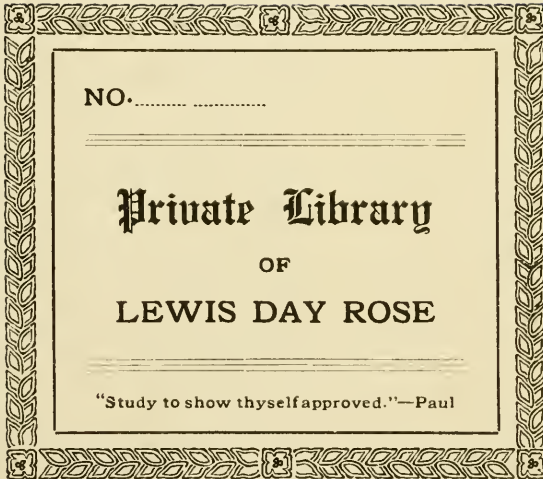




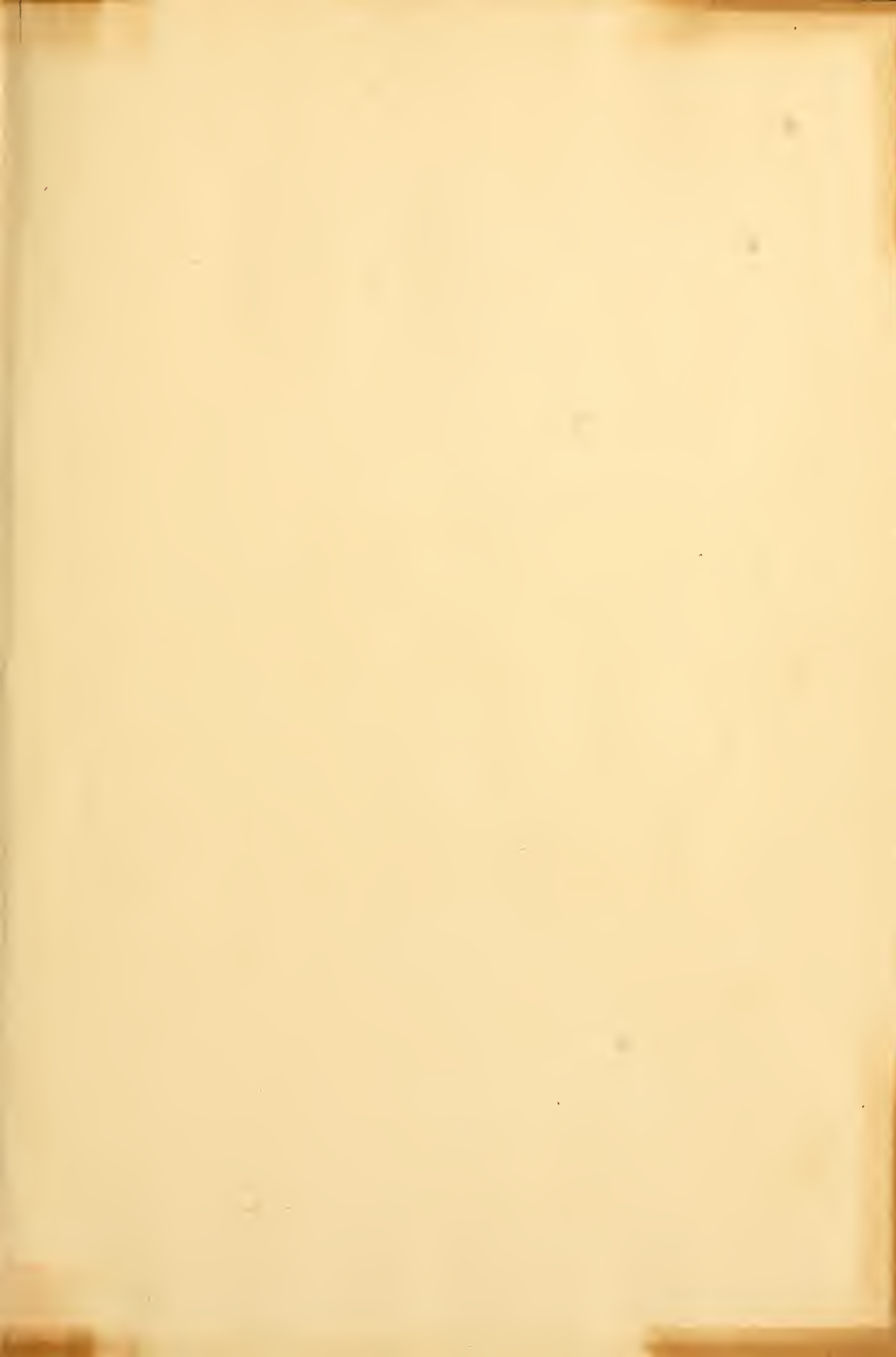
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OUR COLLEGE TIMES

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Please renew in time and report any change of address to the business manager.

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Editorial Greetings

Among the things that have managed to keep themselves alive amid the stress and strain of these momentous days, when so much has had to be abandoned by the way as non-essential, is our little College paper, the Times. The October issue presents itself in modest attire but you will find its soul to be quite healthy, and it comes eager to impress you well and win friends. We

trust you will welcome it kindly, this first number of the new school year, with its news items, announcements, yea, its advertisements, its articles not dry but worthy of study, its reaffirmation of principles and standards, and its promise of more to follow.

Yes, the College Times has survived, and it deserves to live as an indispensable and distinguishing

feature of the school. We trust it shall stand for the thing we all believe in here at Elizabethtown, that it shall be the organ of a philosophy of plain living and high thinking, that it shall uphold an ideal of manhood sound and unquestioned, that it shall reflect a spirit which its readers will recognize as the spirit of Christ. We shall try to make the 1918-19 volume the best in the history of the school, let it bring our greetings to the many alumni, patrons and students dispersed in the homeland and on foreign soil, and maintain a literary department which will be a source of enjoyment and uplift for its readers by the light of the evening lamp at the cosy fireside during the long winter—thus will the College Times bring its little freight of blessing to every home whose threshold it crosses month by month.

A good spirit is manifest in this year's student body on College Hill. The ladies compose three-fourths of the enrollment and we should give them the credit for the superior morale of the school. Cooperation and harmony and effectiveness, these are some marks of the spirit that animates the institution from the new president down through the reorganized faculty to the rank and file of the student body. And so we go on with renewed courage. To go on and accomplish, this brings the joy of achievement. Higher standards of conduct, industry, zeal, a Godlike ambition, the will to win—to foster these in a school community, how good and how worthy a labor it is! Especially

in these anxious times, when men and women suffer the vicissitudes of war, and are uncertain as to what a day may bring forth, how priceless seem those treasures of the mind and heart which abide when material possessions and riches "make themselves wings and fly away!"

On a page of this issue are outlined the stages in the life of Professor Ober, who succeeds Dr. Reber as President. The latter has severed his connection with this institution and has accepted a professorship in Manchester College. We shall not forget his efficient administration during the fifteen years he was President of Elizabethtown College. The new President brings to his work many qualities of leadership and organization.

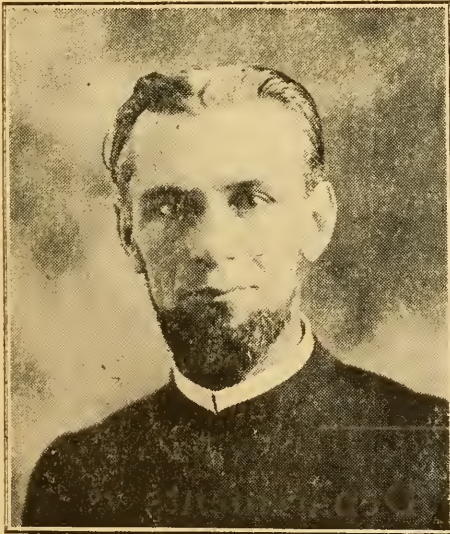
The president of our board of trustees has passed from earth. The call for capable helpers and leaders is great. One of our graduates has made the supreme sacrifice, being struck down by disease at an army camp. And so our hearts are moved as we think of those who have fallen and of such of our former students and our alumni as are now exposed to danger mid powder and shrapnel in that appalling struggle beyond the sea. God bring them safely back, but should any one of them have to give his life, then may his grave be green "somewhere in France" or Flanders or across the Rhine.

—J. S. H.

President of the Faculty

The accompanying cut represents our new president, the subject of this sketch. More than one person has fancied he saw in the face a resemblance to Lincoln. Should we discover also a similarity of traits we need not be surprised.

Henry K. Ober was born on a farm in Rapho township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He attended a rural school for ten winters. He



Henry K. Ober

entered Millersville State Normal School in the spring of 1895 and graduated in the normal english course in 1898. He continued his professional training at that institution completing the advanced normal course which earned for him the degree, Bachelor of Pedagogy,

in 1908. He was granted the degree, Master of Pedagogy, two years later. He completed the college course at Franklin and Marshall College in 1918 receiving the diploma, Bachelor of Science. During his senior year at Millersville he took in addition to his required studies a course in surveying, and this qualified him to discharge the duties of borough engineer in Elizabethtown, which he did continuously for fifteen years while acting as instructor and vice president at the College.

After teaching five terms in the public schools of Lancaster County he came to Elizabethtown in 1902, and he has been a member of the College faculty ever since. He was married in 1899 at the age of twenty-one to Cora B. Hess, of Lancaster County. Three children, Stanley, Grace and Ruth brighten their home on College avenue.

Professor Ober was elected to the ministry December 15th, 1904. But his ambition up to this time had been to pursue a career in business rather than the work of the ministry. One phase of his activity, which again reminds us of Lincoln was his skill in legal matters while acting as counselor and adviser to his many friends, drawing up wills and settling estates. To be a useful man in the community had ever been the goal in his mind. Later when his ideals changed he attended a summer session at the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania and Chautauqua assemblies at Mount Gretna, getting ready for work in the profession of teaching.

His election to the ministry brought out other traits in his character more distinctly spiritual. Being a man of fine address, evincing a charm of personality when approaching people, having a sunny hopeful nature, being refined, chaste, idealistic, original, convincing, fervent and fluent, he developed into an unusually persuasive and inspiring preacher of the gospel and public speaker. His characteristic Sunday School talks for conventions and special occasions and his popular lectures on child life, temperance, social virtue and on morals in general have achieved for him a reputation that is more than local. He is assistant pastor of the flourishing Brethren congregation at Elizabethtown; joint author of a religious book entitled Training the Sunday School Teacher, one of the authorized textbooks for teacher training in the

church; and chairman of the General Sunday School Board of the Brethren church.

In short, though he may have been a little immoderate in drawing upon his vitality and may have incurred a few gray hairs a little prematurely, and though he may have some other one fault or two which we have left for his critics to point out, Professor Ober, now in middle life, has excelled in whatever he has attempted; he has demonstrated to an eminent degree how useful a man may become if he works with a steadfast noble purpose, if he has the qualities of energy, decision, deep conviction, and great earnestness.

Therefore, as he enters upon the duties of his office, we take great pleasure and pride in introducing to the Times readers the incoming President of Elizabethtown College, Professor H. K. Ober, teacher, preacher, lecturer, author, organizer and financier. Success to his administration!

—Jacob S. Harley.

The Work of the Departments

The College offers eighteen courses of study. There are a fair number of students enrolled in about ten of these courses. The largest number of our students are interested in the Academic and Pedagogical Courses. These courses lay the preparatory foundations for the teaching profession as well as

for more advanced Technical courses. There is an intense demand for teachers at the present time, owing to the stressing conditions under which we are now living. The students of our school who have gone out as teachers have made enviable records in ten or more counties of this state.

A large percentage of our students assume a year of General Preparatory Work, preliminary to pursuing a few years of teaching in the public schools. They usually return later to finish their courses, the English Scientific, College Preparatory, Pedagogical or Classical. There are four students enrolled this year of full college rank, but a considerable number who aimed to be in college are now in the National service. A class of four students will complete the Pedagogical Course this year.

The Pedagogical Department is largely in charge of Professor J. G. Meyer this year. He pursued advanced Graduate Work in Education in the Teachers' College of Columbia University during the last two years and has thus prepared himself to direct the work of this department. He is also offering his services to teach classes in special educational subjects for those students who are working and who desire to continue their courses. Part

of the work of this department will also be taught by Professor H. K. Ober, recently elected President of the school.

Professor Meyer has organized a class in Educational Psychology which meets every Friday night from 6:45 to 9:45. About a dozen have enrolled for this work. Many are teachers who desire to get in touch with the latest developments in the field of practical educational psychology. The course is made applicable to school room problems. It emphasizes the HOW of the teacher's work.

The Commercial Department is now under the supervision of Professor H. A. Via and Miss Mildred I. Bonebrake. There is a very strong demand during these strenuous times for young people trained in Commercial subjects. More young people ought to avail themselves of these splendid opportunities to finish the courses offered by this department. —H. H. N.

Dining Room Echoes

Having forgotten my keys the other evening, I returned to the dining room for them. Instead of the reign of silence, which I had expected, I was surprised to hear a lively discussion. I paused as I entered the dining room, but on looking around, could see no one. However, the discussion continued and the strangeness of the situation constrained me to listen.

Sarah Salt seemed to be the leader of the group. "I have been requested to call this meeting," she said, "to confer with you concerning the happenings of the last four weeks. This is informal and I want each one of you to feel free to express your opinions."

Sylvia Spoon, who always wears a sunny smile, was the first to speak. "I'm always happy when I'm busy:

therefore, I'm happy now. Nevertheless, one thing has disturbed my peace of mind, of late. Only on rare occasions, to a whiskered gentleman do I grant the privilege to take food from my front porch. These new students abuse my kindness; therefore I should like to know how I may inform them that the proper approach is by my side door."

Weak-kneed Silas Spoon, Sylvia's cousin jumped up saying, "Well, they seem to be abusing our whole family. They even keep me standing in a coffee cup during an entire meal and I would so much rather sit down. Sister Sallie is sick too because some people were so noisy when they ate soup the other day."

Simon Saucer, dressed in an immaculate suit expressed his sympathy for her and vigorously added, "Speaking of soup, my equilibrium has been disturbed often because some people insist on tilting, really tilting me to get the last drop."

"Talking of jarred nerves," said sturdy Chester Chair whom no one would accuse of possessing nerves, "Well I know what they are, I'm terribly upset because some of the students scrape me along the floor when leaving the table."

Then timid Mattie table stirred up courage to voice her complaints and said, "I've been miserably insulted too. Netty Knife and Ned Fork aren't independent at all, but are constantly leaning on me with their soiled hands. Then what exasperated me most was that the other day good-for-nothing Master's Corn Cob and Potato-Paring

soiled my dress, too."

Pert Netty Knife felt her turn had come, and in her cutting way accused Ned Fork, "You're a real slacker or you wouldn't allow me to do all the arduous jitney jobbing in the employ of stout Mr. Syrup Jug. I agree it's sweet business but wasn't it Billy Shakespeare who said, 'There's something like too much of a good thing?'"

Ned Fork, humbly apologizing said he was burdened with many other tasks but, "To the end of my days I will do the duty newly pointed out to me; viz, that of conveying Mr. Syrup to the halfway Bread station."

Sir Lumberman, belonging to the royalty felt that since this was a general indignation meeting, he might likewise pick with impunity. "I object to mingle in groups. Its too democratic. I do not mind taking a walk with one or two but when my services are requested in a group it is a great breach of etiquette," he haughtily added.

Old wrinkled Lady Vinegar, who always, wears a sour aspect was quite o'erwhelmed by all this depressing news. Dolefully she resented, "I'm entirely disgusted with it all. I'm horrified that a number of the students do not use napkins, and when they pass glasses they hold them at the upper edge instead of holding them as near the lower edge as possible. Then too Ladies First is a motto that I've noticed one or two of the young men have not learned. I'm sick of the table talk too. Sometimes, scarcely anyone says a word and all

feel uncomfortable; sometimes I've been shocked to see two or three talking about secrets at the table."

Then Sarah Salt, who always speaks with sagacity, compromis-ingly added, "That may be true at some tables but I know of several other tables that are always lively. They are constantly entertaining each other with stories or jokes. Not a day passes that the NEWS is not discussed and occasionally favorite sports or favorite authors are compared."

Then spirited Phil Pepper said, "I'm glad to note as much jollity at the table as there is, and that things in general are no worse. We must consider that a large number of them are having their first boarding school experience. However, I do notice that some cannot talk anything but shop talk; the theme they are writing or the Latin lesson they have not studied. If I could only

talk to them I'd tell them to throw off the shackles of work and chat, for 'chatted food is half digested.' That day is well started which begins in the helpful social fellowship which always considers the neighbor's comfort first."

Practical Peggy Plate wittily added, "Folk's come to the table for more than table talk, and I know thru experience that 'others' is a good motto to have in mind when the butter plate or sauce dish is passed."

Just then I laughed aloud (for this last remark reminded me of a story) and to my disappointment this interesting conference adjourned. I went for my after dinner walk but was almost oblivious to the surroundings for I was pondering the truth of these statements and wondering how to report to the students the most unique conference I ever attended.

—E. E. B.

The Universal Measure of Man

Society is the living page upon which the full story of man's development is written. Each country, each age, each day has a history peculiarly its own. On the pages of this history we see that life has always been a struggle between weakness and strength. The story of man is the survival of the fittest. That survival in every nation has been determined by the standard of the age.

In Sparta the fittest were those of physical strength. The worth of each man was determined by the physique he had developed. In Athens the standard was culture. The aesthetic in mind and body was their ideal. In the age of chivalry the knight was the hero. Physical powers was the ideal toward which every boy was taught to aim. Thus in every period the measure of the age was the attainment of the

strongest. The many were lost among the few.

As we look into modern society what constitutes the American scale of values? Alas! America has not one but many standards all equally unjust. There are many who see through the material eye. In our commercial age men are feverishly anxious for wealth. All time and strength are coined into gold. Even man's value is figured in money. A large fortune brings so great fame and honor that honest toil is despised. The millionaire is placed on the pinnacle; the laborer is held down. Wealth, then, is one of America's measures of man. But it is a false standard, and a nation with a material foundation must totter and fall.

Again the measure of greatness in man is determined by rank. Many men are wafted to fame through the greatness of ancestors and the achievements of parents. The prize is claimed by no personal merit. Birth has placed them in the seat of honor. They stand on inherited greatness. Is it right that exceptional parentage destines men to superior rank? Is it right that common parentage desines men to ordinary worth?

There are others who judge a man's value by what he knows. They apply the intellectual standard. The educated man is placed in a special class and the ignorant must look up and recognize him as masters.

The world has long enough had false standards. A man's worth is not determined by his gold, by his

ancestors, or by his knowledge. We need money, we need noble parentage, we need education; but neither dare influence our estimate of man's value. We owe too much to the man who claims none of these. To measure him thus would mean injustice to him. Through him our nation has realized her greatest achievements in the past, through him she is approaching her zenith today; and through him she shall reach her highest glory in the future.

The day of the low-wage is nearing twilight. The motto, "Efficiency to make money and hoard it up," is becoming more and more unpopular. Society is becoming started at her practice of making the weak become weaker. She is beginning to realize the importance of mutual love and service.

The common man is calling for social democracy. What will America do? We already see her golden age dawning. Men are recognizing the debt of strength to weakness. Those who selfishly get much and give little are losing their standing in society. When a weak man falls, we are less ready to hold him down. If one drops in life's race we are increasingly ready to lift him. Love sings the dawn of a new day. Once more we hear the Declaration of '76 that all men are free and equal. Once more the nation is thrilled by its echoes, this time never to be forgotten.

There is only one standard for measuring man's value. It is applicable in every nation and in every life. What a man is, is the su-

preme thing in life. Character stands the test of life; nothing else does. The world is full of counterfeits and imitations but we need that which weighs sixteen ounces to the pound every time it is weighed. Horace Greely said, "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings; those who cheer today will curse tomorrow, only one thing endures—character."

Life's one task is the making of manhood and womanhood. That which all the great in the past have carried about was character. What beauty is to the painting, what polish is to the gem, what strength is to the body—that character is to the soul. Great is the power of gold, mighty the influence of institutions but the greatest force that can exist is the power of good men. As Shakespeare first reveals the real riches of the imagination, as Raphael first unveils the possibilities of color, so Jesus Christ stands as the model of the highest and noblest character. This has been the price paid for all true greatness in the past. Nothing but the noble manhood of Lincoln could safely direct the Civil War; nothing but the integrity of a Luther could so effectively shake the Christian world; nothing but the perfect life of the Son of God could save the world.

Character is the only true measure of man and it is equally fair to all. It is the only foundation for a lasting civilization. It is the only road to greatness.

According to present standards thousands are going through the

world with soiled characters, yet they pass for real men: Thousands who ought to be marked, "Soiled—Reduced in value," pass at par. Shall we continue to allow the well-dressed rogue to be honored and the honest hearted laborer to be held down? Shall we allow reputation to veil character? Shall we allow paupers to live in palaces and millionaires of character to live in huts? Shall we continue to propagate a stratified society based on false standards?

Every true-hearted American citizen says, "No." Let us take for our motto, "Excelsior in character." Let us earnestly strive to possess the noblest of possessions. Let us be the citizens of a land where character is the only legal tender.

This new standard is the only true leveling process in society. Each man must then rise through his personal worth, each must be measured by what he really is, and each may run the race equally well.

What will this new standard mean? No office can be won by political pull; no one can live as an ornament in society because of others' labors and achievements; no well-dressed imitation can pass for a real man; no worthy person can be hindered by poverty or rank; no really great man can be crushed. Every one will have an equal chance to give the world his best.

Who then shall give the world this new standard? Not the millions of sons who are paying the price of blood for world democracy; not the nations whose homes are destroyed and whose womanhood and child-

hood is crushed. The world needs a new civilization based on new principles. This is the mission of America. May she respond and give to the world a loftier conception of the value of human life, and a deeper appreciation of true manhood and womanhood. May she be a beacon light of civilization to all people; an example of righteous-

ness to crushed nations; the interpretation of the message of the Christ to all the world. May the world's Golden Age be ushered in through her influence; and may all nations through her intervention meet and clasp hands in a universal brotherhood of man.

—Sara Shisler.

Religious News

Rev. Chalmers Shull, Traveling Secretary of the United Student Volunteers, visited the Elizabethtown Volunteers from October the fourth to the sixth. On Friday evening he spoke to the student body at large. The aim of his message was to impress the world need in such a way that the students might learn to think in world terms, and decide to serve when the need is the greatest. He also met the volunteers in two private meetings. His suggestions and encouragement are much appreciated and will prove helpful thruout the year.

On Saturday evening he again addressed the student body. The theme of his talk was the value of Mission Study. He further told how some of our greatest missionaries received their call by getting a vision of the need through Mission Study.

His full consecration and devotion to the missionary cause, together with his enthusiasm for the work inspired each one who came in touch with him.

The Volunteer Band is again organized and ready for work. These are times of intensive work and great sacrifice everywhere. The whole world spells "Opportunity" for the mission cause, and the Volunteers must meet the challenge with their best efforts.

Our number is not so large as last year. Some were hindered from coming because of the draft, some are teaching and others are attending school elsewhere. However, those who are here mean to "attempt great things for God and expect great things from God." Two students have already signed the pledge this year and several others are thinking about it.

The plans for the year are not yet completed. Last year some missionary programs were given in different churches. That is one way in which as Volunteers we could be of service. We are hopeful that it may be our privilege to enter even more churches this year. A letter or a card will bring the Volunteers to any local churches. There are many

phases of work at the school, and in the community that the Band is thinking about taking up. At present an attempt is being made to have a one hundred per cent. Mission Study enrollment.

The opportunities of the Volunteers here are great, the laborers as yet are few, but with a vision of the future, and the promise of the Master's help this school year's activities cannot fail. —S. C. S.

Bible Institutes

Professors Meyer and Nye held a Bible Institute at Mechanicsburg, Camberland county recently. The interest is reported to have been excellent and the seven sessions were all well attended. Many former students were present at these sessions and contributed to the inspiration of the meeting. Professor Meyer's lessons were based on the Sermon on the Mount with the exception of Saturday night when he spoke on the theme, "In the Days of Youth." Professor Nye spoke on doctrinal themes throughout the institute. The work of these teachers was much appreciated. They are invited to return to give similar work.

In the month of August Professors Nye, Meyer, and Ober held a Bible Institute at Indian Creek, Montgomery County. The attendance and interest were remarkable. Following one of the afternoon sessions a reunion of teachers, students, and friends of Elizabethtown College was held. Many expressions of the efficiency of the work done at the college were given by former students.

Professors Nye and Schlosser held a three days' Bible Institute at Quakertown, Bucks County, from September 27 to the 29th. Only a few years ago this was a mission point of the Springfield Congregation. The members attended most of the sessions. Many friends were made for the school and a few students promised to be at school in the near future.

During the past summer four members of the college faculty conducted revival meetings. Professor Ober at Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Professor Nye at Hoernerstown, Pennsylvania; Professor Meyer at Pine Grove, Pennsylvania; Professor Schlosser at Akron, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and at Westminster, Maryland. —R. S.

Resolutions of Sympathy

Whereas, we are called upon to mourn the death of our beloved Elder Jesse Ziegler, President of the Board of Trustees of Elizabethtown College.

Therefore, be it resolved—

First. That we as a faculty, express our deepest sorrow in the loss of a genial friend, a devoted elder in the church, a far-sighted counsel-

or in the education of our young people, and a devout Christian who endeared himself to all.

Second, That we owe to his memory an offering of high esteem for his generous devotion to all worthy causes and especially to the best interests of Elizabethtown College.

Third, That we express to the family of our dear brother our heartfelt sympathy in this sore bereavement.

Fourth, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minutes of the faculty, that they be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be published in Our College Times and in the Royersford Newspaper.

Committee,

Elizabeth Myer,
R. W. Schlosser,
Jacob S. Harley.

It is in appreciation of the services of one who was greatly interested in young people and in the promotion of Christian Education,

That we the student body of Elizabethtown College, keenly feeling our loss in the death of Elder Jesse Ziegler, the President of the Board of Trustees:

Resolve,

That we extend our sympathies to the sorrowing family and commend them to Him who cares and alone can comfort and cheer the wounded heart,

That we cherish in memory the cheer his presence brought to us and the inspiration his life, words and sacrifices gave to us.

That a copy of these expressions of sympathy be sent to the family, and another be sent to his son Robert, a former student who is now in France, and that they be published in "Our College Times."

Committee.

Sara C. Shisler,
John F. Graham,
Bertha A. Price,
Ephraim G. Meyer,
Ruth S. Bucher.

Whereas, in the decease of our fellow alumnus, Mr. Walter F. Eshleman, Elizabethtown College sustains the loss of a devoted friend, and loyal supporter, and in behalf of the still heavier loss sustained by those in closer association with him,

Therefore be it resolved, That the bereft parents and family be commended to the Lord whence comes the balm that heals the sorrows of life.

That we cherish in our memories the life of a friend who was so faithful a student, so earnest a Christian worker, so helpful a teacher, and so worthy an alumnus.

That a copy of these expressions of appreciation and resolutions of sympathy be sent to the sorrowing family, that they be spread on the minutes of the Alumni Association, and that they be published in "Our College Times."

Committee,

Edna E. Brubaker,
Mildred I. Bonebrake,
A. C. Baugher.

School Notes

Autumn!

Enrollment 92!

Impromptu Debate!

Return to books!

Join the Tennis Association!

What a 'Baum' for our Ethel.

An ideal brain is the devil's workshop.

Wanted—Someone to tune up Mr. Zendt's violin.

There are no student teachers this year. What is the reason?

An assistant in the book-room would be appreciated by all.

Wanted—Someone to get Miss Shank's debate from room 33.

We expect a chestnut outing soon so come again social committee.

Ask Miss Shank how she says "first" when playing tennis.

Just imagine, everyone (?) ready for breakfast at 7 a. m.

Miss Lettie Musser, Lancaster, Pa., spent Sunday with Miss Marie Myers.

Be patriotic and go over the top with your studies this year.

The canvassing committee have certainly done their best in getting lady students this year.

Girls, Girls, nothing but girls everywhere on College Hill this year. Boys are few and far between.

Pres. I. H. Brumbaugh from Juniata College, made a short visit here recently. He also gave an interesting address in the Elizabeth-town church.

The girls are cleaning their halls this year and keeping them as

home-like as possible. Are the boys doing the same?

By this time nearly every one has tried his tennis racket and many star players are expected. Don't disappoint us.

Sarcity of sugar is affecting Miss Eberly rather seriously for even Kline's chocolate has advanced in price.

A strange visitor was seen in Miss Sherman's room one evening recently. Ask her how it came and how it disappeared. Beware of ghosts.

Ask Harry Reber if he represents E. C. in its business affairs with Juniata College that so many of his letters are directed there.

Ask Mr. Graham why he doesn't attend Newville Sunday School as regularly as he did last year.

Did you send our College Times to your home folks? They would appreciate it, too.

If you find a stray bug present it to one of the members of the zoology class, they will appreciate it.

Coming up College avenue one Saturday evening just after twilight, Miss C. B. pointing toward the large red moon on the eastern horizon, said, "Look at that, isn't it wonderful?" A small cloud across it gave it the shape of a ship flying a flag. She and Miss S. spoke about it for sometime and then the conversation changed to another subject. When they were almost at College Miss C. B. exclaimed, "Oh,

look at the moon." It was then higher and was shining with its usual brightness. Miss S. puzzled to know why she was again speaking about the moon, said, "We saw it before." "No, I didn't," Miss C. B. answered. "Why we saw it rise," said Miss S. Then with a look of surprise Miss C. B. said, "Oh, I thought that was some other luminal phenomenon."

Ask Miss Shank why it took Mr. Taylor all afternoon to clean the chicken house.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Things are going splendidly under the supervision of Prof. Ober, our new president.

The outpost Sunday School is fairly under way, we urge all students to attend as often as possible.

Mouse in the piano room! Miss Gross on the radiator! Miss Heisey on the piano! Watch out girls.

Miss Brubaker—What is one of the chief characteristics of Mammoth cave?

Mr. Reber—It is a blue-grass region where they raise thoroughbred horses.

Talk about social privileges this year! Why we can talk at least twenty minutes with the ladies every Friday evening after Literary Society.

Literary Society is now operating in full swing. Many new members have been added to our list among whom we hope to find some able orators, debaters and musicians.

Gentlemen wishing to return in the small hours of the night should

grease the pulleys of the fire escape so that it doesn't disturb Prof. Harley's dreams.

The office looked like a new place when we entered it this fall due to the fact that it had been repaired through the kind efforts of Miss Sallie Schaffner, of Harrisburg, to whom we are very grateful.

The basket ball season will soon be here. How many of you have joined the basket ball association? We need your presence as well as your financial aid.

After a short time here Misses Pellman and Specht were obliged to return to their homes on account of vaccinations. They expect to return as soon as possible.

For some reason the electric bells have been rather irregular. But as long as Mr. King's lengthy means of locomotion are available what is the use to fix them.

We are glad to report that Miss Elizabeth Myer has returned to take up her duties at school again this year. She had been ill for some time but is in the best of health at present.

A large number of books were donated to the College library this fall by J. Kurtz Miller, of Brooklyn, New York. The donation is appreciated very much and there is still room for more.

We found very few slackers when the time came for cleaning the tennis courts this fall. A fine spirit of co-operation was manifested. Keep up the good work for there is still one more to clean.

A number of girls were delightfully entertained by Miss Brubaker.

One of them remarked that the arbor of honeysuckle vines were delicious and the Chinese tea was beautiful.

Charles Royer has received a brand new pair of spectacles as a result of his recent visit to Maryland. No doubt he puts both pairs on when reading those dailies from Illinois as gilded paper is hard on the eyes.

Prof. Ober sends us from chapel to our daily tasks with a smile on every face. Mrs. Via also sings, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile."

The first number on our lecture program this year will be a famous Welsh quartet. The second number will be a lecture by Dr. James Burns. He is a unique man with a unique story to tell. Prof. Ober calls this man a second Lincoln. Take him at his word and don't miss it.

The outing held on Saturday afternoon, September twenty-first was a delightful recreation. Hiking under the autumnal blue along the multi-tinted woodlands was highly invigorating; likewise, were the games. The social committee were at the height of popularity as fire builders, corn and sweet potato roasters and servers of refresh-

ments.

The first social of the year was the Faculty Reception. It was held in Music Hall, Alpha Hall, Sept. thirteenth at eight o'clock. As the students entered the hall they passed along the receiving line and were welcomed by the faculty members and their wives. After the students had spoken a few words to each member of the faculty they were served with grape juice from a punch bowl located on the platform in an alcove of flowers. Rugs, cushions, pennants, roses, palms and ferns in abundance decorated the room. After we had found seats we were served with ice cream and cakes and entertained by the victrola. After about an hour of conversation we bade the faculty members good night, thanking them for their efforts to make it a pleasant evening for us. We hope that similar occasions await us in the near future.

Elder Jesse Zeigler, president of the Board of Trustees, died at his home in Limerick on Saturday, September the twenty-eighth. The funeral services were held in the Mingo Church on Wednesday, October the second. Do not fail to notice the account of his self-sacrificing life in our next issue. —H. R.

Society Notes

We believe that the Keystone Literary Society has before it a bright future. Twenty-nine new members were admitted into its ranks at our first public meeting.

We welcome these new students and hope that they will deserve much pleasure and great profit from the exercises of the society.

Members of the Keystone Society, we are living in a unique period of the world's history. Today as never before, do we need as a part of our education, the ability to express our thoughts with power and simplicity, to debate with readiness and skill and to have a familiar acquaintance with the rules of order in organized assemblies.

These needs may be supplied if we as members of the Society will take advantage of all the opportunities offered to us thru the coming year. We urge that each one be wide awake to every opportunity and eagerly await the times when they may serve on programs or as officers of the society.

We here present to you a record of the work of the society during the last month. These are some of the programs rendered:

Patriotic Program

Sept. 6, 1918

Music, America. Society; Address, The Last Reserves, John Graham; Piano Solo, International March, Ruth Bucher; Reading, The Necessity of Government, Nathan Meyer; Address, President Wilson, The World's Leader, Ephriam

Meyer; Music, Star Spangled Banner, Society.

Regular Program

Sept. 13, 1918

Music, Reading, Mildred Baer; Vocal Solo, Enterline; Story, Laughlin; Address, Prof. H. H. Nye; Music, Star Spangled Banner, Society.

Regular Program

Sept. 20, 1918

Music, Star Spangled Banner, Society; Recitation, Ether Wenger; Vocal Solo, Forever and a Day, Ephriam Meyer; Impromptu Debate, Resolved that the fighting instinct retards the growth of Civilization, Affirmative—Sara Shisler and Ruth Bucher. Negative—Supera Martz and Ephriam Meyer. Music, Smile, Smile, Smile, Society; Reading, Edna Fogelsanger; Literary Echo, Harry Reber.

At a private meeting the following officers were elected to serve thru the month of October: President, Hattie Eberly; Vice President, Charles Royer; Secretary, Bertha Price; Treasurer, Raymond Wenger; Chorister, Ruth Bucher.

—N. M.

Reunions

The College Reunion at Black Rock, Pa.

On the fifteenth and sixteenth of August the Ministerial and Sunday Meeting, representing the Southern

District of Pennsylvania, convened at the Black Rock Church. The weather was very favorable and consequently many people came from a distance, as those from Eliz-

abettown, Waynesboro, York, Westminster and Virginia. The crowds were large and the programs inspired us to greater and better church and Sunday School work.

Immediately, after the noon meal was served on Friday the trustees, teachers, students, patrons and friends of Elizabethtown College formed a large circle on the grass under the tall locust trees. The centre of the circle was marked by our President, H. K. Ober, surrounded by several trustees and friends of the school. In the circumference were patrons, students and many friends. This circle of christian people seemed like a great drive-wheel, propelled by the Master and coupled to the machine, Elizabethtown College, which has for its aim "Educate for Service."

The trustees, Elders S. H. Hertzler, J. H. Keller and David Kilhefner; and teachers, Professors H. K. Ober, J. G. Meyer, and L. W. Leiter spoke of the College as a fine place for the young men and young women to learn what is required to make life large and lovely. The students and patrons readily followed with words expressing "What Elizabethtown College has meant to me."

The reunion was concluded by a selection of music by a male quartette, the title of which was "I want My Life to tell for Jesus." This is our President's favorite selection for the students on College Hill. It is his prayer and aim that the life of every one of his boys and girls should "tell for Jesus." —A. B.

The Elizabethtown College Reunion at Indian Creek

On Saturday afternoon, July the twentieth many of the students from surrounding communities, together with five teachers held a College Reunion in the Indian Creek church. This was the first reunion for Montgomery county students **but they hope that it was not the last.**

The attendance and interest was good. No special program had been arranged. Teachers, students and patrons had the opportunity to speak. Many short talks were given most of which were testimonies on the subject, "What Elizabethtown College has Meant to Me." Some spoke about the spiritual side and others about the mental or physical benefits.

No one will doubt its success when they know that Professors H. K. Ober, H. H. Nye, J. G. Meyer and Miss Crouthamel were present. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon from Parkerford, were also there and each gave a talk. Some others who attended were Misses Laura Hess, Martha Martin, Helen Oellig and Mr. Baugher. The others came from the surrounding churches.

Prof. Ober, the chairman, put life and humor into the meeting. He and each of the other teachers gave good inspiring talks. Many in the audience surely must have had a longing either to have been a student or to be one in the future. If there was any doubt in anyone's mind as to whether Elizabethtown is the school to attend, Prof. Harley settled that in his brief talk by saying, "If in doubt go to Elizabethtown." S. C. S.

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OUR COLLEGE TIMES

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Our College Times is published monthly during the Academic year by Elizabethtown College.

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Please renew in time and report any change of address to the business manager.

Subscription rates fifty cents per year; ten cents per copy; five subscriptions \$2.00

Entered as second-class matter April 19, 1909, at the Elizabethtown Postoffice.

Separate and Aloof

"Closed by department of health," thus reads the notice at the town entrance to the College campus. It was placed there several weeks ago and according to present indications it may remain there for a short season. A visitor, were he permitted to enter, would find to his surprise that the school is running wide open, and that there is not a healthier community any-

where. But the borough of Elizabethtown is being ravaged by the influenza, and as the College is just outside of the town proper, we were given the alternatives of closing school or providing in some way for the safety of the student body. So, with the approval of the local board of health, we entered upon the present arrangement which requires that all those dwelling in the

College buildings confine themselves to the campus, and that College Hill be closed to the public. Therefore we would not have you think of us as being quarantined to prevent the spread of a malady that exists in our midst; on the contrary, we have withdrawn from the multitude for fear of contagion; here is our refuge from the scourge that is sweeping our country; this is an oasis in the desert. From our viewpoint the great outside world bears the yellow label of disease—we are clean of the plague.

So here we are amid the seclusion of an abbey, and though sometimes we sigh to roam beyond the sacred precincts of the fold in somewhat the same spirit of perverseness as that shown by the ancient Israelites when they desired a king, yet all respect the injunction, and all reap the benefit of what our sober senses tell us is a wise and a wholesome regulation. We are "campused" by our voluntary act, but it is for self-protection. The incident affords another fine example of useful ends obtained by discipline. It is beautiful to see with what unanimity the young people are fulfilling a duty, distasteful and wearisome in itself; how each one is able to encourage the others by his example; and how the habit of directing our efforts in an organized way, which is a peculiarity of our modern life, enables us to respond quickly when there is a call for concerted action to meet an exigency. There is no one in the school family on College Hill who is not benefiting by the present ex-

perience. We are learning greater appreciation of ordinary blessings, we are obliged to exercise our powers of resource to a greater extent than usual, and lastly, being cut off from many sources of pleasure, we are afforded an excellent chance of learning how barren are our souls when we are thrown back upon ourselves, and how true the words spoken to the little boy who started out to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but who presently saw the bow fade away:

"So fleeting, so fading my boy
you will find
All jewels, all pleasures save
those of the mind."

"Te Deum Laudamus" (We praise Thee, O God), is the Latin title of a hymn of praise. During the past centuries, excepting the very earliest, of the Church's history Te Deums have been sung to celebrate the favorable outcome of a battle, the warding off of pestilence, or marked deliverance of any kind from impending evil. With the spread of Protestantism Christians have become less familiar with this custom, but the spirit which gave rise to it still lives. The true child of God will always be chanting Te Deums in his heart. The immunity we enjoy at Elizabethtown College is more than we deserve. We have not been over-scrupulous in guarding against infection. If we steer clear of the epidemic, for at this writing there is scarcely a trace of illness of any kind, should we not regard it as an intervention of Providence, and

should we not pour forth our hearts
in Te Deums of gratitude? "A
thousand shall fall at thy side, and
ten thousand at thy right hand; but
it shall not come nigh thee."

—Jacob S. Harley.

SCHOOL

I put my heart to school
In the world where men grow
wise
"Go out," I said, "And learn the
rule

Come back when you win the
prize."

My heart came back again
"Now where is the prize," I
cried,

"The rule was false, and the
prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was
pride."

I put my heart to school
In the wood where the veeries
sing

And the brook runs clear and cool
In the fields where the wild
flowers spring.

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you
roam?"

The answer came back with a laugh
and a song—

"I find this school is home."

—Van Dyke.

The Far-off Hills

The hills, the hills, the far-off hills,
That warm the heart ere soon the
chills

Of half-remembered pains steal
back

Along that silent, rock-strewn
track

Of broken years. The hills to me
Are symbols of deep mystery.

A new-born joy awakes and
thrills

And softly calls—"The hills!
The hills!"

The hills, the hills, the far-off hills!
O subtle charm, that gently stills

This throbbing tempest of my
love

And bids me seek the heights
above;

The heights where, passionless, my
gaze

Beholds the light of perfect days,
Of sunlight fields, of rushing rills,
Of blue-crowned skies—and O, the
hills!

The hills, the hills, the far-off hills,
Whose dimness all my being fills

With quaint imaginings; and lo,
The shadow-dreams of Long Ago

When forests heard the nomad's
wail.

A seeker lost beyond the trail—
Demand the heart forget her ills
And dwell with you—my far-off
hills

—Roscoe Gilmore Stott.

The Passing of Elder Jesse Ziegler

Bro. Ziegler was born July 18, 1856, in Berks County, Pa., and died Sept. 28, 1918, of tuberculosis of the bone, at Limerick, Pa. He was the oldest son of Daniel Ziegler by his second marriage. His mother's maiden name was Mary Conner.

Bro. Ziegler's educational training consisted of what the common schools of his neighborhood then had to give. He spent several terms at the Kutztown State Normal School and a Teachers' Normal, at Sterling, Ill. While the time spent in school was thus limited, he was always a student and had attained a fund of knowledge that might well be envied by many who had far greater educational advantages. He was well informed on current events, had an analytic order of mind, a good memory and a keen discernment. At the age of sixteen years he began teaching public school, and taught ten terms. He was married to Hannah Horning April 6, 1879. His faithful and devoted wife, and five sons of the immediate family—all members of the church—survive him.

Soon after his marriage he moved to Berks County, Pa., and a few years later to Montgomery County, same State, where he farmed and taught school, preached and presided over churches, and admirably performed his duties on various committees, both local and national. He was president of the Board of

Trustees of Elizabethtown College till the Lord called him home. Bro. Ziegler had also learned the carpenter's trade and worked at it for several years. Only a few years before his death he erected a set of farm-buildings at Lake Ridge, N. Y.

He united with the church at Rock Creek, Ill., in 1877, was elected to the ministry May 10, 1890, advanced to the second degree October 11, 1891 and ordained to the full ministry May 5, 1900. He had charge of the following churches at different times: Mingo, Upper Dublin and Reading—all in Eastern Pennsylvania. Mingo, his home church, was under his care from 1907 until the time of his death. He served on the District Mission Board two terms of three years each, did splendid work for the General Mission Board as solicitor, served on Standing Committee twice, and was President of the Board of Trustees of Elizabethtown College from the time of its founding to the date of his death.

The following traits of character especially qualified Bro. Ziegler for any work he undertook, whether in the secular, educational or spiritual realm. He was thoughtful, discreet, conservatively progressive, sympathetic, industrious, energetic, persistent and, above all, a devoted Christian. He knew no defeat in anything he undertook, except in his struggle with the

last enemy. It was largely due to his untiring efforts, as a solicitor, that the financial difficulties of the college were surmounted.

A few incidents from his life will serve to show his persistent and unselfish devotion to a cause. While engaged in farming, three of his horses died of an infectious disease and this compelled a thorough renovation of the stable. All stalls and mangers had to be removed and burned. This came at a time when he could ill afford such a loss, and when he had pledged hundreds of dollars to the college. He rebuilt the stalls and mangers, bought and paid for the horses, to replace those that had died, paid his college pledges, and smiled through it all.

A young man in his neighborhood had fallen a victim to the drink habit. It so preyed on Bro. Ziegler's mind that he could not sleep. He interested a neighbor in his scheme to save the young man. He took him to the Keeley Institute and, jointly with the neighbor, paid all the expenses. The young man was saved, paid his benefactors, and now owns one of the best farms in the neighborhood.

When the Lake Ridge Mission was being founded he, in company with Bro. John Herr, bought a large farm, and placed the young minister on it, with the understanding that neither he nor Bro. Herr would get any financial benefit from the investment. His one desire was to help the mission.

Bro. Ziegler was a leader. He was not made by his environment,—he made it. In his community his advice was sought by many of his neighbors. He was trusted and loved by all who knew him. His social qualities were of the highest order, he had a pleasing address and was easy to meet. His word was his bond.

As a preacher, he was logical, forceful, and convincing. His fine physique, strong personality, and the volume and clearness of his voice lent extra force to his clear logic and well-chosen language. His preaching received additional force from the clean and exemplary Christian life he lived.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, the house of worship being entirely too small to accommodate the grief-stricken audience. Twenty-eight elders and ministers of the Church of the Brethren, from two State Districts, were present, besides a number of ministers of other denominations.

He will be missed at District and General Conferences, especially at Elizabethtown College, but most of all in his home church and his home.

May the Lord graciously console his sorrowing family and his host of friends with the assurance that "for him to live was Christ and to die was gain."

Elizabethtown, Pa., Oct. 8.

—Samuel H. Hertzler.

Music Department

Music is taking a more important place at the present time than it has ever taken in the history of our country. People are realizing more fully the effect it has upon the individual, the community, and the nation.

The soldier goes to the front with song, his spirit is stirred, and he does not falter in his purpose. When he goes back to the Hut, weary in mind and body it is music that furnishes the recreation for his overwrought nerves and aids nature in restoring his spirits. In the camp life music helps him to forget his troubles, for who can be sad when hundreds of voices take up the strain, "Pack up your Troubles in your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile." However, it takes the good old hymns to touch his heart and bring him to the feet of Jesus.

The Community Singing is doing much to unite communities in thought and effort in the Red Cross Work and Liberty Loan Drives. The heart of the nation throbs to the patriotic appeal in the rousing music of The Star Spangled Banner and thousands are stirred to action.

Music is an art and its value to mankind is an art value. When that which is beautiful in our lives responds to the beautiful in art, our lives are enriched. When we see a beautiful sunset we feel like crying aloud and praising. We can't explain why. Just so when we hear good music we are thrilled and our better nature gains the ascendancy. The cares of life seem trivial for the

time and we think of the higher things. The influence of music is so far-reaching that it cannot be expressed in mere words.

School curricula that had previously neglected musical instruction are now requiring it as a regular study. Can you imagine what an effect that will have on the community? Instead of learning the songs by note, music will become a living thing which the student will understand. Any one who is preparing to teach should get a working knowledge of it.

The church is calling for song leaders and teachers. The young people who are talented along musical lines should go to school and take a full course in music until they are prepared to go back to teach in the different churches. The old time singing school should not be discontinued, but rather revived, and if need be, revised to suit the special needs, for, that is where the new songs should be taught and not in the song service preceding the preaching. After such training when we sing in the church service it will be with the spirit and understanding.

A Christmas Musical will be given some time during the week before the Christmas vacation. The Ladies' Glee Club will render a Cantata as an extra number of the Lecture Course some time in the Spring Term. Both of these will be announced later.

—Jennie Via.

Rosalynde

Had the sons of Sir John of Bordeaux all lived up to the legacy given them by their honorable father, this story might be far less animated. In the three sons, with respect to their attitude to this legacy, are characterized the three types of attitude in general: antipathy, apathy and sympathy.

The first is characteristic of Saladyne, the eldest, who, in utter disregard for his father's words, is inhuman in his treatment of the other two, because of his greed for all of his father's wealth. He is extremely cruel in his treatment of Rosader alone. On the other hand, his complete change of heart and attitude after his banishment is almost too complete to be natural, and his reward seems out of keeping with his former deeds. His repentance, however, is worthy of a gentleman, and is not to be lightly passed over.

The second type is characteristic of the second son, Fernandyne, of whom little is heard; save that he is a scholar engrossed in his work; and to whom, evidently, his father's estate gives little or no concern.

The third type is representative of the youngest son, Rosader, who is not only a brave youth, an honest brother, an ardent lover, but who is also valiant in honor. He is, so to say, the counterpart of his father's legacy. His sense of justice is keen; his forgiveness approaches the divine; and his honor is without

blemish. Another might have left a hungry lion kill so cruel a brother without any sense of injustice, but Honor told Rosader that, since it was his brother and he was able to prevent such a scene, his brother being unable to defend himself, it was his duty to attack the lion and save his brother at the risk of his own life. When Honor spoke, Rosader acted.

His love for Rosalynde was as unfeigned as it was constant. His description of her beauty and virtue, while lofty and unreal to an ordinary observer, was, no doubt, real to his passionate soul.

Torismond, the unlawful king, now does some heartless sowing for which he is yet to reap the harvest. Rosalynde is banished. Alinda, who deems it nobler to be a true, constant friend than to be obedient to a cruel, heartless father, prefers banishment with a friend to a cold, unfriendly palace. This scene is a beautiful type of true friendship; and is, in a sense, parallel to the love and devotion of Ruth and Naomi.

Torismond's later banishment of Saladyne, under the guise of revenge for his brother's wrongs, was after all only a scheme for his own selfish aggrandisement.

Life in the forest of Arden, unnatural in itself, reveals some beautiful traits of character. Rosalynde (Ganymede, as a page) although clothed in man's attire has still the

heart of a woman, and remains a true, virtuous woman to the end. She sees and recognizes Rosader, but he does not recognize in the pretty page the face of his Rosalynde. With this half misunderstanding, the story takes a humorous turn. Rosalynde in drawing from him as many expressions of love as possible, in going so far as to pretend that she is his Rosalynde in a mock marriage, and in concealing her identity till the day of the wedding, reveals her subtlety and charm. At the same time, however, she is feeding her own passion, and she allows her sympathy to reach out in helping poor Montanus to that which she feels is the only balm for a love-sick heart. The wonderful agility with which she plays all these parts is characteristic of a keen intellect and of

unfailing courage. Her esteem for her father, her unfeigned love for Rosader, her attachment to Alinda, her sympathy for the unfortunate Montanus, all these portray a charm and grace peculiar to a woman of her type and experience.

But Alinda, who left all for the sake of a friend, who showed such unselfish interest in the welfare of Rosader and Rosalynde, even before her own heart was pierced with Cupid's sly darts, is no less a type of noble, virtuous womanhood.

The wedding day which culminates in the unmasking of Rosalynde and the three marriages, of Rosalynde, Alinda and the shepherd, marks the climax of the story; and we see honor justly rewarded and sin, without repentance, duly punished.

—Anna Wolgemuth.

October

October! Is it the most beautiful month of the year? Opinions differ but many people consider it to be.

The principal thing to attract our attention on an ideal October day is the beautiful scenery. The leaves upon the trees are just beginning to turn from green to yellow, crimson, and brown. Some of the most beautiful combinations of colorings are painted by nature. The summer flowers are commencing to fade but the fringed gentian and goldenrod are in full bloom. The fields look bare after the corn is harvested but

some of them are just getting green with winter wheat and rye.

After the sun has risen and has driven the frost away with its bright golden shafts the atmosphere has just the amount of cold in it to keep one from getting sluggish. Over the dark blue sky, snow white clouds are drifting at times and at other times not a cloud is to be seen.

The forests are just yielding their fruits. Chestnuts are bursting from their jagged burs and shellbarks, hazelnuts and hickorynuts are

dropping. The squirrels and birds are busy gathering their supply for the long winter months. There is no other time in the year that a greater variety of delicious fruit is ready to be gathered. Frost bitten persimmons, pears, grapes, paw-paws and apples are the most important.

The work of the people of the rural districts consists chiefly of gathering the fruits of their hard summer's labor. Indeed this is a pleasant part of the year's work. The housewife is busy early and late, canning, preserving, and drying fruit and vegetables. Everything is put in readiness for the winter. The farmer's work likewise consists of storing grain into the barns for winter use. Furthermore

he sows in the fall for the next year's crop of wheat and rye.

October is not only a month of work but a month of many sports. The small school children are busy chasing falling leaves and butterflies when they are not working at their studies. The older ones play foot ball, tennis, and basket ball. They take advantage of the cool days by playing hard games that could not be played during the summer. The men and larger boys spend most of their leisure hours in gunning and many a happy squirrel or rabbit's life comes to an abrupt end on account of this sport.

From many viewpoints, October is one of the most delightful months of the year. —H. R.

Religious News

The value of Christian education in all phases of individual and national life is widely recognized. Some of our greatest educators and statesmen have paid tribute to the Christian College. They see the need of harmonizing the training of body, mind, and soul.

Today, the world is expecting results in every kind of work. Each man's best effort is the standard. As a Christian people our responsibility is paramount because we have that which the world needs most. In the great world program of making Christ King, real leadership is needed. There are many who

are now following a vision of an evangelized world, but many more workers are needed. This deficit must be met by the Christian Colleges.

The motto of Elizabethtown College is, "Service." Her highest aim is to send out workers fully equipped for the best leadership. Many opportunities to develop this power are offered to each student apart from his regular course of study.

The two outpost Sunday Schools that are conducted near Elizabethtown, afford great opportunities for students to become efficient Sunday School teachers. Some have al-

ready been assigned to classes at Newville, several at Stevens Hill, and a few in the Elizabethtown Sunday School.

Then, too, the Mid-week and Hall Prayer meetings, the Christian Workers Meeting, and the Consecration Service on Sunday morning not only inspire and strengthen the listener, but also afford excellent training for those who exercise in speaking and prayer. Former students, many of whom are leaders now, testify of the benefits received from these various activities.

Another means of development that no student can afford to miss is Mission Study. The work is now organized with an encouraging enrollment. One class with Miss Crouthamel as teacher is studying, "The Call of a World Task." Two classes are studying, "Christian Heroism in Heathen Lands." Miss Stauffer teaches one and the other is lead by Miss Schisler.

Besides these activities, we have the Volunteer Mission Band. It is composed of students who have dedicated their lives to the Master's use. Definite Christian work wherever God may lead is the Volunteer's aim. Five new members have been added this year. On Sunday evening, October thirteen the Volunteer Band rendered a short program in Music Hall. The topics were practical, and the thought presented were helpful, and applicable to student life.

On Wednesday evening, October the twenty-third Prof. Ober spoke to the students at Prayer Meeting. His great interest and faith in young people, and his strong desire to help them to see and to will to do the things worth while in life, enabled him to speak very affectively. The burden of his appeal was a true Christian spirit permeate the atmosphere on College Hill thruout the year.

—S. S.

School Notes

Quarantine!

Everybody campused!

Who is Miss C. B?

Hurrah! Four tennis courts are available.

Happiness is not the end of life, character is. Wanted—Why more tennis balls!

Has Professor Meyer been wearing a raincoat and rubbers recently as a protection from formalin showers?

One today is worth two tomorrows. —Benjamin Franklin.

Miss Wenger's pet phrase seems to be "git that."

Nathan Meyer (at dinner table) —These crackers are very brisk. (brittle).

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

Wanted—Some one to hold I. W. T. down on the basket ball floor.

Miss F. sprains her fingers at writing and her ankles at playing tennis.

Better a little chiding than a deal of heart break. Shakespeare.

Miss Z. claims that gazing is the chief occupation of the blue grass region.

Mr. Zendt's father made a short visit here recently.

Miss Bertha Price returned home October the eighteenth to attend the funeral of her brother.

Paul Wenger has reached this decision; "The more I study the dumber I get."

Will some one please inform Miss W. that blocks are hard on tennis rackets.

Prof. Schlosser gave us a valuable talk in chapel on "How to use the library."

"Don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you,
You'll only double trouble
And trouble others too.

Girls beware of Mr. Graham, the all day tennis player. Miss Bucher is one of his victims.

Miss Crouthamel while directing an Indian game at the corn roast; "Now the men will be the squaws."

A man is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Miss Naomi Young upon her return home succumbed to an attack of the influenza and has been unable to return.

If any one knows of a barber who would like a "get rich quick scheme," send him to memorial Hall.

Beware of the two promenaders and general disturbers; namely, O. Z. and C. R.

Nobody has the Spanish Influenza here as yet but Mr. C. R. had the gout until College English was over and Miss S. couldn't walk until the ice cream arrived.

Miss Ruth Taylor has come here to spend a vacation with her parents until the quarantine is lifted from the school which she teaches.

If you ever hear of a horse that has strayed or been stolen, be on the alert for one with a white spot on his forehead.

Miss Royer (speaking of John Milton's works), "Il Penseroso was about the serious man and L'Allegro, about the bad man.

Miss Brubaker, "If you were playing tennis in Nevada you would have to seek shelter rather hurriedly sometimes. Do you know why?"

Student, "Because of the sand which is (sad wiches) piled up there.

On account of the quarantine we could not be entertained by the "Welsh Quartet" as we had anticipated but we expect them to come sometime in March.

Gentleman Student, "Just give me time and I will be a preacher."

Miss Kilhefner, "And then will you marry me (perform the ceremony)?"

Gentleman Student, "No. I'd rather be an old bachelor the rest of my life."

A new hall regulation has been adopted which works splendidly. All visiting is to be done before 7:30 p. m., and between 9:30 and

10 p. m. The two intervening hours to be observed strictly as a study period.

The student body welcomed Mr. Fred Fogelsanger to their number recently. We soon learned that his summer vacation has not changed his sunny disposition in the least.

On Sunday, October the twentieth we were surprised to be treated with ice cream. It could not have come at a better time than a rainy Sunday.

Mr. B. escaped trouble recently by finding out about which "Fogie" several of the boys were talking. If he doesn't watch out he will find himself playing tennis with the wrong one.

Prof. Harley was apparently effected by the "Apple Jack" story at the corn roast for after hunting all over the office for his spectacles he discovered that he was wearing them.

Mrs. E. W. Hollopeter of Rockton, Pennsylvania, informs us by letter that her son Mark Hollopeter died at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, on October the thirteenth. Mr. Hollopeter was at Camp Greenleaf only six weeks when he succumbed to an attack of Influenza and pneumonia.

It has been suggested that we have a dialogue between Mr. Taylor and Prof. Harley to determine whether the beans are full of juice or the juice is full of beans.

Miss Shisler is much concerned about finding four leaf clovers. During a stroll recently she was heard to exclaim, "I found a four leaf for my Latin, one for my Greek

but what shall I do for my English?"

We received a very beneficial and inspiring talk from Professor Ober in prayer meeting, October the twenty-third. He pointed out especially each student's duty to the church and school, and their responsibility as a representative of their home district.

All the precautions practicable are being taken to keep the Epidemic from College Hill. The day students are obliged to board at the college; the teachers are allowed to go back and forth providing they have no sickness in their family and disinfected themselves properly. Mentholatum and salt mouth washes are part of the disinfection practiced by all.

Because of the fact that we are not allowed to go off the campus at present we notice the beautiful works of nature about us and appreciate them more fully. But all are eager for a good, long hike.

A few of our friends chose an unlucky time to visit College Hill when they chose October the twelfth and thirteenth for they were given their choice of leaving or staying here for an indefinite length of time. They decided upon the former. Among the unfortunates were: Misses Hulda Holsinger, Salinda Dohner and Messrs. John Shearman, Henry Wenger, and Walter Longenecker. We hope they will soon try it again with better luck.

Wednesday evening during the week that school was closed on account of the quarantine the stu-

dents were invited to go out on the tennis court after supper. One court had not yet been cleaned and the general impression was that this was to be the job. As usual there were no slackers, but the social committee had an agreeable surprise for us in the form of a corn roast, preceded by Indian Games. The glowing embers, the deepening twilight and the glimmering stars overhead established an exquisite setting for the story teller's art and vocal melodies.

All day, October the eighteenth, Misses Eberly and Fogelsanger were busy collecting money for the marsh mallow toast on the campus the following evening. We were urged by all to attend. The evening was clear and a large moon was coming over the horizon. Professor Via built a fire on the base ball diamond to toast marshmallows while games were played. When the fires were ready Miss Stauffer thought it best for us to come in out of the night air, so we, obedient children, started for the gymnasium. Here we played games until it was announced that fires were ready in the kitchen to toast our marsh mallows. The kitchen was the final scene. Marsh mallows and more marsh mallows were toasted amid a setting of care free jollity while pears were served and and pairs slowly dissolved as we sang "Good Night Ladies."

The first public game of basket ball this season was played Wednesday, October the ninth. Many new players were in this game altho a

number had played before. The score was as follows:

	Fair Foul	Fair Foul
Taylor, F.....	17 8	Baum.....7
Zendt, F.....	2	H. Royer 1
King, C.....	2	Reber.....4 5
Wenger, G... 1		Meyer....2
C. Royer, G.		H. E. Via

Total, 66-33. Referee J. F. Graham.

The second public basket ball game this season was held October twenty-fifth at 4:20 p. m. The score was as follows:

	Fair Foul	Fair Foul
Zendt, F....	4 0	Reber.....5 0
Wenger, F..	2 0	Ober.....1 0
King, C....	0 0	Fogelsanger, 3 0
Baschore, G.	0 0	Baum.....1 0
Raffensperger, G.	1 0	Royer 0 0

The Bulletin Board

Strew gladness in the paths of men,
You will not pass this way again.

Learn patience from the lesson,
Tho 'the night be drear and long;
To the darkest sorrow there
comes a morrow,

A right to every wrong.

—J. T. Trowbridge.

The boy that by Addition grows,
And suffers no Subtraction,
Who Multiplies the thing he knows,
And carries every Fraction,
Who well Divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving,
To sure success, aloft will climb,
Interest Compound receiving.

Society Notes

October's calendar sheet has been discarded and November schedules the rapidly passing days. On this discarded sheet are records of commendable society work of which we shall give our readers a glimpse.

Three general programs were given. The attendance at these programs was lower than at the programs given last month. This is due to the quarantine which bars the public from our meetings. We hope that the friends of the society, who live in town and elsewhere will attend the public program, after the quarantine is lifted.

The questions debated during October were;

1. Resolved, That a day in October may mean more than a day in June. Affirmative—Charles Royer and Esther Kreps. Negative—Isaac Taylor and Florence Shenk.

2. Resolved, That America should have been named after Columbus rather than in honor of Americus Vesputius. Affirmative—Nathan Meyer and Sarah Royer. Negative—Raymond Wenger and Minnie Myer.

3. Symposium, "Which is the most important, Liberty, Union or Democracy?" This was ably discussed by Misses Esther Kreps, Ruby Oellig, and Fanny Brubaker.

The following honorary members served as judges. For question (1) Professor Harley, Messrs. Graham and E. Meyer; for question (2)

Professor Via, Mrs. Via and Miss Crouthamel; and for the symposium (3) Professor Via, Mrs. Via and Misses Taylor, Kilhefner and Martz.

A number of instructive and entertaining readings were likewise given: Robin Red Breast, Hannah Sherman; The Delights of October's Weather, Mary Bixler; Columbus in Chains, Maria Myers; The Bald Headed Man, Ruth Bucher. Other renditions worthy of note were an essay, Ideals—Emma Ziegler; an Interpretation, Columbia The Gem of the Ocean—Ephraim Meyer; a recitation, October's Bright Blue Weather—Miss Kathryn Zug; an original dialogue—Professor Harley and Clayton Reber.

At a private meeting the following officers were elected to serve during November: President, Harry Reber; Vice President, Daniel Baum; Secretary, Maria Myers; Critic and Censor, Miss Floy Crouthamel.

Members, friends and all who are interested in society work are most heartily invited to attend the following program in Music Hall.

Regular Program

November 8, 1918

Music, Mixed Quartet; Declamation, Seeking Promotion, Harvey Royer; Recitation, Mary Henning; Debate, Resolved, That the Orator Wields More Influence Than the

Press. Affirmative—Daniel Baum and Paul Wenger. Negative—Horace Raffensperger and Ethel Wenger; Music; Critics Remarks; Adjournment.

Program Committee,

R. W. Shlosser,
Hattie Eberly,
Florence Shenk,
Nathan Meyer.

Having missed one officer of the October organization in our last issue it appears here. Censor and Critic. Miss Edna Brubaker.

—N. M.

Lack of space caused us to omit the Alumni Notes in the October Number.

Alumni Notes

Class of 1918

The last class that was graduated from the College consisted of eleven members: one in the College Preparatory Course, three in the Pedagogical Course, two in the English Scientific Course, one in the Advanced Commercial Course, and four in the Stenographic Course.

Sara C. Shisler, who was president of this class is back at College taking up College studies; Aaron Gingrich Edris and Ezra Wenger are working on their father's farm; Mary Irene Francis, has enrolled as a student at Juniata College; Kathryn E. Leiter, although under age for an applicant as teacher in the public schools was encouraged to take teachers' examination which she did, but when last heard from, had not accepted a school as teacher; Mary Ethel Rittenhouse is employed at the Philadelphia and Reading Terminal in Philadelphia; Salinda M. Dohner is working in the office of the Hershey Chocolate Company, Hershey, Pa.; Marion M.

Reese, in the office of Klein's Chocolate Factory, Elizabethtown; Ella Holsinger, in the office of Kreider Shoe Factory, Elizabethtown; and Anna M. Landis is working for her father's Auto-truck and Tractor Company, Rheems, Pa.

Much of the success of Elizabethtown College depends upon the character and work of her graduates. The alumni association of our school now numbers three hundred. Many of these are engaged in business pursuits, some are homemakers, others are missionaries, college professors, high school principals, bank cashiers, or ministers of the gospel. The association has representatives in both India and China mission fields. The following alumni are members of the College faculty: J. G. Meyer ('05), R. W. Schlosser ('06), H. H. Nye ('12), Floy S. Crouthamel ('10), Edna Brubaker ('14), Mrs. Jennie Miller Via ('09), Ruth Kilhefner ('17), Mildred Bonebrake ('17).

Rebekah Sheaffer ('13), who is in her senior year at Ursinus College, has just recovered from an attack of Spanish Influenza.

burg, where Mr. Martin is employed as teacher.

Cradle Roll

Edgar Diehm ('13) is the proud father of a little girl, Mary Jane, who opened her eyes to the light of this world at the General Hospital in Lancaster. Mrs. Diehm and the baby are at present staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hertzler of Elizabethtown. She will return with her husband to Royersford after the close of a series of meetings which he is now conducting.

Marriages

Married—Francis Olweiler and Viola A. Withers some time during the summer. These graduates are located at Allentown, where they are doing light housekeeping and where Mr. Olweiler is in the Sanitary Department of the U. S. Ambulance corps.

Married—Daisy M. Rider and Leland H. Haldeman ('10) were married in last March. They are at house keeping in Alexandria near Washington, D. C. Mr. Haldeman is Lieutenant and can be at home only three days in a week. Daisy works part of her time in an office in Washington assorting finger-prints of the soldier boys.

Married—Some time last spring, C. L. Martin and Grace Moyer. This happy couple occupy rooms near Mercersburg Academy at Mercers-

Khaki Column

The following are serving under the U. S. colors in France: J. Harold Engle, Hiram M. Eberly, Paul H. Engle, Paul M. Landis, James Blaine Ober, W. Scott Smith, Enos Frey, Paul C. P. Gronbeck, Paul K. Hess, Robert J. Ziegler. About twenty are in the training camps or cantonments in this country. We regret to record in our alumni notes the death of Walter Forney Eshleman ('12) which occurred at Camp Dix, N. J., on Wednesday, October, second.

Just about three weeks ago Walter said good-bye to his friends in Elizabethtown in his general manner, and how little we thought that in such a short time the death angel would claim him. His parents on receiving a telegram stating that Walter was critically ill started for Camp Dix, but on their arrival they found that he had passed away. His death was due to the prevalent disease, Spanish Influenza. His body was accompanied to Elizabethtown by his comrade, Private Paul Heisey, who had entered camp with him just a short time ago.

Extracts taken from letters written by boys in camp: "I am sure you are interested in the fact that our fellow student J. Oram Leiter has lately been permanently transferred to the Base Hospital here at Camp Meade. The total for Elizabethtown working in this hospital now is four: namely, Albert L. Reber,

George S. Weaver, J. Oram Leiter and I."—David Markley.

"I have been in quite a few of the quaint villages of this country, and I found them just as they are described by novelists and historians. Some of the buildings are seven hundred years old, and older. The people are inclined to be more romantic than aggressive, but they are happy, and one cannot help admiring them for the attitude with which they accept the privations and sacrifices they are called upon to make for their country. The natural scenery is extremely beautiful, and one cannot help but be inspired to do great things when he walks out into the country to an elevation that commands a view of the surrounding country. The rivers are small but picturesque. They turn the water-wheels of many old-fashioned mills that have been long extinct in the states. And we have many times during this warm weather taken advantage of their refreshing water for a plunge. . . . Letters are a luxury over here. People who are back home don't realize the joy their letters bring to us."—Blaine Ober.

In The Service

Louis Ulrich, "F." Squadron, Brooks Field, San Antonia, Texas; Mr. Alfred Eckroth, "Co" Farm, Hagerstown, Md.; Pvt. Joseph Harold Engle, 3rd Co. 6th P. O. D., Ist. prov. Regt., A. E. F. Via N. Y.; Pvt. Walter McAllister, 155 Depot Brigade, Camp Lee, Va.; Grant Weaver, Base Hospital, Camp

Meade, Md.; Lieut. R. W. Howell, 17th Brigade, Inf. Rep. Comp, Camp Lee, Va.; Pvt. H. M. Eberly, Co. D., 304th Engrs., A. E. F. Via N. Y.; Mr. C. M. Neff, Manchester, N. H.; Paul Engle, Hg. Co., 316 Inf. A. E. F. Via N. Y.; Paul M. Landis, Battery T. 76 Reg. F. D., A. E. F. Via N. Y.; Elmer Ruhl, Farm, Hagerstown, Md.; Corp. James B. Ober, Co. K. 331st Infantry, A. P. O. No. 762, A. E. F. Via N. Y.; Paul K. Hess, 307 Field Ambulance Co., A. E. F. care of B. E. F.; E. M. Crouthamel, Camp Lee, Va., Q. M. Detachment; David Markey, Base Hospital, Camp Meade, Md.; Robert J. Zeigler, Headquarters Co. 316 Inf., A. P. O. 771, A. E. F. via N. Y.; Russell L. Royer, Centerville, Md. care of Mrs. H. B. Wilmer; George C. Neff, Ft. Bliss, El Paso, Texas, Base Hospital; Joshua Reber, Quartermaster Detachment, Camp Lee, Va.; Lieut. A. M. Falkenstein, M. Co., 45 Inf., Camp Sheridan, Alabama; Holmes Falkenstein, Walter Reed Hospital Barrack, Washington, D. C.; Arthur R. Burkhart, American Expeditionary Forces, Siberia, care of Depot Quartermaster, San Francisco, Cal.; Harry D. Royer, Organization Base Hospital 62, A. E. F.; Ira Herr, W. Scott Smith, Earl H. Gish, Benj. E. Groff, Lineaus B. Earhart, Ira G. Myers, Enos Frey, Henry B. Brandt, Robert Becker, Paul C. P. Gronbeck, Frank S. Wise, J. Oram Leiter, Brandt Earhart, Walter Landis, Clarence Keifer, Edison Brubaker, Paul Burkholder, Raymond Gibhart, Clarence Musselman, Samuel Claar.

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OUR COLLEGE TIMES

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Alumni Editor.....	Elizabeth Myer
Religious News Contributor.....	Sara Shisler
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Our College Times is published monthly during the Academic year by Elizabethtown College.

This paper will have to be discontinued as soon as the time of subscription expires as an action of the United States legislature.

Please renew in time and report any change of address to the business manager. Subscription rates fifty cents per year; ten cents per copy; five subscriptions \$2.00 Entered as second-class matter April 19, 1909, at the Elizabethtown Postoffice.

Peace on Earth

We have again reached the end of the calendar. It is December, the month of cold, of snows, of Christmas. We bring to our circle of readers the good wishes of the holiday season. May Yuletide cheer be yours. Let us enter into the spirit of the time and celebrate with gladness the birthday of our Lord, and by His grace let it be the birthday of fresh joy and rapturous expectation to the children of men.

Let us think of the "glory yet to be," May there once more revive in each bosom the exuberance of youth, for the world is young, hope is young, the kingdom of God is in its prime. "We have seen his star in the east." "Hark, the herald angels sing!" A Merry Christmas to all!

And at this particular Christmastide the words, "peace on earth," suggest themselves strongly

as a theme, now that the nations have ceased to war and what we hope to be a long era of good will is ushered in. When the Prince of Peace made his first advent to earth it is said there was universal concord among nations, and when the angels sang, "Peace on earth," many may have thought that all wars were now over. But when the beautiful evangel floated earthward from heaven's blue nineteen hundred years ago and fell upon the ears of humanity, it fell upon deaf ears, as the intervening centuries of oppression and bloodshed will testify. The Prince of Peace taught them concretely how to pursue a heavenly career upon earth, and lived it out before their eyes, but their eyes were holden.

According to Ussher's chronology with the end of the present century six thousand years will have elapsed since Adam; and students of the prophetic writings expect that then the millennium will dawn, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and battle-spears into pruning-hooks. Statesmen, reformers, political economists, and educators believe that with the stifling of the military monster of central Europe the world has already shaken itself free, and stands even now in the clear and unfailing light of a Christian civilization. Those entrusted with the framing of a treaty between the nations recently at war and with the problems of reconstruction, are striving, we believe, to reorganize the political life of Europe without national bias and with the one thought of how best to promote the brotherhood of man.

But whatever shall be the success of the effort they at present are making, we know that some day the peace which is now the daily experience of many a heart will become the heritage of nations and races, and that righteousness will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. So as the old year again draws to its close and the winds of winter blow, we seem to recall like a happy dream the wonderful lines from Tennyson's song, Ring out Wild Bells, and we long for the time when the wish shall become a beautiful reality, and when earth's millions shall sing with the angels. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men:"

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws..

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—J. Harley.

Peace Over Earth Again

Rejoice, O world of troubled men:
For peace is coming back again—

Peace to the trenches running red,
Peace to the hosts of the fleeing
dead.

Peace to the fields where hatred
raves.

Peace to the trodden battle graves.

'Twill be the peace the Master left
To hush the world of peace bereft—

The peace proclaimed in lyrics
cries

That night the angels broke the
skies.

Again the shell-torn hills will be
All green with barley to the knee;

And little children sport and run
In lone once more with earth and
sun.

Again in rent and ruined trees
Young leaves will sound like silver
seas;

And birds now stunned by the
red uproar

Will build in happy boughs once
more;

And to the bleak uncounted graves
The grass will run in silken waves;

And a great hush will softly fall
On tortured plain and mountain
wall.

Now wild with cries of battling
hosts

And curses of the fleeing ghosts.

And men will wonder over it—

This red upflaming of the pit;

And they will gather as friends
and say,

"Come, let us try the Master's
way.

Ages we tried the way of swords.

And earth is weary of hostile hardes.

Comrades, read out His words
again:

They are the only hope for me!

Love and not hate must come to
birth;

Christ and not Cain must rule the
earth."

—Edwin Markham.

Our New Business Manager

During the past summer the employment committee succeeded in getting Elder I. W. Taylor and wife to locate at the College. This fills a long-felt need of having a man and wife in charge of the buildings, who live on the grounds.

The subject of this sketch was born on the farm in Lancaster County, near New Holland where his early life was spent. He attended the public school as he says,

"part of terms only" due to the many existing duties on the farm. At the age of sixteen he left the public school and at eighteen started to learn a trade. When twenty years of age we find him turning his steps toward school with a strong desire for better preparation for the further duties of life. Attending a select school at Terre Hill, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, he prepared to teach. He

taught in the public schools in Earl Township the term of 1875-76 after which he turned to his trade. This enterprise soon enlarged into an important industrial factor in his locality. Such success could be expected under the management of this efficient and genial mechanic.

Elder Taylor united with the Church of the Brethren in 1880 and nine years later we find him elected to the office of deacon. After two years of service in this office, the church called him to the Ministry where he has proven himself a highly efficient servant of his Master during more than a quarter of a century. In 1899 he was ordained to the Eldership and a busy Elder he has been ever since as will be evidenced by the following facts:

From the time of his ordination he has had charge of the Spring Grove congregation which office he holds at present. For more than ten years he was Elder in Charge of the Lancaster, Conestoga and Ephrata Congregations. For several years he has presided over the Congregations of Akron and of Lititz as Elder in Charge. He has been an active factor in the work of the State District of the Church being actively connected at some time or other with practically every District enterprise. He served for three years as District Missionary Secretary, for twelve years a member of the District Mission Board, being Secretary of the District Mission Board for fifteen years, in which office he serves at the present time. Since 1904 he has served continually as secretary to the Elders Meet-

ing. He is one of the founders of the Brethren Home having served for twenty-one years as a Trustee, eighteen years of which he was secretary to the Board of Trustees. For nine and one half years he served as steward of the Brethren Home, located near Neffsville. He was also one of the originators of the children's Aid Society of Eastern Pennsylvania, having served as District Superintendent of same for four years in connection with his stewardship of the Home. The neat and sanitary condition of these institutions has been commented upon by many of the numerous and frequent visitors to these places.

Not only in the State District in which Elder Taylor resides is his labor known and recognized, but for years he has been a leading figure in the work of the Annual Conferences. He has been chosen twice as Moderator of the Conference which is regarded as the highest office in the Church. He has served once as Reading Clerk to the Conference. Besides this, he has served eight times on the Standing Committee. Space does not permit to speak of the numerous committees for District and Annual Meetings on which he has served. He has been a member of the Educational Board of the Church and at present is serving as a member of the Central Service Committee.

Elder Taylor brings to his new position the training and experience of a many-sided service and this coupled with his kindly disposition and genial manner qualifies him most fully for the duties of

Business Manager and Steward of the College. Naturally as business manager, he is also the acting Treasurer of the College.

Sister Hettie Taylor, the wife of Elder Taylor serves as matron, having charge of the bedding and equipment of the dormitory and

dining room.

We look forward with large expectations for the efficient services which Brother and Sister Taylor will render to the College family during their years of sojourn on College Hill.

—H. K. Ober.

General Foch

The religion of William Hohenzollern has been one of the active topics of the whole war. It has only been in his very latest utterances that the former German monarch has not coupled Gott with himself as an equal, an abettor, or perchance a servant. One picture of the Kaiser sent out by the watchful Boswell, Karl Rosner, showed William in the act of communion, and we are distinctly told that in that Belgian church with a waiting audience of German officers the worshiper never bent the knee. There is a strong contrast between him and the figure the Los Angeles Times draws of his conqueror, Gen. Ferdinand Foch—"the Gray Man of Christ." "This has been Christ's war," says The Times. "Christ on one side, and all that stood opposed to Christ on the other side. And the Generalissimo, in supreme command of all the armies that fought on the side of Christ, is Christ's man."

Lest readers think this a "strange statement for a secular newspaper to make," The Times brings for-

ward the reminder that "it is the business of a newspaper to get at facts," and "if the facts are of a supernal nature, it is still the business of the newspaper to get at them and to record them." When this was written the full span of General Foch's achievement had not been covered, but the end was then clearly in sight. We read:

"The deeper we question as to who Foch is, the clearer is the answer that in every act of his life and in every thought of his brain he is Christ's man.

"If you were to ask him, 'Are you Christ's man?' he would answer 'Yes.'

"It seems to be beyond all shadow of doubt that when the hour came in which all Christ stood for was to either stand or fall, Christ raised up a man to lead the hosts that battled for him.

"When the hour came in which truth and right, charity, brotherly love, justice, and liberty were either to triumph or to be blotted out of the world, Christ came again upon the road to Damascus.

"Whoever does not realize this and see it clearly as a fact, he does but blunder stupidly.

"There will be a crowding company of critics when the war is ended and they will all be filled with the ego of their own conclusions. They will attempt to explain the genius of Foch with maps and diagrams. But, while they are doing so, if you will look for Foch in some quiet church, it is there that he will be found humbly giving God the glory, and absolutely declining to attribute it to himself.

"Can that kind of a man win a war? Can a man who is a practical soldier be also a practical Christian? And is Foch that kind of a man? Let us see."

The secret of where Foch used to go for "strength and magical power to bring home the marvelous victories" was surprized by a California boy. It was not published by any organ of France, to show the world how "religious" its leader was:

"A California boy, serving as a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has recently written a letter to his parents in San Bernardino in which he gives, as well as any one else could give, the answer to the question we ask.

"This American boy—Evans by name—tells of meeting General Foch at close range in France.

"Evans had gone into an old church to have a look at it, and as he stood there with bared head satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uni-

form also entered the church. Only one orderly accompanied the quiet, gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aids, were with him; nobody but just the orderly.

"Evans paid small attention at first to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church, praying. The minutes passed until full three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees.

"Then Evans followed him down the street and was surprized to see soldiers salute this man in great excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awe-struck faces as he passed.

"It was Foch. And now Evans, of San Bernardino, counts the experience as the greatest in his life. During that three-quarters of an hour that the Generalissimo of all the Allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church, 10,000 guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death.

"Millions of armed men crouched in trenches or rucked across blood-drenched terranes at his command, generals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought and wrought across the map of Europe absolutely as he commanded them to do, and in no other manner, as he went into that little church to pray.

"Nor was it an unusual thing for General Foch to do. There is no day that he does not do the same thing if there be a church that he can reach. He never fails to spend an hour on his knees every morning

that he awakes from sleep; and every night it is the same.

"Moreover, it is not a new thing with him. He has done it his whole life long.

"If young Evans could have followed the General on to headquarters, where reports were waiting him and news of victory upon victory was piled high before him, he would doubtless have seen a great gladness on the General's face, but he would have seen no look of surprize there.

"Men who do that which Foch does have no doubts. When Premier Clemenceau, the old Tigar of France, stood on the battle-front with anxious heart, one look at the face of Foch stilled all his fears. He returned to Paris with the vision of sure and certain victory.

"The great agnostic statesman

doubted, but the Gray Man of Christ did not doubt.

"The facts, then, in the case are that when the freedom of the world hung in the balance the world turned to Foch as the one great genius who could save it against the Hun; and that Foch, who is perhaps the greatest soldier the world has produced, is, first of all, a Christian.

"Young Evans, of San Bernardino, just an every-day American boy from under the shadow of old San Gorgonio, spent nearly an hour with Foch in an old French church, and not even one bayonet was there to keep them apart.

"They represented the two great democracies of the world, but there is that old church they represented, jointly, a far greater thing—the democracy of Christ."

—Literary Digest.

Gifts

Gifts of one who loved me—

'Twas high time they came;
When he ceased to love me,

Time they stopped for shame.

It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though

very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head, that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature: they are like music heard out of a work-house. Nature does not cocker us: we are children, not pets: she is

not fond: everything is dealt to us without fear or favor, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interference of love and beauty. Men use to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure, the flowers give us: what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts, because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer-fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labor and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the

Furies. Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem: the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to its primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering, or payment of black-mail.

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves; but not from any

one who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

Brother, if Jove to thee a present make.

Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take.

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society, if it do not give us besides earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence and objects of veneration.

He is a good man, who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belief of mine this gift seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons,

not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary, than with the anger of my lord Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning, from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared with that good-will I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgements of any person who would thank us for a benefit, without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but

must be content with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons, from whom we always expect fairy tokens; let us not cease to expect them. This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our mu-

nicipal rules. For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

—Emerson.

School Notes

December already!
Christmas is coming!
Did you have the Flu?

The lectures are coming some time this year.

WANTED—A mail man who will bring mail for every one.

Ask Miss Shenk who brought her to school on Sunday, December 1, nineteen eighteen.

Professor Meyer addressed the children's meeting at Lancaster, Sunday, December first, nineteen eighteen.

WANTED—Some one to teach J. G. trigonometry.

Who has heard Miss Myers play that ukelele?

Mr. King recently bought a new record for the victrola.

Harvey Royer claims that his laught has kept the Flu from him. Let us try it.

Miss Heisey has been unable to return to school at present on account of having the influenza.

Where was Mr. Longenecker when the lights went out?

Santa Clause needn't be afraid to come down the chimney this year. We have a new fireman.

We have settled down for a good term's work again. Now isn't there something that could interrupt us!

Professor Schlosser and family visited his wife's parents at their home in Akron recently.

Clayton Reber shot twelve rabbits with eleven shots during the vacation.

WANTED—A frame for the picture Miss Eberly has in her possession.

A new art room.

A new basket ball.

A room for Sara Royer.

A roommate for Ethel Wenger.

A louder morning call so that all the girls come down for breakfast.

The greatest offence on the boys hall at present seems to be that of going to bed before ten o'clock.

S. Ober seemed to want to get all the material he could for the price when he ordered his basket ball suit. He is now hunting someone large enough to wear it.

We have been greatly grieved that the epidemic claimed three of our students. They were not sick however when they left College Hill, but succumbed to the disease at their homes.

Professor Ober and Professor Meyer held a Bible Institute at Anville, during vacation. Professor Nye and Professor Meyer also were at Welsh Run during vacation.

Eighty-five students have enrolled for the winter term and more are expected. The boys came to the rescue this time and outnumbered the girls.

Samuel King was head boss and bottle washer, during vacation, at G. S. Graybill's dairy farm, but if you want to know where he went on his furlough ask Miss Eberly.

Professor Schlosser has been busy during our vacation. He held a meeting at Long Green Valley, Md., and made a canvassing trip through Lancaster, York and Adams counties. He expects to hold a series of meetings at East Berlin, during the Christmas vacation if the epidemic doesn't interfere.

Professor Harley had one of the severest cases of influenza on College Hill. He felt a draft and the Flu flew in. Under the careful attention of Dr. Martz, who administered pills, drops and liquids, his sickness only lasted two hours.

—H. R.

Mr. Zendt's Donation

Mr. P. M. Zendt, of Souderton, Pa., has proven himself a very helpful friend of Elizabethtown College. Recently he gave the college a donation amounting to fifty dollars to be used in purchasing the latest books in Education and Psychology for the library. The following is a list of books purchased: Ross's "Social Psychology," Moore's "What is Education," Ellwood's

"Social Psychology," Ellwood's "An Introduction to Social Psychology," Dewey's "Psychology," Ebbinghaus's "Psychology," Dewey's "How We Think," Lange's "Apperception," Rapeer's "Elementary School Subjects," Crozmann's "Exceptional Child," Breese's "Psychology," Colvin's "Introduction to High School Teaching," Hall-Quest's "Supervised Study," Gor-

don's "Educational Psychology," Angell's "Psychology," Dewey's "Creative Intelligence," James' "Briefer Course," James' "Talks to Teachers," Dewey's "Interest and Effort," McMurry's "Elementary School Standards," Dewey's "Schools of Tomorrow," Witmer's "Analytical Psychology," Smith's "All the People of all the World," Dewey's "Democracy and Education," Moll's "Sexual Life of the Child," Calvin and Bagley's "Human Behavior," Lee's "Play in Education," Patri's "A Great School Master in a Great City," Starch's "Experiments in Educational Psychology," Kilpatrick's "Froebel's Kindergarten," Curtis' "The Play-movement and its Significance," Bagley's "Educative Process," Horne's "Philosophy of Education," Terman's "The Measurement of Intelligence," McDougall's "Social Psychology," Dewey's "My Pedagogical Creed," Whipple's "How to Study Effectively," Thorndike's "Individuality," Monroe's "Educational Tests and Measurements," Norsworthy's "Psychology of Childhood," Rugg's "Statistical Methods Applied to Education," Terman's "Experimental Education," Terman's "Hygiene of the School Child," Woodley's "The Profession of Teaching," Horne's "The Teacher as Artist," Tompkin's "School Management," Tompkin's "Philosophy of Teaching," Phelps' "Teaching in School and College," Freeman's "How Children Learn," Terman's "Educational Measurements," Starch's "Stanford Revision Binet Simon Scale."

Religious News

There are no religious activities to report in this issue because school was closed thruout the entire month. We feel that we have missed much inspiration that is always received at the various religious meetings, but we do not feel that this experience has hindered spiritual growth.

Just as there were times when Jesus felt the need of withdrawing from the crowd to meet God alone, and as there were times when He strengthened His disciples by taking them away from serving men to talk to them alone, so there are times when He would have us turn

away from the burdens and cares of life to tarry with Him. It is always during times when plans and dreams are hindered that fellowship with Jesus is sweetest. It is when we take time to be still and know that He is God, that we have some of our richest and most helpful experiences. We believe that as a student body we have been drawn closer to God. His goodness seems greater, His love stronger, and His blessings greater than ever before.

The members of the Volunteer Band feel sad because of the death of one of their number. Several months ago Minnie Good surren-

dered all and began to look toward the foreign field as her future place of service. Now God has called her to higher service. Her place in the ranks is vacant. Is it not a call for one or more to volunteer to do the work she had planned to do?

—S. C. S.

The Annual Bible Institute

One of the annual occasions that brings many of the friends of Elizabethtown College to College Hill, is the Bible Institute. This year it is scheduled for January 10-17, 1919 inclusive. The program as it is being arranged will have features that should prove very inspiring and instructive. The following instructors are expected to be present.

Elder D. J. Lichty, a returned missionary from India, will give a very interesting series of lectures on his study and experiences in the mission field throughout the entire term.

Miss Lydia Taylor, of Mount Morris, Illinois, will have two periods daily on different phases of

the "Simple Life." She has a national reputation for her excellent efforts along Dress Reform and standardization of women's dress. She speaks in a most interesting and instructive manner. Many remember her former visit to Elizabethtown.

Elder W. S. Long, of Altoona, Pa., who has served for many years as a city pastor, will be here the greater part of the term, giving us valuable instructions out of his full and large experience in Bible Studies. Elder Long has been here for several years in succession and will be warmly received again as on former occasions.

One of our alumni, Elder Nathan Martin, who is serving his third term as District Sunday School. He is expected to conduct several periods on "Sunday School Needs and Methods."

Several members of the Faculty will also give instruction on different phases of Bible Study and church work.

Do not forget the date—January, 10-17. Bring your friends.

Resolutions

Whereas our allwise Heavenly Father has seen fit to take home to Himself our beloved brother and fellowstudent, Charles C. Royer,

Therefore, be it resolved that we, the students of Elizabethtown College, express our sorrow in the loss of one of our number.

That, we unitedly do extend our most sincere sympathy to all that are bereft and especially the father and mother who in his death are bereft of their only child.

That, since our words can only in part express our feelings we would tenderly commend all the

bereaved to the gentle care of a loving Heavenly Father, who is able to heal all the brokenhearted and all those who are distressed.

That, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, that they be published in "Our College Times."

Daniel Baum,
Letha Royer,
Martha Oberholtzer.

Whereas, our allwise Heavenly Father has seen fit to take home to Himself our beloved sister and fellowstudent, Minnie Good,

Therefore be it resolved that we, the students of Elizabethtown College, express our sorrow in the loss of one of our number.

That we unitedly do extend our most sincere sympathy to all that are bereft and especially to the family.

That since our words can only in part express our feeling we would tenderly commend all the bereaved to the gentle care of a loving Heavenly Father who is able to heal all the brokenhearted and all those who are distressed.

. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, that they be published in "Our College Times."

Daniel Baum,
Letha Royer,
Martha Oberholtzer.

Whereas, our allwise Heavenly Father has seen fit to take home to Himself our beloved sister and fellowstudent, Barbara Neidigh,

Therefore, be it resolved that, we the students of Elizabethtown College, express our sorrow in the loss of one of our number.

That we unitedly do extend our most sincere sympathy to all the bereft and especially to the family.

That since our words can only in part express our feeling we would tenderly commend all the bereaved to the gentle care of a loving Heavenly Father, who is able to heal all the brokenhearted and all those who are distressed.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, that they be published in "Our College Times."

Daniel Baum,
Letha Royer,
Martha Oberholtzer

Alumni Notes

Professor Schlosser's two children, Floy and David, are sick with influenza. Galen, the second child, has escaped the epidemic thus far.

Mrs. Leah Sheaffer Glasmire, Mus., '07 and Ped., '10, has had a severe attack of influenza. Latest reports say that she is still very

weak. Alexander, the oldest boy, and Joe, the youngest, also had the influenza.

B. F. Waltz, Ped., '10 and '14, is pastor of the Church of the Brethren at Elk Lick, Pa. A letter received from him recently, tells us that he is now Secretary of the

Temperance committee of the Western District of Pennsylvania. This circular letter urges the election of Senator William C. Sproul for governor, because he has declared himself in favor of the Prohibition Amendment to the U. S. Constitution.

Some of our graduates, though busy with regular, routine work about their homes and at their places of employment, take time to write to us about their doings occasionally. An Alumnus enclosed in his letter to Professor Ober a check for twenty-five dollars which is to be used as the management may direct; another alumnus secured a list of ten subscribers for "Our College Times," while many have sent in lists of five subscribers. One sent us five names as subscribers, and paid the five subscriptions himself. How gratifying it is to have our boys and girls thus show in a substantial way their appreciation of their Alma Mater!

Marriages

Ruth Coble, of Elizabethtown who was a former student at the college was married recently to Sergeant Peter R. Kraybill, of Rheems, Pa.

Rhoda E. Miller, '13 and '15 and Ephraim M. Hertzler, '16, were married at Mechanicsburg, Cumberland County, on Thanksgiving Day

Deaths

We are sorry to report the recent death of Henry C. Keller, son of

one of the trustees of the Elizabethtown College. His home was in Lancaster, but interment was made in the cemetery in Shrewsbury after which services were held in the Church of the Brethren at that place.

About three weeks ago a telegram was received at the college, saying that Mrs. B. F. Wampler died at her home in Bridgewater, Virginia. The particulars concerning her illness have not been learned. Mrs. Wampler was a teacher in our Music Department for six years. Her many pupils and co-workers will learn with regret this news of her departure to the spirit world. The Faculty extend to the bereft family their sincere sympathy.

Khaki Column

Extracts from Letters

A soldier alumnus in France in a letter to his sister here at College gives her the following excellent advice:

"I am so pleased that you decided to go to Elizabethtown College that I hardly know what to say. The next thing I am worried about is, how long are you going to stay. If you take only a business course you will have some hard knocks when you get out into the world on account of a lack of general knowledge. I know it because I experienced it myself and often, I have censured myself for not staying in Elizabethtown at least three years longer. You ought to stay at least two years and preferably more than two years.

Why not take up the General Preparatory Course? It would do you much good. At any rate, think it over and let me know what you think about it.

I am glad you are learning to play tennis. It is an excellent game and provides very beneficial exercise. It was on College Hill that I learned to play tennis.

Be sure to join Literary Society for it provides opportunities for excellent training.

Since my last letter to you I have had another promotion, and am now the Brigade Sergeant Major. I have in my care all the records of the Brigade and am aided by several clerks and a few orderlies."

—Elizabeth Myer.

Library Notes

During the Fall Term the following books were purchased for the College Library: Yearbook of National Educational Association. Bookkeeping and Accountancy.

The State Library contributed these books to our Library: Upper Chitina Valley Alaska, Geographic Fables and Formulas, The Casna, Nowitna Region Alaska, The Salt Creek Oil Field Wyoming, The Structural and Ornamental Stones, Minn. Spirit Leveling New York, Lake Clarke Cent Kuskokwin Region Alaska, Mineral Resources of Alaska.

The United States Library sent the following books to the Library: Statues at Large of Pennsylvania, VI, Statues at Large of Pennsylvania, V 2, Report of Pennsylvania State Librarian 1917, Report of Department of Mines, VI, Report of Insurance Commission of Pennsylvania, Report of State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, Report of Board of

Public, Report of Charities of Pennsylvania, Report of Commissioner of Sinking Fund of Pennsylvania, Report of Water Supply Commission, Second Annual Report of Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania, Report of Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Engineering Public Service Commission, Report of Chief Forest Fire Warden, Report of Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania, Report of Department of Mines, V 2, Report of State Highway Department of Pennsylvania.

The following books were presented to the College Library by J. Kurtz Miller: Hastings, The Great Texts of the Bible, (sixteen volumes); Guldene Meppfel In Milbern Schalen; Stuart—The Saloon under the Search Light, (eight volumes); Cyclopedia for Public Speakers, Plummer; The Gospel of St. John; Kurtz, Fundamental Doctrines of Faith; White, Studies of Gospel of St. Matthew; Driver, Isaiah, His Life and

Times; Brumbaugh, Juniata Bible Lectures; Brumbaugh, Juniata College Bulletin; Rideway, Ridgeways Religion; Mauro, Life in a Word; Commentary on Gospel of St. John, Weston, Matthew the Genesis of the New Testament; Fenton, Complete Modern English Bible; Dubose, Sateriology of New Testament; Stalker, The Two St. Johns' of the New Testament; Miller, Devotional Hourse with the Bible; Smith, Dictionary of the Bible; Heckman Religious Poetry of Alexander Marek; Myers, Glimpes of Jesus; Garvie, Gospel of St. Matthew; Driver, Joel and Amos; Haines & Yaggy, Royal Path of Life; Tarrey, What the Bible⁷ Teaches; Smith, System of Christian Theology; Fisher, History of Christian Church; Miller, Gospel by St. Matthew; Clow, The Cross in Christian Experience; Selected Quotations on War and pease; Parallel Gospels with Reference.

College Reunion at Midway

Between the sessions of the Sunday School Missionary Meeting at

Midway, on July the fourth, an Elizabethtown College reunion was held. Professor H. K. Ober called on various speakers among whom were Mr. Glasmire and Misses Edna Brubaker and Mary Hershey. He then gave opportunity for voluntary speakers of which there were a number and there was great pressure when the chairman called for a closing word from Professor R. W. Schlosser, J. G. Meyer and H. H. Nye.

Undoubtedly each one in the large, crowded Midway house received a favorable impression of the College on the hill, so dear to many of us. Such statements as these are representative of the sentiments expressed, "I wish I had realized what an education means in time. Now I long for a College education," "At Elizabethtown I awoke to the meaning of life for the first time," "There I met some of the friends I esteem most now," "The practical Christian lives of the teachers became my ideals," "There I met my Saviour face to face," and "Since then I live to serve." —E. E. B.

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OUR COLLEGE TIMES

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Our College Times is published monthly during the Academic year by Elizabethtown College.

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Please renew in time and report any change of address to the business manager.

Subscription rates fifty cents per year; ten cents per copy; five subscriptions \$2.00

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The New Year

If you should consult your diary for the record of January 1st you would perhaps find that there was a dreary sky in the morning, and later in the day a pretty steady rain. So it proved on College Hill. It is well for us that physical conditions do not make up the sum of our experience, nor the weather have full sway over our emotions. We passed the day here pleasantly enough as students and teachers,

mustered courage to set up a few resolutions, and exchanged the usual compliments of the season, wishes of happiness for the New Year, 1919.

The deep desire to make a success of our lives impels us to make resolutions as the old year dies. But so many resolutions have been made and broken by ourselves and others that we grow heart-sick. Yet where, friends, would we be if we

had never made any? The world is the better for every good resolve that ever took its origin in the heart of mortal man. Resolutions are a sign of latent virtue in our natures. A good resolution means aspiration, a longing to be better, something ahead which we hope to attain, worthy ambition not quite dead within us, some elasticity of nature yet remaining. He should be thankful who finds he can still rouse himself to fresh effort. And who can not? There is some good in the worst of us. And even the best of us find it necessary to turn over a new leaf. Hardly can we relinquish the old year without a twinge of regret; and we enter the new with mingled hope and trepidation. Yet the point of time which marks the advent of the new year has in itself no more significance than any other moment. But standing where it does, it serves a purpose as useful as the milestones along the broad highway leading to the distant city, each of them giving the weary traveler a fresh impulse and an earnest of coming joy.

On the Sunday following Christmas a world-famous preacher of Philadelphia addressed his congregation on the statement, "I am the truth," words gathered from John 14:6. He told his hearers that as they entered upon the year before them it would be a great advantage to set a goal, or an ideal. Truly, a high aim, something fixed in the mind and constantly before the eyes, a standard with which to compare our daily acts and by which to mark our progress as time goes by is like an anchor to steady us and

like a compass to direct. It makes our up-hill struggle an interesting, exhilarating game, in which nothing is left to chance, but in which we are sure to win, provided we let no temptation swerve us aside. Each person will have revealed to him from the source of all light the ideal he needs, if he craves it; something will dawn upon him in his better, thoughtful moments which will be the sign-post he was looking for, the guiding star of his life. A perfect standard, the highest ideal, said the afore-mentioned preacher, is the recorded earth-life of Jesus Christ, who was the embodiment of truth.

Better than gold and fame and power is the vision which lures us on, and which if we do but follow grows to us ever brighter, clearer, grander. And as we press on we have the happy consciousness that we are gaining ground, step by step rising higher, every morning a new morning, every day some fresh discovery, some richer experience, ever exchanging words of encouragement and cheer with our fellow-travelers ever catching glimpses of the bright city of light toward which we journey, constantly verifying the promise that we shall have an hundred fold in this life and in the end eternal glory.

Who would not go with buoyant
 step to gain that blessed portal
 Which opens to the land we want
 to know;
 Where shall be satisfied the souls
 immortal!

Who would not go!

—Jacob S. Harley.

Literary Notes

Meeting of The College Trustees

On January the second nineteen hundred and nineteen, the trustees elected by the Southern and Eastern Church Districts of Pennsylvania convened to take over the work of Elizabethtown College.

The various representatives from the Southern were: Brother J. H. Keller, Shrewsbury; Brother J. R. Oellig, Waynesboro; Brother Charles Baker, East Berlin; Brother Aaron Baugher, Lineboro.

The several representatives from the Eastern District of Pennsylvania were: Brother I. W. Taylor, Elizabethtown; Brother S. H. Hertzler,

Elizabethtown; Brother John M. Gibble, Elizabethtown; Brother David Kilhefner, Ephrata; Brother H. B. Yoder, Lancaster; Brother E. M. Wenger, Fredericksburg. Brother Jesse Zeigler's vacant chair was filled by Brother A. G. Longenecker of Palmyra.

The following organization was effected: President, S. H. Hertzler; Vice President, Charles Baker; Secretary, A. G. Longenecker; Treasurer, I. W. Taylor.

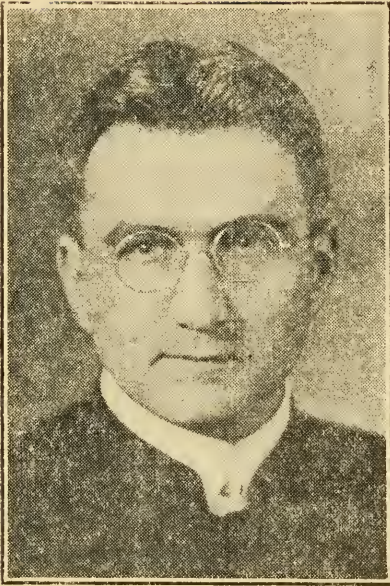
Brother I. W. Taylor, Brother John H. Keller and Brother John M. Gibble constitute the Executive Committee.

Change in the Faculty

Because of extended work in the field in connection with the activities of the College it has been found necessary to secure the services of an additional teacher. The ending of the war and the mustering out of the men at the training camps have enabled the management to make a very satisfactory choice. They have employed Professor Irwin S. Hoffer of Palmyra, Penna.

Professor Hoffer was born in Lebanon County, Pa. He attended the public schools of his native county and began teaching at an early age. After teaching four terms in the public schools of Lebanon County he finished the regular course at Millersville State Normal School in

1911, graduating at the head of a class of over a hundred. He was employed as teacher of mathematics at Millersville for the next three years and one summer term. He entered Harvard University in the fall of 1914. Some of his most important work here was done in Philosophy and Psychology under Professors Hocking, Royce, Muensterberg and other leading American philosophers. Professor Hoffer completed the requirements for graduation in three years and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, "cum laude," in June, 1917. He was also honored with membership in the Harvard chapter of the Phi Delta Kappa.



In the September following his graduation from Harvard he commenced teaching mathematics in Horace Mann School for Boys, New York city. In connection with these teaching duties he took work at Teachers' College with special attention to courses in Educational Sociology under Dr. Snedden. In April, 1918 he was called to the service of his country, and was engaged in the Department of Military Psychology, under the direction of the Surgeon General, U. S. A. He was mustered out December last, and came to Elizabethtown a few weeks later. He will teach courses in Mathematics, Latin and Education during the balance of this school year.

—Jacob Harley.

Julia Harlowe's Christmas

It has been a busy day for Julia Harlowe and now, tired and nervous, she sat silently reflecting on her vigorous efforts of the day which, to her tired mind, seemed worse than futile. She sat in a little rocking-chair near the window, peering listlessly out at the bright lamp on the corner of the street. At the opposite side of the room, near the large open hearth, sat her mother, reclining in a large, old-fashioned, rocker staring vacantly into space. Julia turned, studied her mother's pale, worn face a moment, and then turned impatiently to the window again. For a minute or two the tears fell like rain, and

she barely smothered the sobs that shook her frame. Then with feigned cheeriness she said, "Am going upstairs, mother, will soon be down." Alone in her own quiet, little room, kneeling beside her bed, she poured out her heart to One who heard, and then knelt for several minutes quietly meditating. It would not be so hard, she thought, if ours had not been the happiest home in all Clifton last Christmas, and now to think of what it will be this year! Christmas only two days ahead, and not the slightest sign of Christmas cheer—rather every sign of gloom and despair.

The hardest to bear was the thought that their own little Bobby had so lately departed for the "really Christmas" land, where he could forever play under the smile of the One who makes Christmas real. It was to replace, at least in part, little Bobby's mirth and prattle and Christmas joy that Julia was so arduously taxed in effort and strength during the day, and it was this that occupied her thoughts for many days previous.

Then, too, a letter from her father just two days earlier had announced that fact that he could not possibly return until some time after Christmas without hazarding the interests of the firm. He added that, although he could not be there in person, his heart would certainly be with the two who would no doubt be very lonely. Then in a separate note to Julia—Do all you can to cheer your disheartened mother."

All this weighed heavily on Julia, who alone had to bear the burden of rousing and cheering a despondent, broken-hearted mother. In her efforts to supply the most heartfelt need—that of the childish glee and prattle, she had overlooked every other preparation, and the pantry shelves were as empty as could easily be without showing signs of poverty. The usual tokens of Christmas cheer in the large living and dining rooms and about the doors and windows were as sadly lacking as the pastry and cookies. All this sense of lack sent a morbid chill and a feeling akin to sickness over Julia, and it was only with su-

preme effort that she retained her self-control.

Ever since becoming a Christian, Julia had tried to commit herself in faith to God under all circumstances; but of all trying situations this seemed the most trying. However, upon retiring that night she complacently yielded herself into His strong arms, and on the following day was as busy as eager hands prompted by a trustful heart could well be. She had gone out early in the morning in quest of the needed holly and tree, and with the aid of one of her little neighbors who accompanied her she succeeded in bringing them into the house before her mother was astir. Throughout all the arrangement and work of the day, there was always the sickening thought that he who enjoyed these things most in years before would not be there, but always something urged her to do her best for the sake of her mother.

The mother, however, showed little interest. She knew the fact concerning her husband who could not be there on Christmas; but of the endeavors of Julia to make up for the loss of Bobby she knew nothing, except that Julia's silence and unusual restraint in answer to her questions on the preceding day had aroused some suspicion. But just where she had been or what she had done Mrs. Harlowe could by no means conjecture to her own satisfaction. However, with the revival of Christmas bells and wreaths and candles there came a dull sense of joy to the heart of mother and daughter. But, alas!

on the sight of a horn and ball beneath the tree, partially concealed behind a spray of holly, placed there by her who confidently believed that in some way her prayer would be answered, all the mother's hidden sorrow was suddenly renewed and every effort to remove it was in vain.

The busy day having ended, Julia, tired in mind as well as in body, sat by the side of her mother before the open fire. The conversation lagged, and the loud tick of the old grandfather's clock seemed like measured heart-beats of days and years gone by, when on Christmas eve so many hearts beat in happy unison.

Suddenly there was a loud knock on the door, and both sprang to their feet involuntarily. Julia cautiously opened the door, and before her in the darkness stood a tall man holding the hand of a boy so near the size and image of their Bobby that for a moment it seemed to her as if he must have returned to them. The man muttered a few words to Julia about having found what he thought would answer her description—the boy being an orphan—without home or near relatives so far as he could learn; and, pushing the boy gently into the room, he disappeared. The mother's first impulse was to shrink away from a child who, closely bundled in his coat and cap, appeared so much like her own lost child. But soon Julia and her mother were busy making the little fellow as comfortable as possible, when suddenly another rap aroused them. Con-

cealing the little fellow in a somewhat darkened corner of the room and telling him to remain until told to come out, Julia again opened the door—somewhat more cautiously—and before her stood a man so closely muffled in his fur coat and cap that no features were recognizable, and beside him stood a child, evidently a girl, somewhat taller than the one just admitted. The man stepped forward a pace or two, and in the dim light which fell upon his face Julia, almost over-joyed, recognized the face of her father. Amid the greetings which followed it would have seemed, to a casual observer at least, as if Bruce Harlowe and his sixteen-year-old daughter had at once started to vie with each other in expressing their joy and gratitude. At the same time embracing Julia and her mother, the father's quick admiring gaze swept the full length of the room and back again, and observing the many touches of cheer and homelikeness he at once exclaimed: "Surely, there's no place like home!—especially on Christmas!" These last words were uttered with a tender smile into the face of the mother, and with a somewhat firmer, and at the same time reassuring, grip on the hand of Julia. The mother's return greeting to these words and smile seemed to find its readiest expression in a few hot tears, which now, however, seemed to fall less from sorrow than from real, true joy.

Having removed his garments and those of the little girl, Mr. Harlowe proceeded to tell his story of

how he had suddenly decided to come home upon hearing of a family where both father and mother were suddenly killed, and a boy being left so near the age of their own. But upon arrival, he said, his only regret was that the boy had already been taken away—where, he could not exactly learn. But his heart having gone out to the little girl who was the only child left, he said he hoped to find a place for her in each of their hearts. During this recital there was a slight shuffle in the farther corner of the room, when two little eyes peered over the back of a large chair a little higher than the head of a five-year-old boy, and when a half-choked sound escaped the lips of one so nearly overwhelmed with joy as to be almost unrestrained. When the father had finished, a conspicuous little cough from the farther end of the room made it necessary for Julia to approach in that direction and reveal her part of the surprise. No sooner was the boy given the signal to come forth when he scurried past everything before him, and flew into the arms of the little girl, wildly clutching at her dress.

The whole situation had at once become so novel and unique that no sound except that made by the delighted children was heard, and they who stood by merely stared and wondered. Hardly more than a few minutes had passed, how-

ever, until the truth had gradually dawned upon the minds of the on-lookers; and it would be hard to tell which heart, of the five, was happiest. Julia was radiant, for thus her prayer was doubly answered; and, the children having been snugly tucked into bed, her hands, aided by her father and mother, were soon busy bringing out all the toys of former years, and giving the last touches to the Christmas decorations.

So eager were all—the mother with a quiet gnawing at her heart included—for the dawn of Christmas morning that sleep refused to linger long. All were up bright and early, and the first rays of the sun pouring over the snow-clad eastern hills seemed to forebode “peace on earth, good will to men” on another glad Christmas morning. The day passed quickly and joyously on the part of the Harlowe household—the main-spring of their joy being in the thought of making a glad Christmas and a future home possible to two little orphan children who might otherwise have been utterly cheerless and homeless. And, as the sun sank beneath the western hills, Julia Harlowe, kneeling in her own quiet room, frankly thanked God for an answered prayer; and silently wondered if, after all, she had ever witnessed a day that was equally thrilling and joyful.

—Anna Wolgemuth.

What New Year Should Mean To An Individual

What shall this new year mean to us? Shall it mean that we are going to do less than last year or are we aiming higher? Our aims should be brighter, yes, considerably higher for some of us. One of the highest aims is to be "four square"; that is to develop the physical, mental, social and spiritual sides of our life.

Perhaps the reason so many of us are physical wrecks is because we do not take the proper care of our bodies. For example; if your work should confine you to the house and you take no exercise, nor walk in the fresh air, can you rightly expect to be healthy and strong! We should aim to spend more time out of doors and to breathe the pure fresh air which God intended for us, more frequently. Then too, perhaps we eat too much, especially too many luxuries. We, as an American people are accused of eating too much. Let us in this new year do a moderate amount of work, sleep in properly ventilated rooms, eat a proper amount of food, take proper exercise and thereby improve ourselves physically.

Furthemore, many of us allow the cares of life to hinder us in the development of the mind. We take things for granted instead of reading and studying for ourselves and oftentimes when we should be study-

ing we are reading a trashy novel or cheap book. Let us aim to read the best books, those that will help us to improve our minds. As students we should aim to make this year count much in our class work. We should also read the papers to know and be able to converse on topics of the day. Our mental or that life now will count much in later life.

Are we up to the standard socially or do we complain of having no friends? Be a friend and you will have friends. Have a smile and a hearty "Good morning" for those whom you meet. In school is a splendid opportunity to develop ourselves along social lines. Do you cheerfully mingle with your fellow-students in the dining room, class room and on the halls? At the table, are you able to keep up a conversation? If not, why not? This is a splendid chance to improve.

Last but not least, is the moral and spiritual development. Are we aiming each day to lift our brother to a higher plane or does our example tend to pull down? If we see some one make a mistake, do not laugh at him as the crowd usually does but be a lady or gentleman and offer him the hand of friendship and help him overcome those errors. Then for the One who does so much for us, are we follow-

ing his example, are we aiming to further His cause? Let us begin anew and resolve to do more and better work for the Master, for unless we develop this side of life we amount to very little.

Let us make this year mean much to our physical, mental, social and spiritual life and therefore lift humanity to a higher and nobler plane of living.
—L. R.

Thoughts For The Quiet Hour

"Life is not really made up of big days or even big things. Daily life is largely a matter of little duties and little cares, and most of it has to be lived in the valleys. God only gives us a hilltop occasionally to refresh us and strengthen us for a long spell of ordinary and perhaps dull highroad. In everyday life, the hilltops are by no means the most useful places. Most of the real hard work is done on the level plains, where the most frequented roads run; but now and again the traveler in the valleys is granted a short respite when, if he is wise, he will climb the nearest hilltop, and looking back understand more clearly the way by which he has just come, and looking ahead, get some idea of the way which is yet to be traversed."

"It is only the overflow of our lives that does others any good."

—John Douglas Adam.

"Humility is willingness to serve men, founded upon willingness to lean upon God."

The infallible recipe for happiness is to do good; and the infallible recipe for doing good is to abide in Christ.
—Henry Drummond.

Remember now and always that

life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based upon eternity and encompassed by eternity. Find out your task; stand to it.

—Thomas Carlyle.

"Praying is the best exercise in this world to set a man where he belongs. God's plan for the universe is, a place for every man, and every man in his place, and without praying he will not get there."

"The difference between a life without Christ and a life with Christ is the difference between ebb and flood, the one is growing emptier, the other is growing fuller."

"Too much taken up with our work, we may forget our Master; it is possible to have the hands full, and the heart empty. Taken up with our Master, we cannot forget our work; if the heart is filled with His love, how can the hands not be active in His service?"

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy in everything, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without

meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.

—F. W. Faber.

“Hope is the warp thru which the shuttles of the Christian’s life should pass. We can fill these shuttles with the threads of discontent and impatience, and weave a cloud so thick and dark that the face of our dear Lord is hidden from us, or we can fill them with threads of praise and thanksgiving, and weave a cloud thru which that Face is always plainly visible. Which is the better way?”

“We give our best and costliest gift to the one we esteem most highly. The reason that some people can shamelessly give God the scraps that are left is that they forget that it is a great God unto whom they are making their offerings. If we constantly saw “the Lord, high and lifted up,” we should never treat Him like a beggar.”

“As Horace Bushnell has put it, every man’s life is a plan of God. If we thoroughly believe that, then these lives that are stunted, broken and incomplete are simply evidences of our laziness and unwillingness to unroll the plan of the architect. Every one of us can have a perfect, full-orbed, rounded life in Jesus Christ, if we will ask God to show us, and then act according to His plan.”

—S. C.

Resolutions of Sympathy

Whereas, it has pleased God in his infinite wisdom to remove from her earthly duties to her heavenly home our beloved sister and fellow volunteer, Minnie Good:

Be it resolved;

First, that we the Student Volunteer Band of Elizabethtown College, bowing in humble submission to the Divine Will, do hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy and encouragement to the family in their sad bereavement.

Second, that since our words are insufficient to soothe the sorrowing heart we commend the bereaved to the gentle care of a loving Heavenly Father who alone can heal and comfort the broken heart.

Thirdly, that we as a Band of Volunteers do cherish in our memories the lofty aspirations of our sister in dedicating her life to the foreign mission cause whenever and wherever God should call her.

Fourthly, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be published in “Our College Times,” and that they be spread on the minutes of our Band.

Committee,

Lydia Stauffer,

Sarah H. Royer,

Ephraim G. Meyer.

School Notes

A Happy New Year

Orations!

Debates!

Who is Miss C. B.?

Basket ball games!

Everything in motion now.

Have you made your new year resolutions?

Harry Reber says, "There is no place like Virginia.

If Miss Eberly were queen who would be "king."

Latin Teacher—Translate this: Forte dux in aro.

Student—Forty ducks in a row.

Who will inform Mr. Rhinehart how to go to Mt. Gretna by leaving at four to get back for supper?

Miss Lydia Stauffer spent her Christmas vacation at her home at Arcanum, Ohio.

Professor J. S. Harley spent Christmas with his sisters at Doylestown, Pennsylvania.

WANTED—More educational meetings at Harrisburg by Mr. Boone.

Why did the light bulb drop on the boys' hall? Ask Mr. Graham.

Most of the students who enrolled for the winter term have returned from their Christmas vacation, and some new students have likewise enrolled.

Mr. R.—Hi Hymenoptera!

Mr. W.—Hello Lepidoptera!

Mr. Longenecker has proved to us that he did not forget how to play basket ball. We hope to have a game soon with Messrs. T. and L. on opposite sides.

Now we have a new basket ball and are ready for the ladies team to make themselves known.

Miss Gross (seated at piano)—Hand me that "Musician," please. When it was given to her she exclaimed, "well, but this isn't the other one.

Miss Fogelsanger has returned again with her "sick" brother.

Mr. Ephraim Meyer was sick a

few days before vacation but was well enough to return after spending part of his vacation at home.

Mr. Ezra Wenger who has been home for some time on account of illness has returned to work.

Professor Meyer—I have something to offer to you in place of College Latin in case that will not be taught next Semester.

Miss Shisler—What is that?

Professor Meyer—Why not take a course in Education?

Miss Shisler—Well, I have so much of that already.

There will be two oratorical contests held this year. The first or Senior contest will be held on February the twenty-third. The second is the Keystone contest and judging by the number of contestants we are confident there are many students on College Hill who have not succumbed to mental influenza.

Huck—Yes, I have met your wife before. In fact I knew her before you married her.

Puck—Ah! That's where you had the advantage of me. I didn't.

Lecture coming! Social privileges!! Pop the question quick!!! Advice—If at first you don't succeed try, try, again.

Miss Shenk has a vacant period at nine twenty. So has Mr. Taylor. Miss Shenk leaves the library at ten. Ditto Mr. Taylor.

Professor J. G. Meyer spent December thirtieth and thirty-first at Harrisburg, attending the meeting of the State Educational Association.

The happy spirit that naturally settles over the student body when

about to adjourn for Christmas vacation was somewhat subdued by the death of Professor Schlosser's mother. Look for a copy of the resolutions published in another department.

On account of the danger of spreading the epidemic the Bible institute will not be held this year.

The entire lecture course has also been cancelled.

Professor Meyer gave an interesting chapel talk on December the twenty-third. He said we should be open to receive the knowledge that we come in touch with and help the other person.

If the principal elements of a rhetorically composed letter were unity, coherence and Reber instead of unity, coherence and emphasis Miss M. M. could have written a longer letter in rhetoric class and have had one hundred per cent efficiency.

Lieutenant Raymond W. Howell, former student who was recently mustered out of service at Camp Lee, paid us a short visit on his way home. He gave an excellent talk on "Christ in the soldier life" in chapel. During his stay a tea party was given in his honor by Miss Brenisholtz aided by Miss Cruthamel and Miss Brubaker. Professor Harley and his former fellow students completed the company. At intervals, between social pleasantries and enlightening conversation the victrola and tea table were centers of interest.

Ask any member of the English Literature class whether they believe that Hamlet really saw his

father's ghost or heard him speak. Evidently they believe some such superstition for one of them, in remarking on the literary honors showered on Carlyle in his later years said, "After his death he was offered a burial ground in Westminster Abbey but Modestly refused."

Tuesday morning, January the seventh Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Martin and Mr. Alfred Eckroth attended the chapel services. Mr. Eckroth has recently been mustered out of service from Camp Meade. After a few remarks, he promised to give us a survey of his experiences at a later time. Mr. Martin is at present teacher of History and Expression at Mercersburg Academy.

In Mr. Martin's striking oratorical manner were couched nuggets of advice for students. In brief, this was the content of his address. If I were to live my school life over again I would learn to play. I would learn to play the things a man can play all his life. When age comes man needs to find recreation in music, in art, in literature, in human intercourse and perchance in athletics.

I would also learn to work. I would tackle a proposition with all my energy and stick till it were finished. This is one of the great lessons of life.

Furthermore, I would study myself; I would look into my life, find my evil tendencies, and fight them. Men and women who do not do this will burst like a soap bubble when crises come.

I would also cultivate friendship.

I would keep my friends in repair. Many times we are good only insofar as we rise to the expectation of our friends. The most worth while possession is the friends we make and keep.

Churchhill King, the President of Oberlin College says "Every friendship is a triple alliance between ourselves and God. I would open myself to all the influences which breathe an atmosphere of God. I would seek him in Nature and Men, in Art and Literature, as well as in His own perfect Book.

The night before New Year Miss Stauffer called a meeting of all the girls in her room. After all were seated on the floor, indian fashion, she said Miss Brubaker would talk to us. Miss Brubaker gave us an inspiring heart to heart talk concerning the kind of 'New Year Determinations' the girls should make and keep.

She called for suggestions of resolves along each side of the four fold life. It was suggested that we would all take at least one hour of physical exercise in the open air daily, take twelve deep breaths each day, and sleep eight hours every night for our physical improvement.

All that we did not do enough visiting and decided that each one should make it a point to visit every other girl's room, and that we should develop a spirit of friendliness to all.

Reading every issue of at least one magazine thoroughly; i. e. making one magazine our own by reading every article in it, studying

poetry, memorizing as much as possible, and taking advantage of the best of literature which the library so amply provides—these were the standards set for our mental development.

A definite period of each day for private devotion and reading of scripture was suggested as a means to deepen our sense of the reality of Christian life.

Miss Brubaker then illustrated our being loyal by means of a blue square with the letter B in the centre—"Be square." Beside the square there was a green triangle with a white centre symbolizing growth and purity in our friendships. Two sides of the triangle representing two persons joined in friendship by Christ who completes the triangle. This to be our ideal in our friendships.

We were challenged to uphold these standards by the following quotations:

"You are the hope of the world."

You will never have an opportunity to develop the art of living and the art of living together as in school life.

"Every day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music and rings itself all the day thru; and thou shalt make of it a dance a dirge, or a life march, as thou wilt."
—Carlyle.

She closed by picturing to us the following Christian ideal.

"Be certain that all you do is done with a firm determination to excel, that nothing unworthy of the Christ in word, deed or thought enter into your life. Be true to all

that is highest and noblest in your heart and mind and soul, and keep ever before you the mark of your high calling, and yours will be a New Year of triumph, a glorious 365 days of constant achievement in spiritual things."

After this interesting discussion we enjoyed peanuts and home-made candy as we chatted informally. All declared having enjoyed the last evening of the old year very much as they hurried to their several rooms.

"If at first you don't succeed try, try again."

This has been the ideal suggested to the members of the faculty by Professor Ober, in the task of selling tickets for the lecture course of the present school year. There has been success and lack of success by the various teachers, in this project.

After numerous futile efforts Miss F. C. drafted the members of her physical culture class into active service. After a brief training course in the use of the ammunition provided, Spruce and Market streets as well as College Avenue were raided.

The reader will note some of the sights and sounds noticed by passersby.

Miss L. (huddled in a heap of object despair) "Oh, I am so cold." A borrowed muff met part of the need but it is feared she may succumb to a fatal case of cold feet. Could even a sturdy young man face nineteen refusals with warm feet?

Between opening and closing of numerous doors there was too lit-

tle time for Miss Martz's spontaneous humor to take effect.

Even the forlorn looks and pleading countenances of the captain and her followers were insufficient to touch the indifferent. This is the tale they tell.

We mounted the steps,
We rang the bell,
We waited and waited,
Till our hopes all fell.

Mary didn't know
If Jane would go.
We tried once more,
But met a slammed door.

We met, we parted,
Again we started,
Daylight was gone,
And still, "not one."

We shared our defeat,
We made our retreat.
Three tickets we sold,
And the story was told.

—O. K.

Resolutions of Sympathy

Whereas, it pleased God to call from this life Mrs. John W. Schlosser, mother of Professor R. W. Schlosser:

Therefore be it resolved,

That we the faculty and students of Elizabethtown College extend our sincerest sympathies to Professor Schlosser and the rest of the bereaved family in their loss of a faithful and loving mother.

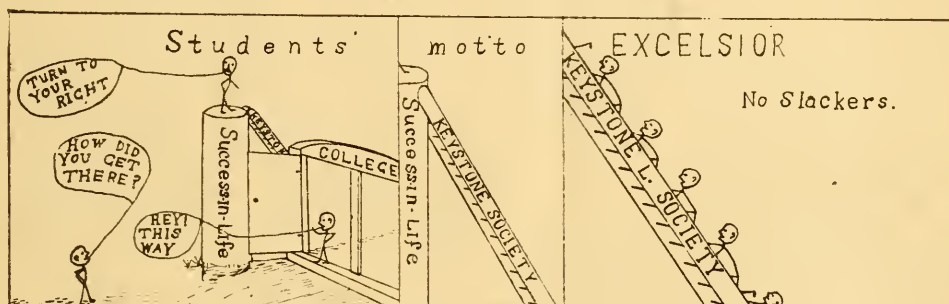
That we commend all of these, again so sadly bereaved, to the gentle care of a loving Heavenly Father who is able to heal the broken-hearted and to comfort those bereft of the best friend on earth.

That a copy of these resolutions be given to Professor Schlosser and that the rest of the sorrowing fam-

ily also receive a copy.

That a copy of these resolutions be published in the local papers of Schoeneck and in Our College Times.

Committee,
J. G. Meyer,
Nathan G. Meyer,
Sarah H. Royer.



“Flu.”

New K. L. S. members 19.

WANTED—A new minute book.

A committee has been appointed to procure a picture of our great statesman Woodrow Wilson for our society room—Music Hall.

WANTED—Brave, industrious students. Hard work, short hours and double pay. See Committee on Literary Societies. Do not delay.

The Committee on Literary Societies has announced two oratorical contests. Prizes of equal amount will be offered in both contests. The first prize is ten dollars, the second, five dollars, and the third Honorable Mention. The dates of these contests will be announced later.

The music of the Society this month, is well worthy of mention. Among the musical, numbers were the following: Instrumental Solo.

March Triumphant, Miss Eberly; Vocal Solo—Send me a Rose From Homeland, Miss Eberly; Vocal Solo—All Ye Who Seek, Miss Aungst; Duet—Song of Praise The Angels Sang, Miss H. Eberly and Mr. E. Meyer; Girls’ Glee Club—Silent Night, Holy Night.

Other numbers that were very instructive as well as entertaining were as follows: Declamations—Roosevelt’s Address, Miss Baer; Promotion, Mr. Harry Royer; Stories, Ichabod Crane, Miss Martz; The Red Death, Prof. Via; Recitation—Elder Lamb’s Donation, Miss Shank; Readings—Melancholy Days, Miss Henning; A Poor-house Christmas, Miss Bonebrake; Question Box—Miss Letha Royer; Oration, Christian Education, Mr. Harry Reber; Debate—“Resolved, that the orator wields more influence than the

press." This was debated affirmatively by David Baum and Paul Wenger; negatively by Horace Raffensperger and Ethel Wenger.

Regular Programs

January 10, 1919

Music, Society; Recitation, Maggie Meyer; Essay—"Outlook for 1919." Bertha Price; Special Music; A New Year's Story, Minerva Rettew; Discussion, A. C. Baugher; Music; Pantomime, Tennyson's Bugle Song.

January 17, 1919

Special Music; Declamation.

Oliver Zendt; Reading, Mabel Frederick; Special Music; Debate—Resolved, that Final Examinations should be abolished. Affirmative speakers, Miss Alverta Wenger and Mr. J. M. Basehore; Negative speakers, Miss Hannah Sherman and Mr. Stanley Ober.

The Keystone Society met in private session January 3, 1919 in Music Hall. The purpose of the meeting was the election of officers to serve during January. The result of the election was as follows: President, Nathan Meyer; Vice President, Supera Martz; Secretary, Minerva Rettew; Chorister, Hattie Eberly; Critic, Professor Jacob Harley.

Alumni Notes

Mrs. Lydia Buckwalter Heilman's, Bus, '05, address at present is, 6247 Samson St., Philadelphia.

Professor J. G. Meyer spent two days last week at Harrisburg attending the meetings of the State Teacher's Association where many excellent addresses were delivered.

Since the death of his mother, which occurred on Friday, December 30th, Professor R. W. Schlosser, Vice President of the College, has had new duties thrust upon him. He is the administrator of the estate and has employed Attorney M. G. Sheaffer of Lancaster, as his advisor in this work.

Weddings

A number of the members of the faculty received invitations to Miss

Perry's wedding just before Christmas. The invitations read as follows: Mrs. Emma L. Perry requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Bertha to Mr. Arthur Buck on December twenty-second, nineteen eighteen, at three o'clock, Church of the Brethren, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gible announce the marriage of their daughter Martha Reber to Mr. Robert L. Cocklin on Wednesday, January the first nineteen hundred and nineteen at Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

Our College Times extends hearty congratulations and good wishes to these newly wedded friends.

Deaths

The following account of particulars relating to the death of Henry C. Keller, ('06) were kindly sent to us by one of his dear friends: Henry C. Keller, died at his residence 412 West King St., York, Pa., on November 28, (Thanksgiving Day) of pneumonia superinduced by influenza, aged 31 years. 6 months and 10 days.

He became a member of the Church of the Brethren in the bounds of the Codorus Congregation, in York County, Pa., on March 15, 1903.

He was graduated from the Business Department of the Elizabethtown College on June 14, 1906.

On May 29, 1907 he was employed by the Shrewsbury Furniture & Mfg. Co., where by diligent attention he mastered every department of the art of furniture manufacturing.

In March 1913 this Company installed a scientific cost system in which he took a great interest, becoming an expert cost accountant.

On January 1, 1918 he accepted the position of head book-keeper of the Anderson Motor Co., Inc. of York, Pa., where he installed a system of costs, having the general supervision of all their accounts and in a few months was elected to the office of Vice President. He was frequently commended for the neatness of his books.

On March 27, 1910 he was united in matrimony to Miss Annie Gemmill of Shrewsbury, who survives him. He is also survived by his father, Bro. J. H. Keller, one of the trustees of the Elizabethtown College and his sisters, Mrs. L. W. Leiter, the wife of one of our last year's faculty and Miss Gertrude A. Keller of Washington, D. C., who also are members of our Alumni.

Interment was made in the cemetery in Shrewsbury on Sunday, December 1, after which services were held in the Church of the Brethren at the same place. Elders Joseph A. Long and Daniel Bowser of York officiated.

On December the fourth 1918, Brother C. J. Rose, '17, of Klarr, Pennsylvania, died of pneumonia, having been ill only a very short time. Brother B. F. Waltz, '14 and Brother Heisey officiated at the memorial services held at Rummel, December the twenty-ninth.

The College Times is grieved to hear of the death of these men who were so well prepared for leadership and so willing to live a life of service.

As we go to press there came the sad news of the death of Mrs. H. G. Longenecker and Mr. Elmer Minnich of Annville, Pa.

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Constructiveness

In the palmy days of phrenology when the disciples of the Fowler brothers were numerous we were all conscious of the bumps upon our heads and their significance in our characters. If a boy, perchance, would enjoy tearing his sister's rag doll, or if in his carelessness he would damage the furniture about the house, some older member of the home would be likely to accuse

him of being highly developed in that region of his cranium where is located the bump of destructiveness.

The theories of the phrenologists are not taken seriously by most people at the present time; but the different traits of character which they associate with different portions of the skull's surface are real enough, and by no means the least

consequential of them is the one alluded to above, the quality of destructiveness. The opposite trait, which the professionals who examine our heads have also located, and which is of far-reaching significance in any one's nature, is constructiveness. The former trait is a good example of the kind we should repress and restrain, and the latter an excellent one to cultivate.

We remark in the characters of certain of our fellow-mortals the disposition to be pessimistic, cynical, misanthropic, iconoclastic—pardon the Greek words of length. With such people the world is always going to the dogs; nobody can do a good thing but they see some questionable motive in it; projects and enterprises are not going to succeed; and they fold a wet blanket over every proposition, every forward movement. They rejoice in iniquity but not in the truth. They throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery because they do not like to see it go. It is an attitude of mind which is a great blemish in what is in many cases an otherwise noble character.

Would that such might find the better way and cultivate the propensity to build up and foster, for somewhere on the surface of our intelligent heads is the bump of constructiveness. Blessed are they who have it largely developed. They are the people who like to see the machine go, and if they are part of an industry, an institution, or an organized movement, they can always be counted on to labor that nothing hinders the smooth and efficient

operation of the machine. They will put oil where they discover friction, remove sand from the bearings, and repair broken parts as quickly as possible, being eager to see the machine do its work again. They rejoice in progress, they are optimistic, they are charitable, they put the best construction on people's motives, they have faith in humanity, they have a trait of the Christ nature.

Reader, get the right attitude toward life. Refuse to be convinced that the world is not growing better. Give the world the benefit of the doubt. Do with your might what your hands find to do, to keep things going, and going right. When you see some one discouraged, cheer him up, get him going. Is any one struggling, give him a lift, keep him going. Do you find yourself working for fame, work for love. Are you seeking mainly to feather your own nest, to acquire an easy berth, you are cramping your soul, you are a waster and a hindrance to progress.

To be in the full sense a constructionist you must be unselfish, you must have universal sympathy, you must be a builder every day of your life. You see, it will make you a genius instead of a vandal, a benefactor instead of a dead weight on society. You will be as broad-minded as life and experience are broad. You will never suffer yourself to become a member of a clique or ring to deal crookedly or craftily. You will be eager to be set right when in error, for you want to be useful, you want to start things, you

love progress, you love joy and animation, you love a clean heart, you cannot abide except with clear and transparent motives. Each day of your life you will become a greater

and greater blessing to the world, and your career will have been in the truest, highest, divinest sense successful.

—Jacob S. Harley.

Literary Notes

Broadway

How like the stars are these white,
nameless faces—

These far innumerable burning
coals!

This pale procession out of stellar
spaces,

This Milky Way of souls!

Each in its own bright nebulance
enfurled,

Each face, dear God, a world!

I fling my gaze out thro the silent
night:

In those far stars, what gardens,
what high halls,

Has mortal yearning built for its
delight,

What chasms and what walls?

What quiet mansions where a soul
may dwell?

What heaven and what hell?

—Hermann Hagedorn.

Life

To work with zeal and then to stop
and play;

To fight unflinching with a time
to pray;

To win glad victories and oft to
fail;

To join the care-free laughter, and
the wail;

To hear approval that will change
to scorn;

To mend the heart your thoughtless
word has torn;

To love and hate, to curse and then
to kiss—

And this is life and what a life is
this!

—Gilmore Stott.

Pedagogical Department

This department is undergoing changes as will be seen in the tentative schedule of the revised Pedagogical Course given on the opposite page. Emphasis is laid on the practical and newer phases which are coming to be emphasized in modern courses of education. Mastery of the subject-matter is considered important but a working knowledge of the nature and possibilities of the learner are taken to be even more essential to successful teaching.

“Magister Johannem Latinem docuit.” the master taught John Latin, is suggestive. The sentence brings to memory the fact that verbs of teaching take two accusa-

tives, one of the person, another of the thing. And just as in this sentence John comes first, so in education the subject-matter is not the only factor, but the child is a factor also of equal, if not greater importance, to be reckoned with. The child comes into the world, indeed comes into the school, with much potential and very little actual capital. Nature, through heredity, has endowed every child with all the possibilities and tendencies, both good and bad, that he will ever have. And many of these inherited tendencies develop from relatively dormant states and wax into full strength at fixed periods. Of these original tendencies, many that are very desirable throughout life, wane away, forever to remain "impotently fallow," unless stimulated, exercised and satisfied by carefully chosen situations in the child's environment. Given just the right touch at the opportune moment, these tendencies and possibilities, at first but a promise, will spring into dynamic abilities and powers.

Inheritance gives capacity, but it remains for education to develop it. Education creates no tendency or capacity, it can only hope to foster and develop what nature, through heredity, has transmitted as a birthright, from ancestry, near and remote. As Thorndike skilfully insists, all education may be looked upon as a process of effecting certain changes among the original tendencies and capacities of the individual. Some of these original tendencies and capacities of the individual, to be encouraged,

strengthened, and rendered more certain; they are to be trained and set at work in the great social process of which we are a part. Other tendencies are to be checked, suppressed, or replaced by more desirable ones. In short, through education the desirable potentialities of the child are to be made actual powers, and the undesirable ones either redirected or entirely eliminated.

All this implies that even the born teacher (of course all are born) needs to know what situations to place before the child so he may respond with desirable responses. Then, too, even the "born teacher" must know how to apply the 'laws of learning' in the process of modifying and strengthening the desirable tendencies, and redirecting or eliminating the undesirable ones.

Every teacher must continually grow and improve. "If I cease to become better, I shall soon cease to be good," is a suggestive sentiment credited to Oliver Cromwell. Important as are the teacher's natural characteristics and his acquired abilities of the past, his present professional life and growth are more important. Nothing stimulates a healthier growth more; nothing is more inspiring; nothing makes for greater improvement, than a practical up-to-date course in education on the part of those who have been out teaching with a burning desire to improve. It appears likely that the majority of teachers make no gain in efficiency after their third year of service and very many do not improve after the novelty of the

Tentative Course in Education

(Revised Pedagogical Course)

	FALL	WINTER	SPRING
FIRST YEAR	English Grammar Oral & Silent Reading American History Arithmetic Algebra Physiology Handwriting	English Grammar Elocution & Voice Training American & Penna. History Arithmetic Algebra Political Geography Handwriting	English Grammar How to Study Civil Government Arithmetic Algebra Physical Geography Drawing (Blackboard & Story)
SECOND YEAR	Psychology Rhetoric Biology Ancient History Geometry Bookkeeping, or Latin 1	Psychology Rhetoric Biology (Educational) Modern History Geometry Ele. Sch. Art, or Latin 1	School Management or Rural School Management Oral English Biology English History, or Bookkeeping Solid Geometry, or Geology Sec. Sch. Art, or Latin 2
THIRD YEAR	Educational Psychology History of Education, or Latin 2 Observation & Reports or German, or French English Literature & Classics Physics & Chemistry	Educational Psychology School Systems, or Latin 2 Practice Teaching or German, or French American Literature Physics & Chemistry	Educational Psychology School & Personal Hygiene or Latin 3 Methodology or German, or French Children's Literature Physics & Chemistry
FOURTH YEAR	Psychology of Childhood Philosophy of Education Social Psychology Observation & Methods in English or German, or French School Supervision Religious Education or Practical Arts, or Latin 3	Psychology of School Subjects Philosophy of Education Educational Sociology Observations & Methods in Science or German, or French Educational Measurements Religious Education or Practical Arts, or Latin 4,	Psychology of School Subjects Philosophy of Teaching Rural Sociology Observations & Methods in Mathematics, or French, or German Educational Tests Play Ground Supervision or Religious Education, or Latin 4

NOTE—Graduates from First Class High Schools may finish the above course in two years if the quality of work justifies it. Students completing this course with an average of 85%, or above, as their passing grade will be recommended for the Junior Year of the regular A. B. Course.

first year has worn off, but I am confident that the majority of such teachers could teach very much better than they do. "It is my impression that the majority of men remain far below their limit of efficiency even when it is decidedly in their interest to approach it, and when they think they are doing the best they are capable of." This statement of Thorndike ought to cause all of us to think. Let me urge those who are out teaching to study our revised course in education and decide to spend at least a year or two in further preparation.

It will now be possible to complete the Pd.B. Course without meeting any language requirements which may be especially desirable on the part of those planning to teach in the grades or in the ungraded public schools. **DON'T QUIT TEACHING, BE A BETTER TEACHER.** Get renewed inspiration and the latest point of view in education. You will earn more in the long run, enjoy it better and do more important service. The Pedagogical Department offers special weekly night courses and there will also be special courses for teachers in the Spring Term. A careful study of the accompanying tentative schedule will give the reader an idea of some of the new courses offered in this department.

We are hopeful of being able to get state recognition in the near future. The dream that appeared in the College Times a few years ago is coming true. Professor Schlosser is out in the interests of the four hundred thousand dollar campaign

and his last report is very encouraging. It is remarkable how the church of the Brethren is coming to the support of the cause of Elizabethtown College. To raise the amount required by the state will mean hard work but there is no doubt in my mind as to what the outcome will be. And there is no department going to profit more than the Pedagogical will when Elizabethtown College will be fully standardized. The aim now is to raise all this amount by October 1, 1919. With the bright prospects of a successful completion of this campaign it will be especially worth while, for those desiring to better prepare for the work of teaching, to plan to enter Elizabethtown College as soon as possible. **DON'T QUIT TEACHING, BE A BETTER TEACHER. TO BE A BETTER TEACHER IS TO INFLUENCE MORE LIVES FOR GOOD THAN TO KEEP ON IN A RUT.**

—J. G. Meyer.

The Measurement of Intelligence

The following article is a brief resume of the work in this particular field of educational endeavor. Professor Hoffer was himself associated with the work in military psychology at Camp Wheeler, Ga., under the direction of the Surgeon General, U. S. A.—Ed.

Educational tests have always been a part of the teacher's equipment. They measure results. They are used in every subject in the curriculum, whether to determine the pupil's knowledge of a topic, a les-

son, an entire subject, or the material covering a definite period of time. But, such tests are always subjective; the standard required depends wholly upon the person giving the test. Thus we have as many standards as there are examiners, and what one teacher calls mediocre another may consider to be quite proficient.

Within recent years, however, considerable work has been done toward the production and development of objective tests for use in the various school subjects. The proficiency of the pupil in any one subject is now to be determined by comparison with a definitely set objective standard, perhaps a writing scale, a series of problems in arithmetic, etc. All pupils get the same test, administered under the same conditions, as far as possible. Examples of such tests, presenting objective standards, are the Rice Tests in Spelling, the Thorndike Handwriting Scale, and the Curtis Tests in Arithmetic.

At the same time, however, there has been developed another type of mental test, which does not measure ability in any prescribed study, but aims to show the general level of intelligence, regardless of home training or school education. Here is an important factor, the general level of intelligence, which is often omitted, when teachers attempt to explain their success or failure in teaching some children. It has been shown by statistics, gathered in hundreds of cities, that from one-third to one-half of the children in the public schools fail to

advance at the expected rate. Of these, from ten to fifteen per cent. are retarded two years or more, and from five to eight per cent. are retarded at least three years. School men have become alarmed at such a situation and have attempted to remedy it by individualizing instruction, by improved methods of promotion, by attention to the health of the child, by improved administration, etc. Doubtless much improvement in the situation has been accomplished by such measures; but, if uniform improvement is expected to result from the application of such remedies, the fallacious assumption is made that all children are equally capable.

It has been shown, where intelligence tests have been used, that not far from two per cent in each grade are below normal in general mental ability. We find, however, not two well-defined classes of individuals, but a gradation of ability from the supernormal to the lowest grade of feeble-mindedness. Intelligence tests have been particularly useful in discovering feeble-minded individuals. They have enlarged the concept of the term "feeble-mindedness" by discovering individuals whose mental age is somewhere between seven and twelve years, and who formerly were considered quite normal. In the second place, these tests have served as a guide in the training of subnormal individuals, for the same procedure would not be followed with an individual seven years old mentally as with one whose mental age is twelve years.

The intelligence tests now in use are the result of years of painstaking effort and extended research by psychologists and educators. The most signal achievement in this direction was that attained by Dr. Alfred Binet, a French psychologist. Wherein his work was so marked an improvement over that of his colleagues and predecessors was that he introduced the idea of age standards. Formerly, individuals examined were simply classified as very bright, bright, fair, dull, very dull, or according to some such scheme of ranking. Professor Binet conceived the idea of classifying those examined according to mental ages and devised his tests accordingly.

The tests were arranged and organized in the following manner. Prof. Binet arranged in order of difficulty a number of tests. Then he selected two hundred normal children from three to fifteen years of age and gave the tests to all. If a test was passed by from 65 per cent to 75 per cent of the children of a certain chronological age it was put into the mental age group for that year. In this way he secured a list of five tests for each year from three years to sixteen years. The main characteristics of these tests were: First, the use of age standards; second, the kind of mental functions tested. The tests are intended to show differences in memory, differences in reasoning power, the ability to compare, power of comprehension, time association, etc. Third, the tests measure "general intelligence," not the

several mental faculties. The mental life cannot thus be separated into parts, for when one would test attention, memory is present; or sense discrimination, association is present, etc.

Prof. Binet died in 1911. Undoubtedly, he had hoped to improve the scale by further study and research. This improvement or revision has been undertaken by various persons. The most noted revision, on this side of the Atlantic, is that made under the direction of Dr. Lewis Terman, of Leland Stanford, Jr. University; it is known as the Standard Revision and Extension of the Binet-Simon Intelligence Scale. The criticism was made that, in the Binet Scale, there was a dearth of tests at the higher level, i. e., not enough tests to distinguish the fifteen-year-old from the sixteen-year-old mentally, for example; that the procedure in some cases was inadequately defined, thus causing different examiners to interpret instructions differently—a fact tending to depreciate the comparative value of the results gotten by different examiners; that some tests were misplaced—were either too high or too low in the scale. The revision was made upon the study of 2,300 cases, consisting of 1,700 normal children, 200 defectives and superiors, and more than 400 adults. From the results gotten by testing these cases the desired corrections were made. The idea of credit for partially correct answers was also introduced in that some tests are used in two different years, the type of response determining the year to which credit shall be as-

signed. A complete description of the development of the tests, their value, and instructions for use are given in a volume by Dr. Terman, called "The Measurement of Intelligence."

Revision of the Binet Scale was also undertaken from quite a different angle. Prof. R. M. Yerkes, formerly of Harvard University, offered the following criticisms. He pointed out that the age-grade method is not the best because it is based upon the following assumptions, which cannot be proven; First, the mental development of all normal individuals proceeds at similar stages; second, the correlation between mental functions is the same for all individuals at a given stage; third, each stage of mental life corresponds to a certain physical age. As to the first of these assumptions, it has been shown that normal children vary as much as six or seven years from the set standard, so that such variation cannot be considered anomalous; the second assumption would say that the memory ability, for example, of all seven-year-old children is the same; the third assumption cannot be maintained because certain sociological and environmental factors produce different mental development for different groups. This fault could be obviated by "setting" the scale differently for different local groups, but the difficulty lies in the fact that, in this country, most local groups are not homogeneous.

Prof. Yerkes also criticized the principle of grading used by Binet.

In the Binet Scale, as first devised, the child gets credit for a test if he just passes it, regardless of whether or not he does much better than merely pass it. Furthermore, if he just fails, he gets no credit at all. So, in revising the scale, Prof. Yerkes, assisted by J. W. Bridges and others, took twenty of the Binet tests, to which they assigned a value of 100 points. These tests were arranged roughly in ascending order of difficulty. As the Binet tests, so they test a comprehensive range of mental functions. One new characteristic was the assignment of partial credit for the easier phases of execution of a complex test. For example, in one of the tests, the individual is shown three pictures, in succession, and is asked to tell what each is about. Credit is assigned to the reply as it consists of enumeration, description, or interpretation. Another important characteristic of this scale was the recognition of the effect of sociological and race factors, thus establishing group norms. In a test of 26 boys and 28 girls belonging to two groups, a favored and an unfavored group, it was shown that the favored group averaged 20 per cent higher than the unfavored group. A recognition of these factors insures a fairer test. The total score, then, in this scale is expressed by a number of points rather than by a mental age, and a certain, definite number of points can be taken as the norm for a certain class. A description of this scale, with directions for use, is given in "A Point Scale for Measuring Mental Ability," by Yerkes, Bridges and Hardwick.

These tests, described above, were designed for use with school children, but they have been used also in testing the mentally deficient in institutions for such individuals, in juvenile court cases, etc. Prof. Yerkes, however, was at work upon a point scale for normal adults. About this time our country entered the European War. Psychologists of this country felt that mental tests could be used to good advantage in the army, so, after some introductory experiments at four military camps, they were enabled to submit a favorable report to the War Department. Consequently, the work was organized in some of the camps and later authorized to be extended to all the camps. Men with special ability along psychological lines were given special training in military psychology at Camp Greenleaf, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., and were then assigned to the various camps to assist in examining recruits.

One can readily see, however, that it would have been next to impossible to examine each man separately, as is intended in the Stanford Binet and the Yerkes Point Scale Examinations. A group examination was, therefore, developed, by means of which as many as three hundred or more could be examined at one sitting. It was found, however, that this test was inadequate because the directions could not be understood by foreigners ignorant of the English language and by native illiterates. Another group test was then devised for such individuals, in which

directions could be given by demonstrations by use of a blackboard and gestures, and in which the answers could be indicated by pencil marks not involving the use of written language. From the results of these two examinations the men were graded A, B, C+, C, C-, D, D-. Those making "D-" were given a special individual examination adapted from either of the two individual examinations described above or based upon a performance examination especially designed for use in the army with illiterates and foreigners. The recommendations made in these individual cases were based not alone upon the result of the mental examination but also upon such additional factors as personal and family disease history, social and environmental conditions, nervous conditions, etc.

Upon the basis of all the examinations, men were recommended for regular service, for special organizations or development battalions, or for rejection. Men whose mental ability was slightly inferior were recommended to development battalions or to labor organizations where quick and accurate responses and an average grade of mental ability were not required. Men of marked inferior mental ability were recommended for discharge or rejection.

In the Official U. S. Bulletin for December 11, 1918, the War Department stated that more than 26 per cent of the enlisted men were considered of average intelligence and, of these, 11 per cent had the superior intelligence required for officers. Of the officers examined,

83 per cent were shown to be of superior intelligence. Less than 2¼ per cent of the men recruited under the selective service law were found to be unfit mentally for general military service and less than one-half of one per cent were so deficient as to be recommended for discharge. About 1,500,000 men had been examined up to November 1, 1918.

In this same report, the specific purposes of these tests are given to be; "To aid in the discovery of men whose superior intelligence suggested their consideration for advancement; in the prompt selection and assignment to development battalions of men who were so inferior mentally that they were suited only for selected assignments; in forming organizations of superior mental strength where such superiority was demanded by the nature of the work to be performed; in selecting suitable men for various Army duties or for special training in colleges or technical schools; in the early formation of training groups within the regiment or battery, in order that each man could receive instruction and drill according to his ability to profit thereby; in the early recognition of the mentally slow as contrasted with the stubborn or disobedient; and in the discovery of men whose low-grade intelligence rendered them either a burden or a menace to the service."

It should be noted that not all men in development battalions were mentally inferior; men were sent there for other reasons as well—physical defect, for example. Furthermore, it can readily be seen that uniformity of general ability in

a regiment was greatly to be desired. If the regiment was to be trained as a unit and its companies varied within a wide range in the general intellectual ability of the men, one can easily see what lack of uniformity in results would ensue. Also, the ability to pick out the man whom no amount of training could develop into an efficient soldier was a saving of time, effort, and expense. The psychologists did not claim that their tests told all there was to tell about a man's value to the service. The tests measured mental ability, a very important factor in the determination of general ability, but they did not attempt or claim to measure such other valuable traits as loyalty, endurance, bravery, personality, leadership, the power to command, etc.

In conclusion, let us ask what value these tests may have for the cause of education. Several things can be claimed. In the first place, the testing of the intelligence of normal adults was in its incipience at the outbreak of the war. The training of men in the camps brought together large groups of men and thus presented opportunities for examining which could not very easily have been gotten otherwise. The results thus reached would have required years of painstaking work and research under normal conditions. So, it may be claimed that an enormous amount of time has been saved in the advancement of this type of educational work.

In the second place, statistics prove that the results obtained have

scientific value. The distributions made and the averages for various groups show a rank in ability which one logically expects. Hence, intelligence tests may be devised for normal adults which are reliable and which can be applied to groups instead of to individuals only.

And, if such tests have been devised for adults in the army, similar tests may be devised for groups of school children, or even for adult students. Application of tests like these to the student bodies in high schools, normal schools and colleges would most likely throw considerable light on the problems of intellectual improvement and discipline which so often perplex the teacher or school authorities.

Again, if a man's general ability is a function of his mental ability, a test of general intelligence, devised according to requirements, would prove of inestimable value in hiring laborers or employees in the trades, industries, or vocations. The present trend toward vocational education, too, would receive an added stimulus in the use of these tests.

The initial impulse which this work has received is great, but, doubtless, new results will soon be worked out in many fields. When the Surgeon General's Office is ready to publish the statistics on this work in the army, we feel confident that those who desire some educational instrument in the nature of an adult mental test will find in such a report results which will justify their most sanguine desires.

—Irwin S. Hoffer.

The Substitute

"Oh, thank you, girls. This fine big morning and these pretty posies make me glad I'm living," said Betty." Will you sit down awhile? I like to talk with girls, especially about their dreams and hopes for life. Isn't it wonderful to be a girl these days and to have your life before you? Some folks think I'm useless, but girls, I'm sure there is something in the world for me to do."

The girls quietly sat down around the wheel chair in which poor Betty, the cripple was sitting. They didn't notice her old clothes, pale face, or helpless—limb. They even no longer remembered the sign, "Children's Home" above them Betty's soft brown eyes, beaming face, and charming voice impressed them as never before.

"Betty, I wish you could go to school too," said Charlotte. Its so nice to live among so many boys and girls.

Betty's eyes fell as she answered, "Yes, that has always been my dream. But I do spend most of my time in reading and studying now, so I'll have a good start when I go to College. Girls, I feel without a doubt that sometime I can go, and besides—that there is some medical treatment that will help me. Those hills are calling me and I must answer."

Three girls left that place, still Edith Gilberts, Charlotte Williams, and Molly Smith by name, but actually quite different girls. Life was more pleasant because they had visions of a great future.

Ten years after this, the circulation of a magazine was greatly increased because of a series of articles written by a new contributor. This was the editor's introduction of the author: "Our new contributor is Miss Elizabeth Denton who has achieved her literary skill thru her own efforts, because she was determined to rise above misfortune."

One afternoon as Mrs. Molly Smith, the mistress of a mansion in Roxbury, was sitting in her study and thinking what to do to idle away her time, a servant entered with two letters and a magazine.

"Good, this is Edith's hand writing. And she has given up her good home to become a Red Cross Nurse! How foolish! When the whole letter was read, she threw it into her lap and soliloquized something like this; "Edith surely is happy. There is no doubt about that. How could she——. There must be something in helping others."

She forgot her other letter for a little while but upon recalling it, she quickly opened it and read: "O Molly, you should be here at the Y. W. C. A. Conference. It's simply wonderful. But I should first of all have told you that I've decided to spend all my time at this work. I'm here for inspiration."

"I never thought that Charlotte would give up her good job and all for——, well I'm glad she's happy. It seems anyhow that they have something I don't have," thought Molly.

The next thing was the new magazine, and the very first to attract her attention was the editor's intro-

duction of the new contributor. Of course it did not take long until she read her article too. She decided that this girl was a cripple whom some one had educated, and the result seemed so very remarkable. Somehow she had such a strong feeling. It must have been her better self struggling against her real self, because she soon sat up in an attitude of determination. Many times she had spoken to her friends about charming Betty, and had expressed grief over her condition. Now she was ready to speak thru actions. The sparkle in her eyes told the secret. But it was too good to tell only with the eyes. In her great glee she exclaimed, "I'll find Betty and educate her with some of the money that I can do without."

The prospect looked bright until the Manager of the Children's Home answered her letter and said that Betty was no longer there. She had left several months before and they had heard nothing about her since that time. For a short time many thoughts passed through her mind, "But maybe Elizabeth Denton hasn't gone to College after all," thought Molly. Again she picked up the magazine and looked at the introduction, "Why yes, the editor says 'thru her own efforts,' I'll send her to College for Betty's sake."

The next morning a letter left the Smith home addressed to the editor of the magazine. In a few days a reply came saying that Miss Denton said, "It's a life dream coming true at last."

September was soon here and Miss Denton was at College.

We can only say that her school life was pleasant and busy, and that she won a large place in the hearts of all who came in touch with her. At first frequent letters were exchanged. Each time Miss Denton said that school work was going fine and her health remained the same. Gradually Molly became so much interested in her newly begun work of helping poor girls, that her life of ease turned to one of great activity. Many poor girls found a welcome in the Roxbury Mansion. None left without having been helped in some way.

Letters between Molly and Miss Denton became less frequent. In the midst of the absorbing work of both they did not correspond at all for a long time. However Elizabeth's mind often pondered thoughts of appreciation for the one who had so much enriched her life. Nor had Mrs. Smith lost her interest in the one through whom she had received so much happiness. Her last thought always was, "If only she could walk."

One autumn the beautiful October days were crowded with work for the people of Roxbury. All was excitement and anticipation. Many committees were at work to make the Y. W. C. A. Conference to be held there, the best one ever held. Edith Gilberts and Charlotte Williams both received invitations while attending the Conference, to live at Molly's home.

The first day of the Conference was a great success. In the evening the trio were seated in the big sitting room in Molly's home, discuss-

ing their girlhood days. "I so often think of the time we visited Betty and what those few moments meant to me," said Edith. "Yes, I wish she knew what she has meant to each of us and she surely would feel that her life hasn't been useless," answered the others.

The next day was the big day of the Conference. The programme showed that all the speakers were the very best. One by one they were introduced, gave their message, and sat down. About the middle of the afternoon a woman entered and was taken to the rostrum. Everyone was very favorably impressed with her striking personality. The curiosity of the people as to her name was soon satisfied when the chairman arose and said, "Mr. Day, the next speaker cannot be here but he has sent a substitute who has a message. I'm sure. She is Miss Elizabeth Denton, a poor crippled girl, educated by a citizen of our town, and almost miraculously cured physically by one of the country's foremost physicians. Since the dream of her girlhood had been realized, she wants to do all that is possible to show her gratitude as she puts it, in a small degree."

Miss Denton arose and stepped forward. Every eye was fixed on her as the message came with remarkable force and clearness. There were several people in the audience however, who saw and heard more, and thought faster than the others did. They knew that those big brown eyes had looked into theirs before. That clear rich voice didn't seem strange either. Her description of nature, and of the hills of

her girlhood, brought back such memories of their girlhood days that it seemed as if she were describing the ones they knew so well. For a moment they lived in the past but were brought back to the

present by the speaker's closing phrase. "The hills called me and I answered."

"O Betty," was the silent response of her three girlhood friends.
—Sara Shisler.

School Notes

Orations!

"Don't delay. Today will be yesterday tomorrow.

Ask Maria Meyers why she takes "Art?"

WANTED—Some gigglers for Miss Brubaker's table.

The tennis courts are getting dry!

The museum cases of the library are being renovated.

WANTED—A "real" public basket ball game—the girls.

WANTED—A fire escape at the bookroom entrance.

Mr. Paul Wenger (in Zoology)—This scale is covered with fish.

Don't forget! The alumni basket ball game on February fourteenth.

Professor Meyer—What is life?

Mr. Baugher—Living.

Ask Miss Ethel Wenger why she understands the term camouflage so well?

Ask Mr. Herr which is the better. A Peerless or a Gearless machine?

First Student—What makes King so happy?

Second Student—Ten "spots" from home.

The students wonder when the weather will be favorable for skat-

ing. They fear it may get too cold after while.

Student—Did you ever read, "The Valley of the Moon?"

Mr. Graham—No, but I have read the moon of Cumberland Valley.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander times, for that is the stuff life is made of.

—Benjamin Franklin.

Keep doing, always doing; wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and repining are idle and profitless employments.

We advise Mr. Reber and Mr. Herr to get a less expensive background for their next boxing match.

Professor Nye (in American History) Are wives cheaper or more expensive now than in the time of the settlement of Jamestown?

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought.

Our hearts in glad surprise

To higher levels rise.

—Longfellow.

Elder I. W. Taylor and Professor Ober were called to Washington, D. C., in the early part of February to meet the national committee on universal military training for schools and colleges.

Prof. Meyer, Messrs. Wenger, Baugher, Graham and Ebersole attended the State Temperance Convention held at Harrisburg on Jan. 27. They report having heard William Jennings Bryan and Ex-Governor Willis, of Ohio.

On January 31, Elder I. W. Taylor and J. G. Meyer left College Hill for Camp Lee, at Petersburg, Va. They returned on Sunday, Feb. 2. On their trip they crossed the Susquehanna, Patomac, James, Rappahannock and Appomattox rivers. They stopped off a few hours in Washington, D. C., going and coming. They attended the Third Session of the Fifty-third Congress and also a lecture given by Dr. Harvey on the Sun. The latter was an illustrated lecture given in the large auditorium at the Smithsonian Institute.

Mr. Grant Weaver, one of our former students paid us a short visit on Friday, January the seventeenth. In chapel he gave a short talk explaining his camp experiences.

Mr. Ezra Wenger (to Mr. Burkhardt) How many vacant periods do you have in the morning?

Mr. Burkhardt—Two, and I would have another one at 10:40 if I didn't have U. S. History.

We are glad to welcome a number of new students at the beginning of the second semester and later. Only one of them was stricken with homesickness and we expect her among our number again.

Miss Crouthamel claims that boys and cats are the greatest enemies of the bird family. Perhaps, since girls are always "little angels" and

hence belong to that order, that is the reason so many safeguards are used on College Hill. —H. R.

Society Notes

The Ever Green Tree

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—N. G. M.

January!

Do to-days work to-day.

The lost shall be found—K. L. S.
Minute Book.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

Professor Ober on January twenty-fourth gave in his pleasing manner a most practical and helpful address, "The Value of an Ideal."

Mr. Albert Reber and Mr. Grant Weaver, who are stationed at Camp

Meade, recently paid a visit to their Alma Mater. During their stay they did not fail to attend our K. L. S. meetings.

The general tone of the society during the month of January was good. The vocal numbers given were: Crossing the Bar, Miss Anna Enterline; and Humoresque, Miss Harriet Bartine. The following instrumental numbers were rendered: Piano solo, Miss Ruth Bucher; and Piano duet, Misses Grace and Ruth Ober.

Alfred Tennyson's exquisite lyric, "Blow Bugle Blow," was interpreted as a pantomime by Misses Harriet Eberly, Ethel Wenger, Kathryn Zug, Minerva Rettew and Mildred Baer. We are eager to see another pantomime.

The literary numbers well worthy of mention were the following: A New Year's Story, Miss Minerva Rettew; Books, Miss Mabel Frederrick; Book Review, Mr. John Boone; Outlook for 1919, Miss Bertha Price; Literary Echo, Mr. Nathan Meyer; Memory Pictures, Miss Maggie Meyer; and Oh, Captain! Oh, Captain!, Mr. Oliver Zendt.

The discussions were: First, a debate, Resolved, "That Final Examinations Should be Abolished," Affirmative speakers, Miss Alverta

Wenger and Mr. Mark Basehore; Negative speakers, Miss Hannah Sherman and Mr. Stanley Ober. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative side. Second, a Symposium, Which wields the greatest influence on Society: Inventions, Miss Mary Crouse; Statesmanship, Miss Emma Zook; or Education, Miss Elizabeth Gibble.

Regular Program

February 7, 1919

Music, Society; Recitation, Miss Mabel Bomberger; Declamation, Mr. Daniel Baum; Special Music (Instrumental); Paper, Miss Sarah Shissler; Impromptu Class, Ruth Bucher.

February 14, 1919

Music; Recitation, Miss Landis; Essay, Mr. Jesse Reber; Character Sketch, Sir Roger de Coverly, Mr. Paul Wenger; Special Music, (vocal); Dialogue, Miss Supera Martz and Mr. Isaac Taylor; Music.

At a private session of the Keystone Society, January 31, 1919 the following officers were elected to serve during the present month: President, Mr. Isaac Taylor; Vice President, Mr. Daniel Baum; Secretary, Miss Maggie Meyer; and Critic, Professor Irvin Hoffer.

—N. G. M.

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Our College Times is published monthly during the Academic year by Elizabeth-town College.

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According To Thy Faith

We say at Lexington was fired the shot that was heard around the world; not only because it meant so much in the forward movement of the human race toward political freedom, but because the American patriots dared so much in the face of fearful odds. How like a forlorn hope it must have seemed on that morning of April 19, 1775 to see the meager power of a hand-

ful of colonists pitted against the limitless resource of proud England. But their faith failed not, and with faith's eye they saw Bunker Hill, Trenton, and Saratoga, sure stepping-stones to the success of the campaign which is now memorable as the American Revolution.

Similarly, when a half dozen years ago a body of Christian workers in their annual assembly

adopted the slogan, "A saloonless nation in nineteen-twenty," how fanciful, how extravagant seemed the idea! The more we wished it might be so the more our hearts sank as we thought of the improbability of success. But their faith was strong; they joined their forces with other organized enemies of the demon rum that were already in the field; they strengthened their lines, they won recruits, they never slept; and now near the end of a great ratification drive that is backed by public sentiment from Maine to California we see them breaking through the Hindenburg line at every point and planting their victorious flag over the last intrenchments of the routed army of King Alcohol, the goal reached and a year or two to spare. True, certain unforeseen events played mightily into their hands. But fortune always favors the bold. Nay, rather, Providence honors faith. The unforeseen will always come to the succor of a great faith. Providence sees to that. And thus it is that faith removes mountains according to promise.

The example of the temperance workers in their magnificent crusade no less than the daring of the brave insurgents of '76 should inspire us in our campaign for the endowment of Elizabethtown College to press forward with the fullest enthusiasm. It would be foolish for us to close our eyes to the bigness of the proposition or to think that we shall succeed without a hard, persistent struggle. But already at the start

we may say that the outcome is decided—not by an oracle, or by the fates; it will be according to our faith. From what various sources will come the needed support, what will win for us the sympathy which is yet withheld, whose devotion and prayers will be most effectual in the work—all this is best known to Him who is all-wise. But faith will bring the answers. There is no room in our ranks for doubters. When a hazardous but noble deed is to be done, then to hesitate is to be lost, to doubt is to be condemned, half-heartedness is disloyalty and treason. If we stand united, never questioning the righteousness of our cause, then our faith will be honored, as it has been honored in substantial measure. If it is a conviction and not a pretense that in our labors we are fostering the faith once delivered to the saints, if we show to the world that we have confidence in the work ourselves, then friends and helpers will arise from every hillock and work, from every cottage as friends arose from behind every rock and tree to the aid of Roderick Dhu when he gave the war cry.

When we think of the boys and girls who are ever coming to our halls hungry for that which enriches the mind, and seeking to be guided into right paths; when we see them commingling here for a while in study and worship, in recreation and song, and again going out to pursue their devious ways and work out their separate destinies; and when we think of how little we have helped them in comparison with the possibilities within

reach, how can we do less than with a true and prayerful heart and in full assurance of faith reach out to wider fields of usefulness, believing that a great work is destined to be wrought out at Elizabethtown College, that she is to fill a place and

play a part not necessarily conspicuous but truly vital and essential and fraught with incalculable good as far and as wide as men and women came within the radius of her influence.

—Jacob Harley.

Literary Notes

My Work

Let me but do my work from day
to day
In field or forest, at the desk or
loam
In roaring market place, or tranquil
room
Let me but find it in my heart to
say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me
astray,
"This is my work, my blessing, not
my doom
Of all who live. I am the one by
whom

This work can best be done in my
own way,"
Then shall I see it not too great
or small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my
powers;
Then shall I cheerfully greet the
labouring hours,
And cheerfully turn, when the long
shadows fall,
At eventide to play, and love, and
rest
Because I know for me my work is
best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Elizabethtown College Endowment Campaign

Elizabethtown College, located in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, entered upon a Building Fund and Endowment Campaign on January 2. The college purposes to raise an endowment fund of \$250,000 and a sufficient building fund so as to en-

able the school to be standardized according to the laws of Pennsylvania. This project is in harmony with the forward movement in the Brotherhood and is fraught with great prospects and possibilities for the rising generations.

The college was founded in 1899 and up to the beginning of the present school year was controlled by trustees elected by the donors of the institution. In 1916 these donors of the school unanimously decided to offer the school free of debt to several state districts of the Church of the Brethren. This offer was accepted in 1917 by two districts, Eastern and Southern Pennsylvania.

These districts are now represented by a Board of Trustees composed of the following from Eastern Pennsylvania: Elders S. H. Hertzler, I. W. Taylor and Bro. John Gible, of Elizabethtown; Elder J. W. G. Hertzler, of Lititz; Elder David Kilhefner, of Ephrata; Elder H. B. Yoder, of Lancaster; Elder E. M. Wenger, of Fredericksburg, and Bro. A. G. Longenecker, of Palmyra, who fills the vacancy resulting in the death of Elder Jesse Ziegler, former president of the Board. The trustees of Southern Pennsylvania are: Elder C. L. Baker of East Berlin; Elder J. H. Keller, of Shrewsbury; Elder C. R. Oellig, of Waynesboro, and Elder A. S. Baugher, of Lineboro, Maryland. On January 2 they effected the following reorganization: President, Elder S. H. Hertzler; Vice President, Elder C. L. Baker; Secretary, Bro. A. G. Longenecker; Treasurer, Elder I. W. Taylor. The present officers of the faculty of the college are: President, H. K. Ober; Vice President, R. W. Schlosser; Secretary, J. G. Meyer.

The writer has been released from the teaching force of the col-

lege and is to manage the endowment campaign in the two state districts. He will be assisted by two committees of four trustees from each district. Plans have been framed for securing funds for a ladies' dormitory and a science hall.

This movement aims to work out the original purposes of the founders of the school, who believed that our young people should have access to schools that stand for the distinctive principles of the New Testament as practiced by our loyal brethren and sisters, and that are able to confer the baccalaureate degrees in the arts and sciences. Our slogan is: "For a conservative standardized college."

It was the unanimous opinion of the Board of Trustees that with a constituency of nearly one-eighth of the brotherhood there would be sufficient support to standardize the school and eventually to furnish a student body numbering four hundred. The past record of the school also proves that much life and strength is given to the church through the students of the school. From Elizabethtown College have gone forth: fourteen elders, fifty-six ministers, twelve foreign missionaries, one a faculty member; twelve pastors, professors and instructors on all of our Brethren College faculties, except La Verne College; besides scores of Sunday School workers and others in Christian service. It was also the opinion of the Board that a standardized school would be the most potent factor in preserving the conservatism of the New Testament teachings. It was felt that the principles

of the simple life in dress and conduct would be held for the church as a whole only by training young men in institutions that teach obedience to the New Testament doctrines as defined by our Annual Conference. To be a steadfast witness to the faith of our fathers, "to contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints," to teach respect for our Annual Conference decisions, these are the supreme propositions to which the college was dedicated.

Conservatism, it was felt, could be preserved now, better than revived later. The Savior gave us formal observances as means to an end, and the church likewise has found it a necessary expedient to institute certain forms so as to secure certain ends. Our school believes that the church en masse can hold these virtues only by an obedience to our Annual Conference decisions in regard to the teachings of the New Testament.

The writer has made a tour of the churches of Southern Pennsylvania and presented the ideals of the founders of the school and ac-

quainted the members with the plans of the Board of Trustees. The spirit of building up an institution on this historic ground in Eastern and Southern Pennsylvania, that shall aim to preserve and perpetuate the ideals as set forth by the founders of the church, has appealed to our constituency and funds are being promised that give the project bright hopes of an early success. The sentiment making campaign has ended in Southern Pennsylvania and the solicitors will begin their work at once in cooperation with committees from all the local congregations.

Thus Elizabethtown College has entered upon a new era indicative of success on every hand. The spirit of sacrifice has permeated the hearts of all our constituency in giving money, time, and precious lives during a world war and a nationwide pestilence, and this same spirit, we feel, will be manifest in fostering an institution set for the preservation of the ideals of our fathers and in defence of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

—R. W. Schlosser.

What We Are Doing

With those prophets who introduced the chair of English into the University curriculum, we believe that the study of English has a vital touch with everyday affairs. The constant struggle of the human soul is to express self; the crying need of the day is clear thinking;

and today discipline is lauded as never before. What course satisfies these conditions better than English composition or Rhetoric?

We also believe that this development is perfected by the reading of the "best" in literature. Consequently we offer courses in English

and American literature during the year. The relationship between the literature and the history of the nation is noted, the lives of the authors are studied, and a representative group of the masterpieces are read.

The College students are studying a course in Poetics preparatory in the study of the works of John Milton. The students will study "Paradise Lost," the greatest epic in the English language, in detail.

We believe that oratorical contests are a great aid toward effec-

tive, powerful expression. We are pleased to report, two important contests. The Senior contest was held in February. Five of our advanced students have entered. There are ten contestants for the Keystone contest and the final contest of March the twenty-first will be preceded by a preliminary one when the five contestants for the final will be selected. Our friends and fellow-alumni are invited to attend.

—Edna Brubaker.

The Lure of Literature

Ever since Mother Eve told her children the story of the beginning of things, have children clustered about their mothers' knee, enthralled by the 'Once upon a time' tale. Ever since purposeful teaching began has the youth's clamor for song and story been heeded. Maturity has turned to it as unswervingly as the caravan in hot desert sands turns to an oasis surrounded by stately date palms. Old age, too, finds in it a fountain of crystal waters, inspiring and eternal.

Literature had its beginning among primitive people in the folk-song, the tale of romance, and the minstrelly. With changing customs and ideals came a correspondent change in the standards of life as they are mirrored in literature. Consequently each age brings with it a change in the subject matter and form of the literary endeavor;

eg., the interest in the individual is merged in the interest of the social group, at present, according to the dictates of democracy. The rush of the modern work-a-day world has evolved the brief lyric instead of the lengthy epic, and the short story is an adaptation of fiction to modern ways.

Since literature has proved to be an unfailing hire to all people for all time, it might be well to inquire into the benefits of this eternal quest. As has previously been intimated, it draws aside the curtain to the land of **Yesterday** and allows the rays of sunlight to penetrate the musty interior. It bases the estimate of true greatness on service and traces the advancement of humanity thru its various struggles for the beautiful, the true and the good.

Likewise do the vistas of foggy **Tomorrow** stretch before us. As the

sun clears the atmosphere, it reveals a land of rolling hills and verdant valleys besides numerous paths winding up the mountain side. This vision reveals the presence of difficulties to be overcome and will inspire unflagging enthusiasm in every traveler who bears the banner "**Excelsior**" on his life march. How true are the words Browning has, Andrea Del Sarto say. "Ah but a man's grasp should exceed his reach or what's a heaven for?"

But the most immediate benefit of the quest of literature is not in viewing the **Yesterday** and the **Tomorrow**, but rather in the added happiness, rest and interest in the world of nature and humanity in the land of **Today**.

To some people "Literature comes like a beautiful bird of Paradise to make suddenly colored the gray humdrum of our days." It refreshes the weary spirit, it enlarges the outlook on life, and takes the reader to the snow crowned mountain peak, to the surging ocean, or to the tropical southland with its varied colors and odors. Truly, "Literature is a solace of labor." Not only do we subscribe to Wardsworth's statement, when he says, in speaking of books, "Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, our pastimes and our happiness will grow."

We believe literature has even a more important function. The various authors awaken the soul of man and say, "Open Sesame." They take him to Nature's Woodland haunts, where the air is fragrant with the breath of flowers of many hues, and vocal with bird song. They endow inanimate creation with the voice of their Creator as man listens spellbound to the tale of the "Mountain Daisy," the "Chambered Nautilus," "The Sky Lark," "The Pine Tree," "The Evening Wind," or perchance "The Brook."

These men and women, to whom all the world is debtor, have joined hands with God and have created a world of human beings, who are frequently more real than those of flesh and blood with whom we daily rub elbows. Happy is the youth who lives in the companionship of Pippa and King Arthur; who knows the struggle of Hamlet and Christian; who listens to the tales of perennial interest as they come from the lips of Uncle Remus or Robinson Crusoe!

Happier still, yea, thrice happy is the man who has learned of the Jonathan-David friendship; of the devotion of Mary; of the enthusiasm and energy of Paul; of the wisdom of Solomon; and who has adopted the philosophy and life of the Master Teacher!

School Notes

Spring is on its way!

Miss Kilhefner has not turned a new leaf but a whole page.

Professor Hoffer must be a psychologist judging by his recent demonstration of subconscious mental activity.

Mr. John Sherman, of Meyers-town, a former student, spent Sunday, February the ninth with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Shenk, of Carlisle, spent Saturday and Sunday, February fifteenth and sixteenth visiting their daughter, Miss Florence Shenk.

On February, the third, we were given an excellent talk by Mr. Engle of Kansas, who told us some of his observations and experiences among the schools of the old world.

Among our visitors at the Valentine social were: Mr. Henry Wenger, of Fredericksburg; Mr. Walter Longenecker, of Annville; Mr. Hollinger, of Gettysburg; Miss Olweiler, of Elizabethtown, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schwenk, of Elizabethtown.

Professor Nye gave us an interesting chapel talk on February the sixth. He emphasized the student's conduct in religious gatherings.

Professor Hoffer gave us an excellent chapel talk on February the eighteenth. He gave us an interesting picture of army discipline, its purpose, and results. These results can be attained by College students, largely upon their own initiative, however. In each case a lofty

purpose or ideal is necessary as the end of discipline.

Our valentine day was celebrated in an interesting and pleasant social manner. The valentines to be sent were placed in a post office in the hall, provided by the social committee.

The social took place in Music Hall, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The victrola was playing when we entered. After a while we were invited to come to the post office, which was situated on the platform, for our valentines. Misses Crouthamel and Brubaker acted as post-mistresses and demanded a fee of one cent for each valentine received. This was eagerly given although some had a pretty high bill.

After all had received their valentines Miss Crouthamel led the game of "Shakespeare Love Romance." Then we were served with a dainty dish of strawberry ice cream decorated with candy hearts and tokens. More time was allowed for social chatting and then we were dismissed while singing, "Good Night Ladies."

Our Big Five met and hopelessly defeated the Alumni in the game played here on Friday night, February the fourteenth. The game started with a rush promptly at six o'clock and continued to be a clean and lively game thruout.

At the end of the game the score read as follows:

	Fair	Foul	Pts.
Taylor.....	6	4	16
Longenecker.....	5	0	10
King.....	0	0	0
Baum.....	1	0	2
Raffensperger.....	0	0	0
Total.....	12	4	28
	Fair	Foul	Pts.
Hershey.....	3	0	6
Graham.....	0	0	0
Wenger.....	3	0	6
Ebersole.....	5	4	14
Meyer.....	0	0	0
Total.....	11	4	26

Referee, Hoffer; Scorer, Zeigler; Timekeeper, Reber. The audience was intensely interested until the the last goal was made.

Smiles

Captain (sharply)—Button up that coat!

Married Recruit (absently)—Yes, my dear.

Mother (coming from pantry)—Robert, did you pick all the white meat off the chicken?

Bobby—Well ma, to make a clean breast of it, I did.

Medical Lieutenant—And what is your ailment?

Aviation Recruit—The roof of my mouth is sunburnt, sir.

Medical Lieutenant—The roof of your mouth?

Aviation Recruit—Yes, sir; I've been watching the airships.

A quack doctor was holding forth his medicines to a rural audience.

“Yes, gentlemen,” he said. “I have sold these pills for twenty years, and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?”

Voice in crowd—“That dead men tell no tales.”

Religious Notes

“A Christian's conduct is the world's commentary on religion.”

“The touchstone of all true service must be the pleasure of God.”
—Robert E. Speer.

The New Testament is the most joyful book in the world. It opens with joy over the birth of Jesus; it ends with the superb picture of a multitude which no man could number singing Hallelujah Choruses. There is enough tragedy in it to make it the saddest, and instead it is the joyfullest.”

The Forward Movement requires one hundred per cent. effort of one hundred per cent. church membership, to realize one hundred per cent. success. How much are you attempting? What are you expecting?

The Student Volunteers gave a program in the Lancaster church, Tuesday evening, February the fourth. The interest and response were good. The Band Quartette sang, “For God so Loved the World,” and “I want my Life to

tell for Jesus." Mr. Bangher led the meeting and the following spoke:

The Call of the World.

—John Graham.

Our Relation to World Evangelization.

—Martha Martin.

The Higher Spiritual Life.

—Sara Shisler.

What Shall I Do?

—Ezra Wenger.

There have always been men and women with a vision and with faith enough to work toward its realization. Every great movement in history claims as its leader some Daniel who had purposed in his heart to be spent for the sake of his ideal. Maybe he was only a foundation stone on which a large structure was built and yet how vital was his work.

Today, however, even though we still have our great leaders and need them too, there is a movement of individual responsibility passing over our country, especially in the church. Everywhere Christians are working up, ready to help the calling world. There is a stronger realization of the fact that we are our brother's keeper, and love is sending out more life lines to share our blessings of religion. Every church is organized to move forward. Every phase of church activity has a goal set. Each Christian has his special work to do.

One phase of this forward movement has been undertaken by the students of America. As an expression of appreciation for the privi-

lege of a Christian education, the students all over the United States are conducting a campaign to raise money for educational institutions in some needy part of the world. The students in the College of the Church of the Brethren have decided to raise five thousand dollars for the erection of a Boarding School in India.

On Wednesday evening, February the twelfth, a special program on "Giving." was rendered instead of the regular Prayer Meeting. The topics discussed were, "Giving as a part of our Religion," "Giving as a Means of Blessing," and "Giving an Expression of Gratitude."

The next morning the Chapel period was extended and the campaign was launched with great enthusiasm. Professor Ober first talked about the forward movement in general. Then Professor Hoffer gave us a picture of the actual conditions in different countries, especially in India, showing the changes they are undergoing and the great need of Christian education as the foundation of their advancement. He closed with the thought that the institution to be established was first a dream, it will be a reality through our giving, and its establishment will mean possibilities of good too great and powerful to be measured.

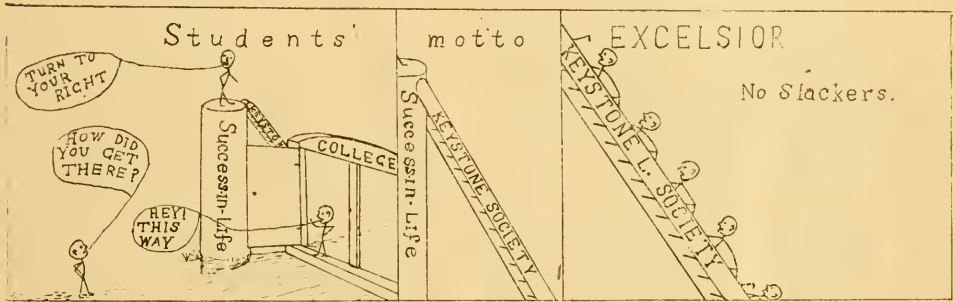
After a few voluntary talks Professor Meyer made the appeal. He appealed from the angle of the sacrifice of things that are not necessities and which will bring far greater blessings to others. His faith in the response contained no doubt for he firmly believes in attempting

and expecting great things. Spirit ran high and to respond liberally was the only possible result from an appreciative student body.

The pledges were then distributed and three hundred and thirty-eight dollars were pledged by teachers and students. The amount, however, is increasing as some were not in Chapel at that

time. Surely the spirit of sacrifice is growing and we look into the future with a vision of far greater things. In the meantime we breathe a prayer that India's Boarding School may train many efficient leaders who shall go out and help to bring India's millions to the Christ to whom we owe all the joy and blessings that life brings to us.

—S. C. S.



Four years ago Elizabethtown College gave her first Oratorical Contest. It was known as the Homerian Society. Mr L. D. Rose, '11 at that time pledged himself to give fifteen dollars yearly as prizes for this contest. He also designated those eligible. All seniors and post graduates were eligible. However the name has been changed from Homerian to Senior. All Seniors in any Literary Courses are now eligible.

The contest this year was held February 21, 1919 in the College Chapel. The program as follows: Music, Ladies' Quartet, Open-

ing; Remarks by the Chairman Prof. Ober; Orations, "The Tragedy of Life," Miss Ruth S. Bucher, "Democracy in Education," Miss Supera E. Martz, "The need of Christian Education," Mr. Ephraim G. Meyer, "Justice To Germany," Martha G. Meyers, "The Challenge of Environment." Mr. Harry H. Reber. The prizes awarded were: first prize, ten dollars, Miss Bucher; second prize, five dollars, Mr. Meyer; third prize, Honorable Mention, Miss Martz. This was followed by music, Knitting, Ladies' Glee Club.

—N. M

Alumni Notes

Aix Les Bains, France,
Dec. 5, 1918

To the Faculty and Students of Elizabethtown College:—

Appreciating the kind consideration of the faculty and students of Elizabethtown College in my great loss, I hereby wish to thank you one and all, from the bottom of my heart for the sweet words of sympathy which you so kindly sent to me. Nevertheless, knowing that our loss is father's gain I bow my head in humble submission and say "Thy will be done."

I came over here to support an ideal and felt that duty called me here. So why shall I question the work of the All-wise Father when he has given me so much for which to be thankful. Hoping to see you all and thank you in person, I am

Yours in His Service,
Robert J. Ziegler.

France,

Nov. 29, 1918

Professor J. G. Meyer,

Elizabethtown, Pa.

My Dear Friend:

Your very welcome letter of October 18th was received about a week ago, and I will assure you Professor Meyer, nothing could have been more appreciated. Somehow those few words of kindness

just gave me a new inspiration and made me feel so good. You know all such little things as that helps a fellow a great deal, and especially "over here."

It was just seven months yesterday that we landed in France, and in that time I have seen some wonderful experiences. We have been in all the big drives, was in the last big drive, and was in the lines when hostilities ceased. Professor Meyer, I somehow wish you could have been here at that moment and witnessed the joy and feeling amongst every man. You can imagine after such a long period of dodging shells, facing machine gun fire, and all the horrors of war, just what the boys would do, and how they would feel. I am very thankful to say that thru it all, I have been fortunate enough to escape injury, and have been well and happy ever since I enlisted in June, 1917. We don't know when we will be home, but we are all hoping very soon. That will surely be a wonderful time when we will be permitted to step off the big boat, and on REAL AMERICAN SOIL again, and believe me, each and every one is eagerly looking forward to that day.

I shall be glad to hear from you any time, Professor Meyer, and now ere I close I want to wish each and every one of my friends on College Hill a Very Merry Christmas,

and a big, bright and happy Year thruout 1919, with each day full of prosperity and good luck.

Very sincerely yours,

Sgt. Paul Hess,
307th Ambulance Co.
302nd Sanitary Train,
American E. F. France.

France,
November 18, 1918

Prof. J. G. Meyer,
"Our College Times,"
Elizabethtown, Pa.
Dear Professor:

Received your letter of the 18th ult. and it certainly makes a fellow feel good to have the folks across the sea remember you in that way. Am writing this in a little dug-out about the size of a respectable hen-coop, about three feet deep and five feet square. This is sufficient room for two of us and we have all the conveniences of home, a small German stove, running water (through the roof), light (this from candles, which we must use the utmost diplomacy to secure), and a few other things, such as kindling wood, a few old magazines and surplus clothing

At last, the long prayed for peace has come and, while I am sure the rejoicing was great in the States, it was nothing as compared with the wild delight with which the French people greeted the news. The soldiers greeted one another with glad smiles, the French rather affectionately, as is their custom, and they are continually shouting at us "Finer le Guerre." We were in the

last big drive and therefore near the front when the conflict ended. When the roar of the guns ceased promptly at 11 o'clock, the 11th day of the 11th month, the silence which followed was almost uncanny. We were not thoroughly convinced that it was really over until late that day. And now follows the general straightening out of the great mix-up that over four years of strife has brought about. Prisoners are passing along the road day and night, both Italian and French, who are being released by the Germans. They have some tales to tell that are almost unbelievable, but their pitiful appearances back up their statements and that they went through some untold hardships I have no doubt. Most of them are dressed in an unsightly prison uniform, together with parts of their old uniforms and some the Germans left in their rather hasty retreat, so taking them all together I have not seen two dressed exactly alike.

Contrary to the opinions some people have in the States that we develop a natural hatred to our former enemy, there has always existed a feeling of good-will between our boys and the prisoners taken. When that wonderful command was passed along the line "cease firing," at many places the men got out of the trenches and made trades with the Germans. bread for some suspicious looking bottles the Germans produced. We all feel that this war was not against the German people, but against their unscrupulous leaders.

whom they blindly followed. At last they are awakening to the fact that they have been betrayed by them.

The big question to us now is when do we return. Rumors are as thick as the snow which is now falling, but we hope to be back by Spring, at the latest, and I think I voice the sentiment of the whole company when I am saying that I have had enough of traveling for

the rest of my life. That old song about "No place like home" has taken on quite a new meaning to us.

Hoping the epidemic has passed by the time this reaches you, without taking a heavier toll, and with best wishes for the success of my good old alma mater, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Hiram M. Eberly,

Co. D. 304th Engrs.,

Ameri. E. F.

Pride and Prejudice

"That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Bow-wow strain I can do myself like anyone going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me."

Jane Austin who wrote for the love of writing and who gave to the novel a new style, easy and plowing is worthy of this tribute by Walter Scott, the great romanticist. She wrote in the language of every day life and within the limits of her own experience. Being acquainted with the manners and customs of the aristocracy of England she satirizes them by describing life among the idle rich who travel, and attend balls. As characters she selects the unmarried young men with large estates, and the beautiful young girls whom match making mothers are trying to marry off. Her characters are so real that the reader

lives with them thruout the story. The charm, the hidden humor, the art of making the commonplace beautiful, the skill in describing events, all sustain an intense interest thruout her novel.

In the story the interest is centered around the five marriageable daughters in the Bennet home among whom Jane, the oldest daughter is very beautiful and amiable and Elizabeth, the next one, is less beautiful yet very charming. Mrs. Bennet is very eager to have her daughters well married to men with large estates. She expresses that as her highest ambition, and the methods she uses reveal her shallowness and silliness.

Netherfield is a large estate near Longbourn and Mr. Bingley, a handsome, genial man rents it. His sisters and a very close friend Mr. Darcy live with him.

These people of interest are first seen at a village ball. All admire Mr. Bingley, but Mr. Darcy is considered very proud. Elizabeth Bennet becomes prejudiced because of

his haughty manner and also on account of the remark that she is not handsome enough for him to dance with her.

Mr. Bingley's admiration for Jane deepens and the visits of the gentlemen are more frequent. But Elizabeth's prejudice increases and Mr. Darcy although very proud discovers, in spite of all his efforts to prevent a feeling of regard, that he loves her.

When this proud love and prejudice have reached their height Elizabeth and Mr. Darcy meet at Hunsford. Elizabeth is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Collins. Mr. Collins is a very awkward clergyman, Elizabeth's cousin who proposed marriage to her a short time before. Mr. Darcy comes to visit his aunt, Lady Catharine, by whom Mr. Collins is employed.

One evening he calls at the Collins home and makes an offer of marriage in such a haughty way that Elizabeth's anger becomes uncontrollable and she refuses by accusing him of all the grievances she ever had. She told him that he would be the last man she would ever think of marrying.

Her indignation is changed to a more kindly feeling after he hands her a letter the next morning in which he explains things in detail, and proves his innocence in things of which apparently he was guilty.

A short time after this Elizabeth accompanies Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner on a trip through Derbyshire. They stop at Pemberly, Mr. Darcy's home and are very much impressed with Mrs. Reynolds's high regard for her master, Mr. Darcy, when she says,

"He is the best landlord and the best master that ever lived. Not like the young men nowadays, who think of nothing, but themselves. There is not one of his tenants or servants but will give him a good name. Some people call him proud but I never saw anything in it." Just as they are about to leave the park they meet Mr. Darcy very unexpectedly. The situation is very embarrassing but he is very polite and seems to be changed.

In the meantime Lydia Bennet elopes with Mr. Wickham, a man of pleasing manners but without means and good character. Jane and Mr. Bingley also meet again at Longbourn and in a few months are married and settled in Derbyshire.

Gradually through various circumstances Mr. Darcy's humiliated pride and Elizabeth's disillusioned prejudice ripen into love and she becomes the happy mistress of Pemberly.

The author is an artist at character portrayal. The spendthrift who by affability and courtesy deceives his admirers is finally placed in the limelight of disgrace and disfavor. The man whose real manhood is veiled by pride is humiliated and later develops into the finest character. The two girls who are inferior financially are of such superior charm and beauty that pride falls before them and they blossom into a more beautiful womanhood.

W. Bean Howells said of her and her novel, "She was great and they were beautiful because she and they were honest and dealt with nature nearly a hundred years ago as realism deals with it today."



IN MEMORIAM

Minnie Good

Barbara Neidig

Charles Royer

Violet Groff

Abraham Heisey

Calvin J. Rose

Walter F. Eshleman

Harry C. Keller

Elmer Minnich

Anna Diffenbaugh Heisey

We, the Faculty and Students of Elizabethtown College, extend to the bereaved families our sympathy and dedicate this page of the College Times to the memory of our deceased students, and alumni.

OUR COLLEGE TIMES

EDITORIALS

One Day at a Time

A writer has said, "Count the day by day existence thine, and all the other chance." The day we are in, rather than any other, is the important day for us, for we have no pledge of another; and today properly lived makes to-morrow all the richer should we live to see it. The past is memory, the future is hope, but the present quivers with life, is red-hot in the moulding. Turn your eyes upon today; how beautiful it is! If you realized as you wake in the morning the delight, the glory, the heaven that to-day has in store for the earnest soul you could not help falling upon your knees and adoring your Lord for bestowing upon you another new morning of life. O, do not shut your eyes upon to-day and go through it as something commonplace. To-day, this day of April, Anno Domini 1919 is different from any day that ever preceded in all the cycles of time. For all its unassuming garb, the world never saw such a day as this upon which the sun is now shining. For this blessed day all previous days have been expectant; toward this all the world has been rolling on all through the ages. All centers in to-day. The past has died

to give it birth, and the future receives its warp and woof from the noisy loom of to-day.

"O bright presence of to-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel!

I will not let thee go except thou bless me; bless me then, to-day.

O sweet garden of to-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden;

I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life to-day.

O true temple of to-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion!

I find none other place nor time than where I am to-day."

—Jacob S. Harley.

Rich or Poor

To more than one person it has occurred that when a college is poor it has a healthier atmosphere, a finer spirit than when it becomes rich; like a man who was virtuous when poor, but who became immoral when wealth and prosperity visited him. But let us remember that a character or a physical organism or an institution must grow or decay. Wealth or poverty are incidents in the development of an organization. If an institution

grows rich in endowment and equipment and at the same time lowers its standards we have simply one more example of an organism which soon outgrew its usefulness because it could not adapt itself to its environment. Now, will Elizabethtown College grow lax as she acquires material resources? Never, unless she loses her identity altogether; never, unless a new generation of trustees and teachers arise who know not nor regard the principles upon which the institution was founded. And if this came to pass the endowment would not have caused the mischief. Rather mischievous persons would have put a useful machine to a mischievous use. The concentration of wealth is a mighty auxiliary in pushing the work of education. To cease striving for endowment would be like the conclusion of a farmer not to buy a corn sheller because he might get his finger into it. Let him get the sheller and then be on his guard while he is using it and it will do him good and not evil all the days of its natural life.

—Jacob S. Harley.

Why Elizabethtown College Should Have an Endowment Fund

The State laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania require that a standard college shall have \$500,000 in buildings, equipment and endowment and that no institution will be permitted to confer the baccalaureate degrees before this requirement has been attained. The

reason the State gives for these requirements before permitting the granting of the baccalaureate degrees are that no college can be able to do efficient college work without having the equipment, buildings and endowment as above stated.

If Elizabethtown College which is now owned and controlled by the Church of the Brethren through the Eastern and Southern Districts of Pennsylvania is to fulfill her large field of usefulness she will need to attain to the requirements of a standard college. In order to build up a body of strong alumni, who will fully regard this school as their Alma Mater, she must be a fully accredited college. The graduates in the College course even if we attempted to do the full four year's college work would not receive a diploma that would be recognized because of it being granted by an institution that is not a standard college, this would result in taking some of our best young people away from Elizabethtown College for the final completion of their college course at some other institution and this in itself is defeating one of the very objects for which the school was founded.

There are those who wonder why the tuition could not be advanced where it would make the college self-supporting; this again would put the school out of reach of very many of our splendid young people, who ought to have the advantage of the school privileges. There are other colleges which on account of their heavy endowment can offer as an inducement a much lower rate

of tuition. This would simply tend to take many of our fine young people away from our school to these schools because if we would have to advance the tuition to a self-supporting basis it would place the school out of their reach. The primary object of the founders of Elizabethtown College was to make it possible for our young people of the church to have the school advantages together with the church privileges where they would feel at home under the fostering care of their church ideals. By raising tuition to a self-supporting basis we would place the school out of the reach of a number of our best young people, who must work their way through school by reason of their limited financial circumstances. We should also remember that the schools are established for the purpose of educating and not for the purpose of making money. We find that even now with the tuition as low as it is there are incidents where a few who rightfully belong to us and therefore should come to our schools are induced to enter other institutions because of lower rates which are made possible by reason of splendid endowments. These facts bring us to two alternatives, we must either solicit money from the friends of the schools to meet regular annual deficits or we must build up a permanent endowment fund, the income of which will take care of the running expenses and deficits. We are sure when the church fully realizes these two alternatives it will readily arrive at the correct solution. If there is no real vital place for our church

schools to be distinct church schools than there is no special need for them. The church is fully agreed that our church schools are needed and that a strong permanent endowment fund is the best means of putting our schools on a sound financial basis without hindering their field of usefulness.

The fact that the endowment fund can never be spent and that it keeps on continually earning the income which is to be used towards defraying expenses is another strong reason why our school should be endowed. Persons who are inclined to place their money where it will keep on doing good long after they have passed away, are attracted to this form of perpetual helpfulness. A fund of \$6000.00 would make sufficient income to keep an industrious student in school for a year, and if it were possible to so arrange that this income could be advanced to worthy students who would turn it back into the fund with interest, this would be a perpetual factor in helping worthy young people into large fields of usefulness. We are hopeful the day may not be far distant when the establishment of such a fund will be a reality. This would be one form of regular endowment.

We ought to endow our college because the influence of these schools is such a vital part in the social and religious life of the future. The missionary spirit has most largely been developed in our church schools. Missionaries must be trained; the Mission Board does not see fit to accept missionaries without having had a college train-

ing. The church of the future will look toward the schools for educated ministers and church workers. These are a few of the vital reasons why Elizabethtown College like our other colleges should have a large permanent endowment fund so as to enable her to do the work and become the strong factor in the development of the church which the founders had so fully in mind at the time of the founding of the same.

—H. K. Ober.

Our Past and Present

The church of the Brethren is false to her history and false to her spirit if at any time, she fails to welcome and foster scholarship and Christian education. She is destined to fail in her mission unless she supports Christian education. The prophet Hosea had this vision when he said, "my people are destroyed for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge I will reject thee, and change your glory into shame."

The church was founded upon no tradition, she was born neither of blindness nor of ignorance; she was founded upon principles, under opposition that required well trained and well educated leaders, who were strong and skilful defenders of "the faith once delivered unto the saints."

The Pietistic movement in Germany, was both an educational and a religious movement. Out of this movement grew this church of protest. That little gathering at Schwarzenau was profoundly

schooled in the Book of Truth as well as in Church History, Philosophy of the Simple Life, and the Doctrines of protest that had sprung up under such men as Arnold of Wittenburg, Saur of Marburg, Franke of Halle, Spencer and Hochmann and Jerimias Felbinger, and kindred spirits all of whom were university men.

Before the church was a score of years old she made strong and permanent impressions upon the life and thought of Colonial America. No historian can name a group of people who exerted a wider and a more wholesome influence upon the development of American religious thought. When one remembers that 500,000 volumes came from the press of the church before the Revolutionary War one is inspired with her splendid and far-reaching early influence. The period of thirty or forty years preceding the Revolution was a period of momentous beginnings and rapid development. From the Saur publishing house at Germantown, almanacs, Bibles, hymn-books, newspapers and almost numberless other publications both religious and secular were issued since 1739. Alexander Mack and his co-workers were great scholars, possessing a profound knowledge as well of things in general as of the Bible. Brumbaugh says, "We began an educated and powerful church. Let us try with all our energies to restore the church to its early and its splendid history. We shall thus best serve our day, best serve the Church, best serve the great head of the Church, the Son of God."

We have also the example of the Primitive Christian Church. Her first school was organized at Alexandria, Egypt, A. D. 180 for the purpose of giving educational advantages to her early workers. This school was made famous by Clement and Origen. In order to furnish ample opportunity for training, other schools of higher education were founded, notably the school found by Origen at Caesarea in 231 A. D. and another in 290 A. D. These three especially furnished the training for most of our illustrious church fathers of the primitive church. Then certain individual members not immediately associated with these schools wrote strong treatises on the importance of education. Cyril of Jerusalem left a treatise on education that made him famous as a teacher.

Why did we come to oppose higher education? There were three causes at work that brought on this change of attitude toward higher education. The mother church had to undergo bitter and cruel treatment at the hands of university men. The church members were driven from their homes, robbed of their property, cast into jail, put to death. "Elder Peter Keyser's grandfather was buried at the stake at Amsterdam." Again when the Church emigrated to America it was not long until the American Revolution broke out. They now faced new problems. They refused to shed blood, and they refused to become oath-bound to the new government. This classed them as traitors and Tories "Christopher

Saur was arrested, cruelly treated, his printing plant and many Bibles destroyed." And again another cause that functioned in, gradually divorcing our people from higher education, was the fact that many of our early brethren left Germantown and took up farming in sections where these higher schools were not to be found. And there could be only one result—a lack of interest in education.

But to-day the Church is coming to her own again, a dozen or more colleges and Bible training schools have sprung up among us. The needs of the times are urging the Church to greater sacrifice for this noble cause and greater loyalty to her early vision. Local churches are coming to the support of these schools. The missionary spirit is fanned into a flame. All of which fills one with a new hope for a better future and a healthier growth in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We feel that Elizabethtown College is here to fill a most important place in the Church and the world. There is no higher calling, there is no nobler work, no sacrifice more worth while, no man's money given to a nobler cause, no life better invested. The cause of Christian education is the most fundamental of human interests. It begins at the cradle and ends at the grave. And there never was a time like now when all of life's interests, large and small, made such strong demands upon Christian education.

The schools and colleges of our Brotherhood are here to stay. If properly controlled, encouraged and

supported they will be tremendous factors in blessing the church and world. Elizabethtown College has the large share of the educational burden to bear. Shall we come to her aid and help her into her rightful place. To oppose our schools is to be crushed by the inertia of a mighty movement coming out of a glorious part made significant by costly experiences and profound convictions. To be neutral is to turn away from the greatest known opportunity of being a blessing even to generations yet unborn. To be indifferent is to be brushed aside like drift-wood upon the river's bank. But to fall in line and to throw one's influence and energies on the side of the church school is to elect an eternal movement on the side of right and truth and to make a permanent contribution to the progress of mankind and to the coming in of the Kingdom.

—J. G. Meyer.

Why Go To College

Somewhere on the sodden fields of Flanders lies buried a young English poet. His name was Rupert Brooke. He made the final, complete sacrifice for his country. Some few years ago he visited America and, afterwards, wrote his impressions of a number of places he visited in a volume, entitled "Letters from America." In this work, in speaking of Harvard University, he has set down this sentence, "Yet Harvard is a spirit, a way of looking at things, austere refined, gently moral, kindly."

What Rupert Brooke said of Harvard can be said of every institution of learning worth the name. A college education stands for the development of a certain spirit, a definite way of looking at things. This spirit, this way of looking at things is usually embodied in a motto, setting forth the ideal for which the college stands. In the chapel at Elizabethtown College, where students and teachers meet for worship on each school day and frequently on other occasions, these two mottoes are constantly before them: "Make Jesus King," and "Educate for Service." In the last analysis both mean the same thing.

This then, is the spirit which we aim to inculcate, this the way of looking at things we try to develop. Elizabethtown College is not a group of buildings, not the sum total of material or educational equipment, not a body of teachers, not a schedule of courses, but it is the embodiment of a spirit, the spirit of service. And let it be said at once that the student who fails to catch this spirit or who has not grown into looking at things so that Jesus is first in his life, and that life means service—if there be any such student, he has failed to get the best the college has to offer. The time will come when these buildings will have crumbled, when materials and equipment will have been used up, when teachers have passed, and when courses will have been forgotten, but the attitudes, the ideals, and the spirit which is developed, the characters which are moulded shall never perish, but

shall go on thru the generations in an ever richer, a constantly widening, and a more deeply pervasive influence.

But can this spirit of service, this attitude toward life, not be just as easily developed elsewhere, in some other kind of institution, or thru some other agency? This question can best be answered by observing just how these attitudes and ideals are developed, how character is formed.

It should be noted first of all that it is not thru some mysterious process or from some mystical source that the individual acquires the spirit of service. Such things are not borne in upon him in a moment of inspiration or by some sudden supernatural revelation. No; they come thru painstaking effort applied to daily tasks—menial, trivial duties, if need be—and thru rigid self-discipline in the formation of useful habits. Thus the student, in his daily round of studies, in his grapple with the ideas and the truth handed down from his progenitors exercises and trains himself in the ideals and attitudes he has set before him.

The college, then, thru its courses, its teachers, and its library brings the student into contact with the sifted treasures of the ancient world, with the wisdom of the fathers, and with the richest and most fruitful experience of the race. Thru these agencies the history and experience of mankind becomes focused and crystallized so that the student is at once face to face with the most vital facts of human ex-

perience, with the benign influence of great personalities, and with the compelling power of great truths, tested in life's crucible by the fearless struggle and the unbounded faith of his forebears. These facts, these ideas, and these truths, thus brought to the student, are the materials with which he works and the means by which he forges his character, develops his will and renews and enlarges his outlook on life. No other agency affords an equal opportunity with the college for reaching this end.

Now, a college founded on Christian principles has within its power the means of bringing to the student such knowledge and experiences of the past whereby he may be trained and developed according to Christian ideals and Christian principles. The prospective student, in choosing a college, must bear in mind that it is not merely knowledge he is after, whatever its value may be, but certain ideals and standards, a certain spirit, a definite way of looking at things. The college he will then choose will be the one which fosters such ideals, adheres to such standards, and has developed such a spirit and attitude as will lead him into a life of service.

We are told that the late war has brought us to arm's length with the whole world. Our contacts with the rest of the human race have been multiplied, our ideals of service have been enlarged, our opportunities and responsibilities have increased proportionately. A glance at the present chaotic state of Europe with its awful possibilities

should convince every one that he can not afford to be without the best training for the duties and responsibilities of the next generation. The awakening peoples of Europe and Asia, thru the development of their material and spiritual resources, will thrust upon us commercial, industrial, economic, diplomatic and religious problems which will tax the efforts of our greatest statesmen, our most profound thinkers, and our ablest leaders. The solution of these profound problems will depend largely upon the attitude of the peoples whom the leaders represent. May this attitude be one of loyal, whole-hearted, unselfish service. These conditions come as a challenge to all noble-hearted, clear-visioned youth of this generation and it behooves every one of you to get the required training and to develop and cherish the attitudes and ideals which will lead to lives of large endeavors and helpful Christian service. Let the college help you to prepare for a life of such usefulness.

—Irwin S. Hoffer.

Notes From the Field

It must be done, and now it's begun!

Great men and great movements are often closely associated. President Wilson again launched out upon the deep for Paris, and Elizabethtown College upon its endowment campaign for \$400,000. These launchings are simultaneously connected.

Elder I. W. Taylor and Professor R. W. Schlosser spent a week in the Upper Codorus Congregation, York County, Pennsylvania, canvassing for funds. This congregation has nearly reached its quota of forty dollars per member. With nineteen homes to be visited yet and other contributions coming in, it is believed this congregation will make up its quota.

Nearly every family visited contributed to the endowment fund. Such hearty and loyal co-operation as exhibited in this congregation is to be commended. The sacrifice made is a noble one and will bring blessings in proportion.

One brother sending his pledge of one hundred dollars by mail writes: "I will give a little for a good cause. I need the money but you need it more than I do. When we give with the proper spirit we are always blessed."

John Wesley said:

"Get all you can,
Save all you can,
Give all you can."

Somebody else said:

"Get all you can,
But don't can all you get."

An Epitaph in an English churchyard reads:

"What I spent that I had,
What I saved that I lost,
What I gave that I have."

By the time this issue of Our College Times reaches our readers, the Upper Conewago Congregation will have been solicited. This is another congregation in the district of Southern Pennsylvania, composed of about three hundred members.

Mrs. Sarah Sunday, an aged woman in the cogregation, gave the school one thousand dollars several years ago.

Professor Schlosser, the general chairman of the Endowment campaign, is planing to enter the Back Creek Congregation in Franklin County after the work is completed around East Berlin, Pennsylvania.

Several teams will be organized for canvassing in the near future. During April and May the work will be hastened on in Southern Pennsylvania.

How about the Gible Science Hall? Well, it is coming. A committee is at work on the project, and in the near future there will be Gible meetings in various places in Lancaster and Lebanon counties to present the need of the college for a Science Hall and to formulate a plan for raising the necessary funds.

We believe in the poem of Edgar Guest,

It Can Be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he
would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd
tried.

So he buckled right in, with a trace
of a grin.

And if he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done—AND HE
DID IT.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never
do that;

At least no one ever had done it."
But he took off his coat and took off
his hat

And the first thing we knew he'd
begun it,
With the lift of his chin, and a bit
of a grin,

Without any doubt or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done—AND HE
DID IT.

There are thousands to tell you it
can't be done;

There are thousands to prophesy
failure;

There are thousands to enumerate,
one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail
you;
But just buckle in with a bit of a
grin,

Then take off your coat and go to
it;

Just start in to sing as you tackle
the thing

That "cannot be done"—
AND YOU'LL DO IT!

We need the school spirit in the church, provided there is church spirit in the school. In the United States ninety-two per cent. of the ministers, missionaries, and other Christian workers come from denominational colleges, and less than four per cent. from state schools. This proves that the church school is absolutely necessary to the progress of the church and that every sacrifice made for the Christian col-

lege is a means of hastening the coming of the Kingdom.

In a period of five years one university under church control sent out four-fifths as many missionaries to the foreign fields as all the state universities in America put together. In the same period, Depauw University and Ohio Wesleyan University sent more missionaries to the foreign field than all the state universities combined.

The state universities are not under obligations to give religious training but the Christian college has this work entrusted to her. On this matter of giving a distinctively religious education President Thompson of Ohio State University says: "I am in no way untrue to state institutions when I say that in our day a boy might become a Bachelor or a Master of Arts in most any of the best of them and be as ignorant of the Bible, the great literature which it contains, the moral and spiritual truth which it represents and the fundamental principles of religion, the facts and methods by which they are defended, and their nature and value to society, as if he had been educated in a non-christian country. Who is to supply this lack, if not the church college? Is not the church, with all its institutions, set for this duty?"

The greatest need of to-day is for men who are fitted for fellow-service in time and for divine fellowship in eternity.

Professor Meyer gave several talks on the endowment campaign in the Mingo and Schuylkill congregations recently.

A brother in the Upper Codorus Congregation is in favor of endowing Elizabethtown College because "the greatest need of our public schools to-day, and probably in the future, is and will continue to be Christian teachers with a religious conscience." The call for such teachers is loud and urgent. The Christian college can answer it if she will.

Many brethren and sisters solicited thus far have given us their Liberty Bonds for the permanent endowment fund. Have you thought of doing the same? Give them and thereby help to maintain a Christian college that will send out church workers at home and abroad.

From Elizabethtown College have gone forth: fourteen elders, fifty-seven ministers, twelve pastors, twelve foreign missionaries, one a faculty member; scores of Sunday School workers, chairman of General Sunday School Board, officers and committee men in the district and in the local churches, thirty-six professors and instructors on Brethren college faculties, on every one but La Verne College, California, 1400 students, three hundred and fifty graduates.

Three buildings are contemplated for erection in the near future: A heating plant, the Gible Science Hall, and a Ladies' Dormitory. By 1925 we hope to have an auditorium and a library erected as memorials. Who will respond to these needs in the future? Sometimes there are those who ask the question, "Does it pay to spend so much money on our college?" After seeing the incalculable good done to the com-

munity, the state, the church, and the mission field we feel that it does pay in ways more than one. The Lebanon Valley College Bulletin of February 13, 1918 answers the question in

The Story of Tom

Tom was a bright fellow. He came from the farm. He knew nothing of college ways, and not much of the town. He had brains and a purpose. He entered college and it took him four years to reach his graduation day. His record was excellent. He had many A's.

A month before graduation he wrote his father and mother, farmer folks still, a long letter. To them it was a glorious letter. It said he was honored by being made valedictorian of his class. He said he knew it was a busy time on the farm in June, but that his graduation would never mean so much to him if they could not attend and witness his triumph, the result of their sacrifice.

They came, honest, plain and eager and had a good seat on Commencement Day. It was all so strange, so new. At last it was Tom's turn. The valedictory was direct, simple, beautiful, wonderful. The great company cheered again and again. Embarrassed, bashful, but delighted, Tom sat and watched his father and mother down in the center of the audience.

The cheering broke out afresh and would not subside until Tom came forward and bowed his acknowledgments. His happy mother fidgeted but kept silence.

The proud father could stand it no longer. Leaning over and touching the arm of his wife of the years, the delighted farmer said to her in a horse whisper: "MARY, THAT, BY ALL ODDS, IS THE BEST CROP WE EVER RAISED."

He was overheard throughout the great audience. Women wept. Men wiped away the tears. Students laughed for joy. But the people who heard and who loved the old college said, "It is worth while, we'll continue to stand by our Christian College."

—R. W. Schlosser.

Why Support and Encourage Christian Education

This is an age of forward movements; an age of big things and unselfish altruism. This age demands efficiency and sufficiency. We have come into an age of high attainments and thorough scholarship. Materialism and a distorted pragmatism have invaded the secular schools, state colleges, and universities. Therefore our problem now is how to make Christian education sufficiently, as well as efficiently Christian. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." And so we are thoroughly convinced that the chief duty of the Christian family and of the Church is to take their full share of the educational burden.

Education is not a matter of choice, it is an absolute necessity. The question is not whether we will educate our children or not. But it is a question as to where we will

educate them and what kind of a school we will help maintain. Christian education is right, yea doubly right. Christian education not only encourages the enterprise of supplying the conditions which insure growth, or adequacy of life, irrespective of birth, or fitness, or race, or age; but further than this, Christian education fosters the highest type of growth, the most satisfying development, the ideal life motivated by Christian ideals, leading to the "life more abundant." Christian education implies the enlistment of the sympathy and co-operation of all the people engaged in worthy efforts. It implies a change of attitude, viz. a growth in responsiveness, good will, toleration, dependency, sympathy, morality and integrity.

Christianity, says Nicholas Murray Butler, is much more important in civilization and in life than the Sunday-school and pulpit now teach. It is more real. It touches other interests at more points. The problem, then, is not religion and education, but religion in education. The hope of the Church and the world depends on how we support our Church schools and colleges.

The largest monument a man can put up for the good of the church and the advancement of Christianity is not a shaft of marble, it is not a legacy to one's children, nor anything of this sort; but it is to sacrifice for a cause like that of Elizabethtown College and to give one's

thousands for the welfare of generations still unborn.

Elizabethtown College has launched a large campaign for funds. Now there is no member of the church of the Brethren in Eastern or Southern Pennsylvania, who can find a valid reason for standing in the way of such an undertaking. But on the other hand all are under obligations to use their influence and to give liberally of their money. Should this movement not appeal to any, let it be understood that conservatism and the simple life, which are very dear to so many of us, are possible of preservation only by unitedly pushing this campaign to completion. Doing this will be a credit to the Church. No to do this would be an inestimable discredit and loss to the welfare of the church and the coming of the Kingdom.

Let us give, not as a measure of but as an expression of our appreciation of the value of Christian Education. Elizabethtown College will be worthy of the name and the church is worthy of the school only if we help to bring this endowment campaign to a successful close. Professor R. W. Schlosser and Elder I. W. Taylor are in the field pushing the work and every influence, others may give toward reaching the required goal, will be appreciated. Shall we not unite, shoulder to shoulder, in this most important work?

—J. G. Meyer.

Alumni Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil C. Holsinger, ('16) are the proud parents of a baby boy who first saw the light of day on February 22nd 1919. Shall we look for this boy to develop some of the traits of the Father of his Country by virtue of the date of his birth. They call him Virgil Clair Junior, and thus we place the name on the College cradle roll.

At a recent council meeting held in the Spring Creek district at the Annville meeting house Simon P. Bucher was elected to the ministry. At the same meeting Aaron Gingrich and Harry Longenecker were elected to the office of deacon. All these gentlemen were former students at the College.

Latest reports tell us that John G. Hershey, Jr., ('16), at present a student at Bethany Bible School in

Chicago, has been elected to the ministry. Our College Times prays God's blessing upon these young men in their newly acquired responsible positions in the church.

Private David Markey, ('18) now located at Camp Meade, Maryland as a superintendent in the Base Hospital, while out on furlough visited at the College recently. His accounts of the condition of wounded soldiers, who have been brought there from the battlefield of France for treatment, are quite touching. At the request of Professor Ober, Mr. Markey addressed the school assembled in chapel. The main thought that he left with us was that of adjusting ourselves to regulations and rules of those in higher authority.

—E. Myer.

The Church School

The church has fine agencies for carrying on her work: the pulpit, the press, the Sunday Schools, missions, and the schools. Of these five the most important, the most fundamental, the most far-reaching agency is her schools and colleges because of the fact that her schools train and prepare men and women for all five of these agencies, even for the schools and colleges themselves.

The church schools stand for the best and highest type of development and growth found anywhere. They stand four-square for Christian education. But all education must start from the child which fact makes it necessary for us to consider briefly the facts upon which the laws of learning and school administration are based and then also to stop long enough to get a bird's-eye-view of the scope of the

field that needs to be covered in the courses of study.

The child is born into the world possessing a birthright of tendencies endowed with a multitude of unlearned connections and possibilities. He is neither good nor bad, he is neither moral nor immoral, he is unmoral. It is possible for him, sooner or later, to respond to every good or every evil situation in the environment which his parents, the community, the church, the school, or society have created or are tolerating for his weal or woe. The roots of our impulses, instincts, or original tendencies are fixed in the deep soil of heredity, but the influences which determine their growth and organization are found almost entirely in the social environment. And it is the work of our schools and other educative agencies like, the home, the church, the Sunday School to work with the child's richness of possibilities and multitude of unlearned tendencies and fixed instincts. The mother, teacher, pastor, all aim to create and maintain an environment in which there are situations and influences that encourage and foster right tendencies. In fact all true education aims at the strengthening of desirable tendencies and the elimination or redirection or substitution of the undesirable tendencies.

The original nature of the child and his prolonged period of infancy teach us that the child receives first his animal inheritance; he learns to walk, to talk, to feed himself, etc., and then it remains for his elders and maturer folk to see to it that he comes into his hu-

man and spiritual inheritance. This spiritual inheritance is at least five-fold and is largely a concern to his parents and teachers during the school age from six to thirty.

First, the child is entitled to his scientific inheritance. In other words he is entitled to know how the heavens declare their glory to man, and how the worlds of plant and animal and rock have all come to unfold the story of the past and to enrich us with the thought and suggestion of the intelligence, the design, the order that they manifest. There can be no sound and liberal education that is not based on the scientific inheritance of the race. The learning of the multiplication table, the learning of the necessary methods of research and practice, are needful steps by which we must mount, and yet they are the steps from which how often we fall back without having gained any vision whatever of the land to which they are supposed to lead! The scientific inheritance is one of the very first elements of a modern liberal education because it is that element which presents itself earliest to the senses of the child. It is the element with which he comes in immediate sense-contact: to which he can first be led; from which he may be made to understand and draw lessons of the deepest significance for his life and for that adaption which is his education.

Next there is the vast literary inheritance the phase of the past that mankind has during twenty-five hundred years most loved to dwell upon. It is the side that has cap-

tivated the imagination, enshrined itself in language, and brought itself closest to the heart of cultivated man. Language is the crystallization of past thought. Literature, Biblical and secular, is an expression of life in words of truth and beauty from the inspired poetry of David and the matchless prose of the New Testament down to the great poetry and prose of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is in the humanities that we find a record of the progress of the thought of the race. When we are plodding through dreary details of grammar and rhetoric we are again on the lower rungs of the ladder, the multiplication table of the literary inheritance, the steps that must be taken if we are to come to understand what the great poets of the Bible and the seers of past ages have revealed to us. And so we are to-day putting the literary inheritance side by side with the scientific in the the very earliest years of the education of the child and youth.

The third element in education is the aesthetic inheritance that feeling for the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime that has always been so great a part of human life. This great aspect of civilization, this great tide of feeling that ebbs and flows in every human breast, which makes even the dull and inappreciative uncover his head as he admires the handiwork of God in sky above and earth and sea beneath—this, too, is a necessary factor in adjusting ourselves to the fulness of human conquest and human acquisition. Even

if we are to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, we should see to it that the aesthetic inheritance is placed side by side with the scientific and the literary in the education of the human child.

Then there is the wonderful institutional inheritance which brings us into immediate contact with the human race itself. We look back and see how that institutional life has been developed. We see the types of thought and opinion of Rousseau, of the ancient Sophists, and of Socrates. We see the right of property, the common law, the state, the church, the freedom of press, education—one great institution after another emerging from the mist and taking its part in the structure of our modern life. And the child must understand that though he is an individual he is also a member of an organized society, an institutional life in which he must give and take, share and consume, defer and obey, adjust and correlate, sympathize and co-operate, and that without this there can be no civilization and no progress. Therefore we have wrested that institutional life from history, and it is going to-day into the education of children all over the christian world. In this way they are being given their institutional inheritance, they are being given some insight not alone into their rights, which are so easy to teach, but into their duties, which are so easy to forget. And to-day the institutional life that carries with it lessons of duty, responsibility and necessity for cooperation in the working out of high ideals, as

well as an appreciation of men's collective responsibilities is being put before children wherever sound education is given from the kindergarten to the university.

Finally there is the religious inheritance of the child. Religion has placed the controlling part in education until very recently, though it too often played that part in a narrow, illiberal and uninformed spirit. The progress of events, during the nineteenth century, however has resulted in greatly altering the relation of the religious influence in education—at first to education's incalculable gain, and more recently, to education's distinct loss.

It was the influence of democracy and Protestantism itself that has brought this sweeping change. It has now become the duty of the family and the church to take up their share of the educational burden otherwise all religious training and influence will have forever gone out of education and we shall have no balanced education at all. Much of the world's literature and art, and the loftiest achievements of men, are, with the religious element withdrawn, and without the motive of religion to explain them, as barren as the desert of Sahara. The religious element is an essential part of education and the problem is not one of religion and education but religion in education. Here is the field and place of the Brethren colleges. To the average college student the first book of Milton's *Paradise Lost* is an enigma. The epithets, the allusions, and even many of the proper names are unfamiliar. This is due to the ignor-

ance of the Bible. Here again is a large field for our colleges to give an account of themselves. The only way to hope to give all our children their religious inheritances is by emphasizing the work of the Church School and the responsibility of the Christian home which in turn will make larger demands upon our Colleges for special training for these special lines of work; again making the Christian schools and colleges indispensable.

—J. G. M.

“Education is not all entertainment.”

“Educate a girl and you educate a family.”

“You can't do by inspiration what must be done by education.”

“Not all who are exposed to an education take it.” —Moore.

“Remember that in our colleges are gathered the very cream of the young people of the church—yes, of the nation. Nothing is too good for them” —Kurtz.

A poor man said to another, who had fifty thousand dollars, “If I had as much money as you, I'd give twenty thousand dollars to Christian education.” But the question is not what would you do if you had fifty thousand dollars. The question is what are you doing with what you have?”

Endowment Comparison

The following table shows the strength of our neighboring colleges with reference to their endowments. This table is based on the United States government and state reports for 1916. Since these reports, many of these colleges have increased their endowments. This table shows the imperative need for a substantial endowment fund for Elizabethtown College if it is to compete with neighboring colleges in getting students and in doing standard college work.

	Endowment	No. Students		Av. Endowment Per Student
Lebanon Valley.....	\$ 62,000	443		\$ 140
Susquehanna.....	72,000	377		191
Juniata.....	195,275	341		573
Ursinus.....	236,900	202		1,173
Albright.....	300,000	188		1,600
Muhlenberg.....	302,718	408		742
Gettysburg.....	450,000	445		1,011
Bucknell.....	468,395	667		702
Franklin and Marshall.	550,000	291		1,897
Lafayette.....	692,000	612		1,137
Dickinson.....	780,445	371		2,104
Lehigh.....	1,480,000	775		1,910
Swarthmore.....	1,643,213	451		3,644
Brynmarw.....	2,185,000	457		4,781
Haverford.....	2,517,000	186		13,532
Carnegie Institute....	9,150,000	3,432		2,666

The Church of the Brethren in Eastern and Southern Pennsylvania should do their utmost in raising an endowment fund for Elizabethtown College so that the work of sending out Christian workers at home and abroad may continue.

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May 1909

OUR COLLEGE TIMES

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The Battle of Life

Life is viewed as a journey, but 'tis much like a wall
Which we build, and when finished a character call.

In the above lines life is represented in two ways, as a pilgrimage and as a building; "the problem of life" is a stereotyped phrase that reminds us of another common conception of our mortal career, namely, that of a riddle to be solved; but perhaps the most significant expression of all is "the

battle of life." When our course on earth is viewed in this light what valuable lessons can we draw from the experience of human beings in an age of struggle and strife, alternating victory and defeat! The brief time one spends at school gives color and character to all his subsequent years, so that the battle of life has already begun even in the case of a student at college. The same foes he will encounter when he enters

upon his chosen calling are attacking him now. Just as his attitude toward difficulty now tells for triumph or disaster, in the same way will he ever decide the issue in the broad arena of human conflict. Each of us has need of all the genius of generalship he can command in order to rout his adversary. And it may be observed at once that the fiercest foes are those within, while they are at the same time the most subtle. Deep in the recesses of the heart where lurk the propensities, where are formed our volitions—there the battle is lost or won. Watch your own crafty, deceitful heart with a lynx's eye. You are your own worst enemy. Once you have conquered yourself, the rest is easy. He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. So before you try to put down external foes, crush out rebellion and sedition at home. But it is a glorious war that we wage against habit, temper, inaction, cowardice and it holds out to us infinite possibilities. Many a brilliant fight that is never recorded deserves brighter laurels of praise than those bestowed upon Miltiades or Marshal Foch. Our enemies then are not the Turks and the Tartars. Rather, we wrestle with mental darkness, fear, evil habit, indecision, selfishness; as we overcome these we advance into the promised land of sunny vales, pure desires, enterprise, altruism.

Whether we shall have success or failure in life's undertakings is largely conditioned upon our mental attitude. And first, last, and

all the time the big word is decision. A military commander must have it. It was Napoleon's great asset. "Forty years ago," said farmer Henry, "I dropped my plug of tobacco into the furrow I was plowing and never uncovered it again." With the promptness of an axe-stroke he cut the rotten out of his life and won his victory. Decision! "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is a helpful maxim. But in the battle of life we must take many a chance or we will get nowhere. There were slingers in the camp of Israel who could throw a stone at a hair-breadth and not miss, but David was the only one who was not afraid to take chances with Goliath. The dauntless boy acted when conscience spoke and before fear could put in its argument. Bryan says that many young men fail in life because they are afraid of making a blunder. Far better than to be inactive is it to go blundering on. Each time you are tripped you have learned a more practical lesson than you can glean from books. The quickest way to learn French is to go among the Frenchmen and speak it courageously. If you have a part to perform in literary society, make a brave bluff at it. You will have a score of critics and teachers, friends and enemies to set you right. To stand shivering on the bank and finally to wade in by painful inches is not the best way to learn to swim. Plunge in head first and strike out for the shore. For all your foundering and sputtering you are learning fast. Con-

fidence will quickly come. And so in the battle of life, tackle your enemy as soon as you see him and you will sweep him off his feet; brave the cold and rise at once in the morning; enter heartily into the rigid discipline that hardens your muscles and accelerates the current of your blood; make your-

self possessor of the sterner virtues; do not shrink from the difficult lesson; walk with an elastic step; kindly but firmly speak your convictions, don't go with the crowd; resist the devil; and so you are fighting the battle of life.

—J. S. H.

Literary Notes

If We Knew

"Could we but draw back the curtains

That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,

Know what spur the action
gives—

Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we would;

We would love each other better,
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,

See the good and bad within,
Often we would love the sinner

All the while we loathed the sin.
Could we know the powers working

To o'erthrow integrity,
We would judge each other's errors

With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials.

Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—

Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness

Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?

Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil

All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood."

At The Wild Cat's Call

At last the sun had set. The day had been hot for the glaring planet had sent its blazing heat on the desert sand and made the air quiver with heat. By common consent, the people of San Tucas had kept the afternoon as a sort of half holiday. Now they were beginning to show some signs of life.

Major Remington walked out of the hotel where he had spent the afternoon trying to read and keep awake. As he strolled down the

narrow, paved street he saw a young man approaching who was also in uniform. At a first glance he might have been taken for an ordinary soldier but he soon gave one an impression of being a daring and exceedingly reckless American. His handsome face lighted up when he saw the major.

"What is the program for tonight, sir," he asked as soon as he was within speaking distance.

"There you go again," said the major smiling goodnatureedly, "Can't you forget business for just once?"

"How can I forget or forgive these blackhearted Mexicans who hanged my brother and compelled me to witness the scene," returned the youth, his handsome face setting itself in hardened lines and his eyes flashing dangerously. "I will never rest until I find the man who led that mob."

"I know you hate them and I have no reason to love them but I believe it is too hot for the lazy scoundrels to start anything tonight," said the major.

While the men were talking they had been walking and were now standing on the bank of the Rio Grande. They were looking over its smooth flowing waters when they heard shuffling footsteps near by. Instantly they turned with their hands at their hips for their heavy service revolvers hanging there had rendered service more than once at the first approach of the enemy.

But their fears were groundless for the person approaching in the dim light of the fading day was an

old man who walked as if he were very tired. He was dressed like most of the inhabitants of the borderlands. He wore a broad rimmed hat beneath whose rim his shining ratlike eyes flashed as he approach.

After he was near them he looked up to the elder man and said: "Major Remington?" "That's what they call me," replied the major. The halfbreed grunted his reply and produced from the lining of his hat, a crumpled piece of paper which he handed to the major.

Henderson, the major's companion, suppressed his curiosity and eyed the messenger while the major read the message. That person evidently did not like to be critically examined, for he pulled his hat farther over his eyes and turned his head away.

As soon as the major was thru reading he handed Henderson the note with an oath and said, "It seems as if those rascals are always hunting trouble."

The lieutenant took the note and read "Dear Major," I found out that about fifteen Mexicans and halfbreeds are going to raid the ranch tonight. Can you come and help protect us?—Laroe.

"What will you do about it," it," asked Henderson.

"What can I do but help him out," answered the major, "for Laroe is a good friend of mine and he only has, at most, half a dozen cowboys on the place."

"Are you sure it is his writing," asked the Lieutenant.

"It is too dark to ascertain exactly but it must have come from the ranch." Now Henderson you go up to camp and get about twenty of the boys and start for the ranch and I will go to the hotel for my horse and catch up with you before you get very far."

"Will twenty be enough sir," asked Henderson.

"I guess it will, we must let some here around the town and camp you know," returned the Major.

Then both noticed that the messenger had disappeared while they were talking. Henderson started on a swift trot for the camp and Major Remington went into the town.

Meanwhile the aged messenger proved himself to be a lively sprinter for until the major had reached the hotel he was about three miles from San Lucas and was still traveling at a rapid rate. Soon, however, he slacked his speed as he entered a ravine. Soon he whistled softly and then listened. After listening a few minutes he whistled again, this time a little louder. This was answered by a low whistle near him and then three men came out of a clump of bushes.

"Well, how did you make out," whispered the first one.

"All right and I found out their plans besides" answered the messenger.

"How did you do it," asked another of the forms.

Well, I took the note to them with this old man's beard on; here the ex-messenger pulled off his

false beard revealing his Mexican jaw. After they read it I listened to the order Remington gave that young Lieutenant and it couldn't have been better. Henderson is taking some troops on that wild goose chase and Remington will follow. That will be our time. "Listen! There come some horsemen now and I'm sure it must be Henderson and his bunch. Get into the bushes quick!"

Had that bunch of young Americans known what those bushes concealed this story would be different.

The villains waited patiently and after about half an hour they heard a horse coming at a swift gallop. The horsemen drew nearer and at last they could see the dark figure of the horseman. A swish of a lariat leaping from the hand of a well trained cowboy, a break in the horse's regular beat of hoofs and then a wild scamper and a fall of a body completed the successful trick of the out laws.

Major Remington was stunned by the fall and was picked up by the villains, bound and gagged and thrown across a horse. Then they rode down the valley, across the Rio Grande into the Mexican territory. After travelling about five miles they came to a creek and rode into it and then up thru the water to stop any pursuers whom they suspected would be on hand. They followed the stream for about three miles and then rode into a cave.

But what of Henderson and his party? They rode on wondering

at the major's delay and at last came to the ranch. To their surprise everything was peaceful and Laroe said he never sent a note. The soldiers were angry for they were ready to fight after being routed out of their quarters to ride two hours for nothing. Henderson was angry too but now he was sure it must have been some trick and that Remington must have suffered from it since he hadn't come.

They returned to camp but couldn't find Remington until daylight. The soldiers turned to their bunks but there was no sleep for the Lieutenant. He knew that Remington was a man that never went about with his eyes shut and Henderson hoped that he might return before morning. But morning came and with it the searching expedition. In vain did the young lieutenant search for his missing superior. They tracked the horses to the bank of that creek and three days of search ended in disappointment.

That evening a telegram came for the Major and Henderson opened it and read:

El Paso, Tex.
Sept. 10, '20

Dear Dad—

Will reach your camp tomorrow sometime on bike.
Jack.

The major had often talked to Henderson of his son who was going to West Point Military Academy but he had not told him that the boy was coming to Texas. But here it was in black and white. Henderson hardly knew whether he should be glad or sorry for the

news but concluded that the boy was no coward from the way his father had talked of him.

The next day Henderson stayed in camp to await the arrival of young Remington. About noon he was standing outside of his tent when he saw a cloud of dust in the distance. He knew it was no horse by the rapid approach of the cloud so he concluded it must be the younger Remington. The rider was coming at breakneck speed and when he caught sight of the tents he threw on the breaks so suddenly that the machine almost buried itself in the loose sand and then fell over.

Young Remington picked himself up and then approached the Lieutenant and said, "That's not what I call a graceful dismount but it served the purpose. Do you know where daddy or rather major Remington is?"

Lieutenant Henderson looked into the frank face of the boy and was sorry he had to break bad news to him but it was his duty and the only way so he said, "That is what I would like to know."

"Why what is the matter," asked Jack.

Then Henderson told the youth briefly of the major's disappearance. Henderson was a good judge of human nature and he watched the boy closely as he told his story. He saw the expressions of disappointment, sorrow, anger and finally determination flit over his face and saw that this lad had many of the traits of the elder Remington and at once they were drawn to each other.

Together they talked over the matter, together they spent days in fruitless search, together they watched for a clue together they mourned the loss of a friend and a father, and together they hoped.

One night, about a week after Jack's arrival the Lieutenant was returning from some scout duty and was passing thru San Lucas with about a dozen troops, he heard shots from the direction of the hotel. All was confusion when they reached the hotel. They were at the door in a bound. Every man had his revolver drawn when Henderson forced open the door.

The room was filled with smoke and before Henderson could tell what was going on some one yelled, "The soldiers! The soldiers!" Then there was a grand rush for the windows and doors.

"Watch out for Mexicans," commanded Henderson and the soldiers did. It was soon seen that all who tried to get out were Mexicans and the soldiers captured them as fast as they came out. Then Henderson again pushed open the door.

"What has happened here," he asked of a few burly cowboys standing near.

One of them answered in broken English, "Bandits come. Order money out of cash box. Man no give. Then fight. Me fight bandits."

This Henderson heard as he hurried over to where two bodies were lying motionless in the middle of the floor. He turned the first form over and dropped on his knee with an exclamation of sur-

prise. The face he upturned was that of Jack Remington. Then he tore open his coat and felt the heart beat, Jack had only fainted from loss of blood. One was sent for water, another for medicine, another for bandages.

At last Jack showed signs of returning life. He tried to sit up but the cut in his side made him wince with pain. He stared about the room wildly and then pointed to the bar and said faintly, "Back there. I have him," and fell back in another faint.

Henderson ordered some men to carry young Remington to the camp and then went back of the bar to see who was there. At the farther end lay a young man wearing a mask. Examination showed that he had also fainted but had one arm broken. In each hand, with a deathlike grasp, he held a heavy revolver. Both persons were hurried to the camp.

Henderson was the surgeon of the camp and after he had fixed and bandaged young Remington's wounds he went over to where the young bandit lay. He tore off the mask and cap and started back in amazement. It revealed the face of a beautiful girl. Her soft brown curls lay loosely on the white pillow and the deathlike paleness of her lovely face filled Henderson with awe.

A week passed. During that time the girl and Jack had both become well enough to walk but the girl was obliged to have her arm in a sling. All that they could get her to tell was that her name was Polly Cornez. But another im-

portant thing happened during that week which Henderson noted with care. He noticed that Polly and Jack had formed a very intimate friendship and the young lieutenant fancied he could see the lovelight shine from the beautiful girl's eyes when she looked at Jack.

The next evening they were sitting on the bank of the Rio Grand. The girl was chatting gayly but Jack stared into the troubled waters.

"Jack," she whispered at last, "what is it?" Then he blurted it all out. It was the old, old story and then the question. Would she accept him?

For a long time she gazed at the setting sun. Then the soul of that bandit girl melted.

"I must tell you my story," she answered. "To begin with I am and never was anything but a bandit girl. My father, or one of the bandits stole me somewhere, sometime. Well, I never was a coward and soon I became the leader of our bunch after my benefactor had been killed. I was the one who made most of these raids on banks and hotels. I was the one whom your father hated most and I was the one who had him captured.

"Then you know where my father is," asked the youth almost fiercely.

"Yes and listen." Tonight at twelve o'clock he is to be hung. Oh! we can save him yet if you will only listen to me," said the girl looking anxiously into the white drawn face of the youth.

Oh! how could he bear it. Here was the only girl he had ever loved, the murderer of his father.

"If there is hope tell me quickly," he demanded, his spirit of youth returning.

"I will write a note and send it to them as soon as we get to camp, we have six hours to go on yet," she said.

They hurried to the camp and there met Lieutenant Henderson.

"What is wrong with you children," he asked.

Quickly Polly told him their situation. Then she said, with an air of one born to command "I will give you the note to deliver. Go and get Jack's motorcycle."

"I'll go and get him," said Jack.

"But your side," answered the Lieutenant. "You know you couldn't stand it, besides you must stay with the girl."

"Here's the note," interrupted Polly and the Lieutenant read—
Brother—Return major Henderson with this man in exchange for me. I'm a captive—Captain of night riders.

"Now listen," commanded the girl anxiously, "Ride fast until you come to the place where you lost your trail. Then ride three miles along that creek. Stop your motorcycle and walk about half a mile. Then shoot twice in succession. If the signal is answered by two more in succession, whistle three times and then someone will be on hand to take care of you—give them the note. Now go! Go with all your might."

"Wait Henderson," called Jack I can't stay here and not know if

you rescue father until you return. I have a whistle on my motorcycle that sounds like a wild cat. That will carry for miles in this atmosphere. As soon as you rescue him and start for home blow it.

"All right," answered Henderson," now let me go. I have only four hours till midnight."

He jumped on the motorcycle and was off like a flash. That night they listened for that call. The air was cool and all was as still as death. Neither spoke yet each knew the other's thoughts. The village clock struck nine. Henderson was gone an hour.

A struggle was on in the soul of the youth, of yesterday; a man today. Here was the woman he loved better than life itself, yet if they didn't hear that call she would be to blame for the murder of his father. Could he marry her then or could he drown that love that was tearing at his heart-strings? The village clock struck ten.

They were standing close together and then they turned and their eyes met. He knew she was shivering with fear and he was trembling as a result of that awful suspense. He cursed himself for his weakness but in that same breath knew that he could never drown that love.

Then far out over the barren lands they heard the long drawn call of the wild cat whistle.

The youth turned to the girl and held out his arms. She moved toward him and whispered "Redeemed at last," and their hearts which thrilled together talked a

language lips can never learn. The village clock struck the midnight hour.

—H. R.

The Value of Elementary English Compared with the Value of Secondary School and College English

Much might be said by way of introduction about the history of the mother tongue, and of the rich meaning it should have for a people who are bound together by it as perhaps by no other tie, except the tie of Christian love, the syllables of which we were first taught to lisp in our mothers' arms. Suffice it to say that unless we have come to regard the English language as the one to which we owe more than to any other, we have not yet recognized the great binding force that has bound together, not only a family or a community of people, but a great nation, politically and socially—the nation to which we as citizens owe allegiance.

Going back to the home, and to the parents and children in that home, how many of you after a moment's reflection can recall, with me, the home you were in where parents and children, down to the youngest child, addressed each other in the purest English? No, that does not mean that the youngest child could pronounce every word or every syllable

ble of the word perfectly. Most likely he could not, but at least the mother or father did not address him in the same babyish accent he used, but always in the clearest accent and best, grammatical English. They did not even tease in 'baby talk,' for they never teased at all, nor allowed others to tease their children.

On the other hand, can you recall the home you have seen in which you could scarcely have expected the baby to learn pure English words, because he was seldom addressed in anything but baby gibberish? What a pity that pure English does not come instinctively! Well, for this child some baby words for water, for spoon, etc., had to be invented, or at least repeated after the child, by the parents themselves, as the clearest terms for the child to understand and to repeat, as they thought. But what is worse, such gibberish—for one can hardly call them words and sentences—were not only invented and repeated a number of times, but were allowed to become so much a part of the child that he continued to use them long after he was able to express his wants in the clearest terms and accents, when angry or excited.

Even worse than this gibberish is the slang which some parents and teachers condone and sad to say use themselves too frequently. How often have you caught yourself replying to a child in the same baby terms he used in addressing you? Or did you persist in trying

to help him lisp the word a little more distinctly?

With all due respect to the fondness that prompts a mother or a father to caress a child with loving, yet meaningless, phrases; is it after all genuine love that directs a parent consciously to allow bonds to be formed that certainly must later be eliminated?

I have another word to throw out to you as future fathers and mothers and teachers, and to all of us as friends of children. Why teach children, or at least permit them to use, words concerning their bodies and the functions of their bodies which are not only meaningless in and of themselves; but, what is worse, are positively dangerous to the morals of the child? Oh, for an awakening in the home and in the school—particularly on the playground—to the value of correct English words to be used in this respect! Has it ever occurred to you that the use of the right words by parent, or teacher, or playmate, accompanied by seriousness of tone and dignity of manner, might tend to make the body or the functions of the body seem less secretive and more sacred to the impressionable child? By the right words I mean the words that he will later find in his physiology perhaps—words that can at least be found in the dictionary. Why, I say, not use and train the child to use the correct word—for there is always a correct word—instead of the term which is not only bad because it is no English word at all, but chiefly because it besmirches and be-

clouds the mind of the child. Especially, is this true among play-mates, when too often the very words, and the very tone of the voice in which they are uttered, darken and taint the mind of the innocent child. For more wide-awake parents and teachers to put a wall, as it were, about the morals and habits of their children in the form of pure, unadulterated English! We hear so much about discipline. When and where can it be better applied than in the formation of right habits in the use of good English?

What I have just said, I think, will at once suggest the importance of English in the elementary schools as compared with secondary school and College English. It is a sad fact that too often the work of the elementary schools, instead of beginning at once to build a strong English structure upon a well-laid foundation of good home training, is first to tear down a poorly, yes badly, laid foundation, then to build anew, and finally in later years to rear the structure.

May be, in the case of some of us, this foundation previously laid was a 'Pennsylvania Dutch' foundation. Even if it was, I'm not so sure that it was not just as good or even better than the one laid in coarse, ungrammatical English. To tear down the former and rebuild, to me, would seem to be just as easy and surer than the latter. At any rate, the parent who conscientiously teaches his child the best Pennsylvania Dutch he knows, because he and all his kin speak it, deserves less blame than

the parent who consciously permits his child to repeat his coarse, unrefined English. Nevertheless, be that as it may, to say that we are Pennsylvania Dutch is to acknowledge that we are hampered in our English speech. Consequently it is for us to face the challenge and to surmount the difficulty.

The elementary school then as compared with the secondary school and college deals with the child in the formative period of its life; and if the elementary school fail in this all-important constructive work, the likelihood is that the high-school nor college will be able to build very effectively.

In the years of elementary school life, the child forms habits in pronunciation, accent, articulation, etc., the effects of which are rarely entirely shaken off in high-school or college. His vocabulary is in process of formation. New word forms and sentence structures confront him daily, and make deep and lasting inroads upon his plastic mind.

During these years too his habits and tastes in English are being formed through the exercises in language work, reading and speaking. He learns to read clearly and distinctly and in a manner expressive of his thoughts and feelings, or else he learns to read in a sing-songy, hum-drum sort of way which is neither clear to himself nor to his listeners, and in a manner which is expressive of what he does not feel and does not understand. The same applies to his speech in recitation or in conversation. The habits he forms in clear,

distinct, emphatic expression of correct English will doubtlessly follow him through high-school and college, and through life; but the contrary is also true. Habits formed in vague, indistinct expression or badly correlated words and phrases in his speech or composition are likely to follow him just as closely and just as far.

His taste for prose and poetry; his love for description or narrative; his love for heroes and for ideals; for just stories or real truths, in literature—may all be cultivated or suppressed.

His composition work, perhaps more than his oral expression in English, reveals his true conception of the thoughts and ideals he has imbibed from his reading or observation, and most of all the conception he has of what English words and constructions will best express those thoughts and ideals when put in concrete English sentences. Here again there may be fostering or suppression, accompaniment of satisfyingness or annoyingness, until the result will be great achievement in the right direction or, perchance, a retrogression in the wrong direction, either of which will be as lasting as the other and will follow the child through his entire life.

The fact is, the child's mind in this period is much like plastic clay; bonds are easily formed and strengthened may be easily redirected or eliminated. The child does largely what you tell it to do. It makes little selection of its own. The teacher leads the way and he follows. Not so, to the same ex-

tent at least, in high-school. He then begins to assert its own notions. His mind becomes less plastic; bonds are less easily formed and modified. He no longer accepts everything just as it is offered. His habits of expression, accent, choice, etc., have become fixed to a great extent. The same is true, but to a still greater degree, in college. Here we simply build the superstructure, and whether strong or weak, depends largely on the foundation laid in earlier years.

Let us then, one and all use and advocate the use of the best language within each one's power for the sake of the children who are following in our footsteps, inasmuch as words not only bespeak a child's desires and clothe a child's thoughts, but also color each individual's entire thought-life.

—Anna Wolgemuth.

“It is worth something in the larger outlook of human life for young people to spend their college years in an environment where Christianity is not only tolerated (if indeed not repudiated), but appreciated and encouraged.” —Ellis.

“Perfect wisdom hath four parts, viz., wisdom, the principle of doing things aright; just, the principle of doing things equally in public and private; fortitude, the principle of not flying danger, but meeting it; and temperance, the principle of subduing desires and living moderately.” —Plato.

Religious News

Deputation Work by the Student Volunteers

The student volunteer movement is gaining a firm foothold and is receiving nation wide recognition; the effects of its work are felt and the results are seen over the entire world.

The more our people know about the movement and the work done by it the more it will be appreciated and supported. The little group of volunteers which is at Elizabethtown College is only a very small part of this great movement, yet in its school community it is a unit. Each volunteer feels that there is more to do than merely express his or her willingness to be guided by God. They must move or else God cannot guide.

While it is true, as the name student suggests, these volunteers are yet in school but there are many things in which they can busy themselves while at school—to impart their joy; to get others to join their ranks with word and deed; and especially get in touch with the young people thruout the school district. They realize that to be the most helpful they must be understood and to accomplish this, they and the nature of the work done by them must be known to the good people of the school districts. The very best way to become acquainted is to come to Elizabethtown College and while staying there join the ranks of the volunteer. However, this is im-

possible for all to do, so the student volunteers have volunteered to go out among the different congregations as they are called upon, to give missionary programs. In so doing several things are accomplished—the volunteers become better acquainted with the people of the districts which they represent; inspiration is given and received, and the cause of Christian missions is supported.

The work of the Volunteers had been partly suspended during the first half of the year because of the influenza epidemic. However since the second half of the school year has begun, eighteen programs have been given. All in different Congregations except one. The following are the congregations that have been visited by the Volunteers: Lancaster, Harrisburg, Mechanicsburg, Baerville, Lititz, Ephrata, Mountville, Fredericksburg, Little Swatara, Pinegrove, Hatfield, Quakertown, Lebanon, Myerstown, Hanover, Black Rock and Hanoverdale. Several programs are yet to be given.

In every meeting God's presence was manifested. The interest was good and as far as is known everybody was much benefitted. The following is a typical program as rendered: "The Call of the World," "Non-Christian Religions of the World," "The Consecrated Life," "The Missionary Church of Today." Occasionally if desired special music is given and at times a recitation.

Not all the congregations which want programs can be served this year but next year the volunteers

will again be willing to serve in His name.

—E. W.

School Notes

Springtime is here again!

The bargain man of College Hill—Mr. Nice.

“Funny” Royer caught a minnow after ten hours’ hard work.

Professor Hoffer (in Algebra class) “and then proceed as if going on.”

Ask Miss Wagner why she uses the expression “mark you” so frequently.

Mr. Zendt has a brown hat, brown suit, brown shoes and Brown—

Miss Hershey would like to be in Chemistry class to receive electric shocks.

Mr. Basehore was heard to remark—I think I’ll give (be) a doctor.

Miss Zug (in History class)—The negroes had no brains to run machinery with.

Ask Clayton Reber to read his new book entitled, “Ten Arabian Nights in a Bar Room.”

Miss Gross, after over a week of illness has decided to come to school again “for a change.”

Oh you Seniors! we know that you are priveleged characters so you don’t need to “blow about it.”

Miss Brubaker (in Rhetoric)—Miss Price how do you fold a letter?

Miss Price—So that the beginning can be found.

Miss Spangler (pointing to a little girl) “Mr. Basehore is that your little sister Jim.”

Miss Baer (in Civics class)—Miss Zook discuss the death of Benjamin Franklin.

Miss Zook—He was buried by his wife in Christ Church.

Mis-understandings will occur but can you beat this; Miss Crouthamel touring Memorial Hall in quest of Professor Hoffer while he was in the reception room sighing, looking at his watch, straightening his tie, and sighing again.

During the latter part of April, Rudolph Zeigler had a “swelled head.” But the cause of it was neuralgia and not self-importance.

Mr. David Markey has been a recent visitor at College Hill. Mr. Markey has just been mustered out of service and expects to go on with his school work soon. The three white service stripes he wears shows more than eighteen months’ of service for Uncle Sam. Glad to see you back again Mr. Markey!

Professor H. H. Nye and J. G. Meyer conducted a Bible Institute at Westminster, Maryland. They brought greetings to the student-body from the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Royer, and Mr. and Mrs. Bixler, patrons of the college.

Brother Graybill, missionary on a furlough from Sweden, conducted the chapel services and gave us a short talk one day recently. A few days afterward Sister Graybill also visited us and conducted chapel services. Both were students here several years ago but have been laboring in Sweden for the last seven and one half years.

Mr. Rhinehart who strained a ligament in his arm a few weeks ago has returned to his home. He first saw the local physician and then was taken to the Lancaster Hospital. The condition of the arm is somewhat serious and, therefore, he went home that it might be given careful attention.

One day in bookkeeping some of our promising students were amusing themselves by slipping innocent looking folded papers to one another. One young lady seemed to be the center of attraction for the papers until Professor Via asked, Miss Hershey how does your "notes receivable" account look?

We are glad to state that the patrons of our school are showing

a greater interest in us. On May the first we were visited by Brother and Sister Frederick, Brother and Sister Crouthamel, parents of Miss Crouthamel of the faculty, and Brother A. H. Royer, Brother Royer conducted the chapel services and gave us a short talk on the "Value of Going to School."

Smiles

Wife—John, there's a burglar at the silver and another in the pantry eating my pies.

Get up and call for help.

Hub (at window)—Police! Doctor!

1st Citizen—What is the reason why the American soldiers are called doughboys?

2nd Citizen—Because the allies "kneaded" them and they were turned out by "Baker."

Why are soldiers always tired the first of April?

Because they have just finished a March of thirty-one days.

—H. R.

Keystone Society Notes

Spring!

"Let's finish the job."

"Over the top," with our efforts.

Spring fever can not kill brawny, brainy and and brave K. L. S. members.

Since our last report we have had quite a variety of excellent

programs. We here present a few examples of the programs given:

Historical Program

History of Elizabethtown College, Miss Emma Ziegler; History of Schools of Elizabethtown, Miss Martha Oberholtzer; Reading, Miss

Mary Ebling; History of Churches of Elizabethtown, Mr. Stanley Ober; History of Masonic Homes, Mr. Raymond Wenger; Music, History of Industries of Elizabethtown, Mr. Horace Raffensperger.

Anniversary Program

Invocation, Elder I. W. Taylor; Vocal Solo, "Calvary," Miss Harriet Bartine; Opening Address, Vice-President, J. D. Reber, '15; Oration, "Self-Sacrifice," Rudolph Ziegler; Recitation, "The Painter of Seville," Miss Mildred S. Baer; Ladies' Quartette, "Song-Bird of Night;" Address, "Making The Most of Life, Rev. Geo. Capetanio; Men's Glee Club, "My Lady Sleeps;" Benediction, Professor J. S. Harley.

Educational Program

Music; The Value of English in the Elementary schools Compared with the value of Secondary School and College English, Miss Anna Wolgemuth; "Educational Aims," Mr. Clarence Ebersole; My Reactions on Moore's, "What is Education," Miss Sara Shisler; "A Supervisor should measure not the declared intentions of a teacher but the achieved results of each individual pupil, Miss Bucher; Address, Formal Discipline, Professor I. S. Hoffer and an Oration, "Democracy in Education," Miss Supera Martz.

Memorial Program

Music by audience, Star Spangled Banner; Oration, Star of Democracy, Mr. John Graham; Mixed

Quartet, Brave Hearts Sleep On, Misses Harriet Eberly and Emma Ziegler and Messrs. Chester Royer and Ephraim Meyer; Reading, "A Rendezvous with Death" and "In Flander's Fields," Miss Kathryn Zug; Address, In Memoriam, Professor H. K. Ober; Planting Trees in honor of Walter Eshleman and Abram Heisey who both died in the service of our Country. Messrs. George Neff and J. D. Reber comrades of these boys planted the trees.

The K. L. S. met in regular private session April 25, for the purpose of electing officers to serve during May. The result of the election is as follows: President, Mr. Raymond Wenger; Vice President, Mr. John Herr; Secretary, Miss Kathryn Zug and Critic and Censor, Professor J. G. Meyer.

—N. M.

ALUMNI NOTES

Rebekah Sheaffer, '13, will finish the College course at Ursinus College in June.

W. Scott Smith, '15 has returned from active service in France, and is now working on his father's farm near Elizabethtown.

Mrs. Jennie Miller, '05 played the wedding march for her niece, Miss Esther Miller, who was married at her home at 518 East King Street, in Lancaster.

Rev. Nathan Martin, of Rheems, a former student of the College, moved to Lebanon on Monday, April 14th, where he will take active part in working up the inter-

ests of the Church of the Brethren.

Married—Charles L. Zook and Kathryn Graybill on Mar. 20, 1919. They will reside at Millport, Lancaster County, where Mr. Zook is employed on his father's flour mill.

President H. K. Ober was chosen as a delegate to represent the Sunday School Board of the Church of the Brethren at a meeting of the International Sunday School Lesson Committee which was held in Cleveland, Ohio.

The friends of Miss Katherine Miller who taught voice culture at the College several years ago will learn with regret of the death of her mother, which occurred at Confluence, Pa. The deceased was the grandmother of Miss Kathryn Leiter, who graduated from the College in 1918.

Miss Anna Cassel, '15, who so faithfully performed the duties of nurse during the time of the Influenza epidemic at Bethany Bible School, Chicago, broke down in health, and underwent an operation because of an attack of appendicitis. She is now resting at the home of her sister, Mrs. William Wolf, Desterine Avenue, Lansdale, Pa.

Joshua D. Reber, '14, since his mustering out of service from Camp Meade, is employed in the office of The Hoffer Brothers, Contractors and Builders located at Elizabethtown. Mr. Reber, will be pleased to have his friends call at his boarding house at the home of John M. Gibble, Superintendent, of the College grounds, on East High street.

On April 15th, Minerva Stauffer Fridy, '05, became the mother of a little dark haired girl whose name is Margaret S. Fridy. The father, Mr. P. N. Fridy holds a position as Chief Computer in the Valuation Department of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. His office is in New York City. Mrs. Fridy and the little girl are at present at the home of Mrs. Fridy's mother in Elizabethtown.

Rev. J. F. Graybill, '07, returned missionary from Sweden, visited at the College on Monday afternoon. Mr. Graybill is quite an enthusiastic worker in the mission field. He and his wife have been in Sweden over eleven years and are now visiting friends in the United States. They expect to return to Sweden in September. Mr. Graybill was pleased to notice the healthy condition of the horse-chestnut tree on the campus planted by his class at the time of his graduation.

Miss Lydia Stauffer, Martha Martin, '09, John Graham, '17, and A. C. Baugher, '17, represented the Volunteer Mission Band of the College at Mountville on Easter Sunday, where they gave a program consisting of addresses on missionary themes. On the same day the following members of the Mission Band, Sara Shisler, Bertha Price, Ezra Wenger and Nathan Myer rendered a program at Pine Grove, Union House and Ziegler's Church in the Swatara Congregation in three counties, Lebanon, Berks and Schuylkill. The workers report splendid interest at all places.

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WEAK EYES MADE STRONG



You need *Shur-ons*
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If the print blurs when you read, if your eyes tire easily, if the sunlight hurts your eyes, if you get headaches or dizzy spells, if vision is not as clear at times as it should be,

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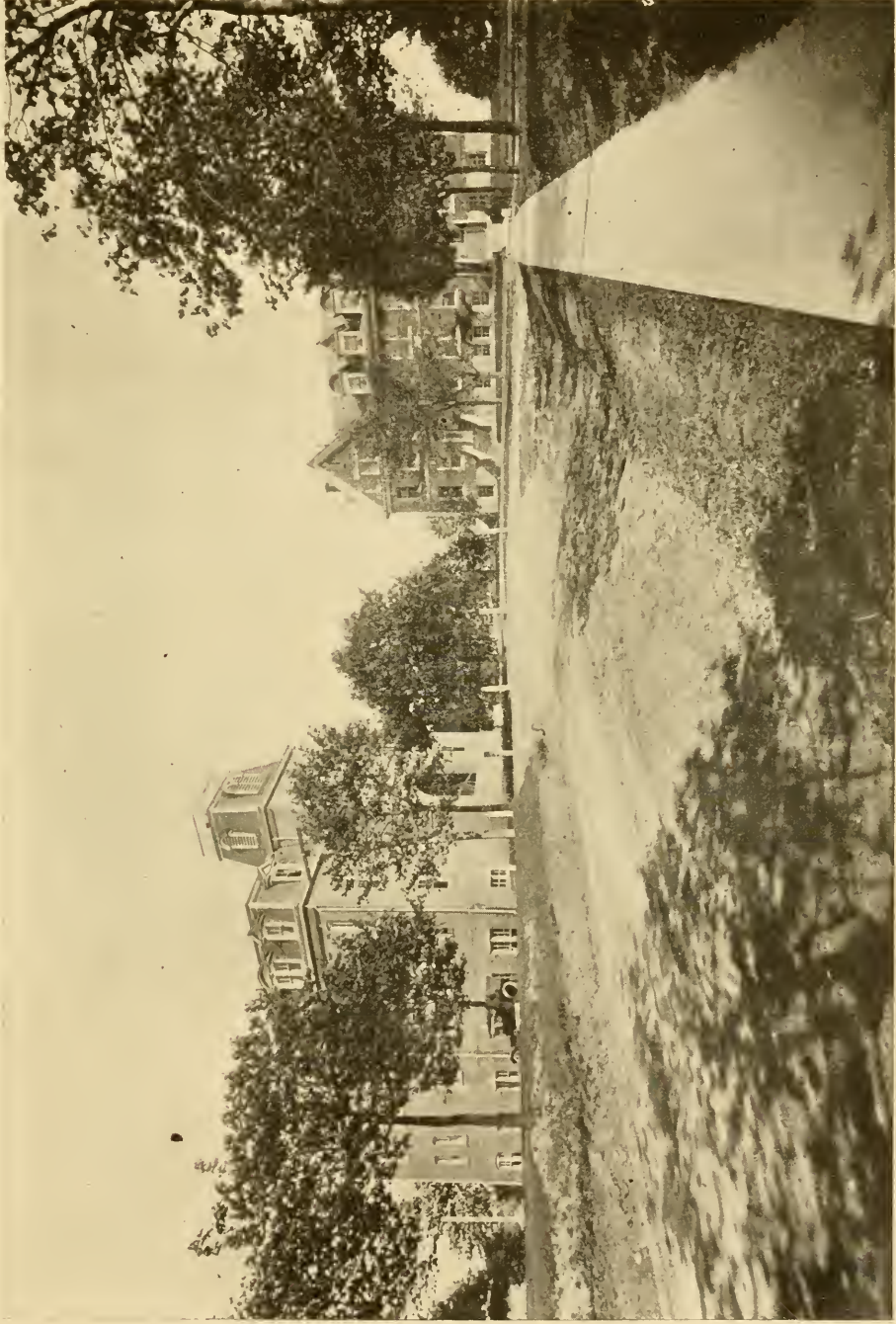
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ALPHA HALL

DEDICATED

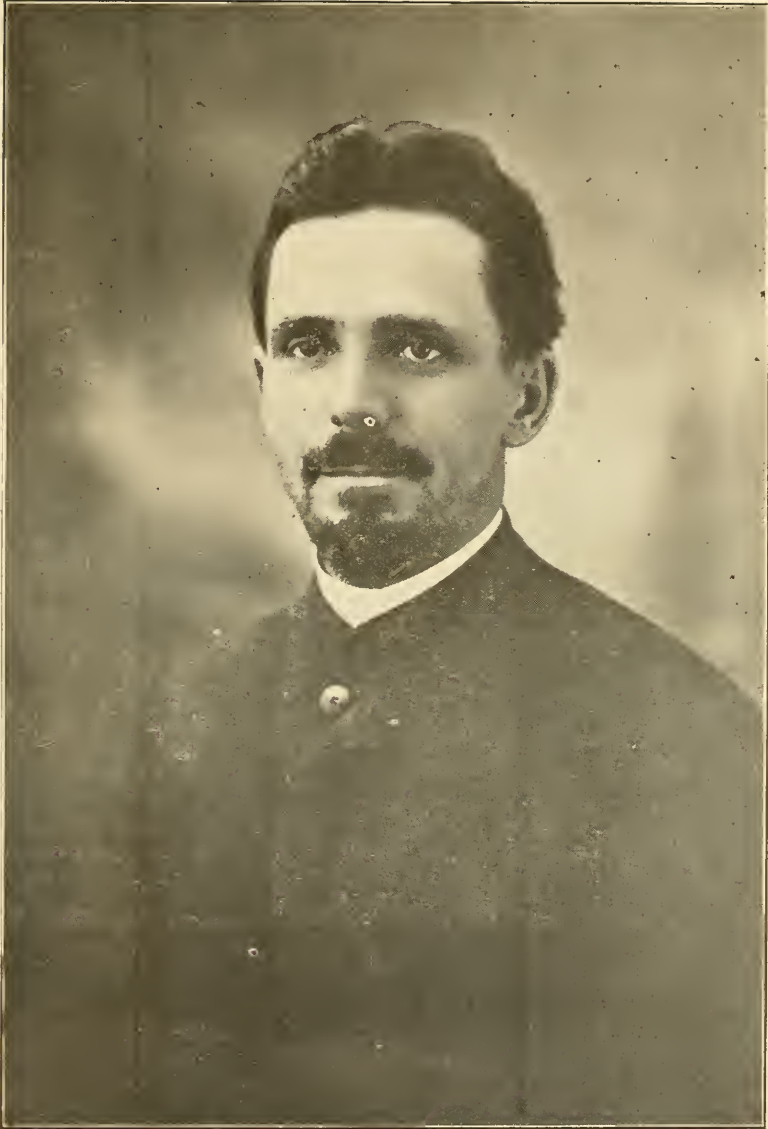
to

JACOB GIBBEL MEYER

Whose Inspiring Personality

Has Ever Been

Our Guiding Influence



JACOB GIBBEL MEYER

Pd.B., Elizabethtown College; A.B., Franklin and Marshall College;

A.M., Columbia University, New York.

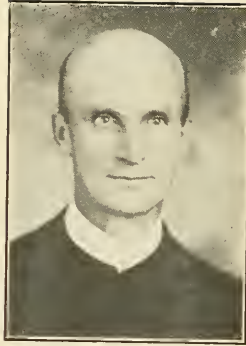
PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION

Elizabethtown College

AUTHOR "THINGS WORTH WHILE;" "MOLECULAR MAGNITUDES;" ETC.



Lydia Stauffer



Jacob S. Harley



Elizabeth Myer



J. G. Meyer



H. K. Ober



R. W. Schlosser



H. H. Nye



Floy Crouthamel



Irwin S. Hoffer



Edna Brubaker



Mildred Bonebrake



Lore Brenisholtz



Ruth Bucher



Ruth Kilhefner



H. A. Via



Mrs. H. A. Via



Lara Hess



Ezra Wenger



Sara Shisler



John Graham

Class Poem 1919

Today with happy hearts we come
 Into this chapel hall.

These classmates all have nobly
 done
 We greet and welcome one and
 all.

This is the 1919 class,
 Who seek for truth and know-
 ledge
 And may we to the very last,
 Be true to Elizabethtown College.

There sits a jovial boy named
 "Fred"

Whose heart is in his work.
 He'll joy to earn his daily bread
 As a U. S. office clerk.

And we are proud of our king,
 Who's always kind and good.
 For he can add a sum and sing
 Typewrite letters as none else
 could.

There is no happier girl on "earth"
 Then blithe "Senora Myers"
 She fills our hearts with joy and
 mirth
 By playing songs of modern sires.

Our secretary is "Miss Martz"
 So keen His truth to give

She never fails to gladden hearts
 She'll teach the mountaineers to
 live.

A preacher too our classmate is,
 With mind acute and pure
 Whose life is patterned after His,
 Who serves mankind both rich
 and poor.

Our vice-president, "Harry Reber"
 Three languages can speak.
 We may some day to him refer,
 As E. C.'s famed professor of
 Greek.

Our president, a studious girl,
 Sweet music doth compose
 Her life will evermore unfurl
 Rich truths she here so nobly
 chose.

The days we've spent together here
 Our memories sacred hold.
 And as we labor year by year
 Our lives in service shall unfold.

O thou, "Our Alma Mater dear,"
 Whose name is world-wide known
 Live long to sow good seed and
 cheer
 Until thou bloomst in fairer zone.
 —Ephraim G. Meyer.



JACOB IRA BAUGHER

Jacob Ira Baugher

Lineboro, Md.

Completed Pedagogical Course "in absentia."

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Jacob Baugher was born in York County, March 7, 1889. His father was his only public school teacher. He was reared on the farm. Then he entered Glenville High School at the age of 14. He finished a four years course in 1908. He started to teach in a rural school in the fall of 1908. Several years later he passed the state examination for Permanent Certificate. A few years ago he started to work on the Pedagogical Course. He successfully met all the requirements. He is especially fond of Sunday School and Teacher Training work. He was elected to the ministry in 1918.

Matrimonial prospects—No question, he is married.

Strong point—Talking fast.

Ruth S. Bucher

Rudy, Pa.

"Buch"

President of Class, Keystone Literary Society, Basket Ball, Glee Club, Volunteer Band.

"Her charms are many, her faults few,
Her enemies rare, her friends many and true."

What would the class of '19 have done without our "Buch," president, piano player, best tennis player and what not?

Ruth came to Elizabethtown in the fall of 1914. She finished the music course in 1916. During these years she has finished the Pedagogical Course and we think that the college had better offer more courses, so Ruth can continue. Ruth has also taught vocal music for two years.

Ruth dearly loves to eat, especially candy. We can hear her come through the hall, saying "who is going to town to-night. Well, I want a pound of candy."

Her Junior year was marred somewhat, for the "Pauls" had left for France. Part of her went along, but we think every thing is safe again.

Ruth is very proud of her "King," after she made him what he is. We think Ruth will have some trying times this summer, as some of her week end parties may conflict.

Ruth expects to teach next year but that is all we know. I suppose if we could telegraph to France we could give you more light on the subject.



RUTH S. BUCHER



SUPERA D. MARTZ

Supera D. Martz
Loganton, Pa.
"Superia"

Secretary of Class, Keystone Literary Society, Glee Club.

"When she will, she will—you may depend upon it."

Miss Martz after graduating from Loganton High School in 1915 came to Elizabethtown College for the Spring term of 1916. She taught school for two years and came back in the fall of 1917 to finish the Pedagogical Course.

Where shall we find words to picture our Supera who has an individuality all her own? On the hall she excels in playing the fool, by imitating the dramatic old woman amid storms of laughter from the girls. She also is a very industrious girl. She does not believe in cutting any of her classes. In Philosophy she is Professor Meyer's main stay and inspiration.

During the winter term of her senior year a blue eyed lad from Sugar Valley came to school. This seemed to put more sunshine in her activities on the Hill.

Miss Martz expects to teach school, but judging from what we see, we conclude that in the near future another cozy home for two will be established. Good luck Supera, to you and the lad of your choice.

Ephraim G. Meyer
Fredericksburg, Pa.
"Eph"

Treasurer of class, Keystone Literary Society, Glee Club, Volunteer Band.

"Those who know him best praise him most."

This ambitious young man took up work at Elizabethtown College in the fall of 1912. If you want anything done, ask a busy man. Mr. Meyer's versatility is well known, he is a regular, "Jack of all Trades." Here, however the proverb ends. "Pep" is the chief constituent of this lad. What ever he undertakes, he carries through with a dash, which is truly invigorating.

There is a lass, with raven hair that attracts his attention very much. She hails from Brownstown.

As a tenor singer he is (?) well ask the school. Many a Friday night we were rocked or lulled to sleep by his melodious voice.

After dinner, we always get a taste of what business life is with him, for he is clerk at the bookroom.

Mr. Meyer is undecided as to what he shall do next year. We think he will finish the College course, we wish him success, but we do not want him to forget Edna.

Favorite pastime—Writing a weekly gazette to Brownstown.



EPHRAIM G. MEYER



MARIA G. MYERS

Maria G. Myers

Bareville, Pa.

"Molly"

Chief entertainer of our class, Keystone Literary Society, Basket Ball.

"To see her is to know her,

To know her is to love her."

"Molly," the life of the class, came to Elizabethtown in the fall of 1917, having graduated from the Upper Leacock High School in the spring of that year. Molly, dearly loves to have a good time but that is not all. Whenever anyone is sick or in trouble, Molly is a ready sympathizer. She is a sure cure for the blues, for when hearing her laugh and talk one can't help but forget everything else. At mail time she is sure to be at Miss Stauffer's elbow looking for a letter from France. In the evening one can hear the strains of a ukelele coming from her room, besides many other strange sounds. Then when we girls look across to the other building a black head will be seen flashing back as quickly as you please.

Molly is undecided as to her future work but we think we know that a certain young man in France could give us some information on the subject. Well Molly! we extend our best wishes to you. We know you will be a good home-maker.

Harry H. Reber

Richland, Pa.

"Doc"

Class Vice President, Keystone Literary Society, Base Ball.

"Look, he is winding up the watch of wit—soon it will strike."

Dr. D. C. Reber did many worthy things for Elizabethtown College but the one to benefit our class most was to have his nephew Harry come here to serve as the Vice President of the class of 1919. Harry came here in the fall of 1917 bringing with him our friend Mr. King.

"Doc" is a young man of talent. There are very few things he cannot do if he tries. In athletics he is especially active, base ball and tennis, he knows them all. In his class work he is very bright and receives splendid class grades. His special hobby is Psychology. When a child "Doc" was asked what profession he would like to follow when he became a man, he answered "a doctor." He has never outgrown this ambition and we hope that some day his dream will come true. "Doc" has many puzzles to solve but his biggest one is this, "Where shall I spend my Sunday, at Lebanon or at Bareville?"

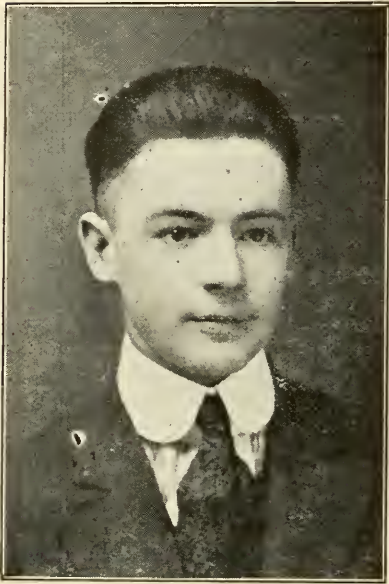
"Cheer up, Doc the worst is yet to come."

Favorite expression—"Well, I guess."

Matrimonial prospects—"Not developed yet."



HARRY H. REBER



FRED FOGELSANGER

Fred Fogelsanger
Chambersburg, Pa.

"Fogi"

Keystone Literary Society, Base Ball.

"Girls—First, last and always."

Fogi began the difficult voyage of life in the town of Chambersburg. He began his systematic mental development in the public school and, after satisfying the teachers of the lower grades of his abundance of advanced knowledge, entered Elizabethtown College. He could not decide whether to be a "Prof" or a business man but after much contemplation and consideration he chose the latter and so he registered as a student in the fall of 1917.

When you see a biped strolling across the campus, very erect and taking "mincing" steps or hear a peculiar little laugh you are safe in saying "Here comes Fogi."

Fogi's one hobby is girls, but he does not specialize on College Hill, but tease him about Juniata and he is "Jonnie on the spot."

This many-sided genius, stars in tennis, basket ball and base ball, while in social circles he is equally prominent; between times he goes to school.

Favorite Pastime—Writing letters to Juniata College.

Samuel G. King

Richland, Pa.

"Sam"

Keystone Literary Society, Base Ball, Glee Club.

Never to be "Ruthless."

This bright-eyed youth hails from that one-horse dot on the map known as Richland. He came to Elizabethtown College with Mr. Reber in 1917, very bashful and quiet. But somehow or other during his senior year, Ruth, with her social ability, made "Sam" one of our jolliest members.

Sam is the Goliath of our class being six feet one inch tall. Although he is a powerful King he has a very gentle and soothing disposition.

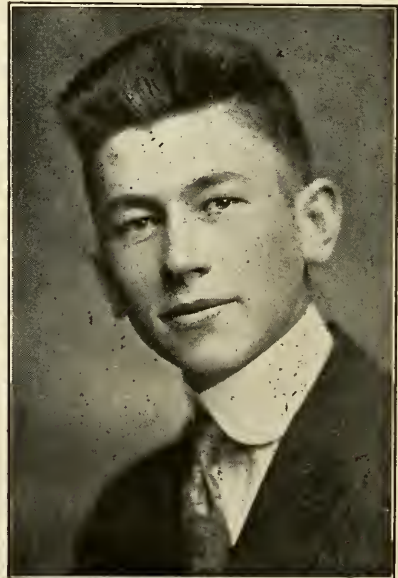
Commercial work is his hobby. He is great at cutting classes and then try to bluff the teacher that he did not hear the bell.

Mr. King has not decided what he wants to do. The West has great attractions for him but owing to his father, his plans are somewhat squashed.

Favorite Pastime—Going to town.

Favorite Expression—"Yes!"

Matrimonial Prospects—Nothing Stirring.



SAMUEL G. KING

The Passing of a Great Educator

Down thru the ages, there have always been great men, in whom the people trusted, on whom they depended, and after whom they patterned. Yet their abilities were not recognized, until they were no more. When people groped about blindly without a guide, scarcely aware of the greatness of the leader who had been, then they began to appreciate in small part, the place this hero had filled in their lives.

Such a man was Nathan C. Schaffer. This educator is gone but his work will live forever. He has built his own monument. As was said of a great architect of a renowned cathedral, so it can truthfully be said of him "If you seek his monument, look about you." His influence lives on in the lives and hearts of thousands, whose minds were moulded by his noble life and by the far reaching effect of his three score years of "Championing the Cause of Childhood."

Great indeed is the man whose pupils rise up and call him blessed, and such is the happy lot of him, for one of his pupils having risen to prominence pays this fitting tribute to him. "He was Berks County's most illustrious son, Pennsylvania's greatest educator, one of God's noble men, a leader, a counsellor, a teacher and friend, a thinker of thinkers and teacher of teachers. He served his fellowmen and therefore served God. He has gone to his reward, but the good he did lives after him."

What qualities combined to make up the character of one so loved and revered by all who knew him. The complex combination of characteristics of a great individuality defies analysis, but a few qualities seemed always to breath from his words whether written or spoken.

Perhaps his broad scholarship impressed one first. His easy flow of language, his careful choice of words, his simplicity of style seem to make themselves felt, while he used illustration upon illustration, drawn from every sphere of life in making the point at hand lucid and forceful. Was one deceived in the depth and breadth of his training? When he had completed his College Course in America and gone abroad, taking work at each of the three famous universities of Germany, did he cease to reach out for more knowledge? He was ever a live, growing teacher, and his interests were as broad, as far reaching as mankind, itself. He discussed the subjects of his day with the view of a master, seeing them in all their relations to the past, present and future of not only a community but of a nation and of a world. He did not borrow his ideas from other sources, but taught as one having authority. And is it not manifest that his erudition and abilities were recognized in his being called to the many responsible offices in the educational affairs of the nation? And do we fully appreciate the fact that he served the unparalleled term of twenty-six years as head of the schools of our own beloved com-

monwealth, during a time when school methods were under-going a revolution? While in other states men served their age and were superseded at short intervals by abler men, in our own state this remarkable man kept pace with the methods and grew with the schools, ever rendering better and increased service until his outgrown shell was cast off to release his eternally growing soul.

And how marvellously his stability and common sense served him to discern the pedagogical truths in each new method and make them adaptable, and how surely did he recognize and regret the unpractical. He had a passion to know the truth and to impart it to others. He exemplified his own statement. "Only he who lives the truth, can teach it with masterly effect."

Then too, thru all his hard years of toil, criticism and opposition, he was ever successful and optimistic. Dr. Klein says "His genial humor, his love of anecdote, his lucid force in literary style remind one of a similar combination of qualities in Benjamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln. How keenly he relished the humorous side of life, while his bosom vibrated to the still, sad music of humanity." How gracious, kindly and considerate he was to all those whose lives were touched by his forceful personality. He saw the good in every one. He was a Christian gentleman.

Nor was his optimism the kind which makes one believe the world will continually grow better with-

out the help of each one toward that end. He used his power and means in practical constructive work. Many men in prominent positions today owe their success in life to the fact that he was interested in and helped deserving youths to get an education and what humility was coupled with such rare gifts in the makeup of his personality. Embodying the best traits of his people, knowing all their wise and witty sayings, standing head and shoulders above them in power and intellect, yet ever deeply in sympathy with them, staunch and strong to the ideals of his state, he was a true representative of his people. Did he ever accept favors as one to whom they were due? He was as simple-hearted and grateful as a child. Truly he was one of God's noble men. As a colaborer expressed it "We cannot but think that God appointed him to his work, brot him to it in his own good time and removed him from it, when his day was out and his work was done."

Do you wonder that he accomplished so much? Then, hearken to the ideal of the man whose life was centered in Christ, who spent his days in the service of mankind. Hearken to the ideal which life held before him. "At the end of life, the question is not, how much have you got, but how much have you given; not how much have you won, but how much have you done; not how much have you saved, but how much have you sacrificed; not how much has your college done for you, but how much have you done

for your college; not how much were you honored but how much have you loved and served?"

In his honor and for the good of humanity, let us carry his message onward.

With his ideal ever before us, let us each one, as he, continually strive to know the truth, and as we know the truth, impart it to others, and greatest and best of all, let us each one, as he, **Live the Truth.**

Since this day ends the happy period of our student-life here together, we must bid you all farewell.

Worthy President and Members of the Board of Trustees, we are very grateful to you for your fatherly interest in our welfare, for your devotion to the institution we both love, and for electing a faculty of teachers who are stalwart Christian men and women. All the opportunities which we enjoy here, opportunities of coming in touch with gifted men and women, are made possible through you.

Dear teachers, how can we thank you for your untiring service in our behalf. You have been never failing springs of inspiration, wisdom and Christian influence. Your words of encouragement and council have cheered us in our dark hours, have revived our self confidence and given us vision of a glorious future of service. If we do anything worthy of commendation, if we reach or come near reaching the goal for which we have set out, it will be because you have directed us in choosing our

aims, it will be because you have helped us in launching our barks, it will be because you have taught us to use our oars aright. We regret the many times we have displeased you in our conduct, the many times we have tried your patience in the classroom. The memory of your devoted service will ever go with us and we'll always hold sacred this place where now we must bid you farewell.

Fellowstudents, you with whom we have lived to whom we have been knit, by our common ideals and purposes, as in one large family it grieves us to realize that the circle must be broken. We cannot tell how much we have gained by your companionship, but since "We are a part of all we have met" each one of us bears the impress of every other one on our character. We gratefully acknowledge and greatly appreciate your sympathy, cooperation and friendship, during the years we have spent here together. We wish you abundant success and though our paths diverge, we'll ever have a keen interest in the students of Elizabethtown College.

Dear classmates, what language is adequate to express the emotions of our hearts, as we near the time of parting. Together we have worked and played, we have learned to know each other's trials and temptations, ideals and ambitions, strength and limitations, almost know the possibilities of each one. How painful to part yet we each go where our lives will count for most and because of this noble

ideal of service we are able to bear the parting. Farewell, may God-speed and His blessing go with us. "If our next meeting be in the great hereafter, may an unclouded path of glorious service lead back and back amid earth's scenes to this time and this place where now we say farewell."

—Supera D. Martz

The Genius of Hard Work

As we stand at the threshold of a new life we reflect upon the past with many pleasant memories of the years we spent together here.

Dear friends, you who have come from far and near to witness our parting exercises, we bid you welcome.

We welcome our trustees who afford us this Christian College.

We welcome our fellowstudents with whom we sang, and played and worked.

We welcome our faithful teachers who taught us day by day, and led us in the Master's footsteps.

To one and all we the 1919 class extend a cordial welcome to our graduating exercises.

God has endowed every human being with a physical and a mental nature which crave for exercise and which invariably find some work to do. We see then that one important phase of the problem of life is how to direct our energies into channels of utmost usefulness. Since we are given the power to choose our trend of action we are held responsible by our Maker for

our deeds. Society too has a right to expect that each of us contribute to it the best we can possibly render. Many a man has failed in life not because of mental and physical deficiencies but because of an unwise choice of labor. This truly may be said of the man who is from youth to old age bent on making money in whatever way possible. He may perhaps be so lucky as never to lose a dollar while he cheats on every sale and saves on every purchase. But the spirit he fosters will by and by seize him and make him its slave. As his sun is setting he will have the bitter reflection that his life has been a total failure. Upon the lurid horizon there flash out the words that describe the ruling passion of his life, **selfish, dishonest, unworthy.**

The future greatness of character and mental strength cannot be determined by birth for history abounds with examples of men who had respectable parents and yet developed into the most paracitical citizens. But the man who sacrifices his life upon the altar of the greatest social service indeed has chosen well. It will lead him into a mountainous path which is open to all but which requires effort of all its travelers. Many are not willing to pay the price or put forth the effort and consequently they accept early in life ordinary positions. Here they choose to stay and labor never discovering what they might have been able to do, never fulfilling their mission, never realizing their true goal in life. But we trust better things of the

wide-awake, red-blooded American. Thrice blessed is he who starts right and who chooses wisely in the light of reason, who is not disobedient to the heavenly vision, whatever difficulties rise before him, for the greater his responsibility the greater will be his freedom and joy, until finally his circle of influence has reached its limit of expansion and breaks forth into eternity as a reward for all his toil and pain.

To have chosen a noble course of life is the first essential, but it is not sufficient says the genius. Otherwise the man running a race might win his prize as soon as he had started. But the crown is only won by continual practice, hard work and tenaciously sticking to the task until it's finished.

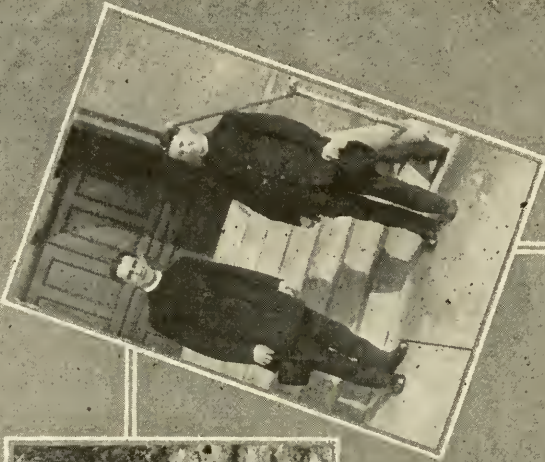
We respect the man who naturally is good. We revere the man who from childhood struggled against odds, evil tendencies, and reverses but finally triumphs over circumstances. For this reason we revere Booker T. Washington who had the courage and persistence to overcome race prejudice. He beat the untrodden pathway for his race. He clearly showed to the world that his race as well as other uneducated races can with dauntless effort surmount the barriers and extend a helping hand to their ignorant fellowmen. He sacrificed every drop of blood for the advancement of his race. His name shall be immortal and in his footsteps others shall slowly but surely ascend. He has put most of our race to shame by his wonderful

progress in education and his faithful life of effective service.

Who is happier than the man who at the close of each day feels that he has done his best? There is no short route to true greatness. Be it the farmer who with honest sweat on his brow dignifies labor and through years of toil breaks the chains of poverty and accumulates honest riches if at the same time he cultivates sympathy and helpfulness for those who are beneath him. Be it a Patrick Henry who far from gaining distinction by a sudden flight as has been supposed actually gained it by hard work which lifted him in secret thru the shaft of Toil into a prominent place in the field of oratory. Be it an Edison who as a newsboy never dreamed of the inventions he was capable of producing in later life. Through using his talents wisely and shutting himself off from the world with a determination to contribute his bit to society. Be it Lincoln who as a railsplitter learned the choice and worth of **toil** and was thus prepared to be used in more responsible tasks. He truly rose on steps of toil and it brought him to the president's chair.

The genius of hard work is not the man who has done something for humanity, but the man who does all he can, in the best way he can, for the most people he can and as long as he can.

Some writer has said: "It is a most wicked thing for a man with great capacities to go out of active



affairs of life in the full strength of manhood, and refuse to have any participation in the events of time which he sees go thundering on." We were born for active labor from the beginning to the end of life. Blessed is that man the ring of whose harness is heard when he falls; blessed is that man who dies with the sword of truth in his hand; blessed is that man who, when he dies, is mailed from head to foot, and is in the field. This indeed is the life blooming for eternity.

The man who loafs the entire day has little need of rest and indeed to him rest is not a welcome thing. But to the man who has chosen an honest day's work and then goes the second mile in his task, to him rest is blessed. It means strength for his body and peace to his soul. You and I shall truly have joy in the evening of life if we've spent the day well.

The man who has conquered himself; who has overcome the external foes and in addition has developed a helping hand a loving heart and an indormitable will has become the genius of hard work. For him eternity is peace, and rest. His influence and life shall play upon the heart strings of humanity, a song of inspiration, truth and peaceful rest until finally it will return to him who gave it. Then can the genius of hard work say to his Lord, Here Lord thy pound has gained ten pounds. The master shall answer, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things. Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

—Ephraim G. Meyer

Senior Social

The Senior class met in the reception room February the eighth at seven o'clock for their social. They had prepared a lunch and decorated the room in the afternoon. The piano, walls and pictures were draped with the class colors, red and blue. In one corner a fireplace was arranged for the chafing dish, while in the center, festoons of the paper were entended from the chandelier to each corner of a square table beneath it a large students lamp, whose glare was softened by folds of paper on the shade, furnished the light for the room. The undergraduates were allowed to see the decorations. After this the class played games and might have had a hilarious time if we had not been warned to restrain our laughter. As it was in the unnatural quietness a chair became disquested with things, rose up and collided with two boys in the midst of a game and got its arm broken. A few teachers decided that this was the fault of the class, since they could not know what the chair would have said if it could have defended itself, and the seniors, to re-establish peace willingly fixed the chair. Soon it was time to eat and tea was made in the chafing dish by some, while others brought the sandwiches, pies, pickles, candy, bananas and ice cream and arranged them on the table. As soon as the tea was ready we seated ourselves and began to stow away food amidst the merry chatter of all. Each one had reached his capacity before the



SEWING GRADUATES

supply of eatables was exhausted but the ice cream melted and ran away, as it always does, the candy slipped into the boys pockets for protection and the bananas mysteriously took flight in the general disturbance which followed the meal. For already it was past nine o'clock and we had promised to have everything back to its place at ten o'clock. We all fell to work gathering up dishes, pulling down decorations, folding them up, and putting things to rights again. Just as the last bell rang we were on our way up stairs, having decided that our social was in every way a real success.

The Arbor Day Program

April 11, the Seniors rendered an Arbor Day program in Music Hall, which was arranged like a home and decked with bouquets of arbutus, violets, anemone and wild cherry blossoms. The program was in the form of a class reunion as follows:

Ruth—Alone playing a few strains of "Loves Old Sweet Song" then turning about and exclaiming April, 1924, can it be possible that it's nearly five years since I was graduated from Elizabethtown College? I wonder where all my class mates are now. I have not heard from any of them for a long time. I wonder where Mr. Reber is, and what Molly is doing now. (Doorbell! going to door). Well I'll declare! Where did you come from? I was just thinking of you. (Shak-

ing hands). How do you do—come in.

Reber—We are going home from Columbia in my plane for our vacation, and we thought we would drop in to pay a visit to the president of the class of '19.

Maria—My! I'm glad to see you again, Ruth. How well you are looking. Home certainly must agree with you. You seem younger than when we were chums at E'town.

Ruth—Oh! Molly! Please don't flatter me. You are the same girl, aren't you?

Reber—(seating himself) Running that machine does make a fellow tired.

Ruth—Oh pardon me! Yes take seats you surprised me so much I'm fussed. (Doorbell) Excuse me, I guess the postman is here. (Opening door) Well look here! Molly! Mr. Reber! (Shakes hands) Come here! Come in and join us. How did you all get here at this time anyway?

Martz—Mr. King brought us up from Philadelphia in his big Paige.

King—Yes, we decided to visit you and use my new car.

Fogie—Well you got here, Reber, didn't you? How did she work?

Reber—She didn't work at all, I was the one that did the working. It certainly does make a fellow tired to run a distance when you're not used to it, and I don't run it very often, for the gastromic proclurities of the machine are so exhaustive to me as to necessitate a reimbursement of my financial status after each flight.

Maria—O horrors.

Bucher—Dear me! Where did you get all that?

Myer—Please, repeat, I don't get the main idea.

King—Eh! Did you say something? Wait, till I take that down in short-hand.

Martz—Is that the way you Philosophize at Columbia? How do you like the place anyhow? See, you're taking the work of post graduated this year. When do you finish, Molly?

Maria—Didn't I tell you in my last letter? I thought I told you all that I was finishing this year, when we were planning this surprise (aside) Oh! there is goes.

Bucher—Planning what surprise? Oh! I see now, you had planned this trip. I wondered how you'd all get together so nicely.

Reber—Yes, we decided to have a class meeting at the home of our former president and after much planning and correspondence, King agreed to bring those from his vicinity in his car and I'd bring Miss Myer in my plane.

Bucher—Well, you certainly did surprise me but it was a glad surprise. Now what can we do to celebrate the occasion? Just wait I'll call my maid. (rings bell).

Meyer—Isn't this a beautiful day? Say do you know this is Arbor Day?

All—Arbor Day!

Maria—What date is it? That's right it is the eleventh.

Bucher—That settles it, we'll have a program like we had back at school, everybody get ready to do something. (maid appears. Aside to maid). Serve some tea and

cakes, please. (to all) Now, Mr. Reber suppose you be first, give us a recitation.

Reber—A recitation! I don't believe I know any. (scratching head awhile). The only thing appropriate that I can remember now, is a piece of poetry entitled April by Alice Cary. (recites-applause).

Ruth—Now Molly give us some music.

Maria—Oh I can't play but I'll recite if you'll play.

Ruth—What do you know that I could play?

Maria—Do you have the gingham dog and Calico cat?

Ruth—Yes I just saw it this morning.

Maria—All right (recites-applause).

Ruth—Now Mr. King it's your turn.

King—Oh! I can't let some one else at it.

Martz—Like fun, come on now, no slackers.

King—Why the only thing I remember is a little piece I learned in the second grade.

All—Let's have it. (recites, "The Coming of Spring," applause).

Bucher—Oh! Mr. Meyer let's have a solo.

Meyer—I don't have my music with me.

Bucher—I have some songs you used to sing.

Meyer—What do you have that I could sing?

Bucher—Oh! I have a few songs that are appropriate for Arbor Day.

Meyer—(Looking over them) I'll sing this one. "Forever and a

Day" (sings, applause, encore)
 "Git Awl You Kin" (applause).

Bucher—What can you give us
 Mr. Fogelsanger.

Fogie—Boys, oh boys, I got
 something for you. (recites, forest
 Hymn, applause).

Bucher—Now, We'll hear from
 the school marm.

Martz—While looking at that
 basket of beautiful spring flowers,
 I thought of how much my care-
 ful study of flowers has meant to
 me, and I can best express my
 feelings in a few short poems.
 (Recites first Trailing Arbutus by
 Whittier, Then To A Wild Honey-
 suckle by Philip Freneau, Encore,
 "Spring Flowers," by Phoebe Cary,
 Applause).

All—Now, it's your time you
 must play for us Ruth.

Ruth—Oh! I'm out of practice,
 but we'll play an old duet if you'll
 help Molly.

All—We'll have the duet, then
 (play, afterwards maid enters and
 serves all, after leaving).

Reber—Say this reminds me of
 our social we had at school. Don't
 you remember, we had tea then
 too?

Bucher—It is some what like it.
 Now we want incidents of school
 while we drink our tea.

Then Mr. Reber told how we
 played such a lively game at our
 social that we broke a chair and
 had to get it fixed and mentioned
 some of the good things we had to
 eat at the social. Miss Bucher
 said that reminded her of the time
 when Mrs. Easton called Prof.
 Meyer from his Chemistry class and

fooled him on the first of April.
 This recalled the experience that
 Mr. Rhinehart had in performing a
 Physics experiment to Miss Martz.
 She told how he was trying to
 make red colored water rise and
 circulate in a glass tube by heating
 it and how the steam bursted the
 tube and the red liquid squirted
 over his face, clothes and went on
 up to the ceiling, came down over
 the desk and books. Then how he
 worked to clean up the traces of
 his accident.

Then Mr. Fogelsanger related
 how Miss Myer called at the Book-
 room once for stamps shortly after
 the three cent stamps were out and
 after looking awhile at a sheet of
 stamps said pointing to one at the
 center "I'll take this one." Mr.
 King reminded the class of the time
 when Mr. Wenger's chair went
 down in literary society, and how
 he sat still until the speaker had
 finished amid the chuckles of the
 students. He said he looked like a
 puppy dog and recalled the ex-
 pression that Mr. Wenger had
 made afterward that when he went
 down his temperature went up." Mr.
 Meyer told how he once came in to
 college late and with some other
 boys pulled down on them some
 dumbbells and indian clubs that
 were fastened on the steps. He told
 how scared they were and then
 how nearly they had caught the
 fellow who did it and who stayed
 to see how it would work.

Then the conversation continued.
 Maid gathers dishes.

Martz—O why not sing our Class
 Song.

All—All right (sing).

Martz—Since it is Arbor Day and we have talked so much about it we ought to have something to plant.

Bucher—Oh! that reminds me I just received some hoenysuckle that needs to be planted. Yet, shall we go and plant it?

All—Agreed (go out).

The program was declared a success by everyone who were present.

A Cure for Bolshevism

One brisk day in November in the year 1918 the hearts of millions of people were made to rejoice because at last the cruel war was over. The very air was tinkling with the glad message of peace, the message that would once more soothe our aching hearts and that meant that not another birthday of Christ's was to be marred and stained by bloodshed. Once more the death-dealing cannon were hushed, the enemy crushed and the heroes could return to their loved ones, who after many weary nights of tossing, restlessness and troubled dreams, could now enjoy peaceful slumber.

It was with a great sigh of relief that we heard of the signing of the armistice. War had become the life devouring demon not only those at home. Care, worry, and anxiety were written on nearly every face. Do you wonder that a sigh was heaved when the last shot was fired, the last bomb hirlid and

the last soldier sacrificed his all. Now we could once more fold our arms and cast care aside. Let come what will, nothing could be worse than war—What? Was war the greatest evil that might befall humanity? Was all the turmoil and bloodshed over? Could we forget and never have to face such a crisis again?

Before the war ended another terror worse than the Allied War was born. Far away in that vast Eurasian country of fir trees, of ice and snow, and of sandy deserts we heard the faint rumble of a volcano, was none other than the dreaded spirit of Bolshevism.

What are its principles? Why are we, the people of a democracy, struck with horror when we hear the name? Because the Bolsheviks are anarchists, barbarians, almost beasts.

What have they done to Russia? If they have not succeeded as yet in completely destroying the last traces of cultured life, they have done everything in their power to reach that end. Instead of the industrial institutions which once fed the whole of Russia and part of Europe nothing but ruins remain. Education is completely dethroned. The Russian Academy of Science established by Peter the Great is destroyed. In place of it the Bolsheviks established a new academy created not by men of science but by general voting of "specialists," that is, by delegates of all who claimed connection with specialized knowledge, no matter how ignorant they really were. Would

you have liked to send children to such a school? Public schools were abolished entirely because peasants refused to support them. All education has been cast aside and ignorance and superstition rule instead, for Bolshevists are mainly the serfs and peasants of Russia. Its leaders are men of very meager intellectual ability, with no moral standards but only their unchecked emotions to guide them. Why is it that they refuse education? Because they realize only too well that no educated man would live in a nation that hates religion, demoralizes women and flings culture and refinement to the winds. Everywhere they are hurling bombs into the future life of the child, making it a menace to humanity. There they are standing before us with only destruction to their credit, awaiting the judgment. Will it come?

Does Bolshevism exist only in Russia? Can such an evil be kept within bounds? No Germany and Austria were the first to accept its principles and if the League of Nations fails England, France and Italy are threatened also.

Is America immune to it? Can we imagine our enlightened nation accepting such barbaric laws? Can we picture America without education, without religion, and with the lowest standards of morality?

What are we going to do to prevent this curse from coming into our midst? How can we fortify America so strongly that no Bolshevik doctrine can enter the hearts of her people? Garfield

said "Education is the chief defense of nations." Does this mean that it is only for the few, the most aristocratic, the rules? Years ago such was the idea. Only the ministers and the children of the wealthy had the privilege of acquiring an education. It was thought useless for the farmer, mechanic and tradesman to have knowledge of anything but the 3 R's. That time is past. Today the school extends her arms to all. She not only begs them to come but compels them to spend a certain period of time within her walls. No notion with only 2 per cent. of the people educated can have a worthy standing in the world today. Such has been the case with Russia and as a result it is continually the home of massacres, revolutions, vice, heathenism.

We must teach our children to love education. Once the love of acquiring knowledge deepens into a habit, once the appreciation of what is beautiful and elevating becomes firmly established in the minds of youthful Americans it will be an eternal defence against Bolshevism or any barbarism that can ever appear on the face of the globe. Horace Mann, the great educator, knew the strength of habit when he said "Habit is a cable, we weave a thread of it each day, and it becomes so strong we cannot break it." Why not form the habit of loving education?

Education is the mother of every social institution today. All insti-

tutions are dependent upon the truths, the knowledge and the productions of educational system. Carson says "The importance of an institution can be measured by the demands made upon it." Everywhere we hear the call for men who are intellectually efficient, the church needs ministers, the nation needs statesmen, the world needs reformers who are intellectually, morally and socially efficient. Why is it that every nation in this present crisis is looking toward America for help? Why is it that the U. S. is the leader of democracy today? Because of the ideals we cherish, the standards we uphold, the kind of political and social institutions we foster—ideals, standards and institutions whose life principle is nourished by education.

What would America have been able to do for the world with lower standards and ideals? Where would she be now? God alone knows. Friends! the great need of the world today is educated citizens. Not a few but all. In a government of the people, by the people, for the people it is imperative that all the people should have intelligent minds, and that the light of truth should dispel the darkness in their souls. Just as in the crisis thru which civilization has just passed the world looked to the U. S. for help to win the victory for democracy in its war against autocracy, so in the permanent peace which we are now looking forward to, so eagerly the world will look to the U. S. to furnish the ideals of education, which are essential to the life of a democracy.

And now citizens of this democracy, the United States of America, what are you going to do? Will you say "the school tax is too high, the teachers receive too large a salary, money spent on education is wasted. No. A thousand times no.

You do not wish your children to be slighted to be less efficient in every way than the men of the present generation. Therefore you will give them the chance. Send them to institutions where their ideals will be changed by greater visions. You will give them your whole-hearted interest, your love, your sympathy so that they go on and lead the world as only those influenced by education can.

This then, as some one says, is the cure for Bolshevism. A nation of men, women and children who have had the opportunity to learn thru the schools the ideals of democracy and who have become efficient physically, mentally socially and spiritually so as to be able to value aright the institutions which Bolshevism would overthrow—the very institutions which were built up by the sacrifices of the fathers.

The perpetuation of these institutions thru education becomes at once your sacred duty and your blessed privilege. Surely you want America to bring to the world the best she possibly may, not only in material things but in intellectual moral and spiritual resources as well. May you be strong and willing in the responsibilities which these times bring!

Senior Directory

Name	Alias	Striking Characteristic	Specially Adapted	Ultimate End
Jacob Baugher	"Jake"	Talking fast	Making speeches	Missionary
Ruth Bucher	"Buch"	Dignified	Music	Harpist
Fred Fogelsanger	"Fogie"	Laughing	Joking	Business man
Samuel King	"Sam"	Eating	Typewriting	Ranch-boss
Supera Martz	"Superia"	Studying	Teasing	School-marm
Ephraim Meyer	"Eph"	Bow-tie	Singing	Voice teacher
Maria Myers	"Molly"	Teaching	Killing June bugs	Home-making
Harry Reber	"Doc"	Strength	To be an athlete	Doctor

OUR COLLEGE TIMES

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Departmental Editor.....H. H. Nye
Alumni Editor.....Elizabeth Myer
Religious News Contributor.....Sara Shisler
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“You’ll Like It!”

A trainload of newly-selected men had just reached camp. They had travelled many miles and were tired, dirty and hungry. The hot sun beat down on them as they stood in line waiting to be assigned to quarters. They had come from homes of more or less comfort and luxury; they had left remunerative positions; their friends were at home. They were in surroundings entirely new; their past life had apparently receded far from their present experience; no one could tell just what was before them. While they waited, a company of men, already accustomed to camp life came marching by. As they passed they began to call out to the new arrivals. “You’ll like it!” “You’ll like it!” Here were these men, just entering upon a life whose physical aspects were vigorous and whose mental side was hardly inviting or invigorating, and which would demand their utmost

resources, physically, morally and spiritually. Yet this common salutation came to them repeatedly, "You'll like it!"

Would they like it? Undoubtedly not all would feel equally well-disposed toward the new conditions by which they were surrounded. It is safe to say, however, that the nature of each man's feelings depended very largely upon the degree to which he could adjust himself to these new conditions. Men everywhere in life are constantly adjusting themselves to new conditions. In most cases the changes are not very noticeable or quite imperceptible, yet occasionally one finds himself face to face with an abrupt change of affairs and then the ease with which he can adjust himself to the new circumstances will determine the degree of his happiness.

To you who have come away to school for the first time, the situation holds many of the features described above, yet in a somewhat altered form. Surroundings are strange, living conditions are changed, the nature of your work is different, new demands will be made upon your physical, mental and moral powers. You will find a change in diet, particularly if you have come from the farm; your new work likely calls for more exacting results; you will have more leisure, with some restrictions upon it which may seem unnecessary to you. In short, you are face to face with a new environment which demands new habits, new standards, new attitudes, and whether or not

"you'll like it" depends upon your powers of adjustment to these new demands and new conditions.

Some things you will find inconvenient, perhaps even oppressive, but we believe that the surroundings in which you are now placed are more conducive than those you have just left to the demands now being made upon you. So we, teachers and students, who have grown accustomed to these surroundings—who have found here a home, congenial friends, interesting work, and physical, mental and spiritual benefit—welcome you to Elizabethtown College and her surroundings, to which we hope you will readily become adjusted and which you will find invigorating and inspiring. We feel sure that, if you approach your tasks in the right attitude and see in them the opportunity for your own highest improvement you will realize your fondest hopes in coming here. You will find here then home, friends, ideals, work, life—"You'll like it!"

Irwin S. Hoffer.

Democracy in Education

Out of the agony and bitter suffering of "the world on fire" the nations have come, branded with a new hope, a new ideal. "Over the wrecks and ruins, across the plains made desolate by invading armies, into sorrowing homes, a new day is dawning," dispelling the darkness of false doctrines—militarism, injustice and materialism. The nations seem to have lived a thousand

years in one night and the new morn which has spread its "beneficent light" is the beginning of the day of democracy, equality and justice. Many illusions have been shattered by this world war, but many ideals have been reborn, many promises fulfilled. Has there ever been a time when class, caste or race figured so little as in this war? When none, whether rich or poor, royal or peasant, influential or not, could escape their share of the war? Do you catch the significance of the fact that the world was at war, and that for the defence of an ideal, the ideal of democracy? Has it occurred to you that the industrial forces have gained the ascendancy over the capitalists during this war and will never be satisfied with anything less than a full measure of control, and a just wage fixed on the basis of cost of living and life-needs? Thus the civil and industrial worlds have taken their stand in the world awakening.

Will the educational field now rouse itself to the needs and opportunities of the new day? A few isolated leaders in education have caught the spirit and are formulating and trying new methods, which will carry into the schoolroom the new ideals. It remains for the individual teachers to take these ideals into the different schools. Is it worth while, you ask. In the last year the children's bureau has been conducting a drive to save the mothers and babies of our land from premature death. If the children are cared for in their infancy, if the nation has awakened to the

needs of democracy in many fields, if the kaiser has been dethroned, why shall we tolerate tyranny in our schoolsystem? Is it not injustice that we have schools which check and grind the children and repress their individuality? Then as these pupils enter upon their life's work, we call upon them to stand out, to face the problems of life honestly, squarely—to be themselves. Well can we say with Angelo Patri. "How blind we are! First we kill and then we weep for that which we have slain."

Justice demands democracy in the schoolroom. Education aims to train for efficiency in social service, to exercise each individual in self-government, so that he may be a capable citizen in a democratic nation. The part of the school in this process is to provide a suitable environment, provide situations similar to life, in which the pupils may learn not to be governed but, to govern themselves. Do our schools in their present form provide this environment? Are uniform, unchangeable system and order necessary for self government? Is the partaking of mental food, cut in exactly equal bites for each meal necessary to make one able to cope with the problems of life? Does enforced silence help to make pupils self-governing citizens? The very conception of schools, as we have them today must be changed. We think that the pupils of all the different schools must be doing the same thing, in the same way, at the same time, regardless of the different abilities of the pupils, the material at hand, and the industrial

environment of the school. If the manufacturers of the United States should decide to have factories make the same articles in the same way in every city and town in the nation, regardless of the resources or needs of the place, we would hoot their plan as the height of folly. Yet we allow the schools to be conducted on the very same plan.

How can the schools make the future citizens more able to cope with the problems of life, when it deliberately shuts out all that pertains to life? The schools have become so fixed in their deeply worn groove that as one educator says "life is on one side, that is the outside and school on the other side, that is the inside." Can an isolated, cloistered institution give any useful training to pupils who have to battle with the realities of life? If so, why has the cry constantly been for more efficiency? Everywhere competent workmen are needed and the failure of our school systems to supply these needs is recognized. Have we been clinging to the old for want of a better new? A better new is ready, but we need skilled teachers to carry this message to the schoolroom, teachers who have learned to study children's needs and find inspiration in their work of helping them. Oh you say, "we can't afford to hire a genius for our schools." How limited in vision we are! Men will spend their time and fortunes discussing and buying pure bred hogs, cows and horses, but when you speak of spending more time and money on their children, they are

shocked. They think they spend enough for the teacher who simply teaches the rudiments and has such an easy time to control the pupils. We need the teacher who will recognize and carefully cultivate every spark of individuality, not, as a tyrant crush all personality at its first appearance.

While the spirit of reform is in progress shall we employ teachers who will apply these new methods? Shall we revolutionize the schools, making them a living factor in the community? Shall we make them places where the ideals of education will materialize; where the pupils will not be repressed but will enjoy the freedom and training which they deserve in a democratic nation? Shall we knit the schools so closely to the community that they will be, not mere institutions imposed by a decree of a legislature but that they will be a vital part of society, be of like interest to parents, pupils, teachers and the state? For the future welfare of the child let us not do otherwise.

To do this we must change the attitude of all people toward the child. We must all believe in them. They are the hope of the world, the ones for whom the present generation lives and labors. By them only can the message of Democracy be carried far and wide.

Why shall they not have their freedom and their rights. They have need of us but we have far more need of them; for they are the dreams, the hopes, the meaning of the world. "Thru them the world grows and grows in brotherly love." Thru them the future of the

schools, of the nations, of the world, yea, the future ideals, will be shaped, "I look a thousand years ahead and I see not men, ships, inventions buildings, poems, but children, shouting, happy children, and I keep my hand in yours and smiling dream of endless days."

—Supera D. Martz, '19.

A Photograph of An Ideal Teacher

There are many elements that go to make up the instructional skill, nature and disposition, professional attitudes and ideals, personality and loyalty of the ideal teacher. Of the elements which compose his technique, the following are not the least important—Definiteness and clearness of aim, proper choice and organization of subject-matter, skill in habit formation and in stimulating thought, skill in teaching how to study and in motivating work, skill and care in assignment, skill in questioning and in organization of subject-matter, and the proper distribution of special attention to individual needs.

Colvin names address, personal appearance, optimism, reserve, enthusiasm, fairness, sincerity, sympathy, vitality and scholarship as important elements which enter into the personality of the teacher. The ideal teacher has a strong personality. He has good judgment, he is industrious and full of vigor. He may be described as being pleasant, cheerful, optimistic, enthusiastic, humorous, fair, cheerful, patient, kind, neat and sociable.

He is thorough in his daily preparation and seeks by every legitimate means, to advance his professional efficiency.

The ideal teacher is a man of sterling character, superior intelligence, and some special aptitude for teaching; he has an adequate preparation both in general and special subject-matter and in professional studies, including practice teaching, taken if possible during a year of special advanced study following the completion of a four-year course in education. He has had several years of successful teaching experience, and has acquired instructional skill and disciplinary control. He possesses an energetic personality, vital yet well balanced. He has a genuine interest in his pupils and possesses a patient, sympathetic, genial, and good-natured disposition balanced with poise, dignity and reserve. He possesses optimism and the ability for inspiring enthusiasm. He is not only absolutely fair in the treatment of all, but he has the ability of making his pupils realize that he is fair. He is consistent in attitude, frank and open, free from subterfuge and deceit, his whole personality is tempered by a genuine sense of humor and a keen appreciation of life, especially as the pupils see it and live it. He is inspired, in short, with the highest personal and professional ideals of conduct and attainment.

Probably no teacher possesses all of these qualities in their fullest strength, but certainly every desirable teacher has in his make-up a considerable number of these ex-

cellences and at least a few of them in a superior degree.

Extracts in English Composition

The class in English Composition wrote on the subject "Why I Chose Elizabethtown College." Several extracts follow:

"My coming to Elizabethtown College I owe partly to friends who were former students here, and who spoke very highly of its ideals and standards." —F. S.

"Still another thing that appealed to me was the homelike character of the school. There were no clans and sets among the students, but all lived and associated together as one family as much as possible." —E. Z.

"The music department was also an attraction for me."

—E. Z.

"In this school we have many chances to improve our public speaking. We have the literary society, oratorical contests, Christian Workers and numerous other methods."

—S. O.

"The main reason why I chose Elizabethtown College was because of its religious influence. People I know who came here, are leaders in the church." —M. B.

"The faculty do not stress the spiritual side of life alone, but they also strive for the forming and up-building of a good moral and physical side of life as well."

—S. O.

"A third factor that influenced me to select this school for the furtherance of my education was its efficient corps of teachers who give their best towards the advancement of the work."

—R. W.

"I learned that the teachers were all Christians, persons whom I need not be afraid to follow. This in itself is worth coming here for. This in itself is sufficient reason for choosing a school."

—M. O.

"In a small college the professors become closely associated with the students and encourage them to their goals in years to come. The teachers are always willing to help the students."

—E. R.

This Year's Faculty

President Ober was kept very busy this year on the first few days of school. He was called to Elgin, September 3, to attend a combined meeting of the various church boards. This year Prof. Ober will teach some of the Bible classes in

addition to his class in Elementary Psychology.

Prof. R. W. Schlosser is successfully pushing on the work of the Endowment Campaign. More than one-fourth of the required amount has been raised even though only

one-fifth of the districts have been covered. Bro. Schlosser reports that the Schuylkill church has gone over the top by fifty per cent. This is the banner church so far. Prospects are good for a successful "windup" of the campaign by next Commencement.

Prof. J. G. Meyer, accompanied by Trustee Jno. M. Gibble, spent part of the summer in the interests of the Gibbel Building Fund. This fund is growing and the latest report indicates that the Gibbel Building will soon become a reality. Bro. Meyer spent some time canvassing for students in the Cumberland Valley, Lebanon, Berks and Montgomery Counties. He is in charge of the work in Education and Physical Science.

Prof. H. H. Nye spent the summer in canvassing for students and in out door recreation on the College Hill Farm. Bro. Nye will be in charge of the Social Sciences and History. He is giving a new course in Social Psychology, a senior requirement in the Course in Education.

Miss Elizabeth Myer, the only teacher on the faculty from the beginning of the College, has again returned to be in charge of the Preparatory English subjects. Her work is thorough and fundamental. Students do well to take work under so experienced a teacher as we know Miss Myer to be.

Prof. Irvin S. Hoffer, who spent the summer at Columbia University, will be in charge of the Department of Mathematics. Bro. Hoffer will also teach a class in

Latin and a class in school management and methodology.

We are all glad for Miss Floy Crouthamel's return to College. She will take Miss Stauffer's place as preceptress and to be in charge of the Biological Sciences. That Miss Crouthamel's worth as a teacher is appreciated by the student body is shown by the large number of students who have elected her line of work.

Miss Edna E. Brubaker will again be in charge of the English and French in the absence of Prof. Schlosser. Miss Brubaker has returned with renewed enthusiasm and strength for a heavy program.

Miss Lore Brenisholtz spent the summer at Lake Chataqua, New York, where she took further work in her line. She will again be in charge of the Instrumental Music. Miss Brenisholtz does splendid work in this department. Her summer has helped to fit her to do her best in her chosen field.

Prof. H. A. Via, Principal of the Commercial Department, attended Zanerian Art College in Columbus, Ohio. He is planning thorough work in all lines of his Department.

Mrs. H. A. Via will again have charge of Vocal Music and Voice Work. Several periods have been set apart for her chorus work and it is hoped that many of the students will avail themselves of the opportunities open to them in developing their musical ability.

Miss Mildred I. Bonebrake will teach the shorthand and typewriting. Many of the students are crowding into her small room this year. Miss Bonebrake was em-

ployed during the summer in the office of one of the large manufacturing plants of her home town. This practical experience will tell in her teaching and no one will make a mistake to take his or her stenographic course under Miss Bonebrake.

Miss Ruth Kilhefner has started the Drawing Classes and will be in charge of the Art Department. Many students are taking sewing under the sewing teacher, Miss Laura Hess.

Mr. A. C. Baugher assistant in Chemistry and Physics; Miss Sara C. Shisler, instructor of preparatory Latin and Greek, and Mr. E. G. Meyer assistant in Vocal Music attended the summer school at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. They took

work in Methods of Teaching their respective subjects and we have every reason to hope for excellent work in the courses they give during the year.

Miss Supera D. Martz, Librarian and assistant in History and English has returned from her vacation in the mountains, with a worthy ambition and renewed strength to contribute her bit in her new duties.

Mr. Ezra Wenger, preceptor and assistant in Bible, spent the summer very profitably attending several religious conferences in the Middle West, and the summer school at Bethany Bible School, Chicago. Mr. Wenger has already won the hearts of his boys and we predict a very pleasant and profitable year for him and those under his care.

The New Student Body

School opened very auspiciously on September first. Early on Monday morning the best youths of Eastern and Southern Pennsylvania kept pouring into the College Halls. Never in the history of our school has there been such an influx of ambitious students.

There were more than a hundred from the first. The following is a list of students and courses pursued:

College Course

Sara C. Shisler, (fourth year)
Vernfield, Pa.; Supera D. Martz

(First year) Loganton, Pa.; E. M. Hertzler (third year), Elizabethtown, Pa.; Ezra Wenger (fourth year), Fredericksburg, Pa.; Anna M. Epler (first year) Elizabethtown, Pa.; Lydia Withers (third year) Elizabethtown, Pa.; Laura Groff Hershey (first year) Lititz, Pa.; Vera R. Hackman (first year), Bareville, No. 1, Pa.; L. N. Myer (second year) Bareville, Pa.; Jessie M. Oellig (first year), Waynesboro, Pa.; Paul E. Burkholder (third year), Elizabethtown, Pa.; Eva V. Arbegast (third year), Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Minerva Irene Reber (first year), Ridgely, Md.; Horace

Raffensperger, Elizabethtown, Pa.; L. Anna Schwenk (first year) Loganton, Pa.; Elizabeth V. Trimmer, (first year) Lititz, Pa.; J. Luke Stauffer (first year) Ephrata No. 4, Pa.

Pedagogical (First year)

Amos G. Meyer, Fredericksburg, Pa.; Mary Ebling, Bethel, Pa.; Margäret Ruth Detwiler, Collegeville, Pa.; Mabel Frederick, Souderton, Pa.; Ammon B. Gettel, Richland, Pa.; Hiram G. Gingrich, Lebanon, No. 4, Pa.; Susan Louise Jeter, Denver, Pa.; Walter A. Keeney, East Berlin, Pa.; Earl Lentz, Myerstown, Pa.; Robert Landis Mohr, Coopersburg, No. 1, Pa.; Roy Keeney Miller, 1012 Falls Road, Baltimore, Md.; Esther Clopper, Greencastle, Pa.; Ira D. Brandt, Millerstown, Pa.; John B. Bechtel, Jr., East Berlin, Pa.; Esther Mae Bair, Brodbecks, Pa.; Clayton D. Reber, Centerport, Pa.; Florence M. Shenk, Carlisle, No. 9, Pa.; William M. Miller, Spring Grove, Pa.; Grace Ober, Elizabethtown, Pa.

Pedagogical (Second year)

Hannah Sherman, Myerstown Route 1, Pa.; Ruby Oellig, Greencastle, Pa.; Margaret E. Oellig, Greencastle, Pa.; Sallie Mae Fenninger, Lancaster, R. 3, Pa.; Mary Henning, Lansdale, Pa.; Daniel E. Myers, Dallastown, No. 1, Pa.; Mary W. Crouse, Myerstown, Pa.; Mabel Bomberger, Lebanon, No. 7, Pa.; Raymond Wenger, Fredericksburg, Pa.; Oliver Milton Zendt, Souderton, Pa.

Pedagogical (Third year)

Emma Ziegler, Hatfield, Pa.; Anna M. Epler, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Laura S. Frantz, Richland, Pa.; Laura Groff Hershey, Lititz, Pa.; Vera R. Hackman, Bareville, No. 1 Pa.; Jessie M. Oellig, Waynesboro, Pa.; John C. Boone, Loganton, Pa.; Alfred Ekroth, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Esther Kreps, Pottstown, Pa.; Ella Cassel Boaz, Telford, Pa.; Daniel S. Baum, Lineboro, Md.; C. H. Royer, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Minerva Irene Reber, Ridgely, Md.; Horace Raffensperger, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Elizabeth V. Trimmer, Lititz, Pa.; Edith M. Witmer, Elizabethtown, Pa.

Pedagogical (Fourth year) Seniors

Henry Wenger, Fredericksburg, Pa.; E. M. Hertzler, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Frank S. Carper, Palmyra, Pa.; David H. Markey, Myerstown, Pa.; Ada M. Douty, Loganton, Pa.; L. N. Myer, Bareville, Pa.; Sara H. Royer, Stevens No. 1, Pa.; Katherine Mildred Baer, Waynesboro, Pa.; Eva V. Arbegast, Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Clarence Benjamin Sollenberger, Carlisle No. 2, Pa.; Ruth Groff Taylor, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Ada G. Young, East Petersburg, Pa.; Martha G. Young, East Petersburg, Pa.

College Preparatory

Paul Abele, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Edwin H. Rinehart, Waynesboro, Pa.; Stanley H. Ober, Elizabethtown, Pa.

English Scientific

Alfred Ekroth (Senior) Eliza-

bethtown, Pa.; Esther Kreps, (Senior) Pottstown, Pa.; Ella Cassel Boaz (Senior) Telford, No. 2, Pa.; Daniel S. Baum (Senior) Lineboro, Md.; Paul D. Wenger (second year) Talmage, Pa.

Business Course

George B. Risser, Elizabethtown, Pa.; J. Vernon Good, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Harry M. Ebersole, Palmyra, Pa.; Genevieve F. Drohan, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Clarence B. Forney, S. Lebanon, Pa.; Hulda Irene Holsinger, Ridgely, Md.; Wilbur H. Hornafius, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Lydia Withers, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Alta Heisey, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Lydia Landis, 123 N. West St., Allentown, Pa.; Emmert R. McDannal, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Mrs. Elsie Cohick, Elizabethtown, Pa.; J. Mark Basehore, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Ruth E. Burkholder, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Lucy Brenneman, 660 Penna. Ave., York, Pa.; Harriet E. Bartine, 2233 W. Ontario St. Philadelphia; Elsie H. Snavely,

Elizabethtown, Pa.; Letha Irene Spangler, 714 Penna. Ave., York, Pa.; Nettie Wayner, 810 E. Boundary Ave., York, Pa.; Elmer H. Young, Mt. Joy, Pa.; Paul E. Zug, Mastersonville, Pa.; Wallace L. Zook, Lititz, No. 4, Pa.; Kathryn H. Kalyor, Elm, Pa.

Music Course

Edna C. Fogelsanger, Chambersburg, Pa.; Sadie Hassler, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Anna K. Enterline, Rheems, Pa.; Kathryn Stauffer, Palmyra, Pa.; E. G. Meyer, Fredericksburg, Pa.

Sewing Course

Cora Witmer, Safe Harbor, Pa.; Laura N. Kline, Columbia, No. 2, Pa.; Ruth Landis Gish, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Bertha Engle, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Thelma E. Ruth, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Lois G. Wolgemuth, Mount Joy, Pa.; Ella Cassel Boaz, Telford, Pa.; Frances S. Risser, Rheems, Pa.

School Notes

Back to school! Books! Friends! Wanted—A Sears and Roebuck catalogue by Miss Boaz. I wonder why.

New students? Don't fail to join the Keystone Literary Society, tennis and basket ball associations. These are half the school life.

We are glad to see Mr. David Markey on the job at the bookroom again. Mr. Markey was obliged to

leave school last year and now has returned a little different. Why? Oh well Davy brot his family with him this time and I guess he intends to stay.

The efforts that the different teachers have put forth during the summer to increase the enrollment of the student body have been highly rewarded. Many new faces appeared on the Hill and more are ex-

pected at an early date. The older students are busy soliciting members and reorganizing societies.

On Monday evening at seven-thirty the faculty and students gathered in the Chapel where a short program was rendered after which we had a "get acquainted" social. The program consisted of short talks by the teachers who were present and several selections of music by the male quartette. The teachers gave a hearty welcome to all the new as well as the older students. Each teacher gave us splendid thoughts. The social was rather short yet it was enjoyed by everyone present. The ten o'clock bell rang too soon. However we were all submissive and went to our rooms inspired to do a good year's work.

During the social period on Opening Day the faculty in a body stood on the rostrum and sang the following:

Welcome students, welcome students,
welcome students, welcome students,
We've come to greet you now.

Refrain

Merrily we sing tonight,
Sing tonight, sing tonight,
Merrily we sing tonight,
For our hearts are free.

Welcome ladies, welcome ladies,
welcome ladies, welcome ladies,
We've come to greet you now.

Refrain

All are welcome, all are welcome,
all are welcome, all are welcome,
We hope to meet you now.

Refrain

Last Year's Commercial Students

Mr. Fred W. Fogelsanger is now engaged on his father's farm. Fred secured a position as bookkeeper in Hagerstown, Md., but later found that he could not be spared from the farm. His duties as a farmer require lots of his time but he still finds his inclination to linger in the presence of the fairer sex ever increasing.

Mr. Samuel G. King is engaged in clerical work in Reading. We predict great things for him. When it comes to juggling with figures he is just **King**.

Misses Lydia Landis, Alta Heisey and Nettie Wagner and Messrs. Mark Bashore, Clayton Reber, Oliver Zendt, Emmert McDannel, Paul Wenger, Vernon Good and Paul Abele are in school with us again. Messrs. Jesse Reber, John Herr, and Witmer Eshleman expect to be with us for Winter Term.

Miss Frances Alwine is at home at present but is engaged to do some special clerical work.

Messrs. Lee H. Barnes and Paul Ulrich are attending Business College in Lancaster.

Miss Erma Gross is doing office work in town.

Mr. Harvey Royer plans to go to West Chester Normal.

Miss Clara Kinsey is continuing her work in Business College in Harrisburg.

Mr. Walter Longenecker is at State College.

Miss Edna Hershey is at home.

Miss Gertrude Risser is at the General Hospital in Lancaster, preparing for nursing.

Smiles

First Roommate—"I say, John, would you kindly loan me your green tie this evening?"

Second roommate—"Why certainly, Dan, but why all the formality?"

First Roommate—"I couldn't find it."

"Sargent was a great artist," said the teacher of the drawing class. "With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sorrowing one."

"That's nothing," piped up Johnny, "me mother does that to me lots of times."

Alumni Notes

The Alumni Supper this year was set on the campus, on the northeast. A short distance from Rooms A and B. This supper was formerly eaten in the Library or in Music Hall, but the former now contains show cases which are difficult to remove and Music Hall was thought too small for the purpose this year. We are out-growing our quarters—hence one need for new buildings. At this supper toasts were given by Trustees S. H. Hertzler and I. W. Taylor; Faculty, President H. K. Ober, R. W. Schlosser, Irvin S. Hoffer; Classes, Martha Martin, '09, Jacob Z. Herr, '05, W. E. Glasmire, '06, Paul Hess, Ezra Wenger.

Elizabeth Kline Dixon did her part well by leading in singing good old songs and in singing a solo.

W. E. Glasmire, '00, and his wife Leah Sheaffer Glasmire accompanied by their three children, expect to sail for Denmark as missionaries about the middle of October. Their class is already represented on the Mission Field by B. Mary Royer and J. F. Graybill.

Rebekah S. Sheaffer, '00, has accepted a position as teacher of English in the Ephrata High School. Miss Sheaffer graduated at Ursines in June with a "cum laude," (with praise).

In July or August Katharyn Leiter will tour in her car from her home in Green Castle, Pa., to Lebanon, Oaks and Telford. She will be accompanied by Margaret Oellig, Mary Francis and Maria Myers. They will visit Mary Frances in Lebanon, Miss Frances' grandparents at Oaks, Ruth Bucher at Telford, in Montgomery County.

Marriages—

Nora Reber (11) and Fred M. Hollenberg of California. These go as missionaries to India.

Naomi Longenecker (16) and Harvey Geyer (16). They go to live at Akron, Ohio, where Mr. Geyer will attend school.

Alice Reber and David Markley (17) in Shoemakersville; Edna Wenger and Madison Deitrich in Brownstown.

The Alumni Editor recently received the following announcement: "Mr. and Mrs. Luther H. Leiter announce the marriage of Miss Katherine Emmert Miller and Prof. John Jay John on Thursday the twenty-eighth of August nineteen hundred and nineteen, Green-

castle, Pennsylvania. At home after the tenth of September, New Windsor, Maryland." Our friends will remember Miss Miller as our Voice teacher at Elizabethtown several years.

Our College Times extends hearty congratulations and best wishes to all these newly wedded friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Glasmire (07) (10) together with their three children, Alexander, Charlotte and Joe, will sail from New York, in October as missionaries to Denmark.

Rebekah Sheaffer (13) was graduated from Ursinus College in June with a Kumlaut. She is employed this year as teacher of English in the High School at Ephrata.

Helen Oellig (17) is spending the winter at her home in Waynesboro, making it possible for her sister Jessie to be a student at Elizabethtown College this year.

During the month of July, Lydia M. Heilman (05), laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, Lancaster, one of her twin boys named James, who was three years of age. He died suddenly while Mr. and Mrs. Heilman were spending a few days of their vacation at Pequea, a famous summer resort in lower Lancaster county.

Daisy Rider Haldeman (10) is now the happy mistress of a home in Philadelphia. Her address is Mrs. L. H. Haldeman, 2110 North 16th Street, Philadelphia.

—Elizabeth Myer.

OBITUARY

Since Miss Elizabeth Myer has been a member of the College Faculty for nearly nineteen years we deem it a mark of respect to publish in the columns of Our College Times to following obituary of her mother, lately deceased.

Amanda Evans Myer was born November 2, 1837, near Neffsville, Lancaster County, Penna. She was the daughter of John and Eliza Evans, and the last surviving member of a family of ten. She had only the advantages of the training which the public schools of Manheim Township could give, yet she showed marked intelligence, modesty and refinement in her manner.

In October 1856, she was united in matrimony with Samuel Rohrer Myer, and in the course of their congenial married life, twelve children were born to them, nine of whom still survive. They are as follows Alice and Sadie at home; Mrs. J. D. Buckwalter, Caleb Lincoln Myer, Santa Monica, Cal.; Mrs. Martin Schaeffer, Samuel R. Myer, Bareville; Elizabeth Myer, a teacher in the Elizabethtown College; Mrs. Annie Miller, Mrs. W. F. Groff, of Philadelphia. There are sixteen grandchildren and seven great grand children.

In the twentieth year of her married life, her husband was taken from her by death, she being left with a large family to rear. At the age of twenty-six, she and her husband became members of the Church of the Brethren, in which

faith she has exemplified the greatest zeal toward the furtherance of the Christian Spirit.

As a wife of a minister, for many years she encouraged and assisted him in the execution of his ministerial duties and responsibilities and faithfully continued her duties in this work even for years after his death.

In the beginning of her final illness last February she requested to be anointed in accordance with the Doctrine of her faith. This rite was performed by the Elders Hershey Groff and Martin Ebersole. Her suffering continued for six months, after which God called her away, peacefully, on August 14, 1919 at the age of 81 years, 9 months, 12 days.

The funeral services were conducted by Elders Hershey Groff of Bareville and S. H. Hertzler, of Elizabethtown. The text was taken from John 11:25, 26. Her body was interred in the old Myer graveyard about a mile south of Bareville. Many, many relatives and friends gathered at these services to pay their last tribute of respect to one whom they had loved so dearly.

—Elizabeth Meyer.

Rules for Study as given by Whipple

Keep yourself in good physical condition.

Attend to, remove or treat physical defects that often handicap mental activity, such as defective eyesight, defective hearing, defect-

ive teeth, adenoids, obstructed nasal breathing.

See that external conditions of work (light, temperature, humidity, clothing, chair, desk, etc.) are favorable to study.

Form a place-study habit.

Form a time-study habit.

When possible, prepare the advance assignment in a given subject directly after the day's recitation in it.

Begin work promptly.

Take on the attitude of attention.

Work intensely while you work. Concentrate.

But don't let intense application become fluster or worry.

Do your work with the intent to learn and to remember.

Seek a motive or, better, several motives.

Get rid of the idea that you are working for the teacher.

Don't apply for help until you have to.

Have a clear notion of the aim.

Before beginning the advance work, review rapidly the previous lesson.

Make a rapid preliminary survey of the assigned material.

Find out by trial whether you succeed better by beginning with the hardest or with the easiest task when you are confronted with several tasks of unequal difficulty.

In general, use in your studying the form of activity that will later be demanded when the material is used.

Give most time and attention to the weak points in your knowledge or technique.

Carry the learning of all important items beyond the point necessary for immediate recall.

You must daily pass judgment as to the degree of importance of items that are brought before you, and lay special stress on the permanent fixing of those items that are vital and fundamental.

When a given bit of information is clearly of subordinate importance and useful only for the time being, you are warranted in giving to it only sufficient attention to hold it over the time in question.

Make the duration of your periods of study long enough to utilize 'warming-up' but not so long as to suffer from weariness or fatigue.

When drill or repetition is necessary, distribute over more than one period the time given to a specified learning.

When you interrupt work, not only stop at a natural break, but also leave a cue for its quick resumption.

After intensive application, especially to new material, pause for a time and let your mind be fallow before taking up anything else.

Use various devices to compel yourself to think over your work.

Form the habit of working out your own concrete examples of all general rules and principles.

Form the habit of mentally reviewing every paragraph as soon as

you have read it.

Don't hesitate to mark up your own books to make the essential ideas stand out visibly.

Whenever your desire is to master material that is at all extensive and complex, make an outline of it. If you also wish to retain this material, commit your outline to memory.

In all your work apply your knowledge as much as possible and as soon as possible.

Don not hesitate to commit to memory verbatim such materials as definitions of technical terms, formulas, dates and outlines, always provided, of course, that you also understand them.

When the material to be learned by heart presents no obvious rational associations, it is perfectly legitimate to invent some artificial scheme for learning and recalling it.

In committing to memory a poem, declamation or oration, do not break it up into parts but learn it as a whole.

In committing to memory, it is better to read aloud than to read silently and better to read rapidly than slowly.

If your work includes attendance at lectures, take a moderate amount of notes during the lectures, using a system of abbreviations, and rewrite these notes daily, amplified into a reasonably compendious outline, organized as suggested.

El Dorado

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have

neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough foot-way where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he awakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience—would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlour; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment and be left companionless on

the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the Decline and Fall, he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labours.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alsa! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to

which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a lifelong struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making 'books there is no end," complained the Preacher, and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study forever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighborhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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