



1-10-1908

## The Ursinus Weekly, January 10, 1908

Harvey B. Danehower  
*Ursinus College*

Welcome Sherman Kerschner  
*Ursinus College*

E. Virginia Albright  
*Ursinus College*

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### Recommended Citation

Danehower, Harvey B.; Kerschner, Welcome Sherman; and Albright, E. Virginia, "The Ursinus Weekly, January 10, 1908" (1908). *Ursinus Weekly Newspaper, 1902-1978*. 1887.  
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# The Ursinus Weekly

Entered December 19, 1902, at Collegeville, Pa., as Second Class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 6. NO. 14

COLLEGEVILLE, PA., FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1908.

PRICE, 3 CENTS

## CALENDAR

Friday, Jan. 10, Literary Societies  
7.40 p. m.

Tuesday, Jan. 14, Glee Club practice  
8 p. m.

Wednesday Jan. 15, Y. M. C. A.  
6.40 p. m.

## RICHARD WAGNER

Most of the great composers of music led uneventful lives. "He was born, he composed, starved and died,"—in these eight words one might sum up their career. The man on the battle-field may with a single bound spring into prominence, and perform deeds that shall be as a legacy unto the third and fourth generations; the inventor in his laboratory may happily chance upon a single contrivance which will gain for him universal repute, and he is immediately heralded as a genius and a benefactor of society. In affairs of state the shrewd diplomat may with one masterful stroke save a seemingly lost cause, and he becomes a national idol.

It is not so with the professional composer. The heights reached and kept are not attained by sudden flight, but the ascent is usually gradual and precipitous, and many never reach the pinnacle of their ambition. Although the list of composers who have inscribed their names on art's memorial tablet is comparatively small, representatives of all nations are found there. To Germany however, must be conceded the honor of having furnished the greatest number of rare geniuses. Among earlier composers Bach, Mendelssohn, Mozart and Schumann all rank high in the estimation of the patrons of art, but who has not heard of the great Wagner?

If to be great means to be much written about, and to be the subject of an imposing body of literature, Wagner certainly ranks as one of the greatest musicians of all times, for the volumes pertaining to his life greatly outnumber those relating to any other composer of equal rank. This fact alone bears eloquent testimony to his wonderful influence. No man unless possessed of colossal genius could so dominate the world of music for a score of years, and one who is not informed on Wagner in these days is woefully antiquated.

Wagner is the most modern of the great masters. Although he was born at a time when all styles

of music had already reached a high stage of development, the opposition to his new theories and ideas made his task no easy one. He was one of the few exceptions among the world's great composers in having shown no juvenile musical precocity. At an early age he entered school at Dresden. At his studies he lacked application. He mentions the classics and history as his favorite subjects. He took music lessons, but he refused to practice and his teacher gave him up as hopeless. His strongest inclination toward art was for poetry. The study of Greek and a slight smattering of English which he acquired for the purpose of reading Shakespeare in the original, enabled him to choose his models in the right quarter. As a result he wrote a tremendous tragedy. "The design," says Wagner in speaking of it, "was grand in the extreme. Forty-two persons died in the course of the piece, and want of living characters compelled me to let most of them reappear as ghosts in the last act." Soon he conceived the idea of a musical accompaniment for the tragedy. The result was a score of gigantic proportions, ludicrous in the extreme, and produced nothing but merriment from his unappreciative contemporaries. These disappointments caused his studies to take a more serious turn, and he came out strongly as an advocate of operatic reform. The battle for the proper union of music and poetry had been already once fought. In the seventeenth century Gluck made efforts at reform, but he did not cut deep enough and he could not be regarded as a founder. It remained for Wagner to complete the reform. His stand was that play is the thing and that music was only a means of heightening its effect on the emotions. His poetic talent enabled him from the beginning to write his own librettos and thus to secure a better fusion of words and music than any dramatic composer before or after him.

His entrance into practical musical life was as a conductor of bands of motley singers and small operatic troupes in his own town. In 1839, with "Rienzi," his first opera, half finished, he went to Paris with the stage. His visit proved an utter failure. All his attempts to test the vitality of his work by the ordeal of a performance before the critical French

audience were in vain. In order to gain a scanty livelihood he had to undergo the most humiliating trials of musical drudgery, and even in this way he narrowly escaped death from starvation. Luckily for Wagner and his art, fortune handled him with all the relentless cruelty which she seems to reserve especially for the children of genius and we may consider it the most irrefutable test of real genius that he did not perish under his weight of misery and sorrow. It was the original longing of his nature for purer aims of his art that broke in to the night of his despair, and taught him now, when every hope of worldly success had vanished, to seek refuge in the joy of nature which is regardless of ephemeral applause. The period following this season of depression may be termed his operatic period. Many of his best operas followed in quick succession. His unfettered genius labored on, only to suffer a slight interruption when he was forced to flee to Switzerland because of participation in political riots. Soon he gained royal recognition and was promised assistance in his music reforms by King Ludwig of Bavaria.

Wagner usually combined his plays with ideas of nature. It is written that he was inspired to compose "Tannhäuser" by the enthusiasm which seized upon him when he caught first view of the Wartburg as it stands watch over the gracious valley beneath,—the same spot which two centuries previous became the strong tower that sheltered and defended Martin Luther while he laid the foundations for a reformed religion.

It is a noticeable fact that Wagner never turned back from any of his points of reform after he had once established them. His operas, although quite in the conventional mood, were grander than any of his time. He never wavered when an art ideal was at stake, and he deliberately chose the path of thorns in preference to the path of ease.

It is not generally known to many admirers of Wagner's genius that he was a poet, dramatist and philosopher, as well as a composer. When we remember that this colossus of music was essentially a composer, it is small wonder that poetry and philosophy should be minor activities. His philosophy was superficial, and was in provinces over which his intellect had not

acquired full mastery. His librettos are mainly rubbish. His standing as a poet rests merely upon assumption; were his work to be tried by a recognized standard, it would fall to the ground and the place whereon it fell would see it no more.

There is no phenomenon so amazing as the influence of Richard Wagner. A majority of the serious and thoughtful musicians of the world since his time have come over to the Wagner cult. So long a struggle, so vast an opposition, so glorious a triumph, so rich a reward, so luminous a figure, so strange a mixture of great beauties and great defects both of character and art the world has never seen.

Higher critics, those who are but half saturated with the Wagner spirit, raise their hand in judgment against him, and claim that his creations are wearisome. They are and they are not. The ever ready and superficial judgment of our people affords us the master-key to our finding Wagner somewhat tiresome at first. This is the chief difficulty,—Wagner changes our best brain, our most cultured taste and our most vivid emotionality, and those who are too prejudiced to open the windows of their souls, or are so cramped in opportunity that they cannot study Wagnerism, must forever remain excluded from one of the most potent, ravishing and heart-searching of delights that ever came down to comfort and elevate mankind. Wagner's new standards have come to stay. He has created remarkable works which have at last passed into the operatic world where they hold the most commanding position and dwarf the standard Italian repertory into mere melodious superficialities. The advantages of this are inestimable, and after an appreciative and sympathetic public will have cleared the atmosphere of all prejudice and hasty and hostile criticism, Wagnerism will stand out boldly and brilliantly, and the wave of its special productivity will dominate the entire musical world to the exclusion of all others.

KERSCHNER, '09.

The University of Pennsylvania has received a two-year football agreement with the University of Michigan. The games are to be played on November 14, 1908, and November 13, 1909.



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**FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1908.**

**EDITORIAL**

**RESOLUTION**

The last page of the old year has been turned, the covers closed and clasped and the book laid away containing its varied page of joy or sorrow, strife or peace, contentment or tears. We spend no time in brooding over the volume of the past with its errors and false imprints, but open a new beautifully bound book of 1908 with its spotless pages which we may deface or make more beautiful, even as we choose. If there are paragraphs in the volume just closed which we would rather efface, any pages which we would tear from its binding and destroy from our memories, let us not be sad and discouraged, but let us take a more earnest care in the written pages of the new.

1908 holds in store for us many bright cheerful pages of promise, many sequels of the old year's joys and the fulfillment of many aims and endeavors. Yet, whether our new edition be a success or a failure is much as we make it. Now, before we have recklessly begun its composition, is the time to take on new ambition and new interest and lay our rules and resolutions for the twelve long chapters that follow and to resolve to make that ever present "now" the moment for our best endeavor and greatest zeal.

We all, whether we admit it or not are making resolutions for the perfection of our book, The New Year. Thoughtless and indifferent

indeed must be the student or individual who is not. 1908 stands out before our minds as a new and higher ideal, an unwritten book of hope and effort and resolve. To our study as of primal importance we will give our time and thought, and the majority of its fair pages. We will give it style and beauty by our renewed kindness and consideration in our social relations. We will fix as its purpose a true and unchangeable loyalty to Ursinus and be looking anxiously to her best interest. As its climax we look to a final success, a merited reward for our year of toil. As its summary we will have a happy new year not only for January first, but the whole year through. As its close we will have peace and joy and the satisfaction that 1908 is a volume of which we are not ashamed.

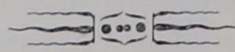
**LECTURE**

Last Tuesday evening the students interested in politics and civil service reform had the opportunity of listening to a very practical talk along those lines. Fullerton Waldo, secretary of the Civil Service Reform Association of Pennsylvania, was the speaker, and his terse phrases brought out with abrupt clearness the evil conditions surrounding the appointments to office in this state and especially in the city of Philadelphia. He said in part that the principle reason politicians are against civil service reform is because it deprives them of that patronage which is so necessary in the building up and maintaining of a strong party organization. Civil service reform means a series of competitive examinations to prove a man's worth. It is a merit system. A great many people appear to think that Civil Service Reform means an academic text-book affair, and do not take the trouble to find out what a practical thing it is. Formerly the examinations often contained questions that were absurd and ridiculous, and having no relation whatever to the qualities essential to the filling of a position. This is being done away with today, and the examinations are being made practical and conforming to the end in view, namely, securing a man for the position who shows that he possesses the ability to fill the position. Mr. Waldo then cited a number of foolish questions which had been given at Civil Service examinations. In speaking of the condition of affairs in Philadelphia, Mr. Waldo said that it was very difficult to obtain a lawyer in the city to take up a case against the "organization." The reason for this is found in the strength and power of the organization, which can hound

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a man to such an extent that it can keep him out of employment and make life a very serious problem indeed. He said further that the mayor of a large city should be a man who has the courage of his convictions. It is a fact that Philadelphia is a long way from being the ideal city William Penn expected to make it, but the Reformers are looking with hope to the future to bring about a change.

After the lecture an informal reception was held and Mr. Waldo answered a number of questions from different ones in the audience.

**COLLEGE WORLD**

The annual debate for the Pasteur Medal at Harvard was won this year by the negative team. The subject for discussion was Resolved "That the French Government was justified in passing the Separation Act."

Swarthmore defeated Franklin and Marshall in the fifth annual preliminary debate of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Debating League. The question was, Resolved, "That the Constitution should be so amended as to vest in Congress the power to impose a general income tax in the United States." Swarthmore upheld the negative side.

Haddon, Harvard's best mile runner, has been forced on account of illness to give up track work this season. Last year he won the mile run in the Yale meet, and took second in the dual games with Dartmouth.

**PERSONALS**

Lau, '09, visited Lauer, '10, at his home in Thomasville several days during the vacation.

Miss Mary Behney, '06 and Moore, '07, renewed acquaintances at college Friday.

Thomasson, '10, spent Christmas day in Phoenixville.

Toole visited friends in Shamokin Saturday night.

Miss Albright has been confined to her home at Camp Hill by sickness, and was unable to return to college after the holidays.

Knauer, '10, H. K. Thomas, '10, Davis, '10, and Brown, A., went to the opera house in Norristown Saturday evening and walked home.

Munhall, '09, entertained Frederick, '04, Ellis, '07, and Price, '05, in Pittsburg several days during vacation.

Bogert, of Mont Clare entered as a fourth year Academy student immediately after the holidays.

Landis, ex-'09, was visiting friends at college Monday evening.

Benz, '11, of Conhohocken, left

college with the opening of the Christmas vacation.

Herson, A., preached at Wiconisco, Pa., during the holidays.

R. S. Thomas, '10, visited friends in Danbury, Conn., Christmas day and the Thursday and Friday following.

Miss Freyer, '10, suffered from an attack of grippe part of the vacation.

**ALUMNI NOTES**

'98. Prof. J. S. Heiges, of Shippensburg Normal School delivered an address before the Evangelical Educational Conference at Waynesboro on Jan. 7th.

'98. Rev. J. W. Gilds, of Easton, has resigned his pastorate and expects to leave the ministry. He intends to go into business.

'91. Rev. J. F. Wagner, Bloomsbury, N. J., has accepted a call to the Lower Providence Presbyterian Church.

'72. Rev. F. S. Lindaman, Littlestown, Pa., was assisted over the holiday season by the Rev. Prof. W. A. Kline, of the College.

'06. Chas. S. Dotterer and Miss Jessie Benner ex-'09 were married at Richland on last Friday Jan. 3. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, Rev. H. A. I. Benner, '89. Mr. Dotterer is employed as teacher at Morton, Pa., where the newly married couple have taken up their residence.

**SEMINARY NOTES**

Drs. Vollmer and Van Horne entertained the students of the Seminary during the holiday season. Dr. Vollmer's entertainment was German in character and Dr. Van Horne's largely musical. A most delightful time was spent as is always the case when the professors entertain.

The students of the Seminary sympathize with Dr. Zerbe in his bereavement owing to the death of his mother on Christmas day.

Reimers, '09, gave a supper on the 28 of December in honor of his birthday.

The following preached during the Christmas vacation: Harmon, '09, in the Presbyterian church, Tiffin; Boros, '09, Toledo; Peeler, '08, and Heffleger, '08, Lima, O.; Kriete, '10, Louisville, Ky.; Huckriede, '09, Bluffton, O.

Albright, '08 and Ruf, '10, conducted evangelistic services at Athens, Mich.

Alspach, '10, delivered the annual Christmas address in St. Mark's Reformed church, Lebanon, Pa.

Peeler, '08, Herbrecht, '09, Landesberger, '08, and Heffleger, '08, spent a few days in St. Louis, Mo.

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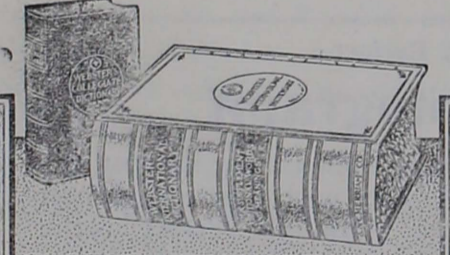
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"Putting on the new man." Eph. 4: 22-24.—Hughes, '08, leader.

Ephesus had fallen away from her former belief to return to secular pleasures. Paul in this epistle exhorts them to unity and proceeds to encourage their unbeliefs toward something which is eternal. As in the days of Moses who led the children of Israel out of Egypt, they at times were depressed and longed for their partly instinctive worship of idols as instanced by the erection of a golden calf in his absence; so it was with the Ephesians who formerly held the temple of Diana in the highest regard. The absence of Paul, who had inspired many of them, took away the spirit of enthusiasm. It was characteristic of the Greeks, especially those who were of a philosophical nature, to be eager for some new doctrine which would perhaps complete their system or solution concerning the problem involved.

There are in the confines of the scripture involved of "putting on the new man," three ways suggested. I. Putting off the old man which is corrupt. The source of our misfortunes is due to the confusing of the spiritual with the material. Often what is pleasant to our physical nature may not be helpful to our spiritual welfare. Sometimes habits are formed unconsciously; for a long time they are unnoticeable to us, yet, when by chance their significance is realized, then it is that we are astonished. The failure to consider our spiritual condition at frequent intervals lets the base and material forces get the stronger position of our being. Often we assume too much based on tradition or of sources which seem to have good authority which results in disaster to our spiritual life. Nevertheless our purpose should be to put off the old man, yet with the corrupt and varied elements there is something to be obtained. From the meadow we inhale unpleasant odors, yet with it all its filth of smell contains the elements which mature the seed of the plant and bring forth a beautiful lily, so it is with putting off the old man for the better one, and the means is by the next step.

II. Be renewed in the spirit of your mind. The renewal of spiritual or mental things always bring new hope and anticipation. We are all glad when something new and useful is given to us. When our minds are refreshed or renewed their is a greater impetus for work to grasp after something which is stable, supporting and helpful in our lives whether spiritual or otherwise. In renewing our mind there is a sign of progress which means development. Our development, however, must be for the better



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which prepares us for higher, truer and nobler things in life. To renew our minds helps us to think which Emerson holds is the hardest thing in the world. Through consistent thinking, we can get in harmony and in time with the infinite. Our environment will effect us little, if we realize the purpose of self and its duty towards its creation. To renew our minds is to put on the new man.

III. Put on the new man. The hope of each day as it comes is to acquire something new. Each day may be likened to a continent to be explored. We do not live in the day but in each present moment. To many fail to realize the present moment as the all important period of life. Our appearance may be pleasantly and beautifully adorned without but it is the interior that is the reality. The moments decide not the appearance, If we put on the new man let us renew our minds each moment with something which is helpful to our spiritual life.

The three ways as suggested by Paul to the Ephesians will give us the new man also something which will be permanent everlasting and eternal as indistrutable.

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# The Literary Supplement.

TO THE URSINUS WEEKLY

Volume 6.

January

## A STORY FROM LIFE

Can you imagine a more delightful scene than that of a winter's night in the country just after a snow storm. Such a night was the thirtieth of December, 19—. Snow had fallen to the depth of a foot or more.

Down the road a party of young people were merrily plodding their way to where the trolley stood waiting. It was the last one in to the city of M—and left at midnight. I turned from waving farewell and walked across the porch to the door.

As I entered Jake, the old colored man, was tottering through the hall in making the night's round, and even in his gait there seemed to be an unusual lively spring. Had he walked like this the morning before, when with carpet around his feet to prevent him from slipping, his progress was so slow that he froze fast and could go no further, this would not have happened and we would have lost a hearty laugh at his expense.

Yes, we had had a jolly time that evening at our mock wedding. The great broad stairs and the old fashioned landing half way up on which stood the grandfather's clock repeating,

"Forever, never,  
Never, forever,"

seemed fitting for the light tripping steps of a bride and her maids.

Anne looked very sweet in my grandmother's wedding gown. Made of ecchreu embossed silk, it was fashioned after the style of many years ago when the skirt and waist were fastened in one. The bodice was cut very low so that a lace cape had to be worn over the shoulders during the wedding ceremony. Anne had her lovely wavy brown hair drawn loosely back with a Janice Meredith curl at one side of her neck. In her arms she carried a bouquet of white carnations. Yes, she would have made a sweet bride and, no doubt, there was one especially among the boys who felt most emphatically that way, but that is off my story.

I was maid of honor and wore a most beautiful green and blue plaid silk gown made in the style when the waists were plain and fit very snug and the skirts fancy with magnificent overskirts. The bodice was cut in a V at the throat so that I wore a long narrow scarf of rare old hand-made lace around my neck and the long ends twisted together hung straight down the front of the waist.

As we stood on the the stairs during the first strains of the wedding march it seemed as if time were drifting back through many years and that we were maidens of long ago participating in a jolly old-fashioned wedding. A low short laugh from amongst the boys, waiting for us at the door, brought me back to my senses.

Yes, we had an evening of real pleasure, one we could look back upon with delight.

Then as I turned into the parlor my eyes fell on Aunt Margaret standing by the piano waiting for me. I rused up to her and threw my arms around her neck.

"What a dear aunt you are," I cried, "to let us have such a jolly time."

"My child it gives me pleasure to see you enjoy yourselves," she answered with one of those loving looks which made her face appear angelic, "As I listened to the wedding march and you all walked so quietly past me it seemed as if I were dreaming dreams of long ago."

"The candle light made it appear all the more real. You were just a dear, Aunt Margaret, to bring out those old silver candle sticks," I persisted, "but, oh, it was hard not to laugh. Jack did act so silly, and to think of Charlie being a minister. Ha, ha, I could not look at any of them and I held my head so high I thought I might not be able to get it down again. Wasn't it great to have old Uncle Jake play his fiddle for us to dance," and I laughingly began to waltz Aunt Margaret about the room.

"Come, Ruth, go to the piano and play a little 'rag time.'" "It will drive my dreams away and bring me into the present day," so saying Aunt Margaret took a rocking chair in the bay window.

The last candle died out—but the wood in the fire place was still burning brightly throwing a dim light about the room. I love to play in almost darkness and silence and let my fingers glide from one melody to another. Then, I am two persons—my mind and my fingers are one in bringing forth the music while my soul is a separate being joining with the soul of the music to enjoy it to its fullest extent.

At first I struck up several jolly songs then I gradually drifted into music of sadder strain, loud and mournful, then sweet, soft, and low. I was playing that Impromptu by Schubert so full of grandeur, life and feeling; then my fingers slipped into that great Sonata by Beethoven which seems to give forth every phase of human emotion. There is a lifetime of happiness and joy, pain and sorrow, hidden within its notes.

Of a sudden I looked at my aunt and her face had such a sad, troubled expression as I had never seen there. What had we done that evening in our careless pleasure? That wedding, had it hurt Aunt Margaret?

As far as I could remember Aunt Margaret's life had been ideal. She was a great social favorite, always entertaining or being entertained. She was also a leader in all manner of church work and was loved by the poor on account of her personal labor among them. Being very pretty, she had numerous admirers, to whom, however, she paid not the least attention. So thoroughly had I been impressed with the happiness of my Aunt's life that my highest desire was to be what the rest of my friends called an "old maid."

"Ruth, come here and I will tell you a story," said Aunt Margaret drawing a chair near to her own. I left the piano, but eluding the chair placed for me, I took a stool and seated myself upon it at Aunt Margaret's feet. I threw my arms in her lap and laying my head upon them, I began to cry, why, I cannot tell. "Oh," Aunt Margaret, "I am so sorry we have pained you with our selfish pleasures." This I managed to utter knowing that in some way our mock wedding was the cause of her pain.

"Hush, child," said she, patting me on the head, "and I will tell you a story. It has not only been your little wedding which has made me feel so sad. This is an anniversary to me. Ten years ago to-day I lived the happiest moments of my life, and the first sad ones.

The last embers were dying out so that they cast but a faint shadow in the room. Aunt Margaret stopped and seemed to be watching them burn slowly away before she proceeded.

"When I was a girl of 18 my cousin Elizabeth and I were thought to be the prettiest and most popular girls in the country about here. Strange to say we were also the best of friends and were never jealous of each other.

"About this time our church chose a new

minister who was young and single. He fell desperately in love with E—. Soon after their marriage Rev. Green, we called him, said he expected his cousin, Robert Donalfort, a young lawyer of New York, to spend a few weeks with him.

"One Sunday night about the beginning of August we were resting on the porch when father inquired whether we wished to attend service. Not a little surprised was I, as it was just a year since my brother's sudden accident and death, and father had not attended evening service since. My brother had gone west and in an affray had been accidentally shot and killed by a young lawyer from Kentucky.

"I could never tell why I primped more than usual that evening. Afterwards I was thankful in my girlish way that I had done so.

"Our old church was a long, low gray stone building standing in the midst of a small grove. The old grave yard lay between the church and the parsonage. The latter was a quaint stone house covered with vines from foundation to roof.

"As we neared the church I could distinguish a stranger in the group of young people wandering about and as we came on slowly had a chance to study him.

"He was tall, broad shouldered, and wore an elegant black suit. He had removed his hat, showing a wealth of dark brown hair, which suited well his refined, yet firm face. As we passed and others spoke he raised his eyes, and they seemed to light his entire face. Somehow I felt we had long been friends.

"That evening Mr. Donalfort, for so the stranger proved to be, came home with us after church. The next three weeks were one round of pleasure. Every one entertained for the minister's cousin. I seemed to be living in a paradise. For some unconscious reason I was supremely happy. Robert chose me for his companion on all occasions."

Here Aunt Margaret stopped and she must have been dreaming for she came to herself with a start.

"It was a Friday afternoon just ten years ago to-day, and Robert was to leave early Saturday morning. As there was to be a farewell gathering at the parsonage in the evening, he said he would spend the afternoon with me.

"How well I remember him that afternoon. I have kept it all fresh in my memory. He asked me to sing 'Hearts and Flowers' for him. I have never sung it since. As I sang he stood by me with one of his hands on the corner of the piano. I remember he stood so quiet and still.

"When I finished I started to rise, but Robert laid his hand gently on my shoulder, I looked up, but just for an instant. Then he spoke in a voice which shook with emotion. 'Margaret, I love you and I want you to be my wife!'

"I raised my head. He could read the answer in my eyes. It seemed I had been loving him for years and had only been waiting for him to come. We were happy then. Yes, I thank God for having given me those few moments of joy.

"It was then for the first time I told him of our sorrow, of the death of my brother. Robert was very sympathetic and so I told him all.

"Not until I had finished did I notice the change which had come over him. All the happiness which a few moments before had flooded his countenance had gone. His features were firm and tense as in trying to control some great emotion.

"What is it, Robert?" I cried.

"I must think, and with this he left my side and began slowly pacing the floor.

"I went to his side and touched his arm. 'Robert, what is it? Can I help you?'

"No one can help me, Margaret, except myself. Let me think a minute longer!"



"I came back to the sofa and I could hear him mutter, 'I must.'

Then he came and sat beside me and when he spoke I would never have recognized his voice.

"Margaret, there is something I must tell you, but which if I do will tear you from me forever. I must speak these words and yet when I do, you will hate me."

"No, Robert no," I cried, "they cannot." If you think they can please do not tell me. I beg of you do not tell me. You will break my heart.

"I must, Margaret. If I were not to tell you now and you were to find out later you would loathe me. It was I who accidentally shot your brother."

"Of all things which passed through my mind in the few minutes before, never had such a thought as this entered it.

"It seemed to paralyze me. I could not hear. I could not speak. As from a distance I heard Robert say, 'speak to me, Margaret, say you forgive. I know I can never be to you what I might have been, but for the sake of the love you once gave me, say you forgive, Margaret.' His voice broke. He was suffering as I had never seen a man suffer. I must help him, and yet it was true what he had said, that one sentence had torn me from him forever.

"Yes, I forgive you, Robert, and I still love you, but that is all. I cannot marry my brothers—," but here I broke down, crying. The world seemed cruel, cruel.

"Robert put his hand over my mouth. 'No, do not say it, Margaret. I can stand anything, but not that from you, you!'

"I prayed for strength and God gave it to me. 'You have been brave to tell me this, Robert, and it is best. Had I found it out later I would have hated you. Now we must part, but you can always remember I forgive you and I shall always love you even more for telling me the truth. Go now, Robert. It is best.'

"He came to where I stood. He took me in his arms and looking in my eyes he said, 'If ever you are in need of help you will send to me? Promise, Margaret.' I did. He kissed me once and then turned and left me forever.

"My heart was broken. How long I stood there I cannot say, neither do I know how I ate my supper, I knew I must live my sorrow, I knew that no matter how my heart ached, I must live my life.

"That evening I was sitting at the piano playing softly, though I knew not what. My fingers were wandering over the keys, but my mind was far away with Robert. I had only lit one candle so that the light was very dim.

"Suddenly a light tap came on the door and I turned to see—my brother. Then he was not dead, but living and at home. I flew to him and fell into his arms. I was happy to have my brother. All my trouble was gone, I could send for Robert and all would be so happy.

"After the greetings were over and mother, father, brother and I were sitting around the fireplace, and brother had told us how he had lain ill for months, his death reported, and how at last he had been able to return to us, then I told of what had occurred during the afternoon.

"Brother said I should not have sent Robert away as it was all an accident. Anyway he would go for him immediately. He came back only to tell us that Robert left.

"That night I wrote a letter. Day after day, week after week passed by and still I received no answer. I wrote again but never received a reply. Two years afterwards I read of his marriage in the papers."

"Oh, Aunt Margaret how you must have suffered," I said and I looked at her in wonder for she had always seemed such a jolly aunt. "But Auntie, why did he marry so soon? That was heartless of him."

"Hush, child, I should not have sent him from me, I suppose afterwards he thought I

was cruel or I would not have sent him away. He must have thought it or he would have answered my letter. It may be my punishment.

Aunt Margaret arose and went to the piano letting her finger slip unconsciously over the keys.

"Auntie, sing once again 'Hearts and Flowers.'" What gave me courage to say this I can not say, but I was suffering for her and I felt this song might give her happiness; however, I knew she would sing it for me. As she sang the beautiful melody my soul went up to our Heavenly Father in prayer that, if possible, he might once again give this woman happiness.

And then as if he had been mist and slowly took on mortal flesh before my eyes, so silent had his entrance been, I beheld a man. He stood quietly looking at Aunt Margaret. I did not scream, I could not. I had been feeling so deeply, this seemed but part of the story. How long I sat there and he stood in front of me looking at Aunt Margaret, I cannot say. At last the song was finished. She arose from the piano and turned.

"Margaret," "Robert."

Then I knew God had answered my prayer. I silently left the room.

Afterwards I learned the remainder of the story. Mr. Donalfort had never received either of Aunt Margaret's letters until a few days ago on his return from South America. They had slipped in a crevice of the box at the country post-office, and during a good clearing out of the place a week before by a new post-master were found. The latter being young and full of fun put them in the mail just to see what might come of them. Little did he think of the good he would accomplish.

Robert Donalfort had never married. The marriage of which Aunt Margaret had read in the paper was of a distant cousin. Our Robert was in South America.

Aunt Margaret feels that our mock wedding had something to do with her great happiness so she says we are all to be in her wedding party, though Charles must of necessity be an usher instead of the minister.

E. VIRGINIA ALBRIGHT, '09.

## RICHARD MANSFIELD.

"Great paintings live to commemorate great painters; the statues of sculptors are their living monuments; while books are the immortal inscriptions of poets. But what of the actor? The curtains suddenly falls and he is ushered into oblivion almost unobserved." Yet a few have contributed so much toward their profession, and the good of humanity, as the author of these words, that they have been set up as mile-stones to mark the line of progress of the American Stage. Thus we have the immortal names of Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Edward Forrest and Mary Anderson. The American Drama has gone one step further and another mile-stone has been recently erected. The curtain has again fallen. It is announced that Richard Mansfield has passed away and immediately there flashes upon the curtain in bright golden letters The New American Drama—The living memorial of the work of the great tragic impersonator.

A child of utter neglect, Mansfield was thrown upon his resources early in life. The tale of his early life is indeed a pathetic one. It is said that he used to tell the story that when his parents landed at Heligoland when he was an infant, that they actually forgot to take him ashore, and that subsequently he was rescued from the ship and carried ashore by a sailor. Although this is a very harsh story, it excites us to pity and sympathy for behind it we see a man who had never tasted the sweetness of motherly sympathy, affection and tenderness. Added to this misfortune he was the victim of

that loathsome disease, cancer of the liver, a disease that reached nerves, nerves called upon to perform huge tasks. Is it any wonder that a man borne down with such afflictions should be subject to fits of violence, of irritability, and eruption of bitter wit, which adverse critics make their salient point? In view of these terrible misfortunes we are led to look upon his eccentricities in a softer light and exclaim with Somerville—"Mansfield's defect of nerves proves him all the more admirable, the more heroically devoted to his fine destiny of winning the highest place in the English-speaking stage."

Mansfield received anything but encouragement from the world. In his heroic efforts to attain the goal of his ambition his bravery was carried to such an extent that some people looked upon him as a foolish, crazy egotist, and threw barriers in his way which none but a man as great as he could have surmounted. It has been truly said, "Irving was gentle and diplomatic, Mansfield won his way in open fight against all."

Had Mansfield gone on the stage with the sole ambition of converting his dramatic talents into material gain, he could have retired from the stage years ago, in the eyes of many, a successful actor. But the desire for mere personal gain had no place in his lofty ambitions—the perfection of his art. Instead of being content to continue with playing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the cost of whose production was not more than fifteen hundred dollars, he immediately poured the golden harvest which it had produced into the creation of a more artistic production, "Richard III" the mounting of which alone cost him seventy-five thousand dollars.

As an initiative actor Mansfield has brought forth into the public many writers who now hold prominent places in literature. His original productions numbered twenty-two besides Shakespearean achievements, great at least in stage-craft. He introduced Henrik Ibsen to the American Stage and put upon the English-speaking stage for the first time, his most difficult production, "Peer Gynt." Likewise he was the first with "the Man of Destiny" and "Arms and the Man" to give a hearing in America to George Bernard Shaw who has since won fame at home and abroad.

Mansfield grasped his characters with a comprehensiveness which was nothing less than remarkable. It has been said that in his impersonation of the "Man of Destiny" he approaches very closely to the ideal Napoleon. In his impersonation of the dual character of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" he held his audience spell-bound by his quick changes between the normal, erect, benignly dignified man, and the crouching, leering, hideous monster.

A glance at the widely different characters which he impersonated will suffice to show his versatility. The first in his series was a paralytic old degenerate, the second a lusty, young villain, the third a dual creature of virtue and repulsive wickedness, while the fourth was a historic fop.

We have no better example of patience and perseverance than the slow, sure way in which he built for himself a bridge to span the gulf between stock and star acting. It took him four long years of patient, diligent study to accomplish this structure which resulted in the establishment of the Star System. Finally with four plays, "A Parisian Romance," "Prince Karl," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Bean Brummel" which has gone down on the pages of the history of the drama as a model in technique, he began to gain such a popularity that he soon was able to double the prices of parquet seats in several cities and to demand a larger share of the gross receipts than any other actor except the famous Joseph Jefferson.

How much the advance of the American



Drama in the last quarter century owes to the untiring and talented efforts of Richard Mansfield can hardly be overestimated. It has been said that the culturing effect of his work has been greater with the American public than that of all the other actor-managers. Probably more than any other actor he raised the art of the drama above mere popular amusement. In the great battle between commercialism and art he came boldly forth as the champion of the latter. Give to Lester Wallace the credit due him for playing many English comedies; give to Augustin Daly due honor for his production of Shakespeare; give to Palmer and Frohman their just reward for devoting their stock companies to the best modern plays from Paris and London; but for comprehensiveness, versatility and catholicity of taste let us join in hailing Richard Mansfield as the morning star of the New American Drama.

H. B. DANEHOWER, '08.

### PATRICK HENRY.

This year marks the three hundredth anniversary of the state of Virginia. Perhaps no state in the union has given more great men to the annals of our history than the one which had its origin in the settlement of Jamestown. It was in the middle of this stretch of time that her most spirited and most powerful men were produced. Among these were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Randolph, and Lee, but one of the foremost men the colony has given to the world was Patrick Henry.

Born and reared in the county of Hanover, young Henry grew up to manhood. He spent days and weeks wandering in the forest with his gun or over the brook with his angle-rod. There he found "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything." A favorite diversion of his was to involve a number of men in an argument, and then, with deep silence, to study the expressions upon their features. The knowledge of human nature which he thus gained was of infinite value to him when he launched upon his oratorical career. By reason of these characteristics and his little knowledge of books, he has been styled the "orator of nature."

About the time that young Henry was admitted to the bar there arose a controversy in which the whole state of Virginia was to be involved. This was a dispute between the clergy and the legislature of the colony known as the "parsons' cause." Lawyers for both sides were retained and the case brought up for argument. As victory for the clergy seemed assured, the counsel for the defendants retired from the case. In this desperate situation, Patrick Henry was appealed to. Accordingly, we find him before the court for the first time to plead a cause which was already regarded as lost. Before him sat the jury and an array of the colony's most distinguished clergymen, but most of all, in the magistrate's chair sat no other person than his own father. The plaintiff's cause was stated briefly, and a eulogy on the benevolence of the clergy followed. Then Patrick Henry arose awkwardly and stumbled through his exordium, while the clergymen were seen to exchange smiles and his father to sink back in his chair with confusion. But the embarrassment of the young lawyer was only of short duration. His frame became erect and lofty, his countenance shone, and his eyes flashed fire which seemed to fascinate the spectator. The attention of all was riveted upon the speaker. The derision of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; at one onslaught of his cutting and overwhelming invective, they fled headlong from the court-room, while tears of joy streamed down the pallid cheeks of his excited father. The jury, completely bewildered, had scarcely left the box, when they returned with a verdict of one penny

damages. From that day, the fame of Henry spread throughout Virginia. He was no longer regarded as an obscure attorney, but as the foremost orator of the colony.

The year 1764 is memorable for the origination of that great question which led finally to the independence of the United Colonies. The colonies, oppressed by years of haughty conduct at the hands of British kings, would no longer bear the unreasonable burdens imposed by Parliament. Remonstrances were in vain. The famous Stamp Act was passed. The announcement of this message seems to have stunned the people from Massachusetts to Georgia. No one knew exactly what course to pursue; no hopes of resistance by force were at this time entertained; no heart seemed bold enough to make the step. Submission seemed inevitable. But at this critical moment Patrick Henry appears on the stage to raise the drooping spirit of the people and unite all hearts and hands in the cause of their country.

Consequently, in 1765, the first resolutions in opposition to the Stamp Act and the scheme of taxing America were introduced into the Virginia Assembly by Patrick Henry, and were passed. From this very moment, the flames kindled by Henry rapidly diffused throughout the length and breadth of our land, from the plantations of Georgia to the forests of Maine. The rising spirit of the colonists could not long abstain from open hostility. More odious legislation was passed by the British Parliament, with the result that the First Continental Congress was called. The most eminent men of the colonies were now brought together for the first time. They were personally strangers, although they were all known to each other by fame. After the business of organization was transacted, Patrick Henry arose in the midst of a deep and death-like silence to open the deliberations of the Congress. In a clear, ringing speech, Henry launched into a recital of the colonial wrongs with such magnificence and dignity that his auditors were struck with awe and admiration. "I am not a Virginian, but an American," he declared, foretelling the foundation of the United Colonies, and finally the United States. He sat down amidst a murmur of astonishment and applause. As he had formerly been proclaimed the greatest orator of Virginia, he was now proclaimed the first orator of America.

The popular impression of Henry seems to be that his greatness consisted more in his power of speech than of thought; but George Mason, a celebrated man of a period of great men, has said of him, "His eloquence is the smallest part of his merit." Henry not only made the America of to-day possible by giving the original impulse to the revolution, but he bent his whole energies in making republicanism a success. As a man his character was pure and upright, a kind father and a devoted husband. While governor of Virginia, he supplied the Virginia soldiers in Washington's army with clothing, and was tireless in his efforts to keep the army from starving. All the cattle he could gather were sent to feed the ill-clad patriots, encamped on the hills of Valley Forge. No one took the troubles of the "ragged Continentals" more to heart than did the governor of Virginia. Great is his glory!

The whole life of this "orator of nature" was spent for the welfare of his country and the good of man. While still engaged in the active duties of life, a disease which had been preying upon him for years reached its crisis; this friend of liberty and of man was no more.

No more his voluminous yet melodious voice was to re-echo through the halls of Congress; no more his keen mind and marvelous eloquence to enchant judges and juries, vanquish all opposition in the house of burgesses, and sway the hearts and actions of the old Virginia patriots. Henry's name, with Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Adams, shines forth with inex-

tinguishable brilliancy in the azure firmament of American politics. The memory of the man who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American revolution shall evermore be enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. As long as the nation survives, the American patriots can point to him with pride as the champion and guardian of their liberty.

R. R. UMSTEAD.

### A TWENTIETH CENTURY SATIRIST

The theatre radiates a wonderful influence in its field of activity. It is growing in importance as a social, political and educational factor. The drama has as its warp and woof the problems of social and political life which are not only amusing but instructive to the audience. With such celebrities as Mansfield, Irving and Jefferson the drama has been given a wonderful impetus. Three individuals have devoted their lives to the task of bringing the theatre to a higher standard than ever previously attained. The evil is gradually being eliminated while the good is becoming more dominant. However, there are some people who are foolish enough to believe that the theatre offers no educational advantages. They regard it as merely a place of amusement and recreation for tired and overwrought brains. But in direct opposition to this view men of the keenest and most original minds are every season producing plays packed with thought. Among these stands preeminent to-day Bernard Shaw, the most popular of the London playwrights.

With the thought that the theatre is an educational factor in the public's life Mr. Shaw demands the stage as a place for his views and theories upon standard of morals, rules of conduct, codes of ethics and philosophies of life. He accepts natural limitations rather than mechanical restrictions for his art. Some people judge Shaw as militant of mind, however, through his display of literary talent he strikes desperately at the false ideals and illusion which possess man; the ideals which lead men astray and blind their sense of truth. He believes that his function is to tear the mask of idealism from the face of fact. For these several reasons he claims the stage as his medium where truth may be taught to the public.

Fifty-one years ago, George Bernard Shaw was born in Ireland of humble parentage. When only twenty years of age, he went up to London with his radical opinions and caustic wit without a shilling for future support. At first, he applied his literary talent to the serious novel but in return received only a meagre sum for his labor. Next he wrote for a socialist paper in which he named against the customs of mankind. Socialism for him from a literary and financial standpoint was a failure. Later Shaw turned his attention to art and music, where he was a master workman. His best work is "The Complete Wagnenti" and his literature upon the "Ring of the Nibelungs" is better than Wagner's own comments. Mr. Shaw is a sober and industrious man who has worked his way from poverty to prosperity. As a husband, he is sympathetic and affectionate in disposition. No doubt his philosophy of life is responsible for his various eccentric beliefs such as socialism, vegetarianism and the like. Critics have spoken of him as an unfathomable being, a mystery and an eccentric person. People take him too seriously; he is full of the traditional fancy, imagination and extravagance of the typical Irishman.

Shaw finds the themes of his plays chiefly in instances of to-day and conflicts of humanity with current institutions. He has for his end the humanitarian ideal, the exposure of civic classes, redress of social wrong, regeneration, redemption and reform of society. Through-



out his plays in a satirical way, he unmask human folly and the weakness of human passion. Upon these he constructs his drama of ideas holding in mind that "Life is real and life is earnest."

All this must be remembered when one reads his plays. They are brimful of rollicking, sarcastic, caustic and witty sayings diversified with shrewd wisdom as the fancy seizes him.

Of the many plays which he wrote "Candida," "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara," "John Bull's Other Island" and "Arms and the Man" are considered the best. "Candida" discusses the problem of an imaginative woman tortured by a conflict between her love for a prosaic husband and a youth of poetic nature. In "Man and Superman" we find traces of a deeper problem with a solution based on the philosophy of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and Rousseau. In this play he presents with delightful humour the fact that human action is based on sexual instinct and that it is absolutely dominated by woman, not by man; and moreover by woman's primal nature rather than her spiritual force. The play of "Major Barbara" displays Shaw's attitude toward industries which manufacture death dealing devices and laws which protect graft, in other words legal industries where conscience is left out. The play of "John Bull's Other Island" is a sincere picture of a country and people deceived by caricature based on ignorance or spite. In this Mr. Shaw's attitude toward John Bull is like that of Socrates, who was called a gad fly to the Athenian people.

A deeper note is struck in Shaw's most famous play "Arms and the Man." Here he points out the survival of barbarity-militarism which appears frequently to cast doubts on our civilization. He is not in sympathy with war and in the "Man" or soldier of fortune, he makes the idea appear ridiculous as his "Man" prefers chocolates to cartridges. Shaw emphasizes the fact that donning a uniform does not change the nature of the wearer. This notion pervades society to such a degree that it surprises people to find a soldier acting rationally on the stage.

Shaw is primarily a teacher; he uses his characters as lay figures to exploit his philosophy. The thoughts which he suggests are for politicians and men of affairs but the replies come from theatrical critics. On account of this he has aroused the whole state and nation against him. This he expected and prepared himself with the necessary elements in his plays by his brilliant argumentative and controversial characters. Like Walter Pater he is challenging old formulae with new ideas, transvaluing moral value with fervor, and bidding humanity to stand from behind artificial barriers of law, morality, custom and religion and dare to live and speak the truth. The particular exceptions to the plays taken are seldom more than symptoms of the underlying fundamental disagreement between the romantic morality of the critics and the realistic morality of the plays. Shaw is not satisfied with fictitious morality nor fictitious good conduct.

Moreover, he delights to attack prevailing evils such as war, drink, cruelty and infant mortality. Mr. Shaw presents these evils in a clear, lucid and impressive way so that they may be instructive as well as amusing.

The influence of the plays with their satirical tendencies or so-called immoralities have awakened dormant ideas in the dramatic world. This potential force has set something in motion and its energy will not be lost. Whether Shaw has any respect for popular art, morality and religion; whether he aims his attacks on romance or on the clergy, he cannot be condemned for he is characteristic of this restless age.

However we may disrelish his appearance, distrust his premises or disregard his conclusion, we must yield him the attention due to sincerity of impulse and integrity of conduct.

Shaw is an apostle and preaches of social righteousness, a hater of shams and an iconoclast who destroys the most popular idols. In his plays, he does not gild vice but aims to impress the truth and wishes to teach that our system of morals of to-day is conventional and that they are neither based on right principles nor on facts of nature.

HERBERT HUGHES.

#### EULOGY ON LINCOLN

A wise custom among the Romans was to erect statues of their heroes in public places, so that the youth in contemplating these might be inspired to emulate the noble examples thus placed before them. Indeed how can we be better fitted for the stern and important duties of life than by the study of such characters as William of Orange and Arnold or any other great lives whose devotion to liberty has laid the foundation of a country. What friend of this earth does not feel a throb of emotion at the very thought of that other name which the muse of history has considered worthy to stand side by side with Washington, that of the hero and statesman Abraham Lincoln.

Look for a few moments into the inner life of this man. He was born in the backwoods of Kentucky amidst hardships and poverty. His home was a simple hut, made of logs and limbs of trees, no window, no doors adorned it. He lived as a boy and man, the hard and needy life of a backwoodsman a farmer and river boatman and finally by his own effort at self-education, of an active respected and influential citizen.

The making of a man although often greatly influenced by surroundings, depends upon the man himself. Look at Lincoln in his youth and compare it with his later life. The common rail splitter is transformed into a hero and statesman. Is this not a wonderful transformation? Did his education do it? No! there is evidence of his untiring diligence and perseverance. His eyes were always open to learn the lessons of nature. His position cultivated self reliance, an important factor which sustained him in later life.

As a boy he was honest and faithful—not only in his dealings with others but also in his thoughts and deeds. Faithful in every duty even those of the least importance. Unattractive in person, awkward in deportment, unrestrained in conversation, a story teller and a story lover, much of society held him in ill disguised contempt. It was not expected that fashion and courtly usage would be at home with him but even these made room for him. Throughout his whole life it was his aim to bring his acts in harmony with the principles of religion. He was tenderhearted, forgiving, and exclaimed to his people. "We are not enemies but friends. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

In the legislature he devoted his labors to the best interests of the people. Here it was that he first voiced his sentiments against the growing evil of slavery. His was a character of the American under the discipline of freedom. The other American character was under the influence of slavery. The one was ready to state the broad principles of man, the other denied even the principles and thus laid the foundation of an acknowledged sinfulness. The one magnified labor, the other depreciated and depressed it. In a word one was full of the influences of freedom and was known as the spirit of the North, the other was full of the influence of Slavery and was known as the spirit of South which was threatening the North. It was then that the people of the North opened their eyes. They saw that its power must be checked and exclaimed. "So far and no further." With such a question confronting them every one saw that civil war could not be averted. Yet both parties were willing to sacrifice their lives for the cause. Such was

the state of affairs when Lincoln was called from his quiet home to assume the part of chieftain of his country.

Around him the people of the North gathered as their leader and in but six weeks the country was in the midst of a civil war. Lincoln set about to defend his cause and issued an order for volunteers. In response thousands came at his call. All business was set aside. No desire for gold or fame gathered these heroes to a common place. It was to fight for the Republic, for the Union and for freedom.

What was the conduct of Lincoln throughout the war? That of a hero,—a true, just and conscientious hero. His one object was to save the Union. He said "I will save the Union if I can with slavery, if not slavery must perish." But he soon saw that slavery must be destroyed and true to his word he proceeded to destroy it. What were the results of his efforts? Look at the proclamation of emancipation, a piece of work that will stand forever in the history of the country—the emancipation of all the bondsmen in the land. Here was a work in which his whole nature rejoiced. It was an act that crowned the culture of his life; a better fame than the proudest conqueror can boast of. All our national triumphs of law and humanity over rebellion and barbarism have been won by the simple, honest, Christian heart of this man. For four years he sat at the helm of the government and steered his way through narrows and straits. Now far in the distance he saw a brighter future awaiting both him and his people. What a glorious day to the North when the news spread that the conflict was at an end. The people were overwhelmed with joy. Now that the war had ended, peace was assured and the Union still remained firm. The dark clouds that hovered over the country were now disappearing. Slavery was dying out, but it still arose to strike a final blow at liberty.

It was the presentiment and prophecy of Lincoln that his own life and that of the rebellion would end together, but little did the people imagine that the end of each would be so violent. Both parties were in direct exhibition of their characteristic qualities. Lincoln went to the theatre not to please himself, but to gratify others. With weariness he went into the crowd. The assassin who approached his back was in direct exhibition of the spirit of rebellion. Suddenly came the news of Lincoln's death. The nation stood still. Intense feelings of joy were turned to sorrow. It is worse than the surrender of Lee's army, said one. The deed is so atrocious, it exhibits a spirit so fiendish, that none can defend it; all turn from it with horror and disgust. By all the goodness that was in him, by all the love the people had for him, and by all the sorrow occasioned, this murder must be charged to slavery. He had guided his people safely through the civil war, freed the negro, and now death came to him in the hour of triumph. Is there a man alive who thinks that this man was shot just for himself? The gentlest, kindest and most indulgent man that ever ruled a state. One who knew not how to speak a word of harshness, or how to make a foe. Was it mere private hate? No, it was not! It was what he stood for. It was really law and liberty against which hate had gathered and fired the fatal shot.

Although he himself has passed away, his works on the earth shall never perish. No! as long as American deeds shall be remembered, the deeds of Lincoln will not lose their lustre, but will ever be enshrined in the hearts of the countrymen. No story, tragedy or epic poem can be filled with greater wonder than that which tells of the life and death of Lincoln. If he was not one inspired of God, then there can be no such thing on this earth as the interposition of the divine affairs of men. For as one writer has said of him, "At the last we see him standing with hand outstretched, feeding the South with mercy, the North with charity and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him, and his work was done." And so let us hope that his name and renown will serve as a bond of union to the land he loved and served with his whole devotion and may it ever be an inspiration to the character of the youth for nobler, loftier and more patriotic aspirations.