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The Ursinus Weekly, April 5, 1907

Harold Dean Steward

Eva May Thompson

John Calvin Myers

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The Ursinus Weekly

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VOL. 5. NO. 27

COLLEGEVILLE, PA., FRIDAY, APR. 5, 1907.

PRICE, 3 CENTS

CALENDAR

Friday, April 5, Literary Societies
7.40 p. m.

Saturday, April 6, Baseball, Ursinus vs. Williamson, Athletic Field 3. p. m.

Tuesday, April 9, Glee Club Concert, Bomberger Hall, 8.00 p. m.

Wednesday, April 10, Y.M.C.A.
6.40 p. m.

Y.M.C.A.

St. Luke 14: 10. "Friend, go up Higher."

The ambition of every young man and woman is to succeed in the world; to accomplish something great, something that the world will appreciate. There is a continual striving to reach the top ring of the ladder of success, be it either for honor or riches, but we must remember our earthly life is but a moment in God's sight and we should prepare a foundation for something nobler, greater and purer.

Young men, have high ideals and live lives as Christ himself did, a life of purity. No matter how good your character has been in the past, how true you have been to your parents and friends, in a moment of your weakness temptation may come upon you and your character may be soiled forever. The world no more thinks of the pure life you have led, but looks down upon you in your sins with scorn and contempt. Don't stand still, but go higher and lead a better life than ever before.

Paul when he was persecuting the Christians in Jerusalem thought he was doing his duty; no one was more bitter or more cruel against the Christian faith than was he. Even when he held the garments while Stephen was being stoned to death, he was happy and thought he was doing God's will. But when he was stricken blind and God asked him why he was thus persecuting the Christians his spiritual eyes were opened and the errors of his past life were before him. When Paul saw his mistake he went up higher, worshiped God and took up the Christian faith which he had been so cruelly persecuting. His personal influence was so great that men were turned to Christ by his teachings and works. We can all become Pauls by throwing off Satan with all his sins and vices and take up Christ in all his purity and goodness. Let us go up higher where Christ and his angels dwell in love and happiness, where the works of Satan are unknown.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN PATRIOT

History is replete with the accomplishments of famous men. Great generals and statesmen receive the reward of their deeds in its pages and likewise their criticism. It is a lamentable fact, however, that we do not get in modern compilations of events an impartial and unbiased estimate of all great men. Most of our histories owe their origin to New England historians and under the glamour of the dramatic and picturesque accomplishments of Puritanical settlement and statesmanship, the patriots of other nations are lost sight of and receive only slight recognition in the review of the historical pageant. The Puritan shall have all just credit for his achievements, but among the ranks of those coming from the East, can we with justice overlook the contributions of France and Spain and especially those coming from Germany?

Germany has given us not only soldiers, but statesmen, orators, scholars and political leaders. During the hardships of the memorable winter of 1777 and 1778, marked by the suffering of the Revolutionary Army at Valley Forge, Baron Steuben, a Prussian veteran, drilled the troops so admirably that when they, as the Continental Line, took the field, they were as good as any to be found in the world. Do the efforts of General Schuyler to prevent the isolation of New England need repetition? The truth of the value of Germany's contribution to our national life cannot be assailed. Her grandest and most noble contribution; a man who stood for principle without looking for reward; one, who of all men deserved the title of German-American Patriot, passed away on the morning of the 14th of May, 1906, in New York City.

Endowed with all the animation and super-abundance of life of the average boy, Carl Schurz lived with his parents in the village of Liblar, near Cologne, where he was born on March 2, 1829. Owing to his serious and meditative nature, he became the prime favorite of his grand-father whom, he, in childish fashion, bothered constantly with questions. Through the answers to these questions and the stories told him by his grand-sire, Carl Schurz gained at an early age a clear knowledge of the Napoleonic Wars. It was here, he admits,

that he received the foundation for his future political opinions and sympathies.

He was given the traditional village school education and entered the University of Bonn. Here he made the acquaintance of Professor Gottfried Kinkel, an ardent Revolutionary. He soon became filled with the revolutionary spirit and in 1849 took an active part in the movement. The anecdotes which he relates of his experiences during this period, especially his efforts which succeeded in effecting escape of his companion Kinkel from the Fortress of Spedan where he was confined as a revolutionist, read like a novel.

It is not his accomplishments and deeds wrought in Germany which draw forth our wonder and admiration for the man. If we consider these alone, they would entitle him to our highest respect and honor; but coming to America as an immigrant his achievements must be placed upon the credit side of our immigration account.

Coming to the United States in 1852 when the Republican party was in its infancy, he became its champion. A leader and an organizer, Carl Schurz entered into American politics and became a strong factor among the German element of the newly founded Republican party. When the country was awaiting in breathless expectation and suspense the result of the anti-slavery movement; when as a whole, the Germans decided by the name of "Democracy," cast their weight against the anti-slavery party, Schurz saw things as they were and divined the essential unity between the Slave Power and the Despots of the Old World. His only aim and desire was to become a high minded American Citizen and accordingly he made a complete surrender to his new nationality.

With no other reward than public recognition; for he never held a high political office, he ranks with Webster, Calhoun and Hamilton, an uncrowned king. Schurz, more than any other citizen, threw himself into politics with the single aim to improve it. He took a firm stand for Civil Service Reform. The cry since the days of Jackson had been, "To the victors belong the spoils." Through the combined efforts of Curtis and Schurz the victor at the city polls was deprived of the spoils and the cry rang out. "To the meritorious be-

Continued on fourth page

BASEBALL OUTLOOK

The prospects of a winning team are very bright, although it is rather difficult to tell just what kind of a team will be put in the field at the beginning of the season. Six weeks ago nine battery candidates started practice under Bomberger Hall. This in itself shows that there will be a great deal of competition this spring, and competition is needed in order to make the men work.

Captain Paiste who pitched a number of the games last spring, will in all probability do most of the pitching this year. The others who are trying for the position are Koerper, Snyder, Roth and Shunk. All of these men have had more or less experience. Koerper pitched several times on the 'Varsity in his Freshman year, Snyder has won quite a reputation as a class pitcher while Roth and Shunk have both worked in the box for the Scrub during the last three years.

The catcher's position, the difficult problem, which faced the team at the beginning of last season is again present, and has to be dealt with. Tobias, Hain, Bordner and Lau are all trying for the position but several games will probably be played before any one of them will be definitively decided upon.

The general make-up of the team will be much the same as last year. All the old players are back with the exception of Mabry, and Faringer, who were lost through graduation and Garcia, who left the institution and returned to his home in Cuba. But these vacancies will easily be filled by the large number of new men who have come out for the team, and within a week or two the team which will represent Ursinus on the diamond this year should be picked.

Cook, '07, 'Varsity manager has arranged a very good schedule, while Fogleman, '10, the assistant manager has secured more games for the Scrub than are usually played. With this in view there will be more competition than ever for the teams. Tomorrow afternoon the first game will be played, when the 'Varsity will cross bats with Williamson on the home grounds, and of course we all expect a victory.

Williamson has a rather strong team this year, and will come with the determination to repeat their victory of last fall. So the game will be fast, and everyone should witness it.

THE URSINUS WEEKLY

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FRIDAY, APR. 5, 1907.

EDITORIAL

Tomorrow afternoon Ursinus meets Williamson in baseball. This is the first game of the season and should be a victory. The team has done its part; practiced hard and faithfully, and now the student-body must do its duty by giving the team loyal support from the bleachers.

As to the manner of cheering it may be necessary to give the usual warning. Avoid all "muckerism" and listen to the cheer leader. Do not be caught making insulting and personal remarks concerning individual members of visiting teams. Applaud the good plays and cheer for Ursinus, with a vengeance, whether winning or losing. Ursinus has always held the reputation of giving visiting athletic teams courteous and gentlemanly treatment. It is our duty as a student-body to uphold this reputation, and to cause our courtesy and respect to exceed that of other years.

After this issue the present editor and his staff retires, and the new editor assumes the responsibilities of the position. In these our last remarks in these columns we cannot but repeat the thought of the editors gone before. "We have worked hard and faithfully to publish a "Weekly" worthy to represent Ursinus. How well we

have succeeded is not for us to judge."

Although our work has not been as pleasant as it might have been, we think perhaps it was in a great measure our own fault. The student-body did not give the "Weekly" the support it is deserving of. But few took sufficient interest to prepare articles for publication, and many did not even take a passing interest, as they were not subscribers. However, we wish to thank all those who helped us in any way by suggestive "knocks," well written articles, or kindly criticism.

We now leave the "Weekly" in the hands of the new editor, and hope that the student-body may give the new staff loyal support and the proper encouragement. We trust that whereupon we have stumbled the new editor may move along smoothly, publishing a "Weekly" of a better grade and higher quality.

* * *

The warm weather is coming on and with it the strong desire to neglect college work and roam through the woods and fields. But the college work must not be allowed to go undone, and during the last two months we should strive to make a good finish, or in the phrase of the race course, "come in on the home stretch."

There is a tendency among the students to put off writing papers, essays and the like until the last minute, and then usually prepare them only half and often not at all. Such procrastination always affects the students to a greater degree towards the close of the school year. In but few cases do we find the average college student approaching the final examinations without having some paper, to have been prepared months before, still worrying him.

In many individual cases procrastination arouses the latent faculties, and certain students, when rushed for time, can the better concentrate their minds and turn out a better grade of work. However, this only happens to the few. The greater number become nervous and excited when hastened and cannot do themselves justice in a production of any kind.

The wiser plan and the easier plan in the long run is to strive to be on time. If we do thus, we can approach the finals with a clear conscience and with nothing to hinder us from making a grand finish.

Owing to a rush at the printers, and perhaps a certain amount of neglect on the part of the editor, the WEEKLY appears a few hours late this week.

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PICTURES FOR HISTORY ROOM

The pictures which the Historical-Political Group purchased recently for the History room, have arrived and will add much to the appearance of the room. There are three of them, "The signing of the Declaration of Independence," "George Washington" and "Abraham Lincoln." They are all of good size and excellent pictures. The frames are black and help to make them the more attractive. Those of the students who were instrumental in securing them, have good cause to be proud of their purchase. This action of the Historical-Politicals is to be commended and should be followed by the other groups.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At a meeting of the athletic association held in the chapel last evening at 7.00 p. m. Ellis, '07, was chosen to serve as President the unexpired term of Myers, '07, who resigned.

MUSICAL CLUBS

Tuesday evening at 8.00 p. m. the Ursinus College Musical Clubs will give a thoroughly pleasing concert. The program will consist of glee club and orchestra numbers, instrumental and vocal solos, and selected readings by Maeder, '10.

This concert is the first and only public appearance at home of both musical organizations. The fellows have been working hard all winter and deserve the pleasure of entertaining a large audience. The students may purchase tickets of the librarian, and the townspeople will be visited by the manager. Everybody secure seats. Admission, 25 cents.

NOTICE

All knowing themselves indebted to the 1907 Ruby would do the 1907 class a great favor by remitting at once. The class desires to have all Ruby business settled not later than May 1. Address all remittances to H. D. Steward, Collegeville, Pa.

Signed Committee,
H. D. Steward,
J. A. Ellis.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rev. James I. Good, A. M., '87, on March 17th, lectured on his tour around the world in Karmel Church, Philadelphia.

Rev. C. H. Gramm, S. T., '02, the faithful assistant of the late Dr. L. K. Derr, A. M., '93, Zion's Church, Reading, Pa., has been unanimously nominated by the consistory as pastor of the church.

At the special service held in St. John's Reformed Church, Chambersburg, Pa., last week,

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Rev. John D. Hicks, S. T., '97, of Altoona, preached each evening, excepting Saturday.

The invitations are out for the wedding of Mr. Ralph E. Miller, '05, and Miss Alma Clamer, '04, to be solemnized April 20, 1907.

HERE AND THERE

The track team, under the direction of Captain Abel, is practicing regularly each afternoon. The prospects for a fast team are bright.

Lindaman, '10, is in Philadelphia today on business.

Neeb, A., just returned to school after an extended Easter vacation.

A baseball game tomorrow! Don't forget to be present at the game and cheer the boys to a victory in the first game.

A meeting of the tennis association was called today by the Vice President. The matter of repairing the courts north of the college was attended to, and it is hoped that within another week the courts will be in good shape. Any member of the College or Academy may become a member of the Association by paying the required fees.

The baseball schedules have been printed upon small cards, and copies may be secured from Managers Cook or Fogleman.

INTERCOLLEGIATE

The Carlisle Indians held their Commencement on April 4. They included in their graduation exercises a number of native songs which are described as being "wied and characteristic." Diplomas were presented to twenty-three academic graduates and industrial certificates to one hundred and seventy-five industrial graduates.

Lehigh held her first out-door baseball practice this week. Her outlook is promising.

Wilson College is closed for a two weeks Easter vacation.

Dr. Martin, former president of Wilson College, has been called to the principalship of the State Normal, at Shippensburg.

Western University of Pa., received a gift of \$50,000 this week from a brother of Harry K. Thaw to be used in the erection of some necessary buildings.

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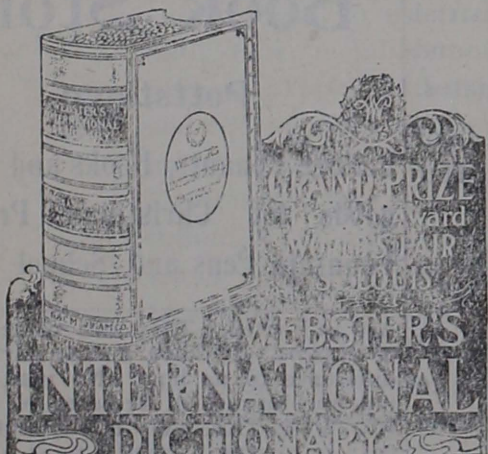
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THE GERMAN-AMERICAN PATRIOT
Continued from first page
long the offices, no matter which party wins."
Patriot, orator, journalist, statesman, soldier and reformer, the career of Carl Schurz was a varied and dramatic one. His achievements in the senate would have been sufficiently remarkable, if regarded merely as a parliamentary orator and a ready debater. He was in advance of public sentiment not so much by reason of any superior foresight or political sagacity as because of his fidelity to his ideals and his conviction that in the long run truth was bound to prevail. He was among the few public men who never made any concession to ignorant public clamour and his mastery of any subject was equal to the honesty and courage with which he stood for the right.

As a writer and orator he was often keenly critical, sometimes genuinely inspirational and both as a critic and an inspirer he rendered great and needed service to his adopted country. He did much by his criticisms to expose public abuses and by his ideals to elevate national ideals. It was, however, the moral force residing in the man that set him apart in strength. His eloquence was of the kind that is a virtue. His rare intellectual gifts, his unflinching geniality and his power as an orator might all have gone for naught, had they not clothed a conscientious judgment and inner purpose which nothing could shake. This after all was the main theatre of Schurz's idealism. He early formed noble political conceptions and clung to them through good and evil report. The tasks which he willed in hours of insight he fulfilled through hours of gloom.

The man has gone to his rest and the world mourns his loss. A truly great man has fallen. Carl Schurz has gone to give an account of his deeds to the Supreme Judge whom he loved and honored. His career was not marked by spasmodic bursts of power or ambition. He had his ideals and lived toward their attainment.

His home life as well as his political life marked him as a man. A man not in the loose application of the term but in its deepest and most significant meaning. In his character Carl Schurz was both pure and amiable in a singular degree. Kind hearted and affectionate, loving and companionable, his absence from the home circle renders the hearts of his family sad indeed, and there, is in truth a vacant chair. His manner was unaffected and he was happy to escape from public gaze and social obligations to be at home with his books. The accomplishments of the man



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alone did not make the Carl Schurz his adopted country knew so well. What are deeds without character? It was the implicit confidence, the absolute sincerity, the unshaken principles and intense devotion to his convictions which made him a powerful statesman, a persuasive orator, an influential citizen and a loyal, God-fearing patriot.

FRY, '07.
RESERVES' BASEBALL SCHEDULE
Fogleman, '10, manager of the second team in baseball, has secured five games for the Reserves so far. All these games will be played on the home grounds, and should be supported heartily by the students. Heretofore, the reserves in baseball were given but few chances to play in regular games. This year it is the intention of the manager to arrange, if possible, three or four games in addition to those already scheduled. This will make in all nine or ten games for the Second Team and will make it worth while "to make the scrub."

The schedule:
Apr. 13, Norristown Y. M. C. A. at Collegeville.
Apr. 20, Norristown High School at Collegeville.
May 4, Pottstown Y.M.C.A. at Collegeville.
May 18, U. of P. Veterinary Surgeons, at Collegeville.
May—, Perkiomen Seminary.

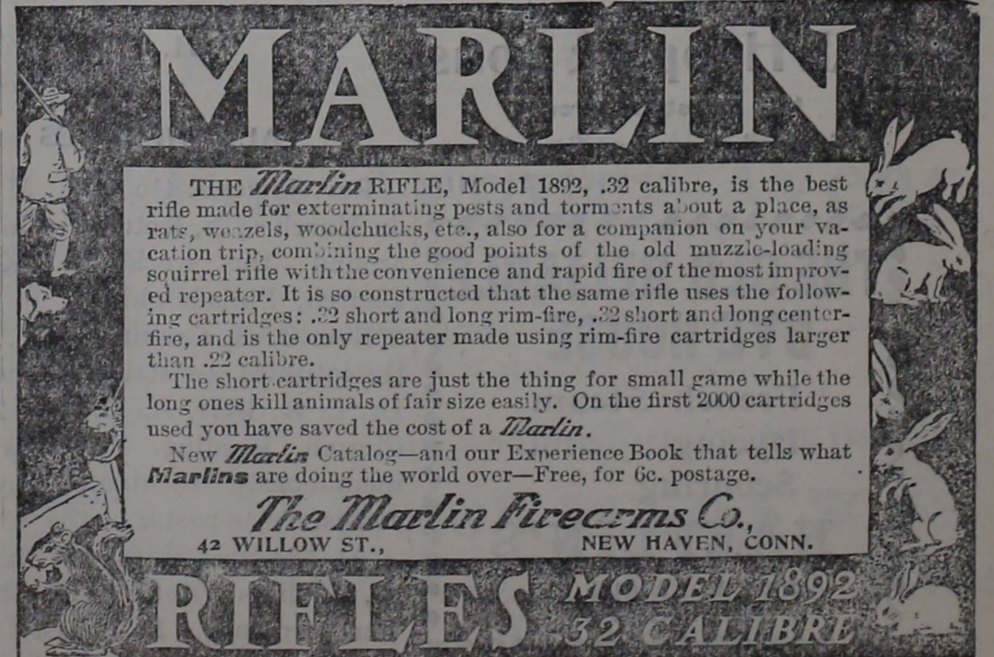
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TO THE URSINUS WEEKLY

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THE COLLEGE BELL

Of all the things the poets tell
Of awful sounds whose terrors swell
And thrill the human heart ;
Of shrieks and cries and mournful tones,
Of thunder peals, volcanic groans,
Earthquake shocks and grim cyclones
The worst I will impart.

And Oh, I'm sure you know it well
It is that awful college bell,
That troubles us full sore,
Its rasping sound and quick short *swing*,
That makes one start to hear it ring,
The mean abominable thing
Is nothing but a bore.

At early dawn, six forty-five,
That wretched bell becomes alive
And thunders forth its chime,
In tones that shock us from our sleep,
It matters not how sweet nor deep,
And makes our shrinking spirits creep
As if 'twere judgment time.

A single snore, a moment's peace,
A blissful space of sweet release,
Before it rings once more.
How Morpheus lingers round us still,
And fain would linger long, until
That rattling bell bestirs our will
And starts us as before.

Five minutes more, its rousing call
Bids us come to the dining hall
And taste the morning meal.
And half awake with sleepy smile,
Attempts at jokes—the time beguile,
With neckties tied in every style
Our weariness reveal.

Until at eight that brazen tongue,
That high up in the tower is hung,
Begins again to sway.
And summons us to French or Greek,
For those who early knowledge seek,
So weary that they scarce can speak,
And thus begins the day.

Quarter of nine, our chapel time .
The ring has more a sound sublime
As to the Hall we go.
With solemn face and quiet air,
We listen to the hymn and prayer,
Our hearts forgetting every care,
Forgiving every foe.

Then every hour from nine to one,
That clanging bell is never done,
But rings its jarring toll.
Calling us to Psychology,
Algebra, Physiology,
German or Biology,
That tire our very soul.

At one o'clock, its vibrant shock
Does at us hungry mortals mock,
As we go into lunch.
And here we greet a sumptuous fare,
Feathers on toast, potatoes rare,
Some fine dessert, our cooks prepare,
As apple sauce or punch.

And then at two and three, that bell
Still works on us its dismal spell,
Until at four its peal,
Has now a sound of melody,
Because at four it sets us free,
As from our books and cares we flee
Oh what a joy we feel.

But time is short and hours are fleet,
And we the old routine repeat
When that bell rings at six.
For dinner hour has come at last,
When we enjoy a great repast,
That seems to break the day's long fast,
When wit and humor mix.

At seven-fifteen its sound is sad
Enough to drive a fellow mad
And dispels all our fun.
It holds its peace for hours three
In which time we're supposed to be
Engrossed in deep profound study
And working, everyone.

At ten-thirty, when a body
Seems most inclined to sit and study,
That troublesome old thing,
Begins to rattle and to shake
Making the very building quake
And thus the evening silence break
With its outrageous ring.

The light is out, your throbbing brain
Finds peace that it is night again,
And that the mean old bell
For you that night will ring no more,
Unless in dreams it comes to bore
You as it oft has done before,
Tolling your funeral knell.

I'm sure when I have the knowledge
Necessary to leave the college
With a great big degree
The first thing I will do, you bet
That heathen bell I will forget
And from its haunting notes be set
Then and forever free.

EVA MAY THOMPSON, '08.

MENOMINEE

It was with a highly disturbed spirit that the young back-woodsman, Robert Francis, paced back and forth in the little glen in the edge of the forest. It was a beautiful May morning; the sun had just risen, and the fragrance of spring filled the air. The birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the hum of insect life might have been heard in both forest and clearing. The blue smoke arose from the cabin on the other side of the open field, and floated away over the tree tops. At the foot of the elevation a stream of pure cold water sparkled in the sunshine, and then lost itself in the shadow of the woods. On every side stretched the interminable forest, a sylvan scene whose beauty was lost on the young man, who still paced to and fro.

He was a striking figure, this young settler, fully six feet three inches in height when standing erect, with a well knit body, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh. His smooth features, firm mouth, and deep blue eyes, which might blaze in anger, or melt in tenderness, seemed to add to his style of manly beauty, the effect of which was enhanced by his evident unconsciousness of it.

He was troubled in mind over his experience of the night before. Coming home late from a long tramp in the woods, he had been waylaid and desperately assaulted by four young Indian braves with knives and tomahawks; and it was only by the exercise of his great strength, and his fleetness of foot that he was able to escape them, and take refuge in his father's cabin. There he had stood guard all night, but on the approach of daylight had gone forth to look for his enemies. Finding no trace of them he returned to the edge of the clearing where he could see the cabin, and where he could reflect upon the situation with no fear of immediate danger.

His thoughts, however, were not pleasant. Knowing no reason why the friendship of the Indians should change to deadly hatred, but realizing the utter impossibility of saving the lives of his aged parents, or even his own, if the wrath of the Indians was once thoroughly aroused, he continued to pace nervously back and forth in the glade.

In vain he ransacked his memory for a single act of his that, being misconstrued, might serve as an excuse for last night's outrage. His mind reviewed rapidly the circumstances leading up to the present. It went back beyond the time of his entry into the wilderness to the old home in Maryland. He recalled with some bitterness his father's business reverses, caused by rascally partners, which swept away the family fortune, including even the plantation upon which they lived. He thought of the family council, and the determination to emigrate to the wilds of northern Ohio to start life anew; the long journey by wagon through known and unknown regions, through forest and glade, over hill and dale, over mountain and stream; then the final settlement on the banks of the Mohican near the Indian village of Kinnikinick, the only white family in the section.

The welcome they received was such as the red men gave only to the followers of William Penn, and they felt perfectly safe. Frequently Indians had stopped at the door of the cabin to leave a piece of venison as a friendly offering, or to ask permission to sleep on the floor before the fire place. Then came the second war with Great Britain, when the family thought best to remove to the Ohio river for safety. They had not feared the village Indians, but marauding bands that sometimes passed through the section.

At the expiration of two years, the family had returned to find the cabin exactly as they had left it, not even a nail being knocked from the enclosure. They had now been back a month, and the Indians seemed as friendly as ever. Only last week, Robert reflected, he had gone to the village to find the young men engaged in a shooting match. Liking the sport, and being an excellent marksman, he joined with them, and had succeeded in defeating all of the contestants. Not caring to take the prize away from the young Indians, he had left immediately, not even knowing what it was. Why had they not shown some sign of hostility there? It was inexplicable.

But the thought that gave Robert the most uneasiness was not one concerning himself, or his parents. Before leaving the river settlement the preceding month, he had persuaded Charlotte Jones, the playmate of his childhood, and his betrothed for the past four years, to agree to accompany the first family that should start for the valley of the Mohican, several of whom were contemplating this move during the season. The day before an Indian runner had brought the news that an emigrant family, accompanied by a young woman, was heading for the Francis' cabin, and might be expected to arrive the next day. Without doubt this was Charlotte. He had expected to have the marriage service performed by an eccentric missionary to the Indian tribes of this region, known as "Johnny Appleseed." Oh, if the missionary would only come now, he might have influence enough to prevent a massacre!

Just then a tall form emerged from the forest and confronted Robert, who recognized it at once as that of the stern chieftain of the village.

"Why does the pale face walk about like a panther in a pit?" he inquired.

Robert controlled himself as best he could, and answered, but with some show of indignation:

"It is I, O Chief, who should demand of thee. Why did'st thou set thy young men to take my life? Have I ever injured thee? Am I not

an humble follower of the great white chieftan who swore to keep peace with the Indians forever?"

"The young hunter answers a question by asking another. It is well, but the Indian does not so; he speaks straight. My young braves attacked thee of their own accord because thou had'st deeply offended the honor of the tribe in refusing to marry the Maid of the Woods after thou hadst won her at the shooting contest. I come to warn thee that if thou art not willing and ready to marry her at sunset of this day, thy life and the lives of all thy friends are forfeited. My young men will not fail the second time;" and he turned and disappeared in the forest before Robert could overcome his astonishment sufficiently to speak.

So this was the explanation. He had unwittingly and innocently given a deadly insult to the chieftain, his daughter and the tribe, and now he must make reparation, or suffer the consequences. For himself he thought he would not care; he would make them pay dearly for their victory over him. But there were his aged parents who looked to him for protection, and Charlotte, who was perhaps near at hand. He clenched his hands in his anger and despair, and drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

A low laugh of bitter scorn fell upon his ear; and wheeling, he saw before him an Indian maiden, small, but perfectly formed, and dressed from head to foot in buckskin. Her jet black eyes flashed indignantly upon him, and her bosom trembled with suppressed emotion.

It was Menominee, the chieftain's daughter. He had met her at the village more than three years before, but had not seen her since his return to the neighborhood. It was borne in upon him in that one glance that her beauty had become richer and riper during the years of his absence, and that now there stood before him a very queen among women; and this glorious creature he had ignorantly insulted. Crowding back a tumult of thoughts, he stepped toward her and said:

"Would'st thou speak with me, Menominee?"

"Why should I speak with thee, thou disdainful man? Is it not enough that thou hast disgraced me and scorned my people, but must taunt me to my face?"

Quickly grasping her hand, lest she also should disappear like the chieftain before he could make an explanation, he began:

"Thou art greatly mistaken, Menominee. I have never had it in my heart to scorn either thee or thy people, for I am only an humble dweller of the woods. When I took part in the shooting contest, I supposed it was only the usual practice, and joined in from the love of the sport as I had done before."

"Did'st thou not know that I was to be given in marriage to the winner of the contest?" eagerly asked the maiden.

"No, as I live, I had not known it until thy father told me within the hour."

"Then thou did'st not come to the village to win me for thyself. Thou had'st no thought of the matter?"

"None," replied the white man. "Listen, Menominee, when I was a child, a little girl, younger than myself, played with me every day. We grew up together, and our liking for each other increased. Four years ago, we were betrothed, and I had thought to bring her, ere this, to the wilderness as my bride. Was it not well, Menominee?"

The Indian maiden listened closely to all that Robert said, at first with an air of incredulity that gradually gave way to one of conviction of his sincerity. Her manner, too, changed from indignant reproach to saddened submission. Having disengaged her hand from the young man's clasp at almost his first words, she now wearily seated herself on a log, and motioned him to a place beside her.

"Yes; it was well," said Menominee, "but I too have a story to tell, though it is only a dream. When the young white chief first came to the Indian village, I was glad, for he was good to look upon; and when he overcame all the young men in feats of strength and skill, I rejoiced, for I thought of something yet far in the future. My father had said that when I had seen eighteen suns, I should be given in marriage to the brave who should prove himself the best marksman; and I had dreamed that it would be thee. I was told that thou had'st returned to the valley; and when I saw thee on the day of the contest, my heart sang with joy, for I was sure of thy love; but since that day my pain has been great."

As the maiden uttered the last words, two tears dropped upon her beautifully rounded cheeks, but were wiped quickly away. Then springing up, she said: "I fear thy danger is great; what said my father to thee?"

"That if I did not marry thee at sunset, I, and my friends would be destroyed."

At the word sunset, the maiden started in surprise. The sunset ceremony was peculiar to her tribe, and was seldom resorted to; but a marriage made in this way could never be broken except by death. No cause for divorce or separation was allowed, though a husband might kill his wife for infidelity.

The maiden mused for a few moments in troubled silence, and then said, half to herself:

"There is no other way; and this must be done quickly. Thou shalt wed me by the sunset ceremony, if thou would'st save thy life, and the lives of thy parents and friends."

Then, seeing that Robert hesitated, she added hastily: "Never fear, I shall find a way by which thou shalt be freed from me; and then thou shalt marry, in a more joyous ceremony, thy white-faced love from beyond the mountains." Then as if a new thought struck her, she continued:

"Is not this the maiden who travels with the settler in the slow ox-cart, and who, our runner says, will reach thy father's cabin to-day?"

"It may be so," said Robert, "nay, I fear it is so."

An expression of pain flitted across her countenance, but quickly recovering her composure, she said quietly:

"The ceremony will doubtless be held at the side of the cliff; I will tell my father that thou art ready." Then she glided into the forest.

Turning his steps slowly toward home, Robert passed down the elevation, crossed the stream, and came out at the front of the cabin. He noticed that the sun had almost reached the meridian; a dog barked, a hen cackled prodigiously over in the edge of the timber, a cow stopped to drink at the trough, and up the road which was little more than a trail came the sound of creaking cart-wheels.

In a few minutes the cart drove up before the house, and its occupants alighted; an old acquaintance with his wife and family, and Charlotte, radiant and lovely. Robert greeted them all mechanically, lingering over Charlotte for a moment, then taking up his gun, he buried himself and his over-charged heart in the forest.

"Dear Robert does not seem well," said Charlotte at the dinner table.

"No," answered his mother, "he did not sleep at all last night; I heard him wandering about the house all night long; it must come from his continual tramping about the woods."

"He, he," chuckled the father; then with an arch glance at Charlotte, "I think he'll be all right now."

That evening the Indian village was deserted. Not even a dog was left to bark at the approaching shadows. All had gone to the cliff to witness the ceremony that the oldest member of the tribe had witnessed but once before.

And it was a fitting place for such a cere-

mony. An open space fronting on the river; the tall cliff on one side, the dense forest in the rear; and on the other side a scattered grove through which ran the path to the village. In the middle of the grass plot, where the shadows of evening had already fallen, though the top of the cliff was still bathed in sunlight, stood Robert and the Maid of the Woods with clasped hands, awaiting the end. The ceremony had been appalling in its solemnity. Around them had gathered all the people of the village, who had chanted songs and muttered charms of deep significance. They had called aloud to their good spirits whom they believed to be hovering over them; and the passage of bats, and the calls of the night bird overhead seemed like direct answers to their appeals. The adults had all sworn to become blood brothers to the man who had married into the tribe, and to protect him and all that belonged to him with their lives. The chief medicine man had just finished a last appeal to the spirit of the setting sun, and the service was over.

"Come," said Menominee in a low voice, "let us go to the top of the cliff to see the last rays of the sun;" and Robert followed her as if dazed. They stood for a moment at the edge of the cliff, the mellow sunlight full upon their faces; then with one last look of love, and a glorious smile of self-abnegation, Menominee leaped into the river, and was seen no more.

RUDYARD KIPLING

In a book or a poem, in general, we see the author at his very best. The very best thoughts of a literary production, to live permanently, must appeal to an emotion that is universal, an emotion resting upon the fundamental principles of life. In Kipling we have a man rich in resources, varied in experience, living as he did in India, Europe, and America. Our subject was a wanderer, his scenes change often, and his new environment furnishes an abundant supply of rich and fruitful material for a successful career in fiction, essays and short stories.

In the city of Calcutta, India, 1865, the night before Christmas, Rudyard Kipling was born. The world knows very little of his early life. He is rather sensitive of his own private life. His father was a decorator. He was a student on decorating at the South Kensington Museum. Later he was appointed Professor of Sculpture and Architecture in British Laboratory of Art in Bombay. In 1868 he visited England, in a short time he returned to India, leaving young Rudyard in charge of his friends. Here he received his early education. In 1877 his parents returned to England and decided to send the young man to Devon to finish his education.

While here he wrote some verses called "School Boy Lyrics," which were printed by his father and were delightful, being the work of a mere boy. In 1882 he went to India and became reporter to the *Avil* and *Military Gazette*. It was at this period he began to write verse and short stories. He was twenty-one when his first volume, "Department Ditties," appeared, and twenty-three when his collection of prose stories was taken from "*Lahore Journal*," of which he was sub-editor. These stories were called "Plain Tales from the Hills." In 1887 he was promoted to the best journal in India, "*The Pioneer*." To it he contributed "Letters of Marque," an account of a journey through Rajputnana. In this journal appeared also "*The City of Dreadful Night*," a description of Calcutta.

In 1889 he was sent around the world by the *Pioneer*. As a result of this trip he gives to the world "*From Sea to Sea*." In it he proves himself not only a journalist of wonderful power and keen insight, but an author as well. His moral treatise on *American Maidens* and an ethnological one on the *American Negro* has

stirred the body politic. His meeting Bret Harte; his account of Yellow Stone Park; his Hell and the Old Lady in Chicago; how he struck Chicago and how Chicago struck him; his interview with Mark Twain are so vivid and at the same time so full of good humor that we, as a result of his "From Sea to Sea," shall not soon forget him.

After completing his journey around the world he stayed in London for a time. While here he wrote "The Story of Gladsby," 1888; "Wee Willie Winkie"; "Life's Handicap"; "The Light that Failed," and others. In 1891 he traveled to South Africa, Austria, New Zealand, Ceylon, and India. On his return to London he married Miss Bolstier. He had met young Walcott Bolstier sometime before, with whom he wrote the "Naulalika." In 1892 he, with his wife, visited America; while here he lived at Brattleboro, Vermont. This is about what the world knows about Kipling's travels so far as the external man is concerned. Among the Vermont hills, which had been the home of his bride's parents for many generations, he built a long, low house, which he called the "Naulalika." Here he devoted himself to writing from nine o'clock to one, and during that time he was as inaccessible as a Roman Emperor. After lunch he took long walks, followed by casual social duties.

Kipling is very fond of outdoor life. In form he is under the average stature, of compact figure well proportioned. He has a quick, deep eye, a complexion that hints of Indian suns, and a slight stoop in the shoulders, apropos to the arduous news paper work that made his early training. He is apt to be shy at first, but if the ice is broken he makes acquaintance quickly and readily with all classes of people. His attachment to Walcott Bolstier was begun at the very first meeting, and a few months later he was working with him at Vermont on "The Naulalika."

When his fame first spread as a story teller in East India, people generally thought Kipling was only a pen name, and one New England journalist went so far as to say that the author of "The Plain Tales from the Hills" was a young newspaper man from New England who had gone to India. The truth was brought to light and he—Kipling—sent resounding harangues into the London Newspaper offices.

Kipling was an artist and a good conversationalist. Indeed, he must be with his intense interest in everything, his sentences are clear cut and ready, neither does he use book words, but living talking words that we have learned to know by him. A charming, gentle, and very discerning lady gave as one of her first and lasting impressions of him "The wholesomeness and sweetness of his atmosphere is always almost affectionate."

The secret of this man's life is system and labor. He makes on the wide margin of his paper corrections, changes, substitutions, and many of them, but all intelligible. He tears up scores of written papers, so that his waste basket holds considerably more than his desk. He always carried with him a note book in which he tabulated the things worth seeing and telling, and this had a powerful effect on his career as an author. Though Mr. Kipling is intensely acute, sensitive observer and reporter of the dramatic and poetic in man and beast as they actually love, hate, fight, work, and play, he is imaginative enough to make a very fair shift in reproducing "local color" and dialect at second hand. He is a careful worker, writing with ease and facility, in verification his quickness is marvelous. At other times the music comes less trippingly. In his business Kipling shows as much thoroughness as in his literary methods.

Kipling was writing some of the greatest stories of English literature at the age most boys enter a university. This was during his

sub-editorship of the Lahore newspapers in Calcutta. And in the very first of these stories, "The Man Who Would be King," he has told the joys of East India Newspapers. He says: "On Saturday night it was my pleasant duty to put the newspaper to bed alone. Some king, courtier or president was going to die, or some community was getting a new constitution, or doing something that was important on the other side of the world, and the paper must be held open to the latest possible minute to catch the cablegram."

The following is an account of his experience in the newspaper office: "It was a pitch black night, as stifling as a June night can be, and the loo, that is the red hot wind from the West, was looming along the tinder-dry trees and pretending that the rain was on its heels. Now and again a bit of almost boiling water would fall on the dust with the flop of a frog, but all our weary world knew this was only pretense.

It was a shade cooler in the press room than in the office, so I sat there, while the type ticked and clicked, and the night jars hooted at the windows, and the all but naked compositers wiped the sweat from their foreheads and called for water. The thing that was keeping us back, whatever it was, would not come off, though the loo lay, and the last type was set, and the whole round earth stood still in the choking heat, with its fingers on its lips to await the event. I drowsed and wondered whether the telegraph was a blessing, and whether the king, courtier, or president that was going to die, was aware what an inconvenience and delay he was putting upon the newspapers. As the clock hands crept to three, and the machines spun their fly wheels two or three times to see that all was in order, before I said the word that would set them off, I could have shrieked aloud. Then the roar and the rattle of the wheels shrieked and shivered the quiet into little bits. This was the kind of a night in which Departmental Ditties were born in far away India."

He says of his first book: "The joy of writing it was payment a thousand times its worth." Thus in his early works he sings of the heat, loneliness, love, lack of promotion, poverty, sport, and war. Some of his short verses had been sung to the banjos around the camp fires and some had run way down the coast as far as Mandabay.

Who has not tried to write out some story, the best he ever heard, a glorious story in the smoking room, and be utterly at loss on paper because the mood and the man behind the story was wanting. Writing a story can't be done by ordinary mortals. Kipling does it, and to perfection. He reels off yarn after yarn never spun before, compelling the mood by mere literary art.

Kipling is always called a man's man, which he certainly is. He sees things exactly as they are. He, like Bob Acres, has an odd kind of a new method of swearing, the difference between he and Bob is that he invents his own method and Bob did'nt. Very naturally the world is divided into a few ladies who cannot read him at all and all the men and the rest of the women who must read him wherever they see him.

Kipling's idea of a right philosophy of education for the young, as opposed to the sheltered system, is illustrated by the following:

Let a puppy eat the soap in the bath room or chew a newly blacked boot. He chews and chuckles till he finds out "Old Winsor" soap and blacking make him sick. So he argues that soap and blacking are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting big dogs' ears. Being young he remembers, and goes abroad at the end of six months a well mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away from boots and soap and dogs till he came to the trinity full grown and with developed

teeth, consider how fearfully sick and thrashed he would be. "Apply," he says, "this notion to the sheltered life, and see how it works. It does not sound pretty, but is the better of the two evils."

Mr. Kipling's first claim to distinction is certainly based on short stories. The world is a child that never grows tired of being amused with thrilling tales, and it honors and loves any one who will tell it good stories. Some quality of this adolescent freshness in his early life perhaps we must not expect again. The things he is doing now and will do may be greater, but they may also be a trifle less "fetching" and contagious.

Kipling deals with things living, realities of our modern age. "Men live there," is the verdict he passes after spending a fortnight among the battleships. He looks into the shop, factory, printing house to find out how men live, who are doing the world's work, and how they do it—whether with spade, gun or machine; this is the end of his literary power.

The greatest thing in the world for Kipling is power, whether exhibited by a humble man, a huge engine, or an empire.

In his own "McAndrews" he cries,
"I am sick of all their quirks and turns—
The loves and doves they dream,
Lord, send a man like Bobby Burns
To sing the song of steam."

He himself is the best answer to his own prayer. He makes one love his life by telling the exact truth about life as he puts in Tommy Atkins:

Lawd bless this world: whatever she hath done,
Except when awful long I've found it good,
So write before I die, 'E like it all!"

Since 1896 he has spent most of his time near Brighton, England, with the exception of one year, during which he made a second trip to South Africa.

JOHN C. MYERS, '07.

THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN HOME

In these days of great commercial and national prosperity, we are prone to give less and less attention to those things which make for our welfare as members of society and citizens of state. Beneath or side by side with the great movements in material lines there exists a tendency which, if allowed to continue, bodes ill for the nation at large. It appeals to everyone by its very nature and because of its breadth, its far reaching influence and its immediate presence deserves our earnest consideration. The tendency to which I refer is the passing away of that institution so dear to the heart of many Americans—the home.

Among the pleasantest memories of the average American of today are those of his childhood. They are pleasant not only because they belonged to childhood, but because the joys and sorrows that belonged to home were most firmly impressed upon his character.

What other word in the language is so full of pleasant recollection and tender pathos as home? What bosom does not swell with pride or what eye does not fill with tears at its mere recall. Who can listen to the music of that beautiful song "Home Sweet Home," and not be touched by its tender chords. But what means all this! Home acquired this meaning because it was the institution that cradled us in our infancy and protected us in our childhood.

Childhood is the formative period of our life. An old Jesuit teacher said "give me the child until he is eight years of age and I care not who has him after that." That was spoken for the teacher, but the parent can teach with an authority and under conditions that cannot be replaced by any school.

Consider if you will the influence of a mother upon the characters of men of the past. Countless tributes to the mighty influence of their

mothers have been made by noted men in the past, but none so eloquent as the simple words of Lincoln, who said, "All that I am and hope to be I owe to her."

Thus we see that a potent factor in shaping character was the home. In it were taught reverence, obedience, purity, industry and patriotism, the results of this teaching are to be seen in the lives of the great men this country has produced. Their work is sufficient evidence as to the character of their training and many of the blessings of society and of government are directly or indirectly the fruits of the American Home. To so great an extent has this been true that thinking statesmen evolved the axiom, "The Homes of a Nation are its strongest points."

Perhaps in no age has the home been free from destructive influences but within the last decade these have multiplied. So silently have they progressed and so effectively have they worked that to-day in many places the home has vanished and the idea of home life has become unpopular.

One of the most open as well as destructive foes to American Home life in cities and towns is the tenement and apartment home. Can there be any real home life where there are a thousand people living in a single house? Each family has its own sleeping rooms but all eat in a common dining hall and mingle in a common reception room. There is no privacy so essential for a true family life. It is impossible to teach industry in a place where there is nothing to do. Will a child who does not worship the household gods, be at all likely to worship at the altars of his country? It will be hard for the school to inculcate a love of country in the heart of a child who has never had a love for home. As for teaching purity that is almost impossible, because children come in contact with all classes of people at a period when every impression made upon their minds is a lasting mark.

A second enemy of the home is child and women labor in mills and factories. Until recent times, the father was the natural head of the family and the breadwinner, but in the industrial strife of our age, women and children have been impressed, depriving the father of his place as a breadwinner, and destroying the physical and material basis of family life. The whole family must toil to sustain life itself. The mothers are unfitted for their proper work and the future of the children is blasted. Children of such families know nothing of home life, for there is none. Childhood is a synonym for toil, and home is only a boarding house.

The third and perhaps the worst enemy of the home is the divorce court. It is a destructive force directly and indirectly. Directly, because it breaks up an actual or intended home, and indirectly because of its deterrent influence on the foundation of others. Owing to the ease with which separations are made, the idea of making a home does not always enter the minds of persons making a marriage contract. So widespread has this evil become that thinking men in church and state have been deeply concerned. Well they may, because divorce has increased from a ratio of 1-51 to 1-18 in the past twenty years, and more recently the ratio has been raised. The wealthy and professional classes of our country have been most affected by the divorce evil. When you consider the effect of this on the American Home, you will see that not only is it passing, but that many homes have really disappeared.

While there may be other causes, we believe that the Apartment house, the Child and Women labor problem and the Divorce court are its most potent enemies.

That this destruction of the home has a bad effect on the public and private life no one will deny. We see a lack of reverence, honesty and purity in men today, much of which is due to a lack of home training. Public men and

moralists say that the schools are failing in their purpose because they do not make men honest, pure and patriotic; but the beginnings of these virtues must be made at the home, which is better fitted for this work, and where it rightfully belongs.

With the decay of the hearthstone, there passed the corner stone of home life. Where are the happy groups that once were common? The relative number of families has declined and the number of children has declined 16 per cent in the past forty years. The home has been the unit in the past, and is yet, but if the cell be corrupt, what of the complete organism? If young America should mount the platform of public life it can hardly be a matter of surprise that his feelings should be dead to all of the most tender emotions of his nature, yet this is the mode in which much of our young humanity is prepared for the duties of active life. The effect of having men of this type in public life is seen in the corruption of public trusts. Veil it as you will, our national integrity, health and virtue are bound up in the home. If we have good homes we hope to have good men and women. Good men will make a sound government, and that tends to produce happiness.

Men talk of saving the state, the church, and the nation, but if we would do efficient service we must begin with the unit and save the home. We must not underestimate the difficulties of the task or delude ourselves with the hope of a sudden return to former conditions. But if each one uses his influence in arousing public sentiment and in placing legal restriction on these destructive agencies, we shall be able to reduce if we cannot entirely eliminate them. And unless we make a heroic effort to do this, the home life, which is a necessary factor in the development of a race, will pass away, and the home itself, which contains so much of the pathos and the sublime of human life, must perish.

THE METHODS OF THOMAS MORRIS

No one doubted the integrity of Thomas Morris. His social position in Hagersville was undisputed, as he was president of the First National Bank. When he had stepped into the presidency of the institution, left vacant by the death of Mr. Hobert, he continued the same policy, that of taking home all the funds immediately after the closing hours.

* * * *

Six years had passed under the regime of Morris, and nothing had happened to break the monotony of bank life. One stormy night in January, Morris departed as usual with the bank funds for his home. Upon his arrival, thoroughly drenched and out of humor, he was put in a rage to find a telegram awaiting, ordering him to a distant town where a brother lay dying. At supper he scarcely spoke to his wife, though whether this unaccustomed quiet was caused by grief or rage, or both, she did not know. However, she held her tongue. Once during the course of the meal she caught him smiling grimly to himself. "I shall be forced to leave at once, Jane," he remarked at the close of the meal, "and you need'nt expect me home 'till tomorrow sometime." "You need'nt be alarmed," he added, as he saw her expression, "I'll put the money in the accustomed place, and as for burglars, why you need'nt worry your head about them; so many robberies have been frustrated in this house that thieves have a wholesome respect for us, and besides you can shoot nearly as well as I can." Thus saying he came over and kissed her, and bade her an affectionate goodby. As the hour was late she arose and started to close the house. In the midst of this process she was startled by a loud knocking at the rear door. Going to the kitchen she inquired in a rather trembling voice who was there. She was forced to repeat the question, as the howling of the wind inter-

fered with the carrying qualities of her voice. "For God's sake open the door, I'm freezing," moaned a voice from without. She hesitated; should she let some stranger into a house in which so much gold was concealed, with only her to defend it? Her reverie was interrupted by a moan. She hesitated no longer. Her heart was touched. She opened the door, and the body of a man all doubled up with cold fell in. Recognizing his condition, she quickly procured blankets from up stairs, and wrapping him warmly, managed to drag him to the stove to thaw out. He was a rough looking individual as she viewed him from the centre of the room. His face was scarred, and plainly betrayed his lack of vocation. He was a tramp; his clothes were ragged and unsuited to battle against the elements on a night like this. After eyeing her for a few moments in silence: "you won't send me out in the cold, will you?" he whined, "I'm just beginning to get warm; you wont, will you now?" "No, no," she hastened to assure him, "you shall stay here by the fire all night." He thanked her, and there was a distinct air of relief in his voice. He was soon fast asleep. She tiptoed around, putting out all the lights except the one in the kitchen, and softly went upstairs. After locking her door, she took the bags of money from their hiding place, and rehid them in a place in which she considered less likely for them to be found. She then quietly undressed, and putting out the light, went to bed. She lay a long time musing. Was it safe to allow that man whom she had never seen before to sleep in her kitchen? What might he not do? Murder her, take the money, and as far as she knew, no one would be any the wiser. Her husband had often cautioned her against the habit of letting tramps in the kitchen to eat. What would he say to this? And he was away, too. Thus ran the train of her thoughts. Unable to stand it longer, she arose and lit a light. Suddenly she grew cold with fear. She distinctly heard a noise downstairs from the direction of the kitchen. What could it be? She opened the door softly and listened.

"Who's there," she heard a voice say, "I'll fire unless you let up."

It was the tramp, she recognized his voice. But who could he be speaking to? She determined to find out, so laying her fear for the moment aside, she seized her revolver, rushed downstairs and into the kitchen. The sight which met her eyes startled her. In the middle of the floor was the tramp with leveled revolver pointed at a window leading outdoors, the shutter of which was shaking violently, either from the blows administered by some one outside, intent upon making an entrance or by the the storm which still raged furiously.

"Why, what is the mat—" she began, thinking the tramp drunk, possibly.

"S-s-h" he muttered, "be quiet, someone is trying to enter this house. Sit down over there and if they succeed in getting the shutter pried, dont fire until they get into the room."

She obeyed. He crawled under the table, never, however, removing his gaze from the window. The strain was intense. She glanced at the clock; it was 12.30. Would that shutter never yield? What was she to do? As if in answer to her thoughts, the tramp spoke:

"Put out that light."

She obeyed, and none too soon. The window was being opened. The masked figure of a man stepped into the room shielding a searchlight with his left hand. Bang! Bang! Her revolver spoke almost simultaneously with the tramp's. The intruder dropped to the floor with a heavy thud. The tramp rushed to uncover the face. He snatched the mask off.

"Some fool amateur, I'll bet. Look here," he turned to Mrs. Morris, "that was a good shot whoever did it, for he is dead, quite dead," he added, feeling his heart. "I guess you—" but he got no further. Mrs. Morris just then looked. With a loud shriek she fell to the floor. The face behind the mask was Thomas Morris, her husband.