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The Ursinus Weekly, November 16, 1906

Harold Dean Steward
Ursinus College

William Moore
Ursinus College

Dawn Thomson
Ursinus College

Harvey M. Leidy
Ursinus College

Charles Henry Brown
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The Ursinus Weekly

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COLLEGEVILLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOV. 16, 1906.

PRICE, 3 CENTS

CALENDAR

Friday, Nov. 16, Literary Societies, 7.40 p. m.

Saturday, Nov. 17, Football, Ursinus vs. Lehigh University, at Bethlehem, Pa.

Tuesday, Nov. 20, Glee Club Practice, 7.00 p. m.

Wednesday, Nov. 21, Y. M. C. A. meeting at 6.40 p. m.

Y. M. C. A.

WEEK OF PRAYER SERVICES

The Y. M. C. A., are holding special services each evening of this week in observance of the Week of Prayer. At these meetings the student-body are having the pleasure of listening to instructive addressess by prominent ministers and Christian workers of Eastern Pennsylvania.

Monday evening a very interesting and well thought out address was given by Dr. E. A. Pfatteicher of Norristown, Pa. He spoke upon the great question, which troubles so many earnest Christians, "Why Do the Wicked Succeed in Life?" The following is a brief sketch of Dr. Pfatteicher's talk.

Why do the wicked succeed in life, is a great question, and one that troubles many people. People trying to do right find it hard to get along. The fact, that the wicked do succeed in life, makes this question one that is hard to answer.

The following are reasons why the wicked succeed in worldly things;

1. Heart's desire of different people differ. Character is the expression of heart's desire. The wicked man differs from the Christian in his interputation of words. For example, each admits that pleasure is the gratification of the senses. But in term, senses, the wicked man differs, and therein lies the evils of pleasure. Other words may be taken, such as money, fame and knowledge.

2. The heart and soul of wicked man is wrapped up in his vocation. Today we develop specialists. These men are devoted to their work, and will do anything to succeed in their special line. The preacher of today cannot specialize. He must be a man of many gifts. The business man must devote his time to his work to succeed, and it is almost impossible for him to be honest.

3. Wicked man does not consider conscience as a dictator of his actions. He follows only his desires,

or lusts. The student who uses keys to get out his work, and stands at the head of his class, is such a one. The plodder, coming out at the foot of his class, but who does his own work, is the one who lives up to the dictates of his conscience.

4. God has a right to prove people. By allowing wicked to succeed he proves them, and those about them. Outward plenty is not always a sign of inward peace. Happiness and wealth are not synonymous terms.

Tuesday evening, Dr. Theodore Herman, Allentown, spoke on John 12:35. He likened the Bible unto a flower, which would open up its beauty and scatter forth its fragrance. Place the teachings of the Bible into a human heart set with passions and darkness and they will be like a beacon light to that soul.

Dr. Musser spoke of the life and character of Jesus Christ, portraying his purity, his power, and his manliness.

In answer to his questions concerning religion he said, "Religion is the personal attachment to Jesus, loyalty to his kingdom and enthusiasm in his work."

Thursday evening, Dr. O. P. Smith, spoke from 17th Chapter of Exodus. Dr. Smith took the people of Israel as his example showing that although the struggle of God's people may be long and trying it turns out well in the end.

He pointed out to the young men the great privileges they enjoy educationally and admonished them to be strong Christian men.

Cromwell said, "Trust in providence, God expects us to do all we can and then look up to him for assistance in greater things."

PERSONALS

Prof. W. A. Kline was in Wayne Junction Sunday morning, assisting in the organization of a Foreign Mission in the Reformed Church in that city.

Lau, '09, was at his home in Hanover from Tuesday until Wednesday, in attendance at the funeral of his grandmother.

Koons, '09, was called to his home at Greencastle Wednesday on account of the sudden death of his grandfather.

Yost, '10, was compelled to give up his studies for several days, and returned to his his home in Tuscorora on account of sickness.

FOOTBALL

URSINUS LOSES TO GETTYSBURG.

At Reading Saturday before a large crowd Ursinus was defeated by Gettysburg by the overwhelming score of 59-0. Although out-weighted and outclassed the Ursinus eleven put up a plucky fight to the end. In fact, as the game progressed Ursinus played better football. During the first half Gettysburg gained at will, but in the second half were forced to punt or try field goals. The game, however, although one-sided, was a pleasing game to look at, as it was speedy, and marked by little rough play.

FIRST HALF.

Captain Ellis won the toss, and received the kick-off. The ball went over the goal line, and Paiste punted out from the 25 yard line. After three plays Gettysburg scored a touchdown. Sieber kicked the goal.

Ursinus again received kick-off and Hain carried ball back thirty yards. Abel made 20 yards on an end run, and by a forward pass gained 20 more. On next trial of a forward pass ball was lost to Gettysburg. Sieber received ball by a fake crisscross play, and breaking through the line ran 60 yards for a touchdown, after which he kicked the goal.

Hoover kicked off to Gettysburg, and after about five minutes of play by means of tandem plays and a series of end runs scored the third touchdoun. Sieber again kicked goal.

Roth received the kick-off and ran the ball back 20 yards. Abel received a forward pass gaining 15 yards. Hain carried the ball around end for 6 yards when Heller and Quay were tried but failed to gain. Another forward pass was tried, but ball was lost to Gettysburg about centre of field. Again Gettysburg easily made her distance in three downs, and soon scored her fourth touchdown. Goal was kicked.

For Ursinus Hoover again kicked off, and Weimer returned ball 20 yards. By a series of tandem plays, and quarter-back runs, tackle plunges, Gettysburg rushed the ball almost full length of the field for the next touchdown, and kicked the goal.

Sieber kicked off to Roth, who was downed after advancing ball but five yards. By a forward pass Ursinus made first down. Heller and Hain were tried, but did'nt

make the necessary ten yards. Again, an unsuccessful forward pass gave Gettysburg the ball on Ursinus' 25 yard line. Swartz was sent through for ten yards, Sieber for five, and Swartz for six more, placing ball on three yard line. Sieber carried ball over for a touchdown, just before time was called. The goal was kicked, and the first half ended with the score, Gettysburg, 36, Ursinus, 0.

SECOND HALF.

During second half Gettysurg scored two touchdowns, and kicked three field goals. Hoover kicked off to Gettysburg. Failing to gain Sieber punted, and after one or two plays Paiste returned punt. Gettysburg rushed ball to twenty five yard, when Sieber drop-kicked a field goal. During the remainder of the half Sieber was successful in kicking two more field goals out of three additional attempts. Gettysburg managed to score two touchdowns, also, but kicked only one goal. Final score, Gettysburg, 59, Ursinus, 0.

For Gettysburg, Sieber, Lament and Swartz played the best game, while for Ursinus, Heller and Hain played the best. Isenberg and Captain Ellis put up a strong game on defense, and Abel played a good offensive game.

At the game, Swartz of Gettysburg returned to Captain Ellis a head-gear, which he had secured by mistake at the Ursinus-Gettysburg game in 1905. This little act shows that the Gettysburg men play fair and conduct themselves as gentlemen.

The line-up of the teams was as follows:

Gettysburg.		Ursinus.
McClure	left end	Alspach
Swartz	left tackle	Qyay
Benner	left guard	Ellis, Capt.
Taylor	center	Cook
Chamberlain	right guard	Hoover
Snyder	right tackle	Heller
Pownall	right end	Abel
Lammert	quarter-back	Paist
Sieber, Capt.	left half-back	Eisenberg
Brumbaugh	right half-back	Hain
Weimer	full-back	Roth

Referee, Tylor, Princeton. Linesmen, Capt. Taylor and Brown. Touchdowns, Sieber, 5; Brumbaugh, 2; Weimer, 1. Goals from field, Sieber, 3. Goals, Sieber 7. Time of halves, 25 minutes.

On the last Sunday in Oct., Rev. W. A. Yenser, A. B. '92 of Marietta, Pa., preached in Messiah Reformed Church, Philadelphia morning and evening.

THE URSINUS WEEKLY

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FRIDAY, NOV. 16, 1906.

EDITORIAL

The first meeting of the Ursinus Union was held Monday evening, and a greater number of the college students were present. The purpose of the Union is to promote the interchange of thought between the several groups, and to give each group the opportunities to learn the activities in the other. On last Monday evening the Chemical-Biological Group and Department of English were represented, and at the next meeting two more groups shall furnish the program. Thus, the ideal of the organization is to prevent narrow-mindedness of the student-body, and to give the student, although a specialist in some particular group, a general knowledge of the workings of the others.

Every student in the college should become a member of the organization. It will be for his personal benefit and profit. By spending an hour and half once each month attending these meetings, he will acquire a rough resume of the papers and talks, the material of which had been collected in but little less than a month. All join; it will be a pleasure to you as well as a profit.

SOCIETY NOTES

SCHAFF

The program for Friday evening was a debate. The Subject, Resolved: "That it is a good policy to prevent electioneering by candidates for office," was well debated by both the negative and the affirmative sides. The program was

opened by a piano solo "The Scarf Dance" by Miss Spangler '09. The subject was debated affirmatively by Messrs Cook, '07, Hughes, '08, and Miller, '09, negatively by Messrs Heller, '07, Paiste, '08 and Wismer, '09.

The arguments were as follows: Affirmative.

1. Our government is founded on principles. Spoil system led to electioneering.

2. Candidates electioneering leads to corrupt politics.

3. It is wholly unnecessary to electioneer.

Negative.

1. Electioneering by the candidate is a benefit to the people.

2. Electioneering is a benefit to the candidate.

3. It is absolutely necessary for a candidate to electioneer.

The Judge, Mr. Fegley, '07, decided in favor of the affirmative side as argued by the debaters.

The program closed with a vocal solo by Mr. Fogleman in his usual proficient manner.

ZWINGLIAN

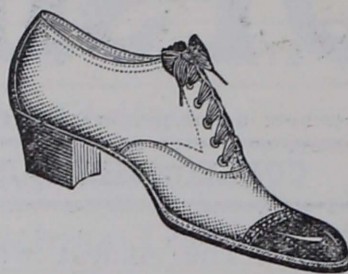
The program for Friday evening was entirely musical and was rendered in an exceptional and highly successful manner. The first number was a well selected Cornet Solo by Stoner, '08 which was followed by a Male Chorus lead by Koerper. The chorus rendered several very pleasing numbers. The Violin Solo by Rhodes, '08, was a very pretty selection as was also the encore. Messrs. Kerschner, '09, Long, '09 and Thomas, '10, acquitted themselves admirably in a Piano Trio. The Vocal Solos by Quay, A and Piano Duet by Messrs. Kerschner, '09 and Thomas, '10 were received with considerable favor. The String Trio Maeder, '10 leader rendered several selections of the most charming nature which they followed up by a very pretty characteristic encore. The Male Quartet Fry, '07, leader sang in their usual capable manner while the Zwinglian Orchestra Rhodes, '08, leader concluded the program with several masterful and appreciated selections.

Under Voluntary exercises Snyder, '08, favored the Society with two very beautiful Guitar Solos. The Review by Custer, '09 was a well edited paper and humorous throughout.

MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF URSINUS COLLEGE

The annual fall meeting of the Board of Directors of Ursinus College was held in Bomberger Hall on Thursday, November 8. The following directors were in attendance: Henry T. Spangler, William S. Anders, J. W. Meminger, George S. Sorber, John M. Vanderslice, Philip A. Vollmer, J. M.

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S. Isenberg, S. L. Messinger, A. D. Feterolf, James A. Miller, and George Leslie Omwake. Professor A. S. Zerbe, of Tiffin, Ohio, Professor James I. Good, of Philadelphia, and Professor W. A. Kline were invited to sit with the board as visitors.

The reports of officers showed the affairs of the College to be in excellent condition. The Dean's report indicated an increase in attendance in the College during the past five years of seventy-five per cent. The enrollment in the College at the present time is 103.

The report of the Treasurer showed that during the past eight years the bonded indebtedness of the institution has been reduced gradually by the sum of \$20,500. The total receipts for the past year were \$51,853.32, while the total expenditures were \$50,233.63, leaving a balance of \$1,619.69 which was applied to the reduction of the floating debt. This is the first time in 18 years that the College has closed up a year's business with a balance instead of a deficit.

The Finance Committee have projected a movement for raising a fund for the College, of \$50,000. A large part of this is to be raised among the churches which have always supported the institution in the past. About a dozen successful pastors are uniting in a campaign to raise 2,500 each by presenting the cause of the college to neighboring congregations.

Professor Alvin S. Zerbe, of Tiffin, Ohio, presented a series of resolutions adopted by the Ohio Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, proposing the organization of the Heidelberg Theological Seminary at Tiffin, Ohio, and the Ursinus School of Theology, in Philadelphia, into one large institution, which would ultimately include other bodies of the West, the new Seminary to have a central location, to represent the entire church and to extend its influence throughout all the Synods.

Action was taken by the Ursinus Directors, favoring the proposition and directing the Theological Faculty to act in conjunction with the committee of the Ohio Synod already appointed, and with the advice of the College's attorney in arranging the details of a compact of union. The whole matter will be referred back to the Board for final action.

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

On Wednesday, November, 7, Dr. J. I. Good, Dean of the Seminary, attended the services incident to the inauguration of Prof. Johnston to the chair of Church History in the Dutch Reformed Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 11, a

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number of the students attended and participated in the services at the Chinese Home Mission located at 1002 Race Street, Philadelphia. A splendid work is carried on there among the Chinese who live in that part of the city which is usually known as Chinatown.

On Friday morning, Nov. 9, Prof. Zerbe of Heidelberg Theological Seminary, Tiffin, Ohio, addressed the students.

There has recently been established the nucleus of a museum consisting of curios collected in Palestine, China, and Japan. An interesting, as well as valuable collection is already on exhibition. Most of the collection was secured by Dr. Good on his recent trip around the world. Several days ago Dr. Good received from Miss Dreibelbis, a missionary to China, a number of coins over 1400 years old as an addition for the museum.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. J. C. Stamm, S. T., '06, pastor of St. Paul's church, Pottstown was married to Miss Pauline C. Herbrecht, of Doylestown on Tuesday, Nov. 6. The ceremony was performed in the finely decorated parlor of the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Herbrecht, of Doylestown.

Rev. Eli Keller, A. M. '86, of Allentown, spent Tuesday, Nov. 6, visiting relatives in Reading. Among these is Miss Louisa Hoffeditz, an inmate of the Widows' Home, who is almost ninety years of age. She is a daughter of the late Dr. Theodore L. Hoffeditz, who was a well known minister of the Reformed Church from 1815 to 1858. She and a brother in Philadelphia are the only members of the family remaining. One of the daughters was the wife of Dr. Keller.

Prof. Chas. Grove Haines, A. M., '03, will be married to Miss Bertha Moser, A. B., '02 on Tuesday Nov. 27.

Rev. V. S. Rice, '01 held services preparatory to communion each night except Saturday of last week at St. Vincent Church.

Rev. Maurice Samson, S. T., Spring City is preaching this week for Rev. E. J. Laros, '96, at Lansford.

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URSINUS UNION

Monday evening the Ursinus Union held its initial meeting of the year. In accordance with the program Dr. Shaw gave a very interesting and instructive talk upon "hybrids," and the recent investigations and experiments of Mendel in this field of biology.

Miss Neff, '07, read a skilfully written paper upon the "English Novelists of the Last Decade." In this paper Miss Neff discussed the works of the best novelists of the last ten years, and their place in the world's best literature. The following is a resume of the essay:

Just as the drama held sway over English literary work during the 16th and the beginning of the 17th century, and as poetry commanded foremost recognition about the middle of the 19th century, so the Novel at the present day is supreme in both England and America. To it all literary work has yielded. The drama no more is written. History is written with no literary end in view. The modern essay is no more literary. Poetry has almost ceased to be written. The novel stands foremost, and embraces every field of knowledge, History in the Historical Novel, Science in the Scientific Novel, Local customs in the novel of Local Coloring, and political, moral, or social discussions in the Purpose Novel.

The Historical Novel, perfected by Scott, as shown by the last decade has declined. Historical facts interwoven with fiction proved injurious and such books as "The Crisis," "Audrey," "Janice Meredith," "The Brethren," and "The Lily of France" do not live.

The Novel of Local Coloring as represented in the last decade in "Tilly," "The Reign of Law," "The Conquest of Canaan," and "Sky Pilot" seldom outlives a generation. To this one sufficient reason can be attributed: Human interest is what makes a novel survive and when this is overshadowed by an all absorbing description of some place or custom interest is lost and the book is forgotten.

The purpose novel is best exemplified and most successfully represented in Dickens' "Oliver Twist," "Little Dorrit," "Nicholas Nicholby," etc. Here revelation of purpose and development of character go hand in hand. More frequently, however, the purpose overshadows the plot. Or again the purpose with which the book may have been written no more accords with present conditions and the book dies. Such inevitably must be the fate of the novels of the last decade, "The Undercurrent," and "The Jungle." The purpose novel contributes little to the store of immortals.

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been cast aside because human interest has been veiled by purpose, by local coloring or by historical setting there still are a few which are affected by none of these. If to any of the period in question there can be attributed a long life the following present themselves.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marriage of William Ashe" is a book filled with living characters. The story is important however for the portrayal of Lady Kitty. "The Home of Mirth" by Mrs. Whorton is noted for the characterization of Gus Grenor and Lily Bart. It is the lesson of the removal of the sinful through the incoming of the intellectual. "Tommy and Grizel" by J. M. Barrie for the portrayal of the two characters will live.

"The Awakening of Helen Richie" by Margaret Deland is the lesson of the awakening of a sinful girl to true womanhood through adoption of a child. The book is remarkable for the portrayal of the child character.

Perhaps with these can be classed Parker's "Right of Way," and his latest novel "The Weavers," "The Common Lot" by Robt. Herrich, and "The Double Harness" by Anthony Hope.

Short story writers like Joseph Conrad, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Alice Brown and Mary Wilkins receive no recognition here.

This decade is peculiarly placed. Hardy and Meredith in England

and Howells and Cable in America have ceased to write. Their best works, worthy of the title of immortals, were produced just beyond the ten year limit. Were it the decade following or had it been the one preceding to be analyzed a better dercee might be given. Judging from the decade 1896-1906 it seems that the production of good novels, viz., those that are destined to survive, in proportion to all the novels written is small, and that novel writing has already reached its zenith and is now on the decline.

After the reading of this paper Dr. Smith gave a report of the recent activities in the Department of English. He spoke of Professor Bear's two volume work upon "Romanticism." In his talk Dr. Smith told of the immense influence of the romantic element in our present-day writings to off-set realism.

Forty new members joined Monday evening, whom the old members are glad to welcome. The Union is for the benefit of all college students, and it is hoped all will join. The larger the membership, and the livelier the interest all take in the preparation of the programs, the more benefit and pleasure will all derive.

Rev. W. U. Helffrich, A. B., B. D. '93 who recently received a call from Watsontown, Pa., has withdrawn his acceptance and will remain at Bath.

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The Literary Supplement.

TO THE URSINUS WEEKLY

Volume 5.

October.

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD

Away back, ages ago, when the earth was without form and void, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep" the all powerful God brought order out of chaos and turned the shapeless mass into a beautiful garden. That there might be light he made the sun to shine by day and the moon to reign over the night. The earth was made for a foundation, dry land appeared interspersed with oceans, lakes, and rivers. The Lord might have left the world thus without a sign of life upon it, and it would have shown beauty, as well as the power of his hand. However, he was not satisfied, but forming life out of the elements and developing it through the ages into all the different plants and animals, he bestowed the greatest beauty upon the world. He had now made the garden and all that was needed was a gardener. To fill this position, man was made who should ever appreciate its beauty and do all in his power to preserve its splendour, caring for it as all gifts from God should be cared for.

From generation to generation this garden has been handed down until it has come into our possession. Let us now look about and see how we appreciated its beauty if we indeed appreciate it at all. I have met people who openly declare that there is no beauty in nature, there are others who say there is no music in nature, and still others who admit in words that the garden of the Lord is filled with beauty but inwardly do not believe it. Such people are to be seen on every hand and an example of this is easily found. Here is a man who in taking a walk speaks to a friend about the beauty of yonder oak tree; to-morrow a wood-cutter may offer him a few dollars for the tree, and without a moment's hesitation he will accept the offer and permit the tree to be destroyed. To him a few dollars is worth more than the most magnificent tree.

We Americans speak with pride concerning the high cultivation of our aesthetic nature, while on the other hand with hardly a murmur and for a few thousand dollars' gain to a few men, we allow Niagra one of the grandest scenes in the Lord's garden to be destroyed. Is this the proper way to appreciate this beauty? Is this the way a gardener should care for a garden? No, a thousand times no! What then is to be done? There is but one thing to do. Let each one do all in his power to preserve the beauty of nature unmarred. If he sees no beauty there let him consider others and for others sake and the reverence of the Creator, let him restrain the destroying hand. He may not now see the grandeur of the scenery, but sometime let it be hoped his eyes will be opened, and he will see splendor all around where before no beauty existed for him.

When the Lord made this garden he did not make it to show beauty alone but he made it to be of use to all. No man can say he possesses a liberal education who has not studied Nature. A knowledge of the things in the Lord's garden is of value to a man no matter what occupation he pursues. The value of the study of plants

to a physician is unquestioned. A lawyer must feel the influence of nature upon himself before he can understand its influence on other men. Ministers preach the most powerful sermons when they feel the influence of nature upon them. Christ preached that powerful sermon on the mount while nature was shedding its influence all about him. A literary man can not appreciate half of the poets unless he has studied nature. The poet receives his inspiration from nature, while many of the best paintings are scenes taken from the garden of the Lord. The former does not receive half of his dues until he has studied the laws of nature and knows which birds and insects are his friends and helpers. All who work in shops and offices do the best work after they have rested in the garden of the Lord, and received the inspiration which can there alone be found. Thus without cutting down the trees, shooting the birds, or harnessing the rivers we can reap many benefits from them and allow them to serve the purpose for which nature designed them.

I have spoken of the beauty of this garden and how it helps men in all occupations, but it is more than beauty and more than a material help to man. Just as music is more than so many notes so placed as to produce a pleasing sound, so is this garden more than so much beauty and usefulness. Music expresses to man the higher emotions and ideals of the composer while nature expresses to man the perfection and boundless love of God. To prove this statement I need only refer to history. Mohammed received his idea of God from quiet retirement into the solitudes of nature. The early life of Christ was spent in the very heart of nature, where the birds and flowers ministered unto him. Paul after his conversion retired into the desert to get nearer to God. Even in our own country we find similar examples. George Washington approached as near God as possible by going out in the woods at Valley Forge to pray for his country. Thoreau shunned society and retired into the garden of the Lord to gather food for his soul, while to-day we find John Burroughs living a pure and noble life in the very heart of nature.

Since nature has exerted such an ennobling influence over men in the past and even in the present day, will she not influence us to a higher and nobler life if we but give her a chance? Yes, she assuredly will. Nature is no discriminator of persons. She speaks alike to the rich and poor. Through his garden the Lord makes himself known to all who will stop and listen. If therefore we but tarry a while in this garden in communion with all that is beautiful and holy, instead of rushing through life greedily scrambling for money, we will be inspired to live a high and noble life, and finally "sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust," we shall approach the grave, "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

MOORE, '07.

WANTED: AN INSTRUCTOR

To say the least Jean Marie Corat was discouraged. When one is three months out of college and no position assured the spirits do not tend to buoyancy. Jean was disappointed in that the world did not recognize his superior talents. He supposed that when he started out to earn his living he would be able to achieve the same wonderful results that had always crowned his smallest undertaking at the university. So the first month he was content to spend in a high class boarding house whiling away his money and time and wondering vaguely what he should do if at the end of a month he had not secured a permanent position. In his leisurely way he had inquired into two

business opportunities which had come under his notice, but declining them for one reason or another he had resumed his dreaming in his rather ample room. Thus he plodded on in his "happy-go-lucky" way, refusing this or or that, because it did not, as he once remarked to a friend "offer sufficient opportunity for advancement."

The next month found him searching for less expensive apartments. He was concerned now not a little by his inability to secure a business opening and by the steady drain on his treasury which had dwindled to a mere nothing during these weeks of idling. The third month he was forced to be content with a dingy room in a squalid tenement. He was now so poor that he was as he expressed it "living on charity", and indeed it had been so. Were it not for a few idolatrous former classmates who still believed in his powers to succeed in whatever he attempted, he would have starved. Many were the nights, when, sitting cold and hungry, in his wretched room Jean would be surprised by a knock. In answer to his summons, in would walk a waiter from the club of some friend, bearing a tray with a hearty meal. Thus did his friends shower comforts on him and more and more he depended on their charity. Finally however, even the misplaced confidence of his associates began to waver. They awoke to their folly and ceased this indiscriminate giving. They saw now this hero worship must stop, hero worship which had begun at college when he had won the cross-country, and had continued up to the present disastrous time. Thus it was that on this particular night Jean was discouraged, but to his dismay on looking the situation over he failed to fathom why success in some form or other had not visited him. Then he remembered the story of that man who waited outside the gates of Paradise for a thousand years. During that time the gates had been opened once and that during the hour in which tired from waiting he had slept, and he had been compelled to watch another thousand years. Jean pondered on this tale until daylight, vainly groping for the moral and wondering in a vague sort of way what connection it had with his own life story. Why had it occurred to him and why was he thinking of it? Thus he thought and weighed the question into the small hours of the morning. Towards dawn a light began to break upon him, at first gradually, then surely the truth came home to him. As the sunlight began to filter through the frayed and ragged shades, understanding came to him in full. "To think," he muttered, "to think that I should have been waiting for the mountains to come to me instead of my going to them. Why was I satisfied to live on the charity of my friends? Bah, what a fool and a sponge I have proved myself to be. Success was mine on every hand at the university, while now the thing I succeed most gloriously in is a failure. But I am going to get on from now; I am going to hunt a situation this very morning and I don't care how menial it is either. To think of my refusing good places heretofore which had I accepted would have put me in a fair way to success." Having thus denounced himself to his own satisfaction he flung out of the room.

Had any of his comrades wandered into the Metropolitan building a week later, they would have been surprised at the remarkable resemblance one of the elevator boys bore to Jean himself. This particular boy although he had been there but a few days, in that short time had become a universal favorite with the tenant. Immaculately clean and so polite, he was well thought of by everyone who frequented the building. Another thing that would have puzzled Jean's friends was that he bore the same name as that individual. But it could not be their Jean for he had grown so idle lately that he had even given up looking for the gilt edged

position for which he had so yearned. But strange as it may seem it was the Jean of their acquaintance, not the Jean of old but a rejuvenated Jean. He had secured this position not long after that memorable night when he had found himself and had expressed such a candid opinion regarding his character. He had reflected long and earnestly on the advisability of accepting such a position, but he argued that running a lift was a rather elevating business, giving him plenty of opportunities for a raise, so he accepted with enthusiasm.

I may say that earlier in his life Jean had cherished the idea of some day becoming a school teacher, but this wish had been smothered along with his other ambitions during that shiftless period, and he had forgotten all about it. But lately this dormant desire had revived, and he determined to "brush up his roots" and become an instructor. After several weeks diligent study he finished his task and began to look around for a suitable opportunity. Jean did not have long to wait. One day not long after this a politician in the building in whom Jean had confided his ambition, remarked as he was being taken up to his floor. "Say, Marie, I've found just the thing your looking for, found it in the morning press; here it is." As he stepped out of the car he handed Jean a newspaper clipping. When he had time that day Jean read the little slip. This is what he saw on it:

Wanted. An instructor to teach Latin and Greek. Must have good recommendations. Address, Narbeth School, Kansas City Mo.

He at once set about answering this important "ad" and then to wait as patiently as he could for the answer. The reply arrived in due time saying that they, the school, would be pleased to give him a trial providing he pass the examinations enclosed. The letter went on to say that although this plan might strike him as peculiar yet, it had been their custom for years to examine the candidate at a distance, if possible, and for that reason they advertised in a foreign paper. Of course one could cheat very readily by such a plan, but they trusted his honesty implicitly. The letter was signed, J. A. Wilson.

Jean worked his examinations, forwarded them, passed them and soon after, he himself started for Kansas City. Upon arriving he at once went to the Coates House, secured a room and being very tired slept all morning. About two o'clock in the afternoon he arose, dressed with elaborate care and strolled into the café. After a rather hearty meal he walked into the office and inquired where the Narbeth School was. The clerk looked at him for a moment in blank astonishment and then burst into a fit of laughter. Somewhat angered now by what he supposed to be insolence, Jean, repeated the question.

The Clerk looked at him a moment then seeing he was in earnest, answered his question. "It is out near Westport somewhere, but what in the dickens do you want with the Narbeth School." But Jean did not pay any farther heed to him, now that he had his information, and walked away. Had he turned around as he walked away he would have seen the clerk and the telegraph operator exchange quick glances, but as it was he saw nothing.

After dinner he ordered a cab for eight o'clock and went into the smoking room for his after-dinner smoke. When the carriage arrived he was exceedingly annoyed by having the cabby look at him in astonishment when he told him where he wished to go and asked him twice for the address. "Why that sir is"—"No matter what it is," snapped Jean, now thoroughly angry, "you drive out there or I'll know the reason why." The cabby seeing no other alternative, slowly mounted his seat and having seen

him safely ensconced within, drove off. Jean began to wonder why people seemed to be astonished at his wanting to go to the Narbeth School. Why had the clerk laughed at him and why was the cabby so astonished when he had spoken of that particular school? He was still pondering over this perplexing question, when the cabman called down to him. "Here you are sir, this is as close as I can get to the place." He got down and opened the door for Jean to get out. The sight that met Jean's eyes was far from promising. A high stone wall which seemed to extend for blocks lay in front of him. By the light of a nearby street lamp he made out a sort of gate in the wall near where he was standing. "Is that all sir?" He was startled by his cabby's voice at his shoulder. "Yes, I think so, here's your fare and don't forget to call for me in an hour." Having seen the cab and rider out of sight, Jean turned to the gate. After loud pounding for a full minute, he heard some one unlocking the gate. It took some time, and to make matters worse, right in the midst of the process the street lamp went out, leaving the whole vicinity in total darkness. Soon, however, the party on the other side had the gate unlocked and was holding it open for him to enter. This he did, and was surprised to hear a woman's voice speaking to him in the darkness. "You are late," it said "but come in, maybe they will pardon you this time." A dark figure seemed to sweep by Jean and start up a path. It undoubtedly expected him to follow from its words.

Although the night was warm Jean involuntarily shivered, it was all so uncanny. He debated whether to fly or to stay and await developments. With quick decision he chose the latter, and followed the dark figure up the path. His queer guide led him up to the house, as he supposed, and having knocked at a door three times, was admitted. He then followed her down a long hallway, still in semi-darkness, at the end of which was a door, at which the same thing was gone through as out in the open. The guide having gained admission, led the way into the centre of a dimly lighted room to an altar on which burned some stifling incense. Seated in a circle around this were persons dressed in the garb of nuns. Their heads were bowed, nor did they look up until Jean's guide spoke. This queer person had never once looked at Jean. During the entire time he had been with her.

"Jean Marie," she began in a sing song voice, looking at the now thoroughly frightened Jean, for the first time, "you have passed"—but she got in no further for with a blood curdling scream she rushed at Jean and shouting at the same time "A man, A man! We have let a man in," "The whole company sprang at Jean who had fainted. When he recovered consciousness, he was still in the same room but bound and gagged. The sisters were still flitting about with bowed heads and the sickening incense still burning. Upon seeing him open his eyes, one of the sisters who seemed to be Mother Superior addressed him thus:

"Jean Marie, I take it that is your right name, this is a convent into whose sacred walls no man had been, up to your coming yesterday. Needing a new Instructor, and not desiring any publicity, we advertised in a New York paper, 'Thinking you a woman we permitted you to be a candidate. You passed the examinations satisfactorily, and started for this city. 'Partly through our own error, therefore, you have gained admission into this most sacred gathering; but, nevertheless, she added, as she saw signs of hope come into Jean's face, "you must die. You may think it extraordinary that we could be able to kill you outright in as large a city as this, but reflect that our sisterhood is very strong, and I don't think I need to dwell on the superstitions of the poor who would do anything we said. As your's

is a very grave offence to come within the confines of this sacred School, you must die. I have vouchsafed you this explanation because I wanted you to know fully why you were going to die, and why your unconscious blundering was punishable by death." Having finished she turned to the sisters and with a nod toward Jean said, "Do your duty, sisters," and left the room. The sisters advanced, put a rope around Jean's neck and—

* * * *

The next morning a body was found outside the Narbeth School wall horribly maltreated. The aristocrats were properly shocked but the poorer classes, on looking at the body in the morgue, would shake their heads wisely, cross themselves and mutter something about the secrets of Saint Angus and walk on. The papers attributed death to thugs and the rich people, believing this, thought no more of it; but another class read the article and knew better.

DAWN THOMSON, '10.

SOCIALISM

Socialism, one of the questions that is being agitated throughout our country, is by no means a new one. As early as the year 1620, when our Pilgrim Fathers touched these shores, socialism found its beginning. The Pilgrims experimented with the socialistic principles for sometime, carrying it to its logical and extreme limit. They did this not for the reason of adhering to the doctrines of Socialism, which were not then known, but for their sincere love for one another and the deep conviction that their circumstances justified such a course. True it is that the circumstances under which they performed their experiments in Socialism, were conducive to success.

The Pilgrim Fathers were well united, and a carefully selected people, free from any disputes as to what course they should take.

They agreed to have their land in common, to have a common treasury, a common food supply, a common cultivation of the soil, a common division of the fruits and last of all, that which dominates their lives and gave them that determination to succeed, a common religion. A religion that was far in advance of the Puritan religion, unlike the religion of Moses, but like that of Christ—a religion of love of sacrifice, and of service.

Further, socialism was favorable for the very reason that they were isolated from all frauds and self appropriations that pervade our country to-day. They were not decoyed by corrupt politicians, by fraudulent bank directors or by greedy life insurance presidents. There were no convenient charities upon which the lazy and inefficient could draw for aid.

Passing through this long expanse of years, we are brought face to face with the social, industrial and commercial machinery of to-day.

At the present time two consciences are struggling for public supremacy in the United States. One of these is the general conscience of the people with their standards of right and wrong, their ethical code, their religious beliefs, their notions of civic and private honor. The other is the code of the few score men who control great corporations, great railroad systems, great banks and trust companies, great industries, and the men who wield the power of the aggregated capital of the country.

The disclosure of banks, trust companies, and insurance companies within the last few years shows the attitude of the few criminally rich toward the savings of the common people. But this is not only the attitude of a few bank presidents and insurance presidents, but is the rule among many men in the high financial world, for they consider themselves as a class by themselves and the common people as another class. These select few deem it their

duty to look after the savings of the general public and invest these savings in order to keep the United States in a prosperous condition. When the banks have large reserves, the insurance companies have large surpluses, and these select few mark up the value of a lot of paper which they have printed known as stocks and bonds, then the times are good and the country prosperous in their opinion.

However in our criticisms of the system of high finance we may fail to consider the sincerity of those who accomplish these great financial affairs. As a usual thing these monsters of the financial world live secluded, and whether in Wall Street during the day or at the Waldorf or some magnificent club at night or at the beach in summer they come in personal contact on terms of equality only with others of their own kind. The mass of the people are much further removed from communication and contact with these few scores of men than if the people of the United States lived in Paris or London. Should any of these select few fail in his financial plans, he drops out of the class humbled and his successors go on more determined than before with the firm belief that the only success is the possession of many millions, and the only failure is the lack thereof.

The same thing is true of the great corporations which these few control. Between the real product and the consumer there is a widening space, upon which stand the high financiers. Every year labor became more efficient and productive. Every year the tastes and standard of the general public rise and their capacity to consume becomes greater. Instead of bringing these two classes on a nearer level where each would profit without harm to the other, they separate and high finance switches off a great deal of this wealth to private pockets.

A result of this policy appears in the change of form which capital in the United States is taking. Savings used to go into homes, into small bonds and mortgages and savings banks. The volume of these forms of saving has increased in proportion to the population, but not in proportion to the increase of wealth.

Now it is the isolation, the self deception the false view of themselves and our society which is taken by our criminally rich, that is making what we call socialism.

MR. LEIDY, '08.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL

"Fond memory paints the scenes of other years, green be their memory still. Oh, I never shall forget. Oh, I never shall forget the old school house on the Hill."

Hearers, you recollect these words; they are part of the song which I hope every one of us has sung with all the enthusiasm and good feeling by which it is wont to inspire every childish heart.

The school house on the Hill, what a little thing it is but how significant! If there is anything like equality in this world it exists there. The goddess of wisdom makes no distinction of classes or orders in conferring her blessings upon her worshipers. Here the sons of the rich and poor meet on terms of equality and act out their little drama in concert. Here questions of state, questions in ethics are decided by a natural jurisprudence without preliminaries or codices. Each is a judge and each a juror.

As we are assembled here to-night we cannot help reflecting upon the vicissitudes of life time has brought about in a comparatively few short years. But I hope there are still some among us who were taught the idea to study in the little red school house. Although its land-mark has now wellnigh disappeared, its principles, however, which lie at the foundation of our American school system stand out

in hallowed and emblazoned letters. Although its characters may be amusing to us, the whining school-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwilling to school, or the school-master severe and stern to view as every truant knew or as the boding tremblers learned to trace the day's disasters in his morning face, and though he amazed the gazing rustics ranged around with words of learned length and thundering sound, I say that although these are amusing, the place is still dear to memory. Did I say dear? Yes dear! Why? Because the little red school house prior to all else stands for opportunity. Under the shadow of its roof was cradled and nursed a Republican form of government such as the world has never seen. Yes cradled and nursed in the hearts of pioneers and patriots from 1707 to 1775, when as a lusty youth yet very immature it stepped forth into the world to sound for proud and sneering nations, the deathknell of tyranny and despotism in the world, to prove that government of, by and for the people was not to perish from the face of the earth.

How fitting and awfully true are the words of Byron when he says:

"Can Tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise, when she
Sprang forth a Pallas armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild;
Deep with unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast or Europe no such
shore?"

That Pallas is none other than our educational system reared in the Little Red School House. Take this vital element of a free and democratic people away and you will invite ignorance and superstition, such as existed in the Dark Ages into your homes and your country. Nay worse, at the demand of a proud and imprudent aristocracy you will grovel at their feet and humbly submit into the hand of the usurper that liberty which you so long worshipped to be enchained with the pitiless tyrannical shackles forged by cruel despotism for her. With each rising sun your ears will be greeted by the sound of marching soldiery, the clank of arms and the rattle of musketry accompanied by martial strains. If torn from loved ones, severed from all that is noble and just, be content if thrust in prison or as a slave you be dragged for the rest of your days into regions worse than the Siberian mines. Forbid that such should come to pass and it never will so long as we hold intact those ideas inculcated by the little Red School House on the Hill.

Foremost among men of American History it has made possible are such as Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and hosts of others who breathed the wholesome breath of freedom there. It made possible a Webster, a Clay, a Calhoun and a Day, statesmen who will be remembered long after the last foundation stone of American institutions has crumbled to dust. It has given us a Lincoln, the memory of whom will be cherished as long as mortal man breathes air through his nostrils. Grant, McClellan, Meade and Lee are but the withered blossoms of the golden fruit yet unripened, to say nothing of a Marshall, a Blackstone clothed in judicial garb, or a Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and a Holmes, its bards and sages.

Within its folds and under the shadow of its eaves, Mark Hanna a most combative competitor in politics, first learned to whip his equals and superiors in fistic struggles. In the same school J. P. Morgan showed his inclination by selling his books to another boy long since become famous as an author. In our own state Read, one of the contemporary writers of his time has won fame through that beautiful well known poem, "The Closing Scene."

Yes it is the shrine where thousands of forgotten souls have satiated their hunger and thirst for wisdom but if their names are not found on the pages of history, if fortune in a seemingly unkind manner has wiped out all traces of their existence, let us not

Impute to these the fault

If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted
vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

What blessings do we not enjoy in this our own day and generation? Following close upon its heels arise the more lofty and classic college halls in which you and I as students by favor of providence have had the opportunity to meet. Alas! for us there shall be no more little Red School Houses. They are gone as the years which lie behind us; they are gone but not forgotten. Forget them, no let us never! They stand for that which makes life possible and a living which is worthy of that life: they stand for Liberty yea more, freedom of conscience, of action and of thought.

BROWN, '07.

OUR POET TRAVELER

In the southern part of our neighboring county of Chester, some thirty miles southwest from the city of Philadelphia, is the little village of Kennett, or Kennett Square, as the Post Office Department calls the place. The town lies in a beautiful, well-wooded, rolling country, thickly dotted with substantial farm-houses.

Not far from Kennett Square, a stately mansion may be approached through beautiful grounds. Plants in great abundance, shrubs in profusion and trees of many varieties adorn the lawn, bordering the walks or shading the house. A number of fruit trees of different sorts, several weatherbeaten chestnut trees, a long row of pines and firs are seen on the grounds, and last but not least important are the cedars, standing alone and in groups, which suggested the name for this beautiful home, "Cedarcroft."

The house is an imposing edifice, built of brick, two stories high, excepting the front part which is surmounted by a square tower. The spacious veranda on the south side, partly overgrown with vines, the balconies, porticoes and the large windows give to the plain and substantial building, a light and cheerful appearance.

We enter the main hall which extends through the centre of the house. The reception room, library and dining room are large rooms, with open fireplaces and large windows, all of which teem with memories of the great writer who lived here and filled them with life and good cheer. Here was the home of Bayard Taylor, a Pennsylvania writer, of whom too little is known and of whose works, many of us are entirely ignorant.

Born in Kennett Square, spending his boyhood days on a farm adjoining "Cedarcroft," apprenticed, at the age of nineteen, to a printer, ambitious to be a poet and to travel, Bayard Taylor succeeded in realizing his boyish hopes.

Here at Cedarcroft, under the inspiration of the beautiful surroundings, Bayard Taylor wrote most of his best works. His writings include articles for newspapers and magazines, letters, criticisms, editorials, lectures, novels and poems. Of him, his friend Henry Boker says: "He traveled with pen in his hand." Endowed with a clear intellect and a poet's sensibilities, he was able to produce sketches of his travels that are highly interesting and the many volumes, including "Views-a-Foot," "Travels at Home and Abroad," and "El Dorado" deservedly swell our literature of travel.

Taylor's ambition, to excel as a poet, never lessened and critics and contemporary poets

have accorded to many of his beautiful poems their admiration and praise. Lowell pronounced the "Picture of St. John" to be, with the exception of Longfellow's "Golden Legend," the most finished American poem and critics ranked with Longfellow's dramas, Taylor's "Masque of the Gods," "The Prophet," and "Prince Deukalion."

In his "Poems of the Orient," he is able to charm the readers with his sympathies for that fascinating region and his descriptions of the unpracticable life of the Bedouin. His numerous other poems are worthy and deserve their full share of credit.

His most brilliant achievement, however, was his translation of "Faust." In seven years, he accomplished the labors of a life time and secured the success for which he longed. A student of the German language he possessed the linguistic equipment and with it, the enthusiasm and devotion, necessary for such an undertaking. His work is accepted as the standard English translation of "Faust" and in his effort at translation a poetic masterpiece, he has surpassed both Bryant and Longfellow.

Few men, among writers, have toiled so hard and persistently as did Taylor, and fewer still have acquired like fame under similar disadvantages. Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell and other New England's poets had refined and educated ancestors. Their early training received most careful attention. Surrounded by good books, having cultivated homes, attending good schools, they finally finished their training at college. Taylor's ancestors were good, sincere, noble and sturdy farmers. His early life was as narrow as that of most farmer boys. He received but little schooling and his school life ended with the training at West Chester and at Unionville.

In spite of all disadvantages, he rendered important service to American literature. At a period when travel was beset with inconvenience and even hardship, he penetrated into many out-of-the-way places and brought back and unfolded the wonders of our own as well as of foreign countries. His writings uphold high ideals and help to educate and refine and we can justly plead for a more widespread study of his works, as well as claim for his name, the top-most place on the scroll of Pennsylvania authors.

HELEN NEFF, '09.

JUST A MODEST IRISH MAID

"A kind hearted man," did you say? Well, yes, the Earl was kind-hearted; but his kindness exceeded the limits of right and embraced extravagance and liberality, which was later to prove the sorrow and desolation of his happy home. The Earl was born one stormy night in March, 1869. Outside Dondorney Castle the wind roared and howled as if protesting his advent. Inside the castle however, things were different. The father of the Earl was receiving the congratulations and compliments of his friends upon the birth of an heir.

The son, a hale and hearty lad, who inherited all the characteristics of his native land, was petted and humoured in his infancy, in his boyhood, his wish was a command and throughout his life he knew no want. Every luxury and comfort was given him by his father and mother and everything done to insure his happiness. The chief ambition of the old Earl, as his son approached man-hood, was to see his son well married. In this the son followed his own taste and when a bride was suggested by his father, he turned on his heels and walked away. He had an ideal of his own. He asked nobody's consent, but one night in early spring, took the object of his affection and was quietly married in an adjoining shire. Upon hearing

the news of the marriage, the wrath of the old man waxed strong, but in this as in everything else which the son did, the father yielded and home came the son and his bride. Although the matter seemed to have been peacefully settled, the neighbors and friends noticed a troubled appearance on the old man's face. He began drinking and it was easily seen that a great burden was bearing heavily upon his mind. He became surly and spoke only in the harshest and snappiest tones. One evening after spending many hours over the glasses, a drunken noble, proposed a toast to the old man's daughter-in-law. Taking this as a reproach, for the wife was not of noble birth, the old man, white with rage, sprang upon his supposed tormenter and at once a general fight ensued. During the fight one burly fellow picked up an empty champagne bottle and struck the old man a blow upon the head. In the excitement it was not seen who the old man's assailant was and his escape was easy. When the old man was found lying in a corner, no one believed him to be dead, but when a physician was called his services were in vain. The old man was dead.

The son now inherited the title and estate of his father and after a brief period of mourning the routine of life at Dondorney Castle went on as if nothing had happened. Hunts and Steeple-chases were planned and life seemed just as gay as ever. Under circumstances directly opposite those surrounding the Earl's birth, a daughter, an heiress was born. For a time the hunts were abandoned and the hours were spent in happy home life. The heiress, Annette for thus she was named, grew more charming and loving every day. But the old love of hunting was renewing its hold upon the earl. Another hunt was arranged without regard of cost—in fact the Earl gave no thought to this side of any matter. The most costly feasts and wine suppers became of frequent occurrence at the castle. But this hunt was destined to be the last for the Earl. A bright happy party set out early on the appointed morning, mounted upon spirited horses and thoroughly equipped for a day of pleasure. The day was not destined to end as cheerfully as it began and when several hours later, the Earl was borne home on an improvised cot, it was evident to even the most inexperienced eye that the hours of the Earl were few. That night the Earl passed away from a wound accidentally received from the gun of a friend. Strange to relate, the beautiful day was followed by a severe storm which rolled and thundered around the castle, during the dying moments of the Earl. A stormy birth, a stormy death and these separated by only a few stormy years.

Unlike his father, although both were extravagant, the Earl had expended a fortune in his wild exploits and feasts and when the estate was settled it was found that all must go to the creditors of the Earl. Among his many creditors, the chief was an intimate friend of the Earl's, a wealthy brewer of Dublin. This brewer, Mike Robinson had often admired Annette when he saw her during his visits to the Castle, and unknown to Annette or her parents had fallen in love with her. "Here," thought he, "is my chance," and obtaining an interview with her he abruptly asked her to become his wife. Not confident of winning her by love, he made the foolish and insulting offer of allowing Annette and her mother to retain their home, if she would consent. Annette's noble spirit spurned such an offer and the brewer was dismissed a very humble man indeed. The question now at issue was how to satisfy their wants and live in comfort. Annette was educated and intelligent and at once conceived the idea of coming to America to engage in teaching. In a few weeks she left her dear old Irish home and friends and set out for America. Imagine a stranger in a strange land, without a friend and with little money and you can ap-

preciate Annette's position when she arrived in New York. Making the best of her circumstances, she procured lodging for the night and early the next morning set out to look for a position as a teacher. Fate was against her and she was about to give up in despair when her attention was drawn by a sign in a shop window which read, "Young ladies wanted as clerks." She at once made application and her earnest and frank disposition won her a position. She became acquainted with many of the girls employed near her and was soon a general favorite. One evening a theatre party was proposed and the crowd including Annette witnessed a charming play in a prominent, New York theatre.

The following day, during the noon hour, the girls were rehearsing as many parts of the play as they had remembered. Annette was exceptionally bright and clever in reciting and performing and won the praise and admiration of all her companions. A private theatrical troupe was organized and spare moments at noon and in the evening were devoted to amateur performances. Two weeks later, a play was announced to be given in the drawing room of the "Ladies Metropolitan Club." Only intimate friends were invited, and the employer. He, however, took the privilege of bringing a friend, who, as it chanced was a stage manager. The play was a grand success and was greatly appreciated by the select audience. Annette had favorably impressed the employer's friend as being a natural genius on the stage. He secured an introduction and offered Annette a position as a member of his troupe. Gratefully she thanked him for his kind offer and accepted it. She began her career on the stage at once and became a "star" in her first performance, playing the part of an Irish belle. Her success brought upon her the envy and malice of her less fortunate companions and eventually led to much quarreling and ill feeling. In despair Annette was about to resign, but under the influence of the manager she continued her part. Spurred on by her good salary and the influence of her former friends, she fought through her troubles and won the day. Only when she had saved enough to pay her father's debts and repurchase the old castle home, did she quit the professional life of an actress and return to her mother and her sunny Irish home.

FRANK S. FRY, '07.

EXCHANGES

During the last few months there have been making their appearance on our racks most of the journals which we receive in exchange for our own "Weekly". There are some however, which have not yet been received and we hope they may speedily be forwarded. In looking over the different representative college journals we notice some points especially worthy of commendation, and on the other hand, in a few mark signs of decadence.—It is a source of benefit to each student to read the several articles written and published from time to time in "The Spectator."—"The Kilikilik" is being kept up on its good standard. Each department of school work and life is proportionally well represented here. "The Weekly Gettysburgian" shows no change from last year. "The Mercersberg News" has been appearing regularly and is a paper very much read by our students. "The Comenian," "The Blue and the Gray," "The Leslian Herald" all are fine representatives journals of their respective schools. In the October number of the "George School Ides" there is a poem "The House of the Gleaming Candles" which duly reaps praise for the author. It is a poem which repays our reading. In reviewing the contents of the journals we find indeed very little poetry. This field of literary work has seemingly been neglected. Those, to whom has been given some little talent of this kind should try to make proper use of it.