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VOLUME XXVIII

March, 1906, Through February, 1907

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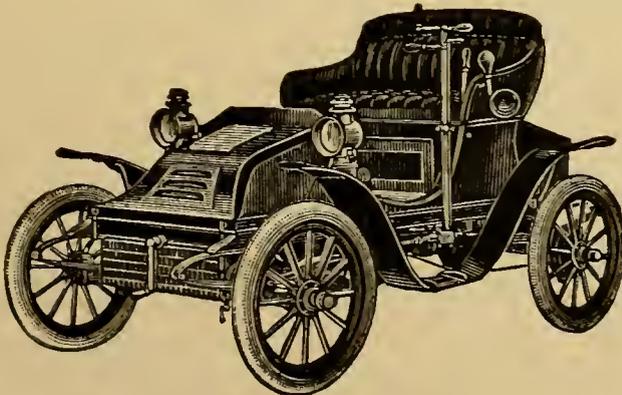
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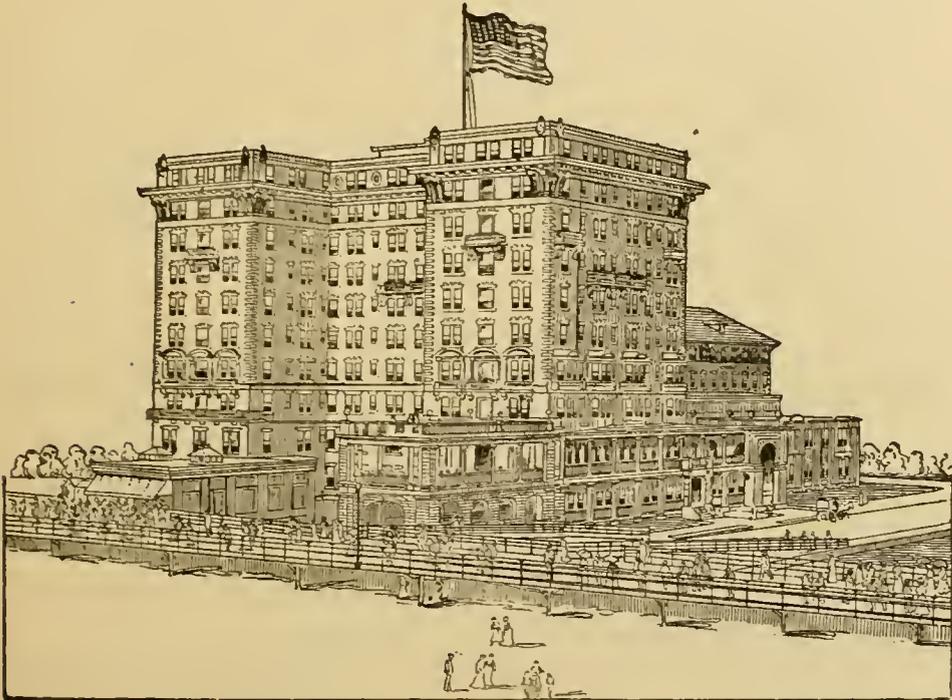
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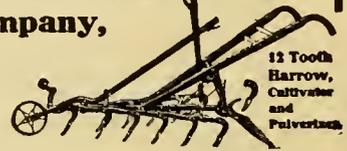
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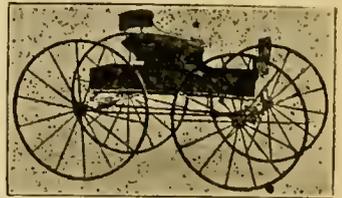
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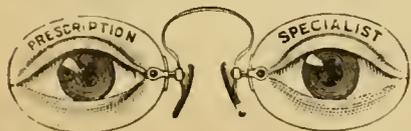
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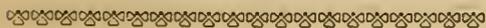
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VOL. XXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1906.

NO. I

PROPORTIONATE to the regret we experience upon seeing the retiring Board of Editors give up their duties; so ably performed during the past year, do we feel hesitation at assuming the newly-acquired editorial mantle. We know that we speak for the college when we voice our appreciation of their work. Feeling that there can be no more sincere praise than imitation, and being opposed to radical changes unless they would very materially improve the paper, we have approved the present general form of the Haverfordian and shall limit ourselves to one or two minor changes in typography.

Volume
XXVIII

A proper neophitic modesty prevents us from giving a definite prognosis of Vol. XXVIII under the new Board, but we record the promise that the magazine shall receive its most conscientious effort and attention. Apropos of this we would remind our undergraduate readers that true success for a college paper, like all other college interests, entails that interest in it should not be confined to an esoteric group, but be shared by the college in general.

Beginning with this issue competition for the Haverfordian Board will be open for men in the two lower classes. The especial attention of the sophomores is called to this competition. Contributions may be given or sent to the editor-in-chief, and should be marked "Haverfordian Board Competition."

In concluding our brief platform we state that arrangements have been made whereby our exchanges from other colleges will be more accessible to readers. Instead of all being filed in the Haverfordian Room, as formerly, a selected list can now be found in the extreme end of the north wing of the library.

RECENT occurrences in the college body have brought to light a rather grave condition of affairs, which if unchecked would undermine many Haverford traditions and our unwritten system of student government. This is the growing disregard of some men for the classes above them and the decadence of the respect due to upper classmen.

The Question
of
Class
Prerogative

It is no new sentiment cropping up

suddenly in our midst, as the result of specific instances, but rather a condition which is the growth of several years and resulting largely from carelessness.

It is a matter of observation that as a rule three or four years of study and college life give to upper classmen a maturity of experience and judgment that those same men may have lacked when they entered college; so it is a rule of practical common sense that the individuals of every class should have deference for the men in the classes above them. And, moreover, it is necessary for us here at Haverford to continue to maintain this sentiment among us since it is the tacit basis of the whole system of order in the college body.

Two broad causes tend to produce and foster this sentiment of respect. There is no doubt that the more important is the carefully-prepared reception of an incoming class by the sophomores. And, second, we should place the maintenance of personal and class integrity.

More difficult it is to analyze the causes that function against it. To be consistent in our argument we should advise that every incoming class, by some means, be taught a proper respect for the prerogatives of its senior classes and for the customs of the college, as the lack of such respect is a negative influence. Then it is necessary that each succeeding sophomore class maintain its own integrity in its conduct toward the freshmen, dealing with a firm and forceful hand if necessary, in bringing unwilling ones "into the union," but being consistent and impartial, and not laying themselves open to the warranted disrespect of their proteges.

Less tangible but fully as important is a condition which seems to arise at times from the fraternizing of individuals of the two upper classes with individuals of the two lower. It may arise as the result

either of the general lax attitude of the upper class men or the self-appreciative mental attitude of the lower class men.

To avoid any ambiguity that may exist in the mind of anyone, we would say that this does not imply that an individual may not have good friends in any class in college, and we believe that when men have reached their third year, respect for the senior class will be so ingrained in them that no intimacy will mitigate their appreciation of class prerogative. Nor do we for an instant mean to advise snobishness or the ignoring of lower class men. What we want to strive for is such an understanding and respect between the classes as will discourage rowdiness and encourage a sane, wholesome manliness.

EVEN more than mid-year examinations, the Library Lectures mark the turning point of the year, and now that they are past we look forward with more keenness to spring vacation, finals and the other events of the closing year. But ere we turn over this last page we want to speak about this recent series of lectures.

**The Recent
Library
Lectures**

Thanks to the generous endowment, the college authorities are able to procure the best men available to deliver them, and it is a great privilege—although a required one—for us to hear such men and such lectures. Especially is this true during this very important formative age when we are all more or less actively deciding what we shall make of ourselves.

Dr. King's lectures were helpful in the highest degree, and the force of his own personality made them inspiring.

Two of his thoughts recur to our minds pre-eminent. "Stay persistently in the presence of the best in the sphere in which you seek gain." The practical

psychological value of this apothegm is apparent, and we feel it could well be remembered and applied to all our interests in life. He also said: "There is great danger in over-sophistication when we have lost the sense of the values of really important things." We hesitate to sermonize upon this because thorough introspection makes us feel certain we are not yet in sight of that shore; but we do feel certain that this danger does exist. The lives of many of the philosophers and great scientists show it; but we need not look so far. All about us we may see men so engrossed in busi-

ness, or in the acquisition of knowledge, that in the pursuit of these absorbing interests they forget the so-called little things—the things that go to make up their own spiritual significance and that of those dependant upon them for training and example.

We are glad to be able to print for our readers part of the speech delivered by President Sharpless at the recent alumni banquet. This clearly outlines the ideals toward which Haverford is so consistently approaching.

HAVERFORD OF THE FUTURE

(Conclusion of address by President Sharpless at the recent Alumni banquet)

THE ideals which some of us have had for a long time seem nearer realization than ever before, and this fine spirit of quiet but determined loyalty points to better things than were possible a few years ago. I do not wish Haverfordians to have any cramped views as to what our college should be. Nothing less than a unique institution will satisfy some of us. If you wish to see the direction in which the college will develop scan below the surface the development of the past few years. To some of you it may seem to be mainly a growth in numbers and in buildings. But if so you have missed the main point. When a college measures its standards by numbers and buildings it is not a great college. If its efforts are confined to noisy advertising through ball games, theatrical shows, popular lectures, and other means to attract the public without adding to its real opportunities for education in its fullest sense, it is not in the line of the best development. It is not as we want to go. We need fitting and

necessary halls, and we are gradually securing them. We need, of course, athletic and social opportunities and, as we all know, we have them, probably quite as much as, in a general way, any of us desire. At any rate we have in our location and our grounds the physical possibilities to do anything in these lines. But if you ask me what has been at the basis of our recent development, the root from which, directly and indirectly, it has proceeded, I should say that it was the quality of our teaching force, and herein lies the key to the future.

We must aim to have a faculty as good, man for man, as any to be found in the upper positions of the best universities. As you think of it this may seem to you an audacious proposition. Would a small college be able to command and to hold such a faculty? This is the experiment we have been trying, and so far as we have gone it is solved affirmatively. We have found that some such men will stay with us. It means more than salaries. It means favorable conditions. It means

time and opportunity for study. It means reasonable academic freedom. It means certain surroundings. It means meeting the conditions demanded by that rather exacting and difficult body of men, the men who are scholars.

I would not wish to have it inferred that a scholar is all we want at Haverford. I would not take many of the scholars at our universities if I had the choosing to do and could get them. We want influential men. Of course they must be scholars, but we all know there are as many variations in the ranks of scholars as in chickens. Some are impossible socially. They are rough, vulgar and unpleasant. Some are impossible morally, preferring recreations and conversation, which would destroy any charms their scholarship would have. Some are weak creatures in character—intellectually strong, but characterless—uninfluential. Some have religious conceptions which would militate against the spirit and ideals of Haverford. Some would hold that their devotion to research is dominant and that teaching and influencing young men is only a necessarily evil concomitant of the position. All of these would cut out nine-tenths of possible candidates; but if we had the means to rake the country I am sure we would find enough of the right sort, each of which—to use the language of another—would leave a luminous trail pointing to Haverford, and would advertise in the best sense our college to the country.

Now it is only a question whether this will be done—gradually or at once—soon or late. It, of course, does not mean clearing out our present excellent faculty or any striking revolution. It means a policy to be lived up to whenever circumstances permit.

But think what it would do for the college. It would differentiate it immediately from any other institution in the

land. For most places when they get ahead financially add departments and keep as poor as ever, or if they do not get money, remain small because no more students will go to them. But here we would have a college giving the best that could be had of education in the United States, with all those valuable influences that come from a moderate number in close contact with the strongest men of the country. We would have a college with an atmosphere charged with intellectual, moral and social aspirations—a college everyone of you, of course, would value, but which a multitude of the careful fathers and thoughtful boys now strangers to us would also value. Numbers would trouble us no more. We could make them what we chose. We would take such and such only as we wanted. We would not race with anybody else. We would use even our football games as healthy recreations, regardless of their advertising effect. We would have sport for sport's sake—as, indeed, we have now—and could always win or lose with honor.

Such is the program for Haverford along which we think we will work. We see the plan clearly. We have finished experimenting. We shall go ahead as we have resources. How much of these are needed? You will smile at the reckless dreamer when he says a million dollars in addition to what we have now. One-fifth of this should go for buildings; the rest for \$100,000 professorships. The mere statement of a good number of professorships thus endowed would in itself be the making of the new Haverford, which would be only a development of the present Haverford. One-half of it should come from the sale of the land in West Philadelphia as soon as it can be marketed. The other half should come—I do not know whence. The sooner it comes the sooner will arise the new con-

ditions, on the firm organic basis of the old college, carrying out its traditions and principles, but leading in a movement which will not be an experiment to

prove that quality is worth more than numbers and that the best is none too good for Haverfordians.

LEIGH HUNT—AN APPRECIATION

PERHAPS there never existed at any time such an interesting circle of literary men, bound together by feelings of mutual esteem and good-fellowship, as that large but select company, of which we hear a great deal through Charles Lamb. For a locality to have a single man of letters were honor enough in these days of literary quiescence, but when we realize that a little less than one hundred years ago there existed a community of men who met together for a pleasant evening of literary discussion, we begin to realize in a small way what a centre of scholarly activity was the city of London in the year 1812. Around the hospitable fireside of Charles Lamb there met this assembly which numbered among its members such men as Shelley, Keats and Byron. In the line of essayists the critical world has left us only the name of Charles Lamb as that of a writer of the first class, while Clarke, Talfourd and Leigh Hunt have been allowed to go down into forgetfulness. We have, indeed, retained a liking for Hazlitt, but his popularity has never been equal to Lamb's, and for some reason he does not figure very largely in the little, familiar circle of close friends. He was present at times, but he seems to have enjoyed these occasions merely as an invited guest and not as a regular attender.

But of all the lesser men who frequented that fireside there is none who can better claim our attention than Leigh Hunt. He always aspired to be a poet, and so associated more with Byron, Keats and

Shelley than with Lamb and Ollier. We, however, know and love the man best for his essays, for he rarely showed great poetic gifts, and, with the notable exception of *Abou Ben Adhem*, he hardly ever rose beyond the limits of a clever and persistent versifier. To be sure, his sonnet on the Nile, which he wrote in competition with Keats and Shelley, will bear the closest comparison with the other two, and by no means suffer by the ordeal. Yet he never rose above a certain fixed level even in his more ambitious poetic attempts. So it is that he must be classed with Lamb as an essayist if he is to have any lasting hold upon our sympathies and affections.

In the notable group of which he was a member, he was, with the exception of Lamb, the only one to reach old age. Keats and Shelley lie side by side in an Italian graveyard, the one on account of a sickly constitution, the other drowned in the Mediterranean; both dead when much more might have been expected from them. Byron also died young on account of his manner of living, and the world is left to mourn and wonder what might not have been expected from men who gave such large and splendid promise in their youth, if they had been permitted to fill out the tale of years allotted to the average man. But with Leigh Hunt the opposite is the case; he wrote in his youth that he did not consider the cat and the teapot as indispensable to a cheerful fireplace; but in his later years, when he had brought his more

mature mind to bear on the subject, he did full justice to tabby, and thus fell back into the conventional and customary way of looking at the matter.

The man's cheerfulness is astounding. We know that his family conditions in Italy were little short of desperate. Had his friend Shelley lived all would have gone well, but at the poet's death Hunt was thrown entirely on his own resources and the questionable bounty of Lord Byron. The latter was, to say the least, ill at ease with a man and wife and eight children entirely dependent upon him alone. The whole incident is one of the most pathetic and at the same time the drollest that we find in the life of this wonderful man. But the strangest part of the whole affair is the fact that at this very time of absolute financial dependence, he was writing and sending to England some of his most cheerful essays; and to judge the man's position by his cotemporary productions would be to place him as a well-fed and satisfied mortal in easy, not to say affluent, circumstances. There is not in Leigh Hunt any of the glorification of poverty and the love of economical living that is found in Elia, and yet from an outside standpoint he is just as optimistic as the frugal Lamb.

To those who acknowledge that Leigh Hunt does hold a place in their affections, it is his quality of beautifying commonplace things, and of making an entertaining and readable production from a trivial subject that constitutes his chief claim. Charles Lamb says of him that he is "indispensable as a fireside companion," and this is, indeed, the situation in a terse and compact form. His essays are never long enough to seem tedious, nor do they have the short and unpolished form of careless or hurried preparation. All of his published works show an appreciation and interest in the sub-

ject, so connected with his inborn sense of humor that the impression, when the reading is over, cannot but make us smell the aroma of his coffee, or see the leaves in the bottom of his cup of tea. Moreover, when we read Hunt we are in the open air. We can see all around us the commonplace beauty of an English moor, which Hunt preferred to all the richly colored landscapes of Italy. Or if his walk leads him to an unfinished house, the sight of the bricklayers brings to his mind a curious old book; a pebble in the path gives rise to an interesting bit of philosophy; or the village pump suggests one of his most humorous essays. No incident or object is too trivial to be noticed, or to start a flow of thought. Gone and forgotten are the luxurious hangings of an Italian villa, and in their place we have the cheery breakfast room on Hampstead heath, with the sun shining in (this is the one indispensable feature which Hunt demands for such a room), and at the window a vine, on the wall a select picture, and, last and next to the sun in importance, a clean and well-wooded hearth, on which blazes a bright fire, with a cheeriness equal to that of the sunshine. But even a rainy day may be full of pleasure. Here the hearth is everything, and the dampness of the outer world, received during the business duties of the day, is all disposed of by the presence of carpet slippers and an easy chair pulled up to the congenial warmth.

"Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

Nor do the advantages of more strenuous living escape him. In a charming little essay entitled "Cricket," he praises the merits of the game, admitting that he is far too fond of his books for his own good.

There is no doubt that Leigh Hunt belongs to a secondary class of men of

genius, men who, as Arnold says, "have a genuine gift for what is true and excellent, and are therefore capable of emitting a life-giving stimulus, but who, for some reason or other, have remained obscured, nay, beyond a narrow circle in their own country, unknown." But all of us can recognize the pleasure of coming upon a man whose works are unknown to us, and of whom we have not learned in the classroom. To read a man by rule and to know beforehand just what one ought to get out of this or that essay lacks originality and greatly decreases the profit. It is this sense of newness, of freedom to judge of a writer's merits, untrammelled by the teaching of the schoolroom, that forms one's chief pleasure in original work, and it is this that renders us

more fit "to come across a genius of this kind and to extract his honey."

The limits of literature seem to be iron bound and capable of no extension. Since Leigh Hunt's time so many gifted writers and poets have come before the public and demanded a place among the world's greatest men of letters, that we have lost sight of all the essayists of that time but Lamb and Hazlitt. Carlyle has left us profounder thought than ever these men dreamed of; but when one is tired of philosophy, it is pleasant and restful to read some of the cheerful essays on humble, domestic affairs of every-day life such as Leigh Hunt has written for us, and to these we can turn in all sorts of weather, in summer and winter, and be sure of finding something that will fit both mood and season.

F. R. Taylor, '06.

THE FIRE-BALL SACRIFICE

AT the time I joined the company they were making a paying thing out of the pearls gathered in Utopia, an island in the Central Pacific. With aptness the place had been so named. Out of the track of all line steamers and visited but twice a year by a special trader, it was the most lonesome spot in the world, and all our agents that had stayed any time had been driven almost mad with melancholia. But not so Reddy Hanlin. His had been a crazy career at the best; his experience had in it data that were world wide—but mountebank in everything else, his honesty was impeccable.

Many a sailor had circumvented the safeguards and precautions of former agents and smuggled away a pretty hoard of pearls, but Reddy broke that up with marvelous rapidity. It was scarcely a year before every native on

Utopia, fifty-some all told, looked to Hanlin as one with supernatural power. None of us who made the periodical trips knew the secret of his influence, but it was plainly manifest. Men and women were alert for every motion he made; nor were their faces burdened any more with fear than with reverence. We guessed he had been working on their superstition with some of his ingenious quackery; but just how and with what over-mastering results we did not discover till the night of the full moon in August last. Our ship was moored off the island at that time. I knew a little of the native lingo—awful stuff—and had overheard two women speaking of the "fire-ball sacrifice and harvest of pearls," and I gathered that was the fatal night. So on leaving Hanlin, ostensibly to row to the ship, the mate and I went around the promontory that form-

ed the plantation bay, and then, by the help of the moonlight, landed in secret further up the beach. We made our way around to a hill overlooking the settlement of shacks and hid ourselves in some brush near a group of palms. The hill on which we were led gently to the beach on the north and south of the ridge, but directly east it broke off into a sheer wall some fifty feet high, at the bottom of which large seas broke and foamed angrily.

When the moon, obscured by thin silvery clouds that a light breeze shifted here and there in mysterious shapes, had nearly reached the zenith, one lone form came up the hill along the path we had followed. We soon distinguished Hanlin. On one side he carried a small round disc and on the other a can. Over one shoulder hung, as near as we could judge, some sort of net. He parted the brush and then hurried along a hidden path. After a few moments we saw him climb one of the palms, and, most astonishingly to us, lug the disc, now gleaming with phosphorescent light, up with him. He lodged it deep in the shade of the tree, facing the ocean, and descended. Up he went in the next one, and when he reached the top moved back and forth from one branch to another and came down. The breeze seemed to change on that instant and out of the palm tree came a mournful sighing that now sank to a whisper and again swelled to a dismal wail. Then, too, and with a similarity to the clouded moon that almost immersed us, the disc loomed up with uncertain yellow light that glowed and dimmed in miniature ripples like a field of golden grain before the summer winds.

Hanlin himself was now standing before the palms on the open flat overlooking the sea, and evidently waiting. He was fantastically garbed and wore a

luminous coronet around his head. We were hidden but a few feet from him and in a constant fret of fear of being discovered and so breaking up the rites which we now believed we were going to see.

Hanlin uttered a loud wail like to that of the æolian harp he had strung in the tree, and after the space of three minutes one figure ascended the hill with slow, springing steps, and at short intervals giving an answering wail to the soundings from the palms. The figure proved to be a woman. She kneeled and bowed to the supernal palm, and begged to be spared. As she arose Hanlin, standing behind her, with a jerk of his wrist slipped a card into the air that, boomerang like, fell at the woman's feet as if shot from the disc in the tree above. Eagerly she snatched it and carried it to him to be interpreted. The fatal lot had missed her. With a most piteous whimper she knelt and bowed to the palms again and returned down the hill with the same slow, rhythmic swinging to her body, and the recurrent moanings in answer to the wind-swept harp.

Eight times each of eight women ascended the hill to learn the cast of fate, whimpered thanksgiving and descended again. But to the ninth the interpreter of the fire-ball made no answer. He waited in silence a moment, then carried the card the woman had given him to the edge of the rocks and cast it in. The ill-fated victim sank to the earth and bowed her head, but not a sound did she utter. Hanlin took the band from around his head and waved it in the air. Then came up the hill fifty men and women, wailing piteously in answer to the wailing of the night wind in the palms. They formed a silent circle around the sitting woman, leaving an opening toward the sea. Slowly she arose, and without one falter, stepped to the brink. The harp

began its wailings again, but louder still there arose a shriek from one of the men, who broke from the circle and ran to the side of the fated woman. They leaped together, and as they fell to the rocks below Hanlin scattered a shower of pearls into the air; the fire-ball sacrifice had

been answered by the god in the palm. The miserable group wailed again, and as they swung down the hill the mate and I sat dumbly by and watched. Hanlin removed all traces of the rites and left in silence. This was the honest charlatan. *R. J. S., '06.*

Res Aeternae

Nineveh boasted of grandeur perpetual,
 Carthage her widespreading commerce and pride;
 Greece of her valor and wealth intellectual,
 Yet all in the roll of the ages have died.
 Babylon laughed at the Deity scornfully,
 Rome, drunk with power, grew haughty and bold;
 Out from their ruins the echoes sound mournfully,
 "Things that eternal are, never grow old."

Where are the dreams that our ancestors cherished,
 Dreams of magnificence, glory and power?
 Gone as the breath that they breathed has perished,
 Vanished forever like things of an hour!
 Corinth, the waves of the quiet Aegean,
 Image the stars that looked down on thy fall;
 And the streets once trod by the feet of armies
 Now bloom with the roses that grow on thy wall!

Thebes no longer exists but in story,
 The splendor of Athens was but a day's sun;
 And the captains that marshalled their legions to glory,
 Have mouldered to dust like the trophies they won.
 Gone are the towers of Tyre and of Sidon,
 Now only names that the poets employ;
 Gone are their rulers, faded like memories,
 Or the last gleam of sunshine that shone upon Troy

Over the nations of haughty dominion,
 The tide of vengeful destruction has rolled;
 By the long course of the ages is written,
 Brightly and clearly, in characters bold:
 "The God of Hosts is a God of Judgment;
 Live by His will! Ere His wrath, uncontrolled,
 Smite thee to death and He crieth: 'Ye perish;
 My laws are eternal and never grow old.'"

T. C. D., '08.

THE NINE OF DIAMONDS

THE medium looked wise for a minute or two, and then began to relate the following story:

About five years ago I had a very strange experience. I was sitting one evening in my study reading the "Revelations from the Spiritual World." All of a sudden I heard three loud raps, as if someone had struck upon the zinc-covered roof with a hammer. I looked up and listened. A full minute must have elapsed before I heard a faint noise coming from the door. Just as I turned my eyes to see what it was a strong draught of cool air rushed in, and the lamp was put out. How long it was before I recovered enough to strike a match I could not tell you. It may have been ten minutes. I groped around in the darkness and shut the door. Then I lit the lamp. The light from the lamp fell square upon a piece of paper upon which the following words were written in a scrawly hand: "Come to the gambler's house at once. Peace be with you." You can imagine my surprise at reading those words. Had a brother from the other world come to visit me? Why should I go out so late at night? But it was an absolute command. As a medium I could not disobey.

The gambler's house at midnight--a tough task, I assure you! The stretch of land between the coast and the edge of the swamp where that man lived is a desolate place. Tall, crooked palms rise here and there. At night, when the sea breeze blows they rock their shrouded branches, making doleful noises. Banks of sands, crowned with bunches of prickly pear, intercept the path everywhere. Wild vines and thorny cactus grow pell mell in the soft sand. Through this waste, following a winding path, I made my way toward the edge of the

swamp. At last I came to a place where the ground rises considerably above the level of the coast. In the distance I caught sight of a flickering light. Something tugged at my heart, and I knew that I was near the dread place. With eyes focused upon that distant light, I walked on, unmindful of dangers. Suddenly I ran into a sand bank. The pain, as the thorns of a prickly pear plant buried themselves in my hands, was nothing compared to the sensation which I felt when a band of sea birds rose from the bank and flew all around me, flapping their wings and uttering an angry "kiah! kiah! kiah!" With bleeding hands I disentangled myself. Leaving the last dunes behind, I turned to the left and walked upon a beaten path. With a whirl the band of black birds flew over my head again and disappeared in the distance, uttering their ominous "kiah! kiah! kiah!"

At last I reached the house. An old negro woman stood at the door, holding a candle in her hands. Nodding, she silently led the way, and ushered me into a large, square room. On a very plain bed lay a man with glazy eyes and an emaciated face. Over the bed hung a portrait which was completely lit up by the light of a lamp in a corner of the room. By the bedside stood a small table, loaded with medicine bottles. Floating in a saucer full of cocoanut oil there was a burning piece of cotton. Next to the saucer there was a pack of cards, and under the cards a dollar bill. Except for these things, a couple of chairs and a padded rocker, the room was bare. The man in the bed looked at me a long time. Then, raising himself on his elbows, he almost shrieked: "They are all around. Can't you drive them away?" and sank back into his pil-

lows. He pointed toward the small table and muttered something unintelligible. The negro woman walked over, took the dollar from under the cards, and handed it to me, saying: "Pray for him and return to-morrow at midnight." Then she ushered me out.

* * *

I rose late the following morning. The events of the previous night rushed back to my mind. Had it been a dream? No; my hands bore the marks of the prickly pear. I jumped out of bed and sought my pocketbook eagerly. If the dollar bill was in it, then it was no dream. With trembling hands I opened it—soul of my soul! instead of the bill I found one of the cards which I had seen upon the gambler's table the evening before. I turned it over—it was the nine of diamonds. What mystery was this? Had that woman given me a card when I thought she was giving me a dollar?

All that day a vague uneasiness swept over me. I promised myself that I would not make a second journey for a nine of diamonds. But toward nightfall my uneasiness vanished, and I became possessed of an unconquerable desire to return to the gambler's house. Just before midnight I started and began to walk hurriedly. As I reached the path which leads to the house the same ominous "kiah! kiah! kiah'!" of the evening before struck my ears. Only this time it seemed to come from the very heart of the swamp. On reaching the house the events of the previous night were repeated to the extent of my getting another dollar.

On the following morning I found another nine of diamonds in my pocketbook. More mystified than ever, I appealed to the good spirits to enlighten me, but without any success. I prayed all day, but when night fell the same uncontrollable desire took possession of

me. I started once more, with a hope of getting to the end of the strange adventure. The night was not as dark as it had been upon the two previous occasions—a few stars twinkled above and lessened the terrors of the darkness. I had not gone a hundred yards when I found my way blocked by a hedge of "malla" and wild vine. Had I taken the wrong path? I thought not. I turned to the right and walked rapidly until I nearly ran into another sand bank. Had I lost the path again? It seemed strange. At last I caught sight of the flickering light in the gambler's window. Almost simultaneously my eyes wandered toward "the palm of the lost souls" and the swamp beyond. A bluish little tongue of fire hovered over the top of the tall, crooked palm; while over the swamp hundreds of pale little lights sprung up and licked the air, disappearing only to spring out again and be swept away by the breeze.

* * *

When I entered the room I found the gambler cold and stiff in his bed. I glanced over the room. I shall never forget the spectacle that my eyes met. The walls, the ceiling, the floor, the bed, the table—everything was shrouded in black. The burning piece of cotton had ceased to burn. The lamp in the corner cast only a dim light over the scene. In his hands the dead man held the portrait which had hung over his head. I looked at it. It was the portrait of a pretty young girl, bearing a strong resemblance to the dead man. Under the pack of cards there was not a dollar bill, but the everlasting nine of diamonds! The old negro woman whispered in my ear: "It's all over," and ushered me out without another word.

My head was like an oven. The cool evening air seemed to do me good. I walked on, lost in my thoughts, until I

sank knee deep into a hole. I had taken the wrong path and gone right into the swamp. I grabbed to pull myself out and my hand clutched a wooden box. It rattled with an uncanny noise. It was a coffin! Curiosity overcame my fears. I struck a match and held it over the coffin. Inside of it there was a skull, a few bones, a rusty poniard and—a nine of diamonds. They seemed to have been put in there that same evening. As I stood there pondering I could not help asking myself the question: "Has this skull any connection with the portrait? What is the meaning of this nine of dia-

monds?" I thought I heard a rustling over my head. Then I shuddered as I heard once more that ominous "kiah! kiah! kiah!" A few more lights sprung up around me, danced awhile in the air and then disappeared. With a heavy heart I left the dismal place.

* * *

Friends, that strange adventure has always remained shrouded in the deepest mystery. I once heard that the gambler had staked his daughter's honor in a game of Monte, and—lost! *Quien sabe?*
J. Padin, '07.

SKETCHES

St. David's Church

IT was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, one of those rare days when one feels that God and he are in perfect harmony, and death is only the door to a better life. The whole atmosphere of the old revolutionary church contributed to my mood—the cool of the stone walls, the ivy-covered roof, the stately pines, the honeysuckle straggling over the graves, the stern old stones telling of a forgotten past when men and women with "like passions as ourselves" came here to meet and to worship. If only those inscriptions could tell their stories! But many of them are hard to make out, and the gaps must be supplied by the imagination. Perhaps those stones near that tall pine tree could tell us of an old couple who lived a long life of love and kindness, honored and revered by the whole neighborhood. This solitary stone by the wall commemorates a young girl, soon to be married, perhaps, in this very church,

who died of a broken heart at her lover's desertion. That broad flat slab conceals the remains of one the most dashing and heroic of the Revolutionary generals. This one close to the church wall covers perhaps the young children stricken by some dread fever. The very threshold of the doorway bears an inscription sacred to the memory of the first pastor, who lived to a green old age, and died peacefully, to be laid to rest by his son, elected to succeed him. They were all there, rich and poor, young and old, father, mother, brother, sister—they had all met the same fate, but was it not a happy fate, a birth into a new life!

Why then should that long line of people, clothed in black and with bowed heads be weeping and sorrowful? For as I turned to go, I noticed four men carrying a varnished rosewood case toward a far corner of the yard, where the fresh earth and the old stones looked strangely incongruous. They had passed me in my reverie, but they could not disturb the peacefulness of my thoughts.

Reverently I watched; the last solemn words were said, the earth was thrown in and the men and women moved softly away, leaving the father and mother alone with their lost one. But again I thought: "God and Man are in harmony; the dead have only found a larger and a nobler self." *R. S., '06.*

The Plains

I STOOD on the platform of the little shed which served as a station, watching the train as it glided into the western distance along that straight line cutting the Arizona Desert. The smoke hung in the shimmering atmosphere in a trail behind it, hardly swayed by a breath of air, as if held between two mighty forces, the sun boiling down from above, and the heat reflected from the glaring sand. As far as the eye could see in any direction stretched limitless sand, limitless sky, and between them that hazy wavering which tends to confuse the senses. A feeling of loneliness, of helplessness came over me, but I battled with it, for I knew that if once downed there would be no help for me. To interest my wandering senses I searched the landscape for some variation. Turning my burning eyeballs out towards the horizon line I barely made out a range of low-lying foothills, but they only aggravated the frenzy of my imagination, for to me they meant simply more of that accursed sand. It seemed to me that I was lost in that glowing sea of sand. I reeled, but just then a piercing whistle cut me like a knife, rallied my vanishing senses, and set me on my feet again. Thank God, a train for the East in sight! *J. M., '06.*

The Inside of the College Library

SURROUNDED by larches and oaks, overhung by ivy, flanked by a precise Elizabethan garden, Alumni

Hall gave the author the idea of an old English abbey. When he entered, and the heavy oaken door swung shut behind him, the illusion was not at first broken, for a heavy, musty odor was present, and he looked up expecting to see about the walls and among the bare black rafter beams, dust-covered and bloody escutcheons, battered armor, and along the floor, crumbling effigies. But he did not; instead he got an impression of a vast number of books, methodically arranged everywhere on shelves, and the spell was broken! He realized that here were entombed men's thoughts and not their bodies.

Arranged in the shape of a St. George's cross the four wings radiate from a square enclosure in the centre, where sits ensconced—not the muse of learning, as one might expect, but the librarian. You enter the building by the east wing, devoted to a large reading table and periodicals. The shelves of the west wing are occupied mainly by works of reference, and its alcoves by books pertaining to the social branches. The bright new south wing, with its ringing cement floor, is cosmopolitan. Here are books in almost all languages; here one may behold the undignified flirtation of a Gray's "Anatomy," with a little dark-eyed French novelette, or Euclid's "Treatise on Mathematics," casting sheep's eyes across the aisle at "Jane Eyre." Here also are the invaluable collections of old manuscripts and Babylonian tablets.

But the north wing is the most interesting of all. Here is a perfect mystic maze of books, and in the centre a couple of tables, covered with catalogues and periodicals. In this wing are books touching all branches of human knowledge, and, as if one floor were not enough, there is a second gallery groaning beneath vast quantities of erudition

—and Government statistics!

Yes, for interest, pure and simple, and if you do not want to find a certain book, the north wing is by far the most fascinating.

I. J. D., '07.

Another View of the Duality

THE bell was ringing as I came up the steps three at a time, and by the time I reached the top the iron gate clanged shut. But I slipped through an "exit" gate, jumped on the end of the last car, and was soon dozing in my seat. For some reason or other my mind always rehearses in reverse order the events of the day just before I fall asleep; and so, after congratulating myself on not missing the "owl" train, I found myself gliding over smooth ice, cutting circles, parabolas and ellipses, which soon resolved themselves into equations representing the same figures, while the ice became black and the skates turned to chalk; I was conscious that I was being called upon, but the professor, instead of asking a question, said "Tickets!" while Tommy Mathshark snatched my pencil from me. But it was only the conductor punching my ticket. Before settling down again after this brief interruption, I glanced out of the window and caught sight of a small tower, brilliantly lighted, in which a man with shirt sleeves rolled up stood before a row of huge upright levers. I began to wonder, as I dropped off again, what sort of a life this fellow led in his lonely tower; but again the mathematics asserted itself, and the blackboard finally swallowed up everything.

I started up guiltily. The glare of the electric lights, reflected from a row of huge upright levers, increased the temperature of the hot, stuffy room—hot in spite of zero weather outside. I took

off my coat and rolled up my sleeves. "Well, I haven't been asleep more than a couple of minutes," I reflected, "for it's just about time for that last local." And so I grasped a smooth handle, threw my weight on the lever and then locked it. The midnight limited was due in ten minutes, but the Wilmington express preceded it by five; and so I wiped the perspiration from my forehead and turned to watch the local "owl." Most of the male passengers were dozing in their seats, but a fellow in the last car stared curiously in my direction as the train flew by. Just then the express passed and I turned to release both levers. They flew back with a clang, and the ticker on my desk awoke and started to say "L-i-m-i-t-e-d p-a-s-s-e-d O-K." Then after a pause: "Hello 113! hello 113! hello 113! are you there? Hold the B— express; freight wreck at—"

I awoke to hear the brakeman calling "Haverford!" but the train was already pulling out of the station. I picked up my suit case and made for the door, almost upsetting the conductor, who came in with, "Next station, Haverford."

H. Burt, '08.

In the Observatory

THE astronomer shifted restlessly in his chair. For two hours his eye had been glued to the eye-piece of the telescope; for two hours the dull "tick-tick" of the clock had sounded monotonously in his ears. The narrow slit in the spherical dome admitted the white light of the full moon, and the soft glow half revealed the objects in the circular room. The telescope was fastened to the moon by the clock, so that for all the motion of the earth, the moon was always in the field of view; the astronomer was just as rigidly locked to the

telescope, locked there by the one insatiable desire of man—the longing “to know.”

The moon is a tiresome object to watch. Men have studied it for centuries, and it has remained practically unchanged. So our astronomer shifted restlessly, and yawned. Suddenly, with a gasp of astonishment, he sat bolt upright; he bit his yawn in half and gulped down the unyawned portion, and all thought of drowsiness left him. There was a black object on the face of the moon, and it was moving! Life on a dead world! Life that must exist without atmosphere. And what a giant it was! A good-sized town could be seen on the moon, but this colossal object must be at least twice as large as New York City. It moved slowly across the moon, drawing its circular body along by six great legs, each as long as the Delaware River. Its lumbering bulk

crawled over that cavernous surface like a bee on an orange. But when this great beast reached the edge of the moon, and began to lower itself off with a heavy rope, insolently disregarding the laws of gravitation, then our astronomer gasped in horror.

And just then something had to tickle his nose! He brushed at it impatiently, jealous of the slightest interruption; but the tickling continued. It was unendurable. He drew his eye away from the telescope, and saw—a tiny spider hanging on a silken cord before his other eye.

So this little speck was his great giant! The disappointment was grievous. But the spider had prepared its own destruction; a portion of the web again tickled the astronomer's nose, and a great, omnipotent sneeze blew the giant to the other end of the universe and startled the chronometer into losing a tick.

W. S. E., '07.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Alumni Banquet

THE nineteenth annual alumni dinner was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, on the evening of February 16. About two hundred Haverfordians were present.

The guest of honor was Dr. Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College, Ohio, who at that time was delivering the fourth annual series of Haverford Library Lectures on the subject, “Friendship—Human and Divine.” Dr. Rufus M. Jones was the toastmaster. President King spoke on the influence and power of the small college. President Sharpless spoke on the progress, needs and ideals of Haverford College. Others who responded to toasts were Dr. Ernest W. Brown; L. Hollingsworth

Wood, '96, and Chester J. Teller, '05. The oldest alumnus present was Coleman L. Nicholson, '50.

Presentation of the New Dining Hall

ON the evening of Friday, February 9th, the donors of the new dining hall, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, were entertained at dinner by the Board of Managers and the Faculty, in the magnificent room which has lately become a reality through their unflagging generosity. The tables were arranged in the shape of a horseshoe, the presiding officers and oldest alumni being seated at the bend, near the door. After a delightful banquet had been thoroughly enjoyed by all the guests

President Sharpless arose and announced that there would be a few informal speeches preparatory to a general inspection and critical examination of the entire wing by all those personally interested. In his introductory remarks President Sharpless commented on the loyalty of the alumni in responding without hesitation to the call for funds. He mentioned several individual cases which exhibited this loyalty with peculiar force. He then summed up the details of construction connected with the new hall, and gave the donors an accurate account of the use made of their contributions.

The president was followed by George Vaux, Jr., who spoke on behalf of the trustees. His remarks were of a general nature, interspersed with humorous stories. He pointed out the fact that the college man was needed in the organized charities of the city, and made a strong appeal to Haverford graduates to take part in such work.

President Sharpless then introduced Frederick Palmer, Jr., whose dining hall experiences under the old and new conditions made him an eloquent witness to the effectiveness of the alumni's gift. He related his adventures in entertaining fashion from his first introduction to a Haverford meal down to his present life of ease and prosperity under the self-government system. His remarks impressed the alumni anew with the fact that the dining hall had been a most crying need.

As another witness to the remarkable change wrought by the passing from the old to the new, Dr. Bolles was called upon. He received a great ovation as he rose to speak, and responded with a most telling address. He was followed by James B. Drinker, '03, who represented the younger alumni. Drinker held forth in his usual George Ade

style, to the delight of all his hearers. He ended with the hope that all alumni should be able to consider the new dining hall as a safe harbor of refuge in time of need, and thus, by returning continually to the scenes of their youth, be kept always "within touching distance" of the college.

The last speaker of the evening was Walter Carson, '06, president of the Senior Class, who, on behalf of the undergraduates, accepted the gift of the alumni. He spoke in particular of the new system of self-government, which has transformed the dining room from an athletic field to a comfortable hall, where the material wants of life may be satisfied in peace and quiet.

At the conclusion of the speeches the guests scattered to various parts of the new building, and thoroughly inspected every corner of the kitchen, cellar, halls and club rooms. The company finally adjourned, after a most delightful evening, with the sincere conviction that their seed had fallen on good ground and that their efforts had added another valuable factor in the development of the new Haverford College.

S. G. S., '05.

Baltimore Banquet

TWENTY-THREE graduates of Haverford College met at dinner at the Hotel Rennert, Baltimore, on Thursday, March 1, to consider the advisability of the formation of a local Alumni Association. Those present were:

President Sharpless.
 Eli M. Lamb, 1856.
 George V. Valentine, 1856.
 John C. Thomas, 1861.
 Prof. Marshall Elliott, 1866.
 Prof. Henry Wood, 1869.
 Dr. Randolph Winslow, 1871.
 Charles Y. Thomas, 1871.

James Carey, Jr., 1872.
 Miles White, Jr., 1875.
 R. Henry Holme, 1876.
 A. Morris Carey, 1881.
 Dr. H. M. Thomas, 1883.
 Francis A. White, 1884.
 William M. Ellicott, 1884.
 John Janney, 1887.
 Dr. W. R. Dunton, Jr., 1889.
 T. S. Janney, 1890.
 Carey Coale, 1891.
 Henry S. Conard, 1894.
 J. Leiper Winslow, 1901.
 S. M. Whiteley, 1902.
 Fitz Randolph Winslow, 1903.
 George Peirce, 1903.

Acceptances were also received from the following, but for various reasons they were unable to be present.

Ephraim Hopkins, 1858.
 Joseph S. Hopkins, 1860.
 John E. Carey, 1870.
 Francis K. Carey, 1878.
 W. W. Handy, 1891.

Regrets were received from George M. Tatum, Thomas K. Carey, Henry J. Harris, Richard L. Cary and Alfred B. Morton, all of whom expressed themselves as favorable to the formation of a local Association.

The toastmaster was Miles White, Jr., who called on Dr. Dunton to state the object of the meeting.

Dr. Dunton spoke of the fact that while there were sixty graduates of Haverford, who were resident in or about Baltimore and Washington, and while a number of them had been casually meeting, a still larger number had met but seldom. He felt that an Association should be formed with semi-annual meetings for the purpose of promoting good-fellowship among Haverfordians and of keeping alive the love for their Alma Mater. He therefore moved that such an Association be formed. This motion was seconded by

Dr. Winslow. Mr. Miles White, Jr., was elected president and Dr. Dunton secretary, and an organization committee was appointed consisting of Dr. Randolph Winslow, Mr. Carey Coale and Dr. Dunton.

President Sharpless, who was the guest of the company, then spoke on the present conditions at Haverford, and its ideals. His address made a very strong impression, and the speakers who followed expressed approbation of the ideals suggested.

Eli M. Lamb and George V. Valentine then gave a number of reminiscences of old days at Haverford; following whom Dr. Winslow made a number of humorous remarks on cricket.

Professor Henry Wood spoke of Haverford as a college, and as an educator, warmly commended President Sharpless' views for the future of Haverford.

Professor Frank Morley, formerly of Haverford, was then called upon to speak on music at Haverford.

George Peirce spoke briefly upon the feeling of the recent graduates toward the older Alumni and Professor Elliott concluded the evening by remarks upon the "Uplift at Haverford" and the backward gaze.

W. R. Dunton, Jr., '89,
 Secretary.

NOTES

'78. Cyrus P. Frazier has just been selected postmaster of Greensboro, N. C.

'81. Isaac T. Johnson has resigned from the position of treasurer of the John C. Winston Publishing Co. to take charge of a large manufacturing establishment in Urbana, Ohio.

'94. A. M. Mahlon Z. Kirk, of Denver, Colorado, and Mrs. Kirk visited College on February 8th.

Ex-'98. John S. Jenks, Jr., was recently elected a manager of Girard Trust Company of Philadelphia.

'00. Howard H. Lowry is treasurer of the Coulter & Lowry Company, finishers of cotton goods, and is stationed in Greensboro, N. C.

'00. John Thompson Emlen was married on March 6, in Germantown, to Miss Mary Carpenter Jones.

'01. E. Marshall Scull has been elected treasurer of the John C. Winston Co.

'02. W. W. Pusey 2d was a member of the Wilmington Whist Club bowling team, which was recently beaten by the College team on the College alleys.

'03. The engagement is announced of R. L. Simkin to Miss Margaret Lowenhaupt, of Ossining, N. Y.

Ex-'05. John L. Scull, who is with the John C. Winston Co., is said to have been the only non-union man who could operate a monotype machine during the recent apprentice strike.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

PRESIDENT SHARPLESS recently read a paper on "Presbyterian and Quaker in Colonial Pennsylvania," before the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia. The lecture has been published in the Society's journal.

Professor Gummere contributed an article on "Originality and Convention in Literature," for the January number of the *Quarterly Review*; and Professor Brown has an article in the January and February numbers of the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "With the British Association in South Africa." The latter are illustrated by photographs taken during the tour.

Ginn & Company have brought out a book by Professor Pratt, under the caption "A Course in Vertebrate Zoology." It is designed to be a guide to the dissection and comparative study of vertebrate animals and form a companion volume to one on invertebrate animals, published some time ago. These

books are for use in college and secondary school laboratories.

Dr. Babbitt's Thesis on "The Nasal Turbinates as a Vasomotor Index," has been accepted by the American Rhinological, Atological and Laryngological Society for its annual meeting in May, and for publication in its proceedings. He has lately been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the "American Gymnasia," the publication supported by the organization for National Physical Education.

The formal opening of the new dining hall occurred on Friday evening, February 9th. A dinner was given by the Board of Managers for the faculty and the donors of the building. With few exceptions, the donations for this latest improvement in the college equipment, were in comparatively small amounts, and the subscribers' list numbered about three hundred and twenty-five. The great majority of these were alumni of

Haverford, who again gave proof of their loyal appreciation of the work which the college is doing. Several substantial contributions were made by friends and neighbors not numbered among the alumni. These latter gifts were especially gratifying as giving evidence of the good-will of the donors and

of their desire to support educational projects. After dinner speeches were made by President Sharpless, George Vaux, Jr., '84, Dr. A. S. Bolles, Fred-eric Palmer, Jr., James B. Drinker, '03, and Walter Carson, president of the Senior Class.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

LIBRARY LECTURES

THE fourth annual course in the "Haverford Library lectures" was delivered by President Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College. The subject of this series was "The Laws of Friendship, Human and Divine."

President King spoke of the fundamental rules of friendship which, he held, consist in the laws of personal relationship both between man and man, and between God and man. He explained the requisites of an ideal personal relationship, either human or Divine. He said they were, first, a significant personality, then integrity, community of interests, self-giving and, finally, respect for the liberty and personality of the other. We generally receive from anything exactly what we put into it; hence the more we give to our friendships the better the results we obtain from them. Our acquaintance with God is deepened in exactly the same way as is an acquaintance with a human being. What are the conditions that must be filled in order to bring a man into the closest relationship with God and man? The answer is association—devote time to developing friendships.

The second of the annual faculty teas this year was held in the reading-room of the gymnasium on Wednesday afternoon, February 14. On this occasion the guests were the Junior Class. As the

tea came on St. Valentine's day the refreshments and decorations were all in the shape of hearts.

Professor A. Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, delivered an interesting lecture before the "Cercle Française de Haverford" on Tuesday, February 13. He spoke on the differences between the French and English modern systems of versification in poetry. He illustrated his lecture by several very interesting selections from French literature. The lecture was delivered in the new assembly room. It is to be hoped that more undergraduates will attend these lectures in the future.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Haverford vs. Germantown

On Thursday afternoon, February 22, the college won an interesting but rather easy victory from Germantown by the score of six goals to two. Haverford kicked off and in the first few minutes both sides had scored a goal. Haverford scored twice more before the half ended, the score being 3 to 1.

The second half opened by an excellent exhibition of team work on the part of the college forwards, but they could not shoot well. Pleasants, Rossmassler and Lowry played well for Haverford, while Priestman excelled for Germantown. Line-up:

Haverford.	Germantown.
Phillips	Goal.....G. Priestman
A. T. Lowry...Left full-back....	D. Newhall
C. T. Brown...Right full-back.....	Lister
Taylor	Left half-back.....Seeds
Drinker	Right half-back...Shoemaker
Pleasants.....	Centre half-back...C. Newhall
Rossmuessler..	C. forward...A. G. Priestman
Spaeth	Left inside.....Sub.
P. W. Brown...Right inside.....	Kelly
Reid	Right outside.....Bushnell
Young.....	Left outside.....O'Neill

Goals—Rossmuessler, 2; Brown, Spaeth, 2; Reid, Kelly, O'Neill. Referee—Waldron. Time—35-minute halves.

Haverford vs. Merion

On Saturday, February 24, the college team played the Merion C. C. first team on our grounds. The score was 2-1 in Merion's favor. No score was made during the first half until it was almost over, when Lester shot a goal from Mifflin's pass to centre. Almost immediately after Mifflin scored a lucky shot. That ended Merion's performance. In the first ten minutes of play in the second half Spaeth kicked a beautiful shot from an outside pass to centre. Line-up:

Haverford.	Merion.
Phillips	Goal.....Morrice
Lowry	Right full-back.....Hare
Brown	Left full-back.....Thayer
Pleasants...Centre half-back..	Rulon-Miller
Taylor	Left half-back.....Johnson
Drinker	Right half-back.....Wood
Rossmuessler ..	Centre forward.....Lester
Doughten	Right inside.....Mifflin
Reid	Right outside.....Thayre
Young	Left outside.....Sayres
Spaeth	Left inside.....Morris

Professor F. H. Green, of the West Chester Normal School, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of Wednesday, February 14. His subject was "The Significance of the Life of John the Baptist."

Interscholastic Meet

THE fifth annual interscholastic gymnastic and indoor athletic meet was held in the gymnasium of the col-

lege on Friday evening, February 23, 1906, under the auspices of the gymnasium department of the Athletic Association. The contest was well attended and went off on time in a way that was very creditable to the management. A dinner was given to the contestants in the dining-room before the meet, and at its close most of the boys attended an informal supper in the new assembly room. There were 88 entries, from the following schools: Blight's, Brown Preparatory, De Lancey, Episcopal Academy, Haverford, Moorestown Academy, Germantown Friends', Friends' Central, Germantown Academy, Lawrenceville, St. Luke's, Swarthmore Preparatory, Tome Institute and Yeates. President Sharpless presented silver cups to those winning first and second places in the different events. Lawrenceville won the most points, with Haverford and Episcopal close seconds. Dr. Babbitt, Manager Sheldon, Carson and their assistants deserve much praise for the way in which the meet was conducted.

The events were as follows:

220-yard dash—Won by French, Haverford; second, Johnson, Haverford.

Side Horse—Won by Annin, Lawrenceville; second, Whitby, Lawrenceville; third, Souder, Episcopal.

Flying Rings—Won by Baker, Haverford; second, Donaghy, Episcopal; third, Pearsall, Yeates.

High Jump—Won by Ingersoll, Lawrenceville; second, Van Dyke, Lawrenceville; third, Eich, Blights.

Parallel Bars—Won by Fennessey, Lawrenceville; second, Souder, Episcopal; third, Fritz, Haverford.

Club Swinging—Won by Pearsall, Yeates; second, Williams, Yeates; third, McCarthy, Lawrenceville.

Horizontal Bar—Won by Baker, Haverford; second, Graham, Episcopal; third, Winter, Lawrenceville.

Tumbling—Won by Meade, Episcopal; second, Stouffer, Episcopal; third, Annin, Lawrenceville.

20-yard Dash—Won by H. L. Hess, Friends' Central; second, Smith, De Lancey; third, Langsdorf, De Lancey.

The officials of the meet were as follows: Chairman, Dr. J. A. Babbitt; judges of gymnasium events, Dr. Chadwick, Messrs. Jenks, Bushnell and Ewing; judges of the athletic events, Messrs. Cary, Thorn, Hopkins and Phillips; executive officers, F. G. Sheldon and Walter Carson; marshals, S. G. Nauman, R. J. Shortlidge, A. K. Smiley, H. W. Doughton, Jr., F. D. Godley, W. R. Rossmassler, M. H. March, C. K. Drinker; clerk of the course, H. Pleasants, Jr.; starter, J. Turner, of Pennsylvania; announcer, R. Scott.

Gymnasium Meet

ON Friday evening, March 2, the gymnastic team of the college defeated Rutgers team by the score of 38-10.

A large crowd witnessed the event, which was interesting, if somewhat one-sided. It was perfectly evident from the start that Haverford would win. Captain T. K. Brown was handicapped by a sprained wrist, but in spite of this he did splendid work, winning second place on the horizontal bar. Bushnell

was the star of the meet, winning the horizontal bar event and the tumbling. Captain Devan, of Rutgers, and Edwards, of Haverford, also did well.

The Haverford team consisted of the following men: T. K. Brown, captain; Sheldon, manager; Carson, '06; Cary, '06; Shortlidge, '06; Stratton, '06; Brown, '08; Bushnell, '08; Edwards, '08; Scott, '08; Shoemaker, '08; Dr. Babbitt, instructor.

Rutgers Team: Devan, captain; Hill, manager; Green, '06; Geis, '07; Heath, '07; Thompson, '08; Morrison, '09; Dr. Dodge, instructor.

Musical Association

THE musical clubs will spend the Easter vacation on a trip South, giving the first concert at the New Century Club, Wilmington, on Wednesday, April 18. The following evening they will give a concert in Lehman's Hall, Baltimore. The entire itinerary has not been fully decided upon, but Washington and Lancaster will probably be included.

The management has also arranged for concerts at Germantown Cricket Club, Manheim, March 23; Wayne, March 30, and Tioga, April 3.

Breath of Spring.

Winter winds in the fir trees
Rustle, and endlessly sing
A dirge in the far-away northland;
And where is the breath of spring?

Summer winds in the palm trees
Rustle, and soothingly sing
A love song in the heart of the southland;
There is the breath of spring.

A. T. L., '06.

EXCHANGES

AS announced in another column, a selected list of the Haverfordian Exchanges will be on file in the north wing of the library, making them more accessible than heretofore. We trust that more men will take the opportunity to share a pleasure that has been too exclusively held by the Exchange Editor.

With the thought of giving up this department, we appreciate more fully what a pleasure exchange work is. It is a privilege to be able to review the many exchanges that come from all parts of this and from some other countries, and in a way to breathe the atmosphere of so many and diverse institutions.

We have become more or less conversant with the pleasures, the sorrows and the aims of many colleges, and grown to feel acquainted with editors and authors whom we know only as names. More than all, and we blush to say it, we have even lost our erstwhile bashfulness and hesitation in the presence of our women's college exchanges.

THE RED AND BLUE

Richard Mansfield has contributed to the February number an article entitled "All the World's a Stage." It is interesting in itself and because Mansfield wrote it. The exchange review is well treated.

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

Under the title "The Mysterious Princeton Grave" in the January number is the explanation and contradiction of that very tenacious yet unfounded tradition which has involved the good names of Aaron Burr and the unfortunate young lady who occupied this isolated

grave on the Princeton campus. We were much interested in the article and recommend that it be read.

The fiction is good in this number, and we mention especially "Whose Way is Hid" and "The Gates of Birth."

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE

Gradually this paper has become one of our best-liked exchanges. It is always full of interesting stories, creditable essays and sound editorials. We would say, however, in criticism that a magazine sold at its price should be printed on better paper to do itself full justice. The January number offers as its best story "'Midst the Shadows." The dialogue is forced at times, but the story is vivid. "Uncle Jules" is a translation from the French of Maupassant. While the use of a translation may not at first seem appropriate, it seems to us that, where such judicious selection is used as in this case, it is worth while.

"Some Virginia Mountain People," in the February number, is a well-written study of these very interesting people. "Kelly" and "The Strange Narrative of Dr. Talbot" are both interesting stories.

THE HARVARD MONTHLY

An address by President Eliot is the leading article in the February number. In treating a question of local interest President Eliot expands upon some topics of general interest to college men.

Bernard Shaw finds a warm defender in the writer of a criticism of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Personally we have never taken Shaw very seriously, although, with his unconventionality and fertility of new and novel ideas, he does

seem to epitomize the present social and intellectual unrest. We hardly agree with the author when he says, "Shaw is not fit for his public, they say, but in truth, it is they who are not fit for Shaw."

THE KALENDS

We are glad to receive this paper,

published by the Woman's College of Baltimore, as a regular exchange.

WESLEYAN LITERARY MONTHLY

The story entitled "The Soul of the Dog," in the January issue, has narrative interest and is well done for a story of its kind. "In the Darkness of the Hold" and "A Start in Life," both in the February number, are good sketches.

The Mountain Way

Upward along the rough-hewn mountain side,
Where briars tear and rocks bestrew the way,
A pathway leads—and there no flowers bloom
Or scarce may any living thing abide;
For through ravines, whose crags shut out the day,
It creeps on ever upward through the gloom,
And yet, if one but climb, as all men may,
With strength and courage like to those of old,
And win the summit—he can see, they say,
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H. J. Auchincloss,

Yale Literary Monthly.

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Sunset—and yonder the moonlight
Pales on the silvery sea,
And with shades of the evening soon light
Will shadow the lea.

'Tis restful to go, while the gleaming
Of twilight drifts through the glare
Of the day, on the riversides roaming,
Where meadows are fair.

Or to sit after struggles and sorrows
Alone in some dim cloistered way,
And to weave in the maze of to-morrows,
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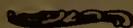
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VOLUME XXVIII, No. 2.

April, 1906

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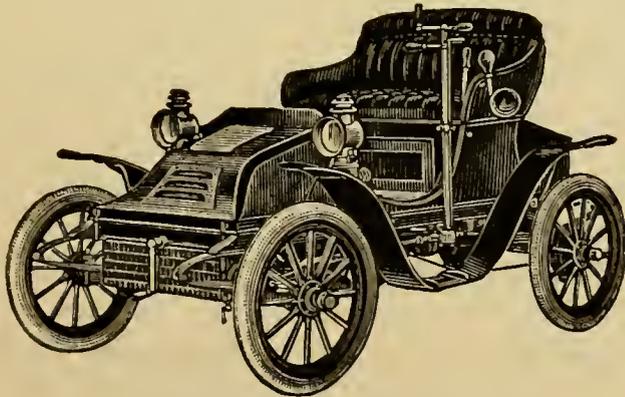
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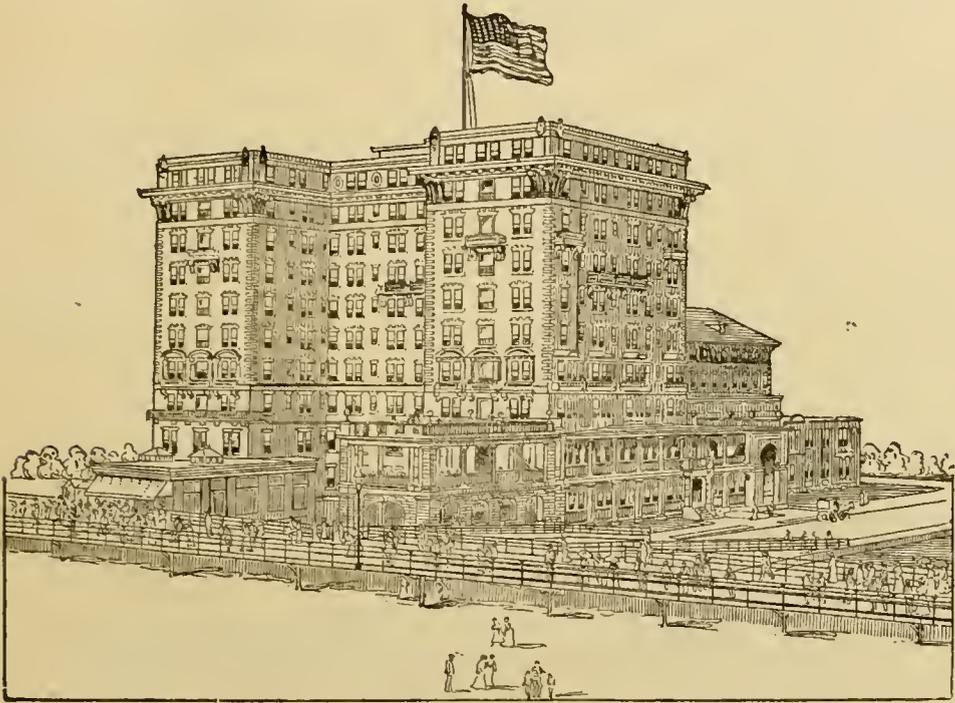
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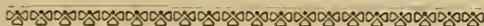
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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No. 2

SINCE the adoption of student government in the dining hall, there has been a growing sentiment in favor of extending it to the dormitories, especially Barclay. This movement came to a focus recently in an informal gathering of representative men from all classes, called together by some of the Seniors.

This meeting in itself was not very satisfactory, because, as was to be expected, there was a great deal of argument, pro and con, of more or less desultory nature, that did not throw much light upon the difficulties of the problem. One very wise suggestion was made, however; namely, that whenever conditions seem ripe for this matter to be brought up before the student body, this informal committee,—which consisted of more than ten men,—shall claim its privilege and ask for a meeting of the College Association. When the matter has been explained to the meeting a committee will be asked for, which, if granted by the meeting, shall draw up a tentative set of rules

embodying the details of such government. These will be posted about college so that everybody can see and consider them before another meeting of the Association. This to be done before the question of student government itself would be directly voted upon at all.

What will be the result?

Instead of the motion for student government being put before an unprepared College Association meeting and being blindly carried or defeated, this method will enable the men to see just what the measure will mean to them—what the rules will be, and whether or not they will remove some of those innate prerogatives so dear to the Haverford heart. Then, after thoroughly considering the questions at issue, they will come together and vote upon the separate rules, if the body is then of the opinion that such student government is feasible.

Now as to the merits of the question itself. There is no doubt that the adoption of student government to replace the present faculty supervision of the dormitories would be a decided step upward,

and as such should receive the serious considerations of the men in college. It would not necessarily mean the cessation of all those joyous activities with which the hallowed halls of Barclay occasionally resound, and which we hope will exist as long as the present healthy species of college man is extant. It would aim primarily at the care of college property, and then try to modify a few of the existing customs which might well be replaced by more rational conditions.

Personally, we are not sure that sentiment is yet ripe for self-government. We should prefer to wait and see that a few noticeable irregularities of conduct in the dining hall adjust themselves properly. But after hearing the sentiments of the meeting and talking personally with many men, we are rather surprised at the manifest approval of the measure.

It is clearly in favor among the Seniors and in a more conservative way among the Juniors and Sophomores. This hesitation of the two latter classes should not be regarded as a sentiment against the measure, or even a lukewarm feeling about it, and should not discourage the Seniors from keeping the idea alive. It arises from an appreciation of the responsibility which these two classes will have in maintaining the custom next year—when the real test will come.

If the measure is to be adopted it should be adopted this spring, so that the new class shall realize it as an existing condition. It should not be adopted in the face of a strong minority, however, because its maintenance must depend upon the general sentiment of the college body. And this is all it needs—public sentiment, which will place its stamp of approval upon certain limits of conduct, and then we shall have a regime in Barclay which will be more satisfactory than the present one and probably no more stringent.

THE date for the annual Alumni Oratorical contest has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably occur about the end of April. The thought of it brings to our mind that little doggerel from "Alice in Wonderland" which runs: "The time has come," the Walrus said, 'to talk of many things, of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax—of cabbages and kings.'"

The public does not sufficiently appreciate these "speaking" contests, mainly because of the varied and sometimes well-worn subjects treated. But the preparation this competition entails, with the personal treatment of the speaker, turns such subjects into productions that make it well worth the while of all undergraduates to attend the contests.

But more important than the benefit to the audience is the gain derived by the contestants themselves. The very generous prize offered to the winner is a great stimulus; but every man gets a reward in the personal gain derived from speaking in the contest, and from systematically working up some subject.

We hear everywhere the complaint that nowadays we do not spend enough time in the good old-fashioned forensic training, and there is a great deal in it. Men in all walks of life are constantly being called upon unexpectedly to speak in public, and it is gross carelessness upon the part of a college graduate if he has not trained himself so that he has command over himself and his thoughts.

We know with what added respect we recently came to regard a business man of one of our cities. While not possessing a college education he had not neglected this phase of his training. It was known there was graft in a certain municipal asphalt deal, and yet the measure had passed the first reading in Council and it looked as though it would go

through. At the next reading he appeared as a representative taxpayer, and, by a logical exposition of facts, forced a Council favorable to the measure to vote against it.

This is only a typical instance we cite to show that this is a training which every college man should possess when he goes out into whatever walk of life he may choose, and this training is most quickly and most easily obtained from practice in debate and extemporaneous speaking.

ENCOURAGED probably by the conditions, erroneously considered successful, resulting from the first operation, we understand the management has been advised to perform **Against a Proposed Operation Upon Barclay** a second one upon Barclay Hall—namely, to erect a second dividing wall which shall separate entirely the north end from the centre, continue the present partition down to the first floor, open a new entrance at the north end, and, as a result of the awful dissection, have practically three separate dormitories.

This is in accord with the ideal college dormitory as now accepted, but we do not feel that conditions here demand such a change. In the larger colleges and universities there is hardly any attempt made to cement together a group of men as large as we have here, and it would be impractical anyway; but here we strive for something different. Public opinion places the close association of life in Barclay and the other dormitories, high in importance in forming and maintaining our Haverford spirit in the past.

Everybody who has lived in Barclay since the present wall was built is unani-

mous in his disapproval of it, mainly because it separates the men so much, and thus limits close association,—and consequent close friendship,—to small groups of men. There is a peculiar friendship which is best derived by living in close proximity to one's fellow-students, which is lost if you have to descend and ascend four flights of stairs every time you want to borrow their newspaper.

No. Rather than desecrate Barclay by another partition let us consider, along with our student government, the question of removing the old one.

DURING the coming spring vacation will be conducted the first concert trip of the Haverford College Musical Clubs. Since it is merely an experiment, it will not be very extended, **The Spring Trip of the Musical Clubs** only lasting about four days, and only going as far south as Baltimore; but it is important as it may serve as a precedent for a new college activity. Whether or not it will become a custom will depend entirely upon traditional conditions, and the results of the trip; but we can safely prophesy that it will not only be a great benefit to the members of the clubs and the Musical Association, but will also be helpful to the name and interests of our college.

The clubs have had a very successful season thus far, and great credit is due the management, the leader, and those interested, for the careful arrangements they have made for the trip.

An enthusiastic spirit has been shown both by alumni and undergraduates, and with the continuance and co-operation of these interests a pleasant and successful trip will surely result.



Haverford Alumni Poem.

(Written for the annual dinner of the Alumni Association of Haverford College,
February 16th, 1906)

I.

We are not many—we who stand
The sons of Haverford to-day.
And fewer yet the poet-band,
That barely fills that rare demand,
To add the tribute of a lay,
To help to while an hour away.

We are not many, nor as old,
Or famed, as other schools may be;
Scarce four-score years, less five, enfold
The utmost tale that can be told,
Of struggle and of victory
That mark our noble history.

But years and numbers—what are they
Without the living fruitage fraught?
Achievement only gilds the day
And crowns with glory—or decay;
And older, larger fields, less wrought,
Lay smaller claim to serious thought.

II.

We love to scan thy modest past,
Dwell on the living and the dead,—
The precious dead whose virtues last,
We will not name them. They are cast—
If not in costly brass—instead,
In grateful hearts they taught and led.

But no,—dear Harlan* we must name!
His purity was like the stars
He loved. Of firm but gentle frame—
No more—my words are lame.
Half praise the loving spirit jars,
And love the willing pen debars.

His ashes 'neath the hox-tree rest,
We planted where we laid him low;—
No more by cruel pain distressed,
No more by ceaseless toil oppressed;
And once again I hope to know
That faithful friend of long ago.

III.

We love to linger in thy shade,
To wander in thy Academe,
To feel our restless spirits laid,
Where once we loitered, laughed and
prayed;
Again once more a boy to seem,
And be the better for the dream.

And, Haverford, we ask of thee,—
Despite the clamor of the day,
That yields to sports of low degree,
First place in college rivalry,—
Put scholarship above mere play,
And let true culture hold the sway!

Do not inflate the youthful mind
With boasted feats of legs and arms;
Let thy ambition, more refined,
Aspire to see thy sons inclined
To seek the higher lore that charms,
And spurn the rude excess that harms.

IV.

If youth, with older eyes, could see
The fruitful sheaves that round them lie,
And what the sure reward must be
Of brave, untiring industry.
How quickly careless ease would fly,
And aspiration reach the sky!

Those college days, those college days,
What radiant tints their memory throws,
Like golden gleams of sunset rays,
That ever charm the backward gaze,
And make thrice blest each one who
knows
That priceless boon that with them goes!

So while around thee shines the bloom
Of youth, compared with older Halls,
We bless the day that gave thee room,
And set thy candle in the gloom—
A living light from out thy walls,
To cheer the soul, whate'er befalls.

Thomas Wister, Class of '58.

* Joseph Gibbons Harlan, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy. Died 1857.

OUR LIBRARY

IT is impossible to avoid platitudes when one writes on such a subject; but is the platitude altogether odious? Platitudes, truisms, have appropriated nearly all of the world's wisdom; the old education was simply acquiring a well-selected stock of them; and they certainly seem to be better training for the mind than those desperate efforts to think along a new course which are dignified by the title of original work. This platitude about platitudes I shall apply directly to my subject, and shall ask what use one ought to make of a good library like our own, under new conditions of college work.

Libraries have changed. A library used to be a collection of "classics" flanked with books which stood in a quite ancillary relation towards the classics themselves. Charles Lamb, to be sure, included in his list of "books which are not books" all those works "without which no gentleman's library is complete;" and this whimsical and delightful exclusion has been fortified in recent days by a clever essayist who drew up a list of "books which have hindered me." Yet nobody knew better than Charles Lamb what a classic really is, and nobody did more to strengthen the hold of all good books on the affections of the reader. Two causes have contributed in modern times to weaken the authority of the English classics, undo some of Lamb's best work, and promote that disease of literary indigestion which was almost unknown fifty years ago. In the first place, the centre of the library-readers' population, if one may use such a term, has shifted from the upper middle class to the lower middle class. Books are cheaper, more plentiful, more accessible; and in the long run, this is a most salu-

tary change. When adjustments are all made, the world will be better for it. During the transition, however, there are obvious disadvantages. The people have risen to literature, but literature has been forced to descend and meet them half-way. Standards are lower and ideas more crude. It is not only the wallowing in poor fiction that counts in this process; cheap criticism, cheap science—like those fatally popular books of Mr. B. Kidd—cheap essays, have obscured old ideals of excellence. It is far harder for a young reader now to pick his way through the trash and rubbish, to tell the tinsel from the metal, than it was when the essay or the poem or the novel appealed to a more limited body of purchasers and had to pass the test of a higher intelligence on the part of the public. That is one cause. The other cause lies in changed methods of education. About thirty years ago, when graduate instruction really began in our universities, American education shifted its general plan from a modification of the traditional English system,—required work in a uniform group of standard subjects,—to the Teutonic system of free choice and specialized studies. At first this was applied mainly to graduate work, but it soon spread to the colleges. So far as the library is concerned, the effect of this change was to blot out the old line between study and reading. Under the control of academic and comparatively rigorous methods, this revolution had perhaps more gain than loss; suddenly, however, came the irruption of summer schools and extension lectures, the "syllabus," the rapid "course of reading," and that deplorable half-baked culture which persuaded hard-working folk that a subject like Medieval History or Italian Art

or Elizabethan literature could be mastered in a few weeks of erratic reading, loudly mouthed catch-words and bewildering lantern-slides. You walk to-day into a library which has been swept and trampled over by these invasions of the "cheap" reader, the topic-hunting scholar and the extension-person.

A reaction, as I believe, is setting in, and there is no need to strive and cry on the streets over academic and literary degeneration. Still, there are some quite evil results of the movement which need pointing out. Foremost is the lapse of the classics. Not to waste time on the question what a classic is—for Sainte Beuve sets us right there—it is enough to note the fact. No one need take Shaw seriously (it is suggested that his name be spelt with a P) when he intimates half in fun and half in earnest that his plays are as good as Shakespeare's and Shakespeare's as poor as his; but the claim is symptomatic. George III himself thought meanly of Shakespeare; but the modern idea is that the critic, not George III, shall let Shakespeare appreciably down in order to meet modern talent. There is no disgrace for one to think "Lorna Doone" good fiction, to prefer it, even, to "Clarissa Harlowe"; readers have always had their whims, and *trahit sua quemque voluptas*. The pity of it is when the proposition is made and circulated

in the name of criticism. Here it is, as I think, that the college student in his library ought to have great searchings of heart. "Scientific" necessities have let in a vast amount of literary trash under the plea for literary "investigation." But there are still the old uses of reading, still the old ideals of the permanent and the noble in books. Haverford College used to stand for this ideal, and her graduates, wherever they went, bore the reputation of well read men. Her students have an even wider opportunity now. In the long reach, the best is bound to win; all this dust stirred up by feet not yet familiar with the ways of wisdom, all this chatter of little folk about little writers, will disappear, and the old classics, with some new ones, will hold as before the high places of letters. But while the dust is still settling and the clamor is still ripe, happy the man who seeks out these best, these classics, cleaves to them, learns to love them and to follow them, and will not need to join in the penitence and the renunciation which are sure to come. He will have fought the good fight, and followed Goethe's fine old resolve—

aus vom Halben zu entwöhnen,
Und im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen,
Resolut zu leben.

F. B. Gummere, '72.

Triolets

Her smile seemed for me,
Was it only a lip-smile?
'Twas full sweet, for a bee
(Tho' the smile seemed for me)
Brushed her lips in mad glee,
As we stood by the turnstile.
Her smile seemed for me;
Was it only a lip-smile?

Her smile was for me,
'Twas a heavenly heart-smile;
Fly away, foolish bee,
For the smile was for me,
You are robbed of your glee
By the glorified turnstile.
Her smile was for me,
'Twas a heavenly heart-smile!

J. T. T., '08.

AN IDYLL OF THE GROVE

AFTER two weeks of our stay in the country, I had at last, in my rambles, chanced upon the very spot I had been seeking for the subject of my next painting. It was a little group of pine trees lodged deep in a thick wood. Some seclusive soul had cleared a circle in this grove, and time, with the aid of the winds and the rain, had covered the area with a thick, slippery mat of pine needles. The lower branches of the surrounding trees were cut away, but beyond the growth was wild and close. In the centre stood a quaint, rustic summer house, hexagonal in shape, made of cedar, and the sides were close woven, with crooked twigs. The whole scene, redolent with piney odors, was sunk in a cool, shadowy gloom, and only here and there the sun cast fantastic patches of light, that were constantly changing shape with the gentle, easy swaying of the branches above. In some such nook the ancient druids built their shrines, where now the priest of solitude hears confession. The quietness was barely relieved by insinuating, subdued rustlings of the leaves, while now and then a squirrel would pass by or the deep, mellow note of the wood robin would roll through the trees. The whole scene was of that quiescent sort that is restful yet oppressive, empty yet full, asleep, yet pervaded by dreamy wakefulness.

I brought my easel one day to begin the sketch. Alone in such living silence I could feel the power and majesty of the spot, and I tingled with a sense of its beauty. I had been at work for some moments, and was entirely absorbed in my task, when I was unpleasantly startled by a deep, grunting growl, that seemed close on my back. I arose with a jump and turned to see a great, lumbering mastiff standing by the side of a slender, maidenly figure across the area.

"Hush, Don!" she said in a quiet, commanding tone, that brought a look from the dog and a slight wag of his tail.

With rather more of hesitation and embarrassment than of ease, I said: "I beg pardon for this intrusion."

"I believed no one knew of my retreat here," she answered, while flipping a short whip she carried about the dog's ears, and then, looking up, "but for the sake of art I presume you must be suffered."

"I would be glad to have your permission," I responded, "but I am sorry to urge my plea as an artist merely."

This was somewhat bold, perhaps, but there was something indefinable in those hazel eyes of hers that brought it out unawares.

"Come, Don!" she said, and without further remark, turned into the wood and walked leisurely away with her hand resting on the dog's head.

I gazed after her, muttered some phrase about a stately, graceful pine, and turned to my work with inward reproaches.

Every day thereafter I came to that bewitched spot to sketch. I tried every hour of the afternoon, and would sit in a restless, half-expectant manner, but the longed-for interruption never came. I must acknowledge I had made more progress in that first hour of work than in all the rest combined. That sweet voice, gentle manner, shy, reserved attitude, and spirited and expressive face, haunted me strangely. Every shadow grew into a maiden's form, and every rustling of the leaves was the swish of a maiden's skirt.

Almost despairing, I dropped sketching for a few days and likewise delicacy, and looked into the history of the neighborhood. "Yes," said the owner of the country store, "the Worths are an old

family and mighty esteemed hereabouts."

Just then that mastiff of the pine grove passed in the road without the window.

"That's a splendid dog," I said.

"He belongs to Miss Worth and goes with her everywhere. A precious booty he has to guard, too. Here she comes now," he added, as Miss Worth, dressed in a brown corduroy riding habit, and beautifully flushed by her exercise, cantered by.

"She's a lady, I can tell you," continued my informant. "There's not a finer or prettier in the county. Spirited like the filly she rides, and quite an artist, too, I've heard tell."

Spirited, no finer nor prettier lady in the county, and quite an artist; that little legend conveyed volumes.

At that time of my career I was a very enthusiastic artist, or I fear that my painting, now become merely an excuse and explanation of my afternoon ramblings, would not have been finished. But at last it was, and I got it into the art exhibit. Of course, I shall not claim it drew much attention, but no art ever drew better; for one day I was sitting in one of the galleries, and I was suddenly thrilled by a gentle voice inquiring of one of the attendants concerning the sale of picture No. 77. My picture and that voice! Was Miss Worth to be its purchaser? I never felt such tremulous emotion in my life, and I went out into the street almost guiltily.

II.

What little hope buoy will love not embrace! Miss Worth, herself an artist, had bought my sketch, and had she any personal reasons other than that the subject was her own silent retreat? Love in its birth and development has never yet obeyed any established law, and no thought has evolved a law it

might obey; but seemingly each soul blindly or open-eyed picks its own path. And maybe, I would think, it was a kindly chance that led me to that pine grove, and then I would see those hazel eyes and hope.

"Beth, let's go toward Pinewood," I hazarded one warm day when I was riding with my sister.

"Where's Pinewood?" she asked. "I've heard the name in some connection, but I forget where or what it is."

"There's a little settlement about three miles from here of that name, and the country round about is very picturesque and attractive."

"Very well," she assented, and we put off.

This was the first time I had visited that section since the incident of the art gallery a few days before, and it was with lively emotions I rode along.

"Why so fast?" Elizabeth remonstrated, as my horse suddenly left hers several necks behind.

"I guess a fly stung him," I answered, trembling inwardly. I fear I had spurred him, however, for ahead of us, and moving our way in a lively canter, came a girl in a brown suit, riding a bay horse, and a big mastiff was following. I looked at Beth and my heart complained I had not come alone. Alas, the conventionality and the strong propriety stimulus of a younger sister's presence.

But to my great astonishment Elizabeth cried: "Why, it's Mildred Worth," and before I could clearly comprehend the situation, we had been introduced.

It is intensely embarrassing to be caught unawares in any circumstances you do not care to explain, but especially in a secret you scarce dare own to yourself. And with the thrill of the afternoon's experience still in me, it was quite disturbing to have Elizabeth break in at the dinner table that night with:

"Tell me, Frank, did you never meet a beautiful girl before this afternoon?"

"I must confess she is rather a beauty," I replied.

"You would better confess you were flustered," she returned.

A few weeks after the conversation above took place, I called one afternoon at the Worth home. Frequent visits make fast friends or cold ones, but even Don condescended to be quite intimate by this time. Perhaps he was a well-trained dog, and followed the footsteps of his mistress. Be that as it may, this time Mildred had gone for a ride, expecting no visitors, the maid said. Returning, I made my way through the woods to the old pine grove. The spot was rather more familiar now than in the days I sketched there, and I intended to rest a while in reverie.

I was never known as one given to sentimentality, but I have come to believe all are capable of it on occasion. Many laugh at the idea, and call it soft, but I find such are usually endeavoring to entrench themselves behind their bulwark of scorn, only to be the worse culprits when they are exposed to the temptation. So pardon me if I try to picture

the tender sight I came upon at the pine grove. Through the door of the summer house I saw Mildred, weaving a chaplet of daisies. Her back was toward me, and perhaps I played unfair. Daisies lay strewn all around the rough bench she sat upon, and in front of her hung a mirror.

It was fascinating to see her cool, white arms curve over her head as she thrust a daisy here and tucked one there in her bright brown locks. The pretty vanity seemed the very expression of exquisite, innocent life. "Don," she said to the dog beside her, "would he like me now?" And for answer Don turned his head toward me and, with a low cry, she turned also, for in my eagerness I had started forward.

When we left the grove the sun was at the setting. The air was still and the trees stood motionless. From afar off the mellow note of a wood robin broke the silence. Don walked ahead of us, and now and then he would turn and wait till we came up with him. I thought I read a melancholy happiness in his eyes, as if he made a third in the secret.

R. J. S., '06.

Wintersnacht (Winternight)

[Translated from the German of Nikolaus Lenau.]

The air stands rigid in the cold,
 Beneath my footsteps creaks the snow;
 Thin sheets of ice my beard enfold,
 And ever onward I must go.

A festive stillness reigns through all,
 The moonlight rests on fir and pine,
 Which, longing ever for death's pall,
 Their bent limbs to the earth resign.

O frost! Come thou into my heart,
 My wild, hot heart, with thy cold might,
 That *peace* therein may have its part
 As here among the fields of night.

S. G. S., '05.

THE FIRST MATE

QUICK, jump, or we'll go down with her."

"Aye! aye! sir!"

And as the rolling ground swell thrust a white launch close to the sinking barge, the last of the three men comprising the crew jumped aboard. Hardly had the graceful little tender got out of danger when, with a groaning cough and then a muffled roar, the rough old barge listed to port and slowly sank, stern foremost. The launch was tossed and twisted by waves from the whirlpool which soon subsided, and nothing marked the grave of the old hulk save some immense bubbles, which continued to rise for some time.

Almost with bated breath the sailors in the launch had watched the boat turn turtle and plunge to Davy Jones' locker, held by the terrible fascination which such a sight possesses. When the great ripples from the vortex reached their craft it aroused them from their trance, and the two parties looked at one another for the first time, and then began the easy, flowing conversations of men of the sea who take such things as matters of course in their lives, and only think of them for a few minutes when they find they are safe.

The mate of the barge, the last man to jump, sat apart.

He alone seemed quiet, and appeared to be moved. Even the rough barge-man's dress did not disguise his athletic form and clear countenance, and he could hardly be taken for a common sailor, shipped upon an ore barge in tow from Philadelphia to Savannah.

Of his two companions, one realized with an embarrassed kind of thankfulness that a certain Mary would not have to read of his disappearance in the great storm of the night before, or if she did read it, that he would soon return to kiss

away her tears; the other thought of a wife and two little children, who, an hour ago, he thought would never see husband or father again, and he breathed an uncouth prayer to his wife's God and then felt ashamed of himself afterward.

But the mate of the barge felt welling up in his heart memories of a great mother love, and he thought to himself of his dignified mother in her New York home, and of his father—and an erstwhile hardness in him was softened.

Awakening from his reverie, he looked up. Now he could get a better view of the yacht which had seen their signal just in time to rescue them. Like a white swan upon the water it lay, and appeared even more graceful than the hundred others of her type he had seen. Above the enameled whiteness of her stern were the gold letters, "Fenella, of New York." Her graceful lines, the bold curves of bow and stern, gleaming white stops and deck canvas—the whole made a picture which caused him to tingle with a sailor's admiration.

Upon the deck was a group of people, interested in the drama they had just witnessed, and impatiently waiting the return of the launch.

Upon the bridge, beside the blue-clad, gold-braided captain, stood a girl, dressed in a blue and white sailor suit. With her marine glasses she had been viewing the incidents since she had first spied the distress signal on the old barge, some time before. As the launch approached the yacht she looked intently at the occupants, then, as if settling something in her mind, she left the bridge and joined the group on the deck, in time to see the sailors climb aboard.

Helen Forbes, with great surprise, had recognized, or thought she recognized, the mate as Jackson Briggs, whom she had seen about a year ago when he was

still a senior at college. She had no time to wonder how he got here, but as he climbed upon the deck she spoke his name.

Briggs jumped as though shot when he heard it.

His eyes went about the circle of strange faces until they came to Helen's, when his gaze stopped and he realized that he saw once again, and at such a dramatic moment, the girl whom his roommate, Tom Hardy, had always laughingly called his "Jonah."

Why?

Well, the first time Briggs had met Miss Forbes was at Mrs. Stanton's musicale, in New Haven, two years before. Since he was not very fond of music, and they had several common acquaintances to talk about, they had gone into the palm room, and there, just as Jack had reached the point of professing a previous unsusceptibility to girls, a potted orchid had fallen from above and struck him fairly upon the head.

"It was the deuce of a scene," he had sworn softly to his roommate, after they had restored him and carefully softened his shirt front with copious ablutions of cold water.

Then the second event which had clinched her reputation in Hadley's mind was the fact that Jack had been entertaining Helen on commencement week, when he got that peremptory letter from his father, enclosing a check for those bills, "which because of their nature must be paid," and telling his son that until he had proved himself something more than the idle spendthrift heseemed, he preferred that Jack should meet his own expenses.

All this in a flash passed through Jack's mind as he was recovering himself and returning her greeting.

He met the assembled people, who were all friends of Helen's, and who

were being entertained on this cruise by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. Then he went below to get into a change of clothes, while the guests returned to their diversions as though nothing so exciting as a shipwreck and a romantic meeting had just taken place.

When Jack came on deck again it was deserted, so he started to walk up and down to compose his thoughts and to get used to the rapid flight of events. Then he walked aft, and there he saw Helen, standing at the stern, looking down at the boiling wake.

The twin propellers churned up the water in two furrows, which fought together for space with their white dragon teeth, and then united to pass off in a white trail of foam, which seemed to stay like a blazed pathway on this limitless plain of water.

"Helen."

The girl turned at her name, and then, without speaking, sat down in a green rattan chair.

"Helen, I have been thinking that it's about the luckiest thing in the world for me that you happened to see us an hour ago."

"Well, Jack, I can understand how that was, but I cannot understand how you should be aboard a barge, out here off the coast, and a sinking barge at that. For pity's sake do satisfy a person's curiosity by giving a more lucid account of it than you gave when you first came aboard."

"Oh, it's nothing so remarkable. You know since last year I have been working in Savannah for the firm of which your father is a member, and part of my duty was occasionally to come up north with the barges and direct their placing at the ports. All that happened was that in the fierce storm last night our hawser broke and we sprang a bad leak. We were the last of the tow,

and before the other boats realized we were gone, we were separated from them. Our one boat was so badly smashed it was useless, and we were just going to launch an impromptu raft when we saw that you had seen our signal."

They talked for some time about the strange meeting, and then the party was summoned to dinner. That evening Jack and Helen found themselves again on the after-deck, and left alone in the manner which betokens strange chance or the machinations of romantic friends.

The golden glory of the afternoon had given place to the silver sheen of moonlight. The yacht was now in sight of shore, and was bound for its anchorage in the Hudson.

All the host of recollections that associated Helen Forbes with the best memories of his life had been with Jack Briggs constantly during the past year, and he had long ago decided the very weighty and embarrassing question definitely in his mind.

He was in love with her.

He had had his "case" on her while at college, but, strange to say, for a year of complete separation he had been in love with her, and that was test enough for him, who in his chemistry days had been accustomed to read ahead to see what the result would be, and put that down in his notebook. Not that he rushed at conclusions. Did not the author know more about chemistry than he, and was not a year's durability the accredited test for love?

"Helen, when you knew me last I was a child compared to what I am now. Then I was spoiled by the ease with which things came to me. I don't wonder you used to laugh at me when I would continually propose to you like the soft-headed fusser I must have been. I used to feel dreadful after each of

those refusals, but I did manage to live through them, because I did not know then what life and love really were.

"Now I know.

"My experience has taught me what life really is, from its heights to its depths; and patience and waiting for the time when I had a real right to ask you to marry me have taught me what love is. If only you had not smiled that time when you told me that when I had actually done something in the world you would like nothing better than to hear me say those things again. How often I have wished you had been in earnest."

He looked at her. She had bent over and seemed to be almost sobbing. After all he had been a cad to say a thing like that so quickly. Then she spoke, but in a voice so different from her usual laughing voice, in a voice that was warm and rich.

"You might as well know right away that I was in earnest then, Jack, and that I feel the same way now, and moreover I know—I feel—that you have done something—that you have changed during the last year, and that you are more like what I wanted you to be.

"I, too, have thought of you for the last year, thought of you as you used to be, and thought of you as I imagined you would be if ever you came back to me, for I didn't know just how you would feel about me after you had changed. Honestly, I didn't, Jack."

She looked him full in the face now for a moment, her eyes reflecting the soft gleam of the moon. Then she looked away over the ocean, so swiftly streaming behind. They were silent for a moment, awed by that world-old passion that exists anew whenever two souls discover each other.

Finally Jack spoke in a low voice:

"Helen, dear, I remember an Eastern fable that says when Paradise was fad-

ing from the earth a single rose was saved and treasured by an angel, who gives to every mortal, sooner or later in his life, a single breath of this immortal flower, which is worth a thousand other breaths.

"The rose is here."

As soon as Briggs could excuse himself from the party after landing next day, he took a hansom and went to his father's office. There was no formality about his entering, for everybody recognized him at once with pleasure.

He entered the private office and saw his father bent over his desk.

"Hello, dad."

The old man wheeled around in his chair, a look of proud joy in his face.

"Hello, boy."

These greetings and a firm handclasp with a long look into each other's eyes were all, but they sealed forever a year of suffering for them both. A year which had whitened the hair of the mother and father a little, but a year that had fulfilled the father's expectations and had made a man out of the boy.

Mr. Briggs finally sat down at his desk after the first greetings were over, and went through a file of letters.

"Here is a letter I just received from Mr. Keen, of Keen, Helbert & Forbes, and he tells me that after a severe trying out you have proved yourself so efficient they want to put you into the Philadelphia office. But I begin to think I need an active partner here, and before you answer them definitely I wish you would consider my modest offer."

Jack thought a moment. Evidently his father had not lost his old sense of humor, for "the boy" retained enough of his college ideas to prefer a business bringing in its annual twenty-five thou-

sand, to a precarious position in the employ of a ship brokerage firm.

"Well, dad, this is pretty sudden, but I think I shall consider it. I had already accepted their offer, but I guess you can square it up with Keen, Helbert & Forbes, for unless I am pretty much mistaken you have had a watchful eye over me ever since you told me you thought I could get a job there."

"Evidently you have not heard of the pleasant little accident I have just had while in their employ," he continued. "But that will keep until dinner to-night, when mother can shiver over it also. I don't know whether you know it or not, but mother and I have corresponded pretty regularly since—"

"Yes, boy; I did know it."

Both were silent for a moment, then Jack said:

"But, dad, there is one thing I must confess before I accept your offer and it might change your mind. I have made final arrangements to assume the lifelong captaincy of a certain little bark." He hesitated. "No, I should not call her that either. I'd better call her my first mate."

"Her! First mate! Boy, you are rather mixed in your metaphors. What her do you mean? Come to the point."

"Well, dad; Helen Forbes has consented to be my wife."

Mr. Briggs looked at him a moment, then arose from his desk and again clasped his son's hand.

"God bless you, my son."

Then a gleam of humor came into his fine, stern face, and he continued:

"Did you say first mate? Let me tell you something: If history lives up to its reputation and repeats itself, you had better begin right now by calling her the captain."

I. J. D., '07.



JIM CLEARY

MY brother and I had been trudging along all day, and as it neared sunset we began to look about for a place to cook our supper and sleep. While we were debating the question between us, a very respectable colored man, with a neat turnout, drew near us and as he came up we fell into conversation with him. I asked him if he knew of a barn anywhere in the neighborhood for us to sleep in over night, and it was from him that I heard the little that I know of Jim Cleary. We were told to walk until we came to the forks of the road, turn to the right, and we would soon come to a brick house and a frame barn.

"You can go in there," said our negro friend, "and nobody will disturb you. Nobody lives there but Jim Cleary and his sister, and he is deaf. If you want covers you'll find some horse blankets in the stall by the door."

We did not go so far as Jim Cleary's house that night, but when we saw a brick house ahead of us upon our left, in the clear, warm sunlight of the next morning, both of us recognized it at once as the place to which our guide had directed us. We were hot and thirsty, and the anticipation of a cool drink of well water delighted us. The side of the house toward the road gave an air of passive respectability. The fence was in good repair, and the house, with its closed shutters, looked as well preserved as any house built probably about 1850. The long and tangled grass in the yard brushed the dust from our shoes as we passed from the gate to a pump standing in the shade of two magnificent maples by the dusty roadside. We were happy in the prospect of shade and water after our hot and sunny tramp of two hours. I raised the handle to draw some water, and my brother

took the cup from the top of the pump, but we were disappointed. I worked the handle vigorously for a while, but no water came, and upon looking closely at the cup it seemed probable that no water had come for some time. It was the ordinary white porcelain cup, so common in the country, with little brown cracks running all over it, like the county boundaries on a map. It lacked a handle. Furthermore, it had a deposit of black grime inside of it, as if it had caught some rain water and dust from the roadside. About one hundred yards from us in a garden patch was an old, bearded man, in a tattered, broad-brimmed hat and well-worn overalls, cutting a very prosperous crop of weeds with a scythe. We took him to be Jim Cleary.

In the hope of getting a drink of spring water I approached the kitchen door to inquire, noticing as I went the worn-out appearance of the back of the house, contrasting so strongly with the front. The typical farm house bench stood on the porch against the wall, with its tin wash basin and cocconut shell of yellow soap. The porch floor was composed of heavy boards, worn so uneven that there were cracks an inch wide between the pieces, and hills and hollows all over it around the knotty parts of the wood.

The sight that met my eyes when I looked in the open door of the kitchen was one so strange that I think I shall never forget it. In the middle of the room upon a common kitchen chair sat an old, gray-haired woman, with her back toward me. She was bent slightly forward, clasping with her hands one of her knees, thrown across the other. Her dress was a basque of the pattern in vogue twenty years ago, with shreds of the material hanging from it in short streamers. Her skirt was of a coarse,

checked texture, and her shoes the roughest kind of brogans. Over her shoulders was a thin shower of silvery white hair. As she sat she rocked to and fro, muttering unintelligible words.

"Can I get a drink around here," I asked her. I received no reply, and so repeated my question, and still got no reply.

I looked around me. Evidently the main part of the house had been added to this curious little two-windowed kitchen. At the far side was an old-fashioned, open fireplace, with a big iron crane. It was filled with rubbish, to be burnt, no doubt, when convenient. A modern cook stove, with no sign of fire in it, stood by the wall near the door, and upon it in helter-skelter fashion were piled pots and kettles of various shapes, some clean, others not. Upon a rough dresser stood another pile of unwashed dishes, probably the accumulation of several meals, for there were more than were needed in one meal for a single couple. Such were the old woman's surroundings in the old kitchen with the blackened rafters.

Still she sat, keeping up her senseless droning and ceaseless motion, in spite of my third question to her. There was an atmosphere of strangeness about this entire oblivion to outward sound that seemed uncanny to me, and I left the door without trying to disturb her again. I returned to the pump and explained the situation to my brother, and

we went away from the place without being seen or heard by the old man in the garden patch or his demented sister.

Who and what is Jim Cleary? I do not know. The colored man's statement of the evening before is all that I have even as a basis for imagination, but to judge from what I saw of the kitchen his life must be full of discomfort and unhappiness. One little knows what stirring tragedies are hidden by the humblest roofs, what soul-trying difficulties may have been met and won or lost—lost in the darkness of a driveling insanity. May it not be that Jim Cleary is another Charles Lamb, on a far greater scale, living a life of toil and sorrow in his old age, that was unknown to the cheerful essayist? Who knows what the pitiable old woman, crouching over her meaningless mutterings, might have been in her youth! Who can say what bright prospects lay before her; who can tell whether hers was the fault that blasted them? It is not only in the educated centres of art and culture that one can see heroic mastery of circumstances by indomitable will. What loneliness must be the portion of that old man, sitting beside his fire in the long winter evenings, his solitude increased and deepened by a negative companionship, with no prospect but another day of toil! Well it is for such as this old mountaineer that rewards are not limited to this earthly existence.

F. R. T., '06.

SKETCHES

Signs of Spring

TO the philosopher the manner in which ordinary mortals greet spring must be extremely ludicrous. Everybody feels so happy that he doesn't care much whether his eccentricities are

apparent or not. He is sure they will be forgiven. And these eccentricities are as diverse and interesting as human nature itself.

The first and most persistent type of "unhibernator" is the poet whose spring

poetry, if not as a remunerative as the spring millinery, rightfully claims as prominent a position in the cycle. No other identifications are necessary than the absent look, the amble that is truly rural and the frequent occurrence of "maid" and "shade," "doves" and "loves." As this poor man has been sufficiently maligned in the past we will pass on to the more subtle indications of vernality. When he who habitually growls about the unchristianity of an eight o'clock breakfast sets his alarm for five and really gets up when it goes off, and goes out to watch over the ornithological destruction of the storied worm, then spring is coming. When the athlete-to-be girds up his loins and indulges in a pleasant two-mile jog before breakfast, spring is arriving. When you would rather see it melt than freeze, when you would rather walk on the grass than on the sidewalk; in short, when winter has been converted and then been baptized by the pleasing little April showers, then spring is indeed here.

But a sharp lookout must be kept for these signs, for they are transient. In three or four days the early riser leaves the worms to the robin and returns to chops at eight. The athlete runs in the afternoon. Alarm clocks are dispensed with, and the whole countryside settles down to a more rational and leisurely enjoyment of the spring fever. Only the poet never ceases.

T. M. L., '08.

Mt. Ampersand at Sundown

ALL afternoon we had climbed up from the shore of Round Pond along the hot, damp forest trail, the silence of which was broken only by the humming of gnats and mosquitoes, and the occasional squash of the wet leaves

when someone tripped over a root. During our journey the sun had been steadily descending and it was nearly set when we finally came out upon the summit, which, fortunately for us, had been burned clean and bare, so that, unlike the tops of most of the Adirondacks, it afforded a clear view in all directions.

As we came out upon the rocky clearing we saw below us the three Saranacs, dotted with islands, shining in the sunlight—"burnished sheets of living gold." Just beyond old Boot Bay stood with Cranberry Lake behind it, and off in the distance the Tupper's and the silver thread of Racquette River. Far away on the horizon puffs of black smoke betrayed the existence of large towns; but they were too far off to interfere with the natural beauty of the scene, and we did not mind them. On our left the mountains of Vermont were visible, the pale blue ranges nearly blending with the sky. A puff of white in the valley, a little moving object and long afterward a faint whistle, and we knew a train was passing.

We turned and looked towards the east, where all was now in shadow save the peaks shining in the last rays of the setting sun. Marcy and McIntyre, the twin sentinels; Saddle Back and all the others we saw—Lake Placid, Pine Pond, Lake Clear in the distance and Ampersand Pond at our feet, which, as Dr. Van Dyke has well said, "No lazy man has ever visited." And as we looked the light faded and the shadows deepened, until one by one the mountains faded away and the lakes were swallowed up in the evening mists, until all had been lost to sight but Ampersand Pond down in the valley, with the evening star in its bosom, which alone seemed on guard, watching over the wilderness as it slept.

A. L., '09.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

THE current number of the publication of the Modern Language Association of America contains an article by Ralph W. Trueblood, entitled "Montaigne: the Average Man." The paper makes an effort to show that the enduring popularity of the French philosopher is due, not to the unquestioned literary influence and excellence of the essays, but to the fact that they embody the comfortable and commonplace philosophy of a type hitherto unrepresented in literature—the average man. The argument is continued to indicate, however, that this characteristic of the essays and of Montaigne himself is not so much the expression of his natural turn of mind as of his conviction that the truest philosophy is to be found in the golden mean of voluntary mediocrity.

The second edition of Dr. Bolles' "Home Library of Law" is about to appear, the first having been published early in October of last year. One of the earliest books covering the same field was written many years ago by Professor Parsons, of the Harvard Law School, and entitled "Law for Business Men." Dr. Bolles' book is broader in scope, and aims to state the leading or more general principles of law that apply to all classes. Instead of the old-fashioned heavy volume, bound in sheep, the matter is published in six small volumes, well printed and easily handled. In the March number of the Yale Law Journal Dr. Bolles contributed an article on "How Law Books Should Be Written."

Dr. W. P. Mustard has recently printed some interesting notes in the New York Nation on the verses which served to enliven the pages of "Poor Richard's Almanack" (1733-1758). These verses were collected and edited in 1890 by Paul

Leicester Ford, and they have since been reprinted in one of the "Ariel Booklets." On the title-page they are called "Poems of Benjamin Franklin." In the introduction the editor quotes Franklin's own remark: "I need not tell thee that many of them are of my own making," and adds that he has "been able to identify but one or two pieces as from other pens." Dr. Mustard points out that about eighty pieces were clipped from well-known English poets—Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Walsh, Young, Prior, Swift, Gay, Savage, Lyttelton and Armstrong—and that more than fifty pieces were derived from a humorous miscellany entitled "Wits Recreations," which was published in London in 1640.

At the recent meeting of the Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee, the revision of playing rules was practically completed; and a special Central Committee of Five was appointed, consisting of Mr. Walter Camp, of Yale; Prof. Dennis, of Cornell; Mr. Savage, of Oberlin; Prof. Fine, of Princeton; and Dr. Babbitt, of Haverford, as Chairman; this Committee to act as a Central Board of Officials and serve until December, 1906. The purpose of this Committee is to ensure the proper interpretation of rules, and enforce the spirit of the Committee's work.

It will appoint sectional committees for different geographical divisions of the country, and, while for the present serving largely in advisory capacity, stand as a Central Board of Appeal, and, if desired, appoint officials for college games.

It will communicate directly with, 1st, faculties and their presidents; 2nd, football managers and captains; and, 3rd, all known efficient football officials, in formulating plans for organization.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

NOTES

'42. Robert Bowne died in New York City March 4th, 1906.

'92. Christian Brinton had an illustrated article in Appleton's Booklovers' Magazine for February, entitled "Russia, through Russian Paintings."

'96. The engagement of J. Henry Scattergood to Miss Anne Theodora Morris is announced.

'97. Richard C. Brown is in the employ of the J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers, Philadelphia.

'01. W. H. Kirkbride had an article in Pearson's Magazine for December, entitled "Joseph, Chief of the Nez Perces."

'02. Caspar Wistar has been appointed to serve next year as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Sciences in the Institute Inglese, at Santiago de Chile.

'02. C. Linn Seiler composed another comic opera, entitled "Billy B.," which was given on March 29th and 30th by the Dramatic Club of the Haverford School.

'04. Robert P. Lowry is employed by the Girard Trust Company.

'04. E. P. West has been transferred by the Westinghouse Company from Pittsburg to Philadelphia.

'04. John R. Thomas and George Helbert are the agents for the Maxwell Automobile in Washington, D. C.

'05. Effingham C. Murray was married to Miss Marie de Montalvo on March 26th in New York City.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Haverford vs. Penn

SATURDAY, March 10, witnessed the first intercollegiate soccer game of the season. It was played at Haverford on a day so windy that accurate passing and shooting was impossible. Haverford won by the score of 2 to 1.

Haverford won the toss and chose to kick with the wind. The ball was in Penn's territory most of the time, and at last on a long wing pass Spaeth shot the first tally for Haverford. Within five minutes after Penn had kicked off Spaeth again pushed the ball into the net. The half ended soon afterward with

the ball in Penn's territory. Score: Haverford, 2; Penn, 0.

The second half was mostly Penn's, but the splendid work of Lowry, C. Brown and Philips, Haverford's two full-backs and goal, kept them from scoring till near the close of the game, when Widdows tallied with a pretty shot. The ball was out of bounds frequently and was very hard to handle. The Haverford forwards played well together and passed excellently, but they did not seem to shoot as well as might be. Lowry, Pleasants and Spaeth played the best for Haverford, while Widdows, Kane and Morris excelled for Penn. Line-up:

Haverford.	Positions.	Penn.
Philips	Goal	Kane
C. Brown ...	Right full-back.....	Hochin
Lowry	Left full-back.....	Keating
Pleasants ...	Centre half-back...	H. Morris
Godley	Left half-back.....	Ewing
Shortlidge ...	Right half-back ...	Schopback
Drinker	Centre forward.....	Widdows
P. Brown	Inside left.....	Deweese
Reid	Outside left.....	Pepper
Spaeth	Inside right.....	Harris
Young	Outside right.....	Smith
Referee — Bishop.		Linesmen — A. Mont-
gomery and R. M. Gummere.		Time of
halves—35 minutes.		

The Lehigh Meet

The gymnastic season was successfully concluded on the 17th ult. at Lehigh, where the Haverford team won by the close score of 25-23. The contest was very even throughout. Captain S. W. Brown, of Lehigh, did the best work for his side, scoring twelve points; Bushnell, of Haverford, came next with nine.

The results were as follows:

- Horizontal Bar—Tied for first place, S. W. Brown, Lehigh, and Bushnell, Haverford.
- Flying Rings—First, T. D. Scott, Lehigh; second, E. A. Edwards, Haverford.
- Side Horse—First, Carson, Haverford; second, Stouffer, Lehigh.
- Parallels—First, S. W. Brown, Lehigh; second, C. T. Brown, Haverford.
- Club Swinging—First, Shortlidge, Haverford; second, Frankenfield, Lehigh.
- Tumbling—First, Bushnell, Haverford; second, S. W. Brown, Lehigh.

Football Schedule

The football management announces the following schedule for 1906:

- October 6—Medico-Chi, at Haverford.
- October 13—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.
- October 20—Rutgers, at Haverford.
- October 27—Ursinus, at Haverford.
- November 3—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster.
- November 10—Johns Hopkins, at Haverford.
- November 17—Trinity, at Hartford.
- November 24—New York University, at Haverford.

The Ardmore Boys' Club

The Ardmore Boys' Club on April 11th successfully completed its second year. It was established in the fall of 1904 under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A. for the boys in the vicinity, and this year had nearly fifty members, with an average attendance of about twenty. The college allowed the club to use the old Grammar School gymnasium, and there, one evening a week, the boys collected to play such games as carroms, crokinole and checkers, with an occasional fifteen minutes of basketball. A savings bank was also established in which ten or a dozen boys had accounts varying from a few cents to a couple of dollars. One or two evenings were spent listening to singing by a quartette of college fellows, followed by ice cream and cake for the boys and workers.

Mr. Nicholson, secretary of the Anti-Saloon League of Pennsylvania, lectured before the Senior and Junior classes on Tuesday, March 30, in the new Assembly Hall. He explained the methods, aims, and results of the League's work and put the matter before his audience in a new and stronger way than that in which it is usually considered.

On Friday, March 23, State Senator Algernon B. Roberts, Princeton, '96, spoke on the "Corrupt Practices Bill," and gave an interesting account of this measure which came before the Legislature at Harrisburg at the recent session. He also gave his hearers an impressive talk upon the value of personal interest in local politics.

The Junior Class announces the evening of Friday, May 18, as the date of its Junior Reception.

EXCHANGES

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

sang Burns, and we always have his wish in mind when we review the magazines that come to us. We look through the exchange columns to ascertain how others see us, and in our criticisms we try to the best of our ability to give our exchanges the opportunity to learn how others see them. In doing this we try not to forget the Golden Rule, and always remember *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, so that no matter how harshly we may sometimes speak about a paper (for, you know, to quote Burns again, "It's hardly in a body's pow'r to keep, at times, frae being sour") you may be sure that we at least do not consider that paper dead.

WILLIAMS LITERARY MONTHLY

This paper is tastefully arranged and its very appearance makes us turn to it among the first. Nor are its contents disappointing. "The Summons" is, perhaps, a trifle too melodramatic, for, though scarcely three pages long, it contains a murder and a suicide; as a criticism to this sketch—and to "Through the Night" as well—we should like to mention Mark Twain's remark, "It is easier to manufacture seven facts than one emotion."

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

The stories and verses in this Massachusetts magazine are clever. We commend "A Filipino Pearl," but we must object to the statement, "Being Americans, and what is more, Bostonians!" "William Wilson, alias Markheim," is a well written article, dealing with the similarity between these two stories of Poe and Stevenson.

THE REDWOOD

In the March number of this magazine there is rather a dearth of fiction. Its place is taken, in part, by verse, with such varying subjects as "The Battle of the Cats" and "The Prayer of St. Ignatius." The Redwood is, possibly, a little too narrowed in its interests, but it ought certainly to accomplish its laudable purpose as set forth on the editorial page, "To record our College Doings, to give a proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past."

AMHERST LITERARY MONTHLY

The February number of the Amherst magazine is full of interest. We appreciate the verse—especially "Lonesomeness." The fiction is good, and as for that philosophical treatise, "The Atheist," although it could hardly be called a "good, tight argument without a leak in it anywhere," it is vividly told, and its connotation sets one thinking.

A LULLABY.

Sail, little sea-nymph of mine,
Swift in your sea-coral boat,
Rocked on the foam of the ocean's dark
wave,
On the sea of dreamland float.

Swing, little moonbeam of mine,
Soft in the still, starry sky,
Rocked in the cradle of moon's silver orb,
In realms of dreamland on high.

Sway, little rosebud of mine,
Sweet watch thy mother will keep;
Tossed by the drowsy winds, kissed by the
dew,

In the land of dreamland sleep.

The Mount Holyoke.

W. S. E., '07.

Frank H. Mahan



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— Session of 1906-1907. —

The Session begins Wednesday, October 3, 1906, and continues for eight months. For the annual circular giving requirements for matriculation, admission to advanced standing, graduation, and full details of the course, address Dr. Egbert LeFevre, Deau, 26th Street and First Avenue, New York.

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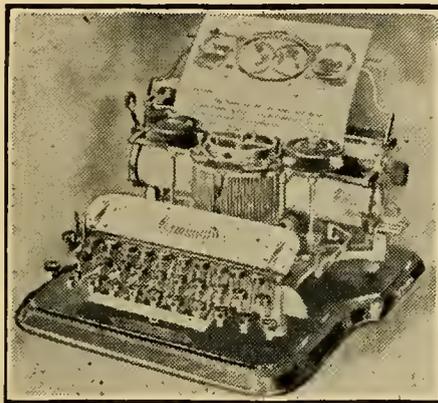
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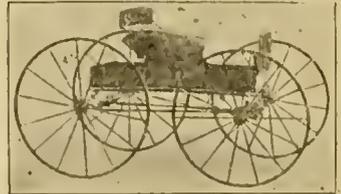
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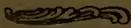
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May, 1906

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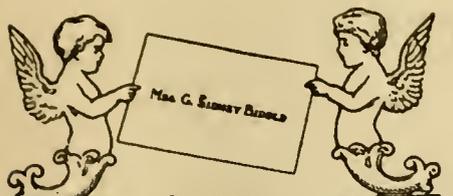
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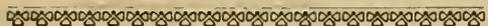
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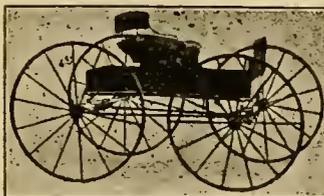
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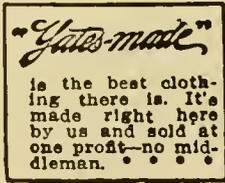


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No. 3

SINCE the present Editorial Board has had charge of the Haverfordian we have given a great deal of thought to the question as to whether or not the paper is meeting the joint demands of undergraduates and alumni in the best possible manner. Previous boards as well as our own have considered that a better arrangement would be to print a bi-weekly newspaper, and change the shape of the Haverfordian, making it more strictly a literary magazine. But after careful consideration we see that the college is not yet ready to support two papers and keep them up to the standards necessary to justify such a change. They could be financed successfully, but the difficulty would be in sustaining literary support after the first interest of enthusiasm was passed.

Thus we have to give up any serious considerations of this sort with the expressed hope that some near future year will see such a change made, and direct our own attention to the needs of the paper as it now is.

After the June issue we shall regularly discontinue the Exchange Department in the paper and in its place enlarge the Alumni and College Departments. While the Haverfordian is primarily a paper for the undergraduates, yet our policy is to make it a common meeting ground for the Alumni and those in college where the former may by occasional articles contribute some of the experience they have gained to those who are yet undergraduates and may in return receive news of all that is happening in College, and of each other. That the Alumni is interested in these things is indicated by the fact that the circulation in College is but a small per cent. of the entire circulation of the Haverfordian.

Therefore, in view of the change proposed for the magazine we solicit during the next month from the Alumni and undergraduates, suggestions of policy and methods of improving either the College or Alumni Departments so as to make them more interesting. We also request that at all times the Alumni and the secretaries of local associations send in notes about members of the Alumni.

JUDGING by the record of the Soccer Team during the past season, when Haverford won the championship of the Intercollegiate League, which consisted of Harvard, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, and Haverford—we have come to the decided conclusion that Association Football should be a recognized college sport and that the official H. be awarded to members of the teams under the usual conditions governing such awards. The success of the team this past winter has been of such importance as to rank it with any one of the four recognized branches of athletic activity—football, gymnasium, track and cricket.

The game has passed out of the stage of trial, and is—and should be—a recognized sport in this country. The reform in football was partly responsible for its sudden increased popularity, but the game itself warrants its maintenance, both for the sport there is in it, and because it is an interesting game to watch.

Lately we seem to have lost sight of the fundamental excuse for college athletics—namely, that they furnish healthful exercise to the players. If we should be so old-fashioned as to think about it we would see that soccer has this attribute in its favor. Following immediately after the football season, as it does, and lasting all through the winter, it gives the best possible exercise without abnormal physical taxation to those who play. It is essentially a game of skill—a game where mere weight is no great advantage—yet a game which may be played even by the uninitiated with enjoyment and benefit.

We feel that this question should at least be brought up before a meeting of the Athletic Association very soon, and given a fair hearing, and, in conclusion, we wish to commend the captain, to

whom was largely due the team's success this season, the management, and the other men on the team for their good work in the face of a rather lukewarm support by the undergraduates.

ONE evening not long ago, after the Freshman-Sophomore Debate, we were more than usually oppressed with our cares and were brushing off some loose ashes and carefully examining our editorial mantle to see if, after all, it was not woven of sackcloth, when chance directed our footsteps toward the gymnasium.

When we arrived we were astonished by the sight we beheld. Men from all classes were gathered there and anticipation lit up all countenances.

There were staid and dignified Seniors there; the Juniors were represented, too, and the ever-present Sophomores were there, metaphorically licking their chops—for this was the time appointed for the annual Freshman Cake-walk. Yes! That is the unappreciated institution.

Soon all were gladdened by the sight of a mountainous cake at least three feet in diameter being carried in by a troupe of lusty burden bearers. Then the eyes of everybody were glued upon the fateful door—in a manner that reminded us of the Roman populace at a gladiatorial circus—the door from whence soon poured the troupe of fantastically dressed fairy-like forms of the contestants.

How we should like to dwell at length upon the sight we beheld. What a host of interesting characters we could conjure up before your eyes. But soon came the most delightful time—the climax—when the successful contestants cut the cake. It was a moment not soon to be forgotten! To be sure, it might have been done in a more orderly manner, but we should pardon what we con-

**Official
Recognition
for
Association
Football**

**An Unappreciated
Institution**

cluded was a sudden eagerness upon the part of some to get their small morsels and be off about their studying.

But, as at most feasts, there was the ever-present skeleton in the forms of many Freshmen, who for some reason or another, did not go into the cake-walk. And this is the real point of this editorial. We advocate that in view of the edifying and stimulating influence of this exhibition more Freshmen shall be induced hereafter, by moral persuasion or otherwise, to participate in it.

Then it will increase in interest, become even more enjoyable, and summon others from the dark caves of worry, as it did us, so they, too, may go away—

With minds from care and sadness lifted
And hearts which mirth had rendered gay.

AFTER the concert trip of the Musical Clubs is over and we are able to look at it from a perspective, we feel that it has proved even more of a success than was anticipated. The audiences at Wilmington and Lancaster lacked something to be desired in respect to size, though not in appreciation, but the concert given in Baltimore was worth the entire trip. There it was that the Alumni showed a most active and loyal interest and by their co-operation with the management made the concert a great success.

The clubs felt the absences of several members, who were unavoidably prevented from going on the trip, but, despite these circumstances the enthusiastic spirit of those who went carried the project through as though no unexpected withdrawals had occurred.

The results of the trip are—that those who went were bound closer together by a new and pleasant responsibility result-

ing from the knowledge that they were abroad representing and advertising their college; that the Alumni took a renewed interest in the work of the clubs and in undergraduate activities in general; and, finally, that Haverford was in a very gratifying manner brought before the notice of many unacquainted with the college and its standards.

IN response to a widely awakened interest in the life and character of Joseph Gibbons Harlan, aroused by the mere mention of his name in the Alumni Poem, written by Thomas Wistar, '58, we are able to present an article about him written by the author of the poem—who knew Harlan personally. There was something very significant in the life of the man that made him greatly loved and respected while he was alive and sincerely mourned for when he died, in 1857. It was because of this wonderful personality of his that we have requested this article about his life.

In connection with this we also print a poem written in memory of Professor Harlan by T. H. Burgess, in 1857. We appreciate very much the contribution of this article, and as an exordium to it print the words of the author introducing the essay:

“Replying to your request for a short article for “The Haverfordian” on the character of the late Professor Joseph G. Harlan, particularly as to the traits which made him so popular and respected with the Haverford authorities and students of his time, I feel that, after the lapse of nearly fifty years since his death, I can add but little to the expressive notice of him and the excellent memorial minute of the Faculty published in the History of Haverford College, pages 245 and 270.”

**The Results
of the
Musical Clubs
Trip**

**In Memory of
a Great
Personality**

JOSEPH GIBBONS HARLAN

It is truly said that great teachers, like the poets, are born and not made. Surely no mere outward training could account for the moral, intellectual and disciplinary powers of Thomas Arnold, Thomas Beecher or Joseph G. Harlan. We think it was not so much the rare intellectual attainments, fine sympathetic nature and acute perceptions with which these men were gifted that made them great, but rather that, combined with these faculties, it was an unusual endowment of the spirit of grace that made them what they were and constituted the "divinity that shaped their ends." They were all indeed great teachers, learned, dutiful, self-denying, humble, kind, as being themselves under the eye of the divine Master.

Harlan, born and bred on a farm in Chester County, Pa., was educated at Westtown Boarding School, and was for some years a teacher of the higher mathematics in that school, succeeding such eminent teachers and authors in that branch as Samuel and John Gummere, Enoch Lewis and Samuel Alsop. He himself also was a successful teacher at Westtown and the idol of the boys from the first. His agreeable personality and natural dignity and sweetness of manner at once claimed the confidence and won the heart of every pupil. No one ever thought of disobedience or disrespect to "Master Harlan." With him a slight frown of disapproval, or a smile of approbation was all that was needed either in the classroom or on the play grounds,—for at Westtown the teachers mingled freely with the pupils out of school—and a significant glance from his expressive blue eyes was enough to suppress any budding disorder. He demanded the utmost decorum in the classroom, but under his wise and tactful supervision the discipline—that bugbear of so many

teachers—seemed almost to take care of itself. While teaching at Westtown, Harlan, unaided, mastered the intricate sciences of the higher mathematics and astronomy.

Coming directly from Westtown School to Haverford, Professor Harlan's reputation for popularity and proficiency had preceded him, and was at once confirmed and maintained in his new sphere of service. Everybody at Haverford loved and respected him, for, while manly and dignified in bearing, he was approachable to all, and of even, consistent temperament, not without a vein of quiet humor, but

"Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
breaks
That humor interposed too often makes."

While helpful and encouraging to the clever student, he was equally lenient and considerate with the less promising and the dullard. It is safe to assert no student ever had occasion to say to him, as a boy once said to Dr. Arnold, of Rugby: "Why do you speak angrily, sir? I am doing the best I can." Whereupon, the famous Doctor relates, he was greatly ashamed of himself. And, while it may be confessed there were some "hard cases" among the Haverford students at this time, with Professor Harlan, one can hardly imagine the following incident in the experience of Thomas Beecher: Beecher had recently come from an Eastern college to take charge of a ward school in Philadelphia, where the discipline was at very loose ends. "To give you an idea of the discipline of that school," he said, "one day I asked a boy, Brown, 'Shut the door, please.' Brown answered, 'See you in h—ll first?' 'In that case,' answered Beecher, sweetly, 'I will shut it myself,' and so he did. This went on, getting worse and worse for some weeks, until one day, on some

insolence from one of the large boys, he utterly broke down, put his head in his hands on the desk before him, and sobbed like a baby with discouragement and grief. 'Then,' he said, 'I prayed somewhat after the manner of the shipwrecked sailor, "O Lord, if there be a Lord, now is the time to put in your oar."' Soon after this he had conquered. The pupils now intent on learning, there was no need of discipline, the school disciplined itself." "Brown," he adds, "got very fond of him and followed him about like a dog, thankful if he could only see him now and then and get a word. He turned out a good fellow and made a good man." Beecher, too, became a great man, albeit in the different but kindred profession of a clergyman. Both in secular and religious affairs his influence with his people was unbounded, and he was *facile princeps* in the town where he lived. What he sought to do was to educate his people, for he was, as he said himself, first of all "a teacher."

Professor Harlan's influence on those about him, both older and younger, call it the force of personal presence, magnetism, or what you will—was altogether remarkable, and the distinguishing feature of his character. His firm but gentle spirit seemed to pervade his classroom and even the larger Assembly Hall when he presided, and was felt by everyone present. Each student put on his best behavior in that room and instinctively wished to please that master but friendly mind. There was not a student at the college but would rather deny himself than incur the risk of his displeasure, or knowingly offer him the least affront. Such a man is destined to be a leader of men. Had Prof. Harlan been permitted to fill out the allotted span of life, we may not venture to estimate the bounds of his usefulness, both as president of the College and in the world at large.

Arnold! Beecher! Harlan! all born teachers, men who, particularly the first named, sacrificed much of worldly prom-

ise for the sake of their high and holy calling as teachers; men who chose the profession of teaching and were not ashamed of it, not as a stepping stone to their ambition, but for its own sake, as a means of the greatest usefulness. These men knew and followed the secret of the great Teacher Himself—service. "Who would be great among you, let him be your servant." With what double force do these words apply to the teacher of youth! He must first be in all things a worthy mentor himself, and then willing to spend and be spent in the service of others. Such was our faithful friend and preceptor, Joseph G. Harlan. He died in harness, after a lingering and painful illness. It was pathetic to see how bravely and patiently he struggled on to the last. First he relaxed, and finally gave up the taxing astronomical night work at the observatory, which, it was thought, had much to do with causing his decline. As usual, armed with books and papers, he was seen to cross the College grounds to and from his classroom in Founders' Hall, to his residence, near the old P. R. R. Station, until within a few days of his death. No Haverford student of that day can ever forget the sadness and gloom that followed the announcement of his untimely death at the age of thirty-two years. The thought of our "Loved and Lost" one was all absorbing. Study was impossible. A holiday was given. And the students wandered about the College halls and campus singly, or in small groups, as under the shadow of a great affliction. The Senior Class was appointed pall bearers, and tenderly they bore their precious burden to its final resting place in the neighboring meeting house yard. Subsequently the writer had the satisfaction of planting a weeping box tree, which he had raised from a seedling, over the grave as a last tribute of respect and affection to the beloved and honored subject of this sketch.

Thomas Wistar, '58.

The Loved and Lost

In memory of Joseph G. Hartan, Professor in Haverford College. Died 1857.

When faded leaves were falling—he fell as a faded leaf;
The Reaper, with the autumn flowers, hath bound him in his sheaf!
'Twas fit to die before the sun had reached his midday throne
Since God had called him ere the pride of manhood's years had flown;
'Twas fit to die in those calm days, when spirit robes were flung
O'er hill and forest, where the pride of summer green had hung;
When low laments the waning year sang in the wind's refrain
And all bright, beauteous things were changed for winter's coming reign.
All save eternal lamps that shine in wide blue heavens above,
Reflecting down to lowly earth God's smile of light and love,
And fit it is for us to mourn the good, the "loved and lost."

When melancholy nature mourns the ravage of the frost,
But even while the warm tears fall, the sigh is half-subdued,
A witness of the truth hath joined the white-robed multitude,
A chain of love-links reaches up to bind our souls to his,
Down which the love of that bright world like pulse-beats throbs to this.
How beautiful the dead appeared; that first grief-clouded day,
As if the soul's glad pinions stayed the fingers of decay;
How pure that look of hope fulfilled, radiance on his brow;
The lofty forehead so serene, as if 'twere thinking now.
Rest, rest, thy problem thou hast solved, the proud result we boast;
Go, leave the work behind for us, who mourn thee, "loved and lost."

We walk about, or linger where we oft were wont to meet,
The class-room and the house of prayer have each a vacant seat!
The windows of his room are closed, his books are all alone;
The graveyard hath another mound, our heart's a sadder tone,

And silence save of cricket's chirp, reigns where he used to gaze
Long hours, to trace the backward course of thousand trembling rays;
The very telescope seems sad, and now its noble eye
Which if 'twere animate would weep, is down-cast from the sky;
The hands are pulseless now, which once familiar motions gave;
The eye that saw the "brighter stars" is closed and in the grave.
The dirging clock, like some lone guard, forever at his post,
Slow beats the funeral march of time and mourns the "loved and lost."

Along the path where duty led his footsteps ever trod,
One of the world's true noblemen is gathered home to God!
"Though he be dead, he speaketh yet" his deeds as fadeless flowers,
Are twined a wreath of memory; 'tis all we claim as ours.
We cannot ask him from that home with walls of amethyst,
Where looks he not on setting stars or fields of stellar mist;
He gazeth not with wondering praise upon the gorgeous might,
Where God in His majestic works walks through the heavenly height;
Nor peers through ethers deepest blue, where light or planet wanes,
To ponder fires that feebly gleam through Heaven's far window panes,
But with his God, as angels do, he sees, he feels, he hears
The glory of eternal works, the music of the spheres.
"The gentle and the good die first;" they're fittest for the crown;
They go up in a smile of Heaven, which we take for a frown.
Oh! may that smile fill up the void, to those who miss him most,
And take the place of tears that fall for him, the "loved and lost."

T. H. Burgess, '58.

THE OUTCOME

Were you ever forced to wait for a train at a station in some sparsely settled country district, especially in mid-summer, during the dry spell? If not and you wish to experience as lazy an hour as this world can grant you, just manage some time to drop into a town like Redwood, about four in the afternoon on a day in August. Of course, the railroad must have but one track, the area usually given to a station platform must be gravel, and the station itself a small, one-story frame structure.

Some such picture greeted Katherine Morris and me when we drove up to meet the four o'clock train that Wednesday afternoon.

The Morrises were spending a few weeks at our place, as was their custom in the summer, for our parents had been friends in youth, and were good friends still. As for Katherine, most free cordiality marked our acquaintance, and she seemed a second sister in our family.

There was a certain jauntiness and ease of manner about the girl that was contagious and dissipated any awkward restraint when one first met her. And yet she had a rare combination of reserve with her frankness, that let one know she was not to be analyzed off-hand. It is hard to characterize a personality in one word, but hers might be called deliciously stimulating. For a sweet charm was in her manner; a strength of character that drew immediate respect was in her bearing; and still the life and vivacity of her every look and movement dared one to try to break through the circle that her indescribable reserve drew around her. I had given up trying to solve the riddle for some time now and had resolved to enjoy to the full the pleasure of the association.

II.

But to get back to the station. We were there to meet Frank Akon. Frank was an old friend of mine, a big, hearty chap, with an unassuming assurance about him that pushed through with a swing anything he undertook. He was always the life of any party, and Katherine, my sister Emily and I were looking forward to a week of good times. Not that Katherine and Frank had ever seen each other. But still, Emily and I had described his appearance to her to the slightest detail, and she had seen various pictures of him, as he of her. And then, too, I had introduced them over the 'phone one time. So we all felt pretty well acquainted. This introduction had happened some time ago, and was merely the prelude to a dinner engagement we had once had, which, by the way, never came off. It might be well to note, however, that in speaking to Katherine some days later of the occurrence the first thing she said to me was:

"I liked Mr. Akon's voice."

At last the train pulled in and Frank, dusty but good-natured as ever, waved to us as he alighted.

"Got a river near, Ned?" were his first words, as he looked himself over in abject dismay.

"You'll have to do the best you can with a sun bath for a couple of miles," I answered. "But let me present you to Miss Morris, of whom you have heard."

Hat-tipping varies with almost every individual. It is often, I believe, an unconscious revelation of character. Here comes one individual who lowers his hat well down to the level of his waist, and anyone will guess he is somewhat fond of the ladies; whereas, watch this

man carry his hat a little above the height of his head, extending it almost the full length of his arm. He will hold it there till he passes, with also a slight bend of his body. 'This is the true ladies' man, who feels his power over them. Then a third advances who performs the office as briefly as possible. His thoughts evidently are elsewhere, and the fashion is only a form anyway. It is possible to view it from another point also, and take it as a measure of the man's regard for the one he is addressing. The method of tipping, the time he starts before he passes the lady, the energy he puts into it—all these help in fixing the sum total of the regard.

But all this is merely incidental to the fact that Katherine remarked to me that evening she liked the way Akon tipped his hat.

I had not been aware it was at variance with the method employed by others, but it was evidently so from the fact Katherine spoke of it. Here, then, were two things about Frank entirely favorable—his voice and his method of raising his hat. A clear morning argues a bright afternoon, and a bright afternoon a pleasant evening: it looked as if our party was to be congenial all around.

III.

There is something about an open-air fellowship that makes friendship fast and hearty. There may be some romance about it, but it happens in life as well as in fiction that the words and the hills and the streams have an influence on youth that is well-nigh incalculable. The calm afternoon, in the midst of some drowsy landscape, makes one see the best in everybody, and seems, somehow, instinct with a power and life which can be felt and yet not analyzed. The fine night air is charged with an invisible activity that appeals powerfully but is

perfectly intangible. Put two young people into close relationship under conditions like these, and their friendship is at once knitted closer together by some subtle alchemy of which nature alone has the secret.

And so with our little group. Those days of canoeing and riding we passed together were gone almost before we realized they had begun.

But the inevitable week's end came at last and we found ourselves at the station again. It was the morning train this time, and we were the only people at the station. I was chatting with Frank and Katherine was writing in the gravel with her parasol. I saw that she was scratching Frank's name and mine, but it was not till a few weeks afterwards that I gave the occurrence any thought.

It was one evening in the September following. We were in town again, and I was taking leave of Katherine after an evening call. As we stepped into the hall, she startled me with the remark:

"Frank Akon asked me to marry him last night."

"And you said—?"

"Would you have cared what I said?" she asked me.

"I have no right to answer that till I know what you told him."

"I am to tell him to-morrow afternoon," she replied.

"I shall come at night to learn it, too, if I may. I'll answer your question then."

"Very well," she said. "Good-night."

Do you remember the idea in those lines:

"Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violet
Till the lovely flowers are gone."

This was surely my case. We often have, but do not value until it is too late.

When I reached home that night I felt dazed. Katherine on the point of marrying! The idea was so new it was astounding. I had thought her my best friend for years, and yet had not really believed I loved her, but the idea of losing her shook me through and through. It was a revelation of what she really meant to me, and I knew it was love. Perhaps at the station that day Katherine was comparing Akon and me. I had spoken in no way of love, but I knew the decision was being made between us, and where would it fall?

That night I could not sleep. It was after midnight when I arose and went out into the streets to walk. A thunder-storm had come up and it was threatening rain. Flashes of lightning would burst into livid flame and waver off across the sky in widespread sheets of

lurid light. My steps led me in the direction of the Morris home. When I was opposite it a brilliant flash showed a girl's face in an open window, watching the storm in an intense reverie. She, then, was restive also? I returned to my room with hope in my heart.

Next day Katherine met me at the door. I knew what her answer had been without inquiring. But—

"Well?" I said, calmly, yet with a nervous eagerness.

"I am still free, Ned," she answered.

"But no longer so," I interrupted, and she yielded to my embrace.

A few days later I met Akon. He took my hand frankly and said: "Mine was infatuation, old man, and will pass. But it seems to have taken me to wake you both up. Congratulations."

R. J. S., '06.

TITO, TUPE AND DON PEPE

Three Porto Rican Gamins

I. LA CURIA.

Chug! Chug! Chug!

Tupé was coming down the *rampla* at full tilt. He had seen a strange monster puffing noisily by the market place. It was a funny locomotive, with an iron barrel attached to it. And the way it moved and crushed the stones on the road, *frijoles!*—you couldn't beat that! Tupé had stopped and looked with wonder at the funny locomotive. "It certainly must have a fine whistle," he thought. "I bet it is better than the whistle of the Catano ferryboat. Toot, toot, toot—baa! Of course it must be! And if it runs away without the engineer—pshew, anda! And if it cuts big Don Manuel on his flour-bak stomach! Tat, tat, tat, that would be fun!"

But somehow Tupé could not arrive at a clear conclusion in regard to the destroying capacity of the monster. That iron barrel, the devil alone knows all the mischief it can do! However, his vivid imagination came to his rescue. He would put himself in the place of the monster and act it out. And he did. He began to wave his arms and to throw his legs backwards. Then he put on the fiercest look possible under the circumstances. Finally he started down the *rampla* as fast as he could go.

Chug! Chug! Ch—!

The runaway monster struck something. From a side lane a tall artillery soldier had emerged just in time for Tupé to ram with his head. The man had not heard the panting noise of the run-away roller, neither had Tupé

thought of the possibility of such a fearful encounter. He swallowed the last "chug" and tried to switch out of the way, but the brakes were out of order. The sudden concussion had unbalanced him. The harm was done. With a curt oath the soldier rapped him on the head first and then sent him flying into the gutter with a well directed kick. And that was the end of the runaway steam roller.

As soon as the soldier was at a safe distance Tupé came out of the gutter and, placing his thumb on his nose, commenced to yell at the top of his voice: "*Paton*, cursed Galician!" Then, balancing himself on his toes, ready to run in case the soldier should take his remarks seriously, he awaited developments. But the soldier paid no more attention to him. According to Tupé's code of honor this was an unmistakable sign of weakness on the part of his enemy, so he considered himself entitled to the last shot. His next broadside of insults, then, was a masterpiece of alliteration. He repeated it three times, and then once more, that the retreating coward might have no doubts as to its meaning and purpose. After that he felt happy again. He had been kicked into the gutter before, but this time he had got even. He began to whistle a popular air.

Now the steam roller was forgotten. A black *pavoña* flew dangerously near, but Tupé ignored it. He picked up the soft, conical hat crown which served him as headgear and resumed his way down the *rampla* in a decorous manner. When he came to the opening of the tunnel which leads under the walls and into the cemetery he placed his first and middle fingers in his mouth and whistled through them. The result was a long, shrill note, which was immediately answered by another in the distance. Tupé

smiled approvingly and, casting his tattered coat and hat aside, began to practice a new set of hand-stands. Tito and Don Pepe would see him, and they would be jealous.

And while Tupé was laboriously trying to break his neck by dint of frivolous gymnastics, Tito appeared, carrying Don Pepe on his back. It was long before Tupé recognized their presence. He did not want them to think that he was showing off because they were there! At last he rolled over and came up on his feet with a snap. "*Chufas*, I could do it a hundred, ten-sixty times if I wanted to. It's devilish easy. Hallo there, Tito! Hallo, Don Pepe!"

Tito answered in a half-hearted way, but Don Pepe did not take the trouble to return the greeting. With his arms folded on his breast and a smile on his dark, pock-marked face, he looked at Tupé. Suddenly his arms fell from his breast, his eyes twinkled and, taking a few running steps, he executed a pretty head-spring. Having recovered, he looked over his shoulder and addressed Tupé in his own peculiar way: "Hallo Tupé! the grass is fine for flip-flaps, *no es verda?* *Caramba*, you couldn't beat Don Pepe!"

* * *

The three boys walked to the walls and lodged themselves in one of the *troneras*. After they had exhausted all they knew about the gossip of the town and the latest discoveries made in the haunted houses, Tupé could not keep back his encounter with the artilleryman.

"Hey, fellows," interrupted Don Pepe, "you know who brought that machine here to La Capital, don't you? Why, the Yankees. Yes, the Yankees make those funny locomotives. Remember that big ship with three smoke-stacks that entered the bay right before the

war and—puff!—got sent away soon after? Of course you remember it, Tupé, and you, too, Tito, for it was you, *Facueldaj*, who stole the package of dried sausages while I was diving under the sloop to get potatoes.”

Don Pepe stopped and tried to find the best way to launch his next information.

“*Cara*—! Those Yankees are devils. *Padre* Juan says that they don’t believe in God or in the Virgin Mary, and I think he is right. I know that they don’t believe in cock-fights. Once last year Felipe and I were fighting two young cocks behind one of the warehouses in La Marina, and the devil take me if one of those giraffe-looking, yellow-haired Yankees didn’t come and put his hand sort of soft on my head and say: ‘Pickaninis, cock-fighting, *mocho malo*.’ Oh, I wish you had heard him talk! Worse than the Italian who mends old tin cans down in Luna street. And another time—oh, they will all go to hell, I am sure, Tupé! Yes, another time I saw one of them making eyes at Paquita, Don Hilario’s daughter, and saying nice and softly, ‘*Margarita, Margarita, mocho bonito*.’ It was one of those fellows who came in that coal steamer. Remember? And the worst of it is that when they say ‘*Margarita, Margarita*,’ they charm the girls so that they go half crazy. It’s the devil that helps them, I know.”

There was a long silence. Tupé had a sudden inspiration. “But *oye*, Don Pepe, suppose that the Yankees take Porto Rico! They are blockading La Capital already. There, don’t you see the smoke of their ships? They have been out there several days.”

Tito and Don Pepe caught their breath. Then Don Pepe spoke hurriedly: “Oh, they can’t do it. I know a soldier who says that the Yankees can’t fight,

and that all of them, including *Cleveland*, and *Maquinley*, can do nothing but make lard and sausages and ship XXX flour to Porto Rico. *Maquinley* used to make soap and the King of Spain never did that, or the Queen either! *Cleveland* smokes ten cent cigarettes. I saw it in an advertisement. *Diablo*, if they take la Capital then it won’t be any use in my getting that guinea rooster that Felipe promised me. *Kara-kara-kac-ka*—that rooster certainly can fight, fellows! No, it won’t be any use. They’ll stop bull-fighting, too. Oh, but they can’t take Porto Rico. *Chufas*, of course they can’t!”

“*Cabrones*,” exclaimed Tito and Tupé. They smiled then at their impudence.

* * * * *

The sun had gone down now, and the short, tropical twilight was fast giving way to the shadows of the night. The dark silhouette of the massive walls of Morro Castle rose in the distance—a veritable example of the grim power which had held two-thirds of America within its clutches. No hospitable lighthouse shed its rays over the dangerous reefs of *Isla Cabra*. Except for a few scattered red lights in the batteries of San Agustin and Santa Helena, all the north and northwestern portions of San Juan were plunged in the gradually increasing darkness. These were the days of martial law and “precautions against the Yankees.”

The boys had been humming popular airs. As they rose to leave the *tronera* their attention was drawn by a light moving outside of Morro Castle, at the entrance of the bay.

“That is ‘*El Concha*’ steaming out to watch for the night,” spoke Tupé. “Something is going to happen soon. I guess I won’t move from here to-night.”

A naval battle outside of Morro Castle, with no danger for anyone except the

combatants, that must be fun! Tupé had once heard a bookish little fellow talk about Trafalgar and Lepanto—hundreds of ships sunk, several million people killed; why, it surely must be better than a bloody bull-fight, or a street brawl with sharp stilettoes. He wasn't going to miss that!

When the trumpet of Morro Castle sounded the third "taps" Tito and Don Pepe left Tupé alone in the *tronera*.

II. TUPE WATCHES.

It was late, almost eleven. Exhaustion had overcome the little watchman, and Tupé now lay sound asleep, his head reposing between his knees. Half an hour after his companions had gone away his eyelids had gradually begun to grow heavy, and a feeling of great tiredness had crept over him. Between vacillating nods he had sworn softly, calling himself an ass and a sucking babe because of his inability to keep awake. But, try as he might, the drooping eyelids had got the best of him. The lights of the blockading ships, the roaring of the waves washing the reefs of *Isla de Cabra*, the lugubrious bark of some watchdog re-echoing in the distance—all these things had, in their turn, held his attention. Their charm, however, was now dissipated. Tupé lay sound asleep, dreaming the dreams of the outcast, rehearsing in his confused mind a thousand and one childish pranks, and longing now and then for a look at the face of that unknown father so roundly abused by his mother.

* * * * *

And along about twelve, when Tupé was in the most distant realms of Dreamland, the large bell of San José's church began to toll its nightly *requiem* for the "souls in purgatory." The first stroke, deep, vibrant, immeasurably lugubrious, sent its echo far beyond the city limits,

and aroused a muffled response from the dead vaults of the cemetery. Tupe woke up with a start. During the thirty seconds of intense silence that followed he thought he could hear a low rumbling among the far hills of Bayamon—something like an awful repetition of the bell's sound, only more indistinct; but it was nothing else than the tunnel, which leads into the cemetery, juggling the echo within its finely acoustic walls. Then the second stroke was sounded, and a cold drop ran down his back. "*Las animas*," he whispered, and then became silent again. He had never heard this nocturnal play of bells, but he knew what it meant. It was the rousing call for the "purgatory souls" in need of prayers and masses. Yes, the "souls" would now stream out of San José's Church and come down the *rampila* in two long lines. In white cloaks and high, conical hoods, they would come down the *rampila* mumbling some Latin chant, shaking and rattling bones, ready to pounce upon any sinner who happened to be awake and prayed not for them. With red and yellow lanterns they would scrutinize every nook and corner, and woe to the wretch that fell in their clutches! Tupé trembled as he thought of these things. Had not Ana Maria, the old negress, seen them one night not long ago? Had not Canuto, the orange vender, been scared to death by a troop of these ambulant "souls?"

The third stroke was sounded ominously. Oh, if he could only remember his prayers! The good old *Padre Juan* had taught him the *Ave Maria*, the *Credo*, the *Salve*, and the Lord's Prayer, but he had forgotten them. He was no goody-goody! But now he was sorry. He started "*Ave Maria*," but got hopelessly lost. He tried the Lord's Prayer, but it had been so inadequate for bread-winning in the past that he had laid it aside as useless. And now those "souls"

were coming after him. He did not dare look out of the *tronera*, but he could hear their mumblings, the rattling of bones and, oh, heavens! he could feel the freezing stare of those glassy eyes of the leader; he could see his high hood and his pale lantern. It was awful! He tried his prayers again, but the odd snatches refused to be linked together. "It's no use," he sobbed, "they've got me sure. They will grab me with their cold, clammy hands, then kill me, and then—hell! It's Don Pepe's fault. I could pray before I met him!"

The bell kept on tolling, and the echoes, louder and more threatening, kept Tupé in a maddening terror. Made desperate by the impending doom, he decided to sneak out to the opening of the *tronera* to see how far the "souls" were, and to try to determine whether or not he could escape by flight. It was an awful resolution, and he was stupefied at his own boldness! Inch by inch, straining every muscle to deaden possible noises, he commenced to approach the aperture of his hiding place on his hands and knees. Without as much as breathing, he stopped now and then to catch the sounds. A frightened lizard darted close to his face and paralyzed momentarily his movements. But he recovered and continued his laborious approach. Finally he got out far enough to feel the breeze. The cool night air played with his curls, but did not relieve the volcano in his head. Then he listened again. He heard first the heavy, measured tread of men carrying a burden; then he heard voices answering in chorus to some unintelligible chant, and then—yes, he heard the *froo, froo, froo* of starched cloaks, and the rattling of hollow bones! He did not dare look, after all. They were too near. He would not move. He would simply close his eyes and wait.

But just then the cursed lizard darted off and landed on Tupé's neck. The reaction of the shock sent him back into the *tronera*.

Now he sat down and commenced to review his life. Oh, but he was sorry that he had broken so many street lamps! If he could only escape he would tell on anyone he caught throwing stones at them. He was sorry that he had upset fruit and candy stands for pure devilry; he was sorry that he had waged merciless war against all harmless cats and dogs; he was sorry he had cheated at marbles and at dice; that he had persecuted and tormented the beasts of burden of *jibaros*—"rubes"—and beggars. Ah, if it only were the devil who was coming after him, then it would be different. The devil he could scare away by making the cross or sticking a pin into the knot which he carried tied in his pants below the knees. But the "souls"—you could not scare them away, unless you were a "decent Christian" and could rattle off all the prayers; unless you could say the Pope's name without thinking of "potato," and unless you went to church and believed in hell all the time there was no hope for you. Oh, if he had only known!

Espera! the chants and rattlings of bones were growing fainter. Tup listened attentively. "Sure," he said to himself, "they are under the tunnel now. They are going to the cemetery. They are not coming after me." Then he thought a little, and sank down again in despair. "Oh," he exclaimed, "they are going after bones and skulls. They have run out of them. They've left somebody watching there at the entrance. Now I can't get away."

The bell had ceased to toll. The procession of white-cloaked, conical-hooded and chanting "souls" had passed under the tunnel and disappeared among the

avenues of the large cemetery. Tupé could not hear any longer the *floo, floo* which had so scared him, but he still felt sure that the entrance of the tunnel was being guarded by a "soul" armed with a bone as big as an elephant tusk. It was trying to remain there. At last he got up and looked stealthily over the wall. Down in the cemetery, winding its way toward the central chapel he could distinguish a procession of red lights. He thought he saw coffins instead of hoods, but—

* * * * *

The eastern sky was beginning to brighten up when Tito and Don Pepe left their night lair and came down to find Tupé. They were not surprised to find him asleep, but they were rather amused by the look of terror on his face. When Don Pepe shook him Tupé rose up and shrieked: "*Suelta!*" Then, rubbing his eyes, he asked whether the souls were still in the cemetery. He recounted the events of the previous night. Don Pepe's answer was characteristic:

"You darned old idiot, did you put dog tears in your eyes before you went to sleep? They were no 'souls.' Ha! ha! ha! Of course they weren't. You didn't see their cloaks, or their hoods; you didn't hear a little bell tinkling—the leader's bell—did you? What you saw was a regular night funeral. Well, not quite a regular funeral, but it was a funeral all right. Didn't you see those sickly looking soldiers who came from Cuba last week? They've all have got the yellow fever, and are dying by the barrel. They bury them at night. It is dangerous to do it by day. That's what you heard. El Padre Juan was chanting his '*saccula saeculorum.*' They were no souls!"

"The devil," snapped Tupé. "I didn't know that! Hey, Don Pepe, let's break some street lamps before the sun comes out!"

III. TITO AND DON PEPE WATCH.

Tito was superstitious. He had a good reason for being so, for he could trace his maternal ancestry to the wilds of Congo—wherever that country for "niggers" might be. His mother was superstitious; he knew that. His grandmother had been a renowned "charmer" and "pseudo-witch." He wasn't sure about the "pseudo," but there wasn't the least doubt as to the truthfulness of the other word. With such an ancestry to back him up, he could not help being melancholy at twilight; neither could he keep his ears from catching uncanny noises. When the evening breeze made itself felt by its coolness and salty odor then, surely enough, Tito would hear the voices of his two uncles—the slaves who were drowned in the sloop "*Conquistadora.*" He would also hear the "soul" of his grandmother Antonia whispering and blowing hot breath on his cheek. That is why he and Don Pepe were watching together that night when—

But here comes the story.

After trying every means to keep awake, the two boys had resigned themselves to chance. A *tronera* is a bad place to keep awake. But it was extremely important that Don Pepe should not succumb as long as Tito remained with his eyelids open. You can't tell what might happen. A ghost, a *duende*, a hell-bird, a fire ball—you can't tell. Curious things happen at night, especially when one is a nigger with a witch of a dead grandmother against him. *Me caso en*—he was sorry he hadn't refused to come to watch for naval battles. Maybe it wasn't a funeral that scared Tupé. They might come, the "souls," and—*caramba*, he was sorry he was watching! And now Don Pepe would not keep awake. He could not see "things," that's why he would not keep awake and help his friend.

It was not long before Don Pepe commenced to snore. Yes, it was like him to do such things when there was real danger of his being mimicked by some skulking devil. To make things worse the sea breeze was blowing fast, wafting along many and many an echo from *Pena Para* and other places, where hundreds of people had been drowned. Tito moved uneasily and tried to wake Don Pepe, but without much success. His snores and muffled hisses were becoming more and more alarming. "If he don't stop," thought Tito, "we are going to have all sorts of cats and skulking devils hissing at us. They don't like those noises." He crawled on all fours to where Don Pepe sat and shook him vigorously.

Don Pepe woke up. He shuffled around and then spoke:

"Say, Tito, old idiot, you are the most unreasonable fellow I ever saw. You can't do anything without seeing your black ancestors. If a cat comes around why don't you say 'Zape! scat!' That will drive him away! If the devils begin to smell bad around you just stick a pin in that knot you carry tied in your pants, just like Tupé and I do? That will fetch the devils away. Tito, *caramba*, you are not a deacon's boy! Deacons' boys are not black, anyhow!

There was a short silence. Then Don Pepe added half philosophically:

"When the grass-hoppers chirp and the mosquitoes buzz you don't have to drive them away. They have nothing to do with the *animas*. They are only bad weather."

But again the night air moaned and the reverberating echoes of the sleeping city disturbed the peace of poor Tito. He would hear his name called now, and then he would hear some creaking like the tread of a "cloaked ghost." Again it would be a grass-hopper, or a *coki*, or

a distant dog, or perhaps an ambling cat. But to him they were all either ancestors or "skulking devils." Heavens! what was that? Ramp! ramp! ramp! Someone was walking in the tunnel.

"Don Pepe, Don Pepe, did you hear that?"

Don Pepe consigned him to the lowest pit he could think of, and went to sleep again.

Tito now decided to do like the ostrich. He would close his eyes and ears—to keep the ghosts away.

The two little traitors! They had come to watch, and were now asleep! How scornfully would Tupé have looked upon them! And no funeral to scare them, either! What a disgrace! *Chuftas*, the "curia" was degenerating! If they had stayed awake they would have seen the gunboat "Concha" sneak back into the bay when the blockaders had been increased from two to eleven. They would have seen also the pyrotechnic display of eleven powerful searchlights focused upon the mouldy walls of Morro Castle, an "effect" which made the old fort sparkle like a huge diamond in the dark. But they missed it. The two little traitors! Ah, *chuftas!*

They slept. In the morning, when the mists were rising slowly over the sea, and the copious dew had gradually filtered down to their bones, the two little rascals woke up, and were surprised to see the shadows fast disappearing.

"*Caramba*, Tito, you ought to have awakened me. You are a cheat!" was Don Pepe's salutation to his companion. Tito gave something back in return, and they both rubbed their eyes.

And while they were gaping and stretching their limbs, the sound of husky voices reached their ears. They listened. Surely, voices and guitars! They were coming down the *rampla*. They were cheering. No, they were singing again.

Nearer and nearer they drew. Now they could hear them distinctly. It was one of the popular airs with new words; yes, it was this,

"Arrum-ban-baya, arrum-ban-baya,
Ahi viene el gran Viscaya."

and

Apuesto un gayo, apuesto un gayo que
Ahi viene el gran Pelayo."

These songs were punctuated by vigorous "long lives" and "bravos" for Cervera and the Spanish fleet.

For, sure enough, those eleven steel monsters approaching Morro Castle so serenely, could they be other than Cervera's fleet—the long expected fleet, the marvel of all the marvels, the eighth wonder, the most— But, say, it was funny that the batteries hadn't commenced to salute. Such a man, such a fleet! Oh, well, it was too early. Spanish sentries and look-outs go to sleep at their posts, *sabe usted?* And then, the batteries could not begin the racket while El Senor Gobernador was asleep. Of course no; it was plain as daylight.

So

"Arrum-ban-baya, arrum-ban-baya
A que el Yankee aqui se encaya"

showed their glowing admiration for the floating wonders.

No, the batteries would not salute.

No wonder, then, if the supposed Cervera fleet took it upon itself to remind the fort of naval etiquette. It formed itself in a semi-circle and, steaming right for the entrance, it emptied several tons of steel and iron into the city before the *compadres* had time to finish their last song. *Santo Cristo!* Fluttering above the smoke, like the crests of fighting cocks, the *compadres* beheld eleven star-spangled banners! Great was their dismay and hurried their retreat when out of a neighboring *tronera* there issued two young scamps, crying at the top of their voices, "Run for your lives. It's the Yankees!"

It was a memorable morning for Tito and Don Pepe. Freuzied women in the streets, dismantled churches, unclaimed property, un—; but that is history.

It was a memorable night and—morning!

J. P., '07.

Erin's Prayer

On Seeing Parrish's Poster of St. Patrick.

Thou, patron saint of brogue and bravery,
Benignly hear our prayers as they arise—
As day-dawn vapours softly climb the skies.
Wink absolution on our rognish knavery,
O jovial saint, serene in thy calm reverie,
Look lovingly upon us, let thy sighs
Plead for us with the God of destinies;
Still keep us pure from taint of slavery.
Thus let thy people, innocent and free,
Fulfill a thousand years of happiness.
Still grant us humor quaint to bear the cloud,
Still let us, children of the soil, aloud
Cry, not in vain, to thee; our isle still bless,
Well let us learn thy lesson, loyalty.

J. T. T., '08.

THE VETERAN'S DAY

The Forty-ninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, containing the companies enlisted from Great Oak County, were as fine a lot of men as could be found among the first troops to answer the call of Lincoln. In the Public Square of Conwicks stands a shaft of granite forty feet high as a commemoration of their services. The list of battles, twelve in number, in which they took part, fills up one side of the tablet at the base. Here is Shiloh, where their gallant Colonel Transome, who is still active in State politics, lost his left arm. Below are Spottsylvania and the Battle of the Wilderness, where many tough fellows who farmed the Brandywine meadows fell; again, there is Port Hudson and Gettysburg—how they must have fought there, within a two-days' march of their own homes! The list is ended with the fall of Richmond, their services completed at Appomattox Court House. Show me the battleground where a stubborn fight took place under McClellan and its name will be upon their monument, or where Meade rolled back an invasion, and I will point to the place where the Pennsylvanian stood in the shock of battle.

They are grand old fellows, these Civil War veterans! Our nation has done well to set aside a date in the early spring when everything is throbbing with new life for a Memorial Day of the conflict in which our country was reborn. It has always seemed to me that it was taken in the spirit intended for it. Our Fourth of July has degenerated into a debauchery of violence and noise. Our religious holidays are even more sadly abused because of their more sacred origin. The two distinctly American holidays are respected more in their true spirit—Memorial Day and Thanksgiving.

The evening before the celebration in my native town the firemen bring their tall ladders to the Soldiers' Monument and wreath the shaft in greens. They soften the flinty features of the stone Federal at the top with a warm leaf of the ivy or the more airy spray of a fine-leaved vine, and around the stone cannon at the base and upon the steps of the foundation are laid the contributions of the citizens, flowers of all colors and kinds, but every bunch tied up in loving remembrance of the stout fellows who fought for our happiness. Who knows what old lady may have gathered those nasturtiums, and carefully wrapped their stems in tin foil as she told the little boy at her knee of a grandfather, more mythical than real, who was sent home from Pittsburg to die with his young family around him? And as she wraps the yarn around the stems, who better than she can estimate the struggles against poverty which are crowned in the person of the little grandson beside her? Or is there a prouder woman in the land as she goes with him in the lengthening evening to place the flowers upon the steps of the monument? As she reads to him the list of battles here, the officers there, the counties represented on another side, and the personnel of the regiment upon the fourth, the little lad's face grows serious. Together they look up at the curiously uniformed statue, with his slouching cap and heavy cape, his face glowing in the light of the waning sun, as he looks far away into that western country, for the freedom of which he fought. Silently they walk home through the darkening streets, the little lad awed by a sense of strangeness, the widow intent upon her thoughts of the past.

In the morning the annual ceremony

of the Veterans' march is performed. When I was a boy, back in '91 or '92, I can remember when as many as forty honest citizens of every class marched firmly up in their old worn uniforms of blue and their battered caps and newly oiled muskets, following the tattered silken flag of the company, to do honor to the memory of their dead comrades. The Colonel, with his left sleeve pinned up out of the way; the worthy green grocer, more portly now than when he wore that suit for a sterner purpose; then comes the little old car-cleaner, with an honorable limp, gained in the Wilderness. The Pennsylvania Railroad would go far before it could find a more faithful servant than he. Then there is the worthy chaplain. He keeps a grocery store and has a little church outside the town where he preaches to the country folk.

In '92 all the veterans marched; perhaps they did in '93, but they only numbered thirty-eight that year. In '94 there were thirty-two in the procession, and two rode behind in a carriage. The next year the carriage was not there, but its occupants did not march, and the little band only numbered twenty-nine. Last spring only nineteen old men, with snow white beards and slow steps marched to the music, while the spruce youngsters of Company N, N. G. P., who hardly smelled powder in '98, marched behind in natty khaki. Proud was he who in a khaki suit could march among the blues with a father upon his arm.

The little band files up to the flower-strewn monument and the hoary chaplain faces his uncovered comrades in the full, strong glow of the morning sun,

amidst the awed silence of the spectators, and asks a divine blessing upon their comrades who fell in the wars, for those whom the passing years have removed, and for the small remnant that is still held together. In previous years the march was continued to the burying ground, where most of the dead lie buried. Nowadays the short journey is made in carriages, and the crowd follows the dignified procession in respectful hurry. Under the large trees of the Cedar Hill Cemetery, where the moss-covered graves are ranged in rows, the old men form silently into a short line. A word from the Colonel and the rifles click, another syllable and the old arms stiffly aim them, a subdued command of "fire," and the dead salute breaks out under the oak trees; they repeat the action and again the hills send back the echo. A third salute flashes forth and then the smoke floats dreamily away among the tree tops, leaving the dead to another year of unbroken solitude.

The soldier upon the monument still confronts with his granite face the soft evening light of Memorial Day or the whirling snow on the northwestern wind; his hairs grow no whiter; his uniform the bitter blast cannot fray; but his prototype will soon be a thing of the past. The sons in the khaki uniforms will in their turn fire the dead salute over the moss-covered graves beneath the cedar trees in the cemetery. Then they, too, will be gathered to their fathers, and other hands will perform the ceremonies until wars and fightings shall cease. Then shall the children of that generation say, "What manner of men were these, our sires?" *F. R. T., '06.*



FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

Dr. James A. Babbitt has been elected a Fellow of the Philadelphia College of Physicians.

The library has lately received from Miss Anna Morris, of Philadelphia, a complete set (one hundred and fifty) of the double-folio plates of Audubon's "Quadrupeds of North America;" also a set of Nuttall's "North American Sylva."

The facilities and scope of work in the Electrical Laboratory have been enlarged this spring by the addition of a 7½ horse power, 200 volt, 3-phase, Westinghouse induction motor and auto-starter. The Westinghouse representative in the transaction was Mr. E. P. West, '04. By means of this and other new equipment, many important tests with alternating currents may now be made.

Professor Frederic Palmer, Jr., has been granted leave of absence for next year, in order to pursue his graduate work in physics at Harvard University. Alpheus W. Smith, a graduate of the University of West Virginia, and for four years a graduate-student at Harvard, will have charge of the Physics Department during the absence of Prof. Palmer. Mr. Smith is now an instructor in physics at Bowdoin College, and is a candidate for the Harvard degree of Ph. D. at the approaching commencement.

Many substantial citizens of Delaware County have urged President Sharpless to become a candidate of the Lincoln Party for nomination looking toward a seat in the Lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature. If successful in securing the nomination at the Media convention of this party on May 10, he will stand for election on the regular election day, next November. His principal motive in becoming a candidate is to assume his share in the attempt to break up the political ring in this county and thus better to secure purity in politics in this community.

Philadelphia was the natural centre of a very wide-spread interest in the Franklin Bi-centennial celebration, which took place during the week beginning April 16. Prof. F. B. Gummere and Prof. E. W. Brown were prominently connected with various features of the week's proceedings, while many other members of the Faculty attended some sessions. Prof. Gummere read a paper on "Repetition and Variation in Poetic Structure." Prof. Brown, with Sir George Darwin, was a delegate for the Royal Society and he also was the delegate for the Royal Astronomical Society for which he presented an address. Sir George and Lady Darwin were entertained for several days at Prof. Brown's house, and while here Lady Darwin planted an oak in front of the gymnasium.

Oh, Maiden!

Young and fair and sweetly charming,
By thy countenance disarming,
Every fear of hurt and harming,
Every thought of earthly care;
May thy virtue shine forever
And may Time's hard trials never
Stain thy purity or ever
Dim thy matchless beauty rare! —'00.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

THE program for Alumni Day this year is much the same as that adopted last year. The details have not all been settled upon by the committee in charge and will be announced by a circular letter, which will be mailed the latter part of May. A special train will, if possible, be provided, leaving Broad Street at 10.10 A. M., and arriving at Haverford in time for those taking it to get in line for the Commencement Exercises. The afternoon Cricket game this year will be between two Alumni Elevens, instead of between the Alumni and the College Eleven. The Captains of these teams will be announced later. A number of Alumni who considered themselves too expert to play on the duffer team and who did not get places on the Alumni Eleven last year will thus be enabled to play. The program will be as follows:

10.10—Special train leaves Broad Street for Haverford.

11—Commencement Exercises in Roberts Hall.

12.15—Presentation of Cricket prize in front of Founder's Hall.

12.30—Lunch on the campus.

2—Cricket game, Cope Field, expert Alumni Elevens (captains to be announced later).

2.30—Duffer, Cricket game, Walton Field.

2.30—Alumni Baseball game, E. B. Hay, '05, and A. C. Maule, '99, captains, Walton Field.

5.30—Alumni Committee meeting in Roberts Hall.

7—Supper on the campus.

8.15—Alumni oration, by Francis R. Cope, Jr., 1900, Roberts' Hall.

9.15—Undergraduates' concert and illumination on the campus.

Alumni Day cannot be a thorough

success unless a large number of Alumni make a whole day of it. It is believed that Haverfordians are coming more and more to regard Alumni Day as a legal holiday, when their place is at the College. During the past years strong Alumni organizations have been formed in neighboring cities, and it is hoped that large delegations will come on from Baltimore, New York, etc., for the entire day. It is urged that each Class Secretary see to it that his Class is well represented in the line which will be formed in front of Founder's Hall at 10.55 A. M.

H. S. Drinker, 1900.
Chairman.

The fifth annual dinner of the Haverford Association of New York was held at the Republican Club, No. 54 West Fortieth street, New York City, on April 6, 1906, at 7 P. M. Twenty-five members were present. The dinner was the most enthusiastic ever held by the Association, and a very keen interest in Haverford and her future was manifest.

Abram S. Underhill was the guest of the evening, and delighted his hearers with his reasons for sending his son to Haverford.

Speeches were also made by James W. Cromwell, '59; Samuel Parsons, '61; James Wood, '58; J. Stuart Auchincloss, '90; John Roberts, '93; Alfred Busselle, '94, and Walter C. Webster, '95.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, James W. Cromwell, '59; vice president, Minturn P. Collins, '92; secretary and treasurer, L. H. Wood, '96.

It was urged on behalf of the Association that every Haverfordian resident in or near New York, or knowing the name and address of any Haverfordian so residing should send the same to L. Hol-

lingsworth Wood, secretary of the Association, No. 2 Wall street, New York City.

Those present were: James Wood, '58; James W. Cromwell, '59; Samuel Parsons, '61; Arthur Haviland, '65; Thomas Woodward, '66; E. D. Thurston, '71; Daniel Smiley, '78; Stephen W. Collins, '83; J. Stuart Auchincloss, '90; J. N. Du Barry, '90; Minturn Post

Collins, '92; F. F. Davis, '93; John Roberts, '93; Alfred Busselle, '94; D. S. Taber, '94; Walter C. Webster, '95; G. Raymond Allen, '96; William K. Alsop, '96; L. H. Wood, '96; Elliot Field, '97; John Storey Jenks, Jr., '98; Frederick Swan, '98; J. Bernard Haviland, '02; Parke L. Woodward, '02; S. Marshall Busselle.

NOTES

'80. Richard White, of Baltimore, has recently returned from an extended tour of Southern Europe and Egypt.

'81. A. Morris Carey, of Baltimore, made a brief call on April 16. He had not been at the College for a number of years.

'88. John Cowgill Corbet, Jr. was instantly killed in alighting from a train at Spring Garden Street Station, Philadelphia, on March 31. Mr. Corbet had been employed since graduation by the Haines, Jones & Cadbury Company.

'92. Christian Brinton has an illustrated article in "The Century" for

April entitled "A Sculptor of the Labour, Constantin Meunier."

'97. Edward Thomas sailed for Liverpool in the steamship Merion, April 14, for a five-months' stay, chiefly in England, in the Lake District.

'98. Thomas Wistar, Jr., was married to Miss Mary Beatrice Starin in Germantown, on April 21. Among the ushers were: J. H. Haines, Dr. Samuel Rhodes, S. R. Morgan, A. G. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge and M. M. Lee, all of '98.

Ex-'00. Lieutenant Malle Prevost Grayson Murphy, U. S. A., was married to Miss Maud Donaldson in Philadelphia in Easter week.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

ASSOCIATION FOOT BALL

Harvard Games

On March 31 Haverford met and defeated Harvard by the narrow margin of 1 to 0 in a close but rather uninteresting game. This match was the second of the intercollegiate series and drew a crowd to Walton Field in spite of the threatening weather. Haverford was very strong on defence and rather weak on offence, while just the opposite was true of Harvard.

The star of game was Philips, at goal, who five times stopped difficult

shots. The game ended with the ball in Harvard's territory. Score—Haverford 1, Harvard 0.

Haverford	Positions	Harvard
Philips	Goal	Parker
Lowry	Right full-back	McLaurin
C. Brown	Left full-back	Kidder
Drinker	Right half-back	Bird
Pleasants	Centre	Squires
Godley	Left half-back	Thackaray
Reid	Outside right	Mayer
P. W. Brown	Inside right	Gordon
Rossmuessler	Centre	Osborn
Spaeth	Inside left	A. W. Reggio
Young	Outside left	A. N. Reggio

The Cornell Trip

Amid the enthusiastic applause of several waiting engines, and spurred on by the pithy comment of Manager Nauman and the delirious evolutions of Captain Spike, the Haverford Soccerites left the train-shed of the Reading Terminal in good order, on the morning of April 6. The trip to New York was uneventful. Several trips over the entire Subway and L systems of New York finally landed the company at Morningside Heights. Here they separated to various "frat" houses for lunch, and reassembled somewhat later at the gymnasium. An endless trolley ride followed, and the eleven were at their last gasp when the Oval was finally reached. The cheerful news was soon spread abroad that the suit case containing the uniforms of "Art" and "Smith" had been left on the vengeful trolley. While the rest of the team sat in stupefied silence (all except "Smith"). Art despatched a mounted policeman in pursuit of the elusive car, which was miraculously caught and brought back in spite of its determined struggles. Of the game little can be said which would not border on the uncomplimentary. After playing in fairly good style against a strong wind, in the first half, and scoring a goal through a beautiful shot by "Smith," the team slumped miserably in the second half and failed to break the tie which Columbia had created by a score shortly before half time. The fault lay mainly with the forwards, who had dozens of chances to score, but invariably missed the net. Not disheartened by this unsatisfactory ending, however, the team left New York that evening with the determination to beat Cornell and clinch the championship anyway. Of the little misunderstanding about the ferryboats, of Manager Nauman's crafty manipulation of the Le-

high Valley Railroad, of the agony endured by the faithful ones while waiting in awful doubt for the tardy diners, and of the accommodating train which waited 15 minutes for those great men, nothing need be said. All troubles were forgotten in an exclusive sleeper, inhabited by none but the sacred team, and Ithaca was reached in the early hours of the following morning. Our hosts, who met us at the station, represented a variety of nationalities, and we spent most of the morning learning to pronounce their names and viewing with them the beautiful campus and buildings of the University. The game itself was exciting from start to finish. The "Cosmopolitans" showed a good knowledge of soccer, and, with a little more team work and training, would probably have won. It is only fair to them to state that their star full-back, Douglas, was injured very early in the game and was thereafter practically useless, although he pluckily continued playing. As it was, the Cornellians had the lead at the end of the first half, by 1 to 0. The second half was well under way before the complexion of the game changed. The lucky "Ham" suddenly sent in a long shot and, to the surprise of everyone, the ball rolled first through the legs of the Scotch half-back, then through those of the Dutch full-back and finally past the hands of the Greek goal-keeper. With the score a tie, Haverford worked like fiends for victory. The "Ham" again came to the rescue, and a second shot slipped just inside the post, being fumbled by the well-greased Achilles. Without any abatement in their speed, the Haverford forwards continued to bang away at the goal, until "Smith" made a third tally by a neat and well-executed shot. Time was called soon after, leaving Haverford the victor by 3 goals to 1. Too much praise cannot be given

Captain Pleasants for his persistent stirring up of the team and for the fine example he set by his own brilliant playing. The result of the game left Haverford the champion, with a score of 7 points, three games having been won, and one drawn. Special mention should be made of the able management of Nauman, and of the unflagging hospitality of the Columbia and Cornell men. The line-up was as follows:

Haverford	Positions	Cornell
PhilipsGoalChrysseidy
C. T. Brown	Left full-back	
	Vander Dose	der Bye
LowryRight full-backDouglas
RossmuesslerLeft half-backWilson
PleasantsCentreReinecke
DrinkerRight half-backLawson
YoungLeft wingDragoshinoff
SpaethLeft insideDelcasse
P. W. Brown	Centre forward	Van Byrnefeldt
SmithRight insideZerillos
ReidRight wingMcDonald
Referee—S. W. Mifflin, Harvard.		
Time of halves—35 minutes.		
Goals—Spaeth, 2; Smith, McDonald.		

The soccer season has been a successful one; although we did not win the club championship again, we have won something we value more. The intercollegiate cup presented to the league by Captain Milnes, of the English Pilgrims, who played in this country last fall, will be in the trophy room this next year and, we hope, for many to come. Captain Pleasants is to be congratulated on having developed a team from practically raw material, which none of the college teams defeated. Pleasants entertained the soccer team at the Hotel Colonnade, at the close of the season, and, we believe, from all accounts that have reached us, that the dinner was a great success in every way. Rossmuessler, '07, was elected captain for next year.

The gymnasium team, under the leadership of T. K. Brown, '06, made a very creditable showing this year. The sea-

son closed at the end of the last quarter. Bushnell, '08, was elected captain for next year.

On Wednesday evening, April 25, Professor Le Baron R. Briggs, of Harvard University, gave an extremely interesting and instructive lecture on Dryden. This is the second annual lecture of the Thomas Shipley Memorial Fund.

The annual spring reception to the college by the Y. M. C. A. took place on Thursday evening, April 12, at 8 o'clock. The speaker for the evening was Dr. Comfort, who gave an interesting and helpful talk on the place the association should take in each man's life and actions. Shortlidge, '06, the retiring president, made way for the new presiding officer, I. J. Dodge, '07, and the evening closed with a reception, at which refreshments were served. The past year has been productive of many good results and we feel that the Society is a great help to the whole college body.

The Sophomore Freshmen speaking contest for the Everett Society medal took place on Tuesday evening, May 1, and was won by J. Carey Thomas, '08.

Those who took part were: Drinker, '08; Troth, '08; Thomas, '08; Elkinton, '08; Dodge, '09; Killen, '09; Loewenstein, '09; Phillips, '09.

Track

Following is the schedule for this season's track work:

Meet, Wesleyan University at Middletown, May 12.

Intercollegiate at Harvard, May 25 and 26.

The Inter-class sports were won by 1906.—Results were as follows:

Shot-put—First, A. T. Lowry, '06; second, E. F. Jones, '07; third, Birdsall, '07. Distance, 33 feet, 11 inches.

220-yard hurdles—First, T. K. Brown, Jr., '06; second, Bushnell, '08; third, Myers, '09. Time, 29 minutes and 4 seconds.

Half-mile run—First, E. C. Tatnall, '07; second, Reid, '06; third, R. H. Mott, '09. Time, 2 minutes, 20.2 seconds.

Two-mile run—First, W. K. Miller, '06; second, Reid, '06; third, R. Scott, '06. Time, 11 minutes 5 seconds.

High jump—First, J. D. Philips, '06; second, Cary, '06; third, Bushnell, '08. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Hammer throw—First, A. T. Lowry, '06; second, Birdsall, '07; third, Ramsey, '09. Distance, 102 feet, 10 inches.

220-Yard Dash—First, T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, and P. W. Brown, '07; second, W. Kennard, '06, and J. P. Magill, '07.

100-Yard Dash—First, Brown, '06; second, Magill, '07; third, Rossmassler, '07.

Discus Throw—First, Jones, '07; second, Wood, '07; third, Lowry, '06. Distance, 99 feet 5 inches.

Relay Race—First, 1907; second, 1908; third, 1909.

Quarter-mile Run—First, Tunney, '06; second, Kennard, '06; third, Warnock, '08. Time, 56 seconds.

120-Yard High Hurdles—First, Brown, '06; second, Rossmassler, '07; third, Brown, '08. Time, 17 1-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—First, Brown, '06; second, Jones, '07; third, Rossmassler, '07. Distance, 20 feet 8 inches.

Mile Run—First, Tatnall, '07; second, Miller, '06; third, Young, '06. Time, 4 minutes 49 4-5 seconds.

Cricket

Manager Godley announces the following schedules for the first and second cricket teams. Owing to lack of space that of the third is not here inserted.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Saturday, April 28, Frankford at Frankford.

Saturday, May 5, Alumni at Haverford.

Tuesday, May 8, next 15 at Haverford.

Saturday, May 12, Moorestown at Moorestown.

Thursday, May 17, Philadelphia at Wissahickon Heights.

Saturday, May 19, Germantown at Haverford.

Wednesday, May 23, Harvard at Haverford.

Saturday, May 26, Cornell at Ithaca.

Wednesday, May 30, Pennsylvania at Haverford.

Saturday, June 2, All Scholastic at Haverford.

Saturday, June 9, Merion at Haverford.

Friday, June 15, Alumni vs. Alumni.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Saturday, April 28, Frankford at Haverford.

Saturday, May 5, Germantown at Mannheim.

Tuesday, May 8, 1st XI at Haverford.

Saturday, May 12, Wissahickon at Haverford.

Thursday, May 17, Haddonfield at Haverford.

Saturday, May 19, Philadelphia at Haverford.

Saturday, May 26, Glenside at Haverford.

Saturday, June 2, Linden at Camden.

Saturday, June 9, Gibbsboro at Gibbsboro.

CLASS GAMES.

April 24-25, 1908 vs. 1909.

May 1-2, 1906 vs. 1907.

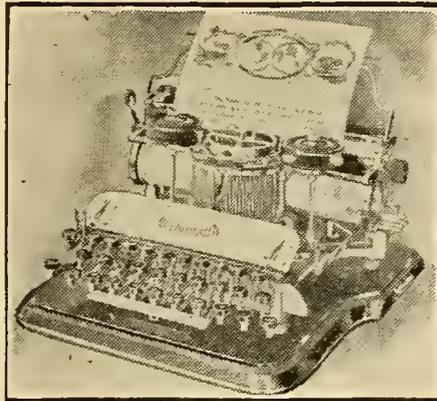
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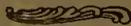
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VOLUME XXVIII, No. 4.

June, 1906

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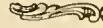


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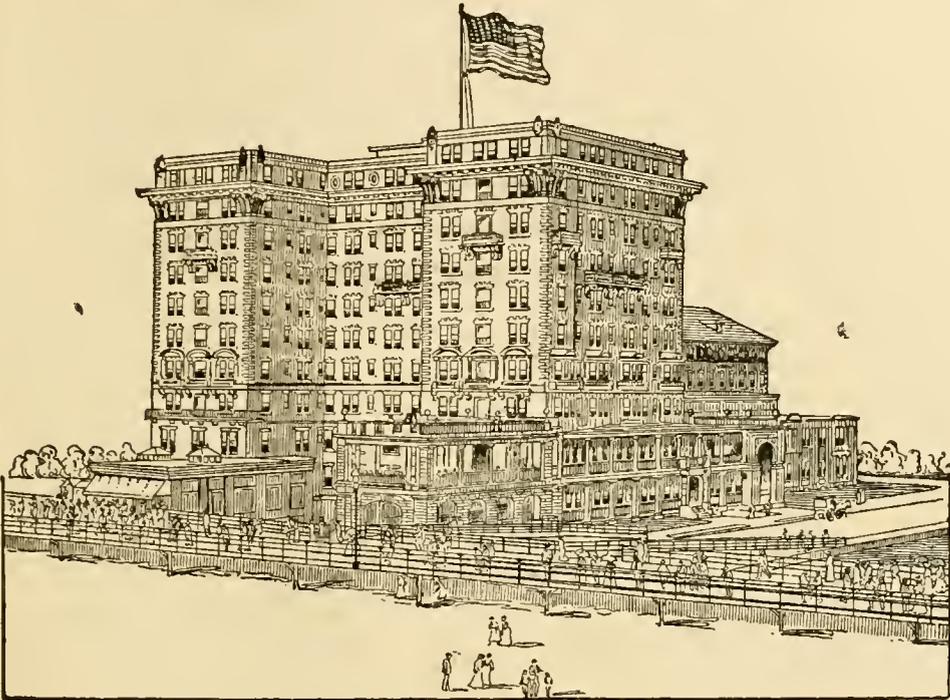
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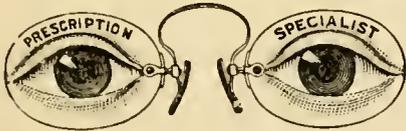
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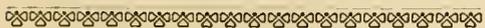
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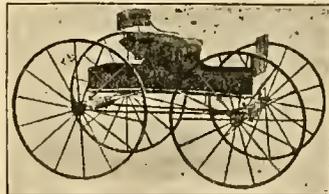
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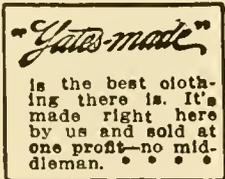


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VOL. XXVIII.

HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1906.

No. 4

IT is with hesitation and diffidence that we attempt to put into words our feelings at this commencement time. We should rather not voice the complexity of emotions that fills us at this season. The severance of undergraduate relations with the graduating class is our predominating thought, and we should prefer to leave our sentiments to feeling, nevertheless we could not close the year without wishing *bon voyage* to 1906.

All commencements are very much alike. Classes graduate and leave college with mingled feelings of regret and anticipation. Other classes look after them with a touch of sentiment, then step up into their places, and affairs go on pretty much as usual. And yet commencements are ever new, because the actors are always changing. How we wish we could offer some new thought at this time, but, failing in that, we can only look at the practical aspect

of this culmination of the college course.

Commencement means more to us here at Haverford than it does at institutions where men don caps and gowns after the business of examination is over, and receive their sheepskins in company with men they may never have seen before. The close associations at Haverford make it an unusual event both for those who go and those who stay behind. But this very association keeps it from being anything more than the substitution of business or professional life for that of college, for the graduate steps out into the ranks of the alumni who are actively and materially interested in the welfare of the college.

As the Senior Class steps into the fraternity of Haverford graduates it may well look back upon its course with satisfaction. In scholarship, athletics and college activities in general it has distinguished itself, and if past records be a criterion we anticipate great success for the class of 1906.

New Members
of Haverford
Alumni

THE spirit at Haverford at present is noticeably that of healthy progress. The new buildings and equipment show the visible advance that is being made, and those who have read the recent alumni address by our President know the ideal toward which the College is steadily progressing under his guidance. Intellectual gains are also being achieved by the development of the curriculum; the unwonted use of the library upon two occasions this year, by men who had been strangers there before, serves as an index of the remarkable change wrought by simply varying a course hitherto manifestly safe and innocuous.

But those who were fortunate enough to hear the informal "question box"—held during the recent reception to the United Charities Association upon the College campus—must have been impressed by two facts, namely, first, that we have much to be proud about here at Haverford, and, second, and more important, that people from a distance knew very little about the institution. The policy of Haverford is wisely conservative, and a large college is not desired, but a small college with a waiting list is better off than a college which has not its maximum number. Then, too, a college is less provincial when its student body embraces representatives from all over the country.

Just now, at the time of advancement, is the time for alumni and undergraduates to do what they can to help in the growth of the college. A committee is quietly working along these lines, disseminating information about Haverford—but they need co-operation and encouragement—especially from graduates who reside in other States. And it is the duty of the college, if it desires to progress in the direction of numbers and widespread influence, to make Haverford

a place as well suited to those from a distance as to those from this immediate vicinity. It should see that reasonable care is exercised to render Sundays as pleasant as possible for those who from force of circumstance remain at the College; and there is a general sentiment that it is unseemly with our fair dining hall that men should, on Saturdays and Sundays, be forced to compete for sustenance under the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest. And then, again, it should see that provision is made, so that students might be accommodated for a reasonable remuneration during the vacations of the year, if, because of distance, it is unfeasible for them to travel home.

It is certain that as Haverford grows it is bound to have more students from other States, and conditions should be made as favorable as possible for them to come, for, as it is certainly worth while for a student to come to Haverford from any distance, however great, it is also of a certain value to the college to have him come.

IT is at all times interesting to read contributions by alumni of experience and prominence, but to those who expect to teach and who are interested in educational work, the article entitled "Educational Conditions in New Mexico" will be of exceptional interest.

And in dealing with his subject the author has given a very clear idea of what conditions in general are in the territory. Hon. Hiram Hadley, the author, is superintendent of public instruction and one of the pioneer educators in New Mexico. He graduated from Haverford in 1856, and has devoted most of his life to educational work. For twenty years he has been located in New Mexico, and is an authority upon the subject about which he has written.

**Conditions
Conducive to
Growth
in Numbers**

**A Record of
Achievement**

ONE of the main arguments brought to bear in favor of the new dividing wall in Barclay is that it would mitigate the careless usurpation of other

Careless men's time, which, according
Usurpation to its upholders, now pre-
of Other vails. At first we scouted
People's Time such an argument as lacking weight, but observation has led us to believe that this is really a potent issue. Even at college men have to devote some time to study and reading, and during the evening, while this needful but depressing ordeal is being performed, it takes very little to subtract a half hour of studying. This time must either be made up later, or, as is usually the case, not made up at all. And we all are too prone needlessly to interrupt other men during their solid hours of study, upon the most trivial and insignificant pretexts.

These do not include social calls and necessary interviews, but even these should be made with a due regard for the other man's time and, if possible, not during the accepted study hours. The fellowship and good comradeship that we have here are the strongest arguments against the proposed wall, hence we should hesitate about abusing it, so that it might serve as an argument for the wall.

But, after all, the time that might be saved per individual with the wall would not be worth the fellowship and spirit that would be lost. Besides, a sentiment along this line will do more than a wall to prevent this thoughtless waste of time, and with the sentiment we should not only preserve, but refine the sociability which college men essentially possess.

The Prodigal

Crowned with a crown of calm inscrutable,
Fate sits enthroned within the court of chance,
While I, Fate's fool, kneel at his feet and hold
The golden goblet given me of God,
Within whose crystal chalice Fate doth blend
Small gains of time and ruby wine of life.
—And like as thirst-mad lips, insatiate,
Ravish the desert pool—I drain the draught.
And now it flows my veins a liquid fire!
I'm mad—mad—mad! In pure, unchecked excess
Of madness crying out aloud; the cup
Collapses in my fevered hands! Once more
Unto my lips I press its lips—Great God,
What foul and filthy dregs are these! That fire
From those veins vanishes—I grow acold—
The madness leaves mine eyes—I see but dim—
This body draws together—softly shrinks—
Melts—and is seen no more, and naught except
A gray damp mound of burnt-out ash, to tell
Where lately stood a lordly citadel.

J. T. T., '08.

EDUCATIONAL CONDITIONS IN NEW MEXICO

HAVING been invited to prepare an article on educational, political and economic conditions in New Mexico, having special reference to the fitness of New Mexico for Statehood, I decided to confine this article to a truthful exhibit of educational conditions, as I view them after nearly twenty years of active connection with the education of New Mexico. In my treatment of this topic, I shall not permit myself to be influenced by a consideration of what effect my statements may have in creating a sentiment favorable or unfavorable to the fitness of the territory for Statehood.

The origin and civilization of the peoples who inhabited this region previous to the coming of the Spaniard is one of the perplexing problems of the archæologist.

Coronado entered New Mexico in 1540; Martin Luther died in 1546. During the succeeding hundred years, terminating with the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, all central and western Europe was violently agitated by the antagonism existing between the Church of Rome and the followers of Luther. During this exceedingly turbulent period Spain remained loyal to the Mother Church.

In New Mexico during the same period, with varying successes, the struggle for mastery between the Spaniard and the native people was carried on, with the general result of victory for the Spaniard. It was perfectly natural and in accord with human experience that the early Spanish invaders should come saturated with the feelings and sentiments that then prevailed in Spain. They brought with them the zeal for the propagation of their religion that has ever characterized the devoted Fathers of the Roman Catholic Church. So zealous were they that by 1617 eleven churches had been built and 14,000 natives bap-

tized. For 200 years, without opposition, save from the tribes they sought to convert, and without competition from other missionaries, these intrepid bearers of the Cross pursued their work. During that time they gained almost absolute and undisputed control of the minds and the hearts of the entire population of what now constitutes New Mexico.

At that time this people believed that education was chiefly the prerogative of the Church. A comparatively small number of their more favored young men were sent to existing colleges, became well educated for the times, returned and became dominant factors in all kinds of administration. But the mass of the common people were illiterate.

This was the people and these were the conditions that the United States became possessed of as a result of the Mexican War. At the date of 1850 few Americans were in New Mexico. Much as I regret to say one word against the paternalism of our great Government, I cannot be honest and say less than that the National Government has ignored its duties to these wards of hers. Grant it that they were ignorant; the Government until very lately has done nothing to correct this condition. In 1898 Congress gave to New Mexico, in lieu of what she would naturally be entitled to when she becomes a State, the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of land, and permits the proceeds from the leasing of these to be used to foster common schools. In this country of plateaus and mountains, frequently these sections are without value. Yet, by careful management, from this source the common schools are beginning to receive substantial aid. So far as I know, this is the only aid the Government has rendered common school education during its more than half a century's possession.

If the people are illiterate, who is to blame? If the Government had shown the same paternal interest in New Mexico that she has manifested toward the Philippines and Porto Rico, the cry of "illiteracy" would have ceased a quarter of a century ago. She acquired by conquest a people comparatively helpless, and has left them to struggle alone in their helplessness and inexperience, when every interest of patriotism and humanity has demanded the reverse.

Following the termination of the Mexican War the Americans poured in. In 1880 the A. T. & S. F. R. R. was built. The newcomers brought with them the idea of free, popular education firmly established in their own minds. They met here the idea that education was a function of the Church and belonged exclusively to it.

Soon several Protestant religious denominations began to plant their missions and establish schools. These did a great work, and much credit is due them. But these, too, failed to reach the masses, although they did much to foster educational spirit.

The newcomers, comparatively few in number, in addition to contending with and overcoming the difficulties incident to the making of homes among a practically foreign people, have been compelled to plant the seed of popular education, attend to its germination, and to nurse the plant. Public sentiment in favor of free schools had to be created; from limited individual resources means had to be provided for sustaining them; legislation had to be secured and organization for administration effected.

Under these adverse conditions, New Mexico can show educational progress, at which she feels much gratification. In 1889, by act of the Legislature, the University of New Mexico, the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and the School of Mines were created. The

first two have been developed into good institutions doing substantial work, and the third has done well. It is but fair to say that the second has received Government aid, as usually accorded to such colleges in territories. In 1893 two Normal Schools and a Military Institute were created and provided for. These have all been developed into most creditable institutions and are doing as good work as is done by similar schools anywhere. A school for the deaf has just been opened, and one for the blind will be opened in September.

In 1891 the Legislature revised the existing inefficient school law. This revision made provision for a Territorial Board of Education; created the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction; provided for the adoption of a uniform series of text-books; increased the powers and duties of County Superintendents; and made provisions by which funds for the support of schools could be raised.

The cause of the common school received a great impetus, and schools were established in all parts of the territory. Those of the towns and cities are sustained nine months annually, are well graded, and people from the East who patronize them pronounce them equal, or superior, to what they have left behind. The rural schools in New Mexico, as elsewhere, are not so good as those of the cities, but every school district sustains a school for from three to six months, and the average length of term of all the schools in the territory for the past year was 114 days. I wish space permitted me to go more into details.

The English language is the legal language taught in the schools. No provision is made for teaching the Spanish. Our law requires that all teachers must understand the English language. Of the 600 schools in the territory, I think it not improbable that in a very small

number more Spanish than English is taught. But this condition is almost extinct, and will soon be unknown. Nearly all the children and young people among the natives understand and use the English language. Of course, a large portion of the old people, the fathers and mothers, still hold on to their mother tongue, but many of those with gray hair are picking up the English.

Experience shows that the young man who has a knowledge of both Spanish and English possesses the educational qualifications of greatest immediate commercial value. All the former distance and apparent antagonism, the result of a difference in nationality and religion, has passed away, and harmony and cordial co-operation in educational affairs exist.

Educational spirit and enthusiasm is in the atmosphere, and the native people have caught these and are clamoring for more and better educational advantages. In my half a century of experience in teaching I have not known more tractable, more faithful, or more efficient students. Neither have I ever known any among American young men who, with no greater opportunities, have attained more satisfactory success in life.

Briefly, it is my conviction that New Mexico, during the past fifteen years, has known a greater and more satisfactory educational progress than that experienced in the same time by any other portion of the civilized world.

Hiram Hadley, '56.

EARLY HISTORY OF HAVERFORD SCHOOL

THE following extracts from the letters of Isaac Collins, one of the most interested and helpful founders and supporters of the institution now called Haverford College, have been furnished by his son, Stephen G. Collins, of the class of 1856. They explain the sort of school they desired to establish and some of the difficulties of its infancy.

Phila., 1 mo. 3d, 1831.

Saml. Parsons.

Esteemed Friend:—The stockholders of the "Central School" having adopted a constitution and elected their officers and managers, and empowered the latter to select and purchase a farm for a site, and to erect suitable buildings for the institution, as well as to solicit subscriptions to the full amount of the capital stock (\$60,000), for all which sub-committees have been appointed, the next most important business will be to obtain the consent of and elect a suitable Friend to place at the head of the institution.

Much will depend of this selection, and I hope we shall be favored to find a person who will possess all the essential qualifications, and who is well known and will enjoy the confidence of the Society at large.

The experiment is at last about being tried, whether the Society of Friends in this country are in favor of and will support a college planned and conducted as a sectarian institution. If successful the benefits resulting to our Religious Society will be numerous and extensive, and if unsuccessful I apprehend it would not be attempted again for many years.

Well knowing the deep interest thou feels in this project, and how much will depend upon the due administration of the institution, more especially for the first year or two, it has occurred to me that there is no person in our Society so eminently and entirely qualified to discharge the important duties devolving upon the superintendent as thyself, and

if it is right, and among the possibles, to prevail on thee, I know it would gratify the stockholders, and in their opinion ensure the filling of the capital stock and, in fine, establish the confidence of its friends and of the Society at large, in the success of the experiment.

Considering the numerous and important relations thou now holds with the Yearly Meeting of New York, I confess I do not feel very sanguine that the proposition now made would meet thy acceptance, and indeed I fear that thy services and influence in the present trying situation of that Yearly Meeting could not be dispensed with, yet I felt willing just to state the wishes of the stockholders and friends of the Central School here.

Thy sincere friend,

Isaac Collins.

* * * * *

Phila., 4 mo. 25, 1833.

My dear Friend:—I feel inclined to write thee a few lines respecting the difficulties the managers of the Haverford School find in obtaining suitable persons to fill the various offices of superintendent, matron and teachers—all our inquiries have as yet proved unavailing, and it really seems at times as if we should utterly fail.

We had some hopes that William Evans and his wife would be willing and find it their place to go and fill the offices for superintendent and matron, but upon mature reflection they have finally declined.

Is it probable that we could induce William and Ann Willis, or Joseph Talcott and wife, or Richard Mott and wife, or Samuel Adams and wife, to accept of this appointment? We think it is quite time an engagement was made with some persons, if the institution is to be opened this fall and winter, and we must continue to make offers to all whom our friends may consider suitable, until we

effect our object. We should be pleased to have thy opinion of the persons I have named, and of the probability of their accepting our offers.

We are informed that Richard Mott is now very desirous of selling his mills and farm and removing from Mamaroneck, and it does appear to us as if he should no longer bury his talents in that sequestered spot.

It has been suggested to us that Jos'h Bowne and wife might find it their places to accept such a situation.

I believe the managers would be willing to give \$1000 or \$1200 and find the family everything except clothes.

We have applications from several young men for the office of classical teachers—one of them a son of George Sherman, of Trenton, who is now at Yale College, about 19 years of age, is said to possess superior talents.

* * * * *

Phila., 4 mo. 1st, 1836.

My dear Friend:—As the examination of the students at Haverford School commences on 5th day next, I hope we shall have the pleasure of thy company and that thou will stop with us while at our house when they leave the School, on fourth day after the examination closes.

* * * * *

Phila., 5 mo. 17, 1836.

My dear Friend:—Thomas P. Cope and myself have addressed a joint letter to Humphrey Haviland soliciting him to subscribe again to the stock of Haverford School. Will thou please hand the letter to him, if he should be in New York during the sitting of the Yearly Meeting, or, if not, send it to him by Joseph Talcot or some other friend who may reside in his neighborhood. If he is in New York do have some conversation with him and urge him to give us a tract of land, if he cannot conveniently give us money. The Legislature have

authorized the Association to increase the capital stock from 60 to 100,000 dollars, and we are very much in need of more funds to raise the water from Cobb's run to give the school and grounds a full supply of excellent water.

We should erect some additional buildings and increase our library and chemical and philosophical apparatus and improve the lawn, etc.

All these require money, and we now owe \$10,000.

We have 73 students entered, amply sufficient to pay all our current expenses.

George Hamilton, of New Bedford, and H. H. Holinshead, have subscribed \$1000 each to our funds very recently. Still we require more and must have it.

Has J. S. Shotwell returned from France and when are we to receive the legacy of M. Smith's of \$500?

Sincerely I remain

Thy friend,

Isaac Collins.

* * * * *

Phila., 6 mo. 21st, 1836.

My dear Friend:—Previous to your late Yearly Meeting Thomas P. Cope and myself wrote a letter to Humphrey Haviland, and sent with it to thy care a copy of the "History of Haverford School;" not having heard from thee or from H. Haviland since, we feel desirous of knowing whether our letter and the book were delivered or sent to H. H. We need much more funds for some additional improvements at the School, and are therefore looking around among our wealthy and liberal friends to meet our necessities. Our last annual report is published and will be sent to our New York friends.

To improve the lawn and grounds surrounding the school we have subscribed \$2000 and will probably require \$500

more. Will any of our stockholders in New York give us a lift?

Our friends here are generally pretty well, and from last accounts all were well at the School.

With love to thee and thine I remain
Thy sincere friend,

Isaac Collins.

* * * * *

Phila., 7 mo. 6th, 1836.

My dear Friend:—At the last annual meeting of Haverford School Association a resolution was passed directing the Board of Managers to endeavor to obtain from all the stockholders a relinquishment of any dividend or interest that might accrue to them (by the bye, such a state of the funds of the Association will never probably occur) and accordingly a form was prepared, bound in a book, and most of the stockholders here have already entered their names, and all no doubt will. It was intimated by S. Bettle and George Williams at the annual meeting that if this release was effected the institution would receive some legacies in due time—and I consider both those persons as virtually pledged to leave funds by will to the institution. At the last meeting of the managers this book was directed to be sent to New York, and Samuel Parsons, W. F. and L. F. Mott and others were appointed to solicit stockholders in the city and State of New York to subscribe to it. The book has since been forwarded to New York to W. and L. Mott, but 'tis reported that they are out of town, and if so, it will fall upon thee to attend to this business.

Please turn over thy bundle of letters and see if there are not several from me that await an answer.

Affectionately I remain

Thy friend,

Isaac Collins.

THE YEAR'S WORK IN THE Y. M. C. A.

IN a review of an institution such as the Young Men's Christian Association it is very difficult to fasten to tangible facts by which to measure its growth or increase. In the development of stronger manhood toward which it strives, the individual may say, "It has done me good," but there is no way to find the sum total of such good that may have been done throughout the collegiate body. Numbers oftentimes, in an enterprise like this, are misleading. The depth of purpose of the few is always more vital than the lukewarmness of the many, and nowhere is that more evident than in the Young Men's Christian Association.

It has been a common remark at Haverford that the Y. M. C. A. does not meet enough opposition to become really strong, that to join the Association is the custom which all adopt. This is in a measure true. But no one can deny that there is still abundant opportunity for real, live enthusiasm. A man does not always need the prospect of a track meet to make him take proper exercise, though this is an undeniable stimulus. The man who exercises diligently, simply out of respect for his physical nature, deserves, on the other hand, higher praise. And so in our spiritual life. To keep a careful regard for the highest things of life should be a pre-eminent ambition in the heart of every individual, even in the absence of any opposition. The strength of any Christian work is due to the sincere consecration of the individual. It is the man-to-man influence which will count in work of this kind, and if there is one thing above another on which we would lay emphasis, it is the fact that this personal influence is the one thing to bring men to an enthusiastic support of things good and things true.

To turn to a brief resume of the past year. The enrollment has been 96, while the average attendance at the Wednesday evening meetings has been 41. The Sunday evening attendance has averaged 24, partial explanation of which is found in the large number of men absent from college over Sunday. A few outside men have addressed these meetings, but for the most part we have had student leaders. Many of these meetings have been marked by a deeply spiritual tone. It may be well to note the subjects of two that were most conspicuously so. One dealt with Paul's conversion and its application to daily life, while the second was based on the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, to which we sent two delegates, who seemed to have brought back some real inspiration. The subject of the missionary spirit in daily life aroused hearty response on the part of the large number of fellows present at that meeting.

The Bible classes this year have been largely attended. This work is often taken as the register of the spiritual tone of an Association, though numbers here are not so significant as daily application and study. The average attendance in these classes has been 51, while the enrollment has reached 88.

The attendance at mission study has been much less than this, averaging 11.

What might be called the Home Missionary work of the Association has been attended with success. The work at Coopertown is reported more prosperous this year than ever before, while the Preston work has about maintained its average. The leaders of this work have emphasized the fact that the people of Preston seem to need older men in the leadership, and have asked that a general appeal be made to the college community to support this work. Not the

good we do ourselves as much as the good we do others is what counts. Let the next administration meet this need in Preston.

The Boys' Club, held in the old gymnasium at Merion Cottage, has stopped its work for the year. It has been very successful, with an enrollment of 45, and an average attendance of 20. Sixty dollars are in the treasury to continue the club next year.

The boy whom the Association has been supporting for some years in Ramallah, has graduated from the school he was in and has taken up the profession of carpenter.

The Haverford School, at Hoshangabad, India, a trade school, attended by 80 boys is still supported by the college

body, and over eighty of the one hundred dollars necessary for this work has been subscribed to date. The canvass for this money continues until the end of this year, and it is hoped to make the sum up to \$125, in order to pay for the deficiency of last year, which was made up by some friends in the community.

The alumni membership, begun three years ago, has reached 23, which number is gradually increasing. In a financial way the Association is in good condition, as the treasurer reports a balance of \$246.23.

Trusting in Him to whom we look for our guidance and help, we pray for constantly growing success on the part of the Young Men's Christian Association of Haverford. *R. J. Shortlidge.*

THE VESPERS

A LONG a vague wood-path beside a clear, flashing stream, a boy was walking with surprising agility. His dress was of deerskin, except for a curious little red woolen cap and a coarse jean shirt beneath the coat. His outer garments showed wonderful nicety of fit and care in construction. The beaded moccasins would indicate that his journey was neither far nor difficult. He glided noiselessly along with a swift but perfectly natural gait, making no attempt at concealment, and whistling as he went the air of the "Te Deum Laudamus." The sun flecked the floor of the woods with numerous patches of golden light, shining now and then upon the face of the boy radiant with health and good spirits. The surroundings were in full harmony with his youth, the fresh green moss on the rocks and fallen trunks, the gentle swaying of the hem-

locks in the June breeze, and the murmur of the stream, now and then rising to a swish and gurgle, and then a long, smooth, green glide below a short waterfall. The boy was happy; there could be no doubt of that from his actions.

He followed the course of the stream, going up the right bank by the vague footpath, crossing and recrossing by the large red stones until he came to the rude door of a log hut, built against the steep side of a hill. Without knocking he drew the deerskin thong and pushed the door open. Inside there were two couches with rough sides, raised a few inches above the floor and covered with hemlock boughs and blankets. A cupboard of rough-hewn boards stood in one corner. Through the small window in the logs the sun shone upon the floor, littered around the beds with moccasins, pouches, stray bits of leather, and a net

of home manufacture. Upon the wall hung skins and hides of different animals, a couple of heavy double-barreled flint-locks, three powder horns and as many leather bullet bags. The boy walked across the room under some dried venison and skin stretchers hanging from the ceiling to another door cut low in the wooden wall, over which was a rough wooden cross. He cautiously opened it a crack, peeped in and quietly withdrew to the outside of the hut, where he sat down upon a log bench and dangled his feet. Finally from the interior came a low, monotonous chant in a rich masculine voice, that started the boy to his feet again. As it ceased he pushed open the interior door, and entered a low cave, lighted only by two candles on each side of a shrine, above which stood an effigy of the Virgin Mary. Before this, his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes gazing intently upon the face of the statue, knelt a figure in a brown robe and cowl, with a golden crucifix hanging from the cord at his waist. The back of the small cave was in darkness when the boy closed the door and he remained motionless by the rough earth walls in the obscurity. Finally the figure at the shrine relaxed, crossed himself and turned toward the boy.

"Why do you interrupt my orisons, my son?" said he in a grave and measured tone. "I thought you had ended before I entered, my Father," replied the boy. "You have been very slow," continued the Father. "What detained you so long upon your way; did you have difficulty?" "None, Father; I did your errand and was returning, but the birds sang so sweetly and the sunshine was so bright that I lingered to enjoy them." "You did wrong, my son, to let these material things interfere with the spiritual, and here have I finished the matins, and you only now returned.

Such negligence is sinful and you must spend an extra hour at your books as penitence." Throughout the morning the boy worked at his books, painfully toiling through large pages of Latin, and frowning over Church history while the sunshine fell aslant his page and the stream laughed at him without. At times the hermit would help him and then hear him recite; then, again, he would spend long periods upon his knees at the shrine, wrapped up in divine meditation and seclusion. At one time he broke into audible prayer, earnestly beseeching that he be given strength to meet a crisis on the morrow. "O, God!" he continued, "do Thou help me to tell this youth, when he shall attain his seventeenth year to-morrow, everything as his father directed about his birth and rank. And do Thou pardon the iniquity of his parent against Thy anointed representative, our holy King Charles."

While the good Father was thus engaged the boy would let his book slide between his knees and look out of the window, as much absorbed as was his teacher within the cave, until the hermit's return recalled him to his task. "You grow dilatory, my son," the monk remarked, as he entered upon such a scene as this for the third time. "To attain the knowledge of the divinities and the history of the Holy Church one must take his mind off all carnal affairs of the world and concentrate it upon the writings of the Holy Fathers only. Can you now tell me what led up to the excommunication of Henry IV of Navarre?" And so the Father scolded the boy and the book grew heavier every moment, the sunshine was brighter and warmer and the stream really sang as it flashed wavering gleams through the cracks in the door. Again the Father withdrew for his prayers, and the boy looked out of the window until he returned. So the morning wore away, and one hour

later than usual the boy laid aside his book and entered the cave for noonday prayer in the light of the wax candles.

After a simple meal the hermit withdrew again to the shrine, leaving the boy free for a time. Once outside ecclesiastical history and Church Fathers were forgotten, and the boy was again as active as he had been in the early morning. He ran along the bank; he stripped off his clothes and plunged into the water; he sang a hymn from pure delight, and then he lay flat upon a sun-baked rock in midstream and drew in the congenial warmth. Somehow he seemed to know the stream. It could talk to him and tell him of vast forests near its source and great ships and houses near its mouth. He loved it and felt that he could trust it for it was a part of his life, a close friend and companion. And then he would lie in the shade upon the grass and watch the nesting of the birds until the time came once again to return to his book. The afternoon dragged wearily and the monotonous variation from Latin to his mother tongue made the boy drowsy. Still the hermit continued the unending succession of prayer and work, work and chant, and the afternoon wore away.

The boy was finally summoned to help prepare the evening meal. It was eaten in silence, the Father wrapped in deep meditation and the boy intent upon his venison. Another hour of freedom took the boy once more outside and he sat upon the top of the hill and watched the glorious, red sun set behind the mountains of hemlocks and spruces. The

twittering of the day birds ceased, the anxious cry of the wide-mouthed night-hawk greeted him, and a whip-poor-will began to moan upon the opposite slope.

Once more he must return to the cabin. With slow and loitering steps he crossed the familiar threshold, which he had known for years, and little did he realize that he entered for the last time. "Come, my son, to Vespers," said the hermit. "Oh, my Father," broke out the boy, "'tis so beautiful outside." "My son!" sternly began the holy man. It was enough, and together they entered the shrine, the hermit kneeling before the candles and the boy in the gloom of the door.

Slowly the Father began the evening service in clear, earnest tones, becoming totally absorbed in his religious reverie. A whip-poor-will wailed out his note back of the hut, above his very head, the boy thought, and still the Father droned away. Stealthily the boy swung open the cave door and slipped noiselessly through. Taking a flintlock, powder horn and bullet-hag, he left the hut like a shadow. He paused a moment doubtfully upon the threshold and looked back into the room, and then at the great full moon, rising over the hill. From far down the valley came the song of a vesper-sparrow. He hesitated no longer, but drew from under his shirt a small gold locket, attached it to the deer-skin latch string, and, shouldering his musket, silently stole away down the valley by the side of the rippling stream.

F. R. T., ob.



FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

Professor L. B. Hall will probably spend the summer in New England.

Professor F. B. Gummere has taken a cottage for the summer at South Dartmouth, on Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

Professor W. W. Comfort and Secretary O. M. Chase will remain at Haverford during the summer. Mr. W. H. Collins will also be here, except during the month of July.

Professor W. W. Baker, after attending the Harvard Commencement, will go to northern Indiana to camp for the remainder of the summer.

Professor A. E. Hancock has taken the house of one of the Harvard professors and expects to spend the summer in Cambridge.

Professor D. C. Barrett will be in Cambridge for a few weeks, and expects to spend the latter part of the vacation in northern New England.

Professor H. S. Pratt will be at the Marine Biological Laboratory, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, for six weeks, beginning July 2. Afterward he will go to Casco Bay, Maine.

Professor A. C. Thomas sailed from Philadelphia June 2 for Liverpool. He expects to spend most of the summer in Kendal, in the Lake District. He may do some work in English History.

Professor W. P. Mustard and Mr. F. Palmer, Jr., will go to Europe for the vacation. The former will travel in Italy and France and the latter will spend the time in Zurich, studying in preparation for his work next year at Harvard.

Mr. L. H. Rittenhouse will be engaged during the early vacation in writing some articles for an engineering cyclopedia. Later he will devote some time to the inspection of new power-plants and related works in and about New York City.

Rufus M. Jones will spend the summer working on the extensive history of the development of Quakerism, of which he is editor. The first volume, which he is personally writing, is now nearly half written. In August he will attend an English Summer School and give a course of lectures.

Dr. J. A. Babbitt expects to spend the summer at Chautauqua in scholastic and professional work. He will return early in the autumn to New York and Philadelphia to organize the Central Board of Football Officials and to adjust schedules. A general conference of officials on interpretation of rules will be held under his direction about September 25, in New York.

President Sharpless expects to remain at the College until July 17, when he will make a trip to England, on college business. His principal destination will be Cambridge. He will return on the "Campania," leaving Liverpool on September 1.

The Board of Managers has sold some sixteen acres of its land located in West Philadelphia for the sum of \$110,000. The proceeds will be placed in the general endowment fund. The land sold is on the Jacob P. Jones estate, of which about sixty-five acres, equally valuable, remain in the hands of the College.

Unfortunately for Haverford, Professor E. W. Brown has decided to sever his connection with the College. He has accepted an appointment to a professorship of mathematics at Yale University. He will, however, remain at Haverford until the summer of 1907. He came here in 1891 and was a fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, from 1889 to 1895. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of England; of the Royal Astronomical Society, and a member of the

American Mathematical, the American Philosophical and other societies. He has been engaged for many years in a new theory of the motion of the moon, which is now nearly completed. Yale University has undertaken to supply the assistance necessary to form and publish new tables of the moon's motion to

be constructed from this theory. Professor Brown will spend the summer at North Edgecomb, Me., and will probably attend the summer meeting of the American Mathematical Society to be held at New Haven during the first week of September.

Repercussus Horatii

I want no home of sordid wealth,
 No mansion wish of gilded pride;
 I want no tow'r or marbled dome,
 No echoing halls or portals wide.
 Build me a home 'neath the forest trees
 Where the woodland vines are clinging;
 Here let me live, where the violets bloom,
 And the wild wood-thrush is singing!

O the smell of the blossoms sweet on the air,
 And the boughs that wave in the breeze;
 The dancing ferns and the velvet moss,
 And the cool, green shade of the trees!
 Where, in every nook of woodland dell,
 The May apple's shoots are springing;
 Here let me live, where the violets bloom
 And the wild wood-thrush is singing!

Thine be the searching for wealth and power,
 Thine be the cities of hate and strife;
 Thine be the toil for the treasures of earth;
 Thine the rewards of a barren life;
 But let *me* live where the violets bloom,
 And with Love the woods are ringing;
 Where Love is the King that rules all hearts,
 And the wild wood-thrush is singing!

T. C. D., '08.

Triolet

Adorable Dora—
 Shure ye've wan kiss for Barney!
 Lass, give it—begorra,
 Adorable Dora,

It's oft that ye've swore I
 Was fine at the blarney!
 Adorable Dora,
 Shure ye've wan kiss for Barney?
 —*J. T. T., '08.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

NOTES

'52. William E. Newhall died May 2d, 1906, as the result of a fall.

'65. Benjamin E. Vail, of Rahway, N. J., Judge of Union County, was appointed by Governor Stokes, of New Jersey, a Judge of the Circuit Court.

'76. F. H. Taylor has recently resigned his position as second vice president of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. But a short time ago he returned from an extended trip through Mexico. He expects soon to travel through Europe.

'85. The engagement is announced of William F. Wickersham, principal of Westtown Boarding School, to Miss Winona Crew, of Friends' Select School, Philadelphia. Miss Crew is a sister of Prof. Henry Crew, who was Professor of Physics at Haverford from 1888 to 1891.

~~Ex~~'89. Cornelias Jansen announces his engagement to Miss Christine Fossler, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

'92. The engagement has been announced of William H. Nicholson, Jr., to Miss Katherine Leonard Lea, of Philadelphia.

'92. Walter M. Hart spent a few days in Philadelphia during May on his way to Cambridge, Mass. He expects to devote the summer to study in the Harvard Library, before returning to his home in Berkeley, Cal., where he is instructor in English in the University of California.

'96. George H. Deuell died May 5th, 1906, of pneumonia.

'96. Paul D. I. Maier was married on April 28th to Miss Anna M. Shinn, at Friends' Meeting House, Twelfth

street, Philadelphia. J. Henry Scattergood, '96, was best man. Among the ushers were Benjamin Cadbury, '92; W. S. Vaux, '93; L. Hollingsworth Wood and C. H. Howson, both of '96.

'00. E. B. Taylor, Jr., who has recently been connected with the Western branches of the P. R. R., has received a promotion and takes up his new work in and about Pittsburg.

'03. Robert Louis Simkin was married to Miss Margaret Lowenhaupt on May 1st, at Ossining, N. Y.

'03. O. E. Duer, who is connected with the Westinghouse Company's district office in San Francisco, fortunately escaped injury during the recent earthquake.

'04. Bernard Lester, of the Sales Department of the Westinghouse Company, has recently been elected a junior member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and an associate member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He is located at the Amber Club, Pittsburg, Pa., of which he is an officer.

'04. E. P. West, who has been located in the Philadelphia office of the Westinghouse Company, has left that company to work for the L. T. Edwards Engineering Company.

'05. A. E. Alexander is with the Jones & Laughlin Steel Works in Pittsburg, where he is connected with the engineering department.

'05. H. K. Stein is taking the apprentice course at the Westinghouse Company's works in Pittsburg.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

The annual exercises of the Junior Class were held in Roberts Hall, on May 18, at 8 P. M. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity, there being about a thousand people present. The entertainment consisted of an original play, entitled "Woman and Superwoman." The plot was as follows: "Mike Newcomb" and "George Mendel" are to have a tea in their rooms on the afternoon of a cricket match with Cornell. A telegram arrives for George, saying that his aunt, who is to chaperone the affair, will not arrive until late. At this point "Jack Reade" bursts into the room, dressed in the costume he is to wear to a mask ball. He is captured and imprisoned and made to take the part of George's aunt. The girls arrive and Jack is in the midst of his chaperoning when the real aunt appears. Curtain.

The cast was as follows:

Muriel Nelson, George's Aunt, the Woman
Emmett R. Tatnall
 Jack Reade, the Super-Woman,
Samuel J. Gummere
 Rastus Washington, Janitor,
John W. Nicholson, Jr.
 George Mendel, A Junior. George C. Craig
 Mike Newcomb, George's roommate,
Michael H. March
 Howard Newcomb, a Freshman, Mike's
 Brother Howard H. Shoemaker
 Van Tuyl Livingston, Jack's roommate,
Ira J. Dodge
 Alex. Miller, a visitor from Cornell,
Alexander N. Warner
 "Buck" Herbert, a Junior. . . Wm. H. Haines
 Buttons, Valet to Mike and George,
Jose Padin
 Harold Newcomb, Mike's Uncle and an
 old lover of Muriel Nelson's,
Harold Evans
 Betty Miller, Sister of Alex.,
Francis D. Godley
 Marian Baker, Jack's girl. . W. Butler Windle
 Alice Smith. Wm. R. Rossmæssier
 Molly Baird. Karl J. Barr
 Eliza Johnson, a Washerwoman,
Paul W. Brown

Cricket Chorus—Edward C. Tatnall, Joseph C. Birdsall, George B. Comfort, Walter L. Croll, Ernest F. Jones, James P. Magill, T. Cornell B. March, George H. Wood.

Cat Quartet—K. J. Barr, Paul W. Brown, John W. Nicholson, Jr., Edward C. Tatnall.

POSTSCENII CURATORES.

Arthur E. Brown, William S. Eldridge.

Scene: Room of Mike and George at College.

Time: Afternoon of cricket game with Cornell.

Committee—Wilbur Hamilton Haines, chairman; Ira Jacob Dodge, Harold Evans, Samuel James Gummere, Michael Henry March, John Whitall Nicholson, Jr., Howard Hey Shoemaker.

The quadrangle of the campus was strung with Japanese lanterns and there refreshments were served to the guests after the play, while a band stationed near the sun-dial furnished music. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated, the prevailing colors being green and white.

The play was rendered especially attractive by the musical numbers, written by J. W. Nicholson, Jr.

The Alumni Oratorical Contest for Seniors and Juniors was held on Tuesday evening, May 22, in Roberts Hall. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

1. A Roman Stoic. . . Harold Evans
2. The Torch Bearers,
Elliott Bartram Richards
3. Modern Despotism,
Walter Carson
4. Stephen A. Douglas—Patriot,
Warren Koons Miller
5. The Golden Rule,
Donald Cornog Baldwin
6. The Strength of the Hills,
Ira Jacob Dodge

The contest was won by Harold Evans, '07.

CRICKET—1906

With an eleven considerably weakened by the loss of C. C. Morris, R. L. Pearson and others who left last spring, the season was opened on Saturday, April 28th, at Frankford, when the Country Club won by 4 wickets and 3 runs. With the exception of J. P. Magill and A. T. Lowry, Haverford seemed unable to master the bowling of the Frankford team, particularly of W. S. Evans, who obtained six wickets for 34 runs. A. L. Hilles played a careful innings for the home team. The score in detail:

HAVERFORD.

1—F. D. Godley, c. Winter, b. Potts.....	0
2—A. T. Lowry, c. Winter, b. Evans...	23
3—E. A. Edwards, c. Potts, b. Evans...	3
4—J. P. Magill, l. b. w. Pacey.....	25
5—H. W. Doughien, Jr., b. Evans.....	2
6—S. J. Gummere, c. Pacey, b. Evans....	0
7—T. S. Evans, b. Evans	0
7—H. Evans, b. Evans	0
8—J. D. Philips, c. Potts, b. Evans.....	6
9—H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Pacey	7
10—C. Brown, not out	12
11—A. E. Brown, c. Hilles, b. Pacey.....	11
Extras	7
—	—
Total	96

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Potts	78	6	36	1
W. S. Evans	90	6	34	6
Pacey	51	0	15	3
Heston	6	0	4	0

FRANKFORD C. C.

1—W. W. Foulkrod, Jr., c. Lowry, b. Pleasants	26
2—W. S. Evans, b. Pleasants.....	1
3—Pacey, b. Pleasants	7
4—J. W. Potts, b. Godley	20
5—F. R. Hansell, st. C. Brown, b. Godley	0
6—A. L. Hilles, not out	30
7—R. W. Hilles, c. Magill, b. Pleasants...	8
8—B. Saddington, not out	1
9—A. G. Singer, did not bat
10—C. H. Winter, did not bat
11—C. B. Heston, Jr., did not bat.....	..
Extras	6
—	—
Total for six wickets	99

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants	108	5	38	4
Godley	96	1	47	2
A. E. Brown	12	0	8	0

First XI vs. Alumni

On Saturday, May 5th, we again had to acknowledge defeat by Dr. Lester's picked team of Alumni. A glance at the score, however, and the names of our opponents will show that the playing of the undergraduates was not at all discreditable. Lester's batting and the fact that 30 byes (five of them boundaries) were scored for the first eleven were the features of the game. The score:

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

1—F. D. Godley, b. Patton	10
2—A. T. Lowry, b. A. C. Wood.....	11
3—J. D. Philips, run out	16
4—J. P. Magill, b. A. C. Wood.....	4
5—E. A. Edwards, c. Sharp, b. Lester....	3
6—H. W. Doughien, Jr., c. Wood, b. Patton	7
7—C. T. Brown, run out	2
8—H. Evans, run out	3
9—H. Pleasants, Jr., c. and b. Lester....	29
10—S. J. Gummere, c. Sharp, b. Priestman	8
11—A. E. Brown, not out.....	2
Extras	31
—	—
Total	126

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Priestman	44	1	17	1
Patton	48	1	33	2
Wood	48	0	15	2
Lester	78	3	30	2

HAVERFORD ALUMNI.

1—C. C. Morris, c. Magill, b. Pleasants.	5
2—H. H. Morris, c. Evans, b. Godley...	23
3—R. H. Patton, c. Godley, b. Pleasants.	18
4—A. C. Wood, c. C. T. Brown, b. A. E. Brown	18
5—J. A. Lester, retired	45
6—A. G. Scattergood, b. A. E. Brown...	1
7—S. W. Mifflin, c. Edwards, b. A. E. Brown	17
8—J. W. Sharp, c. Doughien, b. A. E. Brown	12

9—A. G. Priestman, b. Pleasants.....	0
10—J. H. Scattergood, not out.....	9
11—A. L. Bailey, not out	1
Extras	3
<hr/>	
Total for 8 wickets.....	152

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants	96	1	59	3
Godley	36	0	33	1
A. E. Brown	54	1	57	4

First XI vs. Next XV

The second team in the annual match defeated the first eleven in a close match played on Cope Field, May 8th. Pleasants, with 50, made almost half the first eleven's score, while Spaeth batted a careful 37 for the Next Fifteen. Godley's bowling was fully up to his standard. Score: First XI, 102; Second XV, 117.

NEXT XV.

S. G. Spaeth, c. Edwards, b. A. E. Brown	37
W. H. Haines, c. Doughten, b. Pleasants..	0
P. W. Brown, c. Philips, b. Godley.....	3
T. K. Sharpless, b. Godley	2
W. Kurtz, 2d, b. Godley.....	5
J. W. Nicholson, Jr., l. b. w. Pleasants...	1
C. F. Scott, c. Edwards, b. Godley	1
J. B. Clement, c. Godley.....	0
C. K. Drinker, c. Evans, b. Godley.....	4
E. F. Bainbridge, c. A. E. Brown, b.	
Lowry	8
E. Wright, b. Pleasants	11
Myers, c. Philips, b. Brown	0
F. C. Bailey, b. Godley	18
J. C. Thomas, b. Godley	14
Brey, not out	3

First XI vs. Moorestown

This game, played at Moorestown, on May 12th, resulted in a decisive victory for Haverford, notwithstanding the fact that five wickets fell for "ducks." Smith, of Moorestown, secured six wickets for 34 runs, but Godley put his efforts in the shade by obtaining the same number for a total of 18. Spaeth batted well, hitting eight balls to the boundaries for four. The score:

1—F. D. Godley, c. Smith, b. Marien.....	26
2—J. P. Magill, c. Smith, b. Wood.....	15
3—E. A. Edwards, run out	11
4—H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. Richie, b. Ma-	
rien	1
5—S. G. Spaeth, not out	48
6—H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Smith.....	0
7—H. Evans, l. b. w. Smith	0
8—C. T. Brown, c. Wood, b. Smith.....	24
9—S. J. Gummere, b. Smith	0
10—H. Haines, c. Roberts, b. Smith.....	0
11—A. E. Brown, b. Smith	0
Extras	6
<hr/>	
Total	131

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Smith	112	7	34	6
Marien	66	2	26	2
W. Richie	30	1	29	0
Wood	12	0	9	1
Guest	18	0	22	0

MOORESTOWN FIELD CLUB.

1—E. Guest, b. Pleasants	2
2—D. R. Richie, c. Edwards, b. A. E.	
Brown	21
3—A. C. Wood, Jr., c. Evans, b. Godley..	5
4—Smith, b. Godley	1
5—W. H. Richie, c. C. T. Brown, b.	
Pleasants	5
6—E. R. Richie, b. Godley	5
7—A. E. Marien, c. Magill, b. Godley....	0
8—D. H. Roberts, b. Godley	3
9—J. S. Stokes, c. Magill, b. Godley.....	16
10—J. W. Nicholson, Jr., run out.....	0
11—G. McAllister, not out	1
Extras	5
<hr/>	
Total	64

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants	72	5	26	2
Godley	94	8	18	6
A. E. Brown	24	0	14	1

First XI vs. Philadelphia C. C.

Haverford defeated Philadelphia at Wissahickon, May 17th, by the score of 160 to 65. Lowry and Pleasants made the most runs, with 57 and 45 respectively to their credit. The score:

HAVERFORD.

F. D. Godley, c. Harris, b. Welsh.....	8
J. P. Magill, c. Norris, b. Welsh.....	14
A. T. Lowry, c. Dixon, b. Norris.....	57
E. A. Edwards, b. Norris	2
H. W. Doughten, Jr., l. b. w. Norris.....	9
S. G. Spaeth, l. b. w. Norris.....	0
C. T. Brown, c. Clark, b. Norris.....	0
H. Pleasants, Jr., b. Woolley	45
J. D. Philips, c. Mason, b. Gray.....	0
H. Evans, c. Dixon, b. Norris.....	11
A. E. Brown, not out	1
Extras	13
Total	160

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Norris	92	3	51	6
S. Welsh	48	1	36	2
H. L. Clark	24	0	21	0
L. Gray	36	0	15	1
Woolley	36	2	15	1

PHILADELPHIA C. C.

T. H. Dixon, c. Lowry, b. Godley.....	7
G. Woolley, c. Lowry, b. Pleasants.....	5
H. L. Clark, c. Magill, b. Pleasants.....	3
E. Norris, c. Philips, b. Pleasants.....	10
J. H. Mason, c. Godley, b. A. E. Brown..	5
S. Welsh, b. Godley	1
L. Gray, run out	19
C. Grabam, b. Pleasants	1
J. S. Smith, c. C. T. Brown, b. A. E. Brown	2
M. Harris, not out	9
W. Logan, b. A. E. Brown	0
Extras	3
Total	65

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Pleasants	90	4	33	4
Godley	54	1	19	2
A. E. Brown	33	0	10	3

First XI vs. Germantown C. C.

Considering the fact that Manheim had four teams playing Saturday, May 19th, and that only nine men turned up on Cope Field to play Haverford, it is not surprising that the College should win; but there is no apparent excuse for the disparity in the scores. Godley bat-

ted a magnificent 55, and the bowling of Godley and Pleasants was of a high order. Score: Haverford, 155; Germantown, 17.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

F. D. Godley, c. Jordan, b. Clark.....	55
J. P. Magill, b. Green.....	3
A. T. Lowry, c. and b. Clark.....	14
E. A. Edwards, c. Middleton, b. Clark...	0
H. W. Doughten, Jr., c. Jordan, b. Middleton ...	14
S. G. Spaeth, l. b. w. Middleton.....	5
H. Pleasants, Jr., c. Tripp, b. Middleton..	16
C. T. Brown, l. b. w. Clark	0
H. Evans, c. Jordan, b. Middleton.....	7
J. D. Philips, not out	26
A. E. Brown, b. Green	0
Extras	15
Total	155

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
P. H. Clark.....	126	4	38	6
F. A. Greene	94	2	41	1
Middleton	66	1	57	4
Mann	18	0	13	0

Germantown C. C.

H. N. Middleton, c. A. E. Brown, b. Godley	7
F. A. Greene, ct. C. T. Brown, b. Pleasants ..	0
T. C. Jordan, c. C. T. Brown, b. Godley...	3
P. H. Clark, c. S. G. Spaeth, b. Godley....	3
L. E. Madeira, b. Pleasants	0
W. B. Mann, l. b. w. Godley.....	2
A. W. Goodfellow, c. and b. Pleasants.....	0
W. B. Mellor, b. Lowry	0
H. Tripp, b. Pleasants	0
R. H. Spaeth, b. Pleasants	0
A. B. Morton, not out.....	0
Extras	2
Total	17

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
H. Pleasants, Jr.....	36	3	9	5
F. D. Godley	30	1	7	4
A. T. Lowry	2	c	c	1

TRACK

Haverford vs. N. Y. U.

The results of the track meet between Haverford and New York University on Walton Field, May 4th, were as follows:

120-yard hurdles—First, Brown, Haverford; second, Sullivan, N. Y. U. Time, 16 1-5 seconds.

Half-mile—First, Banderman, N. Y. U.; second, Reid, Haverford. Time, 2 minutes 44-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—First, Sullivan, N. Y. U.; second, Tonsor, N. Y. U. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

Two-mile—First, Miller, Haverford; second, Smith, N. Y. U.

220-yard dash—First, Sullivan, N. Y. U.; second, Tonsor, N. Y. U. Time, 23 4-5 seconds.

One mile—First, Tatnall, Haverford; second, Hyatt, N. Y. U. Time, 4 minutes 49 3-5 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—First, Brown, Haverford; second, Johnston, N. Y. U.

Quarter-mile—First, Craigin, N. Y. U.; second, Tonsor, N. Y. U. Time, 53 2-5 seconds.

High jump—Tie for first between J. Phillips, Haverford, and Wylie, N. Y. U. Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Broad jump—First, Brown, Haverford; second, Tippet, N. Y. U. Distance, 20 feet 7½ inches.

Pole vault—First, Bushnell, Haverford; second, Lowry, Haverford. Height, 10 feet ½-inch.

Putting shot—First, Schwartz, N. Y. U.; second, Jones, Haverford. Distance, 36 feet.

Throwing hammer—First, Lowry, Haverford; second, Brown, N. Y. U. Distance, 113 feet 3 inches.

Total points—N. Y. U., 64; Haverford, 56.

Bushnell, of Haverford, made a new college record of 10 feet ½-inch in the pole vault.

Haverford vs. Wesleyan

Results of meet with Wesleyan, at Middletown, Conn., May 12:

100-Yard Dash—Won by McCormic, Wesleyan; second, Kent, Wesleyan. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

Half-mile Run—Won by Smith, Wesleyan; second, Gray, Wesleyan. Time, 2 minutes, 14 seconds.

120-Yard Hurdles—Won by T. K. Brown, Jr., Haverford; second, J. Bushnell, Jr., Haverford. Time 17 3-5 seconds.

Two-Mile Run—Won by Miller, Haverford; second, Benson, Wesleyan. Time, 10 minutes 23 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by McCormic, Wesleyan; second, Kent, Wesleyan. Time, 24 seconds.

One-Mile Run—Won by Tatnall, Haverford; second, Gray, Wesleyan. Time, 4 minutes 44 4-5 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdles—Won by Kent, Wesleyan; second, T. K. Brown, Jr., Haverford. Time, 26 3-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by McCormic, Wesleyan; second, Moore, Jr., Wesleyan. Time, 55 seconds.

Pole Vault—Won by A. T. Lowry and J. Bushnell, Jr., Haverford, tied at 9 feet 6 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Kent, Wesleyan; second, T. K. Brown, Jr., Haverford. Distance, 21 feet 2 inches.

High Jump—Won by Philips, Haverford; second, Gatch, Wesleyan. Height, 5 feet 5½ inches.

Shot Put—Won by Dearborn, Wesleyan; second, Jones, Haverford. Distance, 39 feet 6 inches.

Hammer Throw—Won by Jones, Haverford; second, Dearborn, Wesleyan. Distance, 119 feet 9 inches.

Discus Throw—Won by Dearborn, Wesleyan; second, Jones, Haverford. Distance, 117 feet.

Score: Wesleyan, 64; Haverford, 48.

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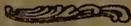
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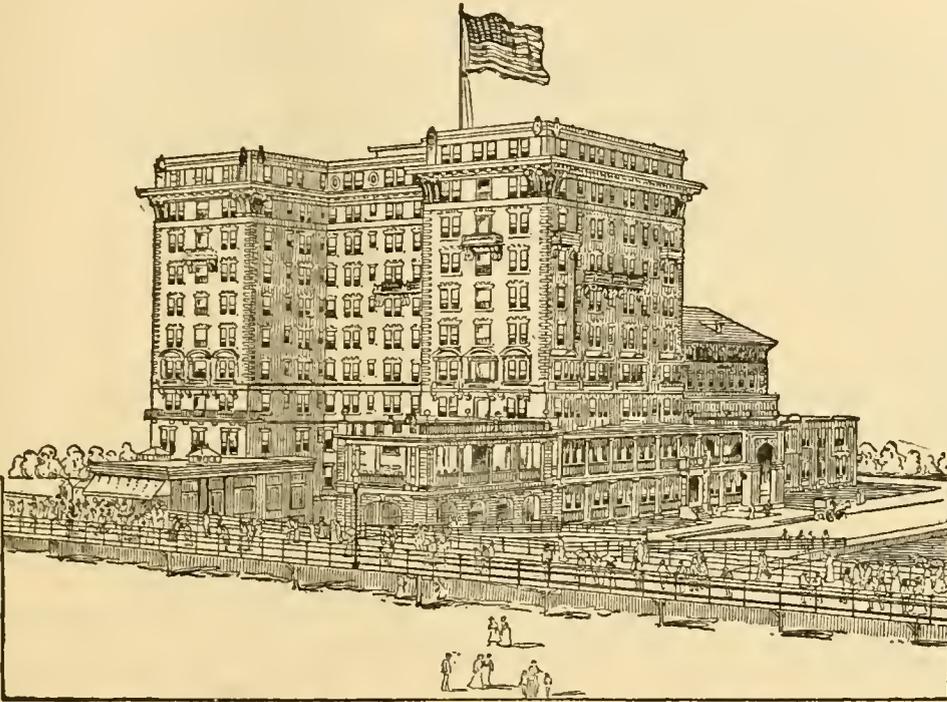
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HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1906

No. 5

IT is with a marked degree of pleasure that we resume our editorial pen after the lapse of three months. Naturally our chief interest about this time lies in the prospects for the ensuing year. We are glad to inform our graduate readers that the Freshman Class is the largest in the history of the college, and the total number of students is greater than ever before.

**Incidental
to the
Opening of
College**

The number of Seniors is swelled by eight new men, graduates of other colleges, who have come to take the Senior year at Haverford.

As soon as the college year ended last June, work was begun upon the new power plant. This is not yet finished, but work is progressing rapidly upon it, and when it is completed it will be thoroughly adequate for the increasing demands upon it for many years to come.

The dormitories underwent the usual improvement and repair during the sum-

mer, but no extensive alterations were made. The fact that all the accommodations for students are crowded to the limit brings before us the fact that increased dormitory room must soon be considered along with a new Science Building, which at present is the crying need of Haverford.

In greeting the new men in college, on behalf of the undergraduate body, we would say that we are glad they have decided to come to Haverford, and in their growth into true Haverfordians we know that they will get a training that will make them realize what an invaluable decision theirs has been.

There are many things that could well be said to Freshmen that might aid them in getting definite objects in college and in life, but we refer them for their particular problems to the Faculty and reliable upper classmen, who are always glad to aid, in any manner, new men in college. We can sum up our own sermon in this general motto, "Don't drift." Get

definite ideas about your course in college and in the very beginning get before you definite objects and ideals as to your physical, intellectual, social and spiritual lives.

NATURALLY we are all vitally interested in foot ball just at present—in the success of the new rules and in our own prospects. As usual, Haverford

**Football
For the Fun
of It**

will have a light team, and assurance and speed must be relied upon to develop a winning team. Eight of the old team are back and there is promising material among a few of last year's scrub and the new men, but the candidates will not approach in weight the men whom the team has lost.

Coach Thorn is greatly missed from the field practice, but as he is engaged in business in Philadelphia it is almost impossible for him to get here for the work, and any time devoted to it during the day will be at great personal sacrifice. His energy and spirit of leadership are felt among the team, however, and much benefit will be derived from the technical coaching he will give the men during the season.

He has adopted this very wise but unusual policy as the basis of foot ball here, that is, "To play the game for the fun there is in it." With this platform, whether we win or lose our games this season, we shall, here at Haverford, lift the game to the level of a true sport.

THE Board of Editors regrets to announce the withdrawal of Thomas C. Desmond from college, and his consequent resignation from the Board.

Desmond has gone to Harvard to study technical chemistry. We take this occasion to invite all men in the three lower classes, desiring to do so, to enter the competition for the vacancy on the Board.

The Editor-in-Chief may be consulted about requirements deciding election at any time.

LAST year, about mid-years and finals particularly, but all through the year, we heard complaints because the Library was not open in the evening.

**Merely
a
Suggestion**

Not only is it inconvenient to realize about eight in the evening that a book or reference needed the next day is then securely locked in the Library, which closed its doors at six o'clock, but also the Library offers an excellent place to study quietly without interruption, and to study with all necessary books at hand. No other place on the campus offers such a scholarly atmosphere conducive to study as the Library,—not even Barclay Hall.

Perhaps the need is not urgent enough to warrant it being open during the evenings throughout the year, but it certainly is for the month preceding the mid-years and finals. And yet we are optimistic and believe that the "Open Library" would be appreciated and used—nay more, that we might look forward to the day when its influence would be so potent that a new species of student might be developed here, which, eschewing theatres, society and other ordinary collegiate pursuits, would spend their evenings in scholarly, academic ramblings among the books in Alumni Hall.

world there are representatives from the earliest colonial times to the present, a characteristic letter of the once famous Lorenzo Dow being among them. Of the European prelates are letters of Cardinals Antonelli, Manning, Newman and Wiseman.

In literature the collection is most interesting, containing many letters of great value. British poets from Dryden to Swinburne, prose writers from Francis Bacon to John Ruskin, novelists from Richardson to Sir Walter Besant, are all represented. America's poets, prose writers and novelists are well represented, and also many foreign writers of note.

Among the most interesting letters of English poets are those of the Brownings, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, Cowper, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. Burns' letter is particularly characteristic, ending with "I always remember Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Kennedy in my poetic prayers, but you both in prose and verse.

"May cauld ne'er catch you but a hap,
Nor Hunger, but in Plenty's lap;
Amen!"

The letter of John Keats, written to Fanny Brown, is possibly his most passionate love letter, and is the one referred to by Matthew Arnold in his Essay on Keats. Sidney Smith's and Dean Swift's letters are conspicuous for interest among the prose writers of English literature.

Letters of especial interest in other fields are those of John Bright, Piron, Racine, Melancthon, William IV and Mary II, of England; William IV writing to a Quaker, using the Friends' language; and Mary II, writing when a child to her mother.

In American history such men as Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, John Dickinson, Patrick Henry, Silas Deane, George

Clymer, Henry Laurens, Robert Morris, the Lees, and Livingstons, and in later times, Abraham Lincoln, are represented by letters of great historical value.

In one of Clymer's letters the servant question is discussed at some length, and in one of Henry Laurens' he writes wishing to engage an English master, giving the branches to be taught and the necessary requirements, quite interesting from an educational standpoint. Silas Deane's letter extols the character of Benjamin Franklin.

Of the President's wives, perhaps the most entertaining letters are those of Martha Washington, wanting her miniatures set on bracelets, and Abigail Adams, referring to a friend suffering with St. Anthony's fire, and Rachel Jackson, speaking of New Orleans.

One more letter needs special mention, that of the unfortunate Major John André. The specimen in this collection is unusually fine and extremely valuable. It is written in 1778, from Reading, to Caleb Cope, in Lancaster.

Those interested in philosophy, science, or art will also find much profit in referring to the many specimens representing these classes.

The result of Mr. Roberts' forty years of untiring labor is a collection surpassed by few if any private collectors. Haverford College is greatly enriched by such a collection as it now possesses through the kindness and generosity of Mrs. Roberts.

So, in a spare hour, anyone may surely find something to interest him in some old letter which takes him back to days before the telegraph and telephone, before steam traffic and automobiles,—to times when the "express" was waiting while he was writing the letter, and it must go by that post or wait a week or perhaps a month for the next conveyance.

THE CHARLES ROBERTS AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION

In 1903, Haverford College received from Mrs. Charles Roberts the gift of her husband's famous collection of autograph letters. Mr. Charles Roberts was a graduate of the college and for thirty years a member of its Board of Managers. The letters are kept in a fire-proof room especially built for them in Roberts Hall.

Mr. Roberts made his collection between the years 1860 and 1900, and his aim was not merely to possess the letter, but that the letter should be a characteristic one of its author, hence there are many letters of rare interest and value.

During the last year Mrs. Roberts had four thousand or about one-half the whole number of these letters catalogued. The collection, while especially strong in American history, by no means confines itself to that subject, but includes literary writers of all countries, theologians, bishops, clergymen, artists, European royalty and statesmen, generals, admirals, etc.

In American history the most valuable collection is that of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, there being only three other complete sets in the country, the letters or even the signatures of some of these men being almost impossible to obtain; for instance, that of Thomas Lynch, Jr., who was drowned at sea while still a very young man.

There are also complete sets of the Delegates to the Albany Convention, 1754; members of the Stamp Act Congress, 1765; members of the Congress of 1774; the signers of the Articles of Confederation; all the members of the old Continental Congress, and the Presidents of Congress; delegates to the Annapolis

Convention, 1786; framers of the United States Constitution; members of the first Congress; Generals of the Revolution; Washington's aides-de-camp; the British and the French Generals in the Revolution; the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States; Cabinet officers, Senators and Congressmen.

In other fields the collection represents English royalty from Henry VII to Victoria, excepting only Edward VI and Mary the Catholic; the most prominent English statesmen and premiers from William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, to Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury. Prominent in this set are Edmund Burke, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Benjamin Disraeli, William Gladstone, Warren Hastings, Lord North, Sir Robert Peel, William Pitt, Lord Palmerston and Sir William Temple.

In French history nearly all the French kings are represented, from Louis XI to Louis XVIII, and the most prominent French statesmen; among them being the Duc de Sully, Colbert, Cardinal Mazarin, Louis Philepeaux, Rumusat, Talleyrand and Thiers.

Besides the French and English there is a good representation of the sovereigns and statesmen of the other European countries, among them Catherine II, of Russia; Charles V, of Germany; Charles XI and XII, of Sweden, Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain; Frederick the Great, of Prussia; Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; Paul I, of Prussia; John De Witt, John of Austria, and Louis Kosuth.

Clergymen of all creeds and countries form a large and interesting part of the collection. In the American religious

ALASKA

The conception of Alaska in the minds of the general public is, I think, judging from my own of a year ago, a very hazy one. The average person has heard of the Klondike gold mines, the seal fisheries, and the rigors of the climate, but that is about as far as his knowledge goes. The Portland fair has done much to bring Alaska before the eyes of the people. During the summer hundreds of persons took advantage of the reduced excursion rates and made the trip. There are at present two important steamship lines which run boats on a regular schedule from Seattle and San Francisco; these are the Pacific Coast and the Alaskan Steamship Companies. Some of the steamers carry only passengers and mail, while others take also freight. I hear from home that it often took a shorter time—about five days—for my letters to reach there from Alaska than it does now from San Francisco, which is about six days. These steamers make it just as easy and almost as cheap to buy all kinds of fruits, such as cantaloups, peaches, oranges, plums, pears, etc., in Juneau as in Seattle. Many articles of merchandise sell at the very same price.

I visited only southeast Alaska, going as far north as Juneau, the capital, which is about three hundred miles north of Seattle. The whole coast line is very rugged and broken. It is just as if, at some pre-historic time, great masses of lava had flowed into the sea, and on coming into contact with the water had cracked up into thousands upon thousands of small, jagged islands with many deep and narrow ship passages between. Except for a stretch of some twenty-five miles, the whole voyage from Seattle to

Juneau is through these inland waters, which never feel the swell from the ocean. Beautiful snow-capped mountains, their sides densely wooded with fir, spruce, and pine, shut in the passage on both sides for nearly its whole length. All the many dense Alaska forests are very full of game, such as deer, black and brown bears, and goats, but especially deer, of which there are thousands. It is almost impossible, however, to pursue them through the forests.

Many of the bays are full of wild geese and ducks, and the waters are well stocked with fish—salmon, rock cod, bass and halibut. The very cold water makes the flesh of the fish especially fine and firm. Hair seal are very plentiful, but are scarcely ever molested. My first sight of a whale was in Alaska. We saw a great many of them sporting together in the different bays which we were surveying.

Mining copper and gold is the chief industry of southeast Alaska. There was hardly a port at which we stopped that did not have its copper or gold mine. The supply of copper on the large Prince of Wales Island is apparently without limit. You see signs of copper in almost every stone; there are dozens of mines over the island, but they are still in the very first stages of development. To open a copper mine requires very expensive machinery, so that only very wealthy persons or corporations can afford the initial outlay. Two large mines which we visited had already spent over \$400,000 each for big smelters, modern mining machinery, tunneling, etc., and only one of them was just then beginning to receive any returns. The two most common kinds of ore are the glittering yellow copper

sulphide and the beautiful green copper sulphate, which, before being exposed to the weather, looks just like green bottle glass. The top of Copper Mountain, the highest peak (about 4,000 feet), on Prince of Wales Island, is composed almost entirely of this green sulphate. New claims are being registered and staked out every year, but there are still a great many left. There are also many gold mines, but few of them have begun operations. The Treadwell mine, near Juneau, is, however, an exception. It is about the largest gold mine in the world; last year it cleaned up over \$2,000,000 worth. It contains a very low grade ore, but the owners have installed the most modern machinery and are able to make the mine pay enormously. At present, in this part of Alaska, there is no placer mining done.

Next to mining, the most important industry is the canning and the salting of salmon. There is hardly a town which does not have its cannery or its saltery. The largest cannery is at Loring. Every summer during the two or three months of the open season it puts up 80,000 cases, four dozen cans to each case. It employs about 135 men, mostly Chinese from San Francisco, a few Japanese and some Indians. Most of the canneries use only modern up-to-date machinery, which shows many very ingenious inventions for cleaning, cutting up, washing, and canning the fish. The whole process is as clean as is possible to make it; after the fish enters the cutter, only the steel fingers of the machines touch it, while a strong jet of cold water, brought from some nearby mountain stream, plays on it and washes it clean. The mountain stream as a rule also runs all the machinery. There are several government hatcheries to keep the rivers stocked with young salmon. In addition to these, the Alaska Packers' Association, which owns

most of the canneries, maintains several hatcheries of its own. That at Loring hatched during the summer over 1,000,000 eggs.

Lumbering is quite an important industry, but no lumber is allowed to be taken out of Alaska. The whole of Prince of Wales Island has been made a government forest reserve, and no timber can be cut for any purpose whatever, except by special permission from Washington. This has very much retarded the growth of mining, but will preserve for all time the deer and other wild game, as these forests are almost impenetrable for the white man.

The very rough and mountainous nature of the country in southeast Alaska will, I think, prevent any very extensive agriculture. Garden truck, however, is grown very successfully. The long hours of sunshine in the summer months make such products as potatoes, turnips, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, peas, and all kinds of berries mature very quickly. In Juneau, on the longest day, the sun rises about 2.50 A. M. and sets about 9.10 P. M. The salmon berry, much like a very large raspberry, grows wild everywhere in great abundance. The strawberry also grows wild, but is not nearly so widely distributed. Wild flowers, such as lilies, columbine, asters, blue bells, and a host of others, whose names I did not know, grow in wonderful profusion wherever there is an open space in the forest. On all the mountain tops above the timber line they cover the ground with a most beautiful carpet of many colors. In most of the important towns, such as Ketchikan, Loring, Wrangell, Juneau and Sitka, the Indians maintain very attractive flower gardens. In these, however, mostly imported flowers are grown.

In all the towns we visited, except Juneau, the Indians furnished the bulk

of the population. They live mostly in two-story frame houses. These are generally heated by an old cast-iron stove, the smoke from which escapes into the room, as only a very few houses have chimneys. The interior of the average Indian house contains many evil smells. All the waste from the cooking, old bones, and even sometimes the offal of slaughtered animals is allowed to lie on the floor and decay. As quite the natural consequence these Indians suffer a great deal from skin diseases. There are several notable exceptions, however, the most striking of these being the Metlakatla Indians. The men are fine, strong, handsome people, and the women and little children are really very pretty. These Indians, through the aid of their minister, a Mr. Duncan, with whom they emigrated from British Columbia to their present location, have become highly civilized. It is said they never smoke, swear or drink. There are some six or seven hundred of them, and they have a fine church, a school, gymnasium, fire and water departments, and own and operate a large cannery.

One of the most interesting subjects for study in connection with the Alaskan Indians is the totem poles which they erect in front of their houses and over their graves. The grave totem is generally a very grotesque carved wood representation of some animal, which is the distinguishing totem of the family or tribe; every family is, or at least was, supposed to have its own peculiar totem.

The animals most frequently seen are the bear, the seal, the beaver, the whale, the grampus, the eagle, etc. Now that the Indians have come in contact with the white man, they often erect plain marble shafts. In one place I saw, waving over the grave of quite a prominent chief, who had just been buried, a large, brand new American flag. Evidently he considered it a powerful totem. As is common with most of the Indian graves, this chief had built over his a pretty little grave house, while scattered around it and nailed to its sides were many of his personal belongings. One of our men got from a grave totem, in a deserted Indian village, what had been, before the weather rusted it, a good Winchester rifle. The totem poles which the Indians erect in front of their houses are generally more elaborate than the grave totems. They are often 30 feet or more in height and about 2 feet in diameter at the base. These poles are supposed to tell the history of the man and his family. At the top of the pole is his distinguishing totem, a beaver, bear, eagle, or some other animal, and below is a long series of elaborate carvings, showing the family's lineage, often tracing it all the way back to the Raven, which, according to the Indian legend, was the origin of all life. The Indians often carve out of black stone miniature totem poles from eight to thirty inches in height. These are kept inside the house. They can be bought, but are quite expensive, the regular market price being one dollar an inch.

Arthur Crowell, '01.

“THE MILL NEVER GRINDS AGAIN WITH THE WATER THAT IS PAST”

The old cotton mill along Cobb's Creek is a most fascinating place, on account of its unusual surroundings. The row of houses, evidently built for the use of the mill hands, the corner stone by the old William Penn mile stone, the Catholic Church and Friends' Meeting House all give evidence of a former bustling activity that had long ceased to exist before the scream of the modern trolley whistle echoed in and out of the sashless windows. In the rear of the building is the old wheel house. A luxurious growth of grass and weeds clings desperately to the soil of the rotting shingles, destroying by its own weight the foothold upon which its life depends. The remains of the old wheel have long ago crashed through the rotten wood work, and lie, a twisted mass of oak and iron, in the swampy pit below, from which a tiny stream trickles out into the old tail-race and is lost among the tussocks. The water arch has caved in; the plaster no longer holds the stones together, and it seems only a question of time till the whole structure will crash down into the black silt and mud.

I frequently go to this place to read and muse or dream, as the fancy strikes me, listening to the trickle of the water or the songs of the birds, and surrounded by that damp and musty smell of stonework in the hot sunshine.

One afternoon, as I came around the corner, I saw an old man sitting in a dilapidated window sill looking down into the pit. I sat down a little beyond him and opened my book, but did not read until I had looked him over carefully.

He had noticed my presence with a turn of the head, and then had sunk back into his reverie, completely absorbed by the interest of his own dreamy intentness. He was a well-dressed and intelligent-looking man of seventy-five or eighty years, with a beard and heavy eyelashes upon his deeply wrinkled face. His forehead was so furrowed that at first sight he seemed to be a misanthrope of the darkest kind, but the little circular lines from his nose to the corners of the mouth made such an idea impossible. His face was now at rest and had that far-away, dreamy look of one whose thoughts are back in the past or else void of sensibility.

I had only read a few pages when I realized, more by instinct than by actual sight, that he was looking at me, and by force of habit I raised my eyes and met his squarely fixed upon my face. My susceptibility to embarrassment immediately overthrew me and I returned to my book rather confused. His calm glance had such a mixture of pathos and firmness that I compelled my eyes to stay upon the book, although I knew he was looking at me.

“Do you know the history of this mill, young man?” said he, breaking the silence that was beginning to make me desperate under his stare.

I replied that I knew only that it was a cotton mill long out of use, and such other facts as I could pick up from the building itself. My answer seemed to satisfy him, for he thought about it silently for a time, while I sat expectantly looking at him and waiting for his next venture.

"Well, I could tell you a lot about it," he began again. "I was superintendent here when the old place was doing its best. I lived in that house yonder where you see those chickens. It was a good home, but that's all past now, thirty-eight long years ago, and I haven't been here since," and he relapsed into silence, while I began to read again, thinking his communicative mood was ended.

I had almost forgotten him, when he interrupted me again. "Do you live near here?" "A half-mile up the pike, at the corner of the road," I replied. "Why, is your name Roberts?" he asked with renewed interest, half eager at the possibility of meeting with a familiar name. "Yes, Roberts," I answered, "Cecil Roberts." "Cecil Roberts," he mused, "you must be named for your grandfather;" and without waiting for a reply, he rattled on in a half-childish way, "I used to know Cecil Roberts; he was one of the best farmers in this locality. His father sat head of the meeting up here on the hill. I was a Friend, too, in those days, though I don't look much like it now." This remembrance of my grandfather interested me, and I asked him more particularly about him, for my own father had died when I was a baby, and I knew very few of those anecdotes that fathers delight to tell their sons about their ancestors.

The old man had secured a pleasant topic, and his moodiness fast disappeared as he brought back to mind those days of his youth. "My father lived on the adjoining farm, and your grandfather and I grew up together. We attended the new school together over there across the fields when it was opened, in '33." And so he rambled on until he came to my father. "Your father was a fine young fellow and a good farmer. I've often seen him here at the mill when he was a boy. You certainly lose a great

blessing, my boy," he said in the kindest of tones, "in having no father to direct you, and yet," he added in a lower tone and as if to himself, "some fathers might be happy to die when their sons are young." I did not understand what he meant, but a silence ensued that was only broken by the old man's farewell as he walked off with a feeble step, leaning heavily upon a stout cane.

That evening my mother told me what little she had known of him through my father. He had risen rapidly in the mill-work as a young man, and at 21 he had married and settled in the little stone house. My mother believed that his son and my father had been exceedingly good friends during their boyhood and part of their college course. In the last years young Reynolds (for such was the old man's name) had been spoiled by his father's money and lack of training. He had gone from bad to worse, until my father, to his great sorrow, had parted with him forever. My mother knew little more than this about the young man, for my father had been extremely reticent about it all his life, but she believed the son disappeared and had never been heard from since. The blow killed the boy's mother and broke his father's spirit to so great an extent that he gave up his position and went west. Beyond that she knew nothing.

Needless to say, I haunted the mill pretty steadily for a while in hopes of seeing him again, and my patience was rewarded in about a week. As I came up to him he was standing on the other side of the building, but looking down at the wheel pit as before. He recognized me, and said, "You seem to be fond of this old place." "I am," I replied, "it's so quiet, and then I used to play around here so much that I feel as if I knew it like a person." "Your father played in the same with my son when they were chil-

dren," he continued. "Were my father and your son very intimate?" I asked, to keep the conversation going. "Yes, as loving as brothers until after they were through college; they saw very little of each other after that." I knew it would be cruel to go further, so I was quiet again, and the old man resumed his despondent expression. Not having opened my book, I stood by him in silence. "You are very much like your father was at your age, and I hope you are as steady," he began again, "but any boy must miss a father's care," and he sighed as if he had experienced the truth of his words. He started to leave the bank of the old tail-race upon which we were standing. "Good-bye, my young friend, my son," said he, as he held my hand. His voice was thick, and he did not attempt to conceal the tears that were starting to his

eyes. "Would to God that my own dear son were your age again, and I able to start him right; but the mill never grinds again with the water that is past," and so he walked feebly away by the side of the old building; his thin, white hair and wrinkled face lit up intermittently by the red light of the setting sun, shining through the empty windows of the building that had seen the best years of his activity.

He passed up the road and by the meeting-house, and I never saw him again, but his last sentence remained indelibly fixed in my mind, nor have I ever heard a sadder expression of lost opportunity than the old man's as he bade me good-bye on that beautiful summer evening,—“The mill never grinds again with the water that is past.”

F. R. T., '06.

THE RUINS OF FLORESVIVAS

The sunset had been glorious.

Upon a background of pale amber countless gold-fringed clouds lay scattered, forming a huge archipelago, whose ample bays and sharp capes accentuated the wild irregularity of its contours. Below, the Caribbean, calm and unrippled except by the occasional plunge of some fleeting gull, completed the duet of smiling sky and calm sea so common in the tropics. But with the approach of night the golden fringes faded and the sharp outlines were blurred. A tremendous black cloud, shaped like a dragon's paw, emerged from below the horizon and spread itself slowly over the aerial archipelago, hiding under its blackness

the imposing chimera. And later, more dark, frowning clouds rose from the southwest and commenced to race madly toward the east, expanding and concentrating their masses so that they formed innumerable fantastic objects. And in their wake there came a cool breeze, saturated with the odor of seaweed. Later the full moon struggled over the eastern hills and was soon overtaken by a huge, bull-head-shaped cloud, which hid its face almost entirely. The assailant relented and the moon peeped at us from behind its horns, but it was not long before another, and still a third cloud came and hid it for the rest of the night. And then more clouds rose from the

northwest, and they, too, began to race eastward. . . .

The tamarind-trees were swaying gently; the fan-like opening and closing of the palm branches could be heard distinctly; the broad banana leaves were flapping violently. . . . The tiny life of the chaparral was silent; few fire-flies ventured abroad; the glow-worm had sought shelter for the night. . . . The odor of seaweed had become stronger. Already a pale flash, accompanied by a muffled booming, had lightened the northwestern sky.

Now the breeze ceased its sighing. This was howling. The torrential fury was coming.

Periquin sat in a corner watching the approach of the storm and beating back with thick clouds of smoke the advance guard of foraging mosquitoes. At times he would twirl his moustache and bite his cigar as if he were struggling with some irresistible temptation. These were the symptoms. Come, Periquin, spare us further waiting.

"*Ca-ram-ba!*" burst out at last our old friend. "There is going to be enough rain to drown Sena Fifa's seven cats. The ten thousand devils from the ten thousand pits are coming upon us on all fours. Rain? And thundered? Why, there will be enough to kill Sena Fifa's seven cats, as I said before."

It was a night like this: Rain, flashes, thunder, mosquitoes—a night that would scare Sena's—Well, it was a bad night, anyway you look at it. And if you consider what I saw—well, I guess it was worse than this. If you don't believe it, listen.

Tio Mateo and I had been fishing all day. Well, at the approach of night we started home, like good Christians, well satisfied with our luck. We rowed under San Anton's bridge, and came to the

shallow waters of Floresvivas, where we had to pole the boat among the mangrove channels. Then, suddenly, as the devil would have it, *Caracoles*, it got dark, and dark—dark as a wolf's guzzle, and before we knew it down came the rain. *Cristianos, figureense*—worse than the holy deluge that Moses called down from heaven to drown Cain's tribe for having stolen Abel's sheep. Yes, every bit worse. And what did Tio Mateo do but say: "Quick, let us pole to Floresvivas and take shelter in the ruined bell-tower. We'll get drowned if we don't." "Tio Mateo," I jump up and answer; "Floresvivas? Floresvivas is a cursed place. Haven't you seen the ugly crabs in its swampy soil and the long-necked birds roaming among the reedy grasses? Tio Mateo, I prefer to get drowned."

But Tio Mateo had a thicker crust than a rusty shark. We had to pole to Floresvivas and hide in the cursed tower. And the worst of it is that when we got there, he took off his wet clothes and made himself comfortable to sleep, saying:

"Periquin, wake me when the storm blows over." Ah, Tio Mateo had a crust thicker than that of a rusty shark. Soon he commenced to snore like a steamship whistle that is out of order. It was fierce. Enough to scare Sena Fifa's seven—

Suddenly, when I was not thinking about anything particularly, unless it was the ugly crabs who, I feared, might bite a hole through the boat—suddenly, as I said, I heard a queer noise about me. There was a winding stair in the tower which led up to where the bells used to be. Well, I was leaning against that, when I heard the queer noise. I listened, shuddering. It wasn't Tio Mateo or the rain. *Caracoles*, someone was coming down the rotten stairs! Ramp! Ramp! R-r-ramp! I could hear them creak, too!

I shut my eyes, and as quietly as possible I let myself drop until my face was close to Tio Mateo's. Then, would you believe it, I heard a rattling noise, like that made by a sprinkler, and my face was soaked with a shower of cold water? I crossed myself, and as I finished I heard distinctly a *Dominus nobiscum, ora pro nobis!* Then, above the din of the storm, I heard a clear, infernal laugh coming from the mangrove channels. It wasn't the squeak of a swamp bird. It was a laugh—a hellish laugh.

Then I heard the steps creaking again. Whoever he was he was going upstairs, satisfied with his exploration.

A cold sweat ran down my back. I said my prayers many times over and crossed myself until I was exhausted. Then I tried to awaken Tio Mateo. *Cristianos*, nothing on earth could budge that man. When he slept, he slept. He must have known that the storm wasn't quite over. Tio Mateo was wise, even in his sleep.

Then suddenly—*de buenas a primera*—the storm seemed to concentrate around that ruin. Flash after flash; peal of thunder after thunder—*cielos!* I thought the end of the world was near. And the creaking on the stairs began again. Down came the footfalls and I closed my eyes, and didn't breathe.

"*Dominus nobiscum, ora pro nobis—Amen,*" and I got sprinkled again. Was it blessed water—*agua bendita?* I could not tell; I was so frightened. Then, in the distance, there sounded again that mocking, hellish laugh.

"Tio Mateo! Tio Mateo!" I whispered; "*Por la Virgen del Carmen, do wake up; there is something wrong in this cursed place.*"

He woke up and put on his wet coat. He sniffed the air and numbed: "San Quintin, there is sulphur in the air." Tio Mateo knew a great deal about that

place; you could tell that immediately by looking at him. I asked him if he heard the *ora pro nobis*. He had not heard it. "Something queer about this cursed tower," he added, and listened attentively.

Then came the worst. First there was a deep sigh uttered upstairs. Ah, *compadres*, my hair stands on end as I repeat this tale. A deep sigh, as if uttered by a dying man. Then the deep tones of a bell began to be heard right above us. A bell ringing right above us! *Santo Dios de misericordia!* Tong!—Tong!—Tong! The knell of the dead! Deep and lugubrious! Right above us! Tong-golonk!—Tong-golonk! Right above us, *compadres*.

It was long before we dared to move or to speak. Then Tio Mateo grumbled between his teeth: "Something wrong about the infernal place. Something wrong." Then we stayed there as if terrified; stayed there as if petrified to the floor! My feet felt cold; then my knees felt cold; then my waist felt cold—but I thought it was fear petrifying one to the floor. Then I—

Suddenly Tio Mateo pulls me by the arm and yells: "Periquin, the place is flooded. Floresvivas is going! Run to the boat and let the devil take the intruder and his bell." Tio Mateo was a wise man, even in his sleep. You could not petrify him, and you could not drown him even if you petrified him.

Out we plunged, the water to our waist. The rain lashed our faces and the soft soil yielded under us. "Pull, Periquin!" screamed Tio Mateo. I pulled like a red demon. The place was going, surely! And that bell still kept on tolling. Tong!—Tong!—Tong! But it could not petrify me! Not as long as there was danger of drowning. At last we reached the boat. The mangrove to which it was tied was under water; but

By Expense Interscholastic Meet	150.91
By Printing	3.50
By Deficit former years	184.56
	<hr/>
	\$1,263.97

FOOT BALL.

Dr.

To Balance	\$ 856.35
To Gate Receipts and Guarantees.....	684.15
To Appropriation from General Fund.....	185.00
To Miscellaneous Receipts	25.90
	<hr/>
	\$1,751.40

Cr.

By Traveling expenses, Guarantees, etc.....	\$ 633.44	
By Equipment	447.56	
By Medical and Special Supplies.....	124.08	
By Officials	73.00	
By Cost of Grandstand	141.92	
By Expenses Intercollegiate Rules Committee...	75.00	
By Miscellaneous Expenses.....	171.28	
By Balance	85.12	\$85.12
	<hr/>	
	\$1,751.40	

CRICKET.

Dr.

To Balance	\$ 127.86
To Balance Shipley & Vaux Donation.....	48.23
To Appropriation from General Fund.....	370.00
To Appropriation from Trust Fund.....	50.00
To Special Contributions	52.50
	<hr/>
	\$648.59

Cr.

By Equipment	\$ 71.98	
By Traveling Expenses	147.43	
By Prizes	33.00	
By Miscellaneous Expenses	43.10	
By Balance	304.85	304.85
By Balance Shipley & Vaux Donation.....	48.23	48.23
	<hr/>	
	\$648.59	

GYMNASIUM.

Dr.

To Balance	\$ 353.02
To Receipts from Exhibitions	506.25
To Appropriation from General Fund.....	185.00
To Miscellaneous Receipts	37.00

\$1,081.27

Cr.

By Equipment	\$ 59.05
By Share due Musical Association.....	118.37
By Guarantees	80.00
By Traveling Expenses	110.48
By Miscellaneous Expenses.....	184.48
By Balance	528.89

528.89

\$1,081.27

TRACK.

Dr.

To Balance	\$.42
To Gate Receipts and Guarantees.....	173.81
To Appropriation from General Fund.....	185.00

\$359.23

Cr.

By Equipment	\$ 13.50
By Guarantees	85.00
By Traveling Expenses	150.32
By Prizes	57.40
By Miscellaneous Expenses.....	43.66
By Balance	9.35

9.35

\$359.23

Cash balance

800.06

\$976.44

\$976.44

Respectfully submitted,

C. J. RHOADS,
Treasurer.

Philadelphia, October 1, 1906.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Dean Barrett

AT the date of writing (October 2d) the student-body for the present year will, apparently, be made up as follows:

Graduates	4
Seniors	32
Juniors	26
Sophomores	39
Freshmen	47
—	
Total	148

The actual number of Freshmen who have taken up their work at the present time is forty-four, but there is a strong probability that three more will register before this number of THE HAVERFORDIAN is issued.

The increase in the number of Freshmen makes the entering class the largest the College has yet had, and several addi-

tions to upper classes give an increased total enrollment. The capacity of the dormitories is not quite sufficient to accommodate all.

There have been few changes in the Faculty. In the department of physics, Dr. A. W. Smith, last year an instructor in Bowdoin College, will take the place of Mr. Frederick Palmer, Jr., who has been granted a year's leave of absence. Thomas K. Brown, '06, and Roderick Scott, '06, remain at the College as teaching fellows; and Richard L. Cary, '06, will act as assistant in the chemical laboratory.

During the summer some improvements have been made. Chief among these is a new central heating and lighting plant, erected at a cost of \$25,000.

In The Desert (In Der Wuste)

[From the German of Nikolaus Lenau.]

Is it not a vain and hopeless thing,
Plodding through the desert sands of life,—
Stumbling toward the far horizon's ring,
Ploughing out a course with toil and strife?

Even if our feet, amid the dust,
Scatter traces of their rambling path,
Storms, pursuing with a vulture's lust,
Soon devour them in exultant wrath.

Singly and in caravans we go
Toward the far-off land of rest and peace,
While a thousand banners, drooping low,
Tell us that our efforts must not cease.

I am plodding likewise, weak and slow,
Blindly guessing, struggling in a dream;
And the red-hot gleaming desert's glow
Kindles longing for some cooling stream.

Let me get away from this dry land,
Full of longing hopes and sudden fears,
Where the ever thirsty, gaping sand
Lifts its panting mouth to drink my tears.

S. G. S., '05.

PLANS FOR A HAVERFORD MISSIONARY

Robert L. Simkin, '03, continued his preparation for religious service as a foreign missionary by graduating last spring from the Union Theological Seminary, in New York. During the summer he has been in England, making the acquaintance of prominent English Friends and addressing many meetings. He finally secured an appointment from London Yearly Meeting to go out to China this winter as a supported representative of that meeting. He has also won the approval and support of his own New York Yearly Meeting in undertaking his life-work.

It appears that throughout his years of preparation Simkin has cherished the hope that, whatever other organizations he might be chosen to represent in China, he might also be chosen to represent Haverford College as a Haverford missionary. Upon learning of this deep personal solicitude upon Simkin's part, some of his friends hereabouts took steps to fulfil his desires. A number of past and present Haverfordians, representing

the Christian Association, met last spring to consider the advisability of undertaking to contribute toward the support of Mr. and Mrs. Simkin in their missionary labors.

To those of us who knew Simkin personally and who believe in the generosity of Haverfordians, the moderate plan proposed seems easy to accomplish. An Advisory Committee of twelve graduates and undergraduates has been selected, to be in charge of raising whatever sum may be decided upon as practicable for the first year.

In assuming such a responsibility, Haverford will be but following in the steps of many larger institutions, which have realized the great deepening of missionary interest which has come from the appointment of an Alumnus to such service. When the occasion presents itself, let us at Haverford give Simkin such support as will convince him that all Haverfordians are behind him in his noble undertaking.

W. W. Comfort, '94.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

NOTES

'49. The degree of Doctor of Laws, rarely given by Haverford, was conferred upon Albert Keeble Smiley last June, in recognition of his work in the interests or International Peace.

'60. James Tyson, M. D., of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Pennsylvania, delivered the commencement oration to the Class of 1906.

'70. Thomas K. Carey died in Baltimore on May 29.

'77. George G. Mercer died in Philadelphia on May 28. After graduating at Haverford, Mr. Mercer studied law at University of Pennsylvania, and then at Yale, receiving his Doctor's degree from the latter institution. He was Alumni orator, 1889, and member of Phi Beta Kappa, 1898. During his entire professional career in Philadelphia he was prominent in political and economic movements.

'96. George H. Deuell, editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN, 1895-96, Phi Beta Kappa, 1899, died on May 28.

'98. Samuel H. Hodgkin and Miss Olive L. Jenkins were married in Richmond, Ind., on August 22d. They are living at Guilford College, N. C., where Hodgkin is teaching English.

'98. Dr. Samuel Rhoads is acting as one of the registrars in his division in the Twenty-second Ward, Philadelphia. He was appointed under the new personal registration law.

'98. Frederick A. Swan was married to Miss Helen A. Wood, of Boston, on August 29th. They were married by Friends' ceremony in the Flower Hospital, New York City, where Swan had been taken a few days before, owing to a severe accident which happened to him while riding on a crowded trolley car which was run into by an automobile. He is at present recovering rapidly. His business address is 1 W. 34th Street, New York, where he is associated with M. P. Collins, '92, in the Bankers Investing Company.

'98. Robert N. Wilson has returned to the chair of chemistry and physics at Guilford College, N. C., after a valuable year's work along those lines in the Harvard Graduate School.

'00. Walter Hinchman is again teaching at Groton School.

'00. Henry S. Drinker has been abroad for several months, convalescing from a severe nervous breakdown.

'01. Arthur R. Yearsley has announced his engagement to Miss Elva Ashe, of Coatesville, Pa.

'02. A. G. H. Spiers is studying at Harvard for his doctorate in the Romance languages.

'02. E. W. Evans is entering the second year at the Law School, University of Pennsylvania.

'02. R. M. Gummere expects to receive his Ph.D. in Greek and Latin at Harvard next spring.

Ex-'03. A. G. Dean has announced his engagement in marriage to Miss Therese Holland.

'03. C. W. Davis has resumed work as an instructor in Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

'03. F. E. Barr is engaged in the practice of law, with an office at 904 Land Title building, Philadelphia.

'03. E. F. Hoffman has been transferred to the pastorate of a Methodist church in Hamburg, Pa.

Ex-'03. C. W. Kelsey has for some time been general sales agent for the Maxwell automobiles, with offices at Tarrytown, N. Y. In the recent Glidden tour he obtained one of the trophies.

'03. R. L. Simkin has been appointed to the Friends' Mission at Chungking, China, and will leave for his post in November. He was married, May 1st, to Miss Margaret Lowenhaupt, of Ossining, N. Y., who will accompany him to China.

'03. I. S. Tilney is with N. W. Harris & Co., Pine and William Streets, New York, learning the business of the bond broker.

'03. S. N. Wilson has been appointed instructor in mathematics in the West Chester High School.

'03. F. R. Winslow is a resident physician at the hospital of the University of Maryland, Baltimore.

'04. H. N. Thorn is again head coach of the foot ball team.

'04. W. S. Bradley announces his engagement to Miss Remington, of Philadelphia.

'04. Harold H. Morris is entering upon his third year of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He spent last summer in England and Scotland.

'05. S. G. Spaeth received the degree of A. M. at Commencement last June. He is now an instructor in German at Princeton.

'05. Charles A. Alexander is at present in the employ of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, of Pittsburg. He and H. K. Stein are living together in Wilkensburg.

'05. Benjamin Eshleman is in the purchasing department of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

'05. M. Ward Fleming has completed his first year in the Pennsylvania Law School. He has been made a member of the Sharwood Law Club.

'06. Albert K. Smiley, Jr., was married to Miss Mabel Craven at West Chester on the 19th of last June. They spent the summer at Lake Mohonk, N. Y.

'06. W. K. Miller has entered the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'06. W. C. Carson, Clementine Cope Fellow for 1906, is studying at Harvard. E. B. Richards is also there, studying for the degree of A. M.

'06. J. D. Phillips is with the Bell Telephone Company in their Germantown office.

'06. R. J. Shortlidge is teaching at the West Chester Normal School

'06. S. G. Nauman is teaching temporarily at the Yeates School, Lancaster, Pa.

'06. A. T. Lowry is in the lumber business in West Philadelphia. He is assisting Thorn in coaching the foot ball team.

'06. James T. Fales is studying law at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

'06. Gordon H. Graves is teaching at George School, Pa.

'06. Henry Pleasants, Jr., was with the Haverford delegation at Northfield last June. He has entered the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'06. W. H. Haines, Jr., has announced his engagement to Miss Alice Janvier, of Orange, N. J.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

Foot ball practice started on Monday, September 24th. H. Norman Thorn, '04, will again be head coach. This year, however, he will be unable to get out in the afternoons. A. H. Hopkins, '05, and A. T. Lowry, '06, will be the field coaches. Thorn will come out every night and to every game, and thus keep in close touch with the work.

The team will greatly miss the services of ex-Captain Lowry, Brown, Reed and Smiley, but with all the rest of the men back, and possible material in the

Freshman Class, Captain Jones should have no mean team this fall.

The schedule is as follows:

Oct. 6—Medico-Chi, at Haverford.

Oct. 13—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.

Oct. 20—Rutgers, at Haverford.

Oct. 27—Ursinus, at Haverford.

Nov. 3—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster.

Nov. 10—Johns Hopkins, at Haverford.

Nov. 17—Trinity, at Hartford, Conn.

Nov. 24—New York University, at Haverford.

The annual cane rush took place on the afternoon of the day college opened. The cane men were Bard, Ramsey, Green for 1909, and Wilson, Frost and Ayer for 1910. Those having two hands on the cane were Marsh, Ramsey, Bard, Spaeth, Green, of the Sophomore Class, and Ayer and Frost, of the Freshman Class. The Sophomores won by the score of 14 to 12.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception to new men was held Thursday evening, October 4, at eight o'clock, in the new Assembly Room. R. L. Simkins, '03, was the chief speaker. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

At the commencement exercises, held on June 15th, 1906, seven men were granted the degree of Master of Arts, twenty-nine the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and eight the degree of Bachelor of Science.

The following athletic announcements were made on commencement day last June:

Captains for year 1906-7:

Cricket—F. D. Godley, '07.

Track—E. C. Tatnall, '07.

Soccer—W. R. Rossmassler, '07.

Prizes Awarded.

CRICKET.

First Eleven.

Colors to J. D. Philips, '06; J. P. Magill, '07.

Cope prize bat for best average to A. T. Lowry, '06; average, 25 4-5.

Congdon prize ball for the best bowling average to F. D. Godley, '07; average, 8 21-45.

Hames prize fielding belt to H. W. Doughten, Jr., '06.

Second Eleven.

Class '85 prize bat to S. G. Spaeth, '05.

Class '85 prize ball to W. H. Haines, '07.

Class '85 prize belt to P. W. Brown, '07.

OTHER PRIZES.

Improvement bat to J. B. Clement, '08.

C. R. Hinchman prize bat for highest average in intercollegiate matches to H. W. Doughten, Jr., '06; average, 66.

Christian Febiger prize ball for best bowling averages in intercollegiate matches to H. Pleasants, Jr., '06; average, 10 2-7.

Prize cup to best all-around Freshman cricketer, F. Myers, '09.

Prize bat to best Freshman batsman, T. K. Sharpless, '08.

Prize belt to best Freshman bowler, T. Lewis, '08.

Class of '85 prize ball, for interclass championship, Class of 1907.

TRACK.

Walton cup to man scoring most number of points during the year, T. K. Brown, Jr.

New records made:

120-yards hurdle—16 m. 1 s., T. K. Brown, Jr., '06.

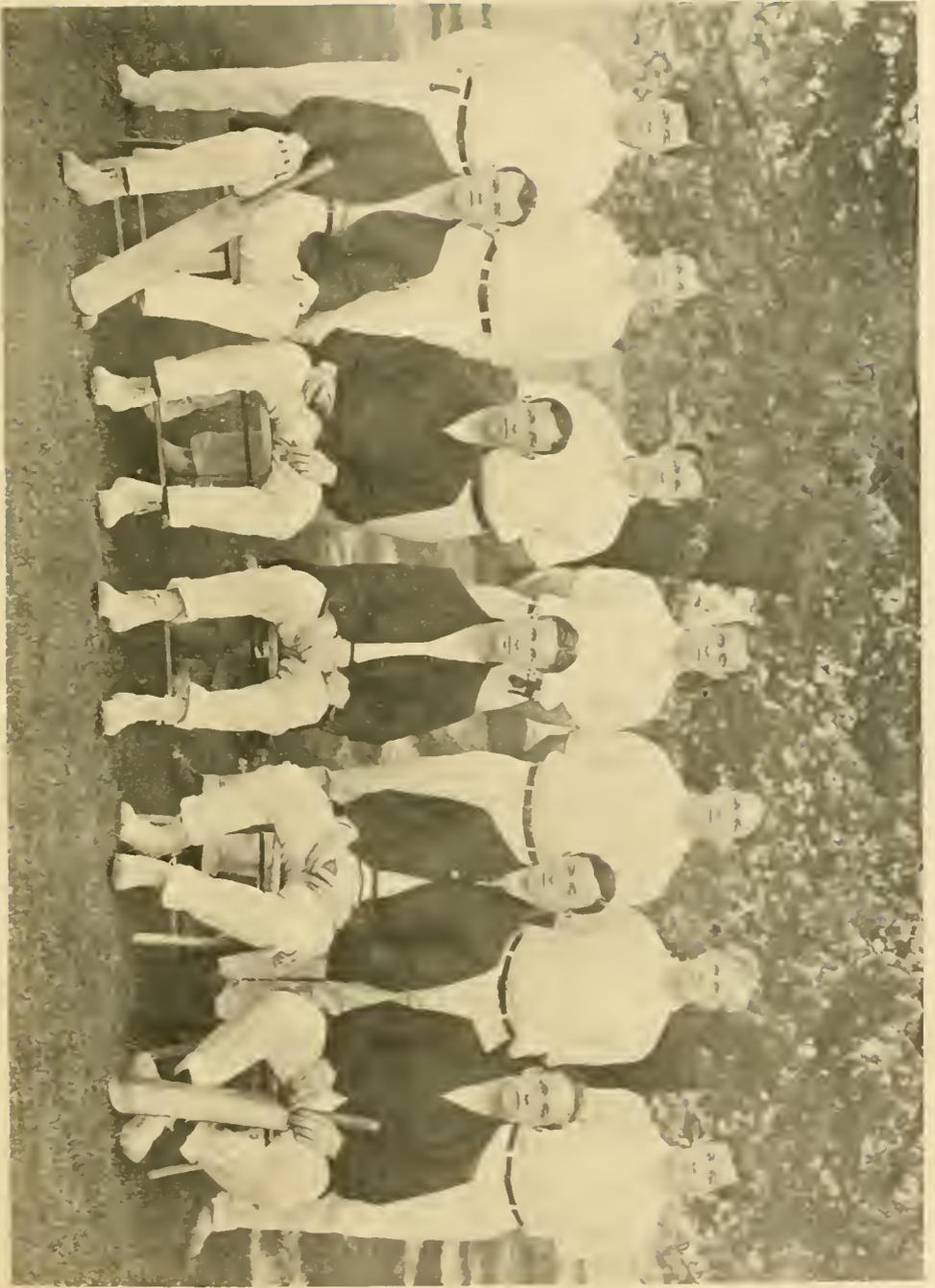
Two-mile run—10 m. 22 s., W. K. Miller, '06.

Discus throw—99 ft. 5 in., E. F. Jones, '07.

Pole vault—10 ft. ½ in., J. Bushnell, '09.

SOCCER.

H's awarded to H. Pleasants, '06; A. T. Lowry, '06; J. D. Philips, '06; W. R. Rossmassler, '07.



CRICKET TEAM, 1906
(Courtesy of the 1906 Class Record)

The Bryn Mawr Trust Company

Capital Authorized, \$250,000

Capital Paid, \$125,000

Allows interest on deposits. Acts as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, etc. Insures Titles to Real Estate. Loans Money on Mortgages or Collateral. Boxes for rent and Valuables stored in Burglar Proof Vaults.

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 6.

November, 1906

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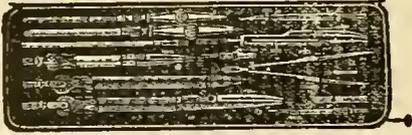
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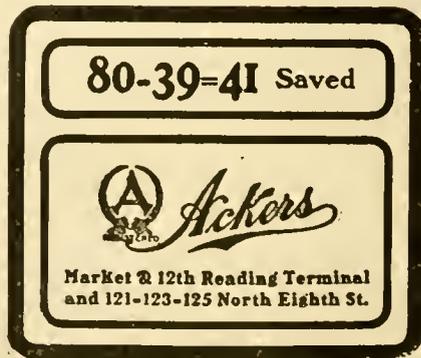
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No. 6

ORIGINALITY is an element of success in every field of achievement, and colleges should be striving to train men in this as well as to educate them in the fields of academic learning. They not only should have at their command facts that have been true in the past or at present; they should be able to go further and to reason out from their knowledge of well-known truths, new theories or conditions. New inventions constantly impress one with their simplicity, and we wonder "why we never thought of that." The principles were familiar enough—what we lacked was the ability to visualize something that was not.

**It is
Originality
that counts**

Science, literature, art, music,—every phase of activity,—evolves as men come forth who have original ideas—ideas which seem to be in every conceivable case merely a fresh combination of well-known elements.

But if conventional thinkers are being produced it is not so much the fault of

the schools and colleges as it is that of the tradition which exists in those institutions that students should quickly learn to conform to certain standards of thought and conduct. Nowadays, when a man enters college with individual characteristics, it is generally the pride of the college body that his "peculiarities" shall be rubbed off by the end of his Freshman year. And the process is generally so successful that he soon becomes a "typical college man," and it is often possible to tell a man's college by the cut of his clothes or the way he combs his hair, while his speech reveals his Alma Mater almost as surely as the dialect betrays a Yankee or a Southerner.

Now this system is wrong in the main. Certainly we have to follow accepted custom in many things, but men should be encouraged to maintain their individuality and not be compelled to live according to the mind of the crowd nor forced into common moulds of habit and convention. We need more faith in the freedom of a man's own will to choose.

Less of precept and more of practice. The times do not demand dreamers or idealists. They demand those who have the stamina and the training to advance a little further than those around have progressed. They demand original thinkers.

IF there is a small, unwarranted, pernicious influence in our College today it is the attitude taken by the students regarding what is called "boot-licking." Within the memory of the Senior Class this word has been introduced here. Although at first used in a mildly humorous way, it has lost all its original harmlessness and is undoubtedly destroying what was one of the most pleasant features of Haverford life—the close and inspiring relationship between the students and the able men who compose our faculty.

It is not necessary to point out the invaluable gain to undergraduates to be derived from personal contact with the professors here—scholars who have been chosen as much for their broad manhood as for their specialization in their subjects. This relationship, so potent here in the past, and one of the chief advantages of a small college, we are allowing to slip from us because of the power of this cowardly epithet "boot-licker."

It is unjust to the students. Do not be deceived into thinking that professors are hoodwinked by men who are merely striving for marks and exhibiting false interest to attain them. They can pick out the men who are really interested and who are striving to get the most out of their work. There are many men who desire to go deeper into subjects than is possible in class. There are men who have doubts and problems whom professors could greatly help if they only real-

ized the needs of the men. It is a shame that such men should have to feel a diffidence about extended personal conversation with a professor, which is exactly the condition that now exists in College.

And it is unjust to the professors. It is a slur on them that public sentiment should not realize at once that they are perfectly capable of deciding a man's true value in class. If men feel diffident about approaching them, so also are professors placed in a peculiar position about any relationship with undergraduates outside of classes.

Now this matter has gone too far. It is time for College sentiment to take it up. It is time for every man to rebel against the false sentiments that cluster about the word "boot-licker." It is time for the personal influence of professors over students again to be as helpful as it used to be in the past.

THERE are many encouraging features about the recent Reform campaign, although the people have voted their willingness again to slumber under misrule and dishonest government in this Commonwealth. The Reform Party about Philadelphia was led almost entirely by college men, and this general awakening of such men to their duties of leadership is the most hopeful feature of modern politics. The ethical training, the knowledge of economics and history they receive and their broad aspect of life equip college graduates to take the lead in politics and to keep pure and healthy the life of the nation.

It meant something for our honored President to allow himself to be named as a candidate to the Legislature, yet, when such men express their willingness to accept the trust of public offices, it is

**The Hermital
Influence of
a Word**

**The Influence
of College
Men
in Politics**

the omen of the approach of new and better social and political conditions in this country.

Colleges are social institutions, and no man who leaves college does so without assuming definite social obligations that he must fulfill. He owes it to society to strive by his best influence to improve its condition and at least to guarantee his vote and endeavor in the cause of clean and honest government.

MEDICINE to-day offers itself as something more than a mere profession, it offers itself as a science to which men may devote their entire skill.

Few fields of research afford discoveries which are so valuable to the race as that of medicine.

**Medicine as
a Science**

Dr. Arthur F. Coca, '96, the author of the article entitled, "The Heidelberg Student," is at present devoting himself to research work in Germany. After graduating from Haverford he studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and from 1897-99 also did special work in histology under Dr. Pratt, receiving the degree of Master of Arts here in 1899. He served as an instructor in

the University until he went abroad to study several years ago.

While at Haverford Dr. Coca was prominent in literary work and athletics and was a member of the Cricket Eleven English Tour, 1896. His life in Germany has well enabled him to paint the picture of German student-life which we publish in this issue.

The following letter is one that will be interesting to Haverford readers. The author, "Caleb," after a long period of service here as mail carrier and driver of the College wagon, retired from active work last September. He recently wrote this letter to the College through President Sharpless:

1500 North 11th St. Reading Pa.

2d Day 10th Month 29—1906

Isaac Sharpless

Dear Friend

I Cannot Express my Feelings Towards my Friends at Haverford College for ther Kind Remembrance of me thee Will Kindly thank them for me

I am thine Very Respectfully

Caleb Worrall

am sorry I Cannot Help thee on thy Way To Harrisburg as I Will Love to Hear from the College ask My Friend Chase if he Has time to Let me Know How things is going on How 'ls Old Bill Poor Old Bill He May Miss Caleb.

TERRA INCOGNITA

When Daphne plays, I know not why,
But woven in the harmony
I hear a deeper, softer tone,
Apart from other chords, alone;
A strain that starts to lilt and play
Like laughing brook in sunlit May,
But always ends with wistful sigh
When Daphne plays.

And yet 'tis all in vain I try
To penetrate the mystery
Of that fair, unknown world which lies
Behind the sapphire of her eyes:
That land whose borders I descry
When Daphne plays. *M. O. F., '10.*

THE HEIDELBERG STUDENT

When the student comes to Heidelberg he comes to the oldest university, and to the most beautifully situated university town in Germany.

Heidelberg lies in the narrow valley of the Neckar, just at the point where the river, emerging from the mountainous Odenwald, guarded on the left by the Gaisberg and Konigstuhl, and on the right by the Heiligenberg, flows out upon the level plain across which it winds to join the Rhine. Nestling in the broad lap of the Konigstuhl overlooking the town, and thrown into strong relief by a background of heavy foliage, lies the most striking object of the town—the picturesque castle. To attempt a description of the many natural attractions of the spot would carry us too far from our subject. We can only add that the panorama that stretches before the traveller as he stands upon the heights behind the castle—the broad fertile plain of the Rhine bounded on the west by the Haardt mountains, which are plainly visible on clear days; to the northwest the busy, modern city of Mannheim on the Rhine; to the southwest, the ancient city of Speyer, famous as the burial place of the early German rulers; little towns and hamlets here and there; and right at his feet the original of so many photographs, etchings and paintings—the pretty village of Heidelberg itself—such a scene produces an impression not soon to be forgotten.

To those who have remained in the place long enough to become familiar with its charms, it were no wonder that the Heidelberg student in his riper years should contemplate his sojourn there

with a little of that fond recollection with which the Haverfordian remembers the four years with his Alma Mater.

As shown by the autograph, "Stiftungsbrief," of the founder, Kurfurst Ruprecht I, which is perhaps the most treasured relic of the library collection of manuscripts, the university was founded in 1386. In view of the seniority of the institution, it is not surprising to learn that many of the customs in vogue among German students have arisen here and are here most devotedly cherished.

The first business of the student is to find a lodging, which task resolves itself simply into a question of funds and of choice; for in his search for rooms he is cheerfully aided by a half dozen or more of free agencies, conducted by book stores, etc., throughout the town. The lodgings are almost always furnished, and many consist of one or more rooms. A breakfast of rolls, butter and coffee is commonly included, but as a rule the other three or four meals are taken at a restaurant.

For about a month it is permitted to attend any of the lectures free of charge. Before a fixed date, however, the student is required to matriculate and to pay the fees for the courses which he has elected. Since the university authorities take no notice of the student's actions beyond exacting the payment of fees and attendance upon practical courses, if he is just beginning his university career, and if the allurements of society, duelling, travel, or doing nothing at all, be too strong for his powers of resistance, an entire semester may pass without his hearing a single lecture. And this is a

very common experience,—the experience, by the way, of one of the present professors.

The examinations are given orally and in public; that is, any one may attend them as a spectator. The advantage of this custom to the student is that he may learn in advance what is to be expected of him in any subject; the disadvantage, to any one who can recall the mental anguish which precedes the ordeal even when it is to be endured in relative privacy, is obvious.

We have referred to the environment of Heidelberg as influencing the life of the student, and the relationship may seem, at first, a slight one; for granting the advantages of the river for aquatic sport, in what way can a mountain range or a rural plain provided with good roads affect the life of a student? The answer to this question is not hard to find when once we understand what these mean to the German.

The German is a born lover of the beauties of nature, wherein he may be said to differ little from the American; but he must be given the credit of exhibiting, as evidence of his devotion, a higher degree of public-spirited generosity. Everywhere, in city, town, country and forest, the same high purpose is evident—that of preserving all the grand and beautiful works of nature as well as that of embellishing by art those places which lack natural charms. Everywhere the public parks, squares and gardens, artistically designed, richly provided with trees, flower-beds and fountains, and kept constantly in perfect order; the many, lofty, substantial towers, situated, often at a great distance from the towns, upon high elevations from which the outlook is particularly fine, which towers have been erected solely for the purpose of giving travellers the advantage of a perfectly unobstructed view—these and

many other features of the same sort must impress upon even the most casual observer the high regard in which the beautiful-in nature is held by this people.

The whole mountainous district, designated as the Odenwald and the Schwarzwald; extending from Darmstadt to the borders of Switzerland, is traversed in all directions by footpaths which are kept in good condition and plentifully furnished with good sign-boards by so-called "Verschönerungs-vereinen"—societies whose purpose is indicated in their name. Under the direction of these "Vereinen" guide-books are published, with the aid of which a perfect stranger may walk from Heidelberg to Basel over the highest peaks and through the finest parts of the region with practically no risk of missing the way.

Furthermore; after having contributed so largely to the cause, it may be, indeed, on account of having so contributed, the German adopts the only logical means of reimbursing himself, and on every opportune occasion flies from his "narrow cages" into country and forest, over hill and vale, with his knapsack on his back, a stick in his hand, and a feather in his cap. And to many a student this respectable variety of tramp-life seems to offer greater reward, for the moment, at any rate, than the tedious lecture hour.

In addition to the innumerable short walks in the immediate vicinity, by any of which a totally new impression of the neighborhood may be obtained, Heidelberg offers a convenient starting-point for longer excursions either into the Odenwald to the north, westward through the Neckar valley, or southward into Schwarzwald.

FRATERNITY LIFE.

The whole complexion of the social life of the student depends upon whether he is or is not a member of one of the

incorporated fraternities, which latter question is in large measure determined by his social status.

The German student fraternities are distinctly classified into the "Corps," the "Burschenschaften," and the "Turnerschäften," all of which are incorporated and have adopted distinguishing colors and shape of cap; and into a motley array of sectarian, scientific and other societies, some of which ape certain customs of the first three, none of which, however, wear colors. Most of these classes are represented in all the large universities, and annual conventions of delegates from societies of the same class are held for the purpose of discussing common interests.

The "Turnerschäften" are gymnastic clubs and do little fighting. The "Burschenschaften" are the descendants of the student political organizations that took such active part in the politics of the country during the revolutionary period which ended about the middle of the last century.

The "Corps" are the oldest of the fraternities, and have always been purely social organizations. One of these, the "Saxo-Barussia," is composed almost exclusively of nobility; its color is white.

Since practically all the social intercourse of university students takes place through the fraternities, an account of the doings of a typical representative will be of especial interest to the American collegian. Through my friend, R—, I have twice had opportunity to look in upon the "Allemania," one of the "Burschenschaften;" first at one of the regular meetings and again at the "Mensur."

THE "KNEIPE."

My visit to the "Kneipe" occurred April 30th, on which evening is held the "Maifest," or celebration of the advent of May. The regular "Kneipe" is held

twice a week and every member is obliged to attend, unless he be ill or have some other very good excuse. At certain seasons, however, they may be more frequent, *e. g.*, every night during the first week of May.

The fraternity house stands at the foot of the Königstuhl, directly beneath the castle. Externally, there is nothing about it to indicate its purpose, but internally it is characteristic. The entrance hall is very large, and its walls and ceiling are decorated with tasteful frescoes. A flight of stairs at the right leads to the second floor, on which are the executive rooms, toilet and coat rooms, and several bedrooms. A short passage beyond the stairway leads to the apartments of the "Hausmeister." On the left are two large rooms, the "Kneipe" room and another used for dinners. The former is carpetless; its furniture consists of three heavy wooden tables placed in the form of the letter U, wooden chairs and a piano. On the wall by the entrance hang a number of huge porcelain pipes, on each of which is recorded the fact that they are gifts from departing members to those left behind. The walls behind the tables are covered with photographs of former members, taken individually and collectively on special occasions; the oldest of these are daguerreotypes, and a number of others represent the "Mensur."

Standing upon a ledge which extends almost around the room, and arranged in the order of seniority, are the photographs of the present active members. Light is supplied by a large chandelier suspended from the ceiling. From the ceiling hang also several genuine drinking horns, long since out of use, but treasured as relics of an honorable and important history.

Before describing these characteristic official assemblies, it will be well by way

of preliminary explanation to outline briefly the more important regulations to which the members are subject. After qualifying socially the prospective member must give his word of honor to remain in Heidelberg at least three semesters; he must take two hours sword practice daily, and he must attend every "Kneipe," or regular meeting of the society. At the end of each month the entire expenses of the society for that month are ascertained and divided equally among the members. The average individual levy is between ten and twelve dollars per month. Upon entering the society each member presents a song-book and a beer-stein, each inscribed with his name and the date of presentation, both of which remain in the permanent possession of the society. Within six weeks after his admission each new member is expected to choose one of the elder men as his "Leibbursche," or personal adviser. For the first semester of membership he is given the name of "Fuchs," and during this period does no actual fighting, but devotes himself exclusively to sword practice, under the instruction of the university "Fechtlehrer." At the end of the semester he may take part in the "Mensur," his opponent, naturally, being also a "Fuchs." After having fought well on two separate occasions he becomes a "Bursche," and in addition to the "Mütze" or color-cap, is permitted to wear his colors in a ribbon or band across his breast. As in all the incorporated societies, the members of "Allemannia" are bound to be strictly honorable in all their dealings, and, furthermore, if one is suspected of a dishonorable action or of immorality in its narrower sense, he is liable to investigation, and if found guilty, is expelled.

It happened that on the occasion of my visit R— had been chosen to deliver the oration, and pleading the excuse of this

unusual responsibility, he begged me not to call for him till ten o'clock. R—, by the way, is an interesting and, I believe, an exceptional specimen of the class we are considering: a handsome young German, a crack swordsman, member of an eight-oar racing crew, a clever and enthusiastic violinist, a natural orator, and apparently the most popular member of his fraternity; but at the same time a most industrious student and unassuming to a fault. I was astonished to learn that he has paused in the middle of his medical course, that is, after having passed the "Physicum," to take his Ph.D. in natural science; after which he will complete his medical studies. He wrote the five-minute oration between eight and ten o'clock that evening and met me promptly at the appointed hour.

We passed through a capacious vestibule, at one side of which the "Hausmeister" and his son were busily engaged in filling steins from a large cask of beer, and entered the "Kneipe" room. With a loud voice R— introduced me to his associates, and in accordance with the rules governing this formality, recommended me to their hospitable treatment. As he finished, they all rose, shouted the appropriate response, and after raising their steins to the level of their eyes, banged them recklessly upon the table again, whereupon I was conducted to a seat and provided with stein and song-book.

The aimlessness of pure conviviality is relieved, in these meetings, by the introduction of an informal musical program consisting of alternating vocal and instrumental solos, each of which is followed by a song from the song-book, sung, without accompaniment and in unison, with the greatest enthusiasm.

While conversing with my neighbors I made mental note of the scene and the actors in it. The members were marked

by a uniform smoking jacket and "Mütze" or fraternity cap, while the few guests from other fraternities wore their own caps. There was one other beside myself who wore no cap, and he was destined to furnish the chief amusement of the evening. My attention having been drawn to him by circumstances which will be duly related, I was informed that he was a first semester student who had made himself obnoxious by reason of his self-conceit, and who imagined that the invitation which had been sent him for this evening was but preliminary to his election as a member. I do not doubt that to this day he is serenely unconscious of the fact that he was *the* joke of the occasion.

A favorite custom at these meetings is for two members to lock arms and at a single draught to empty a stein of beer. I have not been able to discover whether this rite is performed as a mark of mutual esteem, or upon a challenge from one to the other, but whether from one or both considerations, the would-be candidate felt it incumbent upon his honor to accept the invitations to drink which were showered upon him by the conspirators, who, by this and other means, endeavored to warm up the poor fellow's feeling of self-importance to the bubbling point of loquacity.

Within the hour after I began to count the number of times he took part in the ceremony just described, he drained no less than eight half-liter steins, and, finally, after maudlin nonsense had succeeded noisy hilarity, and he was no longer able to co-ordinate his movements, much less his ideas, he was led away by two of the younger members amid the mingled jeers and feigned regrets of his tormentors.

It lacked now but a quarter of an hour to midnight, and the signal was passed to prepare for the climax of the evening—

the ceremony of welcome to May, the "Lieblingsmonat" of the German calendar. After a rousing song, each one seized his stein, which, in the meantime, had been refilled, and took his place in line of march. A few moments later a single file of hatless men, most of them in gold-braided smoking jackets, each holding before him a stein of beer, could have been seen winding silently through the narrow streets toward the market place, where, upon our arrival, we formed a circle about the large stone fountain which stands in the middle of the square.

The few spare minutes were utilized by the company for brushing up their memory of the lines of the song of welcome, and as the last note of the hour died away a signal from R—, who had mounted the stone base of the fountain, brought forth the opening line with a precision and enthusiasm that was truly fine. The song was followed by R—'s oration, in which he recalled the discomforts of the winter season in much the same vein as Ulysses did the hardships of his wanderings, and after describing with glowing language the delights of summer, he called upon his companions to rejoice with him upon its return, and to signify their satisfaction by emptying their steins in the usual manner.

This done, we retraced our steps to the fraternity house, and soon after were on our way home.

THE "MENSUR."

My visit to the "Mensur" was one of those experiences which, by reason of their startling contrast with the ordinary events of the "simple life," leave behind them a lasting impression. On a certain Friday afternoon R— asked me whether I would like to attend "a German blood-feast," accompanying the invitation with a few suggestive passes; and upon my ready acceptance he appointed the "Old

Bridge" as the place, and nine the next morning as the hour.

Promptly at 9.15, therefore, after a short walk up the Neckar valley, we entered the door of the time-honored inn on the Hirschgasse and proceeded at once to the two large rooms above—the scene of action. After a most ceremonious introduction to the officers of the day, followed by presentations to the other members of "Allemannia," I began to look about me.

The smaller of the two rooms, both of which were carpetless, served the double purpose of dressing-room and surgery; on one side the tables were covered with weapons, and protective coverings for eyes, neck, body and arms, while on the other were wholesale quantities of materials for surgical dressings, antiseptic solutions, instruments, etc., and before a window a crude imitation of a dentist's chair.

The larger room likewise served two purposes; here the combats take place, and here also were displayed copious quantities of sandwiches and wine, together with cigars and cigarettes. The furniture was limited to a half dozen tables, a few benches and two or three dozen wooden chairs. Countless blood splashes on the floor of both rooms told the story of previous encounters, and on the walls hung other evidence in the form of photographs of similar assemblies, one of which bears the date 1857.

We arrived just as the first pair—seven were entered for the day's program—were preparing for the fray. All clothing above the waist is removed and a white muslin shirt put on, over which are placed padded shoulder guards, and the whole covered with a heavy apron. The neck is thoroughly protected by a broad padded band wound around several times and extending almost to the point of the chin. The fighting arm is also

heavily padded and the hand covered with a soft but thick leather glove, reinforced in the back to the finger tips with metal plates. Over the eyes are strapped heavy metal goggles with no glasses in the apertures, and so arranged that the wearer's glasses can be adjusted to them and protected by them. The face and top of the head are thus left unprotected, and it is against these parts that the attack is directed.

To the uninitiated the weapons are fearfully heavy affairs, possessing a guard which almost completely encloses the hand, and is decorated with the German national colors. The blade measures about a yard in length, three-quarters of an inch at the hilt and one-third of an inch at the tip, and its double edge for about a foot from the tip is sufficiently sharp.

As usual, two fraternities were represented, "Allemannia" and "Frankonia," and R—, as it happened, was serving as second for his fratri.

The two principals take their places opposite each other, each using as a half support the back of a chair, which seems to be an essential item of property in the scene to be enacted. The fighting arm of each is upheld in a horizontal position by his comrade, and in this attitude the two appear for several minutes to be endeavoring simply to stare each other out of nerve.

The seconds now appear, each with a weapon and clad like the contestants, but further protected by a head-dress of leather, looking much like a rural sun-bonnet.

The combatants, still wearing their fraternity caps, approach each other and raise their weapons, with the arm in rigid extension, till the blades point full at the zenith; the other hand rests in a leather ring attached to the belt at the back.

The seconds, after assuring themselves

that the interval between the men is exactly a sword's length, take a crouching position on the side opposite the fighting arm, each with one foot placed before the foot of his principal, and only the signal is wanting to precipitate the conflict.

At the word "los," shouted by one of the seconds, I am obliged to confess that I withdrew my gaze for a moment from the scene, for I was convinced that if not the whole head, at least a considerable segment of it must be lost by one or other of the duellists at the first blow. The signal, however, was followed only by a preliminary formality, which consisted in the crossing of the weapons above the head a few times, and the subsequent removal of the caps.

The positions above described were once more assumed, and at the second signal the battle began in earnest with three or four mighty sweeps, which resulted, however, to the immense relief of the writer, in nothing more fearful than the loud clanging of steel. At the word "halt," also given by the second, each second thrust his weapon before the face of his principal in such a position as to intercept any subsequent blows from his opponent. Hereupon the original positions were immediately assumed, the usual signal given, three or four blows again exchanged and the combat again interrupted.

The time occupied by these two acts from the first "los" to the second "halt" was less than fifteen seconds.

At intervals of from two to three minutes such a scene was repeated until finally the younger of the two—a "Frankonian" of about nineteen years—having had his skull laid bare by a slash of three inches, from which the blood was streaming down his back to the floor, his face bathed in blood from several minor "scratches" of one or two inches, received

a fearful wound reaching from the left ear nearly to the corner of the mouth; whereupon the judge, a battle-scarred, band-headed veteran, decided that he had been sufficiently punished and turned him over to the tender mercies of the surgeon.

The poor fellow seemed quite dejected, and with better reason than appeared upon the surface, for it was said that the judge had also decided that he had not shown sufficient fortitude under his injuries!

After removing his blood-soaked costume, which was delivered to a "diener" to be sponged off, the unlucky "Frankonian" proceeded to the dentist's chair, where the surgeon awaited him. Here, in the midst of his comrades, he was quickly made whole again, and it is the writer's humble opinion that he retrieved by his absolutely unflinching behavior under the merciless needle of the none too gentle surgeon, all that he had lost before the blade of his opponent.

The dressing had barely been applied and the plain black dressing cap put on, before the second pair were glaring at each other from their respective chair-backs in the next room. This conflict came quickly to an end, for the two were unevenly matched, the victor, who was a member of neither fraternity, having been invited to "take part."

He took part with a vengeance: in the first half of the first encounter, that is, in less than five seconds, he had twice reached his opponent's skull, while a few minutes later he cut an almost perfect Greek cross in the other's left cheek, from which the blood spurted so furiously that he was compelled to withdraw, defeated, of course.

The third event, on the contrary, was a very long one, lasting three-quarters of an hour, and, finally, after each principal had received at least half a dozen wounds,

none of which, however, was of major seriousness, it was declared a draw. The men were both heavy, and in the intervals their friends were kept busy straightening out the bent blades of their weapons, which they held, not with bare hands but in sterile gauze moistened with alcohol.

At this point the novelty of the business began to wear off, and since the remaining four pairs were said to be only tolerably skilful, and as they were total strangers to me, I paid my respects to my host and withdrew.

From conversations which I have had with several past masters in this gentle sport, I can say that the sensations attendant upon participation in it correspond precisely with those experienced by the batsman in an important cricket match, and that actual fear of physical pain enters as little into the former as into the latter. The parallel may be particularly observed in the fact that a "scratch" in the one, like a "chance" in the other, if it comes to one early in the

match, goes far toward getting one "set."

As to the danger involved in these encounters, aside from the almost certain facial disfigurement, which, by the way, is considered no misfortune, serious injury to important structures is by no means uncommon, and death, though rarely, does sometimes result.

We arrive here, not at the end of our subject, but at the self-imposed limits of its present consideration. The writer has only to add the apology which is due the chance reader of what he has presented. In accepting the invitation of the Editor-in-Chief of THE HAVERFORDIAN to "write up" the student-life at Heidelberg, no thought has been entertained of telling the whole story, and if the selected paragraphs, being those with which the writer found himself personally acquainted, will be able only to give an honest picture of the German student, drawn as it is with a hand so unused, and in colors so plain, the result attained will not fall short of his expectations.

Arthur F. Coca, '96.

THE LATEST THING IN RUBAIYATS

Wake! for the Muse, who did one Time inspire
Omar Khayyam with an undying Fire,
Drives off Originality and strikes
Each Poetaster with a mad Desire!

Before the Phantom of true Poesy died,
Methinks a Voice within the Poet cried:
When Rhyme and Metre are prepared for you,
Why need Things never used before be tried?

Now the new Era, bearing new Desires,
The thoughtless Soul of Parody inspires;
While the glad Hand of some fool Editor
Puts out, and Authors send him Stuff by Quires.

Shakespeare, indeed, is gone with all his Plays;
On Parodies of these no more we gaze.
Still Imitation kindles in the Mind,
And many a Donkey "after Omar" brays

A Rhyming Dictionary 'neath the Bough,
A Pen in Hand, a Pot of Ink, and Thou
Beside me, Omar, in the grateful Shade:
Such Inspiration were indeed enow!

Think, in this battered monthly Magazine,
Whose Covers are alternate red and green,
How Poet after Poet with his verse
Abode a While; and then no more was seen!

You, gentle Reader, glancing at this Verse—
How oft hereafter will you read and curse;
How oft hereafter, sneering, speak of me!
What matter! It has filled my empty Purse!

And when you, too, Posterity, shall look
Amidst the Dust in some envolved Nook,
And in your studious Errand reach a Spot
Where lies this Scroll—pick up an unread Book.

J. C. T. '08

DEA EX MACHINA

We all knew Hadley well, and when he blew in on us the other evening at the club we could tell at once that he was brimming over with one of his good stories. We were comfortably seated in those big leather chairs in the smoking room. Across the hall could be seen several groups of men sitting in the grill room, and beyond them were tables, bright with green billiard cloth, around which were young well-dressed fellows in their shirt sleeves. Amidst the click of the ivory balls a hearty laugh would often come from them that was pleasant to hear.

It did not take very much to get Hadley started, and he soon told his story.

“Well, the way it began was with a whiz-z-z-z and a crack, and then with a sound that resembled the despairing sigh of some lost soul in Purgatory, the big touring car in which Holton and I were ascending a foot-hill of the White Mountains, stopped. My friend made a hurried, fervent ejaculation, and then as though taken aback by his language,—its motive power spent,—the big machine started to retrace its footsteps, or tire marks, to be more exact. Holton pressed certain foot-levers in great haste and brought the car to a stop, and with much thankfulness I climbed out and cast my eyes back over the rocky incline up which we had come, while Holton rambled and muttered about ‘Differentials—bad break up against it,’ etc.

“Evidently something had happened. This Holton finally made me realize by his trenchant, decisive language. Several times before had we had our difficulties, but they always vanished after vary-

ing intervals of supine application on the part of my friend. But this time a brief examination sufficed, and with a woe-begone face, and swallowing great mouthfuls of clear mountain air, Holton said we should have to walk.

“‘Walk?’ questioned I. ‘Walk?’

“‘Unless something comes along that will give us a lift,’ he answered.

“Then it was my turn to gasp. Walk! We had started early that morning from Tom Dunlap’s lodge on Sunset Crest, bound for the Blue Mountain House, sixty miles away, where I had promised Helen Wright and her aunt I would meet them by dinner time that day. It was now two o’clock; we had made the trip very leisurely, because of the grades, and even stopped to whip a couple of likely looking trout streams, so we were yet twenty miles from the hotel, as closely as we could judge, from the distance we had come. Well, I imagine I looked rather woe-begone myself when I realized all this; because Holton suddenly burst out into guffaws of fool laughter, so that he had to sit down on a rock by the roadside and get his breath.

“‘Rather hysterical, aren’t you?’ I snapped, and with that he was at it again.

“Now, ordinarily, I can take a joke, but I couldn’t see anything funny just then, so I am rather glad of the fate that he has met, which I have just learned from reading what is in this envelope, and which I shall show you fellows when I finish my story.

“You see, he was decidedly blasé about girls and thought I made a fool of myself over Helen, but he doesn’t understand how deeply a fellow feels when he

is engaged—at least he didn't then. I knew how precise Helen was about keeping dates, and I knew how the dear girl would worry if I did not arrive when I had said I should. Why, she might even have thought that there were bears in the mountains, or that there had been a cloudburst, or anything,—even if she never happened to think that I might have made the trip in an auto (creations, by the way, against which her aunt was always warning her).

“However, when he got through laughing, and I realized that we should have to push ahead on foot, we sorted out the impedimenta that we would actually need, and then with great labor pushed the automobile out of the road into the thick underbrush beside it, and covered it with a big tarpaulin that we had been using occasionally as a tent during our past three weeks of touring. Now it was serious business upon which we were embarking, and as I look back upon it I congratulate myself that I showed the stuff of which heroes are made. I believe I made some such remark to Holton and likened myself to a martyr, whereupon he started his assinine laughter again and agreed that I *was* like most martyrs, because like them I had a flame at the end of my journey. We had ridden at least ten miles since seeing a habitation, and heaven alone knew how far we should have to walk before we should meet even man or beast—let alone a human dwelling place. but after carefully concealing all our possessions that we did not need, and blazing the trail of the decrepit car, we started on up the hill. Holton traveled light, in fact, I think he only stuffed his tooth-brush and pipe into his pockets, along with a flask, and two boxes of pressed turkey, but I just had to lug a bag along—I couldn't think of being there at the Blue Mountain House without my

evening clothes, and besides, Helen's aunt was always warning her against men who did not follow the strictest conventions, saying, 'The dear only knew' what they would do *after marriage* if they did not preserve the most perfect respect for their fiances before. So I carried a suit case!

“Well, to shorten a long story, we walked four hours before we met a person or saw a dwelling, and although we had rested often, and I had many times thoughtfully lightened Holton's flask, I was just about ready to open the lunch basket, namely, a can of pressed turkey, and camp for the night, when, afar off in the middle distance, we descried a man. Columbus discovering America, Balboa the Pacific, or even a Maine farmer a speak-easy, could never have experienced the exquisite joy that filled me at the sight of that homo sapiens. Even Holton remarked at it and said he would not have been so surprised had it been a girl.

“When we approached and got a good view of him, neither one of us was so happy as before. He was rather shabbily dressed, though his clothes bore the aspect of having once been of good quality. He wore an old brown slouch hat, but it was his face that filled me with apprehension. It was too shrewd for the man's garb. There were no bad lines in it, in fact it was a strong face, but even its strength looked out of place there. 'Something wrong,' I said to myself as I drew my belt tighter.

“‘My good man, can you direct us to some place where we can spend the night, and get something to eat?’ questioned Holton as soon as the stranger had reached us; and then, in answer to a searching look from the man, he weakly burst out into a recital of our mishap. The man heard it through, and then gave one of those dry 'leatherstocking' laughs,

as though he, too, like Helen's aunt, had a grudge against automobiles and gloried in their downfall. But more important and far better was the invitation he gave to come and spend the night with him, with the added comfort that there would be a weekly provision wagon along the next day, upon which we could probably ride to our destination.

"We started. Holton and the stranger walked ahead, retracing our steps until they reached a wagon track that led up the mountain. I followed, thinking that even the poor hospitality this mountaineer could offer would be acceptable, and admitting to myself that my suspicions had been unfounded and were due largely to the old brown slouch hat. After walking for about twenty minutes we reached his house and I was agreeably surprised, as the situation was ideal for view, and the white cottage attractive in its setting of trees and shrubberies. There was a bracing odor of balsam and ozone up there, and as we got nearer I detected the still more bracing odor of a broiling beefsteak. The house was rather well fitted up and a good library of books graced the big living room, which surprised us, and, as I afterward remarked to Holton, hinted of University Extension and home-reading courses. But surprises seemed to be increasing, for later, when the mountaineer introduced us to his wife, we saw a very sweet middle-aged lady who would have graced a city drawing-room better than this lonely mountain dwelling. We both thought her very attractive, and I was thinking with pity what her life must be here, nothing more than a scant living, snowbound in winter, and a slow, tedious existence,—when the mountaineer, whose name was Mr. Wildes, by the way, appeared and led us to the dining-room. I tell you, I hardly took time to notice the tastefulness of

this room, there were more useful and satisfying things to be seen.

"Well, we had not much more than got started before I heard light footsteps outside a door that appeared to lead to a pantry or the kitchen. "They must have a servant, after all," I ruminated, and just then there appeared in the room one of the fairest girls I have ever seen,—she made me think at once of Helen. Holton and I both rose, hardly noticing that the girl was carrying a platter of waffles, and it would have been a pretty how-to-do had she really been the maid; but she was not; we were presented to Miss Wildes, the daughter of the house, who, it appears, had been the artist who concocted the royal banquet of which we were partaking. Evidently, she had known we were there, for she was not so embarrassed as Holton or I, and kept a very demure demeanor for a poor lonely country girl. We finished the dinner, finally,—supper they called it,—and went outside to the porch which looked out over the irregular green valley. After awhile Holton and I broke away from Mr. and Mrs. Wildes and went off to take a smoke. Well, fellows, you would have died at Holton, he could only babble about Juno, violet eyes, June roses, etc., etc., until I was thoroughly disgusted. After all, this was the time I should have been with Helen, and as darkness fell around us, slowly dimming the green mountains, and as we heard the mournful chirp of crickets and tree-frogs, my hard luck was forced home to me. But as for Holton, he was a perfect idiot. I had never seen him so foolish. You see, this girl's beauty, which could not be denied, struck him forcibly,—at the psychological moment, as Jack Reade would say, it was like finding a jewel among pebbles, or an orchid on the prairie, to find her there,—I am poor at

similes, but you see what I mean, and Holton was hard hit, I can tell you. As luck would have it, when we got back there, Miss Wildes was through with the dishes and it was not long before I was entertaining the old couple, while Launcelot was out strolling with Elaine. Worse and worse, the moon came up, pretty soon giving us a magnificent scene, and that just about fixed poor Holton. While I landed nothing more than eight mosquito bites, he seemed to have got a shaft fairly between his fourth and fifth ribs.

"When we retired that night, I twitted him about his conquest, and Holton, the cold, the unsentimental, the supposed woman-hater, actually blushed.

"The next morning he was up when I awoke, and when I went down stairs to see if I could be of any service, I found Holton, the immaculate, the Harvard graduate, peeling potatoes. This was almost too much, and I had to laugh when I saw it, much to his apparent embarrassment. But when breakfast was over he gave me news that fairly extirpated all breath from my body, by announcing that he was afraid to leave his auto so long, so he had been invited by Mr. Wildes to stay there while I rode to the Blue Mountain House on the rural provision wagon and brought back the necessary parts for repairing the machine. Nerve! Why, I should have thought Holton would have had more sense; but he was immovable. I coaxed and pleaded him not to give up so weakly, to be a man; then failing in that, I pointed out the wrong he was doing all around, I recalled the innocence of this country girl, but it was all unavailing, stay he would. So I made the trip alone. I shall not pause over its details, for they were many. We made forty professional visits before that traveling market house brought me to the hotel,—and to Helen.

Well, I explained things and we finally made arrangements with a blacksmith, who also ran a sort of garage, to send down the parts necessary with a man to adjust them. I did not go, I felt like washing my hands of Holton entirely for his perverseness, and when Helen asked me to go to Mirror Lake for a few days with a party that was starting, I left with no compunctions.

"Holton fixed his auto all right and came to the hotel, where I found him upon our return. He was serene and happy, yet repentant for what he had done, so I forgave him and we finished our trip together. I could never get him to tell me any more about his visit, so I came to the conclusion that he had been disillusioned, and really felt ashamed for what he had done. That was where I was fooled! Just listen to this":

With that Hadley drew from his pocket an invitation and read as follows:

"Professor and Mrs. J. Mason Wildes
request the honor of your presence
at the wedding of their daughter,
Grace Elizabeth Wildes,
to
Walter Willits Holton,
Friday evening, June the twentieth."

We all knew Holton and immediately flooded Hadley with questions.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "appearances deceived us for once,—deceived me, at any rate, and the drinks are on yours truly. Holton's eye wasn't so bad, after all. It seems that Wildes is that big geologist up at Yale that just put out that wonderful theory about the San Francisco earthquake. He and his family seek the simple life during the summer and we just struck them in their simplicity. I was fooled, and so may Holton have been also, but he didn't care and won out in the end. He's been hard hit all year, and I think his business inter-

ests will pick up when this is over. What is funnier still, is that this Elizabeth Wildes had graduated in Helen's class at Smith the June before we met them, and if the family had not been so secretive about themselves we should have known it at once instead of supposing them

mountaineers. However, all's well that— Here, boy, call a hansom for me, will you?

"So long, fellows; I shall see you all on the twentieth. I'm to do the duties of best man, you know."

I. J. D., '07.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

CLASS OF '98 REUNION

The eighth annual reunion of the Class of '98 was held at Haverford on October 27th. After the Ursinus game several of the members took a long walk along familiar roads, returning to an excellent dinner, in the new assembly room, at seven o'clock. Those present were: Dr. W. W. Cadbury, J. G. Embree, J. H. Haines, A. S. Harding, W. C. Janney, J. S. Jenks, Jr., M. M. Lee, Dr. S. Rhoads, A. G. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge, J. W. Taylor, T. Wistar and R. D. Wood.

After dinner, President Scattergood took the chair and read letters from O.

P. Moffitt, P. Stadelman, I. J. Sterner, F. A. Swan, Dr. W. J. Taylor and P. N. Wilson, who regretted that they could not be present. After an informal discussion of class business matters and Haverford interests, and a Class Day chorus or two, the meeting adjourned to the comfort of a Lloyd Hall study, until the inevitable handshaking time arrived. The general feeling is that considering the gymnasium, Lloyd Hall, new dining hall, Roberts Hall and cricket pavilion, '98 ought to have another term of four years.

NOTES

'81. John C. Winston, Chairman of the Committee of Seventy, is doing active work for the Lincoln party in Philadelphia.

'85. Rufus M. Jones delivered a course of lectures at a summer school, held by English Friends, at Bakewell, England, during August.

'92. Stanley R. Yarnall is acting principal of the Germantown Friends' School during the absence on leave of the regular principal, Davis H. Forsythe.

'92. Augustine W. Blair was in Philadelphia for a few days during August, visiting his friends and relatives. He is the chemist of the Experimental Department of the Florida State University.

'95-A.M. A bronze tablet was placed in the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania on Alumni Day, June 11, 1906, by the Class of 1898, Law, dedicated to Roy Wilson White, who was murdered May 20, 1900. Mr. White graduated from Earlham in 1894, received his Master's degree at Haverford in 1895, and the degree of LL. B. at the

University Law School in 1898. He was a fellow in the Law School, 1898-1900, and was a student of the Civil Law University of Paris, 1899-1900.

'96. J. Henry Scattergood was married to Miss Anne Theodore Morris on the 13th of last June, at the bride's home, in Villa Nova.

'98. Fred. A. Swan was married on August 29th to Miss Helen Wood, of Boston. About a week before the wedding he met with a serious accident on a trolley car which was run into by an automobile, resulting in several broken bones. The wedding ceremony took place in the hospital in New York City. Dr. Wm. W. Cadbury, '98, and W. Battey were ushers.

Ex-'98. C. A. Varney is engaged in the mining business in the State of Washington.

'00. Frederic C. Sharpless is now practicing medicine with Dr. Branson, at Bryn Mawr.

'01. E. C. Rossmassler is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

'01. W. W. Woodward graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School last June and is now at the Episcopal Hospital.

'01. J. K. De Armond was married to Miss Emily Janney, at the Friends' Meeting House, 15th and Race Streets, on October twenty-seventh.

'01. W. H. Kirkbride is in the employ of the Lewiston Clarkston Company at Clarkston, Ill.

'02. Norris A. Scott was married to

Miss Frances Lillian Taylor, at Lansdown, Pa., on October 17th, 1906.

Ex-'02. Guerney Newlin is engaged in the practice of law in Los Angeles, Cal.

'02. W. P. Phillips was elected one of the editors of the *Law Review* of Harvard University. Phillips has made a fine record in the Harvard Law School.

'03. S. N. Wilson is teaching at the West Chester State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.

'04. W. P. Bonbright is with the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, 242 Fifth Avenue, New York, where he is at home to all Haverfordians.

Ex-'05. The engagement of John L. Scull to Miss Mary Elizabeth Bettle, of Haverford, has been announced.

Ex-'06. C. J. Malone is in the Pennsylvania Law School.

'06. J. Monroe is in the Engineering Department of Cornell University.

'06. F. R. Taylor and J. Tunney have entered the Pennsylvania Law School.

'06. "Brigham" Young (W. A.) is teaching at the Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

'06. R. W. Sands is teaching in the Friends' Academy at Locust Valley, Long Island.

Ex-'07. H. P. Fritz is living in Philadelphia. He is fully recovered from a severe illness.

Ex-'07. C. J. Claassen is cashier of the State bank, Jansen, Neb.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE

Nov. 10.—Johns Hopkins, at Haverford.

Nov. 17.—Trinity, at Hartford, Conn.

Nov. 24.—New York University, at Haverford.

SOCCER SCHEDULE (Not Complete)

Nov. 6.—Belmont C. C., at Elmwood.

Nov. 28.—Cornell, at Haverford ?

Nov. 30.—Boys' Club of New York, at Haverford.

Dec. 1.—Germantown C. C., at Haverford.

Dec. 8.—Philadelphia C. C., at Haverford.

Dec. 12.—Pennsylvania, at Franklin Field.

Dec. 14.—Columbia, at Haverford.

Dec. 15.—Merion, at Haverford.

Dec. 22.—P. & R. Y. M. C. A., at Haverford.

Jan. 5.—Philadelphia C. C., at St. Martin's.

Jan. 12.—Belmont, at Haverford.

Jan. 19.—Princeton, at Princeton.

Jan. 26.—Germantown C. C., at Germantown?

Feb. 2.—P. & R. Y. M. C. A., at Tabor.

Rev. H. Roswell Bates addressed the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evening, October 10. Mr. Bates is the pastor of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church in the lower west side of New York, and in connection with his church maintains a settlement house. This "Neighborhood House," as it is called, has the reputation of doing as much lasting good among the tenement dwellers as any settlement in

the city, mainly, because it combines Christian teaching with practical charity, which the college and university settlements do not do.

Mr. Bates' talk was in part a practical talk on social conditions as they are found in New York City, and for the rest an appeal for enough Christian influence to regenerate the dwarfed lives of the class of society to which he has given up his life.

FOOT BALL

HAVERFORD, 4 ; MEDICO CHI, 0.

Played at Haverford, October 6, 1906. 1906.

The line-up:

Haverford.

Medico-Chi.

Edwardsl. e..... Bradlier
(Ayer)

Greenl. t..... Lowrie
(Frost)

Woodl. g..... Bucker
Killenc..... Sautee
(Thompson)

Birdsallr. g..... Haggert
(Wright)

Ramseyr. t..... O'Toole
(Jones)

Jonesr. e..... Meyer
(Leonard)

Hainesq. b..... Christ
(Magill)

Bardr. h. b..... Cooper
(Miller)

A. Brownl. h. b.....Blocker
C. Brownf. b..... Redan

Time of Halves—15 minutes. Referee—Curtis, University of Pennsylvania. Umpire—Hitchener, Rutgers. Head Linesman—Brown, Haverford. Goal from Field—Haines.

HAVERFORD, 5; LEHIGH, 0.

Played at South Bethlehem, October 13, 1906.

About seventy-five students accompanied the team to Bethlehem and were repaid by seeing it win from Lehigh 5 to 0. The game was an exciting one to watch. Lehigh fumbled often, and a red and black jersey generally covered the ball. On one of these fumbles Tatnall secured the ball on Lehigh's 20-yard line. The next few plays yielded substantial gains and Jones took the ball over for a touchdown. C. Brown would have scored another touchdown in this half if Referee Smith had not penalized Haverford fifteen yards for a questionable decision of hurdling. A field goal after this penalty failed.

In the second half Haverford completely outplayed Lehigh and had the ball in their territory practically all the time. Haverford used the kicking game largely, C. Brown well outkicking Sheridan. But the 10-yard rule, with a little aid from Lehigh's defense, kept Haverford from scoring. An attempt at a field goal was unsuccessful.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Lehigh.</i>
Ayerl. e.....	Troutman
(Magill)	
Tatnalll. t.....	Burlingame
Woodl. g.....	Sheridan
Spaethc.....	Westerbeck
Birdsallr. g.....	Shaikley
Ramseyr. t.....	Street
	(Wallover)
Jonesr. e.....	Bakewell
	(Haug)
Hainesq. b.....	Hoppin
	(Wigten)
A. Brownl. h. b.....	Lawyer
(Miller)	
Bardr. h. b.....	Spiers
(Hutton)	
C. Brownf. b.	Mercur
Referee—Smith, Bucknell. Umpire—Lamson, University of Pennsylvania. Linesman—	

Trevorton, Lehigh. Touchdowns—Jones, Haverford.

HAVERFORD, 0; RUTGERS, 0.

Played at Haverford, October 20, 1906.

The heavy Rutgers team, aided by a very slippery field, kept Haverford from scoring. Rutgers had a good heavy line, which Haverford was not able to pierce consistently. The strength of the Haverford team lies in its fast end runs. The condition of the field and poor interference kept them from being effective. Several attempts at field goals failed.

When two teams are nearly equal this year's 10-yard rule makes it much more difficult for either to score.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Rutgers.</i>
Leonardl. e.....	MacNeil
Tatnalll. t.....	Cox
Woodl. g.....	Leslie
Spaethc.....	Good
Birdsallr. g.....	Black
Ramseyr. t.....	Thomas
Magillr. e.....	Nutt
	(Wallace)
Hainesq. b.....	Thorpe
Bardl. h. b.....	Booze
(A. Brown)	(Nutt)
Jonesr. h. b.....	Fisher
C. Brownf. b.	Corbin
Referee—Gillender, University of Pennsylvania. Umpire—Wallace. Linesman—Brown, Haverford. Time of Halves—20 minutes.	

HAVERFORD, 23; URSINUS, 16.

Played at Haverford, October 27, 1906.

Haverford won a very interesting game from the Ursinus team, which had held Dickinson to a 4 to 0 score the Saturday before. Haverford's team work, that had been lacking in former games, was more in evidence. The Haverford Varsity found Ursinus weaker than was expected and outplayed them at every point. Ursinus scored a touchdown in

the first half on a trick play. Haverford used mainly straight foot ball. Bard, however, scored a touchdown on a cleverly executed forward pass.

Ursinus' other two touchdowns were made against Haverford's second eleven. Jones and Haines were the only regulars who played through the whole game.

The last touchdown by Ursinus was after time was up, the timekeepers being tardy in communicating the fact to the referee. Captain Jones and C. Brown were excellent ground gainers for Haverford, and Ramsey and Spaeth played well on the defense.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Ursinus.</i>
Bardl. e..... Alspach (Leonard)	
Tatnalll. t..... Quay (Frost)	
Woodl. g..... Ellis (Green)	
Spaethc..... Cook (Killen)	
Birdsallr. g..... Heller (Emlen)	
Ramseyr. t..... Hoover (Jones)	
Magillr. e..... Abel (Ayer)	
Hainesq. b..... Paist	
A. Brownl. h. b..... Roth (Hutton)	
Jonesr. h. b..... Hain (Miller)	
C. Brownf. b..... Kerschner (Clement)	

Referee—Gillender, U. of P. Umpire—Teas, U. of P. Touchdowns—Jones, 2; C. Brown, Bard, Roth, Hain. Goals from touchdowns—Haines, 3; Paist.

1909, 0; 1910, 0.

The Sophomores deserved to win the foot ball game with the Freshmen, but after rushing the ball consistently to the Freshmen's 2-yard line, the Sophs fumbled and a Freshman got the ball. The game was very interesting, being

filled with many good individual plays. Ramsey, Bard and Spaeth played well for the Sophs, as did Frost, Hutton and Langsdorf for the Freshmen.

The line-up:

<i>Sophomores.</i>	<i>Freshmen.</i>
Lewisl. e..... Ayer	
Greenl. t..... Wilson	
Marshl. g..... Morris	
Killenc..... Schultz	
Thompsonr. g..... Sholan	
Wattr. t..... Frost	
Sharplessr. e..... Shoemaker	
Myersq. b..... Judkins	
Ramseyl. h. b..... Hutton	
Bardr. h. b..... Langsdorf	
Spaethf. b..... Martin	
Time of Halves—15 minutes. Referee—Lowry. Umpire—Jones.	

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN TRACK AND FIELD MEET

The annual Sophomore-Freshman Athletic Meet, held on Walton Field, October 15, was won by 1910, 44 points to 27.

One Hundred Yard Dash—First, Frost, '10; second, Roberts, '10; third, Palmer, '10. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.

Half Mile Run—First, Langsdorf, '10; second, Baker, '10; third, Thompson, '09. Time, 2 minutes 10 3-5 seconds.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Dash—First, Roberts, '10; second, Palmer, '10; third, Warnock, '09. Time, 26 seconds.

Shot Put—First, Ramsey, '09; second, Green, '09; third, Schultz, '10. Distance—32 feet 3 inches.

One Hundred and Twenty Yard High Hurdles—First, Bard, '09; second, Cary, '10. Time, 19 4-5 seconds.

High Jump—First, Judkins, '10; second, Spiers, '09; third, Bard, '09. Height, 4 ft. 11 inches.

Four Hundred and Forty Yard Dash—First, Langsdorf, '10; second, Warnock, '09; third, Mott, '09. Time, 54 1-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—First, Langsdorf, '10; second, Bard, '09; third, Spiers, '09. Distance, 18 feet 5½ inches.

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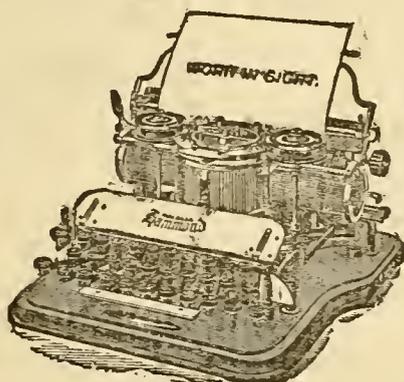
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HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 7.

December, 1906

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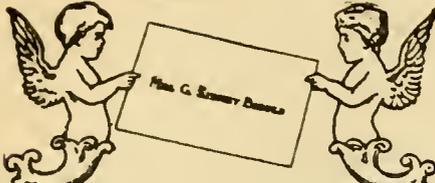
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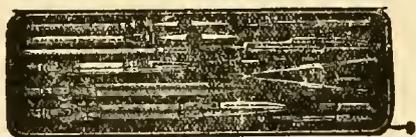
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VOL. XXVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1906

No. 7

WITH very just pride may Haverford look back upon the foot ball season of 1906. Taking all circumstances into consideration, the college has just completed one of the most satisfactory seasons it has ever had, and yet so many elements have entered into its success that it is hard to analyze them.

**The Foot Ball
Season of
1906**

Naturally we look to the coaching system first as responsible for a winning foot ball team. This year, Coach Thorn was unable to be present on the field more than once a week, but he has taught the men the theory of the game by occasional lectures in the evening, and has worked out the new plays. Hopkins has ably assisted Thorn and has developed into a very successful field coach. He, in turn, has been assisted by Lowry and Hayes.

Captain Jones has been a quiet, but masterful leader for the team, and has maintained a team spirit on the field that has gone far in securing our victories.

Then there is great credit due to Manager March for the smooth and well-planned progress of the season. He has displayed foresight and marked executive ability in arranging minor details of the trips, which have contributed much to the comfort and condition of the men on the team.

We began the season with prospects of a very light team, and the aim of the coaches was to develop fast, quick play. That they succeeded was apparent to those who saw the speedy, systematic work of the team in the last few games. We were fortunate, since our team had many light players on it, that the men were all very near the average in weight. As a result, there was a balance and uniformity to the team that enhanced speed which could not have been attained with a less uniform distribution of weight.

There is no doubt the new rules have given great advantages to lightness and speed in comparison with the past, and so they have distinctly benefited the

game here at Haverford. The rules have had a thorough trying out, and it is the popular decision that they have greatly improved the game. It is encouraging to know that not a serious accident has occurred to a Haverford player this season.

The team will lose four or five men, but the prospect for next year seems better than it was for this year at the beginning of the season. The squad had many promising men on it, who ought to develop into good players next year, and it seems a reasonable statement that the season of 1907 need not fall below that of 1906.

IT is just as necessary occasionally to revivify and re-establish good resolutions in our lives and conduct as it is to make such resolutions. We are so constructed individually that our resolves must become habits before we can be certain we shall always fulfill them.

**Rejuvenating
a Good
Resolution**

When a man realizes a course of action is the proper course to follow, and throws himself into it with much enthusiasm, but gradually loses his grasp upon it through lack of interest or "stick-to-it-iveness," we generally credit him with lack of stamina and staying powers.

A group of men thinks and acts very much like an individual, and in our college body, good resolutions must become habitual customs—without exceptions—before this permanence can be assured.

While no decided breach of the rules has occurred that has not been reported, there has of late been a decided falling off from the spirit of student-government in the dining hall. If this institution is to stand, and the college body has decided that it is to stand, public senti-

ment must take a decided position against the prevalent spirit of carelessness, and must raise the present standard of conduct, which is below that agreed upon when the college body adopted the system.

It would be well for classes and tables to talk this question over and let us renew the spirit of a sensible discipline in the dining hall, instead of weakly allowing such a beneficial institution to lapse into a fatal stage of degeneracy and decline.

THE soccer foot ball season definitely began with the victory over Cornell, which occurred on Walton field the Wednesday after the Rugby foot ball season closed. We were particularly fortunate in winning that, our first intercollegiate game, as soccer had been held in abeyance during foot ball season and the regular training had hardly commenced.

**The Soccer
Season
Now Open**

Since the game with Cornell, Haverford has defeated Harvard, at Cambridge, and University, on Franklin Field. Columbia, the only remaining member of the League, forfeited her game to Haverford and thus gave us the intercollegiate championship.

While with the close of the Intercollegiate League games the real season ends, association foot ball will continue all winter by games with neighboring teams.

Soccer no doubt furnishes one of the most rugged and enjoyable forms of exercise possible for the late fall and winter months; that it is appreciated is attested to by the fact that Captain Rossmaessler usually has four full teams on the field for practice—two on Walton field and two on Merion.

ONLY within recent years has gymnastic exercise been a required part of the first two years training in the first-class colleges. Still more recent is the plan, now adopted by the best colleges and universities throughout this country, of making gymnastic work not only required during the Freshmen and Sophomore years, but of grading men in it as in any scholastic course. This procedure, which was advocated by the Society of College Gymnasium Directors, was so unprecedented that at first it was received as too radical a step. Now public opinion has swung around, and it is generally conceded that colleges have the obligation primarily to

**Gymnastics
a part
of the
Curriculum**

the man himself but ultimately to society at large—of developing him in physical health and strength as well as of training him mentally. In order that this theory may be better and more widely understood, Dr. Babbitt has consented to write the article appearing in this issue under the caption, "The College Gymnasium."

The Editorial Board takes pleasure in announcing that Howard Burt, '08, T. M. Longstreth, '08, and Winthrop Sargent, Jr., '08, have been elected members of the Haverfordian Board. The next elections will be held about the first of February, 1907, when new members will be elected to replace the retiring Senior editors.

THE CONQUEROR

If thou wouldst be profoundly wise
Seek not the truths that volumes hold,
But read within a maiden's eyes
The love of ages manifold.

At all the sages long I scoffed,
Nor deemed it truth they strove to show,
Till spake my love, serenely soft,
I know it is, because—I know.

"All men are fools," the sages cried,
"Deny you may, but cannot prove,"
And so, although I know they lied,
I took it baffled to my love.

"Who loves," quoth she, "is not a fool,
Who does not love is not a man,
And hence by well established rule
There are no fools,"—dispute who can.

So they who came my love to meet,
With weighty words and logic grave,
Sank with a smile before her feet
To hear the teaching that she gave.

J. F. W., '10.

THE COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

The College curriculum offers no course more variously estimated in the student mind than that of prescribed gymnasium work. Now a center of enthusiasm, now an object of slander, always occupying an intermediary "after hours" position in the student course, holding a position of importance only relative in both faculty and student mind, its status should be reassured, and for that purpose it is here reviewed.

Primarily, gymnastic or calisthenic work was adopted as a relief from mental strain, a safety valve for pent up physical energy—it must be admitted in large degree a disciplinary measure. However, with the rapidly increasing American respect and popularity of physical development, and an awakened recognition of the importance of physical work and the influence upon mental progress—scientific principles were gradually introduced, and gymnastic systems developed, based upon physiological and psychological laws; in other words, gymnastic work became a science, and as such, deserves its proper place and demonstration.

Its national significance, as a factor in Army preparation and qualification, (this in large degree here, but of vast import in certain foreign countries) is but another evidence of growing esteem.

In most American colleges at the present time, gymnastic work has been given a regular place upon the curriculum with proper credit in grading; its period of work has been blended with the regular college recitation period, and

its director given full and active participation in college government as a member of the faculty. This but evidences an increasing tendency from a pedagogical standpoint, to place physical on a par with mental training.

As it is always more practical to consider by concrete topic than abstract principle, the following are suggested:

(a) The purpose and function of gymnasium work.

(b) The scope and place of physical training.

(c) Gymnasium grading and examination.

(d) The vital importance of physical work in the college life.

(a) Each year nearly fifty new students are launched upon Haverford life, from varying school conditions and equally diverse degrees of preliminary physical training. Inasmuch as the gymnastic team has been a necessary and perhaps evil outgrowth of the gymnastic course (a mute evidence again of the varying degrees of muscular control and impossibility of planning similar work for large groups), it seems wise, at the beginning of each year, to hold preliminary tests as a basis of selection for advanced classes.

Repeatedly has this proven the occasion of a most interested audience, one amused and entertained by the feeble or futile efforts of beginners in gymnastic work, to perform some of the most simple feats of bodily co-ordination, set as gymnastic tests.

Many an entering Freshman is unable to raise his toes to the bar from underhanging position; to chest dip between the parallel bars, to turn a simple somersault or even support the body weight from one hand. Beginning sophomores evidence an almost amazing change in relative ability, and at the end of two years' prescribed work, such an exhibition would be almost an impossibility.

To be sure, the audience above alluded to, now and then, contains some recalcitrant Junior triumphing over his escape from physical thralldom, but his presence is inconsequential.

These tests more than answer the question of the topic. Bodily co-ordination and the ability to handle one's self readily and easily, body elasticity and grace, an erect figure, broad shoulders, and chest; power to fall with natural body position, or stand unusual strain minus injury to bone and tendon; uniform conditions of digestion, skin circulation, lung capacity, and general vitality; all these evidence the purpose and importance of this work. The retrograde changes we observe in many individual cases at senior graduation, and after two years of idleness, but strengthen this argument.

(b) No uniform course of two years grading could meet the physical demands of all students. For one group body building and "setting up" exercises are absolutely needed, for another, corrective gymnastics, for a third group, team work, involving mass muscular movements and sufficient exercise for previously trained gymnastic mind and extremities. In the Swedish National Educational system as adopted for American colleges, we find an adequate course to meet the demands of the first group, and for the second, lighter work of the American system and individual and private direction are arranged.

After careful physical examination, proper assignment may be made, and no student, without grave organic defect, need fail to find some course of gymnastic prescription, both safe and valuable. We do not desire acrobats, we do not desire Sandows, we do not want overdevelopment of fibrous tissue with stiff arterial coats and thickened cardiac walls beyond a student's years—a hastened old age—we want rather firmly knit, resilient bodies, capable of resistance alike to exposure and strain, a clear eye and athletic skin, a gymnastic mental training for quick response and muscular reaction; and at Haverford such opportunities are provided and deserve due respect and credit.

(c) In the same pioneer spirit with which physical educators have evolved a scientific system, combining both mental and physical development, have they endeavored to establish adequate standards upon which to examine and grade proficiency in gymnastic work—a task by no means light. If this department be given its appropriate place in class grading, its mark must be commensurate with those in any other department, be it language or science.

A group of most earnest teachers in this branch, department heads in their respective colleges, known as the Society of College Gymnasium Directors has recently made this a subject of special study, namely, the acquiring of an adequate basis upon which to determine gymnastic grading. In other branches, such marking depends upon actual acquirement of knowledge, improvement and progress as noted in daily recitation work, possibly in minor degree to class department, and finally upon a student's practical ability to handle the subject in hand. It therefore has seemed rational to make the gymnastic grading an examination depend upon a four fold test. First

upon natural elements of gymnastic ability possessed by the candidate at the examination time—these being evidenced by the general factors, which make and reveal physical health and strength and are proven by the physical examination and routine strength tests; secondly, upon a concrete knowledge of gymnastic science and principles involved in the system—this being by written or oral test on the floor; thirdly, by a series of tests representative of gymnasium improvement, tests involving co-ordination of arms, limbs, and both combined, and finally by some form of vitality test, an exercise involving mass effort and continued to exhaustion point. This endurance test is, of course, a difficult one to obtain with any precision. The entire system is necessarily cumbersome, consequently, at Haverford its elaborate series will be, and is already, modified, and abbreviated system is gradually substituted, which will eventually add respect to the department.

In many colleges physical work is still embryonic and has not reached faculty co-operation and esteem, and we consider this to be largely due to inadequate means by which to gauge proficiency.

(d) As a concluding tribute to the collegiate importance of gymnastic work, consider for a moment its probable and possible influence upon college life and tone. For two years of his college life, a student attends regular periods of work prescribed for developing those elements in his being which constitute his ideal of a college man.

The "college athlete" is a term signifi-

cant in itself, and represents a type distinct from any other athletic individual. The physically erect, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, sound and strong college man is the man of influence in college, and where athletic jurisdiction and influence from faculty quarters is sufficiently strong, his mental and intellectual influence may be equally potent.

The systematic gymnasium work for one-half the college year constantly pushes this influence to the front, and, as in the trite statement "a man learns to skate in summer and swim in winter," constantly directs brain cell and nerve activity toward calisthenic bodily improvement.

Again the necessary discipline of class drill, the military response to command and quickening of nerve and muscle reaction, are a mental as well as physical stimulant. Finally, it must not be forgotten that, in the period of relaxation from foot ball, athletics and cricket, when inclement weather menaces outdoor exercise, the gymnasium affords an outlet for pent-up physical and mental energy, and directly elevates moral tendencies in student life.

At Haverford the gymnasium does, and must represent an integral part of the college life. As its work receives due curriculum credit, its standard of proficiency, largely based upon improvement, must be consistent with other courses of work, and finally, must prove to loyal alumni, who so generously contributed the handsomely equipped building, that its work is absolutely essential to Haverford. *Dr. James A. Babbitt.*

GRANDFATHER HIGGINS'S ESCAPE

Grandfather Higgins was dead; there was no doubt about that. Yes, he was dead, and the anxiety about his health, and the conjectures about his wealth were over. Grandsons and granddaughters found from the will that the suspected miser had nothing to leave, except a paltry thousand dollars. His house, of course, had gone to his brother; everybody had expected that. But what had become of his money? He did once have money; surely the reports of his gold were not without some foundation! And what could an old man like him have done with it? Possibly his brother Ezekiel knew more than he was willing to tell. After all, Ezekiel was a queer stick, too, and would soon be another "Grandfather Higgins."

"Grandfather's money would have been such a help," complained cousin John. "I can't imagine what he did with it. I know that he had at least—" then another conjecture!

And the new Grandfather Higgins—what did he do? Well, when the funeral was over, and they had all gone home, he sat there in his inherited house, and chuckled. "Ye fooled 'em, Davie, lad. Ye fooled 'em. He, he! Waiting' for ye to dee, were they? Wishin' for your money, hey? Well' 'everything comes to them as waits,' Davie. He, he!" And he winked slyly at the old painting of his brother over the fireplace.

"But, Davie, lad, ye might 'a' left your brother some' at along with this old house." He broke off, muttering. "I wonder what 'e's done with 's money? Could he 'a'—"

Struck by a sudden thought, the old man rose and hobbled across the room to the closet. After much fumbling with some old keys, he got the door open,

and dragged out a large chest. He pulled it over to the fireplace, and sat down and rested a bit. "Davie said I was to have the chest," he muttered, and went to work with the keys again.

At last the lid was opened. A row of curious-shaped bottles with long, twisted necks met his eyes. Each contained a liquid of some vivid hue; brilliant green, sparkling red, flashing yellow, bright pink. Fastened to the lid by a red wafer was an envelope, addressed to "Ezekiel Jonathan Higgins, Esq.," and Ezekiel tore it open, swearing softly.

"To My Brother Ezekiel:

"By this time you and all the rest will know that you need not have wished for my death, because I have nothing to leave you. You alone, Ezekiel, will have a legacy that is worth anything. You did not know, Zekie, did you, that Davie was a scientific experimenter? Well, he was, and the money he used to have has gone for knowledge. The results of it all is in this chest. I leave it to you with my blessing."

This quaint letter, with its mingling of the first and third persons, caused grandfather Ezekiel to drive a kick at the poor, unoffending, helpless box, and then something of the humor of it must have caught him, for he broke into a crackling laugh. His long, skinny hand picked up the bottle with the yellow liquid. "For reducing flesh—one spoonful after meals," he read, and replaced the bottle with an oath. The pink stuff, so the label announced, was to be taken by all who wanted to "grow fat." There were labels "for chills," "for baldness," "for indigestion;" and then some odd ones, "for hunger," "for dreams," "for religion," and one label, more nonsensical than all the others, "for transpar-

ency." The label to this bottle bore the additional message: "This preparation renders one transparent for—" and then unfortunately, a great blot covered up the rest.

"What a chance!" grinned Ezekiel. If the stuff really worked, he could go where he pleased without spending a cent. He could ride on cars, he could go "dead-head" wherever fares were charged; he could—heavens! He could enter any house and walk off with whatever he pleased. For transparency was only another word for invisibility.

"I must try it and see if it works. If it does, Davie's left me a pretty good inheritance, after ail. What a dunce he was to die poor with a bottle of this!"

He stood the bottles in a row on the lid of the chest. In a row there he placed them; the yellow bottle "for reducing flesh," the red one "for dreams," the green one "for transparency," the blue one "to cure gout," and all the others. "For dreams" caught Gran'ther Higgins's eye. "I wonder if that means to get dreams or to get shut of them? But I must try this transparency."

He walked away, picked up a tin cup, and, by the faint light of the fire, pored a draught.

"Yeh, what a dose. Am I getting transparent?"

He sank back into his chair and waited. The logs kept blazing, and the dancing flames quivered and flashed in the rows of bottles.

A knocking at the door startled Grandfather Higgins. "What a time for viseetors," he grumbled, and hobbled out. He opened the door, and met the bewildered gaze of his eldest grandson. "Come in, Harry," he said.

"Now how i' the dev'l did that door get open?" muttered Harry. "Must 'a' been the wind." He stepped in. "Ho, granddad!" he called.

"I'm not ez deaf ez Davie uster be, Harry. I hear ye, boy. What is it?"

"Guess he's asleep or out. Ho, granddad!! what did you leave the door open for?"

"I tell ye not t' yell so; you hurt my head. Are ye blind, ye fool? I tell ye, here I am."

"He must 'a' stepped out a bit," Harry grumbled. "Well, I'll go in and wait."

"The drunken mole," grunted gran'ther Higgins; following his guest. But gran'ther was much slower, and before he reached the fireplace again, his grandson was already examining the precious bottles. Gran'ther grew nervous.

"Here, put that down," he said; and receiving no answer, "Put it down, I say," he repeated, and snatching the bottle away placed it on the mantel.

Harry looked startled. "What all-fired contrivance—," he began; then, "I must be dreaming. Still, it's a rum place." He rose nervously from the chair, and walking towards the door, crashed right into Gran'ther Higgins! He stopped, catching his breath suddenly. "What on earth's the matter with me?"

"Ye're drunk—that's what's the matter with you, ye clumsy ijit," began gran'ther, and then stood still with his mouth open. Harry's collision with him had pushed gran'ther before a great oaken sideboard, and left him staring into its mirror. He saw the started expression of his grandson, he saw the whole dimly lighted room—but he could not see himself! For a moment he could do nothing but gasp and gasp. Then he remembered and laughed softly. This was fine. But the image of Harry in the glass caught his attention. At those bottles again! He turned around with a savage snarl on his lips, and rushed over—but paused and watched. Harry was reading a label. Gran'ther listened:

"For transparency. This preparation renders one transparent forever."

"Forever!" screamed Gran'ther Higgins. "No, no, not forever. Let me see." He snatched the bottle. Harry jumped back, and stood for a moment with his eyes on the bottle, fascinated. Then he turned and bolted from the room.

"Wait, wait, Oh, Harry, wait!" screamed Gran'ther Higgins. The front door banged. "Don't leave me now," gran'ther wailed piteously. "Don't leave me now! Not 'forever,' boy, tell me, not 'forever.'"

He peered tremulously at the label. "This preparation renders one transparent for—" and then that blot. But Harry's eyes were better than his; was it "forever?" What would he do? He was dead—worse than dead. A mere ghost. He tried to think calmly. No one could see him, nor (remembering Harry's actions) hear him. They would divide his bag of gold; they would sell his home and his possessions—his pipe, his favorite chair, everything! What good would the power to steal do him now? He could keep nothing after he got it. They would think he was dead. Where could he live? Nobody would make room for him. He would starve, too. He shrieked aloud; his knees gave away, and he fell against the chest. The rotten wood smashed in, and the glass bottles shattered.

"I have broken myself," screamed gran'ther. "I am made of glass, and I've broken myself," he wailed. He limped painfully to his chair, and sat down, groaning.

It was odd, sitting there in the easy chair, and looking right through his knees to the green-plush seat. But the oddity of it did not appeal to Grandfather Higgins; neither did the uncanni-

ness. All that he could think was—"forever, forever."

"It will last forever!" he wailed, and rocked his invisible body back and forth. "Forever!" he groaned, and clenched the hard arms of the chair till he fancied he could see the nail prints, yet he could not see his fingers. "Forever!" he sighed—almost a sigh of resignation; and, becoming more calm, he leaned back in his chair and tried to think what he could do. But the situation was too complex for his simple ideas. He could see no salvation. Suddenly the unnaturalness of his invisibility struck him, and the room seemed to be whirling around. Confused, and feeling unutterably alone, grandfather closed his eyes to keep off the dizziness. Still his head would keep swimming, and he sat there, groaning softly.

At length he felt calmer, and ventured to open his eyes again. Was it a delusion, or could he really see himself faintly—a sort of mist? He caught his breath and watched. Yes, yes—his knees—they were appearing! He could still see through them, as one sees through a fog—but they were certainly growing more solid. His hands, too. He hobbled breathlessly to the mirror—ah! he was restored. He was opaque again! Pure delight took hold of him as he saw his bent form. Not much to be proud of, surely, those curved shoulders and that wrinkled face, yet Grandfather Higgins rejoiced. He was never happier in his life.

That label, then, could not have said "forever," for he was as solid as before. He reached for the bottle on the mantel,—the only unbroken one. The green liquid blinked slyly at him. The blot on the label was as black as ever. Then he noticed that the bottle was tightly corked, and that the seal over the stopper was unbroken! He peered into

the tin cup, and a drop or two of *red* liquid met his excited gaze. Great Scott! He had taken the wrong stuff! He had taken a dose from the bottle "For Dreams." Yes, the red bottle, smashed on the floor, was uncorked.

Laughing confusedly, grandfather Higgins stared at the wicked green fluid. He remembered his plans, and started to uncork the bottle; then he saw himself

reflected in the brilliant green liquid. The face was wrinkled and yellow; the shoulders were bent—but, still, was his body not better than no body at all? Suppose the transparency were to last forever. Then all of the dream flashed across his memory, and he seized the queer-shaped bottle savagely, and dashed it to the floor with the others.

W. S. E., '07.

A HIGHLAND TRAGEDY

At last we were going to the Natural Bridge. The younger children had been clamoring for the trip all the previous week,—for Little Piney picnics were events, indeed—and those of us who were older were nothing loath either. To be sure, despite the autumnal splendor of this glorious mountain day, we were not going to have as good a time as if we had gone last week, when there would have been with us a certain maiden, now absent, but dear to more than one member of the party—but then that is not in the story.

So we put our books aside for the day—legitimate holidays being always allowed—and bundled into the market wagon, three on a seat, with our lunch in, too, and trotted off eagerly, behind the brown mules. The trip, some three hours long, was uneventful and uninteresting, therefore, to record, but at the time jolly enough for us who were participating. I, for one, had never been over these roads, so that the children vied with each other in pointing out to me the features of the country and since the monotony of the deep, dusty sand roads was continually being relieved by patches

of thick woodland and views of clear mountain lakes, the trip would have been pleasant even if there had not been the children's endless tattle to enliven it. In due course then we reached the Natural Bridge, a geologic formation of sufficient splendor and uniqueness to justify even that name printed in capitals on the U. S. survey maps. There is a farm at the end of the lane through which you must pass to get to the caves, and here we left our mules, for a small consideration, and accepted the services of James, the son and heir-presumptive, as personal conductor.

But it is not of that chasm, or those caves, or the whirlpool where the endless falling water is beaten into tangible foam, that looks like meringue on a lemon pie—no, it is of none of these that I shall tell you to-day. Nor is it of the picnic itself, the excellent sandwiches, the toothsome sardines, the peach jam and the village ginger-ale, fit substitute for lukewarm spring water. No, nor is it of the up-and-down-stream rambles that followed, when we skipped nimbly, some of us gracefully, from rock to rock over the boiling current, with scant mishap, for

we had come prepared and wore sneakers or spiked shoes. No, the one thing which left the greatest impression on us was that farm house and its barn, where we housed our mules, and its inhabitants, who looked curiously out at us from under their sunken, listless eyelids.

Go forward with me, then, gentle reader, to the fall. Perhaps the scene I am about to describe is taking place today, for did not the old grandmother, who had come from Virginia "before the war," say her granddaughter was to come back in the fall?

It is a chill afternoon in late October. The dry cornstalks rattle in the stiff wind and the poor worn-out dog shivers uneasily by the porch. The barnyard looks just as shiftless as ever, with its patched fence and rude gate hung on ropes. The barn itself is so full of holes that the wind whistles through it and makes its timbers rattle like dry bones, while the solitary red cow looks on listless, bleary-eyed, and the three white pigs, long since grown a dirty brown with a summer's accumulation of mud, huddle against each other, squealing joylessly. A buggy and a Dearborn in the middle stages of decay seem vying with one another as to which shall look the most dilapidated, and a rusty harrow leans disconsolately against the fence, mute protester against the common farmer's extravagance. Scrawny, shivering chickens wander aimlessly to and fro. The farm house itself—one room downstairs and one up, and a lean-to kitchen—is another indicator of what passes among the Adirondack farmers, for thrift, though it seems much more like waste. For the slabs that serve for shingle and clapboard have never been painted save by wind and weather. A can of fresh paint is a luxury. It is cheaper to go to the mill and pick up the slabs, abandoned by the scornful jaws of the hungry saw, lying in the road, and

to be had for the asking. Rags and pieces of paper fill the spaces in the windows where glass once was, but which are left open in summer for better ventilation, something sadly needed even in the more substantial farm houses of the country. The vines which once strove hard to hide the bleak rain-worn grayness of the boards have long since withered, and those poor nasturtiums we saw in September are gone the way of many happier flowers. Inside, the room is warm, but still not cheerful, for the stale air of decades is there and the heat cannot only be felt, you can taste it and smell it as well. Ornaments are few, though there is, of course, the inevitable photograph—enlarged to life-size, through some college-boy agent working his way by summer toil—always to be found in a great gilt frame, commemorating some otherwise long-forgotten relative. Rag carpets or frayed oil-cloth cover the uneven floor and the stains of tobacco juice are everywhere. But the people among the poor are always more interesting than their houses, just as among the rich the mansions more often hold your attention than the gilded butterflies within. Therefore, look for a few moments at the family collected in their heat-burdened room. James, the boy with matted hair and the inevitable suspenders—for you can always tell the farm boy from the gentleman's son by the ever ubiquitous suspenders of the former—who showed us around the caves last September, is no where in sight. Indeed, I believe he has gone to the station to meet his returning sister. His mother, whom we remember seeing at the door as we drove by on that never-to-be-forgotten picnic, stolid, dull, masculine, the sort of woman who has dropped long ago all signs of age and who may be thirty or sixty, as the fancy strikes you—indeed, probably she herself is not quite sure—she, strange as it may

appear, sits quietly by the Franklin stove, for the work in a farm house never seems to get done; but this time the chores are all through; for is not the occasion of the home-coming a great one? Her youngest daughter, brown hair uncut, untrimmed and unbrushed, eyes listless, expressionless; face dull and ignorant, lies curled up at her feet. The old man, who was pointed out to us as being a hundred years old, rocks quietly in his chair and seemingly receives as little attention from the family as the chair itself. The only lively person is the old grandmother, who is bustling about and putting things to rights. The same old black bonnet which greeted our approach that bright September day, still conceals the wisps of gray hair, and the same grimy corn-cob pipe rests lovingly in the corner of her mouth. She is as garrulous as she was that day, when, in the kindness of her heart—I believe she has one still left—she charged us only thirty cents stable-rent for our mules! Perhaps she is even now reminiscing about the “ledy” from “Ginia,” who paid her that little sum and who came from the same part of the State whence she herself had migrated

“befo’ the war,” or maybe she recalls the present writer, a tall, red-haired, hatless young man, with strange yellow “pants” and a flannel shirt and very old shoes. But if so, it is only for a moment, for is not that the sound of wheels outside? James, afore-mentioned, has gone to Riverside, a station on the D. H., fifteen miles from the farm, to meet his older sister, who went away to school eight years ago—“to a young ladies’ school in Troy,” as the old grandmother told us with pride—and she is coming home now. Even if that school has not been a young ladies’ school, still the girl has seen too much of the bright and the good side of life to be any longer content with the farm of her childhood or the “folks at home,” who have starved and pinched themselves to keep her at school with the fond hope of her returning to relieve their last years. That meeting—after eight years separation—of slattern mother and well-dressed daughter, of ignorance and education—it is too touching, too full of pathos, for the rude pen of the present author. Allow him, therefore, gentle reader, to draw the curtain.

R. S., '06.

THE QUEST

My Lady of the Changeful Moods doth say
 That I, who of her winsomeness have sung,
 Have sung in praise of others, and among
 The maidens I have met along life's way,
 She is but one of many. Tell me, pray,
 Could I have known how fair she was, had I
 Not looked upon the maids who passed me by,
 And looking, found her fairer far than they?
 Why can she not perceive that while I wove
 A wreath of song which vagrant fancy brought
 To many a chance-met maid, before I knew
 Of her existence, it was her I sought,
 Building dream-temples to her, far above
 My shrines to others, long since lost to view.

M. O. F., '10.

HEROES AND MARTYRS

It was late in the afternoon. In front of one of the thatched hovels, which in times past lined the Military Road along the suburb of Santurce, there was a family group which would have drawn the attention of any passerby. Two naked tots, long-headed and big-bellied, with all the restlessness of their years, were making life miserable for a ragged, care-worn woman, apparently their mother. She, shielding her eyes with her hand, gazed intently down the dusty road, as if her salvation were coming from that direction. A picture of object poverty and the hunger that drives the most resolute soul into madness! The last rays of the setting sun fell on this group, and their rich background, as if to emphasize mockingly the truth that there may be "death in life."

"*Dios mio,*" sighed the mother. "Will he come?"

And the tots tugged and pulled and begged bread until the patience of the woman was exhausted.

"*Mamense el deo, chiquillos!*" "Suck your thumbs, brats," she said harshly, but did not mean a word of it.

Ramona, such was her name, was growing nervous. She paced up and down in front of the "hovel, fingered the kerchief around her head, scratched, murmured and tried to shorten the distance which separated her from the object of her restlessness by sheer straining of the eyes. While running her fingers over the kerchief around her head, she found a cigar stump which she had put in one of the folds. She knocked off the ashes and stuck it in her mouth, to soothe her nerves. And she waited.

Just before sunset, a dirty, ragged little boy of ten crossed San Antonio's bridge and made his way along the road

towards Santurce-Arriba. In his right hand he carried a tin pail, and in his left a roll of black bread. A serious look was upon his youthful face. One might have thought that the youngster had a grave mission to perform in this world. As he walked along, he seemed conscious of his importance and responsibilities.

This youngster was Pimpo, Ramona's eldest boy. Pimpo was the man of the house, the hope of the home to which no father had ever brought bread. Every afternoon he walked five miles to the district jail to beg food for his mother and brothers who were too poor to buy any. The Spanish soldiers who kept guard over the prisoners liked him because he was such a manly little fellow. He brought cigarettes and did all their errands without a murmur. So every afternoon one of the soldiers would take Pimpo's tin-pail into the prison's courtyard to have it filled. There, placed in a corner, it was often filled to its brim by the leavings of the prisoners who ate in the yard. What mattered if it was only leavings off the plates of criminals, some of them with diseases? What mattered if the stuff he got every afternoon was only rice boiled with salt and bacon into a vile paste? Mother and brothers were at home hungry and did not care? Pimpo received his pail and thanked God that there was a prison where he could go for food.

"*Por Dios,* Pimpo, what kept you so late?" was the mother's exclamation of relief when, at last, the boy entered the hut with the pail.

"Mother, I had many errands to do for the soldiers. That kept me. I have brought enough food for you and the brothers."

They all gathered in the middle of the hut and sat on the damp ground. Ramona filled two shell-dishes and gave them to the younger children who devoured the stuff voraciously. She removed the tobacco from her mouth and ate a spoonful. Then she gave the rest to Pimpo, and replaced the tobacco.

"Mother, why don't you eat?" protested Pimpo. Here, if you don't eat, I don't —"

"*Hijo*, answered the mother." I had enough with a spoonful. It fills me to see you eat. If my children are satisfied, I am satisfied. Be a good boy, Pimpito; eat that and run down the store to get me some rum. My tobacco and my rum are enough."

That night she put the tots to bed early. I should not say "to bed," for they slept on the ground on a heap of rags with bugs of all descriptions—ugly, creeping creatures. Pimpo himself, brave little Pimpo, dropped asleep at the feet of his mother, as Ramona bent over the ironing table.

It was close to twelve o'clock. By the uncertain light of a tallow candle, Ramona kept on ironing. She was behind her work and must finish it. As long as the candle lasted she had to work. There was a look of dogged determination on her haggard face. Nature rebelled against the task of hard work and no food, but that mother was stronger than nature. She was giving the lie to the often made assertion that her race is indolent and incapable of self-sacrifice. Her peculiar nervous organization upheld her in her fight. Tobacco and rum kept her alive.

The candle burned itself to nothing. Groping in the darkness, Ramona closed the windows of her hut, and in the stifling atmosphere, dropped by the side of her children.

She was soon asleep from sheer exhaustion.

"Mama, do you hear a noise out in the kitchen?" Pimpo's scared voice sounded in the darkness.

"No, dear, I do not hear anything. Go to sleep."

Twice he protested, but twice his mother gave him the same answer.

"I'll bet," he said to himself, "that she left those shirts of Dona Urraca out there in the kitchen and they will be stolen."

"Mother, did you bring the shirts in last night?"

But he got no answer.

Something came to his throat and choked him. He felt impending disaster.

At noon the next day the hut presented a sad picture. The mother had left some expensive linen in the kitchen, and it had been stolen. Twenty shirts at five dollars a piece—Ramona had not stopped to figure it out. Last year a similar theft had ruined her. She had been washing her hands off to pay the debt. And now there came this second calamity. Wild, her hair in disorder, she bolted out of the hut and ran down the road to find—what? The police, the thief, the shirts,—what?

But let us go back to the hut. The two tots are crying their eyes dry and their throats sore. Poor Pimpo sits in a corner, his fists clenched in impatient rage.

"God, when I grow to be big and strong I'll— I'll shoot, I'll kill, I'll—"

And he drove his fists into his mouth from sheer rage.

That afternoon, Dona Urraca, the owner of the linen came to the hut. She was a rich, fearful Spanish lady, and Pimpo always trembled in her presence.

"Here, brat, where is your thieving mother! The shirts were stolen, eh? I know the little game of your thief of a mother. Not home, eh? She will produce the linen if it takes the rack and the thumb screws to do it, by all the Saints!"

She went away, and Pimpo sighed with relief.

When Ramona came home that night, she presented a heart-rending sight. The rags that had covered her were tatters now. By the odor of eggs and the filth on her head, Pimpo became painfully aware that his mother had been abused—probably by street boys in the city. He almost suffocated at the sight. If only he were big! He noticed a

strange light in her eyes, and then the whole truth dawned on him.

Ramona mumbled some unintelligible words and threw herself on the rags.

Suddenly she turned around.

"Pimpo, go to the store and get me rum." It was a sharp command. Pimpo left the hut with the bottle mechanically.

That was the last he saw of her. Two weeks later, at the orphan asylum, where he and his brother had been taken, he was informed by a priest that the body of his mother had been recovered in the waters under San Antonio's bridge; that he should forget her, because she had died a suicide, and her soul had gone to hell!

J. P., '07.

A TOAST

Success to the smart set that studies and
crams

Beforehand in diligence thrifty,

But a health to the knight of the make-up
exams,

Who howls with delight at a fifty.

They have given the college their labor—and
we,

Who were never intended for scholars,

Have as cheerfully given the second flunk fee
Of five of our much needed dollars.

We furnish the sinews—they furnish the
brain,

So let the professors all damn us;

Their motto is, "Labor with infinite pain,"

And ours, "dum vivimus vivamus."

J. F. W., '10.

THE PITY OF IT ALL

The earth was being decorated for Christmas. The first real snow of winter was whirling along the sidewalks and the wind was rattling the shutters of all the houses along Pembroke Street.

The snow was damp and covered all the lamp-post and housefronts with its moist whiteness. Even a black crape, hanging upon the door of one of the houses, was not proof against it, and its solemn color was fast disappearing under a coating of snow as though nature were trying to stifle its message and wished to hide all traces of grief at this glad Christmas time.

Only a few people were passing on the street, for it was nearly midnight. Did any of them notice that the wind seemed to be striking the shutters of this crape-draped house with unusual vigor? Surely not that young man and girl who were just passing; their minds were too full of the future to notice that. Nor did the elderly couple, who passed soon after, returning from seeing their grandchildren celebrate Christmas eve; they were too reminiscent of the past, and in the youth of years ago scarcely felt the cold, sharp wind, let alone noticed a house whose shutters seem exceptionally loose. A cab driver drove by on his hansom, and, although he did notice the crape, he felt no special interest or pity. And yet, why ramble on and describe all who passed? Are people usually so ready to lend interest to passing sorrow that these belated pleasure-seekers should be held up and scanned. No, nobody wondered that night why the wind seemed to pick out this spot as a playground for its boisterous sport. And what was more natural than that they should not, for the gales of

life had been beating with cruel vigor against this house for years and nobody had ever noticed that before.

Inside the house one would pass, with only a quick glance over one's shoulder, the door which opened into that dimly-lighted front room where drafts of air stirred the white draperies of a couch. One would hasten on and enter the other room, which, despite its tense, unhome-like appearance, had been the center of the dwarfed life of the house for years.

A woman sat before an open fireplace in this room, gazing into a mass of dying embers, across which rested a half-charred log. A bright fire would have been incongruous here—it would have savored too much of hope and joy—of passion, where now all was cold; but the red glow of the ashes lent its dim illumination only to enhance the tragedy of it all. Occasionally a feeble, blue flame would start and try to kindle the log, but it would soon die out defeated, like a life vainly striving to expand when bound down by shackles of circumstance, or a bit of falling ashes would make the light fitful as it fell upon her face and deceived one into thinking that her expression changed now and then; but she was not living in her body then—her soul was in the past.

A brooch lay in her lap and it gleamed against the black folds of her gown. Her hands had been nervously fingering it, but now they had dropped down at her sides as she gazed—gazed—gazed—into the fire.

She thought of the years of thankless service she had given to her father, who was now lying in the other room—wondering how she had ever endured her life as it had been. Oh, if only she had

been appreciated! If he had only realized that her devotion to him had been a sacrifice, and had not taken it as a matter of course that a daughter's life and soul belonged to the father. Things might have been different had her mother lived, but when she died the responsibility of the invalid father had been shifted upon the daughter's shoulders, and, despite the hopes she had had then for the fuller fruition of her own life, she had assumed the burden and gradually adding the weight of each year, was now bent and faded beneath it all. Only that one time had she wanted to change. If only her father could have realized one hundredth of her suffering then, when she finally yielded her whole life to the care of him, instead of devoting it to the love and desires of her own heart. Oh, she was bitter, bitter!

She picked up the brooch unconsciously and held it with quivering fingers. Again she saw him who had been the love of her life as he had sat there beside her at this fireplace those long years ago. She remembered how he had asked her to keep the trinket he had given her, despite the fact that she had just told him her decision. And then she remembered and lived over again the agony of his going. Oh, had it been the right course? How the fire had mocked her that night! She had seen consumed there in the flames all the hopes of her womanly heart; and then she had plunged into the engulfing years with their endless strifes between love

and duty. And now they were over. Her duty had been fulfilled—only her love remained; but now that was different. With the passage of the years, it had changed and ripened. No longer was it a thing of warmth and color; now it was a cold, ethereal, abstract devotion that was to the love of the years gone by as the moon is to the sun.

And he? Other interests had engulfed him, for men are more fortunate than women, and if the truth be known this lonely woman was to him now but one memory of a crowded life.

Yes, she had made a mistake. Her decision had been false to nature and to herself. How different would life have been if—. The log that had been all but burning for sometime, suddenly crackled into flame. The light filled the room and brought out the pictures, the furniture, the well-worn books that she had been used to for the past years. As she gazed about the room she instinctively looked toward her father's chair. Empty! Then she caught her breath. She bitter? She had made a false decision? Never! Quietly she moved out of the room, and, passing through the chilly hall, where the rattling of the shutters beat an accompaniment to her steps, she went to where he was lying. Only a moment did she stand there gazing on the peaceful face—softened now by lines which it had not known for years—then she bent over and kissed one of the folded hands.

I. J. D., '07.

WHY THE LIPS ARE RED

(From "The Vintage.")

Love, at the living wine-press of the lips,
 Stands master-vintner, while the purpling grapes
 Of mutual desire, without delay,
 The tender pressure of His feet obey.
 And lo, love's wine's divinely soft caress
 Has left a crimson stain upon the press!

J. T. T., ex-'08.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY DEAN BARRETT.

Several members of the faculty expect to attend sessions of learned societies during the Christmas vacation. Professors Gummere and Comfort will go to New Haven for the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association. Professors Mustard and Baker will attend the meeting of the American Philological Association, to be held in Washington, D. C. Prof. Mustard has been requested to present a paper on some classical subject at this meeting and will also attend the meeting of the Archæological Institute of America, in Washington. Prof. Pratt is Secretary and Treasurer of the American Society of Zoologists and will go to Columbia University for its sessions. Prof. Barrett will go to Providence for the annual meeting of the American Economic Association.

On November 23rd, Prof. Hancock delivered the Alumni address before the Central High School, and is, during the present winter, giving a course of five lectures on Shakespeare before the Wilmington Century Club. Prof. Comfort had an article in the publications of the Modern Language Association for June, 1906, entitled "The Character-types in the old French *chansons de geste*." The publications of the American Economic Association, containing the papers and discussions of the last annual meeting has a paper on "Railway Rates," by Prof. Barrett.

On November 30th, Prof. Babbitt presided at a meeting of the Central Board of Officials of the American Inter-collegiate Foot Ball Rules Committee, held at the Bellevue-Stratford, under the au-

spices of the Middle-Atlantic Committee. Present difficulties in officiating, suggested changes in the new rules and methods for securing uniformity in interpretation were among the details discussed.

President Sharpless has made a number of speeches during the autumn, principally on political subjects. He addressed Tea-meetings at Haverford and at Germantown on the subject of "Adult School in England," and on December 11th he addressed the Civics Club of the college on "Political Conditions in Pennsylvania."

In the annual report of the President to the Board of Managers, several interesting points are discussed. Among them is the policy of the college relating to special students. Haverford endeavors to keep this class of students at the lowest point possible. Of the fifteen special students of last year, six found it advisable not to return, five became regular and the four remaining are good students with serious purposes. The need of a science hall to be built for about \$150,000, and the removal of the unsightly temporary wing of Founders' Hall, now used for the Chemical and Physical laboratories, are urged. Attention is drawn to the fact that an increasing proportion of Haverford students is taking technical engineering courses and it is suggested that, unless this tendency is counteracted, the character of the college as an institution primarily for training in and by means of the liberal arts, will be changed in a marked degree. Perhaps the most interesting point, in many respects, enunci-

ated in the President's policy, is that relating to a pension system for the faculty. The Board in charge of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has issued its plan for pensioning professors in colleges and universities. The provisions of this plan are liberal, but they do not apply to Haverford. Denominational institutions requiring a majority of their trustees to hold membership in a particular denomination are exempt from the benefits of

this foundation. The prospect of a comfortable and secure old age, which is offered to professors in those institutions receiving the advantages of the Carnegie fund, will cause the best men to accept positions in such colleges and universities. As a result of this situation, Haverford must either provide a pension scheme equivalent in value to that of the Carnegie Foundation, or find itself gradually bereft of its most efficient and most promising men.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The first of the Alumni reunions for the current year came off on the evening of November 23. About seventy-five old Haverfordians were present and voted the evening a grand success. As it was the evening before the final foot ball game with New York University, a huge mass-meeting of Alumni and undergraduates was held in Robert Hall. Eshelman, '05, presided, and speeches were given by Dr. Hancock, Drinker, '00,

Chambers, '02, Morris, '04, and Henry Cope, '69. Great enthusiasm was evident, and the new foot ball songs went off with a dash and vigor that boded well for the spirit in college. The meeting closed with a "long and fast" for the team, and all adjourned to the gymnasium where an informal smoker was held. The freshman cake walk came next on the program, in which there were eleven couples entered.

NOTES

'88. Dean William Draper Lewis spoke for the University of Pennsylvania at the recent Memorial services held in Christ Church, Philadelphia, in honor of James Wilson.

'01. W. H. Kirkbride is in the employ of the Lewiston Clarkston Company at Clarkston, Ill.

'02. A. G. H. Spiers was elected Treasurer of the Harvard Graduates Club.

'02. C. W. Stork has returned from a year's study abroad and is now an instructor in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

'02. R. M. Gummere was elected Secretary of the Harvard Graduates Club.

Ex-02. Guerney Newlin is engaged in the practice of law in Los Angeles, Cal.

'03. J. B. Drinker is in the Girard Trust Company.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Glee and Mandolin Concert in Robert's Hall, Thursday evening, December 20th.

FOOT BALL

Scores of Foot Ball Team

	<i>H.</i>	<i>O.</i>
Oct. 6—Medicho-Chi.	4	0
Oct. 13—Lehigh	5	0
Oct. 20—Rutgers	0	0
Oct. 27—Ursinus	23	16
Nov. 3—Franklin & Marshall.....	4	0
Nov. 10—Johns Hopkins	23	0
Nov. 17—Trinity	0	0
Nov. 24—New York University....	68	0
Total	127	16

HAVERFORD, 23; JOHNS HOPKINS, 0.

Played at Haverford, November 10, 1906.

Haverford, though outweighed, defeated the slower Johns Hopkins team in a more interesting game than the score would indicate.

Captain Jones and C. Brown were especially good ground-gainers for Haverford. Haverford worked the forward pass many times successfully. Michael, Stewart and Abel played well for Hopkins.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford</i>		<i>Johns Hopkins.</i>
Sharpless	l. e.	Stewart
Tatnall	l. t.	Michael
Wood	l. g.	Haas
Spaeth	c.	Jarvis
Birdsall	r. g.	Sawyer
Frost	r. t.	Moss
Leonard	r. e.	Ridgely
P. Brown	q. b.	Chesney
Hutton	l. h. b.	Costello (Abel)
Jones	r. h. b.	Hart
C. Brown	f. b.	Webb

Touchdowns—Hutton, Jones, C. Brown. Goals from Touchdowns—C. Brown, 2. Goal from Field—C. Brown. Safety—Cheyney. Referee—Gillender, U. of P. Umpire—Myers. Linesman—Mendelhall, U. of P. Time of

Halves—25 minutes each. Final Score—Haverford, 23; Johns Hopkins, 0.

HAVERFORD, 0; TRINITY, 0.

Played at Hartford, Connecticut, November 17, 1906.

On a gridiron covered with mud, Haverford and Trinity fought out their annual game on the Trinity field, neither side being able to score.

The game was cleanly played, devoid of slugging, and filled with punting and open play. Haverford's goal was threatened twice in the first half, but on each occasion the line held in splendid manner, and the ball was taken away from Trinity on downs. Haverford attempted one field goal, but on account of the mud, C. Brown was unable to get off his drop-kick with accuracy, and missed the goal by a narrow margin. The game showed that the teams were very evenly matched, as Trinity was rarely able to make her distance through the Haverford's line, while the muddy condition of the field precluded getting off the swift end runs which Haverford has used so effectually in other games.

The game commenced at 2.35 by Donnelly, the Trinity fullback, kicking off to Haverford, who defended the south goal. Frost caught the ball on Haverford's 30-yard line. Line rushes gained 5 yards; and Haverford kicked. Maxson, of Trinity, ran the punt back for 15 yards. Trinity failed to gain through the line and Pond kicked, Haverford losing the ball on a fumble on her 10-yard line. Line plunges by Trinity brought the ball to Haverford's 3-yard line, but the line held like a stone wall, and Trinity lost the ball on downs, C. Brown punting out of danger.

Trinity again tried line-bucking, but gave it up and Pond punted. Jones made ten yards on an end run. A forward pass by Haverford was caught by Trinity, who made 10 yards before the ball was called down. Trinity made 7 yards around the end, but again lost the ball on downs, and Haverford punted.

Trinity netted 4 yards by line plunges, and then a forward pass gave her the ball on Haverford's 10-yard line. A touch-down seemed imminent, but again the Haverford line was equal to the occasion, and Trinity lost the ball on downs. C. Brown immediately sent the ball far up the field, and the Trinity man was downed in his tracks by the Haverford ends. The half ended with the ball in Trinity's possession on her own 35-yard line.

In the second half neither side could make steady gains by line-bucking or end runs, and the game resolved itself into a kicking contest, in which C. Brown, of Haverford, slightly out-punted Pond, of Trinity. Each side made an occasional first down, but soon kicked. With but 2½ minutes to play, the ball was in the center of the gridiron, in Haverford's possession, and the team made its distance in three line plunges. Two end runs were blocked, and C. Brown punted. After failing to make ten yards, Trinity punted, and Jones, catching the ball, started on a beautiful run through a broken field when the whistle blew. The ball was in Haverford's possession on her 40-yard line.

The team work of both elevens was excellent, and so evenly were the lines matched that punting was the feature of play. Pond's work for Trinity was of a brilliant order, while for Haverford, the punting by C. Brown, and the line plunging and end runs of Capt. Jones were conspicuous.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Trinity.</i>
Sharplessl. e.	Budd
(Ayer)	(Henshaw)
Frostl. t.	Off
Woodl. g.	Dougherty
Spaethc.	Carpenter
Birdsallr. t.	George Buck
Ramseyr. g.	Grove Buck
Leonardr. e.	Collins
P. Brownq. b.	Pond
Bardl. h. b.	Maxson
Jonesr. h. b.	Mason
C. Brownf. b.	Donnelly

Referee—Wrightington, Harvard. Umpire—Minds, Pennsylvania. Head Linesman and Timer—MacJohnson, Trinity. Linesmen—Cunningham, Trinity, and Hutton, Haverford. Time of Halves—30 minutes. Attendance—1,000.

HAVERFORD, 68; NEW YORK UNIV., 0.

Played at Haverford, November 24, 1906.

Haverford's unbeaten team put a fitting end to their successful season's work by swamping New York, 68 to 0.

The team was developed slowly but surely, and did not reveal their full strength until the final game. The New York team, individually, was good, but they lacked team work. Although beaten badly, New York played a good losing game and fought gamely to the finish.

Haverford played fast, new style foot ball. Wide end runs, forward passes and quarterback kicks were reeled off with rapidity. Behind magnificent interference, Captain Jones, C. Brown or Bard would tear around the ends with thirty or forty-yard runs. Rarely has the team shown such "helping" spirit. Often the runner would be carried by his team mates for yards with one or two New York men hanging to him. Haverford was fast, sure, and irresistible.

The game started shortly after 2.30, with C. Brown kicking off to Van Horne, who was downed on his 20-yard line. Here New York lost the ball on downs, showing poor judgment for not kicking.

On the first play, Haverford was penalized 15 yards for holding. C. Brown missed a try at a goal from the field, and New York kicked from behind the 25-yard line. Wood caught the ball and ran it back to the 35-yard line. Magill carried the ball 25 yards on a forward pass, and in two more plays Jones was pushed over for a touchdown.

This started the scoring, and from now on until the end of the game, it was all Haverford. If New York got the ball they would soon have to kick and Haverford would score another touchdown. New York did not have a chance to score, never having the ball past their own 50-yard line.

Seven Seniors played their last game for Haverford. Wood signalized his departure by blocking a kick, picking up the ball and sprinting for Haverford's last touchdown.

Captain Jones ended his four most valuable years of Haverford foot ball by a brilliant playing, both offensively and defensively. The work of C. Brown, Bard, Ramsey and Haines was also of the highest order.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>New York.</i>
Magilll. e.	Smith (Ayer)
Frostl. t.	Friedberg (Wilson)
Woodl. g.	Koar
Spaathc.	Decker
Birdsallr. g.	Keefe
Ramseyr. t.	Auffault (Jones)
Leonardr. e.	Arnold (Sharpless)
Hainesq. b.	Carey (P. Brown)
Bardl. h. b.	Dougherty (Hutton)
Jones (Capt.)r. h. b.	Mouen (Clement)
C. Brownf. b.	Van Horn (A. Brown) (Capt.)

Referee—Smith, Bucknell. Umpire—Gillender, U. of P. Linesman—Myers. Time of Halves—30 minutes. Touchdowns—Jones, 4; C. Brown, 5; Bard, Hutton, Wood. Goals from Touchdowns—C. Brown, 6; Haines, Hutton.

SOCCKER

On November 3rd, Merion Cricket Club defeated the Haverford soccer team, 2 to 1, in a very interesting game.

Belmont Cricket Club won from Haverford on November 6th, 4 goals to 0.

HAVERFORD, 2; CORNELL, 1.

Played at Haverford, November 28th, 1906.

In an inter-collegiate match, Haverford beat Cornell at soccer by 2 goals to 1. Baker scored the two goals for Haverford in rapid succession toward the end of the first half. Baker's work at center forward, and the defensive playing of Captain Rossmassler and C. Brown were the features.

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Cornell.</i>
Shodeo. l.	Chryssidy
Furnessi. l.	Sarmiento
Bakerc. f.	McDonald
Shoemakeri. r.	Delcasse
Bushnello. r.	Bylevett
Windlel. h.	Wilson
Rossmasslerc. h.	Dragoshinoff
Drinkerr. h.	Molevsky
Godleyl. f. b.	Sampaio
C. Brownr. f. b.	De Bye
Warnerg.	Wood

Referee — Bishop. Linesman — Gummere. Smith. Goals—Baker, 2; McDonald. Time of Halves—35 minutes.

On Saturday, December 8th, the soccer team defeated Harvard, 2-1, at Cambridge.

The Ardmore Boys' Club has again started for the winter months. It is held in the old Grammar School gymnasium, next to Merion Cottage. About twenty-five boys are enrolled. The work is carried on by the College Y. M. C. A., under the leadership of H. Evans, '07.

Rufus M. Jones addressed the Wednesday evening Y. M. C. A. meeting during the "Week of Prayer," and by his address on "Prayer" made it one of the most successful meetings that there has been this year.

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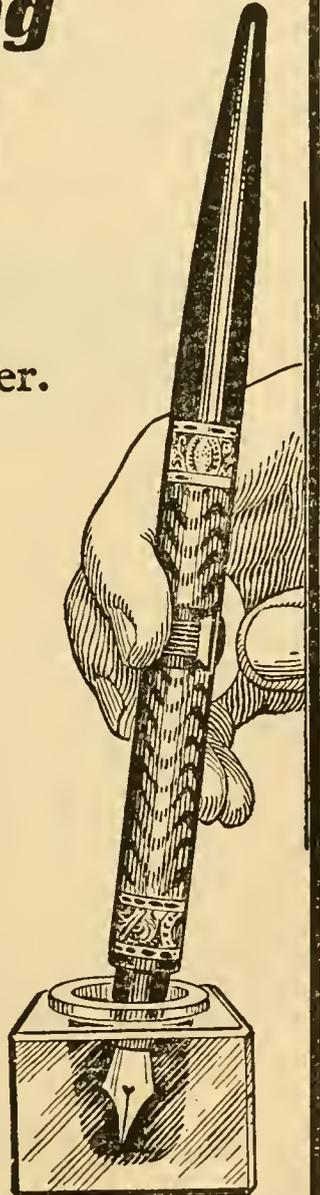
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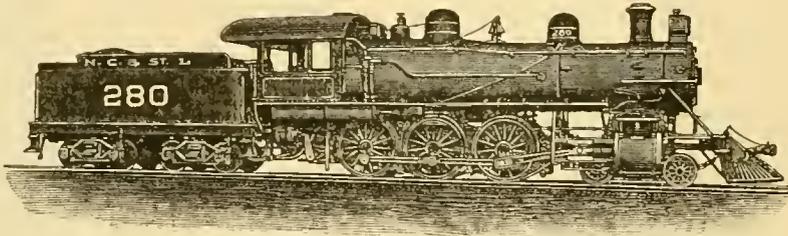
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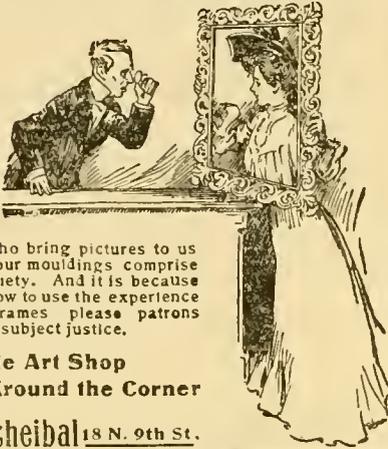
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January, 1907

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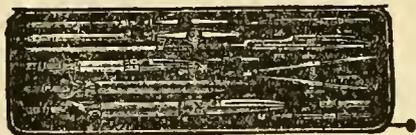


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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE world sometimes appears with exaggerated faults, if not with pessimistic hopelessness, to the young man in or just out of College. In the light of his visions and his ideals present institutions and conditions may seem hopelessly sordid and irremediable. Too real may seem the distorted pictures painted by political orators or by contemporary magazine writers who write only to sell their copy, heedless how they blacken with their sensational ink, the characters of men and of institutions. It may not be a fault, yet it is a truth that young men take these things rather seriously. And yet after the elections, even though they were adverse, the impending calamities did not fall, and after investigating the magazine story it was found that after the few trivialities that inspired the article were set aside, the man was a respectable citizen and a patriot. It is often wise to remember when the political outlook seems to be in jeopardy from the conduct of some

**A Practical
Belief in a
Manifest
Destiny**

men, or an uprising of the poor seems imminent because of the amassing of large fortunes, that those responsible for the conditions are after all citizens, and patriotism is a strong motive. When conditions are generally realized to be bad, such men are among the first to help to solve the problems. After all, the individual is generally to be relied upon. As young men in the world we must learn to meet present conditions as they are,—not necessarily to bring our ideals any lower to meet them,—but to be able to span the distance and to place ourselves in any niche that circumstances may demand us to fill.

The late Senator Hoar was first of all an optimist and along these lines set forth these doctrines in his "Autobiography." "The lesson which I have learned in life which has impressed upon me daily and more deeply as I grow old, is the lesson of Good Will and Good Hope. I believe that to-day is better than yesterday, and that to-morrow will be better than to-day. I believe that in

spite of many errors and wrongs, and even crimes, my countrymen of all classes desire what is good and not what is evil. The fate of the nation depends in the last resort on individual character."

AS editor and enforced literary critic we have come to take an interest in the question as to what constitutes a "good" short story. A leading magazine recently offered a five thousand dollar prize for the "best short story" and intrusted the decision to three very competent judges. The story they judged the best out of all those contributed, was a very plain narrative of a man's life, well and simply constructed, but with none of the conventional "literary" adornment. It was so told as to move naturally and inevitably to a climax. The story dealt with fundamental human passions and was written with the self-restraint and the directness that make up the characteristic strength of the world's best short stories.

All the judges agreed that the short story must be directly told and must deal with a universal theme.

The magazines to-day demand one or more of these qualifications in their short stories: they must have plot, adventure, romantic setting, a good character, or a touch of human nature,—“anything but mere style.” But the literary value of a story does not depend upon mere plot interest, any more than upon mere style. In spite of the emphasis laid upon plot by the magazine writers and the stress laid upon style by novices, the happy medium is where the best short stories will be found.

Although many of the stories appearing in the magazines are written by college students, the usual college fiction is rather stilted and hybrid. It is gener-

ally marked by the labors of the rhetorician—though excusably so—and an easy style and clever plot manipulation have not been reached.

Comparatively few men continue their writing after leaving College, but to the few who intend to do so and to those who are writing while in College, we would say that while the editor welcomes the pronounced plot interest of a story, he must admit with the literary critic that the best stories are written by the authors who possess directness, simplicity, and an appreciation for dramatic climaxes and conclusions, and who write on subjects of strong human interest. These are far more necessary than either an ornate literary style or exceptional plot construction. Only occasionally, if ever, can either one of these raise a story into literary merit.

EXCEPT for the Civic Department of the Loganian Society, which has given an occasional lecture, the various departments until recently, seemed to have lapsed into an inactive existence and their survival indicated only by their names.

Concerning the Resurrection of the Dead

It was with pleasure that we learned a short time ago that the Debating Department has arranged for a debate with our old rivals, the Philomathean Society, of Pennsylvania. Last year the contest with them was omitted and it seemed as though the custom might disappear.

It may seem to casual observers that we have already too many interests in College that engage the time and attention of the men, and when we consider the number of men at Haverford the proportion of available activities is indeed large. But on the other hand, they are so varied that every man in College may find one or more interests outside of

the curriculum to which he may turn, and that is just as it should be. Every college man should have some interest beside mere study—some interest that will bring him out of himself and compel him to contribute something.

As arguments for these special Departments of the Loganian Society, which include the Civics, Scientific, and Debating Clubs, it is only necessary to point out that the first two furnish means by which men may keep abreast of the times in sociology, politics, and science which are not offered in any courses. They should serve as clearing-houses of the thought along their respective lines and if their programs were carefully planned and made interesting they would tend greatly to broaden men and to bring into practical use much that is purely academic as absorbed in a lecture room.

Debating, of course, is limited more to a few men, yet it is something that the College body would with regret see given up entirely, and so we are pleased at the prospect of a debate this year.

THE Musical Club's Concert given in Roberts Hall the Thursday before Christmas was a very successful affair. The Glee and Mandolin Clubs, as well as the special numbers, seemed to deserve equal commendation and combined to give a very typical and unconventional college program which was very pleasing even if it lacked unity from a musical standpoint. The trio, including piano, violin, and cello, rendered several numbers that offered a variation from the customary program.

Unfortunately a limited trip, such as the Clubs took last spring, is not being considered this year, and yet all who went on that concert trip last year look back upon it with great pleasure. The

concert in Baltimore was especially enjoyable and it would be worth while if the management could arrange for a concert there this year.

ALONG with skating and mid-year examinations, gymnastics receive a large share of the attention of the College during these winter months. An interesting program is arranged for the gymnasium team, which promises to be very good this season, and they will meet Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Lehigh and Rutgers, either in exhibition or contest, besides entering some candidates in the inter-collegiate contest held in University of Pennsylvania Gymnasium on March 22.

The inter-scholastic meet arranged by Haverford will be held in the gymnasium the evening of February 15. This is always an interesting event, and for the recognition it brings the college, has well deserved to become an annual event at Haverford.

THE article, "Social Reforms, True and False," which follows, was written by Mr. Chester Jacob Teller, A. M., '06, the holder of one of the Teaching Fellowships at Haverford last year. Instead of pursuing his studies in philosophy at Harvard, as he intended, Mr. Teller has given up his life to social work in New York City.

ERRATUM.—The serious misstatement that Haverford had defeated University of Pennsylvania in soccer on Franklin Field, occurred in the review of the soccer season in the December issue.

We would say, in correction of this, that the game was a tie, 0-0, and hope that this correction may rectify an error which we regret exceedingly.

The Musical Clubs

The Winter's Gymnasium Program

SOCIAL REFORMS—TRUE AND FALSE

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

Probably never before in the history of the world have the words "social reform" been so pregnant with meaning as to-day. At least never before has reform been so much the common concern of all classes,—statesmen and philosophers, money-makers, even workingmen—as is these days when the air is so filled with issues and problems and prayers, and the complexity of society grows daily more complex. Social interest obtains in every corner of the modern world; giant tendencies are struggling with one another for the mastery. Underneath the unstable crust of worn-out conservatism may be heard the muffled din of the struggle, a struggle which though now but begun, is destined to bring about great changes, and to usher in a period of finer social adjustment, of loftier thinking and of better living.

These reform forces that to-day hurl themselves one against the other in the prevailing turmoil, rise and expand, weaken and persist according to fixed law. No false reform can hold out long against a truer one, for as soon as it is advocated it is tested; once tested, its shortcomings reveal themselves. The still unsatisfied need leads men onward in the search until some other remedy is found, which, when studied in its turn, is in its turn found faulty. Thus does the unending discovery of error, now here and now there, lead us gently nearer to the goal of truth.

Here in America, where the triumph of a lofty conception of our national mission over individual selfishness has

saddled us with the additional problem of assimilating the immigrant millions, and especially in the large seaboard cities, the gateways through which those unfortunates must pass, all evils are aggravated; "conditions," as we say, are at their worst. Naturally, it is there that one can best feel the pulse of the American body social, and sound the depths of the disturbances that quiver over two continents. There, moreover, can be heard the murmur of conflicting opinions; and the work of earnest men, misguided at times, but always earnest, may be seen there. We take a momentary glance at a few of their theories.

Time was, not so long ago, when since the prime social evil was thought to be the poverty of the poor, of whom it was said that they "shall not cease out of the land," the obvious remedy lay in the distribution of doles to the needy by those upon whom "Fortune" has smiled more benignly. Where luxury existed side by side with want, and beauty with sordidness, the question was merely one of re-apportionment. The argument was simple and the conclusion irresistible: The plain duty of every man was to share his worldly goods with others. Relief societies, therefore, were the typical institutions of social betterment; the friendly visitor was the typical social servant. "Charity" was the password, nor was it long in sounding "down the line." Yet, strange to say, for some reason, the giving of alms never brought about the golden age, except in the minds of a few givers, who after graciously receiving the

blessings of the poor, complacently blessed themselves for their "godliness."

While relief agencies still exist as parts of a general relief policy, they are viewed by many as relatively unimportant. Today, the dominant note in social service is "prevention" rather than "cure." While formerly we asked, "How can we remedy this case or that?" we now inquire, "How can we prevent dependence in the first place?" In a country where wealth and prosperity abound, and God lavishes his manifold blessings, surely there must be some way of shifting the resources of the nation to meet its needs! Surely, there must be enough for all! Can we not discover some better method? Can we not be charitable to the needy before they become needy? Can we not make prevention take the place of palliation?

Though the doctrine seems axiomatic enough, the application of it has been somewhat difficult. For the most part, the principle has taken the form of an agitation for better laws, for the election of more representative legislative bodies, more responsible executives, and more untrammelled judiciaries, and for political and civic reform generally throughout the land. Thus we have recently seen increased activity on the part of such bodies as the Civil Service Reform Association, the National Child Labor Committee, and the Consumers' League, and such political reform movements as have lately occurred in many of our larger cities. In place of charity, the keynote of latter-day reform is legislation. It is argued that since our ills are, in the final analysis, economic ones, the logical method of attack is through the enactment and enforcement of better social regulations.

While the movement for legislation grows apace by the steady addition of new converts to its creed, it loses, on the

other hand, by the numbers who daily desert the ranks for the cause of socialism. Not new laws grafted on to old institutions are wanted, but a radical change in the institutions themselves. An industrial system which permits coal barons to turn fortunes into their own pockets, while the poor miner toils on eternally in the darkness for bare subsistence is fundamentally too rotten to be patched by any legislative makeshifts. An industrial system that depends on the life-blood of millions of ill-fed, overworked children for its successes, is not one to be repaired here and there by meddling politicians. No! the entire structure must be pulled down. True democracy with its basic virtues, liberty, equality and fraternity, demands a new system for the production and distribution of wealth. The governmentalizing of industry is our single hope. Socialism must win in its struggle against the present regime. Such is the reasoning of a host of weary, discontented soldiers in the battle for reform, of thousands of courageous leaders who see social salvation only in a new economic system which they claim will be as great an improvement over capitalism as capitalism was over feudalism. That their philosophy is faulty is the belief of many. That they represent a militant world-movement backed by elements of truth and justice, few who have scanned their literature will deny.

But have they found the solution to our perplexing problems? Can Socialism bring us the relief we seek? True, its claims are preached by thousands; true, it has forced its way into the institutions of learning and converted the learned scholars there; true, it has traced the causes of our social wrongs in many instances to the economic conditions; yet, like the other gospels of reform which preceded and accompany it, it can

not be stamped approved, nor can its principles be granted their claims to truth.

The fact is that those who believe that the economic composition of society should be impugned for the sore distresses of the masses have looked deeply, but not deep enough. Far back of the external conditions is the internal principle; far back of the physical arrangement of society is the spiritual order of morality. Deeper, far deeper, than all the institutions is man, who in association with his fellow man, makes up the institutions. It behooves us to trace the evil to its source, not to a source, but its very first source. Let not the profundity of the reformer who goes further than we have hitherto gone, deceive us. Let us assure ourselves that he has gone further, otherwise his thinking is not thought through to the end, is not, nor can be, indeed, the truth. No social theory that makes man the result of conditions and blessedness the product of institutions can be accepted without involving us in the throes of contradiction. The motor power of civilization is born not of dead environment, but of the living Will within, and no teaching can be entirely true which pins its faith in better times to the formal organization of a people *alone*.

After all, a society can never be better than the individuals who comprise it strive to make it. Its true solidarity consists in the harmonious adjustment

of each individual to all his fellows, and this adjustment can only be secured by the education of each new generation in the new exigencies peculiar to the age, and in the social duties of each person which spring from those new and changed conditions. Unless each child learns not only all the moral lessons of all time, but the new duties peculiar to his own time also, a few years of increasing complexity in life will make the path of duty so obscure that some injustice must necessarily result. But if these lessons are instilled into the minds of all future citizens, if social duties are inculcated, and social responsibility emphasized, then the harmonious adjustment must be brought about, and in this adjustment of man to man, lies the hope of better things.

True social reform, therefore, concerns itself less and less with the institutions of men, more and more with men themselves; less and less with worldly wealth, more and more with human worth. Only from within can the flower of civilization unfold itself; only in the slow and tedious education of a yet nobler and abler race of men can we really find amelioration. Let us lend our efforts, therefore, more persistently to the task of cultivating the vital principle in humanity, and with a firm reliance in a spiritual progressive order of things, let us sincerely resolve each to do our part toward the attainment of that general social harmony which all so much desire.

C. J. Teller, '05.



THE MINISTER

It was a beautiful Sunday in June, and the congregation had turned out in full force to hear the new "supply," for the old rector had died, and the vestrymen were trying out a succession of candidates supplied by the bishop, with a view to getting a man to occupy the pulpit permanently.

The chancel was packed with flowers, and the choir gloriously garbed in white, while the summer dresses and light suits of the people made one feel the true freshness and joyousness of spring.

A stir of curiosity rustled through the church as the "supply" left the vestry door and stepped before the reading desk. They had never heard of him and were, consequently, all the more anxious to see him. He was tall and thin and angular and serious, and he had red hair and a smooth face; but there was that about him that made you look at him again, and yet again. He read the lessons well, for he had a deep voice and one which carried to the farthest corners of the church. And as the service progressed, the people, in general, listened, and the ladies, who always run the parish, who decorate the chancel and clean the brasses and wash the linens, whispered one another that he would do pretty well.

At last came the sermon. The hymn was over, and the young man climbed the steps to the pulpit and announced his text. Well-termed phrases, careful parallelisms, massed paragraphs, followed in stately succession. And then suddenly his voice broke. He stopped, stuttered, and tried to go on. He fum-

bled for his watch, glanced up, then down, blushed, and started to descend the pulpit steps.

The congregation sat silent in amazement, and those same women who had already elected him or repudiated him in their own minds, with the intention of convincing their husbands, were dismayed or triumphant as went their preferences. But the startling events were not yet over, and the matrons turned once more to look; and well might they look; for, see! the minister has left his pulpit, and that, too, right in the middle of his sermon. His carefully arranged notes have been brushed carelessly from the desk to the floor below, and the young man, face flushed, but eye kindling, is standing in the aisle near the first pew. And listen, he is speaking, slowly, sadly:

"My friends, I have long known that I was to be asked to be your 'supply.'"—He winced slightly at the word.—"I know that a number of men more worthy than I have filled this pulpit for a similar purpose, but to be appointed to a parish like this one has been the ambition of my life. And therefore I have spent weeks of preparation on a sermon whose outward essence remains in those few sheets you see fluttering there on the tiles, but whose inward essence has been, if I may say so, a part of me, till this moment. Every sentence has been polished to painstaking exactness. Every paragraph has been weighed, every figure, every period, tested. I have read it over and over. I have delivered it aloud and in thought, until it has grown into me, but for all that

I cannot give it to you. It has come over me that it is formal, mechanical, lifeless, it proceeds from my head, not from my heart or my life. I must ask your forgiveness and your sufferance, but I cannot do otherwise."

And then he took a Testament from his pocket and opened it and read:

"'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'" and again: "'Ye will not come to me that ye may have life.'"

Sloughed off like an old skin was the stiff, mechanical formality of the oration—instead, a man stood revealed, speaking out of his own heart. The chancel guild forgot their speculations and listened, because they felt their hearts moved. Their husbands, who had so far turned an indulgent ear to the youth's address, now knew he had a message for them, too; the summer boarders ceased admiring their neighbor's hats, the children turned away from the windows, with their views of luxuriant June foliage—young and old, rich and poor, wise and foolish, attentive and indifferent, spiritual and sceptical—all listened as one man, while that thin, tall form stood before them proclaiming his message of despair and hope, of condemnation and salvation, a message which came with all the convincing authority of a living experience. Transfigured by the power of his own words, he seemed no longer stilted or elocutional, but a singular grace possessed him, and his eyes shone forth with the light of one who has himself seen.

But the young man, for his part, was oblivious to the sea of eager faces there before him, hanging on his every word,—faces of men and women who might have told him much about the great outside world, faces of scholars who knew all that modern exegesis has revealed, concerning the Bible and its teachings, faces of quiet, home-living people whose spiritual life has been purified and deep-

ened by suffering, faces of eager children, faces of beautiful young women, faces of strong young men. . . . Nay, in all that concourse, the minister saw only one face, a face he had not seen for ten long, lonely years, a face, the first sight of which, over all that interval of time, had caused him to drop his notes and to falter in his carefully prepared oration of ten minutes ago, was it? No, a lifetime, so long did he seem to have been speaking, and yet he must still go on. Only a few people in the rear of the gallery had noticed, just before the sermon, a tall, graceful girl glide in, dressed in white, with a black hat and black at waist and throat, but those who had noticed her, remarked that she was singularly beautiful, with the beauty of sadness and disappointment. But they had not seen the swift, upward glance of the young speaker, and they, as well as the rest of the congregation, were ignorant of the source of his marvelous inspiration, for in that glance "she had sent the deathless passion in her eyes through him and made him hers," as he had never been before.

Twelve years ago he had met her and loved her with all the fervor and adoration of a maiden love. He had kept his passion to himself, for he was poor and had few prospects, and she was rich and accustomed to luxury. Yet he had not given up hope, but had come to look upon her as the guiding star of his life, and under the inspiration of her influence had consecrated himself to paths of duty and service, which were destined to develop all that was good and noble in him. But because their lives had followed different lines, he had not seen her now for ten years. He never ceased to love her, and when he heard of her betrothal and marriage to a man whom he considered even more unworthy of her than himself, he realised that he had

been burning his heart out in hopeless flame, and he resolved on what seemed the only course left by which to get away from himself and his despair. Studying hard, he entered the ministry and sought to give the highest expression to his passion in service to men.

Ten years it had been, and yet that single upward glance of his to the crowded gallery had swept him back to his early youth, but this time it seemed to him he loved with even a higher and a holier love. The same inspiration for him was still hers; the influence of that "maiden passion" still gripped him, but now more powerfully than ever, and drawing an inference from his own love for the heart he had hoped to win, he painted, with his eyes on her face, in soul-compelling word-pictures, the love of the Master for the hearts of a people who did not or would not come to Him for life.

It was over. In one last passionate plea for the living, henceforward, of a real, dynamic life, he spent his fire and ceased. And then, forgetting the rigid order of the Episcopal ritual, and recall-

ing, unconsciously, the simple services of the meetings of his college days, he brought the people to their knees with one impressive gesture, and standing there, like a shepherd amidst his silent flock, he offered up a prayer of such living power that some of his now over-wrought hearers broke down and sobbed aloud.

The prayer over, he lifted his hands in blessing, and bowing his head, turned and tottered weakly to the vestry door. The offering had been forgotten, the service interrupted, but the choir, with rare presence of mind, took up the recessional and the people filed out in silence, too deeply moved to speak, so that it was not until the June sunshine met them that the tension broke, and eager groups began discussing the marvelous sermon, and the startling event of the morning.

The vestrymen, rushing in to congratulate the young minister, found him lying on the couch in the robing room, in a dead faint. And a girl in white, with black ribbons at waist and throat wept unrestrainedly in the farther corner of the gallery.

R. S., '06.

FEMINA

She trembles at a mouse; she faints at blood;
 She ponders in the glass, what style of
 dress
 May best display her grace and comeli-
 ness;
 As summer winds, so shifts her fickle mood;

She waxes petulant and sheds a flood
 Of trivial tears she cares not to repress
 She drops from ecstasy to dire distress;
 She loves o'er petty slights and wrongs to
 brood.

All this she does; yet lo when ruin lowers
 She steels the fragile nerve and plays the
 stoic,
 Laughs in the face of terror; dares the
 grave
 And like a rock impregnable she towers,
 Braving all dangers with a soul heroic
 For man, who is at once her lord and slave.

J. F. W., '10.

IN UNION, STRENGTH

My story had been returned for the sixth time. My wife, with an almost jaunty air, which I thought ill matched the occasion, handed me the pretty type-written sheets with:

"Just two months more, dear,"

"Two months and a half."

"Two months and a half then, and after that no more of these editor's notes! Stupid things," she added, consolingly.

"Let's hear what he wrote this time."

"Oh, there's nothing new. He says your tale lacks realism, that it doesn't ring true, that it's too ideal."

"Stop it. I'm sick of that. Let's go out on the porch."

It was too true. This was the last week of June, and I had promised to stop writing in September, if unsuccessful, and accept my father-in-law's business offer. As yet, I was unsuccessful. The editors demanded realism, and I had furnished only dreams.

Long after Evelyne had retired, I stayed out in the balmy night, brooding over my coming eight-hour-a-day fate; and when I did crawl into bed, it was a useless proceeding, for I could not sleep. "Two months and a half," "two months and a half" or "get realism," "get realism," rang in my head with wearying monotony, until I jumped out of the covers and sat down by the window.

The view was an epitome of my plague. It was celestially unreal. The

lawn and farther on the fields stretching down to the winding creek were drenched with a misty moonshine, and the serpentine vapor rising from the stream, radiantly blended with the luminous flood from above. Again the editorial adjurations to realism occurred to me, and I imagined how they would have me introduce a cutthroat catastrophe with the fairy scene. The thought was abominable. "Nonsense," I said, aloud. And, instinctively listening for an answer, I became aware that there was somebody beside myself awake and up in the house. A door creaked, and a pan fell in the kitchen. "Burglars," I thought, "and novices." I added under my breath, as another pan rattled.

Then my first great inspiration came. "Here," it flashed on my mind, "here is my chance for realism." Hastily tearing the unfinished ode, "Ad Hominem Lunæ" from my tablet, I slipped on a bathrobe and quietly crept to interview my burglar.

He was seated in the middle of the kitchen, masked and cool. I had expected he would try to run at my appearance. He did not even get up. The silence was almost embarrassing.

"It's a very pleasant evening," he began.

"Very pleasant," I managed to echo.

"I hope I haven't disturbed anything."

I was too amazed at his impudence to measure up to his cool politeness.

"The question isn't whether you leave things in their places," I blurted out, "but whether you leave them at all."

To complete my amazement, instead of replying, he jotted down some things on a tablet that I had not noticed.

"Ha," I thought. "Smarter than supposed; probably data for a future haul."

Looking up, he said, "I imagine, Mr. Boyce, that you are considerably surprised at my little call this evening."

I nodded, wondering how he knew my name, and jotting down on my tablet sundry memoranda concerning the omniscience of thieves.

"But this letter will, I believe, satisfactorily explain my peculiar situation."

"The explanation will be most welcome and interesting, but a few minor details first. I presume, that as you know my name you could favor me with my age and occupation, and, say, my wife's maiden cognomen."

"Wasn't Mrs. Boyce called Daisy Mathers?"

No common thief this, and my realistic hopes were shattering.

"Won't you take off your hat," I said, desperately. "It must be warm, and I'd really like a few personal anecdotes from your point of view."

"May I smoke?"

"Certainly."

"And won't you?"

I guiltily chose a cigarette, wondering what Eveline would say, as she cannot stand smoking in the house. I became positively alarmed, as the clouds from my visitor's pipe gathered in volume. But so far he had outdone me in courtesy and I was silent on that point.

"Before we begin," I suggested, "may I not have the honor of your name?"

A convulsion seized the burglar. His tablet slid from his lap and dynamic chucklings emanated from the rolling figure. Finally he burst out with:

"Law, Sam, couldn't you guess?"

"Dick," was all I could gasp. For Dick was our next neighbor but one, and an honest man, and this was Dick.

"Well," he said, gradually getting hold of himself. "I don't mind telling you, but it's a queer tale."

"Wait," I said, "and we'll get comfortable."

"You may not know," he went on after I had come back from the cellar and we were comfortably seated in the dining room, "that I used to write short stories. But all the editors sent 'em back with 'not enough imagination' or 'too matter-of-fact' scribbled across the back. I got my last yesterday morning, and it drove me wild. So I rushed down to Mr. Stryper, the head of police and explained things to him and he thought awhile, and then he said, 'Mr. Dick, you're an honest man, and I know you're an honest man, and I'll let you do it.' And so he wrote that letter which gives me permission to break into your house."

"But I don't see yet."

"Wait! I knew you wouldn't care, and I did it to have the chance and material to write up an ideal account of an ideal robbery in which nothing was stolen and nobody arrested, and if the editors don't like it I'll give up and apply to your father-in-law for a job.

I could contain myself no longer.

"Dick," I cried, "our fortunes are made. We'll collaborate. Our mutually complementary predicament will enable—" But before I could finish he had me waltzing around the room, his mask, my robe and the glasses keeping time. In the noise there was a weird, shrill shriek on the stairs. My wife had fainted on the landing. In my excitement, I hastily threw a glass of water in her face. Reviving, her first dazed question was:

"Have they come?"

"Calm yourself, my dear. It was nothing—"

"But haven't they come yet?"

"Who?"

"The firemen?"

I was getting alarmed at my wife's daze.

"Eveline, try to explain what you mean."

"Why, I smelled smoke, and as I had supposed you had gone moon-walking, as you often do, I 'phoned to the fire company, and when I'd dressed and started down to see where it was, I saw you

and another man rolling around in the dining room, and I thought he was a murderer." Here Dick went off again. "And—and that's all till the water was poured on and I thought they were soaking me instead of the fire."

I took in the situation. Hurry up, Dick, take off your togs and cut some bread and you, Eveline, cut the tongue. We've got to get up a good lunch for these fooled firemen. And while we worked I told Eveline the plans for our henceforth happy and prosperous careers.

T. M. L. '08.

THROUGH THE YEARS

He was sobbing as if his heart would break. The very idea of it! A whole pound of ginger snaps and not one had been saved for him; "All right, Charley, just you wait till I get as big as you, and then I'll pay you back!" He clinched his fists and swore eternal hatred toward his older brother.

Suddenly he stopped crying. A well-known voice came from the terrace across the street—

"Ho Willie! Ho-o Weelie!"

He jumped up and waved his hand frantically, singing out in reply—

"H'lo Stella! Come on over."

"I don't dare," says Stella, accompanying her negation with a slow shaking of the curly head.

"All right; I'll come over to your house then," and after a hasty glance backward he trots across the street. Five

minutes later the two are digging caves side by side in a sandy bank. Presently Stella remarks:

"But you don't know where I was yesterday."

"Where?"

"I won't tell you."

"Don't have to; I don't care."

Stella pauses for a while before she ventures again.

"Bet you never been down the river on a boat."

"Huh, that's nothing. I've been to Washington."

Then there is a silence, punctuated by the scraping of the oyster shells upon the sides of the caves. Stella decides not to antagonize Willie further, and says with sudden inspiration:

"Oh, say, let's play this is Panama Canal and you be Teddy Roosevelt!"

"Ah, no, let's play these are salt mines like my Auntie Nan tells about, and we are the miners. We'll have to be blind though, and oh, say, let's have a great big, large explosion!"

"All right; you be Mr. Jones and I'll be Mr. Jacobs."

"No, you can't be Mr. Jacobs, 'cause you're a girl; you must be Mrs. Jacobs."

"Well I won't play then; I can be a man as much as you can; I can whistle lots better than you!"

"Can not!"

"Can so!" And to prove her assertion Stella began to whistle vigorously.

Willie's face fell.

"Well I don't care anyway," he said at last. "Be Mr. Jacobs if you want."

And so they spent an hour or so together, playing this and pretending that, until their quarrels became so violent that they "got mad and called each other by their right names."

Then it was time for Stella to prepare for dinner and Willie's guilty conscience sent him hurrying back home before his mother should discover his absence. Thus these two had played together day in and day out ever since Willie's father had gone across to call on the new neighbors and had taken him along. Every day they ended up by quarreling, every morning they greeted each other with delight.

But when Willie looked and called for Stella next day, she was nowhere to be found. Then he remembered that she had had a cold yesterday, and decided that her mother was keeping her indoors.

Later in the day the doctor's carriage stopped at Stella's home—"not our doctor, 'cause our doctor's a allopath and their doctor's a homopath." At dinner his mother remarked that Stella was dangerously ill. So all he could do was to watch the doctor come and go, and wonder when Stella would come to play with

him again, and what she would look like when she did.

Next week the doctor came twice every day and then suddenly stopped coming altogether; but no Stella appeared.

One day Willie ran hastily in to ask his mother why the "Gloverses had hung a white dress on their front door?"

"Poor child," she thought, "he wouldn't understand if I did tell him; but if he is kept ignorant until the whole affair is over it will be easier for him to bear." So she put him off.

Three days later a white hearse drew up in front of Stella's home. Willie knew what that meant. He knew that when a long train of carriages halted near a house, that someone there had died. He hoped it was not Stella. Well, here was Peter; he would ask him, for Peter knew everything that went on.

"What? Didn't you know that Stella Glover was dead? She died last Monday; my sister's going to the funeral."

Willie went straight to the garret. There, crawling over piles of old furniture and winter carpets, he sought a dark corner and lay down—to cry. There are those who say that children don't understand, don't appreciate the significance of death. Well, do grown-ups understand and appreciate? And even if they did, would that prove that their grief is profounder or more sincere? Emerson says, "The only thing that grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is!" Ah, but Emerson was not thinking of childhood's sorrows when he said that. They are real, they are sincere, they are profound while they last. The child does not restrain his emotions at the crisis, and reserve them to be expended in a sigh or shake of the head whenever the name of the deceased is mentioned.

Years afterward when Willie had actually "become a man" he attended another

funeral; and as he was riding along behind the remains of the man who had been his constant chum through school and college; as he was gazing out of the window at the hot, dusty road and listening to the exchange of platitudes among the other pall-bearers; as he was wishing the whole uncomfortable ceremony over, and longing to be away, away from scenes of grief; suddenly there rose up before him the vision of a pretty, childish face and he heard a childish voice saying: "Come on over; mamma says we can put up the tent and play house." Ah, the memory of days that never, never can return!

It may have been that this was the

last thing necessary to arouse his emotional activity—the last straw as it were—or it may have been the contrast between the bustle and worry of the conventional rites which forced him thus to display publicly an emotion too sacred even for words, and the unrestrained flood of childish sorrow whose simplicity he had left behind him forever; whatever the explanation, his eyes filled with tears at the recollection of their petty disputes and their unceremonious make-ups. . . ."

"My but he takes it hard, don't he?"

"Bill? Oh, well, it's natural. They were great friends, you know."

H. B. '08.

THE AWAKENING

(A SONNET)

Let cowards clamor for the Sleep of Sleeps,	I, too, might well cry truce with life—but
With pleading moans assail unheeding ears—	No!
And shrieking, cringe, their bellies full of fears,	Grant me, O God, my full three score and ten,
Forgetting that the Silent Reaper reaps	That, hearing in my heart the moans of men,
But to resow such spirits in the deeps	I may take all mine hours and mold them, so
Of everlasting anguish. Myriad years,	That each a step in that high stair shall be—
As many as the memories all the tears	Whereon pain-burdened man may mount to thee.
Of Hell but show, shall putrify their sleeps!	

J. T. T., E.r-'08.

THE INSPIRATION OF CRANE MOUNTIAN

Oh! thou sordid, cramped being, atom of humanity, tied to thy desk in dingy office or spacious city apartment, for once break the bonds of trade and take a blanket on thy shoulders and climb with me majestic Crane, the highest peak in the Southern Adirondacks. Confined within tall prison walls of skyscraper and palace, thou knowest nothing of the freedom of the woods, or of the beauty of nature in her vastness. Therefore think not of the cold as thou liest on thy soft, fragrant, balsam couch, but raise thyself on thy elbow; listen to the weird call of the hoot owl, solemn, mysterious, foreboding, or the shorter, sharper querulous shriek of the screech owl, or the startling whirring, ripping, whip-cry of the night hawk. Strain thine ears to catch the evening breeze playing in the aeolian harps of the maples on the mountain side below thee; smell, and thou canst, the deep, searching odors of the pine-woods, the balsam, the hemlock, or the faint scent of decaying trees ris-

ing from that barren pond nestled in the hollows of the ridge, on whose banks dead trunks stand like naked ghosts day in and day out, night in and night out, grim relics of a former epoch of luxurious growth, of which the present seeming splendor is only a deformed and stunted offspring. . . . Gaze out over the moonlit valley spread before thee two thousand feet below. No man's habitation is there to disturb the grandeur—all is pine tree, rough, jagged rock and bare cliff washed by the pale caressing light. Beyond the hill, there on the edge of the world is the infinite sky and its myriad stars rolling on in scorn of thee and thy pettiness, powerful, majestic, wonderful, but not so wonderful as majestic, as powerful as thou canst be, thou little man when thou risest to the heights of thy nature, when thou doest here the work thy Creator has given thee, when in humble imitation of the silent world around thee, thou abidest under the shadow of the Almighty.

R. S., '06.

IN THE DARK NIGHT

I would walk alone in the sunshine,
In the sunshine alone and free;
But in the dark night and the silence,
Ah! then I would be with thee.

I can work all day in the city
With never a friend to see;
But when the hard day is over
Then let me come close to thee.

I can toil all day in the battle,
Fight hard and yet happy be
But dear, after the struggle
Oh, let me hold fast to thee!

G. H. G., '06.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY DEAN BARRETT

At morning collection on December tenth, President Sharpless addressed the students as follows on the requirement of Freshman evening report:

"We shall drop the matter of reporting in the evening for Freshmen after the the Christmas holidays.

"I have long since ceased to consider this of any particular service in the matter of restraining Freshmen from going to places where they should not go, and that, I suppose, was the origin of the custom. A good many years ago the regular religious exercises of the day which correspond to this collection were held in the evening, mainly, I suppose, for the reason that it required the presence of all the students from 8.30 to 9 o'clock, and kept them from being somewhere else. When this collection was changed to the morning exercises, the evening reporting was substituted for the whole college during the whole year, and that has gradually been reduced from the whole college to the two lower classes, and then to the Freshman Class for a comparatively small portion of the college year. What can be said in favor of it is not that there is a certain amount of restraint that keeps Freshmen from going to places where they should not go, but that there is a tendency to keep them together as a class in the college through the earlier part of their course; possibly also it sets the custom of remaining in the college and preserving a unity in the class which would not result if they were scattered about the country.

"This is the main advantage to be gained by it, and I do not know that it accomplishes this. But the result is a very desirable one, not only for the Freshmen, but for all other classes. If the students of the college are to seek their recreation, or their business, or anything else outside of the college walls in affairs not connected with the college, it is going to break down the Haverford feeling. It has broken it down in the past. It is an important matter, not for moral protection, but for the preservation of the right spirit in the college that we have the students in the college every night of the week. If they were here seven nights in the week it would be better.

"This is the object that has been sought in the reporting of the Freshmen. I appreciate that it has somewhat disturbing effect on the students who wish to sit down and work and have to keep this matter of reporting on their minds. Whether the good and the bad sides of it counterbalance, I do not know. I should be glad if the Senior and Junior classes at one of their class meetings would take this matter into consideration, and give me their advice whether it is advisable to keep up the custom or not.

"Again, it does satisfy some parents that the College is keeping an eye upon their boys. I appreciate also that against this you can put the general objection to restrictions that are not necessary. It has been our policy here at Haverford to abandon restrictions. If

a restriction does not justify itself as a positive good, it is an evil. Many of you know by hearsay the conditions that existed here twenty years ago, and that the amount of liberty afforded now is vastly in excess of that of the former period. It is a matter, therefore, about which there is a fair chance for discussion, and as I apprehend that the upper classes are better able to judge the

matter than I am, I should be glad if they would give me their opinions in the matter. I think that if they agree, their decision will be the regulation in the future."

President Sharpless then spoke of the opening of the College Library in the evening. In the future it will be open from seven to ten, provided it is used enough to warrant this change.

THE TOKEN

Here is a piece of linen, scarcely more than six inches square. I doubt if you will find anything unique in it, and you would probably have trouble in singling it out from among a number of its kind, even after you have read the following delineation. It is a square, white kerchief, with a very narrow hem. I cannot tell how many threads to the inch it contains, nor do I know aught else about the fineness of its texture: it does not appear to be more than ordinary serviceable linen. The hem is attached by means of open work, of the openest kind, I should say: and each corner is a separate little square by itself. Here you see a scar, which commemorates a tear about half an inch long: but, of course, the first thing that you noticed when I unfolded it was the embroidered monogram over in this corner. There is nothing, I repeat, in this piece of cloth which is so peculiar that you could not duplicate it over and over again, even to this fancy letter "L." But—

Why do I keep you, a mere bit of cloth, under lock and key as if you were pure gold? Because of your fineness of texture? Because you are pretty to look

at? Because the embroidery is skilfully done? Because her hand has touched you? Because you nestled close to her slender waist, or rested once on her bosom? Why then should you be so precious? She did not give you to me; she does not know that I possess you. No, it is not because you once belonged to her, because you were often with her, or because perchanced you have touched her lips. It is because you were there at our last meeting; because you saw her speak to me: because you saw her smile, full of love and gentleness; because you heard her laugh in almost childish glee; because you saw her grow sad again and full of sympathy; because you saw her press my hand and say, "Auf Wiedersehen!" because you saw me watching her departure with a stupid amazement and oblivion of all else that went on around me. This is the reason I keep you a prisoner and I want you to talk to me about her and describe the gracefulness of her manner, the color of her eyes, the depth of the soul which speaks from them; speak of her! Of her always; And when you think you have finished, begin again.

H. B., '08.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

1906 REUNION

The Class of 1906 held its first informal reunion in Barclay Hall, Friday evening, December 21, 1906. A business meeting opened the proceedings, and matters, past, present and future, were brought up, discussed and settled. Of special interest, of course, was the report of the Committee on the Construction of the Gate to the Driveway on the north side of the campus, which the Class of 1906 and its friends presented as a gift to the College, at its graduation in June.

Those present at the reunion were: E. F. Bainbridge, T. K. Brown, Jr., W. Carson, R. L. Cary, A. C. Dickson, H. W. Doughten, Jr., J. M. S. Ewing, W. H. Haines, Jr., H. B. Hopper, W. Kennard, Jr., J. Maloney, W. H. Haines, Jr., J. Maloney, W. K. Miller, J. Monroe, F. B. Morris, J. D. Philips, H. Pleasant, Jr., D. J. Reid, E. B. Richards, D. H. Schweyer, R. Scott, R. J. Shortlidge, J. A. Stratton, F. R. Taylor.

Roderick Scott, Sec'y.

NOTES

'44. Jesse Tyson died at his home near Baltimore, Md., November 28, 1906, in his 81st year.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., has been appointed a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners by President Roosevelt. This appointment fills the vacancy created by the death of Philip C. Garrett a year ago. Mr. Vaux recently announced his engagement to Miss Mary James, of Cambridge, a niece of Professor William James, the famous psychologist.

'92. William H. Nicholson, Jr., was married to Miss Katharine Leonard Lea in Philadelphia, on November the sixth.

'97. Edward Thomas is now a Fourth Assistant Patent Examiner in the United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Ex. '99. Louis Round Wilson, A. M., Librarian of the University of North Carolina, has published as the first volume of "Studies in Philosophy," a dissertation entitled, "Chaucer's Relative Constructions," Chapel Hill, N. C. 1906.

'00. C. H. Carter, Ph. D., writing from Syracuse University, has an article in the "Modern Language Notes" for November, entitled "Nymphidio," "The Rape of the Lock," and "The Culprit Fay."

Ex '01 Evan Randolph was married to Miss Hope Carson, daughter of Hampton Carson, on November the seventh, 1906.

'04. W. M. Wills has announced his engagement to Miss Julia Ireland.

'05. Joseph H. Morris has announced his engagement.

'92. Walker Morris Hart, Ph. D., has an article entitled "Professor Child and

the Ballad," in the publication of the Modern Language Association for December.

A. M. '96. Professor Arthur M. Charles, of Earlham College, read a paper on "The Virtuous Octavia," at the annual meeting of the Central Division of the Modern Language Association, in December, at Chicago.

'01. George John Walenta was married to Miss Madeline Jones, at Haverford on December 20. Mr. and Mrs. Walenta will live at 2232 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

Ex' '05. John L. Scull was married to Miss Mary Rachel Bettle, at Haverford, on January 1st, 1907.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Quadrangular Gymnastic Meet, January 20. Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Haverford.

President Sharpless addressed the Civics Department of the Lonanian Society, December 11, on the topic "Political Conditions in Pennsylvania."

"Through Persia into Central Asia" was the title of an illustrated lecture given by A. V. Williams Jackson, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Indo-Iranian Languages at Columbia University, before the Phi Beta Kappa, on December 7.

FOOT BALL DINNER

Some of Haverford's loyal Alumni gave a dinner at the Merion Cricket Club, on Wednesday, December 19th, in honor of the season's successful foot ball team. The seventeen men who ended a successful season by whipping New York University 68 to 0, together with about the same number of old Haverford foot ball captains and players formed the typical merry Haverfordian crowd. President Drinker, of Lehigh University, the father of three Haverfordians, and President Sharpless, the "father of us all" were the special guests of the evening.

Coach Thorn, '04, was presented with a loving cup, the gift of the undergraduates as a token of their sincere appreciation of his work in turning out such a good team. President Sharpless, President Drinker, Coach Thorn, Dr. Babbitt, Captain Jones and Captain-elect Brown were all called on for speeches by Toastmaster Hay.

The hosts were as follows: J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88; Dr. T. F. Branson, '89; William G. Audenreid, '90; C. J. Rhoades, '93; P. S. Williams, '93; W. J. Strawbridge, '94; E. B. Hay, '95; W. C. Webster, '95; C. R. Hinchman, '96; J. H. Scattergood, '96; L. H. Wood, '96; A. C. Collins, '97; W. J. Janney, '98; A. G. Scattergood, '98; A. Haines, '98; A. C. Maule, '99; H. S. Drinker, Jr., '00; F. C. Sharpless, '00; F. M. Eshleman, '00; J. C. Lloyd, '00; C. C. Morris, '04; B. Eshleman, '05.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Carrol T. Brown, '08, has been elected captain, Cecil K. Drinker, '08, manager, and Mark A. Spiers, '09, assistant manager of the foot ball team for next year.

The following fourteen men received their "H.": Captain Jones, '07; Wood, '07; Haines, '07; Birdsall, '07; A. Brown, '07; P. Brown, '07; Magill, '07; C. Brown, '08; Leonard, '08; Bard, '09; Ramsey, '09; Spaeth, '09; Sharpless, '09, and Frost, '10.

Edwards, '08, and Wilson, '10, were awarded cups for conscientious work on the scrub.

GYMNASTICS

The gymnasium team this year should be an excellent one. The only men lost from last year's successful team are Carson and Shortlidge; T. K. Brown, Jr.,

and Cary are back in College doing post-graduate work. All of the other men have improved. The team will be strengthened in tumbling by the addition of Leonard, who was on Princeton's team last year. There are several other men who will make a strong bid for places on the team, among whom are two or three Freshmen.

Manager Rossmuessler announces the following schedule:

Jan. 20—Quadrangular meet, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Haverford.

Feb. 9—Haverford vs. Rutgers, at New Brunswick, N. J.

March 2—Haverford vs. Lehigh, at Haverford.

March 16—Haverford vs. Penn, at Penn.

March 22—Intercollegiate contest at Pennsylvania.

Feb. 15—Inter-scholastic meet at Haverford.

INTER-CLASS CONTEST

The first inter-class gym. contest for ten years was held on December 12th, under the auspices of the class of '97, who want to see the old custom started again to develop and discover modest ability. The banner presented by '97 was won by '08.

There were several amusing exhibitions, but the best performance was done by Edwards, '08, who won first place on the horizontal, parallels, and rings. The judges were F. B. Jacobs, '07, H. H. Jenks, '00, and E. C. Rossmuessler, '01. Results:

Flying Rings—Edwards, '08, first; Mott, '09, second; Baily, '08, third.

Side Horse—Burt, '08, first; Lewis, '09, second; Philips, '10, third.

Horizontal Bar—Edwards, '08, first; Bushnell, '08, second; Spaeth, '09, third.

Parallel Bars—Edwards, '08, first; Brown, '08, second; Mason, '08, third.

Tumbling—Leonard, '08, first; Bushnell, '08, second; Mason, '09, third.

Rope Climb—Mason, '10, first; Bard, '09, second; Roberts, '10, third.

Fence Vault—Burit, '08, first; Edwards, '08, second; Warnock, '09, third.

Side Horse (Novice)—David, '10, first; Drinker, '08, second; Judkins, '10, third.

Flying Rings (Novice)—Fay, '09, first; Kenderdine, '10, second; Martin, '10, third.

Club Swinging—Myers, '09, first; Scott, '08, second; Shoemaker, '09, third.

MUSICAL

The annual concert of the Haverford Musical Clubs was given in Roberts Hall on December 20th. Credit is due Nicholson, '07, leader of both clubs, for the success of the concert.

PROGRAM

PART I.

- I. IolaJohnson
Mandolin Club.
- II. I'd Like to Go Down South Once Mo'
Parks
Glee Club.
- III. Piano Soli
(a) Valse "O la bien Aimée".....Schütt
(b) Gavotte, B Flat.....Handel
T. M. Longstreth, '08.
- IV. Trio—StändchenSchubert
T. M. Longstreth, '08.
J. W. Crowell, '09.
W. C. Greene, '10.
- V. QuartetArranged
P. W. Brown, '07.
T. K. Lewis, '09.
D. L. Philips, '09.
R. A. Spaeth, '09.

PART II.

- I. Dainty DamesBlake
Mandolin Club.
- II. "Po' Little Lamb".....Parks
Glee Club.
- III. Trio—AufenthaltSchubert
- IV. Pale in the Amber West.....Parks
Glee Club.
- V. For HaverfordSeiler
Combined Clubs.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

First Mandolins—J. W. Nicholson, Jr., '07; W. B. Windle, '07; F. C. Baily, '08; W. W. Kurtz, 2d, '08; F. Myers, Jr., '09; N. D. Ayer, '10; C. F. Clark, '10; G. A. Kerbaugh, '10; S. T. Martin, '10.

Second Mandolins—F. O. Musser, '08; D. B. Cary, '10; J. D. Kenderdine, '10; E. R. Spaulding, '10.

Guitars—A. N. Warner, '07; W. Sargent, Jr., '08; E. Shoemaker, '09.

Violins—J. W. Crowell, '09; H. E. C. Bryant, '10.

Cello—W. C. Greene, '10.

Clarinet—C. W. Mayers, '10.

Leader—J. W. Nicholson, Jr.

GLEE CLUB.

First Tenor—J. W. Crowell, '09; J. W. Pennypacker, '09; R. A. Spaeth, '09; H. E. C. Bryant, '10; W. D. Schultz, '10.

Second Tenor—T. K. Brown, Jr., P. G.; J. C. Birdsall, '07; J. B. Clement, '08; F. C. Hamilton, '09; P. V. R. Miller, '09; E. Shoemaker, '09.

First Bass—G. H. Deacon, '09; C. C. Killen, '09; D. L. Philips, '09; M. H. C. Spiers, '09; C. M. Froelicher, '10; W. C. Greene, '10; C. W. Mayers, '10.

Second Bass—P. W. Brown, '07; I. J. Dodge, '07; J. W. Nicholson, Jr., '07; T. K. Lewis, '09; S. T. Martin, '10; C. D. Morley, '10.

Leader—J. W. Nicholson, Jr.

SOCCER

The following were awarded the Soccer "H.": Captain Rossmassler, '07; Windle, '07; C. Brown, '08; Drinker, '08; Bushnell, '08, and Baker, '10.

The seal was awarded to Warner, '07; Godley, '07; Kurtz, '08; Strode, '08; Shoemaker, '08, and Furness, '10.

Haverford again won the intercollegiate championship. It is only fair to state that they were aided by Columbia's default to Haverford and Penn's forfeit to Harvard.

HAVERFORD, 2; HARVARD, 1.

Played at Cambridge, December 8, 1906.

On December 8, at Cambridge, Mass., on the historical Soldiers' Field. Harvard went down to defeat before the Haverford soccer team. The day was fine, but cold, and hard wind was blowing down the field, which made accurate passing and shooting very difficult. Captain Rossmassler won the toss and chose to kick with the wind. Osborne started

the game. Harvard soon got together and for a while it was only the defensive work of Brown and Godley that saved the Crimson forwards from breaking through. Baker, at this point, received the ball. He dodged the waiting full-back and sent a neat shot into the net thus tallying the first score for Haverford. Near the close of the first half Baker again sent the ball into the net and the first half ended 2-0 in Haverford's favor.

In the second half Harvard seemed to wake up and rushed the ball into Haverford territory, but could not score a tally. A corner did them no good, Godley kicking the ball out of danger. For a while the ball remained in midfield, then Biddle, outside left on Crimson's forward line, suddenly broke away, and going down the side dodged Windle and passed to centre, when Reggio put the ball in the net by a low hard shot just out of Warner's reach. Score—Haverford, 2; Harvard, 1. There was no further scoring, and the half ended with the ball dangerously near the Harvard goal.

The Haverford team played with a dash and vigor that ran the Harvard men off their feet. The work of the forwards was excellent and they were well assisted by the defense. Line-up:—

Haverford.

Harvard.

A. N. Warner.....g.F. V. Malim
 C. T. Brownr. f. b.T. Thackeia
 F. D. Godleyl. f. b.W. H. Kidder
 C. K. Drinker.....r. f.P. Brooks
 W. R. Rossmassler...c. h.W. Reggio
 W. B. Windle.....l. f.L. A. Bird
 J. Bushnellr. o.W. A. Forbush
 H. Furnessr. i.A. N. Reggio
 P. T. Bakerc.P. Osborne
 W. R. Shoemaker...l. i.L. B. Robinson
 G. K. Strode.....l. o.G. Biddle
 Referee—J. H. Fairfax-Lucy. Linesmen—
 F. Leelan, Harvard; A. Leelan, Haverford.
 Goals—Haverford, Baker 2. Harvard, A. N.
 Reggio. Time of halves—25 minutes.

HAVERFORD, O.; UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, O.

Played at Franklin Field, December , 1906.

In the final game of the Intercollegiate Soccer Series, Haverford played the U. of P. a no score game. The game was hotly contested from start to finish. The Haverford forwards nearly scored in the first half, but the University front rank rallied, and but for a mistake in front of goal, would have been one up at half time.

In the second half, however, the Haverford team completely outclassed their opponents, and time and again nearly scored, the University goal being saved on more than one occasion by its unusual narrowness alone. A penalty kick for Haverford struck the upright ten minutes before the final whistle. For Haverford, the forward line gave a good exhibition of team work; in the defense, Captain Rossmassler, Brown, and Warner were conspicuous. Line-up:—

Haverford

Pennsylvania.

Strodeo. l.Shoemaker
 Furnessi. l.H. Morris
 Bakerc. f.Widdows
 Shoemakeri. r.Pepper
 Bushnello. r.A. Montgomery
 Windlel. h.R. Wood
 Rossmasslerc. h.Shophach
 Drinkerr. h.Ewing
 Kurtzl. f. b.Keating
 C. Brownr. f. b.Goodfellow
 Warnerg.Bricker

Referee—Bishop. Linesmen—Pleasants, U. of P.; Godley, Haverford. Time of halves—30 minutes.

OTHER SOCCER GAMES

Nov. 30—Germantown C. C. 4; Haverford 2nd XI, 1.

Dec. 8—Haverford 2nd XI, 4; Radnor C. C., 1.

Dec. 22—Merion C. C., 4; Haverford 1st XI, 3.

Dec. 22—Haverford 2nd XI, 8; Penn 2nd XI, 2.

Dec. 22—Haverford 3rd XI, 2; Radnor C. C., 0.

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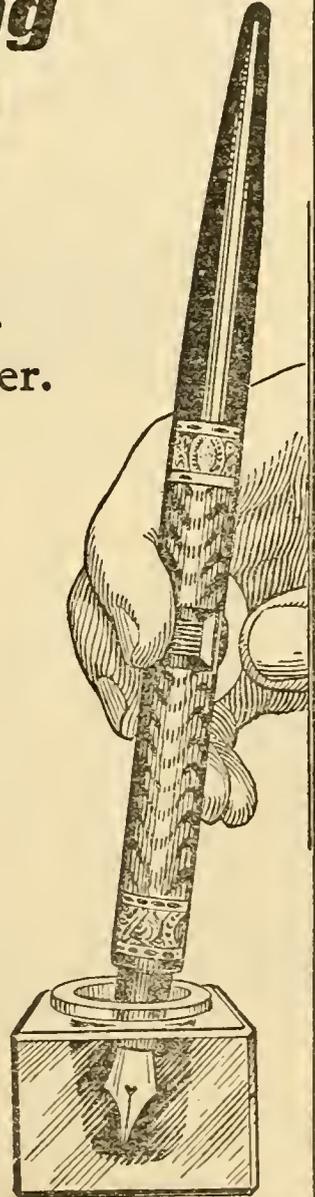
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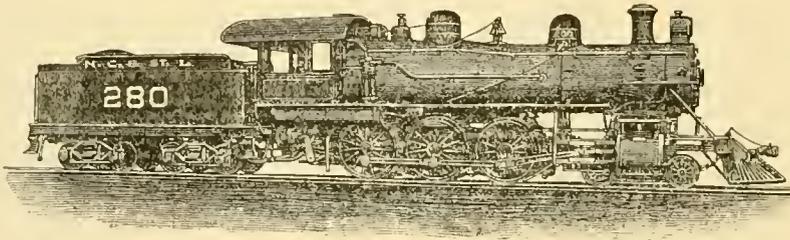
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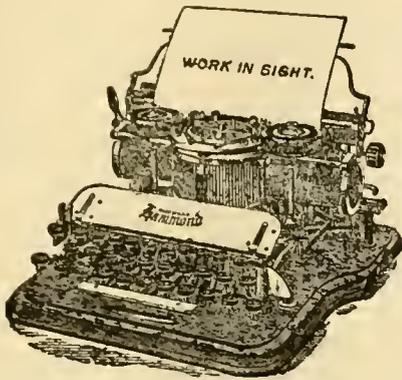
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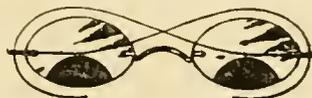
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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 9.

February, 1907

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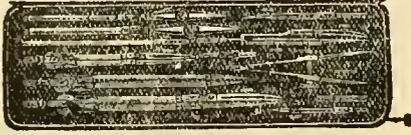
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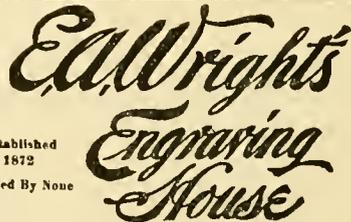
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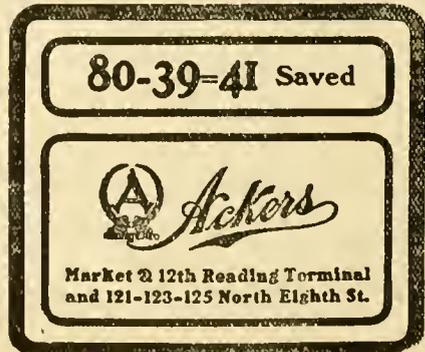
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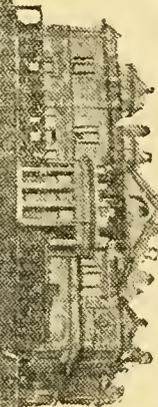
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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VOL. XXVIII

HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 9

IN accordance with the custom of THE HAVERFORDIAN, this issue completes the volume, and with it terminate the services of the Senior editors. A year ago we assumed our responsibilities with hesitation, and largely from a sense of duty. We relinquish them with regret, because of the actual pleasure and satisfaction the work has afforded us, which quite outweigh the anxiety and tedium connected with editorial work.

**The End
of
Volume
XXVIII**

We can assure the new administration that the discipline and training which they will receive from this work will be so valuable that it should command their best efforts; also that such training, as well as the standard of the magazine, are proportionate to the attention they give to it.

The greatest pleasure we have had has been the generous consideration of our readers, who have been lenient in their criticism and quick to express, by word or letter, their approbation of certain of

our efforts. The Alumni have, to a great extent, aided us by advice and criticism in the conduct of the magazine in general and the departments in particular. We would say as a word of farewell, that we are advising our successors to enlarge the Alumni Department and to put in the College Department more general information of the various college activities.

In concluding volume XXVIII we wish to express our thanks to all who have aided us in making this volume, and to convey our especial appreciation to President Isaac Sharpless, Mr. Hiram Hadley, '56; Mr. Thomas Wistar, '58; Prof. Allen C. Thomas, '65; Prof. F. B. Gummere, '72; Prof. Albert S. Bolles, Dr. A. E. Hancock, Dr. James A. Babbitt, Dean Barrett, Dr. W. W. Comfort, '94; Mr. Oscar M. Chase, '94; Dr. Arthur F. Coca, '96; Mr. Arthur Crowell, '04; Mr. Chester J. Teller, '05.

The Board of Editors for the coming year comprises Winthrop Sargent, Jr., '08, Editor-in-Chief; Howard Burtt, '08;

T. Morris Longstreth, '08; Alfred Lowry, 2d, '09, as Associate Editors; J. Passmore Elkinton, '08, and Walter W. Whitson, '08, continue as Business Editors.

EARLY in our administration we conceived the idea of formulating a constitution under which this paper should be managed. **THE HAVERFORDIAN** has not, in the past, had any definite rules concerning elections of the Board, etc.; these things proceeding along under unwritten customs. We have attempted to plan this constitution so as to embrace all the desirable features of the past and to include a few changes. It has been adopted by the joint boards and approved by President Sharpless on behalf of the faculty, and will henceforth govern the management of the paper and be subject to changes only by a majority vote and faculty consent.

The work of drawing up this constitution has been in progress all year so that every detail might be carefully tried out. As a result we feel sure that it is on a practical working basis, and that any radical changes from past custom have been for the better.

Under the new rules the paper is to be in the hands of a self-perpetuating Board of Editors,—to number eight as a maximum,—and a business manager who chooses an assistant from a class below his. On the tenth of February of each year a report is rendered to the Board of the exact financial status of the paper,—the earnings of the previous year, and the value of the paper to date. This will enable the new business management to take hold of the paper on a fair basis at the time its services commence.

One-tenth of the income of the paper is turned into a surplus fund which may,

under specified conditions, be applied to the improvement of the magazine, or to some college or athletic activity. The balance is divided into thirds: two-thirds of which go to the business managers, and one-third to the Editorial Board. This third is to be apportioned to the editors, the only stipulation being that they shall receive its value in books and not in cash. We have hesitated about this matter of giving books for editorial service, because it savored too much of remuneration; but, after considering the matter thoroughly, we have concluded that the standard of the magazine and the quality of undergraduate literature will be improved by this measure.

THE Civics Department of the Logonian Society has allied itself to the Inter-Collegiate Civic League, in response to an invitation received some time ago. This Inter-Collegiate League embraces about sixteen of the foremost universities and colleges of the country, namely: Yale, Princeton, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Brown, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, New York University, Cornell, Williams, University of Michigan, University of Chicago, Amherst, Dartmouth, University of Tennessee. It is an association formed among these various colleges, non-partisan in membership and aim, "to serve as a bond of union to those members in American universities and colleges who believe in the intelligent study of public affairs as a means of increasing the interest of students in the duties of citizenship, and of raising the standards of public life in the United States."

Every month, or oftener, the League will, this winter, distribute short articles

upon various subjects pertinent to public questions, written by prominent men. They advise that these be printed in the college papers. The policy of THE HAVERFORDIAN has been only to use material submitted by those allied with the college, but because we so thoroughly sympathize with this work, we shall be glad to print these articles as they appear. They are all copyrighted articles, written for the Inter-Collegiate League and printed by us on behalf of that League and the Haverford College Civics Club.

THE especial attention of our alumni and friends is called to the announcement of the Library Lectures in the College Department of this number.

**The
Annual
Library
Lectures**
Maclaren.

These lectures this year will be given by the Rev. John Watson, D. D., more commonly known as Ian

The subject announced is, "The History of Religion in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century." This will treat a very important period of Scottish history when certain curious revivals swept over the country resulting from the preaching of such energetic men as Whitefield and Wesley. It was about the middle of the eighteenth century that the two branches, the Secession Church, led by Erskine, and the Relief Church, led by Gillespie,

sprang off from the Scottish Established Church. Upon the union of these two branches was built the Presbyterian Church.

But this period is not interesting merely because of these revivals and theological dissensions. It is interesting because the deeper result of all this visible turmoil was the bettering of social conditions. Hospitals and relief societies were founded, and the long struggle for prison reforms was begun in Scotland, and it is from there that it has spread over the world.

IT is a very distinguished honor that Professor Ernest W. Brown has achieved in having awarded to him the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society.

**An Honor
for a
Haverford
Professor**

The announcement of this was made several weeks ago, and the official presentation will occur some time in February.

The medal is given annually by the Astronomical Society to the man who during the year has advanced farthest the world's knowledge about astronomy. Dr. Brown has been working for some years here, at Haverford, upon the planetary perturbations of the moon from its regular orbit, and it is for this work that he has been honored.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

With reverent feet I trod thy tiled floors,
Worn by the footfalls of the mighty dead
With holy awe, upon thy brazen doors
The glorious annals of the past I read.

Hushed in mute wonder, silently I stood
Beneath the arches of thy soaring dome
And overwhelmed, watched the endless flood
Of mighty living, ever go and come.

In fancy rapt, methought I saw the sweep
Of countless generations yet unborn,
Who shall thy matchless glories guard and
keep

In all the splendor of their golden morn;
Until my soul, a moment breaking free
Was blended in eternity, with thee.

J. F. W., '10.

COLLEGE AND AFTER

With the closing term for some of our students, their thoughts are ranging beyond college studies and associations. But how differently they regard the future! These differentiations clearly typify classes into which a considerable portion of mankind is divided. By some, their future is not wholly unknown, for they have secured places into which they will fit and continue the familiar story of work as before. Their keen sense of prevision led them months ago to find a new place on leaving the old. And thus with them it will always be, thoughtfulness marking their career and yielding solid possession. Others may dislike this squirrel philosophy, but, after all, who will question the fact, that a strong, fat squirrel enjoys existence more than a weak, half-starved one?

Of another class are these who would be happy if they could follow some pursuit not open to them, and alas, can never be.

At all times and everywhere this class is large. Plunging into some pursuit from necessity or by command that could not be disregarded, they have lived darkened lives, seeing, if at all, only fitful gleams of sunshine. But what, had they followed their inclination? Would they have succeeded? Some contend that such a lot would have been happier, for they would have had the satisfaction of trying. Prevented, their life has been an unending, discontented refrain.

Besides, among so many, now and then one perhaps would have succeeded, and his worth to the world, judged from its side, might have compensated for all the other failures. Aldrich has expressed the idea in a felicitous verse:

"If it take
Aeons to form a diamond, grain on
grain,
Aeons to crystallize its fire and dew—
By what slow process must Nature
make
Her Shakespeares and her Raffaels?
Great the gain
If she spoils thousands making one or
two."

Not all, however, look on diamond-making quite in this way. What about those that are spoiled? Would not all concerned, including the world, have been the gainers had some other enterprise been attempted?

Then there are others who bank on the fortunes of fickle opportunity. They are numerous in all ages; are not lessening in our own. They are possessed with the adventurous spirit,—the spirit of the speculator, the gambler. They float on the current of optimism, are of uneven temper, joyful and sorrowful by turns. Some of them win great prizes, the larger number are borne away on the mighty flood of failures. Some of the greatest victories in this world have been won by them, witness the American revolution. Thus in all ages while the great shore of life has been strewn with wrecks, thrown up by human miscalculation, many a ship has made a brilliant voyage by daring through ignorance to take risks known and averted by the wise.

So much for the different ways of looking at the problem. Let us look in another direction, and contrast the feeling of the college graduate to-day with that of the graduate in the olden time. Having then a different, we will not say

higher, regard for his mental apparatus, he felt that he must enter one of the three learned professions, because it would be unworthy of his long and costly training to do otherwise. But since that time a vast industrial world has arisen, wheels within wheels of ponderous form and mighty power; to command one of these wheels with the thousands of men employed to turn it is worthy the genius of any man. The college graduate of to-day has some perception of this, and behold! how the three professions are suffering from the movement. Perhaps more is said about the decline of ability in the Christian ministry than in any other, but we do not believe the more popular explanation is correct. Many who are so eager in the fever chase for millions are not, in truth, as much nerved by the hope of gaining them, as by the joy of conquest. The millions are only the incident of the victory achieved over nature, or man, or both. To discover aerial navigation, to utilize the nitrogen in the air, to build a railroad, or perfect some other great scheme,—may indeed yield a great fortune in dollars, but the joy of quest and achievement are more dearly prized.

So the sphere of the college graduate has broadened, and the world is the gainer. It is true that, in the beginning, unless commanding the scene, his first thought is that of existing; but this ought, and generally does wear away as soon as one's future in the way of

living is assured. The struggle is no longer for existence as soon as the critical period, if ever known, is passed. Unhappy the man who cannot pass it! Doubtless this is a very real thing with millions, but it ought not to be with the college graduate. With his superior general equipment for advance in almost every special direction, if he does not pass this point and enjoy his work, whatever it may be, of all failures, that of the college graduate is the worst. Work, indeed, he must, in most cases, but this to the educated man should yield pleasure, not pain. It is the thoughtless, demoralized workingman of the lower type who regards toil as a curse, and eagerly awaits the announcement of the hour when he can throw down his implements of labor. The college graduate goes forth with a different feeling, and his work through life should be an enduring joy, for, if not unmindful of his opportunity, he has gained a truer conception of life than the popular one—the acquisition of material goods, and the exercise of victorious brute force. The outside world only dimly knows that the college graduate, through the study of Latin and Greek and the deeper exploration into the mysteries of his being, sooner or later, gradually or suddenly, detaches himself far enough from the world to gain a truer conception of the problem of life, that does, under most conditions, yield unflinching enjoyment.

A. S. Bolles.



AN APPRECIATION OF HOLMES'S "AUTOCRAT"

Our mass of world literature is divided into many classes. Over against the tragical we set the comical; against the serious, the farcical; against the classical, the non-classical; against the historical, the fictional. The list of adjectives, positive and negative, is practically endless. One who attempts a catalogue will find them presenting themselves with startling rapidity: interesting—dry; instructive—amusing; religious—atheistical. But when a book is worth anything it has some particular adjective that applies to it almost to the exclusion of the others. One would scarcely call "Hamlet" *interesting*, though nobody would deny that it is; but *tragical* is the qualifying word that cannot be separated from "Hamlet." A neutral book, to which any number of adjectives may equally well be applied, is apt not to merit even a single one to a very high degree,—unless it be the adjective *weak*.

This series of common-place remarks has a purpose. This purpose is not to prove something that everybody will admit. They are simply set forth in preparation for the question—"What adjective qualifies Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table?" Is it *interesting*? Well, yes. And so is Poe's "Murders of the Rue Morgue." Is it *humorous*? Undoubtedly. And so is Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." It is *instructive*, perhaps? Of course it is; and so is Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations." All of these adjectives will apply to the "Autocrat," but none of them *fits* it. It seems to me that *wholesome* is the qualifying word we want. In the class of *wholesome* books we find "The Specta-

tor," "The Sketch Book," many (but not all) of Hawthorne's Tales, "Love's Labor's Lost," "Pickwick Papers," and a great many others, of which these few are haphazard examples.

A *wholesome* book is, of course, not only one that does no harm; it must also do good. Swift's "A modest Proposal" has probably done good, but I should not call it a *wholesome* theme. Another qualification is needed: a book to be *wholesome* must not only do no harm and do some good, but it must also do this good *in a pleasing way*. The satire must not be too pointed; a blazing hell must not be shown to frighten evil-doers; the reader must not put down his book with a shudder. There must be nothing that hurts, nothing that offends, nothing that is ugly, but the wholesome book must be *homeopathic* in its treatment. In "True Raillery" ("The Tatler,") this idea is expressed much better than I can express it. Here we learn that the satirist must be good-natured. His quarrel must be for society, not for himself. When he laughs at the follies of his day, he must laugh *with* men, not *at* them. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is *wholesome*, with its "What Fools These Mortals Be!" Though here the tonic of a good laugh is prescribed rather than any specific reforms. "Don Quixote" is *wholesome*, and here, on the other hand, the specific reforms are plainly set forth, and the extravagances of chivalry are laughed at unmercifully,—but even here, mind you, there is no sting in the laughter.

And so it is with our gentle "Autocrat." He is a critic, undoubtedly; but he is an *optimistic* critic—or, of you will,

a critical optimist. Oh, he can be stern enough, I know. It is, for instance, somewhat of a jar to refuse to argue with a man on the plea that "controversy equalizes fools and wise men,—and the fools know it." That makes the other man wince a little—unless he gets laughing. Yes, the autocrat can almost lose patience sometimes. But when he does grow impatient, he does not rail as Swift does. The difference is that Swift is a critical *pessimist* and the autocrat a critical *optimist*. Even his scoldings are pleasant, and though he may hammer at our pet vice, we bear no grudge. And what sort of teachings does he give? Well, the proper use of English, the wickedness of puns (which, by the way, he uses to good advantage himself), how to

love books, the benefits of mutual admiration, the unpleasantness of the retailer of facts, the good results when a man believes in himself, even if it involves a certain conceit, and the balefulness of hypocrisy.

The wholesomeness of the "Autocrat" is the wholesomeness of a spring zephyr. Coming from the woods laden with the breath of the April blossoms, it blows gently through the town, leaving everything clearer and brighter. It is not a threatening tornado that comes to carry away the whole town because it cannot make it pure. So, when I had closed the book and was sitting down to write a little about it, all of a sudden it came to me what an entirely *wholesome* book it is.

W. S. E., '07.

THE LAYING DOWN OF CONWELL MEETING

On a clear, hot day in midsummer, under the shadow of the Blue Mountains, a long stretch of dusty road was baking to a parched dryness. It was the season of excessive heat, preceding the dog days. Along the highway the blackberry bushes hung their leaves listlessly under a white coating of chalky dust. No breath of wind was stirring; there was no evidence of living activity anywhere. Even the birds were driven to shelter in the cool places of the woods, and the only cheerful sound, in the brazen glare of the tropical sun, was the rippling of the water under the old stone bridge of the White Horse River. Winter and summer were all the same to it. Flowing down from well-wooded mountain valleys, the White Horse knew neither flood nor drought, but purred along with constant flow, against its mossy stones, unmindful of the times and the seasons. The bridge was a curious structure. When our forefathers built their road-

ways, they used good materials, and the modern engineer who macadamized the road, had left the old bridge untouched,—stone from its base to the peculiarly notched coping. Its air of antiquity was unmistakable.

About half-past nine on this hot day, which being the First-day of the week, increased the natural stillness of the place, one could see the black figure of an old man moving along the chalky turnpike. From his high beaver hat and straight-collared coat and vest, it was evident that he was one of the sect of Quakers. He leaned heavily upon a stout cane as he slowly picked his way along the smooth parts of the road, stopping now and again to mop his brow with a large handkerchief or to lash it over his shoulder to brush off the white dust. When he removed his hat for this purpose he showed a head of snow-white hair flowing down well below the brim of the beaver. The heat seemed to float up all

around him in dizzy waves through the glaring sunshine, and he stopped under every tree to refresh himself for the next stretch of hot white road.

When he came to the old stone bridge he was evidently much relieved. He stiffly climbed through the fence and sat down upon a stone in the shadow of the bridge by a large poplar tree. He leaned back against the wall, and closing his eyes for a time, seemed to sleep. Starting from his short rest, he removed his hat and bathed his wrinkled face freely with the clear, cool water of the White Horse, and then rested his head upon his hands on the top of his cane. In a low whisper, and as if involuntarily came the words: "For the Lord, thy God, bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills," and then he was silent again. Finally he arose, took a last drink from the stream, and set out upon his way once more along the white and shining highway. With many stops he gradually drew near to a little stone building in a grove of oak trees by the roadside. A roof of mossy shingles topped off the grey walls. A little porch shaded the two doors and four windows that faced the road. The grove was surrounded with a stone wall on all sides, except where the carriage shed served as a boundary. Beyond the wall stretched a fine field of corn. Among the oak trees were regular green mounds with here and there a white head-stone to mark the grave of a Friend who had gone before. Everywhere in the shade the small August daises were blooming,—by the stone slabs at the doorsteps, over the grassy mounds, and as irony would have it, in the middle of the carriageway that led from the road to the horse block at the meeting house door. Few wheels

had passed over that sod to disturb the natural growth for several years, and even the appearance of a lane was hardly distinguishable.

The old man unfastened the hook of a small gate in the stone wall and walked toward the near door of the house. The soft sod felt grateful to his burning feet after the stones of the highway. "Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep: in the morning they are like the grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. We spend our years as a tale that is told, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." So the old man muttered as he walked feebly over the daisy-flecked greensward; his face speckled with the patches of sunshine that forced their way down through the oak leaves.

His watch told him that it was near the hour of ten; so after a short rest upon the horse block he drew a key from his pocket and unlocked the old door. The thumb latch rattled noisily as he lifted it and entered the room, lighted only by rays stealing through the cracks of the shutters. He opened the windows and let in a flood of sunshine that lit up the plain interior with a cheerful coziness. It was cool in the meeting-house and very pleasant after the hot walk. Only one-half of the building was thus opened. The partitions or shutters that had previously been used to separate men's and women's meetings during the business sessions were closed. A large, old fashioned wood-stove stood in the middle of the room between the six rows of benches. The penknives of past generations had been plied busily upon the soft wood of the backs of the benches,—silent memories of boys whose names were

now cut in stone over the green mounds under the oak trees. Such was the room into which our ancient Friend slowly and stiffly admitted the warm sunshine, flooding over the gallery rail and giving a new tint to the sombre brown cushions. He returned to the door and looked out over the corn fields once more and then walked up to the front bench facing the gallery and took his seat.

As he sat he became more and more drawn into himself. His eyes at first shut, were soon opened, but with a far-away, unfocussed, dreamy air, looking into the unruffled blue of the hot mid-summer sky. His head was raised and thrown slightly back, his hand crossed in his lap; he was removed from the world and the cares of the world in a deep and abiding spiritual worship. So he sat for perhaps an hour and a quarter, all alone in the coolness of the meeting house, with no human fellowship. Finally he rose, closed the windows, locked the door, and withdrew very much in the same way as he had come.

Another First-day, and again the dark figure of the old Friend is seen going along the road. People always looked for him. Every First and Fourth-day, in fine weather on foot, in bad, driving along in an old buggy, the old man never failed in his two weekly trips. This day is much like all autumn days, hot and sultry, with the peculiar haze of the Indian summer. A sort of coppery tinge seems to hang in the atmosphere, and there is the slightest suspicion of russet among the oak leaves in the yard. 'Twas early when he arrived, and after opening the house as usual, he came out and wandered around under the old trees for awhile. Old! yes, they were old, every thing was old, even he was getting old. Why, he could remember when the trees were but a foot through the thickest part,

and he had helped his brother repair the mossy stone wall when he was a young fellow. Yes, the place looked old, but then it was still substantial.

As he was standing quietly by one of the trees he heard a high childish voice from the far side of the yard. He turned and saw a little girl of nine or ten years, coming through the gate from the corn-field.

“Once there was a little kitty,
Black as a shoe,
In the barn we used to keep her
Long years ago.”

So the child sang in a monotonous quaver as she stepped into the meeting house yard, swinging in her hand a little basket. She was a pretty little girl of the real country type. Fair, yellow hair and a brown, freckled face made her best Sunday hat look uncomfortable. A short blue frock and a little white apron to set it off,—such was the appearance as she skipped along, unaware of the old man's presence.

Suddenly she stopped, and her song died away on the breeze. The meeting house was open, and she might disturb those within. Besides, she was rather frightened, because she had never been inside and she didn't know just what they did there. Maybe she could see now. She walked slowly past and looked in at the rows of brown benches. Nobody was there, and she went nearer the door.

“Would thee like to come in for meeting, little girl?”

Ugh, the voice startled her, and she turned with a jump.

“I thought maybe thee 'd like to go inside and sit awhile with me,” he repeated. Then she saw that it was the old man who had taken her up in his buggy three Sundays before and carried her nearly home.

"Oh! I didn't know you," she answered, shyly, "and then you scared me."

"Perhaps I did, I shouldn't have spoken so abruptly," he rejoined. "Does thee come past here often?"

"Yes, sir; every day to school, about a mile over there, on the other side of the cornfield," and then, with a burst of confidence, "I was just going to see if the red squirrel had found my acorns over there in the corner. Did you ever see the red squirrel?"

Hand in hand they crossed the yard, the old man with his slight limp, and the little girl, her hat thrown back and her golden hair gleaming in the sunshine, bobbing up and down beside him.

"Here's where he lives, you see; this knot-hole's his front door. He takes my acorns and hides them in there."

They sat down among the green mounds, and the old man became much interested in the larder of the red squirrel family.

"I play dolls here, too. You don't care, do you?" she said, with a half timorous glance, as if the privilege might be forbidden. "You see the roots make different rooms for my houses and the acorns make furniture, and I play go and see from one tree to another. The graves are hills, you see, in between the houses. Did you ever play dolls?" Thoughts of a sister now lying under one of the mounds, and visions of a grove of pine trees, and a soft floor of pine needles and coves with root-houses and rag dolls, flitted across the old man's memory, but he said nothing.

Receiving no answer, the little girl babbled on. "These tomb-stones are mile-posts, you see. The numbers tell how far you are from the end."

"Aye, from the end!" repeated the old man, abstractedly, "from the end, yes 'tis near the end. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!" and his wandering eye fell upon the inscriptions: "Aged 76," and upon another stone, "in the 81st year of his age." And they were his brothers and sisters! Could it be!

"I am glad thee came this morning, my dear," he said, rising, "and I'll be glad to see thee often on First-day mornings."

"I think I'd better go home now," the little girl answered, "or mamma'll wonder what's become of me."

He hobbled back to the open house, and she tripped lightly to the gate, and with a cheery good-by, went scurrying down the road. The old man turned on the step and looked after her, shading his eyes and following her little blue figure until she disappeared over the brow of the hill. "Truly the lines are fallen upon me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage," he muttered, as he crossed the sill.

The leaves on the squirrel oak in Conwell Meeting-House yard were again coming out, and among the roots on a warm day in the early spring sat the little fair-haired girl. By her side lay her dolls, and at her feet stretched a newly-made mound of earth. The winter's snows had passed away from it, leaving it bare and brown, but a few blades of grass were already straggling up upon its surface. At the end was a small marble stone, upon which were the words: "In the 80th year of his age."

F. R. T., '06.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SWAMP

Periquin was small and *cute* like a wardrobe mouse. His ideas were no bigger than his feet, and he aped his grandmother's uncle quite consistently. Whenever he commenced to twirl his mustache we took it as a sure sign that he had something in store for us. And that night, a year or so ago, when we sat in the little plaza of our house burning dry palm leaves to drive away the mosquitos, he fingered his upper lip so nervously that we really thought that the threatening yarn would be better than usual. We threw the last branch into the fire and offered him a cigar which he lighted ceremoniously. Then he began:

"No, you never heard this one. Pablo, El Cojo, never told you this story. I know he started to tell it once, but he had to stop because some of his "spirits" decided to perform a visitation upon him—a serious concern, as he calls it. And the last time I attempted to relate it, some strange animal was bellowing lugubriously in the swamp and I took the hint, naturally, like a good Christian. The fact is, *compadres*, that this story—which is no story at all, because it actually happened—cannot be fooled with. It is like the story of the Flying Dragon that landed on the tower of—. Say, *compadres*, this is a splendid cigar: fine *aroma*, *gusto*—ah, splendid! Yes, like the Flying Dragon. But, of course, you know this dragon affair by heart, so I need not repeat myself. The fact is, as I said before, that the story is a serious one. I told it to an atheist once and he laughed at me, and, then, that same night he was suddenly—You know what happened to him, Juan! And you too, Antonio! Sh—! No desecration, and listen:

"On the western edge of the swamp, when I was a little boy, which was some years ago, as you know, there lived an old widow with three children. They called her Sena Pepa. She took in washing, a great deal of it, and spent most of the day busy with it. But early in the mornings and, more often, late in the afternoons, she went to the city to sell tortillas, pone, fruit and live crabs. Nobody bothered her and she bothered nobody—a fact which I beg you to keep in mind. She was happy, seemed so, even if she had queer ways, and wore the same red bandanna handkerchief tied around her head day after day. And the children—Lili, Titi, Feli—they were little nude angels, although grandmother always shook her head when they were mentioned. Why? Ah, *compadres*, this is a fine cigar. *Qué aroma! Qué gusto!* Yes, they were pretty angels. One had black hair, the other brown and the third light—which makes me think that they came from one single mother and three distinct fathers, although the widow wore mourning for only one of them, and that one was too devilish homely to have helped any of the children into this valley of tears. Anyway, the deuce take me if anybody ever cared about the fathers. The mother was there and the children were there, and the people shook their heads and consigned the fathers to different regions of H—. *Jesus, Maria y José!* But that has nothing to do with the story, as you well know.

"As I said before, the old widow used to go to town, to the city, in the afternoons, and very often she would not return before night. Then she would put the children to bed and light a huge fire in the back yard. And that is why she

was queer, *compadres*. What did she want with that fire? Or with that huge cast-iron caldron? She did not have to boil socks every night, or cook crabs. *Diablo*, no; she could do those things by day, like all good Christians. That is what people could not understand. No wonder that something did happen to her. *Jesus, Maria y José!* Cross yourselves, *compadres*, it is awful!

"As I said before, she would come home late. If the palms howled and the swamp birds screamed and all creation was on the wrong side of Heaven, like the day when the devil hit the renegade Luther with an ink bottle, she would not care. Just hopeless queerness. I wonder that the children did not die of terror. But they were used to it. Well, one evening when she came back—oh, I forgot something. When she was away in town the children used to play around the swamp catching crabs and building dams and canals to collect water. Sometimes they would venture a mile or two away from the hut to gather wild fruit or to lasso young lizards with grass blades. Or perhaps they would throw stones into puddles to watch the ripples, or spit defiantly at some swamp bird. And when all these pastimes were exhausted they would smear their naked bodies with mud cakes, and laugh jubilantly and say they looked like alligators. I tell you this to show you that nothing had ever happened to the children until that evening—or afternoon, for nobody knows just when it happened—that evening when their mother returned and did not find them.

"Well, Sena Pepa had been to town and had returned later than usual. It had been a slow day in the market. People had found her *tortillas* stale; and then, half of her crabs had died of paralysis of the nippers, or of something worse—I don't quite recollect what it was. The fact is that she had not made enough

money to buy bread for her children and rum for herself. Also her last bag of sweet potatoes had been eaten three days before. She was destitute, *compadres*, for washing is a hell-sent occupation. *Jesus, Maria y José!* And then it was carnival week and she may have stayed later to see the fun. *Quién sabe!* But she was late and everybody who knows what happened to her is sorry that she was late. Because, if she had not been late she would have seen—it is only a conjecture—she would have seen, would have seen—seen—seen—. Say, *compadres*, this is the best cigar—. Ah, *qué gusto!* Anyhow, whether what she would have seen was real or imaginary, it is the same. The whole mystery of the tragedy hangs on it.

"Well, as I said before, she came home late that evening—which was not a wise thing to do, as I have told you already. And although it was carnival week it was a wild night. The swamp was infested with pale lights; dogs were barking; our tomcat was purring as he had never done since the days of the great hurricane; a cow had come down the road as if a devil—*Jesus, Maria y José!*—had punched her with a pitch-fork. As I said before, the night was wild, and wild was everything this side of the grave. El Cojo says that it was the night *before* that was wild, but I know better. Yes, I know better, and I can prove it. Well, when Sena Pepa reached the path that leads to her hut, all sorts of queer noises commenced to leak out from the sand banks. A lady dressed in white crossed her path and disappeared. Also a black goat stood on his hind legs irreverently and butted a bunch of prickly cactus. There was a snake, and an alligator, and a one-nippered crab with a blue shell to meet her before she finally reached her hut. And when she got there she was pulled from behind.

Now you know how high *tortilla* venders wear their skirts, so it is no use trying to prove that she stepped on them herself. She was *pulled*. Cross yourselves, *compadres!* Strange things are bound to happen in this world.

"As I said before, Sena Pepa was queer. She was frightened almost to death, but she never crossed herself. Mind you, she *never crossed herself*, not even when the goat attacked the cactus. Why not? I do not know.

"When she arrived at the hut she called her children in agony: 'Lili, Titi, Feli, where are you, my dears?' No answer. 'Lili, Titi, Feli, are you there?' No answer. She called them again, but the tots did not run from under the table to pull her skirts and ask her for bread and sweets. Do you think she fainted immediately like any other sensible woman would have done? I should say not! Sena Pepa was queer, and if you turned her inside out she would still have been queer. She rushed in like a beast whose cubs have been stolen, and ransacked the place; but no children were to be found. She looked under the hut, but they were not there. She rushed out and ran around the swamp wringing her hands and cursing heaven. Her heartbreaking calls for Lili, Titi and Feli were heard far up the road. *Bendito sea Dios!* She went out of her head—as crazy as a rudderless boat. What had become of the children? *Cristo de Piedad!* It is awful!

"On the next morning someone noted the disappearance of the mother and the children, and we all went down to the hut. Things were in great disorder; the caldron was cracked in two pieces, and the swamp seemed to have advanced

closer to the yard. We looked around, but could find no trace of the family. At last we discovered some tracks in the soft mud and followed them up until we reached a small island where the children used to play. Guess what we found, *compadres*. There was the mother sunk to her knees, smearing herself with mud cakes and talking wildly to herself: 'I am an alligator. I am an alligator.' And when she saw us, up she flew and commenced to yell: 'Come, Lili, Titi, Feli, they won't take you away this time. Come.' Oh, you ought to have seen her eyes! She raised her skirts as if she wanted to hide the children like hens do their chicks. *Bendito sea Dios!* She did not look like an alligator. To see her there thinking that she had the children when God only knows what had become of them. It was heart-rending, *compadres*. We looked around: she had built a few dams and canals and had apparently thought that she was spending the morning with her tots. A little pail, a small spade, and a children's cart were the objects that she had mistaken for her children. These things had been their only toys. Ah, she was crazy as a rudderless boat!

"And the children? We searched and searched. Perhaps they ventured too far into the swamp and a—

"Say, *compadres*, do you hear that lugubrious howl? The evil genius of the swamp is bellowing again. I knew this was a bad night. I must go home. *Buenas noches.*"

And the next minute Periquin had disappeared down the broad avenue of royal palms.

J. P., '07.

SKETCHES

PICTURES BY THE WAY

I am sitting on a log of driftwood, cast up by some spring freshet in seasons past; behind me the forest, before me the lake, the forests and the mountains. Beyond the mountains is a sunset—not one of your golden-roseate effulgences which unmarried ladies rave over and impressionists endeavor to depict, which fire the imagination of the poet and give the prophet his vision of heaven; but a sombre, purple-blue sky, shading into black, and only rendered the more ominous by the lurid rifts of silver streaking to left and right: a sunset which has no cheering message, but rather expresses an infinite and unutterable anguish, as if not only all the sorrow and woe of the thousands of years that have flown, but also the inevitable fact of sorrow were concentrated in this image of despair. The silver streaks are shortening, the dark outline of the mountain ridge becomes less sharply defined as its color blends with the darkness of the sky; one or two stars are already out. Ah me, if it must then be so, be it so! If nothing can prevent it, it must be borne; the stars, too, are silently enduring. Night is their nurse, let her be our solace; she is whispering peace to all nature. The placid surface of the lake is dimpled with bobbing fish; what! are you also dissatisfied with your own element and seek to breathe a purer one? Or do you but express exuberance of content in these, your capers? You katydids, who accentuate the stillness of this hour with your reiterated accusations, you cheerful crickets and disgruntled frogs, what, oh! what is the use of it all?—

Swiftly gliding down the mountain comes a long row of yellow squares of light, weaving its way rapidly among the trees and vanishing off to the left with a prolonged warning whistle. Some of the passengers were still dining, some were preparing to retire; all are on their way to the civilization, the comforts, the culture of the metropolis; none of them know that I am sitting on a log of driftwood beside this dark pool and watching the fishes jump.

H. B., '08.

ATATEKA LAKE

Atateka Lake has this in common with other Adirondack Mountain waters—whatever your mood, your longings, your desires—it will satisfy you and refresh you. Go down to its shores on a bright Sunday morning, in summer, when the air is peaceful and warm, when a light breeze stirs the liquid mirror at your feet, when the partridge springs suddenly from your path and the crested halcyon punctuates with one swift, clear-cut dash, the distant vista, when the sleek cattle browse on the tender leaves with pleasant tinkling of bells and the sheep can be heard on the hillside pastures, when the rail is roused from her reedy nest by the splashing of your paddle and the bold eagle circles in majestic spirals far overhead through the celestial azure—see and feel all this and you will never regret that it is weeks since you entered your church door. Once more look forth on Atateka—this time in early morning, as you rise from your camper's mattress and stumble out half awake into the sun-smitten mist—sometimes completely hidden beneath that soft white

garment; sometimes, as I have seen it once, with the mist rising from it in exquisite curling rolls like carded wool or delicate smoke wreaths, soft as the down on a baby's coat; or again looking like some glacier or weird ice formation in strange contrast to the summer luxuriance of foliage and bloom.

But, after all, the only time to really grasp and hold the beauty of Atateka Lake—aptly called "Friend's Lake" by the swarthy red men—is at night, be it moonlight or starlight. Then thrust me not within a house or a church's four walls, but give me canoe and paddle, and let me shove out into the black mirror and there under those pale stars, feel within me and without, the Spirit of the Lord rising up to quell all worldliness and selfishness. There let me repeat that sonnet of the laureate's, "The world is too much with us;" let me with Emerson "leave my peacock wit behind" and go back to "the primal mind that flows in streams, that breathes in wind:" let

me cease my struggles in the sordid haunts of the microcosm and go back to God in wood and air and stars and streams. And, as ever and anon, a meteor rips the heavenly dome with one great golden streak, let me feel in my soul the mighty silences of the midnight sky; let me hear with ears sharpened by faith, hope, love, those pure tones of star music which they say the angels hear; let me look up and not out; let me raise the ever-watchful echoes with my sighs of praise and thanksgiving.

Ah, friend, shouldst thou be disappointed, discouraged, doubting, misunderstood, get thee thy canoe and paddle forth upon those waters and finding thyself at last in harmony with heaven, restore thine own balance and thine own harmony, quell the raging conflict in thy breast, and take unto thyself the influence of the infinite holiness!

R. S., '06.

SONNET

Death, when thou comest, I would have thee
find

No mockery of human bolt or bar,
But windows open to the evening wind;
And empty halls, with careless doors ajar.

And there should be no sound of noisy woe,
But one sweet girlish voice, in pensive strain
Fraught with some echo of the long ago,
As if her mother lived, and sang again.

Then breathing deep of languorous perfume
I would grow weary, even as I am now,
And sink to slumber in the crimson gloom,
Nor feel the dews of Lethe damp my brow;
While from the chamber would she softly
creep

All fearful, lest she break her father's sleep.

J. F. W., '10.

CIVIC DEPARTMENT

ABOUT AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

BY HON. DAVID A. DE ARMOND.

Member of Congress from Missouri.

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Is it desirable to amend the Federal Constitution? Is it desirable even to consider the subject of amending the Constitution?

I will assume, as it appears to me one may safely assume, that a majority of those who have thought about the matter at all unite in the conclusion that by amendment the Constitution could be improved.

A prerequisite to any amendment must be the opportunity to amend. There are two methods and only two for amending; the one through the initiative of the Congress, which may from time to time, with the concurrence of two-thirds of each House, propose amendments; the other, through the initiative of two-thirds of the States, upon the call of whose legislatures the Congress shall provide for a Convention to propose amendments. However proposed, no amendment can become a part of the Constitution unless ratified by three-fourths of the States, by action of Legislature or Convention in each, respectively. All this is provided in Article V of the Constitution.

No convention to propose amendments to the Constitution has ever assembled; all amendments heretofore ratified originated in the Congress. Most of them are almost as old as the Constitution itself, and were considered when the Constitution was under consideration for ratification or rejection, and were informally endorsed when it was ratified. One other amendment came as a result

of the Jefferson-Burr contest for the Presidency. Three amendments—the only ones made in the last hundred years—are the Constitutional product of the war of 1861-5.

How many amendments to the Constitution have been advocated and urged in the long period since the Colonies became States under it I do not know, and if we did know, the information would be curious rather than valuable. It is enough to know that many and great changes have occurred in this country, and in the world in that time—changes political, social, material. Mighty agencies unknown, not dreamed of, when the Constitution was framed are commonplace now. The most momentous problems of our day had no existence for the statesmen of that earlier day. Governmental machinery, almost indispensable to-day, would have been well nigh useless then. In many respects conditions are entirely changed. If the constitution-makers of the past and widely-different age provided for the exigencies of this period, of whose many new things and new conditions they did not and could not know, happy chance or the direct agency of omniscience must have interposed.

Veneration and admiration of and for the Constitution need not and should not cause us to forget that men—great men, many of them, but yet all mere men—framed it, in the light of their day; that everyone of them is dead; that *now* the

Constitution is for *us*, the living, and not for them or their generation of the dead. So, the vital question is what *we* believe *we* need rather than what they believed they and their contemporaries needed; and, if you please to speculate about that, what you think they thought we would or might need.

Why should we so completely lose ourselves in admiration of the Fathers, so glorify their wisdom and courage, by confessing that we are weak and foolish, and by demonstrating our timidity? If the Fathers had lacked the moral courage to consider even the question of the practicability and desirability of framing the Constitution, the Articles of Confederation would have been accepted as a frail bond of union. A tithe of the courage and independence required of them ought to suffice for us in the duty of considering whether there should be any amendment.

The Congress will not propose any amendment of importance—a glance at history and even a hurried view of present condition surely must banish every doubt about that. It is a generation since the Congress proposed any amendment, and yet there has been ceaseless agitation for amendment.

There is but one way to amend the Constitution, or even to real, sober, consideration of the subject of amendment, and that is through the action of State Legislatures, moving upon the Congress for a Constitutional Convention.

No amendment can be made so long as so many—I might say *few*—as twelve States withhold their endorsement. Should not this pregnant fact alone be sufficient to banish the fears of the timid, resolve the doubts of those who are undecided, and stimulate the courage and arouse the energy of those who would employ the living, instead of invoking ever and only the guidance of the dead?

Even if the Convention were to come and go without a single change in the Constitution, still it would not have been created in vain. A centering of thought upon the Constitution and upon propositions for amendment, and their serious consideration, sure to attend and follow the amendment movement, could hardly fail to be productive of great good. Perhaps but a few amendments would be proposed, and fewer still would be ratified. But the entire field would be explored; existing powers and limitations would be better understood; wholesome legislation, national and state, would be stimulated; abuses would be more clearly noted; remedies would be more zealously sought and easier found; groundless complaint would measurably subside; useless, impracticable agitation would diminish; reform movements would gain in practicability and promise; and the political atmosphere generally would be materially cleared.

I submit that it is wise and patriotic to agitate for a Convention to propose Amendments to the Constitution.



MEN OR MONEY—WHICH?

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

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Riding in a railroad car, the other day, with a Western man, a stranger, our talk strayed to the one absorbing topic: New York—its size, its wealth, its tunnels, its crowds.

"Um," said he, chewing meditatively on a toothpick, "*there's* a town! Think of the millions, the millions, made and spent there; the millions!" And in saying it he reproduced, without knowing it, the point in view of all of us.

The trouble with New York, the trouble with practically all of the cities of our land, of which it is the type, is that all, alas! we who live there have thought of them in terms of money, never of men. And as we sowed, so have we reaped. Great markets, great money centres, our cities have become little else. Even the amusements that are there are just a way of making money, or of spending it. Naturally, their politics have fallen under the same head. Graft is not a product but a corrupter of politics. And as to the source and fountainhead of civic virtue, or the lack of it—the people! Homes, which should make the real city—let the last Tenement House Commission speak:

"They live there," it said in its report to the legislature, speaking of the two millions of toilers in our tenements, "in an environment that makes all for unrighteousness," and so tends to corrupt the youth, the citizenship of the tomorrow.

We reaped as we sowed. Twenty-five years ago, Jules Simon, addressing his countrymen, described the crop with great exactness: "Where the home is smothered in a nation, there go with it family, manhood, citizenship, patriotism." New York was long ago, with

far too much truth, called "the homeless city."

There had been, half a century before, an earlier Tenement House Commission, appointed by the Senate of the State, to see what ailed New York. It came back to Albany and recommended, as a means of abolishing drunkenness, "furnishing to each man a clean and comfortable home." I supposed they laughed at that, called it paternal government, and put in that bald shape, it looked like it. There were fifteen thousand tenements in New York at that early day. To-day there are eighty thousand and their united influence goes toward the destruction of the home. The discovery, on this side of the Atlantic, that this is nothing less than treason, dates back to the last cholera epidemic, in 1866.

In dread of that New York organized a Board of Health that set about teaching the new world the *a, b, c* of sanitation. Pigs were banished from streets and cellars, and that first year 40,000 windows were cut to let light into 40,000 tenement bedrooms that were dark and unventilated. Forty years we have wrestled with the powers of darkness and at last the law forbids the building of a tenement with a dark and airless room in it. The day is coming when it will forbid a man to own one. Meanwhile the sanitarians are trying to make it unprofitable to the owner.

To get so far has taken forty years of unceasing fighting, of patient waiting, of striving to mould public opinion, without which we cannot get anywhere, or, if we do, find ourselves stuck, sidetracked and helpless before we know it. It is going to take us twenty years more to get where we cannot slide back.

Every winter the forces of selfish greed that care nothing for the neighbor, nothing for the state, and in their utter shortsightedness and folly cannot grasp the meaning of the President's constant warning that "we go up or down together." can see only their own immediate profit, marshal their forces at Albany to make a breach in the tenement house law, now here, now there, anything to let their avarice in. Every winter they have to be fought and public opinion held up to its responsibility. A single year of inattention, of over-confidence, and we should have ten years' work to do over again.

And there is enough that is yet undone. The last census of the tenements in New York showed that there were in them yet, 350,000 and over of the dark rooms the Board of Health deemed fatal in 1866. Since then we have found the bacillus of tuberculosis and the fight with the *White Plague* has been taken up all over the land. In New York City we have every year 8,000 deaths from tuberculosis and there are always 20,000 persons dying from the scourge. Is it any wonder, when laboratory experiments have shown that, whereas a ray of direct sunlight kills a germ at once, in a dark tenement room or hallway it may live two years, or three?

These are facts, as everyone knows who reads. New York City has, roughly speaking, half the voters in the Empire State. This is their home environment. Physically and morally, it "makes all for unrighteousness." Is it a square deal for the republic? One young man, just out of college, answered that question for himself, upon the evidence before him, along in the eighties, and straightway started an investigation of slavery in the tenement cigar-making industry. The action he brought about was labeled unconstitutional then—if I remember right—the fashion in labels has changed since

under compulsion of accumulated evidence—but he learned something he has never forgotten. He is the same man who sits to-day in the White House demanding a fair chance for all the people, rich or poor, that the Republic may have a fair chance. Without that, it cannot have it. For, as I said, New York is but the type of all the growing cities in the land. It sets the fashion. Whatever we do there, the others will do.

We hear much of the slum. The slum is just a question of the per cent. you will take. If 5 per cent., there is no slum problem; if 25, it looms large. It pays to build bad tenements that wreck the home. That is the reason of the fight. As I said, it is just a question of greed and of the cold indifference that asks "Am I my brother's keeper?" In that war the generation that is coming has to take sides. Which side are you on?

The young men of to-day have got to fight it to a finish. New York will be, every growing city in the land—and more and more ours is getting to be a land of cities—will be what the young men of to-day make up their minds they shall be. And those twenty years will tell the story whether we shall last as a people, or not. *Noblesse oblige!* To those who have had the advantage of a college education falls the duty of leadership. Which way?

All modern experience, all human instinct, goes to support the belief that the cure for other things than drunkenness lies in giving every man a chance of a decent and comfortable home, that at all events without that chance he will not be content and cannot be counted upon as a good citizen. What choice shall we make then? How shall we rate our fellow-citizens of to-morrow—in terms of money, or of men? If the former, perhaps you will make money. If the latter, without fail you will make men. Which?

A HAVERFORD MISSION IN CHINA

Robert Louis Simkin was born in Ossining, New York, in 1879. He was graduated from Haverford College in 1903, having been, during his college course, a representative Haverfordian. As President of the Young Men's Christian Association, as a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and as a member of the foot ball team, he was distinguished among his fellows by his nobility of character and dignified presence.

In 1906 Simkin was graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and soon after was married to Miss Margaret Lowenhaupt. Having cherished for years the desire to become a foreign missionary, he at once entered into negotiations with New York Yearly Meeting, of which he is a member, looking to his appointment by that body as a missionary to China. His own Yearly Meeting being unable to assume more than partial financial responsibility, Mr. and Mrs. Simkin spent the summer of 1906 in England, making the acquaintance of many English Friends, and addressing numerous meetings. The result was that the Friends' Missionary Board undertook the support of Mr. and Mrs. Simkin in the educational department of the Friends' Mission at Chungking, West China, while expressing the hope that some American Friends would aid in this support. New York Yearly Meeting has agreed to furnish a certain quota.

Simkin's intimate connection with the spiritual life at Haverford naturally turned his thoughts to his old college and to his fellow-Haverfordians. A committee of graduates, after conferring with the Young Men's Christian Association, arranged a meeting at the college in

October, which was addressed by Mr. and Mrs. Simkin. Their future hopes and purposes were made clear to our audience consisting of practically the entire student-body. The committee, after consideration, agreed to raise five hundred dollars the first year. Mr. and Mrs. Simkin started for China, December, 1906.

It is intended that contributors shall receive, from time to time, exact information of Simkin's work in the remote but populous district of China, whither he has been called for his life-work. For the present, it is gratifying to know that Haverford, following the lead of many larger institutions, has now her own missionary carrying out among a strange people the high ideals for which Haverford stands.

The undergraduates have contributed \$150.00 and the committee appeals to old Haverfordians to complete the sum which has been pledged. It is believed that by accepting this responsibility Haverford will become alive to the modern importance of foreign missions and that the spiritual life of the college will be deepened.

Contributions should be sent to James B. Drinker, care of The Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia.

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ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

ALUMNI DINNER

The mid-winter dinner of the Alumni Association will be held at the Bellevue-Stratford on Friday evening, February 15, at 6.30 o'clock. It is expected that this dinner will be the largest ever held by the Association. The subscription price of \$3.50 may be sent in advance to Jonathan M. Steere, care of Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia, by any member of the Association or by any member of the present Senior Class.

The following guests are to respond to toasts: President Sharpless, President Drinker, of Lehigh University, Hon. James Beck, William A. Glasgow, Esq., John C. Winston, '81, and Rev. Watson, D. D.

NOTICE

For the double purpose of facilitating communication with the various class organizations and of correcting the catalogue of alumni addresses, it is earnestly requested that each alumnus who reads this notice may immediately address, to the Secretary of Haverford College, a post card indicating both his present address and the name of the Secretary of his Haverford class.

OSCAR M. CHASE,
College Secretary.

NOTES

1896 CLASS DINNER

The Class of 1896 held its tenth annual class reunion and dinner at the University Club, Philadelphia, December 29th, 1906. It was found that this time is more convenient than during the foot ball season. Letters were read from members who were unable to be present, and a pleasant evening was spent talking about '96 men and recalling old college days. The following men were present: W. K. Alsop, S. K. Brecht, T. Harvey Haines, C. R. Hinchman, J. Q. Hunsicker, Jr., Paul D. S. Maier, J. H. Scattergood, M. Warren Way and L. Hollingsworth Wood.

PAUL D. I. MAIER, *Secretary*.

Ex-'59. William H. S. Wood was married to Mrs. Cora (Underhill) Elliott in New York City on January 17th, 1907.

'80. Charles F. Brede was married to Miss Marie Paula Voll on Wednesday, December 19th, 1906, at Philadelphia, Pa.

'94. George A. Walker and S. W. Morris, Assistant Secretary of the Girard Trust Co., recently returned from Paris, where they delivered to bankers the \$50,000,000 loan effected by Pennsylvania Railroad.

'95. The engagement of Dr. Joseph S. Evans to Miss Lillian Eaxon, of Philadelphia, is announced.

'96. Lieutenant Mark Brooke, U. S. A., was married on December 11th, at Washington, D. C., to Miss Marie Fauntleroy Barnes.

'00. The last edition of the class report shows that out of forty-six members of the class twenty-one are married.

'01. William H. Kirkbride was married to Miss Georgianna Sheldon Filney on January 14, 1907, at Orange, N. J. Miss Filney had two brothers at Haverford, one in the Class of 1903 and one in 1905.

'02. Andrew D. Schrag received the degree of Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins last June, and is now Instructor at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

'02. R. M. Gummere gave the Rhoades Scholars' trial examinations, in Boston, during January.

'04. Robert P. Lowry sailed for Cuba, where he intends entering business.

'05. Henry G. Cox has left the United States for Porto Rico, where he will be engaged with many other Americans in teaching.

Ex-'07. C. J. Claassen has left the position as cashier of the State Bank, Jansen, Neb., and is now in an important position at Winnepeg, Can.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Interscholastic Meet, February 16th.

The Annual Literary Lectures will be given this year by Ian Maclaren, on the subject, "The History of Religion in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," on the 14th, 19th and 26th of February.

SOCCER

Interclass games—Jan. 21—1907, 0; 1908, 1. Jan. 23—1905, 5; 1906, 0.

HAVERFORD, IO; PHILA. C. C., 0.

Played at Haverford January 19th, 1907.

Haverford defeated Phila. C. C. in a one-sided game by the score of 10 to 0. The visitors played with two men short, which handicapped them to a large extent. The score at the end of the first half was 1 to 0, Philadelphia holding very well, but in the second half the Haverford completely outplayed their opponents and scored at will.

QUADRANGULAR GYM MEET

The annual Quadrangular Exhibition with Columbia, Princeton and Pennsylvania was held on Saturday evening, January 19th. In spite of the inclement weather a large number of spectators were present, who expressed a gratifying opinion of the whole performance. In individual work, McCabe and Dowd, of Princeton; Krauss, of Pennsylvania, and Schoonmaker, of Columbia, came in

for an extra share of applause for the splendid work they performed on the various pieces of apparatus. Several changes in the program were made necessary, chief of which was the omission of the double trapeze and the substitution of special tumbling. The corrected list of events follows:

PART I

Horizontal Bar

Columbia—H. S. Schoonmaker, J. A. Voskamp.

U. of P.—F. Bradford, E. E. Krauss.

Princeton—McCabe, Dowd.

Haverford—J. Bushnell, 3d, E. A. Edwards, R. A. Spaeth.

Side Horse

Columbia—E. D. Bryde, H. S. Schoonmaker.

U. of P.—F. Lutton, E. Krauss.

Princeton—Krause.

Haverford—R. L. Cary, H. Burt, T. K. Lewis, J. R. Phillips.

Club Swinging

U. of P.—F. Bradford.

Princeton—Cooper.

Haverford—C. F. Scott, F. A. Myers, E. Shoemaker.

Special Tumbling

Haverford—Bushnell, Brown, Leonard, Bard.

PART II

Haverford College Mandolin Club.

Balancing Trapeze

Princeton—Vezin.

Parallel Bars

Columbia—Schoonmaker, M. Thomson.

U. of P.—G. Spaulding, E. Krauss.

Princeton—McCabe, Dowd.

Haverford—C. T. Brown, E. A. Edwards, S. Mason.

Flying Rings

Columbia—P. J. McCulloch, W. H. Runk, J. A. Voskamp.

U. of P.—Bradford, H. Levy.

Princeton—McCabe, Dowd.

Haverford—E. A. Edwards, F. C. Bailey, R. Mott.

Tumbling

U. of P.—G. Spaulding.

Princeton—McCabe, Dowd.

Haverford—J. Bushnell, A. C. Leonard.

Announcer—G. K. Strode.

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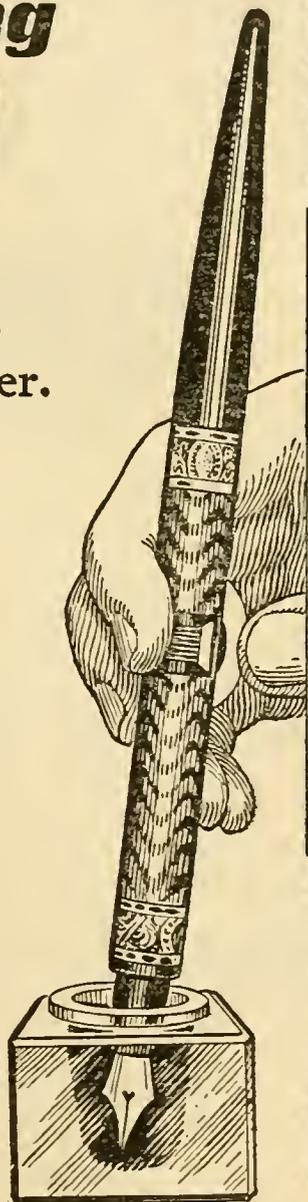
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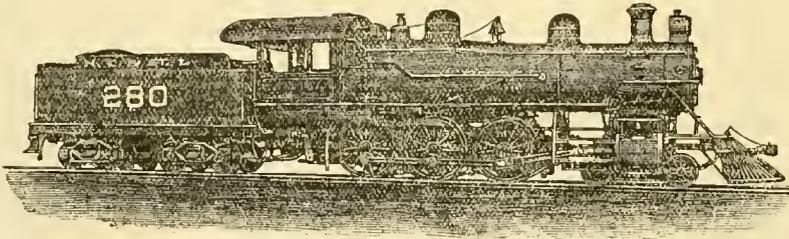
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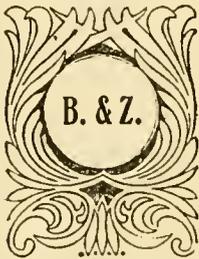
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