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THE HAVERTFORD COLLEGE
HAVERTFORD, MASS.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOLUME XXX

March 1908, Through February, 1909

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JOHN FRENCH WILSON, 1910.

ALFRED LOWRY, JR., 1909.

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Number One
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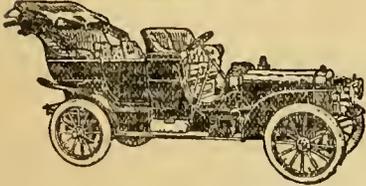
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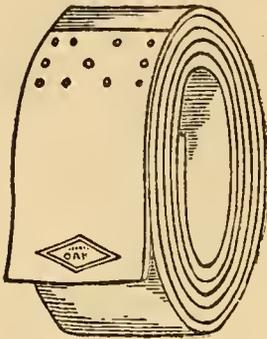
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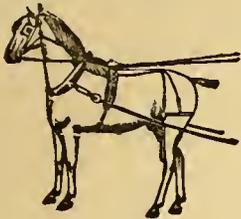
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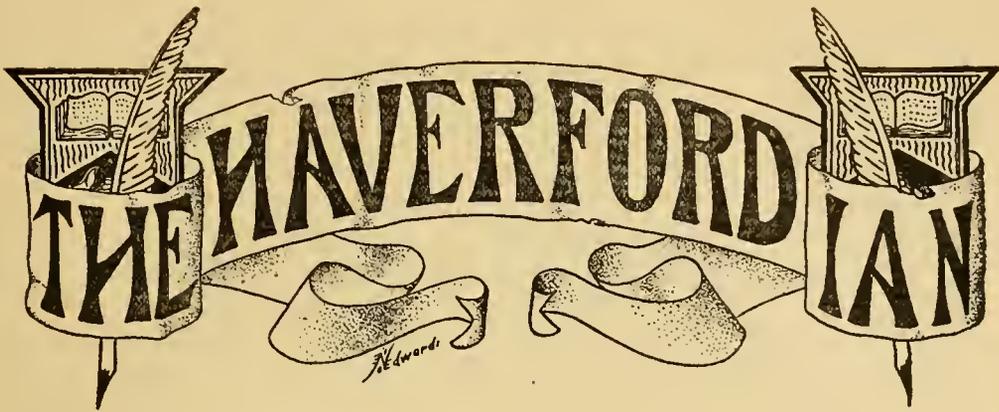
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ON taking charge of that phase of the college welfare which the HAVERFORDIAN works to promote, we realize that before us, as before each new board, lies one duty; to surpass in literary excellence and financial success, the records of former years. We realize the difficulties which confront such an undertaking, and do not wish to minimize them. But we see also some peculiar advantages to encourage both us and the college in the attempt.

**The
Retiring
Board**

The retiring board has, we believe, applied an unusual amount of enthusiasm and energy to its work. The editorial part of it has spared no reasonable labor and expense to brighten and improve; while the business managers have made greater expenses possible by their exertions. In short, we may feel assured that the HAVERFORDIAN has shaken off very completely that lethargy which has occasionally beset it in the past. Whatever else may be said, it is at least alive—and awake.

Although we feel the loss of senior members, who have supplied so much vitality to the paper, we consider our task easier than that which has presented itself to many previous boards. We have only to supply the wants of a

healthy body, where some of our predecessors have had to resurrect a corpse.

We wish, then, to call attention to the opportunity which lies before the student body, and us, to continue the good work of making the paper one of which the College and Alumni may be proud. Much of that old hopeless prejudice against reading anything in "our own magazine" has been lulled to sleep. Many of the students read it critically, as is demonstrated by their remarks to members of the Editorial Board. The janitor is no longer instructed to deliver it to the waste-basket; and even the timid of public opinion open it without shame. All these are encouraging signs of the times. They mean that improvement in the future is to be less hampered than in the past; that a given amount of literary ability and energy will carry the paper farther than has been possible before. So with this cheerful outlook, we enter upon our duties, hopeful for an increasing interest, sympathy and co-operation from the college at large.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of three new members to the board—G. H. Deacon, '09; E. N. Edwards, '10, and L. R. Shero, '11. Deacon and Shero will take control of the

Alumni and Athletic Departments, respectively; and the College Department passes into the charge of G. A. Kerbaugh, '10. In electing E. N. Edwards, the HAVERFORDIAN has created a new department, the lack of which has long been felt. It is perhaps unjustifiable to dignify it by the name of Art, but we may at least classify it as one devoted to the physical improvement of the magazine. We intend occasionally to publish cartoons on matters of college interest; and to introduce new headings and initial letters more frequently than in the past. In placing Edwards in charge of this work, we believe that a new field has been opened which may be developed profitably in time to come.

THE Haverford College Y. M. C. A. has decided to continue on its old basis of active membership for Christians of all denominations, for the following reasons:

**Our
Y. M. C. A.
Decision** The national body declares it necessary that all members believe in certain doctrines which they call essential, or belong to certain churches, in order that all may feel a bond of unity in the work. We, of Haverford, maintain, too, that unity is necessary if we hope to create real fellowship with each other, but we deny that it must be a unity of creed, and insist that the only requirement be a singleness of *purpose*. We must, of course, require that each man consider himself a Christian (or be earnestly *endeavoring* to be such)—for this is distinctly a Christian association; but we leave to each man his own liberty in defining what the word "Christian" means. If we desire to be amongst those whose views conform with our own, we have the Churches; but the very purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is to have a union of

men of *all* creeds, in order that *in conjunction*, they might pursue the aim that our association professes.

However, if this were to result in reducing the Y. M. C. A. from a religious body to a mere ethical society, the national body would be justified in excluding members of those denominations who threaten this. But we feel that at Haverford, at least, this has not been the case. For years we have been going on the basis that the Y. M. C. A. is open to *all* who earnestly desire to promote the spiritual welfare of the college, without regard to sect or creed. Yet the Haverford association has never been in danger of becoming an ethical society; in the present year, some of the most spiritual talks have been given by students who would be ineligible to most associations. If sometimes the ethical element has had too great predominance over the religious, it has been due as much to the orthodox as to the unorthodox.

A mere question of *creed* will not settle the controversy between religion and ethics. We do not feel that there is any danger in admitting men from all denominations, so long as they sincerely desire to further the religious life of the college. Conditions may be different elsewhere. At Haverford, the community feeling is so strong that any line drawn between denominations could not fail to react unfavorably upon the prosperity of the Y. M. C. A.

On the other hand, Haverford would feel a very distinct loss if she were severed from the national association; yet, in spite of this, we believe that so long as we must handicap our work here by either course, it is preferable to continue as we have been doing in the past.

However, we still have a perfect sympathy with the aims of the national as-

sociation, and we look forward to the time when we believe they will see the matter as we do. Meanwhile, we shall try, to the best of our ability, to make the Haverford Y. M. C. A. reach *every man in college*, of whatever faith he may be, and to help every fellow to live a better Christian life.

A VISITOR inspecting the Unnatural Wonders of Haverford, after leaving the showerbaths, will be conducted by his guide to a little gorge, dissecting the campus, near the northeast corner of Barclay, and directly on the path to the station.

**Unnatural
Scenery
at
Haverford**

Here a chasm some two hundred feet in width is spanned by an unnatural bridge that runs down the sides and along the bottom of the channel. In the rainy season the torrent leaves its usual confines, and, dammed by the foundations of the bridge, and the throng of students who traverse it, spreads far and wide over the surrounding country. When the Spring snows melt, it swells into a minia-

ture Niagara, and its roar is said to keep awake the entire neighborhood. Directly on top of the bridge is the whirlpool, in which may be seen floating overshoes, Latin trots and various other articles, each one bearing mute, though eloquent, witness to some former catastrophe. On the left bank our guide points out a monument in memory of the unknown dead, and a hush comes over us that is only intensified by the mad howling of the torrent. But the spell is broken when we hear that a syndicate is already being formed to erect a suspension bridge, the cost of which is to be met by a small toll charge from all who pass over the gorge. Plans are well advanced, and it is probable that the Alumni, who return for the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration next fall, will scarcely recognize the spot which had so many dear associations and memories. Thus, once more is the craving for the beautiful to be sacrificed to the material, and one of our noblest bits of unnatural scenery to be robbed of its glory for the greed of man.



ADDRESS AT ALUMNI DINNER

PRESIDENT SHARPLESS.



H AVERFORD is approaching the end of the seventy-fifth year of its history. In the fall of 1833, our worthy forefathers started with a little school of twenty-one boys, all of whom are now gone. Very soon it was of collegiate grade, for we know that within a dozen years they were entering other colleges of good standing, graduating at the same time as their class which they left behind.

The modesty of its managers prevented it from taking the collegiate name and privileges till 1856, when those who had previously completed the course were given bachelor's degrees. It is proposed, as you have been informed, to celebrate next fall the anniversary of its founding. We wish to bring together, on the 16th of October, a number of men distinguished in collegiate life and in state affairs. There will be a meeting in the afternoon with speeches from men worth hearing; in the evening a dinner in our dining-room, where certain other of these guests will have an opportunity to be fed and heard. The next day will be given over to Haverfordians. There will be literary and recreational features which have not as yet been fully arranged, but that it will be the most important occasion of its kind Haverford has ever had, admits of but little doubt, and we want to bring together all the men who have ever been to Haverford and are asking them to reserve the day.

It is proposed also to make it an oc-

casión upon which generously disposed Haverfordians may bring to an issue any disposition which they may have formed to aid the college. We wish to announce some substantial gifts. Now, I am perfectly aware of the rule of this dinner for many years, that money is not to be asked for. I approve of this regulation and would not violate it for the world. I should be pleased to join in lynching anyone who should disobey, even indirectly, the wholesome restriction on the pleasures of the occasion. You will all bear me witness that in the past I have never hinted at any such disloyal proceedings. But perhaps you remember the distinction which Disraeli made when he was asked the difference between misfortune and calamity. If Gladstone should fall into the Thames, that would be a misfortune, but if anyone should pull him out, it would be a calamity. So here if one should beg money at a Haverford Dinner, it would be a misfortune, but if one should hesitate to explain all the plans laid out for the development of the college, it would be a calamity.

I know, too, that this is an unfortunate time to suggest financial aid for any cause. It is the only fault that I have to find with our wise founders, that they selected a year just seventy-five years in advance of such an unfortunate monetary situation as we have now. It was an evidence of great lack of foresight. If they had opened up a year or two earlier, it would have materially improved our situation. Notwithstanding this culpable negligence on their part, it is the opinion of those most competent to judge that if all Haverfordians will put by their

savings most carefully from now on, by next fall they might accumulate enough to make a nice little gift for the college. Of course, this means no summer vacations, no extravagant dinners, no expensive diversions, no unfortunate speculations. It means, as a Haverfordian once told me he was willing to do, that you should eat your bread without butter. I don't believe he ever did. I think it was only bluff, or else the butter he omitted was very cheap stuff, judging from the size of his donation.

Now, remembering the malediction against those who make unpleasant suggestions on this festive occasion, I will mention some of the things which I have heard proposed in committee meeting, as suitable objects for such money as is freely given as the result of solicitations elsewhere.

I have heard it said that the one building which we now need to round out nicely our strictly educational plant and adapt it to a college of two hundred or three hundred, is a building for lecture rooms and scientific laboratories; that this naturally divides itself into three main subjects of scientific work—chemistry, physics, and biology—and that these halls, while adjoining each other, could well be separated by vertical partitions; and that \$50,000 would suitably provide for any one of them.

I have also heard that it would be a very proper thing if the chair now occupied by a man who has proven his scholarship by being offered the professorship of English by nearly all the large universities of the country, and his loyalty to Haverford by declining them all, should now be recognized by us by an endowment of at least \$100,000.

I have heard that if we are to hold to our good men, we must in some way compete with the general fund which offers retiring pensions to veteran pro-

fessors, and that a beginning has been made to the fund conditioned upon making it \$50,000. I have heard that the library is suffering for money to buy books, and that athletics needs an endowment to place it out of the temptation of sordid gain; and that we are likely very soon to need dormitory accommodations, and that the best thing to do is to add to Lloyd Hall at the rate of ten or twelve thousand dollars a section. And if this is not enough, I have heard that the same reckless gentlemen have other propositions, large and small, all ready to produce if needed to meet all demands; and now you will understand what I mean by the necessity of saving.

I think that we must adjust our ideas to a grade of college better than we have known in America, and I believe that Haverford is in the line of progress to that position. One does not have to look forward many decades to see great changes in our conditions. He may see a group of buildings sufficient in size and equipment, not extravagant, but tasteful and in the best order. He may see a student-body, not great in numbers, though somewhat larger than at present, perhaps of more even grade, though not older; not more advanced, but better prepared; not priggish, but more thoughtful and with higher aspirations intellectually, and spiritually; willing to work, because education can only come by work; he will see, the cause of it all, a faculty alive to its serious responsibilities and having the undiluted respect of the students. They will be paid five or six thousand dollars a year, so as to be free from pecuniary worries, a sum considerably less than equal talent and preparation could win in the other professions.

The Scotch University professor, when asked where his students slept, replied: "What do I care? They may sleep in the

gutter for all I know." Our professors *will* know and care where the students sleep and eat and spend their evenings, and what they think of and love, and what are their aspirations and ambitions. They will know it, not for purposes of discipline, or by way of regulation, but as trusted comrades, whose experience justifies confidence. They will be scholars, but much more than scholars. If not, they will not be fit to hold high positions. They will be men of great power and personality and of clean and strong lives.

I do not know that Lyman Hall often gives students moral advice, or preaches to them, but no one ever comes into close contact with him without having his moral nature braced up. If I were given one half million or a million dollars, I would divide every dollar of it into \$100,-

000 or \$120,000 professorships and then try to find men to match.

This, you may say, is an ambitious program for the future Haverford. Only two men would talk about it; the young man who had never tried to do much and whose zeal outran his knowledge, and the old man who had gone far enough along the way to be sure of his ground, and who could see whither he was tending.

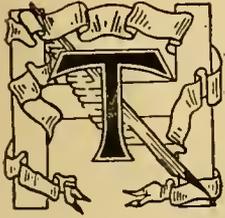
We have done a little at Haverford in the past decade along this line, and we or our successors will do more in the future, if you will sustain us, for we have nothing there to undo. We have a solid basis, without need for much more experimenting, upon which to build. The path of progress is pretty definite, and it is in line with the platform of the men of seventy-five years ago.

Sonnet

Whene'er in fancy's realm I wander far,
 Untrammelled by the nearness of the world,
 Naught seeing, save the heavens overpearled
 With drifting clouds, and gemmed with many a star;
 Night cloaked more gorgeously than any czar
 With jeweled mantle round his person furled—
 My soul then stretches yearning hands on high
 And prays to Him who clothed the lofty sky
 In misty drapery of clouds light-curved,
 To veil the ebon beauty of the night
 From the too curious gaze of the lorn earth.
 At such a time my solemn thoughts have birth,
 And naked in my own and Maker's sight,
 Stand forth revealed beneath the star's dim light.

JAMES CAREY THOMAS, II, '08.

THE RAZOR OF FERARA



HE court was all in a fuddle and stew, for the barber of King Parelo had died in a fit of apoplexy, and where throughout his realm could be found another with a touch so light and smooth, or a nerve so steady and faultless? The king cursed and bemoaned by turns, and the courtiers, with wisdom, lamented with him, for the king was not a man to be trifled with. For as the rumor of the land went, he had imprisoned his twin brother Ferarà, whom many said was the elder, and had taken by force into his newly acquired palace, the dark-eyed, black-haired maiden whom the captive had hoped to make his queen. And now a queen she was, but the queen of another; the queen of one she hated, for though the lips deceive, the eyes lie not. And it took no marvelous insight to read therein, a hate for Parelo, as fierce and undying as the coals of hell. But the matter was small, for the barber was dead, and the king, refusing to risk his throat to another, went unshaved until his countenance grew bristly and uncouth to look upon.

But there came a day when the courtiers were standing about Parelo, on a pavilion in one of the gardens of the palace, that a thick-set, deep-chested hunchback knocked at the gate of the castle, and begged an audience of the king. Now, Parelo, with all his faults, was a jolly good fellow, not standing in any particular awe of fiends or demons; so he demanded that the stranger be brought before him, in spite of the fact that the page said the old man had the

air of an enchanter, or sorcerer. So the hunchback was brought before the court on the pavilion, and all the courtiers discreetly fell away on both sides to give the king an uninterrupted view.

"Speak," said the king with a laugh, "Speak, thou hard-favored, mis-shapen lump of carrion, and say why thou desirest an audience of me."

"O, king," said the old man, "thy barber is dead."

"True! And I stand in sore need of another."

"That I knew, and I bring him to thee."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Who?"

"I."

"Thou insolent devil!" roared the king. "Thou ill kempt blot on the face of my realm! To the fiends with thee, and the sooner—"

"Hold, sovereign," interrupted the old man, calmly; "I ask thee but the chance to prove my skill."

"Thou shalt have it, and that quickly," sneered Parelo. "Bring the fool a pig."

A roar of automatic laughter rose from the wise courtiers. The wit of the king was not a thing to pass unnoticed.

"Even as thou wilt," answered the hunchback, "but thy own face would serve as well."

This time none of the courtiers laughed.

"May Satan broil thee!" stormed the king. "Thou shalt try it on thyself. Thy beard is well nigh a fortnight grown, and methinks thy distorted face would be as difficult a task for thy art as mine own."

Quick as a flash the hunchback drew

from his girdle a cup and brush, and dipping the latter in the fountain which played at his side, beat a creamy lather and rubbed it over his face. Then pulling a glittering razor of enormous size from his sleeve, he gave a few rapid slashes, and the beard was gone.

"Feel my chin," he commanded, leaning close to the king.

Parelo laughed and ran his fingers over the ugly face.

"Verily thou hast the audacity of a thousand beggars," he exclaimed, "and the work was done quickly and well. But many another could do the same. Before I hire thee I must have stronger proof."

"It shall be given," answered the old man, drawing a phial from his garment. "Seest thou this flask?"

"I see."

"It is deadly poison."

"Well?"

"Hast thou not in thy keep a prisoner condemned to death?"

"Many of them."

"Bring me one."

The king turned to one of his pages. "Go, bring Arnaldo," he ordered. "He must die within a few hours at best, and what is more to the point, his beard would turn the edge of my good sword. Go!"

In a moment the condemned wretch entered, shivering and moaning: "Spare me, my lord, for I am innocent."

"Small matter," retorted the king, "since his imperial majesty, the hunchback, hath doomed thee. By my faith, barber, it were difficult to say if I or thou be king."

A momentary gleam shot from the old man's eye, and his fingers trembled. "Behold, O king," he spoke, in an even voice, "I pour the poison in this bottle upon the razor-edge. If I so much as prick the skin of this man, he dieth. But cease thy quaking," he commanded,

turning to the prisoner. "I will not harm thee, for I have called thee only to prove my skill."

Arnaldo shook like a banner in the wind, his face grew ashen, his lips pale. But in spite of these difficulties, the hunchback, with a few dextrous motions, shaved his face as neatly as he had previously shaved his own. The king stared in amazement, and the courtiers gaped with wonder. "A wizard," they murmured.

"A wizard?" queried the old man with a sneering smile on his lips. "A wizard think you? If a wizard then what say you now?" As he spoke he poured a fresh supply of poison from the phial, and deliberately drew the razor across his own hand, bringing a streak of blood. But instead of falling in convulsions, he stood, silently leering at the king with a ghastly smile.

"Thou base imposter!" cried Parelo. "Thy flask holds but water!"

"Imposter?" said the old man with the same sneer. "Imposter, think you? If imposter then, what say you now?" and with lightning swiftness he drew the blade across the cheek of the criminal. Arnaldo uttered a piercing scream of terror, his face swelled, his eyes bulged out, foam frothed from his lips, his body twitched violently, and with every muscle of his face contorted in agony, he fell dead on the tiling of the pavilion.

A shudder ran through the court and a pallor overspread the face even of the king. But it vanished in an instant, for Parelo cared little for God, man or devil. Nevertheless his voice quavered a trifle as he demanded, "Explain thy mystery, hunchback."

The hunchback smiled, not this time a smile of cunning, but of benevolence.

"O King Parelo," he answered, "there is no mystery. It is the hand of God. This poisoned blade destroys only the

guilty, and spares the innocent. Thy prisoner Arnaldo was guilty. It is the hand of God."

The courtiers gaped incredulous wonder and the lips of the king parted with a sneer of mockery. Suddenly a new thought flashed into his brain, and he hesitated. Parelo, skeptic himself, did not disdain to use the credulity of others to further his own ends. The sneer faded into an expression of well feigned wonder.

"Withdraw, courtiers," he commanded, "I would speak with this good man alone."

"Now, my good fellow," said the king, when all had departed, "I know well enough that thy miracle of God is but some clever sleight of hand. What it is I care not—but this. See to it that thou use none of thy damnable concoction upon my person, else by all the devils who aid thee, thou shalt be skinned alive, burnt with slow fire and cut to death by inches. But this I admit to thee. Some of my subjects talk of a brother cheated of his throne, and other things that concern thee not. Stay and be my barber. Appear, by thy jugglery, to use the poison, and presently, I shall become a god in their sight; a ruler justly in power; a king innocent of all crime. Slander will be hushed, my dominion will prosper, while thou shalt be weighted down beneath glory and gold. But remember, I charge thee, attempt no trickery, for while I know thou couldst easily compass my death, thou knowest those who will live after me, can avenge me beyond the power of speech to tell. What sayest thou?"

"Fear me not, O king," answered the hunchback, "for my heart tells me that thou art innocent. My jugglery, or the hand of God, whichever thou wilt, need cause thee no alarm. I am thy barber."

And then the two men looked into each other's eyes and smiled.

* * *

So it came to pass that the barber shaved the king before the court, and poured daily the poison on the blade, and once even drew a drop of blood from the king's face, yet the king died not. And the marvel spread over the realm till the king was known as Parelo, the Guiltless; the slanderers were hushed, and the kingdom prospered. The old barber rose in power also, and clothed in fine linen and gold, sat as judge in the high court of the king, dealing life or death by the stroke of his razor, according to the innocence or guilt of the accused. And the king was exceeding glad, for he perceived that those whom he most feared were guilty, while the weak and insignificant were often innocent. But the dark-haired queen did not share in the general merriment, and in her eyes still gleamed the embers of an unquenchable hate.

* * *

There came a day when the barber was ill, and the queen confined to her chamber with indisposition, that the king and all his court went for a day's hunt among the hills. Only a few pages lingered at the gate or around the corridors; and all the ladies in waiting had gone to the hunting, as the queen was but slightly ill and wished to be alone. As the blare of horns grew faint and far, the queen, weeping upon her couch, was startled by the rustling of her curtains and half rising, looked straight into the eyes of the barber.

"Lady," he spoke in his croaking voice, "why weepst thou?"

The queen opened her mouth to cry for help, but fear and weakness overcame her, and she swooned back upon the cushions without a sound. When she regained consciousness, the face that

bent over her was not that of the barber, but Ferrara. And as she lay in his arms, he told her all the past; his escape from prison; the terror which had prevented the guards from breaking the dire news to the king; and his daring scheme to regain her and the throne. She stroked his forehead with warm fingers; she interrupted his story with kisses; she laughed at the cleverness of his disguise, and shuddered at his sufferings. With admiring wonder she examined the magic razor, and pressed the hidden spring which could release through innumerable tiny pores, a drug that neutralized the poison on the blade.

"And when, sweetheart," she asked him, "will *my* misery end also? When wilt thou be king?"

"Hush," said Ferrara quickly; "I have waited only until I might make myself known to thee. To-morrow morning is the coronation, and to-morrow night Parelo sleeps in the grave while I lie beside thee on the royal couch. But the day wanes—farewell. To-day the barber kisses thee—to-morrow, the king!"

* * *

That night when the court returned from the chase there was great revelry and feasting throughout the palace. Parelo boasted loud, and was merrier than his wont, for his queen sat beside him at the banquet, no longer sad eyed, but happy and sparkling with mirth. But when the feast was over and the king sought his bed, slumber deserted him, and he tossed uneasily until the morning. Then rising earlier than usual, and before the rest of the court, he sent for the barber and demanded his morning shave. The hunchback appeared in a few moments, bearing the necessary equipment, and was admitted to the royal bed-chamber, where the queen still lay, apparently sleeping behind the curtains of the couch.

"Good morning, my lord," said the barber. "Thou hast risen early after so late a carouse. I trust that none of the affairs of thy realm have gone awry."

"Far from it," responded the king lightly, for the barber had so grown in his favor that he joked with him as with a brother. "Far from it, but the viands have gone awry in my stomach so that I cannot sleep."

There was a pause in which the barber whetted his razor, and poured the poison on the blade as was his custom. The king reclined in his chair and watched, nor heard the rustling of curtains on the couch behind him.

"Barber," he continued, "methinks thou hast accomplished greater wonders with thy razor than I with my sword. Thou hast freed me from slander; thou hast spread my reputation for justice and wisdom, until I sometimes wonder, as on the day when first I met thee—that day when thou wast so bold and arrogant, whether I or thou be really king."

The razor was at the throat of Parelo.

"Wonder no longer, O Parelo," cried the hunchback, springing erect from the disguise which fell to his feet, "for *now* my razor shall perform a still greater miracle—it shall restore the lover to his bride—the true king to his throne!"

The closing words were wasted upon the ears of Parelo; for the bloated body, twisted out of all semblance to human, had already quivered in the final agonies of death. The courtiers, awakened by the stir, thronged half-dressed through the chamber, and gazed with mute incomprehension on the bloody razor and horrid corpse. Finally one of the bolder spoke—

"Where is the barber of King Parelo, and who art thou who standest beside the half-robed queen?"

Gripping the dead king's sword, Ferrara stood before them. "See you this roll

of cloth?" he cried; "This mask? These old gray locks? *They* are the barber; and I am King Ferara, who, by the hand of God that smites the guilty, am come to claim my throne!"

The courtiers, some of whom had known him when a youth, prudently began to recognize the new king, and to manifest joy that the realm had found its lawful ruler. Their looks of horror

gave way to smiles of welcome, and their cries of "Death to the slayer!" turned into "Long live the King!"

And so it came to pass, as Ferara had said, that in the morning he was crowned; and that night, while Parelo slept, there was much wine and music, and high revel in the palace of the king.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

Knowledge

Oh, life was high and love was nigh
 And days were wondrous fair,
 For love was truth, the truth of youth
 Sans sorrow and sans care.
 The dream was bliss until the kiss
 Wrought misery and despair.

The rainbow light is soft and bright,
 The mist is chilling cold;
 And ere 'tis spent be thou content
 The rainbow to behold,
 Nor yearn too much the mist to touch,
 Its mystery to unfold.

H. S. HIRES, '10.

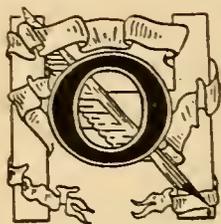
We Thank Thee, O God

Little of dole hath the oriole
 As he swings in his airy palace;
 Happy and free is the wingèd bee,
 As she sips from the lily's chalice:
 Ah never, no never a grim to-morrow
 The little brain filleth with care or sorrow.

But the mind of man doth forever plan
 For the days that are yet to follow,
 Ever he yearns, and never he learns
 That most of his hope is hollow;
 Yet blessed be God who made us human,
 With labor and hope, and the love of a woman!

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

A GLANCE AT HAUPTMANN



ONE of the most fascinating experiences for the dilettante in general literature is to feel that he has caught the spirit of a given age, that he has grasped the universal underlying tendency which produces, in the same literary epoch, works which differ widely in outward form—a novella in Italy, a satire in Spain, an epic in Germany, a drama in England. To such a one, Chaucer is vastly more interesting if he has read Boccaccio, while Petrarch sets him thinking of Provençal literature and of Walter von der Vogelweide. But the dilettante is usually prone to draw his conclusions too rapidly (especially if he has gleaned his information from eminent and infallible critics), and with much jactitation of phrases, such as “the spirit of the Eighteenth Century,” or the “pseudo-classicists,” or “Romanticism” (the true concept of which, I doubt if Socrates himself could discover), to assert with a finality which precludes any doubt, that Hauptmann and Sudermann belong to the “realistic school of Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Zola.”

The statement just quoted may be true, but certainly not all of it at any given time, as I hope to indicate briefly, while begging the readers of Maeterlinck to restrain their objection until we reach the consideration of *The Sunken Bell*.

Hauptmann's literary activity dates from 1885, but he was practically unheard of until the production, in 1889, of *Before Sunrise*, a play as full of repulsive naturalism as Ibsen himself could desire. In the next year he brought out

Das Friedensfest, which, though free from obscenity, is saturated with pessimism. Then followed a tragic problem-play, *Einsame Menschen*, which reminds one of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*. In fact, all of these early attempts show pretty clearly the influence of the great Norwegian over the young German dramatist.

So far, Hauptmann had not produced anything which could measure up to Ibsen in strength; indeed, to my mind, he has never succeeded in giving us a shock so strong as that found in *Ghosts*, but in his next play he comes very close to attaining it. No one who reads *Die Weber* can escape its gripping power. The frightful social conditions among the Silesian weavers, where grinding poverty is destroying bodies and souls, the avarice of unrestrained *entrepreneurs* such as Dreissiger, and withal, the hopelessness of any beneficial change, especially by mob-violence, are strikingly portrayed in this drama of social economy. Yet, for the first time in Hauptmann, we find a note of optimism, just where, it would be hard to say; probably gleaned from the actions of the Hilse family in the last act, but nevertheless present.

With *The Weavers* Hauptmann had reached a high water-mark; he now turns aside to give us two humorous character studies in *College Crampton* and *Der Biberpelz*, still keeping, however, to the sphere of the “other half.” It is an interesting fact that Sudermann, at this time, produced his greatest dramatic work, *Die Heimat*, which is also strongly realistic.

All of the works heretofore mentioned may be justly designated realistic, and it is in perfectly good form to trace their relationship to Ibsen and Zola, to compare *Die Weber* with *Germinal*, and so

forth. But in his next great play, Hauptmann strikes a new note, almost unconsciously, it seems. In his attempt to throw into relief the sufferings of a poor little orphan girl by portraying the beautiful, shadowy figures of her eager childish fancy, the author has lingered over these scenes of humor-pathos until they assume the preponderance of importance, and the realistic setting fades into a mere background, so that the title is properly enough, *Hanneles Himmelfahrt*. By some critics this play is considered Hauptmann's best, perhaps, because of its artistic contrast of the real and the ideal world, its effective combination of humor and pathos, and its psychological portrayal, by means of symbols of fancy, of the rise and fall of the flickering life-flame in the child's body. But it is more interesting, for our present purpose, to consider it as an experiment which proved that Hauptmann could deal with an idealistic subject as well as with a realistic. For there is little reason to doubt that the introduction of such elements into this play led Hauptmann to the conception of representing a purely ideal problem by means of such symbols of fancy; his genius was now ripe for *The Sunken Bell*.

Whether this revolt from realism to what we may call Romantic Idealism was wholly internal or not, we can not say, but it is very likely that the young author was aware of a similar change going on in the world about him. The realistic spirit, which had held such dominant sway over European culture during the middle of the century, began, finally, to be superseded by romantic symbolism in the closing decade. After all, the harsh and sordid features of life are not any truer than the charming and generous, certainly not more fascinating. Furthermore, those dramas which cling most closely to the actual world, being de-

signed for their immediate age, are apt to disappear as the years roll onward, and yield place to those which strike chords more fundamentally and universally human.

Of such a nature is the play we are about to consider. The striving after an infinite goal, which has formed a powerful motive in the literature of all ages, is here presented in a most charming fashion. The story is briefly this:

Master Heinrich, a bell-founder of the middle ages, has just completed his masterpiece—a bell which is to ring from mountain to valley, summoning all men to worship the Christ. But the elves and wood-sprites, who resent Christianity's intrusion of their Druid retreats, contrive to upset the bell as it is being hauled through the forest, and sink it in a lonely lake. Heinrich, in his frantic efforts to save it, falls headlong down the cliff; then, bruised and broken, he drags his weary body about in the pathless woods until he reaches the dwelling of the old witch, Wittichen.

Here dwells Rautendelein, a ravishing wood-nymph, similar to Undine, who, at the sight of the exhausted and wounded man, feels a strange emotion aroused in her breast. So strong is her passion that she follows the villagers who carry him home, and after the doctor has given up all hope, she enters his house as a servant-girl, and restores him to life.

Heinrich, inspired by her wonderful charms, follows her back to the mountains, and there begins a new life, full of the realization of his inward powers. He has forgotten his former life entirely, and all efforts to restore him to church and home and wife and children are fruitless. He drives away the villagers who attempt to bring him back by force; to the village preacher, who seeks him out to save his soul, he replies that he himself has discovered the true life:

"I am refreshed, renewed, throughout
 my being;
 Within my breast which beats so joy-
 ously
 I feel the overwhelming strength of
 May;
 I feel it in my arm, which seems of
 iron,
 And in my hand, that, like an eagle's
 talon,
 In empty air spreads out and shuts
 again,
 Impulsive and impatient to create."

He describes the bell he is at work upon; it is to be a wonderful masterpiece of his art, dedicated to the temple of the sunshine and open air, the shrine of the forest and mountain. Its clear, fervent tones will entice people from far, and all mankind will weep for the pure joy of hearing.

"'Twill sing a song, long-lost and long-
 forgotten,
 A lullaby of home and childish love,
 Sprung from the depths eterne of truest
 music,
 By all men recognized, though yet un-
 heard.
 And as its music swells, now soft and
 timid,
 Now sad as nightingale, now sweet as
 dove,
 Ah, then must break the ice in every
 bosom,
 And Hate and Spite and Rage and Pain
 and Sorrow
 Will melt away in burning, burning
 tears!"

So the pastor goes away in despair, warning Heinrich that he will some day bitterly regret such heathenish conduct.

Nevertheless, the bell-founder goes straight on with his work, keeping the dwarfs ceaselessly active at the glowing forge, so impatient is he to accomplish his ambitious plan. But whenever he

goes to sleep he is disturbed by terrible nightmares. Rautendelein does not understand his lofty ideals, nor his sudden starting from sleep in horror, but she loves him and believes in him, and her belief strengthens his enthusiasm in his work.

In the midst of this life of feverish endeavor, he, one day, sees two children slowly toiling up the mountain side; they are carrying an urn with them, and when they reach the hut they present it with the words:

"Father, we bring you mother's greet-
 ing!"

"Is she well?" asks Heinrich, and after their sorrowful reply in the affirmative, "What have you in the urn?"

"Something bitter," says one.

"Mother's tears," says the other. And then Heinrich has a vision of the sunken bell, being struck by a shadowy figure, and he hears it tolling reproachfully far down at the bottom of the lake. He turns upon Rautendelein, who has seen and heard nothing of all this, and after loading her with curses, he rushes away into the forest. The poor wood-nymph is broken-hearted; all her blind aspirations after a higher life have been cruelly shattered, and she returns to her former home to become the bride of an old waternixy. Yet she still loves Heinrich, and when, hunted down by the villagers as a blasphemous idolator, he appears once more before her favorite spring, she rises out of the clear depths and clasps the dying man in a last embrace as the roseate hues of morning begin to tint the eastern sky.

No further argument than the bare theme, as I have just given it, is needed to show that the last traces of realism have disappeared in this play, at least, temporarily; and, indeed, when Hauptmann, in his next play, *Fuhrmann Henschel*, reverts to the naturalistic again, it is with such artistic moderation, self-

control, and purity, that it cannot be classed with the unrestrained passion of *The Weavers*, or *Before Sunrise*. But the elaboration of the theme in *The Sunken Bell*, and especially the treatment of the characters, is exceedingly romantic, resembling in some degree that of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. We are transported into the sunshine and fragrance of primeval woodlands, lulled by the murmuring multitudes of insects and the silver sleep-songs of the rippling brooks; we enjoy the droll monotony of Nickelmann's "Quorax! Brekekeker!" even the wood-sprite's coarse jokes are appreciated in their sylvan setting, and the climax of charm is reached when Rautendelein joins hands with the chorus of elves, and they dance together, singing the refrain:

"Schwingt und windet euch im Tanz,
Ringelreigenflüsterkranz!"

Perhaps the drift of these few remarks will now be more clearly seen. The worst stages of realism seem almost contemporaneous with the popular expositions of the doctrine of evolution and the survival of the fittest. While, therefore, on the one hand we have a school of poets striving to reconcile science and religion, such as Browning,

Tennyson and Arnold; on the other we have an emotional reaction from the cold brutality of Darwinism. The appearance of romantic symbolism, as exemplified in Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maetterlinck and Stephen Phillips, towards the close of a materialistic century, does not mean a regress, however, to the doctrines of the Storm and Stress period. The lurid, the grotesque, the ugly, has disappeared; the form of expression is clearer, while retaining the essential element of mystery. If, for instance, we compare *Die Versunkene Glocke* with *Undine*, a typical production of the early Romanticism, we find not only a purer emotional tone, a profounder note of human sympathy, but a much deeper and wider symbolic meaning.

It is this element of human sincerity which causes me to think *The Sunken Bell* will long outlive anything that Hauptmann has yet written; for already the conditions which gave rise to *The Weavers* are obsolete, and it is likely that a similar fate will attend the other socialistic dramas. But as long as man lives and loves and labors, his hands will be unceasingly outstretched toward the infinite and unattainable goal of the illimitable ideal.

HOWARD BURTT, '08.

Sonnet to an Overshoe Irretrievably Lost in the Mire

Shield of my sole, farewell! My tears fill fast
The swamp where thou art sunk; and though thou hast
Clung closer than a brother, noble shell,
The hasty suction bars but brief farewell.

The world is too much with us, rubber mine,
And, (corollarily,) it is too damp.
Yet, gutta percha friend, entwined in thine
My foot felt free from earth's immodest stamp.

Now when I cross the mud assiduous
Wet feet, la grippe, pneumonia will ensue
Thy caoutchoucine grave will yawn anew
My corse by thine will lie, my overshoe,
While Bunyan's slough, eterne, shuts over us
Recalcitrant, sans end, one slushy muss.

T. M. L., '08.

Faculty Department

At a recent morning collection President Sharpless gave a brief address on "College Loyalty," from which the following paragraphs are taken:

All good colleges now have a great asset in the loyalty of their alumni and undergraduates. It is one of the very pleasant features which is of rather recent creation, that the fraternal feeling is so largely developed. It shows itself in various ways.

One of the ways in which it is most evident is the shouting at the foot ball games, and the eating of dinners, and the general appeals to everybody to be loyal to his Alma Mater.

One way is to develop the kind of character which the institution stands for. That is a distinct benefit to the institution. Apart from what a man may get out of it himself, there is nothing which would do so much good as to have alumni who carry out the ideals of the college.

A man who has become acquainted with a Haverford alumnus, thinks that the whole body are fine men. Another man who has become acquainted with another Haverford alumnus, thinks that something must be wrong, or there would not have been such a man produced. A man came to me on the train the other day and said that he was a Harvard man, had five sons, but that he had seen so many good Haverfordians in Philadelphia that he had concluded to send his boys to Haverford, and then and there began to make arrangements. It was with him a matter of character. He found that the Haverfordians whom he had met were such as stood high in public and private life. He had seen them in politics in the city; he had known some

of them intimately and had seen the attitude they had taken towards public affairs, and the kind of standards they had. In that case, they had been loyal to the policy and character of the college.

I was talking, not very long ago, to the father of one of the students now present. He did not have a very good opinion of Haverford College. His boy did not study very hard, and the boy had told him that his classmates did not study very hard. I could not dispute the matter very seriously with him as to the young man in question, but I told him that we had some hard students in the class. Evidently, the young man is hardly loyal to the college. It is a great detriment to himself to get into the habit of loafing; or not to do the work which he can do and ought to do in the college. The boy is not a bad student. He is not getting E's and D's; he is running along about C. He might just as well have a high B or an A in the greater part of his work did he choose to do so. This sort of thing is a detriment also to the college. You cannot loaf here without creating the impression that the college is not doing its duty. Your faults as well as your virtues are going to be stored up against the college. If you go through four years here with loafing habits, it is disloyalty.

We cannot complain of the fraternity and solidarity which exists at this college. It is quite wholesome and proper. It is quite right that we should eat dinners, and shout for the foot ball team, and cheer every good thing which a Haverfordian does. All these things add something to its value. But there is another side of college loyalty which we ought to think about.

Alumni Department

'70. Rev. Charles Wood was the guest of several prominent business men of Philadelphia at a large dinner on the eve of his departure for Washington, D. C., where he has accepted the charge of the Church of the Covenant.

'72. William M. Longstreth was very active in the late political campaign in this city. He was largely influential in the election of the Hon. Bayard Henry, the City Party candidate, to Select Councils, in the Twenty-second Ward.

'76. David Scull Bispham gave a song recital in Roberts Hall, on February 10th, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended it. It was given for the benefit of the Preston end of the College Y. M. C. A. work. We print a fuller account of the recital in the College Department.

'76. Dr. L. Lyndon Hobbs, President of Guilford College, North Carolina, visited Haverford for the first time in several years, during the last month. He was present at the Alumni banquet, where he spoke on "Haverford, a Teacher of Teachers."

'88. Dr. H. V. Gummere, Professor of Mathematics at the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia, accompanied by Dr. Jaggar, Professor of Geology in the Boston Institute of Technology, visited the Aleutian Islands in a schooner chartered for the purpose, last summer. The object of the expedition was to obtain certain mathematical and astronomical data. In addition to procuring these, the pair made many very important geological investigations.

Ex.-'88. Joseph H. Johnson is with the J. Spencer Turner Company, yarns, Mariner and Merchant Building, Philadelphia.

'92. William P. Jenks has left George H. McFadden & Brother, cotton merchants, and has formed the partnership of Craig & Jenks, cotton merchants, New York City.

'95. Samuel Bettle, Jr., has charge of the Philadelphia office of the A. B. See Electric Elevator Company, of New York.

Ex.-'95. Henry M. Miller has been made general sales manager of the March - Brownback Stove Company, Pottstown, Pa.

'97. R. C. McCrea has been lately appointed to a new chair in Columbia University. The Professorship is that of "Humanity," a branch of Sociology, which Dr. McCrea has been instrumental in bringing to the front. The Chair has been endowed with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That a graduate of only ten years' standing should become the recipient of a position so prominent in our country's educational work should be a matter of greatest pride to all Haverfordians.

'97. Edward Thomas has been staying at the home of his father, Prof. Allen C. Thomas, at Haverford, for several weeks.

'98. Frederick A. Swan is with Vechten, Waring & Co., printers and publishers, 92 John Street, New York City.

Ex.-'98. The engagement has been announced of Harold Moon to Miss De Silver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. De Silver, of Philadelphia.

'99. Frank K. Walter has been appointed director's assistant in the New York State Library, Albany, New York. His address is 299 Hamilton Street, Albany, N. Y.

'99. Herbert C. Petty is with the Crocker-Wheeler Company, Ampere, N. J. He is living in East Orange, N. J.

Ex.-'99. Arthur Haines was elected auditor of the Poor Board of the Twenty-second Ward (Germantown), Philadelphia, at the last election.

'00. John T. Emlen is secretary of the Armstrong Association of Philadelphia. This is an organization which finds employment for negroes.

'00. G. M. P. Murphy, late Lieutenant 17th U. S. Infantry, had an article in *Harper's Weekly* for February 1st, entitled "Another Chance for Cuba."

'00. The Treasurer of the Class of 1900 Alcove Committee reported that there were 573 volumes of English fiction in the College Library on December 15th, 1907; all of which were presented by this class. The undergraduate body wish to report that they are enjoying these heartily.

'01. T. J. Grayson has had a number of articles in *New York Life* recently. In the issue of February 6, 1908, he had a story entitled "Which Did He Say?"

'01. L. W. DeMotte is teaching at Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Md.

'02. William H. Grant has left Boston, and has gone to Pittsburg, Pa., where he is in the employ of the Westinghouse Machinery Company. He is living at the Bellefonte Apartments, Elmer Street, East End, Pittsburg, Pa.

'05. Ralph M. Pearson is with Henson & Pearson, lumber merchants, 921 North Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

'06. Arthur T. Lowry has left the east for Clarkson, Washington, where he will start in business with Fred Sharp, '01.

'07. Paul W. Brown is with the Lu-

kens Iron and Steel Company, Coatesville, Pa.

'07. Howard H. Shoemaker has entered the employ of the William M. Lloyd Lumber Company, Philadelphia.

'07. W. Butler Windle is at the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

The Maryland Society of the Haverfordian Alumni will hold their annual banquet on March 28th. For particulars, consult Wm. Rush Dunton, Towson, Maryland.

The New York Alumni Association will hold its annual dinner on Thursday, March 26th, at the Hotel Astor, New York City.

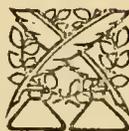
The twenty-first annual dinner of the Alumni Association was held at the Bellevue-Stratford, on February 15th, two hundred and thirty-five men being present. Frederick H. Strawbridge, '87, presided, and introduced the following speakers: President Sharpless, Professor Shailer Mathews, of Chicago University; President L. Lyndon Hobbs, '76, of Guilford College; Mr. Charles Heber Clark (Max Adler), and Dr. Charles Wood, '70.

An unexpected pleasure was the presence of President Schurman, of Cornell, who came in and addressed the Haverfordians, while President Sharpless was welcomed by the Cornell men assembled in an adjoining room. President Schurman's topic was, "A Liberal Education," in connection with which he praised Haverford most highly.

A double quartet of the College Glee Club was in attendance. There was a general feeling that the dinner was the most successful ever held by the Alumni Association:

Those present were:

President Sharpless	'74 Jas. Emlen	'90 K. H. Davia	'00 F. C. Sharpless
Dr. Shailer Mathews	'76 L. Lyndon Hobbs	'91 Henry A. Todd	'01 Wm. E. Cadbury
Chas. Heber Clark	'76 C. A. Longstreth	'92 H. L. Davis	'01 J. K. De Armond
Jonathan Evans	'76 Howard G. Taylor	'92 Wm. C. Shipley	'01 G. B. Mellor
Hon. Geo. B. Or lady	'76 F. H. Taylor	'92 Benj. Cadbury	'01 Arthur R. Yearsley
William T. Tilden	'77 F. L. Bally	'92 Stanley R. Yarnall	'01 E. M. Scull
Ellis Y. Brown	'77 Jno. D. Krider	'92 W. H. Nicholson, Jr.	'01 R. Patton
Dr. L. W. Reld	'77 Alonzo Brown	'92 W. L. N. West	'01 Alfred E. Freeman
Dr. W. W. Baker	'78 E. T. Comfort	'93 A. V. Morton	'01 E. Y. Brown
Asa S. Wing	'78 C. S. Crosman	'93 Wm. S. Vaux	'02 Ed. W. Evans
Dr. A. E. Hancock	'78 J. M. Thomas	'93 W. W. Haviland	'02 Chas. F. Allen
Dr. Don C. Barrett	'79 Wm. C. Lowry	'93 Chas. J. Rhoades	'02 Wm. W. Chambera
Dr. James A. Babbitt	'80 Samuel Mason	'93 Ed. Woolman	'02 Wm. C. Longstreth
Dr. A. S. Bolles	'80 Alex. P. Corbit	'94 Martin N. Miller	'02 A. C. Wood, Jr.
H. N. Hoxie	'81 L. T. Edwards	'94 Clifford B. Farr	'02 R. M. Gummere
Albert E. Turner	'81 Walter F. Price	'94 F. J. Stokes	'02 C. L. Sellar
Samuel L. Allen	'81 W. Penn Shipley	'94 Wm. J. Strawbridge	'03 Geo. Pierce
J. Elwood Cox	'81 Jno. C. Winston	'94 Wm. W. Comfort	'03 H. J. Cadbury
'50 C. L. Nicholson	'81 Wm. H. Collins	'95 J. Oscar Villars	'03 J. B. Drinker
'50 Jno. B. Mellor	'81 Albanus Smith	'95 Errol B. Hay	'04 H. H. Morris
'50 Wm. C. Alderson	'81 Walter Brinton	'96 J. H. Scattergood	'04 Wm. T. Hillea
'52 Francis Stokes	'82 T. C. Palmer	'96 L. H. Wood	'04 W. M. C. Kimber
'54 Samuel Troth	'84 A. P. Smith	'96 Paul D. I. Maler	'04 Samuel C. Withers
'56 S. G. Collins	'84 Walter L. Moore	'96 John A. Lester	'04 R. P. Lowry
'56 Ed. R. Wood	'85 Elias H. White	'96 D. H. Adams	'04 A. W. Kratz
'56 B. W. Beesley	'85 Chas. W. Bally	'96 W. K. Alsop	'05 E. C. Pierce
'58 W. Graham Tyler	'85 Rufus M. Jones	'97 F. N. Maxfield	'05 Lesley B. Seeley
'58 William Mellor	'85 M. C. Morris	'97 F. W. Thatcher	'05 Ralph Pearson
'59 Benjamin H. Smith	'86 Wm. P. Morris	'97 A. M. Collins	'05 C. S. Bushnell
'61 Alfred Mellor	'86 Horace E. Smith	'97 Benj. R. Hoffman	'05 S. H. Boher
'61 Edward Bettle, Jr.	'87 F. H. Strawbridge	'97 C. H. Howson	'05 A. G. Priestman
'62 George B. Mellor	'87 J. H. Adams	'98 Samuel Rhoads	'05 Ernest M. Evans
'63 Wm. M. Coates	'87 H. H. Goddard	'98 Thos. Wistar	'05 Harold Jones
'63 Wm. H. Morris	'87 Hugh Lesley	'98 Walter C. Jauney	'05 J. L. Scull
'64 Albin Garrett	'87 A. C. Garrett	'98 W. W. Cadbury	'05 M. J. Babb
'64 Jno. M. Zook	'87 Allen B. Clement	'98 F. A. Swan	'05 Benj. Eshleman
'66 H. C. Brown	'87 Dr. Jno. Bacon	'98 A. G. Scattergood	'06 J. M. S. Ewing
'67 Walter Wood	'87 Jesse E. Phillips	'98 Jos. H. Haines	'06 F. B. Morris
'67 Jno. T. Morris	'87 Wm. H. Futrell	'98 F. R. Strawbridge	'06 H. Pleasants, Jr.
'67 L. J. Levick	'87 W. C. Wood	'98 Jno. S. Jenks	'06 Walter Carson
'68 Louis Starr	'88 Rich. J. Morris	'99 J. P. Morris	'06 R. W. Sands
'69 H. Cope	'88 J. W. Sharp, Jr.	'99 Ralph Mellor	'06 Wm. Kennard, Jr.
'69 Wm. S. Taylor	'88 Wm. D. Lewis	'99 F. A. Evans	'06 R. J. Shortledge
'69 B. T. Longstreth	'88 Howell S. England	'99 A. C. Maule	'06 T. K. Brown
'70 Rev. Chas. Wood	'88 Morris E. Leeds	'00 John E. Lloyd	'07 Jas. P. Magill
'70 H. Comfort	'88 Dr. H. V. Gummere	'00 W. W. Allen, Jr.	'07 Harold Evans
'71 Wm. H. Haines	'89 Frank B. Kirkbride	'00 Wm. C. Freedley, Jr.	'07 W. B. Windle
'72 Wm. H. Gibbons	'89 Thos. F. Branson	'00 H. H. Jerks	'07 F. D. Godley
'72 Walter Erben	'89 Thomas Evans	'00 H. S. Drinker	'07 A. B. Morton
'72 F. B. Gummere	'89 J. S. Stokes	'00 F. M. Eshleman	'07 Chas. F. Lee
'72 Jno. Forsythe	'89 Arthur N. Leeds	'00 J. G. McIlvain	'07 W. R. Rossmoesler
'72 Wm. P. Huston	'89 D. C. Lewis	'00 Wm. W. Justice	'07 S. J. Gummere
'72 Casper W. Haines	'89 Wm. F. Overman	'00 F. R. Cope, Jr.	'07 Jno. W. Nicholson
'72 Wm. M. Longstreth	'90 Edwin J. Haley	'00 H. H. Levick	'07 Paul W. Brown
'72 Jno. Carey, Jr.	'90 H. P. Bally	'00 F. S. Hawson	'07 C. R. Hoover
'73 John C. Comfort	'90 J. M. Steere	'00 C. Febiger	'07 H. H. Shoemaker



College Department

Dr. Rufus M. Jones will sail for England on March 28, 1908.

Dr. Lyman Beecher Hall was operated on successfully for appendicitis last Friday, the 21st. We hope that he may have a speedy recovery and may soon be able to return to his college work.

Dr. Ernest W. Brown was back at Haverford for a short time on the 15th of February.

THE HAVERFORD LIBRARY LECTURES

A series of lectures were given by Dr. Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, on February 14th, 17th and 18th, on the following subjects:

"The Old Gospel in a New Age," "The Gospel and Modern Scholarship," "The Gospel Tested by Life." A synopsis of the lectures is as follows:

The Old Gospel in a New Age.

The Gospel is not a general message, like the "Sermon on the Mount." It is historical. The Gospel in the earliest times announced the fulfillment of a religious hope. John's teaching was that the kingdom of God was at hand; but his idea was a day of judgment, while Christ's was one of deliverance. He set forth three main truths: (1) God is the father; (2) Heaven is supreme; (3) he who believes in the Father will possess eternal life.

Christ was misunderstood. The idea of the Pharisees was that everything would come right with the coming of Christ. His very disciples had as a religion the outgrowth of Judaism: Jesus had come to deliver men from the horrors of sin and death.

Civilization is really very much to-day as it was then. Religion has advanced. We have a more definite knowledge of God. Many say the Gospel is impractical. Has the Gospel any message for the modern man? The Gospel has a message for even the most progressive man. The primitive type of man is

to be found not only among the poor. Types can be found to-day of all states of civilization, from the beginning of man. We may have different ideas of development, but we all think in terms of advance, evolution. This is the main feature of the modern man.

Many rites are sacred because they are old. As soon as religion becomes sentiment, it begins to decay. For the modern college man there are three alternatives: (1) To abandon religion; (2) to stop thinking; (3) to accept the following truths: The God of law is the God of love. There is a certain and blessed immortality. The human soul can be developed only by communion with God. There must be a sublime hope of the future.

These are the essence of religion. The Church must modernize religion to keep pace with the modern man. The modern Gospel must rule.

The Gospel and Modern Scholarship.

Dr. Matthews, in his second lecture, spoke on the subject, "The Gospel and Modern Scholarship," dividing his subject into two aspects, namely: The conflict of the Gospel with the critics, and, Is the God of law a God of love? He showed, under the first, the difficulty in being sure of historical facts, and the necessity of making sure of the facts on which the Gospel is based. Critics formerly, in their early ardor, attacked the Gospel, starting with a preconception of its falsity, but lately the conservative, constructive critics, acting from a more sensible point of view, have demonstrated the truth of the fundamental facts of the Gospel, so that as a final result the truth of Gospel history is a much more tenable hypothesis than any other. But the great test of fact is the practical one. And that so many believe in the Gospel and are helped by their belief surely shows the reasonableness of their belief.

Under the second point, Is the God of law a God of love? Dr. Matthews showed, first, that, while metaphysically the existence of a God may not be necessary, yet, on a natural basis, since there are so many intricate purposeful relations in the universe, there must be some purposive mind actuating the universe from within. That God is not only a God of law, but a God of love is shown by the fact that all through the ages belief in Gods' goodness has led to sanity and sweetness of life; that there is no other belief which can convert sorrow and toil into good, defeat into victory, and death into joy. Therefore, if

we are to see any meaning in life, we are forced to believe not only in a God of law, but also in a God of love.

The Gospel Tested by Life.

It is possible for these various ideas of the Gospel to bear the test of life. Evidence of practical accomplishment is always characteristic of Christianity. The importance of religion as an expression of some stages of growth is admitted. The Hebrews thought Christianity very practical. The Prophets never speculated. The Jew was a cosmopolitan.

In Jesus' teaching there is a basis of philosophy; Jesus was not a socialist, but some claim he would have been one to-day. His teachings are the basis of socialistic belief.

Real Christianity has made steps toward democracy as opposed to monarchy.

At present there is a dangerous indifference to the Gospel, as shown by the decline of church membership, and the fact that many in the lower classes are against Christianity.

There is a threefold mission before the modern Christian: (1) To contribute to this age a moral and religious sense of realities which will act with the Gospel; (2) to insist upon normal faith in God, then social service; (3) and to insist upon a right prospective, which is the first step towards culture.

THE BISPHAM SONG RECITAL.

A song recital was given by Mr. David Bispham, '76, assisted by Mr. Harold Osborn Smith, on Monday evening February 10th, for the benefit of the Preston work. Mr. Bispham sang many of his celebrated selections, besides several numbers rendered by request. His rendering of "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and "Danny Deever," evoked rounds of applause from the crowded house. Great credit is also due to the committee on arrangements, Dr. James A. Babbitt, Dr. Leigh W. Reid, and Dr. Richard M. Gummere, for the success of the recital.

The program was as follows:

- Recitative and Air, "At Last the Bounteous Sun" *Haydn*
(From "the Seasons.")
- Qui Sdegno ("The Magic Flute").... *Mozart*
- Adelaide (Matthison)..... *Beethoven*
- The Wanderer (Von Lübeck)..... *Shubert*
Mr. Bispham.

- Sapphic Ode (Schmidt)..... *Brahms*
- Ihr Bild (Herne).
- Liebst Du Um Schönheit
(Rückert) *Clara Schuman*
- The Wedding Song (Goethe).... *Carl Loewe*
Mr. Bispham.
- Waltz—*Strauss-Tausig*—Caprice, "Man Lebt Nur Einmal."
Mr. Smith.
- Prologue ("Pagliacci") *Leoncavallo*
- Legende de la Sauge ("Le Jongleur de Notre Dame) *J. Massenet*
- The Mad Dog ("The Vicar of Wakefield"),
Liza Lehmann
Mr. Bispham.
- All Through the Night (from the Welsh, by Harold Boulton)..... *Old Welsh*
- Annie Laurie (words traditional).. *Old Scotch*
- Where be Goin'? (arranged by A. Somervell) *Old English*
- The Stuttering Lovers ("words traditional") arranged by Herbert Hughes. *Old Irish*

THE MUSICAL CLUB'S CONCERT.

The midwinter concert of the musical clubs took place on Friday evening, February 21, 1908. The program was very well balanced, classical and rag-time being intermingled with great success. The house was well filled, and everything points to a bright season for the clubs. The program was as follows:

PART I.

- 1. Love But Me..... *Red Mill*
Mandolin Club.
- 2. Kentucky Babe.
Glee Club.
- 3. Larghetto *Ross-Ricci*
Violin Trio.
- 4. Slumber Song *Dennée*
Glee Club.
- 5. Blow the Smoke Away,
The Time, the Place and the Girl
Mandolin Club.

PART II.

- 1. Violin Solo—Waltz *Moszkowski*
Mr. Frederick Palmer, Jr.
- 2. O, Susanne!..... *F. J. Smith*
Glee Club.
- 3. Octave Crémieux *Selection*
Mandolin Octette.
- 4. Ring-Tailed Coon.
Quartet.
- 5. The Red Mill..... *Selection*
Mandolin Club.

The management of the musical clubs wishes to announce the following schedule:

- February 28—Pennsylvania Hospital.
 March 5—Morton Boys' Club, Germantown.
 March 12—Home for Crippled Children, West Philadelphia.
 March 27—Narberth.
 April 3—Overbrook.
 March 27—New Century Club.

The annual interclass debate between the Sophomores and Freshmen will be held April 15.

Junior Class Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Class of 1909 was held Wednesday, February 12, 1908, at the Hotel Walton. Clarence Killen was toastmaster, and the following responded to toasts:

Thomas K. Sharpless,
 George S. Bard,
 Gerald H. Deacon,
 M. H. C. Spiers,
 Alfred Lowry, 2d,
 Percival B. Fay.

Sophomore Class Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Class of 1910 was held March 4, 1908, at Kugler's. John French Wilson was toastmaster, and the following responded to toasts:

W. P. Tomlinson,
 E. N. Edwards,
 C. M. Froelicher,
 J. D. Kenderdine,
 C. F. Clark,
 C. A. Haines,
 W. Palmer.

The Haverfordian banquet was held Wednesday evening, February 19, 1908, at the Ho-

tel Windsor. Howard Burt was toastmaster, and all present were called upon for short speeches. The manager's report was then read, and the paper found to be in a most flourishing financial condition.

Freshmen Class Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Class of 1911 was held Friday evening, February 28, 1908, at Kugler's. W. H. Gardiner was toastmaster, and the following responded to toasts:

E. A. Russell,
 W. J. Young,
 P. B. Deane,
 R. L. Shero,
 E. H. Spencer,
 H. Worthington,
 D. S. Hinshaw.

An illustrated lecture was given Monday evening, February 24, 1908, by Mr. J. S. Briggs, special inspector and demonstrator for the Division of Zoology, Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa., on "Orchard, Shade Tree, Shrub and Flower Pests and Their Treatment."

Mr. F. A. Dakin, '94, a member of the faculty of the Haverford School, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evening, February 5th. The theme of Mr. Dakin's talk was "The Change of Religious Thought in the College Man." He said that very often a fellow's religious convictions were overturned because, for the first time, he had started to think for himself. As a result of this, absolute spiritual indifference was apt to follow. He said that again and again a fellow thought he had lost all faith, when, in reality, it was a matter of imagination. In conclusion, he asked every fellow to stick by the essentials of his Christian faith.



Athletic Department

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE, 1908.

October 3—Medico-Chi., at Haverford.
October 10—Delaware, at Haverford.
October 17—Franklin and Marshall, at Haverford.
October 24—Rutgers, at Haverford.
October 31—Johns Hopkins, at Haverford.
November 7—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.
November 14—Trinity, at Hartford.
November 27—New York, at Haverford.

INTERSCHOLASTIC GYM. MEET.

The fifth annual interscholastic gymnastic meet was held in the college gymnasium on Friday evening, February 14th. It was a great success, and much credit is due to Dr. Babbitt, and the committee in charge for the excellent arrangements.

There were 111 entries from 17 schools. The schools represented were: Blight, Brown Preparatory, Bordentown Military Institute, De Lancey, Episcopal Academy, Friends' Central, Friends' Select, Germantown Academy, Germantown Friends' School, Haverford School, Lawrenceville, Lower Merion High School, Newark Academy, Radnor High School, Swarthmore Preparatory, St. Luke's, and the Tome School.

Episcopal won the meet, with a score of 31 points, Lawrenceville being a close second, with 29.

The results of events were as follows:

220-yard dash—First, Piper, Lawrenceville; second, Warton, Episcopal; third, Church, Episcopal.

Running high jump—First, Bartlett, Lawrenceville; second, MacMurray, Tome; third, Lowry, De Lancey.

Horizontal bar—First, Fisher, Episcopal; second, Wilson, Lawrenceville; third, Harding, Lawrenceville.

Rope climbing—First, Hires, Haverford; second, Stieff, Haverford; third, Wilson, Lawrenceville.

Parallel bars—First, Biggs, Lawrenceville; second, Ruge, St. Luke's; third, Stouffer, Episcopal.

Club swinging—First, Lewis, Episcopal; second, Finletter, Episcopal; third, Clement, Episcopal.

Tumbling—First, Stauffer, Episcopal; second, McGregor, Lawrenceville; third, Waples, Haverford.

Horse—First, Annin, Lawrenceville; second,

Lewis, Episcopal; third Baldwin, Lawrenceville.

Rings—First, Waples, Haverford; second, tie, Fisher and Erben, Episcopal.

20-yard dash—First, Gill, Tome; second, Armstrong, St. Luke's; third, Towne, Haverford.

The officials were:

Judges, gymnastic—Dr. J. Peterson Ryder, Dr. F. A. Finkelday, Mr. C. S. Bushnell, Mr. E. A. Edwards, Mr. E. C. Rossmassler, Mr. C. Ward Beam.

Track—Mr. F. M. Eshleman, Mr. H. N. Thorn, Mr. W. W. Justice, Mr. T. K. Brown, Jr., Mr. J. Bushnell, 3d, Dr. H. Howard Jenks.

Starter—Mr. Bascom Johnson.

The committee was composed of Sargent, '08, chairman; Drinker, '08; Clement, '08; Strode, '08; Miller, '08; Hill, '09; Spiers, '09; Warnock, '09; Kerbaugh, '10; Kenderdine, '10; Wilson, '10.

Haines and Furness, '10, were assistant marshals.

The announcer was Killen, '09, and the clerk of the course, Drinker, '08.

GYNASIUM MEET AT LEHIGH.

On Saturday evening, February 15th, the annual dual gymnastic meet with Lehigh University was held at South Bethlehem. The meet was very interesting, and the outcome was in doubt until the decision on the last event was announced. Haverford won by the close margin of two points, the score being 25 to 23. Bushnell was unable to compete, and, of course, the Haverford team was greatly weakened on this account.

The following team represented Haverford: Edwards, '08; Leonard, '08; Bard, '09; Burt, '08; Mason, '10; Myers, '09; Shoemaker, '09; Lewis, '09; Bailey, '08; Spaeth, '09; Edwards, '10.

The results of the events were as follows:

Horizontal bar—First, E. A. Edwards, Haverford; second, G. S. Bard, Haverford.

Side horse—First, S. R. Young, Lehigh; second, T. K. Lewis, Haverford.

Club swinging—First, W. E. Frankenfield, Lehigh; second, E. Shoemaker, Haverford.

Rings—First, A. W. Trembley, Lehigh; second, E. A. Edwards, Haverford.

Tumbling—First, A. C. Leonard, Haverford; second, C. H. Vogt, Lehigh.

Parallel bars—First, A. W. Trembley, Lehigh; second, S. Mason, Haverford.

FRESHMEN BASKET BALL.

The Haverford Freshmen defeated the Haverford School on the afternoon of February 4th, in basket ball, by the score of 20-17. The game was close throughout and both sides played hard and fast.

In a basket ball game with Lower Merion High School, on February 11th, the Freshmen team showed the effects of lack of practice, allowing themselves to be beaten by the score of 22-10. Spirit was decidedly lacking and the intended spirit of the second half did not come.

On afternoon of February 18th, Haverford, 1911, played Phillips Brooks School, on the latter's floor. The game was somewhat rough, although exciting. The score was a tie up to within two minutes of the end, when, with skillful blocking and well-shot goals, Phillips Brooks won by the score of 25-19.

The Penn Dental College of Philadelphia played the Freshmen, in Haverford Gym, on the afternoon of February 25th. From almost the beginning the game was certain for the Freshmen. During the second half the second team, with the exception of one man, was substituted, and the game ended with the score 40-9 in favor of the Freshmen.

SOCCER.

P. & R. A. A. 3; HAVERFORD, 0.

The First soccer team met P. & R. A. A. at Tabor on February 22d, in a first division game of the Cricket Club League. The P. & R. R. A. A. team had no trouble in defeating the college team.

The ground was very muddy in one part, and impeded the play to some extent. P. & R. A. A. succeeded in getting one goal in the first half and two right in succession at the beginning of the second. There was no spectacular playing by any of the college team:

The line-up:

P. & R. A. A. Positions. Haverford.

Taws	g.	Spaeth
Morgan	r. f. b.	Brown
J. Anderson.....	l. f. b.	Miller
Derby.....	r. h. b.	Young
W. Anderson.....	c. h. b.	Drinker
Bnrton.....	l. h. b.	Tostenson
McGuire	o. r.	Cadbury
Lapsley	i. r.	Thomas
Simmons	c. f.	Shoemaker
Connelly	i. l.	Lewis
Greenhalgh	o. l.	Hill

Referee, W. E. Hinds. Linesmen, Stewart and Jones. Length of halves, 35 minutes. Goals for P. & R. A. A., McGuire, 2; Lapsley, 1.

DELAWARE COUNTY, 4; HAVERFORD 2D, 1.

On February 22d the second team played the Delaware County Club team at Manoa. Delaware County succeeded in making three goals within the first ten minutes of play. During the second half, however, the second team took a brace, and succeeded in scoring. The final score was 4 to 1.

The line-up:

Delaware. Positions. Haverford.

Sines	g.	Wing
Harrison.....	r. f. b.	Emlen
Stephens.....	r. f. b.	Lowry
Rider.....	r. h. b.	Morris
Telford.....	c. h. b.	Edwards
Metz.....	l. h. b.	Brey
Wade.....	o. r.	Downing
West.....	i. r.	Baily
W. Baird.....	c. f.	Furness
A. Baird.....	i. f.	Moore.
Rawlings.....	o. l.	Crowell

Referee, M. Regan. Linesmen, Brown and Basford. Length of halves, 35 minutes. Goals for Delaware County, by Rawlings, 2; A. Baird, 2. Goals for Haverford College, Moore, 1.





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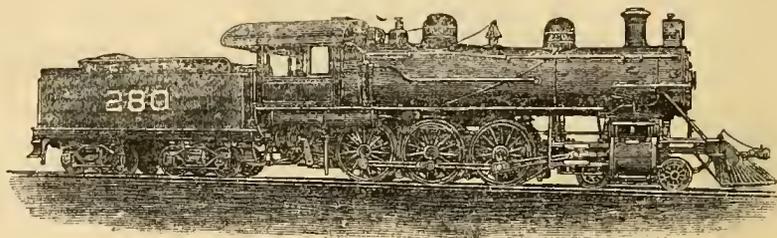
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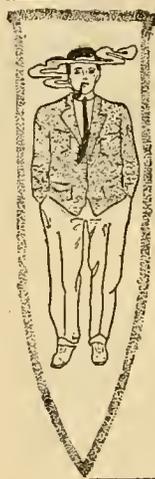
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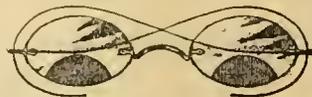
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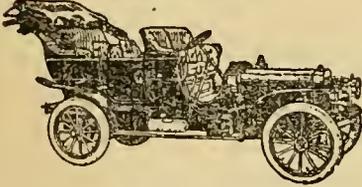
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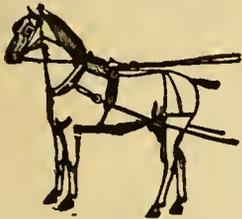
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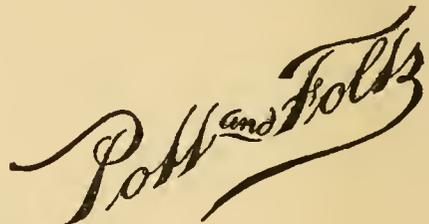
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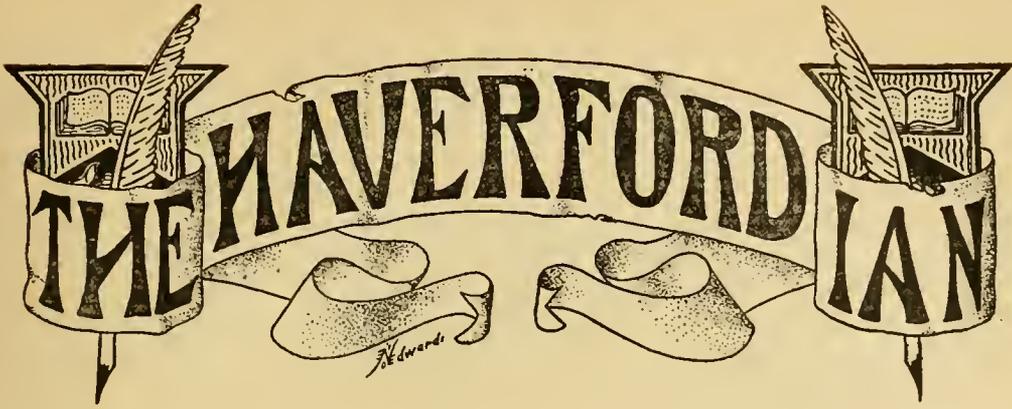


THE HAVEN



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A PROJECT is now afoot, under the efficient leadership of Dr. Richard Gummere, to collect, in so far as is possible, all the verse of merit which has

**A
Literary
Project**

been produced by Haverfordians since the founding of the College. If, as there is abundant reason to hope, a sufficient quantity can be obtained, it is proposed to publish it in a respectable binding, and offer it at a moderate price to the Alumni and the College. Of course, neither Dr. Gummere nor any of the men who are associated with him in this enterprise, anticipates any pecuniary return from the venture. They scarcely hope to find "Haverfordian Verse" listed among the "best sellers" of the season or reviewed at length in the *Atlantic Monthly*. But they believe, and, as we think, correctly, that the plan should appeal to all old Haverfordians, and those who have been intimately connected with the College, as one which will work it a definite and lasting benefit. Investigation of back numbers of the paper reveals a considerable amount of verse which can do us no shame, and a small amount which is decidedly to our credit. Drs. F. B. Gummere and W. W. Comfort have kindly consented to exercise a final censorship over all possible material, a fact which, in itself, is

positive assurance of a reasonable standard of quality.

The volume is to contain both humorous and serious verse, and is by no means to be restricted to material which has appeared in *THE HAVERFORDIAN* itself. Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged from all old Haverfordians, and the book shall stand rather as the literary effort of the sons of Haverford, than as a collection of strictly college verse. The price of the work cannot yet be certainly announced, but it will probably be one dollar and a half. All Alumni wishing to send contributions poetic or financial may address them to Dr. Richard M. Gummere, Haverford, Pa. It will greatly facilitate the work if all Alumni who are willing to subscribe for one or more copies at one dollar and a half each, will send their names to Dr. Gummere at the earliest possible date.

**The
Literary
Outlook**

The investigation of back numbers necessary in preparing this work has revealed a fact at once interesting and encouraging. It would seem that the College is no exception to the laws of history. In the early numbers there is a lamentable scarcity of verse of any kind whatsoever. Then comes a period of crude beginnings, which blends into one of copiousness, for the most part of

such a quality that its presence is scarcely less pathetic than the former lack. This, in turn, changes into an age of some real merit, which may be called the Silver; and then for a period of three years we find so few attempts at poetry that we may designate it the Augustan Age of Prose. Beginning with 1890, we enter a time, which, for the quantity and quality of its verse and prose, we are justified in calling the Golden Age. It is this that we are fighting to lengthen now.

In order to do this we intend to institute a prize competition in poems, essays, and stories, similar to that of last year. The exact terms will be announced later; but its purpose can be explained now. Its chief aim is to bring out new talent, and with this end in view, the present board is excluded from the contest. The board does not feel unduly magnanimous in making this sacrifice, but it believes the student body will consider it a slightly fairer deal if the men who organize the competition place themselves in a position to have no personal interest in the results. In the meantime let every man who wishes to take part begin to collect his material and to think. It is not wise to trust too much to spontaneous genius; for most of us are geniuses only through the good old plebeian process of taking infinite pains. So to work!

NOT long ago, when teaching a class in elementary spelling, the writer had occasion to give out the word "prophet." When the papers were handed in, seven out of nine read "profit." This incident, trivial enough in itself, may be taken as an indication of the spirit of the age—or it may not. The fact remains that "profit" is the spirit of the age, and not alto-

gether a reprehensible one. It is well, and it is sane, to investigate whether or not a proposition will "pay" before undertaking it, and also to consider, from time to time, whether or not existing customs give sufficient return for the investment.

There has been much dispute of late over the advisability of continuing our yearly Junior play. Many seem disposed to doubt if it really increases the standing of the College, and many more feel that the tax of money and labor on the Junior Class is detrimental to its best welfare. Some even go so far as to stamp the average Junior play as a positive discredit to the College.

It is not original to remark that much can be said on both sides of this question; but there can. An investigation extending over the last ten years shows that the cost per individual, to the class, averages about twenty-five dollars. This is not an intolerable burden on many Haverfordians; so the chief remaining objections are the loss of time to the students concerned, and the harm which a poor production does the College.

The loss of time must not be taken too seriously. We are always short of it; we all realize that each hour is a treasure "set with sixty precious minutes," and we shall probably all continue to throw these "priceless jewels" away until the end of time. If the play were abandoned, much of the time gained would be used for things less profitable, if used at all. But harm done to the College by reason of an inferior production is another matter.

The question hangs on this: "Are we to condemn the modern burlesque and vaudeville, or to commend it as a fairly accurate expression of the life of the time? Considering its limitations, the usual Junior play is about as clever as

**The
Prize
Competition**

**Does
It
Pay?**

modern vaudeville, and infinitely less vulgar. It represents the college life of our time reasonably well. We could, of course, present a classic adapted somewhat for the occasion; but this would require twice the time to prepare, and twice the money to costume. Individuals who make caustic remarks about the quality of our College plays seem to forget that their aim is not for high literary value, but to give with as much literary merit as possible, a faithful insight into

the spirit of the College to its friends.

It is better to create poorly than to imitate poorly. Usually it is better even to create poorly than to imitate well. Our plays are not masterpieces, but they are our own. Our imitations would not be masterpieces, and they would belong to another. Let us, then, continue to give something of our own, which, though it may never attain literary value, will, nevertheless, assume historical value with the course of time.

Deux Points De Vue

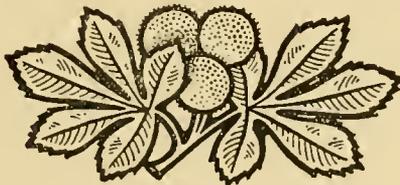
I. L'Amoureux

Elle a enfin souri sur moi!
 Ça remplit mon cœur de joie.
 Cette très-gentille demoiselle,
 Aussi sage qu'elle est belle,
 A tourné vers moi les yeux,
 C'est ainsi que je suis heureux!

II. Le Moraliste

Elle me regarde par les yeux mi-fermés;
 Je crois qu'elle soit ivre de sa propre beauté.
 C'est vrai qu'elle est belle,
 Cette piquante demoiselle,
 Mais je voudrais la voir ayant plus de sagesse,
 Femme jolie mais folle me donne trop de détresse!

W. P. B., '04.



HAVERFORD AND CRICKET



T this season of the year, when the ground is losing the winter frost and permits enthusiasts with the bat and ball to indulge in a little outdoor work, the question of our good old Haverfordian game may be taken up with a certain appropriateness. Alumni are interested in the college athletics to such an extent that a glance at one of its main branches seems useful for all who have the real interests of the College at heart. And this branch which I wish to discuss is cricket.

In 1837, according to a superstition founded probably on fact, the students of Haverford School, as it was then, began the game which has claimed so much interest among a certain class of Philadelphians down to the present day. An English gardener, William Carvill, improvised rude bats (herein lies the fact), and taught the elements of the game to certain members of the school whose sporting ambition had outgrown the walks, horticulture, and other contemporary forms of amusement. From this period until the late fifties, cricket maintained itself with difficulty, but in 1858 the Dorian Club was founded, and, after successful competition with the Delian and Lycean Clubs became practically the College team. Anyone who examines the "History of Haverford College" or ransacks the bound volumes of the *Bud* and the *Gem* cannot but admire the zeal with which the Freshmen purchased hard rubber balls, bribed the carpenter to give free play to his imagination in the construction of bats—antediluvian in style—and practiced themselves to victory in snow, slush, mud, ice, or

unmowed grass. Their underhand bowling, of which Edward Bettle, '61, was the chief exponent, paved the way for the round-arm, which was seen in the University of Pennsylvania match in 1864, not long after Willsher, the Englishman, had made his famous change to overhand. Cricket had obtained firm hold in the College; from now on until the great team of '68, who won all their matches, and played the game in more or less present-day style, students had to be coaxed off, not on, the field. Enthusiasm had much to surmount; the authorities of those days hindered rather than helped organized sports; any favors obtained resulted from skillful manipulation of plain-coated Friends, who seemed to regard the stumps as prison-bars and the College yell (if there was one then) as the song of Mephistopheles.

The College elevens of this period were able to cope with clubs like Germantown and Merion on even terms, and, as far as we can judge from the records, gave a good account of themselves. A fair schedule of games was arranged every year from now on, except from 1869 to 1871, the dark days, when outside matches were prohibited. J. H. Congdon, '69, was asked to play on the American Twenty-two against an English team, and with him (though somewhat below his rank) may be classed a dozen or so of round-arm bowlers, six-hitters, back-stops, or experts of the old-fashioned "draw" stroke. Fences had to be vaulted by those in the long field; the stream by the Haverford Road has furnished many cases of "lost ball," and the wickets, to judge by the scores and the legends current among the older Alumni, encouraged accidental breaks and shoots. But they loved it, and one of

their chroniclers has said: "Tell men of that day about their laziness in college, they smile; tell of wasted opportunities, of evil behavior to instructors, of general unworthiness, they reckon not; but forget to chronicle them among the cricketers, among those that fought for Haverford between the wickets, and you shall straightway witness a noble rage."

With ups and downs, the game progressed to the late seventies, and found itself firmly rooted as a Haverford institution. A match between Haverford and Pennsylvania Past and Present indicates, from the newspaper account, and from the personnel of the players, that the bowling was of first-class length and the batting strong. E. T. Comfort, '78, was the star of the period. After him come W. C. Lowry, '79, and the succession of Haverfordians who have furnished material for the Gentlemen of Philadelphia on both side of the Atlantic. In a few years more we notice a crack Leicestershire fast bowler as coach, the building of a cricket shed, and a standard which is familiar to all. So much for history.

We have noticed three or four epochs in the game which have more than a superficial meaning to followers of this institution and its career. How much place athletics have in educational development may be a matter of question, and the reams which have left the hands of educators lend small assistance to the solution of the problem. Given honest trial, what *works* is best, and there is no doubt that the policy of this College, acting quietly and with no press jingoism, has shown a possible remedy. In short, during the days when athletics were frowned on by the authorities, things were at sixes and sevens; when the activities of the students, seconded in moderation by a reasonable governing regimen, had encouraged clean sport for

its own sake, eras of good feeling prevailed. And the good feeling now apparent in all branches of athletics at Haverford began with cricket. From its foundation until 1880, when foot ball started to be a standard game and improved on what seems to have been an embryo form of "soccer," cricket held absolute sway, with occasional intervals of base ball enthusiasm. It is the game to which every alumnus before 1880 looks back as the college sport. Cricket has gone far in developing the Haverford spirit—that quality of square dealing characteristic of the average graduate in his office as well as of those who are striving in Philadelphia and elsewhere for political purity. Haverfordians do not dispute the umpire's decisions, but they give the decision no chance to be wrong. Such have our traditions been, and as such let us hold fast to them.

One of the most difficult problems athletics have to face at this college is the conflicting claims of cricket and track. Both come in the spring, both demand Saturday afternoons, and both are important for the welfare of our standing. And therefore the only way in which the best interests of the whole organization of the H. C. A. A. can be served is to make two separate and individual worlds; the candidates for each should stick to their own departments, except in rare cases like that of a prominent American athlete who assisted his base ball team to victory and won his track event next day. We are not likely to develop many such men; indeed, specialists are what we badly need,—men who devote all their time to one spring sport. We can never compete with other colleges successfully in base ball. Let us cleave to cricket and track. It is a wholesome doctrine to find out what you can do well, and specialize on that one interest. This applies at the present time. In soccer and crick-

et we can compete with any college in the country; in Rugby foot ball and track we are mostly limited to colleges of our own size, or practically so. The gymnastic team stands about half-way between these two classes. When we become too ambitious in the aforesaid Rugby and track, we are foredoomed to failure,—experience has taught us that. But soccer, a game depending less on muscle and training than on good wholesome condition and active gray matter, has proved to be one of our solid foundations, by virtue of its appropriateness to present-day college needs. On this score, as well as by virtue of its past history, cricket falls into the same class. The latter sport has won our institution a name across the Atlantic where several of the large institutions of this country are practically unknown;—this statement is not the result of guess-work but of experience due to actual conversation. By its influence a gentlemanly point of view in sport has always been apparent here; and finally, we have held our own with all comers. Such is the line of argument which presented itself to my mind when asked to contribute an article to THE HAVERFORDIAN; and if the stand taken seems to anyone to be one-sided or biased, let him, as I have said before, examine the past records and note what

a salutary effect cricket has had on the whole course of the college.

It is in many ways a slow game, so slow that our chain-lightning nation would never adopt it extensively. The “fans” and bleacherites would leave it in five minutes. The excitement of the outshoot cutting the corner of the home-plate is infinitely more heart-rending than the middle-stumper that sends the bails ten yards and threatens the symmetry of the wicket-keeper’s nose. But this is not all. As an artistic spectacle, a home run with the bases full and three runs behind in the ninth inning, cannot compare with masterly innings such as that of the Philadelphia captain in the last match with the Englishmen. A rather dark outlook for the home team, overcome by a deft wrist, careful placing, and mental alertness. All this exemplifies restrained power,—something Haverford has always insisted on as the backbone of its training.

As to the material in college, and the pros or cons in regard to a trip abroad, I refrain from discussion because that does not come into my province. But the future of cricket, the old game we all should love, whether our scores have been centuries or ciphers, should concern every loyal alumnus and student.

R. M. GUMMERE, '02.



The Dawn

Awake, for huge upon our eastern rim
The sun of empire rises, out of night;
And even now the old stars wane and dim
Before its light.

See! how the beams break into living gold
On marble column and imperial dome;
Brighter than they that streamed and fell of old
On mighty Rome.

But Rome has done her work, and is at rest;
And now the day dawns fair on younger lands:
And lo! the destiny of all the west
Is in our hands.

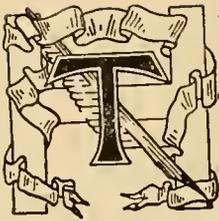
So let old nations rail against our pride,
When fate hath willed her temple in the new;
Let it be theirs to pity or deride,
But ours to do.

Let poets wail the time-worn hell of war,
And women weep the rusted sword and lance;
For us the hammers ring and forges roar
With hot romance!

Then up! for our imperial dawn hath broke;
And now a new world looks to us for law;
And history rings beneath the shovel-stroke
At Panama!

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

THE UNRENT VEIL



HE firelight played restlessly upon the countenance of the man who sat drawn up in the armchair before it. But it would have played as effectually upon a stone. Not the slightest movement was there on the man's part, not the slightest glance of dreamy interest at the glowing embers. His eyes were fastened upon a face in an opened locket, which he held in his hand. The lamplight over his shoulder showed it to be the face of a young girl.

His sister! The orphan, now of middle age, cast his mind back over the many lonely years of his life—years of dreariness, which could not offer him the comfort, the sympathy, the love of one relative. Through them all he had had but one beacon, the face in the locket, which in babyhood he had rescued and retained as the only clue to his former life. Guided by it, he had always cherished the hope of finding a cousin, a sister, or even a mother. And, unknowingly, he had found her, and immediately lost her. At every recollection of that one short meeting, a wave of the greatest despair swept over him. In so many places the thin film might have broken and disclosed sister to brother. He would always remember how she had looked as she rose in that last effort, and pointing an accusing finger, had been on the verge of disclosing her identity when sternly quieted by the Presbyterian elder with him.

And his own conduct? At the thought of it he was almost ready to curse his sacred profession. It had been his narrow, egotistical, churchly righteousness

which had kept them apart. She must have recognized him, but she had seen in him only a brother of harshness, a brother without sympathy, stern and unrelenting in his self-purity. And so she had preferred to play her part alone, gamely, to the end.

And now—and now he knew. He had sat down to read the last writings of the Presbyterian elder, the guardian of his childhood, who had just passed away. What the man in his lifetime could never bring himself to reveal, he had done under the influence of approaching death. And at one paragraph the foster son had risen, letting the paper slip nervelessly to the floor. For an hour the study floor had creaked beneath his heavy tramp, unceasing, automatic. Then he had dropped into the chair, and opened the locket, and from that time the fire and the clock only had been alive in the room.

* * * * *

Ten years ago, in a little Ohio town, a young divinity student was about to be ordained. Brought up from earliest childhood in the strictest Western Presbyterian morals, he felt confident that nothing could swerve him from the true path. In his babyhood his actress mother had followed her husband to an early death. Only his young sister, already launched upon a gay life of stage activity, and himself remained. From such a condition the lonely elder had, by chance, rescued him, and had brought him up to have an abhorrence of the theatrical profession and all connected with it.

Clutched tight in his little fist the baby had preserved a bright locket, containing a picture of his young sister. Later the young man had cherished this picture as the only clue to an unravelling of his

unknown origin, and the light which might lead his solitary life into the love of some relative. From the elder he could learn nothing satisfactory. That mistaken, but thoroughly honest soul, in the attempt to stamp out all hereditary germs of the abhorred profession, had committed, perhaps, the one Mosaic sin of his life. He had invented a most indefinite story of his finding of the child, and as for the picture in the locket, had flatly denied any knowledge of it whatever.

One day the elder and the divinity student had been visiting the sick in the hospital. As they were about to leave, a nurse had come hurriedly out to them from one of the rooms.

"Sir," she said, addressing the elder, "there is a woman dying in there in a terrible condition. She will have nothing to do with the Church nor with God. Won't you come see if you can't do something for her?"

The elder and the student entered the room softly. "Who is she?" asked the elder.

"She is an actress who has been left behind here very sick," said the nurse, as she left them alone.

"An actress!" At the wealth of detestation, of distance and of self-purity in the student's exclamation, the frail figure upon the bed, facing the other way, cringed as if from a blow. As they came around into her view a light of recognition leaped into her face, and she started to stretch out her arms in joy. But she checked herself midway. Her recognition and joy were swamped by what she saw in that eye. In it there still lived that detestation and self-purity which she had just heard expressed in a tone of voice. The girl drew herself back hastily. There was no mistaking him—she had recently seen that face in the papers. So, the baby brother had grown up and

crystallized into this! The baby, who had once crooned in delight at the bright costumes of her mother and herself, had developed into a man who utterly abhorred his own people. Loyalty to her own surged up within the daughter of actors. Before her stood a traitor, and dear one though he was, he should never be accepted by her. The blood of her ancestors urged her to defy these stony Puritans.

"So," she said, sweetly to the divinity student, "actresses are slightly less preferable than serpents in your estimation, are they?"

The student advanced toward her.

"We have come," said he, "we, who have some connection with the ministry, to help you prepare for death."

"Oh, but I'm not going to die for some time yet," she exclaimed lightly. "Sit down and talk. I haven't seen a man in an age."

She was playing the game now. With the weapons of her sex and her profession she would oppose these embodiments of virtue.

The Presbyterian elder now approached from where he had been standing, wrapt in argument with himself. Before him was the wayward sister of his adopted son. For twenty years he had been endeavoring to instil into that son a rigid code of morals. For twenty years he had been engaged in stamping out the outbreaks of the hereditary spirit. And now this son was about to fulfil the hope of his life, and enter the ministry. It was a time for the greatest precaution, when fate hung in the balance. Should he at this moment make, or allow to be made, a revelation which would revive in a flood all the inherited feelings of that son, and cause him to feel justified in permitting them full play? It would almost surely mean the younger man's desertion of the ministry, and the wreck-

ing of the older man's life-work. The question was, in a measure, decided for him. The sister either did not, or would not, recognize her brother, and why disturb matters?

"Madam," said he sternly, "I must inform you that you are addressing one who will soon be a minister of the Gospel. Your language is unsuitable."

"The poor boy," exclaimed the girl, regarding the student sympathetically. "But," turning to the elder, "you're not in any such snag, are you? Do come see me play next month. Take a box, and I'll promise to sing my "Sammy" song directly to you."

At the thought of the reverend elder as the butt of her song, the little sister's face broke into a sincere smile. The brother started. Somewhere else he had seen the charming lines of that smile. But the vision passed almost instantly. The smile was again being forced.

The girl turned away her face for a moment. The game was a hard one. But she came from true sporting stock, and would never give in. It was her last contest, and she was determined to win it. When she again faced the student there was no suspicion of a tear in her eye.

"It's so hard to keep one's hair done up effectively in bed," she told him. "Please hand me that side-comb over on the dressing table, there's a dear."

The student obeyed mechanically. But in the midst of her insertion of the comb, the girl jumped at the hard, even tones of the Presbyterian elder.

"Do you believe in God?"

"God? Do I believe in God?" The girl became suddenly serious. "I believe," she said, looking directly into the elder's eyes, "that if there is a God, He is but an audience, a Being who gazes in amusement at the performances of us puppets in this world. I have never seen

evidences, and I cannot believe, that there is one God who cares for all the poor and the unfortunate upon the earth. —And what do you do?" she said, suddenly, speaking more rapidly, and pointing an accusing finger at her inquisitor, "you preachers, you parsons, you men of righteousness? You play to the gallery, you try to curry favor with the audience. But we—we turn our attention to the stage, we live our lives to the fullest. And if we do it well, we shall gain the favor of the audience much more truly than will you. I fancy," she added, as she sank back exhausted upon the pillows, "that I have lived mine rather well."

At this speech the Presbyterian elder and the divinity student had risen in horror, and were moving toward the door.

"We cannot stay," said the student, sternly, "to hear our Church and our calling insulted by such as you."

"By such as me!" almost shrieked the little sister, raising herself up in one last earthly effort, "by such as me! Do you know who I am, I, whom you detest, whom you abhor, and would disown? Do you know who I am, I say? I am your —"

"My good woman," interposed the Presbyterian elder, pushing the student ahead of him toward the door, "calm yourself, and prepare your soul, to the best of your ability, for its return to its Maker." He joined the student outside the door.

* * * * *

His sister! The man in the armchair again saw the charming lines of that smile upon the face in the locket. Ten years ago, then, he had reached the goal of his existence. For ten years he had been wandering in an outer beyond. The light of his life had been long gone. What was ambition now, with none to share it?

The lamp flickered and went out. The fire had long since died away. He could no longer see the face in the locket. But the absence of lamplight and firelight can not blot out the images from one's mind.

Night and day they persist, and it is only by the darkening influence of passing years that they can in any wise be dimmed.

R. L. M. U., '09.

Recompense

My soul in bitterness cried unto Thee
 In hope that Thou would'st, hearing, know its pain,
 Believing its sweet mother's faith to be
 Warrant enough that Thou hadst sympathy,
 And prayed and called to Thee, Unknown, in vain.

But now it shouts unto the open air,
 Or whispers to a heaving human breast,
 And finds its balsam and its healing there,
 Where first has trod the heavy foot of care,
 For only human love gives human rest.

H. S. HIRES, '10.



“BUDDY”



FOR instance," said the senior member of the firm of Perry and Lawson, Chocolate Merchants, "what would you do if some one said, 'shell out,' like this." And Tom Collins suddenly found himself looking down the barrel of a revolver. The next instant the gun lay on the office floor, and Mr. Perry was experiencing a tingling sensation in the fingers of his right hand; while Lawson exclaimed, "Thunder, he has plenty of nerve."

This explains how Tom Collins was selected to oversee the Cacayo plantation of Messrs. Perry and Lawson, and also throws light on his character. For Tom Collins' chief characteristic was a marked ability to take care of Tom Collins. Otherwise there was nothing extraordinary about him. He was an every-day, keen-eyed American; bearded, lean, wiry, and quick as a cat.

The many friends he left at home were not surprised at Tom Collins' sudden resolution to be overseer of a Guatemalan plantation, and of the some two hundred Kekchi Indians that went with it. He had taken the step for two reasons; partly because he was interested in native archæology, and partly because it was in his nature to take such steps. Hence he looked forward to, and entered upon, his duties with all enthusiasm, and with no regrets. Being quick to size up situations, and not given to worrying, Tom Collins did not worry over the apparent coldness with which he was received by the Indians of the plantation. They were a peaceable, unambitious folk, and had been attached to his predecessor; for which, as well as for other rea-

sons, Collins liked them pretty well; with two exceptions, "Buddy" and Lazarette.

"Buddy," (as Collins called him) was a bright-eyed boy of eleven years. He had been in the party that had conducted Collins from the sea-port town thirty miles up country to the plantation. Collins had at once been struck by the boy's round head, stright back, and fearless bearing. Later, he had taken him to be his attendant at his bungalow. The boy had gradually come out of his reserve, and had at last become such a necessary companion, that his daily absence at a certain hour was noticed by Collins. So watching him one day, the latter found that his young friend spent this time in fondling several pet snakes. Accordingly he won "Buddy's" eternal gratitude by allowing him to keep the snakes in a box in a corner of the bungalow, where they were henceforth zealously watched by "Buddy" and respected by the other Indians.

Lazarette was a half-breed Spaniard. He had been vice-overseer to Collins' predecessor, and, naturally, Collins depended on him for much necessary information. Perhaps it is also natural that he hated Collins, for he had thoroughly expected the office of overseer when Collins' predecessor had gone. He had great influence among the natives, who were thoroughly afraid of him; and he knew it. That he hated Collins he did not try to conceal. On one occasion Collins asked how he could punish an Indian for a petty theft.

"Oh, you can sell him, or whip him, or send him down the river, or—"

"Send him down the river? What does that mean?"

"Oh," says Lazarette, "they did that

to one not long ago. He stole. So they tied him on a log and sent him down the river. His throat was cut."

"Well, but they wouldn't do that, would they?"

"Yes, they would; they'd do it to you if I told 'em to."

But, on the whole, things went along smoothly, until one day Lazarette was caught stealing. To a summons to appear at Collins' bungalow he sent back an answer that won't bear translation into English.

"'Buddy,' bring a rope," and Collins went down to the offender's shack, stalked in, and squatted down by the fire, warming his hands, and smoking a cigar. Lazarette and his wife were talking quietly, and apparently took no notice of his entrance. But the moment "'Buddy'" entered with the rope, Lazarette seized his machete, and sprang at Collins like a demon, crying, "Kill! kill!" But the latter was ready, and met him half way, and Lazarette went down like a log. Collins had never known what it was to want to kill a man until now. Blind with passion, he beat the insensible form until "'Buddy'" interfered. The Indians were assembled, Lazarette was tied up and whipped before them all. Then, on promise of good behavior, and much against "'Buddy's'" advice, he was set free. And when he went, he went clear out of sight.

The Indians accepted the proceedings as a matter of course. In a month the affair was forgotten, and Collins again slept in his bunk, instead of under his window.

One day, some two months after the above incident, the overseer and his attendant were eating their noon-day meal.

"More water," said "'Buddy,'" "I'll get it," and he disappeared. The next instant Collins failed to swallow. The

reason was that two sinewy, taloned hands were gripping his throat. In another minute he lay bound and helpless, gazing at four strange Indians and Lazarette.

At once Tom Collins realized that his predicament would probably end fatally. The one ray of hope lay in the fact that "'Buddy'" had escaped. And then like a flash came the thought,—but no, he would wait until absolute proof should dispel his doubts. Meanwhile he must gain time.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked. But the delay for which he had hoped was not forthcoming. Instead a long plank was produced, to which he was securely bound. And the four strange Indians lifted him up, and followed Lazarette out of the bungalow.

Outside a group of natives had collected. For a moment Collins thrilled with the idea that "'Buddy'" had done good work. But the hope vanished as quickly as it had come. The same indifference which had regarded Lazarette's flogging now looked upon his own fate. The crowd parted to let the procession pass, and then fell in on flank and rear, bent upon seeing the surgical operation at the journey's terminus.

But this was not the worst. In one of the unsatisfactory glances at the crowd, which his rolling eyes were able to give him, Collins perceived something that killed his last hope. "'Buddy'" was trotting along, laughing and pointing at him, as eager as the rest for the final scene. As they neared the river, the whole party broke into a run. The jolting and jostling drove every bit of feeling out of the sufferer's body, so that when he was finally set down he was only semi-conscious. And then his fleeting senses were revived by a stimulant. The stimulant was a yell, followed by a general rushing of feet. The next instant

Collins was free, and was raised to a sitting posture by "Buddy."

In the center of a rapidly withdrawing circle stood Lazarette. Fastened to his white, puffed arm writhed a blood-red reptile. The next instant man and snake fell writhing to the earth.

Collins' eye wandered from the clenched hand to the knife with which

"Buddy" had freed him, and he shuddered. It was long and sharp, with a wicked-looking curve to the blade. The writhing mass was still.

"Come," said "Buddy," "we will go back."

How did I get this story? Oh, I still have the knife. Have you never seen it?
J. W. P., '09.

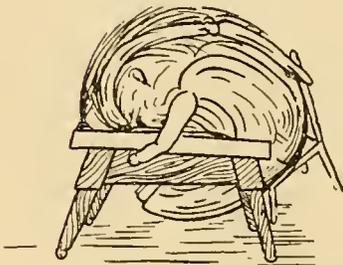
THE EVOLUTION OF THE GRIND



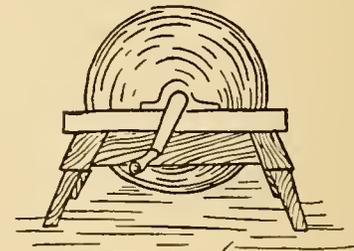
I



II



III



IV

J. W. P.
Edwards

Faculty Department

Dr. A. E. Hancock has accepted an invitation to give two courses in English at the Harvard Summer School. He will spend the vacation in Cambridge.

Dr. W. W. Baker will attend the meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle States and Maryland, to be held at Washington, D. C., in April, and will read a paper on "Some Modern Colloquialisms and Slang Expressions."

Dr. D. C. Barrett has resigned the Deanship of the College in order to devote all of his time to the work of the Department of Economics. The resignation takes effect at the close of the present academic year, when Dr. F. Palmer, Jr., will become Dean.

Dr. R. M. Jones will spend the spring and summer in England, working in the field of psychology, and lecturing before the various groups of Friends. He will return in the autumn, in time for the opening of the College. Professor Twitmeyer, of the University of Pennsylvania, will continue his psychology course, and Professor Baker will take his course in Biblical literature.

Professor L. B. Hall and Professor F. B. Gummere will be absent on leave from the College during the year 1908-09. Professor Felix E. Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the foremost scholars in the Elizabethan drama, will give Professor Gummere's course in Shakespeare. The choice of a substitute for Professor Hall has not yet been determined.

A new roadway, presented by Mr. Frederic H. Strawbridge, Class of '87, will be built from the entrance to the College grounds near the President's house, to a point in front of the dining room wing of Founder's Hall.

A few physical improvements will take place during the summer at the College. Among them will be the division of Barclay Hall into three separate buildings, with bathing accommodations taken out of the basement and located on the different floors.

Dr. J. A. Babbitt has recently been elected to membership in the "Yale Club," of New York City, and to the Auxiliary Reception Committee, of the Philadelphia Medical Club. He will deliver two lectures during the summer at the Chautauqua Assembly. He has called the Intercollegiate Foot Ball Conference of Managers and Captains to meet in April at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, to make preliminary arrangements for next autumn, and has been re-elected chairman of the Central Board on Officials.

The thirty-eight members of the Freshman Class come from twenty-two different preparatory schools, covering a considerable stretch of territory of the country. Naturally, the great majority of their schools are not more than twenty-five or thirty miles distant from the College. On the date of entering College their average age was 18 years, 7 months and 15.8 days, which is as high as the usual average for Harvard. The age of the man having as many class-

mates above him as below him is 19 years, 1 month and 29 days. The mean age is even more surprising than that of Yale Freshmen classes. The entrance

examinations were as satisfactory as those of any recent class. While some have a greater number of conditions than is comfortable, others have none.

Alumni Department

THE ASCENT OF MT. VILLARICA.

We are indebted to Mrs. Margaret C. Wistar for the following account of the ascent of the volcano Villarica, in Chile, by Caspar Wistar, '02:

Mr. Wistar has been working for a year at an industrial mission for Mapuche Indians, under the London Board of the established Church. The volcano, Mt. Villarico, 9,472 feet in height, lies about fifty miles to the south of the mission. Wistar, with his friend, John Macdonald, a servant, Salvo, and several horses, set out to make the ascent, which, according to the natives, had never been accomplished.

They reached the snow line, 4,620 feet, but could find no suitable camping place, remaining there, however, over night, and melting snow, as there was no water. The next day they found a good spot, that provided water, wood and pasture; but the wind had changed and threatened rain, so they descended and made their way to the home of Juan Callinao, a Christian Mapuche, who had been at the mission, and with whom they were obliged to remain four nights, until the weather became settled. The Indians assured them the mountain had never been climbed, and that if anyone attempted it, the volcano would throw out rocks upon him and kill him. However, when the weather cleared, they returned to the camping ground previ-

ously located, and the next morning were up at four o'clock.

There was not a cloud in the sky, though a few below them, and the thermometer stood at 43 degrees.

After breakfast, they said good-by to Salvo, and told him to have a dinner ready at 7 P. M.

Wistar carried a canteen of water, a coil of twenty-five feet of rope and a small military shovel, the shovel itself being only six inches long, with a handle of two feet, and a pickaxe at the other end.

Macdonald had a small bag of provisions and a bamboo stick of six feet, by way of alpenstock.

Six thousand feet of climbing lay ahead of them. At 5.20 A. M. they reached their first patch of snow, but as this was hard and slippery they tried a ridge of lava about fifty feet wide, and found it easy to scramble over, though they could not make rapid progress. When nearly 7,000 feet up, they were obliged to take to the snow, and were then roped together, Wistar cutting steps with his shovel and Macdonald following; then on to lava again, and over a shoulder of very rough ice, and finally to the great snow field that sloped away to the crater, gradually getting steeper and steeper, till it became nearly a precipice.

Here they found a number of crevasses, some so large they were obliged

to work round them, others narrow enough to leap across. They stopped once to eat crackers and chocolate, and reached the top at 9.45 A. M., five hours from the time they left camp. He says:

"I was the first to look in, while MacDonald held the rope, and there I saw the most terrifying sight I ever beheld. The crater proper was about 250 feet in diameter. About 100 feet down was a great shelf; on one side of this was the active volcano, about 50 feet in diameter, and about as deep, where there was a great caldron of molten lava, boiling and exploding in the most terrible manner, and throwing lava to about 150 feet.

"We took turns looking at it from various points, always careful, of course, to keep the wind behind us. The view was superb! Just one long line of inactive volcanoes stretching away to the north and south, while, undoubtedly, to the west was the Pacific Ocean; but we could not distinguish it because of the haze, while nearer to us were, I think, seven lakes, the largest of which was

Villarica, at the foot of the mountain. We stayed on the top only half an hour, it was so bitterly cold.

"Then we came down a little way, till we could get the shelter of some rocks, and ate a little lunch. It was 10.45 A. M. when we started the descent, and followed the same route, excepting straighter down, so as to avoid the crevasses; but we kept to the snow more than the rock, because a good deal of the way we could just slide on our shoes, for the snow was a little soft on the top. We made one straight slide of 1,300 feet down the last part in a few minutes, almost without a stop. If you went too fast, you could just raise your toes, and your heels would dig in, and you would stop.

"We reached the bottom of the cone at noon, and camp at 1 P. M., much to the surprise of Salvo. We were dead tired, and threw ourselves down on our beds, while Salvo boiled us some rice; and by 3 P. M. we were feeling all right again."

ALUMNI NOTES

'85. "The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton," by Logan Pearsall Smith, has been published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in two volumes, and has been very favorably received.

'85. Dr. Rufus M. Jones was given an ovation by the undergraduates, in the College dining hall, on the eve of his departure for Europe, March 26th.

'87. Frederick H. Strawbridge recently very kindly subscribed fifty dollars to the Musical Association of the College, for the purpose of decorating the interior of their prospective clubhouse.

'90. A. M. Dr. William Bradford Eaton, a graduate of Wesleyan University in 1889, and a graduate student in Biology at Haverford the following

year, died on March 17, 1908. Dr. Eaton died of blood poisoning, contracted in the discharge of his duties at the Bryn Mawr Hospital, where he was in charge of the laboratory.

Ex. '90. Joseph M. DuBarry is with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, 11 Pine Street, New York.

'92. Christian Brinton, A. M., is the author of an important contribution to the literature of modern art, entitled "The Modern Artists." The volume is richly illustrated in colors and half-tones, and is published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

'92. Walter Morris Hart, Ph. D., has an interesting study of the sources of Chaucer's "The Reeve's Tale" in *Publi-*

cations of the Modern Language Association, for March, 1908; pages 1-44.

'93. Charles J. Rhoads has been elected a trustee of Bryn Mawr College.

Ex. '98. Francis S. McGrath is with the law firm of Strong and Cadwallader, New York City.

'99. The engagement is announced of Howard Haines Lowry to Miss Margaret Holt, of Burlington, North Carolina.

'99. Edward H. Lycett, Jr., of the firm of Williams & Lycett, Insurance, has removed his offices to 322 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

'99. J. Howard Redfield is studying and teaching music in Paris.

'00. The Class of 1900 held its reunion at the College on Saturday evening, April 4th. Particulars of this meeting will be given in our next issue.

'00. S. W. Mifflin and Ralph L. Pearson, '05, were members of the Philadelphia C. T. which made a tour of Bermuda last month.

'01. T. J. Grayson has announced himself as a candidate for the State Legislature from Delaware County, Pa.

Ex.-'01. A daughter was born last month to Mr. and Mrs. Evan Randolph, at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

'02. Edgar H. Bolles is in the Legal Department of the New York Central Railroad, New York City.

'02. William P. Phillips is with the law firm of Byrne and Cutcheon, 24 Broad Street, New York City.

'02. Casper Wistar has left Santiago, Chile, where he has been teaching for the past two years, and is now at the Anglican Industrial School, at Temuco, Chile.

'02. Dr. C. Wharton Stork, who has been studying abroad for several months, has recently had published, in London, a volume of verse.

'03. Robert L. Simkin attended, in January, the sessions of the West China

Missionary Conference, at Chentu, which he describes as a very modern city, about two hundred miles from Chungking. He passed his second language examination in considerably less time than is usually required. He has, moreover, just been appointed by the London Friends, Treasurer for China, a field which contains about thirty of their own missionaries.

'04. Carl N. Sheldon is in the employ of Slayton & Boynton, Commission Merchants, 19 Blackstone Street, Boston.

'04. P. D. Folwell was recently elected President of the Quaker City Automobile Club, which has a representative in the present race around the world.

'04. William M. Kimber and Ernest Evans, '05, prominent workers in the Morton Boys' Club, Germantown, entertained the College Musical Clubs at a concert given there last month.

'04. William T. Hilles is with Samuel Tatum and Co., Wholesale Stationers, 180 Fulton Street, New York.

'04. William P. Bonbright is with the Yale and Towne Lock Works, New York City.

'04. Harold H. Morris captained the Pennsylvania soccer team that played at Haverford, March 6th.

'05. The Class of '05 had a dinner and reunion on March 14th, at College.

'06. The engagement is announced of John A. Stratton to Miss Dora Platt Brown, of Llanerch.

'06. Warren K. Miller is at the head of his class at the Pennsylvania Law School.

'07. Harold Evans also stands very high in his class at the same institution.

Ex.-'09. Joseph Stetson is in the dividend department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

College Department

We are glad to announce the recovery and the return to College of Dr. Lyman Beecher Hall, who was operated on for appendicitis about a month ago.

President Sharpless announced in collection recently that Dr. F. B. Gummere and Dr. Lyman Beecher Hall will be absent during the coming College year. This is in pursuance of the plan now adopted by all leading colleges of granting its professors a sabbatical year for rest, foreign travel, and study in European centers of learning. Dr. Rufus Jones has already sailed for England for this purpose, and will remain there during the summer. Dr. Baker will carry on Dr. Jones' course in biblical literature for the remainder of the term; and Dr. Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, will give Dr. Gummere's Shakespeare course in 1908-09. The other courses of Dr. Gummere and Dr. Hall have not yet been arranged for, but will be announced later.

Y. M. C. A.

On Friday evening, March 20th, at the Preston reading room, Mr. T. M. Longstreth delivered an illustrated lecture on Japan. The views were very interesting, and the talk gave one a very good idea of Japanese life and customs. The lecture was followed by a successful social, at which everyone had a good time.

The attendance at these socials, on the part of the Preston people, has been very encouraging, but the presence of a few more College fellows would be appreciated by the committee.

On Wednesday evening, March 11th,

an address was given before the Y. M. C. A. by the Rev. Dr. Poole, for a number of years a missionary in China, and now head of the Chinese Mission in Philadelphia. Dr. Poole told in a very interesting manner of the character and conditions of the Chinese in America, and of the efforts which are being made to adapt them to the customs of this country and to make Christians of them.

The final meeting of the Preston Boys' Club took place on Tuesday evening, April 7th, in the club gymnasium. An exhibition was held, in which a number of the boys took part, and gave evidence of their gymnastic ability. Refreshments and games finished the evening, which proved a most enjoyable one, and an excellent climax for the year's work, of which a full account will appear in the next issue.

Dr. B. K. Wilbur, President of the Ardmore Y. M. C. A., and prominent in the association work throughout the State, addressed the final meeting, held on Wednesday, April 8th. His earnestness and enthusiasm shone through the whole speech, and were an inspiration to all.

CIVICS CLUB LECTURES.

Hon. William H. Berry, Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, delivered an address on "The Political Conditions in Pennsylvania," before the Civics Club, on Tuesday evening, March 24th.

A synopsis of the lecture is as follows:

Politics is a growing and in fact, a commanding field to the young American mind. If ever in the history of the

world there was a great prospect of achievement, it is at the present time. The next generation will surely witness some of the most remarkable political revolutions the world has ever seen, and the United States will dictate politics to the civilized world. Since it has been proved by experiment that we are in the very infancy of the mechanical arts, so it can be proved that we are in the very childhood of politics. No occupation can equal the study of establishing equity and justice. The religious activities of the rising generation will be largely along political lines.

Mr. Berry went on to say that the revelations of the capitol graft had been the means of rescuing the people of Pennsylvania from machine control, and that the dominations of one-man dictation had forever disappeared from public affairs. He then gave a graphic recital of his exposition of the conditions that existed at Harrisburg when he was elected into office. Mr. Berry intimated that if the plans had not been intercepted the capitol would have cost another ten millions. In closing, he said that the present Governor of the State of Pennsylvania is a fit representative of American citizenship, and that the men now guiding the affairs of the State are worthy and capable men.

Mr. Benson, of Kowaligao, South Carolina, spoke of his work in the South before the Civics Club on March 17, 1908. The great need, he said, was not for colleges or industrial training schools, but for some system whereby the general level of the colored rural population might be raised. Mr. Benson, on an estate bought by his father, established the Dixie Company. His company, he said, at the present date owned a school, sawmill, cottin-gin, forty-three farms, and a turpentine distilling plant. The

purpose of this company is to train negroes to be good farmers and workmen, and also to give them good houses to live in. In conclusion, he stated that this company was not only a philanthropic but a profitable investment.

The inter-class debate between the Sophomores and Freshmen will be held in Roberts Hall at 8 o'clock the evening of April 15th. The question is:

"Resolved, That Municipal Ownership of the Street Railway Lines in the City of Baltimore would be of more benefit to the people of Baltimore than the present system."

Baltimore has been chosen as a typical American city, with a view to limiting the field of discussion. The teams consist of the following men:

Sophomores—Froelicher, Tomlinson, Wilson.

Freshmen—Stuccator, Spencer, A. S. Young.

MANDOLIN AND GLEE CLUB CONCERT AND DANCE.

A concert and dance was given by the Musical Clubs at the new Century Club, on March 25, 1908. To say that the concert was a success is to put it mildly. The management felt justified in giving it, on account of the success of the midwinter concert in Roberts Hall a few weeks before. But from the general sentiment and applause received from the audience, we feel sure that this concert greatly excelled the first.

The selections rendered by both Glee and Mandolin Clubs were well received, and, as usual, the quartette afforded much amusement.

The hit of the evening was made when Arthur Leonard appeared as "Fritzi Scheff," and, with Fred Myers, gave a take-off of the "Merry Widow Waltz."

The success of this concert gives us a bright prospect for the coming trip to Baltimore on the 11th of April.

The program was as follows:

PROGRAM

FIRST PART

- 1 The Red Mill.....Selection
Mandolin Club
- 2 Kentucky Babe
Glee Club
- 3 Danse de la Reine (Violin Duet)....
Ross-Ricci
Mr. Crowell Mr. Clarke
- 4 Reading
Mr. Sandt
- 5 Slumber SongDennee
Glee Club
- 6 The Merry WidowSelection
Mandolin Club
- 7 'Possum Quartette
Mr. Lewis Mr. Sandt
Mr. Spaeth Mr. Pennypacker

- 8 Blow the Smoke Away.....
The Time, The Place and The Girl
Mandolin Club

PART SECOND

- 9 The Poet's Harp (Violin Solo).....
Mendelssohn
Mr. Crowell
- 10 "Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!".....Arranged
Glee Club
- 11 Waltz DreamSelection
Mandolin Club
- 12 "O, Susannah!"F. J. Smith
Glee Club
- 13 If So, Why?
Mr. Deacon, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Penny-
packer, Mr. Sandt, Mr. Spaeth,
Mr. Spiers.
- 14 Love's Old Sweet Song.....
Glee Club
- 15 M'lle ModisteHerbern
Mandolin Club
- 16 For HaverfordSeiler
Ensemble

The Concert was followed by dancing.

Athletic Department

INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCCER.

On March 6th the game between Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania was played on Merion Field. It was sleeting very hard, and the ground was covered with mud, making fast play out of the question. Columbia won by 7 goals to 1, getting six goals in the second half.

HAVERFORD, 3; COLUMBIA, 0.

Haverford and Columbia met on Merion Field on March 7th. The ground was in terrible condition, as recent snow had been melted by the warm weather, and there were pools of water in some parts of the field. The mud in many places was nearly ankle deep. This rendered all fast team-work utterly impossible, in this way working against Columbia to a certain extent. Nevertheless, the game was close and exciting. Haverford showed better individual strength, both offensive and defensive,

from the start. Spaeth, at goal, put up a great game, stopping several fine shots. Captain Drinker and Lewis played splendidly, both on the offense and defense.

Furness was the first to score, making the shot just before the end of the first half. In the second half Lewis and Cadbury each added one for Haverford.

The line-up follows:

<i>Columbia.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
Tallant..... g.	Spaeth
Voscamp..... r. f. b.	Brown
G. Dwyer..... l. f. b.	Miller
Kistler..... r. h. b.	Drinker
Ferguson..... c. h. b.	Sharpless
Hartung..... l. h. b.	Young
Billingley..... r. o.	Cadbury
Smith..... r. i.	Lewis
Diaz..... c. f.	Furness
C. E. Dwyer..... l. i.	Shoemaker
O'Brien..... l. o.	Thomas
Referee—Waldron.	Goals—Furness, Lewis, Cadbury. Time of halves—30 minutes.

HAVERFORD, 2; U. OF P., 0.

The second intercollegiate soccer match played by Haverford was with the University of Pennsylvania, on Walton

Field, on March 14th. The ground was in excellent conditon, though there was quite a strong wind. The game was fast and exciting, but Haverford outplayed its opponents throughout the entire game, except for about ten minutes at the beginning of the second half. Both goals were scored during the first half, the first on a beautiful shot by Furness, and the second by Lewis.

Haverford manifested excellent teamwork at times, and showed a great improvement in form over that earlier in the season. Drinker, Brown, and Sharpless, on the defense, and Furness and Hill, in the forward line, excelled for Haverford. Hunter and Wood did the best playing for U. of P.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Pennsylvania.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
Bricker..... g.	Spaeth
Fenn..... r. f. b.	Brown
Maris..... l. f. b.	Miller
Crowell..... r. h. b.	Drinker
Hunter..... c. h. b.	Sharpless
Webster..... l. h. b.	Tostenson
Keenan..... r. o.	Hill
Wood..... r. i.	Lewis
Bamford..... c. f.	Furness
Yost..... l. i.	Shoemaker
Marsh..... l. o.	Cadbury

Goals—Furness, Lewis. Time of halves—40 minutes. Referee—Waldron. Linesmen—Bishop and Ewing.

HAVERFORD, 4; CORNELL, 2.

The game with Cornell, at Ithaca, took place on Friday, March 20th. The play was hindered to a slight degree by the muddiness of the field. The game was fast and interesting.

After about ten minutes of play, and immediately after scoring a fine goal, Furness had his leg broken by collision with one of the Cornell men. He was playing a magnificent game, and his loss was a great misfortune to the team. The Cornell team courteously offered permission for a substitute to be put in for

him in the second half, and Thomas was substituted.

Haverford's second goal was an excellent one by Shoemaker from a long kick by Hill. Cadbury added another to the score with a goal from the side. In the second half a goal was made by Drinker. Cornell got one goal in the first half and one in the second.

Brown played a great game for Haverford. Otherwise there was no exceptional playing on either side, although every man was a credit to his team.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Cornell.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
Eustis..... g.	Spaeth
Richie..... r. f. b.	Brown
Wright..... l. f. b.	Miller
Tsai..... r. h. b.	Drinker
Towers..... c. h. b.	Sharpless
Galapiki..... l. h. b.	Young
Simimarkir..... r. o.	Hill
Worden..... r. i.	Lewis
Retana..... c. f.	Furness
	(Thomas)
Crissides..... l. i.	Shoemaker
Narrigan..... l. o.	Cadbury

YALE, 3; HAVERFORD, 1.

The day after the game at Ithaca, Haverford met Yale, at New Haven. It was a fine day, and the ground was in excellent condition. The team was thoroughly tired out by the game of the day before, and by two consecutive nights on the railroad, and was not up to its usual form. In the first half the game was rather sluggish, but in the second the team woke up and played harder. Throughout the game Yale was repeatedly penalized.

Haverford's only goal was made by Brown from a foul in the first half. Yale made one goal in the first and two in the second. In this game also there was not very much conspicuous playing on either side, Captain Drinker and Brown doing the best work for Haverford.

The line-up was:

<i>Yale.</i>		<i>Haverford.</i>
Dougherty.....	g.	Spaeth
Merritt.....	l. b.	Miller
Mahlstedt.....	r. b.	Brown
Noyes.....	r. h.	Drinker
Wick.....	c. h.	Sharpless
Goddard.....	l. h.	Young
O'Sullivan.....	r. w.	Cadbury
Congdon.....	r. i.	Lewis
Jennings.....	c. f.	Thomas
Hart.....	l. i.	Shoemaker
McNulty.....	l. w.	Hill

Goals—Brown, Congdon, O'Sullivan. Fouls—Yale, 6; Haverford, 3. Referee—Birnbaum, Yale. Linesmen—George and Turnbull, Yale.

CRICKET LEAGUE SOCCER.

Haverford played its last game for the season in the First Division of the Cricket League on February 29th with the Philadelphia team, at St. Martin's. The game was a fast one, but Haverford won easily by the score of 3 goals to 1. The feature of the game was the fast playing of Haverford's forward line.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>		<i>Philadelphia.</i>
Spaeth.....	g.	Patterson
Brown.....	r. f. b.	Thayer
Miller.....	l. f. b.	Ballard
Tostenson.....	r. h. b.	Hawley
Drinker.....	c. h. b.	Sheppard
Young.....	l. h. b.	Barker
Hill.....	o. r.	Jennings
Thomas.....	i. r.	Tilden
Furness.....	c. f.	Harris
Shoemaker.....	i. l.	Scattergood
Cadbury.....	o. l.	Gray

Referee—E. Waldron. Linesmen—L. Johnson, Jr., and C. B. Frailey. Length of halves—40 minutes. Goals for Haverford—By Shoemaker, Furness, Thomas. Goal for Philadelphia—By Tilden.

SECOND TEAM.

The game scheduled with Merion for March 7th was canceled, but a practice game was played with the same team the week before, on February 29th, which resulted in Merion's favor, 3 goals to 0.

INTER-CLASS SOCCER.

On Wednesday, March 4th, a game was played between the Seniors and the

Freshmen to decide the inter-class championship, but it resulted in a tie. The game was very fast, and there was no scoring. The playing of Drinker and Thomas excelled for the Seniors, and that of Russell and Young for the Freshmen.

The line-up:

1908.		1911.
Wing.....	g.	Worthington
Brown.....	l. f. b.	Hartshorne
Miller.....	r. f. b.	Tostenson
Edwards.....	l. h. b.	W. J. Young
Drinker.....	c. h. b.	Hinshaw
Emlen.....	r. h. b.	A. S. Young
Burt.....	o. l.	Downing
Shoemaker.....	i. l.	Taylor
Thomas.....	c. f.	Mixter
Baily.....	i. r.	Reynolds
Morriss.....	o. r.	Russell

Referee—Bennett. Linesmen—Elkinton and Sharpless. Length of halves—35 minutes.

TRACK.

There is an unusually large number of men out for track this year, and plenty of good material for a strong team. Almost all the old men are out, and up to their usual form, while Froelicher and Crites, in the discus, Gallagher, in the quarter-mile, and Gardiner, in the broad-jump, give promise of breaking some of last year's records.

Captain Bushnell and Dr. Babbitt are doing all in their power to develop their material to the limit, and have secured the promise of occasional coaching for the team from some of the best-known experts in the country.

The candidates up to the present time are as follows:

- Dashes—Palmer, '10; Roberts, '10; Cary, '10; Wilson, '10; Gallagher, '11; Ashbrook, '11; Levin, '11.
- Distance Runs—Thompson, '09; Morris, '10; Edwards, '10; Cadbury, '10; Roberts, '10; Sellev Roberts, '10; Christy, '11.
- Weight Events—Crites, '08; Thompson, '09; Froelicher, '10.
- Pole Vault—Bushnell, '08; Leonard, '08; Bard, '09.
- Broad Jump—Froelicher, '10; Reynolds, '11; Gardiner, '11.

High Jump—Bard, '09; Cary, '10; Froelicher, '10.

Hurdles—Bushnell, '08; Bard, '09; Whitall, '10.

TRACK SCHEDULE.

April 6—Class Relay Races.

April 8—Class Meet.

April 16—Class Meet.

April 25—University of Pennsylvania Relay Races.

May 13—Dual Meet with Lehigh University, at Haverford.

May 16—Dual Meet with New York University, at Haverford.

May 29-30—Intercollegiate Meet, at University of Pennsylvania.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

Owing to the canceling of the dual meet with Rutgers, at Haverford, which was to have been held on March 6th, a joint exhibition was arranged with the Philadelphia Turngemeinde in its place. The whole Turngemeinde team performed in each of the events, except fencing and wrestling, and the all-around excellence of each man was remarkable. They were especially good on the parallel bars. Fencing by William Friedgen and John Probst, and wrestling between Froelich and Wolf were features of greatest interest. The team consisted of Uhl, Grieb, Hess, Braun, Wendler, Haffner, and Ditton. The Haverford team was composed of E. A. Edwards, Bard, Lewis, Burt, Mason, E. N. Edwards, Leonard, Shoemaker, and Scott. The work of Captain Edwards and Bard on the horizontal bar and of Bard and Leonard in tumbling was particularly good.

The events were as follows:

1. Side Horse—Philadelphia Turngemeinde.
2. Horizontal Bar—Haverford.
3. Horizontal Bar—Philadelphia Turngemeinde.
4. Parallel Bars—Haverford.
5. Fencing—Philadelphia Turngemeinde.
6. Flying Rings—Haverford.
7. Parallel Bars—Philadelphia Turngemeinde.
8. Club Swinging—Haverford.
9. Tumbling—Haverford.
10. Wrestling—Philadelphia Turngemeinde.

U. OF P. GYMNASTIC MEET.

At Haverford, Friday evening, March

13th, the Haverford team won from the University of Pennsylvania in the annual dual gymnastic meet by the score of 26 to 22. The meet was very interesting, and much excellent work was done by both teams. Captain Bradford, of U. of P., was the star of the evening, winning first place in two events. Bushnell, of Haverford, who has been laid up with a hurt knee, made his first appearance on the team this year, and had the misfortune to injure it again in tumbling.

The Haverford College Mandolin Club furnished music.

The Pennsylvania team was composed of Bradford (captain), Boice, Leidtke, Erb, Bailey, Perkins, D. Shoemaker, and Levi.

The following team represented Haverford: E. A. Edwards (captain), Bushnell, Leonard, Burt, Bailey, Scott, Bard, Lewis, E. Shoemaker, and Mason.

The judges were Dr. H. L. Chadwick and Dr. W. B. Noble.

The results of the events were as follows:

Horizontal Bar—First, Bradford, U. of P.; second, Bard, Haverford.

Side Horse—First, Lewis, Haverford; second, Boice, U. of P.

Rings—First, Bradford, U. of P.; second, Edwards, Haverford.

Club Swinging—First, E. Shoemaker, Haverford; second, D. Shoemaker, U. of P.

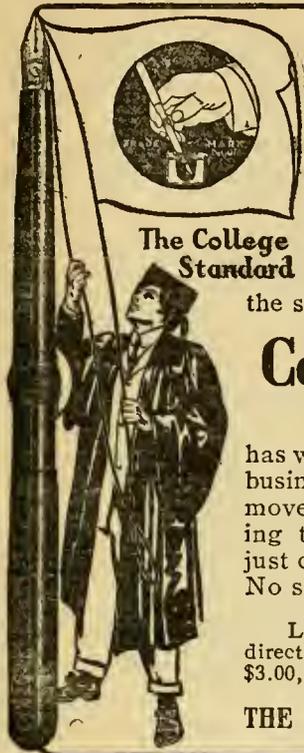
Parallel Bars—First, Edwards, Haverford; second, Erb, U. of P.

Tumbling—First, Leonard, Haverford; second, Baily and Perkins, U. of P., tie.

BOWLING.

On March 7th the bowling team met the team of the University of Pennsylvania on the College alleys, and defeated them.

A return game with the University of Pennsylvania was bowled at the Houston Club alleys on Friday evening, March 20th, in which Haverford was defeated.



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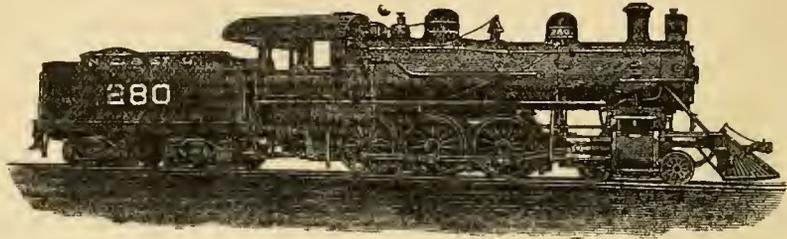
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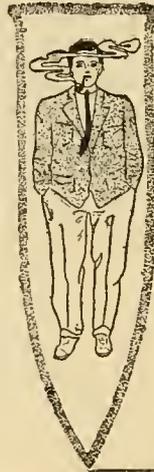
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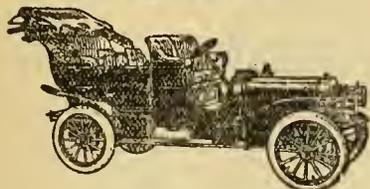
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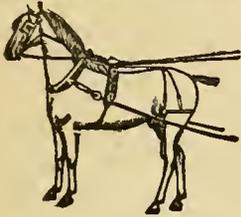
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The point of these remarks becomes apparent when we inquire into the causes which brought about the decision to separate Barclay. Among the foremost of them was the damage to property which a large dormitory seems to incite. We have had warning, from time to time, that if we found no means of controlling this evil ourselves, one would be provided for us. It has; and the teaching that is contained therein, is, that it is a good thing for us to cultivate the ability to distinguish just how much the Faculty plead with us from a sense of duty, and just when they have a definite message which it behooves us to hear. Having, as it were, "sown the wind," we are prepared to "reap the whirlwind"; and incidentally let it be hoped that we shall gather from it enough wisdom to avoid another such ill-favored harvest.

THE HAVERFORDIAN Book of Verse, which was announced to the public in the last number of this magazine, is rapidly working towards completion. The task of culling the "Bud" and the "Gem," the college papers of a generation or so back, has finally ended. Several volumes of verse which have been published by old HAVERFORDIANS, have been reviewed, and a few selections taken from each of them. Every possible effort is being made to obtain all poetical productions which are worthy of a place in a volume that is to represent the college. This is a difficult thing to accomplish, because, in the first place, ideals differ so greatly; and in the second, many of the best things have wandered from the college archives, and are scattered to the remote

The
Haverfordian
Book of
Verse

corners of the earth. Only the other day, an alumnus, in talking to one of the committee of editors, referred to a certain poem of which the editor had never heard, as the "wittiest and best that had ever been written at the college." Of course, the editors must not take such remarks *too* seriously, or there will be danger of giving to the world some monstrosity similar to "One Hundred Favorite Poems," or, "The World's Best Literature." But the critical ability of the alumnus in question is worthy of respect, and the incident merely goes to illustrate the danger which the editors run, of omitting something which they may regret. Therefore, they are anxious to receive advice from the Alumni, and will take as a personal favor, any information from an alumnus, concerning a poem which he considers particularly good. All such communications should be addressed to Dr. Richard Gummere, Haverford, Pa., and must reach him on or before the 10th of June.

WHEN this number reaches its college readers, there will remain only seven days until the close of the prize competition. More than one student will then read a story or a poem in the May number, and throw the paper down with the remark, "If I had only begun earlier! *I* could write a better thing than *that!*" Thus, by the mere accident of having been a little indifferent, the greatest genius in our college may have been stifled, the prize may have been awarded to an individual of inferior merit, and fond mothers may have been cheated of their cherished hope.

Do
It
Yet

In order to forestall such a calamity, we wish to give a word of encouragement to the tardy ones. Banish from

your thoughts, the haunting information that Gray consumed nine years in completing his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and remember only that Johnson wrote his "Rasselas" in a single week. It may sometimes be too late to finish, but it is never too late to begin. And here the old saw comes to our rescue, for who does not know that "well begun is half done"? Do it yet. Sacrifice an A, or incur the sarcasm of some unsympathetic professor, for the good of the college. If necessary, let all your lessons go, and flunk the course. The twelve dollars which you will win, will

pay for two make-up exams, and still leave you with two dollars, plus some literary glory. And even if you should win nothing (which, considering the number of prizes, is improbable), you will at least have the satisfaction of having discovered how utterly unfair and incompetent the judges are. If you have not written your contribution for the contest, do it yet—and now.

We are glad to announce the election of R. L. M. Underhill, '09, to the editorial staff of THE HAVERFORDIAN.

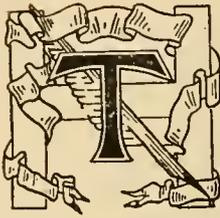
To Marcus Aurelius

Sweet master, I was hot and wild and proud,
 And chance it was that brought thy words to me,
 And joy it is that I have learned of thee,
 For with thy peace and purity endowed
 Now go I forth to shout thy name aloud
 That men may know what meaning there may be
 In hate and love, in joy and misery.
 Sweet master, they are hot and wild and proud.

H. S. HIRES, '10.



SUMMER-CAMPING AS AN AVOCATION



THE question must come to every student during the closing months of the college year, when the end of studious labor, for the time being, looms up as a possible reality, "What shall I do this summer?"

In the case of many men, this question will be answered for them, since they will join their respective families, do what they do, and go where they go. Some few others will have been planning a trip to California or abroad, and, by this time, will know just which train to take from Lucerne to Friedelwald, and how much can be saved by traveling third class.

The majority, however, still have their plans to make, and it is to these men that I wish to suggest the idea of summer-camping.

There are several requirements which a summer occupation should satisfy. The most important of all is complete change. No man should allow himself to "go stale" by living in the same environment and doing the same things winter and summer. To some men this means that when college is over, they can have three glorious months of loaf, games, and girls. But is this the best way to make the most of one's summer? And does the "sport," at his sea-side or mountain resort, appeal effectively to the "summer girl" after all? If we answer these questions in the negative, but admit that there is a valuable element in this sort of existence, we must add to our requirement of change that of outdoor life, with opportunities to play base ball and tennis, to fish, to sail, to tramp and to hunt. A small amount of light

work is essential, and if it require the shouldering of a little responsibility, so much the better.

Without this, the question ever presents itself, "What can I do to pass away the time to-day?" until we become bored by mere existence, and are no better off than the child who continually pesters its mother with "Mamma, what can I play now?"

Some men find it necessary to make their summer vacation financially remunerative, and others would find it agreeable if they thought they would not have to work too hard. Such men know that tutoring school boys brings in a good return, but it has the disadvantage of being too much like winter work, and, therefore, does not afford a sufficient amount of change.

The ideal summer occupation, as I have described it, is something other than a mere loaf. It must require a small amount of regular work, must afford plenty of opportunities for out-door recreation, may involve some responsibilities, and may be financially, as well as physically and mentally remunerative. Assisting to manage a boys' summer camp not only combines all of these requisites, but adds the distinct advantages of giving excellent training in the difficult art of knowing how to handle boys, and, at the same time, affords all concerned a rare good time.

The camping idea has spread very rapidly during the last ten years, so that now there are innumerable camps scattered through Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and even Canada. These fall naturally into three classes: The camps for younger boys, which are more like schools, the work and responsibility resting entirely upon the men; the "regula-

tion" camps, for boys from thirteen to seventeen, where some of the camp duties are performed by the boys; and the hunting camps, for older boys only, where work and responsibility are shared by boys and men alike, and where long canoe trips may be taken after game when the season opens.

The "regulation" camps are much more numerous than the others, and it is at one of these that a college student, at least during his first summer, ought to get the most valuable experience.

The life is, indeed, a change from that at college. A man finds himself sleeping on a little cot-bed, rolled up in blankets, with nothing but a tent for shelter; or if he is lucky enough he may be put in charge of a row of a dozen such beds with their youthful occupants, situated in a wooden shanty which goes by the luxurious name of "Patrician Palace." "Reveille" turns all hands out for a scrub at seven-thirty, which is followed by a hearty breakfast. Then the camp work has to be done. Each man has charge of one or more departments of labor—sweeping, peeling potatoes, washing dishes, and the like—with several boys to assist him. As "many hands make light work," these jobs are soon over, and there is an hour or so for tutoring, or reading, before the morning "soak," or swim in the nearby lake. (Any camp which is not situated on the shore of a lake does not deserve the name). After dinner, base ball and tennis are in order, with tramping or fishing for those who care for it. The bugle call for supper brings the weary campers together again. Later they lie about the big camp-fire, listen to impossible yarns, and sing songs until bed-time and "taps," when every lantern must be out. This is the delightful daily routine which builds up both man and boy, preparing

them in the best possible way for the work of the following winter.

Each member of the staff takes his turn at running the camp for a day at a time, granting privileges, inflicting small penalties, presiding in the dining-room, keeping watch at the "soak," and making things run smoothly. The best that is in a man is brought out by this sort of life. If he is an athlete, he sees that his ability to play ball or tennis, to row or to swim, is in great demand; and he soon becomes popular as a "coach." If he is a student, he finds that there are always boys who are behind in their lessons, and who need to be tutored for fall examinations.

If he has no specialty, but is merely a "good fellow," he discovers that he soon gains influence through the ease with which he gets along with the boys.

All this involves assumption of responsibility, no doubt; but what is there worth while in life which does not?

During the summer, there are three events of pre-eminent importance: the "water sports," the "land sports," and the "long trip." Of these, the first two require careful training, for some of the contests are sure to be close, and there will be coveted prizes for general excellence given about the camp-fire in the presence of a host of visitors. The long trip is of a different character. It means a ten-days' tramp over the country; perhaps, a visit to a neighboring camp, with its resulting ball game; perhaps a walking tour through the mountains, or a canoe trip through a chain of lakes. Each fellow has his roll of blankets, which is spread on the bare ground at night with only a tent for shelter. How good it feels to crawl in after a twenty-five mile tramp! Of course no such trip could be carried out unless pleasant hardships were encountered; that is hardships which, though not particularly

pleasant while they last, are nevertheless extremely pleasant and profitable to have experienced.

On one such trip a dozen boys with three members of the staff, including myself, started with packs of blankets and provisions on our backs to make a three days' tramp from the top of Mt. Chocorua, N. H., over the four or five intervening hills to Mt. Whiteface, there to join the rest of the camp. There were no paths down the mountain-side; but everything went quite smoothly for us, in spite of some rough climbing over windfalls, until seven o'clock that evening. We were then at the top of Mt. Pangus, next to Chocorua, and had been lucky enough to find a spring of water. This seemed unnecessary, however, for the rain came down in sheets, while we were making a clearing in the stunted pine growth, and very soon drenched us all to the skin. Meanwhile there was nothing to do but sit about the campfire, which must be kept up at all costs, and try to be cheerful. By ten o'clock the rain stopped and the stars came out, so that we felt exceptionally comfortable, dozing off in our blankets, which were kept dry by their rubber coverings, while our clothes looked like a circle of steaming ghosts, crouching over the fire. But alas! our comfort was short-lived. First a few drops, and then another downpour brought us up with a start. Reluctantly we crawled forth, put on our partly dried raiment, and started up the smoldering fire. It was only three o'clock in the morning! We sat there drenched and not at all happy until six, when it became light enough to start; and then, having abandoned all idea of continuing our tramp, we took the shortest route for the bottom of the mountain and the rest of the camp.

I have spoken of the training a man

is expected to give the campers along the line in which he is most proficient; but I have barely mentioned the training which he himself gets in learning not only to manage boys, but also how to meet life.

An instance of this kind happened to me while on the same trip which I have just described. After the first storm had passed and the sky had cleared, one's first impulse was to find the most comfortable spot, roll up in blankets and go to sleep as quickly as possible. But there was the fire which must not be allowed to go out, and somebody had to cut wood for it. Well, there were fourteen others, so why didn't somebody do it? One of the men had gone off with an axe, but he needed assistance. I suddenly realized that what "somebody" ought to do, I ought to do; and so took an axe and went after him. As a result my friend and I did not turn in till after midnight, only to be routed out by more rain at three. The next day he thanked me warmly for helping him chop wood for the fire; and since then I have many a time been grateful to that storm for teaching me the great principle of life, that if a job must be done by somebody, it is a good thing for me to do it, rather than leave it for somebody *else*.

A life of such freedom and unconventionality draws the campers very close to each other; and it also brings out peculiarities in either man or boy, often with startling results. On one occasion I was walking with a couple of boys near a house which had just been shingled. The lads were chasing each other over the piles of old shingles, when one of them suddenly stopped and pulled off his "sneaker" with great alacrity. When I came up he showed me a small red spot on the bottom of his foot where a nail had gone through his thin sole

and barely scratched it. He eagerly inquired if I thought it would hurt him; and I replied, laughing: "Why, Tommy, that will probably give you lockjaw!"

Immediately he burst into tears, crying: "I'm going to have it; I'm going to have it!"

At once I saw I had made a mistake in not being more guarded with a boy of his nervous temperament; and I tried to assure him that such a thing would be impossible. Fortunately the head of the camp, a physician, appeared at this juncture, looked at the foot very seriously and pronounced lockjaw out of the question. Tommy was pacified; and feeling a little ashamed of his outburst made the rest of us promise not to tell the other boys on account of the "jolly-ing" he would surely get. It so happened that Tommy was blessed with an unusually large mouth, which had already received its share of comment from the other boys, but we were hardly prepared for what was to follow. Shortly after "taps," when all was perfectly quiet we were startled by the most unearthly yells issuing from Tommy's bed. Several of us rushed in to see what was the trouble. There was

Tommy rolling from one side of the bed to the other in awful agony, screaming at the top of his lungs: "I've got it! Oh, I'm dying; I'm dying!"

"Got what?" said the doctor, shaking him by the shoulder.

"Lockjaw!" shrieked Tommy. "I can only get three fingers in straight up and down; and I know I could get my whole fist in this morning! It's closing up. Oh, I'm dying!"

The doctor stifled his feelings nobly, and turning to me said: "Bring me a bucket of water at once, sir."

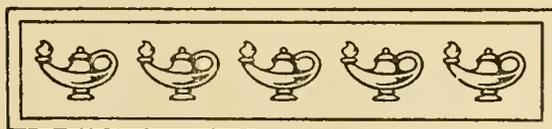
I returned shortly and stood at a safe distance with my *empty* bucket.

"Now, Tommy," commanded the doctor, "if you don't shut up, I'll throw that bucket of water over you!"

Our bluff worked, and Tommy did shut up; but he never heard the last of his lockjaw attack.

Opportunities of joining a camp staff are not difficult to obtain, and I do not believe that any college student could spend his summer with more absolute pleasure to himself, or with more mental and physical profit than by the choice of summer camping as an avocation.

F. PALMER, JR.



The Unpardonable Sin

I am not lavish; yet I am not loth
To lend this man a nickel for the 'phone;
Or that, a two-cent stamp; or unto both,
Most that I may (or may not) call my own.
For all of these, sweet friendship can atone;
And every trivial loss is soon forgot;
But let me store my grudge for him alone
Who stealthily doth filch my Latin trot!

I can forgive the man who takes my purse,
(For there is seldom very much therein);
At him who begs a pipe, I do not curse;
At the tobacco sponge I merely grin;
A Morris chair, a raincoat, or a pin,
Are things that I had rather lend than not;
But he shall find no penance for his sin,
Who stealthily doth filch my Latin trot!

I do but chortle, if a comrade seek
My suit-case, for a paltry month or so;
A beatific smile doth light my cheek,
As I observe my collar-buttons go;
Nor one external token do I show,
When my umbrella quits its hallowed spot;
But on his head I call eternal woe,
Who stealthily doth filch my Latin trot!

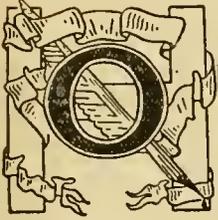
L'ENVOI.

O ye, that borrow rather less than I;
Borrow! Excepting *this* I care not what;
But on his head let vengeance multiply,
Who stealthily doth filch my Latin trot!

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.



THE MECHANISM OF AUTHORSHIP



Of course, it follows as naturally," said Nancy, witheringly, "as four follows from adding up two and two. And *that*, I think you will find, if you consult the nearest black-board, comes true in the great majority of cases." She began to walk away from me.

I pondered the proposition for a moment. "Yes," I called, following her, "two and two do seem to make four, but—"

"Then," said Nancy, in a tone which spelled Q. E. D. all over the discussion, "that's all there is about it."

To emphasize the utter finality of the thing she turned and disappeared within the house. I watched the screen door sway vigorously back and forth behind her for a very decisive number of times. Altogether I felt very thoroughly both that my recent mistake was entirely unpardonable and that Kent's little sister was no longer little.

It was only last night that I had arrived at the hotel to spend my vacation with Kent as we had been in the habit of doing for some time. But it was very early this morning that I had come down to find out who had the room next to mine. Typewriters, heard banging through the thin partitions of a summer hotel until far into the night, cannot fail to awaken an interest of some sort in their owners. My feelings were modified somewhat in this case when I learned that the owner was none other than Nancy. But to allow my wonder to subside, and incidentally to pass the few remaining hours until breakfast time, I sat down upon the

piazza and opened a popular magazine. This occupation was presently interrupted by the appearance of Nancy herself. She greeted me with:

"Oh, what's that you're reading? A story by a woman! Don't you think women authors write miserable stories?"

"They did in this case," I replied loosely, but with feeling.

Nancy looked slightly displeased, but seemed inclined to lead me on to talk. So I talked. I took feminine writers up one by one, and one by one adjudged them guilty of morbidness and lack of purpose. I failed to notice that I was not being interrupted so often—in fact, I failed to notice Nancy at all. But just as I had about decided whether it was George Eliot or Marion Crawford that was safe to use as an example, a more absorbing idea suddenly struck me.

"By the way," I broke off, "isn't there something interesting to be said about the typewriter I heard in your room last night?"

It was then Nancy exploded. "Yes," said she, rising definitely, "I am an author. I should think you might have known it from that if from nothing else."

I turned about and merely stared at her with such intentness that anyone might have thrown a croquet-ball into my face. "But," I stammered, "how was I to know just from that—"

"There is no excuse at all," ruled Nancy unbendingly. "A person at a summer hotel with a typewriter *always* means an author." And then came her irrefutable proof, that it followed as naturally as four did from adding up two and two. So I was left alone.

I sat down to do the customary reflecting on "how they do grow up." It seemed also worth while to wonder what part her brother played in this literary scheme. The next instant Kent himself clapped me heartily on the back.

"Hello!" said he, "so you're another one that gets up early to scrape local color from the sunrise. What have you done with Nancy?"

Nancy at that moment appeared, coming rapidly down upon us. I considerably opened my paper up wide, to isolate my unworthy presence, as she hurled herself upon her brother. There appeared to be a struggle going on, during which I judged that they became comfortably seated.

"Um!" said Kent at last, in a muffled tone of voice. "Well, what is it you want? I shall absolutely refuse, for your literary purposes, to impersonate a marriage license or exchange haircuts with the head-waiter. Otherwise, perhaps—"

"No," said Nancy, "but you see, Kent, I've gotten to a place in my story now where I have to use some strong language."

"Oh!" in unrelieved enlightenment. "So I'm to order assorted hardtack for breakfast just to give you an exhibition worthy of a cowboy. This mustn't happen but once."

"You don't understand at all," remonstrated Nancy, with deep displeasure. "I couldn't use such stuff even if I were willing to learn it. My public wouldn't stand for it a moment. But its this way. My man has just planted himself upon his instincts and refused to accept table-spoons in payment instead of his regular selling commission. And so now he needs some sort of doughty talk to defy the Tablespoon Combine with."

"I see. So you want—"

"Yes," said Nancy, "that just it. I

can't possibly do it with that old typewriter of mine. So if I should promise not to go in swimming to-day while you go up to town to get a new one—"

"Typewriter!" Kent's finding of his voice seemed to be something in the line of an achievement. "What in Neptune's name has that got to do with it?"

"Why, of course, it has everything to do with it," explained Nancy wearily. "You work yourself all up into the most perfectly good emotion, and then rush in to express it and get all tangled up in the rusty keys of that old typewriter, and by the time you've got another sheet of paper in you don't feel like hurting a rabbit. Now, if the old thing only worked nice and easily you could get it all written down, and wouldn't have to get mad all over again."

Kent appeared to be convinced. "Well, I expected to go up to town anyway," he remarked, "and if I see any good raging typewriters I'll tote one down, but—"

"You're a dear old heavenly twin!" Nancy thought it an opportune moment to gush. "*Don't* you hope we have grapefruit for breakfast?"

There seemed to be no hope of placating Nancy, so later in the morning I decided to take a run up to town myself. Everything seemed out of fashion but authorship, but you couldn't be an author without first buying a good typewriter. Kent and I happened to meet on the train coming back, and I asked him about his machine.

"Got it," he replied; "a Hammond. But they won't be able to send it down for a day or so on account of the number of orders."

That evening I saw approaching the piazza what looked very much like the Smith-Premier I had bought earlier in the day. Nancy, a short distance away, also evidently recognized it as a type-

writer, and disappeared in its wake. A little while afterwards I went to my room. It looked very much the same as ever. I proceeded to investigate every corner and closet, but could find no typewriter. On finishing my search, however, I stopped a moment to listen. From Nancy's room were coming sounds of a new, crisp, enlightening character, and I decided I might as well go to bed.

The next morning I met Kent at the clerk's desk.

"So," said he, "the thing belonged to you, did it? I thought mine ought not to be here so soon, but I'm sure Nancy didn't know what she was doing when she assisted it to the wrong room."

"Don't speak of it," said I, in an entirely unexpected burst of self-sacrifice. "Please let her keep it, without any trouble, for the few days until yours comes, when we can fix things up."

The result of this was evident that noon, when Nancy came gleefully up to Kent, very properly ignoring me entirely, with a pile of manuscript in her hands.

"Now, Kent," said she, triumphantly, "just read that and tell me if the new typewriter isn't the maniac when it comes to emotion."

Kent generously read it aloud. "Gentlemen, you offer me tablespoons. You might as well offer me block-signals. What can I do with a tablespoon? Can I sleep in it? Can I hang my hat in it? Can I string beans with it? Can I foreclose a mortgage with it, or frame a battleship program? Not so. Hardly. Were I a dentist, I might use tablespoons for filling teeth. Were I a maraschino cherry, I might use them for a universe. But I was born a man, or at least more like one than a geranium. No! Gentlemen, you offer me table-

spoons. You do me the injustice of mistaking me for a church sociable."

"You see," said Nancy, "it's all in the typewriter. Now read that—it's one I did on the old thing—and see how much weaker it is."

Again Kent obligingly read aloud: "Norma entered the room quietly and glanced at the clock. Seeing that it was the hour at which the family usually breakfasted, she busied herself in arranging the table. When all was ready she went to the stairs and called: 'Mother, all is ready.' 'Coming, Norma,' was the reply, and indeed, a moment later Mrs. Dalton entered the room." "Well," commented Kent, "I suppose that is awfully weak for a scene of that character. You should have said: 'Norma burst into the room and confronted the clock accusingly. The timepiece denied the fact with vehemence, and clasping its hands, struck numerous in strenuous expostulation. At that—'"

"Kent," said Nancy, in disgust, "you are absolutely impossible. But I ought at least to have told how 'in her excitement, Norma kept nervously winding and rewinding the embroidered doilies about her shapely forefingers,' and given a more drastic picture of her intense personal agony. *That* was certainly required under the circumstances, and the new typewriter would have put it in."

That afternoon another typewriter appeared on the scene and was promptly appropriated by Nancy, my position being not in the least affected. Now while I sat idly around I could hear intermittently three quite distinct kinds of bangs. To speak with Nancy herself in quiet was quite impossible, and it seemed rather discouraging to have to beg forgiveness from the congregation-side of three rattling typewriters. But

after a while I began to feel that the obligation might be becoming toward me. So I approached Kent and asked him very humbly if he thought it would be possible after all for me to procure a typewriter for my use—say the oldest one. Kent seemed to think it would be, and that evening the negotiations were carried on. Of course it all happened in my presence, as usual, since Nancy now considered me merely a prop for the daily newspaper.

Without mentioning names, Kent represented to her vaguely that by the terms of his transactions she might have to give up one of her typewriters, probably only temporarily. He supposed she could now do without the oldest one.

"Why, Kent," said Nancy, in an injured tone, "how can you say so? Then where would my common sense come from. It's that typewriter that's just relentless in hammering out hard logic on the husband's side of the domestic quarrel. What could my men do without logic?"

"You might make 'em fall into love," suggested Kent, dryly.

Nancy looked troubled. "If there's to be any love in this novelette," she asserted, "that's at all sportive, I'll have to get a typewriter quite a little different from any I have now. Still, I'll try. Let the person take the thing."

So that night two typewriters were busy simultaneously in two adjacent rooms. A day later two envelopes of manuscript were dispatched to the city. And not long afterwards two similar letters arrived at the hotel. From the sounds of joy in the next room I concluded that the contents of my own communication had been duplicated.

But it was not all joy in the next room. I heard also a growl. It seemed that Kent had finally become aware of the situation, and thought it a good time

for Nancy to descend to a gracious pardoning of myself.

"But, Kent," said Nancy, in a tone which perhaps I was meant to hear, "he made disparaging remarks about all writers of magazine stories. Of course, he only directly accused the women, because they're more helpless and easier to attack—that's the way men always do. But then he really meant all writers, and I don't think I ought to be made to associate with such an individual."

Now I knew the charge. I sat down and thought some time over how I might ever clear myself of one so hopelessly sweeping.

"But," came a voice, in earnest remonstrance, through my open window, "I don't want any more 'typewriters, really I don't."

I looked out. Nancy had evidently just been called down to confront an aggressive-looking person whom I recognized as an agent for the redoubtable Smith Premier typewriter.

"But," this person continued to impress upon her, "a writer like yourself can hardly afford to overlook the many incomparable features of the Smith Premier. And to confirm this I think we can refer you to Mr. Matheson"—at this I became very much interested—"of your hotel, who purchased one of our machines a few days ago."

"Mr. Matheson," repeated Nancy wonderingly, "when did he buy one?"

"We sent one down to him," said the agent, referring to his notebook, "on Tuesday, the 14th." He had gotten the disastrous date of my purchase entirely correct. I felt that it was absolutely necessary for me to appear and face the crisis of the situation. When I reached the piazza the agent was disappearing down the street. Nancy turned upon me wrathfully.

"So! exclaimed she, it was your type-

writer that they have been letting me use all this time!"

I tried to look properly contrite. Thrusting something out at me she continued:

"That being the case it is my duty to give you this. It is due entirely to the merits of the typewriter which belongs to you, and so I cannot honestly keep it." It was an envelope with the heading of a well-known publishing house in the corner.

As calmly as possible I extracted an exactly similar envelope from my own pocket, and offered it to Nancy.

"And it becomes my duty," said I, "to present to you this, which is due entirely to the excellent points of a typewriter which belongs to you."

Nancy glanced interestedly at my envelope. "What!" cried she, "Are you an author, too?"

I was wondering whether I was expected to apologize, when she went on, and this time there was no doubt about its being in delight: "Come, do let's walk out here and compare men and things. I never dreamed that you were an author when I heard that typewriter in your room. Why, isn't this great?"

I quickly decided that it was even greater than I had expected.

"But," I reminded her, unnecessarily, "you really should have known I made attempts in this line. You know you once told me that a person in a summer hotel with a typewriter always meant an author. You said it followed as naturally as four followed from adding up two and two."

"Did I? Oh, well," said Nancy, blithely, "I never was good at arithmetic."

R. L. M. U., '09.

Fragment

Last night I threw my chamber window wide
 To that light breeze which murmured from the west;
 When lo! methought before me stood my bride,
 With midnight hair loose-lying on her breast:
 But ere her lips I pressed,
 Even as Venus, did she softly glide
 Out on the wind that swept in sad unrest.
 Then sweeter than soft music, came a breath
 So faint I knew not if the breeze had sighed,
 Or wafted to me, from the realms of death,
 The last far echo of a voice that vanisheth.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.



MODERNITY



MODERNITY is the demand of the age. The burden of the tune the pipes of New Hamelin shrill forth is a cry for novelty, for change, for acceleration of mutation. Anything to interrupt the weariness of a staid continuity; anything to relieve the monotony of an unmercurial permanence! Equilibrium becomes steadiness, with a difference. The stable has become a garage. The stately Maypole dance of our fathers has become the merry-go-round of to-day.

Considering this, it would be unreasonable to expect that literature should keep its head in such a whirl. It is amazing that it has been able even to maintain a hold, particularly since the seat which has been reserved for it on the carrousel of current events, being on the outside, has caused it to revolve at any extraordinary speed. But she has maintained her hold. She is now as necessary in the barber chair as on the college table, only she has to be regulated, brought up to date, reduced to pocket size or ferry-edition.

The story of this emendation, however, is not my province now. I shall not describe how the three-volume novel was reduced to two, to one, to one-half, to a word—*love*—which was corrected to *divorce*. I shall not tell how in every realm of literature this spirit of hop-skip-and-jumpism became very apparent. But I shall tell how a devoted band of *litterateurs* become alarmed, looked into the matter, decided that they would soon be without a living, called a convention and, in fine, determined to rewrite the literary annals of the past in

an entertaining manner; to make available in less fatiguing form those masterpieces of fact and fiction which every commuter or coal-carrier should read—or at least be conversant with.

Their argument was logical. "Art," they said, "is long, and time is fleeting. Nobody can be expected to wade through John Gilpin or the Old Testament. It gets monotonous, this reading of poems with four lines in every stanza. The authors of the past have made one fundamental mistake; a comedy has been a comedy throughout, a tragedy a tragedy, a poem a poem. We must have change, we must have change."

To cut a long story short (their ancient motto), they and their underwriters let contracts to eminent men of letters (which is what the short story writers were now called), empowering them to make the classics interesting at all hazards.

This was not so impossible as appears at the first glance. Those geniuses who had courted brain fever while endeavoring to reduce *divorce* to one syllable turned with a distinct feeling of relief to the saner work. Remembering their new watchword, "The impeccability of permanence is change," they set to work with avidity to rejuvenate the senile masterpieces of an arid ancestry. The long monologues of "Paradise Lost" were broken up with witty dialogue. Dramatic incidents were introduced into "In Memoriam," relieving the tone of that otherwise well-constructed poem. "Hamlet" was successfully welded to "Isaiah," making both considerably more profitable; for people who had any scruples about "Hamlet" in itself were glad to get the story if there was some religious lesson to be gained; while those

who ordinarily did not read the Bible were glad to combine that duty with such pleasure as was to be found in "Hamiah."

I wish I had space to give examples of the altered masterpieces, but the book stores sell nothing else now. "Gray's Elegy," in particular, has revived in popularity, thanks to the little refrain that run this way:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting
day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the
lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and
to me.
Ho diddle, diddle!
Hi di tee!"

Just to show how the doctrinaires of the impeccability of change have rescued not only poems but poets from oblivion, I append the revised version of "Lucy Gray," by an old octogenarian named Wordsworth, which is a witness of their methods. The original is a sweet but monotonous jingle. Notice in the new poem how tragedy, comedy, prose, poetry, and neither, combine to bring out Wordsworth's intended meaning. It is now entitled "Lucy Gay."

"There was a young lady named Gay,
Who smoked cigarettes every day;
A sweet little child,
And not often wild—
Alas! she has now passed away!"

Thus has literature met the whirl of
frantic modernity, and triumphed.
T. M. LONGSTRETH, '08.

Y. M. C. A. REPORT

It is our purpose, in presenting a report on the work of the past year in the Y. M. C. A., to illustrate, as far as possible, by comparison with what has gone before.

We will first consider the status of the Association in the college, then take up the different branches of neighborhood work.

Our first duty on coming into office was the appointment of a cabinet. Fortunately our predecessors had a number of good men in line, making this task very easy. All heads of committees, with one exception, that of Finance, came from the Senior Class. Immediately after appointment the cabinet began to work up a delegation for Northfield. Sixty dollars, the same amount as in the year before, was the appropriation for

this convention. Nineteen men attended, eight more than in the previous summer. We feel that the influence of this large delegation has been consistently felt throughout the year. No use of Y. M. C. A. money brings better returns to the Association, and we strongly recommend an even larger appropriation for this coming conference.

According to custom, the incoming class was written to during the summer, and advised to join the Association, though no definite opportunity to do so was given until after the first of November.

The real work began with the Fall term. Our first seven Wednesday evening meetings had an attendance always above seventy, yet our average attendance for the entire year is fifty-two, just

two more than last year. The Sunday meetings show an increase of seven, coming from twenty-eight to thirty-five. Except for this very slight numerical increase, we feel that our meetings have not advanced. One Wednesday in every month was set aside for an outside speaker; at all other times, college fellows were in charge. Men were selected with a view toward having represented every kind of thought and good influence the college develops. This system resulted in bringing on the criticism that our Y. M. C. A. had become an ethical society, and was not essentially religious. Such criticism is unfair, and shows, if nothing else, lack of consideration. It must be understood that in a number of cases it is practically impossible for college fellows to give successful religious talks, whereas they are very able to present profitably practical questions that come to them in every-day life. Response in the open part of the meetings was very poor, and was confined entirely to the Juniors and Seniors. We cannot trace this deficiency on the part of the underclassmen to any particular cause. Almost without exception, Freshmen and Sophomores accepted invitations to lead and have done their share of this work very well. The responsibility for making our meetings successful lies with every man who attends, and while earnest, silent co-operation may mean a great deal, we must always remember that the college expects and desires action in everything from every man, no matter what his class may happen to be.

In accordance with a recommendation from last year's cabinet, the final association membership list was not made out until late in the fall, being finally completed by mid-year. Instead of making the membership merely a financial affair, some attempt was made to impress upon the fellows, the new men particularly,

that this step carried some real weight, and placed a definite responsibility upon every man. A new committee was established to carry out this task without achieving very impressive results. Personal work by college men, even among their best friends, proved very difficult. Beyond seeing that the Freshmen were not approached for membership before November first, and being careful to give every man in college an opportunity after this date, the results of the work of this committee have been very slight indeed.

Our enrollment of paid-up members totals ninety-one, as against one hundred and ten for last year. This falling off in numbers does not necessarily represent a falling off in interest. The attendance at the meetings refutes any such idea. We feel that it does represent the number of fellows actively interested in the Y. M. C. A. Thirty-five of these ninety are members of committees, and have been engaged in the work at college or in the neighborhood.

A hard campaign in the fall could have made our enrollment as high as one hundred and twenty-five, but such a statement of the strength of our Association would be dishonest. If our successors can create an active interest which will justify the forcing necessary to bring about such a result, we congratulate them in advance upon their success, but we urge that every care be taken to prevent any misrepresentation of our strength to the state and national authorities.

With a large increase in interest in our own mission work around the college, it was natural that a change should be made in the regular Y. M. C. A. mission study class. The subjects of the foreigner and the slums were taken up, and proved slightly more popular than the foreign mission work of previous years, the average attendance rising from six to ten. One hundred and twenty-five dol-

lars were collected from the college for the support of Simkin, in China. This amount is twenty-five dollars less than was secured last year. No attempt was made to get more, this limit being set by the cabinet, since it did not seem just to the fellows in college and their interest in Simkin's work to require a larger sum.

Our work in Bible Study was successful in so far as it showed very conclusively the failure in our particular case of such systems of study as the Bible Study Committee could invent or secure from the experience of others. The presence of so many Biblical Literature Classes in the Haverford curriculum brings in a different problem from other colleges. We have very few men who are appealed to by mere cramming of the subject matter of the Bible, and it has proved almost impossible for our student leaders, in spite of a normal class conducted by Dr. Jones, to reach a point from which they could attractively and profitably carry on the work of interpretation. We may congratulate ourselves upon the presence of so many Bible study courses in the college. We believe they more than answer the purpose of most association work in this line, and we strongly feel that our Y. M. C. A. wastes its time in attempting to supply something that has already been secured by the college to every one of its members. It is most unwise to place our energy which might be doing more in other fields in this work, and it is also unwise to load our Association with any sort of religious meetings which average unprofitably.

The committee in charge of Bible study has worked faithfully. Lack of success has in no way been due to lack of energy on their part, but simply to the situation with which they have been called upon to deal. We would recommend that the next committee take up

their work even more earnestly than the one of this year. If they, after another year's experience, get no further, it seems most advisable to discontinue the Bible Study Classes. As far as mere attendance has been concerned, we averaged this year as well as ever, having fifty-two, two more than last year and eleven more than the year before.

We will now consider our neighborhood work at Coopertown and Preston.

Coopertown has, every year, presented more difficulty and less encouragement to the men in charge. The people live far from the school-house, where the meetings are held, in some cases fully four miles, and consequently will not attend unless very sure of getting something for their trouble. If this were the only obstacle, it might easily be removed by having more outside speakers, but in addition to this, there is constant depletion in numbers, due to the people moving down nearer to the Ardmore trolley lines.

Some of the most regular and best attendants of the meetings have gone in this way during the year, and more give promise of doing so when opportunity offers. The Coopertown Committee made one very beneficial innovation, having an outside speaker at least once a month; but in getting to know and help the people individually, its work does not seem to have been so good as in the years before. The work will have to be carried on next year for the sake of those who still remain, and are still very much interested in it, but the end is certainly in sight. With knowledge of this fact, our activities at Preston should be proportionally enlarged so that when the day at Coopertown is done, there shall never have been any loss in attention to these outside duties.

By the middle of last October, the new Preston gymnasium was equipped and

ready for use. Classes started on November eighth. One class of boys, from eight to fourteen years of age, was held on Monday and Wednesday evenings, from 7.30 to 8.30. Another class of boys was held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, with the same hours. On Monday and Thursday, from 8.30 to 9.30, came the men's class.

Beyond an occasional outburst on the part of the smallest boys, which we believe would have been inevitable no matter how careful had been the supervision, all went well until February tenth. The average attendance for all these classes was fifty-five. At this time, suspecting the work to be of a religious nature, the Catholic authorities at Bryn Mawr ordered all members of their church to stay away from the club and from the reading room.

This intervention entirely wiped out the men's and larger boy's class, and at first reduced the only remaining class to ten.

In spite of every effort on the part of the Boys' Club Committee, it proved impossible to secure a change in the attitude of the Fathers at Bryn Mawr, but gradually new boys have come in, enabling us to close with an average attendance of sixteen. The work has been faithfully carried out, and as wisely and carefully as limited experience permitted.

The Reading Room work admits of no comparison with the years just preceding. The policy of having outside speakers at every meeting was adopted.

The people got something for the trouble of coming, and at once began to take a lively interest. Frequent socials and entertainments gave the men in charge a better chance to get acquainted with them, and gave the work an entirely different character. It became successful at once, and has continued to grow. Here, as in the case of the Boys' Club work, the opportunity is great. The Y. M. C. A. owes this year's committee a hearty vote of thanks for showing its possibilities, and for setting a standard which will prove high enough to keep subsequent Preston committees hard at their task.

In closing, it seems necessary to mention the unique stand which our Association has taken in regard to active membership, and which we have already published. We welcome every man who earnestly feels the necessity and the desire of leading a Christian life. We trust every Haverfordian to be able to define that word for himself, but we want him to be sure that he is earnest in his intention before he takes a card. We have no desire to, and we do not recognize the necessity of church membership for membership in our Association, but we expect every man, for this very reason, to feel a deeper personal responsibility for his own life, and to feel the necessity of being straight for the sake of those about him who know he has joined the Y. M. C. A.

Respectfully submitted,

CECIL K. DRINKER, '08,

President, 1907-08.



Alumni Department

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HAVERFORD ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

The Seventh Annual Dinner of the Haverford Association of New York was held on the evening of March 26th, 1908, at the Hotel Manhattan, Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, New York City.

The Association was honored by having present as its guests, President Sharpless, Professor Ernest W. Brown, and Frederick H. Strawbridge, President of the Alumni Association. There were also present several members of the Alumni from Philadelphia, and some recent graduates who had never before attended any of the Association's dinners.

Mr. James W. Cromwell, the President of the New York organization, introduced the speakers.

President Sharpless gave an interesting and instructive account of Haverford and its development, and the plans for its future.

Professor Brown emphasized some of the agreeable surprises which he had met in taking up his life and work at New Haven; and while paying the highest tribute to the college he had felt compelled to leave, he gave a most interesting account of the situation in which he found himself at New Haven.

Frederick H. Strawbridge, '87, followed Professor Brown, and made a ringing Haverford speech, in which he urged upon his hearers the necessity of preserving, in business and professional life, the ideals they had formed at college.

James Wood, '58, and Frank H. Taylor, '76, also gave some interesting suggestions on Haverford and her opportunities; and Messrs. Janney, '98, and

Eshleman, '00, made short, earnest speeches.

The business meeting was then held, and the officers for the ensuing year elected. They were:

President—James W. Cromwell.

Vice-President—Franklin B. Kirkbride and Walter C. Webster.

Secretary—D. Sherman Taber, Jr.

Treasurer—L. Hollingsworth Wood.

Walter C. Webster and Alfred Busselle were appointed Dinner Committee for the following year.

THOSE PRESENT WERE:

President Sharpless.
Prof. Ernest W. Brown, Yale University.
Alsop, W. K., '96.
Allen, G. R., '96.
Bonbright, W. P., '04.
Busselle, A. Ex-'94.
Busselle, S. M.
Collins, Stephen W., '83.
Collins, M. P., '92.
Cromwell, J. W., '59.
DuBarry, J. M., '90.
Eshleman, F. M., '00.
Ferris, Wm. T., '85.
Haines, J. H., '98.
Hilles, W. T., '04.
Hilyard, George D.
Janney, W. C. '98.
Kirkbride, F. B., '89.
McGrath, F. S. Ex., '98.
Murphy, Grayson M. P., '00.
Osborne, Charles, '93.
Parsons, Samuel, '61.
Petty, Herbert, '99.
Phillips, Wm. P., '02.
Roberts, John, '93.
Stadelman, Fred., '98.
Strawbrige, F. H., '87.
Swan, Fred. A., '98.
Taber, David S., '94.
Taber, D. Shearman, '94.
Taylor, Frank H., '76.
Thomas, Bond V., '83.
Webster, Walter C., '95.
Wood, James, '58.
Wood, L. Hollingsworth, '96.
Woodward, Thomas, '66.

MARYLAND ALUMNI DINNER

The third annual dinner of the Haverford Society of Maryland was held Saturday evening, April 4th. The members of the Society were the guests of Mr. Richard J. White, '87, at his residence. Dr. W. W. Comfort, '94, who was the guest of honor, spoke for the College.

The following officers were elected for the next year:

President—Miles White, Jr., '75.

Vice-President—A. Morris Carey, '78.

Secretary-Treasurer—Dr. W. R. Dunton, Jr., '89.

Ex. Com.—R. J. White, '87, and Dr. H. M. Thomas, '82.

The dinner was attended by the following men: Dr. W. P. Mustard, J. C. Thomas '61, Prof. A. M. Elliott '66, Prof. Henry Wood '69, C. Y. Thomas '71, Dr. Randolph Winslow '71, Miles White, Jr. '75, R. H. Holme '76, Dr. H. M. Thomas '82, F. A. White '84, J. H. Janney '87, R. J. White '87, Dr. W. R. Dunton, Jr. '89, T. S. Janney '90, W. W. Handy '91, Dr. W. W. Comfort '94, J. L. Winslow '01, Dr. Fitz-Randolph Winslow '03, J. K. Worthington '03, S. L. Whiteley '02, E. F. Winslow '05, and A. B. Morton '07.

ALUMNI NOTES

'72 and 1900. A book of *Short Biographies of Great English Authors*, by F. B. Gummere and W. S. Hinchman, has just come from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'82. Professor George A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, read a paper before The American Oriental Society at Cambridge, on April 23rd, 1908.

'94. Dr. W. W. Comfort has an article entitled "The Heroic Ideal of the French Epic," in the *Quarterly Review* (London), for April, 1908.

'00. The Class of 1900 held its annual dinner at the College on April 4th, 1908. Twenty-two members were pres-

ent, as follows: C. J. Allen, W. W. Allen, Carter, Cope, Drinker, Eshleman, Febiger, Freedley, Hiatt, Hinchman, Howson, Jenks, Justice, Levick, Lloyd, Logan, Moorhouse, Mifflin, Murphy, Sharpless, Tatnall, and Taylor.

W. S. Hinchman acted as Toastmaster, and the following responded to toasts: "Prodigality," G. M. P. Murphy.

"The Merriment of Maturity," W. W. Justice, Jr.

"999th Facts," F. M. Eshleman.

"Up-State," J. K. Moorhouse.

H. S. DRINKER, *Secretary*.

'00. F. M. Eshleman has gone west on his annual business trip, and is at present in San Francisco.

'01. F. W. Sharp is interested in the development of irrigated lands in the Lewiston-Clarkston Valley. He is also the Treasurer of the Snake River Canning Co., located at Clarkston, Washington.

'01. The engagement is announced of Howard V. Bullinger to Miss Gertrude Tiliston, of Boston.

'01. Lawrence De Motte is teaching at Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Maryland.

'02. A. G. H. Spiers has been appointed an instructor in French at Harvard University for the year 1908-09.

'02. A daughter has been born to Shipley Brown.

'02. C. W. Stork is completing a term of study in English and German, at the University of Munich.

Ex.-'03. The engagement is announced of Cadwalader Washburne Kelsey, of Chestnut Hill, to Miss Marian Sharwood, of Haverford.

(?) Burt C. Wells has been appointed the City Engineer to the City of Wichita, Kansas.

Several of the Alumni have rented Lloyd Hall for the ensuing summer. Among them are; Mellor, '01', Thorne, '01, Me-

gear, '04, Eshleman, '05, and Gummere, '07.

We wish to correct the following, which appeared, by mistake, in our last issue:

"04. Harold H. Morris captained the Pennsylvania soccer team that played at Haverford, March 6th." The team was captained by Mr. Wood.

'08. The engagement is announced of

J. Passmore Elkinton, to Miss Mary R. Bucknell, of Haddon Heights, New Jersey.

Alumni Day will be held, as usual, on Commencement Day, which falls, this year, on Wednesday, June 10th. A committee has in charge the exercises of the day, a programme of which will be mailed with the Alumni notice about June 1st.

College Department

Y. M. C. A.

The officers of the Y. M. C. A. for 1908-1909 have been elected, and are as follows:

President—Jacob Jarden Guenther,

Vice-President—Charles F. Clark, '10.

Treasurer—Walter Palmer, '10.

Secretary—Edwin A. Russell, '11.

The Y. M. C. A. Cabinet which has been thus far appointed, is:

Charles F. Clark '10, ex-off.

Edwin A. Russell '11, ex-off.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

Bible Study—Carrol T. Brown, '08.

Co-operation—Walter C. Sandt, '09.

Fall Campaign—Reynold A. Spaeth '09.

Finance—Walter Palmer, '10.

Membership—Willard P. Tomlinson, '10.

Religious Meetings—Thomas K. Sharpless, '09.

Preston, J. Jarden Guenther, '08, Eugene R. Spaulding, '10, Vice-Chairman.

Boys' Club—Not yet appointed.

Mission— " " "

The final meeting and reception of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Wednesday evening, April 8th, in the Y. M. C. A. room.

The meeting was opened with a short religious service, after which President Drinker read his report for the year. In it he pointed out the work which had been

accomplished during the year, and finished with a few helpful remarks to the new cabinet.

The principal address of the evening was made by Dr. B. K. Wilbur, of Bryn Mawr. His subject was divided under three heads: "The call of the flesh," "The call of the mind," and "The call of the whole life." From these three topics he drew his conclusion, in which he said that we must look for the things which are unseen, and not for the things which are seen; for the things which are seen are the temporal, and those unseen the eternal.

MUSICAL CLUBS

A concert and dance was given by the Musical Clubs at the Arundell Club, Baltimore, on April 11, 1908. It was a great success and the management has sufficient cause to feel gratified with the result.

Every selection was well received by an appreciative audience, but the reception accorded Arthur Leonard and Fred Myers in their "Fritzi Scheff" and "Merry Widow" imitations, surpassed all others in the amount of applause.

There was but one thing to be deplored, and that was the fact that Manager Musser was ill and unable to be present; however, Assistant Manager Myers achieved an admirable success.

Dr. Schmucker, of the West Chester Normal School, who has been identified with biological work in many sections of this country, addressed the Scientific Club on Thursday evening, April 16th.

FELLOWSHIP AWARDS

For many years it has been the custom of the Faculty to award three fellowships to Seniors. The Clementine Cope Fellowship, of the annual value of \$500, may be awarded to the best qualified applicant of the Senior Class. He is required to spend the succeeding year in study at some American or foreign university approved by the Faculty.

On the same foundation are offered yearly two fellowships, involving certain duties at Haverford College. They are construed to cover all the charges for tuition, rooms and board.

The successful candidates for this year are:

Clementine Cope Fellowship—Winthrop Sargent, Jr., '08.

The Two Teaching Fellowships—Walter W. Whitson, '08; Carrol T. Brown, '08.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE

The annual Sophomore-Freshman debate was held at 8 o'clock, on Wednesday, April 15th, in Robert's Hall. The subject, chosen by the Freshmen, was: Resolved: That municipal ownership of street railway lines in the city of Baltimore, would be of more benefit to the people of Baltimore than the present system. The Sophomores had elected to uphold the negative; the Freshmen taking the affirmative. The speakers for the affirmative were: A. S. Young, Spencer, Stuccator; with Shero, alternate. For the negative: Froelicher, Tomlinson, Wilson; with Calley, alternate. Drs. Bolles, Pratt and Barrett, who had kindly consented to act as judges, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative.

The following men have been chosen for the Everett Oratorical Contest, which will be held on May 7th:

Sophomores—Froelicher, Rabinowitz, Tomlinson, Wilson.

Freshmen—Ferris, Russell, Spencer, Stuccator.

Athletic Department

CRICKET

HAVERFORD 3RD, 50; WESTTOWN, 30.

The first cricket match of the season was played at Haverford, between the college third eleven and the first eleven of Westtown School. Haverford 3rd won by the score of 50 to 30 runs. A strong wind during the game prevented both teams from playing their best.

HAVERFORD FRESHMEN, 57; FRIENDS' SELECT, 30.

On Wednesday, April 15th, the Fresh-

man eleven played the Friends' Select cricket team on Cope Field and defeated them easily by the score of 57 to 30. The chief features of the game were the bowling of Hartshorne and the batting of Taylor, who hit with remarkable freedom. The Freshmen had four wickets yet to fall when the game closed.

CRICKET SCHEDULE.

First Eleven:

Saturday, April 25—Frankford, at Frankford.

Saturday, May 2—Germantown, at Haverford.

Wednesday, May 6—Pilgrims, at Haverford.
 Saturday, May 9—Baltimore C. C., at Baltimore.
 Friday, May 15—Harvard, at Haverford.
 Saturday, May 16—Radnor, at Haverford.
 Wednesday, May 20—Next 15, at Haverford.
 Saturday, May 23—Cornell at Ithaca.
 Saturday, May 30—Pennsylvania, at Haverford.
 Saturday, June 6—All Scholastic, at Haverford.
 Second Eleven:
 Saturday, April 25—Frankford, at Haverford.
 Saturday, May 2—Germantown, at Manheim.
 Saturday, May 9—Merion, at Haverford.
 Saturday, May 16—
 Wednesday, May 20—First Eleven, at Haverford.

Saturday, May 23—Merchantville, at Merchantville.
 Saturday, June 6—Radnor, at Haverford.
 Third Eleven:
 Saturday, April 11—Westtown School, at Haverford.
 Wednesday, April 29—Central High School, at Haverford.
 Wednesday, May 6—Germantown Academy, at Haverford.
 Friday, May 8—Friends' Select, at Haverford.
 Tuesday, May 12—Penn Charter, at Haverford.
 Saturday, May 23—Williamson School, at Haverford.

HAVERFORD, 48; FRANKFORD, 141.

Our first team played Frankford on Saturday, the 25th of April, at Frankford.

HAVERFORD.

A. W. Hutton, b. Cartledge.....	0
E. A. Edwards, b. Cartledge.....	6
C. T. Brown, b. Cartledge.....	4
T. K. Sharpless, b. Cartledge.....	8
R. N. Brey, l. b. w., b. Cartledge.....	1
F. C. Baily, c. Potts, b. Cartledge.....	1
W. Hartshorne, b. Cartledge.....	4
J. B. Clement, Jr., c. Winter, b. Evans.....	7
J. C. Thomas, b. Evans.....	0
T. K. Lewis, c. Garrett, b. Cartledge.....	1
S. Mason, not out.....	7
Extras	9
Total	48

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Cartledge	76	5	25	8
Potts	48	1	10	0
Evans	24	2	4	2

FRANKFORD.

W. W. Foulkrod, Jr., b. Clement.....	7
Dr. T. R. Currie, b. Clement.....	5
C. H. Winter, b. Hartshorne.....	29
A. C. Garrett, b. Clement.....	6
W. S. Evans, c. Clement, b. Hartshorne....	33
A. B. Cartledge, c. Lewis, b. Clement.....	19
F. R. Hansell, c. and b. Hartshorne.....	5
R. W. Hilles, b. Clement.....	1
J. W. Potts, not out.....	7
A. G. Singer, b. Hartshorne.....	4
A. L. Hilles, Jr., absent.....	0
Extras	25
Total	141

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Thomas	66	1	39	0
Clement	96	0	52	5
Hartshorne	52	2	28	4

The second team played Frankford second, at Haverford, on the 25th of April.

HAVERFORD.

Myers, b. Fellows.....	8
Downing, c and b. Webster.....	0
Pennypacker, b. Webster.....	7
Wright, run out	18
Drinker, b. Fellows.....	0
David, b. Fellows.....	2
Kerbaugh, b. Fellows.....	0
Taylor, b. Webster.....	9
Haines, hit wicket, b. Webster.....	3
Edwards, b. Fellows.....	3
Stokes, not out.....	2
Extras 6.....	6
Total	58

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Wright	30	1	26	0
Myers	96	2	36	6
Downing	24	0	22	1
Kerbaugh	18	0	9	0
Drinker	12	0	10	1

FRANKFORD.

B. Saddington, b. Myers.....	2
A. Cooney, c. David, b. Myers.....	5
W. M. Fellows, b. Downing.....	24
G. Henry, b. Myers.....	0

J. Pike, c. Taylor, b. Myers.....	30
T. H. Henkels, c. Downing, b. Myers.....	7
H. Wilson, b. Myers.....	17
M. Webster, b. Drinker.....	6
C. Webster, run out.....	9
R. Murphy, retired.....	3
J. Findeisen, not out.....	0
Extras	8
Total	111

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Fellows	50	2	20	5
Webster	48	1	32	4

INTER CLASS RELAY RACES

On Monday, April 6th, the annual inter-class relay race was run off. There were eight men on each team, each man running 220 yards. The Sophomores won easily by at least 15 yards, the Freshmen coming in second, the Juniors third, and the Seniors last. The time was 3 minutes, 6 2-5 seconds.

The classes were represented by:

1908. 1, Shoemaker; 2, Miller; 3, Edwards; 4, Drinker; 5, Longstreth; 6, Burtt; 7, Sargent; 8, Brown.

1909. 1, Hill; 2, Lutz; 3, Thompson; 4, Moore; 5, Sharpless; 6, Myers; 7, Spaeth; 8, Bard.

1910. 1, Carey; 2, Wilson; 3, Tomlinson; 4, Froelicher; 5, Hutton; 6, Shoemaker; 7, Roberts; 8, Palmer.

1911. 1, Smith; 2, Hartshorne; 3, Russell; 4, Price; 5, W. J. Young; 6, Levin; 7, Gallagher; 8, Ashbrooke.

TRACK MEET.

On Thursday, April 16th, the four classes met in their annual spring events. The 100-yard dash, one-mile run, 120-yard high hurdles, pole vault and discus throw were pulled off. With the events run off the preceding week, the score, between classes, stands:

1908—8 1909—21 1910—56 1911—16

At the time of writing, the broad jump, shot put and hammer throw were still to be contested.

220-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, '10; second, Ashbrook, '11; third, Wilson, '10. Time, 23 4-5.

100-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, '10; second, Ashbrook, '11; third, Gallagher, '11. Time, 10 3-5.

Quarter Mile—First, Palmer, '10; second, Roberts, '10; third, Levin, '11. Time, 56.

220-Yard Dash—First, Palmer, '10; second, Bard, '09; third Hartshorne, '11.

Half Mile—First, Roberts, '10; second, Thompson, '09; third, Smith, '11. Time, 2.14.

Two Mile—First, Morris, '10; second, Edwards, '10; third, Russel, '11. Time, 11.36.

One Mile—First, Roberts, '10; second, Thompson, '09; third, Smith, '11. Time, 5.01.

120-Yard High Hurdles—First, Bard, '09; second, Cary, '10; third, Palmer, '10. Time, 17 2-5.

Pole Vault—First, Leonard, '08; second, Bard, '09; third, Russel, '11. Height, 10 ft.

Discus Throw—First, Froelicher, '10; second, Crites, '08; third, Green, '09. Distance, 93 ft. 2 in.

High Jump—Tied for first, Bart, '09; Cary, '10; Hartshore, '11. Height, 5 ft. 2 in.

INTER COLLEGIATE RELAYS

Haverford was represented in the Inter-Collegiate Relays, on Franklin Field, Saturday, April 25th, by the following team: Palmer, '10 (capt.); Roberts, '10; Cary, '10; and Gallagher, '11. The other competitors in our class were:

Rutgers, Western University of Maryland, Colgate, Carlyle, University of New York.

The company was fast, exceeding last year's team by a second and a fraction. Haverford was unable to secure a place, coming in fifth of the contestants. Palmer closed the race for Haverford by a spectacular run, passing one competitor, and gaining nearly 40 yards. His time was 52—the fastest of any individual contesting in this class. The order of running was as follows: Roberts, Cary, Gallagher, and Palmer.

SOCCER

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The second game to decide the inter-class championship took place on Thursday, April 2, on Merion Field. The Freshmen showed lack of practice and were easily beaten by the superior teamwork of the upper classmen.

R. A. Spaeth, '09, has been elected captain of next year's soccer team.

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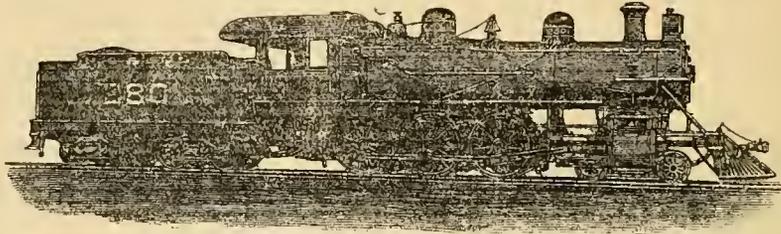
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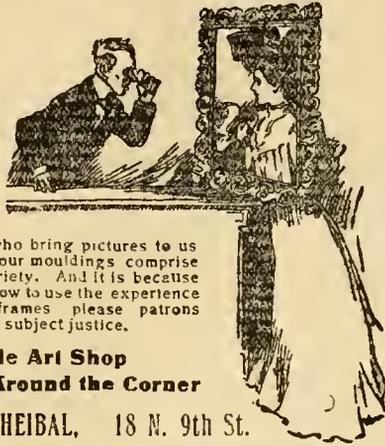
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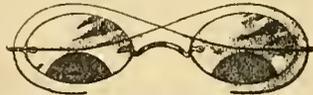
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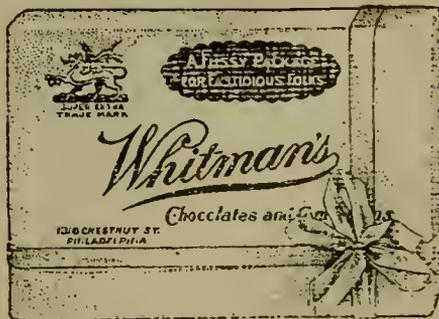
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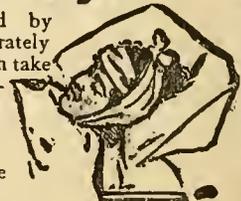
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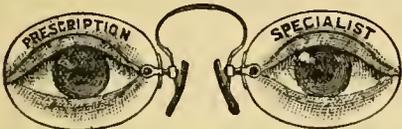
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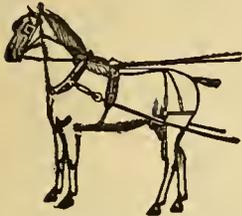
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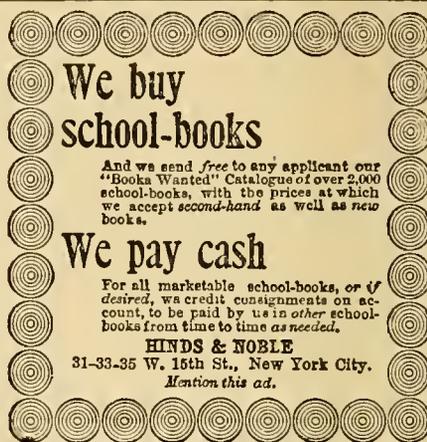
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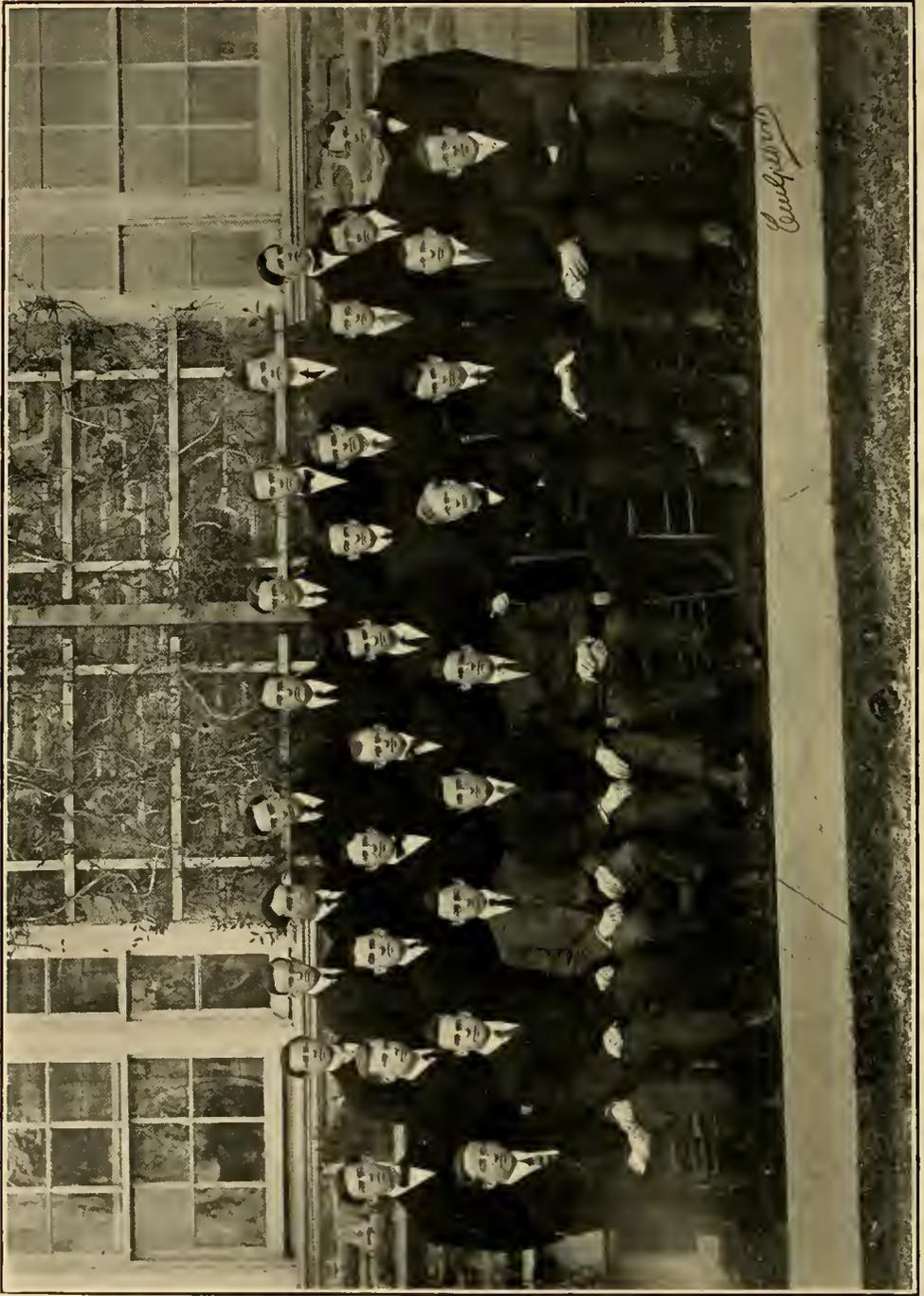
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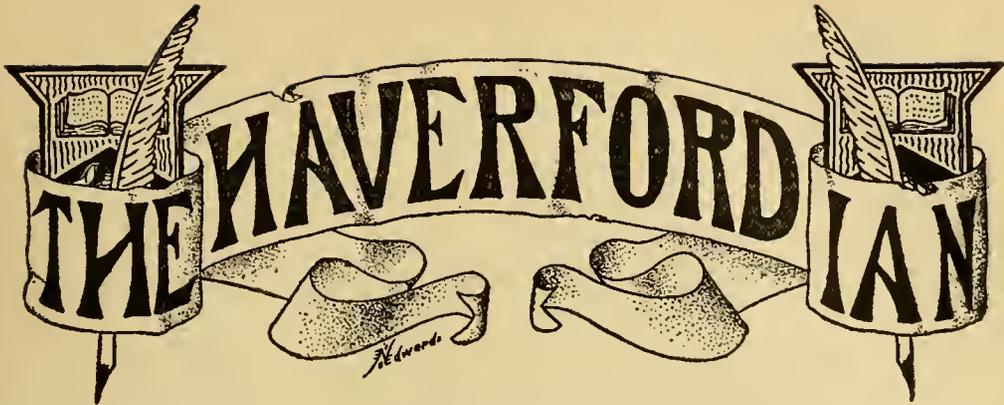
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SENIOR CLASS, 1908



The Prize Competition

THIS number of the Haverfordian contains the first prize articles of the competition which was instituted over a month ago. We believe that they are good enough to justify the price of obtaining them—fifty dollars. But even if they were not in themselves of sufficient value to justify this outlay, we would not need to feel that the money had been poorly spent. The competition has accomplished its first purpose of bringing out new contestants in the literary field. Men who have never made the slightest contribution to the magazine until this time, have labored and wrought, and in some cases have achieved. And thus we see that money, while it may be the root of all evil, is also the instrument of good, for it has attracted men to effort, who would have otherwise slumbered on in the most perfect content.

We feel that it is highly desirable to establish this competition as a regular yearly event. The men who try for foot ball or cricket or track have the incentive of personal glory in the form of a very conspicuous "H"—by no means an unimportant factor in bringing out our large yearly showing of candidates in athletics. We do not ad-

vised granting an "H" for an exceptionally clever story, and modesty (if nothing else) forbids that we appeal for the award of numerals to all who make the Haverfordian board. But there is a need for some definite incentive to literary effort, just as much as for athletic. Every new man should feel that he has a good chance to get a reward for his labors. The pure rapture of becoming an editor is, of course, a thing which can not be experienced by more than three or four fellows each year. But the competition opens up half a dozen more opportunities for some one to grasp, and makes the sum total of incentive to literary work almost as large as in the case of college games. And this increased incentive is our greatest need, for the literary man of to-day has not only Keats' aesthetic ideal of "Art for art's sake," but a goodly share of Shakespeare's anxiety to make it pay.

The Prize Competition, then, provides a much needed stimulus to literary effort, and puts the whole literary situation in better shape by enabling the authors of the college to receive a little more of the recognition which shows a tendency to collect, perhaps a trifle in excess, around the athletes. The Haverfordian wishes to thank the

individuals who have so kindly financed the scheme so far, and to assure them that their interest in the matter is greatly appreciated by the College. The competition is an institution which has come to stay; and we hope soon to place it upon a firmer basis than now, where it is dependent upon the kindness of two or three interested persons. We intend to raise a fund, if possible, of \$1,000, the interest of which shall be devoted exclusively to the yearly prizes. It is a small sum; but it would be sufficient in our small college, to insure a continually increasing interest in literary work, and so be for the good of Haverford. We hope that the Alumni will bear this matter in mind and give it careful thought before the Seventy-fifth Reunion in the fall of 1908. In the meantime, any contributions may be sent to the Editor of the Haverfordian, Haverford, Penna., where they will be forwarded to him during the summer.

The results of the Prize Competition are as follows:

- First Prize Story—"The Phantasy".....
by Donald M. Calley
Second Prize Story—"An Oval Incident"..
by T. M. Longstreth
First Prize Essay..... T. M. Longstreth
Second Prize Essay.... Howard Burtt
First Prize Poem—"Ode to the Grand
Cañon"by Howard Burtt
Second Prize Poem—"An Adaptation"
by Howard Burtt

Space permits us to publish only part of the prize-winning contributions in this number. The others will appear in the October issue.

We announce the election of Alfred Lowry, to the position of Editor-in-Chief, for the term left vacant by John French Wilson, who will not return next year.

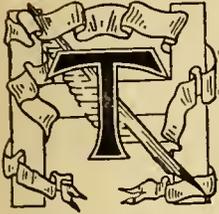
H. S. Hires, '10, and E. R. Spaulding, '10, have also been elected to the editorial board.

To Browning

One prophet told us of the mighty soul
That breathes through all things; and another taught
The universal brotherhood of man;
Another sang the fevered century's dole
And solace from the wrecks of ages sought;
While yet another in his short life's span
The god's own nectar from Olympus stole,
One was there whose rich, figured fancy wrought
The scenes where Alph, the sacred river, ran;
And one the century's minor key in thought
Kept sounding, and with tears has stained his scroll;
Another in glad sunshine work began
And painted pictures; but the last one caught
The century's meaning and summed up the whole.

HOWARD BURTT, '08.

THE MIND OF THE UNDERGRADUATE



HERE appeared in the *Educational Review* for September 1905, an article by Prof. George P. Baker, of Harvard University, entitled "The Mind of the Undergraduate." Every graduate ought to read that article. Every graduate and every teacher ought to read it; and not only read it, but remember it. In it Prof. Baker has turned the search-light on one of the greatest defects of American Education, a defect that is fundamental. His conclusions are startling, but we are compelled to believe that they are true.

There appear in many of our institutions of learning many signs that the greater part of the required strenuous mental work is looked upon by the average student as a necessary evil rather than as a pleasure. The great emphasis placed within recent years upon athletics has been, for the most part, wisely placed. But it has certainly been overdone in some cases. We encourage the kindergarten child to prefer the sandpile to the school-room; we believe that the normal boy of eight, or ten, or even twelve should still get more actual pleasure from coasting, skating, or playing ball than from the necessary discipline of academic education. But are we wise to continue the same privilege to the college youth of eighteen and twenty? Is it right that the average normal college student should always find more pleasure in watching a foot ball game than in actual thinking? "It is quite fair to say, of course," to quote Prof. Baker, "that the awakening comes in many cases as graduate students and

in the graduate school of life. But I think it is perhaps a question with all of us teachers whether that is not a slightly late awakening."

The Professor gives in detail some of his experiments with the Harvard debating classes; he pictures most amusingly the mental vacuity of the student of the "amiably receptive expression," who greatly appreciated the jokes of a lecture, but who remained innocent of the receipt of any substantial knowledge. To how many of us does not this description recall a fitting personal memory? How many of us have not taken down a lecture verbatim from the professor's mouth, our senses acting merely as transmitters, and we actually thinking not at all! How many of us have not learned the chief points of this same lecture by heart a few days before the examination and then again retransmitted it with very little permanent effect upon our inner consciousness! Of course, there are some men who seldom, if ever, do this. But it is not the bright nor the especially indutrious student who is in question. We are examining the mental processes of that highly favored normal youth, the all-round athlete, student and society man, who has the approbation of all and popularity with many. This youth is neither the product of unusual genius nor the victim of unfortunate stupidity. He is the legitimate result of our modern highly organized educational system. For his virtues and his faults our society as a whole is responsible and by his characteristics the effectiveness of modern education must be judged. Education and social customs largely

determine the habits of all. But we cannot relieve even the happy nonchalant youth of all responsibility.

We much agree with Prof. Baker in his conclusion "that the causes for this heedlessness in the undergraduate lie back of college and school, in the home, in the very nature of mature American life of to-day." But certainly each student can and ought to help with the remedy. It should be the duty of everyone definitely to train himself to enjoy thinking.

Prof. Baker has discovered "another curious manifestation of this neglect of thinking." It might be put the other way: The lack of proper opportunity to think is, with the industrious student, as much a cause of weak mentality as lack of training with the careless. "One great difficulty," to quote again, "which I find in my teaching is the restless activity of the undergraduate. Some of the best men who really might do admirable work in their courses and win distinction in their undergraduate career, don't get these results simply because they are like a student of mine in recent years, always so busy with the other thing that the immediate piece of work never was done properly." What, indeed, is more common than the sight of the popular fellow assisting in almost every department of college life; holding a responsible office in the Y. M. C. A., assisting in the football department, and working industriously on many of the prominent athletic teams? This is the man whom we all laud. We admire his executive ability; his athletic proficiency is the envy of every Freshman; we hail him as a leader of men. Yet "he has so many things to do he cannot possibly do any one of them well" or, at least, if there occasionally appears a genius who can do all of

them with a fair degree of proficiency, his more normal emulator certainly cannot. "How can the undergraduate who thinks about the possibilities of his undergraduate career, realizing what his chances are, fail to see that to behave in this way is to lose just the special chances for which he would once have told you he was coming to college? I don't care in the least whether he settles down upon his philosophical club, his musical organization, debating or something else, if he will only settle down, concentrating upon something; then we shall be able to get results from him. This mental dissipation, this American hustle which keeps interested in everything with small, because scattered, results, is a very unsatisfactory feature indeed of the undergraduate world of to-day." The undergraduate can, if he will, select a few avenues of work and apply his energies in these directions with effect. That is his primal duty.

But he must inevitably return to the general educational system, that constant guardian of his youth, that moulder of all his habits and ideals. The college, as well as the school, often seems to require too many different courses. It is heresy for an undergraduate to cry out that he has too much to learn. But on this point we must be clear and firm. To the awakening youth the proper aim of life appears to be the mastery of all learning. Time only can teach him the utter impossibility of the task. Indeed, many adults never learn it. But educators all over the country are discovering that it is physically impossible to cram even the elementary facts concerning most subjects into the brain of a child during the first twenty years of its growth. On all sides is the lamentable result of the

very well-informed individual who has no intellectual power.

The average college offers a great many more courses of learning than any one student is expected to undertake. Every one of them would be of some real value to any man; from them the indifferent and the ambitious are both expected to elect. But unfortunately the judgment of what can reasonably be accomplished in the time allowed seldom bears any proportionate ratio to either the enthusiasm of the industrious or the excuses of the lazy. At least some maximum limit is necessary, and it has to some extent been set. But it is often too high. To be sure, the careless or the indifferent student has not too much to keep him busy. But the industrious student has too often no opportunity to think, to digest his reading, to sit back and by voluntary effort convert what facts he has mastered into an integral part of his life power. Prof. Baker points to this weakness in the Elective System and says, "that youth deduces as a corollary that variety is not only the spice of college life but the great es-

sential." "If the boy came up to college with fewer facts, but an interest in thinking for its own sake, respect for learning and literature, and some responsibility," and if he were there allowed full opportunity to develop his interest in thinking, we would have stronger men; we would have men with less knowledge and more wisdom, men with less diplomacy and more power.

These and several other matters of vital significance to our educational work are dealt with by Prof. Baker, but if these remarks are sufficient to incite their readers to a personal examination of the article referred to, their chief purpose will have been accomplished. The educators of the country have, of course, the greatest responsibility in the matter. But every student can select his tasks so that his energy will not be wastefully dissipated. Every student can train himself to enjoy thinking; and every student ought to be at least willing to consider these problems which so vitally affect his welfare.

J. Passmore Elkinton, '08.

Horace--Ode XIII, Book III

Bandusia, thou fount with flowers strewn,
 More clear than crystal, worthy of sweet wines,
 To thee a kid shall be presented, soon,
 Whose sprouting brow both love and war designs—
 In vain, for this, the lewd flock's progeny
 Shall, with red blood, thy cooling waters dye.

Thy shade, unpierced by the dog-star's blight,
 A cool relief to ranging cattle brings;
 Plough-wearied oxen oft dost thou delight.
 Thou too shalt live amongst the famous springs,
 For I have praised thy oak, whose branches shade
 The cave where falls thy murmuring cascade.

JAMES WHITALL, '10.

A PHANTASY.

FIRST PRIZE STORY.



He was leaning over the balustrade of the roof-garden. Below him the walls dropped, story after story, into darkness.

From the east he faintly heard Lake Michigan as it thundered against the breakwater. The lake still rushed and thundered but the wind had died; and the balm and hush of a June night was on the city. No, it was more than the hush of a June night. The ceaseless rustle of the laughing, sparkling throngs that drifted through the streets on summer evenings was missing. There was no faint rumble of traffic, of distant clang of trolleys; nothing but the endless tolling of a bell. Chicago lay spread shapeless and black. To the east was the clean-cut rim of the lake, while north, west and south circled a line, broken and jagged by silhouetted chimney and church and tenement, for the accustomed flare of arc-light and electric sign was absent and the sky was cloudless and brilliant. Here and there a lurid flicker lighted some square or small park.

"For all the world like a man lighting his pipe in the dark," commented Jones as he counted them. "Seven altogether. There are more people with nerve than I thought. Hello!"

Directly below him, about ten stories down, was the roof of a large tenement. It seemed from his height a black abyss in which hung a little square of yellow light, across which a shadow came and went as regularly as the pendulum falls. He watched the shadow intently. The skylight was open and very faintly he caught

the tune of some old-fashioned lullaby. The words were indistinguishable, the sound a mere murmur, but he understood.

"Well, on my soul, she's putting the baby to sleep! Queer!" he continued, "here is all this precious stuff that has been such an eternal while evolving, and to-morrow the blundering old universe is going to smash it with as little concern as a seven-year-old kid his sister's doll, and yet she is putting the baby to sleep just as she would have done five months ago, before they disorganized the world with their discovery. The fools! The infernal fools!"

His glance wandered over the vagueness of the city, watching the restless pools of color where great bonfires had been lighted, till his eye was caught by a white light moving swiftly along some street engulfed in darkness, far beneath him.

"So they've come," he muttered to himself. "Six of us, seven counting her," nodding toward the open skylight, "who have neither gone mad nor joined the stampede to the mourner's bench. She, because she loves her baby. She can't leave it, and it might get crushed in the street. Knox, because he is a rationalist, has no soul, and wants another dinner before he dies. Snyder and the girls, because they're game. How grand it must be to roll life and death into one motto: 'Be a sport!' And I? Well, they need some one to take care of them, and it's quiet here. I wonder when I'll have to do it? Not before three, thank God!"

"Getting gloomy, Professor?" chirped a crisp voice at his side. "Letting that dolorous knell oppress your soul?"

Tut, tut! man! don't let a mere sound disturb you. It proves nothing, doesn't change a rational man's philosophy a hair's breadth. Snyder and the girls are coming, so let's open some champagne and get cheerful. By the way, Marjorie lost her nerve, joined our Catholic brethren in Lincoln Park, and is now telling her beads like a lamb under the direction of Father Simons. Of course the Catholic positions are rubbish, but they're logical within their limits, and they haven't let their people stampede. I expect that's Snyder cursing over there in the dark."

A series of abusive epithets came from somewhere behind a semi-circle of potted palms that hid the theatre from view.

"Curse it all, Professor! why couldn't you have put a light in this dark hole? I nearly barked my shin on a table, and heaven knows I'm familiar with the place!"

"Come Snyder," cried Knox, "don't waste breath on the inanimate. The Professor has the Lord knows how many bottles of champagne, not to mention cordials, Scotch and brandy, enough to stock a bar. I wish you could see——" At this point he was interrupted by Snyder and the girls.

The space within the semicircle of palms was lighted by two huge lamps, mounted on tall, wrought brass tripods. The light, making its way through deeply-stained shades, inlaid with a many-colored pattern, was subdued and rich. A thick Persian rug had been laid on the stone floor. In the center was a mahogany table, lighted by two silver candelabra, aglitter with silver and glass, and loaded with all the delicacies of an afternoon luncheon. A side table of teak, of a squat Chinese pattern, was crowded

with syphons and decanters. Several capacious chairs were arranged in apparent confusion, but so placed as to take in the sky, and a glimpse of the black lake, and the ragged rim of the city. By each chair were placed coolers, with bottles snugly packed in their beds of ice, while behind the palms, hidden from sight, were as many again, should the occasion demand them.

The men were in evening dress and so was Bessie, but Lu wore the costume in which Snyder had first seen her. It was a ballet costume, deep scarlet, with a skirt that dropped to her knees like a many-colored tulip. Her arms and shoulders were bare. In her hair she wore a yellow rose.

"Well, you see for yourself," Knox rambled on, "could anything be more sumptuous? It seems our last night will be our best." And he rubbed his pudgy hands benevolently.

It had seemed to Jones as his guests emerged from the dark of the theater that the girls were a trifle nervous and hysterical, but evidently Snyder, to say nothing of his rationalizing friend, was his same, healthy, cheerful self. He hastened to do his duty as host, and in a twinkling they were snugly settled, the wine and cigars circulating.

"My," sighed Bessie, between mouthfuls of olive sandwich, "I feel better already. If it wasn't for that horrid bell I'd believe this last week's experiences and to-night's ride were a nightmare. You ought to have been with us, Professor. It was awful!"

"By Gad!" exclaimed Snyder, "it's past describing. It's worse than the Stockyard Riot, or the Looting of the Clark Street Saloons. The city has gone mad, stark, raving mad. I took a turn up State Street about half past

five, and saw some strange sights. Great crowds, men, women, Italians, Poles, Negroes, white men, gathered together the devil knows how, went rushing down street after street, cursing and supplicating, trampling each other and all who came in their way, like a lot of crazy cattle. The streets of the down town districts are strewn with bodies. Up side streets you can find people on sidewalks, in the gutters, anywhere, groveling in prayer, utterly oblivious to everything but their own terror. I kicked five or six——”

“You kicked them?” interrupted Jones.

“Sure. Why not? It didn’t make the slightest impression. By the time I’d seen that sort of thing for half an hour I felt downright sick to think I was a man.”

“That shouldn’t have troubled you.” Jones murmured.

“Why, Gad, man! they’re a lot of silly sheep. In spite of the searchlight and the honk we killed at least seven on our way up. They wouldn’t budge, and I wasn’t in the humor to pull them from under the wheels.”

“I have a great deal of respect for you and your fellow astronomers, my dear Jones,—no brandy this time—but it seems to me you would have saved the world a great deal of trouble if you hadn’t made so much noise about this precious comet.”

Even in the lamp-light Jones’ face showed white.

“I’m going to ask you not to put it that way, Knox. I notified you of the conference. If you hadn’t been so engrossed in your cultures and dirty, infected monkeys, you might have helped.

“Director Mackenzie, of Yerkes, opened the session with a paper on

the comet’s spectrum. He had its composition worked out with beautiful accuracy. The tail was largely hydrogen. There were distinct indications of oxygen about the nucleus, with just a trace of phosphorus.

“Roberts’ calculation of its orbit agreed to a hair with Saunderson’s and mine. The comet would be deflected, make half a revolution round the sun and then—the end. Even thick-headed old Dutton appreciated that.

“Then Dickerson of Princeton got to his feet, badly scared, but holding himself well in hand.

“‘Gentlemen,’ said he, his face twitching, ‘the Day of the Lord is at hand. How shall we break it to the world?’

“He had more to say, but I didn’t give him a chance. For three-quarters of an hour I pleaded my cause. There was no need to tell the world. The end was inevitable, so why torture the people? I told them how commerce would cease, how society would be demoralized; that to tell what they knew would turn hell loose; but bah! They were all fools, even Saunderson and the Director.

“Dickerson replied viciously. He quite forgot his fear in blackening me, professionally and personally. He didn’t make many innings on the professional side, but on the personal—good Lord! I never posed as a Puritan, but that fellow must have made a special study of me and discovered many weird things. He made me out, neatly and conclusively, an atheist and drunkard—and what could I do? It was no time to reply to such an attack. Anyhow—well, it would hardly have helped. Then Dickerson’s voice grew mellow as he told of the unsaved millions; and spreading his hands like a

street corner evangelist, he whispered 'Let us pray.'

"About half the conference dropped on their knees and one by one the other half followed suit. Saunderson was among the last. To see a man of his profession hugging the seat of his chair like a whimpering negro backslider was too much. I found my hat and got out. Why was the world told? Because my colleagues let a fanatic hypnotize them."

For awhile all was silent, save the tolling of the bell. The stars shone with unwonted brilliancy. The great dipper hung below the pole, one star hid by a smokeless chimney. A light breeze crept in from the lake. Snyder bestirred himself and brought the girls their cloaks.

"Gad! its getting cooler. The everlasting bonfire comes off about one, doesn't it?" he inquired, looking at his watch.

"Twelve after," corrected Jones. "But it won't be sudden with us. We oughtn't to feel it till four."

"That gives us one hour and forty-five minutes before the comet strikes, and some two hours of comfort after that. Lets begin the festivities in earnest, eh girls? No moping on the last night!"

A champagne bottle popped and foamed.

"No, thanks," purred Knox. "If it's all the same to the ladies I'll stick to brandy. I have my little hobbies," he continued, puffing a blackened pipe. "With all these fine cigars at my elbow I'm still faithful to my briar."

The girls had been remarkably quiet, but when the glasses had been refilled three or four times a reaction set in. Jones sat by the rationalist and watched the sky. He joined in the conversation now and then, or laughed

at Snyder, who was giving imitations of various friends he had seen in the street, but his mind was obviously elsewhere.

"Losing your nerve, Doctor?" grunted Knox, in an undertone. "You don't expect any phenomena before one, do you?"

"No, hardly. And its not likely I'd lose my nerve after the time we had getting this stuff here."

"It certainly was a close shave. Do you remember when they discovered we had wine and food on board, when we slowed down because of that rubbish and they got a glimpse of the crate? How did we get through?"

"I don't know. Poor devils! They were more than half-starved. You threw her wide open, and we plowed through them at forty miles an hour."

"And got a fine jolt on the rubbish heap. Anyway we're here and snug. Let's have that song again Lu, and all join in on the chorus."

It was a jolly, boisterous song and the chorus drowned the monotony of the bell.

"Not classic, but good, damn good!" Knox panted. "I'm glad to see you girls taking an interest in things. Come here, Bessie, and have a confab."

Jones slipped away to the parapet. The shadow still moved across the yellow patch, but intermittently. He listened intently and thought he heard, during a lull in the songs and laughter, the faintest ghost of a sob.

"The youngster's sick; teething probably, and the poor girl knows it's no use. A baby's teeth are a small matter. I never took an interest in them before to-night. Bah! I'm getting sentimental. My nerves must be going back on me. But damn my selfishness! To think of her walking the floor to-night, singing and cooing to

the little thing, trying to be brave—ay—and succeeding!”

For an hour or more he paced back and forth along the parapet. The voices and laughter lost their strident note, for the wine was mellowing fear, and once more, in purple haze, the world lay before them.

“It’s a rather solemn thought that out there, where the stars are, they will never know. Only a spark that flared in the night, that will be all!”

He rested his elbows on the parapet and looked long and earnestly into the darkness.

“Poor old earth! You had better make the most of to-night. It will be many a weary aeon before you hear again the music of a mother’s sob.”

He turned abruptly and joined his friends.

“Where have you been keeping yourself, solitary old owl?” demanded Knox.

“We are going to toast every saint in the calendar, the devil and all the gods. Only I must warn you,” and he wagged his head learnedly, “not to let emotion mislead you. Remember that reason, logic, is the one test of truth. For example, emotion leads me to think that I am drunk, Bessie is drunk, Jones is drunk, we’re all drunk; but reason, plain, cool, twenty-four karat reason convinces me that neither Jones nor I are drunk. What time is it?”

“Five minutes after one, friends,” answered Jones, quietly.

The answer had a sobering effect on all but Knox, who commenced a new harangue on the delights of reason and the snares of emotion. Snyder put an end to it by pouring a glass of ice-water down his neck. Then Jones pacified him and explained the situation.

“You don’t mean to say that I was intoxicated? Your brandy is a little more potent than the usual kind. Never mind, there will be no hangover, which is a very great comfort.”

“Ten after one. Two minutes before it strikes.” Jones was standing, watch in hand, looking toward the northern horizon.

There was dead silence. The bell had stopped tolling. The Dipper was slowly climbing the sky. The wind had become more insistent. Lu drew her cloak closely around her and shivered.

“Eleven after.”

The girls drew close to Snyder, who was nervously fumbling in his coat pockets.

“Twelve after.”

The stars glittered on and the city lay black and soundless.

“Miscalculated, by Jove!” cried Snyder, breaking the tension.

“Not so fast,” Jones replied evenly, “what’s that?”

To the east and north appeared a delicate fringe of pink, like the first touch of morning in winter. Then behind it, from the east, as far as the eye could sweep, huge pink, billowy mountains rolled summit over summit to the zenith. They were like vast rolling clouds of steam lighted by a midnight conflagration, silent, swift. They stunned the senses by their infinite hugeness and noiseless onrush. Below, the city lay lit by an unearthly rose illumination, across which gigantic shadows swept ceaselessly from east to west.

“Mother of God!” gasped Lu, cowering, her bare arm before her face to shut out the ever-rising masses.

Bessie hid her face on Snyder’s shoulder and moaned.

Lu laid a timorous hand on his arm.

"I want to go. You'll take me to Father Simons, won't you Fred?"

"Please take us both, Freddie," whispered Bessie, "the machine's in the street; maybe we can get there if you hurry."

He stood, his hand opening and shutting spasmodically, with eyes riveted on the sky. A wild impulse possessed him to say, "Now I lay me," but he felt Knox's eyes were on him, and was ashamed. Jones was examining some apparatus fastened to the parapet.

"I suppose I had better take them." He looked anxiously at Knox.

"If it will make you any happier, my dear boy, do so. But I can't deny I'm disappointed in you. No rational man ever lets a little red fire disturb him. But trot along to the Father and,—God bless you!"

"You've got a stiff proposition ahead of you," cautioned Jones. "It will be almost impossible to make Lincoln Park to-night. Your only chance is to stick to the boulevard. But before you go let's pledge a glass to a safe journey. It won't take long, girls, just one glass."

He chose a bottle, examined it carefully and broke the seal.

The red billows rolled ceaselessly upward. As he looked across the rim of his glass, in the weird light and ever-moving shadows, he hardly recognized the members of the little circle.

"That's Lu with the rose, and the Chinese god is Knox, and there's Snyder and Bess. Comrades, here's to the one blessing life has given us: 'Friendship!'"

The phantom with the rose in its hair sobbed, "Goodbye," and started toward the palms.

Knox had responded to the toast from the depths of his chair. Bessie hurriedly bent over him.

"Come with us, Dick. I don't want to leave——" She paused, steadied herself a moment and slid to the floor a crumpled heap. Lu already lay on the rug, a blotch of red. Snyder, pausing to help himself to a last glass, pitched forward among the decanters and syphons.

There was an interval of silence.

"That was very thoughtful," observed Knox. "I noticed you were rather careful about choosing the bottle so, I am sorry to say, I failed to respond. I didn't come unprepared myself." He fumbled in his vest pocket and brought out a small gelatine capsule. "Just a little cyanide. What was yours?"

"Cyanide," answered Jones.

"You said the rise in temperature would be gradual, and as grilling is uncomfortable I made up my mind not to grill. I would have used yours," here he broke the capsule into some brandy, "only I didn't want to waste this. Of course you're coming?" He raised his glass.

"Dear Knox, you know my hobby. I'm not a rationalist. I'm going to see it out. I'd feel a bit sneakish if I went that way and I'd object to that more than the grilling."

Knox shrugged his shoulders.

"You're as bad as the rest. If I'm not mistaken, its getting a trifle warm. Goodbye." He extended his hand. "To Reason," he said deliberately.

The shadows and the red mist were passing. A stronger light was breaking on the city. It sprang from the east, a wavering sheet of orange, and with the orange came the first heat of day. Jones bent over his apparatus. The thermometer rose steadily, then leaped from seventy-eight to ninety. He threw off his coat and collar.

"I'll set one hundred and twenty as the limit. If it's gradual, my heart may

stand it, but any more jumps like the last—but no, I'm going, and," he added, "It will be the greater victory."

He went to the teak table, tearing open his shirt as he walked. Snyder lay across it, his head over the edge.

"It's lucky I put the cork in," he muttered, as he pulled a bottle from under the body. "My, but it's cool. I'm glad he fell on it."

The orange changed to yellow and the yellow to blinding white. Here and there over the city clouds of smoke began to rise.

"And she's thinking, maybe, the angels will come, trying to keep the baby cool, and wondering why they're so long. The dastardly mockery of it! By heaven, this will be a victory!"

He hurried down the long flights through the drying air. Mists had risen from the pavements and were dissolved in the growing heat. It was a distance of some thirty feet to the tenement house. An ash barrel on the sidewalk was smoking. He rushed across the space with head bent and stumbled, half fainting, into the shadow of the doorway.

In comparison with hot asphalt, the interior was bearable. The place seemed entirely deserted. Here and there an open door showed disordered living rooms. On the top floor he was guided by a murmur that rose as if in passionate pleading, and then died away, exhausted.

The door opened at his touch, showing a plain attic room. Blinds had been drawn across the skylight and window, but a small hole had been charred in the skylight blind, and a single hot ray lighted the room.

A girl of eighteen was kneeling by the bed. Her arms were twined about a baby of perhaps eight months. She did not notice Jones enter and began

her supplications anew. He touched her shoulder. She looked up, the light of a great joy dawning in her eyes. They clouded when she saw his drawn face and dishevelled garments.

"You're not the Lord?" she asked doubtfully.

"No," he answered, "I'm only the doctor."

"I'm so glad you've come. Did the janitor's wife send for you? The baby has been very sick to-night. I think it must be the heat. Is it the end of the world yet?"

"The end of the world? Why, dear girl, you're sick yourself. What a fever you've got! The baby is much better. See how quietly he's sleeping. Come now, lie down and take this medicine."

He found a glass on a rickety stand. The wine was almost simmering as he poured it out.

He stood watching her a moment as she lay by the dead baby, its face hidden in her loosened hair. The air was heavy with the odor of singed cloth. The blind had crumbled from the skylight and the warm carpet smoked in the pitiless glare.

Jones moved mechanically to the rickety stand and set down the glass. By it lay an open Bible. The leaves had become brittle in the dry air and crumbled as he turned them. Some verses enclosed in ink marks caught his eye: "And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

As he read the bitterness of his heart vanished. "So endeth the first lesson," he whispered; and as he whispered, the page blackened and shrivelled.

D. McM. Calley, '10.

The Half Dream

We were together by the sea,
 "Is it not beautiful?" she cried;
 And then with girlish wonder wide
Her great, brown eyes looked up at me.

Far to the south I saw three ships,
 She turned to watch them out of view——
 Thank God for that kind wind that blew
Her loosened hair across my lips!

She ran along the sloping sands
 To meet the thin waves sliding home,
 Or kneeling, laughed to feel their foam
Break gently on her little hands.

And then her face grew very grave,
 As listening, she heard afar
 The moan of surges on the bar,
And the low thunder of the wave.

My own heart beat and rang so loud
 I did not hear the waters roar;
 The fog streamed inland to the shore
And shut her from me in a shroud.

I think she will come back to me:
 It could not have been all a dream;
 For even yet, sometimes we seem
To walk together by the sea.

And often as I watch the ships
 Far on the sea rim, to the south,
 I see the smile upon her mouth,
And feel her hair across my lips.

John French Wilson, 1910.

An Adaptation

SECOND PRIZE POEM

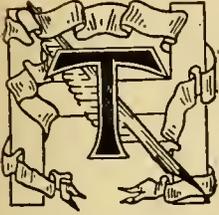
Dear realities of childish fancy,
Golden dreams of gladness gone for aye,
Would that ye by some kind necromancy
Broke the weary flatness of to-day.
Would that Merlin's magic woven paces
Might release us from the quest for truth,
Bring us back the fairy forms and graces
Vainly dreamed of in our distant youth.

Once the woodland rang with elfin voices,
Dwarfs were busy under rocks and hills,
Naiad choirs advanced with footsteps noiseless
Veiled in amethystine mountain rills.
In the depths of forests danced the Satyrs,
Dryads started forth from all the trees,
And as Zephyrus the dead leaves scatters
From Hymettus roamed the wandering bees.

Beauteous world of fond imagination,
Realm where joy and love were unalloyed,
Where then, art thou? Has thy bright creation
By the sword of Knowledge been destroyed?
Ah! return, and dwell once more among us,
Bring the faith maturer years have lacked,
Sing as once we dreamed that Orpheus sung us
And dissolve this bitter world of Fact.

HOWARD BURTT, '08.

“WHAT’S DOIN’?”



HE most egregious professor in college would not have put such a question on his examination paper. No, it was his name. To-day

when two of us meet on the street, we shake and ask each other the news about “Buck” or “Beans” or “Gory Head;” but nobody forgets “What’s Doin’?”

The college campus has a different meaning for every season. Stern winter challenges, insouciant spring caresses, dreamy heated summer lulls, but what does autumn signify? For those of us who returned to college for our Junior Year it meant happy reunion, careless joviality and sport and work.

The first afternoon of the resuming year saw a group of us adorning the lawn in nonchalant attitude waiting for the cane-rush to take place. I remember the picture and ever will. Our desultory remarks had wandered from their usual athletic circuit and finally drifted into a soliloquy on character. “Yes,” said Larry, “character is how you eat. There’s Sam, who chews just so many times, and “Rickety,” who grows fat by swallowing everything in sight. They are just like their way of absorbing grub. Sam’s mighty particular and never accomplishes much, while “Rickety” goes into things wholesale and gets them done.”

“Desserts is a good indicator too,” added “Nick;” “just watch fastidious Mike snatch onto that.”

“What do you suppose are his table manners?” I asked, pointing to an approaching youth, evidently a new man and lonely and shy. That much was to be gathered from his ambling advent.

Seeking admittance to an assembly of young fellows, unoccupied and critical, should be listed among the minor braveries. Our cynosure neared in an evasive fashion, glanced at the surrounding scenery, cast one more look at us, and then, as if by involuntary reaction, advanced into our impolite and staring midst. Once there, in a possessed drawl he quietly asked, “What’s doin’?” Immediately after collapsing on the grass into a dulcet posture of repose, Simmons mimicked “nothin’,” thus completing a ludicrous scene. The cane-rush contestants appearing on the field broke up an incipient comedy, but the name stuck; and even in college where nick-names are achieved surely, curtly and forever, none could have been more apt.

Junior year is a busy year, at loafing if at nothing else; but we saw a good deal of our new class-mate. In fact he clung; but, unlike most clingers, wat welcome. He became known as a good fellow. He was always ready to take hand at poker, he always maintained the superfluous cigarette about his person. He was always glad to lend his presence to any scheme we had on hand, he never obtruded his schemes upon us,—if he ever had any. His attitude toward life was accurately portrayed by those two words “What’s Doin’?” he acted as if eternally expecting Simmon’s answer.

I can still see him lounging out from his room at ten o’clock of a sunny morning—he never attended the breakfast rites—and upon joining our crowd, usually smoking in an ecstasy of idleness, would put his customary conundrum, “What’s doin’?”

A fellow more resolutely useless or

better liked I never saw. Any intention ended with his inevitable interrogation. To all appearances no ambition in "What's Doin'?" ever obtained. He expressed the most casual desire and appeared utterly content with his languorous round of eating, drinking, smoking and sleeping. Yet we liked him; we came to love his memory.

One glorious twilight-time fate manipulated events in such a manner that he and I found ourselves strolling along the shaded lane together. It was dusk there, but a dying sun-glow still stained the sky, visible in splashes through the darkening foliage. Breath of frequent-flowering tree floated to us mixing with radiation from the warm earth. It was an evening when a man dreads less to reveal the thoughts in him that correspond to the beauty around. No lethargy now; we felt the strength of the scene, we were talking seriously.

"Bruce," he said, pointing to the sunset showing far ahead, "it makes you really want to do something." Then he added bitterly, "and I cannot; I can not."

"Of course you can," I answered, I am afraid with meagre consolation.

"I cannot," he repeated aggressively, "I never have done anything. I never much wanted to before, and it's almost too late to begin."

"What nonsense," I exclaimed, "consider what advantages you have over—

over—well, over the people that haven't had them. There's that little girl," pointing to an urchin playing in the dust ahead of us, "who expects to do something, to be somebody. Probably at this age she is contemplating marriage." He did not smile.

"Seriously, now, you are meant to make the world the happier by simply being pleasant. Your rôle is to be agreeable." He scowled.

"Well, you needn't assume it," he chopped in savagely. "If that is all—"

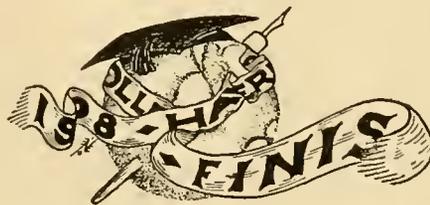
The glaring lights of an automobile swept around the corner in front of us, illuminating his face that had assumed an expression new in its earnestness. The lights silhouetted the little girl. She was fascinated by the brilliance.

"That chauffeur is a fool," I exclaimed starting. But he was ahead of me, running faster than I had thought possible. Would he reach her?

An instant consummated all. I saw her standing. I saw him snatch her. I saw—I heard the horrible impact—the brakes ginding, too late; a confused noise. I was bending over him in the dust so very white. A shudder passed over him, but in an instant his face had assumed its old carefree look, and there came faintly, very faintly from his white lips the old call, "What's Doin'?"

And I knew he was asking God.

T. M. LONGSTRETH, '08.



Faculty Department

Considerable progress has been made in the arrangement of details for the anniversary celebration next Tenth Month. The program appended gives a general idea of what has been planned. The final program will be mailed to all matriculates of the college in September, with the request to signify their intention to be present.

Letters already received from prominent graduates of the college express their intention to attend the celebration. Everything will be done to offer those coming from a distance, the hospitality of the college during their entire stay within our borders, and the committee is counting upon the charitable co-operation of the undergraduates. The importance is realized of offering continuous entertainment for those who give up their work to be present, and it is hoped that there may not be one dull moment while our guests are at Haverford.

This gathering of Haverfordians will undoubtedly be the greatest ever held. The semi-centennial in 1883, was a memorable occasion; but the advance made since then in numbers, influence and enthusiasm should set a new record for Haverford accomplishment.

Many Haverfordians from a distance have expressed their intention to be present. Meetings of old classes can be arranged at the College during the forenoon of either day. By previous arrangement with O. M. Chase, rooms will be set apart for this purpose. On

the evening of Tenth Month 15th, classes can arrange for dinners in Philadelphia or elsewhere.

PROGRAM OF THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE

Tenth Month 16th, 1908.

3.30 P. M.—Educational Meeting in Roberts Hall.

1. Announcement of Representatives of Universities and Colleges present.

2. Addresses by Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University; Theodore Williams Richards, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University; George Wharton Pepper; and Algernon Sidnev Biddle, Professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania.

3. Conferring of Honorary Degrees.

7.00 P. M.—Dinner in the College Dining Hall. Open to all Haverfordians. Representatives of other institutions will be guests of the college, and speeches may be expected from a number of them.

Tenth Month 17th, 1908.

Various athletic and recreational features will be arranged for the forenoon.

12.30 P. M.—Luncheon.

2.00 P. M.—The College eleven will play foot ball with the eleven of Franklin and Marshall College. Admission, fifty cents, for the benefit of the Foot Ball Organization.

4.00 P. M.—Tea on the lawn.

4.30 P. M.—Meeting in Roberts Hall. Historical and descriptive addresses concerning Haverford will be delivered by President Sharpless and Professors Francis B. Gummere and Rufus M. Jones.

6.00 P. M.—Dinner in the College Dining Hall.

7.30 P. M.—Informal meeting in Roberts Hall. A number of short addresses will be given by old Haverfordians.

Alumni Department

'84 Alfred Percival Smith has expressed his intention to present to the College a building, to be begun this fall. It is to be the home of the social and religious activities of the College; and among its various divisions will be a room set aside for class reunions, and for the general use of the Alumni. It will be situated just north of Roberts' Hall, and on the same side of the driveway. The need of such an edifice has long been felt by the College, and the undergraduates hail the report of its advent with joy.

'93 The engagement is announced of William S. Vaux, Jr., to Miss Helen Biddle, of Philadelphia.

'93 Gifford K. Wright has announced his association as partner in the practice of the law with Messrs. C. H. McKee, George E. Alter, H. Walton Mitchell and A. J. Barron, under the name of "McKee, Mitchell and Alter." Their offices will be 1012-1020 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

'99 Herbert C. Petty was elected, May 13, '08, a Director of the Crocker-Wheeler Company, Ampere, N. J., the largest independent manufacturers of electric dynamos and motors in this country. Mr. Petty accepted a position in the Sales Division of the Company in 1903, and has since advanced rapidly to the position of Contract Manager. The present honor conferred upon him is a recognition of the esteem and confidence which he commands among the stockholders and officers of the Company.

'02 Caspar Wistar is leaving the Arancanian Mission in Chile, and expects to sail for England, in May. There he will join his parents, and sail with them for the States, in September.

'02 C. Linn Seiler did the Class of 1909 the very great favor of conducting their orchestra, at their Junior Play, on May 15th.

'02 Percival Nicholson expects to make a special study of children's diseases, in one of the New York hospitals.

'02 The engagement is announced of C. Wharton Stork to Miss Elizabeth von Pansinger, of Austria.

'03 Concerning Robert Louis Simkin, the Haverford missionary in China, we desire to publish the following: "At a meeting of the contributors to the Haverford Mission Fund, held at the office of Mr. Asa S. Wing, on May 20th, it was decided to continue the support of Robert L. Simkin in West China, during 1909. Extracts from recent letters of Simkin, telling of his usefulness in the Christian work being done in the great city of Chungking, and of his participation in the convention of Protestant missionaries, held at Chentu, in January, were read. It was felt by those present that, in view of the interest already aroused in this object and considering the educational value to the undergraduates in bearing this modest share of responsibility for foreign missions, the present undertaking should be continued. To that end the following committee was appointed, with power to add to its numbers, to collect five hundred dollars for 1909.

Asa S. Wing, Chairman.

Robert B. Haines, '78.

Alfred P. Smith, '84.

W. W. Comfort, '94. Secretary.

J. H. Scattergood, '96.

L. H. Wood, '96.

J. T. Emlen, '00.

A. C. Wood, Jr., '02.

J. B. Drinker, '03, Treasurer.

J. J. Guenther, '09.

F. M. Ramsey, '09.

'04 William S. Bradley was married to Miss Anna Collins Remington, in Philadelphia, on May 6th.

'04 C. C. Morris, who is in Europe at present, will join the Philadelphia

Cricket Team in England at the end of June. J. A. Lester, '96, and R. H. Patton, '01, are the other Haverfordians on the eleven.

Ex. '09 Lloyd G. Williams, who has been teaching school in the west this year, expects to return to College in the fall, when he will take up his work with the Class of 1910.

College Department

Y. M. C. A.

The following letter, having been sent to J. P. Elkinton, '08, for the Haverfordian, and being of interest to all who know of Simkin and his work, we desire to insert:

"Chungking, West China,
"Mar. 2, 1908.

"My dear Elkinton:

"Many thanks for your letter of 12/20/07, which was waiting for me last Friday when Mrs. Simkin and I returned from the West China Missionary Conference, at Chentu. I like to keep in touch with what is going on at the College.

"The missionaries have introduced foot ball here, in the more advanced schools, but it is Association, and I do not like it as well as the real thing we used to have at Haverford. Our High School has had a cricket team at various times, but the boys do not care much for the game and none of the other schools play it much, so it is hard to get any games with outside schools. The High School conducted by the Methodist Mission here in Chungking has had rather better success with baseball, though it was funny at first to see how afraid they were of the ball. Instead of catching it with their hands, they would sometimes hold up the loose gowns which

the Chinese sometimes wear and let the ball drop into that. However, that is all past now, and they have learned to play a really good game. On the whole, I think the Chinese take to track athletics better than to games, perhaps because their centuries of struggling every man for himself have not developed much aptitude for team work.

"Thank you very much for sending the November number of the HAVERFORDIAN. I think I must take the paper regularly, and so I am arranging with my brother to send you with this letter a check of one dollar for a year's subscription.

"I read in *The American Friend* that considerable changes have been made recently in the students' rooms in the middle of Founders, and I suppose there will be still greater changes in many ways before I get back to the College. I am especially glad that the athletic spirit is so healthy. I have watched with a good deal of interest whether Swarthmore would accept the conditions of the large bequest and give up intercollegiate athletics, and in her final decision I cannot but feel that she has done the best thing for the College.

"By the time this reaches you, I suppose you will be hustling to get up a good delegation for Northfield, and

I wish you success. I frequently meet young college men out here who have been to Northfield and who mention the fine crowd we always have there.

"At our Yearly Meeting of the Chinese Church, which was held at T'ung Ch'wan this year, it was more evident than ever before how vitally dependent our missionary work is upon our Christian schools. More than any others it was the students who have been trained in our schools who faced the situation and showed that they can be depended upon to solve some of the problems which face us here. The change from the old China has been so very rapid that the educational situation is still exceedingly unsettled; so much so that nobody can tell whether the popular feeling will turn toward the missionary or against his educational methods, but I feel, as one Chinaman said in commenting upon our Yearly Meeting, that 'any mission which has no school work is handicapped, for it is the missions which, like yours, have a well-developed school work, that have a great future before them.'

"With best wishes from Mrs. Simkin and myself to you and all the fellows, I remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"Robert L. Simkin."

Mr. Mercer and Mr. Farmer, working under the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., spoke at the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Friday evening, May 22nd. Mr. Mercer's subject was, "The Manliness of Christianity." Mr. Farmer told, to some extent, of his life as an outlaw, concluding with his conversion in a mission.

Mr. Mercer also spoke at the final Coopertown meeting. His address was very well received by one of the largest gatherings in years. The meet-

ing was followed by a social. The prospects for success during the coming year at Coopertown are very encouraging.

On the following Sunday, Mr. Mercer delivered an address on his life story, at Preston. The service was well attended, both on the part of the Preston people and the college men, and was without doubt, the most successful of the year. Rev. Robert Ellis Thompson, S. T. D., of the Philadelphia Boys' High School, will address the final meeting at Preston.

A committee under Charles F. Clark, 1910, has been appointed to get fellows to go to Northfield. If their expectations are realized, about twenty-five men will go as the Haverford delegation. In previous years the meetings at the Northfield convention have been greatly enjoyed by all that attended them, and certainly this year will prove to be no exception.

Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, of Philadelphia, has consented to address the final meeting of the Y. M. C. A. It is to be hoped that all who can, will be present.

THE JUNIOR PLAY

ENTITLED SPINK'S SPUNK, A PYRAMIDAL BIOLOGUE.

The annual play of the Junior Class was given in Roberts Hall, Friday evening, May the fifteenth.

As usual, the hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience of friends and relatives who declared the entire performance to have been one of the best ever given at Haverford.

The music, which was original, was very good, especially "Telepathy," and "The Auto-bus," while the cos-

tunes and scenery added very much to the great success of the play.

A synopsis of the play is as follows:

A professor of Biology and a party of students from Haverford College are in Africa in search of the missing link. They, together with Jonadab Spink, a traveling salesman and a married graduate of Haverford, fall into the hands of some natives who are about to celebrate the annual sacrificial rites of their god.

Their hairbreadth adventures and ultimate escape provided an interesting plot which was enlivened by good songs and dialogue.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Jonadab Spink (travelling promoter of novel-ties).....P. B. Fay
Late of Haverford

Prof. Biol. O. G. (in search of the Missing Link).....M. H. C. Spiers
Still of Haverford

David Felasco, Walter Brawleigh, Terence Publius-Afer, Tom Bones, *Students with the Professor*,.....D. L. Philips, W. C. Sandt, C. C. Killen, T. K. Lewis.
Very much of Haverford

H. Ammond (secretary with the professor).....A. Lowry, Jr.
Almost of Haverford

Algernon Biol. N. G. (Son of Prof. Biol).....J. W. Stokes
Hopes of Haverford

The Pale God (of the Egyptians).....G. S. Bard
Not yet of Haverford

Priestess of the Pale God.....J. W. Crowell
Once of Haverford

Deborah Spink (wife of Jonadab).....R. A. Spaeth
One on Haverford

Sphinxina (daughter of the Pyramids).....J. W. Pennypacker
Gone on Haverford

Cutie Cura (queen of natives).....C. B. Thompson
Hard on Haverford

Native Guards—G. H. Deacon, J. C. Green, F. McC. Ramsey, A. D. Warnock.

Soldiers—W. S. Febiger, H. M. Lutz, A. J. Hill, R. H. Mott, P. C. Kitchen, F. A. Myers, Jr., F. R. Taylor, R. L. M. Underhill.

Priestesses—R. N. Brey, I. C. Moore, F. C. Hamilton, T. K. Sharpless, P. V. R. Miller, E. Shoemaker.

SCENE 1—An oasis in the desert.
SCENE 2—In the temple, before the sacrifice.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I.

- 1. Opening Chorus Army Priestesses
- 2. The Auto-bus David Felasco
Walter Brawleigh
- 3. FacultyThe Professor
- 4. Telepathy Mrs. Spink
The Professor
- 5. March Army
- 6. Finale Ensemble

ACT II.

- 1 Entrance of PriestessPriestesses
- 2. Far AwayThe Priestess
- 3 March of the Pale GodArmy
- 4. Dreaming The Priestess
David Felasco
- 5. Finale Ensemble
- 6. Class Song.

THOMAS SHIPLEY LECTURE

Prof. Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, delivered the Thomas Shipley Lecture, in Roberts Hall, Monday evening, May 4th. His subject was "The Sonnets of Shakespeare." Prof. Schelling dwelt largely upon the purpose of the Sonnets; their autobiographical phases; and the proofs advanced by various critics, to establish the identity of their begetter.

ELECTIONS

Elections have been made in the following departments, as follows:

College Association.

Chairman—Spaeth, '09.

Vice-Chairman—Kenderdine, '10.

Secretary—Gardiner, '11.

Treasurer—Ashbrook, '11.

Musical Clubs.

President and Manager—Myers, '09.
 Assistant Manager—Spaulding, '10.
 Leader Glee Club—Spiers, '09.
 Leader Mandolin Club—Shoemaker, '09.

Civics Club.

President—Sharpless, '09.
 Vice-President—Guenther, '09.
 Secretary and Treasurer—Kenderdine, '10.
 Executive Committee—C. T. Clark, '10;
 Kerbaugh, '10.

Foot Ball Department.

Chairman—Spiers, '09.
 Vice-Chairman—Palmer, '10.

Association Foot Ball.

Chairman—Hill, '09.
 Vice-Chairman—Tomlinson, '10.
 Manager—Brey, '09.
 Assistant Manager—Furness, '10.

Gymnasium.

Chairman—Spaeth, '09.
 Vice-Chairman—Edwards, '10.
 Manager—Sharpless, '09.
 Assistant Manager—Phillips, '10.

Track

Chairman—Green, '09.
 Vice-Chairman—Whitall, '10.
 Manager—Ramsey, '09.
 Assistant Manager—Spaulding, '10.

Class Elections.

1909.

President—Underhill.
 Vice-president—Myers.
 Secretary—Pennypacker.
 Treasurer—Deacon.

1910.

President—Cadbury.
 Vice-President—Spaulding.
 Secretary—Edwards.
 Treasurer—David.

1911.

President—Spencer.
 Vice-President—Taylor.
 Secretary—Post.
 Treasurer—Tostenson.

ALUMNI ORATORICAL

The annual contest in oratory for the Alumni prize, which took place in Roberts Hall on Friday evening, May the 22nd, was won by J. P. Elkinton,

Contestants.

A Plea for Local Option... J. P. Elkinton, '08
 A Leader of Men..... C. C. Killen, '09
 The Power of the Sea... C. K. Dinker, '08
 Hugo Grotius: Scholar.....
 H. M. Lutz, '09
 The Feuds of Cumberland.... J. W. Crites, '08
 Citizens and Residents.... P. V. R. Miller, '09

EVERETT ORATORICAL

The Everett Oratorical Contest, open to Sophomores and Freshmen, was won by 1910. John French Wilson, '10, won the individual prize,

Contestants.

1. Charles Mitchell Froelicher, '10.
Subject, "Emerson's Theory of Individualism."
2. Ebenezer Hall Spencer, '11.
Subject, "Henrik Ibsen."
3. Willard Pyle Tomlinson, '10.
Subject, "The Juvenile Court."
4. Henry Bernard Stuccator, '11.
Subject, "President Diaz of Mexico."
5. Samuel Abraham Rabinowitz, '10.
Subject, "The Problem of the Anarchist."
6. Lucius Rogers Shero, '11.
Subject, "The Genius of Wagner."
7. John French Wilson, '10.
Subject, "The Tension of American Life."
8. Henry Ferris, Jr., '11.
Subject, "The Restriction of Suffrage."



Athletic Department

TRACK

LEHIGH MEET

The annual dual athletic meet with Lehigh University was held on Walton Field, on Wednesday, May 13th. The Meet was a very close one from the beginning and the final result was a tie, 52 points to 52.

The results were as follows:

100-yd. Dash—First, Palmer, Haverford; second, Ashbrook, Haverford. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

220-yd. Dash—First, Palmer, Haverford; second, Ashbrook, Haverford. Time, 23 sec.

440-yd. Dash—First, Palmer, Haverford; second, Aman, Lehigh. Time, 54 3-5 sec.

Half-mile Run—First, Roberts, Haverford; second, Gilligan, Lehigh. Time, 2 min., 5 2-5 sec.

Mile Run—First, Dawson, Lehigh; second, Willgoose, Lehigh. Time, 4 min., 48 4-5 sec.

Two-mile Run—First, Dunning, Lehigh; second, Morris, Haverford. Time, 10 min., 38 3-5 sec.

120-yd. Hurdles—First, Aman, Lehigh; second, Bard, Haverford. Time, 16 2-5 sec.

220-yd. Hurdles—First, Aman, Lehigh; second, Leonard, Haverford. Time, 27 3-5 sec.

100-yd. Dash—First, Hammond, N. Y. U.; second, Palmer, Haverford. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

220-yd. Dash—First, Palmer, Haverford; second, Ashbrook, Haverford. Time, 22 2-5 sec.

Running High Jump—First, Riley, Lehigh; second, Young, Lehigh. Height, 5 ft. 5 in.

Pole Vault—First, Leonard, Haverford, and Bard, Haverford, tie. Height, 10 ft. 3 in.

Running Broad Jump—First, Loug, Lehigh, and Scott, Lehigh, tie. Distance, 20 ft. 3½ in.

Shot Put—First, Crites, Haverford, and Slate, Lehigh, tie. Distance, 35 ft. 3-5 in.

Hammer Throw—First, Ramsey, Haverford; second, Crocker, Lehigh. Distance, 119 ft.

N. Y. U. MEET

A dual track and field meet with New York University was held on Walton Field, on Saturday, May 16th. Haverford obtained a big lead early in the meet and kept it, making the final score 64 to 40. The half-mile and the

two-mile were very interesting races, both being won by sprints after the result was apparently sure for Haverford. Palmer lowered the college record in the 220-yd dash from 23 seconds to 22 3/5 seconds.

The results:

440-yd. Dash—First, Palmer, Haverford; second, Morlin, N. Y. U. Time, 53 1-5 sec.

Half-mile Run—First, Smith, N. Y. U.; second, Roberts, Haverford. Time, 2 min., 5 3-5 sec.

Mile Run—First, Smith, N. Y. U.; second, Thompson, Haverford. Time, 4 min., 57 2-5 sec.

Two-mile Run—First, Davenport, N. Y. U.; second, Morris, Haverford. Time, 10 min., 3 sec.

120-yd. Hurdles—First, Bard, Haverford; second, Judkins, Haverford. Time, 17 sec.

220-yd. Hurdles—First, Hammond, N. Y. U.; second, Bard, Haverford. Time, 28 3-5 sec.

High Jump—First, Bard, Haverford, and Van Clief, N. Y. U., tie. Height, 5 ft. 4½ in.

Pole Vault—First, Leonard, Haverford, and Bard, Haverford, tie. Height, 10 ft. 4½ in.

Broad Jump—First, Butler, N. Y. U.; second, Bard, Haverford. Distance, 20 ft. 6¾ in.

Shot Put—First, Crites, Haverford; second, Hinshaw, Haverford. Distance, 35 ft. ½ in.

Hammer Throw—First, Ramsey, Haverford; second, Rust, N. Y. U. Distance, 103 ft. 1½ in.

CRICKET

INTERCLASS

The Senior Class team has won the interclass cricket championship. The Freshmen won from the Sophomores on May 1st by the score of 61 to 31. The Seniors won from the Juniors on Monday, May 4th. The deciding game between the Freshmen and Seniors was played on Monday, May 11th, the Seniors winning by the score of 66 runs to 28.

FIRST ELEVEN VS. GERMANTOWN

On Saturday, May second, the Germantown C. C. team and the First Eleven met on Cope Field, but the

game had to be called off on account of rain after six wickets had fallen, with Haverford in bat; 63 runs had been made.

FIRST ELEVEN VS. MERION C. C. 2ND. ELEVEN

On Saturday, May ninth, the First Eleven easily defeated the Merion Cricket Club Second Team by the score of 81 to 57.

HAVERFORD, 238; CORNELL, 25.

The first game of the intercollegiate series was played between Haverford and Cornell, at Ithaca, on Saturday, May 23rd. Haverford's good work in all departments of the game gave them an overwhelming victory over the weak Cornell Team. The work of the Haverford bowlers and the batting of Edwards, Hutton and Brown for Haverford, were the features of the game.

Haverford.

Edwards, b. Wright	48
Brey, b. Richie	1
Hutton, c. Paul, b. Bertel	42
Brown, c. Bertel, b. Wright	39
Myers, b. Richie	0
Baily, c. Wright, b. Richie	8
Sharpless, c. Chryssides, b. Richie	1
Lewis, c. Flint, b. Chryssides	12
Clement, not out	29
Thomas, c. Chryssides, b. Paul	16
Hartshorne, c. Bertel, b. Paul	23
Extras	19
<hr/>	
Total	238

Bowling Analysis.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Richie	78	0	62	4
Paul	41	0	52	2
Naryan	42	1	51	0
Bertel	18	0	15	1
Wright	42	2	24	2
Chryssides	12	0	20	1

Cornell.

Lex, b. Clement	0
Chryssides, b. Clement	2
Naryan, b. Clement	8
Wright, c. Brown, b. Thomas	3
Paul, b. Clement	1

Richie, b. Clement	3
Towers, b. Clement	0
Flint, not out	0
Monroe, b. Thomas	0
Bertel, c. Edwards, b. Thomas	0
Cornell, c. Hartshorne, b. Thomas	0
Extras	8

Total 25

Bowling Analysis.

	B.	M.	R.	W.
Clement	36	3	10	6
Thomas	42	4	7	4

FIRST ELEVEN VS. RADNOR C. C.

On Saturday, May 16th, the First Eleven was defeated at Wayne, by the First Eleven of the Radnor C. C. The batting of Castle for Radnor and Hutton for Haverford, was the feature of the game.

FIRST ELEVEN VS. NEXT FIFTEEN

On May 13th, the First Eleven defeated the Next Fifteen of the college by the score of 98 to 86. A second game was played on the 20th of May in which the First Eleven won by the score of 152 to 51.

SECOND ELEVEN CRICKET

The Second Eleven on the twenty-fifth of April was defeated by the Frankford Cricket Club, at Haverford, by the score of 113 to 58.

The Second Eleven easily defeated the Merchantville Cricket Club, on May 23rd, at Merchantville, by the score of 82 runs to 42, in nine wickets.

THIRD ELEVEN CRICKET

On April 29th, the third eleven defeated the Central High School Eleven at Haverford, by the score of 118 runs to 80.

On May 12th, the Third Eleven defeated the Penn Charter Eleven at Haverford, in eight wickets, by the score of 54 to 42.

The Third Eleven defeated Williamson School on May 23rd, at Haverford, by the score of 101 to 29.



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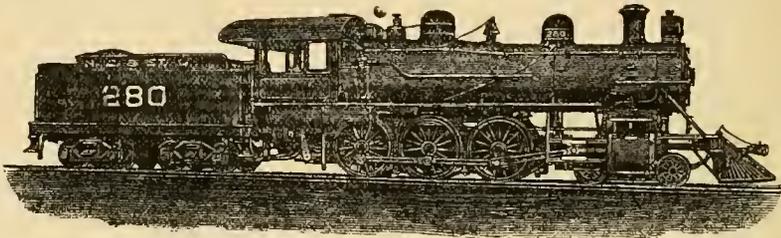
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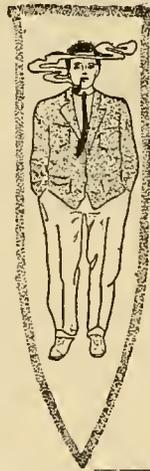
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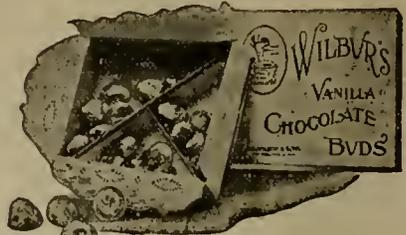
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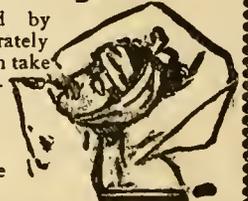
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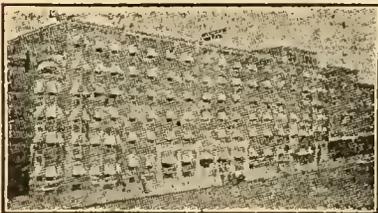
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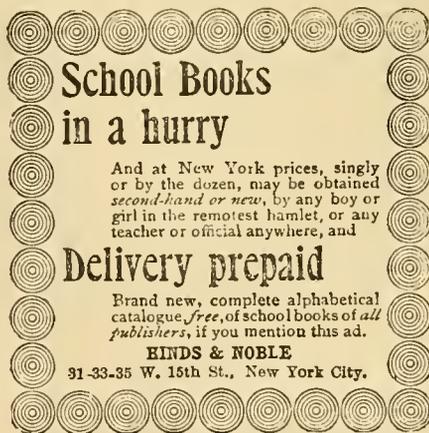


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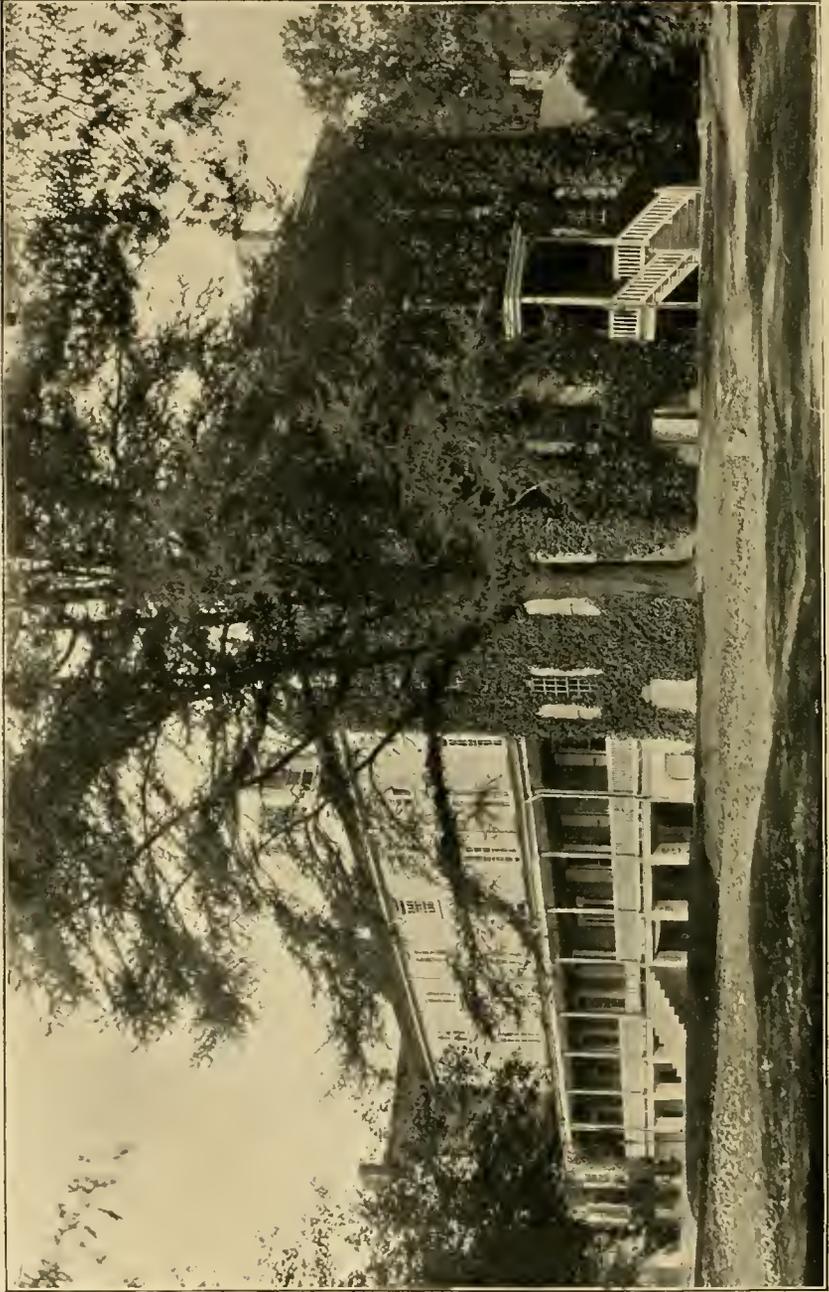
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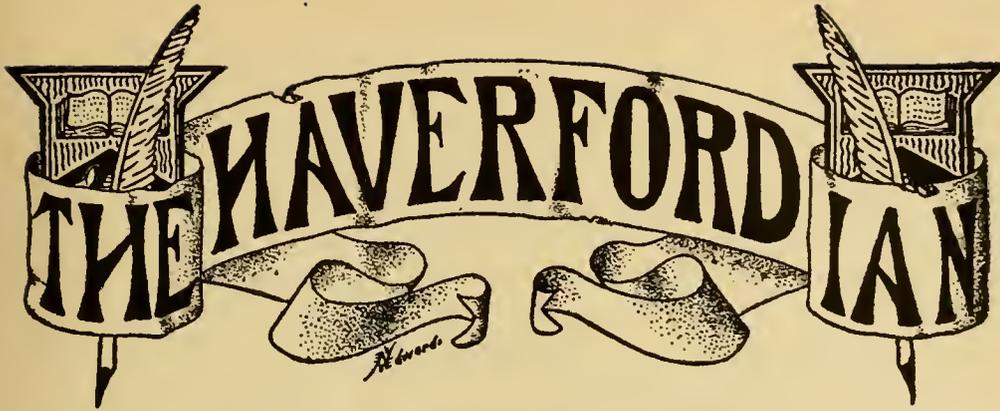
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SEVENTY-FIVE years old! We who are now undergraduates can scarcely believe that our little college is indeed so aged—so well has she retained her youth. And yet, looking into the faces of the Alumni who are returning to celebrate this Anniversary and knowing something of what they have done we are brought to a realization of the work that Haverford has accomplished during three-quarters of a century. We have several things of interest to exhibit—a reformed Barclay and the largest Freshman class in the history of the College. Haverford now is of course far different from what it was when some of you were here. However, we can only hope that we have not too greatly degenerated—even in cricket. Apropos of which we beg to submit to your attention the following communication:

To the Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN:

It seems most opportune, at a season when the Alumni of Haverford reassemble here in such force, to mention a matter that should lie next to the heart of every alumnus of the College. This is the trip abroad of the cricket team, dropped last year for the first time since its institution. And it is

**Haverford's
Seventy-Fifth
Birthday**

**An Appeal to
Our Alumni
Cricketers**

to the Alumni alone that this question must be put, for there is not an undergraduate in College who would not hail the trip with joy, and who would not deplore its omission. Let the Alumni then consider it carefully. They made cricket the great spring sport at Haverford. They gave her the reputation which she enjoys in "sporting circles" as a cricket playing college. Do they wish her to lose this reputation because they care themselves no longer to play on the teams? Do they not foresee that good cricketers attracted to Haverford largely by the prospect of that same cricket trip abroad, will cease to come to Haverford when they realize that the trip will be dropped should the team by any chance have an off year?

The question is, do the Alumni wish to foreordain the gradual decline and ultimate cessation of cricket at Haverford, and to see it superseded by base ball (which will be the inevitable consequence of discontinuing the trip); or do they wish the game they played and for which Haverford enjoys a reputation not only in this country but also abroad, to remain the great spring sport?

There is but one answer to this question. We feel that there is no Haverfordian who will not support the latter alternative. The point then narrows down

to this: Does cricket at Haverford mean enough to these Alumni to make them agitate this matter, look it squarely in the face, and, finally, to act?

The fact that the trip was omitted last year has already had a bad moral effect on the undergraduate cricket spirit. Let it go still another year and the harm that will be done may be too great to remedy. Now or never is the time for the Alumni to settle the question. They can settle it. The undergraduates can only hope.

"Nineteen-nine."

Sept. 25th, 1908.

UNDER this caption the *Swarthmore Phoenix* (Fifth mo. 1908) says, referring to the decision of the Board of Trustees last spring abolishing for a period of not less than one year all inter-collegiate contests in foot ball and basket ball:

"Swarthmore
and
Athletics"

"* * * * In reaching this conclusion the Board of Trustees considered two communications, one from the Faculty and one from the Alumni Committee. The Faculty place themselves on record as declaring that athletic abuses due to the 'desire to win' have menaced the 'primary purpose of College life,' and the Alumni Committee take note of the criticism of 'the manner in which athletics have been conducted at Swarthmore for the past few years.'

"This, in a nut shell, is what has happened, and it seems to us that, from a student point of view, the action is so drastic as to call for a thorough explanation.

"Let us treat the situation fairly, without fear or favor. Our opinion is that the clearer the question is made the better, for the action is public property, and the public press is forming its own explanation of the recommendation

of our Alumni and Faculty Committees. Let us quote from the *Public Ledger* of May 10th:

" 'One year Swarthmore became very strong, as if by magic; the next year, it became a foot ball giant; in another year it was a serious rival to the best teams in America. Foot ball gladiators began to resort to Swarthmore, and the Haverford institution, which was tied to Swarthmore by all possible ties of traditional rivalry and similarity of air and spirit, came to regard Swarthmore as one who had fallen by the way to worship idols alien to the Academic life. It was a reversion from type.'

"So much for the opinion of the outside press. It has minced no words.

* * * "If, * * * conditions were found in the athletic situation at Swarthmore which were bad and detrimental to the college life, and which were from the purpose of every true educational institution, *then* we believe that no action can be too drastic which will rid us of an influence which, as the *Ledger* points out, 'is calculated to corrupt the understanding and poison the stream of intelligence at its very fountain head' and which makes it possible for a loyal graduate of Swarthmore to say, 'this thing has made it hard to be a wide-awake alumnus of Swarthmore from September to November.' But first we must frankly grant its existence, acknowledge it as wrong, and then unselfishly seek in every way to cure it.* * *

"*The Phoenix* wishes to express its firm belief that the right thing is being done, and will be done by the Administration, and it congratulates those members of the Faculty who have unselfishly fought out the issue to the end. The temporary severity of a cure, provided it be a real one, does not prove it wrong, and we believe that while Swarthmore

may, for the time being, suffer for its bravery in undergoing operation, that in the end, provided she face the crisis bravely, she will be infinitely stronger and better able to claim the undivided loyalty of her Faculty, Alumni and undergraduates alike."

Such a straight forward statement we feel needs no comment. It will stand upon its own strength.

THE editorial board would like this year to undertake a new departure in the making of the magazine. We do not know whether our readers will consider the step too radical or not, but it is our earnest desire to publish each month something besides

**A
New
Departure**

the rejected contributions of the preceding decade and the perennial bloom of the English V gardens in Chase Hall—invaluable as both are. We would therefore encourage any who have the faintest flickerings of literary ambition to hand in their contributions early and often. Everything is acceptable if it is good enough—essays, stories (serious or humorous), poems even. We can not guarantee the publication of everything that is handed in, but we most certainly can not publish anything that is *not* handed in.

Through the courtesy of Bartholomew Wistar Beesley '56 of Philadelphia, THE HAVERFORDIAN is in receipt of a document of considerable historic interest and value entitled: "An account of the Trial of the Carpenter Shop Managers of the Haverford Loganian Society." The paper has been turned over to the College authorities for safe keeping and the board takes this opportunity of expressing its gratitude to Mr. Beesley.

For this number, the board has been particularly fortunate in securing contributions relative to Haverford life in the early days by Edward Bettle, Jr., '61 and James Wood, a student in the later fifties, both long members of the Board of Managers and deeply concerned for the welfare of the College. We hope next month to be able to print some account of the 75th anniversary celebration.

At a joint meeting of the Board H. S. Hires, '10 was elected to the position of Assistant Business Manager, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of G. A. Kerbaugh.



Haverford College in its Infancy.



HAVING been asked to contribute to this number of THE HAVERFORDIAN, and having been a student at Haverford College from the Fall of 1857, one year after Haverford School by amendment of its charter became Haverford College, until graduation in 1861, it has occurred to me that some account of those early years might be of interest at this time.

The space allotted is necessarily limited which must explain and excuse shortcomings and omissions.

At that time, only Friends, or those closely connected with the Society, were admitted. The boys—whatever our ages, we were called boys and were treated as such—were required to dress as Friends' children and in all respects to live under the strictest rules of the Society in that day.

We were allowed to have very little spending money and our parents supported the College authorities most loyally in this as in other matters. Those were the days of small things, for boys at least. Details are unnecessary.

The average of the Freshman Class in 1857 was sixteen. Including a small number of students in the academical or preparatory department, the average yearly attendance during the four years, 1857-61, was sixty-seven, which was about the maximum number that could be accommodated. It is interesting to note that in 1857-8, the undergraduates at Harvard numbered 465; at Yale 447; at Princeton 272; and at the University of Pennsylvania 118.

The College farm and campus con-

tained as many acres as at present, except that the strip of some nine acres on the southerly side of the Lane, from the skating pond to the turnpike, and the attractive houses thereon, have been acquired since.

The campus of to-day, in its planting and its walks, is but little changed from the "lawn" of fifty years ago, except in one most noticeable particular. I am writing of the pre-lawn-mower period, when only the wealthy could afford well-trimmed, well-kept lawns. The Haverford lawn was mowed for hay but it was usual to have the grass near Founder's Hall cut at Commencement time. Unfavorably, however, as the farm-like College lawn of that time would compare with the grassy slopes and stretches of the present well-kept campus, the Haverford grounds then, as now, were greatly admired and praised.

Haverford in those days was a strictly rural, farming neighborhood, and the price of farms varied from \$100 to \$150 per acre, according to the improvements, soil and location. There were two or three boarding houses, where a few summer boarders were accommodated, but there were no country places, and the exodus of city people to the country, for homes, was years in the future. What is now Railroad Avenue was the bed of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which had two tracks. The College Station, on the grounds near the fine "1906" gateway, was a narrow platform, with a wooden box for shelter, which was without glazed windows and without heat, and furnished with a bench along one side. In the day time, trains were flagged, if the flag was there and if not, a handkerchief would answer. At night, a lantern was used.

The College P. O. was at Henderson's store, near Rosemont.

Athensville (Ardmore) had a Post Office ("Cabinet"), Litzenberg's store and the Red Lion Hotel, and a few scattered houses on the Lancaster Turnpike. Bryn Mawr did not come into existence until long afterwards, when the railroad route was changed to its present course.

Let us turn now to the buildings which housed the young College. There was just one, Founder's Hall, and connected with it the Gymnasium wing, still standing, but not, we may hope, long to survive the coming anniversary. In Founder's, were "Matron's Parlor" (present reception room), "boys' parlor" (present Faculty Room), Collection Room, School Room, with the usual school desks,—here all students, except Seniors, were required to be during school hours, when not attending recitations,—class rooms, dormitories, College Library, and, in the basement, dining room and kitchen. In the Annex, were the "wash-room," gymnasium, Dr. Swift's class room—"of four o'clock fame," as one of our own poets has said—lecture room, and the Chemical Laboratory. The Loganian Library was located in the passage way connecting the second story of Founder's with the Annex.

The Founders believed in simplicity, which preserves from bad taste, so the building, in its proportions and lines, is entirely worthy of its historic place and character. When Thomas Hughes (Tom Brown) visited the College, in 1880, he said to a small group standing with him in the porch of the Library, pointing to Founders: "You must always keep that building." He was assured that we would. Dr. W. may remember classing it, in his College days, "of the Window-Dooric style of Architecture."

A few words about the Libraries: The College Library, some 2500 volumes,

was then, no doubt, a worthy collection, but the Loganian was the one to which we resorted when we wanted something to read. Although only containing some 1000 volumes, it was a well selected lot of books. Its Librarian was elected annually by the Society and the office was much prized. Haverford students will, I trust, always have, and appreciate, the privilege of free access to the books in the Library. Any one who cares for books knows that the actual, personal handling of them seems to impart and strengthen the love of them. Let us hope then, that the "automat" method of supplying literature may never be adopted in the College Library.

There was a small building, the carpenter shop, where was a fair supply of wood-working tools, situate not far from the eastern end of Whitall, the present shop building.

The observatory, then with one dome and one telescope, remains in the same place. Here, Joseph G. Hailan, Professor of Astronomy, spent much time. It was a study very dear to his heart and he gave an impulse towards it at Haverford, never, let us trust, to pass away.

Our meals were taken at follows: Breakfast, at six thirty o'clock in summer and Winter; dinner at twelve thirty; supper at six. All students gathered in the Collection Room, and exactly on time, two by two, in comely order, walked downstairs to the dining room.

I cannot give our bill of fare, and if I could it would not be helpful. Briefly, it may be said that our breakfasts poorly requited us for our early rising. Some were worse than others. But why discriminate? The dinners were, generally, satisfying, and the pies, when we had them—barring prune pies, which are only substitutes for pies—were very good. A story in connection with these pies may bear re-telling. It was my

privilege to be present on the occasion.

In the dining room, a Professor or officer sat at the head and foot of each table, his jurisdiction extending to the middle of it. They cut the pies and the portions were handed down from student to student. This gave a handicap of some seconds to the boys at the lower end, and a healthy boy can do a good deal to a piece of pie in a few seconds. So it happened one day that the Assistant Superintendent, at the head of our table, a good man whom we all liked, found that he was handing out more pie—I think it was gooseberry—than the curriculum called for. He laid aside knife and fork, pushed back his chair, knocked on the table to command attention, and then, deliberately, impressively, to the listening students, in the quiet room, he spoke: "We aim to furnish each student with two pieces of pie; further than that, we cannot go," and sat down. Many years afterwards, it was my lot to be one of a Committee of the Managers to prepare an illustrated pamphlet about the College, and when its title was decided upon, "Haverford College, its Aims and Characteristics," my mind went back to that earlier announcement, in one terse sentence, with no illustrations added, unless the empty plates passed back might be held to illustrate, or emphasize, the spoken word.

The suppers were: bread and butter, molasses, called "Shanghai,"—by metonymy, my classical brethren, the glass jug containing it suggesting that bird,—and tea or milk. Occasionally, on a skating holiday, and during examination weeks, we had coffee, and it was very good, in nothing resembling the morning fluid, although made from berries out of the same bag. There is a point here for future housekeepers. Sleepy cooks do not make good coffee.

Let me explain about those examination weeks. The Sophomores and Seniors were given written examinations at the end of the summer term, that is, early in the Seventh month, on the work of the preceding two years. There were three weeks of what was called "private review," to prepare for these examinations. During these weeks, these students were excused from school room and class room, their time being at their own disposal. The examinations lasted for two weeks, with two examinations each day, except that there was only one on Seventh Day, and, of course, none on First Day. Those were the days which tried boys' minds, and yet until 1852 there was only one examination for the whole four years, the "private review" covering a period of eight weeks and the examination lasting four weeks. At the end of each term, there were oral examinations, in the class rooms, attended by Committees of the Managers and open to the public, very trying occasions to some of us.

We had an evening study period of an hour, in the school room, and Bible reading in the Collection room at 8.45 o'clock, after which all below the Junior Class filed upstairs to bed. The Juniors passed into the school room and the Seniors went to the Senior room. These retired, at ten o'clock.

The Senior class had a very high standing in the College and many privileges, the liberty of going "out of bounds" without asking permission, and Senior room, being especially valued. One or more rooms were allotted to the Senior Class as study rooms. These rooms had stoves, desks, easy chairs, and were cosy comfortable places, where one could study and read with satisfaction, and could live that life of comradeship and good fellowship so dear to boys and young men.

Our sports were under no care or regulation except our own. Foot ball, shinny—the plebian ancestor of the hockey of to-day—quoits, skating, sledging, prisoners' base, and even more juvenile amusements, were our Winter and Spring recreations.

One result has come from present day methods. The training and the coaching of to-day do not affect, exclusively, the big and strong. By means of them, the slighter built, more delicately constituted boy, often finds a place in sports and games which in that day would not have been possible, unless he was "of heroic soul." Foot ball, for instance, was a rough, senseless, sport, only enjoyed by—let us say "heroic souls," and leave "old fashioned foot ball" to any who wish to sing its praises.

It was the very great good fortune of Haverford that its renaissance of cricket began with the College era. Around "the best of games" cluster the happiest memories, and the knowledge and love of the game acquired in those years remain among the best gifts of our Alma Mater. So may it ever be!

Walking was a favorite exercise, also swimming, and skating, in their seasons, but the students, until they were Seniors, could not leave the boundaries of the lawn without permission. Permission to go outside of the grounds was, however, readily granted, except under unusual circumstances. We were not, however, allowed to visit our homes, or Philadelphia, except on the occasion of the weddings or funerals of very near relatives, or an aching tooth.

Elective studies are not new. We had them, plenty of them. In fact, all our curriculum, through the four years, was elective. But we did not make the election. The choice was made for us by those who were supposed to be, and, let

us hope, were much wiser than we in such matters.

We had three studies each day, or this was the definite impression on our minds; they were: Latin and Greek, on alternate days, Mathematics and English. And we did not have many professors to divide our young affections. Thomas Chase, and there could hardly be a more inspiring teacher, had the Latin and Greek; Joseph G. Harlan—alas! for too brief a time—and after him, Moses Stevens, a most painstaking teacher, had Mathematics; Dr. Swift had English studies, which in those unsophisticated days meant History, Chemistry, Geology, Theme Writing, Ethics—although known to us as Dymond and Paley, and Bishop Butler—and, yes, the Doctor taught us Psychology, although it was called "Mental Philosophy."

There were two Tutors and a Superintendent who was in charge of the details of the discipline.

I have mentioned Thomas Chase as an inspiring, helpful teacher. There are, however, two men, of this earlier time, not so well known, whose names and services should be brought before the readers of this sketch. When Haverford recalls the names of the many who have loyally served her, these should be held in highest honor: Joseph G. Harlan, "Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy," and first President of the College, and Paul Swift, M.D., "Professor of English Literature and Natural Science."

Joseph G. Harlan was one of those rare men who only appear at intervals in school or college. It was the great good fortune of Haverford that the last four years of his short life were devoted to her services. It was a calamity to the College that he was taken from his work

to his reward so early. He was thirty-two when he died.

The nobility and charm of his personal character gave to the narrow and rigid discipline of those days something of the dignity of the rules of a Religious Order. We had some turbulent natures among us, and men who were being governed like children, but there was no one who dreamed of opposing Joseph G. Harlan. He led rather than governed. To find that he knew of any unworthy act was keenest punishment. Almost anything was easier to bear than that. And yet he made no hypocrites. No time-server could face that calm, serene countenance or endure that steady, truth-compelling eye. He did not wait for trouble to germinate, he met the beginnings of evil. A few quiet words to one who seemed to be entering on the wrong road often arrested such an one and turned him to the right path. I think every student felt that his eye was over him for good, and all, at heart, desired to be worthy of his confidence.

In the class room, he was a clear, convincing teacher, of the best type, and he left in the observatory astronomical work of a high order.

We often hear that no man is indispensable and, of course, this is true, but there are some men whose places are never filled and whose loss it is almost impossible to estimate. What Haverford College lost in the early death of her first President can only be imagined by those who knew him.

Dr. Swift was a man of a different type, yet his memory will always be loved and honored and cherished by those who knew him in the days of which I write. The words, "the noblest Roman of them all," come to the mind, instinctively, on thought of him. One felt that here was a heroic soul, that here was a man of Roman fortitude, of

Christian integrity. As was said of another: "His eye turned even on empty space beamed keen with honor." This, I think, was the indelible impression made upon one who met him then.

His methods and his manner in teaching were his own. As did the teachers of that day, he kept closely to the text book, but he had a profound sense of the responsibilities of his position, and he took advantage of many opportunities to impress upon us truths of vital moment.

Quoting our own poet again about the Doctor:

"Yet far from our Eden, in far-away years,
His kind words of wisdom shall sound
in our ears.
In lands where we wander, perchance
when grown old,
The tales which he told us, again shall
be told.
Not less shall we thank him, and thank
him we ought,
That great moral maxims with Science
he taught;
And heart's thanks shall give him,
which words cannot tell,
While earth has a blossom or ocean a
a shell,
That blind eyes are opened, and now
we can read
The great book of Nature on moun-
tain and mead."

Underneath an often stern manner, there was a very tender, human heart, and if he sometimes judged hastily and unwisely, he was always ready to own his mistakes, something that binds a boy's heart to his superiors with unbreakable bonds of respect.

Hazing was not really needed in his day. He could smooth out a Freshman, better, with a finer, surer touch, than a whole Sophomore Class, and still have time and strength enough to keep a

fatherly eye over all Sophomores, and not wholly forget the needs of Juniors and Seniors.

One Freshman of 1857 will always remember his first, real introduction to the doctor. Being asked why he had not performed some task, our Freshman, quite casually, and quite as if he were at home, remarked that he had forgotten it. And then, in tones compact of fine scorn and hearty indignation, came the always remembered reply: "Boy forgot! What is the boy for? Boy is to remember." The boy did remember never again to "forget" in that class room, and, for him, the word for a long time ceased to be useful.

But there are other and tenderer memories of him. How fervently he would quote these words: "Lord, I thank thee for all, but most for the severe." I can hear him say them, and repeat them, and can see him, standing by his desk at the window, as, with rapt countenance and moist eye, he gazed out into the heavens, and we knew that his whole soul was putting up a petition that he might attain to this experience.

And how reverently he gave to us the words of Irenaeus about Polycarp: "* * * how he spoke of his intercourse with John and with the others who had seen the Lord, and how he recalled their words. And everything that he had heard from them about the Lord, about His miracles and His teaching, Polycarp told us, as one who had received it from those who had seen the Word of Life with their own eyes. * * *"

The Doctor took us, then, to heights that criticism will never reach, which criticism will never touch.

But I must conclude. Haverford has an honorable history and Haverfordians have a goodly heritage, and those who possess the present, or have the future in prospect, may be sure that, in whatever degree they benefit from the teachings and the life of the College, by so much will they make her future anniversaries interesting to themselves and worthy of commemoration by the sons and the friends of our Alma Mater.

EDWARD BETTLE, JR., '61.

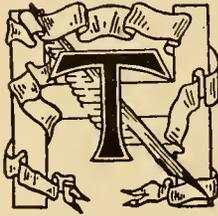
Haverford, Penna., Ninth month, 1908.

To a Gardenia.

Oh thou, far whiter than the wind-borne foam,
Enshrined in foliage greener than the sea;
Thy perfume, sensuous, as if set free
From Kubla Khan's enchanted pleasure dome,
O'erwhelms my senses with its magic breath;
Sends through my limbs that passionate desire
To live! to live each day in realms of fire
And, in the scorching rays, have *life* or death.

J. W. '10.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE EARLIER HAVERFORD SOCIETIES



THE influences that shape human progress and development are usually very complex. We too often give undue credit to this or that factor in the problem when the end has been reached through the resultant force of many influences, and yet these may have operated with different potency and may have varied greatly in producing the final result. It has been so in Haverford's evolution, and, doubtless, is so still. The grown man, or a man at any time of his life, is very much what the influences of his "character-forming period" have made him. In Haverford's first twenty-five years the Haverford of to-day was molded and during that period its intellectual activities, outside the class rooms, found their chief exercise in the various societies that were then in active operation.

There was a surprising number of these societies, but the Loganian always occupied the leading place. Besides it there were the Penn Literary, The Haverford Literary, The Franklin Literary, The Haverford Lyceum. The Henry, The Enethean, The Athenæum, and last, The Everett, founded just fifty years ago. A number of them had manuscript periodicals. The Loganian had *The Collegian* and *The Budget*, The Athenæum, *The Gem* and The Everett *The Bud*. That there were so many of these societies illustrates the lack of other channels for intellectual exercise and for the escape of surplus energy. In the modern college such channels are more numerous than necessary.

We will speak of The Loganian and The Henry, they being the only ones with which the writer was connected, and the ones that were the most completely opposite to each other. Membership in the Loganian was open to all, that in the Henry was restricted to a chosen few. The meetings of the Loganian were public, those of the Henry were most strictly private. In the latter there was no pledge of secrecy but there was an understanding that within that chosen circle there could be no publicity. The exclusiveness of the Henry was its strength. Its members were selected largely from social considerations, although marked ability in connection with a social temperament admitted to eligibility. The sentiment of the society was aristocratic—not the aristocracy of wealth, but that of good breeding and social courtesy and an appreciation of refinement.

Looking back over the intervening half century it is evident that the two societies named had much to do in the formation of Haverford's character. The curriculum was then markedly deficient in English literature and in literary exercises. These societies gave a practice and cultivated a taste that were greatly needed. The editorship of *The Collegian* gave a valuable training. Effort was stimulated by the fact that the position was elective and the election of the editors was one of the exciting events of the year. The honor was highly prized. Each monthly issue was carefully reviewed at the meeting a month later by a "critic" chosen by the editors. It is to-day difficult to realize how deep was the interest in the contri-

butions to the paper and in the slashing work of the critic's review.

The monthly debates of the Loganian opened by leaders chosen for their ability and fitness, were marked occasions, often attended by outside visitors. But those literary and oratorical exercises were only a part of the valuable work done. They helped, along with other agencies, in the development of a wholesome sentiment, a healthful moral tone, a true estimate of scholarship and a broad view of life. This half-century's retrospect gives emphasis to the fact that the lasting influence of the Loganian was in developing an appreciation of the ideals so well expressed by Charles Dickens in one of his later addresses: "Nothing is high because it is in a high place, and nothing is low because it is in a low one. This is the lesson taught us in the great book of nature. This is the lesson which may be read alike in the bright track of the stars and in the dusky course of the poorest thing that drags its tiny length upon the ground. This is the lesson ever uppermost in the thoughts of that inspired man who tells us that there are Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Indeed, this reads like a Collegian editorial.

The Loganian had a library for the free use of its members which furnished the leading periodicals as well as a better collection of books than the College library then contained. The Loganian encouraged mechanical training and built and maintained, under the supervision of a committee, a carpenter shop. It also built a very creditable greenhouse which was destroyed by fire.

It maintained a flower garden, with private divisions for individual students. Under the capable supervision and stimulating example of Prof. Paul Smith, students were shown and

taught the advantages of manual labor. The memory of Dr. Smith's exhortations recalls the quotation from Wm. Penn's "Reflections and Maxims": "Love labor; for if thou dost not need it for food thou mayest for physick. It is wholesome for the body and good for thy mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness which many times comes of nothing to do, and leads too many to do what is worse than nothing."

The influence of the Henry society was not so manifest because of its exclusiveness and secrecy, but it was potent with its members and through them reached the entire student body. Its meetings were held in the "Seniors' room" in the southwest basement of Founders Hall. The subjects discussed in the line of social customs and duties were not so pretentious as those of the Loganian but they served a useful end. Realms in literature were entered upon that might not have been approved by the "powers that were." Private theatricals were a feature of the exercises. A few yet living remember the scene when in *Bombastes Furioso* an actor with an outstretched fencing foil for a sword declared with great vigor, pointing to a pair of boots hanging beside the door, "Whoever dares these boots displace shall meet Bombastes face to face," when the superintendent, Jonathan Richards, opened the door and appeared upon the scene, with his face almost against the threatening foil. The most alarmed person present was the superintendent who in his confusion exclaimed "What does thee mean by such conduct as those?"

The chafing dish suppers with pies obtained from the kitchen pantry by means not to be mentioned are still remembered with interest. But the sum of it all was a positive and a lively influence for good.

These societies helped to make enjoy-

able the Haverford life in the closing years of its first quarter century, and they gave their members a breath of culture which served them well in after years. But they did more than this: they helped endow Haverford with

the manly spirit, the breadth of view, the keen sense of propriety and the love of honesty and honor which have been so marked a characteristic of the later years.

JAMES WOOD, ex-'58.

To You

Oh I have loved you so
 Words would but fail to show
 My inner heart!
 If you could only know
 All ere we part.

Now in the dark I grope,
 Searching for one last hope
 That yet may be,
 For it is hard to cope
 With destiny.

Love, 'tis a bitter cup
 To quaff to give you up,
 And to live on!
 God give me strength to sup
 Grief till it's gone!

HARRISON STREETER HIRES, '10

A Translation of Milton's "Ad Leonoram Canentem"

To every mortal, we are told, is giv'n
A guardian angel from the hosts above;
What wonder, then, since this our part of Heav'n,
If greater glory be your share, my Love?
For, Leonora, when you sing to me,
The God Himself seems hiding in your voice;
The God Himself, or some Third Mind, 't must be
That thrills there through your throat mysteriously,
And by the beauty that therein abounds,
Accustoms mortals to immortal sounds,
And makes them as immortals to rejoice.
Or, if all things be God, as some would say,
And He be One in All, though all His own,—
Methinks He holds all else in silent sway,
And speaks, my Love, by your one voice alone.

GERALD H. DEACON, '09.

Tristesse d' Amour.

Son sang est froid, son coeur est mort,
Ou fait d'une dure pierre—
On dirait qu'elle n'eût jamais eu
Une femme mortelle comme mère!
J'ai fait à elle maintes fois mes vœux,
En voulant posséder
Ce corps si doux, cette âme si pure,
Cet esprit vif et gai!
Mais tout en vain. car comme j'ai dit,
Elle n'est guère fille humaine,
Ni veut en aucune manière,
Me soulager la peine.

W. P. B., '04.

AN OVAL INCIDENT

SECOND PRIZE STORY.



FOR several years after our marriage, Laura and I had taken our vacation—or rather my vacation, for Laura said she never had any—in the conventional manner and season. We alternated shore and mountain so scrupulously that one evening after a little calculation Laura announced that we would celebrate our silver wedding on the Maine Coast and our golden anniversary at Mount Pocono.

But that was before we thoroughly knew each other. In the spring of the seventh year we became more confidential. It was the Maine Coast year and I frankly told Laura that I would not go there again, that my practice—I was a doctor now—could not spare me. Laura told me just as straight forwardly that she would not spend two consecutive seasons at Mount Pocono. We decided to remain at home, though it would disarrange the anniversaries.

As a consolation for our abstinence from active resort life we determined to take short trips, to entertain, and to be entertained. Success attended all three determinations, but particularly the last.

However a waning summer and a waxing warmth reduced the number of patients and invitations, so one Friday night we decided to go on a picnic the next day—a picnic according to Laura's nomenclature, I called it a bore.

Saturday ensued soon. In fact every day did so for me, because I arose at six to attend to the chickens. Six was the

hour of repast calculated to incite the most liberal laying and seven years of married life found me still humoring Laura, so rise I had to, (since the maid had deserted the premises three months earlier) just to feed those "substantial comforts of rural life" as the magazine says. You would laugh if I told you why the maid left but that is a longer story.

The very picnic we were undertaking was on account of these feathered bipeds. Laura had seen an advertisement in some old poultry periodical about a new variety of setting-egg calculated to produce a superabundant fowl and she must have some. Laura knows that I consider this chicken-culture a most egregious fad and has left off or concealed many of her earlier follies but when she read this advertisement with such pleading eyes, you know, I consented to go with her. Besides, the name of the place was Mill Rill Farm, and before I became both author and finisher of the race, as Laura calls me, I was a short story writer and so had cultivated an ear for appellations like that.

Accordingly, the chicken chores accomplished and the house made impervious to any chance gentleman of the pavement, eleven o'clock found us in a lonely trolley bound for Mill Rill Farm, each with a basket. At the first stop there entered a young man, tall and not ungraceful, verging on the handsome.

I have found that Laura is very impressionable, indeed some times I wonder how much I am really indebted to priority—but never mind—when she

caught sight of him she squeezed my arm—the one I bruised lifting a chicken-coop—and gave a little scream, whispering:

“Oh, isn't he too splendid for anything!”

I assumed a severe tone. “Really, Laura, you have seen a good-looking man before.”

“But he is so divinely sunburned,” less eagerly.

“Please exert some intelligence,” I requested “in the choice of your words. Farmers are rarely divinities.”

“He's no more farmer than we are,” she protested, “even if he has a coat of tan. I'm sure my hair is all blown to pieces,” she added in true woman fashion.

“Is my hat on straight,” I asked with emotion, “will he pardon my dusty shoes do you suppose?”

After diverting her thoughts from the trivial we had an opportunity to observe nature. The scenery was of that domestic character that exhibits rolling, cattle-cropped hills, checker-board grain fields, stately grouped trees that at times consolidated into woods. Down in the valley the neat farm houses obtain—that word is a reminiscence of my days of authority—and there are streams in which the hill-cropping cattle are reflecting, knee-deep in the cool water, upon their wild oats. It is the most comfortable scenery in the world, nothing flat, nothing arid about it; it is not so grand that one feels too inspired to work in it, or so wild that one can not feel at home in it.

When the conductor had signified that we approximated Hill Rill Farm, the handsome young man as well as ourselves was left standing under a scorching sun as the departing trolley sang its locust song. He touched his bright banded straw hat and remarked:

“I trust you are not susceptible to the heat. It is a mile to the farm house.”

“Ah,” I replied almost triumphantly “then you live there.”

“On the contrary I am visiting, and judging from our similar accoutrements I should say we had the same object in view.”

“Yes,” said Laura smiling, “it's eggs.”

The ice broken or rather melted, we started along the path, the young man gratuitously carrying Laura's parasol while I labored along with the baskets. His insouciant society cheered us through the hazy heat, but so intense was the fervor of the orb that my conversation lacked its customary vivacity.

Here, I regret to say, several leaves are torn from the diary from which I am compiling this chronicle.

The return procession figured thus: D. T. (the young man) led carrying his basket of eggs. Lucy (a young lady we had met at the farm, who also had come for eggs,) followed. Next came Laura with her smaller receptacle. I brought up the rear with a good three dozen.

A furious-looking black and blue cloud that had crept up unnoticed,—a trait of thunderstorms that cannot too loudly be condemned—was mumbling dyspeptically. The oppression was enervating, and as D. T.'s sprightly converse was directed to Lucy, (had he previously met her, I was querying?) my dialogue with myself consisted mainly in repeated denunciations fulminated against our poultry “picnic,” with which I in turn agreed.

My mutual reflections were suddenly diverted into an unexpected quarter. Floating adown the breeze came short, staccato yells interrupted by bellowings that sounded like earth-born echoes of the now frequent rumblings overheard; and in the distance we discerned a hatless man darting in and out among the

haystacks with marvellous rapidity, followed as accurately as possible by an enormous bull. The skill of the artful dodges was inimitable, for he ran so close to the stacks and the bull was so near him that the animal rammed them often in his fury, which gave the involuntary toreador some respite.

But the pair were approaching us; our situation was becoming dangerous. I frankly told Laura we must cast away the eggs and rely on our legs.

"Mount the stacks," D. T. cried, masterfully hustling Lucy to one of them. We got her up finally on the smooth point six feet above the ground. Laura was likewise secured with her basket of eggs in her lap, and then there was a small discussion between D. T. and myself as to who should go last, but I gave in as I saw the bull coming, hating a scene.

With each of us safely adorning a separate stack we had time to watch the progress of the bull-baiting. As fate would have it a breeze from the approaching storm raised Laura's skirt considerably bringing into view a turkey red petticoat I had prescribed as a preventive for rheumatism. This in such a flagrant position diverted the bull's attention, whereupon he caught sight of the extravagant spectacle our four crowned stacks presented. He stopped

short, forgot his first love, and commenced charging Laura's stack, Laura meanwhile screaming like a lost soul. The toreador, whom I now noticed wore clothes of clerical aspect, had scrambled onto another stack and was shaking his fist at D. T. He, however, was otherwise occupied and in an instant rose to his knees and commenced hurling eggs at the bull. Lucy and I followed his example and soon the bull was the center of a not insignificant shower of the "best settings." Laura was scarcely ever hit.

For him this was only an incentive. The broken yolks, the flowing whites, the crushed shells only whetted his appetite without dampening his ardor. A vicious roar, a lunge. O Heavens! Laura's stack collapsed—on the bull. It was the last straw. He sank and I was able to diagnose his case as heart failure due to unusual exertion. Laura found herself unhurt, the eggs also uninjured.

The clerical, like Zachias, came down when assured that all was over. So did I, so did the rain. [Here other pages are gone; but I can add from memory that I never went on another picnic, that D. T. and Lucy did not get married, and that the eggs that Laura saved never hatched.]

T. M. LONGSTRETH, '08



Faculty Department

(PRESIDENT SHARPLESS.)

So far as we know at the date of writing, the college contains 161 students, of whom 3 are graduates, 36 seniors, 33 juniors, 39 sophomores and 50 freshmen, counting the special students with the class with which they are most closely identified. The largest number previously in the college was 147 in 1906-7. Six new men enter the senior class and 3 each the junior and sophomore, coming from other colleges. There is one student from England, one from Norway, one from Syria and one from China, besides the Americans. The quality of the freshmen is probably as good as usual as they have passed, with more or less credit, the freshmen examinations.

The improvements at the college during the past summer include the division of Barclay Hall into three sections with newly equipped bath rooms on each floor of each section and a general repainting and renovating of the woodwork. There was also placed in the tower of Barclay Hall a new and much enlarged water reservoir and back of the barn a plant for the bacterial purification of the sewage so that it would not pollute the stream.

Preparations are nearly complete for the celebration of the 75th anniversary. This will begin at 2.30 o'clock on Tenth month 16th, when the delegates from other universities and colleges will be received by the faculty in the gymnasium. About sixty of the best known institutions have accepted our invitation to send delegates. They will then march in procession in academic costume to Roberts Hall and listen to addresses by President Wilson of Princeton, Dr. Richards of Harvard and Dr.

Pepper of the University of Pennsylvania. A dinner will follow this, open to all Haverfordians at \$2.50 each. The number accepting this opportunity will determine the place, either in the college dining-hall, or the gymnasium, or both. Some interesting speeches may be expected from the visiting delegates who will be guests of the Alumni on this occasion. The next day will be especially for Haverfordians. During the forenoon, various games will be arranged. At 11 o'clock a Y. M. C. A. meeting will be held when the present and future work of that association will be discussed. Lunch will be at 12 o'clock and immediately after, the company will assemble on the east of Barclay Hall for a photograph. A procession will then be formed to march to Walton Field to witness the foot ball game between Franklin and Marshall College and Haverford. At 4 o'clock there will be a simple tea and at 4.30 a meeting in Roberts Hall to consider questions relating to the past, present and future of Haverford, when speeches may be expected from Edward Bettle, Jr., President Sharpless and Professor Jones. This will be followed by a dinner which will be free to all Haverfordians and members of their families and the day will be terminated by a meeting in Roberts Hall where a number of old Haverfordians will make informal addresses.

The committee in charge desires that a complete registration of all old Haverfordians be accomplished during the two days, with their classes and addresses. A number of other interesting details will be announced on circulars not yet distributed.

Alumni Department.

'87 On September 5th, at Old Forge, N. Y., Ernest K. Barr of the Class of '87, died of consumption. His home was at Cynwyd, Pa. His death is a great loss to his family and many friends. He is survived by a wife and one son. While at Haverford, Barr was active in all the out-door sports, being a good all round cricketer, and especially skilful as a fast bowler. He was also very musical and took an important part in the College Glee Club where he sang tenor and added much to the success of several concerts and other entertainments. He was of genial, generous disposition and won the affection of all those with whom he came in contact.

'87 Captain Edward B. Cassatt of Fort Meyer, Va., has recently taken up his residence at the famous Chester Brook Farm, Berwyn, Penna., where his late father established such a beautiful country estate. Cassatt is very much interested in raising fine horses, and is developing the industry along the most improved lines.

'93 William S. Vaux, Jr., died at Bryn Mawr, on July 22nd. Mr. Vaux was the architect of the new dining hall at Haverford College. He was a member of many scientific societies and was a manager of the Pennsylvania Training School at Elwyn, and of the Christiansburg Institute for Colored Youth. Concerning his death we have been requested to publish the following minute:

"At a meeting of the members of the Class of '93, Haverford College, held August 7th, 1908, the following minute was adopted:

"It is with unusual feeling that the Class of '93, Haverford College, record upon their minutes the death of William S. Vaux, Jr.]

"In the four years of intimate college life, and in the years since graduation, the members of his class have learned more and more of his sterling character, his upright life, and to value and appreciate him as a man and to love him as a friend. His death takes him in the prime of his life and from a sphere of usefulness where his ability had become much felt.

"To his family the Class of '93, Haverford College, extend sincere sympathy in this great sorrow.

"Taken from the minutes.

C. J. RHOADS,

Secretary pro tem."

'94 Parker Shortridge Williams was married to Miss Mary Wistar Brown, daughter of T. Wistar Brown, President of the Haverford Corporation, at Bryn Mawr, on July 15th.

'96 Dr. John A. Lester captained the Cricket Team of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia during the past summer, in England. On the team were D. H. Adams '96, and C. C. Morris '04. R. H. Patton '01, was unable to go on the tour because of business reasons.

'98 The Class of 1898 held a reunion and banquet at College on June 6th. It was very well attended, and was much enjoyed by all present.

'98 The engagement is announced of Mr. Walter Janney to Miss Pauline F. Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Morris, of Villa Nova, Pa.

'98 The engagement is announced of Mr. Joseph Wright Taylor to Miss Lulu Ella Jane Rhodes of Las Cruces, New Mexico.

'99 J. Howard Redfield has been appointed Instructor in Mathematics in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at Worcester, Mass.

'00 Dr. Horace Howard Jenks was married at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, on September 11th, to Miss Eloise C. North, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Dexter North of Washington, D. C.

'00 J. M. Taylor is associated with the firm of McDonald and Taylor, architects, Salt Lake City, Utah.

'01 Wm. H. Kirkbride is now living in Victoria, B. C., where most of his mining and other interests are located. A daughter was born to him in July of this year.

'02 Dr. Richard M. Gummere was married to Miss Christine Robinson, at Bryn Mawr, on June 30th.

'02 Charles Wharton Stork was married on August 5th, to Miss Elizabeth von Pausinger, daughter of Herr and Frau Franz von Paus, at the church of St. Boromaeus, Salzburg, Austria.

'03 W. N. Eshleman is with Joseph W. Taylor '98, on his ranch at Las Cruces New Mexico.

'03 H. A. Dominovich has recently been appointed Instructor in Latin in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., for the year 1908-09.

'06 The engagement is announced of Henry Pleasants, Jr., to Miss Dorothy Smith, of Philadelphia.

'06 Arthur T. Lowry is in Clarkston, Washington, with Frederick Sharp, '01.

'07 Wilbur H. Haines has accepted the position of head coach in foot ball at College, for the season of nineteen hundred and eight. C. T. Brown, '08, is to be in charge of the "scrub."

Ex-'08 John Theodore Troth was married at Wayne, on July 15th, to Miss Marion Gwendolin Roberts.

'08 Fisher C. Bailey is to spend this year studying at Harvard.

'08 Carroll T. Brown is a teaching fellow at Haverford.

'08 Howard Burt is studying at the Penn Law School.

'08 Dudley D. Carroll has been engaged as principal for the Mountain View Institute, Mizpah, N. C.

'08 John Browning Clement is studying at the Penn Law School.

'08 Jesse W. Crites is teaching at the Friends School, Wilmington, Del.

'08 Cecil K. Drinker is studying at the Penn Medical School.

'08 Edward A. Edwards is with L. T. Edwards & Co., Heating and Ventilating Engineers, Philadelphia.

'08 Joseph Bushnell, 3rd, is with the Tabor Mfg. Company, North Broad St., Philadelphia.

'08 J. Passmore Elkinton is in the manufacturing department of the Philadelphia Quartz Company, Chester, Pa.

'08 George W. Emlen, Jr., is with the Shane Bros. and Wilson Company, Flour, Philadelphia

'08 Arthur C. Leonard is Physical Director at the Friends Central School, Philadelphia.

'08 M. Albert Linton is studying mathematics in Zurich, Germany.

'08 T. Morris Longstreth will spend the winter in Europe as a private tutor.

'08 Charles L. Miller is teaching History and English at the Yeates School.

'08 William Haviland Morris, Jr., is studying medicine at the John Hopkins Medical School .

'08 Frederick Omar Musser is attending the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, in West Philadelphia .

'08 Winthrop Sargent, Jr., is studying at Harvard, where he holds the Clementine Cope Fellowship.

'08 Carl F. Scott is with the Sprague Electric Co., Bloomfield, New Jersey.

'08 Walter R. Shoemaker is with W. A. Lippincott and Co., Philadelphia.

'08 George K. Strode is studying at the Penn Medical School.

'08 James Carey Thomas is with Butler, Thomas and Company, Philadelphia.

'08 Walter Wilkin Whitson is a teaching fellow at Haverford.

'08 Stephen R. Wing is studying electrical engineering at Cornell.

'08 Edwin Wright is with the DeCou Brothers Company, Shoes, Philadelphia.

'08 Raymond C. Woodard is teaching at the Cedarcroft School, Kennett Square, Penna.

Ex-'10 The engagement is announced of John French Wilson to Miss Anna Hoopes Brinton, of West Chester, Penna.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. opened on September the twenty-fifth with an informal meeting addressed by different men, explaining the scope of the work to the new men and inviting all to connect themselves with the association. The Y. M. C. A. reception is scheduled for the thirtieth, when Dr. C. A. R. Janvier is expected to speak.

During the summer months the various Committees have been planning their winter's work and in the course of a few weeks we expect the different departments to be in full swing. The success of the Y. M. C. A. is assured by the hearty co-operation of all the men and it will be the endeavor of the Cabinet to make the Association a dynamic force in the life of the College.

The "Year Books" were edited by Myers '09, and with a few changes, are the same as in former years.

The Coopertown work presents some interesting problems and needs the help of the college body to assist getting it started.

The meetings at Preston will begin Sunday, October the fourth, when Dr. Comfort will speak at 7.30 P. M. The presence of the College men assisted very much last year in making these meetings a success and it is hoped that as many as can will join in the informal services

which will be held there each Sunday evening at seven-thirty o'clock.

The Boys' Club at Preston will commence about the first of November and there will be plenty of opportunity for the fellows to help in this work.

Through all the years of its existence the Y. M. C. A. has been a power in the lives of all types and classes, nowhere more so than in the colleges, for it has not only assisted them to meet the various problems which confront them in their student days but it has also shown them where they can place their lives to count most in the great fields of Christian activity. Haverford has always taken a leading part in the activities of the Intercollegiate associations and we hope in the coming months to carry on the work to greater successes.

There will be a special meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in Roberts' Hall at eleven thirty o'clock Saturday the Sixteenth. Mr. John R. Mott, secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. is expected to speak. A brief history of Haverford Y. M. C. A. will be presented and a cordial invitation is extended to everyone to attend. Following the meeting the Cabinet will give a Luncheon to all former Presidents of the Association.

J. J. G.

Athletic Department

FOOT BALL.

SCHEDULE.

We reprint the foot ball schedule,
Oct. 3—Medico-Chi at Haverford.
Oct. 10—Delaware at Haverford.
Oct. 17—Franklin and Marshall at
Haverford.
Oct. 24—Rutgers at Haverford.
Oct. 31—John Hopkins at Haverford
Nov. 7—Lehigh at South Bethlehem
Nov. 14—Trinity at Hartford.
Nov. 21—New York University at
Haverford.

THE FOOT BALL OUTLOOK.

The thoughts of the whole college body, from the beginning of the term till Thanksgiving are centered primarily on foot ball. How good will the foot ball team be this year, is the question of all. It is impossible to answer this question so early, for the ups and downs of a season are many and unforeseen.

But from present indications, the outlook for the coming season is exceptionally bright. While a number of very valuable men have left with the class of 1908, yet we have a good nucleus of seasoned men. In the line, Sharpless, Russell, Tomlinson, Spaeth, Ramsey, Deacon, and Lewis have all had 'varsity experience. Back of the line there are Myers, Bard, Hutton and Gallagher, besides 'varsity line men of last year who are being tried out in the back field.

A number of new men promise well, and many of last year's scrub are showing up very well. Barrett, from Earlham College, ought to make good, and the Freshmen class seems to give good promise of producing a number of strong, fast men.

With Haines '07, as coach, we feel perfectly secure of obtaining the best results possible from the existing material.

We are very sorry to have been deprived of the services of Allan J. Hill in the managership, through his not returning to college. M. H. C. Spiers, '09 was elected to fill his place, on Wednesday, September 23rd.

With Bard as Captain we feel that the prospects for the season are very bright, but nevertheless a great deal depends on the support which is given to the team. If the whole college, alumni and undergraduates, gives the team the support which it has during the past few years, we ought to have nothing to fear, but if any Haverfordians shirk their duties the results may be serious; so we make a plea that every one, whether he be on the foot ball squad or not, put his whole energies into making the season of nineteen hundred and eight one which shall be long remembered.

CANE RUSH.

The annual Sophomore-Freshman cane rush took place on the opening day of the term, Wednesday, September 23rd, on Walton Field. The Class of 1911, though considerably outnumbered succeeded in maintaining its superiority over the entering class. The score was 12 to 10. Bard '09 was referee of the struggle and was assisted by Ramsey '09, and Dr. Babbitt. The Sophomore cane men were Deane, Hinshaw and Russell. The Freshmen were represented by Biedenbach, John B. Lowry, and Smiley.

The following men had hands on the cane when time was called.

<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>
Deane (2)	Smiley (2)
Hartshorne (2)	Brownlee (2)
Hinshaw (2)	Biedenbach (2)
Russell (2)	H. M. Lowry
Patrich	J. B. Lowry
Gardiner	Morris
Downing	Hoffmann
	Gallagher

CRICKET PRIZES, 1908

The following prizes were awarded on Commencement Day by C. K. Drinker '08, chairman of the Cricket Department:

FIRST ELEVEN.

The Cope Bat to A. W. Hutton '10, av. 19.5.

The Congdon Ball to J. C. Thomas '08, av. 7.45.

The Haines Fielding Belt to E. A. Edwards '08.

The C. R. Hinchman Bat to C. T. Brown '08, av. 29'5.

The Christian Febiger Ball to J. B. Clement, Jr., '08, av. 5.4.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Class of '85 Bat to R. A. Spaeth '09.

Class of '85 Ball to J. S. Downing '11

Class of '85 Belt to J. W. Pennypacker '09.

The Improvement Bat to W. Judkins '10.

The Shakespeare Bat to W. Hartshorne '11, av. 13.4.

The Freshman Prize bat—not awarded.

The Freshman Prize Ball to W. Hartshorne '11.

The Freshman Prize Cup to W. Hartshorne '11.

Class of '85 Prize Ball for inter-class cricket championship: To Class of 1908.

Colors were awarded to J. B. Clement '08 (Capt.), E. A. Edwards '08, T. K. Sharpless '09, A. W. Hutton '10.

It was announced that T. K. Sharpless '09 had been elected captain for next year.

TRACK PRIZES

Cups for men winning first places in spring interclass track meet: To Crites '08, Leonard '08, Bard '09, Ramsey '09, Froelicher '10, Morris '10, Palmer '10, Roberts '10.

Record Cup for breaking a college record: To Walter Palmer '10, for lowering the 220 yd. record to 22 3-5 sec.

C. S. Powell Athletic Cup for winning annual interclass athletic meet: To class of 1910.

Class of '93 Athletic Cup for winning annual inter-class relay races: To Class of 1910.

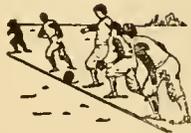
FRESHMEN OFFICERS

President—F. Smiley.

Vice-President—H. Howson.

Secretary—K. A. Rhoad.

Treasurer—R. L. Garner.



Haverford College Athletic Association

FINANCIAL SUMMARY—COLLEGE YEAR 1907-1908

Report of the Treasurer, Haverford College
Athletic Association. 1907-8.

General Fund.

DR.		Deficit Surplus
To Balance.....	\$ 67.91	
To sale of H. A. A. tickets.....	330.00	
To interest on de- posit account....	27.36	
To college dues to H. A. A.....	721.00	
	\$1,146.27	

CR.	
By stationery.....	\$ 3.30
By appropriation to cricket.....	380.99
By appropriation to Foot ball.....	190.49
By appropriation to gymnasium.....	190.50
By appropriation to soccer.....	190.50
By appropriation to track.....	190.49
	\$1,146.27

Foot Bal.

DR.	
To appropriation from gen fund...\$	190.49
To sale of tickets...	427.00
To gate receipts and guarantees..	736.63
To gate receipts spent immedi- ately.....	366.31
	\$1,720.43

CR.	
By deficit.....	50.66
By J. F. Gray— supplies.....	216.44
By travelling.....	199.30
By umpires and guarantees.....	514.26
By advertising and stationery.....	93.71
By repairing and building.....	84.33

By medical sup- plies.....	54.33	
By football dinner.	32.48	
By expenses paid from gate rectx.	366.31	
	\$1,611.82	
Balance.....	108.61	\$108.61
	\$1,720.43	

Cricket.

DR.	
To balance.....	\$ 504.13
To C. R. Hinchman Prize bat.....	7.00
To Trustees Cricket Fund.....	50.00
To appropriation from Gen. fund..	380.99
	\$ 942.12

CR.

By prizes.....	\$ 33.00	
By stationery.....	1.50	
By engraving cup .	2.15	
By supplies.....	45.00	
By Cornell trip....	140.00	
	\$ 221.65	
Balance.....	720.47	\$720.47
	\$ 942.12	

Soccer.

DR.	
To appropriation from Gen. fund..\$	190.50
To gate receipts...	28.75
	\$ 219.25

CR.

By deficit.....	\$ 22.00
By dues to Soccer leagues.....	12.50
By stationery and advertising.....	28.45
By officials.....	10.35
By supplies.....	17.40
By travelling.....	126.25
	\$ 216.95

Balance.....	2.30	\$2.30
	\$ 219.25	

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<i>Gymnasium.</i>	
	DR.
To balance.....	\$ 450.90
To receipts from indoor meets....	206.31
To appropriation from Gen. fund..	190.50
	<u>\$ 847.71</u>
	CR.
By stationery and advertising.....	\$ 52.63
By travelling and guarantees.....	85.00
By coaching.....	20.22
By supplies.....	67.54
By judges.....	10.74
	<u>236.13</u>
Balance.	611.58
	<u>\$ 847.71</u>

<i>Track.</i>	
	DR.
To appropriation from Gen. fund..	\$ 190.49
	CR.
By deficit.....	\$ 86.18
By dues.....	20.00
By guarantees.....	130.00
By supplies and rubbing.....	92.93
	<u>329.11</u>
Deficit.....	138.62
	<u>\$ 190.49</u>
Cash balance....	1,304.34
	<u>\$1,442.96</u> <u>1,442.96</u>

Respectfully submitted,

C. J. RHODES, *Treasurer.*R. M. GUMMERE, *Assistant Treas.*

Philadelphia, Sept. 24, 1908.



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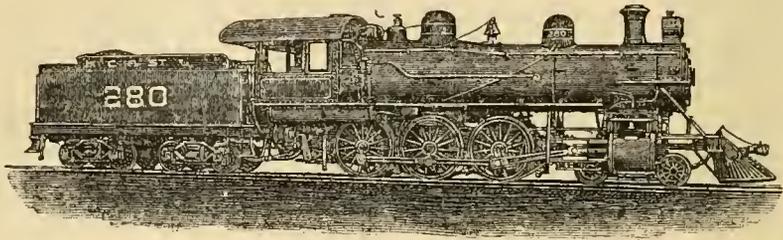
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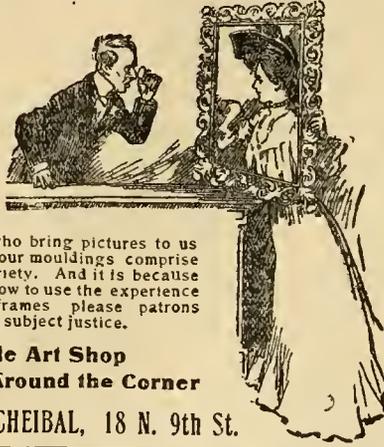
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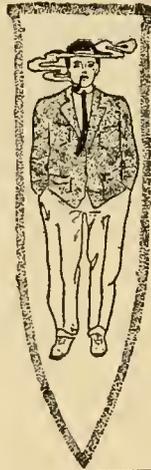
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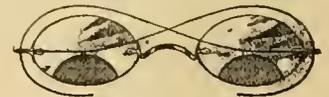
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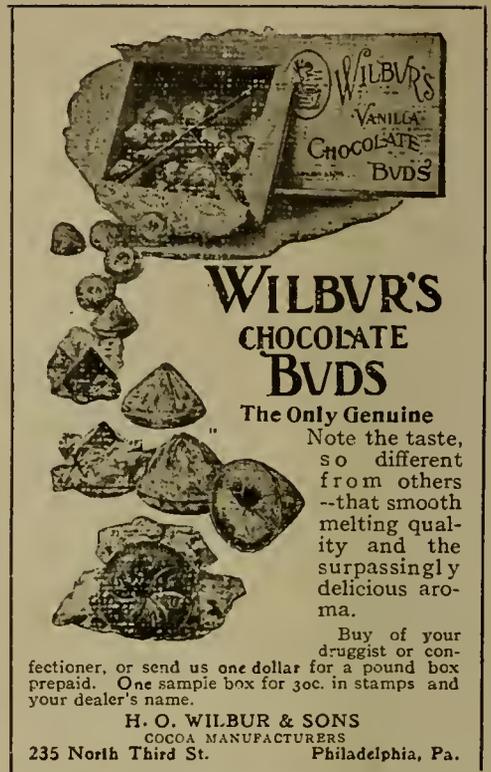
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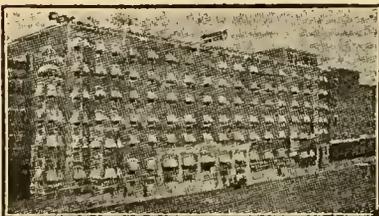
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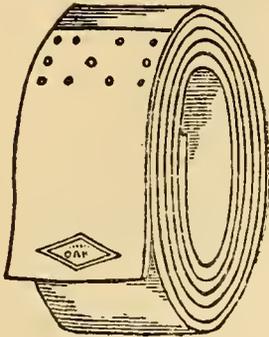
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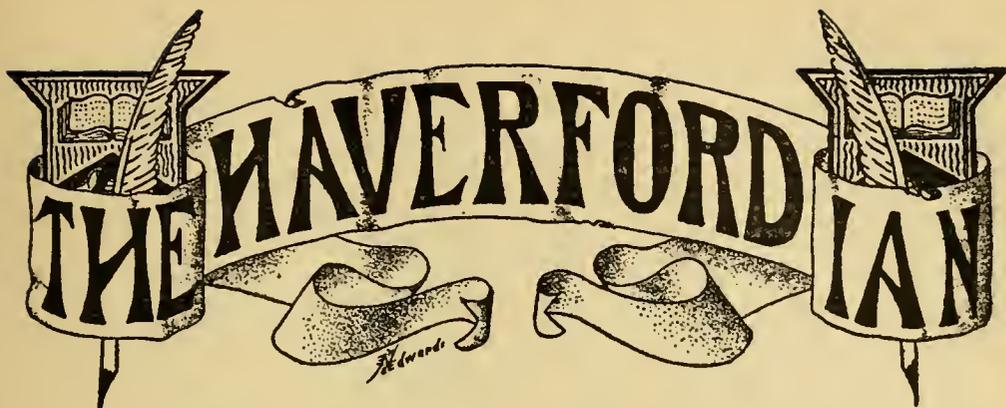
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HAVERFORD has celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday. Had her founders been sufficiently provident to have done the founding a quarter of a century earlier, so that we might have had the advantage of three figures to add to our dignity, we would not have objected. But since this was not their disposition, we must make the best of matters, and rejoice in our seventy-five years of prosperity. Haverford doubtless approves of the adage, "Assume a virtue if you have it not"; in accordance with which she expects to go conscientiously along, growing older as fast as possible, and meantime preserving the standards of excellence she has already attained, as well as striving for those which she is free to own she has not. If history repeats itself in this instance, the accruing of the material requisites in need of which she stands, and the realization of the ideals she is ever giving birth to, should not be a slow process. So the brightest of outlooks seems to be before her, as she sets out on this last lap of the course of her opening century.

Of the celebration, enough of commendation cannot be said. The com-

pliments paid her by the representatives of the other colleges present were of a nature of which even Haverford may be proud. And the pleasures afforded to the Alumni by the renewal, for ever so short a time, of the ties of former days, is a matter so deep in their hearts, that further mention of it here can do little more than desecrate. Justly proud were these Alumni of their Alma Mater. And with their backing may Haverford press on, ever succeeding in her intent to "hold fast the good, and seek the better yet."

DURING the week preceding our great anniversary we understood that there was in Philadelphia a celebration commemorating the 225th year *Ab urbe condita*. It was supposed-

Founders' Week

ly in memory of the city's Founders, though the character of the week's festival was probably not very gratifying to them. There were banquets, and fire-works, auto races and a naval demonstration. There were parades galore—by the Patriotic Sons of Old Applegomen, the Ancient Order of those whose ancestors had come over in the *Mauretania*, and three companies of the Anti-Saloon

League Veterans. There was a carefully planned historical pageant which was really worth while—the whole at an approximate cost of three hundred thousand dollars—forty thousand dollars a day.

And now that everything is over, there still remain the fifteen thousand children in the city who, because of inadequate public school facilities, are forced to forego onehalf the school time rightfully theirs—a condition irremediable because of “lack of funds!” The school advantages offered by the city are not phenomenal at best—cut the time in half and you have indeed a sorry “education” for those fifteen thousand children.

There are two reasons given for the week's celebration—one that it is educational, the other that it advertises the city. No doubt both statements are true. But certainly a superior public school system which turned out boys and girls who are fit would be more truly educational. And we suspect that, in the long run, it would be a better advertisement also.

NOTWITHSTANDING the annual exhortation delivered to each Freshman class regarding the meagreness of the average man's dynamic vocabulary,

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pression of the literary ability of each writer will reveal a condition often genuinely pitiful. The range of terms used is so extraordinarily limited that nearly all the words have to serve so often and in such a variety of offices that they become worn and feeble from unre-mitted service. The words are not necessarily all “common” ones—in spite of himself the normal college fellow absorbs a few rather unusual terms. Each man's stock of these is different and woe be to any word so unfortunate as to be included in these select lists. Not only do such words grow feeble through repeated usage but by the end of the thesis they have utterly fallen.

We are met with similar conditions on every hand. One of the surest evidences of an educated man in the world at large is his ability to use discriminating words in their proper place. Yet conditions are such that in the case of the very few men bold enough to defy tradition and attempt to possess themselves of a larger and more distinctly accurate vocabulary, they are every where laughed to scorn.

It is not for fine writing or for an overloaded phraseology that we plead. Preserve us from those who employ *two* big words for *one* little one. We have no desire to develop a pedantic vocabulary so high above the usual colloquial stock of words as to be totally incomprehensible except to the collegiate contingent. What we do ask for is that every one strive before leaving college to gain command of a sufficient number of words to enable him to express his thoughts clearly and without that indefinite haze which befogs so completely all our fine distinctions. When the only way in which a college man can express his loftiest thought concerning the character of a young girl, now passed to the great beyond, is to remark that “she was certainly a corker,” conditions are pitiable

indeed. This is an actual instance. It may sound funny upon first hearing, but one can not help being struck promptly with the terrible inadequacy of such an expression. To listen to remarks of that nature affords about the same pleasure as that to be gained from the heart rending sight of crippled children at play.

Our shortcomings are most painfully apparent when one considers our stock of critical adjectives. "Good," "strong," "exaggerated," "sincere," and "diffuse" are within the range of most of us. Some have even aspired to the height of "trenchant" and "bromidic." But beyond this the most intrepid dare not venture. One is forcibly reminded of the story of the Englishman, mentally tongue-tied, who, standing upon the forward deck of a ship entering the bay of Naples, was heard to exclaim rapturously: "Glorious! Magnificent!! Pretty good!!!"

"Discrimination of values is the first step towards culture." This was the remark of Dr. Shailer Matthews during his course of lectures here last winter. He himself possessed an unusual power of discrimination. But if this be true and we are thus to judge a man's culture by

his ability to discriminate, there are many among us who have not progressed far.

We do not want to speak and write like Western Congressmen. It is not imposing bombast that we are to strive for. But we do need to express ourselves clearly and definitely. We need a vocabulary which will more exactly denote and connote the ideas we are endeavoring to set forth.

It is purposed to publish the proceedings of the 75th Anniversary celebration in Bulletin form—to be had of the Registrar for a half-dollar.

The long-looked-forward-to book of Haverford verse made its appearance in time for the celebration. We believe it is a collection the value of which amply justifies the time and labor expended by the compilers. They with Maxfield Parrish, '92, who designed the cover, are to be heartily congratulated upon the whole work. The selection of poems has been representative and most happy. A few copies may still be had by application to the editor of the HAVERFORDIAN. Price, \$1.25.



ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

DELIVERED AT HAVERFORD, OCTOBER 16TH, 1908



REVOLUTIONIST should bring you a better voice in which to proclaim his revolution than I have brought you this afternoon; but in this

hall of convenient size, perhaps I can make myself audible on some of the subjects which have interested me most in recent years.

It is really a great privilege to be allowed to speak of matters which seem essential to the life of colleges, to an audience composed of men who can judge whether I speak the truth or not. And it seemed to me a particularly appropriate occasion upon which to speak of some matters which do not concern Haverford; because she has in many respects been an honorable example to the contrary. I believe that Haverford should receive our homage because of the conservative manner in which she has preserved the simplicity and homogeneity of her life as between the student and the teacher. The wholeness of her life, the direct contact between those who teach and those who are taught, the democratic unity of the community, and many other things for which we know she stands, are among these honorable distinctions.

For it seems to me that in recent years the life of our colleges has become so heterogeneous that it is impossible to get the best results out of it. You know that one of the things that is confusing us in our statesmanship with regard to the affairs of the nation, is the heterogeneity and complexity of our modern national life. We are not so much in

doubt as to our moral standards as we are with respect to the application of those standards in very difficult and complicated cases; for the country is no longer a congeries of families, no longer a body of men; it is a body of complex organizations in which the individual is largely lost and in which, therefore, the old commands of the law addressed to individuals are hardly susceptible of application. The individual has run to cover; and in the complexities of modern life it is very difficult to discover so much as his trail.

We are not in doubt what we wish to have done; but we are sadly in doubt how, having made only an imperfect analysis of our modern life, we are to accomplish what we desire. We are attempting to reform a society which we have only partially analyzed and imperfectly understood; so that there are contests among the best minds in this country as to whether certain things are good, or evil. There is a contest amongst honest, thinking men as to whether the trust is, or is not, an evil. We know that trusts harbor men who do the nation deep wrong, but that is another question; and the real perplexity of our thought is to discover these individuals and bring them out of their cover of their association with other men at directors' tables and elsewhere and set them before the tribunal of the nation's judgment.

And this same complexity—which is due to a thousand material circumstances, which have led to a thousand corresponding social circumstances—has spread to our schools and our colleges, forming by natural process part of the

life and experience of the nation itself. If you go into a modern school, or a modern college, and ask them to lay a program before you of what they are doing, it is like a catalogue of everything that concerns modern life. They are not doing anything in particular; they are doing every thing in general, and it is very much in general; for, doing every thing in general, they have not time to do anything in particular. So that they are touching the life of the nation here, there, elsewhere, everywhere, in the attempt to make a program as various as the life of the nation itself. A program highly proper to a university; because a university is the place where men must get their expert knowledge and that final touch of preparation and skill which will fit them for the immediate tasks of a practical world. A university is a school of those who have their eyes turned directly either to research, or to teaching, or to the higher sorts of the applications of science to modern industry and all the material undertakings of the age. The university must have the varieties of the nation.

But reaching down from the university, and particularly from the German university, through the college into the schools, we have made this same diversity to prevail among the colleges and the schools. And in these places hitherto meant for discipline, hitherto meant for discovering whether men have minds or not, hitherto meant for a common discipline which would produce types of thinking and types of moral attitude, we are seeking the diversity, the multiplicity, the scattered purposes of the university itself. In the university we don't allow the individual to scatter—the individual studies two or three things; but in the school and in the college the individual scatters, and attempts to study everything; and from the best we make it impossible to produce uni-

form results, not only, but impossible to find a method of discipline.

We have come to an age of absolutely dispersed standards, of an absolutely anatomized and analyzed system of instruction; and it is necessary that we should begin for the school and for the college, as we should begin for the nation, a very determined and studious attempt at synthesis. We must know what we would be at; and then we must discover the organization to accomplish that thing. We don't know what we would be at; if we did, we would not ask an entering freshman what he wants; we would tell him what he ought to have. The wisdom, the ordering, the success of the modern college course largely depends upon the intelligence of the entering class. Now I don't think, for my part (belonging to the distinct part of the university), that the university should have as its standard of intelligence the intelligence of the men who are just beginning to come under its discipline and influence. I don't care to put myself at the disposal even of my dear friends of the freshman class at Princeton. I think that unless, as I approach the age of 52, I know better what these young gentlemen should have than they know, one of them—the best of them, I hope—should take my place. The parts are singularly and ridiculously reversed; because we have not attempted any synthesis, and don't know what we would be at.

Now why is synthesis difficult? It is not difficult to get a body of thoughtful men together in a room and make a program of study which will be better than the program of study in most of our colleges; it would be very difficult to make a worse in some of them. I mean, by a worse, not in respect of its contents, but in respect of the relations of the subjects to each other and the portions considered essential, and the portions con-

sidered non-essential, or the portions considered more essential than others. That is what I mean by a program: a program for a course of study with the most excellent body of knowledge, and set the most capable scholars to teach this body of knowledge; and until you have related them in that scheme you have not got a course or a program of study. I say it is not difficult to get thoughtful men together in a room and make out a reasonably consistent and intelligent course of study; but when you have made the course of study, then you have to go out and capture your students. For what are your students doing? Your students are doing every thing except paying serious attention to their studies. And they are not doing it because they are averse from study—they are not doing it I believe, because they are unconscious of the beauty and desirability of study; they are doing it because there are so many interesting things to be done in the college to which they go that, really, they haven't the time to be interested in study. And the things that they do are in themselves innocent and worth doing. The point is not that they are doing vicious things, not that they are doing things that lead to mere idleness, not that they are doing things that are in any respect unworthy of cultured and even of ambitious young men; but because they are excellent, because they are interesting, because they are suited to engage the attention of honorable men they engage their attention entirely, and their instructors get the residuum. College life has swallowed up the college curriculum, and has swallowed it whole without digestion.

In order to insert knowledge you must really get the attention of those whom you are addressing;—and you can not get that attention unless you see to it that there is going to be leisure of mind on their part to lend you that attention.

Now look at the modern college! You can not count the number of organizations that exist in the larger college. There are not only athletic organizations: we have been getting excited about the wrong thing. It is not athletics that absorbs the attention of the average undergraduate. Athletics absorbs the attention of the members of the athletic team, to an unnecessary extent and to a demoralizing extent; but it does not absorb the attention of the average undergraduate very seriously. He goes out to practice and he cheers the team; but he ought to be out of doors that long; and if he has not the ambition to exercise himself, it is just as well to cheer others on in their exercise. I see no harm in that. It improves their lung power and it draws them together in a certain disposition of spirited co-operation. I am not in the least jealous of that. It is not the athletic organizations that are engrossing their attention, though they do engross the attention of very many capable young gentlemen who are sometime to be the heads of corporations; but there are scores of other organizations, particularly social organizations, musical organizations, dramatic organizations, organizations to play chess, organizations to play whist, organizations to swim, organizations to do everything you can imagine; and the more capable, the more energetic, the more popular sort of a man has so many of his energies drawn upon by the necessity to organize his fellow students in these ways that he has not time for his studies.

I had one of our most capable undergraduates say to me once that he didn't have time to take the mental science that season because he had to run the college; and the point was, that though the lad was talking in jest, the thing was very nearly literally true. He was a fellow of extraordinary administra-

tive capacity, and the whole undergraduate body did look to him for the suggestions which were to organize them into this, that and the other thing that they wanted to do; and many a boy in school nowadays chooses his college by the test of the number of interesting things there are to do there which have nothing to do with study. I don't blame him. I have no doubt that if I were at his age and in his place I would do just the same thing. But I want to ask college presidents if it is their ambition to be presidents of country clubs? Country clubs are very admirable things; but their presidencies do not afford careers—an ambitious gentleman must have something else to do beside that.

Now our colleges are not yet country clubs; and I do not think that one college that I know of is at present in any danger of becoming one. But I am aware that in many a college the faculty happens to be in this ungracious position: it says to these young gentlemen, "You must study;" and presently if they get dropped wholesale they are convinced that they must study. And if they are asked and pressed for a reason why they must study, it is not because of the loveliness and desirability of knowledge but because they want to stay in that place. And the price of the life is the successful passing of the examination.

Now, gentlemen, what is knowledge that is not itself an expression of life? How shall we ever produce men who will add to the intellectual force of this nation until we have turned away from this idea that college is a delightful, and desirable place in which to live, to that other ideal—older, more sacred, more beautiful, more vital—that it is a place in which to awaken the energies of the mind to all those conceptions which lift men and nations to higher planes of living?

Then, when that spirit begins to obtain, the colleges of this country will so throb with life that men won't ask themselves whether they ought to send their sons to these places, any more than they will ask themselves whether, if they want electric power, they had better make connections with dynamos. They will then know that power is stored in that place, and that their sons may be treated like storage batteries and filled with that power.

But that power is not now there—except for individuals. There do come individuals by singles, but sometimes fortunately by hundreds, to those places—boys with serious eyes in their heads, boys dreaming of things that lie beyond graduation, boys who have been thoughtful of life, who have pored upon great biographies and conceived great purposes and seen visions; and they segregate themselves and go through this place as men set apart for a great undertaking; but they do not leaven the mass. Now for my part I don't want to be a taskmaster; I don't want to compel likeable, loveable youngsters to study because I say they must. I crave the privilege of showing them how beautiful a thing it is; the privilege of living with them and asking them if there is any flavor in my mind and in the minds of my colleagues—in the minds of those who represent life's study—that is to their taste, whether this is the flavor and the impulse they desire. I want a part in their life; and the only way in which the colleges in this country can be lifted out of their present heterogeneity into some faithful unity is by an organization which will make a common life from top to bottom, for students and professors.

Now I am not going to lay out a program, or any special favorite plan of my own, by which that can be done; but I will tell you, with the utmost confidence,

that that is the only way in which the colleges of this country will be made real powers in the nation—a common organization, of which the faculty shall be just as intimate and vital a power as the undergraduates themselves; and in which sport will be sport and not an occupation; in which diversions will be diversions and not the object of life; in which all the things that relieve the strain of work will be reliefs from work and not from other, similar occupations; and all of life shall be permeated with the consciousness that these men are, at any rate, members of a great community devoted to things which touch the highest ideals of the life of the individual and of the country.

You can not get the spirit of learning transmitted through a non-conducting medium; and the modern organization of college life is a non-conducting medium for a score of reasons which you know just as well as I do, and I won't

have to expound them. It is a non-conducting medium; and you are wasting your power in trying to make a non-conducting medium conduct. If you believe in the real laws of spiritual transmission, first connect the veins of the vertebras of your college life; you would then see the blood transmitting. Until you have done that, it will be impossible; so that we are now awakening to the fact that our college success does not depend either upon the excellence of our course (I mean entire, I would say, chiefly)—either upon the excellence of our course of study, or the excellence of our body of instructors; it depends upon the character of the college life. If these excellent things are to be received the organization must be of one kind; if they are not to be received it must be of the present kind. Our task is a task of reconceiving and reorganizing the life of the American college.

The Pine Woods

Nature, when her more rugged works were done,
 The waterfall and jutting mountain-crest,
 Bethought her of a place wherein to rest
 And view the glories of the setting sun.
 'Twas then she made her groves of pine
 With needles carpeted, and velvet moss,
 Where mortals might be purged of all their dross
 And sooth'd in golden afternoon sunshine.
 So in the living silence, fragrant, healing,
 The fretted nerves are tuned and lull'd to sleep,
 The drowsy golden-shafted stillness deep
 Brings God's own peace into the bosom stealing.
 When Nature speaks, go give to her thine ear—
 She sleeps: a pleasant resting place is here.

C. D. M., '10.

Haverford's Seventy-fifth Anniversary

Young is our mother still, and very fair
To all her sons who love and serve her yet
Now that the kindly hand of time hath set
The forehead with a crown of silver hair.

We call her mother, lacking better name
For she is nameless even as Death or Time:
She drives the human heart to fashion rhyme
For her and puts its written rhyme to shame.

Hers is the glory of eternal youth
Blended with age eternal. As the spring,
Flower and bloom perpetual does she bring
Out of the sun and soil and wind of Truth.

To-day her spring time bloom returns again,
But ripened into rich maturity
Of fruit and harvest, as rejoicingly
She gathers her autumnal wealth of men.

The splendor of the past is on her brow;
The promise of the future in her eyes;
And that high worth of hers that can despise
Future and past, to meet the living now.

Hers is the mystery of motherhood
Unreasoning love that asketh no return
And fires calm, yet passionate, that burn
Warm through the cold rains of ingratitude.

Hers is the power of the restless main
That draws its mighty waters from afar;
Many and deep her hidden fountains are,
Whence having drawn, she sendeth back again.

She layeth her foundations on the deep;
Not as the grass or flower she withereth;
For she shall live when the soft hand of death
Has wrapt her children's children into sleep.

So let us call her mother, even we,
Her younger children, who but dimly feel
That depth of tenderness she will reveal
Increasing in the many years to be.

We may not tongue the word as well as you
 Who see her through the golden mist of years;
 Your laughter may be deeper than our tears,
 For you are tried—and we have yet to do.

But as the young child, weary of its play,
 Calls "Mother" from a cause it can not know
 So suffer us to call her. Years will show
 The meaning of the word we speak to-day.

Let us not sing of that we know so well
 That memory wakens at a light word's fall—
 The mandolins a-tinkle down the hall—
 Clatter of feet—and Founders' Solemn bell:

Black gowns a-flutter on a field of green—
 The dull red embers of a dying fire—
 A full moon streaming over roof and spire—
 We wait for time to teach us all *they* mean.

But this we know—our mother is very fair
 To all her sons who love and serve her yet,
 Now that the kindly hand of time hath set
 Her forehead with a crown of silver hair.

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, ex-1910



THE SPARROW UPON THE ROOFTOP



AS a general thing it took an embellishment of the ordinary to centre Kelsey's attention upon anything external to the facts of personal existence.

Hence he moved composedly down the lane until something unusual became evident. The novelty took the form of a very limber young woman executing intricate signals from the square-peaked roof of a distant summer-house. Kelsey crossed the intervening fields with mild concern and presented himself at the base of activities.

"Good!" commented the younger Miss Race, sitting down suddenly on the sloping roof and gasping impressively. "I'm not used to winding myself up like a shipwrecked salt just to attract the attention of the passing public. I don't enjoy acting like a nautical lemon. Come up on the roof," she finished.

Kelsey adjusted his glasses and surveyed the possible modes of ascent. They were two, either of which would have necessitated athletic output.

"Can't you continue from the rooftops?" he suggested pleasantly.

The younger Miss Race smiled pityingly. "Oh, it's not me. You'd find me talking in an atmosphere of Moody and Sankey and the prophets. But my sister may come any moment, and if you're up here you can keep scrambling around so she can't see you."

"Your sister," remarked Kelsey, "is the one person I should most enjoy seeing just at present."

"Oh, no you wouldn't!" corrected the younger Miss Race, "not the way she's feeling now. I'll tell you about it. Only you must come up on the roof."

Kelsey carefully removed his cuffs, made one or two tentative swings, and

finally hoisted himself up, with a good deal of scraping. "Now let's hear about your sister," he continued.

The younger Miss Race gazed at him sidewise. "She hasn't been treating you just the way a truly good fiancee ought, lately, has she?" she queried. "No! Poor things! Still, the course of true love never did jump high enough to clear the bar. But it's not quite all the course's fault, either, and I might as well own up I was the one that pushed you off the Cupid wagon."

"I'm afraid I need an explanation," said Kelsey.

"You sent her some chocolate creams," began the younger Miss Race. She looked reminiscent. "They were awfully good. In fact, I ate them all up."

Kelsey did not appear especially pleased. "I'm glad your sister was good enough——"

"She wasn't," broke in the younger Miss Race. "She didn't know it."

Kelsey seemed to have nothing to say.

"You see," she continued, "they came just two days before she was to get home, and for one whole day they lay on the library table and looked pathetic. Then I took off the lid and finally threw the cardboard part in the waste paper basket. And now Isabel can't see why there weren't any chocolate creams waiting for her after you'd promised them. But the worst of it all is this is only a sort of a climax," she concluded. "You see some of the other things you sent were much better adapted by nature to me than to her, so——"

Kelsey developed a voice. "What!" he exploded.

The younger Miss Race gazed solicitously over the back of the summer-house. "Don't do that again," she ad-

monished gently. "You'll scare the chickens."

Kelsey prepared to get down abruptly. Just then a long smooth pole erected itself into the air from close at hand and came to rest with great precision against the eave of the summerhouse. Kelsey looked enquiringly at the younger Miss Race.

"That," elucidated the latter, "is my aunt. I don't know what she intends to do with it,—no one even does. It's probably something connected with college education for tomatoes,—she's always training her plants up to higher things. She can't hear us, though, she's deaf."

Kelsey turned back again. "I feel that I must see your sister immediately."

The younger Miss Race began to look very much excited. "But you mustn't," she implored. "In the first place, she wouldn't listen to anything you might say, and in the second, you couldn't say anything without telling her all about me, and you mustn't do that, and I don't dare tell her myself. Come back, stay here! I got you over so we could work out a plan."

Kelsey hesitated. "Have you done anything so far?"

"Only started to call her 'the Injured Miss Race.'"

Kelsey snorted. The next instant he had wound one leg about the long pole and slid quickly to the ground. He disengaged himself and looked about in time to see a figure in a blue sunbonnet, and with a hoe in its hand, alight again upon terra firma, a few inches from him, after an abrupt journey into the air. They backed slowly away from each other.

"Gracious!" ejaculated Aunt, "you came near terrifying me. Are there any more or are you the last of you?"

"I am the last of me," howled Kelsey reassuringly.

Aunt considered a moment in doubt. "Very well," she remarked at last, "I go to my plants," and shouldering her hoe she marched away.

"Oh, hoch der Sneezer!" shrieked a voice from above, "here she comes!"

"Whom do you mean?" demanded Kelsey, perceptibly uneasy.

"The Injured Miss Race," explained the voice. "She mustn't see me here with you or it'll be no hope for Harvard. I'll have to keep on the other side of the roof. But what are you going to say to her?" And Kelsey found himself standing alone and rather meaninglessly beside the house as the Injured Miss Race approached. He cleared his throat nervously, removed his glasses, and advanced a step. But the Injured Miss Race appeared to have noticed neither the preparations nor himself. Instead she was continuing straight on toward the chicken coop.

"Good afternoon," Kelsey managed to observe, tentatively.

The Injured Miss Race threw a glance over her shoulder. "Good afternoon," she returned with no deficiency of sweetness.

Kelsey decided to continue. "I am here——"

"Yes, of course," assented the Injured Miss Race, rapidly. "My Aunt's guests are always welcome. Her garden is quite a rallying point for neighborly enthusiasts."

A pebble trickled slowly down the roof above and dropped squarely upon Kelsey's head. The Injured Miss Race remarked his disturbance and looked interested.

"But——" essayed Kelsey again.

"Of course," she agreed sympathetically. "I will warn her that you are being left unhospitably alone." And with another wondering look towards the roof of the summerhouse she continued around behind it, accompanied

by frantic noises on the roof, and over to Aunt.

"Aunt," she demanded in a voice not quite loud enough to be heard at the summerhouse, "who's on that roof?"

Aunt shook her head firmly. "He said he was the last of him," she replied with conviction.

The Injured Miss Race left her and went over to the chicken coop. The door was supplied with a catch to keep it shut under ordinary conditions. The Injured Miss Race, however, threw it invitingly open. Next she retired a short distance and commenced to arouse the interest of a particularly enterprising rooster.

"Come, Epictetus," coaxed the Injured Miss Race.

Epictetus contemplated by jerks the open door and his enticer, and finally took one cautious step forward.

"Nice Teetiel!" she supplemented, movingly.

This evidently accomplished the purpose, for Epictetus finally allowed himself to be prevailed upon and ventured outside. The Injured Miss Race then stole carefully around and shut the door, after which she approached the rooster and commenced to brandish a very belligerent stick. This was rightly interpreted by Epictetus as a silent command to "shoo!"—which he thereupon did, and next appeared in full flight in the middle of the open field behind the summerhouse. The Injured Miss Race immediately set out upon a most evidently ineffectual pursuit.

The whole chase soon became visible to Kelsey, who at first gazed upon it with entire disinterest. Gradually, however, his face assumed an expression of more and more solicitude, and finally he threw off his coat and sprinted over to the Injured Miss Race. She accepted his substitution and returned to the summerhouse with a well satisfied air.

Sitting down upon a bench nearby she scrutinized the roof carefully.

"Edna!" she called firmly.

There was no reply. "Hm!" remarked the Injured Miss Race. "It must be some of the children from the neighborhood. Reggie Barnes!" she called again.

There was silence for a moment, then a very squeaky voice answered, "Yes'm."

The Injured Miss Race folded her arms in satisfaction. "I thought so," Then, "What are you doing here?" she demanded sternly.

After a short interval the voice came again. "Please, Miss," it implored, "Mr. Kelsey's an awful good Sunday School teacher."

"Well," remarked the Injured Miss Race, "the requirements for that position are decidedly modest, as a rule. But what's that got to do with it?"

"He likes to take his class out and show 'em a good time."

"Very commendable! I suppose you don't happen to know why he selected this particular spot as the casino?"

"I guess he likes to be near the house where you live."

The Injured Miss Race folded her hands and looked very much pleased. "He surely ought to know," she soliloquized.

In a moment the voice came again. "Was you ever sick, Miss?" it demanded plaintively.

The Injured Miss Race suddenly looked very much alarmed. "Reginald," she exclaimed anxiously, "you're not going to be sick right here and now? Oh dear, I wonder if one uses quinine pills in such cases."

The answer was reassuring. "Oh, no, but I was awful sick a few days ago. I ate a whole box of candy."

"You should have known better. Who let you do such a thing?"

"Mr. Kelsey left it on the table, and I found it, and it looked good, but too

much of it was awful, and they were chocolate creams too. I guess Mr. Kelsey was pretty mad afterwards—he must have meant them for somebody else.”

The Injured Miss Race's face began to shine with a thoroughly satisfactory idea. “So that's what happened to them. But what table? Why, in the Sunday School room, of course! Such a simple solution.” She turned towards the summerhouse again. “Did you see anything of any of the other things—a pink parasol, for instance?”

“I used it to make a hit with the fellows. Mr. Kelsey didn't know about that. He meant me to see that you got it.”

“And what about the white roses and lilacs?”

“They looked fine for the first two days.”

“And the copy of the Love Tales of a Car Conductor?”

“He was a foxy recruit, wasn't he?”

“And the little carved wooden bear from Switzerland?”

“I use it to strike matches on.”

The Injured Miss Race was now unreservedly happy. It is decidedly easy to believe what one really wishes, and no embarrassing questions arose in her mind.

Just then Epictetus entered upon the scene with due ceremonial and alighted upon a corner of the summerhouse roof. Kelsey appeared the next instant and was starting to continue the pursuit when the Injured Miss Race stopped him.

“Let your boys take care of the rooster,” she said, “and come over here and talk.”

“My boys?” queried Kelsey.

“Your boy, I should say,” corrected the Injured Miss Race. “I want to say that I have heard all the circumstances from him and I believe them, and so—so—

Kelsey shot a look of gratitude at the roof. “And so,” he said, taking a step forward, “it's really all over and you don't believe I was intentionally to blame?”

The Injured Miss Race advanced toward him. “I really don't think I believed it at any time, Christopher,” she was acknowledging.

“If you two get much nearer to each other,” sang a somewhat altered voice from the roof, “Aunt will simply scream,—I know she will.”

The two suddenly became entirely purposeless and began to contemplate different points of the compass. At the same time Epictetus again launched himself, or was launched, from the roof, and set out upon a second audible career.

Kelsey turned up his trousers and entrusted his watch to the Injured Miss Race. “I'll get him this time,” he said and set out.

The Injured Miss Race began to look rather queerly at the roof of the summerhouse. She was interrupted by hearing some one behind her say abruptly, “Well!” This was followed in a moment by another, and then they began to come in rapid succession. She turned and then followed her Aunt's gaze toward the top of the summerhouse. She could see nothing, but the “Wells!” kept on coming.

“Why, Aunt,” queried the Injured Miss Race, “why this mania for things Artesian?”

Aunt seemed to understand that an explanation was desired. “I am occupied,” she replied, “in rendering thanks to Nature and Evolution that I am not a man.”

A low voice from the roof ventured to express surprise. “Now I had always fancied,” it soliloquized, “that Aunt considered the feminine gender the fundamental blunder of creation.”

The Injured Miss Race glanced up but seeing nothing, turned back again. "Why, Aunt?" she demanded.

"Because," said Aunt, severely, "I should have outraged my ideal. I should have passed the stage where I could hold George Washington's hand and repeat after him: "Believe me, I cannot tell a lie!"

"I don't wonder," commented the voice from the roof, "she thinks she'd have to be a man to hold George Washington's hand,—O naughty!"

The Injured Miss Race, however, kept her attention fastened upon her Aunt. "But what have you done, Aunt?" she persisted.

"I returned you a negative answer when you asked me whether there was anyone on that summerhouse roof, and now I have just seen that I informed you wrongly." And with an expression of extreme sorrow Aunt left for another part of the garden.

The Injured Miss Race turned confidently toward the summerhouse roof. "Edna!" she called again in a tone of absolute conviction.

"Yes, sister dearest," answered the younger Miss Race obediently, raising her head above the peak of the roof.

"What in the world are you doing there," continued the Injured Miss Race, "a child of your years? Come down immediately."

"Impossible!" murmured her sister cheerfully. "I climbed up on some rusty

nails, but when Mr. Kelsey tried to do the same thing he broke them all off, and I can't get down alone. You'll have to wait for him."

"Mr. Kelsey! And you've been spending the afternoon sliding down summerhouse roofs with Mr. Kelsey! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And what's all this stuff you've been telling me, too?"

The Younger Miss Race exploded without formality. "Stuff! I like that! It's true, every word of it, just as I said it. And where would you be now if it wasn't for me? Still trying to crank up the engine of love with the switch not turned on."

The other maintained an unbroken composure. "Pooh!" she observed easily. "It shouldn't be so anxious to acquire honors so early in life. Wait till it gets to be a big girl."

"Big girl Abednego!" sneered the younger Miss Race. "I can take your men away from you now any time I like," she boasted, "and bring them up on the top of summer-houses, too."

"Yes," said her sister tranquilly, "but you can't bring them up on the tops of summer-houses that aren't near me, and," she added, as she saw Kelsey coming towards them holding by the legs the still unstoical Epictetus, "you can't get them to jump up joyfully and chase chickens around a field for you on a hot summer afternoon."

R. L. M. U., '09.



Reunion Hymn

(To the music of MacDowell's A. D. MDCXX)

O'er plains, mountains, over seas they come
They come, thy loyal sons to greet thee, Haverford;
Each thought, a choir of memories long dumb,
Each word, a song to swell Love's glad accord.

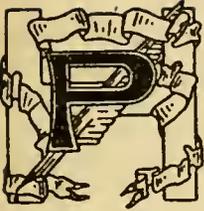
Mother of all beauty, nurse of truth,
That teachest worship of the lofty, clean and free,
Outworn by envy, sick of mart and booth,
They turn the love thou taughtest back on thee.

Sacred are thy halls and all they know
Enshrined in jealous hearts each by-gone luster lies;
Thy future pride, true to thy past, shall grow
To crown the dome of ancient sacrifice.

Plant deep in our lives thy glowing brand
That we may shine with thee and publish thy reward;
That man must broader, stronger, nobler stand
Who calls thee Alma Mater, Haverford!

A. G. H. SPIERS '02.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE



PROF. Scirving sat in his morris chair: it was his favorite occupation. Furthermore, it was economical. Formerly it had been his wont, when in contemplative mood, to pace the floor, until he discovered that the practice was inductive to the consumption of grass carpet and shoe leather, and gave him an appetite; whereas the morris chair, the cover of which was canvas never made him unduly voracious, and wore out nothing but the seat of his trousers. Now of course something had to be sacrificed, so Scirving let it go at the trousers; and sat in his morris chair. Just at present he had no work to do; but if he had had, he could have done it with greatest convenience from this same chair. For his business was that of deducing character from the hand writing.

He would rise in the morning only when the janitor, bringing the mail, would knock on the door. This was an ingenious scheme. For when there were no letters, there was very little occasion for rising at all. But by the noon mail some business was almost sure to arrive. For Scirving was a master of his craft. His reputation, if not national, was extensive. But to-day's work had been long since cared for and mailed back to those who would know themselves; and Scirving had pocketed the three hard earned quarters. And now he sat listlessly in the morris chair, and gazed thoughtfully through the open window out into the air shaft. The delicious odor of boiled cabbage was slowly mounting up through it. Ordinarily this would have reminded him of

lunch, but to-day the psychology of lunch faded into a pale insignificance. For to-day ambition was at the boiling point. He had reached a climax in his career.

Yesterday, while perusing Leary's collection of old books on the subject of his art he had found one that seemed to contain possibilities absolutely unlimited. It was a simple little volume entitled "The Finding of Affinities by Graphology." It interested him. He purchased it, and sat down to an afternoon of study. And as he read, the future unravelled itself. He would add this new attraction to his business, and run a matrimonial agency. Oh! how that "ad." would look:

"PROF. WILLIAM SCIRVING, the famous graphologist, has at last developed his wonderful system of discovering true lovers by means of his remarkable insight into their characters as read in their handwriting. All sending specimens of handwriting to him will have their affinities carefully registered as they appear. These, together with their addresses, will be mailed as soon as discovered, to all enclosing a quarter, in addition to the regular fee." How the money would soon be pouring in. And think, also, of the blessing to mankind. No longer must the yearning bachelor hesitate in enervating timidity, lest by any chance, out of the fifty odd million Women in the world, he should not pick out the right one. No longer need the warm hearted but misjudged spinster whom even eight eligible leap years had failed to rescue from single blessedness, remain in that happy state. And best of all, no longer would the learned Prof. Scirving have

to dwell in a South Street tenement house. "The world is a pretty fine place after all," said Scirving, "if one but finds it out. But now to business." And in an hour, he had mastered the science "love by writing."

He laid the book lovingly on the table, and sat and pondered. But he took it up again, and shock of shocks, by chance he happened to gaze at what had not detained him a second on his first look through the book. It was a name and address, clearly written, and in a big bold hand he read the words: "Dora Melcher, 991 Bainbridge St., Phila." For a second his heart seemed to stop its beating, and then it began most conscientiously to work overtime. And what was that peculiar whirling sensation in his head? And what caused that rich crimson color to flood his cheeks so strangely? He did not see it there, for he had thrown his mirror away long ago; but he felt it burning his cheeks as they had not burned for many a day. But he must not look at that name in such a way. It would be embarrassing to the name, to say the least. Still, he could not restrain an occasional shy glance in that direction. And at every look his heart beat harder. Oh! the delicious contours of that dainty little "r." And the sweet simplicity of the "a." And that "M!" Why just to look at an "M" like that filled his empty bachelor heart with an inexpressibly lovely warmth, altogether unknown there before. And ah! the ravishing coquetry of that unpretending little "ch." But the blood curdling thought that perhaps [he might not find her presented itself. But he would find her. Fears scattered like leaves before the

hot blast of his passion. "At the worst," he cried, "it's better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

A declaration of his passion was soon in the hands of the U. S. mail, speeding on its way to the object of his affections. And while he waited for its answer, sleep visited Scirving neither night nor day. He had cut the name out of the book, and had placed it in a little picture frame he had dug up somewhere from the bottom of his trunk. But his heart was more serene than his insomnia might seem to indicate. For how could the writer of that writing be false. Yet days passed, and no letter. Scirving only lived in those few moments when he heard the janitor coming with the mail. He substituted cigarettes for food. He neglected the rush of custom which his new "ad." was already bringing him in. And on two or three occasions he almost committed suicide.

But at last it came. How could he ever have doubted her! And how his heart tingled, and how his head seemed to be bursting with joy as he beheld his own name written in that writing. With ungovernable haste he tore open the envelope, and looked at its contents.

But Alas! all is vanity! With a deep groan, he fell into the arms of his Morris chair, with blackest despair written on every line of his countenance.

And why? Had the maiden long since changed from Miss to Mrs.? Or was her heart the property of another? Or did she just refuse to have anything to do with such a love sick fool as this? None of these things, dear friends! No! she had enclosed her photograph.

G. H. D., '09

THE CALL

At last after my endless, suffocating descent I was in the great tunnel which entirely circled the earth. The air was old but sweet and cool and I took deep breaths of it as the People had told me to do. Here was I, selected to be the one person who should avert their fate. Once in every century when the great Call came around it was necessary to choose some one to save the people. Now the responsibility had fallen upon me and my whole body thrilled with the thought. I stared with all my might into the tunnel, but excepting the faint greyness directly opposite me every thing was total darkness. Borne by the swift air current which swept ever through from left to right of me came echoes and ghosts of echoes—the calls of bygone centuries. Suddenly my eager ears caught 'way down upon the left a lower regular hum. My heart throbbed. It was the call! What if I did not prove faithful to my trust? What if I brought destruction upon them through my weakness? The call would come to me to raise my right hand—insistent, pleading, irresistible almost. And I must not do it for if I did all would be lost forever and forever. Louder grew the humming till it had become a slow rhythmic chant.

I could almost distinguish words. With all my will I braced myself against it. I would not yield. I would prove faithful. Now it was indeed upon me—the words were clearly discernible—they were at hand yet from afar off, from the other side of the world. I caught the sentence again and again: "Don't you hear me talking to you? Don't you hear me talking to you! Raise your right hand! Don't you hear me talking to you? Raise your hand!" Firmly I kept my trust, my hand was not raised. The call went on—I thought I heard a weary sigh following. For another century, or till the call came around again, they were saved. I listened dreamily to the words of the call as they came back fainter and fainter: "Don't you hear me talking to you? Don't you hear me talking to you?—talking to you?—talking to you?" till they had again become the never ending humming—and supremely happy I fell asleep.

I was awakened again only by the kindly voice of the surgeon: "Yes, the case was a most successful one. Soon he will be recognizing people." And I felt that I was very weak and tired.

A. L., Jr., '09.

Earth bears a blossom now and then
An angel in the making,
To show us God bears with us yet
And we alone are lacking.

'09.

Alumni Department

One of the most important events that has ever occurred at Haverford, is the seventy-fifth anniversary of her founding, that took place there on October 16th and 17th. The Alumni were the greatest features of the celebration. They were present in great force, and for two days the college was theirs again. Though all did not register, it is estimated that there were well over five hundred here of the Alumni alone. These, with their families and friends, the undergraduates, and the representatives of other colleges present (a full list of which we print in our College Department), formed one of the largest crowds ever gathered together at Haverford.

The first day of the celebration was given up to the formal end of the program. President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard, and George Wharton Pepper, of Pennsylvania, were the speakers on this occasion. Following their addresses, six honorary degrees, all of Doctor of Laws, were conferred upon graduates of Haverford, who have gained fame in the world of education and science. The recipients of degrees were,—Dr. James Tyson, '60, of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania; Aaron Marshall Elliot, '66, Professor of Romance Languages at Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Louis Starr, '68, Professor of Diseases of Children, in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania; Francis Barton Gummere, '72, Professor of English at Haverford College; Lewis Lyndon Hobbs, '76, President of Guilford College; Theodore W. Richards, '85, Professor of Chemistry at Harvard University.

At seven o'clock a dinner of the Alum-

ni was held in the college dining hall. James Wood, '58, presided at this.

On Saturday morning, many of the Alumni engaged in athletics; soccer, base ball and cricket being played. After lunch a picture of the entire company was taken. Then, led by three bands, the crowd marched to Walton field to witness the great game with Franklin and Marshall.

At four-thirty a historical meeting was held in Roberts' Hall. T. Wistar Brown, president of the corporation presided at this meeting. The speakers were: Edw. Bettle, Jr., '61, President Sharpless, and Professor Rufus Jones '85.

After supper was an informal meeting in Roberts Hall. Professor William W. Comfort '94, presided. At this meeting spirit ran high. Between the speeches, which were all of an informal nature, college songs were sung. The following spoke: President Sharpless, A. P. Smith '84, John J. Blair '85, Dr. Richard M. Jones '67, Dr. Walter M. Hart '92, Dr. F. B. Gummere '72, L. Hollingsworth Wood '96, William Draper Lewis '88, Walter Carson '06. The meeting was greatly enjoyed by all, and was a fitting climax for the anniversary.

ALUMNI NOTES.

During the Alumni meeting on the evening of the 17th, Dr. Gummere, '72, in recognition of his twenty years of service on the Haverford Faculty was presented by Dr. Walter M. Hart '92, with a volume of essays. There were written by ten of the Alumni who have attained some distinction in literary fields. The authors and titles follow:

1. W. M. Hart, '92—The Franklin's Tale.
2. A. G. H. Spiers, '02—Vita Nuova, Chaps 24-28.

3. C. G. Hoag, '93—The Logical Structure of Argument.

4. C. H. Burr, '89—The Younger Wordsworth.

5. W. W. Comfort, '94—The Moors in Spanish Popular Poetry Before 1600.

6. C. W. Stork, '02—Heine and Tennyson.

7. S. G. Spaeth, '05—Milton's Knowledge of Music.

8. C. H. Carter, '00—Ipomedon, An Illustration of Romance Origin.

7. J. A. Lester, '96—Some Franco-Scottish Influences on Early English Drama.

10. W. H. Hinchman, '00—George Herbert, An Interpretation.

'85 Augustus T. Murray, professor of Greek in Leland Stanford Junior University, is in New York, where he came to attend the funeral of his mother.

'92 Maxfield Parrish, who designed the cover for the "Book of Haverford Verse," was present at the Alumni Dinner, on the evening of October 16th.

'92 Christian Brinton has just had published a book entitled "Modern Artists." It is handsomely illustrated.

'96 J. Henry Scottergood was elected at a recent meeting, to the Board of Managers of Haverford College.

'97 Edward Thomas is the author of a book, published by Winston and Co., and entitled the "Digest of Patent Decisions in Process Cases."

'98 Joseph Wright Taylor was married on October 22nd to Miss Lulu Ella Jane Rhodes, of Las Cruces. New Mexico.

'99 Howard Haines Lowry was married on October 27th, to Miss Margaret Holt, of Burlington, North Carolina. Arthur Haines '99, was the best man.

'08 Loren C. Petry is instructor in science at the High School, Urbana, Ohio.

Ex-'08 Clifford C. Collings is Treasurer of the Collings Carriage Co., of Philadelphia.

Ex-'08 Calvin B. Coulter took his B.A. at Williams in June 1907, his M.A. in Biology at Princeton last June and is now studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, N. Y.

Ex-'08 T. C. Desmond is attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Ex-'08 Robert Ervien is with Chas. W. Ervien & Co., Philadelphia.

Ex-'08 T. L. Green is cashier of the State Bank at Blue Springs, Nebraska.

Ex-'08 W. W. Kurtz 2nd, is with Kurtz Bros. & Co., bankers and Brokers Philadelphia.

Ex-'08 T. B. Merrick is taking a course in Civil Engineering at the University of Virginia.

Ex-'08 John T. Troth is studying modern languages, preparatory to literary work.

College Department

Haverford was undoubtedly honored by the other colleges in their representatives to the Anniversary Celebration. Seldom will one see such a body of scholarly men. The following colleges were represented:

Allegheny College	Pres. Crawford.	Columbia University	Prof. Mitchell
Bates College	Prof. L. G. Jordan.	Cornell University	Pres. Schurman
Brown University	C. N. Collins	Dartmouth College	E. M. Hopkins
Bryn Mawr College	Dr. Geo. A. Barton	Delaware College	Pres. Harter
Bucknell University	President Harris	Dickinson College	Pres. Reed
California, University of	Dr. W. M. Hart	Earlham College	Pres. Kelly
Clark University	President Hall	Franklin and Marshall Col.	Dr. Schiedt
Colgate University	Pres. Frawshaw	Friends' University	Herman Newman
		Guilford College	Pres. Hobbs
		Hamilton College	Rev. John H. Lee
		Harvard University	Dr. Richards
		Hobart College	Pres. Stewardson
		Indiana University	Prof. J. A. Miller

Johns Hopkins	Elliott and Wood	Pittsburg University	McCormick and Linhart
Juniata College	Pres. Brumbaugh	Princeton, University of	Prof. Spaeth ;
Kenyon College	Dr. Newhall	Rochester, University of	Rev. P. L. Jones
Lafayette College	Pres. Warfield	Rutgers College	Pres. Demarest
Lehigh University	Pres. Drinker	St. John's College	Pres. Pall
Leland Stanford Junior	Dr. Shoemaker	Swarthmore College	Pres. Swain
Lincoln University	Prof. Wright	Trinity College	Prof. Urban
Maryland, University of	Dr. Winslow,	Tufts College	Taber Ashton
Middlebury College	Prof. Hemmeter	Ursinus College	Dean Omwake
Minnesota, University of	Rev. Dr. Richard	Vermont, University of	Pres. Buckham
Muhlenberg College	S. Holmes	Villa Nova College	Rev. Dr. Delurey
New York, University of	Leavenworth	Virginia, University of	Rev. J. T. Cole
Ohio State University	President Haas	Washington and Jefferson	Dr. H. C. McCook
Pennsylvania College	Son of Chancellor	Washington and Lee	Pres. Denny
Penn College	McCracken	Wesleyan University	Prof. Heidel
Pennsylvania State Col.	Prof. T. H. Haines	Western Reserve Univ.	Prof. Williamson
Pennsylvania, Univ. of	Pres. Hefelbower	Williams College	Prof. G. S. Howes
	Pres. Rosenberger	Wilmington College	Pres. Brown
	Ex-Gov. Beaver	Woman's College	Prof. Froelicher
	Dr. G. W. Pepper	Yale University	Dr. E. W. Brown

Athletic Department

MEDICO-CHI, 6; HAVERFORD, O.

Haverford was defeated by Medico-Chi in a listless game on Walton Field on October third. The Haverford team had not enough practice before the game to be in any shape at all. There did not seem to be any team work on Haverford's part. The game was languidly played by both teams. No sooner would a good gain be made than a fumble would give the ball to Medico-Chi.

During the first half the ball was practically all of the time in Haverford's territory, their goal being threatened a number of times. Medico-Chi was penalized a great deal and both sides fumbled continually. Bard and Hutton made some good gains, but Haverford invariably fumbled after a gain.

Medico-Chi's line proved superior to Haverford's, and though they did not play a fast game, they picked out the weak points in Haverford's line and hammered them. The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Medico-Chi.</i>
Lewis (Smiley).....l. t.....	Engle
Barrett (Brownlee)....l. t....	Binder (O'Toole)

Hinshaw (Froelicher).....l. g.....	Gibbons
Spaeth.....c.....	Hicks
Thompson (Murray).....r. g.....	Shaeffer
Hartshorne (Green).....r. t.....	Haines
Russell.....r. l.....	Robak
Myers (Sharpless).....q. b.....	Golden (Lynn)
Bard.....l. h. b.....	Moyer
Hutton.....r. h. b.....	West
Ramsay.....f. b.....	Ringhold
Umpire—Moyer. Referee—Simmons.	Time of halves—15 and 20 minutes.

HAVERFORD, 11; DELAWARE, O.

On October tenth, Haverford defeated Delaware on Walton Field. The team showed up much better than in the previous game and showed results of hard practice and good coaching during the previous week. But still there was a great deal of fumbling and the team showed lots of room for still further improvement. The game was not exciting, neither team playing very fast ball.

The Haverford team throughout the game played better than the Delaware team, but their playing was quite ragged at times. Bard played a magnificent game for Haverford, his playing being the feature of the game. Haley excelled for Delaware. The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Delaware.</i>
Lewis.....l. t.	Lyndale (Pothrock)
Brownlee.....l. t.	Larramore
Moon (Thompson).....l. g.	Drene
Hartshorne.....c.	Poppenman (Capt. Biedenbach)
Barrett (Murray).....r. g.	Donohue
Ramsay.....r. e.	Edwards
Smiley.....r. e.	Cann
Myers (Reynolds).....q. b.	Joseph
Bard (Capt.).....l. h. b.	Greenwood
Hutton (Rhoads).....r. h. b.	Stewart
Tomlinson.....f. b.	Haley

Touchdowns—Bard 2. Goals from touch-down—Bard. Referee—Folwell. Umpire—Davidson. Time of halves—20 minutes.

HAVERFORD 6; F. & M., 0.

A fitting climax to the 75th Anniversary was the foot ball game on the last day of the celebration. This was the game the whole squad had been practicing for since the beginning of the season. With the defeat of last year rankling in their breasts the eleven men who represented Haverford went into the game with a spirit to win or be carried off the field unconscious.

The Haverford team succeeded in defeating its old rivals from Lancaster by the score of 6 to 0. The game was fast and well played. F. & M., seemed to weaken considerably towards the end of the second half.

The Haverford men had more team work and ran off their plays with more snap than in any of the previous games. There was a great deal less fumbling. Moreover, Haverford seemed to have more vim than F. & M. Hence the game was very satisfactory from Haverford's standpoint.

Bard played a magnificent game for Haverford. Tomlinson and Spaeth also put up excellent games. In fact, all the members of the team played very well. Winklebleck, for F. & M., played the most consistent game; he filled his place well at center, and followed the ball better than his other team-mates. Dietrich also played a good game.

F. & M. kicked off, Haverford defending the north goal.

An exchange of kicks gave the ball to Haverford on its 30-yard line. Saylor here blocked a kick by Bard, and had a clear field when tackled by Sharpless. F. and M. was unable to gain and kicked. Bard and Green ripped big holes in the F. and M. line, and took the ball past midfield. Here Hartman, of F. and M., took Weller's place at left half and started to gain around left tackle. Myers here went in for Lewis, of Haverford.

Richards made a free catch on Haverford's 30-yard line. His kick for a goal was cleverly blocked by Spaeth. Wichert and Wampole now entered the F. and M. line-up. An onside kick was blocked by Brownlee, who picked up the ball and carried it to F. and M.'s 20-yard line. Three and four yard runs by Bard and Green and the ball was carried over by Bard for a touch-down. Bard kicked the goal. The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>F. and M.</i>
Lewis (Myers).....l. e	Dietrich (Wampole)
Brownlee.....l. t.	Saylor
Moon.....l. g.	Walter (Wickert)
Spaeth.....c.	Winklebleck
Barrett.....r. g.	Glessner
Ramsay.....r. t.	Piper
Russell.....r. e.	Ribert
Sharpless.....q. b.	Bridenbough
Bard.....l. h. b.	Weller (Hartman)
Green.....r. h. b.	Pontius
Tomlinson.....f. b.	Richards

Referee—Gillender, U. of P. Umpire—Smith, U. of P. Time of halves—25 minutes.

HAVERFORD, 9; RUTGERS, 5.

On October 24th, Haverford defeated Rutgers on Walton Field by the score of 9 to 5. The game was fast and well played on both sides. Haverford was very greatly outweighed, especially in the line, but played a quicker game. In the second half both teams seemed very much fatigued and a number of substitutes were put in on both sides. For Haverford Tomlinson's playing was one of the most spectacular features of the game. Bard and Green and Ramsay

also excelled for Haverford. Alverson played a fine game for Rutgers.

Rutgers kicked off, Haverford defending the north goal. After some good gains by Tomlinson and Bard, and some kicking by both sides, Haverford lost the ball through an attempted forward pass, and by a series of line plunges Rutgers advanced the ball to Haverford's 4 yard line. Here Haverford held Rutgers for downs in a most spectacular way and Bard kicked. Haverford's goal was again threatened but again Haverford held their opponents and got the ball on downs. Tomlinson kicked a fine punt to beyond the centre of the field. From this time the ball was for the most part near the centre of the field neither side making any big gains. But just before the end of the half Bard made a 50 yd. run from near the centre of the field. Tomlinson then made a beautiful goal from the field, ending the first half.

In the second half Haverford kicked off. Rutgers fumbled, and a forward pass, Bard to Lewis, put the ball on Rutgers' 30 yard line. Two more forward passes and Ramsay made a pretty run for a touchdown. Bard failed to kick the goal.

After the kick-off the ball stayed near the center of the field for quite a while. Haverford finally lost the ball on an attempted forward pass near their own goal. An attempt at a goal from the field was cleverly blocked but Rutgers recovered the ball and by a series of line plunges, forced it over for a touchdown.

During the rest of the half Rutgers threatened Haverford's goal but was

warded off effectually until time was called. The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Rutgers.</i>
Lewis (Myers).....l. e.	Rogers
Brownlee.....l. t.	Leslie
Moon (Murray).....l. g.	McMichael
Speath.....c.	Babcock
Barrett.....r. g.	Freystat
Ramsey.....r. t.	Stemke
Russell.....r. e.	Beckman (Appleby)
Sharpless.....q. b.	Smith
Bard (Rhoads).....l. h. b.	Reid
Green (Hutton).....r. h. b.	Alverson (Cooper)
Tomlinson.....f. b.	Corbin

Touchdowns—Ramsey, Alverson. Goal from field—Tomlinson. Time of halves—25 minutes.

The annual fall meet between Sophomores and Freshmen was held on Monday, October 19. The Sophomores won by the small margin of 7 1-3 points. The final score was 52 2-3 to 45 1-3.

100 yds. dash—Won by Ashbrook '11; second, J. Lowry '12; third, Reynolds '11. Time, 11 1-5 sec.

Half mile—Won by Falconer '12; second, Russell '11; third, Cadbury '12. Time, 2 min., 12 sec.

120 yds. High Hurdles—Won by Hartshorne '11; second, Hoffman '12; third, J. H. Clark '11. Time, 21 3-5 sec.

220 yds. Dash—Won by Ashbrook '11; second, J. Lowry '12; third, H. Lowry '12. Time, 26 sec.

220 yds. Low Hurdles—Won by Hartshorne '11; second, Hoffman '12; third, Schoepferle '11. Time, 35 3-5 sec.

Shot Put—Won by Hinshaw '11; second, J. Lowry '12; third, Hoffman '12. Distance 31 ft.

Discus Throw—Won by Ashbrook '11; second, Brownlee '12; third, Hinshaw '11. Distance, 82 ft. 6 in.

High Jump—Won by J. Lowry '12; second, Russell '11; tie for third place among Hartshorne '11, J. H. Clark '11 and Hoffman '12. Height 5 ft. 2 in.

440 yds.—Won by Falconer '12; second, Garner '12, third, Levin '11. Time, 56 sec.

Pole Vault—Russell '12 and Shipley '12 tied for first place at 9 ft. 3 in. Third, Smith '12.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Gardener '11; second, Reynolds '11; third, J. Lowry '12. Distance, 19 ft. 6 in.

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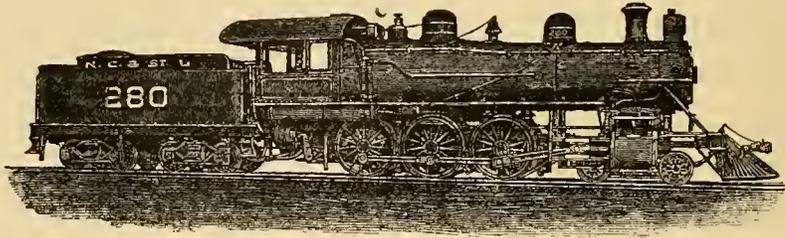
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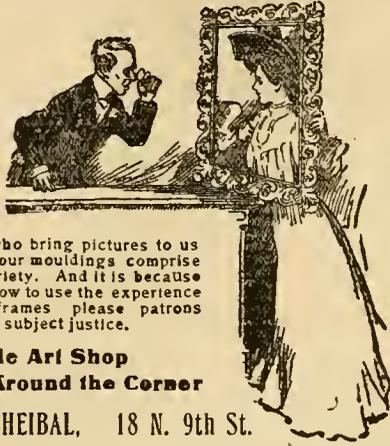
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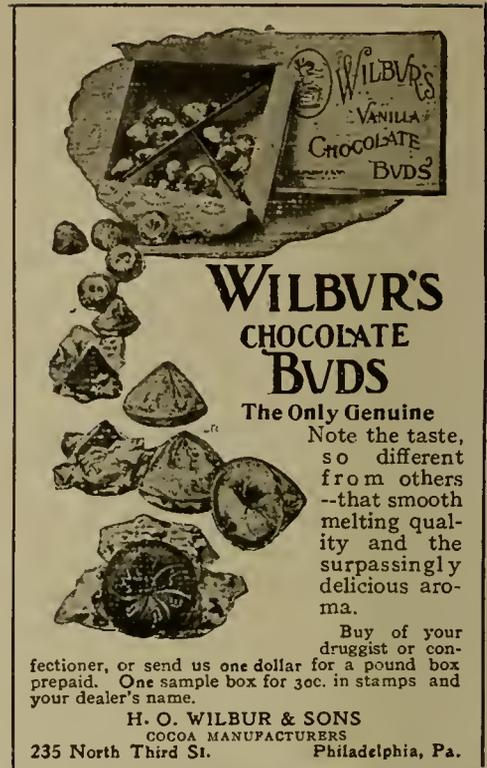
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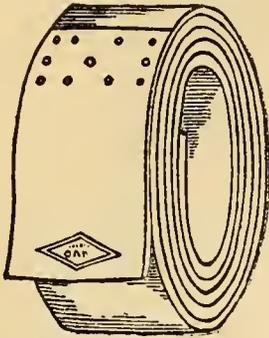
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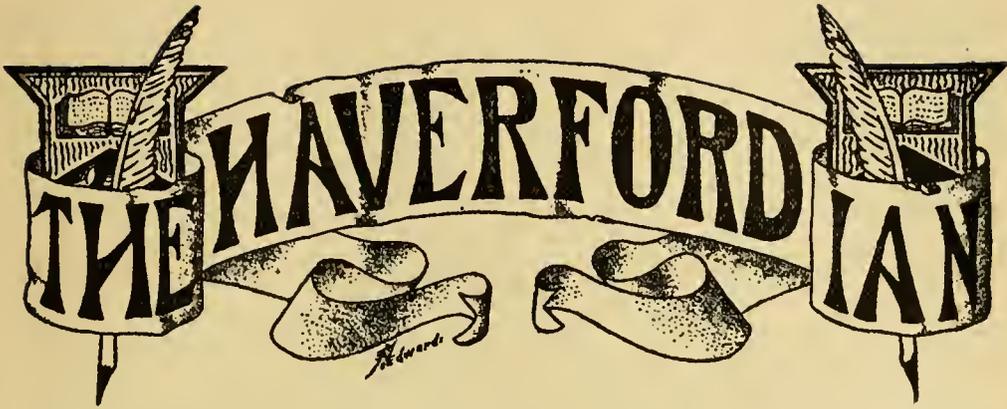
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SOCCER TEAM, 1907-08



IT is not our intention here to dilate on the foot ball situation in general. We desire merely to review the season just completed, and to present its ups and downs. In the matter of scores it has been almost a failure. Yet we feel that to view the whole season

**Foot Ball
Season**

from so narrow a standpoint would not be a fair judgment in any sense of the word. The success of a foot ball team is not determined by its comparative standing with other colleges. It is to be measured by the degree of satisfaction prevalent in the college that, injuries aside, the best eleven in the college played in the games, and that this eleven played its best. In another part of this issue Coach Haines remarks that he has never seen college spirit as high as it has been this year. Is this not a justification of the point that the team this year has done its best? The undergraduate body might watch a quitting team, but they could never be enthusiastic about it. And with this in view, we cannot help feeling that the season of 1908 has in the broad sense, been a

successful one. The first game of the season was an exception to this, beyond doubt. But this over, the team got on its feet, and worked in a way that made its supporters proud. The three following games crowned its efforts with victory. The last two of these were especially creditable. The first, against Franklin and Marshall, was with a good and a fast team of our own size. And the spirit with which Haverford met and defeated them showed the college that their team was one to be respected. The second of these games, with Rutgers, was also a fine exhibition of foot ball; and Haverford defeated her rivals, though it was a team composed of heavier and more experienced men. With the Hopkins game began the long series of injuries for which this season is now notorious. Captain Bard was kept out of the game by a previous hurt. And in the first few minutes of play, Green, our other half back, was retired for the rest of the season, with a broken leg. Foot ball luck was against us, and so was the score. Then came the Lehigh game. Bard was again in the line-up. But we

were defeated by the score of 9-0. We have no excuse or apologies to make. On the contrary, we feel that the more we can say of the game the better. Haverford played against men having every natural advantage, and until the whistle blew they fought with a spirit that we believe was never surpassed by a Haverford team; not even in stories of the Swarthmore games. Lehigh's worth on the gridiron this year has now been proved to the world at large; but to us it could not have been more conclusively proved than it was that day. Unfortunately few of us were able to witness the Trinity game. But from all accounts it was little less a victory in defeat than was the Lehigh game, despite the fact that a serious injury to Lewis caused him to be taken out of the game during the first half. The last game was still before us, and, with two regulars off the team, we tried our best to win it. But fate would not have it so. In the first play of the game Spaeth, our veteran centre, had his leg broken. Spaeth's foot ball standing does not need this year's record to back it up; and the proportionate loss to the team must be realized by all, whether they saw the game or not. With these odds against us, we were defeated. Two field goals did the work. New York was not able to cross our goal line. And so the season ended. Had the outcome resulted in more Haverford victories we would have been better pleased. But it is worse than pointless to dwell upon what can only be called our hard luck. That every man played his best possible foot ball in every play throughout every game, we do not hold. Many plays might have been better. But we do hold that they played well on the whole. And however the coach, the captain, and the team may feel about the matter, we desire to take this opportunity to let them know that we appreciate their work.

THERE are preachers galore of every virtue except that of obedience. Some people do not know the definition of the word; they do not know that to obey means to obey without questioning.

**The Doctrine
of Obedience**

Primitive man, so Blackstone tells us, found that, if he would avoid quarrelling and death, he must make agreements with his associates, laws, which must be strictly obeyed. Laws are given us to-day by men whom we choose for that purpose. By the very act of election we agree to support their theories and abide by their decisions. True, the minority would not have chosen this man, but the answer to that argument is only a phase of the law of the survival of the fittest—that the minority must always yield and must abide the same laws that are binding on the majority.

For a local application of the doctrine of obedience, take the college man of to-day—the undergraduate Haverfordian. It is difficult for us of immature minds and pampered will to fully understand the significance of "obedience." We have indeed heard the word and most of us have read Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia," but none of us has really had his knowledge put to a practical test.

At college we find the beginning of a system that is new to us. We cannot do whatever we wish, we must follow certain standards, we must obey definite rules—or suffer the consequences. We must all adhere to the absence regulations or suffer the mortal injury of a reduction of "cuts;" if we keep a book out of the library overtime, we are liable to financial embarrassment.

The theory of obedience to system holds good in regard to the unit within the unit—the foot ball field. By an agreed system, we elect an obliging alumnus to assist our athletes in round-

ing out a "Haverford team." By our acknowledgment of his election, we have agreed to support him in every way possible—to obey the laws which he lays down, provided they conflict with no previous or more authoratative dictum. It is now the duty of every man on the foot ball squad to fulfil to the best of his ability the commands of his law giver—or to resign his place on the field.

In a small college like Haverford, where we must "hang together if we would not hang separately"; every man has or ought to have a sense of duty toward the welfare of the college. While foot ball is not essential to that welfare, yet athletics is a factor in moulding Haverfordians. So every undergraduate ought to feel a sense of responsibility for the outcome of the foot ball season and ought not to imagine that he is outside the scope of the foot ball coach's laws. Not long ago, in the crisis of foot ball season, the writer heard a fellow student commend a foot ball enthusiast for his absolute indifference to the commands of his coach, saying it was the "greatest thing of the season."

By what reasoning does he formulate his doctrine of obedience?

* * * * *

As foot ball season is now over, these few words may not seem very apropos;

but inspiration lasts only a few moments while print, we hope, will last for ten months—until next foot ball season.

We desire to call especial attention to Coach Wilbur H. Haines' article in this issue, entitled *A Word to the Alumni*. To some who have been away from College any great length of time, the conditions he sets forth may seem exaggerated and luridly colored. We may say here, however, that the article was read and criticised before publication by men representing varied points of view regarding Haverford athletics and we believe it represents, in its present form, the true position of the College at the present time. We would ask the earnest consideration of the subject on the part of all actively interested Alumni.

We have been promised for our next number an article by Wm. Draper Lewis, '88, Dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law Department.

JOHN KEATS: A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY, by Dr. Albert E. Hancock. Boston, 1908: Houghton Mifflin & Co. In England: Archibald Constable & Co.

It is with great pleasure that we note the publication this fall of Dr. Hancock's book which has been widely and very favorably reviewed.



A WORD TO THE ALUMNI

BY COACH WILBUR H. HAINES, '07.



HAVERFORD has just finished its football season of 1908, and while we are smarting under the defeat at the hands of New York University, it being our first defeat by them, it seems fitting and extremely urgent at this time, to chairman Thorn and those vitally interested in our foot ball, that this word go out to all Haverfordians before the evening of foot ball fades out and the morning of a later season's sport is absorbing our interest.

During this whole season we have felt an unusual lack of support by the Alumni. Twice notices were sent out for foot ball smokers. About twenty-five graduates responded to the first call and just twelve to the last call. I have personally asked a number of men to come out and help coach the team and have had just one response. Your attendance to the games has materially dropped off. The sale of H. C. A. A. tickets is about two-thirds the usual number, yet in the F. and M. game on the 75th anniversary, when you were invited to attend as guest of the H. C. A. A., you came in numbers and brought all your friends, mostly not Haverfordians. You will certainly realize this is not true, loyal Haverfordianism when I state to you the conditions as they exist out here.

We put this question to you. Do you wish to let foot ball drop; foot ball the game of all games, the game that has fostered all the college spirit ever manifested here, that has brought back the Alumni old and young that has joined

them hand in hand, marching and singing about the campus, the game that has aroused in you all your college loyalty and brought your enthusiasm to its highest pitch, and made you proud of Haverford in the collegiate world? If not, come out and give us your support, for without it foot ball cannot live.

Our team this year has not been one to make you proud; but that is not our fault, it is partially yours. The team has been greatly handicapped by weight and youthful inexperience, averaging in weight 151 pounds, and in age 18 1-2 years. On paper this is hardly a good Prep. School team, yet if you had seen them fight at Lehigh and Trinity against much superior and heavier opponents you would have gone home proud that you were Haverfordians. Then again we were handicapped by two serious accidents, the worst Haverford ever had and a number of minor injuries keeping our best men out of a few games. Only one of the new men on the team had played any foot ball worth speaking of before coming to college and two men were playing their first year of foot ball. I don't mean to apologize for the team I turned out, because I am proud of it, but I will say that all our old rivals seem to be gaining greatly in weight and some in material, while this year we took rather a slump.

The spirit of the undergraduate body at the present time is greater than I have ever seen it. On the second day's practice of the season there were 52 men out in foot ball togs. In order to keep these men out the whole season; in order to get the best results from this material; in short, in order to turn out a winning team, one that will preserve

that name of "*fighting Haverford*" which sporting Editor Weede of the *Times* and *Press* has given us, we have got to have a different system of coaching, and the loyal support of the Alumni on all occasions.

It is obvious to any one that one man cannot handle 52 players alone and get the best results. You have got to have one coach for each eleven men in order to keep everybody interested or inside of two weeks that squad will be dwindling down so that you can hardly get a good scrub together. It is more than you can expect of a man to hang around a whole season waiting for a chance to get on the scrub. Frequently, you are apt to miss some star material by some fellow's dropping out simply because he hasn't had a chance. In addition to the four coaches there should be grads who starred at the various positions on the team in their day to come out several times during the season and give individual instruction in that one position. Why is it Yale is so successful year after year? Because before every big game and several other times during the season there are two coaches back for every position. It is only by such a policy that in four years we will turn out a winning team and every year after that.

These coaches have got to come from among your Alumni, unless you want to go down in your pockets and pay for outside coaches and they will never produce the results graduate coaches will. Just once during this season have I had any valuable assistance besides Jack Guiney. This was E. C. Tatnall '07, who came out before the F. and M. game and put a lot of fight into the line men. Guiney has been an invaluable man to the team all the season and without him I should have been lost. He took charge of the scrub and took a lot of personal interest in each member of the team,

caring for their injuries, and was always on hand willing to do anything. Guiney is not a Haverford man, but he ought to be, as he has more Haverford spirit than twenty average Haverfordians.

The eternal complaint of the Alumni when you ask them to come out, is that they cannot afford the time. Some of them cannot be sure, but there are others who can. There is not one among the recent graduates living in or around Philadelphia, who is putting any more hours of work in per day, and would be making any more of a sacrifice than I am, to spend two hours with that team every afternoon. I admit that my work is of a different nature, but I always suffer for the sacrifice and go into brainstorms around mid-year exams, besides going down into my own pocket for making up cuts.

Chairman Thorn of the Alumni football committee gave two years of devoted effort to Haverford football at a good deal of sacrifice, and rating his work with what our *own* rival colleges are paying for such services, he has given the college \$5,000. I am speaking from facts when I say this. He is not dissatisfied, neither am I, for we are both sure that we got out of it just what we put in it, and this means a lot more than money. But we do claim that the Alumni are not backing the team the way they should. We have a right to expect of you all that you expect of us. When notice is given for a smoker before the last game of the season, and about 12 grads turn out, it certainly is not very appreciative of our efforts. You will find that the more you put into any organization, the more you get out of it, and you certainly will get a lot of pleasure and personal satisfaction, in lending a helping hand to make this team of ours a winning one.

The financial condition of the football treasury has reached far below its

lower limit or else I would say, We'll pay you for your time and expenses of coming out. That is out of the question. But this condition has got to be straightened out and rectified. Since the Swarthmore game the foot ball manager's life has been one of "Hell on Earth." It is mostly a case of whether he shall pay \$3.99 or \$4.00 for a pair of shoes, or furnish the players with Ivory soap or Life Buoy. It is one long fight from the beginning to the end of the season over officials for the games. Chairman Babbitt of the Foot Ball Rules Committee, says, "Haverford, a college with an endowment of a million and a half will be disgraced in the college world if they get cheap officials." Manager Spiers says "You supply the money and we will get them." The consequence is we sometimes get lemons. The coach is instructed to take as few men as possible on trips in order to cut down the expenses. The financial failure of the season worries us to death. The coach has enough to think of without this. So it goes all through the season. This state of affairs must be remedied and that very early.

The team and especially the captain cannot help getting glimpses of this side of the season. The undergraduate body at large get it good and heavy by being dunned every other week for twenty-five cents to help the team out. Nothing runs as smoothly as it should merely because this eternal question of money is staring us in the face. It puts a damper on the management, the captain, the team and the spirits of the whole undergraduate body, and hence the best results are not obtained.

This thing of dunning a man every year for \$5.00 or \$10.00 doesn't go. It irritates his good nature, and leaves a bad taste in his mouth. It detracts from every graduate and undergradu-

ate's good fellowship and good college spirit. You don't want to be asked for money every time you come to Haverford. Let us get together right now and establish that fund, as proposed two years ago at the Alumni dinner, and once and forever put on a solid financial basis the athletics of this college.

If you do not take it up the undergraduate body will, and more than likely it will be settled much to your dissatisfaction. The question of resuming the Swarthmore game as a means of financial income is already being agitated. It would be a great source of revenue to be sure, but we are not ready to drop into that yet.

A base ball game with Swarthmore has been suggested as a means of overcoming the money question. This certainly would foster college spirit, raise it to its highest power, and put us on a still firmer financial basis. But it is argued that our base ball teams would be a disgrace and cricket would drop and fail to bring to Haverford the school boys. On the other hand others think, from the present cricket prospects, that Haverford by devoting all winter to indoor base ball practice as they do to cricket, could at least hold her own with colleges in her class and possibly compete favorably with Princeton and Pennsylvania. And furthermore they think cricket has rather hindered the growth of the college than helped it. In three cases at least it turned valuable men from Haverford into other colleges. It is thought by some that base ball would bring in valuable men in other branches of sport while cricket at present is not even drawing good cricketers. Base ball would undoubtedly support itself and make money if a game with Swarthmore were played, but while such an introduction just now would be greatly welcomed by the majority of the under-

graduates, it is a question that should be considered very carefully before being introduced.

This question of material is a vital one as we seem to be losing in it, and our rivals gaining. We don't get any more men like Mifflin, Chambers, Hopkins, Worthington, A. T. Lowry and H. W. Jones. Judging from the evolution in the physique of Haverfordian students, in twenty years the human race will become dwarfs. It is a question which every alumnus should take to heart. I am not advising "buying up beef" But I am advising every alumnus to talk Haverford for all he is worth into every good man he knows, big or little, but lay special stress on the big man. The athlete, if the right kind of a fellow, is the best man in college any way. He does the college the most good while he is there and after he gets out. There is a committee, I believe, formed for the purpose of bringing men into Haverford, but all you hear from this "High Sign Committee" is a lot of talk about feeds and banquets on Dr. Babbitt and severe criticisms on his brand of cigars. We have got to get to work and push this thing as every other college man is doing for his college or we will find ourselves in the lurch.

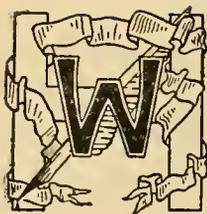
You will perhaps think I am decrying every other branch of sport and placing foot ball above all others. I assure you this is not the case. I want to see track, gym, soccer and cricket succeed just as much as foot ball, and bring home their respective victories. I am in for every sport that is pure and

clean and will bring out the best that is in a man and the best that is in the college. But I thoroughly believe that foot ball as played at Haverford is one of the best games we have for developing the manly qualities in the undergraduate and fostering our best and greatest college spirit. Without it Haverford would not be Haverford. The cricket enthusiast will have to grant me that a mass meeting before a cricket game would be about as much out of place as a vaudeville show in the Haverford Meeting House, only the latter would create some excitement and the former would not. Cricket is a good game in its place, but it is not calculated to arouse any enthusiasm or foster any college spirit. Foot ball is the only game that will do it.

I have tried to picture to you the conditions as they actually exist here. Of course it appears worse to us who are vitally interested in the management. We are not trying to antagonize you, or to irritate you, but we are asking you for some consideration, for some support. We have at times spoken pretty plainly, but we have stuck close to facts with no intention of antagonism. We want your earnest, hearty support and coöperation. If you wish your college to maintain its present reputation in this sport, the most popular of all sports; if you wish to keep before the college world the name of Haverford as the "sterling, fighting Haverford"; if you wish to be proud that you are Haverfordians, give us your loyal support.



THE WAY OF THE WEST



WESTWARD ho! The car was filled with people, angry, happy and indifferent; but all were hot. For miles and miles the plains fell away from the track on both sides and away off in the distance ended in mountains. Look wherever you would, you found nothing but a basin-shaped, colorless plain, surrounded by precipitous, rocky, colorless mountains. Nothing to see but this; this, and the sage-brush and mesquite bushes; except for the people in the car. And many of the travellers found the people in the car the most interesting part of the program. For instance, four men, coatless, and with handkerchiefs instead of collars, were quite engrossed in each other, and a little game of poker. Onto the floor across the aisle an occasional grain of rice would still fall from the pleated skirt of a gaudily dressed young lady whom we may designate as a bride. She lay languidly upon the arm of her lord-protector, and between naps, would devour passages from an interesting looking volume entitled "Charley's Uncle." For she had gotten on the train but two stations down the line, and the scenery was no novelty to her. Her lord and master, although equally familiar with the surroundings, would now and then cast a furtive glance out of the open window, where lay the broad and boundless freedom of the plains. Then he would close his eyes, and think what might have been.

Towards the front of the car, a case of potential affinity was in evidence, where a lady of large dimensions, and

blatently blond hair, was endeavoring to ensnare an innocent but opulent looking individual into the act of smiling at her. The innocent but opulent individual quite refused to be annexed. He would look first out of the window, and then at the floor, and then at something on the inside lid of his watch case. After which he would conscientiously look out of the window again. All of which, together with the conclusion that the appearance of opulence was due only to neatness, convinced the lady across the aisle that they had not been originally created for each other after all. So she betook herself to the footwear page of Sears and Roebuck's "Condensed Catalogue," while the individual, becoming aware of the cessation of her glances, buried himself in a pocket edition of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." But in the long run he found the window and the watch case to prove more attractive and ever and anon he betook himself to the mental refuge which they seemed to offer. His facial repertoire was of two kinds. The first, a look of hallowed joy and reverence, which I hardly need add was the result of contemplating the watch case. The second, one of intense disgust, always attended by an upward and inward rolling of the eyes.

For he was a consumptive. And he was fleeing from the land of his birth to a distant desert, where he might have blessed life. Everything favored his success in the west, his family had told him. Luckily the disease had been discovered before it had made any serious inroads on his constitution. To all appearances he was as well as the next man. True, a bit of pink showed itself in his cheek, and now and then a cough

refused to be suppressed. But as for his muscles, he was strong enough. He would have enjoyed a friendly bout with the doctor who had pronounced him unsound. But no such lucky fate had been his. Against his repeated protests, he, Mason, had been packed off, steamer trunk and all, to some terrible wild outpost of early twentieth century civilization, which went by the name of Benson, Arizona.

Mason fought against the impulses that would arise in spite of him. His family, in sending him away, were sacrificing themselves more than he cared to think of. The railroad fare and tourist-sleeper ticket, alone, had taken all and more than his father's savings; and the fifty dollars in cash that he carried about him had been just so much borrowed. The lady across the aisle had been very much amiss when she thought him opulent. Lack of money and not superabundance of it, had always been the Mason family failing. Yes, they were doing their best for him. And perhaps it wouldn't be so bad out west. At any rate, he could live there, and that, the doctor had told him, was more than he could do east. But he would be so lonely. True, he might not miss his parents. True,—but unlikely, for he was only eighteen. But then, there was that picture in the watch case. And there was some one, of whom that picture was, at best, but a poor representation. Or rather there had once been. But no more, he told himself. For his stay in the west was to be a permanent one. He had no return ticket, nor the wherewithal to purchase one; and his fifty dollars, already considerably depleted, would be sufficient only to keep him until he was able to secure some permanent situation. Yes, he must stay there his lifetime long. But forget her? Never! The lady across the aisle coughed. Mason looked at her, and saw

that she was preparing to leave the train. He also noticed for the first time that the train was nearing a town. A water tank and some houses were approaching rapidly. He consulted his time table. It must be Lordsburg. She noticed his action. She also noticed Benson enclosed in heavy black lines on the time table. She smiled at him. "Well, I leave you here," she said. "Never mind, I'll be up to Benson in a couple of weeks. You'll be there that long, I guess. So long!" The train stopped at Lordsburg, and she got off. Her smile was the first Mason had received since leaving home, and it was like a burst of sunshine on a cloudy day. Now she was gone, and he felt lonely again.

Only one night's ride to his destination now. And in the morning, when he got to Benson, his spirits were higher and his step was springy, in the cool, crisp morning air, as he left the train and stepped out into the glorious Arizona sunlight.

There was a sanitarium for consumptives there, and this he had been instructed to seek out in case his ailment got the best of him. But he, firmly believing that his tuberculosis was only a myth of the doctors, was far from going at once to this last refuge. He went up to the hotel, where he determined to stay until he could make more definite arrangements. Then he returned to the station, got his trunk, had it sent up to the hotel, and proceeded to see the town. The general store was the first attraction; Mason hoped to find employment there.

"Just got in, eh?" inquired the storekeeper. "Out fer health, I suppose. No?" And there the inquisition ended. If a man was out west for his health, he might be made a general butt at once. But if out for other reasons—well, it paid not to be over curious. "No, I'm

afraid I can't give you work; but I know of two things you can do. They need help in the S. P. freight office, and they're out a bartender up at the Pickwick. Had any experience?" But Mason chose the freight office.

The work there was of various kinds, but consisted chiefly in "heaving" freight. Though not a weakling, he was not equal to the position. He soon realized this; so did the head freight agent. Accordingly, after a week of hints and bickerings Mason was relegated to the position of general office work, and half pay.

And he was unpopular with the men. As soon as work was over, he would betake himself to his room, and write letters. These were invariably to individuals of the house of Mason. All his devotions to that other person who might some day have been of the house of Mason, were performed by means of the picture in the watch case, and by spontaneous bits of poetry and song, sent "by kindness of the Moon." For he felt that he must not write to her. He would probably never see her again, so he must let her forget. They had agreed that this would be best. But oh! it was hard; and many were the sentimental versions of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" that arose to the Arizona starlight. The letters from home cheered a bit; but it was a very little bit. A mother's encouragement and a father's good advice are splendid aids to success in life; but when they are three thousand miles away, and when the Devil and all his angels are right under one's nose, they lose in power. Distance may lend enchantment, but it seldom imparts any great moral force. He was, he acknowledged to himself, just unbearably lonely. But he never intimated this in his letters. Consequently these were very superficial, and before long ceased to give him any com-

fort at all. And at length the letters to the house of Mason, became fortnightly, or less.

Mason was getting terribly discouraged. Here he was just making enough to live on. And what good was the living doing him? None at all. He was not enjoying it as it was, and there were no prospects for better things in the future. But once, after sundown, while walking in the direction of the sanitarium, he met the head physician. They fell to talking, went up to the dispensary, and Mason at length submitted to an examination. Imagine his joy at hearing this specialist pronounce him absolutely immune from the dread disease.

Copious was the epistle mailed that night to J. W. Mason, Esq., Lebanon, Pa. Brief but discouraging was the reply to it. Delighted as the father was to hear of his son's improved health, still he had no money with which to buy a ticket home. And at any rate, he had better remain in that climate for a year or so, at least.

He did not know how he was, unconsciously, sealing his son's fate. Those who remain in the West for a year remain there for life. As Murphey, the owner of the Pickwick, says: "Blessed is the easterner, for of such is the territory of Arizona." And Murphey ought to know.

When Mason, Jr., received this communication from his sire there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. Doomed to live a year or longer, if he could not earn his way back in that time? No! He would never live with a lot of men that hated him as these did, and whose very presence grated on him so. But then, do it he must. Well, he would at least work twice as hard, and earn his way back in a year. And he would write to her. He could do that now. Yes, he would tell her all about it. How he was

going to be a man for *her* sake, and how he was going to overcome the odds against him, and return to her. He wrote the letter, and went to the post office to mail it. But before he had dropped it in the box, he was handed a letter from her. He read it in feverish haste. She was so glad he was really well, and that he could come home sometime. She intimated that Mary, her younger sister, would be especially glad to see him, now that she herself had promised to marry Dan Gibbs.

Mason put his unmailed letter back into his pocket, and went home. He wrote no letters that night. Nor did he cry himself to sleep, or commit suicide, or do any other very foolish thing. First he carefully burned his letter, and then hers. Then he went out for a stroll.

"Hello there, Kid!" said the lady across the aisle. "I've been a little longer than I said I'd be, but I'm here at last, you see." And not more than an hour later, she and Mason were parading Benson's main street, side by side, singing "Gee, but this is a lonesome town," and doing their best, meantime, to prevent it from being any more so than possible.

"So *that* was why he was keepin' so exclusiv'!" said the post office lady.

"I told you so, boys!" said Murphey, of the Pickwick. "He's all right! Here's one to Kid Mason, an' its on the House!"

"A long time coming," thought Mason, "but here at last."

He had joined the army.

G. H. DEACON, '09.

On Parting

Because our lives have lain so close thus far
 'Tis hard to smile a joyous brave adieu,
 And lifting laughing lips so lies to you
 'Tis vain to check the tears that come to jar
 The fortitude of parting. Love, we are
 To prove ourselves and to remain as true
 And steadfast as when one. God makes us two
 To try our courage, not our love to mar.

And so I shall not weep when you are gone;
 I shall not brood as meaner men might do.
 But I shall learn to wait and work, that when
 The darkness lifts I'll better greet the dawn.
 Who knows but we shall laugh once more, we two?
 Who knows but that our fingers touch again?

HARRISON S. HIRES, '10

DILETTANTISM DEFENDED



OW that our philosophy students have succeeded in proving conclusively the freedom of the will, it is interesting to observe how many of them are taking advantage of their manumission. We might expect the world's great age to begin anew, but apparently not even a mountain is moved into the midst of the sea. Nay, even the philosophy students remain inactive, and make no reply to the practical men of the shop, when they ask, Of what use are your efforts?

Aye, of what use? You students of the liberal arts dip into a great many subjects, to be sure, but where is the practical value of such a course? Were it not better to confine your attention to one of these, know it thoroughly, and let the rest go? We would advise you to assure yourselves, as we are doing, of a comfortable existence; and later you can turn your attention to such light amusements as literature affords.

These are the words of the practical. Can the defendant reply to them successfully? Yes; not by means of logic alone. His defence is rather like that of the old Saxon tribunals, where the accused was cleared by his own oath; for the value of dilettantism can not be proved by an inquisitorial process in the petty courts of utility.

You often hear it said of men who have made their mark in recent years that they loafed during their four years at college and then began to work in earnest at the professional school. Moreover on every hand it is being admitted

that the man who precedes his professional studies with a course in the liberal arts makes a vastly better physician, lawyer or preacher. There must be a reason for this.

Psychologists tell us that very few tastes or habits are acquired after we reach the age of twenty-five. It is necessary, therefore, to make sure we acquire the best of them before that age; and in order to do this we ought to pass them all before us, or as many of them as possible, so that our choice may have a wide range. Now, it is impossible to learn anything with thoroughness of detail in four years of college; this, I think the most rabid specialist will grant. Hence undergraduate courses ought to aim not so much at minute and exhaustive examinations of any subject as at a general appreciation of the whole of it. This will serve to give the student mental balance. A one-year, two-hour course in philosophy, for instance, will not initiate you into the mysteries of Jamblichus and Plotinus; but it will prevent you from ascribing omniscience to them or to any other (as a result of special study) by showing you their relative importance to the history of philosophy. Indeed, it is of great importance that a historical and appreciative course should precede the undertaking of any subject, lest the student should think he has compassed all Latin that is worthy of perusal in Livy, Horace and Juvenal; or all Greek in Homer, Plato and Aeschylus.

In other words the undergraduate course should and does aim to stimulate in the student a desire to seek out in more detail himself the subjects he has been taught to appreciate in the class

room.⁷ And the more varied these are, the greater will be his opportunity for choosing a suitable special topic. We should not blame, therefore, the man who elects a little mathematics, chemistry, English, Latin, Sanskrit, Blackstone, Renaissance architecture and wireless telegraphy, so long as he has an earnest and sincere desire to get acquainted with these subjects. It induces open mindedness in him. He takes a bird's-eye view of the whole field first, but soon becomes aware of the endless ramifications of every subject. When, therefore, he comes to choose his life's occupation, is it not likely that he will avoid any serious error due to confusion of values?

Psychology tells us, again, that the men of genius are those whose association of ideas is based upon similarity rather than contiguity. It seems logical, therefore, to suppose that the man whose brain embraced the laws of several different branches of knowledge would have more opportunity to make discoveries than if he were confined to one only, even if he had not been able to verify those laws for himself.

Let me not be thought to be attacking thoroughness of investigation. Nothing of the sort. But my plea is, let it follow courses of appreciation, lest we lose sight of the true aim of the scholar, lest his knowledge should cease to be dynamic, lest the acquisition of facts drive out his dreams. For dreams are quite as necessary as facts. All great men have been dreamers: Caesar and Napoleon as well as Shakespeare or Michaelangelo. Without dreams they could have done nothing.

I want to insist as much as possible on the value of appreciative courses. For whereas nowadays a man is forced to confine his detailed investigations to a very small area of a special subject, it is worth while for him to get a general

appreciation of the remainder. And because this appreciation is, necessarily, superficial, it should not therefore be despised, nor should the layman be ashamed of his ignorance of detail. I sit in the twilight, for instance, while some one strikes a few chords on the piano which produce in me a feeling of profound sadness. What difference does it make to me whether or not he plays in five flats, four-fourths time, and gains his effect through a series of discords? To the mere biologist, mathematician, lawyer, what does such knowledge avail? But to the musician, who must be able to reproduce it, these facts are necessary. And everything in life presents this double aspect, from the greatest masterpieces of art to the cobblestones of the street; the layman sees one side, the artist sees both; the canvas, the oil, and the ochre are commodities to the market, but Guido dreams about them, and all that we see is a Beatrice Cenci.

It is true that at small colleges and those where a great deal of the course is prescribed, the student can not help picking up a certain amount of general culture. But I should like to see a course in dilettantism required of every undergraduate, in order to give him a definite idea of what the other courses stand for. The universal history course comes nearest to this, but is far from satisfactory for the purpose mentioned, since it gives very brief space to the lives of scientists, artists, musicians and men of letters, unless they happen to have taken part in political activities. This course might easily include the location of familiar quotations, discussions of the most famous paintings, statues and buildings and a short account of the greatest men of history. Does such an idea seem absurd? Does it seem more absurd than the vacant look on a Senior's face when he is asked who Hannibal was, or Aristotle, or Pallas Athene,

or even Gamaliel (though he is no doubt professedly ignorant of all biblical characters)? How can you expect such a Senior to appreciate Keats, whose mind teemed with Greek mythology, or indeed any other poet, since they all make allusions without end to the great figures and events of past history? Well, you can supply him with a copiously foot-noted edition, whereby he loses one of the greatest joys of reading—that of recognizing for himself the aptness of a quotation or allusion.

All of this seems like rubbish, no doubt to our practical man; and perhaps I have been over serious in regard to it so far; but there *is* a serious side to this matter of developing the appreciative faculties, and the worst of it is that the practical man can not see this until it is too late. This may be due to the fact that his prescribed course gives him no opportunity to take up any humanistic studies, while the student of the arts course has a wide election, embracing scientific subjects as well. At any rate such a required course in general culture would benefit immensely the student with a bent for scientific pursuits, and if he added a little philosophy, so much the better; it would teach him that a cloud is something more than a suspension of particles of H₂O in the air, and that the atomic theory and the theory of evolution are not the whole truth about the cosmos. It would give him a logical reason (since he needs logic) for cultivating the superfluous aesthetic tastes. And when he becomes wealthy he will be a supporter of the local orchestra, or a patron of art, not because he thinks (or his wife does) that such an attitude is proper for one of his social standing, but from a genuine interest in the subjects themselves.

The practical man is, of course, going to be successful; we all recognize that. He will probably amass great wealth,

attain social distinction and endow the college in later years—with a new shop or drawing-room. But unless he has been forced to endure some prescribed courses in the humanities previous to taking up his professional career, he will be likely to envy his less successful contemporaries their ability to sit down and enjoy a quiet hour with the master minds of past centuries,¹ when for him the evil days have come and the years draw nigh when he must confess he has no pleasure in them.

I have therefore a great deal of sympathy for the dilettante. Superficial as he seems to the diligent specialist, he nevertheless attains a certain insight into the general nature of things which is impossible to the other. The German philologist who spends his whole life proving that the term *Wergeld* is derived, not from *Wahrung* (tax) and *Geld* (money), as commonly supposed, but from *Wehr* (protection) and *Gilde* (guild), by adducing numerous Tacitean quotations, no doubt gets a great deal of amusement by giving vent to scornful sarcastic flings at "fake philologists," and probably deserves the world's gratitude for settling such an important distinction; but who would not prefer to be an Emerson, dabbling in art, music, philosophy, religion and the stock market? Each of course holds a necessary position in civilization. The specialist determines what is truth in his own field and deserves credit for his faithfulness; but without the dilettante, who acts as middleman, he could not market his facts. A Herbert Spencer, possessed with a categorizing mind, accepts on faith the testimony of a thousand specialists in widely differing branches of science, and by comparing their data derives a much grander conception of the evolutionary processes of Nature than is possible to any one of his subordinates. Somewhat similar must be

the process of thought in the dilettante's mind, though it vary in scope and degree, for Spencer was restricted to the pursuit of the descriptive sciences while the ordinary dilettante can extend his researches to include philosophy, voice-culture and slumming.

Finally, if we compare the two sorts of individuals from an external point of view, that is, with regard to your interest in them socially, the dilettante immediately gains the advantage. For the mere specialist is likely to "talk shop" upon every occasion offered; and even if good breeding has taught him to avoid this, he has nevertheless a minimum degree of interest in the general topics of conversation. On the other hand your good for nothing dilettante is ready to discuss Heraclitus or Benvenuto Cellini; to compare the lyric quality of Chopin's preludes with the *Weltschmerz* of the Romantic school in poetry; to appreciate a Murillo; and to quote Mother Goose. Of course the latter runs the risk of be-

ing called impractical, and indeed of actually becoming so; but this is by no means a necessary result. And he who practices self-restraint in his appreciative devotions ought to be vastly superior ethically to him whose habit of thought alone keeps him in the path of duty.

In conclusion it should be admitted that the mere specialist and the mere dilettante are not only useless, but do not actually exist (if I may be allowed this Hibernicism). There are few educated people who do not have some hobby of their own, and few who do not possess a number of interests outside of their daily work. But lest any should underrate the value of a wide acquaintance with general topics of knowledge, let him be warned by the pitiful examples of many retired business men whose long desired vacations have proved a veritable inferno of inactivity.

H. BURTT, '08.

A Note on the Margin of the Book of Life

Oh sweet are love and life,
And dear to me!
And in this fleeting strife
There's ecstasy!

HARRISON S. HIRES, '10

Let There be Heat

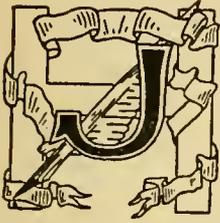
The faculty as such command my heartiest respect,
 Their mission's one I thoroughly approve;
 Without them college life would lack the scholarly effect
 And lurch along a wanton, foolish groove.
 The good they do can hardly be a question for debate—,
 By methods educative and benign—,
 And oft in leisure moments I delight to contemplate
 The erudition they are making mine.
 But yet I wish to register a chirp of discontent,
 And humbly though with vigor, to repeat:
 I'll eulogize the faculty with hoarseness consequent
 Excepting when they stop the Sunday heat.

The Sabbath is a day of rest, —which strikes me as but just—
 And thus I do observe it without fail;
 And in my own secluded den I let my ardor rust,
 And unassuming lassitude prevail.
 I rigidly refuse, on it, to vent athletic zeal
 Of quality uncouth for season's calm;
 And likewise quash all active inclinations I may feel
 To quaff of the curriculum's fair balm.
 Urging the flow of blood by process calisthenic, then,
 Decorum bids me stigmatize unmeet;
 So how can I maintain my thermometric normal when
 The faculty restrain the Sunday heat.

Of course each time the day of rest takes hold to right our keel
 Exit a crowd for Wayne and Kennet Square;
 And not to prove deficient in an economic deal,
 "Less men, less heat!" the faculty declare.
 Not having taken Physics XII, however, I must state
 I cannot solve the following, to wit:
 How to amass the heat of Barclay Hall inseparate
 And have it all projected where I sit.
 Could I do this the empty rooms might justify the cut,
 And not my own small stock of warmth deplete:
 Then I would live and live in cheer, and keep the Sabbath,—but
 The faculty revoke the Sunday heat.

R. L. M. U., '09.

THE UNBROKEN LINK



M. was in town last night. Three dead and two horses gone. You will strike the trail and keep within reach until help comes."

Such was the order that "Big Tom" Anderson and his pal, Billy MacAllister, commonly known as "Billy Mac," eagerly scanned in a room of "The Den," in a little frontier town that nestled against the base of the Rockies in the early fifties. The effect of the note on the two men was very different. Billy ground his teeth. His eyes fairly snapped with anger. The face of the other, while the jaw, it is true, became set as of iron, assumed an expression of wistfulness, a drawn pinched look that would have compelled a chance observer to pity rather than admiration. For this note, you must know, informed the two that Jabe Morgan, the boldest, cruelest and consequently the most renowned desperado on the frontier, and his crew, were at work again; and that theirs was the duty of keeping in touch with the quarry, until a posse could be formed to be in at the death. That night a double snow shoe track led out of the town and plunged into the forest beyond.

It is a not unusual delight of Nature to bring contraries together and thus average up the whole. And this was the case with Tom Anderson and Billy MacAllister. For certainly no two men were more unlike. Billy had a reputation—the reputation of being the sourest, most unpleasant specimen of humanity that the town had ever known. He was hated by many, respected by more, and

feared by all. He was "in summum totum" a hundred and seventy pounds of animal life, hard and strong as steel, and controlled by a fiery system of nerves that were themselves often beyond control. A naturally sour disposition, which early experience and disappointments had not sweetened, had made him a willing recluse from all save Tom Anderson. And what shall we say of Tom Anderson? The less we say, the less injury we shall do him. He too had a reputation. From the very first he had taken the settlement by storm. But his supremacy was natural and unsought. A big blond man with a steady blue eye, and a smile which once seen endeared him to all, there was about him an atmosphere of gentleness, which not even a stranger could mistake for weakness. And the latter's immediate and correct diagnosis was "every inch a man."

Of the friendship the facts as known to the town were these. At some time in the past their lives had come together, and therewith a light had come into Billy's. From that time on he had worshiped Tom Anderson with a love more like that of the dog for its master, than that of man for man. And Tom Anderson struck a note in Billy which was beyond the ken of all other men, and the friendship was dear to him also. So for several years the twain had come and gone, until "Big Tom and his Shadow" had become a common bit of local phraseology.

The ninth day after his entrance to the forest found Billy MacAllister making his way toward camp with several rainbow trout over his shoulder. For after a continuous chase, hot on the trail,

they had taken a day of rest, and Billy had been down the river some three hours, while Tom had been pitching camp for the night. And now, late in the afternoon, Billy was coming into camp with his catch. The snow crunched beneath his shoes. He caught the gleam of the fire through the tree trunks. And then, on the edge of the clearing, he stopped, frozen stiff. In the snow before him lay a gray figure. Up to the sky was turned the face that Billy loved above all others. Seven bullet holes told how he had been shot down. Pinned to his throat by a knife was a piece of bark. Dry eyed, Billy read: "I have done for one of you, curse him, and you'll go next, Bill MacAllister, unless you take this warning. J. M." For a long time two figures were motionless in the solitude. Then Billy arose, and with streaming eyes bent over and kissed the white face. Soon after a short figure with rifle ashoulder strode from the open and disappeared in the gloom. Once more the solitude of a great forest reigns supreme. The snow laden boughs of the spruce hang low and protectingly over a mound of white; and on yon great trunks two freshly cut crosses gleam white in the moonlight.

The news of Tom Anderson's death aroused the frontier. Even bold Jabe Morgan could not stand the pressure. The band was annihilated and those caught were summarily dealt with after the fashion of the frontier. But Jabe Morgan escaped. He was heard of no more. His name became a legend of the past. And Billy MacAllister lived on at the town for over a year. But if he had formerly been endurable, he was not so now. And though all sympathized with him, no one was sorry when one day he disappeared.

* * * * *

The sun is sinking behind the Sierra

Madre Mountains, and long shadows leap across the great plateaus. Rapidly the gloom increases, and conquers the plain, save for a single knoll, where a glimmering point of light hurls back the eager dark. Around the camp fire a group of Mexican cow boys is gathered. They occupy all postures, many with their saddles already beneath their heads. The striking figure of this group sits apart. He is a long gaunt man, with heavy black beard. By the firelight he is reading a letter and he smiles as he reads.

Had a man stood outside the circle of light, he might possibly have seen the shadow moving at the foot of the knoll. Slowly it glided along up the rise, now scarcely visible, now more distinct, moving steadily from clump to clump, from "draw" to "draw," until at last it paused behind a boulder on the edge of the knoll. The man peered into the light, then rested against the rock, and his lips moved. It had come. The long years of waiting were over. The weary miles of journey were at an end. The revenge for which he had lived was his at last. In the darkness who shall say whether the hand trembled, whether the face was flushed. Lovingly his rifle's cheek nestled against his own. His eye was glancing down the barrel. But the fire-lit scene was lost to it. Another scene had come between; a scene of a snow clad glade in the great north woods, of the heavy boughs of a spruce hanging low and protectingly over a mound of white, and of two freshly cut crosses in yonder trunks. And then it came, straight and clear to his heart from that far off scene. "No, no Billy, please don't." A rifle lay by the boulder. A shadow moved slowly down the knoll and disappeared into the gloom.

J. W. P. '09.

Alumni Department

'46 Charles Hartshorne died at his home at Merion. He was for three years president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and for twenty-eight years its vice-president. He was seventy-nine years old. For many years he had been a prominent figure in the financial and business world of Philadelphia. He was a trustee of Haverford and Bryn Mawr Colleges and of Lehigh University. He was also a member of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital, one of the managers of the Provident Life and Trust Company, and a director of the Western Saving Fund Society of Philadelphia. For a time he was a director of the Western National Bank, of this city. He was a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences.

'64 George W. Bacon died on August 11th, 1908, at Atlantic City, N. J.

'85 Elias H. White was married on November 17th to Miss Clara B. Patterson, at The Lansdowne, Philadelphia.

Ex '85 Philip Lee of New Iberia, La., died on June 12th, 1908, at New Orleans. He had been a resident of Atlanta, Ga., for several years.

'87 Captain E. B. Cassatt was married to Miss Eleanor M. Smith, on October 7th, at Warrenton, Va.

'90 The eighteenth annual dinner of the Class of 1890 was held at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia on November 21st, following the foot ball game with N. Y. U., which was attended by several of the men. The interest in these annual gatherings appears to increase as the years pass, and the pleasure of this last meeting was probably not surpassed by any previous one. The following were present: J. S. Auchin-

class, W. G. Audenried, M. P. Bailey, H. R. Bringhurst, G. T. Butler, P. S. Darlington, R. E. Fox, J. G. Shaw, W. P. Simpson, and J. M. Steere.

'90 William G. Audenried is now Philadelphia Manager for J. S. and W. S. Kuhn of Pittsburg, Pa., Bankers and Brokers.

'90 The engagement is announced of Robert E. Fox to Miss Anna E. Trotsel of York Springs, Pa.

'90 Dilworth P. Hibberd was the nominee of the Democratic Party for Congressman from the District comprising Chester and Delaware counties, Pa.

'92 A reunion of the Class of 1892 was held at the University Club, Philadelphia, on the evening of October 15th. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. These were Brumbaugh, Cadbury, Cary, Davis, Hart, Hoopes, Muir, Nicholson, West and Yarnall. Other members of the class in attendance during the 75th Anniversary celebration were Brinton, Collins, McAllister, Parrish and Shipley.

'92 Dr. Rufus H. Hall died at his home in Everett, Mass., last April. He leaves a wife and daughter.

'92 Dr. Guilbert J. Palen was married on October 21st to Miss Eva Betsey Matthewson, at Parsons, Kansas. They are now residing in Merchantville, N. J.

'94 Dr. W. W. Comfort '94 and Dr. R. M. Gummere '02, are going to Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y., to lecture on mediaeval and classical subjects. Walter Wood '01 is head of the institution.

'99 On Thursday, October 15th, the Class of 1899 held their annual dinner at the Merion Cricket Club. There

were present Battey, Carter, DeCou, Evans, Lycett, Maule, Mellor, Morris, Mifflin and Richie. It was decided that the present officers should serve for another year.

'99 John D. Carter is Chief Chemist at Carter and Scattergood, Manufacturing Chemists.

'99 The engagement is announced of Benjamin S. DeCou to Miss Lily A. Tears of Walden, N. Y.

'99 Alfred C. Maule was lately elected Assistant Secretary to the Southwark Foundry and Machine Company.

'99 Frank K. Walter has just been appointed Vice Director of the New York State Library School. His address now is care of New York State Library School, Albany, N. Y.

'02 W. C. Longstreth, formerly part owner of the Kelsey Motor Company, Philadelphia, agents for the Maxwell Company, has purchased his partner's interest and is now conducting business under the name of the Longstreth Motor Car Company, 209 N. Broad St.

'04 The Class of 1904 was represented at the Seventy-fifth Anniversary

by two-thirds of the Class, dressed, as the paper expressed it, half of them as tramps and half as Dutch soldiers. Accompanied by a German band, they contributed to the general hilarity.

'04 James M. Stokes was married, on Tuesday, October 6th, to Miss Mary M. Hooton of Moorestown, N. J. Haverford was well represented among the ushers by Alex C. Wood '02, Bernard Lester '04, Erwin Porter West '04, Wm. T. Hilles '04, Wm. Kimber '04, and H. W. Doughten '06. Mr. and Mrs. Stokes have taken up their residence at 2 E. Main street, Moorestown.

'05 Chester J. Teller was married on Thanksgiving day to Miss Eva Magnes of New York. Mr. Teller has recently been appointed Superintendent of the Jewish Orphan's Home of New Orleans, La., where he expects to take up his duties on the first of the year.

'06 Roderick Scott is now Instructor in English at Bowdoin College, Me. He is also the General Secretary of the Christian Association there.

'07 Samuel Gummere is now with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

To a Grasshopper

Dear little devotee of nicotine,
 Blithe singer in the myriad choir of June,
 So gaily thankful for the sunny boon
 Of grassy wildernesses warm and green:
 O happy voice! Although by us unscen
 The sweetest whisper in the drowsy noon,

Long may you live to lilt your tiny tune
 And fill the meadows with your piping keen!
 Ah me! I sometimes wish that even we,
 Free from the cold paralysis of care,
 Oblivious of the coming winter's chills,
 Might live and laugh and love, from fear set free,
 And find the world as singularly fair
 As does the singer of the sunny hills.

C. D. M., '10.

Athletic Department

JOHNS HOPKINS 11; HAVERFORD 5.

On October thirty-first Haverford was defeated on Walton Field by Johns Hopkins University by the score of 11 to 5. The visiting team played a better game than Haverford from beginning to end, but nevertheless the teams were fairly evenly matched and the game was well fought. Haverford felt the loss of three of her best men in this game. Captain Bard was unable to play at all because his knee had been hurt in the Rutgers game. In the first half Green had his leg broken and early in the second half Spaeth was disqualified for rough playing. With these three out the team was necessarily very much weakened. Green's injury was a very great loss to the team, having as it did three more games ahead of it. Green and Spaeth both played magnificently as long as they were in the game. Stollenwerck, Bridgeman and McCabe excelled for Johns Hopkins. Johns Hopkins did better punting than Haverford.

Haverford kicked off. Johns Hopkins kicked to the center of the field. There Haverford fumbled. Johns Hopkins kicked to Haverford's 15 yard line. A fine run by Spaeth and an onside kick took the ball back to the center of the field where it was fumbled again. Sharpless went in as quarterback here. Johns Hopkins took the ball steadily to Haverford's 25 yard line. Here a drop kick was blocked by Lewis. After forward passes had been tried unsuccessfully by both teams, Haverford kicked to the center of the field, where it remained for quite a while. Johns Hopkins then kicked to back of the goal line. Tomlinson kicked out. Again the ball stayed in the middle of the field for some time. Then Johns Hopkins kicked to Haver-

ford's three yard line. Here Green took the ball for a line buck and it was on this play that his leg was broken. Rhoad took his place. A kick by Haverford went out of bounds on the 35 yard line. Johns Hopkins kicked and soon recovered the ball on a fumble on the 10 yard line. Haverford got the ball but was forced over for a touchback. Johns Hopkins made a free catch of the kick out and attempted a field goal but failed. Haverford kicked out. Johns Hopkins made another free catch, and punted. Tomlinson kicked to the center of the field where it remained the rest of the half.

Spaeth played center in the second half, Lowry taking his place at half back. Johns Hopkins kicked off to Haverford's 45 yard line. Haverford took the ball on good gains by Tomlinson, Lowry and Rhoad steadily down to Johns Hopkins' 10 yard line. Tomlinson took the ball over for a touchdown. Ramsay failed to kick the goal.

Johns Hopkins kicked off and Spaeth got the ball back of the goal line. Here he was disqualified and Post took his place. Haverford kicked out and after a few short gains by Johns Hopkins, Stollenwerck put a drop over the goal from the 35 yard line. Haverford kicked off to behind Johns Hopkins' goal. The kickoff was fumbled by Haverford. Until about five minutes before the end of the half the ball remained near the center of the field, both teams punting a great deal. Then Johns Hopkins kicked to Haverford's 35 yard line, where Haverford fumbled. Johns Hopkins was forced to kick. A kick by Tomlinson was blocked and Bridgeman got the ball behind the goal line. Stollenwerck failed to kick the goal. After the

kick off and an exchange of kicks time was called. The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>		<i>Johns Hopkins.</i>	
Lewis.....	L. E.....	Musser	
Brownlee.....	L. T.....	Michael	
Murray.....	L. G.....	Bosley	
Biedenbach.....	C.....	Stock	
(Spaeth, Post)			
Barrett.....	R. G.....	Owens	
		(Thalghman)	
Ramsay.....	R. T.....	Stockton	
Russell.....	R. E.....	Street	
		(Bryan)	
Hoffman.....	Q.....	Stollenwreck	
(Sharpless)			
Spaeth (Lowry).....	L. H.....	Fulton	
Green.....	R. H.....	Bridgeman	
(Rhoad)		(Gurman)	
Tomlinson.....	F.....	McCabe.	

Touchdowns—Tomlinson, Bridgeman. Goal from field—Stollenwerck. Goals from touchdown—Ramsay, Stollenwreck. Referee—Davidson. Umpire—Folwell. Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.

LEHIGH 9; HAVERFORD 0.

On November 7th, practically the whole college and a good number of alumni accompanied the team to South Bethlehem for the Lehigh game. The college had a special train which left the Reading Terminal at 9.50 and returned from South Bethlehem at 5.15. The college men were most hospitably entertained up there, being given the privileges of the College Commons for dinner. The foot ball squad was entertained at President Drinker's home. Every one enjoyed the trip immensely and appreciated Lehigh's hospitality greatly.

The outcome of the game was not so satisfactory, however. The game was a fine exhibition of foot ball. Each team played its best and the better team won. Lehigh had a stronger line than Haverford and had the better of the kicking proposition. But Haverford fought to the finish and compelled the Lehigh team to play its very best. Bard played a great game for Haverford, but it would be impossible to pick out any individuals as playing better

than others, as they all played their best. Captain Spiers excelled for Lehigh. Haverford did not receive as many injuries as the Lehigh team, but neither team played a rough game.

In the first half neither side scored. The ball kept for the most part near the center of the field, though most of the time in Haverford's territory. Both teams did spectacular work, but neither goal was seriously threatened. In the first part of the second half Haverford seemed to eaken. After the kick off the ball was carried steadily down the field by Lehigh for a touchdown. Martin failed to kick the goal. Soon afterwards Lehigh got near enough Haverford's goal again to send over a goal from the field. After that neither team got in striking distance of the other's goal. Both teams seemed to be tired out by this time but each succeeded in withstanding the attacks of the other. During the second half, Haverford had the ball much less than Lehigh. The game ended with the score 9 to 0. The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>		<i>Lehigh.</i>	
Lewis.....	L. E.....	Archer	
Brownlee.....	L. T.....	Treat	
Murray (Post).....	L. G.....	Knox	
Spaeth.....	C.....	Reinhart	
Barrett.....	R. G.....	Martin	
Ramsay (Murray).....	R. T.....	Wood	
Russell.....	R. E.....	Bakewell (Desh)	
Sharpless.....	Q.....	Bilheimer	
Bard.....	L. H. B.....	Woods	
Myers.....	R. H. B.....	Spiers	
(Hinshaw)		(Tuckie)	
Tomlinson.....	F. B.....	Kennedy	

TRINITY 27; HAVERFORD 0.

On the fourteenth of November the Haverford team played Trinity at Hartford. The team was in good condition for the game, but could do nothing against Trinity's strong line and swift backs. The backfield seemed to have them at its mercy with its splendid interference and the clocklike working of its plays. Trinity used the forward pass

still more successfully than last year, but a few times Haverford got the ball and made good gains in this way. Bard made a finer run in the first half on an intercepted forward pass. Lewis had his knee hurt during the game, but Birdsall played a very fine game after he took his place. The whole team played well and did good work in keeping down the score as low as it was.

In the first half a touchdown was made by Xanders, Gildersleeve kicking the goal, and Gildersleeve kicked a goal from the field. In the second half the Haverford team was pretty well worn out and three more touchdowns were made, Gildersleeve kicking two of the goals. The final score was 27 to 0. The line-up:

<i>Trinity.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
Burdick.....L. E.....	Lewis (Birdsall)
Carroll.....L. T.....	Brownlee
Snow.....L. G.....	Murray
Roberts.....C.....	Spaeth
Breed.....R. G.....	Barrett
Gildersleeve.....R. T.....	Ramsay (Post)
Ramsdell.....R. E.....	Russell
Backus.....Q.....	Sharpless
Maxson.....L. H.....	Bard
Henshaw.....R. H.....	Myers (Hiushaw)
Xanders.....F.....	Tomlinson

Touchdowns—Xanders 3, Ramsdell. Goals from touchdown—Gildersleeve 3. Goal from field—Gildersleeve. Referee—Washburn. Umpire—O'Connell. Field Judge—Burke. Time of halves—30 and 25 minutes.

N. Y. U., 8; HAVERFORD, 5.

The last game of a very unlucky season was played on Walton Field against New York University on November 21. There was a large crowd to witness the game. It was well played by two evenly matched teams. Haverford went in to win that she might have a propitious ending for a whole season of hard luck, New York that she might avenge former defeats. The game was a hard one and characterized by an unusual number of injuries. Spaeth had his leg broken in

the first play and Post took his place at center. Every one felt sympathy for Spaeth as this was the last game of foot ball in which he would play for Haverford. Bard, Myers, Sharpless and Ramsay all played finely for Haverford. Gorsch and both Youngs excelled for New York.

During the first fifteen minutes of play the ball went back and forth near the center of the field. There were a great many spectacular plays but neither goal was seriously threatened. Then Tomlinson kicked to Nevins who signaled for a free catch but was interfered with by a Haverford man. Haverford was penalized and New York was given a free chance at the goal from the 30 yard line. Nevins tried a place kick and sent the pigskin soaring over the goal. The remainder of the half was fought out in midfield.

In the second half Ramsay returned the ball 40 yards on the kick off before he was tackled. The ball remained near the center of the field for some minutes when the ball went to Haverford on its 50 yard line. Bard skirted right end for nine yards and Tomlinson made it first down with a two-yard plunge through the line. Haverford failed to gain and the ball went to New York, but on the next play Myers picked up the ball on a fumble and made a 30 yard run. Bard followed up with a 40 yard run to the two yard line. Tomlinson pushed through right guard for a touchdown. Ramsay failed at goal.

Gorsch kicked off to Myers, who was tackled on the 10 yard line. Bard went through the line for four yards and Tomlinson followed up with 10 yards through left guard. New York blocked a kick and Elliffe on the next play made a pretty goal from the field. The remainder of the game was played in midfield, the only sensational play being a 40

yard run by Sharpless. Haverford was once on the 20 yard line, but failed to score. The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>New York.</i>
Birdsall.....L. E.....	Crawford
(Reynolds, Myers)	(Hyden, Wheeler)
Brownlee.....L. T.....	Stone
Murray.....L. G.....	Hennyberger.
(Thompson)	
Spaeth (Post).....C.....	Cooney
Barrett.....R. G.....	McKay
Ramsey.....R. T.....	Wheeler
	(Brennen)
Russell.....R. E.....	G. A. Young
Sharpless.....Q.....	Nevins
Bard.....R. H. B.....	Rorsch
	(Galloway)
Myers.....R. H. B.....	Elliffe
(Hinshaw)	(Von Egglestin)
Tomlinson.....F.....	A. H. Young

Touchdown—Tomlinson. Goals from field—Nevins, Elliffe. Referee—Crowell. Umpire—Novice. Field Judge—Kennedy. Time of halves—25 and 30 minutes.

FRESHMEN, 6; SOPHOMORES, 5.

The annual interclass game between the two lower classes was played off on Tuesday, November 24th. The game was well played on both sides and the teams were very evenly matched though the Freshmen seemed in a little better condition for it.

During the first half there was no scoring, nor was either goal threatened seriously. There was a good deal of punting, especially by the Sophomores. Soon after the opening of the second half Russell got a forward pass and ran the ball to the Freshman's five yard line. The touchdown was made by a line buck by Hinshaw. Levin failed to kick the goal on account of the big angle at which he had to do it. After the kick off the Freshman carried the ball steadily down the field mostly by line bucking. Rhoad made a touchdown by a spectacular run through the whole Sophomore team. Murray kicked the goal. The Sophomores played harder after this and Levin made a couple of

very good runs, but they could not keep the ball and the game ended 6-5 in favor of the Freshmen. The line-up:

<i>1911.</i>	<i>1912</i>
Russell.....R. E.....	Smiley
Post.....R. T.....	Murray
Deane.....R. G.....	Cope
Hartshorne.....C.....	Biedenbach
Taylor.....L. G.....	Moon
Young.....L. T.....	Brownlee
Birdsall.....L. E.....	Poley
Levin.....Q.....	Hoffman
Gallagher.....R. H.....	Rhoad
Kleinz.....L. H.....	Lowry, H. M.
Hinshaw.....F.....	Lowry, J.

Touchdowns—Hinshaw, Rhoad. Goal from touchdown—Murray. Referee—Ramsay. Umpire—Guiney.

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- Mch. 6—Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn at Haverford.

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- Mch. 20—Columbia at New York.
- Mch. 27—Harvard at Cambridge.
- Apr. 3—Cornell at Haverford.
- Apr. 10—Yale at Haverford.

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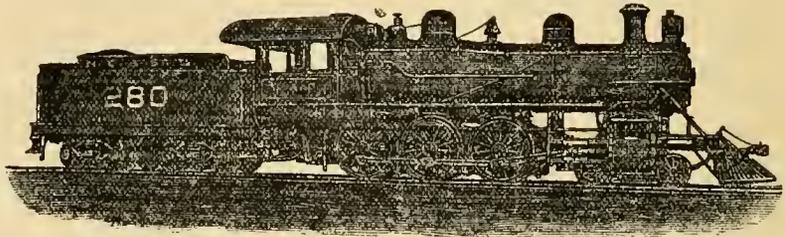
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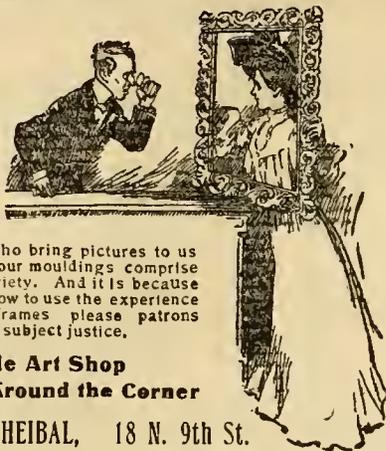
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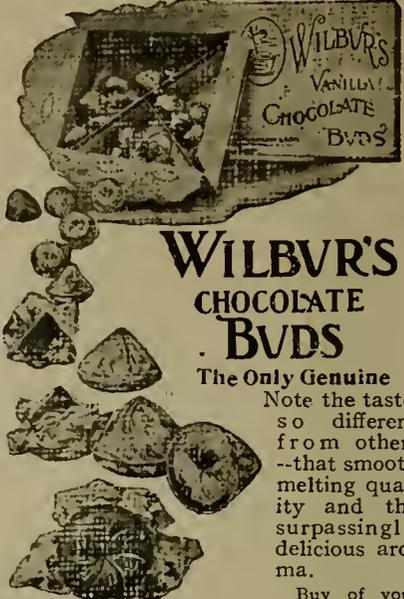
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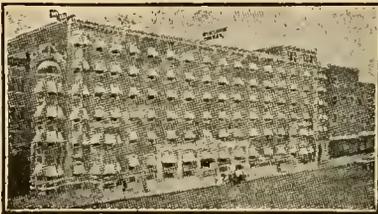
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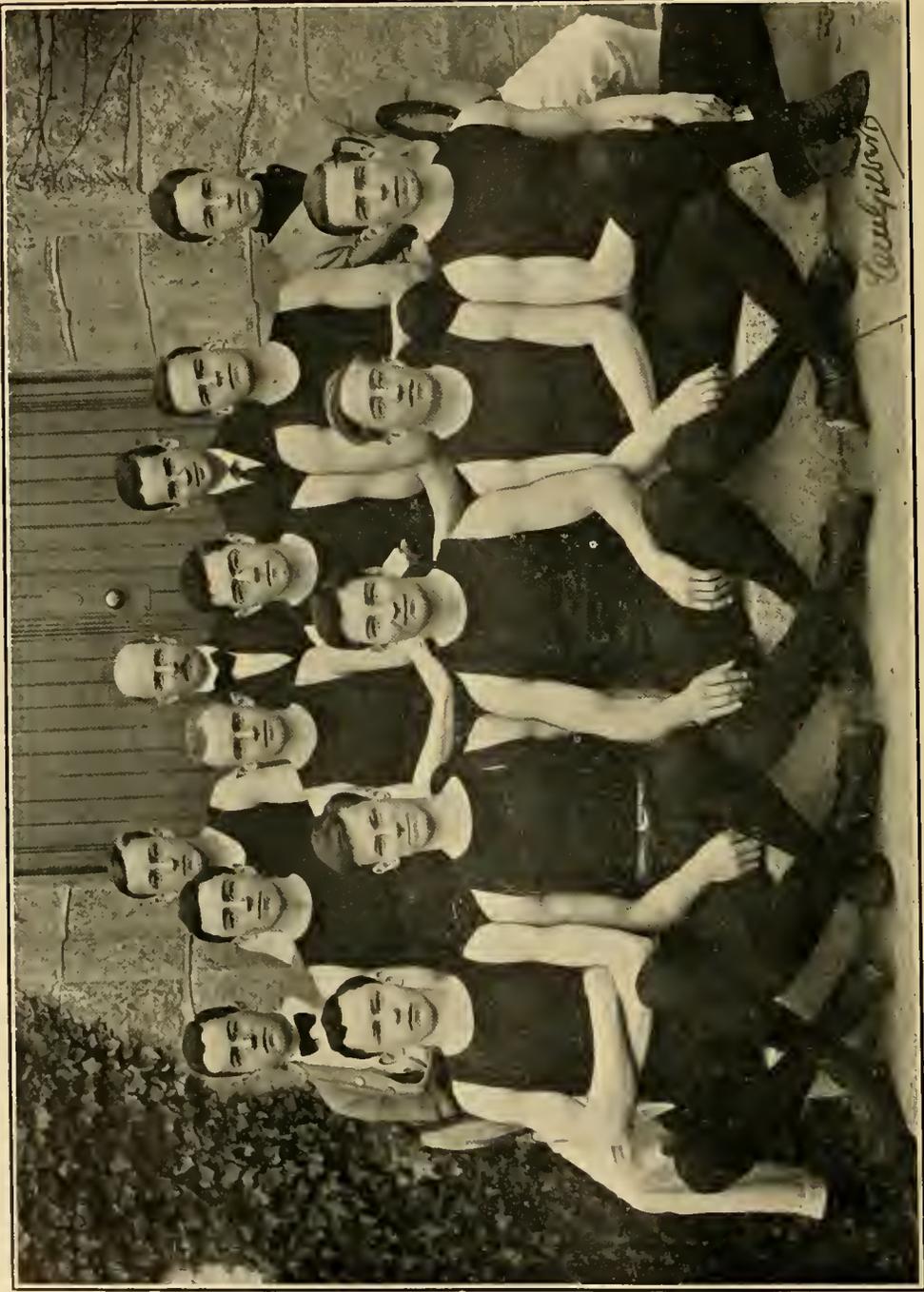
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GYMNASIUM TEAM, 1907-08



JUST at this season we find ourselves plunged into the first of the two intellectual whirlpools which develop each year with unfailing regularity. There remains about a fortnight till the midyear examinations and the second vortex forms about two weeks before the Finals in the spring. Though there is much anointing with oil that they may not appear unto men to fast yet the majority of the college is working under an abnormal strain during this period. During these two weeks is accomplished the labor which was designed by a beneficent faculty to extend over the whole half-year.

Marvellous transformations take place. The most notorious loafers become suddenly the greasiest of grinds. There is some midnight oil burned but more candles, which are harder on the eyes and at the same time easier to operate. Hordes throng the library, waiting their turn at the "Reserved" books. Petitions are presented to every professor to postpone the time for this thesis or to dispense with that required reading. "French verb-fests" are held daily. "Self-realization" is discussed at Monday-lunch. The time for the examinations arrives and they are taken. There was perhaps some doubt as to the difference between

Plautus and Plotinus and long quotations from the *Chambered Nautilus* or *Locksley Hall* were interpolated in spots where the supply of definite information had run low. Then life resumes its natural course until the next maelstrom is approached.

This somewhat unnatural condition is by no means confined to imprudent Freshmen. Each of the years following shows a stronger tendency in this direction until by Senior year this accumulative method of studying is become a fixed habit. The increased prevalence is due not so much to a decrease in the desire to accomplish conscientious work as to the changing nature of the work required. Each year after the first the amount of prepared work for daily recitation grows less. By Senior year it is possible, with a skilful manipulation of the elective system, so to choose one's courses that there is almost no daily work beyond note-taking at lectures. All the other work done is upon reports, essays and theses, with an infinitude of required reading. Nothing has to be done till the end of the quarter or half-year. Various things come up constantly to make desirable the procrastinating of that evening in the Library or of the writing out of this Report. So they are constantly put off until the

posting of the examination schedule forcibly reminds us that theoretically we are pursuing a bachelor's degree.

With what result? The work is done hurriedly and superficially. Instead of learning to think things through, the mind of the undergraduate acquires a remarkable ability to skim things over. D averages abound where C's might thrive, and B's are crowded out by C's. After the examinations little remains but a confused mass of disparate facts and fancies—a sort of pudding-stone of the half-year's lectures.

This habit of letting work slide is insidious and injurious. Regular work not taken too seriously but extended through the whole year would seem to be more efficacious, hygienic and normal than two fortnightly periods of excessive grinding.

With the next issue the present volume will be completed and vacancies on the Board will occur through the resignation of the three Senior editors and the business manager. We would par-

ticularly encourage any lower classmen with designs upon these four vacancies to submit all the material they can before the new Board is definitely elected.

The address of President Sharpless which we publish this month is reprinted from the report of the Pennsylvania Peace Conference held in Philadelphia in the Fifth month last. To those who attended the Conference or who have seen the published report the reading of the article will scarcely afford much novelty but we felt that there were enough of our readers who had never read it before to justify its publication in the HAVERFORDIAN.

President Sharpless has published together his articles on "The Quaker Boy on the Farm" and "The Quaker Boy at School" which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Independent* within a year or so. The book is illustrated by Jane Allen Boyer and Amy C. Sharpless and is to be had at the Biddle Press, Philadelphia.

To a Skull

O piteous monument of man's avail
 Is *this* the bitter end of all our strife?
 Is *living* the one goal of mortal life
 Or may we hope for aught behind the veil?
 This was the closet of a living mind
 That saw those wind-swept stars which now we see,
 That plucked the sun-warmed heather on the lea
 And now is but to Memory assigned.

But Time doth answer all things, and unless
 We pluck these flowers while the sun is high,
 The dusk will come, and find us in distress
 That we knew Pleasure not when she was nigh.
 For Destiny is speaking, and she saith
 One thing alone is sure, and that is Death.

C. D. M. '10.

WAR AND EDUCATION

ISAAC SHARPLESS.



They are sometimes told, and I know nothing to the contrary, that in the wild state animals never die a natural death. The weakness of disease or of old age comes upon them, their helplessness is quickly noted, and they fall a victim to some ruthless beast of prey. A sick or a maimed wolf is reduced to a mass of bones by his own parents or children or brethren. The fishes in the sea, with pitiless greed, devour each other for self-sustenance. Everywhere, except for parental solicitude, which lasts but for a time, the law of the forest among flesh-eating animals is self-preservation without any restraining sentiment of sympathy or compassion.

But the same animal in contact with man responds to kindness. The domestic prototype of the wolf becomes a trusty and obedient companion of man. He is taught habits and tricks by rewards and gentleness better than by penalties and fear. Contact with man destroys the natural tendencies of the brute and replaces them with something more human.

Civilization has the same effect upon humanity. The martial elements, anger, vengeance, destruction, disappear and are replaced by appreciation of others' rights and wishes, cordiality and helpfulness. Sometimes these are superficial, but, even then, they are the homage paid to the qualities which are recognized as the elements of real success and proper conduct.

Between nations war represents the system of the untamed brute. Conciliation, diplomacy, fairness in conceding

the rights of others, decency in the methods of maintaining our own, make up the system of the civilized man, the man into which the rude being that now exists is to be educated.

Everything, therefore, that exalts military spirit, that preaches the glory of the fighting qualities, that makes national greatness dependent in the mind of the boy upon the largest army, the biggest guns or the most formidable battleships, educates the nation downward. It constitutes a relapse into savage conditions, a relapse from which it will doubtless recover but which is unfortunate and probably unnecessary. Everything which exalts the greatness of justice, of self-sacrificing righteousness, of the recognition of rights where there is no force to back them up, of an ever-ready willingness to submit our causes to judicial tribunals, is an education along the line of normal progress to which we are destined but which may be hastened or retarded.

Such would seem to be one of the evils of great armaments whether on land or sea. They teach the nation to resort to lower motives. They encourage the idea that its safety is insured by material power rather than by justice, and so, in time, it becomes careless of justice and if strong enough, acts for seeming self-advantage regardless of right. They create a strong party whose interests lie in war and the prospects of war, which tends to dominate the thoughts and policies of men, and exalt the lower nature and lower standards above the more spiritual and philosophic. They divert us from the real grandeur of peace and prosperity to the debasing reliance upon brute force.

Admitting this, the question becomes

one of method only. We must seek a normal progress toward a normal end, and in our country, this progress is inevitable. Given an unfettered play of forces, the laws of development lead a free nation towards higher standards and the elimination of the unfit.

It is not wholesome from the point of view of moral development that 70 per cent. of the federal revenues are expended in preparations for war.

We have only to glance over a century of past history to note the truth of this. In this time, lotteries, which were ubiquitous, which had the sanction of great names, and seemed to find justification in churches and colleges, public buildings and new cities, developed, which were used to settle descendents' estates and provide ready money for financial stringencies, have disappeared by the prohibition of every State in the Union, and the closing against them of the federal mails. Duelling, often deplored, but apparently a necessity of certain situations, has succumbed to public opinion. Slavery, that seemed in the fifties to have safely and permanently entrenched itself, and to be in a condition to spread its conquests, came to a sudden end, not just as anticipated, but fairly as a result of a moral sentiment which used loyalty to the Union as an effective weapon of destruction.

Even political graft and selfish motives in official life have somewhat loosened their hold. He who would deny this should read the lines of early history and note the venality and egotism, which marked the smaller men of the era of Washington and his immediate successors. Under towering temptations our public men of to-day withstand the assaults of greed better than their counterparts of a century ago, because public sentiment demands more of them and they rise to meet it.

There is, as you will say, another side

to the picture not so encouraging. New evils have arisen, and some old ones may be more threatening, but any fair integration of all tendencies must show a positive sign. The moral outlook is not nearly so ominous, as in many murky times of the past.

The growth has never been uniform. There have been waves of reform to be followed by recession. The whole has been spasmodic and in the dark days discouraged and discouraging men get in their work, noting conditions that are either local or temporary or both. When normal times of improvement return, it is possible to take a more general view either as to time or space and a healthy optimism reasserts itself.

It seems to me a matter of great importance that every young person at school or college should be strongly impressed with this sane and healthy belief, that in a free play of forces there is always progress, the rate of which is dependent upon the energy and intelligence of individual and organized effort and hence that not only is he responsible for a share of this growth, but that he is a part of a dynamic organism, bringing results with an encouraging certainty. It is thus that the enthusiasm of youth can be fairly appealed to, to enter into labor for world-wide ethical results.

That peace rather than war is the objective of moral development is not likely to be seriously questioned. That war includes a whole list of evils, and being abnormal, retards and opposes this development seems also quite susceptible of proof. Hence comes the corollary that the methods of ending war is to afford a legitimate field for intelligent and self-sacrificing effort.

It is a subject full of difficulties. The prejudices of centuries glorify war for its own sake, Heroism and magnificent self-sacrifice are intimately associated with it. Literature of the most inspir-

ing sort, from the Iliad downward, recounts its praises to ever willing and ambitious youths. The Old Testament, as usually read, is a stimulant, both emotionally and morally, to deeds of martial prowess. Our most potent ideas of patriotism are indelibly associated with wars that made or saved our national existence. The most of this we do not wish to uproot, nor do we ever wish to fail to give due honor to the men who from noble motives endured the risks of battle or the dreary monotony of camp life. All we want to do is to find a way which will make such sacrifices unnecessary, such untoward conditions impossible.

A still greater difficulty than the history and traditions of the past is the supposed necessity of the present. We must fight; there is no other way possible in certain emergencies, say our statesmen. No one can fail to see the force of this and very few are willing to admit the validity of the one way always possible, which is to refuse to fight and take the consequences. And yet it seems to me increasingly probable that a determined resistance to evil, aggression which always stops short of warfare, is the program which some nation must adopt as the concluding argument against this old practice, sanctioned by patriotism and literature and religion. Public opinion must be made to recognize the possibility and the grandeur of a universal fraternity and a world-wide patriotism. In the meantime, the practical substitute has to be worked out and the task is large enough and interesting enough to command the best scholarship and statesmanship of civilization.

We must be something of idealists, with a faith in the inherent power of truth to carry us over unforeseen difficulties. Difficulties often disappear as we come to them. If we are right in

theory, there are many ways to escape intricacies into which we seem to be going, ways which no forethought would anticipate. Sometimes these come by the simple recognition of rectitude by those who would otherwise be opponents; sometimes by the effect of political arrangements which stop short of attacks upon others' rights; sometimes they appear as the result of a moral power in human development not much appreciated, but which protects those who trust in it.

Plato wrote the Republic, which, while never tried in practice as an entity has had a large influence in determining human institutions. The same is true of Moore's Utopia. Nowhere could there have seemed a worse time to talk religious liberty than in England in the time of Henry VIII; of course it was impossible to test the theory at home, so he applied it to the mythical land of "Nowhere." Locke wrote an ideal constitution for Carolina, but it did not work. I can recall but one case where a philosopher has developed in his study a government and then worked it out, on comparatively new ground, in person, and that was the experiment, as he confessed it to be, of William Penn. Maryland announced religious liberty, but gave it up. Rhode Island, with a handful of people, achieved a success which, however, did not seem conclusive. But Penn, undeterred by lack of historical proof, unless these two little trials can be called proof, boldly trusted the soundness of this theory and upon it staked his fortune, his reputation, and the credit of his Religious Society, which he had more at heart, perhaps, than fortune or reputation. How well that trust was repaid, the whole history of our country emphatically tells. No one questions religious liberty in theory or practice and American institutions largely rest upon it.

Penn had another theory, which he welded with that of religious liberty, but whose triumph we cannot, as yet, assert with equal confidence. He would have peace. He would make no provision for offense or defense. There would be no forts, no militia, no ships of war, only police for criminals, and guns for wild animals. The history of this experiment is not so convincing as in the case of liberty. It was troublesome while it lasted and by most people would not now be pronounced feasible. When a French boat burned the town of Lewes about 1706, killing some people and carrying off others, men asked what would be done if it had been Philadelphia. When all the other colonies united in supplying men or means to attack the French possessions in Canada, they asked why should not Pennsylvania join in the common cause. When, as the result of injustice inflicted on the Indians by a non-sympathetic governor, they began to plunder and scalp on the frontiers, the question inevitably came up and was hard to answer: "What are you going to do about it?" And when the Presbyterians, the political opponents of the Quakers, declared that "To govern is absolutely repugnant to the avowed principles of Quakerism" it was not absolutely conclusive as a "tu quoque," though it was somewhat witty, to reply "To *be* governed is absolutely repugnant to the avowed principles of Presbyterianism." There was no completely satisfactory answer to these questions from the point of view of immediate utility.

Yet with all these difficulties of administration, it must be remembered that by hook and crook, by good faith or by shifty expedient, these early Pennsylvanians did make their policy work for seventy years. No martial force invaded their territory, no warlike expedition left their borders. The ideal

of William Penn *did* become largely a reality, and it did not break down in practice till alien doctrines and opposing ideals had first invaded its territory.

If these founders had been asked their underlying thought, though so far as I know they never expressed it so succinctly, they would probably have replied something like this: "We will act justly, even generously with all men, red and white alike. We will never be an aggressor. If attacked, therefore, we will always be in the right. We will not yield one iota of our rights willingly, but will defend them by all means which, in themselves, are right and honorable. We cannot fight, for we believe fighting is immoral, and we will not do wrong, even for a righteous cause. If there is no other alternative, we can suffer, as in the past we have shown a capacity to suffer in England, and conquered by suffering."

We cannot see just how, in the subsequent history of the country, all wars could have been avoided. We have not had such faith in our principles since Penn's day as to trust them. We have committed ourselves to the guidance of the ordinary forces which sway the destinies of nations and have taken our share of the ups and downs of public standards. The peaceful lesson of our northern frontier since the war of 1812 did not prevent us from driving a sad and demoralizing bargain with our southern neighbor in 1846. All the time the upward tendencies of humanity have been struggling for expression demanding their legitimate place in our development. They could not be crushed out. In untoward times they carried their load of opprobrium, ready to rise again when the nation came to itself.

A negro congregation adopted resolutions on the death of a minister, beginning: "Whereas, it has pleased an all-wise and unscrupulous Providence to

remove our dear brother —." Somewhat the same sort of providence has permitted wars and out of them has come much good. The growth of the world has been upward in spite of many hindering circumstances. You can find many evils, out of which good seems to have emerged. All that can be argued from this is that, in the play of forces tending every whither, there has been a resultant which has pointed upward. How much stronger this resultant would have been had many immoralities been restrained no one can tell. But sequence is not always consequence, and reasoning that a cause is holy because a result, which may have had many causes, is satisfactory can only be justified in the case of omniscience. He who seeks for enduring fame must find it in an advocacy of peace and justice. The glories of conquest and fighting are necessarily ephemeral, for they are simply an adaptation of opportunists to imperfect and immoral conditions.

In the ordinary events of life, involving no moral basis, we will properly judge the wisdom of a policy by its apparent results, but when it comes to a great national question involving a world-wide evil, we must trust more than ever we have done to moral law. We have ceased to trust to seeming utility when we build bridges; we go back to the unescapable laws of mathematics, and they do not fail us. The laws of physiology and bacteriology are ever more and more relied upon in the diagnosis and cure of disease. We trust them, and they are worthy of trust. Can we assume that the providence that provides by orderly methods for our physical needs has left the world without a standard of rectitude, upon which to base its far more important spiritual advancement in an orderly way? Let us trust this a little more, have less reliance upon guns and slaughter, upon

the reversal of the moral law involved in war.

This faith it is the place of our schools to maintain—the faith that civilization is better than barbarism, that good will triumph over evil, that sober thought becomes a people, rather than passion, that spiritual powers and rectitude of intention count for more than physical force, that there is an underlying moral law which determines progress and by which alone real prosperity is to be gained; that it is better to work in harmony with this law than against it, or to lie athwart its current.

Such a teaching will appeal to the best instincts of unspoiled young men. There is enough of mental and moral energy in it as a theory and in its development as a practice to stimulate their most enthusiastic loyalty and their best trained intelligence. Upon them, before they get the prevalent view, called by worldlings "getting there," and by modern philosophers pragmatism, rest the hopes of this triumph of civilization and religion.

But the schools must do something more than supply the inspiration. It is one of the just defenses of war that it develops, with much that is degenerating, certain moral lessons of high value. The ideas of exalted self-sacrifice, of willingness to endure hardness for a good cause, of persistent contest with difficulty, of the rigid discipline of the camp and battle-field, are taught in the case of those who go into it in the right spirit and with a good conscience, with striking success. Through them the nation is pervaded with a certain character which is opposed to a sensual, mercenary, selfish spirit, the bane of our modern material development; the spirit which produces the men who, as our President says, find "their faces to grow hard and cruel as their bodies grow soft." If the process of education

and evolution abolishes the wickedness and unreason of war, we must provide a substitute for its better side. Our schools must supply the habits and discipline necessary to meet the strenuous conditions of the times. They must cease to be simply easy and interesting, and with ever emphatic insistence demand work, the conquest of difficulties, the training which comes along with individual exertion, the habit which grows not from listening to stones, but from hard, often unpleasant exertion. They must learn that education which is worth while, comes from a few subjects fully mastered rather than from a glim-

mering of many pieces of information on the mental horizon. They must give the moral basis of a strong life, in habits which keep at a task until it is accomplished, in courage that cheerfully faces difficulty with a confidence in its inherent power to overcome, in a self-denial that gives the highest preference over the lower, and puts the heavens above the earth.

When our schools, from primary schools to university, breed such a race of men, there will be no need of war to teach virtue, and the last excuse for its existence, except at rare intervals as a necessary evil, will have disappeared.

Song

O let us keep
 To the open deep
 And trim our sails to the wind!
 Free as the gulls
 That the water lulls
 In the furrows we leave behind.
 Let us breathe the air,
 With never a care
 Of to-morrow or any day!
 When the "Princess V"
 Turns towards the sea,
 O we cast our cares away:
 With wind-blown hair,
 And foreheads bare,
 And a song for the sea to drown,
 Let us sing away
 The golden day,
 And return when the sun goes down.

HARRISON S. HIRBS, 1910.

THE FINAL RELEASE



I.

WO guns smoked at the same time, and both men crashed to the floor. The shuffling and hoarse mirth of the company gave way to an instant's curious hush. Even the violent music trailed off with a few parting shrieks into silence. Through the reeking and incense-laden atmosphere the dull yellow of the lamps gleamed with a weird softness, throwing distorted shadows over the motley array of faces.

One man lay still upon his face, as he had fallen. Beside the other a woman, a Japanese, was kneeling. She had lifted his head into her lap, and was gazing anxiously into his face. The man opened his eyes and smiled at her.

"Well, Mitsu, old girl," he murmured "it looks like the hook for me. How's Chapman?—boloed him, didn't I? Thought so, but never expected to make this much of a mess out of it." He looked disgusted. Then his eyes took in the crowd standing silently around. "Held up a moment to watch me slide off, did they? Ought to spare a little time for the man that's been setting the pace for them for the last few years. But get 'em to start up the music again. Finish the glide. A man doesn't want to die like the last hymn in prayer-meeting. Whatever you do, Mitsu, do it with bells on. That's the principle I've always gone by."

* * * * *

Some one shouted an alarm. Instantly the moment of suspense terminated, and almost as quickly the crowd had vanished from the room. The body they carried with them, but the wounded man they had not time to remove with

the necessary care, and the woman left him and escaped just as the Manila police broke in.

II.

"You see," he was saying, "people in Manila don't always find it convenient to have relatives. They're apt to be paddling the log pretty much by themselves."

The new nurse regarded him intently as she sat beside the bed. "They ought not to be. It's easy enough to write. How long is it since you've written?"

"Well, I left home when I was 15, and I'm 26 now. It took me a year or two to get acclimated."

"Then you mean you haven't sent them word for 9 years." She uncovered the ink bottle. "I'm going to write to them immediately."

"Who'll you write to?"

"I don't know. Tell me."

He lay on his side, gazing at her with as bored an expression as his extremely weak condition would allow. The soft glow of the lights was still in his eyes, and the odor of incense in his nostrils. He wondered if she understood the lazy, downhill life of the Orient, where not only ambitions fade, but the very soul itself becomes smothered. He felt easy over the lost idea of friends, relatives and connections, for friends and relatives belong to the realms of health and action, and to think of them and of the vacant life's responsibility to them irritates and rankles. And so, behind the hardened callousness of nine years he smiled at her in a tired manner and thought of the lights and the incense.

She persisted. "Isn't there someone still in whom you are interested, whom you think about just once in a while?"

He shook his head feebly. "No one—except Mitsu."

"Who's Mitsu? Oh! You needn't tell me." And then she drew her chair up closer and began speaking to him in slow quiet tones. She told him everything that he himself realized in his best moments, only she told it with the full glare of an unreluctant viewpoint, with occasional touches of sarcasm and many of pathos. She referred in well-directed terms to his life in Manila, and stamped unsparingly its self-immersion and debasing character. And then she turned to a contrast, and sketched the picture of someone far off in the States, waiting faithfully for him to meet his conditions and come home a man. And as she talked the picture as he knew it really was began to force itself more and more strongly upon him and year after year of callousness to drop off. And then she finished: "Last of all—I may as well be open with you—your chances of living are very, very small. You have been here in the hospital two days since you were shot, but you have not been improving. And now, what I'm asking is, that I may send home to them for you one last message, to tell them your true feeling, and end this awful period of blank."

"It's not a thing I'd do ordinarily," he said bluntly. "You're taking advantage of my weakness."

She answered as frankly: "I'm sorry it takes your weakness to make a decent man out of you."

His picture was becoming brighter. The uncomfortably contrasting present was fading out and the old vision being filled with warmth and color. After the years when the pain attending its recollection had forced it into the background of almost unbroken forgetfulness, it was coming back to him with all its early vividness. And most of all, he was about to die any way.

"Well," he remarked, "make it my mother. My father's not living, and

my sister's probably married now." He gave her some rapid directions. "Her name is Mary S. Naylor—not Brant. Brant's a name I thought would be more convenient after I'd been here a while"—and at this he stirred uneasily. "She ought to be living in Newton, Kansas. Tell her what condition I'm in, and that this is probably the last she'll ever hear from me. Sign it 'Joe.'"

He closed his eyes. "There! Now you do the rest. This isn't especially pleasant to me, and I wouldn't be doing it if it wasn't for you—and that I'm going to quit the game soon anyway."

III.

"Mr. Brant," said his nurse, "you wouldn't mind seeing a lady this morning, would you?"

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Brant.

The nurse gazed out of the window. "I must tell you about her. She has come way over here to look for her son from Kansas, I think. No one of the name has been heard of, but she felt so sure he was in the hospital that we've taken her to see every one here. And now you're the last and she still has a marvelous hope that you may be the one. We've had to tell her that he must have died, if he was here, but she's come so far and she won't give up. Please treat her as kindly as possible when she comes."

Brant was staring hard at a certain figure on the carpet. Four weeks ago, he could remember, a girl, who had long since left, had written a letter for him. It had been a strange letter, for Brant had thought he was about to die. But somehow or other he had lived on, and the things of life were beginning to take hold of him once more. And the weak character of that moment before Death was inconsistent with Life.

He reached under the pillow for his wallet and took out two pictures. One was a poor amateur photograph, of a

little woman in an awkward position, with an ill-chosen background. Brant had been induced to extract it, at that moment weeks before, from a soiled, sealed envelope, in which it had lain in an unopened recess of his wallet for seven years. The other was a brilliant portrait of a Japanese girl, smiling archly at him. After an instant Brant raised the little picture to his lips, and then put it back in the old envelope. But the second one he set up upon the table before him, and examined for some time.

The nurse re-entered. "She's here now—the lady I told you of. Now remember."

Brant looked up abruptly. "Just a moment. I want to see the doctor."

The doctor entered hurriedly.

"Doc," said Brant, "I want to be sure of something. I've been hanging on here now for four weeks. Give me your guess; is my music going to pick up the cornets and bass drum again, or am I merely making a tea-party exit? Let's have all six barrels straight,—is it live or die?"

"You'll live," was the short reply. "Bank on it."

"All right," said Brant. "Show the lady in."

The nurse did so, and passing out with the doctor, left them alone.

A little woman came forward timidly, after the door had closed. Her eyes centered upon the man who lay staring at the ceiling. Nearer and nearer she came and then a great last hope surged up within her. "Oh!" she exclaimed, and stopped.

Brant with an effort turned his head sharply and looked at her. Eleven years of life at Manila had changed his face remarkably, but she had seen something.

"Are—are you Joe?" she asked.

Brant endeavored to smile. "My name is Brant," he replied softly. He was looking at the slight figure, dressed

in the gray she had always worn. He recognized the little bows on her hat, and could not escape the careworn appearance of the face. A desire to gulp seized him, and he felt a queer sensitive spot in his character.

She was still leaning toward him tensely. She would not believe that the last hope had been thus easily taken away, and she still awaited his answer.

"Don't you know me, Joe?" It's eleven years since you went, but then you sent me this, don't you remember?" And she produced a crumpled little envelope and held it out toward him. "Oh you are Joe, aren't you?" she persisted.

Brant felt himself weakening and he took refuge in bluster. "Madam, I have impersonated various people in my life —" even he could go no further.

The harsh sounds seemed to bring something home to her and the hand that held the outstretched note fell limply to her side.

"Then—you—aren't Joe!" She spoke vacantly. After a moment she went on again, in a low tone, and apparently to herself. "Then he's not here, and I can't find him. He's gone and I will never find him. And they all said I wouldn't and told me not to come, but I was sure he would wait for me. And he did, but I was too late because it took too long."

The strain was becoming too much for Brant. He allowed himself to go off into bursts of hysterical laughter, and the next moment a nurse came into the room.

"You must be more careful with him," she told the little woman. "He's far from strong yet, and needs to be quiet."

"Good!" observed Brant to himself.

The little woman was looking frightened. "Oh, I didn't mean to disturb him, at all. Is he all right again now? I'm coming right out in a moment."

She watched the nurse leave the room

and then turned again toward Brant. He had closed his eyes and was lying still after his outburst. She stole quietly across to the bed and bent over him.

"He looks like Joe, and perhaps he's like Joe. I'll do it for Joe's sake." And she bent over and kissed him on the forehead.

Brant felt himself stiffen and grow rigid all over. His eyes closed themselves even tighter. His purpose was sliding away from him, and the pleasures of the nine years growing fainter and fainter. He knew that if she did it again he would put up his hands and hold her face there, and talk to her. And now he could feel her bending down over him again. * * * * *

Something on the table right beside the bed, disturbed by the little woman's movement, slipped and fell to the floor, carrying with it a spoon from the medicine glass. She stooped immediately and picked them up with anxiety. The first thing was a photograph of a Japanese girl in a graceful position—brilliantly finished. As she gazed at it with the growing consciousness of the distance there must be between this man's life and hers Brant opened his eyes and saw the picture. In a moment everything came back to him with a rush. He felt strong and free, and feasted his eyes upon the girl's face.

The little woman dropped the picture suddenly, and started to leave the room. But Brant called her back.

"Just a moment please," he said. "It's a long way to America and I don't believe you are any too well off. Please let me pay your passage back. I've got

lots of money, and I probably wouldn't use it in a way good for me." He handed her some bills. "Please use it when you go back."

But she didn't. She gave it to the matron outside instead. "You know," she explained, "there may be some poor man like Joe here sometime, who'll really need it. Give it to him for me, please."

"Then you didn't find him," said the matron. "I'm so sorry. But perhaps, after all, it's as well he's gone from the world. There's no one worthy of you here now."

And she showed the little figure in gray out into the city, where the sun still smiled lazily out of a blue sky.

IV.

That night Brant called to his nurse. "Would you mind sending a letter off for me?" And as she prepared, he went on: "It goes like this. 'To Mitsu Hoya San, Yank House, City. Drop that Kite fellow I know you're going around with, and drop him quick. There's no stock in you for sale, because I own it all, and when I get out of here in a week or so I'm going to hold a directors' meeting and lay out a program that will make the speed set of this burg take the count five times running. If you don't understand what this means, show it to Kite and respectfully remind him that, when another man fires a rocket into my arrangements, the other man sleeps with his fathers and the Kings of the Jews, while I merely enjoy five weeks in the hospital.' That's all."

And Brant rolled over and went to sleep.

R. L. M. U., '09.



THE LIMERICK



NEW developments in its field have ever been reluctantly recognized by Literature. We always hesitate to praise the products of our own time and generation, and are too apt to fall back on the masterpieces of former ages which we know we are safe in admiring. The pioneer in literary criticism treads a thorny path. But in spite of the dangers which attend such a revolutionary step, I feel convinced that we must recognize a new and distinct literary type. It is the *Limerick*.

The time has come for the Limerick to be studied analytically and historically. Canons are to be established, origins investigated and development of the species traced. Let us not neglect this, the latest expression of the soul of man.

In a general way we are all familiar with the Limerick, and here, as always, familiarity has bred contempt. The very simplicity of its verse-form and structure has caused the Limerick to be adopted by hundreds of poetasters who are unable to assail the Hall of Fame with any other weapons. It has been used by manufacturers for advertising purposes, we have seen it flaunted on flaring billboards in our great cities, in street cars, in pamphlets, in school papers. It has even invaded the privacy of college magazines.

But in spite of all these demoralizing influences, the Limerick stands firm in its dignified simplicity. I grant that it can be imitated by every one (I can do it myself), but not all Limericks are *real* Limericks. There are, as in the Society of Friends, Limericks by *birthright* and Limericks by *conviction*. Limericks by birthright are those that are Limer-

icks because they look like Limericks and sound like them. Their genesis is not far to seek. Let us try one home-made. The standard form for the first line of Limericks of this type is "There was a young woman of —," or "A —old man of —." This is recognized by all the prominent exchange editors, and we have but to supply a suitable adjective and a geographical name, real or fictitious. Let us start then "A convivial old man of Arpinum." We look up a rhyming dictionary and although the proper sacrifices have been made to the Muses, we find nothing striking to rhyme with "Arpinum." Let us therefore have recourse to the macaronic form—a favorite device in time of need. We then proceed as follows:

A convivial old man of Arpinum
Was accused: "Amas bibere vinum."

"You declare," he said,

"That it goes to my head,

But indeed I never have seen 'em."

What it was that he had never seen poetic license does not permit me to say. Authorities differ, but it is generally conceded that the demonstrations might have been of a reptilian nature.

And so we see that a Limerick "by birthright" is easy to construct. They are sometimes clever, but from their very conventionality and lack of spirituality we exclude them from our discussion and from now on by the *Limerick* we mean the true Limerick, the *Limerick by conviction*, the Limerick that thinks and speaks like a Limerick and "hurries us into sublimity."

Poetry has been defined as the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion, afterwards elaborated in periods of calm. The first quality of the Limerick to which I would call your attention is the wonderful way in which it conforms to

this thesis. "Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are strong meat" Martin Tupper tells us. In order that we may have a concrete example before us I will quote an average Limerick, which we may profitably analyze.

"There was a young monk of Siberia:
Of this life he grew wearier and wearier,
So he broke from his cell

With a — of a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior."

In these five lines we have a deep and significant psychological study. Laying aside all questions of whether the action of the monk is defensible on purely ethical grounds, we must admit the splendid sympathy, reticence and deftness with which this difficult subject is treated. We have the history of a soul as vividly depicted as ever Browning did it. And beneath the carefully chiselled phrases burns the white-hot fire of true genius.

The first line puts before us the protagonist in the drama. The second gives us the threatened tragedy. True poetry is not that in which we are told everything, but that in which just enough is told us to allow our imagination to supply the rest. In these first two lines we see outlined with firm, broad strokes the life-problem for this soul. No beating about the bush, no verbiage. It is done, and masterfully done, in fifteen words.

And what charming little pictures of Siberian monastic life are given us! The tinkle of the bell summoning to vespers echoes cheerlessly through the long snowy aisles of the northern woods. And while the monks are on their knees on the cold stone floor, down below in a comfortable nook sits the jolly abbot, sipping his ale and toasting his toes before the blazing fire. Over his fair round paunch, now warmed both without and within, his hands are piously folded. But the monk ruefully rubs his

knees and his bitterness increases.

The last three lines give us the monk's solution of the problem. We have seen his gradual passage from childlike faith to frank atheism; from vigorous optimism and religious enthusiasm to the cold despair where the sky glares brazen above him and the earth rings hollow beneath his feet. Finally he decides (with the Haverfordian poet) that "only human love gives human rest," and turns his tortured heart for consolation to the pure womanly nature of the Mother Superior. By degrees his faith begins to return to him, but after having completed the cycle, he sees the sham and mockery of his former existence. He converts his love to his belief, and with a last cry of farewell to the monastery walls where his spirit has so long bruised itself against the bars, they leave forever to learn from the breast of Nature a fuller and freer life.

Many Limericks, as this one, are what the Germans call *Tendenz-Schriften*—writings with a purpose. They present some problem or some phase of the great world-problem and attempt to solve it. Some, however, paint only the lighter sides of life: love, humor or the sheer joy of living. But in general the Limerick is to be regarded as the modern Fable.

For many generations the Fable has been a rather antiquated literary type, until our own day when it has reappeared under the guise of "Fables in Slang" or in other costumes. The fables of Æsop, Phaedrus, La Fontaine, Gay and others, fictitious tales in which generally animals and sometimes inanimate things were made to talk and act so as to teach some moral, naive and picturesque as they are, have now been superseded as living literary products by this more modern form, the Limerick, which, however, strives no less to inculcate some moral lesson. Let me quote

from the pen of Edward Lear, one of the earliest masters of the Limerick in our language.

"There was an old man of the Dargle
Who purchased six barrels of Gargle.

He said, "I'll sit still

And roll them down hill

To the fish in the depths of the Dargle."

These few lines, without any specifically expressed moral, emphasize in striking fashion the principle of kindness and sympathy toward all our fellow creatures. Aside from any geographical vagueness, the poem may be obscure if we do not realize the dramatic situation.

We are to imagine the old man as having contracted a severe inflammation of the larynx owing to exposure in an April rainstorm. In order to allay this he has bought six barrels of concentrated gargle solution at a wholesale drug store in the city, and has ordered them to be sent out to his country house, which is a picturesque villa in the Italian style situated on a hill overlooking the beautiful river Dargle. But while waiting for the gargle to arrive (it is being delivered by Adams' Express) he goes out into the garden to feed the gold fish and is there struck by a sublime and Christian thought. He reflects that the fish in the river, being continually exposed to a much greater dampness than that which caused his complaint, must stand in far greater need of the gargle than he; so when the barrels finally arrive he experiences a great-hearted joy in rolling them downhill to the fish, and picturing to himself the pleasure of the latter in receiving them. With these details in mind the artistic beauty and spiritual exaltation of the poem is readily appreciated; and the unexpressed but evident moral may be phrased *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

And thus we see that by applying the touchstone of imaginative insight the

interpretation of the Limerick becomes a fascinating avocation. The process of making these little rough-hewn specimens yield their hidden ore is a tonic and inspiring one. Unexpected vistas of truth burst upon the reader as he pulls aside bough after bough, and delving in mythology and critical appendices he excavates the carefully buried and skillfully concealed meaning.

For such a little gem, *merum sal*, the name *Limerick*, vaguely connotative of a Hibernian atmosphere, is unfortunate. But the real etymology of the word is the following: *Erichtho*, the famous Thessalian witch consulted by Pompey, was in the habit of writing her oracular utterances and prophecies on leaves and pinning them on the threshold (*limen*) of her shrine. The two words *limen* and *Erichtho* became fused and denoted one of these prophetic verses. *Limen Erichthus* (threshold of *Erichtho*) became one word and was finally contracted into *limerich*, which, to conform to modern pronunciation, became *limerick*. But the word has absolutely no connection with the Emerald Isle.

To those who will essay it in good faith and with receptive mind, a careful study of the Limerick will be found to be its own exceeding great reward. No more significant fact could be sought than that the form has been found worthy of being set to music in the immortal strains of our magnificent hymn—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

We must remember that the true classic does not necessarily call forth immediate enthusiasm. True poetry is not all spiritual zeal, nor is it all warmth of color; it is a proper proportion of both Hebraism and Hellenism. If we are looking for moral fervor and nothing else, we will not find it in the Limerick. If we desire only sensual beauty and the warm perfume of the summer night we will not find it in the Limerick. The

true, characteristic Limerick consists of a divinely artistic blending of the two, a literary Mocha and Java, if I may put it so. One word to the prospective student: never be deceived by the apparent simplicity and transparency of the Limerick. The interpretation of the two examples quoted should be sufficient to show that much may lie between the lines. On the surface all may seem clearer than crystal, but depend upon it underneath there are shadowy forms which grasp our very heart-strings and play upon them with the fingers of memory or desire.

I have neither time nor space here to go more fully into the beauties of the Limerick. The historical development of the type with its influence on the Minnesaenger and the Troubadours, the metrical scheme, the invaluable work it has done in calling attention to the eccentricities of our spelling, analogies with the ancient Greek choruses, the Sanskrit burlesque and the Latin *satura*, may be mine to discuss at some other time. The task of editing, of collating, of inter-

preting, is yet to come. But if I can convince one reader of the pleasure and value of a sincere and sympathetic study of the Limerick, of its dramatic, lyric and humorous possibilities, my words will not have been in vain.

"O ye who have your eyeballs vex'd and
tir'd,

Feast them upon the wideness of the
sea."

The sea of the Limerick is not one where the surge thunders upon the beach and the green combers defiantly fling the salt spray in our faces. Nor is it a mirror-like tropic sea of spiritual stagnation; but it is a blue, sunlit water dancing with whitecaps and merry with the breath of the fresh, cool breeze. As we fare onward in our bark the sail fills and the boat thrills to the keel with the joy of it all, and dim in the distance rise the shadowy blue islands where we know the shrine and the wood-nymphs are waiting. It is a sail with a goal, for Beauty is one with Truth, and both are embodied in the Limerick.

CHRISTOPHER D. MORLEY, 1910.



THE DECK HAND



HEAVY gale from the southwest was blowing and the broad golden path of the moon revealed the huge waves as they came in past the lightship, surged on for a mile or so and then dashed themselves to pieces on the rocky shoals along the shore of the mainland. The ship tossed and rolled, tugging violently at her cable. Every now and then great sheets of spray were thrown aloft, sparkled for a second as the lamps at the mastheads shone on them, and then splashed down on the decks. To windward as far as the eye could reach there was nothing but the broad stretch of surging water; to leeward there were the low, black cliffs and the surf among the shoals, gleaming white in the moonlight.

By day, one could see a little house on the cliffs; a little gray house with a red roof; the home of the light-ship's captain. For ten years a woman had lived in that house; one day out of each week the woman spent with her husband. Yet she was happy; a great deal happier than most women of her kind. Her little son absorbed a large part of her time, and the six days of her husband's enforced absence were taken up with lessons, walks together and all the things which are fitting for a boy's bringing up. It would be needless to say that both mother and son actually lived for that day to come around, the one *Day* in the week.

Long ago there had been a time when she had cared for another man but that time was past now and all she remembered of that affair was a rather stormy farewell on his part accompanied by some threats and an ill-chosen oath or

two. He had passed out of her life; at least so she thought.

* * * * *

A man staggered down the drenching decks of the light-ship. Everything seemed to be as usual except his actions, His presence there on watch was explainable but not the expression on his face. His features were set and white; as he gazed shoreward a triumphant gleam came into his eyes and he laughed a cold, harsh laugh. Then he clutched the railing for support as the ship gave an unexpected lurch. "Great God! how I have waited for this night," and he shook his clenched fists towards the companionway, "this night on which our captain below decks will learn that to tell a lie is a serious matter especially when that lie causes the subsequent downfall of a fellow being; and on which I shall accomplish the dearest object of my miserable life. No one need fear anything from me after to-night, for I shall be in the peaceful 'beyond,' where all men are equal."

Again the man gazed shoreward. Surely the fate which awaited the light-ship and her crew on those awful reefs was more terrible than the one he had planned for himself.

A glance at his watch told him that his time was nearly over. Ten more minutes and in the ordinary course of events, he would be relieved by the mate. Quickly he made his way to the bow of the ship. Once there it was a matter of but a few minutes to unwind the chain from the great mooring cleats; but he paused a second. For the first time in his career, his courage failed him; now, when the mere lifting of the iron which held the windlass stationary, would set the light-ship adrift. What if the crew should be aroused and he

should be prevented from performing that last office for himself which was to free him from all future worries. A cold chill ran through him as he thought of experiencing the fate he had planned for the others.

Then he regained his self-possession and with a steady hand lifted the catch from the windlass.

The ship plunged down into the trough of the sea; then as she rose on the crest of the next wave a terrific clanging was heard above the hurricane and the windlass spun around releasing the chain which rushed out through the pipes till the last link had disappeared into the sea. The next wave veered the ship around and she headed with deadly precision for the shore and the shoals.

The man rushed aft and leaping up on the rail steadied himself by means of the stern flag-staff. As he stood there, revolver in hand, the mate and the two other deck-hands appeared in the companionway and, led by first impulse, immediately hurried forward to find out what had happened. As the fearful truth dawned upon each man, he stood rigid on the spot, gazing at the white surf breaking over the shoals. Then another figure appeared and turned to go forward; it was the captain. He seemed to realize at a glance what had taken place and his face turned deathly pale.

A voice calling him by name drew his attention to the stern of the ship; he had heard it often before; it was the voice of the new deck-hand but what face was this which he now saw leering at him from the railing in the stern. There was no moustache and full beard, which, up to the day before had half concealed the man's lineaments. Instead he saw a pale, clean-shaven face, whose expression was the personification of hatred and evil contempt.

By this time the ship was rushing along at a terrific speed and the roar of the surge in on the shoals could now be heard above the gale.

The captain stood by the companion-way, unable to move. He seemed utterly incapable of action.

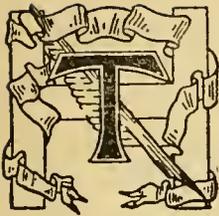
The man on the railing took something from his pocket and threw it down on the deck before the captain, who leaned over and picked it up. It was a small leather picture-frame and in it he beheld the face of his wife. Looking up quickly he gazed intently at the pale face by the flag-staff in the stern. Then suddenly the whole, horrible truth overwhelmed him; he knew now who this man was.

Down the deck he rushed but he was too late. A shot rang out and the man on the railing fell back, dead, into the sea.

J. W., '10.



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED NOT



O Singleton the situation seemed almost ridiculous. Here he was, seated at the piano playing sentimental music, while the object of his sentiment was in the adjoining room with the other man. In fact, the main object in his playing was to furnish him an excuse for leaving the others alone. He had had his opportunity; had spoken for himself. Would she marry him? Yes. But he knew that the question was pointless. A promise of former days, and her unswerving sense of honor made only one answer possible. Did she love him? And the answer was frankly, "No." He had sat thinking of the romance of the past, and the dreams he had had for the future. She had sat unmoved, and her eyes, when he looked at her, caused his to droop and evade them.

And then, unexpectedly, the other man had come. Worse yet, he had seemed determined to stay. For a while Singleton had made the best of it, and so had the other man; but things were decidedly forced. It was out of the question to leave at such an hour, without an excuse. At last sheer desperation had driven Singleton to action, and he had asked if he might play for them; and had refused the request that they might accompany him to the music room. And here he sat playing for them; as he told himself, making the rope to hang himself with. But no, his position was sure. He had her promise, and by Heaven, he would hold her to it. Brute? Yes, possibly. Well brute, then, — it. And if the two people in the other room had been listening to the music they would have noticed that the

loud pedal had been applied very heavily to a note which should have been scarcely audible. The discord of it jarred on Singleton himself. He might effectually discord all his moral principles, but let him beware his sense of the artistic. With his whole soul he threw himself into his playing. No need now to use the loud pedal to prevent him from hearing the remarks in the adjoining room. It was the musician that was playing now. He was playing as he played before the audiences whom he was accustomed to hold spell-bound at will. Mind and body, heart and soul, he gave himself up to the music.

In the other room, the conversation had from the first been of an absorbing nature, and had run in a single channel. Needless to specify the channel. The refusal was inevitable; but as she was saying the words her eyes spoke for her soul within her; and the man gazing into them guessed the whole. Their hands met, then their lips, in one long last kiss. Hayward arose. Then, for the first time they became conscious of the music. It was the "Evening Star," and never had either of them heard it rendered so before. But the music did not dominate their thought. It rather acted on it in a subconscious manner; it fulfilled it. Hayward stood behind her chair as they listened, her hand in his; and the dreams of a life-time were borne to them. Then the music stopped. Hayward released her hand and silently he went out. Gladys sat watching the fire. As in a trance she heard the music begin again,—and listened.

Singleton was quite familiar with the "Evening Star." Yet never before had he paid more attention to the technique of his work. It was the artist in him, not the man that was playing. But

habit overcame, and soon he played unconsciously, listening to his own music as if it were coming from another source; performer, and yet listener. It was at such moments, he thought, that his art attained its highest perfection. The music was speaking to him, and it bore him perforce to a level at which he did not frequently arrive. All that was noblest in his nature spoke through him and to him. And with this emotion came the thought of Gladys, and then of the resolution he had made but a moment ago. His hand faltered; but he played on, and the change had come. He whose soul was thrilling with the strains of the "Evening Star" was not the man who had just made a certain resolution concerning *Her*.

No; he knew now that it could not be so. Yet truly was he making the rope with which to hang himself. The hopes, the dreams,—he was giving up all. And a sob almost escaped him.

The piece was finished. But he began it again. And a soul—such a soul as Singleton had never known before, poured itself out through his music. The love which is giving, and which is realized in self-sacrifice only, surged within him.

Again the piece was ending. It was as if the only thing in his life was leaving him. With the gentlest but firmest touch he played the last note. Then all was a blank. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning, Gladys stood before him. She spoke not a word; but in her eyes Singleton saw, or thought he saw, that she knew his purpose.

"Gladys," he said, and his tongue lingered long on the word, "pardon me for what has been. And now, for the last time," and he took her hand, "farewell." Quickly he was gone, out into the night. And the Evening Star, low on the horizon, had for him, now and henceforth, a new significance.

GERALD H. DEACON, '09.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

On Thursday December 17, Mr. Chungting T. Wang, of Yale, addressed a meeting, presided over by Dr. W. W. Comfort. Mr. Wang was formerly secretary for Chinese students in the Tokio Y. M. C. A. and is President of the Eastern Branch of the Chinese Students' Alliance. In an intensely interesting manner he sketched the phenomenally rapid change of sentiment in China during the last few years toward Western Civilization and appealed for the interest of educated Americans for his native land. He especially emphasized the need of a virile religion and pointed out what Christianity has already done for his country. Y. C. Kwong '12, in a brief speech said that Chinese men of education were

going to foreign lands for their collegiate training with the purpose of returning home to show their fellow countrymen how they can help themselves.

This meeting was held in the interest of Robert L. Simkin '03, who is in Western China. J. Henry Scattergood, '96, made a short address, telling the men about Simkin and his life at Haverford. Thus we all feel that we have a deeper appreciation of China's awakening and a keener pride in the part we, as Haverfordians, are taking through our representative and his wife.

A radical change was made in the Mission Study Programme this year. Through the co-operation of Dr. Carl Kelsey, of U. of P., M. J. Lovell Murray,

of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee and Dr. McCrea, Associate Director of the New York School of Philanthropy, a course was arranged for the study of City Problems. The meetings are frequently addressed by men and women, prominent in Social Work and visits are made to Philadelphia and vicinity. Members of the class expect to close the season with a trip to New York.

Ramsey '09, who had charge of the Mission Study resigned as chairman of the Committee on account of pressure of

work and has been succeeded by Whitson '08, who is assisted by C. T. Clark '10.

The Haverford College Library Lectures were delivered this year by Dr. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., in Roberts Hall, on December 15, 17 and 18. The subjects of the courses were Amos, Hosea, Micah and Isaiah. All the lectures were well attended and very much appreciated.

Alumni Notes

The editors of the HAVERFORDIAN naturally feel that the Alumni, in giving us their subscriptions, are moved to do so largely by a sense of duty to the College. Without lessening their subscriptions and their responses to the calls of duty, we feel that the duty itself might be made more pleasant. This may be done through this Alumni Department. If this were to be enlarged to several times its present size, we do not doubt that every issue would contain something, at least, of interest to every subscriber. But to do this we must have the co-operation of the Alumni. The editors are not able to maintain correspondents in all of the large cities on their present stipendium. Nor are they even able to read all of the Philadelphia papers daily, in the hope of finding somewhere the change of address, or decease of an alumnus. They are only able to keep their ears open for events taking place within hearing distance, and to record what is sent them by a few of the more thoughtful Alumni. But if all the graduates would join with us in this department, we could make it a creditable magazine, and a

source of great pleasure to them. To do this, there would only be required five minutes of their time per month, and one postal card's worth of their personal property. We feel that this is a sacrifice every Alumnus can afford. The need for it you must realize. It remains only to repeat the petition for a little co-operation, and to thank the few conscientious members of the Alumni who have aided us in the past. We wish especially to thank Frank Eshleman, 1900, without whom even our present small Alumni Department would have been impossible. We hope sincerely that his example will be more generally followed in the future.

'90 Joseph N. DuBarry, Jr., is in the Sales Department of the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., 165 Broadway, New York.

'95 C. Clifford Taylor has associated himself with Platt, Yungman and Co., Insurance, 434 Walnut Street, Phila.

'95 Allen C. Thomas has been appointed Chief Clerk to the Board of City Commissioners, Philadelphia. He will enter upon his duties, January 1st, 1909.

'98 Harold P. Moon was married on December 2, 1908, to Miss Attaresta Barclay De Silver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. De Silver, at St. Matthias Church, Philadelphia.

'99 A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haines, on December 16, 1908.

'99 Ralph Mellor is now with the Kestner Evaporator Company. He expects to return to Philadelphia to live about the first of the year. He will continue, however, to run the farm at West Augusta, Va.

'99 Joseph P. Morris graduated last spring from the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is now assistant minister at the Chapel of the Prince of Peace, which is run in connection with Holy Trinity.

'99 E. Roberts Richie was recently elected to the position of President of the West Jersey Homoeopathic Society. He is still practicing medicine at Moorestown, New Jersey.

'99 Malcolm A. Shipley, Jr., now has St. Peters Church, at Hazleton, Pa.

'99 A. Clement Wilde is now with the Chicago City Railway. His address is 4932 Lakeside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

'00 J. M. Taylor is a member of the firm of Taylor and Ingalls, Mining Engineers. His address is Milford, Utah.

'02 On November 10, 1908, a son, John Perrigo Fox, was born to J. Sharpless Fox, '02.

'03 Hodgson, '03, and Arthur Crowell, '04, are at present on the island of Bohol, where they will remain for over a year, during which time they will continue their work on the U. S. Coast and

Geodetic Survey. They expect to return home by way of Europe.

'03 C. W. Kelsey finished in seventh place in a Maxwell Car, at the Light Car Automobile Races held in Savannah, Georgia, under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America, last November.

'04 W. P. Bonbright is in the Contract Department of the Russell and Erwin Manufacturing Company. His address is Box 408, New Britain, Conn.

'04 D. L. Burgess has entered upon his fourth year as master at Bootham School, York, England.

'04 Dr. H. H. Morris is a resident physician at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

'06 On Wednesday evening, December 23d, the Class of 1906 held their annual supper and business meeting in Lloyd Hall. The president, T. K. Brown, Jr., was re-elected for a temporarily indefinite term of office; the secretary-treasurer, R. Scott, was permanently re-elected. Those present were: Breyfogel, Brown, Carson, Cary, Crowell, Dickson, Ewing, Graves, Hopper, Morris, Philips, Pleasants, Sands, Shortlidge, Smiley, Stratton, Taylor. Letters were read from Harvey and Evans.

'08 The engagement is announced of Edward A. Edwards to Miss Sidney Garrigues, of Haverford, Pa.

'08 The engagement is announced of Winthrop Sargent, Jr., to Miss Frances Rotan of Waco, Texas.

'09 The engagement is announced of Mark H. C. Spiers to Miss Faith Randall, of Augusta, Maine.

EX-'10 W. C. Greene and John F. Wilson had verse in the Harvard Monthly for December.

Athletic Department

GYM SCHDUELE.

- Dec. 21—Interclass meet.
 Jan. 23—Quadrangular meet at Haverford; U. of P., N. Y. U., Princeton and Haverford.
 Feb. 19—Interscholastic meet.
 Mch. 6—Dual meet with Rutgers at New Brunswick.
 Mch. 12—Triangular meet at Haverford; U. of P., Lehigh and Haverford.

SOCCER.

MERION C. C., 2; HAVERFORD, 0.

The first game of the season was played on November 28th against the Merion Cricket Club on its grounds. The team was not in very good condition, owing to lack of practise but they put up good individual games. One of the scores was on a foul.

HAVERFORD, 1; PRINCETON, 0.

The soccer team defeated Princeton at Haverford on December 5th by the score of 1-0. A strong wind made the game exceedingly erratic and prevented any good exhibition of team work. Both teams showed lack of practice, but the Haverford team pulled together in the second half and made a good finish, with one goal to their advantage, made by Palmer on a fine shot from the right. Spaeth, for Princeton, did the most brilliant playing on the field. The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>Princeton.</i>
Hartshorne.....g.....	Strong
Brown.....r. f. b.....	Sherrill
Ramsey.....l. f. b.....	Spencer
Brey.....r. h. b.....	Kelley
Sharpless.....c. h. b.....	Bryan
Young.....l. h. b.....	Henderson
Palmer.....o. r.....	Hall
Moore.....i. r.....	Martin
Edwards.....c. f.....	Gillmore
Downing.....i. l.....	Spaeth
Cadbury.....o. l.....	Ober

Referee—Waldron. Linesmen—Furness and Hutton. Goal—Palmer. Time of halves—40 minutes.

HAVERFORD, 1; MT. WASHINGTON, 0.

The soccer team defeated the Mt. Washington Athletic Club team of Baltimore at Baltimore on December 12. The field was very muddy and this kept down the score. Haverford outplayed its opponents at all times.

The line-up:

<i>Mt. Washington.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
MacGill.....g.....	Hartshorne
Stoncipher.....r. f. b.....	Ramsey
Buyless.....l. f. b.....	Brown
J. Armstrong.....r. h. b.....	Brey
Briscoe.....c. h. b.....	Sharpless
Trotter.....l. h. b.....	Young
Williams.....o. r.....	Palmer
MacCrowe.....i. r.....	Moore
C. Armstrong.....c. f.....	Edwards
G. Armstrong.....i. l.....	Downing
Effinger.....o. l.....	Cadbury

Referee—Mr. Stewart.

HAVERFORD, 3; P. & R. Y. M. C. A., 1.

The P. & R. Y. M. C. A. team was defeated by Haverford on Walton Field on December 19th, by a 3 to 1 score.

The field was muddy and fast playing was impossible. Haverford had things its own way in the first half, but in the second half the visitors played very much better and gave Haverford a hard fight. Russell scored first on a well-centered shot from Palmer.

The game closed with a goal for each side. P. and R. played a clever individual game, but lacked team work.

The line-up:

<i>Haverford.</i>	<i>P. & R. Y. M. C. A.</i>
Hartshorne.....g.....	Smith
Brown.....l. f. b.....	Murphy
Ramsey.....r. f. b.....	Wright
Young.....l. h. b.....	Kirkby
Young.....l. h. b.....	Kirkby
Sharpless.....c. h. b.....	W. Anderson
Brey.....r. h. b.....	Borton
Cadbury.....l. o.....	Maguire
Crowell.....l. i.....	Tapsley
Edwards.....c. f.....	J. Anderson
Russell.....r. i.....	Greenhalgh
Palmer.....r. o.....	Tweddle

Goals—Palmer, Russell, Crowell, Maguire. Referee—Bennett. Linesmen—Underhill and Ward. Time of halves—30 minutes.

HAVERFORD, 2ND, 4; EPISCOPAL, 1.

The only game the second team has played this season was with Episcopal Academy on December 12th at Haverford. The school boys put up a good fight and kicked the ball well, but lacked team work. The line-up:

<i>Haverford, 2nd.</i>	<i>Episcopal.</i>
Worthington.....l. o.....	Porter
Crowell.....l. i.....	Mackinen
Pennypacker.....c. f.....	E. Harris
Bryne.....r. i.....	Frazer
Stokes.....r. o.....	Lewis
Lowry.....l. h. b.....	Stoeffel
Winslow.....c. h. b.....	P. Harrie
Lutz.....r. h. b.....	Meade
Lewis.....l. f. b.....	Nichols
Tostenson.....r. f. b.....	Bottomly
Deane.....g.....	Banner

Goals—Worthington, 2; Crowell, 2; Mackinen. Referee—Philips. Linesmen—Furness and Wharton. Time of halves—40 minutes.

CLASS TEAMS.

On Saturday, December 12th, a team composed for the most part of Freshmen, with one or two men from Westtown, was defeated by the Westtown School team by a score of 2 to 0.

On Tuesday, December 22nd, the Sophomore class team was defeated by the Westtown team at Westtown in a very poor game, also by a score of 2 to 0.

INTERCLASS GYM MEET.

The third annual interclass meet for the banner presented by the class of 1897 was held in the gymnasium on Monday evening, December 21st. The meet was an exciting one on account of the close result. Until the last event any one of the three upper classes might have won it. The juniors succeeded in winning the meet, beating the Seniors by only three points. The result was: 1909, 32 points; 1910, 35 points; 1911, 28 points; 1912, 14 points.

The events in detail were as follows:

- Horizontal Bar—1st, Bard, 1909; 2nd, Bryne, 1909; 3rd, Worthington, 1911.
- Side Horse—1st, Philips, 1910; 2nd, Sharpless, 1909; 3rd, David, 1910.
- Parallel Bars—1st, Mason, 1910; 2nd, Edwards, 1910; 3rd, Russell, 1911.
- Rings—1st, Wallerstein, 1912; 2nd, Lewis, 1911; 3rd, Philips, 1910.
- Club Swinging—1st, Shoemaker, 1909; 2nd, Bailey, 1912; 3rd, Myers, 1909.
- Tumbling—1st, Edwards, 1910; 2nd, Roberts, 1912; 3rd, Bard, 1909.
- Horizontal Bar (Novice)—1st, Birdsall, 1911; 2nd, Clark, 1911; 3rd, Wadsworth, 1911.
- Side Horse (Novice)—1st, Kleinz, 1911; 2nd, Steer, 1912; 3rd, Moore, 1909.
- Parallel Bars (Novice)—1st, Birdsall, 1911; 2nd, Thompson, 1909; 3rd, A. Young, 1911.
- Rings (Novice)—1st, Morris, 1910; 2nd, Fay, 1909; 3rd, Clark, 1910.
- Tumbling (Novice)—1st, Spaulding, 1910; 2nd, Boyer, 1911; 3rd, Birdsall, 1911.
- Rope Climbing—1st, Mason, 1910; 2nd, Bard, 1909; 3rd, Hartshorne, 1911.



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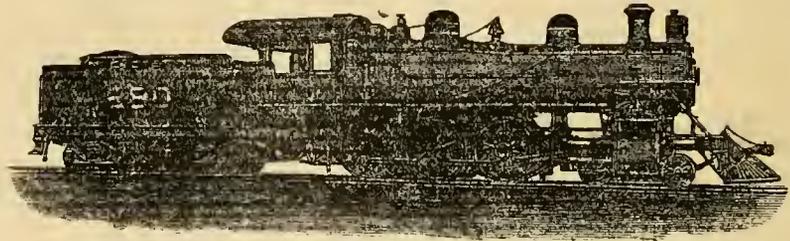
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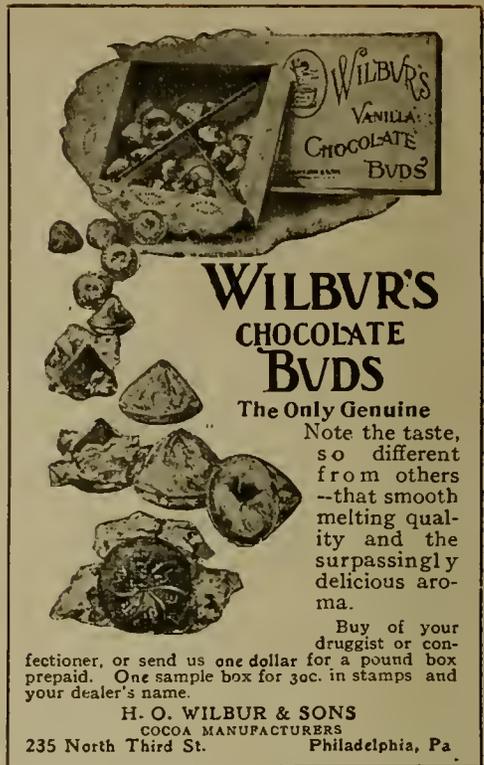
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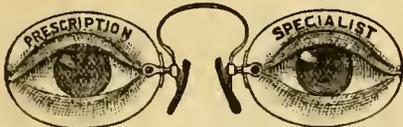
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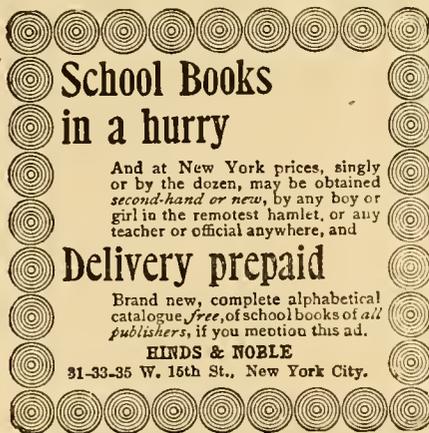
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MEN'S FINE FURNISHINGS

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Special. Will show Tenth Month, First, an entirely new idea in Vests. We would like you to call and examine. It is known as Vestwo.



AFTER an activity of thirty years as the sole undergraduate publication THE HAVERFORDIAN has now an opportunity for dividing a part of its responsibility. The most onerous burden is to be placed—at least for a time—upon younger shoulders. At the close of this volume it is proposed to discontinue the “Athletic” and “College” Departments. While it is important that College events should be chronicled and reported to the Alumni, these news departments tagged on at the end of the HAVERFORDIAN appreciably retard its literary flights. Any one of the editors who has served his apprenticeship in these departments will testify to the truth of this statement. And the news which these departments gather is moth eaten and dusty long before the next month’s magazine appears.

It has for some time been the desire of the HAVERFORDIAN Board to alter somewhat the character of the publication by endeavoring to make it more nearly a literary magazine. But this was impracticable owing to the necessity of publishing athletics and other College news for the benefit of our Alumni readers. It now seems possible to carry out our desire.

Upon the 15th of this month is scheduled to appear the first issue of the *College Weekly*. This is to be a four-page newspaper appearing every Second-day evening throughout the college year. Its function is to be wholly the collecting and publishing of College news and this news will be at least tepid, if not actually hot, by the time it appears in print. There will be no effort at literary merit beyond the clear presenting of its subject matter and it is to be judged not from literary standards but by the amount, quality and truth of its news.

The *College Weekly* is sanctioned by the President and faculty and approved by the HAVERFORDIAN which it will in no way oppose but which it will relieve and supplement. During the experimental period it is to be wholly a private venture. The whole responsibility for its management rests upon its publishers. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Price, one dollar per year (thirty weeks). It is hoped to establish a lower joint rate with the HAVERFORDIAN a little later. Address all communications to the *College Weekly*, Haverford, Pa.

HAVING completed betimes the final duties of the concluding number it will perhaps be pardoned if we sit back

for a few minutes and philosophize a little in our editorial chair before rising to withdraw gracefully before the next incumbent.

**A Little
Blue Smoke**

There would appear certain advantages in supporting a monthly magazine that may not be evident to him who runs as he reads. There is always some form of college energy which finds literary expression of one sort or another and it is well for there to exist an organ of some sort for manifesting this expression. The mind of the undergraduate is an interesting study psychologically. The purposes, the whirls, the diametrically opposed forces which during the four years spring up, flourish and die away again are complex and enthralling. They seem, looked back upon, but a confused mass, yet it was just this pulling and shoving and twisting—entirely without plan it all seemed—which formed for you whatever mind you have. The college magazine reflects all this more or less accurately. To the more than casual observer it is thoroughly instructive to examine into these fearsome productions to ascertain the adolescent mental processes which produced them. To select the work of any reasonably prolific contributor and to compare his first contribution with the middle one and that with the last, affords a true delight to the student interested in the blossoming of consciousness and the forming of a personality—even embryonic. Such a record is worth while keeping, however crude and imperfect it appears superficially.

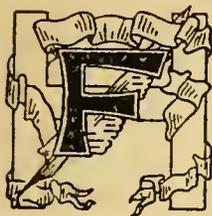
For those in whose hands lies the conducting of the magazine there is also a value to it—perhaps more, actually, than for any one else. To gather in material from all sources, to weigh it, to judge upon its worth—all this is training of a more valuable sort than might at first appear. By the mechanical de-

vices of shears and paste to transform a "big blooming buzzing confusion" into some semblance of homogeneity is not without a disciplinary worth. But the great value of the magazine lies in its absoluteness. There is no getting from under it. There is no putting it off till a more convenient season. The magazine is due to appear upon a certain date and you are responsible for its appearance on that date. There is no one else you can lay the responsibility upon. Weather, midyears, vacation, previous engagements, inclination or disinclination affect the date not a jot nor a tittle. You think you are burdened down with other work. You cannot procure enough material. It makes no difference. Nothing makes any difference. The magazine must be issued then. There is no escaping it. No matter how insignificant you may consider it, it is inexorable. It is fatal and whatever is fatal is a teacher worth while.

The Board takes pleasure in announcing the election of James Whitall, 1910, Editor-in-Chief, for the ensuing year. Christopher D. Morley 1910, has been elected a member of the Editorial Board and Harrison S. Hires, 1910, Business Manager. In giving up the work to the new Board we desire to extend our best wishes for success in this task which has been so pleasant to us. We are deeply grateful to the many who have aided us in the past year by contributions or otherwise. Our especial thanks are due to the following:

Pres. Sharpless,
 Pres. Woodrow Wilson,
 Jas. Wood, '54,
 Edw. Bettle, Jr., '61,
 Dean Palmer,
 Dr. R. M. Gummere, '02,
 Wilbur H. Haines, '07,
 W. P. Bonbright, '04.

THE LIBRARY



FIFTY years ago we had at Haverford two literary societies which met at stated intervals through the college year to read original compositions both in prose and verse. The excellence of the literary output may be called in question, but no one can deny the zeal of the members. They aimed high, though they did not always hit the mark. In the words of the poet of the Everett Society, their habit was to

“Flirt with the Thunderer’s daughter.” Many were the restrictions imposed on them; they could not “see life” while in college, and the few who did were compelled to see it at once from a point outside the college grounds—and permanently. This had a limiting effect on the worldly wisdom of their Muse. Young poets aspired to mount heavenward on wings; like the young gentleman in the old myth who tried a flight too near the sun and gave his name to the sea into which he consequently fell. Prose writers read Macaulay in dark corners and rushed forth prepared to deal with any national problem. They debated, too:

“We grappled with every topic,
So the great world could come to no harm;
Sometimes our discussions were tropic;
They never were other than warm.
While the statesman were still undecided,
And doubtful and dumb and perplexed
You settled the question, or I did,
And tackled the next.”

If they had always written verse of the quality just quoted—from a poem by

Joseph Parrish, '62,—any remarks by present writers on their attainments would be presumptuous.

Some of them translated gems from the classics; there is a masterly rendering of Horace’s *Integer Vitae* ode by some flaxen-haired bard of seventeen or so; (they went to college earlier than we do now), and all kinds of random shots at Virgil, Homer, Pindar and representatives from the modern languages. Fanciful names were taken; and the late C. E. Pratt, '70, wrote some verses of genuine feeling under the pseudonym of “Olen,” the prehistoric poet,—one of which may be seen in the recent collection of “Haverford Verse.”

There was a reason for all this activity. Literature of a modern kind had to be got from private outside reading. There were no English courses as we have them now. Perhaps this accounts for the unchecked flights they used to take in those simpler days, when a man moved towards the front of the stage in a franker mood than now. It was a sympathetic and not an analytic era. Perhaps also the nearness of the Civil War, either in past, present or future, made them more earnest. Nowadays we follow the example of the kindergarten method in our college literary activities. A man is gently molded, during his college course; his rough corners are knocked off, and he is made ready for the future by what may be called the refining process. Then, he collected strength and kinetic energy like a rolling snowball, and struck the world with a thud; either bursting through the crust of general approval, or becoming annihilated because of his over development along the lines of his favourite avocation. Now, he has trouble because of his uni-

formity; then, because of his deformity and crudeness, which either made him or marred him at once. He sat in corners expanded, and thought high thoughts; we of the present are so contracted by our system of compression that the high thoughts are often squeezed out.

But this is not an attempted analysis of nineteenth century grey matter. I want to bring out the value and the pleasure of private reading. A certain famous American writer and politician of those days had read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, out of school hours at the age of fifteen. But I am not apprehensive of a general rush to the Roman History stack in the Library. We are too shrewd to read Gibbon now; it would be a waste of time when we can read Myer's history and then pass on to a small handbook giving the outlines of the career of another nation, readable and digestible in three hours like a new breakfast food.

One might rhapsodize in Elia fashion over that north wing of the Library. The genial heat from a conscientious furnace roars through the register like a bull of Bashan, and we sit in toasted contentment with a book, oblivious till the bell rings for lunch and "moaning" practice. A friend of mine was locked in once while absorbed in Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. He remained oblivious until it was too late for the Washington Pie, and told me he consoled himself with the *Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*. There is a special shelf which delighted a gentleman now one of the leading legal lights of Philadelphia,—you all know him—filled (the shelf, not the gentleman) with recollections of hunting in Africa, and prehistoric anthropology in general. His instructors always used to wonder what made him fill his themes with bush-whackers and Hottentots. A third sleuth could always tell you where

the Bohn translations were; and a fourth had an ingenious system of lengthening the calendar year for overtime books and miraculously including Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* along with Bois-sier's *Fin on Paganisme* in one volume. He must have gone on the theory of Sam Weller, who, if he thought his father didn't wish him to have a certain thing, just took it and said nothing about it in order "not to give the old 'un unnecessary worry,"—or words to that effect.

Such are the joys of our library; there we have friends who turn their backs on us, it is true, but have greetings for us even when we cut them. They are always frank and open with us when we get close to them. They can keep a secret except when we are so rude as to communicate our thoughts to them in writing; and don't mind being laid on the shelf provided that they understand our good will toward them and our intention to call again.

There are many exhortations—Law's *Serious Call* and Jack London's *Call of the Wild*: but who of us in his right mind can withstand the Call of the Book? Many a loafer has been recalled to action, many an idle tobacco-inhaler has been brought up with a round turn by the wheedling, coaxing, summons of octavos or Quarto. Some of them dress well, straight from the tailoring of Mac-Millan or Houghton and Mifflin. Some of them are shabby-genteel and shy for that reason. And others are so sick at heart from their dishevelled appearance that they have to lie on their sides in order not to show the patches. But they all call us with a chorus of many voices; they spoke to those fellows of 1860 amid all their Greek, Latin, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; and shall we not visit them as the fellows of 1860 did?

R. M. GUMMERE, '02.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH WAITRESS

I. THE UNDOING OF OLIVER CROMWELL JONES.



BARBARA was the unquestioned belle of the Park Avenue kitchens. I wonder if the mistress of the house ever knew how much her back-door ser-

vice owed to the pretty little Irish waitress. To get into her good graces was the constant ambition of many distributors of domestic necessities, and it was for this reason that the ice man used to leave a larger cake every morning than ever figured on the bills. The milkman would set aside the richest cream for Barbara, and used to come in and put the bottles in the pantry himself. "You might drop them," he said. But he always wanted to be thanked for doing this, and many a little scuffle took place behind the pantry door. You see, the cook was fat and good-natured, and didn't mind. She had seen the world, for she had thirteen children and had buried two husbands. She often used to say to Barbara—"It takes twinty inches off'n me waist-line to look at yez!" and then she would go on basting the chickens for dinner.

Many an ambassador who had formerly come to the front door (in that aggravating way that tradesmen have) now left his wares at the back of the house in order to have the chance of a moment's repartee with quick-witted Barbara, and many an irate householder missed his cheese or his cider at supper because the driver of the grocery wagon spent his time in concocting fulsome compliments instead of urging on his jaded steed. In fact the backyard gate

became so popular that before long it gave way under the strain; and when the carpenter made four visits before the job of putting on a new hinge was completed, and always stayed to supper in the kitchen, *paterfamilias* declared that never again would he engage an unmarried artisan.

And so it went, all down the line. The man who brought the marketing would leave an extra apple for her, "rosy as your cheek, my dear-r" he used to say in his aggravating drawl, and Barbara would catch the pretty compliment in mid-air and hurl it back maimed and bruised to the speaker. Her quick wit and her utter self-sufficiency were her only weapons against so many admirers, for many a humble heart beat the faster beneath its ragged coat-sweater at the thought of the black hair, grey eyes and tip-tilted nose of little Barbara.

She was an outrageous little coquette, and for a long time she kept them all at bay. They all worked furious to win her favor, even the garbage man performed his carrion tasks in a debonair and sprightly fashion, and wore a red, red rose in his button hole. He was a romantic fellow, that garbage man, and it was rumored around the kitchen table that he had broken many hearts. At any rate he had once served in a hash house in Boston, which lent him additional social prestige. But that is another story.

Of all those who ever drove a delivery wagon or mailed a penny Valentine there was none more self-confident or self-satisfied than he who distributed the baker's products. His name was

Oliver Cromwell Jones, he said, which shows that his parents were people of imagination. He was a dashing rascal and wore a bright red tie with a brass pin in it. All the waitresses on Lennox Street had long since capitulated to his bold and blatant advances, and when he first saw Barbara a thrill ran through him and he determined to add another scalp to his list. "Ain't she the cute thing?" were his first words, and he proceeded to chuck her under the chin. At first Barbara was somewhat frightened by his free and easy ways, but finally she grew rather to admire him. He was so self-assured, so brazen, she said to herself. She liked *bold* men!

But there was one fly in Oliver's ointment, and this was Policeman Morison of the North-western District. Big and silent and shy, he was as different as possible from the noisy baker's man, and though Barbara laughed at him, and made fun of his big feet and awkward ways, little by little she grew to look forward to his visits and to appreciate his respectful attitude towards her. And little by little the familiarity and rude endearments of Jones grew distasteful. And then one day he came in with his breath smelling of liquor, threw his arms about her and tried to kiss her. She screamed and tore herself away, her face blazing with indignation. But even then Oliver did not realize that he had gone too far.

A few days later, according to his convivial habit, Oliver had dropped in to take lunch. It was snowing outside and bitterly cold, and the warm kitchen was very comfortable. After the manner of his kind he was drinking a cup of well sweetened tea with the spoon tilted against his cheek, when steps were heard in the dining room. Barbara's face changed. "Quick," she said. "Get into the cellar and hide. If the Mrs. saw you here my job wouldn't be worth a

fly-paper in January!" And she hustled him through the door and he plunged down the dimly-lighted cellar steps just before the mistress of the house came in.

"Barbara," said that lady, "when James comes tell him to clean the snow off the front pavement."

"Yes'm," said Barbara.

"I'm going down to the cellar for a minute to look at my preserves," continued Mrs. Harrison, and with that she opened the door and descended.

Barbara and the cook gazed at each other in suppressed excitement. Suddenly a faint scream was heard, and with a rustle of skirts Mrs. Harrison came rushing up the cellar stairs in very great agitation. "Oh," she cried, hurling herself against the door at the head of the stairs, and locking it, "there's a man in the cellar!"

Piercing shrieks on the part of the cook and Barbara attested their astonishment.

"My gracious," gasped Mrs. Harrison, "it's a wonder we weren't all murdered in our beds. To say nothing of the silver," she added hysterically. "Help, Help! Police!"

And then a tap was heard at the back door and the genial face of Policeman Morison appeared. The sight of the familiar blue-clad defender of the law and the substantial truncheon restored Mrs. Harrison's equanimity. "Oh officer," she said, "I'm *so* glad to see you. There's a murderer in the cellar!—*do* go down and take him in charge." The light of duty shone in the eyes of the stalwart "cop" and admiration of such bravery was reflected in Barbara's. He tightened his belt and descended the stairs. The women waited in silence. Sounds of a heated altercation arose from the cellar, and then a furious scuffling and thumping. At length the policeman reappeared,

somewhat dishevelled, impelling the irate Jones, whose wrists were securely handcuffed. The latter attempted to speak, but Morison placed a large hand over his mouth.

"Coom along, me man," he said, not unkindly. And then as Barbara kissed her hand to the delighted policeman, Oliver Cromwell Jones realized for the first time the extent of his undoing.

II. THE KATABASIS OF XENOPHON.

In the third floor back a light was burning, for Barbara lay snuggled up in bed reading "The Sorrows of Lady Janet, or The Butler's Revenge." From the other side of the room came an uneasy whistling and moaning, which was not the cold winter wind that rattled at the window panes. Underneath that well-rounded mound of bedclothes lay the cook, who, being fat and forty, no longer stayed awake at nights to read novels.

But Barbara, undisturbed by these sounds of culinary repose, was deep in Chapter LXI.

"Out upon you," shrilled the Marchioness, her voice trembling with rage and fear. "Will you strike a defenseless woman? Have mercy on my youthful innocence!" But from the black and distardly heart of the Butler came no answering flicker of humanity. The wind sighed desolately in the weeping willows and funereal cypresses, and only the sorrowful and dispassionate moon shone down upon the garden, lending to the statues a ghastly pallor. A hand was upraised, a knife glinted in the moonlight, and in another instant a pure and loyal woman's heart would have been stilled forever when—

Barbara's overwrought nerves jumped and she hastily put out the light as there came a faint tap at the door. "Who's there?" she said timidly.

"Oh Barbara," came the response in the querulous tones that Mrs. Harrison always used when her hair was in curl papers, "Won't you go down and let Xenophon in? I'm so sorry to trouble

you—I would go myself, but you know my bronchial tubes—"

Mrs. Harrison's bronchial tubes were more trouble than anything else in the household except the gas pipes.

So Barbara carefully put the book under her pillow and stepped from her warm bed. Shivering slightly she arrayed her shrinking form in a white blanket, and lit a candle. Shielding it with her hand from the wanton draughts she descended the stair like a vestal virgin of old.

Xenophon was a large and exuberant black cat, who had been reared from infancy by the Harrisons, and was the great pet of the family. He had his own special saucer in the dining room, his favorite cushion in the parlor, and in the photograph album his likenesses vied for supremacy with those hot-climate pictures of little Alice. When aught was amiss with Xenophon there was trouble in the house. When a fish bone went the wrong way the whole family stood around in anxiety and commiseration until he succeeded in extricating it. And when the fly-paper—but that is another story.

Xenophon was an amiable and condescending cat, but he had become Barbara's pet aversion. I put it to you frankly—would you like to be summoned from a warm bed at midnight to let Xenophon in? To be interrupted at your meals by the query "Barbara, has Xenophon lunched yet?" And it was only yesterday that she had been having a cozy talk with Policeman Morison when in came Mrs. Harrison, and the

bluecoat had to hide behind the stove while Barbara went 'down cellar' to find out why Xenophon was wailing so.

And then, to add insult to injury, Mrs. Harrison wanted to know where the smell of burning came from!

All these things passed through Barbara's wilful head as she creaked down the backstairs, and she vowed by all the diseases in the Peruna almanac that she would find a means of getting rid of Xenophon.

The key screeched in the lock, and at the sound the frenzied appeals outside ceased. The back door swung open and admitted a blast of chilly air and a snow-flecked but rejoicing cat. He rubbed himself against Barbara's chaste-ly blanketed legs and purred so gratefully that her warm heart relented and she found him a morsel of chicken. But when she regained her room and found that the matches had given out and she could not learn the fate of Lady Janet, her wrath returned. She fell asleep saying to herself in the words of the infamous Butler—" 'Tis he or I—the one of us must go!"

The next morning she studied the list of poisons in the Peruna book, but as she went about her work Xenophon seemed especially affectionate, and she felt like a murderess. But an opportunely caught mouse suggested to her a more expedient plan, and she hardened her heart.

The shades of evening descended, as they always do, and Barbara laid her plans. In the pantry she arranged a concatenation of temptations which she knew no right-minded cat could possibly resist. On the top shelf, where the punch bowl and cut glass were kept, she placed a piece of chicken breast, on the next shelf (where the blue china was) she put a wing, on the next shelf a leg,

on the ice chest a saucer of milk. The house was quiet, the cook had gone up, all except herself were in bed when the rite began. With a coaxing caress she lured the unsuspecting Xenophon to the pantry and let him in. The mouse was released from the trap, and shutting the door on the two, she fled upstairs.

* * * * *

It was about two o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Harrison, who slept with both ears alert, woke up with a start and nudged the Professor. "George!" she said in an excited whisper, "George! I heard a noise! There are burglars in the house!" "Nonsense, my dear," murmured the Professor, who was sometimes jocular—"it was merely a crash towel!" But Mrs. Harrison was not satisfied, and when at seven o'clock the cook viewed the wreckage and fled shrieking to her she was prepared for the worst.

"George," she said, as they were eating their breakfast from the kitchen china, "Xenophon must go. The wretched animal has ill repaid us for our loving care. Our punch-bowl is gone. Our cut glass is shivered to atoms. Our Delft china is no more. The plate that Grandpa used when he was a child is broken into countless fragments. The children will be desolate, and I deplore it myself, but in self-defense we must get rid of the cat."

The Professor surveyed the ruin outwardly aghast, but behind his spectacles there was an inappropriate twinkle. "No more dinner parties yet awhile" was his ill-chosen comment. But his spouse turned on him, and he subsided.

So at ten o'clock the S. P. C. A. wagon called, and Xenophon, like his distinguished namesake, went on a long journey.

THE

C. D. MORLEY.

THE SECOND OFFENCE



No. 6007 gazed gloomily over the programme. At the top was the statement that the performance took place under the direction of Warden Johnson. Save, however, for this one indulgence in the ordinary forms of nomenclature, the sheet looked like a problem in advanced mathematics. The first number, it stated, would be a male quartet composed of Nos. 5789, 5891, 5874, and 6014. Next No. 8984 would appear for a few moments to execute a song and dance. This would be followed by some minstrels—end men Nos. 5850 and 5862. Lastly would be presented a one act play, and No. 6007 found himself automatically adding up the column of the cast and wishing for a pencil with which to record the result at the bottom. He crushed the paper in his fist and his gaze dropped to the floor from the habit of many years.

Across the aisle sat chattering men and women from the nearby village, all eagerly awaiting the forthcoming exhibition of incarcerated art. They were the subject of much curious comment from the opposite contingent. His inside comrade observed to No. 6007 that the prison authorities deserved the severest censure for thus restricting the village social season to only one convict's concert, at Christmas, and adding sorrowfully that even that was growing less and less exclusive each year. 6007 did not hear him. He alone appeared to lack the courage to stare at the people across the way with the amount of bold interest that was generally current. But his attitude did not disturb his companions. They had known him for sometime—many of them for the full

ten years—and the novelty of his case had passed off. There had been various reasons given for his eccentricity; he was an old man, he was throwing an overdone appearance of good behavior, he had wrecked a bank—and that naturally put him on a superior plane. At any rate No. 6007 continued to renounce the ordinary pleasures of prison life for an unnecessarily downcast demeanor.

Just now he was thinking of his son. The death of his wife had been made known to him some time before, but his son, he felt confident, although he had no news of him for years, was alive and successful. He would see him now in a few days, as his term was about to expire, for he felt sure he could trace the boy's whereabouts. 6007 made up his mind he would be worthy of his son. He assured himself that he was not too old, and that the world would treat him fairly. There was still a link connecting him with society, and he would regain his old place, by any effort that might be necessary. The days when he looked out through the river barrier and envied the stokers on the most rickety and uproarious of excursion steamers he decided were to become past. After to-night he would look any one in the eye, except, perhaps—and he trembled to think of the time he would first come under the condemning examination of his son. 6007 felt proud of that son, and as he sat up straighter through admiration for him he became conscious that the programme had not only commenced but had progressed to the second number.

No. 8984, who was scheduled for the song and dance, seemed to have preserved the necessary requisites very effectually from the melancholy usually attendant upon the workings of the Bertillon System. 6007 watched his

confidence and ease with sorrowful amazement that such gross self-assurance could still exist in a person in his position. His talkative neighbor informed him that the young fellow was under a thirty-five year sentence for forgery, two of which he had already served at Auburn, and had only been transferred within the past week. 6007 could not remember having seen him before, but then 6007 took small notice of things anyway.

The performer was making a hit, and responded to numerous recalls. Finally, through a failure of musical encores, he lapsed into monologue. Suddenly a familiar note in his references seemed to strike 6007.

"When we lived in 72nd Street," remarked the entertainer gaily, "for I lived in 72nd Street before the vacancy of this berth in Corridor 9 was brought to my respectful attention, there used to be regular meetings of an old crowd. Poor old dad was ringmaster. He led off every session of lobster Newburg with a story that ran like this." And as the speaker went on No. 6007 stiffened and grew pale. He saw the setting of the story with perfect clearness,—the red lights on the table, the familiar-aces in an order that he could name exactly, and far off at one corner a youth of fifteen, straining forward eagerly to catch the words of this very story. 6007 knew just what words ought to be used, and what inflection went with each, and here they were, all following the model with scarcely a flaw. His mind played over the dinner scene vividly, but it refused somehow to consider the young man before him.

"And then," the speaker was finishing, "somebody would be sure to ask dad for the point. It was usually a good question, as dad had a way of carefully abstracting the point and other danger-features from his stories before offering them to the public. He got mighty good

at the abstraction game, in fact. He applied it to some other people's bank deposits last of all and unfortunately got jailed somewhere, and he now has his name written with an adding machine instead of a typewriter."

With a final assault realization captured the stronghold of No. 6007's reluctance, and he bowed his head in his hands. The programme proceeded as before: end men Nos. 5850 and 5862 engineered the career of the minstrels through to undoubted success. No. 5877 as the disguised coachman held with No. 5813—Sylvia Fenobscot—a bit of intense dialogue, tinged with pathos at Sylvia's maternal allusions to her degenerate newsboy nephew, No. 5901. But the second part of the compendium of numerical attractions was as unnoticed by 6007 as the first had been. His position remained unaltered as feature after feature passed off with much applause, and after a time even his inside comrades admiring recitations of the records of the performers were directed elsewhere.

When the entertainment was over No. 6007 went out quietly. That night he hardly slept at all. The next morning he was called to the warden's office to receive his discharge.

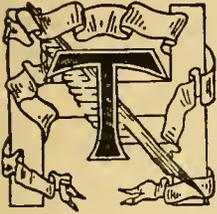
* * * * *

The court had listened to the verdict of the jury with approval and was sternly addressing the prisoner. "One of the most pernicious cases of arson, and and a second criminal offence. 30 years."

And No. 6007 was marched out of the courtroom, to be sent back where he must look up at the little round towers, and gaze out through the iron bars of the river barrier for the rest of his life, Perhaps it was rather a bitter smile that lingered on his face, but still he was smiling. After all there was but one link that bound him to humanity, and it was not to be broken.

R. L. M. U. '09.

IMPRESSIONS FROM POE'S "PHILSOPHY OF COMPOSITION"



HAT an essay so personal as Poe's essay on the "Philosophy of Composition" should apply to all cases of poetic composition is certainly not to

be expected. It does profess to show, however, the workings on the stage side of a poetic creation and therefore may be expected to divulge, with as great an accuracy as it is possible for a person to judge of himself, the thoughts and considerations that led to the production of the popular poem of "The Raven," and perhaps a few generalities besides.

Several of the theories of composition advanced by Poe in this essay have been more or less discredited by the consensus of literary opinion. But among other things it is interesting to consider his leading principle of literary composition,—to wit, the importance of Originality above all else. Could Poe have intended that his use of the word "originality" should mean uniqueness by raising an effect to the highest, most artistic point possible, his emphasis upon originality would be very just. But that is not the case. Poe does not emphasize perfection or the attempt towards it, but merely originality *per se*.

A survey of the field of lasting literary achievements—even a rough and hasty one—shows that a very small percentage of them are departures from the style and effect of their times, but are the customary features raised to a higher, more skilful, more sublime and inspired level—raised as it were to the 11th power. It is seldom the new note that lasts longest, if it has only its newness to support it. How evident this is is shown in the

music of Richard Wagner. Its originality at first startled, then bored, and had it been only original it would have choked itself. But it had the other qualities of worth, effort and inspiration which alone are common to great things, and it has stood to outlast and overcome its newness. On the other hand, the music of Mendelssohn is accepted widely as the finest thing in musical art because it is the universal raised to a height untouched before or since. And after all in the world of people it is the things that are homely to the people that the people know how to appreciate and that mean the most to them. The new, the startling, the original, if it have not behind it something universal as an appeal, can be but a stab that turns only more or less temporarily the attention of the thinking world. Poe's insistence then upon bold originality was in the nature of an easy way to attract notice, lest the work have not enough intrinsic interest to earn itself attention—a flashy advertisement for the work.

This argument resolves itself obviously into one on reverence for a deeper Worth itself. What is it that is to be made the goal of literary composition? Is it to "take" the public, to catch the public interest and win the public comment? For the lower nine-tenths of writers the answer is "Yes." But is there not for the other tenth a power, a worth, an object that is of itself reward and excuse enough for the labors of true artists and that is in no way bounded by public comment? Milton has answered this for all time, and he justifies the seeker who is driven "to scorn delights and live laborious days."

Here then Poe fails if he speaks honestly in his essay, for here he insists. first

upon originality first and foremost, and, secondly, confesses that he takes to himself all the known subterfuges to affect the reader of his poetry. Not that I would blink, or be blind to the skilful use of effective mechanism in poetry. But to play upon the sensitiveness of humanity and *in cold blood* to pick out the tender, vulnerable points for no better purpose than to achieve the primary, morbid effect on the victim bears the relation to true literary composition that the carnal does to the divine—noble if nobly used, diabolic if misused. And indeed there seems something almost diabolic in Poe's method of work. To produce an effect it seems he would go to almost any length. He would justify any means by their effect—the very Jesuitry of composition.

And yet I do not think that the "Philosophy of Composition" completely expresses Poe's relation to the art. There seems to be something illogical in the treatment of the poet's method of composition. To quote, for example, he says: "Having made up my mind to a refrain, the division of the poem into stanzas was of course a corollary, the refrain forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis admitted no doubt, and these considerations inevitably led me to the long "o" as the most sonorous vowel in connection with "r" as the most pro-

ducible consonant." As he has explained the sequence of considerations which created "The Raven" for him, each seems to have been *the only possible* good solution of the problem arising! This oversight in strict rigor suggests then the possibility that he has not been quite strict in another way; that he has confessed his worst parts and in his efforts to be frank and explain the reverse side of a writer's working, he has, intentionally or unintentionally, partly deluded himself and omitted consideration of that spark that gives life and beauty to a work. He has betrayed a knowledge of it however when he is discussing the climax verse of "The Raven." He says: "Had I been able in subsequent composition to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should without scruple have purposely enfeebled them so as not to interfere with the climatic effect." Here is a strain of true, unreasoning art feeling.

It may be enough then to conclude that while at times almost diabolic in his cold-blooded search for the means of torturing and playing upon the feelings of his readers, Poe has still some of that intangible fire of art and genius which saves his works from that otherwise inevitable perdition from which his device "Originality" would not save them, and concerning which fire he has left everything unsaid in his essay on the "Philosophy of Composition."

M. H. C. S. '09.



Fidélité

PARLE LE PREMIER.

Crois-tu, à mi, qu' il faille àimer
Cette fille qui t'a rejeté,
Qui tant de fois a pris ton coeur
Entre ses mains, et l'a brisé?

Ne serait-il pas bien plus sage
De l'oublier complètement,
En passant de l'autre côté
La négliger parfaitement?

PARLE LE SECOND.

Il semble que tói, conseiller,
N'as jamais connue cet amour
Qui, quand l'on sent, prit corps et àme
Pour ses prisonniers tojours.

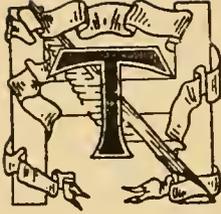
L'étrange beauté ce cette vierge,
Sa pureté, sa gentillesse
M'apportent jusqu'au bord des larmes,
M'abbattent taute la hardinesse.

Mais tout cela est peu de chose
Aupres de l'esprit élevé
Qui toutes les pensées plus serelines
A son tr.sor a ramassées.

Et tu me dis de l'oublier
En passant de l'autre côté?
Ami, plutôt que faire cela
Je souffrirais à tout jamais!

W. P. B.. '04.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.



THE following account was recently published in the "Halifax Herald," Halifax, N. S. It has caused considerable stir among men of science and psychic tendencies wherever it has been read. Wherefore, I consider it only my duty to print it here, where it will be read by the world at large. In publishing it I use, of course, quotation marks. The account will explain itself.

"From my earliest youth I have been interested in science. My father was an electrician, and almost before I could walk he fitted me up a little shop of my own. At first I had only a few batteries and a motor, but my stock increased rapidly, and before I was ten years old I was master of the Morse system of telegraphy. My father was now well able to support me, and to send me to school. I chose, of course, technical work; but I so broadened out under my schooling that I dealt largely with the theoretical side of electricity, often dumfounding my practical parent with my wild ideas.

"Though I was little more than a boy when Mr. Marconi began his work on the wireless telegraph, it is hardly necessary to say that all my attention was immediately drawn to the subject. Soon there was not a book in the city concerning the foundations of the science that I had not mastered; nor an article published about the latest wireless achievements of which I did not get hold. I took to experimenting on it a bit myself, and the experiments I followed with papers. Nor was my work unnoticed. Before long I received a communication from one of Mr. Marconi's American representatives stating that he would be

glad to avail himself of my services in the experimental station at Halifax, Nova Scotia. This was just what I had been living for. The salary would not be large, but I would have unlimited opportunities to pursue my work along original lines. I gladly accepted, and in the course of two weeks I was installed in Halifax.

"I grew daily more and more fond of my work, which did not consist so much in the performing of set duties as in pure experimentation. So while I was perfecting myself in all that was already known of "Wireless," I was branching out for myself along lines entirely new. My pet theory was; that if between two given poles an *ether* current can be sent merely by means of an electric force, which force itself never leaves either of the poles, why cannot *thought transference* between two individuals be brought about in the same way. To prove that it could was my one ambition. That is, to put the so-called Telepathy on a scientific basis, to show that the physiological reaction, in the brain, accompanying each thought (and which I thoroughly believed was due to electricity, and electricity alone),—that each physiological reaction be able to produce an *ether wave* of certain definite vibrations. And that this wave, passing through space, could be caught and transferred again into a thought current by anyone putting himself into a properly receptive mood. All this seemed certain to me. I knew that exactly the same thing had often occurred unconsciously under the name of Telepathy. Now the giving off of thought waves was of course going on all the time. Undoubtedly my task lay in discovering the method of thought-wave *reception*, and *translation*; and then in

putting the whole on a working basis. That such a system of thought transference was quite possible I felt sure. It only remained to discover how to perfect the system, to set it before the world, and then to sit down and be famous.

"With this end in view, I set to work. Day and night I spent theorizing and calculating; calculating and theorizing. And at last I felt confident that I had at least the fundamentals of a science, and no mere dream. Little practical experiments I made here and there. But I felt very greatly the need of some one who would be in my entire confidence. It was not necessary that such a person should be schooled in the ways of "Wireless," for so entirely had I made practical my system that it was fitted to the uses of all, scientific and unscientific alike. There was no one at the station to whom I felt willing to divulge my secret. Among the half dozen of us there a lively rivalry had sprung up, amounting in some cases almost to dislike. No; my confidant must be among the uninitiated. Accordingly I set to work among my acquaintances in Halifax. Fate seemed to be on my side, for soon I met a person whom I thought would do. It was a woman.

"Needless to burden you here with the frivolities of a romance. To be brief, we were soon engaged, and with her cooperation my discoveries seemed well on the road to completion. Every night we would sit in adjoining rooms, with the door closed; and many were the passionate utterances that passed back and forth between us. In looking backward I can understand how such a courtship *may* have had its shortcomings; but wrapped up in my work as I was then, it seemed to me to be a veritable Paradise.

"But one day Estelle, for that was her name, met Harney, a subordinate of

mine, and anything but a friend, at the station. At once a strange attraction seemed to take place between them. Estelle began to come often to the station on the pretext of seeing me; but once there she would talk to Harney the whole time. And before long she confessed to me that he was my declared rival. It seemed to bring things to a head when I explained to her that the great advantage of *my* system was that we could make love without even being within *seeing-distance*. For soon after this she broke off our engagement, and in a shamefully short time after, she accepted Harney.

"I was really in some terror lest she disclose my secret to him; but I had exacted from her a solemn promise that until I made my knowledge public, it would remain sealed within her breast. But *woe* to such as put their faith in the word of a woman.

"All my data were now collected and put into form; and the manuscript of my book, "Electricity and Practical Telepathy," was completed, and ready to submit to the publisher. And locking it all firmly in my desk at the station I went home, feeling as a man should feel; happy in the thought that a few hours would bring me fame unlimited. But I repeat, *woe, thrice woe*, to such as put their faith in the word of a woman.

"I took a short walk out toward the ocean, and then turned into what should have been the sweetest night's rest that had been mine for many a day. But suddenly—about midnight, I awoke. A strange buzzing was going on inside my head. It was unlike almost anything I had ever experienced before. I seemed to be trying to catch an idea, and yet totally incapable of doing so. A wild thought flashed through my mind, and, trembling all over, I put myself with great effort into an entirely receptive mood. But no results. Still I felt that

insane sensation of trying to grasp an idea, but trying in vain. But the confusion gradually subsided, and my mind experienced the feeling of understanding and calm. Then, slowly and clearly, I caught the words: 'I-see-a-cat.' Again, 'Is-it-a-big-cat?' 'No. It-is-a-small-cat.' 'Can-the-cat-see-me?' 'Yes. The-cat—' But at this the whole horrible truth dawned on me in an instant. My legs gave way beneath me, and I could telepathize no more. But I knew enough and more than enough. Estelle and her villain lover were at my manuscript. What I had caught I recognized as sample sentences from *Chapter Eight*.

"For awhile the power to act deserted me completely; but by degrees I collected my thoughts, and worked the matter out. *Chapter Eight*: not quite half way through. I would yet catch him in the act; and ah! the thought was sweet,—revenge! Putting my revolver in my pocket, I left the hotel, and set out on a run for the station. Strangely and luckily, I was unencountered on the way. At last, half crazed by the thoughts that kept flashing through my brain, I got there. Up at the window of my office I saw a light. On I went, hatred lending steadiness to my nerves, and strength to my purpose. Removing my shoes, I unlocked the door and entered, closing it noiselessly behind me. Slowly and silently I climbed the stairs. Yes, the door of my office stood open. The lock had been *forced*. Hardly daring to breathe I peered in, myself secure in the darkness of the hall. They had not heard me. There they sat, Estelle and Harney, one in each end of the room. The man had the book; had nearly finished it; and every little while she would send messages to him, by the

system,—*my* system. Had they been experts they must have discovered my presence there. I could tell exactly what they were thinking. Even now Harney was sending her the thought: 'We-let-him-work-it-out,-dear,-and then we-get—'; but I could stand no more. Rage and despair welled up all through me, and I wonder now that my hand was steady as I levelled my weapon. 'And-then-we-get—'; but what Harney got is recorded only in the great Chronicle above. At my shot he sank in a heap, and arose no more. I had not time to turn my attention to Estelle, cowering in her corner, before two of the men who always sleep at the station, awakened by the shot, rushed in and seized me. But my strength was gone, and I surrendered without a struggle.

"There is not much more to tell. At my trial both my captors witnessed for me that Harney had, while on night duty, broken into both my office and my desk, and had been killed there accordingly, only as a common thief might have been. So I was pronounced 'not guilty.'

"I have now in part recovered my health, which I thought at first had deserted me forever as a result of that night. In fact, I hope that it will soon be entirely restored to me. I fear nothing from Estelle. Knowing that I stand in constant communication with her, she hardly dares to think at all. So for the time, my secret is safe. And soon, very soon now, I hope and expect to put before the world, no worse for its delay, the work that shall be the making of an epoch in science, and that shall win for its author a place immortal in the Hall of Fame."

G. H. D. '09.

Skating Song

Swing! Swing! Swing!

Over the silver ice!

From the wind that stings
And the heart that sings
All care and sorrow flies.

Then grief destroy

And greet the joy

Of the rhythmic exercise!

Swing! Swing! Swing!

Over the ringing ice!

O for a long, long straight-away

Of the ice that has no flaw,

The white-cut strokes behind us

The gleaming way before

And plenty of wind and sunlight—

What can the world give more?

Swing! Swing! Swing!

Over the crystal ice!

Where the sunbeam flashes and falls apart

Into prisms of color that dance and dart

And down below

The fishes go

As they see our skates gleam to and fro

Swinging, ringing, singing

Over the good green ice!

C. D. MORLEY.

College Department

The song recital given for the benefit of the College Association by Mr. Noah H. Swayne, 2nd Basso, assisted by Mr. Thaddeus Rich, violinist, Concertmeister Philadelphia Orchestra, and Miss Marion Ritchie, accompanist, was a great success. Many thanks are due to Mr. Swayne for his hearty co-operation, and to the auxillary committee.

The program was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

I.

- (a) ISRAFEL. *King*
 - (b) LE CŒUR. *Fleiger*
 - (c) THE WORLDLY HOPE. . . . *Lehmann*
 - (d) MYSELF WHEN YOUNG. . . *Lehmann*
- Mr. Swayne.

II.

ROMANZE AND FINALE A LA'ZINGARE
(From D minor Concerto)

H. Wieniawski

Mr. Rich.

III.

- (a) POSSLNTI NUMI. *Mozart*
 - (b) QUI SDEGNO NON S'ACCENDE *Mozart*
 - (c) THE ASRA. *Rubintsein*
 - (d) DEI BEIDEN GRENADIERE *Schumann*
- Mr. Swayne.

IV.

- (a) BONNIE DUNDEE. . . *Old Scotch Song*
 - (b) ANNIE LAURIE. *Scott*
 - (c) O! DU MEIN HOLDER ABENDSTERN
Wagner
 - (d) NONNES QUI REPOSEZ. . . *Meyerbeer*
- Mr. Swayne.

V.

- (a) BERCEUSE. *Schillio*
 - (b) HUNGARIAN DANCE *Brahms-Joachm*
- Mr. Rich.

VI.

- (a) DER WANDERER. *Schubert*
- (b) LETHE. *Boott*
- (c) REQUIEM *Homer*
- (d) TORREADOR SONG. *Bizet*

Mr. Swayne.

President Sharpless left Monday, January 28th, for California to be gone for several months. The President has been impaired in health for some time and was advised by his physician to take a vacation. We hope that he will return to us much improved.

The new building given by Mr. A. P. Smith is progressing rapidly. Its construction is being watched with interest by the college fellows, who are eagerly waiting the chance to embrace the advantages to be contained therein.

The elections of the various classes for the next half year are as follows:

SENIORS.

- President—M. H. C. Spiers.
- Vice-president—G. S. Bard.
- Treasurer—G. H. Deacon.
- Secretary—R. L. M. Underhill.

JUNIORS'

- President—E. N. Edwards.
- Vice-president—A. W. Hutton.
- Treasurer—D. B. Cary.
- Secretary—E. W. David.

SOPHOMORES.

- President—P. B. Deane.
- Vice-president—H. Van B. Gallagher.
- Treasurer—L. R. Shero.
- Secretary—D. D. Reynolds.

FRESHMAN.

- President—D. P. Falconer.
- Vice-president—L. C. Ritts
- Treasurer—J. H. Parker.
- Secretary—H. M. Lowry.

THE ALUMNI NOTES

'85 Theodore W. Richards had an article in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "Modern Chemistry and Medicine."

'87 Dr. Henry H. Goddard has contributed several articles to the Training School a monthly publication of the Vineland Institution for Feeble-Minded Children.

We have received a dainty little volume entitled "Day Dreams of Greece" by Dr. C. Wharton Stork '02. The *London Times* calls these poems "Blank verse of no little accomplishment." *Ganymede* particularly pleased us. This opportunity is taken to express our appreciation of the courtesy of Dr. Stork.

'94 On January 11th, two daughters were born to Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Comfort.

'94 Nelson B. Warden, who was married in Edinburgh, Scotland, on November 21st, 1906, to Miss Cecile Angelesco Ghika, daughter of Xenia Ghika, a member of a well known Russian family, is now living on an estate in the western part of France.

'95 Walter C. Webster, who is the New York Manager for the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, has moved his offices to the City Investing Building, 165 Broadway, New York.

'97 The engagement has been announced of Vincent Gilpin to Miss Dorothy Hemphill, of West Chester, Pa.

'98 On July 14th, 1908, (a son,) Thomas Wistar, 3rd, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wistar.

'98 Frederick Stadclman, who is the New York Manager for the Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Company, Engineers, of Cleveland, Ohio, has removed his offices to the McAdoo Terminal Bldgs., 10 Church street, New York.

'98 Dr. William W. Cadbury expects to leave for Canton, China, shortly to help establish a large dispensary and medical school there; and when established, to become a member of its faculty.

'98 Walter C. Janney was married on January 23rd, at the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, Pa., to Miss Pauline Flower Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Morris (Class of '60), of Villa Nova, Pa. The ushers were Samuel W. Morris, '94, L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96, Alfred G. Scattergood, '98, Joseph H. Haines, '98, John S. Jenks, Jr., '98, and Francis R. Strawbridge, '98.

'98 John S. Jenks, Jr., has entered the firm of Bertron, Griscom & Jenks. Bankers and Brokers, Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.

'99 J. Howard Redfield, Jr., is teaching mathematics in Worcester Polytechnic School, Worcester, Mass.

'00 Dr. Horace S. Jenks has just returned from his wedding trip abroad, and is living at 905 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

'00 There was born to Mr. and Mrs. John T. Emlen, a son, John T. Emlen, Jr., on December 28th, 1908.

'00 J. S. Hiatt is Secretary of the Public Education Association of Philadelphia. He has been appointed Superintendent of Friends Select School to succeed J. Henry Bartlett, resigned.

'00 S. W. Mifflin and Ralph L. Pearson, '05, were members of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia Cricket Team, which left on February 4th for a tour of the British West Indies. R. H. Patton, '01, was also selected for this team, but for business reasons was unable to accompany it.

'00 Robert J. Burdette, Jr., has left Los Angeles, Calif., and is connected with the Oklahoma City Times. His ad-

dress is 1316 North Broadway, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

'00 H. H. Stuart, has left Forest Grove, Oregon, where he was connected with the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company, and has moved to Seattle, Washington where he is connected with the same Company as one of its officers.

'00 Grayson M. P. Murphy has been made Secretary of the Electric Cable Company, 17 Battery Place, New York.

'00 Dr. Horace S. Jenks is connected with the Children's Hospital the Howard Hospital in the children's department, and the Sheltering Arms Philadelphia.

'00 H. S. Drinker, Jr., has written a book entitled "The Inter-State Commerce Act." It is published by the George T. Bisel Company, Law Book Publishers, Philadelphia.

'00 E. B. Taylor, Jr., is now living in Zanesville, Ohio, where he is the Engineer of Maintenance of Way of the C. & M. V. R. R.

'01 A. L. Dewees, H. H. Morris '04, and George Pierce, '03 are all resident physicians in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

'01 W. E. Cadbury has been made Secretary of the Friends Institute of Philadelphia. This is an organization which has to do with various Friendly activities.

'02 The class of 1902 held its Annual Reunion and Banquet on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, December 26th, at the College.

Those present at the dinner were: Balderston, Cookman, E. W. Evans,

Gummere, Longstreth, Pusey, Rossf Spiers, Stork, Trout, Wistar, and Wood,

After the dinner various matters of class interest were discussed, and the meeting then adjourned to spend the rest of the evening pleasantly in one of the rooms of Lloyd Hall.

EDWARD W. EVANS, *Sec.*

'07 H. H. Shoemaker is with Wilkinson Bros. & Co., Incorporated, paper, 30 South 6th Street, Philadelphia.

'07 Paul W. Brown, is with John R. Evans & Co., Leather Manufacturers, 419 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

'08 The engagement is announced of Jesse Crites to Miss Ruth Douglas Griffith, of Washington, D. C.

Ex-'08 The engagement is announced of Robert Ervien to Miss Heim, of Philadelphia, Pa.

The class of 1908 held its annual banquet on the evening of Friday, January 22nd, at College. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all present. These were: Brown, Burt, Bushnell, Clement, Drinker, Edwards, Elkinton, Emlen, Guenther, Hill, Kurtz, Leonard, Miller, Shoemaker, Strode, Thomas, Whitson, and Wright.

After dinner some informal toasts were responded to by the following: Clement, Drinker, Elkinton, Miller, and Thomas.

Ex-'10 P. J. Baker, now a student of Cambridge, has been distinguishing himself on the cinder track. He has broken all Freshman records for the mile and the half mile and is looking forward to the University contest at Queen's Club where he expects to run for Cambridge against the Oxford championship.



A Ballad of Mideyears

(WITH APOLOGIES TO LEWIS CARROLL.)

The sun was shining, and the day
Was fair as fair could be
And yet the students' faces were
Contracted mournfully.
Why so? Once more the time had come
For Mideyears, don't you see?

A stern and cold Professor
Sat in the lecture-room
The students bore as bold an air
As they could well assume,
But their faces soon grew pallid, for
The place seemed like a tomb.

Two undergraduates came up
Their actions were not eager
They bit their nails and plainly showed
Their information meagre
"Well," said the Junior to his friend,
"What do you know of Seager?"

"The time has come," the Prof. now said
"To talk of many things
Of Marginal Utility
And of the Book of Kings;
Please state the Laws of Mesmer
And of Vibrating Strings."

"Please, sir," the undergraduates said
Turning a little blue
"We didn't understand that that
Was what we had to do!"
The grim Professor only said
"So much the worse for you!"

The sun's no longer shining, in
The West the day has sunk
But in their room by candle light
The exiles pack their trunk.
Why so? They hate to leave, but this
Is now their fifteenth flunk!

C. D. MORLEY.

Athletic Department

QUADRANGULAR GYM. EXHIBITION.

The annual quadrangular gymnastic exhibition was held on Saturday evening, January twenty-third, participated in by teams from Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Haverford.

Haverford was disabled because of the loss of some of its best men on account of deficient standing. Excellent work was done, however, by Bard, Edwards and Lewis. The Princeton team easily excelled the other participants. It was composed almost entirely of men who had been on the team last year. The work of the Pennsylvania team was also very good.

The work of Dowd and Mecabe of Princeton was excellent in all the events in which they took part. Captain Bradford of Pennsylvania also did very good work. The features of the exhibition were the balancing trapeze work of Vezin of Princeton and the exhibition of tumbling under the name of "three high" given by Bissell, Gilmour and Annin of Princeton. Vezin repeated the marvelous work on the trapeze which he has done for the last two years, and again held the audience breathless during his performance.

The Yale team took part in the exhibition this year instead of New York University, as at first announced.

A fair sized audience was present. The weather was very unclement and the number of people that came out was all that could be expected. The Mandolin

Club played before the exhibition commenced and the Glee Club sang during the intermission.

The entries in the various events were as follows:

Horizontal Bar—Haverford: Bard, Bryne, Worthington, Wallerstein; Yale: Cass, E. A. Clark; Princeton: Dowd, Mecabe, Clark; Pennsylvania: Bradford, Kelly.

Side Horse—Haverford: Lewis, David; Yale: Means, Lewis, Ordway; Pennsylvania: Leidke, Brinton, Lawson.

Parallel Bars—Haverford: Lewis, Edwards; Yale: Lewis, Osborn, Cass; Princeton: Dowd, Mecabe, Clark, Pope; Pennsylvania: Kelley, Leidke, Erb.

Balancing Trapeze—Princeton: Vezin.

Rings—Haverford: Mott, Lewis; Yale: Means, Lewis, E. G. Clark; Princeton: Dowd, Ward, Pope; Pennsylvania: Bradford, Levy.

Club Swinging—Haverford: Shoemaker, Myers; Princeton: Cooper; Pennsylvania: Brinton.

Tumbling—Haverford: Bard, Edwards, Roberts; Yale: E. A. Clark, Osborn, Stone; Princeton: Dowd, Mecabe. Pennsylvania: Perkins, Woll, Kelley.

SOCCER.

Soccer practice has been resumed. S. W. Mifflin '00, and H. H. Morris '04, of the Merion Cricket Club, have been over to coach the team and it ought to be in fine condition for its next games.

At Twilight

The Old Painter Speaks.

Nay, I was hasty; pray forgive the word.
For weary is my heart to-night, dear lad.
Only thy thoughtful deep brown eyes have known
How long my trembling brush hath toiled across
That little space of light and shade. But there
It stands at last, painted for all the years.
Dear lad, come sit with me, we two alone,
Ere the sun sinks beyond the rim of night.

We love that picture, do we not, and feel
A spirit in that face that lives and speaks?
Hark, lad! to-morrow's garish light will see
The world's cold heavy hands laid on my work.
My Lady will rustle in and raise her glass,
And with a sadly deprecating air,
Murmur the color soon will fade, she fears;
The hand is graceful, but ah! such drapery!
My Lord will hobble in, lean on his cane,
And with a broad sweep of his hand suggest
The composition might be better planned.
And querulously add he hates such grays.
Ha! could they understand how long I toiled
And lay awake o' summer nights to catch
The subtle night that glows within the eyes.

Well, I have lived and striven somewhat more
In years than they, and somewhat deeper drunk
Of that keen life they know not. I have stood
High on a mountain cliff before the day,
The hushed air biting sharply on my cheek,
And watched the stars pale one by one, and then
My soul hath stormed the kingdom of the dawn,
Filling the silent spaces with its voice.
And I have wandered in the forest brakes,
Brushing aside the leafy close of ferns,
While fairy voices whispered in my ears.
And I have drunk the burning wine of love,
And lingered long within a full-blown garden,
Bending my ear to catch the gentle fall
Of well-known foot steps. Yes, and I have known
The pain of love, the first tumultuous pangs,
And the long years of solemn emptiness,
Ye who have felt it all, have ye not known

THE HAVERFORDIAN

The bidding of the yearning voice that cried
 Within me? Nay, I could not choke it down,
 And so I painted, set in pigments forth
 The very substance of my inner soul.

What, lad! still here? 'Tis time you were abed;
 Go, leave me now, and I will sit alone
 Beside the open window for a while,
 Here where the jasmine-laden air strikes through
 The casement, and the ivy's tender leaf
 Flutters and dances to the gentle wind.
 The moon swings full and very fair to-night,
 White as the level wastes of winter snow,
 Breathing a blessing on the sleeping earth;
 The very flowers are asleep, I think.
 Was that a fire-fly, that glimmered there
 Among the vines? The shaggy thick-stemmed oak
 Sways with a rustle of long trailing robes.
 My picture seems so petty now; perchance
 The world is right, and all my visions are
 As chaff, driven across the threshing-floor.
 Then what of us poor toilers? Is it all
 A shadow fight that we have waged so long?
 Then shadow-fighters, dreamers, what you will,
 'Tis we who best have showed the world to read
 God's last great *fecit* writ across the sky.

Well, there the moon is setting, and to-day
 Is sealed away forever. Yet who knows?
 To-morrow, and mayhap the world shall see
 My brush send forth some great and deathless work.
 (*Dreaming, he falls asleep. So they find him.*)

WILLIAM CHASE GREENE, EX-1910.—*Harvard Monthly*.



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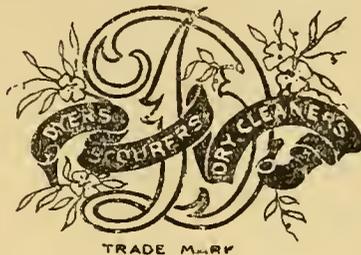
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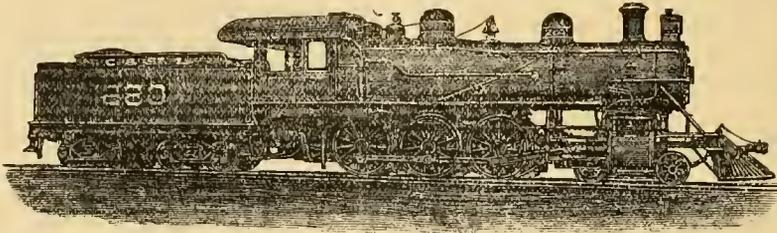
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