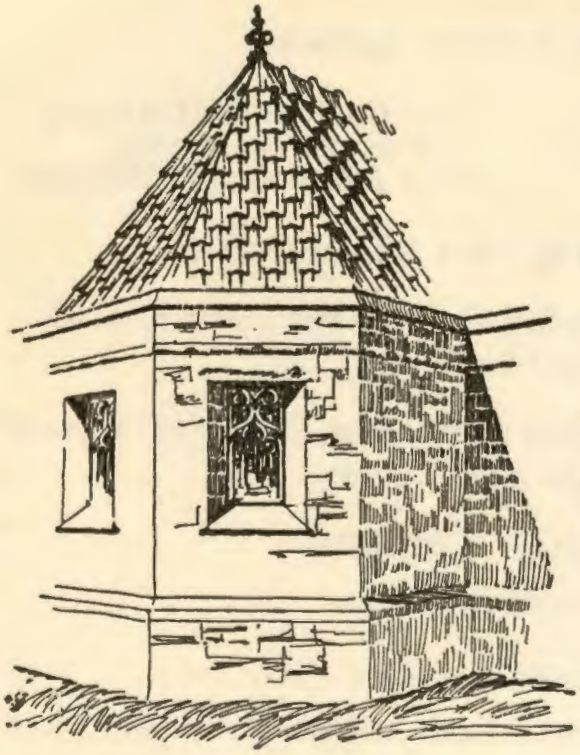

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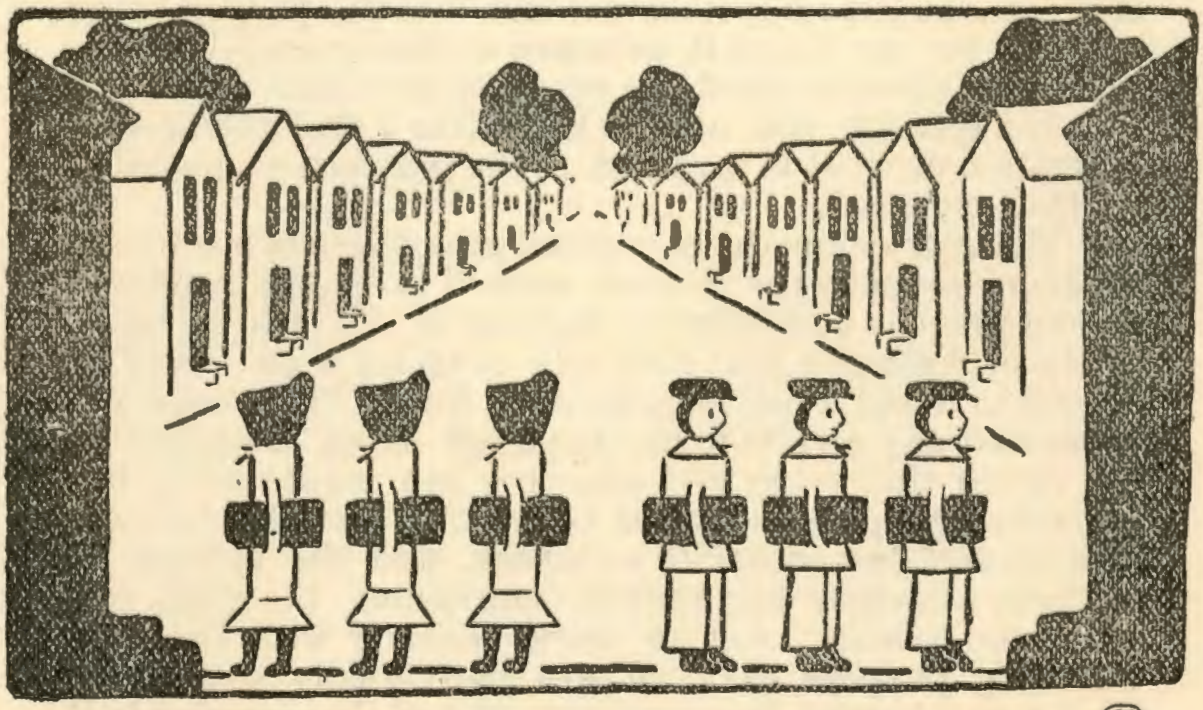

LYCEUMS

Alfriedian Lyceum

Editorial

It is an accepted fact that social training is an essential part of college life. The student, who thinks to gain the greatest benefit from college by close and constant application to books, will miss much of the best which lies in his environment. To this fact our Lyceums owe their existence. Years ago they were organized by students who realized that the intellectual discipline which they obtained in class needed to be supplemented by the social, literary, and executive training of student organizations. We are apt to think of the lyceums as something which owes to us the debt its existence, rather we owe to it a debt of maintainance and to our predecessors a debt for its formation. To discharge this debt involves responsibility, labor, and intelligent effort. The student who joins a lyceum because it is the proper thing to do, or for the fun of it, assumes at the first a false position from which no good can result to any one. It is right to join a lyceum, but only to join after a thoughtful consideration of what is involved, of the personal responsibility thus incurred.

The Alfriedians have realized that there is a growing tendency to make the lyceum second to things which it should precede and they are making an effort to so dignify the organization that girls will consider it an honor to belong to it and a privilage to work for it. This does not mean that any girl is to be debarred from membership but rather that every girl who does join must realize her individual responsibility and be willing, because she owes it to herself, her associate members, and the college, to perform faithfully her part in maintaining the good record of the lyceum. Let us work honestly with the non-wavering purpose that we will individually obtain the most possible good from our lyceum and thus render to it the strongest possible support and loyalty.

—*J. M. J.*

Literary Criticism

The books of the year have been many and of a widely dissimilar character. Many new writers of fiction have come to the front with novels showing more painstaking care in their composition than in some past years. Some novelists of former acquaintance have taken up new fields while others have followed their old paths in a fresh and charming way.

In "Booth Tarkington," the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Gentleman of Indiana," we recognize an old acquaintance. As a member of the Indiana Legislature, he has studied machines and bosses at first hand and in his new collection of stories, "In the Arena," he gives them to us with life-like reality. "Boss Gorgett" is the story of a shrewd young assistant who turns the tables on his young candidate for mayor and wins the day. In "Mrs Protheroe," the lady Lobbyist breaks up the political career of the young senator, Alonzo Rawson.

Quite different is the life portrayed in Myrtle Reed's novel, "The Master's Violin"—a story of Lancaster with the narrow brook dividing the old aristocratic inhabitants of the east side from the sturdy Germans on the west bank. The maiden aunt, Miss Peace of seventy-five, is high bred, dainty, proud of her colonial blood, with the beauty famed in three countries, now mature. She is a typical New England lady who never fell in love "because she felt that it was indelicate to allow one's self to care for a gentleman." The German doctor of West Lancaster comes to call on her every Wednesday night, but he never dares to tell her of his love. There is a double love story woven in with the delightful characterization, the love story of Margaret, another daughter of the old colonial house, and Herr Kaufman, the German master violinist—a romance nipped in the bud by the hard hearted mother who compells her daughter to marry another. Several years after her husband's death, Mrs. Irving returns to Lancaster where her son Lynn studies under Herr Kaufman and thus the love affair works itself out. In the meantime Iris, the young orphan niece of Aunt Peace, has unconsciously fallen in love with Lynn, but because of his seeming lack of feeling, she rejects him, and this sorrow brings out the genius of the young violinist who in the end wins her love. "The Master's Violin," like "The

Loveletters of a Musician" and "Lavender and Old Lace," is told with exquisite skill, delightful humor and a delicacy of touch which makes it charming.

"Little Citizens," by Myra Kelly, and "The House of Fulfillment," by George Madden Martin, both deal with children. In "Little Citizens," Myra Kelly has given us short stories of the children of the Jewish Quarters of the East Side of New York. Her studies are keenly drawn, showing the good will of her heart as well as the humor and pathos of the situation. George Madden Martin, who wrote that charming story of "Emmy Lou," has in the "House of Fulfillment" dealt with two children, whose childish romance grows serious as the years pass.

In the "Little Sheperd of Kingdom Come," John Fox drew the simple, kind hearted, yet fierce natured people of the Kentucky Mountains with a kindly and appreciative pen. The mountaineers take orphan Chad and his dog with their rough but kindly hearts. Uncle Jeff loves him as a son, the older boys shield and protect him while the daughter gives her life in self-sacrificing devotion. "Christmas Eve on Lonesome" is another story of the mountains.

Perhaps the most popular novel of the season has been Mrs. E. Temple's "The Masquerader,"—a story most improbable and unmoral, turning on the likeness between two persons, John Loder, an Englishman to whom fate has been unkind, and John Chilcote, member of Parliament, a man of unlimited wealth and social position and the husband of a beautiful society woman, but a man with one over-powering weakness, his addiction to the morphia habit. The exchange of personalities takes place. John Loder becomes John Chilcote and Chilcote, Loder. While acting as Chilcote, Loder becomes a power in politics and as a representative of the Work industry, upholds his interests. The real John Chilcote, on the other hand, spends his days in morphia; at times he takes his real place in the world but gradually the poison takes possession of him and he dies, the victim of an overdose. Loder, or John Chilcote as the world believes him to be, has won the love of Eve, the support of the English people and fame. Chilcote's life is laid out before him and he can not choose but follow it to the end.

For humor, sprightliness, gayety of talk and banter, we turn to "The Affairs at the Inn," by Kate Douglass

Wiggin. This characteristic international story has for its heroine, an unconventional American girl, travelling in England and Scotland with her half invalided mother. At the summer hotel they meet with a Scotch dowager who persists in acting the part of dragon and a somewhat bashful young Scotchman, half a woman hater and especially bitter toward American women. It is an ideal summer for sight seeing, the young Scotchman's automobile is at the American girl's service and before the trip is over a pretty little romance has been worked out. The good humor, light sarcasm and high spirits of "The Affair at the Inn," prove its merit.

The last novel by Mrs. Humprey Ward, "The Marriage of William Ashe," is receiving much attention and may become a rival to "The Masquerader." Mrs. Humphrey Ward as the granddaughter of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby and the niece of Matthew Arnold is allied to the traditions of the best literature of England and has keenness of intellect and nicety of style added to this hereditary skill. As in "Lady Rose's Daughter," Mrs. Ward has taken her characters from real life. The resemblance is close enough so that Lady Kitty, the heroine, can be recognized as Lady Caroline Lamb and Geoffrey Cliffe as Lord Byron. The hero of the story, William Ashe, is an English politician, one of the rising men destined for Prime Minister. While still young and with a promising future before him, he falls in love with Lady Kitty, the daughter of Lord Blackwater and against the advice of his mother and the promptings of the young girl's better nature he marries her. Lady Kitty has a fascinating, contradictory character. She is brilliant, piquant and withal so unreasonable that the hereditary, indiscreet impulses of her nature tend to ruin her husband's political career. Ashe is patient and long suffering, his great love for her will not permit him to cast her off, even when in a fit of jealousy and revenge she offends his most powerful friends and compromises her reputation by her relations with Geoffrey Cliffe. Yet Lady Kitty does not do harm intentionally, it is, as she says, "in her blood," her repentant moods are pathetic and her efforts at compensation all turn against her and work evil rather than good. At last she writes a novel of political life, with the idea of helping her husband and as a result nearly ruins his career. Even under this last blow, Ashe loves his wife and

with that stern nobleness of character which had developed in his once free and careless nature, he makes the best of it and after her final elopement with Cliffe, takes her back to die in his arms. There are the minor characters of Lady Franmore, Ashe's mother, the self-righteous Mary Lyster, the credulous Dean and the cynical Geoffrey Cliffe. Mrs. Ward has developed her characters and plot in a wonderful way and although she may be criticized for some failures, her novel shows care and finish in its workmanship, vividness of portraiture and setting and a wonderful development of character.

Among the other books of interest are "The Golden Bowl" by Henry James—a story of American and Italian natures with a plot, rather disagreeable but developed with much technical skill. Another Roman story is Crawford's "Whomsoever Shall Offend"—an old-fashioned story with a murder, a final defeat of the villian and at last a marriage.

These are some of the books of the year. There are many others which might be given a place with these, perhaps some novels surpass the ones here mentioned but these few novels will serve to give an idea of the different phases of life—of the political life of bosses, of English political and society life, of the life in the Jewish Quarter and of the mountainous regions of Kentucky. All of these novels have faults, many of them serious faults, but there are none of them which are not worth the reading.

The Franciscans*

When the thirteenth century opened, things were generally unsettled. It was believed by Europeans of all classes that some great crisis was at hand. The end of the world was thought to be not far off. The times were indeed evil—corruption was everywhere. The Holy City was in the hands of the infidel, and the Crusades had lost whatever of force they had possessed. In Germany there were ten years' of ceaseless conflict, and in Italy and Sicily, conditions were no better.

All over Europe the people seemed to have had no homes. The merchant, the student, the soldier and the

*Extract from a paper read before the Amandine Club.

ecclesiastic were constantly on the move. No one trusted in the stability of anything. Hope for the future of civilization apparently lay in the growth of the towns. Increase in population brought wealth to the traders in the towns, but outside the trades-guilds were the masses of humble workmen.

In the lowest orders of the town population of the Middle Ages were to be found greater misery, famine, and disease than are known to-day in the worst slums of London, Paris, or New York. This wretchedness was increased by the fact that the throngs of beggars and outlaws were left entirely alone. The civil authorities took no care of them, and the policy of the church was wholly unadapted to deal with such conditions. As for the monks, their religion was one of reflection and adoration rather than of service to their fellow men. The monk came from the upper classes and the rabble was nothing to him.

In the year 1182 there was born in the town of Assisi, a child who was destined to become one of the great movers of the world. Giovanni Bernardone was the son of a rich merchant, and was himself engaged in commerce until he was twenty-four. Francis, as he was later called from his knowledge of French, differed from other young men of the time, in that he possessed loftier ideals and had that devout and ardent temperament which characterizes the religious reformer. In 1206, he had a long and severe illness, and when he finally recovered, he was a changed man.

St. Francis had early shown an interest in church restoration. As might be expected in a time of so great indifference to religious things, the churches were falling into ruins. The little chapel of St. Mary and the Angels at Assisi was in a sad condition of decay, and here St. Francis came again and again with troubled heart to pray; and here, we are told, he heard the voice of God, saying, "Go and build my church again." He took the words literally and began to obey them by giving all that he could obtain of his own money, and soliciting contributions from all who came his way. His father becoming alarmed at the excessive liberality of his son, cancelled the commercial partnership and greatly restricted his private means.

"Build up my church" came the voice again, to St. Francis, and at last he understood the deeper meaning of

the words. "It was no temple made with hands, but the living church that needed raising. The dust of corruption must be swept away, the dry bones be stirred; the breath of the Divine Spirit blow and reanimate them."

St. Francis realized that mere wealth had never added to the sum of human happiness, and constantly in his mind were the words of Jesus to his disciples, "Provide neither gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat." He believed in the power of Faith to remove mountains and he went fourth with literally a single garment. He did not speak to the great, nor to the rich, but it was to the miserable, helpless and despairing; to the broken-hearted and down-trodden that he said, "Look! I am poor as you—I am one of yourselves. Christ, the very Christ of God, has sent me with a message to you."

St. Francis was not a sermon maker—he had neither clerical nor academical training, and it was only in 1207 that he received a license to preach. In its beginning, the Franciscian movement was moral rather than theological or even intellectual.

When St. Francis was about twenty-eight years old, he set out for Rome to ask of Pope Innocent III. some formal recognition. The story goes that Francis appeared suddenly before the Pope as he was walking one day on the terrace of the Lateran. The startled Pope dismissed the mean stranger with mingled pity and contempt, but that night a vision came to him of the marvelous growth of a palm tree from meanness to magnificence. As he reflected on the meaning of the vision, a divine whisper told him that the poor man whose appearance had so startled him, was to become thus powerful on behalf of the church. Francis was recalled and his plans were submitted to the judgment of the Vatican. He returned to Assisi with the Papal sanction for a draft of what later became his famous rule. He was met with great enthusiasm. By this time eleven other young men had become inspired by the same divine fire, and a twelfth was soon added. These also gave up all claim to property and resolved to follow the example of their great leader, by stripping themselves of all worldly possessions and becoming literally barefooted beggars.

They believed that the love of money was the root of evil, and would not, therefore, touch it lest they be defiled. They called themselves Fratres or Fréres—from which has come the name Friars.

Without delay these new disciples went forth by twos to build up the ruined church of God. They were wholly ignorant of theology, but to each and all of them Christ was simply everything. If ever men have preached Christ, these men did. They had no system, no views, but where there were masses suffering with disease and neglected by all—there St. Francis and the twelve came to minister to them, even to the lepers. It was with a cheerful look and often a merry laugh that they went among the wretched sufferers.

The heroism of these men at first startled and then attracted the upper classes. The Brotherhood grew rapidly and it became a problem how to dispose of all the wealth renounced, and how to employ the energies of all the new members. St. Francis found it necessary to include in his brotherhood a class who were called Fertiaries. These were laymen who did not wish to take the vows of poverty but who were pledged to support the friars and to co-operate with them when called upon. They were bound to set an example of sobriety and seriousness in dress and manners. Before this the word *religious* had been applied only to those who were inmates of a cloister. Now men began to see that it was possible to live the higher life even while following an ordinary calling in the busy world. The tone of social morality was necessarily greatly raised by the spread of this new doctrine and its acceptance among high and low.

St. Francis was never able to instill into his followers his hatred of book learning. Scholars could not bring themselves to believe that culture and holiness were incompatible or that nearness to God was possible only to the ignorant and uninstructed. The English Franciscans soon became the most learned body in Europe, and they retained that character until the suppression of the monasteries.

ALLEGHANIAN LYCEUM

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PERSEVERANTIA OMNIA • VINCIT

The Alleghanian Lyceum

"In order to improve ourselves in every line of public speaking, to fit ourselves for the varied duties of life and to broaden and enrich our lives and the lives of our fellows:" This was the object in view when in 1849, the Alleghanian Lyceum was founded. That noble purpose as conceived by those men, many of whom have since been famous, inspired them to lives of great good to mankind, and still that same ideal spurs on Alleghanians now as it did in times gone by.

It is more than fifty years since the Alleghanian Lyceum was established, it is nearly seventy years since Alfred became an institution of learning, and just as from the little seedling planted on this pineclad hillside many, many years ago, our University as we know it, has grown, so from that tiny band of willing workers, joined together in brotherly union, has sprung the earnest, enthusiastic Lyceum of to-day.

Our members throughout these long years have been many, some have marked the history of their country with an indelible sign, "all the mantle of a noble life have worn." We are proud to acknowledge such a membership, and men are ever glad to be enrolled in the ranks of our Lyceum.

The Alleghanian Lyceum has made a place for itself in college life. It has indeed grown up with the college and is part and parcel of it. Without the Lyceum, the college would lack much, for the Lyceum has its part to do and a mission to fulfill. There are many activities, but none so strengthening, there are many interests but none so absorbing as the Lyceum. When we meet together for work and pleasure on Saturday evening. we feel a powerful influence at work upon us. It is inspiring to gather in that old room where so many have gathered before us, and remembering their deeds, to perform our part. It was not for nothing that they worked there and it is not for nothing that we are working. The improvement which we may make in speaking or debating is but a small part of the larger and broader work which our Lyceum is doing. As we learn to do our part here, so we are being taught how we must work henceforth. We pass this way but once and every opportunity the Lyceum

offers is lost unless it leaves us better fitted for our labors in the world.

"In the measure in which thou seekest to do thy duty," says Goethe, "shalt thou know what is in thee. But what is thy duty? The demand of the present hour." The present is the time to make our character; the Lyceum is teaching us to know the present and to know ourselves. By trying we know our limitations and our powers. The Lyceum room is our testing-ground. There, the oftener we try, the better does the Lyceum work upon us and the richer are the results of that work. What does our motto say? "Perseverantia Omnia Vincit," it is the honest attempt that counts. Do you fail the first time? Try again. Persevere and you conquer all things, the world is yours. The word perseverance embodies the whole thought of success. It is he who follows through to the end, all his acts, who makes his mark. Perseverance is the quality which has brought men out from among their fellows and made them great. Men who possesss perseverance are daunted by nothing, failure incites action and action brings results.

The hope and purpose of the Alleghanian Lyceum is to make of her members earnest students, persevering workers and noble men. The only way in which the Lyceum can fulfill this hope and accomplish this purpose is *through* its members. We, then, are resonsible for the influence of the Lyceum, upon ourselves and upon others, we are responsible for the good the Lyceum does or for the evil. Do we feel that the Lyceum is failing? Then we are to blame. Do we think it is successful? Ours is the glory, but not ours only. In bygone years men labored and we have entered into their labors.

Men have worked and men have striven
And to us the work is given
That we too, may strive.

It is our duty to follow faithfully in the work so well begun and it is our privilege to enjoy the labors of others. We have inherited a sacred trust, let us see to it that we are worthy of our heritage. —*H. F.B. '06.*

Alfred

Far beyond the noise and tumult
Of the cities' din and traffic,
Far beyond the glare and glitter
That attract, allure and lower,
Cradled 'midst the sloping foothills
Of the mighty Alleghanies,
Guarded well by forest watchmen
From a high and mighty fortress,
Calm, serene in peaceful quiet
Stands the little town of Alfred:
Proud, majestic, and unrivalled
In its noble men and women.
There upon the hill above it,
Looking down upon the village,
Lies the campus, green with verdure,
Carpeted with grass and mosses,
Studded o'er with sweet-scent violets;
And the robin in the fir tree,
Sings his cheery song of welcome
To the traveller and the student.
Here and there the college buildings
Tell the tale of classic learning,
How within their lofty portals
Minds are broadened, souls are lifted;
And the traveller gazing on them
Feels a kind of awe within him.
Farther up, upon the hillside,
Higher than the other buildings,
Higher than the topmost branches
Of the tall trees that surround it,
Stands the Steinheim, still and lofty,
Covered o'er with clinging ivy.
In a niche within this structure,
Resting on a base of granite,
Is a little urn, within which
Are the ashes of the builder,
That great man beloved and honored
And revered above all others;
Man of God—whose mem'ry ling'ring
In the hearts of all who knew him,
Bears a living testimony
Of his life, his love, his greatness.
Looking down upon the campus,
From this ivy-covered turret,
One can see the groups of students
On their way to hall and class room;
And the echo of their laughter
Sings the song of lives of promise.
Then the head is bowed a moment

In a prayer, sincere and fervent,
That these lives may be a witness
To the toil and anxious labors
Of the great and noble leaders
Who are giving soul and body,
For the benefit of mankind,
And, that as the grand old Steinheim
Is in mem'ry of one great man,
May these characters now forming
Be a living testimony
To the love and care and patience,
So sincerely, freely, given
By their president and teachers—
Mental architects—Soul builders.

—*A. N. A.*, '05.

Responsibility

Not long ago a prominent man, who had been one of the foremost leaders in solving the problems of the last half century, said that although those problems were grave ones, yet the problems which confront the next generation are far graver and need stronger spirits, firmer hands and more consummate ability to settle than those of the past.

This declaration may seem like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, but coming as it does from one whose experience entitles to prophesy, it should have our careful attention. To be sure all seems fair and favorable, but is it not true that the fairest skies are often obscured in an incredible short time by the blackest clouds? Does it not often happen that serene skies are but the forerunners of storm? While we may not accept this seemingly pessimistic view, while our sanguine natures may refuse to believe that we shall see the brightness of the present obscured, yet the prediction is good in that it recalls us to the fact that we shall have problems to meet, and that we should prepare to meet them. We cannot believe that graver problems will come than those which confronted our people from '61 to '65, or during the Reconstruction Period, or even the last decade, but it is certain that they will come in a more or less serious form.

Doubtless our prophet had in mind the problems which will confront the individual as well as the nation. He doubtless sees the growing evils of our complex life,

and feels that we are departing from the simple ideals of the past, and like a father, solicitous for the wellfare of his son whom he sees departing from old ways, he warns us of the dangers ahead. It is well therefore to prepare for the possibilities of an uncertain future. We shall have problems to solve and they will be the more serious because they will be new. We need have little fear of the recurrence of old problems. We understand them too well. Their dangers have been charted by the experience of the past. We shall hardly have such problems as slavery or secession or any of the multitude of individual problems which have been met before. The past has left us a legacy of experience to guide our course, and only the most careless blundering will lead us into those dangers again. But not so with the new problems; not so with the hidden rocks. We approach them unsuspectingly and are upon them ere we know of their presence, and another wreck adds another bit of experience to the world's stock. It is inevitable that such wrecks will come, although an enlarging experience will lessen the dangers of them, and the best we can do is to prepare to steer clear of as many as we may, and to meet such as inevitably come.

We have always depended upon the times to bring forth the men until it has come to be expected that, in our affairs, dark night will bring the stars. The Revolution brought forth Washington, the perils of the Constitution and of National Government developed Webster, and the responsibilities of Civil War gave us Lincoln and Grant. We have never lacked the men for the occasion, and we feel confident that we never shall, The people, too, have risen to all occasions, and we believe that they will in the future. But we must not depend wholly upon the times to bring forth the men. Men are prepared for great things by doing small ones. Washington, Webster, Lincoln, and Grant were able to bear the great responsibilities which came to them because they had borne other lesser responsibilities. They did not grow into great men suddenly but by a slow process of development. They were great before they appeared so, for they had in them a power of mind developed by former responsibility which could grapple with new problems and new conditions. To be sure the final great responsibilities which they bore placed their name upon the lasting role of fame, but let us

not forget that those were but the crowning works of lesser burdens well borne.

These examples teach us a lesson. Our problems will be new as theirs were new. It is not given to us to know what the future may have for us to do, either as a nation or as individuals. We cannot, therefore, prepare directly for its problems, but it is possible to prepare to deal with each problem as it arises in the light of sound judgment and common sense. We shall learn to bear burdens by bearing them. Responsibility develops power. However slight it may be it prepars for heavier burdens. Just as a man who would carry a heavy load, develops the necessary muscular power by bearing light loads and increasing them as his power increases, so will a mind grow into a power capable of bearing the heavier burdens by bearing lighter ones. Education will be of small worth unless a feeling of responsibility is developed. It will be worthless unless along with that feeling comes also the power to carry such as we may feel to be upon us. We want men and women, trained to think clearly above the fog of common thought, to divine the course of events, and to have power to shape that course in the right way. We want them trained to guard the common interests as though they were their own and to be prepared so that if the prediction of grave problems in the near future prove true there will be men and women capable of grasping the situation and leading us to safety.

It is hardly necessary to warn the individual to be prepared for his problems. Self interest will do that. But it is necessary to make him feel that his interests are inseparably bound up in the common interests and that he should be responsible for the common welfare. We have too many who are looking out for themselves, too many whose feeling of responsibility does not extend beyond their own ends. What we want is the reverse, then let come what will there need be no fear.

To the college the world looks for leadership. From thence have come the leaders of thought and action in the past and it will be so to a greater extent in the future. Will the colleges disappoint these expectations? They will unless they teach the duty of bearing common burdens unselfishly. Will the college men and women disappoint

the world in this respect? They will unless, along with their culture they develop a feeling of responsibility to the world for the privileges which they enjoy. The world expects and wants culture, but what it wants and needs much more is power and willingness to do.

College life supplies the opportunities to be of service. They are on every hand. Every phase of college life is looking out for men and women who will become responsible for its success. How well one improves these opportunities will be the index to his future. If he avoids bearing his part he will doubtless continue to avoid it in the future, while if he carries such burdens as come to him, be they slight or heavy, he prepares for greater things as the opportunities come.

Let us not, then, avoid responsibility but rather take pleasure in the added power which we gain by bearing it. They should not be avoided but borne. Mechanical forces seek the path of least resistance. In so far as a mind is mechanical it follows the same law. Such minds avoid the hill top and they fail to get the hill top view. They do not climb mountains and they lose the advantages which mountain climbing gives, they do not bear more responsibility than they must and are not given the power to bear it easily. There is no confidence in self developed and no feeling of responsibility to the world. On the other hand, the one who climbs the hill or mountain, who surmounts difficulties and bears burdens, finds a pleasure in the confidence of his own powers.

Every one should be on the lookout for chances to develop this power. Whether the work which comes is slight or heavy, important or unimportant, it should be remembered that the gain of performing such work is not in the actual results, but in the far reaching development of character. If each one has this feeling that responsibility is the path to better things, we shall be abundantly prepared for the future problems, and even though they be as grave as our prophet predicts we shall find men and women who will rise to the occasion and become the stars of the dark night. —*J. A. L., '06.*

Campus Notes

(Culled and Contributed)

ALLEGHANIAN HEROES

The following Alleghanians have been awarded leather medals by the International Humane Society for bravery exhibited at the recent impaling conflagration: 1. J. G. Brown—Saving of a pantry door from the ravenous flame. 2. Vivian Burton, Esq.,—For rescuing the lattice from the porch and carrying it to a place of safety. Also for heroically striving to preserve a water pitcher by throwing it out of a window. 3. Ferd Titsworth—For getting wet. 4. C. Rosebush—For knocking out the attic window. 5. Charles Henry Green—For rescuing a sugar bowl. 6. Lawton—For saving baby's cradle. 7. O. Chesebrough—For keeping out of the way. 8. Arlie Whitford—? ? ?

TOOT'S SOLILOQUY

'Twixt a blonde and brunette I've a call
To declare upon whom choice would fall;
But, between you and me,
I've no choice, for you see
I'm in love—bless their hearts—with them all.

Bessie B.;—"George, you are a lobster."
Barth———:—"Y-you are the mayonnaise that goes with it."

Ask H-r-o- if the price on oil hasn't decreased so that most anyone can get a corner on it now.

Mr. Bighead. Who is he? Make three guesses.

Wah-hoo.

"Make a fuss over me."—Ralph Briggs.
"I'm all alone."—Clara Robinson.
"Coax me."—Evelyn Hill.
"Can't you see my heart beats all for you?"—Emily Booth.
"I'se got a feelin' for you."—Carl Almy.
"I was only teasing you."—Helen Darling.

"I'm trying so hard to forget you."—Sam Guthrie.

"Just kiss yourself goodbye."—Doc Stevens.

"Sweet Adelaide."—Lee Baker.

"How can I bear to leave you?"—Hine Britton.

"I've waited, honey, waited long for you."—Ruth Graham.

"Polly Prim."—Hulda Reed.

"Please come and play in my yard."—Bern Whipple.

"I'm always happy when I'm by my baby's side."—George Babcock.

"I'm longing for my old Kentucky home."—Rome Wilson.

"Lonesome."—Guy Cowan.

Anyone wishing to join the Bachelor Maids apply at the Brick.—Mary Rowley, President.

Bess Burdick believes in "variety is the spice of life."

Between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M. one may be pleasantly entertained with moving shadows of Doc Young and his friends which appear silhouetted on his window shades. Be careful, Doc.

Ferd Titsworth is agent for Mellin's Food. He is an example of the splendid effect it has.

After using seven bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine I find myself with an extra supply of nerve.—E. R. B.

The stories of the kissing bug
  Aroused in her no fears,
For Adelaide is a maiden
  Who has fussed for some odd years.

Judging from past and present,
  In the light of facts alone,
Will it make any difference to Guthrie
  If Cowan goes back to Rome?

Please congratulate Hardy!

Athenaean Lyceum

Literary Athenaeans

Every organization which has for its aim the upbuilding of character in the individual and society, or, as in the case of literary societies, the unfolding and devlopment of the mind, looks with pleasure and pride upon its founders, and those of its members, who from time to time have attained success in any line of work.

These we hold up as a source of inspiration to the present membership. And those whose lives have never been known to the public, but who in a quiet way have lived out the principles of the organization, these also we are bound to respect and admire.

So it is that loyal Athenaeans look with pride upon the ten or twelve girls of independent character, who in 1858, withdrew from the mother society, believing that in a smaller society, they could better develop in themselves independence of thought, and could "better fit themselves for the varied duties and responsibilities of life."

And now in the short space at our command we would like to present to you some Athenaeans who have attained success or shown ability in a literary way.

First and foremost among these, is one of the charter members, Mary E. Coon Sheppard. It was largely due to her efforts that the new society was founded. She was then about 21 years of age and her gift of song must have been apparent even then, for upon the first programme, which the records of the society show, is a poem by Mary Coon.

After her marriage in 1862, to Dr. Mark Sheppard, who located in the village of Alfred, she still worked with the Lyceum and several poems were written especially for its public sessions. In 1872, she wrote for the Jubilee session a "Personation," in which were represented by four young women, The Valley, The Mountain, The River and The Sea.

Although for many long years an invalid, she was always an inspiring friend, and literary critic to any one who sought her advice.

We select the following from her many poems:

HOPING FOR SPRING

Into the dream of the violets under the snow,
Haunting it vaguely, a sense of disquiet will grow
Ere the south winds blow.

Deep through the trance of the brooklet, yet through it will thrill
Throbbing monitions of life, from its heart on the hill,
While lying so still.

"Though they be dead," reads the prophecy—"Yet shall they rise,"
Lo! e'en the streamlet and flower, each after its wise,
Hath hope, when it dies.

Thrice blessed hope of the Spring, waiting long underground,
Soon will the rivulet leap in its gladness new found,
And the church yard mound

Purple with violets blooming afresh from its sod,
Waiting a spring time eternal, will still hold its clod
In keeping for God.

THE RIVER

From my fountains,
In the mountains,
From my springs upon the hills,
From beneath the
Frozen lethe
That my watercourses fills,
Coming swift with start and quiver,
I, the Spirit of the River,
Seek your welcome here to-night.

If you'll listen
Ere the glisten
Of my sparkling drops shall fade,
I will duly
Tell you truly,
Of the changeful life I lead.
Here a ripple, there a bubble,
Now in calm and now in trouble,
I flow on through dark and light.

With my tinkling
Footsteps twinkling
Lightly downward from my source,
Gaily tripping
Past the dripping
Grasses hanging o'er my course
Till, among the waving willows
Cool and deep, below their billows,
I glide gently on my way.

Long I dally
In the valley
Where the alders stand in crowds,
Softly gleaming
Fondly dreaming
Of my angel kin, the clouds,
O! could I in adoration
Breathed in perfect exaltation
Rise to them and float away!

Under bridges,
'Twixt high ridges,
With a current swift and strong,
Not with leisure,
Nor for pleasure
Do I hurry now along.
I have left my dreams behind me,
Now a toiler you shall find me
Sweeping on with ceaseless flow,

O the toiling
And the moiling
Of the ponderous water wheels!
Ever turning,
Turning, turning,
Till the dizzy heaven reels;
And the woeful human faces
Tear-washed of all tender graces,
That I mirror as I go!

* * * * *

Forward faring,
Gladly bearing
Vexing wheel and laboring oar;
Swift propelling
On my swelling
Tide, the valley's garnered store;
Inland harvest seaward bringing,
Ever flowing, ever singing,
Ever longing for the sea.

* * * * *

O, ye mountains
Whence my fountains
Bubbling softly, laughing fell;
And ye meadows
Neath the shadows
Of whose trees I flowed, farewell!
I have found my better portion
And thou great, infinite Ocean,
Glad I loose myself in thee.

THE MOUNTAIN

From my pinacled home
On the cloud-wreathed height
I have joyfully come
To greet you to-night.
And would that I could tell of the grandeur that rests
Like a glorious crown, on the glittering crests
Of my turreted dome.

Since the primeval time
When the earth was young,
I have towered sublime
In my battlements strong.
I have felt the rude rush, and the pitiless sweep
Of flood upon flood as over my steep,
Rugged summits they flung.

Ha ! the blasts that have roared
In their wild raving freaks !
And their fury outpoured
On my unyielding peaks !
But I stand in the strength of my heaven piled rocks
And I laugh at the storm and its purile shocks,
Though in thunder it speaks.

And I shout and exhult
And would I could rise
Through the crystal clear vault
To the beckoning skies,
And I lift up my crags and my mist-covered head,
And I bathe in the glory and radiance shed
From the sun's beaming eye.

O, 'tis grand to aspire !
It is grand to be strong !
Come up higher ! come up higher !
Why tarry so long
At your toils in the plain for a perishing good ?
Come up where your seers and prophets have stood
The angels among.

Oh, your heart thrilling awe
And your soulful delight,
Could ye see what they saw
From my glory-crowned height !
They had climbed from the shadows that lingering lay
In the slumbering valleys to where a new day
Was dawning in light.

* * * * *

O leave your small ills,
Your small pleasures, at length,
And look up to the hills
Whence cometh your strength!
Climb up to my Pisgahs, with glad eager feet,
And Life's Promised Land your rapt vision shall greet
In the distance that smiles.

Or tread the dark path
On my storm-darkened height,
Set with danger and scath,
And o'ershadowed with night,
Where, tempted and weary, your Savior hath trod,
Face to face with your tempter, his wiles hath withstood,
And o'ermastered their might.

Yea, press your way on,
Till precipitous rise
My Calveries lone
'Gainst the dark-glooming skies.
Press upward, still upward, though with torn, bleeding feet;
Full surely the angels your coming will greet
With glad ministres.

O, 'tis grand to be strong;
It is grand to aspire;
Mount with triumph and song!
Climb higher and higher!
I will lift up my crags and my mist-covered head,
And bear you aloft as my summits you tread,
'Mid a glorified throng!

—*R. A. P.*

(To be continued)

Rousseau and His Works

There are few men who have exerted a greater influence upon education than the celebrated author, Jean Jacques Rousseau. He has exerted this influence through a single work, half romance, half essay. It is, as he himself says, "a collection of thought and observation without order and almost without connection." It is entitled, "Emile, or Concerning Education." The Emile is not a practical manual of pedagogy, but is a general system of education, a treatise on psychology and moral training, an analysis of human nature.

Before entering upon the discussion of the Emile, it is well to look at the life of the author and see how he had been prepared by his character and mode of life to become a teacher. He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1712. His mother died in his infancy and the education of Jean fell upon his father, who was a poor, dissipated man. He was careless of his responsibility and taught his son how to read but not what to read. As Jean was exceedingly found of reading he read many worthless novels to which he had easy access. This greatly influenced the shaping of his character and also caused him to formulate his theory, later, that a child should not be taught to read. Besides these many novels, he read the books of Ovid and Plutarch.

The sentiment of nature early inspired him with a passion which was not to be quenched. The study of Plutarch had inspired him with an enthusiasm for liberty. He was an insatiable reader, nourishing himself on the poets, historians, and philosophers of antiquity.

It is in this way that his literary genius was formed, and in due order, his genius for pedagogy. There is nothing in the life of Rousseau that directly prepared him for the composition of Emile. It is true, he was for a time preceptor in the family of Mably, but as he was not successful he resigned.

Later in life he married a woman from the common ranks of life. To them were born five children, all of whom he committed to foundling hospitals without means of identification. The reason for doing this was so that his own comfort or plans should not be disturbed by their presence. Rousseau had reason to regret this heartless

and unnatural course when in later years he sought in vain to find some trace of his children.

In 1749 Rousseau successfully competed for a prize offered by the Academy of Dijon on the subject, "Has the restoration of the sciences contributed to purify or to corrupt manners?" This essay made him famous, and its publication was the beginning of a literary career. He wrote many books the greatest of which was the Emile. This book contains his educational theories. Emile is an imaginary being whom Rousseau puts in strange conditions. He is a character in a romance rather than a real person. The work is divided into books, and the different ages of Emile serve as a principle for such division. The first two books treat especially of the infant and of the earliest period of life up to the age of twelve. The third book discusses the period from the twelfth to the fifteenth year. The fourth book takes Emile from the fifteenth to the twentieth year. The fifth book is devoted to the education of woman.

Rousseau's first principle is: "Everything is good, as it comes from the hands of the Author of nature; everything degenerates in the hands of man." This is a fundamental error, for by nature man is neither good nor evil, but morally indifferent. If man by nature is good, it is unexplainable how evil can originate within him. External things may furnish motives to evil, but they are not in themselves evil. Evil arises rather from the conduct of the individual toward outside objects. It seems, then, that it is impossible that there is such a thing as evil, if evil does not come from without, and is not already in the heart.

Another error which Rousseau made is the distinction of the ages of a child. He divides the life of the child into periods in which is developed one nature at a time. Thus the first education is physical and begins at birth. During the second period the training of the senses is the important work. The third period is devoted to intellectual training. During these three years Emile is to receive all needed intellectual instruction. The fourth period is devoted to the teaching of morals and religion to Emile. It is now that Emile learns that he has a soul. He is taught to love those who love him, and to hate those who hate him. He is allowed to select that religious be-

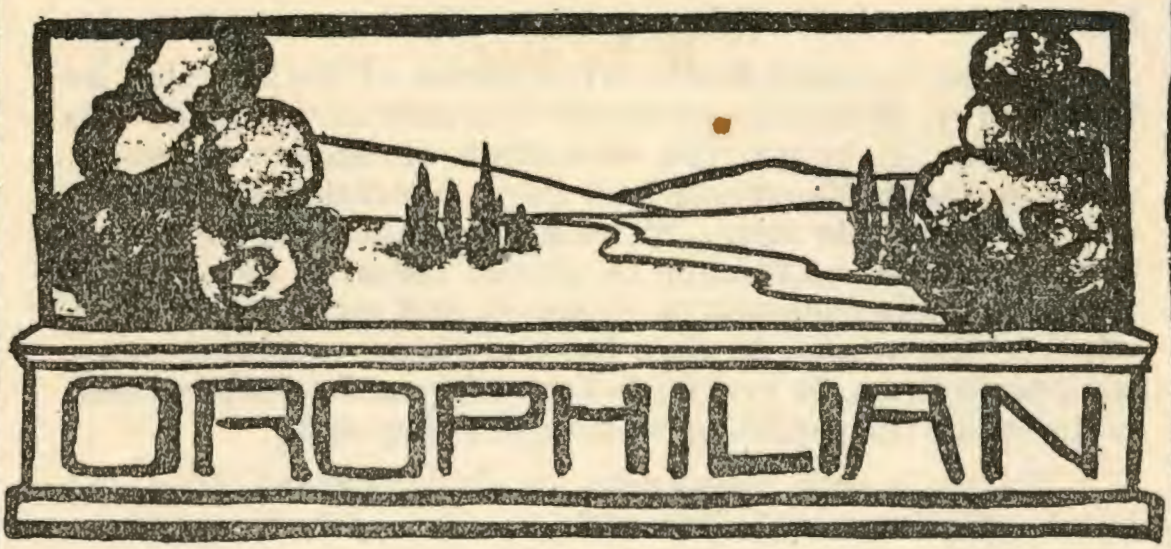
lief which most strongly appeals to his reason.

Having brought Emile to the period of life at which he is to marry, Rousseau proceeds to create in "Sophie" the ideal wife. It is not the education of women as such, that Rousseau discusses, but their education with reference to man. He says, "The whole education of women should be relative to men; to please them, to be useful to them, to make themselves honored and loved by them, to educate the young, to care for the older, to advise them, to console them, to make life agreeable and sweet to them —these are the duties of women in every age."

Woman's own happiness or development does not enter into Rousseau's scheme.

Out of the many errors which Rousseau made we may see some great and grand truths which he presented. In the first period of the child's life, he says, "Let nature have her own way." This means that the child should have liberty of movement and that nothing should interfere with his natural activities. He should not be dressed so that he cannot be active. Then during the intellectual training, Rousseau says,—"Do not treat the child to discourses which he cannot understand. Be content to present to him appropriate objects. Let us transform our sensations into ideas. Let us always slowly proceed from one sensible notion to another. In general, let us never substitute the sign for the thing except when it is impossible for us to show the thing."

Rousseau's educational theories made a profound impression throughout Europe, and though often inconsistant, they set the world to thinking of the child and his psychological development. A new direction was thus given to educational theory and practice, and upon this basis modern educators have built. Rousseau must therefore be considered as one of the great pedagogical educators of the modern day. —*C. C.*



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By the Way

Travel of any sort is enriched by the color of personal experience. Stately architecture, famous paintings, magnificent scenery, and noted historical places are always interesting and inspiring, but in some real and vital sense, the human side of life is the most charming and impressive. The complex and varied phases of human nature seem deeper than the material life, which is simply the outward expression of the life of the spirit. Thus it is with no apology that I relate a few brief personal experiences of a party of three Alfred students who spent a short time in "wondering on a foreign strand."

The London cabmen are a whole nationality in themselves. They were the self-appointed owners of the streets. It used to be a pleasure for us to run in front of them, make them slacken their pace and then listen to the finest flow of language ever heard. We had to use great caution in doing this, for most of them not having a sufficient sense of our own importance, would run right over us in preference to stopping. But the London bus drivers are more congenial and democratic. To get into the good graces of one of those meant that you would lack no information about the city. From Picadilly to Whitechapel they knew city life. The conductors, too, on the busses were a jovial lot. We met one, a German, who thought we were fellow-countrymen and he addressed us in the language of the Vaterland. A smattering of German enabled us to maintain the deception, but we met him several times afterwards and finally confessed our wickedness. Some of our pleasantest experiences were with the London police despite the fact that experiences with the police are not usually of that nature. The first day we were in the city we pronounced them all idiots for we couldn't understand them nor they us, but we later concluded that we were rather hasty in our judgment. Among the fishmongers in Billingsgate the sight of one of these huge blue-coats was more than inspiring to us. It was also due to a policeman that we got a full glimpse of King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the rest of the royal family on the king's birthday. "You keep close to me" he said, "And I'll see that no one pushes you out of the front row." And he was as good as his word. The

continental policeman are inferior, both in physique and intelligence, to the London force.

Our happenings in getting around in Holland and Belgium were the most amusing. We knew how to do away with most of the difficulty in Germany, but Flemish and French were as bad as Greek to us. However we spent but one day on the continent in which we did not meet an English speaking person and that day, strange to say, was the Fourth of July. The licensed guides knew that we were Americans as far as they could see us and an American is regarded as legitimate prey in those countries. Their persistence would have made us angry if it had not been so amusing. At the hotels in Germany we proudly used our meager knowledge of German despite the fact that the porter and some of the waiters could speak English. The proprietor of the hotel at Coblenz told us that he wished that he could speak English as well as we could speak German. But I suspect that he was trying to flatter us. Our fellow-guests at the same hotel were willing to spend their leisure moments with us in talking their language. Two of them told what awful things would happen to us if Germany went to war with the United States. They also warned us of the disastrous effects (to Americans) of their national beverage. Coblenz makes excellent beer.

The glorious Fourth of July was spent in Germany without the inspiration of firecrackers, torpedoes, and sky-rockets. The nearest we came to celebrating was seeing the American flag on a Rhine steamer. Its once bright folds had been dimmed by age and smoke, but it was highly suggestive to us under those circumstances. In going from Cologne to Liege we met two American ladies, a mother and a daughter, who were over-joyed to see us. They were going to Paris preparatory to returning home. The daughter had gone abroad to study music for a year, but at the end of two months she had had enough and she was going home in September. She reminded me strongly of one of the college girls at Alfred and that, coupled with the fact that she was a loyal football and baseball supporter, made her a most delightful fellow-traveler. We had somewhat similiar experiences in London and Glasgow with other Americans.

The sports and recreation of peoples across the water are somewhat different from our own. Cricket is a

popular game in England and Scotland. At Glasgow University the students were playing on their field (which is no larger than ours) and they courteously explained the game to us. It did not seem so speedy and scientific as baseball. During our stay in London the Ascot races and the Wimbledon tennis matches were on, but we did not attend either. At the Windsor station an intoxicated fellow wanted to sell us tips in the races to be held the next day. His unstable condition attracted the attention of the station agent and he finally threw him out. Rowing is another popular sport with the English. At Stratford we secured a boat and rowed up and down the river Avon past the old church in which rests the dust of the immortal Shakespere.

Automobiles are used very much for pleasure outings. On the streets of London they go at a pace that is terrific, even in the crowded thoroughfares. Near our boarding place, one of these heavy machines played ping-pong with a bicyclist, we arriving on the scene just as the fragments were being gathered up.

The slums of the cities are interesting objects of study. The worst treatment we got in any of these quarters was at Antwerp. But our experience here was not of a serious kind; we were simply stoned by some of the street urchins who thought, perhaps, that they could take liberties with us because we were strangers. However not all boys were as unappreciative as these. At the village of Newton they teased us to give our lyceum yell because (as they said)they liked to hear things go off with a bang.

The treatment we received at the hands of the Scotch was as courteous as was accorded to us anywhere. One reason for this is that the Scotch are intensely proud of their country and they would inconvenience themselves rather than give a bad impression of their land and their people.

In London we met a number of other Alfred tourists and there were things doing till they left. One of them who was a conductor of a party graciously used his spare moments to initiate us into the secrets of the British Museum and the National Art Gallery. Other things happened, too, but it would be sacrilege to put them into print. Our acquaintances on the voyage both going and

coming were pleasant. Some of those who crossed with us also made the return trip on the same boat that we did. Our voyage experiences revealed to us more clearly than anything else the inherent goodness of human nature and the common brotherhood of mankind.

—*J. G. S. '06.*

A Few of Them

J. E. Vincent,

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

J. N. Norwood,

"Still waters run deep."

R. J. Setchanove,

"He hath an excellent good name."

C. L. Clarke,

"A man of good repute, carriage, bearing and estimation."

T. G. Davis,

"The best thing about many a man is his wife."

W. M. Dunn,

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile."

G. M. Bartholomew,

"It would talk—Lord! how it talked."

C. J. Parks,

"I am not lean enough to be thought a good student."

W. T. Donaldson,

"Her pulses fluttered like a dove
To hear him speak."

H. E. Davis,

"A minister but still a man."

D. L. Baker,

"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."

H. W. Langworthy,

"His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance."

J. G. Stevens,

"In faith he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read."

G. L. Babcock,

"I am a citizen of the world."

E. R. Brown,

"Much may be said on both sides."

J. P. Green,

"Thou hast got more hair on thy face than
Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail."

A. E. Champlin,

"Mild and unassuming."

F. C. Shaw,

"You look wise. Pray, correct that error."

S. R. Guthrie,

"He seems an angel with clipt wings."

The Lyceum Situation in Alfred

The lyceum situation is not a subject which is attracting much attention in Alfred University at the present time. It is not the foremost topic of conversation on the campus and in the clubs, yet anyone who has thought much about it will admit at least that the situation has been rapidly changing. The lyceums do not hold the same relative position in school life here, they did eight years ago. There is, in some circles, a growing feeling of dissatisfaction with the lyceums as they are, and the old cut and dried methods in the programs and debates. Then too, there is less of deep, vital, active loyalty to the regular lyceum work, than there used to be, and many suggestions have been made with a view to better fitting the lyceums to their places in the changed conditions of our university life. Let us consider briefly in this Lyceum Number of the MONTHLY, some of the causes which have lead to the present conditions, and along what lines we may expect the inevitable modifications to come about.

These causes are many and complex. One set grows out of the great diversification of interests which has occurred in Alfred during the past ten years. The building

of the new Hall of Physics and its greatly improved facilities for work in physics, chemistry, electricity and engineering, have called in students who are different in their aims from those of the older classical type; the New York State School of Clayworking and Ceramics has added still further to the different elements of university life and detracted from the popularity of the lyceums where political, social, economic and literary subjects have seemed to dominate.

Then since the separation of the college and preparatory departments, some years ago, the four college classes have increased in importance and influence. Their rivalries and interests, cutting as they do across lyceum lines, put the old lyceum rivalries in the back ground and thus lower them from their old position of domination. Instead of inter-lyceum baseball games, football games and debates, we have inter-class games and debates. The classes are a prominent cause of the present peculiar lyceum situation.

In Alfred, too, as in other colleges, Athletics has come to occupy a much more prominent place than formerly, adding still further to our varied activities. All these changes have affected the social life of the school. Students having similar interests, like birds of a feather, naturally "flock together," so diversity of interests ends in diversity of social life and the different small groups, often scarcely knowing members of other groups, fall further and further apart. Thus the lyceums which once counted all students as workers, now draw their support from a few whom we may call the lyceum group, though that group is still quite cosmopolitan. It is easy to see that the lyceums can no longer be so nearly the "whole thing" as they once were.

Another set of causes arise from the fact that the college standards of scholarship has been rapidly rising. Now, as the student comes into his junior and senior years, and the demand and facilities for more specialized work increases, he narrows down to some particular field which absorbs his time and interests. This cannot help withdrawing his attention from the more general work of the lyceum which was eminently adapted to the student's needs when Alfred's courses were more restricted and

the training she gave more disciplinary than specialized and professional.

Still another cause may be found in the fact that students stay a shorter time in Alfred than they once did. They used to come from the district schools of their home towns to the Academy and stay on through a college course. Now, with good high schools at home, they come to Alfred just for the college course, or perhaps to spend only a year or two preparatory to a course in the technical schools of the large universities. Thus there isn't the time to form that close attachment to the lyceum, which is so essential a factor in securing good lyceum work. This difference cannot be without results.

Now these words are not written in a spirt of complaint. Not at all. Most of the changes we have noted are for the better. They are signs of progress. But we might as well recognize the facts as they are, and face them. The question is, how are the lyceums going to meet these changes ?

It is much harder to propose policies than to state facts, and any suggestion of what might be done is apt to look like speculation. But it seems as if some one of the following may happen. It may be that the lyceums will develop into fraternities. It may be they will--shall we say degenerate—into organizations of the lower-classmen and preparatory students. They may even become department clubs, or, perhaps, the social feature may obtain supremacy in them. Some of these possibilities are much more likely to come about than others, for in the present state of opinion in the student body it is not likely that a complete break with the lyceums' past traditions would be tolerated.

Interested and loyal lyceum men and women will do well to take up the matter seriously and see what can be done to make the lyceums as efficient a part of the New Alfred as they so long were of the Old.

—*J. N. N., '06.*

Too Late to Classify

Brown—Beer always makes me fat.

Dunn—Beer always makes me lean—against telegraph poles and houses.

Smith—I knew your father when he didn't have a shirt to his back.

Jones—When was that?

Smith—When he was in swimming.

If marriage is the balloon that takes you safely to heaven, divorce must be the parachute that brings you back to earth again.

Baker told the conductor that he was riding on his face. The conductor threw him through the window and said, "If you happen to land on your face, just finish your ride."

A.—I have a brother that suffers terribly from the heat.

B.—Where does he live?

A.—He isn't living.

Teacher in English.—Mr. P - - ks, how would you punctuate this sentence, "Miss R - - d was walking down the street"?

P - - ks.—I would make a "dash" after Miss R - - d.

Donaldson, (under his breath).—And a very interesting "period" would follow.

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