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THE

HVERFORDIAN



HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XX., No. 1

MARCH, 1898

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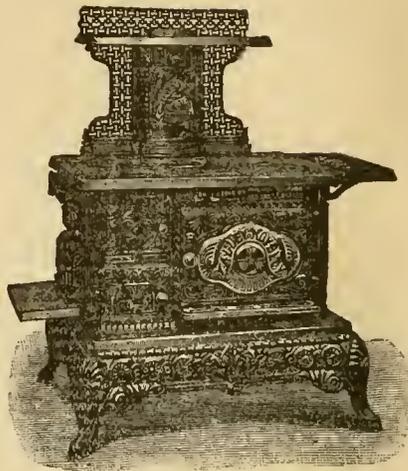
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HAVERFORD, MARCH, 1898.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

OWING to a misunderstanding with the publisher of THE HAVERFORDIAN, the Indexes of the nineteenth volume were not mailed to our subscribers with the February number. They are sent instead with the present number.

THE retiring Board desire to correct a mistake in spelling which occurred in their last number. On line thirteen of page one hundred, the cricket term "break" was spelled "brake." Although it has not been the

custom to correct errors of this kind in succeeding numbers yet, as this is a cricket term used in a cricket article, we feel that it should not be allowed to pass unnoticed in THE HAVERFORDIAN.

J. EDGAR Butler, '99, having resigned with the Senior Editors to graduate with '98, three places on the Board were left vacant. The recent competition to fill these places resulted in the election of Robert J. Burdette, Jr., '00, Howard V. Bullinger, '01, and Theodore J. Grayson, '01.

IN accordance with the intention announced in the January number, the Senior Editors resigned after the mid-years, leaving the control of THE HAVERFORDIAN in the hands of a new Board of Editors. The new editors, to conform to precedent, begin this, the twentieth volume, with the usual brief and general outline of their editorial intentions.

For the present, at least, we have no radical change to announce. We will conduct the paper along the same moderate lines as before, having as our aim and object to maintain the standard set by our predecessors and to make THE HAVERFORDIAN commend itself an interesting and readable magazine to those interested in Haverford. To this end we invite the co-operation of Alumni, Faculty and Students. Without this hearty co-operation we acknowledge at the outset our inability to compile a satisfactory volume, but we confidently hope for, believing we have the right to expect,

that aid and support which, in various ways, would naturally come from our Alumni, Faculty and Students.

We invite advice and friendly criticism from all. We welcome contributions, at the same time reserving the right to reject all matter, either because it is not in harmony with the general tone of the paper or for any other sufficient reason.

In closing, we would add that, while asking these favors of our friends, we, on our part, will do what we can.

EARLY last fall, Prof. Babbitt announced that an attempt would be made to establish a trophy room, in which the various mementos of Haverford athletic work could be kept. The work of collecting trophies began at once, and, notwithstanding the difficulty of locating many of them, a fair collection has already been secured. The class of 1900 at once presented a case for general athletic trophies and were soon followed by '98, who presented a cricket case. It is hoped that other cases for foot ball, gymnasium, and general athletic work may soon be given. The class of '97 donated their gymnasium trophy banner, and J. A. Lester, '96, loaned a number of his prize cups and medals. An unknown friend has recently donated a picture of the Haverford members of the All-Philadelphia Cricket Team of 1897. In addition to these there are the regular prize cups offered annually for inter-class spring sports, relay race, foot ball, the Triangle Society cup for inter-class debate, the banner won last spring at the University of Pennsylvania relay race, and various foot balls, prize cricket bats, belts and balls. It is expected that the Hockey Team will soon present "pucks" commemorating their recent victories. The trophy room is at present in Prof. Babbitt's office, in

Barclay Hall, and will remain there until a special room can be obtained.

In the future, all cricket balls won in inter-collegiate matches, and the foot balls won from Swarthmore and in other important games will be preserved, and it is further expected that those winning trophies of any kind will either donate or loan them for exhibition. The B. P. E. Society has promised to present, for the next four years, framed pictures of the cricket, foot ball, track, and gymnasium teams.

It is hoped that any alumnus possessing athletic or college trophies of any kind, particularly before 1890, will inform Prof. Babbitt of the fact and allow them to be exhibited. We hope that there may soon be, as at other colleges, a well-filled trophy room to attest the fact of Haverford's creditable athletic record in the past.

WE take pleasure in congratulating the Hockey Team on its successful efforts to add to Haverford's reputation, by winning the Championship of the Amateur Hockey League of Philadelphia. Hockey is a comparatively new game in this part of the country and judging from the enthusiasm of the colleges and schools in taking it up, and the interest of the general public in the matches, it seems probable that it has come to stay and will doubtless grow to be a large and prominent factor in the winter athletics of our colleges.

Through the efforts of interested followers of the game, the present league was organized late in December. At the opening night of the West Park Ice Palace, a meeting was called, at which officers were elected, a constitution adopted and a schedule of matches arranged. At that meeting representatives were present from the University of Penn-

sylvania, the Philadelphia Dental College, Wayne and Haverford; Swarthmore, alone of those invited, failing to send delegates. It was decided not to admit any of the many subsequent applicants for admission but to play out the series of matches as already arranged.

As a result of this series, Haverford has won the championship with a record of five victories and one defeat. The University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Dental College were tied for second place, each having won three and lost three games.

We would mention several attractive features of the new game: First, it has brought Haverford before the public in another favorable light. We welcome a sport which has proved its ability to do this and believe that Hockey fills in a space in the winter months which would otherwise be vacant, and in which the outside world would hear comparatively little of things Haverford.

The spirit the team has shown in its practice under adverse conditions is highly commendable. There was no ice to speak of on the college pond all winter, so that the team was compelled to seek the Ice Palace at 52nd street for practice, and since Hockey playing there is prohibited till after five o'clock in the afternoon, many of the team frequently arrived back at the college too late for supper. It is gratifying to observe that such perseverance has won at the start.

We believe the largest share of praise is due Mr. Battey. He discharged his double duties as captain and manager in an able and inspiring way that cannot fail to be appreciated.

Finally, the fact that the game has been self-supporting is not the least pleasant feature to be noted.

We take this opportunity, therefore, of extending our hearty approval and unqualified praise to the whole team for their good work.

NATIONAL STRENGTH.

TO be strong a nation must be united and a feeling of confidence and sympathy must exist between the government and the people. Such a feeling gives to a country stability of administration and finance, the fundamental principles of national strength. But what makes a nation strong, what element or elements impart the necessary solidity and wise conservatism to the complicated fabric of government?

This is a question which should be seriously considered by the citizens of every country, if they would insure the future progress and welfare of their native land. Let them turn back to the pages of the world's history, search out the powerful nations of the past and seek for the causes of their strength, and then

compare the nations of the present and see in what their strength consists. Then, when they have observed so much, let them use their best efforts to nourish and foster everything which history has proved to be a constituent of national coherence, unity and power.

This counsel applies to us of the United States, the inhabitants of a country, vigorous, it is true, but still in its infancy, and hence lacking in that firmness of policy which age alone can give. If, following it, we glance at the older civilizations, we see the fall of Rome caused by the failure of the corrupt and worn-out Patricians, to control or direct the enormous lower class, whom their foolish bounty had transformed from hardy peasants to brutal idlers, so that when she

most felt the need of her people's strength in her defence, Rome found no people, but slaves and no strength, but cowardice.

It has been the same in the case of many other lands. Greece was conquered because a rotten aristocracy had arisen at the cost of national unity and the old French nobility of a latter time owed their annihilation to the oppression of laborers and tradesmen, which gave birth to the foul "canaille" of the "French Revolution." On the other hand England stands forth, like some gnarled old oak, shaken it is true by many tempests, but still as hale and steadfast as ever and yearly sending forth new roots to secure a firmer hold. And why is this? Has she not had her share of revolutions? Did not her best blood drench the field of Towtar? Did not "Little Noll" and his praying warriors humble her proudest in the dust? Have not revolt and dis-sention swept time and again over the British Isles? Yes, such has often been the case but no matter what the disturbance among the nobility or among certain parts of the population, the people of England, the main body of inhabitants have lived their lives in comparative security and in at least partial indifference to the errors and quarrels of their superiors. Thus no matter how much smoke might be raised, there was but a flash in the pan unless the rights of the people were infringed; then indeed they rose not as an ungovernable mob, but slowly and with a power the more terrible for being controlled and commanding the respect of the most tyrannical rulers. Such has been the secret of Britain's strength, never better expressed than by a witty foreigner who likened her to a cask of her own ale, "Froth at the top, dregs at the bottom, but sound and strong in the middle."

So we see that throughout her whole

existence, the reason for England's iron power has been her "Middle Class." They have been mightier in the land than Kings or Nobles and without their aid and consent no radical constitutional change has ever been accomplished; from the time they rose in a dark wave of outraged citizenship behind their Barons on the field of Runnymede and wrung a reluctant recognition of their rights from the despicable John, until the present day, they have been the power behind the throne; the ruler their executive officer and his ministers their servants, England has been a monarchy with more freedom than a republic.

This powerful element of national strength did not spring up suddenly in Great Britain; it grew there. Of course the sturdy Saxon stock was the best seed for such a plant but circumstances and economical conditions also played an important part in its growth.

The "Middle Class" was built up by a system of laws and statutes such as the commonalty of no other country were ever able to secure. The laws of the good King Edward the Confessor, to which so many subsequent Sovereigns were compelled to subscribe, were the first links in the chain of English freedom, which was gradually made so strong that tyranny was crushed beneath its folds.

But the real birth of the "Middle Class" dates from the rise of the "Free Towns," in the reign of Richard I. It was at this time that the sagacious Burgers seeing the King's urgent need of gold, furnished him with funds for the privilege of self-government and self-taxation. Once obtained these rights were guarded with a fidelity and tenacity which no oppression was ever able to lessen and the King's word once given and his seal once applied to a Town's

Charter transformed just as many of his subjects as dwelt within its walls, from vassals to tenants, from feudatories to freemen.

Closely connected with the growth of the Towns is that of the Merchant and Trade Guilds, which infused so much sturdiness and independence into the trading and laboring classes, by giving a feeling of common interest and independence to large bodies of men and thus enabling them to more successfully resist the attacks of avaricious monarchs and a corrupt nobility.

The spirit of self confidence and unity which had its beginnings in the "Free Towns," soon spread to the country at large and was the ultimate cause of the House of Commons, which proved conclusively that while the people might do without the King, the King could not do without the people. The English are not given to change, they are stolid, dogged and persevering, lacking the brilliancy and finesse of the French, for instance, but far more sure to hold what they obtain and certain to pursue the path which they deem right to the end, whatever it may be. Thus having secured by grant of the Magna Charta, security of justice and immunity from illegal taxation, they have never ceased to guard these concessions, as something dearer than life itself and have compelled their rulers to confirm them again and again, until they have become part of the woof and web of the national fabric, and English justice is looked upon by all the world as something so firm and incorruptible as to be without the pale of human influence.

So we see the signal triumphs of British Democracy, achieved by an intelligent conception of their rights and a courageous insistence on the recognition of privileges, guaranteed by precedent and

insured by custom, while at the same time they slowly but surely acquired others, more doubtful, which they left to a grateful posterity to make secure. It is easy to see that their successes were the result of intelligence and unity of purpose and that if we Americans wish to see our country strong as England is strong, we must sedulously cultivate our people to a like state of civic independence.

In doing this we shall meet with advantages and disadvantages, but we may be sure that our land will never be as inherently strong as the Mother Country till her millions of workingmen become thoughtful, patriotic citizens, with united purposes and enlightened ideas, and the lower grades of the population, which are constantly being dumped upon our shores, as the useless refuse of the rotten and tottering Continental Countries are thoroughly brought under control, and their inflammable doctrines and anarchistic teachings suppressed.

We are not burdened with an extravagant and useless nobility so that our "Middle Class" may be said to include every conscientious citizen, no matter what his social position; and this is in itself a great, a wonderfully great help to the attainment of national strength and unity. However, the very lack of caste and social demarcation in political matters, is apt to raise clever but unworthy men to an eminence in the affairs of the country, quite unattainable in such a political environment as that of England, so that it is necessary to be always on our guard to see that our public offices are filled by the *best* men, not of necessity gentlemen in the usual acceptation of the term, but men of high principles, sound integrity and proved intelligence who will serve the people faithfully and well.

To bring our future candidates to such a state we must make education our watchword and cherish the "Public School" as the most valuable institution of our land. Already surpassing the rest of the world in the magnitude of our public instruction, we must push forward, ever forward until ignorance, the breeder of crime and errors, social and political, shall be driven from the land and in her place intelligence shall reign supreme.

With a clear understanding of their rights, the people as a whole will become united and patriotic, the great trusts and monopolies will fall before a popular demand which cannot be ignored. The Unions of the laboring classes may still exist, but purged of their groundless hatred of capital and unreasoning fanaticism.

This may seem to many a visionary, "a golden age;" but it is not so; it is within our grasp, the key to it is *education* for the whole people, without distinction, as to race, class or sect. With general

intelligence will come general reason and with reason the best results are easily attained. Let no one suppose that I mean to assert that the English as a nation are better educated than we are; but they have much fewer disturbing influences at work among them and have inherited from their forefathers a conception of civic right and a plan of self-government tried and tempered in the furnace of experience and are therefore, through no merit of their own, on a much better footing to start with.

Therefore we must strain every nerve and sinew to overtake them and the day may come when the United States will be able to boast of a middle class embracing all the useful members of her population and when she will stand forth before the nations united indeed, and with a progressive people ever ready to prove that mutual danger, mutual rights and mutual respect are the bonds that knit a nation together and give it enduring unity and strength.

NATURE'S GEM.

He stooped by the river to pluck a flower
That grew on the marge where the water meets
Blossoms and grasses, nature's sweets,
In the flush of the morning hour.

The cool night wind had not yet fled,
Though her sable mistress had gone before;
And the fading stars her torches bore,
As to sunless realms they sped.

He thought of a maiden's raven hair
With this gleaming flower in its masses twined,
A fairer diamond than any mined,
Beautiful, rich and rare.

Gems may sparkle and brightly shine,
Cold as a mountain stream are they,
But flowers are warm as a breeze of May,
With a delicate beauty, sweet, divine.

And this was a lily chastely white
Which modestly hid in the grasses green,
By the casual wanderer never seen,
Shrinking, indeed, from sight.

Slowly he stooped to break the stem,
When the air stirred gently and then was still
And, as though aware of impending ill,
The lily trembled, a living gem.

And he thought as he stayed his hand in air,
While her fragrance ran through his frame like
fire,
Were it not a rash and cruel desire
That tore from earth's bosom a child so fair?

In my Lady's wreath you will quickly fade.
Thousands of blossoms have done the same.
Reft from Earth you would seem but tame,
If with countless others laid.

But here in the glow of the early morn,
With pearly dew on your petals bright,
More fair to the heart, the brain, the sight,
Than gems which a crown adorn.

"So stay! Sweet child of Nature stay!"
He gently said as he turned him home.
Pleasure dissolves like ocean foam,
But the beauties of God remain alway.

LITTLE BLACK FEET.

LITTLE Black Feet was on his way out West from the land of the East where the dust was scarcely settling down again on the race-tracks and the newspapers were printing undistinguishable "kodak" pictures of "the little favorite," as they called him. Up to this time his season had certainly been a success. People had not known of his existence until one Fourth of July when a patriotic crowd of citizens, like a flock of vultures, had flown out in hacks, omnibusses, trolleys and bicycles to Montmorency Park and settled down on "Admission," "Reserved," and "Judges' Stand," and croaked their cheers as they flapped their score-cards. Then it was that this little horse had wiped off the account book all his owner's debts by slipping in ahead of a horse who had been thought to be a sure winner. From that day "Little Black Feet" was the name that made the bets quiver up among the thousands of dollars, and which hung his owner's colors above every seat in the racing pavilion.

Thus it came about that Little Black Feet was on his way out to the great kite-shaped track of an Iowan city. He stood in the padded stall of his private car and looked out through his great blanket which enveloped him almost as much as an Esquimaux walking suit. In the other end of the car his groom and hostler sat and talked. Already the trip had lasted five days, and it was beginning to get tiresome to horse and men alike; and the three occupants of the car showed their nervous impatience in various ways. Every few minutes the shadow of the horse's head bobbed up from the floor along the side of the car and down again, immediately followed by the clank of a bridle chain

and the thud of a hoof on the car floor; but even more frequently the tremulo of finger raps on an arm chair, or the crackling of a newspaper, sounded through the car.

Just now the engine whistled, and treading on its echo came the tramping of the trainmen as they hurried over the car-roofs; and the roar of the train slid down a couple of octaves and finally subsided entirely as the train settled back a few inches. Now the slow, sulky panting of the engine came back along the train, and the song of the crickets and katydids arose startlingly clear after the all-prevading roar of the train. A few lanterns fluttered over the track and then settled down on the ties; while, obedient to the squeak of the furnace-door, a broad glare of light shot up over the engine-cab and instantly melted at the clanking signal of a chain. Nearer and nearer came the mellow notes of the car wheels as they each answered the roll, called by a brakeman's hammer. A few drops of rain hissed on the boiler of the engine and silenced the song of the insects, while a splotch of lightning shuddered for an instant on the horizon and a peal of thunder wobbled across the sky and dropped out of hearing on the edge of the prairie. The horse jumped at this a little and relit the fire in his eyes as he looked around the stall. But, at the cheery call of the hostler, Little Black Feet quieted down, trusting implicitly in the man who always had straightened out matters most inexplicable to a little racing horse. And, after a while, the eyes under the hood of the blanket closed again, and the blue stripe along each side of the blanket rose and fell as regularly as the surf.

The drooping figure straightened up

and stood trembling with every nerve tuned to concert pitch as a thunderous crash, with an undertone of crushing, grinding boards around it, to see the broad prairie ever widening between a widening gap in the side of the car. Quickly—as quickly as he ever started in the waver-ing line of racing-horses—the little fellow bolted through the gap in the front of his stall, and landing on the ground started off at a wild gallop across the prairie with the tall grass hissing at his flanks and the shredded bit of a strap broken off right below the halter.

Now, Little Black Feet was doing something this night which everybody had said he couldn't do: make a long run outside of a track and finish in good shape. As a jockey had expressed it: "A racing machine like this could not possibly do it."

But the instant Little Black Feet touched the wet sod of the prairie and felt for the first time in his whole life perfectly free, there came rushing and surging over him an exhilaration and buoyancy that picked him up and carried him across the plains with a power that he had never felt, even when urged on by the best jockey the Eastern tracks produced. Long before the starter's bell ever called down an American track, Little Black Feet's ancestors, who never felt the pressure of an iron shoe or the chafing of a piece of harness, had roamed over this very country. This, then, was the source of his feeling as he went galloping through the storm out over the rolling land. Never an inch did he swerve as he heard the thunder, or blinked his eyes at the lightening. This nervous horse, which it took two grooms and a small hawser to exercise a week ago, now inhaled with every breath of the great Western wind the spirit of boldness and rugged self-reliance that had

not been in his breed for many, many generations. On he went, never slackening his pace, and "warming up" to it in splendid shape.

The storm began to break and still this lone horse went on, cutting his way through the darkness and beating out the word "calamity" with his hoofs. By-and-by the dawn flushed up over the Eastern sky-line; and instinctively the horse swerved towards the light. After a time there came to him the stench of a town mingled with the bracing, morning air; and shortly there loomed up before him the jagged outline of a country town, with a light in one of its houses: the livery stable. There was none of the drowsy yawn of an awakening city in this quiet village, and so the horse was not frightened away, but came to the stable in anxious inquiry for a breakfast. The stable boy saw this racing horse—about which the newspapers were talking and sputtering so—in his blanket with the famous colors and initials worked on it. Without a word, but with a lower jaw that drooped as though it were at the dentist's, this boy headed for a bucket and soused his wooly head in it. Looking up again he cork-screwed his eyes a minute, saw that it was no dream and yelled to the owner of the stable. This man came down with an earnest inquiry as to why he was dug out this early in the morning. But with the first glance at the dripping horse, this man knew who the visitor was and led him into the stable.

There they kept Little Black Feet a whole day: while all the villagers boarded at their respective homes but lodged at the stable. Word was sent to the Racing Board at Keokuk, and thirty-six hours afterwards there came a worried-looking man who announced himself as the owner of the horse, and two scared

grooms who very shortly lost their "job;" and these three took away their property.

And the strangest thing of it all is,

that Little Black Feet had the most successful of all his seasons that very year: just as though he never had been from under the watchful eye of his hostler.

A HARVARD LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 22, 1898.

WHEN a year or two ago, as editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN, I used to extort letters from unoffending Haverford men at Cambridge, I used to wonder secretly why correspondents could find nothing better than work to write about. Now, alas! the duty of extortion is another's; and I am able to understand why such Harvard letters can appear a little misapropos to the average Haverfordian. The alien graduate student at Harvard—the only Harvard man for whom I can speak—has one concern in life,—work. There are none of the thousand and one alluring distractions which lie in wait to ensnare the Haverford student: the work's the thing. But this is not so dismal as it may seem. You have a free choice of studies over a practically unlimited field, a huge library to explore in vacant hours, and your smaller library where you may converse with the books and men most fitted to help you in your work.

Then you will gravitate into your "club,"—Modern Language Conference, Cercle Français, Classical Club, to your taste, where work invests itself in new and attractive forms.

The mid-year examinations, a time of terror for some, and anxiety for all, fell coincident with a terrific blizzard which buried everything in several feet of snow and cut Cambridge for some time from Boston. Professors and students who had spent the previous evening in town, found themselves blockaded until late the next morning, when they could make

their escape on foot. The effects of the storm can still be seen in the yard where one or two of the fine elms have suffered and Jarvis field is still a sheet of water.

An event of considerable interest is the approaching visit of M. René Doumie, the well-known critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who is at the present moment on his way to deliver a course of lectures before the Cercle Français. His eight lectures will treat of the various phases of the development of literature in France during the Nineteenth Century—poetry, the novel, drama, history, criticism,—and will, of course, be delivered in French. Max Doumie, who has a commission from the French Minister of Fine Arts to make an investigation of American architecture, will accompany his brother. A little later, Richard Olney and Theodore Roosevelt are to speak before the University on subjects connected with civic duties and reforms.

The University Club project, which was so emphatically endorsed by the undergraduates some six weeks ago, is now, so to say, in the committee stage. There seems to be no doubt of its ultimate fruition, but some time must elapse before the large sum required is pledged.

The rowing season began immediately after the mid-years with the calling out of candidates for the class crews. This year no 'Varsity will be formed until after the class races which are to be rowed three weeks earlier than usual. It is supposed that this change will lessen the chances of overtraining and will give the

men, who are finally chosen to go to New London, greater ability in actual racing. Meanwhile the different squads are kept at work at the machines, in the tank, or on the board track. The new boat house, which is planned to measure 80 x 120 feet, and to cost \$25,000 exclusive of floats, will probably not be begun before the improvements on Soldiers' Field, already authorized by the Park Commission, have been completed. It will then be probably connected with Soldiers' Field by a light bridge.

Mr. Forbes, who, as head foot ball coach last autumn, seemed to have the confidence of the team and of the college, has been reappointed for next year. Dibblee has, however, asked the Athletic Committee for a new trainer for the

team, and that position has been placed open to qualified applicants. The members of the Freshman team, which had such a successful season, have been presented with cups by Mr. Hollis.

Base ball men are in light training indoors. Work on the big cage, which is building on Soldiers' Field, has been much interfered with by the weather, but will probably be completed by the middle of March. The cricket management have announced their intention of possessing themselves of it when completed, if it proves suitable to their purposes. Meanwhile they contest with hockey players, lacrosse men, hand-ball experts, and devotees of a sort of rough-and-tumble basket-ball, for possession of a dark and remote corner of the gymnasium.

HOCKEY.

THE second half of the unfinished game with the Philadelphia Dental College was played on January 12th and no further scoring occurring, the result of the game stands two goals to none in favor of the Dental College; the score which, as previously reported, was made in the first half.

Both teams had improved in teamwork, especially Haverford who made a determined effort to win out to the last moment. The game was very evenly and warmly contested and well-played, but could not be called highly interesting owing to the absence of spectators and rooters, a fact which dampened the general enthusiasm considerably.

HAVERFORD.	POSITIONS.	DENTAL.
Marshall.....	goal.....	Brill
Chase.....	point.....	Lamb
Patton (Sharpless).....	cover point.....	Babcock
Bathey.....	rover.....	Kitchen
DeMotte.....	right forward.....	Parsons
Miffin.....	centre forward.....	Galbraith
Babbitt.....	left forward.....	Neff

HAVERFORD played her last game in the League series on February 15th with the Philadelphia Dental College and together with the game won the championship. Both teams were on their mettle and played from first to last for all they were worth. Besides being so hotly fought, the game was decidedly the best played and the most exciting of all.

The first half was very even. The puck was rushed from one end of the rink to the other and neither side appeared able to keep possession of it longer than a few minutes. Near the close of the half, Miffin took advantage of about the only easy chance that was offered and shot a goal from the front.

The Dental College started off the second half with a rush, first Parsons making a goal and then Neff. With the score standing two to one in their favor, they seemed to relax their efforts somewhat. Haverford worked harder

than ever but for ten minutes were unsuccessful. Then the scoring began in earnest. Babbitt tied the score and when Mifflin made it three to two the crowd went wild. Cheered on by the large crowd of students present the Haverford team played superb hockey, scoring three more goals. The Dentals were discouraged by the rapidity with which the score mounted against them, and it must be said that Brill, their goal keeper, went

off considerably. This strong finish was made possible by the superior physical condition of Haverford. The line-up follows :

HAVERFORD.	POSITIONS.	DENTAL.
Marshall.....	goal.....	Brill
Chase.....	point.....	Lamb
Patton.....	cover point.....	Babcock
Batley.....	rover.....	Kitchen
DeMotte.....	right forward.....	Parsons
Mifflin.....	centre forward.....	Galbraith
Babbitt.....	left forward.....	Neff

THE INTER-CLASS DEBATES.

THE debate between the Senior and Junior Classes was held at a regular meeting of the Loganian Society, February 17th. The question for debate was "Resolved, that the Cabinet system of government of which England is a type should be introduced into the United States." The question to be debated on its merits it being assumed that such constitutional change could be effected.

For '98, Ross, Wilson and Janney supported the affirmative, while Butler, Shipley and Bawden upheld the negative for '99. Both sides made able arguments. '98 explained our present Congressional system and declared it inefficient. They emphasized the advantages of a government directly responsible to the will of the people, showed how the English system answered this requirement and asserted that the change in government could be made in this country without in any way injuring existing institutions but rather benefiting our whole system of government by making it speedy, reliable and responsible to the people. '99 upheld our present government and while admitting its lack of perfection in minor matters declared it better suited to this country than the English system was or ever could be.

They said that such a change as the affirmative proposed would subvert our whole national structure without giving adequate advantages and they declared that our present system had stood the test of years so well that they could see no reason for abandoning it.

At the conclusion of the debate the Judges, Messrs. Mercer, Fisher and Eyre, retired for a few moments and on their return Mr. Eyre, in a witty and entertaining speech said that while appreciating the able presentation of both sides of the question the Judges had decided in favor of the affirmative as supported by '98.

A vote of thanks to the Judges was then passed and the meeting adjourned.

THE Sophomore-Freshman debate in the series for the cup offered by the Triangle Society, was held on the fourteenth of February. The question for debate was : "Resolved that the United States should immediately recognize the Cuban Insurgents as belligerents." 1900 defended the affirmative, and 1901 the negative. The Judges decided in favor of the negative.

The argument for the affirmative was opened by Murphy who argued that the present miserable condition of Cuba was morally due to our inactivity, and asserted

that therefore the United States should interfere, at least by her influence, in the affairs of the island. For the negative Bullinger showed that the Cuban army was merely a band of irresponsible bushwhackers. Marshall reviewed the past history of Spain with regard to Cuba, and showed why autonomy was impossible. Walenta replied briskly, and argued that the Cuban government existed only on paper. Bell, in the most finished speech of the evening, showed that, according to the principles of Inter-

national Law the United States would be justified in recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents. Grayson closed the argument for the negative with an attack on the solidity of the Cuban government.

Each speaker was then given four minutes for rebuttal, and at the end of the debate the Judges withdrew to consult before rendering the decision. Mr. Lowrey announced that the negative side had won.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

THE Fifth Annual Gymnasium Exhibition took place in the Gymnasium on the evening of February 25th. President Sharpless no doubt expressed the sentiments of all who saw it when in his remarks introducing the judges, he said it was, in his opinion, the best that yet had been given at Haverford and that Professor Babbitt deserved especial praise for the able way in which he had coached the contestants.

The outcome of the contest for the championship banner was more in doubt than for several years past owing to the absence of '97's crack gymnasts, but the result was an easy victory for '98. The points were distributed in the classes as follows: '98, thirty-two points; '99, eight points; and 1900, fourteen points.

The most interesting feature of the exhibition was probably the contest in cricket strokes between the Seniors and Juniors in which the principal cricket strokes were illustrated by a team of four men picked from each class. The judges for this event, Messrs. J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88, J. W. Muir, '92, and C. J. Rhoads, '93, decided in favor of '99.

The other special features of the exhibition were the fencing drill between the Sophomores and Freshmen, and the illuminated club swinging. Lutz, in the latter event, had his clubs lighted with electric bulbs covered with scarlet and black cloth, and was enthusiastically received.

The program was completed without a hitch and the company withdrew to Alumni Hall, where refreshments were served.

Dr. Randolph Faries then announced for the judges, the men who had won first, second and third places in the events.

Running Side Horse. First, Wistar, '98; second, Jones, '98; third, Freedley, 1900.

Contest in Fencing. 1900 vs. 1901. The teams were: 1900, M. Marshall, Captain; C. Febiger, H. M. Hallett, S. F. Seager, F. M. Eshleman and J. T. Emlen. 1901: F. S. Chase, Captain; H. S. Langfeld, W. E. Cadbury, H. F. Babbitt, G. J. Walenta and W. H. Kirkbride. Won by 1900.

Swinging Rings. First, Stadelman, '98; Second, Freedley, 1900; third, Mifflin, '1900.

Parallel Bars. First, Stadelman, '98; second, Wistar, '98; third, Jenks, 1900.

Contest in Cricket Strokes. '98 vs. '99. The teams were: '98, T. Wistar, Captain; J. H. Haines, W. C. Janney and A. G. Scattergood. '99, H. H. Lowry, Captain; F. A. Evans, J. P. Morris and E. R. Richie. Won by '99.

Horizontal Bar. First, Jenks, 1900; second, Stadelman, '98; third, Mifflin, 1900.

Fancy Club Swinging. First, Richie, '99; second, Maule, '99; third, Sharpless, 1900.

Tumbling. First, Stadelman, '98; second, Scattergood, '98; third, Jenks, 1900.

The Class of '97 Prize Banner, won for four successive years by the Class of '97, and presented for further competition, was formally awarded to '98.

The Jacobs Trophy Banner, presented by F. B. Jacobs, was awarded as a permanent trophy to '98, as the class winning the highest total of points.

The Cricket Form Trophy Cup, pre-

sented for the class of '96, by J. H. Scattergood and L. H. Wood for contest in cricket strokes, '98 vs. '99, was awarded to '99.

Fencing Trophy Cup, presented by E. B. Hay, '95, for class fencing contest, 1900 vs. 1901, awarded to 1900.

Collins' Prize Indian Clubs, presented by A. M. Collins, '97, first prize, to be awarded winner of exhibition, awarded to E. R. Richie, '99. Second prize to be awarded contestant who has shown the most improvement, was awarded to F. C. Sharpless, 1900.

"Highest Honor" medals were awarded to all who won a first place in the exhibition.

Prize Banners, from the Alumni Gymnasium Fund, for individual improvement were awarded to T. Wistar, '98, and A. S. Haines, '99.

Banners for the handicap contests in the shot-put and fence-vault were awarded to E. R. Richie, '99, and H. H. Jenks, 1900, respectively.

LECTURE REPORTS.

DR. Henry Van Dyke, of New York, gave three "Haverford Library Lectures" on "Egypt in the Bible," in Alumni Hall, on February 3rd, 10th, and 11th.

First Lecture.

In the first lecture Dr. Van Dyke stated that, though its purpose is primarily moral and religious, the Bible has other values—literary, practical, and historical. Though not primarily a history, its historical statements are better authenticated than those of any other book of ancient history. The discoveries of archæology are removing numerous discrepancies that formerly seemed unsolvable. The Bible has survived the liberty of discovery and profited by it. The great

thing necessary is to keep thought and scholarship free for the further discovery of truth.

The traveler in Egypt to-day sees many customs that have come down from biblical times. He realizes that the Bible is true to life; that it is the perfection of realism as well as idealism. A flood of light is thrown on the imagery of the Bible, which, it must be remembered, is not a scientific treatise but Oriental literature. In even greater degree do the achæological discoveries among the ancient dust heaps of Egypt reveal the truth of biblical narrative.

There are three distinct periods in which Egypt figures in the Bible: (1) the age of the patriarchs, (2) the age of

bondage, (3) the age of the prophets. The monuments show us that the story of Abraham, and the story of Joseph, which some skeptics have declared too beautiful to be true, are in the highest degree probable. The agreement of the historical records of the Bible and the monuments is so close, and the touches of local color in the Bible correspond so well with the record of the hieroglyphics that two miracles are necessary to prove the falsity of the record of Genesis and Exodus. These are (1) the presence of supernatural literary skill on the part of the scriptural novelist ; (2) a prophetic knowledge of future achæological discoveries. Far from disproving the authorship of Moses, the monuments have established it, by making it apparent that Moses alone had the intimate knowledge of Egyptian life necessary to write the books. The story of Joseph is proved to be fact, not fiction. It is the record of a real life whose lesson is that our whole life is lived before God, and to follow him is to make life pure, holy, and princely, and the doctrine it teaches is the doctrine of election to service.

Second Lecture.

(THE PERIOD OF THE EXODUS.)

The Book of Exodus begins the visit of Jacob and his sons to Egypt. The welcome they received, the long period of peace and prosperity they enjoyed, and the sudden change to servitude are fully explained by the monuments. Egyptology has shown how precisely the Exodus fits into Egyptian history. The Hyksoa dynasty would naturally welcome the Israelites, being "shepherds" themselves. The period of their reign as indicated in the Bible and on the monuments approximate closely. The very revolt which overthrew the Hyksos

and led to the establishment of the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties are recorded. Rameses I. and Rameses II. began to oppress the Israelites, as the Bible declares they did. The details of Exodus exactly fit the monument records. Buildings have recently been found built of three kinds of bricks, with straw, with waste, and without straw (Ex. V.). Rameses II. was succeeded by his son, Minephtha II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The monuments record a series of disasters, in all probability the plagues of Moses, which occurred in his reign, near his capital city. These plagues have their counterpart in Egyptian life to-day and the biblical order corresponds exactly with the order in which they occur to-day. Even the road of the Israelites to the Red Sea can be traced by recent discoveries. There is nothing at all improbable in the passage of the sea. A strong east wind could easily drive back the shallow waters enough to allow footmen to pass, while a sudden thunder storm would quickly overthrow the heavy chariots. The silence of the monuments concerning the death of Minephtha indicates a disastrous end.

The story of the Exodus is true. It teaches us that, if we would escape bondage and have a free, noble life, we must have faith in God ; must believe that he wants us to escape a sensual life; must believe that he wants us to take an upward path, and that he has sent Jesus Christ to be our guide.

Third Lecture.

(THE PERIOD OF THE HEBREW KINGS AND PROPHETS).

The Israelites carried with them from Egypt (1) a large collection of Egyptian jewelry ; (2) a pleasant remembrance of the people of Egypt as against their

rulers; (3) knowledge and skill in decorative arts; (4) a sneaking fondness for idolatry. Their religion, though modified by their Egyptian experiences, was still their old ancestral faith. In their conquest of Canaan they were aided by the previous Egyptian conquests of Canaan, and by the fact that at that time, the Egyptian power in Canaan had broken down. Though Judah and Israel were several times invaded by the Egyptians, the relations between the Jews and Egypt were, on the whole, friendly. Numerous alliances with Egypt were made by the Jewish kings, and at the time of the captivity under Nebuchadnezzar, the remnant of the Jews fled to Egypt, the kingdom thus ending as it had begun on the banks of the Nile. The prophecies of Nahum III., 8-10; and Isaiah XIX., though intentionally figurative, were substantially fulfilled in the later history of Egypt. Under Ptolemy an altar was actually raised to the Lord by Jewish refugees. The story ends with the translation of the Septuagint by these refugees, and with the ancient coptic church.

The lesson of the prophets was not mere prediction but for us to learn through their eyes, the sovereignty of God ruling in this present world. The manifold experiences of life are the shaping potters' touches. If we refuse to follow his model we are vessels of dishonor; if we follow his model we become vessels

for use in his kingdom,—the great kingdom of peace and righteousness, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

ON February 17th, in Alumni Hall, Dr. Albert H. Smyth, of Philadelphia, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Land of Shakspeare."

The lecturer gave evidence of a most intimate and extensive personal knowledge of all the places he described, and this fact, together with the excellence of the lantern slides, made the audience almost imagine that they were actually traversing the fields and towns of Warwickshire, the heart of England. Many views of towns near Stratford-on-Avon were displayed on the screen. Of these probably the most interesting were the home of Ann Hathaway, in Shottery, and the early home of Shakspeare's mother, a few miles northeast of Stratford. A great number of views of Stratford itself were very interesting. We were shown the house, and even the very room, in which Shakspeare was born. Not far from his birth-place stands the church in which his body was buried. Above his tomb is a piece of statuary, called the Stratford bust, and considered to be a bust of Shakspeare. It is not a very prepossessing object, and we would fain believe that our poet was much more pleasing in appearance than the Dutch tomb-maker, who carved the bust, here represents him to be.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'36. The oldest of Haverford's graduates, Joseph Walton, died on February 10th, in the eighty-first year of his age. Mr. Walton was one of the twenty-one boys who came to Haverford in 1833, and constituted the first graduating class in 1836. After graduating from Haverford Mr. Walton taught Latin at Westtown Boarding School and later became en-

gaged in the furniture business. He was a prominent member of the Society of Friends and for sixteen years was the Clerk of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Since 1879, he has been the editor of the *Friend*. He is survived by three members of '36, namely, William Yarnall, Samuel B. Parsons and Benjamin R. Smith.

P. G. '92. The first translation into English of Vondel's masterpiece, *Lucifer*, has been made by Leonard C. Van Noppen, P. G. '92, and has been highly praised by eminent Dutch and English critics.

'93. Charles J. Rhoads has been made the Assistant Treasurer of the Girard Life Insurance Co.

ex-'94. Benjamin Shoemaker, 2nd, was married in Germantown on the 17th of January, to Miss Edith Hacker. Francis J. Stokes, '94, was best man, and William J. Strawbridge, '94, and William W. Comfort, '94, were ushers.

P. G. '95. Roy W. White was one of the three men chosen to represent Pennsylvania in her annual debate with Cornell.

ex-'98. The engagement of Perlee C. Sisler to Miss Mary Phillips, of Wilmington, has been recently announced.

ex-98. S. Rowland Morgan has been elected manager of the University of Pennsylvania foot ball team for 1898.

ex-'98. The engagement has been announced of John I. Lane, to Miss Emily Thatcher, of West Chester.

COLLEGE NOTES.

President Sharpless was one of the judges in the recent Franklin and Marshall—Bucknell debate.

L. R. Wilson, '99, and M. A. Shipley, '99, as delegates from the Haverford College Y. M. C. A., attended the "International Convention" held in Cleveland, Ohio, from Feb. 23rd to Feb. 27th.

The delegates who attended the Y. M. C. A. "State Convention" at York, Pa., from Feb. 17th to Feb. 20th, were F. A. Swan, '98, W. W. Cadbury, '98, and E. M. Scull, '01.

The gymnasium team for 1898, is composed of F. Stadelman, '98, Captain; O. P. Moffitt, '98; A. G. Scattergood, '98; T. Wistar, '98; C. J. Allen, '00; H. H. Jenks, '00; S. W. Mifflin, '00; H. H. Stuart, '00; W. L. Neilson, '01; E. C. Rossmässler, '01.

The class trophy banner, which was awarded to the Senior Class for winning the greatest number of points in the

gymnasium contest, was the gift of F. B. Jacobs, '97. The banner is to be known as the "Jacobs Trophy Banner."

On February 18th, the members of the Everett-Athenaeum passed an enjoyable evening in a discussion of Robert Louis Stevenson and his writings.

Mrs. Gifford entertained the ladies of the Faculty and the members of the Junior Class on Wednesday evening, March 2nd.

On March 4th, Professor W. W. Comfort gave a very interesting talk upon Alphonse Daudet. The meeting was highly enjoyed by the members present.

The following Library Lectures are announced: March 10th, "The Attitude of the Modern Christian toward the Bible," by Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College. March 17th and 18th, "The Synoptic Gospels," by Frank K. Sanders, Ph. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale College.

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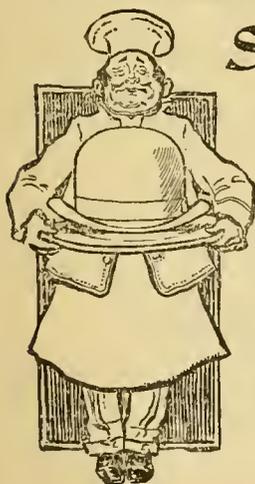
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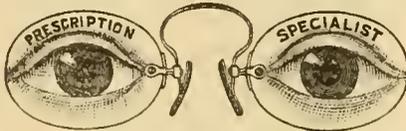
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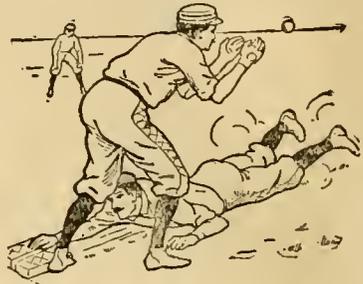
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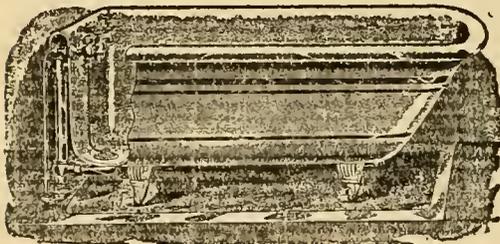
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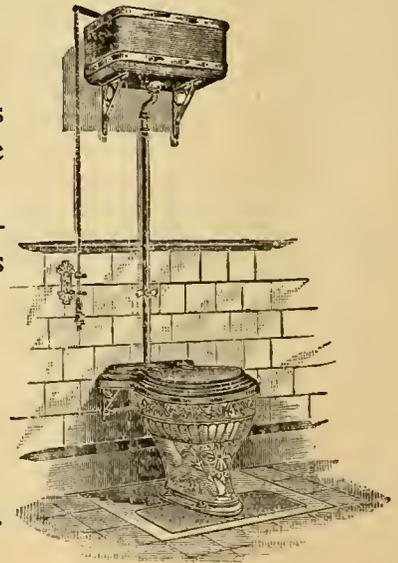


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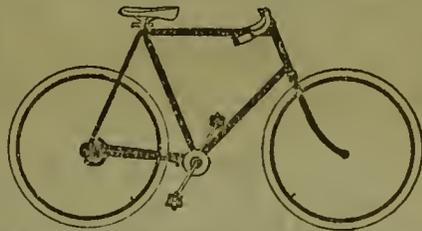
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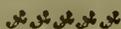
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THE

HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XX., No. 2

APRIL, 1898

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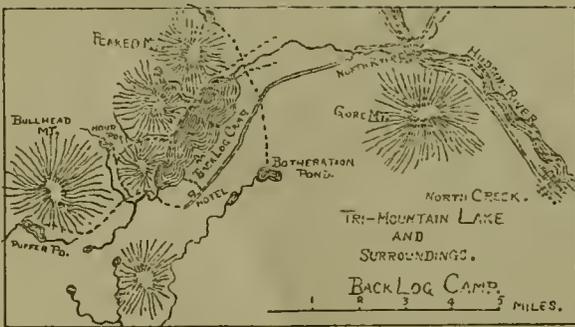
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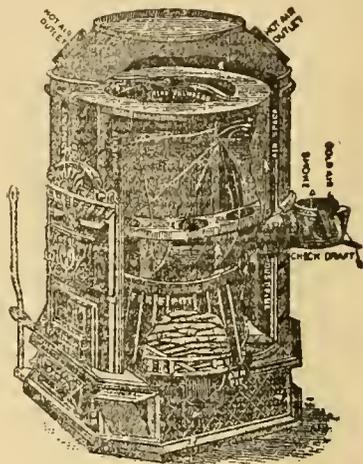
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XX.

HAVERFORD, APRIL, 1898.

No. 2.

The Haverfordian.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WE take pleasure in announcing that the prize of ten dollars, offered for the most work accepted before March 15th, has been won by R. J. Burdette, Jr., '00.

IN response to a request of the editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN, a number of prominent Alumni wrote letters which were printed in the numbers of October and November, 1897, upon the advisability of Haverford College raising her standard for admission. We take occasion to thank these gentlemen for the

spirit of college patriotism which their communications one and all manifested, and in the light of the fact that such definition of their views has put the question squarely before us as one of the utmost importance, a speedy solution of which is highly desirable, we think that a few words of editorial comment may not be inopportune.

It appears to us that the question resolves itself into one of college policy entirely. Haverford's policy in the past has been to maintain an educational institution of the highest grade consistent with thorough work and sound scholarship, and the question is, can she uphold this policy upon which rests the hard-earned reputation of many years of earnest progress, if her standard remains unaltered? Will it further this policy if the standard is raised?

In answer to these very evident and pertinent queries we would say, and in doing so summarize the opinions of the Alumni as well as our own, that if the time shall come when Haverford College shall be maintaining a standard of admission or graduation, for the one entails the other, one degree lower than any college in the land, the collegiate course of Harvard University alone excepted, then the time will have arrived when she will be no longer true to the guiding policy of her career, the policy whose impregnability has ever been her greatest pride, the policy which has made her motto, "*Non doctior sed meliore doctrina imbutus*," a triumphant truism. This policy must then be sustained at all costs, distasteful as it may be from a theoretical point of view.

Haverford must unhesitatingly raise her standard in order to keep pace with her sister colleges and universities, who, no matter how much they have surpassed her in wealth and numerical strength, never have, and we earnestly trust never will, surpass her in systematic, well-directed intellectual development and high ideals measurably attained.

It is a question admitting of but one solution, so far as we can see, for unless we would prove unfaithful to the past and careless of the future, we must fulfill the duty of the present by not only keeping Haverford in line with the enlightened movement of the century towards higher education, but by putting her where she belongs—among the leaders.

THE announcement that Mr. George W. Woodruff, who has so successfully coached the foot ball team of the University of Pennsylvania for the past few years, is to coach Haverford next Fall is satisfactory news indeed. It is rather a surprise to all Haverfordians, who, although they were aware that attempts were being made to secure a coach, never suspected that Mr. Woodruff's name was being considered. His connection with the University was so well known, and his time seemed so completely consumed with his duties there, that it appeared preposterous to entertain the idea of bringing him to Haverford. Through the influence, however, of several alumni, Mr. Woodruff has agreed to coach the foot ball team for 1898 and in doing so to visit Haverford at the regular practice hour at least once a week.

Dr. Thomas F. Branson, '89, in his letter to THE HAVERFORDIAN, which was published in the January number, met the question of having a coach fairly, and proved both that Haverford was in need of a competent coach if she was to main-

tain her present position in collegiate foot ball, and that as such a man was not available among the ranks of the alumni, it would be necessary to look elsewhere. We do not, therefore, feel called upon to justify the action of the management in this matter. We do consider that the mere mention of Mr. Woodruff's name will expel all doubts from the minds of those who remember the ill-success of former foot ball coaches, and will serve to make them more hopeful than ever as to the outcome of next season. We think, then, that in securing Mr. Woodruff as the coach, Haverford has every reason to congratulate herself.

WE are informed that the Board of Managers has concluded to erect a considerable addition to the Library and Alumni Hall during the present Summer, provided a small balance, not yet completed in the subscription list, is received in time. The addition will consist of a south wing, similar in size and architectural appearance to the north wing, now used for library purposes, and an extension of Alumni Hall westward, so as to make it longer and wider and capable of holding nearly five hundred people. The whole of Alumni Hall and the south wing will have a fire-proof floor and an open timber roof. If possible, it would be desirable to extend the improvements to the north wing also, but it may be necessary to wait some time before doing this.

From plans which we have seen we think the effect, both externally and internally, will be very satisfactory. The extension will be arranged with the idea of converting the whole building into a library at no distant day. A new hall on another part of the grounds will, it is hoped, soon follow.

The work of demolition of Alumni

Hall will begin immediately after Commencement. We have also heard that the Board has requested the President to make out a complete plan of the grounds, providing for the erection of all buildings likely to be needed in the near future. This is preliminary to the submission of the whole question to some landscape architect of prominence. Their idea is, in view of the possible erection of buildings at no distant date, to have everything conform to some scheme which will not only be convenient in actual use but will add to the beautiful effects of our extensive and tasteful grounds.

It is also probable that considerable improvements will be made during this Summer to the ground which is flooded in Winter for a skating pond, and to the old railroad track adjoining.

BY order of the College Association, a committee of students has made a careful examination of the pictures of different athletic teams which hang on the walls of Barclay Hall, in the entrance hall and Collection room, and has marked upon the mat of each picture a chart of the names of the persons appearing in it. This work has added materially to the historic value of these photographs, and the collection is now of great interest, both to the past and present students of the college and to visitors. It has been found, however, that in many years, the athletic teams of various sports are but partially

represented,—if at all. The greater value and interest of a complete collection is self-evident and needs no emphasis. We, therefore, trust that those members of the past teams, which as yet are not represented, will generously respond to this call, by donating photographs which may properly be included in the collection. The following list contains the titles of those which the College Association already possesses and will serve to show which are needed :

- Cricket Team of '68.
- Cricket Team of '85 (2).
- Cricket Team of '87.
- Class Football Team of '89.
- Cricket Team of '89.
- Football Team of '90.
- Banjo Club of '90-'91.
- Cricket Team of '92.
- Football Team of '92.
- Cricket Team of '93.
- Football Team of '93.
- Track Team of '94.
- Cricket Team of '95.
- Football Team of '96.
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- Cricket Team of '97.
- Rugby and Haverford, '96.
- Eton and Haverford, '96.
- Shrewsbury and Haverford, '96.
- Clifton and Haverford, '96.
- Cambridge Long Vacation and Haverford, '96.
- Eton and Haverford, on Field, '96.

ROBERT BURNS.

[ALUMNI PRIZE ORATION.]

WHEN the American patriots were resisting England's arbitrary system of taxation ; when three millions of people had decided to uphold their rights as freemen, and Congress at Philadelphia was modelling a constitution for our future nation ; when affairs in

France were almost ripe for the most bloody revolution in the history of the world ; when liberty, equality, and fraternity were elements of the very atmosphere ; Scotland also was occupied in a very important revolution, a movement involving the manners, the religion, and

especially the literature of her people.

For a long time the Scotch had been dominated by the French in manners and the English in literature and the society of Edinburgh uniting these two elements was brilliant in its combination of learning and gaiety. But this state of things was to be changed. Independence, truth and sincerity of purpose were to succeed the existing shams. *Men* were in demand, brave fearless *men* who were not afraid to strike the right note though all the world should howl them down as discordant with the times. Duty was in search of recruits. The call reached down into Ayrshire and found Robert Burns, his hand hesitating between the plough and the harp.

Burns had not received the benefits of a systematic training. Some go so far as to say that he received no education at all. This is not true. To be sure the education was not in Latin and Greek; they were dead languages, he was a living singer. But he received his education from the same hand which had moulded some of the greatest minds the world has ever produced, from the same hand which moulded Amos, Isaiah, John the Baptist. Nature had been hard at work upon his education. The wild country of Ayrshire, the torrents, hills and vales, trees and bushes, moor and lake, all these found in the sensitive nature of Robert Burns an apt and ready scholar. Some men never learn to love nature, they exist by it and through it but never imbibe from its fountains of living water. Burns was a man of the opposite type.

"Gie me," says he, "Gie me ae spark of Nature's
fire

Thats a' the learning I desire,
Then tho' I trudge thro' dirt and mire,
At pleugh or cart,
My muse though homely in attire,
May touch the heart."

No, the tempestuous nature of Burns did not derive its education from books. His tender love, his sympathy, his relationships to the true and beautiful in nature, his love of humanity, of liberty, power, grandeur, these, he did not find in any *written* book. It was the created and *unwritten* book of God that taught Burns.

The call, I say, reached Burns in his ever day life amid the humble surroundings of a Scotch peasant. His experience among men had been of the purely local and sectional order, he had followed the plough as soon as his strength would permit him; his only social enjoyments had been time spent in the company of his unlettered fellow ploughmen or in the softer, sweeter company of some country lass.

He went to Edinburgh and was soon plunged headlong into the full whirl and glitter of social display. His quick wit aided him in every contingency and his good sense was a never-failing guide. He was lionized. His powers of conversation were only equalled by his genius for writing poetry. When he spoke to those "jewelled dutchesses" as Carlyle calls them and to the Edinburgh literary men, one and all felt the influence of his fire. They realized that the rustic hind, the country maid, and the peasant were subject to the same passions as they, just as good—just as wicked. They realized that those poems, "Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," were words of truth uttered with a passion born directly out of the life of poverty and labor, and that his characters were bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. They realized, moreover, that there was a strong defense for his errors.

I do not intend to discuss the moral character of Burns, but let us remember that men vary in temperament, that there

are some men with strong minds and hearts who are deficient in general sensibility; their feelings are *gradually* worked upon, they have an equable nature, they heat as iron heats; other men heat as powder heats, touch! and an explosion occurs. The former are unfit to judge the latter.

I think if there be any justice in the great law of God that man should not criticise his brother,—it rests in this, that most men are unable to look at life from the standpoint of the man they criticise. "Judge not, that ye be not judged!" is a comment which may be applied to many of the critics of Robert Burns.

Burns was a man of excessive sensibility. He overflowed with strength of feeling. He never trickled slowly and softly down as a silver thread of water. He came booming and crashing down with the force of a cataract. He suffered as if fiends possessed him and his enjoyment was equally intense. The smallest and most minute details once having unlocked the entrance to his heart and all this booming torrent of feeling was set loose. A hare, a mouse, a daisy,—such insignificant subjects were incorporated in the most beautiful lines and were all equally the object of the full flood of Burns' soul.

Of the results of these passionate moments the songs alone remain. Without them we should know nothing about the inner life of the man. Without them his deep and intense yearnings after unattainable ideals would never have been told. Without them the literature of Scotland would have remained obscure and possibly never would have been recognized. Burns in Scottish literature has been compared to a great self-sustaining lake into which flowed the almost imperceptible stream of past literature,

but from which comes gushing forth a mighty river, a literature that has affected the whole world. He came to Scotland at a time when utter lack of independence was the prevailing fault and with a consummate hand built the foundation of a distinctly national poetry for all future time. Indeed, he is one of the largest and most important pillars in the Temple of all English literature for he restored passion to our poetry.

One might read all the poetry written from the time of Elizabeth down to Burns and, with the exception of a few songs and sonnets, find nothing that could be truly called passionate. Poetry of the Eighteenth Century lacked purpose, earnestness and sincerity. When Burns came it was as though the embers of a great fire had suddenly re-kindled and burst forth with renewed energy. Men again heard the song which had enchanted the world and felt the inspiration of sincerity. Since his time poetry has had to do not only with nature and man, but also with passion.

Furthermore, Burns immortalized the Scotch dialect. In his hand its capabilities seemed to increase and expand. It was known to be vigorous before and neither destitute of melody nor pathos, but with the master touch of Burns it assumed a power and expressiveness tempered with a sweetness and tenderness which it never had before.

His poetic genius was most suitable for song writing. He was able to look into the hearts of others and not only of single individuals but of all broad Scotland,—aye, of the whole wide world. He places all men on a level and from an elevated pinnacle addresses humanity at large, in terms that all can understand and feel,—he addresses them in the language of the heart. Burns' great glory lies in the fact that he has dealt with

those elements which unite mankind and make all nations of one blood. He is an interpreter of nature to mankind and he loved them all without reference to country, creed or color.

All men who ever read his works have given him love for love. He has attracted all varieties of human sympathy towards him, for he has told us of the things we know but could not express.

His only aim in writing poetry was, not to produce finely finished and elaborately composed stanzas, but to set the soul aglow with a desire for a more fraternal affection for mankind; not to please the refined senses of the few, but to touch the heart of the world and in this he is the most successful of all poets.

He has been dead a hundred years and yet his memory is still fresh. Artists, poets, historians, statesmen, men of every name are continually adding their tribute to his great fame. And yet, *alive*, his cry of dying despair could not influence

those most indebted to him to save him from ruin; *alive* he could not earn food, nor clothing, nor livelihood, nor had he where to lay his head; but since his death the world has become rich. He has left a legacy, the food of courage and of sturdy manhood, to millions. While he lived his songs were known only to the few; at his death his thoughts were scattered throughout the world until now his songs are echoed from all the ends of the earth. From the burning deserts of Africa, from the fertile plains of India, from North and South, from East and West. Wherever the heart of man throbs with emotion and pulsates with love towards his fellow men, there will you find the songs of Robert Burns. If all who were willing could place their tribute of a flower on his grave, mountains of roses would arise and Burns the scoffed, the wretched and the weary, would find a resting place now—at last—without a thorn.

PRINCIPIA PRIMA.

We lament that morals become so lax,
But the trouble is that we don't begin
By sharpening up and laying the ax
At the root of the old ancestral sin.

It is hard to cleanse of the primal sin
Inherited gold that is half alloy;
On the family tree you must graft the birch
If you'd be a respectable twig, my boy.

If you'd keep your principles pulled together,
You'd better begin with your old grandpap,
And make good use of a bit of leather
That's about the size of a razor-strap.

Just give him a sprinkle of moral knouts,
And a gentle smack of the Golden Rule,
Or at least a course of religious sprouts
In a good old Methodist Sunday School.

It's simple enough if you have the knack;
And it's rather queer, but you'll find it true,
It is hickory-oil on your father's back
That will take the cussedness out of you.

There's a promise of horns on the father's pate;
There's a cloven foot when the son is born,
And the grandson, heir to the whole estate,
Is a full-blown devil with hoof and horn.

Heredity leads by a mighty tether
Whole families down to a sultry clime;
And you'd better make sure of temperate weather
By taking Old Nick by the horn in time.

Your father can do it,—three jobs in one—
Make the Prince of the Power of the Air withdraw
From you and your son, and your son's son,
By thrashing him out of the Grandpapa.

THE FOOLISH BET.

Part I.

ONE winter afternoon about four months ago, Jack, Billy, and I, three freshmen I may just as well tell you, started off for our usual constitutional. The air was crisp and cold. The dry snow crunched under our feet as we walked down the pike. We had been most democratic in our actions, and the rich man in his freshly varnished sleigh had dodged our snow-balls with as much activity and as little good nature as the poor groceryman in his wagon.

"In fact," said Billy, with a shake of his head, "we've hit about everybody we've seen, except the women," and his voice had a satisfied sound as though he thought of a duty well done.

"Here's another," cried Jack, with a ring of energy in his voice, and turned around we saw a one-seated sleigh drawing near us. It was a trim, slight affair, with a high-stepping horse. On the seat sat a boy enveloped in an overcoat with a long cape. We did not stop then to note details, but let drive, one, two, three. I threw last, and, as he ducked to avoid Jack's, mine hit him full in the mouth. I expected, of course, that he would stop and offer to fight us, but instead he gave me a queer, hurt look, and seizing his whip, lashed the horse savagely, three times.

I always have hated unnecessary cruelty, and I thought at the time that he need not have struck THREE times. Perhaps it was this that influenced me to do what I afterwards did; perhaps it was one of the others that started it; how it was I really don't know, but at all events, before we, any of us, had had time to think, we had all dashed for the sleigh. The horse by this time was going at a run,

so that it was no wonder my two chums did not succeed. I, however, was more fortunate, and although my left arm was nearly pulled out of its socket, I found myself in a moment with my feet safely on the runner.

Of course I expected the boy to turn around, use first a little profanity, then his horse whip, and by the latter (not the former), compel me to get off his runner. No such thing though. He sat with his head turned away from me, looking straight in front of him, and occasionally lashing his horse. It irritated me to see him whip that horse; so, presently, since it seemed that I should have to speak first, I said:

"Look here now! what's the good in whipping him? He's doing all he can for you."

This was true for the sleigh was fairly flying, rocking from side to side as it struck the ruts. I got no answer.

"Come! Come!" said I, "don't be surly," and, without more words, I vaulted over the back of the seat into the sleigh. Still he said nothing, but I was glad to see him put back the whip.

In thinking it over now, and especially in writing it down, I can see the impertinence of it all, but, I swear, at the time I did it each thing seemed to me not only most fitting, but necessary.

Well, I settled myself comfortably in the seat and proceeded to enjoy the drive.

"What do I care whether he talks or not," thought I, "he certainly does not mind my being here or he'd say so," and I thought, with delight, what a joke this was on Jack and Billy.

Then it was that I noticed my companion. He looked about sixteen, and seemed to me at first sight to be an ex-

tremely ugly specimen. While his complexion and features were good—he had really fine eyes—yet there was something repulsive to me in his face, which looked as though it were somehow soft. He wore a seal-skin cap which was pulled down over his face and tied under his chin, a long overcoat, and around his legs he had wrapped a heavy buffalo robe. Finally I began to feel cold, and as my companion would do nothing of his own accord, I ventured to take hold of his wardrobe in order to get under it also. Here, however, I certainly touched him on the raw, for he frowned, pushed my hand away and said, “Don’t!” in a voice shrill with irritation.

Considering that this was the first word I had got out of him it was certainly not encouraging, but I never was a person to be easily cast down, so, finding that he would not talk to me, I determined at least to do my share of the conversation. So I began to talk. I first explained to him my position in the matter, and then proceeded to tell him something about myself. He seemed interested, and when I told him a funny story, actually laughed.

“My dear fellow,” said I, wishing to embarrass him, “if you knew what a pretty laugh you had and what nice teeth, you would certainly laugh more,” but instead of being embarrassed he smiled in unmistakable pleasure.

In the meantime we had been covering ground. Having arrived at Overbrook, we had switched from the Lancaster to the Montgomery Pike, and were now almost at Haverford again. On we went as far as Radnor, and then once more under the railroad to the Lancaster Pike. All the time I had been talking steadily, and could see from my companion’s face that he was not only amused but interested. As we approached Rosemont, of

a sudden my companion pulled up, and leaning over, whispered in my ear:

“Wont you PLEASE get out?”

“I’ll be hanged if I do,” said I, “I got in without your leave, and you can drive home and have your groom put me out if you want to. Anyhow, why the deuce do you whisper?”

Without another word he drove on.

The hour was growing late by this time, and after awhile I stopped talking and contented myself with watching his face, which grew longer and longer. At last his lip twitched, and I thought to myself, “The deuce! is he going to cry?” This was exactly what happened.

All of a sudden the horse slipped and fell heavily. He tried to rise and lay back again. I guess he was dead tired. Then it was that I looked at my companion and found him, or rather her, (for I discovered her in a moment) in a perfect storm of weeping. Nothing ever embarrasses me so much at any time as a woman’s tears, but on this occasion, as visions of my words and actions on that afternoon rose up before me, I simply wished I was dead.

“It was only a bet—a foolish, foolish bet,” she sobbed, and the while my heart melted within me like butter before the sun.

I jumped out of the sleigh and helped the horse up. He only required a little urging, and fortunately nothing was broken. Then, raising my hat, I timidly approached her and asked if I could do anything else.

“Go’way! Go’way! Go’way!” she cried.

“Yes,” said I, “of course I will, but can’t I do anything first?”

“Only go ’way,” she sobbed.

And I went.

Part II.

I AM very far from wishing to be considered sentimental or romantic, but considering the unusual, not to say

startling, manner in which I made an acquaintance of the young lady of the sleigh, I think everyone will excuse me for wishing to follow it up. For weeks I craned my neck to stare at people in railway cars and haunted the pike in the hope of catching a glimpse of her, but after a time I gave up in despair and for some months thought no more of that winter afternoon.

Spring had come and my two friends and I, all suffering from acute cases of "spring-fever," once again were off for an afternoon stroll. This time we struck back into the country, and before long sat down to rest on a hospitable rail-fence on the opposite side of the road from a fine new house. As was very natural the talk turned on the house and its owner, and Jack remarked that he had heard that it was owned by a crusty and artistic old bachelor named Slydell, and was so full of pictures and bronzes that it was more like a museum than a private dwelling. Jack's family lived on the "Main Line" and he liked to give himself a few airs on the strength of his intimacy with our neighbors.

"In fact," said he in a patronizing tone (I hate Jack when he's patronizing), "I think we shall go there to dinner pretty soon, and then I shall be able to tell you fellows all about it."

"You'll never see the inside of that house," said I. I had found by experiment that nothing irritated him so much as to be contradicted without reason.

"Nor you either," said he spitefully.

I jumped down from the fence, "I'm going in now," said I, "and I bet you a dinner at the Red Rose I take a meal there."

"Done!" said he, "Done! even if you only take it in the kitchen."

I have the reputation, and I think that is a just one, of not being entirely with-

out a quality known as "nerve," but I admit that after I had passed the carved stone gate-posts I very nearly backed out. The one thing that saved me was seeing some electric wires which entered the house from the side. These put an excuse into my head, and taking out my card, I scribbled "Electrician" in the corner, and then boldly went in.

"I'll examine their meter," thought I, and smiled to myself over the device.

At last I reached the house, up the step I walked and pressed the electric button, a little longer than usual since I was in character. The door was opened by an irreproachable English butler, to whom, when he had told me that Mr. Slydell was in, I entrusted my card. The man was evidently in doubt as to whether to ask me in or not, but I settled the question by stepping in uninvited. He glided out of the room, for the front door opened directly into the drawing-room, I was left to admire the furniture, which was indeed beautiful. Bronze, marble, and tapestry lined the walls in almost too great profusion, as I thought, but I was not allowed to look long.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said a gruff voice behind me, and turning around I saw a man whom I rightly guessed to be Mr. Slydell. He was an old man, very tall and very much bent. His face was wrinkled and red. He had iron-gray mustaches, whiskers and an imperial, all of which were cut so as to stick out at right-angles to his face, and at first sight he reminded one of a very old and very bristly wild boar.

"I came sir," I began in my best manner, "to examine your electric meter—"

"Tut, tut, tut," he broke in, "I have no electricity in my house, except a telephone. Good afternoon, sir," and he walked toward the door. My heart seemed to jump to my collar and then to sink

down to somewhere in the region of my my belt, but I stood my ground.

"My dear sir," said I, "I could not have mistaken the house."

"Get out," said he.

"Let me explain—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"John!" he called, "John!" and hobbled out of the room, apparently in in search of the brawny butler.

"Nothing for it but flight," I thought, and made for the door, but just as I put my hand on the knob there was a rustling of skirts, and turning around, I saw before me a remarkably pretty girl. I do not dare to try to describe how she was dressed, although I have a distinct picture of her in my mind as I write, and her face I am sure is far beyond any description, but she smiled at me in friendly fashion and presently said:

"You don't seem to recognize me?"

Then I knew her, the lady of the sleigh.

"I have made a bet," I cried, "a foolish, foolish bet—almost as foolish as yours

must have been—that I would take dinner here. Can't you work it? My name is—"

"Oh, I know who you are. I took pains to find out. You were very, *very* rude," she said sweetly, but from the way she smiled I knew she would stand my friend. Before I could answer, the old man came in and with him the butler, but the girl was equal to the occasion.

"Uncle Jim," she said, "I want to present my old friend, Mr.—"

"Pleased to meet you," he answered, in a way that showed he was anything but pleased, and walking over to her, spoke for some seconds so low that I could not hear him. It was quite plain that he was remonstrating with her about me, and equally plain that he was as putty in her hands, for presently I heard him say:

"Well, Dorothy, if you insist—"

"I do insist," she answered with some spirit, and then turning to me said,—

"You'll stay for dinner, wont you?"

"With pleasure," I answered.

SOUTHERN POSSIBILITIES.

BYOND the Potomac and the Kanawah, bounded by the quiet shores of the Gulf, and the muddy waters of the Rio Grande, is a land of glorious promise. To some of us it is a vague unknown, to some a land of slavery and of Horror, to some a loved and honored home, to all of us the South.

As we consider the wealth and power of our great nation, we look back and wonder what manner of men its founders were, what their names, and what their homes. From Virginia and the Carolinas as well as from Pennsylvania and New England, come men, strong in faith and deed, to lay firm and deep the groundwork of a great republic. Such men were Washington and Randolph,

such were Jefferson and Marshall. These were the men, who for the sake of the Constitution, gave up all claim to Kentucky, Tennessee and the Northwest Territory. By their influence Louisiana, Florida and Texas were gained to the Union and by their help the great Northwest was wrested from the wilderness.

But side by side with the good, evil had taken root. The better fruit was to come in after years. As slavery grew and became strong, it cast its shadow over the whole South, and narrowed every other institution. Commerce and manufacturers remained at the North. History, education, literature and art found no genial home beneath the Southern skies. Was the South then

weak? She was ever strong and masterful; now guiding the ship of state, now transforming the wilderness into a garden.

The Southern planter independent of the outside world, failed to keep step with its onward movement. It demanded the freedom of his slaves. He refused, and driven by the threats of his political enemies, he cast aside all argument but the sword, and tried his cause in civil revolution. The crisis came; tried and found wanting in the scale of omnipotent justice, slavery fell, and the old system with all its glory and its power, all its wealth and culture, all its honor, its virtue and its hospitality, all its oppression and its sorrows passed away. Why say more of it?

“Furl that banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.

Touch it not—unfold it never—
Let it droop there furled forever,
For its peoples' hopes are dead!”

Dead? No.

Theirs was a spirit that never lost hope. As that mere handful of ragged, barefoot men, straggled back to their desolated homes; their property destroyed by the march of contending armies; their fathers and brothers buried on some distant field; their loved ones ragged and unfed, they remembered how they had stood that April morning with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts and had begged their leader, “Oh, General, for the love you bear us, give us one more charge. For four long years we have taught the enemy how to fight, let us teach them how to die.” But he had said, “No, it must not be. Go home and teach men how to live,” and they never forgot it.

Federal armies had left them nothing but the soil; the old regime nothing

but its memories. With this capital they must win their way to fortune. Never had a people greater difficulties to fight, never people fought them more bravely. Labor was disorganized. Social relations broken. Schools gone. Political institutions overthrown, and the newly liberated slaves governing under the shadow of Federal bayonets. But there was no faltering, no looking back. They worked as they had fought—for the love of home. With their own hands they built a shelter for their heads. Education revived. Cotton was deposed from his kingdom and in his stead a democracy of diversified industries began to rule. State governments were reorganized, and still the South was not free. The settled determination of the North not to understand the attitude of the conquered states, and the Southerner's fear of negro rule, still bound the old Confederacy into a political unit. Every other problem might be secondary, but a white man's government must remain first, last and all the time.

The change came with years. The North said, “Solve your own problems,” the South, “Come and help us.” Five years ago all useless election legislation was repealed. Now note the result. The Solid South is broken. Her political agreement is at an end. Each state votes as it labors, for its own interests, and most glorious of all, the poorest negro in any Southern state is as sure of having his will recorded at the ballot box, as the law provides, as the members of our Municipal League.

Now can the South go on to fulfil her higher destiny? Her resources discovered, and heretofore developed by her sons alone, fill them with amazement, and they call to us as they work, “Come over and help possess the land, for it is too great for us.” Is a young man poor?

Let him go where he can rise unincumbered by any artificial restraint. Is he rich? Let him go where capital rarely fails of its reward. Does he covet social position? Let him go where true nobility has always been honored.

Shall I tell you of her wealth? Time would fail me. She has a soil which will produce, and a climate that will ripen anything that grows beneath the sun. On the grassy slopes of her uplands, numberless herds of cattle can graze, and need no shelter from the winter's storms. On the sides of her mountains grow miles and miles of forest which will be standing still untouched when the Wisconsin lumberman has ceased to exist. Side by side deep down in the earth lie enormous stores of mineral wealth which can never be consumed. Her marble is the finest, her iron and coal the best, and her lime and phosphate beds are inexhaustible. From the mountains there go rolling to the sea, rivers whose power turns millions of wheels; and along the coast there are harbors for the commerce of the world.

What a paradise for the cotton manufacturer! Water power without limit. Long lint cotton growing in the fields. Easy transportation to the markets of the world and cheap, intelligent labor with no trades unions to interrupt his dreams or strikes to destroy his profits.

The Southern student seeking educational advantages, finds them at the North. Here he gains technical knowledge, and carrying it back he betters the schools, enriches the professions and

advances the business interests of his state, and remembering her heroes, and laboring for the good of his beloved Southland, he learns more and more his duty and affection toward our great republic.

Add to this a true and loyal Saxon people, shaping and directing her affairs; add to this a simple kindly race following the leadership of wiser minds; add to this the two peoples moving forward in peace and fellowship to fulfill her higher destiny, and you have the future South. Hear a voice, which tho' hushed in death, still speaks to us: "Far to the South, separated from this section by a line—once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now thank God but a vanishing shadow—lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered all that can please and prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandmen every product of the the temperate zone. There by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. There are mountains stored with inexhaustible treasures; forests, vast and primeval: and rivers, that tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea."

This, then, is the picture and promise of my home—a land better and fairer than I have told you, and yet in its material excellence, but a fit setting for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship.

THE PASSING STORM.

The waters are grey,
The sky is lead,
The clouds are gathering overhead.
The surges rise and the surges fall,
While a deadly silence is over all,
As though a pall
Enshrouded day.

The sun has fled,
The day is night,
The spray is cold, the waves are white.
And the souls of men, on the heaving foam,
Where the tameless winds in frenzy roam,
Are drawn towards home
Through nameless dread.

The storm at last !
 Suspense is o'er.
 The chips of vessels fly before
 The hurtling fury of the sea,
 Whose mighty surges, wild and free,
 In savage glee
 Roll tumbling past.

Ocean at war !
 How grand to be
 In close, in secret touch with thee,
 To feel thy mighty bosom swell,

To hear thy pulsing billows tell,
 By buoy bell
 That calm is o'er.

The day is done,
 The night is nigh,
 At last a change comes o'er the sky.
 The crested rollers still appear,
 The barks still hold their mad career,
 But glorious cheer,
 Behold—the sun !

EFFECT WITHOUT CAUSE.

I felt sleepy, and no wonder, for I had been confined all the dull day at my easel. I pulled out my watch, which, by the way, had belonged to my grandfather and father before me, and found that it was five o'clock.

“Just time,” thought I, “for a brisk walk before supper”—I could not often afford dinner. So I put on my light overcoat and soft hat, and dived into the back of my closet to find my old class-cane. I always liked to have it with me on a stroll, because it tended to take my thoughts back to dear old Williams, and to Dick, my chum, and also to sister, who said that “You didn't know whom you might meet in the streets of one of those foreign cities.”

So well had these thoughts taken possession of my mind, that I was surprised to find the Continental Hotel on my left, when I awoke from my reverie. Glancing casually through the doorway into the vestibule, my eyes fell on a short man in a long coat with the collar turned up, so that I saw only his eyes. He appeared to be on the point of coming out. I saw no more of him, however, for I was walking fast. Soon my mind was full of the last Amherst foot ball match and was slowly revolving its plays over and over again for the *n*th time.

I kept on in this way, enjoying the fresh air to the full, until I came to the

Boulevard St. Michael, where I paused for a moment to decide which way I should turn. I turned to the right, and for an instant saw again the short figure, which I had seen at the hotel, about twenty yards down the street I was leaving. I walked on at a good pace, thinking it strange that this fellow should be going the same way as I. I looked back at the next street crossing, and there he was about twenty-five yards behind me, walking very fast for such a short man. It was the same at the next, and the next, and the next.

I tried not to think anything more about the matter, but it *would* keep coming up into my mind in connection with something which sister had said to me. I had never put much faith in it before. Of course, the man might happen to be going the same way that I was, and not be thinking of me anymore than of Melchizedec, but why did he walk at a rate that seemed so difficult for him? Or why did he keep his collar turned up so that his features could not be seen? It was chilly, but it was not cold enough for that when one was walking at such a pace.

I say I could not shut these speculations out of my mind. I therefore determined to make some test of them. I set about it at the next street-crossing,

where I turned to the right. I also attempted to assume a careless demeanor and to look behind me with less frequency. However, I looked often enough to see that I was still followed.

After going five blocks in this direction, I decided on a risky plan. It was to pass through some narrow alleys, to which we were now coming, and so on till we came out near the Continental Hotel again. If he followed me up through this, I should most probably know what his intentions were. I was not much afraid of him; for he was small, while my cane was a strong one.

Well, he followed me through these deserted streets without attempting to overtake me, and passed by the Continental without an apparent thought of stopping. I was astonished beyond measure. What better opportunity to rob me could he desire than the one I had given him? What else did he want with me? Was he going to track me to my lodgings and fall on me in the midst of the night? I could not imagine? I almost determined to stop and wait for him, and so finish the business then and

there; but I thought better of this and walked on to a restaurant, about five blocks distant, where I often took my supper.

I stepped in, took off my hat and coat, and sat down, for I was tired and hungry. I imagined that my pursuer would wait outside for me on the opposite side of the street. But no; just as I was spreading marmalade on my bread, in he stalked as bold as you please. He made straight for the table at which I was seated, not removing his hat and coat, and sat down directly opposite to me. But he arose immediately and came around the table towards me. I, too, arose—calmly, I hope. But my feelings were anything but calm when he grabbed my right hand, and, clapping his left on my shoulder, exclaimed in a well-known voice, "What in time made you walk so fast, Harry? Why, you could have beaten that old Amherst star easily, if you had been that good back in '87."

"What the deuce? I thought——"

"Never mind now what you thought. Will you have a cocktail or some 'fizz?'"

"Why, 'fizz,' I guess, as long as it's you, Dick."

INTER-CLASS DEBATE.

THE final debate in the inter-class contest, between the Senior and Freshman classes, was held at a meeting of the Loganian Society, March 25. The question for debate was "Resolved, that it is expedient for the best interests of good government for a citizen to vote with his party in municipal elections." The affirmative side of the argument was presented for 1901, by Bullinger, Walenta, and Grayson. The debaters for '98, Stadelman, R. N. Wilson and Janney, upheld the negative.

The principal argument of the affirmative was that parties are necessary in city

politics. They maintained that the remedy for present conditions lies in party reform rather than in independent voting, and declared that if the better element of the parties were to pay more attention to the primaries, the system of boss-rule would be overthrown at once. To this the negative replied that cities are corporations and not political organizations; that the state and national issues of the great parties have no direct bearing on municipal matters; that party reform within the party is impossible under present conditions; that the only well-governed cities are those in whose govern-

ment party lines are not drawn, and that the only real reform so far actually accomplished has been by independent voting.

The judges, Messrs. Hibbard, '90, Douglass, and Lynn retired for consulta-

tion. After their return, Mr. Douglass made a short speech complimenting the debaters, and Mr. Hibbard announced that while both sides had done well, the unanimous decision of the judges was in favor of the negative, upheld by '98.

THE ALUMNI DINNER.

THE eleventh annual midwinter reception and dinner of the Alumni Association of Haverford College was held at the Aldine Hotel, Friday evening, March eleventh, and as usual proved to be a very enjoyable occasion.

There were about a hundred graduates present who partook of the excellent dinner provided, and who listened with interest and pleasure to the numerous speeches which followed.

Edward P. Allison, '74, acted as toastmaster and introduced as the first speaker, President Sharpless, who replied to the toast, "Our Alma Mater." One of the best ways of judging the quality of work done at Haverford, President Sharpless said, was by comparing the work of our graduates with that of men from other Colleges. He then read a very complimentary letter from the chairman of the Committee on Admissions from Other Colleges, at Harvard University, which stated that the work of Haverford men at Harvard was fully on a level with that of the representatives from any other institution. After alluding to the proposed addition to and alteration of Alumni Hall, and the plan for under-draining and grading the swamp, now used as a skating pond in winter, and a few other minor improvements, President Sharpless

closed by saying that the great problem for Haverford in the future is how to develop the individual student.

President Sharpless was followed by George Wharton Pepper of the University of Pennsylvania, who spoke on "The University in its Broadest Sense." President DeGarmo, of Swarthmore, made a few remarks in which he congratulated Haverford on her bright outlook for the future. Dr. Randolph Winslow, '71, responded to "The Older Alumni." Nathaniel B. Crenshaw, '67, read his annual report as secretary of the Association, and introduced George W. Woodruff, of Yale, who gave a brief sketch of the evolution of the game of foot-ball. George Gluyas Mercer, '77, spoke on "The Commonwealth," and Alonzo Brown, '75, read an original poem on "The Incubator." Roy W. White, P. G. '95, the last speaker of the evening, replied to the toast, "The Younger Alumni."

The Committee of arrangements consisted of Nathaniel B. Crenshaw, '67, Chairman; Edward P. Allison, '74, George Gluyas Mercer, '77; William L. Baily, '83; Franklin B. Kirkbride, '89; Jonathan M. Steere, '90; Frederick P. Ristine, '94; Charles H. Howson, '97.

ALUMNI ORATORICAL CONTEST.

ON March 21st the annual competition for the Alumni Prize in Oratory was held in Alumni Hall. A good sized audience was present, and the

speeches delivered were of the highest merit in respect to literary style and oratorical delivery.

This contest is open to the members of

the Senior and Junior Classes and to the winner each year is awarded a prize of fifty dollars, in books.

The contestants this year were Alfred Sharpless Haines, William Warder Cadbury, Arthur Clement Wild, David Godfrey Jones, Rufus Horton Jones, Malcolm Augustus Shipley, Jr., Robert North Wilson, William John Bawden, and Eldon R. Ross.

The uniform excellence of the speeches made the task of the judges an unenviable

one. Messrs. Walter George Smith, Charles Carver and William H. Staake had kindly consented to act as judges and after due deliberation they awarded the prize to Arthur Clement Wild, whose speech was on "Robert Burns." Most honorable mention was made of Robert North Wilson for his stirring speech on "Southern Possibilities," and honorable mention was also made of William John Bawden, who delivered a masterly essay on "What the Civil War Settled."

LECTURE REPORTS.

ON March 10, in Alumni Hall, Professor Rufus M. Jones of Haverford College, delivered a lecture on "The Attitude of the Modern Christian toward the Bible." No books have aided mankind so much as the Old and New Testaments. But no books have been read so unintelligibly: sentences have been taken from their historical setting and treated as oracular words applicable in all places and at all times. Modern study aims to make the Bible a live book of truth; and modern thought tends toward the substitution of subjective tests for objective authority. From this point of view one believes a thing not because it is supported by authority or tradition, but because the soul finds it true to its own nature. The historical statements of the Bible must be tested as carefully as the facts of any other history. The conclusions one way and another will not affect our religion: for the revelation of God and the ideals for man constitute the value of this book—not the event but the use made of the event affects us primarily. Original inspiration is summed up in the test, whether the Bible now inspires its readers; if it does not, we cannot prove original inspiration; if it does, and it does, the question is answered in the affirmative.

This great literature is for our largest use; always for expansion, never for limitation of thought and life. It is not an end in itself but a means to an end; and it should be used as we use the air and the light provided for us as a means to the supreme end—life.

THE final lectures in the "Library Course" were two on "The Synoptic Gospels" delivered in Alumni Hall, March 17th and 18th by Dr. Frank K. Sanders, of Yale University.

FIRST LECTURE.

This lecture treated of the sources, historical growth and characteristics of the first three gospels considered as parts of a compact group. This name "Synoptic" comes from the fact that they can be formed into a compact group and a synopsis of their contents, can, with some slight and natural discrepancies, be made. Their interdependence in incident, arrangement, and phraseology was noted as well as their independence in material peculiar to each, their divergence from the common order of events, and their apparent inconsistencies. The oral testimony of eye-witnesses was the primary source of information to their writers. In addition to this, a well-established tradition based on the

preaching of the apostles, and the probable existence of a collection of sayings of Jesus (logia) by Matthew, and a written account of the current tradition, seem to have contributed to the development of the gospels. The probable dates of their composition are Mark, A. D. 65; Matthew, A. D. 70; Luke, A. D. 80. Mark is the gospel of power; Matthew is the Jewish gospel of the kingdom of Heaven; Luke, the universal gospel of Christlikeness.

SECOND LECTURE.

The outlines and religious value of the synoptic gospels formed the theme of this lecture. The point of view of the gospel of Mark is descriptive and dramatic. Its progress is straightforward. Its main theme is the "Public Ministry of the Son of Man who was also the Son of God." The method used is the gra-

phic presentation of characteristic incidents, made still more striking by the introduction of verbatim expressions. The point of view of the gospel of Matthew is didactic and interpretative. Its main theme is "The Kingdom of Heaven, as set forth by the career, character, and teachings of Jesus, the true Messiah." It consists of a series of scenes often connected topically rather than chronologically. The gospel of Luke is historical and edifying in its point of view. "Jesus, the Saviour and Lord of the world," forms its main theme. It is the most finished of the three and has perhaps the greatest spiritual value of any of the gospels. The synoptic gospels supplement each other. Each presents a distinct side of the character of Jesus Christ. "Mark portrays a man; Matthew an ideal religious leader; Luke, a Saviour of the world."

COLLEGE NOTES.

The following are the dates announced for the spring athletic events:

Thursday, April 7th—Class relay races.

Monday, April 11th—Annual Spring Meeting.

Saturday, April 30th—U. of P. Relay Races.

Saturday, May 28th—Mott Haven Games.

The prizes in batting and bowling, for 1897, in the Intercollegiate Cricket Association have been won as follows:

Highest batting average—J. H. Scatgood, (Harvard); average, 60. Best bowling average—W. N. Morice, (Pennsylvania); average, 5.57. Highest individual score—D. H. Adams, (Harvard), 62 against Pennsylvania.

The Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave an entertainment at College Settlement in Philadelphia on March 30. The clubs also assisted in an entertainment on April 4th, at the West Philadelphia Y. M. C. A.

The Freshmen defeated the Haverford Grammar School team at base ball in three successive games. The scores were respectively, 15-7, 13-6, 17-6.

Prof. Rufus M. Jones addressed the College Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evening, March 30th. On the preceding Thursday evening Dr. Chas. Wood of Philadelphia, gave an address to the college men at a meeting held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

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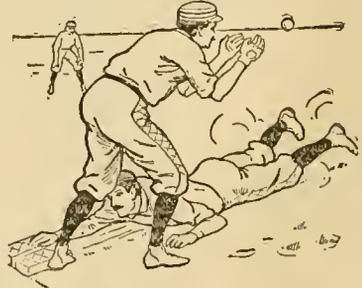
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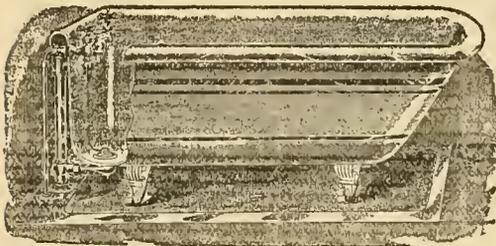
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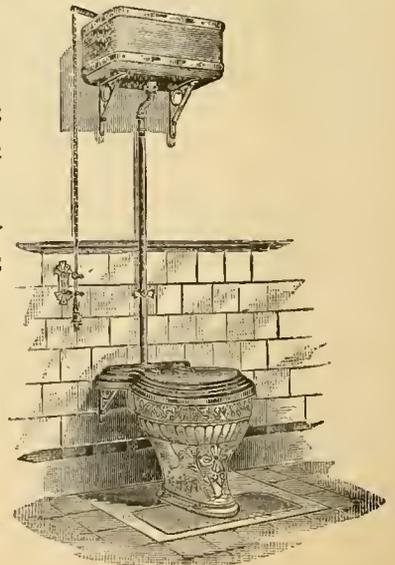
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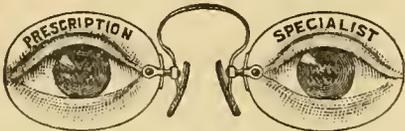
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HVERFORD COLLEGE

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MAY, 1898

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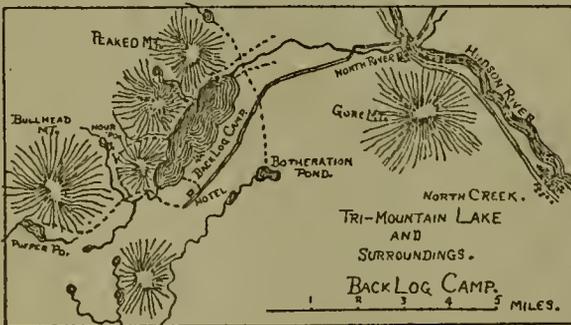
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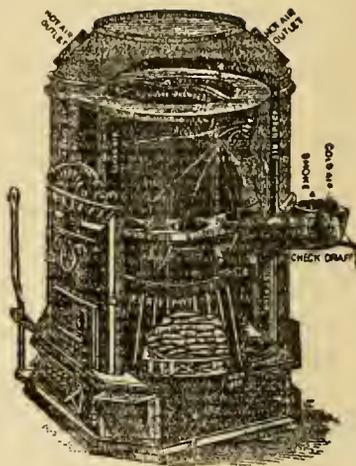
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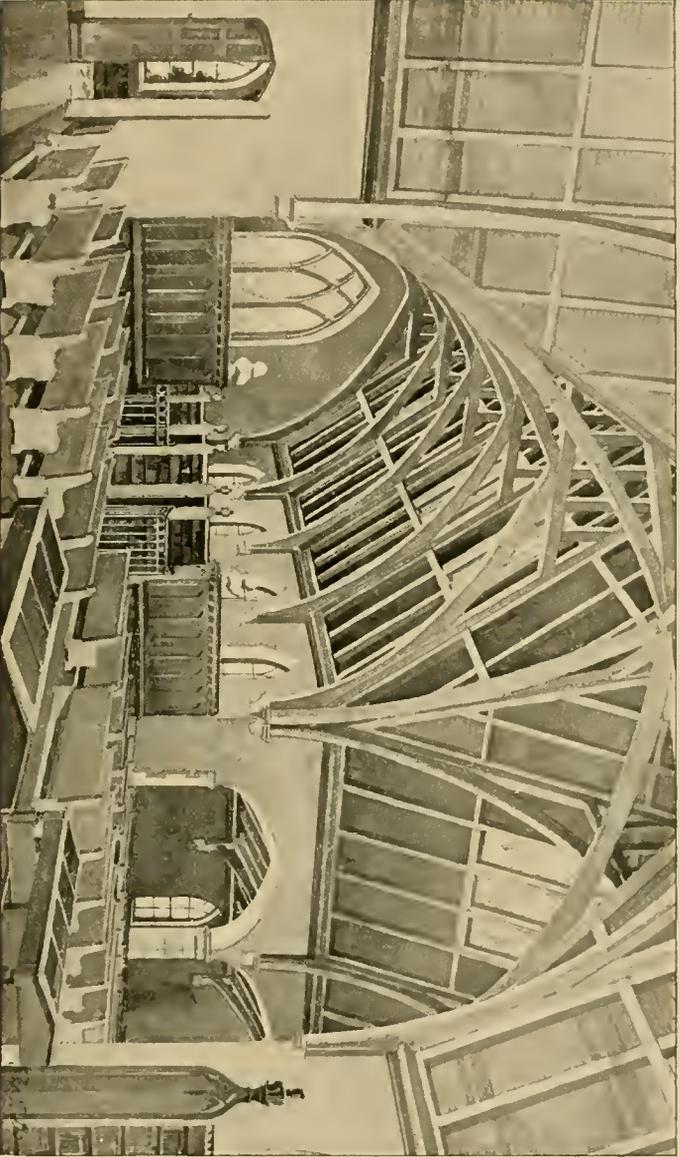
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XX.

HAVERFORD, MAY, 1898.

No. 3.

The Haverfordian.

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Subscription Price, One Year, \$1.00
Single Copies,15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

EVER since the visit of the College cricket eleven to England in the summer of 1896, the players whose good fortune it was to make that expedition have cherished the hope of welcoming a representative English school team some day on the Haverford grounds, and of having an opportunity of repaying some of the courtesy and kindness with which they were treated while abroad.

For a while it seemed probable that this hope might be realized during the coming summer. About four months ago a cordial invitation was sent to the Harrow School asking the school eleven

to visit America next August as the guests of the College. It was proposed that the Harrovians should play the Haverford team on the College grounds and that a series of other games, extending over three or four weeks, should be arranged with "Colt" teams from the various Philadelphia clubs. The invitation included an offer to provide for the lodging and entertainment of the English team during the entire time of their visit and promised to leave about half the time open for sight-seeing and other non-athletic amusements.

The school authorities of Harrow at once expressed their hearty approval of the proposed tour. The Head Master, Dr. Welldon, who is an old friend of President Sharpless, immediately promised to accompany his team if it should be able to come and Mr. Kemp, the well-known cricket master of the school, agreed to take the general charge of the campaign. But there still remained a possible difficulty in the chance that some of the school team might be prevented by examinations or other important engagements from leaving England this summer. Unfortunately, this difficulty has proved to be a very serious one. Mr. Kemp has found that no less than four of his eleven will be unable to leave England in August, and, rather than bring over a team which would not represent the full cricketing strength of the school, he has decided to abandon the project altogether.

The whole plan was kept entirely a secret during the early part of the winter and it was not until a few weeks ago,

when every sign seemed to indicate that it would be carried out, that Mr. Henry Cope, '69, through whose efforts the English tour of 1896 was largely made possible, called the members of the first eleven together and announced the above scheme, at the same time requesting them to maintain a strict silence on the subject till all the final arrangements had been made.

The wisdom of this precaution was proven not long ago when a letter from Dr. Welldon arrived stating with regret that the Harrow team would not be able to leave England this summer. This announcement although, of course, causing great disappointment to the cricketers who had been looking forward to this pleasing incident to their summer vacation did not cause the general regret it would have done had the plans been made known prematurely and the hopes of all the students and Alumni raised to a high pitch.

In expressing our own sincere regret on the failure of the proposed trip, we yet hope that Haverford may be able to make a similar arrangement with Harrow or one of her sister schools at some future time; in which case we trust that the Englishmen will find their reception here no less warm and hearty than that with which they greeted Haverford in 1896.

BY the time this number appears Haverford will have played at least two first eleven cricket matches, and ten days later will have met both Pennsylvania and Harvard, and the Championship for 1898 will have been decided.

As we are entering this short but most important season let us glance over hastily the material on which we place our hopes. Of last year's eleven, seven members have returned to College, and

besides these, almost the entire second team, four of whom took part in at least one first eleven match in 1897.

With two or three promising bowlers which the Freshman class brought, the prospects viewed from paper seemed unusually bright. Nor has the drudgery of shed practice been shirked. Coach Wooley has done his work thoroughly and enthusiastically all winter and it now remains for the candidates who have practiced hard so far to continue to do so, and not let up in the least degree but rather put on extra steam and finish strong. The coach has certainly done his part, it is now time for the men to do theirs.

In thus sincerely urging upon the members of the three elevens the necessity of hard practice, we would overlook our own duty were we not to call the attention of the rest of the College and incidentally of the Alumni, to the part they should take toward contributing to the success of the season. We refer to attendance at the matches. The Faculty weekly grant half-holidays in order to enable the various elevens to arrange matches on those days with different teams, and it is only right for the students to use these holidays in the spirit in which they are given. It is, indeed, the plain duty and ought to be at the same time a pleasure for every Haverfordian, no matter whether he is a player or not, to remain at college on match-days and spur the team to greater efforts by his presence on the field as a spectator. The number of those in attendance at the matches in the last few years has not been what it should be and we have no doubt that the teams, especially that of last year, have suffered by this apparent lack of interest. The value of a large audience needs no emphasis, so that we trust that at least at the six games

scheduled at home for the first eleven, the students and those Alumni who can arrange to do so, will show their appreciation of the faithful work done by

Coach Wooley, Captain Wistar and the candidates themselves by turning out loyally and so in the most practical way serving Haverford's cricket interests.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE Y. M. C. A.

AT the close of another year of the Young Men's Christian Association of Haverford College, it becomes the pleasure as well as the duty of its administrators to report the work of their respective departments. A summary of these reports is included in the following annual statement of the President.

As the various lines of the Association's activity are so closely interwoven with outside forces, it is impossible to say just what our work has accomplished during the past year. The various influences that radiate from such an organization through its members can never be weighed. Sometimes we are surprised to find that those phases of activity least conspicuous are most far-reaching. We can, however, give a summary of the most salient features of our work and organization.

We have good reason to believe that the number of students interested in the Association has increased, and that, although some are still indifferent towards our work, there is practically no opposition.

The present membership of the Association is eighty-three, as against seventy-three last year. The members are divided among the different classes as follows :

P. G.	'98.	'99.	1900.	1901.
1	17	15	27	23

Of these, thirty-five have been added this year.

From the 1st of May, Ninety-Seven, until the 6th of April, Ninety-Eight, there were sixty religious meetings held by the Association, divided as follows :

Regular Wednesday evening meetings, thirty ; Sunday evening meetings, thirty. The average attendance at the mid-week meetings was forty and one half, against forty-three last year ; and that at the Sunday evening meetings, twenty-seven and one-third, against thirty last year. The largest meeting of the year was the Decision meeting, at which seventy-two were present. The slight falling off in the average attendance was due partly at least to the fact that a larger proportion of our members were day-scholars.

Besides our student leaders, the following spoke at the meetings : Rev. Mr. Babbitt, International College Secretary, John R. Mott, Prof. F. A. Dakin, State Secretary C. W. Harvey, President Sharpless, Prof. W. W. Comfort, '94, C. H. Cookman, '95, Elliott Field, '97, Samuel Emlen, Prof. R. M. Jones, '85, Rev. Charles Wood, '70, Rev. Eli Parker, Prof. James A. Babbitt.

The devotional study of the Bible, which is emphasized so strongly at Northfield, has been made a "pivotal department" of our work. Early in the fall John R. Mott favored us with an impressive talk on this subject in which he emphasized especially the importance to the individual life of private devotional Bible study in connection with the "Morning Watch." Several of our members have been led to give this private study a definite place in their lives.

As usual, the Association has conducted four Bible classes led by students. These classes have pursued a progressive course.

The Freshmen studied the Life of Christ historically ; the Sophomores the Life of St. Paul; the Juniors and Seniors "Studies in the Life of Jeremiah." The identity of the last two courses is due to the fact that we decided to transfer the Old Testament course from the Senior to the Junior year.

The weekly attendance of the four classes has averaged thirty-six, as compared with thirty-four last year. The record of the four classes is as follows :

Class.	No. of Meetings.	Enrollment.	Average Attendance.
'98	16	11	6
'99	17	15	7
1900	16	29	13
1901	16	21	10
		76	36

The enrollment includes all men who have attended the classes at all.

We feel that this phase of our work has great possibilities, and that while we have tried to emphasize it, there is still much room for improvement.

The Mission Class has met once a week, with a student leader who has had some practical experience in mission work. The Class has followed two courses ; the first took up John R. Mott's book, "Strategic Points in the Conquest of the World ;" the second, a book on Africa.

Our annual missionary contribution, sent to the boys' school at Tokio, Japan, at the close of last year, amounted to eighty-five dollars.

Thanks to the kindness of our last year's president, we were enabled to send two delegates to the International Student Volunteer Convention held in Cleveland, Ohio. Stirring reports were brought back to us from that impressive gathering, that council of war, in which twenty-two hundred delegates calmly and thoughtfully considered the great problem of evangelizing the world.

About twenty of our members have engaged in definite outside work. These men have taken interest in the following places : The meetings and Sunday Schools at Preston and Coopertown, the meetings at Ithan, the Joseph Sturge Mission School, and Sunday Schools at Ardmore, Bryn Mawr and Germantown.

Some of our members have talked with certain grammar school fellows about starting an association, and at present the prospects for doing something of that sort are good. We believe that the idea of taking an interest in the preparatory school should be encouraged.

We were very fortunate in being able to send twenty-five men to Northfield. They composed the largest delegation Haverford has ever had, and of the colleges represented there last summer we were outnumbered by only one. Much of the good influence of the conference has been lasting, and in a variety of ways has been cropping out all the year.

We had three delegates at the State Convention held in York.

The regular finances of the Association have, thanks to the diligence of the treasurer, been kept in excellent shape. For the expenditures and contributions, see the published statement of the treasurer.

The need of improved quarters for our meetings has been felt for some time ; and this year a strong sentiment developed in favor of starting a building fund. But on account of certain changes that the college was expecting to make it was thought best to postpone the scheme.

President Sharpless's attitude toward the Association has been very helpful and encouraging. We feel that the practical talks with which he has very kindly favored us from time to time during the year have been exceedingly instructive and beneficial. We are grateful to the Professors and their wives for the kindly

interest which they have manifested toward our work and for the assistance which they have given us when opportunity offered.

As heretofore, the important custom of keeping in touch with the Alumni, by having them occasionally address our meetings, has been kept up with profit.

During the past year there has been no one period of special revival among the students, but we have reason to believe that steady, quiet influences have been at work. It might prove helpful, some years, to observe the week of prayer by having a strong, highly-respected, Christian man, chosen either from own neighborhood or from a distance, come and devote a day or so to personal talks with any students who might wish to consider with him various questions in their own minds, such as doubts or life problems.

Although every phase of our work needs more thoughtful emphasis, two branches should be mentioned in particular; the one, tactful personal work; the

other, outside work. These two lines of activity are at the very basis of growth. They not only accomplish a certain amount of good for others, but by a reflex action develop a very important side of our own nature.

As we look back over the year, we feel that many mistakes have been made, that our service has been imperfect, that valuable opportunities have been permitted to escape unimproved. We believe, however, that there has been some advancement, that men have been growing more consistent, that their lives have broadened and deepened, that reverence for the Christ Life has had a moulding influence on character. We wish to thank all who have co-operated with us, for the assistance they have been so ready to give. With the earnest hope that God will accept and bless the work that has been done and be with those who are to succeed us, we leave the Association in the good hands of our successors.

FREDERICK A. SWAN,
Retiring President.

HUNTINGDON NO. 3888.

BLACK was going into the city to a tea—a fashionable tea which required his wearing a tall silk hat, a collar almost as tall, a long Prince Albert coat and a pair of gray foggy breeches. And it was one of those mild Spring days which crumple a collar in ten minutes. Nevertheless Black hastened: for generally it took fifteen minutes to walk to the station, and the train left in ten. But the reason that made his patent leather shoes flicker in the sunlight was that on that train was Miss Smith, who had gotten on at a station or two above, and with whom Black had arranged to go to this tea. So, despite the warmth, Black hastened.

How that collar grew—it seemed to

Black that the collar had been left in the cellar too long and had begun to sprout. And his silk hat—could he possibly have gotten a size too small? It never wobbled and waltzed around that way since it left the caressing hands of the hatter. He never realized before what a hot thing a Prince Albert coat really was! When he saw nobody Black ran—when he did see anyone he walked like a policeman. Once he met a carriage full of people he knew—and his silk hat sailed majestically through ninety degrees circumference—like the foil's salute before a duel. Soon a friendly hill slid in behind the carriage, and Black ran up the side of the railroad embankment and walked along the tracks on the "up"

side. Between him and the "down" passenger track were two freight tracks; and just as he got up on the embankment he heard a freight train coming. It was going to the city and Black thought he would cross in front of it—then he looked at his watch and decided the freight would be passed before his train came, and so kept on the same side.

But he had miscalculated: before the tenth box car had run by him, he heard the passenger train and soon saw it stop at the station fifty feet or so away. Meanwhile the freight boomed leisurely along between the Prince Albert and train—between Black and Miss Smith. He looked at the wee red dot of a caboose so far away and then at the passenger train still standing at the station. Immediately he made up his mind what to do: he would jump on to the freight, cross over to the other side, jump off and so get to his own train before it started!

Giving his shining hat a hearty, football slap, and grasping his cane as though in a class-rush, Black ran along the freight a few yards, grabbed hold of a coal-car marked "Huntingdon No. 3888" and swung on. Now a freight train is not what club men call a full dress affair—neither does society demand that a Prince Albert coat be worn when one is going to take a spin on a coal-car. Black quickly realized this when he held on to a cane and stove-pipe hat in one hand while he tried to dismount by holding on to the car by the other. And then, too, when he got on he noticed the train was running faster than he had thought: but now when he wanted to get off, and saw the motionless passenger train suddenly loom up and then shoot by, he realized that the freight was still in the service of the company and was going towards its destination. Black didn't have time to think—he simply

gazed stupidly down at the rock-ballast which twinkled beneath the clanking platform of "Huntingdon No. 3888."

He was suddenly awakened from this trance by having to grab hold of the tall silk hat which at that moment gave an awkward lurch. Black happened to look along the length of wriggling coal-cars clear along where a huge box-car loomed up like a great breaker rolling in-shore. Horrors! a brakeman was coming along towards him! Instinctively the great silk hat ducked and the fog-gray trousers dipped in the coal-dust on the platform. Glancing at the car opposite, Black noticed that he would have to take in another reef—for the shadow of the silk hat sprawled over the top of the car on to the gleaming heap of anthracite. So he hastily took off the hat: and as he did so he noticed the straw-colored kid gloves—the kids which before this afternoon had never been put to the yoke—bore on their palms the imprint of honest toil in the silhouette of a car-brake. And he also noticed that twilight had deepened on the cuffs—"And all the ways grew dark." Suddenly a shadow fell on Black as he heard the crunching of feet on the coal above and immediately after a voice exclaiming

"Here, here, the City Troop don't have no passes!"

And thereupon a surprised brakeman tumbled down on the platform beside Black.

"Well, say Sport, do you want a private car, or are you only a director?" the brakeman asked again upon receiving no reply from Black. At hearing this Black was much relieved, for he had never stolen a ride in his life before, and he supposed the penalty was death—whether with a lynch-pin or brake-stick, he didn't know—but a Weyler-Blanco death just the same. So Black thought he would

act dignified, impress this low-born slave of a corporation. But it is a difficult thing to be dignified when, holding on to the brake of a restless coal-car with one hand and grasping firmly a club-cane and silk hat in the other, you turn on your toes with many flops and jerks. Black had just opened his mouth to explain, when the brakeman broke a smile in two with the remark :

“ Now, we'll let you go on for a while, but you'd better get off before we reach the yards, you know.”

And with that he disappeared over the broad backs of the cars.

Black was so relieved that he was about to pull up about sixty fathoms of sigh,—when he happened to look up and saw, what he had not heard on account of the roar of the freight, the passenger train gently sliding by not a yard away. Window after window crept by—some of the people noticed him, others didn't see him at all. One, two, three! The silk hat and cane had an ague chill right then and there, while Black's hand took a death-grip on the brake—for there, in the passing window, sat Miss Smith. Slowly it crept by, while the cold chills darted and jumped up and down Black's spine—but she never even looked out the win-

dow. O joy! It was bases all full and no one out when that window crawled behind the burly shoulder of the other coal-car. He could hardly hold on to the brake, and his knees flopped down again with a thud on to the platform. Now the green flags on the end of the passenger train nodded merrily at him as they fluttered out of view, and the smoke of the train dipped down and hurled cinders into his blinking, watery eyes.

Black had just wept them out when the green flags were slowly flung into view again—for the two trains were nearing a station—and one by one cars and windows repassed him : first, second, third car, first, second, third—sixth—eighth—tenth window—and there was Miss Smith again! Only this time the kinetoscope seemed to lag—and “ Huntington No. 3888 ” was barely opposite that tenth window when she looked up and saw him : was going to look away—although surprised evidently—when quickly she turned her head and looked straight at G. W. Black and recognized him! And a deep sunset glow crept over her scornful face while G. W.—well G. W. simply turned his tall silk hat around and around and around.

WHEN SKIES ARE DREAR.

She comes when skies are dark and drear
And clouds are weeping,
Like some sweet ray of sunlight clear,
Her presence steeping.
My soul in warmth of love and light
So long in hiding,
That now it must attain its height
No longer biding,
So while the pearly rain drops fall,
My sweetheart lingers.

You ask “ why does she stop at all? ”
I hold her fingers.
The parasol discreetly hides
Our sweet emotion,
And only with a blush she chides
My rash devotion.
Then as we part, though skies are drear,
We see their glory,
For I have whispered in her ear
The old, old, story.

THE HECTO-KYRO-CURALINE PROCESS.

It was a rather curious thing to be doing, I'll admit.

In my morning's mail I had received a letter asking me to stop that afternoon,—five o'clock, if possible,—at a house on a small but well-known street in Philadelphia. The letter stated that such an action would probably be of great advantage to me, as a young scientist, and would at least prove interesting.

I was undecided whether I should follow up the matter or ignore it altogether. The inquisitiveness of youth and the fervor of a young scientist prevailing, I finally decided, however, that no harm could come to me through going, and that probably I would have a curious experience. The thought occurred to me that the whole thing might be a hoax.

Five o'clock, however, found me going up the steps of the small house designated in the letter. I pulled the loose-jointed bell with some misgivings. The door was presently opened by an old woman—a veritable hag, in green and threadbare carpet slippers. I handed her my card—the letter not being signed, I did not know for whom to ask. She took it and said :

“I guess ye're the man as he wants to see. Ye may go up if ye will. He be in the first room ye come to, up there,” pointing with her bony hand to the head of the stairs.

I went up the steps and knocked at the door indicated. The door was opened and I was asked to enter. This was evidently the man who had written to me and had not signed his name. I handed him the letter, which he immediately recognized, and before I could ask him his name he volunteered the information.

“I didn't sign that note to you,” he

said, “because I didn't want you to spread the news of anything you may see or hear here, in connection with me, until you have promised me you will keep it all a secret, or until I may allow you to spread it abroad.” I answered, that anything that was lawful and moral I would not disclose, but beyond that I could not be held responsible. He agreed, and, handing me a Bible, I soon satisfied his mind by giving him my oath.

“Well,” he said, “my name's Paulding ; at least that's what's been my name since, since—well, for the last ten years. Now then, sir, I've called you here because I consider you broad enough in your views to appreciate some things which I am going to show you.”

On the very first sight of my friend, I felt that he must be either a German or of German parentage, and when he spoke was rather surprised that he did not speak with an accent. He was a man of, I should judge, fifty years, and his round shoulders were magnified under the loose German smoking wrapper which he wore. A scanty beard, which he constantly kept pulling at when talking, covered the lower part of a rather bumpy type of face. He also had on carpet slippers, a younger generation probably of the ragged ones the old woman had worn when at the door.

The room had two windows on the far side, opposite the door, the lower part of the sash being painted all over with white paint, to keep out the looks of inquisitive neighbors.

My first idea, on seeing the apparatus and bottles, which were lined up on shelves at one side of the room and which were scattered carelessly in other parts, was that this was the office of a “quack”

doctor or petty electrician. The carpet was spotted and stained with ink near his desk. I soon learned the cause of the latter, for on sitting down he took up a fountain pen, and to get the ink to run, deliberately made a spearing motion at the floor, which was followed by a diminutive stream of ink, which fell on the carpet.

After writing a few notes in a musty note book, he turned to me and said :

"I have been working here for ten years and have completed some experiments which in time, I think, will prove of wonderful interest to the scientific world. Now, I propose to show you some of these things, so that you can testify as to their truth, and that you may be a witness in case any question arises as to the validity of these demonstrations."

"He rose and went over to a closet from which he took a tall glass jar with a ground glass stopper; the kind in which alcoholic specimens are preserved in the museums. The glass, however, was opaque. Several prescriptions and formulas seemed glued to the outside. This jar he placed on a high table, at one side of the room, and with his hand resting on the jar he turned to me and said :

"Now, I don't imagine that the world in general, and especially the scientific world, believe in ghosts." He seemed to scrutinize me carefully to note what effect his words made on me. I imagine I looked rather puzzled, for he continued :

"I know very well that to believe in ghosts is a hobby of the past—something which has been given over to the uneducated and superstitious, and yet, my dear sir, if you will have the kindness not to form any opinions as to my sanity for an hour, I expect in that time to be able to convince you by proofs, actual proofs, that ghosts not only exist but can be pre-

served and controlled by this method on which I have spent, oh! so many years. By an accident I stumbled across a very sensitive kind of gelatine film several years ago and discovered the germ which has been fertilized, by many years of application into what I now consider an almost complete discovery. By means of this gelatine and certain very volatile chemicals, whose names I am not prepared to disclose, I have been able to detect the presence of the shady impressions of people, and what is more, I have been able to gather these 'ghosts,' as people have named them, into sealed jars, from which I may take them at my pleasure. This operation I have given the name of 'The Hecto-Kyro-Curaline Process.'"

"To control the spirits I use the simplest hypnotic powers. For although I have not the strength to bring a living soul under my will, I have enough to control most of the spirits with whom I have so far come in contact."

I began to be interested, but could not help feeling that the man was either mildly insane or an impostor. He now asked me to sit down, and arranged a black sheet, suspended from a roll near the ceiling. Having closed the shutters, he lit a red lamp, and locking the door, came over to his laboratory table.

"In this jar," he said, pointing to the one on the table, "is the spirit, or ghost if you prefer it, of Professor Cook, who you knew well in his scientific work, and whom I choose especially to show you, knowing that you were acquainted. He is one of the most recent types I have prepared, and when I open the vessel it takes my whole force to bring the spirit under my influence. He had a very strong mind, a very strong mind—a wonderful man, Prof. Cook."

My friend Paulding then took off his

wrapper, and rolling up his shirt sleeves, undid the seal of the jar, from which a slight aromatic odor arose. He then whipped off the stopper and began making strained and forcible passes over the mouth of the jar with his hands, in one of which he held a little mirror.

The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead and he showed signs of exhaustion. Finally he let his arms sink slowly to his sides, and looking directly at the curtain, he said :

“There, sir ! Professor, you are quite in my power. Yes, don't shake your head ; quite under my control and you know it. Now, then, please step back.”

Here he made motions with his hands, as if he were pushing something away from him. The sheet quivered slightly, as though some gentle draught had swayed it.

“Now,” he said, “Mr.——, if you will hand that ‘Crook's Tube’ over here you can distinctly see him. I think you can see him with your naked eye, but he is rather filmy as yet. They always take a few minutes to clear up right. The outlines are rather dim at first, but you can see him now.”

I drew my chair nearer, and you may know how surprised I was to see the distinct outlines of a figure which resembled exactly Prof. Cook. I felt that I must either be under some hypnotic influence, or that I was dreaming. How could I prove to myself that I was in a normal and sane condition ?

I drew a small surgeon's case, which I always carried, from my inner pocket, and, taking out a scalpel, made a slight incision in the back of my hand, deep enough to draw blood and to prove to my satisfaction that I was neither dreaming or in other than a sane condition. The blood and cut I felt would act as a witness perhaps, if necessary.

By this time the figure had developed materially in clearness, and without the extra light rays I could see it perfectly. It looked more like a drawing of Peter Newell's, to illustrate Mr. Bang's “Pursuit of the House Boat,” than anything I had ever seen. Could it be that this well-known illustrator had ever come in contact with this strange man, Paulding—hardly possible.

I was drawn from my cogitations by the sound of a voice. Paulding had leaned over and seemed to be trying to get the ghost-figure—for so I must call it—to enter into conversation. The Professor shuddered a bit, and seemed to be trying to argue against something. Paulding then turned to me and urged me to go up to the Professor's ghost and enter into a natural conversation with it, or him.

By this time I had decided to see the affair through, so I stepped over and began to speak to the Professor, who was now seated on a camp stool. He looked so utterly disgusted, annoyed and worried that I could hardly forbear a smile. When I drew my chair up in front of him he turned his eyes on me and said :

“What ! you here——. See here, can't you get me out of this scrape. I never heard of such an imposition before ; it is perfectly preposterous. I never would have believed it, and I was cremated, too. This man has got me perfectly under his control, and I am robbed of the one prerogative granted to all spirits ; and that is, —perfect freedom of action. Just think of it, and a man can't do anything to protect himself, either,—when he is a ghost.”

Here the Professor relapsed into an indolent and pensive condition, from which I stirred him by asking him how this strange man had first gotten control over him, and I advised him to describe accurately to me everything he remembered.

The man Paulding, however, stepped in here, and said that that wouldn't do at all and that his secret might as well be disclosed at once as to allow the Professor to explain what had happened. He really grew quite flurried and said rather curtly :

"Well, I guess that is all. You have seen the operation, are convinced that human ingenuity has triumphed over the evasive "ghosts" of deceased humanity and know that the thing is actual. The time will come when your Philistines and skeptics will have the scales shaken from their foolish eyes and see."

The "Ghostologist" was already engaged in forcing the Professor back into the jar, by the same passes of the hands he had gained control over him. The Professor's ghost became very indistinct in outline, and

a series of contractions and expansions quivered through him. With each expansion he floated nearer to the gaping mouth of the prison jar. Just as the minute amoeba will "flow" with its jelly-like protoplasm from place to place, or as a ring of smoke will sail along, wafted into varying shapes, so this wretched spectre seemed forced on, to his prison.

Oh ! ye fortunate ghosts, whose happy lot it is to haunt the rural family graveyards, of ancestral mien. Rejoice and be exceeding glad ; rub with ecstatic chatter your leaden grey ribs, with your funereal hands, and think of the freedom you enjoy ; but beware ! Forget not ! Be awake ! We come to a time when even your time-honored independence is threatened ; threatened by the great, the awful, the all-powerful, the awe-inspiring, the Hecto-Kyro-Curaline Process.

THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Second Annual Sophomore-Freshman contest for the Everett silver medal was held in Alumni Hall, on April 4th.

There was six speakers, all of whom made creditable addresses, and contributed largely to the success of the contest. The names of the speakers, together with the subjects of their respective orations, follow :

Howard V. Bullinger, '01; subject: William Lloyd Garrison.

Frank E. Lutz, '00; subject: The United States—A Republic?

George J. Walenta, '01; subject: The Negro Question.

Herbert S. Langfeld, '01; subject: Nature as an Educator.

Theodore J. Grayson, '01; subject: Phillips Brooks.

Frederic C. Sharpless, '00; subject: The Use of an Aid in Translation.

The committee of judges, consisting of Wm. C. Ferguson, Esq., Geo. B. Hynson, Esq., and Dr. E. R. Carey, awarded the medal to Herbert S. Langfeld '01. making honorable mention of Frederic C. Sharpless, '00.

NATURE AS AN EDUCATOR.

(THE EVERETT MEDAL PRIZE ORATION.)

NATURE surrounds man on all sides and influences his every action.

But the average man is unconscious of the benefits he derives from her. He is too much interested in his

daily affairs. The mind of the man who devotes himself to her study, however, she gradually broadens and she elevates him far above the heads of his fellow mortals, from which height he sees the

vast unexplored plain before him and realizes for the first time how little he knows,—the highest lesson of mankind. As Sir Isaac Newton said: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

As we enter, through the lofty portals of divine order and harmony, the domain of the astronomer, how forcibly are we presented with this fact:—the boundless expanse of the universe! How much must lie undiscovered beyond the range of the telescope. In this vast expanse of space we begin to feel what a mere speck our little world is and what a small fraction we are of those who constitute humanity. Then we see the clock-work system of the heavenly bodies, always moving in their orbits with unvarying velocity. Year in and year out they move smoothly on their way. Is there any discord in the heavens? What an ideal world this would be if the same harmony existed between man and God! Yet in some ways the workings of the heavenly bodies and human progress are similar. As the planets are kept in their even paths by the forces of attraction, so the path of progress is guided in the proper direction by the alterative force on the one hand tending to advance and the conservative on the other tending to retard.

Let us enter the region of the geologist. He sees what we whose minds are untrained pass over without recognizing. To him the strata of the earth are like the leaves of an immense book and the fossa the words. What history is enclosed within this wondrous volume? Where else are such truths recorded?

But only the intellect of him who is in touch with nature can decipher them. Let us for a moment imagine ourselves a band of merry excursionists passing through a quarry with an old Professor at our side. We see a little round piece of clay at our feet, and pick it up to throw perhaps at one of our companions. When hold! The Professor, with a learned flash from his eyes, snatches it from our hand, and with a few, dexterous movements of his knife discloses to us the imprint of a tiny shell. From this specimen he imparts to us a store of knowledge;—that the sea at one time must have rolled over this very spot; the shape and substance of the shell; and the period of which it is a token. He picks up a piece of gray slate and there is the imprint of a beautiful fern-leaf. We exclaim, "Surely there must have been a forest here." Then for an instant this damp, stony hollow is transformed into a "forest-primeval," with majestic trees, green grass and babbling brooks. But this vision is quickly dispelled by a shout from the Professor, who has found a new specimen of volcanic origin and our thoughts are immediately turned to lofty mountain tops.

But leaving this happy band we overtake the botanist revelling in nature's garden. He is hunting for some stray flower or perhaps he is examining some new species. Each blossom, every blade of grass is dear to him. The name of every flower is as familiar to him as the names of our comrades. They are his companions and he watches their growth from the time they first extend their little arms to receive the glad warm sunlight. Their lives to him are as full of happiness and sorrows as ours. When the woods are decked in their holiday attire and all resounds with the praise of God, he is merry; and when there has

been a drought and the branches of the trees hang low and the flowers droop their weary heads, he is sad. In Lowell's words :

"Every clod feels a stir of night,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly about it for light,
Climbs to a soul and grass and flowers."

The men who are most influenced by the charms of nature are the poet and the painter. Their beings fairly thrill with emotion at her power. The poet's lines at times flow on as her sparkling brooklets, at other times they rush on with the force of her swollen mountain streams ; again they are like her sunshine, and then all is clouded like a storm. The painter, by the blending of colors, represents nature upon canvas in all her moods. The picture is perfect. We almost feel her gentle breezes ; and within it all we see the very soul of the man.

A character developed in all its

strength as a result of its intimate touch with nature is shown in the life of Louis Agassiz, the Child of Nature. This title implies all that he was ; and the benefits he conferred upon mankind are written on the pages of history. But one of the finest tributes to his name is Longfellow's "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz."

And Nature, the old nurse took
The child upon her knee,
Saying : "Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod ;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscript of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

THE JUNIOR EXERCISES.

THE annual Junior Exercises were held on the evening of April 13th. After the entertainment in Alumni Hall, the usual reception was held in Founder's Hall which was suitably decorated for the occasion.

The entertainment was entitled, "The Oddmore Town Meeting," and like most college entertainments of its kind, consisted of a number of incidents and "local hits," with just enough plot to give unity to the whole. The acting was, almost without exception, excellent, and the whole entertainment was bright and interesting.

The plot is as follows :—A number of the citizens of Oddmore call a town meeting to decide what shall be done to stop the annoyances to which they have been

subjected by the students of Harrogate University. A number of the qualified electors present speak feelingly of the injuries they have received from the students and advocate prompt and decisive action. Others defend the students and counsel moderation. After much discussion it is agreed that it is better not to take any severe measures. At this point Constable Pites rushes in and informs them that the students have set fire to the town jail in order to release the president of the college Y. M. C. A., who has been imprisoned for stealing signs. The meeting then breaks up in confusion.

The following is the cast of characters :

Town Clerk.

Eli Scratcher,.....Rufus H. Jones.

Moderator.
 William Pounder,.....Alfred S. Haines.
 Qualified Electors.
 Edinoram Jndkins,.....William A. Battey.
 Farmer.
 John Philip Snoozzer,..... J. Howard Redfield.
 Mnsician.
 Will Steele,.....Edward H. Lycett.
 College Valet.
 Michael Cerberus,.....E. Roberts Richie.
 Toll-Gate Keeper.
 Watchen Pray,.....William J. Bawden.
 Minister.
 A. Sinner,.....Alfred C. Manle.
 Gentleman.
 N. C. L. Pink,.....Ralph Mellor.
 Instructor in United States.

Miss Minerva Oldwin, A. B.....Arthur Haines.
 Principal of Young Ladies' School.
 Deacon Ultra-Marine Hose,.....M. A. Shipley.
 Lawyer.
 P. O. Taters,.....A. Clement Wild.
 Farmer.
 Balder Klipperman,.....J. Edgar Butler.
 Barber.
 John Williams,.....Edward B. Conklin.
 Merchant.
 Adam Ancestors,.....F. Algernon Evans.
 College Professor.
 G. Fox-Bark Lay,.....John D. Carter.
 Banker.
 Increase Fites,..... B. S. DeCou.
 Constable.

THE RELAY RACE AT FRANKLIN FIELD.

SWARTHMORE won the Annual Relay race on April 30th, in a well-contested game but not in remarkably fast time. The contest for three laps was between Swarthmore and New York University, the latter leading till near the end of the fourth quarter when Thomas, of the former college, won in a fine spurt.

At the start the teams got off in their order of positions from the pole, New York University, College of the City of New York, Swarthmore, and Haverford ; but Bean of Swarthmore soon fell back

and dogged Sensenig till near the end of the lap when he moved up to the second place. Without other change of order and with the leaders well bunched, the race continued till near the end when New York University fell back to third place. Time, 3.40 $\frac{2}{5}$.

The teams were composed as follows : Haverford : Sensenig, H. Taylor, Conk- liu, Butler. Swarthmore—Bean, Patton, McVaugh, Thomas. New York Univer- sity—Herrman, Barron, Reese, Hicks. College of the City of New York—Ham- mond, Nicholson, Stratton, Grossi.

CRICKET.

Haverford vs. Belmont.

Haverford played her first game of the season on April 30, against Belmont at Elmwood, which resulted in a draw, Belmont making 125 and Haverford 27 for four wickets.

The home team won the toss and chose to bat on a spongy wicket which cut up badly before the innings closed. Graham and Reaney opened the defense but were not destined to remain long. The first wickets fell rapidly, five going for 38 when Pacey and Altemus became associ-

ated and put a new face on matters. Wood also played well, hitting hard and surely all around the wicket. With six extras, the total reached 125. In Haverford's turn at bat, Hinchman played a very creditable innings for 17. Four wickets fell for 27 in three-quarters of an hour, when play was stopped. The best feature of Haverford's playing was the fielding and general keenness on the field. The score:

BELMONT.

W. Graham, run out..... o

T. R. Reaney, b Sharpless.....	15
H. C. Townsend, b Wendell.....	9
W. Van Loan, c Scattergood, b Wendell....	1
W. Freeland, b Wendell.....	3
Pacey, run out.....	26
F. L. Altemus, c Justice, b Rhoads.....	30
A. M. Wood, not out.....	23
H. Butler, c and b Rhoads.....	1
A. Clem, b Sharpless.....	0
E. K. Leech, b Rhoads.....	11
Byes 4, wides 2.....	6
	<hr/>
	125

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Sharpless.....	84	2	28	2
Rhoads.....	55	4	24	3
Wendell.....	78	1	30	3
Haines.....	36	0	17	0
Justice.....	18	0	13	0

HAVERFORD

W. S. Hinchman, b Townsend.....	17
S. Rhoads, c Reaney, b Graham.....	0
F. C. Sharpless, l b w, b Pacey.....	1
T. Wistar, c Townsend, b Graham.....	5
A. Haines, not out.....	4

F. A. Evans.....	} Did not bat.
C. J. Allen.....	
H. H. Lowry.....	
W. W. Justice, Jr...	
A. G. Scattergood,	
R. S. Wendell.....	
Total.....	<hr/>
	27

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Graham.....	39	2	16	2
Pacey.....	30	2	5	1
Reaney.....	24	3	2	0
Townsend.....	18	1	4	1

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

Belmont....	3	27	28	33	39	74	104	107	107	125
Haverford..	5	14	20	27

Haverford Second vs. Belmont Second.

THE second eleven played its first match for the season with the Belmont second at Haverford, April 30th. It was decidedly a bowler's wicket, the ground being soft and sticky. The features of the game were C. R. Hinchman's long drive and S. Mifflin's catch of a hot liner at mid-off. Below is the score by runs :

BELMONT SECOND.

F. Morgan, b. Morris,.....	4
Seyne, c. Mifflin, b. De Motte,.....	2
G. T. Morman, b. Morris,.....	7
C. R. Hinchman, b. De Motte,.....	14
C. Tingley, b. Morris,.....	2
W. Calvert, b. De Motte,.....	4
A. Coldahan, c. Carter, b. Morris.....	6
Squires, not out,.....	13
W. W. Fisher, b. Morris,.....	1
	<hr/>
Total,.....	53

HAVERFORD SECOND.

S. Mifflin, b. Hinchman,.....	8
Richie, c. sub, b. Hinchman,.....	6
Tatnall, b. Hinchman,.....	4
Morris, b. Squires,.....	5
J. Haines, c. Fisher, b. Hinchman.....	0
Emlen, b. Hinchman.....	3
Sharp, b. Hinchman.....	7
R. Wilson, b. Hinchman,.....	13
Wild, l. b. w. b. Hinchman,.....	2
C. Carter, not out,.....	5
De Motte, not out,.....	15
Byes,.....	11
Wides,.....	3
	<hr/>
Total,.....	82

THE SPRING SPORTS.

The annual spring sports were held on the Athletic Field, Monday, April 11, 1898. Much interest was shown both by contestants and spectators.

The events were closely contested, as may be seen by the totals won by each class. On account of the poor condition of the track, and the unfavorable weather, not very many good records

were made. The summaries are as follows.

100 yds. dash: 1st heat—1, A. Haines, '99; 2, Conklin, '99; 3, Brown, 1901. Time, 11 2-5 sec.

100 yds. dash: 2d heat—1, Butler, '99; 2, H. Taylor, 1901; 3, Moffitt, '98. Time, 11 1-5 sec.

100 yds. dash: Final heat—1, Conklin, '99; 2, H. Taylor, 1901; 3, Butler, '99. Time, 11 sec.

One mile run: 1, Morris, '99; 2, Lloyd, 1900; 3, J. M. Taylor, 1900. Time, 5 min. 48 2-5 sec.

120 yds. hurdle: 1, Conklin, '99; 2, Lloyd, 1900; 3, Justice, 1900. Time, 18 sec.

One mile bicycle race; 1, Allen, 1900; 2, Neilson, 1901; 3, Richie, '99. Time, 2 min. 59 4-5 sec.

220 yds. dash: 1, A. Haines, '99; 2, Butler, '99; 3, Brown, 1901. Time, 25 1-5 sec.

220 yds. hurdle: 1, A. Haines, '99; 2, Justice, 1900; 3, Lloyd, 1900. Time, 31 sec.

440 yds. dash: 1, Butler, '99; 2, H. H. Taylor, 1901; 3, Sensenig, 1900. Time, 59 3-5 sec.

Half mile run: 1, Lloyd, 1900; 2, Macomber, 1901; 3, Moore, 1901. Time, 2 min. 41 sec.

Running high jump: 1, Conklin, '99, 2, Justice, 1900; 3, Walenta, 1901. 5 ft. 4 in.

Throwing the hammer: 1, Chase, 1901; 2, Mifflin, 1900; 3, Swan, '98. 84 ft. 1 in.

Pole vault: 1, Neilson, 1901; 2, De Motte 1901; 3, Jenks, 1900. 8 ft. 6 in.

Putting the shot: 1, Freeman, 1900; 2, A. S. Haines, '99; 3, A. Haines, '99. 33 ft. 5 1-2 in.

Running broad jump: 1, Walenta, 1901; 2, Sensenig, 1900; 3, Moffitt, '98. 17 ft. 3 in.

The final result by points was: '99, 44 points; 2, 1900, 38 points; 3, 1901, 33 points; 4, '98, 2 points. The class of '99 was declared the winner of the inter-class cup.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'88. Charles H. Battey has published a second volume of original poems.

'89. The engagement of Lindley M. Stevens to Miss Elizabeth C. Ferris, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been recently announced.

'90. Robert R. Tatnall is studying physics at Clark University.

'90. The engagement is announced of Edward R. Longstreth to Miss Helen Lovinis of West Philadelphia.

'92. Augustine W. Blair has been appointed State Chemist of North Carolina.

'92. The engagement is announced of Walter Morris Hart A. M. Instructor in English in the University of California, to Miss Agnes Borland of Oakland, California.

'95. Walter C. Webster is in Pittsburgh, in business with Frank H. Taylor, '76.

'95. Charles H. Cookman expects next year to give up his teaching at Friends School, Wilmington, in order to study for the ministry.

'95. John Bacon Leeds is at present located in Seattle.

'96. Paul D. I. Maier has been admitted to the Society of Friends.

'96. Homer J. Webster passed the civil service examinations for the Custom House, with an average of 91.8, at the head of a long list of applicants.

'96. William Kite Alsop read a paper lately before the New York Section of the American Chemical Society, on the "Composition of the Ashes of Some Raw Tanning Materials."

'97. Charles H. Howson and William T. Chase, ex-'99, were two of the three honor men at the University of Pennsylvania Law School's mid-year examinations.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Yearly Meeting Recess lasted from March 14 to March 26.

Dr. Bolles lectured to the students on March 9th, on "The Present Difficulties with Spain."

The officers of the Y. M. C. A. elected to serve for 1898-99, are: President, A. C. Maule, '99; Vice President, L. R. Wilson, '99; Recording Secretary, F. R. Cope, '00; Corresponding Secretary, E.

L. Macomber, '01; Treasurer, H. V. Bullinger, '01.

A rousing cricket meeting was held on April 8. Mr. Henry Cope, '69, presided, and speeches on the various departments of the game were made by Mr. Edward Bettle, '61, Mr. E. T. Comfort, '70, Mr. J. W. Sharp, '88, Mr. C. J. Rhoads, '93, and Mr. J. H. Scattergood, '96.

The elections for 1898-99, in the Loganian Society, have resulted as follows: President, Prof. D. C. Barrett; Vice President, A. Clement Wild, '99; Secretary, F. R. Cope, '00; Treasurer, G. J. Walenta, '00; President of Council, W. B. Bell, '00.

The Freshman Cricket Team defeated the Grammar School Eleven on April 27, by the score of 44-19.

In addition to the list published in THE HAVERFORDIAN for April, the following photographs are in the possession of the College Association: Foot ball teams, '88, '94, '95, Cricket teams, '76, '78, '91; two class foot ball teams of '89, besides the one mentioned last month; track team of '95; gymnasium teams of

'94 and '95; Class of '88 foot ball team, '88; Class of '89 base ball team, '89. This list will be kept up to date, from month to month.

The schedule of the cricket elevens for 1898 is as follows:

SCHEDULE FOR 1898.

FIRST ELEVEN.

HAVERFORD VS.:

April 30,	Belmont.	At Elmwood
May 7,	Germantown.	At Haverford.
May 11,	Radnor.	At Haverford.
May 14,	Philadelphia.	At Wissah'n.
May 18,	Pennsylvania.	At Haverford.
May 21,	Belfield.	At Belfield.
May 23,	Harvard.	At Haverford.
May 28,	Moorestown.	At Moorest'n.
May 31,	Next Eighteen.	At Haverford.
June 4,	Linden.	At Camden.
June 15,	Alumni.	At Haverford.

SECOND ELEVEN.

HAVERFORD VS.:

April 30,	Belmont.	At Haverford.
May 7,	Germantown.	At Manheim.
May 14,	Philadelphia.	At Haverford.
May 21,	Sherwood.	At Angora.
May 28,	Moorestown.	At Haverford.
May 31,	Next 18 vs. 1st XI.	At Haverford.
June 4,	Germantown Zingari.	At Haverford.

THIRD ELEVEN.

HAVERFORD VS.:

May 5,	G't'n Friends' School.	At Haverford.
May 7,	Penn Charter School.	At Haverford.
May 14,	Friends' Select School.	At Haverford.
May 21,	Belmont Juniors.	At Haverford.
May 31,	Merion C. C. Juniors.	At Haverford.
June 4,	Germantown C. C. Jr's.	At Haverford.

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The "Inland Printer," of Chicago in the May number, says:

I HAVE before me two booklets issued by Austin C. Leeds, 817 Filbert Street, Philadelphia. Both I consider clever pieces of advertising. Here is what Mr. Leeds says for himself:

In the January number of "The Inland Printer" you devote several paragraphs to my "Specimen Book of Type Faces," and also mention "a clever booklet." I inclose a sample of another booklet, with a few lines of commendation from Mr. Lewis, of the Advertiser's Agency. These booklets and the type book are eliciting inquiries and bringing business. I am a thorough believer in advertising and am doing all I can in every way I can.

I am not going to say anything further than this—both books are highly creditable pieces of work, both in arrangement and wording. The large one, printed on handmade Strathmore deckle-edge paper, is one of the handsomest evidences of the growing attention being paid by printers to advertising that I have seen. I cordially commend it to the craft as a pointer.

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....WM. H. DIXON....

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 a Stetson Hat.
 Apply externally.
 Use all day
 and every day.
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Have this prescription filled at the Retail
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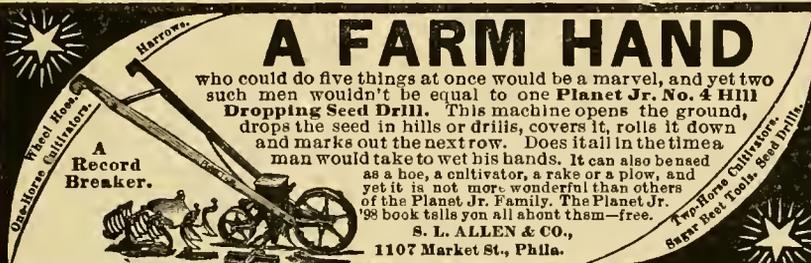
Special Grass Seed Mixtures

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The **LEDGER'S** special New York and Washington correspondence has long since rendered it famous. Its financial news and market reports are complete and reliable.

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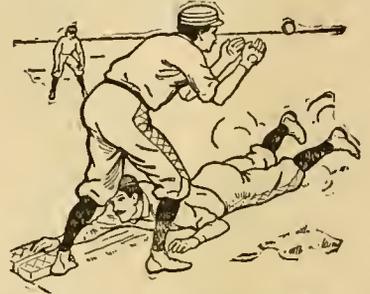
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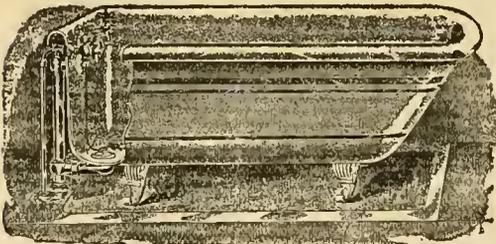
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Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Athletic Sports
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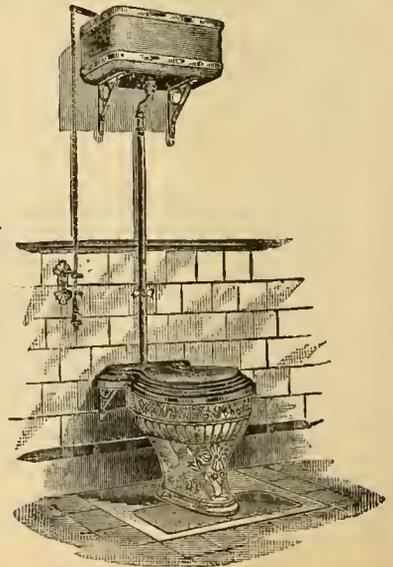
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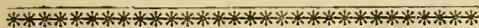


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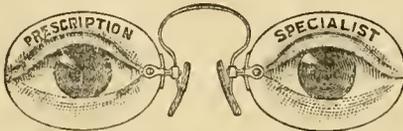
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Rosemont, Pa.



THE

HVERFORDIAN



HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XX., No. 4

JUNE, 1898

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We are the only makers of the GENUINE Bethabara Wood Rods. They are superior to the finest split bamboo and will not warp in many years' use.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XX.

HAVERFORD, JUNE, 1898.

No. 4.

The Haverfordian.

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Subscription Price, One Year, \$1.00
Single Copies,15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

COMMENCING with its next issue, THE HAVERFORDIAN proposes to make two improvements. The first of these will be the establishment of a department to be conducted by the Faculty of the College. This will be edited by President Sharpless, and will give information concerning any work done by the Faculty, which is likely to prove of general interest.

The second important change will be the reorganization of our methods for gathering Alumni news. Negotiations are now in progress which we hope will place an Alumnus in charge of this section of

the paper. By this change, we expect to furnish more and better news regarding the graduates.

THE HAVERFORDIAN trusts that the usefulness of these new departments will warrant the increased cost of publication, and that they will meet the approval of our readers, with whose loyal support the paper has always been favored.

THE Spring Term is drawing to a close, in a few days we will scatter for the long vacation and the college year of '97-'98 will be a thing of the past.

Before such dissolution, therefore, let us pause for a moment and recall the chief mile posts of progress that Haverford has planted this year along the various roads of collegiate effort.

In scholarship and intellectual attainment we feel that the results of consistent and intelligent application on the part of a majority of the students are evident and in several cases the work performed has been brilliant and honorable. Notable in connection with this phase of Haverford achievement, is the Fellowship of the Royal Society, recently conferred on Doctor Ernest W. Brown, Professor of Applied Mathematics, for work in his department of such value that it has attracted international attention. At Harvard and other large Universities, Haverford, through the meritorious work of her graduates, has well sustained her reputation as a small college of high standard and sound scholarship, so that we may glance with pardonable pride at the student records of both

undergraduates and alumni, letting the consciousness of partial success in the past stimulate us to strive more earnestly for better success in the future.

With regard to athletics we feel a more qualified, but no less real satisfaction. The Swarthmore game it is true was but a doubtful victory, nevertheless we are sure that no Haverford team was ever more plucky or better captained than that of '97, and one disappointing game should not efface the memory of an otherwise well played and successful season.

This winter we were glad to see Hockey forge to the front in Haverford athletics and so skillfully and well did the team acquit itself that Haverford is now Champion of the Amateur Hockey League of Philadelphia and the vicinity, in which such strong teams as those of the Phila. Dental College and the University of Pennsylvania are enrolled.

Let us also chronicle the efficient work of the gymnasium team, whose mid-winter entertainment was a credit to the College and gave the many friends of the students who attended a clear idea of Haverford's splendid system of physical development.

Now as to Cricket, the main feature of Haverford athletic life. First, let us congratulate the team through whose efforts the Championship has been won back for us. All through the winter the clicking of the willow in the "shed" made sweet music to student ears, for it told them that Haverford's representatives realized the importance of the coming contests and were eagerly preparing to play and win from Harvard and Pennsylvania. The impetus, however, given to Haverford cricket through their efforts must always remain their greatest reward.

In conclusion let us say a word of encouragement and appreciation to our active branch of the Y. M. C. A. During the past year we have constantly felt its influence in our College life, ever directed in the right way and evincing an earnest desire to attain high ideals and accomplish pure purposes which has raised the whole tone of the College and more than ever endeared it to Haverfordians.

Finally "the game is up," the work is over, nothing remains but to say good-bye and turn a leaf in life's volume to another college year. The blots on the last page are not few but it is our hope that they may serve to make the fresh one more nearly spotless since we learn more by our failures than by our successes. Whatever may be in store for us in the future let us go eagerly forward as strong, earnest young men and strive to do our duty to ourselves and to our College so that Haverford may be proud of us and we may be justly proud of Haverford.

THE result of the championship cricket games with Pennsylvania and Harvard has been a cause to Haverfordians for both satisfaction and regret. Their satisfaction arose from the decisive victory over Pennsylvania, and for it, in their opinion, hearty congratulations were deserved by the team. But surely this game gave promise of a better showing than was made against Harvard, and such a falling off against an admittedly weaker eleven, forms the basis of their regret.

An interesting question arises concerning the championship. Haverford defeated Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania defeated Harvard, and Harvard drew with Harverford. Now, who gets the championship? The question will not be decided finally till the annual meeting of

the Inter-collegiate Cricket Association, next winter, but it seems to "THE HAVERFORDIAN" that only one conclusion is justifiable. If, employing the method of scoring used in the first-class county matches in England, we count a draw one-half a game in favor of each college, and reckon up the points won, we see that Haverford has won one and one-half games, Pennsylvania one game, and Harvard one-half a game. Thus Haverford would be awarded the Championship and the Cup.

At all events, Harvard is the only other possible claimant. It is the custom in the case of a tie all around, as, for instance, if Harvard had beaten Haverford, to present the championship to the cup-holder of the year previous. On these grounds Harvard may assert her rights to first honors, yet in face of the fact that she was beaten by Pennsylvania and failed to win from Haverford, no such action is anticipated. If, as seems probable, the Cricket Team has won the Championship, "THE HAVERFORDIAN" ought not to complain a great deal, especially as in the rest of the games so far played, the team has equalled if not exceeded expectations. But "THE HAVERFORDIAN" considers that any thing but the best that an athletic team can do is to a certain extent blame-worthy, and there-

fore meriting condemnation or criticism.

THE HAVERFORDIAN has decided to reopen for student competition during the coming year, three of the customary prizes for literary work. We believe that such prizes have brought good results in the past. If this is so, we are justified in expecting, as we do expect, to observe a higher standard of excellence than heretofore in the material submitted.

1. A prize of ten dollars, (\$10.00) for the most work accepted by THE HAVERFORDIAN before Jan. 15, 1899.

2. Two prizes of six dollars (\$6.00) and four dollars (\$4.00) for the best and second best *story* submitted. Competition to close December 1, 1898,

3. Two prizes of five dollars (\$5.00) and three dollars (\$3.00) for the best and second best *literary article* submitted. Competition to close December 1, 1898.

The competitions will be governed by the following regulations:

a. The Board of Editors reserves the right of withholding any or all of these prizes provided the work submitted is not of a sufficiently high character.

b. No member of the Board of Editors shall be allowed to compete.

c. In no single competition, will the first and second prizes be awarded to the same individual.

A LETTER FROM DR. GUMMERE

Editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN:

In these latter days of war and rumors of war, probably the useful and barbarous old proverb, *inter arma silent leges*, has been quoted thousands of times. The other day in London a great barrister who had been pestered to answer certain unanswerable questions about contraband of war, took refuge with the old saw, and translated it—"In time of

war, lawyers hold their tongues." The war, however, gives no occasion to break a peaceful promise made long ago to THE HAVERFORDIAN, and the laws of loyalty and kindness reign at our college, I trust, unharmed by the clamor of politicians and warriors. These few lines, therefore, O Editors, as a poor and halting performance of an engagement that now begins to have a very

reckless look. What is the letter to say, and how can it get a hearing, this melody of peace, when war-bulletins are the only wear?

This promise had to do with a word or two of gossip about the German universities. Perhaps a brief summary of the case, as I saw it this winter, may run as follows and fairly hit the truth. The German university is precisely where it was twenty years ago. The same dingy, unkempt, uncannily, diligent students; the same old rooms, carefully guarded against either cunning or accidental importation of fresh air; the same, no not quite the same omniscient professors; and, so far as I could judge, the same sort of lectures. With plenty of youthful enthusiasm one can make of one's course in a German university what Carlyle said one could make of life itself, provided one had "Stupidity and a sound digestion;" that is to say, a very tolerable success.

Twenty years ago, in the consulship of that fine old Plancus, William the First,—*imperator*, however, by title,—those dirty and foul-smelling lecture-rooms seemed to be the fortunate islands of wisdom, "lit," to abuse Swinburne's fine line, "lit by the light of ineffable faces," faces with spectacles, and shrewd, twinkling, owl-like eyes, backed by shocks of splendid and unfathomable hair. Truly, in those days, wisdom was surely justified of her children; we knew that some at least of our masters were of the great names in learning. A man must speak for his own province; and in the province of English philology, I am sure that there is no man lecturing in Germany, able as these genial colleagues are, who can compare with Ten Brink of Strassburg, who died in 1892, and has left a mantle which no one has yet dared to take up. And I think the

whole problem of the German university lies in the willingness to be a disciple and to sit at the master's feet and learn his ways. For this one must have the disciple aptitude just noted and one must also know where to find the master. It is the point of view, the twenty years more, the missing of old faces and of one's own enthusiastic devotion, which, I suppose, put upon one the strange chill of criticism and discomfort and cynicism when one steps into the Auditorium with the same old desks, marred, probably, even now with a stain or two from one's own inkstand. Still for the young man fresh on the field to-day there are, no doubt, nearly as good masters as Ten Brink coming to the fore. I hear great promises and prophecies about the future career of Professor Schick, head of the department of English, at Munich. Professor Brandt, of Berlin, is Ten Brink's scholar and sometime successor at Strassburg; he too has won golden opinions. But is the American graduate wise in his generation if he flies to Germany, as we flew twenty years ago, and clings to the tree of knowledge there, until the council of three tell the dean to pick him off, a plump little Ph.D?

I said the German university stands to-day where it stood twenty years ago. It has, on the whole, lost no ground. But the American university? Twenty years ago it was just one university, it was at Baltimore, and it was only two years old. Now, however,—well, count the universities that even the most notorious cynic you know will acknowledge as worthy of the name, and see whether your fingers are adequate to the catalogue! And when you have counted the universities, weigh the professors, the masters! For the department for which I just now spoke, consider the

faculty in English alone at Harvard University. One must not compare scholar and scholar, especially in such perilous terms; but one is not bound to suppress patriotism, and patriotism lifts its head when it looks over the scholars and professors of our great American universities.

*Prisca juvant alios, sed me nunc denique natum
Gratulor,*

(I think that is right!), and therefore, to sum it all in a sentence, let the graduate of an American college now seek his advanced degree in an American university. A term or two abroad will help him in method and give him breadth of view; but let him get his brand and token of scholarship at home.

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

THE PROGRAM.

BROAD Street glistened and shone as it began to dry off after an April shower: and the umbrellas were dripping still, in everybody's hand: and the wagons and carriages all wore a parabola of mud on their sides over each wheel. Everything looked fresh and everything felt entirely different somehow—and—yes, there came the sun from behind the gray clouds: and immediately the puddles of muddy water showed where they were by reflecting the profile of a chimney or roof or perchance a cloud. The newsboys called the papers with more spirit, and the sparrows chirped to a higher key.

Young Vest had been walking down the street—and just as the sun came out preparatory to going down, young Vest went up the steps of a private house, preparatory to going in. He gave the little button on the door a punch which tickled the electric bell so, that he laughed loud enough to make the maid go to the door to see what the trouble was.

"Yes sir, Miss Dana is in." And in went young Vest leaving a leaf of his button-hole bouquet on the steps outside. Evidently Vest had been there before—for he went straight over to an album and began looking at it where he had left off the last time; for the book-mark was his calling card. And, then, too, the furniture didn't feel at all em-

barassed: the clock went on talking in its natural tones while the big chair received the visitor into its wide open arms as tho' saying, "Well, glad to see you, Vesty old boy!"

Soon Miss Dana came down; bonnet on and all ready to go out: for Vest was going to take her to a Matinee—not a theatre, oh! my no, but a regular B Minor Op. 63 Symphony. So delightfully classic she said—and so charmingly expensive thought Vest. He began that opening preamble of a conversation—weather—society—the war—and then personals, personals, personals; till finally when they reached the Academy there wasn't a friend of either of them who hadn't been stilettoed—her's on account of their dresses—his on account of their cadishness.

When once inside they looked about to see if any of the stilettoed were there:—one up in the second gallery whom he knew, and one opposite them on the other side of the aisle whom she knew. After they had been there about five minutes a program came fluttering down on top of her bonnet and lodged there. Vest turned very red in the neck as he awkwardly took off the program, and with it an artificial flower. He tried to hide the latter by crumbling it up in the program which he tossed underneath the seat beside him. But she saw the flower

as it fell out—whereupon she turned very pink. But by this time the orchestra was coming in on the stage—so all was forgotten.

“What is the first se—oh! I’ve left my glasses at home and I can’t read a word! oh! dear! oh! dear!” Vest drew a trembling finger across his forehead as he offered to read the selections. His “very kind” offer was accepted—below par and the market wavering. Now when Vest attended college he had found that reading French or German is on the opposite side of the page from speaking either of them—for there are no tr—ts in speaking a language. So he took up a program with a feeling which was a cross between an ague chill and paralysis agitans. “Happy are they who worship necessity:” good old Chopin was the first man up. So Vest took a running start and cleared it nicely, with a heavy accent on the last syllable “Show-páng.” Then he looked around quickly to see if anybody had heard him: but everybody was gazing at the stage—or trying to gaze, at least. Vest was so pleased with this number that he forgot all about the program until she suddenly asked, “I do hope they play dear old Handel. Is he next?”

Yes, sirree, “dear old Handel” was next with a selection which a German looking individual over to their right pronounced to be “a simple little thing,” but which Vest gazing blankly at its name, called a “corker.” Ah! He would wait a moment, tie his shoe-string over again, and then by that time those Dutchmen would have begun playing.

“What *is* the selection from Handel?”
“Why, of course—oh! there goes my shoe-string.”

And over went Vest, kid gloves hauling and heaving at shoe-strings, link-cuffs coming out of cover in splendid

style, and his cane teetering and balancing against his knee.

That time he was saved: for she recognized what they were playing at its opening chords. So Vest cautiously sat up again, hot, relieved and determined to look over that program from announcement to advertisement. The examination of the thing fairly made his mouth water; with one exception there were nothing but “Dutchmen” and “Roo-sians” all the way through. Vest wondered if they’d wandered into a beer-garden by mistake: for there were only two naturalized citizens in the whole round-up. What an afternoon of terror it was to him! He’d wait until the applause had begun, when he’d tell her the name of the piece to follow:—and then stop and wonder what they’d think if they ever heard him talk like that at home! Vest took two syllables to pronounce Behr, and he would have taken three if he had known how: and he pretty nearly got “stumped” when he struck Woolenhaupt’s “Morceau Caracteristiques,” Op. 22, No. 1. Then life assumed a leaden hue when a young Russian was served up whose name was surpassed in intricacy of execution only by his selection. But he almost blew his mouth out of his face when he came to “No. 7,” which was another “light piece” by Kuhe. Once Vest tried the never-failing cough to tide him over a doubtful syllable—but there followed a regular retreat from Moscow as she made him repeat it clearly and distinctly after the applause had died down. The people around enjoyed it—whereat Vest looked very scornful and embarrassed.

Finally came the Intermission: and Vest talked English for ten blissful minutes. Once she lugged in some wandering Jew of a foreigner—but Vest kept ten miles off the coast, with a torpedo-

destroyer under his lea, and two search-lights playing off the bow. Pretty soon the voices fell off one after another, as the leader of the orchestra came out again. Things were just about the same for Vest as before the intermission—the foreigners still came up to the poles to be registered, with poor Vest as town-crier. At last Vest and the orchestra had worked through all but the last piece on the program : and this selection was just beginning to be played.

“ O ! angelic ! what is it ? Divine ! ” Vest’s teeth chattered as he swallowed a couple of times : and he shuffled his feet

as though he were on a merry-go-round. But she was in in ecstasies over it.

“ What a transition—and oh ! what *is* it, please ? ”

Vest’s tongue felt like a punctured tire : he’d open his mouth, take in a long, deep breath, and get ready to spit out four syllables of lonely, bachelior consonants—then his nerve would fail. Finally she took it from him—puckered her face all up as she scanned it—and then exclaimed :

“ Why, you’ve been reading this evening’s program ! ”

ERAM SUM FUERO.

When earth was naught to me,
Long e'er the sun
Had shone upon my tender frame ;
When life was unbegun,
Before from unknown night I came,
Ah ! then my soul strove strongly to be free
And with my earliest breath exultingly,
I cried Eram !

The years pass by and life is sweet,
The world is fair,
But then the world's a stage,
And we the actors there ;

In varying moods we pass from age to age,
For all the play is short and time is fleet,
So while I may, before the sand is run
I murmur Sum !

When loving faces pale and fade
And when the sea,
O'er whose dark depths, my wondering soul
Perceives eternity,
Draws near, so near, that I can hear the roll,
The ebbing surges of my life have made,
Then as once more into the dark I go,
I whisper Fuero !

A HARVARD LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE, May 29, 1898.

The cricket team which left the championship once more in Philadelphia was not on the whole discouraged by the outcome of the two Inter-collegiate games. Carleton was supported by very few batsmen of experience, and the even game played at Haverford somewhat atoned for the decisive beating at Germantown. The game here does not appear to have suffered from the loss of the championship; and it is hoped that next year we shall be able to welcome the visiting teams to cricket on one of the university athletic fields.

One would think that baseball was

hardly more of a college game at Harvard than cricket. The ill success of Captain Rand's team early in the season has no doubt a good deal to do with the listlessness with which the college looks on while the nine goes down before Lafayette and Princeton. But Harvard won the championship last year and there really seems to be ground for believing, what the "Monthly" hinted at in its last issue, that baseball is losing, at Harvard at least, the hold which it once had on the undergraduates.

Little at present seems to be known of the speed of the crew. A few trials have been rowed, but the time has been kept

carefully secret. The prevalent opinion seems to be that the crew is not quite as good as last year, and the reason is perhaps that the hand of the recruiter has fallen more heavily on the eight than on the nine or the eleven. Goodrich and Bull, both of whom had regular seats in the boat, left to join Roosevelt's regiment. But one thing at least may be safely said, and that is that when the day of the race comes, the Harvard crew will not be so incapable of rowing four miles as they were last year. Mr. Willis, who has been assisting Mr. Lehman in coaching all spring, has left to take his regular seat in the Leander boat, and to begin training for Henley.

Holmes' Field, these days, is trampled by the feet of a multitude of would-be soldiers, and the basement of the gymnasium has been transformed into an arsenal. But, thanks to the calm and temperate advice of President Eliot and other members of the Faculty, Harvard has not forgotten that there should always be a difference between a university and a barracks, and has not resigned herself to the war fever so completely as some of

her sister institutions of learning. President Eliot, in an address delivered in Sanders Theatre, indicated the principles that should guide one in deciding the question of enlistment. He especially emphasized the considerations of duty to be done at home, and pointed out the dangers of the so prevalent false notions of patriotism. "When you were admitted to Harvard University," he concluded, "you became members of an ancient society which has always been distinguished by a rational, discriminating, deep seated and ardent love of country and liberality. I need not exhort you to be true to the traditional spirit of the place."

The customary Memorial Day service "to commemorate the sons of Harvard who fell in the war," falls especially appropriate this year. It is to be held May 31, in Sanders Theatre, and the address is to be delivered by Professor N. S. Shaler, the "Freshman's Friend," who was himself an artilleryman in the Civil war. The Harvard Glee Club is to take part in the service, and the recently organized Harvard battalion will attend in a body.

A SMALL FAILURE.

"LONDON, May 2, 1898. Fall in Spanish 4's, a few small failures reported."—*Evening Bulletin*.
May 3, 1898.

The above dispatch gave little interest, to most of those who read it, yet behind it, there lurked a tragedy, which though infinitesimal in comparison with the glorious victory just gained in Manilan waters, still held for one man, effects as potent as did the defeat of the Spanish, for the United States.

Bleaker sat alone in his office, on Sunday night. It was very late or rather very early, almost three o'clock. The sounds

of the city had been growing fainter since midnight, until now only the sudden clang of a passing tram broke the absolute silence. The room was dull with an oppressive dullness that spoke of methodical methods and unvarying routine, which after years of patient effort, had finally succeeded in adding one more firm, of limited capital and business, to the already countless swarm on the London Exchange. Bleaker was not altogether alone however, his thoughts kept him tireless company and often brought curious expressions to his pale face. From time to time, he bent eagerly forward, his body then assuming

a distinct shape, as it became outlined in the fitful light of a gas-jet, against the opposite wall. The outline was ordinary and commonplace, the figure was short and the chest sunken from much clerical work, but still to the close observer, something else appeared, intangible perhaps, which gave a touch of dignity and individuality to an otherwise unnoticeable face and form. Who can say what it was? Years before, it might have brightened the face of the young mother, as she bent lovingly over her child, later still, it might have glanced from the eyes of the gallant father, when he lay wounded and dying in Zululand and when the pride and pluck of bygone generations, came into his suffering eyes.

Whatever it was, it shone from the face of Stanley Bleaker, now, in this his hour of trial and temptation. Before him on the table, stood an iron box, evidently containing securities, on the lid was painted "White 14", that was all, but how much it meant to him! By his side, stood the silent "clicker" and the wicker basket, overflowing with the endless tape. Its every movement the day before, had borne terror and dismay to Bleaker's soul. Most of the firm's capital was invested in stocks directly affected by the drop in Spanish securities and he could see nothing but ruin ahead, unless a sudden large loan could be obtained, which would enable him to sell low and tide over the crisis. Who would lend him the money however, in this time of stress and fear, when far larger and more substantial houses, were using every influence in vain, to negotiate loans with more fortunate contemporaries? "Self preservation is the first law of nature" and the most powerful institutions, did not dare to take the risk incurred in helping their weaker brethren.

At his hand, lay the loan he sought, he had nothing to do but to take it, the

question was would he. All night he had been asking himself, should he, could he, use the money of White's boy? White had been his schoolmate and intimate friend and his last words to him rang insistently in his ears, "Use little Frank's inheritance as you think best, I trust you old man, entirely." And now the test had come, the money was his, to use if he so desired. People would certainly call him a fool if he did not and then he would pay it back, almost at once and with interest, high interest. He reasoned thus with drawn face and clinched fingers, while the hour hand stole around the dial, from three to four, to five! What passed through that tortured brain, in the gray of the early morning, no one will ever know, what introspective views of past struggles and reverses, of present comfort and of future affluence if this strait was passed, of future poverty and unremunerative toil if it were not. In the midst of it all, there rose the anxious, trusting face of his dying friend and the vision of that friend's boy, asleep at school miles away, came before his mind's eye with startling distinctness. More than once, his nervous hand sought the key to the tempting casket, but each time that strange element in his plain face grew stronger, brighter and more visible, the likeness to the gentle mother and the gallant father became more apparent and with reinforced resolution, he pushed it away.

Dawn had come long ago and noises without had multiplied, while Bleaker was fighting his battle within, striving hard, oh! how hard, to be honest, yet clinging desperately to fortune and success.

At last, just as the sun burst in long slender rays, through every crack and crevice of the closed windows, a well-known voice, suddenly roused the sleepless, hopeless man.

"How early you are Mr. Bleaker! Shall I open the shutters, Sir?"

For a moment he did not seem to hear, then grasping a pad, he wrote a short note, saying as he did so, "No Harris, you had better leave them up, please take this to Mr. — on 'change and then

you may go, come around tomorrow and I'll explain things to you, I—I can't now, I think I will go home and rest, Good Morning!"

"Good Morning, Sir!"

And the cable reported "a few small failures."

FIRST ELEVEN CRICKET MATCHES.

Haverford vs. Philadelphia.

The game with Philadelphia at Wissahickon on May 14, resulted in a victory for Haverford by the score of 75 to 61.

Winning the toss, Haverford batted first on a soft, slow wicket. Runs came very slowly, although all the batsmen stayed for some time before the wickets. Wistar was the only one to make a decent showing with the bat, his 27 being made in pretty style without a mistake. Lippincott and Tingley did the best work with the ball, each taking four wickets at a small cost. The rest of the team was retired for under double figure scores for a total of 75, not a brilliant performance even considering the wicket and the bowling.

It was late when Philadelphia started their innings and Haverford hardly expected to get the game finished especially when Lippincott and Biddle took the first wicket to 36. But DeMotte, who was playing his first game on the First, developed a beautiful length and succeeded with Sharpless in retiring the side. J. S. Clark was the only other man to reach double figures. DeMotte obtained 7 wickets for 14 runs and accomplished the hat trick on the last three balls of the match.

The score:

HAVERFORD.

W. S. Hinchman c and b Lippincott.....	5
C. J. Allen b Lippincott.....	5
F. C. Sharpless c Clark b Lippincott.....	4
T. Wistar b Rogers.....	27
H. H. Lowry c Hazlehurst b Lippincott.....	5

F. A. Evans b Welsh.....	8
A. Haines b Biddle.....	3
E. R. Richie not out.....	2
L. W. DeMotte b Biddle.....	3
A. G. Scattergood b Biddle.....	0
R. S. Wendell c Tingley b Biddle.....	2
Byes 7, leg-byes 2, wides 1, no-balls 1,.....	11

Total..... 75

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Rogers.....	66	3	18	1
Tingley.....	36	2	12	0
Lippincott.....	24	0	16	4
Welsh.....	30	2	5	1
Biddle.....	39	1	13	4

PHILADELPHIA.

L. Biddle c and b DeMotte.....	10
G. Lippincott b DeMotte.....	19
H. L. Clark b DeMotte.....	0
H. W. Helmbold b Sharpless.....	0
C. S. Patterson, Jr. run out.....	2
J. S. Clark not out.....	15
J. H. Mason b Sharpless.....	4
J. Q. Tingley b DeMotte.....	2
S. Welsh b DeMotte.....	1
E. H. Rogers b DeMotte.....	0
H. Bell c Evans b DeMotte.....	0
Byes 7, leg-byes 1,.....	8

Total..... 61

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Sharpless.....	60	3	20	3
Wendell.....	18	0	19	0
DeMotte.....	42	2	14	7

Haverford vs. Pennsylvania.

Haverford defeated the University of Pennsylvania at Haverford on May 18, in the first of the inter-collegiate matches by an innings and 31 runs. Although proving Haverford's superiority, the game did not indicate the real, relative worth of the

two elevens, as the Pennsylvania team is undoubtedly much stronger than the score would make it appear. The University went to pieces lamentably in the first innings and in going out for 12 runs established a record which will probably not be broken by either team for sometime to come. From a Haverford standpoint the game was eminently satisfactory as Haverford gave in batting, bowling and especially fielding, a beautiful exhibition of cricket.

The wicket was soft and Captain Wistar was fortunate in winning the toss, electing to bat. Sharpless and Hinchman opened the batting. Rhoads soon joined Hinchman and the stand of the day resulted. From 15 the score mounted rapidly to 59 when Rhoads retired, caught Climenson, bowled Green. The next few wickets fell rapidly, Hinchman going at 102. His innings of 57 had been without a mistake and was fully appreciated. Then Lowry and Haines quickly reached double figures and with Scattergood not out 6, the innings closed for 126.

Nothing much can be said of Pennsylvania's venture. They simply failed to do themselves justice and were retired for 12 runs. Still, we would not detract from the remarkably fine bowling of DeMotte and Sharpless who were mainly responsible for this sorry showing

A follow-on was, of course, necessary, and with the exception of Biddle who made 12, Clark was the only batter to make a stand. The latter pounded out 61 by the prettiest kind of hard, free hitting, but the rest of the eleven added but a paltry seven runs. The total of the innings amounted to 83 thus giving the victory to Haverford by a most decisive score, which follows:

HAVERFORD.

F. C. Sharpless b O'Neill.....	3
W. S. Hinchman c Henry b Biddle.....	57

C. J. Allen b Climenson.....	4
S. Rhoads c Climenson b Green.....	23
T. Wistar b Henry.....	4
S. W. Mifflin b Green.....	5
F. A. Evans b Green.....	0
H. H. Lowry l b w b Green.....	10
A. Haines b O'Neill.....	10
A. G. Scattergood not out.....	6
L. W. DeMotte run out.....	1
Leg-byes 1, wides 2.....	3
<hr/>	
Total.....	126

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Climenson.....	42	1	16	1
O'Neill.....	72	2	24	2
Gibson.....	12	0	10	0
Jones.....	12	0	9	0
Henry.....	42	0	20	1
Green.....	90	6	32	4
Biddle.....	30	1	10	1

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(First Innings.)

F. A. Green l b w, b Sharpless.....	0
L. Biddle b DeMotte.....	1
P. H. Clark b Sharpless.....	1
A. J. Henry not out.....	2
A. W. Jones run out.....	6
W. P. O'Neill run out.....	0
S. Young b Sharpless.....	0
W. P. Davison st Lowry b DeMotte.....	0
A. F. Coca b DeMotte.....	0
A. E. Gibson b DeMotte.....	0
S. G. Climenson c Miffiin b DeMotte.....	0
Byes 2.....	2
<hr/>	
Total.....	12

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Sharpless.....	54	5	5	3
DeMotte.....	52	5	5	5

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

(Second Innings.)

A. J. Henry c Wistar b Sharpless.....	4
P. H. Clark b Sharpless.....	61
A. W. Jones c Lowry b DeMotte.....	0
L. Biddle c and b Rhoads.....	12
S. G. Climenson b Sharpless.....	0
W. N. Davison b Sharpless.....	0
S. Young run out.....	1
W. P. O'Neill b Sharpless.....	0
A. E. Gibson b Sharpless.....	0
F. A. Green not out.....	0
A. F. Coca b Hinchman.....	2

Byes 2, wides 1.....	3
Total.....	83

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
DeMotte.....	42	1	30	1
Sharpless.....	72	2	35	6
Rhoads.....	36	1	14	1
Hinchman.....	4	0	0	1

Haverford vs. Belfield.

On May 21, Haverford drew with Belfield on the latter's grounds. The field and crease were in excellent condition and Haverford, winning the toss, took full advantage of them. None of the Belfield bowlers were effective, although nine were tried.

Allen, Wistar, Evans, Haines and Scattergood all batted in first rate style and brought the total up to 203 for eight wickets when Captain Wistar decided to declare the innings.

As was to be expected in the short time remaining, Belfield succeeded in drawing the game but it must be said that Haverford did not do nearly as well in the field as she should have done. B. Allen played a good innings for 19 and Odell also got into double figures. When time was called six wickets were down for 50 runs. Rhoads did the best bowling and DeMotte made a difficult catch of a high fly at deep cover-point. The score:

HAVERFORD.

F. C. Sharpless b Fisher.....	5
W. S. Hinchman c and b J. Cauffman	32
C. J. Allen c W. Cauffman b Odell.	24
S. Rhoads b J. Cauffman	6
T. Wistar c W. Cauffman b Foulkrod.....	35
S. W. Mifflin b W. Cauffman	5
H. H. Lowry c Fisher b Foulkrod.....	5
F. A. Evans not out.....	44
A. Haines c Odell b Tillinghast	23
A. G. Scattergood not out.....	10
L. W. DeMotte did not bat.....	0
Byes 8, leg-byes 2, wides 4.....	14
Total.....	203

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Odell.....	90	1	37	1

Fisher.....	36	1	21	1
J. Cauffman.....	24	0	28	2
Stokes.....	24	0	17	0
H. Allen.....	36	0	18	0
W. Cauffman	36	2	16	1
Foulkrod	54	2	30	2
Tillinghast	30	1	14	1
Morgan.....	6	0	9	0

BELFIELD.

A. W. Tillinghast run out	0
W. L. Cauffman b Sharpless.....	5
L. L. Evans b Rhoads	6
B. Allen 3rd b Rhoads	19
O. Odell c DeMotte b Rhoads.....	10
W. W. Foulkrod Jr. st Lowry b DeMotte ...	4
H. Allen not out.....	1
F. J. Stokes	} Did not bat.
J. P. Morgan.....	
J. Cauffman	
W. G. Fisher Jr.....	
Byes 4, leg-byes 1.....	5
Total.....	50

Haverford vs. Harvard.

On May 23, Haverford drew the final inter-collegiate match with Harvard. The game was played in a drizzling rain which made clean fielding next to impossible. The crease wore well and throughout the game, played true, although becoming very muddy towards the close of the afternoon. It was a pleasing incident of the game that the two captains made the top scores for their respective sides.

Harvard won the toss and sent Haverford in to bat. When the second wicket had fallen for 11, Rhoads and Wistar made the best stand of the day, carrying the total to 61 before the former was beaten by Ward. Evans who followed in lost Wistar at 85 who played on from Hastings. Captain Wistar's 39 came at a very opportune time and went far towards redeeming Haverford's innings. Three small scores with Scattergood's not out 7, brought the total to 112. Hastings and Ward bowled very well without a change, the former getting slightly the best analysis.

It was pouring hard when Carleton and Drinkwater opened for Harvard. At 26, the latter was run out. Then Carleton with Morgan proceeded to make it lively for the field and before Morgan was bowled by Rhoads, the score had mounted to 70. Things were still looking dubious for Haverford but when Allen retired Carleton by a beautiful running catch, the back-bone of the Harvard batting was broken. Captain Carleton had played a fine, careful innings for 46 and had undoubtedly saved his team from defeat. From this point till the call of time the Crimson players aimed at a draw which they finally accomplished for the loss of six wickets. Four wickets fell during the last half hour for ten runs and there is hardly any doubt but that if time had allowed, Haverford would have won. Rhoads and Sharpless were the most successful with the ball, the former taking two wickets for five runs. The score:

HAVERFORD.

W. S. Hinchman b Ward	1
C. J. Allen c Ward b Hastings.....	6
S. Rhoads b Ward.....	24
T. Wistar b Hastings.....	39
F. A. Evans b Hastings.....	11
H. H. Lowry c Wilder b Ward.....	6
F. C Sharpless c Dove b Ward.....	6
R. Patton b Hastings.....	0
A. Haines b Hastings.....	0
A. G. Scattergood not out.....	7
L. W. DeMotte run out.....	5
Byes 3, leg-byes 4.....	7
Total.....	112

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Hastings.....	150	8	54	5
Ward.....	148	7	50	4

HARVARD.

R. L. Carleton c Allen b Sharpless.....	46
A. Drinkwater run out.....	5
C. E. Morgan b Rhoads.....	19
R. Haughton c Lowry b Sharpless.....	1
T. M. Hastings c Allen b Rhoads.....	0
Dove b Sharpless.....	1
Towner not out.....	1
Ward not out.....	6

Edwards.....	} Did not bat.	
Wilder.....		
H. Gray.....		
Byes 4, leg-bye 1.....		5
Total.....		84

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Sharpless.....	96	5	26	.3
Patton.....	36	1	21	0
Hinchman.....	30	1	12	0
DeMotte.....	12	0	15	0
Rhoads.....	48	4	5	2

Haverford vs. Moorestown.

Haverford all but won from Moorestown, at Moorestown, on May 28. As it was, the game resulted in a draw, the score being Haverford 93 and Moorestown 52 for 9 wickets.

Winning the toss, Haverford batted, and found any amount of trouble in playing Smith's bowling. Sharpless was the only one to master the professional's delivery. He went in first and after playing a sound, patient innings, carried his bat for 36. With contributions of 13, 12 and 10 from Hinchman, Lowry and DeMotte the total reached 93.

DeMotte proved even more fatal for Moorestown than had Smith to Haverford and with the exception of Richie and Davies the home team went out easily. Nine wickets had fallen for 52 when time was called. The score:

HAVERFORD.

F. C. Sharpless not out.....	36
W. S. Hinchman b Smith	13
S. Rhoads b 1 b w Smith.....	0
S. W. Miffin c Davies b Smith.....	1
F. A. Evans b Smith	4
T. Wistar b A. Wood.....	2
C. J. Allen b Smith	3
A. G. Scattergood c Graff b Smith	2
H. H. Lowry b Smith.....	12
T. W. Sharp b Graff.....	3
L. W. DeMotte c A. Wood b Graff	10
Byes 5, wides 2.....	7
Total.....	93

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Smith.....	144	10	42	7
A. Wood.....	78	5	25	1
McAllister.....	30	1	12	0
Graff.....	35	3	7	2

MOORESTOWN.

A. S. Reihle b DeMotte.....	10
J. B. Graff b DeMotte.....	7
S. R. Yarnall c Sharpless b DeMotte.....	0
Smith b DeMotte.....	4
H. H. F. Davies b DeMotte.....	18
J. S. Stokes b Rhoads.....	1

J. S. Bioren c Allen b DeMotte.....	0
E. S. Wood c Scattergood b DeMotte.....	5
G. W. McAllister l b w b Sharpless.....	0
A. C. Wood not out.....	3
F. C. Stiles not out.....	0
Byes 3, wldes 1.....	4

Total.....	52
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
Rhoads.....	66	4	14	1
DeMotte.....	90	3	29	7
Sharpless.....	24	1	5	1

SECOND ELEVEN CRICKET MATCHES.

Haverford vs. Philadelphia Second.

THE Second Eleven defeated the Philadelphia Second, on May 14th, at Haverford. Haverford batted first, being retired for 27. S. Rhoads and Morris saved the day for Haverford by retiring Philadelphia for 13. Philadelphia followed on, this time securing 31. Mifflin and Justice in the second inning scored 13 not out for Haverford. The score :

HAVERFORD SECOND.

(First Inning.)

S. W. Mifflin, c Donahugh, b Rowland.....	0
W. W. Justice, l b w b Cartwright.....	0
S. Rhoads, b Rowland.....	3
C. H. Carter, c Wolfe, b Cartwright.....	0
J. H. Haines, b Rowland.....	0
J. P. Morris, b Cartwright.....	3
R. N. Wilson, b Cartwright.....	4
J. T. Emlen, not out.....	8
F. W. Sharp, b Cartwright.....	0
A. G. Tatnall, c Donahugh, b Harris.....	6
W. H. Kirkbride, c Roland, b Cartwright...	0
Extras.....	3
Total.....	27

(Second Inning.)

S. W. Mifflin, not out.....	3
W. W. Justice, not out.....	10
Extras.....	5
Total.....	18

PHILADELPHIA SECOND.

(First Inning.)

J. S. Donahugh, b Morris.....	0
S. M. Wolfe, l b w b Morris.....	2

G. Rowland, c Mifflin, b Rhoads.....	1
M. Harris, c and b Morris.....	4
J. Blye, c Sharp, b Rhoads.....	0
J. W. Kelly, b Morris.....	2
F. C. Morgan, c and b Rhoads.....	0
J. H. Whittaker, b Rhoads.....	1
Cartwright, c and b Rhoads.....	0
H. Taylor, c Justice, b Rhoads.....	1
D. Banks, not out.....	0
Extras.....	2
Total.....	13

(Second Inning.)

J. S. Donahugh, b Morris.....	5
S. M. Wolfe, b Morris.....	3
G. Roland, c Mifflin, b Rhoads.....	2
M. Harris, b Morris.....	5
J. Blye, did not bat.....	0
J. W. Kelly, b Morris.....	4
F. C. Morgan, b Morris.....	0
J. H. Whittaker, not out.....	6
Cartwright, c Carter, b Sharp.....	2
H. Taylor, b Morris.....	4
D. Banks, b Morris.....	0
Total.....	31

Haverford Second vs. Sherwood.

THE match with Sherwood at Haverford, May 21st, was won by 28 runs by Haverford. The best batting for Haverford was done by Mr. Comfort, C. H. Carter, and Justice, no other members of the team getting double figures. Sherwood showed lack of practice in every way. The score follows :

HAVERFORD SECOND.

W. W. Comfort, l b w Moore.....	19
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Justice, b Moore.....	13
Richie, b Brocking.....	1
C. H. Carter, c Law, b Moore.....	17
J. H. Haines, b Brocking.....	1
Sharp, b Brocking.....	0
Emlen, b Brocking.....	0
R. N. Wilson, b Brocking.....	5
Morris, b Moore.....	2
Wendell, c Redford, b Brocking.....	0
Brown, not out.....	0
Byes.....	2
Total.....	60

SHERWOOD.

G. Moore, b Wendell.....	4
R. Brocking, run out.....	0
Hillman, c Wilson, b Morris.....	5
F. Harrison, b Sharp.....	6
F. W. Greene, c Wilson, b Sharp	11
Redford, b Sharp.....	5
M. Lennox, b Sharp.....	0
T. Gorlick, 1 b w Sharp.....	0
Percival, b. Sharp.....	0
Law, b Morris.....	0
L. G. Hill, not out.....	0
Wide, 1.....	1
Total.....	32

Haverford II. vs. Moorestown II.

THE match between the Second Eleven and Moorestown Second on May 28, resulted in a draw. Haverford secured 97 runs, and Moorestown 43 for 6 wickets. Dr. Mustard's 51, was the

largest individual score made on the Second this season and has been exceeded by only one First Eleven score. R. N. Wilson carried off the fielding honors by his two difficult catches at point. The score :

HAVERFORD II.

Dr. Mustard.....	51
W. W. Justice, 1 b w b Stokes.....	3
C. H. Carter, b Stokes.....	2
R. N. Wilson, c DeCou, b Wallace	0
J. H. Haines, b Wallace.....	17
J. P. Morris, b Overman.....	11
E. Brown, 1 b w b Coe.....	5
Zook, run out.....	0
Babbitt, c and b Stokes.....	3
Eshleman, 1 b w b Stokes.....	0
Freedley, not out.....	0
Extras.....	5
Total.....	97

MOORESTOWN II.

Wallace, b Carter.....	6
Stokes, c Wilson, b Carter.....	3
E. R. Richie, c Wilson b Mustard.....	22
Coe, c Zook, b Morris.....	3
DeCou, c Carter, b Justice	3
Roberts, b Morris.....	0
Overman, not out.....	0
Extras.....	6
Total.....	43

Walton, D. Ritchie and Graff did not bat.

THIRD ELEVEN CRICKET MATCHES.

THE first match was played at Haverford, on May 5th, against Germantown Friends' School. The Germantown team scored 83 runs. Haverford then went in to bat and drew the game. When time was called they had 43 runs for 9 wickets.

The best bowling for Germantown was done by Percy Brown, while R. Mellor took the most wickets for Haverford.

Two games were played against the Friends' Select School team. The first of these was played at Haverford on

May 7th. This game resulted in a victory for Haverford by a score of 54—52. Wild and Walenta did the best batting for Haverford. Hilles, for Friends' Select, bowled very effectively.

The second game was played on May 14th. This game was won by Friends' Select School. Hilles again bowled finely. R. Mellor bowled well for Haverford. Wild made top score for the 3rd XI. The final score was 57—76.

The Belmont, Jr., XI. played at Haverford on May 21st. They defeated

the 3rd XI. in a well-played match by the score of 79—51. W. Graham did good work for Belmont, both in batting and bowling. Scully made 35 runs for Belmont in good style. For Haverford the best bowling was done by Lloyd—he took 6 wickets for 36 runs. In batting, Wild and Lycett led, each of them securing double figures.

on May 28th, by the Haverford 3rd XI. The score was 59—27. The Penn Charter boys could do nothing with our bowling. Lloyd captured 6 wickets for 10 runs, and Walenta 3 wickets for 15 runs. J. O. McIntosh who made 11 runs, was the only Penn Charter batsman that made double-figures. For Haverford, Emlen and Wild made the highest scores, 12 and 10 respectively.

The Penn Charter XI. was defeated

INTER-CLASS MATCHES.

Inter-Class Matches.

The Juniors defeated the Seniors in the first of the inter-class matches on May 2. '98 batted first but failed to do much with the bowling of Haines, Morris and Wild. No one made double figures, Wilson making the top score of 8. The total was 35. This score was easily topped by '99 who succeeded in making 62 for seven wickets. J. D. Carter not out 18, and Evans 17, did the best stick work for the Juniors, and Rhoads and Wistar did all the bowling for the Seniors. The score :

SENIORS.

S. Rhoads c Lowry b Haines.....	5
W. C. Janney b Morris.....	3
T. Wistar l b w, b Morris.....	5
A. G. Scattergood c Evans b Morris.....	7
J. H. Haines c Mellor b Wild.....	4
R. N. Wilson c Carter b Morris.....	8
D. G. Jones st Lowry b Haines.....	0
J. W. Taylor b Haines.....	0
O. P. Moffitt st Lowry b Morris.....	0
F. Stadelman st Lowry b Haines.....	0
S. H. Hodgkin not out.....	0
Byes 2, leg-byes 1.....	3
Total.....	35

JUNIORS.

A. Haines c Wilson b Wistar.....	1
H. H. Lowry b Wistar.....	10
F. A. Evans c Janney b Rhoads.....	17
J. P. Morris c and b Wistar.....	3
E. R. Richie c Swan b Wistar.....	2
A. C. Wild c Swan b Wistar.....	1
J. D. Carter not out.....	18
E. B. Conklin b Wistar.....	1

R. Mellor not out.....	4
A. C. Maule	} Did not bat.
E. H. Lycett	
Byes 2, leg-byes 3.....	5
Total.....	62

Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

The Freshmen were easily defeated by the Sophomores on May 9, by the score of 94 to 55. 1900 took first bat and thanks to the good innings of Sharpless, Hinchman and C. H. Carter tallied 94 runs. In 1901's turn DeMotte made 11 to start with, but the next six batters went quickly. Kirkbride and Babbitt then slugged out 17 and 10 respectively, and the Freshmen were all out for 55. Sharpless bowled very effectively for 1900, taking 8 wickets for 21 runs. The score:

SOPHOMORES.

F. C. Sharpless b DeMotte.....	27
C. J. Allen b Sharp.....	8
S. W. Miffin b DeMotte.....	5
W. S. Hinchman c Babbitt b Patton.....	19
W. W. Justice Jr, c and b DeMotte.....	3
C. H. Carter run out.....	17
A. G. Tatnall run out.....	0
J. T. Emlen b Sharp.....	5
J. E. Lloyd b Sharp.....	1
R. S. Wendell b DeMotte.....	2
H. McL. Hallett not out.....	1
Byes 1, leg-byes 5.....	6
Total.....	94

FRESHMEN.

L. W. DeMotte c Miffin b Sharpless.....	11
---	----

F. W. Sharp b Sharpless.....	0
W. L. Neilson b Sharpless.....	0
R. Patton b Sharpless.....	2
E. Y. Brown b Sharpless.....	0
G. J. Walenta b Sharpless.....	9
W. E. Cadbury c Lloyd b Wendell	1
W. H. Kirkbride run out.....	17
H. F. Babbitt c Miffin b Sharpless.....	10
W. Mellor b Sharpless.....	0
F. S. Chase not out.....	1
Byes 4.....	4
—	
Total.....	55

'99 vs. 1900.

ON May 27th, and June 1st, the Juniors met and defeated the Sophomores in the final game for the inter-class championship. The ground was wet and slow on May 27th, and '99, winning the toss, sent 1900 in to bat. Hinchman made the top score, 30, and the side was retired for 80. Haines took 7 wickets for 27 runs.

On the second day, '99 was favored with better weather conditions and succeeded in passing the Sophomore's total with three wickets in hand. The total was 97, Sharpless obtaining 6 wickets for 27 runs, '99 thus winning

the championship for 1898 The score :

SOPHOMORES.

S. W. Miffin, b Mellor.....	17
C. J. Allen, run out.....	2
F. C. Sharpless, b Haines.....	9
W. S. Hinchman, c Mellor, b Haines.....	30
W. W. Justice, c Lowry, b Haines.....	0
C. H. Carter, b Morris.....	14
J. T. Emlen, b Haines.....	1
F. S. Howson, b Haines.....	0
J. E. Lloyd, c Lowry, b Haines.....	0
R. S. Wendell, not out.....	4
H. N. Hallett, b Haines.....	0
Byes.....	3
—	
Total.....	80

JUNIORS.

J. P. Morris, run out.....	0
H. H. Lowry, c Lloyd, b Justice.....	13
E. R. Ritchie, b Sharpless.....	12
F. A. Evans, c Lloyd, b Sharpless.....	23
A. Haines, b Justice.....	8
J. D. Carter, b Sharpless.....	0
A. C. Wild, not out.....	5
R. Mellor, b Sharpless.....	6
E. B. Conklin, c Emlen, b Hinchman.....	13
E. H. Lycett, b Sharpless.....	3
B. S. DeCou, b Sharpless	0
Byes, 10 ; leg-byes, 3 ; no-balls, 1.....	14
—	
Total.....	97

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'51. Franklin E. Paige was married to Miss Amy Agnes Moore, April 27. They will make their home at Brandywine Summit, Pa.

'67. B. Franklin Eshleman is Judge Advocate General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. During the recent encampment at Mount Gretna, he was one of the busiest members of the Governor's staff.

'72. Richard H. Thomas has just published a novel entitled: "Penelope: Or Among the Quakers. An American Story." The publishers are Headley Bros. London.

'82. Dr. George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr College has been elected president of the Oriental Club of Philadelphia. The club includes some of the most prominent oriental scholars of Philadelphia, Baltimore and vicinity.

'88. The engagement of George Brinton Roberts to Miss Alice Tyson Butcher is announced.

'90. Announcement has been made of the marriage of Guy H. Davies to Miss Annie W. Hench of Harrisburg, Pa., on June 8.

'96. Wm. Clemson Sharpless recently passed a competitive examination for the

position of Government Ordnance Inspector and is now on duty at Washington, D. C.

'97. Morton P. Darlington has assumed partial charge of his father's business interests at Norway, Pa.

'89. The engagement is announced of Charles H. Burr, Jr., to Miss Anna Robson Brown.

Among the recent recruits in the regular army we notice the following: Percy S. Darlington '90, 6th. Regiment, Pa. Volunteers; Samuel Bettle, Jr. '95

and J. Addison Logan, ex-1900, Battery A. Pa. Volunteers; A. M. Stokes, ex-'99, and Grayson M-P. Murphy ex-1900, 1st. Regiment, Pa. Volunteers.

'94. Louis J. Palmer has resigned his position as Principal of the Pottstown High School to become a member of the faculty of the West Chester State Normal School.

'96. Samuel K. Brecht has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the Pottstown High School caused by the resignation of Louis J. Palmer, '94.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Alumni Meeting, June 15th.

Senior Class Day, June 16th.

Commencement Day, June 17th.

Morris M. Lee, of Philadelphia, has been awarded the Haverford Fellowship, for the academic year 1898-99.

State Secretary Harvey addressed the College Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday, May 24th.

The Freshman-cricket XI. won a creditable victory over the Merion Juniors.

Work has begun on the addition to Alumni Hall.

...Haverford College...

OFFERS INSTRUCTION AS FOLLOWS:

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Modern Languages	{ William C. Ladd, A. M. Francis B. Gummere, Ph. D. Arthur C. L. Brown, A. M. Frank E. Farley, Ph. D. William W. Comfort, A. M.	Mathematics	{ Frank Morley, A. M. Ernest W. Brown, Sc. D.
Philosophy	{ Isaac Sharpless, Sc. D. Rufus M. Jones, A. M.	Sciences	{ Lyman Beecher Hall, Ph. D. Levi T. Edwards, A. M. William H. Collins, A. M. Henry S. Pratt, Ph. D. Oscar M. Chase, S. M.
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“Musgrove,” Manager of Department of Printing for Advertisers, “The Inland Printer,” Chicago, (May, 1898,) says :

I HAVE before me two booklets issued by Austin C. Leeds, 817 Filbert Street, Philadelphia. Both I consider clever pieces of advertising. Here is what Mr. Leeds says for himself :

In the January number of “The Inland Printer” you devote several paragraphs to my “Specimen Book of Type Faces,” and also mention “a clever booklet.” I inclose a sample of another booklet, with a few lines of commendation from Mr. Lewis, of the Advertiser’s Agency. These booklets and the type book are eliciting inquiries and bringing business. I am a thorough believer in advertising and am doing all I can in every way I can.

I am not going to say anything further than this—both books are highly creditable pieces of work, both in arrangement and wording. The large one, printed on handmade Strathmore deckle-edge paper, is one of the handsomest evidences of the growing attention being paid by printers to advertising that I have seen. I cordially commend it to the craft as a pointer.

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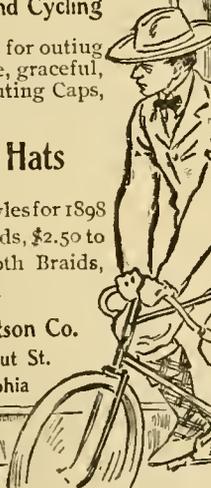
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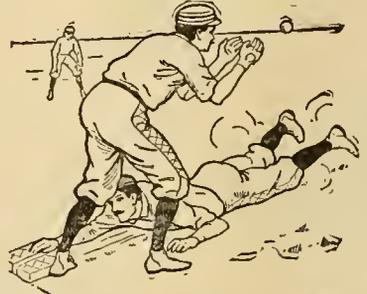
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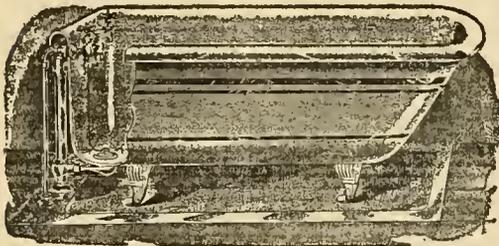
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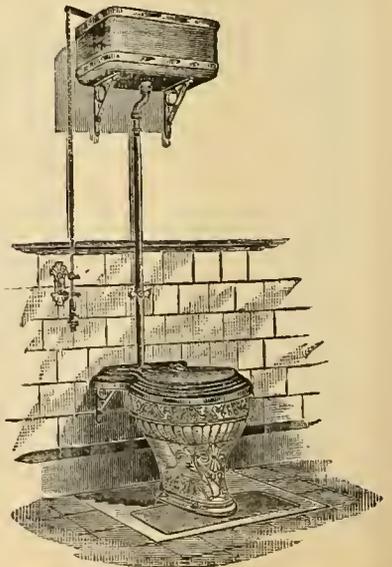
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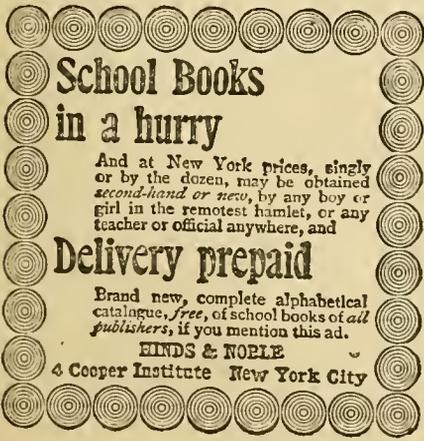
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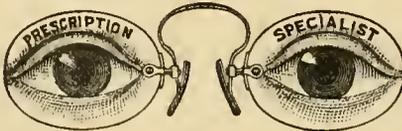
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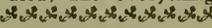
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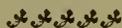
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THE

HVERFORDIAN



HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XX., No. 5

OCTOBER, 1898

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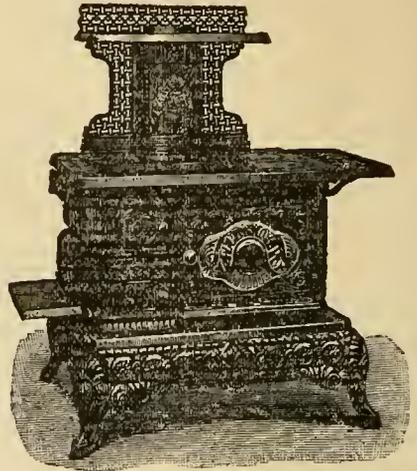
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XX.

HAVERFORD, OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 5.

The Haverfordian.

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Subscription Price, One Year, \$1.00
Single Copies,15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WE regret to announce that owing to their decisions not to return to college, Grayson M-P. Murphy, 1900, and Theodore J. Grayson, 1901, have been obliged to resign their positions on the Haverfordian Board. Mr. Murphy has accepted an appointment to West Point, and Mr. Grayson will enter the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania. A competition has been arranged to fill the vacant places, the terms of which have been posted on the Bulletin Board.

IT appears that Haverford has opened this year under particularly auspicious circumstances. The Faculty is for the first time in several years full, no member being away on leave of absence. The number of students enrolled is the largest in the history of the College, and exceeds by five the largest previous list. Last of all, it is certain that Haverford is on a sounder financial basis to-day than ever before. Everything, as President Sharpless stated in his remarks on the opening of college, points to the fact that Haverford will, in the near future, approach rapidly to that position which Haverfordians have long hoped she would attain.

It will be remembered that in the discussion in which prominent alumni engaged last winter in THE HAVERFORDIAN, the concensus of opinion seemed to hope for an increase in the size of the college, to between two and three hundred students, with corresponding advantages.

When, therefore, all indications seem to favor the growth of this idea, it is evident that the collegiate year should be especially successful, and just how successful it will be, will depend for its extent and fullness on the students themselves. We trust that they will not be unmindful of the long years of toil and devotion of those in charge of the college in the past, and will endeavor not to stand in the way of further and immediate development, but rather help on the work by carrying themselves creditably and honorably through the year.

THE decided feature of the month to which we are all looking forward is Founders' Day. A committee to take charge of this event was appointed at the last meeting of the Alumni Association in June, and has now nearly completed its work. The reunion of all old Haverfordians and invited guests is assured. Circulars and invitations have been sent to all attainable Alumni addresses, requesting their presence at the college on October 15th. On this day it is proposed to grant a full holiday to the students, and to hold open house and "welcome, home" to all Haverford men.

The program, as it has been arranged by the Committee, is in general as follows: In the morning, facilities will be supplied to the graduates, if they desire to play, for games of cricket, tennis, football, etc. At 12.30, a lunch will be served for all Haverfordians and students. At 2 o'clock the college eleven is scheduled to play the St. John's College football team, for which no admission will be charged. And at 4.30 a public meeting will be held in Alumni Hall, where the alterations and improvements are about completed, when James Wood, of the Class of '57, will deliver an address, and Dr. F. B. Gummere, of the Class of '72, will read a poem. At 6 o'clock there will be a dinner for Haverfordians and invited guests. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, another meeting will be held, at which short addresses will be made by Governor Daniel H. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, Provost Charles C. Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Congressman Butler, of this District. Others who have agreed to speak are: Samuel B. Parsons, one of the members of the first class to enter Haverford in 1833, Dr. James Tyson, '60, Richard M. Jones, '67, Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, '70, Dr. Al-

fred C. Garrett, '87, Dr. William Draper Lewis, '88, W. Nelson L. West, '92, J. Henry Scattergood, '96, and Alfred C. Maule, '99.

As we are perfectly sure that a great deal of valuable time and conscientious labor has been spent in making preparations for this day, so do we sincerely trust and believe that the good offices of the Alumni will not be unappreciated by the students, but they will lend their aid and time in every way possible in order to insure a warm and hearty welcome to their older fellow students on Founders' Day.

A BRIEF forecast of the foot ball season is traditional for this number, and in conforming to precedent we have the usual number of qualifying "ifs" to apply to our statements. "If" the men practice hard, and "if" the new men come up to expectations, Haverford ought to have a team this year at least up to the standard. At the outset it is discouraging to reflect that only four of last year's eleven have returned to college, and that a majority of the substitutes are also on the absent list. But it is encouraging to consider that we have Mr. George W. Woodruff, of the University of Pennsylvania, to coach the team, and that the new material has so far shown up very creditably. One important thing should not be forgotten by the men trying for the team this year, especially those in the lower classes, and that is that they cannot begin to practice faithfully too soon in their course. It is experience that is wanted as much as brawn on all teams, and those who commence early will stand a correspondingly better chance for the team later.

The weight of the team promises to keep about the same as it has for the last three years. Another feature of the season that must be taken into considera-

tion is the schedule. As all the large games were played at Haverford last year, they will, of course, have to be played away from home this year, and this fact

undoubtedly will have an effect upon the scores. Still, take it all in all, the prospects are for a team which will prove satisfactory to Haverfordians.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

[Read by W. W. Comfort, '94, at a meeting of the Everett-Athenæum, last Spring.]

THE 16th of last December Alphonse Daudet died. Since then not only the French journals, but also the English and American periodicals have had much to say of Daudet. So great has been the demand for his books during the past months that it has been well-nigh impossible to secure copies of his best works either in the circulating libraries or at the book-stalls. There is significance in this fact. Many people never hear of a foreign writer till his death is announced. Then they are all curiosity:—a couple of his books, translations preferred, and a liberal handful of criticisms enable such readers to say with complacency: "I suppose you heard of Daudet's death last month. I've just been reading a couple of his books over again; certainly a very charming writer."

This sort of post-mortem reputation is never wholly wanting when a great man dies; and I imagine it is particularly gratifying to a French author, or rather to his family and literary associates, for these latter must derive most benefit from this after-sunset glow of praise and eulogy. Yet for a great reading public scattered here and there over Christendom, Daudet's name stands for more than an obituary notice, it represents something more than a vacant niche in the temple of the French Parnassus. Yes, it is truer of him than of some, that as long as his stories are read, so long will Daudet live. For his stories are his life, so thoroughly has he embodied in them his own character. He is just dead, and

already the critical birds of prey are picking at his literary remains. Enough of them. Their work will be done all too soon and all too thoroughly. Let us instead think very kindly of him, think of him as he thought of his people, with sympathy, kindness and a smile through the tear. It is altogether too soon to talk about his permanent place in literature. Let us not rush in where those who are better able to judge might wisely fear to tread, but let us join rather in the host of good people who are just now delighting in telling why they love Daudet, and in relating any little anecdote they may have heard concerning him.

I think it was Mr. Leslie Stephen, the English critic, who said not long ago that it was no use for a man to read anything in which he was not interested, anything which did not take hold of him. He also said that for any given man the best book was that book which most aroused his attention and interest—presumably, Mr. Stephen was referring to voluntary reading, and not to required college courses. But I should like to make you feel this interest in Daudet and induce you to spend an odd hour or so in reading some of his stories. It will not be a difficult thing to do. For to my knowledge no French writer of fiction has come so near to the heart of English speaking people. The warmth of his own heart makes glow the brilliancy of his native "esprit."

Without concerning ourselves, then,

with the critics, of whom I confess to have read little in this connection, it may be interesting to find out what is most worth while in the work of this author. We should begin, above all in Daudet's case, where Sainte-Beuve begins all his literary talks; that is, with some biographical details. Here we can follow quite closely the autobiographical details given in "Le Petit Chose." Here we can see Alphonse under the name of Daniel Eysette, and his brother Ernest under the name of Jacques, in their sunny Southern home.

Alphonse was born at Nîmes, in 1840. His family was of peasant origin, and in moderate circumstances. Being overtaken by the revolutionary cataclysm of the mid-century, the family left Languedoc and went to the thriving commercial city of Lyons. There Alphonse got some schooling and read much. Disappointment and disaster followed the shattered household, and Alphonse became an usher in a pretentious provincial boarding school. Here Alphonse, or rather Daniel Eysette, *le petit chose*, little good for nothing, was not only wretchedly unhappy, but in mortal terror of being driven from his position by the complots of the older boys who were much bigger than he was. Certain scenes in "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Dombey," here find abundant parallels.

The schemes of those who hated him soon drove the brave little usher from his school, and the curtain rising on the second act of his life reveals him in a fifth floor attic of the Quartier Latin, associated with his older brother Ernest in literary hack-work. The arrival of a country boy in Paris, at the age of seventeen, and with but thirty sous in his pocket was no more of a joke than now.

To this early period of his Paris life belong the works which, it seems to me, are best calculated to perpetuate his memory. Those short stories first published in the Paris "Figaro," "Contes du Lundi" and "Lettres de mon Moulin," followed by "Le Petit Chose," are the freshest and highest creations of the period when the Provençal still lived in Daudet. It seems as though the cafés and boulevards of the capital had not yet obliterated, or rather made hazy, the light fancy of the romantic Southerner. Would that he had returned to it oftener, as he did in the Tartarin stories, instead of writing "Les Femmes d'Artistes," "Les Rois en Exil" and "L'Immortel," which latter is hardly above the standard of any talented boulevard *littérateur*.

The first collections of verse, the expression of his southern lyricism, were published under the significant titles of "Les Amoureuses" 1858, and "La Double Conversion" 1859. The author was so fortunate as to gain the attention of the Empress Eugénie and the Duc de Morny. The latter nobleman employed him as secretary for five years; and thus he gained leisure for literary work and for travel in Africa. To this jaunt in Algiers we owe some of the scenery in that most amusing of his caricatures "Tartarin de Tarascon." To this period belong the unrivalled short stories originally contributed, as already stated, to the "Figaro." Some of these, separately published as "Lettres de mon Moulin," appeared in 1866. From this time Daudet's genius was recognized, and his great output of the last quarter of a century was begun. The number of volumes all told touches upon two score. The interest of most of them is ephemeral. Daudet's fame rests upon a dozen of these, and it is of a few picked from this dozen that I wish to speak briefly.

In the long run the great reading public seldom errs in its selection of an authors' masterpieces, and for the past decade there has been no doubt about Daudet's successes. His activity, as you must see, has been very great. It is due, I should say, to the really remarkable future which awaited the manifestation of his genius.

To begin with, he avoided the physical and moral excesses of a young author in the Quartier Latin. He married at the age of twenty-six a woman who was not only an author of some standing herself, but was calculated in every way to be an admirable sympathizer and companion for a sensitive nature like Daudet's. Any student of French literature in our century has seen so many shipwrecks of young men brought up under the romantic and realistic ideal of morality current in that lighthearted capital, that he must recognize the full meaning in Daudet's case of a wise and early marriage.

After the success of the "Lettres de mon Moulin" in 1866, came "Le Petit Chose" 1868; then the marvelous adventures of Tartarin de Tarascon in 1872, and "Contes du Lundi," another volume of reprinted short stories, in 1873. This list, which I have abbreviated for present purposes, brings to a close his first literary period. All his work thus far is the expression of the Provençal in him. It could all have been done, and much of it was done far from Paris in the little southern estate which he bought and called his Mill. It has been a cause of regret to some that Daudet ever forsook the first path taken by his genius, this path which seemed made so straight to his feet. For of all literary men in recent French history perhaps he preserved more of the sparkling fancy and romance inherent in every South Frenchman. The Provençal is as different from the Norman as the Charleston man is

from the Bostonian; and more so. The Provençal has Moorish and Spanish blood in his veins, while the Norman is, of course, of different stock. By the merest chance they fall under the common category of Frenchman. Now Daudet's great claim is that he could retain within him this free and expansive southern temperament and yet regard it from the sharp analytical point of view of the Parisian. He was thus able to see himself and his people as an outsider would, and at the same time express to the last the man that was within him, ineradicably fixed.

Not only was Daudet fortunate in his marriage, but also, with his earliest literary success came wealth, very considerable wealth, so that Daudet has been one of the few spoiled children in the literary field. With a loving wife, creditable children and a liberal fortune, he has had but one enemy to reckon with, and that was the prostrating rheumatism which has at last so prematurely taken him from us.

To carry you back again, we see Daudet about 1875 embarking on the second period of his literary activity. You will recall the fact that I said his work took on a new complexion about this time. The depth of his nature did not change, thank fortune, but the surface did. Had the depths of the Provençal been shaken, Daudet might have been only a realist of the Zola type. There was enough romance and love of the beautiful in life to save him from the last stage of Realism, the Naturalism to which one of his brother writers has come.

Yes, with "Les Femmes d'Artistes" and "Fromont jeune," and "Risler aîné" 1874, Daudet embarked in that much worn career, the delineation of moeurs Parisiennes. It was what Balzac had done, and done so well for his own generation of 1830, that his followers

have all seemed tame. "La Comédie Humaine" of Honoré de Balzac, with its thousands of personages and ever-shifting scenes, still remains untouched in spite of many a Flaubert, Zola and Goncourt. "Jack," "Le Nabab," "Les Rois en Exil," "Numa Roumestan," "Sapho," "Trente ans de Paris," the three volumes of Tartarin's adventures and "L'Immortel," (that trenchant satire on the French Academy)—these are products of his long sojourn in Paris and his association with men who were going to extravagant lengths which he never seems to have contemplated. It seems to me that just so long as Daudet could keep himself free from the atmosphere of Paris with all that means, so long could he sing his true note, so long could he give us what we wanted from him and which he alone of all writers could give. When he forgot his sunny Provence and, buried in his note-books, set to work on a novel with a purpose like "L'Immortel," then he grew cold, conventional and unlike himself.

From "Le Petit Chose" and "Tartarin," written a decade apart, emanated his true nature, the tender, genial, fun-loving Provençal. As already stated "Little good for nothing" is Daudet himself appropriately touched up, artistically of course, after ten years. It is in this book that the Dickens in Daudet makes himself so strongly felt. What reader can forget little Daniel Eysette playing he was Robinson Crusoe among the bushes of the back garden with his dear parrot near by, increasing the illusion that he was beneath the equator in some far-off land? Then the companion of his childish games, Jacques; he who was always weeping. It was constitutional with him, this poor Jacques, who cried continuously and naturally just like you blow your nose but oftener, and who when asked what the

matter was always replied "nothing," and sobbed harder than ever as though his heart would break. Then his father would say, not meaning to be unkind, "Jacques, thou art an ass," and his mother would say "Don't chide him, I was that way when I was little." How clearly stands out M. Pierrotte who is a native of Brittany long resident in Paris. He could never get the best of the unruly Breton tongue which he carried in his head, unless he took time to insert before any Parisian idiom, "C'est bien le cas de le dire" "as I might say." Thus when little Daniel would go to see this good M. Pierrotte, the latter would drop his knife and fork and cry out in his delight, "Enfin le voilà, c'est bien le cas de le dire, il va prendre le café avec nous." This trait is preserved throughout with great effect, and perhaps will give you the key to the success of so many of Daudet's really living characters.

All critics have been fond of making the inevitable comparison, which I have already suggested, between Dickens and Daudet. In some of the latter's works like "Le Petit Chose," "Fromont jeune" and "Jack" the attitudes of the authors' minds are strikingly alike. Hear what Daudet himself said on this score: "How many times I have been compared with Dickens, even at a time when I had not read him, indeed before a friend returning from England informed me of the sympathy existing between 'David Copperfield' and 'Petit Chose'! An author who writes only of what he sees and feels has nothing to reply to that except that there are certain kindredships of spirits for which we are not responsible, and that nature in the making of men and of romancers, for her own amusement, mixed the paints. I feel in my own heart Dickens' love for the outcast and the poor, the childhood of those who have

grown up in the wretchedness of a great city ; like him I have been forced to earn my own bread before the age of sixteen, and there, I take it, is our main point of resemblance."

Then there is the immortal Tartarin, Tartarin de Tarascon, in which comfortable personage Daudet has kindly but most effectually satirized the type of Meridional which he knew so well. How many people in all nations have laughed over this delightful book ! The shooting parties of the Tarascon lovers of sport who spent all day Sunday shooting bullets through their hats for lack of better game ; then the illusion of the tropics and lion-hunting which Tartarin cooked up in his brain till he thought of nothing else ; the gathering of arms and equipment ; the study of a neighboring menagerie ; all these preparations for the wild life to be led in Africa when he should be a "Chasseur de Lions." All this was undertaken not without distress and hesitation, for there was, mark you, in Tartarin two men : the eager, romancing Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the common-place and self-satisfied stay-at-home. Daudet, I believe, is the first to make use in fiction of these two actual traits in the southern character.

What now is the conclusion of all this ? What attitude toward life and literature does Daudet represent, and what are the relative proportions in him of romance and reality ? To begin with, his conception of life is that of a hard problem, the solution of which often brings sadness and woe. But it is not the scientific disease of Zola, which accounts for the difficulty of the problem. Life is inevitably hard ; but there are bright spots everywhere, and there are pure men and women everywhere whose sympathy and tears can cheer the hearts of the unfortunate. In Daudet's pictures of sadness

he is dramatic, but not sensational. We never lose sight of the deeper emotion in the blare of trumpets which accompanies the cataclysm. Daudet was too much of an artist to be in ignorance of the true way to produce an effect on the hearts of his readers. Gathering his facts in great note-books from the life about him, he was a realist to that degree. But to him realism was an ideal ; the individual case under his eyes was only a specimen of the greater and more universal type. He aimed straight at the universal heart by the natural idealizing of an individual. Such is "Le Petit Chose," "M. Pierrotte," "Jack," the old bookkeeper in "Fromont jeune" and Tartarin himself. There is something of these people in each of us. That is the reason we feel them and love them. Remember what Montesquieu says in his "Essay on Taste" :

"When you consider different writers you will see perhaps that the best and those who have pleased most are those who have aroused in the heart the greatest number of sensations at the same time." Daudet certainly does this. He takes hold of you, and whether you will or not, you enter completely into the scene which he is describing. It is told of George Sand, that most regular and indefatigable worker, that she was prostrated for three days after reading "Jack."

Yes, there is more than gloom and sorrow in every day life for Daudet ; there is poetry, beauty and love. There is where his realism is saved from turning into naturalism, and this again is due to the Provençal in him, for it is impossible to conceive of a Provençal being a naturalist. He is always a little in the air of his illusions, like Tartarin.

Mention should be made, too, of his excellent French style. This in itself is

one of his greatest claims to one who can feel it. His excellence shows in the careful choice of words for his descriptions. Now and again a single word, carefully chosen and placed, contains the kernel of an entire paragraph and produces the required pictures on the reader's mind. With him, however, matter is never sacrificed to style, and I remember no case of his being insincere, even where the satire stings most charmingly. Finally, this much-abused word charm is the only word which describes the impression produced by Daudet's best work upon the reader. He is charming and seductive, sympathetic in the best sense. Fact and fancy are so bound together in him that he can lead us where he will. This trait, so unusual in French writers of fiction, is what has endeared Daudet to such a

great reading public outside of France. His best work has been done fifteen years now, but any volume of his published since 1868 has been sure of a wide and enormous sale throughout Europe.

I have tried simply to make you feel like reading Daudet at his best. As an apology for the personal point of view I have taken, let me quote some words of Professor Arlo Bates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology :

"It is easy to know what to read in the classics; they are all explicitly labelled by the critics of succeeding generations; when it comes to contemporary work, a reader is forced largely to depend upon himself. Here he must judge by his individual standards, and he must and will follow his own inclinations."

CLASS DAY.

THE Class Day exercises of '98 in every way did credit to the class.

Several new features were introduced in the exercises which were of the same general character, half play and half disconnected jokes, as that of several preceding college entertainments.

No programs were distributed to the audience by the ushers. Just as the curiosity of the audience was at its height, a number of newsboys burst into the hall noisily crying "The Boreal Budget and Gold Dust Daily." When the papers were distributed to the audience they were found to be the programs under the guise of a modern "yellow journal." "Fake" war news, personals, weather and market reports, and all the principal departments of the modern sensational journal were cleverly satirized. Prominent among the news articles was one from Dawson City where the paper was alleged to be published, describing the

adventures of a band of Haverford students on the way to the Klondike. The audience was consequently somewhat prepared for the first act which the program summarized as follows: "The scene is laid in the log cabin of the Haverford Camp at Klondike. Seven members of the class of '98, notwithstanding their good luck in finding gold, are feeling very homesick. An unexpected visit from two of their old classmates serves to cheer them up, however, and materially alters their plans.

MINERS.

Joe Haines—The "one who loves not wisely, but too well."

Art Harding—Quick at repartee.

Walt Janney—The boss.

Morry Lee—Who stirs the pot.

Sam Rhoads—Who *will* joke.

Tom Wistar—Cruikshank (joke.)

Dick Wood—The short fellow, there on the right, with torn trousers.

VISITORS.

Frank Strawbridge } They explain
 Freddy Swan. } themselves."

The scene represented the preparation of the daily dinner, which included articles of the most heterogeneous character. Richard D. Wood sang a solo which was well received. Before the close of the meal Strawbridge and Swan appeared, and after some persuasion induced the homesick miners to return with them to Haverford. The address of Strawbridge was probably the funniest feature of the evening's entertainment. The scene was well planned and well acted throughout.

The second act represented an informal class meeting in "Loafing Palace," Barclay Hall. Lemonade and crackers were served in the free and easy style characteristic of such gatherings. Jokes, repartees, and stories were freely exchanged. One of the best things in the act was the solo of Robert N. Wilson, which was warmly applauded.

At the conclusion of the second act the

presentation of the spoon occurred. The president of the class, Alfred G. Scattergood, in a short address, announced that the class had chosen as spoonman, Walter C. Janney, for his faithful work done for the college and the class. In his Senior year, Janney was manager of the college foot-ball team, editor-in-chief of the *Haverfordian*, member of the class debating team which won the college championship, and chairman of the committee on class day entertainment.

At the close of the entertainment the usual reception was held in Founder's Hall.

The entertainment was bright, humorous, and unusually free from the stale jokes which are often inflicted on the audience on such occasions. A pleasing feature was the almost entire absence of malicious or caustic witticisms either at the expense of the faculty or students. The class of '98 in this respect has set an example which future classes may profitably follow.

COMMENCEMENT.

SIMPLE but impressive ceremonies characterized the Commencement Exercises of the Class of '98 on June 17. Alumni Hall was, as usual, crowded to its full capacity when T. Wistar Brown, President of the Board of Managers, opened the exercises by reading a chapter of the Bible.

President Isaac Sharpless then delivered the annual address. He spoke first of the increasing manifestation of the growth of the corporate feeling at Haverford and of the consequent increase in the value and pleasure of residence here. "Let us" he said "appreciate what we have attained to, measuring our results not by numbers, to which Haverford has always been rather oblivious,

but by the tendencies which prevail during the year, and the qualities of the resulting product which appears at the end."

After referring to the need of a new gymnasium as an important aid in accomplishing better results, President Sharpless said that "The work we have set about to do is to cultivate in the most perfect manner the individual student. To develop the individual might be a good key-note to Haverford's work." He went on to speak of the great questions which confronted the nation. "The war" he said, "will soon be over. But the great problems which America has to solve, how to make good the promises of the Declaration of Independence and the

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

Constitution of the United States, will have to be worked out by days and years of patient, self-sacrificing toil. It is for the advancement of such principles and not for the glory of the individual that political and other labors may be taken up. Back of every remarkably and continuously successful effort is some strong, quiet man, and these are they who keep the world in shape."

"I think," President Sharpless concluded, "that if you will find places not necessarily prominent in public sight, but in the highest degree prolific of usefulness, and surround yourselves with conditions which produce solid and unobtrusive success, you will be in line with the spirit and ideals of your college."

President Sharpless then announced that the following prizes had been won: The Haverford Fellowship for 1898-99 was awarded to Morris Matthews Lee. The Alumni Prize in Composition and Oratory was awarded to Arthur Clement Wild, and the Everett medal for Oratory for Sophomores and Freshmen, to Herbert Sydney Langfield. The John B. Garrett prize for systematic reading for Juniors to James Edgar Butler. The second prize was not awarded. The class of 1879 prize for Composition was awarded to Alfred Sharpless Haines. The class of 1896 prizes were awarded, in Latin, to Henry Sandwith Drinker, Jr.; in Mathematics, to Frank Eugene Lutz. The Philip C. Garrett prize for Senior Mathematics was awarded to Ira Isbon Sterner; and the Philip C. Garrett prizes for Freshman Latin were awarded to Howard Valentine Bullinger and E. Marshall Scull.

The highest honors in mathematics were conferred on Ira Isbon Sterner, honors in Biology and Chemistry upon Joseph Wright Taylor, and honors in English and French upon Morris Matthews Lee.

Degrees were then conferred as follows: Bachelor of Arts: James Edgar Butler, William Warder Cadbury, Alfred Sharpless Haines, Joseph Howell Haines, Arthur Search Harding, Samuel Horace Hodgin, Walter Coggeshall Janney, Morris Matthews Lee, Oscar Peyton Moffit, Samuel Rhoads, Alfred Garrett Scattergood, Frederick Stadelman, Ira Isbon Sterner, Frederick Asa Swan, Robert North Wilson, Thomas Wistar and Richard Davis Wood.

Bachelor of Science: Richard Stanton Ellis, John Gyger Embree, Davis Godfrey Jones, Eldon Roxy Ross, Francis Reeves Strawbridge and Joseph Wright Taylor.

Master of Arts: Warren Hallman Detwiler, for American History; Otis Earl Mendenhall, for English, and Joseph Remington Wood, for Chemistry.

President Sharpless then read a letter from Dr. F. B. Gummere, at the time on leave of absence, in England. Dr. Gummere sent a warm greeting to all his old pupils and urged on them to foster in every way possible the enthusiastic admiration and loyalty which makes colleges great.

Professor Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, was then introduced and made a scholarly and interesting address on "Our Standards of Political Morality." The speaker sketched first, the new opportunities and the new purposes between which the American people will have to choose, and went on to say that "The conditions necessary to the maintenance of colonial dependencies is the maintenance of a greater military power, a greater navy and a much wider foreign policy. It will need many men, and great hardship and a great deal of money. Are we prepared to perform the task well? What of the political power behind it all; will it use the military power wisely?"

"Over the work of Congress and the War Department in the present encounter patriotism bids us cast the mantle of silence. It is argued that experience in arming and maintaining dependencies would cure this, but the reform would have to go very deep indeed ; deeper than the elections even, to the people themselves, determining the moral sentiment behind the army. It would have to produce a disinterestedness in public service.

"Politics nowadays is regarded as a game. Our standard of public morality is weaker. Good men do things which in the beginning of the century would have been unequivocally condemned. The place of the debating body has been taken by a machine for law-making. It used to be that a representative voted for what he thought best for the nation. Later it was what his constituents thought best for the nation. Now he votes for what he and his constituents think best for themselves.

"Not until the feeling of trusteeship animates the office-holder, until there is less personal ambition and more personal responsibility, will the colonial project be anything less than a snare."

At the conclusion of Professor Hadley's address, the audience adjourned to the lawn in front of Founders Hall, from the porch of which, President Wistar, of the

Cricket Club, announced that the following prizes were awarded :

The Cope prize bat, for the highest batting average on the first eleven, to Captain Thomas Wistar, '98, with an average of 21 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Congdon prize ball for the best bowling average on the first eleven, to Lawrence W. DeMotte, 1901, whose average was 5 2-9.

The Haines prize fielding belt, for the best fielding on the first eleven, to Alfred G. Scattergood. This made the third time in succession he had won the belt.

The Class of '85 prize bat for the member of the second eleven obtaining the best batting average, to C. H. Carter, 1900, with an average of 13. J. P. Morris, '99, won the Class of '85 prize ball with an average of 37-20, and R. N. Wilson, '98, the Class of '85 prize fielding belt, on the second eleven.

The Improvement bat, to the Sophomore or Freshman making the most improvement during the year was awarded to L. W. DeMotte, 1901. The Shakespeare prize bat to the Freshman making the highest score against the Sophomores, to William H. Kirkbride, 1901, for the top score of 17. Dr. Brown presented L. W. DeMotte, 1901, with a silk hat for his hat trick in the match with the Philadelphia C. C.

A CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

IT was the dreamy twilight that precedes the dawn and the grayish billowy mist slowly rising, still enveloped the chimneys and housetops.

The occasional whir of a trolley car, as it sped along in its headlong haste, was the only sound. Suddenly a heavy-covered wagon, drawn by a pair of large bay horses came rapidly around the corner.

Two men were on the seat. One, a

heavily built man, wore a rough, dark suit of ordinary workingmen's clothes and a soft, black hat crushed down over his eyes in such a manner as to shadow effectually all his face but the chin. The heavy, square jaws indicated a man of courage and determination ; but, the set of the lips, which were pulled back like a snarling dog's, was repulsively cruel. A man, evidently, who could act in an

emergency and who, against his enemies, would stop at nothing.

The other was young and of a less pronounced type—one would have said, the older man's tool.

At about the center of the square the man in the soft hat looked up—"Here," he said, laconically.

The young man nodded and quickly turned the horses into an alley, which, running by the stable, came almost up to the door of a stately granite residence. Reaching a garden gate, which appeared to be the only rear approach to the house, the wagon stopped. The large man got out and began fumbling with a bunch of keys. Approaching the little gate leading to the rear garden, he tried several of them. Finally one fitted. The bolt shot back, and, with an involuntary exclamation of satisfaction, he pushed open the gate. The young man had in the mean time jumped down and gone back of the wagon.

The older man walked up to the rear of the house and, after looking about him a moment, drew a small key from his pocket and unlocked a little door set in the wall of the house, about shoulder high. Then, perhaps to lull suspicion, he sauntered slowly back toward the wagon.

Coolness is the most dangerous weapon of the hardened criminal. Where the beginner would betray himself by his nervous haste, the experienced man escapes by his seeming slowness. His apparent carelessness throws even the suspicious man off his guard. The men who have gone down in the history of crime are almost without exception those who carried out their most fiendish deeds as if they were merely going through their daily routine. Nothing is so deceptive as the common-place.

The man continued to walk lazily back

to the wagon, stopping to pluck a bud from the rose-bush that stood beside the path, and again looking carelessly around him, he passed out of the gate, as if he was simply doing some daily task, the outcome of which did not weigh upon his mind in the least.

The young man came to meet him. "We must have lost the tongs," he said, "they are not in the wagon."

The older man swore at him roundly, "Lost them, you fool! Lost them, you ——!" "But, we've got our hands," the young man interposed timidly.

"Hands! Yes, and if they slipped and it fell, what then?" he asked savagely. "You remember you forgot the tongs once before and you know what happened then."

"Will I take one, or two?" the young man asked, nervously.

"One is all I was paid for, and one is enough. Yes," he said, with an ugly leer at the house, "one will be enough for you, my fine people. You are going to leave shortly and I don't think even if I gave you two you'd want to take the extra one with you," and chuckling at the idea, he turned and took a hold on a large cubical body the other had pulled down to the tail of the wagon. The young man took hold of it on the other side, and between them they carried it carefully up the walk and lifted it onto the ledge of the little door; the older man cursing at every step and swearing they would drop it. When it was safely on the ledge the young man hurried back to the horses.

The thing on the ledge was bluish-white and sparkled strangely in the growing light.

There was no sound from the house and the small opened door showed nothing but a black, mysterious hole.

The other man looked about him a

moment and then returned and gave the thing on the ledge a sharp push. It fell from the ledge and disappeared—there was a dull, splintering crash ***

and the city iceman slammed the door, and pursued by the groans of the awakened sleepers, with fiendish chuckle, returned to his wagon and drove away.

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF '88.

ON the afternoon and evening of June 14th, the Class of '88 held a reunion at the College to celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of their graduation. In all eighteen members of the class were present. They were: Martin B. Stubbs, John C. Corbit, Jr., Howell S. England, William Draper Lewis, Henry V. Gummere, Francis C. Hartshorne, Joseph T. Hilles, George B. Roberts, Joseph W. Sharp, Jr., Joseph E. Johnson, Jr., Frederic W. Morris, Richard J. Morris, Edward Brooks, Jr., Charles R. Wood, Jr., Joseph Johnson, John P. Nields, Frederick W. Collins and Morris E. Leeds.

In the afternoon a cricket match was played between the class and a college

team which resulted in a victory for the latter, but was probably more enjoyed by the vanquished than the victorious team.

After the game time was passed in strolling about the grounds, noting changes and rediscovering old landmarks, until 7.30, when the class sat down to a dinner in the Senior dining-room. With talk of college days and of what members had been doing in the ten years since, letters from absent members and a poem by H. S. England, the evening sped pleasantly, but too rapidly, and before anyone was ready it was necessary to say good-bye again to Haverford.

MORRIS E. LEEDS, *Sec'y.*

POEM

Composed by Howell S. England, and read by him at the Reunion of the Class of '88.

Boys, it is good to be here ! About us how the trees
Toss, as they tossed ten years ago, their branches in the breeze.
The lawn is still as beautiful, the air is still as sweet,
Still seems like home this plain old room in which to-night we meet.
Old Haverford still keeps secure for us, her varied charms
As when ten years ago to-day, we left her sheltering arms !
And here we are, all back again, as full of fun and noise,
Of mischief and of merriment as other romping boys !
The years have sure forgotten us as swiftly by they've flown,
For not a single fellow here has any older grown.
And none would think who happened in upon this boisterous scene
That Frank is now a Rector staid, that Billie is a Dean.

Then let us whoop it up boys, to-night we're here for fun,
We'll sing our songs and tell our tales till rise the morrow's sun,
And naught of gloom or sadness shall in our midst appear,
For when, in five more years we meet, we may not all be here ;
Already hath Dick Janney passed on from mortal view,
And who can tell who next shall go Death's dreaded portal through ?
And yet, although the future may the stoutest well appall,
Though none can read aright the hieroglyphics on the wall,
Though hard again, and yet again bears on our minds the thought,
How little we have really done of all we could and ought,
Though none can know his strength, nor count the measure of his days,

As glad we met,—so brave we'll part, to go our
several ways !

And as we bravely go our ways, within each
heart shall rest

Another of those memories that make our lives
so blest,

And deep in each man's bosom too, these high
resolves shall glow,

Henceforth to live more earnestly—henceforth
his light to show ;

Henceforth so to behave himself, that high or
low his state,

None e'er can blush to think that he belonged
to "88."

Then here's a toast unto our happy college days
of yore,

And here's a toast in silence to the boys who've
gone before ;

And here's unto the bachelors, soon may they
mend their lives,

And here's to all the married men, their little
ones and wives,

And here's unto the future, masked from us in
love divine,

May each act well that manly part she shall to
him assign !

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by President Sharpless.

DR. GUMMERE and Dr. Morley, re-
turn to their work after a year's leave
of absence. Dr. Albert E. Hancock
is appointed Instructor in English. Dr.
Hancock is a graduate of Wesleyan Uni-
versity, and a Ph. D. of Harvard. He
has studied two years abroad, and for the
past year has been filling with success a
temporary vacancy in English, at
Williams College. Dr. Martin B. Stubbs
comes as Assistant in Chemistry and
Physics. He is a Haverford Graduate
of 1888 and a Ph. D. of Johns Hopkins.
For the past year he has been Professor
of Chemistry in Guilford College.

DEGREES FOR THE FACULTY.

Frank Morley has been given the
degree of Doctor of Science by Cambridge
University, England, for mathematical
work. Ernest W. Brown has been made
a Fellow of the Royal Society. James
A. Babbitt was granted the degree of
Doctor of Medicine at the last commence-
ment of the University of Pennsylvania.

NEW REGULATIONS RELATING TO STUDENTS MARKS.

The following take effect the present
year for the first time.

1. That no Student should be allowed
to present himself for examination in any

subject in which his average has been
below 50.

2. That at the end of each quarter,
except the fourth, the names of all
Students who have obtained an average
standing of 80 or more should be posted
for a time on the bulletin board in Foun-
der's Hall. The names should be arran-
ged in two classes, A and B, in alphabet-
ical order.

3. That the Registrar should make a
special report to the President, at the end
of each quarter, of the standing of every
Student who holds a Scholarship.

4. That the final mark of a student
on any subject should be ascertained by
adding to the average of the quarterly
marks in that subject, twice the examin-
ation mark and dividing the sum by
three.

REGISTRY FOR 1898-9.

The registry at date of writing is as
follows :

Graduate.....	1
Seniors	21
Juniors.....	26
Sophomores	30
Freshmen.....	38

Total students.....	116
Faculty.....	18

Total.....134

NEW STUDENTS.

Seniors.....	4
Sophomores.....	5
Freshmen.....	38
<hr/>	
Total.....	47

Boarders in Barclay Hall	78
Boarders in Founders' Hall.....	13
Day students.....	25
<hr/>	
Total.....	116

The largest number of students previously enrolled was 111.

CHARLES E. PRATT.

CHARLES E. Pratt, A. M., of the Class of 1870, died at his home in Roxbury, Mass., on August 20th, in the 54th year of his age. After graduation, Mr. Pratt studied law with Messrs. Jones and Otis in Boston, who were once associates with Governor Andrew. Soon after admission to the bar he made a specialty of patent cases. In 1881, he became attorney and counsel for the Pope Manufacturing Company, which position he held until failing health obliged him to give it up. He was a member of Boston Common Council for five years, and was President of that body in 1881 and 1882. He founded the *Bicycling World*, and was its first editor in 1880, and later was editor of *The Wheelman*, which afterwards grew into the present *Outing*.

He was best known to the general public from his interest in wheeling. He was the author of *The American Bicycle*, and wrote much to advance the interests of this sport. He was one of the first to ride in Boston, was President of the Boston Bicycle Club, originated the L. A. W., and was its first President, to which office he was re-elected in 1881. In recognition of his services, Mr. Pratt

was afterward presented with a silver pitcher with the title of "Father of the League."

At college, Pratt was known as a student of accurate scholarship with interests outside the then prescribed course of study. He was a leader in the intellectual and society life of the college, and specimens of his graceful verse and scholarly English can be found in the college papers of his day. In after life his literary tastes were developed. He accumulated a large library, and became a careful student of the ancient and modern French and German classics with a disposition to explore untrodden fields. For example, he owned all the editions of Prudentius, had translated many of his hymns and had expected to publish a monograph on this first Christian poet.

Charles E. Pratt possessed genial qualities which made friends everywhere; to know him was to love him, and to be his friend was an education in itself. His interest in his Alma Mater and "the beautiful and good," never waned through the long years of suffering he endured before the end came.

H. C.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Edited by J. M. Steere, '90.

[All notes of interest concerning old Haverfordians should be sent to Mr. Steere, at the Girard Building, Phila.]

'69. Pendleton King, who was formerly Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, is Custodian of the Records at Washington, D. C. Mr. King was elected Orator of the Alumni Association for 1898,

but declined to serve on account of pressure of other business.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., was appointed during the summer by Governor Hastings an Inspector of the Eastern Peni-

tentary of Pennsylvania, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of General Isaac J. Wistar.

'85. The engagement was recently announced of William S. Hilles to Miss Florence Bayard, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, of Wilmington, Del.

'87. Alfred C. Garrett has a daughter, Eleanor Wistar Garrett, born August 27th.

'87. Herbert H. Goddard has been appointed Assistant in the psychological laboratory at Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

'87. W. H. Hazard was recently installed as rector of St. Mark's Church, Worcester, Mass.

'88. Charles H. Battey has just published a book entitled "Tales and Sketches." It contains six short stories and several poems, and is illustrated by the author.

'90. The marriage of William G. Jenkins to Miss Estella De Larm took place on July 20th at Wilmington, Ohio.

'90. The nomination for Congressman was offered to Dilworth P. Hibberd by the Democrats of the Sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, comprising Delaware and Chester Counties, but he declined to accept it. Mr. Hibberd is a law partner of Ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, with offices at 1011 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

'91. Harry Alger has severed his connection with Westtown Boarding School, where he has been engaged for several years, and is now Master of a Grammar school at his home in Newport, R. I.

'92. Dr. Gilbert J. Palen has returned from Germany, where he has been pursuing his medical studies, and has opened an office in Germantown, Philadelphia.

'92. Stanley R. Yarnall has left the employ of Henry T. Coates & Co., and has accepted the position of Teacher of Languages in Friends' School, Germantown, Philadelphia.

'92. William E. Shipley is representing the Lodge and Shipley Tool Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, with an exhibit in the machinery department of The Bourse, Philadelphia.

'93. The marriage of Leslie A. Bailey, principal of the Raisin Valley Seminary, Adrian, Michigan, to Miss Laura Isabelle Main, took place on August 24th, 1898, at West Woolwich, Maine.

'93. Clarence G. Hoag, after spending a year in graduate work at Harvard, has been appointed Instructor in English in Bates' College, Lewiston, Maine.

'93. John Roberts has accepted the position of assistant electrician on the block system of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad at Little Falls, New York.

'93. Edward Rhoads received in June the degree of Ph. D. in Physics at Johns Hopkins' University, and has accepted the position of Instructor in Physics at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

ex-'94. Jonathan T. Rorer has been promoted from Instructor to Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the Central High School, Philadelphia.

'94. Parker S. Williams has been admitted to the Philadelphia Bar. He will continue his connection with the Legal Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

'95. Henry J. Harris has gone to Germany for a two-years' course in economics and history. He is at present in Halle.

'95. William Goodman is an Assistant Engineer at the League Island Navy Yard, with the relative rank of Ensign.

'96. Charles D. Nason has been elected Harrison Fellow in Pedagogy at the University of Pennsylvania.

'96. Douglas H. Adams was chosen to play on the Colt Team against the English cricket team, and he did so well that he was selected to represent the Gentlemen of Philadelphia in their concluding match with the same eleven. During the next year he is engaged to teach at the Haverford College Grammar School.

'96. Samuel K. Brecht was married to Miss Alberta Williams, of Rushford, Pa., on August 2d.

'96. Mark Brooke has received an appointment to West Point, where he has spent the summer as a plebe.

'96. Albert D. Hartley was married to Miss Ella Selecta Eisenberg on June 28th.

'96. John A. Lester and T. Harvey Haines will continue their graduate work at Harvard.

'96. J. Henry Scattergood kept wickets for the Gentlemen of Philadelphia in their matches with the Canadian and English teams.

'98. William W. Cadbury is taking a graduate course at Haverford preparatory to the study of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

'98. Arthur S. Harding, Alfred G. Scattergood and Morris M. Lee have entered the Senior Class at Harvard University.

'98. Walter C. Janney has entered the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'98. Frederick Stadelman is at present in the employ of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Philadelphia.

'98. Joseph W. Taylor has entered the Sophomore Class in the Department of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania.

'98. Robert N. Wilson is teaching chemistry at Guilford College, North Carolina.

FIRST ELEVEN CRICKET.

Haverford vs. Linden.

THE last match of a most successful season was played with Linden on the latter's grounds, June 4. Linden won the toss and taking the bat, were disposed of for the small total of 59, DeMotte and Sharpless getting excellent analyses. Moore and Bailey, the first pair, made the best stand, although J. Allen batted patiently for his 11 not out. Haverford had no difficulty in passing Linden. Captain Wistar and Sharpless got set and played capital innings of 51 and 53 respectively, in both cases their highest individual scores of the season. When time was called, the score had

reached 170, with seven wickets down, this giving Haverford a well-earned victory. Score :

LINDEN.

G. Moore, b. Sharpless.....	15
W. Bailey, b. DeMotte.....	12
G. L. Clarke, b. DeMotte.....	12
G. Varley, b. Sharpless.....	0
A. Shaw, b. DeMotte.....	0
J. Allen, not out.....	11
E. Eagan, b. Sharpless.....	0
G. Hodgson, b. DeMotte.....	2
T. Hodgson, st. Lowry, b. DeMotte.....	0
J. Weldon, run out.....	2
J. Varley, b. DeMotte,.....	0
Byes.....	5
Total.....	59

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
DeMotte.....	69	2	31	6
Sharpless.....	66	3	23	3

HAVERFORD.

W. S. Hinchman, c. Moore, b. Bailey.....	7
C. J. Allen, b. G. Varley.....	6
S. Rhoads, b. Bailey.....	6
F. A. Evans, c. G. Varley, b. Moore.....	10
T. Wistar, c. Weldon, b. Allen.....	51
F. C. Sharpless, c. G. Varley, b. J. Varley.....	53
H. H. Lowry, l. b. w., b. J. Varley.....	11
A. G. Scattergood, not out.....	4
L. W. DeMotte, not out.....	3
J. P. Morris, did not bat.	
F. R. Strawbridge, did not bat.	
Byes, 11; leg-byes, 1; wides, 7.....	19
Total.....	170

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B	M	R	W
W. Bailey.....	66	2	37	2
G. Varley.....	54	1	25	1
E. Eagan.....	48	1	22	0
G. Moore.....	54	0	23	1
J. Allen.....	18	0	13	1
J. Varley.....	30	0	27	2

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Linden.....	25	35	39	39	39	39	48	52	59	59
Haverford.....	10	14	22	59	119	158	165			

CRICKET AVERAGES FOR 1898.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. innings.	Not out.	Highest score.	Total No. runs.	Aver.
T. Wistar.....	8	0	51	174	21.75
W. S. Hinchman.....	8	0	57	133	16.63
F. C. Sharpless.....	8	1	53	109	15.57
A. G. Scattergood.....	7	4	15	44	14.67
F. A. Evans.....	7	1	44*	82	13.67
A. Haines.....	6	1	23	51	10.20
S. Rhoads.....	7	0	24	59	8.43
C. J. Allen.....	7	0	24	59	8.43
H. H. Lowry.....	6	0	12	49	8.17
L. W. DeMotte.....	6	1	10	30	6.00
F. W. Sharp.....	1	0	3	3	3.00
S. W. Mifflin.....	4	0	5	11	2.75
E. R. Richie.....	1	1	2*	2	2.00
R. S. Wendell.....	1	0	2	2	2.00

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	B	R	M	W	Aver.
J. P. Morris.....	67	19	3	7	2.71
L. W. DeMotte.....	361	141	15	27	5.22
F. C. Sharpless.....	546	162	25	21	7.71
S. Rhoads.....	268	86	16	10	8.60
A. Haines.....	90	38	0	4	9.50
W. S. Hinchman.....	34	12	1	1	12.00
R. S. Wendell.....	96	49	1	3	16.33

COLLEGE NOTES.

COLLEGE opened on September 28th. At a meeting of last year's cricket eleven held in June, H. H. Lowry, '99, was elected Captain for 1898-99.

The officers of the various college organizations for the ensuing year are given below :

College Association :—Presid't, Maule, '99; Vice President, Eshleman, '00; Secretary, Bullinger, '01; Treasurer, Sharpless, '00.

Athletic Association :—President, Conklin, '99; Vice President, ; Secretary, ; Treasurer, Walenta, '01.

Cricket Club :—President, F. A. Evans '99; Vice President, A. G. Tatnall, '00; Secretary, W. S. Hinchman, '00; Treasurer, F. W. Sharp, '01. Ground Com-

mittee :—Evans, Lowry, Hinchman, Sharpless, DeMotte.

Foot-Ball Association :—President, Maule, '99; Secretary and Treasurer, Tatnall, '00.

Loganian Society :—President, Prof. Barrett; Vice President, A. C. Wild, '99; Secretary, F. Cope, '00; President of Council, W. B. Bell, '00.

Tennis Association :—President, Evans '99; Vice President, Emlen, '00; Secretary, Bullinger, '01; Treasurer, Brown, '01. Ground Committee :—Evans, Moorhouse, Jenks, Kirkbride, Neilson.

The Y. M. C. A. is in a flourishing condition. Many of the new men have already joined the Association, and the winter promises to be a successful one.

On September 28th, the Sophomores

defeated the Freshmen in the annual cane-rush. The score was 11 to 8. H. H. Lowry, '99, acted as referee.

Fox is captain of the Freshman football team. In the game between the Sophomores and Freshmen for the inter-class championship neither side scored. The tie will be played off later.

The Senior Class, '99, has elected the following officers :

President, A. C. Maule ; Vice President, M. A. Shipley ; Secretary and Treasurer, J. D. Carter.

The Sophomore Class, 1901, officers are :

President, Kirkbride ; Vice President, Neilson ; Secretary, Brown ; Treasurer, Scull.

The usual reception for the new men was held by the Y. M. C. A. on October 3rd. President Sharpless, Professor Rufus M. Jones, Dr. A. E. Hancock, Dr. James A. Babbitt, E. B. Conklin, '99, and A. C. Maule, '99, the President of the Association, made short speeches.

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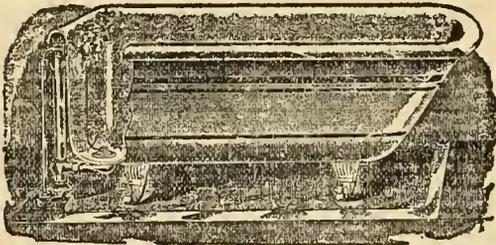
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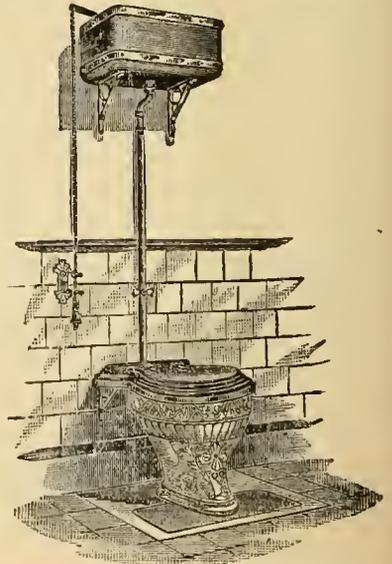
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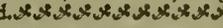
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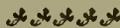
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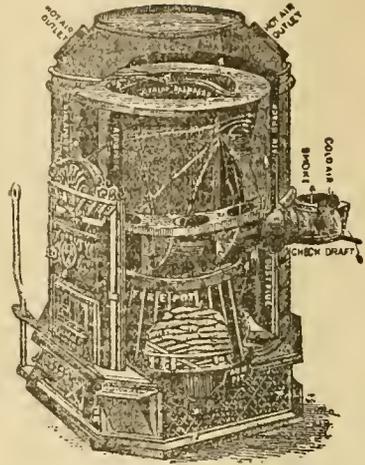
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XX.

HAVERFORD, NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 6.

The Haverfordian.

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Subscription Price, One Year, \$1.00
Single Copies,15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

Almost the entire space of THE HAVERFORDIAN this month is devoted to the report of the exercises of Founders' Day, prepared under the personal supervision of President Sharpless. For this reason the usual departments have been omitted until the next number.

FOUNDERS' DAY.

THE Board of Managers having decided to celebrate every five years the founding of Haverford School, the first meeting was held on Tenth month 15th, 1898.

Invitations were sent out by a committee of the Alumni Association, of which Philip C. Garrett was chairman and Nathaniel B. Crenshaw secretary, to all old and present students and corporators with their families. About 800 attended the exercises. Of these 250 registered as given below and 116 were undergraduates. The remainder were professors, past and present, corporators and invited guests.

The pleasant day took some of the younger alumni to the cricket nets, and a

general attendance honored the football game, St. John's College eleven vs. Haverford eleven, in the afternoon.

Lunch was served at 12.30 and supper at 6.

At 4.30 a meeting was held in the new Alumni Hall. In opening the meeting the President welcomed the audience and briefly stated the purposes of the celebration to be threefold—the inspection of the new library building, the renewal of pledges of fidelity to the platform of the Founders and the social reunion of old classmates and friends.

He then introduced Edward P. Allison, '74, the President of the Alumni Association, as chairman of the meeting.

The first and principal speaker was

James Wood, '57, who read an earnest and scholarly plea for scientific methods in criticism, politics and education.

JAMES WOOD'S ADDRESS.

"The sons of Haverford rejoice to-day in her past, which we have known so well and a part of which we ourselves have been. We feel thankful for the advantages we have here enjoyed, and, it may be, we have a little measure of pride in our connection with so excellent an institution of learning. With the remembrance of the past comes the thought of the future, and we delight to look forward to what we hope for, and what we expect Haverford to be and to do. We are told that we must judge the future by the past.

"Rather, we can judge of the future by the past and the present. The past may have been great and good and beneficent, while the tendencies of the present may lead in directions that will end in disaster. But when the past has been good and the tendencies of the present are all in the right direction we may look to the future with confidence, or even with assurance.

"Haverford's past is known to all of us who have watched her progress and her work, and her influence is operating to-day in the lives of her surviving children. It remains for us to determine what are her present tendencies, and if these are in harmony with the best advancement of the age. The first question in this for our consideration is: "What is the best advancement of the age in education?" We should consider this in its relation to Christianity, which we reverently believe inseparable from man's highest well-being.

"It is generally considered that the distinguishing characteristic of our time is its phenomenal development of the natural

sciences. Men have come to know more of material nature than ever before. As an incident to the investigations that have resulted in such great discoveries, a multitude of men have been trained to see all that is visible in nature; to report without color just what they have seen and to believe according to preponderating evidence. The spirit that has actuated these men is that of absolute truthfulness. The true scientific spirit admits of no deception. Within its sphere there can be no deceiver who would wilfully mislead, no fool who would believe and report the falsehoods of others, and none whose faculties are influenced by fear or prejudice or superstition. Within a limited sphere of material research a state of almost ideal perfection has been reached by investigators. If this can be carried into all investigations which man is interested in making, the human faculties will be at their best in the apprehension of truth, and in reporting the truth apprehended, and in believing according to the preponderance of evidence. This spirit requires the evidence for every statement. Nothing is taken for granted. No *ipse dixit* is now sufficient. There is no longer any place for dogmatic teaching—that is, teaching that is authoritative, peremptory, magisterial. Science was once taught by the authority of great names. If some one who had made a supposed discovery, or who had propounded a theory that was more plausible than others, made a statement as to a scientific fact, that matter was considered settled and need not be further investigated. Thus the progress of science was retarded, and for centuries advanced with slow and faltering steps, until it was discovered how little the wisest men really knew; how far short of ideal greatness great men really are, and that the only thing to revere and to

seek after is the truth. When authoritative teaching lost its authority, men were free to exert themselves in the quest of truth, as men become free to progress in every department of human advancement when they are released from tyranny that has bound them. When great names lost their authority, then every man had a chance. The mightiest man now bows to the smallest and the weakest when the latter has discovered a truth.

"The obscure man now commands a hearing when he can show that he has found one of nature's secrets. This is the greatest achievement of science. It is more than all its discoveries, for it has broken the fetters of tyranny that bound human faculties, and has placed them at their best in their search for truth. The attitude of men's minds toward the material universe has changed. Men have come to look upon the world of matter with a reverent regard for the truth. It is doubtful whether in any age there has been a revolution more significant.

"The scientific spirit must enter every department of human interest. When it has done this, then, indeed, will the human mind have infinite opportunities for the apprehension of all truth; then it can accurately report upon the truth apprehended, and then will it form its judgments in strict accordance with evidence. But the tyranny of self-interest keeps it out of our social and industrial relations. It requires an effort for us to imagine business propositions considered and determined quite independently of self-interest and precedent and prejudice and with a sole regard for the truth. When the scientific spirit has obtained the mastery in politics, then deception and self-interest and prejudice will be banished, and questions upon which men have long continued to be divided will be solved in the pure light of ascertained

truth. We may be a long time in reaching this, but it will some day come, and men will then wonder how it was possible so long to endure the tyranny of ignorance and of the dogmatic teaching which was blindly followed.

"The experiences of Christianity throughout the centuries are most instructive. The disciples of our Lord stated that they had not followed a cunningly devised fable, but they reported what their own eyes had seen and ears heard and their hands handled. They truthfully reported what they knew. They had experienced a new life and had new desires, new motives, new aspirations. Their subjective experiences were certain knowledge. It was not necessary to attempt to make objective applications. The blind man restored to sight could not determine whether He, on whose account he was being questioned, were a sinner or no, but he could declare, "One thing I know; that, whereas I was blind now I see." And others came to experience that new life and had new desires, new motives, and new aspirations also.

"The evidences of Christianity in all the ages have been the lives it has transformed, and they are as many as there are persons who have experienced its power. And so the church grew until it became united with a corrupt and tyrannical State. Then tyranny did what it always does—it imposed its teaching by authority. Then the teaching of the church underwent a complete change. The personal experience of the teacher gave place to artificial dogma. From its very nature tyranny must impose itself upon the minds of its subjects through teachers whose authority is backed by force. Then what men said and taught became authoritative, just as it became in natural science. For long centuries the church stagnated. Now and again there

were men who had a consciousness of the truth and were ready to stake their lives on their convictions. The Reformation was but the culmination of a series of revolts against tyrannical teaching.

"The subsequent history of the church shows that, while Christian teaching is irresistible in breaking down old tyrannies, the victors have often utterly failed in the objective realization of their teachings. They built a new tyranny in place of the old. The Puritans could overthrow a government whose teachings and acts they condemned, but they soon became equally tyrannical in imposing their own authority, and on this side of the Atlantic, whither they had come for liberty, they soon imposed dogmatic teachings more tyrannical than those from which they had escaped. While they were themselves the victims of tyranny, they could maintain their devotion to truth and right, but when they achieved authority they fell. In all ages devotion to subjective convictions has been easier than the objective application of the truths experienced. There has been an offensive discrepancy between inner and outer experiences.

"The attitude of the church through the centuries has been just what would be expected while tyrannical teaching held its sway. It could not tolerate the discoveries in the natural sciences when they seemed to conflict with its dogmas. It would not admit the possibility of error on its side. It never seemed to realize that its dogmas were largely human constructions, while science dealt with the verities, and that the presumption was always in favor of these. It is appalling, when we reflect, how Christian men have endeavored to give Divine authority to their inventions and have sought to load upon the Deity the responsibility of their ignorance and artificial conclusions.

"Of course tyranny is intolerant. It must be so from its very nature and the necessities of its existence. Tyrannical teachers do not ask, "What is the truth?" but rather, "What is *our* teaching?" So it followed that teachers, backed by brute force, had many a tussle during the middle ages with the men who had set themselves to learn what was true of this external, material world.

"The Libyan giant, Antæus, was invincible so long as he touched his mother earth; therefore Hercules lifted him from the ground and overcame him. So some of the devotees of science were lifted off the earth till they were dead, and others were reduced to their approximate elements. Of course they objected to being hung and burned, but when their turn came, and in one way or another men of science gained power, they too established their destructive tyranny; they too spake by authority, and thus the battle was waged almost till our day. So long as each side was actuated by the unscientific spirit it could not be otherwise. Neither could be sweet and gentle toward its supposed enemy that would destroy, as it believed, what was held sacred, and who showed no mercy toward those who, in their turn, were merciless.

"A better day has come. Christians have found that the true scientist has no desire to pull down our pillars of faith, but simply and solely to find the truth; and that such destructiveness as has at times seemed malicious was largely a vindictive retaliation for our own unfriendliness. Under the pretense of scientific research there has many times been a primary desire to attack Christianity, but the true scientific spirit cannot be held responsible for the abuses against itself wrought in its name. On the other hand, scientists have seen the real spirit of Christianity is an uncompromising devo-

tion to truth, and that its highest attainment in the individual is a desire to know all truth and a readiness to conform the life in all ways to the truth. This has not, by any means, been the first time that, in the mists of ignorance, those were thought to be enemies who, when the light of day came, were found to be friends working on parallel lines to the same great end.

“And what has been found to be the real situation? The scientist, working upon his own lines, feels his way back to some first cause, and he can go no further. He tries again in another field, only to reach the same point. At length in his honest search for truth he reverently bows his head and says, ‘It is God!’ The Christian, recovering from the shock that followed the overthrow of some cherished notion about his Bible, honestly admits that perhaps he and his fathers had no ground for this notion after all. He asks: ‘How could a convocation of clergymen in Europe make the deliverance that the vowel points of the Hebrew Bible were all inspired, when there were no vowel points when that Bible was written?’ Or, ‘Why must I believe that Moses wrote the whole of the Pentateuch, including the account of his own death, or that David wrote all the Psalms, though some of them were clearly written by other men?’ He asks, further: ‘What has scientific investigation really done with the Bible?’ It has called certain unimportant things in question; it has shown us some of our own errors; it has made us more reasonable in our conceptions of the book; it has opened our eyes where they had been closed. We see that it was not God’s purpose to give us a book, but to give us the information we needed, and that the book is incidental thereto. We no longer cry: ‘They are destroying the Bible!’ for we find they have really strengthened

its position. Not one foundation stone has been removed, not one of its corners has been broken. Not one of its pillars has been shaken. Surely it is worth very much to know that it is so secure. And new beauties and precious nuggets of gold, of which before we were ignorant, have been brought to light.

“As if God would strengthen our weak faith and drive away our unworthy fears, investigators in other fields bring fresh confirmations to the book, and it would seem that every tablet dug up from ancient ruins, and all the researches of archæologists, bear their uniform testimony to the truthfulness of the records.

“We go back and examine again what we should never have forgotten. In our college days we worried over the study of Butler’s Analogy, and in after years many of us failed to remember that he said ‘The only question concerning the truth of Christianity is, whether it be a real revelation—not whether it is attended with every circumstance which we should have looked for; and, concerning the authority of Scripture, whether it be what it claims to be—not whether it is a book of such sort and so promulgated, as weak men are bound to fancy a book containing Divine revelation should be; and, therefore, neither obscurity, nor seeming inaccuracy of style, nor various readings, nor early disputes about the authors of particular parts, nor any other things of the like kind, though they have been much more considerable in degree than they are, could overthrow the authority of the Scriptures unless the prophets, apostles, of our Lord, had promised that the book containing the Divine revelation should be secured from those things.’

“It is a blessed thing when it is found that supposed enemies are in reality friends. In humble confession of our

ignorance, some of us who would have stoned the prophets of science have become the garnishers of their tombs.

"The fact that the keynote of the modern scientific spirit is consecration to truth of itself places it closely beside the spirit of Christianity. Consecration to truth is also its watchword. Our Lord declared, 'Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.' Pilate's inquiry, 'What is truth?' has sounded through the centuries. That which has its source and fountain in God, which gives to human character its excellence and to human life its value, has been sought for by honest men in all ages, and they have sought to understand it. In a narrow sense, truth is a verified fact, but in the broad sense of human application, truth is 'the exact correspondence of subjective and objective relations.' The objective relations spring from the subjective. The creation of the inventor corresponds with his thought and purpose, limited only by his imperfect knowledge and power. Where the creator is omniscient and omnipotent that correspondence is complete. When He, by whom all things were created, declared, 'I am the truth,' He made a statement of scientific exactness, for in Him and in Him alone, is there an exact correspondence of subjective and objective relations; a complete correspondence between His purpose in creation and the things which His omniscience and omnipotence created. It is, therefore, impossible for any truth in natural science to be in conflict with the truth as it is in Jesus.

"Therefore, too, there can be no real conflict between him who honestly seeks to know the truth as it is revealed in nature and him who honestly seeks to know the truth as it is revealed in grace. We are prepared, then, to admit how close is the relation of Christianity and the mod-

ern scientific spirit. Now each is benefited by the strength and progress of the other. Hercules no longer wishes to lift Antæus from the earth, for, with his own feet firmly planted upon the rock, he wishes Antæus to stand in his own strong place.

"The scientific spirit in education has changed the character of teaching. Teaching by authority cannot now endure. The teacher now leads his pupil in the investigation of truth. The teacher who sets himself up as an authority is a nuisance, and he who does not strive to make the student a better authority than himself is worse than a nuisance. This is the highest achievement in modern education, for it has opened the door to infinite possibilities.

"We believe that Haverford stands in the front rank of educational institutions that are dominated by this spirit. It is frankly confessed that there has been no deeply formulated purpose to accomplish this, but its management has kept in constant touch with the progress of the times, and, therefore, it stands where it does. The fact that it is connected with and controlled by a branch of the Christian church, that was distinctly and expressly dedicated to truth at its birth, whose founders used the term in their writings more frequently than can be found anywhere else in Christian literature; the fact that they sought to follow the truth, however violently it might lead them into conflict with existing conditions, and in their devotion to the truth they cut themselves loose from all precedent and established usage in the church, made it easier to follow the truth in this modern scientific spirit wherever it might lead, than could be possible with any other Christian denomination. And Haverford has been actuated by this spirit of education upon the most liberal lines. The names upon

its faculty for many years past strikingly illustrate this. In the face of the fact that it is very easy to be local and provincial, we find the members of its faculty steadily taken from Europe and from the Dominion of Canada, and from the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States of this country. The thought and culture of Oxford and Cambridge in England have mingled with those from the most prominent colleges and universities of America in furnishing the rich stream of influence and of knowledge that has made its work so beneficial. Nor has this faculty been formed upon any sectarian lines, but almost all shades of religious thought, as represented by members of nearly every evangelical denomination, have had opportunity for expression in influencing, within proper lines, the search for truth to which our best energies are devoted.

"The situation causes us to rejoice. It promises for the future an excellence of work and a sum of achievement beyond anything its founders ever dreamed of, and even beyond anything we can dare to prophesy."

Professor John Williams White, of Harvard, was then introduced and spoke most pleasingly of the cordial relations between Harvard and Haverford and the excellent quality of Haverford graduates as shown by their work in the older college. He also referred to the recent appointment of Clement Lawrence Smith, '60, to the position of Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science at Harvard.

President William W. Birdsall, of Swarthmore, greeted Haverford as an elder brother and made most fitting remarks concerning the spirit which should actuate an educational institution.

Dr. Francis B. Gummere was then introduced and read the following poem:

In yon old alcoves, by the waning day,
 How many a youth, at beck of word or rhyme,
 Has watched exultant while some wizard ray
 Lit the long pageant of remembered time!

And one there was we knew, whose footsteps
 came,
 How often, hurrying eager to the quest,
 Who read and loved and dreamed, and felt the
 flame
 Of generous yearning kindle in his breast.

Nor vainly. What his own hope could not
 yield,
 Cut off by fate inexorable, here
 He bids his brothers seek in ampler field,
 And pluck the laurels of a happier year.

What word shall bless these walls? Beyond the
 cope
 Of arching skies, beyond the night of doubt,
 When Kepler pierced, there came a trembling
 hope—
 To find within the God he found without.

And he who forged a weapon out of love,
 To smite the hosts of arrogance and sin,
 For knew one duty, every hest above,—
 To show without the God he found within.

This double boon we ask. Let learning trace,
 Lord of both worlds, the wavering torch of
 art,
 Now borne afar upon the verge of space,
 Now sunk in caverns of the human heart,—
 Beacon of science on the perilous shore,
 Beacon of conscience, severed yet akin,—
 God of our fathers, grant for evermore
 Harmonious here the Light without, within!

—

EVENING MEETING.

The evening meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock by President Isaac Sharpless, who spoke as follows:

"I certainly shall not consume much of your time to-night, in view of the long and interesting program which we have; but there have been a number of questions asked me to-day in regard to the present condition and future prospects of the college, which I will answer collectively. I can do it with perfect frankness, because I know that this

audience is composed exclusively of Haverfordians, from which the general public has been rigidly excluded; and therefore I will say just what I know about the condition of Haverford College.

“The first question coming to us on an occasion like this, which we call Founders’ Day, is the question of our fidelity to the hopes and spirit of the founders of Haverford College. Personally, I believe that we have been, perhaps weakly, but certainly, faithful to them. We have a body of men here as professors, competent and serious men, who feel their responsibilities for the moral and religious condition of the college as it was felt in the early times. At no time has there been a more earnest or able body of students collected together than this present year; and we have these two elements of college life working together as sympathetically and as harmoniously as in any institution in this country; and though we may have lost some of the external badges which characterized the founders of this college, I feel that we are in the main true to their general purpose, that their spirit still hovers about the institution, and that the young men who come here, whatever be their denomination, are fed with the sort of food which our founders would desire them to have.

“In numbers, we have eighteen professors and 116 students, and this is a little more than we have ever had before. The Freshman class numbers thirty-eight and there are forty-seven new students; there are ninety-one boarders and twenty-five day scholars. It takes about \$66,000 a year to pay the bills of the college, and they are generally paid. Financially, we are in a better condition than we have ever been before. The legacy of Jacob P. Jones, into which we have now entered in full possession, amounts to about \$1,000,-

000. One-half of this is, at the present time, in unproductive real estate; and I feel now, in passing, that I ought to express my belief that the real saviours and benefactors of Haverford College have been a few men who have, through all these years, when we did not have sufficient endowment to pay the bills of the college, quietly attended to it. There is no memorial of them in any of our halls, but the college itself is their memorial, and when the history of Haverford is impartially written, their names will head the list of benefactors. [Applause.]

“And yet, with this new wealth that has come to us, we shall still need the aid of our friends. By a wise provision of donors we may not spend the principal of the endowment—only the interest; and that interest is not, as yet, sufficient to do more than pay the ordinary running expenses of the college at its present size. For improvements, therefore, we shall have to look to our friends; and I do not believe that the excuse will be made at all that we do not need this help, because during the past year the number of donors to Haverford College has been greater than in any year in its previous history. It has been partly in small amounts, for matters somewhat outside of our ordinary line of work, but which are indispensable—to pay the cricket coach; to help athletics in various ways; to carry along our Haverford fellowship, to arrange for such meetings as this—things which we cannot possibly do without. We value these small gifts, not merely for the aid which they give us, but also because they express the sympathy and co-operation of our alumni and friends—and I am sure we shall never get to the place when we can afford to do without that co-operation and sympathy.

“Some time ago, at the request of the Executive Committee, I had made a topo-

graphical map of the grounds immediately surrounding the buildings, and placed thereon a number of plans of halls which will certainly be needed in the near future, in order that any improvements which may come hereafter may be made on a harmonious plan. We find that we can use, in the first place, an educational building for lecture and recitation rooms and laboratories, and a gymnasium, and that those two buildings might be placed along the walk leading out to the football ground. We need a general central heat and light plant, which we propose to place in the hollow beyond, down toward the farmhouse. We need a general audience hall, which it was thought might find a suitable location north of Barclay Hall; and we need a dormitory, which can be placed in one of several sites. All this should be done in the near future. We are now full in all quarters; our accommodations are entirely too scanty in certain directions to do good work, and it is practically impossible that this college should grow beyond 120 students unless we can, in this way, increase our accommodations. I believe that now, when the present condition and prospects are so good—when everything looks bright and flourishing before us—it would be a most serious disappointment if the growth of the college should have to be checked by the lack of anything which is necessary to enable that growth to go on in a healthy and satisfactory way. I do not believe that anyone connected with Haverford desires that it should be anything more than a small college. I think we are certainly wedded to the idea that the best work can be done in Haverford College as it has been done in the past, when everyone within these walls has been intimately and helpfully acquainted with everyone else. I will not say what that

limit will be; certainly we have not reached it yet; and the highest ideal which any of us can have for Haverford College is that there may be a slow but steady growth for a number of years to come.

“There is one other point which I cannot pass by without alluding to; it is very easy to prove that the increase of Haverford College, of recent years, has been exclusively due to the personal efforts of the students and the alumni of the college. They have come in contact with the boys and with the parents, and they have been willing to say that Haverford is a good place to come to; that the intellectual facilities and the educational results are real things; that the moral purity and intellectual spirit and physical conditions of wholesomeness are not vain words; that we give here what we profess to give. And I would ask those who, like myself (though I have never had the pleasure of being a student at Haverford College), have learned to love and believe in the old college, to make known the advantages that we have and send us material for new freshmen classes; and we, in turn, will try to take care of all that come. [Applause.]

“My only further duty is to introduce to you the presiding officer of this meeting—one of our college’s staunchest friends, a member of the Board of Managers—Charles Roberts, of the Class of ’64.” [Applause.]

CHAIRMAN ROBERTS’ SPEECH.

“Being one of the few survivors of the first class graduated within these walls, it is with mingled feelings that I have been called to this place on the reopening of this hall. I have never heard it claimed that any great progress was made in education during the four years that we spent at Haverford, whether in the methods of

teaching or the fashion of it—for there does seem to be a fashion to it, as to other things. The country was convulsed with the Civil War, and we were able to settle most intricate questions to our own satisfaction with far greater facility than the wise heads at Washington; but if the college had been closed during those four years, as it was closed some fifty years ago, you would not be here to-night—there would be no such audience here. At that time this hall was erected, and it was a great mark of progress that in those days of little things such a hall should be built. In the middle of the term the long-neglected office of the President of the college was filled, and one of the best men and best scholars came among us. His father had taught here before him—he had taught here as a young man, and he brought his son with him, who grew up to love the place and is one of your most valued professors to-day. [Applause.] For three of those years we had with us a young man of ‘distinguished promise,’ as the diplomas said of all the graduates; but it said so very truly of him. He rounded out his course here and lived but a few years after; and his father bequeathed the bulk of his estate, as you have already heard, to this college as a memorial to the son. We therefore feel that while little progress may have been made in education in those years (owing chiefly to the war) and while our thoughts were so diverted with other things that none of us became such scholars as to fill chairs in universities and colleges, yet something did happen during those four years that enabled you and me and all of us to be here to-night. [Applause.] We are disappointed that so many of us who were announced or expected to be present are not with us. It is particularly disappointing that the Congressman from this district, Thomas S. Butler, is not here,

because he has been most liberal to us in the distribution of such books as we really wanted and brought us to realize that we needed a larger accommodation for our library; and this new hall is the result. We shall hope to hear from several of our own children, representing different periods in the history of the college. Among them is one of the original twenty-one students. He came from Flushing, and his family had been most valuable in aiding to start the college. It gives me great pleasure to present Samuel B. Parsons.’ [Applause.]

SAMUEL B. PARSONS’ SPEECH.

“It is a great pleasure to me to be with you to-day. I feel that although I have been asked to say a few words, it would be more proper for me to sit down and read a chapter in Cicero’s ‘De Senectute.’ Looking back through a long vista of sixty-five years, I can see how it is crowded with great memories, and those memories give me much pleasure, as I have renewed my intercourse with several of my old friends who were here then and of whom I have seen very little in the past; for although we are only a hundred miles apart, it seems thousands almost, for difficulties that seem to crowd in the way of seeing one’s friends.

“It was a remarkable set of men, I think, that came together that first session, representing the best families, by intellect and by morals and by standing, who endeavored to secure something here which would have an effect upon the world; and as I think of what those men were and how they came in with their various ambitions—some ambitious for success in life, some ambitious to do good, some, perhaps, feeling for the first time that saying of the old writer, ‘My mind to me a kingdom is,’ and hoping to draw some treasure from that kingdom; and others, perhaps, who felt, as Phillips

Brooks expresses it, 'The thing they ought to be, pulsating under the thing they were.' I think that there was value in being here; there were all qualities here, and all were enjoyable boys.

"We had good influences here, and I think, in looking back over a long life of health, I think perhaps one of the most valuable things I have had to induce it was getting up in the morning and going down in the area with the thermometer at zero and washing in the open air. We were not allowed to have basins in our room—that was entirely too much at that time. The progress of civilization has brought about a very different state of things, and we now have all the luxuries of life. I think there was among us a feeling that Haverford School was destined to be Haverford College and would exercise an influence upon the world. It is remarkable that the establishment of this school and its first years were during those fifty or sixty years in which science and art and knowledge have made the greatest progress made in half a dozen centuries. Three years after the establishment of this school came that remarkable achievement, when man discovered how to make the shadows stand still at his bidding; then came the spectroscope, giving us the knowledge of all that wonderful world around us; and then came the discovery of how to control and to direct electricity, the application of which is still in its infancy. All those things came in that fifty years of this college period.

"As I go about in the world and meet with men of intelligence or with those connected with different colleges, I find them, too, speaking of the tone of Haverford College—that it has a tone higher than that of any college in the United States. This is not the opinion only of those connected with this college, or those

living in it, but it is the opinion of outsiders; I hear it constantly, and it is always a very gratifying thing to me to hear. I think, therefore, the college was founded by the best men, on the best principles—by men who had faith and trust in the future, and with a wisdom that was certainly more than human. I like to think of the founders of this college being endowed in the beginning, and I like to hear of the scholars being endowed in the beginning with spiritual wisdom, and the words that come to me now (and we may say it, perhaps, without irreverence) are the words of the loved Apostle John: 'In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God and the Word was God.'

THE CHAIRMAN: A few days after the school opened, some new boys were admitted, and among them was one who afterward was a teacher—John Collins. [Applause.]

JOHN COLLINS (eighty-four years and seven months old): "My thanks, sincere thanks, are due to the President and the faculty and the Reception Committee of Haverford College for the privilege of appearing before you on this interesting occasion; and I am glad to be here tonight with my younger friend from Flushing; and perhaps it may not be impertinent to say that I, perhaps, am the oldest man in this room; and I feel grateful to a kind, superintending Providence for prolonging my life to this interesting hour. With it, perhaps, comes a feeling of sadness, as I shall never again be here—at least, if there is not to be a reunion of this kind for the next five years; but, whether or not, my heart and my soul, my sympathies and my prayers, are with Haverford College. To those of you who have visited this place twenty, thirty, forty or fifty years after the organization of Haverford School the changes, year

after year—the improvements—have been very notable; but to those who stand here after a period of sixty-five years, what is their trust? We need not enter, neither my friend nor myself, upon the difficulties we experienced and the trials we suffered in that zero weather; but it is a most wonderful thing—the changes; it seems as if Aladdin's lamp had had something to do with it and it produced this fairy scene and created all these trees and laid out these classic grounds. It is wonderful to me—to us—is it not? Just to think of it! that here, not far from where the football grounds are now, ours was directly in front of the Founders' Hall (I would like to have said a solitary waste), a muddy place in winter and a very dreary place, we might say, in summer; hardly a tree to enliven the prospect. There was in the distance the campus, where we played football, and we took good care not to fall down on the ground and struggle there. There was nothing in the edge of the horizon but maybe the distant forest trees and in the nearer prospect some gnarled, ragged and scraggy trees, not producing any apples (but it was best that they should not), and withered, dry cornstalks. Although not immediately connected with the college, yet I have watched with interest, from decade to decade, the various improvements that have taken place, and I can respond to the question asked here a little while ago about the future prospects of Haverford. They are sure; the foundations have been well laid, and the *esprit du corps* has been such that I was going to say misfortune or loss are out of the question.

“I see that this college is founded upon the principles of the Society of Friends; and those principles have stood the blast and the brunt and the attacks of ages for more than 200 years, and they ever will

stand; and whatever is good, I believe, in other religious societies is found in the Society of Friends. And I believe, friends, too, that in the reforms which will take place after a series, it may be, of convulsions in transatlantic countries, the Society of Friends—its elements of the best primitive and modernized and advanced Christianity—is to be a great benefactor in the reform which is to take place in this world, not only in this country, but in foreign countries; and I am glad to see that so many of the former graduates of this college and perhaps of the faculty (some of whom I don't know) have set their minds firmly in maintaining the peaceful doctrines of the Society of Friends at an age when militarism seems rampant. But I would say of those words, ‘Dulce et decorum pro patria mori,’ ‘mori’ would be better forgotten and instead we should say ‘Vivere, vivere.’ Let us rather *live* for our country than go to the battlefield and kill another and perhaps be ourselves killed—if not by the bayonet or the Mauser rifle, then by the typhoid fever or the yellow fever. I believe that in the same Decalogue in which we find ‘thou shalt not steal’ we shall find ‘thou shalt not kill.’ Is it not so? [Applause.] Let us be first and foremost for peace, even if we have to suffer for it, as did our ancestors. The time may yet come when the members of the Society must suffer persecution; but, whether or not, let us maintain those principles which George Fox and his coadjutors maintained through suffering, imprisonment and death. And with such beginnings as these, my friends, can we not say with one voice, of this institution in which we are all so much interested: ‘Alma mater, parens benigna, esto perpetua’?

“One word in conclusion: May the future course of Haverford be far more pros-

perous, even, than it has been; may the principles of its foundation—as they are well laid now, may they continue to be well laid, whatever may be its advancement, and may our Heavenly Father grant that, whether we meet or not, in time we shall all meet, a reunited body, in the vast general assembly and church of the firstborn whose names are written in heaven.” [Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN.—The Class of 1860 was the largest class graduated up to the time of the war and it was as good as it was large. Among its members was Professor Clement L. Smith, of Harvard, who has always retained a strong interest in Haverford and been ready to help us whenever he could; and we have another very distinguished man of that class here to-night—Dr. James Tyson, of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. [Applause.]

DR. JAMES TYSON'S SPEECH.

“ Mr. President, fellow-Haverfordians and friends of Haverford: As I received no intimation of the drift which my remarks were to be given this night in the very few minutes which were allotted me, it occurred to me that I might follow up one special thought which has been with me—one which has suggested the question, ‘ What has Haverford done for me ? If there has been an element of success in my life, how far has Haverford been responsible for it ? ’ The answer to this is very much more than what I learned here, which was good; very much more than what was my training here, which was excellent—was the germ of the rule which I have endeavored through life to keep before me and which I have tried to teach others to keep prominently before them—a rule in which my faith has grown stronger, stronger as I have grown older, so that I place it second almost to noth-

ing—a rule which is to ‘ Do that which you have to do in the very best possible manner, however trifling it may be. ’ [Applause.] The relation of this rule to my Haverford practice is this: Over the collecting room door in Founders’ Hall in my day was a motto: ‘ Minimum minimum est ; sed fidelis esse in minimum magnum est. ’ (‘ A very little thing is a very little thing; but to be faithful in a little, is great. ’) This was the favorite motto of dear Dr. Swift, through whose austere exterior shone a heart as warm as the hatching plant which he made in his own room, where some of the first experiments in this country upon incubation were made. Time and again when I have been engaged in work—something trifling, to describe which seemed hardly worth the doing—there has come up before me this maxim: ‘ Minimum minimum est; sed fidelis esse in minimum, magnum est, ’ and I have been encouraged to go on and finish what I have undertaken. Time and again, I say, has this occurred, and time and again have I been satisfied with the result. Is this not a great deal for Haverford to have done for anyone? For although it has done so much for me, it has done as much for many; and these learners have endeavored, as I have endeavored, to inculcate this doctrine which is so closely associated with my Haverford life, and it keeps constantly recurring, this old motto. It has seemed to me that if I could do nothing more than to come here to-night and say this little offering of thanks to Haverford for what she has done for me in this one particular, I might be doing something which would be acceptable to the friends of this college. ” [Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN.—The year before I left Haverford a boy appeared as a student, from Maine (we were all boys then, although they style themselves men now),

and he has since become one of the most distinguished schoolmasters in the country. I take pleasure in introducing Richard M. Jones, of William Penn Charter School. [Applause.]

RICHARD M. JONES' SPEECH.

“What a throng of dear memories come trooping in upon me as I go back in thought to the days I passed within these sacred walls! Were I to attempt to give expression even to a tithe of the feelings which fill my heart on this occasion, you would be weary, both of me and of my theme. I am deterred from the attempt from another consideration, viz: that almost always, in the course of speeches like this, it leaks out that the golden age of Haverford was exactly contemporaneous with your sojourn within its ‘peaceful shades.’ (Laughter and applause.) While the fact probably is that every age of Haverford, for the past sixty-five years, has been a golden age for every youth who has been privileged—been so fortunate—as to be enrolled among her students. I have often asked myself, ‘Why is our college so dear to us?’ Probably, if that question were open to the house, there would be various answers. I have one which may seem very strange to you. I think perhaps it may be that, as republicans (that is, citizens of a republic) we find this to be the purest form of republic on earth. Here the youth from all parts of our country come to pass their allotted time. Once within these walls and the world shut out, they find themselves all on a common level: each contributes his share to the commonwealth—each feels that whatever is in him he will be able to bring out—that he will attain that position which he is destined by his abilities to attain. Where will you find a purer republic than that? And yet, my

friends, there have gone out from some of our colleges and universities (not, as I think, from this one—at least I have no instance in mind) men who seem to have lost faith in the great republic—men who in positions demanding a vast amount of learning seem to have got themselves away from the people—to have forgotten the origin of their country and her glorious destiny, strange as it may seem. Now, my friends, when men begin to pour out doleful views of the future and to prophesy that the end of their government is not very far ahead, it is time to consider the principles upon which it was founded—the views and aims of its founders. What is the corner stone of a republic? Brotherly love. No man can love his brother unless he loves his God; and there you have the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man back of it all. Then who founded this country? Men who had suffered persecution for their religious belief—men practically exiled from their country—driven to seek another home. Think for a moment what it is to be without a country! That was their position. They sought a clime where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and they were guided by God Himself to this land, destined to be theirs, situated between two vast oceans, containing within its confines-to-be resources for the development of the mightiest nation the earth has ever seen or ever will see. When they had been settled long enough to find out that this might be their home, they made a declaration, the central idea of which was the supremacy of the people—that is, they rang the death knell of the subserviency of the masses to the classes; and later on, when the work of constructing a government must be taken in hand, they placed in their organic law

this: 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' These two principles will, as the years roll on, revolutionize every government on the face of the earth. [Applause.] Think you, my friends, that a country with such founders and adhering to such principles—a country that from those days of her almost pathetic weakness down through the long years to this hour of her masterful strength, has persecuted not a single human being for his religious belief—think you that the God of nations will abandon a country like that? Never! [Applause.]

"In my dear old father's library was a very humble stock of books, mostly religious. On the back of one of them was stamped 'The Lord's Dealings with George Muller.' There is, my friends, one great book yet to be written, and that book is 'God's Dealings with the American Nation. An inspired pen will some day write that book. Let one instance of those dealings suffice. As I approach the theme I long for inspired lips, but you must take the words as they come to-night. When we were approaching the death struggle with the Southern Confederacy, we were called upon to choose a man to pilot us through that awful sea of trial. We of the East put forward the man we regarded as our profoundest statesman—we thought he compared favorably with any statesman of any country. He had everything that we could give him. We took his name to Chicago and did all that was in us to secure his selection, but it was not to be. The Omniscient God called for a man from the people—the incarnation of their honesty, their spirit, their aspirations, their hopes, and the miracle of his choice was wrought. Throughout the trying ordeal which followed every man felt that

a part of himself was in the great Lincoln. From the time the nation's choice took his place at the wheel of the ship of state there stood by him, unseen by human eyes but felt at every hour, the Supreme Pilot; and the ship came through. Oh, my friends, to think that away back in our history before it was given us to see the extent of the appalling calamity human slavery was fastened upon us. The first approaches of the monster seemed fraught with no evil, but ere long we were in its merciless grasp, and there was not a statesman in this or any other country who could suggest a practical method of freeing us from the accursed thing. But God was with us and human slavery was 'swept forever from American soil.'

"Now, for the consideration of all those who leave God and the people out of their calculations, I commend this historical fact—that our people have never yet been face to face with a crisis nearly or remotely affecting their stability as a nation that they have not proven themselves entirely equal to the emergency.

"'I know,' to use the language of that Southern Webster, whose lips are now silent in death, 'I know that my country has reached the point of perilous greatness; but I know that beyond the uttermost glory sits enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial is come He will lift up His everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and in love.' My friends, we have read the pages of history in vain if we have not discovered that the allwise Father, in the execution of His purposes for the elevation of the race, makes use of that people, that nation, which to Him at the time seems best fitted for the exalted mission. To him who can see, it is written on the brow of the American republic, in God's own hand, her destined share in the bringing in of that era for

which good men of all ages and all climes have longed and prayed. Let the patriot seer turn his eyes to the heights, on whose slopes are forming, for the last assault upon the strongholds of darkness and error, the heaven-led battalions; as the contest deepens and the summit is gained, there, waving in the golden light of the millenium's morn, he shall behold that starry banner which his eyes have so often danced to see—consecrated then to the all-conquering cause of peace—peace on earth and good will to men. God speed the glorious consummation!

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

[Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN.—Even in a Quaker college there are a few clergymen among the graduates; but none on our list is better known than Dr. Charles Wood. [Applause.]

DR. CHARLES WOOD'S SPEECH.

“It is a cause of serious anxiety to some of us that Haverford is evidently not living up to her privileges. Only the other day I asked a trustee of Princeton University if it would not be poss-

ible, through his influence, for a friend of mine, who was extremely worthy, to receive the degree of D. D.; but he said, ‘get your own college to do it.’ [Applause.] We heard this afternoon of other degrees that my own college is derelict in bestowing. Professor White told us of a Western college that gives a degree of M. P.—Master of Penmanship—[laughter] and I really do not know of any more valuable degree for some of us than that [laughter]; and just as I was leaving the house, after the exercises we had here to-day, another friend told me of a Southern college that is still in advance. It is a college in which co-education is practised. They thought that it never would do to call a young woman a Bachelor, but it was necessary to give the young ladies, as you can see at a glance, degrees; and so they finally worked out this—M. W. W.—Maid of Wax Works. [Applause.] All this lies open to Haverford College, with the exception of the last degree.

“I feel myself in a very uninteresting position, as far as you are concerned to-night, because my class belongs neither to the venerable nor the youthful. One of the memories that I have of the old unrejuvenated hall is of a lecture given by that cultured scholar and Christian gentleman, Professor Thomas Chase. [Applause.] His theme was Dante. I recall only a quotation which he made from the ‘Inferno:’ ‘In the midway of this, our mortal life;’ and his explanation was that the Italian poet meant by that that his life was divided into seventy stages or epochs and that he had just reached the summit, the midway, in his thirty-fifth year ‘of this, our mortal life.’ It seemed to us boys then that we should never reach those far and sublime heights. We spend the first half of our lives in thinking we never shall be old; we spend

the last half in wondering if we were ever young and fresh. [Laughter and applause.] I speak to-night for those who have reached and who have, alas! long passed the midway of their mortal life. Cleopatra, so Shakespeare says, had wrinkles when she won the love of Mark Antony; but our alma mater had no wrinkles upon her fair face when she won our hearts; and she is just as sweet and just as young as ever and winning golden opinions, not only from her boys, but from everybody.

“Last Spring I was talking with the master of one of the most—I should say, if Dr. Jones were not present, perhaps, and I did not remember his splendid school—master of the most distinguished school in a neighboring State; and I said to him: ‘Of course you are going to send your two boys (fine fellows)—you are going to send them to such a college?’ ‘Yes,’ he says; ‘my relation to that college is such that I shall do so, but I would like to send them——’ ‘Why,’ I said, ‘where would you like to send them—tell me, quick.’ ‘Why, I would like to send them to Haverford College.’ [Applause.] ‘Haverford College!’ I said; ‘why, bless me, have you got any Quaker blood in your veins?’ ‘No,’ he said, ‘not a drop; but I know men who have been to Haverford College; I have watched the course of those who have entered the college; and if I had a free choice I had rather my boys would go there than to any other college on God’s earth.’ [Applause.] Why did he say it? He didn’t say it to please me, for he didn’t know I was a Haverford boy. He said it because there is something in this college that he liked particularly—wanted for his boys—culture. There are other institutions, I fancy, that stand more exclusively, definitely, for culture than Haverford; there are some institutions

that stand for nothing else [applause], and they stand only for that kind of culture that can come along a certain track.

“President Schurman, of Cornell University (and that university was once charged with being one of these colleges caring exclusively for culture), said some time ago, in an address he delivered on Professor Huxley, that Professor Huxley’s great difficulty was that he was devoted to the ascertainment of knowledge exclusively by logical processes, and that, therefore, he was foredoomed to a narrow and one-sided intellectual limit. That was President Schurman talking in Cornell University. There are a great many institutions that send out men who are weak just where Professor Huxley was weak and who call themselves immensely broad, but they are actually narrow because of this. President Schurman says Professor Huxley was never able to give a just view of human nature. Men may come out from college with great calves and enormous biceps and abnormal cerebrums—men may come out of college who can speak Greek as easily as pigs squeak, and they come into the world and the world will have none of them, because they are abnormal. They know everything but just one thing; that is, how to do anything. [Laughter.] Their training has been partial knowledge—an immense aggregation of facts—and that is not what is needed.

“The training of other institutions is definitely and exclusively toward religion. We have a few colleges in which the instruction is almost entirely ethical, moral and religious. And there are some good people who used to say very determinedly and decidedly that there might by no possibility be an institution that is not divided into one of these two classes—culture or religion.

“You know how your big brother,

when you were a little fellow in the freshman class—how he used to get, perhaps, something that you had secured with a good deal of difficulty, and hold it in those great big hands of his behind his back and say: ‘Now, Willie, now you tell me—right hand or left hand.’ Well, of course, it was pretty hard on you. Now and then there was a boy big enough and strong enough to say: ‘I will take the right hand and I will take the left hand’—both hands. And that is just what the world used to say to us: ‘Now, little Christian boys, take culture or take religion.’ And we say here in Haverford College: ‘All right, sir, but we will take both.’ [Applause.] Why did my friend with the two boys that I have spoken of want to send them to Haverford College? He wanted them to be trained, not simply toward knowledge, but toward character, toward culture and toward conduct. I think that was his thought; and a thousand times he would rather see his boys without any education than to come out in the world with the one thought that truth can come into a man’s soul [if he has a soul] only by logical processes or by the processes of experimentation. You know that Coleridge said: ‘A knave is a fool with a circumbendibus;’ and we have got a whole lot of men with enormous circumbendibusses. We have got some in commerce and we have got some of them in our municipal affairs and, alas! we have got some of them in high places of the nation. And what the world does not want is to enlarge the circumbendibus; and any education that does that, and does that only, is stamped and foredoomed to failure.

“One reason why we believe that Haverford College, especially, is adapted for the development of men who shall have both culture and conduct and character is the fact that it is under the con-

trol of a Society. That is a very dangerous word, that word ‘society.’ Taken just by itself, it means all sorts of terrible things. When we speak of a man or a woman—when we say they are in society. ‘Solitude,’ Emerson said—‘solitude is impossible and society is fatal.’ So it is; many societies are fatal, but the Society of Friends is a peculiar society. I have been told that originally they intended to call themselves ‘Children of the Truth.’ They were not to be in subjection to a bishop, or to a priest, or to a minister, or to a presbytery, or to a high bench along a wall with elders sitting on it, or to tradition; they were children of George Fox, or John Calvin, or John Wesley? No; they were children of the truth. If that is a genuine thing (and it is said to be), if they are actually children of the truth, why, don’t you see what a splendid opportunity any college has before it that is under the control of these children of sweetness and light? A college under another denomination may sometime have a fat ecclesiastic or enormous presbytery sit down flat upon it. [Laughter.] But what is there to sit down upon this college except the truth? [Laughter.] Now, this Society of Friends is not an ascetic society, as some people may have thought. There was a time, as we have heard to-night through the President of this college, when there were more marked peculiarities in dress than there are now; but, as I take it, the founders of this society really meant by the peculiar dress that this was simply an outward sign of an inward grace; and where the inward grace is so self-evident, why should we need the outward sign? The Society is not only not ascetic, but it is a society that is vowed to light and to education. An uneducated man said to a very brilliant scholar: ‘Remember,’ he said, ‘my friend, remember that the Lord has no

need of thy knowledge.' 'Nor,' replied the scholar to his friend, 'nor of thy ignorance.' [Laughter.] And the Society of Friends understands perfectly well that the Lord God Almighty ordinarily does more with a trained mind, brought up to its highest efficiency, than one that is loose-braced, unfitted to be an instrument in the mighty hand.

"And so we have large hopes of Haverford College. Every graduate ought to stand for something. It is said that the graduate of Oxford is great in classics; the graduate of Cambridge is great in mathematics; I should love to hear it said that the graduate of Haverford is great in manhood; and Quakers are they who have found God within themselves. No man who looks honestly there ever looks in vain; but sometimes it seems to me as if the Quakers were not always they who were ready to show to the world the God that they have found in their own hearts. They have virtues that fairly glow from their countenances. Where a Quaker went down to Washington two years ago to see the President to ask for some legislation regarding the oppressed Indian, the President said as he went out: 'Why, I would give anything to a man with a face like that!' There was integrity upon it; there was veracity upon it; there was the light of heaven upon it; but, alas! it is not always true that these men, who have found God within them and who have found peace that passeth understanding—it is not always true that they are quite such active philanthropists and quite such active reformers as we would be glad to see them. They are a little lacking, some of them, sometimes—graduates of Haverford are a little lacking in the active and aggressive virtues, which are also Christian. 'Fight,' cried the dying soldier, and

he took his principles from the Apostle Paul, 'Fight, fight the battles of the Light.' There were not many Quakers, I suppose, at Santiago; possibly there were none that charged up the hill of San Juan; but there ought to be scores of Quakers here in the city of Philadelphia, charging against every fortified and bulwarked wrong. That is the Friends' meaning of 'Society,' and if we don't succeed, we can turn, at last, and say, as Henry IV. said to his tardy general: 'Go hang thyself, brave Crillon; we fought at Arles, and thou wert not there.' [Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN.—Officeholders are about as scarce among us as clergymen; but we have one from Ohio to-night—Judge William F. Smith, of the class of 1877. [Applause.]

JUDGE WILLIAM F. SMITH'S SPEECH.

"Ladies and gentlemen: I had thought, when I came 400 miles and landed at Haverford this morning, purposely to be present at the exercises of Founders' Day, that that would seem to be loyalty enough and that I might remain in the silence and enjoy all these blessed privileges of this day in renewing these friendships without saying anything; but I find that it is something as it is when a boy comes home after eighteen years of absence—his mother wants him to give some account of himself; and so it seems that my good friends here will ask that I at least speak to say that I am here. It is with a good deal of embarrassment, after listening to the finished addresses of this afternoon and evening, that I undertake to say a word; but I know it is no use to say that I have not thought of it. [Laughter.] It is like a clergyman in New England who was very popular with his people in a small town; they thought that he was doing more for them than

any man other than he could possibly do; when he had a call to New Haven. He at first could not consider it. He talked to his Board about it (the church Board), said he must pray over it awhile before he would say what he would do. The next day—or, perhaps, the next day or two—his little boy called in at a neighbor's and they said to him: 'Johnny, what is your father going to do about going to New Haven?' 'Well,' he says, 'I don't know; father is still praying for more light, but most of our goods are packed.' [Laughter.]

"I have thought to-day as I have walked about over these beautiful grounds, have seen all the improvements in twenty years and have enjoyed so much taking my fellows by the hand—I think of the saying of Coleridge that 'I count not the sod I stand upon as my country; language, religion, law, government, blood—identity in these makes men of a permanent country.' And, my friends, is it not that very thing that makes us have a common interest in Haverford College? It is not the beautiful buildings, the beautiful grounds, all the appliances that are offered to students that attract us, but it is this identity of interests, this training that has been going on during all these years, of which we feel ourselves to be a part—the building up of scholars in Christian character. The work done by the Gummeres and the Chases and the Sharplesses and scores of earnest, scholarly professors throughout all these years that have left an impress upon the students—that makes identity of interest and that is the college. That is what calls us here together; it is this influence, this teaching, this something that we cannot explain, that makes us glad when we meet each other and take each other by the hand

and talk over the years that have gone and talk over our successes and failures; it is that identity of interest and that Christian training that make the college that we love so much. [Applause.] I want you to please remember, too, in connection with the colleges, that when Professor White said that it was a Western college that gave the degree of M. P., I am sure he said that that college was not in Ohio [laughter], because he was an Ohio man himself.

"I have but one word more. In the line of the poet (and it is a sentiment from the sainted Professor Pliny Chase as it came to us in the classroom—came to us from the great heart of a man whom to know was to honor and to love) [applause] he said to us: 'All that is required in man is a reasonable faith and a faithful reason;' and, my friends, I think that that is what Haverford stands for to-day; that that is what it has been standing for through all these years—a reasonable faith and a faithful reason is what she requires of her students and the men she sends out into the world. [Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN.—You have heard from Professor White, of Harvard, what is thought of our graduates at Cambridge. Dr. Alfred C. Garrett, instructor at Harvard University, is a good example of this class and is with us this evening. [Applause.]

DR. ALFRED C. GARRETT'S SPEECH.

"The subject that occurred to me to speak to you about falls very much in line, I suppose, with what was said by Professor White (whom I did not have the fortune to hear)—the cordial relations that seem to exist and have long existed between Harvard and Haverford; and I am glad I can bring some thoughts to substantiate the remarks of our speakers in regard to

the effect of Haverford on the university of New England. When I first reached Harvard, ten years ago this autumn, I recollect learning very quickly and very vividly the influence that Haverford had upon Harvard in its way. I had entered one of the German classes, and the German professor, having perceived that I was what they called up there a 'fresh senior' (that is, a graduate from a freshwater college), asked me what college it was. I said, 'Haverford.' He said, 'Well, then, you have a high standard to come up to. We expect very good men from Haverford.' [Applause.] It was perhaps two years later when another professor added his testimony. It was on the subject of the study of English; and at that time we had the regime of the present time established here at Haverford, which, when I was here, did not exist. He said: 'If anyone wants any training in English, I think he ought to go first to Haverford College and then go to Harvard as a graduate specialist in English.' [Applause.] Very curiously, and very opportunely for the present occasion, it was only yesterday that another member of the faculty added his testimony. We were talking about the general trend of young men, and he said: 'If I had a boy to be trained, I tell you what I would do: I would send him first to Haverford, and I would send him then to Harvard, and then, if he were rich, I would send him to Oxford.' And he was a Maine man; he had no special reason, I should suppose, to think of any college out of New England, unless it was something very positive in that faculty. So now it occurs to me to ask: 'Can anyone think of any other college in this country of which such remarks are likely to have been made at Harvard?' And when you consider 100 students here and 4,000 students there, I think it is re-

markable that Haverford should be heard of there in that way. It occurs at once to inquire: 'What are these qualifications—what are these characteristics that Haverford men have that make themselves felt?' It seems as though these men felt that there was something wanting that the Haverford man brought. I think that perhaps partly they think that there is a certain moral safety here at Haverford. I am not sure myself that there is such a great difference between Haverford and Harvard. There are very high ideals of gentlemanliness and honor at Harvard. I think there is also some feeling, perhaps a genuine one, of the genuineness in religion in any man that came from Haverford. The men coming from here know what they have believed, and to a certain extent are ready to stand for it, whereas at Harvard it is the fashion to be neutral on those things. But, of course, with the instruction—it is the intellectual qualities which are the important ones; and it occurred to me that an instructor at Harvard who has Haverfordians in his class has a pretty good chance to judge of the difference of their mental fibre from the Harvard man, taking the good students of both, I have tried to define in my mind what difference I have observed between them. When the Haverford man comes and sits before one, one very soon finds that he is a man of fidelity, a man of concentration; he is a quiet man, but he does the things—he does what is set him. On the other hand, the Harvard man is an independent, original sort of fellow, with some special knowledge very commonly. The Harvard man is a more difficult man to teach, because he is apt to develop awkward facts—special knowledge—to bother the instructor; and although he does not impose that on one, yet he will sit there, look very indifferent when he is not in-

terested, and he will evidently be balancing your opinions with his and very commonly rejecting yours. [Laughter.]

“To a Harvard teacher, it is quite a distinct relief to find before him a man who has that gritty fidelity in concentration; he feels that there he has a basis for knowledge, a solid footing from which to start upward.

“There is one illustration of the nature of the Harvard men that seems to me an effective one, and that is the kind of travelers they are. Harvard men are the most extraordinary travelers; they go to the most wonderful places. It recently has been strongly impressed on my mind. I am going to give a few instances of it. There is one student I know very well who spent his summer as a deck-hand on a swordfishing schooner on the great banks of Newfoundland. There was another who penetrated to the centre of Scandinavia and then walked and roughed it down through Russia, although he knew no languages on the way. He said that this summer he was going to Thibet. I have not heard yet whether he went or not. Then one of our football captains, in going around the world, was last reported stranded on a South Sea island. I am speaking only now of those I know personally. Among the younger instructors there is one who explored the region along the Ural Mountains; there is another that studied archæology among the Indians of Peru; there is another that just this last summer went through Finland and then down through the Caucasus, and there is a third who climbed Mount Ararat. After hearing of a number of these, I was quite in despair at such a dreadful set and I thought I would console myself with a quiet little instructor who seemed as though he had never been anywhere, when suddenly I discov-

ered that he had lived a number of years in the north of China near the boundary of Siberia. That is the sort of men you find all about you; they look just like yourselves, but they have done such remarkable things; they have that bearing of originality and of expansiveness; but they have diffuseness of attention and interest. You can see, then, that when a Haverfordian comes in, he can say only in reference to travel what Thoreau said: ‘I have traveled many years here in Concord.’ He may have a compensation for a lesser knowledge of the extent of the world—the depth and the contemplative nature which I think many Haverfordians have—and you begin to see what this concentration and what this power means to Harvard when the Haverfordians come there; but the thing that impresses you most is the opportunities that there may be when the right man comes to make use of both. If you can find a man who can come from Haverford and expand and rise to all the possibilities of Harvard, if you have a man who has the power to grapple—to grow into both series of advantages without losing the advantage of any—I think that man has a prospect before him for leadership and for influence and power not often to be found. And when we consider that two of our Haverford Presidents have been Harvard men part of their lives and remember the distinguished men on our list of older graduates who have taken advantage of the opportunities of both colleges we devoutly hope for a continuance.

THE CHAIRMAN.—Nelson L. West, of the class of 1892, will address you on behalf of the younger graduates.

NELSON L. WEST'S SPEECH.

“It gives me a great deal of pleasure to stand here to-night before you all and to see so many of the faces I am familiar

with; and I want to say what effect on our lives the influence of Haverford has had. What has become of the men who were with me in college? Have they been successful or have they been otherwise? In answer to that question, I think, in almost every instance, the men of our class have been successful.

“In connection with what the former speaker has just said as to the standing of Haverford men going into the larger universities, it may be interesting to compare my own experience with his. In talking with the Dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, it developed, during the course of our conversation, that I was a Haverford man, and he used almost the same words which were used by the Harvard professor: ‘You have those illustrious examples before you and you must follow in their footsteps.’ That, of course, was a little embarrassing to me; I felt, of course, that I was hardly able to fill the niche provided for me by his speech. At that time there had already been a number of Haverford men who had occupied prominent positions in the University Law School. Dr. Lewis, who was expected here to-night, is perhaps the man who has occupied the most prominent position in the University after having left Haverford. I was very sorry for his absence, because I thought he could express to you the relations between Haverford and the University, better than any other man could. It has been my experience at the University, both as a student there and as a Fellow having a certain amount of instruction to give, that the Haverford men who come there are better prepared to go through the prescribed law course than those from any other college. I may, perhaps, be prejudiced as to that, having been a Haverfordian myself and having perhaps more loyalty to Haver-

ford than is best. A number of men I have been able to recognize to be Haverford men from the way they looked at questions. There is in the Pennsylvania men the same spirit that exists in Harvard men—that is, the spirit of independence. It comes, to a great extent, I think, from the large classes which exist at universities; the fact that each man in the class does not come in close personal contact with the professors. The consequence of that is that each man is more likely to follow out his own lines of thought; he is more likely to be uninfluenced to any great extent by the lines of thought suggested to him by the professors. The result is more independence of thought, but at the same time it takes away from the man his ability to follow out the lines laid out for him by the faculty. He is apt to slur certain lines of the work and specialize on others. To my mind the specialization, especially in the undergraduate department, so called, is a mistake. The man in a college department should have, it seems to me, as broad an education as possible—as broad as he possibly can obtain; the best way to get that broad education is not for a man to take up a particular line of his own which he is particularly interested in and to neglect others, as is very often the case, but to follow out the instruction and follow out the lines laid out for him by his instructor.

“That influence comes to bear upon the graduate more in the small college, more, unquestionably, than it can in the university or in the larger college. Perhaps when her growth is larger Haverford will get away from this conservative spirit which to me is the greatest charm of the place. Classes of from twenty to thirty, perhaps forty can be conveniently handled by one man, and that one man’s influence

can be extended throughout the course without very much difficulty. At the same time there is a disadvantage in the small college, only twenty men to the classes: when you get the college to such a small point as that, there is no college feeling—there is no feeling that the college can hold her own among the outside colleges. On the other hand, when you increase the size of a college too much, so that it becomes one hundred or two hundred men in the class, you have a strong college feeling, but you lose the influence of the individual professor upon the men. That influence is not only an intellectual influence but also an influence upon the moral lives of the men. It raises the standards, and raises the ideals. The very seclusion of the life here in Haverford,—the life amid beautiful immediate surroundings—a life among men of high culture and in close personal contact with men of religious tendencies and strong moral character, undoubtedly goes a great way in determining the character of the man who goes out from here. The very seclusion which they have in this society, amid these surroundings, has the greatest imaginable influence upon the man. That influence develops in a Haverford man what may be termed the Haverford manner. As you probably all know, an Englishman says that an Oxford or Cambridge man can be recognized anywhere in England, by his university manner. Now it seems to me that the same thing is true of the Haverford man, perhaps to a less extent, because there are fewer associations here—fewer historical associations—but there is undoubtedly this Haverford manner among men who have left Haverford. I don't mean simply social manner, but the manner in which he takes hold of questions presented for his consideration. A man who has been

prepared thoroughly on broad, general grounds, goes at a question much more closely, much more carefully than the man who has had the narrower special training that he is apt to get in the college conducted on the university plan,—in other words, then, the man who has had the foundation which I contend can come only in a small college—when it comes time for him to specialize in the technical school of a university—he has a broad foundation; he has the manner of tackling the questions which come before him as his work; and the result is that he is in a much more humble spirit than the man who has come from the university where he has been in the habit of taking to a great extent, his own views on those subjects. The best comparison possible that can be made between the men coming into a technical school is between a college man and the man who comes into the school straight from the lower school which is practically a preparatory school; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the man who comes from a school of that sort with an idea that he can reduce all questions to an absolutely certain basis, is in danger of forming conclusions from his own experience; he reads a particular case that to his mind settles the law for all time to come. He has read that case and he is cocksure that on that point there cannot be any question. I might say that there were even at the time I was at Haverford examples of this tendency toward specialization. There were certain men of my own class and of other classes in the college who were casting aside the broad, general lines of work and taking up certain specific lines. We had a man in our class, for instance, who was a specialist on Latin. The result was that he read Latin to all the class. That, you see, is one of the bad effects of specialization;

one man got all the learning; the rest of the class had the lesson read to them and the result is now that they have not learned. At the same time, we had a football specialist, also a cricket specialist who became captain of the cricket team, and the umpire on all matters pertaining to cricket. At the same time there was a serious feeling among the men of the class, the men got an idea that they were here for a serious purpose, that high seriousness of which, I think, Mr. Arnold speaks, was present to a great extent, an influence upon the motives of all the class. And the result has been success in every case. The influences extended over the college by the Society of Friends, is the most beneficial influence that can be extended by any religious organization. It is broadening, and to my mind it has very high ideals which are always before the man while he is in college.

"It seems to me that the best training that a man gets as has already been said here is the training in a small college upon all of these grounds—intellectual, moral, and practical."

THE CHAIRMAN—I can remember when the best cricket players were the very poorest students, and when it used to be a question whether they would ever pass the examinations; but the class of 1896 was something of a revelation to me in that three or four of the best students were among the best cricket players we had ever had; and among them was J. Henry Scattergood. [Applause.]

J. HENRY SCATTERGOOD'S SPEECH.

"Fellow alumni and friends of Haverford. In this pleasant day of old recollections and associations, when we are all visiting the cherished resorts of our college days, I am sure that if there is one place which has been visited more than any other, if there is one spot to which

the memories of our friends return, it is that friend out beyond those rows of maples, that field, sacred to Haverfordians, upon which so many wickets have been pitched and so many victories have been won. [Applause.]

"Or, if our memories go back to the time of older fields, we may rest assured that these, too, have been visited to-day and re-played upon many times; for whether we have learned our games on the old field in front of Barclay, or down by the Haverford Road, or out under the maples at the avenue; it has been the same deep love that has borne us through it all. We have gathered here to-day to see Haverford as it is and as it has grown to be; and we rejoice to see the changes; but although our interest has been turned to the later associations and improvements made since our day, and even the most recent graduate can see them; yet we have not failed to note that there are some unique, and let us hope, never changing features of the Haverfordian's life of every day. There is a certain characteristic which is impossible of definition and which therefore I will not even try to describe, which has been here from the start and which has left its mark upon every graduate, and there are some of us who believe that character played as it has, and playing as it does, a distinct part in the life of every Haverfordian, has had no small influence in this strange and mysterious power which characterizes every Haverfordian. The game here has formed certainly the most unique feature of the whole life; a feature which can be found in no other college, certainly in this country; for, from the days of the founders, in the thirties, when old William Carvill introduced the game of cricket into Haverford and thus into the United States, through a temporary lull, in the

forties, to the period of the fifties, when the Lycian and the Delian was started only to be overthrown by the Dorian; through the days of the sixties when Haverford first played and defeated Pennsylvania; in sixty-five, when she first played Merion a match, and lost, but so soon atoned for in many subsequent victories, through the many victories which brought out such men as Congdon, Cope, the Comforts, Gummere, Taylor, Lowry; through the late seventies, when the new field added to the enthusiasm for the game, through the eighties with their long list of victories and the men were all boys; among them Patterson, the Bailys, and, well, there are too many of them to mention even. [Laughter.]

"Down to the Garrett here, (we have one with us,) down to the nineties, which opening with a glorious victory over Pennsylvania, when Harry Baily bowled the entire team out for twenty-eight, and then forward extending through an almost unbroken line of victories; we may say that it is this new estate that we have, right up to the team of ninety-six, which, led by that unequalled cricketer, John Lester, [applause] toured successfully through the English colleges, and right up, finally, to the team of last spring which defeated Pennsylvania in one innings and put their entire side out for twelve runs; I say, through all this period of sixty years there is a love for the game which has formed a part of the very life of the college itself and which has in the retrospect been the source of never ending pleasures, and it would not be right, friends, for so many Haverfordians to get together and to separate and to say no word about this, our oldest institution.

"We believe that it is a part of our life, and it is our right place to urge upon these Managers and all future Haver-

fordians to try to make it just as much a part of their life as it has been a part of ours; for aside from the welfare of the college itself, aside from the preservation of the standards of entrance and graduation on an equality with the best colleges in the country, and aside from the maintenance of the highest Christian life among the students there is no one subject upon which all Haverfordians will unite with greater enthusiasm, with warmer fervor, than upon this one thought: That cricket has been and is to be the game of all games for Haverford." [Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN.—There is one other name on the program—that of an undergraduate—Alfred C. Maule.

ALFRED C. MAULE'S SPEECH.

"Ladies and gentlemen: One of the former speakers referred to the fact that the golden age in the development of the college was at the time when he was here, and it is natural for me to suppose that the golden age of development here is now. I think the thing which is perhaps most interesting to me at the present time is football; and it certainly is a fact that football has developed a great deal in the last few years. Take the game as played here to-day and as played here ten or fifteen years ago—it is vastly different. Now the winning of games depends entirely on team work, whereas before it depended on individual brilliancy. Of course it takes individuals to make a good team, but now the man who is a brilliant individual and captain of a team and yet cannot help his team along does not amount to much. To refer to cricket or to say much after Mr. Scattergood would be useless. While cricket and football have done much for the honor of the college in the past two years, the work of the athletic team has done

much. In the past three years we have sent teams over to Princeton and to Philadelphia and they have not returned empty-handed.

"Of course we give here a great deal of time to athletics, but the educational part is not neglected by any means; and we have, I think, one of the finest lot of professors that any college can boast of [applause] and I daresay that many of them have been offered positions better perhaps from a financial point of view, but they would a great deal rather stay here at dear old Haverford.

"To me, perhaps, the most interesting and the greatest development that I have noticed here of late is in the Christian Association. It holds to-day, and probably will hold, one of the foremost places in the life of the college man. The life of man is certainly influenced and molded while he is in college, and the influence that he receives here will help his char-

acter throughout his life. The influences that a man receives here at college are probably of the best; and I think that a great deal of this is due to the Young Men's Christian Association. Many of the lesser evils, I think, of the past ten or twelve years have been done away; nobody knows exactly how, but they have gone; and this is also due to the effect of the Christian Association. The faculty all give it their great support, and if it were not for President Sharpless to-day a Christian Association would not hold the position it does in the life of the college.

"The friendships that have been made in college are one of the pleasantest things that a college man looks back upon; and it will be with a great feeling of regret, when I have passed through the four years of college life, that I shall leave this dear old place." [Applause and college yell given.]

LIST OF OLD STUDENTS WHO REGISTERED, WITH DATE OF ENTRY.

John Collins.....	1833
Samuel B. Parsons.....	1833
William Yarnall	1833
Francis R. Cope	1835
John G. Gummere	1835
Charles Jones.....	1835
Thomas Estlack	1836
Francis White.....	1838
Isaac Collins.....	1839
Charles W. Trotter.....	1841
George T. Heston.....	1841 (?)
Henry D. Gummere.....	1842
Samuel Morris.....	1842
L. Murray Perkins.....	1842
Watson F. Quimby	1842
Charles Hartshorne	1843
Ab'm. L. Pennock	1843
Evan T. Ellis.....	1844
Elliston P. Morris.....	1845
John B. Mellor.....	1848
Coleman L. Nicholson	1848
Francis Stokes.....	1848

George B. Thomas.....	1848
Richard Wood.....	1848
Franklin B. Levis	1849
William E. Newhall	1849
Franklin E. Paige	1849
David Scull	1849
George H. Hopkins.....	1850
Samuel Troth.....	1850
John Cooper.....	1851
James W. Deacon.....	1851
John B. Garrett.....	1851
William W. Potts.....	1851
William C. Wood.....	1851
B. W. Beesley	1852
John Livezey	1852
Jesse S. Cheyney.....	1853
William Mellor	1853
Norman Tevis	1853
James Wood.....	1853
Morton Morris.....	1854
William J. Tomlinson.....	1854
John S. Witmer	1854

Walter G. Hopkins.....	1855	Edward P. Allinson.....	1870
Theodore H. Morris.....	1855	James Emlen.....	1870
Benjamin H. Smith.....	1855	Samuel E. Hilles.....	1870
W. Graham Tyler.....	1855	George M. Warner.....	1870
W. B. Broomall.....	1856	John G. Bullock.....	1871
Joseph C. Exton.....	1856	Walter W. Pharo.....	1871
Edward Bettle, Jr.....	1857	Theophilus P. Price.....	1871
Horace G. Lippincott.....	1857	E. Archer Richards.....	1871
Charles Lippincott.....	1857	Joseph Trotter.....	1871
Anthony J. Morris.....	1857	Francis C. Haines.....	1872
Alfred Mellor.....	1858	Charles H. Longstreth.....	1872
George B. Mellor.....	1858	J. Whitall Nicholson.....	1872
William M. Coates.....	1859	Isaac W. Anderson.....	1873
Daniel W. Corbit.....	1860	Frederick L. Baily.....	1873
Albin Garrett.....	1860	John Maris L. Black.....	1873
Charles F. Merritt.....	1860	Alonzo Brown.....	1873
Charles Roberts.....	1860	Seth K. Gifford.....	1873
J. Preston Thomas.....	1860	James D. Krider.....	1873
John M. Zook.....	1860	Albert L. Baily.....	1874
J. R. Bringhurst.....	1861	Charles S. Crosman.....	1875
Howard M. Cooper.....	1861	Francis Henderson.....	1875
Joseph M. Downing.....	1861	Alex. P. Corbit.....	1876
Allen C. Thomas.....	1861	Isaac Forsythe.....	1876
C. Cresson Wistar.....	1861	R. Henry Holme.....	1876
J. Cooper Cloud.....	1862	William C. Lowry.....	1876
R. M. Gummere.....	1862	George G. Mercer.....	1876
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Henry Cope.....	1864	Jonathan Eldridge.....	1877
Nathaniel B. Crenshaw.....	1864	Walter F. Price.....	1877
Charles H. Darlington.....	1864	John C. Winston.....	1877
David A. Thompson.....	1864	Charles E. Gause, Jr.....	1878
Lindley Haines.....	1865	Edward M. Jones.....	1878
Benjamin T. Longstreth.....	1865	George A. Barton.....	1879
Charles Wood.....	1865	Walter Brinton.....	1879
Howard Comfort.....	1866	Stephen Willets Collins.....	1879
Jas. H. Wills.....	1866	R. S. Rhodes.....	1879
Stuart Wood.....	1866	Charles H. Whitney.....	1879
William H. Randolph.....	1867	William Henry Gummere.....	1880
Charles S. Taylor.....	1867	Alfred Percival Smith.....	1880
Randolph Winslow.....	1867	Wm. L. Baily.....	1881
Thomas S. Downing, Jr.....	1868	Mariott C. Morris.....	1881
John S. Garrigues.....	1868	Elias Henry White.....	1881
Reuben Haines.....	1868	J. Henry Bartlett.....	1882
W. H. Gibbons.....	1869	Rufus M. Jones.....	1882
Francis B. Gummere.....	1869	William H. Futrell.....	1883
Abram F. Huston.....	1869	Alfred G. Garrett.....	1883
William Perot Huston.....	1869	Willis H. Hazard.....	1883
John Barclay Jones.....	1869	Wm. P. Morris.....	1883
William M. Longsrcteth.....	1869	Horace Eugene Smith.....	1883
Aldin Sampson.....	1869	Henry W. Stokes.....	1883

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Wm. F. Wickersham.....	1883	Samuel Bettle, Jr.,.....	1891
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Joseph T. Hilles.....	1884	Frank H. Conklin.....	1891
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Joseph Webster Sharp, Jr.....	1884	Erroll B. Hay.....	1891
Thomas Evans.....	1885	George Lippincott.....	1891
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Martin Bell Stubbs.....	1885	Allen Curry Thomas.....	1891
Thomas Franklin Branson.....	1886	Henry E. Thomas.....	1891
Percy S. Darlington.....	1886	Douglas Howe Adams.....	1892
Warren C. Goodwin.....	1886	William Kite Alsop	1892
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Edward Woolman.....	1889	John G. Embree	1895
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C. K. Edwards	1890	Davis G. Jones.....	1895
William Goodman.....	1890	George M. Palmer	1895
Martin Nixon Miller.....	1890	G. M. P. Murphy.....	1896
Frederick P. Ristine.....	1890	Oscar P. Moffitt.....	1897
Jonathan T. Rorer, Jr.,.....	1890		

FOOT BALL.

Dickinson, 24; Haverford, 0.

On Saturday October 8th Haverford played Dickinson at Carlisle; the game

resulting in the score of 24 to 0, in favor of Dickinson. This does not show the relative strength of the teams, as Haver-

ford's fumbling of Dickinson's kicks increased Dickinson's score materially. Haverford defended the east goal. Dickinson kicked off but Haverford soon lost the ball on a fumble, and Dickinson by fast and snappy playing soon pushed the ball over the line and kicked the goal. For a time the playing was very even and Haverford several times rushed the ball down near Dickinson's goal. Dickinson kicked, Haverford fumbled, and Dickinson scored in a few plays and kicked the goal. Time was called for the first half with the score 18 to 0 in Dickinson's favor.

In the second half Haverford kicked off. Shortly before the call of time Dickinson scored again on Haverford's fumble of a kick, the final score being Dickinson 24, Haverford 0. The game was fast, hard and clean, the whole Haverford team playing well, but Dickinson won owing to her superior weight and to the fact that they had been playing for several weeks. The work of Mifflin, Sharpless and Drinker was best for Haverford, while Decker, Houston and Hockenberry excelled for Dickinson. The line-up:

DICKINSON.	POSITIONS.	HAVERFORD.
Jenkinson.....	left end.....	Drinker Williams
Locke.....	left tackle.....	Wood Sloan
Bonner.....	left guard.....	Freeman
Diehl.....	centre	Batthey
Decker.....	right guard.....	Maule
Bindenberger.....	right tackle.....	Petty
Craver, (Capt.).....	right end.....	Sharpless Hallett
Houston.....	quarter-back.....	Lowry, Capt. West
Hockenberry.....	right half-back.....	Fox Bieri
Clippinger.....	left half-back.....	Richie Shiffer
Kline.....	full-back.....	Mifflin

Touchdowns—Craver, Bindenberger, Houston, Decker. Goals—Houston (4). Referee—Mr.

Hare. Umpire—Mr. Stephens. Time—20-minute halves.

Haverford, 0; Rutgers, 0.

On Saturday October 22d, Haverford went to New Brunswick where they played Rutgers, the game resulting in a tie score, 0 to 0. Haverford won the toss and defended the north goal. Rutgers kicked off and Haverford by good team work rushed the ball to Rutgers fifteen-yard line where it was lost on a fumble; Rutgers carried it back to the centre of the field and Haverford held them for four downs and had rushed it to Rutgers ten-yard line when time for the first half was called.

In the second half Haverford kicked off, but soon secured the ball. By good playing Haverford worked the ball down to Rutgers fifteen-yard line when they again fumbled. During this half almost all the playing was in Rutgers' territory, but, Haverford by her continual fumbling was unable to score. The game ended with the score 0 to 0. For Haverford Maule, Sharpless, Fox and Grant played well, while the work of McMahon, Mann and Pettit for Rutgers deserves mention. Captain McMahon was very courteous to Haverford on the field; the treatment of Haverford both on and off the field was of the best. The line-up:

HAVERFORD.	POSITIONS.	RUTGERS.
Sharpless.....	left end.....	Pettit
Wood.....	left tackle.....	Wirth
Freeman.....	left guard.....	Patterson
Batthey.....	centre.....	Ransom
Maule.....	right guard.....	Woodruff
Petty.....	right tackle.....	Black
Hallett.....	right end.....	Rapalje
Lowry, (Capt.).....	quarter-back.....	Mann
Richie, Grant.....	left half-back.....	Thompson
Fox.....	right half-back.....	Conger
Mifflin	full-back.....	McMahon, (Capt.)

Referee—Fred Parker, of Rutgers. Umpire—Mr. Varney, of Haverford. Linesmen—Taylor, of Haverford; Cook, of Rutgers. Timers—Havens, of Rutgers; Haines, of Haverford.

Haverford, 12; Stevens' Institute, 0.

On October 29th, on the home grounds, Haverford won from Stevens' Institute by the score of 12-0. Haverford defended the north goal. Stevens kicked off, and Haverford, by a succession of steady gains, soon scored. Lowry kicked the goal. Haverford lost the ball to Stevens on downs. Stevens fumbled. Battey got the ball and ran fifty yards for a touch-down. Lowry again kicked the goal. No more scoring was done during the game. Stevens advanced the ball to Haverford's fifteen-yard line, but was held for downs, and at no time afterward was Haverford's goal in danger.

In the second half Stevens played a better offensive game, but the good defensive work of Haverford kept the ball at a safe distance from the goal. A blocked kick near the end of the half sent the ball into Haverford's territory, but Stevens soon lost it on downs. Haverford took the ball and pushed it steadily back toward Stevens' goal. The game closed with the ball on Stevens' twenty-five-yard line. Hallett's tackling was a feature of the game. The line-up:

HAVERFORD.	POSITIONS.	STEVENS.
Sharpless.....	left end.....	Crooks
Wood.....	left tackle.....	Wilson
Chambers.....	left guard.....	Percy
Battey.....	centre.....	Lewis
Maule.....	right guard.....	Bennett
Reeder (Lloyd).....	right tackle.....	Ferguson
Hallett.....	right end.....	Gibson
Lowry, (Capt.).....	quarter-back.....	Myers, (Capt.)
Fox.....	right half-back.....	Appleton
Richie.....	left half-back.....	Allen
Mifflin.....	full-back.....	Scammell

Touchdowns—Fox, Battey. Goals—Lowry (2). Referee—Dr. Babbitt. Umpire—C. A. Varney. Time—20-minute halves.

Haverford 52—St. John's College, 0.

Haverford's superior weight and coaching, aided by some good individual work, gave a happy ending to the game on Founders' day. The large attendance was a great encouragement to the home team.

Although Haverford played a fast game, not one of her men was compelled to leave the field on account of injuries. Haverford speedily proved herself superior by scoring after the first two minutes of play. After that,—with the exception of a few minutes in the second half, when St. John's pulled together—Captain Lowry's team carried the linesmen with them.

Not once in the game was the Haverford goal-line in danger. The "guards-back" formation, which was so thoroughly drilled into Haverford by Coach Woodruff, was most successful in gaining ground; and frequently carried the ball over to the first "down". Although St. John's was out-weighted, their line put up a plucky game. Mifflin played a very brilliant game.

The line-up was as follows :

ST. JOHN'S.	HAVERFORD.
(Herman), Sinclair...Left end	Sharpless.
Conrad.....	Left tackle
Hutchins.....	Left guard
Collison.....	Centre
Spates ,(Morgans)..Right guard.....	Battey.
Shartzel.....	Right guard.....
Wisner.....	Right tackle..
Williams.....	Right end.....
Brady, (Sinclair.)	Right end.....
Douglas, (Capt.).....Drinker.
Mackall.....

Williams.....Quarter Back, Lowry, (Capt.)
 Brady, (Sinclair.) Right half back.....Grant.
 Douglas, (Capt.).....Left half back.....Richie.
 Mackall.....Full back.....Mifflin.

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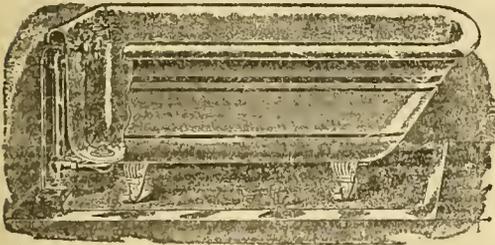
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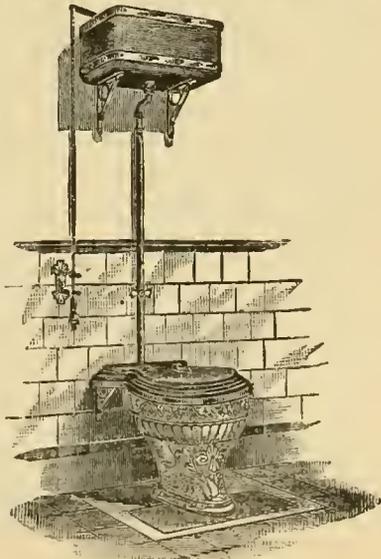
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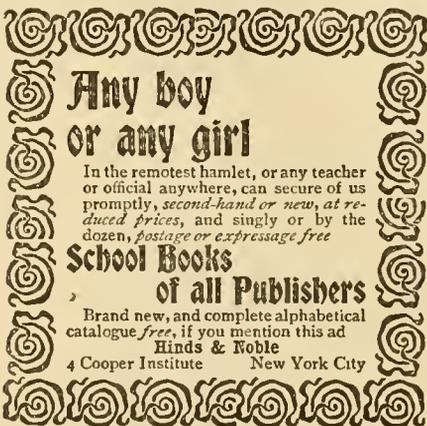
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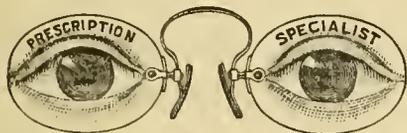
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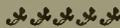
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HVERFORDIAN



HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XX., No. 7

DECEMBER, 1898

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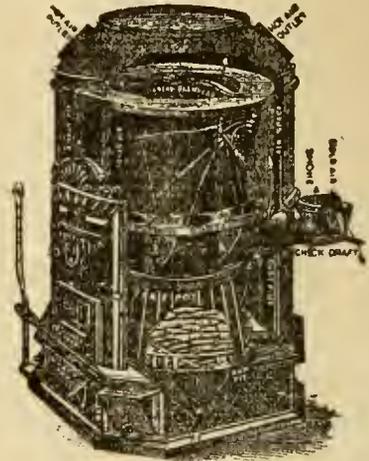
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VOL. XX.

HAVERFORD, DECEMBER, 1898.

NO. 7

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Subscription Price, One Year, \$1.00
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WE take pleasure in announcing that the recent competition for vacancies on The Haverfordian Board has resulted in the election of W. W. Justice, Jr., '00, and E. M. Scull, '01.

IN view of the recent institution of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Haverford, our readers will be interested in a few facts relating to the history and purpose of the organization.

It is by far the oldest of the inter-collegiate Greek-letter societies. It is perhaps the only one that does not make secrecy obligatory upon any Chapter. And it is perhaps the only one in which the prime requisite of membership is high academic standing.

The Society was organized at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1776. Chapters were instituted at Yale and Harvard in 1780 and at Dartmouth in 1787. For thirty years no new charters were granted, but between 1817 and 1883 Chapters were established at Union, Bowdoin, Brown, Trinity, Wesleyan, Amherst and in thirteen other colleges. By 1895 the total number of Chapters had risen to forty, and at the recent Triennial Council of the United Chapters ten new charters were granted. The latest additions to the roll are Boston University, the University of California, the University of Chicago, the University of Cincinnati, Haverford College, Princeton University, St. Lawrence University, Vassar College, Wabash College, and the University of Wisconsin.

The object of the Society is officially defined as "the promotion of scholarship and friendship among students and graduates of American colleges." It was originally a social club as well as a literary society, but in the majority of the Chapters it has come to be purely a graduate society, whose entire activity, whether social or literary, is practically confined to one day in the year. The traditional programme of this annual gathering is a business meeting, an oration or poem written for the occasion, and a more or less informal banquet. The literary exercises of the Harvard meeting have made that Chapter famous for more

than a century, and most of the other Chapters have tried to follow this shining example as far as their special circumstances would allow.

As a rule, new members are admitted to the Society at the close of their Senior year. The constitution provides that the selection from each graduating class shall not exceed one-fourth of the number graduated, and some Chapters have put still further restrictions upon themselves, and take from one-fifth to one-fifteenth of each class.

The application for a charter for Haverford was made by the Phi Beta Kappa men of the Faculty, early in the year. It was approved by the President of the college, and supported by the cordial endorsement of the Chapter at Harvard and Cornell. It met with the hearty approval of the Senate of the United Chapter, a body which includes such men as Bishop H. C. Potter, Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. E. E. Hale, President D. C. Gilman and President Seth Low. And when it was finally presented to the National Council, it was granted with a gratifying promptness that may serve to indicate the excellent reputation which Haverford enjoys among the leading colleges and universities of the land.

THE foot ball team has completed its work for 1898 and leaves behind a record of four victories, three defeats and one tie game, scoring 94 points to its opponents 41. In this respect, the team does not compare favorably with last year's eleven, but taking everything into consideration, we believe it has done well and that Haverfordians feel satisfied with the result of the season.

Haverford started the year with but a remnant of the '97 team, only four old

players returning to college. The old system was thrown overboard and a first-class coach was engaged who introduced an entirely new style of play. The experiment has been amply justified. It is true that after the work had commenced in promising form, it fell off sadly, and the result in the middle and until the last of the season was disastrous. But not discouraged, the team stuck to hard practice and at the test at the end came off with flying colors. Early in the season the objective point was made the Swarthmore game, to win which all energies were concentrated. The students and all connected with the team recognized this fact and it is because this aim was accomplished that we are lead to declare that the team has proved satisfactory to Haverfordians.

Before dismissing foot ball finally we wish to note two weaknesses which can be remedied next season by proper attention. The first is fumbling. We believe this was due in a great measure to the slighting of the preliminary work. College opened so late this year that it was a great temptation to do this and devote all the practice time to developing team work; but experience has shown such a course to be inadequate. More time spent in falling on the ball, punting and catching, etc., not only in the first two weeks but all through the season should have a good effect towards lessening this evil.

The second point has to do with kicking. Most emphatically, Haverford must find a man who can punt and who can make opposing teams feel uncomfortable and nervous every time he comes within their forty yard line, for fear of a goal from the field. The value of a kicking game has been very generally felt this year among all college teams and Haverford cannot afford to allow the lessons of this season to go unheeded.

A FRENCH LYCÉE.

THIS is the moment when the youth of France who have not yet reached the age of freedom and independence must betake themselves again to their books and the life of the lycée. This institution, which is to be found in all the large provincial cities, as well as Paris, forms a very important link in the State system of education. The lycée takes a boy at pretty much any age he may present himself, and undertakes to prepare him, by the time he is twenty, for one of the great professional or technical schools at Paris.

It will be seen at once that its scope is a very wide one, and it is difficult to form a just estimate of its effectiveness from our educational point of view in America. In France there are no great private schools where the sons of rich men have their education handed to them after the manner familiar to us in America. In France every boy who plans to enter any career, (and it need not be added that the proportion of those who do is larger than with us) must needs obtain the coveted grade from the lycée before presenting himself for admission to any of the great technical schools like Saint-Cyr or the Polytechnic. There is absolutely no royal road to learning, and all must spend several years in the lycée. For this reason some account of lycée life in a large provincial town may be of interest to "Haverfordian" readers.

"Grenoble is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, the ancient capital of the Dauphiné, and now the chief town of the department of the Isère. It is also the headquarters of a sub-division of the 14th army corps, the seat of a bishopric and of a university." Thus writes the useful Baedeker, who has solved the problem of saying "multum in parvo." Here, as everywhere, the lycée forms part of the university, and is but a link in the complicated chain of State education.

The exterior walls and barred windows of this great building had grown very familiar to me during a prolonged stay in Grenoble; so it was with much satisfaction that I accepted an invitation to visit the school under the guidance of one of my friends, who is an "upper class" man. He had told me before that he had spent a very large part of his twenty years in the lycée at Lyons and Grenoble; consequently it is to be supposed that his account of lycée life is true, even if sad.

I entered the great portal of the "Lycée des Garçons" fully determined to make no odious comparisons in the presence of my companion. But now it is all over a few words will suffice to unburden my mind, and may, perhaps, render more reconciled to their hard lot some of the discontented at home.

The buildings, which are new, are built about a great square, and enclose three interior courts, which serve as play-grounds. The total length thus gained is very great, and we walked almost continuously for an hour without retracing our steps. At the great gate we saluted the concierge and his wife, who are the guardians of the three or four hundred boarding scholars and the familiar friends of the two or three hundred day scholars, who pass in and out every day. The chief officer of the lycée has his apartments over the gate, and to the left we entered the parlor. The cold and stately decorations of this room, which consisted largely of memorial tablets to dead graduates and lists of prize-takers in the universities, did not tempt us to remain long, and the warm sunshine of the "court of honor" was more agreeable. Here the concierge has planted a bright array of beautiful flowers, and here the "internes" may receive their relatives at certain hours of the week. It might be said once for all that all the courts are surrounded by arcades, from which the class-rooms open; and

here the boys take their meagre recreation, walking up and down arm-in-arm in bad weather like monks in a cloister.

Before going further it will be well to indicate the daily programme of the "internes" or boarding pupils:

5.00	(In summer) Rising drum.
5.30- 7.00	Study.
7.00	Breakfast.
8.00-12.00	Recitations or Study.
12.00-1.30	Lunch and Recreation.
1.30- 4.00	Recitations or Study.
4.00- 4.30	Recitation: visit of the cake man.
4.30- 8.00	Study.
8.00	Dinner.

The average American boy of eighteen or twenty, who thoughtfully contemplates this programme, will thank his stars that he is not subject to it. The evils of it from one point of view are very evident and are beginning to make themselves felt in France. Too much study and too little recreation have played havoc with the physical and intellectual forces of many a young fellow subjected to this unnecessarily harsh régime. As we walked along the arcades and sat on the stone benches in the gravelled courts, my informant discoursed on the rigors of this discipline, which he evidently did not relish. It seems that all the boys are under the strictest surveillance from the time they are drummed up in the morning till they are tucked away in the great "dortoirs" in the evening. Only by special permission is a boy allowed to absent himself for a moment from the rest of his class. Of course this is true only of the "internes;" the "externes" come and go to their lessons as they choose. If a student behaves well, he is allowed to sally forth from the lycée walls once in two weeks, not counting Sundays, when, if he chooses, he may go to any place of worship under the charge of a tutor. A glimpse of the outside world once in two weeks does not seem an extravagant amount of liberty, and I expressed my surprise to my friend. He hastened to assure me that even this coveted privilege was easily lost as a penalty for any small mis-

demeanor. Smoking, being strictly prohibited to all but the very oldest students, is the unpardonable sin of the younger men. The forbidden fruit is ever the sweetest, and many are the ruses adopted to escape detection. One is for several of these young heroes to form a ring and share their cigarette, there being a superstition that there is safety in numbers. Another means of escaping detection is to dart from the file while passing the well-known door and spend an hour or two of undisturbed bliss in the darkness of the cellar. Monsieur S. said this was a bolder stratagem, as one frequently got lost in the extensive passage-ways and was late at some moment when attendance was taken.

He told me he had spent three months once without passing beyond the lycée walls. The wind is evidently not tempered to the shorn lambs!

After having peered through the windows at the gymnasium, which presented a sorry contrast to our athletic equipment at Haverford, we fell to talking of sports in general. Properly speaking there is no athletic interest in these great boys' schools; that is to say athletics is not one of the recognized spheres of the students' activity. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" needs to be writ large over the portals of French educational institutions. A mere beginning has been made, but has not met with great success, for the French are not lovers of organized sport like the English and Americans. A French boy can ride a wheel or climb a mountain as well as, or better than, his equals beyond the sea; but put him in a game and he is lost.

To return to Grenoble, the only game played is foot ball on a field outside the town. There has been no chance to observe their game here, but from the description and from the fact that little practice is possible, I take it to be a mild form of Association or "Princeton," as I think we used to call it a few years ago. At any rate, the important thing to notice is that recently an inter-academic league

has been formed which holds sports in the Spring. Foot ball games are played, and there are contests in jumping, fencing, etc. The lycée at Grenoble has carried off the championship for the first two years, as I saw by the trophy hanging in the funereal parlor. I was just thinking that a good start had been made in the right direction, and asked if some other sports suitable for all could not be introduced, when my hopes met with a crushing blow. "Yon mean something like croquet?" inquired Monsieur S. with such an ingenuous expression that I said "Yes" and changed the subject.

It will be seen that there is a great chance in France for some energetic athletic director! Croquet is a very scientific game and it may be possible by prolonged application to derive from it very beneficial exercise, but the most zealous devotee of the game would concede that it was better adapted for the side-yard than for the academic court. To conclude what is necessarily a very short chapter on athletics, it may be added that twice a week a period of forty-five minutes is allotted to gymnasium exercise; but as it is not compulsory, very few take part. The rest prefer to walk or talk in groups of four or five, and thus lose the mental stimulus given by an hour's hard play on the ball field or skating pond.

It is high time we were entering the study and recitation rooms, where the long hours of the day are spent. One is just like another and each class has its room with the name or number over the door. There is, however, one large room where all those in disgrace are herded together under especial guard. The classrooms are models of bareness; at one end the professor's table and a black-board, and facing him the low forms of the students. Around the walls are pegs and boxes for the students' paraphernalia. The equipment resembled that of a district school. Only in two or three rooms did I notice any photographs or objects illustrating the subject to be treated, though at the side of each pro-

fessor's desk there was a case of books intended for his private use.

As may be imagined, the desks and benches had a well-worn appearance. It seems that the use of the knife for decorative carving is not confined to American seats of learning. "Jeanne" and "Elise" frequently repeated on these tables of wood offered a touching testimony to the faithfulness of French lovers. Farther on in a room devoted to the classics, I saw "Virgile, Homère et Cie., à l'eau," a cruel sentiment which would find an echo in many a young heart across the seas. In the rhetoric class-room some light-hearted student, who had failed more than once in his examination had carved: "Vivent les vétérans de la rhétorique."

There was little of interest on the second and third floors except the "dortoirs," long rooms with a double row of iron bedsteads. In the middle is the bed of the "pion" or tutor in charge, who surrounds his sacred person at night with a curtain which serves to shut out the noise of the pranks that are played about him.

Readers of Alphonse Daudet will remember the passage in "Le Petit Chose" which describes the life of a "pion" in a provincial lycée fifty years ago, when things were quite different. In these days the "pions" are young men studying for advanced examinations who are given their "keep" in the lycées in return for a certain amount of oversight exercised by them. More than one man who is now at the top of the literary ladder has had to pass through this humiliating apprenticeship. At the ends of each "dortoir" are wash rooms and dressing rooms. However, the little conventions of personal neatness so dear to many Americans do not greatly hamper the French school-boy.

The costume of the "internes" is a uniform closely resembling that of a Cook's touring agent. Just now the streets are full of these students return-

ing from the vacation, and their appearance savors unpleasantly of "English spoken." Personal cleanliness is even here summarily dismissed, as is often the case on the continent. My friend told me that a formal visit was made once in two weeks to the foot-baths in the cellar! I saw them afterward and thought they would do very well for a canary bird but hardly for human requirements. It need not be added that tub-baths are found only in the public establishments about the city.

I must come to the conclusion of the whole matter, and regret that it is not possible to give an adequate idea of the bright side of the French lycées. They are far ahead of our schools of the same grade in the excellence of the instruction given. No political pull nor university favoritism gains one the position of professor in a French lycée. The post is awarded to the best candidate after a most rigorous examination by the State. The lycée professors are neither ward politicians nor ex-foot ball players, but they are thorough masters of their subjects and hold their positions during good behavior. They are where they are, like the students, rather for business than pleasure. Consequently intercourse between teacher and pupil rarely develops into a warm friendship, and everyone regards the last years in the lycée as a gorging process for the dreaded examinations.

It must be remembered in what has gone before that there are a great many small boys in the lycées for whom a rigid discipline is advisable. The unfortunate part of the system is that boys of

eighteen or twenty are treated like totally irresponsible children; and it is a fact that for an "interne" to spend the day with friends in the town, it is necessary that some one like a Greek "didaskolos" should come to fetch him and bring him back. I know of a case where this happened every Sunday to a young bearded man of nineteen who was escorted back and fourth by a female servant in the house where he visited.

The French system of education thus produces an individual of twenty years who is a very different being from what is produced in England and America.

The French boy probably knows considerably more in an abstract way and has a good head on his shoulders. But he is neither independent without appearing ridiculous, nor in many cases is he able to take care of himself morally. The product of the lycée is the student of good and bad qualities. Many writers have begun to lament the system of secondary education in France and to plead for a more reasonable division of time. The Ministers of Education are seeking to import the English system of athletics. France in other respects is too far advanced to permit much longer the existence of schools modeled on Dickens' "Dotheboys Hall."

Montaigne writing of the sixteenth century lycées called them "geoles de la jeunesse captive." It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when the reproach of the old essayist will no longer be true.

W. W. C.

Grenoble, Oct. 4th, 1898.

CLITUS TO ALEXANDER.

'Twas done in a moment, his breast was bare,
His haughty eyes were ablaze with scorn.
He spoke with a careless, taunting air
And his lips had never learned to fawn.
"Strike! Man God, Strike! drive home the
knife!

Silence the voice that wounds thy pride.
Drive home! drive home! 'tis but a life,
A drop, to swell the crimson tide
Which thou hast poured from Macedon
To where the Ganges waters roll,
Each land thy proud foot touches on
Is spurned for a farther goal,
Thy friends have died to give thee fame,
On many a hard fought field they lie,
E'en now the word is but a name,
Defeat would make thy toadies fly!
Dost mind how in the olden time
We strove in mimic fight by day,
And nightly in that balmy clime
Slept 'neath the stars, fatigued with play?
Then thy false heart was true and bold,
Then thy fair form was lithe and strong;
Now, spent and prematurely old,
The days are weary, nights are long.
I pity thee! I love thee still!
Turn from the sycophants who press
About thee, pliant to thy will,
Ready with easy smiles to bless
The foulest wrongs the cruelest deeds
And all the while with covert sneer,
To plant sedition's poisoned seeds
Among thy people far and near;
Till finally the scales shall fall,
Thine eyes shall see black ruin gape;
Then friendless, powerless, reft of all,
No hand shall aid thee to escape.
Oh! King, oh! friend, one last appeal
I'll make to thy enflamed brain.
Ay! e'en if death reward my zeal
Thou'lt hear the truth if ne'er again.
I saved thee on the battle field,
Thou canst not say I did not ward

The fiercest blows, nor that my shield
Did not receive the conqueror's sword,
For thou wert conquered, ay! that wince
Confesseth it! Why still I see
The sanguine press, the struggling Prince
Beaten and driven to his knee.
I saved thee then, saved thee for what?
For boundless power and tyranny?
For ingrate acts, for passions hot,
Dost think for these I rescued thee?
Ah! no! no! no! I swear it no!
Had I forseen thou should'st have died,
Vain fool! I thought thy heart to know,
How cruelly to myself I lied!
I saw thee ruling just and good,
Over a people loyal, brave,
For years such thoughts had been my food,
I staked my life, thy life to save!
And now! and now!" his lips were white,
He caught a sobbing breath, went on.
The Emperor's face was black as night,
With fierce emotions rent and worn.
"Now peaceful lands thy wanton power
Lays waste and broken at thy feet,
Where once arose a happy bower,
Now, naught but smoking walls we meet
Virtue is dead! War reigns supreme!
Ideals are shattered! Laws dissolved!
A fantasm, chimera, dream,
Hath chained thy mind, thy soul involved,
Wake! wake! or strike! my breast is bare,
My land's disgrace I will not see!
Choose which thou wilt, but have a care!
Choose between turpitude and me!"
'Twas done in a moment, as I said,
The raging sot drove home the steel,
Then like a coward spurned the dead,
Who could no more the insult feel.
The hour was still, the stars were pale,
Betokening the coming day,
Throughout the camp, no funeral wail
Told of a brave soul passed away.

THEODORE J. GRAYSON, ex-'01.

PHELPS'S KATABASIS.

THE Delands, who lived out of town
about—well—two spaces below the
third line of the time-table—had
invited Phelps to take Thanksgiving
dinner with them. Phelps had accepted
with monogram stationary and a special
delivery stamp.

It was snowing when he got off the
train at the Delands's station, so he climb-
ed into a station-wagon and told the
driver where to take him. "Just a minute,
sir; have to go to the baggage stand;" and
off the boy loped. Phelps sat still in the
wagon and looked stupidly out of the
window. Soon all the passengers who
had alighted there were gone—some in

their private carriages, some under their
private umbrellas. So Phelps tried to
make out the traveling tags on a valise
on the platform, but gave it up when he
came to one from a South American
city unlauted even on the consonants!

"That boy's been away long enough
to buy the whole railroad," Phelps said
as he put back his watch. He changed
to the seat opposite and looked out at the
other side. Right by the side-walk,
which wriggled down to the station, he
noticed a great clump of brown paper.
Time and again that paper had almost
shaken itself free from the snow; until
now, with a huge lurch, it swooped along

about a foot above the ground and struck the horse of Phelps's wagon on the fore-leg, hung there an instant, and then fell back into the snow.

Now that horse was thin, lame in one foot, and also had a loose shoe, which rang out upon the air like a cow-bell whenever the traveling public used this particular hack. But despite these limitations, as soon as this over-trained nag felt that paper hit him, he bolted so quickly that Phelps immediately sat down on the floor and gazed at his derby, which smiled back with a grim dimple two inches deep. Now Phelps crawled off of the floor and cautiously looked out at the panorama which swayed past the dusty windows. All the villagers were in their houses and everything was so deserted that it seemed like a dream. Field, house, wood, barn, road went by; it looked like a kinoscope in full action.

The wagon was jolting terribly; for the horse, waving his yellow blanket like a flag of pestilence, hunted the worst parts of the street, like a road supervisor. Phelps gazed placidly down at the bobbing tail and the regular flashes of hoofs. Surely the nag would slip and break his neck, and thus ring down the curtain on this comedy! But no; a country horse with shoes roughened by a country smith, is going to slide on nothing short of a glacier. On they sped; the scenes were shifted rapidly and the village was changed into open country. The road was getting rougher now; deep frozen ruts seemed ready to wrench the light wagon to pieces. For fear of a turn-over and the rain of glass which would follow, Phelps wrapped the seat cushions around him and sat down in the bottom of the hack, waiting for his fate as calmly as a stoic with a padded toga.

"What endurance," thought the traveler; "what muscle and wind!" and he clutched the cushions till his knuckles ached.

"We're over!" once he shouted, as there came a terrific lunge and the windows rattled like an anvil chorus as a

cloud of snow smoked over them. But once more he heard the regular clank of that loose shoe, and despair settled on the cushions. Sometimes a general must sink to the soldier, so occasionally a passenger must needs sink to the driver. Thus Phelps argued on the floor; and he finally determined to get up and try some way to stop that brute of blood and iron. Once, twice, three times Phelps rose, and as many times he sank like the sad sea waves. Now for the fourth time—and he stood up on the wobbling floor. He looked down at the power house; the steam gauge registered pretty high; and the loose shoe was tolling the hour. "Seven bells," Phelps muttered; and he thought that about this time the Delands were sitting down at the dinner table, thinking of him—and the turkey. The wagon was tacking like a cat-boat, for the horse loved variety, and chose first the right and then the left side of the road.

Once Phelps thought he'd shout to the horse, in hopes that the brute might be soothed at hearing his name called kindly to him. So, with great difficulty, Phelps opened the window and shouted: "Stop! Whoa! Bill! Tom! J-Jim!" He would have kept calling the census, had not a sudden lurch of the wagon closed his jaws with a vicious snap, and the figure in the cushions sat on the floor and shed "tears, idle tears." Once more Phelps got up and looked out, through the door this time. Horrors! They were going down hill. He turned and looked down a descending vista of trees with a brook on one side of the road and a sharp turn two hundred yards away. All he could do was to stand and look at that growing curve, while Pegasus pounded out hexameters. Soon the wagon was right on top of the curve. Phelps leaned away over to the right, with his feet braced against the opposite seat; there was the flash of a red light, a crash, and the marching orders were "halt!"

Phelps sat still a moment and then

very slowly crawled out. As he took a look at things he noticed for the first time that it was getting dark. The first thing he examined was the horse, who stood with a cloud of steam rising above him and a splash of red on each knee. Phelps could see a few rails scattered over the road, but couldn't make out anything distinctly. So he hunted for a match, found it in the customary pocket, the last one he felt. What a fluttering of the heart he had when that match flickered up into a tiny blaze under the kindly auspices of his over-coat. All Phelps saw was that the road was being mended on the other side of the rails, and that a red lantern was lying in the ruins. With a gurgle of joy he went to light the lantern, had it in his grasp, when, with a howl, he plunged his right thumb down his throat, while a dying match slowly curled up on the snow and expired with a crack.

"I'll have to hustle, or it'll be too dark to manoeuvre that old cruiser," he said as he stepped over to the wagon. Phelps anchored the drifting reins and blanket, and then set about to start the horse. Once in a while, as they were turning around, the whole expedition trembled on the brink of a watery grave, for the road was none too wide; but finally, with many jolts and turns, the leader had his party turned homeward. Alas! no whip! Eloquence alone to urge that plug to do his duty! No riding up that grade with a horse ready to drop; so Phelps held the lines and walked beside the horse, trying to remember on which side the cart men stood. He trudged along and tried to whistle to wile away the time; but the hill soon made him wheeze, like the horse, so there was no encore when "Georgia Camp Meeting" died away in a despairing squeak. Slower and slower the pace grew, the horse rested at every thank-you-marm, until just as they reached the top of the hill the horse stopped still and let his nose sink almost to the snow.

Phelps walked over to the side of the road, mounted a rail fence and looked around to see a light. Yes, away over to the right there was a light which disappeared at irregular intervals as the branches of the trees hid it from view. After he had gotten his bearings, he thought it was about time to move on. Accordingly they moved on, but at a slow walk, for a hack-horse is not intended for the track. Soon the customary three roads, which branch out before a man who's lost, appeared to Phelps, who took the one to the extreme right, for Phelps was aiming for that light.

"Say, can't you whoop it up a little?" he asked the horse by and by. But the only reply was the tossing of a wooly head half blinded with snow. "From thence they marched thirty-five parasangs," and still Phelps saw no more of that light. In the woods an owl was crying about something. The roar of the wind now and then surged up to a higher note, and the flying snow bit the face of man and beast alike. Phelps walked on this way for hours, it seemed to him, trying to think of the coldest chapters in "Farthest North" so as to keep awake. Suddenly he heard a dog barking ahead not so very far, and twenty paces after this a light came into view. When Phelps reached the light he found it was a street-lamp before a keeper's lodge on some big place. Phelps evaded the dog, knocked on the door and asked the man who came, how far it was to the railway station.

"Why, you're two miles away," said the man, never noticing Phelps, but looking with both eyes at the station-wagon. A sudden gust of wind made Phelps fling both of his arms up over his hat.

"Might I ask whose place this is?" he asked.

"Why, yes, sir; this is Delands's." "I thought so," answered Phelps, and trudged off beside the horse.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by President Sharpless.

The record of John A. Lester, as holder at Harvard of the Haverford fellowship was as follows:

English, I., A	English, XIII., A
English, II., A	English, XIV., A
English, III., A	Germ. Phil., XII., A

A change has been made in the history requirements for admission. At present two of the four, viz: Greek, Roman, English, United States history, are demanded. An art student must present the first two; scientific student any two.

Instead of having a number of groups for Honors all studies have been divided into (A) literary studies and (B) scientific studies. Five hours must be selected from either A or B in the Junior year and eight in the Senior year in order to receive Honors.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE FACULTY.
1897-8.

BABBITT, JAMES A.—Athletic Annual for 1897-98.

BOLES, ALBERT S.—A new and greatly enlarged edition of Practical Banking. Tenth edition. Lessey Bros. & Co., Indianapolis. The Law of Negotiable and Non-negotiable Instruments in Pennsylvania. T. & J. W. Johnson & Co., Philadelphia.

BROWN, ERNEST W.—Report on the Recent Progress of Hydrodynamics, American Association for the Advancement of Science, August, 1898. Science, November, 1898. Shorter Notices of Schubert's Five Place Logarithm Tables, of Gundelfinger's Tables for the Roots of Trinomial Equations, and of the Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes, Bulletin of Amer. Math. Soc., February and April, 1898.

MORLEY, F.—Construction of a Point Covariant with Five Given Points, *Mathematische Annalen*. On the Poncelet Polygons of a Limacon, *Proceedings of the London Mathematical Society*. A Generating Function for the Number of Permutations with an Assigned Number of Sequences, *Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society*. Editorial work and review for the *American Mathematical Society*. Also, with Professor Harkness, an Introduction to the

Theory of Analytic Functions. Published by Macmillan & Co.

MUSTARD, WILFRED P.—Report of Rheinisches Museum für Philologie, Vol. LII, parts 3, 4, in the *American Journal of Philology*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 488-91. Note on Birds of the Georgics, in the *Critic*, Jan. 29th. Note on Tennyson and Catullus, in the *Nation*, May 12th. Article on Tennyson and Horace, in the *Nation*, June 9th. Review of Cartault's *Etude sur les Bucoliques de Virgile*, in the *American Journal of Philology*, Vol. XIX, pp. 210-12.

PRATT, HENRY S.—A Contribution to the Life-History and Anatomy of the Appendiculate Distomes. *Zoologische Jahrbucher*, Jena, July, 1898.

SHARPLESS, ISAAC.—A Quaker Experiment in Government. 280 pp. Philadelphia, A. J. Ferris, 1898.

A Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa has been organized with Dr. Wilfred P. Mustard as Secretary. The members by previous election are Professor Ladd and Doctors Gummere, Mustard and Hancock. The list will be extended, though the basis of selection has not as yet been determined.

The Library Committee have decided to appropriate \$320 to pay the expenses of an expert cataloguer working under the direction of Prof. Thomas, so that the rearrangement of books in the new hall and a new system of classification may go on together.

President Sharpless, at the meeting of the "Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland," held at Columbia University, on November 25th and 26th, was elected President.

Lectures are announced as follows:

Frank Waldo, Ph. D., late Professor in the Signal Service Bureau, Washington, D. C.: December 1st, on "The Problem of Meteorology." December 8th, "The Weather Map and How to Use It."

Henry Lawrence Southwick, of the William Penn Charter School: Twelfth-Month 15th, on "Hamlet—The Man of Will."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Edited by J. M. Steere, '90.

'45. Hon. Rowland Hazard died about the middle of last August at his home in Peacedale, R. I. He was a well known man in financial and business circles in Rhode Island, and a warm and liberal friend to Haverford.

'81. Charles F. Brede has left the Friends School in Germantown, Pa., where he has been engaged for ten years, and is now occupying the position of Professor of Modern Languages at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.

'86, '97. Jonathan Dickinson, Jr., is Head Master, and Henry A. White, Superintendent of Oakwood Seminary, at Union Springs, N. Y.

'86. Edward D. Wadsworth was elected at the last election a Representative to the Legislature of Pennsylvania from the 9th District, which comprises one of the central residence portions of Philadelphia.

'88. G. Brinton Roberts was recently married to Miss Alice Tyson Butcher, of Philadelphia. Mr. Roberts is in the coal business, with offices in the Girard Building.

'89. Lindley M. Stevens was recently married to Miss Elizabeth C. Ferris at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'92. J. Harvey Brumbaugh is studying Classical Philology in the Graduate Department at Harvard.

'94. J. Allen DeCau is an assistant in Latin and Greek at the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

'95. Walter C. Webster is with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., at Pittsburg.

'95. Charles H. Cookman was at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Georgia, in August, engaged in hospital visitation and evangelistic work under the direction of the Christian Army and Navy Commission. He is now pursuing his studies preparatory to the ministry at Drew Theological Seminary in New Jersey.

'95. John B. Leeds is one of the editors and publishers of the Washington State Journal, at Olympia, Wash.

'97. Morton P. Darlington was married on Oct. 13th, to Miss Sara G. Barnard, of Kennett Square, Pa. Mr. Darlington is building a house at Fairview, Pa., where he expects to reside.

'98. Joseph H. Haines has entered the employ of the Haines, Jones & Cadbury Co., of Philadelphia.

'98. Samuel H. Hodgkin is teaching English and History at Guilford College, North Carolina.

'98. Davis G. Jones is employed in his father's confectionery store in Wilmington, Delaware.

'98. Samuel Rhodes has entered the Sophomore Class, in the Department of Medicine, of the University of Pennsylvania.

'98. Francis R. Strawbridge is employed in the wholesale department of Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.

'98. Thomas Wistar is in the employ of the Cedartown Cotton Manufacturing Co., of Cedartown, Georgia.

'98. Richard D. Wood is in the employ of the Millville Manufacturing Co., Millville, New Jersey.

CLASS REUNIONS AND DINNERS.

'96's Reunion and Dinner.

THE annual dinner and reunion of the Class of '96 was held at the Continental on the night of the Swarthmore game. The following were present: L. H. Wood, who presided, W. K. Alsop, W. H. Bettle, C. R. Hinchman, T. Y. Field, W. C. Sharpless, D. H. Adams and P. D. I. Maier. Interesting letters were read from Brooke, who is at West Point, Haines, at Harvard, Webster, at Bethel College, Kansas, and Hartley. The secretary's report noted two marriages—Brecht's and Hartley's—as having taken place during the year. It was decided that the silver cup won by '96 in track athletics, be awarded to the man who, without playing on the 1st XI foot ball team, has done the most conscientious work on the scrub. The selection is to be made by some one appointed by Wood, Alsop and Hinchman. The cup is to be held one year by the recipient, and is to be kept in the college trophy room. A committee was appointed to hunt up other trophies belonging to the class.

Hinchman and the secretary were appointed to write to absent members in order to secure a better attendance at the meetings and to keep the men in closer touch with the college and with each other. The class greatly appreciated the presence of Alsop, who came from New York, and Sharpless, who came from upper New Jersey. Hinchman designed very original plate cards for all present at the dinner.

The class deplored the fact that the annual tree planting, which they had inaugurated, had been discontinued, and expressed their hope that it would become a regular college custom. Bettle, '96, presented to the class a stone, which, after being suitably engraved, will be planted with appropriate exercises beside the tree. Way, '96, has been appointed the orator of the occasion.

With a closer feeling of fellowship for

each other and a deeper sense of loyalty to "good Old Haverford," the class adjourned to meet, *Deo volente*, one year hence, on the night of the Swarthmore game.

Paul D. I. Maier,
Secretary.

'97's Reunion and Dinner.

FOURTEEN members of the Class of '97 gathered together at the college on the evening of November 18th to enjoy their annual banquet. Those present were: W. G. Rhoads, W. B. Rodney, J. E. Hume, A. M. Collins, F. B. Jacobs, W. H. MacAfee, F. W. Thacher, R. C. McCrea, G. M. Palmer, W. P. Hutton, E. Field, T. M. Chalfant, W. J. Burns and C. H. Howson. A number of letters were read from members who were unavoidably absent.

College and class songs, with speeches from all present, enlivened the dinner, which was a success in every way. No business was transacted except the election of officers which resulted as follows: President, A. M. Collins; Vice-President, J. E. Hume; Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Howson.

The class adjourned at an early hour to meet again the next day at Swarthmore and see the scarlet and black triumph as usual.

C. H. Howson, Secretary.

'98's Reunion and Dinner.

AFTER having shaken hands three or four times all around, and talked over every play and incident of the game, and after having started the good news of Haverford's great victory on its way to Cambridge and Georgia, thirteen members of the Class of '98 sat down, at the Rittenhouse, on the evening of Saturday, the 19th of November, to their first annual dinner.

The members present were: A. H. Bishop, W. W. Cadbury, J. H. Haines,

F. G. Hulme, W. C. Janney, J. S. Jenks, Jr., D. G. Jones, S. R. Morgan, S. Rhoads, F. Stadelman, F. R. Strawbridge, C. A. Varney and R. D. Wood. Janney acted as toastmaster.

The superstition regarding the number present in no wise affected the appetites of the men. After a reasonable length of time, however, the process of stuffing resulted in comparative silence, and the secretary then read letters and messages from several of the absent members, and as far as was possible, gave the present addresses and occupations of the remainder.

The following toasts were then called for and responded to:

- "People I Meet in a Business Way,"
F. R. Strawbridge.
- "Millville—The Oasis of the Jersey Desert,"
R. D. Wood
- "Any Old Thing,"
F. G. Hulme.
- "Our Alma Mater,"
J. H. Haines.

As several of the men had to go out of town, the gathering broke up at an early hour, all the fellows, however, expressing themselves as having passed a most enjoyable evening.

Walter C. Janney, Secretary.

FOOT BALL.

Haverford, 0; Ursinus, 6.

On Haverford Field, this year, Haverford was beaten once only and that once was by Ursinus. The game was played on November 5 before a large crowd of Alumni and students with their friends.

Ursinus put up an unexpectedly strong game. Their defense was very good. Being coached by Off, a former player on the University of Pennsylvania's team, they understood more about stopping the guards-back formation than any other team Haverford has met this year. Nevertheless the ball was in Ursinus' territory a great part of the time and at the close of each half the ball was within fifteen yards of Ursinus' goal.

Had Haverford's men played as they can play two touchdowns should have been scored, but in critical moments they failed to break through Ursinus' defense.

Lerch, Kelly and Roth played well for Ursinus.

The feature of the game was an 80-yard run and touchdown made by Lerch. In the first half he caught one of Mifflin's punts on Ursinus 30-yard line and, evading the whole Haverford team put the ball down behind the goal posts.

For Haverford, while the work of none on the team was brilliant, Captain Lowry, Chambers and Dinker did the best play-

ing. The line-up was as follows:

Haverford.	Ursinus.
Sharplessleft end.....	Keppler
Woodleft tackle.....	Kopenhaver
Freemanleft guard.....	Casselbury
Batleycentre.....	Roth
Mauleright guard.....	Caldwell
Chambers	
Pettyright tackle.....	Gery
Drinkerright end.....	Walman
Lowry, (Capt.) quarter-back..	Kelly, (Capt.)
Richieleft half-back.....	Lerch
Grant; Foxright half-back.....	Trook
Mifflinfull-back.....	Hauck
Touchdowns, Lerch. Goal from touch-down, Kelly. Referees, Cutts and Zimmerman. Umpires, Zimmerman and Wilson. Linesmen, Stone and Knapp. Timekeepers, Conklin and Croker. Time of halves, twenty-five and twenty minutes.	

Haverford, 18 ; Delaware, 0.

On November 12, Haverford defeated Delaware College at Haverford by the score 18—0. The game was well contested till within eight minutes of its close, when Haverford tired out her opponents and scored two touchdowns in rapid succession. Haverford kicked off and Delaware, unable to gain through our line, kicked down the field. Haverford was soon forced to kick and Delaware made twenty yards on an end run by Cann. Delaware kicked to Mifflin who ran twenty yards to the centre of the field. By rushes of from two to eight

yards the scarlet and black carried the ball over the goal line after sixteen minutes of play. Lowry kicked the goal. On the next kick-off Fox made a good run to Delaware's forty-five yard line. The remainder of the half was played in Delaware's territory without further scoring.

In the second half after a good deal of fumbling Richie was sent across the line for a second touchdown. Lowry kicked the goal. On the next kick off Fox returned the ball. Delaware made a free catch, but could not gain. Haverford returned all kicks and soon had possession of the ball on Delaware's thirty yard line, whence she soon rushed it over for a third and last touchdown. The game closed almost immediately with the score 18—0 in favor of Haverford. Haverford played a good game, apart from her fumbles, which undoubtedly kept down the score.

For Delaware Wolf, Connor, Huxley and Vickers played a good game, while the work of Richie, Fox, Sharpless and Lowry was conspicuous.

The line-up:

Haverford.	Delaware.
Sharpless	left end..... Trotter
Wood	left tackle..... McCabe
Freeman	left guard..... Mitchell
Batley	centre..... Connor
Chambers	right guard.... McCausland
Petty; Lloyd	right tackle..... Green
Drinker	Right end ..Vickers, (Capt.)
Lowry, (Capt.)	quarter-back..... Huxley
Richie	left half-back..... Hartman
Fox	right half-back..... Cann
Mifflin	full-back..... Wolf
Umpire, Mr. Haines, Haverford.	Referee,
Mr. Mullins, Delaware.	

Haverford, 12; Swarthmore, 0.

November 19, on Whittierfield, Haverford downed her old rival, Swarthmore, by the score of 12—0, this making the fourth time in succession that the Scarlet and Black has emerged from the annual fray triumphant. It rained all the morning but by two o'clock the weather had cleared, leaving the field in a muddy condition. The game was probably one of the most evenly contested which ever took place between the two colleges. The

defense of both elevens was very strong, neither team being able to make consecutive gains to amount to anything. The consequence was that both sides indulged in considerable punting. The advantage that Swarthmore gained on these exchanges was always neutralized and often more than made up for by the way Farquhar's kicks were run back, and by the speed with which Haverfords ends, Sharpless and Drinker, got down the field, tackling the Swarthmore backs before they could get started. Fox's kicking was regularity itself, and towards the end of the second half he was more than holding his own with Farquhar.

Throughout the game Haverford adopted line-bucking tactics, making her most substantial gains through Swarthmore's left side. Swarthmore, on the other hand was unable to force the line and attempted many end rushes. These were seldom successful. Only once Swarthmore looked dangerous, and that was at the beginning of the second half when, receiving the ball on the kick off, she carried it by steady gains to Haverford's 50-yard line, chiefly on end-rushes.

There was some fumbling on each side, Swarthmore's errors in this respect probably proving the costlier. In a large majority of cases, however, it was a Swarthmore man who fell on the ball. In the first half, out of a total of ten fumbles, Swarthmore got the pig-skin eight times.

What won the game, however, was the united vigorous team-work of Haverford. There was plenty of good individual work but it was the steady, concerted, push-and-pull of the whole eleven that prevented the Garnet from scoring and brought victory to the Scarlet and Black. The elevens were evenly matched as to weight.

Captain Lowry won the toss and decided to defend the East goal, with the advantage of a down slope, giving Swarthmore the kick off with a slight wind at her back. Richie ran the ball back ten yards and Mifflin shot through

left tackle for twenty more, but Haverford lost the ball on a fumble on the next play. Swarthmore tried the line twice and, on the third down, a quarter-back kick, recovering the ball on Haverford's 37-yard line. Captain Farquhar, standing on the 45-yard line, then attempted a goal from the field, but the ball fell just short. Freeman kicked out from the 25-yard line, but Swarthmore could not gain and punted to Lowry who ran back twenty yards. Haverford made fifteen yards and then punted. The play continued in Swarthmore territory for the next ten minutes, consisting of frequent exchanges of kicks. Haverford received the ball on Swarthmore's 55-yard line and carried it to the 38-yard line to lose it on downs. Farquhar punted forty yards and Haverford again rushed the ball back twenty and then kicked. The ball was Swarthmore's, fifteen yards from her goal when the ball was given to Haverford for foul interference. Mifflin went through Booth for three yards and then Lowry, on a double pass, skirted right end for a touchdown. He also kicked the goal. The half closed soon after with the score unchanged, Haverford 6, Swarthmore 0.

Freeman kicked off for the second half and Swarthmore was downed on her 25-yard line. Hall made a quarter-back kick. Jackson, just as he got the ball stepped out of bounds and so was called back after a seventy yard sprint to Haverford's goal line. Haverford received the ball on downs but failed to gain. Swarthmore punted and fell on the ball on Haverford's 38-yard line. Farquhar's try at goal was blocked, Petty getting the ball. Haverford kicked. On Swarthmore's quarter-back kick, Fox fell on the ball. Mifflin, on a delayed pass, ran 40 yards Farquhar saving the Garnet's goal. Wood, Richie and Fox gained their distances and then Mifflin from the 35-yard line tried a goal from placement. The ball rolled to Swarthmore's 5-yard line where Farquhar fumbled and Sharpless got the leather. Swarthmore made

a determined stand and held for downs. Farquhar immediately punted out of danger. Wood made five yards through Thomas. Mifflin then made the second touchdown of the game on a delayed pass. Lowry again kicked the goal. Although defeat was staring them in the face Swarthmore continued to fight hard but in the seven minutes that remained could not get the ball out of their territory and the half closed with it in her possession on her 30-yard line. The best work for Swarthmore was done by Verlenden, Bell, Seaman and Farquhar. The whole Haverford team played finely. The line-up follows:

Haverford.	Swarthmore.
Sharplessleft end.....	Temple
Woodleft tackle.....	Thomas
Freemanleft guard.....	Booth
Batleycentre.....	Downing
Chambersright guard.....	McVaugh
Pettyright tackle.....	Bell
Drinkerright end.....	Verlenden
Lowry, (Capt.) .quarter-back.....	Hall
Richieleft half-back.....	Seaman
Foxright half-back.....	Jackson
Mifflinfull-back. Farquhar, (Capt)	
Umpire, Mr. Taussig, Cornell, Referee,	
Mr. White, Lehigh. Touchdowns, Lowry	
and Mifflin. Goals from touchdowns, Lowry	
2. Time of halves, 35 minutes.	

Haverford, 0; Franklin and Marshall, 11

Haverford closed her foot ball season of 1898 on Thanksgiving Day at Lancaster against Franklin & Marshall.

It was a miserable day for the game, there being five inches of snow on the level on, the field and in some places drifts to nearly twice that depth.

Haverford won the toss and chose the advantage of a light wind. F. & M. kicked off and after a series of rushes the ball was carried to the centre of the field where F. & M. held for three downs and Haverford was forced to kick.

F. & M. then rushed the ball back into Haverford's territory but had to kick on downs. This changing of the play from territory to territory, usually in F. & M's favor, was kept up until after the middle of the half, when F. & M. kicked to Haverford's 5-yard line, where, on a mistake

among the backs F. & M. secured the ball and after two rushes pushed it over the line for a touchdown; the goal was kicked. Score F. & M. 6, Haverford 0.

Haverford kicked off and F. & M. carried the ball to the middle of the field. Lowry, in tackling, was struck on the head and was forced to leave the field. Grant, who had never played quarter-back, the only man available, was put in, and considering his absolute inexperience, did very well.

The first half closed with the ball in Haverford's possession on her own 50-yard line.

Haverford kicked off in the second half and soon forced F. & M. to kick on downs, then gradually worked the ball into F. & M's. territory by the good line bucking of Mifflin and Fox, but they were held for downs and forced to kick, Fox barely missing a goal from the field.

Haverford soon regained the ball but on downs was forced to kick again, when Metzenthin getting the ball on F. & M's.

10-yard line made a beautiful run of 100 yards for a touchdown; no goal. F. & M. 11, Haverford 0.

Haverford again worked the ball almost to F. & M's. goal by plunges but lost her chances of scoring through fumbling, and the half closed with ball on F. & M's. 30-yard line in Haverford's possession.

The line-up:

Haverford.	F. & M.
Drinker.....left end..	Schneder. (Capt.)
	Kinzer
Wood.....left tackle.....	Musser
Freeman.....left guard.....	Marburger
Battey.....centre.....	Stoneroad
Chambers.....right guard....	Zimmerman
Petty.....right tackle.....	Kunkle
Sharpless.....right end.....	Simpson
Lowry; Grant .quarter-back.....	Brubaker
Richie.....left half-back...	McLaughlin
	Schneder
Fox.....right half-back...	Metzenthin
Mifflin.....full-back.....	Peters
Referee, Wm. T. White, Lehigh. Umpire,	
L. T. Dewing, Harvard. Linesmen, J. K.	
Moorhouse and J. S. Cramer. Timers, E. B.	
Conklin and F. C. Garwood. Touchdowns,	
Marburger, Metzenthin. Goal, Stoneroad.	
Time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes.	

THE SOPHMORE-FRESHMEN SPORTS.

On the morning of October 13th, 1901 defeated 1902 in dual track and field sports by a score of 68—22. The track was soft and a high wind blew up the home-stretch so that poor time was made in the races. The work of Yearsley in winning three firsts, that of Stone who scored thirteen points for his class, and the all-around work of Patton was especially noticeable. One record was broken, that of the pole vault.

The summary:

100 yard dash—1st, Stone, '02; 2d, Brown, '01; 3d, Walenta, '01.

220 yard run—1st, Yearsley, '01; 2d, Winslow, '01; 3d, Pyle, '02.

440 yard run—1st, Taylor, '01; 2d, Winslow, '01; 3d, Pyle, '02. Time, 62 seconds.

One half mile run—1st, Yearsley, '01; 2d, Reeder, '02; 3d, DeMotte, '01. Time, 2.34.

220 yards, hurdles—1st, Yearsley, '01; 2d, Stone, '02; 3d, Walenta, '01. Time, 31 seconds.

One mile bicycle race—1st, Tomlinson, '01; 2d, Cadbury, '01; 3d, Mellor, '01. Time, 3.07.

Running broad jump—1st, Stone, '02; 2d, Patton, '01; 3d, Lane, '02. Distance, 18 feet, 4 inches.

Running high jump—Dewees, '01, Walenta, '01, Patton, '01, tie for 1st. Height, 4 feet 11 inches.

Pole vault—1st, Patton, '01; 2d, Neilson, '01; 3d, DeMotte, '01. Height, 8 feet 7 inches record.

Shot put—1st, Wood, '01; 2d, Longstreth, '02; 3d, Patton, '01. Distance, 29 feet 8 inches.

Referee, Dr. J. A. Babbitt.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The finals in the fall tennis tournament were finished on November 9th, Evans, '99, winning from Allen, 1900, in a well-played and closely contested match.

play would doubtless have been more brilliant had the weather been more favorable.

Owing to several heavy rains the courts were in poor condition and the

The first prize was a Spalding racquet, and the runner-up prize was a silver-mounted glass powder-box. The following is the result of the matches:

Preliminaries.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Finals.
	Brown, '01 }	Emlen, default . . }		
	Emlen, '00 }		Lane, 6-3, 6-0 }	
	Stork, '02 }	Lane, 6-1, 6-2 . . }		
	Lane, '02 }			Evans, 6-4, 6-4 }
	Evans, '99 }	Evans, '99, 6-1, 6-1 }		
	Evans, '02 }		Evans, 6-4, 3 6 }	
Trout, '02 }	Neilson, 6-0, 6-3 . }		6-3.	
Neilson, '01 }		Kirkbride, 6-3, 6-4 }		
Cadbury, '98 }	Kirkbride, 6-2, 6-2 }			
Kirkbride, '01 }				
Roberts, '02 }	Patton, 6-3, 6-2 . }			
Patton, '01 }		Patton, 6-4, 7-9, 6-3 }		Evans, 6-4, 5-7 }
Deweese, '01 }	Deweese, 6-3, 6-3 . }			3-6, 7-5 }
Pusey, '02 }			Patton, 6-2, 6-4 }	7-5.
Eshleman, '00 }	Cadbury, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3.			
Cadbury, '01 }		Jenks, 6-3, 6-4 . . }		
Jenks, '00 }	Jenks, 6-4, 7-5 . . }			
Siler, '02 }				Allen, 6-3, 6-2 }
Speirs, '02 }	Walenta, 6-1, 6-1. }			
Walenta, '01 }		Allen, 6-4, 2-6, 6-1. }		
Whitely, '02 }	Allen, 6-0, 6-1 . . }			
Allen, '00 }			Allen, 6-1, 6-4.	
Cope, '00 }	Winslow, 6-4, 8-6. }			
Winslow, '01 }		Winslow, 7-5, 2-6 . }		
Wood, '02 }	DeMotte, default. }			
DeMotte, '01 }				

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EXPENDITURES.			
Cricket supplies	\$191.58	Sale of cricket balls	2.75
Postage and money orders	4.05	Donations	55.95
Printing	1.75		
Dues to I. C. C. A.	10.00	Total receipts	238.83
Umpire	5.00	Total expenditures	\$234.80
Unawarded Class '93 Prize	6.50		
Marking prizes	1.50	Balance on hand	\$ 4.03
Miscellaneous	14.42	Respectfully submitted,	
	\$234.80	FREDERIC C. SHARPLESS, '00,	
		Treasurer.	
		Examined and found correct.	
		F. ALGERNON EVANS, '99,	
		HOWARD HAINES LOWRY, '99	

RECEIPTS.

From former treasurer	\$ 20.13
Dues to H. C. C. C.	154.00

COLLEGE NOTES.

The first college lecture in the new Alumni Hall was given by Dr. Casper René Gregory, of the University of Leipsic, Oct. 11. His subject was "Paleography." The lecture was mainly confined to an account of the Codex Siniaticus, and the work of Tischendorff.

Morning collections are now held in Alumni Hall. Part of the seats in the old collection room have been removed and tables put in their place for the accommodation of day students.

The Class of 1900 has elected the following officers for the college year: President, Francis R. Cope; Vice-President, William B. Bell; Secretary, C. Henry Carter; Treasurer, John T. Emlen.

The Freshman Class has elected the following temporary officers: President, Longstreth; Secretary, Cookman; Treasurer, Lane.

The Class of 1902 gave a reception to the Class of 1901, Friday evening, November 5.

The following are the courses and leaders of the Y. M. C. A. bible classes: '99, "The Man Christ-Jesus," R. H. Jones, leader; 1900, "Parables of Jesus," Wm. B. Bell, leader; 1901, "Studies in the Life of Paul," G. J. Walenta, leader; 1902, "Studies in the Life of Christ," A.

C. Maule, '99, leader. A special mission class with M. A. Shipley, '99, leader, has been organized.

R. H. Jones '99, has been elected Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A., in place of L. R. Wilson, '99, resigned, and E. Y. Brown, '01, succeeds Edward S. Macomber, '01, resigned, as Corresponding Secretary.

Coca, '96, will act as accompanist in the gymnasium this winter. A series of contests, similar to those held last year, has been arranged in connection with the regular gymnasium work.

A gift of two hundred dollars for the purchase of apparatus to be used in the Swedish gymnastic work, has been received from a friend of the college. Some of the apparatus has already been purchased and it is probable that a tolerably complete equipment will be secured in the course of a few months. Much interest seems to be taken in the Swedish work and the class is much larger than last year.

The fourteen men who have been awarded "H" sweaters are: Captain Lowry, '99; Maule, '99; Petty, '99; Battey, '99; Richie, '99; Mifflin, 1900; Sharpless, 1900; Drinker, 1900; Freeman, 1900; Lloyd, 1900; Hallett, 1900; Wood, '01; Fox, '02; Chambers, '02, and Manager Eshleman, 1900.

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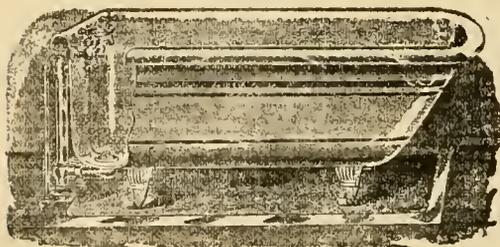
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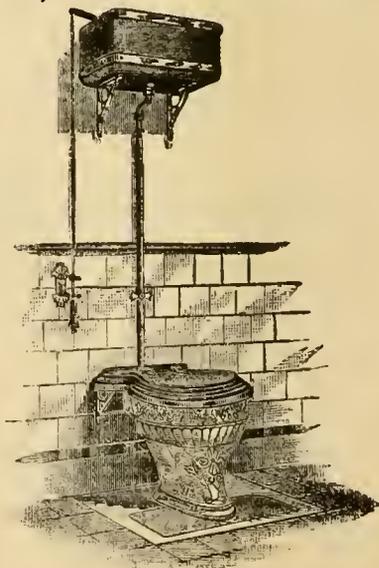
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THE

HVERFORDIAN



HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XX., No. 8

JANUARY, 1899

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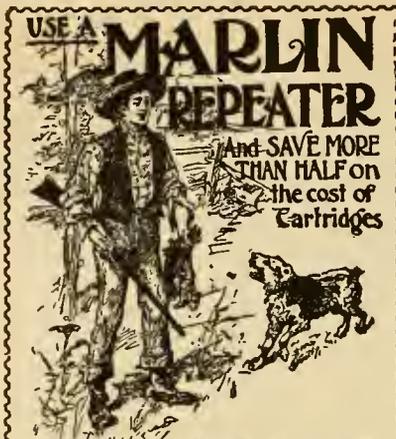
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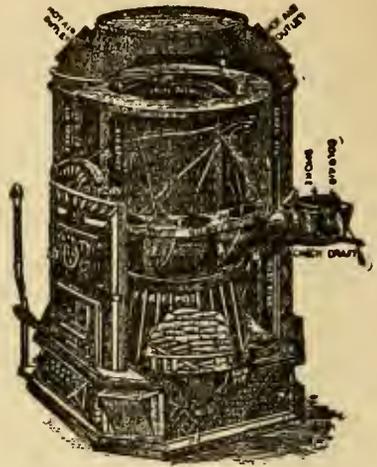
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XX.

HAVERFORD, JANUARY, 1899.

NO. 8

The Haverfordian.

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Subscription Price, One Year, \$1.00
Single Copies,15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office. for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

THE Loganian Society, since 1890, when it was transformed into a debating club, has continued in existence with uncertain fortunes, kept alive by the loyal devotion of a few members and partly by the reverence which the splendid traditions of the old institution commanded. Of late years the interest manifested in its welfare has not been so keen as to promise greater prosperity for the future. A new energy seems to have been infused into the society by an agreement with the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania to meet

in a debate. This contest is to be purely a debate between the two societies, and will preserve, as far as possible, the character of their regular meetings. Three weeks only are to be allowed for preparation and the formalities of an inter-collegiate debate are to be avoided.

The action of the Loganian Society cannot fail to stimulate the interest in debating at Haverford.

The question is, will the impetus be merely spasmodic or will it be lasting in its results? Judging from the renewed interest taken in the society before the invitation was received, and taking into account the effect which the meeting is presumed to accomplish, we are inclined to view the question optimistically, especially if the plan can be carried out for a few years more. The most desirable object to be obtained is the cultivation of a taste for inter-collegiate debating, and if this is accomplished the benefits of the present intention cannot be overrated.

BY reference to the extracts from the minutes of the meetings of the Inter-Collegiate Cricket Association, published on another page, it will be seen that a provisional schedule has been adopted providing for two-day matches instead of one, as has been the custom heretofore. Owing to the uncertainty of the delegates of receiving the extra privilege, it was impossible to come to a final agreement, but it is highly probable that the change will be carried into effect.

When proposed by Haverford it was warmly received by both Pennsylvania and Harvard. Indeed, it is hard to conceive of a reason why it should not have

been. Besides the additional chance it offers the players for the full enjoyment of the game, the plan affords a more real opportunity for judging the merits of the two elevens. Played on this basis, the game becomes a genuine cricket match, and for this reason alone receives the hearty approbation of all Haverfordians.

The advantages of the system have been fully appreciated by the Philadelphia Cricket Clubs, and repeated endeavors have been made to arrange a two-day schedule in the Halifax Cup matches. So far the attempts have been unsuccessful because of the inability of the players to take the necessary time off from business hours. This reason is minimized in the present instance: for whereas in the case of the clubs, the extra time was maintained through ten matches, with the Inter-Collegiate Association two additional days only by each college are required.

The proposition, though seemingly of trifling moment, is nevertheless of great importance as advancing the best interests of the game. THE HAVERFORDIAN, therefore, sincerely hopes for the establishment of two-day matches.

WHILE the large number of cases of grip, recently so prevalent throughout this section of the country, was no doubt due to the slightly contagious character of the disease, and while the comparatively small amount of sickness in the college speaks well for the healthy conditions at Haverford, we deem it seasonable to call the attention of the college authorities to a fact which might very readily be a cause for future illness. The system of drainage in use in Barclay Hall—we are not advised concerning Founders' Hall—is many years of age, and has been condemned as unhealthy and opposed to all sanitary requirements by the best modern authorities. The longer this system is allowed to remain the greater becomes the danger, and however slight this may be, it ought not to find a shelter at Haverford.

ONE of the most important points characteristic of Haverford students which the speeches on Founders' Day brought before us was the attentiveness to small matters, the careful performance of every duty, of whatever importance. THE HAVERFORDIAN does not mention this subject because we apprehend a tendency in the opposite direction, but because we think too much attention cannot be directed to it. In carrying out these principles of thoroughness we, as undergraduates, must remember that the prime requisite for the greatest success is not to overburden ourselves. The size of the college being what it is, the number of undertakings to be of the grade that the reputation of Haverford demands, is necessarily limited to a few. So that in making plans for the coming months we ought to consider very closely the field of possibilities and make our choice judiciously.

The ever present force at work here to extend the range of our operations and relations, with the view of bringing Haverford more prominently before the eyes of the public, and particularly before other and larger colleges, is most laudable. But the tendency has its dangers. We must not attempt various projects merely because we believe we can make a good showing. This policy, in our youthful confidence in our ability, might lead us to a multiplicity of undertakings which might and might not result in adding to our laurels. But the point is, to do as many things as we can, doing each to the fullest of our capabilities, not hampered nor weighed down by a superabundance of duties.

The number of schemes rather hazy and undefined as yet, but nevertheless be tokening an unusually ambitious and restless condition, that have been rumored around the halls this year, has called forth this article. Let us look at our calendar and take our bearings.

The most cursory glance reveals the fact that the bulk of our work must take

place during February, March and the first two weeks in April. The principal events expected in this period are the gymnasium exhibition, in the latter part of February, a gymnasium contest with Rutgers, probably on March 4, and the Junior exercises on April 12. When we add to these the debate of the Loganian Society with the Philomathean, the inter-class debates, the two oratorical contests, the attention due to the Loganian and Everett-Athenæum Societies, and the time which must be devoted to cricket practice, we realize that busy hours await us. THE HAVERFORDIAN considers that this list should not be augmented.

The Sophomore play is an event talked of as likely to be inserted. This we feel sure will be a mistake. The time for this was before the holidays; it will crowd other arrangements to bring it off now. We are aware that the new regulations in regard to the use of Alumni Hall has handicapped the Class of 1901 seriously in the preparation of a suitable entertainment; and that but for this restriction the

play would now be a thing of the past. We regret the omission of the custom and the financial loss to the athletic associations, but the fact remains that no suitable time can be found for its performance now.

The gymnasium team has asked for an increased amount of attention, and the college has agreed to back them in a contest with the Rutgers gymnasium team. But the wisdom of the proposition, if it is made, to give an exhibition in Philadelphia, Wilmington or Lancaster will be seriously questioned; because this might trespass on the time of other interests.

We offer these observations as suggestions only. We desire to see the greatest amount of outside work accomplished consistent with fairness to our home interests. Let there be justness in the apportionment of dates. There is more to be gained by the scrupulous observance of a few duties than by neglecting, though only slightly, an excess of responsibilities. And "En toute chose il faut considérer la fin."

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,
And maidens call it 'love-in-idleness.'"
—Shaks. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

A MORNING of that memorable spring after the Revolution when the treaty of peace had wrought such quiet and rest throughout the whole land.

A young man of — no, not handsome exactly, but of strong, clear-cut features, and a carriage which tells of the soldier, is riding out into the country leaving the Coffee House, High street, Philadelphia, and the ford at the Schuylkill behind him.

It is a delicious, blossoming morning in May, and as his horse walks along briskly, nodding its head, everything seems happy and contented. A red-winged black-bird, sitting up in a tree, balances down and perches on the top-

rail of a worm fence sings, "Quank-a-ree," "How-is-thee?"

Anderson Crosswick had been aid-de-camp on Washington's Staff, and having wound up the last private affairs of his position, bade a sad farewell to his dear general and came home to Philadelphia. The hardships of the campaign had been too much even for his hardy frame. He was out of health and needed a rest, and here he was this sweet, peaceful day riding out into the country-side; riding out to the farm of his aunt.

A haze of sad mist had settled on the early life of Prudence Fairthorn. Many little rumors had passed from the lips of one gossip to the ears of another. Many little speculations as to her history were poured out over the old china cups when dame this or mother that poured tea. Left a large fortune, she had been much "sought after," as the saying went, and disappointed in an early love affair, she

had withdrawn from the gay scenes of Philadelphia to the peaceful seclusion of a large farm in Chester county. Here she rejoined the Society of Friends, from which her parents had been severed, and with her hospitable and lovely manners soon won the respect and esteem of even the strictest elders of the meeting.

It was Prudence Fairthorn who, with Priscilla Foulke, did so much for the sick at Valley Forge through that cold time of miserable suffering—the winter camp of 1777-78. It was she again who was mentioned in the Pennsylvania Packet of May, 1778, as having been such a help to the poor, shoeless men who had marched from Whitemarsh, leaving their bloody foot prints in the snow.

And now that the war was over she was to be a comfort to still another, on whom the war had laid its hand; for Anderson Crosswick was riding out to rest, and to grow well in idleness, on the farm of his aunt, Prudence Fairthorn.

Threading his way along the winding lanes, which dip and rise beneath the shade of chestnuts and dogwoods, between green banks wreathed with the trailing green-briar, and the pink wild-honeysuckle, and riding slowly for most of the day, he arrived at sunset at the country-seat of his aunt. He took his way down a farm lane, leading through thrifty white-washed fences, to the dearest of ivy-covered, tree-surrounded, sun-pierced country houses.

Can't you see just such a house? The large, low windows; the small panes, behind which hang the neatest of little white curtains; the eglantine briars and climbing roses swarming all over the porch at the door; benches at the side of this door; a work-bag dropped carelessly in the corner, and a wren-box on the post.

Through the apple blossoms he could plainly see the figure of a woman holding something in her hand with which she shaded her eyes. A minute more and they were together. A small col-

ored boy unslung the saddle bags and led off the horse.

Together they strolled into the wide, cool hall, and with her own hands she brought him a refreshing drink of purest spring water, all beaded on the glass. Across the polished floor of the hall, through the open door, he caught glimpses of a dark green garden with box-wood hedges and gravel path, and a smell of lilacs was wafted to him with the droning sounds of summer.

And then, after removing the dust from his clothes, and donning "blanched linen smooth and lavendered," and another coat from his saddle bags, they sit down to supper together, just the two alone. He with his interesting young face turned toward the setting sun, which streams in through the wide open windows, makes an interesting picture; she, the woman, just reaching the topmost rounds of life's ladder: she, the full-blown rose with every petal full, into which the sun has pierced warmly and soothingly. This was "the countenance in which did meet, sweet records promises as sweet."

And then he talks of the war, and of Washington, and they laugh, and prattle of the times of long ago. Afterwards they walk out together into the great garden, and stroll along between the box-wood walks, and as they go she shows him her flowers, and her eyes sparkle with pride.

The following morning—First-day—dawns clear and sweet, and they go to meeting, riding along on horse-back. The orchards were fairly swaddled in the soft white blossoms. The young fluffy lambs were gamboling on their awkward legs around their solicitous and bleating mothers, staring out with wondering eyes into the great strange world into which they had been dropped. Hovering little sparrow-hawks ebbed away before the fresh breezes, and the love notes of that most narcotic of birds—the morning dove—faintly swelled across the farm land, coo, coo—koooo, k—o, ooo, the

sound blending dreamily with the softness of the day.

Separating at the meeting-house door they each seek a separate side, and as Andy sits in the quiet of the place with only the occasional swinging of the door, and the singing of some orioles outside to break the silence, he looks at his green coat, with the flat brass buttons and at his drab tamboured vest-coat, and wonders at the advisability of such apparel in meeting.

A gentle rustle at his side, and a soft gray figure passes by and settles in a seat a few benches further front, across the aisle.

In that gray dress is a bright-faced girl, and the fresh rose-brown flush and beauty of her face brings into his own features a gentle expression of admiration.

In his own words in a letter to an army friend one may see what an impression it made in him.

"The day after my arrival was First-day; so, being advised by my aunt Prudence that it was her practice to attend First-day meeting, I expressed my wish to accompany her. We heard some very good words from Abram Haines and one Isaac Thorn.

"What impressed me above all, though, dear Seth, was the face of a girl. Ah! and I see a smile creep over thy features. She made me to wonder greatly, and every time my eyes wandered, which was, alack! I fear often, I was more and more impressed with her resemblance to one to whom thee will be surprised to hear me compare a beautiful young woman. No other than our dear general, and for that reason alone, dear Seth, have I made any allusion to the little incident."

The letter then continues on other matters.

How little Anderson Crosswick thought at the time of this "incident," as he was pleased to call it, we do not know, but little incidents have sprung into many strange happenings since history

began, and just as a chance draft of wind will weigh the destiny of a mighty oak, thus it often happens with even mightier things, and the more important.

That girl was Huldah Thorn. As they came out of meeting Prudence Fairthorn spoke to her nephew, and, turning to a tall, dignified man on her left, said: "Isaac Thorn, I want thee to know my nephew, Andy Crosswick. He is the son of Roger Crosswick, who married Phoebe Skirm, thee knows." Then tapping a young girl on the shoulder, said: "Come, Huldah, dear, I want thee to speak to my nephew, Anderson, of whom I told thee last Fourth-day and you can ride along home together, as I am going to stop at thy father's on the way to show him some manumission papers in which he is interested." With a curious little nod and smile the aunt joined the "elder," and they rode on down the lane together.

Smiling kindly Huldah said: "If thee will bring my mare around here to the block I will mount, and we will ride on after father."

They already seemed to know each other, and as Andy deftly helped her into the saddle he felt a new strength run through his veins. As they rode along, she modestly talking, remarked that she had already heard so much from dear Aunt Prudence about him that she did not feel at all like a stranger.

The breezes were blowing gently from the west. Just one of those zephyrs like summer breezes, strong enough to blow the manes of their horses into waves, and carrying billows of motion across the ripening fields of hay and grain.

The young people rode along and caught up with their elders as they reached the entrance of Isaac Thorn's farm. They turned in, and Andy and his aunt were pressed to stay for dinner. To dinner they stayed, and towards the cool part of the afternoon they rode away homeward.

Huldah called Prudence Fairthorn Aunt Prue. It was merely a little term

of endearment, and as they were mounting their horses she, Huldah, said:

"I'll bring that book thee lent me over on Sixth-day, Aunt Prue; I have almost finished it, and can leave it at thy house on my way to Carson's. I am going there to see Molly and spend the night with her."

A week passed by, and as Andy was coming into the house one day he caught a fleeting glimpse of Huldah riding out of the place, with a round pink bag banging and jolting on her horse's withers, at the saddle bow.

It occurred to him that she must have stopped to return the book she had spoken of on First-day, and that she was now on her way to her friend, Molly Corson's, with her small bag for her clothes. He strolled into the house.

He was rather curious to see what books she had been reading, and went up to the mahogany table in the large, sunny living room.

The table was well covered with books, and for the times the shelves of Prudence Fairthorn's library were remarkably well filled.

He found Joseph Andrews, by Fielding, several copies of the Ladies' Magazine, also Pope and Caroline Melmoth, Fuller's Gospel, Volney's "Ruins," and the "Oeuvres de Rousseau," the latter in three volumes, bound in heavy, gray parchment.

On the other side he found Smollett's Peregrine Pickle and Humphrey Clinker; the latter discreetly hidden at the bottom of the pile.

Huldah had evidently been reading "M. Chas. Perrault, Histoires et Contes du Temps passé," for, scattered along through the leaves he found daisies, and poor, little, dried-up, pressed flowers, with which she had marked the parts she liked best. She had evidently forgotten all about the little withered blossoms.

He picked up the book and hummed an old refrain—

"Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde;
For a jollie good booke whereon to look,
Is better to me than golde."

as he went out to the arbor to read.

At a month's end Andy found, or perhaps thought he found, sufficient reason to idle longer, for we have a way sometimes or persuading our conscience that what we want to do is really the right and proper thing. Our minds veer to suit our inclinations.

He had seen a good deal of Huldah. They had wandered together through the woods, listening to the tinkling of the little brooks, to whose music the small birds sing their madrigals.

Thus time went on, and one day Andy woke up early. A Carolina wren was "a liltin'" his merry song in the garden shrubbery as he rose and dressed.

That morning he rode over with a message from Aunt Prudence to the Thorn house, and found Huldah ready to ride.

"Andy, will thee ride with me? I go over to Swain's with a letter from father. John Fothergail, the preacher, is there, and father wants him to come over next First-day."

"Indeed I will, Huldah, and what a sweet June day it is."

They were riding along now. "Yes, Andy; O, I love June," and she pursed up her lips as she said June.

"So do I, indeed."

It was very strange Andy had never noticed that June was so delightful before. He thought it a very buoyant day, for the air was full of the sweet scent of spring.

"Andy," she said, "Aunt Prue was out in her garden with me the other day, and she said to me: 'Huldah, close thy eyes, lower thy head and feel the warmth of Spring. It makes the heart very tender and happy. Now try it and see how sweet everything sounds and smells.'"

He lowered his manly head.

"Yes, Huldah, it does make the heart tender, as Aunt Prue has it; but I feel much gayer and happier than mild and

tender. What a dear Aunt Prue she is!"

As they rode on she wove a fillet of bewitching pink blossoms of some kind, and set it gayly on her brow. Beneath, her eyes sparkled out gladsome kindness, and an all-pervading happiness not to be concealed.

Andy was in a merry mood. He dropped the reins on his horse's neck and jogged along gayly by her side, singing snatches of some of those old English ballads which were so hearty and hale, or again broke into some simple ditty, or jovial old hunting song like Young Roger's Courting:

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
Right pleasant was the weather;
Young Roger he a-courting went,
With the consent of his mother.

Spring had slowly passed away. Mid-summer was full grown and Andy and his aunt were loitering through the garden talking over a plan she had of returning to Philadelphia with him on some mission to the city's hospitals. They were to start the next day.

He had grown strong, and brown, and well. As they strolled along amongst the phlox and hollyhocks, the sweet Williams and black-eyed Susans, ladies' slippers and bachelor's buttons, bleeding hearts and heartsease, and the roses, and the sun dial, his mind was straying away off in the distance, and grazing in far-away pastures.

A strange, gray mist had come over him, through which a soft, sweet image danced like a will-o'-the-wisp, and he saw a long great country house, in a delectable land.

In one corner of the low west-looking room stood Huldah's spinet. Many an afternoon when the bees were lazily bumping around amongst the blooming wisteria, at the open window, Andy

would quietly steal in to find "her" at the keys, and stand in the low window-sill listening to the music of happiness. On these late afternoons, when the sun seemed to look down through the long shadows and bless all the land, and say peace be unto every living thing, and when Huldah was with him, he felt a wonderful conception in his heart, an exultant peacefulness. Her flower-dotted dimities seemed to rustle softly always in his mind, in his dreams, in his manly soul. Her halo of sun-lit hair seemed to have softly exchanged, and tangled itself with and among his heart cords, and he longed often, oh, how often, to cry out, Huldah! Huldah! He often was a stranger to himself. He felt so good, so powerful, so lofty and pure, and yet always it was as if he was not satisfied.

That evening Huldah was to come over for the last good-byes, for her dear Aunt Prue was to be away for several months. After tea Huldah and Andy wandered out into the twilight and through the clematis arbor into the dear old garden for the last time.

Many times in the morning they had ridden through the soft woods of Spring, loitering along the tinkling little brooks, whose every murmur was echoed by their friendly talk. That evening Aunt Prudence found them blushing and blissful amongst her favorite hollyhocks and scarlet-sage, and that evening when all was still, and they were sitting on the ample porch, quiet and soothed by the sleepy thrill of the cricket, and the tiresome song of the katy-did, their aunt was told of their secret. Happiness had thrilled the being of two souls who understood each other.

In the budding summer time, in idleness, their love had crept over them softly.

'OW WE TIPS THE 'AT.

O! the 'at trick's old as Adam, when the tiles
were made o' grass,
But it isn't just the caper for the upper middle
class;
For a millionaire can't do it,
An' a cad'll stumble thro' it,
Tho' the flunkey does it aisy with a flourish
an' a pass.

'Ow we tips the 'at! 'ow we tips the 'at!
We does it with a Spanish grace an' foreign-
er's eclat;
An' it's done with such an ease,
An' a "thank 'ee, sir," or "please,"
That you're sure you never knew before of 'ow
to tip the 'at.

When you goes to do some shoppin' in the
'appy 'olidays,
We're a-standin' by your carrich door with
deferential gaze;
And it's then we does the 'at trick,
With our elbow like a derrick,
When it 'eaves a bit o' granite from the side-
walk to the ways.

'Ow we tips the 'at! 'ow we tips the 'at!
We does it with the languor of a corkin'
cricket bat;
An' we act just like a cad,
When he's charged it to 'is dad,
Though we're 'ardly worth a two-pence if you
count our coat an' 'at.

When the summer sun's a-fryin' all the chim-
nies on th' Strand,
An' the Bobbies are a-sweatin' underneath the
'elmet's band,
Then you'll see us tip to ladies,
Tho' we feel as 'ot as Cadiz,
Where we did our ten-years' service at 'er
Majesty's command.

'Ow we tips the 'at! 'ow we tips the 'at!
like a brat,
We does it with the finger's end—an' smilin'
An' no matter if it's rainin',
Till th' gutter's over-strainin',
We'll turn our collars up—an' grin—an' allus
tip the 'at.

Now it doesn't come like waltzin'—with a tut-
or an' a check—
An' it's not h'aristocratic, like a dinner at The
Neck,
For unless you're second fiddle,
It'll be a bloomin' riddle,
When you try to do the 'at trick at the fash-
ionables' beck.

'Ow we tips the 'at! 'ow we tips the 'at!
Tho' we're common we're as 'appy as a Duke
at Baccarat,
An' altho' our pants is baggy,
An' our coat is raggy-shaggy,
Yet we'll smile like Jolly Rogers when we
goes to tip the 'at.
—Wood-Yard Stripling.

NOON.

THE clanking of shuttles and the
deafening pound of the lathes
made welcome music to the em-
ployes of the Elville Cloth Manufacturing
Company. Every stroke of the baton,
every turn of the wheels meant as much
more to feed the hungry mouthes and buy
needed clothing for the swarms of chil-
dren in the small monotonous row of
wooden houses across the mill street.
Dust, nor grease, nor dirt were called
into account, though they choked and
blinded the tired men and women who
shuffled back and forth at their weaving
and winding with steady tread, never
stopping from the time the shrill siren
blew at sunrise until the slacking of the
wheels that heralded the short half hour
of dinner.

Down at the south end of the shop, in
a corner set aside for the old and worn
machines, that had almost outlived their

usefulness, there worked an old man,
with bent back and narrow shoulders.

Those who have spent a day in a mill,
—one day will suffice—and who have
tried to keep track of two swiftly-running
looms, with their ever-breaking threads
and slipping belts, will know in part what
John Peters had to do year after year. A
new loom is like a new broom; it sweeps
clean. But try to follow an old one,
worn out, where cogs will slip and warp
tangle—that is the place to emulate Job
and study patience.

Old Peters was worn like his looms.
Corporations have no especial use for
either, though the man has worked him-
self out in years of faithful service. There-
fore, Peters was given the old looms to
keep him company. He had no relatives,
no bosom friends, in all those years. The
great waters had marked his path in the
west, his kin were there in the east.

Brought to the new land when little, losing his mother and father on the way, when the steerage was swept with fever, he had made his way alone. Often he had watered those memories, and kept green with tears the remembrances of happy days, as he sat in the little stuffy room where he lived.

Peters could not laugh, and the world would not cry; so he shouldered his burden and stumbled sadly on.

To-day, of many days, the heat was oppressive. A haze settled over the air. The sun peered out from a bleared and yellow sky. Peters' back and head ached as he toiled over the cloth. His hands were trembling, and he fumbled much in tying the broken threads. It seemed to him as if the morning would never end. His mouth was parched and dry from the heat and the dust that sifted into the open windows. If a break or a loose belt gave him opportunity, he sat on the ledge, a bent, care-worn figure, and watched the farmers working across the fields in the hay. They were free in the air, under the open sky, and he envied them.

Jim, the fixer, had been at work near him all the morning, and the rough young fellow, even in his careless, thought-free way, felt a touch of kindness as he saw the old German totter about in his worn carpet slippers.

Peters looked his grateful thanks for the tin-cup of water Jim brought. The old iron spectacles were pushed back on his forehead over the gray, straggling hair, the faded blue eyes were misty.

Jim hated sentiment. He had a record for being the toughest, as well as the most voluble at unseemly language, of all

the boys in the works, and that was saying much for his vocabulary.

"Don't want no thanks," he growled as the cup came back drained.

"Here, Dutchy, you'se tired; lemme git youse a box."

Peters sat patiently down and held his aching head between his hands. He did not have energy left to watch the steady stroke of the flying shuttles. He felt as if his head were burning up. His heart was far away in the blue hills of the Fatherland. The merry shout of the village boys was clear in his ears, as though he were there with them. His head sank lower and lower. There on the village street, portly and smiling, he saw a well-beloved face framed in a white lace cap. He tried to run and meet her.

"Mutter," he whispered faintly. The face vanished. Old Peters sat bowed in silence. Dunlap, across the aisle, heard the clicking of the empty shuttles and ran across to stop the loom.

"Here, Peters," he called, shaking the silent figure, "What you doin'?"

Then, as the truth dawned upon him, he gave a frightened yell and began to swear. A crowd of men ran in. Old Peters lay with his head resting on a weaver's knee. The wrinkled face was set in a smile, the gray hair waved over his forehead as a hot breath blew in the window.

A shrill whistle; the slowing of the machinery; and the hurried rush of feet resounded throughout the shop. They carried him into the office as the last whistle sounded for the noon hour, and the long row of men sitting under the shaded north side of the building left off their coarse jokes for that day, and ate their meagre lunches in an awed silence.

THE GARRY-YARRY BOUT.

HOGAN'S ALLEY lay curled up in the Christmas snow. Outside of the alley a street band was playing with numb fingers and frosty mustaches.

Um-ta-ta-ra-tra! Um-pah! Um-pah!

Um-ta-ta-ra-tra! 'pah!

Within the alley the occupants of the storm-beaten tenement houses staid 'tween decks—for the quick-silver had

bunched itself almost to zero, and from this position flashed vindictively at frozen ears and noses.

But we have to deal principally with only two families in Hogan's Alley. Look in the census reports and you'll find them. Run your finger down the line—there, now, A, B, C—that's it, "Crispi, Antonio;" there's one of the scene shifters in this incident. Now then, start your finger again—D, E, F, G, H—stop; there you are, "Hogan, Patrick." He's the supe for our foot-lights. No descendant of the alderman whose name adorns the alley, by the way. But the stars for this drama are forthcoming.

Hogan and Crispi were next door neighbors; and their houses leaned towards each other, so that the water spouts almost touched up at the roof. When peaceful relations existed between the two Powers, Hogan and Crispi could shake hands—each leaning out of a window of his own house. When the laurel branch was whittled into an arrow, Hogan and Crispi could remain at home and still exchange fisticuffs. But this had not been done since three years ago last Christmas, when Hogan had fallen out of his second-story window, and had limped through the holidays with a sprained ankle. Seemingly by mutual consent the two men had never fought again.

But the rivalry continued. Two months after that Hogan bought a yellow pup—raised him on the best food that he could devise for a dog and taught him tricks galore. Being a "yaller dog," the Hogan protégé learned and grew quickly; acquired a sporty walk like his master, and showed his teeth like a skull, and growled back whenever he heard the rumble of the wheel of fate. An alley dog has many incidents in his life and ever pitches his tent on the cool banks of the Pound. "Yarry"—this was the name with which Hogan christened the dog—once fell into a cistern and afterwards lay for one mortal hour, a dripping, steaming sponge on the sidewalk.

Once, too, in a tenement fire that woke up half the city fire department, he bore the role of a hairless Mexican dog. For a jolly match had laughed at a melancholy oil-barrel; and that barrel had given "Yarry" a single fiery cuff, whereat the dog smoked for a minute and then shivered through the rest of the week.

Now, it wasn't a week after "Yarry's" appearance that Crispi got a dog—a fluffy black ball which grew darker and darker as it grew larger, until it arrived at full dog-hood—black as night with the exception of a white tag on the middle of his back. Crispi also put his dog into training; followed Hogan's methods almost identically, with the exception of the name, which was "Garibaldi." This was immediately shortened into "Garry," for an alley has a keen ear for euphony.

Hogan's Alley had as great a fever for athletics as Pittsburgh; and once one of its sons had entered the prize-ring under the aspiring title of "the Pile-Driver of the Stock Yards," but one bout, a heavier man and a cut rope, marked the beginning and the end of his career. After that the Hogan-Crispi affair was the main source of enjoyment for the alley, but for a while after Hogan's sprained ankle the alley pined away in the "dull piping times of peace." But the neighbors cheered up when Hogan's dog appeared, and they actually smiled once more when Crispi's purchase was known. Then the alley hissed on the two men, or the dogs, it mattered not to Hogan's Alley who the contestants were, for the true feeling of athletics reigned in their hearts, they delighted in a struggle of any kind for the sake of the struggle, "art for art's sake." So Hogan bought a stout rope, and Crispi a small chain, and often these two citizens walked the whole length of the alley, each with a purple wrist and a yapping dog: for when they went out for an evening's stroll all the neighbors' windows were opened, and entreaties and taunts were hurled at them. But Hogan and Crispi

restrained themselves, and their dogs.

"Tis no nade o' beginnin' fininst you're ready," snapped Hogan.

"Too much-a soon-a," drawled Crispi.

But this couldn't last long. As an American mechanic remarked to his neighbor Malone, "Our bilers'll bust if them dogs don't get off'n th' safety-valves!"

Now Hogan and Crispi had real artistic perception, they held that a surprise was better a hundred times than a planned affair. So the two "seconds" chose this cold Christmas for the affair, and according marshalled out the "principals of the big fight."

The alley ever afterwards maintained that it must have been a put-up job, for exactly at nine-forty in the morning Crispi's door creaked, and out shot "Garry" followed by the entire Crispi family. Before the whole tribe was out on the sidewalk, Hogan's door opened and a yellow streak bolted out as though it were going to smash into the lamp-post, but stopped suddenly within six inches of it, with a rope stretching as straight as a rule from his neck to Hogan's white knuckles.

"A Merry Christmas to ye, Cruspy!" shouted Hogan.

"Sama to you-a!" called back Crispi.

Now this acted like the referee's whistle, for Hogan's hail raised every window in the alley, and Crispi's brought innumerable heads sticking out of those windows. "Garry" clanked his chain violently, and "Yarry" leaned over like a sprinter: for with these two dogs it had been a case of fight at first sight. One minute after this, and you couldn't hear the dogs bark: you could only see their mouths open and their heads jerk back—a college yell couldn't have lived in the din. Of course the policeman came: but he was as ardent as the rest, and immediately took up a bet of a "two-fer" on "Yarry."

The whole alley was divided on this question, not a man but was shaking hands over a bet, not a woman but was

shrieking wildly at her favorite dog, not a child but was dancing about madly. Soon the alley was full of people, with the policeman at the front, for he was a Hogan's Alley boy and had been appointed on the force by the Alderman of their ward.

"Yarry" was tied to a lamp-post on one side of the street, "Garry" to a fire-plug opposite; while Hogan and Crispi stepped into the middle of the street and shook hands.

"Now moind, there's to be no personal fa'ling in this," said the policeman, who although he had put up a bet, was still the guardian of the peace.

"Never-a bit-a," said Crispi, grasping the outstretched hand of Hogan, who replied, "Not fer wan sicind."

They retired to the sidewalk with great dignity and awkwardly patted their dogs. Each dog was surrounded by his friends; for the crowd in the street had split up, Hogan's friends clustering about "Yarry," Crispi's about "Garry."

"Sure 'n I hove th' fight," remarked Hogan to his bosom friend, Dan McMahon. And at the same time Crispi was being congratulated by his friends, who pronounced "Garry" worthy of a blue ribbon at the Madison Square Garden.

But the crowd was getting impatient.

"Ain't it about time to pull out the throttle?" queried the mechanic. "Oi'll hove to get off'n me bate in twenty minutes," the policeman said, nervously, as he spun his club around like the spokes of a buggy wheel.

"Are yez ready, gintlemen?" he broke in impatiently.

"You bet we are!"

"Yes, indeedy!"

"Whoop her up!"

"Put on de trolley!"

Hogan's alley responded from window, sidewalk, door and street; for who minded the cold when there was a dog fight?

"Well, then, when I sez three," shouted the policeman. "Wan!"

And Crispi leaned over with his hand on the buckle of "Garry's" chain, while Hogan held a clasp-knife above "Yarry's" rope.

"Two!"

Crispi's long fingers twined about the buckle like ivy and Hogan's knife rested on the rope.

There was no yelling now. Every one in the crowd heard that shutter bang on the last house in the alley.

"Three!"

Everybody jumped up into the air and yelled as "Garry's" chain rattled against the fire-plug and "Yarry's" rope whipped back like a severed hawser. The dogs took two bounds, and Tim O'Rourke handed Grady a quarter, for the dogs had met on Hogan's side of the street. "Yarry" had slipped on an icy cobble, but had swerved with open mouth on to "Garry," whose white teeth gleamed like the search light of an angry cruiser. Up to each other they bounded as though they were going to ram. They crashed together, piled up on to their back feet, their teeth met with an

ugly snarl and—the two dogs fell apart and stood irresolutely sniffing the air. Then "Yarry" sat down and began to howl the "Love Song of the Canaille;" whereat "Garry" bolted. Then "Yarry's" tail slowly curled down, and he, too, fled home, or tried to do so, for as he was passing through the third pair of legs, they pinned him fast; while two hairy hands held down his head.

"Im'rild Isle; who's put karosane on th' dog!"

But the only answer was a chorus of sniffs from the bystanders.

"Ask Hogan," some one suggested on the edge of the crowd.

"Yes; phwere's Hogan?" half a dozen voices chimed in. But Hogan was not to be found.

"Well, then, phwhere's the Dago?"

He, too, had disappeared. Silence reigned for a brief moment in Hogan's Alley.

Then the policeman, shoving his helmet down onto his forehead, shouted:

"Well, gentlemen, all bets is aff," and elbowed his way out of the alley.

SKETCHES.

Trials of an Editor.

Before you get on the editorial board, an editor's duty seems an easy matter,—three free copies of THE HAVERFORDIAN and little or no work to do. You soon learn better. You have been away the night before and get back to college weary and irritable. No sooner have you started to do your back work than in comes the business manager with his hands full of proof. "See here," he says, in his brisk business tone, "The proof has just come and the paper should have been out to-day. Can you get the dummy ready this evening?" You mutter a few "curses, not loud but deep," angrily seize the copy, and settle down to work. Though some of the typographical errors would drive a philologist crazy, the only thing you can do is to

wade wearily through the entire mass of proof. The proof-reading done, the dummy still remains to be made. The copy must be clipped and fitted in its place; and usually the column ends so that a trifling little piece is left to be pasted in separately. Before you are done the room is in the wildest disorder. Discarded proof, clipped edges and copy of all sorts, lie everywhere. On the ends of your fingers the mangled remains of football reports and Founders' Day speeches are mingled with an amazing amount of superfluous paste. When you take hold of anything, only with the utmost difficulty can you persuade it to let go. Just as you finish, out go the lights. After undressing in the dark you clamber into bed with "The milk of human kindness curdled in your breast."

Sleepiness in Recitation.

Every one who has studied Latin at all will remember the immortal line of "The Beginner's Book": "Somnus est gratus puero defesso." The truth of this statement may be doubted when sleep comes upon you in recitation hour. In the quiet of your own room you can push back your work and sleep when you feel like it; but that method won't do for the class-room. You may know when you are in danger by that delightful languor which steals over you. Your cares are forgotten, and not even those three lines you couldn't translate before class worry you in the least. You "don't care whether school keeps or not." Just as you are drifting off into unconsciousness, the man who has been reading sits down, and the sudden quiet wakens you with a start. You seize your book, search wildly for the place and make up your mind that you will stay awake. Your good resolutions are quickly overcome by your insidious foe. Not even the spirited English of the translations, or the thrilling parallel passages, and sensational grammatical and philological comments with which the instructor enlivens the hour, can keep you from nodding. So there you sit, almost asleep, too far gone to get any good from what is going on, and not far enough gone to be comfortable.

The Fall of the Plum-Tree.

I was surprised that the rumor of our Senator's dishonesty had hardened into fact—and that he was really before a court of justice. All because he had had too much love for "shaking the plum-tree."

That old, old plum-tree! It's been growing in Washington ever since the politician first came there. A sapling when George the Great sat on the Presidential throne, it grew steadily until in the sixties it was spoken of as a landmark. And now—in its shade sit our Representatives as they rest from

their labor; while the voice of the people is heard in the rustling of its leaves.

Some say it first came over in the Mayflower, a tiny green leaf in a circle of mud; others hold that Lord Baltimore brought it over in his vest pocket—a mere pit picked up in some cavalier's garden in the old country. At any rate it's here, and gets shaken as chestnut trees in the fall get clubbed. Some audacious spirits, like Tweed or Coxey, have tried to climb the plum-tree, but soon or late its branches break, for the wood is very brittle.

So it came about that this Pennsylvanian got a sharp crack on the head, all because he shook the tree so roughly that one of its branches fell on him. We're conservative down East here, and although we're glad to bid good-bye to "the Boss," yet we're also pleased to bring before the public's admiring eye one of the few aristocratic heirlooms of which the great Republic boasts—that dear old aspen of a plum-tree!

A Marine.

On my way home I came to a man raking leaves; but the very instant I passed him I couldn't hear the rustle of leaves. No, it was the sea I heard; all I had to do was to think a little—and there were the waves running along the sloping belt of sand, and patting the beach. It wasn't a "stern and rock-bound coast," you know, where breakers thunder in a fog of spray with bits of rainbow to brighten up the picture. But as I walked away, I could fairly see the wavering lines quiver for a moment as the glittering waves stood up on end, then tumbled in bunches of foam and hissed up the shore, with counter-ripples crinkling their surface.

A Successful Note-Book.

To keep a successful note-book is about as difficult a feat as it is for a theatrical manager to make a play "run" a hundred nights. Ever since I came to

college I have had a continual skirmish with my notes. The first year I kept them in no book whatever; sundry pieces of paper volunteered or were pressed into service. And the result was my notes fell before the withering fire of examinations.

The second year I did use a note-book; but, as they say in the regular army, "it wore no service-stripes"; for I soon fell back on the "volunteers" of old pieces of paper; and once more the year closed on a chaotic mass of hieroglyphics.

In the Senior year I determined to take a flying start and have a note-book ready the first day of college. But although I've almost filled two note-books now, yet a new parasite of difficulties is clinging to their pages. Each book is a regular little business block, for it has all the different offices a Haverford business man uses—English, German, Psychology. All are to be found in these two books. What shall I do! What shall I do! Trustees and Faculty, what shall I do!

The Blues.

Various things may bring on the attack: The failure of some cherished scheme, overzealous study, lack of exercise, indigestion, and, it is said, disappointment in love. For the last however, I cannot vouch. Whatever the cause may be, there is little difference in

the effect. You lose whatever sweetness of soul you may formerly have had and become a weariness and a vexation to yourself, as well as to those around you. Beauty and harmony seem to vanish from everything. You may not agree with Wordsworth's philosophy, but you are willing to say with him—

"But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

Where others see the glorious sunrise and gorgeous sunset, you see only the grass moist with dew or the approaching darkness with its damp, unhealthy air. Men, too, appear to throw off their masks and show themselves to you in their true character. Peculiarities now appear as faults, and on every side you meet with something that ruffles your perturbed spirit. You fancy yourself neglected and underestimated; always "more sinned against than sinning." If the attack is a bad one you lose all desire for humorous things and devote yourself to the most lachrymous literature you can find. De Musset himself is scarcely tearful enough to satisfy you. Sadness and sorrow appear to be your lot, and only when the blues have gone, and like the prodigal son you "come to yourself," do you perceive that you have been looking at the world through your own spectacles.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE I. C. C. A.

The annual meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Cricket Association was held in the Huston Club on December 28, with President H. H. Lowry, of Haverford, in the chair. A. J. Henry was present to act for Pennsylvania. A. G. Scattergood for Harvard, and H. H. Lowry and W. S. Hinchman for Haverford.

The report of the committee to award the prizes for 1897 was read and accepted. The batting prize was won by J. H. Scattergood, of Harvard, and the bowling prize by W. N. Morice, of Penn-

sylvania. A committee of three, consisting of R. Haughton (Harvard), Chairman; J. P. Morris (Haverford), and A. W. Jones (Pennsylvania), was appointed for the same duty in 1898.

After considerable discussion it was decided to try to arrange a match or series of matches with the Canadian colleges. The committee to take this matter in hand was appointed as follows: W. N. Davison (Pennsylvania), Chairman; F. A. Evans (Haverford), and R. Holland (Harvard).

The championship was formally awarded to Haverford for the season of 1898.

A committee of three—W. S. Hinchman (Haverford), Chairman; A. Drinkwater (Harvard), and O. Paul (Pennsylvania), was appointed to have the names of the winning colleges since 1889 engraved on the championship cup.

A provisional schedule, to be ratified

or rejected before January 15th, was adopted as follows:

Univ. of Penn'a vs. Harvard, May 16 and 17.
Univ. of Penn'a vs. Haverford, May 19 and 20.
Harvard vs. Haverford, May 26 and 27.

The final business of the meeting was the election of officers for 1899, with the following result: President, A. W. Jones; Vice-President, W. S. Hinchman; Secretary and Treasurer, R. Haughton.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by President Sharpless.

Four of the professors have taken advantage of the holidays to procure their attack of the grip. This modified French word is extremely suggestive. The disease takes a definite and sudden hold on its victim, which it tenaciously maintains. The sufferer finds himself in the grasp of a huge compressor, that makes itself felt in every bone and muscle. A fever and a raging headache make to flit before him the spirits of his Revolutionary ancestors, but just as he is about to solve the interesting question as to whether they were Whig or Tory, they flee away, overcome by the power of phenacetine.

The other professors have been postponing the disease till term time, and have been devoting their energies to writing books and papers or to the mental, social and physical preparation for their work. Vacations are one of the compensations of Professor's lives, which go to counterbalance the small pay and liability to discharge, which pursue them through their careers.

They should not be begrudged this little satisfaction by the business or professional men who work fifty weeks in the year. The victims of soulless corporations, without sufficient intelligence or *esprit de corps* to form a union and conduct a successful strike, their lot would indeed be unendurable without these respites. A few years ago when Columbia and Chicago and Stanford were making up their faculties, and the

old universities were kindly allowing them to carry off certain men they did not want and retaining the rest, there seemed a buoyant tendency in the market, or, as the stock papers would express it, "Professors were active." But the bears are again on the top, and now "Professors are slow."

Another favorite vacation occupation of Professors is to contemplate the condition of the strong boxes in which they keep their securities. Most of them, by serious economy in their bachelor days, have been able to amass enough funds to purchase at 30 and accrued interest one \$100 fourteenth preference eight per cent. gold bond of the ——— Railroad. Here was a sure provision against old age of eight dollars a year, from which they derived no small satisfaction. But by some transmutations of financiers, the bond holders bought or sold, or were sold, they were never sure which. It was a great stroke, but the bonds afterwards were valuable for their historic and not their financial interest. As the Professor on the first day of each year thoughtfully turns over these papers, and others which stand for silver mines, denominational periodicals and international improvement companies, and allows his mind to revert to the imperious demands of his family, who, by a whim of his president or for "the best interests of the institution," may have to get along without next year's salary, he has serious doubts about encouraging his son to follow in his professional footsteps.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Edited by J. M. Steere, '90.

'47. After more than thirty years service to the company, Charles Hartshorne has resigned the position of First Vice-President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company.

'58. Dr. Thomas Wistar was recently married to Miss Theodora Fetewell, of Roxborough, Philadelphia.

'88. Henry V. Gunmere has left Swarthmore College, where he has been teaching for several years, and is taking a graduate course in mathematics at Harvard.

'89. Franklin B. Kirkbride has been elected Secretary of The Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities, whose office is at 517 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

'90. The engagement is announced of Dr. Thomas S. Kirkbride, Jr., to Miss Mabel Holden, a daughter of Professor Holden, formerly of the Lick Observatory. Dr. Kirkbride has recently returned to Philadelphia after an absence of nearly three years in Vienna and other European cities, where he has been studying and engaged in hospital work.

'90. John F. L. Lewis is with the Ed-dystone Manufacturing Company at Chester, Pa.

'92. Joseph H. Dennis is teaching Latin and Greek and is at the head of the College Preparatory Department at the State Normal School at Bloomsburg, Pa. He is also managing editor of the Bloomsburg State Normal Quarterly, the official school publication. Mr. Dennis recently paid a visit to some of his old college friends in Philadelphia.

'92. Walter M. Hart, Instructor in English at the University of California, was married on December 28th, 1898, to Miss Agnes Borland, at Oakland, Cal.

'93. Clarence G. Hoag, Instructor in English at Bates College, Lewistown, Me., spent a part of the Christmas holidays in Philadelphia.

'93. Dr. J. Gurney Taylor was married to Miss Mary Lippincott Richards on December 7th, 1898.

'93. After a careful canvass the Secretary of the Permanent Organization has compiled the following tables showing the present occupation, matrimonial condition and location of the members of the Class:

Occupation—	
Teachers	8
Lawyers,	5
Mercantile business	4
Insurance business	3
Financial institutions	2
Doing nothing	2
Deceased	2
Railroad	1
Doctor	1
Draughtsman	1
	—
Total,	29
Matrimonial Condition—	
Married	11
Engaged	2
Confirmed bachelors	2
Not definitely known.....	12
	—
Total living members	27
Location by States—	
Maine	2
Massachusetts	2
Michigan	1
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	1
New York	1
Pennsylvania	17
Wisconsin	1
Washington	1
	—
Total,	27

'97. The engagement is announced of Charles Gibbons Tatnall to Miss Esther Dawson Stone, of Philadelphia, Pa.

'98. John G. Embree is principal of the Goshenville Normal School, Pa.

'98. Walter C. Janney has been elected Vice-President of the Class of 1901, Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

'98. Eldon R. Ross is located at Waterbury, Conn., where he is District Agent for Underwood & Underwood, of New York.

Ex-'98. A. H. Bishop is book-keeper for the Electric Heat and Light Plant at Overbrook, Pa.

Ex-'98. Walter V. Holloway is teaching at Elsmore, Cal.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Christmas vacation began Thursday, December 22, and closed Wednesday, January 4.

Samuel W. Mifflin, '00 has been unanimously elected captain of next year's foot ball team by all those who participated in any of the games last fall.

Frank Waldo, Ph. D., late of the Signal Service Bureau, Washington, D. C., lectured December 1, on "The Problem of Meteorology," and December 8, on "The Weather Map and How to Use It."

Henry Lawrence Southwick, of the William Penn Charter School, lectured on "Hamlet; the Man of Will," on December 15.

The book cases for the new wing of the library have just been put in place. A number of the books in the overcrowded old wing will be moved into the new wing, and the entire library will be recatalogued.

The skating pond has been enlarged and improved. The management has decided to charge no admission to members of the faculty or students of the college. The pond was first opened for skating December 10.

A challenge from Swarthmore to engage in an inter-collegiate debate, and inter-collegiate track sports in the spring was recently received. At a meeting of the college association it was decided that under existing conditions it would be inexpedient to accept the challenge.

The hockey team has not organized this year. Owing to the uncertainty of good skating on the college pond, and the inconvenience of practicing at the Ice Palace, the college will not be represented in the games of the Amateur Hockey League of Philadelphia and vicinity.

The 1901 class hockey team defeated the Grammar School team, on the college skating pond, December 14, by the score of 1 to 0.

The freshmen class has elected the following officers: President, F. B. Boyer; Vice-President, J. S. Fox; Secretary, A. S. Cookman; Treasurer, S. Lane; Historian, A. C. Wood, Jr.

The officers of the Logonian Society are: President, Prof. D. C. Barrett; Vice-President, A. C. Wild, '99; Secretary, F. R. Cope, '00; Treasurer, G. J. Walenta, '01; Council, W. B. Bell, '00; Chairman, F. R. Cope, '00, F. K. Walter, '99.

The first meeting of the Logonian Society was held in Alumni Hall December 16. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That granting the existence of a satisfactory civil service, the United States should adopt a colonial policy." The speakers for the affirmative were W. B. Bell, '00, F. R. Cope, '00, and R. J. Davis, '99; for the negative, A. C. Wild '99, H. V. Bullinger, '01, and F. K. Walter, '99. The judges, Dr. Hancock, M. A. Shipley '99, and C. H. Carter, '00, decided in favor of the negative.

The first of the inter-class debates, 1901 vs. 1902, will be held in Alumni Hall Friday, January 13.

President and Mrs. Sharpless gave a reception to the Freshman Class Wednesday evening, December 7.

A special class in Swedish gymnastics, optional for Seniors and Juniors, has been organized, and meets four evenings per week at 9.30.

The gymnasium committee which has charge of the mid-winter gymnasium ex-

hibition consists of the following members: Maule, '99, chairman; Lowry, '99, Richie, '99, Jenks '00, Mifflin, '00, Neilson, '01, and Seiler, '02.

Thirty-nine new men, thirty of them being freshmen, are taking regular shed cricket practice. A good number of the men show signs of becoming good cricketers with practice, and the prospects for a good team in the spring is bright.

W. W. Justice, Jr., has been elected secretary of the cricket association to succeed W. S. Hinchman, resigned.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Report of the Treasurer of
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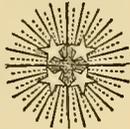
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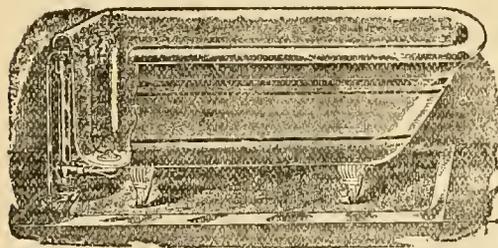
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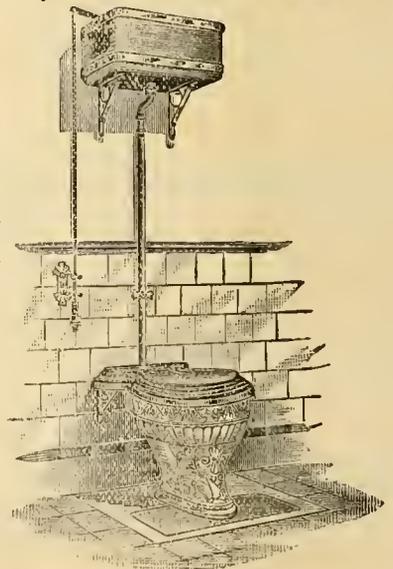
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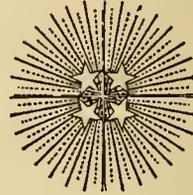
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Since the beginning of the college year ('98-'99), the Board of Editors has added two new departments, dealing with College Work and Progress (edited by President Sharpless) and Alumni News (edited by J. M. Steere, '90).

In every way the Editors are endeavoring to make THE HAVERFORDIAN a worthy representative of the College.

Since December 10th, '98—the date of our last number—we have received twenty new paid-up subscriptions to THE HAVERFORDIAN. This leads us to believe that our efforts have been in the right direction, and we are now planning still further to increase the value of the paper to Haverfordians. These plans call for greater expenditure. Will you aid us with your subscription? If so, send name, address and one dollar to

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Prof. [unclear]

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HVERFORDIAN



HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XX., No. 9

FEBRUARY, 1899

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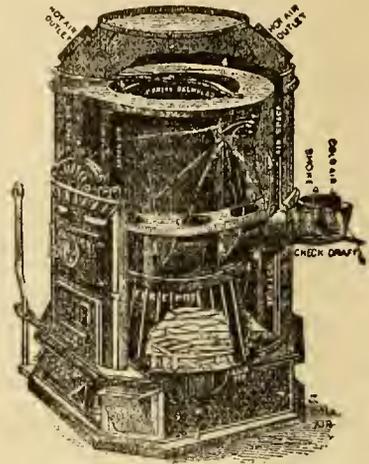
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man in the college who is able to write well should be given an opportunity to show what he can do. This can be best done through the columns of *THE HAVERFORDIAN*, and any man who can do good literary work, and is willing to take sufficient pains, can be reasonably sure of recognition. That so few men think it worth while to take the trouble is to be deeply regretted. On the other hand it seems necessary to remark that the paper is primarily neither a literary magazine nor a philosophical review. Bright stories, sketches, and verse are always welcome, but there are many kinds of compositions that are by no means suitable for publication in a paper like this. There seems to be a tendency among would-be contributors toward the melo-dramatic and the sentimental. Stories of mysterious crimes and hair-raising situations may be all right in their place, but it is at least an open question whether their place is in the columns of *THE HAVERFORDIAN*. One of the functions of a college paper is to keep a record of events of public interest occurring at the college. Particularly in the case of athletic contests much valuable information is preserved, which would otherwise soon be lost.

The Alumni, on whom the paper depends largely for its support, also have claims which must be recognized. As a rule they do not care so much for the literary part of the paper as for the news items which tell them what is being done at the college. The two new departments—The Faculty Department and the Alumni Department—have been introduced largely for their benefit. Through

the first they can learn much important official information concerning the administration of the college. The second, which is edited by the secretary of the Alumni Association, is the only practicable means of learning about old class and college mates.

We may then define the function of *THE HAVERFORDIAN* to be two-fold. First, to furnish such literary matter as may interest the undergraduate body, to encourage the development of any spark of literary genius on the part of any member of the college, and to enable every man to have a record of the principal events of his college life. Second, to give the Alumni a satisfactory account of what is being done at the college, to enable them to keep trace of their old college friends, to keep alive their interest in the college; and to make between all students, past and present, a common bond, loyalty to the best interests of Haverford.

WITH the above expression of our ideas concerning the function and importance of *THE HAVERFORDIAN*, the two retiring Senior editors close the twentieth volume. It does not belong to our position to dwell on any improvements we may fondly imagine have taken place during the year; neither does it please us to hold up to view the various instances in which we feel we have fallen short of our mark. Therefore, we have little to say. We can but add, in conclusion, our heartiest wishes for good luck and success to the new Board.

GLIMPSES OF ENGLISH STUDENT LIFE.

"Those noblest of their species
Called emphatically men." —Calverley.

WHEN the English boy emerges from the strict discipline of the public school, where perhaps he

has spent a third of his whole existence, to become a member of the university, he suddenly exchanges a condition of absolute subjection to the powers that be for one in which he must rely on him-

self for the regulation of his life. Neither a clanging bell nor a prospect of temporary starvation forces him to arise at unseasonable times. Every hour of the day is no longer provided for, and he discovers that the minimum of his duties necessary to satisfy the authorities will occupy but little of his time.

He is expected to keep, as the phrase goes, three college functions, namely: Chapel, lectures, and last but not least, "hall," that is, dinner in the college hall. Even in the times of attending these he is given some choice. Attendance at chapel is necessary some three or four times in the week, exclusive of Sunday, but there is service every day at seven-thirty in the morning and six-thirty in the evening. Lectures are arranged so as to come between nine and one, while dinner, in most colleges, where numbers are too large for all the students to be accommodated at one sitting, can be taken at specified hours between five and seven-thirty. Occasional cuts from lectures or chapel will entail no serious consequences, if his conduct is otherwise fairly satisfactory. Most of a student's time is thus at his own disposal. He can spend it in study or laziness; or, as many men do, by working for three or four hours and filling up the balance in the open air, in other men's rooms, and in unconsidered trifles.

Personal freedom is much more real than those who hear of the numerous university and college rules imagine. One regulation which always excites comment states that he is expected to be within the college walls by 10 p. m., when the gates are closed. Nothing but serious illness will open those gates after that hour to let him out, and he is rarely able to get through the defences any other way. If he enters frequently between 10 p. m. and midnight, an interview ensues with the college tutor, who stands to him in much the same relation

that the president does here. The tutor argues that the evening is the time for study, and that a man who keeps late hours outside of his own college must be spending his time in other ways. A second interview may be followed by the only punishment short of restriction (a compulsory visit to one's friends in the country) that can be inflicted; he is told that he must be in his rooms at some earlier hour for a week or a fortnight. A vigilant and incorruptible porter stands at the gate while it remains open and reports any breach of the rule. This restriction of liberty is, however, much less harsh than would appear. It must be remembered that the gates do not close a single building, but a group of buildings, in fact, the whole of the grounds occupied by the college, and the undergraduate can wander about within this enclosure, where nearly all of his friends are, at any time of the day or night.

The university costume consists of the cap and gown (an inseparable combination in the eyes of the authorities) which must be worn at lectures, examinations, in chapel, at dinner, in the streets after dusk, on Sunday at all times outside the college, and on all social visits to university or college officials. The cut and make of these is defined by the ordinances, and the framers of the laws have, in their wisdom, designed them in such a way that they do not hide any deficiencies of dress. The use of the convenient jersey for this purpose is unknown. The British parent expects supervision outside as well as inside the college, and it is true that the cap and gown plays an important part. In order to achieve this, the university appoints annually four to six men, who are known as proctors, and whose most arduous duties are to maintain discipline in the streets of the town. During term time they will in turn parade the thoroughfares after sunset until midnight, attended by two

satellites, who are known familiarly as bull-dogs. The bull-dogs represent the physical force of the university, their duties on these occasions being to prevent any attempted evasion of the proctor's orders. A happy undergraduate, arrayed in cap and gown, and smoking a cigarette—this combination of dignity and impudence is strictly forbidden—turns a corner thoughtlessly and sees his natural enemy within ten yards. The situation is taken in by both at a glance. The action of the proctor is unvarying. He sends one of his attendants to inform the undergraduate that the proctor wishes to speak to him. As the victim approaches the proctor lifts his cap and requests name and college. A warning, or more usually, a printed notice of a fine, to be paid within two days, arrives the following morning. On occasion the undergraduate, if he be of a sportive turn of mind, will make a run for freedom. The bull-dogs are immediately let loose upon him, and an exciting chase follows. As a rule the latter are no match in fleetness, but they know every turn and short cut within a radius of a mile, and the race is not generally to the swift. A heavy fine will follow the capture. The proctor's life is not a bed of roses. He is expected to enforce the wearing of cap and gown, and for this purpose is armed by special powers, which permit him to stop any one not so dressed and to ask the question: "Are you a member of the university?" Much tact is required to avoid unpleasant encounters, but he receives great assistance from the bull-dogs, who, by long practice, have acquired the seventh sense—that of knowing a university man in any dress.

The social life of the students, however, is but little affected by these regulations. He has his own set of rooms, consisting of a study, a bed-room and a small pantry, known as the gyp-room.

In them he takes his breakfast and lunch, alone or in company with any of his friends. If he wishes to be quiet and free from interruption he can shut himself in by an outer door—the "oak," which is practically impregnable when it is "sported" (closed). His rooms are his castle. While in them he is rarely disturbed by any one but the postman and his own friends, and no one would dream of entering without a preliminary knock. Hazing, as practiced in many colleges on this side of the water, is almost unknown; on the rare occasions when it occurs, it takes the form of a mild kind of hay-making, which the victim enjoys nearly as much as his own friends who do the business. Most English boys get their entire education at boarding schools, and it is there that they receive the discipline which is considered necessary to make them respectable members of society. The Freshman is rarely very self-assertive; indeed, he often treats his superiors with a respect much greater than the difference in their respective circumstances warrants.

The system of taking all meals, except dinner, in one's rooms gives opportunities for the hard-worker to see his special friends without interfering with his or their studies. It is, perhaps, this fact that mainly marks off the social life in Cambridge and Oxford from that in other institutions. The buildings are divided off into staircases opening out directly into the courts. On each of these staircases there will be about six or eight sets of rooms, and these are looked after by a man (the gyp) and his wife, or by a woman (the bed-maker) and a help. The servants are there most of the day. A college kitchen supplies at fixed rates and at the shortest notice, cooked provisions after the manner of a restaurant. So that a man is put to no trouble, however many people he may entertain. The whole arrange-

ment is an ideal one for a bachelor. If there are more opportunities for social interchange than in an American college, there is much less indirect compulsion on a man to be sociable. If he be solitary by nature or from choice he can isolate himself almost completely; but in so doing he loses an integral part of college life. In this respect the American small college has a great advantage, for it is such men who really receive most benefit from mixing frequently with their fellows.

The lines of division which occur between men in any institution, run much less between the years than according to similarity of taste and occupation, which again is not altogether for the best. Secret societies are, however, quite unknown, and purely social clubs are very few in number. The Cambridge man prefers to meet his friends without the use of a code of rules. Most of the organizations are formed for special purposes—athletics or intellectual. The best known of these is the Union Society, which any 'Varsity man can join on payment of the subscription. It maintains a reading room and a well-stocked library of general literature, and one of its chief functions is to hold a weekly debate, at which the best oratorical talent of all the college may be heard.

But, besides the Union, each college has generally its own reading room and debating society, and the scenes which take place at the weekly college debate are far more characteristic. In my own college they formed a general meeting of all our students. On Saturday evenings we wandered out from dinner in Hall and slowly made our way to the lecture room, which the authorities permitted us to use. Pipes were lit and coffee, supplied by a neighboring grocer, imbibed. Soon the president—generally a third-year man—ascended the

chair, and the secretary was called upon for the report of the previous meeting. This report was rarely a dry statement of facts; often the secretary gave us a lively record, which kept the whole room in laughter. Private business followed. Under this head any college affairs or events might be discussed, if the mover of a motion was able to make the slightest connection between them and those of the society. A vote of censure or a proposal to "name" a member was often sufficient. One of the periodical discussions about the quality of the dinner served in Hall, raised on the pretext of the danger to the health of the secretary, is described by him in the words of G. O. Trevelyan:

"We've a Hall Steward who becomes his place,
'And draws his salary with a wondrous grace;
'But no one can perceive, as I'm a sinner,
'A very marked improvement in the dinner.
'We still consume with mingled shame and grief,
'Veal that is tottering on the verge of beef;
'Veal, void of stuffing—widowed of its ham;
'On the roast shoulder of an ancient ram.'"

The debate on the subject previously announced for discussion was more or less serious. Written speeches not being allowed, many of the men learned to give expression to their ideas when they had any, and to speak in the Gladstonian manner when information was lacking.

I have spoken chiefly of social life as I knew it at Christ's College. It does not greatly differ in the other colleges where the numbers are about the same—from 100 to 250. Naturally in a large place like Trinity, with its 800 undergraduates, men are more apt to be divided into sets and cliques, seeing little of anyone outside of their own circles. We see the same difference between the large and small college in America.

The Cambridge man is inclined to hold himself apart from his instructors.

Only in rare instances does a real friendship seem to spring up between a "Don" and a "man." This is not owing to any lack of good feeling. The undergraduate is apt to think that his chief interests and those of the Dons have few points of contact. Until acquaintance has extended over a long period of time, conversation is often at cross purposes; each trying to make remarks on subjects of which he knows little in order to try to interest the other. When, to a natural want of expansiveness, is added shyness and a suspicion that each is undergoing a kind of silent cross-examination, the result is a somewhat stiff meeting.

In his own realm and secure in the safety of numbers, the 'Varsity man waxes bold and is not afraid of the mightiest in the land. His great opportunity is in the Senate House on the occasions when degrees are being conferred. No prominent person then escapes him. Ensconced in the gallery and surrounded by his own kind, he looks down on the dignitaries who occupy the floor of the house where the business is transacted. Woe betide the proctor or examiner who has made himself unpopular by what may be considered unsportsmanlike methods of performing his duties. The recipient of an honorary degree does not fare much better. If he be well known he has, for once in his life, to be chaffed without the opportunity of hitting back. But the students are usually keen judges of what is fair, and they will groan down a poor or ill-natured remark with the same freedom that they applaud a good one.

The unfortunate victim has to undergo a trying ordeal for the honor conferred on him. He stands on a raised platform while the Public Orator (a position held for many years by Dr. Sandys), recites a speech in Latin amid the scarcely concealed impatience of the gallery. I remember seeing Lord Salisbury stand-

ing there in his characteristic attitude, wearing his scarlet robe with evident discomfort, his head bent forward, his eyes on the ground and immovable as a statue. The orator had not proceeded far with his speech before he was interrupted by cheers for the Prime Minister, and requests to hurry up, as his lordship was getting tired. Salisbury, seemingly well booked on what he had to go through, did not move a muscle at these and other interruptions. But the gallery was not to be beaten, and with a happy inspiration some one called out, "Speak it louder, Sandys, can't you see that his lordship has gone to sleep." The celebrated diplomatist was outmannered. He looked up with a half smile and the place resounded with cheers.

After him it was the turn of Goschen, the celebrated Chancellor of the Exchequer, who saved the public purse many millions sterling a year by reducing the interest on Government consols from three to two and three-quarters per cent. He was recognized soon after entering the Senate House, and an enthusiastic admirer called for the usual three cheers. Instantly from the opposite side of the gallery came a voice, "No, no, two and three-quarters."

But I must bring these rambling remarks to a close, and keep for some future time (should a willing editor be in office) descriptions of many a pleasant scene on the river, the curiosities of the examination room and the numerous traditions which have been handed down, and which have all the binding force of law. If this view of a Cambridge student's life appears too favorable, I must plead the excuse of the Irishman for a flight of oratory on the merits of his native land—it is seen through a halo a dozen years old and some three thousand miles thick. Like life at Haverford, "doubtless it has defects, but doubtless I don't know them." E. W. B.

HEREBY HANGS A TALE.

HERE is one thing which I especially detest about Christmas, and that is shopping for other people. It had been raining all morning, and I had been shopping for various friends, who had asked me in a delightfully off-handed way, to get them something at Bailey's, or Deisinger's if I should happen to go near there. They always seemed to pick out the place I had to go near, and so, naturally, I went to lunch at the club in a bedraggled physical condition and an irritable frame of mind. When I reached the club I found Jack Sanders and Dick Waters waiting for me. Jack is a special friend of mine, but he has two faults, one a peculiar drawl that sometimes becomes most aggravating, and the other an intolerable way of laughing at everything. I often tell Jack he ought to try to overcome these habits, but he always thinks this immensely amusing. It really is a pity that he can't take anything seriously.

We sat for some time after lunch in a smoky silence. At last Jack asked me if I had finished all my Christmasing.

"I have a few things to get this afternoon," I replied, "but they won't take me long."

Jack winked at Waters, who grinned in return. They're so smart, those two; they think nobody knows how to shop but themselves. Jack once told Waters that when I shopped I reminded him of McCarty's cab-horse going to the station, and they laughed as though it was funny. It always makes me tired, this winking and grinning, and I told Jack so.

"I'll bet," I said, "I can shop as quickly as either of you."

"All right," said Jack, "I'll bet with you. 'I'll tell you what,'" he added, "I'll bet you a dollar that you can't buy a present for Molly Nichols and one for

Sam Tupner, send them and be back here in an hour."

Waters snickered audibly. They always see something funny about Molly Nichols.

"I'll take you up," I cried, for I was getting mad.

"Done," said Jack, and helped me into my overcoat, jammed my hat on the back of my head, and assisted me out of the door with true politeness.

I hurried along the wet, slushy street, trying to hold my umbrella so as not to interfere with other people's. The trouble was that everybody seemed to be trying to hold their umbrellas above mine, and would lower them at the same time as I did. This always irritates me; it seems so careless, and to-day everybody seemed conspiring to make me lose my temper.

It was not a drizzle, but one of those rains when the great drops seem to hurl themselves upon the ground, and take a fiendish delight in splashing up around one's feet. A day when all the little hollows in the pavement are filled and overflowing, and it seemed to me that at each puddle which I carefully avoided some passer-by would take special pains to put his foot in it and splash it up over my ankles. At length, wet and out of humor, I hurried into Wanamaker's. The great store was filled with people, hurrying hither and thither, with worried and anxious looks; weary purchasers and worn-out shop girls joined in the general confusion of the week before Christmas. I reached the counter, after much pushing and many "beg pardons," but even then things seemed to go wrong. The girls behind the counter were all out of temper, and then I could not decide what to get. At last I bought some lace handkerchiefs for Miss Nichols, and the

only thing I could think of for Sam Tupner was a pair of red and blue suspenders.

Having made my purchases I hurried down to the post office to send them. I directed them hastily, and dropped them in the box. Suddenly a queer, almost sickening feeling came over me. I realized that I had directed the wrong one to Molly. I rushed to the window and asked the man to hand them out, and let me redirect them.

"Can't do it," he replied curtly.

"But, man," I shouted, "I've got to have them. I've directed them wrong."

But the man was obdurate. Neither threats nor bribery prevailed. He was too busy, he said, and anyhow he didn't even know that I had put anything in. I rushed out on the street with the determination to splash everybody I could, and stick my umbrella through other people's at every opportunity. Time had been forgotten, but suddenly I remembered and looked at my watch. I had fifteen minutes to reach the club. At any rate, I thought, I've sent them, and I won't ever tell Jack. I got into a car, and comforted myself with the thought that I had won my bet. I reached the club with five minutes to spare, and walked in with a very virtuous expression. Jack and Waters jumped up in astonishment.

"One dollar, Jack, please," I said.

"Oh, come," he answered, "you didn't get them."

"But I did though."

"And sent?"

"And sent," I replied.

"All right," said Jack, resignedly, and handed me a dollar bill.

That's a very nice thing about Jack, he always pays up promptly, and so, being rather pleased with myself for having proved my ability to shop, I told him the mistake I had made. He laughed immoderately.

"Oh, shut up, Jack," I said; "there's nothing funny. You're the biggest ass alive."

"Perhaps so," chuckled Jack, "with one exception."

It was two days before Christmas. In those two days something had to be done. I knew that Molly never opened her presents until Christmas morning, so I determined to call on her, get hold of my present in some way or other, and send something else in its place. Accordingly, Saturday night found me at the Nichols', looking everywhere for that horrible little bundle, but all in vain. Soon Molly herself appeared. We talked for some time about current events, when suddenly Molly asked me if I had opened any of my presents yet. No, I had not.

"Neither have I," said Molly, "but I'm going to to-night," and she looked at me and smiled.

An indescribable feeling of despair swept over me. Was it to be my present? It must be, or why would she smile at me that way. It all seemed like some horrible night-mare, and through it I heard Molly say:

"Yes, this looks so interesting that I can't restrain myself longer;" and she produced a parcel known, alas, too well. Then I awoke to the awful reality of the situation. She was unwrapping that pair of suspenders. I felt almost sick, but nerved myself for a final effort.

"Oh, I wouldn't open it to-night if I were you," I said, nervously. "It's so much nicer to do it on Christmas."

Molly looked at me inquiringly.

"You sound as if you didn't want me to open it," she said.

"Oh, no!" I murmured, "only it seems a pity to break the custom of opening presents on Christmas."

"I don't often do it, you know," she replied, "but this is so interesting," and

she went steadily on unwrapping that hateful box.

I shuddered, tried to say something to stop her, failed, and became scarlet, as Molly, with a scream of laughter, held those red and blue suspenders before my eyes.

"Such a nice present for a girl!" she cried, mockingly, while I sat motionless and speechless. Thank heaven she only seemed to think it funny. Perhaps there was still some chance for explanation. I rose and tried to calm myself.

"Molly, I—I" I stammered.

"Oh, don't trouble to explain," she gasped, and handed me a letter. I eyed it in blank amazement, opened it and found it was from Jack. Fool that I was, it explained all.

"Confound him," I said to myself, "I wish he'd mind his own business. If he hadn't written this I could have gotten them, and she would never have known. As it is I shall be the laugh of the whole town."

"Well!" said Molly, who had now recovered.

I rose with dignity.

"I think I shall have to go," I said, gravely.

Molly burst into laughter again, and as I opened the door I heard her call.

"Oh, Tom, I'm very much obliged."

I slammed the door, and went home to find Tupner in my front hall admiring a lace handkerchief held daintily at arm's length.

E. W. EVANS, '02.

"SHIPS AT SEA."

(With apologies to R. B. Coffin.)

I HAVE ships that went to sea
 More than thirteen days ago:
 None have yet come home to me,
 Since the mid-year's wintry blow.
 I have seen them, in my sleep,
 Plunging through the questions deep,
 Colored blue with pencil's smirch,
 And their marks, with deadly lurch,
 Sinking low, sinking low.

Every fellow in the hall
 Knows that I have ships at sea,
 In this January squall;
 And they're worried too—like me.
 Oft they come and with me walk,
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,
 Till I drop the theme at last
 ("Wonder if the whole class passed?")
 For a while, for a while.

Once, when I was but a Fresh,
 Wiser, too, than I am now,
 Ere I'd trod the Finals mesh,
 Ere a mid-year creased my brow,
 Then I hoped for "A" or "B,"
 Scorned to think of "C" or "D:"
 Now a horror seizes me,
 Lest my startled eyes should see—
 Say no more, say no more.

SKALGA—THE JEW'S LEGACY.

DOCTOR HASTINGS was loling back at ease in his comfortable reclining chair. The day's work had been hard, and he enjoyed to the full the rest that he hoped would be unbroken. He had turned down the student lamp on his desk until a barely perceptible glow was visible through the green shade, and in the cozy warmth of the study he felt at peace with all the world.

Slowly his head drooped upon his breast and he fell into a deep sleep. The office boy entered once, laid the mail upon the table and tip-toed out, but the sleeper did not stir. The chimes were ringing the hour of eleven, when the rattle of wheels resounded upon the quiet avenue. The carriage stopped abruptly, a bell rang in the hall, and two minutes later the study door was flung wide open by a stout, ruddy faced man, who entered in great haste.

He blinked his eyes in the darkness, peering around the room, then his eyes fell upon the sleeper, doubled up in the great arm chair. He hurried across the room in nervous haste and shook Hastings excitedly by the shoulders.

With one bound Hastings shot out of the chair; his arms waved wildly around, shaking and groping for support; his eyes were bulging in an unseeing horror at something far away.

"Here, Allan. For heaven's sake, wake up, man! What's the matter with you?" and the little visitor held his friend quiet by main force.

"Ugh, Oh!" gasped Hastings, coming to himself, and vigorously rubbing his eyes. "It's you, Risey, is it? I had a horrible dream. You remember—"

But little Risey cut him short with a peremptory "Oh! save it. You're always moaning. I've got some strange news."

Allan Hastings surveyed the excited

man with a look of genuine surprise, then his face relaxed into a good-natured smile, and he said: "That ends my dream, I guess; out with your yarn, Bluebeard."

"It's no yarn. I'm serious as a gravedigger," retorted Risey, bristling with indignation. "If you want to hear me, shut up."

"Are you never going to get at it?" queried Hastings, tantalizingly. "Where was the dinner? How much seltzer did you take? Who told this marvellous joke? I beg your pardon," he broke in, seeing the evident look of annoyance on the face of the other; "I am all attention. Take this chair." But the little physician refused the invitation, and remained standing at the desk.

"To start at the beginning," he began in a measured and slow voice, as though to collect ideas as he proceeded. "You remember that old Italian book-seller on Memphis place, where we get all our text books and periodicals?" Perceiving an affirmative nod he resumed: "I went down there to-day to buy some pamphlets, and found the old place was closed. We noticed, you know, that he has not looked at all well of late, and recommended him to rest. I thought no more of the matter, supposing he had taken our advice. However, I was summoned to Justice Barlow's about nine this evening and left there at ten thirty—nothing serious the matter. Johnny, eldest and heir, fell down stairs and bumped himself some. Great disturbance, naturally. I don't know what moved me to drive home by way of the Italian quarter, but I did. It's a dark sort of a dungeon, and the street is badly paved. I was going at a pretty good gait, when I saw a man waving his arms at me from the curbstone. It was a dim recollection like, just as I flashed by,

and I kept on; but presently I heard a voice close beside the carriage. I turned and saw a man running at top speed alongside.

"Wait, doctor, wait!" he gasped between breaths. I pulled up so sharply that he continued a few paces, but he returned as soon as he could. "I was told to give this to you and Dr. Hastings," he explained. "You are to read it together. It is from Don Luigi."

"Don Luigi," I said in astonishment. "You have made a mistake, my man; I have no recollection of such a name among my patients."

"Yes," said he, "you have. That was the true name of the book-seller across the street there. His sign reads 'Antonio Barcutta,' but it is only assumed. The message is urgent." He handed the packet to me and disappeared, though I put out my hand to detain him. I guess I sat motionless for a moment or two, the suddenness of the thing took me by surprise. Then my mind dwelt on his strange tone when he said, 'was' in referring to Antonio. I clutched the paper tight in my hand and drove hard—lucky it's so late, or I would have been fined, sure."

Risey turned up the lamp-wick as he finished, and, untying the folded paper, he drew out the table and spread the sheets upon it, open. Hastings had sought to interrupt him several times during the recital, but desisted. Now he ventured to say, "I just now dreamed that Italian died an awful death, but I can't recall—I saw him bending over a book, as clearly as I see you, Harry. I remember that I leaned over his shoulder to read the page. There was a strange odor in the room. The color of the paper was a dull greenish-white. I cannot recall the words written there, but as I turned my head I noticed that the hand resting upon the book was fleshless, a skeleton hand, and the finger

pointed to one word." The doctor rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. "Sk-sk-sk—no. Yes. I have it. Skalga. It was an awful dream."

Risey was impatiently waiting for him to finish. "You work too hard over those old bone volumes," he dryly remarked. Come! We must see what this contains."

"I, Don Luigi of Ortoga," began the headlines, "who have but a day and an hour to live, write this that all men, and my good friends who read especially, may know of what I died, that perhaps science will receive a benefit therefrom. I do not regret my short period of life; the memories of the past render that impossible. I only trust to be able to finish this writing in time. The pain, oh! It comes more often now, and tears me within like the plunge of a stiletto, yet a little endurance and I shall feel it no more. To begin: You will remember how poverty came harshly upon many a good knight of Italy in those uncertain dark days long ago. Then did the Jews flourish throughout the land by lending money and usury. Mother of Sorrow, how we hated them!

"My grandfather, Don Luigi, was a man of great possessions and promise. His castle ever held the distinction of being first in hospitality to rich and poor alike. The flower of Italy were wont to while away their leisure hours in the entertainments given by my grandfather and his beautiful young wife. Beyond doubt, countless were the famous warriors, the statesmen, poets, artists, and fair women who knew Castle Luigi familiarly. Little by little the dark days of trouble gathered and centered over the castle like a tempest over the mountain tops. Day by day they gathered, and finally burst. None but the old seneschal and Luigi knew of the failure of the money.

"In the hour of need there came one

morning to the gate, mounted on a sorry looking mule, and leading a sorrier, a man whose wretched clothing and unkempt beard proclaimed him a beggar; but he was, as Luigi learned in secret, a rich disguised Jew who had heard of our troubles, and had come to offer aid. His terms were hard, even for those usurious days, and Luigi justly reasoned and expostulated, without avail.

"Two years passed and the time drew nigh when the loan was due. By dint of much solicitation and personal debasement my grandfather had collected the principal, but of the interest he had failed.

"A stormy scene took place in the old library. In a fit of anger Luigi struck and killed the usurer. Old Hernos, the seneschal, and my grandfather concealed the deed and removed all trace of the crime. The Jew was not missed, since he both came and went in disguise. All his possessions, two sorry mules and a pack, were destroyed. All? No, alas for our house, for when the contents of the bag were poured on the great hearth to be burned, there rolled forth from the miscellaneous mixture of books one—a dark green book of great age, with cover mottled like a serpent's back and pages of a dull tinted green-white."

Hastings groaned aloud and his hands trembled a tattoo upon the table.

Risey glued his eyes upon the pages in a strained, absorbed stare little short of distraction. "Read on; read on. We lose time," he muttered hoarsely. "The quaintness of the volume and its color moved the curiosity of Luigi, and he saved it, despite the fact that it might be evidence against him; thence died our race, and our doom was settled.

"From that day my grandfather was a changed man, even his young wife failed to cheer him. He cared nothing to hunt; he neglected the estate, and daily grew more sullen and morose. Always

he kept beside him the green book. The servants shunned him in fear, and grieved as they noted the wasting features of that once strong and kindly master.

"He took to his bed, and wasting to a skeleton from a cause which none could divine, he died. Before his death he summoned Hernos to him in private. What took place none knew, but the book in green disappeared. Years after when my father was grown to manhood and married, one bright spring morning, I, then but a tiny lad who ran and played about the trellises in the garden, heard hoofbeats on the bridge of the draw. Eagerly I ran to the courtyard and peered between the gates, and there, slowly crossing the bridge, I saw an old man mounted upon a mule. 'Look, Pietro!' I called to the watchman in the little room under the tower. 'See who comes across the draw?' Pietro came out quickly and looked. His face clouded with anger. 'There is no one there, Luigi. Why do you disturb me in jest?'

"Then was I afraid, and ran to tell my father. My mother knew not where he had gone, but despatched me straitway to seek him. Through the libraries, in the halls, the kitchens, on the battlements, and around the courtyard I searched in vain. Finally, I bethought me of the old deserted loft in the stable. 'He is hiding from me in play,' thought I, 'and now have I found his secret place.' Gleefully I climbed the cranky ladder that led to the loft, and passed through the outer room filled with old and broken armor. The darkness and the gloom made my calls sound ghostly, and I became afraid of the bats that whirred in disturbed circles around my head. I shouted 'Father,' but no answer came. I hurried on to the door and pushed it open. A faint light streamed in from the high dormer window, cast-

ing a sickly glow upon the dusty floor, and leaving the main portion of the room in shadow. I groped forward and saw a figure sitting motionless outside the ray of light. Somewhat slowly, as was natural, I approached closer, and saw that the man was my father.

"They say that children are brave at times, and dare what grown men fear. I had been taught never to fear that which was visible, save the King, but the sight of that drawn face shall never depart. The pain! It grows worse; *Cara Mater*, mercy! It bites, it gnaws, it tears—I must write fast."

So absorbed were the two physicians that not until afterwards did Hastings feel the grip of his friend's fingers upon his arm. When he examined the swelled member a day or two later, he found the distinct impress of the fingers of Risey, in black and blue upon his muscles. Together they drank in the sheets, their eyes intent on the pages, their minds in a trance.

"He was sitting bent, with his head resting on one hand. Before him was an overturned box; the contents were scattered promiscuously around the floor. The other arm hung limp by his side, the fingers clutching a dark green book. My cries of terror roused him. He sprang up, caught me to him, and kissed me sadly. His words of comfort fell upon my ready ears, and I hid my face in his coat and wept. So we went back to the castle.

"Ah! the long weary days after that. He pined away in gloomy silence as did his father, and there came that same day when he was of like age, even to the hour; a curious coincidence, that he died, and was laid to rest.

"An old servant brought me across the water to this land. I was young and forgetful, and the days of old, spent in happiness at my birthplace, faded and grew dim. My mother said her last

good-bye soon after my noble father died. Old Nicolo bought the book store and started to teach me the trade of buying and selling. Until two years ago we prospered, then he left me alone. Soon after the funeral I had occasion to ascend into the attic to search for some novels, and in overturning the rubbish I came upon that book, green and old. How did it get there? Why was it not destroyed? Fate, and fate alone, knows. There it lay, hideous, mottled and threatening. With an irresistible charm it drew me to it, and conquered my will.

"The pain—is worse again. My hands are becoming numb. My bones ache and crack as I write. Only a short while—where was I? Yes, I remember. I sat down and read on and on. When I finished, the horrible import of the words dawned upon me. I could get no further than that deadly page. Try as I may to pass it, I must stop at the words 'I am Skalga—long ago was I born, long ago died. Yet I still live. I carry the fate of men in my hands. Wherever I go, destruction reigns. Who injures me shall read his fate in this book. My legacy do I thus bequeath, I who sought to be wiser than all, who learned the secrets denied to men, I, from my punishment meted do give a part of the legacy of Skalga—death! No man knows my compassion. None shall know. After the third I shall be no more.' This is the last I can write. I am the third. Yea, as I looked from the window at dawn I saw the man ride past on the mule. His face was hidden, but I know. You have been good to me, My friends, and I tell you all. I am beyond aid. Others cannot suffer, for I am the third, and last of my race. The pain—oh;—" Here the document ended abruptly.

The two horror-stricken men came slowly to their senses, and as the full import of the words aroused them, they rushed coatless, hatless down the hall.

The office boy stared in wonderment at the flying figures.

"Quick. We may be too late," gasped Risey, fairly dragging his heavy comrade into the carriage. He lashed the horses into a run and the mad race for life began.

At the corner of Memphis street Hastings leaned over and grasped the reins to check the horse, who was beyond Risey's control. An officer ran into the street to assist. "Jump in. Let go his head," fairly screamed Risey. The officer, hardly knowing why he did so, ran behind the carriage and clambered up, grasping the top to retain his balance. Hastings pulled up sharply in front of the little store and the trio scrambled from the carriage. The horse, blowing and wheezing, stood with trembling legs in the spot where they left him.

A few hasty words of explanation to the officer sufficed. By their combined efforts the three burst in the door.

They groped about the hall blindly, until the officer produced a dark-lantern, and found the staircase. Risey trembled like a leaf when they reached the head of the stairs. A pungent odor

greeted their nostrils as they turned the knob and entered the room.

Seated at the table, with his head bowed on his breast, was the emaciated body of Antonio.

Before him, opened in the middle, lay a dark green book.

"Don't touch it," admonished Risey in an awestricken voice; but Hastings had already reached out towards the volume and touched the page.

The officer gave a gasp and clutched the mantel for support. Risey howled aloud, backing into the wall to get far from the table. Hastings withdrew his arm as though struck with a bolt, for in the place where but a moment before had been that deadly mottled volume, was now a heap of white ashes that rolled and twisted themselves into a word before the lean finger on the table. Without a second look the three men rushed blindly down the stairs, out into the cool, sharp air of the night, while in that lone room the gleaming ashes lay fashioned into the resemblance of that dread symbol—Skalga.

GEO. J. WALENTA, '01.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by President Sharpless.

Dr. F. B. Gummere lectured to the Friends' Institute Lyceum on First-mo. 6th, on Milton's Comus. Dr. Morley gave a lecture to the Bryn Mawr Mathematical Club on the 27th on the subject of Steiner's Quartic Surfaces. Drs. Sharpless, Gummere and Morley were speakers at the alumni dinner on the 30th.

Dr. James A. Babbitt passed the medical examination of the New York State Board on the 24th to 27th.

"Of special papers in this field, since the important one of Story's referred to

above, the most interesting one produced in this country is without doubt the recent essay by F. Morley in vol. 49 of the 'Mathematische Annalen,' wherein he gives the long wished for geometric construction of the linear covariants of a binary quintic. The skillful synthesis removes from geometers the reproach which it is said Clebsch used in his lectures to cast upon them, in that none of them had yet been able to derive uniquely and symmetrically a sixth point from five given points on a straight line. The zeros of the quintic are denoted in Professor Morley's con-

struction by five arbitrary points upon a conic."—Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society.

The formal organization of the Haverford College Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society has been effected, with officers as follows: President, James Wood; Vice President, John B. Garrett; Secretary, Wilfred P. Mustard; Treasurer, William C. Ladd. A number of graduates of the college have been elected to membership, the younger men because of high academic standing in their respective classes, the older men because of post-graduate distinction. Other members may be elected at the annual meeting in June, on the nomination of the executive committee. This committee consists of the officers of the Chapter, together with President Sharpless, Howard Comfort, Francis B. Gummere, Alden Sampson, and J. Henry Scattergood.
W. P. M.

One of the problems of our college life which we think has scarcely received the attention it deserves is the housing of the bachelor members of the Faculty. However quiet a building filled with students may be during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, there are times when the unspent energy of youth must find an outlet. The recognition of this fact does not make the disturbance any less troublesome to an instructor living amongst them who has heavy work on his hands or is taking much needed rest. If he is able to feel that he can at all times free himself from distractions of this kind, his efficiency will be greatly increased. Would it not be possible to either build or rent a house in the neighborhood of the college which would hold

some six or eight men? Under proper management the college might receive a reasonable return on the investment without making the charges for board and lodging excessive.

There are rumors of a secret society about to be formed amongst the members of the Faculty. This is not for the purpose of operating on the Stock Exchange in spite of the remarks in this column last month. Nor is it one of the numerous scientific commissions which are daily leaving to investigate the condition of our future unclothed citizens. It appears that it has no other object in view than to provide an elective class in gymnastics for professors and instructors only. Weekly sessions are to be held under the leadership of our worthy athletic director, and the public will be rigorously excluded. No arrangements have yet been made for this class to hold an annual mid-winter exhibition. The idea of professorial gymnastics commends itself highly to all concerned and we do not doubt that it will enable the Faculty to deal more effectively with the large and increasing classes under their care at Haverford.

The recent attempts at burglary which have taken place on the college grounds would seem to indicate a curiously mistaken idea of us in the minds of the community at large. That the income of the college will in the far future be almost sufficient for its needs is a proposition which possibly admits of argument, but that this prospective wealth is already in the houses of the professors is a thesis which cannot possibly be sustained. The appeals to carry out urgent improvements can hardly have created the proper impression.
A. M.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Edited by J. M. Steere, '90.

'37. Robert B. Parsons, in November, 1898, was run over and killed by a railway train at his home near Flushing, L. I. Previous to his death he was the oldest living Haverford graduate. Thos. P. Cope and Dr. Richard Randolph, Jr., both of the class of 1839, now possess that distinction.

'38. John G. Gummere, son of John Gummere, and brother of the late President Gummere, died at Burlington, N. J., Jan. 24, 1899, in the 82d year of his age.

'44. Mordecai K. Lewis died at Chester, Pa., Dec. 9, 1898, in the 74th year of his age.

'44(?). William E. Wood died at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 17, 1898, in the 72d year of his age.

'57. Francis M. Brooke died at Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 29th, 1898, in the 63d year of his age.

'69. We insert the following from the pen of President Rosenberger of North Dakota University on the death of Dr. Ludovic Estes, '69:—

"He graduated with distinction from Haverford College in 1869, and for some years served his alma mater as an instructor. Afterward he taught extensively in the public schools of Indiana, and was for a time connected with Spice-land Academy. His every effort was characterized by industry, ability and devotion to the cause.

"In 1885 Dr. Estes entered the University of Michigan, from which he had already secured the degree of Master of Arts. After two years of untiring application to the study of astronomy and higher mathematics, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the

examination being especially noteworthy. The examining board, consisting of a half-dozen professors, poured in a merciless fire of questions for several hours, and yet but one single question failed of a correct answer. One of the professors told me he had never before witnessed such a remarkable examination.

"The same year he was appointed an instructor in mathematics at the University. In 1888 the new and rising University of North Dakota called him to the chair of mathematics and physics. This position he continued to fill in an efficient and acceptable manner until the Master called him to a higher field of usefulness."

'84. Arthur D. Hall is Principal of the Morgan Hall Preparatory School for Boys in Minneapolis, Minn.

'89. Frank W. Peirson is doing legal work in the office of Arthur W. Depue, 1001 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

'90. Dilworth P. Hibberd has left the law offices of ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, and has associated himself with Samuel L. Tull, with offices in the Harrison Building at Fifteenth and Market streets, Philadelphia.

'90. Dr. Thomas S. Kirkbride has been appointed Director of Laboratories at the Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital.

A. M., '92. Byron C. Hubbard has left Warsaw, Ind., where he has been engaged in teaching in the public schools and is now with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. at Pueblo, Colorado.

Ex-'99. Arthur Haines has left Houghton & Muir, and is now with the Equitable Assurance Co., Philadelphia.

A. M., '94. Leonard C. Van Noppen has lately delivered a course of six lectures on Dutch Literature before the Holland Society of Columbia University. Mr. Van Noppen has recently published

a translation of Vondel's "Lucifer," which has elicited words of high praise from Nicolaas Beets, the distinguished poet and author, of Utrecht, Holland.

NINETY'S CLASS DINNER.

THE ninth annual reünion of the class of 1890 was held at Boothby's, Philadelphia, on the evening of January 21st.

Sixteen members made up the merry company—one of the largest gatherings the class has had. While little formality was observed, sufficient time was taken from the joviality to elect officers, which resulted in the choice of Walton for President, Butler for Vice President, and Kirkbride for Secretary and Treasurer.

Several of the men had not been at a class dinner for three or four years and their presence added greatly to the interest of the evening, while the "regulars" proved that they had lost none of their fidelity to their class and college. The old songs were sung again, the old tales were respun, and the old jokes were revived, and everyone said that it was the best reünion we had held yet. Such occasions as this strengthen one's faith both in his fellows and in the aims of Haverford.

J. M. S.

THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

AN unusually large audience enjoyed a spirited debate between teams representing the Sophomore and Freshman classes on Friday evening, January 13. The debate was given under the auspices of the Loganian Society, in whose meetings a renewed interest has lately been shown.

The subject for debate was: Resolved, That a defensive alliance should be formed between the United States and Great Britain. The Freshmen upheld the affirmative through their able representatives Fox, Boles and Pusey, having Boyer as alternate. Their arguments were based chiefly on the close kinship between the two nations, their identical interests, and the duty of the Anglo-

Saxon race to hold the world for higher civilization and peace. The Sophomore debaters, Walenta, Wood and Bullinger, Yearsley being alternate, had the negative side of the question. They attempted to show that our first duty was to our native land, and this duty demanded that we settle pending problems alone, keeping free from all alliances; that our commerce with continental Europe would be severely checked by such an alliance; that our traditions were all against any alliance. The committee of judges, consisting of Mr. H. N. Hoxie, chairman; Mr. S. B. Knowlton and Prof. A. E. Hancock, gave their decision for the Sophomores.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE mid-year examinations began Wednesday, Jan. 25, and closed Friday, Feb. 3.

James Wood, of Mount Kisco, New York, lectured in Alumni Hall, Thursday, Jan. 19, on "Prehistoric Ruins in

Yucatan." The lecture was illustrated by photographs taken by Mr. Wood on a trip through Yucatan.

The Senior Class, at the suggestion of President Sharpless, have recommended a modification of the reporting system

in use at Haverford, which has been adopted. Sophomores are no longer required to report. Freshmen are obliged to obtain excuses from reporting as before, under penalty of two cuts for each violation of the rules.

The library is being re-catalogued by two expert assistants, and a number of books have been removed to the new wing.

The gymnasium team has elected Horace H. Jenks, '00, captain, and J. K. Moorhouse, '00, manager. The other members of the team are C. J. Allen, '00, Mifflin, '00, Neilson, '01, Rossmässler, '01, Hall, '02, Scott, '02, Seiler, '02, with Fox, '02, and Spiers, '02, substitutes. The team gave an exhibition at Friends' Select School, at the close of the Friends' Institute Lyceum, Friday evening, January 20. February 13, the team, assisted by the college banjo and mandolin clubs, will give an exhibition in the Wayne Opera House, and on February 8 or 9 at the William Penn Charter School. The team attended, by special invitation, the Yale-Pennsylvania indoor exhibition, Feb. 4.

The annual Midwinter Gymnasium Exhibition will be held on the evening of February 24. In addition to the usual events, bar work, tumbling, and club swinging, there will be an inter-class cricket contest between '99 and 1900 for a special prize and a 1901-1902 contest in some special work. The judges already chosen are Dr. C. E. Ehinger, Director of the West Chester State Normal School gymnasium, and Dr. Dodge, Physical Director of Rutgers College.

The Beta Rho Sigma Society has presented to the trophy room framed pictures of the cricket, foot ball, and gymnasium teams of 1897-98. These pictures are the first set of the four promised by the society to the trophy room.

The first inter-collegiate gymnastic contest between Haverford and Rutgers will be held at New Brunswick, N. J., March 4. Dr. Anderson, of the Yale gymnasium, has consented to act as chairman of the board of judges. The events will be horizontal bars, parallel bars, tumbling, club swinging, fence vault, putting the shot, running high jump, wrestling and fencing.

A series of contests, partly for general development and partly preparatory to the Rutgers contests, is being held in the gymnasium.

A considerable amount of apparatus for the use of the classes in Swedish gymnastics has been recently purchased.

At a recent meeting the Athletic Association extended a general invitation to the college to join the Association by classes, upon payment of twenty-five cents dues per member. The classes have all decided to join.

The Senior-Junior debate will be held in Alumni Hall, Friday, Feb. 10. The Class of '99 has selected as their representatives R. J. Davis, M. A. Shipley, F. K. Walter, and A. C. Wild. From these, three debaters and an alternate will be chosen. The debaters for 1900 are W. B. Bell, C. H. Carter, and F. R. Cope, with F. E. Lutz alternate.

The Foot Ball Association has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, J. K. Moorhouse, '00; Vice President, A. G. Tatnall, '00; Secretary and Treasurer E. Y. Brown, '01; Manager, F. M. Eshleman, '00; Assistant Manager, W. H. Kirkbride, '01.

The Inter-Society Debate between the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Logonian Society of Haverford College will be

held March 10. A preliminary contest to choose debaters will be held in Alumni Hall, February 17. This contest will not be open to the public. The place of meeting, and the judges for the inter-society debate have not yet been agreed upon by the joint committee in charge of the debate.

S. M. Sayford, the well-known college Y. M. C. A. worker, addressed the Y. M. C. A. in the collection room on the evenings of January 10 and 11. Mr. Soper, college Y. M. C. A. secretary of Pennsylvania, was also present.

The Twelfth Annual Banquet of the Alumni Association was held at the University Club on January 30th. About 140 old Haverfordians were present.

Mr. David Bispham, '76, was among these, and added greatly to the pleasure of the guests by singing six selections. E. P. Allinson, '74, acted as Toastmaster, and the following responded to toasts: President Sharpless, The College; Hon. W. U. Hensel, The Government's Attitude towards Education; Mr. J. H. Converse, Relation of the University Man to the Commonwealth; Dr. F. B. Gummere, '72, The Phi Beta Kappa Society; Dr. F. Morley, International Relations; and Roy W. White, '95, who answered for the younger Alumni.

The Class of 1902 has adopted the honor system for mid-year and final examinations. The system adopted is practically the same as that adopted by 1900 in their Freshman year.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE FOOT BALL ASSOCIATION OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

DR.	
By amt. received from former Treas.	\$ 302 50
By interest on same.....	6 53
By season tickets.....	86 00
By class membership dues.....	203 00
By guarantees from other colleges..	185 00
By gate receipts.....	303 90
By Alumni towards pay't. of coach..	76 00
By Alumni for Founders' Day Game	75 00
Total.....	\$1237 93

CR.	
To traveling expenses, season of '98.	\$ 198 37
To printing and advertising.....	35 70
To engraving silver cup.....	3 00
To supplies bought from hockey team	15 43
To lime, marking field and man for rubbing.....	24 90
To share in hot air apparatus.....	9 00
To guarantees to other colleges.....	190 00

To George Woodruff for coaching..	200 00
To Gimbel Bros. for supplies.....	189 35
To sewing and repairing shoes.....	11 00
To revenue stamps.....	50
To medicine.....	26 90
To expressage.....	50
To telegrams, etc.....	1 60
Total.....	\$ 906 25

Total receipts.....	\$1237 93
Total expenditures.....	906 25

Balance on hand.....\$331 68

Respectfully submitted,
ABRAM G. TATNALL, '00,
Treasurer.

Examined and found correct, Jan. 19, 1899.
MALCOM A. SHIPLEY, JR., '99.
JOHN D. CARTER, '99.

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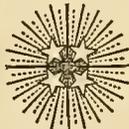
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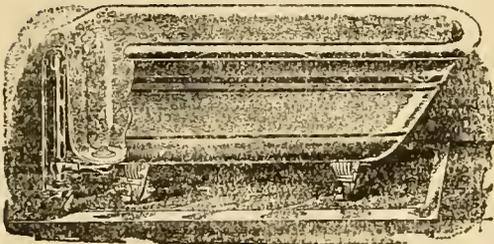
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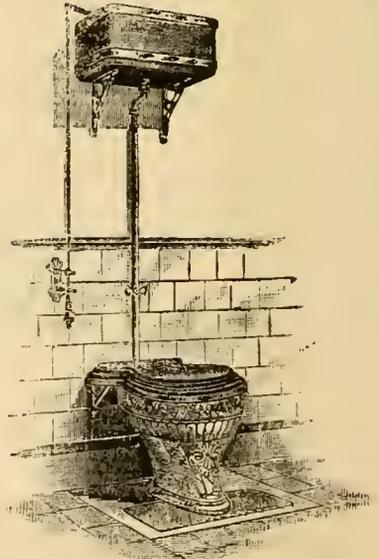


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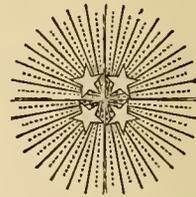


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