



THE ALFRED
UNIVERSITY
MONTHLY

December, 1905



Table of Contents:

Life	57
Literary Athenaeans	58
The College Man and Public Life	61
College vs. Kitchen	65
The Year Book	72
Scribe	72
Two Versions	74
The Banquet	76
The Facts of the Case	77
Athletics	78
State School	81
Academy	83
Theological Seminary	85
Lyceums: Alfriedian	85
Alleghanian	86
Athenaeon	87
Y. W. C. A.	88
Y. M. C. A.	88
Campus	89

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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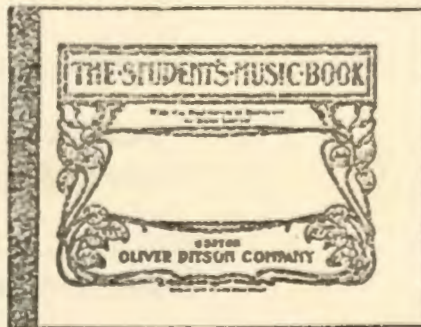
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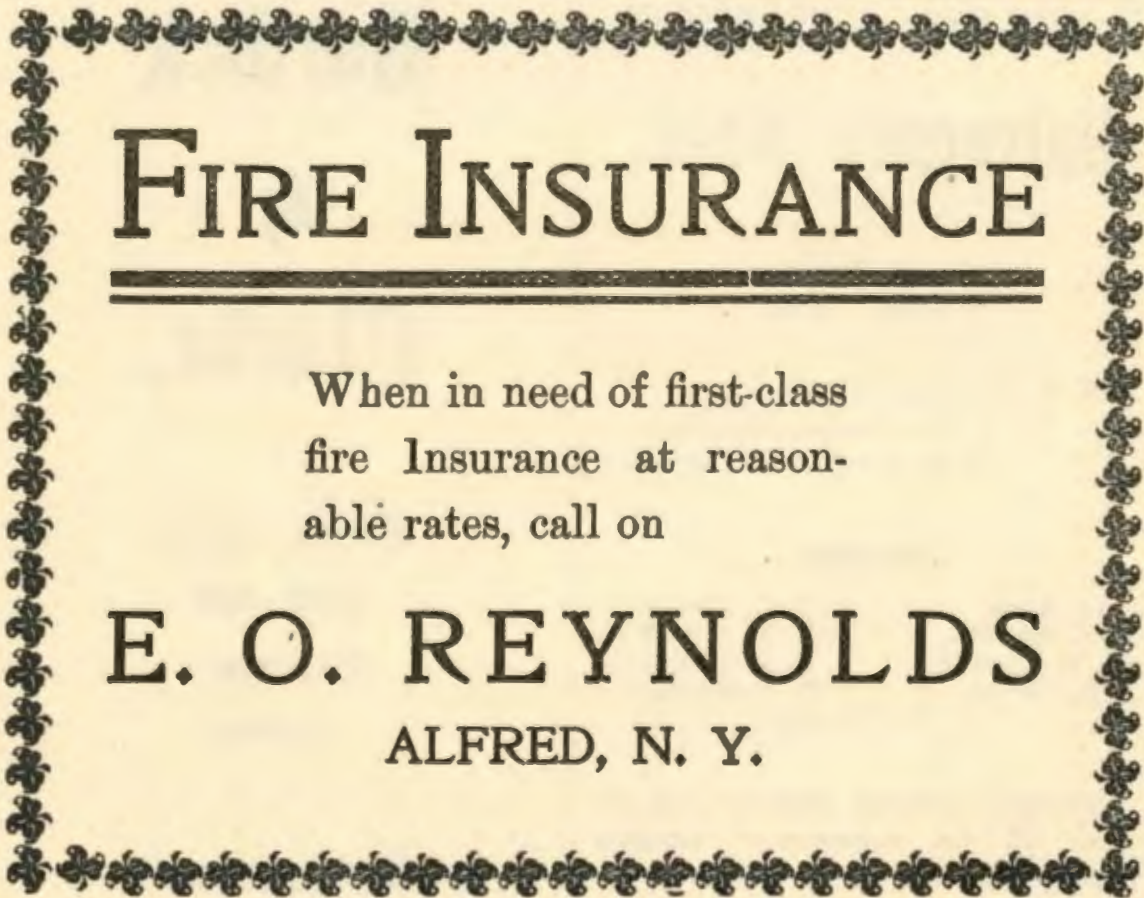
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THE ALFRED University Monthly

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Life

This life of thine's a bounteous store:
Take what is given: demand no more.
What thou desir'st with wishes bold,
And Love Divine from thee withholds,
Regret it not; it may be near.
Be well content: let death's dark strife
Arouse in thee no coward fear.
Arise! give hearty thanks for life.

Literary Athenaeans

In the April, 1905, issue of the ALFRED MONTHLY, appeared a sketch of one of the charter members of the Athenaeum Lyceum, Mary E. Coon Sheppard, and selections from some of her numerous poems. In continuation, we wish to speak of other Athenaeans who have shown ability in the field of literature.

Mary A. E. Wager Fisher of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, became a member of the Lyceum in 1860, and three years later was graduated from Alfred University. She has written many articles for different periodicals, being for several years a regular contributor to the *Rural New Yorker* under the nom de plume of Minnie Mintwood. She also wrote for the New York Tribune and also for a Philadelphia magazine, *Table Talk*.

One of her friends, and literary critics has said that her greatest success lay in the writing of the short pithy paragraph.

Hannah Waterbury Rude became a member of the Athenaeum Lyceum in 1863 and graduated from the University in 1870. She has a volume of poems, published by Charles Wells Moulton of Buffalo. We hope at some time to place a copy in the University library. The following poems are from her pen:

Sea Mosses

I gathered sea-mosses, all wet from the sea,
And this is the way they came floating to me,—
The waves held a carnival, each wove a crest
Of sky-tinted mosses, and lovingly pressed
Each other and kissed, as they laughingly played,
And some of the wavelets made love and they strayed
'Mong the rocks on the shore.
And they ruthlessly tore
From the coquetish wavelets so thoughtless and gay,
This bunch of sea mosses all dripping with spray,
And I just came up slyly and stole them away.

Into the Likeness

The sunflower clinging to its stalk
Can neither fly, nor run, nor walk.
But ever gazes toward the sun
From early morn till day is done.
And really it is quite amazing
How like the sun it grows, in gazing.

If, while earth-bound, we may not quite
Reach up into the grandest height
By keeping it each day in view
We may adorn us in its hue.

Vandelia Varnum was born in Franklinville, N. Y., and in 1873, when about nineteen years old, she entered Alfred University. At her graduation, several years later, her graduating oration was written in verse and was highly commended by President Allen. For a number of years after her graduation she was a teacher. She then entered the lecture field in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and afterward was employed by the Lyceum Bureau. In this field she is both a brilliant writer and speaker. Her best known lectures are, "Who Pays the Freight?", "Prisoners of Plenty," and "Wm. E. Gladstone." In 1889, she was married to Dr. H. W. Thomas, the leader of the Liberal Church and for many years pastor of the People's Church of Chicago. After her marriage, Mrs. Thomas became Assistant Pastor of her husband's church, only lecturing occasionally.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas make their winter home in DeFuniak Springs, Fla., spending the summers in their Chicago home on West Monroe St.

R. A. P.

The following verses were written by Mrs. Thomas for the Athenaeon Commencement of 1886:

Formation of the Ladies' Athenaeon

SONG

Awake! Why tarry here!
Obey the voice within,
Whose ringing accents, loud and clear,
Bid all go forth and win.

CHORUS—

Awake, Arise,
Shake off the old, put on the new
Forsake the many for the few,
To freedom and to progress true.
Awake, Arise.

Another work invites,
Another faith inspires,
Another torch in radiance lights
The glimmer of our fires.

CHORUS—

Awake, Arise,
Lay down the old, take up the new,
Forsake the many for the few,
In contest brave. in contest true,
Awake, Arise.

Farewell, ye sister band,
A long, a long farewell,
Ambition points with steadfast hand
Where greater glories dwell.

CHORUS—

Awake, Arise,
Long live the old, long live the new,
All hail the many, hail the few,
And victory ever crown the few,
And victory ever crown the true,
Awake, Arise!

How I Came to Know God

With stammering, childish tongue I said to God
The prayers by Mother taught, nor thought of Him
Saye as a far-off, dim, mysterious One
Who frowned whene 'er I sinned; for Vengeance then,
And wrath He seemed to me, and Him I feared.

I stood alone upon a mountain peak.
As far as eye could reach, the snow-fields lay
Alight with dazzling, radiant gleam; above,
Serenest heavenly blue. My soul was hushed.
In whispers awed and low I said, O God!
As Purity and Truth I know Thee now.

I gazed upon the ocean raging wild;
On land I saw the awful work of fire
And flood. My soul was thrilled, 'tis true, but felt
No pulse of love. Thou art Power, O God! I cried,
And Majesty, and Might. How vain is man!

The stars I learned to know as something more
Than points of light. I could not understand
The grandeur of the plan which makes them move;
Yet with the Psalmist old I cried, What Lord,
Is man that Thou should mindful be of him?
For Thou, O God, art wondrous Mind and Law!

The magic power of lens revealed to me
The beautiful completeness of the realm
Of life too small for eye alone to see.
Another attribute, Infinity.
I came to know; Infinity alone
Perfection could attain in things so great
And small as glowing star and tiny plant.

I studied then the human frame. Complex, and yet
So beautiful withal; foreseen were all
Our needs. In this alone God's wisdom shone;
The mind His likeness bore. O God ! I said,
How great is man that Thou in him couldst plant
Thy form divine: My heart aglow with thought
Of kinship cried, My Father, Lord, art Thou !

Then came the voice of Grace which said to me,
My child, you do not know me yet. Behold
My Son whom I have sent that you may see
In Him my thought for thee. I looked to Him;
His perfect life of love and sacrifice
Revealed to me the Goodness and the Love
Of God. My heart was touched; and in a thrill
Of rapturous joy I cried, O God ! Thou'rt Love.

Ida Louise Reveley.

The College Man and Public Life

Not long ago, before a gathering of insurance agents in Milwaukee, Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, declared that graft was the nation's peril. This statement, coming from so conservative a man as Justice Brewer, deserves more than our merely passing notice. The disclosures of fraud, rottenness and dishonesty in our industrial and commercial life have led men to ask, What is this so-called graft, What is its cause, Can it be removed and if so, How ? The essence of graft is selfishness. It is based upon the idea that an individual has the right to use his talents, whether they be money, power or influence, to advance his seeming interests regardless of the interests of others. Broadly speaking, all people are divided into classes; those who regard their talents, whether they be money, power or influence, to be used for selfish ends, and those who regard their talents as a trust to be used in the service of their fellows. However, it is only when men deliberately and heedlessly trample upon public rights for private gain that they are popularly known as grafters. The infinite complexity of modern life serves as an excellent opportunity for men who wish to develop and exercise their swindling powers. Wall Street operations, for instance, are as yet very little understood by the general public, and there are a variety of ways financiers can make huge profits by manipulating the colossal funds committed to their care.

This existence of graft in public affairs must be stamped out and to do this is the most pressing problem of our national life. A limited observation will convince any one that law, in and of itself, will not crush the evil. This principle holds true not only of graft but of all evils. Law, in and of itself, has no power to punish amid the many loopholes of escape in our intricate and complex industrial life. The Standard Oil Co. can defeat its opponents in the law courts by exhausting their financial resources in long and expensive trials. If Chauncey Depew can get \$20,000 a year balm salary from the rightful funds of others, the law may be powerless to touch him even though the act tramples upon recognized principles of common morality. Law does not become effective until it becomes a part of what President Hadley of Yale calls the social conscience. This social conscience is what is generally known as public opinion, or public sentiment, although the popular idea of public opinion is often far from corresponding to the reality. But, says President Hadley, "Where true public opinion exists, it is not only powerful but all powerful. It can accomplish more than any other coercive agency." The law may free insurance officers from their immoral acts in manipulating trust funds, but those officers can never escape the wrath of a concentrated public opinion mightily aroused and intelligently directed.

Accepting the fact that public opinion is the directing power in all progressive movements the way to remove existing evils in public affairs is to create a wholesome, healthy public opinion, which shall keep pure the stream of our national life. Now in the solution of this problem, the college man holds a peculiar position. The glory of the American college is that its sons and daughters have always given to the public the benefit of their training and culture. Such has been its history. Harvard was founded in 1636, William and Mary in 1693, Yale in 1701, and from these institutions were recruited the leaders in the fight for national independence. Thus from the very first, colleges have been identified in a peculiar way with our national life. And never before in our history has that connection been more real, more vital, more needful, than it is now.

In all departments of public life and activity the constructive power and leadership comes mainly from college men. In our democratic government, government

by public opinion, the college man is needed to infuse that spirit of honesty which shall make legal swindling no less a crime than arson or burglary. The college man is needed to bring personal ideals into political life, ideals of honor, courage and purity; ideals of honor which reject all doubtful methods and standards; ideals of courage which will cause men to cast over-board out-grown political theories and will cause them to raise new standards and summon forces to the conflict under new war-cries; ideals of purity which shall consider man too noble to neglect his opportunities for service, too great to trample upon the rights of his fellows. These are the men who can mold and direct public opinion. The need for such men is intensified by the materialism of our age. Speaking of the commercial world and our national life, Justice Brewer says, "You cannot stay this great movement toward centralization. It is a natural evolution. Injunctions against strikes will not prevent them, legislation against trusts will not. Appeal must be taken to the great court of public opinion whose decrees are irresistible. In that court of public opinion every man is council and every man is judge. That court may not stay the movement, but it will control it. It can make the movement, with all the wonderful things attending it, subserve the higher thoughts of ennobling the individual. Who shall lead and guide in that court? Not the demagogues appealing for selfish purposes to ignorance and prejudice. We turn to the educated lover of his country, the one who believes in her institutions, the one who would not destroy but keep her pure, and is filled ever more with the thought that true service of the public is the greatest glory of man. We look to him in that court for the preservation of the liberty of the individual against the threatened dominance of wealth and organization; to invigorate the so-called generalities of the Declaration of Independance, and fill the land with such a spirit of independance and liberty as shall give new meaning to that grand old song, 'America the Land of the Free.' We look to him in that court to exterminate the assassin, to put an end to anarchism so that never more in the history of this republic shall the sad story be told that during forty years, out of seven men elected to its highest office, three perished by the hand of the assassin. The republic needs the educated man, and that man educated to whom organ-

izations and individuals are simply instruments to subserve its higher interests and glory. So it is in these days of tremendous material activity there is need as never before of educational institutions filled with the spirit of devotion to public service."

In the light of recent commercial scandals this lofty ideal set forth by Justice Brewer appeals to us with new emphasis. Continually are we tempted to forget that the interests of individuals and organizations are subordinate to the public welfare. To forget it would be to invite national disaster. "It is for the young men who are coming on the field of political life to-day," says Pres. Hadley, "To guard against this danger. Our college students have lived in communities which have their historic traditions and collective aspirations, each of which is in a true sense a body politic with its public spirit and public sentiment. It is for them to carry into the world of business and legislation the spirit which will subordinate personal convenience to collective honor. Let them cease to appeal exclusively to self-interest, either in their judgment or in the judgment of others. For a political leader who has not only fixed standards of right but a belief in the capacity of the people to accept those standards the times are always ready. Clay and Calhoun and Webster and Lincoln differed in their judgments and conclusions. But it was characteristic of them all that they made their final appeal not to the narrow interests of any class but to what they believed to be the broad principles of public opinion and public morality. It was in the spirit of these men that our republic gained its growth in the century which is past, it is for us, their sons, to see that the same spirit is applied to the yet larger problems of the century which is to come."

J. G. S.

A society has been founded at Cornell, known as the Cosmopolitan Club. Its object is the study of questions of civic government by bringing together the foreign students of the University. Fifty seven nationalities are found on its rolls.

(Small boy to his father)—Pa what is a talking machine made of?

(Pa)—Well, the first one was made out of a rib.

College vs. Kitchen

June 28, 1905.

My dear Becky:

I wish you could see me for a moment. I'll just bet you would open your eyes in astonishment. You haven't an idea what freak I took into my head for this summer vacation.

I expect Uncle Jean will never forgive me if he hears of my game. Well, I was just tired of the old watering places, and wanted something new. I bought some neat, but plain gingham gowns, some aprons, an unassuming hat and suit, packed my wardrobe, and ran away, where? Oh, to this dear farm house among the hills. I have hired out as a kitchen girl in a farmer's boarding house until the first of September.

Something romantic is sure to happen. To begin with, there are two gentleman boarders. One is a stunning looking fellow and has the front room over-looking the brook. He has magnificent black eyes, and a very distinguished air. The other is a smaller man, with a quiet unoffensive manner, who spends his time reading under the chestnut tree. There are several ladies and an elderly couple. None of the ladies are even passing fair, and in a fit of vanity I tell you that the gentlemen and ladies, too, stare at me every time I serve a meal. I suppose I am rather queer looking for a work girl. It is great sport that I'm having. The work has its drawbacks however. My hands look dreadful after peeling potatoes, even wearing gloves at night scarcely keeps them in a decent condition.

Tonight I shall eat dinner with the farm hands; that is, four hired men and Dina, the cook. Fancy me, a Senior to be, eating at a table with servants! Until tonight I have snatched my meals between spells, rather hating to sit down with servants, but Mrs. Wilkie said it was bad for the digestion, and I had better eat with the others. Never mind, I am inculcating democratic ideas and consider myself little better than my associates in spite of my inherited million.

Your own,
Jenny.

July 2, '05.

Dearest Becky mine:

Dearest, I had the awfulest time yesterday that you can possibly imagine. You know I have a play time in the afternoon, so slipping on a white ruffled apron over my fresh blue gingham, and yes, fastening on the most bewitching sun bonnet you ever saw, I took the path toward the hay field, meaning to investigate a bit for myself. I soon heard steps behind me, and I left the path for the "shade of an old apple tree." Turning about, after seating myself on the soft grass, I saw Mr. Lawrence, of the black eyes, approaching.

"Good afternoon, fair maiden," he said showing a set of sparkling teeth in a familiar smile which made me boil inside. I forgot I was the kitchen maid and looked at him frigidly, not deigning to answer. He threw himself on the grass at my feet.

"O come, don't be bashful," he continued in honeyed tones, "I want to have a nice little chat with you."

Then I remembered that I was a servant and that he might be going to take advantage of my position.

"There are plenty of ladies in the house, are'nt there, without taking resort to the kitchen?" I said coldly.

"None as pretty as you, my dear Jenny; he replied in his insulting drawl. Do not be jealous of those ugly creatures. You are the maid for me. Your hair is like bronze, and your eyes—er—let me see them, do dear, and your lips, oh, so tempting."

He reached over with a white hand and caught mine. I could have struck him.

"Release me!" I cried fiercely. But he only held the tighter, while I struggled.

"Just a moment," he whispered, "one kiss from those red lips and I—"

"If you *dare* to touch me, you shall rue it sir. I will—" I had struggled to my feet. He arose also, still holding my hands in a grasp that well nigh crushed them.

"Aye, what *will* you do?" he questioned, at the same time drawing me closer and closer in spite of my resistance.

"Help! Help!" I shrieked at the top of my voice. Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when the coward's hands were wrenched from mine. He was thrown violently back, and a tall, broad shouldered man in over-

alls stood between us. He gave Mr. Lawrence a few angry kicks and told him to pick himself up and move off.

Mr. Lawrence arose, chagrin in his black eyes. "Curse you," he muttered, starting for my defender with clenched fists. The stranger never moved a muscle, but the light in his eyes must have intimidated Mr. Lawrence for he drew back, turned on his heel and disappeared.

Goose that I was, instead of thanking my rescuer, I put my face in my hands, leaned against the tree and burst into tears.

The stranger said not a word, but I could feel his silent sympathy.

As I began to gain control of myself he stepped nearer, and gently said in a kind, refined voice that one scarcely expects to proceed from one in overalls.

"There, my child, don't cry any more. You are entirely safe from his insults. If he troubles you again I will thrash him."

As I peeped through the lattice of my fingers and saw the firm lines of his face and the stern chin, I was glad it was his protection, not his anger, that I had gained.

Dropping my hands, and shaking back the strands of hair from my wet eyes, I said:

"I—I can never thank you enough. You can't imagine how I feel about it."

"That's all right," he returned pleasantly.

"We shall be friends, I am sure. You are Jenny, the kitchen girl, and I—am Richard, one of the hired men."

I put my hand in his strong, brown one with right good will.

"I'm glad to know you, Richard," I cried earnestly.

And so begins my friendship with the hired man. I must stop, or it will be 5 o'clock in the morning before I am through and then you know I am Cinderella again. Write soon to your everlasting

Jenny.

August 23, '05.

Dear Honey:

I was awfully glad to read your perfectly splendid letter, and I think you deserve a fine one in return. I really never enjoyed a vacation as much as I am enjoying this one. I don't see why girls, who have to work for their living, complain. I'm sure it's lots of fun. Last

night at dinner Richard and I ate so slowly that all the others finished and left us.

"I think hasty eating very bad for the digestion," I ventured gravely, as the men tramped from the kitchen. Richard was dallying with his steak in the most shameless manner.

"Yes," he agreed, smiling.

I had finished my dessert and rested my elbows on the table, looking curiously across at my companion. He was not really handsome, but any one would like his face. His overalls had been discarded, and he sat with his shirt sleeves rolled to his elbows, and with no collar. The strong firm muscle showed at every movement. His dark hair was closely cut and I imagine very straight.

"Well, what is your conclusion upon the whole?" he enquired coolly, without looking up. I had forgotten that I was staring.

"Why," I murmured confusedly, "I was thinking that you didn't look a bit like a hired man."

He laughed genially in his happy, hearty way.

"Don't you think a hired man could be a gentleman?"

"Why, why—yes. I suppose so. Any way I think you're a gentleman," I added warmly.

"Thank you, Jenny," he said gravely. Then continued. "Do you know, I've often thought something like that about you. You don't seem like an ordinary kitchen girl."

"Well, I'm *not* ordinary, am I?" I questioned a trifle confusedly, pausing for time.

"By no means."

I thought to turn the conversation from the dangerous channel into which it had drifted, so I arose, tied on my blue checked apron, tucked up my sleeves and set to work on the dishes. I could feel his eyes upon me all the while.

"Jenny," he began at length, "Jenny, I often wonder how your father could permit you to work for a living. You're too delicate to do hard work."

"My parents are both dead," I explained with averted head.

"And no relatives?"

"Why—well,—why there's an uncle. But—you see, he—why I *wanted* to work."

Richard left his chair, quietly possessed himself of a

towel, and calmly announced, "I'm going to dry them for you."

"No objections," he commanded as I tried to find words to oppose him.

I knew he was watching my hands as they flew among the dishes, and probably wondering why my arms were so white and smooth. It was exceedingly embarrassing for me. Silence for a few moments.

"Only one week more," I began, smiling into the depth of the dishpan. "One week and I leave. You know I was only engaged until the first of September. I've had such a lovely time," I added enthusiastically.

"Just one week more!" repeated Richard, "Why don't you stay all winter?"

"Oh, the boarders begin to leave in September and Mrs. Wilkie won't need me any longer."

"But what will I do?" he asked. "I shall need you if she doesn't. I—I can't get along without you Jenny." He leaned against the shelf, a grave earnest look in his dark eyes, as they rested on my face. I felt, rather than saw, their expression.

I knew I was blushing. Men have proposed to me before, Becky, but I never felt so frightened, so confused before. I wrung out the clothes with trembling fingers and hung the dish pan in its place on the wall. Mechanically I dried my fingers and rolled down the sleeves of my gingham gown. Without waiting for me to rid myself of the blue checked apron, Richard seized both my hands.

"Don't, Richard!" I implored, "You—you—"

"Why not, dear, when I love you? Don't work any more dear. Let me work for you. We will be so happy together. Won't you Jenny? Don't you love me a little?"

How could I resist his tender voice, his pleading eyes, his strong hands which were drawing me irresistably toward him!

Just then we heard some one in the hall, and Richard dropped my hands. I nervously untied my apron, just as Mrs. Wilkie entered and handed me a telegram. I tore it open, fearful of discovery. Sure enough, thus it ran.

Virginia Flays--Honey Bee Farm.

Close up this farce immediately. Will be there on the first train to-morrow. Make yourself presentable.

R. Jean Flays.

I could have used pretty strong language against Uncle Jean at that moment. He invariably "buts in" at the wrong time and spoils everything. And I had intended to enjoy this last week so much. One thing I decided that moment. It was to accept Richard anyway.

"Bad news?" questioned Richard solicitously. I handed him the telegram. I knew he would have to know."

"Read it," I commanded.

Richard scanned it in amazement. Then he threw back his fine head and looked me in the eyes for a moment steadily. My glance faltered and fell.

"You, you are Jean Flay's niece! You are Virginia Flays?"

"Yes," I faltered, "You don't mind do you?"

"I might have known," he murmured. He turned toward the door. Dejection was written all over him.

O, how I loved him!

"Richard!"

"Yes, Jen—er—Miss Flays!"

"Sit down, please." He sunk into an uncomfortable kitchen chair and buried his face in his hands, elbows on his knees.

"Richard," I began again, "you asked me a question a few moments ago."

"Yes, forgive me. I did not know then that—that—I assure you I would not have presumed."

"O Richard, you are making it so hard for me," I cried in despair.

"I know," he assented, "I know you have a kind heart. You would not willingly give pain. I was a fool."

In despair I knelt by his side and gently drew his hands from the face I had learned to love.

"Richard," I implored, look at me. *Won't* you understand? I love you dear, I love you, love you. I want to live with you, I want you to work for me. I don't care what you are Richard, I love you."

Joy flew into Richard's eyes. He put out his arm and drew me up from my knees.

"Not on your knees, Jenny! 'Tis I who should be on mine. Are you quite, quite sure, dear, that you will give up your luxurious life for me; that you will choose me in place of your equal in wealth and position. Remember, dear, I am only the hired man."

"Were you a beggar, Richard, dearest, 'twould alter my love not one whit."

And so I am bethrothed Becky dear to the hired man, the noblest, dearest man on earth. I shall live with him where ever he chooses. And I don't give a rap what Uncle Jean says. If he turns me off to-morrow I shall straight way marry Richard. I have my own money as soon as I am twenty-one. I know I have your congratulations.

Your own happy Jenny.

P. S. I forgot to send this and yesterday Uncle came. I didn't change my gown for him either. I received in the parlor in my blue gingham and white apron. Uncle and I had a strong talk about Richard, and had arrived at no compromise, when in walked Richard himself. The moment Uncle saw him he sprang to his feet and shouted:

"Rich Fennas old boy, what are you doing here?"

"Why that's Richard!" I exclaimed wonderingly.

I glanced at Richard who came toward me with a pleading light in his eyes.

"Forgive me, dear," he begged." I wanted to be sure you loved me. That was why I didn't tell you last night that—"

"That he is Rich Fennas, whose father owns Syracuse, so to speak," concluded Uncle Jean. And he left the room rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

I forgave Richard for deceiving me, after making him very sorry.

We shall be married just as soon as I graduate and you, dearest Becky, of course, will be my maid of honor.

Ever your own Jenny.

The Milton College Review speaks of the Musical Department as having a larger number of pupils than usual. The semi-annual concert is to be given December the fourteenth. Miss Crandall, the director, is a former Alfred student.

"What do you think now Bobby?" remarked the mother as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy; "my train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."—Ex.

The Year Book

Two years ago the first attempt to produce a year book was made, and although it was not satisfactory in every respect, it was a move in the right direction. This year the Junior class is to produce one and we bespeak for the hearty and enthusiastic support of every student in Alfred. This year we wish to produce a book which will not only be a credit to the Junior class, but also an honor to Alfred University. We earnestly request that each class, lyceum, and department of Alfred, put forth their best endeavor to make this work a success. The Junior class promises to do its part, but we can not do it all, and if it is to be a success every student must take an active interest. We are more than pleased by the manner in which the students have subscribed; you have shown your interest, and all we ask is that you continue to give us your active support. If you have any suggestions they will be most gladly received, as will also any drawings, articles, or jokes. No college of any size fails to publish a year book, and Alfred should not, and can not be classed with anything but the best, so let each and every one of us put forth our best efforts to make this work, not only a success, but also a lasting honor to Alfred University.

The Scribe

While the scribe was seated in his lonely cell one evening trying to make his quill set down a bit of advice for the weak and erring mortals who should be so unfortunate as to read his words, his thoughts were distracted by the sound of many voices raised in an uproarous din. Finally he became aware of the fact that one of the college classes was returning from its banquet, and there was a great wrangle in progress as to which side was victorious. As the scribe is an elderly man, whose observance of college customs at Alfred extends over well nigh half a generation, the incident naturally turned his thoughts toward his decade and a half of experience with class contests.

One event after another flitted through the scribe's mind, and like all people who have left their youthful days behind, his first thought was—What a folly it is for these

young people to waste their time and energy on something which will be of no benefit to them in after years! Nearly all the contests which the scribe has observed, resulted either in a disputed victory or in hard feelings between the participants which led to disastrous consequences. Even if the parties did not come to blows, such ill feeling existed that the student body, which should be one common brotherhood, was split up into inimical factions. Because of these factions it was difficult to secure united support for any college activity, and it seemed as though the results had been entirely evil.

When the scribe was almost convinced that class contests should be entirely abolished, his mind turned back to the long ago when he had been an under classman. Once more his blood tingled with the desire to try his powers against some foe. He experienced again that feeling of self importance and great cerebral expansion which his fellow students had so earnestly endeavored to remove. Again he longed to distinguish himself in lines not prescribed in the curriculum. After half an hour lost in such reveries he was called back to earth by remembering the printer was out of copy and he must write something quick.

Which was right the youth or the old man? Both views—so the scribe thought—contained part of the truth. The college needs class contests between the underclass men in a spirit of friendly rivalry. However, some measure should be taken to prevent all petty bickering after the contest. The scribe was impressed with the thought that each year there should be one or two occasions in which an equal number of members from each of the lower classes can be pitted against each other in a physical contest. If such were the case it would be possible to have the proper judges present and by giving a definite decision to one side or the other, a better feeling would exist. So the scribe would suggest that next year the rival classes meet early in the fall and work off some of their surplus energy in a rope-tie or some other kindred contest.

In order to raise the standard of work, several of the college papers have offered prizes for good stories.

Two Versions

A Letter Found(?) by a Soph

Dear Mattie,--

I told you that I would tell you about our banquet as soon as we had it. Well we had it last night. We girls were terribly afraid lest some of the Sophs should find us, until Mr. Whitford, one of the juniors, told us a clever little scheme we never would have thought of. It was simply this: to get some pies and turkey and have one of the girls hide them in the Brick, then go up to Mr. Huntington's room with some wafers (they are just crackers you know) and cheese, and if we were discovered say that we were only having a class meeting, if not we could call it a banquet.

Some of our class, however, wanted to have a real banquet with toasts and dishes, etc., and when we finally adopted Mr. Whitford's plan they would'nt go.

So yesterday we passed the word around, and in spite of the Sophs, who were everywhere watching everybody, twenty-three of us (we have only thirty-six you know) managed to get there without being discovered. Five minutes later, we rushed out and gave our yell and at the end "We—have—had—our—banquet." I wish you could have been there then Mattie. Oh, it was just glorious! The juniors came out and helped us yell. Soon the Sophs gathered with a sullen, baffled look on their faces, taunting us with having had nothing to eat. We went right back to the Gothic to show them tho' for you know Mr. Rosebush had carried the turkey and pies up from the Brick when everybody was down town yelling. We had hardly got back in the room, however, when four big Sophs smashed in the door. Dear, me, I was scared then. Our boys would'nt let them come in tho'.

This morning we all wore our colors to chapel and went in in a group. The Sophs hissed and yelled "crackers and cheese," but we didn't care, we had had our banquet.

I was so hoarse I couldn't recite in French this morning. Well, Mattie, I must hurry to get this letter out on the next mail.

Your victorious friend,

.. .. .

P. S. Say Mattie I forgot to tell about our class flag.

Our class president had it and waved it in chapel this morning. When he went out and while there was only one freshman with him, two sophs threw him down in the snow and took the flag away from him. I think it was *just* mean for them to do that, when he wasn't thinking about it, don't you.

Good bye

Alfred, December sixth.

. . . .

The Freshman Banquet

The Sophomores are deserving of pity and advice for they are in trouble. The boastful and all wise class were completely circumvented and outgeneraled Tuesday night, December 5. The Sophomores had said that they knew where and when the Freshmen were to hold their banquet, but on that night they were either asleep or overconfident. Perhaps they thought the Freshmen could not hold a banquet but it is to be hoped that this will serve to lessen their egotism. At 7.15 the Freshmen were all assembled, except a few who were acting as decoys or detained at home, not by the Sophs. Where were the wide awake (?) Sophs, could'nt be that they were to be defeated? Yes, they were, for at 8.30 the Freshmen, having finished their feasting, came out and gave their yell. The self-praising Sophs were so enraged that it is reported some fainted, others swore, and still others attempted to commit suicide. At any rate, after the Freshmen had finished yelling and had again retired to the scene of their feast, the Sophs stove in a door in an attempt to satiate their passion. Again, the next morning a number of them pounced upon the helpless Freshman president and relieved him of a private class flag. This does not seem to satisfy the puerile fury of the Sophs, consequently they have set up the howl and cry of crackers and cheese, rubber boots and hand outs. If any one will examine the Freshmen menu they will see how "catechistical" this is. At any rate "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and judging from last year's experience, which the Sophs seem to have forgotten, the Freshmen are deserving of much more praise than the last years' Freshmen were. In the first place the class of 1909 were not ashamed to publish a menu, and in the second place they had nerve enough so that they did not have to hold their banquet under the watch care and protection of

a Professor. Well, Sophies, why don't you come out of your peevishness and admit your defeat. The upper class rules do not say that a man must wear a dress suit and sit in plush chairs, and besides you must remember that you are the first class to go to a banquet in rubber boots. Cheer up and be men. *don't* be children. * *

The Banquet

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of the successful banquet and good cheer,
On the fifth of December in naughty five,
Of the Class of '09 that was all alive
For the Sophs' defeat.

The Sophomores were all abroad,
A more wide awake crowd you could ne'er record;
Yet, nevertheless, by clever dodging,
The Freshman met in Huntington's lodging
And had their banquet.

They enjoyed their feed, you may safely say,
And after that, in the good old way,
They listened to toasts that brought to mind
The subsequent wrath of the Sophs and their kind,
Which made them joyous.

The toasts being finished, the class adjourned
To inform the town that the worm had turned,
Had not only given the Sophies their dose
But had gained a victory under their nose,
To their discomfiture.

The Sophies wise had posted their "procs"
On all the fences, trees and rocks,
In the town of Alfred; and then they thought
A wonderful victory they had wrought
While not a Freshman knew.

But now the Freshmen's turn had come,
And the Sophomores were angry some.
They ranted, raved, and then they swore,
By the injured feelings they all bore,
To be even yet.

They had their precious victuals cooked,
And thought they had their banquet booked,
But the vigilant Freshmen all were out,
And the Sophomore banquet's gone to rot,
Waiting for them to come.

C. W. C. '09

The Facts of the Case

Oh, Muse, from thy heavens benignant,
Descend for a season we pray,
And sing of the Freshmen indignant
Because the gay Sophs won the day.

'Tis not a mere matter of "claiming,"
This Sophomore triumph of ours,
'Tis doing the thing we were aiming,
And showing command of our powers.

Had Fate frowned upon our endeavor,
And thrown us far back on the shelf,
We suppose we'd be "claiming" forever,
But—Victory speaks for itself.

'Tis now but a matter of history,—
The truth as to deeds, time and place,
No longer enfolded in mystery,—
So here are the facts in the case.

The place,—Canisteo, our neighbor ;
The time,—'twas the twelfth month and day.
Full well were we paid for our labor
In planning to go thus away.

Happy thirty! With joy we assembled
Each comrade and classmate to greet,
Nor even the glad fact dissembled,
We were going to have something to eat.

What wonder the Freshmen all followed !
'Twas something quite easy to do,
And after the "banquet" they'd swallowed.
No wonder the "real thing" they'd pursue.

But alas for the conquest desired !
They couldn't get there till train eight,
And, as then the event had transpired,
The poor things were decidedly late.

Too late to behold our gay dinner.
Or taste the good things that we had !
They still "claim" their class is the winner !
Oh, that is deception most sad !

Were it not for their Junior reporters
The Freshies wouldn't bother a bit,
They're misled by their ardent supporters,
D. O. Robinson and Arlie C. "Whit."

C. C. '08

Athletics

At the conclusion of the past football season we cannot but see a great many mistakes that we have made, but we can also see in the distance, the brightest prospects for a winning team during the season of 1906. The past season has not been without its advantages. We have played football every minute, the men have trained well, and we have found out that *Alfred* grit will to a large degree compensate for a lack of weight. To be sure the management has lost money this year, but the management of any team at Alfred has always lost money. However, it is not the fault of the management or the team. It is your fault, fellow students. Many have supported the team well, but as a rule there has been that indifferant feeling among the students that should never exist in any school. Alfred interests are your interests, and if you do not support these interests you are not fit to be called an Alfred man.

While we have lost five games out of the eight played this year, it is but fitting that we consider many of our defeats victories inasmuch as we "were up against it" in almost every case. In all the games in which we were defeated we were outweighed, but not out-played. For with a College team averaging less than 150 pounds, our season's prospect looked very dark, but the fellows went into the game with that determination to win that has been the dominating feature of Alfred athletics since their inauguration. We had a faster back field than any College that we played with, and the line, while greatly outweighed, played that plucky game, which to say the least, was very commendable. Next season with but three men gone out of the squad we will have the brightest prospects for a team that we could wish. But fellows, it is up to you to support that team. At least show an interest and do not let the few that do help, do your share.

Undoubtedly in the coming season there will be many changes in the rules. There has been an unusual amount of injuries during the past season, resulting from "boy play," but they are liable to happen even in the post office. Alfred has been unusually free from any accidents because of the fine condition that the boys were in, due to Coach Reed, who has worked hard not only for himself but for

you. He has been a hard loser, and one that has put the ginger into the team that contested against such great disadvantages. Every man in Alfred should stand back of him and do his best to have him return for the coming season that he may in a way reap the reward due his efforts. His football and coaching ability is unquestioned as is seen by his work this season on the Oakdale team of Buffalo. He has a personality that has compelled the fellows to play football, not for his own glory, but for Alfred.

Captain Young, who has played his last game of football with us, should also come in for his share of praise. He has shown rare judgment, and has kept the fellows together with that unity of feeling that we have felt the need of for many seasons.

Mr. Langworthy, who also finishes this year, has played half back for four years on the 'Varsity and is the right man in the right place at the right time. His work throughout the season has marked him as one of the best half backs ever wearing an Alfred suit.

Mr. Briggs, while kept out of some of the games by injuries, has played with his usual amount of spirit and it is with regret that we bid him farewell from the Alfred gridiron.

The other men, who have played with no less spirit and ginger, we hope to see upon the field next fall. Want of space will not permit to go into detail as to their merits, but it suffices to say that there is not one streak of "yellow" in the squad. Gladly would we commend each one separately, but it is needless, for every Alfred man knows that you did your share, and did it like men.

Mansfield 12, Alfred 5

In our last game of football for the season of 1905, we were defeated by Mansfield State Normal School by the score of 12 to 5. The game was played upon a very muddy field before a fair sized crowd. Mansfield outweighed us twenty pounds to the man, but they showed a great lack of knowledge of football as it should be played. It was a case of the side having the ball making the touchdown, but dame Fortune frowned upon the Alfred camp and allowed the would be-teachers to win. Mansfield was the first to score, but did so only after eighteen minutes of the hardest kind of football. Alfred then secured the

ball and carried it to Mansfield's six inch line. Davis was then given the ball and carried it over the line only to have it knocked from his hands for a touchback. After receiving the ball from the kick however, Alfred immediately carried it back to Mansfield's five yard line when time was called. Score, Mansfield 6, Alfred 0.

In the second half, Alfred immediately carried the ball over the goal line for a touchdown, but Langworthy failed to kick the ball, which was covered with mud, over the bar. It was missed only by a narrow margin and went with speed enough to break the cross bar. Mansfield then took the ball down the field for her second touchdown and kicked the goal. The ball was then kept in the middle of the field until time was called with the ball in Mansfield's possession in the middle of the field.

Alfred played by far the better game and should have won had it not been for the unaccountable fumble near the goal line. It was a pretty game to watch but was marked by one or two unnecessary rough plays that have been one of the features of our games with Mansfield in the past. It is useless to play football in that way and if the opposing team cannot play clean football cut them off the schedule.

At the annual meeting of the Athletic Association Tuesday, December 5th, the following men were voted the right to wear the A and AA.

Football A's: Wm. Dunn, A. E. Webster, L. G. Sage, W. T. Donaldson, T. G. Davis, R. G. Cowan, E. S. Hartley, E. K. DeWitt, S. R. Guthrie, Homer Gradinaroff, Dwight Tefft, E. J. Robinson, F. L. Titsworth, J. J. Ryan, A. E. Champlin. Base Ball, S. C. Rosebush.

Football AA's: L. C. Whitford, Wm. Sadler, W. F. Broderick, DeForest Tefft, Jay Rogers.

S. R. Guthrie has been unanimously elected captain of the football team for the season of 1906. He is a good man, a hard worker and deserves your support. Next season is the year that we expect to clean up everything of our class, so help Guthrie and the manager all that you can.

Basketball

Football season is over, now for basketball. The Academy floor is a great addition and should be the scenes

of a number of interesting and well played games during the coming season.

State School 3, Academy 6

The first game on the new Academy floor took place Wednesday evening, December 6th. A team representing the Academy played a team representing the Ceramic school, defeating them by the score of 6 to 3. The game was interesting from start to finish, but was marked by an unusual amount of roughness on both sides. Both teams showed a lack of practice and team work which could not be helped so early in the season.

Between the halves of the boys' game, the Academy girls played a picked team, composed of Ceramic, College and Academy girls and were defeated by the score of 10 to 9. This, also was an interesting game well played, and tended to show that the girls as well as the boys of Alfred have their place in Athletics.

State School Notes

The State School is the happy possessor of a new microscope.

WANTED—To start a free kindergarten for girls. Any age. Inquire of Ferdinand Titsworth.

L. Shaw—"Why is a boy tardy oftener than a girl?"
Podmore—"He does not get in before the belle."

Hugh Binns, who is attending Hobart this year studying for the ministry, spent his Thanksgiving vacation in Alfred with his parents.

Many new books have been received lately among which the most important are: French Porcelain, and a completed set of the Transactions of the American Ceramic Society.

Friday, December 8, Professor Binns made a business trip to Salamanca. December the 19th, he will deliver a lecture at Wooster on the "History and Development of the Potter's Art."

The State School girls are practicing regularly and it is expected that they will capture the championship this year. The present squad consists of Misses Binns, Riblet, Davis, Duke, Bell and Richer.

Wednesday, December 6, Mr. Chauncey Thomas, who is taking special work at the State School this year, burned a kiln of crystal glazed ware which is the finest ever turned out in the school.

Another month has rolled away, the class work at the State School has reached its critical point and the finishing touches are now being put on. Thanksgiving vacation passed with most of the students at home enjoying their mothers' cooking while those who remained took advantage of their spare time to make up their back work. Amid the bustle and confusion of home-going preparation the interest in the classes has not slackened and the work goes on as usual although the students' minds are filled with thoughts of the trip home to Christmas joys and good things innumerable.

After the second Ceramic Society meeting the basketball team met for the election of captain. Jack Ryan, who has won fame on the athletic field at Elmira, and who played such a remarkable game of football against Allegheny, was chosen leader for this year's squad. Owing to lack of practice the team has not yet been able to develop any team work. With such a competent leader, however, and the Academy floor now in shape for good practice, there is no doubt but that the State School will have a good representation this year on the basket ball floor. Games have already been scheduled with Cook Academy, Elmira, Mansfield, Corning, Geneseo and Keuka.

The Ceramic Society meeting, held the middle of November, was very successful. An enthusiastic gathering applauded the President's speech and the two papers, and took a great deal of interest in their discussion. Guy Cowan read a paper on "Hotel China" and James Randall read one on a simple method in "The manufacture of soft mud machine made brick and a new feature in the waste heat system."

Monday evening December 11, the Ceramic Society had its third meeting and enjoyed equally as much success. Papers were read by Miss Lucile Davis, "Josiah Wedgewood;" Miss Bertha Riblet, "The Bowl;" and Joseph Podmore, "The Nozzle Machine." All were thoroughly discussed and many took part in the question for discussion, "The disadvantages of the Center Stack." The next

meeting will be held January 9, and a good program will be offered.

The class in Mineralogy enjoyed a trip to Corning, Wednesday, November 22d. Prof. and Mrs. Binns accompanied the class. The trips through the Corning Terra Cotta Works and the Hawks Glass Factory were most entertaining as well as educational. After the return to Alfred the Mineralogy class was to eat supper with Prof. Binns. Everything went off smoothly on the return trip until after Addison was reached. A mile and a half out of Addison the train was held for three hours by a wreck. The Professor and his wife invited the class to a supper in the dining car and it was thoroughly enjoyed by the hungry students. When the train reached Alfred the bus was nowhere to be found and a nice walk home with songs by the famous State School quintette was enjoyed by the slumbering canines and the welcome foot hills of the Allegany. Mrs. Binns insisted upon the Mineralogy class partaking of the feast which had been prepared by her daughters and boy-like they did not have to be asked twice. They all enjoyed the elaborate spread with the Ceramic discussions interspersed with jokes from the fertile brains of their witty worthies, Podmore and Thomas. The trip was in every detail a success and will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to go.

The Academy Notes

The Freshmen held their banquet on Saturday evening, December 2, at the home of Eldyn Champlin at Alfred Station. The evening was enjoyed by all and at a late hour they returned home giving their yells.

On the morning of November 24, at an early hour the Sophomores planted their flag of 1908 on the belfry of the Academy. The flag remained until the higher classes took part in the fight. The Sophomores and Seniors were out numbered by the Juniors and Freshmen and seeing they could not hold the flag, took it down and succeeded in getting it away. Several who took part in the affair were hurt and much damage was done.

The Freshmen and Junior classes challenged the Sophomore and Senior classes for a football game which was played on November 28th. A very small crowd wit-

nessed the contest as the weather was unpleasant for both spectators and players. The Sophomores and Seniors proved to be too much for their opponents, although they were much out-weighted. In spite of the wet field a good game was played and it was football from start to finish. The final score: Sophomores and Seniors 5, Freshmen and Juniors 0.

Thanks are due to Principal Maxson who has obtained permission to use the Academy chapel for the coming basketball season. Now we have a good place to play and we should come out and support it. On Wednesday evening, December 6th, the first games were played in the new hall. The State School *vs* Academy, and the All Stars girls *vs* Academy girls. The Academy defeated the State School team 6 to 3. They proved themselves much superior over their opponents. No doubt the Academy will win the championship. The game was played very roughly as it was the first game of the season, but as soon as the players get accustomed to the larger floor this roughness will be eliminated and the spectators will have the pleasure of interesting, clean, straight basketball.

ACADEMY JUNIORS—Officers—President, Victor Davis; vice president, Helen Langworthy; secretary, James Evans; treasurer, Ethel Saunders.

Class Yell

Ripety ! Zipety ! Zapety ! Zell !
Academy Juniors !
Hear us yell !

Colors—Shell gray and red.

The Juniors are well represented in the Academy basketball team. They have organized a class team with Homer Gardner captain. This team expects the Academy championship.

Said a "Rosey" Academy teacher,
To a girl, "You're a beautiful creature."
The girl upon that
Said, "Hang up your hat,"
Which was ample re(Ward) for this teacher.

Alfred Theological Seminary

Dear Editors:-

Since you "think it is no sin, sir, to take the theologs in, sir," we gladly take our place in the MONTHLY, along with the other departments of the University.

The number of students registering in the Seminary alone, this semester, is eight. Five of these are college graduates who are pursuing the regular theological course. The others are doing elective work. This number does not include four persons who are taking work by correspondence under the direction of the Dean. Besides the regular Seminary students, fifteen college students are taking work in the English Bible and New Testament Greek.

Mr C. C. Chipman of New York recently visited the Seminary and addressed us on the Nature and Influence of our Denominational Work and the Relation of Theological Education and of Pastors to this work. Faculty and students appreciate these friendly visits and helpful talks from friends of the Institution.

The Seminary will probably be represented by one or more delegates at the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement which convenes at Nashville, February 28.

John H. Wolf has resigned his pastorate at Hickernell, Pa., to enter the Seminary.

Two of our correspondence students are Alva L. Davis and Herbert L. Cottrell. Both are pastors of churches in Central New York and are graduates of Alfred College.

Members of the Seminary faculty and student body preach regularly at the following places: Hornellsville, Hartsville, Andover, Wellsville, Scio, Nile and at Hebron, Pa.

Alfriedian Lyceum

There have been but two programs presented since the last report. November 11, the session was opened by devotions by Rose Richer. Music at this session was furnished by Sabella Randolph, Ethel Stevens and the

lyceum. "Leaves of the XXth Century," prepared by Nellie Saunders, were read by Myrtie Evans. The chief interest in this session centered in a talk on California by Miss Blanchard.

An election of officers followed, at which Ruth Graham was chosen president; Frances Burdick, vice president; Elmina Titsworth, secretary; Rose Richer, treasurer, and Jessie Robbins, critic.

November 18, devotions led by Sabella Randolph opened the session. Music that evening was furnished by Mr. Podmore, Theodore Davis and Grace Carpenter. Evelyn Hill presented the "Leaves of the XXth Century," and Huldah Reed read a paper on San Francisco, prepared by Huldah Reed.

November 25, we accepted the hospitality of our Orophilian cousins and attended the Mock Trial.

December 2 was vacation and the 9th we spent a social evening in our room with our work. Fun and friendliness abounded and much was added to our enjoyment by the music and funny stories contributed by Miss Ward.

The Alleghanian Lyceum

ALFRED UNIVERSITY, ALFRED, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1905.

Dear Governor:—

Your good letter, with check enclosed, I received last night on my way to lyceum. Thank you for remembering me at this time for I appreciate it more than if you had waited till Xmas.

In reply to Mother's question in regard to her old lyceum, the Alfriedians, will say that they are "it." Am sending the dear old soul a copy of the MONTHLY that she may read their report herself.

Say, Dad, I'm glad to see that you are still interested in lyceums here, and I'm mighty pleased to tell you that the society to which you belonged is still "on the boom."

In one letter, I mentioned some of our new men, saying that we had sixteen new members this year. Well, we have nineteen now, and they're all good workers, too. The three new men are DeWitt of Hornellsville, Whitmore of Addison and Sage of Elmira.

We are also rejoicing over the arrival (that sounds like the newspaper report of a new baby, doesn't it?) of a

loyal Allie, Mr. John H. Wolfe, who was formerly a good worker in the lyceum.

Last night we had a crowded house, and one of the finest programs of the year. Interest in the occasion was deepened by the presence of two former Allies—Dr. S. C. Maxson of Utica, N. Y., and Rev. B. F. Rogers, who were much pleased at the successful work we are doing.

The Alleghanians are to hold a collegiate debate this year with some other institution. Arrangements are being made and I presume when I write again I will be able to tell you all about it.

There's nothing quite so enjoyable as "family life," so next month we are going to unite with our "sisters" in a "spread" and program. Wish you could come to it. 'Twould seem like a reunion to you and Mother.

January 13th, our lyceum holds a Public Session in Memorial Hall. Some of our orators will "spiel;" our musicians will hold forth, and our statesmen will deliver mighty thoughts from manuscript.

Nov. 25th, we attended and heartily enjoyed a mock trial given by the Orophilians. One of the lyceums usually has a trial every year.

Well, its time I "rung off," so will close, again thanking you for that check.

Your boy,

ALLIE.

Athenaeon Lyceum

With one exception, the Athenaeon Lyceum has held a session every Saturday evening. This was the evening of November 25, when the Orophilians held their public session. On the evening of December 2, the Oros and Athenaeans held a joint session and program in the latter's rooms. As it was during Thanksgiving vacation and as there were several other social functions occurring that evening, the attendance was not large.

Some very interesting papers and readings have been given by some of the new members, as well as by older ones, as for instance, Miss Burdick's "Autobiography."

One thing which was of especial interest to the members was the reading of an autobiography of one of the charter members of the lyceum, who now lives in Minne-

sota. She told of her experiences with some of the well known old professors while here in school.

Excellent music has been rendered by Ruth Rogers, Elizabeth Stillman, Emma and Lena McHenry. We were favored one evening with an enjoyable vocal solo by Theodore Davis.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY some new members have been elected to occupy the chairs on the stage. We are now called to order by Flora Slade, but if she should'n't happen to be there Charlotte Hull will take her place. Bertha Coats tells us how we ought to do things, while Virginia Vorhees records what we do.

Y. M. C. A.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. since our last report has differed very little from the plan previously laid out. Prof. Clark is continuing his series of talks to the young men and these need no recommendation except to know who gives them. Mr. John Safford, the State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., has paid us a flying visit and has done some good work among us. Mr. Safford spoke at the village church one Friday evening regarding the work of the Association and also made a few special remarks concerning the Fifth Student Volunteer Convention, to be held in Nashville in 1906. We hope the State Secretary will soon find time to visit us again.

The Association continues to be a growing spiritual power and influence in our college life. We urge all young men to join us and aid us in keeping our college life pure, manly and wholesome. We need you, you need us. Meetings are held every Sunday night in the Gothic. Come and bring your friends with you.

Y. W. C. A.

A special convention of the Associations affiliated with the American Committee has been called to meet in Chicago, January 3-4, 1906. This convention is for the purpose of considering the question of union with the International Board of Young Women's Christian Associations. This matter of union was explained in our column last month, and as was mentioned, the International Board voted almost unanimously in favor of the plan. It is hoped that the American Committee and its Associations will

take the same step. While our Association will not be able to send a delegate, our vote will go in just the same.

It is expected that our student secretary, Miss Eleanor O. Brownell, will visit us soon after the holidays, and we want to have a good record to show her. Everyone feels a rush of duties at present, but the Association, as well as every one else, makes New Year resolutions, and we intend to try to live up to them.

Campus

Basket Ball.

Get the Imperial Dictionary.

Nov. 25. Oro Mock Trial.

Dec. 5. Founders' Day.

Dec. 12. Soph Banquet

Dec. 16. "Under Two Flags."

John Temple Graves is frying bigger fish.

"Never had such a time in my life, ha, ha, ha."

"I'd rather be dead than out of style." T. G. D.

Note. There is no joke in "Campus" on Parks or Shaw.

Have you heard the story of the "Mush and the Ladle?"

Thanksgiving is past and the two lower classes have declared war.

"Help sing those new and lively college songs." T. G. D. and E. K. DeW.

It looked as if the Indians were going to take possession of the town one morning after chapel.

Prof. C. B. Clark has moved into his newly-purchased house beyond the extremity of South Main Street.

J. H. Safford, college secretary of the state Y. M. C. A., spent a couple of days at the University recently.

W. B. Lewis, '06, no longer follows Greeley's advice and goes West, but follows Prof. Clark and goes South!

Several students went home to help entertain the turkey which had been "axed" to dinner.

"Rich!" said Business Manager Lapp, "of course the MONTHLY is getting rich, and I'm getting 'Richer!'"

The Fussers' Union still retains that convicted forger and embezzler, Leonidas Emile Babcock, as its president.

Why does a certain "Brick" girl smile when she hears the expression, "Between you and me and the gate-post"?

The upper floor of Academy Hall has been fitted up for basketball purposes. It is a great improvement over the "gym."

Miss Putnam, (in Elocution): "Very good, Mr. Webster, but you should have spoken 'with a little more digestion (depression)."'

Wanted, a surgeon and a carpenter in town to repair the damage done by the Sophomores.

Clark & Huntington, '09.

The faculty have handed down a decision on the dance question. It has provoked very little hostile comment, so perhaps this very fair solution settles a hard question for the present.

Freshman Clark carried a Freshman flag into chapel and he carried it out again; then Sophomore Somebody got it. Considerable clean snow was spoiled in the struggle, and one of Clark's propellers was injured.

Considerable class rivalry has developed in the Academy. A flag-raising contest ended so nearly in a draw that a football game was arranged to settle it. This resulted in a score of five to nothing in favor of the Senior-Sophomore team.

Feminine voice (as History room stove disappears): "You might as well put it down boys, you are all known."

Sophomore Logician: "What's the use of putting it down if we're all known?"

A. A., '06. (As J. N. N. runs a nut picker into his finger.) "Does it bleed?"

J. N. N. "No, you can't get blood out of a turnip."

A. A., '06. "But I see you can out of a "dead beet."

Relative: "Now Clarence, we shall expect you West to see us on your trip after the event."

C. L. C. "Thank you, but I wasn't expecting to come quite so soon as that."

Did the Freshmen have a banquet, or did they not? Was it a Freshman victory, or was it not? Opinion is strangely divided as no member of either class thinks that the other class won.

Now here this man named Lapp
Has set this confounded trapp
To catch all this stuff
And this little bluff
While he is taking h's napp.

Alfred University's growing pains are being felt in the Athletic Association. As the departments grow and begin to feel their importance they demand more recognition. This raises problems, but let's all keep sweet and as unified as possible, then all will come out right.

Court Clerk. "The next case is that of the people versus C. L. Clarke, who is charged with the possession of too many brains."

Attorney for the people: "We have charge of that case and move that it be dropped for lack of evidence!"

Big Stove (in History room) to threatening students
"Better stand off I'm liable to be too hot for you."

Threatening Students. "Now stop your 'gassing' or we'll take you out anyhow."

(That stove on the morrow lay scattered and cool.)

Professor Fairfield: "You know, Americans cannot drink as much as Englishmen; an American is *all in* if he drinks a pint or so of liquor. whereas you will read how an Englishman can very well manage a number of pints; a great many people never can understand how he can carry so much—I never can"!!!

On the evening of November twenty-seventh, the Junior class entertained the Freshman class in the dining room of Ladies Hall. A very pleasant evening was spent. Toward the close of the evening speeches were made by '07's president, Mr. Robinson, by Mr. Clarke '09's president, and by Mr. George Main, a graduate of Alfred.

President and Mrs. Davis very delightfully entertained the Freshmen, November twenty-eighth, at their home on South Main Street. Each member of the class had previously brought a silhouette of himself and some time was spent in guessing these. In the dining room delicious refreshments were served. The table was prettily decorated with the class colors, blue and gold. Every one voted the occasion a most enjoyable one.

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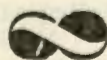
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
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