



6-12-1908

## The Ursinus Weekly, June 12, 1908

Welcome Sherman Kerschner  
*Ursinus College*


J. W. Riddle  
*Ursinus College*

Frederick LeRoy Moser  
*Ursinus College*

Ernest Carl Wagner  
*Ursinus College*

Albert Rosenberger Thompson  
*Ursinus College*

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# The Ursinus Weekly

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VOL. 6. NO. 36

COLLEGEVILLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1908.

PRICE, 3 CENTS

## BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

Reverend A. Edwin Keigwin, President of the College, delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class and their friends on Sunday evening, June 7. The spacious auditorium was crowded with worshippers. The Senior class attended in a body, and occupied the front seats. Rev. S. L. Messinger, D. D., Rev. F. C. Yost, D. D., and Rev. Dr. Blessing assisted in the services. The College Quartette sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "Nearer My God To Thee."

The theme of Dr. Keigwin's sermon was "The Vision and the Man." It was a scholarly discourse, exhorting the graduates to be steadfast in their accepted faith. The following thoughts were dwelt upon at length:

1. The measure of the man is the measure of his vision.
2. The measure of the vision will depend upon the spirit of the man.
3. The greater the vision, the more humble the man will be. As a man's vision is, so will his power be. The man of large vision approaches nearest to God.

## CLASS DAY EXERCISES

The Commencement exercises of the Thirty-eighth Academic year of the College were opened on Monday afternoon with Class Day Exercises by the graduating class. Friends and relatives of the graduates and visitors turned out in force to witness the opening of one of the most successful Commencements in the history of the college.

The program was conducted in the Auditorium and on the Campus. Mr. Hughes, president of the class, presided at the former, while Geo. B. Wolff was Master of Ceremonies on the campus. The Class Poem and Prophecy by Miss Eva Thompson was decidedly the feature of the program. The instrumental duet was also an enjoyable number. Mr. Leidy, as presenter, gave his class-mates appropriate gifts, "gentle reminders" of their college days. The Class made a departure from tradition in their Campus exercises and planted a tree instead of the customary ivy. Mr. Snyder delivered an excellent oration. The program follows:

### PROGRAM

President's Address Herbert Hughes  
Piano Solo Clarence Toole

History Ira J. Hain  
Recitation Lillie I. Beck  
Class Poem and Prophecy Eva Thompson  
Vocal Solo Rhea E. Duryea  
Presentation of Mantle Herbert Hughes, Pres. '08  
Receiving of Mantle Thos. M. Gilland, Pres. '09  
Class Prevaricator Edgar Rhodes  
Presentation Harvey Leidy  
Instrumental Duet Edgar Rhodes  
Harry W. Snyder

### CAMPUS

Master of Ceremonies George B. Wolff  
Planting of the Tree  
Oration Harry W. Snyder  
Receiving of the Spade Luther Lauer, '10.

## JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST

The Junior Contest was held in Bomberger Hall on Monday evening at 8 p. m.

If a careful study of this contest were to be made, it would be found that this year's contest was the best from an oratorical standpoint ever held at Ursinus. On Thursday of the previous week, a preliminary contest was held before a committee of the faculty, at which time the contestants were selected. The six speakers delivered their orations with such power, strength and ability as to prove each one to be a genius.

The conditions under which the contest was held were ideal. Bomberger Hall was filled to the utmost with an exceedingly appreciative audience; the music furnished by the Consolidated Band of Royersford and Spring City was of the very highest order, and reflected credit upon its Director, August Augsberg; these, together with the presence of President Keigwin, were the factors that made the conditions so favorable. The program follows:

### PROGRAM

MUSIC  
March, "Gardes du Corps," R. B. Hall  
Overture, "Black Queen," Fred White  
INVOCATION  
MUSIC: "Symphia Waltzes," Abe Holzman  
ORATION: Our National Progress.  
VICTOR JAY ABEL, Hellertown, Pa.  
ORATION: A Generation of Social Vipers.  
WELCOME SHERMAN KERSCHNER,  
Mahanoy City, Pa.  
MUSIC: Intermezzo, "The Gondolier," W. C. Powell  
ORATION: The Endowment of Future Generations.  
JOHN ALFRED KOONS, State Line, Pa.  
ORATION: An Undemocratic Constitution.  
GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Sylvan, Pa.  
MUSIC: "American Patrol," F. W. Meacham

ORATION: The Power of Ideas.  
ALLAN WALTER PETERS, Slatington, Pa.  
ORATION: The Responsibility of the People in a Democracy.  
ELI FRY WISMER, Gratersford, Pa.  
MUSIC: March, "My Maryland," Panella

### AWARDING OF THE MEDALS BENEDICTION

The Judges, Rev. Thomas R. Beeber, D. D., of Norristown, Supt. A. S. Martin, B. S., of Norristown, and Prof. Allison Gaw, Ph. D., of Philadelphia, awarded the following prizes: the Hobson medal, Allan Walter Peters; the Meminger medal, Garry Cleveland Myers; honorable mention, Eli Fry Wismer.

## ALUMNI ORATION

The Alumni Oration was delivered on Tuesday evening by the Rev. Paul H. Land, Harbor Missionary at Ellis Island. His subject was "Immigration and Citizenship." The address very vividly set forth conditions existing among our foreign element, and was intensely interesting. Before and after the oration, Miss Bertha W. Pyle, of Wilmington, Delaware, delighted the audience with several vocal solos. The reception in the library by President Keigwin followed.

## COMMENCEMENT DAY EXERCISES

With perfect weather, with many friends and alumni of the institution present, the Thirty-eighth Annual Commencement of the College ended on Wednesday with the graduation exercises proper. Dr. A. Edwin Keigwin presided for the first time. He made an address to the graduates which was one of the distinguished features of the exercises.

The salutatory oration was delivered by Harvey B. Danehower on the subject, "America's Call to Duty." The valedictory oration was given by David Leslie Stamy on the theme "The Problem of Anarchism."

The Commencement Oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, and was scholarly and appropriate to the occasion. His subject was, "Life and Service."

The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Rev. Dr. Stevenson, and D. D. upon Rev. I. Calvin Fisher, Lebanon, and Rev. S. L. Messinger, Trappe, Pa. The degree of A. M., in course

was conferred upon J. Linwood Eisenberg, Chas. A. Wagner, and Alvin E. Wagner. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon the seventeen graduates.

The program follows:

MUSIC:  
OVERTURE—"Light Cavalry" Suppe  
SELECTION—"Faust" Gounod  
MARCH—"College Life" Frantzen  
PRAYER

MUSIC: "The Palms" Faure

SALUTATORY ORATION:  
America's Call to Duty  
HARVEY BEAVER DANEHOWER  
VALEDICTORY ORATION:  
The Problem of Socialism  
DAVID LESLIE STAMY

MUSIC: Sextette,  
"Lucia di Lammermoor" Donizetti

COMMENCEMENT ORATION,  
by the Reverend J. Ross Stevenson,  
D. D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue  
Presbyterian Church, New York  
City

### CONFERRING OF DEGREES

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS,  
by the Reverend A. Edwin Keigwin,  
D. D., President of the College

MUSIC: "American Patrol" Meacham  
BENEDICTION

## BASEBALL

After a lapse of almost a month during which time all games were played abroad, our team appeared on its own grounds, and in a very exciting game defeated Albright college by the score of 5 to 4. The fact that the visitors had defeated our boys on a previous date added interest to the game, which was in doubt until the very last inning.

Albright was the first to score. In the third inning J. Kelchner walked, advanced to third on Isenberg's fumble of C. Kelchner's grounder, and a moment later both runners crossed the plate on Lavelle's single.

Ursinus tallied one in their half of the fourth on Horton's two base drive to left, followed by a single by Paist. A hit by J. Kelchner followed by a sacrifice hit and an error, yielded another for Albright in the fifth, while a single and a double resulted in their final score in the sixth. Ursinus gradually cut down the visitors lead by scoring two runs in the sixth on a base on balls, a sacrifice, Snyder's two base hit, and C. Kelchner's muff of Horton's fly. A single by Hain followed by two outs and a safe drive to right by Peters tied the score in the eighth. Albright proved helpless before the increasing effectiveness of Horton's pitching and were retired in order dur-

Continued on fourth page.



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FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1908.

EDITORIAL

Several of our loyal and patriotic alumni have come forward with a proposition to the student body with a view toward stimulating originality along a line of work that has for a long time been neglected. As a college, we have very few original songs. Every football season sees an adaptation of stirring words to some popular air, but they are only transitory. The need of some lasting songs has long been felt.

A prize of \$10 has been offered to the student producing the best original words for a college song. Another prize of \$10 has been offered to the student producing the best composition of music for the words. It is to be hoped that there will be a lively competition. The best method for contestants to pursue is for two to collaborate. Music without the words will not suffice, nor will words without music. The prize winning song must be a finished product. Here indeed an opportunity for those musically and poetically gifted. It is not too early to begin immediately, although the prizes will not be awarded until next Commencement, when a committee will be selected to adjudicate upon the selections.

\*\*\*

Owing to the Commencement Week exercises, which could not be written up before they had transpired, and owing to the Literary Supplement, which always

means extra work, our final issue of the "Weekly" is somewhat belated. We hope it reaches you all, and that you are in an anticipatory and anxious mood to scan its breezy columns. We wish you a successful and enjoyable summer season, free from the cares of toil, and fraught with many pleasant experiences.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

SCHAFF

On Friday evening, following the usual custom, the program was turned over to the disposal of the Seniors. The order of exercises was as follows:

Piano Solos, "Minuet" and "Nocturne," Miss Beck. Recitation, "The Last Foot-fall," Paist. Farewell Address, Miss Duryea. Optimistic Speech, "My College Course," Danehower. Vocal Solo, "If My Little Girl Were a Tiny Star," Miss Duryea. Essay, The Future of Schaff Society, Wolff. Farewell Address, "The Society as a Training Ground," Hughes. Speech, "The Joys and Sorrows in College Life," Miss Beck. Vocal Trio, "Juanita," Misses Beck, Thompson and Duryea. Gazette, Miss Thompson.

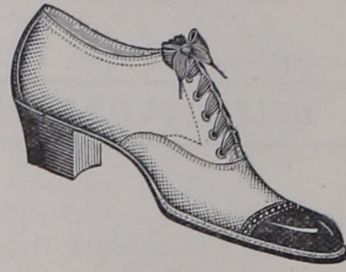
Under voluntary exercises, Misses Messinger, '10, Freyer, '10 and Thomasson '10, gave a musical selection, as the Sophomore tribute to the Seniors.

The following officers were elected for the next term: President, Krusen, '09; Vice-President Gilland, '09; Recording Secretary, Miss Miller, '11; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Booser, '10; Financial Secretary, Wismer, '09; Chaplain, Brehm, '10; First Editor Miss Long, '09; Second Editor, Fogleman, '10; Critic, Umstead, '09; Treasurer, Lauer, '10; Pianist, Miss Freyer, '10; Janitor, Knauer, '10; Library Committee, Lauer, '10; Museum Committee, Brehm, '10.

ZWINGLIAN

A program which was entirely out of the ordinary was rendered at their last meeting. It was impromptu, and the numbers were executed in good style. The program was as follows: Piano Solo, "Die Genise" R. S. Thomas. Original Story, "My First Days at Ursinus," H. K. Thomas. Recitation, "The Bobolink," Miss Sponsler. Instrumental Solo, Harry Snyder. Conversation, Messrs. Abel and Wagner. Quartet, Mr. Quay Leader. Two talks, 1. "My Summer's Prospects," Mr. Maeder 2. "The Summer School," Mr. Myers. Vocal Solo, "Johnnie Schmoker," Mr. Kerschner, '09. German Recitation, Maeder, '10. String Duet, "Swanee River," Messrs. Wagner and Moser. Miss Moyer in conclusion gave an ora-

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tion which was exceptionally well rendered and Bunting read an extremely entertaining Review.

**BASE BALL RESUME**

The following is a resume of one of the most successful seasons ever experienced by an Ursinus baseball team:

- Ursinus 3; Princeton 5
  - Ursinus 11; Williamson 6
  - Ursinus 0; Gettysburg 3
  - Ursinus 2; Mercersburg 5
  - Ursinus 3; Dickinson 2
  - Ursinus 3; Bucknell 2
  - Ursinus 2; Susquehanna 3
  - Ursinus 3; Albright 5
  - Ursinus 3; Dickinson 3.
  - Ursinus 1; U of P 4
  - Ursinus 1; Rutgers 0
  - Ursinus 9; Stevens 3
  - Ursinus 2; Delaware 4
  - Ursinus 5; Albright 4
  - Ursinus 10; Louisiana U. 1.
- Games won 8  
 Games lost 7  
 Ties 1

**NOTABLE WEDDING**

A notable wedding occurred at Royersford on the 10th of June, when Rev. Harry Wayne Kochenderfer, class of 1901, and Miss Mary Taylor, ex-'10, were united in the bonds of Hymen by the Rev. V. S. Rice, of Linfield.

After the matrimonial vows were solemnized, the newly wedded couple left for Harrisburg on a short honeymoon trip. On their arrival at Altoona, where the groom is pastor of Grace Reformed Church, a reception was tendered him by his consistory and all the ministers of the city.

Rev. Kochenderfer was for several years pastor of the Reformed church at Royersford, during which time the friendship and love had its inception. They will reside at Altoona.

**ALUMNI LUNCHEON**

A large representation of the Alumni Association dined at 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon in the College Dining Hall. After the dinner the following toasts were listened to, Dean Omwake, '98, presiding:

1. A Breeze from the South  
 CHARLES E. WEHLER, D. D., '87  
 Newton, N. C.
2. Athletics  
 MILES A. KEASEY, '06  
 Philadelphia
3. The Faculty  
 HOMER SMITH, PH. D.  
 Collegeville, Pa.
4. The Directors  
 HARRY E. PAISLEY  
 Philadelphia
5. The Alumni  
 REV. S. M. HENCH, A. M., '77  
 Fredrick, Md.
6. The College  
 PRESIDENT A. EDWIN KEIGWIN

**EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE**

An interdenominational conference for Christian workers will be held at Collegeville from August 20 to 30, 1908. The College, buildings, campus and beautiful spots in the vicinity will furnish meeting places for the various sessions.

There will be daily services. Addresses will be heard upon leading topics during the morning and evening sessions, while the afternoon will be left open for recreation and rest. The natural advantages and historic connections of the surrounding country will furnish sufficient interest to those attending upon the conference.

Leaders in the religious development of the country have been secured to discuss favorite themes. Among these men are Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D., Chicago; Rev. F. F. Bahner, D. D., Waynesboro; Rev. G. W. Richards, D. D., Lancaster, Rev. A. Edwin Keigwin, D. D., President of Ursinus College, Rev. Frank S. Dobbins, D. D., Philadelphia, and others.

A booklet has been prepared by the governing committee, presenting the speakers, themes, etc., and gives information how to reach Collegeville from various points. For copies of this booklet, or for additional information, address Rev. C. D. Yost, Secretary, Collegeville, Pa.

**CHARMIDEAN BANQUET**

The third annual banquet of the Charmidean Club was held on Saturday evening, June 6. Members and guests to the number of thirty-eight were received in the library, whence they proceeded to the College Dining Hall and partook of a dinner served in elegant style. Dr. Matthew Beardwood, Professor of Chemistry at the College, was the guest of honor. H. W. Snyder, '08, president of the Club, acting as toastmaster, introduced the following toasts and toasters: The Charmidean Club, W. S. Long, '09; The Class of 1908, W. S. Kerschner, '09; The Men of the Club, H. B. Danehower, '08. Club Reminiscences, C. E. Toole, '08; The Young Ladies, V. J. Abel, '09; Toast by an Alumnus, F. E. Heller, '07; Remarks, Dr. M. Beardwood.

The name of the College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, Kentucky, has been changed by the Legislature to the State University; \$200,000 has been added to what it has already been receiving, \$30,000 of this to be annual endowment.

The Mohammedan University of Cairo, Egypt, is celebrating the thousandth anniversary of its foundation.

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BASEBALL

Continued from first page

ing the last three innings; with Isenberger however the tide changed, hits rolled off the Ursinus bats in rapid succession; thus it was that hits by Abel and Hain scored a run and won the game in the ninth inning. The features of the game were the splendid uphill work of our team and the steady playing of the Albright infield. Buck in left field fielded splendidly, while Horton pitched a masterful game and well merited his victory. The score.

URSINUS

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Bunting, 3b	0	0	2	1	0
Snyder, lf	1	1	1	0	0
Horton, p	1	1	0	2	0
Paist, cf	0	1	1	0	0
Abel, 1b	1	2	11	0	0
Hain, rf	1	2	1	0	0
Raymond, c	0	0	7	0	1
Isenberger 2b	0	0	1	2	1
Peters, ss	1	1	3	4	0
Total,	5	8	27	9	2

ALBRIGHT

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
C. Kelchner, cf	1	0	0	1	1
Lavelle, 1b	0	1	11	0	1
Lebengood, ss	0	0	1	2	0
Becker, c	1	1	3	5	0
Croman, 2b	0	0	2	3	0
Buck, lf	0	2	3	0	0
Veiser, rf	0	0	1	0	0
J Kelchner, 3b	2	1	1	1	0
Isenberger, p	0	0	2	1	0
Total,	4	5	24	13	2

Ursinus 0 0 0 1 0 2 1 0 1—5  
A bright 0 0 2 0 1 1 0 0 0—5

Umpire Griffith, Norristown.

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA DEFEATED

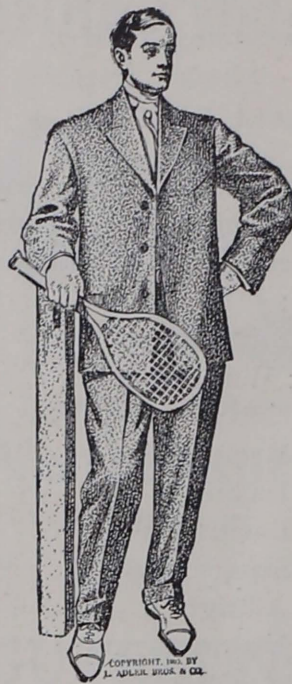
On Tuesday afternoon of Commencement Week, the final game of the baseball season was played, and from an Ursinus standpoint it was very interesting. The University of Louisiana team, which is making a tour of the Eastern colleges, were our opponents. Our boys won, 10-1.

Paist was sent in to pitch his last game for Ursinus, and the way he put them over was worth seeing. He allowed only two hits and sent 13 men to the bench via the three-strike route. Our boys hit the ball hard, Abel leading with three two-baggers. Paist and Snyder also hit well. For Louisiana, Geyer secured both hits.

The game witnessed the last appearance of three of our players. Capt. Snyder, ex-Capt. Paist, and Hain have donned an Ursinus uniform for the last time. It also sees the passing of our Coach, Mr. Watson, who will not be with us next year. All these men will be sorely missed.

The game was enlivened by the rooting of a delegation of ecclesiastical alumni in the left field bleachers, and the good systematic cheering of the student-body.

The score R. H. E.  
Louisiana—0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 2 5  
Ursinus —3 0 0 3 0 0 2 2 X—10 12 2



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# The Literary Supplement.

TO THE URSINUS WEEKLY

Volume 6.

June

## THE BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

The father of Professor Riddle has attained considerable celebrity as a writer of Scotch verse. While in the University of Chicago he was poet laureate of the University and several of his poems were published in the university publications and by the Scottish-American Magazine. At a birthday dinner given recently to Rev. John Gordon, D. D., Dean of the Theological School of Temple University in Philadelphia, at which fellow countrymen and college mates were present, the following verses were read by Dr. Riddle in honor of his life long school friend and fellow Highlander's natal day. Their publication has attracted much favorable comment.

Wha wadna' ha'd ae day a year,  
And muckle mak'o't tae,  
Tae mark when first we saw the licht,  
The bonnie licht o' day?

The day when joy the hale house filled,  
And twa hearts swelled wi' pride  
At comin' o' his lordship fine  
Tae grace the kintry side.

The lassies a' about the toon  
Cam' in the bairn tae see ;  
Some ca'd it sweet, some thocht it cute ;  
Some said : "It's unco wee."

The mithers tae, in aprons clean,  
The parish preacher braw,  
And ithers, thocht it worth their while  
Tae mak' a wee bit ca'.

Some hailed him for his male attire ;  
Some wished he'd been a girl ;  
Some ventured he would be a priest ;  
Some vowed he'd be an earl.

An' presents! Mair than ane could tell,  
Braw things, and claes sae braw,  
Wee hoods and hose, embr'idered goons,  
A coral ring, a rubber ba'.

Na', na', nae day hae risen since,  
Nae day wi' half the charms,  
Nae day when a' the world seemed oot  
Tae greet wi' open arms.

Ye then dae weel, my worthy laird,  
This anniversary day,  
Tae mak' a feast and ca' yer freens,  
An' hear what we've tae say.

The years hae come and laupt awa—  
Their number I'll na tell—  
Yet, John, they a' hae served ye braw  
An' ye hae fill'd them well.

The we'an has lang become a lad,  
A striplin', an' a man,  
A faither tae o' bonnie we'ans,  
In keep wi' nature's plan.  
A wee bairn rocked by mither's fit ;  
A bricht, wee lad at skill ;  
A preacher, doctor, college dean,  
In turn the picture fill.

Tis meet the world should honor worth,  
Though aft it's gye remiss,  
Ye socht its gid, yersel' ye've spent  
In addin' tae its bliss.

What mair could mortal man desire,  
While life and scope are given,  
Than dae sae weel his work on earth  
That man approves, and heaven?

Awhile aback ye've sarely missed  
A wife's dear form an' face,  
But God is gid—a daughter comes  
To fill the vacant place.

Blest in yer task, blest in yer hame,  
Esteemed by worthy peers,  
Yer life and name a steady licht  
That shines adoon the years.

We then congratulations bring,  
An' a' your joy share,  
An' a' unite the day to laud,  
An' wish you mony mair.

JAMES W. RIDDLE, A. M.

## CHARLES DARWIN.

### FIRST PRIZE ZWINGLIAN SOPHOMORE ESSAY CONTEST.

During the poetic age of chivalry the warrior was the hero of all. Since those romantic days of old, when the knight and baron ruled supreme, men have tended to divide the laurels among the conspicuous of the other classes of men. But although the poet, scholar and statesman were likewise held in high esteem, the soldier for a long time was most admired.

Men's heroes like themselves are changing, however. Not long ago a census of the opinions of its readers as to the comparative greatness of certain of their countrymen was taken by a French newspaper. Pasteur came first in the estimation of his countrymen and Napoleon Bonaparte fourth. Let us see then which of two men is the most deserving of undying renown—Napoleon, whose thirst for glory caused immeasurable suffering and to whom human life was as nothing, or Pasteur, who found a treatment for the dread disease of hydrophobia and who in this and other discoveries greatly ameliorated human conditions? Truly the scientist deserves a place in the hero worship of the Twentieth Century.

The life stories of the men who have left their names deep-carved on the walls of fame will always hold a charm, and especially so if their personal lives have been admirable. Their struggles with fortune, their joys and sorrows hold a common interest for everyone.

In olden times the scientist was supposedly in league with the evil one and in that way they solved the knotty problem, "What is Genius?" Today the devil is not held responsible for the men of science. We have associated with the word almost every branch of human endeavor. We aim to have everything scientific. But something of the old stigma still clings to the natural scientist. He is looked upon either as a sort of harmless idiot who wanders over fields and through woods gathering plants and catching "bugs" that are "of no earthly use to anybody," or as an acrid individual who always speaks through his nose and has little in common with mankind.

The lives of the great naturalists of this century and the last, however, clearly disprove this notion. If one glances over the lives of Thomas Huxley, of Asa Gray, of Charles Darwin and a host of others, he will find that in almost every case they have been men actuated by the best and highest of motives and although much absorbed in their work have been far from fanatical.

Possibly of all the 19th Century Scientists none have been more harshly criticized with as

little justice as was Charles Darwin, the author of the "Origin of Species," "The Descent of Man" and several other scientific works. It was he who firmly rooted in the minds of the great mass of the people the theory that the existing animal and plant forms on the earth assumed their present forms by long and gradual processes and that changes are still going on and will go on forever. But the world is coming more and more to appreciate the intrinsic qualities and beautiful character of the man who no matter what the provocation would never stoop to calumny and vituperation.

Charles Darwin was born in Shrewsbury, England, in 1808. His father, Dr. Edward Darwin and his mother Susanna Wedgewood, were first cousins. From his mother Darwin inherited those traits of gentleness, insight, purity of purpose, patience and persistence that marked him as an exceptional man. His father was a well-to-do physician of an old and illustrious family, devoted to his family and respected by his neighbors.

If Darwin was an exceptional child it was more because of his slowness of intellect than anything else. He plodded through school, college and university with no fixed purpose, seeming to study not because of any liking for his courses but because it was his duty. At Cambridge he formed a very profitable friendship with Professor Henslow, the instructor in botany. His methods of teaching with long tramps through the woods and country appealed to Darwin and he soon took a great interest in botany and a great liking for the professor.

Darwin's father regarded botanizing as mere idling and was ambitious that his son become a minister. When, therefore, Darwin became possessed with a burning desire to take up the offer of the Government to pay the expenses of a naturalist to accompany a surveying expedition around the world, his father, who had all along been not a little apprehensive of his son's propensities, offered serious objections. His father's consent was finally obtained and on December 27th 1831, when the "Beagle" sailed from England to circumnavigate the Earth, Darwin was aboard as volunteer naturalist. It was this voyage that determined the future of Darwin's life and an epoch was made in history thereby.

Through all the calms and hurricanes, fogs and storms of those five long years on the ocean, Darwin never once lost his temper. The officers and men were at first inclined to sneer at him, but gradually they came to respect and finally to love him. Captain Fitz-Roy had the proverbially sea captain's fiery disposition and quarreled with everyone on board, but when he came to say good-bye to the "flycatcher," as Darwin had been dubbed, tears came to his eyes as he said in broken tones: "The 'Beagle's' voyage may be remembered more through you than through me—I hope it will be so."

Soon after returning from his long trip around the world Darwin married his cousin, Emma Wedgewood, and to this woman the scientist owes much. Of her he once wrote: "If I occasionally lost faith in myself she most certainly never did. Only two hours a day could I work, and these two hours to her were sacred. She guarded me as a mother guards her babe, and I look back now and think how helpless I should have been without her."

Darwin and his good wife moved to the quaint village of Down in the County of Kent, soon after their marriage. The scientist was at first an object of curiosity among his neighbors but they soon came to like the young man. The village rector once said: "Mr. Darwin knows botany better than anybody this side of Key; and although he seldom goes to church, yet he is a good neighbor and almost a model citizen."



The scientist and his wife were blessed with seven children and with these Darwin was a constant companion and friend. Owing to poor health he was able to devote but two hours a day to his work and during these two hours the children took care not to disturb him. One of the little girls once ventured into her father's study while he was busily at work with his microscope. She wanted to get a forgotten pair of scissors and hoped to enter unnoticed. He saw her, however, and the gentle reproof that she read in her father's eyes as he pressed her to him and kissed her forehead was all the punishment the naughty little girl received, but she never trespassed again.

Soon after the return of the "Beagle" Darwin made an attempt to have his numerous specimens worked over by several of the eminent English scientists of the day but was finally advised that the collection was of infinitely more value to him than to anyone else, so he resolved to set to work arranging them. A pension was secured for him from the Government and upon his meeting with marked success in several of the London scientific societies his father fixed upon him a comfortable allowance for life. Thus relieved of the necessity of earning a living instead of calmly folding his hands and settling himself for a life of ease, he toiled for years as much as a weak body would permit him.

The idea of evolution as a solution to the problem of existing plant and animal forms came to him one day while on board the "Beagle" and from that moment became the dominant motive of his life. In his vast collection he had many forms that had never been worked over by a scientist before and several important discoveries resulted. He was always open to conviction and when shown to be in the wrong was always ready to change his opinions. Charles Darwin ever feared prejudice and hate, "a scientist must only love."

In the year 1859 his famous "Origin of Species" was published and not long afterward the "Descent of Man" appeared. In these works he has given us the most important facts and conclusions that he was able to reach, after more than a score of years of the most painstaking labor, concerning the solution of the problem of how the present forms of life came to be what they are. Scientists to-day are not agreed on several of the principles brought forth by Darwin in these and other works, but the one fundamental truth of evolution, which had before this time been almost ignored by scientists and thinkers, is as much accepted by the natural scientist as the law of gravitation is by the mathematician and physicist.

The men who have brought forth ideas not in accord with the accepted doctrines of theology have almost without exception been persecuted by the Christian church and Darwin's book on the origin of species had no sooner appeared than replies and challenges of all kinds were hurled at the quiet, unpretentious naturalist. Pulpits all over America and England denounced him in the most scathing terms. He was accused of "dethroning God," of "dishonoring nature," and of "contradicting the Bible."

The fidelity of several of Darwin's friends who stood by him in the thickest of the fight which ensued between Science on one side and all of Christendom on the other, the last echo of which can still faintly be heard, is most beautiful and inspiring. Darwin himself bore the criticism without malice and hatred. "Truth must fight its way," he said, "and this gauntlet of criticism is all for the best. What is true in my book will survive and that which is in error will be blown away as chaff." For the great mass of humanity, including some very highly cultured persons—at least supposedly so—who had never thought accurately along scientific lines, Darwin cared not at all.

"How can we expect them to see as we do," he once wrote to Gray, his most ardent supporter in America, "it has taken me thirty years to reach these conclusions. To have the unthinking masses accept them would be calamity. This opposition is a winnowing process and all a part of the Law of Evolution that works for good."

For forty years this good and earnest man lived in the same house in Down in the same unassuming, unobtrusive way. Gradually it dawned upon the great majority of thinking persons that Darwinism and infidelity were not necessarily synonymous; and that the example of the modest English naturalist was one worthy of the emulation of all. The man who twenty years before had seen his labors of many years scoffed at by clergy and laity alike lived to see his name linked with the greatest men the British Islands have produced. He wished to be buried in the little cemetery at Down, but at his death by universal acclaim his body was given a place in Westminster beside that of Isaac Newton.

F. L. MOSER, '10.

### ULRICH ZWINGLI: A contrast with Martin Luther.

#### SECOND PRIZE ZWINGLIAN SOPHOMORE ESSAY CONTEST.

There seems to be a common tendency, in considering the Protestant Reformation, to give Martin Luther a place as the greatest scholar and theologian in the movement. His achievements are much harped upon, and his faults, which were indeed few, are allowed to remain in oblivion by his host of fervid admirers. While it is usually safe to judge a man by his works, here at least this method has somewhat fallen short of discovering the truth. Undoubtedly Luther was the power and spirit of the Reformation, and undoubtedly he was largely responsible for its success, but his was not the greatest mind nor the greatest spirit that worked for the overthrow of Catholicism. The little country of Switzerland produced a man who accomplished less, and who influenced a smaller territory than Luther, but whose influence was equally lasting, whose character as a man was nobler, and whose intellect was infinitely mightier, than Luther's. His name was Ulrich Zwingli, and he was about a month younger than Luther. As a boy, Zwingli showed remarkable, almost phenomenal, ability to learn. He was schooled at Basel, at Bern, at the University of Vienna, and finally at the University of Basel. During fourteen years of study, Zwingli won great distinction as an orator, showed a wonderful talent for music, and learned to speak Latin better than he could Swiss.

Zwingli's career as a theologian may be said to have begun with the coming of Wyttenbach to Basel in 1505. This great teacher attacked the Catholic doctrines with such earnestness and success that Zwingli was won over. He was convinced that the degeneration of the Church was due to error, and he believed that the remedy could be found among the truths of the Bible. Immediately he began to study theology in earnest, learning, unaided, first Greek and then Hebrew, to better understand the Scriptures.

While at the parish of Glarus, his first charge, Zwingli began his fight with the Catholic Church. He attacked the use of Swiss mercenaries by European powers and by the Pope. Previously he had not considered this wrong, and had even received a pension from the Pope, but now he saw the lawlessness and vice the soldiers, returning from their long campaigns, were spreading among his countrymen. After a violent attack upon this practice, Zwingli

deemed it best to seek safer ground. He accordingly took a charge at Eisienehn. Here he preached his doctrines to the thousands of pilgrims who visited his church. So convincingly and enthusiastically did he argue that many forsook the doctrines of the Church and sought salvation through Christ alone.

After two active years at Eisienehn, Zwingli was called, through the powerful influence of his friends, to the Cathedral at Zurich. Here the reformer had reached his battlefield, and here his greatest work was done. During his early years at Zurich, Zwingli expounded the first seven books of the New Testament, with such earnestness and eloquence that he gained instant recognition as an exceptional orator. During this time the Reformation in Switzerland had been steadily gaining impetus, and Zwingli himself was acquiring great influence in Zurich. As a result of a public disputation in the presence of six hundred men, at which Zwingli brought forth sixty-seven articles aimed at every institution of the Catholic Church, and then defended himself against the inevitable charge of heresy, a decree was passed permitting the clergy to teach nothing unwarranted by the Scriptures. In the same year the use of images and the sacrifice of the mass were forbidden. Soon Zurich threw off the yoke of Rome entirely, and established itself independent, with a government in which the same men were at the head of both the civil and the religious organizations. Under this novel system, the idea of Zwingli, all the distinguishing features of the Catholic Church and finally the rule of the celibacy of the clergy was abolished. This permitted Zwingli, who had two years before married Anna Reinhard privately, so as not to arouse his enemies, publicly to celebrate his nuptials.

Though generally Zwingli's views coincided with the usual Protestant doctrines, there was one vital point on which he differed. This was the question of the mass. Zwingli believed that the Lord's Supper was simply the commemoration of the atoning death of Christ—that the meaning of the whole ceremony was symbolic. Luther's literal view of transubstantiation was entirely opposed to this, and he could find no terms harsh enough to denounce the new doctrine. To prevent, if possible, a rupture between the two Reformers, a meeting was arranged at Marburg in 1529. But after the Swiss leaders had yielded in every point to the obstinate Luther, and when a compromise seemed imminent, the question of the Mass arose. Here Zwingli stood firm, but argument with Luther was useless. He wrote on the table before him, "*Hoc est meum corpus*," and from that stand he budged not a whit. Nothing could be done, and the two Reformers parted, with an ever-widening breach between them.

With this disappointing failure for the Swiss Reformation came another, far more serious. The forest cantons of Switzerland, which were still adherents of the Catholic Church, had formed an alliance with Ferdinand of Austria to check the growth of Protestantism. Zwingli vainly urged the Reformed cantons to unite, but each city wanted to be centre of the confederation, and in the ensuing dissension they became even further disunited. While they were thus at variance the Catholic Church suddenly attacked Zurich, and easily overcame its hastily gathered defenders. Then, upon the miserable field of Cappel, the Protestants were routed, and Zwingli, the heart and soul of the Swiss Reformation, was slain.

There appear, in comparing Zwingli and Luther, a number of decided contrasts. These are probably due to the different educations the two men received. Luther was reared in a Catholic atmosphere, and broke away from the Church only after a hard struggle. Although well educated, he was not a deep scholar. He



did not attack problems like a thinker, and work logically to a conclusion. He seemed to have an intuition for religious truth, and this led him to form his convictions.

Zwingli was not brought up to deeply revere the Catholic Church, and it was comparatively easy for him to separate from it. He was, preeminently, a scholar and a thinker, and reached his conclusions by study and by logical thought. Whereas Luther dreaded to make religion a matter of the mind, with Zwingli everything was a matter of reason. This difference probably accounts for their failure to agree at Marburg. Luther had his conviction; he would not argue; he was too absolute to compromise. Zwingli had his conclusion; he was willing to convince or to be convinced; he yielded all he reasonably could, but at last he, too, was conscientiously opposed to compromise, since he was fully convinced that his position was correct. Of the two men, Zwingli had undeniably the greater intellect. He was broader minded and more generous than Luther. In several conferences, such as with Erasmus and Zwingli, Luther distinguished himself more by the pertinacity with which he adhered to his ideas than by the force or logic of his arguments. After middle life it seemed that when Luther had formed an opinion, his mind obstinately closed itself against the admission of any new idea. Opposed to this are Zwingli's constant search for learning and his frequent public disputations in Zurich. Zwingli was always open to reason, while Luther was not. Here, certainly, the Swiss Reformation was superior.

In point of energy, Luther was truly remarkable. He, even more than Zwingli, was indefatigable, and judging by the results of his efforts, if he was not more active, he at least made better use of his energy. Luther was impetuous, Zwingli was deliberate, both were tireless, but, by his lion-like way of doing things, Luther accomplished more than Zwingli.

As leaders of men there is but little difference. Both gained large followings, Luther by sheer force of character, Zwingli by sweet reasonableness. Luther, through inconsistencies in his policy, especially regarding the Peasant's Revolt, lost many adherents, while Zwingli seemed ever to grow in popularity.

While Zwingli's character was without a blot, Luther's showed a few blemishes. He was not a generous man. In his controversy with Erasmus, he resorted to the worst vilifications, and cherished an unchristian hatred for him ever afterward. After the conference at Marburg, though Zwingli offered him the hand of fellowship, with tears in his eyes, Luther bluntly refused it, an act showing either ungenerosity or intolerance.

Comparing their merits as men, both were fearless, tireless, humble before God. Both showed remarkable strength of character, but Zwingli was nobler than Luther, his mind was greater and broader; and he was more, infinitely more, to be admired than his rougher, more forceful, contemporary.

E. C. WACNER, '10.

## THE SCHOOL AND THE CONVENT

Nellie Tromby sat in the twilight by the window of her cell in the convent, brooding. Her's was a peculiar history. Her whole young life had been one long series of misunderstandings, she mused bitterly. The very first recollection of her early youth was about a beautiful day when she, a child, and her elder sister Mildred had quarrelled in the back yard over some affair too trifling to be remembered. That quarrel seemed, she thought, to be typical of her everyday existence. She had been raised by a mother whose whole life was bound up in petty pro-

prieties, and was nagged by a sister with a dull, languishing disposition, and so "proper" that even her mother was well pleased. She herself was possessed of a free, nature loving spirit, with a strong feeling for the artistic, inherited from her talented father who was now dead. The very differences in their characters had been the basis of her total lack of sympathy with her mother and sister.

The one oasis in the burning desert of her life was the consolation she received from her love of nature. Almost a tom-boy in her roving disposition, she liked to wander through the fields and woods near by and commune with the birds and squirrels, and they alone seemed to understand. She remembered how, in her long rambles through the woods, she had learned to love the songs of the birds and to appreciate the beauties of the flowers, and how, when far from other human beings, those fleet-footed and feathery creatures had all done their share in the modelling of her character, even as she made definite forms of the shapeless clay in her hands.

She had gone to school, because she respected the tongue of her mother, while her mother had made her go, because it was proper. She was very quick to learn, but she studied little, for what cared she for grammar or mathematics? The woods, the fields, the flowers and the birds were to her at once both teachers and books, and she learned those lessons well. At school she was the general favorite with her fellow pupils, which only tended to increase her unpopularity with her sister and mother. School over, she would hie immediately to her self-appointed school room—the open air, with its four walls, the northern, southern, eastern and western horizons. There, in the midst of nature, she would feed her soul upon the beauties about her, returning to her "home" only when it became necessary.

But such a life could not last forever. In due time she had mastered the obnoxious books and had graduated from the home school. Then her whole artistic temperament had cried aloud for development, but the cries fell upon deaf ears. After a long, vain struggle with her mother, she found herself by the side of her sister on a train, en route for a distant girls' school. She knew she would hate the school and the school life even before she arrived at the college, and after being established she found that her worst premonitions were verified. Her free, out-spoken disposition quickly made her a favorite among the girls, although she herself did not like the character of her fellow students. The restrictions galled her, and she liked but few of her studies. The matrons and professors were unkind, and above all, the school was situated in a town. But all of these grievances she withheld from her schoolmates with true Spartan determination, and at first she really tried with all her strength to adapt herself to her new conditions. But the call of nature was too strong, and the rebellious spirit inherited from her father was not to be suppressed. In spite of her good resolves, she found herself continually infringing upon the rules of the institution.

She found that she could not bear the company of the girls liked by her sister, and she picked her own associations from among the more care-free class of students. She was not very careful as to her attendance of classes, nor of the rules and by-laws of the institution. The matron warned her in no uncertain terms, and the faculty shook their heads and gave her fatherly advice, but she could not compel herself to do that against which her whole soul cried out. All of those petty infringements of the rules were carefully embellished and reported to her mother by Mildred, with whom she was compelled to room.

But there were some phases of her college

life that had appealed to her. The girls had banded together and had presented to the public several amateur dramas and plays. Here she had developed powers hitherto unthought of, and had entered into the plays with all her pent up soul. Her success as an amateur actress was lauded by everybody, increasing the now developed jealousy of her sister. Her friendly rival in these amateur performances was a girl named Mamie Palmer. Because of their mutual tastes they had found a common ground in their love of art, and a friendship had been formed.

At last came a crisis in the affairs. The faculty had sent a letter complaining of her conduct to her mother. How well she remembered that terrible, scathing letter she had received as a consequence, announcing that she would soon arrive. The next day her mother had come, and her mind revolted from the scene that followed. Insult had been added to injury, and her mother had reproached her in the cruelest terms. As a crowning insult, she had announced her determination of sending her daughter to a convent. Bitterly resentful, she had been packed off to this convent at Fort Sernia, Ontario. And now, an inmate for two weeks, she sat, gloomy for the future, and resentful for the past.

As the weeks went by, she found the life in the convent even less to her liking than that of a student. Compelled to wear the plain garb of a novice, to comply with the terribly strict rules, to do needle work and to learn cooking that she hated, she thought often of the wild, free life of the denizens of the woods and the fields, and felt the kindness of her matrons to be only a mockery. It seemed to her that she appeared to them merely as another charge, who was to be forced to comply with the rules, and that they did not try to understand her longings. All through the beautiful spring days and the long summer months she remained in the narrow confines of the convent, which daily grew more odious to her liberty-loving nature. The caged bird becomes accustomed to its imprisonment, but her weariness for her surroundings increased daily. Her face had taken on the pale countenance of the nun, without the peaceful resignation of the sect. She became sullen and moody, and her eyes flashed fire as she looked across the distant fields—her forbidden paradise.

As the time wore on, and the green leaves turned to Autumn's yellow and gold, she stood looking out of the windows. A matron touched her arm, and she received from her hand an opened letter from her old friend Mamie Palmer. In the post-script she was reminded of a certain method of writing that those two had employed while at school. She interpreted the letter through this key and found that her friend had, in an amateur performance, come into the notice of a manager of a travelling theatrical company, and that she had secured a position in the company. She said that there was a vacancy, which she knew Nellie could fill; she begged her to escape the nunnery, and lured her with a short description of stage life.

The temptation for freedom was too great. Quickly Nellie laid her plan of escape. She sent a letter with the same key to Mamie, in which she specified the time and place of meeting, and the necessary clothes, for she would have to discard her convent attire. Then she whiled away a restless day. Impatiently she waited till nightfall, and until the nun sleeping in her room had fallen asleep. Then rising and dressing quickly, she stole softly to the window. It was about fifteen feet to the ground, but she calculated that if she left herself hang a moment full length from the window, she would have something less than ten feet to fall. She seized the sill with her hands,



swung out of the window, and with a gymnastic trick landed unhurt on the turf below. Quickly making her way to a dark angle of the surrounding wall, she scaled it by means of a board and dropped safely on the other side,—free.

Mamie was there; Nellie quickly changed her apparel and away went the two girls. She filled her position on the troupe well, and for four months enjoyed a freedom from restraint such as she had never in all her life felt. She travelled as the sister of Mamie Palmer, and for the short space of a quarter of a year she really enjoyed life.

But meanwhile the authorities had been busy and when Nellie's troupe entered Nashville, Tennessee, presenting a play in the Buckingham Theatre, the detectives soon noticed in the performer the prescribed traits of the escaped nun. Her arrest came to her as a terrible shock, for she had never dreamed of being recognized in her theatrical dress. Her hopes of freedom vanished; and she drank her cup to the dregs when it was made known to her that she must return home. Home! To a hated sister and an angry and unjust mother! There was no escape, for an escort was required to go with her. From her who seemed a true sister she was parted, and her future was a blank.

A. R. THOMPSON, '10.

### THE DECISION

The patrons of Sherry's were for the most part preparing to take their leave. Here and there parties could be seen to be breaking up, and good-nights being said. Absentmindedly some one would forget an umbrella or some equally trivial thing, only to be called back and reminded of it by the ever watchful, alert garcon. So every one wended their way toward the door, on the whole a very blase looking lot, the men seeming bored by each other's company, and the women appearing also to view their fellow-beings present, superciliously. On the outside the monotonous call of the cabbies droned in one's ear, and the crush of people still pouring through the huge plate glass doors made one almost forget that it was not some earlier hour in the evening. Two men were just emerging and seemed to bring up the rear of this great throng of New York's wealthy. Long after the hurry and bustle had ceased, and the great lights, one by one, were being lowered in the huge dining hall, these two stood. "I tell you Smith," one was saying, "it has always been my belief that the call of the blood is stronger than that of the law, and"—

"That may be true," interrupted his companion, "but given a situation where a man must decide between righteousness and family blood, unless he be a moral coward his decision is inevitably in favor of the former."

"Well, perhaps you are right Smith, but I for one still have my faith unshaken; by the way" he added, glancing around for the first time, "all the cabs seem to have left. I guess we had better be wending our way toward the Club." After walking a little way they succeeding in arousing a very sleepy night-hawk, whom they found dozing in his none too substantial vehicle.

After arriving at the Club and partaking, as Smith always laughingly insisted it was, of a night-cap, this, in spite of the fact that both ordered drinks to their room, they went upstairs.

Smith, who had been drinking unusually hard of late did not retire at once, but spent some time before the rather ample glass. He observed, with no little uneasiness, the dark lines already beginning to show with distinct-

ness under his eyes. Having carefully assured himself that his eyes were bloodshot, and did not look just right, he ambled across the room, taking his coat off as he went, and deposited it neatly folded on the back of a chair. "Hang that trial," he muttered thickly as he kicked his shoes off.

Now for the enlightenment of those benighted creatures who possibly will not understand Smith's allusion to a trial of any sort in his life, let it be said, that he had been empanelled, along with several others of New York's younger set, to appear in Court next morning to allow two attorneys to decide whether they were worthy of sitting in judgment of some alleged criminal.

He hated trials of any kind, did Smith, and that one should have to arouse one's self at such an unheard of hour in the morning as ten o'clock was a beastly bore. Yet as he quietly, if unsteadily, got into his pajamas he sighed resignedly, "It has to be, I guess." And again, as he clicked the electrics, "hang trials anyway."

The next morning found him in Court at the appointed hour, inwardly resolving as the result of early rising to repeat the experiment, as it hadn't proven nearly so distasteful as he had imagined it would.

In the Court room he learned the nature of the crime, a case of embezzlement. The prisoner's name he was unable to learn at once, so he set himself the task of waiting patiently until his turn should come. Incidentally he determined to form an opinion of the case, in advance of the trial. From the little he could gather from a fleeting glance at the bill of indictment, which lay open on the clerk's desk, he decided to favor the Commonwealth and so he concentrated his mind on the one thought that he had already arrived at a conclusion, namely, that the defendant, whoever he might be, should be adjudged guilty.

"Now if it wasn't for that dance at the Ward's tonight, I wouldn't care so much, but I've just got to"—

"Herbert Smith," some one was calling his name—dazed, he looked up. "Herbert Smith" again thundered the Clerk.

This having one's train of thought interrupted was scarcely conducive to a good temper, and he rather sulkily took his place in the jury box to answer the questions of the attorneys. To his utter disgust he heard himself telling the defendant's counsel that he formed no opinion regarding the case. After some parleying on the part of the lawyers he was accepted. When a full realization of what had happened came over him he was furious with himself.

"Of all the addle-headed fools, I am the worst," he said, so loudly that the Judge heard and scowled a menace. But presently when it appeared that all the jurors had been selected, and that the case might be rushed to a conclusion that day, Smith's wrath cooled somewhat. "Perhaps I shall get to the dance after all," he muttered, and then fell silent awaiting the arrival of the prisoner. In the brief interim which intervened between the acceptance of the last juror and the bringing in of the prisoner, he casually studied the man next to him. Where had he seen him? He looked familiar. Carefully scrutinizing his features he wondered where he had last seen that person. What could he—

"Why hello, Smith, you look as though you'd eat me, that is if I would let you," remarked his neighbor, as he turned in his seat and caught a glimpse of Smith's perturbed countenance. It was the voice of his friend of the night before, and Smith, only just now realized that he had been almost fiercely staring at the other for the last few moments.

"Oh I beg your pardon," he mumbled, trying to gather his wits together, and shake off

his rather abstracted air, "I was wondering vaguely where I had met you, before you turned around, I was so confoundedly mad at being chosen on the jury that I scarcely noticed anyone."

Just then the tramp of feet along the corridor caused every one to center their gaze on the door to see the entering prisoner. A pale, sallow, dissipated youth was led in, who gazed around with wholly disinterested eyes until they fell on Smith. Both prisoner and juror started, for here, by the irony of fate was the son of his uncle, upon whom he was called to pass judgement. However, beyond the first momentary start neither betrayed their acquaintance.

Smith had often heard of his cousin's wild doings, had occasionally run across him, but they had never grown intimate. Here he was, all but a criminal in the eye of the law, arraigned before a body of men in whose midst sat his own kin. Sad, but the course of duty lay straight before him and Smith determinedly set his mouth.

During the whole trial no sign of recognition passed between the cousins, yet by a sort of mental telepathy they communicated and understood one another. The trial did not end that day, nor the next, nor yet the day after, but dragged itself interminably throughout the length of a week. But Smith forgot the flight of time in watching the progress of the trial. Everything was clearly against the prisoner, and when the case finally went to the jury the concensus of opinion was that a verdict of guilty was assured. That day Smith had found himself peculiarly susceptible, messages from the prisoner reaching him continually. During the discussion in the jury room he heard constantly that one cry, flashed to him through solid intervening walls, "Save me."

Smith, glancing over his shoulder, thought he saw one word written on the slip of paper his friend held. He sighed, then setting his teeth he wrote "guilty" on his own slip, and prepared to thrust it in the box provided for that purpose.

Then the final assault on his mentality came from his unfortunate cousin. To Smith it seemed that every one in the room must be charged with the cry which was pounding in his ears. It was the calling of one soul, across the chasm of crime appealing to another for help. Almost involuntarily Smith's pencil began to move. Slowly, surely it travelled across the piece of paper. And when it stopped a tiny word of three letters preceded his original verdict.

Dazedly Smith took the paper, folded it carefully, and dropped it into the receptacle. Then shaking himself as if to be free of any further mental waves, he glanced up to find his friend studying his face intently. The conversation in front of Sherry's, linked with his mental attitude throughout the trial, flashed before him. The other jurors started to hear him break the stillness with a sarcastic laugh. Nor could they understand what it was made him gaze so abstractedly out of the window, but Smith did, for he had shirked a moral obligation to answer a "call."

\* \* \* \*

The next morning the news-boys reaped a harvest from the sale of their papers, for the astonishing news of young Smith's acquittal filled the sheets. No one had expected it, but the jury had decided "not guilty," and to-day was witnessed the closing of an incident which had stirred all New York. Smith, the juror, dazed, read and realized that he was not the only one who had received that pitiful message calling for help; knew now that twelve men instead of one, had heard and answered. And silently, reverentially he thanked God.

(METCALF.)