

...THE...
NORMAL SCHOOL HERALD.

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The Closed Year.

The school year of 1910-11 is history, its record is completed and its work accomplished. On the whole, it has been the best year of our history, yet it has been marked by no sensational events nor striking features. A year of quiet, steady, faithful work by faculty and students, it has added its good share to the honorable record of the past.

The change from the three year curriculum to the four year course has demanded much thought, and careful planning to secure a well balanced, rightly proportioned distribution of time.

The erection of our new Model School building, already well advanced, will be of great advantage not only to the work of the Model School, but of even greater value to the departments of science which will inherit the rooms now used by the Model School, and thus have the space and conveniences demanded by the growth of those departments.

The enlargement of the Campus will add much to its beauty, new floors and fresh paint will greatly improve the boys' dormitory. The enrollment for next Fall is unusually large, and seems to indicate that the four year course meets the wishes of our patrons.

The vacancies in the faculty have been filled, and one more added to the number of our regular teachers.

The outlook for the future of all our Normal Schools was never brighter, and the standing of our own school never more honorable. The policy of our Board is still, as it has been, to devote our energies and resources to the exclusive task of training teachers; whatever other schools may find expedient we feel that for us the strictly Normal school work is best. Our buildings are full. To enlarge at all involves enlarging all our plant—dining room, class rooms, laboratories and dormitories. This we believe would diminish rather than increase our efficiency. Four hundred and fifty students all—or practically all—taking the regular Normal course makes a school that is about as nearly ideal as a school can be.



A Crime.

"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theater manager.

"That isn't a plot," replied the man who had paid \$2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy."—*Washington Star.*



Be Agreed.

SHE—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

HE (absent-mindedly)—"Yes, my lamb!"—*Sketch.*



Succeeded.

ARTIST—"My object was to try to express all the horrors of war. How do you like it?"

FRIEND—"I have never seen anything more horrible."—*London Opinion.*



Immaterial.

THE SITTER—"Yes, its very nice, but you've made my hair too dark."

THE ARTIST—"Shall I alter it, or will you?"—*London Opinion.*

Commencement Week.

Two 10 and 20 Year Classes Hold Reunions.

The Commencement exercises were all performed with credit to those who took part, and to the satisfaction of all concerned. The desire of the alumni to attend both class day and the alumni receptions without too great loss of time led to the change of date for the reception. It was given on Tuesday evening instead of Wednesday evening as heretofore, and the commencement exercises closed with the giving of diplomas Wednesday morning. These changes seem to have been well received by the alumni, and will probably fix the program for the future.

The Shippensburg Chronicle gave such excellent reports of the exercises, that we have drawn on their columns largely for the issue of the HERALD.

The exercises of the 38th Annual Commencement of the Cumberland Valley State Normal School closed with the presentation of diplomas Wednesday morning. The commencement season throughout was delightful and one of the most pleasant occasions in the history of Normal.

Certificates of graduation were presented to a class of 81 persons, one of the largest ever graduated. First honors were divided between Walter Reynolds, of Hanover, Pa.; Mary M. Seitz, of Newville, and Miss Mary L. Dunkle. The second honor list was comprised of the following: Alma S. Alleman, Millersburg; Alma Coulson, Dillsburg; Mary Helen Hain, Marysville; Emma M. Vance, Mercersburg; J. F. Faust, Mowersville; Jos. W. March, Wm. H. Skelley, Lees X Roads, and Maurice C. Waltersdorff, Hanover, Pa.

The address to graduates was delivered yesterday morning by Dr. Samuel Black McCormick, Chancellor of Pittsburg University, an educator of prominence and wide reputation.

Following the usual custom, permanent teachers' certificates were granted to 64 alumni, all of whom had met the requirement of having taught two full school terms since their graduation.

The week's exercises opened with the Baccalaureate service Sunday evening. As usual, they were held in Normal Chapel and were well attended, considering weather conditions. Dr. S.

A. Martin, principal of the school, preached a most able and impressive sermon, which will be found in full on another page.

Monday morning at 10 o'clock, Dr. C. H. Gordinier, dean of the class of 1911, delivered an address to the class in his customary capable manner.

The annual musicale was rendered at 8 o'clock Monday evening and easily met the high standard of former years. The program diverged somewhat from the usual custom, in that it was confined entirely to musical numbers. The best talent of the school took part and delighted the large audience present. The program follows:

Polacca Brillante.....	Weber
	Florence Fickles, Effie Hetrick.	
Beloved, It Is Morn	Aylward
	Ruth Long.	
Les Sylvans.....	Chaminade
	Viola Herman.	
Polonaise, C. Minor } Nocturne.	Chopin
	Helen Segner.	
Barcarolle.....	Ossenbach
	Ruth Himes, Harrison Arnold.	
Night Shades Are Falling.....	Millilotte
	Alma Coulson.	
Tarantelle	Schumann
	Ruth Levan.	
Ave Maria	Abt
	Obligato Solo.....	Ruth Himes
	Ruth Himes, Kathleen Craig, Alma Coulson, Romana Musgrave, Leila Horn, Alpha Gill, Ruth Long, Grace Keefer.	
Polonaise, E Major.....	Liszt
	Margaret Gates.	
Berceuse } Valse, Ab }	Chopin
	Mrs. Clever.	

CLASS DAY.

The ever interesting exercises of class day took place Tuesday morning and were marked by an unusual brevity, a characteristic of almost all of the exercises, and not at all objectionable in hot weather, interesting though the programs always are.

The officers of the Senior class are: President Howard G. Neisley; Vice President, John O. Appler; Secretary, Edith McCall; Treasurer, Frank L. Coffey. The class colors were purple

and white and the class flower the oxeye daisy. As has been customary for some years, these exercises were held on the campus. The Harrisburg Orchestra, which furnished music for all the events, opened the class day exercises.

The program follows:

Overture.....	Orchestra
President's Address	Howard G. Niesley
Oration--"Universal Peace".....	Ira C. Mummert
Class History	Kathleen Craig
Music.....	Orchestra
Mantle Oration--"Ideals"	J. Frank Faust
Response.....	Albert C. Garland
Class Will.....	Edna E. Harman
Class Song, Harrison M. Arnold.....	The Class
Music.....	Orchestra
Ivy Oration.....	Roy F. Kraber

The last number on the program was a new feature, and included the planting of a vine of ivy in the name of the class with an oration by Roy F. Kraber. While the orchestra played a march the class formed in line and marched to the east wing of the administration building, where the ivy was planted and the oration delivered. Every number was well rendered and the program in general abounded in wit and good humor.

ALUMNI DAY.

Tuesday was Alumni Day, speaking generally, and the afternoon was given up almost entirely to class reunions. At 4.00 o'clock the Alumni-Varsity baseball game was held, which resulted in a victory for the Alumni by a score of 13 to 10. The Alumni line-up was as follows: James Kell, c; Earl Reese, p; Lee Hale, 1st b; George Briner, 2nd b; Lloyd Shoap, ss; George Guyer, 3d b; John McCarrell, cf; Hugh Craig, lf; Grove, rf.

The game was a good one and well played until the rain put the field out of condition, when errors became more frequent.

The Alumni entertainment was given this year by the Ionic Quartette of Baltimore.

The proceeds of the annual alumni entertainment are added to the loan fund started several years ago for the help of worthy but impecunious students. Following the entertainment, the reception to Alumni was held in the gymnasium. In past years this feature had been held Wednesday evening following com

mencement, thus extending the "week" over Wednesday evening. The arrangement this year utilized every available minute and avoided the usual vacant half day, Wednesday afternoon.

The reception was well attended and was very similar to the functions of former years. The Harrisburg Orchestra, one of the best in this part of the State, furnished the dance music.

COMMENCEMENT.

The crowning event of commencement week was, of course, the commencement proper, at which time the more solemn exercises of formal graduation took place. The granting and receiving of diplomas carrying a realization that possibly for many, student days are over, brings a feeling fraught with some sadness to the serious minded graduate.

The exercises were more brief than those of former years, but displayed a high standard of thoughtful preparation and excellent presentation. The three first honor graduates represented the class of the program. The address to graduates was one of the finest ever heard at Normal. Deep in thought and most forcibly delivered, Dr. McCormick's address impressed the entire audience.

The theme of the address was "Life Rather than Success," and in his introductory remarks, he paid a high compliment to the worth and efficiency of Dr. Martin. He also expressed his pleasure in visiting the beautiful Cumberland Valley, of which he had often heard, but had never before seen. He said that Nature's endowment of this valley ought to be a source of inspiration to every student as well as those who make this their home.

Dr. McCormick is one of the best known educators in the State of Pennsylvania, and his incumbency in the office of Chancellor of the University of Pittsburg is in itself an eloquent tribute to the intellectual standing of the man. The Cumberland Valley State Normal School was indeed fortunate in securing Dr. McCormick for this Commencement.

An interesting coincidence noted by Dr. McCormick was the fact that he had succeeded Dr. I. N. Hayes, a former Principal of Normal, in the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian Church, of Allegheny some years ago.

Dr. Martin presented the diplomas to the 81 graduates and also the permanent certificates to those who had taught the required two years since graduation. The program follows:

Music.....	Ochestra
Prayer.....	Rev. S. S. Wylie
Music.....	Glee Club
Recitation, Portia and Nerissa	Mary Seitz
Essay, The Boy Scouts of America	Mary L. Dunkle
Oration, Conquest of the Air.....	Walter Reynolds
Music.....	Glee Club
Address.....	Chancellor Samuel Black McCormick, D. D.
Granting Diplomas	Dr. S. A. Martin
Benediction.	

CLASS OF 1891.

The Commencement season of 1911 brought back to the scenes of student days more than a score of the Class of 1891—Alumni whose interest in old Normal had not waned in twenty years of the world's more strenuous training. This representation probably eclipsed all others, considering all conditions and was a remarkable attendance.

A rather informal reunion was held Tuesday afternoon, when old associations were renewed and the ties of student days strengthened. Many of this class had not been in Shippensburg for some time and the changes and improvements noted were numerous and interesting.

Prof. Wm. H. Rife, President of the Class and a former popular instructor of Normal, was here, although he arrived too late for the reunion. Prof. Heiges, also of this class, presided at the meeting. The roll was called and the 22 members present each responded. Some very interesting letters were read from classmates unable to come.

CLASS OF 1901 REUNION.

One of the most successful Class banquets ever held at the Normal was that of the Class of 1901, held in the Vigilant Banquet Hall, Tuesday evening. The attendance was very gratifying, fully 50 per cent. of the original membership being present on this occasion, a record highly complimentary to the work of the Reunion Committee, which was composed of the following persons :

Nezza N. Arnold, Chairman; Mrs. Susan Fickes Heiges, Miss Florence Owens, John D. Coldsmith and George M. Briner. The class officers are: President, Owen L. Underwood; Secretary, Mrs. Mame Shockey Kirkpatrick; Treasurer, George M. Briner.

Covers were laid for 42 people, 37 of whom were members of this "ten-year class" and the delightful banquet served by Caterer Etter was a thoroughly enjoyable feature to those privileged to be present. The following was served:

	Chicken Croquettes	
New Peas	Cold Tongue	Olives
	Buttered Rolls	
Fruit Salad		Saltines
Ice Cream		Assorted Cakes
Nuts		Mints
	Coffee	

The announcement that Mr. Arnold, Chairman of the Committee and Toastmaster, was unable to be present occasioned general regret. However, Prof. George M. Briner, Principal of the Carlisle High School, filled the position of toastmaster most acceptably and introduced the following speakers:

Ten Years of Success in the World	Mrs. Susan Fickes Heiges
Art and the Single Aim	Miss Virginia O. McQuiston
Our Duty as a Class	Edward H. Reisner
Always Classmates.....	Mrs. Lydia Detweiler Troup
Normal's Greatest Class	Owen L. Underwood

Almost every member of the class was called upon and responded with an impromptu toast, recalling events of student days that will insure the pleasant and abiding memory of this decennial reunion to every member present.

The Class of 1901 has been a most progressive one since its graduation from old Normal. Among those present at this reunion were several who have since taken higher degrees. Edward H. Reisner, Valedictorian of the Class, graduated from Yale in 1908, and has since been Secretary of the Board of Industrial Education of New York City. Through graduate work done at Columbia University during his residency in New York. Mr. Reisner will very soon be honored with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Mr. N. N. Arnold, who arrived after the banquet, has also attained collegiate honor, graduating from Princeton in this year's

class. He is at present Financial Secretary of Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa.

Roy M. Taylor is an Alumnus of Dickinson College and is at present the efficient Secretary of the Lurgan Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Mowersville, Pa.

George M. Briner also graduated from Dickinson and is Principal of the High School of Carlisle, Pa.

As a finale to the festivities, the class was most delightfully entertained Wednesday morning by Mr. Geo. Wineman and sister at their home in Newburg. Mr. Wineman provided transportation for all who could arrange to enjoy the trip and about 25 of their classmates availed themselves of the pleasure. Luncheon was served and the party returned to Normal about noon. It is doubtful if any class ever celebrated a decennial anniversary more full of genuine pleasure.

CLASS OF '09 REUNION.

The reunion of the Class of 1909 was another of the successful features of Commencement week. On Monday evening following the musicale in Normal Chapel, about 40 members of this class retired to the Vigilant Banquet Hall, where an elaborate banquet was held.

The event was a delightful one and as guests of honor the class entertained their deans, Mrs. Charles W. Thrush and Prof. John Keats Stewart. The menu follows:

	Roast Chicken	
Creamed Potatoes	Peas	Tomatoes
Salad	Olives	Pickles
	Cherry Sherbert	
	Buttered Rolls	
Ice Cream		Assorted Cakes
	Coffee	

Following this sumptuous feast, Emory J. Middour, President of the Class, acting as toastmaster, introduced a number of the members, all of whom responded with impromptu remarks.

After the feast of "good things and reason" had both been disposed of, the floor was cleared of tables and chairs and the orchestra struck up its liveliest two-step. The dance that lasted for the next two hours was another highly enjoyable feature of this class' "home-coming."

On Tuesday afternoon the reunion exercises proper were held in the chapel at 2.30 o'clock. An excellent program was rendered and at this time also the Class Memorial presented to its Alma Mater. Mr. Keener on behalf of the Class presented Dr. Martin, as a representative of the school, with a gift of \$75.00, to be used in the purchase of a new pulpit for the chapel. The selection and design of the new equipment was referred to Dr. Martin and the memorial will no doubt be installed at an early date. Dr. Martin responded in his happy manner, thanking the class for its substantial interest in Normal. The program of these exercises follows:

Address by President	Emory J. Middour
Vocal Solo.....	Bertha Oyler
Oration.....	Mark T. Wenger
Vocal Solo.....	Bula Shutt
Reading.....	Mary Means
Piano Duet.....	{ Esther Long Claire Noftsker
Presentation.....	John K. Keener
Response.....	Dr. S. A. Martin



Couldn't Stop.

A few months ago a Methodist preacher delivered a discourse on "Jonah" at La Center, Ky., in which he is reported to have said: "When Jonah left that fish he hit the ground a-runnin' and started full tilt for Nineveh. One of the sisters looked out of her window and saw a cloud of dust down the road and after looking intently, said to her husband: 'I believe in my soul, yonder comes Brother Jonah.' She went to the door and hollered, 'Good mornin'.'

"'Good mornin',' answered Jonah without turning his head.

"'Where you goin' so fast, Brother Johah?'

"'Goin' to Nineveh,' he replied.

"'Well, stop and take dinner with us.'

"'Ain't got time. Three days late now.'

"'Oh, come in and get your dinner, Brother Jonah. We've got fish for dinner.'

"'Don't talk to me about fish,' said Brother Jonah.

"'Well, come in; have a drink of water.'

"'Don't talk to me about water'—and on he went a-clipping toward Nineveh."—*The United Presbyterian.*

Sermon to C. V. S. N. S. Graduates.

BY DR. S. A. MARTIN.

“Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.”
—Proverbs 4-26.

There is always an impressive quality about the days that mark a period in our lives.

Birthdays and anniversaries are in themselves no different from other days. The sun shines or the rain falls, and the hours pass as on all days since day began to be. But for us there is a difference. To us the day is special, for it marks an epoch. It completes a chapter. It notes the passing of one phase of our existence and the beginning of another. It illustrates the first great lesson of our text. Life is a journey. We follow a path which begins at the cradle and ends at the grave. Life is no excursion, running out and back again to the point of starting. It never returns. It moves by steady stages onward. Each year begins at the point we reached the year before, and the free act today determines the conditions under which we must act tomorrow.

In the constitution of the world and in the happy circumstances of your youth and opportunities good paths are open to you. Not all paths, but enough, good roads that lead by honor and usefulness and many joys to a well rounded character; and, through the grace of God, to everlasting life. But there are other paths that look as fair, and more inviting, but which lead by devious ways to dark dishonor, sorrow, shame and everlasting death; and on you rests the responsibility of choice. You not only may, but of necessity you must, choose the path of your feet.

You have the privilege and the responsibility of freedom.

The stars in their course move with unerring certainty. Angels love only the ways of righteousness, but man is not a mere machine like the solar system, not a holy being like the angels. He is creature of conflicting passions and perverse appetites. He is the slave of his self-made habits. Wise only in his own conceit. He is tempted by his own desires, and warred on by principalities and powers and the prince of darkness.

In the midst of all these dangers, in the vast and varied possibilities of an unending life, man lifts his head in proud pre-eminence above all earthly creatures and in the glorious freedom of his nature guides his life according to his will.

Reason sits enthroned within his soul and sways her scepter with supreme authority.

As in English law every man's house is his castle. It may be but a hut of rude stones thatched with straw, but it is his home and, in the law, his castle. The rain may beat through the thatch, the winds may enter by every nook and cranny, but the king may not. The king dare not enter without the man's consent. So God has made the human soul and shut us in by the mysterious doors of personality. Friends may stand without and plead, enemies may stand without and threaten, but they may not enter nor lay hands upon the will. I can choose, and no man can compel my choice. My reason may be urged or coaxed or tempted, but the decision rests with it. It is supreme and none can stay its hand or say what doest thou.

God himself will not break down the door, nor cross the threshold to intrude upon sovereignty he has himself conferred upon the human soul. With marvelous courtesy he deals with us as independent personalities. Makes treaties with us as with an equal power. Deigns to argue and advise but never to compel the will. "Come let us reason together" is his gracious plea. "Come unto me" is his invitation; but the decision rests with us. Our hands move only at the behest of our own will, and recognize no other master. The path of our feet is that to which we choose to guide them, and the goal to which our pathway leads is the result of our own free choice.

Nothing else in all the universe of God can be compared to this in the infinite and eternal weight and magnitude of its importance. Health and wealth, joy and pleasure, honor and glory, and excellence and beauty of soul—all that we can hope to be or do or have depends upon our choice—upon the steps we freely take from day to day. We count them foolish who unadvisedly risk health or reputation or carelessly squander their fortunes, yet these things are of little worth and petty interest compared to the vast and awful issues of character and destiny.

The duty—the necessity of thoughtfulness in all things that pertain to conduct is so obvious that no sane man can fail to see it. It is glaring as the noonday sun. It speaks in tones of thunder. It seems absurd to urge it on you. It seems like urging a sailor to not walk overboard, or begging a thirsty man to drink. Yet we need the exhortation.

Thoughtlessness is not the rare and strange offense of specially dull minds. It is a fault as widespread as humanity, as old as history. We do what we know is foolish, because we do not stop to think. We walk in ways that lead to death, because we do not ponder the path of our feet.

This is a dangerous world for a rational creature who will not use his reason; a terrible world for those who have to choose their path, but will not consider their ways.

If our destiny could be determined by a few great crises clearly seen beforehand, like examination dates, they might be so prepared for, but life is not so ordered. It is like a pathway, each step advances us a little, each moment is a crisis, every hour is examination and is strictly marked. Unceasingly the kindly voice of nature and reason and revelation call to us to stop and look and listen—to ponder the path of our feet.

But the exhortation is more definite than this. It urges a specific duty. Not thinking only, but a definite decision, is the demand of our condition. "Let all your ways be established." It is possible to ponder much and even wisely and yet have no decision ready when the moment comes for action.

But each age has its own peculiar difficulties and each soul will find its own peculiar evil paths that are to it especially alluring.

In religious subjects there is today the very least of open opposition. Outright infidelity is rare, and atheism is almost unknown among intelligent men. But the deadly blight of doubt and skepticism is the devil's favorite device. Agnosticism is the prevailing form of unbelief. Agnosticism answers the questions of infinite moment with the useless verdict, "I do not know." Agnosco—"I know not."

Sometimes perhaps they have pondered their path, but they have not established their way, they have settled on no course of life as the wise one. They halt between opinions, they are

double-minded and hence unstable in all their ways. Such is agnosticism at its best. But much more commonly agnosticism is simply a high-sounding name for what is nothing more or less than sheer indifference, utter lack of serious thought upon the great problems of life. It is the creed of all such men as Bunyon's Simple, Sloth and Presumption, who lay sleeping on the edge of the precipice. Simple answered that he saw no danger, Sloth wanted only to be let alone, and Presumption resented the implication that anybody should dare to give him advice. So it is with thousands of men today on the edge of all the awful facts of life in this world and the world to come. Like Simple, Sloth and Presumption, they have no way established, no plan of life, no settled convictions, no principles on which they can rely and for which they stand. These are the unstable and worthless elements of every community. Men who stand for nothing—shifty, uncertain, unreliable, the easy tool of every demagogue, the ephemeral followers of each new fad in religion or morals or civics.

These are the chaff which the wind driveth away.

This world has little interest and no demand for the articles of an agnostic creed. The world is much too busy to care for a statement of the things you DON'T believe. The world wants men who know what they do believe and why they believe it. Men of convictions, of principles and purposes. Men who are aiming at something worth while. Men whose ways are established.

No man can do good work unless he is first of all in right good earnest about it. The half-hearted, double-minded, vacillating mind has no place in a world where all the forces of nature act in straight lines. Where every creature is pushing forward with unceasing energy to the performance of its task. Where the bee gathers his honey, the squirrel his store of nuts, and the birds migrate before the snow covers his food. The very bushes by the roadside are already forming buds for the leaves of next year. Their ways are established. They never hesitate. They never wait, they move directly to their goal. So must every creature that will reach his highest destiny and fill the place he was made to fill.

The Swiss guides know the mountain paths so well that they can find them in the dark. But they do not know where each false step might lead—they do not need to know. Their business is to know the way to the objective point, and they have little patience with foolhardy travelers who wish to try untrodden paths. They know too well the risks and dangers which the stranger does not see.

I asked an Irish boatman off the coast of Ulster: "Do you know all these rocks where a boat might be wrecked off this wild coast?" He answered: "No man knows all the dangers of this bit of the sea, and no man need want to know them; but," he added, "I think I know every channel where it is safe to take a boat, and that's enough." Study the ways that are safe, the ways that lead where you wish to go. The paths of honor and of virtue and of eternal life and establish these as your ways; and as for the ways of evil, follow the advice of Solomon:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, pass away."

To the Class of 1911:—

My dear friends, you have been introduced to a great variety of useful knowledge. You have studied the elements of many sciences, you have learned the outlines of history, the rudiments of philosophy and the beginning of some languages. In all these various fields of study you have found at least some common factors. However much they differ in other respects they were alike in this—each rested on a few great principles, that, like the ponderous corner stones of a great building, supported all the rest. The axioms of geometry, the laws of physics or the critical events of history. By these your knowledge was tested and your conclusions verified.

So it must be in your lives. In details they will no doubt differ greatly. No two will be alike. Each of you will have your special tasks, your individual opportunities and each of you must choose the path for his feet. But you must choose according to the laws of God. You cannot add a cubit to your stature by taking thought. You cannot change by one hair's breadth the constitution of your soul or the laws of the universe in which you live. The principles of truth and honor, of faith and hope and charity are everlasting. By these eternal laws your lives are test-

ed and by these you live or die. Oh, let your way be established in harmony with these.

But I am asking of you more than you can do, more than mortal man has ever yet achieved. Who can say, "I'm free from sin?" No man is wholly wise, and none can pay the penalty of his transgressions.

But there is one who said, "I am the Way and the Truth and the Life" and no man cometh unto God but by Him. In Him let your way be established.

Ponder the path of your feet, and be sure that the footprints of the Son of God are in the path you choose.



A Bit of Humor.

Knicker—What is a swimming-hole?

Bocker—A body of water entirely surrounded by boys.

New Thoughtist—Why, what's the matter?

Old Thoughtist—I've got a toothache.

N. T.—Don't you know if you had faith you wouldn't have that toothache?

O. T.—Don't you know that if you had this toothache you wouldn't have any faith.—*Ex.*

Wallie—How fast the horse is runnin'!

Teacher—You forgot the "g".

Wallie—Gee! how fast the horse is runnin'!—*Brooklyn Life.*

Departures from the old way in things educational come in for hard raps, first and last, but not often are they assailed as in this letter which a glowering boy handed to his teacher the other day:

"Madim you kepe teling my son to breeth with his dierfram I sepose rich boys and girls all has dierframs but how about when their father only makes 2 dolars a day and theres 4 younger I tell you its enoug to make everybody socialists first its one thing and then its another and now its dierframs its too much."—*P. R. Benson, in June Woman's Home Companion.*

The Greatest Library.

In this age of steel frame buildings covered with stone facings one building will stand for New York's sincerity. It is the new public library formally opened on May 23. "It is built as the ancient built—for eternity," says the New York Tribune. The vault of the rotunda is a true vault, not a veneer hung from supports above. The walls are solid masonry. The roof is masonry, tiling, and metal. Steel has been used only where the ancients would have used wood. This building has been often described and its external features have been open to contemplation during the slow progress of its erection. Some of the things revealed for the first time when the public took possession are sketched by The Tribune as follows:

"As a mechanism and as a masterpiece of convenience, the library is believed to be without equal in the world. It has facilities, both ordinary and extraordinary, never before attempted. There is a reading-room for the blind. There is a charming little room for children, with diminutive chairs and low tables, quite in the manner of a nursery, over which a motherly superintendent will have charge. There are eight private rooms for the use of scholars. It was remembered, for instance, that Rear-Admiral Mahan wrote his monumental works on the influence of sea power almost entirely in the public rooms of the Astor Library.

"The crowning glory of the edifice, however, is the great reading-room, the largest in the world, on the top floor of the rear, surmounting the stack-room. It is 295 feet long, 77 feet wide and 50 feet high, with ceilings painted to simulate the cloud-drifted sky. Bisecting it is a double, rood screen 84 feet wide and divided into arches, the purpose of which is to serve the delivery staff, to each member of which one of the arches is apportioned. Gustav Kobbe has described this screen in part as follows:

"Elegant in proportion, simple and dignified in design, with beautiful carved Corinthian columns and gracefully arched doors, it carries the beholder back to the old English abbeys. The material is quartered American oak."

"Woodwork plays a conspicuous part in the color scheme of the whole building. It blends with the marbles and the mosaics

and reflects the tone of the gorgeous ceilings. Nearly half a million square feet of Circassian walnut, French walnut and Indiana oak have been used, but the proportion of native to foreign wood is as five to one. The care spent upon this detail work was one of the causes that contributed to the length of time it took the library to rise.

“ ‘A century hence,’ said John Carrere, ‘the classic perfection attained by the artizans who executed this carving, then softened by the patina of time, will have rendered this work an antique that will be much appreciated. How could such a result have been hastily attained? Time is indeed precious, but it is economically expended when the result is so satisfactory.’

“The books themselves, the treasure around which the rest of the library is built, are housed in a stack-room directly beneath the main reading-room, comprised of seven stories, each seven feet high. They have an impressive monotony of perspective, regular, severe and almost surgically aseptic. The framework is latticed steel and the shelves of bronze. No reader, however privileged, will be allowed inside. His call slip will come down to the attendants through one of many pneumatic tubes, and elevators will carry the book he wishes back to him. There are 63 miles of shelves in the stack-room alone, and 27 miles more in other rooms devoted to special departments, making 90 miles in shelf-room in all.”

President Taft, in his address at the opening of the library, dwelt on the marvelous facilities for distribution that this library possesses, saying:

“It is not in the treasures of the various collections that go to make up this library that its chief value consists, wonderful as these are, and much as we are indebted to the Astors and James Lenox for the money, labor and pain expended in their gathering. It is not in the number of volumes or pamphlets or manuscripts that this library stands out first in the world, for I believe, considered from that standpoint, it is only the sixth or seventh greatest collection, but it is in the facility of circulation and in the immense number of books that are distributed each year for use to the citizens and residents of New York and vicinity, that this library easily takes the first rank.”

The combination of the Astor, Lenox and Tilden foundations, supplemented by Mr. Carnegie's branch libraries, seems to Mr. Taft the great distinguishing fact to be recognized in this particular library system. By this consolidation "the possible benefit for the individual contained in each is now distributed and brought within the easy and beneficial use of every New Yorker." Further:

"A library which affords constant reference and reading-room facilities to 1,700 people, and which circulates through sixty branches its books, at the rate of 8,000,000 a year, accomplishes so much more in the popular dissemination of knowledge than any other library in the world, that the men who conceived the plan and who had the energy, tact, patience and knowledge with which to execute it, are those whom I would congratulate to-day. It is to the librarian and trustees of these various foundations that I would convey my profound felicitations."

—*Literary Digest.*



A Hint.

THE BOUNDER.—"I say, old man, I wish you'd make a point of being in this evening. I—ah, want to see you about marryin' one of your gals."

THE MAJOR.—"With pleasure. Which do you want—the cook or the housemaid—what?—*London Opinion.*



Be Keeded One.

SHE—"Jack has a strong face."

HE—"It has to be. You should see his wife."—*Fort Worth Record.*



Helping Dad.

JOHNNY.—"Papa, would you be glad if I saved a dollar for you?"

PAPA.—"Certainly, my son."

JOHNNY.—"Well, I saved it for you, all right. You said if I brought a first-class report from my teacher this week you would give me a dollar, and I didn't bring it."—*Red Hen.*

School Notes and News.

The farewell address to the graduating class is one of the events of Commencement week that has become prominent by its merit. For the past five years this address has been given by one of the Deans of the class, and have been the fruit of the affection and acquaintance promoted by that relation. They have had an intimacy and earnestness hardly excelled by the baccalaureate sermon.

The address this year was by Dr. C. H. Gordinier and was fine in every way—bright, wise and sympathetic. It will be long remembered with pleasure, and have influence for good.

The Annual Reunion of the Philo Literary Society was held on the evening of May 5th. The following program was well given:

Overture.....	Orchestra
President's Address.....	Dr. H. M. Kirkpatrick
Water Lilies.....	Linders
	Glee Club.
Insight and Foresight.....	Adapted
	Paul Faust.
Polonaise de Concert—2 pianos.....	Lack
	Gertrude Wolff, Dorothy Wolff.
The Poems of the Evening.....	Rena Lehman
Lady Wentworth.....	Longfellow
	Helene Hawk.
The Rosary.....	Nevin
	John Reese, Frank Faust, Raymond Myers, Howard Niesly.
Concerto D Minor—Finale.....	Mendelssohn
	Effie Hetrick, Leila Horn.
King Robert of Sicily.....	Longfellow
	Ruth Barner.
Whisper and I Shall Hear—with a violin obligato.....	Piccolomini
	Ruth Himes.
Selection.....	Orchestra

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

Adapted from "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

CHARACTERS.

John Aldin.....	Aaron Coble
Priscilla.....	Ruth Gorkes
Soldier.....	Frank Hege

Time, 1621. Place, Plymouth, Mass.

Scene I.—Priscilla's House. Scene II.—The Same. The Following Day.

We are indebted to the generous labors of our friend, Mr. F. B. A. Hoffer, of Elizabethtown, for a valuable and attractive addition to our botanical equipment.—A collection of nearly six-hundred specimens of seeds of our native plants. These were collected and identified by Mr. Hoffer, and mounted in glass vials, labeled with the botanical names and families as well as the popular names, and all put up in handsome and convenient cases. Such gifts gladden our hearts, for they not only enrich our means of instruction, but express the personal devotion of a friend and patron, which after all is the teachers' best reward. Mr. Hoffer also gave us a valuable collection of mineral specimens for the Geological Museum.

The Class of 1909 expressed their grateful memories of school days by the gift of seventy-five dollars, to be used to procure a new pulpit for the Chapel.—“A desk from which the word of life may be read and expounded.” As they put it.

The custom of each class leaving some memorial of their affection for their school is a pretty custom and adds many an interesting feature to the school's equipment.

It is never possible to be sure of any entertainment till you have heard it. We have been fortunate in rarely being disappointed in the tone or character of our lectures, readers or musicians, but we missed out rather badly on our Alumni concert this year, and make our apology for the extremely common performance of Tuesday evening. The music could be endured without shame, tho it was very far from satisfactory, but the selections of the reader were worse than common, they were coarse and low. The Ionic Quartette has made its last appearance here.

The May Day Festival of the Model School was one of the prettiest events of the year. The Folk dances and the songs were especially attractive, and reflected great credit on the work of their teacher, Miss Witman. The exercises were witnessed by Mr. George Kartzke, of Germany, who has been studying American Schools under the orders of the German Government.

The collection taken on Baccalaureate Sunday was sent to Miss Martha Kendall, of '09, for the mission with which she is engaged in the mountain regions of Western Kentucky.

The following representatives of the Y. M. C. A. are attending the Summer Conference at Northfield: Lester Hess, Robert Early, James C. Trostle and Harry Hartman.

The Y. W. C. A. will be represented at the Granville Conference by Miss Ella Bradley and Miss Helen Schoenly.

The sciences of Botany, Zoology and Physiology have been grouped as a separate department, to be known as the department of Biological Science. Miss Ida Sitler, of Mauch Chunk, has accepted this chair.

Miss Sitler is a graduate of Michigan University, was assistant to Prof. Hartlew in Bloomsburg Normal for two years, and in charge of the department of Natural Science in the State Normal Institute at Columbus, Miss.

The Chair of English Language and Literature will be accepted by Mr. A. B. Wallize, A. B.

Mr. Wallize is a graduate of Lafayette College, 1901, and has had seven or eight years' experience as a teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Wallize will reside in the school building.

Miss C. A. Wheeler, of Pine Grove, has accepted the position of teacher of Vocal Music. Miss Wheeler has made an enviable record as teacher of music in the schools of Sunbury.

Miss Harriet Wylie, who has been for some years Assistant Principal of the Model School, has accepted the Chair of History in the regular Normal Course. Miss Wylie is unusually well qualified for the work of that Chair, and we welcome her to it, tho' it will be hard to find her equal for the place she vacates.

The high record of the Faculty in matrimony, which it has had for the past two years, seems likely to be maintained. At least, a good beginning has been made by Prof. Ely, who married Miss Caroline V. Hoy, June 30th. We extend our hearty congratulations to Prof. Ely, and our most cordial welcome to Mrs. Ely as a member of our school family.



Revised.

'Tis better to have lived and loved
Than never to have lived at all.—*Judge.*

Alumni Personals.

'77. Mr. J. L. McCaskey is a special agent in the Department of Commerce and Labor. His address is Pittsburg, Pa.

'88. Mr. R. C. Spangler is a piano tuner in Gettysburg, Pa. We received this notice too late to change in the catalogue.

'91. Mr. George Gable is living at 1733 New Fifth St., Harrisburg.

'96. Rev. J. Shearer Wolff was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Towanda, on February 27. He was formerly at Ellicottville, N. Y.

'97. Rev. E. M. Sando is located at Hellam, Pa., as pastor of the Reformed Church. He sends 25 cents for the NORMAL HERALD.

'99. Mr. J. C. Tressler was transferred on February first from the Commercial High School, of Brooklyn, to Boys High School, of Brooklyn. He has charge of Public Speaking. His address is 1199 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

'00. Mr. H. B. Raffensberger has been appointed Veterinary Inspector, U. S. Department of Agriculture, on September 10, 1910. This appointment was by competitive examination under Civil Service. His address is 7035 Bishop St., Chicago, Ill.

'06. Mrs. Gertrude Mellinger (Weidner) taught the past year at Starners, Pa.

'07. Mr. P. J. Wiebe is spending the summer at Valparaiso University, Indiana, where he is taking up some advanced work. He expects to teach German and English at Messiah Bible School, Grantham, Pa., next year. He requests his HERALD to go to Valparaiso.

'08. Miss Ruth Wingerd taught second grade at Lakewood, N. J., last year and has been elected for the coming year.

'08. Miss Maude Winderd has been teaching at Carteret, N. J., and will return next year.

'09. Miss Besse Lehman taught at Lumber City, Clearfield county, during the last year. She writes that she likes the work there very much.

'09. Mr. Jacob Hollinger taught near Carlisle last winter.

'09. Mr. Chas. R. Jobe taught near York Springs, Pa.

'09. Miss Bertha Freed taught in York, Pa.

'09. Miss Marion Seabrook was granted a diploma this year of Bachelor of Pedagogy. She took work at the U. P. during the year and prepared for these examinations. She was with us for a few weeks during the spring term as a student.



My Body and I.

BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN.

I got this body in the Fleshing Shop
 When it was small and pudgy-like and red;
 No teeth it had nor could it stand erect—
 A fuzzy down grew sparse upon its head.
 At sight of it the neighbors stood and laughed,
 And tickled it and jogged it up and down;
 Then some one put it in a little cart,
 And wheeled it gaily through the gaping town.
 When it grew bigger and could walk and run,
 I wet it in the pond above the mill,
 Or took it to a building called a "school,"
 And there I had to keep it very still.
 And later, when its muscles strongér grew,
 I made it sow and reap to get its grain,
 And tanned it in the summer's fiercest suns,
 And toughened it with wind and cold and rain.
 It served to keep me near my friend, the Earth,
 It helped me well to get from place to place,
 And then, perhaps, a tiny bit of me
 Has sometimes worked out through its hands and
 face!
 How long I've had it! Longer than it seems
 Since first they wrapt it in a linen clout,
 And now 'tis shriveled, patched and breaking down—
 I guess, forsooth, that I have worn it out!
 And I? Oh, bless you! I am ever young.
 A soul ne'er ages—is nor bent nor gray,
 And when the body breaks and crumbles down—
 The Fleshing Shop is just across the way!

Cupid's Column.

McCULLOUGH—HOLLAR. In Shippensburg, Pa., June 30, by Rev. Samuel Carnell, Mr. William McCullough to Miss Julia Hollar, '08. They will reside in Shippensburg, Pa., where Mr. McCullough is in business.

HASSLER—KADEL. At Waynesboro, Pa., June 20, Mr. Samuel Martin Hassler to Miss Ruth Elizabeth Kadel, '07.

GILL—GREENWOOD. At New Kingston, Pa., June 1, Mr. Wilmer Gill to Miss Bessie F. Greenwood, '01. They will reside at Brookwood street, Harrisburg.

RICHTER—JOHNS. At Newport, Pa., March 28, Mr. Jean Paul Richter to Miss Violet E. Johns, '07. They live at Newport, Pa.

DORN—SPEESE. At Harrisburg, Pa., July 5, Mr. George H. Dorn to Miss Pearl A. Speese, '07. They will reside at Somerville, Pa.



Kindly Intended.

MISSIONARY (explaining to visitors)—“Our situation was so remote that for a whole year my wife never saw a white face but my own.”

SYMPATHETIC YOUNG WOMAN—“Oh, the poor thing!”
—*Boston Transcript.*



Get in Line.

We like a man who knows how to seize an opportunity, and have nothing but admiration for the dentist who is advertising:

“Coronation Year.

“Why not have your teeth crowned with gold?”

—*Punch.*



Trifles Acceptable.

BRIGGS—“I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital, and just got an acknowledgment from the authorities.”

LOFTY—“Were they pleased?”

BRIGGS—“They wrote that every little helps.”

—*American Family Journal.*

Stork Column.

NEWMAN. At Waynesboro, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Clark Newman a son. Mrs. Newman was Miss Carrie Gosserd, '07.

HUNTZBERGER. At Bethesda, Md., to Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Huntzberger a son. Mr. Huntzberger was a member of the Class of '95. We have since learned of the death of the son. THE HERALD extends sympathy.

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

MCCULLOUGH. At Wilkinsburg, Pa., May 17, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McCullough a daughter. Mr. McCullough was a member of Class of '00.

KIRKPATRICK. At Highspire, Pa., February, to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kirkpatrick a son. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was Miss Mame Shockey, '01, and Mr. Kirkpatrick was a member of the same class.



This Part.

HE—"So young March and his father are carrying on the business?"

SHE—"Yes. The old man runs the business while young March does the carrying on."—*New York Globe*.



Reminiscent.

"What did your wife say when you got home the other night?"

"Not a word. She just sat down at the piano and played 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story.'"—*New York Evening Mail*.



Admired Him.

MR. HENPECK—"Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence?"

MR. SCRAPER—"I reckon I am."

MR. HENPECK—"Shake! You're a hero."—*Pathfinder*.

Obituary.

May McClellan (Badorf), '00.

After an illness of several weeks of nervous trouble Mrs. Badorf died on June 13. We have not learned any particulars of her death.

Adeline Walter (Wertz).

Mrs. Wertz died on Dec. 12, very suddenly. She and her family had just started for a sleigh ride, when she was stricken suddenly with apoplexy and expired before she could be taken home. Her home was near West Fairview. The HERALD extends sympathy to the families of these graduates.

The shadow of death is always near us. The brightness of our Commencement Season did not escape it. Miss Horton, Secretary of the Faculty, and Preceptress, was bereaved of her beloved father, Mr. M. M. Horton, who died on June 19th.

Mr. Horton was a native of Cambria County, but for many years has been a well known and highly esteemed citizen of Shippensburg. He served more than four years in the Union Army during the Civil War, and was widely known among the G. A. R. men.

Miss Horton has the heartfelt sympathy of her many friends among the students of Old Normal.



A Bad Egg.

"He always was a bad egg, but nobody seemed to notice it while he was rich."

"Yes, he was all right until he was broke."

—*Sacred Heart Review.*



Improving.

"You think your daughter's music is improving?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "She used to practice four hours a day. Now she practises only three."—*Washington Star.*

Forms of Exercise Compared.

Which is best as a form of physical exercise; bowling, baseball or golf? A ready answer would doubtless be given by enthusiastic adherents of one game or another, but it might be based on affection and prejudice rather than on investigation and accurate knowledge. Dr. Luther Halsey Guick, well known as an expert in physical exercise, gives some well-reasoned physiological comparisons in the course of an article contributed to Lippincott's Magazine (Philadelphia, June). Dr. Gulick first lays down the principle that in examining the adequacy of particular forms of exercise, it is necessary to ascertain what effect they have upon the four fundamental activities of human life—circulation, respiration, digestion and excretion. The running high jump, for instance, involves chiefly and intense, momentary contraction on the part of many muscles, including those of the legs, arms, neck, back and stomach. The heart-rate, however remains about normal, and does not speed up, as in running, dancing, rapid calisthenics and many other activities. The writer goes on:

“Unless a man jumps a great deal, it does not have much immediate effect upon the digestion, whereas in a ten-mile walk considerable energy is used that must be replaced. It is impossible for any of us to expend enough energy in a few efforts to modify the metabolism of the body. High jumping does not make people hungry to the same degree as dancing, running, pitching, rowing, swimming or long-distance walking. It is primarily a matter of skill, technic and muscular coordination and it does not involve enough of the fundamental activities to make it proper for a man to depend upon it for all of his exercise.

“The effect of the more vigorous folk dances is very different. One of the essential requirements of a good dancer is the ability to do severe consecutive work and that rests on elastic and healthy arteries. A professional dancing-master, whom I know, regards power of the heart as a primary qualification of those who would excel in the art. Most people, he says, become fatigued before they can attain much skill. Neither can a person become a good dancer who has not vigorous respiratory power.

“In bowling, a ball of a certain weight, held in a preferred hand—usually the right—is rolled down an alley toward a set of wooden pins. The large muscles of the back, as well as those

of the legs and one arm, are set in action. The player goes through a highly specialized set of motions which differ with persons, but vary only slightly during the growth of the individual's skill. The ball is always delivered with the feet in a certain position and the left arm does a different thing from the right. Those who bowl a great deal usually acquire a peculiar position in the carriage of the shoulders and a curve both lateral and rotary of the middle third of the spine."

There is no danger, however, we are told, that this will ever develop into serious deformation. Serious cases of spinal curvature do not come from such habits as bowling, but are due to inherited malformation of the vertabræ. Dr. Guick therefore regards bowling as quite safe. It is not the best kind of exercise, he thinks, but it does accomplish the four necessary things. It increases the circulation, respiration, digestion and excretion. He goes on:

"Pitching baseball involves the use of the arms, the back and the legs, and excepting its one-sidedness, it makes an effective form of exercise. The trained pitcher generally has a good physique and all-around strength. The athlete who practices the hundred-yard dash should supplement his exercise with long walks or gymnasium drills. A person may safely devote himself to lawn tennis unless he is nervous. To play this game well demands intense attention, and this a phlegmatic person may give without harm. So also may any one who does not play well; but the expert, man or woman, who is eager for every point, is in danger of putting into it too much nervous energy.

"Mountain climbing meets the four fundamental requirements, and so also does chasing butterflies. For those who care for it, the pursuit is a good specialty from the viewpoint of health. It makes one get out of doors; it necessitates large movements of the body, and it satisfies the instinct for the chase.

"Skating affects the circulation, involves deep breathing and produces fatigue. It is usually in the open air, and the violent movements of the trunk—especially the jolts which the poor skater receives—promote excretion. It may sometimes tax the leg muscles severely, but these are large muscles and it is perfectly safe to exercise them tremendously.

"Playing billiards is a fair exercise—so far as it goes. Walking around the table and bending over many times are valuable, but handling the cue is too slight to count; there are not enough movements. It is all indoors and the ventilation is usually poor. Juggling a light pair of Indian clubs does not bring the large muscular masses of the body into play or increase the respiration and metabolism. As an exercise, it is not much more satisfactory than typewriting, which gives a great deal of consecutive work to a number of small muscles, but that is all.

"A game which is preeminently well suited to those who desire recreation and general outdoor exercise is that of golf. It is better adapted to adults than to boys and girls who usually crave violent exertion. A man who plays eighteen holes on a golf course has walked two and a half miles. He has climbed up hill and down dale. He has stooped down many times; he has been out of doors. It is a social game and so interesting that it quickly becomes a habit.

"To aim at symmetry in choosing our exercise is not only foolish, but evil. To attack the dynamic acid of interest to our recreation, we must base them upon activities that are racially old, and if they are to be useful, they must affect the body's whole organic life as did the pursuits of the hunters and fishers of old."—*Literary Digest*.



Living Lamps.

That fireflies are lamps not only in the sense that they give light, but also in that they produce this light by oxidation, that is by practical combustion, albeit very slow, seems to be proved by investigations described in the *American Naturalist* (New York, May) by F. Alexander McDermott and Charles G. Crane, of the Hygienic Laboratory of the United States Public Health and Hospital Service in Washington. The authors note that altho there are about 25 species of these insects in the United States, little work has been done in the microscopical study of their light-producing organs. The authors find that these organs are traversed by tubes continuous with those used for breathing and that there is every evidence that air is drawn into the organs by the insect to produce light by oxidation. Three species altogether

were examined. In all the luminous organ is divided into two distinct layers' the inner one being white and opaque and serving as a reflector and the outer being yellow and translucent, and containing the actual light-producing mechanism. The luminous organs are penetrated from the interior of the insect outward by innumerable tubes which ramify within the true luminous tissue running diagonally outward and finally uniting with the breathing-tubes or windpipes with which they are apparently identical. We read:

"The entire system suggests that the air is drawn in through the breathing tracheæ and forced through the fine passages to the true photogenic tissue where the oxygen of the air is consumed in a biologic oxidation. In the sections of *pyralis* there are clearly seen bundles of muscle fibers on either side of the center line of the insect, which pass completely through the abdomen, almost vertically and are attached to the exterior chitin at the top and bottom. At about the same point other muscle fibers pass inward from the point of maximum width at each side; these fibers have not been traced to their full extent, but they appear to pass upward and toward the center near the dorsal side of the insect.

"It may be well here to call attention to certain differences between *photuris* and *photinus*, as shown by the cross-sections of the insects. . . . While the thickness of the reflecting layer is about the same in both species, the layer of true photogenic tissue is much thinner, both actually and in comparison with the reflecting layer in *photuris* than in *photinus*; this difference is clearly seen. This difference may be somewhat significant when considered in connection with the slight differences in the quality of the emitted light and in the modes of emission of the two species.

"That the photogenic process is an oxidation is scarcely to be doubted, in view of the work which has been done already.

"It seems possible that the reflecting layer fulfills a twofold purpose—that of reflecting the light outward and thus increasing its intensity in the desired direction and of protecting the insect itself from its own radiations. It has recently been shown by Coblenz that the *pyralis* and other *Lampyridæ* contain a fluorescent material, and a number of observers have shown that fluorescent materials injected into a living animal show a higher de-

gree of toxicity when the animal subsequently is exposed to light than if it be left in the dark.

"To conclude: We have found that (a) the structure of the photogenic organs in [three species] . . . is practically the same, and very similar to the structures of the corresponding organs in some of the other species that have been studied; (b) the tracheæ from the photogenic organs connect near the breathing spiracle with the tracheæ which supply the other organs and that they closely resemble the latter tracheæ in structure; (c) the view that the photogenic process is an oxidation is borne out by the structure of the photogenic organs."



A Drought.

A small Scottish boy was summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making disturbances on the street. Said the magistrate to him:

"Come, my wee mon, speak the truth and let us know all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, Sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness Street?"

"I do, laddie," replied his worship.

"Weel, ye gang along it, and turn into the square, and cross the square——"

"Yes, yes," said the judge, encouragingly.

"An' when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right, and up into High Street, an' keep on up High Street till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said his worship. "I know the old pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang an' pump it, for ye'll no pump me."—*Ideas.*



Practice.

POSITIVE WIFE—"John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea?"

NEGATIVE HUSBAND—"So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get!"—*Puck.*

Philanthropy that Forgets Race and Religion.

Washington has followed Chicago in accepting the offer of Julius Rosenwald, of the latter city, to contribute \$25,000 toward the building of a \$100,000 building for a Colored Young Men's Christian Association. The World To-Day (Chicago) describes Mr. Rosenwald as at the head of one of the greatest business organizations in the world. "He is president of the Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago, and is said to devote more than half of every working-day to philanthropic enterprises." Some time ago the company of which he is president gave \$100,000 toward meeting the expense of erecting a branch Y. M. C. A. near its establishment in Chicago, and since that time he has personally offered \$25,000 toward the construction of Y. M. C. A. buildings for colored men in any city which will raise \$75,000 by popular subscriptions. The negroes of Chicago, it is asserted, met the challenge within ten days. The New York Evening Post, which is moved to comment by the recent action in Washington in accepting Mr. Rosenwald's offer, recently observes:

"As we stated at the time the offer was made, the possibilities for good in this movement are very great. The athletic, educational and social features of a flourishing Young Men's Christian Association, housed in a spacious, attractive and dignified building, supply an element that is perhaps more acutely needed than any other for the development of morale among the colored youth of our cities, at a time that is in many ways the most critical in their lives. There are, perhaps, not many cities in which a building so large and expensive as that contemplated by Mr. Rosenwald can be provided, or is needed; but there are certainly a number of such, and in each of them it is to be hoped that the example of the capital will be speedily followed. And when the limitations of this particular type become evident, we have little doubt that Mr. Rosenwald will gladly make a corresponding offer on a smaller scale, for cities whose colored population falls below some specified limit."

✽

A Cure.

JUDGE—"Why did you steal the gentleman's purse."

PRISONER—"I thought the change would do me good."—

Washington Star.

The most reliable Book Bindery in Harrisburg.



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