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An Arcadia of the Nineteenth Century.
Economy—An Old Historic Commune.

Pennsylvania, the home of the Quakers, the Mennonites and the Dunkards, is also noted for being the home of another, and perhaps less widely known Society, called the Society of Harmony, or Economites.

One hundred five years ago a little band of men, women and children sailing in the ship "Aurora" landed in Baltimore; and thence wended their way into that section of country which was afterwards to become their home.

The leader of this band was George Rapp, once a weaver in Wurtemberg, Germany. This man had a vision of a religious commonwealth, which was to be the nucleus of a "New Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth," when Christ should come again to reign over men. Having brought his disciples over the sea, he chose a little valley among the Pennsylvania hills for his ideal community. He built it with such wisdom that his followers for many years thought they saw in it the resurrection of the lost Eden.

"Harmonie" (now Harmony, Butler County), the first village of the Rappite Community, lay deep among the hills in a charming seclusion of peace. "Sometimes the stage coming down the white post-road which led into and through the valley, dropped a traveler at the 'Gasthaus;' letters came at intervals, and more frequently, the wagons of the community passed over the hills,

carrying the products of Harmonie to Pittsburg; but none of these things brought the communists into any vital contact with the world. They must converse with no one outside of their society except on business, unless some one came to the town as a visitor, when he would be entertained at the 'Gasthaus' as before mentioned. No other language than German was to be used.

"They lived here as upon some island of the seas, beyond the reach of sorrows, the strife and intrusive interests of the life from which they had fled."

The devotion of their leader, George Rapp or Father Rapp, as he was always called, and their own obedience and thrift brought them prosperity. No care for the present, no fear for the future diverted their attention from spiritual things.

In order to understand the motives of these people we must investigate their doctrine and belief. As a sect they were both religious and philanthropical. When the Society was organized a written contract was drawn up, which contract was its fundamental basis for all time.

Two clauses in this document were as follows:

First: Community of goods maintained by the vesting of title to all property in the Society or trustees for it, so that the enjoyment thereof is had by virtue of membership in the Society and not by virtue of ownership of the property.

Second: The control of the property and regulation of the conduct of the members by a system of Superintendence or Government supposed to be modeled after that existing in the days of the Hebrew Patriarchs.

In accordance with their contract the society held all things in common; they worked together for the general good, they cherished the feeling of brotherhood, and lived in the constant expectation of the Second Advent of Christ, when they were to go with him to the land of Canaan, there to establish in his name the New Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth.

They were able to gratify every want of the body with a simple and wholesome abundance. It is said that when fat cattle were slain and dressed by the butcher brothers, a lad went from house to house, knocking upon the walls and crying: "Come, all who want fresh meat!" Meat was then distributed according to

the household. Flour, salt, smoked meat and all such articles of food as would not spoil were apportioned to the various houses monthly. Food and clothing were always of the very best quality.

The tailor brothers watched the garments with a jealous care, insistant upon renewals that the community might not be ashamed for its members. The shoe-making brothers looked after the footwear with the same solicitude.

“Surely the simplicity of Arcadia, the Equality and Justice of Atalantis, and the Abundance of El Dorado, if not its luxury, were all realized in that community, where one of the last of the dreamers had embodied the dream.”

One thing forbidden the members of the Harmony Society was the marriage-relationship. When the Society was organized all ties of that kind were outwardly broken. Husbands and wives, parents and children separated never again to be recognized as such. The rule concerning marriage was never made a part of the Society's Legal Agreement, but was brought about by common consent. Their religion required that every man should be free to attend to spiritual things. Father Rapp said, “This life is but a dream, an unsubstantial pageant, a projection from the carnal mind which obscures the vision and deflects the power of the spirit. Marriage holds the race enchained to continuing evil. When the generations end, this dark dream shall melt away and man shall be redeemed and perfected.” History relates that occasionally some marriages took place much to Father Rapp's displeasure.

The Economites, like various other societies, had their own peculiar style of dress. The brothers wore steeple-crowned hats of plaited straw, smocks of coarse pale-blue cotton and trousers of coppers-dyed homespun. The sisters wore broad hats of yellow straw, sometimes a white bonnet, which slightly resembled a sun-bonnet, tied over the ears with muslin strings, knotted demurely over the chin, or, coquettishly at the nape of the neck. Their skirts were full and short and of a rich dull blue in color. When it was warm a loose sacque of white linen was substituted for the usual trim blue bodice. Their feet were clad in low buckled shoes and stockings of their own making.

After living a few years in Harmony, the Society decided to move westward, for they had not sufficient land in order to carry on their projects. In 1814 they settled in Posey County, Indiana, and called their settlement New Harmony. While in New Harmony the commune reached its highest degree of prosperity.

In 1825 fever broke out in their settlement and many of their number died. They then decided to return to Pennsylvania. Accordingly, they bought a large tract of land on the eastern bank of the Ohio River, about eighteen miles from Pittsburgh. This village, Economy, is built on the second terrace of the river, occupying an extensive level that stretches back for nearly a mile to the wooded hills beyond. This quaint historic German village is fast growing into a modern town.

The log houses originally erected have been replaced by neat frame or brick, much of one size, and with the main entrances on the side. No front-doors were ever seen in an Economite house—all entrances were from the side or the rear. Each house has a garden, with shade or fruit trees and grape arbors, or grape vines attached to its walls.

The vineyards of the Economites were always noted. Wines of all kinds were made. It is indeed a sight worth seeing to be taken into some of the old wine cellars which are still kept just as they originally were. The cellars are very large and contain dozens of casks of various sizes. There are casks varying in size from an ordinary barrel to ones ten feet long and six feet in diameter. Some of these largest casks hold five and six hundred gallons. These are still kept filled, some of the oldest wine now being more than twenty-five years old. The Society now being extinct, none of these old beverages are allowed to be sold, though at one time they had world-wide fame.

The Economites were good cooks, scrupulously clean and, indeed, ate the "fat of the land." The sisters' pride was in their jellies; apple and pear were favorites.

Many of the old fashioned flowers still grow in the yards and when the original members still survived, the most old fashioned people occupied these dwellings. When the community was most prosperous there were about seven hundred members in the society.

The town was once a busy hive of industry, with massive mills and factories, storehouses, public halls and a school. These buildings, a vast barn like church, where the men sat on one side and the women on the other, and the "Great House" where lived Father Rapp and afterwards John S. Duss, all are standing and in good order.

The church, now over eighty years old, is still in use. The choir loft in the rear with the little old fashioned organ, remains just as it was when Father Rapp and his followers worshiped there.

The Economites had no minister, but like the Quakers, depended largely on whomsoever the spirit might move to address the people. Women as well as men, however, led in the meetings.

From the looms, the mills, the vineyards, the stills and the broad acres of this society flowed streams of wealth until the organization was worth several millions of dollars. This wealth flowed out again in the promotion of many public enterprises, resulting in vast good to all of Western Pennsylvania.

From one to two hundred thousand dollars were expended yearly for a long period in all manner of worthy projects.

The people were intensely patriotic; though taking no part in politics, they bore their full share in sustaining the Government in its struggle during the Rebellion. Most of them were too old for active service, so they contributed most generously for the equipment of volunteers, for special bounties, for the support of the families of absent soldiers, for the Christian, Sanitary and Subsistence Commissions, for the fortification of Pittsburg, for the relief of the freedmen, for the support of soldiers' widows and the education of their orphan children. Their contribution for these and many other kindred objects would amount to many thousands of dollars.

We find that for a time the Economites took the lead in Western Pennsylvania industries. The first successful manufacture of silk and velvet west of the Alleghany Mountains was conducted by this society.

Their business operations were by no means confined to their own settlement.

In Warren, Venango and Forest counties they produced oil and lumber. In the northern part of Beaver county and in Allegheny county they mined coal.

The Society at one time owned the tract of land that is now Beaver Falls, one of Pennsylvania's leading manufacturing towns. They assisted largely in the establishment of many of the factories there. They aided in the construction of railroads, taking special interests in building the Pittsburg and Lake Erie.

One would suppose the Economite Society was larger than it really was from its various enterprises; but we find that at no time did its number exceed seven hundred members.

Finally their prophet, Father Rapp, died and the society was put into the hands of trustees, of whom John S. Duss was the last to manipulate their business affairs.

May 1, 1903, the Union Company, which was a Pennsylvania Corporation organized by the Harmony Society for the purpose of holding Real Estate, sold and conveyed to the Liberty Land Co., also a Pennsylvania Corporation, all but about ten acres of the Home Trust in Harmony Township, Beaver county. The land comprised about 2,500 acres.

On May 12, 1903, John Duss resigned his office as trustee.

What was the Harmony Society is now a thing of the past. Only two or three of its members are now living.

In a few years there will be none of the old land-marks left unless it be the old burying ground where Father Rapp and his faithful followers lie peacefully sleeping without even a stone to mark their resting place.

MARY M. HOUSTON, '09.

(Miss Houston taught last year in Beaver county, among the scenes she so well describes.—ED.)



Editorial.

With the present issue the HERALD completes its 14th year. We venture to predict, without fear of successful contradiction, that when the 140th volume will have been completed not many of us will be here to read the editorials.



Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and we are now living in the fond hope that the arduous task of editing a high grade school paper will not be ours next year. Good things

ought to be passed around and we are willing to sacrifice our now selfish ambitions that others may shine in the galaxy of editorial stars.



We call attention to the article in this issue from the facile pen of Miss Mary M. Houston, '09. One of the valuable experiences of life is to teach in a community far from home and accustomed scenes and so broaden one's horizon. During the school year our platform work has brought us into contact with former Shippensburg students in the extreme northern, southern, eastern and western parts of Pennsylvania, and from them Shippensburg Normal is gaining a name and reputation.



The editor wishes to express his gratitude and obligation to those members of the faculty that so kindly assisted in the Commencement write-up. Descriptive articles about the same events year after year are apt to become ratty, and so we are sure our readers will be glad of a change in style. The faculty boasts many a strong writer and the graphic articles from their pens will be read with pleasure.

(Two weeks later). O ye bright dreams! O ye unfulfilled hopes! O ye credulous visions of youth!

After steeping our mind in bright anticipations for two weeks, we awake to the bitter fact that out of five articles expected not one has materialized and we are left alone. Never again; no, never again!

Diplomas and diplomas! Thousands of them given by high schools, normals, colleges and graduate schools every year, and what do they signify?

They merely represent a degree of power gained in school; power physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual. A well defined and well grounded sense of power is one of the greatest assets an individual can possess, and successful work demands it. The value of a diploma depends upon two factors, the giver and the recipient. Men and women are holding diplomas from schools of national and international reputation whose life reflects no credit upon the *alma mater*. It is the man behind the gun. The ideal condition is a good man behind a diploma from a good school; the worst

condition, a poor man from a poor school, of the other conditions possible, far better a strong man from a humble school than a weak man from some great university. Whether the diploma is to be of worth or worthless will depend upon the possessor.



Abnormals.

One more poem it is needed, I don't think;
 Every year we have more water than we can drink;
 My poems are a luxury you really may not need,
 But of one thing you are certain—they're original indeed.

Tom and Mary they have saw this,
 And I'm sure they were agreed
 That when little Tim he seen it,
 'Twas the worst that Timothy seed.

All over for 1909-1910.

Vacating rooms means vacation.

"Have you a school for next year?"

"I can have a school at home, but I want to get farther away." Perhaps your parents and friends share your feelings.

In reply to your question, "Constant Reader," we would suggest you bake your cake in the oven, leaving the door wide open for ventilation. If heavy, lighten with white frosting.

Mary: To keep moths from furs, tie a little black silk cord to the hind leg of each moth, the other end to a piano leg and place the furs too far away for mothy to reach. No charge.

The year 1909-'10 goes into history as a very successful one for C. V. S. N. S. The excellent feeling at all times existing between faculty and students had much to do with the good results.

Among the social activities during the spring term was a ride to Strasburg by members of the base ball team and ladies. Being under the chaperonage of four members of the faculty they returned in time for breakfast the next morning.

The student body and faculty had the pleasure of again hearing Dr. Spaeth, of Princeton, during the Spring term. "Rosseau" was the subject and was handled in a masterful manner, the Doctor analyzing the character, life work and influence of the great educator.

Early in the spring, Henry C. Niles, of York, Pa., visited the School and gave a most forceful address on "International Peace by Arbitration." The speaker showed the trend toward peace at the present time and the value it would be to the world. It was a most excellent presentation of the subject.

Owing to the heavy rainfall, the campus presented a delightful picture all the spring. Trees, shrubs and flowers seemed to vie with one another in luxuriant growth and beauty, and all this was materially enhanced by the landscape gardening of recent years.

During the evening of May 30th Dr. and Mrs. Martin entertained the members of the faculty at their elegant home in honor of Miss Vivian Conway, a niece of the Doctor. The usual geniality and good cheer were much in evidence and the occasion was most enjoyable.

As usual, during the spring term many former students dropped in to shake hands and say "Howdy." Our boys and girls are making good and giving to our school something more than a local reputation. A few have dropped out of the ranks, but the great majority are still teaching.

As in former years, the Senior class trip to Washington was a prominent event of the Spring term. The conductor this year was Prof. J. F. Newman, dean of the class, with Mrs. Newman as 1st. Lieutenant. Altho one senior insisted on having mumps and another on getting quite car-sick, the trip was devoid of any real unpleasant occurrence. The usual amount of sight-seeing, the usual number of postal cards, the usual quantity of social pleasure, and the usual number of tired but happy people to return home. In several schools such trips are a feature of the year, and others are beginning to recognize their value.

The four-year course of study adopted by the Board of Normal School Principals in April is a step in the right direction, placing our schools on a par with similiar schools in neighboring states. Pennsylvania has been criticized too long for the degree of academic and professional training furnished by its Normal Schools. We still believe that many students are graduated too young, assuming positions of responsibility before the character

has become developed and the judgment matured. This objection ought to be obviated to some extent by the new course. A very large per cent. of the class of 1910 are already located for next year and the others soon will be. If our friends would drop us a card when knowing about a vacancy, and if members of the class will let us know when they secure a position, it will not be long before we shall be able to write "engaged" after the name of each senior. We mean engaged to teach.

The State Board was composed of the following educators, and they are certainly a fine body of men: R. B. Teitrick, Department of Public Instruction; *A. E. Maltby, Principal, Slippery Rock; Joseph Howerth, Superintendent, Shamokin; T. S. Davis, Superintendent, Blair County; G. B. Milnor, Superintendent, Lycoming County; Dallas W. Armstrong, Superintendent, Venango County; Victor E. P. Barkman, Superintendent, Bedford County; Addison L. Jones, Superintendent, West Chester.

*As Dr. Maltby could not be present, his place was taken by Dr. Hamm, of the same school. More time than usual was given to the examinations and the work was thoroly and conscientiously done. State Board examinations are coming to mean more than in the past and it is a good thing.

The Model School closed Wednesday, June 15th, with Commencement exercises in the Assembly Room. The ninth and tenth grades were graduated together this year, and hereafter the work will not go above ninth grade.

The following program was rendered with credit to teachers and pupils:

Program.

Music.....	Orchestra
Oration—"Mark Twain".....	Chas. L. Weigle
Recitation—"European Guides".....	H. Grace Smith
Piano Solo.....	Elsie F. Hosfeld
Reminiscences.....	Susie B. Hosfeld
Toasts.....	Katie B. Steele
Favors.....	Dorothy Wolff
Responses.....	Mary M. Cope
Music.....	Orchestra
Class Poem.....	Dorothy Wolff, Zora A. Neff
Recitation—"Star Spangled Banner".....	Ruth G. Clippinger
Valedictory—"Joan of Arc".....	Gertrude Wolff
Presentation.....	Earl H. Stutenroth
Presentation of Diplomas; Address.....	Dr. Martin
Music.....	Orchestra

Class Roll.

Ruth G. Clippinger, Mary M. Cope, Elsie F. Hosfeld, Susie B. Hosfeld, Zora A. Neff, H. Grace Smith, Katie B. Steele, Earl H. Stutenroth, Chas. L. Weigle, Dorothy Wolff, Gertrude Wolff.

Motto—"Climb, tho the rocks be rugged."

Colors—Light Blue and White.

Flower—White Rose.

Officers.

President, Gertrude Wolff.

Vice President, Ruth G. Clippinger.

Secretary, Chas. L. Weigle.

Treasurer, Elsie F. Hosfeld.

Owing to the large number taking vocal and instrumental music during the past year, two evenings were required for the recitals. On June 14th, the younger piano pupils rendered the following program, assisted by the other ones in vocal:

They were greeted by a large audience and their work aroused much favorable comment.

PART I.

"Moonlight Serenade"	<i>Lange</i>
(8 hands, 2 pianos.)	
Katherine Fleming, Francis Todd, Reese Himes, Frank Phillipy.	
Vocal Solo—"To Sevilia"	<i>Dessauer</i>
Miss Vance.	
Piano Solo—"New Spring"	<i>Lange</i>
Galen Gates.	
Piano Solo—"Impromptu"	<i>Reinhold</i>
Gertrude Wolff.	
Vocal Duet—"The Evening Bell"	<i>Zamboni</i>
Miss Dewalt, Miss Dimm.	
Piano Solo—"Air de Ballet"	<i>Moszkowski</i>
Miss Himes.	
Vocal Solo—"The King of the Storm"	<i>Spaulding</i>
Mr. Nelson.	

PART II.

Overture—"Dichter und Bauer"	<i>Von Suppe</i>
(2 pianos, 8 hands.)	
Dorothy Wolff, Helen Brown, Ruth Plasterer, Nancy McCreary.	
Vocal Solo—"Where You Are"	<i>Cadman</i>
Miss Karns.	
Piano Solo—"Murmelnder Quell"	<i>Bohm</i>
Miss Hetrick.	
Vocal Solo—"Gondolier"	<i>Hovey-King</i>
Mr. Arnold.	

Piano Solo—Polacca Brilliante.....	<i>Bohn</i>
Miss Squires.	
Vocal Solo—"Bonnie Sweet Bessie".....	<i>Gilbert</i>
Mr. Zeigler.	
Piano Solo—"Moment Giojoso," Op. 42.....	<i>Moszkowski</i>
Miss McClelland.	
Piano Duet—"Second Valse," Op. 56.....	<i>Godard</i>
Miss Helen Jones, Miss Ethel Jones.	



Faculty.

With his reputation well established as being a very happy speaker on such occasions, Dr. Martin was in demand during the Commencement season. There was also the usual call for pulpit supply work, his ability as a sermon builder having been recognized in more than one State.

Dean Heiges was a busy man during spring term, many demands being made upon his time along the line of class alignment, promotions, examinations, schedules, etc. Being a crack tennis player, with the assistance of Prof. Ely, he showed some of the Mercersburg faculty how we play tennis over here, and as usual came out victorious.

Prof. J. K. Stewart, the orator of the faculty, broadened his work during the spring, being the speaker at Shippensburg Memorial Day exercises. His address was highly complimented in several papers, as well as by those that were so fortunate as to hear him. His very versatile ability also enabled him to respond to a call one Sunday to fill the Presbyterian pulpit at Middle Spring.

The editor was somewhat in the public eye during the spring term, answering various calls for commencements, lectures, etc. He invaded Adams county for a Memorial Day address and no fatalities resulted. If he survives his marriage, as he hopes to do, he will do institute work in Indiana during August.

While the summer plans of all the Faculty are not known, we understand Prof. Heiges will go to Columbia for special work, also Miss Witman. Prof. Sweitzer goes to Harvard summer school, Miss Horton to Europe to marry a duke, Miss Dykeman to Boston to eat beans, Prof. Ely somewhere to play professional

base ball, and Prof. Stewart to canvass for the Normal, ride in parlor cars and with his winning smile induce students to come to C. V. S. N. S.



Faculty Changes.

Shippensburg experiences every year or so the unpleasant ordeal of changes in its faculty. But as all other schools have the same experience it must be taken as a matter of course.

Miss Nora M. Livermore resigns the chair of reading and physical culture after being with us one year. She has shown herself a lady of culture and refinement and will be greatly missed by those that have had the opportunity of close companionship.

The resignation of Mrs. Ethel G. Thrush was a foregone conclusion when she ceased to be Miss Grey and become Mrs. Thrush. During the four years she has been connected with the Normal she has done much to advance the course in music, especially orchestral work. Fortunately she does not leave Shippensburg, and we hope she will favor us in the future with the delightful solo work that has been so much enjoyed in the past.

In the resignation of Prof. and Mrs. J. F. Newman, the school suffers a serious loss. Mrs. Newman came here in the fall of 1904 as Miss Baldwin to take charge of the work in physical training. As teacher of this branch, as well as in Physiology and Latin, Mrs. Newman has shown energy, power, ambition and general fitness. Not only as teacher but in many other ways she has made herself valuable to the school. In her resignation we lose not only a teacher of strong personality, but a lady of culture. She carries with her the best wishes of a host of friends.

Prof. J. F. Newman came in the fall of 1906, to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Jos. F. Barton. His ability as teacher of science was recognized at once, and his influence and power have increased year by year. Conscientious, energetic, faithful, ready to do his duty at all times, and doing it well, he has left a strong impress on the hearts and minds of all those that have come under his teaching and influence. As Preceptor for the past two years, he has shown special fitness, being cool, steady, of good judgment and always having the

best interests of the school in mind. But our sister Normal, West Chester, offered inducements not offered by the Shippensburg Board and he leaves to take the chair of Physics in the West Chester school. A close companionship has brought the writer to a realization of Prof. Newman's genuine worth and he voices the sentiment of faculty and student body in expressing his regret at the loss. West Chester is to be congratulated on securing a man of such scholarship and general ability.

We are glad to chronicle the engagement of Miss Jean Pearson, '05, to take the place left vacant by Mrs. Thrush. Miss Pearson was one of the strongest students of the 1905 class and her recall as teacher to her *alma mater* is a matter of general satisfaction to those that know her. Since leaving Normal Miss Pearson has been perfecting herself in voice, having studied under some of the best masters in this country. She has also taught music and so is well qualified in that respect. She comes to us not only as a fine musician and teacher, but as a lady of exceptional culture and refinement.

As successor to Prof. Newman, we are able to announce the engagement of Prof. G. Charles Clever, favorably known to many of our readers. Prof. Clever is an F. & M. man and his teaching experience covers high school, normal, college preparatory and college work. The writer has been intimately associated with him and knows his genuine worth. Prof. Clever will bring with him his bride, formerly Miss Edith Aughinbangh. Mrs. Clever is a pianist of wide reputation, a most charming lady and will be a valuable addition to our faculty.



Commencement.

As a sort of curtain raiser the Trustees gave their annual banquet to faculty and seniors Saturday evening, June 25th. Steward Kirkpatrick had made extensive preparations in the way of decorations and menu. The tables were in the spoke of an X, which stands for ten, gentle reader, just as it did in the good old days of Julius Caesar. The usual good things were there to eat and drink; after these had been duly punished, Dr. Martin, as toast master, in his usual happy vein, introduced the speakers of

the evening. As a retiring member of the faculty, Prof. J. F. Newman made the principal response. He spoke with ease, yet forcefully, giving some good advice and saying a lot of good things. Miss Parker, for the faculty also, with Mr. Fluke and Mr. Jones, of the class, completed the list of speakers. Each acquitted himself well, after which all adjourned to the gym.

Sunday.

Commencement week opened with beautiful weather and the proverbial rare June day. The last session of Sunday School was held in chapel, all classes meeting for the final exercises. Special music had been prepared and short talks were given by Profs. Heiges, Sweitzer and Gordinier.

The Chapel was filled in the evening for the Baccalaureate Sermon. For the first time the class appeared in caps and gowns, entering with a procession sung by a large chorus. The platform was beautifully decorated and the special music was a feature of the evening.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Principal Dr. S. A. Martin. His text was from Matthew 21:27—"Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

After telling the story of Solomon's choice, he said, "Such is the old familiar story. A story that has been told to many generations, and will be told and heard with ever fresh and unabated interest so long as human nature shall remain unchanged. For like all great stories, it is but a concrete and particular example of a universal truth.

"To all young men and all young women, too, God's providence is saying, 'Ask what I shall give thee.'

"While it is true that many of our gifts are chosen for us, our talents, opportunities and circumstances are ordained and fixed by the powers above us and beyond our will. Still there is left to us the privilege and necessity of choice.

"As the sailor cannot control the winds and currents of the sea, yet, using these, he steers his ship to whatever port he will. So we are free to guide our lives to good or evil ends; and as the very winds which drive one ship upon the rock will hasten the better sailor to his desired haven, so the very means which one

man uses to his hurt, another man will turn to good account and make them serve as a blessing.

"The question of all questions, after all, is, What do you want to be? What is your ideal?"

"Our Lord rebuked the Twelve not for the spirit of emulation, but for the mean and selfish character of their ambitions. They had disputed as to who should be the greatest, not in service, not in sacrifice nor in devotion, but in position, title and the applause of men. For this our Lord rebuked them and made the incident the occasion of a lesson on the right direction of ambition and gave the definition of true greatness that is pertinent in every country and in all times: 'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.'

"The test of rank, the rule of precedents, the law of all supremacy is this—he is greatest who loves most, he is chief who serves."

Monday.

As the expected write-up for this day has not appeared, the editor has recourse to the following from the Carlisle "Daily Herald":

SHIPPENSBURG, June 27.

The second day's exercises of Normal School Commencement week opened at 10:00 A. M., with the annual address to the graduating class by its dean, Prof. J. S. Heiges, who took as his subject, "Making a Life." Mr. Heiges was at his best and for thirty-five minutes held the undivided attention of his audience. The address was practical, scholarly, eloquent and caused much favorable comment.

In speaking to the Class he referred to the years he had been their adviser and friend, recalled the pleasant experiences that they had passed through and the good-will and harmony that always existed.

He advised them to make a life as well as a living and not expend all their energies in accumulating money, houses, lands and stock. Three things are necessary for an ideal life: to become master of facts, master of forces, master of self. A man may be brilliant, clever, strong and broad, but is without real human greatness if he is not master of himself.

The musical and literary exercises were held on Monday evening, in Normal Chapel. The program was:

Piano duo	Misses Segner and Squires
Monologue.....	Edna Fulton
Vocal solo	Russell Nelson
Piano solo.....	Miss Hipensteel
Recitation.....	Miss Himes
Piano solo.....	Miss Gates
Sextette	Misses Karns, Dewalt, Myers, Dimm, Miller, Coulson
Piano solo.....	Miss Nickles
Vocal solo.....	J. Clyde Zeigler
Monologue.....	Miss Barner
Piano solo.....	Miss Christopher
Piano duo	Misses Herman and Hetrick
Comedietta	Messrs. Jones and Zeigler and Miss Himes

That music hath charms was verified by the large audience present on Monday evening at the recital given under Mrs. Thrush, Misses Agnes Matthews and Helen Wise and Miss Livermore of the elocutionary department. The program was given in two parts and showed great diversity of work, the department of music having been greatly advanced the past few years and the skill of the performers being much marked.

ART EXHIBIT.

A local paper furnishes the following:

The exhibition of work under Miss Huber was open to view on Monday afternoon. Much credit is due the instructor in this department, the work showing much that is practical and decorative; especially interesting were the pieces in pierced brass and the designs worked out in stencil for draperies, cushions, etc. Miss Huber served tea, as has been her custom for three years, to all who viewed the exhibition on Monday afternoon. The rooms were open to visitors during the week.

Tuesday—Class Day.

The write-up for this day also being minus—the editor has borrowed from local papers and those of near-by towns.

CLASS DAY.

Nature had put forth every effort to make a setting for the class of 1910. Beneath the shade of the stately trees on the campus with the waving fields in full view and the call of the mountains in the background, the class took their places on a platform erected for the occasion. No discomfort from heat was

felt. The night had brought its refreshing shower and a large concourse of friends listened with keenest enjoyment to the exercises.

To the strains of "Up the Street," by Kurzenknabe's orchestra, the class marched across the campus and took their appointed places. Strains from "Killarney" were played as the large audience was being seated.

Most cordial was the welcome given by the president of the class, William G. Fluke, in his brief address.

"Framing the Constitution" was the subject of a well delivered oration by J. Russel Jones, and in a very masterful way did he carry his listeners from the duties of citizens to the rise and growth of a nation.

Miss Floy E. Dimm gave the class history in verse. Very pleasing was the style indeed, and a resume from juniors to seniors was heard with the many pleasing incidents and excitements. Nor was the annual trip to Washington omitted and the reception by the president.

Music—Marguerita Waltz—orchestra.

John B. Hoke, as the Mantle Orator, chose as his subject "Character." He briefly outlined the qualities which form it, placing first of all duty, and mentioned that of Jack Binns and the message to Garcia. Then came courage—moral in contrast with physical and to dare, to do, the right. The mantle was transferred to the middle class with the charge to guard it with all honor and credit. Walter D. Reynolds, of the middle class, received the mantle and extended all best wishes from his class to the class of 1910.

The class roll caused much laughter as Miss Kathryn B. De-walt told of the peculiarities of the girls of the class—forty-nine in all—and the knocks given the boys, by Mr. J. Seth Grove, were much enjoyed by the student body who were familiar with their fellow students' shortcomings.

Miss Mary Christopher composed the class song and played the accompaniment.

Dr. Martin announced the reunions of the classes of 1890 and 1908 at 1.30 p. m.

Music—By the Light of the Silver Moon.

CLASS OFFICERS.

William G. Fluke, President; Elmer F. Pepper, Vice-President;
Beatrice V. Hixon, Secretary; Floyd F. Cassel, Treasurer.

Class Colors—Blue and White.

Class Flower—White Rose.

Class Motto—*Non nobis solis.*

CLASS YELL.

An a rax rax rax rax ray
An a rix rix rix rix ren
An a rax rax ray
An a rix rix ren
An a white, an a blue, an a 1910,
An a wum, an a bum, an a wow-wow
An a sis-s-s, an a how how,
An a white, an a blue, an a '10.

CLASS SONG.

I.

Normal, now we sing to thee,
We love thy classic halls,
To thy dear gates where wisdom reigns
We turn when duty calls.
Fair Normal ever sweet the same
To mem'ry's fondest gaze.
Thy watchful care shall fan the flame
Of knowledge all our days.

II.

We come to thee in youth's bright hour.
We hail from near and far,
Our girlhood's rosy morn is thine
Young manhood's rising star,
In purest, sweetest harmony
Our voices now we raise
And join with swelling melody
To sound dear Normal's praise.

III.

Normal lads are brave and true
And all its lassies fair,
With steadfast hearts our thronging feet.
Tread learning's golden stair,
Not for ourselves alone we serve
But for that better aim—
That all may bravely live aright,
Ne'er thinking of the fame.

IV.

To thee, dear class of 1910,
 We sing thy praises true.
 We love thy rose of purest white,
 Thy dark and loyal blue.
 Long may thy name be held aloft,
 Thine honor spotless be;
 We'll ever live and love and work,
 And do our best for thee.

FIRST REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1908—1.30 P. M.

- 1.—AddressPres. E. H. Schaeffer
- 2.—Piano Solo—"Valse".....*Chopin*
Helen P. Wise.
- 3.—Recitation—SelectedLydia Underwood
- 4.—Chorus—"Spring Song".....*Gounod*
- 5.—Picked Speakers....."Choice Remarks"
- 6.—Male Quartette—"From a By-Gone Day"*By one of '08*
Raymond Pearson, Roy Jackson, Alvin Weaver, John Smith.
- 7.—Piano Trio—"William Tell Overture".....*Rossini*
Helen Wise, Eleanor McClelland, Winifred McClelland.

REUNION OF CLASS OF 1890.

There were nineteen of us—seventeen of us, but Dr. Jos. Barton, one of our teachers twenty years ago, and Dr. Swope of the class of '89, whom we all knew, were with us and seemed so much a part of us that we count them in. Both are jolly good fellows and added much life to the crowd.

Did you ever meet a dear friend whom you had not seen for many years? Do you remember the pleasure of that meeting, the thrill of the hand clasp and, later, after the first greetings were over, the pleasure of recounting the experiences of those younger days so full of the very joy of living? If you have had this experience, you know how the seventeen of us enjoyed ourselves as we sat in the shade of the old building Tuesday morning of Commencement Week. With memory to lead the way, we wandered again through the green meadows of youth and gathered the bright flowers which our guide pointed out to us.

It would be impossible in an article limited as this must be to describe the reunion in detail. We met in what used to be the parlor, adjoining Dr. Martin's office, and after a few remarks by Mr. Fogelsanger, the roll was called by Dr. Barton just as he used to call it in the class room long ago. Each member present responded with a few words of greeting, and a very brief history of

his life since the time of graduation. The following persons were present, responding to the roll call:—Gertrude Eppley, Anna Fenstermacher (Smith), Madge Hemphill (Myers), Maude Hewitt, Blanche Kronenberg (Weiner), Mattie Piper, Floe E. Sharpe, Sadie A. Shriver, Emma E. Stamy, W. C. Bowman, G. L. Brown, J. M. Fogelsanger, G. E. Gray, T. R. Jacobs, E. W. Martindell, J. Abner Miller, S. E. Piper.

Letters or telegrams from many of the absent ones were read, but from a few we had received no word in response to our letters calling the class together for this reunion. When the name of any of these was called, each person present volunteered whatever he knew of the absent one, and in this way we learned something about most of our members. Summarizing the information thus received, we find that most of the members of the class have made good. Not always, not even in a majority of cases, have they shown any remarkable brilliancy, but in the humble virtues which count for character, they have not been found wanting. In a modest way most of them have been successful.

Of the fifty-three in the class, three are dead, four are attorneys, three of whom have been district attorneys of their respective counties, and one a member of the state legislature, two physicians, one a minister, one a successful publisher, a number of salesmen, a few office workers, a few successful farmers and a large number of teachers. Of the ladies, fourteen are married and most of the remainder are teaching.

A vote of thanks was extended to our classmate, Mr. J. M. Fogelsanger, for the interest he manifested in getting us together. It was he who initiated the movement and carried it to a successful termination.

A vote of thanks was also extended to the committee on arrangements for the excellent work they did. A motion was made and carried unanimously pledging ourselves to return again in 1915 if it is possible to do so.

At 3:30 we gathered at the Sherman House in town, where the management, acting under the direction of a committee, had prepared an abundance of things good to the palate. To these we did ample justice and returned to the school building, leaving later in groups for our respective homes, feeling as did Peter of old, that it was good for us to have been there.

Yes, we're older to-day than we were then. The calendar, the sprinkling of silver among our darker locks; our children as they gather at our knees, some of them as tall as their parents; all bear silent, but eloquent, testimony to the fact; but only in body are we growing older. In spirit we are as young as we were that other day twenty years ago when we stood on the rostrum of the old chapel and made our bow to the public, and if it were not for some such reminder, for all our feelings would indicate to the contrary, we might imagine that we are as young to-day as we were at that time.

We have changed. There can be no growth without change. We have passed from the spring time into the summer of life, and we accept the thinning and silvering of our hair, the wrinkles creeping across our faces as a veteran accepts the scars of battle. We think of them not as a disfigurement, but rather with pride as the marks of struggle and accomplishment.

So here's to the old class. Each wishing the others continued prosperity and hoping to meet again in a few years with a larger number present.

J. A. M.

ALUMNI ENTERTAINMENT.

At Normal this was an evening of song. Miss Helen Waldo, with Miss Ethel Wenk as accompanist, gave the music loving public the finest artist recital ever given in Shippensburg. By her rich, pure contralto voice she held the interested attention and sincere appreciation of the large audience for more than an hour of uninterrupted talking and singing. One of the numbers which was particularly enjoyable was the song cycle of Arthur Somervell, taken from Tennyson's "Maud." In a remarkably rich-toned speaking voice, she told the story of "Maud," gracefully quoting the lines of the immortal poet and vividly recalling to the memory of her audience the vital situations in the tragedy. The greatest hit, however, was made in her child songs. "Once a Little Indian Girl," "The Chinese Boy," "Een Danje," and "Meow." She looked and acted the child, but her voice was that of the trained singer. Of the accompanist of the evening, Miss Wenk, too much praise cannot be said, for entirely from memory was her strenuous evening work—and in it she showed rare

pianistic skill. Although the amount has not been announced, the large attendance insured a snug sum for the Alumni Loan Fund, for which the benefit was given.

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1900.

On Tuesday afternoon of commencement week the ten year class held its reunion in the parlor of the Mansion House, Ship-pensburg, Pa.

The following members were present: Jessie L. Flora, Mary Cunningham (Bigham), Mazie Fulton, Belle Nickum (Michener), Bess Cadwallader, Dessie M. Hollinger, Jennie Hoch, Gertrude Hoke, Margaret Stuart, May Donnelly, Anne Yohe (Walters), Maude Clever, Rebecca Klepper, Carrie Kitzmiller, Laura J. Spangler (Bosserman), J. A. Davis, S. E. L. Fogelsanger, John H. McLaughlin, Jas. H. Kendall, J. E. McCullough. There were also present two grandchildren of the class of 1900, Lucile Walters, daughter of Anna Yohe Walters and Elizabeth Bigham, daughter of Mary Cunningham Bigham.

The meeting was somewhat informal and the various members present related their experiences since graduating ten years ago. The surprise of the afternoon was sprung when Mr. John H. McLaughlin announced his engagement to Miss Bertha Fink, of Westfield, N. J., the wedding to take place in November of this year.

After everybody had congratulated Mr. McLaughlin, refreshments were served, and the meeting adjourned to meet ten years hence.

At this meeting the personal editor was an invited guest and greatly enjoyed meeting the many old friends of the class of 1900.

CLASS REUNIONS.

One of the features of the day was the large gathering of the alumni, and the interest manifested in their class reunions. The classes of 1890, 1900 and 1908 celebrated in an elaborate manner. Seventy members of the latter class established headquarters in the Reddig Hall, and in almost every available space their colors, orange and black, were artistically hung. At 9:00 o'clock they banqueted at Hotel Sherman, where an enjoyable program, which was reminiscent and musical in character, was rendered.

This surpassed in every respect all former class reunions. Roy D. Knouse, principal Abbottstown schools, was toastmaster, and responses were made by: John A. Smith, Dickinson; Raymond W. Pearson, York Springs; Anna G. Follmar, Hanover; J. Ray Jackson, New Buffalo; Sue J. Tolan, Catasauqua; Lydia M. Underwood, Grampian; C. Frank Helt, Loyalton.

Returning after the banquet to their headquarters, a dance followed. Good music was furnished by Kurzenknabe's Orchestra. At the Alumni business meeting, the class of 1908 presented \$100.00 to the Alumni loan fund, which was created several years ago for the purpose of extending financial aid to worthy students to further their education.

Wednesday—Commencement Day.

No fanfare of trumpets, no bugle cry announced the advent of the final day, but late sleepers were awakened just the same. Any one that has spent commencement week at a boarding school knows the very effective way in which Morpheus is banished and would-be sluggards aroused. Not exactly a concord of sweet sounds, gentle Annie, but undeniably effective.

Guests from town as well as from a distance arrived early and by 9:30 the chapel was well filled.

As the orchestra began the march, the candidates for second diploma, chiefly 1908 people, filed in and took seats at the rear of the platform. They were followed by the chorus. Then came Dr. Martin, principal; Dr. Van Ormer, minister, and Dr. Hayes, orator of the day, followed by the graduating class in caps and gowns.

After prayer by Dr. Van Ormer and music by the orchestra, Mr. Lee Hale, first honor man, delivered his oration, "The Great Northwest." He dwelt upon the great natural resources, the climate, the wonderful growth of population, the work already done in irrigation, the millions spent in affording transportation facilities, in fact, in the general development of this great country. The address was well composed, well delivered, and reflected credit upon Mr. Hale and the class.

Miss Helen G. Jones followed with an essay upon "Jane Addams and Her Work." The essay received the closest at-

tention of the audience, and disclosed to many that had not studied the life of Jane Addams, the great success of this noble woman in settlement work. It is needless to say that in her tribute to Miss Addams, Miss Jones acquitted herself with the same degree of credit that has marked her work during her entire student life. She received well merited applause.

The next number was a recitation, "The Boy Orator of Zepata City," by Miss Vashti Gibboney, of Everett. Miss Gibboney pleased her many friends by her self-possession, distinct enunciation and charming manner. While Bedford county had several good representatives in the school, it should take special pride in Miss Gibboney, honor student, and Wm. G. Fluke, class president.

The good-bye had been assigned to Mr. Jno. A. Brenneman, honor student, and in selecting him no mistake was made. For three years Mr. Brenneman has been one of our best students, a scholar, a gentleman, a credit to York county, an honor to himself and to his class. In a few well chosen sentences he took a formal leave of the Trustees, the citizens of Shippensburg, the Faculty and his class.

After a very pleasing selection by the chorus, under the direction of Mrs. Thrush, Dr. Martin introduced Dr. Calvin C. Hayes, of Johnstown, Pa., moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of Pennsylvania, son of Dr. I. N. Hayes, first principal of C. V. S. N. S. and member of the class of 1877.

Dr. Hayes spent a few minutes in pleasing reminiscences of the old days when his father was principal and he a student. He complimented the school upon its growth and general advancement. He took as his subject "The Student Who is Worth While." No attempt at oratory was made, but the entire address was of a sensible, practical nature. Among the points emphasized were these: Education a drawing-out process; the school doesn't furnish brains; one purpose of an education is to teach one how much he doesn't know; a tendency toward self-complacency on the part of the teacher; graduates worth while are those that do things.

Dr. Heiges then discussed education as to its utilitarian and cultural value, contrasting the self-supporting young woman to the average society girl. Finally the graduate worth while is a

man or woman of high ideals. Dr. Heiges held the close attention of the audience, and received many compliments upon his address.

After another selection by the chorus, Dr. Martin conferred diplomas upon the following candidates.

CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION.

FIRST HONOR.

Shimer, Grace E.

Hale, Lee M.

SECOND HONOR.

Dewalt, Kathryn B.
Gibboney, Vashti E.
Hixon, V. Beatrice

Jones, Helen G.
Wolfe, Verna M.

Brenneman, John A.
Zimmerman, Charles H.

Agle, Loubertia R.
Allen, M. Florence
Barner, Blanche B.
Braucht, Besse E.
Christopher, Mary C.
Cook, Carrie I.
Cope, Nellie M.
Cressler, Grace McD.
Daugherty, Laura E.
Deardorff, Isabella F.
Dewalt, Kathryn B.
Dimm, Floy E.
Duke, Ruth K.
Eberly, Florence A.
Fogelsanger, Nellie
Fulton, Edna H.
Gardner, Mary E.
Garver, Kathryn E.
Gibboney, Vashti E.
Good, Albie
Herman, Viola C.
Hileman, Gertrude R.
Hixon, V. Beatrice
Hoffer, Elsie M.
Hoffman, Mary I.

Johnston, Mary J.
Jones, Ethel M.
Jones, Helen G.
Karns, Edna G.
Kendig, Lillian M.
Linn, Stella M.
Loy, Mary C.
McNeal, Mary L.
Marshall, Janet K.
Miller, Ellen L.
Myers, Blanche E.
Neff, M. Ruth
Newman, Ava I.
Peiffer, Vera C.
Rhodes, M. Anna
Robertson, Martha E.
Robinson, Helen D.
Scott, Helen J.
Shive, Ruth E.
Shimer, Grace E.
Snoke, Ruth
Snyder, Annabel
Thrush, Margaret R.
Wolfe, Verna M.

Beard, Ralph B.
Boyer, Chas. E.
Brenneman, John A.
Cassel, Floyd F.
Coyle, Jos. M.
Davis, William V.
Doyle, Harry G.
Fluke, William G.
Grove, J. Seth
Hale, Lee M.
Hendershot, Walter S.
Hoffman, Harry H.
Hoke, John B.
Jones, J. Russell
Kell, James A.
Macbeth, Reynolds O.
Matthews, Robert E.
Nelson, Russell
Peffer, Parker S.
Peffer, Elmer F.
Snider, Floyd F.
White, James W.
Witherspoon, Andrew C.
Ziegler, J. Clyde
Zimmerman, Charles H.

CANDIDATES FOR TEACHER'S DIPLOMA.

Arter, Esther
Agle, Nancy J.
Auker, E. H.
Brindle, Emma
Brindle, Mary E.
Conn, Mary C.
Clever, Ethel
Cope, Anna M.
Cremer, Margaretta D.
Dale, Ella E.

Harlacher, John E.
Hedding, Margaret M.
Hosfeld, Nellie
Hoon, Iva M.
Helt, C. F.
Henneberger, Minnie
Hoffner, Elizabeth
Huston, Elizabeth
Jackson, J. R.
Johns, Violet E.

Russell, Helen H.
Schaeffer, Earle H.
Sculler, Helen I.
Shaffer, Margaret
Shively, Naomi
Shoap, Lloyd B.
Senseney, Edna M.
Smith, Clayton I.
Smith, Earl B.
Smith, John A.

Dunkle, Margie	Knouse, Roy D.	Sterner, Ursula
Elicker, Walter G.	Kuhn, Jennie B.	Stine, Lottie I.
Edwards, Ethel	Lawall, Marion L.	Stouteagle, Jeannette
Eyster, Jane C.	LeFevre, June	Stumbaugh, Sadie A.
Fogelsanger, Effie M.	LeVan, Mae J.	Stumbaugh, Grace N.
Follmar, Annie G.	Light, Ruth A.	Sweigard, Estella V.
Follmar, Edith E.	McCreary, S. U. G.	Tolan, Sue J.
Foltz, Emma C.	Morrison, George	Underwood, Lydia
Freet, John I.	Miller, Minnie	Walhay, Charlotte M.
Good, John L.	Macbeth, Blanche J.	Weaver, A. L.
Gettel, Mabel F.	Myers, Janet	Wineman, Fredythe L.
Gettel, Zora M.	Palmer, A. C.	Wise, Helen P.
Gingrich, Irwin R.	Reagle, Emily B.	Wolf, Maude
Hess, Maurice A.	Reddig, Harriet L.	Wolfort, Ethel R.
	Robinson, Eva M.	Young, James G.

The afternoon was spent in various ways by various people. Altho many left on afternoon trains, the majority stayed for the evening reception. The usual open air concert was given by the orchestra after supper, after which all repaired to the gym, where social pleasures lasted until eleven o'clock. Thus endeth the last day.

Notes.

Smallest attendance for several years, but of excellent quality.

After the sweltering heat of examination week the cooler weather came as a great relief.

All the events were run off on schedule time, not a hitch nor a break to mar the pleasing effect.

One of the best features of the closing days was the attendance of Dr. Jos. F. Barton, for so many years a prominent and popular member of the faculty. The genial Doctor was east after a four-year absence, and was greeted by scores of his old-time friends. After four years with Hamline University, Dr. Barton has resigned, and will devote his time to important business interests with which he is connected.

Another visitor to be greeted with open arms by those that knew him was Prof. A. A. McCrone, head of the classical department from 1902 to 1904. While here Professor McCrone established a reputation as scholar, disciplinarian, instructor and man of versatile ability. "Pat" is now teaching in the Southern High School of Philadelphia, and ranks among the prominent educators of that city.

And last of all came Prof. W. M. Rife, known as "Bill" to a few intimate friends. Just as hearty as ever, same old Bill, true to the core and full of good common sense. During the spring Prof. Rife was connected with Clarion Normal, but will return in the fall to resume his work at Reynoldsville, Pa., where he has established a most enviable reputation as an educator.



Societies.

Greenleaf.

Since the opening of the present school term, April 8th, much interest has been shown in society work. This interest was manifested by better attendance and careful preparation of the programs. The debate usually constituted the principal feature of the evening. We trust this interest will not only continue, but also increase during the coming year. We are all convinced that society work helps the student quite as much as the work of study period and recitation room.

MARY BRUMBAUGH,
Secretary.



Normal.

Since the opening of the present school term much interest has been taken in society work, which is shown by the continued increase in attendance from week to week and the careful preparation of every part of the program. The debates usually constitute the principal feature of the programs and the general debates excite no little degree of interest. Many new members were added to our roll at the end of this term. The success of our society has been partly shown by its reunion. The president's address was inspiring and encouraging to all literary workers. Applause was not lacking after the musical numbers, for they were very much enjoyed by all. Expressions of pleasure were heard from all sides concerning the recitation of Miss Fulton. Other delightful and entertaining numbers on the program were the oration delivered by Mr. Hoke and the little play "The Coming of Summer."

The program was as follows:

Program:

FIRST HALF.

Orchestra	
President's Address	Mr. James G. Glessner
Piano Duo—March Triumphale.....	<i>A Gloria</i>
	Miss Mary Christopher, Miss Mary Hoffman.
Reading—"Good Management".....	Miss Edna Fulton
Vocal Solo—"The Miller".....	<i>Petrie</i>
	Mr. Russell Nelson.
Glee Club—Summer's Come	<i>H. E. Neihol</i>

SECOND HALF.

Piano Duo—Valse Brilliante	<i>Jules Schulhoff</i>
	First Piano—Miss Mary Christopher, Miss Blanche Myers.
	Second Piano—Miss Helen Jones, Miss Ethel Jones.
Oration—"We Must Educate Our Children".....	Mr. John B. Hoke
Male Quartette—Springtime	<i>Joseph Henins</i>
	Mr. Roy Krober, Mr. Ira Mummert,
	Mr. John Brenneman, Mr. Harrison Arnold.
Orchestra	"The Coming of Summer"
Reader.....	Miss Alma Coulson.

CHARACTERS:

Nature.....	Miss Carrie Cook
Spring.....	Miss Edith McCall
March.....	Miss Edna Karns
April.....	Miss Blanche Myers
May	Miss Mary Hoffman
Summer	Mr. Reynolds Macbeth
Winter.....	Mr. Harrison Arnold

ELEANOR L. EMMERT, '11,
Secretary.



Philo.

During the past term the Philo Literary Society has been kept up to its usual standard by the faithful work of its officers and the ones taking part on the different programs. Thus the meetings were made interesting and called for a large audience which was usually present.

During the term, Philos could have been seen talking to the new students in the corridors or calling upon them in their rooms, and as a result, at our last meeting a large number of new members were taken into our Society. These will help to fill the vacancies made by the departure of our present Senior class.

The most interesting feature of the term was the Reunion held May thirteenth in the Normal chapel. It was then that the

ability along the lines of oratory, elocution and music was shown by the members of the society. The chapel was beautifully decorated and each number of the program was well rendered.

It is our wish that the year to follow may be as successful, and even more so, than the year just past.

EFFIE B. HETRICK, '11.

Program.

Music.....	Orchestra
President's Address.....	Hon. James L. Young, '87
Vocal Duet—"The Autumn Wind,"	<i>Roeckel</i>
	Miss Dewalt, Miss Dimm.
Piano Duo—"Marche Triumphale," Op. 62.....	<i>Kuhe</i>
	Miss Herman, Miss Hetrick.
Reading.....	"Sally Ann's Experience"
	Miss Barner.
Vocal Solo—"The King of the Winds".....	<i>Sanford</i>
	Mr. Zeigler.
Music.....	Orchestra
"The Glen"	<i>Verdi</i>
	Glee Club.
Oration.....	"Social Discontent"
	Mr. Reese.
Three Piano Number—Oberon Overture.....	<i>Weber</i>
	First Piano—Miss Wise, Miss Gorkes.
	Second Piano—Miss Hetrick, Miss Harman.
	Third Piano—Miss Herman, Miss Baer.
Music	Orchestra

A Comedy

IN ONE ACT

SUSPENDED ANIMATION—*T. E. Pemberton.*

CHARACTERS

Mr. Watmuff.....	Henpecked but amiable
	Mr. Boyer.
Ferdinand Swift.....	his nephew, a fortune-hunter
	Mr. Jones.
Walter Litherland.....	in love with Emily Watmuff
	Mr. Coble.
Mrs. Watmuff, Watmuff's wife.....	strong minded, crafty
	Miss McNeal.
Emily, her daughter.....	in love with Walter Litherland
	Miss Himes.



Y. M. C. A.

At the close of this another year in the history of the Y. M. C. A., we consider it a pleasure to state that the work has been a grand success during the entire year.

Every student in School being enrolled as a member and every fellow doing his best for the advancement of this great cause of christianity.

Never before has the association felt the call that it did this year, and the call was answered this year as never before. While no conversions were made, yet we feel sure by the responses given that many fellows were guided and kept in close touch with Him who is ever ready to help. Realizing that this is true, we say to those going out we heartily wish you Godspeed in all your work. May you ever prove true to your Master. He is a friend in time of need.

With the coming of the new year we hope there will come new vigor, more inspiration, and a greater desire to accomplish our aim—the winning of souls for Christ and the extension of his Kingdom here below.

JOHN O. APPLER, President.



D. W. C. A.

Another year of our Association work at Normal is finished, with brighter prospects than ever before, both financially and numerically. The interesting meetings, the good attendance, the co-operation of the teachers, all united to make the work helpful.

A new feature of the work this year was the graduating of a class of eighteen members and the receiving of State Diplomas for the study of the Teacher-Training Lessons for the Sunday School.

Miss Fairbanks, who has been a missionary in India for many years, gave us some interesting talks on the work there, telling us how much good the Gospel of Jesus has done for those people. We were also visited by the District and County Secretary, Miss Reed.

We wish all the girls would keep their eyes open during the summer for any articles which they find that help them to lead a brighter and better life. And remember to bring them next fall, as they may help others over rough places.

The Cabinet wishes to thank the members of the faculty, including its new members, also the girls, for assisting them in making this a most successful year. We appreciate the work of the retiring Cabinet and Seniors and hope we may be given inspiration and help to make the girls feel the Association work is a work that brightens every life. It helps us to do a kind act so that we make some one happy, and that of itself makes us happy. Let us remember we do such acts by the help of our Master and let us never forget to seek that aid.

EMMA VANCE, 1911.



Base Ball.

The team of 1910 will long be remembered as winners. The best team in many years and with the best record. This is due largely to the good work of the coach, Prof. G. B. Ely, who really knows some things about ball and also knows how to teach others. Excellent work was also done by the various players, but special mention should be made of Barton, pitcher. To his effective work on the mound are due many of the victories of the season. With good speed, excellent control and quite a nice variety of deliveries, he held the visitors down to few hits and fewer runs. Normal students showed more interest than ever before, enthusiasm ran high, attendance was good, the grand stand and bleachers always being full and the songs and yells were inspiring.

The scores follow in full, the first being Normal, the second opponent:

Conway Hall	1—2
Mercersburg Academy	4—5
Kutztown Normal	13—5
Harrisburg Academy	11—4
Conway Hall	5—3
Mercersburg Academy	3—1
Felton A. C.	8—5
Chambersburg Industrial League	13—3
Brown Preparatory	4—1
New Cumberland A. C.	6—3

St. Thomas	8—2
Bloomsburg Normal	0—6
Kutztown Normal	4—2
Alumni	4—2

The following appeared in the Carlisle "Herald" of July 2d:

BASEBALL TEAM GIVEN BANQUET.

Shippensburg, July 2.—An event Wednesday evening not on the Normal school commencement week program, which proved an occasion of more than ordinary enjoyment, was a banquet given by the Athletic Association to the members of the 1910 baseball team and their sweethearts. A delicious menu was served by Mrs. G. E. Dunlap at Hotel Sherman. Twenty-two smiling faces could be counted at the tables, from the head of which the manager, Prof. C. E. Sweitzer, beamed down on the happy guests. After the dessert there was an impromptu program consisting of speeches, singing, and a general good time. Those who were present, were: Prof. C. E. Sweitzer, manager; Prof. G. B. Ely, coach; James A. Kell, c; H. P. Barton, p; Floyd F. Cassell, 1b; Ralph H. Beard, 2b; Raymond M. Starry, 3b; Carl R. Shoap, ss; Harry H. Hoffman, lf; Ernest E. Fuss, cf; Lee M. Hale, lf; Howard G. Neisley, rf.; Misses Ruth Snoke, Blanche Boher, Helen S. Dykeman, Shippensburg; Edwinna L. Bennett, Hummelstown; Helen D. Robinson, Markleville; Vashti Gibboney, Everett; Mary Hoffman, Anna M. Rhodes, Lebanon; Mary Mentzer, Carlisle; Mary Witman.

The season just ended was the most successful one in the history of baseball at Shippensburg Normal. With virtually raw material to work on, Prof. Ely brought the team up to a high standard. Of the fifteen games played during the season only three were lost. Great praise is also due Harper P. Barton, who pitched splendid ball in each of the fifteen games played. His many admirers predict for him a prosperous baseball career, and it is not unlikely that he will be mustered into the professional ranks before another month has passed.



Alumni Personals.

'75. A card from Rev. J. D. W. Deavor informs us of his change of address from Burnham, Pa., to Ashland, Pa. He is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at that place. Would like to attend Commencement, but work forbids. Sends best wishes to Normal.

'76. We print a letter in full from Miss Lou A. Householder, of Siloam Springs, Arkansas.

SILOAM SPRINGS, BENTON CO., ARKANSAS, MAY 9, '10.

My Dear Friend:—

I want to thank you for the HERALD. It comes to me as a messenger of joy and gladness from the dear old Normal. It is a great pleasure to me to learn of its prosperity, and to know what its graduates are doing, not only of my own class, but also those up to the very last year. This most welcome visitor cheers and strengthens me for my trying work among the destitute here. This is a wonderful field for missionary work. "The field is white to the harvest, but the laborers are few."

Several children, one boy ten years old, came to the mission last winter, who had never before been to church, Sunday school, never heard a prayer, never heard of Christ. Think of such heathen darkness in our country! Many of the women and some of the men can not read, and they do not care to learn. I have urged some of them to come to school; but while they are not enough ashamed of their ignorance to want to learn, they are ashamed to have the children know of it. Poor souls! What lives the people live! Ignorant, shiftless, dirty, hopeless; they live on a plane very little above that of the brute. They do not earn enough to buy suitable food for their families. If clothing was not given them they would go in filthy rags. In order not to encourage idleness and dependence, I furnish work of some kind for those who are able to work. I once asked a married woman what she liked to do best. She replied, "sit round and talk." That is what many of the men as well as women prefer doing. There are, however, some real good washers among the women. They have learned to wash by washing, knowing that in order to get work they must do it well. These women, though they have husbands, are the principal wage earners for the family. They have no time or strength left to care for their children, even if they knew how, hence the children play in the dirt or wander about when not in school, and they are not there long, for their parents, like all ignorant people, are restless, and remain in one place but a short time. While this constant going and coming has made my work much harder, it has enabled me to sow the good seed in more hearts. God says, "My word shall not return unto me void," hence I hope that it will spring up and bear fruit in many hovels and desolate places where these people wander. They are not greatly to blame for their condition, descended from generations of ignorance, vice, degredation and improvidence; is it any wonder they have no ambition to be or do anything? If we had been born

in the wilds of Arkansas, would not our heritage have been the same as theirs?

Pray that the necessary supplies of clothing, etc., may be sent us.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Very cordially yours,

LOU HOUSEHOLDER.

After receiving the above letter, Dr. Martin thought it would be a good plan to take up a collection on the evening of the Baccalaureate service at the Normal. This was accordingly done, and the proceeds amounted to \$15.00, which was forwarded to Miss Householder to aid in her work.

'79. A letter from Mr. F. W. Dykeman informs us of his change of address to 30 Farnsworth St., Boston, Mass. He is in the employ of the Eastern Electric Co.

'82. Mrs. Abbie Allen (Lamond) taught the past winter in the schools of Harrisburg, Pa.

'84. We clip the following from the Shippensburg "News" in regard to Prof. M. S. Taylor:

A letter received by The News, from our former townsman and comrade, Prof. M. S. Taylor, of Harrisburg, a one time popular teacher in our public schools, informs us he has been unanimously re-elected for next term and salary advanced fifty dollars, making it \$115.79 per month. He tells us of their fine new school building, three stories high, containing 16 recitation rooms and all modern fixtures. Mrs. A. P. Lamond, of this section, is his assistant principal. Miss Ella Martin, daughter of our town-folks, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, is now doing substitute work for one of the teachers, who is ill at her home in Huntingdon. Prof. Taylor spends his Saturdays and Sundays at his country home, on his farm west of town. He closes by adding, frost every night. He suggested that "if Halley's comet should strike near us, it might raise the temperature a few degrees—a thing all would appreciate."

'84 Miss Mary R. Abrahams is living at Carlisle, Pa., R. F. D. 5.

'85. J. G. Glessner, Esq., of York, Pa., delivered the address at the Normal Reunion held in April.

'86. We learn from a Carlisle paper that Mr. H. E. Shaffer, who was Assistant Secretary and Treasurer of the Farmers' Trust

Company of Carlisle, was recently promoted to Secretary and Treasurer of that Company.

'88. Mrs. Minerva Sipes (Keller) taught the past year at Hartsville, Pa.

'88. Miss Margaret I. Overholtzer spent a day during the Commencement exercises as the guest of the Personal Editor at Normal. Margaret was surprised and pleased at the many improvements since the days of '88.

'89. Mrs. V. May Wonders (Critchley) spent the Commencement season with her parents in Shippensburg and attended the exercises at the Normal. She is living at Sharon, Pa.

'90. Miss Maude Hewitt, of Waynesboro, spent a day with us during Commencement.

'90. Miss Sadie Schriver, 202 5th St., Lakewood, N. J., was also a Commencement visitor.

'90. Mrs. Madge Hemphill (Myers) informs us that her address is changed from Stoughstown, Pa., to Newville.

'93. Mr. J. B. Eby was a pleasant visitor to Normal during the Spring term. He is Supt. of the Kindergarten Department of the Reform School at Morganza, Pa., and has charge of 56 boys. His wife is also assisting in the work. She was formerly Miss VanScyoc, a Normal student. Mr. Eby renewed his HERALD subscription for another year.

'95. A note from Mr. J. M. Ebbert says he is Supervising Principal of the Hartley Schools, York, Pa.

'96. Mr. J. H. McCullough, 1138 Ross avenue, Wilkesburg, Pa., is with the American Bridge company.

'96. Mr. Charles J. Palmer says: "I was elected principal of the Marietta Grammar School in 1909. It is one of the nicest schools I have ever taught. Wish success to Normal.

'96. Mr. John M. Baum writes the following:

EPHRATA, PA., May 18, 1910.

After graduating in 1896 and teaching three years, I took a course in dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania and graduated in 1902. Have practiced dentistry since at Ephrata, Pa. Was married in 1903 to Carrie E. Long, of Annville, Pa. Have

one boy, born on Washington's birthday, 1909. He has his father's full name.

Yours Truly,

JOHN M. BAUM, class of 1896.

'96. Mrs. Mary Smith (Hoover), Newville, Pa., was a commencement visitor. She enjoyed her visit and renewed her HERALD subscription.

'97. Rev. C. I. Raffensperger writes from Baltimore:

We have nothing new to give you at this time, but will state that we are now located in the city of Baltimore, Md. We have become pastor of Grace United Evangelical Church, located 924 E. Preston street, near center of city.

At the present time we are beginning the erection of a new Church. Have much to do. Often think of the Normal days. I hope my *alma mater* is succeeding well. Best wishes for *her* and *you* and all the faculty.

May 16, 1910.

Fraternally,

C. I. RAFFENSPERGER,
924 E. Preston street,
Baltimore, Md.

'97. We have the following from Mr. H. M. Hartz, of Palmyra:

PALMYRA, PA., May 16, 1910.

I moved from Campbelltown to this place last August. I am extensively engaged in almost all kinds of insurance, which is more remunerative than teaching. I am married and have three of the dearest children on earth. When they awake in the morning they become busy for the whole day. My wife and I want to attend commencement exercises at your place. Please let me know the time.

Respectfully Yours,

H. M. HARTZ.

'97. Mr. J. M. Nycum is with the W. H. Keech Co., and lives at 210 West st., Wilkinsburg, Pa. His wife was Miss C. Ella Miller, '97.

'97. A letter from Miss Elizabeth Reed, of Ponce, Porto Rico, says, I am still in the land of summer. Taught six years in the public schools and the first of July will commence my third year in the missionary work. Am enjoying the work very much and love Porto Rico, my adopted home.

'97. A card from Miss Enna Skinner states that she and Miss Huldah Devor are teaching at Bowbells, North Dakota.

'98. Miss Melva B. Wierman taught the past year in Westfield, N. J. She expects to teach next year a short distance from New York City, up the Hudson river.

'98. Mr. C. E. Yost and brother, A. W. Yost, are engaged in the shoe business in York, Pa. Mr. Yost's address is 1408-1412 N. George St., York, Pa. We are glad to note this change. We were under the impression that Mr. Yost was teaching and are glad to be set right.

'99. Mrs. Sarada McLaughlin, (Burkholder) is living at Mc Veytown, Pa., where her husband is a Methodist minister.

'99. We have the following from Mr. H. A. Beattie:

Am married, have two of a family, boy and girl. Live on the Mansion Farm. Occupation, farming. My address is Ship-pensburg, not Newville. Would like to have the July copy of the HERALD.

Sincerely yours,

H. A. BEATTIE:

'99. Miss Jane McCullough, of Newville, Pa., is Principal of the Penn Township High School.

'99. Miss Gertrude Krall is living at North 2nd St., Harrisburg, Pa.

'99. Mr. C. M. Shulley writes us as follows:

I am clerking in a dairy and grocery store and my address is 916 Cherry St., Reading. Enclosed will find twenty-five cents for the HERALD, which is always a welcome paper to me, as that is the only way I am able to keep track of Normal news. Wish-you and all Normal followers the greatest success, I am

Yours respectfully,

C. M. SHULLEY.

'00. Mrs. Jessica Evans (Young) is living at 1122 Eastlake Ave., Seattle, Washington.

'00. Miss Ida M. Newcomer is spending the summer at Waterloo, Iowa, R. F. D. 1. She expects to teach at that place during the coming year. While at Normal a few weeks ago she renewed her HERALD subscription.

'00. Mrs. Laura Spangler (Bosserman) East Berlin, Pa., was a visitor at Normal during commencement. She extended her HERALD subscription for two years.

'00. Mr. J. K. Gish was a visitor to Normal during the spring term. He is engaged in farming near Elizabethtown, Pa.

'01. Mr. W. A. G. Linn, of Albany, N. Y., is with the Fox River Butter Co.

'01. Mrs. Ethel Middlecoff (Thompson) is living in DuBois, Pa., "The Calaman." She expects to be present next year at the reunion of '01.

'01. Mrs. Bess Hill (Bair) is living at 4224 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., and sends best wishes, together with her HERALD subscription, to Normal.

'02. Mrs. Elizabeth N. McCune (McClennan) is living in Pittsburg, Pa. Her address is Tuscarora St.

'02. Mr. Chas. C. Martin, Principal of the West Fairview schools, is spending the summer in Wyoming and Colorado.

'02. We have the following from Miss Mabel Shryock:

Will you kindly change my address in the new Catalog from Altoona, Pa., to Long Beach, Cal.

I am still in the same profession. I should be very glad if you will forward a copy of the 1910 Catalog to my present address. You will find me enrolled as a member of the class of 1902.

Sincerely yours,

MABEL K. SHRYOCK.

P. O. Box 216,
Long Beach, Calif.

'03. Miss Florence Fogelsanger has been attending Juniata College at Huntingdon, Pa., during the part year.

'04. Miss Helen A. Corwin writes from Mexico: I am spending two weeks in Mexico, from whence I will go to New Orleans and then to New York by boat, reaching Penn. about the first of July, where I will spend the summer. I expect to go back to Colorado to teach next Sept., as I am very fond of the West. My visit here has been ideal. There has been little rain and the weather is lovely and cool. Mexico is certainly very foreign in every respect. No one would ever dream that it belongs to America.—HELEN A. CORWIN.

'05 Miss Bertha Spong is living at 10 Evergreen St., Harrisburg, Pa.

'05. Mrs. Mary Strickhouser (Gandy) is living at Asbury Ave., Ocean City, N. J., where her husband is a groceryman.

'06. We learn that Miss Helen Lehman, of Shippensburg, was recently awarded the Musser Prize of \$25 at the Oratorical Contest in Carlisle by Dickinson Students. The HERALD offers congratulations.

'06. Miss Blanche F. Books taught the past year in Medford, N. J., where she has been re-elected for the coming year. Miss Grace Sieber, '07, and Miss Kathryn Jones, '08, taught in the same place.

'07. Miss Orpha Grubb taught the past winter in the primary school at Oberlin and is spending the summer at her home, Duncannon.

'07. Mr. George Morrison taught the past year at Trafford City, Pa.

'07. Mrs. Grace Benner (Appler) is living at 1413 Thompson Ave., Harrisburg, Pa.

'07. Miss Violet Johns taught the past year at South Fork, Pa., and likes the work very much. Her address is Newport, Pa., R. F. D. 1.

'07. Mr. W. Raymond Shank writes from New Oxford, Pa., enclosing his HERALD subscription. Mr. Shank has been teaching at the above place the past year.

'08. Miss Emma Brindle taught at Longsdorf, Pa., the past year. She sends best wishes to Normal.

'09. Miss Rhea Hollar has been elected to the position of teacher of Music in the schools of Belleville, N. J., for the coming year.



Cupid's Column.

HOFF—EICHINGER. At New Cumberland, Pa., June 2, 1910, Mr. M. A. Hoff, '01, to Miss Gertrude Eichinger.

They will reside at New Cumberland, Pa., where Mr. Hoff is engaged in business. He is a partner in the firm of Hale & Hoff, undertakers and furniture dealers.

BROWN—CLIPPINGER. At Shippensburg, Pa., April 20, by Rev. I. A. McDannald, Mr. Guy Brown, of Carlisle, to Miss Nellie R. Clippinger, of Shippensburg.

Mrs. Brown was a former student of the Normal. They will reside in Carlisle, Pa.

RAUM—SEAMAN. Mr. Harry M. Raum, formerly of Shippensburg, Pa., to Miss Mary F. Seaman, of Morris, Tioga Co., Pa., May 17, 1910. Mr. Raum was a former Normal student.

JACOBUS—LEHMAN. Near Shippensburg, Pa., May 4, 1910, by Rev. W. G. Slifer, of Bloersville, Pa., Mr. William P. Jacobus, of New Kensington, Pa., to Miss Carrie A. Lehman.

Mrs. Jacobus was a former Normal student. They reside at 865 4th Ave., New Kensington, Pa.

WICKERSHAM—SEACREST. At Greencastle, Pa., May, 1910, Hon. F. B. Wickersham, '84, to Miss Ruby Seacrest.

Mr. Wickersham is a prominent member of the Dauphin County Bar, and is Past Grand Master of the Royal Arcanum of this state. They reside in Steelton, Pa.

HALDEMAN—RISSER. At Campbeltown, Pa., June 4, 1910, Mr. Victor Stoll Haldeman to Miss Phoebe Risser, '99. At home after June 8, at 627 South Conestoga Street, West Phila., Pa.

GROVE—PATTON. At Harrisburg, Pa., December, 1909, Mr. Melvin Grove, of Mercersburg, Pa., to Miss Ruth Patton, '06. They reside in Brunswick, Md., where Mr. Grove is engaged in the mercantile business.

YOUNG—JACKSON. At Carlisle, Pa., Wednesday, June 29, Mr. James G. Young, '08, to Miss Mary Jackson, of Carlisle. The ceremony was performed by Dr. G. M. Oliver, pastor of the West St., A. M. E. Church, Carlisle. Mr. Chas. Johnson, a classmate, was best man.

At home after July 3, 221 W. Lincoln St., Carlisle, Pa.

KEITER—WAGNER. At Baltimore, Md., April 30, 1910, Mr. Wm. I. Keiter, '06, to Miss Bertha Catherine Wagner. The ceremony was performed by Rev. David I. Neely.

Mr. Keiter is employed in the U. S. Weather Bureau in Washington, D. C. They reside at 939 G. St. S. W., Washington, D. C.

HARRIS—HAYES. Near Shippensburg, Pa., June 29, by Rev. C. O. Bosserman, Prof. Alfred C. Harris, of Chester, Pa., to Miss Flora Hayes, '97. They will reside in Chester, Pa.

CRUNKLETON—LEFEVRE. January 22, Mr. Leslie D. Crunkleton, '03, to Miss Anna R. LeFevre, of Littlestown, Pa. Mr. Crunkleton is Principal of the high school at Littlestown, Pa., where they will reside.

CLEVER—AUGHINBAUGH. At Green Village, Pa., June 30, by Dr. Conrad Clever, of Hagerstown, Md., Prof. G. Chas. Clever to Miss Edith Aughinbaugh. Mr. Clever was a former teacher of Normal.

MESSINGER—HESS. At Hogestown, Pa., April 21, 1910, Mr. George M. Messinger, '09, to Miss Ruth Hess. They reside at Hogestown, Pa.

JOHNSON—MATTHEWS. Mr. Johnson to Miss Mattie Matthews, '96, of Altoona, Pa. I am told they reside in Chicago. If any one knows their correct address, the HERALD would be very glad to learn of it.

DRUM—SLIFER. At Philadelphia, Pa., July 6, Prof. M. Linnaeus Drum, '96, of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, to Miss Grace Slifer, teacher of Latin and English in that institution. They reside at Lewisburg, Pa.



Stork Column.

BENDER. At Marion, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Bender, a daughter. Mrs. Bender was Miss Grace Hoover, '08.

ROTZ. At Ft. Loudon, Pa., May 6, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rotz, a daughter. Mrs. Rotz was Miss Mary Trogler, '06.

MORTON. At 1409 N. 35th St., Omaha, Neb., April 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Don Morton, a daughter. Mr. Morton was a member of the class of '05 and Mrs. Morton was Miss Carrie Hill, '06.

LEE. At South Fork, Pa., June 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lee, a daughter. Mrs. Lee was Miss Bena Marshall, '03.

LINTON. At 334 Mars Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., to Rev. and Mrs. Marshall Linton, a daughter. Mrs. Linton was Miss Abigail V. Taughinbaugh, '06.

DIX. At Hanover, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Dix, a daughter. Mrs. Dix was Miss Carrie Sauble, '08.

OMWAKE. At Harrisburg, Pa., April 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Omwake, a daughter. Mrs. Omwake was Miss Frances Geiger, '97.

ENTERLINE. At Camp Hill, Pa., June 7, to Mr. and Mrs. William Clark Enterline, a son. Mrs. Enterline was Miss Eleanor Nevin, '99.

BURKHOLDER. At Bloesville, Pa., to Prof. and Mrs. H. L. Burkholder, '01, December 29, a daughter. Prof. Burkholder was a teacher at the Normal during the spring term.

REYNOLDS. At Reading, Pa., January 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Reynolds, a daughter. Mrs. Reynolds was Miss Flora E. Harbold, '05. Mr. Reynolds is assistant Credit Manager of the Hershey Chocolate Company and they reside at Hershey, Pa., having recently moved from 526 N. 12th St., Reading, Pa.

DELP. At Goodyear, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Luther Delp, a son, February. Mrs. Delp was Miss Dora Fanus a former Normal student.

MYERS. At Idaville, Pa., R. F. D. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Grover Myers, a son. Mrs. Myers was Miss Stelle Gardner, '04.

BREAM. At Idaville, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bream, a daughter. Mrs. Bream was Miss Carrie Bream, '07.

HOFFMAN. At Idaville, Pa., February 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman K. Hoffman, a son. Mrs. Hoffman was Miss Jennie Groupe, '07.



Obituary.

'80. Ad. M Firestine died March 31, 1910.

We take the following notice from a Carlisle paper:

At half past nine o'clock Thursday morning Adam M. Firestine died at the home of his sister, Mrs. Kline, with whom he lived, aged about 52 years. The deceased, while suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys for some time, it was only within the past two weeks that his sickness reached an alarming stage, and his life despaired of.

The deceased was one of the well known county school teachers and was a gentleman of fine social qualities, rather retiring, however, in his habits. He lived in Mechanicsburg for a number of years. Owing to ill health, he had not been active in his life work for the past year or more. He died as he had lived, held in the highest esteem by a large circle of friends. He was unmarried. Besides the sister, the deceased is survived by a brother, L. G. Firestine, vice president of the Mechanicsburg National Bank.

The HERALD extends sympathy to the friends.

'97. Hattie F. Wolfe died May 20, 1910.

News of the death of Miss Hattie F. Wolf, which occurred at Harrisburg last Thursday afternoon, was received with deep regret by her many friends here.

She had suffered for only a few days with inflammatory rheumatism, having taught her school until the close of Friday's session. On Monday she was unable to leave her room and died as stated on Thursday.

Miss Wolfe was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Wolf, former highly respected citizens of this city, where she spent the larger part of her life. For several years she was a popular teacher in our Public School, having charge of one of the secondary grades. Some years ago she secured an appointment to a grade in the Webster School Building, Harrisburg, where she was admired and loved as a teacher of rare tact and ability.

She is survived by her parents and two sisters, Mrs. E. S. Goshorn and Miss Eleanor Wolfe, of Harrisburg. Services were held from her late home, 1611 Chestnut street, at 1.00 o'clock on Sunday afternoon and the body was brought to Shippensburg for interment.

The HERALD extends its sympathy to the friends.



Hash.

Just Good Enough.

George—"Do you think that I'm good enough for you, darling?"

Darling—"No, George; but you're too good for any other girl."—*Illustrated Bits.*

Mosaic Poetry.

I only knew she came and went Like troutlets in a pool; She was a phantom of delight, And I was like a fool.	Lowell. Hood. Wordsworth. Eastman.
'One kiss, dear maid,' I said, and sighed, "Out of those lips unshorn." She shook her ringlets round her head, And laughed in merry scorn.	Coleridge. Longfellow. Stoddard. Tennyson.
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, You hear them, oh! my heart? 'Tis twelve at night, by the Castle clock, Beloved, we must part!	Tennyson. Alice Cary. Coleridge. Alice Cary.
"Come back! come back!" she cried in grief, "My eyes are dim with tears: How shall I live through all the days, All through a hundred years?"	Campbell. Bayard Taylor. Mrs. Osgood. T. S. Perry.
'Twas in the prime of summertime, She blest me with her hand; We strayed together, deeply blest, Into the Dreaming land.	Hood. Hoyt. Mrs. Edwards. Cornwall.
The laughing bridal roses blow To dress her dark, brown hair. No maiden may with her compare, Most beautiful, most rare!	Patmore. Bayard Taylor. Brailsford. Read.
I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand, The precious golden link: I calmed her fears, and she was calm, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"	Browning. Smith. Coleridge. Wordsworth.
And so I won my Genevieve, And walked in Paradise; The fairest thing that ever grew Atween me and the skies.	Coleridge. Hervey. Wordsworth. Osgood.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Anatomical.

"'Tis a curious fact," said a government shark,
As he read about commons and peers,
"That an Englishman votes with his eyes and his noes,
And expresses applause with his 'ears."—

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

**Bandy Things to Have.**

"Hard-workin' wife you've got, Bill."
"Yes, I wish I'd a couple more like her."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

**Open the Door.**

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angel of love and truth,
When the world is full of unnumbered joys
In the beautiful dawn of youth,
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide;
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide.

All the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours if you'll only give them room;
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class and creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a soul in need.

To the singing heavens that o'er you bend
You need no map nor chart;
But only the love of the Master;
Open the door of your heart.

—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

**The Wise Physician.**

"The doctor has ordered me to eat only the plainest food."

"For how long?"

"Till I have paid his bill, I guess."—*Houston Post.*

A Merger.

REGULAR CUSTOMER—"There used to be two or three little bald spots on the crown of my head, away back. Are they there yet?"

BARBER—"No, sir; it ain't so bad as all that. Where those spots used to be, sir, there's only one now."—*Chicago Tribune.*



Mangled Mythology.

The Centaur would be just the thing
A runaway to stop;
To-day he'd make no mistake,
A handy mounted cop.
—*Kansas City Journal.*

Old Argus in the baseball field
Would simply be a peach;
Should three men be on bases he
Could keep an eye on each.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Mercury would be up-to-date
And flying records beat;
He'd show us how to aviate
And get there with both feet.
—*A. H.*

Old Midas could be a good chum—
Would we could have such!
No matter how hard up we were
We would not mind his touch.
—*Houston Post.*

Circe—but no, we'll cut her out—
A thought our memory jogs—
Street cars and sich beat any witch
At turning men to hogs.
—*Syracuse Herald.*

Of all the list Diogenes
Is needed least again;
'Tis plain to see that he would be
A failure now, as then.
—*Buffalo News.*

Stick to the Farm.

"Stick to the farm," says the President
To the wide-eyed farmer boy,
Then he hies him back to his White House home,
With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king
To the lad who looks afar,
Then hikes him back on the double-quick
To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman
To the youth on the worm-fence perch,
Then lays his ear to the ground to hear
A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise
To those who would break the rut,
Then hies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to cut.—*New York Sun.*



With the Best of Intentions.

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary. "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic last night."

"Oh, mother, don't go! you know you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence. "We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"Yes," replied the widow; "I haven't been able to get the week's wash dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."—*Home Herald.*



An Up-to-Date Caution.

Mother bird—"Run along and play now, but be careful you don't get run over by any of those flying machines."—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

A Vacation Journey.

ADA V. HORTON.

Since I have returned from my trip abroad, I appreciate more than ever the kindness of the many friends who made it possible for me to go. I wish every one of the HERALD readers could have been along with me, but, of course, as that was not possible, I will try to tell you something about it.

The Carlisle Herald winners, Miss Helena Meck and myself, left Carlisle on the 14 of July for Montreal, where we were to set sail on the 16th.

The weather was scorching and the only thing that kept our spirits from flagging was the thought that we would soon be on the St. Lawrence river, enjoying its cool breezes. We arrived in New York City some time that afternoon, and spent the time till about seven o'clock in walking about the city a little, and in the Grand Central Depot watching the people come and go. New York City was new to me, and, of course, very interesting. I had never seen such tall buildings and such full street cars. I don't really know how they managed to stick on the outside as I saw them do.

We took a sleeper out the depot about seven, and as it was not yet dark we enjoyed our trip up along the Hudson for many miles before it got too dark to see. This ride along the river was certainly interesting. We passed through many towns, some pretty large and some small, and the river was full of boats, some fishing and some pleasure boats. When the moon came up, it was beautiful. The lights from the moving boats and the lights on the other side of the river, shining out as we passed. Here and there an island large enough for buildings of some summer resort.

We left the Hudson at Troy and in the morning were going up along Lake Champlain through Vermont. Here also the scenery was very beautiful. On one side of us green fields and woods, and then yellow fields of grain, and on the other side the lake.

I must stop here a minute and tell you about the old porter on the train. We got up early in the morning and the porter was in evidence, and on our asking him some questions about the lake, he became very friendly, and gave us a page out of his experience.

Among other things he told us that one time he took a party of 175 women to California, to a convention of some kind, and when we asked him if he didn't enjoy looking after a whole train full of women, he just held up his hands and said, "Never again, too fussy."

By and by we left the lake, and before long crossed the St. Lawrence and entered Canada. The bridge we crossed was formerly a tube bridge, and a few years ago, when it was being built, it suddenly collapsed, killing a number of men. This we were told as we crossed it, and, of course, it didn't make us feel very joyful, and we were glad when we were safely over, although now it is perfectly safe.

As soon as we crossed the Canadian border the customs' inspector came aboard the train and went through the baggage. When he came to us we told him we were Cook Tourists, and he just asked us if we had any tobacco or cigarettes, and never opened our baggage at all.

When we reached the Canadian Pacific Depot, Montreal, the inspector came around to examine our checked baggage, and here again we were fortunate, for he did not open our trunks; however, we saw some of the inspectors ransacking the baggage of other people, but I suppose he thought that Cook Tourists would not likely be smuggling anything, so we escaped all right.

We had the whole day before us, and the first thing to do was to find Cook's office and get our instructions. This we were soon able to do, and were told what time we were expected to go aboard the "Pretorian," and how to get there. We also got some steamer letters that were waiting for us at the office. We had all day in the city, so resolved to make the most of it. We found a tally-ho just starting out for a two hours' trip about the city, and joined it. The ride was just fine. All the places of interest were pointed out to us. Montreal is a splendid big city, many millionaires have fine houses on the hills. The streets are wide and the buildings immense. Several fine buildings were pointed out to us as being the residences of some of the nobility. We drove through the French quarter and the French market, and stopped to go inside the Church of Notre Dame. This is a splendid church, with a very beautiful chapel in the rear—Sacred Heart. Also stopped in front of St. James Church, which is not quite so large, but very

fine. The city is full of monasteries, nunneries, orphanages and schools of all sorts. We were sorry when our ride came to an end. After lunch we started out again, and this time took a trolley observation car and went out into the country, instead of through the city. This ride was full of interest also.

About seven we returned to the depot, where we were to be transferred by omnibus to the "Pretorian." We found already gathered there crowds of women of all ages and sizes and looks, all wearing our badge, so by that we knew they were all Cook's people. The badge we both wore, made us feel free to speak to many of them, and we found that there were at least four Cook parties to sail the next day for a European trip. Two of them, our own party and one other, were to sail on the "Pretorian," while the other two were to sail on the "Lake Erie."

The following little incident I have already written for the Carlisle Herald, but am going to write it up here also.

While the various groups were waiting around the depot to be transferred to the steamer, we noticed in one group a loud-voiced man, who seemed to own everything in sight, judging by his manner. Presently the bus came, and every one made a rush. Our loud-voiced friend rushed his party in, and informed us, "This was ordered for a private party." We felt very much squelched, and nearly decided that we would have to be left behind, but a little porter who had been very kind to us in the morning, came to our assistance, and, learning what the trouble was, called another man, who came up and opened the bus door and told us to get in, without as much as a glance at our friend, who, by the way, said nothing more about "private party."

When we were all in, fares were collected, and our big man had to produce his ticket, despite the fact that he announced in a loud voice that he was a C. P. R. man (Canadian Pacific). When we got to the pier, we again identified our baggage—now we must say "luggage," for that's what they say in Europe—and were sent down stairs to the steward, who took our tickets and showed us our room, leaving our "friend" in the midst of his party yelling for the purser.

When we looked at our room, we surely thought there must be some mistake (we had never seen a state room on a steamer before, and did not know anything about its size), for it seemed

so small we thought that two people could not get into it. However, the steward assured us that this was "our room" and we looked again and took counsel together, to devise some plan by which we and our luggage could be crowded into it. We found, when we had examined it a little closer, that there was considerable room under the bunks, and some hooks on the walls and various little corners of space here and there that we had not at first noticed, and by careful management we made ourselves very comfortable in our small quarters. Be it understood, however, that when you go on a steamer, the only time you are expected to be in your state room is when you sleep. The deck, the smoking rooms, the saloons and ladies' rooms are yours. But of this state room I shall speak later on, as I had occasion to spend more than my allotted time in it.

We turned in about eleven, but there was not much sleep for us, as they were loading cargo all night long. Still we *did* sleep for a time, and just *too* long to see the vessel sail. When we got up next morning, we were three hours on our way—sailing at three o'clock.

I wish I could describe to you the pleasure of the next three days. The weather was fine, the "sceneries," as one lady expressed it, were beautiful, there were all sorts of amusements for one—cards, checkers, shuffleboard, books, magazines and gossip—and if you didn't care for any of them, you could sleep all the long sunny afternoon in a steamer chair, and dream you hadn't a care in the world. Besides, we had six meals a day and we all went to all of them, and there was much boasting at the table that we were not going to get seasick. Oh, vain boast. We little knew what was in store for us. I think I was one of the loudest of the boasters, and repeatedly informed the waiter who took care of our table that I surely did not mean to get seasick. He only shook his head wisely and said, "Wait till about Tuesday." He knew whereof he spoke. *I* did not.

Well, the time passed all too quickly. Saturday afternoon we passed Quebec and stopped for a few hours. We could see the city quite plainly and famous Plains of Abraham and the Citadel. A few miles beyond we passed the noted Montmorency Falls, which are surely wonderful. This vast fall furnishes power for the whole city of Quebec, and all the surrounding country, for

electricity and trolleys, etc. On Sunday we had service in the saloon in charge of an Episcopal minister on board. On Monday afternoon we came into the Strait of Belle Isle, and here we saw a large iceberg, and many of the party took snaps of it.

However, all good times must come to an end, though we didn't think *ours* was coming so soon. On Monday night we saw the lighthouse on Belle Isle, and this was our last glimpse of land for many days.

We went to bed Monday night planning pleasures for the next day, but, alas, who can tell what a day may bring forth? That was the last day, and for many days, that many of us mingled in society, especially the writer. I spent the next five days in my state-room wondering why I had ever allowed my name to be entered on a contest, and why, when I *had* won, that I had not had sense enough to take the money offered, and stay at home. I felt that I would give all I had (which wasn't much, by the way), for one-half hour on solid earth. My case was only like many others. Some of the poor creatures crept up on deck to console each other and wish they had never come. The tables were deserted. Our table held twelve, and they told me that one day only two appeared. The ship's doctor was in evidence everywhere, but when he came to see one and administered a dose, he always informed one that there was no cure for seasickness; and we surely believe him with all our heart.

In the course of a few days nearly every one was well, and had forgotten the seasickness. However, the writer, to be contrary, I suppose, still hung on to it, and stayed in the stateroom till Saturday afternoon. By Saturday night it had about disappeared and I was able to attend the ship's concert, an affair which is always held on board every steamer on every trip by the passengers and officers.

This concert was just an ordinary affair, consisting of songs, recitations, instrumental music and anecdotes, but everybody took part with energy and we all enjoyed it greatly. After the regular program was ended some one started up "Star Spangled Banner," then we had "Annie Laurie," "Loch Lomond," "Dixie" and "Auld Lang Syne." When we came to the part "And here's a hand" everybody joined hands and said good-night.

On board were a very delightful couple, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wright, of Toronto, who were going to Scotland on a visit. They made many friends among the Cook parties by their very charming manner, and we were all sorry to part with them when the time came. When the concert was held, Mr. Wright was chosen chairman, and livened things up greatly by his many witty remarks. He announced, for one thing, that any one who would not respond to an encore would be immediately thrown overboard. Of course, everybody, to escape being thrown overboard, gave an encore.

On Sunday morning when we came on deck we saw Ireland, and we were surely glad, for that meant no more seasickness. After while we came in sight of Holy Island to our left. This is a most beautiful place. It seemed to spread out just like a green map. Mile after mile of green fields divided by hedge fences, and here and there groups of houses. About 2 p. m. we came to Greenock, where we were afraid we would have to land, and go by rail to Glasgow, as they could not tell, at that time, whether the tide would carry us up the river. But when we stopped at Greenock, and the pilot came on board and told the captain to go ahead, we knew we were to land at Glasgow. We went very slowly up the River Clyde and there were many interesting things on either side of us. Larger ships than I ever dreamed of were being built in the docks and the whole river seemed full of ships and the banks full of docks.

About six o'clock we stopped, the gangplank was put out, and, after the baggage had been taken off, we landed. We went right into the custom house and claimed our luggage. Here, again, we were fortunate, for the inspector left us go without opening anything. We were then loaded in brakes (high wagons) and taken to the Windsor Hotel, where we had a big course dinner, to which I assure you we did ample justice.

One thing that impressed me in Glasgow, and also in Edinburgh, was the length of time it stayed light. When we ate dinner in Glasgow on the 24th of July between nine and ten at night, it was light enough outside to read easily without any artificial light, and on different other evenings I noticed women sitting outside the doors, between nine and ten, knitting and it was so light that there was no eye strain.

We spent only one day in Glasgow. Wish we could have spent more, as the people and the place were so interesting. We saw the municipal building, which is a very fine affair and is quite modern. As we went through, the guide explained that certain parts were of alabaster, free stone and marble, and I saw one of the girls busy writing "alabaster, *keystone* and marble." I am sure some of the notes will be startling when printed. After spending one day in Glasgow, we went to Edinburgh, the capital. This city, as well as nearly all others we visited, impressed us as being very old. We did not see any houses being built; in fact, we did not see any houses of wood at all, but they were all of brick or stone, and the whole city looked as if it had been standing just as it is now for hundreds of years. One does not get that impression of "newness" that we always get in American cities.

We stopped at the Cockburn hotel in Edinburgh, kept by James MacPherson, and out of courtesy to the Americans, he kept the American flag flying over the hotel as long as we were there.

Our time here was very full. We of course visited first "The Castle." Edinburgh Castle is worth going to Europe for, if you don't see another thing. We had only two hours in it, but I wish it could have been two days. It is so large and high that portions of it can be seen from nine counties. To get into the castle we must cross a drawbridge over the moat. Of course the moat is dry now, but it is wide and quite deep. The first place we stopped was the "King's Bastion," the highest point in Castle Rock, 384 feet above the sea, where we got a splendid view of the city. Here is also the cannon which burst when it was fired in salute to the Duke of York. I forgot to say that as we came to the entrance there was a fine statue to the Duke of York, in the costume of a Knight of the Garter. Near the cannon is a small chapel erected to Queen Margaret. A little farther on we entered the old palace yard, and here are all the historic apartments that are so interesting to all of us. The first is Queen Mary's bedroom, where James VI was born. The walls are decorated with the initials M. R. and a crown with some scotch thistles. The sitting room is next to the bed room. The crown room is just above these apartments. On the north side of the castle is the Banquet Room, built in 1434. As we walked through this long room we could almost imagine

ourselves back in the time of Queen Mary. Below this are the dungeons hollowed out of the solid rock, and, of course, we could not leave the Castle without going down into these, though it did make us feel creepy when we got there, to think of the many prisoners who had spent days and months and even years in this awful place.

As we left the Castle we stopped on the Esplanade, or drill ground, to have another view of the city. Here a drill was just over and the Highlanders looked very picturesque in their plaid kilts—all being in the regular highland costume.

When we left the castle we went to St. Giles Cathedral. As we came near, a place in the pavement, where the stones were arranged in the shape of a heart, was pointed out to us as being the site of the old Tolbooth Prison. One Scotch author says, "the old Tolbooth has played many roles in its time before it became a prison—having been the meeting place of the Scotch Parliament, and held the College of Justice, while it was the scene of Scott's romance, 'The Heart of Midlothian.'"

St. Giles Cathedral is perhaps the most historic church in Edinburgh. It is said that at least a thousand years ago a church or chapel was erected here, but no part of the present building is older than the thirteenth century. The church as it now stands was built in the fifteenth century. It is very large and beautiful and contains many tablets to the memory of noted men. It was here that Jenny Geddes threw the stool at Dean Hanna as he began to read the "Collect."

But we can't stay longer in the Cathedral, much as we would like to, but must go on, and the next place of interest is John Knox's house. I said before that I did not see any houses of wood, but did not *think* of this one. It is built largely of wood, and is very quaint. It projects into the street, and an inscription runs along the front which reads, "*Lufe God abufe al, and thi nychtbour as yi-self.*" The house has three stories and is filled with interesting relics, we were told. We did not have time to go inside.

We next visited Holyrood Palace. The portions open to the public are the Picture Gallery, Lord Darnley's Apartments and Queen Mary's apartments and also the ruined Chapel-Royal, formerly the Abbey Church.

The Picture Gallery is a long hall (150 feet), and the walls

are covered with many imaginary portraits of the prehistoric kings of Scotland painted by a Dutch artist.

In Lord Darnley's rooms are many fine pictures and tapestries. We go through a little staircase to Queen Mary's apartments. These consist of the Audience Chamber, Queen Mary's Bed Room, and a little room called a Supper Room. It was from this room that Rizzio, the Italian, was dragged to the staircase and murdered by Lord Darnley and his friends.

In the ruins of the Chapel-Royal the floor is almost paved with grave stones, the royal tomb being in one corner.

The Cockburn Hotel, where we stopped, is just off Princes street, which is the Boulevard of Edinburgh. Going up a little hill from the hotel we come to Princes street, and a few steps takes us to the Scott Monument. This monument is 200 feet high and is in the shape of a gothic tower. Under the canopy is a sitting figure of Sir Walter Scott, with his plaid around him and his dog at his feet. The statue was completed in 1884, when it was opened with a great public ceremony. Another noted statue in Edinburgh is the Nelson Monument on Calton Hill. It is shaped like a sea glass and is 102 feet high. On the summit of the monument is the time ball which fires the one o'clock gun at the castle every day but Sunday. The monument is connected by electricity with Greenwich, and so the time is kept correctly.

Before we left Edinburgh for London, a number of the party spent one day in taking the trip to the Trossachs—Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. We left Edinburgh in the morning by rail, and the whole journey was full of interesting things. We passed near enough to Stirling Castle to see it quite plainly, and on the other side of the railroad the site of the Battle of Bannockburn was pointed out to us. After going by train till nearly noon, we stopped and had lunch at a little place called Aberfoyle at the hotel of one Bailie Nichol Jervie. The place was as quaint as the name. Here we met some other parties bound on the same journey as ourselves.

The next part of the journey we took by brake, and I wish I could make you see the wonderful beauty of the Scotch highlands—the Grampian Hills. We wound around, and in and out among them, all the time getting higher and higher. These hills look as though they had been just taken up in one mighty handful and dropped,

and each one stayed just where it was dropped. No regularity about them, but the arrangement is confusion. There was no timber, but all were covered as far as the eye could see with bracken (something like our fern), white and purple heather and blue bells. The day was misty and every now and then the mist would lift, and we could see them for miles. Every here and there we could look away up to the top of a hill and see a little stream (burn) not more than a foot wide, come tumbling down. Most of the highlands were covered with sheep, and a few cattle. Once in a while we passed a house, but for the most part we saw no buildings. We passed the cave that was once the hiding place of the outlaw Rob Roy; in fact, this whole region is full of him and the Scotch like to talk about him. They hold him in high esteem.

After going up for about an hour, we began to descend, and went through some stretches of woods, and presently came in sight of Loch Katrine, where the little steamer "Sir Walter Scott" was waiting to take us across the loch. At the upper end of the loch we passed "Ellen's Isle," looking just as we have all seen it described in the "Lady of the Lake." It took us about an hour to cross this loch, and we landed at a place called Inversnaid, where we had tea and scones (small cakes). After resting for a little time, we took a small steamer on Loch Lomond and had a trip of several hours across that lake. Of course, everybody sang "Loch Lomond" and many other Scotch songs.

We returned to Edinburgh late at night, tired, but delighted with our trip. I forgot to say that on our trip our guide was a young Scotchman, Douglas Young, who entertained us the whole way with his songs and his broad Scotch. We also passed through the town where Andrew Carnegie was born. I can't remember the name of it, but they call it commonly Carnegietown. He has done much for this town in every way, although his present Scotch residence is Skibboo, farther to the north.

Much to our regret, our time in Edinburgh was over and we prepared to take our next journey by rail, from Edinburgh to London, about 600 miles.

Now, from various things I had read, I had a certain idea in regard to railway travel in Europe, and it was, that the cars were composed of compartments, and that each compartment was locked when you were once in it, and there was no getting out

until you reached your journey's end. But I was mistaken. It is true that each car has a number of compartments, each seating from six to ten persons. Travel is first, second and third class, the only difference being that the second class cars are upholstered a little finer than the third, and the first class a little finer than the second. The cars themselves are built alike. In some cars an isle runs right through the middle of the car, and the seats of the compartments are not quite as high as the top of the car and that makes them seem almost like our own. The compartments open right into the aisle, and in this kind we could all be together just as we can in our cars at home. Others had the aisle running along the side of the car, and we had to go out of the door of the compartment, and along the aisle to see the people in the next compartment. Still others had no aisle, but the doors were never locked, as I had thought they would be, and there was every arrangement, with definite printed instructions, telling us just what to do in case anything happened. The conductor was called a guard, and never came through the train after we started. He punched the tickets before we left the station. When a compartment was comfortably filled, no one else was allowed to get in, and this is certainly an improvement over our day coaches, where one is sometimes crowded. Right here I want to say, also, that street cars and omnibuses have the same regulations. When they are filled comfortably, no one else can get in until some one gets out. This makes it quite nice.

The rails are placed nearer together than we have them, and they say that they are arranged so that there is no chance of spreading. You don't travel with a yard or two of ticket, with coupons to tear off, at every place, but your ticket is so small that you are afraid you will loose it if it gets out of your sight.

Well, I guess this is enough about the railroads, and we'll get to the actual journey. We went over the Midland Railroad, which is one of the finest and runs through one of the most beautiful stretches of country in Europe.

We passed through mile after mile of farms, the fields all divided by stone fences, the buildings usually low and scattered. We could see many sheep folds on either side as we went by. The sheep fold is a stone wall built in a circle and is about five or six feet high and the diameter of the circle is, as near as we

could guess, from twenty to one hundred feet. There is an opening in the circle large enough for the sheep to enter and inside is a small cabin, probably for the use of the shepherd.

It took us all day to make this trip and we had lunch on the train. It was almost dark when we reached London and were assigned to our hotels. The party being so large, was divided into three groups, sent respectfully to the Imperial, Premier and Bedford Hotels, all near together and all on Southampton Row, off Russell Square.

The next morning we began our London sightseeing, and the first place was Westminster Abbey. They took us first to the Poet's Corner, and here was seen the memorials of many noted authors—Chaucer, Tennyson, a statue of Shakespeare, and near it the grave of Charles Dickens and many others. Just beyond the Poet's Corner are monuments to Handel, Booth (the actor) and David Garrick, and a gravestone over Jennie Lind. From the Poet's Corner we go to the chapels. These look just like small niches in the wall, but are called chapels. There are twelve of them. Near the chapel of St. John, the Baptist, is a monument to General Wolfe with a bas-relief of the landing at Quebec. In the choir are the tombs of a number of kings and queens, one of them Anne of Cleves, one of the wives of Henry VIII. In one transept are some monuments of rather recent date, among them William E. Gladstone. One of the aisles is called Musician's Corner. The Nave (middle body of the church) contains every kind of memorial, bust, statue, tablet and tomb. In the pavement is a stone to "Rare Ben Jonson," buried on his feet. They say his skull was seen in 1840 about a foot below the stone and his body in an upright posture. Here is a monument to Dr. Livingstone, and one to William Pitt is over the door.

There are so many interesting things about the Abbey that one hardly knows what to say and what not to say. One thing more, before we leave, and that is the Jerusalem Chamber. This dates back to 1386 and is called "Jerusalem" because the colored glass that decorates it was brought from Jerusalem. On the walls of this room are some fine tapestries. In this chamber died Henry IV.

From Westminster we went to St. Paul's Cathedral. There have been three churches on this site, the present one was built

by the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and is said to be the most prominent feature of London built by him. The first stone of this building was laid in 1675 by the architect and his Lodge of Freemasons. The trowel and mallet then used are still preserved in the Lodge of Antiquity, of which Sir Christopher Wren was Master. The Cathedral was completed in 35 years. Before we go in, a place at the foot of the steps is pointed out to us as the place where Queen Victoria's carriage stood when she returned thanks to God for her long reign on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

Right here I must relate a funny incident. When we were, coming home, some of the party were writing letters to their papers, and one girl asked if she might read her letter to me. She was writing about our visit to St. Paul's, and when she came to speak about this place, she said, "and here stood Queen Anne Boleyn's carriage while she thanked God for her long reign." When I told her that Anne was one of the many wives of Henry VIII and had been executed within two years after she became Queen, she thought she had better change her notes.

Some of the statues in the Cathedral are Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Cornwallis and Lord Nelson. Here are also monuments to the Duke of Wellington and General (Chinese) Gordon. In the crypt is the grave of Sir Christopher Wren.

Lord Nelson's tomb is in the middle of the crypt. He was buried in a sarcophagus said to have been made for Henry VIII. His coffin is made of mainmast of a ship presented to him by his friend Captain Hallowell after the Battle of the Nile. It was given with this statement, "When you are tired of life you may be buried in one of your own trophies." Nelson's flag was to have been enclosed in his coffin, but just as the coffin was about to be lowered, the sailors who had carried it, rent the flag in pieces, so that each might keep a fragment.

The Whispering Gallery is under dome, but you go up by 260 steps, so we did not try it. A low whisper on one side is carried to the other side very distinctly.

We now go to the British Museum, where we can stop only long enough for a glimpse at the many wonderful things. We saw many Egyptian mummies, among them some kings and also some cats. One room was full of coins and medals of all kinds,

in another we saw hundreds of old ornaments, in another glass, at another place hundreds of beautiful vases. The Mediaval room contains remains of the middle ages. This museum is surely wonderful, and our regret was that we could not stay longer.

The Tower of London consists of many buildings, the White Tower being the oldest. This was erected for William the Conqueror. Some of the others are the Bloody Tower, where the two infant princes, sons of Edward IV, were murdered; the Wakefield Tower, where the records are kept. In this tower are also kept the regalia or crown jewels. These were very interesting to us. Among them we saw the crown of Queen Victoria, made for her coronation. This crown consists of a cap of purple velvet, with many diamonds in it. The Prince of Wales crown is of gold without any jewels. Here are many other splendid things, but we can't tarry to describe them.

The Chapel of St Peter, in the inner ward of the Tower, was the chapel for the prisoners. The memorial tablet at the entrance contains the names of thirty-four noted persons who were buried in this chapel. A few of them are Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Catherine Howard, both wives of Henry VIII, Lady Jane Grey and her father, and so the list goes, and we are glad to leave this part of the tower and come to something else. We go from the Tower of London to the famous London Bridge. We find that Old London Bridge was built before 1750. This old bridge had a gatehouse at each end and toward the centre had a beautiful chapel. In Queen Elizabeth's reign it was adorned with beautiful houses on either side, and this made it like one continuous street. It was during this time that the saying "As fine as London Bridge" passed into a proverb. In 1832 the Old Bridge was demolished. The present Bridge was completed in 1830 and opened with great ceremony. It is said that more than 20,000 carts, carriages and other vehicles pass over this bridge in 24 hours and more than 100,000 foot passengers.

In our drives through the city we saw many other noted places. Stopped for a few minutes in front of the Old Curiosity Shop, of which Dickens writes so much; drove through Park Lane, where only millionaires and nobility live; passed Hyde Park, which is very beautiful; went by the grounds of Buckingham

Palace, passed through Oxford St., which is the shopping district; saw the house of our American Ambassador, Whitelaw Ried; drove by the Houses of Parliament and saw the clock "Big Ben," of which we had so often read.

One thing that we considered one of the most important was our opportunity to see the King and Queen. On the Saturday before we left London the King and Queen and Duchess of Devonshire and Countess of Airlie, together with the young Princess Mary, were scheduled to visit the London Hospital. We got a copy of the route and found that they passed quite near to where we were stopping. Of course, we all went down street to see them. The streets were crowded, but I never saw so well behaved a crowd. Everything was as orderly as if it were Sunday and they were going to church. The police did not even have to speak above an ordinary tone. They say that King George is always very punctual, so almost at the appointed time the carriage came in sight. First came 16 soldiers in scarlet uniforms and mounted on black horses, then came the royal carriage containing the King and Queen and little Princess, and then the carriage with the Duchess and Countess, and after them sixteen more soldiers. They drove very slowly, so that we had a very good view of them. This was the first time the King has been through the London streets in a public way since the death of his father.

Before we left London we went one night to see a play in the London Gaiety Theater, on the Strand. The play was "Miss Gibbs," and of course we all enjoyed it.

Our London visit drew to a close and we turned our faces toward France. We went by rail to New Haven and took a boat across the English Channel by day service, landing at Dieppe, where we proceeded by rail to Paris.

When I come to this trip across the Channel, I feel that I have no words suitable to describe it. When I was on the Atlantic, I surely thought that no one could be sicker than I, and not really die, but when I came to the Channel I found that there were still worse stages of it. I think if the old Spaniards in devising instruments of torture had bethought themselves of sending their victims across the English Channel, they would not have needed to rack their brains to invent anything further. The only

thing one thinks about is whether one will ever live long enough to land, and as you go further, you really don't seem to care whether you land or not, and that the greatest favor someone could do, would be to throw you overboard. There were not places enough for everybody to lie down who was sick (a few were not sick at all), so we sat in chairs, or on the floor, or, in fact, anywhere that we happened to be, when we were "taken bad," as the sailors say. Everybody I looked at was positively green. One big German who sat beside me could not raise his head and could only motion feebly to the steward to bring him whatever he needed. All around me it was the same, one person who was not quite so bad, trying to do something for another who was worse. Fortunately this awful journey lasted only four hours (it seemed to me twelve) and soon we landed at Dieppe and had our first sight of France.

The journey from there to Paris is several hours, and as it was still light, we enjoyed the ride on the train very much. The country is fine. As we passed along we saw many vineyards, and here and there a little old low house with thatched roof and lots of peasants in their quaint costumes. We went through Rouen, the city noted in the history of Joan of Arc. By and by we came to Paris.

Here I must tell you about our experience with customs. We had been told by our guide that it would be after dark when we arrived, and that it was likely the inspectors would not take time to go through all the luggage, but would select a piece here and there that they wished opened. And sure enough, it was just as he said. When the luggage was all collected, ready to be taken to the hotel, it just happened that *my* trunk was on the very end of the row, so I was the first victim. To my chagrin when I put the key in the lock, it refused to work. I suppose the officials thought it was a bluff, but the key would *not* turn and I began to get nervous myself, for I did not know what they might do if I could not get it open. Well, I was finally lucky enough to give the right turn, and the lock opened up. There were two inspectors standing by, one to do the work, and the other to look on. Well, he glanced over the tray and lifted it out, and began to dig down into the trunk. It just happened that I had

a small wooden box at one end, in which were a pair of spectacles (in case I should break mine), and when he put his hand down into the trunk this box popped out. The man standing by made a quick spring, and said, "*ah, a box*" in the tone I suppose he would have used if he had discovered a box of matches (matches are taxed six dollars apiece in France if you bring them in.) This was too much for us and we simply shrieked with laughter, and I picked up the box and handed it to him and told him to open it, and at the same time told him what was in it. I suppose he thought I looked honest; at any rate he didn't open it and handed me back my key, and when I asked him if he were done with me, simply raised his hands, shook his head and turned his back as though he were glad of it. Several pieces of luggage were picked out and opened, and finding nothing dutiable in anything we were allowed to depart.

We were all tired with our Channel experience and our train ride, and were glad when we reached the Central Hotel, on the Rue du Louvre, and we could have dinner and go to bed.

The next morning we started out in brakes to "do the city." The first place was the Pere-Lachaise Cimetiere. This cemetery was very wonderful to me. I had never seen anything like it before. The vaults were so large and so close together that I surely couldn't see how it would be possible for *any more* people to be buried here. This place contains the graves of some very noted men. I can't remember the French names, but one I *do* remember, and that is *Singer*, the sewing machine man.

We went through the Louvre museum, where the paintings are enough to dazzle you (there are so many of them), by famous artists, ancient and modern. We drove by the site of the old Bastille, where now stands a tall monument, to the Place de la Concorde, where, among other statues, is a high Egyptian Obelisk; went through Notre-Dame church. We attended a service in this church on the Sunday we were in Paris. Of course, it was all in French, but was very impressive nevertheless. The tall candles, the priests in their magnificent robes, the choir and altar boys, were all very wonderful to me.

We visited the Pantheon, which was once a church, but now a museum. Here is the tomb of President Carnot. The Soldiers'

Home (Les Invalides) came next. Here are left but 27 of the 800 soldiers of the Crimean War. We saw several of them, each showing the marks of age, but still having the military bearing. In this building is the Tombeau de Napoleon (Napoleon's Tomb). When we see this magnificent tomb of the great Napoleon, we can't help but be carried back to the time, long before our time, when he was in the midst of his power, and it seems very right and fitting that he should be buried here in the midst of his own people. Of the many bridges across the Seine, the Alexandre Bridge is the most beautiful. We crossed this on our way to Versailles. We stopped at the foot of the Eiffel Tower and some of the party went up. It is 984 feet high and a wireless can be sent from it to the middle of the Atlantic. You go up by means of elevators, and at every landing there are stores where you can buy souvenirs.

One of the most interesting days during our stay in Paris was spent in visiting the Palace of Versailles. This is 14 miles from Paris, and the drive to it is splendid. We pass through Parc Monceau (a beautiful park), drive around the Arc de Triomphe (Arch of Triumph), through the picturesque town of St. Cloud and find ourselves at Versailles, pronounced *Versai*. with the "i" long and accent on second syllable.

The guide book says "The Palace of Versailles is one of the most perfect buildings in France from an artistic point of view, and certainly the most instructive for visitors. It was built under Louis XIII, enlarged by Louis XIV to its present size, and inhabited by French Kings up to the Revolution."

We were shown all the public halls and private apartments of Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette, Napoleon and Josephine. To give you some idea of the size of some of them—the Glass Gallery is 244 feet long, 54 feet broad and 42 feet high. It has 17 windows on one side, overlooking the grounds, and opposite the windows on the other side are the finest mirrors. At one end of this Gallery is a room called the Room of Peace. It was here that all meetings pertaining to peace were held. The walls are covered with paintings, one of which is a car drawn by turtle doves preceded by Peace. On the other side of the building is the Galerie des Batailles (room of War), and the walls of this are

covered with paintings consistent with its name. In the various bed rooms, the beds are all the old-fashioned high-canopied kind, and the draperies and coverings are of the most magnificent, and the colors just as bright now as they were then. The chapel where the kings and the royal court came for service is very fine. The grounds are large and well kept, and everywhere one sees the "fleur de lis" in evidence. The fountains are said to be the most wonderful in the world. They play only once a month—for one hour on the first Sunday morning of every month—and it costs \$7000 for this hour.

In the Museum of Carriages are some very noted ones. Here are a Coronation Car, a Baptismal Car and one modern one, that was used by Nicholas II, in Paris in 1896. All these cars are very gorgeously painted and upholstered with velvet and gold fringe, and some parts inlaid with precious stones, and other parts covered with gold. We were here one whole day and did not find it half long enough.

Our time in Paris was over and almost before we knew it we found ourselves aboard the Lake Erie, bound for Montreal and home.

The trip home was a "second edition" of the trip going over, only not quite so bad. As soon as we sailed from La Havre my old friend seasickness—I should say "enemy" instead of friend—returned and did not leave me until we again came through the Straights of Belle Isle into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

By this time our party had become well acquainted with each other, having been together the whole trip and we began to feel sorry that the time was so near at hand when we should all say farewell. Besides the Cook parties, were many other delightful people, English and French—the French we did not become very well acquainted with, but some of the English we found very charming. One gentleman especially I want to speak of—a Londoner—who was especially nice to the seasick people, doing a great many little kindnesses for them, thereby earning the everlasting gratitude of the stewardess and also of the seasick people themselves.

In one of my steamer letters, a friend hoped that I might see a whale and that we might pass a ship in mid-ocean, and *sure*

enough we *did* pass a ship about the middle of the Atlantic, one morning about seven o'clock and watched the two—our own and the other ship—salute with the flag. When we passed a certain place, the captain told us this was the place for whales, and we watched all day long to see one; it came near evening and we thought we were going to be disappointed, but just before the sun went down, sure enough, we saw a whale, and it was a big one, too, not very far from the vessel.

Our trip for the last three days was up through the Gulf and River, and of course no one was seasick, but all had the most delightful time. We stopped at Quebec for a few hours, and the steerage passengers were all landed. The next day we reached Montreal and landed about six in the evening, and as our train left for New York in a little over an hour, we went at once to the Canadian Pacific Depot, where again we had to go through the customs. They asked us where we were going, made us show our tickets, and tell what we had in our luggage, but did not open anything. Before long we were on the train speeding toward N. Y. City, which we reached the next morning, and got home that same evening, tired, but feeling that our time had been well spent. We had met many pleasant people, and had formed some very warm friendships, and had actually seen the many wonderful places of which we had so often read.

After all, however, there is no place to us like Pennsylvania.