

...The...  
**Normal School  
Herald**

---

APRIL, 1899.

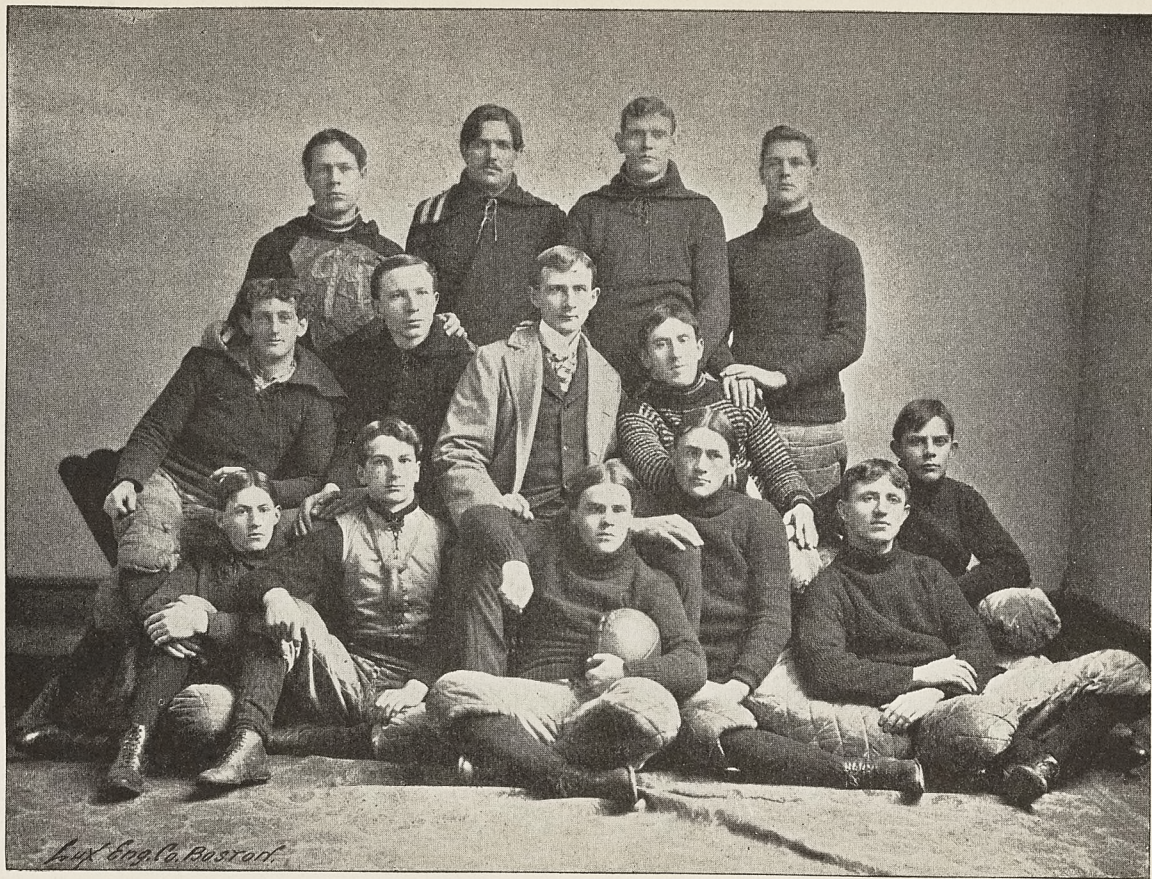
---

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Cotter's Hole,.....	41	Marriages, .....	58
Woman, .....	47	Locals, .....	58
Editorial,.....	52	The Christian Associations,.....	61
The First Commencement, .....	53	The Societies, .....	63
Obituary,.....	54	Clippings, .....	65
Personals,.....	56	Advertisements, .....	67

---

Cumberland Valley State Normal School,  
SHIPPENSBURG, PA.



*Wm. H. Bassett*

	KELL.	WILLS.	FAUST.	CHUBB.	
RICE.	SWIGART.	PROF. BARTON.	HARMAN.	SINGMASTER.	
YOST.	GETTEL.	HENRY.	HEISEY.	STAMBAUGH.	

...THE...  
NORMAL SCHOOL HERALD.

PUBLISHED OCTOBER, JANUARY, APRIL AND JULY.  
SHIPPENSBURG, PA.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1899.

No 3

Cotter's Hole.

THE years 1715 and 1745 were memorable ones in Scottish History. Each saw an uprising in behalf of the Stuarts and each was followed by a terrible retribution. Old Ian MacMillan had been "out in '15" and had then escaped death or transportation only by the most strenuous exertions of influential friends. His estate lay to the north of Inverness and the hot blood of the Scottish Highlanders ran through his veins, ready at any moment to be spilled for the restoration of the "good old king."

So, when in '44 mysterious messages were whispered about and cloaked and booted riders were seen alighting at his door, it needed no prophet to tell that trouble was brewing and that soon the motion toward the water-pitcher in drinking the king's health would not be needed. Well, with '45 it came and old Ian, chafing over every delay or prudential precaution, was one of the first to don the white cockade and pledge himself heart and soul to Prince Charlie. Ian's son, a boy of fifteen, was a worthy scion of this hothead race, for when the clans had gathered and Edinburgh had been entered in triumph and all Scotland was ringing with the cheers of the victorious Jacobites, Jamie slipped the watchful bonds of the old priest at the castle, to whom he had been entrusted, and when the camp of the Pretender was in the greatest bustle and confusion, just on the eve of Preston Pans, rode up to the tent of his father and alighted. Of course he was soundly rated by old Ian, but, with the English just before them, this was no time for unimportant things, so he was allowed to stay. He knew he was to be sent back as soon as his father could arrange for his escort, but there was time to strike one blow for the Prince, whom he loved as earnestly as did old Ian himself. Jamie acted the man so nobly at Preston Pans that he was allowed to remain with the army and so it happened that he was with the Scottish forces in

their march on London. We must imagine his keen delight in the successes of the Pretender's forces, old Ian's rage when Cameron prevailed on the Prince to turn back when so near the goal of his ambitions, the horrible butchery of Culloden, and Jamie's grief and despair when he saw the gray hairs of his father matted with the blood shed in this vain struggle.

He returned to Inverness, but dared not take up his old life. True, he was only a boy, but his father's record was against him, and the suspicion that he was in some way connected with Prince Charlie's flight rendered it impossible that he should escape punishment. A cousin of Jamie's, a Robert Ross, had not followed the Pretender's fortunes, but seeing the inevitable end of these efforts to reinstate the Stuarts he had guided his steps in the strictest line of English loyalty. He had been instrumental in the punishment of many Scottish nobles who had been unfortunate enough to be true to their convictions, and now came forward as a claimant of the MacMillan estates at Inverness. He secured them and Jamie was outlawed and a price put on his head. Several years had passed since, a youth, he had fought at the side of his father at Preston Pans, and now he had grown into a long-limbed, deep-chested giant, whose sandy hair and blue eyes bespoke the generous, impulsive nature within him. He had not escaped unmarked from the butchery of Culloden, for while bending over to catch the last whispered words from Ian's lips a sword stroke had laid his cheek open from nose almost to ear, and kindly closed his eyes in insensibility while the English soldiery, drunk with victory, had slashed and stabbed old Ian's body. How he escaped he could never understand but in some way he was overlooked and regained consciousness under a heap of the slain. His wound was very painful and long in healing and left him easy of recognition. For scarcely could any one read the descriptions so diligently scattered by Robert Ross, and not recognize in the sturdy young man the "scar, jagged at the edge, extending across the right cheek from nostril to ear." But Jamie knew the Highlands, and search for him never so diligently he always escaped. But his eyes had a hunted look in them, for Ross had sworn that he should hang and Ross was never known to fail in any of his attempts. So Jamie MacMillan lived the life of an outcast, hiding in the recesses of the Scottish Highlands above Ben Lomond, never remaining in the same place for more than a few days, constantly

pursued by the fear and hate of the man who now dwelt in the old MacMillan castle near Inverness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was setting on a cold day in the early part of the year 1798. The Pennsylvania hills were golden with light and a red haze seemed to be resting on the snow. The group of idlers at the store in the little settlement of Mifflin were just about to go out into the fastfalling twilight to their homes, where impatient wives were waiting to clear away the evening meal and end the work of the day. Aaron Cotter had just been to the little store and had received a letter which had been left there for him. His neighbors had regarded him with curious, greedy eyes as he took up the packet, for tidings of the great outside world was scarce in the small inland settlements and it was a custom of the Scotch Irish communities to have all news in common. So the farmers, as they passed out into the evening sunshine, felt excused for grumbling at their quiet neighbor, who, on receiving the packet and glancing at the writing, had slipped it into his pocket without deigning to satisfy his own, or the more apparent curiosity of his friends. Outside of the store he pulled his hat down over his eyes and, with a quick, "Good night," strode off up the river in the direction of his home.

"Well, ef he aint a strange 'un!" said one, "Ef I'd git a letter from the old country, you wouldn't find me stickin' it down in me pocket, with never a word to me friends about it. Who is this Cotter, anyway? Where'd he come from?"

None of his friends seemed in haste to answer, but at last one said, "Cotter bes a strange mon. He 'pears not to be happy. They say he was in the army with Washington all through the late war. He must ha' seen some hard raps judgin' from that scar on his face."

"Wall," broke in another, "he haint no call to be onhappy. A wife and two fine gals such as hisn and a hundred-and-fifty acres o' the best lan' in Juniata Valley!"

"He must ha' somethin' on his mind," spoke up old Sandy Laird. "When a mon can't look ye straight in the 'ee and is always a shunnin' his freends and a lookin' suspeciously at thim, you can put it down he's been into somethin'."

"I don't care what you fellows say about Cotter, I'm one that'll stick by him. He saved me from falling into the hands o'

some Tuscaroras last fall. I tell you he'll stick by his friends."

"Wall, he mought ha' told us some o' the news! I seed his letter was from Edinboro. Wonder what they're doin' over thar now?"

Meanwhile, the subject of these remarks had been trudging along toward his home. He was past the prime of life yet his step was firm and his actions, quick and determined. His blue eyes were keen and piercing, yet ever on the alert as though fearing danger. As he walked his brow was overclouded and his eyes did not see the glorious colors on the sunset clouds. Out in the west the sun was just dipping below the crest of the Tuscarora Mountain, his rays gilding the clouds all around. Over Cotter's home there seemed to rest a halo of ruby light. Cotter's way lay along the east bank of the Juniata for nearly two miles above Mifflin, but his home was on the west bank. The Juniata had been frozen over for a month back and the ice was thick enough to make sleighing on the river quite safe. He, however, had walked to Mifflin and now trudged along the road until opposite his home, when he descended to the ice and made his way across its smooth surface. As he neared the west shore he suddenly stopped and raised his head to look about him. The smoke from his own hearthfire curled upward toward the rosy cloud, showing clearly against it. Off to his right stretched the Blacklog Mountains, distinct in the evening light. The rugged sides seemed smoothed and rounded by their growth of hemlocks and pines. To the north stretched the river coming forth seemingly from the very heart of the mountains and below him it made a bend to the right until a rocky point, jutting out a barrier to its waves, turned it back again toward the east. This point was well known to the settlers of this region for the usually shallow waters of the river here after swirling against the cliff had broken their way through and over the ridges of rock jutting out from its base and had swept out a hole the depth of which had never been determined. The hole was about a hundred yards long by fifty broad and was never known to be frozen over. Day and night the white foam and froth circled and eddied in slow, mysterious motion around and around the pool. The shadow from the cliff fell across it and turned the motion of the foam into the eerie whirlings of some lost Ixion who, chained to his wheel just beneath the surface of the black waters, was whirled round and round. A hemlock on

the bank, when the wind mournfully whispered through its branches, gave forth the gasping and sighing that burst from his unwilling lips as his limbs were torn and racked on the wheel. And the foam whirled on and on. Mysterious, inscrutable, round and round.

Cotter swept the whole horizon with his gaze and then, with a sigh, took out the packet and broke the seal. He seemed to surmise its contents, for when he had unfolded it and its strange, blank page with the solitary name of "James MacMillan" in bold characters stood before him, he uttered no exclamation of surprise, but instead refolded it and thrust it deep into his pocket. He entered the house.

"We 'lowed you'd be along purty soon and so we got the supper ready to set up to. Any news Aaron?" His wife anxiously scanned her husband's face.

"No; none at all," he answered. They sat up to their simple meal in silence. A hidden watcher would have noticed Cotter glancing stealthily at wife and daughters during the meal. His eyes roamed about the room resting with loving, lingering gaze on the homely furnishings, the stand he had made for the family Bible, the rough rugs woven by his wife's skillful fingers, chairs and carpet. He seemed as one giving a reluctant farewell to surroundings that were associated in his mind with happiest hours. After the supper dishes had been cleared away and the evening chores finished, the family gathered around the great fireplace. Within, the logs blazed and crackled merrily; without, snow had begun to fall and the cold was very severe. After an hour passed before the fire, Cotter turned to his wife and said,

"Yes, there was some news for you; I had almost forgotten. Mrs. Long wanted you to take the girls and go down to spend tomorrow with her. She is having visitors and wants you to spend the day with them. She said I should bring you down to-night, but its awfully dark and snowing. Maybe we had better wait till morning."

He walked to the window and looked out at the storm. The flakes started into being at the top of the window, distinct against the blackness and passed out of sight when they reached the sill. They seemed as faces on a crowded city street; passing, passing; each like the other, yet different, but passing, passing. The family talked of the matter and at last decided to go in spite of

the snow and cold, so the man was sent to prepare the double-seated sleigh and soon with wraps and robes they had entered the sleigh and had started down toward the ice of the river.

Next morning the sky was still overcast with clouds but the snow had ceased falling. Cotter's hired man, John Horning, had waited till late the night before for the return of the sleigh and when at last midnight had come without it, he had decided that Aaron Cotter had remained in Mifflin. He did the morning chores but when noon came with no Cotter, he decided to go to Mifflin and find out what caused the delay. He followed the sleigh tracks of the night before from the gate down to the river side, where they had turned on the ice. The tracks were softened and rounded by the snow that had fallen later in the night but were still quite easily traced. On he went, down the river. Here the tracks kept close to the right shore but as they neared the rocky point they bent away out to the left to escape the eddying waters of the pool below. But when just opposite the point, they bent abruptly to the right. Horning traced them to the edge of the pool and then,—the circling foam flakes met his horrified gaze. He stood and looked at the water but it kept its secret. The spruce tree whispered and sighed but he knew not its language, and the water as it splashed and tumbled against the cliff and the rocks at its base, gurgled and sputtered to itself, seeming to laugh with fiendish glee at his white face. He retraced his steps to the abrupt turn in the tracks and examined all the traces carefully. There was some mystery here and he must solve it. He stood and swept the whole expanse of snow-covered ice. He saw footsteps stretching away in the direction of Mifflin, rounded and half obliterated by the snow that had fallen since the feet had made the imprints. The thought that Cotter, at least, had escaped entered his mind, for the footsteps were those of a man and the length of the stride indicated one of Cotter's height. But strange to say the steps led *up*, instead of down the river. He saw that the man had stood still just a few paces from the abrupt turn, that he had crossed the intervening space in two quick springs. He saw footsteps mingled with the hoofmarks leading to the pool and then, at a few feet from its edge, the footsteps turned aside. Here the man had stood for some time, for the snow was trampled down, and then a solitary track led down the river again. He hastily followed this track. It led him down to the landing across



from Mifflin and then he lost it. He inquired in the town, but Cotter had not been seen since the afternoon before. A stranger had arrived that evening and had asked about Cotter. He had been directed to his home and had not since been seen. They searched the country for the stranger but to no purpose. They determined to drag the pool, but after failing to find bottom with two double ploughlines joined together, they, with scared faces, gave up the attempt and left it with its mystery.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you happen to be in Mifflin with a few hours to spare, pass out of the town toward the north. Walk out along the country road, bordered in places with its osage-orange hedges, remnants of bygone days. You will see on the opposite bank a cliff jutting out into the river, and a bend just below it darkened by the cliff's shadow. Take a boat and row across to the pool. They call it Cotter's Hole now, and after dark they do not like to go near it. As you near the pool you see the foam-flakes passing in slow measured motion up into the cliff's shadow, out across until the current turns them down again, down the full length of the pool and round again. And so they pass round and round, never still, but ever silent and an old spruce tree on the bank sobs and sighs as the wind blows. Sometimes it seems to whisper a story to you and you bend your ear to catch its murmurs, but in vain. The black water whirls the foam-flakes on and on; the waves lap against the rocky spurs at the foot of the cliff and whisper and murmur as they enter the pool. Yet they tell you not of that awful plunge into the icy waters, the struggles of the maddened horses and the shrieks of drowning women. You see not those pale faces against the black water nor the strong, manly form dragged down in the effort to save loved ones. But the foam-flakes circle the pool and whirl on and on and round and round.

—M. L. D., '96.



### Woman.

**I**N the beginning when God created the heaven and the earth; when he parted the heavy curtains of darkness and flooded the world with light; when he gathered together the waters of the sea, and clothed the earth in the garments of beauty; when he rounded heaven's dome with its glory of sun and moon and

stars ; then it was that from the dust of the earth he created man in his own image and gave him dominion over every living thing, created him with a reasoning mind and an immortal soul, with a mind capable of delving into the deep things of life and ferreting out the mysteries of the world, with a soul destined to live on and on through the whirl of time and the crash of worlds, on through the ages of eternity, going from glory to glory or from woe to woe, reaching greater heights of happiness and joy, or sinking into lower depths of sorrow and misery.

And then looking upon the work of his hands God pronounced it very good. But placed in the Garden of Eden, planted by the Master himself, it seemed not good that man should be alone, and so God took up again the work he had laid down and made a helpmeet for him in his crowning creation—woman. Endowed with a finer nature, "a heart more loving, and a soul more true," she forms a perfect complement to man; his superior only in gentleness and love, his inferior in physical strength alone.

Placed by God on the same plane with man she has not always held that station. Created to be a helper, a counsellor and a friend to the sterner sex, that has not always been her sphere, for we find woman in old Greece and Rome occupying a place in her husband's household little better than that of the slaves. She could exert no elevating or refining influence over her home. She was counted as a cipher intellectually and socially. She was made to feel her inferiority. Socrates, longing perhaps for the disenfranchisement of woman, asks, "Is there any human being with whom you talk less than your wife?"

Necessarily nations that so degraded womanhood and womanly virtue must fall a prey to their own vice, and the glory of ancient Greece and Rome is gone forever. But as Paganism gave way to Christianity a mighty transformation was wrought. Woman was elevated to companionship. She was recognized in the home. Bible teaching had such a transforming power, that the Pagan Libanius, the cultured friend of Julian, the Apostate, exclaims, "What *women* there are among the Christians!" And so it came about that Christian nations became the nations of homes, in which the wife was the central figure ; in which the mother joyfully ruled ; where she trained her children to love the right and hate the evil ; where she inspired souls to become moral and spiritual giants ; where she mothered such men as Luther and Knox and Wesley,

as Washington and Gladstone and Bismarck ; where she was monarch of the cradle, and, being that, she could leave to others the "monarchy of the kingdom and the throne." Happy the woman whose mission on earth is to mother homes like these. And in the words of Tennyson,

"Happy he  
With such a mother ! faith in womankind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
Comes easy to him ; and tho' he trip and fall,  
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

A nobler sphere woman could not ask, and well content was she with her portion, until duty called her and cries for help would not be stilled ; till every passing breeze bore on its wings the moans of the dying, and every flash of lightning and roll of thunder but told over again the horrible story of battlefields all drenched with blood and ghastly with the dead ; then it was that the women of '61 and '63, who with tearless eyes had tied the warrior's sash and girded on the sword ; who had sent forth father and brother, husband and lover and son to battle for God and the right ; who with breaking hearts had kissed lips soon to be cold in death that this country might live on, united and free, that the stars and stripes might wave from the mast-head of every vessel and float in the van of all our armies, leading them on to victory with heroes like Hobson,—then it was that above the demands of home came the stronger, sterner demands of duty to the helpless—and away to the battlefields of the Southland, away to Shiloh and Chattanooga and Antietam, to Chickamauga and Vicksburg and Gettysburg went bands of brave women, society belles, who alone on the battlefield with the dead and the dying, alone in the darkness of the night, hearing only the cries of anguish and despair, stood for the first time face to face with God and death ; unlettered women like Mrs. Bickerdyke, who was ever the soldier's friend and benefactor ; women of culture and refinement, like Mary J. Safford, that gentle "Spirit of Shiloh," Mrs. Jane C. Hoge who, with Mary A. Livermore, so skilfully engineered the great Northwestern Sanitary Fair that millions of dollars were thus collected for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers. In this crucial testing-time woman demonstrated her ability to do and dare for humanity.

But when the tide of battle ebbed and the horrors of war were

over, then she came gladly, joyfully back to take up again her humble daily tasks, but with the latent power within awakened and the dormant faculties aroused, came back to the home which it is her pride to keep pure and sweet and holy.

But into this stronghold of woman there gradually came creeping along the avenues that lead to the outside world a polluted atmosphere, vile vapors, and many impurities. Renewed energy on her part was of small avail against this unchecked evil. Outside work alone could effect a remedy; but the outside work was not done. In spite of her appeals and remonstrances, impurity and intemperance grew worse and worse. So to make this world a safe place for her sons and daughters, to lighten the burden of weary mothers and suffering children, she heeded the Macedonian cry of "come over and help us," and with Mrs. Judge Thompson at the head began the woman's crusade against intemperance. This great movement, which began with an inspiration, has now become an education, and its mighty hosts, whose battle cry is "for God and home and native land," are going on "conquering and still to conquer," until all lands shall be redeemed from the rum curse and around the world there shall be bands of ribbon white.

Among the women who have left the hallowed memories of home, gone out to the battle, braved public opinion, lived down antagonisms, and done God's work in the world, who shall say that the dearly loved and deeply mourned Frances E. Willard missed her place in life? She who gladdened so many hearts, who saved so many sons, who helped so many mothers, surely filled the sphere for which God created her, though that sphere was outside the home.

Lady Henry Somerset, the daughter of an hundred earls, with a pedigree seven hundred years long, goes out to service for her Lord in lowest London and loses none of her womanly dignity, sweetness of spirit or purity of character.

Mrs. Mary Hunt, the apostle of scientific temperance teaching, with dauntless courage pleading with legislature after legislature, until such teaching has become compulsory in all the States but three or four, never lost her love of home nor her domestic tastes.

The work is divine, and while it seeks to save our own sons and daughters, it reaches beyond the narrow confines of home,

out to those who have never known a home nor a mother's fostering love; out to those who have fallen from their high estate and are vainly battling with the tempter, out to the boys and girls of our land, educating them so they will not tamper with the deadly poison. Shall we then call back these brave women because they have gotten beyond the four walls of home? Rather shall not we

"Who stand upon the shore,  
And see the life-boat speed to save,  
Though all too weak to take an oar,  
Still send a cheer across the wave?"

Verily woman's place in the world is to take her share of God's unfinished work, and faithfully doing it, to lift humanity to higher levels and make the earth purer and sweeter. Has she no right then to help cleanse the ballot box? No right to say whether the officeholder shall be honest and upright? No right to help frame the laws under which her sons and daughters will live?

If we are to live as a nation we must be redeemed from political corruption, intemperance, impurity and all the evils that follow in their train, and in this redemption woman has a place outside of the home, a place in which she shall help the home, the state and the nation, and so helping herself by helping others "her work shall become ideal, and she however unworthy may hope to be the humble co-worker with the divine forces."

—LILLIE HOFFMAN METZ, '87.



### Lullaby.

Sleep, little baby, the still twilight creepeth,  
Over the ocean the sun sinks to rest;  
Bright from the blue sky the little star peepeth,  
Birdie is cuddled, asleep in his nest;  
Warm by his mother the little lamb sleepeth.  
Rest thee, my little one, rest.

Rest thee, my little one, evening is falling  
Over the ocean, dark in the west;  
Sweet winds of summer through tree tops are blowing,  
Rocking the birdie, asleep in his nest;  
Soft through the darkness the pale moon is glowing.  
Rest thee, my little one, rest.

—*Ex.*

...THE...

# NORMAL SCHOOL HERALD.

PUBLISHED OCTOBER, JANUARY, APRIL AND JULY.  
SHIPPENSBURG, PA.

---

GEORGE H. ECKELS, '91, Editor.      H. M. ROTH, '89, Business Manager.  
ADA V. HORTON, '88, Personal Editor.

---

Subscription price 25 cents per year strictly in advance. Single copies ten cents each.

Address all communications to THE NORMAL SCHOOL HERALD, Shippensburg, Pa.  
Alumni and former members of the school will favor us by sending any items that they may think would be interesting for publication.  
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Shippensburg, Pa.

---

APRIL, 1899.

---

## Editorial.

THE HERALD is beginning to congratulate itself on the fact that it is becoming more and more an Alumni paper. Of course we always want to be representative of the school and the undergraduate body, but the crying need is for something to keep the graduates together—to keep them firm and united in their devotion to Shippensburg. If you look over the issues of the year, you will find contributions from a number of the Alumni and we have promises of articles from several others. We earnestly hope that by this means the paper will grow more interesting to the Alumni. You will undoubtedly enjoy reading the productions of your classmates and of your friends who belong to our large list of graduates.



One thing is still sadly lacking. We do not have a large enough subscription list—we do not reach enough of the Alumni. You who are subscribers can do something for us in this direction. Will you help?

In another column we publish the program of the first Commencement. This program will be of especial interest to those whose names appear upon it. Many of them, no doubt, have forgotten by this time the subjects of their Commencement speeches. Doubtless a glance at the list of names and subjects will revive many memories—we hope they will all be pleasant.

This program ought also to be of interest to the more recent graduates and to the casual reader because of the comparisons suggested. You will notice that the entire class participated in the Commencement exercises in '74. Such a thing would now, in the nature of the case, be impracticable with our classes of a hundred and more. The subjects for our Commencement programs in these later years are somewhat more practical also and somewhat more varied.



### The First Commencement.

As a matter of interest to the older members of the Alumni, we publish the program of the first annual Commencement of the Shippensburg Normal School. It was held on Friday morning, July 3rd, 1874, commencing at 9 o'clock. This was the program :

#### MUSIC:

ANTHEM,.....GLEE CLUB

#### PRAYER.

#### MUSIC:

SONG,.....PROF. E. A. ANGELL  
 ORATION—*The Leader*,.....E. J. MOORE  
 ORATION—*The Price of Success*,.....S. W. WITMAN  
 ESSAY—*Education and Personal Worth*,.....ADA KERSHAW  
 ORATION—*Genius and Culture in the Orator*,.....J. H. BOYER  
 ORATION—*Will Power*,.....J. A. GOODHART  
 ESSAY—*Woman's Work and Education*,.....LIZZIE A. STOUGH

#### MUSIC:

SONG,.....MISS ELIZABETH BABBITT  
 ORATION—*Learning and Life-Work*,.....W. A. ALEXANDER  
 ESSAY—*The Crowd and the Cloister*,.....ESTELLE J. CONRAD  
 ORATION—*Intellectual Power*,.....FILMORE MAUST  
 ORATION—*A Future Reputation*,.....SAMUEL BEITZEL, JR.  
 ESSAY—*Eyes That See Not*,.....LIDA J. REILLY  
 ORATION—*Self-Reliance*,.....S. B. McCLELLAND

#### MUSIC:

CHORUS,.....GLEE CLUB  
 ESSAY—*Beckoning Ideals*,.....MAY UHLER  
 ORATION—*Teaching Power*,.....H. H. WOODAL  
 ORATION—*Literature*,.....H. J. PLOUGH  
 ESSAY—*Will You Pitch a Tent or Build a House?*...MARY E. STEWART  
 ORATION—*Originality*,.....JOHN C. SHARPE  
 ORATION—*Freehand Drawing*,.....JOS. F. BARTON

## MUSIC :

SONG,.....	MISS ELIZABETH BABBITT
ESSAY— <i>The Golden Age of English Literature</i> ,...	CARRIE W. HARPER
ORATION— <i>Genius</i> ,.....	T. B. NOSS
ESSAY— <i>Heaven's Poetry</i> ,.....	AMANDA MORGAN
ORATION— <i>Our Country</i> ,.....	WM. F. HUGHES
ESSAY— <i>The Silent Side</i> , .....	MAGGIE E. BISHOP
ORATION— <i>Unfinished Work</i> ,.....	S. B. SHEARER

## MUSIC :

CHORUS, .....	GLEE CLUB
BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,.....	BY THE PRINCIPAL

## CONFERRING DEGREES.

MUSIC,.....	ORIGINAL HYMN
-------------	---------------

TUNE—*Old Hundred.*

Oh, Lord! assist us while we raise  
 To Thee, a grateful song of praise,  
 Thy goodness crowns this closing year,  
 With fruits of labor garnered here.

Our gifts and graces now, in youth,  
 We dedicate to God and truth,  
 Ourselves, a living offering,  
 Accept the sacrifice we bring.

Thy guardian favor, Father, give,  
 And teach us, Savior, how to live,  
 O, Spirit, lead in light and love,  
 To realms of bliss, in heaven above.



## Obituary.

Prof. Edwin Howard Bugbee, Died January 16, 1899.

IT is with the deepest sorrow that we inform the Alumni of the untimely death of Prof. Bugbee, who was a member of the faculty from 1885 until 1892. He was ill for several weeks with the grip and complications resulting therefrom. It was known that his illness was serious, but hopes were entertained for his ultimate recovery, so his sudden death was a shock to the community in which he was living and to all his friends. The last six years of his life were spent in Port Jervis, N. Y., where he was Principal of an Academy.

Prof. Bugbee was born December 11, 1856, in Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y. He graduated from St. Lawrence Uni-



versity in 1876, and took post-graduate courses in Cornell and Columbia Universities. He taught in several towns in New York before he came to Shippensburg. In 1892 he went to Baldwinsville, N. Y., to take charge of a public school. One year later he went to Port Jervis.

He was married January 14, 1885, in Lawrence, Mass., to Miss Emma A. Bugbee of that place. His wife and three children survive him, also a brother, Dr. Percy Bugbee, Principal of the Oneonta Normal School in New York state, and two sisters.

The classes that were graduated from the Normal during the time that Prof. Bugbee was teacher of Mathematics will learn of his death with saddened hearts. He endeared himself to all the students and many of the Alumni can testify to his excellent qualities of mind and heart. He was a man of broad education but excelled particularly in Mathematics and Natural Science. Not only was he a wonderful scholar, however, but a man of noble Christian character. Truly a good man has passed away.

The HERALD extends most sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

**Miss Alice Hager, '98, Died January 4, 1899.**

In the last issue of the HERALD we reported with regret the serious illness of Miss Hager. Now it is our painful duty to tell you of her death, which occurred at her home in Clay Hill, Franklin county.

Miss Hager's death was the result of the gradual enlargement of the jaw bone, and she was in great agony during the last weeks of her life. It had been known for some time before that there was no chance of saving her life, for leading specialists in Baltimore and New York had refused to operate.

Last fall Miss Hager began her first year in the profession of teaching, but death took her away at the very beginning of her life's work. The hearts of her many friends at Normal went out to her in loving sympathy during her sickness, and now her loss is keenly felt, for it seems so short a time since she was a happy student in our midst.

The HERALD sympathizes most sincerely with the bereaved family and friends.

### Personals.

MISS MAE SHEETS, '96, has been appointed to a position as instructress in the Soldiers' Orphan School at Chester Springs, Pa. She has resigned her school at Webster Mills, Fulton county.

Mr. John F. Deardorff, '93, who has been a substitute railway postal-clerk has been put on the regular list and will run between New York and Pittsburg. Mr. Deardorff's average in examination was a fraction less than one hundred per cent.

Miss Lou Buhrman, '90, is taking the Library course at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Mr. C. M. Best, '94, will graduate from Lafayette College this spring. He has been elected Presenter by his class.

Mr. A. A. Miller, '94, has been elected to teach the Grammar School in Greencastle, Pa. Miss Edith Strite, '98, succeeds Mr. Miller in Antrim township.

Mr. C. H. Shull, '97, is studying law with McPherson & McPherson, Gettysburg, Pa. He passed a very creditable preliminary examination.

Rev. L. B. Hafer, '93, has resigned his pastorate at Fort Washington, Pa., and accepted a call to the Lutheran church at Friesburg, N. J., one of the largest congregations in the East Pennsylvania Synod.

Mr. J. Huston McCullough, '97, of Middle Spring, Pa., came home from the West early in March. He had been away from home for about a year but the last three months were spent in a hospital at Brainerd, Minnesota, where he underwent a dangerous operation for appendicitis and was in a critical condition for a long time. This illness compelled him to give up his work in the West. His friends among the Alumni will be glad to know that he is rapidly recovering.

Mr. Samuel Hetrick, '90, is very successful in his practice of law in Philadelphia.

Miss Sallie Dutt, '75, is teaching at Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Mr. J. S. Moul, '86, is engaged in the hardware business in Hanover, Pa. Prof. J. T. Nace, '86, is in charge of the Grammar school in the same town.

Mr. A. C. Donnelly, '93, is now at Kokomo, Indiana.

Miss Sara Stephens, '91, is teaching at Broomall, Pa.

Mr. John McAllister, '91, is a mail agent on the P. R. R.

Miss Minnie Lodge, '96, is a teacher at Morrisdale Mines, Pa.

Miss Bessie Landis, '93, is a senior at Lebanon Valley College.

Mr. James Mackey, '91, has left Philadelphia where he had a position in the P. R. R. offices and has gone to Denver, Col., to take a similar position.

Mr. Harper Sibbett, '94, is at Manila as a member of the 1st Tennessee Regiment.

Miss Pauline Wisotzki, '96, is taking a course in the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., preparatory to becoming a trained nurse.

Mr. W. A. De Lap, '98, has a position with the R. L. Myers publication office in Harrisburg, but expects soon to secure a place by civil service appointment.

Mr. Melvin J. Cook, '94, is a member of the faculty at Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa.

Miss Gay H. Renshaw, '97, is a teacher of music in a Blind Asylum, 63d St. and Lancaster Ave., Philadelphia.

Mr. G. L. Omwake, '93, recently was awarded a valuable prize at the Yale Divinity School.

Mr. Ward F. Sprengle, '87, is now an instructor in the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Rose McKinnie, '93, is teaching near Berwyn, Pa.

Mr. J. M. Hoover, '91, was promoted this year to the First Grammar grade at Chambersburg, Pa.

Miss Fannie Gable, '96, who was a substitute in the Chambersburg schools last year, has been promoted to a regular position in charge of a Primary grade.

Miss Sue Walters, '91, has just finished a term's teaching at Metal, Franklin county.

Mr. C. E. Plasterer, '93, has charge of a school in Shippensburg township.

Miss Alcesta Sellers, '96, is teaching at Ft. Loudon, Pa.

### Marriages.

**H**ASKELL—NEELY.—December 1, 1898, at Carlisle, Pa., by Rev. H. B. Wile, Mr. Earl F. Haskell, of Uriah, Cumberland county, to Miss Mary E. Neely, '96.

**L**ITTLE—MCMATH.—January 25, 1899, Mr. Oscar H. Little, '93, of Concord, Franklin county, to Miss Alva McMath, of Blairs Mills.

**P**ETERS—MYERS.—January 10, 1899, at York Springs, by Rev. L. M. Gardner, Chas. H. Peters of Menallen township, Adams county, to Miss Jennie E. Myers, '94.

**B**RINKERHOFF—MEREDITH.—March 9, 1899, at Cleversburg, Pa., Mr. Geo. E. Brinkerhoff of Leesburg to Miss Mary Meredith, '96.

**W**EAST—MCCALEB.—At Newville, Pa., March 21, 1899, Mr. Ervin Horace Weast to Miss Anna May McCaleb, '96.

**K**ITCH—WILSON.—March 16, 1899, at Carlisle, Pa., Mr. Wm. P. Kitch of Balfour, Pa., to Miss Artelia L. Wilson, '95.

**S**TEPHENS—DOUGLAS.—Mr. James Stephens, '92, of Plainfield, Ind., to Miss Mary Douglas of Cannonsburg, Pa., Dec. 1, 1898, by Rev. Smiley of Cannonsburg.



### Locals.

**T**HE Winter Term came to a close at noon, March 23rd. The Spring Term opened March 27th with a large increase in the number of students. The short vacation between terms was spent by a majority of the students at their homes but a great many remained at the Normal.

The sociables held during the Winter Term were special features of Normal life during that period and served to very pleasantly enliven the somewhat monotonous winter months. Sociables are held at the school every three weeks and each is in charge of a committee composed of members of the faculty. The first sociable of the Winter Term was in charge of Miss McBride, Miss Mather, Prof. Eckels and Prof. Snyder. Two-minute conversations were indulged in first, then a potato race was held. In this each of the contestants represented one of the prominent candidates in the senatorial contest at Harrisburg. Two contests were held and in each the gentleman wearing Hon. John Dal-

zell's colors was a winner. Might this prove to be a correct prophecy? A Floral Love Story was also an interesting feature. The remainder of the evening was spent in singing college songs and in pleasant social intercourse.

The next sociable was in charge of Miss Lamb, Miss Horton, Prof. Barton and Prof. Roth. The evening's entertainment consisted of a "bean hunt," an exhibition of the wonderful "humaniphone" and charades. The humaniphone is made by drawing upon a sheet stretched over a frame a representation of the diatonic scale. In place of the rounded portion of the notes holes are made in the sheet and a human face appears in each. The "Professor" then tunes up his instrument by having the living notes sing the scale, after which he entertains the audience with various selections, classical and otherwise.

Miss Clark, Miss Fitch, Dr. Barton and Prof. Bieber were the committee for the last sociable of the term. The "Magic Mirror" was presented. A young man wishes to take unto himself a wife and for his benefit many different kinds of maidens are made to pass over the face of the magic mirror. There is the summer girl, the winter girl, the society girl, the college girl, the mannish girl, the domestic girl and so on. The young man chooses the society girl. Ten years later, having lost his first wife, he appears again in search of a mate. The same procession is made to pass over the mirror. This time the young man chooses the housekeeper, the domestic maiden. The moral is obvious.

Dr. Barton then gave a number of lantern views. Many of these were of the Gettysburg battle-field. The evening ended with refreshments, which came in the shape of a treat from the young men of the school to the young ladies.

Mr. Ben E. Hedding, a student at the Normal in '91-2, will graduate this year from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Many of our readers will remember with pleasure Mr. Hedding's beautiful bass voice. He is now one of the leading members of the University Glee Club.

Mr. Will Brenneman, a former student, recently graduated from the Jefferson Medical School and is practicing at Saxton, Pa. We learn that Mr. Brenneman has joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

Several weeks ago a lecture was given in behalf of the Athletic Association, by the Rev. Mr. Hicks of Mercersburg, Pa. The

subject of the lecture was "Explosives from my old Knapsack." The speaker reviewed many of the incidents of the Civil War and told some interesting anecdotes.

Many of the students attended the concert given in the opera house in February by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs of Gettysburg College. A very enjoyable program was rendered. The college boys visited our school the next day and we understand were very much pleased with what they saw.

Capt. Silas A. Wolf, at one time a student of the school, sailed for Manila with his regiment, the 4th U. S. Infantry, on the 17th of January.

Master Joseph Cline, of Leesburg, who formerly attended our Model school, is now a page in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg.

Mr. W. H. Sprenkel, a former student, who has since graduated from Gettysburg College, was recently elected to the faculty of the Lock Haven Normal School.

On Saturday evening, March 18th, a Musical and Literary Recital was given in the chapel by the private students of Miss Fitch and Miss Barnum. This was one of the best entertainments of the kind that has ever been given at the school. Every part of the program was thoroughly enjoyable. By special request, Mr. Herbert L. Barnum, of Potsdam, N. Y., the father of Miss Barnum, who has charge of the musical department, sang a bass solo. He was compelled to respond to an enthusiastic encore. The program was as follows :

- READING—Lilly Servosse's Ride,..... *Tourgee*  
MISS MARY WIERMAN.
- PIANO SOLO—Nocturne,..... *Wachtmann*  
MR. GORGAS BASHORE.
- DECLAMATION—Spartacus to the Roman Envoys,..... *Sargent*  
MR. LESLIE ZENTZ.
- DUET—"I Live and Love Thee,"..... *Campana*  
MISS LERCH, MR. DETWEILER.
- READING—Sunday Thieves,..... *Trowbridge*  
MISS EDNA HAVERSTICK.
- SONG—For all Eternity,..... *Mascheroni*  
MISS BESSIE LERCH.
- DECLAMATION—The Gladiator,.....  
MR. GUY ZIMMERMAN.

PIANO SOLO—Fantasie,.....	<i>Sydney Smith</i>
MISS NELLIE NICKLES.	
READING—Brier Rose,.....	<i>Boysen</i>
MISS MARY SCHOCH.	

Rev. S. S. Wylie, a member of the Board of Trustees, has secured leave of absence from his pastorate at Middle Spring and is now on a trip to Egypt and Palestine. Very interesting accounts of Mr. Wylie's trip are appearing from time to time in the *Shippensburg Chronicle*.

The death of Mr. Rufus S. Nolt of Hinkletown, Pa., a former student, occurred on the 11th of January. The death was caused by pneumonia, after only a few days illness.

Mr. J. B. Reddig of Shippensburg, a member of the Board of Trustees, died March 31st. Mr. Reddig was a man who had the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His death will be a great loss to the town, to the school and to the Lutheran Church, of which he was an active member.

Prof. C. E. Fleck of New Kingston, Pa., a graduate of Gettysburg College in the Class of '98, has been elected to the Faculty. Miss Ida B. Quigley of Shippensburg, who has taught several Spring Terms in the School, is also on the teaching force for this Spring.

The old baseball diamond on the Himes field was spoiled when the school purchased the plot of ground on which the heating plant is being erected. A new diamond, however, is being scraped and gotten into playing condition, so that the field will soon be in shape for the preliminary practice of the baseball team. The outlook for a good team is quite promising. It is expected that Prof. Bieber will be the regular pitcher. Mr. J. D. Kell, who caught two years ago, and Mr. Robert Cline, last year's catcher, are both in school. Other promising candidates are Carl, Gettel, Rice, Eckels, Niple, Chubb, Drawbaugh, Henry, and Crook. Prof. Bieber has been elected captain.



### The Christian Associations.

MRS. NELLIE LOWRY, state secretary of the Y. W. C. A., visited the Association during the last part of the Winter Term. She was especially welcome, for our members recalled with much pleasure her helpful visit in the fall. It has been

unfortunate for the association work in the colleges that a change in the state secretaryship has been necessary almost every year, so that we have not had two visits from the same state worker since Miss Dunn left the field. We trust that Mrs. Lowry may return to us many times, for her charming personality, her tact and culture, added to a deep spiritual interest in the individual girls, make her a power for good among those with whom she comes in contact.

During the latter part of the Winter Term prayer-meetings were held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. each evening in the students' rooms. These services were largely attended and a number of students took a stand for Christ.

The place for holding the Sunday evening meetings of the Y. W. C. A. has been changed from the Chapel to the Reading Room. The members are quite satisfied with the new quarters, but will probably have to return to the Chapel on account of the increase in attendance during the Spring Term. The membership committee has been quietly at work among the new students and in consequence a large number have joined the association.

A number of the members of the Y. M. C. A. have recently attended some of the meetings of the town association.

The regular devotional meetings of the Men's association are usually well attended. In our Christian living it is necessary that we help one another. The students seem to realize that one of the greatest aids to such living at Normal is the devotional meeting.

The following officers were elected by the Y. W. C. A. for the coming year: President, Gertrude Hoke of McConnellsburg, Pa.; Vice President, Ellen Blessley of Hogestown; Secretary, Nelle Nipple of Mifflintown; Corresponding Secretary, Mary Cunningham of Fairfield; Treasurer, Phaniah Stephens of Rockey. An installation service was held, at the close of which the old officers retired and the new ones took charge. The addresses by the retiring president, Ella Shearer, of Mt. Holly Springs, and by the president-elect, were most impressive. Miss Shearer has made a most efficient president and the Association has grown stronger in every way during her administration.

The Y. M. C. A. will elect new officers in a few weeks. They will take charge of the work June 1st.

During the week of prayer for colleges last fall considerable spiritual interest was aroused among the girls. This led to a



series of 9 o'clock meetings which were held in the girls' rooms. As a direct result of these little meetings several girls were led to profess Christ.

The Bible Class will soon be examined in "The Normal Lessons." After finishing this, the class contemplates taking up Sallmon's "Life of Christ" or McConaughy's "Christ Among Men."

The annual reception to the new students will be given in a short time by the members of the Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A. These receptions in the past have been regular gala affairs and this one will be no exception. A committee from each association will have the affair in charge and no pains will be spared to make it a brilliant social success.



## The Societies.

### PHILO.

(Reported by J. E. KLEPPER, '99.)

THE close of the school year is approaching; we have made the last turn and are advancing rapidly toward the goal.

Only a few more meetings before Philo's Seniors of '99 must part. Then we too will become part of the Alumni and, like you, wearers of the blue who have gone before, will wait patiently for the HERALD to learn of the success of Philo and our *Alma Mater*.

We Philos, looking back over the term that has passed, wish that we might again have the opportunity of attending the same meetings, whether we took an active part or not. The programs were such that it gave us great pleasure to be silent listeners. Then again, our Juniors by their willingness to work and the aid which they gave did much to make Philo's weekly literary entertainments very enjoyable and instructive. We are not behind the age but, like the "big fish" at Washington, debate on the great questions of the day, such as, "Resolved that the Philippines should be annexed to the United States," "Resolved that the Regular Army should be increased."

Old Philos are always received with a warm handshake, and we listen to their speeches with delight. On the 10th of March, Mr. J. O. Brown, '97, a teacher of Steelton, Pa., was with us and made an entertaining speech.

Philo was very active at the beginning of this term in securing new members. The result is that there are many new students wearing the blue. Philo held her first meeting of the Spring Term in the large chapel. Her friends in attendance were not disappointed, for we had a very good program and the different parts were excellently rendered. The play entitled, "That Rascal Pat," was a special feature of the program and was well received by the audience.

The Philo Reunion will be held May 19th. At this time the *Philo Review*, our annual, will make its appearance. Mr. Zentz, editor-in-chief, and his assistants have worked with untiring energy to make the paper a success. It will in no way be inferior to any of its predecessors. It is always the aim of the editor to make the *Review* the best ever published. Every wearer of the blue should have a '99 *Review*. Members of the Alumni, we solicit your patronage. The Philo seniors of '99 look forward to the reunion as a happy event. The occasion will be especially so, since the services of Col. L. F. Copeland, of Harrisburg, Pa., have been secured for that night. Mr. Copeland comes to us highly recommended. Those who have had the privilege of hearing him cannot say too much in praise of his lectures. Philo congratulates Mr. Reed, our Business Manager, for having secured the services of such a man. He has also engaged the Mandolin club of Kee Mar College, Hagerstown, Md. We are anticipating a great musical treat on this occasion.



#### NORMAL.

(Reported by C. E. DETWEILER, '99.)

Another post is passed, and we are on the home-stretch. The Winter Term has been a successful term for the Normal Society. This success was mainly due to the interest manifested by the members, and the able manner in which the programs were carried out. Normal Society still supports its standard, "Science, Virtue and Friendship."

A play entitled, "A Social Outcast," was given by members of the society on the evening of April 7th. The play was well received by the large and attentive audience.

Among the former members of the society who visited us during the past term were Mr. W. H. Baish, '97, and Mr. I. A. Weisner, '96. Mr. Weisner very ably recited before the society.

The outlook for the Spring Term is very encouraging. Many new members have enlisted under the banner of the white and more are expected.

Mr. C. S. Forry of Spring Forge, York county, will preside over the society during the month of April and Miss Ella Smyser of Dillsburg, Pa., will act as secretary.

We take pleasure in announcing in this issue of the HERALD the marriage of Dr. H. M. Smiley, '93, a former member of our society to Miss Mary McClure. They will make their home at Landisburg, Pa., where Mr. Smiley is practicing medicine.

The glee club is in a flourishing condition, and it is with feelings of regret that we step aside for the newly formed Junior glee club.

The Anniversary of our society will be held on Friday evening, April 21st. Mr. W. N. Decker, '95, of Macungie, Pa., will preside. Miss Nellie R. Hayes, '93, of Shippensburg, will be the secretary. Miss B. Blayne Herring, Elocutionist at Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa., will appear in Readings, Character, Sketches and Delsartean Pantomime supported by Mr. Walter Shultz, Violinist, of N. Y. City, and Miss Edna Herring, Pianist, of Irving College.



### Clippings.

#### The Song of The Dynamo.

With a hum—hum—hum—hum!  
 And a long rattling tone like the roll of a drum,  
 And a zoom—zoom—zoom—zoom!  
 As I charge full of ozone the dynamo room,  
 While the workmen move 'round in their denim and jeans,  
 With oil-can in hand, to feed the machines  
 As they rattle and roar to the tune of my song,  
 And respond to the main-shaft, shining and long.  
 There's a booming deep bass in the song that I sing,  
 And a treble, a gnat-like, melodious zing!  
 And a buzz—buzz, like a myriad bees,—  
 Cantata electric in six minor keys.  
 So I hum—hum—hum—hum!  
 While men in my presence stand awe-struck and dumb.

The wife of the foreman is buxom and fair,  
 And one day I sang her a rollicking air.

I whirred and I buzzed an indefinite while,  
 Till at last I succeeded in gaining a smile.  
 And she spoke of my brass-work, admiring my steel,  
 And watching the belt that embraces my wheel.  
 Then in triumph I sang till the foreman looked glum,  
 With my soul-searching boom and my amorous hum.  
 So I sing and I sing, from morning till night,  
 If the weather be dull or the weather be bright.  
 I charm and bewitch till the senses grow numb  
 With my droning, monotonous, musical hum.

—*The Amherst Lit.*



**Man's Little Here Below.**

A little glade,  
 A little shade,  
 A little dear and dimpled maid.  
 A little brook,  
 A little book,  
 A little fishing line and hook.  
 A little hand,  
 A little band,  
 A little pledge—you understand.  
 A little "splice,"  
 A little rice,  
 A little glimpse of paradise.

—*Vox Wesleyana.*

# Bucknell University

**JOHN HOWARD HARRIS,  
 President.**

College for men and women with over one hundred courses of study. Academy prepares thoroughly for college and the best scientific schools. Ladies' Institute with graduating courses and school of music. For catalogue write

WM. C. CRETZINGER, Registrar,  
 Lewisburg, Pa.