Alma Mater

BY FREDERICK BALTZER
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A STORY OF COLLEGE LIFE
Written in Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Elmhurst College at Elmhurst, Illinois

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FOREWORD

One of the conspicuous weaknesses of our age is its lack of the historic sense. There are so many pressing, practical problems to be solved. The opportunities for great and rapid success are so alluring, and the appeal of the present and the realistic in work as well as in play is so strong that most of us forget what we owe to the past. And because we take so little time to think of what past generations have given us, we too often have an exaggerated notion of our own importance, as compared with our forefathers, and a one-sided view of the tasks and responsibilities we have to face.

The fifty years of life and work which have made Elmhurst College what it is today constitute a most important part of the history of the Evangelical Synod, and Elmhurst College has played a most important part in that history. In his attempt to portray and to interpret the spirit of Old Elmhurst the author of "Alma Mater" has therefore performed a real service to the members of our churches. Out of a wide and intimate acquaintance with human life and a sympathetic insight into the life and thought of Elmhurst forty years ago, he has given us many interesting glimpses of bygone days at the Proseminary, and not only of the innocent and sometimes foolish pranks of adolescent Evangelical boyhood, but also of the serious purpose and determined effort to master difficulties which is the strength and the promise of Evangelical manhood. A thoughtful reading of the volume should be a pleasure both to the older readers, who cherish the memories of "ye olden days," and to the present generation, who are inspired by the fine ideal of a greater and a better Elmhurst. That these ideals may be fully realized in the not too distant future, and that they may be realized without a break with the splendid traditions of the Elmhurst of long ago, is the sincere hope of

Julius Horstmann, Class of '88.
CHAPTER 1.

But I’m bound to have him!”

“Go ahead, for all I care. I shan’t exert myself to chase after the skin of a measly mole.”

The last words were uttered by a tall, slender youth of sixteen, whose listless elegance combined with certain affectations seemed to place him beyond the confines of a country preacher’s garden. Giving no heed to the first speaker, he seated himself on a neat little wooden bench hidden by a cluster of bushes, and, stealthily, opened the book he had secretly procured from the town library.

“Robert! Robert! I’ve got him!”

The younger of the two boys, not yet sixteen, came dashing through the garden, his face flushed with excitement, holding the mole in his hand. “Look, I got him after all.”

“And so did he get his princess in the meantime”, said Robert as he held up the book he was reading. “I prefer this to your form of amusement.”

“O, that was exciting. He almost escaped, but I reached the spot in the nick of time. See, isn’t he a fine specimen of a mole?”

“He may be, but this is a capital book and I shall get the second part of it. Don’t bother me with your mole.”

“Well, now don’t you want to see me dissect the little fellow? Ah! a fine specimen!”
"Indeed, quite a thoroughbred; an English thoroughbred! For shame! Some day some one will dissect you, and it will be a miracle if a heart is found in your bosom. For shame!"

While Robert was speaking, Roy Keller had drawn his knife from his pocket, and was preparing to dissect the mole.

"You see, Robert, I'm bound to know what is inside of him. Don't you understand?"

Robert shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, but, when he heard some one approaching, slipped the book into his pocket and stood seemingly absorbed in watching Roy and the mole. The venerable Pastor William Howe, tutor of the two boys, now appeared on the scene. In the good old days it was not unusual to place a boy, or several of them, under the care of a private tutor, since educational opportunities were rare and not especially good. Besides, the custom carried with it a peculiar advantage for the boy, who was thus forced to adapt himself to a new environment, and submit to the authority of a stranger—an advantage foreign to student life today. Even now, it is true that a boy who does not learn to obey superiors outside of his home circle will rarely be fitted, when he reaches manhood, to hold responsible positions and command the respect and obedience of others.

Pastor Howe took in the situation at a glance, and looking Robert straight in the eye, spoke to him first.

"Robert, have you finished your problems in arithmetic and studied your lesson in geography?"

"Not yet", said Robert, and sneaked out of the garden.

The good pastor sighed and watched him until he disappeared from view, then turned to Roy Keller, who, engrossed in his desire to dissect the mole, had failed, seemingly, to notice the preacher. An expression of pain, not unmixed with tenderness, stole over the benevolent countenance of the pastor.
when he observed what Roy was doing, for he understood the boy, and stepping to his side laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, saying:

"Come, Roy, let the mole alone. I have a serious word to say to you."

The boy raised his head, looked into the wrinkled, but kind face of his tutor, and with his big brown eyes, sparkling from beneath the almost square forehead, seemed to say, "Has it come to pass, at last?" The old preacher was very fond of Roy, for he saw wonderful qualities hidden in the depths of his soul, which, at times, would venture out like dancing spirits in moments of joy and vigor of thought, or in wonder and expectation when in pursuit of knowledge. This was one of those moments in Roy's life when the hidden part welled up from the fountain of the boyish soul into his expressive eyes and demanded recognition. Pastor Howe was the only one capable of understanding the boy's desires and expectations, and he was deeply moved. Roy, conscious of the old man's seriousness, looked into his solemn face, and asked,—

"What has happened?"

"Nothing in particular, as yet; but, my boy, I feel as though something of great importance concerning your future life were about to happen. You know I love you, as your own father, and believe you understand my feeling for you, even though I have been strict and inflexible in my demands upon your faithfulness and mental ability in the two years that you have been here."

"Your parents—God bless them—meant well toward you. Now, you know it was their intention that you be a steamboat captain, and some day run a big packet down the Ohio, all the way from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. Living so near the great river, it was natural enough that they
should imagine such a life for you. But do you remember how, even as a child, you would follow me on my rambles through the woods, when I came to visit you, while your brothers amused themselves on the river; how you would go looking for shells and snails, and wanted to know how the little animals looked on the inside, how the flowers acquired their color, and the why and wherefore of many other things?”

“Most people blamed you for destroying animal life, but I knew it was thirst for knowledge, and encouraged that. Who was the happier, you or I, when your parents at last consented to let me prepare you for further study and agreed that, some day, as a reward for good behavior, you should be a preacher of the Gospel? But now—”

“What, pastor?”

“I’m afraid, my boy, it will never be.”

“Why not?”

The boy was strangely excited. His face blanched, but his eyes looked straight into those of the pastor,

“Listen, and I shall tell you. You remember when your two brothers died so suddenly? Well, you had been here about six months, and I feared then for your career, but when your father met with that accident, so that he could no longer do a man’s work on the farm, I was sure your mother would call you home. Now the little farm has been sold, your parents have moved to town and your mother wants you to work on the river, between Pittsburgh and Portsmouth. You have tried it before and it is not so bad, though people say it is a rough life. You can make your mark on the river, as well as on the land, if you do what is right before God and man. Of course I remonstrated, and argued with your mother. I tried to impress her with the fact that you were not intended for such work, and that your heart was set on books and learning. I
even went so far as to say that, in my opinion, you ought become a preacher of the Gospel, but she could not see it that way. She holds that, as the only son, you are in duty bound to help support your parents, since their income will not suffice. Your mother is an excellent and sensible woman.—"

Roy, still deathly pale, at length found his tongue, which had seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"Do you think" he asked, huskily, "mother is right?"

"I would rather not give an opinion, Roy; but—one always measures according to his own yardstick—remind you of the fifth commandment."

"But is there no other way? Pastor, I do not belong on the river. I love my mother with all my heart, but I do think I should have my own choice in selecting my vocation. Why should I work on the river and, probably, miss my calling forever, when I am sure that there is enough money to provide for father and mother as long as they live?"

"Perhaps so, but not enough to send you to college and the seminary."

"O, please don’t forget, I’ll take care of that myself at college—I’ll see my way through. Don’t worry about that. Besides, what about father’s pension? Should not that be of some help?"

"Yes, but I presume your parents have figured it all out and expect you to go home. Neither you nor I can change the situation, I am thinking."

Despite their sense of helplessness, the two sat for a long time on the bench near the gooseberry bush, talking the matter over. At last the aged preacher brought Roy to the point where, though reluctantly, he concluded that his mother’s wish was his duty.

Roy had forgotten all about the mole. He sat for a long
time in his little chamber, in the attic of the snow white parsonage, and reflected on what was to him a terrible disappointment. His thoughts were sad and his spirit very gloomy. He heard and saw nothing of the two robins building their nest in the old maple tree that stood near his window. He sensed none of the fragrance of the roses that bloomed and wafted their odor through the open window. He gave no heed to the little bee that was caught behind the white curtain, buzzing and scrambling for freedom.

When at length the afternoon was spent he scarcely heard the call for supper, and, at the table, could partake of nothing. Yet Roy was not the only one sorely hurt and troubled. His old pastor and teacher was equally sad, for he knew what was in the boy’s heart.

Before nightfall Robert Becker had learned all that had happened to his comrade Roy. Had such a thing as the throwing away of school books happened to Robert, he would have hailed it with joy; but to step so low as to become a deckhand on a river packet, or a workhand on a coalbarge, that aroused his pity.

Robert Becker was the only son of a rich man holding a prominent position in one of Pittsburgh’s great steel industries. Unfortunately, he did not fulfill the expectations of his parents. Naturally phlegmatic, he relied, from early youth, on the prominence of his father’s position, gained through wealth, and was proud of being a rich man’s son. His mother encouraged these reprehensible inclinations of the boy, while his father rarely favored him with any consideration. In school he was indolent and made little progress, and, since that was, in the opinion of the parents, the fault of his teachers, he frequently changed schools. It was generally conceded that he was not without talents, of which he made no use.
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On the other hand, while he profited little from his studies, he learned many things that were distinctly unprofitable. He became acquainted with the pleasures of a large city and kept company with boys who were not of good repute.

At length his parents decided to take matters in hand, and one fine day Robert was sent away. It was rumored that he had gone "far West", others would have it that he had gone to Mexico; it was a long time before his old comrades learned that he was under the tutorship of Pastor Howe, one of those rare characters, who, besides being a scholar of the first water, possessed that unusual talent of knowing how to impart knowledge to young boys.

Naturally Robert was not satisfied in that quaint, quiet little parsonage in Ohio. He missed the pleasures of Pittsburgh, though he found some consolation in boasting to Roy of his escapades and wonderful experiences in the city. Roy would manifest a certain interest when Robert referred, in glowing words, to the joys of city life, but he was contented and happy with his books, animals and experiments, and, as yet, felt no desire for other amusement.

This was the state of affairs on that June day when Roy heard his mother's wish. Robert showed a condescending pity, which Roy resented. Having once made up his mind to go home, as his mother demanded, he desired pity from no one, nor did he care to have his disappointment discussed. Robert had no idea how severe the hurt was in Roy's heart when he said,—

"In spite of all, some day I'll see you, with your portfolio under your arm, coming down the two hundred and ten steps of University Hill, beaming with joy, the leader of your class. I feel sorry for you, indeed I do, but don't give up. You will live to enjoy the realization of your ambition."

The following day Roy requested permission to leave for
his home without delay,—"Otherwise", said he, "I may not go at all. Who knows whether or not I shall be able to go eight days from now."

Pastor Howe was conscious of Roy's struggle to do the right thing, observed that Roy could not trust himself, and knew that the boy was aware of his own weakness.

"All right—tomorrow."

"Good", said Roy, "tomorrow I shall leave. Sunshine today and then—heaven alone knows what will follow."

That night, when Pastor Howe returned to the parsonage after a visit in the neighborhood, a peculiar odor greeted his nostrils. Making his way to the kitchen, where the trouble seemed to originate, although the odor had penetrated the entire house, he found Roy stuffing numerous things into the stove, among which were letters, pasteboard boxes, small bottles, copybooks, etc.—all being consigned to the flames.

"What are you doing, Roy?"

"Away with the rubbish", said Roy, "I do not care to see it any longer."

"Why, Roy, your books, your copybooks, your collections! What do you mean?"

"Pastor, I am burning the bridges behind me. It is all over now."

"Dear boy", exclaimed the old man, taking Roy in his arms, while tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks. "The fifth commandment I know is hard to keep sometimes, but it is the Lord's command,—"That thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee.'"

Early the following morning Roy departed, walking toward the town, three miles away, where he was to board a train that would bear him to his home. He carried his small handbag and marched along the country road, giving no heed to the
beauty of nature stretched out before him. The fields, meadows, woods—nothing charmed him as of yore, not even the merry singing of the birds. He was determined to forget the past and to flee from himself.

At Pittsburgh the Allegheny and the Monongahela unite to form the mighty stream known as the Ohio. Roy’s old home was located on a mountain ridge, three miles from the little town of Buena Vista, to which his parents had moved,—about ten miles from Portsmouth, nestling on the banks of the beautiful Ohio. Roy reached home in safety, but with an air of depression. He was a good and dutiful son, however, and soon found employment on the river, in compliance with the wish of his parents. He was kept busy on his run between Portsmouth and Cincinnati, and, in a short time, was familiar with all the curves of the river, and knew all about the river towns. He was unable to overcome the great disappointment of his young manhood, but found some consolation in living a free life, comparing it with the free course of the river. At times he was hurt by the knowledge that he had not been allowed to choose his own course, yet he still believed that, some day, his ambition to study for the ministry would be realized.

Roy was not aware that the parents of Robert Becker had purchased a summer cottage located in the mountains on the Kentucky side. One day his boat was laid up on the Kentucky bank for hasty repairs, when, to his amazement, Robert suddenly appeared on the scene. The latter, who had been lounging around in the woods and on the bank of the river, took advantage of the fact that the boat was lying at anchor, and, actuated by idle curiosity, crossed the gangway. Roy, pleasantly surprised, dropped his broom and shook hands with him.

“Robert, you here? I’m glad to see you. How are you?”

At first Robert was puzzled and, for the moment, did not
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seem to recognize Roy, who was sunburnt and clad in working clothes, but presently drawled out,—"Well, is that what you are doing?"

Instantly Roy felt that Robert was not exactly pleased to see him, and his honest heart sank. He felt the contempt that lay in the remark and, also, in the eyes of Robert as he observed Roy in his soiled clothes, compelled to stoop to such menial work. Indeed, Robert, who, not so very long ago, was glad to have Roy assist him in his studies, was now undecided whether to speak or not. Was it because Roy was poor and had to work for his living?

Roy keenly felt Robert’s attitude toward him and, in order to hide his feelings, picked up his broom, walked toward the men who were watching the two boys, grabbed a bucket of water and dashed its contents over the deck.

"Well, I’ll declare. How often must you do this?” said Robert, pointing to the broom and bucket in Roy’s hands.

“As often as it is required” was Roy’s curt answer.

“Tell me, are you not unhappy in your vocation?”,—with particular emphasis upon the last word.

“Not in the least.”

A pause ensued. Then Robert remarked, as he turned to depart, “I hope to see you quite often, as we will spend the summer here in our cottage. Good-bye!”

Roy did not look up, but continued his scrubbing until Robert was out of sight. Then he threw his broom across the deck, gave the bucket a kick, and stood erect, with his arms folded over his heaving chest—his eyes flashing fire. What occasioned this sudden pallor? Was the work too hard for him? Had he exerted himself too much?

No. For the first time in his young life he understood how his “vocation” was regarded by those among whom, until
recently, he had moved as an equal. Until now the thought had never presented itself that, in his outward appearance, he saw the barriers between himself and the people of the world. Had he possessed the soul of a riverman, he would not have understood the contempt in Robert’s eyes, nor would he have felt the sting of it. But now the insult—for such he considered it—had fallen on his heart like a burning brand, albeit he had answered with boldness and pride. The whole affair disgusted him more than ever with his “vocation”.

That night Roy slept but little, and at daybreak, when the first beams of the sun swept over the hills, he arose to welcome the coming day. From the depths of his despair he glimpsed a bit of the sun’s glory, and, bowing his head, murmured, “O God, have mercy on me. I pray Thee, Father in heaven, help me! Dost Thou know a way? Then lead me, as a father doth his child, unto the light. Lead, and I will follow.”

The captain of the boat ordered Roy to take a skiff and return to Portsmouth—only a short distance—to procure some parts with which to complete repairs on the boat. Landing, he was accosted on the levee by a stranger, who inquired whether he conveyed passengers across the river. He replied in the negative, but remarked to the gentleman,—“Why do you wish to cross here? You will find nothing but hills over there.”

“Yes, I know, but I am looking for a family living somewhere in those hills.”

“What’s the name?”

“Keller—Mr. John Keller.”

“Keller? Why that is my name and John Keller is my father.”

“Indeed! I call that great luck. I am his brother and have come from Philadelphia to see him, not having had that pleasure for many years. My name is Philip Keller.”
Roy’s pleasure now was boundless. The uncle soon knew all about the boy and his ambitions, for one word quickly brought another. Roy directed his uncle to the Keller home and then went about his business. Three days later, when he visited his home, he was greeted by his parents and uncle with singular regard. He did not understand until after supper, when the little family gathered around the table, and his uncle said to him,—“Well, Roy, are you still willing to go to college and become a minister of the Gospel?”

“Indeed, I am, but what makes you ask?”

“Have you brought the matter before God in prayer?”

Roy glanced at his mother, whose eyes were filled with tears of joy, then he looked at his father and beheld a most unusual smile lighting up his features. He felt his own face redden as he thought of his short prayer in the morning at daybreak, and now, as then, he cast down his eyes as he spoke, more to himself than to the eager listeners, “Will it be possible? Has the Lord found a way and is He about to answer my prayers?”

All remained quiet, for they felt the sacredness of the moment. At length Roy’s uncle arose, laid his hand on the boy’s head, and said, “Yes, you are a good boy, and the Lord has found a way. You shall go to college, and some day, I hope, you may preach the Gospel. I will see you through and will also take care of your parents. They shall not suffer.”

Words cannot express the joy and gratitude that filled Roy’s heart. Suffice it to say, his questionable career on the Ohio was ended, and preparations were begun immediately for his college career, as it was planned that he should leave home in time for the opening of the fall term at college.
CHAPTER II.

The little brown church of Buena Vista was to be the scene of a unique festivity the last Sunday in August, and it soon became apparent to all that something out of the ordinary, from the viewpoint of a small congregation of Evangelical Christians, was in course of preparation. The news spread rapidly from house to house that Roy Keller was going to college to study for the ministry. It was the first time in the history of the local church that one of her sons had chosen this vocation, and the good people, not unmindful of the fact that Roy's decision and choice reflected honor upon them, decided to make memorable the day of his departure. They desired to show their respect for the young man who proved the nobility of his spirit by thus answering the call of the Master.

The church had been transformed, for the occasion, into a bower of flowers, with a background of wonderful palms and ferns, while garlands of smilax seemed to drop from some mysterious realm above, attaching themselves to every available object. The little choir had been busy for days, rehearsing anthems suitable for this momentous event, and the board of trustees had purchased a new Bible, while the Young People's Society, after much deliberation, had selected a handsomely bound hymnal—these books to be presented to Roy as parting gifts, tokens of high regard. Best of all, Pastor William Howe, Roy's former tutor, was to preach the sermon on that memorable day.

At last the day dawned, like and yet unlike so many other
Sundays. No one felt this so keenly as Roy Keller. His happiness knew no bounds when he awoke that Sunday morning, and his heart overflowed with thanksgiving. His father, being an invalid, was borne to his pew in the strong arms of two members of the church board. All eyes were turned upon Roy, whose heart palpitated as never before, when at the side of his parents he entered the little brown church, and he was greeted upon every side by kind smiles. He was truly grateful for all this attention and consideration, but that such extraordinary preparations should have been made on his account troubled him. He considered, however, that the kindly spirit of the people had prompted this expression of regard and goodwill, and praised Him from whom all blessings flow. Thereupon a feeling of peace and contentment stole over him.

The service was rendered memorable by the sermon of Pastor Howe, who had selected for his text the ninth verse of the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. While he called it the Biography of Levi, he really made the words of Jesus, "Follow me", the subject of his discourse.

The congregation, reverently attentive, gave heed to the many beautiful thoughts so vividly presented by the beloved pastor, but few, if any, cherished, as did Roy, the lessons for future guidance.

When the pastor spoke of the kind of men that claim power and rank in the body of the clergy, his words were most impressive. "Think not that all who enter the ministry do so with clean and righteous hearts. And when, today, we rejoice over the fact that a young man out of our midst has announced his intention to answer the call of the Master, I, for one, know that at present he is serious and honest. Yet, I would warn even him that there are false claimants, and, as the years pass, temptation may overtake even the most sincere. Let us all
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beware of those who ‘for their bellies’ sake—creep, intrude and climb into the field.”

The three classes of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power, are designated, figuratively, as follows: First, those who creep into the field, caring not so much for official recognition, but preferring rather the power of secret influence, consenting to any servility of conduct that they may discern, and ultimately direct, unawares, the minds of men. Then, those who intrude, that is, thrust themselves into the field, and by means of officious self-assertion and boldness of speech obtain mastery over the unthinking public. Lastly, those who climb, by diverting to the cause of their own selfish ambitions both labor and learning, thus becoming ‘lords over the heritage’, though not ‘ensamples to the flock’.

“Milton calls them, ‘Blind Mouths’! A most unusual expression—a mixed metaphor, careless and unscholarly? Not at all. Its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look more closely at the phrase and remember it, expressing, as it does, a direct contradiction of the real meaning of the two great offices of the Church — a bishopric and pastorate.

“A bishop is one who sees! A pastor is one who feeds! It is, therefore, most unbishoplike to be blind, and far from the requirements of a pastorate to want to be fed—to be a mouth. Combine the two contradictions, and you have—‘Blind Mouths’. Beware of false prophets and faithless stewards who are ‘Blind Mouths’.”

One can understand that Roy was unable to forget these words that leaped at him like tongues of fire.

After the service both young and old remained to say farewell to Roy and bid him Godspeed. Amid tears of joy they wished him success, shaking his hand heartily and assuring him
that their hearts were with him and their prayers would follow him. Is it any wonder that Roy and his parents were supremely happy?

Among all these well-wishers, however, there was one who was singularly moved, but not happy, and it was none other than Robert Becker. When he heard of the sudden turn in Roy's life and of the contemplated service in his honor, curiosity prompted his decision to be present. No one seemed to notice him in the crowd that surrounded Roy, so he left the church with the intention of seeing his friend that evening. When he arrived at dusk he found Roy sitting on the steps of the veranda, his eyes fixed upon the fading light of that momentous day, and it was not until the click of the gates recalled him to a sense of this world's affairs that he became aware of Robert's approach.

"Well, I'll declare, Robert, I am truly glad to have this opportunity of seeing you before my departure."

"You had an opportunity in church this morning, but didn't take advantage of it."

"I'm sorry, but I was not aware that you were present."

"I was there just the same."

The boys ascended the steps together and seated themselves upon the veranda. Both remained quiet for a while, but at length the silence was broken by Robert, whose troubled eyes seemed to be gazing into space—"Are you really going, Roy?" he said.

"Yes, my valise and trunk are packed, and I leave early in the morning."

"Do you know I envy you?"

"You? How so? I don't understand."

"Well, you see it's this way. Since the service this morn-
ing I have felt uneasy. There is something wrong with me. I do not understand myself.”

“What happened?”

“Nothing happened, but I—envy you. It seems you are in great luck, and I am—I don’t know what I am.”

“Robert, consider this. You have every chance to do something, be somebody, some day, if you only exert your will-power.”

“Will-power? What has that to do with it? Do you know I would like to go with you?”

“Good, get ready and we’ll start together.’

“I—can’t, Roy; maybe I’ll join you later. I came to say good-bye, and—to ask your forgiveness, if ever I have hurt your feelings. Will you grant me that?”

“To be sure, Robert. Let bygones be bygones, and here is my hand on it.”

“Well, then good-bye, Roy!”

“Good-bye, Robert!”

After a cordial handshake the boys parted,—the one, with only a confused idea as to his future; the other, with a definite purpose upon which to concentrate all energy.

The next day Roy was journeying toward Chicago. He reached Columbus in the afternoon, rode all night, and the next morning was surprised to see that he was passing through endless prairieland. Despite the fact that he had slept at intervals only during the preceding night, there was no heaviness about his eyelids as he sat at the window, drinking in the view. Roy had read of prairies, but now he was permitted to see them. Thus he sat, the train speeding onward, until at last he realized the nearness of a great city—Chicago. In those days it had a population of 500,000 and was growing at the rate of 50,000 a year. Roy had heard of the great Chicago fire, and entering
the city amid innumerable railroad tracks, seemingly entangled, one with the other, on which stood hundreds of freight cars, he occasionally caught a glimpse of some ruins still standing,—the result of that fearful devastation.

Events followed one another in such rapid succession, it seemed to Roy as though he saw hundreds of things at the same time; and when at length he landed in the so-called “Union Station” in Canal Street he was dazed by what he beheld, for not even in his imagination had he pictured such splendor, or so many interesting people. Strange as it may seem, he imagined that all the boys he saw were on their way to college, just as he was. In fact, everything seemed to have some connection with Elmhurst College, which was uppermost in his thoughts.

There was little time, however, for reflection, and, becoming imbued with that spirit, peculiar to the typical American, Roy pushed forward on his way to Elmhurst College, his future “Alma Mater”. As yet, this name had not entered his mind, except perhaps as a passing thought.

At last, seated in a yellow day coach, he began the last stretch of his long and tiresome journey. His excitement had not subsided, and his emotions, while vague, were disturbing. Again the train puffed through level land, and by this time he was fully aware that he was, indeed, in a new and strange country. How different from his home in dear old Ohio, with its beautiful mountain ridges, studded with the ever quiet, somber forest, and lulled by the soothing murmer of a peaceful stream! A sense of loneliness crept into his boyish heart, which seemed to beat louder and faster, but his reverie was interrupted by the brakeman, whose call of “Elmhurst” aroused him to action.

Roy had reached his destination, but it seemed difficult
for him to realize this fact. Had he really come all the way from his home to this place, or was he in the midst of a dream from which he would suddenly awaken? As he stood on the platform of the old frame shanty then called depot, his mind was a prey to seemingly unreal things, but, while gazing at a man loading trunks upon a big farm wagon, he observed a very realistic scene—a number of young fellows were laughing and joking as they assisted in piling up the trunks. One of the boys approached Roy, with an expression of amazement which might have been interpreted as indicating a thought such as, "That's a new one, see how frightened he is";—instead, however, he said,—"Well, are you coming with us?"

Roy, awakened out of his trance, replied, "Which way?"
"Are you bound for the College?"
"Yes."
"Good, you had better get on the wagon with us—we are ready. Have you your trunk and satchel?"
"Yes, I suppose they are here all right."

The driver cracked his whip, and they were off.

The next day, which was Wednesday, Roy was accepted as a pupil, and, after matriculation, was cordially received by the Inspector, who was a warm friend of Pastor Wm. Howe. He was shown his bed in the dormitory and, after enjoying several meals in the large dining room with jolly boys, he wondered what would be the next turn of events.

The ceaseless activity of the day drives away that inevitable longing for home, but the approach of night welcomes reflection; and it was at this hour of twilight, while seated at the open window of the small room which he was to share as study with three other boys, that Roy observed a train from the East, though he could not realize that it came from that direction—the East seemed West to him. It was sufficient to
arouse a longing in his heart which seemed to choke him, while tears filled his eyes, but he swallowed hard and said to himself,—“Not that, I’ll be brave. But all this is so new to me—mother is so far away—mother—”; and he wiped the tears from his cheek.

Just after the devotional service that evening the Inspector announced that school work would begin the following day, and duly impressed upon the entire student body what was expected of them in the new semester and what the faculty had planned for the curriculum. Then the laws and regulations of the institution were read and explained, so that the boys might know how to regulate their conduct.

Roy paid close attention to all that was said, but did not understand half of what it meant. How could he? Too many things were thrust upon him at once, and he was not able to grasp them all. One thing was clear to him, however,—he realized that he was at school, at college. His heart’s desire had been granted, and now it was for him to make the best of the great opportunities that lay before him. He determined not to fail, though little he knew what might evolve, in the course of time, from these opportunities.

Roy was not shy or backward among the boys, and, as it does not take long for boys to become acquainted—they will flock together—he and others made good use of the time prior to real work.

Having carried his trunk to the dormitory and placed it at the foot of his plain, iron bed, Roy took his Bible, hymnal and other little things to his room, and deposited them in his desk. How proud he was of that desk. Whenever he used to see Pastor Howe writing at his desk, at home, he would wish that he too might some day write at his own desk.

Having arranged the desk to his satisfaction, Roy seated
himself with the intention of writing his first letter to his parents. He dipped his pen, but held it poised aloft—it was fortunate that he was alone in the room—he felt himself shaken by sobs, and what might not have happened, had the boys seen him! He drew his handkerchief across his eyes, which were rapidly filling with tears and said, “This will never do.”

Roy was at a loss to know what he should write to his mother and father. Naturally, the boy’s heart and mind were fairly crammed with the impressions of his trip and present surroundings, yet he felt no inclination to give a description of them. This was his first letter to his parents, and, after the salutation, he wrote,—“My heart is in my throat, but, mother, do not think I am homesick. One boy said to me, today, ‘Have you suffered from homesickness yet?’ I said, ‘No, and I do not want to be afflicted with it.’ So don’t worry about me. I’m all right. Do you know, mother, I see no hills here. Everything is flat like your kitchen table, and there is no river. As far as the eye can see there is level country, with those yellow trains ever coming and going. I do not know why it is, but they seem to have life, they appeal to me, and yet—I feel sad every time I see the smoke of one in the distance, near Maywood, which I am told is about eight miles away. Just think what it means to be able to see such a distance. Can you imagine it? Oh, those trains, and so many of them! Well, I am glad I do see them, even though I know I can’t board one of them and return to my home, but—it’s all right, so don’t worry about me.

“Our meals are served in one big dining room, in which long, plain tables are spread, and it is a good thing that I worked on the river, because we have hash every evening for supper. Some boys say they can’t eat the stuff, but I can, though it is different from our steamboat hash. And the noise
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at the table—I mean the clatter of the knives and forks—but I'll become accustomed to that. We all sleep in one big dormitory. You should see the many beds in a row. We have to make up these beds ourselves, and some boys don't know how, they are so unpractical. I'm glad I learned that from you, mother.

"I wish I were as happy and jolly as Frank Tzarbell. They tell me he has never been homesick. In fact, they say he was glad to get away from home, because he had a stepmother and home was no longer the same to him. I am told he has foreign blood in his veins. His name sounds strange—maybe he is of Russian descent. I don't know about that, but he is some boy. I hope he and I will be able to get along together, for I like him. He has been here one full semester, and, while he has paid no attention to me as yet, maybe he will later on.

"Schoolwork will begin tomorrow. I tremble when I think of it, for, dear mother, I am afraid everything will be so different from what I anticipated. I am here, now, however, and I suppose I will have to remain. If I could only master that strange feeling in the region of my heart. Do you know, mother, I could scarcely eat the hash, biscuit and syrup, tonight, for supper. I felt so sad, I went to my bed, but—don't worry—I did not lie down—it was not the hash, syrup, or big biscuit that made me feel as though I no longer cared to live. It must have been a longing for the beautiful Ohio and its banks, the Kentucky mountains, and our little home—you, mother and father—and—well, I'm all over it now, and I am not coming back, and don't you think so.

"Now I must close. Three boys just came to my room and asked if I would not join them. I was afraid to say 'no', so I answered 'yes'. And just think of it, Frank Tzarbell was one of them. Oh! what a boy he is and how he did scrutinize
me, yet I like him. There is something about him that fascinates me, and, I trust, some day I may be able to discover what it is. He fairly charms me. I must not forget to tell you that my number, here, is 23. One would think I was in prison. I shall write again. My love to you. Good-bye."

Having finished his letter, Roy left the room with the boys, who led him to the big "yard". In those days there was nothing like a "Campus" as it is called today. When Roy arrived at Elmhurst the institution had been in existence about five years. Everything was new and parts were unfinished. Even the grounds, in front of the main building lacked the proper attention, and thus marred the beauty of the entire place. The term College was a misnomer, as the institution was nothing more than a school; but the rapid growth of the German Evangelical Synod of North America forced the demand for men to enter the ministry.

The opportunities offered at that time were very meager and wholly inadequate. Through its absorption of several smaller Evangelical synods with practically the same basis of faith and confession, the Evangelical Synod of the West had come, in the year 1871, into possession of Melanchthon Seminary, located at Elmhurst. The property consisted of a large tract of land and one frame building in the little village of Elmhurst, Illinois,—sixteen miles west of Chicago.

In 1873, just two years after the school was opened, it became necessary to erect a new dormitory to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of pupils. Upon the completion of this building the faculty declared, with just pride, that it would not only further the interests of the Church, but would prove adequate for many years. Roy Keller came to Elmhurst a few years after the erection of this dormitory, which is the music building today.
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There had been many changes in the faculty since the opening of the school. Two professors had resigned because they could not work together in peace, and a new man was at the head. In fact, so many new professors had been installed, Roy could see that the boys had decided to take advantage of the faculty’s unfamiliarity with conditions, and he was not averse to joining them, as he was pleased and rather flattered that they should ask him.

The noise made by the four boys as they clattered down the big stairs leading into the main hall caused the door of the Inspector’s study to be thrown open by a young woman, who said not a word as she stood in the open doorway, but her black eyes flashed as she glared at the disturbers of the peace.

Roy did not understand the situation, until he joined the boys outside, where all wanted to speak at once.

“Did you see her? I wish she had spoken, but it seems she never does.”

“I wonder if she hasn’t anything to do but spy on us?”

“So far as I know, that is all she does.”

“Who is she?” asked Roy.

“Never mind who she is. We are not sure whether she is related to the Inspector or not, and, what is more, we don’t care about that, but we do care when she comes around spying, and then goes and tells on us.”

“O, do you remember”, said Frank Minor, “one day, last winter—in January—Bill Strong had some business in the laundry. The girls were busy, as usual, and, as there was too much steam in the place, they opened the door to allow it to escape. Bill happened along about that time, and noting the open door, walked boldly in and chatted with the girls, not being aware of the fact that Miss Nett—she was known by that name—was sitting at her window, looking more like a scrawny,
tousled little watch dog than anything else. Bill had scarcely entered when she came flying over the rickety old plankwalk, slipped on the ice, and fell. Well, such a sight! I saw the whole affair. Bill rushed out of the laundry to assist her, but—O, my! how she barked at him,—‘Don’t you touch me, you—.’

‘But—Miss—I’m afraid you are hurt—allow me—.’

‘What’s that to you? I’m not hurt. You had better attend to your own business.’

“Poor Bill, That night he was called on the carpet. Of course, the Inspector believed the girl and gave Bill a lecture of the first water. Bill became so angry he swore he would detach the thin ‘cluster of auburn curls’ dangling on the side of his enemy’s face, and thus mar her beauty for some time to come. Boys, he really meant it. He laid for her several evenings, and we had all we could do to prevent him from carrying out his threat.”

“Now let me tell you what this Miss Nett did to me”, said Frank Tzarbell. “One day, last summer, shortly before commencement, I was making my way toward the washroom for a first class clean-up, having helped Abraham pick potato bugs, when I ran into one of the kitchen fairies, who was carrying a big tray of June cherries. To me the crash was not harmful, nor was it unpleasant, but it played havoc with the cherries. They were scattered all over the hall, crushed and tramped upon. A nice mess it was. Well, as a matter of course, we laughed and chatted as we endeavored to save at least some of them. Suddenly Miss Nett appeared in the kitchen door. You know she never says a word to any one but the Inspector. Result, his Majesty sent for me that moonlit evening, and informed me, in a blooming long speech, if ever I was caught.
again eating cherries in the hall and making love to any of the girls, I should be dismissed on the spot. Think of it!"

The boys had more of these little stories to relate, but Roy could not enjoy them to the fullest, as he had not as yet seen Miss Nett.

By this time the students had reached the meadow where Abraham was milking the cows. He had finished and had come to the fence, in order that he might get the boys to assist him.

"Here, boys, give me a lift. Tzarbell, you take this bucket", and turning to Roy, he remarked, "I see you are one of the new ones."

In those days the boys were not classified as Freshmen, Juniors, Seniors and so on, but, had the terms been in use, old Abraham would still have addressed Roy as a "new one."

Roy placed one foot on the fence and reached over for the bucket, the contents of which induced him to say to Abraham, —"May I have a drink of milk right out of the bucket? I'd love to just have a swallow or two."

"Certainly," said Abraham, "help yourself."

Balancing the bucket on the top board of the fence, Roy tipped it just a bit, and had merely gotten a taste of the delicious milk when Frank Tzarbell yelled, "Ho! I see a mole", and jumped over the fence. Roy loosened his hold on the bucket, which lunged toward him, and before he realized what had happened he was soaked with milk from head to foot. His new suit was practically ruined, and this was a calamity, as there were no cleaners in those days.

The happenings of that day were of no value, mentally or morally speaking, but they served to keep Roy awake until almost midnight, while round about him those less impressionable than he were enjoying the sleep that comes so naturally and easily to youth.
CHAPTER III.

The day had arrived when Roy Keller was to be initiated into the meaning of the term "Alma Mater". Each morning the students and entire household, including Abraham and the servants in the kitchen, assembled in the so-called Chapel, a room scarcely large enough to accommodate all, for the daily service. Lecture hours began at 7:00 a.m., with a recess of ten minutes between each hour.

Roy having had the advantage of first class private instruction, under Pastor Howe, was enabled to advance beyond many who were several years his senior.

Hardships were endured by not only the students, but the professors as well. We who enjoy modern conveniences may well look back upon that period of fifty years ago and call it "romantic", but the professors of Elmhurst could discover no romance in such conditions. Those professors were forced to endure one hardship of which we have little comprehension today. It was the downright ignorance and positive stupidity of many of the boys that came from the farm, the workshop, and store, with no education. Even the sons of ministers, who were in the majority, had, with few exceptions, no more education. This was due to the primitive and "romantic" period and proved to be a handicap to promotion, on the one hand, and, on the other, a burden and hardship for the professors, who, as a rule, were rare scholars from German universities.

I recall an instance in which Professor Goldway figured. His patience was taxed to the utmost one day while endeavor-
ing to explain to the class the proper use of the article "Der, Die, Das", At length he asked a sturdy young farmer boy, by the name of Lefer, to write a sentence on the blackboard with the article correctly used. Lefer wrote:

"Pass auf, gleich liegst du auf die Nase!"

"Now try it again", said the professor, "it is not right."

Again Lefer wrote,—

"Pass auf, gleich faellst du auf der Nase."

The professor, who flushed and then turned pale, looked steadily at the boy, whom he addressed thus:

"Lefer, do you know what is in your head?"

"No, I do not."

"I thought so, and I want to tell you that there is nothing in it. Do you see that straw stack out yonder in the field?"

"I do."

"Indeed! Well, if you think you should like to have something in your head, go stuff it with some of that straw."

Other teachers lost control of themselves and said things they later regretted, one of them calling the boys such harsh names that the entire class refused to enter the class room again until the professor should agree to recall his words. The professor saved the day by a manly apology. On the whole, we must give the professors credit for what they accomplished with their rough and green timber.

Roy realized his advantage over the others the very first hour, when the instructor of Latin referred to some conjunction, and asked for an explanation as to its meaning and connection with a preceding sentence. Roy was the only one in the class who could give the required answer, and, while it was only a small matter, the boys willingly acknowledged that Roy was far in advance of them. There was only one of the boys,
besides Roy, who had any knowledge of Latin at all, and that was little.

Roy, while not a genius, was intelligent and earnest. Frank Tzarbell might have been termed a near-genius, for he never worked hard, and none of his studies ever worried him. He tolerated only that which could be learned without effort, casting aside all else, yet passing his examinations with high honors, while Roy’s diligence and grim determination to succeed were rewarded by progress and the approbation of his teachers.

Roy evinced a decided love for poetry and possessed no little trace of romanticism, which, however, he was in danger of losing at Elmhurst, with its prairies, swamps, and railroads. Even Bryan’s Park, nearby, in which the students were allowed to stroll through winding paths under the tall pine trees, failed to satisfy Roy, and only the memory of his beloved Ohio scenes preserved in him a sense of the beautiful.

There was a little forest not far from the village, covering not more than eight or ten acres, which attracted Roy, although it could not be compared with the forests of the Kentucky hills, just on the other side of the beautiful Ohio. Roy desired no companionship on his visits to this forest, preferring the solitude, which seemed to answer the call of romanticism. Sitting on the trunk of a fallen oak tree, he would think, write and dream,—his being filled with the beauty of growing things—the brown bark and green leaves of the oak tree, violets, daisies and forget-me-nots in fence corners, trailing vines of wild roses and grapes, with the ever murmuring brook giving forth its daily message of cheer.

Roy was very fond of trees, especially the oak. One day in October, when the first flakes of snow lay on the frozen ground, he decided to visit the forest, and was soon in his
customary place on the log of the oak tree. While sitting there, his thoughts suddenly reverted to the big oak that stood in front of his old home on the farm, and he wondered whether or not it was still standing. Then, as was his custom, he began to write, and the following composition on the oak tree was duly submitted to his teacher for criticism.

"Of the thousands of oak trees on the hills of Kentucky, none was so dear to me as the one standing in front of our old home. I have often wondered how old the tree is,—one or two hundred years?

"Today I fancy I see it again as I did one day at home when as a little boy I sat at a frosted window observing the winter scene. A cold, bleak wind raged around the old stone house, while millions of snowflakes tossed and whirled, but seemed not to touch the earth. About fifty yards from my window stood the old oak tree, which, despite the fierce and howling wind racing over the hilltops, stood firm. Its mighty trunk did not yield or bow to the power of the raging storm, though the wind tore the remaining leaves from the naked boughs and flung them angrily into the meadow. I seem to hear, even now, the roar of the wind as it swept thru the branches of the oak. It sounded as though a thousand harp-strings were resounding to the touch of unseen fingers. It was music to my ear and filled my soul with unknown ecstacies.

"You may speak of spring songs, and I will admit that the spring time hath a charm to which the human heart responds more readily than to any other, because it is the sweet tenor of life, but with what would you compare the majestic and profound basso of death in winter? Have you ever heard it? If it touches the heart and soul of a mere boy, should it not force its way into the heart of the young man or woman?

"Let no one say,—'Why attach such importance to the oak
tree? The oak, hickory and pine trees are cut down, sawed and trimmed into timber, with which we build our homes. I see nothing of interest or importance in an old, gnarled oak tree.'

"Not so hasty! Let me remind you of the acorn. Have you ever heard it drop? Have you examined the wonderful seed, which in itself will attract the attention of any boy? Do not forget that from this little seed on the ground, which is noticed by few, trampled upon by men and sometimes eaten by swine, comes the mighty oak, the giant of the forest.

"May I, therefore, conclude with a few lines in verse,—

Covered by the tender snow,
Deep and low,
Lay the acorn under ground—
Bearing life unseen, yet bound—
Will it ever sprout and grow
Bedded so?

In the fair and frosty bed,
Seeming dead,
Acorn sleeps in nature's lap,
Minds not sound, or earthly rap
Overhead.

Now it wakes, a sprouting germ,
Upward growing, quick and firm,
Casting off its mantels' shell—
Stately it will raise its head,
Sway its boughs above the dead,
In their bed."

Roy was pleased with what he had written, but this was not the first time he had endeavored to write poetry. Whenever he came to the woods he seemed to be poetically inclined. Remembering that dinner would probably be ready, Roy
hurried out of the woods to the road, now free from snow, which the October sun had melted. Looking toward Elmhurst, he noticed, about a half mile ahead, a vehicle standing, or rather hanging over the edge of a ditch. As he advanced toward the place he noticed that a woman was in trouble of some kind, and quickened his pace with the intention of offering his services. Before he reached the place of disaster his heart throbs conveyed to him the intelligence that the young lady in distress was no other than Miss Mae Brenner.

Miss Brenner was an only daughter, and lived with her father on a model stock farm half-way between Elmhurst and Lombard. Roy had been favored with an introduction to Miss Brenner at a concert given by the college boys in connection with the annual Harvest Festival. Their acquaintance was only a casual one, but he had not forgotten her. In fact, her impressive blue-gray eyes had haunted him since their short, but significant conversation.

"Of all things, what has happened, Miss Mae?", said Roy as he proceeded to assist her.

"Can't you see? This is father's balky, gray mare, who has insisted upon pushing me into the ditch. I am ditched and that is all there is to it."

"Well, I'll get the critter on the go, watch me!"

"I can see you doing it, in your mind. Do you know what will happen next?"

"No, what do you mean?"

"We are doomed to remain here until her spell of stubbornness is over, and the three of us will go without dinner."

"O, no, we won't."

Roy tried in many ways to induce Betsy to move, but she would not budge. When he endeavored to lead her by the bridle, she laid back her ears and shook her head violently while
her eyes seemed to say, "O, no, you won't!" All efforts were in vain, and both the boy and girl began to laugh.

"There is only one thing left to do," said Miss Mae, "and that is to get into the buggy and sit there until Madam Betsy starts of her own free will. The buggy is in no position for comfort, but I shall climb in."

She seated herself as best she could and laughingly said, "Now, you are my footman."

Roy stood with his hand on the dashboard of the buggy while conversing with Mae. Neither paid any attention to the stubborn animal.

"Tell me what you are doing here on the country road when you should be at work."

"I have been walking through the woods."

"What were you hunting in the woods, anything in particular?"

"Well, no, I just love to go there sometimes, because I miss my dear old Ohio. It is so monotonous here,—no big forests, no hills, no river, no—."

"Now see here, don't be so particular,—there are some good things here, if you will only think so."

"I beg pardon,—indeed, I admit, though you are forced to sit still and I am sure to go without a meal of potatoes and kraut, that I am happy to be allowed to speak with you, now that—."

"Never mind that,—what were you doing in the woods? There is nothing attractive about the woods at this season of the year, is there?"

"I think so. I sat on a big log and—well it was not much, but—"

"But what? Please tell me!"

"I wrote something."
"Now, you were writing letters; may I ask—"
"No, I was not—honest."
"May I see what you wrote?"
"I don't know whether I should let you see it or not."
"See! I thought so,—O, Mr. Roy Keller, what have you been doing? Give an account of yourself."
"I have no fear in doing so. Look at this and convince yourself."

Mae tried to read what Roy had written with pencil, but could not decipher all of it. When she came to the little poem her eyes sparkled, she glanced quickly at Roy, and—strange to say—now she could read every word, her eyes dancing with secret joy.

"Is this poem original?"
"Of course, what's wrong with it?"
"Nothing, I guess, but—O my! Ha, ha, ha! Here goes Betsy. Good for you. Good-bye, Mr. Poet."

Betsy tore along the road for all she was worth, and Roy stood gazing after the girl and mare.

"The idea! Just when we were getting along so nicely and—Great Caesar! She's got my poem. Did you ever?"

There was no need to fret—mare, buggy, and girl, even the poem gone. What would she do with it? This and many other questions troubled him as he walked slowly toward the college. Dinner was over, but Roy felt no desire to eat. The little encounter in the road had eliminated all material desires for the time being. Mae's parting words, "Good bye, Mr. Poet", rather worried him. Were they intended to convey the idea of understanding, acknowledgment and praise, or had they been prompted by sarcasm, ridicule and mockery? The uncertainty cut Roy to the core.

As it was Saturday, there were no lectures to attend in the
afternoon, but the students were expected to work in their rooms until four o’clock. Roy remained in his room, but could do no work, as his thoughts were with the girl whom he had met on the road. Roy’s common sense asserted itself, however, and, while he knew that he could not and would not forget sweet Mae, he decided that study should be given first consideration, with everything else, including Mae Brenner, occupying a secondary place.

Roy was very fortunate in being able to finish his course of study at Elmhurst in two years. This was due to the fact that Pastor Howe had so ably and thoroughly prepared him for college. In those days of primitive arrangements it was impossible to insist upon a course of education such as the present day demands. There was great need of young men in the service of the Master, and they were put to work in the vineyard before they had been fully equipped. Be this as it may, it must be acknowledged that some of the very best men came to the fold of the clergy from those days of inadequate preparation. And it is an established fact that young men who, in the estimation of their teachers, lacked natural gifts and intellectual ability proved themselves, later on, to be strong men in every sense of the word. They realized that they were pioneers in the service, and that old Elmhurst, representing a pioneer age, was fitting them for just such work.

Those who were students at Elmhurst in the seventies of the last century will gladly admit that a glamor of romance hung over those days of Spartan simplicity, despite the fact that Roy Keller failed to see even a shade of that glamour, and, therefore, betook himself to the little woods nearby to satisfy his mind and heart.

Behold the glamor! One evening Frank Tzarbell and Roy Keller were summoned to appear before the Inspector.
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The old time Senior, the Inspector’s right hand, as it were, solemnly entered the little study of the two boys, who were hovering over an antiquated coal stove that looked like a corroded stovepipe. They were endeavoring to keep their feet and noses warm on this blustery, cold day in January,—a terrific blizzard having raged for twenty-four hours. The snow was so deep that hedges and fences were hidden and roads had been rendered impassable—still the snow fell. It was indeed a dark and dreary night.

“What are you doing, boys?” said the Senior. “Is that the way to knowledge and wisdom, crouching around the stove? You had better work and thus keep warm.”

“Is that so? My fingers are still stiff from shoveling snow. Do you think I am able to handle a pen or tackle Julius Caesar? What can we do for you?” said Frank Tzarbell.

“You and Roy Keller are wanted by the Inspector at once.”

“Indeed! I wonder what’s up now. Can you guess, Roy?”

“Search me, my conscience is clear. No accusation here. How is it with you?”

“I don’t know, unless it is that I pasted a hard snowball on Miss Nett’s shoulder this morning when I entered the coal shed to fill my bucket with coal.”

“Never mind what it’s about, come along,” said the Senior. There was no chance for escape, so they meekly obeyed. Just as they reached the foot of the stairs Miss Nett stepped into the hall and gave Frank Tzarbell a threatening look, but of course said nothing.

“Did you see that? She deems it a sin to speak to a man, but does not hesitate to favor me with a scowl. Be it so.”

“Your conscience is stinging, is it not?”

“No, but hers will someday.”
They knocked at the Inspector's door, and, upon being invited to enter, reverently bade the Inspector a good evening.

"Ah, yes, thank you. I had almost forgotten I am so busy."

Tzarbell do you think you can get to Chicago tomorrow with the big bob sled? I have a mission for you two, and you will have to go in the sled."

"I know I can if the horses hold out."

The Inspector gave the boys minute instructions, and before daybreak they were on their way to Chicago. They succeeded in reaching the city, and returned with a load of groceries; but their fingers and noses were frostbitten. That night as Tzarbell crept into bed he said to Roy:

"Do you know, I wish Miss Nett needed a nose, for in that case I could give her mine, and I know she would quit 'nosing around.'"

Behold the glamour! There was a little village about three miles north of Elmhurst, known as Addison, and sometimes a tramp to that point on Sunday was much enjoyed. In those days it was customary for country people to travel from six to eight miles in order to attend church. In winter when the roads were covered with snow, with the thermometer registering twenty degrees or more below zero, the farmer would hitch his horses to a bob sled, pile the entire family into it, wrap them up in Buffalo robes, and off they would go to church. Why shouldn't the students go? As there was no church at Elmhurst, it was understood that they should attend service, even at a distance. They were not, however, placed on bob-sleds and wrapped in Buffalo robes, but were compelled to march all the way. They were told that was a lesson in Spartan simplicity.

As a rule, after a march in goose-step fashion over roads
covered with two feet of snow, they were rewarded by hearing Mr. Lusenhop sing and play the small reed organ. Never had there been such singing in a country church. Mr. Lusenhop, who had charge of the parochial school, hailed from Germany, where the art of singing is a matter of heart and soul. This musician had a strong desire to demonstrate his ability, and thus educate as well as entertain the students. No one who had the pleasure of attending service in the country church of Addison will ever forget Professor Lusenhop.

In summer it was different. At this season of the year the lads marched in the heat of the sun, with beads of perspiration dripping from their foreheads, but they considered the experience sport, to an extent. This feeling was intensified when one, Theodore Krueger, conceived the idea of giving the boys a bit of military training, so that they might eventually march to Addison like real soldiers. Krueger did not claim to be a relative of Ohm Krueger, the once famous and beloved President of the Boers of Africa, but he did claim to have been active in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 as an officer. His meager education, however, proved him to be a prevaricator. At any rate, we paid no attention to that side of the question. The boys were so filled with the military spirit that they "fell to" and were soon marching like soldiers, in long columns, four abreast, to attend services in Addison.

No sooner had the boys learned enough to keep step than the question of uniforms arose. Measurements were taken by a Jewish tailor in Chicago, and the order filled, to the complete dissatisfaction of all concerned. Such misfits were these uniforms that only now and then would a boy appear in one. The whole affair was considered a failure, the money wasted; and the military craze died out.

Behold the glamour! It may not be so now, but during the
time that Roy Keller was a student at Elmhurst the gardening and work in the fields had to be done by the students,—in fact, they had to do everything, except the cooking and laundring. Some enjoyed this part, not on account of their familiarity with the work, but because it was "so novel." Their work was "so novel" that it was inferior. Those who came from farms and understood all about the work were angered, because they were required to handle the spade and pitchfork. They argued thus,—"It was not for this that we came to Elmhurst." Others, instinctively, as it were, shirked all manual labor, but escape was not easy, as the senior who was appointed to oversee this part of the work could overlook or report such boys, according to his pleasure. There were some seniors who, remembering their own labor in the fields, were lenient with the boys, while there were those who seemed to enjoy reporting the shirker to the Inspector.

There are not many living today who remember such days at Elmhurst, but those who do recall them considered them, at that time, far from romantic.

Once more, behold the glamour! There was one rule that the boys had to learn at the beginning,—"Smoking not allowed before eighteen." It is useless to comment on the wisdom or absurdity of this rule,—suffice it to say, it remained a dead letter. Woe to the boy under age that was caught smoking—there was trouble ahead for him.

Neither Frank Tzarbell nor Roy Keller had celebrated his eighteenth birthday as yet, but both were fond of smoking. Roy had acquired the habit while working on the Ohio river. He was not the sort of boy to break a common sense rule deliberately, but even he considered this prohibitive measure as one with but little, if any, common sense.

It seems queer, but Frank Tzarbell and two other boys had
the habit of rising early, even before daybreak, in order that they might reach the barn before Abraham, whose duty it was to feed the horses, cows, chickens and hogs. It stands to reason, they would not have done this to make use of the golden morning hours, so to speak, so far as their studies were concerned. They would crawl into the loft, and there, sitting in the hay, they would smoke. Luckily no conflagration ever occurred, but this shows what boys who were otherwise good will be led to do.

At one time there was a senior, Peter Longnecker, who was a terror to the secret smoker. His name was well applied, as he was not only tall, with a long, thin neck, but had long legs.

Peter got on the trail of the "smoking gang" through some one that "knew." One morning he allowed the boys to slip out of their beds for a smoke of "Bull Durham" in the safety of the hayloft, then rose and followed.

The boys, however, had been "put next" by one who was almost a tobacco fiend, so fond was he of the devil's weed. This was no other than Johnny Bretz, an Indiana lad, a jolly good fellow, who sounded the warning on the way to the barn.

"See here, Tzarbell, I got wind of Longnecker's intention. You know his bed is near mine, and I noticed that he was watching us from under the covers. Let us beware!"

"That's all right, we'll beat him at his own game. Let's go to the potato patch instead. We'll hide behind the big pile of potatoes that have been sacked."

"Fine idea", said Bretz. "I would not miss my smoke for two Longneckers, father and son. Dod gast it, anyway. He had better look out, conslamity, durhamity!"

"But suppose he should find us", Roy timidly inquired, as he dreaded being reported.
“Let him come.”

“Yes, let him come”, cried Bretz, “conslamity, durhamity, let him come. Here, fill your pipes.”

This time Bretz was the provider of the deadly weed. Like a bunch of pilferers they skipped over the dewy field to the potato bags that lay in a heap. Judging from the smoke that was soon to be seen rising from behind the breastworks, one might have imagined himself transported to an Indian camp in the wilds. Suddenly,—“Up from the South, at break of day,” the enemy appeared in the distance, and when the boys saw him Tzarbell gave the command:

“All hands in the potato bags, each of you grab as many as possible, then—upon him.”

So it happened. Peter Longnecker then and there was bombarded with potatoes and forced to retreat. For many days thereafter he was forced to appear with swollen eyes and artificial blue bulbs on the back of his head.

The saddest part of that affair, however, was the telltale annual report. Each boy was given five black marks for bad behavior in exchange for bravery in that morning attack. Such papers were not very pleasant to take home, and it was not long until affairs of this kind were abolished.

Roy Keller learned a lesson that he did not soon forget, and none of his reports ever again bore black-marks. He regretted the potato bombardment, though he felt that it was in order as it served to teach Peter Longnecker a much needed lesson.

On the whole, strict discipline prevailed in the school and, in connection therewith, very plain living, which was wholesome for body and soul. Many things were antiquated and inappropriate, but the spirit that reigned at old Elmhurst was the one by which the Evangelical Church in America profited. Though
most of the students of those days have been crowned with snowwhite hair, they are at the helm of the Church.

That evening Frank Tzarbell took Roy aside and said to him, "Let's take a walk in Bryan's Park." Roy was pleased with the invitation, for he had been out of sorts more or less all day on account of that early attack on Longnecker.

The two boys had formed a friendship during the winter, but not until lately had Tzarbell shown any decided signs of being drawn particularly toward Roy. Now there seemed to be a subconscious attraction which helped Tzarbell to discover talents and gifts in Roy not before observed, though he had been aware of Roy's good qualities and firm determination to learn and progress.

When they had turned the corner on the old board walk Tzarbell began to speak:

"Tell me, Roy, where did you get that beautiful voice? When you sang, 'O Lord, have mercy', last Sunday I was simply charmed. I do not wish to flatter you—that is hypocritical—but I really mean it."

"I'm sure I don't know, unless the great Giver of all good gifts gave it to me. The fact that I was reared on the banks of the beautiful Ohio, and was permitted to sing in the open with deck-hands on a steamboat, may have had something to do with the development of my voice. I did not belong to the river, but I loved it nevertheless. Did you ever hear a gang of rough men who, under shaggy exteriors, often wear hearts and souls infinitely more kind and sweet than people with fine clothes and plenty of money—did you ever hear such men sing at night under the full moon? And, Frank, it's a treat no mortal can forget to hear real negro melodies as I once heard them sung by negroes coming from the old plantations. One song I remember especially, not only the melody, but part of
the words also, though it was sung only once, and then by a mixed quartet."

"What was it? Can you sing it?"

"Surely."

"For the sake of sweet old dame muse, sing it. I want to hear it."

The sun had set, and they had reached the narrow gravel walk under the tall pine trees. Enshrouded by the falling shades of evening in harmony with the unseen wings of night, Roy sang in his mellow clear tenor:

In de mornin’—
In de mornin’ by the bright light,
When Gabriel blows his trumpet—
In de mornin’!
O, hurry up, ye chillern, fo’ I mus go,
An’ chillern, chillern won’t you follow me,
Whar de wind done blow
An’ de rain done fall an’—
Hal—la, hal—la, hal—la—luh—jah!
In de mornin’.

"Sing it again please."

So Roy, upon Frank’s request, sang this and similar melodies again and again. At length Frank burst out:

"Do you know, Roy, the negro is the real American singer. Think of it, we have no real folk songs, with the probable exception of Stephen Foster’s compositions, and I doubt whether we shall ever have any real ones. What fun it would be if we could get together and sing American folk songs! Instead, we sing those of the wonderful German nation, that has produced thousands—and then some. Thank God we have them, and so
far they have no equal. What do you say to learning the negro songs? They are the next best."

"Would we be allowed to?"

"We'll do it secretly—we'll go to the woods and sing to the trees—to the oaks, the hemlocks, the maples and the—it matters not—to the birds. We can't afford to forget them, but that reminds me, what on earth has been attracting you to the woods so often these past few weeks?"

"I, to the woods? Who has been telling you that?"

"Guilty, are you?"

"Guilty of what?"

"I don't know, but I'll tell you—now don't get peevish over it—is there any truth in the story that Bretz and Miller are telling? They insist that you write verses—sometimes called poetry—and that you mail such stuff—to Miss Mae Brenner."

Roy welcomed the night, for he did not care to show his face at this critical moment; flushed with emotion, but he replied, speaking in as natural a tone as possible:

"Nonsense—come let's go back, it is time to turn in."

"Of course you don’t have to tell me, but I thought you might. It would give me pleasure to congratulate you."

"I don’t see why."

"Well I do, because one who can gain Mae Brenner's friendship is lucky."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because I know. Didn’t she give me the grand bounce about a year ago? She was nice and dignified about it, however,—said she was too young to think of such things."

"Well let's be going."

The boys had nothing more to say as they retraced their
steps to the College. As they neared the building they heard and saw signs of a great commotion. Upon inquiry they learned that one of the boys in getting up from his desk had bumped his head against a lamp that hung over the desk, causing an explosion that nearly resulted in the boy's death. There was little sleep for the faculty or students that night, as the young fellow lay battling for his life. Though badly burned, the youth was spared, and great was the relief when it was learned that the boy's injuries would not prove fatal.

The danger of oil lamps was fully realized, but it was a long time before the College was in a position to do away with them.

The following day Roy Keller experienced more excitement, though of a different nature. He received a letter from Robert Becker who wrote as follows:

Dear Roy:

I can imagine your surprise, and am sure you won't know into which corner to look first after you have read what I am going to do. I am coming to Elmhurst at the beginning of the next semester. It won't be so long anymore, will it? Of course you wonder how I reached this decision. Let me tell you. You remember when I bade you farewell that night on your porch, I said I might come to Elmhurst later. At that time I was very much dissatisfied with myself, but could find no way out of my dilemma.

You know I have a fairly good education. I have attended Shadyside Academy here right along, but could never forget you and your school at Elmhurst. I wanted to go, but was afraid to tell my father, when—you remember, we wrote you that—father died suddenly, of heart failure. His sudden and sad death moved me very much, and helped me to screw up enough courage to tell mother of my intention. Mother was
so grief-stricken, she did not oppose my coming. That’s the long and short of it. Now I am glad, for something within me tells me that all will be well with me. So after your vacation, which you no doubt will spend at home, you and I will go back to old Elmhurst together.

I know you are getting along fine, and am anxious to see you.

Sincerely yours,

Robert Becker.

That was pleasant news to Roy, who was glad that Robert had at last reached such a happy conclusion. “It will help him wonderfully,” said Roy as he landed on his pillow. Then his thoughts drifted away from old Ohio, the river, even Robert Becker; until shortly before his eyes closed in sleep he thought of a little poem he was trying to compose. It was all about daisies in the field, stars in the heavens above and the red bird calling to his mate—and a girl in a white dress with pink stripes and—and—Roy had fallen asleep.
CHAPTER IV.

HE old time "famulus" has disappeared at Elmhurst. It may be of interest to know what his business was. The famulus was no invention, but a survival of European university life. "Famulus" is a Latin word meaning servant, helper, and in a special sense the helper of a learned person like a professor.

The famulus was the factotum in the professor's house, if the professor was married, otherwise his duties were confined to the professor's apartment. The famulus was appointed by the Inspector, and sometimes the same student acted in this capacity for the same professor from one to three years, for the simple reason that he did his work well and was liked by the professor and his family.

Yet the famulus was not envied by others, especially not by the native-born, who as a rule had it in for the famulus. It was a rare case for a native-born to serve as famulus, because his sense of freedom rebelled against a custom transplanted from European schools to ours.

This objection may be justified in a sense, but after all it seems to indicate a false pride. Let it be remembered, those boys that served as famuli received a good and timely lesson how to serve others. No one ever suffered or lost out by such service if he served faithfully, on the contrary the famulus was treated with delicacy and noble consideration by the professor. There were exceptions. For instance, when the famulus al-
allowed himself to be degraded or degraded himself to a mere family nurse, or took upon himself duties of questionable merit, then he had no recourse when his fellow students ridiculed him as a mere slave. But that rarely, if ever, occurred. On the whole the famulus had a good job and preferred it to working in the field or elsewhere. He enjoyed a certain freedom despite his dutiful service. He had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the professor and his family, which procured for him the advantage of social intercourse. At certain times, such as birthday celebrations, Thanksgiving or Christmas Evening, the professor never failed to invite his famulus to enjoy the evening with his family. It stands to reason that young men not accustomed to refinement and culture had an opportunity to learn some valuable lessons for a life in the pastoral field.

The famulus not only had duties to perform, but enjoyed peculiar privileges also. One professor made good use of his famulus and certainly got all he could out of him, but on the other hand treated him well, allowing him to take his wife and children out driving in the old fashioned phaeton. The famulus was also invited to dinners and social affairs.

Another professor was a single man, and his famulus had a fine time. One day the professor, having planned a trip to Chicago, informed his famulus that he would not return before midnight. The famulus, taking advantage of the professor's absence, invited a number of close friends to spend the evening with him in the professor's rooms. They readily accepted and planned a fine dinner, which they intended to prepare themselves. There was no time to lose, so preparations were soon under way. The table was set in the professor's living room, the so-called dining room being too small and not conforming to their ideas of propriety. Had the menu been printed, it would in all probability have read thus:
The young men made the best of it, however, while the famulus served each course with dignity, acting meanwhile as toastmaster. When they arrived at “Chips of Mental Sagacity” he called on each one to enrich the joyous occasion with a spark from his mental storehouse. After two had spoken, the one on Bohemian Life, the other on Flora Elmhurstiana, meaning Elmhurst Belles, he called on Frank Tzarbell, who, as a matter of course, spoke on “Art Philosophy”. Tzarbell rose, still holding the corncob between his snowy teeth, then, in his dry manner, began:

“Mr. Famulus, toastmaster and fellow students! You seem to see in me a philosopher; I wish this were true. But let me tell you, I scarcely know what our honorable toastmaster means by “Art Philosophy”. I presume, however, he heard that big word used by some one and now thinks he can impose it on me.

“But what is the world coming to, anyway? So many things are ‘studied’ to day of which no one would have dreamt years ago. In the ‘good old times’ one would study for the ministry, take a course in law or medicine, or prepare himself as a teacher—and that would end the possibilities; but today the wellnigh impossible—that which is most intricate, is ‘studied,’ and we may soon expect courses on ‘how to become a first-class famulus’.
"Here we see one using all his mental power for the exclusive study of how to build machines, like Joe Lieber, who tried—no, who actually claimed to have discovered perpetual motion. When I said to him, if that were true he might as well give me a million dollars now as later, he stared at me in confusion which convinced me that his mind was not well balanced, and sure enough later he died in an insane asylum. Another one studies dentistry, or the art of raising one up from one’s seat at the mercy of his prongs applied to one’s wisdom tooth just to show that other means are known to mankind today to raise people from their seats than Theodore Thomas’ Orchestra or a Republican National Convention. Sometimes dentistry is ‘studied’ because men want to go to Europe and treat potentates for big royal fees and then come back to good old America as rich men and—besmire His Royal Majesty. But it is a rule with the dentist to get your wisdom tooth in case you have one or two. I can say for myself with pride, I have none, in fact I have never had any, which is, if I am correctly informed, according to Darwin’s ‘Theory of Evolution’ a remarkable distinction and a notable sign of refinement.

“But—‘Art Philosophy’—my friends and fellow students, let me say to you, if I know anything about it, in these days of modern research, of which our school is a model par excellence, art philosophy has gained such tremendous range that no one is capable of controlling the entire field. The result is—a horde of specialists! We have those who study Raphael only. One is an ardent student of Duerer, another of Rembrandt, and a fourth focusses all his pointed inquisitiveness on an unnoticed sculptor, bringing him to renown and fame even two hundred years after his death. Indeed, I know that lately one of these art philosophers conceived the idea of putting all his energy into the study of hands and ears to be found in the
paintings of the great masters, and then he wrote a book as thick as Webster's Dictionary on his discoveries.

"I admit, I love to visit the art museum whenever I go to Chicago, but don't care to remain longer than an hour or so. I love to see the painting of the old man in the sealskin cap and with the carnation in his hand, for the longer I scrutinize such works of art the more life-like appears the figure of the old man. Then, I do admire the old witch with the screech-owl on her shoulder, because I almost split my sides laughing until a porter wants to know whether my equilibrium is out of whack. And I never forget to take a long look at the picture of three beautiful girls, whose dresses are a trifle short, but very, very attractive! Finally I must not forget to mention a man, a man—well he simply was a man like Adam and his glistening white body is pierced with arrows, and arrows still come through the air.

"Now you think I have lost the thread of my discourse on art philisophy. On the contrary, I imagine I have skillfully entertained you so far with preliminary remarks only, and I shall now enter into the very depths of my theme like the pastor at the last mission festival. Two pastors were to speak. The first speaker, who in later years occupied a chair in a certain theological seminary, began his discourse, and after he had spoken three quarters of an hour the pastor loci drew his watch and held it up so that the strongbearded man in the pulpit might understand the sign, but he spoke on. At last, after an hour and fifteen minutes had been—pardon me, Mr. Toastmaster—had been wasted, the man with his watch in his hand called—TIME! Afterwards, in the parsonage, the professor demanded an explanation as to the outrage that had been perpetrated on him. Then and there he claimed not to have finished his introduction. But I have finished mine.

"So now, may I——"
Somebody was coming up the stairs. Tzarbell was silent. The famulus ran to the door to take a peep, and there stood the professor who was supposed to be in Chicago. He had come back unexpectedly, like the proverbial cat, but as he was a good man, despite his odd name—Myerebb, he smiled and said:

“Well, boys, I hope you have had a good time. Is there anything left for me?”

“Nothing but sour grapes, sagacity chips and hot corn-cobs”, said Frank Tzarbell.

“All right, let’s have some.”

In the presence of the professor the jolly evening was continued and—the famulus had become dearer than ever to the professor.

Now since the name of the professor is known, there is something of singular interest which must not be overlooked.

Shortly after that innocent dinner with the stingy menu Professor Myerebb exhibited a spirit of animosity toward one John Manhurst. The cause for this was not discovered until the famulus intervened and sifted the matter to the bottom. It came about in this wise.

Professor Myerebb was the instructor in literature, and young Manhurst was one of his pupils. One day the professor entered the classroom and at once asked Ben Morehouse this question:

“Is there a passage in literature that you prefer, or, let me say, have you a so-called favorite poem?”

“I have”, answered Ben.

“I am anxious to know what it is. Can you quote a line of it?”

The boy rose awkwardly, yet read the following lines correctly:
“It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabell Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and to be loved by me.”

“Good; that shows most excellent taste to quote Edgar Allan Poe. Now, Manhurst, if you, too, have a favorite poem, let me hear a line or two.”

John Manhurst was afflicted somewhat like Moses, he was “not eloquent, slow of speech and tongue”. Encouraged, however, by the kind words the professor addressed to Ben Morehouse, he rose, stammered a little, but finally managed to speak without a quiver of the tongue:

When your heart in secret love is pining—
O, beware! Let no one dare to meddle!

The professor stood dumbfounded for a second, his face flushed and blanched in turn, but he refrained from speaking. The trouble was he was engaged to be married to the Inspector’s sister and, thinking the boy knew of this, he took it as an insult from Manhurst to refer to this sweet affair of his heart in such a covert manner. Thanks to the intervention of the famulus, Manhurst was reinstated as persona grata by the professor.—

If it were possible for the walls of the class rooms to shriek out, remarkable incidents would be heard to prove the fact that ignorance is bliss. Some of these are preserved. One day the instructor in Bible History demanded that John Schepp should relate the story of Isaac. The boy boldly began the story and, not conscious of innocently making a statement against the order of nature, he went on to say: “And Isaac gave birth to two sons, Jacob and Esau.”
On another occasion the professor said:
“Tell me, who built Noah’s Ark?”
The bright boy answered: “Isaac.”
In physics the professor explained elaborately that the old assumption of four elements was wrong and that we really know of sixty elements. In the next lesson in physics the professor gave a test to ascertain whether his lecture had fallen flat or not. William Folle wore an irredeemably torn coat. Looking him over, the professor said:
“William, how many elements are there?”
“Four.”
“Four? Why not five? Is not your old torn coat an element? If you have your coat on your body, may you not say: ‘I feel myself in my element?’”
Naturally this was applauded by the entire class with a great volley of laughter.
However, it was not only in the class room that funny incidents occurred. Young boys are up to pranks and escapades, especially at college. We would not consider them real boys were it otherwise. The fact that Elmhurst College is and always has been an institution with decided religious influence does not alter the inclination toward committing harmless pranks, nor do these stamp the boys irreligious or impious, though there were boys at school who considered themselves too pious to jump the track at times. Let not those who live in glass houses throw stones!
Here is a story to exemplify. It was Saturday and the housekeeper had been busy baking the inevitable Kuchen for Sunday. With the kitchen a roomy storehouse was combined where all good things to eat were safely kept. On the same day a barrel of New Orleans molasses had been hauled up from the station by Abraham, but had not as yet been stored away.
It was late and he had left it outside, directly under one of the windows of the storeroom. It was an easy matter for several boys to enter through one of the windows. When inside, they suddenly heard the door open, and the housekeeper with candle in hand entered. All scrambled for the window, but one boy in great haste and in pursuit of freedom jumped out of the wrong window and landed full-weight on the top of the molasses barrel, the cover of which gave way, and he sank softly to the bottom of it. Standing erect in the barrel, the weight of the boy pressed the sweet stuff out over the barrel, freely sweetening also mother earth. The splash and the scream brought the other pilferers to the spot. They forgot all about the cake, but had all the molasses and more than they looked for. As a matter of fact, the boys' punishment consisted of the payment of one barrel of New Orleans molasses!

Neither Roy Keller nor Frank Tzarbell were with the would-be raiders. Be it said to Roy's honor, he kept aloof from pranks of questionable nature, though he was no angel and occasionally enjoyed a lark. The two boys were thrown together more than ever and became fast friends. Therefore, when more room in the house was needed something happened that suited both Roy and Frank. Roy was more than pleased, for he saw his wish coming true regarding Frank Tzarbell.

On the same floor of the dormitory, at the north end of the building, there were two small rooms. One was the official lockup, and it is an established fact that in the past boys were locked up in it for bad behavior. Of course, such occurrences were rare, and it may be assumed with certainty the lockup is not known to Elmhurst students today.

However, it is not the lockup of which I wish to speak, but the small room next to it. Roy and Tzarbell were ordered to move their belongings to that room. Nothing could have
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pleased them better, for they had coveted the room for some time. Now it was to be their “little home” for the remainder of their stay at Elmhurst.—

One evening something happened in the dining room at the instigation of Roy and Tzarbell. The Superintendent had planned an innovation and was very explicit in his explanation to the pupils at breakfast and dinner. In order to avoid a general rush for the doors after meals, he had decreed that every table (there were five or six long tables) be numbered. The meal being ended, he would call the number of the table, then only those of that particular table were to leave the dining room in good order. The boys laughed and poked fun at the idea, as boys will do, but it did not end there. Presently they found a way to frustrate the Superintendent’s plan. All the boys of the first table were hurriedly summoned into the little frame house near the barn. In fact that was the “smoke house”, meaning the house where those over eighteen were allowed to smoke. Two small rooms were set apart for that purpose, and the room adjoining was “Abraham’s Apartment!”

Frank Tzarbell and Roy Keller explained just what they thought was the proper thing to do, just for fun! Their plan was adopted in a few minutes, and the conspirators left the “smoke house”, seemingly indifferent.

Supper over, the Superintendent announced: “First table arise!” And it did, for the students took hold of it, lifted it above their heads and held it there until the entire student body gave one yell of applause. That settled the innovation. It was never enforced.

We term those days the pioneer age of the Evangelical Church to which Elmhurst College meant so much, yet those were the days when young men at our colleges were being stirred to self-consciousness and began to throw off the shackles
of antiquated drudgery in body and soul. Great battles were fought, but the greatest battles and victories are not fought or won in the field with cannon and shell, but in studentlife, for in this sphere of peaceful strife young men equip themselves to combat with the brute force which lies latent in all of us. To attain to self-determination is a glorious goal worthy of the best.

It does not follow that our boys in those pioneer days were conscious of what it all meant or should mean to them, for they would not have been boys of a great and free country—though many had come from foreign shores—had they felt the inconsistency of some burdens laid upon them. The spirit of freedom, not licentiousness, had taken possession of them. That does not mean that such a spirit improperly fostered will not degenerate into recklessness even in a college like Elmhurst.

One of the many things that seemed almost unbearable to some of the boys was the restriction pertaining to so-called acquaintances with the other sex. No one was allowed to visit families in the village, not to mention young girls in particular, without the permission of the Inspector. It is, of course, of no avail to enter into a discussion as to the prudence of this rule; suffice it to say the men at the helm of the school deemed it wise and the best thing for the boys in those days. Whether or not too much freedom is allowed in this respect today is a debatable question. Be that as it may, then and there they felt the restriction an unworthy one, and the result was much trespassing of the rule. In fact it was more or less a dead letter.

Roy, for one, was ruffled in spirit every time he thought of that restriction. He did not, nor could he forget Mae Brenner. It seemed against human nature. Of course, he did not proclaim to the entire studentbody from the housetops "Mae Brenner is my sweetheart," nor did he hide the fact from his friends
as an unworthy committal, but when he felt a desire to see her he would promptly ask for permission to pay a visit to Mr. Carl Brenner and daughter. That again does not imply that he avoided seeing her in secret when opportunity made it possible. All this caused Roy some uneasiness. Others would sneak away to pay visits to girls, and no one ever knew a thing about it till the day came when again an Elmhurst girl was united in marriage to one of the former students.

Frank Tzarbell had no time, nor seemingly any sympathy for girls, but secretly he enjoyed Roy's affair with sweet Mae Brenner, for it was so honest, clean and ideal. Though the two were young, yet it seemed to him that in course of time a love affair would be the pleasantest thing imaginable. So far it was an ideal friendship—at least he could not detect anything deeper. Frank was well informed, even though Roy had not disclosed his secret to his best friend as yet.

Roy Keller and Frank Tzarbell were taking their usual stroll after supper to Bryan's Park. It was one of those ideal June days that charm the youth to whom the whole world is as open as the sky—one of those days that was now slipping into the folds of night after giving much sunshine and joy to an unsophisticated youth like Roy Keller. He was thrilled with unusual emotion as the sun gradually dropped below the horizon. After the experience of that day Roy's thoughts were an unintelligible jumble, as it were; all he could think was:

Azure heaven and sunny days
Pass away in molten gold,—
I can not in plain words say
All that I have to unfold.

Roy sang these lines in an undertone as they walked into the park.

"What was that? Where did you get it?"

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“Didn’t get it—it just came.”

“The idea of saying, ‘it just came’! Where did it come from, and how?”

“As the wind comes, and the flowers and goodness and love—who do I know?”

“Still it came—eh? What have you to unfold for which you find no words? Roy, you are keeping something from me.”

“Tis true, Frank.—I am happy—so happy that I am at a loss to find adequate words to express my feelings.”

“What is it all about? Is it just because you think so much of Mae Brenner?”

“I suppose that’s it, Frank.”

“Why, man, you are not in love with her?”

“I don’t know; if my feelings toward her stand for anything, then—I suppose I’ve been hit, but—maybe its simply some form of happiness.”

“Roy, I don’t believe there is such a thing as love. At any rate you are entirely too young, and so is Mae Brenner, to entertain such feelings as you have just mentioned.”

“Why should we be too young?”

“Because such feelings do not present themselves in a reliable manner until you have almost reached the thirtieth year, at least that’s what I have read.”

“Well, Frank, it does not matter much as to what you have read; I don’t know—as I said before, I don’t know what it is, but I do know that I like Mae Brenner. And what makes me especially happy is the fact that she seems to like me also. Surely you can understand that. The first time I saw you my heart went out to you, and I hoped you and I would be good friends some day. And so we are. Would you like to see your friendship shattered?”

“No, of course, not; but love is not friendship—”
“Beg pardon, I believe love is true friendship in its highest form,—it is an unconditional surrender of one to another, and each seems to find his or her ideal in the other person. It is—”

“So, there you are! Now you may tell Mae all about it. She will not mince words either, but she'll prove to you what love is. I wish you much luck.”

They were near Mr. Bryan's beautiful residence when a lady descended the flight of marble steps just as Frank made his sarcastic remarks. They met and Roy's embarrassment was evident, as he had not expected to see Mae Brenner here at this time of day—at dusk. She greeted the boys with a pleasant smile and a cheery word.

“Good evening! You two remind me of philosophers quarrelling over some profound question without finding the answer.”

“Miss Mae, you have guessed correctly as far as the question is concerned, but as to philosophers,—what say you, Roy?” Roy felt that he should say something, but he knew not what, so he stammered:

“I am sure I don't know, Frank; I—that is—we did not expect to meet you here, Miss Mae—”

“Now, Roy, you had better count me out,” said Frank.

“O, Mr. Tzarbell, why should you—”

“I beg pardon, Miss Mae; Roy, listen, I forgot to mention it. I want to go to John Most's to purchase some—some—yes, now I know—kippered herring. You see, Miss Mae, Roy and I are fast becoming bachelors, and every Monday, that is on washday—this is Monday, is it not?—well, on washdays we enjoy a meal of this peculiar species of pisces—that is the Latin word for fish, Miss Mae; and don't you know, Roy, you and I were so utterly absorbed in a discussion as to the founding of
Rome by Romulus that we forgot that kippered fish. I'll just rush down to John Most's, and if he is sober I know I'll get the proper fish,—but if under the influence of John Barleycorn, then—then I am almost positive I'll get two instead of one, so I'll just slip along. By the time you return to your room, Roy, the herring will be prepared and ready to be devoured, and I fancy you'll be hungry for it. Good-bye, Miss Mae, good-bye!"

"Well, did you ever see such a man! What is the matter with him? Is he afraid of me?", said Mae.

"O no, Frank Tzarbell is afraid of no one, but—well, now, you know that's his way of acting."

"Acting? Are we on the stage that he should act?"

"The whole world is a stage and we are but actors on it."

"O well, I know, but—was he telling the truth about that herring?"

They walked along the gravel path and turned into one of those winding soft paths covered with cones and needles from the fir-trees.

"O, Frank was blustering as usual, just to have something to say. Let us dismiss him from our minds and think of ourselves,—see, here is a neat little seat. Sit down, please."

"I should be on my way home. Father sent me to Mr. Bryan's on a business errand, and I had better—"

"But you can give me a wee bit of a half hour, can't you, Mae?"

"All right, a wee bit of a half hour, what ever that may be. I'll do that much."

"Do you know, Mae, in two weeks we will have our vacation and I'll have to go home."

"Are you not glad?"

"In a way, yes, but—"

Neither spoke. Night had come and where they sat it was
very dark. There was a new moon, but as the little silvery sickle hung in the sky it lacked the power to penetrate through the dense foliage of the pine-trees. A mere gleam of silvery light crept through to the place where they sat and occasionally lighted up Mae's beautiful face. They gave no heed to that, for they sat lost in thought. They realized they would have to part for months, and a strange feeling possessed them that neither could have explained. They were aware of a blissful attachment, one for another, but could not find words to express their feelings. At last Mae spoke in a soft, low and sweet tone:

"When is commencement day, Roy?"
"On the twenty-fourth; today is the tenth."
"And when do you leave?"
"Same day,—we all leave in the afternoon of commencement day, except those boys who will spend vacation here."
"Would you care to remain here?"
"Yes, Mae—if—I knew how to arrange it."
"Be sensible, Roy, don't get that idea in your head. You go home to your mother. Won't she be waiting for you?"
"Yes, she will be expecting me."
"Well then, you go home. You are coming back, are you not?"
"Surely."
"Think for a moment—what are three months?"
"A long time, Mae,—not to see—"
"Don't say it!" She bent over and laid her soft fingers on his mouth, saying: "I'll write you nice letters; how is that, Roy?"
"O, will you? I’ve been wanting to ask you, but somehow—I—I—was afraid you would say ‘No’.”
"You foolish boy; it will be a pleasure to write to you."
"Mae, real pleasure?"
"Yes, pleasure from my heart."
"Good, then I shall be satisfied."
Mae rose from her seat and confronted Roy. He was still sitting with his head in his hands. She looked down upon him and, for the first time, touched his darkbrown hair that she admired so much—just barely touched it with her soft hand, saying:
"Come, Roy, get up. I am going home now. It is too late for you to accompany me, so let’s walk on to the college together, then I shall continue on my way."
"No, please allow me to see you home."
"Now be sensible. Do as I say, won’t you, please?"
"All right."
They left the park in silence and ten minutes’ walk brought them to the college entrance.
"Good-bye, Roy. Good night. I hope to see you once more before you leave."
"I shall try to find the time to say good-bye to you and your father. Good night, Mae."
Quickly Mae skipped through the darkness, not once glancing back to the place where Roy stood looking after her until he could see her no longer. At home, in her own little room, she sat in her rockingchair at the open window for a long while, listening to the highpitched song of the frogs in the meadow, with occasional throaty tones of the bullfrog intermingling. The moon hung low over the cherry-orchard while her soft light crept sparingly through the tall poplars encircling the farm-
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house. The meadow to the east lay dreamy and confused, in a fantastic, whiteish fog. The night was silent but for the call of the whippoorwill for his mate.

Then, suddenly, Mae heard in the distance the light rumbling of a buggy. Presently two husky farmhands, driving a snowwhite horse and singing as they drove, passed the house. Mae knew who they were and loved to hear them sing, but she was able to catch the one stanza only:

The moon is waning steadily—
O thou, my flow'r in blue!
Thru clouds she shineth silvery.—
Roses in the vale,
Maiden fair and hale—
Forget me not!

Though these words came from sturdy farmlads, Mae interpreted them as coming from Roy, of whom she was thinking. She was not conscious, however, of the import of her thoughts, but of one thing she was certain and she did not hesitate to acknowledge it, she knew she liked Roy better, far better than the farmer boys who had just sung the ditty.

And Roy? It is useless to try to describe his feelings. He gave vent to them by reading the following poem over and over until at last it was his own. As he fell asleep he murmured:

O let me dream of you tonight
Till slumbers chain has bound me,
Let all the pelf of day depart
And bring the gnomes of night around me.
They'll tie me down in Morpheus' arms
And off I am on dreamland's highway,
Beyond the earth and her crude art
And all the care and frolic by-play.
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Then, Sable Goddess, cover me
With furs so soft and wings of tremor,
Ablaze with myriads of stars
In silence deep, night's mystic tenor.

So let me dream of you tonight
While I am bound by chains of slumber,
Until the sun will loosen them
With rays of light and without number.
CHAPTER V.

It may be difficult for the student of today to comprehend the daily trend of life at old Elmhurst College, without the social element and the opportunities of sport entering as actual factors in the mental and physical development of a student-body. Social activities were discouraged, in order to avoid a possible disturbance of college routine, and the boys were thus thrown upon their own resources for diversion.

In those days the Y. M. C. A. was not in existence, and there were no societies or clubs to provide the college youth with the necessary social environment. Athletics were unknown as an essential factor in the development of a student, who at least should possess a healthy body in order to foster a healthy soul. There were no base-ball teams, no brassbands, no glee-clubs and no tennis or basketball. In fact, whatever was sorely lacking in this direction then may be in excess today.

Be that as it may; let no one think that studentlife in those pioneer days was void of these essentials entirely. For whenever many young men live together and depend on their own resources they will find means and ways to apply safety valves for excess energy.

On special “free days” a base-ball game was quickly arranged, and a game with unskilled players on both sides afforded more fun and recreation than one arranged with an outside rival, though next day fingers were unfit to wield the pen.
One small organization is worthy of mention here. It was a double-quartet composed of the best singers of old Elmhurst. The leader was one of the students, Clarence A. White, who is today a distinguished musician and composer, and is an organist in one of Chicago's foremost churches. The little band of singers, including the writer, who is proud to remember that he was one of them, arranged many a concert, independently, and gained great favor with the college and with the villagers who flocked to these concerts in great numbers. It may not be amiss to recall a few incidents in connection with this double-quartet.

The leader—the man who wielded the baton—even as a young man was an ingenious and inventive musician, but very eccentric. He planned to serenade some of the villagers on New Year's night, and a march, imitating a brass band, was rehearsed with ardor; but when the evening came there lay eight to ten inches of snow on the ground, and the mercury stood at 20 below zero. Despite the weather conditions, the singers, with the Inspector's permission, started out. Walking was difficult, to say nothing of wanting to keep step. Upon reaching the road, the leader gave the command to halt, then said: "When I say 'forward march', then we'll start down the road, singing as we go. I shall try it out."

The attempt was a sad failure, yet the leader did not give up. He tried again and again, but the boys could not march, see the leader's baton and sing at the same time,—besides having their breath freeze to icicles on their nose. All this infuriated him to such an extent that he called a halt once more and addressed the willing band of singers in the following manner:

"I do not understand why you will not sing as I want you to, when you have done this before. I'll give you one more chance,—if we fail again, then—you may go—home and I am
no longer your leader, for you won’t be worthy of a leader. Now, please take heed: one,—two—one, two—sing!”

“Routch, routch, rappelde routch,—vidi, vidi, vidi, vun, bum—”

“Halt—! Can’t you hear? Halt!”

Just then the excitement and confusion reached its height. The leader used a cane that evening instead of the delicate baton. Simultaneously with the halt he brought it down with great force on his “Regensburger,” the partition, breaking the cane to splinters. At the same time he cried out: “I might as well try to lead a band of Fiji Islanders. You are enough to make a saint sweat in a temperature of 20 below zero. I have finished.”

He walked home in disgust, so did the singers. In the morning, however, he regretted his rashness, forgave the singers and remained their leader until he left college the following year.

On an other occasion he planned a surprise for the President General of the Evangelical Church, the Rev. Adolph Baltzer of St. Charles, Mo., who visited the college. C. A. White had appointed a committee of two to invite the president to lend his presence at a meeting to be held in the largest recitation room. The invitation was accepted, and a number of German folksongs were rendered. As the double quartet sang the words of Goethe’s Mignon; “Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn?”—this being the last number on the program—the tears came to the gentleman’s eyes. Then he made a neat little speech, saying that he felt very grateful to the singers and their able leader, especially for the privilege of hearing that song from “Mignon.” “For”, said he, “it is long since I heard it. It moved my heart like magic and instantly transported me back to the days in Berlin and Halle, where I was a student with
Bismark and other men now highly honored and recognized in the world of letters, science, art and politics. In a word, your rendition of that beautiful song has made me homesick for my Alma Mater. I would, therefore, plead with you to love your school as you would your own mother. We have placed it here for you, and I hope that the day may come when you also will get homesick for your Alma Mater. When the semester is absolved you will go home to your mother. You think of it every day, perhaps dream of it at night, because you love your mother so much. May a similar love and passion fill your hearts for this school, your college—your Alma Mater! I thank you."

There is still another incident that to overlook would be a sign of ingratitude toward two persons. The one is the dear Inspector of those days, Rev. Philip F. Meusch, and the other is the leader of the double quartet, C. A. White. Though the Inspector left this world forty-one years ago and Mr. C. A. White is still active in the world of music, should we not honor those who deserve it? We honor the dead that in life accomplished great and good things for mankind in general or in particular, as is the case with the highly esteemed Inspector. It is an easy matter, but often not a fair one to bedeck the caskets of some with choice flowers—when it is too late. Let us strew flowers and present bouquets to those still with us who richly deserve them through untiring faithfulness in their respective field of labor.

The Inspector’s fortieth birthday was the cause for a general celebration. On that day schoolwork, lectures and lessons were abandoned and a generally free and happy day was enjoyed by all. A special dinner was served, and it was a rare treat to sit down to roast chicken, mashed potatoes, green peas and such relishes as olives and celery, with coffee and cake as the last course. The Inspector and his family sat at the same
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table with the students, but the surprise of the day was a special song written and set to music for the occasion by C. A. White, and brilliantly rendered by the famous quartet.

During the last course C. A. White rose from his seat, slightly tapped his metal music stand with his baton and begged for silence. But he had to rap a second time before he gained the attention of the feasting audience. When at last silence prevailed he spoke as follows:

"I beg pardon for interrupting you in your endeavor to do justice to the good things before you, but the Teutonic Male Quartet has a musical treat in store, which I beg to be allowed to offer. I know I am voicing the sentiments of the entire student body when I congratulate our esteemed Inspector on his fortieth birthday, which we are privileged to celebrate in this home-like fashion. We wish him many returns of the day, and pledge ourselves to honor and to obey our superior as it behooves young men of our standing. However, to show the special esteem in which the man at the helm of this institution of learning is held I have, in accord with my faithful singers of the Teutonic Male Quartet, arranged a festal hymn. May the rendition of it be accepted as our personal form of gratitude to the Inspector of Elmhurst College. May he live long and prosper under the guidance of the Almighty."

No sooner had he spoken the last word than a rap brought the singers to their feet, and they sang as only jolly students can sing. The singing was not only a surprise, but a real musical treat and an honor to the composer and conductor. The Inspector was moved as never before, no endeavor on the part of the students to honor him thereafter could move him in the same way. He found it difficult to express even one word of thanks, for his heart was in his throat while he spoke. Ah, yes! It is real joy to honor him to whom honor is due.—
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On arrival at Elmhurst the student was almost forced to meet two men at the little frame station, around which grass and weeds grew ad libitum. The one was “Dick” and the other was “Abraham.” The men were known by their given names only. “Dick” was an Irishman and was proud of it. He was the station-man, the handyman. How he would scold and swear when those first days in September brought all the boys back to college. He rolled a cud of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other in excitement and anger because more work than usual was demanded of him. In order to renew his physical strength, he crossed the street more than once during the day to tip a “pony”, for he was fond of whisky and tobacco, and when under the influence of it was dangerous, but when sober he was a good old scout and enjoyed a chat with the “Dutch students”, as he preferred to call them. Despite such an endearing title, Dick was favored by Frank Tzarbell, Johnny Bretz and Roy Keller with occasional visits in order to pass away some long and cold Sunday afternoon. Dick was pleased to have the boys, who gathered around the kitchen stove behind which Dick sat. Near him was the big coal box in which he deposited the juicy fruits of the cud. He chewed incessantly.

Dick would relate, in Irish brogue, stories of his own people, which he enjoyed as well as the boys. One Sunday, after a good dinner and a pleasant nap, the boys assembled in the kitchen. Mrs. Burke was in a bad humor that day because Dick was too lazy to bring in the coal from the shed. The boys, overhearing the hot shots she fired at Dick on that account, took pity on Mrs. Burke and volunteered to bring in the coal.

“No, ye’ll do nothing of the sort. I’ll not have it. Me old lazy mon shall do it.”

“See here, Mrs. Burke, let the boys alone and I’ll tell ye a story that will brighten yur spirits, old lady.”
After the coal was in the box Dick began.

"Now fur the story. Mrs. Burke, ye're takin all the pennies and dimes and quarters ye kin lay hold on to the Priest. Let me tell ye what becomes of thim. This is a good one, boys, I hurd it meself when I waz a youngster in Jersey, indade, I did. I wuz at church in the mornin, and after the Priest had said somethin nice concernin the old mither-church he told the people he had a personal missage fur thim. Said he: 'People, I've been yur Priest goin on to twinty years and now the Bishop has given me a vacation for three months. I shall be goin to Europe. Of course, I'll see the Holy Father in Rome and will bring home a blissin from him for all of ye. I want to say good-bye to ye all.'

"Afterwards I stood outside the church and observed the people as they conversed with one another about the Priest goin to Europe. Near me stood two wimmin and the one said to the other: 'Begorra, and I wonder phwat's a takin of him to Europe.'

"And don't ye know phwat's a takin him to Europe?"

"Indade, I don't."

"Thin I'll tell ye, Mrs. Fitzpatrie, yur tin cints and my tin cints, that's phwat's takin' him to Europe."

They all laughed heartily, with the exception of Mrs. Burke, who became angry. Her spirits were brightened, but not in the way Dick had hoped, for now she sailed in and accused him of taking more dimes to Christ Bliewernicht and John Most than she ever dared take to the Priest.

"Ah, now, old woman, let me tell ye anither story,—the one about Tommy Joyce and Fritz Kugler,—and I'm shur ye will lose yur timper and be a laughin wi'us. Tommy Joyce and Fritz Kugler were sittin at the table and both wanted the whole of the fine smellin country sissage. They wuz quarallin..."
about it when the landlady said to thim; 'Here now, nothiu like that. I'll decide this quistion. Each wun of ye take wun ind of the sissage in the mouth, and when I say—riddy—thin the wun of ye thot kapes the sissage between the teeth while he ses he's riddy, will git the whole of it. Air ye willin? They said they wuz. Good, says she—riddy? Fritz opened his mouth wide and said 'Yaw'! But Tommy said 'Yis' and held on to the prize.'

That suited Mrs. Burke who said: "Indade, that sounds though ye's made it up for the sake of pridin yurself and humiliatin old Abraham of the college."

"Niver mind, Mrs. Burke, Abraham is all right. Tzarbell, anything new up at the college? Phwhat happened to Abraham's wagon the ither night? Any truth in the story I hurd?"

"Surely, all truth, if you heard the story correctly."

"Well, phwhat was it?"

"Simply this: We boys wanted to play a trick on him, so one night we went to the barn after Abraham had retired, pulled the big farm wagon into the open, took the whole thing apart and dragged the parts, piecemeal, on to the roof of the barn. There we had an awful job putting it together again, but, after several hours hard work, we were proud to see the wagon on top of the barn, with tongue pointing heavenward."

"Yis, and phwhat did Abraham think of it? Did he think the wagin flew up on the barn?"

"I don't know, he didn't commit himself. All I know is that we were ordered by the Inspector to take the wagon down in the same manner in which we had put it up, and we had to work in broad daylight with all the students jeering at us. That was our punishment."

"And Abraham had the laugh on ye boys. Ha, ha, ha!"
Boys, old Abraham niver wuz a grandfather, not even a father, but he's foxy."

"There he goes now," said Roy. "Come, let's go, when Abraham walks so fast we know its about suppertime."

The boys said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Burke, hurried out on the street and caught up with Abraham. Roy wanted to know whether he was in town visiting Lizzy Moeller? Sundays was his visiting day.

"No, no; I don't go to see her any more. She is too fine and polished for me. She is always thinking of Mr. John Peace-maker now, and doesn't care for me any more."

"By the way, Abraham, may we call on you tonight? You know, I have never been to see you."

"You, Roy Keller, Tzarbell and Johnny Bretz are just the boys I would be glad to have. Sometimes you are bad boys, but I like you just the same. Will you come?"

"With pleasure, we'll be there without fail. May we smoke?"

"Now, Tzarbell, you know the rule, let's not talk about it. I'll expect you at eight o'clock."

The boys could not understand why Abraham was so friendly toward them, for until now he seemed to dislike them. When it struck eight they were knocking at Abraham's door.

Abraham opened the door and welcomed them with a friendly smile. They were surprised at what they saw, for they had expected to find a dis-arranged, untidy and unclean room, because Abraham had never appeared really neat and clean except on Sunday. The odor of the stable hung around him somewhat after the fashion of the perfume about which Thomas Moore writes:

You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
Abraham was a good old scout, though a bachelor, and while at work was not at all presentable. This evening, however, he remained in his Sunday-clothes in honor of the boys, and because he was proud of his outfit. He boasted of the price he had paid for it, on Kinzie Street, in Chicago. The table was decorated with cherry and apple blossoms in an immense yellow vase. On the window sill stood another vase containing a big bunch of lilacs, but all the flowers were artificial. The boys seated themselves,—Roy on Abraham’s bed, which was covered with a spread in which all colors of the rainbow were mingled. This was the gift of a certain old maid in the village and he treasured it very highly. Bretz sat near the window on a big lumbering trunk which contained, besides Abraham’s belongings, old-fashioned photograph and autograph albums. It was difficult to say which he treasured the most, the pictures or the autographs. He possessed photographs of every professor and student who had been connected with the college from the beginning. He considered himself very fortunate in having the photographs of a number of women that had served or still were serving as maids. There were Mary, Sophie, Hannah, Elisabeth and others—he knew the life-history of each one. He coveted, with eagerness, the autograph of every one that ventured into his unique den, and was highly insulted when his request was not granted. This was one of his bachelor peculiarities.

Frank Tzarbell occupied the only rocking-chair in the room, while Abraham was satisfied with the shoe-blackening box which he drew from under the bed. After Abraham had expressed his joy at their coming he requested Bretz to allow him to open his trunk. As he stooped down he grabbed his wig—for he was a true baldhead—to assure himself that the artificial hair-dress would not fall into the trunk. Just as the boys
expected, he brought forth the photograph album and they were obliged to look over all the pictures and listen to the history of each individual. He lingered a while over one of the pictures, and then remarked:

"Here is a boy that was one of the first to matriculate at Elmhurst. He was a fine looking fellow, a dandy, as you can see at a glance, and a good musician. When he played the organ on Sundays, or rendered violin solos at a concert, he was much admired by the girls. He came from St. Louis and was poor, but it was his passion to appear here like a city swell and to "spin" on the boardwalks after the fashion of a dandy. In order to "spin", however,—as he called his promenading—he borrowed a hat from one, fine shoes with heavy silver buckles from another, a long coat and a pair of gray tight-fitting trousers from still another, and so on until he considered his outfit just as it should be. Then he went visiting—on the sly—of course, parading in other people's clothes. He courted Ida Remark, but—she gave him the grand bounce, and do you know that hurt him and vexed him so he married another girl when he left Elmhurst. He was no other than Henry Luscher,—you all have heard of him. Poor fellow, he had one big fault,—he loved a certain beverage better than his wife or the children of his school, and that caused his downfall. But he was a fine fellow."

When all the photographs had passed in review Abraham asked the boys for theirs. Tzarbell had his in readiness, in anticipation of the request, and Roy gave his promise to comply later, while Bretz ejaculated:

"Cons-lamity, dur-hamity, Abraham, I am ashamed to give you mine."

"Why? I want it. You are one of the finest fellows at Elmhurst today."
“Do you think so? I am sure that’s nice of you. All right, you shall have the picture.”

Abraham then requested the boys to put their “John Hancock” in his autograph album. That caused a commotion, for they had no idea what to write. Abraham demanded a little verse, or original line, something besides the name. Bretz made a mad rush for the door. His passion was tobacco, not the art of writing, much less writing a line in that ominous book, but Tzarbell caught his arm in time and said:

“No, you won’t! You stay here and write!”

“Lemme go, Tzar,—why, man, I’d rather drink a cup of nicotine like—like—Socrates, conslamity, than write in that book, for, who knows, Abraham may live as long as Abraham of the Bible, and then my children’s children will visit this place—of all places—and read my name in that autocratic, beg pardon, autograph book, under a line of poetry such as I happened to read in the Farmer’s Journel. The jingle sounded something like this:

Abe and Ann went down the lane
To feed the pigs with clabber;—
Ann, said Abe, I’ll be your swain—
But don’t you ever blabber!

“You write that, Abraham will not care; will you, Abraham?”

“Why no, that’s fine! I want each of you to write something like this, look! He put his finger on a page where one, Carl Oberlaender, had subscribed his name, above which appeared in a flashy scrawl,—

Days may come, and days may go—
Starry night and moon so bright;
Not a storm, or wind to blow,—
May such be your life’s delight.
“See, that’s worth while. I believe Carl told me this was one of Longfellow’s exquisite bits of verse, or was it our own Mr. Thomas Bryan—you know the man that owns the Park—that wrote these lines! Anyway, it’s beautiful, isn’t it? I seem to hear the spirits of night just like—last night. Wasn’t that a fine night? Tonight the moon is behind the clouds, and there may be a storm brewing, but oh,—that ‘starry night’—how wonderful, wonderful.”

This speech of praise even appeased the spirit of Johnny Bretz, who penned his lines of Ann and Abe, then gave vent to his feelings:

“There now, I’ve done it, conslamity, durhamity. Now let me stuff my Powhatan.”

Amid hearty laughter Roy and Tzarbell each wrote a fitting verse in the book to the satisfaction of Abraham, who again hid his treasure in the sacred trunk. The pipes were lighted and peace once more reigned in the cabin. After this Abraham treated the boys to some cake he had hurriedly secured from the housekeeper. A bottle of raspberry juice was opened and the contents mixed with water and sugar. When Abraham poured the sweet mixture into Roy’s glass he remarked: “Roy, some day you will be a preacher and marry, then your wife will wait on you better than I.”

“Look here, Abraham,” said Tzarbell, “how do you know that Roy will ever have a wife?”

“Ah, I know he will.”

“No you don’t, for Roy told me he would remain a bachelor, like you,” said Bretz.

“Not Roy, he is in love now. Maybe you think, boys, I don’t know,—good luck to you, Roy!”

“Listen, Abraham, Roy is not in love. We all know he
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likes Mae Brenner, but that is not here nor there. The fact is there is no such thing as being in love.”

“Hold on there, Tzarbell, yes there is. Do you know what happened to Henry Olaff?”

“No, Bretz, tell us what happened.”

“It occurred a few years ago. Perhaps that Olaff was from Iowa—Council Bluffs—accounts for his folly, but to make a long story short, he was enamored with Professor Goldway’s housemaid and met her secretly at night. One night he arranged to met her behind the wash house, but, of course, was spied on by Miss Nett. Suddenly the Inspector appeared on the scene, and called: “Is that you, Olaff?”

“Yes sir!” he answered boldly.

“Come to my room, I wish to speak to you.”

“There Olaff made a scene. He told some of the boys about it, and I have the story from them. The Inspector informed him that if he did not cease his clandestine meetings with the girl, he would be expelled. Olaff frankly told the Inspector that he would do nothing of the sort, for he loved the girl. He was promptly “shipped” (that was the word the boys used for being expelled), but, later on, married the girl. Tell me, was he in love or not? Conslamity, durhamity.”

While listening to this story, Roy’s heart beat faster, but he had no time for reflections, as they all rose to leave. Abraham, however, had something on his mind, and spoke as follows:

“What Bretz just told is true. I knew all about it at the time, and was much troubled because of a conversation between the Inspector and Professor Goldway which I overheard one morning as I drove them to the station where they boarded a train for Chicago. It was then that I heard the professor say:
"That incident with Olaff is phenomenal, or a phenomenon, or at least a word sounding much like that. Since that time I have wanted to know what he meant. Can you tell me, did he mean Olaff was crazy or what?"

"Phenomenon? You want to know what that word means?" asked Tzarbell.

"Yes, the professor said it so often. I once heard him use it in a sermon, and I thought then that he was using bad language, but when he made use of it in connection with Olaff's love affair I became frightened."

"Good, I'll tell you what it means. Here is an illustration: when your old black cow eats grass in the meadow, that's no phenomenon; when a thistle grows and blooms in your garden, that's no phenomenon; when a bluebird in your garden calls his mate early in the morning, that's no phenomenon; but when the black cow sits on the blooming thistle, eats grass and sings like a bluebird,—that's a phenomenon."

The laugh was on Abraham, and the boys hurriedly left the bachelor's abode, calling "Good-bye, good-bye Abraham!"

On their way to the dormitory they had to pass the music room, whence strange sounds issued. There was a boy at college from old Kentucky who loved to play the banjo and sing old negro melodies. Roy, who had often listened to him, stopped the boys, saying:

"Listen a minute. Do you hear that? I have never heard that before, listen!"

The young musician sang softly for fear some one might hear the words, but he liked the music, for there was a peculiar swing to it:
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Walk in, walk in, walk in I say—
Walk in the parlor and heah de banjo play,
Heah de banjo play, heah de banjo play,—
An watch de ole nigger how he plunks on the string.

God made Satan and Satan made sin,
God made a hole and put Satan in—
Satan got mad an swor he wouldn't stay,—
Walk in, walk in, walk in I say.

They all laughed, and hurried to their rooms. By this time Roy had forgotten what happened to Olaff.—

The fact cannot be stated too emphatically that the days of old Elmhurst differed in every respect from those to-day. The social relations existing between professor and student had a refining effect upon the student and acted as a stimulant in the monotony of daily routine. There was one professor who lacked the precious gift of imparting knowledge to the eager student, but possessed the happy faculty of making students feel at home in his family circle. As the school-term was nearing its close, there being only two days before commencement, the professor, whose name was von Luther, invited a number of boys to an evening affair. Among the invited guests were Roy Keller and Frank Tzarbell.

It was at this time that Roy and Tzarbell were preparing for final examinations. They had finished Cornelius Nepos and were reading Titus Livius, but with another professor who was not as socially inclined as Professor von Luther. They had just been reading the history of the second Punic War, and rejoiced at every victory that Hannibal won, hoping he would enter Rome as victor.

Those were glorious days, and Roy and Tzarbell had reason never to forget them, for it was at that period that both for
the first time in their lives experienced the effects of imbibing too much wine. In plain English, they became tipsy.

Tzarbell could not say definitely even in later years who was his first love—whether it was that beautiful pale-faced Pauline Schenk, whom no one seemed to notice but he; or whether it was Mamie Spiller, whom he often saw in her father’s drugstore, and for whose sake Frank desired to study pharmacy; or whether it was Margret Uphoff, who would laughingly run from him and dare him to catch her, and when he would succeed in doing so would reward his efforts with a sweet kiss? He was not able to state when or where for the first time that flame which we call love began to burn in his heart, but he knew positively when and where he became intoxicated the first time, and never did forget.

The days preceding the anticipated social function at Professor von Luther’s were exciting ones for the boys. In their little room and on their walks they spoke about the coming event, and their curiosity was aroused when they heard that Professor von Luther had invited outsiders—people not connected with the college. Roy was hoping that Mae Brenner and her father would be there. The question of dress was a momentous matter, as neither had fine clothes, but wished to appear in good style. Still another matter was under consideration, and that was the professor’s table, as they took it for granted that an excellent luncheon would be served.

The professor lived in the village on the other side of the railroad, and the boys thought the distance greater than ever that evening. When they arrived both were disappointed, for Frank Tzarbell had hoped to meet a famous Chicago musician, and Roy had secretly wished for Mae Brenner, but neither were there. Wine was served at dinner, and as the boys had never tasted any before they decided not to indulge. But the pro-
professor urged them to empty their glasses, and they complied. After a while Mrs. von Luther refilled the glasses—Roy and Frank exchanged glances—laughed and drank heartily. They had no idea what they were doing, nor were they able to foresee the consequences. As time passed the wine got in its work, and a strange feeling of hilarity took possession of them. The hour for departure had arrived, as they were supposed to be in at 10:00 p. m., and Roy and Tzarbell left the professor’s hospitable home with locked arms to maintain their balance. Tzarbell found his tongue saying: "I shall take you to college safely, rely on that," and Roy had enough wit left to answer: "No, I shall take you to the college. You only got ahead of me in saying it."

The boys staggered through the streets, which appeared so deserted; they were tempted to believe that condition had existed since the beginning of time. Several times they tried to sing, but the result was a dismal failure. They reached the railroad just as the fast night train raced through the village.

"Gee whiz", said Tzarbell, "I have never known that train to fly before. Did you notice it? One swish, like a firebug, and it was out of sight. I scarcely heard it. What was the matter with that train anyway, Roy?"

"Seems to me it wasn’t on wheels—"
"Was it, was it—really flying?"
"Dunno—seems—so."
"Say, Roy, are we going to college?"
"Did I not tell you—I would take you to your room?"
"Yes, but we live together don’t we?"
"That’s so,—well—I’ll take you first—then—you take—"
"Roy, see that light over there? Is that another train coming?"
"Maybe it’s the—moon."
“No I think it’s Venus, looks so charming and—misleading.”
“Aha, I’ve got it, It’s—will o’ the wisp!”
“You mean—Jack o’ lantern!”
“No I do not, I mean—say, where are we now? Is this a house?”

By this time they had reached the large flight of stone steps leading up to the main building of the college.

“Roy, this is indeed a house. Don’t worry about the stone steps, I shall not desert you.” Yet while Frank uttered these brave words he swayed from right to left holding tight to Roy’s arm. They started up together, but the next moment were crawling up on hands and feet. Halfway up Tzarbell felt the necessity of reassuring Roy saying: “Don’t worry, I shall not desert you.” Upon reaching the top Frank started down again in the same manner as he had gone up. After all, Roy saw that much, and he ejaculated, saying:

“What are you up to now? Where are you going?”
“Down,—back—we forgot to bring Bretz and—Dormann—and—the rest. Don’t you understand, I must not desert anyone.”

“That’s so, wait—I’m coming down too.”

Roy began to crawl down, but suddenly lost his hold and rolled down from step to step, rolling easily like a bundled up hickory log, without sound or clatter. Tzarbell was on his knees when Roy came rolling to his feet. Roy raised himself, and they looked at each other like two big overgrown babies; then at length Roy asked:

“Now where are we? My but it’s dark. Longhead would call this Hades.”

“No this is Elysium—”
"Since when do mortals role down steps into those fields of enchantment? I am positive Longhead would call this Hades."

"But I tell you it's Elysium. Can't you see that mystic light up yonder,—that is not a moon, nor Venus, nor a fast train—that's the celestial lamp of those elysiac fields to which the spirits of Socrates and Plato and Cicero took flight,—ah—Roy, let us remain here—"

"No, come up here!"

The boys stared up to where the voice seemed to have come from, and faintly observed the unsteadiness of a lamp in someone's hand. The voice seemed familiar to them. They realized that it had nothing in common with the inhabitants of the inferno. Again it sounded through the night.

"I say, Roy Keller and Frank Tzarbell, come up here. I know who you are."

It was the Inspector. This stern revelation sobered them to such an extent that they took hold of each other, and, raising themselves with difficulty, started up the steps arm in arm like two innocent sea voyagers. The Inspector smiled, which of course the boys did not see. Then he spoke.

"Is this the condition in which you present yourselves?"

"Dear Inspector, the fact is—we are here, are we not?" said Tzarbell.

"Yes, you are here, but in what state!"

"I think we came out of the fray without the loss of a limb. We are all here, are we not?"

"O, you are incorrigible! What shall I do with you?"

"Help us to bed. We are all right, dear Inspector."

And he marched them upstairs to bed. Nothing more was said. The next day Roy and Tzarbell were called to the Inspector's office. They trembled with fear, but the Inspector spoke kindly to them saying: "I am very sorry this has hap-
pened. I have spoken with Professor von Luther, and it will be all right. But let it never occur again, for it was a very disgraceful conduct. Let this be a lesson for both of you. Never disgrace yourselves again; will you promise?"

"We promise, for we feel very unhappy over the affair."

"Good, you may go."

To say that the boys were glad to get off so easily is putting it mildly, yet they understood. The only redeeming feature with the Inspector was the fact that they had gotten into trouble innocently, rather than deliberately. For many years the boys maintained silence on the subject, as they were ashamed of the incident.

The last day before commencement had arrived. Final examinations were over, and a general state of restlessness prevailed among the students. All the boys in Roy's class had been promoted, but Roy was especially happy over his promotion, as his first term had been strenuous, owing to the fact that he had been allowed to skip one. He pledged himself secretly to a greater and deeper love for Elmhurst, as he felt indebted to his Alma Mater.—

With the noon mail he received a letter which brought more joy to his heart. Robert Becker was the writer. He and Roy had kept up a friendly correspondence since Robert had informed him of his intention to enter Elmhurst College in September. To-day he wrote the following:

My dear Roy:—

I know I am not wrong when I congratulate you upon your promotion, as I am not as yet in receipt of a word from you to the contrary. Accept my sincere congratulation.

I am very anxious to see you at home soon. Since I concluded to take up my studies at Elmhurst, I have done my best
to equip myself to that purpose. You know, and no one else need know, that in past years I was negligent and indolent, but that is past, thank God. I have not only decided, but am fully determined to make good at Elmhurst if it is God’s will that I shall.

My mother is reconciled to my choice of vocation, and that means much to me. She is well; I regret not to be able to make such a report of myself. Since I had that severe cold last winter I am not as I should be. May you have a safe journey, is the wish of your friend,

Robert Becker.

“Well, what are you reading, Roy?”

“Say, Tzarbell, this is rich. You know I have been telling you of my friend Robert Becker. The letter is from him. He is a living exemplification of one showing sincerity in his determination to make good after living through years of reckless indolence. Do you care to read his letter?”

Frank read it with delight, then said: “Fine, he will be a splendid companion to us. This comes to me like a premonition. But do you not think the tone of his letter is a trifle sad?”

“Well—yes: I understand, however, he is still aware of his shortcomings, and probably a little ashamed. You know we can never overcome the sting of our follies altogether.”

“But it seems to me there is something besides that. One reads between the lines that he is not so sure of gaining his object. I find a veiled uncertainty which one detects easier in a letter than in conversation. Did you know that?”

“No, I’ve never thought of that. You may be right, but I hope you are wrong. I think you are wrong in this.”

While they were thus conversing the senior came up to them, and handed Roy a telegram. Roy started, for in all his days he had never received such an ominous missive. His next
thought was Robert Becker, and he connected the telegram with the conversation just ended concerning Robert. While he opened the envelope he glanced at Tzarbell, who seemed to have read Roy’s thoughts, for he said: “What, now, if something has happened to Robert?”

Both were wrong. The telegram read thus:

Philadelphia, Pa., June 23, 1877.

Roy Keller:—
Meet me in Chicago today at 2 p. m. Union Station.

Uncle Philip.

“Oh”, said Roy, “Isn’t that fine! I must get ready at once. Congratulate me Frank, or rather go with me. I’ll ask for permission for us both. Quick, hurry, say yes!”

“But, Roy, your uncle wants you, not me.”

“Nonsense, he will be pleased to have you too. We’ll stay until late to-night, and have a pleasant time with uncle Philip. I am off to secure permission.”

Roy’s request having been granted, one o’clock saw the boys on their way to Chicago, where the generous uncle gave the boys a royal treat.

In the meantime the final preparations for the annual commencement exercises were rapidly nearing completion. The so-called chapel was decorated with greens, flowers and national colors. The “Teutonic Male Quartet” was rehearsing, as Mr. C. A. White was determined to win new laurels with his excellent singers. He was disappointed when he heard that Roy and Tzarbell had gone to Chicago, but forgave them, saying: “Under the circumstances I should have gone to Chicago myself.”

The newly organized orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. John Merkel, the instructor of music, was to make its initial appearance this year, but was destined to be a failure. John
Merkel was not a musician, much less an instructor. It is difficult to say just what he was, or how he ever managed to get the position. Considering the times, the mistake of employing a man of his limited knowledge may be pardoned. But for many years music was given secondary consideration at Elmhurst to the detriment of the institution as well as the students. Those who recall the music rendered by that first orchestra no doubt wonder how it was possible for John Merkel to remain instructor of music so many years.

Despite Mr. Merkel's inefficiency, commencement exercises were held. The chapel had been equipped with a modest pipe-organ, which was considered quite an acquisition, but a genuine organist was lacking. No one had ever known John Merkel to preside at the organ except as accompanist in congregational singing of the grand and incomparable chorals of the Evangelical Church.

The Commencement exercises were scheduled to begin at two o'clock, and Roy had ample time prior to that hour to take his uncle and benefactor through the institution. Visitors at Elmhurst College in those days were few and far between. Men like Roy's Uncle Philip were not only welcome, but received courteous attention. Elmhurst College needed friends, men with clear vision and big hearts and full of ambition for the advancement of the school. And Elmhurst needs them today more than ever!

Roy's uncle, though not exactly wealthy, was a practical business man and a staunch Christian. During his brief stay he suggested to the Inspector a number of improvements. Above all, he emphasized the necessity for a new main building, and spoke eloquently on the subject. Besides, he was not a man of words only, but gave his word to donate a handsome sum if the Synod would go ahead. His encouraging words and pledge
proved an inspiration, and early the next Spring plans matured for the erection of a large main building.

Roy's uncle Philip was well pleased with his trip, generally speaking, but the dormitory and dining room interested him most. That does not mean that he overlooked anything of interest. "But," said he to Roy as they walked through the dormitory, "How do you manage to keep warm in your beds with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero?"

"O, we manage to keep our bodies warm, but our noses are in danger of being frostbitten at times."

"Yes, and how about your brains?"

"That reminds me. There was a man here last winter from Warsaw, Illinois, who wanted to sleep in the dormitory with the boys, just for the fun of it he said. It was a terrifically cold and stormy night, and the house shook and swayed to and fro like a ship at sea. At midnight the man got out of bed and began to look for something in his valise. The boy next to him woke up and wanted to know what he was doing. He replied: 'Why, do you think I am going to have my brains freeze to a lump of ice?' Thereupon he tied a silk handkerchief around his head, though he was not even bald. "See, I was not so far off the track, but tell me, do the boys always get to bed in time, or do they break the rule?"

"Well, Uncle Philip. I'll tell you just one little story, then you may judge for yourself, but I was not in this. It was on April the first—all fools' day—and some tricksters wanted to fool the Inspector. After bedtime the lads sneaked out, caught a big tomcat, fastened one end of a strong string to his tail, the other end to the Inspector's doorbell, and then started Sir Thomas towards the hedge on the east side, while they sat at the open window in the basement adjoining the hall. The doorbell rang and the Inspector opened the door, but found no one. As soon as he had returned to his study upstairs the
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boys threw stones at Thomas, who again gave the bell a terrific ring. A second time the door was opened by the Inspector, but on one was there. 'Humph!' said he, 'that is strange. Ah, I see a string!' He felt something tugging at the string, and walked to the hedge. 'Now I have found you, just come out of there!' But no one appeared. Then he pulled the string, and out came the howling, spitting scratching Tom. Though fully employed with Tom, he heard laughter emanating from the open window of the washroom. It was high time for the guilty to fly to their beds. The Inspector made the rounds of the bedrooms,—but everybody was sound asleep.”

"O, you naughty boys! I suppose, however, there was no harm done. There goes that cowbell again,—that's for dinner, is it not?"

"Yes, we had better go, for I'll have only a slender chance of dinner if I am not prompt. Come, uncle, hurry!"

After dinner Roy and his uncle sat under the big pine trees for a quiet smoke. As Uncle Philip knocked the ashes from his cigar he remarked: "I saw some boys stick bread in their pocket. Are they allowed to do that?"

"No, it is against the rule, but I suppose the faculty cannot enforce all the regulations. Let me tell you what four boys did for a period of about four months before the Superintendent discovered them. Breakfast consisted of coffee, fresh biscuits and New Orleans molasses, while at supper coffee, bread, butter and hash were served as a rule; seldom anything else. Now in order to have both butter and molasses at each meal, the boys secured two molasses cans, and filled them in the morning from the supply for the table. In order to perform this trick there had to be turns about and one of the boys had to be in the dinning room ahead of time, which was no easy matter. The cans were placed on a board under the table, which was put
there for that purpose. At the supper table each boy helped himself to an extra piece of butter, which he placed in a small glass vase with a lid to it and hid it in his pocket. The butter did not melt, because the weather was cold.

"The Superintendent observed that the boys were eating both butter and molasses, and came to their table in order to ascertain what was going on, but could find no clue. When he asked them where they got the butter they said: 'That's butter from John Most's, and so it was. When he asked them where they got the syrup they grinned and pretended not to understand. Finally in the spring, during housecleaning, when the tables were turned over, the syrup cans were found, and the trick was laid bare. The boys were placed in the lockup, where they had to live on bread and water for two days."—

"Served them right, for that was stealing,—bad boys. I see you are no angels here, and I admire the patience of the good Inspector."

"Uncle Philip, it is time for us to get ready for commencement exercises, which begin promptly at two o'clock."

This celebration was a very simple and modest affair in those days, yet it made a deep impression on Uncle Philip. The Inspector had charge of the program, which was opened with an organ solo—one of the boys presiding at the organ. The first number was a choral sung by the entire congregation, but led by the students. When Uncle Philip heard that mighty song peal forth from the throats of those happy students his heart leaped for joy and tears came to his eyes. Afterwards he said: "That singing was wonderful. Next year I'll be here again, just to hear you boys sing. I'll be here again." But it was decreed otherwise.

Scripture was read and a mighty prayer was sent up to the throne of God, voicing praise and thanksgiving for manifold
blessings and petitioning our Father in fervent supplication for His Spirit and the uplift and advancement of the college and church. Music was rendered by the previously mentioned orchestra, the entire student body and the "Teutonic Male Quartet." There were also instrumental and vocal solos and duets. The main feature, however, was the farewell address, which as a rule was delivered by a member of the board of directors. There were no baccalaureate sermons, no diplomas were given and no gowns were worn. It is true that one of the students delivered an address, to which scarcely any attention was paid, as it gave little evidence of erudition.

In spite of many drawbacks, commencement day was a great day, and no doubt the boys appreciated its significance as highly as does the student of to-day. It may, therefore, not be amiss to refer to it here in order to draw a comparison between those days and the present.

It was 4: p. m., the trunks were packed, and most of the students were to leave for Chicago. Roy’s uncle had suggested that they leave the following day, and this suited Roy exactly. He rejoiced secretly, for he still had something to do.

During commencement exercises Roy endeavored to ascertain whether or not Mae Brenner was in the audience. The fact that the house was crowded made it difficult for him to find her, and his only chance was just before his solo. Then he discovered her in the center of the auditorium, seated by her father. Their eyes met for a moment and Mae smiled sweetly. Evidently she was pleased at the thought of Roy’s singing, for he sang well. During the prelude Roy’s heart beat fast, and he lost control of himself for the moment. Even when he began to sing his voice trembled, and was not clear, but after two or three measures he regained his composure, and sang the following very acceptably.
Not all were precious jewels
Which in the glistening sand
I found, cast there by billows
In colors gay and bland.

The shells were often empty,
Bereft of costly stone,
Then I was disappointed
And wept, yea wept alone.

This passion for rare jewels
In waters deep and low,
And in life’s tossing ocean,
Threw me in bitter woe.

And when my ship was stranded
On cliffs and rocks above
I cast my anchor safely
Into the sea of love.

Here hope clung as my anchor
To rocks of faith so fast,—
And thus I found my jewel
In love’s deep sea at last.

The song of course was new to Mae, but— oh, how happy
was she! Roy tried to meet her, in order to have a word or
two with her, but could not get near her without attracting the
attention of people. This he wished to avoid, and thus failed
in his effort to see Mae. Presently the bell rang for supper,
but it was a sad meal for Roy. The dinning room was prac-
tically empty, with only one table at which the ten that re-
mained were seated. Roy knew that he would leave in the
morning, and he had no appetite, no desire, no wish but one,
and that was to see Mae Brenner.
Supper over, he resolved to do away with planning, and act. In this moment of anxiety he cared little where Uncle Philip might be. All he wanted now was to say good-bye to Mae Brenner, and thirty minutes later he appeared at the home of his sweetheart.

At the gate he was greeted by "Marck," the faithful. The big Danish mastiff's name was really "Bismarck," but, for short, he was called "Marck" or "Bis,"—it was immaterial to the dog. Marck knew Roy well, not because of his frequent visits, but as a friend of Mae's, and that was sufficient. Bismarck stood with his mighty head lifted high, and greeted Roy with a friendly wag of the tail. Roy petted his head and walked to the house, with the dog at his side.

No one so far had noticed Roy's approach, and there was no one on the front porch, as he had hoped there would be. Ascending the few steps leading to the porch he heard animated voices in the house, and—recognized at once—the voice of Uncle Philip. He hesitated with one foot on the lower step, his gaze riveted upon the open door; Mae saw him, and flew to the door, exclaiming: "Father, here he is! He has come! Roy is here!"

"Come in. We were speaking of you only a minute ago. Come in, don't stand there like a bronze statue. Are you surprised?"

"Surprised? That's not the word, Mae, I am dumbfounded. How did Uncle Philip get here?"

"When you know, maybe you will admit that wonders still happen."

Mae escorted the amazed youth into the cozy room where Uncle Philip and Mr. Carl Brenner sat conversing earnestly. Roy heard his uncle say: "To be sure, that was the year. I came to Philadelphia when I was a lad of fifteen. I remember
well the day you left the dear old village in Germany. You were two or three years my senior. And—my good man—is it not wonderful that we should meet here in Illinois some thirty odd years later?"

"Yes, it is; but, my dear friend, look who is here!"

Uncle Philip turned and beheld Roy and Mae standing in the center of the room. Mae, smiling her sweetest, remarked to Uncle Philip: "See, Roy came after you. He must have scented you here."

"Roy, my dear boy, were you troubled when I disappeared so suddenly?"

"I—I cannot say that I was. Surely, I am glad to see you here, but what occasioned your coming?"

The following explanation served to enlighten Roy. The Inspector had introduced Philip Keller to Carl Brenner and, in the course of conversation, it evolved that the two were reared in the same village in Germany. Mr. Brenner was so pleased with this revelation that he insisted upon Uncle Philip's acceptance of his hospitality for the short time that remained, in order that they might rehearse boyhood memories.

Mae and Roy sat on the porch, while the two friends still talked about the good old days in Germany. They forgot all about the couple on the porch. The young folks were happy, and yet a sweet sadness stole into their hearts in anticipation of the parting hour. Not a word revealed what was in the minds of both, yet they understood each other.—

The two men now came out on the porch and Uncle Philip said:

"Roy, our time is up. Come, lad, we must go. Mr. Brenner will drive us back to the college and tomorrow we will be on our way to your mother. Are you not glad, Roy?"

"Yes, uncle."
The little phaeton, with the balky white mare hitched to it, appeared and all left the porch,—Roy and Mae together, hand in hand. No one noticed this, and no one saw Roy slip a little note into Mae's hand as they neared the gate. Silently all shook hands, then good-byes were said and Roy passed out of Mae's sight. She flew to her room, and—how her heart did beat when she unfolded the little paper and read the following:

My love, can you conceive
How dear you are to me?
On my life's lonely plain
The only flower I see;
In earth and heaven above
The only shining star,
The cause of joy and tears—
My life and death you are.
LMHURST College was deserted. The buildings lay in deep silence and at night presented a gloomy aspect. The first few days the ten boys that remained during vacation felt very lonesome, but gradually grew accustomed to the sudden change that prevailed after closing exercises.

The boys remained, some because they had no relatives, and others because they were too poor to venture on extended trips. During the day they found employment, however, in the big vegetable garden and in the field. They had the evenings to themselves and enjoyed much freedom, for the house rules were only partially enforced. The days seemed long and dreary, even though the boys went fishing and swimming and roamed about in the country, visiting here and there when no work kept them indoors. Yet, life became monotonous. One evening one of the boys, Henry Bergman by name, suggested that they do something really worth while with their evenings. “But what can we do?” asked the others.

“Let me tell you,” said Henry Bergman. “I have thought the matter over and believe I have found the solution. For at least three evenings in the week I think we can do something worth while. If at any time any thing else presents itself, we shall take it up. I suggest that we meet Monday evenings to sing German Folksongs. I shall be glad to instruct and lead you as far as it is necessary and I am able to do so. Wednesday evenings we will arrange for some literary work, say, reading German classics and our own little compositions on any-
thing about which we wish to write. And on Friday evenings let us invite all the people on the place, including Abraham and the hired help in the household to unite with us out here on the big lawn and listen to "storytelling". I feel convinced that if we try to fill out these three evenings in this manner and in the right spirit they will not only be of great benefit to us, but will also add pleasure and enjoyment as well. What say you to my suggestions?"

Bergmann's suggestions were joyfully accepted and it was planned that they organize so that each one should know his duty. Those evenings were very profitably spent, especially Friday evenings. The first "storytelling" evening was not attended by all the members of the different households of the professors, but the second and third were a complete success, with no one missing, for all enjoyed "storytelling" evening.

These Friday evenings were not devoted to rehearsing common little jokes and funny, possibly questionable, stories. No; Henry Bergmann did not permit that kind of storytelling, but insisted upon narrations of real incidents in life. Should one in their midst be unable to relate an incident of general interest, he was charged to invent one, for the object of the meeting was not only to entertain, but to profit by practice in the art of storytelling. When the fourth Friday evening came around there were many villagers present, for they had heard of the enjoyable success of the previous ones. They were determined not to miss any more.

This very evening something unusual happened. The people were assembling on the lawn, while some few had brought chairs. As usual Henry Bergman had the affair in hand. He announced that the first story would be told by Fred Zumstein. It was a short, dear story of two children, brother and sister, who had gotten lost in the woods to which they had wandered.
without the knowledge of any one. When night came on they crawled into the hollow of a sycamore tree, but finally were found by their parents just when a terrific storm broke. Lighting struck a neighboring tree and it crashed down on the end of the hollow sycamore. The little boy came out to see what had happened, when he was seen by his parents, and both children were taken home in the rain.

Now John Schuler's turn had arrived, and every one was anxious to hear him, for he was a splendid story teller. But Bergman arose to announce: "Ladies and Gentlemen! I am very sorry, but this number on the program must be omitted. John Schuler was taken sick very suddenly and is too indisposed to tell his story. No doubt he had a good one. I am sorry, but there will be no more stories tonight."

"Mr. Bergman!" Someone called from the audience. "Will you permit a word from me?"

"Certainly, what is your wish?"

"A few weeks ago I was here and heard you tell the story of Valsca, the Gipsy Girl. I liked your way of telling stories and would, therefore, ask you to act as alternate for John Schuler, if you will. I know that in requesting this I am voicing the sentiment of the audience."

This was immediately seconded by many voices. But Henry Bergmann did not like the idea. He was taken by surprise and was not ready with a story.

"My good people, but you must consider—I am not—"

"Yes, you are! Story! Henry Bergmann, story!"

"Give me time to think—"

"All right, think!"

Silence reigned, and Henry Bergmann stood a few minutes looking up at the starry heaven while he pressed his hands together tightly. Then he said: "My father was a detective—"
“Good, a detective story, is that it?” cried someone, and others: “Go ahead, go ahead! That will be all right.”

“My father was a detective in the great City of Berlin, Germany. One evening he was invited to a dinner, at which the kind hostess asked him if a criminal had ever managed to escape from him?

“You overrate me, Madam,” said my father. “I must say, to my own chagrin, it has occurred often and the number that escaped is greater, I am sure, than those that I landed in prison.”

“That is not exactly what I mean. Have you ever been convinced of the guilt of a person and yet failed to bring that person to account? That’s really what I mean. For there may be cases where human sympathy is with the culprit.—”

“Sympathy must never be a part of a detective, for he knows only the law. And yet there are cases—“

“Here my father stopped, because a certain case sprang to his mind. But the fashionable gathering feared he would stop altogether, so they cried: ‘Tell the story! We want to hear the story!’

“Then my father continued. Yes, yes! I am about to begin, but permit me to collect my thoughts. How shall I begin? A certain Professor Brommel—of course, I take the liberty of changing names—reported a theft at police headquarters. I was charged with the case, which was not an everyday occurrence in the criminal world.

“One evening in the absence of the professor thieves had entered his dwelling, evidently by the use of a skeleton key. He was a bachelor and lived alone, although during the day a servant was employed in the house. The burglars had opened the writing table without force, since it was unlocked, and—this is the strange part—they did not take from it money or valuables,
but a manuscript which the professor had but recently finished. The manuscript, which the professor considered epochal, treated of the spheres of certain planets, for he was an astronomer. He was besides himself when he realized that he had lost a work of many months of very exacting labor, especially since he had destroyed most of his original copies, which could not be replaced.

"It was clear to me from the start that I was confronted with no ordinary crime. Either some one was bent upon playing a joke on the professor, or it was an act of perfidy perpetrated by some other professional man. For it is an established fact that professional men are sometimes thrown into fits of violent passion by their own vocations or hobbies, as the case may be—just like the common criminal who is after gold, or the rejected suitor who goes into fits of jealousy. Any passion may become a cause for some form of crime.

"I, therefore, determined to proceed on this theory. Despite the agitation in which I found the professor, he evidenced marked reticence regarding my questions. He maintained he suspected no one, that he knew of no enemy whom he could accuse of such an act of malice. Besides, no one had any knowledge of his finishing the manuscript. Only the evening before, in his joy at having completed the manuscript, he had mentioned it to some of his colleagues while at a dinner. But none of them followed the profession of astronomy, therefore none of them would have played the joke on him.

"The investigation on the premise evolved only one clue and that was a serious one. The dwelling of the professor evidently was opened with the original key, or with an exact duplicate. Since there was no duplicate according to the professor’s evidence, there was but one conclusion: during the dinner some one must have purloined the professor’s key from his over-
coat pocket before the diners dispersed. The professor, by the way, admitted he had the key in his overcoat pocket, which, of course, he had left in the cloakroom.

"I then went to the woman in charge of the cloakroom and found that only one person had left the dinner table, and that was Miss Ada Gilter, the rector’s daughter. Miss Gilter told the woman she had forgotten her gloves, which, of course, was a ruse, as the woman saw Miss Gilter with gloves on. She also admitted that Miss Gilter was alone in the cloakroom, while she went out to secure a cab for her. It was now an easy matter to find the cabdriver. The young lady was most careless, for she had ordered the cabdriver to drive directly in front of the professor’s house. After accomplishing her purpose she returned to join the diners. The whole thing had taken place so rapidly that no one noticed the absence of the rector’s daughter.

"The chain of evidence was thus closed. Some undefinable sentiment, however, prevented me from informing the police of the result of my investigation. I wished to speak to Miss Gilter first and, if possible, secure from her the reason for her actions. I found her at home alone. When I entered she stood at the window holding in her hand my card, which I had given the maid at the door. Slowly she turned to me, saying: ‘Have you come to arrest me?’

"Her words confirmed my suspicion, but also for a moment confused me. I then said: ‘I have come to find out why you—’

‘Why I stole the manuscript?’ She finished the sentence. ‘I beg of you not to hesitate. In your eyes my act is theft, but you shall know my reason. Professor Brommel is the thief. Several months ago I handed him a letter from my fiancé, thoughtlessly, and begged him to read it. In this letter my
fiancé made the first communication concerning a new professional treatise.'

'Your fiancé?'

'Yes, the late assistant to Professor Brommel, now at the conservatory at Landsitz. The object of the treatise was to secure for him a permanent position and a home for us. Professor Brommel stole the idea. Only yesterday he gave himself away. By chance I heard of it and secured the manuscript. I expected him to call me to account, for I left my card in place of the manuscript. Did he say anything about that?'

'May I ask, what is your intention now, what are you going to do?'

'I shall keep the manuscript till the treatise of my fiancé shows up. No power, not even the police, will force me to return it sooner.'

'I bowed, took my hat and silently left the room. That was the only time I assisted a criminal. But I have never regretted it.'"

All had listened attentively while Henry Bergmann spoke. When he had finished he announced that the program for that evening was at an end, but requested the audience to join in singing the second last stanza of Hyman 442 in the old Evangelical Hymnbook, with which every good Evangelical Christian is familiar and which, in English, would probably read like this:

Unfold Thy wings of love and grace,
O Jesus, whom my Lord I pride,
And gather in Thy erring child;
Let Satan's threats be lost in space,
Instead, let Angels sing divine:
This child shall be unharmed, 'tis mine!
Thus the evenings during vacation passed pleasantly and profitably for the few students that remained in Elmhurst. Were it possible to record how all the boys at home or elsewhere spent that precious time, in all probability it would make, partly at least, uninteresting reading,—but Elmhurst students had been taught whether at college or elsewhere to keep the honor of their Alma Mater foremost in mind. May it be said, the majority never lost sight of it.
ROY Keller and Uncle Philip arrived home in safety. And there was great happiness in the little home of the boy, who had much to say in praise and honor of his Alma Mater. This highly pleased his parents. And Uncle Philip went on to Philadelphia with the best wishes of Roy and his parents, for all felt indebted to him. Roy remained at his home most of the time and was always glad to welcome Robert Becker, who frequently came to visit him. Robert had changed to his advantage. He was now a splendid young man of nearly eighteen years, sedate and very polite in his manners. Roy's society was no longer obnoxious to him, rather a source of pleasure and assistance. Yet Roy observed something that gave him pain; Robert did not seem to be in robust health. Yet neither touched upon this delicate question. The boys were together sometimes for days, and every time they parted their friendship had been strengthened.

Of course, Roy paid his old pastor a visit. The venerable gentleman was overjoyed to see him. Laying his hand on Roy's head, as he was wont to do while his pupil, he said, "Roy, my boy, I hope to live long enough to lay my hands upon your head on the day of your ordination. May God grant me that!"

The most interesting feature of Roy's vacation was his correspondence with Mae Brenner. It amounted to nothing serious, for both were young and inexperienced, nor was it "fast and furious". There were only three or four letters exchanged, but—of course—they meant a world of happiness to both of them. It was such a sweet and novel thing to write and above all to receive those short missives of unique friendship.
For when Mae wrote the following it seemed to indicate nothing more than friendship:

"O, Roy, since you left I am just a little upset. I seem to do everything wrong. Father asks me, are you dreaming, Mae? I suppose it's because I think so much of you. The other evening I went through my little flower garden—you've seen it, do you remember? Well, next day I wanted to answer your letter and thought you would like it, if I sent you a rose. So I went out to see, and sure enough there was a bud that would be open in the morning. I went to bed and hoped to dream of the rosebud and of my letter to you, even of you. Why not? Honestly, I hoped to dream of you, but I didn't.—

"When I came to the rosebush in the morning, what do you think had happened to the budding rose? Father was biting it's stem between his teeth. He was up before me and saw the rose first. See, now you get nothing.

"Another thing happened. I think it was last Tuesday; I was ready to prepare tea for supper. Father won't drink coffee, because it makes him nervous so that he cannot sleep. Well, I got my teapot from the ledge and, do you know, first thing I knew I was in the barn stroking Bessie's brown shoulders, and was just about to start to milk her when August (the hired man) came and wanted to know what I was up to? Do you want white tea for supper today? I know my face reddened and I ran back to the house.

"And still another thing came to pass. Yesterday I was trying to get dinner for Father. I wanted to fry steak. At the same time I intended to burn waste paper that I had put next to the stove. I had the skillet in my hand ready to put over, when I first grabbed for the waste-paper. But I hurled the steak into the fire instead of the paper. Worst thing was I could not save the steak. But it made a bright fire. Now,
what do you think of me? I tell you these little things just for fun, don't you know? I don't understand myself why I should be so absent-minded. I wasn't that way before, it's only since you left.

By the way, I want to tell you,—do you remember the little poem you slipped into my hands when you said good-bye? I know you do; well, do you know what I did with it? I know you could never guess. I've got it in a little glass frame that just fitted, and now it's standing on my dresser. Do you know, Roy, I am proud of you. Good-bye. With best wishes,

Mae Brenner.

Roy's letters were just a trifle more serious, but in general written in the same style. It is obvious that neither Roy nor Mae really knew what was occurring within their hearts. They were not in a position to judge, nor did they try. It was impulse with them and ecstasy. The time had not arrived when Cupid aims with determination.

Roy had his photograph taken and, of course—in reality it was done for Mae's sake. He sent her the picture. He had none of her, had never seen one of her. When he asked her for one of her pictures she wrote in return: "I don't know about that. Roy, you had better be satisfied with what you remember of little me. I am afraid the photographer will make a mess of my eyes. You know they are light brown, but he will have them black, and I see nothing in a black eye, no expression, no goodness, no—ah well, I don't like them, that's all. So you please wait—maybe some other time."

In this innocent manner their few letters of friendship were exchanged, until vacation came to an end.

Time flew, and before Roy knew it he was once more getting ready to make the trip to Elmhurst. He and Robert traveled together. It was a pleasant trip for both. The nearer
they came to Chicago, the more did Roy wish to greet his Alma Mater. They arrived in Chicago and met many of the boys in the N. W. Station, all bound for Elmhurst. They were a jolly and happy crowd. Singing and shouting they at last alighted from their train at Elmhurst. Abraham was there as usual. He grinned broadly at sight of the happy boys and shook hands right and left, laughing and chatting with all. The boys helped him with the trunks, teasing him and cracking jokes over his wig, which seemed to cause him mortal fear, for when he stooped it refused to stick. Dick Burke, too, had a word to say when his end was in the proper position. He hailed the "Dutch Students", saying: "Are ye back, ye rascals? Gad, what would I give, if I were like yez, so young and tough. But, d'ye know, ye are the cause of me health and failin. Nevertheless, I am indade glad to greet all of ye." Dick was the same goodhearted Irishman, so everything else seemed the same, except to those who saw Elmhurst for the first time.

It seems there is nothing that grips the heart of a person, be it boy or girl, so peculiarly as homesickness. The unfortunate one imagines himself to be a victim of secret pain that has no other tendency than to dissolve into tears. It was not unusual to find a boy the next day after his arrival looking for some lonely spot where he might give vent to his feelings; generally the window of the dormitory facing north was selected as the most desirable place. There he would think of home and imagine he was actually lost to the world. The rain coming down incessantly made things rather worse. The boy could not endure the loud and jolly students coming up the stairs, nor their sitting on the beds telling all kinds of stories or keeping up a conversation that was obnoxious to him in the extreme. O, how could they? Had they no feelings? Could they not understand his deplorable state? A homesick boy is no boy.
When the boy has not the quality, the energy and willpower to fight the malady he will eventually appear in the Inspector's office, where he pitifully pleads to be permitted to return home. This occurs every year.

True, it is pathetic to suffer from homesickness, but in many cases it merely is the result of effeminacy. Boys trained in their homes with a view of equipping them to meet the realities in life rarely succumb to an attack of homesickness. There may be a few that have never experienced it when away from mother for the first time, but the right sort of a boy will fight it valiantly. When a boy gets an effeminate training at home, which in reality is no training, he is seldom, if ever, equipped to meet the disappointments successfully as they inevitably appear in new environments.

Very few boys that came to Elmhurst were wont to say: "O, everything is perfectly lovely." On the contrary, they would naturally find fault; but the real, staunch and sturdy boy would say: "I shall make the best of it." These were always in the majority, thank God; or from what source would our men spring? Those are the boys we need and want at Elmhurst College, and not delicate weaklings.

It is true, even the best of us will fall victims to this dread malady, homesickness, and will be affected for a day or two, but will shake it off as a strong, healthy man an attack of chills and fever. Or someone will suddenly appear with a remedy that does not seem to be a remedy. At Elmhurst there was a person who sympathized with the homesick boy, but was wise enough not to let the boy notice this, for to sympathize in endearing words and deeds—make matters worse. That person was Abraham. He himself did not know that he had the power to help the boy's sufferings, but acted instinctively.

Abraham, merely a hired man and without education,
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seemed to have an eye for such boys who were sick at heart. He would notice the boy in distress and would offer a remedy which varied with the case. He would say: "Get up on my wagon, I am driving to Addison. There is another big school there and many calves. I am going to bring one home, which our butcher, C. Thornburgh, will prepare for the table. Sunday you will have veal roast and mashed potatoes." The fact that another big school existed, and many calves, was an interesting catchword for the youngster, and he was anxious to see for himself in what relation the school stood to the calves. And by the time the calf was safely landed in the Elmhurst shed the boy had heard and seen so much on the way that he forgot all about his homesickness.

Or Abraham would spy another and say to him: "Come to my room tonight. Frank Tzarbell, Roy Keller and Johnny Bretz will also be there. Fine boys!" And when the boy would hear Tzarbell and Roy tell the latest stories it would work on him like a live wire. According to Tzarbell the following had occurred the previous night.

"I overheard the following conversation last night. Joseph Mann said to the senior: 'Say, you leave the window open in the basement tonight when you make the rounds and lock up.'

'All right. But why?'

'I am coming home late; you understand?'

'Yes, all right.'

'This was faithfully observed by the senior; however, several other boys also overheard the conversation. In due time they locked the window again and waited for the chap who was coming home late. When at last he appeared and found the window locked he called up to the bedroom windows above: 'Ho there, boys, open up, let me in!' They came to the window and wanted to know who he was 'Say, he must be a burglar',

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said one to the other so that Mr. Latecomer could hear. 'No, I am no burglar. I am one of you fellows.' 'O no, you may think we are slow. You are a burglar. You had better move on, or we will shoot!' Oh, have a heart, you know better. Let me in.' Just then three pitchers of water were swept from the window. Then a hilarious laugh was heard throughout the big bedroom, which finally brought the Inspector around to restore order."

Then Roy told the next story. "Some time ago a box of fine 'smoked' pork sausage arrived at the old music hall building, the sole owner of which was one Emil Ducker. The sausages were fresh and he decided to hang them out of the window on a stick to let them dry. After due plotting by two comrades who had a tremendous appetite for 'smoked' sausage, they decided to appropriate some of the sausages to satisfy their cravings. One went into the adjoining room with a ten-foot pole while the occupants of the other room were gone. He placed the pole behind three sausages at the outer end of the stick on which they hung for drying. Down below the window stood, 'watchfully waiting', the other bandit. One, two, three, ah—good catch! Then they indulged and according to the old adage found that 'stolen fruit tastes sweetest.' The owner, however, went about secretly smelling the breath of every student, hoping to discover the odor of 'smoked sausage' on one or the other. Finally, one day, two weeks latter, he smelled smoke on a fellow and said: 'Say, did you hook some of my pork sausage?' 'Why no, I bought some down at the butchershop.' However, he had to take Emil to his room to convince him. The evidence was fresh in a waste baket, 'Wursthaut' and 'Wurstzipfel', originating from a regular 'Wurstfabrik.' Will the two guilty fellows confess before long? That's the question."
And when Bretz again stuffed his Powhatan pipe with genuine “Bull” Durham and began in his drastic manner to elucidate on the sweet satisfaction of puffing the substance of the “Devils Weed” in smoke, closing his speech with a thundering laugh and his inevitable “Consolamity, Durhamity”, the boy whom Abraham had invited laughed too, and his home sickness had vanished like vapor.

For many these first days in new surroundings were momentous days, and as we think of them now they have much similarity with the first days of school for a child. The only difference is that here boys of fifteen to twenty years enter a preferred high school, whereas there it is a child taking that important step. It is generally assumed that only grownups know of the serious step in life. We forget, the child, even the college boy is unconscious of the bearing of these first days at Elmhurst, for they mean everything for the future life of the boy.

At the beginning of a new semester it was customary that one of the members of the Board spoke to the entire student-body on some topic pertaining to student life, or particularly on education, or elevation, or on the rules of the school, or—what not? There was one gentleman, who later was at the head of the Church, whom the students loved to hear, for he was a humorist and would be very comical sometimes. In one of his speeches he made the following remark: “Every school must have rules. It could not exist without them any more than the farmers in Iowa can leave their farms without fences. And our rules must be like those fences: horse-high, hog-tight, cattle-proof.”

But on one occasion he was very serious and delivered a speech which, on the whole, was something like this:

“It may not be amiss to assume that there is too much im-
portance attributed to our schools. Their importance is in many cases exaggerated. To illustrate: A lady was asked by her friend what caused her to be so very despondent and down-hearted. She exclaimed: 'Oh, the shame of it, the shame of it! I do not know whether I shall ever be able to endure it all! No longer can I look straight in the eyes of my fellowmen!' And what had happened? Nothing more than that her oldest son had failed in his examination and was not promoted. Let no one imagine this to be an exceptional case; on the contrary, many lament like this woman. People forget, or seem not to know that we learn the best and greatest lessons after we have left school. Men and women alike overestimate the school, and in doing this they underrate the importance and the value in the development of our boys. We find this overrating not only with the common class of people, but also with prominent educators and instructors in a manner that must, at least it should, impel real thinkers of the day to arrest the false impression they make on the youth in particular. They will have us believe and accept the supposition that "education" as it is promulgated in our schools and colleges is the salvation of mankind and the only source of happiness and peace of mind. It is emphasized again and again by instructors, public speakers and lecturers that all evils in public life will be overcome through education.

"Anyone with sound reason will gladly give due honor to the remarkable efforts today to impart education. At the same time the question arises like a huge stumbling block: what are the results? One only needs to point to the rude and unpolished, even ignorant, youth as he comes from our schools, to say nothing of the degenerated youth in the great centers of population, in order to give the lie to this statement. The claim that education will eventually obliterate all evil contra-
dicts itself by the fruits of our educational endeavors, for: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"The most important thing in well-training—we have no equivalent for the German word 'Erziehung', and its meaning seems to be an unknown factor in our schools—must be done in our homes. But where is the home, sweet home? We have houses, even mansions to live in, but seldom a home and hearth where at the round table or before the hearthstone the soul of the youth is educated by truly loving parents to honor and obey. The home is sacrificed, and the clubroom and outside amusements are substituted. The result of this is detrimental to the youth in particular and a tremendous injustice to the public in general.

"It remains an irrevocable truth that education without Christian religion for its basis, and an endeavor to cultivate the mind and not the heart and soul, is nothing more than building aircastles, and will leave the youth only a polished savage after all, not one recognizing himself as being made in the image of God. That must be the aim of all education. That we are far from this truth can be proven by everyday occurrences.

"Compassion, for instance, is a human virtue that should be universally practised by people living under direct Christian influence, but it is not wrong to say that this sublime virtue is universally neglected. Incidents from public life prove it. There are thousands at our disposal, but let us consider only one. There is no need for many words, the mere facts as they appear and are recorded in court proceedings will suffice. Here is one:

"An inquiry was held respecting the death of one Jacob Mills. He and his son were cobblers working day and night trying to earn their daily bread and pay for the room which they occupied, so as to keep the home together. On Tuesday
Mills got up from his bench and threw down the boot at which he was working, saying: 'Someone else must finish it, I can do no more.' There was no fire and he said: 'I would feel better, if I were warm.' Mrs. Mills, therefore, went out to try to sell a pair of mended boots, but only received the small sum of 25 cents for them. Her son sat up all night mending, but on Wednesday Mills died. A plain case of starvation.

"The Coroner said: 'It is strange, but why did you not go to the workhouse?'

"Witness: 'We wished to keep the comfort of the little home.'

"They wondered what the comfort might be, for they saw only a bit of straw in the corner and broken windows. But the witness began to cry and said they had a blanket and other little things. Five years before Mills had applied to a relief association. The officer gave him a loaf of bread, saying: 'If you come again, you will be chased.'

"Finally the Doctor said: 'The man died from exhaustion, —from want of food.' An autopsy revealed the fact that there was not a particle of fat in the body. The jury returned the verdict: That death had resulted from exhaustion, superinduced by lack of food, the common necessities of life and medical aid.

"Now then, is it not true that we neglect compassion? If it were otherwise, such a thing as related would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assasination permitted in its public streets. Christian? Alas, if we were but wholesome un-Christian it would be impossible. Imaginary Christianity leads us to commit crimes like these. We parade our faith like the Pharisee, distributing tracts for the benefit of uncultivated swearers and drunkards, and thereby feel convinced that we have complied with the third commandment. Instead
of building the church on the safe and sound rock of faith in Christ, without whom we can do nothing, it seems that a 'wonderful enthusiasm'—or a 'fine spirit of consecration'—or an 'unusual devotion of our people to the ideals of their church' is the essential requirement. When, in fact, it is but a meaningless, shallow superficiality. Is not this hypocrisy in the extreme? You might be more likely to get electricity out of incense smoke than true action or compassion from such defiled modernized religion. We had better give up the spirit of superficiality in one final expiration and look after Lazarus at our doorstep. Whenever men and women willingly join hands of compassion to help those in distress, there true religion will be manifested. Education alone will never bring this about.

"Therefore, let those who enter any school or college remember that superior training consists of something more than what the term 'education' as it is used today so superficially implies. These past fifty years Elmhurst College has stood for a sane, meaning a Christian, education, and it dare not change its position. For 'To know the love of Christ which passeth all knowledge' must ever be in the foreground.

"Hence, when a young man enters Elmhurst College let him be fully aware that he is taking a very serious and important step."

For another reason those first days at Elmhurst were interesting, for everything was so new and strange. The early rising, little time for dressing, the hurried breakfast, the making of one's own bed, devotional services morning and evening, in fact, the hours of the day arranged like clockwork, all this was a source of criticism with some, while others admired the system. Some of the newcomers, being familiar with Benjamin Franklin's wise saying, "Time is money", were impressed with
the stern fact that time did not merely fly, but when used with discretion spelt education.

It was not easy to understand and comply with the many regulations enforced. There were always some boys that strove to evade unpleasant duties, but eventually yielded when they understood the wisdom and justice of the rules. Again, things occurred that were not only new, but incomprehensible for one or the other boy.

For instance, what did a boy who had just come from the farm know of a fire engine appearing on the scene? That did happen to the amazement of a newcomer. It was customary to inaugurate a firedrill for reasons self-evident, a drill undoubtedly planned for the special benefit of the newcomers. The small fire engine, fire buckets and hose were in readiness, when suddenly the danger signal sounded through the corridors. In an instant every one was in his place. The drill ended satisfactorily and strictly in accordance with precept. One of the newcomers was merely an onlooker, and when the trouble and danger, as he saw it, was over he remarked to one standing near him: “Really now, I smelt a smothering fire all morning.”

As a matter of fact, hazing was unknown at Elmhurst, but the newcomers were subjected to some kind of humiliation, when a group of older boys thought they deserved it. This year there were a few boys that objected to others eating Limburger cheese. They detested the aroma of Limburger cheese to such an extent that they became conspicuous, since they would not permit a weaker brother to eat Limburger in the room even in their absence. One evening when the Limburger fiends were assembled in the basement of the music hall and ate Limburger sandwiches several of the intolerants came down to wash their feet. They immediately began: “Pooh, pooh! O, man, Limburger stinker!”
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Thereupon the Limburgers resolved to rub in a dose of it. They saved part of the rind until the next evening. Then they went to the bedroom of the intolerants and rubbed in a little on the inside seam of their pillow cases. When the victims retired for the night to lay their weary heads upon their pillows for a good night's rest, behold they imagined their feet needed washing again. They arose, descended to the basement armed with soap and brush and made a new attack on their feet. Still the odor remained in their nostrils. Then one said unto his neighbor: "Say, when did you wash your feet last?" After denouncing all the others in the bedroom for not washing their feet after a warm afternoon at playing ball, he poked his head under the cover. He thus got the full benefit of the cheese pillow. A light dawned upon him, when he said to a fellow sufferer: "It isn't feet at all, it's—Limburger! Some kind of a donkey-jawbone rubbed it on the pillow case!"

However, of all the harrowing things newcomers were subjected to, the worst was the entrance-examination; nothing was more dreaded than that. At that time Elmhurst was graced with a professor who, in his inimitable manner, knew how to ridicule ignorance, in which art, if such it may be termed, he even sometimes became cruel.

The professor had his class in Latin. He was explaining a fable when the Inspector stepped into the class room with a new pupil, a roundcheeked farmerboy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who was destined to increase his small store of knowledge. The examination began at once. The fable was put aside and the class had the unique pleasure of listening. He began in a fatherly tone, which the boys in the class had long ago learned to fear. He said: "Well, my boy, can you read?" A happy and victorious "Yes" was the answer. The boy's self-reliant air was bound to bring disaster. The boys in the class
knew this only too well from experience. The examination in reading proved that there was no reason for self-reliance, nor in the test in writing. Again the boy answered with a proud "Yes" when the professor questioned him as to arithmetic. He passed on 2 and 2, also on 4 and 3; 17 and 9 was solved after some deliberation. Then the boy admitted that he was able to work "examples."

Considering his class and the fable, the professor now demanded that the boy work the following "example."

"A ship is two-hundred feet long, and thirty-five feet broad, and has one main mast of sixty-five feet;—find the—Captain's name!"

The boy began to work and the professor took up the fable with his class again. After an hour the professor asked in a suave tone: "Well, my boy, how are you progressing with your 'example'? Have you solved it?"

"No, I can't get it", said he, almost in tears.

"I take no offence at that"; then, turning to the class, the professor said: "Had he told me that an hour ago, he would have exhibited common sense."

A few months passed, and the boy left Elmhurst and went back to the farm.

At college it is a common occurrence to attach nicknames to those that enter. As a rule the boys were dubbed soon after entrance, the names in many cases sticking to them throughout the course. There was one young fellow, George Maynard by name, who did honor to the adage: "I am from Missouri, show me." It may be safely stated that at the time the boy hardly knew of that saying, nor was it premeditation on his part, but for weeks he would ask questions, sometimes very foolish ones. One day he overheard a conversation concerning a newcomer, Paul Scheller by name. The question as to the
place from which he hailed was being discussed, for his appearance in rather fashionable clothes aroused curiosity. Finally one of them said: “Oh, what’s that to us? Maybe he hails from St. Blazers, for all we know.”

Next day George, still much concerned as to the point from which Scheller hailed, said to one of his comrades: “Say, tell me, does Scheller really come from St. Blazers? Where is that place?” After that George was dubbed “Quiz”.

Another goodhearted fellow, A. G. C. Albertz by name, also from Missouri, had another weakness which merited him the nickname “Buyer”. He was so much attracted by the many new things he saw that he almost developed a mania for wanting to buy many things for which he had not the money, for he was poor. But the name stuck to him for many years.—

It may seem paradoxical, but is true nevertheless, that even in those days boys came to Elmhurst who could barely speak German, to say nothing of knowing how to read and write it. The little they knew was so faulty that it was difficult to understand how they were admitted as pupils. But it must not be forgotten, the church needed young men for the ministry, and the hope prevailed that the boy would eventually make good. For this reason he was accepted.

As a matter of fact, such boys received special attention, privately from one of the professors in order to promote them in German. It is not surprising that the professor quite often shook his head when perusing or correcting small German compositions which occasionally were to give proof of advancement. Really amusing things came to light.

One of these boys was Carl Lenker. In all probability he was the weakest pupil in German, but for several weeks the professor had been drilling him privately and now ventured to try him on something more serious. So he said to him: “Now,
Carl, you are getting along fairly well, we’ll try a more difficult lesson. Suppose you come in tomorrow evening with your version of Goethe’s “Erlkönig.” Not in verse, of course, but in prose. You read the poem, here it is; take the book with you. Now write in your own words the story of the “Erlkönig.” Stick to the text as closely as possible.” And this is what Carl submitted the next day:

**Der Koenig Earl**

Einmal zu einer Zeit, da war ein Koenig. Es war sein Name Earl. Der ging mit sein Junges reiten im holz und in die nacht. Das war den Leuten schpassig. Denn sie hoerten das reiten und die Ferd schlug Hart auf mit Foten. Jemand sagt da: “Wer trottet so hinter die Zeit bei der nacht im Wind?” Da kam antwort: “Es ist der father mit sein lieb junges.” Er hielt es fast mit sein starkes arm, und als es warm was fragt der Father es:

“Mein junges, wie steckst du weg dein Gesicht es zu- gen?”

“Father, gug—bei die Saiten unser ist der Koenig Earl und schweift mit die Krone.”

“Mein Junges, Dummheiten Dinge, das ist nur ein Mist.”

Dann nekt der Earl.


“Mein Father, mein Father—und du bist “taub zu den woertern die Koenig Earl mir zu dem Ohre atmet.”

“Sei still, liebes junges, du hast fantasie. Nur ein wind wispert durch faule Blaetter.”

Dann noch einmal lockt der Earl.

“Willst gehn—dann—lieb infant, willst gehn dahin mit
ALMA MATER

mich? Meine Maedel sollen dich tenden mit schwestersorge weil sie bei nacht Banket halten und tanzen und schuetteln dich mit Sang zu schlaf.”

 “Mein Father, mein Father—und bist du jetzt blind? Kannst du nicht mehr sehn dem Koenig Earl seine maedel im dunklen fleck?”

 “Mein junges, bleibe ruhig, bleibe still, ich seh noch recht, es leuchtet die weinende weide ganz graulich.”

 Zur dritten zeit nekt der Earl.

 “Ich liebe dir ich bin bezaubert von dich und deine schoene, teures junges, bist du aber ohne willen, dann muss ich dich forsen.”

 “Mein Father, mein Father—der Earl greift mich fast an, er hat mich so leid getan!”

 Nun trottet der Father noch faster in grosse Angst und umfasst das schuettelnde junges in die Aerme und trottet in die Korthaus-Yard und hat fil arbeit und much, und das junge in seinen Aermen war ohne bewegung—tot!—

 The professor of ancient history was a very learned man, but a poor teacher. He would read page upon page of history, while the boys were sleeping, playing chess or domino or doing some other kind of mischief. It actually occurred that one day one boy of the class was so fast asleep that no one noticed it when he remained in the class room alone, with his head pillowed on the old-fashioned bench. When the next class assembled in that room the lad was still asleep. Then, as a jest, the entering class did not arouse him. The professor upon spying the sleeping lad wanted to know what had happened, and inquired as to his well-being. Thereupon, amid hearty laughter and an assurance that he was perfectly well, the boy was transferred to his class. The professor of history required that the boys write short compositions on an historical topic
once a month. One can almost imagine what a newcomer would write. The following is a fair illustration of papers that were handed the professor. This one the professor read to the class amid much merriment.

**The Peloponnesian War**

The peloponnesian war lasted from 430-400 B. C. which stands for By Ceasar. It is also called the thirty year war.

Pelopennesus is a peninsular—with water on three sides and connected with the rest of the world by the ismus of panama.

Once upon a time the people of athens let Mr. Deless Epps build a wall clean across the ismus. They wanted to stop the spartans—which was a tuff people—from lookin over when the Olim Pig plays was pulled off. for some reason or other these Spartans was fond of a certain black soup made from bones of Black Bass Fish. They was always eatin it.

Now, another thing—Deless Epps was a big grafter when he put up that big wall down there where ever that is and for that they forced him to swallow the potsend tin-cup. But when those tuff and ruff and ready people—the spartans, of course—found out that they couldn’t look over any more the whole thing turned out to be a ripping panama-skandal. And then they started the war with athens. And we know it was the peloponnesian war. First they licked the Athenians out of their boots at marathon which was the start of our marathon races but they came to the finish at last. Then they was ripped up in the great sea-encounter at—Leibzig. When they tried to cross the Rubicon they was whipped again by Gideon and his three hundred valiant soldiers. Afterwards he was betrayed by Attila and was killed by the Thermometers.

Also at that time Epaminondas was a inventor He invented
the so-called crooked battle line because everything went crooked like in our days. But really it should have been Frederick the Great who invented that, because he won the victory with that crooked business over the Austrians at Kuners Valley.

From that time the people from Athens was not able to do much, because the pest broke out to which their king Perikles was victim. After his death democracy was set up under a tanner, Mr. Kleon. Everything was set topsy-turvy because the republicans wanted a different President. So at last the Spartans took the City, but they put up thirty presidents instead of one. The town was rooted. Then Peace was made and the war was over.—

The farmer lads were not appalled by the rule for early rising, but the average student found it difficult to respond to the call at 5:30 a.m. The senior made the rounds at that hour to awaken the boys who were commanded to get up. Some were defiant, preferring to go without breakfast rather than forego that sweet, balmy sleep in the morning.

In the old music hall, on the south side, was a bedroom, occupied by probably twelve students who loved to doze a little after the senior’s second round. One boy occupied a bed which stood so that he could overlook the trail usually followed by the Inspector in his visits to the music hall to ascertain who was suffering with the "Morgenkrankheit." One morning the storm-doors of the college building had been thrown open (the Inspector was the one who always opened them on his way to the music hall) before the "watchman" gave the alarm. The students in nightshirts and shoes, carrying socks, trousers and shirts, ran down the three flights of stairs to the basement. The Inspector, standing at the bottom of the stairway, exclaimed: "Well, well; what’s your hurry?"—

Robert Becker was a handsome young fellow, and made a
splendid impression. He was very studious and not at all inclined to waste precious time. It did not anger him to see Roy one class ahead of him; on the contrary, he was proud of Roy's standing. There was something about Robert that only Roy seemed to understand. The other boys were at a loss to know what it was, but secretly acknowledged that Robert Becker was all right.

There is one thing Roy observed, however, that worried him. Robert did not seem well, and Roy said to him:

"Robert, you seem tired, are you not well?"

"O, I don't know. I have not been strong since I had that severe cold of which I told you. At times I feel very weak, and my heart seems to quit beating. But never mind, that's nothing. Besides, you see I am working hard—I want to make good."

"I know you will, but in order to succeed you must have good health. Maybe you had better consult—"

"Ah, don't say that! I am all right."

Roy said no more, for he realized that the subject was painful to Robert. But there were no better friends than the two boys. Roy often thought of the time when Robert looked down upon him in disdain. What a difference now! How did this great change come about? He marveled and ascribed it to the mysterious ways of God Almighty, and thereby was strengthened in his own heart for Robert's sake, and wished him well.

A few weeks of the new term had passed, and gradually the boys were becoming familiar with the daily routine at Elmhurst. Boys who had been strangers became intimate friends,—one could always see them together. So Robert Becker was taken into the circle formed by Roy, Frank Tzarbell and John Bretz.

The weather during the last days of September was excep-
tionally fine. The days were getting short and the boys hailed the cool evenings, which were free for recreation. The work during the day was strenuous and the hour after supper was the time for relaxation.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, the boys started on their accustomed walk through the park. The maple and elm trees were slowly being dismantled and the park was putting on the picturesque garb of autumn. As they entered a flock of blackbirds created an odd noise on the big lawn in front of Mr. Bryan's residence, then flew up and made straight for a cornfield near by. All the other birds of the park, with the exception of the bluejay, had departed for the south.

The boys on their way to the park were discussing incidents of the day. That which they considered most interesting was that Longhead, the queer duck, as the Superintendent was wont to call him, had created a sensation when, in an animated debate after class, he claimed that Plato and Socrates were equally as great as Jesus of Nazareth. By this time the boys had reached the flight of stone stairs leading to the entrance of Mr. Bryan's mansion, where they decided to rest a bit, as Mr. Thomas Bryan and family had started on a tour of the South. Roy and Robert were shocked at such a comparison. Frank Tzarbell listened quietly for some time, then endeavored to change the subject, for he saw an opportunity to lead the boys into an interesting and profitable discussion. In his plain and outspoken way, Bretz had just remarked:

"I'll tell you what I think Longhead is. He is a crank, conslamity."

"Do you think a Christian can be a crank also?" asked Roy of Bretz, who was unable to reply. Robert answered the question.

"It is difficult to comprehend how a man can be both,
for, as I understand it, a crank is one who is thoroughly imbued with one idea,—one who has a one-track mind."

"Well said," replied Tzarbell. "A man of that type is a monomaniac. I for one can see no such possibilities in Christianity—for—now all you think for a moment—do you not agree with me when I say Christianity is sanity? And when a man is a monomaniac he is not balanced, or,—as we say—there is a screw loose somewhere."

"That's fine. I can understand that all right. Tzarbell," said Bretz, "but haven't you ever heard of religious cranks?"

"Yes, I have heard people use that term, but I claim it is wrong. There may be ecclesiastical cranks of various shades and types, but the Christian religion has never produced a monomaniac, unless it be one already disposed to insanity who, in his unbalanced mental state, harps upon religion onesidedly, never in its true entity."

"But, Tzarbell, listen to me," interrupted Roy, "How about Christ and His apostles? Where they not men who dwelt upon one subject? And have they not been referred to as cranks?"

"I admit they have, but it is not true. I claim that Christianity is sanity. If it were not so, the reformation by Luther, for instance, would have been only another form of madness, but it is an established fact that it was a revival of religion,—a returning to the Divinity of the Lord of life and glory. Christ was essentially sane—one feels that. Can you read the Gospel and not feel that those who wrote it were sane? They were not rhapsodists, nor is the Gospel a rhapsody, but a simple, truthful record of facts which they wrote in straightforwardness. Nowhere do we read that they wonder at the wonderfulness of the things they write. They are free from ejaculation and emotion over miracles which fairly stupify the reason as we read them now. True, they marveled at some of Christ's
sayings, but that was because Christ set them to think that which they had never thought before."

"That's all very well and good, but Christ and Paul, especially the latter, were accused of madness."

"I know it, but not because of their actions, but because of what they proclaimed."

"I think Tzarbell is right," interposed Robert. "Christ and his apostles certainly proclaimed wonderful things that will amaze and stir even us today, but as laudable as enthusiasm may be at times, it must never be irrational, for that always hurts Christianity."

"To be sure. Extravagance is not wisdom, but just claims are sure to find hearers and followers. Excess will be ridiculed, eagerness must keep in its bounds, indifference is damaging and fanaticism spells destruction. Therefore, Christianity is in need of inspiring advocacy, but not of vain enthusiasm, nor of fanaticism—running riot."

"Good!" cried Robert, "Walk worthy of the vocation with which you are called, 'not as fools, but as wise, 'that the Gospel be not blamed!'"

"I am glad to hear that of you, Robert; the Christian should in all things be a pattern," said Roy, "but a fanatic is a pattern for no one—he is to be shunned. 'We have received the Spirit of love and power' and have been blessed with a 'sound mind.'"

"Now, see here," ejaculated Bretz. "I have listened to your discussion, but you have evaded the question: what is a crank?"

"Well, Johnny," said Tzarbell, "my purpose has been to have you understand that a Christian cannot be a crank, or vice versa.—"

"May I ask you this:—if Christ had lived in our time, would he not have been considered a crank?"
“Why, Bretz, how dare you? I call that an impertinence, and it is certainly untrue.”

“You are right, Roy, but why? The reason is that there was nothing monstrous about Christ. Do you not feel that he was very natural—I might say—‘balanced?’ That is really the fitting word when we stop to consider the marvelous power of co-ordination in Jesus. Can you point to any exaggeration in his speech or action? To speak of Christ as a crank is not only sacrilegious, but the direct consequence of wrong thinking and a disregard of facts.”

All were quiet for a while, then Bretz again spoke. “All right, Tzarbell, we’ll take your word for it. Since you deem it sacrilegious to entertain the thought that Christ might be called a crank, do you admit there are cranks in the world?”

“Of course, I do, but I do not mean by that that cranks are necessary. Every machine must have come kind of a crank, and it seems that no cause can get along without cranks. You may think it strange that there are so many, and may ask why they exist at all. I, for one, think that our loose thought and talk are—in part at least—responsible for the multitude of cranks that infest State and Church. I think you will readily admit that cranks are generally found where there is the most hypocrisy, whether in Church or State. Hypocrisy and superficiality are the hotbeds in which cranks are bred.”

Here Roy smiled, but before he could say anything Bretz, who was now unusually interested, spoke again. “Tzarbell, it seems to me as though you were making a special study of ‘crankism’. Now, didn’t I say that right? How about it, Tzarbell?”

“Not exactly—I think this is a question of common sense. The trouble is we do not allow our good common sense its
rights. We are afraid to think and then wish to draw logical conclusions, which is nonsense."

"Then you do not believe that the crank has a lasting influence on his contemporaries in any cause he may espouse?"

"That is my candid opinion. For a man is himself only when he controls all his powers, as a machine is sound only when every part acts in its designed place. Only he who is recognized as a 'balanced' man will be fitted to influence others permanently. This he will do through his sound and sane mind. In fact, I believe the crank is always a menace, for when a man loses his mental balance he loses power. You will grant me this: lopsidedness is not strength. So far as I know, no crank has ever achieved anything worth while. The crank sits in judgment over all who differ with him, and demands that his thoughts shall be their thoughts. This holds good for cranks of all kinds, political, ecclesiastical, or in any walk of life, but the ecclesiastical, or the so-called religious, crank is the worst and a special affliction."

"All right, Tzarbell, you have done well; we will forgive you this time, but I move that we go to our rooms now. Time's up!"

When Roy thus called off the discussion the boys rose from their seats and left the park. Bretz was walking with Robert, but could not keep quiet.

"Well, it's over. What do you think of Tzarbell, anyway, conslamente?"

"I think he is all right."

"But where does he get all the stuff?"

"He reads and above all—he thinks."

Roy and Tzarbell walked in silence for a little while, then Roy hummed a little song, the words of which he hardly cared to have Tzarbell understand, for they came to him as the boys
walked away from Mr. Thomas Bryan's front porch. Besides, they were extemporaneous. Tzarbell, however, was inquisitive, as usual, when he heard Roy sing in a very low tone.

"Are you singing a new song to that old tune?"
"Listen, and then tell me how you like it."

The whippoorwill is calling
In monotone his mate,
Then from the meadow softly
She echos him the—date.

Full soon the boys are sleeping
In Alma Mater's care,
While moon and stars are gleaming
Celestial and fair.

I hear from Elmhurst College
A hymn through night and space,
The swells my soul in rapture—
Before the throne of grace.

"Not so bad, but you have done better. I miss the 'connecting link' between the first and second stanza. You must have been in too big a hurry. But it will do to hum after listening to that discussion on—cranks. Ha, ha! Now, that it's over, I cannot blame you for opening a safety valve."

Soon the boys were all at work at their desks and the day came to a close as any other day.

On a beautiful day in October the boys were given a holiday, and each was at liberty to spend the day according to his fancy. Frank Tzarbell, Bretz and Robert begged Roy to accompany them, as they had planned to go nutting in a forest about five or six miles from Elmhurst where a cluster of pecan-
trees was yielding a big harvest of nuts, but Roy politely declined.

“What do you intend to do all day?” asked Bretz.

“O, never mind, I shall find something to do. When you return tonight the question will be, who has made the best of the day, you or I?”

“No question about that”, said Robert Becker. “We are going to take along a big basket of lunch, and I am to roast a chicken on a spit. Will that not induce you to come with us?”

“Something tells me I must not go.”

“Is that a premonition? O, you fatalist.”

“Besides”, put in Tzarbell, “we are going to make a little side-trip to a small river, which we will cross and then come home by another route. I have forgotten the name of the river, as it is an Indian name and, therefore, rather difficult to remember. Of course, it is only a very small stream, but it will be a treat in this monotonous country.”

Roy wished the boys luck in their nutting expedition and much pleasure. A little later he, too, left the college grounds and went to the little woods that he loved so well. Here he had built a comfortable seat between two trees, where he could write, read and meditate. He supplied himself with pencil and paper, in case he should feel inclined to write. Roy, who always carried with him something by his favorite poet—Edgar Allen Poe,—had a reputation in college as the best reader and was highly commended for his excellent rendition of Poe’s “Raven” and “The Bells.”

It was one of those rare autumnal days, when the sun beams upon the earth and the air refreshes and invigorates. After Roy had read a while he gave himself over to the charm of the season and allowed it to play upon his imaginative soul. Being stirred to music and rhyme through the expuisite lines
of Poe, he wondered why it was that poets and musicians find it comparatively easy to give color and tone so striking and appropriate to springtime, when nature is clad in raiments of flowers and warm sunshine, but not also to Autumn. He thought he had found only few that had that ability.

Giving the matter a second thought, however, it seems natural. We hail springtime with joy, but autumn casts shadows of grave thoughts into our souls. The rush and gush and overabundance of life is more sympathetic to us than sad sighs of departing life. We greet the newborn babe just entering the race of this world with happiness and exultation, but we weep tears of sorrow at the bedside of one who has run the race and is slowly passing into the next world.

It is a law of nature. Few only are capable of describing autumn in its mystic and solemn beauty, either in poetry, in music, or on canvass. Even the most gifted must admit his inability.

For a long time Roy sat meditating thus, and—suddenly his mind reverted to the Kentucky hills and the Ohio valleys. His remembrance of those bright October days at home was vivid. He recalled the lighting up of every nook and corner of the valley that stretched out before his modest home; the dew-covered meadow glistening as though studded with diamonds: the jet black swallows that flashed on their homeward journey like so many stilettos in the morning sun; the spiderwebs drawn from tree to tree, from grape-arbor to summer-house, and hanging over huge cabbage leaves and yellow sheaves of corn like silver threads.

Then in imagination he stood by the creek and watched its clear waters run slowly over pebbles and moss-covered stones beside the rickety rail fence, through which leaped the greenish lizard, hiding in the shadow of the moistened sumac and the
black thornbush. As far as he could see autumn had woven its wonderful threads of mystic power,—all demonstrating the one great truth: "The fashion of this world passeth away."

Imbued with a sense of gratitude, Roy sat marveling at the wonders round about him. He was indeed thankful that he was able to appreciate the wondrous things of God in nature. Nor did he forget to attribute the greater part of his gratitude to his Alma Mater. Though the ability to appreciate the beauties of nature is inborn, Roy realized that learning and knowledge help to refine one's taste. He, therefore, felt inspired to pay some tribute of honor and love to his Alma Mater. He vowed eternal love for his school and blessed the day when his uncle Philip appeared on the scene to lead his life into the proper channels. He commemorated this happy hour by dedicating the following verses to his Alma Mater.

Like Mount Aetna and its crater
When aflame, O, Alma Mater—
Thus my heart in love is burning
But for thee in loyal yearning.

Unto thee my life is given—
All my efforts sweet as heaven,
My pulsation—all my doing
Is one holy, happy wooing.

Thee I serve when dawn is breaking,
Think of thee with eyes still waking
By the lamplights late, and later—
Dream of thee, O, Alma Mater.

And the mist before my vision
Thou dispellest with precision.
Thou revealest sweet divining
Of my heart for thee yet pining.
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For thou art to me the dearest—
True as steel and full the nearest;
At thy lips I seek my pleasure—
Alma Mater—sweetest treasure!

Now Roy felt contented. He had done what others had done before him—given vent to his youthful fancy; wrought from his soul that which, for the moment, was to him all important. It seemed to him a happy thought to voice his sentiments regarding his Alma Mater. It came from the bottom of his heart and was something he had lived through in his soul. Had he known, however, the destiny of the lines he penned with so much fervor, in all probability, he would never have written them. As it was, he was satisfied and started back to the college.

Many of the boys had not as yet returned from their outings, but upon reaching his room Roy found Bretz, whom he was much surprised to see.

"Why have you returned so soon?"

"We had bad luck, conslamity! You know I spoke of the little bridge. Well, Tzarbell and I passed over it safely, but Robert's boots were wet and slippery, and somehow he slipped and fell into the water. The water was pretty cold, too, you might know not very deep. We quickly pulled him to shore, but he had a bad chill and now is in bed with a high fever."

Roy upon hearing such news hastily sought the sickroom. Robert was in bed, his lips were parched and his eyes glistened strangely, but he smiled as Roy entered.

"What on earth has happened?"

"Nothing much. I got a ducking, that's all."
"Yes, but you are very ill. You were not in a condition to get that kind of a bath. I wish that I had fallen into the river instead of you. It would never have hurt me, but you—Robert,—I am worried."

"Nonsense, please don’t mention it. I will be all right again tomorrow."—

Roy remained with Robert all night, and it was many a day before the patient was able to be up again, and then he was unfit for work. He was ailing and failing. It hurt Roy to see his friend so ill. Study and work, however, had to go on as usual.
AYS and weeks sped on. Winter had come with blustering snowstorms racing across the plains. The inhabitants of Elmhurst College were forced to indoor life. The paths leading to and from the different buildings were covered with snow, and the cleaning of the paths was practically the only outside recreation for the boys. Some hailed it with joy, as the exercise was invigorating, while others found it hard and a veritable boredom.

The old squeaking pump that stood between the two buildings not far from the kitchen entrance was the only means of supplying the house with water. It stood over a deep well and furnished plenty of water, but unfortunately was also the source of great annoyance, as it was frozen up most every morning and required tedious work to thaw it out again. Many fingers, noses and ears were frozen while in the process of doing it. The water used in the kitchen, laundry and the washroom which was built in the basement had to be carried there with buckets and tubs. This unpleasant job was assigned by the senior to certain boys alternately. The student of today has no conception what it meant, nor is he able to comprehend the hardship that had to be endured by giving undivided attention to the frozen pump so early in the morning.

Time dragged monotonously until Thanksgiving Day, which, as a rule, was the first to bring a welcome change from the daily trend of routine life. In the forenoon a Thanksgiving service was held in the chapel, in which due thanks were rendered God, the giver of all good and perfect things. The
dinner gave evidence of prevailing festive spirit, though tur-
key, cranberry sauce and mincepie were unknown gastronomical luxuries.

The afternoon was given to recreation of some sort. Foot-
ball was not known to the boys in those days. They would go visiting in the families of the villagers, providing they were able to secure the required permission from the Inspector. He had an eagle eye on some of them and would question them closely as to why they wanted to go. The question was rarely satisfactorily explained.

The evening was given over to a concert in which the best talents of the school participated and to which many of the vil-
lagers flocked. Patriotic speeches and recitations were del-
ivered with due fervor. In short, the day was made pleasant for one and all.

While the day was enjoyed so far as dinner and concert was concerned, there were always some that managed to gain special pleasure from other sources.

Tzarbell and Johnny Bretz planned a thanksgiving dinner of their own. They invited Roy to join them, but he declined, telling them he had another engagement.

"Come now! Conslamity, are you going to spoil our fun?"
"No; nor do I wish to spoil the afternoon for myself."
"But what are you up to?"
"Never mind, Johnny," said Tzarbell. "You can't blame Roy. I think I can guess where he is going, so let him go. Roy, we would like very much to have you, but—if you are so fortunate as to get something better than we can offer you, we'll not persist."

They went ahead with their arrangements, and when the day came Tzarbell, Bretz, Scheller, "Buyer", "Doc" Cherry, John Bergmann and others—about ten in all—had accom-
plished an extraordinary feat. Up in Roy's and Tzarbell's room the dinner was spread. They were obliged to manufacture two wooden four-legged props, on which ten-foot boards were laid; and the table, destined to be weighted down with many good things, was completed. Next thing they needed was a tablecloth. Bretz suggested something near at hand:

"Why not take a bedsheets?"
"Say, did you eat off of bedsheets at home?"
"I don't know what mother used on the table, but—"
"Don't say it. I'll get a tablecloth."
"You? and where, may I ask?"
"You may ask, for I am going to ask Miss Nett very politely for one."
"Ha, ha, ha! I see your finish."
"Finish? Here I go."

Well, he got it. Miss Nett was "awfully nice" to him. She even blushed to the roots of her reddish hair. And when Tzarbell left the room, with the snowwhite linen cloth glistening in his hand, he turned once more, saying: "Miss Nett, I am very, very much obliged to you. I shall save the wishbone of the turkey, and when I return with the cloth you and I will have a jolly tug at it. Be sure you have something to wish for." Miss Nett was shocked, but Tzarbell had the tablecloth.

The turkey was bought and paid for by the boys. John Most let them have it for 9½ cents per pound, because he was in an extra fine mood. Tzarbell took it to the housekeeper, explaining to her he wanted the turkey dressed, roasted and carved in perfect style.

"And what do you think I am? Am I your servant?"

"Now, please keep calm. Do you think we boys have forgotten your birthday? I do not say that we know your age, but we are sure you are not much over 21—and—and—do you
think we could forget that day when—well now, I'll tell you, we'll remember you royally—"

"Hush, you slick teaser, give me the bird and depart hence!"

"Good, fine! But when will the bird be ready?"

"In good time,—now go."

The turkey arrived on time and the boys saw it as the center attraction of the table. But Tzarbell needed more than that and therefore prevailed upon the other boys to get busy too. Each one was told to secure something good for the feast. At last the table was arranged and in perfect style. Bretz had even procured wine for the occasion. Upon showing it to Tzarbell, he praised the wine, saying:

"Do you know where I got it? No? I knew you would never guess. It's from the preacher."

"What? Did you go to Pastor Beaver? Are you—well, I almost committed myself! Do you know what will be said?"

"No, what?"

"His daughters will have it all over town that we secured wine for our dinner."

"Well, what of that? Conslamity!"

"Roy and I promised the Inspector never to let it happen again, and—all right, you may drink, I will not."

The boys seated themselves, the dinner was about to begin. It was 6:30 p. m., and there was no time to lose, since the concert was to begin at eight o'clock, Roy and Tzarbell being on the program. The boys fell to. Bretz filled the glasses, then suggested a toast, since Tzarbell refused to say a word. But he was anxious to first test the wine, because he imagined it looked—foggy—as he termed it. He put the glass to his lips, tasted, swallowed, then squinted over at Tzarbell and said: "Tzarbell, come here—just a minute—come here."
Fearing that something was wrong, Tzarbell quickly stepped to Bretz’s side. “Well, what’s the matter?”

“Taste it.”

“I told you I would not.”

“I know, conslamity, but just see whether it’s all right.”

“Very well, I will accommodate you.”

He carefully moistened his lips, made a wry face and exclaimed:

“Do you know what the preacher gave you?”

“No, what is it, conslamity?”

“Vinegar!”

“Great Caesar! What now, conslamity?”

“That’s what you get for snubbing Annie and Tillie two weeks ago.”

“I? How so? What did I do to them?”

“Don’t you remember the game of Dominoes? The pastor’s daughters had powdered their faces with something stronger than cornstarch, and you inquired as to the peculiar odor. Then you were so rude as to ask them whether or not they had ‘Batchuli’ on their faces? When they asked what that was you said: That’s what Professor Kaufmann calls the extremely cheap stuff with which vain girls powder their noses.”

“Gad, did I say that? Conslamity, durhamity!”

“Yes, and now they are rejoicing over the fact that they have tricked you. Take the stuff away and let the dinner go on. No one need know.”

Bretz was not the kind to allow a little incident like that to interfere with his appetite, and that night he had a horrid dream. He felt as though he were being carried by some unknown, unseen power through space to the end of the world, as it were, and presently found himself perched on top of a
swaying tower, like unto the tower of Pisa. Swaying to and fro, he observed a grim, ominous looking bird that seemed to rise from the depths of a fathomless abyss. The fowl, bereft of feathers, save those of his pinions and sweeping tail, made straight for the abdomen of his intended victim. The tower, with its uncertain, pendulous motion, added to his distress, and he endeavored to cry out—"Get back into the tempest, bird or beast, take thy beak from my stomach," but failed, for the ghastly thing had vanished like vapor. But, alas, a new horror appeared,—out of the pit of infamy there arose an angel of revenge, laughing like a hyena and clasping a steaming jug to his bosom. The monster blew the sour foam straight into the nostrils of the figure on the tower, producing a sensation of strangulation. With superhuman exertion, Bretz managed to give vent to his feelings in his usual "conslamity, durhamity." The monster poured the contents of the steaming jug over his face and, slipping a bag of cornstarch from the folds of his fluttering mantel, pasted up the eyes, ears, mouth and nose of his victim and then rolled him into the bottomless pit.

At that moment Bretz awoke, to find his lower extremities on the bed, and his head and torso on the floor. Slowly raising his weary head, he sighed: "Conslamity, durhamity."

While Tzarbell, Bretz and the other boys were busy that afternoon preparing the famous Thanksgiving dinner, Roy Keller busied himself with a matter infinitely sweeter than the most tempting dinner. He had planned to visit Mae Brenner that day. He had seen her only once since the opening of the school in September, and his longing for her was getting the best of him. He was in doubt, however, about securing permission, as the Inspector had appraised him coldly when he asked for permission the last time. The Inspector fairly took his breath away, when he said:
"Roy, what is the attraction? Is it the daughter of Mr. Brenner? Or is it Bismarck, the big Dane?"

"Well, yes; I like to visit at Miss Mae's."

"But don't you understand, Roy, girls are giddy and imagine you boys want to marry them?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Good,—I would advise you not to think of it. But you may go. My best wishes to Mr. Brenner."

"Oh!"—sighed Roy as he stepped into the hall. His heart leaped for joy and he was unable to think clearly for a moment,—then he flew up the steps. In less time than it can be related he was on his way over the hard frozen country road to the home of Mae Brenner. Dismissing all thoughts of the boys and their dinner, he braved the cutting northwest wind, scarcely heeding it, and gave but a passing glance at the lads and lassies skating on the thin ice in the meadow. At a distance he observed with a keen sense of joy the blue smoke curling skyward from the chimney on the eastside of the house in which lived the one upon whom all his thoughts were concentrated.

Bismarck scented Roy, rose from the doormat, gave a sonorous bark of greeting and then ran to the gate. There was no necessity for knocking, as Mae knew that Roy was near when she heard the dog bark, and hurried to open the door.

Mr. Brenner came in from the barn, greeted Roy, and inquired how it was that he obtained permission to leave the college, as there was to be a concert that night.

"O, the Inspector just let me go."

"Yes, but how about the last rehearsal? Is your presence not required?"

"No, sir, as I am to sing a solo. C. A. White is my accompanist, and we have rehearsed our part."
"You will stay for supper, will you not?" said Mae.

"If I can get back in time, I shall be pleased to accept your invitation."

The three conversed for a while, when Mr. Brenner rose, saying he had to see his neighbor on some business. After her father’s departure Mae seemed rather uneasy, Roy noticed it and said:

“What is worrying you, Mae?”

"Why, how do you know something is amiss?"

"I can’t tell you just how I know, but I can see that you are worried about something. Am I right?"

"Yes, and I might as well tell you. Father is going to quit farming."

“What do you mean?"

"He is going to sell out and leave this part of the country. I don’t like to think about it."

"When will that be?"

"In the spring. I think our neighbor will buy the farm. Father has gone to him now."

Roy remained silent for some time. Mae rose and stirred the fire and replenished it with a large block of hickory wood. Then gazing into the fire, upon the open hearth, she spoke more to herself than to Roy, "I do not like the idea of having to leave my home. We do not know as yet where we will locate, but father is speaking of going to Des Moines, Iowa, where he has a brother. He wants to spend the remainder of his life in a town. And I—I—" Mae sat down and sighed.

"Yes", said Roy,—"and I, too, am sorry. When will you go, will I ever see you again?"

"That’s just it. Will we ever see each other again?"
Tears filled her beautiful eyes, and Roy, realizing for the first time that Mae was very much attached to him, experienced a strange, feeling heretofore unknown to him. He subdued it at once and spoke encouragingly to Mae, saying that the world was round after all and at that very small. He told her she should not worry, because they would not be separated, if God so willed it. Finally Mae became consoled, and they voiced their sentiments in an open and free manner, though they were not as yet declared lovers. Both were conscious, however, of a secret and happy attachment that bound them together with an irresistible power.

As the afternoon was drawing to a close Mr. Brenner returned and shortly afterward they sat down to supper. Roy departed soon after supper. He was in a strange mood, sad and yet happy. When he thought of having to sing in public that night he was annoyed. He would have preferred sitting alone, all alone in a darkened room. And Mae—while preparing to attend the concert with her father,—secretly wept a tear, and she did not know whether it was happiness or sadness that moved her. Her womanly soul was deeply stirred, she experienced a sweet emotion entirely new to her. She sighed and said as though to herself: "Why go to the concert? Would that I might stay at home and think."

Mae did go with her father, however, and sat like one in a dream while Roy sang,—

My song is but a cry of grief,
As cries the hart from pangs of thirst
And vainly panteth for relief;
Then I would cry, O, lead me, Lord,
To waters fresh, I pray.

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However, Thy redeeming love,
Thy spirit of forgiveness, Lord,
Must come to me from Thee above
Before my song will ever be
More than a trumpet's bray.

Then I would sing with angels' tongue
A psalm of praise triumphantly,
I'd rival with Thy Heavenly throng
To sound the keynote of Thy grace,—
Thus I would sing today.—

"From Thanksgiving to Christmas it is only a hop, step
and a jump", said Frank Tzarbell one evening as the boys were
talking about going home during vacation. Sweet anticipations
of Christmas at home were quelled with many when they
thought of examinations. Oh, what a burden! They sighed,
they worried and began to study hard to make up for lost time,
but the impossible could not be accomplished.

As a rule, the boy who postpones his work until the last
moment is never to be relied upon. He lacks determination to
do a thing when it should be done. He will always belong to
those who come late. Many years ago the writer stood in the
Union Depot at Columbus, Ohio, waiting for train connection.
While there, a man came running as fast as possible trying to
"catch the train". But he missed it. A railroad man who had
observed the incident turned to me and said: "It occurs every
day. I believe there are people that would arrive late, if they
wanted to catch a train to heaven."

Promptness, regularity, thoroughness and precision are a
few of the virtues that will go far in bringing success to a stu-
dent. But there will always be the latecomer. The following
will serve to illustrate to what such negligence will lead.
It was the night before examinations. A conscientious famulus was on the job that week to wake the boys promptly at 5:30 a. m. The serious chaps warned him thus: "If you don't wake us on time, there will be trouble. We must 'ox' for examinations in the morning."

Some of those that sleep o' nights said to themselves: "All right, we will see to it that you are awakened on time." Sure enough; they set the famulus' alarm clock for 3: a. m. Conscientiously the famulus arose when the alarm rang and made the rounds: "Rise—rise! Examinations today! Rise—rise!"

The conscientious chaps got up, rubbed their eyes, washed and dressed, but did not feel refreshed. As they settled themselves at their desks they discovered that it was just fifteen minutes past three o'clock. About fifteen of them went to Mr. Famulus' abode, saying: "What's the matter with you? It's only 3:15 a. m." Sure enough; his alarm clock was exactly two hours and thirty minutes fast. After each one had expressed his opinion of a mutt who should have been wise to a trick played by some one who was still sleeping, some of them went to their rooms to "concentrate" as best they could, while others returned to their beds.

Two days before the Christmas vacation Roy received a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Philip. Roy had intended to remain at college, but the telegram, of course, changed his plans. He was shocked to hear the sad news, for his Uncle Philip meant much to him, not only on account of financial backing, but because his Uncle had proved himself a real friend, and Roy loved him for that. Roy left the same day and reached Philadelphia a few hours before the funeral.

Roy went from Philadelphia to his home. His heart was heavy, for his best friend had died, and he wondered what would become of him now. His parents knew of no way out of the
financial difficulty that confronted him, now that his uncle was no more. At length they decided that he should return to school and confer with the Inspector. The death of his Uncle Philip threw a deep shadow over Roy’s Christmas vacation.

When Roy arrived at Elmhurst he found a letter from Philadelphia awaiting him. It was from his Uncle Philip’s lawyer and conveyed the intelligence that Roy should continue with his studies, as his uncle had provided for him in his will. The same mail brought the Inspector word from his lawyer that Uncle Philip had bequeathed to Elmhurst College a large sum of money.

Though Roy truly mourned the loss of his uncle, he rejoiced over the fact that even in his death Philip Keller had proved himself to be a man of sterling Christian qualities. His gift came at the right time, too, for plans had been made to erect a new “Main Building”. Early in spring ground for the new “Main Building”—as it is known to this day—was to be broken.

That was nearly fifty years ago, when $5000 was considered a big sum of money. What Elmhurst College needs today are men—not one man, but a number of men like Philip Keller. Many in our dear Evangelical Church have accumulated wealth and are in a position to do much better than Philip Keller. We really do not need wealthy men who seek prominence by giving good advice only when it comes to spending the Church’s money, but the wealthy man that has a heart full of love for the up-building of the kingdom, who will say little and do much. The wealthy man that is filled with the true Christian spirit will be a faithful steward, and will give to the Master’s cause, not niggardly, but in accordance with his wealth.

If ever there was a time when Elmhurst college needed such men, that time is now. New buildings are again needed,
especially a new dormitory and music building. One man, whose name has not been made public, donated $10,000 for the building of the new library, for which the Evangelical League has raised an additional $40,000.

If the writer of these pages—if the “Elmhurst Story”—should be the means of influencing some good, loyal member of the Church to open his heart and make a donation equal to that mentioned above,—the book will not have been in vain, and the writer will feel amply rewarded. May the good Lord, who leadeth the hearts of men, inspire two or three, or even ten, to bequeath to Elmhurst College a sum in accordance with their means!

It is possible that many have but a slight knowledge of the history and size of the Library at Elmhurst. In Roy’s time there was no library at all. The lack of reference books was keenly felt by those boys who wanted to read up on some subject. There was no fund for a library, and very little thought was given to the matter. So it happened that the boys themselves took up the question. The real beginning of the library has never been made known. The writer, being one of those present at the time the library was founded, is in position to record the following as correct.

The desire to read books other than those in use as class and text-books was discussed one day by a number of young men, in the old frame building, at one time known as the "Melanchthon Seminary." The center of the building was occupied by students, while the two wings were used as dwellings for the professors. In the rear of the building was a small room, used as a washroom by those living in the building. The boys were allowed to smoke in this room; and after supper, if the weather prevented smoking outside, they would gather there and discuss
various subjects, among which was the absolute need of books not available.

The last discussion took place on the twenty-third of September, 1877, and resulted in the founding and organizing of the "Elmhurst Leseverein." It is clear from the adoption of this name that the object was to read books, but the intention was to gather and purchase books also. None of the boys had ready money to purchase books, but they knew that in organizing and charging fees there would be money eventually to accomplish their purpose.

The original members of this modest "Leseverein" were, therefore, the founders of the present "Elmhurst Library". They were: August Gehrke, John H. Dorjahn, Frederick Dinkmeier, Paul Irion and Frederick Baltzer. August Gehrke was chosen president, while Paul Irion acted as secretary and treasurer.

In order to give others the benefit of the society it was resolved to charge three cents per hour for the privilege of listening to the reading of books, which took place once a week, on Wednesdays. Just a few attended each meeting, but in course of time the fund increased to substantial proportions. The first official reader was Paul Irion, later on August Gehrke was elected to this office. When the society had been in existence about one season it was decided to make a charge of ten cents per month as a membership fee. The officers were thus enabled to buy the first books.

The beginning was very primitive, and the first books were modest little volumes. F. Hoffmann's tales and Ottilie Wildermuth's stories were the first to be read to the boys. Later, when August Gehrke was the reader, the boys were able to boast of the works of the famous Fritz Reuter.

It must be remembered that friends donated books. The
first book owned by the "Leseverein" was a novel, "Die Weisse Sklavin," donated by the writer of these pages, who often wonders whether the volume is still on the shelves of the library. When the Rev. Adolph Baltzer of St. Charles, Mo., then President General of the Evangelical Church, heard of the little band of readers, he donated six volumes of his publication "Zum Feierabend". Then Mr. Henry Wiebusch, of St. Louis, Mo., made the society a present of the entire works of Fritz Reuter.

The "Leseverein" existed as such a number of years, then, after the death of Inspector Meusch in 1880, the name was changed to "Meusch Verein". Originally the few books on hand were kept in one of the closets of the above mentioned smoke and wash-room. After the erection of the "Main Building" in 1878 they were removed to the basement of the building, in which was also the clubroom of the "Meusch Verein," now used by the Y. M. C. A.

The "Yearbook" of 1899 states that the library contained 1050 volumes, besides fifteen German and English periodicals. There was also a small museum of curios, stuffed birds, etc. in the same room. This is still in existence.

In 1912, when the new building, Irion Hall, was dedicated, the library was removed to its new and more spacious quarters in the west wing of the building. It then passed from the hands of the students to faculty control, under the name of "Meusch Memorial Library". One of the professors is the chief librarian, employing a large staff of student librarians, ten or twelve of them.

At present there are over 6000 volumes in the library. Through the kindness of Mr. John Barton Payne, ex-secretary of the interior and administrator of the estate of the late Hon. Charles Page Bryan—a famous citizen of Elmhurst and a
friend of the college—2,500 books from his library have been added. There are several thousand copies of back numbers of magazines and pamphlets, and about thirty-five current periodicals are to be found on the tables of the library.

Through the efforts of the "Evangelical League" the sum of $50,000 has been raised, with which a new library building will be erected, in memory of our fallen soldiers. The names of 852 young men, members of the Evangelical Church, will appear on a bronze plate attached to the building, in commemoration of service to their country in the late world war.

Thus we see that the library at Elmhurst grew from a very small and insignificant beginning to a notable collection of books of which we have good reason to be proud, for it is evidence of the growth and influence not only of Elmhurst college, but of our Church as well.

Thanks to his uncle's provision, Roy Keller was enabled to continue his studies, but he was depressed because Robert Becker was at the point of death. Roy studied hard, but his thoughts and prayers were with his sick friend. As the days and weeks dragged on it was evident Robert could not live, and Roy spent much of his time at his friend's bedside. From the beginning of his failing health Robert insisted upon remaining at college, hoping that his strength would return so that he might continue his studies. The doctor held out no hope, and it was evident that Robert was too weak to be carried home. Roy was with him many nights until dawn, but not when the last night unfolded its shadows. It was really not expected that Robert would pass away that night; but early in the morning, when the boys, aroused by the senior, came down the stairs, one conveyed the sad news to the other, and in a few minutes it was known throughout the entire house that Robert
had passed away peacefully, with the words on his lips: "All is well, my soul is calm and peaceful in the Lord, my Saviour."

Though a deep shadow fell upon all, no one was shocked, as all had expected Robert's death. He was the first student to die at Elmhurst College. His body lay in state in the long hall, where the students paid their last tribute of honor and respect to their comrade by singing: "O, Jerusalem, thou fairest". It was a sad duty and weighed on the hearts and minds of the young boys. Funeral services were conducted in the main building, after which the body was sent home.

For a long time Robert was mourned by his comrades, especially by Roy Keller and Frank Tzarbell. The latter again proved his seriousness by dwelling upon such an unusual thing as death stalking into their sunny midst. That evening, when he and Roy had gone to bed, neither could sleep for a long time. Both lay in the darkened room thinking of the strange procession that had passed down the street, escorting the remains of Robert Becker. Suddenly the silence was broken by Tzarbell.

"Are you still awake, Roy?"
"I am, why?"
"O, I was thinking of poor Robert."
"So was I."
"What do you make of it?"
"Of what?"
"Of Robert's death. Why should he die at all? I don't understand."

"Nor do I, but I yield to God's thoughts and ways, though I clearly see they are not our thoughts and ways."

"True, we are told that religion meets every emergency and condition of life. I do want to believe all that and more; sometimes I have rejoiced in the thought that religion, I mean
the Christian religion, even girdles the grave with the rainbow of hope, and sows seeds among the clods of the grave that will bloom in the bye and bye into immortal flowers. For, don't you know, hope is the architect of the great aircastles of human life. Hope lives eternal in the human breast. Hope is our sweet angel of compassion, that ever whispers: "It will be better after a while." We may weep during the night, but joy cometh in the morning. Yet, I admit, Roy, the darkness was almost too dense when we carried Robert away today."

"Yes, I see; you are under the shadow of a heartache. Oh, those hearts of ours, how they can and do suffer! Sometimes we hear people exclaim: 'My heart is broken!'"

"I do not mean to say that my heart is broken, but the darkness 'of the shadow of the valley of death' seems to have hidden that glorious stream of light through which our religion proposes to illumine our souls. Now I see no light!"

"Oh, Frank—listen to the words of the Prophet of God: 'Seek Him that. . . . turneth the shadow into the morning.'—

The night was cold and dark,—a terrific blizzard was sweeping over the great plains west of Chicago. The wind shook the house like a cradle, and howled like hungry wolves around the northwest corner, in which was located the bedroom of the two boys. They had ceased talking and now lay listening to the storm and thinking of their departed friend. Presently Tzarbell broke the silence once more.

"Are you still awake?"

"I am, why?"

"I was thinking of what you told me of Robert's life previous to his stay here, and I have drawn comparisons. You know we all liked him; he was a fine fellow and a Christian, better than I. I think I know now why he had to go. Listen; if I believe in God at all, and I think I do, I must take Robert's
removal as a lesson for us. Robert was well prepared to go, and God could afford to use him as an instrument through which to teach us a severe, but loving lesson of life and death, such as no professor is able to give.”

“You make me think of the exclamation of the people when the Lord had healed the deaf and dumb man: ‘He hath done all things well!’”

“Roy, now I shall find sleep, for ‘He hath done all things well.’”

Again nothing was heard but the fury of the storm, of which neither took any particular notice any more, and presently they were beyond all earthly things and slept the sleep of the righteous.—

About the first of February that year the boys received pleasant news. It was announced that the plans for a new Main Building, to be erected on the southeast line of the premises, had been accepted, and that preparations were under way to break ground immediately after Easter. This was indeed welcome news, as the students could no longer be accommodated, to say nothing of housing them comfortably. In fact, the crowded conditions were such that eight students built a frame shack, in which they lived until they were transferred to the big, airy bedrooms located in the new building. The shack was built in the autumn that Roy and Robert entered Elmhurst. Roy was one of the builders, in fact, the “master builder”, as he had learned to handle the carpenter’s tools quite well while at home on the Ohio River. It afforded the boys much pleasure to be allowed to build the “steampocket-appendix”—as they jokingly termed the shack. But how they ever managed to live without freezing to statues during the winter was a miracle to many.

While the building was under way Roy had to take many
a good-natured slur. One would say: "Look here, Roy, how about this knothole?" Another would stick his finger in a crevice and say: "If this was a boat on the river, Roy, you and all your servile hands would go to the bottom." In this manner Roy was teased and tormented by the idle onlookers, but never lost his temper. For all such remarks he had one stereotype answer, "Never mind, that will all be covered." So, in course of time, if any one needed assistance in his studies, or a patch on his trousers, or anything at all—he was told to "go to Roy Keller, he'll cover it up."

By the time George Washington's birthday had arrived the architect and his assistants had visited Elmhurst a number of times. The place where the building was to be erected was settled upon and staked off, thus giving the students actual proof that it was not merely a rumor, but a fact that eventually the boys would live and learn in a tenantable and imposing building, to cost $50,000! That was a tremendous sum in those days and inspired the boys to love their Alma Mater more than ever.

To give evidence of this love, the boys agreed to make the 22nd day of February a glorious day. It was a holiday, of course! What a jolly time they did have on that day. As usual, a concert was arranged for the evening, and never before had there been such merriment in the old building, known today as the Music Hall. Never before did the boys sing patriotic songs with such animation, nor speak with such verve as on that evening.

The beloved Professor W. K. Saurbier fairly set the boys on edge with his powers of declamation, and inspired them to do their part as best they could. The professor said to Roy while rehearsing with him: "Now, Roy, you have the gifts of an orator, and when you stand up before that audience on the 22nd
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speak as though you meant every word. Do you know what you should be able to do? You should declaim so as to raise the people out of their seats.” And Roy almost did, when he recited “Sheridan’s Ride”, beginning:

“Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore
The herald in haste to the Chieftain’s door.
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar
Telling the battle was on once more,—
And Sheridan twenty miles away! Etc., etc.”

Oh, it was a glorious thing to see and hear the boys! Their eyes sparkling with true American patriotism, their hearts aglow for their Alma Mater!—

In the afternoon Roy had an experience which, without doubt, was another cause for his unbounded joy and happiness, and it may have been the paramount one.

While all the boys enjoyed the holiday, each according to his own liking, Roy, too, was determined to make the best of the day. He had not gone to the little farmhouse to see Mae Brenner since Thanksgiving. Of course, that does not mean that he had not seen her since then. Even the Inspector seemed in the happiest of moods. He asked no questions when Roy requested permission, but granted it with a smile. So Roy started out with a light heart. With song and music on his lips and sweet sentiments in his heart, he arrived at the farm, but Bismarck was not at the gate, or at the door, when he knocked. That surprised him, and fear seized him for a moment. The thought that Mae was not at home was anything but a pleasant one. He knocked once more and listened. No one came, but he imagined he heard something within. He
listened more intently and heard the same sound, but was con-
vinced that it did not eminate from the living-room. By this
time Roy had become excited and wondered what to do. The
sound that he heard was so weak and indistinct he could not
tell whether it was human or not. At any rate he would find
out.

Roy ran around the house to the kitchen and rapped at the
kitchen door, where again he thought he heard a soft cry. He
strained his ears to the upmost. He did hear a faint call for
“help”, though muffled. Now nothing held him back. He tried
the door, which opened, and in an instant he was in the kitchen,
but saw no one. Standing still to listen, he heard the same call
for help, but more distinct than before. It seemed to come from
the inner part of the house. Being familiar with the arrange-
ment of the rooms, he now started for the bedroom of Mae’s
father. Opening the door, he was stunned for a second, but ex-
claimed: “Mae, what is the matter, what has happened?”

Mae Brenner, lying on the floor bound and gagged, gave
no answer, for she had fainted. Roy freed her mouth and then
ran to the kitchen for water, with which he moistened her fore-
head and temples. She slowly revived, and in a few seconds
Roy had loosened the ropes and, taking her in his arms, carried
her to the bed. While in his arms Mae recognized him, gazing
into his eyes, said with a sweet smile: “Roy— oh, Roy, it is
you,” and fainted again. But this second swoon was of very
short duration.

At length Mae could speak, and she related that two men
had entered the house by force, bound and gagged her and de-
manded her father’s money. But she would not tell them a
thing, so they finally left her in the position in which Roy
found her. Her father had gone to the home of a neighbor,
taking Bismarck along, which he had never done before.
Mae was soon herself again, except that she suffered from the effect of the shock, and pain caused by the ropes. Roy helped her to the living-room, holding and bracing her with his arm around her shoulders. Before Mae sat down in the big rocking-chair to which Roy had led her she gave way and nestled her head against his shoulder, saying: "O, Roy, you saved me! What can I do for you?"

Roy experienced a thrill that was absolutely new to him, and he now realized that Mae was more to him than he had been willing to admit. He drew her into his arms as one would a dear little child and said: "Mae, the time will come when you shall also do something for me. Mae, my own dear Mae."

Just as he had settled her comfortably Mr. Brenner returned, and was surprised at the scene. After hearing what had happened he laughed and wept at the same time, took Mae in his arms and kissed her, then held her at arms length, saying over and over: "Mae, my dear little girl, you are not hurt. Mae, thank God, you are still mine."

Roy stood and looked on as one having but a silent part in the caresses that the father bestowed upon the daughter.

Presently Roy noticed that he was in his shirt sleeves, and slipped out to the kitchen, unnoticed, where he had thrown his coat and overcoat on the kitchen table when he had hurriedly drawn the water. What made him do it? He could never tell. Probably in the excitement, following a custom at college when he would tackle some work. He slipped on his coat, but did not notice that something glided from his inside pocket and fell to the floor.

When Roy returned to the living room father and daughter were coolly discussing the affair. Roy joined in the conversation, and for a long time they discussed the shameful attack, but in the end were happy, because Mae was with them. Mae's
splendid health and steady nerves helped her to forget all about the shock she received. Then the three agreed not to mention the attack to anyone, as they considered that a wise course.

Time passed rapidly, and Roy had to leave, but left with a joyous heart. He was supremely happy when he thought of Mae's words and the deep meaning in her eyes when she said: "What can I do for you?" Was it any wonder that his singing might have been a credit to Dippel or Wachtel? Any wonder that he spoke like a young Demosthenes?

Next evening Roy and Tzarbell went over to visit Abraham. Roy was still in the happy mood of yesterday. He felt as though it would never leave him. Tzarbell, of course, knew nothing. When they had greeted Abraham, who was sitting alone—naturally—in his lonely den, Roy asked him what made him so downhearted? Roy felt as though everyone should be happy, even Abraham. But Abraham had a deep grievance against some of the boys, and proceeded to tell Roy all about his troubles.

"You know last month I got a dozen fine sausages from the Inspector?"

"Yes, we do; what's wrong with them, are they spoiled?"

"No—not spoiled, but—ruined."

"Well, that's the same."

"No, it is not. I have been trying to smoke them up, but as often as I looked at them I found they were not smoked up. They had the same reddish appearance. At last I opened one: and what do you think was in the sausage?"

"Why, pork, beef and speckwuerfel, of course."

"Not much! Sawdust! Some of you Lausbub-fellows hooked the contents, and stuffed the casings with sawdust and colored them with brickdust. For shame! whoever did it! No wonder they would not smoke up."
"And do you know who did the dirty work?"

"No, but I suspect Johnny Bretz. He did not come with you tonight, because he feels guilty."

"No, no, Abraham; Bretz would have let us in on that, if he had been the guilty person," said Frank.

"Changing the subject," interposed Roy, "do you know what funny answer Bretz gave Professor Kaufmann the other day in class?"

"Did he throw his 'conslamity, durhamity' at some irregular Greek verb?"

"No; for the professor has cured him of that. The professor asked him who introduced tobacco into Europe, and Bretz answered: 'Sir Walter Raleigh, who said: Be of good cheer, for by God's grace there shall be lighted this day a flame in England which shall never be extinguished.'"

"Ha, ha, ha! Good for Bretz! But that reminds me of an answer August Block gave the instructor of Latin. The professor said: 'What case is that?' Block answered with a broad smile; 'Plusquamperfecti Ablativi!'"

"Oh," said Roy, "that's eclipsed by a still better one. The instructor of Greek said to Henry Haymaker: 'What is the meaning of the word bouleuo? Haymaker stared at the professor a moment, then said: 'The black cow.'"

"Now listen to a good one," said Tzarbell. "In the English class Jim Smart said to Professor Saurbier: 'Which is the greater, Hamlet or Macbeth?' Said the professor: 'As you like it.'"

The boys laughed at each joke, and Abraham joined in, but he knew not why. Tzarbell and Roy took advantage of the moment and hurriedly left Abraham's abode. After their departure Abraham gave no more thought to his sausages that would not smoke up. Instead, he said under his breath: "It's
no use, I can't be angry with Tzarbell and Roy. They are jolly good boys after all.”—

After the boys had gone Abraham felt hungry. He therefore went to his cupboard and reached for a mincepie that had been given him by a farmer friend, with which to celebrate the 22nd in royal fashion. There was half of it left. He ate it and drank a tumbler of homemade cherrybounce, diluted with water and—went to bed. That night dear old Abraham dreamt of his dusty sausages going up in smoke, and of a fire that would not be extinguished, while someone mockingly taunted him, continually saying: “As you like it.” Then he saw a black cow racing through the fire with tail turned up and bellowing—“bouleuo, bouleuo!” When Abraham awoke he sat up in bed with beads of perspiration rolling down his face and exclaimed: “I wish I knew what bouleuo means!”—
CHAPTER IX.

The twenty-third of February, the day on which Roy and Tzarbell were so full of merriment, was dark and dreary. The boys had spent the day with Abraham, but scarcely noticed the gloominess of the day. The sun did not shine, and the heavens appeared to be one mass of lowering clouds. Towards evening it began to rain and sleet, and then a cold Northerner blew up, so that by night streets, fields and meadows were covered with ice.

Such February days are not encouraging; they have a tendency to depress our spirits. There are some natures, however, that are not affected by either sunshine or rain, but maintain an even balance of emotion. One who is naturally like a ray of sunshine is seldom affected by the weather, for sunshine in the heart is not so easily dispelled. It requires more than a gloomy day.

Mae Brenner proved herself to be a veritable ray of sunshine, for such she was in her home; but her father was convinced that something had occurred, as Mae was acting strangely.

After Roy's departure Mae prepared supper for her father, but partook of nothing herself. She was too happy to eat, and desired only to be alone. Her work finished in dining room and kitchen, she glanced around to see whether or not every thing was in order, and in doing so observed a folded paper lying under the kitchen table close to the wall. Mae was just in the act of flinging the paper into the waste basket when she happened to recognize Roy's handwriting. This aroused her curiosity
and, unfolding the sheet, she read the following poem, which is familiar to the reader:

Like Mt. Aetna and its crater
When aflame, O Alma Mater—
Thus my heart in love is burning
But for thee in loyal yearning. Etc., etc.

Mae read the whole poem a second time, then folded her hands over her bosom and sighed. A certain weakness seized her, she felt the blood checked in her veins, she felt powerless. In this condition she dropped into a chair near the window and sat motionless for a time. Her father's call aroused her, to a degree, and she came to the living room. Her father did not notice her pallor, or the change in her manner, and had he done so, he would have attributed it to the shock of the afternoon. Mr. Brenner was reading by an old-fashioned oil lamp, the dimmness of which served to hide Mae's features. He asked her to be seated; then, as was his wont—the two were very good friends and concealed nothing from each other,—said without further ado: "Mae, my darling, tell me, what do you think of Roy Keller? I notice he has shown you pronounced attention lately. And I think I am right when I say that I believe you like him; am I right in this?"

This unexpected question coming now, when her heart was dead, as she for the moment thought, brought Mae to her senses. Upon one thing she was determined, that not even her father should know of the poem, or the shock it had given her. She mustered all her strength and said:

"Roy is all right, father, but don't jump at conclusions."

"I am glad to see that you are so sensible, Mae, for you are both too young to entertain serious feelings for each other. Besides, Roy is but a student and it will be several years before
he will be in position to think of establishing a home for a dear little wife, such as you would make him.”

“Why certainly, father; don’t worry about that.”

Here she rose, determined to bring the unpleasant conversation to a close and remarked; “I do feel the shock of this day very much, father, and think I shall go to my room and retire.”

“Do that, my dear girl. Get a good night’s rest, and tomorrow you will be all right again.”

But Mae did not rest. She was wide awake. The question could not be dismissed as unimportant, for Mae was now aware that she really loved Roy, but considered her love unrequited. She did not censure Roy, for there had been no proposal, no agreement, no promise of any kind. But why should he come to see her when his heart pined for another? Mae could not understand this part of it. She also wondered who Alma Mater was, as she never heard of a girl by that name. Oh, it was too cruel. She fell upon her couch and wept bitterly.

Mae was now experiencing her first realization of a great sorrow.

Mae slept but little that night, and at break of day rose with the determination to investigate the matter, if possible. Of course, she would not see Roy again, but there might be some way of ascertaining the facts. Of this she was certain, she would be strong enough to forget him. However, there might be some misunderstanding, for she had never heard anything to Roy’s detriment. Oh, what a puzzle it was!

In addition to this, Mae’s father was arranging to leave for Iowa immediately after Easter. During this time Mae’s heart seemed to break. She pined for Roy, yet dared not see him again. She knew he would not come until Easter, but what should she do then? Turn him away from the door? Tell
him he had deceived her, was unworthy of her? Yes, she would turn him away,—but would she? —And would he go?

Weeks passed, weeks of unrelenting sorrow. Nothing was changed, no one helped Mae out of her difficulty. There was no chance for a secret investigation. Still depressed, she boarded a train one morning to do some shopping in Chicago. On her return to the station she was non-plussed to see Frank Tzarbell seated in the train bound for Elmhurst. Tzarbell was on his feet instantly and invited her to sit with him, which, as a matter of courtesy, she agreed to do.

Frank Tzarbell was very kind to Mae and tried his best to interest her in various topics, but she was reticent, in fact, so much so that Tzarbell had difficulty in keeping up the conversation. He introduced the subject of the new Main Building that was to be the pride of Elmhurst, and asked her if she was not interested?

"O, why should I be? Father and I are going to move to Des Moines, Iowa, and Elmhurst, the students and everybody will soon be forgotten."

"With the exception of one who is known to both of us."

"Who is that, pray?"

"Why, Miss Mae, how about Roy Keller?"

"Roy? Hm! he seems to care more for his Alma Mater than anything in the world. Why should I bother?"

"Yes, I'll admit, he loves his Alma Mater above all else. You know, he is one of those who—"

"O, never mind, I am sufficiently informed. Please don't defend him."

"I am not trying to, but I fail to understand. He—he— is, he likes you, I know that—"

"Now, that will do; I am in a position to know better. Please don't say anything in his behalf, it will do you no good.
Let us speak of something else, say—for instance, turstworthiness, or straightforwardness, or something along that line."

"Miss Mae, what on earth is the matter? I have never known you to speak so sarcastically of Roy."

"I have said nothing about Roy that is not true, have I? Well, then, please let us close the subject."

It was impossible to keep up the conversation, as Mae would scarcely say more than yes or no. Tzarbell looked out of the window and was relieved to note that they would arrive at Elmhurst in about five minutes. At the station he bade Mae good-bye, and hurriedly took his departure.

At last Mae had it from Tzarbell's own lips that Roy loved his Alma Mater above all else. She knew that Tzarbell was trustworthy, and she believed him. Now she wished for Easter, that she might leave Elmhurst forever. Yet, notwithstanding what she had heard, Mae knew that she loved Roy and admitted it to herself.

When Tzarbell reached his room he found Roy there, but did not mention his having met Mae on the train, for he had an idea that something was wrong and did not care to meddle.

Roy was so encouraged by his last visit to Mae's home he did not wait until Easter, though this day of days was very near. This time Bismarck greeted him with marked friendliness, which he expressed by wagging his tail faster than usual. The door was opened by Mr. Brenner, who courteously invited Roy to enter, but informed him that Mae would not return until that evening. Roy gave no evidence of his disappointment, saying:

"I am sorry, but I'll try to see Mae later, at least I shall try to see her before you move to Iowa."

Though Roy was courteously received by Mr. Brenner, he remained only a short while. He felt rather uncomfortable,
and soon took his departure. The next day he received the following note from Mae:

"Roy:

As I am in possession of absolute proof that you have infringed on the simple principle of fair play, I am moved to appeal to your generosity which, no doubt, will impel you to comprehend that further visits on your part will no longer be appreciated by me.

Mae."

What a blow! Roy was hurt to the core. He wrote Mae a letter, but received no answer. He wrote a second time, but his efforts were unrewarded. He asked for permission to see her, but was told by the Inspector to remain at his desk and work, as Easter examinations were near at hand. For the first time he was refused. A few days after Easter he heard that Mr. Brenner and his daughter had arrived in Iowa. It was all over. His dream was shattered. He went about like one groping in the dark. He fretted and worried until he was in danger of becoming ill.

At length Roy gave way to a dull resignation, realizing that his hopes were blasted. He tried to make the best of it, for he knew that he would fail in his studies should he give way to grief. Yet his soul was not so easily pacified. Roy left a desire to relieve himself of all the sorrow that had come to him; but how? That was the question.

One evening while Roy was alone, Tzarbell having gone to the debating club, he gave vent to his feelings in the following gloomy lines, which any one will pardon who has the slightest idea of what disappointment in first love means.
ALMA MATER

The day will come
When my still form is wrapt
In robes of death,
When thou art lone, and apt
To weep in secret grief
Beside my shrine,—
Remember then, dear heart,
My heart and wealth of love
Were thine.

I suffered much,
But every word and kiss
Were gleams of heaven and bliss
Received from thee
To my unhappy heart,
Indeed, a mine
Of fathomless import
To give my love and life
For thine.

In after years,
When I am dead to love and song—
When thou art loved
By life's immortal throng,
Remember then, dear heart,
That I was thine;
Look through thy tears, and know
My life and wealth of love
Were thine.—

When he had finished Roy felt relieved, as though he had cast a heavy load from his troubled heart, and, there being ample time, he joined Tzarbell at the debating club.

It has been stated that the opportunity for the study of
English was but a meager one at Elmhurst in Roy's days, yet the boys determined to do all in their power to perfect themselves in that language. This was not only the desire of the native born, but of those also who came to us direct from Germany. The German immigrant comes with the intention of being a good, honest and staunch citizen, and therefore realizes from the start the necessity of learning the language of the country.

Professor W. K. Saurbier, at that time the professor of English, could do no more than he did. English was treated as something that one could easily afford to miss. The boys, however, were of a different opinion, and the result was that they helped themselves in this matter as they had done in others. They were poor, yes, very poor in those days. Money was scarce, or they would have purchased the books required to increase their meager knowledge of English. Our modern disciples of Lucullus who count that day lost on which they have not bought candy and soda would not have fitted in the narrow compass of those days. Yet those were the days in which some of our real characters were moulded, men who stand at the helm of the Church today; for nothing moulds so well as self-adjustment under the pressure of primitive conditions and poverty. As example of self-adjustment under adverse conditions I might mention two of the greatest men of America, Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln. When boys spend money and time foolishly on non-essential things while at school they develop a decidedly wrong habit which will retard their progress in life and as an Evangelical minister of the Gospel. Our boys of the past—fifty years ago—thought differently, not because of their poverty, but because of their rearing. Instead of lamenting over their lack of money and grumbling at the inadequacy of equipment and management, they provided, so far as it lay in
their power, ways and means for advancement which the faculty could not provide, because of lack of funds.

The boys proceeded to organize an English debating club, which was known as the P. L. A.—“Progressive Literary Association”. In this club many learned enough English to enable them to make good use of it in later years. Here some boys laid the foundation of their future mastery of English.

It was to a meeting of this debating club that Roy was now wending his way, for despite his broken spirit he felt the necessity of mingling with the boys, lest he should lose control of himself. He clearly saw his danger, and was willing to confront it, in order to overcome it. As Roy entered the little “smoking room”—known to the reader—in which the boys were assembled he was welcomed in this wise:

“Where have you been all this time? Give an account of yourself!”

“At last, the dreamer of Woodland!”

“Why so late? What kept thee from our P. L. A. non plus ultra?”

Roy, who of course was reticent, found a seat next to Longhead and C. A. White.

Just then the chairman announced that at the conclusion of the program, consisting of essays, recitations, sketches and short biographies, a debate open to all would be held, subject:

“Laughter is more native to man than tears.”

The chairman explained that the program committee had finally selected this subject, because there was danger that the boys might suffer with melancholia on account of the monotonous life at Elmhurst. Some time elapsed before any one had courage enough to speak on the subject. The start was made by a boy sitting in the corner of the room, whose name was
Carl Kind, and who had a pleasant smile for everyone he met. He set the ball rolling, as it were, by saying:

"Mr. Chairman, you make me laugh!"

All smiled, some even laughed. Here Tzarbell rose.

"Mr. Chairman, the poet says: 'The babe has no language but a cry.'"

Everyone noticed the play on words and indulged in hearty laughter. The chairman admonished the boys to consider the real meaning of the subject and discuss it along more sensible lines. Carl Kind asked permission to reply to Tzarbell's remarks, and his request was granted.

"I pardon the poet and also Brother Tzarbell, who may be one in disguise. But when he quotes: 'The babe has no language but a cry'—I can truthfully offset the wise saying by declaring: 'But he has a visible speech and that is laughter!'"

Amid thundering peals of laughter could be heard the "conslamity, durhamity" of Johnny Bretz. When silence again prevailed Frank Tzarbell turned the tide of laughter into serious thought when he spoke as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, it is true, we love to laugh. It is wholesome to laugh, since it is as much a demand of human nature as it is to speak, or to eat and drink the good things the Giver of all good and perfect things has provided for us. And for that reason we laugh more than we weep.

"I admit, many will deem this statement untrue. We are prone to think it is not so, because we are accustomed to speak of this old earth as of the vale of tears, and because we are so fond of saving our tears in a tearbottle. We forget that this is needless, seeing that God is bottling our tears and keeping them before Him. I claim it is foolish to count our sorrow and grief as a nun her beads, but our laughter we do not subject to enumeration. Would that we did! We should commemorate
our gladness and laud it, for it is altogether worthy of both. While I jestingly quoted the poet as saying 'the babe has no language but a cry,' I now gladly admit that Carl Kind is right when he persists that the babes speech is a visible laughter. Even the babe does more smiling than weeping, though its mother is of different opinion, because her love is so crowded with quieting the wailing voice of the child.

"Not many hearts break. Sunshine and laughter overtake those that sorrow, and presently they will laugh again like the flowers in the meadow. Laughter is more native than tears."

When Tzarbell sat down, no one stirred. All were thinking. Roy wondered if Tzarbell knew of his heartache. Did he say those things to touch the sad heart of his friend? Did he wish to show him how unwise it was to sorrow and weep? Whether that was true or not, Roy was strengthened wonderfully and seemed to see the silver lining of the clouds. Roy was thankful, and the discussion went on. Henry Bergmann begged to be recognized by the chair.

"Mr. Chairman! Some years ago I crossed the Atlantic. While upon the sea I saw days dim and dark, and heard the moan of the waters constantly. I saw the sky dripping in rain and mist and drawing near the vast sea until the two seemed one; I heard the tempest shriek in the masts and howl past the sails in midocean; all this, truly,—yet this was not all of my ocean voyage. I saw days as fair as days of spring in good old Germany, when snowy clouds sailed slowly over the blue sea of heaven, engendering fair dreams of home to me, a traveler in a far and lonely land. And I saw the arch of the sky so high that its crest smote against the gate of heaven, standing ajar, and the balmy air was like that of a beautiful Mayday on German soil. I saw the waves run along the ship's side, caressing the sea monster as he cut his way through them, and far, far
away, anchored to the sky or sea, I know not which, tiny fishing-boats with snow-white sails moved to and fro on the mighty deep, and I was reminded of girlhood, clad all in white, frolicking on some meadow abloom with flowers of spring in—Germany. All this tempted us to make merry on the sea, for what I saw surely was as much an ingredient of our voyage as the raging tempest and angry waves or skies, gray with pain and hopelessness.

“So has the voyage through life both gray days and gold, but I know the gold day will outweigh the gray days. Therefore, make much of joy. Nature does. God does; why not we? Christianity does; it must and will, for no one sees so much joy in life as a Christian. Let song and laughter be the wine you drink. Have joy!”

These last words impressed Longhead favorably. He jumped to his feet and cried for permission to speak. The chair recognized him quickly, and he hastened to speak.

“Mr. Chairman, what kind of advice is this: ‘Let song and laughter be the wine you drink!’ Is that a good and safe advice to give? Are Christians to be insane and worldly? No,—I am glad to hear such an advice! I, too, think—yes, I know—that laughter is more native to man than tears. Heathen Horace sang: ‘Carpe diem!’—enjoy the day, make the best of it! And is that advice wrong because a heathen gave it? Is nothing good save what speaks in the Bible? If that were so, I would not want to be here, I would have done! No, let us not forget, God’s world is as full of God as God’s Book,—the Bible. If we would but see it. Horace and Socrates and Marcus Aurelius knew some truths as well as an Apostle. One thing the Apostle knew was that enjoyment is a—health resort. Do not the Scriptures say: ‘A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance’—‘A merry heart doeth good like medicine’, and ‘He
that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast'? Methinks, Scripture is clasping hands with heathen philosophers. Am I wrong? I admit, the joy of a Christian is—what shall I say?—is sanctified. Christianity has laughter that rings to heaven. Who has never sung:

‘Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth receive her King. Let every heart prepare Him room, And heaven and nature sing’?

“The heathen did not know quite how to sing. It is Christianity that has turned the heart and lips to song and joyful laughter. Joy runs to singing as the waters do. The Psalms sing themselves. ‘Songs in the night’ are part of the Gospel’s blessed benefits. Christianity has social joy, radiant and full, more joy and laughter than tears.”—

At this point of the discussion, Roy, for the moment at least, had forgotten his little trouble. It seemed so small and insignificant to him in the light of what had been said so far. He was impressed, and the spirit moved him. He rose and said:

“Mr. Chairman, I wish to congratulate the program committee on selecting this topic. The debate has been one of the best we have had so far. Yet I feel as though the real source of all real joy, or laughter, has not been laid bare as yet. True, Christianity was mentioned, but I should go one step further and say Christ himself is the source of all real joy.

“Let me illustrate this by drawing comparisons. John the Baptist haunted the barren wilderness of Judea. He dwelt away from men. He was not social. He fills us with admiration as a Prophet who came in ragged appearance and rugged thunder-speech. We honor him, but rarely love him. He stands tall as a saint. That is John. But not so Jesus. John
was the courier, the dusty runner, clamoring with his thundering voice: 'He comes, he comes, the King; make ready, make ready, the King comes!' and Jesus is the King!

"In Him, man comes first. His manhood makes a deep impression on us. His divinity dawns on us by little, as the day does, but His manhood stands out prominently. I do not wonder that the supper in the upper chamber lasted long. Little do I marvel that Mary sat at his feet listening like a woman to a tale of love. Small wonder that Martha would have heard Him rather than do household work. John never went to feasts, Jesus did, and they called Him winebibber, because he sat down at the table where guests were plenty.

"We ought never forget that Jesus' first miracle was at a wedding and for a wedding. I heard a minister say that if Jesus had made real wine, he would have filled a drunkard's grave. That goes to show how little some people understand the Lord's thoughtfulness and sympathy with the host's embarrassment, or his exquisite courtesy—in other words, his human desire of preventing gloom and disappointment at a feast of joy. Though the main object of His miracle was to manifest His glory, we must accept the fact that He also intended to keep sorrow at bay and let joy and laughter prevail. Marriage is a sign of the social life of the world, is the world's best life in picture. Love, and joy, and hope and promise—all are there. And Christ was present. Would we had seen Him! That social joy turned His own heart to laughter. Let no one think that because we see him weep, He knew no laughter. The human Christ was friendly to joy. And so should we be, and by nature we are. It must be as one of the speakers said: 'Christianity has laughter that rings to heaven!' and we have learned to laugh in that sense through the Christ."—

The day following the meeting of the P. L. A. was beauti-
ful and springlike. Roy concluded that some misunderstanding had caused his trouble. He did not believe that Mae had written that note without a reason for such action. Therefore Roy did not give up Mae Brenner, for he was now convinced that he really loved her. He would wait, and some day the good Lord would clear it up.

The first days of Easter vacation were the first beautiful spring days. Though the grounds around the few buildings were not laid out in flower gardens, yet one could see it was spring time. If nothing else proclaimed the return of spring Abraham’s chickens did,—such cackling and noise in and around the chicken-coop! Abraham was kept busy gathering eggs, but he had his troubles nevertheless. He was convinced that he did not get all the eggs. There should be more, many more. But, what became of them?

One day he complained to one of the students, by the name of Cherryman, who stood in favor with Abraham. Cherryman told him to gather the eggs oftener during the day and then hide them in the hayloft under the hay. Cherryman was so well liked by Abraham, he was soon advanced to the position of tonsorial artist.

One evening Cherryman came to Abraham’s room. “Abraham, it is time for me to shave you, is it not?”

“Shave me? Why, I’m asleep already! You come back again tomorrow. I am in a bad humor tonight.”

“How’s that? What has happened?”

“Oh, those bad boys! In spite of the fact that I hid the eggs as you told me, they stole them anyway, but I’ll get ahead of them this time. I have ten fine, fresh duck eggs. I’ll bet they won’t find those, for I hid them in the oatbin. I want a hen to hatch little ducklings. Won’t that be fine?”

Of course, when he arrived at the oatbin the following
evening with a hen to hatch the duck eggs, they were—gone! He told Cherryman all about his troubles. Cherryman teased him, then encouraged him in scolding and denouncing the bad, bad boys! But Abraham reported the theft to the Superintendent, and the Superintendent reported to the Inspector, who gave the entire student-body a calling down, such as they never had before. No one would confess, however, and that infuriated the Inspector, who said things they did not care to hear.

The boys had the eggs, however,—Cherryman, Zimmie, Buyer, Johnny Bretz, and five or six others. They not only had the eggs, and plenty of them, but bad consciences as well. They planned to get rid of the eggs, not thinking of what might follow.

At length they decided to enjoy a feast of hard boiled eggs, but where would they be safe? Finally, by a unanimous vote the "old stone-quarry" which lay a mile away from the college was selected. That seemed to them the ideal spot to feast on hard boiled eggs, and they felt sure no one would suspect anything wrong at the stone-quarry. The quarry was full of water, and there were many stones with which to build a hearth.

So on a beautiful spring day they marched to the quarry,—each boy's pockets filled with eggs, and his heart with pleasant anticipations. Cherryman, being one of the bakers at college, was fortunate enough to secure salt, pepper, bread, butter and buns etc., etc. All went well, but Zimmie had some trouble, because he wore a cut-away coat and had his share of eggs in the pockets of the dangling coat-tail.

Zimmie's comical walk was a course of amusement to his colleagues. They reached the quarry, however, without breaking even one egg. All the eggs were now carefully extracted from the many pockets and placed on the ground. Cherryman, who assumed charge of the proceedings, gave a special com-
mission to each one. Zimmie, who was blind in one eye, was to use the stones lying around for building a hearth. Cherry-man was sent to the quarry for fresh water, others were told to search for dry wood. When the boys saw from afar the stone hearth that Zimmie was building they admired it and the skillful hands that built it, but, upon close inspection, they were shocked, for behind Zimmie all the eggs were—scrambled—smashed—one big yellow pool! Not one was whole, not one could be eaten.

The boys surrounded Zimmie like so many Indians, all howling, scolding and gesticulating at the same time. They called him all sorts of names, among others "Gelbfuessler", but Zimmie kept his peace. He turned around several times, looked at his boots, then stared at the yellow egg-pool, saying: "Wie gewonnen, so zerronen! As I won, so I lose."—

In the mean time work on the new Main Building was progressing rapidly. The walls rose majestically, and the students began to realize that the building would be large and massive. Speculation ran high as to the room each would occupy. The days had grown much longer, and many of the boys climbed on the scaffolding after supper to study the plan of the building. This was dangerous, however, and the Inspector gave orders that no one should again venture on the scaffolding.

One day something dreadful happened. One of the bricklayers, an elderly man, fell from a window in the northeast room, and died from his injuries. It was a sad accident, and probably not remembered by many.

Thus days and weeks passed, and the semester was rapidly drawing to a close. It was the last year at Elmhurst for Roy and Tzarbell. Both were busy studying for final examinations. Though Roy had not been himself since his disappointment about Mae Brenner, he did not neglect his studies.
While many were diligent and determined to pass with honor, there were those who enjoyed a joke and had their fun, when their minds should have been occupied with serious thoughts.

One day some boys found a dynamite cartridge on the tracts of the N. W. R. R. They brought it to the college, and after supper laid it on the stone steps on the west side of the building. Then they fairly flew to a window on the third floor, took good aim and dropped a brick on it. The report was terrific.

One of the professors, who happened to be in the faculty room at the time, ran through all the bath rooms in the basement, lamenting: "Some poor fellow has shot himself, for fear he would not pass examinations tomorrow!" There was almost a panic for a time, but when the matter was cleared up the joke was enjoyed by many. The mischievous boys received a good call-down.—

The semester closed as usual, and the boys returned to their homes. Roy was now ready, having prepared as well as he could under the circumstances, to enter the Theological Seminary in the autumn.—

Two months after the fall-term opened, on the thirty-first of October, 1878, the new Main Building was dedicated. That was a great day for Elmhurst College. All the men who stood at the helm of the Evangelical Church at that time, with the exception of one, have passed to the great beyond. The one survivor is Rev. Louis Haeberle, D. D.

The Building Committee under whose supervision the building was erected was composed of John H. Muehlke, Conrad Fuerst, H. Horstmann, Ph. P. Klein, all of Chicago, excepting Mr. Horstmann, whose home was Naperville, Ill. The president of the Board of Directors was the Rev. Carl Sieben-
pfeiffer, of Rochester, New York. One hundred and one students were listed when the dedicatory exercises were held.

The program was very simple, because the men taking part in the ceremonies as representatives of the Church humbled themselves before Jehovah as David did, saying: "Who are we, O, Lord Jehovah, and what is our house, that Thou hast brought us so far?"

The services were conducted in the large and artistically decorated chapel. One hundred and one students sang inspiring anthems, and the entire congregation sang the song of praise, the "Soli Deo Gloria"—"All glory be to God on high," and that impressive battle song: "A mighty fortress is our God." The fifth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans was the Scripture lesson.

The dedicatory sermon was preached by the president of the Board of Directors, the Rev. Carl Siebenpfeiffer, of Rochester, N. Y.—the most brilliant and eloquent orator of the Church. He selected his text from the 118th Psalm, the 24th and 25th verses:

"This is the day which the Lord has made,  
We will rejoice and be glad in it.  
Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord;  
O Lord, I beseech Thee,  
Send now prosperity!"

His able masterly discourse was based on the timely theme:  
What shall be the meaning of this enlarged institution to our synodical life?

He then enlarged on six paramount points which he considered of great importance to our synodical life.

1. Synodical consciousness,
2. Synodical honor,
Regarding the last point, he said:

"It is clear to every Evangelical Christian that we live in times of horror and great earnestness. World revolutions of past centuries are repeating themselves in the spiritual life of humanity, not, however, bringing order out of chaos. With titanic forces the world, in its endeavor to rail at the blessing of the Gospel, storms against heaven adorned with the stars of Christian truth, and not one star shall remain! Within the pale of humanity a tempestuous roar is heard, and the ground on which we stand trembles now and then, as though volcanic eruptions were threatened. The power and the kingdom of hell is known by many today. Demoniacal powers are revealed daily. The children of God look upon the work of destruction with the anger and grief of the Psalmist. They would see the power of God increase in speed, they would see the dawn of a new era before they pass to eternal rest. But God's mills grind slowly.

"No matter where we stand, whether in peaceful times or near the goal of the world's history,— a tremendous responsibility rests upon every Christian denomination of the Church, rests upon us as individual Christians, and also upon our dear Evangelical Church.

"We are charged to testify and to confess, to wake and pray, to suffer and trust, to stand shoulder to shoulder with all Christian corporations and to engage all our powers in the work of our Lord so long as it is day, for we have a synodical responsibility.

"This responsibility urged us to build this house, and this
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house urges us to shoulder our responsibilities with a deeper sense than ever before, and to prove it through our actions. This great responsibility must speed us on to make the best use of this institution. In it we must teach the right thing, and teach it right, so that we may 'become strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.'

"To Him, therefore, in whom time and eternity rests, to Him, our Father that loveth us, the Son that redeemed us, the Holy Spirit that consummates us, to Him be honor and might and praise and adoration. 'O Lord, we beseech Thee, send now Thy prosperity!'"

In the afternoon the chapel was again filled to its capacity. Dr. Louis Haeberle, Rev. Philip Goebel and Rev. Carl Nestel made short talks to an appreciative audience. The great day came to a close and the setting sun produced a wonderful glow that seemed to give promise to a bright future for Elmhurst College, our Alma Mater.

The prominent guests departed for their respective homes, and next day school work was resumed as usual. We know that Roy was not present at the dedication services of the new Main Building. He, Frank Tzarbell and some of their fellow students had entered the Old Theological Seminary, located in the romantic Missouri Valley. Johnny Bretz realized that he was not cut out to be a pastor, so he went home and worked for his father. When he left he said: "Now that Roy Keller and Frank Tzarbell are not here, I wouldn't stay anyway, conslamity, durhamity!"

Roy and Tzarbell remained good friends, and within three years both were ordained ministers of the Gospel,— their goal was reached. Roy was ordained by his former tutor, the Rev. William Howe, who was still active in the vineyard of the Lord;
and his wish to lay his hands on Roy's head with the blessing of the Church, and thus send him into the field to work for the Master, was granted.

In due time Roy received his first charge, which was in Iowa, and his heart trembled within him, for he had not forgotten Mae Brenner,—on the contrary, the mere mention of the state of Iowa recalled to him his sweet romance with her at Elmhurst College.

Roy was stationed in a little country town, about fifty miles from Des Moines, Iowa, where he knew Mae and her father lived. Roy's heart palpitated when he thought of the possibility of meeting Mae some day.

As yet Mae knew nothing of Roy's living so near her home, but God leads his children wonderfully.

It was at a Mission Festival that the young people met,—and we will leave the rest to the imagination of the kind reader. Suffice it to say that one year later they were happily married.

When the year 1896 dawned Roy and Mae had been married fourteen years, and were making preparations to visit Elmhurst College that Summer for the first time in seventeen years. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Elmhurst College, and both Roy and Tzarbell were scheduled to speak.

When Roy and Mae arrived and beheld, once again, dear Old Elmhurst, their hearts were filled with emotion, and that night, before retiring, Mae said to Roy:

"Though through sad experience I have learned the meaning of 'Alma Mater', I have also learned to love you with all my heart. You loved your Alma Mater then, and you love it now, but I know that your love for me is greater."
“Yes, Mae, you know that it is, but let us be grateful that it was Alma Mater that really brought us together. We shall always be deeply grateful to dear old Alma Mater.”

The following day Tzarbell spoke on “Thought Life”,— and Roy paid a glowing tribute of love and honor to Elmhurst College, his Alma Mater.

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