

# THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

December, 1903



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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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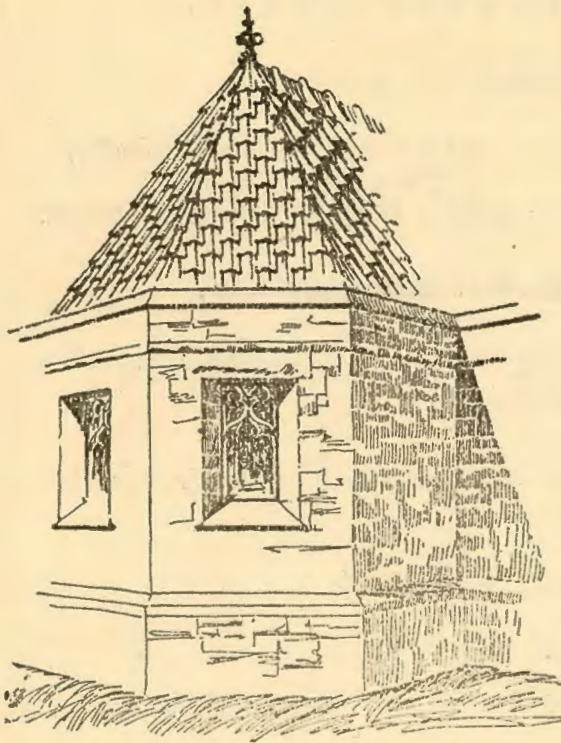
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## An American Educator

One of the strange things in History is the great results that sometimes come from the most trivial circumstances. The cackling of a goose saved Rome, while the foolish vanity of a silly girl betrayed it. The simple flight of a bird, winging its way home to its little ones, turned the course of Columbus' ship south, made the West Indies instead of Florida the center of Spanish power in the New World and so saved the United States from the blighting curse of Spanish supremacy.

To just such a trivial incident America owes its greatest educator, the man whose labors and heroic devotion made possible the common school of to-day.

It was certainly an event of no importance that a little town in Massachusetts a hundred years or so ago should adopt the name Franklin in honor of America's great statesman. But that act led to the suggestion to Mr. Franklin that the town would be pleased to receive from him a bell for their town church. Franklin, with his customary wisdom, said that he hoped that people who would name a town after him would care more for *sense* than for *sound*, so he sent them a school library, and that library of solid books became the delight and furnished the inspiration of a boy who was born into the family of a poor farmer in that same town some eighteen years later.



Even as a boy Horace Mann's conditions were extremely hard. The struggle for the support of the family was a severe one in which every child had to take part. His schooling was but ten weeks a year, yet nevertheless, he had no play days, the hard duties of the farm consumed most of his time and when they were less urgent he braided straw for the neighboring hat factory. His only time for play was when by extra exertion he had completed his allotted tasks earlier than usual.

When at the age of thirteen he lost his father, even the brief term of schooling ceased, he became the chief support of the family, and for seven years his life was nothing but toil for the mother whom he idolized. His devotion to this mother is one of the sweetest things in his life, great as it became. He says of her, "I can conceive no emotions more pure, more holy \* \* \* than those which a virtuous son must feel towards an affectionate mother. For myself, I can truly say that the strongest and most abiding incentive to excellence sprang from that look of solicitude and hope, that heavenly expression of maternal tenderness, when without the utterance of a single word my mother looked into my face and silently told me that my life was freighted with a twofold being for it bore her destiny as well as my own."

At the age of twenty, his course of life was crossed by another of those seemingly trivial incidents. In 1816 there came to Franklin one of the strangest of school-masters. He is described as an idiot in mathematics, he didn't even know the multiplication table, and couldn't tell the time of day by the clock. At times he would be seized with mad spells of intemperance and for months would be a drunken sot.

He was seemingly a most contemptible instrument for the shaping of America's greatest educator; but Samuel Barret was a grand teacher of the Languages, knowing Virgil, Cicero and Homer by heart so that he never used a book in his Latin and Greek recitations. This strange teacher, meeting Horace Mann in one of his sober moods, inspired him with a belief that he could go to college although at that time he knew not a word of either Latin or Greek. Then followed one of the most tremendous intellectual efforts Massachusetts has ever known. Mann set to work to prepare for examination at Brown Univer-



sity and in six months from the time he first saw a Latin Grammar he was admitted to the Sophomore Class. The effort was too great even for Mann and it impaired his health for all the rest of his life.

In college he had to put forth great efforts to pay his way, teaching school in winter in the neighboring country towns, yet in three years he graduated at the head of his class and became a teacher in the University.

But he had then no thought of being a teacher; his teaching supplied him money while he pursued the study of law upon the practice of which he entered at the age of twenty-seven. It is said that he won four out of five of the cases he had during his professional career; but perhaps that was because his guiding principal was, never to undertake a case unless he believed it to be a just cause. When he had undertaken it, believing he was on the side of the right, he threw himself into it heart and soul and spared no exertion to make out his case.

At the age of thirty, he was elected to the State Legislature and for ten years took part in framing the laws of Massachusetts, finally becoming president of the Senate. Early in life Mr. Mann had become inspired with the determination "to do something for the benefit of mankind."

At that time Massachusetts had no state school organization. While Mr. Mann was president of the Senate, he became champion of the cause of education and a bill was passed creating a State Board of Education. When that Board met for organization, they invited Mann to become Secretary of the Board or as it is called in many states, State Superintendent of Education. Finally he yielded to the urging of his friends and accepted the position. Then followed twelve years of most devoted service in the cause of education.

To understand his work it is necessary to get a view of the educational field in Massachusetts when he began his work. Massachusetts has been famous for fostering education from its earliest history; but at no time was it that which we now understand as free common school education and as time went on it developed rather in the line of higher education such as is given at the colleges and at the high schools and academies that prepare for them.



The chief aim in education was the instruction of the older children and those, the children of the well-to-do; anything was good enough for the little ones and the poor were not expected to have anything further. In the time of Mann's boyhood this tendency had gone on increasing till it reached the point where the tuition paid in the Academies of Massachusetts was nearly equal to two-thirds of the amount that the whole state spent upon the common schools. The teachers, as Mann says, "were very good *people* but very poor *teachers*." The length of the school was but ten weeks and the interest in them had run so low that even this was cut short and Mr. Mann found one town of three thousand inhabitants where the principal district school was closed for two years. This does not mean that there was no education but that there was none for the poor.

Mann at once proceeded to create a public sentiment for better schools. He went from one end of the state to the other lecturing wherever he could collect an audience. As a *political* speaker he had been most popular, drawing great audiences from far and near, but so little public interest was there in school affairs that he found it hard to collect an audience when he spoke on an educational subject. In one town the president of the teachers' association of all New England went ten miles to hear a political address instead of attending his lecture.

Each year he wrote and published a valuable report on the condition of the schools and on education in general. So valuable were these that parts of them were reprinted by New York State and distributed broadcast; parts were also reprinted even by England and Germany.

His efforts were effective: in the third year of his labors more school houses were built than in ten years before he began. There arose a demand for better teachers and the first American normal school was opened at Lexington.

He visited Europe and studied the Prussian schools where the principles of Pestalozzi were in use and returning wrote a report of what he saw, recommending the adoption of the same principles in our schools; thus turning the attention of American teachers to the study of the ideas of the great Swiss Educator as embodied in the Prussian schools.



But his increasing success raised up opposition and when he issued his report on the Prussian schools praising them so highly, many of the American teachers felt injured and thirty-one grammar masters of Boston united in publishing an attack on Mr. Mann. It was a strong document written by the best talent among the teachers of that day. But the right was on the side of Mr. Mann and though he lost his temper and called the masters "thirty-one vulgar fractions multiplied into themselves, producing an insignificant product," the people were with him and he became stronger than ever.

When the death of John Quincy Adams left a vacancy in Congress, Mann was elected to the vacant seat. While an honor to Mann, it was a misfortune to Massachusetts, for it practically ended his work in education. After four years of life in Congress he became President of Antioch College in Ohio, but died a short time later.

The schools of America owe a great debt to Mann for the changes in methods which he introduced; but the one great work that he did was to establish the common school in the affection of the people as the *universal* educator.

Pestalozzi established the principal that even the *poor* should be educated; Mann went a step farther and established the principle that not only should they be educated but that *their* schools should be as good as any.

When he began his work the children of the rich were in the academy, while those of the poor were in the district school, and the district schools were wretched affairs. Mann maintained that the common school should be so improved as to become *the* school, in which all, rich and poor, should receive their education and that the State was bound to see that it afforded the best that could be obtained. From his work has spread throughout the country the idea of the "Universal education of the people in the public school, free to all." Imagination cannot picture the condition our country would be in to-day, with the millions of people flocking in from every country in Europe, were it not for the common school built on the foundation he laid, to take the children of the alien races and Americanize them, welding the native born and those of foreign stock into one nation.

Out of his labors has come a condition unknown to any country in Europe; the best schools the country affords,



with the best houses and conveniences that money can give, free to the lowliest pauper in the land.

As a closing thought, I cannot do better than quote his own words descriptive of the common school as he conceived it and as we have it.

"In a social and political sense, ours is a free school system. It knows no distinction of rich and poor, of bond and free, or between those who in the imperfect light of this world are seeking through different avenues to reach the gate of heaven. Without money and without price, it throws open its doors and spreads the table of its bounty for all children of the state. Like the sun, it shines not only upon the good, but upon the evil, that they may become good and like the rain, its blessings descend not only upon the just, but upon the unjust, that their injustice may depart from them and be known no more."

*Henry M. Maxson.*

### College Life\*

It was dark in my friend's room when I entered it one evening, intending to talk over this paper with her; the fire was burning but the lights had been turned down and from the alcove issued strange sounds,—were they snores?

"Poor girl," I said to myself, "she's tired herself out over that Greek examination; I'll just wait a few moments and perhaps she will wake."

I sat down by the table in front of the fire and was soon lost in thought.

"Did you want to speak to her very badly?" said a voice at my elbow.

I started, what was it? Why, it must have been that big fat history book lying on the table for it was slowly opening itself.

"I say," went on the same voice, "Can't you speak? I wish you'd just rustle up my leaves a bit. I haven't been opened for a week. She's just been carrying on with the Illiad and neglecting me altogether. Really, I feel quite hurt, and she will too—after exams."

"My dear sir," I said. "you don't seem to have a very good opinion of this young lady, will you kindly give

---

\*Read before the Alfredian Lyceum.



me your reasons?" for I thought this was something new, to look at college life from a book's point of view.

"Well, I'm not very clear on the subject, in fact, between you and me, I'm not very clear on any subject. I'll just ask Logic to come over here and he'll tell you," and he leaned over and shook a thick red book which yawned vigorously, and then, when the history had told him what was wanted, began in a dry, drawly voice:

"Extremes, my dear madam, extremes are at the bottom of half the trouble and this should be discussed under two heads, *a*, Too much of anything; *b*, Too little of anything. Probably it would tire you too much if I should enlarge upon these heads," (and I did not contradict him,) "but I know that this girl has been cramming up, excuse the expression, and neglecting other things. Now, on the other hand, the girl in the next room has been dabbling in everything and skimming over this and that and now she won't pass anything. The other one may pass Grek, but there's not much to choose, is there?"

"Parlez-vous francais?" piped up a little French dictionary," or would you rather speak English, because I can use my English-French end, you know, all right I will," as he saw an answering look of intelligence in my face. "Let me tell you, mademoiselle, I have the rheumatism in my back from want of exercise, and I'm sure my pages have got the cramp, and I know since I haven't been opened, no more has Cyrano de Bergerac, because we're constant companions. Now, why does a girl take up French if she isn't going to enjoy her work? She works at us as if she were one of Les Miserables—I really have more French than English blood in me. All I can say is there's too much "must," and "have to," and "need the counts!"

"Hold. friends, attend and hear, I'll add my word of cheer!" It was a little volume of poems that spoke. "Excuse me if I speak in verse, it may be bad, it might be worse. I have a song to sing to you, I made it up just now, 'tis true, yet, though its very bad, Iween, it's not as bad as it might have been:

Oh, college life is a life of toil,  
A burning of gallons of midnight oil,  
A constant strain.  
Or its flying around the whole day through



Not having so very much to do  
 Except an occasional hullabaloo  
     With wild refrain.

Oh, college life is a life of joys,  
 A putting aside of childish toys,  
     And foolish things.

Or its carrying on, and playing tricks,  
 Or getting involved in some awful fix,  
 Not heeding that little friend, Conscience' pricks  
     And warning stings.

Oh, college life is a strenuous life,  
 A wonderful, broadening, brightening life  
     To strengthen one.

Or else its a fussing and narrowing life,  
 A life of unending and pitiless strife,  
 A———"

"Oh, shut up," interrupted the dictionary crossly, "there isn't any other word to rhyme with 'life', so give up trying!" and the book of poems collapsed meekly, murmuring "life, strife, wife, knife—"

"Now let's hear Mr. Webster's opinion," said the little French dictionary, who was great friends with the poetry book and felt offended at the sharp way in which the big dictionary had spoken.

"I tell you what," said the old dictionary gruffly, "I'm much the hardest worked of you all, and you'd better not complain. There's not a day in which this girl doesn't come in, in a great hurry, of course, slam me open, hunt up a word, say it over aloud, go out, and forget it at once, I'll be bound. Now that's too bad, it's wearing on the nerves—mine and hers—and goodness knows some girls are worn out enough by the time they get through college!"

"Would you mind," I put in meekly, "would you mind putting your opinions in just a few words, each one of you—you've discussed matters in such a scattered way that I'm not sure I can agree with you."

They were silent for a moment and I saw the History and the Logic whispering together. Then they escorted from the bookcase a neat, black morocco-covered book—Lubbock's 'Pleasures of Life.'

"He'll tell you the conclusion of the whole matter better than we could," they said, and the old gentleman in a dignified manner said: "This is the truth. Studies are a means and not an end. To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament is



affectation—they perfect nature and are perfected by experience. Our studies should be neither a couch on which to rest, nor a cloister in which to promenade alone, nor a tower from which to look down on others, nor a fortress whereby we may resist them, nor a workshop for gain and merchandise, but a rich armory and a treasury for the glory of the Creator and the noblement of life.” And just then my friend came and touched me on the shoulder, “Wake up,” she said, smiling, as if I, and not she had been asleep.

M. E. B.

### The Song of a Soul

The evening wind sighed among the flowers of early autumn, mingling with their fragrance the sweet messages caught from the old piano, which was sounding from the dimness of the music room. At the piano sat a slight gray-haired woman, wearing a gown of silvery silk in honor of the anniversary of her wedding day. It had been many years since her fingers had touched the keys and as they sought their once familiar places, the wind caught the sound and bore away the song. Was it the soul of the woman or of the instrument that made itself heard?

The past of the player seemed to live again at this twilight hour. Once more a quaint little figure with prim curls was practicing the scales with a faithful count of one-two-three-four. Then came the triumph of little pieces whose very conquest was marked by a trail of tears. Yet how different those tears from some which the years held in store! With the dawn of womanhood, she mastered “The Maiden’s Prayer,” but soon a new harmony seemed to pervade all her music. What was the new note touched in “Il Desiderio,” “The Dreams?” Ah! some one was dreaming with her the dear dream which comes at least once to every life. His strong manly character seemed so to fill her heart and mind that it called forth all the strength, beauty, and sweetness of her own nature and manifested them in her music as well as her life.

Blended voices accompanied the piano. They were so happy that they enjoyed sad music. Joy alone spake when he sang:

“ And she’s a’ the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I’d lay me doune and dee.”



But a day came that they sang with breaking voices the "Soldier's Farewell":

"How can I bear to leave thee,  
One parting kiss I give thee;  
And then whate'er befalls me,  
I go where duty calls me.  
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,  
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

When he had gone, she played the brave war songs, such as "Rally 'Round the Flag" and "We're Coming, Father Abraham;" but oftener the strain was from the "Blue Bells of Scotland." "It's, oh, in my heart that I hope he may not die." Little wonder, then, that into the midst of the martial airs came the thrilling music of the Wedding March which rang out only to be lost in the beat of drums as he went again to the front and into the dread silence of a southern prison pen. After weary months, a message from the campfire relieved the anxious tension of suspense, and the eagerness of her soul spoke in "I'll remember you then in my prayers." Over and over the pathetic strains sounded until the years of war were past and her trembling joy spoke forth in an attempt at the rollicking strains of "Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

Calm serenity spoke at last in the familiar song—

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home,  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there  
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."

Happiness seemed to reign complete when the dear crooning lullaby took the place of all other music in the home:

"Hush! my dear, lie still, and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head."

The startling call of the reveille broke in to summon his soldier comrades to do final honor to their brave young captain, her dead hero. The melodious wail of the "Funeral March" quivered forth and died into a silence unbroken until the wee lullaby maiden took her turn in learning the one-two-three-four of the keys. Her life-story was a sweet interlude in the mother's until she went to a home of her own with the sad sweet music of the "Wedding March" ringing in her ears.



There were but broken notes to represent the lonely years that followed, until the fresh young womanhood of a granddaughter entered the old homestead and so filled its life with sweetness and joy that on this anniversary night the full heart had courage to try again the means which had so often voiced its emotions. So the piano spoke in thin time-touched tones, still true and thrillingly sweet, fit symbols of the life of her who played.

Her voice rose, too, uncertain and sadder than sobbing in the touching words :

“ ’Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone ;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes  
Or give——”

Warm girlish kisses stopped the song and a tender young voice cried, “ You shall not sing the rest of it, grandma. You have us with you and we are your own loving kindred to give back both sighs and smiles. And, grandma dear, Phil and I have something to tell you, as you have been telling us your sweet life story.” The strong young fingers touched the keys, and a clear tenor mingled with her full soprano as they sang :

“ Oh promise me that some day you and I  
Will take our love together to some sky,  
Where we can be alone and faith renew,  
And find the hollows where those flowers grew,  
Those first sweet violets of early spring,  
Which come in whispers, thrill us both and sing  
Of love unspeakable that is to be ;  
Oh promise me, oh promise me.”

The sweet voices sang on and the wind whispered among the leaves crisped by the frost, “ It was the woman’s soul that sang.”

*Emma Kathrina Cartwright.*



## One Christmas Eve

Night had fallen over the great city on Christmas eve, when two little waifs wandered along the street up to the grand cathedral. They sat down in the shadow of an opposite building to await the music of the choir boys' anthem. Shivering and shaking with cold, they waited patiently. All day long, in different parts of the city, they had curiously watched the preparations being made for the Christmas-tide. At last the strains of the "Angels' Chorus" pealed forth and then the echoes of the children's chorus, "Santa Claus loves the children."

"Doddie," said the younger of the waifs at length, "do you think there's a Santa Claus that loves us?"

"Yes, Sis," was the reply, "and some day he'll come and take us to a place where we'll have the nicest Christmas we ever had, I know he will, 'cause I know somebody said so once, I guess I heard it to school, and I bin a watin' a good while since."

And he went on telling his little sister his version of the story of the Christ child, how he came to the earth to show the way to a beautiful city called "Home," where flowers are ever blooming for the children, and the children are always at play; where it is never cold and dark, and even the streets are paved with pure gold.

And they wished he would come to take them very soon. They sat talking of the glad Christmas they would have then, long after the lights in the cathedral had grown dim and little thought they were to have it so soon. But when the world awoke on that fair Christmas morn two little waifs had passed beyond the shining portals of their eternal home.

*Sabella Randolph, '06.*

A new way for alumni of Alfred to show their loyalty to their Alma Mater is now possible, since the faculty has adopted a Senior—Alumni pin. The pin represents the University seal and colors. The first seniors to have the honor of wearing these will be the class of '04.



## Work for Me and for Men

In all work two objects should be kept in view, benefits to ourselves, and benefits to others. Any effort which has self-gratification as its one aim not only fails in being as beneficial to others, but also in being as beneficial to self, as effort directed to the advancement of others. This would look as if we could help ourselves better by not trying. Such a supposition is absurd. The trouble is not in working for ourselves, but in appropriating to ourselves those benefits of work which belong to others.

Benefits may be divided into two classes, immediate and remote. The former, such as health, strength, and independence are for ourselves. The latter includes wealth, position, and intellectual ability and should be used for others. We can not give both results to others. Any attempt to use both for ourselves results in diminishing returns.

If a man works simply to secure great wealth for himself, he becomes dwarfed in all the higher qualities. On the other hand, the amount of money which he may use for others without injury to himself is almost unlimited. The same is true of power resulting from social position. Every effort of the teacher to prepare his pupil for a useful life results in richer experiences and greater development for the teacher.

Even work for an unworthy end is beneficial if directed along the line of immediate results. A prize-fighter's aim is ignoble; yet his training keeps him in fine physical condition, and makes him the envy of those whose aim is higher. A mechanic working ten hours a day to support those who depend on him, gets less satisfactory results in physical development than he who spends one hour per day in systematic physical training. The mental effort which an infidel puts forth to prove that there is no God is just as effective in cultivating his mind and giving him a strong intellect, as a theologian's efforts to prove that there is a God.

It seems to be necessary for the great majority of people to have at least some of the remote benefits coming directly to themselves, in order that they may be sufficiently inspired to work with enough energy to accomplish the best results.



We have whole books written on our duties to others. This is the great thought of the Christian religion. Any attempt to detract from it would be a mistake. But is it not possible that we have not given enough attention to the immediate benefits of effort, to those which are legitimately ours, to secure which is the right kind of selfishness? If we recognize these and appreciate their importance there will be no necessity of appropriating the remote benefits.

The reason why remote benefits when appropriated to ourselves give added impulse to action is due to a misconception of the relation of work and rest. Why will a man toil and sweat, worry and forego pleasures, to amass wealth? While many people praise work, praising it does not bring pleasure. Men look on rest as the ideal condition. Their struggle for riches is in response to their desire for rest. Money will enable them to live without work. The mistake here is in acting on the assumption that work and rest are opposites. We know that they are not. The best kind of rest is often vigorous work; and the hardest work is prolonged inactivity. We know that the results of work are health, strength, energy, hopefulness, contentment, and satisfaction. Do we realize what these results mean? Many a wealthy man would give his riches for the workman's health. The mechanic's muscle is as necessary to make a machine as the proprietor's money. Energy without wealth will make and maintain a position better than wealth without energy. We know that hopefulness, contentment, and satisfaction are the acme of pleasure in existence. Wealth can give nothing greater. Yet we go on in our pursuit after the almighty dollar.

Why? It is instinct. It is the outgrowth of the habits of our ancestors. The rich and fortunate had the habit of buying or capturing the poor and unfortunate, and making them work. As these conditions existed for centuries there came to both master and slave an inborn dislike of work. The cause has passed away, but the result remains, greatest where conditions were most favorable to its growth.

What we must do now is to get a correct appreciation of the value of work; to learn what part of this value we owe to others and what rightfully belongs to ourselves.

*L. E. Babcock.*



## An Allegory

Sloth was a drone in the great hive of life, he ate the bread of idleness and lolled in the lap of indolence. His best friends were Carelessness and Poverty. He completely won the affections of Carelessness and married her.

They spent their honey-moon on the heights of Indifference and finally settled down in the village of Unconcern; this being better suited to the tastes of this selfish pair than the town of Industry.

While wasting health, time, and money, the foolish couple invited Poverty to visit them. During this visit a heated conversation took place in which Poverty revealed herself to them in her true light, and one which was distasteful. They endeavored to get rid of her but she loved just such company as Sloth and Carelessness, and so determined to remain with them.

Matters went from bad to worse in this home of confusion because Carelessness and Sloth still trusted in the counsel of Improvidence, until in despair, they appealed to Thrift and Economy, the parents of Plenty and Independence. These wiser consellers advised the unhappy pair to win the confidence of Prudence, who would enable them, through activity and careful attention, to drive Poverty from their door and to welcome sweet Prosperity.

*I. M. D., '07.*

## Pine Needles

A sore head is a sign of a shallow head.

Football maxim: 'twere better to have slugged and won, than never to have won at all.

Take off your glasses when you are looking for your neighbor's defects.

Why should the banks of the Rhine be so dear to Caesar? Because there he proposed to Bridget.

Get all you can and can all you get.

A long memory for unkindnesses is often found with a short one for kindnesses.

Better be an honest flunker than a dishonest cribber.



When you have given Indolence a mortgage on the summer vacation, it is hard to get him to sign a quit-claim in the fall.

To reject the good is to receive the bad.

Don't loaf—let the bread do it.

Candor once went forth boldly and in smiles, but it crept home in tatters and tears.

Because a fellow is an Elk is no proof that he's a dear.

"Let me take your overcoat, I have to go to class."

It is better to be plainly dressed than plainly unenlightened.

Time, like a poultice, comes to heal the woes of freshmen.

The early bird may be sure of his breakfast but the chances are that it will be cold. The sun does not rise to accomodate the over-ambitious.

Be sure you are right or you may get left.

### The Scribe at a Football Game

Silently and sadly the Scribe was wandering about in the library when suddenly he heard a great commotion in the street and looking out saw a queer spectacle. About sixteen men were running down the street in a bunch. All had on striped jackets, like convicts, and big thick heavy pants padded like a crazy quilt. Everybody on the street was shouting and waving their hands at them and the Scribe, not knowing what to make of it, turned to some one standing near and asked if those men were crazy or if they were convicts out for exercise. The stranger looked at the Scribe and laughed.

"Where have you lived all your life?" he said, "Those are football players and there is going to be a game this afternoon."

"What do they pad themselves all up for?" asked the Scribe. "Are they going to kick each other and have a fight?"

"Oh no," said the Enthusiast. "They put those on so as to protect them in case they fall down. Say," he



continued, "I'm going to the game, don't you want to come along?"

"Guess I will," said the Scribe, "I'd like to see what kind of a game it is."

The game was just about to begin when they reached the field and the Scribe seemed to get a funny impression of it for in telling a friend about it afterwards, he said, "I gave the man my ticket and went up and sat down on one of the shelves among a crowd of girls with great long ribbons tied on them. I thought I would be safe up there among such pretty creatures but I reckoned without cost—much to my sorrow.

Well, out on the meadow, which by the way had lines running criss-cross all over it like a checker-board, there were about thirty men with the funny little quilted pants, running around. Suddenly somebody blew a whistle and part of the men hurried up to the middle of the field and stood along in a line as if they were going to run a footrace. The rest of them scattered around in the part of the field in front of the others and waited around as if they expected something. Again the whistle blew and a dark object like a big egg flew up from the center of the field some where and every one started to run for it. Everybody seemed intent to run into everybody else and knock them over and never stop to ask their pardon but go right along into the next person. Well, one of the men caught that big egg and started to run with it but just then some one grabbed him about the legs and over he went like a nine-pin. Just as soon as he was on the ground all the rest ran and jumped on him till I thought he certainly must be dead. In a second the little whistle blew again and every one tried to crawl out of the pile. At last succeeding, some one began to yell out some numbers and everybody jumped at some body else and either knocked him down or got knocked down. One man tried to sneak around the outside of the crowd with the egg but they saw him and jumped on him, like bees on their queen. A man with a big tunnel and an important air walked up to the pile and began to pull them off from one another. He turned round toward me and hollered through his tunnel that the egg belonged to someone and that there had been two down. I would have sworn I saw ten down all at once but may be they didn't stay long enough to be called out. Again a



string of numbers was yelled out and the same performance was repeated. Over and over again they would do this and every time the Master of Ceremonies—the man with the tunnel—would tell how many there were down but he always saw a good many less than I did. Once or twice some one succeeded in breaking loose from the melée and sneaking off down the field with the little egg. He would only just get away from the rest safely when he would run in between a couple of posts and sit down on the ball till somebody came and jumped on him. After this the M. C. would bring the ball up in the middle and they would go through the same performance again. All the time there were a lot of crazy men along the fence, shouting and waving flags and hats and arms or anything they could find. Even the girls, those dear sweet little girls, would jump right up in front of me and yell with joy every time some body was jumped on. The M. C. would yell out every once in a while whose ball it was but it didn't make any difference, all the rest seemed to think it was their duty to take it away from him.

Finally after chasing each other around the field for about an hour and a half and after four men had been carried off on stretchers and the rest all had black eyes or bloody noses the M. C. declared the fight over. I didn't hear the name of the person who had succeeded in keeping the egg, but every one began to yell "Hullaboo! Biff Bang! Rah Rah Rah! Tiger! Who's all right! Give her room," etc. I didn't know who it was but I was glad he had won and as soon as I could, I got off the field and went home with a sufficient and satisfying knowledge of Football."

*R. E. H., '05.*

A Nebraska philosopher of wide observation says: "The mosquito was born of poor but industrious parents, but he has in his veins some of the best blood in the country."



## Editorials

Not present  
Brilliantcy  
but future  
Endurance

“HE stood well at the foot of his class. He read everything excepting what was in the curriculum, and never allowed his studies to interfere with his college course.” This is what Elbert Hubbard has written of Henry Ward Beecher’s early life. It may be necessary to make some allowance in consideration of the source, yet we have all heard of great men of whom the sentiment of this quotation has been true. It looks like a dangerous fact to consider. We point a warning finger at him who “never allows his studies to interfere with his college course.” But the manner in which a student *wastes* his time usually shows what the trend of his life will be. The term, ‘waste,’ cannot be used in an absolute sense here, for what may be accredited as a waste in one’s college course simply because it lowers rather than raises his standings, may prove a great benefit in after years. Though men like Henry Ward Beecher have not always been shining lights in college, they have not necessarily *wasted* their time. Their powers have grown even more rapidly, perhaps, in secret, and the light is often the brighter when the curtain is finally drawn aside, than if we had seen it grow and spread from its first beginning. May we work bravely on and have courage to overlook present results, if necessary, for the greatest future good. Oftentimes the best is longest in maturing. A flower, a beautiful thing, perfects itself in a few weeks or months, while the substantial oak wants a century.

“THAT Alfred University may be of still greater service in opening a way to those seeking college education, it is provided that for every one thousand dollars subscribed and paid into the Centennial Fund, from any town in Allegany or Steuben counties, or any county in any state or territory, free tuition be granted to one student each year for the freshmen year of the college course, upon the following conditions: The student shall be a resident of that town or county; he shall be fully prepared for college and the appointment shall be made after a competitive examination, to the person having the highest standing. A registration fee of two dollars shall be paid by the appointee. In the event that no candidate shall appear for examination in

University  
Scholarships



any given year, the appointee of the previous year may be granted free tuition for such year upon payment of said registration fee." Here is an opportunity for you. You know the advantages of Alfred. Show that you appreciate those advantages by using your best efforts, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, to give Alfred the chance to aid others. Be progressive, make your community progressive. Is there no way to uplift the society of your town or county? Then invent one by co-operating with the trustees of Alfred in this plan. You need not be frightened if, while you are improving your community, you accidentally benefit Alfred University. B.

## Literary Notes

### Why is Ivanhoe a Great Novel

What is it that makes a novel great; that makes one novel outlive centuries when others last but a day? Is interest the enduring quality? It is truly an important one, but is included in that element which makes a book understood and appreciated not only in the age in which it is written and by the particular class of readers for whom it is written, but in all ages and by all intelligent people. This element we call universality.

In how far may we say "Ivanhoe" possesses this quality? The scene of the story is laid in England at a time very remote from our own; and Scott has obstructed the narrative by many mere objective descriptions of the conditions of the country. Yet the action itself produces a very clear and interesting picture of English life and customs of the times. The novel is, then, great from a historical point of view.

Mystery enters in to create interest in the story. Who is this knight who calls himself "Disinherited" and proves himself so valiant? and who also, is the Black Sluggard who puts forth his efforts just at the critical moment?

Scott's love of heroes creates striking episodes, as those in which Robin Hood plays a part. Most of his scenes, in fact, are dramatic, and frequently it is the most unexpected that happens.

The development of character is especially interest-



ing. The slave, when given a chance, shows himself a man, and the fool turns out a hero. Scott falls into the error of making his heroine, Rowena, one of a type less universal than that of a supposedly minor character, for Rebecca is the kind of woman that will be loved through all time. Athelstane, Isaac, and Cedric belong to types which are not uncommon in the present day.

In the action of the various characters, is clearly depicted the effects of vice and virtue, passion and chivalry.

We must decide, therefore, that "Ivanhoe" does contain the universal element in a degree large enough to make it a truly great work.

*S. M. L., '04.*

## Vanity Fair

"Vanity Fair" is a story wrapped in melancholy from beginning to end. Even the "early morning in June," in the first paragraph, is made forlorn by the sadness of departure. Thackeray is prophetic enough to see that the outcome of sin is suffering, and for this reason he makes a retributive justice to be the lot of all who sin. The author's own pessimism enters into the story very strongly, and tragedy is the keynote everywhere.

No souls are made great by struggle in "Vanity Fair," but rather men and women remain the same in character, at the end, as at the beginning, only a little wiser and a little sadder for the struggle.

On the other hand, Thackeray is full of humor, and "Vanity Fair" is many times relieved by this lighter vein. This humor is, however, often interpreted in the form of ridicule, of which Becky is so fond, and which she wields so well.

The elements of heredity and environment enter largely into the story, as shown in Rebecca's life. Force is early laid upon the descriptions of her father and mother, and constant reference is made throughout "Vanity Fair" to Rebecca's lineage as an excuse for her conduct and character.

Like Scott, Thackeray is wont to describe his characters fully, too early in the work, and he continues his avowed descriptions after one is well enough acquainted with a character. Too many chapters are used in describing characters, making a very long introduction, and the plot is consequently late in beginning. Economy in character-



production is exceptionally good in "Vanity Fair." Rebecca and Amelia are the main characters and almost all the others are used in their development rather than for their own sakes; for instance, the Crawleys serve to develop Rebecca, while the Osbornes stand in the same relation to Amelia.

On the whole, "Vanity Fair" is provokingly tedious. The interest is diverting; many pages are used to tell little, making plot-economy poor; but on the other hand much is said in one brief, forcible sentence at the conclusions of the chapters.

As in real life, the characters depend greatly upon each other: thus, Amelia's fortune could mend only through her father or her lover; or Rebecca's through Rawdon or little Rawdon.

Thackeray makes use of good devices in character-introduction. Dobbin is just shown to us, as in years gone by, a mere school-boy making himself George's friend from the very start, and putting George under obligations to him.

From character standpoint, "Vanity Fair" is a great book. Thackeray's insight into character and his interpretations of life give wonderful force to the novel. Becky, though a bad character, is made a great one, and makes great, "Vanity Fair."

*M. A. R., '04.*

A little flaxen haired five year old went into a drug-store and said, "Please, sir, I want five cents worth of glory divine."

"Are you sure that's what mamma told you to get?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What does she want it for?" inquired the clerk.

"To throw around in the back yard," the little girl answered.

"Wasn't it chloride of lime she wanted?"

"Yes, I guess that was it."



## Campus

"Of course it is pleasant to know  
There is plenty of room at the top,  
But those who remain down below  
Don't have such a long way to drop."

The Lyceum League has chosen J. Nelson Norwood, G. Roy Brainard, J. Garfield Stevens, and I. M. Wright to represent them in the annual debate with Cornell Congress.

Love, as viewed through the tear-stained glasses of a sophomore sitting under the Brick porch on Friday evening, is—the superlative of friendship.

The freshmen are wearing nobby new caps with '07 numerals.

"Doc."—"Please pass the Graham bread."

Sour grapes, "I used to receive flowers from the same fellow."

Carl.—"Do you know anything about this mechanics?"

Giles.—"Only what my girl taught me, and that was how to find the center of osculation."

Did you ever go into the University Reading Room to look for the last daily? Try it.

The boys of Bachelor Roost gave a dinner party on Tuesday evening, November 24th.

The 'Varsity eleven faced the camera before the Niagara game.

L. C. Randolph, pastor of the Alfred church, spoke at chapel on Monday morning, concerning the evils and benefits of football.

Lancelot Turnbull has decided to drop his work in the State School and go into the oil country.

It is now time to deposit your snow shovels in the bank.

Prof. L.—(in Physiology) Give some uses of the blood.  
Bright senior—To carry off waist material.



## Freshman Banquet

Very early on Wednesday morning, November 25, the class of 1907 betook themselves into the Ladies Hall through the rear entrance and into the large dining room which was very neatly and tastily decorated with the class colors, red and blue. After a recital of the hair breadth escapes from the sleepy class of 1906, the Freshman class, happy over their success, seated themselves to partake of the sumptuous feast prepared by that Pastmaster of the Art, H. V. Jaques.

"Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,  
Yet let's be merry, we'll have tea and toast."—*Shelly*.

### MENU

Olives

Celery

#### SOUP

Cream St. Germain

#### FISH

Lobster a la Newbury

#### ENTREE

Freshman Delights

#### ROAST

Turkey

Cranberry Sauce

Potatoes

Epinord

#### DESERT

Jelly Neapolitan

Wafers

Fruit

Cafe.

After the table had been cleared the jolly crowd fed themselves upon the following toasts which were called for by the toastmaster, H. W. Langworthy:

Toastmaster

H. W. Langworthy

"There he is with his eternal puns."

The class of 1907

Frank Shaw

The Sophomores

T. G. Davis

The Warriors of the Gridiron

Earl Robinson

Alfred

Bernice Ella Whipple

Our Girls

Leon Shaw

Our Cavaliers

Emily Boothe

Our Motto

James Craw

The Faculty

Mable Dixon

Shortly after three o'clock the merry band led by President Langworthy, visited the residences of several class counselors that they might know that their portion of the flock were still alive, then they turned their attention to the sleeping Sophomores and informed them that "We have had our banquet."



## Athletics

The football season is over. Five games have been played since the last issue. The game with Lima Seminary was cancelled by Alfred because of the game with Hobart the day previous. Taking into consideration the disastrous results at Cook after the Cornell game it was decided that two games on successive days were more than any team should attempt to play and hence it was decided to cancel the Lima game. It is very unfortunate that it happened so, for it leaves Alfred in a very bad relation to Lima. Last spring the base-ball game with Lima was cancelled, and after the cancelling of the football game, Lima has good cause to think Alfred is "yellow." Such a reputation is a bad thing for any institution and certainly we want no such name at Alfred. The game could have been cancelled two weeks before as well as the day before and by doing so all hard feelings and cause for complaint would have been removed. Alfred has always stood for fairness and justice, and let us hope that in the future no one shall have cause to think otherwise.

MANSFIELD NORMAL, 6

ALFRED, 12

On November 4th, the second game with Mansfield Normal was played at Alfred. It was a fine day and Alfred went on the field perfectly confident of winning. Of course Mansfield also was confident and every one expected to and did see a good game. From the start Alfred played an aggressive game and was at no time held for downs, while Mansfield was held time after time. In a few minutes after the start, Alfred had pushed Mansfield down to their three yard line and just as they were about to push across for a touchdown, Captain Wright had his shoulder put out and was obliged to leave the game. Although this was discouraging, Alfred made up her mind to win anyway. Stillman was put in Wright's place and the game continued. On the next down Langworthy went over for a touchdown. Alfred punted out and kicked the goal. During the remainder of the half Alfred had the ball in her possession most of the time and one more touchdown was secured by Briggs on a fifty yard run.



The second half began much the same way, Alfred making gains at will and Mansfield playing the defensive. One of Mansfield's men was taken from the game and after much discussion Mansfield's coach, a professional man playing with the Kanaweolo's, was allowed to go into the game. He was ruled out at the beginning of the game for professionalism and should under no circumstances have been allowed to enter when he did. But as usual, Alfred was too easy with her opponents and let him play. At last, given the ball on Mansfield's third down, he broke through and after knocking down three men he succeeded in crossing the line. Soon after, the game was called on account of darkness.

ST. BONAVENTURE, 0

ALFRED, 6

On Tuesday, November 10th, the day before the team was to have gone to Buffalo, a telegram was received cancelling that game. Everybody in Alfred was disappointed for great calculations had been made on the game. A car had been chartered and a big crowd had planned to accompany the team on their trip. It was certainly a wise thing for Buffalo to do, but it was nevertheless a great disappointment to Alfred. As soon as this game was cancelled, Manager Brown at once made arrangements for one with St. Bonaventure College. This however could not be played until Friday. Hence, on Friday, November 13th, the team went to Allegany, where, in a game, unsatisfactory to both players and spectators, the decision was finally given to Alfred. Although Bonaventure was far the heavier, Alfred played in every way better football. This is the first season of football at Bonaventure for many years and from start to finish they showed their utter disregard of rules and the decisions of the referee. Every one was glad when the game was over, Alfred thinking herself fortunate to get out as well as she did.

HOBART, 24

ALFRED, 6

On November 18th, the Varsity left for Geneva where they were to meet Hobart College. The game was called at 3:30 o'clock, and in a good, clean game Alfred was defeated by superior playing. Though Alfred seldom failed to advance the ball when in her possession,



many fumbles were made by which Hobart greatly profited. The main point of superiority of Hobart was that she played fast and sure, taking practically no time for signals and using a strong interference on end runs. Hobart won fairly and Alfred was treated well in every way. No return game will be played this year.

NIAGARA, 10

ALFRED, 12

The football eleven brought the season of 1903 to a fitting climax on Thanksgiving day at Hornellsville, where they defeated the strong team from Niagara University. Tarpy, the manager of the Niagara team, acted as umpire and he was most unfair. Niagara was not fined during the game while Alfred was set back in all 115 yards. In the first half, Greene and Turnbull each made a touchdown and Langworthy kicked the goal both times; Niagara also scored twice in the first half, making the score 10 to 12 in favor of Alfred. In the second half Niagara secured the ball but once; unable to get by Cox or Turnbull or to break the line, they lost all hopes of scoring again. The unfairness of umpire Tarpy caused part of the crowd, who believed in straight deals, to leave the grounds. There were 90 lineups and out of these Greene was called on 23 times, Turnbull 20 times, and Frost 10 times.

### **Christain Association**

The spirit among our members for the past month has been that of faithfulness. Regular meetings have been held which have been a source of help to all present. Occasionally a new face is seen but not as many as we would like. Remember, students, these meetings are for you and all are welcome—Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

### **Theological Seminary**

Rev. O. D. Sherman gave an address before the Theological Seminary Thursday afternoon, November 12th, on the subject, "Some preparatory conditions essential to success in the ministry."

Mr. W. B. West of Milton Junction, Wisconsin, gave an address to the Seminary, Tuesday afternoon, November 17th, on the subject, "A layman's view of the work of the ministry."

Dean Main goes this month to New York to preach



the installation sermon when E. F. Loofboro, a graduate of the Seminary in '02, is installed as pastor of the New York Seventh-day Baptist Church.

### **Athenaeon Lyceum**

Since the last report our lyceum has presented three interesting programs, one containing an amusing recitation by Mr. Schaible; has enjoyed a Hallowe'en party with the Orophilians; and has, as the guest of the Orophilian lyceum, been entertained by a Stereoptican lecture on China, given by Theodore Davis.

The officers for the second quarter are as follows: president, Sadie King; vice president, Kate Davis; secretary, Laura Witter; Critic, Flora Bell; 1st teller, Mrs. Ella Stillman; 2d teller, Ethel Witter.

### **Alfriedian Lyceum**

Owing to various interruptions the Alfriedians have held but two regular sessions during the past month. Hallowe'en was celebrated by a program fitting to the occasion. A Hallowe'en story by May Jones, Hallowe'en Medley by Emma Cartwright, and the reading of "Tam O'Shanter" by Bella Randolph, in the dim light of the lyceum room, were truly harrowing. Music was furnished by Lavern C. Bassett, Emma Cartwright, and Blanche Crandall. At the close of the program, a fortune cake and other devices attendant upon Hallowe'en were indulged in.

The principal number on the second program was a very interesting talk by Mrs. Stanton on "Sunny Italy." The two numbers of the "Leaves of the XX Century" for the month were especially good.

The following officers have been elected for the second quarter: president, Sabella Randolph; vice president, Rose Richer; secretary, Ethel Stevens; treasurer, Helen Titsworth; critic, Blanche Crandall.

### **Orophilian Lyceum**

Many things of interest have transpired since our last report. Arrangements have been made with Syracuse for a debate with the Orophilian lyceum and the members chosen for that team were J. G. Stevens, C. L. Clark, A. Campbell, and T. G. Davis, alternate. But as J. G. Stevens was chosen later by the Debate committee as a member of the Cornell team, the make up of the Syracuse team is at



present, uncertain. J. N. Norwood was chosen leader of the Cornell team. The apparent withdrawal of these men from the active work of the lyceum will place greater responsibilities upon the other members, in order to keep the programs and debates up to the Oro standard.

On Hallowe'en evening, the Oros enjoyed a social time with the Athenaeans. The games and refreshments were in accordance with such occasions.

On November 14th, at Memorial Hall, Yong Tong Ching Ching delighted his audience with a stereopticon lecture on China. Notwithstanding, that this was his first lecture since his arrival in this country, he had a very good command of the English language.

In general the programs have been good and up to the usual standard. The piano solos by Miss Shaw and Mr. Annas were greatly enjoyed.

M. S. Bell and F. C. Shaw have had their names added to the Oro list during the past few weeks.

### **Alleghanian Lyceum**

The good work of the lyceum which was begun with so much zest has continued through the past month.

Since the last issue of the *Monthly* a new staff of officers has been elected as follows: president, J. A. Lapp; vice president, A. E. Baggs; secretary, G. W. Post; treasurer, A. N. Annas; critic, S. C. Rosebush; attorney, R. Y. Howard; marshalls, G. R. Brainard and O. G. Brown.

Much interest was shown in the selection of the members for the Cornell debate, for it was necessary that each lyceum should choose its best men. The lyceum voted that Mr. Roy Brainard, Mr. Wright and Mr. Lapp, be its representatives and the committee from the faculty selected Mr. Brainard as one of the debaters and Mr. Wright as alternate.

The most interesting debate of the month occurred when six of the new members discussed the question, Resolved that the United States was justified in declaring war against Great Britain in 1812. It was a live question and the lyceum discussed it spiritedly.

A new feature of the work is to be the topical program which was successfully tried last year. The plan is to have all the articles and the debate relate to some special topic at each session. It is expected that this will give special interest to the programs.



## Alumni Notes

James A. Estee, '73, is superintendent of schools in Gloversville, New York. His wife, Mattie Davis Estee, attended school here in the seventies.

Winfred Potter, '00, is studying in a medical school in New York City. He graduates this year.

Frank E. Mungor, '75, is a successful editor of several newspapers in Richfield Springs, New York.

Dayton C. Clarke who was in Alfred three years ago is now located in Los Angeles, California.

B. Frank Whitford, '00, who is principal of a school in Patterson, New York, has been recently made president of the Putnam Teachers Association.

Prof. D. Alton Saunders, '90, after teaching in Brookings, South Dakota, a number of years, has engaged in the oil business near Bolivar, New York.

Milo S. Brown, '00, is this year principal of a union school at Ellenburg Depot, Clinton County, New York.

Daniel M. Estee, '76, has for a number of years been a prosperous real estate agent in Buffalo.

Honorable George H. Utter, who attended school here in 1869 and 1870, has just been elected Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island. Mr. Utter has held many prominent positions in his state.

Leman W. Potter, '76, is a successful physician in Homer, New York.

Ralph Langworthy visited his Alma Mater recently. He is traveling in the east visiting fraternities of eastern colleges as a representative of his fraternity in the University of California.

Louise K. Gamble, '01, is taking a post-graduate course in this university this year.

Howard T. Lewis, '02, is taking a medical course in Columbia University.

Asa Fitz Randolph, '93, after taking a course in law in New York, has entered his profession in Plainfield, New Jersey.

Dr. Mark Sheppard, '62, is a practicing physician in Alfred.



## State School

The state of New York continues to keep the school busy on experimental work. Each week brings at least one sample of clay or rock. The State Industrial School at Rochester has found large deposits of clay upon the new site and this is now being examined.

The Art department progresses well in the production of pottery forms and a considerable amount of interest is shown in the preparation of colors.

Some good results have been secured in the laboratory. The kiln does not get time to cool off between firings and is often bespoken several days in advance.

## Academy Notes

During the last week in October, Teachers' Institute was held at Belmont, and all the members of the Academy faculty attended. In consequence of their absence no classes were held that week.

Different members of the faculty have given speeches lately in chapel exercises. One of the most interesting was a talk by Miss Berry on "Radium." Others were "Teaching in the South," by Miss Kenyon, and "Habits," by Prof. Saunders. One morning Mr. Titsworth described part of his trip to England. These speeches add a great deal of interest to the chapel exercises, which are apt to grow monotonous. The senior class has chosen very attractive pins, which the members are now wearing proudly.

"She blew me a kiss through her hazel hair  
And bade me a fond farewell,  
Just how many others she treats likewise—  
Of course I cannot tell."



## College World and Exchange

George Benedict Sherman, a member of the Yale freshman class, died Monday, October 26th, from injuries received the preceeding day on West Rock, a cliff several hundred feet in height, just outside the city limits.

Brown University has two or three new buildings in process of erection and other improvements are being made on the campus. The Varsity enters the new year with a larger freshman class than ever before.

"The Philosophy of College Dooley" in the November number of the *Syracuse University Herald* is humorous and interesting. This paper contains other articles well worth reading.

Yale has established the first experimental forestry station in America at Milford, Pennsylvania.

Every third classman, as he reports at Annapolis Naval Academy, is requested to sign a pledge that he will do no hazing.

Every Alfred student should read the last editorial in the *Allegheny Literary Monthly* for October. The same number contains an inspiring article entitled "The Aristocrat." Read it and become one.

James Whitcomb Riley, the great Hoosier poet, recently lectured in Springfield, Ohio, and the *Wittenberger* for October 28th, contains a lively sketch of him. Mr. Riley is a greater genius, perhaps, than Will Carlton whom we have just had the pleasure of hearing.

About five hundred Columbia students, all bent on mischief, attended one of Dowie's meetings which he held recently in New York. The new "Elijah" was just getting warmed to his subject when the boys showed signs of very serious and active interest, which suddenly boiled over in the yell,

"Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Columbia,  
Dowie, Dowie,  
Rah, Rah, Rah."



The students held the floor for several minutes and the police had to be called before the meeting could proceed. Dowie said that the students of Columbia, like most college students he knew, wore their brains in their heels.

Miss Lily Bengert, a student of Baltimore High School, was recently beaten and seriously injured by her class-mates for talebearing.

A college paper is a good institution; the editor gets the blame; the manager the experience; and the printer the money—if there is any.

What is the secret of success? "Take pains," said the Window. "Never be led," said the Pencil. "Always keep cool," said the ice. "Do a driving business," said the Hammer. "Make light of everything," said the Fire. "Make much of small things," said the microscope. "Never do anything offhand," said the Glove. "Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife. Work hard and take it easy.

Here's to the love that lies in a summer girl's eyes,  
And lies—and sighs—and dies.

Professor—Did Martin Luther die a natural death?  
Student—No, he was excommunicated by a bull.

The apple blossom, snowy white,  
With heart of purest gold,  
Caught a bright sunbeam in its flight,  
And half with pleasure, half with fright,  
Blushed pink at the tale he told.

Cornell has established a two years' course in landscape gardening, open to those who have taken two years of regular college work.

Farmer—Well, old Fussinfeathers, what do you think is going to happen to you now? Turkey—Don't ax me.





## This Man

May be speaking of many things. If he is talking to teachers he will doubtless mention

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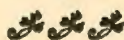
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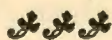
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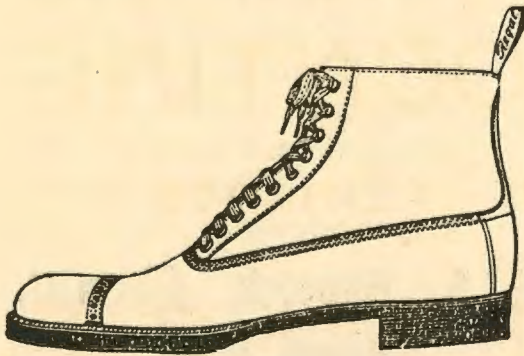


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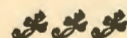
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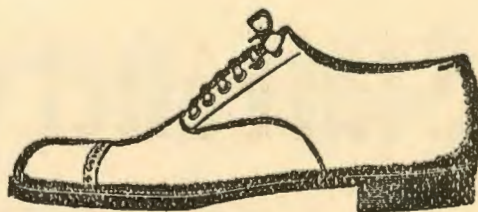
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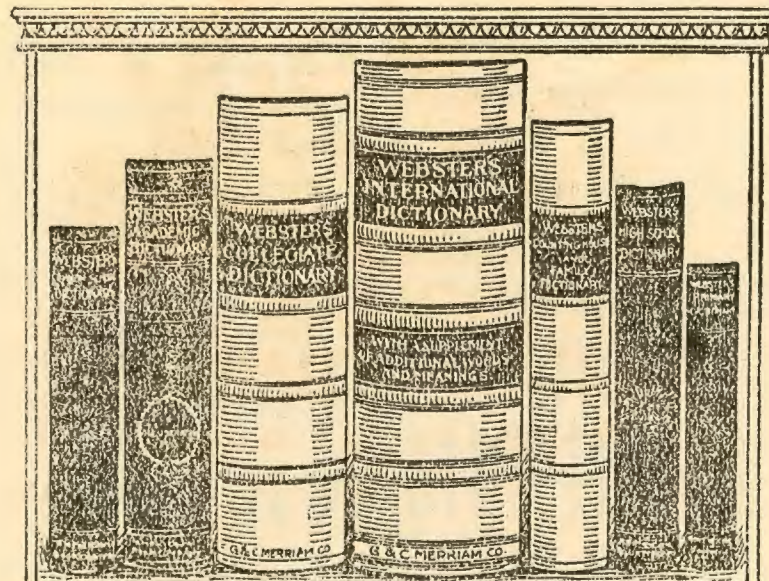
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