



10-13-1905

## The Ursinus Weekly, October 13, 1905

Martin W. Smith

Mabel Hobson

Caroline E. Paite

Frank S. Fry

James Alfred Ellis

*See next page for additional authors*

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**Authors**

Martin W. Smith, Mabel Hobson, Caroline E. Paite, Frank S. Fry, James Alfred Ellis, and E. I. Cook

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# The Ursinus Weekly

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VOL. 4. NO. 4.

COLLEGEVILLE, PA., FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1905.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

## CALENDAR

Friday, Oct. 13, Literary Societies, 7.40 p. m.  
 Saturday, Oct. 14, Football, Al-bright at Collegeville, 3 p. m.  
 Y. M. C. A., Oyster Supper, Bomberger Memorial Hall, 8 p. m.  
 Sunday, Oct. 15, College Bible Class, 4 p. m.  
 Wednesday, Oct. 18, Football, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.  
 Y. M. C. A., 6.40 p. m.  
 Friday, Oct. 20, Academy Liter-ary Society, 2 p. m.

## FOOTBALL

LAFAYETTE, 18. URSINUS, 0.

By the hardest kind of playing last Saturday, Lafayette managed to run up eighteen points on Ursinus. Although outweighed by many pounds, Ursinus played with vim and determination, and every inch of ground was bitterly con-tested. The day was ideal for football and a large crowd of stu-dents witnessed the game. Ursinus appeared first on the field, and were greeted with the Lafayette yell. After a little preliminary practice, both teams were ready to begin the battle. Lafayette kicked off to Paiste who ran the ball back ten yards, but fumbled when he was tackled. Luckily an Ursinus man fell on the ball. On the first plunge through center, Ziegler fumbled, but again the ball was recovered. Faringer fumbled on the next play, but a red and black jersey covered the ball. Faringer then kicked to Lafayette's 40 yard line. Here Lafayette got her powerful battering rams in motion and the ball was carried steadily toward the Ursinus goal. Finally MacAvoy went over for touchdown after six minutes of play. New-berry kicked the goal. Score Lafayette, 6, Ursinus, 0.

Faringer kicked off to Newberry who was downed in his tracks. After rushing the ball to Ursinus' thirty yard line, by a long end run by Dietrich and short line bucks, Lafayette lost the ball on a fumble. Here Ursinus uncorked a few of Coach Kelley's choice trick plays. On the first attempt, Roth circled Lafayette's right end for thirty-five yards, but Faringer was soon forced to kick. Lafayette could gain little and soon punted to Paiste who was thrown as soon as he caught the ball. Here Faringer on a double pass went around Lafay-ette's left end for thirty yards, and

shortly after gained five more on a tackle plunge. The half ended shortly after.

In the second half, Ursinus kicked off and Lafayette again rushed the ball down the field. Ursinus fought desperately but could not hold. MacAvoy finally broke through the line and ran thirty yards for touchdown. New-berry kicked the goal. Score, Lafay-ette, 12, Ursinus, 0.

Faringer again kicked off, but the Ursinus line held firm and gained possession of the ball on downs. After several ineffectual attempts, Faringer punted. On the first play, Lafayette was penalized fifteen yards, and as they were un-able to regain the distance, the ball went to Ursinus. Heller made fifteen yards around the opposite tackle, Snyder made three and Ziegler one, when Faringer punted. Lafayette steadily advanced the ball and MacAvoy took it over with but one minute and twenty seconds to play. Newberry kicked an easy goal. Score, Lafayette, 18, Ursinus, 0. After the next kick-off there were but two more plays and the game was over.

The team played good hard foot-ball through the entire game. Paiste ran the team with good judgement, and the line held well against their heavy opponents. Captain Faringer was the real star for Ursinus; his punting and run-ning with the ball being the features of the game.

The Score :

LAFAYETTE		URSINUS
Snook	1. e.	Abel
Cooper	1. t.	Heffelfinger
Doud	1. g.	Ellis
Hoskins	c.	Foltz
Logan	r. g.	Keasey
Newberry (Capt.)	r. t.	Heller
Thomas	r. e.	Snyder
Dietrich	q. b.	Paiste
McCoa, Wack	1. h. b.	Faringer (Capt.)
Wasmund	r. h. b.	Roth
MacAvoy	f. b.	Ziegler

Touchdowns, MacAvoy, 3 Goals, New-berry, 3. Referee, Maloney, U. of P. Umpire Jones. Time of halves 20 and 17 min.

URSINUS RESERVES, 17. N. H. S., 0

Last Wednesday, on a field that was a regular mud pond, the second team won from Norristown High School by the score of 17—0. The heavy rain which commenced to fall early in the morning and con-tinued throughout the game, made fast football impossible. The R-serves outweighed the High School boys and would have run

*Continued on last page.*

## SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

Tuesday, Oct. 10, was Inaugu-ration Day. The exercises began at 3 p. m. with an Alumni meeting which was well attended and en-thusiastic in spirit. This was fol-lowed at 5 p. m. by the Alumni luncheon. Rev. J. W. Meminger, D. D., was the presiding officer. In his usual happy way he intro-duced the different speakers. The following addresses were delivered: The Reformed Church, by Rev. Rufus W. Miller, D. D.; The Alumni, by Rev. C. D. Yost, A. M.; The Board of Directors, by Edward A. Krusen, M. D.; The College, by Professor W. A. Kline, A. M.; The School of Theology, by Professor W. J. Hinke, A. M. Rev. G. W. Richards, D. D., of the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster and Rev. A. R. Bar-tholomew, D. D., Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, also made brief addresses. The assembled guests then united in singing the ode "Alma Mater" after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Meminger.

The inauguration ceremonies proper took place in the evening at 8 o'clock in Trinity Reformed Church, Seventh below Oxford St. Rev. D. W. Ebbert, D. D., Presi-dent of the College, presided over the services. The large auditorium was well filled with a large num-ber of ministers and friends from the city as well as many from a distance. The program was as fol-lows: Invocation, Rev. F. F. Bahner, D. D.; Hymn, The Church's One Foundation; Read-ing of Scripture, Rev. J. M. S. Isen-berg, B.D.; Prayer, Rev. J. W. Meminger, D. D.; Announcement of Calls and their acceptance, Pre-sident Ebbert; Charge to the New Professors, Rev. James I. Good, D. D., Dean of the School of Theo-logy; Administration of the Oath of Office, President D. W. Ebbert, D. D.; Inaugural address, Rev. Philipp Vollmer, Ph.D., D.D., "The Inspirational Value of the Study of Church History;" Inaugural Ad-dress, Rev. Edward S. Bromer, D. D., "The Purpose and Motive of New Testament Study"; Greet-ings from other Seminaries were extended by Rev. George W. Richards, D. D., of the Reformed Theological Seminary, Lancaster, and letters of greeting were also read from Heidelberg, Tiffin, Ohio, the German Seminary at Shelo-

gan, Wisconsin, the Dutch Re-formed Seminary at New Bruns-wick, N. J., and from Princeton. The congregation then united in singing the Doxology, and the service was closed with the Bene-diction by President Ebbert.

## Y. M. C. A.

The regular weekly dovtional exercises of the Y. M. C. A., were led by Foltz, '06, who spoke on the subject, "Loving our Enemies." Bible references were read from Luke 6 and Romans 12.

To love our enemies is often a hard thing to do. Only the most kind hearted and generous of men can live through life and forgive their enemies. Men are prone by nature to find fault with each other and to pick out the flaws in an-other's character.

In order that we can forgive our enemies, we must first live good and upright lives among our fel-low men. We must model our lives in the footsteps of Jesus Christ who was the kindest of all men, and who forgave all those who per-secuted Him and said all manner of evil against Him. Christ is the ideal whom all men should follow. His teachings are the ones which should guide our daily lives. The Bible must be read and studied, and the examples of forgiveness found therein should be applied to ourselves.

In order to forgive our enemies we must be men,—men in the true sense of the word. Sir Philip Sidney's definition of a gentleman is,—"High-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." This brings out the idea that a true man is a gentleman and a gentleman is a Christian.

We should have strong character and be willing to help along the progress of Christianity wherever we can. We must be willing to deprive ourselves of our worldly desires, and lend a helping hand to our enemy and to the poor and needy. We must think and pon-der over the rough ways of life in order than we may become strength-ened to do unto others as we would wish others to do unto us.

## OYSTER SUPPER

Don't forget the Oyster Supper to-morrow night. It will be given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and deserves the patronage of the students and friends of the college.

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**FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1905.**

### EDITORIAL

One of the chief college organizations which helps to mold a man's character is the Y. M. C. A. Among many students the idea prevails that the Young Men's Christian Association is formed for the express purpose of those who intend entering the ministry. This is an erroneous impression. Anyone who is sufficiently broad-minded will see that the Y. M. C. A. is for the many, and not for the few. Here social worship is enjoyed which a church may not be able to afford. Here heart to heart talks may be had, which may go a great way toward helping one another. Such an organization is a power for good in every college, and each student should use his personal efforts to further this power.

\* \* \*

Ursinus is noted for having one of the most attractive campuses among the smaller colleges. It stretches out broad and green on all sides. However, if its present desecration continues, there will be very little of a campus left. Up to within a few years ago, the east campus was regarded as sacred both by the members of the faculty and the student-body, not one of whom would have thought of crossing the green sward. The west campus, while not regarded in the same sacred light, was not at that time turned into an athletic field.

This old feeling seems to have died away. It is not an unusual sight to see some member of the faculty making a bee-line across the east campus, instead of follow-

ing the walks; it is rather a familiar sight to see a college student breaking the same sacred rule, and above all, the "prep" seems to be following in the wake of all such. The west campus is often turned into an impromptu football field, making the sod fly in all directions.

Such an order of things should not be. Some members of the faculty and some of the upper classmen still regard the east campus as sacred, and to such this desecration is especially annoying. But the point is,—if those in authority disregard this rule, the student-body will want to follow their example. To bring about the old order of things, each member of the faculty and each student should make it a point to make use of the well laid walks, and thus preserve the beauty of the campus for the institution.

### SOCIETY NOTES

#### ZWINGLIAN

After the usual devotional exercises, the question, "That a college is justified in giving a rebate to an athletic student," was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. Mabry, Faringer, Snyder and Fenton, and negatively by Messrs. Wise, Bordner, Rhodes and Fry. The principal affirmative arguments were:

1. A college without athletics is unknown.
2. An athlete giving his ability to a college is a benefit to the institution.
3. Good athletics at a college is an advertisement for the college.
4. Since scholarships are given to students by colleges, the athlete is justly entitled to such scholarships.

The main arguments of the negative speakers were:

1. A team consisting of such athletes is not representative.
2. It encourages professionalism in athletics.
3. The true motive of athletics is lost, it is becoming merely a struggle for victory.
4. Offering rebates is not fair to other students who do not possess the requisite weight.
5. It puts a premium upon brawn rather than brain.

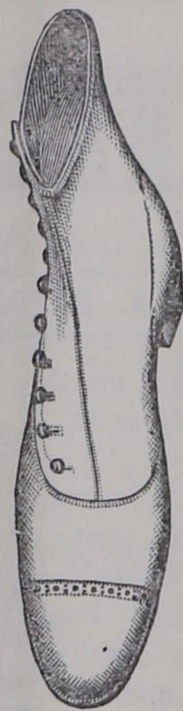
The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. General debate followed.

The Zwinglian Orchestra rendered two selections which pleased the audience.

C. Irvin Lau, '09, was elected an active member of the society.

#### SCHAFF

The program in Schaff was of a humorous nature and as a change from our other programs, was very satisfactory and interesting. The first number was to have been a vocal solo by Miss Mathieu. As



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Miss Mathieu was injured in basketball, she was unable to be present. Miss Neff, '07, played as a substitute number, the instrumental solo, "Rustle of Spring" by Sinding. The literary numbers consisted of a recitation, "Whistling Regiment," by Steward, '07; a talk on "My Summer's Experiences" by Dotterer, '06; a conversation between Miss Duryea, '08 and Cook, '07; an original story "A Character Sketch" by Ebbert, '07; and a mock oration on "The Tariff" by Myers, '07. This part of the program was interspersed with several musical numbers. Harman, '06, sang a tenor solo; Miss Beck, '08, rendered Kolling's "La Chasse Infernale" on the piano and Misses Spangler, Beck and Hobson sang a vocal trio, the old Scotch ballad, "My Flax-haired Lassie." The Gazette by Ellis, '07, was well written and contained besides much wit, some very good and serious numbers.

This was the evening for election and the result was as follows: President, Mr. Foltz; Vice-President, Mr. Myers; Recording Secretary, Miss Benner; Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. Beck; Financial Secretary, Mr. Cook; Chaplain, Mr. Dotterer; First Editor, Miss Paiste; Second Editor, Miss Thompson; Treasurer, Mr. Paiste; Pianist, Miss Duryea; Janitor, Mr. Brown.

Schaff was glad to welcome into its midst the following new members,—Miss Jessie Benner, Quakertown; Miss Minta Beck, Watson-town; Mr. Melvin Beck, Watson-town; Mr. Ernest Miller, Collegeville. These were initiated. Besides these the name of Miss Elizabeth Long, King of Prussia was proposed.

**ALUMNI**

Ross F. Wicks, '96, S. T., of Dayton, Ohio, is giving a course of illustrated lectures on the Gospel of John.

Rev. P. H. Vollmer changed his address to 432 South Street, Colwyn, Delaware Co., Pa.

At Rally Day exercises in St. Marks, Lebanon, I. C. Fisher, '89, pastor, the Sunday School attendance reached the high-water mark of 704 scholars.

Dr. Geo. W. Stibitz, '81, of York delivered the opening address at the beginning of the fall work of the Y. M. C. A., of York.

Dallas R. Krebs, '02, was married about three weeks ago.

Miss Vinnie O. Mench, '99, was married to Dr. Fred Waage.

**COLLEGE WORLD**

Owing to an unfortunate affair in connection with hazing last year at Franklin and Marshall, it has become a thing of the past at that

college. This has been brought about by popular opinion of the student body.

The Intercollegiate Tennis Association is holding its tournament on the courts of the Merion Cricket Club at Haverford. Many colleges are represented.

State College this year offers a course in Forestry. The National Lumber Manufacturing Association is raising a fund to endow a chair of lumbering in the Yale Forestry School.

Princeton has a faculty of 138 professors and instructors.

The Sigma Chi house at State was destroyed by fire last week.

Andrew Carnegie has promised Smith College \$125,000 on his usual conditions.

Bucknell's new building for women and the Carnegie Library are being used this year. The total enrollment of the institution is 721.

**COLLEGE NOTES**

On Thursday Dean Omwake and Prof. Kline attended the inaugural exercises of Dr. Drinker the new President of Lehigh University.

Prof. W. W. Chandler, Principal of the Academy, was appointed instructor of Public Speaking at the Ursinus School of Theology.

Miss Rise, A, has returned to school after a week's visit to her home in Lebanon.

Miss Clymer, A, and Miss Mathieu, A, spent Sunday at their homes in Philadelphia.

Miss L. Irene Beck, '08, was at home in Phoenixville over Sunday.

Miss Benner, '09, has returned from her home in Quakertown, where she spent Saturday and Sunday.

**URSINUS UNION**

The following program for the year has been arranged by the executive committee,—the departments to be represented as follows.

Nov. 13. Chemical-Biological and Department of Education.

Dec. 11. Latin-Mathematical and Department of English.

Jan. 8. Historical-Political and Modern Language.

Feb. 12. Classical and Department of Philosophy.

March 12. Chemical-Biological and Latin-Mathematical.

April. 9. Historical-Political and Department of English.

May 14. Classical and Modern Language.

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### D. N. ZIEGLER

215 W. Main St. Norristown

## FOOTBALL

Continued from first page.

up a much larger score, had it not been for the many fumbles. The ball was so water-soaked and slimy that it was very difficult to hold. There were many laughable incidents, and the game was much enjoyed by the faithful students who braved the elements.

Norristown kicked off to Sponsler who ran the ball back ten yards. From this point the Scrubs by a series of fierce line plunges, carried the ball down the field. Collyer went over the line but dropped the ball, Alspach falling on it for a touchdown. Collyer kicked the goal. N. H. S., 0, Ursinus Res., 6.

Norristown fumbled the kick-off, but regained the ball. After several ineffectual attempts to penetrate the scrub-line, Corson kicked to Garcia. The Reserves had an opportunity to score again but they fumbled.

In the second half many new men were given a chance, and they showed up well. In this half, the scrubs gained almost at will, and two touchdowns resulted. The ball was only one foot from Norristown's goal line when time was called.

The game showed that Ursinus should have an excellent second team this year. The back field was irresistible and the line held well. With more practice, the second team will be able to give a good account of itself.

The score:

URSINUS	N. H. S.
Kersch'r, Bordner, 1.e.	Stauffer
Alspach 1.t.	Yeakle
Steward, Wanner 1.g.	Hallman
Harman, Long c.	Weaver
Fry, Hamme r.g.	Adams
Cook r.t.	Bergey
Sponsler, Keiser r.e.	McGrath
Crunkleton q.b.	Gabriel
Ebbert 1.h.b.	Akins
Garcia, Lau r.h.b.	Horner
Collyer f.b.	Corson

Touchdowns, Alspach, Collyer, 2.  
Goals Collyer, Ebbert. Referee, Dr. Carver. Umpire, Gunter.

### CAMP REUNION

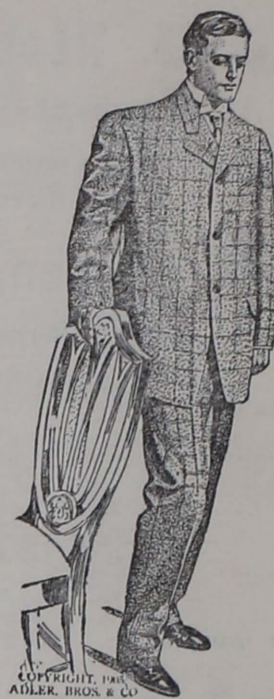
The outing, of the members of "Camp Rhododendron," alias "Neversleep," and the Chemical

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# The Literary Supplement.

Vol. 4.

October.

## A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN

THIS ORATION WON FIRST PRIZE AT THE JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST, JUNE, 1905.

This is an age of material prosperity! On all sides we hear echoed the words: Capital is King! The pride of America is her industrial efficiency. Her organization of labor is claimed to be the best and most economical on the face of the globe. The products of her loom are essential to the existence and well-being of millions of people. As a result of her economies in production, her captains of industry grow rich; their pockets bulge out with gold, and their bank accounts swell from a paltry sum to an amount before undreamed of. Foreign competitors have been outclassed in the race for industrial supremacy and gaze with wonder at the progress we have made. In our pride, we boast of our prosperity! But in what does prosperity consist? If merely in dollars and cents, then are we truly prosperous, but if there is a deeper and more profound meaning in the term, let us consider carefully before we pronounce our condition an ideal one. There must be means to gain wealth whether legitimate or not, and these means are the determinants in this, as in every problem. In the case before us, yes, our capitalists have grown rich. But what has been sacrificed to gain this wealth? The flesh and blood of little children. Their education has been taken away; their play time spoiled; their hopes for a future have been blasted; bodies imperilled and their souls dwarfed. One of the gravest industrial problems confronting us to-day is that of child-labor. The very sound of the word grates upon our ears. The idea of labor, of toil or of work is foreign to our usual conception of the life of a child. A child should be educated; he should be free to play and to develop his individuality. If we shut him up in a factory, we are depriving him of his rightful inheritance; we are heaping curses upon our own heads, for we are crushing the life out of a soul as valuable in the Hereafter as our own.

To the employer alone is child-labor, economically, a gain. From the employee's point of view, the family wage is not materially increased by the toil of these baby hands. A child seldom earns his own food and clothes. In addition, ill health resulting from close confinement in the mills, pays into the doctor's hands all that remain of these meagre earnings. Our modern view is, the more highly educated the child, the more efficient the man. But the parents of these little waifs are too ignorant to realize this. The fathers are often too drunk and too lazy themselves to work, hence they sacrifice the best interests of their offspring. In the South where this evil exists to the greatest extent, the usual earnings of all children range from ten to forty cents a day. What a substitute for a day at school and a jolly romp in the woods!

Beside the economic failure of child-labor, there is another side which appeals more directly to our sympathies. What is sweeter and more beautiful than the purity and innocence of a

little one, and what, pray, is more loathsome and pathetic than a vulgar, illiterate child! Surely we would all have our children morally perfect, were it in our power. This the children of the mills cannot be. Their hum-drum life, their associations, their menial druggery of work, cannot fail to make them foul and impure. Let us take a glance at one of our Southern factories. We approach the large brick building with a feeling of curiosity. Upon entering, we see at the end of a long hall, a tiny gray figure vanish, return and vanish again. Upon closer examination, we find it is a little girl and that she is working; tying threads, now here,—now there, sometimes standing on a high box, straining her little form to fix something beyond her reach. Scarcely is one thread fastened, when another breaks. Back and forth she passes the live-long day. The threads are always breaking. Hundreds of other children, poorly clad, with pinched, weazened faces, stare at us dumbly, revealing the utter barrenness of their existence. And furthermore,—impossible as it may seem to us—these children, living in our America, do not know how to play. This instinct has been stifled in them by their daily mechanical routine; the expression of their highest thoughts has become extinct; individuality is unknown to them. They no longer enjoy the green fields and running brooks. Never again will they sing in childish glee over the turtle, the squirrel and the first spring crocus. They have become mere automatons,—parts of the roaring machinery about them. They have ceased to suffer, therefore they have ceased to live. Love and sympathy are unknown to those creatures. They shrink from a friendly touch and a cordial smile as if they expected punishment, while the love of a mother, who not long ago held them in her arms, has been all forgotten and buried 'neath the din of whirring wheels. Ebert Hubbard in speaking of this "White Slavery of the South" says: "I know the sweat shops of Hester Street, New York; I am familiar with the vice, depravity and degradation of the Whitechapel district; I have visited the Ghetto of Venice; I know the lot of the coal miners of Pennsylvania, and I know somewhat of Siberian atrocities,—but for misery, woe and hopeless suffering, I have never seen anything to equal the cotton mill slavery of South Carolina—this in my own America—the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

But this does not apply to South Carolina alone. Conditions in our own beloved state are far from ideal. The minimum age limit in the South is twelve years. In Pennsylvania it has recently been raised to fourteen. Had we the cotton mills in Pennsylvania, I doubt much if we should be more just and considerate than our Southern neighbors. Fortunately for our little ones, we have industries such as the iron and steel, which could not possibly make use of such childish hands. There are, however, in

silk, hosiery, and tobacco mills of our cities, as Allentown, Scranton and Reading, alone seventeen thousand girls under sixteen years of age, employed in this industrial slavery. What a training for the future mothers of our State!

No! the North is not so provident as she may superficially appear. The Northern capitalists own the Southern mills and fight for tax laws governing the South, while for their own immediate children they would have fair and stringent laws. Is it just then to take advantage of the ignorance of the South? Verily does South Carolina weave cotton that Massachusetts may wear silk.

This is the state of affairs. Now how can we remedy the evil? I answer, by appealing to public opinion—through the community alone can this reform be instituted—by pleading for better officials, more faithful factory inspectors and health officers; by maintaining schools and compelling attendance of all children under sixteen years of age, and lastly, by impressing upon the parent, the necessity of this step.

It now remains for us, the college-bred men and women of to-day,—the educated, the informed—to sweep this scourge from our fair land. Let us not boast so much of our material prosperity, but let us rather stretch forth a helping hand to suffering humanity and rescue them from the iron grasp of the oppressors. In the oft-repeated words of Goldsmith: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

MABEL HOBSON, '06.

## CUT FROM LIFE

"Hello, Billy, where've you been?"

"Phillie."

"Anything doing?"

"Oh a few."

"Well?"

"A ball game, a little 'sassiety' in the evening and"—impressively—"an adventure."

"An *affaire de couer*?"

"Well hardly. There was a pretty girl, a big dog and a dozen of oranges in the plot, and I—was the 'deus ex machina' who cut the nodus."

"The deuce you say! Let us have it,—only mind, its on the level."

"Well, I was on my way to see a man—"

"Ah!"

"Had just gotten off the trolley—doesn't matter where—and was on my way out—the street. I was taking a crossing at a manly stride when I saw a sight good for one's eyes. It was a girl—"

"Ah! Ah!"

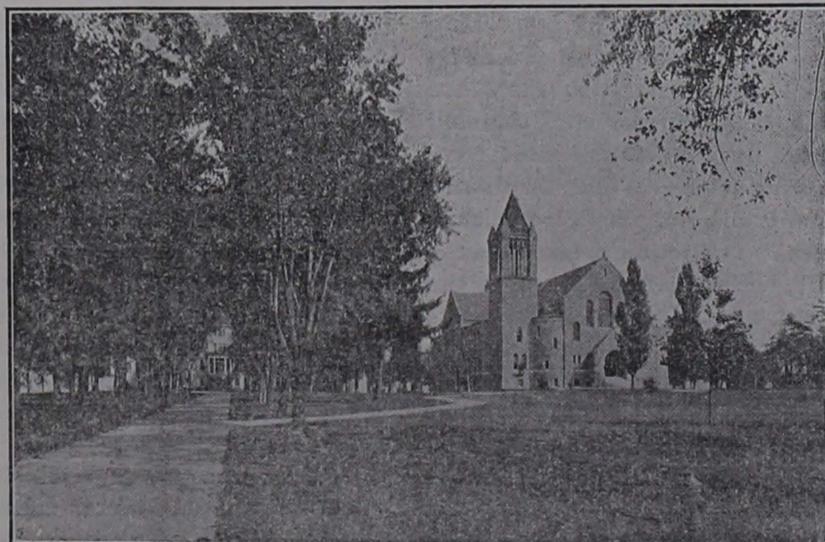
"As pretty as a picture."

"Ah!"

"Carrying a paper bag and leading a great St. Bernard by a chain."

"A grert St. Bernard by a chain! Ah!"

"When she reached the corner she tried to



URSINUS COLLEGE

ture but the dog wanted to go somewhere else. She tried to hold him and in her effort—Wait till I light up."

"Hurry along, Billy; the plot thickens!"

"and in the effort, the paper bag broke and a dozen oranges rolled over the pavement."

"Ah!"

"Of course I started to get busy at picking them up,—"

"Bravo, Billy! Good boy!"

"The bag was useless and I had to put them into my hat. Six filled my lid and when I had the rest of them on a heap on the pavement, I risked a little treatment for my eyes. We looked at each other and began to laugh.

She said, "What are you going to do? Your hat is filled with oranges."

I said, "Where do you live?"

"Up here a square," was the answer.

"Well, I don't see much to be done except for me to carry these oranges home for you. It is the same direction I am going and I will be delighted!"

"She looked at me a little dubiously but said she didn't see any other way.

So I piled two more oranges into my hat and put one into each of my coat pockets. Before I knew it, we had walked the square and turned in at a swell, old place. Big trees in the yard and a fine brownstone house. We walked right up to the—"

"Back door! I'll bet she was a hired girl!"

"Like the deuce! As I was saying, right up to the porch and there her mother met us with a quizzical smile which seemed to demand an explanation. My young friend rather confused said, "Mother, this is Mr.—"

"Jones," I added.

"Who has been kind enough to help me home with my oranges. Bruno got balky down at the corner and the bag broke and—"

Then the old lady caught the point and broke into a jolly laugh.

"Well, well, Samantha, this is an adventure. But go get a dish to put these oranges into. Sit down, Mr. Jones, Samantha will be here in a minute. And before I knew it the girl was back again and the oranges were lying in a big cut-glass dish.

There was my hat, but what was my hurry? Well, I had to go, and after being thanked by Samantha and her mother I started to leave. But when I had taken three steps, the devil got me by the shoulders, turned me around, lifted my hat and made me say most gallantly,

"I am most pleased to have met both Miss Samantha and Miss Samantha's mother."

A moment's silence on the part of the auditors, and then one of them said,

"Say, Bill, you are a most stupendous liar."  
R. '07.

#### LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

"There is but one name to which one can refer in speaking of Beethoven: it is Shakespeare. For as Shakespeare is so far our king of conventional tones, so is Beethoven our king of unconventional tones, and as music takes up the thread which language drops, so it is where Shakespeare ends that Beethoven begins." Such words written by one of the most competent musical critics arouses at once a curiosity to see the steps on the ladder which led to such a man's greatness. On looking back over a famous man's life, it is interesting to watch the development from his boyhood of the traits which were conspicuous in his character—to see whether his environment made him or whether he had the strength to rise above it. Macaulay when only nine years old, displayed the remarkable conversational powers which made him famous later; Byron in early boyhood showed signs of that passionate, ungovernable bitterness which taints all his poetry; Beethoven to an even greater degree manifested his wonder-

ful genius when a mere child. As all artists attempt to produce some masterpiece—as every poet tries in vain to express the beauty which only a poet sees—so this master of music struggled even with his last breath to give to the world the message which only he was born to give.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, Germany, in 1770. His father was a singer at the court of the Elector but was a weak, intemperate man. For generations the Beethovens had all been musicians and even the rough drunken father had the true love of music in his heart; the mother was a woman with few talents and no personality. In such a home the sturdy lad, Ludwig, decidedly Dutch in his characteristics, but with an irritable, passionate nature, grew and thrived, notwithstanding the adverse conditions, until he was four years old. Then it was that the vagrant father, who had lost his position at court through intemperate habits, conceived the idea that there was money in that baby's chubby fingers—so he accordingly set to work to give him a musical education. The boy did not go to school but practiced unremittently the difficult compositions placed before him. He never was a child, he never knew any boyhood, for when he was nine he was placed in the hands of Pfeiffer and Zambona who were to teach him the languages and a love of the classis. Two years later he became the pupil of the famous Neefe, who saw and made to shine the wonderful genius which the lad possessed. In less than a year—when he was only twelve—he was appointed second organist in the court theatre; the good Elector Max favored his efforts, and Beethoven's career bade fair to be a brilliant one. However thus early in his life work a millstone was hung about his neck in the shape of his drunken father, who no longer able to support the family, shifted the burden to the slim shoulders of the young musician. Those years of sacrifice—the thwarting of his ambitions—the repulsive taste of the earth when he wished to soar—must have been bitter indeed to his high-strung, sensitive nature. The difficulties were overcome in a few years, though, and then he went to study under Hadyn in Vienna, in which city he lived the rest of his life.

It is almost a law of things that men whose artistic personality is strong, and who touch the world by the greatness and power of their expression, come to maturity comparatively late—so it was with Bach and Wagner—while men whose aims are purely artistic and whose main spur is facility of diction, come to the point of production early and do not grow much afterwards—such was Mozart. Beethoven was now twenty-two and had written nothing of note. He developed slowly, spending his early years in arduous labor where he truly stood as a pure white rose in a garden of weeds. His wilful, sensitive temperament won him few friends, but these few truly appreciated him. However in 1795 he appeared at a concert and played one of his own compositions, for which he won enthusiastic applause. After this, success met him on all sides and for a time money-matters were forgotten and he began to devote all his time to composition. Many of his symphonies, piano sonatas, six quartets and the "Prometheus" were written in the next few years.

Although Beethoven was now prospering in worldly matters, he had already begun to suffer from the affliction which embittered all the rest of his life—that of total deafness. If ever a man had in his garden an ever-present sepulchre which cast its grim shadow over the brightness of life and turned to bitter the sweet, it was Beethoven. Always sensitive and suspicious, this loss to him of a sense which in a musician should be most perfect, caused him terrible disappointment. At twenty-eight he was compelled to give up teaching and withdraw from society, but again he arose above his difficulties

and only tried the harder to express all that he so longed to give to the world in music. His attitude reminds one of Milton's Sonnets on "His Blindness:"

"When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker.

God doth not need

Either man's work or his gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.  
They also serve who only stand and wait the  
veil to lift."

In his exile from the world, his only consolation was his art. The deafness interfered sadly with his work, but he kept on untiringly producing masterpieces. It is strange how often misfortune brings out the best in a man.

His affliction threw Beethoven back to nature for friends—he walked with her and wandered up and down in his silent world, moody but content. On one of these solitary rambles under the open sky at night he thought out his famous "Moonlight Sonata." Can't you see him, a man bent, prematurely old, with the familiar unkempt appearance, wandering around in the moonlight, hearing only the great grand songs of his own soul—with the Byronic bitterness against fate all gone from his heart, and in its place an almost divine patience to await the end?

Does not Browning truly mean Beethoven when he says:

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:  
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;  
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

Well it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign;  
I will be patient and proud and soberly acquiesce.  
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,  
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,  
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,  
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep:  
Which hark, I have dared and done, for my resting place is found,  
The C major of this life; so now I will try to sleep.

CAROLINE E. PAITE, '06.

#### YOUTH'S PASSION

Tumultuous, wild and passionate,  
A love that cannot be controlled,  
That will have, must have, here and now,  
An equal weight of fancy's gold.

A love that swears with many an oath  
And pledges each with pulsing joy;  
That asks the greatest boon on earth  
As if it were a worthless toy.

Too hot to last, too selfish far;  
A castle built on empty air.  
The fancy sweet as fancies are,  
The solid structure wanting there.

From youthful passion learn these truths;—  
That he must serve who'd later reign,  
That friendship true has rarer worth,  
That the gift is love, and not the gain.

R., 1907.



## A DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN LITERATURE

In several consecutive numbers of the "Twentieth Century," one of our leading periodicals, Mr. Churton Collins brings forth the following views of American Literature.

In his opinion, English literature includes everything written in the English language, regardless of where and by whom it was written.

Thus the poetry of Canada or South America written in the English language, belongs, in his opinion to English literature. While Mr. Collins does not claim that America has no literature of her own, but rather says that the works of Shakespeare and Tennyson belong to America as well as to England, it seems he wishes to unite the literary lives of England and America.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of our poets of high order trace their descent from English ancestry, the claim cannot be made that American literature is a part of English literature. Although these poets came from the stock of England, there is, in their works, a certain quality which separates them entirely from the English school. England never can lay any claim upon men like, William Cullen Bryant or Edgar Allen Poe.

Poetry showed no marked progress or really made no appearance in America for a number of years after the settlement by the colonists. This delay, however, is justified by the existing conditions of the times. Colonization was not conducive to poetry and when this period was assuming a more favorable condition, England began to make her unreasonable and oppressive demands from the colonists. Some few articles may have been written during the ensuing period of the Revolution; but they were not of such a nature as would bring them before the public in a favorable light. Mr. Collins, however, does give some credit to a few minor writers. He has a word of praise for men like Halleck and Drake, who wrote some patriotic verses in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Not until William Cullen Bryant gave his "Thanatopsis" to the public, could America boast a real poet. The poem was written when Bryant was but eighteen years of age. When it was given to the public, it was doubted that an American had produced it. The poem was entirely unlike anything written heretofore, both in style and thought. His great depth of thought and the feeling of consolation and comfort which he pours forth in the famous words of "Thanatopsis," make us stop in wonder at their beauty and simplicity. After all, how pleasant it is to think that

"All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employment, and shall  
come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who  
goes

In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those, who in their turn shall follow them."

Strangely and weirdly, indeed do the lines of Poe's "Raven" contrast with the simple beauty of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." Edgar Allen Poe stands in a class by himself. Never before or since him, has there been a poet of such a unique type. Poe, of all our poets, is most alien. Lacking in morality, patriotism and in fact any interest in the affairs of the world, he might have lived in any country. That Poe was strictly an

American poet is proved by the fact that he did what no other poet had done, namely, transported poetry from man and beauty to realms of fantasy and imagination. In fact his poetry scarcely touches life as we know it, but deals with the weird and superhuman. England has no Poe, nor has she a poem to compare with the "Raven" or "The Bells."

The wild and delirious frenzy of Poe is clearly portrayed in his master-piece. His cry is as of one in sore distress, when he says:

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet  
still, if bird, or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest  
tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land  
enchanted—  
On this Home by horror haunted—tell me  
truly, I implore—  
Is there —is there balm in Gilead?  
Tell me!—tell me, I implore!  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Certainly such marks of genius are sufficient to distinguish the literature, which is essentially American from the English type. Bryant and Poe are only two of a large number of examples, which might be set up as types of purely and independent American poets. They are truly American as Shakespeare is English.

Even though the truly American literature may not be as extensive in quantity, it does not fall far in the rear, in the qualitative test. And while there may be a truth in the fact that English literature was used as a model, there are still sufficient marks of originality left to maintain a purely and independent American Literature.

F. S. FRY, '07.

## EXPERIENCE OF A VIEW AGENT

It was my lot, I cannot say my fortune, to become a View Agent. At the close of my Freshman year in college, I had spent my wherewithal and I felt the necessity of looking about for some occupation for the summer. About this time I was flooded with circulars and letters mostly from publishing houses and view firms inviting my attention to their enterprises, and promising me great financial returns if I would embark in them.

I usually would read these letters carelessly and throw them into the waste basket; but one day while glancing over one of these letters I saw the names of a large number of men who had been in the view business the year before and had had great success. These were the names mostly of college students who were working their way through college. The look was fatal; for the moment my eyes struck that catalogue of names and the amount of money they had earned in one summer, I was in danger. I had a chum with whom I had often talked concerning the view business; for he had been in the view business the preceding summer and had had good success. One evening while we were talking about stereographs there was a knock at the door. The next moment there stood in the doorway a well dressed young gentleman, with the eye of a lynx, and the accent of a Yankee. If Satan is like that young man I don't wonder at his success. He had a glib, oily tongue, and he knew how to listen as well as to speak. He soon began to inquire sympathetically about our welfare and our general circumstances; in a short time he understood our situation thoroughly.

The stranger now produced, as if by magic, some views and began to show them up, giving a short account of each one. He was a general agent, and he was a general. He then gave glowing accounts of the marvelous transformation in many of the fellows, fellows who had shot

from the lowest ditch of grinding want to the highest social circles in college life. While speaking, the agent slipped on the table a blank contract and handed us the pen, already primed, with which to sign it. It came as suddenly as a proposal to a girl. But we filled out the blanks and signed the contracts. In a few weeks he delivered our outfits and collected their price. I walked on air; for I saw only visions of plenty and wealth.

When the final examinations were over, without waiting for the last of the commencement joys, chum and I packed our grips and bade good-bye to our friends. We were off for Ulster County, New York. When we arrived at our destination, the community on which we were making our descent seemed quite unconscious of our designs. No one met us at the station with pitchforks, eggs or tar. We had been instructed to find a boarding place for the first thing. We did so,—that is, we tried to do so. At the first place we stopped, my chum asked about the surrounding country, and finally inquired for a boarding place. He was greeted by the reply that their house was small for their large family, and it would be impossible to take any boarders. We asked how far it was to a town; we were horrified to find that it was two miles, and only one dwelling house in that distance. Thus we lugged our baggage along and finally came to the small town, Lloyd. Here we were successful in renting a room and getting board.

Next morning we started for a small town where we were going to begin our work. We decided that one should take the right side of the street and the other the left side. I soon came to a house which was a little back from the street; but I approached the house, and here came the test. I knocked, but received no answer; I knocked again, harder than before. Then I heard footsteps and soon the door was opened just far enough to enable the mistress to peep out, when she exclaimed, "We don't want anything to-day," and slammed the door in my face. This excited me, and I dreaded the next call. However, at the next place I was more fortunate, and gained a hearing. After showing all my views, I began to canvass the mistress. Here came the real test. I believe I answered all the questions from Adam to the present day before I secured her order. This renewed my courage, and I started out full of vim. The third house was uninhabited. At the fourth house I was met by a bristling cur who seemed to know me, not as a master, but as a foe. He reached earnestly for my trousers through the cracks in the fence, and stubbornly disputed my entrance, yielding only when the harsh voice of the mistress called him off. Then he backed toward the porch, growling and snapping.

At the door I was met by the mistress of the house, who planted herself squarely in the doorway and exclaimed, "Zee here, young zhap, vat you vand here?" I opened my box and began: "I am representing Underwood and Underwood and have some fine stereographs I want to show you,—" "I no vand any stergraphs; and I don't care what you vand. I vand you to get right out of here as vasd as your pipestem legs will carry you, do you hear?" I heard, and gently walked out, for fear she would put the dog on me.

After calling at several more houses, I obtained only three orders for my day's work. I concluded to return to my boarding house. When I arrived, my chum was there ready to meet me, and I was anxious to know how he fared during the day. At dinner we were asked by the proprietor how we made out. "Very good for first day," was our reply. After dinner we went to our room to compare notes, and I learned that my chum had taken only two orders. This made me feel pretty good again, but I arose next morning, dispirited and home-

sick. I ate breakfast without an appetite and began work without enthusiasm. I worked all day with but little success, but met another wise man or a fool. Near the upper end of the street on which I had been canvassing the preceding day, I found a young couple seated on the doorstep. I opened my box and advanced to the attack.

The young man coolly remarked that he did not want to buy anything. I begged the privilege of showing him my stereographs as a matter of pleasure to myself and of duty to my firm. I was almost willing to offer a premium to any man who would hold still long enough for me to practice on him. "Well, shoot away," he said, carelessly. I showed him all my views and gave him a little history connected with historic views. He seemed to be interested until I began to canvass him for an order when he replied, "You've got that story purty well committed to memory. You've been studying up that piece for three hull weeks," and looking me squarely in the face, demanded, "haven't you?" "Yes, four of them," I answered. And as I turned the corner, I heard him say, "Darn rascal's too lazy to work and ought to be run out of the country."

Thus I worked away for a few weeks, meeting many such experiences. Soon my blood began to boil, and I decided that I was not going to take any more insults and started for home. Thus ended my career as a view agent. My advice to any young man is, not to believe quite all the agent tells you, but subtract fifty per cent from what he tells you as being false, and then divide the remainder by two, and you will have a pretty fair knowledge, or at least a good idea of the view business.

JAMES A. ELLIS, '06.

### "CARPE DIEM"

The best of life is life itself.

Why ask we for a future state,—  
A heaven where God will love his own,  
A hell where bideth pain and hate?

Is not the good of life to love?

To banish selfishness and sin?  
To ask no gain for what we give?  
To make no boast of what we win?

Does not that one have recompense  
Who reaches out his soul to God?  
Who feels the all-embracing arms  
And learns to kiss the smiting rod?

Who feels communion with the stars,  
And loves the beauty of this world?  
Who catches joy from every song  
And every tint from heaven unfurled?

Then let us live as best we may,  
Forgetting hope of due reward,—  
Just work and learn from day to day,  
Accepting what our times award.

And if, when sense departs from clay,  
It goes forever into night,  
The fact remains we've lived one life,  
Have spent one season of delight.

R., 1907.

### INTEGRITY IN POLITICAL LIFE

By integrity in political life, we mean that uprightness and soundness in moral principle, which impels a man to do his duty by his constituents in executing the trust placed in him. It is that quality which will cause him to do his duty no matter what the circumstances are, or the temptations presented.

In these days of political strife and corruption when many officers of the government who possess no great strength of character, seemingly attain to a higher degree of success in politics than men whose past actions have been untainted, integrity is thought by some people to be a hindrance to success in politics and by

others to be a quality wholly unnecessary in the make up of the successful politician or statesman. But if you examine the careers of noted politicians and statesmen, you will find that those having strong characters and sound morals filled the highest offices given them, to the satisfaction of the people and with lasting credit to themselves. The unprincipled man may rise to a certain degree of eminence in the government, but when his period of incumbency is ended, he is heard of no more and his name is never mentioned in connection with those who have helped their fellowmen. A truly successful career in politics cannot be realized unless a man has the highest type of integrity grounded in his character.

It has been observed in ages past and we can see it to-day that offices having honors or emoluments attached, are the ones more often filled by corrupt men. During the closing years of the Roman Republic, the ruling class was so corrupt that they would have sold Rome itself had they found a purchaser. In a later period, the Age of the Restoration in England integrity was almost obliterated from the character of the voters; for one writer says, (Every Englishman had his price,) and if you can give moral principle a money value, the Englishman must have been low. In both instances the lack was greatest where it was most needed—in the law-making bodies.

If a man has no feeling of responsibility or of duty to his fellowmen he will work and vote for his own interest, disregarding the obligations he owes to humanity. Men who act on principles like these, are responsible for many bad and oppressive laws and in most instances they are the authors of special class legislation.

When the political machinery of a government is controlled by a class of men who are not bound to act justly by a sense of integrity, it grows corrupt. They think they may do anything for their own advancement whether it be right or wrong, taking care only that it be not so heinous as to creep into public view. An office holder, possessing a high standard of integrity is worth more to his country than a surplus in the treasury, no matter how small his sphere of action nor how lowly his station in life. It is a quality the value of which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. Its value in a representative of the people is proportional to the number of people represented and may save a vast sum for the people.

Were the public servants of our country all men of unquestionable honesty, there would be no political scandals, no false election returns, no betrayals of trust, no embezzlements of public funds, and no political "rings." But there would be purer politics and increased confidence in the stability of the government, there would be heartier support given to enterprises undertaken by the government for the public good.

If the politicians and statesmen bearing the stamp of honesty were stronger numerically, say two-thirds of the whole, state and national politics would rise to their true dignity. The best and purest men in the land would take an active part in the public affairs. The great mass of men of sterling worth, who by a false sense of modesty or timidity are kept out of the political field, would come in more readily and help make the political atmosphere purer and clearer.

The type of men needed are those like Washington, Clay, Lincoln, LaFollette and Folk. Washington could not be affected by rumors or briber; Clay gave up his chance for the presidency, in support of what moral uprightness declared to be his duty; Lincoln's name is almost a synonym for honesty, LaFollett and Folk did their duty and as a result Wisconsin and Missouri have been cleared of a ring of "boodlers."

That more integrity is needed in the political world no one will question. The lack of this quality is apparent to every one. How to meet this condition quickly and successfully, is indeed a difficult problem. In order to secure a higher standard in the future it will be necessary to inculcate high moral principles in the minds of the young of to-day. The best place and perhaps the only place many persons will ever get any instruction in morals is in the public school. As the teacher has been charged with much of the bad government of to day he may, by training his pupils in such a manner that they will be able to withstand the storms on the sea of politics, redeem his lost prestige and raise the standing of his profession. In the school he cannot teach morality by sectarian methods, but he can teach the value of a promise, the duties men owe to other men, as well as the political rights belonging to all. He can show them the glory of good statesmen and the pernicious effect of the legislation of unprincipled men. If this be done, it will not be long ere men of peerless integrity will again fill the legislative halls and executive offices and good government, and pure politics become a reality.

E. I. COOK, '07.

### EXCHANGES

One of the best exchanges on our table is the *Dickinsonian*. It is sightly, newsy, well written and brimful of college spirit.

The *Intercollegiate* and alumni notes of the *Lafayette* are especially good.

The personal notes of the *Weekly Gettysburgian* are noticeably complete. It is possible that the system of fraternity is run to an unjustified extreme.

The attention of our students is called to the *Lesbian Herald*, published by the Woman's College, of Frederick, Md. It is always bright and interesting. The article in the May edition by Elinor Markley on "The Jester in Shakespeare's Plays," is an admirable and engaging piece of literary criticism.

The attention of our students is called to the *Iris*, published by the Girl's High School, Philadelphia. This exchange contains some original work of a very interesting nature. Among the freshest is the following parody on Scott's Patriotism.

#### TO OUR ADVERTISERS

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
"My trade of late is getting bad,  
I'll try another ten inch ad."  
If there should be, go mark him well.  
No bank account for him shall swell,  
No angels guard the golden stair  
To welcome home a millionaire.  
The man who does not care for trade,  
By local line or ad., displayed,  
Cares more for rest than worldly gain,  
And patronage gives him pain.  
Step lightly, friends! Let no rude sound  
Disturb his solitude profound,  
And let him rest in calm repose,  
Unsought except by men he owes.  
And when he dies go plant him deep,  
That naught may break his dreamless sleep;  
And that the world may know its loss,  
Place on his grave a wreath of moss,  
And on a stone, "Below here lies  
A chump that wouldn't advertise."

BUSINESS MANAGER.

The Editors of the *Targum*, Rutgers, are to be complimented on the excellence of their editorials. The *Staff* seems to be on the "qui vive" for all interesting features of college life. The paper is lively, interesting and full of college spirit and is catchy from back to back.