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The Ursinus Weekly, December 22, 1905

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The Ursinus Weekly

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COLLEGEVILLE, PA., FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 1905.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

CALENDAR

Wednesday, January 3, Christmas recess closes.
8 a. m. Y. M. C. A. meeting
6.40 p. m.
Friday, January 5, Academy Literary Society, 2 p. m.
College Literary Societies,
7.40 p. m.
Sunday, January 7, Bible Class
4 p. m.
Monday January 8, Glee Club practice, 7 p. m.
Ursinus Union, 7.30 p. m.

SCHAFF ANNIVERSARY

The Thirty-fifth anniversary of the Schaff Literary society was held in Bomberger Memorial Hall, last Friday evening. It was one of the most successful affairs of its kind held at Ursinus within recent years; and while the anniversary last year was successful, this one far eclipsed it. As has been the custom in the Schaff society for several years past, to break away from the old order of things—orations, essays and recitations—and give something more up-to-date, the same rule was again observed on Friday night.

The program was,—“An Evening with Sir Henry Irving.” The recent death of Irving brings him afresh before the public. Although he has passed away, his fame as an English actor will always remain. Both the Eulogy and the Dramatic Interpretation of Irving, were well written, well prepared, and well delivered.

The play given was “The Bells” from “The Polish Jew” in which Irving, as Mathias, won great fame. The Polish Jew is a dramatic study by the great French novelist, Erckmann—Chatrion, and The Bells was dramatized by Leopold Lewis. This play contained some very difficult parts, all of which were well interpreted by the various performers.

The scenes are laid in France, in the province of Alsace. Fifteen years before the story opens, a Polish Jew, came to the hostelry of Mathias for shelter. It was a bitter, cold evening. The Jew in taking off his outer garments, also unbuckled a belt, intending to throw it on his great coat. It fell to the floor, and the clink of coins was heard. Mathias, who is heavily in debt, and whose little child Annette is near death's door, starts and a wild, greedy look overspreads his countenance. He decides on

a bold deed—to kill the Polish Jew. It will have to be either the murder of the Jew or the death, for want of proper nourishment, of the little Annette. Mathias follows the Jew when he leaves the inn, commits the murder and throws the body in a lime kiln near-by. The murder is never discovered.

From this time on, Mathias prospers. Fifteen years later he is the village burgomaster, and he and Catherine his wife, are the most highly respected personages in the village. Prosperity seems to follow his every move. The little Annette has grown into a lovely girl—the belle of the village. Hans and Father Walter are the village roisterers, and create a great deal of merriment throughout the play, by their dry wit and humor. The climax is reached when they sing—“We've all got 'em.” Christian the French Quarter-master loves Annette, and finally they are betrothed. In the meantime Mathias hears strange sounds, like the ringing of bells. The Jew had bells on his horse when the crime was committed. This hallucination becomes so great that it attracts attention. When the marriage contract is signed Mathias feels a sense of relief; for he knows that Christian, his son-in-law, would never betray him if his crime were discovered. The betrothal scene is very pretty. Miss Hobson in her beautiful alto voice sang the verses of an Alsatian song, followed by a Tyrolienne and waltz by all the performers. Things finally came to such a pass, that Mathias decides to sleep in an upper room, in order not to betray himself. He is put under the power of a mesmerist and confesses all. In the last scene, Mathias falls dead, strangled by his own hand, just as the rest of the family burst open the door. This makes a fitting climax to the play. All the participants took their parts exceptionally well, and deserve much credit. This was indeed the most successful anniversary ever held by the Schaff society, and displayed not only the literary, but also the dramatic talent of the various members.

PROGRAM

MARCH: Colonial Guards
ARKLESS BROTHERS, Norristown, Pa.
OVERTURE: Selections from Ernani
ARKLESS BROTHERS
SCHAFF ORATION: Eulogy on Sir Henry Irving
JOHN CALVIN MYERS, '07, East Berlin Pa

MUSIC: Sho-Gun

ARKLESS BROTHERS
PAPER: The Dramatic Interpretation of Sir Henry Irving
EVELY A. NEFF, '07, Kutztown, Pa.
MUSIC: Woodland

ARKLESS BROTHERS
RECEPTION

CAST OF CHARACTERS
Mathias, Burgomaster,
Ralph B. Ebbert, '07.
Christian, French Quartermaster,
Floyd E. Heller, '07.
Hans, a Forest Ranger,
William J. Lenhart, '97.
Father Walter, the Village Parson,
Harold Steward, '07.
Dr. Zimmer, a Physician,
James A. Ellis, '07.
Catharine, the Burgomaster's Wife,
Lillie Beck, '08.
Annette, Their Daughter
A. Mabel Hobson, '06.
Sozel, Servant at the Inn,
Rhea Duryea, '08.
President of the Court,
Winfield S. Harmon, '06.
Clerk of the Court,
Beverly A. Foltz, '06.
Notary,
Beverly A. Foltz, '06.
Mesmerist,
Edward I. Cook, '07.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular weekly meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Wednesday evening. The leader, Cook, '07, selected as a topic, “Christian Living,” the reference being found in Phillipians 4: 1-13.

In the first place, to live a true Christian life, there must be unity. If the followers of Christ want to make themselves felt, they must work in unison. This unity is noticed among the Catholics. The dissention, so prevalent among the Protestant sects, is fast disappearing; there is more of a growing together.

Benevolence is another requisite to Christian living. The people among whom Paul labored, undoubtedly contributed something towards his support. While liberality as far as this world's goods is concerned, is very necessary, there must be more mutual helpfulness.

Then again we should worry for nothing. We should think less of things to come, but more of things of the present. This will bring about a better state of affairs, a certain peace.

We must have noble thoughts. We must think on things that are true, honest, just, pure and lovely. This is one of the most difficult things to do. It is, however, possible to inhabit our thoughts, and speak only good ones. Nobility of thought is as great an aid to Christian living as any of the other virtues.

Lastly comes example. If we believe these things, we should live them; we should do them. If we know them and do them not, we are not true to the principles of Christ. If we do these things we will have peace and contentment.

Moore, '07, attended the Missionary Conference held in Philadelphia on las, Saturday and Sunday. Dr. Zwenner, a returned missionary from Arabia spoke on the great need of missionary workers, and the value of missions.

THE EYES OF THE CHINESE IDOL

Shadowed and protected by the grave, old, shaggy mountains, lies the strange little western town of Red Bluff. Its grand old walls sheltered many a mischeivous and investigating school boy like myself, and on holidays or Saturdays, one of our greatest delights was to go down into the business section of the little town and visit the few Chinese laundrymen who lived there. We would call on each one in turn and watch him as he worked or listen eagerly as he told us, in his broken English, strange stories of his homeland. I became very intimate with Fing Wing, the oddest one of them all, and, in my frequent visits to his store, I learned many words of his language and many Chinese habits. Our attention seemed to be mutual, however, for he frequently gave me strange candies and viands of his own preparation—viands never made by an American.

One evening after school, I went down to see my friend, the Chinaman, and, after discussing various questions for some time, he asked me what I most wished or wished to be. In a hasty childish way, I said that my one desire was to be a king. He grinned and, pointing to a little ivory image, which stood on an oddly shaped ebony table and which I had often wanted to examine, he told me to look steadily into the eyes of the idol. Without hesitating, I did so and, found to my horror that I could not withdraw my eyes. I had the strangest sensation pass over me that I ever felt before or since. I became very dizzy and faint and then remembered no more until I awoke and found Fing Wing standing close to me and grinning as usual. What had happened? Had I been hypnotized? I was somewhat

Continued on last page.

THE URSINUS WEEKLY

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FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 1905.

EDITORIAL

Everyone is eagerly looking forward to the Christmas holidays as one of the happiest seasons of the year. To many this will mean a relaxation from several months of toil, while to each one it will be a time of enjoyment and good cheer. The halls will soon be deserted and the student-body will be scattered broadcast, visiting relatives and friends. Throughout Christendom the joyous peals of the Christmas bells will be heard, bringing anew the tidings of peace and good will to men.

As this is the last publication in the old year, we extend at this Yuletide season, a Merry Christmas and equally Happy New Year to the faculty, students, alumni and friends of the college.

* * *

To get out a college publication from week to week is not a cinch. It takes time, work and brains to gather the material and to systematize and arrange it properly. Very often the paper is picked up, given a cursory glance and thrown contemptuously aside, as if not worth looking over. Such persons forget the amount of time and work devoted to its columns.

One of the chief criticisms found with the WEEKLY is the amount of space devoted to advertisements. While this criticism may be just, it takes money to run a paper; and the advertisements are very remunerative. The paper is sold at a nominal price, making it necessary to resort to other means for support.

We wish to call the attention of

the faculty and students to the advertisements in our columns. These firms have favored us, and it is only just that they in turn should receive our patronage. They have been tried in the past and found reliable, and to patronize such men will greatly further the interests of the WEEKLY.

ALUMNI

At a recent meeting of the Ministerial Association of Lancaster, a paper was read by Rev. Dr. J. W. Meminger, '84, on "The Purpose of the Sermon."

Rev. J. M. S. Isenberg of Trinity Reformed Church, Seventh and Oxford Streets, Mrs. Isenberg and two of the children have been seriously ill with diphtheria. They are improving and it is expected that they will soon be on the fair way to recovery.

Rev. I. C. Fisher, '89 of Lebanon and Rev. Dr. J. W. Meminger, '84, of Lancaster visited the college this week. Dr. Meminger led the chapel services on Wednesday morning.

Dr. F. G. Hobson, who has been ill for the past two weeks with typhoid fever is doing as well as can be expected, and is on the fair way to recovery.

Rev. Edgar V. Loucks of Oskaloosa, Ia., was elected pastor of Boehm's Reformed church, Blue Bell. He will take charge about January first.

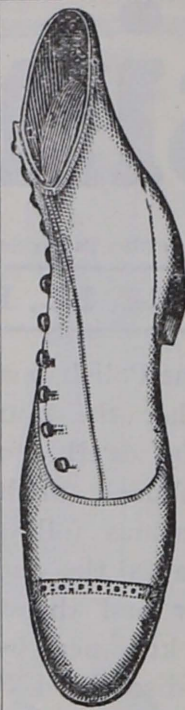
PHILADELPHIA LETTER

Dr. Jas. I. Good, Dean of the Seminary, will leave on his trip around the world on Dec. 27. He will sail on the steamer Oceanic for Liverpool from where he will go to the continent and proceed by rail to Marseilles, France. From there he will go by steamer via Suez Canal to Bombay, India, arriving there Jan. 20. He will spend a month in India, a month in China and a month in Japan, returning home by way of San Francisco. During his absence most of Dr. Good's work in the Seminary will be taken care of by the other members of the Faculty.

Prof. E. S. Bromer on Sunday morning preached for Rev. W. S. Shelley of the Willow Street Charge and for Rev. Dr. Meminger in the evening.

Prof. W. J. Hinke preached at the Reformed church, Spring Forge, Pa., Sunday.

A recent caller at the Seminary was Prof. G. Antal of Papa, Hungary. He is professor of Dogmatics in the Reformed Theological Seminary of that place. Prof. Antal is spending some time in this country in the interest of Hungarian members of the Reformed church.



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The Literary Supplement.

TO THE URSINUS WEEKLY

Vol. 4.

December.

FROM ROMANY TO ROME

Upon the road to Romany
It's, stay, friend, stay!
There's lots o' love, and lots o' time
To linger on the way;
Poppies for the twilight,
Roses for the noon,
It's happy goes as lucky goes
To Romany in June.
Best on the road to Rome—oh
It's march, man, march!
The dust is on the chariot wheels,
The sere is on the larch;
Helmets and javelins
And bridles flecked with foam—
The flowers are dead, the world's ahead
Upon the road Rome.

THE DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION OF IRVING

The drama, as acted, has passed through great and wonderful changes in its development. From the period of the early religious plays, the Classical and Italian plays, to the present time, the changes have been slowly and gradually going on. Through the admission of woman to the stage as actor, the artificial performance before carried out by the boys trained for the part, was overcome. The Shakespearean plays called for her and in 1660 she first took her part. The influence of the historical drama was for more uniformity of action with the time represented. It is this fact which has concerned the actors of the day. Throughout all these years men and women have risen in behalf of the drama, have devoted their entire lives to its interests, and have wielded over it strong and lasting influences, some for good, others for evil. The evil has had to be overcome and the good has had to be increased to place the drama where it is to-day. To one man is due a large share of the credit; he of whom it was said, "The stage has lost its intellectual head and front; a man who by sheer force of intellect and master of technique, placed himself in the position of foremost actor on the English-speaking stage; whose death the world in general mourns to-day; for whom no successor has been provided, and to whose memory all in honor and reverence bow,—Sir Henry Irving, the greatest of English actors, the most refined and cultured man."

Sixty-seven years ago, when from humble parentage this child was born, no one dreamt what future lay in store for him, or divined the secrets hidden in this strong and noble personage. Time has told and to appreciate the recent developments on the stage, we need only reflect upon the career and life of him just passed away.

In our reflections we recognize a beam of light, suddenly arising, then gradually increasing, until standing out prominently and conspicuously, it occupies the zenith of our horizon and illuminates with its light everything around us. This light we recognize as the influence and the great contributions with which Henry Irving illuminated anew the drama. The man

is gone, but his influence goes on and will never be forgotten.

This influence is felt most particularly in two fields of the art. The profound scholarship, the keen insight, the marked individuality, the wonderful imagination, and the depth of intellect of the man have given to him his ability of interpretation. No man before him ever possessed such ability or contributed so much. Old characters, with him as their impersonator, were created anew. To them he gave new life and inspiration. From them he extracted more than any of his predecessors or contemporaries ever did. In stage management lies his second contribution. With one bold stroke he broke away from the old conventional ideas and introduced new and lasting improvements.

To treat Irving fairly, to attribute to him all the credit due, taking into consideration the conditions of the times in which he acted, how all theatre-going people were wont to still stand by the old school, is not an easy task. Is it a light matter for people who have been accustomed to one Shylock, for example, seeing him act as one individual and then suddenly find this character changed,—is it easy for these to be instantly reconciled to the new? It was in such surroundings in which Irving commenced his work. A number of his first productions exhibited his ability and skill as a sensational actor. It was through such plays as "Hunted Down" in which he made his first mark; the "Two Roses" in which Digby Grant, the impetuous father, is brilliantly drawn, "Richelieu," in which as Francis he is ever remembered, by his "Here's to Our Enterprise," that he aroused public opinion. In all of these he took the minor parts, but so interpreted and depicted the characters, enlarging on the smallest details, as to demand more recognition than an actor of inferior part ever did before. Thus he faced the criticisms, taunts and rebuffs of the world. Critics at this stage, however, recognized him as a good comedian, a good sensational actor.

Now an opportunity offered itself for him to gain more than mere recognition as a passing actor. On seeing a translation of a French play, "Le Juif Polonais," he declared that he was able to do something with it. Accordingly, in 1871, under his supervision and according to his own ideas, "The Bells" was first given. Here as the character of Mathias, through his personal magnetism, he completely fascinated his audience. From the minute he crossed the stage and joined the crowd of villagers, until the last moment when he appeared, yet in a dream, his audience sat in perfect amazement. This play, so intimately connected with his fame, furnishes a text for his artistic talents and powers. In it alone are expressed the emotions, remorse, suspicion, dread, grief, cunning, and warm family affection. In need of money, he has killed the Jew who stopped at his inn. The consciousness of this crime haunts him, and at times almost overpowers him. In his imagination he hears the bells which long ago he heard upon the Polish Jew's horse, "Bells! Bells!" A dizziness seizes him. "Shall I call for help? No, Mathias, have courage! The Jew is dead." The greed, the love of the money taken from the Jew's girdle is perfectly portrayed, when he counts the pieces. "Ah! it is pleasant to hear the sound of gold."—"Bells! the bells again." The hysterical laughter when, in listening to Christian's proposed theory of disposing of the Jew's body, he says, "Why, I myself had a lime-kiln burning at the time the crime was committed;" the great anxiety when he signs the marriage contract, "Bells! Courage, Mathias;" the fierceness with which he says, "I never dream;" his supposed peace of mind when he retires, "No more folly, no more bells! Conscience at rest," the haggard, woeful expression in the last scene, "The rope! the rope! Cut the rope!"—all are proof of his rich imag-

ination, true dramatic instinct and wonderful interpretation. Critics now recognized him as a great melodramatic actor. He aspired to something higher, however, than melodrama.

Irving next essayed Shakespeare and the storm of criticism raged anew, not so much that he might possibly insult some previous "Hamlet," but that by the public this character was considered a classic tradition and was bound in allowing no one to intrude on its sacred precincts. But such a Hamlet! Here was a man who through his interpretation was the real Hamlet, in his dignity, humor and melancholy. Not completely pacified by this conquest of Shakespeare in Hamlet, the tempest broke out again when he attempted "Macbeth." His Macbeth was the true one, a villain, at times poetically and philosophically inclined, with a dread fear of ghosts, as when he says: "Take any shape but that." In the "Merchant of Venice" he worked the greatest transformation. The Shylock of old with his red wig and false nose amused the groundlings. The modern Shylock came out attired in the costume representing the time, with Portia a real woman. The groundlings were made to understand the irony of the Jew: "If you prick us, shall we not bleed? If you wrong us shall we not revenge?" With Irving as Shylock and Ellen Terry, the loveliest Portia of the modern stage, the change was complete. It is the old man Shylock, weak and feeble, tottering off from the court, not the boastful malignity of his former triumphs, which impresses the audience, an improvement of the old interpretation of Shakespeare. It is of this Shylock that Fannie Kemble said, "If Shakespeare could only see this, he would rewrite the part."

With the hope of seeing their works reproduced at the Lyceum, many unknown poets often wrote five act plays in blank verse. At this same time Tennyson wrote "The Cup," "The Forresters," "Queen Mary," and others. He was disappointed in the production of some of them, but had he lived to see "Becket," he surely would have been delighted. "Becket" represents the prelate withstanding the material realm in defence of the church. Irving seems to have had a special talent for impersonating ecclesiastics. Indeed, at a dinner given a long time previous, he was told, "You will yet introduce to the stage a churchman." What prophecy more true than that of Becket! Tennyson's lines defined the character, but only through Irving's action is one impressed with the sublimity, grandeur and nobleness of the man who will sacrifice all else for the church. He himself tells us it was one of the three most successful plays produced by him at the Lyceum. The following lines he always delighted in giving with a tenderness and emotion as if recalling days of old:

"There was a little fair-haired Norman maid,
Lived in my mother's house. If Rosemund is
The world's rose as the name imports her, she
Was the world's lily."

"To me," Irving himself says, "Becket is a very noble play with something of that lofty feeling, that far-reaching influence, which belongs to a passion play. Some of the scenes and passages, especially in the last act, are full of sublime feeling, and are with regard to both their dramatic effectiveness and their poetic feeling as fine as anything in the language." Tennyson's life and works had a great influence on Irving. Confidently the actor once said, in speaking of the lines of the poet, "They have made me a better man, I hope," his countenance at the same time showing the feeling which he bore toward the noble personage of Tennyson.

The tide of censure and rebuke waned. Irving stood foremost. Mannerisms peculiar to his nature were so perfectly disguised; his weak voice, once considered an obstacle never to be overcome, his entire general appearance, a great

THE PROFESSOR'S CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

On the twelfth day of September, 1894, there was enrolled at the Principal's office of _____ Academy the following registration slip—

September 12, 1894.

Name in full, Joseph Warren Hamill.
Room No. 45, Academy Building.
Parent or Guardian, Josiah Hamill.
Address, Edgetown, Pa., Pine Grove Farm.
Date of birth, August 8, 1875.
Institution last attended, Edgetown High School.
Member of Reformed Church.

It was lying on the table when I entered the Principal's office to register for the new school year. I was an old student, about to enter upon my fourth year's work and was curious to know who the new students were and which were to be my classmates. The Principal was not in, so I picked up the slip and read it. It was written with scrupulous care and attracted my attention. "Some new fellow," I thought to myself. "Joseph Warren Hamill; pretty good name," I considered. "1865, let's see,—five from fourteen leaves nine and, yes, one,—nineteen years old, from Edgetown High School. Wonder where that is! Either be a fourth year prep or a Freshman. 'Pine Grove Farm,' ha! he's a greenie sure enough. Boards in Academy, too."

Just then the Principal came in and I hastily replaced the slip and seated myself. I registered, then asked the Principal what I could do about a roommate. "Well," said the Principal, "there's a new fellow, a Mr. Hamill, who wants a roommate. Possibly you could make arrangements with him. Just wait a minute, I'll go and look him up."

The Principal left the room and soon returned with the gentleman in question. I was expecting to see a short, stubby, red-faced fellow with "farmer" stamped on his hands and clothes. I rose to meet him, we shook hands, and I was surprised to find him a quite fine looking fellow. He was tall and well built, with blue eyes and black hair. His face was rather pale and sensitive, his manner and dress had an air of refinement about them. He was evidently rattled, and so was I. The Principal then asked him, very delicately, if he desired me for a roommate. They both looked at me and I felt somehow as though I was being sold at auction, when the fellow smiled and said disconcertedly, "Yes, that is, if Mr.—"

"Oh, I think we could get along all right," I said condescendingly. In a few minutes matters were fixed, and we went to our room together. We began to find a few things in common to talk about. I told him to call me Phil and he said his name was Joseph Warren, but I knew that before. He said most people called him Warren, but I thought Joe was shorter and suited better and I called him that.

We were classmates and as soon as everything was running smoothly, we became better acquainted; or that is, I found out more about him. He was a fine sort of fellow, but decidedly quiet. He would give me no more voluntary information about himself than would an oyster. The fellows geyed me and asked how I liked entertaining "Joseph the Silent." However, by a little tact in questioning, I learned that he was an only son of a prosperous farmer near Edgetown. Their farm contained about two hundred acres of arable land, and his father desired to educate him prior to his taking the farm in his own hands. The hopes of the parents seemed to be centered in Joseph and he was anxious to do well.

He was a good boy and showed evidence of a home training that placed him far above the rest of the academy boys. He was a bright fellow, too, and did more conscientious studying than any boy in the class, and generously

helped me through many a tough place. His good work did not lie in one direction, but he was well balanced and all tasks with him seemed equal. During the months that followed, he became jolly and sociable with me and we spent many pleasant times together, either taking walks in the surrounding country or talking and joking in our room. He was one of these fellows who know something interesting about every subject one brings up, and I believe through our conversations I learned more than I did from my text books, which might not be saying much, however.

Our friendship, though slow, was sure and firm and we were chums, true enough. But just as soon as a third party—well, say "butted in," the old reserve came back again and he could not make himself even agreeable. I knew that he was bashful, but the boys soon betrayed a dislike for him. His cold reserve and evident indifference brought ill favor against him. He had outstripped them in classes, he would not help in class scraps, and was put down for a coward, and even though it was mid-year, he was not even sociable with them. The girls, when he had first come, had raved over his heavenly eyes and raven locks, but he paid no attention to them and was soon classed with the "unpopular." The dislike of the boys began to manifest itself and one day he overheard them making plans to put him under the pump. He came to me that evening and asked what he had done, that the boys disliked him so. I told him, "Nothing," and that was true.

"But what am I to do about it?" he asked; the fellows are prejudiced against me already and I don't know how to remedy it. They're going to put me under the pump."

"The mischief they are!" I said. "They won't if I am around." I couldn't tell the fellow to be jollier and jump around more; besides, it didn't seem to be in him, so I told him he'd come out all right. After that he seemed to study harder than ever and I was the only one to keep him from metamorphosing into one of those crabby old book-worms. The professors all liked him and when the year ended, he had won the scholarship for admittance into the college.

The next Fall he came back again and we were roommates for the four college years. During this time we formed one of those lasting friendships that are so rare. In all his college course he never made a public speech, except in Y. M. C. A. And to have seen Joe with a girl would surely have brought bad luck to the institution. Though the boys came to acknowledge his good qualities, the old prejudice never ceased to exist and when he graduated, valedictorian of the class of '99, his classmates regarded him with the same cold indifference.

During those four years, he had gathered a vast store of knowledge. Literally, he knew his text-books by heart, was thoroughly acquainted with the dead and living languages, was a veritable encyclopedia of book knowledge. He had made a specialty of history and English and secured a general knowledge by reading everything time permitted. Before we parted, we agreed that if it was possible, and he was not needed at home, we would both take a university course. He meant to specialize in history and English, and I in chemistry.

He went home for the summer, and his indulgent father sent him to Harvard the following year. I was there, too, and we were roommates. We took the four years course and graduated in 1903. In this time, I had made quite a number of university friends, some of whom were very fine fellows; but Joe knew only three or four besides me. He was the same reserved, boyish fellow and did not look the twenty-eight years he bore. He was generous, good, kind-hearted and sociable with the few friends who understood him, but strange and cold to the many who did not.

detraction from his characters, all were so completely brought under his control as to immediately hush the general murmur raised against him. The public turned to admiration. They seemed to see revealed the true man. His was a life, good, noble, upright, cultured, honest and pure; for as he himself intimated when speaking on this very thing: "If an actor betray lack of culture in social intercourse, it will militate against him as an artist." A man of true simplicity, living for his art, always leaving the impression that he is the head of his profession, took his position seriously. In his later years he produced such characters as "Louis XI" and "Faust." In the former he gained his greatest personal success. The haggard, corpse-like appearance of the actor gave no opportunity for pathos. Here was produced the greatest and best exhibition of fear. The final death scene can be attributed only to the rarest skill in acting. Of the remaining four hundred characters in which he appeared throughout his dramatic career, suffice it to say that each one gave proof of the individuality of interpretation—the presence of the stamp of Irving.

Within the last thirty years this great change has been completed. Irving restored the play as an organic whole, for as he said, "The whole is better than any part." The old succession of scenes, resembling merely an exhibition of a collection of pictures, was transformed into the one production, all parts of which were so connected and interwoven as to give the desired effect. All action and mechanical devices were made to conform to the one general whole. As a painter notes the lights and shadows in his pictures, so he brought lights and shadows to the stage, focusing the light on the center of action rather than on the subordinate parts. He restored perfect harmony of costumes, devices and scenery with the time to be represented in the action. The weird landscapes are in perfect accord with the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare; Shylock's dwelling in the Ghetto is the perfect reality of the time of the "Merchant of Venice" when he returned to find that Jessica had fled with her Christian lover; the "Louis XI" as acted to-day is the image in dress and costume of the Louis of old. The final triumph was won; the climax was reached. The dramatic climax attained by Irving was analogous to the musical success previously attained by Wagner. Through the latter, music and feeling were completely united; through the former action, interpretation and mechanical devices were made to conform. The one an Englishman, the other a German; both worked the grandest transformation the world has ever seen.

How much then the world has cause to mourn for him! A man who raised an old art to a new position, who inspired it with his own personal dignity and charm, who influenced it with his deep scholarship and learning, who popularized it with his own culture and refinement; but who has now withdrawn from it, leaving it alone to do its work. How dear in memory should be held that last great night in Bradford, by those who saw him when he appeared for the last time as "Becket," when he spoke his last words, "Into thy hands, O Lord, into thy hands;" for immediately after, he took his departure never to return. America can no more look for him to return to its shores. The land he loved so well shall never see him again, but the land he loved the more has paid to him its last tribute. Sadly and solemnly in honor and glory, within those Westminster walls where before no actor's body ever lay, the spirit of Tennyson seemed to hover over him and whispered again at the joyful reception of a companion and friend the words of welcome spoken long before:

"O good gray head which all men knew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er."

Our school days were over, and he went home for the summer and I went with him. His mother and father were dear old people who idolized Joe, and with reason. Anyone of the college or university boys who could have seen Joe at home would have forgotten their prejudice and loved him as I do. As soon as he came home he laid off the cloak of the college man and began work in earnest. The farm began to improve under the management of this loyal and trustworthy son. He took the burden cheerfully from his father's aged shoulders. His interest in their welfare and the prospect of the crops gave the parents joy and contentment. I asked him one day if he intended always to manage his father's farm and what he intended to do with his history and English.

He said that as long as his parents lived he would farm, and he had no plans after that. I told him to go ahead and that I envied him the job myself.

I had not heard from Joe for a long time when the news reached me that his father had died. The winter's cold was too severe on his old age and he had suddenly taken ill. Joe still remained on the old homestead with his mother, and was her only comfort. But the homestead had changed for the dear old mother and she did not seem contented. I was with them the following summer, when one day Joe brought me an opened letter which he asked me to read. It came from — college and asked him to accept the chair of History and the Freshman English, salary offered, twelve hundred a year. I told him it was a good chance and he was foolish if he did not accept. At last he agreed to close the farm-house. His mother was to live with her niece and he came on September the twelfth, 1904, to the college to take up the work.

On the thirteenth he met his first class. They were the Freshmen in English and a frisky class of Freshmen they were. And Joe, bashful, reserved Joe, stood before them and did not know what to say. He stumbled through a little speech about the work and dismissed them, and giggling and snickering, they went out. And so it followed with every new class for the next few days. The Sophomores were no improvement. They laughed among themselves and winked and cast about significant glances as if they wondered if he knew what he was talking about. The Juniors laughed outright and the Seniors smiled sedately. This reception drew Joseph farther into his reserve and he pondered on what measures to take. He decided on Superior Dignity; for Joe had learned the lessons of the school and of the book, but had left untouched the great open book of human nature. In the classroom and out of it he was cold and dignified and endeavored to speak with precision. He did not know how to interest these boys and girls and felt as if it were his duty to teach the few plain facts as they were in the book. He did not think of these classes as friends interested in him and in whom he should interest himself by imparting from his store of knowledge those things which add to the student's general knowledge and culture. He deemed familiarity and individual interest unwise, and besides, he did not understand individuals and their natures. "Superior Dignity" did not take effect, for the Freshmen became unruly and inattentive, the Sophomores sleepy and stupid, the Juniors dominating and obstinate, and the Seniors dull and incomprehensible.

No one understood Joe here and Joe could not understand. No one appreciated his worth or recognized the nobility of his soul—except one—a member of the Faculty, the Professor of Elocution and Academy English. *She* with true womanly instinct understood the true worth of Professor Hamill. She was a beautiful girl of twenty-two, and added to her beauty was that refined intelligence belonging to so few women. She was a new teacher also, and had al-

ready made many friends. She was one of those exceptional natures that suit so readily to all environments. The girls of the dormitory all liked her and her pupils came to her with their troubles. No one attempted to disturb her classes and she controlled the boys with as much ease as the girls. Her dignity of bearing and her kindly interest in the students won respect and admiration. Her aid and sympathy were genuine and the faculty was well pleased in its choice of a teacher. It was at a Faculty meeting that she had met Hamill. It had been a long one, he remembered, and the President said, "Well, Hamill, you're the only unmarried man here. I guess you'll have the honor of seeing Miss Morgan home." He looked at her and she smiled a little encouragingly. He walked home with her and she kept up the conversation all the way, and before he knew it he had said more than he had to any girl in his lifetime before. On his way back he wondered how it had happened, and felt encouraged to try it again.

There were many faculty meetings after that and Hamill soon began to look forward to them, a fact that he would not admit even to himself. They seemed like oases in a lonely desert. Margaret Morgan was to him perfection among the fair sex. She was a bright, interesting talker, beautiful and attractive, yet with a womanly reserve that made the difference between her and other girls. She never mentioned teaching, yet somehow he always felt encouraged to try harder when he left her. But trying harder made no improvement. The students were getting worse and he could not control them. The Junior class had even "bagged" in a body and our Professor was at his wits' end. The Sophomores he could not interest in their work. One had come to him and asked why he didn't ask the questions so they knew what he meant; and thus things seemed going from bad to worse and evidences of personal dislike became more frequent. He marked them conscientiously hard, but when he passed back the papers, he wished he had been more lenient. Every day seemed a repetition of itself with added discouragement. He felt as though he would like to begin in the beginning and try it all over again. He wondered what *she* thought of him, for he felt sure she must have heard. Christmas vacation came at last and the students were preparing to go home.

All the girls were packing their suit cases and were jolly in the prospect of going home. Fun and joking were prevalent everywhere and all were in a flurry of excitement. One pretty girl pounced into Miss Morgan's room and suddenly stopped. "Why Miss Morgan," she exclaimed, "what's the matter, aren't you going home?" Miss Morgan shook her head and the girl suddenly remembered that her parents were dead.

"I'm invited to my aunt's, but I'm not going until Christmas morning." She had been invited for Christmas week and did not feel at liberty to go before time. Christmas did not seem to hold any pleasure for her, but only recollections of the past, painful amid the joy around her. Then a bevy of girls came in and she heard one say, "Old Hamill ain't going home till Christmas morning. Hope the old fogey will go home and stay there."

"So do I," said another, "I don't care if he never comes back."

Miss Morgan heard, but the only clause she remembered was that he was not going until Christmas morning.

The next day the girls' hall was deserted and only a few of the boys remained. Miss Morgan was busy during the whole day, looking over examination papers. She felt quite strangely when she found herself in the great, nearly deserted dining-hall. To her embarrassment and his she found herself and Hamill at the same table. The embarrassment wore off and

some times he was glad he had stayed. He had almost forgotten his troubles, for he was not teaching now. He walked home with Miss Morgan from supper, but was afraid to presume farther.

The next evening was Christmas Eve and as it drew near he became more melancholy. His heart ached as he remembered that not one of the boys wished him a merry Christmas, and there were at least five whole months before him. How was he going to make these boys like him, and what had been the matter with his teaching? He was thinking, wondering and planning, when suddenly he remembered that he had not gone for the mail. He took out his Daily and inside was a little white envelope. There was no stamp upon it and the writing was not familiar. He opened it and read:

MR. HAMILL,—

It is rather lonely over here for Christmas Eve. If you are lonely, too, you are welcome to call this evening.

Margaret Morgan.

Lonely? Well he guessed he was, and early in the evening a knock was heard on the door of the Ladies' Hall. Margaret welcomed him at the door and conducted him into the reception room. She looked very beautiful to Hamill as she seated herself before the open fireplace.

Her pretty, blue dress set off her brown hair and eyes to an advantage, and Hamill had never seen her so charming. The spirit of Christmas had seized them and as the wind howled and whistled about the building, a feeling of contentment and merriment reigned within. He had asked her to play for him and she played some spirited tunes. The last one was very beautiful and in watching the movement of her fingers he forgot the music and her, and the old sense of his failure came over him and he was lost in that overwhelming sea of trouble. His heart ached and he did not know what to do. Suddenly he became aware that the music had ceased and that she had caught him nodding. What should he do? He could not look at her. He wondered vaguely if she was insulted and what he should say to her. "Did you like the music?" she asked with laughter in her eyes. Then he laughed, too, and soon he was telling how he had come from the farm to teach and all had been a failure, and how the prospect of the dreary months to follow troubled him. He ended by asking what he should do.

"Do you want me to advise you?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Hamill.

"Then stop teaching and go back to the farm."

"But that's a cruel sort of exile, isn't it?" he asked. "If you deserved the punishment, I should ask you to go along." Her cheeks flushed and he noticed her confusion. A hope had suddenly arisen and before he knew it, he had said, "But you wouldn't, would you, Margaret?"

She turned her head slightly and nodded slowly. A tray fell from the knees of Hamill, making a great scatteration of pop-corn. A few minutes later Margaret said, "And now you must pick all that up."

"Yes, but you must help me," Hamill answered.

Hamill went home over Christmas, and he and his mother spent a merry one in the old farm house. He told her all about the wonder-Christmas present he had received, about his failure as a Professor of history, and to her joy, that the old farm house would be reopened and renovated before it received its new mistress. Life had seemed to take on a new light even for her. Margaret remained at the college for the remainder of the year and a staid old professor took Hamill's place. In June there was a pretty little wedding and I was best man.

* * *

It was Christmas Eve again. A party of three sat before an open fire-place, but it was in the grand old farm house. An aged lady with silver-white hair sat beside a brown-eyed girl in a pale blue dress. A man sat next munching pop-corn from a silver tray on his knees. Suddenly he laughed and the old lady asked what amused him.

"I was just thinking I could go back and teach those youngsters now. Don't you believe it, Peggy?"

"Peggy" nodded. Then he grew serious. "Perhaps, Peggy; you would like,—that is, maybe I should try it again. Maybe you don't —" She put her hand over his mouth before he could finish and contentment and happiness replaced his last fear.

EVA M. THOMPSON, '08.

—◆—

"Forget they sorrow, sweetheart mine;
Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,
Somewhere is joy, though, 'tis not thine;
The power that sent can heal thy grief;
And light lies on the farther hills.

Thou wouldst not with the world be one
If ne'er thou knowest hurt and wrong;
Take comfort though the darkened sun
Never again bring gleam or song—
The light lies on the farther hills."

MIND CONCENTRATION

A common complaint of young students, and especially those who are trying to educate themselves, is that they find it hard, and at times impossible, to concentrate their attention on the subject they are studying. Especially is this the case with dry, uninteresting, and difficult subjects. As they bend over the open page, the mind is continually flying off, making images, and building castles in the air, taken captive by troops of idle fancies that lead it away from its work, sap its energies and reduce it to a condition in which it becomes irritated and decomposed, the victim of a futile restlessness and dissatisfaction with itself and everybody and everything else, it cannot tell why.

What is the remedy for this? There is but one possible remedy for this defect—this inability to gather together the mental powers and concentrate them exclusively on one subject—and that is concentration. In other words, it is only by continued, strenuous efforts, repeated again and again, day after day, week after week, and month after month, that this ability can be acquired. The process of obtaining self-mastery is a gradual one, its length varying with the mental constitution of each person, but its acquisition is worth more than the utmost labor it ever costs. It is a process to which every thinker has to submit. You all know how Archimedes, at the capture of Syracuse, was so intent on his problem that he did not notice the hostile soldier who had entered his study.

Fortunately, there is no faculty of the mind that grows and strengthens more surely by practice than this power of attention. Every earnest, persistent effort we make to acquire this faculty is sure of its reward. But there must be no fooling, no child's play. Nothing will avail but strenuous, persistent study. What Thomas Fuller says of fancy, we may say of the mind: "Great is the difference betwixt a swift horse and a skittish that will stand on no ground. If this be the fault of thy fancy, I say,—whip it home to the first object whereon it shall be settled. This do as often as the occasion requires, and by degrees the fugitive servant will learn to abide by his work without running away."

Think of the concentrative faculty of a great lawyer like Sir William Follett, who, after getting all the facts of an involved case into his

mind only at one or two o'clock in the morning, could appear in court at nine A. M., and then proceed to cite a case and all his reasonings on it, with the very perfection of logical method, every thought in its proper place, and all this at the rate of rapid extemporaneous speaking. Or, think again of the first and greatest Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, of whom William Wirt wrote, "Here is John Marshall, whose mind seems to be little less than a mountain of barren and stupendous rocks,—an inexhaustible quarry from which he draws his materials and builds his fabrics, rude and Gothic, but of such strength that neither time nor force can beat them down; a fellow who would not turn off a single step from the right line of his argument!" What a wondrous power of concentration did these two lawyers exhibit! And yet this very same faculty may be acquired by the humblest student here in college,—at least the same in kind, if not in degree,—if he is willing to pay the price for it in prolonged, persevering toil. Just as surely as the rewards of material labor, will come those of mental grasp and vigor, as the consequence of this habit of concentration.

CHAS. H. BROWN, '07.

THE NEED OF REFORM IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS

Ever since the first football player received serious injuries, ever since a professional baseball player donned a college uniform, ever since the desire to win at all costs superseded the desire for true sport, ever since the development of the individual was lost sight of in making the team, ever since that time there has been need of reform in college athletics.

Such cries as commercialism in athletics, brutality in football, players disqualified, are only whispers of the voice of fairness calling for a reform of the whole system of college sports. The present system not only permits and encourages sports which are dangerous to life and limb but what is worse, is the low moral tone created by the questionable practices of athletic boards of control. Today only the heaviest and most robust are encouraged to take part in football; the only men solicited to try for baseball are those with a reputation. A system that maims or overdevelops the strong, while giving the physically imperfect no attention, is woefully deficient if it is not radically wrong.

The Greek system of education aimed to develop symmetrical men, men duly proportioned in intellect, body and spirit. They aimed to secure graceful, strong bodies, rather than automatic muscular machines. We of to-day could do no better than take for our guide the ancient ideal of the old Greeks.

The aim of athletics should be to assist students in maintaining a strong body if he already possess it, or to secure it if it be lacking. Make the man the unit instead of the team. Surely a strong man is rather to be developed than a strong team.

The present system of conducting athletic sports takes an undue amount of time at one period of the year and permits the student to remain inactive throughout the remaining part of the year. Exercise, to be beneficial, must be regular. A man cannot exercise sufficiently in the football season to last throughout a year. This phase of the problem needs immediate correction.

The fact that football and baseball are so highly developed, together with the fact that they are played within relatively short periods of time, require too high a tension of mind and muscle to be of lasting benefit.

The number of men who receive direct physical benefit from football is small in proportion to the whole number of men in college; the

number who benefit directly in baseball is smaller, and in other sports, still smaller. So that counting all of the men engaged in these sports, there yet remains a large body of men who must secure their physical training as best they can. Then, too many of the men on the teams are not receiving the kind of exercise they need. While it is true that football and baseball exercise every muscle in the body, the large number of injuries received indicates that it is not well suited to the players as a whole.

Although the evidence on this point is fragmentary, athletic enthusiasts have been shouting their opinions that the men who take part in athletic sports are the best students. However, it is often too true that the "star" is only a mediocre student, and it is generally true that the scholastic record suffers when the athletic record is in the ascendancy.

Although comparatively few students are benefited by college athletics as at present conducted, the whole student-body often shares in the evils. By the present practices of the press, the whole student-body is often wrought to a high pitch of excitement over the prospect of a victory or hurled to the depths of gloom by a defeat. A system that unfits men for study demands a change.

The plea for college athletics so often made that a college must have them for the advertising it brings, is not well grounded, even from a business standpoint. How many of the serious minded students in college to-day were drawn thither by the glaring headlines on a sporting page, saying that "Lehigh was in a crippled condition to meet Lafayette" or that "the game on Saturday was a gruelling contest." If the same amount of money that is used in creating an artificial halo about certain evils attendant upon sports of to-day, were used to purchase legitimate advertising, the results would be equally as effective. Should the feature be eliminated, the life of no worthy institution would be endangered.

The demand for reform is no longer the passive desire of a few effeminate men, it has become an imperative demand, a demand not for reform merely but in many quarters a demand for abolition of certain sports.

In our zeal for reform, we must be temperate lest much that is good be swept away with what is bad. Surely a system that has benefited the few, who actually participated in the sports can not be wholly bad. The pendulum has swung to one extreme, let us see that it does not go to the other. We want to see the benefits of football and baseball extended to every student of the institution rather than destroy the games.

In any movement to purify and reconstruct a system of athletics, let us keep in mind the individual, not the team, study the needs of the students and not the game, by so doing there will be evolved from the present decaying system a new system and a new spirit that will be in keeping with the spirit of the time and with our ideals.

COOK, '07.

EXCHANGES

The Haverfordian for December is attractive and interesting as usual.

The State Collegian appears to be over-devoted to athletics.

There is always a serious, business-like tone to *The Lafayette* which is rather refreshing among the customary light and airy styles of most of our exchanges.

As a news gatherer and reporter the *Dickinsonian* has no equal among the papers in our rack.

It impresses us as a rather doubtful proceeding to devote the entire issue of the *Bucknell Mirror* to an essay on International Law by the professor of Political Science at that institution.

F. G. Hobson
Attorney-at-Law

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The chapel service last Wednesday morning was attended by Messrs. Beck, Zoll, and Bucher who the previous day were elected missionaries for the foreign field at the meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church. Short addresses were delivered by these gentlemen and also by the Rev. Dr. A. R. Bartholomew, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions.

C. E. Dechant, formerly principal of the Ursinus Academy, and H. U. Miller, were recent callers at the Seminary.

J. C. Stamm and friend attended the dedication of the new chapel of the Mt. Carmel Mission, West Philadelphia, on Sunday.

The following students preached on Sunday: R. S. Edris at Blue Bell, W. S. Clapp, at Roxborough, I. S. Ditzler at Wayne Junction, A. S. Peeler at Schwenkfelders, G. M. Smith at Chalfont, and J. C. Stamm addressed the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip at Emmanuel Reformed Church, Philadelphia.

PERSONALS

Coach Kelley, Mabry, '06 and Munhall, '09, saw "Stocks and Bonds" in Norristown on Monday evening.

Miss Swartz, '09, who was confined to her room during the forepart of the week, is about again.

Miss Evelyn Neff, '07, enter-

KEITH'S THEATRE

An overflowing holiday jubilee bill of mirth is the offering at Kieth's next week. The headline feature is Truly Shattuck and "The Prince of Pilsen Girls," by special arrangement with Healy W. Savage, music by Luders and lyrics by Pixley. The pretty damosels typify the various cities of the Union, and the act is both bewildering in beauty and melodious as well. This feature has been a rousing success in other cities of the country. Filson and Errol are perhaps as popular vaudeville specialists as there are in the business, and their new laugh-producer, "A Daughter of Bacchus" is said to be as artistic as it is hilarious. Sydney Grant is also on the bill—that inimitable songster and story-teller known from Maine to California. Mr. Grant will have many surprises in store for the Christmas crowds. "In the Sunny South" is a specialty by W. B. McCollum, with the music by Max Hoffman, and brings Old Dixie very close to us with songs, humor and dances. The Pelots are humorous jugglers who offer some new sensations in their line, while Spissell Brothers and Mack, famous for original comic acrobatic work, give their incomparable "Scenes in a Cafe." The noted team, Borani and Novaro, have a novelty in "Weary Waggles, the Dandy Dude Tramp," with remarkable work in contortion and gymnastic feats. For the children there is a wealth of pleasure in the special feature presented in the entertainment of children. Woodford's Animals, screamingly funny trained monkeys, dogs cats,—ineed, a whole Noah's Ark of Thespians, little and big. This is the grand holiday specialty which has been a Christmas feature on the Kieth program for years, planned just for the children. There will be new and enchanting kinograph specialties for the children, too, including a Santa Claus scene of great spirit and beauty as well as rollicking fun. Twenty other important people in the vaudeville world will supplement this list of celebrities, who will give a diversified feast of entertainment.

tained her sister, Miss Helen Neff, Kutztown, at the Schaff Anniversary, and also over Sunday.

Ellis, '07, and Fenton, '07, were in Philadelphia on Saturday.

Dotterer, '06, took a flying trip to Norristown, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Walter C. Graeff, and Miss Ruth Ramsey Graeff, Lebanon, and Mr. Warwick Felton, Philadelphia, were the guests of Smith, '06, for the Schaff Anniversary.

Miss Clara Kaisinger, a former student in the Academy, came on for the Anniversary, remaining over Sunday. She was entertained by Miss Spangler, '09.

Miss Knauer, A. and Mr. Guy Knauer, A., spent Sunday at their home in St. Peters.

Miss Hobson, '06, and Smith, '06, have resigned from the Schaff Prize Debate to be held next April. Foltz, '06, and Harmon, '06, have been elected in their stead.

Miss Katherine Hobson and Mr. John Spangler, both former students of the Academy, are home for the holidays. Miss Hobson is a student at Bradford Academy, Massachusetts, and Mr. Spangler attends Stanton Military Academy, Virginia.

The law college of Syracuse University is soon to erect a home for this department.

The non-fraternity men of Amherst have organized into a literary and social club.

Every class at Harvard has a mandolin club and the University mandolin club is composed of the best men from the class clubs.

**In Giving
Christmas
Presents**

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THE EYES OF THE CHINESE IDOL

Continued from first page.

frightened and yet felt as though I had held the office of king just about as long as I cared to, for in my dream, I had been king of a far off kingdom and of a court of strange, fantastic people.

After that evening the place held a still more terrible fascination for me and I came again and again, each time trying new experiments with the idol and each time feeling new and more vivid sensations. Then I tried to stop coming but to no avail, for those eyes! I could not overcome their peculiar fascination. Feeling that the nervous strain was too much for me. I determined to rid myself of this thing which I abhorred and yet which charmed me. The next day I went as usual to the store and, finding Fing Wing out, I sat down and waited. I could not keep my eyes from that image in the corner and, determining to solve the mystery of the power of those eyes and my dreams, I went toward the table, but accidentally knocked the little image off, breaking it into a hundred pieces. Just then I heard some one enter the room and looking up, I saw the Chinaman. Feeling guilty, I pointed to the broken image, and when he saw it he screamed something in Chinese and fled from the room in horror. But from the broken fragments glided a small yellow serpent with tiny, regular dots on its back. Then it was my turn to be frightened and I ran home, thinking all the time that possibly that hideous little thing was following me. When I reached home and with the facts all out before me, I tried to think it out.

Was it hypnotism? Was it the eyes of the serpent that had fascinated me or had the Chinaman given me some drug in the viands? It is a mystery I could never solve. I only know that the ivory idol is no more.

Darmouth has started a new alumni magazine, "The Darmouth Bi-Monthly.

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Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still!
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on to the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away
Waits and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day.
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.
Longfellow.

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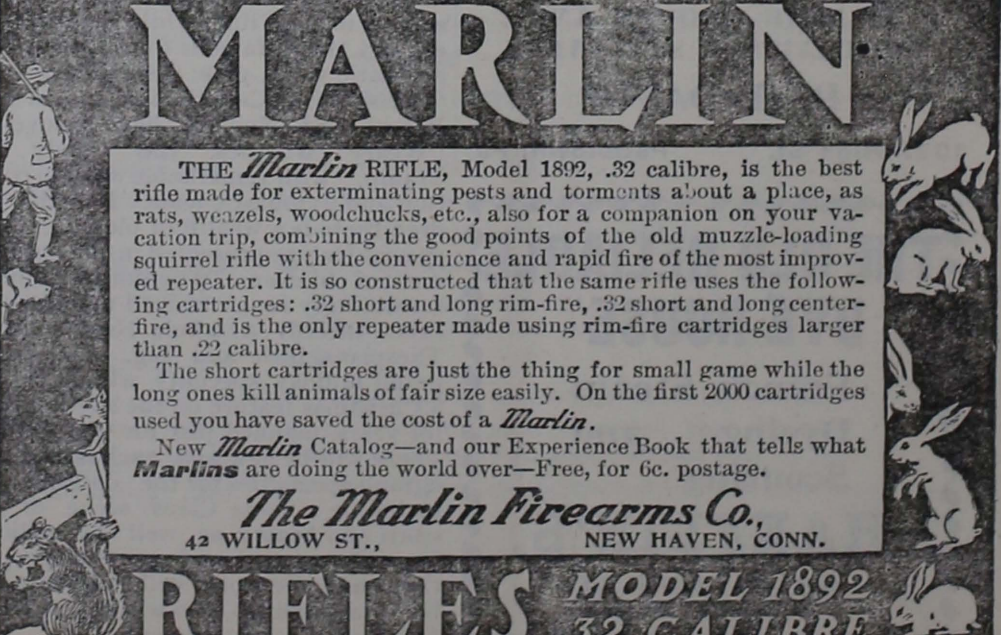
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