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The Ursinus Weekly, November 1, 1907

Harvey B. Danehower
Ursinus College

Evelyn A. Neff
Ursinus College

Eva May Thompson
Ursinus College

Harold Dean Steward
Ursinus College

Victor J. Abel
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Harvey B. Danehower, Evelyn A. Neff, Eva May Thompson, Harold Dean Steward, Victor J. Abel, and John Ellis Tobias

The Ursinus Weekly

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COLLEGEVILLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOV. 1, 1907.

PRICE, 3 CENTS

CALENDAR

Friday, November 1, Literary Societies, 7. 40 p. m.
Saturday, November 2, Football, Ursinus vs. Muhlenburg, Allentown, 3. p. m.
Tuesday, November 5, Schubert String Quartette, 8 p. m.
Wednesday, November 6, Y. M. C. A., 6.30 p. m.
Glee Club Practice, 8 p. m.

FOOTBALL

HAVERFORD VS. URSINUS.

A large crowd witnessed the annual game between Haverford and Ursinus at Haverford. The weather was all that could be desired. As usual a large number of the studentbody went to Haverford in tally-ho's and brakes this trip, making one of the most enjoyable rides to be desired. Another feature was the large number of Ursinus alumni to be seen at the game. In fact there was a greater number at this game than were at the game with Dickinson which was played on the home grounds.

The game began promptly at 2.30. After the usual preliminary practice, the two teams lined up, Haverford receiving the ball at the south end of the field. It was plainly seen that the two teams were well matched, the weight being about equal. After the kick-off Haverford made one or two rushes and then tried a forward-pass but the ball was caught by an Ursinus man near the middle of the field. Ursinus advanced the ball to Haverford's 20 yard line. Gay then fell back for a place-kick but the kick was blocked and the ball rolled back toward the middle of the field where a Haverford player fell on it. Then after a series of delayed passes and tackle plays Bard carried it over for a touch-down, Brown kicking the goal. Score, Haverford 6, Ursinus 0.

Quay kicked off for Ursinus and a Haverford man fumbled, Paiste falling on the ball for Ursinus. On the third down Quay kicked to Bard who was downed in his tackles. Haverford succeeded in advancing the ball to the 35 yard line when time was called for the first half.

In the second half Haverford kicked off to Ursinus, but the ball was soon lost on downs, Haverford however, only had possession of the ball a little while when they lost it on downs. The play then see-sawed up and down the field.

Continued on fourth page.

PHANTOM PARTY AT OLEVIAN

On Wednesday evening a goodly number of ghostly phantoms gathered at the hall sacred to St. Olevia to celebrate All Saints Day. Olevian was decorated for the occasion with autumn leaves, corn stalks and jack-o-lanterns, and the weird company, clad all in white, after the manner of ghosts, presented a fantastical scene as they flitted about under the eyes of the pumpkin faces grining in appreciation.

After hobnobbing for quite a while and trying to solve the perplexing problem of "who was who," the order to unmask was given to the phantoms, and many were the surprises. No one was then afraid to be heard lest his voice betray him and the spooks transfigured, settled down to the enjoyment of a delightful Hallow'een.

According to the time-honored custom of spook parties, each young man was required to "bob for an apple" and many truly brave dives were made. The fortune teller, by whose secret powers each of the guests was advised as to various events in their future lives, was another center of interest.

Then a huge iron kettle was dragged from an obscure corner and placed in the center of the reception room. After the lights in the jack-olanterns were extinguished, alcohol was burned in the caldron, and a deadly pallor was reflected on the features of the company seated around it. Then began the ghost stories. Several goblin tales of the weird and uncanny kind were related.

Spooks, hobgoblins and ghosts were soon quickly forgotten, however, in the enjoyment of typical Hallow'een dainties to which all did full justice. The time for good-nights came all too soon and many were the sincere expressions of appreciation for the good time that the Olevian Phantoms had prepared.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A., was held on Wednesday evening. The meeting was led by Herson A, who chose as his subject, "Ingratitude." The discourse was a very interesting one the speaker saying in part: Ingratitude marks the history of the Israelites from the time of their bondage in Egypt until they had reached the land of Canaan. We are all familiar

with the account of their slavery in Egypt and how God so wondrously delivered them by the hand of Moses. God had first saved them from slavery and then also saved them from sure death by dividing the waters of the Red Sea so that they might cross over and escape the cruel hands of their Egyptian task-masters who were following close on their heels. Following that, God took care of them and assured them a land, flowing with milk and honey, a land full of vineyards, olive yards and good habitable pastures; all these things they could obtain and enjoy by simply marching there and taking possession of it. But scarcely had this march begun when these favored people already showed signs of displeasure because at first their food supply seemed to fall short. What a grave mistake they made by not simply trusting the God that had so amply provided for them in the past; the very fact of him doing so and the gracious promises he held out to them should have inspired them to a full and a perfect trust in his almighty arm.

We who are here in our various phases of life, ought to see the mistakes of the Israelites and profit by them. As we journey along day after day, we can very easily compare ourselves favorably with the Israelites. We are travelling people that hope to reach a promised city that has no foundations, whose builder and maker however is God. They had obstructions in their march; so also do we meet with hindering obstacles in our paths as we continue on our great march to the Heavenly Canaan. We should always bear in mind the consideration of the various things concerning us that are influenced by the thought of God. We see these, 1. In the circumstances in connection with our birth, 2. In the blessed privilege of a land of liberty and an open Bible and 3. The privilege of a free salvation. Christ died for us that the Divine worth might be stayed and that our sins might be forgiven. So then let us show our gratitude to God by a full consecration to him, of our hearts and minds by helping to lift our fellow beings that are unfortunate enough to have fallen into sin and iniquity. It is in this work of reformation that we come closest to fulfilling the demands of God, namely, living true and grateful lives.

THE SCHUBERT STRING QUARTETTE

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 5, the students and townspeople will again have the pleasure of hearing the Schubert String Quartette of Boston in Bomberger Hall. Having given concerts here in preceding years this organization needs no introduction. The program this year will open with a selection from Beethoven, and includes works from Spohr, Grieg, Volkmann, Valentini and Dvorak. The Quartette from Dvorak will be of especial interest as it was written during the composer's residence in America, as an illustration of the possibilities for the development furnished by the negro melodies of the South, furnishing the suggestion for a distinctly American style of music. Admission 50 cents.

HISTORICAL POLITICAL MEETING

Last Monday evening the Historical-Political Club held its regular monthly meeting. Following the new program mapped out for this year, the meeting was purely social. After the regular business was transacted, the members discussed a number of topics on current events ranging from financial embarrassment of business in New York to the latest psychological thoughts of Professor Muensterberger as printed in McClure's Magazine. Following the discussion the members viciously attacked the table of refreshments prepared by the entertainment committee. The evening closed with the singing of college songs. The event of the evening however was the adoption of a group yell and after a few trials the new yell was declared a success. The next meeting will be held in November and will be in the nature of a seminar.

Professor Haines delivered two lectures at the Montgomery County Teachers' Institute in Norristown this week. The first lecture he delivered on Monday afternoon on "What is History." His second lecture, "How to Teach History," he delivered on Wednesday afternoon.

Steward, '07, ex-editor of the "Weekly," and Cope, ex, '09 were seen around the college on Wednesday.

Dr. Good of the Central School of Theology was a welcome visitor at the college on Tuesday night.

THE URSINUS WEEKLY

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FRIDAY, NOV. 1, 1907.

EDITORIAL

We cannot too strenuously urge upon students the importance of uniting themselves with one of the literary societies. Many students are inclined to look upon them as minor issues in their college career. They are misled by the idea that class work is the only important feature of college life. This is a sad mistake and is too often painfully discovered by students after it is too late to remedy it. To be sure, academic work is the principal function of the college, but if the other features of college life are neglected the student tends to become narrow. College is the place for a man to broaden out. But no where is there such chances for broadening one's self as in the literary society. It is in the society hall where upper and lower classmen meet for mutual improvement. It is here that the student has a chance to measure up his literary attainments with those of his fellow-classmen. In debates he has a chance to compete with his fellow students with his powers of persuasion. In these discussions he receives the very best training in public speaking. He learns to think clearly and logically while on the platform. Consequently when called upon away from college to express his views in public upon certain questions he is able and ready to respond.

But alas the man without this training! Although he be well informed on the subject he is awkward, timid and ungraceful. He has a lot of energy stored up in his

brain, but he is not able to use it.

In an age as ours when education is given such an importance the college man is expected to be a leader in worldly affairs. In order to meet this expectation he must be able to express himself clearly on the intellectual and ethical problems that are now lying at the doors of our nation. In other words he must be able to make practical use of his knowledge. But in order to do this he must have had systematic training in applying his knowledge. This training is to be had in the society hall. So students, do not fail to join one of the literary societies. If you do you will regret it.

SMILES

He who delights in the study of human nature, who deals philosophically with the varied expressions of the soul, will revel with me in the most interesting of all human expressions, the smile. The smile is the silent betrayer of thought; the open symbol of the hidden character, the life and light of the human face. Smiles are varied and different, not only with the changing emotions, but also with the personality of each individual.

And not all smiles are beautiful. There are those sarcastic, bitter little smiles, so full of dread conceit, which draw down the corners of the mouth and which Shakespeare so aptly describes in

"Seldom he smiles and of such a sort As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit."

And there are self-satisfied smiles, the pinched, tight kind, that betray the "Ego" long before expressed. We turn with displeasure from the scornful, sneering smiles that make life seem so odious, and from the formal, professional, condescending smile making us so weary at heart. And how truly we hate the triumphant smile of revenge, the underhand smile of ridicule, and falsest of all, the smile of deceit.

But there are beautiful smiles and lots of them! The pretty vivacious smile that lights up the eyes, parts two red lips, glints of pure white teeth, and seems to respond to some new found happiness in your own heart. The sad, sweet smiles, which steal over patient faces, long used to pain, how they win our love and our sympathy! The kind, beaming smile,—it brightens and relaxes the stern, classic face, and makes it glow with beauty. And there are broad, good natured, sunny smiles, so wide, so deep, so whole-souled, so frequent that they have left marks and creases in which they lurk and hide. More than words are tender, loving smiles, and brighter than sunbeams is the light of their radiance. The wrinkles of smiles are

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**SOCIETY
 ZWINGLIAN**

The Program on Friday evening was a debate. The Question, Resolved, That the war policies advocated by President Roosevelt are worthy of adoption, proved an interesting question and was argued in a lively manner by both sides. Messrs. Leiby, '11, Strack, '11, Kerschner, '09, and Long, '09, defended the Affirmative side and argued:

1. The President does not encourage the building of a larger navy, but simply advises that the present navy be kept up to the standard of foreign navies.

2. A large navy our surest guarantor of peace.

3. Since we realize the interests at stake, cost should not be considered. The Negative side represented by Leidy, '08, Stamy, '08, Hain, '08, Myers, '09, retaliated strongly with the following:

1. An increased army and Navy would discourage true patriotism.

2. It would also serve as a war challenge to other nations.

3. It would weaken the position of the United States as a leading nation in arbitration. The Judge decided in favor of the Negative side. After an interesting general debate the House decided affirmatively. After the conclusion of the debate, Mertz, '10, read a carefully edited Review, replete with humor.

Miss Bertha B. Young, Hacketts-town, N. J., and Miss Virginia Albright, Camp Hill, Pa., were welcomed as active members of the society.

SCHAFF

The program for Friday evening was a debate. It was rendered as follows:

Vocal Solo, Miss Messinger, '10, "Lands o' the Dee," Encore, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Debate, Question, Resolved that vivisection is justifiable.

Affirmative speakers, Danehower, '08, Knauer, '10, Wismer, '09.

Negative speakers, Paist, '08, Thompson, '10, and Miller, '09.

The judge, Koons, '09, decided in favor of the affirmative.

Instrumental orchestra, Brown, A., leader, Messrs. Wismer, '09, Koons, '09, Thompson, '10, Lauer, '10, and Thomasson, '10.

The house also decided in favor of the affirmative.

I. B. Lentz, '08, has recently been elected baseball captain of the Franklin and Marshall team. He is also captain of the football team.

PERSONALS

Snyder, '08, and Whittacker, A, were in Philadelphia on Sunday.

Miller, '09, and Wagner, '11, were in Philadelphia on Saturday.

R. S. Thomas, '10, spent the week's end at his home in Reading.

Kerschner, '09, and Koons, '09, attended Teachers Institute in Norristown Monday.

Mrs. Hoff, of Reading visited Mrs. Strickland several days last week.

Mertz, '10, and Benz, '11, spent Saturday evening in a Philadelphia theatre.

Wagner, '10, visited his home in West Chester on Sunday.

Leidy, '08, on Sunday evening made an address in Rev. A. C. Thompson's church, in Norristown. Professor Kline delivered a sermon in the morning.

Kerschner, '09, and Lauer, '10, went to Philadelphia on business last Tuesday.

Miss Knauer, '10, Krusen, '09, and Moser, '10, visited Miss Freyer, '10 at her home in Spring City last Sunday.

Mr. Rapp of Phoenixville, visited college Tuesday as the guest of Miss Rapp, A.

Albert Thompson, '10, and Miss Eva Thompson, '08, witnessed the Pennsylvania—Indian game, Saturday and cheered with the Indians.

Miss Virginia Albright, '11, and Miss Margaret Fryling, '09, spent Saturday and Sunday in Philadelphia.

SEMINARY NOTES

Dr. Ph. Vollmer led the chapel exercises of the University last week, and on Thursday night delivered an able address in the prayer meeting services.

Dr. Good spoke to the Y.M.C.A. on "Hope and Peace." On Sunday evening he delivered an address in First Reformed Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Stibitz occupied the pulpit of the Reformed Church in Athens, Mich., on Sunday.

Harmon, '09, and Kriete, '10, assisted in the rendition of "Hiawatha's Departure" by the Harmonia Club on Friday evening.

Landsberger, '08, and Sommerlatte, '08, preached at Sycamore, O., and Herbrecht, '09, at Carrothers, O., on Sunday.

Harmon, '09, and Boras, '08, preached at the Homiletical exercises on Monday evening. Peeler, '08, conducted the liturgies.

Fry, '10, spent Saturday and Sunday at his home in Philadelphia.

On Wednesday evening quite a number of the students attended the lecture on "The man against the Mass," by Frank Dixon.

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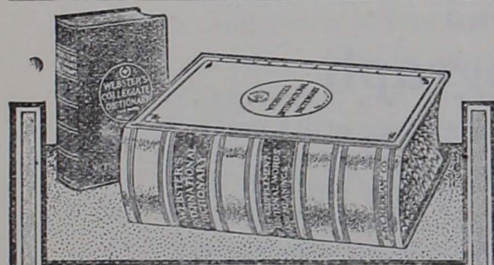
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FOOTBALL

Continued from first page

Four times in this half Haverford advanced the ball to the Ursinus ten-yard line only to be held for downs. In the last few minutes of play Haverford had the ball on the 5 yard line and another touchdown seemed imminent but the ball was fumbled and Snyder recovered it for Ursinus. Quay then punted far down the field and after one or two more rushes the half was over. Haverford played a fast, snappy game; especially was this true of her backfield.

Ursinus deserves great credit for the defense she put up when her goal was threatened. The team was considerably handicapped by the loss of Eisenberg in the beginning of the game, Knauer and Gay also received severe injuries which handicapped them in their playing.

The line up.

HAVERFORD		URSINUS
Lewis (Russell)	1 e	Abel
Miller	1 t	Quay
Tomlinson	1 g	Gergis
Spaeth	c	Knauer
Wright	r g	Hoover
Ramsey	r t	Gay
Leonard Myers		
Clement	r e	Snyder
Myers (Drink)	q b	Paiste
Bard (Hutton)	1 h b	Keyser
Brown	r h b	Eisenberg, Maeder
Edwards	f b	Hain

Referee, Curtiss. Umpire, Sigmond.
Time-keeper, Bailey. Linesman, Warnoch
Time of halves, 25 minutes.

NEXT SATURDAY'S GAMES

- Ursinus vs. Muhlenburg.
- Haverford vs. Lehigh.
- Indians vs. Princeton.
- Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette.
- Swarthmore vs. Villanova.
- State vs. Dickinson.
- Gettysburg vs. Lebanon Valley.

ALUMNI NOTES

'03. Rev. M. P. Laros, paid a visit to his Alma Mater last Tuesday.

'05. H. H. McCollum made his first appearance before the Wilkesbarre public as a reader last Wednesday night. The "Wilkesbarre Record" of October 24 says this of Mr. McCollum:—

"Greeted by an encouraging hand Henry H. McCollum entered the stage. He has a striking appearance, a pleasant face and a voice that has a power and a wealth that any public speaker might well envy—deep, expansive and true, it rang to every corner of the hall, merely living the quaint character of James Whitcomb Riley's poems or in turn revelling with the storied darkies of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's fancy. He caught the thoughts of the poets as well as their words and his revelations therefore were a wholesome, intellectual treat."

Miss Mabel Hobson, '06, of Collegeville and H. D. Steward, '07, of Lansdale are in attendance at



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A large number of our Alumni witnessed the game at Haverford last Saturday. Among them were: Rev. H. E. Jones, '91, Philadelphia; A. W. Bomberger, '82, Norristown; Wm. P. Fisher, '02, Philadelphia; Rev. D. R. Krebs, '02, Philadelphia; Dr. R. H. Spangler, '97, Philadelphia; J. E. Hoyt, '04, Philadelphia; H. D. Steward, '07, Lansdale; R. E. Miller, '05, and Mrs. R. E. Miller, '04, Philadelphia; M. A. Keasey, '06, Philadelphia; Miss Evelyn Neff, '07, Glassboro, N. J.; E. I. Cook, '07, Bridgeton, N. J.

At a meeting of the Weekly Staff on Thursday, Alspach, '10, of the Central School of Theology was elected a member of the Staff to represent that institution.

COLLEGE WORLD

The Harvard and Yale musical clubs are going to give their eighth joint concert at Symphony Hall, Boston on November 22, the night before the Yale game.

The members of the Dramatic Club at Dickinson are preparing to produce their annual 'Varsity show. The title of the show this year is "Sandy, the Halfback."

Founder's Day exercises were held at Lafayette, October 23, to

commemorate the founding of the College. These exercises are held annually and serve to celebrate the seventy-sixth anniversary of Lafayette.

Harvard University has received a gift of about 2000 acres of valuable timber land in the town of Petershan, Mass. The tract of land will be used by the Division of Forestry and students who enter the Graduate School of Applied Science to study forestry will be in residence at Petershan during a considerable part of the year.

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The Literary Supplement.

TO THE URSINUS WEEKLY

Volume 6.

November

THE LACK OF APPRECIATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL

The individual American to-day experiences more forcibly than ever before scenes of greatest contention. Besides the social struggles of which he is forced to partake, he is continually at war with himself. Opposing elements of his same nature keep up a constant strife. For ages, the forces of good and evil, love and hate, and many others have been prominently figuring in the contest and the influences and results of each have been extremely important. Perhaps just as significant and eventful in the history of the nation is the severe and bitter warfare which is carried on at the present day between the allies of the soul and those of the body, between the forces which work for mental and spiritual development and those which provide for mere bodily adornment. The problem which this dualism presents is indeed complex and difficult but it requires a solution. In the very midst of the conflict we are challenged again with the words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world but lose his own soul?" So it is, we are brought face to face with the two contestant forces, on the one hand, love for mental gain and wealth, on the other, love for the beautiful, the aesthetic and the spiritual.

Each individual has been divinely endowed with the power of appreciating beauty, and the Maker has not grudgingly or sparingly scattered the objects for such appreciation. The variety of the grandeur and loveliness of God's world is as wonderful as its perfection. The contemplation of this beauty invariably affords man great pleasure. It is the nature of the human being to find enjoyment and quiet contentment in the realm of beauty. "I am the lover of uncontained and immortal Beauty," says Emerson and to nature he goes to find the object of his love. "In the tranquil landscape and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature."

This love for the aesthetic, however, is gradually being given secondary consideration at the expense of that pervading, dominant and controlling motive force, which so peculiarly characterizes the present day, viz., worship of worldly honor and wealth. To be in harmony with the ideals of the age, man has allowed himself so to be molded and fashioned by environment that he has given free rein to the usurping invader and has lent all his energy and power for the realization of this new ideal. Railroad companies no longer have any scruples of penetrating into and intruding upon God's Parades on earth, defacing them with the marks and proof of worldly ideals and pursuits, shocking the eye which beholds them with a picture of indescribable ugliness. Man does not hesitate to convert the Great American Water Falls, beautiful beyond description, to some more useful purpose than was originally designed. Thus landscapes are disfigured, waterways and their sources are abominably controlled, bridges are inartistically built, forests are de-

stroyed, homes and factories are more closely packed in the cities, and why? All for the accomplishment of the prevalent, all-absorbing, utilitarian motive and ideal of the present age. The greed, the love of position and influence, the desire for prosperity and wealth, the hope that the United States may continue to stand alone as the greatest world power has so entirely taken hold of the American citizen of to-day, that there is little concern for anything besides. Man has no time to think of beauty. He is so steeped in the endless race that rarely does an object of beauty attract. Man has no time to consider the claim of beauty in any undertaking for then would he be losing in the race and the goal of wealth and rank would not be his to obtain.

In the field of education, too, this dualism is found in just as marked a degree. Can man be happy with only the realization of his worldly desire? Experience has proved that these bring with them neither joy, satisfaction nor peace but leave the individual in a constant state of restlessness and suspense. It is not the whole nature of man to seek after wealth. A complete education demands the development of an aesthetic nature as well as a practical worldly nature. If this is true, if we must be lost in the production of the Great Artist Himself, or Poetry which is only the reflection of the sublime and beautiful thought of the Master, if we desire to appreciate Music which is the echo of the Divine Harmony, is it a wise policy to dispense with the means for its accomplishment?

We cannot cast aside our culture studies. The grand old thoughts of Lucretius cannot possibly be forgotten. The poetry of our old masters affords, indeed, a source of pleasure and joy after turning aside from the songsters of our present day. We need the ideals and thoughts of the Greek to complement our own. The literature of the past as well as the present cannot be allowed to be replaced by the more modern technical courses, we meekly confess, such has been the case and such is the tendency. Show your man who desires merely a practical education sufficient to secure him a livelihood, show him the technical schools. The American College cannot cater to such a one. Influence another to seek culture. Show him the College where cultural development is the end and purpose. We cannot hope for every American to become a highly cultured man, but we can preserve the college and its standard, from which must spring all the ideals for the future.

The condition of present tendencies is a lamentable one. The English Ambassador Mr. Bryce has forcefully told us. To-day our nation may be "vociferously and colossally" busy as some one has put it; it may make a tremendous noise, but a few centuries may pass and there will be no sign of its existence. What a pleasant and consoling thought for the patriotic American! What a noble end to be striving for! In the occupations and business of the Greeks we take no interest; Judea is a reminiscence, but the thought and contributions of the Greeks and Hebrews have been handed down through the centuries. Can we boast of any noble and lasting contributions to the great store house of literary wealth and material? Will future generations be able to quote poetry which was written by the masters of our twentieth century?

The aesthetic has been contented, sufficiently long with its subordinate position and gradually it is voicing its claim over the enemy. We foresee that eventually the aesthetic must reign supreme in every field of activity. Even the mechanic, the merchant, or the manufacturer if he desires success must bend his knee to its command. Why are the products of French factories exported to every part of the world? Solely because the French are an artistic people, and they obtain and hold trade by pro-

ducing the most artistic products. The American, who has been following this selfish worldly god, must beware lest he lose the world as well as the soul. The hint of a foreigner should spur us on to an immediate reformation. Can we not preserve Nature untainted and unharmed by the spoils of greed and wealth, for the enjoyment of the coming ages? Can we not give more inspiration and encouragement to the Poet, so that in the future his works may stand as a memorial for our age? Will we not arouse in ourselves a love for Music, Art—Beauty in any form whatever? It is not a question of magnitude of businesses and employments but of their higher significance and their contributions to a nobler life. Raise the ideal of life from the low platform of earthly pleasures and material gain to the higher pedestal where love for the beautiful and a seeking after intellectual and spiritual development is the all-absorbing motive so that it may stand, significant of a conscientious, prosperous and intelligent people.

EVELYN A. NEFF, '07.

A DEFENSE OF AMERICAN POETRY.

FIRST PRIZE ORATION, JUNIOR CONTEST

Who does not love a beautiful poem? A poem is the most artistic form in which the human thought finds expression. The thought adds to itself beauty and immortality when dressed in the poetic garb of rhythm, meter and rhyme. Every nation from time immemorial is proud to own among her great, her poets. In this, England, our mother country, bids fair to lead them all. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson are names dear to every English heart and we who share her language, share also the grand inheritance of a noble literature. In America, as in the homes of these masters of the English Language, their praise resounds forever. Even as Americans we never cease to study them lest some hidden beauty of their marvelous work escape us, but as Americans we fail to love and to appreciate the poetry and the poets of our land who in that same beautiful language have produced a literature of which America may well be proud. We have allowed England to censure our poets through unjust and biased criticisms and have ourselves neglected a literature, the glorious worth of which is yet to be estimated. Other nations have misjudged the value of our poetry because we ourselves are ignorant of what is best among its pages.

As the Greek critics regarded the poetry of the Romans, so the English critics have looked upon the poetic productions of America. Where our poets have shown originality, it does not appeal to them; what reminds them of their own artists they treat with contempt. There is indeed an essential unity in what finds expression in the poetry of England and in the poetry of America, in the genius which inspires both and in the art that informs both, but there is an essential difference.

The memorable date, seventeen hundred and seventy-six marks our national independence; it marks the birth of patriotism and love of country which have been the very source and inspiration of the poets of America. Even during that brave struggle for liberty when there were being sung "live battle odes whose lines were steel and fire," the voice of the muse of poetry rang clear with the note of patriotism. Men expressed in poetic meter their love of liberty, their hope of freedom, their loyalty to the flag, which, caught up on the notes of song, resounded in every American heart and made a dwelling place in his memory. "Columbia, the gem of the ocean," "The star-spangled banner" and the world famous lyric, "Home sweet home," have never ceased to engender that national pride and enthusiasm that have been the basis of our progress. "The American Flag"

by Drake is the most beautiful tribute ever paid to a national banner.

But the American muse found her first true voice in her nature-poet, William Cullen Bryant, known as the father of American poetry. Bryant is the American Wordsworth, not by virtue of imitation but by virtue of his own native genius. His simple earnestness, his love of liberty, his reverent piety, blended with a rare gift of poetic genius, a love of nature and a tender seriousness have fulfilled in him the conception of a true American poet.

The reaction begun by Bryant found fulfillment in the next generation, a golden age of American production in which Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell and Poe came into eminence and won immortal fame, and with the crowded ranks of less famous poets crowned the century of freedom with the highest creations of the modern muse. Poets indeed, of whom England might well be proud and who stand in equality with her own sons of genius.

Whittier is the most native of American poets. His simple yet beautiful poems of rural life entitle him to be called the Burns of New England. His anti-slavery lyrics even now stir the emotions of every true American heart. His short poems are miniature masterpieces and how our nation loves them!

Longfellow, the poet-laureate of America, whose centenary we have just celebrated, is our American Tennyson. Popular from the first, his renown and influence have widened with each successive year. By a few harsh critics, he is said to lack sublimity of thought and majesty of style. But who is the true poet? He who treats of the grand, the mysterious, the sublime, appreciated by a favored few, or is it he who has given to the world a poetry so full of beauty, so full of comfort, so full of human sympathy, so full of love of the pure and true, that all may read, understand and appreciate? To saddened homes the poetry of Longfellow brings balm and sunshine, to the children it brings delight and pleasure, and is read with the same inestimable appreciation in England as in America. Besides he is America's greatest poetic artist. *Evangeline* is the flower of American Idylls and his sonnets are among the best in any language.

Edgar Allen Poe, the greatest genius of America, comparable to no other writer of the English language, is an artist of whom any nation might be proud. He set up for himself an original poetic ideal and justified it by his own poems. Music he believed to be essential to poetry. He, himself, says of it, music, combined with a pleasurable idea is poetry, music without the idea is simply music, the idea without the music is mere prose. And who does not delight in the poetic beauty of "The Bells," the weird mystery of "The Raven" or in his love lyrics with their musical rhyme and haunting memories. He imitated none, he borrowed from none and none have dared to follow in his train. The poems of Poe are the gems of American literature which all the world admire.

Besides these masters of American poetry we have Taylor, Aldrich, and a host of others, names known and loved by every American and finding their way into the hearts of the English speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic. They have produced for America a literature which time will teach us to love and to fully appreciate. Walt Whitman is coming into prominence as one of the greatest geniuses of modern literature after fifty years of critical censure and popular neglect. Modern critics of England are beginning to pay deserving tributes to our poetry and it is fast reaching a place among the classics.

The future of American poetry is unknown. To-day there is a dearth of poetry in England as well as in America. The world is cramping the beautiful and the artistic out of its life and

is filling it with commercialism and greed. But man's finer qualities can only be suppressed, never extinguished. If America has waited long for her Milton and Goethe, let us hope that she has not waited in vain. Let us look forward to such increase of poetic appreciation in America, that we shall add to her world famous list the names of those of whom Aldrich says in his tribute to Longfellow: They do not die, who leave their thoughts Imprinted on some deathless page. Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought Endures on earth from age to age.

EVA M. THOMPSON, '08.

THE DANGER OF HERO WORSHIP IN A DEMOCRACY.

We are rapidly approaching another presidential campaign. Already the echoes of party strife may be heard, and rumors of the probable candidates are afloat. The newspapers and magazines are replete with predictions as to who will be the next President of our Republic. The political bosses and the machine are at work, paving the way for the national conventions of nineteen-hundred and eight. William Jennings Bryan has been hailed by the Democratic populace as their chosen leader, and the Republicans are enthusiastic in their cries for the renomination of President Roosevelt. What do these things signify? Do such early clamors bode no ill for the Republic? Are these present advocates of presidential nominees looking forward to the best interests of the country, or are they simply following the dictates of the party and putting to the front popular idols?

In a democracy the three all-important phases of government must be so equally balanced, that one in no way over-shadows the others. The legislative must be on a par with the judicial and both of these equal to the executive. For, if one surpass and dominate the others, your equilibrium is destroyed, and the result is the downfall of the democracy. This has brought about the rapid decay of Republics in the past. Caesar usurped the executive and Rome went down. Napoleon dictated to his assemblies and compelled his citizens to hail him a king. That is why our House of Representatives and Senate are elected on a different basis. That is why our President is elected for a term of only four years, to preserve the Republic, allowing it neither to verge into monarchy on the one hand, nor fall into anarchy on the other.

It is natural for men to seek a leader. In this country there lives a heterogeneous mass of humanity. Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Americans,—all are mingled in one common lot, and all easily swayed by the worship of party and party leaders. There always has been and always will be a difference in mental ability among men, and the never unbroken law holds true to-day as in ages past, that the weaker look to the superior for leadership and follow them.

Napoleon, worshipped by countless French legions and admired by the whole world, says, "all rulers are looked upon by the governed as either gods or devils." Such it is even in our own country, so proudly democratic. That President who is fearless, straight-forward, honest, energetic and follows the wishes of the people is looked upon as almost divine. All his acts are condoned. His praise-worthy deeds are unduly praised, and his mistakes are not taken into account. The country as a whole is eager for his renomination, enthusiastic and earnest in its support, forgetting the precedent Washington established when he so wisely refused a third term, and giving no fore-thought to the out-come of the re-election.

A popular idol in the President's chair may interfere in California, advocate labor unions

and dismiss "Black Regiments," usurping the legislative power on every hand. Yet, the people, blinded by the fury of hero-worship, and unable to foresee the results of such a policy, champion him as the Saviour of the Republic, and hail him as the succeeding President, or a New York lawyer and head of a newspaper syndicate, by systematic campaigning and spicy editorials, may influence his readers and win a large following—a following not because of his own personal merit, but because the emotions of the reading public are easily played upon.

Again, popular sentiment is as changeable as the affections of a child. We all worship at the shrine of Abraham Lincoln, but look with hatred upon his successor, the unfortunate Johnson. Yet, Johnson simply carried out the plans of the Lincoln policy. Such is the temper of the people. Today their ruler is a God, tomorrow he is a devil. Today the populace may "worship a Robespierre or a Murat," tomorrow an Abraham Lincoln or William McKinley.

A popular, wise and capable executive may usurp the powers of the other departments, and usurpation may be for the highest welfare of the country. Under his guidance the industries may increase, the products of American factories may be consumed by all the nations of the earth, and tradingships floating the stars and stripes may lie at anchor in all the harbors of the globe. But this is only for the short space of four or eight years. His successor, a man unscrupulous, selfish, narrow-minded and without principle, may with his enhanced power do irreparable injury to his country and to his people.

Herein lies the danger of hero-worship. It is an undue exaltation of the few to the neglect of the many. One or two citizens are lauded and placed on the highest pedestal of popular favor, while the common herd, happy in their blind worship, pay voluntary homage to the nobility wrought by their own efforts. The many are forgotten. In an ideal democracy, every citizen is honest, every citizen is a hero, every citizen has the happiness of his fellow-men at heart. The population is composed of every-day heroes, who, unexalted, work along in their own quiet way, effecting a sound democratic government and a prosperous nation.

The first object of political action is the highest welfare of the nation. But "the conditions of party associations and affiliations to party leaders are such that means are constantly and easily substituted as the end." Holding the ascendancy of his party leader essential to the national welfare, the zealous partisan merges "patriotism into staunch support of popular idols." Well meaning and eloquent platform orators, who rebuke political independence, forget that hero-worship is a fire that needs no fanning.

Our Republic, George William Curtis likens unto "a train darting with awful speed along the edge of deep abysses and across bridges that quiver over unsounded gulfs." The safe journey to prosperity, happiness and justice depends upon the superb condition of the entire train. All parts must work in one accord, or the magnificent train with all its human cargo will be wrecked and ruined. The first duty of patriotism is to insure the safety of Republic.

Hero-worship, natural and in a mild form necessary, must not be conceived as patriotism. It must be controlled by the wise judgement of each individual voter. The citizens must become educated, acquire a sound intellectual judgement capable of separating the false from the true, and be eager to champion duly those men, who place loyal devotion to duty above personal advancement, who consider the highest reward a ruler may receive is the consciousness that he has secured happiness for his people, and who hold the preservation of the

republic far above the realization of their own selfish ambitions. The fire of hero worship must be quenched by the cool self-possession of the entire voting population, a population composed of men familiar with "the ghostly catastrophes of past republics," of men who have the moral stamina to think and act as their conscience dictates, of men who possess that lofty courage to vote for the best interests of the country, regardless of public opinion, of men "who are rational in a positive sense, lovers of justice, haters of wrong, and disciples of wisdom." With such citizens America will realize her ideal of a broad and perfect equity, in which liberty and equality shall for all time be reconciled and combined.

H. D. STEWARD, '07.

HALLOWE'EN

'Twas All Saints Eve and deepest night
Closed 'round Ursinus' Halls;
Such darkening shades and gloomy mists
Bedeck Egyptian palls.
Sweet Morpheus had worked his charm
And all were sleeping sound.
The lights were out, the halls were still
And not a soul around.

Did I say not a soul? 'tis true,
But spirits filled the air,
The ghosts of the departed ones
And witches too, were there.
In the grim silence of the night
They slide adown the trees,
They crossed the campus silently
Just wafted with the breeze.

They sped into Bomberger Hall,
Though all the doors were locked.
They crept into the crevices
And to the chapel flocked.
An aged one with trembling knees
And beard a full yard long
Stood up and said in trembling voice,
"Come boys, lets have a song."

And then they sang a funeral dirge
And oh! the mournful notes—
The mingled sound of voices shrill
That through the chapel floats
From Lamentations, Book of Job
The strange old leader read,
And howls and wails and dismal sounds
Mingled far over head.

Then suddenly a glitter strange
Shone in the old man's eye;
A wicked gleam of mischief broke
O'er that lean face and dry.
"Come boys, to work", in accents wierd,
In grating tone he said.
And all around the chapel vast
His mystic troupe, he led.

They screwed with fingers, lean and thin,
The seats from off their place.
They scattered screws o'er all the floor,
Grim smiles upon each face.
They laid the seats down silently
And sped as if in fear,
Up winding steps, through darkest halls
Into the office, drear.

And there they registered their names
Upon the college roll,
The name that years ago belonged
To a terrestrial soul.
And some were Greek and some Hebrew
And German, Irish, Spanish,
And some were Scotch, Egyptian, too
Norwegian and Danish.

And some in ancient heiroglyphs
Of old Egyptian lore,
And some in Hebrew characters
A thousand years before—

Scratched their strange names and ages down,
The pen did squeak and scrape;
The joints and arms and knuckles cracked
Of each pale ghostly shape.

The Greeks gave to the rest a "quiz"
Which none of them could pass.
And every room they visited
They held in it a class.
In history they told of tombs
Of mummies and of ghosts
Of wicked demons, phantoms strange
With all their evil hosts.

They slipt into the library,
Right through the fast closed door.
They danced and flew so swiftly round
The books fell on the floor
They sought their old friend Socrates
And tore him into bits,
And all declared, they would not give
A penny for his wits.

They scattered paper all about
And crushed and tore them all;
Played fencing with the paper knives
And spilt the ink, withal
They had a merry time and left
All silent as could be,
And rushing through the corridors
Across the walk they flee.

They hie themselves to the East Wing
Main building and Dog House,
They glide through halls from room to room
As quiet as a mouse
They tole the bell, but no one hears
But they, its dismal peal
They chase about from nook to nook—
What happiness they feel!

They only have one holiday
In all the live-long year
Down in the cold dark tomb they lie
Without a bit of cheer.
But now they have a grand old time
When we are all asleep,
In every revelry and joy
Their phantom souls they steep

They flew across the tennis court
To fair Olevian Hall
And heard a faint and rushing sound
And after that a call
"Tis our witch sisters," the old man cries
In voice so shrill and high
"If they can't follow us about
I'm sure their souls would die."

The witches come from out the hall
Each one a trophy bears—
One has a cushion 'neath her cloak
Some apples stole, and pears,
And each one picking up a broom
Begins her swift ascent
They have a dance above the trees
And thus the night is spent.

When morning came, the sun shone forth
And all the ghosts were gone
And we poor mortals here on earth
Are lonesome and forlorn.
Yet lo! the evil things they did
Are still remaining here;
We cannot but remember them
Throughout the coming year.

EVA MAY THOMPSON, '08.

THE PRICE OF AN EXPERIENCE.

Final examinations over and commencement fast approaching, everything around Lafayette College now assumed that characteristic air which is so familiar at all colleges in the spring of every year. It is at this season of the year that we find Phil Brown and Tad Jones sitting in their cozy apartments in Pardee Hall discussing not only past and present events, but even delving deeply into the future. From their freshman year in '96 these two boys had

been the best of friends, both good students and pursuing similiar lines of work. Phil however was inclined to be somewhat careless and improvident, due to his circumstances, while Tad was very careful and economic. But notwithstanding this seëmingly vast difference in nature, the boys got along admirably, and shoulder to shoulder they fought their way through the changing fortune and experience of their college career. But now as their courses had been completed, it was apparent to both that an end to all was about to appear. Should they shake hands, depart for their respective homes and probably never see one another again, or should they contrive some plan by which they might still continue to be in close relation after they left college. The sincerity of their friendship naturally suggested the latter which after some consideration also appealed to them as being the wisest step, especially for a few years at least.

So then with this one idea in view, both boys thought and freely offered and exchanged suggestions with no definite conclusion in sight. There was a long spell of silence; all in the room was still and motionless save the thick, curly clouds of smoke that issued forth from the pipes of both boys and floated lazily about the room. At length the silence was broken by Phil who suddenly rose from his reclining position and excitedly remarked: "I've got it, Tad, old boy,—it is safe, and sound and certainly looks good to me."

"Well, what is it?" said Tad in his usual easy and self composed tone.

"Well chum, this is my proposition all in a nutshell. Both of us are graduating this week, still very young and practically without very much experience and since we desire to remain in close communication with one another, let's enlist in the U. S. Army; the several years spent in the capacity of a soldier will give us an interesting and helpful experience. At present the recruiting office at Fort Northampton is enrolling volunteers for Company K, ninth Regiment and as soon as its numbers are filled, the Regiment goes into camp at Mt. Gretna where they will wait for orders. Now they will hardly leave before the end of this month; during this time we can obtain permission to go and make all the necessary preparations. So then Tad, what do you think of it?"

It was some time before Tad made a reply, because all this while, he was thinking in a most serious manner and seemed to analyze carefully every word that Phil had spoken. At last however, Tad straightened up and replied, "Your idea seems all right Phil, but do you think that such experience would be a desirable one for a college graduate?"

Thus they argued pro and con until finally Tad remarked that he would leave all for his folks to decide; this Phil also agreed to do. Both boys now informed their folks as to their plans and after sometime received their answers. Tad's reply was rather free and he was left to do as he thought best, but this was not the case with Phil. His reply was a strong protest. But this did not alter Phil's determined plans so in a heedless manner he decided to go. Both boys now enlisted and after fulfilling all requirements left with the regiment for Mt. Gretna immediately after commencement. The regiment was in camp about a month when it received orders to "pull stakes" and hurry with the greatest speed possible to San Francisco where the transport Baltic was waiting to carry them to the Philippines. The order was obeyed and before many days, the transport was well under way. After a somewhat tiresome voyage, the boys found themselves on one of the southern islands of the Philipines. Here they learned much in general and especially concerning the warlike and unmanageable Moros. This uncivilized race lost no time in showing the Americans that they were determined to cause trouble

and in consequence they retreated to the interior where it was impossible under existing circumstances for our soldiers to operate against them. Desirous of waiting for developments, the troops now settled down to that most monotonous of all existences—camp life. It is needless to say that the boys soon tired of this life and each contrived plans and offered suggestions as to how they could relieve the monotony of the situation.

So one bright day, after several weeks of incessant rains, Phil suggested that they go fishing. Tad was delighted with the suggestion and after helping Phil to gather together the necessary tackle, they secretly found their way through the brush and stealing past the sentinel soon came to a large, quiet stream of water. Selecting a desirable place along the bank, they cast their lines and were indeed fortunate; for after a stay of several hours each had caught a good string of fish. Gathering up all their belongings the boys now started back towards camp, both in excellent spirits and unmindful of any danger that might befall them. But before they realized what had happened they were attacked and almost surrounded by a band of blood-thirsty Moros. With no time for thought and not being armed both boys made a dash for liberty. The natives pursued them in hot haste. Both boys were excellent spinters and for a time seemed to be holding their own but gradually the endurance and the agility of the savages showed itself, and as they came within shooting distance, they let fly a shower of arrows at the boys. Tad who was a better runner than Phil was quite some distance in the lead and out of range for this volley, and seeing the stream a few yards ahead of him he rushed headlong into it. Being a strong swimmer he soon reached the opposite shore of the stream and was about to make his escape when he glanced back and saw his comrade Phil being made captive by the savages. From his place of concealment, Tad could see that Phil was wounded and the natives were making preparations for his removal. Tad's grief was indescribable as he watched their movements but all he could do was to notice the direction of their retreat and then rush back to camp and report. This he did eagerly with the result that four companies were immediately sent to follow the direction as indicated by Tad. This expedition was not in vain for in several hours the retreat of the savages was located and by a quick charge from several directions the Moros were so unexpectedly surprised that they offered no resistance. Some of them fled while those who remained, served as living targets for the American sharpshooters. To the delight of Tad and the surprise of all, Phil was found still alive but in an unconscious state suffering from three dangerous arrow wounds which by all appearances had been poisoned.

Hurriedly he was taken back to camp and given the best attention but all the surgical and medical aid of the entire Hospital corps proved to be of no avail for after a few hours of untold agony he breathed his last. To describe the emotions and the position of Tad when he conceived that he was now alone and deprived forever of the companionship of the one to whom he was so strongly attached, would indeed be a sorrowful tale, but remorseful as he was Tad served several months longer and then obtained his papers, granting him an honorable discharge. He lost no time in returning to his home, where he practically started out in life anew, constantly aware of the fact that he had indeed had a remarkable experience; but on the other hand he was also fully convinced that the experience gained was a miserable compensation for the time spent in obtaining it. Army life was anything but a desirable experience for a college graduate and especially since his friend Phil paid so dearly for his with his young life.

VICTOR J. ABEL, '09

HANNIBAL

The battle of Cannae has been fought. He before whose caprices fortune played the clown, has fallen. We may now pause before that splendid prodigy which towers higher among us than any other ancient character, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. A mind bold, independent and decisive, a will now despotic in its dictates, an energy that far distanced expedition and a conscience, pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, the most extraordinary perhaps that in the annals of this world ever rose or fell.

In childhood nursed by a brave and courageous mother, in youth nurtured within the care of a great military genius, in manhood reared in the throes of that "Tyranic" struggle which was to decide whether Rome or Carthage should be mistress of the world. It was a struggle that brought forth the pentup energies of a war-like people who would acknowledge no superior; must we wonder at his military character? Posterity has not yet ceased to be perplexed by his career. His activity by embracing great schemes transcends the field of view of the historians of every nation.

The narrow horizon of his native country was too small for him. He went to Spain with his father. Here he learned with what jealous eye his home was looked upon by that proud and haughty nation. He continually watched with eager eye, the movements of his father's army. It was but a few years until his father was killed. This occurrence caused the enmity between the son and Rome to grow more severe. He was soon made leader of that army which had now dwindled considerably. He wasted no time, but set to work in organizing a new one. It was a most hazardous task but he finally accomplished it with great deliberation and trials and it was but a short time until he opened up hostilities between his native country and that much hated nation.

He was soon brought into great difficulties by the action of Rome in trying to avoid the impending struggle. Thus he was waging two wars at the same time; one, the most formidable in the Carthaginian senate where the weapons were arguments and eloquence, the other under the walls of Saguntum where they were battering rams and fiery javelins. He won both. This led him into the second of the wars which was one of the most dreadful struggles ever carried on between two rival and hostile nations which the gloomy history of mankind exhibits. Must we not marvel when we consider the love his men had for him? He was constantly aiding them in their tasks, he dressed plainly, he assumed no airs, he sought no pleasures or indulgences nor demanded any exemption from the dangers and privations which the common soldier had to endure. His own people considered him very sagacious and the Romans very treacherous and cunning.

The Iberius was his Rubicon. When once crossed there was no further faltering. The difficulties which arose from time to time to throw a dark cloud over his prospects, only seemed to stimulate him to fresh energy and to awaken a new though still a calm and steady resolution. It was so at the Tyranes; it was so at the Rhone; and it was so among the Alps, where the difficulties and dangers would have induced almost any other commander to turn back.

Must we not wonder at and admire him when we begin to realize with what genius he led his army across the Alps? Turning his men in a constantly ascending course he crept along the most fightful precipices, probably beneath them and sometimes on the brink, penetrating the darkest and gloomiest defiles, skirting the most impetuous and foaming torrents and at last perhaps emerging upon the surface of a glacier, to be lost in field of ice and snow,

where countless brooks run in glossy channels and crevasses yawn, ready to take advantage of any slip which may enable them to take down the traveller into their bottomless abysses.

As to this transcendent military genius there can be but one opinion. The man who could hold his ground in a hostile country against several powerful armies and a succession of able generals, must have been a commander and a tactician of supreme capacity. Wonderful as his achievements were, we must marvel the more when we consider the grudging support he received from Carthage, his own city. We never hear of mutiny in his army, though composed it was of Africans, Spaniards, and Gauls. He who could throw a spell over such rough and heterogeneous natures must indeed have been an extraordinary man. No brutality stains this most illustrious name. He nevertheless, had bitter enemies and his life was one continuous struggle against destiny. For steadfastness of purpose, for organizing capacity, and a mastery of military science he has, to be sure, never had an equal.

In judging of the character and achievements of him, it must never be forgotten that for all that is known of him, we are indebted to his implacable enemies. The Romans did all that unscrupulous malignity can to blacken the fame and belittle the deeds of the most terrible of their foes. Yet, though calumny has done its bitterest against him, he not only dazzles the imagination but takes captive the heart. He stands out as the incarnation of magnanimity, patriotism and self-sacrificing heroism, no less than of incomparable military genius. Napoleon, the only general who could plausibly challenge the Carthaginians supremacy, had throughout the greater part of his career an immense superiority to his adversaries in the quality of the forces which he wielded. He had the enthusiasm of the revolution behind him and he was hampered by no authorities at home. The great Carthaginian on the contrary saw his plans thwarted and finally wrecked by those sordid nobles of the city which he strove so hard to save. He had not like Alexander to lead picked troops against effeminate Asiatics. He had to mould his little army out of raw and barbarous lives. He had no reinforcements to fall back on. With this motley army he had to encounter a nation in arms,—a nation of the stoutest and most highly trained warriors of ancient times. There is not in all history, so wonderful an example of what a single man of genius may achieve against the most tremendous odds, as the story of this "Phoenician" here, the greatest commander the world has ever seen.

He is dead. How unfitting a climax was the end! How vivid a picture! Pursued by a people who sought revenge, he is compelled to commit suicide. His life was like an April day. Its brightest glories were in the morning. The setting of his sun was darkened by clouds and showers. Although for fifteen years, Rome could find no general that was able to maintain the field against him, Scipio conquered him at last.

J. ELLIS TOBIAS, '08.

Charles M. Schwab, the great steel magnate, has promised to present State College with \$1,000,000 for the erection of an engineering building and its equipment.

At Williams College announcement has been made by the Dean that there will hereafter be permitted no hazing or rushing between the two lower classes. The action is a direct result of certain questionable forms of hazing imposed by the 1910 men upon Freshmen at the beginning of this college year.

A sun dial has recently been presented to Princeton. It is the gift of Sir William Mather, M. P., and was formally presented by Ambassador Bryce. The dial is a replica of the famous Trumbull sun dial at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England.