



6-8-1906

## The Ursinus Weekly, June 8, 1906

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# The Ursinus Weekly

Entered December 19, 1902, at Collegeville, Pa., as Second Class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 4. NO. 36

COLLEGEVILLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1906.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

## A DREAM OF HEAVEN

Last night I dreamed a dream of Heaven ;  
The Freshmen all were there ;  
I saw them all ascending on  
The spacious golden stair.

And as I looked upon them all  
It seemed they brighter grew ;  
I hardly recognized them there  
Among the chosen few.

Upon their brows were sparkling crowns  
Beset with jewels rare,  
And in their hands were golden harps,  
Their songs beyond compare.

They held the highest places,  
They spoke with saints revered.  
All others bowed before them,  
And them the saints all feared.

Old Noah and Methuselah  
And David, too, and Saul,  
And noted chiefs in later wars,  
Caesar and Hannibal,

Whene'er a Freshman near them came,  
Bowed down with humble look ;  
And all from off their hoary heads  
Their jeweled circlets took.

I wondered why this reverence  
Was paid to Freshmen so.  
I asked an aged patriarch,—  
He said, "Why don't you know ?

It's understood in Heaven that while  
On earth they did appear,  
They entertained the Junior class ;  
And so they're honored here."

EDITH A. BECK, '09.

## THE JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST

The annual Junior Oratorical Contest for the Hobson and Meminger medals was held Monday evening, June the fourth. The contest was an excellent one and all the orations were well written and well delivered. The following orations was given :

A Plea for the Scattered Nation, Titus Alfred Alspach, Allentown, Pa. ; The Passing of the American Home, Edward Irvin Cook, Zullinger, Pa. ; Free Trade, Nelson Place Fegley, Collegeville, Pa. ; The Garden of the Lord, William Moore, Phoenixville, Pa. ; The Value of History, John Calvin Myers, East Berlin, Pa. ; Our Middle Class in Politics, Edward Hartman Reisner, McConnellsburg, Pa. ; The Cry of the Common People, Harold Dean Steward, Perrysville, Ohio.

The judges, Rev. Prof. O. S. Kriebel, A. M., the Rev. O. P. Smith, D. D. and Joseph Fornance, Esq., decided that Mr. E. H. Reisner, deserved the Hobson medal, and John C. Myers, the Meminger medal. Mr. T. A. Alspach was awarded honorable mention.

## THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The exercises of Commencement week were opened Sunday evening in Bomberger Hall. The service was begun by the singing of "Alma Mater," after which the invocation was pronounced by the Rev. S. L. Messinger, S. T. D. of Trappe. After the reading of the Scripture lesson, prayer was offered by the Rev. Francis C. Yost, D. D. of Collegeville. Beautiful anthems were rendered by the College Glee Club and Trinity Church choir. The sermon was preached by Rev. James W. Meminger, pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Lancaster. He chose his text from the third chapter of James, the thirteenth verse, "Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom." He said in part: "Conversation has an important place in the text and it stands for personality. The use of knowledge is to guide and a wise man is one who uses his knowledge to aid what he does. Character is the end of study and all that we do or plan to do should have its end in this. A day has come when you members of the graduating class ask yourselves whether your education is worth what you have given for it. You have passed your examinations showing that your instructors have done their part and it is for you to say whether this knowledge shall be used for the good of mankind. Three mistakes are possible. The first is indifference. In the great multitude of professional and business men, there is no difference in ability, but he succeeds who is prompt in doing what he has to do. Second, the slavery or subserviency to a daily routine of life deadens enthusiasm and common place efforts seem to do. Finally, mere intellectual training is not enough. You must have persistence and no man is defeated until he quits trying.

Let us bear in mind that God-like, God-pleasing character is the grandest thing in the universe. Our desire should be to do what God would have us do, to live the life God would have us live.

Dickinson's one hundred and twenty third annual commencement closed Wednesday night. In the morning degrees were conferred on fifty one college and eight law school graduates.

## SONG RECITAL

A delightful evening of song was spent last Saturday in Bomberger Hall with Corinne Wiest Anthony, Soprano ; Dr. Geo. Conquest Anthony, Basso-Cantante ; assisted by F. Nevin Wiest, Cornetist, and Marion Gertrude Spangler, Pianist. Mrs. Anthony displayed excellent control of voice, and in her star number, Henschel's "Spring" captivated the audience. In the "Tournée of King John," Dr. Anthony showed a marvelous range. All his numbers were highly applauded. The cornet solos by Mr. Wiest were of the finest. For purity of tone and the general way in which Mr. Wiest handled his instrument he can hardly be surpassed. His obligato to the "Alpine Song" sung by Mrs. Anthony, had a wonderful effect. Miss Spangler's rendition of Schumann was also of the finest type. The "Aufschwung" and "Grillen" arranged to offset the softer rhythm of "Des abends" and "Warum" had its effect. No other selections could have so well shown the true genius of the great master. The entire program was most pleasing and the college and friends feel indebted to the Department of Music for such a delightful evening.

## COMMENCEMENT

The thirty sixth school year was brought to a close with the graduation exercises in Bomberger Hall. There was a large attendance of alumni and friends present.

The following program was rendered :

### MUSIC

OVERTURE—"Raymond" *Thomas*  
SELECTION : "Martha" *Flotow*  
MARCH—"Flag of Victory" *Von Blon*

### PRAYER

MUSIC : "In Beauties' Bower" *Bendix*  
SALUTATORY ORATION : Music in America,  
ANNA MABEL HOBSON  
ORATION : The College Man in Public  
Life,

MILES ABDEL KEASEY

VALEDICTORY ORATION : A Twentieth  
Century Renaissance,

CAROLINE ELIZABETH PAISTE

MUSIC : "Spring Song" *Mendelssohn*

COMMENCEMENT ORATION, by Professor  
Marion Dexter Learned, Ph. D.,  
L. H. D., of the University of  
Pennsylvania.

### CONFERRING OF DEGREES

MUSIC : National Airs *Kaehler*

### BENEDICTION

Degrees were conferred as follows:  
A. M., Charles Allabar Butz, A.  
B. ; Lloyd Monroe Knoll, A. B. ;

*Continued on fourth page.*

## CLASS DAY

The class day exercises were held Monday afternoon and proved to be one of the most pleasing events of Commencement week. The college quartette sang several selections and Mr. Wise sang a solo. The class president, Charles S. Dotterer, was in charge of the exercises. The class history was read by Miss Long, and Miss Behney recited "The Death Bridge of the Tay." Next came the Presentation, which was in charge of Mr. Wise. This was very amusing and showed the various characteristics of each person. Mr. Smith then read a very humorous paper entitled "Snap Shots" in which he told of the mysterious and wonderful faculty meetings. The Class Poem was read by Mr. Harmon, and then Mr. Dotterer transferred his mantle to the president of the class of 1907.

The exercises were then transferred to the campus, where Mr. Mabry was master of ceremonies. The ivy was planted, and the Ivy Oration was delivered by Mr. Foltz. Mr. Hamme on behalf of the class of 1908 received the spade. The exercises were concluded by the "Last Rites" by which ceremony, many valuable and important possessions were destroyed.

The exercises were very interesting and were pronounced to be the best held at Ursinus in recent years.

## THE CHARMIDEAN BANQUET

Monday evening, after the Junior Oratorical Contest, one of the most delightful social affairs of the year was held in the College dining hall. It was the occasion of the banquet of the Charmidean Club, an organization which was started during the past year. At half past ten, a company of thirty ladies and gentlemen assembled around the banquet table, which was artistically decorated with fern leaves and red carnations. Mr. Keiner served an elaborate menu, and the toasts which followed were excellent. Mr. Foltz, '06, was toast master and called upon the following men to speak :

The Charmidean Club,  
James A. Ellis, '07.  
Arete Ploutos,  
David R. Wise, '06.  
College Life,  
Floyd E. Heller, '07.  
The College Girl,  
D. Reiner Faringer, '06.  
The Class of 1906,  
William B. Fenton, '07.

# THE URSINUS WEEKLY

Published weekly at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa., during the college year, by the Alumni Association of Ursinus College.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1906.

## EDITORIAL

The baseball season for nineteen hundred and six is over, and will go down as one of the most unsuccessful in the history of athletics at Ursinus. Seventeen games were played and fourteen of this number were lost. There has been some dissatisfaction on the part of the students, but, generally speaking, the team was well supported by the student.

The question naturally arises, What are the reasons for this apparent decline in our college athletics? In the first place, we are not able to maintain continually the high standard set by some former teams. We like to talk about the nineteen hundred and two football team, and the baseball teams of nineteen hundred three and four. But we must not make these teams the standard, by which to judge others. It is remarkable that a college as small as Ursinus could turn out such combinations of athletes. In fact, these teams were composed of athletes who are above the average to be found at Ursinus. Our college is small, and we cannot always expect to defeat the representatives of institutions many times as large. We should not compare our baseball team, then, with the best that Ursinus has produced in the past, or with the teams of our larger rivals, but with those of colleges of our size.

Besides this, the season is not such a disgraceful failure as it seems. The best teams of the eastern colleges were on our schedule,

and many of the games were lost by a very narrow margin. Besides, some of the umpires were responsible for the victories of our opponents. Our team played well enough to win more victories.

The past season seems to be a failure, and several of our best men have graduated. Nevertheless, there is no reason to be discouraged. Many of the new men have shown marked improvement, and they will form a nucleus for next year.

\* \* \*

Commencement Week is over, and the class of nineteen hundred and six are now numbered among the alumni. Throughout their college course, they occupied a prominent place in the various phases of life at Ursinus. In the class room, in the social and religious affairs, and on the athletic field, Nineteen Hundred and Six, were in evidence, and in many instances their places will be hard to fill. Their future career will be closely watched by the many friends they made at Ursinus.

## SOCIETY NOTES

### ZWINGLIAN

Last Friday evening was the regular evening for debate at the Zwinglian Society. The subject for discussion was, Resolved, That the exploitation of natural resources for profits should be allowed the railroad companies. The affirmative speakers were Messrs. Hamme, '08, Long, '09, Hoover, A., and Wise, '07. Those speaking for the negative were Messrs. Leidy, '08, Abel, '09, Leiby, A., and Rhodes, '08. Under general debate, Snyder, '08, spoke. The Judges, Messrs. Alspach, '07, and Fenton, '07, decided in favor of the affirmative; the house decided in favor of the negative. Under voluntary exercises, the Seniors of the society gave their farewell speeches, and Wise, '06, rendered two vocal solos in his usual pleasing way. The feature of the evening was the cornet solos played by Master John Allowa, of Norristown. Although a boy of only fourteen, he rendered with apparent ease the most difficult selections, containing "triple tonguing" and cadenzas. He was accompanied by Mr. Leo Rodgers, also of Norristown. The society certainly appreciated this music and hopes to have an opportunity to hear it again.

### SCHAFF

The program for Friday evening was especially interesting and enjoyable. The Seniors climaxed their work as active members of Schaff by producing a farewell program worthy of this last meeting night of the school year.

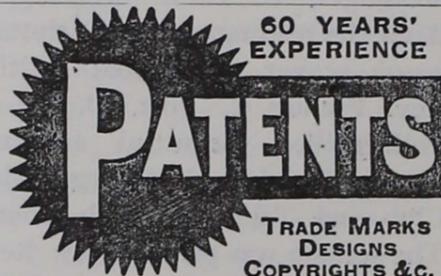
The first number was an instru-

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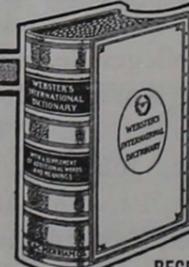
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# The Literary Supplement.

TO THE URSINUS WEEKLY

Vol. 4.

June.

## A TWENTIETH CENTURY RENAISSANCE

Fifty years ago the belief prevailed that the advance of science would mean the destruction of poetry. To the literary historian such a unique event could have nothing but the highest significance, for poetry was one of the earliest forms of expression. Shales, the first Greek philosopher in 600 B. C. produced his theory of the universe in verse; David, one of the most famous of the Hebrew writers, his Psalms; the Book of Job, the Proverbs of Solomon, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, in fact much of the original of the English Bible was in the form of poetry. For centuries the muse had held her sway over man and had appealed to the best in all—from the rudest savage in his hut to the jewel-crowned monarch on his throne. But with the middle of the last century there came a change. The newly-invented means of transportation and locomotion broke down the old barriers between country and town; the revelation of the heretofore unknown past of the earth compelled men to modify their views of life; the doctrine of evolution aroused interest in the great problem of the origin and destiny of man. Such were the conditions in 1860. Science with enormous strides, had marched across our continents, leaving in its track the din of the factory whistle, miles of glittering rails, doctrines and theories innumerable but—in spite of it all, leaving the soul of the people trembling and white in doubt and despair.

This brief historic reflection suggests the thought for which we plead—namely, that one of the great needs of our day is the shifting of the emphasis from the distinctly scientific and placing it upon the poetic. By science is generally understood knowledge in systematized form. We use it in the specific sense to denote that human instinct which guides man into the realm of the unknown and which is satisfied only in the acquisition of knowledge, wealth and position. It is not the true science we oppose, for that is not in itself antagonistic to the spiritual, but it is this cold, matter-of-fact science of to-day which saps man's faith in the good and beautiful in life. Poetry on the other hand, has to do with the emotional as distinguished from the intellectual and rational in man. Poetry is not sentimentality—the poet loves truth—perhaps not so much for its own sake, as the scientist, as for its beauty. He stands for feeling and beauty. From this it is clear that Poetry and Science are not necessary antithetical, though they have been by no means friendly to each other; that they are not even the supplements of each other, but that they are complements. The true rounded man is as really emotional, as he is intellectual; he is as really poetic as he is scientific.

The one-sided pursuit of science has always discouraged the advance or appreciation of poetry. It has injured the love of the beautiful in art and nature alike. It has changed the world outside and the man within. In the form of commercialism, it has transformed our cities from places of clean, happy homes to seething, unhealthy tenement rows and narrow, crowded streets; the network of railways and the thousands of smoking factories have made

our earth less beautiful; competition and the maddening rush for wealth have made man more sordid and selfish. Apparently he has no time even for his God. Science has altered his essential conception of life; it has penetrated his very soul and led him to tremble between doubt and despair. Tennyson, in his "Higher Pantheism" voices this doubt,

"God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,  
For is he thunder by law, then the thunder is yet his voice.  
Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool.

And the ear of man cannot hear and the eye of man cannot see  
But if he could hear and see,—this vision—were it not He?"

In this Tennyson confesses the blindness with which man is groping after God. Has not science in the form of commercialism and materialism crushed out the element of trust—and put in its place scepticism and unrest? There is a stanza in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" which gives the key to his whole vacillating philosophy.

"But what am I?  
An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light;  
And with no language but a cry?"

Mathematical Science has undermined the spiritual element which is the very foundation of poetry. The masses are, as Mathew Arnold says, "wandering between two worlds, the one dead the other powerless to be born." The duty of the poet is to elevate these masses, but Arnold and Tennyson both faltered upon the way conscious of a mission too burdensome for them to bear—that of spiritualizing an era of unparalleled materialism. They echo Hamlet's cry of despair,

"The time is out of joint, O cursed Spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right."

These men of the sixties felt that the tyrant science was sweeping before it all the old faiths and creeds and they look blankly into a future dark with doubts and reared with misapprehensions.

But not the men of a later day. A new generation appears—with fresh hopes, fresh ambitions, fresh plans. They try to reconcile science and poetry. Poetry is not dead—that which was dead to the earlier poets still lives, only in a different form. Could this prosaic, irreligious science mean anything to the soul of man as poetry had? The critics and poets of the early nineties believed it possible. Science and Poetry or knowledge and feeling can be reconciled. There is no essential antagonism between them, for poetry is an inferior adjunct—a supplement of science. Such an idea is preposterous! Science and Poetry can no more mix and mingle than oil and water. Poetry floats on top of cold, matter-of-fact science—richer, fuller, touching at all points, but never once mingling with it to form a composite element to man.

Thus since poetry and science can be neither antithetical nor yet supplementary, there is but one other view—and that is that they are mutually complementary. The one is of just as high a value as the other. Can you for a moment imagine a man who has allowed his emotions to rule him? He is a fanatic, a dreamer, a man out of harmony with the practical world of affairs around him. But, on the other hand, the man who has allowed this modern spirit of science to weigh him down is less the perfect man than that fanatic. He stands looking at the mighty stretch of Niagara but he sees no beauty in it. Far from it. He is thinking of the vast amount of wasted energy which if harnessed would pour money into his pockets. It is the spirit of our age. We are so much under the tyranny of this scientific method that our lives are dwarfed, stunted, one-sided. Our own

American poets—Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier—voice this sentiment. They cry out against this over-emphasis of the scientific and plead for the well rounded man, in whom the intellectual and emotional are trained side by side.

We have not striven in this to depreciate the value of the scientific investigation, but to relegate it to its proper place. An unscientific world is an unknowable world and an unknowable world is no place for man. If we have listened to the scientist when he says "we cannot live in an unknowable world," let us also hearken to the poet when he says "neither can we tolerate an unfelt world." The scientist claims that life is truth—cold, bare facts, but life is not truth alone, it is truth suffused with emotion and energized by will—not simply the truth as embedded in the rocks and seas. The finer, more sensitive feelings of America and Europe have been dwarfed by this feverish search for truth, knowledge, power. We live in a known world, but not a felt world. From early childhood we are taught to search for facts—for truth, but the greater truths seem somehow to have been crowded out. If the scientist discovers the invisible forces about us, it is the poet who points out the beauty of these forces and helps us to appreciate them. He makes us feel our world. But where is he to-day? The gray-haired old poet who carried the great message of cheer to the soul of man, has been given a second place. He has been almost crowded out of our schools and colleges. Education is tending toward the technical and scientific. Even the small colleges offer a Bachelor of Science degree which allows a man to graduate without having pursued any of the classic branches—any of the culture branches. Can such a man be other than one sided? The public schools tend toward a similar goal, in their unreserved emphasis upon the mathematical branches and the rudiments of botany, zoology and chemistry. The boys and girls grow up into the mechanical routine, but the thoughts of the poets—the great thoughts which lie too deep for tears—are a closed book to them. Men disdain this literary culture as though it were something effeminate—as though it lacked force and dignity, but can anything lack force and dignity which holds up for man an ideal lofty and pure? We have too much of the real, but man's heart life is cramped. We have had our Carnegies and Rockefeller's with their one-sided development—their love of money and power, but let us have the full, rounded man with a healthy, balanced development of both the intellect and the emotions. There is where we need the emphasis now, if we are to stem the tide of commercialism and save what is noblest in man from the encroachments of a relentless materialism. Man is like the nautilus in his many chambered cell. As he passes from one stage of growth to another and from one apartment to another, the tiny light of him grows larger and larger, and as he struggles toward that light, he develops into the full rounded organism. Just so should man. Let us herald a Renaissance in this new twentieth century, wherein we shall break away from this thralldom of a one-sided, boasted culture and come forth children of a new birth—well-rounded, balanced, free!

CAROLINE E. PAISTE, '06.

## THE COLLEGE MAN IN PUBLIC LIFE

We stand to-day in the midst of a great civic unrest; a wonderful revolution of economic forces. Ours in the form of popular government. We are, however, sorely in need of the substance. Machine legislation has held sway for many years. The voters, driven under the lash of the boss, have registered only his will. The legislators have slavishly obeyed his orders. Is not the time ripe for a political renovation and purification? Has not public sentiment at last been aroused from its lethargy? In Mich-

igan, Missouri and Philadelphia, housecleaning has begun. Our citizens have come to realize more fully than ever before that government is the means whereby the will of the people finds expression. In a republican form of government, more truly than in any other does the character of the laws and the efficiency with which they are administered mirror the character and enlightenment of the average citizen. In the light of this situation it becomes our duty to be eager and alert to grasp from every opportunity offered by public sentiment some substantial impetus to earnest work; to a larger and nobler citizenship.

If adequate reform is to be effected, we must seek ultimate and not proximate remedies. What we need is men. The men for whom honor and fame are waiting must be immovable and incorruptible; wise and strong; patient and energetic. It is a fight which must stir the blood of every one who thinks of what it means. The need is great; the end in view is noble. Moreover, we need college bred men; men like Roosevelt, Garfield, Jerome and McCormick for the ultimate remedy.

It costs the state \$500 to educate and rear each child to a normal producing age. If an individual life is lost it cannot be replaced. If an individual fails to do his duty, he is not only not an asset but a burden to the state. It costs a college \$300 a year to educate a student, while he pays less than half that amount. In many western universities he pays nothing at all.

This deficiency must be made up by the state, by endowments from the wealthy and by great sacrifices on the part of many upon whose hearts rest the burden of the cause of education and the welfare of our country. Men are willing to make these sacrifices because they are proud of the fact that the colleges and universities are attended largely by men who are going to take an active part in the public affairs of the country as politicians and statesmen. Formerly college men became leaders of the great professions of the church, the law and medicine. Now a large percentage enter politics and business.

The true aim of education is to prepare man to fulfill the purposes of human existence; to live completely; to make his life one of usefulness and service in promoting the material and spiritual interests of mankind. The value of a man's services to himself and state depends upon his skill; his fully developed power. With physical vigor as a basis man's usefulness and happiness depend upon his intellectual, his constructive, his ethical incentives and power. College education consists in organizing the resources of the student; it gives him power which fits and prepares him for his social and political environment. An uneducated man is embarrassed by any situation to which he is not accustomed. The college bred man is far more competent to deal with complex problems which he has never met before. This is because he has acquired general conceptions; his imagination, his judgment, his intellectual and sympathetic powers have been developed. Mental culture including such attributes is of inestimable value in the practical walks of life. New problems and novel difficulties of all kinds in social and political questions assume complex forms for which there is no parallel in experience. It is then that the power acquired by higher education is most urgently demanded. It is such situations that call for all the power of mental initiative that a college man can master. Such an example we find in Jas. R. Garfield who gradually rose from a lawyer in his native town in Ohio, through the state Senate, until Roosevelt, recognizing his ability, appointed him the first Commissioner of Corporations. Although he partly failed with the Beef Trust, he did not give up in despair but is manifesting his worth and power in the investigation and exposure of the Railroads and the Standard Oil

Company. Imagine the predicament of a man who lacks such power. And yet many offices of trust and of great political moment to the entire people are held by just such weak and incapable men. They follow the boss who is no more capable. Do you then ask, why is there so much mismanagement in our great political organization?

The college graduate has an advantage. Mathematics and scientific investigation develop his intellect, his powers of observation, reasoning and initiative. History and Literature develop his ethical nature; they cultivate the sympathies; exert a humanizing influence by the clear and beautiful expressions of noble thoughts and sentiments. To be graduated from college, however, means not only so much Mathematics, Science, History and Literature; not only that certain social influences have operated upon the graduate; but it also means that he has been given opportunities and advantages above thousands of others; it means that he is one who was willing and capable of winning this distinction. Does it not, therefore, become incumbent upon college men to strive to raise the standard, physical, and moral of each voter? Is it not his duty to impress upon his fellow citizens the importance of the relation between the state the individual?

The aspiring young man is held responsible for the soundness of his moral stamina, the efficiency of his mental equipment and for his physical energy. These elements, however, form but one factor. It is the duty of the state to furnish the second factor in the best possible environment for the cultivation of those attributes which will secure to the individual and his posterity the largest measure of life, liberty, and happiness. It is only by the proper combination of these two factors in the creation and operation of which the individual and the state share their responsibilities that the highest productive potential can be procured. The interest of the state and individual are mutual. They should not be divorced.

You may say that unless a young man engage in speculation or allows himself to be driven by the boss, a political career will cost him more than his income; that to enlist in the ranks of the great teaching profession means a small salary; that to enter the ministry when he is capable of earning more money is foolish. Indeed, this spirit is too frequently voiced by men who have grown old in the walks of life. It is voiced by those who are dissatisfied because they have not gained a fortune of this world's goods. But, is it voiced by men who truly have the interests of the state and of humanity at heart? Religion, patriotism, good sense and good government all rise up against such a doctrine which can make only for ultimate evil. Great and good men of ages past, such as Washington, Lincoln, McKinley and Roosevelt of to-day who have experienced the life of soul and sense would rise against it. In this the beginning of a century which has opened wide the gates of enlightenment to rich and poor, are not such standards utterly absurd?

Are college men all money mad? Are there not many who feel their duty to the state and who are willing to perform it? If a college graduate would exert any influence he must cast aside class distinctions, selfishness, and the idea of self aggrandizement; he must place himself on an equality with men of less education and fewer advantages; he must become familiar with the prevailing social and political conditions by actual personal contact. Only thus will he know how to become an aid. Does not the state have a right to demand such services of her sons who have been so highly favored; sons to whom special advantages have been given? In the light of the present situation, when men of power and capability are so much needed, let not one shirk when duty demands his services. Let every college man

give to the public the very best that is in him, let him avail himself of the great opportunity of making our government the grandest and noblest in all the world.

MILES ABDEL KEASEY, 1906.

## FORMATION OF THE SCHUYLKILL VALLEY

The Schuylkill Valley is so called from the river bearing that name which rises in the Blue Mountains in the northern part of Schuylkill County. Its course is generally south easterly, flowing into the Delaware River a short distance below Philadelphia. The valley itself is about 125 miles in length and averages from 3 to 25 in width. The extreme northern end is marvelously cut out by mountain chains: these are generally in parallel formation and the river cuts through them usually at right angles. This phenomenon is particularly well exemplified in the south ridge lying to the north of Port Clinton. The Schuylkill proper has cut a deep gorge on the left, and four miles to the eastward the Little Schuylkill has forced a similar passage. The rocks in these cuts tell the story of the grinding and pounding of the river for ages and ages. Some project in great round masses like the shoulders of immense mammals, others have been cracked and torn until they rise out of the mountain side like Gothic spires.

South of Port Clinton the river breaks upon an interrupted course until it reaches the vicinity of Reading. The "Palisades" is a beautiful cut in limestone and sandstone more than 300 feet high. This phenomenon has been lately overgrown with mountain pink, making a spectacle most beautiful. West of the city and a trifle to the south, Neversink Mountains once formed a barrier across the river's path. It made a sharp turn to the west to avoid this barrier, thereby forming a swift current that ages ago has washed away the entire end of the mountain, even cutting into it until at present we have the famous horse shoe curve of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. South of Reading the valley broadens into a low flat country entirely absent of anything that surpasses small hills.

The river in its course is supplemented by a perfect net-work of both large and small streams, the remains of what, according to theory, was once an immense sheet of water, with which the valley was filled. These tributaries are important in that they have worn cuts in the earth by which the formations of their particular sections may be studied. On the extreme north, the idea of an immense sheet of water covering the valley is born out the presence of vast beds of coal. This substance was formed by the action of water upon carbon compounds such as trees, plants and vegetables. In the anthracite region fossils prove that at some time the now hard substance was soft, and water must have been the hardening agent. The seeming limitless supply of coal shows further that vast deposits exist and they can only be accounted for by the presence of an immense body of water. The streams of the upper valley are without exception mountain streams and their swift currents bring down fine particles of coal which are carried far down the Schuylkill. Traces of coal deposited by the river may be seen for 30 miles. The coal deposits extend as far south as the county line, beyond which no coal is mined. Here the Little Schuylkill, and Tamaqua Branch, unites with the river, and it too brings suspended in its waters an immense amount of coal and dirt. Were it not for the dredgers south of this point that are continually removing the fine coal from the river bed, the time would come when the river's course would necessarily be changed on account of the clogging of its passage caused by coal deposits. The first important stream below the Little Schuylkill is Stony Creek. This stream is not 15 miles in length, but it runs through a region

of an entirely different formation from that lying north of it. Here the coal has disappeared and in its place we find huge beds of common limestone. This formation becomes much more marked as we approach the centre of Berks County. The Maiden Creek, called Ontelaunee by the Indians, unites with the river at a point 6 miles north of Reading. It closely resembles the portion of the Schuylkill lying between Reading and Pottstown in that it has an extensive flood plain. Each spring when the ice breaks and the heavy rains fall the creek rises above its banks and overflows the neighboring land. Each flood leaves a deposit of mud, sand and other materials in regular strata formation, which, if conditions are favorable, are changed to sand stone. This phenomenon may take place here when the water is charged with that peculiar silicious cement, which by flowing through the deposit, fastens the little particles together.

Nine miles from the Maiden's mouth, near a little village named Virginsville, is located the largest natural cave in Pennsylvania. On the side of a steep hill, 300 feet above the Valley, the cave opens. It was discovered in 1871 by some men who were quarrying lime stone for the purpose of burning lime. The opening is a large chamber 30 feet high, which tapers down to a passage in the rear, through which one emerges into another great chamber from the ceiling of which hang beautiful specimens of stalactites. Throughout the cave there are many chambers and passages similarly decorated with them, and fashioned into all sorts of figures such as the giants hand, the lion's jaw, the angle's wing, the pulpit, the slice of melon, et cetera. The crystalline formations are most marvelous. Percolating waters saturated with calcite have trickled down the walls, and evaporated leaving formations most beautiful and fantastic. During the process of the cave's formation the water that flowed through it had cut deep gorges in the rocks which appear as cracks. These are very numerous and like the chambers are covered with beautiful formations of white crystals. The main passage is 650 feet long and the entire length of all the passages is about a mile.

To the north of Reading about 5 miles, there lies near Tuckerton another limestone cave, much smaller than Crystal Cave and more difficult to explore. The mouth is a large opening in the side of a quarry; the floor is an immense pool of water which drops from the sides and ceiling. Thirty feet in, the passage divides, one going up, the other down. The upper passage leads to a small chamber beyond which it narrows to a ledge about a foot high, scarcely large enough for a man to crawl through. Beyond this ledge lies a room of moderate size, covered with crystals and suspended stalactites. A passage on the right leads downward and back toward the opening of the cave. This passage soon widens into a large room which contains a pure white calcite pillar fully 8 feet in circumference extending from the floor to the ceiling, seemingly as its strong support. One thing is remarkable about these two caves: the floor does not run on a level, but up and down making steep ascents and descents, with here and there large cracks or holes opening upon the path through which the water must have rushed with tremendous force during the cave formation.

The Tulpehocken Creek flows into the Schuylkill directly west of Reading. Its bed contains quartz crystals, many specimens of which are still found. Three miles from the mouth lies the famous trap dike, a formation that once held the water in an immense basin but which long since has broken through, leaving but a broad ledge projecting from the hill side. This dike runs from the Tulpehocken in a north-eastern direction to Tuckerton 5 miles away, where it is lost. The theory is that the dike formed a large breast work for an immense di-

vision of water that once covered the flat territory to the north of it. The Tulpehocken Valley is famous for its fine natural springs. There are hundreds of them that throw out large quantities of water. On the farm of John Kissinger near Womelsdorf, a stream issues from a cleft in the rocks amounting to 10 gallons per second. These springs are feeders for the Tulpehocken, and were it not for them the creek would become dry during the hot summer months.

The mountains east of Reading cannot be passed without a word. If one could imagine a pile of rocks, the size of coconuts, which is 1200 feet high and 8 miles around its base, one could get a good idea of the formation of Mt. Penn. These rocks plainly show that a great quantity of water must have covered the valley. It is a soft, white rock resembling sandstone, so soft that small specimens may be crushed with the hand. A theory has been advanced that because of the difference of the rock of Mt. Penn and that of Mt. Neversink, lying directly south, which is of harder quality and extremely scarce, the mountain being largely clay and limestone, that Mt. Penn was formed by volcanic action. But such a theory cannot stand. Volcanic rock is very hard, and entirely unlike that of Mt. Penn, being usually glassy in appearance. Then the round shaped tops of the mountains supplement the proof of the existence of a body of water, by which they were worn off. And again specimens of conglomerate, or pudding rock, prove the presence of water, by the action of which these various rocks became cemented together. On the east slope of the mountain specimens of gneiss, a granite-like rock, may be found.

An interesting fact about the islands of the Schuylkill of this section is that they contain deposits of iron. I have collected upon Fritze's island a number of specimens of magnetic iron and silicious iron ore. There is not a sufficient quantity in these deposits, however, to make them valuable. Some years back mines were opened, but were soon abandoned.

At Birdshore a small creek enters the Schuylkill, Hay creek by name. It has its source back in the mountains possibly 5 miles from its mouth. In a stretch between Hampton and White Bear there is a deposit of trap rock, a hard silicious rock in combination with limestone. Huge crushers have been erected to prepare the rock for road making, for which it is admirably adapted.

To the south of Birdshore we find a new formation appearing, namely, the red shale. This common rock is the principle one throughout this portion of the valley. The whole section lying east and south of the Manatauney Creek extending through the lower Perkiomen Valley and as far south as Norristown is underlaid with this strata. At Port Kennedy the shale gradually decreases before a hard limestone which in marked abundance extends throughout the lower Schuylkill Valley, south of Conshohocken.

At Port Kennedy a small limestone cave has been opened which is known as the famous bone cave of Pennsylvania. It is supposed that wild animals made it a harboring place, where they dropped the carcasses of their prey.

The section lying about the mouth of the river, is very low and is continually washed by floods. When the water recedes, the land becomes a marsh overgrown with all sorts of vegetation.

In this sketch of the Schuylkill Valley I have attempted as far as a limited knowledge of the formations will allow, to give a general yet comprehensive view of the conditions as they exist. From a scientific point of view, it furnishes ample subject matter; from an artistic standpoint, such a wealth of scenery can scarcely be found in any equal area.

DAVID RAMSON WISE, 1906.

## DOES PREVALENCE OF NATURAL SCIENCE TEND TO CHECK POETIC SPIRIT?

If an attempt were made to trace poetic spirit to its first form of expression in the life of the world it would lead to primitive man—the man whose every environment spoke to him in awful tones of the great world of the mysterious.

It was a natural thing to give to Nature's phenomena personality, idea of form, and activities human, to deify these conceptions and worship them. Then impelled by some force indefinable, to express feelings of adoration in a rhythical formation of grouping of words. It would indeed be interesting if it were possible to see the form of such expression. It matters little how or under what circumstance this took place, but the effect was pleasing and tended to being repeated.

Poetic expression can be more marked as time went on, and revealed more and more of its beautiful form as men grew in intelligence, and its advance in development is marked by the culminating points of the Iliad in Greece, the Aeneid in Italy, and in various other forms leading up to the 16th century literature.

But this century which marked "Golden Era of English Literature," if not the world's, was also destined to bring with it an influence which tended seemingly to check poetic spirit. Science began to make its presence known in the form of scientific literature, and by its lucid explanation lifted from the popular mind the vague mysteries of Nature in which the poet was wont to revel. However, the great poets of the time saw this great rival. Tennyson speaks of it in his Higher Pantheism when he says:

Law is God, say some; no God at all says the fool,

For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in the pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;

But if we could see and hear this Vision, were it not He?

Poetic spirit would have suffered little more than a shock of surprise, and would then have quickly transformed herself from old, to new thoughts had it not been neglected by the majority, and poetic form of expression used to carry on political disputes or hurl invectives in the fierce religious controversies. So while this rise of new ideas was continuing, science received encouragement, forged ahead and plunged the world into materialism. It was only natural that men should turn their attention upon scientific investigation and their imaginations leap toward the ideal of more perfect knowledge, and lucid explanation of the force operating in nature.

It is remarkable what advance science has made. And yet in every way the individual mind is broadened, made more comprehensive and more elevated. Scientific thought is exact in its statement of facts, but conservative and even evasive in dealing with uncertainties. The modern mind is dominated almost entirely by scientific thought while materialism seems to be its theme.

The imagination leaps forward to the time when the unexplainable shall be made known, when that which obscures the underlying forces may be explained away and man put into the control of the vitalizing and destructive movements in nature or man brought face to face with Ideal, even God. In this whole process, cleared conceptions are attained, higher mental states are developed, infinitesimal approaches toward the ideal are acquired, and the standards of ultimate substance, creative force, and absolute beauty are set up.

Poetry is a process which deals with the simple. It beautifies, or better, points out the beauty in the most unassuming appearances. It takes up the scattered threads of life and weaves them into song and romance. Out of mys-

ticism it makes prophesy and reveals God. Keeping the ideal flower in view it adds beauty to the rose, by awakening in the mind a quicker pulse. It is the tongue which makes human wrongs speak eloquently for vengeance. Everything in the universe is its theme. At will the bitterest hates, the blackest scorn, or the most tender love finds expression in its strains.

Poetry does not create, but recreates, that is, poetic spirit interprets nature and all its themes to those who are willing to entertain it, and they give expression to it for the benefit of those who otherwise would miss the true beauty or whose minds have permitted poetic spirit to develop within them.

The true poet is not an idle dreamer, but like the true scientist, he is a thinker of the highest order, and governs his emotions by a well directed reason. There is in fact, in the highest forms of imagination only the difference in individuals, and this difference becomes of little importance when similar themes are considered and in the instance of the natural scientist and the poet, whose common source of investigation and inspiration is nature, the similarity of the highly developed imagination is very marked. No one can read such men as Tyndall, in his *Fragments of Science*, LeConte Weisman, Darwin and other great men of natural science, and fail to note the high state of imagination displayed and its similarity to the true poet.

The scientist discovers the plans by which nature does its work, and formulates laws, by means of which he stands as a medium between man and nature. The poet interprets nature in all its beauty to the masses. The scientific spirit, the impelling force to the scientist, is identical with the inspiration which the poet possesses. Natural science deals with the material as an approach to the unseen forces which work back of it and through it. Poetry uses the reality to proclaim the ideal. Natural science raises the framework true and strong, and poetry fills in this naked form with its attractive representation.

Science is ever changing in aspect, yet it remains the same in purpose. Poetry, while to the masses it is seemingly simple, also reveals its true aim under an ever changing aspect.

The true poet and the scientist will alike agree that any attempt to improve on nature must inevitably end in failure. Natural phenomena are what they are and unchangeable. The only things which in reality do change are men's conceptions of them.

There is at present a tendency toward a transition from materialism into something else. Just exactly in what this will end is an open question. But this fact seems evident in respect to poetry and science, that the successful man in either must possess knowledge of both. It may seem an absurdity on my part, but it is my honest conviction, that out of these contending times will come an age in which men will write poetry that will predominate over all that we admire, for it will deal, not with fancy and speculation, but it will unfold the truth, the ultimate, the real. Science and poetry will no longer be at variance, but united will lead the world to purity of conception, and toward the attainment of the ideal.

W. S. HARMAN, '06.

### JANICE MEREDITH AND THE MODERN GIRL

Eleanor Davenport sat in her room in her Norfolk home on the second of June, 1906. On her lap lay a copy of *Janice Meredith*, in which her interest was evidently lagging. All at once she started up, threw her book among the cushions on her divan, exclaiming, "I wish there were no such thing as school! I hate it!" She walked to the other side of the room and vented her hatred on a punching bag which hung in the corner of her room devoted to her athletic fads. Her tennis racket, foil add mask, dumb bells and Indian clubs all

seemed to quiver in approval as she emphasized each remark with a vigorous punch. "I wish I had lived in Janice Meredith's time. The girls never seemed to go to school then. They had just as good a time as we do now too."

Just as she sank upon her divan, wearied by this outburst, a quaint little figure appeared before her. Eleanor sat upright, rubbed her eyes, and stared in amazement. She saw an old-fashioned maiden in a short waisted, rose colored gown of shimmering folds and straight lines. As Eleanor stared with both mouth and eyes open the apparition said, "Good-morrow Mistress Eleanor. I don't suppose you know who I am. Well I am Janice Meredith." Eleanor, recovering from her amazement, pulled her unexpected guest down upon the divan, and poured a torrent of questions into her ear. "How did you get here? How long are you going to stay? For a long time? Oh, won't the girls be tickled to death? Won't we have a perfectly dandy time? You'll tell me all about yourself won't you? Will you go to school with me and see all the girls?" Janice smiled at these queries, then said (somewhat too importantly for a girl of her time,) "I am a delegate sent by the 'Ancient order of Colonial Maids and Revolutionary Dames.' The purpose of this highly honorable order is to reform the extravagances in dress, speech and manners of maids and matrons of 1906, and, if possible, to derive some good ideas whereby our own condition may be bettered." Eleanor, who had listened wonderingly, turned up her pretty nose at the preposterous idea of the reformation of the present by the past. But, as hospitality is one of the modern girl's virtues as much as it was the ancient maid's greatest trait, Eleanor showed every courtesy to her guest.

As they approached the high school the next morning, Janice asked, "What is that stately building?" "O that! That is only the old school," replied Eleanor. "Why that is very different from Dame Makepeace's school," said Janice, curiously eyeing everything as they entered the assembly hall. She listened reverently to the morning exercise and beamed delightedly when she heard the four hundred clear, melodious voices swelling forth in the martial strains of "My country 'tis of thee." As Eleanor took her to her first class, a Latin class, many half-audible remarks were made as they passed through the hall. "Whee! get on to her rig! Came out of the ark I guess! She's a stunner all right," were heard in loud whispers from some of the curious yet admiring boys. In the Latin class she was surprised to hear

"Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris  
Italiam fato profugus, Laviniaque venit  
Litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto  
Vi superum saevae memorem Junonis ob iram"

droned off by the Latin pupils. She confided to Eleanor after the class, "You know so much in Latin. All we study is *amo, amas, amat*, and we shudder for fear when we meet an ablative absolute. Please, dear Mistress Eleanor, take me to some class where I won't feel quite so ignorant." "Well I'll take you to geometry. Nobody knows anything there," obligingly replied Eleanor. Here Janice amused the instructor as well as the pupils by whispering audibly, "Those figures look very much like the design on my new sampler."

The last class they attended and the only one in which she felt any confidence in the extent of her own knowledge was an English class. There her face was transfigured with delight and appreciative pleasure as she listened to these ever cherished lines—

"The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;"

As they walked home she seemed in such a quiet, dreamy mood that Eleanor asked with some anxiety, "What's the matter?" Janice replied soberly, "O you girls of to-day know so much. We only studied the three R's at Dame Makepeace's. When I heard every one show such depths of knowledge I said continually to myself,

'Words of learning, length and thundering sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew' "

In the afternoon Eleanor took Janice to the gymnasium. The sight of the agile girls in their natty gym suits of blue and white, climbing ladders, diving and swimming fearlessly in the large tank, bowling in the long, narrow alley, and playing basket ball filled Janice with delight and admiration. Her soft cries of "O law," "Gracious me," "Lack-a-day" were frequent and involuntary. As they left the building Janice said impulsively, "How I wish the rest of us could see this. Even Priscilla Alden might be tempted to leave her spinning wheel for the chest of weights."

"Wait 'till you see Peggy Smart, the captain of our team," answered Eleanor, "She's a wonder. She'll be at the dinner I'm going to give for you to-night. I want you to feel her muscles."

Sure enough Peggy was at the dinner and glad to let Janice admiringly view her muscular development. Indeed Janice felt nothing but admiration for the girls as they clustered about the table looking bright, happy, and pretty in their light evening gowns. Their conversation and quick repartee kept the ball of fun rolling. During the evening a dainty card was given to each girl upon which she was to write in rhyme her dearest ambition. One girl had written,

"A lawyer skilled I want to be,  
And for each case get a good, fat fee."

Another had stated,—

"I want to be a singer grand,  
Greatly praised throughout the land;  
Like Nordica, Melba, or Eames  
And all the other famous names."

In a very different vein one of the girls had written—

"My greatest desire is to be a wife  
And mend his stockings all my life."

Janice smiled approvingly at this, but was no less delighted with Peggy Smart's production which said—

"To teach athletics and own a gym,  
Is my sole ambition and not a whim."

Eleanor tunefully told them that she wanted to be her father's private secretary. Her jingle was:

"I want to keep papa's large books,  
Have his letters directed to me,  
And pound his typewriter all the day;  
How happy I would be."

A tall, capable looking girl wrote—

"A nurse or doctor I will be,  
And have lots of patients come to me."

But the rhyme that was voted the prize was written by a small dainty maid. Her desire expressed in words was,—

"Tell you what I'd like to be,  
A school teacher's life for me.  
Because, you know, they have so few  
Things to teach and things to do,  
They need only know a branch or two.  
Hygiene and History,  
Astronomy mystery,  
Algebra, Histology,  
Latin, Etymology,  
Botany, Geometry,  
Greek and Trigonometry,  
Ancient Archeology,  
Aryan Philology,  
Prosody, Zoology,  
Physics, Clinictology,  
Calculus and Mathematics,  
Rhetoric and Hydrostatics."

Janice applauded with the rest and then softly asked, "Now will the gracious maidens allow an appreciative stranger to read her ambition?" Delightedly the girls urged her to read. So she stood up, a pretty little figure in her quaint gown with the light shining on her hair and earnest eyes—while she read in her softly modulated voice.

"Oh lack-a-day, my modern friends,  
I fear I'm sadly out of date.  
I never had an aim before,  
But meekly left all things to Fate.

"But now this wondrous modern girl,  
With broadened view and helping hand,  
Has made me feel ambition's call;  
Its higher duties understand.

"So this must be the aim for me  
A twentieth century girl to be."  
ELIZABETH LONG, '09.

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mental duet, by Messrs. Harman, '06, and Dotterer, '06, which was performed with spirit. Mr. Smith, '06, read a paper, "The Senior's Appreciation of a Literary Society," which contained worthy thought and good advice for Schaff. Miss Hobson, '06, gave in a very pleasing manner a selection from Paul Lawrence Dunbar, "My Sweet Brown Girl." The first farewell speech was given by Mr. Foltz, '06. This address was a mingling of seriousness and of fun and was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Harmon, '06, read an original poem. By this and other productions, Mr. Harman has shown himself a master of his art. The vocal solo by Miss Hobson, '06, was a beautiful selection rendered in her usual sweet and graceful manner. Miss Paiste, '06, read a paper, "My First and Last Impressions of College Life." This subject was made interesting and pleasing by Miss Paiste's characteristic insight and wit. Mr. Dotterer, '06, gave an earnest and spirited farewell address. We lose in Mr. Dotterer a very active and enthusiastic member. A vocal solo by Mr. Harmon, '06, was well rendered and much appreciated. The gazette by Mr. Smith, '06, was short, and correspondingly witty and good. The Senior Innovation by Miss Paiste, Messrs. Dotterer, Harmon Smith and Foltz, was the most interesting and most laughable feature of the evening. This number contained two acts. The first was a little drama in which Miss Paiste was leading lady. Twenty years were supposed to have passed since their graduation, and all was done with powder and dress to make it appear so. Each one is to be commended in making this act a success. The second act was introduced by an invitation to the art room where all enjoyed delicious cake and lemonade. Under voluntary exercises Rev. Yost gave us an interesting and helpful talk on the progress of Schaff and told us many interesting things concerning the founding of the Society. The success of the Senior Farewell program makes us realize that they will be missed. The return of election were as follows: President, Cook, '07; Vice-President, Steward, '07; Recording Secretary, Miss Benner, '09; Corresponding Secretary, Sturges, '09; Critic, Myers, '07; Treasurer, Umstead, '09; First Editor, Miss Neff, '07; Second Editor, Miss Thompson, '08; Janitor, Landis, '09; Pianist, Miss Mathieu, A; Financial Secretary, Wismer, '09.

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BASE BALL

LEHIGH, 8. URSINUS, 3.

Lehigh got revenge last Saturday by easily defeating Ursinus. For five innings the game was close, but after the fifth the Ursinus infield played poorly and Lehigh won easily. Mabry pitched his best game of the year and in spite of the poor support he received, he held his opponents to six hits. In the first four innings, only thirteen men faced him and he did not allow a hit until the fifth. Nine of Lehigh's batters were retired on strikes, and only one earned run was made. In short, Mabry pitched an excellent game and with good support, he would have won his game.

Hesse was in the box for Lehigh at the start, but after Garcia had hit for three bases in the second, and Kerschner had made a home run in the fourth, he was relieved by Quinn. Mackall caught a good game, and Galbraith played well at second base.

For Ursinus, the hitting of Garcia and Kerschner was the feature of the game. Reisner, Abel and Ellis were in the outfield and they accepted all the chances, which were offered.

The score:

LEHIGH	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Mackall, c	0	0	6	4	0
Kirk, 3 b	1	1	0	2	0
Updegraff, c f	1	0	1	0	0
Sterner, 1 b	1	0	16	0	1
Galbraith, 2 b	2	2	1	5	0
Barker, 1 f	1	0	0	0	0
Mersack, r f	1	1	1	0	0
Bason, s s	1	1	2	3	1
Hesse, p	0	0	0	1	0
Quinn, p	0	1	0	1	0
	8	6	27	16	2
URSINUS	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Paiste, s s	0	0	1	3	1
Faringer, c	0	1	11	2	2
Snyder, s s	0	0	2	2	1
Garcia, 1 b	1	1	7	0	0
Kerschner, 3 b	2	2	0	0	1
Reisner, c f	0	0	0	1	0
Abel, 1 f	0	1	1	0	0
Ellis, r f	0	0	1	0	0
Mabry, p	0	1	1	0	0
	3	6	24	8	5

Lehigh 0 0 0 0 1 4 0 3 x-8  
Ursinus 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1-3

At Moravian College, degrees were conferred on eight bachelors of theology and seven bachelors of arts.

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**COMMENCEMENT**  
*Continued from first page.*  
William Martin Rife, A. B.; William Aaron Yeisley, A. B.  
A. B. Cum Laude, Anna Mabel Hobson, Miles Abdel Keasey, Caroline Elizabeth Paiste, Martin Walker Smith.  
A. B., Mary Elmira Behney, Charles Spiegel Dotterer, John Linwood Eisenberg, David Reiner Faringer, Beverly Augustus Foltz, Winfield Schroder Harman, Mary Ellen Long, Roy Emory Mabry, Charles Adam Wagner, David Ramson Wise, Elmer B. Ziegler.  
Honors in Special Departments, Education, Anna Mabel Hobson, Mary Ellen Long; English, Caroline Elizabeth Paiste; History, Martin Walker Smith; Mathematics, Miles Abdel Keasey.  
The prize in New Testament Greek was awarded to Mr. Albert Gideon Peters, and the Academy admission prize to Albert R. Thompson.

**ALUMNI DAY**  
Tuesday was Alumni day. At ten o'clock, the annual meeting of the Board of Directors was held. The Rev. Dr. Edward S. Bromer, professor of New Testament Exegesis and Theology at the Ursinus School of Theology was elected president of the college, and the Rev. I. Calvin Fisher, pastor of St. Mark's Reformed church of Lebanon was elected vice-president and treasurer. The following men were elected to membership in the board: Rev. S. L. Messinger, Trappe; James Miller, New Tripoli; H. M. Housekeeper, Philadelphia; Edward S. Bromer, and J. M. S. Isenberg, Philadelphia.  
At two o'clock in the afternoon the Alumni Association held a meeting in the college chapel, and the Alumni luncheon was held at five o'clock in the college dining hall.

In the evening, the Alumni Oration was delivered by Professor William J. Hinke. The subject was "The Code of Hammurabi and Hebrew Legislation." The address was an excellent one and was enjoyed by a large audience. Mrs. Henry Hotz of Philadelphia sang several beautiful solos. Following the oration, the faculty of the college held a reception in the library.

**COMMENCEMENT GAME**  
Although reinforced by Townsend and Price, whose names are so closely connected with base ball at Ursinus in recent years, Ursinus was unable to defeat the All Scho-

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lastic team of Reading. Chick played centre field and the way he hit the ball was easily the feature of the game. The first time he came to bat, the ball sailed over the right fielder's for three bases, and the last time he batted he doubled to center. Altogether he made four clean hits. Price caught most of the game and he showed that he can still play that position in his old time form. Paiste played a fine game at second and Faringer made a nice catch in left field. With the exception of his costly error, Snyder played well at short stop.  
McGill pitched a good game for the Reading team and he received good support, Goodheart and Wise playing exceptionally well.

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