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The

CORNELL ERA

“Muck at Cornell”

including a letter from
R. T. CRANE

—

“A Knight Errant”

Short Story by
PROF. M. W. SAMPSON

Vol. 44

OCTOBER, 1911

No. 1

Published at
CORNELL UNIVERSITY
ITHACA, NEW YORK

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CORNELL ERA

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THE NEW ERA

You are reading the first issue of our forty-fourth yearly volume. THE ERA was started about the same time as the University—1868, to be exact. It began as the news and literary publication of the school and became more and more a repository for pastoral poems and less and less an up-to-date magazine as the years went by. Some great names appeared in its list of editors, and some famous writers have contributed to its columns. In those days, the latest poem of James Russell Lowell attracted more attention than the current happenings. So much for the Old Era.

Now let us tell you a little about the magazine before you. The present issue is a fair sample of those to follow. We of THE NEW ERA stand for certain things which you as a NEW ERA reader, should know. We have advocated against strong opposition, the inspection of student eating places; we have urged the erection of Residence Halls as a matter so vital to Cornell men that few things can take precedence to it.

The Old Era contained the best in Cornell prose and poetry. We will continue to publish this, but in addition we will print articles and stories by men outside the University. Articles as authoritative as "Baseball," by "Hal" Chase, which we printed last spring will appear in every issue to come. Men who speak with authority are writing for you in our pages. Our aim is to make THE ERA a magazine that every student will enjoy and of which every student will be proud. It is to be a New Era of the Old Era and one in which your participation will help toward success.

GEORGE WILLIAM JONES.

Emeritus Professor of Mathematics.

On Sunday evening, October the twenty-ninth and after a day spent in the quiet intercourse of his home, was closed the earthly life of Professor George William Jones, who at the time of his death and for more than thirty-four years past was Professor of Mathematics in Cornell University. He had been reading, had laid the book upon the table beside him, and sank back into his chair—dead.

He was born in East Corinth, Maine, October 14, 1837, was graduated from Yale University in 1859, married Miss Caroline Barbour of New Haven in 1862, became the first Professor of Mathematics in the Iowa State College at its opening, and later (in 1877) joined the Cornell Faculty where he labored with marked success until he was retired from active teaching (on a Carnegie pension) four years ago. Since then he had occupied himself partly with the revision of some of the textbooks which he had previously published and in other ways kept in touch with the work to which he had given his life. Such, in brief outline is the story of the noble life just closed.

Professor Jones was an unusually successful teacher, and one who came into the closest personal contact with his pupils, great numbers of whom all over the land gladly testify to the help and inspiration they received from him.

As a respected teacher and a valued friend, I have known him for more than twenty-five years and have always found him to be one of the most generous, courageous, conscientious Christian gentlemen it has ever been my privilege to meet. In the language of his longtime associates here at Cornell :

“The influence of Professor Jones has been carried far beyond the bounds of the University, both by his textbooks and by the large number of successful teachers who have received at least a part of their training in his class-room. At all times and places he was an example of soldierly devotion to duty ; a champion of good causes, however unpopular ; a friend of the weak and friendless ; an enemy of none but evil doers ; and a wise helper of all who wish to live nobly.”

—Professor J. H. Tanner.



PROFESSOR GEORGE W. JONES

Photo by Robinson

THE CORNELL ERA

Vol. 44

October, 1911

No. 1

Muck at Cornell.

An Answer to Mr. R. T. Crane.

James I. Clarke, '12.

“**A**PPARENTLY a young man cannot get any standing in college unless he is a degenerate.”

This is the awful conclusion reached by an unknown investigator quoted by Mr. R. T. Crane in the August number of *The Valve World* and brought to the attention of millions of Americans through the medium of the press.

Although these investigations deal more particularly with conditions at Harvard University, that Cornell is included in the indictment is a matter of deep concern for Cornellians. Admitting that his entire knowledge of other universities than Harvard was gained during trips as manager of two athletic organizations, Mr. Crane's investigator says in regard to Cornell:

“At Cornell conditions are somewhat the same although I believe that Cornell students do not carry their excesses so far as do the boys at Princeton, Yale and Cambridge. The Cornell students are great on beer, as also are the men at Princeton. At Cornell, furthermore, there is more of the fraternity life than at any other large university in the country and consequently the needs of students are catered to in private.”

It is significant that on the same page of *The Valve World* with the above statement is printed a squib which reads, “In many cases people will show less ignorance by keeping still than by talking.”

It is admittedly true that when Cornell men drink, they drink beer—obviously the least harmful of all alcoholic drinks. We cannot object to that accusation, but when Mr. Crane adds that we drink to excess and infers that Cornell fraternities are nothing more than private booze clubs, he publishes that which is untrue. This he either does for mere melodramatic effect without proper investigation, or because the informant intentionally deceived Mr. Crane in regard to the result of his findings.

It is a matter of common knowledge in Ithaca that the fraternities not situated on the Campus have, of their own volition, established rules prohibiting the bringing of strong drink into their houses and limiting or entirely prohibiting drinking by undergraduates. For the fraternities on the Campus these matters are regulated in their leases. These rules like many other morally valuable customs at Cornell have emanated from the undergraduates themselves and for that reason they are lived up to in letter and spirit.

Some time ago THE ERA wrote Mr. Crane, sending him a copy of the *Cornell Daily Sun* containing President Schurman's annual address, a reply to these accusations. We assured Mr. Crane that the President's statements were correct and asked him to state the nature of his investigations with regard to Cornell, which caused him to publish these libelous insinuations.

The following reply was received :

MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,

October 16, 1911.

To the Editor of THE CORNELL ERA.

DEAR SIR—

The copy of the *Cornell Daily Sun* containing Dr. Schurman's address reached me some days since. I thank you for sending it and also for your offer of space in your paper for any reply I should care to make.

Dr. Schurman's references to me and my statements surprise me greatly, as it is perfectly evident from his address that the learned doctor has not read any of my publications, but only the newspaper reports and extracts; and is therefore not in a position to judge or comment upon my views.

It is certainly most undignified and unworthy the president of a great institution of learning to resort to such epithets as "muck-raker," (thereby admitting that there is muck to be raked) and to impugn my motives in making my investigations and publishing the results. Dr. Schurman has no grounds whatever for questioning the honesty of my methods or purpose. I do not feel it incumbent upon me at this time to discuss the subject further, as my opinions and the results of my investigations are exhaustively treated in my book "The Utility of all kinds

of Higher Schooling" and in the following pamphlets, which may be had gratis upon application to Crane Co., Chicago.

First pamphlet "The Futility of Higher Schooling;" a talk to college boys.

Second, "The Futility of Technical Schools," a talk to technical students.

Third, "The Demoralizing Influence of College Life," to be out in the course of a week.

The welfare of the youth of our country is a subject in which I am most keenly and ardently interested; indeed I consider it the most important question of the day. Surely any one making a sincere attempt to throw light upon it should at least receive a respectful hearing, and your paper could not fulfill a higher purpose than to give such opportunity to all who have ideas or enlightenment to impart.

R. T. CRANE.

In order to correct some of Mr. Crane's apparent misapprehensions, the writer replied as follows:

ITHACA, N. Y.,

October 21, 1911.

Mr. R. T. Crane,

Plaza Hotel, New York City.

DEAR SIR—

Your favor of the 16th inst. from Atlantic City has come to my attention. I have carefully noted its contents.

I am sorry to note that you decline to state the nature of your investigations in relation to Cornell University for use in the columns of *THE ERA*. The October issue of *THE ERA* will contain an answer to your charges with respect to Cornell, and in justice to you I should be glad to show that your motive in making them was above reproach.

I refer particularly to your statement that, "at Cornell, furthermore, there is more of the fraternity life than at any other large university in the country and consequently the needs of the students are catered to in private." I know that there is no drinking in fraternity houses here and that this statement in your article is untrue.

In your favor of the 16th you say that evidently President Schurman has not read your original publications. I find on file at the President's office several of these publications, including the August number of *The Valve World*, which would seem to discredit that statement.

I note with regret from your former correspondence with President Schurman that you declined to address Cornell undergraduates and to give them the benefit of your experience and investigation. I am sure that Cornell men would overflow the large Armory to hear such an address by you. They are ever anxious to hear all sides of every question. I believe this invitation from President Schurman has not been withdrawn.

Next to such an address, I believe your side of the argument in relation to this University could best be laid before its undergraduates through *THE CORNELL ERA* and I should be glad to incorporate such a statement from you in the article which *THE ERA* will publish.

Last May, President Schurman received a letter from Mr. Crane's secretary asking permission to send to Cornell for distribution among the undergraduates a pamphlet entitled, "An Ad-

dress to College Students on the Value of Higher Schooling." President Schurman noted Mr. Crane's foreword stating that he had prepared the address with the expectation of reading it before a college, the president of which, having read a copy of the address in advance, refused to let it be delivered. Then Mr. Crane was invited to deliver the address at Cornell. His answer to this invitation follows:

May 16, 1911.

Mr. J. G. Schurman,
President, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

DEAR SIR—

I am in receipt of letter of 12th instant, written by your secretary, in regard to the question of distributing my pamphlet among your students, and with regard to your suggestion that I deliver this address in person before your students would say that I cannot spare the time to go down there for this purpose, but if you think it would be better to have it presented to the students in this way, why cannot you have some one there read the paper to them. Otherwise, I shall be very glad if you will allow the pamphlet to be circulated in your institution.

Yours very truly,

R. T. CRANE.

President Schurman answered this letter as follows, and has not since heard from Mr. Crane.

May 18, 1911.

Mr. R. T. Crane, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR—

I am in receipt of yours of the 16th inst. stating that you will be unable to accept our invitation to come to Cornell University for the purpose of giving your address demonstrating the worthlessness of a college education. As I am always desirous that our students should hear both sides of every question, I must express my regret that you cannot accept this invitation.

Your suggestion that some one take your pamphlet and read it would not accomplish the end in view. But students might turn out to hear you lecture, especially on such a revolutionary thesis, but they would not leave their work to listen to the reading of your paper by some one else. In these matters the personality of the man counts for everything. For the same reason I do not believe enough of them would read your printed article to justify you in sending copies here, especially as students are required in the course of their instruction to read so many books and articles, and these weeks are among the busiest of the year.

Very truly yours,

J. G. SCHURMAN.

In short, Mr. Crane's arraignment of the colleges is a grossly libelous exaggeration. We could excuse the wealthy manufacturer for that; but when he refuses to believe the contrary statements of those who should know, when he refuses to investigate for himself, when he refuses to offer any proof for his statements,

and when, refusing these requests, he continues to reiterate the untruths, the least we can believe is, with President Schurman, that perhaps "the muck-raking of universities is the latest device for drawing attention to the wares of manufacturers."

Certainly there is muck to be raked at Cornell. There isn't much of it and it isn't very black; but still there is muck. * Statistics show that one per cent. of Cornell students are morally bad. That is just one per cent. too many, and the sooner that one per cent. is raked out of Cornell, the better it will be for the 99 per cent. and for the University.

There are approximately 3,500 male students now living in Ithaca. According to the statistics then, 35 of these students compose the muck at Cornell. And it is only the undergraduates who can rake this muck effectively. In such hands as Mr. Crane's the misused rake merely stirs up the muck and makes it appear darker and dirtier.

Remembrance.

Edwin G. Burrows, '13.

Unforeseen, at times, in my dreaming,
Blown across from the past, o'er the misty sea
Whose dark waves, sullenly gleaming,
And lapping ceaselessly,
Stretch out in the dusk to the farther shore,
Where sleep the days that will come no more—
Comes an odor, a breath, to me,
Like a faint strain, long forgotten,
Of a once-loved melody.
And lo,
I am back in the midst of the long ago!
Then, lo! I am here in the present again,
And can hold no note of the dying strain;
Here in the unreal glare of today,
And how I have journeyed, or what was the way,
No man may ever know.

* President's Report, Appendix I, Page 13.

A Knight Errant.

Prof. M. W. Sampson.

WHEN Alphonso Tibbitts left his warm little flat to spend the rest of the December evening at his desk among the other clerks who had put in extra time on account of the holiday rush, he said to Mrs. Alphonso Tibbitts, "I'm not a bit afraid, Norine,—it's a long dark walk home, but I'm not a bit afraid, Norine."

Alphonso lied in his throat, and he knew that he lied in his throat. It was past midnight when, his work done, the little man walked down the unfrequented street, shivering at every shadow and repeating to himself at brief intervals, "Oh my, I wish I were safely home! It's an awfully dangerous street, oh my! and I'll bet anything there are footpads around, oh dear!"

There certainly were. One of them stepped suddenly in front of Alphonso, who screamed sharply and stopped short.

"Shut your silly mouth," said the robber, "and then cough up all you've got."

Alphonso feebly made noises in his throat, and the footpad roughly seized him. Instantly Alphonso's knees gave way, and his unexpected lurch against his assailant's legs caused the scoundrel to totter and then to fall heavily backward. The man's head struck the stone flagging with a nauseating crunch.

Alphonso, falling too, lay numb with terror for an age of seconds, and then, summoning all his strength of body and mind, raised himself to his knees and waited for extinction. The footpad did not move. After another age, Alphonso laid a trembling hand on the prostrate man's heart. The man was dead.

"Help, help," gasped Alphonso in agony, but no one came. Somehow Alphonso got to his feet and ran a block as fast as he could, saying, "O good heavens! O good heavens!" Then perforce he had to subside into a walk.

Alphonso had barely recovered his wind, when out of a black doorway jumped a large man, who thrust a revolver into his face and hoarsely said, "Hands up, hang you, I want your money."

Alphonso stood still in paralysis of mind and body, his hands above his head. The robber pushed his hand into Alphonso's breast pocket, and the roughness of the action drove into Alphonso's slim and tender neck a pin which was temporarily replacing a button of his undershirt.

"Ouch!" screamed Alphonso, jerking down his arms. The movement abruptly deflected the revolver. It went off, and the robber dropped to the sidewalk.

"Oh! I'm done for," groaned the man, "I got it in the heart!" He rolled over in hideous pain, gurgled twice, and was still.

"Dead!" moaned Alphonso, "Oh dear, oh dear, help, help!" But no help came, and after an awful half-minute of bending over the silent figure, Alphonso took to his heels.

Panic brought him two blocks, before, to his horror, he found that he was holding the man-killing revolver. He clutched at a tree to steady himself. From the other side of the tree a man leaped out at him. Alphonso's shriek did not carry a dozen feet.

"All you got," said the man brutally.

"It isn't mine," whispered Alphonso in abject terror. His finger unconsciously pressed the self-cocking trigger, and the robber fell with a bullet in his brain.

"O lordy," Howled Alphonso, "You *know* I didn't mean to!" He weakly dropped the revolver on the form of its victim, and ran, ran wildly, ran blindly, ran into the arms of two men who jammed him against a telegraph pole.

"Gimme your watch," said one.

"Don't move your hands," said the other.

The first man made a sudden movement, and Alphonso automatically fell, at the gesture, before the robber's feet. The fellow started to give him a violent kick, just as Alphonso rolled a few inches to the side on the sloping pavement. The heavy foot swept past him and the impetus threw the man against his companion, who lost his balance and flung his arms about the other's neck. They whirled unsteadily to the curb and went headlong into the street just as a speeding motor whizzed along. The car struck the two men solidly.

"Help, help, oh *please* stay and help!" cried Alphonso, but the chauffeur threw on his last speed and disappeared into the darkness.

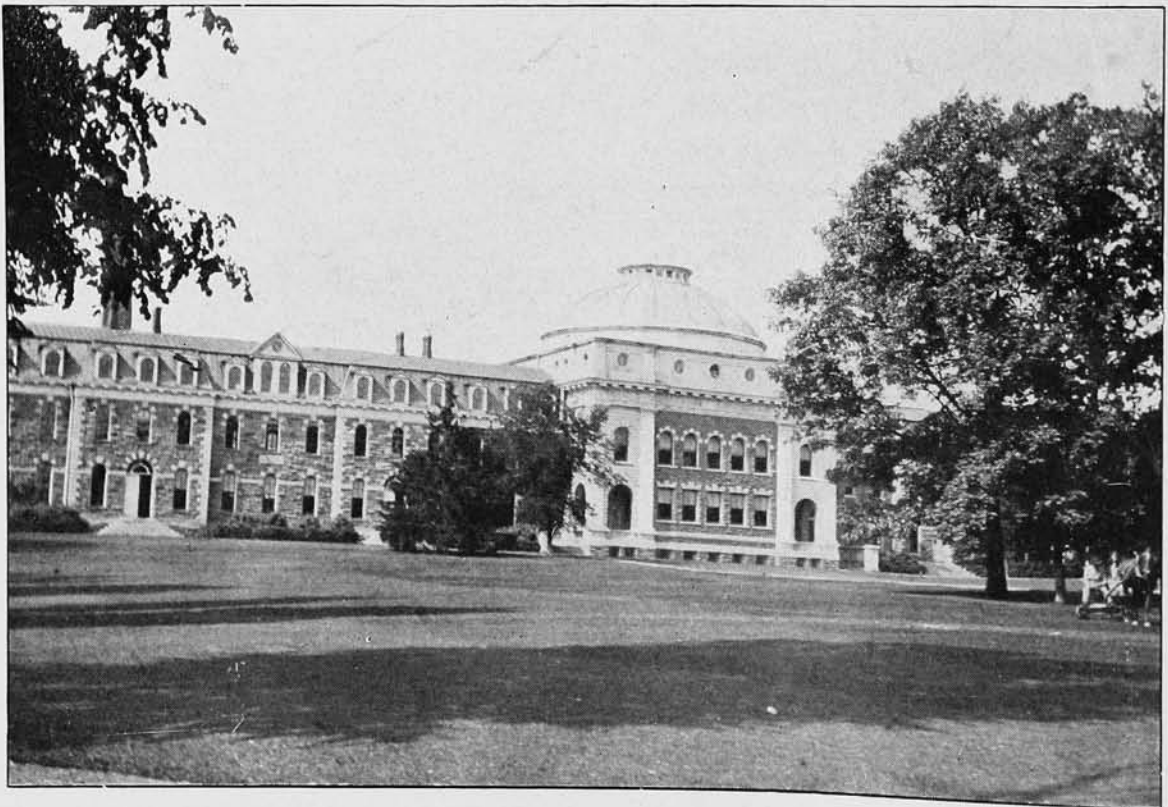
In abject agony Alphonso dragged the two dead men, one after the other, as far as the gutter. He could not lift them over the curb, and he sat down on the fatal stone, murmuring pleadingly, "Oh my, oh dear, oh dear, oh my!" Then he found his feet again and ran staggeringly home.

His wife was asleep. Alphonso did not wake her. Blindly he got to bed and went through a sequence of nightmares.

The next morning at breakfast Norine said, "Alphonso, there's an account of five thieves being found dead on the very street you came home on, and you said it wasn't dangerous a bit. Oh wouldn't you have been afraid if you had known! Oh how thankful I am that you didn't meet them! Oh how could you say you weren't afraid?"

"Norine Tibbitts," said Alphonso solemnly, "I *was* afraid. I was scared to death." He paused a moment, and then he treated himself to the first extreme remark he had ever uttered in the presence of Mrs. Alphonso Tibbitts, "Yes, Norine, I was afraid. I hope I may die if I wasn't!"

"You must never brag any more," said Norine. "Nor use such violent language," she added sharply.



Class Politics and Class Politicians.

Ross W. Kellogg, '12.*

CLASS politics is a matter which the ordinary Cornell undergraduate mentions with awe. He immediately construes it to mean corrupt practice to gain an election.

The man who has taken an active interest in the affairs of his class for four years, who has been active in the campaigns and occasionally fortunate when committees are appointed is called a "politician" and the term is usually applied as an epithet. However, this man has probably been the one who has attended class meetings, worked consistently on committees and been willing at all times to serve his class. I have little sympathy for the boys with the "Morris Chair habit" who forget to vote on election day and at the same time lament the fact that the "class is in the hands of a bunch of grafters."

A member of the class election committee is more an observer of class politics than a participant. He has an opportunity of hearing all sides of the question at issue and he is usually much surprised at the few men who really decide the class elections. It is the same at Cornell as in the outside world, the vast majority of voters take little or no interest in politics and it remains for the few to decide such important matters.

The present system of class elections with its modifications of this year has a tendency to lessen greatly the interest in the elections and I fear that if it continues this large number of voters, whom I mentioned above, will have little interest in the results. I strongly favor a plan of greater publicity. In this matter we could learn much from the colleges of the middle west where college politics is conducted along the same lines as state and national politics. The junior election is now on at the University of Wisconsin and *The Daily Cardinal* is giving much space to the candidates and their platforms. Mr. Noyes Bright as a candidate for Prom chairman heads the All-University or "Big-Six" Ticket

* EDITOR'S NOTE: For the last three years Mr. Kellogg has been a member of the 1912 Election Committee and has been on the inside in College politics.

and Shorty Hendrickson is announced as the head of Everybody's Ticket. Mr. Bright's prom platform is interesting: 1. A more democratic prom. 2. Carriage arrangements and rules made by committees. 3. Boxes arranged according to size of parties. 4. Equal Box Drawing. 5. Girls on Committees. 6. Independent house parties. 7. New ideas of decoration. 8. Improvements in men's cloak room. 9. Better conveniences for girls at prom. 10. Efficiency of men on committees. 11. Rearrangement of prom to suit all house parties.

If college journalism is worth while to prepare men for newspaper work after they leave college and if managership competitions make better business men why should not class politics make better citizens of Cornell graduates? The Cornell Civic Club has recently become interested in class politics. This organization could do much to make class politics clean and more worth while. I believe that the interest would be stimulated, better men would be elected to office and the affairs of the class would receive more attention.

Suppose that instead of having men nominated by petition the class held a nominating convention in the Armory or Sibley Dome a week before election. Men could then be nominated for the various offices and each of nominees could be allowed five minutes in which to state his views on questions important to members of the class. Then the members of the class would have a good opportunity to vote intelligently.

Deals have always been common in class politics. I think that of late they have been fewer but have been more noticeable because of the tendency for cleaner politics. Today we hardly have anything so open as the campaign manager taking his list of committees to the president whom he has elected and merely getting his approval of it. However, at times, the candidate or his friends will become too anxious for votes and will make a veiled or possibly even an open promise of committee appointments for support. The bartering of votes to the highest bidder is to be deplored.

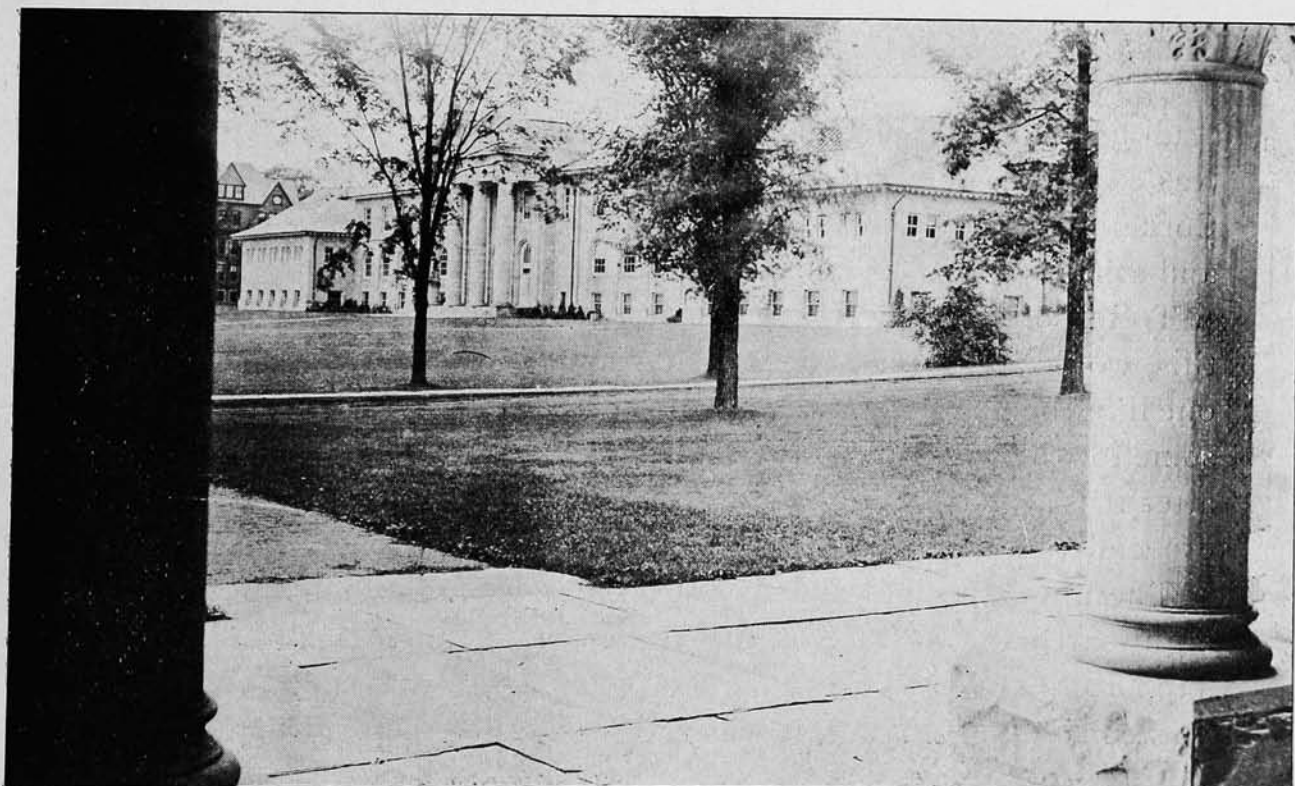
In election matters the fraternity and non-fraternity men usually take an unequal interest. The former who compose about one-third of the class are much more active than the latter. The in-

terests of the class would be best looked after when the entire membership becomes interested in class politics. Without a dormitory system or a student commons there is no common meeting ground for this large body of independents. A nominating convention would make fraternity and non-fraternity men acquainted with the candidates and would make for cleaner politics and more interesting campaigns.

Wonder O' the Meads.

Earl Simonson, '12.

Without, the ivy elfins crimson-pied
Swarmed like beleaguers up the cold gray wall ;
Within the hoary savant squeaked and droned
Unto the dim and drowsy lecture hall ;
Without, the old wind desolately moaned ;
Within, the swift pens drank the graybeard's words ;
One butterfly flung through the casement wide,
And all paused—like a flock of startled birds.



With the 1911 Crews at Poughkeepsie.

Henry J. Kimball, '11, Coxswain.

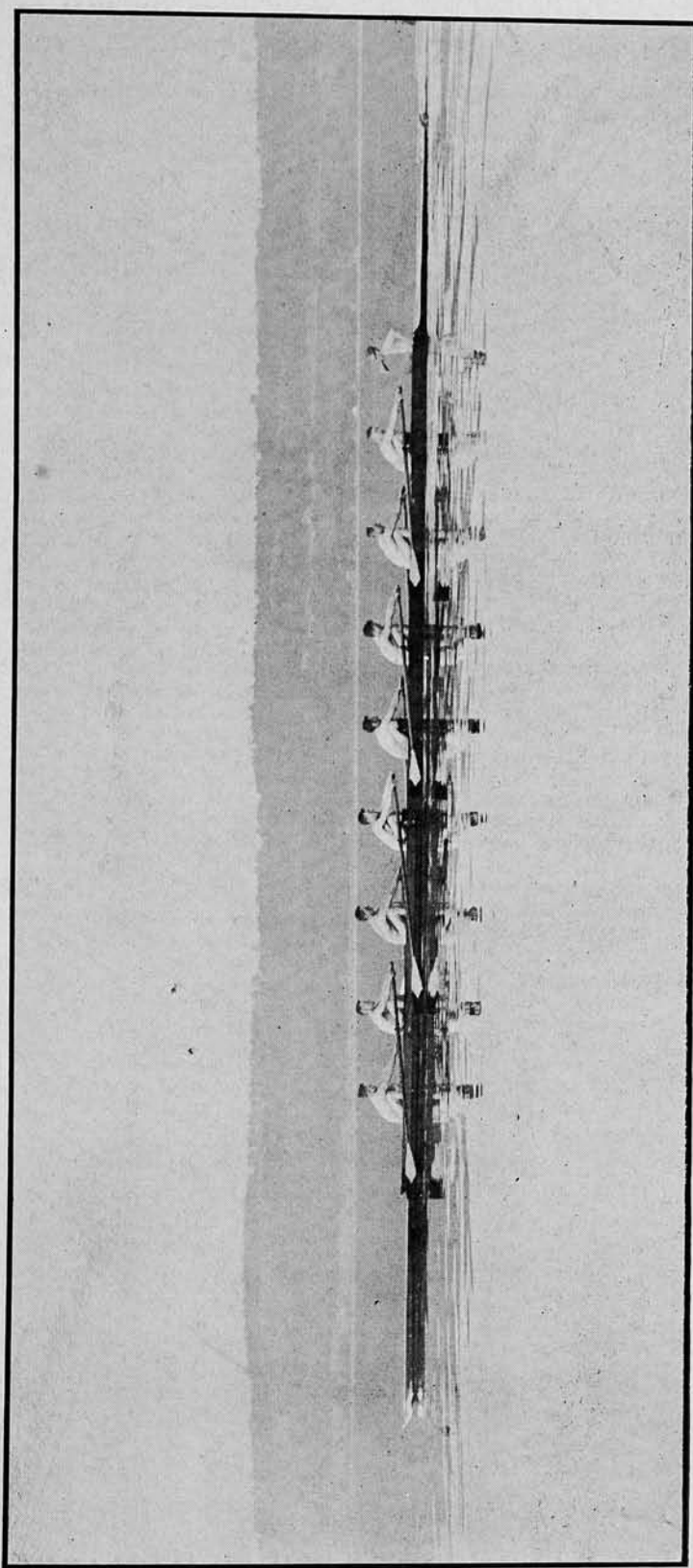


For the last three years, it has been Cornell's fortune to win the rowing championship and the final race in winning that title has each season, during this period, been hotly contested and extremely close. In 1909, Columbia was but fifty feet behind. In 1910, Pennsylvania and Cornell were so closely matched that scarcely any one but the finish judges could see which crossed the line first. In June last, however, there was witnessed a race which has been declared by those who know, to be the greatest contest ever seen on the Hudson River. The story that the crew

leading at the bridge which is the three mile mark, is sure to win, was exploded. Columbia was a length and a half in advance as Cornell went under the span and yet the Cornellians were a length and a half ahead when the finish line was reached.

To tell of the training and hard work necessary to accomplish this, would be tedious, for it is merely a succession of days, every one like the one before. It cannot be denied that it becomes tiresome for the men and they are anxious for race day. However, after it is all over, the grind and drudgery are entirely forgotten, especially so when they are victors.

There was quite a diversity of opinion as to the outcome of the eight-oared varsity race on the Hudson last June. The Columbia supporters had entire confidence in their crew and the crew itself was confident. In fact, it was the New York men who proposed



THE 1911 VARSITY CREW

This Photograph of the 1911 Varsity Crew was taken by Coach Charles E. Courtney just before the men left for Poughkeepsie. It pictures the crew in action, showing the perfect form of the men as they are beginning a stroke. The four blades are in almost perfect alignment.

to bet. The Columbia and Cornell men met at Mr. Harry Van-Cleef's home, the Sunday before the race and there each man wagered his rowing shirt with the corresponding man in the other boat.

Pennsylvania was a favorite with some in view of their excellent performance of the previous year. Cornell came in for her share of supporters although it may be said people hoped some one else would win.

Cornell was favored in the four-oared varsity and by some in the freshman race but in the opinion of others, Wisconsin looked good enough to win. It is a difficult matter in any case to foretell what any certain crew will do in the final test. There are many crews which appear to good advantage in practice but which finish toward the last in the race.

Race day at Poughkeepsie is a holiday. No one works if he does not have to so that long before the scheduled time for the first race of the regatta, the people had come over to the west shore. They brought their children and their lunches, making a picnic outing of it.

Many yachts and cruisers were anchored on the river besides innumerable small boats and some U. S. cutters from New York. Excursions were run in on steamers from both north and south. When all boats were finally anchored, as they have to be before three o'clock, they formed an avenue almost from the bridge to the finish.

June 27th opened with a wind, making the course pretty rough. It was hoped by Cornell at least that there would be smooth water, our crews being light. At the start of the four-oared race it was a little calmer. All the eight oared varsity crews were at the Columbia quarters so we could not see the four oared or freshman races, except the flash of light on the oars at the start.

There was a telephone at the house-boat, however, so we soon learned the results. The four, after the first half-mile had everything their own way, leaving Columbia and Syracuse to fight it out for second place. A great deal of credit is due to H. R. Lafferty, '11, who rowed in the varsity four for three years and never lost a race.

The freshman crews got off for an even start but it was soon apparent the real factors of the race would be Columbia and Cornell. Columbia led practically the whole distance and the Cornell boat tried in vain to close up the gap. The New Yorkers finished two lengths and a half ahead. It must not be supposed from this that our freshman crew was not a good one. It was, but Columbia was better. In fact, it was the best they had had for years. Just before the varsity eights got out for the start, the Columbia freshmen ran up to their float with our freshmen's rowing shirts aboard.

We then started for the stake boats at Krum Elbow. The wind was fresh and Syracuse had some trouble getting up to their stake boat on account of the tide, so there was a moment of suspense. Then there was a second—when every crew was ready and the next second the gun was fired and the five crews were started.

Columbia immediately jumped to the lead with a high stroke, the rest getting away about even. We were in course four where the water was slightly rougher, while Columbia had course two inshore somewhat. All the first mile, the Morningside men led, our boat hugging close and the rest strung out behind. Just at the mile, we took a short sprint, as did Columbia, and by so doing we had a shade the better of it. But sprints in a four-mile race are dangerous things. We dropped back to the usual four-mile stroke. Columbia was rowing about two to the minute more than we and we were holding them.

During the next mile, we tried to nose ahead but found that it could not be done without raising the stroke and that we did not do, of course. So Columbia was still ahead when the race was half over. The other crews being behind by this time, we had gradually closed in on Columbia and were rowing side by side with them. After the two mile mark was passed, the New York oarsmen could be easily observed. They were rowing a tremendous race. Every ounce of power was being used. They were by no means sure of themselves however, for their stroke was continually watching us and it could be seen that the pace was telling on him.

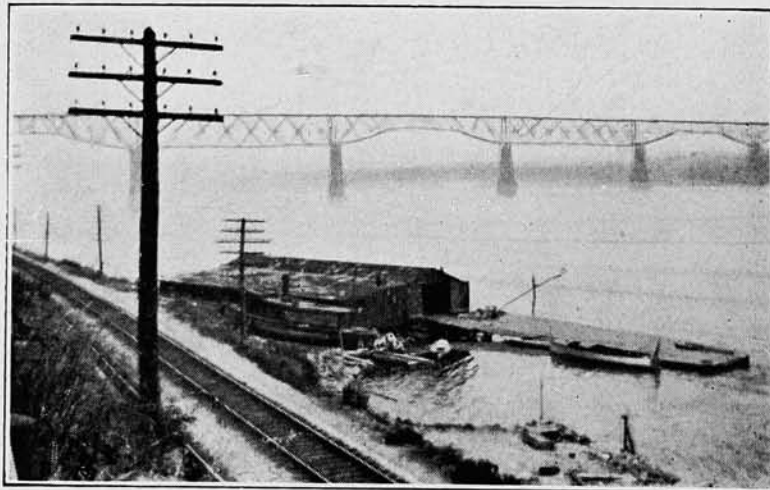
At the two and one half mile mark, Columbia sent their stroke up another notch. They were working beautifully at that time and were slowly leaving us for our stroke was not increased. Our men were in good condition, nevertheless, and making the most of

the slow stroke for we had a good run on the boat. Up to the time we passed under the bridge, Columbia gained until they were one and one-half lengths ahead at the three mile mark.

It seemed almost impossible that a crew could take and hold the pace they had set and we were relying somewhat on the fact that they probably would not be able to sprint much at the end. It was a big lead to make up though. We held them until about five-eighths of a mile from the finish and then put our stroke up. It was a case of starting the final sprint early and depending on the stamina and condition of the men or taking chances that Columbia go over the line first if we waited too long.

From the three and a half mile mark, we gained and gained rapidly. Our crew came back as if it were merely finishing a two mile race. Columbia seemed dead. Their bow man was plainly distressed and the stroke was laboring heavily. For a time we gained a man at every stroke. Then at a quarter of a mile from the finish, we nosed them out and their bow man collapsed. Cornell crossed the line a length and a half to the good, with everyone completely tired but in good condition.

As has been said here, the majority of the public wished to see some other crew than Cornell win. It must be admitted that it would be a good thing for rowing in general for interest in the Poughkeepsie regatta is slightly diminishing. But Cornell cannot afford to lose a race when by doing its best, it is within its power to win it. Cornell is setting a high standard but should she not hold to it until some other rowing university can come up to and raise it?



THE CORNELL BOATHOUSE AT POUGHKEEPSIE

Fire Fighting on the Hill.

William L. Burns.

Chief of the Ithaca Fire Department.



In April, 1900, the Phi Kappa Psi house burned to the ground. One student died shortly after from injuries received by jumping or falling from the third story. Several others were badly injured from the same cause. In December, 1908, the Chi Psi house, the old Fiske McGraw mansion, burned in the dead of night. Four men were killed and several injured. In January, 1908, one student was killed in the fire that gutted the A. T. O. house. The victims were trapped in their rooms, there was no escape, though they were all vigorous and athletic—there were

crew men and football men among the dead—their only choice was to wait for certain death or to jump to death almost as certain. But other fraternities have been just as unfortunate or just as criminal. Delta Upsilon and S. A. E. in recent years have had fires that would have been just as disastrous if they had occurred at night. *And in all the history of Ithaca only two lives have been lost outside of the fraternity-houses!*

It is an appalling record, but the fault is not that of the fire department. The blame lies with the carelessness and negligence of the members of fraternities and with the inadequate provisions for fire-fighting on the hill.

There are two things that students on the hill can do to combat fires. First, they can make provision for escape from fires when fires occur, and second, they can make fires impossible.

Every lodging-house having students above the second floor must be equipped with fire-escapes, to comply with a new city ordinance. Most of the flimsy frame rooming-houses that cover the hill would burn to the cellar in fifteen minutes. When this ordinance goes into effect, the city authorities and the students will have the comfortable assurance that the inmates can save their lives at least. But the fraternity houses are private residences and are not included in the terms of this ordinance. Whatever provision against fire they may make must be of their own action. I hope most devoutly that they will overcome their habitual indolence and easy trustfulness in the future enough to recognize the seriousness of their situation and the menace of carelessness.

The fraternities must have fire-escapes. We have thousands of object lessons to show that the fire-escape is the only possible solution, the only way to safety in a midnight fire. The only objection to them is that they mar the appearance of the building. This is true enough of the bare old iron fire-escapes you see on factories and public schools and Sage Cottage. But the modern fire-escape harmonizes with the style of the building and either adds to its appearance or blends inconspicuously with it. If for any reason you "frat" men do not equip your houses with outside fire-escapes, at least place a rope in every room. A vigorous man can save himself without difficulty by this means.

But fire-escapes are not enough. Means should always be at hand to quench a fire at its start. Supply the house with plenty of fire-extinguishers. All of them are good; the tank extinguishers are perhaps more effective than the powder tubes because with them one can attack a fire from a short distance, and from difficult angles. Know the directions on the extinguisher; practice using it; don't delay experimenting with it until the roof is falling in and the floor is collapsing under you. Change the mixture in it every year or so—it is apt to become stale. Better yet, have it inspected occasionally by some one who knows something about it.

The best way to fight a fire is to fight it before it begins. Don't have any fires: there are very, very few fires that are not due to carelessness. Lace curtains cause about half the fires: cigarette butts the other half. Beware of the cigarette that does not go out;

don't throw it in the waste-basket. Train yourself to put a cigarette out when you are through with it. Use safety-matches, and consider that when you have lit a match, you have made yourself responsible for the future of that match. Watch it until it is fully out.

Every fraternity should appoint one of its members Fire Marshal. The Fire Marshal should inspect the electric wiring, the hot air pipes—if the house is heated by a furnace—and the construction of the chimney. He should take care of the fire-extinguishers and organize *fire-drills*. In short, he should make it his duty to prevent the occurrence of fire. *Don't leave these details to a janitor.* The janitor probably doesn't know very much about it, and certainly doesn't care very much.

So much for the duties of the individual. There is another phase of the matter—the duties of the University authorities and the city authorities. The fire-fighting facilities on the hill are at present pitifully inadequate. Suppose a fire occurred on the Heights. The nearest fire company is a mile away. The professors would have an interesting time experimenting with the ancient hose-cart—"the pride of the heights"—but the burning house would not be much benefited.

If ever Sage Cottage caught fire, all the ladders in Ithaca would be needed in about three minutes. When the S. A. E. house burned, the roof was falling before the alarm was turned in and the house was a ruin when the firemen arrived. The water-pressure in the higher regions—as about the Agriculture College—is feeble and ineffective. There are three antiquated hose-carts on the Campus. No one knows very much about running them; no one inspects them. A few volunteers who live downtown and work on the hill and the janitors and students form the fire-fighting force. Wouldn't it be great if we had a fire in the middle of the night?

The University should erect a modern fire house, with attractive rooms and pleasant living quarters. Students and a few experienced men would live there willingly for the sake of a reduction in room-rent. The house should be equipped with efficient apparatus. For suggestions, let the college inspect the model fire-house erected by the City of Syracuse for Syracuse University. Some

of the horses that are now stabled in the Agricultural barn should be kept there. Then the authorities need never be disturbed at the thought of fire.

Another section of the city needs protection and needs it badly. Not even a few dilapidated hose-carts are available in the fraternity and rooming-house district of Stewart Avenue from State street to the Heights. A fire company stationed at South Avenue and Stewart Avenue would command this region north, south, east and west. The objection, as ever, is the expense. But there is at present in Ithaca a fire-house with a steamer and full equipment in a section of the city that is perfectly protected by other companies. The company on lower State street finds little employment in the small district assigned to it. The same equipment in a new house on Stewart Avenue would protect a region of large and important buildings now absolutely unguarded against the danger of fire.

The only thing that hinders the removal is the influence of some residents of West Ithaca who have contributed to the company. It is the duty of the City of Ithaca and of the taxpayers of the Stewart Avenue district to remove this company to a place where it will be of service in protecting the most valuable houses in Ithaca.

Do we need another lesson? Must another of the finest homes in the state and more precious lives be sacrificed to teach us the effects of false economy?



Inspect the Boarding-Houses.

H. H. Crum, M.D., '97.*

I AM asked if boarding houses should not be inspected and I say emphatically *yes*. However, I do not want to be understood as believing that all or even a majority of eating houses in Ithaca are not cleanly, but we know that some are exceedingly dirty.

Now, discrimination will not and ought not to be tolerated, therefore I am heartily in favor of *all* boarding houses, restaurants, hotels, so-called "dogs" and eating places in general being inspected often enough to get definite knowledge as to cleanliness. Again I say this should be done because a few are dirty.

One most important condition for the prevention of disease, especially intestinal disease, is clean food. To have food clean it must be handled by clean people in a cleanly way in clean surroundings. Those places that conform to the above simple conditions will not object to inspection, instead such will welcome it. Those, however, that are not clean all the time will probably view with alarm the approach of an inspector.

Tables under University or student management should be inspected just as carefully as the private boarding house. Some private places might show up to advantage.

The care of the garbage around boarding establishments is a problem of consequence. This garbage is largely polluted with material that has been in contact with human bodies. That is, all who eat have contributed their share of the leavings which mixed with the general garbage makes the whole a humanized proposition. The most dangerous material with which people come in contact in their daily lives is filth from human bodies. To prevent this kind of filth from reaching human mouths is of the most far-reaching importance. We take our lives in our hands very often when we eat in public places.

Inspection should be thorough, honest, reasonably frequent and unexpected. The inspector should be a man of tact and intelli-

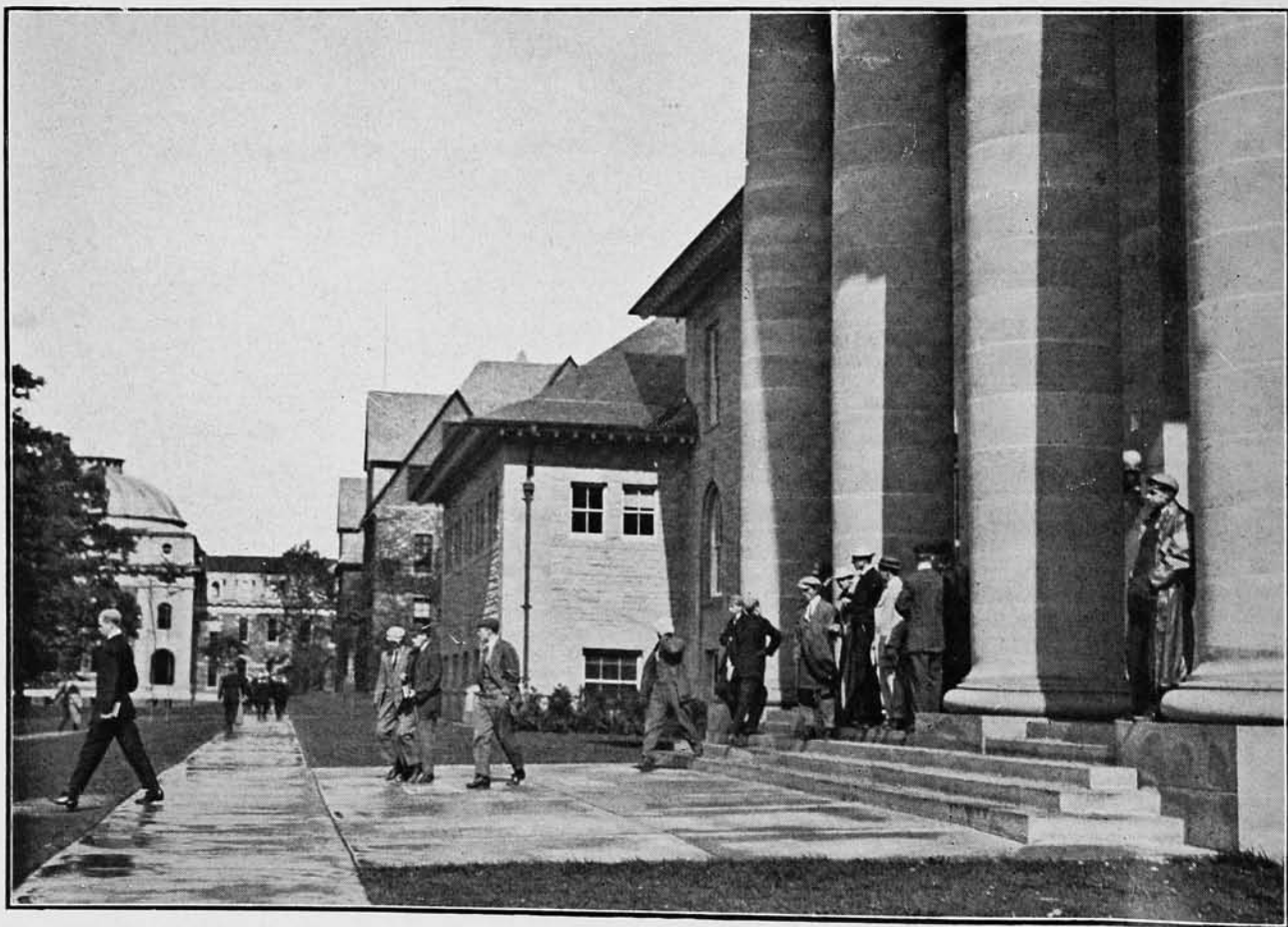
* EDITOR'S NOTE : Dr. Crum is the Health Officer of the City of Ithaca. What he has to say regarding matters of this nature may be taken as authoritative.

gence. He should be under the supervision and control of the health board and he should be deputized so as to have the power to enter any place at any time.

Inspection as above outlined would immediately result in neater kitchens and more sanitary back yards. It would mean the ability of one to enjoy his food even if while eating a picture of the kitchen should cross his mind. It would mean that a few places that are feeding hungry men would go out of business or change their filthy methods.

The information obtained should be made public at least in so far as the clean places are concerned. It would soon be appreciated why an eating house was not favorably listed. Moreover, if not being on the list should avail nothing the health board could easily manage the matter, having the proper information at hand.

The cost of inspection in Ithaca would not be great and this would be far more than saved by the resulting decrease in illness.



Sensitiveness of Schumm.

Earl Simonson, '12.

IF the above title is reminiscent of Mr. G. K. Chesterton I can only plead that it is Mr. Chesterton's extreme misfortune to have gotten into print before my esteemed self. If that is paradoxical so is my subject. I have set myself to review four dulcet documents which recently appeared in the editorial columns of the Cornell Daily *Sun*. In two of these a shy and self-contained freshman, one Paul B. Schumm, records his reticence. The third purports to have been concocted by one T.M.S., also '15. The last is the editorial edict of our doddering old friend, the *Sun* itself.

At first the infant. Mr. Schumm writes the *Sun* a lengthy epistle. I can imagine the intense jubilation in the *Sun* office when that epistle arrived. (I hope it *did* arrive). It overflowed the editorial columns of the *Sun* with the plea that Mr. Schumm, '15 does not like to wear his freshman cap because he is not sociable, and hence it is not fair that he should be the recipient of of sociality which he cannot reciprocate. Aside from being a quibble worthy of a sophomore lawyer this argument is all founded upon a beautiful fallacy. Prominent students hem and haw at campus meetings over the social advantages of the little gray lid. It is a sort of talisman upon the application of which we have among freshmen a brotherhood to pale the ruddiest dream of the socialist. Which is all very nice but which does not in the slightest alter my idea that, unreasonable as it may seem to the prominent student, it is the freshman himself that makes himself sociable, and not, with all due respect to haberdashers and purveyors of college traditions, his cap. For the freshman of Mr. Schumm's type—and the type is by no means so uncommon as it is generally supposed—the highest social advantage that the freshman cap offers is that it facilitates his being taxed. And if anyone enquires how it chanced that I have come upon this extraordinary bit of knowledge I make answer that I came to Cornell in the identical boat with Mr. Schumm.

And then the justice—full of wise saws and modern instances. The *Sun* hands down the decision that if Mr. Schumm wanted to be a lathe he could have obtained an education by correspondence: the business of a University is to turn out *men*, not lathes. Let our youthful correspondent mix. Let him learn to know men and to judge men. Good advice! It is but an enlargement of my own dictum, *Live!* (I don't really *live*, but I had to have a dictum). The only quarrel I have with the college man is that he judges men not by greatness of soul but by a sort of superficial greatness which consists in playing baseball and draining tankards. Time was when I regarded the clean-cut, handsome, red-haired—they always have red hair—prominent student with abject awe. Now I regard him as an unfortunate though not incurable malady.

Then the justice turns his decision with an "as President Schurman said" the freshman cap breaks down those social rules which decree, *Speak not until introduced*. Shades of Abe Lincoln and Ezra Cornell! Have affairs in this University of farmer's sons and artisans come to such a pass that Cornell men cannot speak to Cornell men without breaking down social rules. Social rules, forsooth! Oh, Chauncey, that rude fellow is flirting with you!

T. M. S., '15, who writes like a *Sun* compet., next breaks into the editorial limelight with the naive remark, *in Schumm*, that he will endeavor to throw light that he may raise his classmate out of his narrow rut of reasoning to a plane established by the majority. It is very interesting to learn that the reasoning plane of the majority is so elevated. It is also interesting to learn from T. M. S., '15's letter that "at Cornell there are no distinctions between the poor and the rich." T. M. S. is the soldier, full of strange oaths. I do not understand him at all.

Last scene of all this strange, eventful history—the apologia of Mr. Schumm, in which he declares the old principle of independence—the right to mind his own business and have other people mind theirs. That idea is as sweet as it is ancient—and as impossible. If Mr. Schumm tried to jump off of Cascadilla bridge, some officious student would probably thwart his design by securing his coat-tail. When he tries to jump into the deeper abyss of self, several people secure his psychic coat-tail. And after all, in

the present state of earthly society, it is only just that they should do so. Mr. Schumm has no more right to extinguish himself socially than he has to extinguish himself physically, no matter how sensitive he may be.

Here is the argument which, to my mind, effectually quashes Mr. Schumm's philosophy. I give it for the benefit of all shy and sensitive students in the University. All life is a giving and a taking. We must take; we must give. Only sociality called us into existence; it is only through sociality that we make right the balance.

The Lion's Roar.

An Answer by Paul B. Schumm, '15.

IT is an ancient custom in all considerable institutions of amusement to maintain a person chosen for his unusual development and concomitant gift for offense, whose duty it is to annihilate from the little world that he controls, all comers who may be inclined to manifest an original interest in the proceedings of the place, in a manner at all original. Like a Coney Island bouncer, the heavy weight literatus of Cornell inclines his vorpal quill against me with intent to quash. He grinds me 'neath his flinty heel, and yet the suggested mental picture of my own No. 11 as it descends upon the humble roach, inspires me with hopeful vision of vital juices temporarily scattered, but integrating their divided forces into a defensive globule.

To the Lion that has grappled me, and to all other interested persons who have ope'd their jowls at me in stately wisdom I would first of all say this,—that as long as you insist on taking the matter, *my* matter, if you please, *as you like it*, and do not meet me on my ground, I must remain at a disadvantage that shames most woefully the boasted sporting spirit of our university. However, for this very reason, you have not blown up the illest wind, since, duelling thus with blunted daggers at some sixty paces, all hands are likely to escape without much injury.

Granted that the Justice in the shifting age, falls flat in his

slippery course, my Lion tries to limp a little closer. I think he must be a cynical Lion—at least sometimes. For, if the sparkling talent of the *Sun* failed honestly to answer the question I implied: as to which were more important, honesty or freshman caps; he comes right out and tells me it is all a quibble, that honesty doesn't exist anyhow, that if it did, I never could have been so innocent as to imbibe all those nice ideas about the pretty freshman caps. Some one has been fooling me. I thank my Lion ever so much for putting me wise at last. His, surely, is a broader justice!

Incidentally, I'll own, the *Sun* got in some very good advice—(even though I told them all about it, and how I was struggling to apply it, before they gave it back to me as something new, in lieu of more desired information) which THE ERA Lion follows up with weighty roar. Please, Mister, I am trying *hard* to Live, but you are right, and when I gaze upon the gleaming, intelligent countenances of my mates as they come up the hill at midnight from the Happy Hour, or wade so steadfast through the ooze of the parade ground in the gathering autumn dusk, I feel I am indeed a poor Indian who cannot see the gods abroad on all the paving block, or hear them in the syncopated wind.

And lo, behold how he of THE ERA falls with righteous indignation upon the malicious implications of His Honor, the *Sun*. "Have matters come to such a pass?" he plaintively exclaims. Good Sir, I fain would answer you: indeed they have. But with the infallible precision of a Windy City statistician I would enlighten you with fact. For well are President Schurman and the *Sun* aware of what they speak. Our university of farmer boys and artisans contains some others also, and the penetrating eye can easily discern within the campus confines an elegant epitome of all society. For the social gulf that yawns between milord of Arts and the servile hench of "Ag," is dotted with a chain of guilded islands that range from Law to Vet without a gap. Society repeats itself in all stages and on all planes, the intellectual one of a university community not excepted. Small wonder then that in all artificial equalizing efforts such "social rules" must first be broken down before an intercourse is possible. And all hail to our President who has called "bust" upon them with such betraying emphasis. By all means let the shout be heard—Cornell hath need of thee.

But now let me come to sterner matter. My mania for revelation, amounting as it does to positive indecency, is about to betray me again. As with Milton, Aristophanes, and other of my primitive prototypes morality is not my stronghold. It is quite untrue that any of those people ever made me blush. Now this is not to vaunt that I'm a terrible fellow. On the contrary, my perfect harmlessness it is, that enabled me to do without it. And far from implying immorality, I simply must confess a vacuum where other people are wont to coddle a bump of some sappy consistency. I say consistency, because in that one thing they are always so painfully, strictly consistent; and morality, I may venture to remark, is the stronghold of the mass. Why, what would become of them otherwise?—Oh, horrible! horrible!

All of which the reader with acumen will perceive to prove the general proposition that even the quibble of a sophomore lawyer may place morality upon its mettle and cause its structure fearfully to quake, (though possibly, only to the seismographic discernment of the élite). For when Cornell Honor and the Freshman Cap are stamped upon opposite sides of the morality disk and tossed into the air, behold, some natural laws are set at naught and both fall heads—and, also if I mistake not, was not gravity at once suspended, so that my disklet might remain forever in the air, and never reappear?

Yes, morality at once made use of both these methods to maintain her state unscathed, the which, as I have also said, is manifestly necessary upon our present bank and shoal of time. Under the circumstances it may be mean for me to pick upon her, but lo, I have learned cynicism from the Lion, and shall go ahead.

I need not comment on suspense of gravity. The *Widow* will take care of that. But let me say a word about that double-head-fall of my disk. Of two evils choose the lesser and swat it. Our freshman cap must be preserved inviolate. Does it not minister to that first of moral principles—the facilitation of the acquisition of wealth? (Who was it, told me so?) There now remains that miserable honor-snag. How are we to get around it? “Ha, I have it,” cry a score of lynx-eyed pillars of society. “He must be made to change his nature so that things will gibe. He is abnormal; he must conform,—it's as clear as daylight—he must be re-

strained. And then when we have gotten things wrenched round our way, we can settle back and take our ease again, and enjoy the rescued fruits of our labors."

It seems that elsewhere, as in Titipu, suicide, especially of the psychic variety, is a capital crime, and must be squelched. And have we not seen clearly how this *must* be so if society is to be kept intact? But kindly note! it is Society that thusly acts—not you or I. And her demands and welfare need have no mystical connection with those of the individual. Indeed the former oftener than not, do work against the latter. If folks were only more sufficient in themselves they would not lose themselves so completely as to become mere mechanical subconscious tools of society, and we would have a greater number of happy individuals, instead of a happy collectivity of smaller ones. I hope "society" is not a private bugaboo of mine. I run foul of it only when I feel that it is hindering the full developement of all of us.

The cruel argument that finally completes my ruin I would treat with a magnanimous tenderness. Not being accustomed to "giving" at all, I cannot appreciate the nature of the happiness that beams from every visage round about me. I only feel the weight upon my coat tail, and am at a loss to see what they should wish to keep me for. If my Lion's principle is right, I hope some day my,—“soul may taste the grandeur of its might and be among its cloudy trophies hung.”



Hiram Corson.

Cynthia Morgan St. John.

ANOTHER year entered upon by Ezra Cornell's great University for "any man." Another year amidst the ennobling beauty of hills, gorges, waterfalls and lake. All the equipment apparently complete, few changes, many improvements ;

"But yet (we) know, where'er (we) go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

We who have known and loved Cornell for long years miss a something this autumn.

A presence hath departed. A unique personality is no longer in our midst. The campus and the streets of Ithaca have lost their most imposing, most picturesque figure. His wonderful voice will never again be heard in parlor or hall. Hiram Corson is no more.

In June last, at the time of his death, loving and beautiful tributes were paid to his memory by those of his former colleagues and friends best fitted to estimate him as a scholar and as a man.

The last word, perhaps, certainly the best word, has already been uttered.

Then why are we asked to add another line to that page of Cornell's history already closed—to that which pertains to a professor of English literature whose official connection with the University was severed seven years ago?

There is but one reason—Hiram Corson was one of the chief glories of Cornell for nearly forty years. His position was noteworthy. Those of us who have been under his influence during this long period, believe profoundly that that *which he stood for* is so vital and necessary in education, that his memory should never perish from the hearts of Cornellians.

Professor Corson was eminent as a scholar. The score of books written and edited by him, pertaining to English literature, made his name famous on both sides of the Atlantic. He had many devoted followers who had never seen his face, who were won by his works on Browning, Milton and Shakespeare, and, particularly,

by those two choice little books, *The Aims of Literary Study*, and *The Voice and Spiritual Education*.

Among the prominent educators of the country, Dr. Corson had been one of the foremost. There are teachers to-day, in many of the schools and colleges throughout this country, who, like Professor Hodell, still call themselves "his grateful pupils," and who feel that they owe their inspiration to him. His influence over those he won to himself was almost unbounded. He loved to tell of a certain freshman, in the early years of the University, in one of his Shakespeare classes. The Professor had said that if one would really know Shakespeare's plays he should read daily, in chronological order, one entire play, until he had read them all. At the close of the class, a bright faced young man came to him and said: "Dr. Corson, I'll do that"—and he did.

As a reader the professor was simply incomparable. The more you heard him read the more marvellous his rendition became to you.

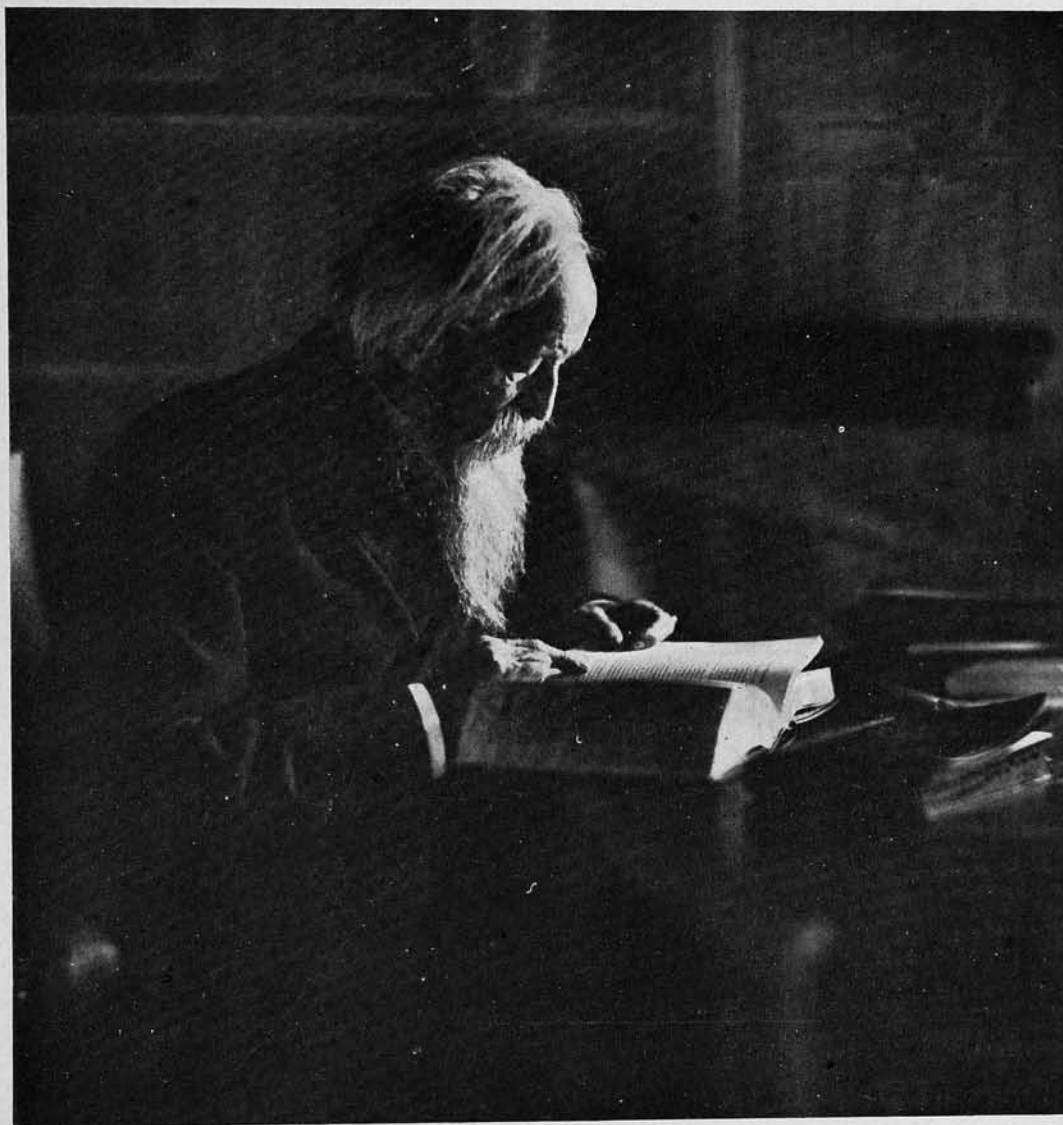
Certainly his interpretative readings—his intoning of the great poets from Chaucer to William Watson, will never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of listening to him. And how generous he was of this marvellous gift!

Nevertheless, to tell one who knew him not, that Dr. Corson was a ripe scholar, an eminent educator, a wonderful reader—why, these bare statements do not even touch upon the outskirts of his power—his glory. His glory, we believe, lay in a singularly unerring gift. A gift which had enabled him to divine and assimilate the *life* of the best poetry and to interpret it to others. Marvellous was his power to awaken the spiritual natures of his pupils—to evoke from them such response to the true and to the beautiful in literature that it became their very own. This it was which differentiated him. And, we venture to say, this is why he was ever seeking the sympathy of his audiences. He did not want to read to stone walls. He felt so profoundly that his attitude toward the productions of genius was the only right attitude. He longed to know the extent of the spiritual response of his hearers.

Intellect, he taught, played a secondary part in the interpretation of poetry, and while he valued the trained intellect and did

despise learning—he gloried to the last in the Classics—he did not despise scholarship as an end in itself.

The “bumptious intellect,” “the discursive intellect,” “A reasoning, self-sufficing thing, an intellectual All-in-All” called forth his richest sarcasm. He alluded once to “the head” being made “a cockloft for storing away the trumpery of barren knowl-



PROFESSOR HIRAM CORSON

Photo by Robinson

edge.” He was very funny when he ridiculed the “snap courses” and a student’s assumption of learning when he had taken “a regular course”—“a reg’lar course.”

The *life* of a poem, he taught, was not to be intellectually discerned, but reproduced sympathetically within. Believing this,

exemplifying this, preaching this in season, and sometimes out of season, was, we venture to say, his great mission.

His vocalization of poetry was the outcome of long years of patient study of the poems and of the voice. He never read impromptu. If given something to read, he would study it, interpret it to himself, before venturing to voice it.

Few clergymen knew the Bible as he knew it. We never heard one read it as he read it. He had made it a life study and had memorized large portions. He was often amused and often indignant over the slovenly manner of Scripture reading in the pulpit. We remember his amusement over a visiting preacher in Sage Chapel who put wrong emphasis on a passage in first Kings where the king "said unto his sons, saddle me the ass. So they saddled *him*."

And what a keen sense of humor Dr. Corson had! How dearly he loved to tell a joke—to be funny. His eyes would twinkle beforehand, he would tell his story, keeping his eyes fixed upon you—"and -a-" catch your response, turn his head quickly to one side, bend his body and then would follow his characteristic laugh.

Perhaps some of his jokes are worth repeating, especially as they help portray the man. He often said when speaking of Ithaca climate, that we didn't have any weather, "only samples." Perhaps if he were here this autumn to walk upon the hill, he would repeat one of his favorite jokes—that "the campus should be called these 'ere diggin's." He might recall, too, that he had called Goldwin Smith Hall, "the dream of a drunken architect"—alluding to the rear view; and that a heavy, brightly colored tile roof on a certain house "seemed to be screaming to be looked at." There used to be a little pointed tower on Sage Chapel which he said "looked like a four legged woman in the rain."

Once he stood in front of a new Church edifice. He squared himself around, put his hands on his hips, looked it up and down, whispered in a solemn voice: "I hope the Almighty is pleased with this edifice. I'm not." He said of a certain house on the extreme edge of the gorge, "It is a good place to let children down, but not to bring them up."

He was very patient with our street car service, though far from a patient man. He often reiterated that "Ithaca conductors were

perfect gentlemen," and expressed his appreciation a number of years ago, by presenting each of them with a Thanksgiving turkey. One day, before Ithacans had forgotten the old stages which used to lumber up and down the hills and when they were gratefully enjoying the newer trolley service, the professor chanced upon a lady who had been waiting on a street corner twenty-five minutes for a car. "Why, madam," he replied to her expression of impatience, "I've waited twenty-five years."

Another time, he and a friend were alone in a trolley. A crowded car passed them—the seats were full and the running board also. He moved apart from his friend, spread out his big coat as far as he could on either side of the seat and, "I never like to be a *car-buncle*."

He was asked if his horse would stand, he replied, "yes, she prefers to stand."

Once he called upon a lady whose maid told her that there was an old gentleman at the door—"Go back" said the lady, "and ask him who he is and what he wants." His answer was: "I am Hiram Corson and I want to go home."

A man was busily engaged screening his house. The witty one remarked, "Screens are to keep mosquitos out. We don't enjoy their concert because they so quickly present their bill."

As was the case with many professor's families in the early days of the University, Cascadilla Place was for a period the home of Dr. and Mrs. Corson. On a certain memorable night the roof of the building blew off. Mrs. Corson in great alarm awakened her husband and told him she thought the Day of Judgment had come. "What!" coolly replied the professor, "*in the night*."

The man whose wit was so ready and delightful to his friends, was never more amusing than in his sarcasms and indignations. And he knew it. He was far from a lover of foot-ball. He was jealous of the attention and enthusiasm it absorbed, *etc.* One autumn, not many years ago, he happened to travel in a drawing-room car in company with a foot-ball team. He was the only other passenger. In a mild roughhouse, a great, strapping fellow fell into his lap. We do not remember ever to have enjoyed more keenly his sarcasm than when he waxed indignant over that fallen—hero.

Professor Corson had marked peculiarities. Many people never understood him on that account. But once you had accepted them, you were not long in divining the sweetness, kindness and goodness of his nature. He was a man of moods, quickly responsive to sympathy and appreciation, and repelled by indifference. In his happiest moods he easily commanded undivided attention. As an example of this power, we cite the experience of an Ithaca lawyer. This busy man hurried from his office one morning to go to a bookstore for something needed in important work he had in hand. There he found the professor. Salutations were exchanged, "and I couldn't get away in an hour, and what's more, I didn't want to," said the lawyer in telling of the incident.

One of the most beautiful things about him was his appreciation of worth in whatever station or circumstance. He did not respect "the part people played in life." He had warm friendships among very humble people. Indeed, he had a genius for friendship, and he added to his circle even up to the last year of his life.

The last time he read before a number of people, was in a parlor in the presence of the professors of the English department of the University. The gathering was a celebration of a great English poet's birthday.

He was then very weak and emaciated, breathed heavily and walked unevenly, but once he had seated himself to read, super-human strength seemed to be his, and he read in his own glorious manner on the death of the poet. Prophetic it seemed to us then. He was exhausted at the conclusion, and as he withdrew from the room, and shortly after drove to his home, we told ourselves we should never again listen to that marvellous voice, and we did not.

We had all been drinking of springs of living water—Ithacans and Cornellians alike. Now the unsmitten rock! Now the thirsty land!

"Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea."

That marvellous voice is stilled forever.

Who shall interpret the great poems as he interpreted them?

Cornell Spirit--A Talk to Freshmen.

George W. Nasmyth, '07.*

FELLOW Cornellians—In about ten minutes, I am going to try and sum up all you have heard about the different branches of Cornell athletics, about the Cornell publications, about debate, about the Christian Association work, and show you that they are all bound together by the one unifying idea of Cornell spirit. You will hear a great deal about Cornell spirit during the next four years, and many different opinions about what it is, but the definition is really a simple one, Cornell spirit is a spirit of service.

On the football field it means fighting with all your might for the glory of your alma mater,—service to Cornell. In the racing shell it means putting your last ounce of strength into the oar and then coming back for a stroke twice as hard. On the university publications it means working day and night to turn out a paper of which every Cornellian may be justly proud. In debate, in Christian Association work, it means giving of your time and energy in an effort to raise the whole intellectual and spiritual standard of the university life. In all these lines Cornell spirit means forgetting yourself in the service of your university.

But Cornell spirit is something broader and deeper than this; it is a spirit of service, not only to your university, but to your city, your state, your country, and to humanity. It is no weak, sentimental thing, but a great driving force, like hunger or thirst or one of the elemental passions, which gets hold of a man and sends him forth to the four corners of the earth in the service of his fellow men. Go west, and you will find Cornell men planning and executing great irrigation projects which will transform the desert into gardens or building up great universities which will be centers for spreading the Cornell spirit all along the Pacific Coast; go south, and you will find Cornell engineers spanning the Andes with railroads and harnessing the waterfalls

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This brief address was recently delivered by Mr. Nasmyth at a freshman "get wise" meeting. THE ERA wishes to bring it to the attention of the entire University community.

with electricity ; go east, and you will find Cornell men, yes, and Cornell women too, working in the mission field in China and India ; or go North, and the Esquimos will tell you the story of a man who carried the Cornell flag to the pole with Peary and who laid down his life, there in the Arctic snows, in the cause of science and the service of his fellow men. Cornell spirit is the spirit of service.

A Japanese visitor once said to President Schurman, " You ought to raise poets here ; with this beautiful Campus between the rugged gorges, looking out over the valley and the lake and the western hills, you ought to raise poets here ! " And we do. Some of our poets deal in words, but the great majority of our poets deal in deeds and facts. The life of every man who feels the inspiration of the Cornell spirit becomes a poem. If you follow the career of John R. Mott, leading the Student Volunteer movement all over the world, or of John L. Elliott, president of his senior class in 1901, who has given his whole life to settlement work among the poor of New York City, or of any one of a hundred other men whose lives have been touched by the Cornell spirit, you will know what I mean. And besides this element of poetry there is an element of effectiveness in the life of a true Cornellian. One of the Cornell clubs, the Cosmopolitan Club, has acquired the enviable name of " the Club which never handles a failure. " If I were asked to define a Cornellian I would broaden this definition a little and say,—A Cornellian is a man who has the Cornell spirit and who never handles a failure. One of the Cornell songs which you will soon learn, if you do not know it already, begins with " All round the world, Cornell, is heard thy name " and ends with this expression of the Cornell Spirit " Wherever there is work to do, Cornell is in the lead. " It also adds " Wherever there are girls to woo, Cornell is in the lead, but this is not properly a part of the spirit, this is part of the Cornell man's reward.

If you want to find the best example of the Cornell spirit you will not have to go to the four corners of the earth, however, for the finest example of the Cornell spirit of service and the man who after Ezra Cornell, did most to give Cornell its character and its spirit lives right in our midst. Almost any morning,

if you are hurrying up East Avenue to make an eight o'clock, you may meet an elderly white haired gentleman returning from a morning walk. This man is Andrew D. White, one of the greatest men of his generation. It is said that a prophet is not without honor, but in his own country and among his own kin and in his own house. This is not true of former president White. Though his fame is world wide and he is known and loved in Europe as in America, he holds and always will hold the highest place of honor and the warmest place in the affections of all Cornell men. Sometime during his four years here every Cornell man ought to read the Autobiography of Andrew D. White ; his life was cast on such large lines that his Autobiography is really a history of the world during his lifetime. And as you follow him through his student days at Paris and at Berlin and his travels in Italy, through the beginning of his diplomatic career as attache at St. Petersburg and bearer of dispatches in war time, and through his early years as professor of history at Michigan and Senator at Albany, where he first met Ezra Cornell, you can trace the evolution of the Cornell idea from its beginnings. And then if you go with him as Commissioner to San Domingo, as minister to Germany in the time of Bismark, as minister to Russia, as Commissioner to Venezuela, then back again as ambassador to Germany and finally to the Hague Congress as president of the American delegation, you will have a better conception of what Cornell spirit is than you can get in almost any other way ; you will realize that it is a spirit of service, —service to your university, later to your city, to your state, to your country and to humanity.



“The Light of Other Days.”

A. Dale Riley, '12.

THE session of the class in English History was nearly over when, as Professor Wilson happened to glance toward the farther corner of the large, airy lecture-room, he suddenly paused in his lengthy discourse. The eyes of the lecturer rested for an instant on a slender, girlish figure with auburn hair and wonderful, blue eyes. Before the pause was noticeable however, the speaker continued, although he kept looking from time to time to that corner of the room, as if something had caught and compelled his gaze.

The old clock in the quadrangle arch struck the quarter-hour, and the listeners, still kept busily writing away in their notebooks, began to grow restless, to change their positions and shuffle their feet. Outside the warm September morning was only disturbed by a faint, little breeze that bore the heavy smell of shrubs and the faint fragrance of the last surviving roses through the open windows of the class-room. Multitudes of sparrows chattered under the old, vine-covered eaves of Elmer Hall, and swept in swaying semi-circles towards the other buildings across the quadrangle. Only now and then a solitary figure crossed the campus, and the small shadows began to disappear before the zenith-approaching sun.

At the end of the hour Professor Wilson dismissed his class, after having received the registration slips of each member, who had “signed up” for the term. Among the last to present her slip was a trim, little girl, dressed daintily in white. As she stepped forward and smilingly deposited her slip on the desk, the professor looked sharply at the thickly-coiled brown hair, the violet eyes and the quickly-forming dimples in her cheeks. In another moment other students had taken her place, and in yet another all had passed out through the swinging doors, out through the hall-way and onto the sun-lit green. The campus became a scene of color and animation as everyone hurried off to their dormitories amid the joyous resounding of the chimes in the tower

above the clock. Then the bells ceasing their musical announcement of luncheon, the green grass and glaring, white buildings lay in the hot quiet and desertion of an autumn noon.

In one of the large lecture-rooms of Elmer Hall, Professor James Elihu Wilson, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., a man of middle age who had delved deep in the lore of history and literature, sat silently at his desk, looking vacantly toward a corner at the back of the room, where, in fancy, he saw a slender girl, with dark-brown hair and fair blue eyes, dressed in the fashion of long ago. Old memories, sweet and tender, swept like the scent of roses into his soul. A light came into his eyes as he seemed to see these same autumn days of twenty years ago, when there were no large, beautiful dormitories on the smooth, green campus, and the woods came almost to one's door. He closed his eyes, and seemed to walk hand in hand with the dream-girl of far-away, while they spoke of their every-day studies as the greatest worries in all the world.

The lonely man sighed as he thought of the time they had last spoken together. It was out there where the Stanton Memorial Hall now caught the glaring sunlight, only there was no building then, but a rustic bench in a grove of fir trees, guarded from the sunlight, and kissed by the leaves. He remembered that quiet afternoon, disturbed only by the scurrying of a squirrel, the tapping of a wood-pecker, and now and then a faint sigh of the wind in the boughs. It all seemed like yesterday, that whispered resolve that promises were unnecessary, that light in the violet eyes, now reflected in his, that last fare-well and tender hand-clasp returned.

Professor Wilson arose with a start as the half-hour boomed from the bell in the tower.

"Well, there'd be a promise the next time," he said half-aloud, "a promise, and no chance for a favored Junior to interfere when I went away."

For the first time he glanced hastily over the cards. At one he stopped.

"Why," he muttered, "It is, it must be her daughter. Aldin, that was the fellow's name. Elizabeth, that was her own. Elizabeth Mae Aldin, you are the old Elizabeth come back after all these years," and as he stepped out into the sun-shine an old light

shone in the eyes of the professor, who had deserted all to go abroad and become learned in the classic knowledge of the world.

* * * * * * *

It was several months later that Elizabeth Mae Aldin, seated cosily in her college room penned the following lines to her mother.

"My Dearest Mother:

You ought to see the campus this morning, it's beautiful. It snowed all night long and everything is covered with a white blanket this morning. It is that sticky kind of snow that clings to everything and the boughs of the trees, the telephone wires, and the tops of fences and buildings are almost weighted down with it, and the posts along the front of the dormitory make the cutest little soldiers in white caps you ever saw.

The girls here are just grand, and I'm glad I did come to your old school to graduate, although you know how I hated to leave Eden college. Jack Gilmore came over to see me last evening and gave me an invitation to the Junior Prom. He said several of the girls from the dormitory were going and he seemed very anxious for me to accompany him. I told him I'd ask you, but of course you'll let me go, won't you?

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you about Professor Wilson. He is so good to me that I hardly know what to make of him. Of course it is because you were an old class-mate of his, but it's very embarrassing sometimes. When Jack came over to see me one evening, Mary Jameson laughed and told him I was an old man's darling. I was so mad I could have shaken her, but of course Jack only laughed. The other day Professor Wilson said you always called him James, and that if I wouldn't mind I should call him that, as it 'brought back old times.' Some of the girls who gave me credit for getting 'in right' with the professors, said it was about time to call a halt or Jack would get angry. Of course I'm not tied down to Jack, and the girls were just poking fun at me, but Minnie Williams said she really thought the professor was 'rushing me pretty hard.' I laughed and told her he was an old friend of yours.

There isn't much more news to tell, since I told you all I could think of when I was home at Christmas time. We are all working hard for the mid-year exams, which will come in a few days,

and I'm not sorry to say that I'll only have one more siege of examinations after this before I graduate.

Tell papa some of his old friends have asked how he was when I saw him Christmas. You can also tell him that I don't believe he was as good a student as you were. I guess that'll get him guessing.

If you let me go to the prom I think I'll wear my pink satin, as the girls all seem to like it so well, and I wouldn't have time to get a new dress made anyway.

Thank papa for that dandy check and tell him to be sure and send another soon.

Your loving daughter,
Elizabeth."

Exeter Hall.

When Elizabeth Aldin had finished writing, sealed and deposited her letter in the mail-box, she hurried off in the direction of the academic building. The snow was glistening like a diamond sea in the rising sun, which peeped out coldly from behind steel-grey clouds, and a sharp wind ripped the soft whiteness from the branches and shot it in whirling eddies across the quadrangle.

"Hello, Bet," called one of the girls from the other dormitory, as the two met at the intersection of the paths. "Isn't this terrible weather?"

"Why, I just wrote a letter home telling how beautiful it was," said Elizabeth.

"Yes, I suppose it is beautiful, but I can't keep the snow out of my eyes long enough to find out," exclaimed the other as they trudged onward through the drifts.

"Did you read all that stuff about Queen Mary that we were to look up for today?" asked Elizabeth as they neared Elmer Hall.

"Yes, most of it, but *you're* sure of getting an 'exempt' anyway," laughed the other.

"I work pretty hard on it, though I don't like it a bit," admitted Elizabeth, "but its the first, last and only class I have this morning, so I generally have a little time to dig."

"And you have a dandy stand-in," suggested the other girl slyly.

Elizabeth turned at the steps.

"Look here, Minnie Williams," she exclaimed, "you know Professor Wilson is a friend of my mother's and I don't see why you have to throw his friendship up to me upon every occasion." But when they were both seated quietly in the class-room, the words of Minnie recurred to her again and again. She had often heard people say things like that before, but somehow it seemed different this morning. Perhaps the letter, perhaps the weather—at any rate Elizabeth resolved to allow a little less familiarity than she had done heretofore, even for her "mother's sake."

At the end of the English History session, Professor Wilson stepped over to the door through which the students were slowly filing out of the room.

"Good morning," he said cheerily as Elizabeth approached in the slowly moving line.

"Good morning, professor," returned the girl politely, then as he escorted her through the hall-way, "I guess I'll have to call you professor, Mr. Wilson, it's so hard to say James, when the other girls don't understand.

"But when we're alone?"

"I guess you're still James," laughed the girl, "but you seem much too dignified to be called that."

A puzzled look came into the professor's face, and the happy light that had gradually crept into his eyes in the last few months of hope, the "light of other days" seemed yielding to a realization of the Now.

* * * * *

The cool, green shadows were lengthening perceptibly on all the hills, and the buildings on the campus of Elsmere University were bathed in the gorgeous yellow of a June sunset. Far to the West a small stream stretched like a brilliant satin ribbon to meet the horizon, until it disappeared in a tiny cleft in the hills. The thin columns of blue smoke slowly arising from the houses in the valley were scarcely disturbed by a breath of air, and the fleecy, white clouds in the sky were as still as the green landscape beneath them.

On a rustic bench, at the top of a small mound to the East of the campus sat a man and a girl. The man was pointing to the campus, the stream and the setting sun, and seemed to be giving

a description of their surroundings to the girl beside him. In a moment more he turned to the girl and his hand dropped to his side.

"That was the campus of twenty years ago," he said simply.

"Oh, your description of it is beautiful," exclaimed the girl, "although I don't see how the campus and surroundings could be prettier than they are now."

"No," said he, "but I believe time, like distance, lends enchantment."

"Yes," she said, "I believe it does. I wonder if I'll be telling some one about this campus twenty years from now."

"Twenty years," she murmured dreamily, "twenty years, it seems like such a long time."

The man looked at her inquiringly.

"And yet it seems like yesterday," he said.

"But I'm not even that old," laughed the girl gaily as she leaned back against the bench, and stretching her left arm full length, began to study the changing lights of a glittering diamond on the third finger of her hand.

The man did not notice. He was looking at the wavy, brown hair and the light blue eyes. For a full minute they sat thus in silence.

"Haven't you noticed?" asked the girl, looking up suddenly.

"Noticed what?"

She laughed and clasped her hands.

"I've been trying to call your attention to something for the last half-hour," exclaimed the girl petulantly, "and I guess I'll have to tell you after all."

"I'm rather absent-minded at times," said the man, "they say singleness of life and professorial duties sometimes make a man that way."

"Well then, I'll have to tell you the great secret," began the girl.

"Singleness of life changes a person too," continued the man, "I can remember the time when I boasted in the words of Lord Bryon that, 'Love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence.' I don't believe that now."

The girl gazed at him inquiringly.

"Now," he went on, "I think love is the one thing which makes man a success, and without which he is a—failure. Much of this I have learned through the years, most of it in the last few months. So far I have been a failure, but a time has come—"

"Then you'll congratulate Jack as well as me," interrupted the girl flashing the diamond ring before his eyes.

"Jack," exclaimed the man half-arising, "Jack—who,—I—"

"Why Jack Gilmore of course," explained the girl, "I thought you knew about his keeping company with me all year."

"I knew that he was one of your many friends," said the man, sinking back onto the bench, "but I never dreamed that—"

"He was *the* one," finished the girl, "Well, he is, and now won't you congratulate me on my—success?" she asked, blushing deeply.

The man arose unsteadily from the bench and stood looking away at the sunset. The bell in the tower boomed out the hour of six. Several stragglers were just coming out of the buildings and wending their way homeward through the trees. The rich fragrance of clover-blossoms stole up from the valley below and all the hills were tinged by the brilliant orange glow of the setting sun.

Finally the man turned. His sharp features seemed almost hawk-like against the brightness of the sunset clouds. The light seemed to have died out of the grey eyes and the lips trembled pitifully.

"You must pardon me," he began, "I have not been feeling very well recently, and I am just finding out what is the matter with me. I certainly do congratulate you, and also—Mr. Gilmore. It's getting late and I believe we had better be going."

"So you think love is the greatest thing in all the world?" asked the girl, as they were parting at the door of the dormitory.

The man looked at the lithe young figure in the sailor suit, at the thick brown hair, the bright blue eyes and the softly inviting dimples.

"No," he said, "There are two things, greatest in the world, love and—youth."

One evening about a week later Professor Wilson was standing by the window of his office in Elmer Hall, as a street-car jammed

with people passed on its way to the depot of Elsmere. Many other cars had been loaded with passengers that afternoon, for the graduation exercises were over and all of the seniors were returning to their homes, or to take their positions in the world. As this car passed the building a dainty little handkerchief was waved from one of the windows and from the rear platform a heavy cap was tipped in mute farewell.

The professor watched the car until it turned a bend and passed out of sight among the trees, then he turned back to his desk. A marked copy of "The Poems of Thomas Moore" lay open among a disorderly heap of books and papers. He looked vacantly at the open volume. The words on the page seemed to be borne in upon him from a great distance as he read :

" Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;—"

The words swam before his eyes, and he sank heavily into the chair, resting his elbows upon the desk.

" Yes," he said finally, reaching over and closing the volume, " 'The light of other days,' it is all that I can ever hope to own."



Courting In Iviza.

Vicente Blasco Ibañez.

Translated by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr., '12.

Off the eastern coast of Spain, and about one hundred miles from Valencia, there is a small island called Iviza. Situated as it is, and isolated as it has been, it is seldom visited by European tourists. Yet it is one of the most interesting spots of Spain. This isolation has naturally done a great deal toward the preservation of its curious customs and beliefs, and consequently, the life there today is practically the same as it was centuries ago.

Blasco Ibañez, a powerful and well-known modern writer of Spain, in his charming novel, "Los Muertos Mandan," has written very interestingly of these people.

The following is a translation of a portion of the second part of his book, selected on account of its interesting description of the life of the young men of the island, and their method of choosing a wife. He says :

"The island, Iviza, abandoned to its own resources, had been forced to defend itself for centuries and centuries against Norman pirates, Arabian navigators, galleys of Castile, barks from the Italian Republics ships, from Turkey, Tunis, and Algiers, and, in more recent times, against English cruisers. Formentera, an adjacent island, uninhabited for centuries, after having been a granery for the Romans, served as a disloyal refuge for the hostile fleets.

The village churches of Iviza were still veritable fortresses with their massive towers. It was in these that the peasants used to find refuge when warned by the signal fires that the enemy was landing. This unfortunate life of continual danger and never ceasing struggle had created a people habituated to the spilling of blood and accustomed to defend their rights by force of arms. The farmers and fishermen of the present time still preserved the same ideas and customs of their forefathers. Villages did not exist. There were groups of houses scattered over many kilometres without more of a nucleus than the church and the houses of the priest and the Alcalde. The only town was the capital which was called the "Real Fuerza de Ibiza," and its annexed suburb, "Marina."

When an Atlòt¹ reached his maturity, his father called him to the farm kitchen before the whole family.

¹Atlòt is the word for young man in the dialect of Iviza. The feminine form is Atlòta.

“Now you are a man,” he said solemnly.

Then he presented him with a strong-bladed knife. An Atlòt once become an “armed knight” lost his filial dependancy. From thenceforth he must defend himself without seeking protection from his family. Later, when he got together some money, he completed his knightly outfit by purchasing a silver-mounted pistol from the gunsmiths of the island who have their forges set up in the forests.

Fortified by the contact of all these testimonials of citizenship which would never leave him throughout his whole life-time, he joined the other Atlòts who were equally well supplied with weapons. Then there commenced for him a strenuous and ardent life. There were serenades interspersed with weird cries ; dances and excursions to the parishes which were celebrating the Fiesta of their patron saints, and where one could find amusement throwing stones at a mark. Above all there were the Festeigs—the traditional “courtships” . . . or the search for a bride. A most respectable custom which gave rise to many quarrels and deaths.

There were no thieves on the island. The owners of the isolated houses far off in the fields often kept the key in the door while they were absent. The men did not kill each other for money matters. The fruition of the soil was very scattered, and the gentleness of the climate and the frugality of the people made them generous and little interested in material goods. Love, and *only* Love incited men to kill each other. These rustic knights were as passionate in their predilections and as fatal in their jealousies as are the heroes of fiction. For some black eyed, brown-armed Atlòta they hunted each other and insulted each other with their weird cries of challenge. These cries were given at a distance, before they came to a hand to hand struggle.

The modern fire-arm which only discharges one projectile seemed to them ineffective : so to the cartridge they added a handful of powder, and another of shot, and packed the whole thing tightly. If the weapon did not burst in the hands of the aggressor, it was sure to make powder of the enemy.

The “courtships” lasted for months and even years. If a father had an Atlòta of the marriageable age, all the lads of his district and of the other districts of the island presented them-

selves to him ; for every young islander considered himself eligible to compete for her hand. The father determined upon the number of his daughters suitors : ten, fifteen, twenty, and at times, even thirty. Then he calculated the time he could spend in the evening before falling asleep, and then, having in mind the number of suitors, he divided it into so many minutes for each one.

At nightfall the members of the "courtship" began to come in by different routes. Some in groups singing and shouting, and others alone, playing a *Bimbau* . . . an instrument composed of two little sheets of iron which buzzed like a horsefly, and seemed to make them forget the fatigue of the journey. They came from great distances. There were some who traveled three hours each way—coming and going—walking from one end of the island to the other on Thursdays and Saturdays . . . "court-
ing days" . . . to talk for three minutes with an *Atlòta*.

In the summer they sat on the *pòrchu* or veranda of the farm house. If it were winter, they would go into the kitchen. Im-
movable on a bench of stone sat the young lady. She had re-
linquished her straw hat, which with its ribbons made her look like a grand opera shepherdess. She now wore her gala attire : a blue or green skirt with innumerable plaits which she kept during the rest of the week pressed tight among cords and hanging to the ceiling in order to keep the folds intact. Under this dress she wore other dresses, and still others : eight, ten, or twelve layers :—all the feminine clothes of the household. A solid funnel of clothing which effaced every vestige of sex and made it impossible to imagine the existence of real flesh and blood below that mass of cloth. Rows of filagree buttons shone on the sleeves of her waist. Over her breast, which was flattened by a nun-like bodice of almost iron stiffness gleamed a triple gold chain with enormous links. Below her headkerchief hung a plump braid tied with a ribbon. Her voluminous skirts hung down over the stone bench and formed a covering for it.

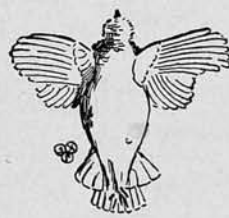
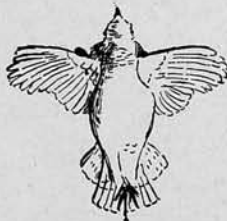
The suitors consulted with each other about the order of "court-
ing" and one after the other went to sit by the side of the *Atlòta* to speak with her for the allotted minutes. If any one, engrossed in conversation, forgot his comrades and allowed the time to run over, the others called attention to the fact by coughs, furious

glances, and threats. If he still insisted, the strongest of the band took him by the arm and pulled him away so that another might take his place.

Sometimes, when the suitors were many and they were pressed for time, the Atlòta conversed with two at a time, making a special effort not to show preference to either one. So the courting went on, until, without paying any heed to the will of her parents, she showed her preference for some Atlòt. In this short Springtime of her life, the woman was queen. Afterwards, when she was married, she cultivated the soil as her husband did, and was little better than a beast.

The disappointed Atlòts retired if they had no special interest in the girl, and transferred their love-making to some leagues distance. But if they were really enamoured, they lay in ambush about the house, and the preferred one had to fight with his old rivals; miraculously reaching his wedding day through a way bristling with knives and pistols.

The pistol was a second tongue for the islander. At the Sunday dances he would shoot it into the air to show his enthusiasm in love, and on leaving the house of a prospective bride, in order to give her and her family a demonstration of appreciation, he would discharge his pistol after crossing the doorstep and then shout "Bòna nit." If, on the contrary, he was retiring offended, and so desired to inflict a serious injury on the family, he would invert the order: saying first his "good night," and shooting his pistol after. But in this case he would have to be off immediately at full tilt, for the men of the house would answer to the declaration of war with a fusilade of sticks and stones."



The Cornell Era



Volume XLIV

OCTOBER, 1911

Number 1

Stanley P. Lovell, '12
Editor-in-Chief

Morris G. Bishop, '13
Managing Editor

James I. Clarke }
Alan H. Colcord } Business Managers

Associate Editors.

R. H. Fuller, '11
A. Dale Riley, '12
R. D. Spraker, '13

J. S. Fassett, Jr., '12
A. Tom Knight, '12

Earl Simonson, '12
B. H. Miller, '13
E. G. Burrows, '13

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Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

Editorials

THE ERA takes great pleasure in announcing the election of James I. Clarke, '12, and Alan H. Colcord, '12, as Business Managers of the publication, and Jacob S. Fassett, Jr., '12, to the Editorial Board.

Within a week after the appearance of this issue there will be called a competition for positions on the Editorial Board open to any man in the university. At that time the nature of the work will be fully explained. Two sophomores and two freshmen will be elected at its termination. Anyone with a liking for editorial work and anyone who can produce good original material should watch for the announcement of this competition.

Although competitors for the position of Assistant Business Manager have already begun work, it is not too late for any man with business ability to confer with the Business Managers in regard to entering.

“I should rather have an institution with five big men in it as leaders in instruction than to have an institution with fifty little men on its staff.”

The Cornell Era

Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1911.

Mr. Cornellian:

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Ithaca, N. Y., _____, 1911

I, the undersigned, hereby subscribe for *The Cornell Era* for the college year, 1911-1912, for which I agree to pay the Business Manager two dollars [\$2.00], or one dollar and fifty cents [\$1.50] if paid on or before December 1, 1911.

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“What makes a university is its faculty. And the greatest need at Cornell University today is that of well-endowed chairs for members of the instructing staff. As Sir William Ramsay said, ‘unless the income of a professor is made in some degree commensurate with the earnings of a professorial man who has succeeded in his profession, it is idle to suppose that the best brains will be attracted to the teaching profession. And it follows that unless the teachers occupy the first rank, the pupils will not be stimulated as they ought to be.’”

**The Worst
“Business” in
the World.**

These two quotations, one from President Benton of the University of Vermont, the other from President Schurman’s Report, are indicative of the sentiment prevailing throughout the colleges of the country. The idea seems to be that business, and especially highly technical and specialized business, is tapping the faculties of their choicest minds.

Certain it is that the much-mouthed “love of teaching” cannot stand the dollars-and-cents test save in exceptional cases. To get big men into the faculties of the country, runs the argument, a dollars-and-cents inducement must be advanced.

Through some occult psychological process we are prone to make an unfair distinction as regards this field of work. “Teaching, preaching and business” is a common division. By what possible right can one set “teaching” on one side, and “business” on the other? Both entail competition, both mean time, attention and labor—which is all the dictionary asks. And certainly teaching requires tenfold the preparation that “business” exacts. Decidedly, Prescott was right when he said “the *business* of instruction.”

Perhaps some business genius of our age will tell us how a university can be put upon a business basis—how professors can be paid what their time and knowledge is worth—how a college can be self-supporting. Until he comes, the problem is one for each college to meet individually and one in which certain rich men should not be the least interested.

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Every year Cornell is turning out an increasing number of men who enter the field of Expert Accounting, Insurance Inspecting, and the like. The growing demand for men trained along business and administrative lines makes the suggestion of the establishment of a Graduate School of Business and Finance extremely pertinent.

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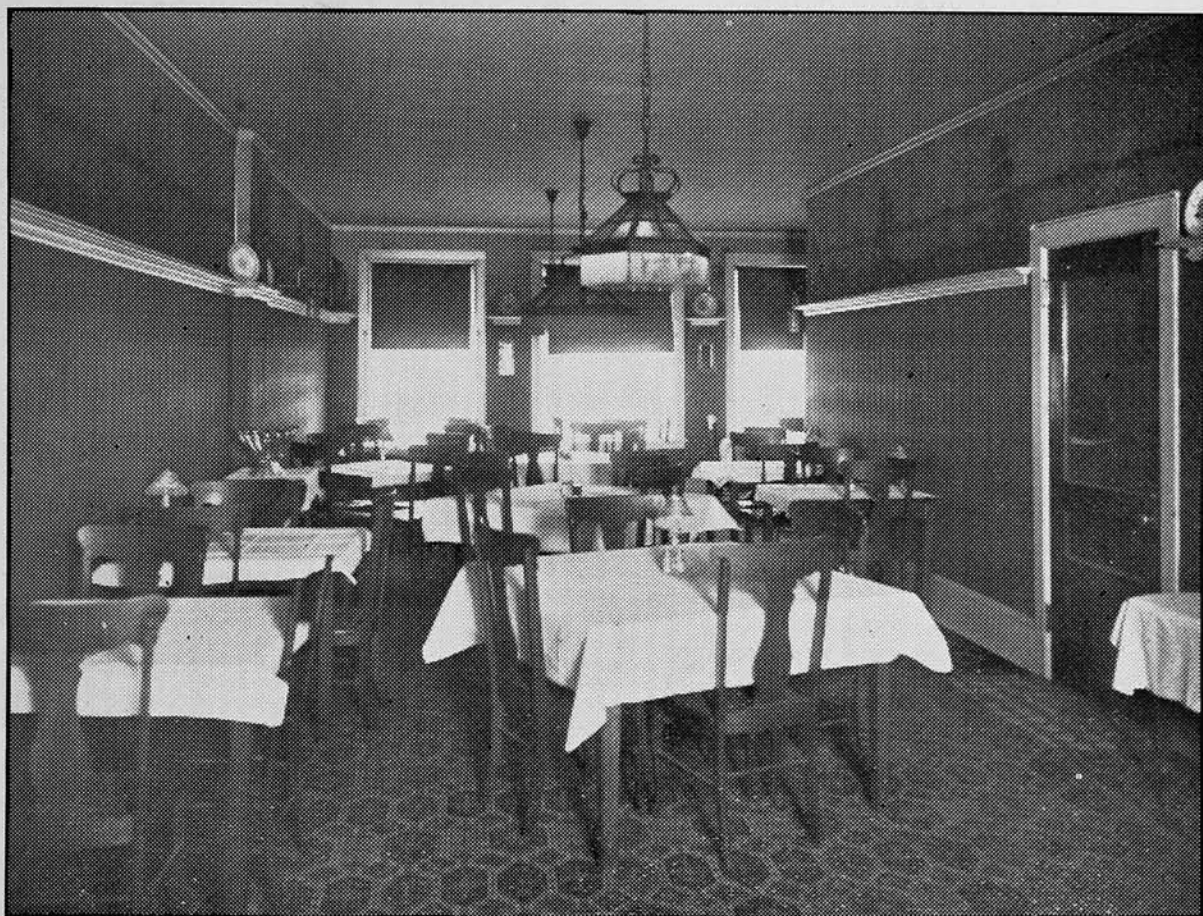
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CORNELL ERA

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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

In Defence of Santa Claus.

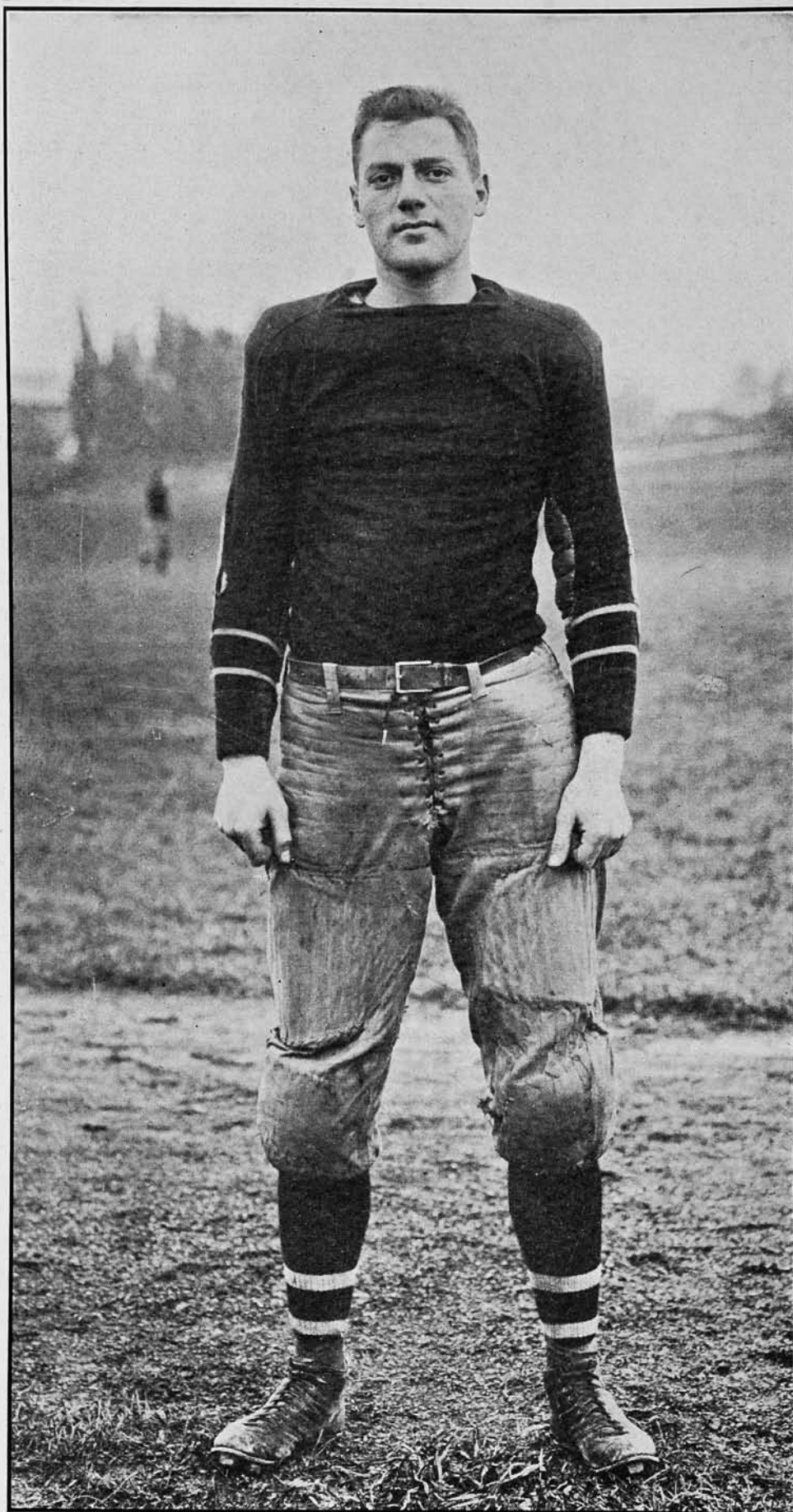
We are the children of Science. We do not drink water with our meals, neither do we assimilate our milk without thoroughly masticating it. We are born not with silver spoons in our mouths but with thermometers. Later we choose our helpmeets with an eye for Nietzsche and his superman. We rear our progeny not in miasmatic myths but in wholesome truths. We are even beginning to have qualms about that dear racy old gentleman, Santa Claus.

"If I do not foist the stork legend upon Willie," dramatically declaims the scientific Mr. Newlywed, "why should I ask him to believe that it is Santa and not myself who fills his Christmas stocking?" Besides, Willie has no stocking, for he goes a la Isidore Duncan that he may grow up strong and healthy. And there your modern scientist will play the spider and weave webs of illusions about his son and heir. Why should he warp that tender mind? "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." That is the slogan of the Scientific Papa.

But the soul of the child demands something more than cold uninspiring facts. The child is akin to the poet and to God. He has an imagination. Anyone who has seen a child play Daniel Boone or Stanley knows that. Heaven is about us in our infancy. Alas, too soon the shades of the prison house begin to close upon us and we have to come down from the clouds to the cold hard facts of the workaday world. The bustle of Philistia leaves little time for Parnassus. Life is too grim to dream.

I should like to go back—back to those long, wan, happy Christmas eves when I lay awake listening for the silver-shod reindeer to crunch and crackle upon my father's roof. I should like to feel again the rapt, ingenuous expectancy with which I crept downstairs on those crisp Christmas mornings. I know I can never experience that homely joy again, though my night-born Pegasus bear me to Olympus! I am glad that my parents were not scientific, did not give me a stone when I craved bread. I question the sanity of modern realism, for I know that there is nothing real in heaven or earth. I believe in Santa Claus.

—Earl Simonson.



Capt. W. E. MUNK, '12.

THE CORNELL ERA

Vol. 44

Christmas, 1911

No. 2

What an Intimate Association with College Men Reveals to me.

E. C. Mercer, New York City.

IN "free America" anyone from the Bowery hobo to the Supreme Court Judge can freely express his public opinion, and express it on the most sacred and vital of subjects. Its very cheapness makes most of it utterly worthless. I have heard a sixteen year old Freshman practically dictate to God the policy and plan for the successful running of this planet and recently I amusingly listened to two New York newsboys discuss in most elaborate fashion the Presidential possibilities of Mr. Taft, Mr. LaFollette, Mr. Woodrow Wilson. Yes,—how free, how easy, how cheap and, therefore, how unreliable immature opinion generally is. The great mass of our own people are not over-burdened with brains and ignorance is first cousin to gullibility: result—scores of the ignorant are swallowing bait, hook and line of every personal opinion expressed orally or in print.

Here is an illustration of what I mean. In the West recently I met several honest Christian country folk who had read, in faith believing Mr. R. T. Crane's newspaper article criticising student moral life in our American Colleges and as a result decided *never*

Editor's Note. Mr. Mercer, one of the best known workers for upbuilding the moral standard of the colleges, will return to Cornell in February or March. He knows the conditions in American colleges as do few others, and such investigators as the one employed by Mr. Crane would do well to reflect upon his analysis as presented in this article prepared for THE ERA. Mr. Mercer is a nephew of President Arthur and the son of a federal judge. He attended the University of Virginia where he was a member of the baseball team. He was given a unanimous welcome by the Cornell undergraduates and faculty in 1909.

to send their children to *college*. I suppose these few cases which chanced to come to my personal observation represent the decision of scores of fathers and mothers who because of Mr. Crane's grossly exaggerated statements have assumed a like determination which will deprive many young men and young women of the privilege and profit of a collegiate training. Mr. Crane, no doubt, was perfectly sincere and well intentioned in giving his gathered data for public perusal and his article has done some good, but along with the good it has also, in my judgment, done considerably more harm among the more ignorant classes in the small towns and country districts. There is unquestioned truth in much that he has to say, but undue exaggeration will necessarily curtail to a large extent the usefulness of this truth. He has rendered a great service in that his articles have caused college authorities and alumni to investigate the charges made and a result curb to some extent the immorality which we know does exist in nearly every university and college.

If Mr. Crane's figures showing the amount of drinking and drunkenness, which in his opinion, exists today in Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and other well known colleges, were cut in half or reduced 60% he would in my judgment hit the nail a little more squarely on the head. While he has erred on the positive side a number of his College President critics have equally exaggerated on the negative side. It is simply pitiful to read the criticism of one Eastern College President who in attacking Mr. Crane's article states in substance that his University is altogether free from the vices Mr. Crane speaks about and that if any of his students "are caught" entering a saloon, in an intoxicated condition, or "are known" to be immoral, they are immediately "canned."

Well, I suppose these dissolute students are never "seen" entering a saloon for we have many blind college authorities nowadays who seem to see nothing, but Christian workers, commercial drummers and students of the towns moral condition tell me the city is rotten and many of the students morally filthy. There must be some moral need among those particular students for the College Y. M. C. A. has been endeavoring for two years to secure my services to combat this very evil which the University President would have us believe does not exist. It is also laughable

to read the criticism of Mr. Crane's accusations by the President of a large Middle Western University: this College President claims he does not know of a single graduate of his University who has turned out to be a degenerate and yet when I was there a year ago I was informed by students that there were several graduates in the State Penitentiary and last fall there was hanged in England a murderer whom the students informed me began on this college campus the immoral life which sent him to the gallows. Are our College Presidents blind, forgetful or untruthful? Why do they not come out and frankly confess that immorality does exist on their campus and with their student body and report that while present yet it is on the decrease and that they are doing everything possible to wipe it out. Let the public have the truth.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR CRITICISING COLLEGES.

Others besides Mr. Crane have expressed in public print their opinions of various phases of college life and so much is exaggerated or incomplete or misleading that I am very thankful indeed for the privilege afforded me by the Editor of the CORNELL ERA of expressing what a very close and intimate association with college authorities and students for the past five years has revealed unmistakably to me. Before venting my personal opinion upon the morals of our American students perhaps it is wise to say a word concerning my student experience upon which the opinion is based. I am a college bred young man who has passed through about every conceivable phase of college life; have been out of college nineteen years; have sounded the depths and stood on the moral and religious heights; have worked in the Wall Street business district for a rich concern; have done prison and slum work for three years and met during said work hundreds of "down and out" college bred men in the Bowery and slums of New York City, seen these men in the various Rescue Missions, in the "bread line" and working at all kinds of menial tasks and have run across a few behind prison bars as forgers. For the past five years it has been my good fortune to spend the entire college year in traveling from college to college until I have now visited 95% of all the leading institutions of learning in America. Many

Universities, such as Yale, Princeton, Cornell, etc., I have visited several times. It has been my privilege to have addressed in this time about 300,000 college men; to have met personally in fraternity and club houses, in dormitory groups and at athletic training tables about 40,000 students and to have had personal private interviews on vital life topics with some 15,000. In taking up an evangelistic campaign in a college, the moral condition of the town where the college is located and the moral record of the students are closely investigated. For this information the College President is seen and the Y. M. C. A. leaders, the 15 to 20 "live wires" (not Y. M. C. A. men), resident alumni, five or six wide awake practicing physicians, athletic coach, chief of police, mayor of town and other posted authorities are also seen and confidentially interviewed. The fraternity and club houses are visited and a brief address with interviews afterwards made in each house; athletic teams are met, addressed and conferred with and group meetings ranging in size from 19 to 100 are held in the different dormitories, so that practically the entire student body in each institution is reached. It has been my privilege to have been the guest of over 2000 fraternity chapters and as the fraternities have among their number many of the athletic and social leaders valuable information has been gained from this source. This elbow touch and intimate association with our American students has left several deep and unshakable impressions.

America's moral and religious future is to a large extent wrapped up in her students; her hope must and does lie not so much with the graduate class as with the coming undergraduate generations. Lord Bacon said just before his death: "Tell me what the men of Oxford and Cambridge are thinking about and I will predict England's future." And the great and goodly Gladstone's saying "As go the schools and colleges so goes the nations" is well known to nearly all college men. Our student class in the colleges is a picked, privileged, trained body of young men, many of whom come from the leading homes of wealth and social positions; many will be direct inheritors of large business enterprises and some few will inherit fortunes. Our clergy, Supreme and other Court Judges and our future leaders in business and politics

must be recruited from this class of young men. In the Encyclopedia "Who's Who in America" are the names of some 10,000 leaders in commercial, civic and national American life, while only 1 to 2% of our young men enjoy a college education, 40% of these 10,000 leaders are college trained men. This is proof enough that America's moral destiny is very largely in the hands of the student class.

Those who emphasize and harp in public print so much about the immorality and godlessness of our colleges forget that 95% of our College Presidents are professing Christian men and have church affiliations; that 60% to 70% of our Faculty members profess Christian faith, and that 75% of our students themselves are believers in and followers of Jesus Christ. *There is more true Christianity and less immorality among our American students today than ever in the history of University life.* Drinking and sexual impurity have been cut 50% during the last seven years and in some of our larger and better known Eastern Universities the student sentiment has grown so antagonistic to the immoral man (the so called 'rounder') that he bars himself from entrance to the best senior and other clubs in the University; this is especially true of Yale and Princeton; this sentiment is so powerful that immorality when indulged in, is usually away from the college town and under cover in a quiet way; it is no longer publicly paraded but kept "sub rosa." Steadily without abatement for the last few years there has been a gradual but most perceptible growth away from immoral practices of every kind unto a more thoughtful, more industrious, deeper Christian life of service for the other and more needy fellow. There are more "big men" in college today leading Bible groups, teaching foreigners the English language, acting as big guardian brothers to under-classmen, doing deputation Christian work among the poor people of the community, leading boys clubs in slum districts, on Gospel terms, speaking before Preparatory Y. M. C. A's than ever before in the history of the college life of America. I know of at least 150 big athletes of Capt. Howe's (Yale foot ball captain 1911) type who are doing this kind of Christian service.

Now when leaders are giving their lives to this kind of thing the colleges can't be quite as immoral and wicked as Mr. Crane

would have us believe. This wonderful moral and religious betterment is not of a spasmodic character but is cosmopolitan and general in its spread and it is just as noticeable in Georgia as in California.

WHAT SOME OTHER COLLEGE WORKERS THINK.

One of Cornell's most illustrious and best known graduates, Mr. John R. Mott, '88, Sec'y of the Student World Federation (See article on him in Nov. 1911 *Outlook*), is undoubtedly the best posted man in the world upon student life and moral conditions in our American Colleges. I quote from one of his recent addresses:—"The State Universities are surprisingly religious and Christian. I say "surprisingly" not to those gathered at this table, but to the people with whom you talk day by day. They are amazed to learn that over half of the students in the State Universities have Christian affiliations in the sense of being members of Christian churches: they are surprised to learn that about three-fourths of the Professors in the State Universities are members of Christian churches. They find it difficult to take in the fact that practically everyone of the Presidents of the State Universities are Christian men. They express amazement when I tell them that the conditions in these State Universities are such as to make possible the development of a Christian Student Movement which is profoundly ethical, altruistic, and aggressively Christian. I know of no government or State Universities in any country which are more religious than those of the United States."

One of the most popular preachers and lecturers with the American students is Dr. Lyman Abbott. In the *Outlook* of August, 1909, in an article entitled "Shall we send them to college?" Dr. Abbott says: "I have had some special advantages for becoming acquainted with the moral and spiritual influence of American Colleges on Character. I have for the last ten years given myself to an itinerant ministry, chiefly among the colleges. I have visited in that time, over forty. My itinerary has carried me from Maine to Louisiana and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. During these ten years, I estimate that I have delivered religious addresses to student audiences aggregating upward of 240,000, but as I have spoken to the same college in successive

years, and sometimes to the same college audiences on successive Sundays, it is probable that the total number of students addressed has not exceeded 100,000—perhaps less. This experience was preceded by over fifteen years of occasional preaching. I have talked with hundreds of students one by one, and including group conferences of from twenty-five to a hundred or more. Whatever faults students may have, lack of candor is not one of them. The first fact of which I am absolutely sure is that college students are interested in religious themes, and the profounder the theme the greater the interest. What can I do for my fellow men and how can I best do it are paramount questions among these college men and women—that is among those whom I have met. It is this spirit of service which has given such growth to the college Young Men's Christian Association. The religious development of our colleges has been accompanied naturally with a corresponding ethical development. There is in every college a "fast set". The vices of college boys are chiefly drinking, gambling and licentiousness. Drinking is, I think, less than in my college days: drunkenness certainly is. There is no longer a compelling fashion to drink; increasingly wine is being banished from class and alumni banquets, or served only to those who especially order it. It is my opinion based on the best information I can obtain that this vice (licentiousness) is much less common than most cynics and some reformers would have us believe and less inside than outside college walls. In short, college life may not safeguard moral character but it does not tend to undermine it."

Secretary Stokes of Yale University writes in a personal letter, "I suppose that it is literally true that in spite of the large increase in the student body there is not now one case of intemperance among students to three cases fifteen years ago when I was in college."

Rev. Hugh Black who is in close touch with American students and extremely popular with them writes:—"Certainly no one can know intimately the mass of students without being struck by the ready responses they give to every high thought and to every generous passion. No one can despair of the future who knows the splendid material the colleges of the land contain and how eagerly these men long to attempt great tasks." Similar opinions

tending to show the moral and religious ground gaining among our students would, I know, be expressed by such student experts as Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. W. D. Weatherford, International Student Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the Southern colleges for the past nine years; by Mr. A. J. Elliott who holds a similar position in the Middle West to Mr. Weatherford's in the South and by Mr. Gale Seaman of the International Y. M. C. A. force among the Pacific Coast institutions of learning. I have heard the three last men frankly express time and time again optimistic opinions on this much debated question.

CONCRETE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Let me give just two or three concrete illustrations which have come under my personal observation in the last few years. Five years ago Stanford University in California bore a most unenviable moral and religious record in the Student world. I visited this University three years ago for the purpose of doing religious work there and I visited it against the advice of the student leaders, who claimed my time would be wasted because no one would attend my type of public addresses. Drinking was general among the students and licentiousness common with no student sentiment against those practices. Fraternity homes were opened to me, the public meetings were crowded and the students were not only willing to hear the truth upon religious and moral themes—but they put into practice in their lives much of the advice given. In no American University have I been treated with greater consideration and courtesy. Last January I again visited Stanford and what did I find—a moral change as noticeable as night from day, black from white. Drinking and licentiousness banished and a strong student sentiment against these and other student vices, much cleaner athletics, a more studious body of men, commendable line of practices with the fraternity element, Bible classes with a good attendance in “frat and club house and in En-sina Hall.”—yes, a phenomenal change for the better from the freshmen up to and including the senior class.

A change for the moral betterment was noted (though not so very pronounced as at Stanford) this past January at the University of California as contrasted with what I found there three

years ago. Pronounced improvement is easily noticeable in nearly all of the Pacific-Northwest colleges. The Middle West shows a similar record principally noted at University of Wisconsin and University of Minnesota. A change for the better is discerned at University of Michigan. In the East, Yale has recently seen one of its oldest and most popular taverns closed because of lack of student patronage. In years gone by this was one of the noted chop and drinking cafe's in New Haven and I have more than once during my Yale visits sat at the historic table into whose face scores of prominent Yale men have cut their initials. There is a very decided student sentiment at Yale both in the college and Scientific School against licentiousness and drunkenness, and where there is one intemperate man in Yale (you cannot get 3,000 young men together without having some "play the fool") there are 50 sober, high minded Christian fellows. The best societies in Yale, I am reliably informed, have closed their doors to the intemperate student and this is so well known on the Campus that it has helped to keep many an undergraduate clean. Yale has without question one of the strongest, most aggressive and useful in service of all the College Y. M. C. A's in America; the biggest athletes and college leaders are active members. Well, in an institution of this character there can't be quite as much godlessness and immorality as Mr. Crane and other critics would have us believe.

Princeton has experienced a wonderful change in sentiment and example during the last several regarding moral issues. When I was at Princeton some eight months ago, it was my privilege to confer with a number of leading athletes, club men, alumni and reliable authorities concerning the moral life of the students. I was reliably informed (not by "hired detectives") that aside from the foot ball celebrations not over 10% of the men were guilty of occasional immoral acts and these thoughtless students were frowned down upon. What I said of the Yale Y. M. C. A. is true of Princeton, for the biggest athletes and recognized popular leaders on the Princeton campus are in control of the "Philadelphian Society", (their Y. M. C. A.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNELL.

Cornell is, in my judgment, far more sinned against than sinning. Any student of the facts will tell you that there is a noticeable decrease in licentiousness, drunkenness and drinking at Cornell and that there is gradually being built up a student sentiment against these vices. I have visited Cornell three times during the last six years—the last time in 1910 when I spent ten days and visited nearly every frat and club house in the University, addressed the Banjo, Mandolin and Glee Clubs, interviewed scores of students, college authorities and alumni, etc., and wound up my efforts with a big public meeting in Sibley Dome which was presided over by President Schurman, at which the Glee Club voluntarily sang and to which (*religious*) meeting about 1000 students came and gave the very closest attention. My honest and sincere opinion after this intimate association and inside touch is that Cornell University while far from moral perfectness is today more free from those vices which degrade and wreck young men than at any time in her history. There is much moderate beer drinking but I saw only one case of student drunkenness during my ten days stay in Ithaca and I am not a blind man. The town is so small and so carefully watched over by the city fathers that open sexual vice cannot be and is not long practiced. The smallness of the town, fear of getting caught and college sentiment keep many students in the straight and narrow path. Christian principle keeps a far greater number there. I believe the general public, because they have not had first hand information, are many of them misjudging student life at Cornell. Cornell is a technical institution and not what I would call religions in the sense of Yale and Princeton. Intellectual attainment is the goal and hard work the standard. A man must apply himself and study hard to secure a degree. The excessive drinker hangs himself by “flunking out”. Now how can there be very much immorality where standards are so high? The truth of the matter is, there isn't. Cornell has unfortunately had too much exaggerated newspaper notoriety which has to some extent hurt here. The low scholarship of certain fraternities, an unfortunate fracas which involved three prominate fraternity men, the dis-

banding of a certain club, the question of alcohol at the senior banquets, the burning of several frat houses (an ignorant public putting too often a wrong construction on their origin) have all been duly aired and exaggerated in our New York dailies and have tended to hurt rather than help this most beautiful of all American Universities.

All over America, I have met or heard of the noble sons of Cornell who are leaders in National, Civic and commercial life—a splendid type, who stand for what is manly, true and right and oppose error and wrong in all its form. Can a University which produces such a splendid product be so radically wrong as cynics and critics would have us believe? Absolutely no.

This same moral and religious betterment I have noted through personal visits at the University of North Carolina, University of Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Vanderbilt University, University of Tennessee and other Southern institutions. Especially is it gratifying to learn of the splendid advances being made in this direction at my own Alma Mater—The University of Virginia. For every ten cases of drunkenness when I was in college 1889-1893, I understand there is but one today. Student sentiment is opposing previously accepted standards of morality and I say frankly and honestly to every father who reads this article your son is safer at Virginia now than ever in her history.

THREE CAUSES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT.

There are primarily three fundamental causes for this wonderful moral and religious advance spreading generally through out the North American college world.

1. The rapid growth and high moral plane of College Athletics, the day of the paid foot ball and base ball player in our colleges is past, as has passed the immoral Athletic Coach. There are of course some immoral coaches but not in first class institutions and he is rapidly being relegated to the fourth rate type of college. The influence of the foot ball and base ball coach and trainer is more far-reaching than the college President and with the cleaner type of students prevailing the demand is made and heeded that these men be clean and exert the proper influence on the team and other men. The athlete has a marvelous influence for good

or evil with an undergraduate body. An athlete who plays on any large varsity team must abstain from drink, tobacco, foul story telling, immoral shows, licentiousness, etc. This every first class coach demands. The squad members are all placed on a moral pledge which to break is lasting disgrace in the eyes of the students themselves. I have known personally two big foot ball players who broke their moral pledges, helped to lose championship battles for their college and who confessed to me that they would never get over the disgrace attached to their sins. Just before the big Poughkeepsie regatta this year a crew member of a western eight was caught smoking and was barred from rowing in the race. I was told by a reliable Eastern college graduate only a month ago this story. In my informant's University two years ago one of the varsity foot ball men three days prior to the biggest game of the year stole away unobserved from his college town and went to New York for an immoral purpose. The coaches and trainers and other squad members knew nothing of this breach of training discipline—only one man knew of it and he was the foot ball player's room mate. He faced this question: "Is my duty first to my room mate—if so, I must keep quiet—or is it to my University—If so, I must report him and block his playing in the big game." After five hours meditation the student reported the matter to the head coach and the varsity foot ball man was not allowed to play in the most important game of the year. With athletics run on this very high plane, you can see how far reaching the clean lives of these big varsity men really are. Capt. Bigelow of the Yale 1907 foot ball team stated that three-fourths of the foot ball players he knew in Yale were not ashamed to go on their knees for evening prayer whether in training quarters or rooming with other men. Tad Jones declaration at a public Boston banquet after the Harvard-Yale game to the effect that before the game he had gone alone in his room and prayed for physical strength to play his usual game, while unique, is typical of the clean living of our best foot ball players. I have just secured the photos of the 1911 Princeton, Yale and Harvard foot ball squads and am reliably informed that from 50% to 60% of these players are Christian men engaged in some form of active Christian service. The remaining 40% while not active Christians

are with but few exceptions known as very clean men who stand for the best things in college life. I have in my possession about 150 pictures of noted American college athletes such as John Paul Jones of Cornell, Joe Horner of Michigan, Scott of Stanford (the champion pole vaulter), Bingham the Exeter runner, Kraetzlein of U. P. (great hurdler and now trainer at Michigan), Dwight, Chaplin, McCormick, White (who made touchdowns this year against Yale and Harvard) of Princeton, Fred Thompson—winner of Intercollegiate athletic contests in Chicago 1910-1911 now at Princeton Theological Seminary, Coy, Bigelow, Howe (Capt. 1911 foot ball) Philbin, Kilpatrick, all of Yale, McGovern of Minnesota (All American quarter 1910), Sprackling of Brown, Misle and Rogers of Wisconsin, Stagg, trainer and coach, University of Chicago and many others who are out and out Christian men and recognized as moral and Christian leaders. These men are heroes to freshmen and juniors especially and undergraduates are copying this type rather than the empty headed, conceited, thoughtless student who goes in for the "sporty life." It is simply remarkable the number of big American college athletes who are active Christians on their respective college campus: they tell me they must be clean to play the best game and that they find help to be clean by giving the leadership of their lives to the most manly man and most perfect gentleman who ever trod this earth—Jesus Christ. I believe Ted Coy at Yale had more influence and did more to clean up the lives of New Haven slum lads than any other possible agency in that needy town. It is this influence spreading like a western prairie fire above every other which is making immorality take to its heels in American college life.

(2) The attitude of the larger, and better type of corporations against four particular vices—licentiousness, drunkenness, gambling and cigarettes. For no religious reason, but as a matter of better business efficiency these corporations of the type of the Westinghouse Co., the General Electric Co., the American Bridge, Bessemer Steel, etc., are demanding purity of life on the part of their trusted employees. These demands have reached the notice of college men. These corporations say that careful investigation and their own experience have proven to them that the most reliable and efficient workers are those who live clean lives. The

head of one large corporation said very recently to me: "We prefer the Christian fellow in positions of confidence and trust, because Christianity of the right kind produces clean men and morally clean employees are the more trustworthy." The President of a big eastern bank in response to my query: "if they had any rule against clerks drinking, etc." smiling replied: "We have one unbreakable rule in our bank—I do the drinking for the bank." What did he mean—that while officials of these concerns might drink and otherwise indulge the clerks who handled their money must abstain. College is primarily a training ground or preparatory school for business; the college graduate goes to the big corporations for employment; these corporations have set moral standards for their employees which disallow immoral practices; college men's records are frequently traced back to college; it is business expediency and hard common sense which is wiping out to a great degree social drinking and other college vices.

(3) Vigorous appeals for manly living from University pulpits and the strong influence for good of our college Y. M. C. A's. There was a time in my own silly thoughtless life when I misunderstood, misjudged and criticized the Y. M. C. A.—any silly, empty headed student can stand on the side lines and hurl criticisms by the hundreds at the weak spots in this great organization, but it is the strong, manly fellow who puts this same energy into service and strives to make the weak places strong. We do no good by hurling the cynics darts; get into the game and do your part to help this organization which stands for and by all fair means strives to promote strong, clean manhood. I am glad to be able to report that I find the college Y. M. C. A's. backed and buttressed by the personal service of some of the finest athletes, the most prominent fraternity and club men, nearly all College Presidents, and a large percentage of the best Professors. In many of our larger Eastern Universities, especially Yale and Princeton an officership in this Association is deemed one of the highest of college honors which can be accorded a student. For the last three years one of the greatest honors Yale gives her sons has fallen to three men who have been prominently connected with Dwight Hall (their Y. M. C. A.). The splendid college industrial work, deputation work, Gospel team work, Bible study, etc. all head up in the Y. M. C. A. For the college year 1909-10, 32,251 students

continued in voluntary Bible classes for two months or longer in 539 institutions and among this number were the following :

Prize and Scholarship Men	885
Editors College papers	696
Class Presidents	795
Members of College Glee Club	1383
“ Varsity baseball team	1271
“ “ football team	1445
“ “ track team	958
“ “ basket ball team	535
“ “ crew	79

I haven't the 1910-1911 figures yet, but am reliably informed that they will show a marked increase of prominent men over 1909-1910. Of course, I do not for one moment mean to convey the impression that our college life and student class is ideal and has reached perfection ; we are far from this much coveted goal, but what I most certainly do mean to convey in this article is that the moral life of our American Colleges is on a much higher level than some critics would have the public believe and that we are rapidly pushing ahead up the hill which has been more than half ascended and that the eyes of the great Student majority are on the goal of moral purity and high Christian manhood.

STILL MANY WEAKNESSES TO BE REMEDIED.

There are many weaknesses in College life still to be remedied and among these weaknesses I may mention a few.

(1) Aloofness of too many college Presidents and Faculty members from student body. (2) Tendency on part of too many Faculty men to develop subjects rather than men of leadership. (3) Too much emphasis on scholarship and the intellectual development of men to exclusion of their moral and spiritual development. The business world's chief complaint against college graduates is not lack of intellect but lack of trustworthiness:—too much immorality which produced unreliability. (4) Bad example of alumni at football and baseball games and at commencement. (5) Too little college sentiment against licentiousness, drunkenness, cheating on examination, etc. (6) Too many immoral athletic coaches in smaller institutions. (7) Too many weak preachers in college towns who rather than attract drive students away from Christianity. (8) Too many lazy, critical students who criticize rather than help moral and religious agencies in their fight to better men and college conditions.

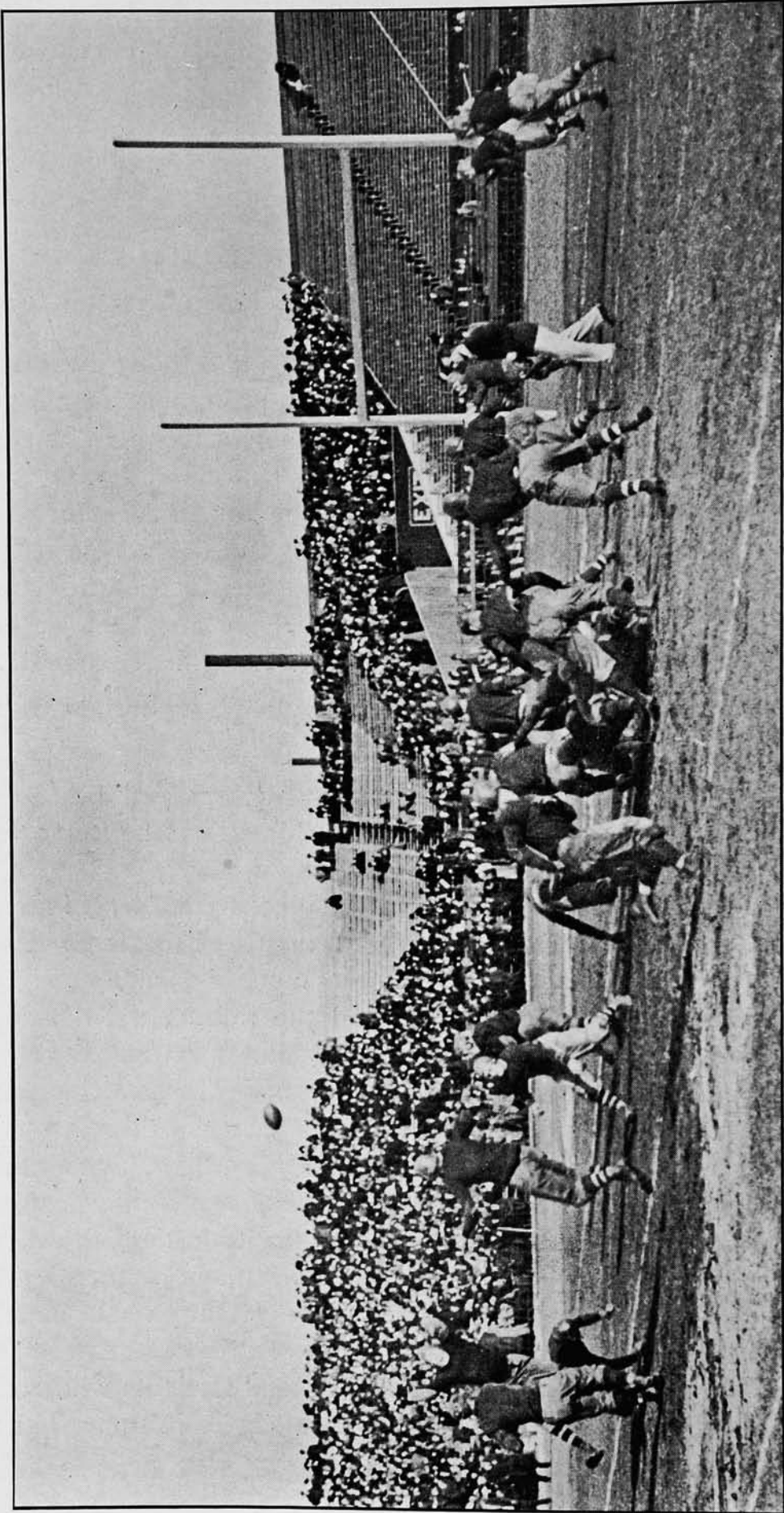


Photo by H. J. Westwood.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GAME.

Penn's forward pass, Thayer to Jourdet, which scored the first touchdown of the game.

Football---A Discussion of the Situation.

Leslie H. Groser, '13.

Photos by H. T. Westwood, '97

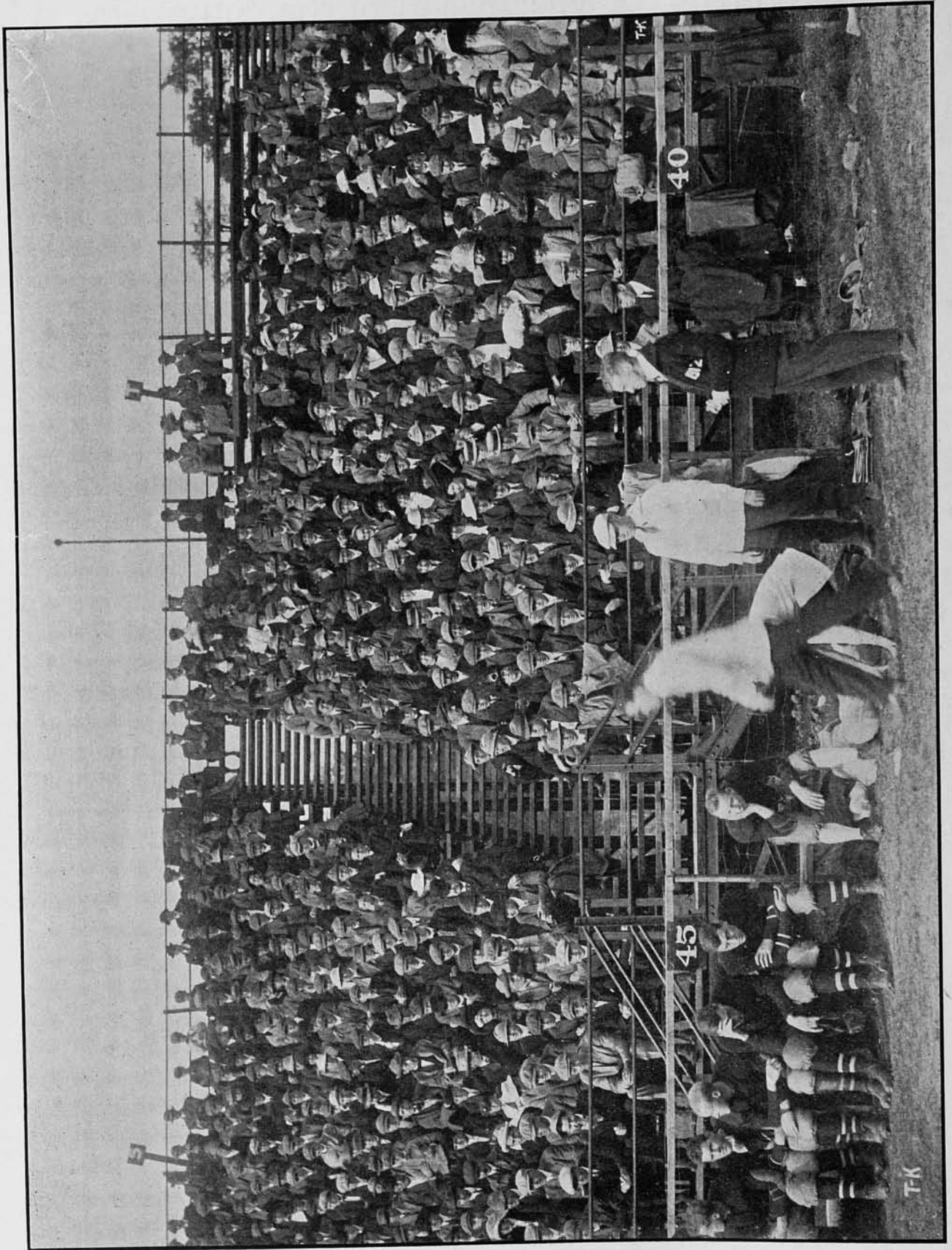
IT would not be a statement startling for its novelty or presumptuousness that the football season of 1911 was disappointing for Cornell. The bright prospects of early October faded and dwindled after the disconcerting showing made in the Penn State and Washington and Jefferson games, took a sudden rise when Coach Yost's touted Wolverines were forced to go back home discomfited, and blanched and dimmed once more with the sting of a decisive defeat at the hands of Chicago.

From then until the "Big Red Team" trotted onto the Franklin Field gridiron in startling array for the crucial contest of the season, the plans of the coaches were an enigma. Players and undergraduates alike were kept in total darkness. Rumors of shifts and shake-ups went the rounds of the University and every conceivable combination was advanced as the probable line-up for the big game.

But when at length the ultimate selection was learned it developed that nothing very momentous in the way of changes in either line or backfield had been made. The only alteration of importance was the exchange of positions between O'Connor and Butler, a move which had been anticipated ever since the Chicago game. Of the wisdom of this mutation there can be no doubt. Butler, a fast, heady, but somewhat erratic quarterback, proved a halfback of no mean ability, while O'Connor fitted in well at the pivotal position. The only other deviation from the line-up in the Chicago game was the substitution of Miller for Whyte at center, the latter having sustained a broken collar bone in the contest with the Maroon eleven.

"But the best laid plans of mice and men gang oft a-glee, and for the seventeenth time in the history of Cornell-Penn football relations, the schemes of the coaches went for nought.

It is a curious thing,—this almost unbroken line of victories for the Red and Blue over the Red and White. Were college men superstitious, there would doubtless be advanced with greater or less sincerity many a hare-brained theory to account for the seem-



The Steel Stand during the Penn State Game.

ingly unaccountable phenomenon of a team concededly strong, regularly and consistently, year in and year out, speeding over the rails to Philadelphia, full of confidence and hope, only to go away beaten, repulsed, overpowered,—having recorded another chapter in the same old story of disappointment and defeat.

Fortunately, however, Cornell undergraduates are not a bigoted or fanatical lot, and do not, we think, take much stock in the various incentives to superstitious credulity adduced. The cause lies deeper.

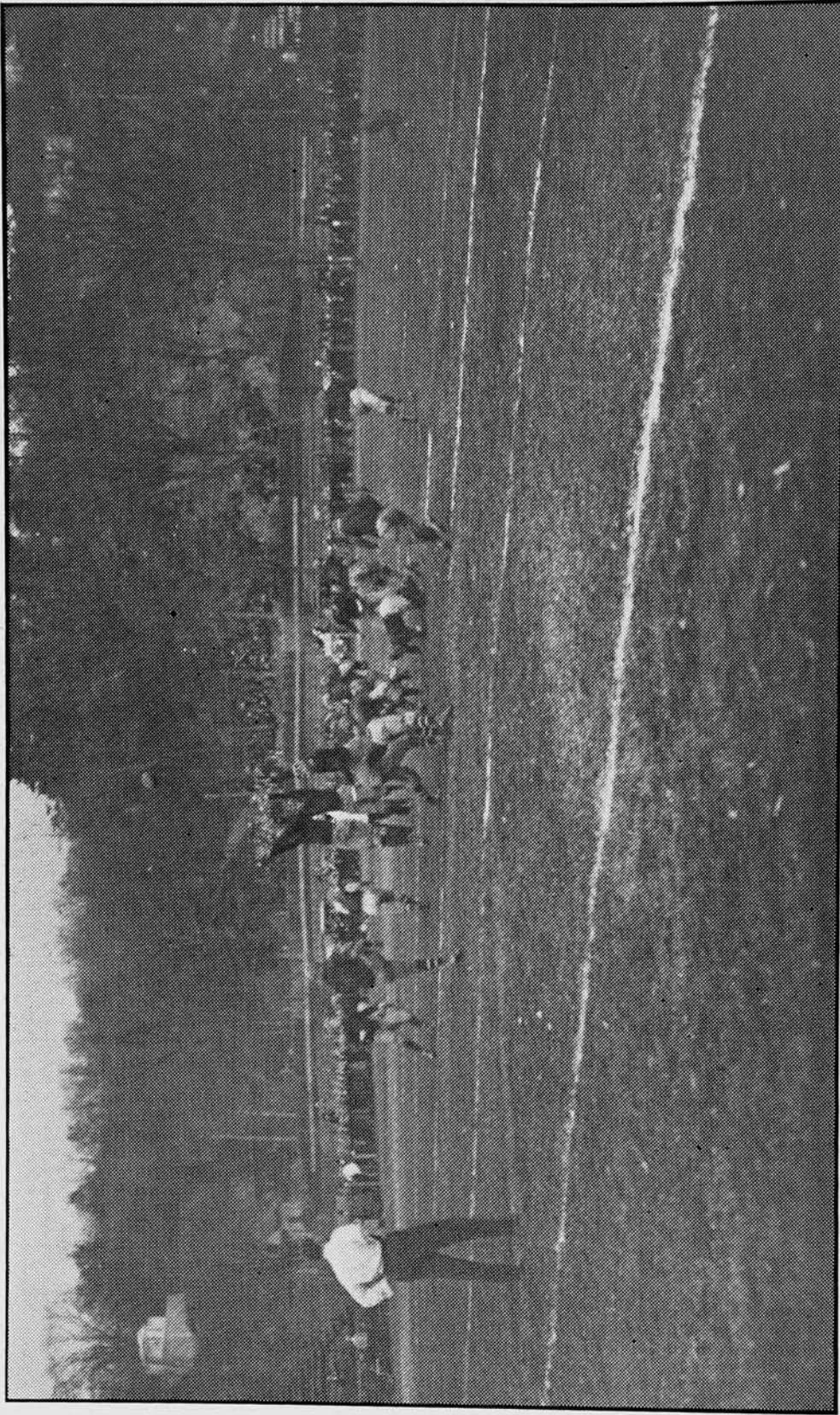
Many speculations in explanation of this perennial defeat have been and are being made. How many of these theories have, in fact, contributed to the undeniable result, it would be difficult to say.

For one thing, Cornell men refuse to believe that their team is invariably inferior to Penn's. Indeed, a comparison of the scores made by the two elevens in games previous to the Thanksgiving Day contests, reveals the fact that, judging from all standards, the Ithacans should several times have recorded an easy victory over their rivals. Comparative scores, however, are a treacherous foundation on which to build hopes and never have they proven themselves more so than in the false assurances they have so often held out to Cornellians. Of the tricky workings of this method of forecasting the "dope," the past season offers a very fair example.

Something of the feeling that Cornell can never beat Penn. is the settled sentiment at Philadelphia. "We've got to beat Michigan," was the watchword there last November. "Of course we'll beat Cornell."

The "jinx" is ever-present at Franklin Field on Thanksgiving day and cannot, it seems, be thwarted. It may be that, when the encircling stands of compact humanity tower above the players, this hoodoo in some inexplicable manner subconsciously reacts upon them and robs them of their aggressiveness. But as has been suggested there are not many who believe in the existence of these baleful psychic influences.

Again the claim is urged with vehemence that it is unfair to expect coaches to turn out teams on a par with those of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth, when neither the prestige of the



O'Connor Punting in the First Quarter of the Williams Game.

Photo by H. J. Westwood.

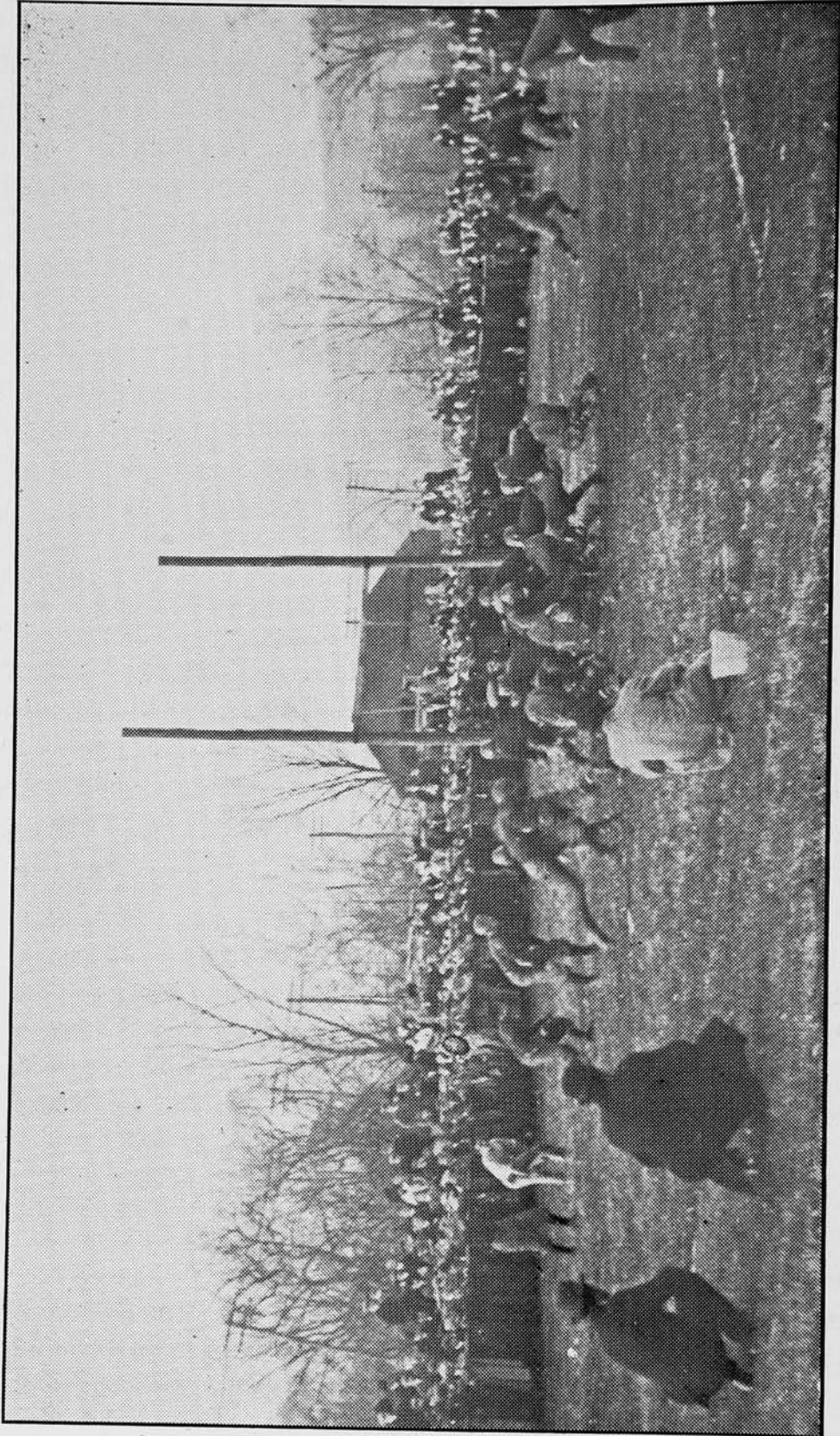
University on the gridiron nor the inducements which are offered to athletes are such as to encourage preparatory school stars to come to Cornell,—in short that the material is lacking.

The argument seems fallacious. It is surely not reasonable that the school which produces championship crews and peerless track athletes should be as devoid of first calibre football material as some would have us believe. The unsolicited assertions of leading football coaches from other universities bear out the statement that there is no dearth of material at Cornell. To add force to the whole argument, it may be said that some of the greatest players in the history of the game,—notably Thorpe of Carlisle and Mercer of Pennsylvania,—donned their first football togs in the dressing-room of the institution for which they were shortly to play the steller role.

Then there comes the demand for a revolution in the coaching system. Here charges are numerous and heated and the arraignment unequivocal. Like legislators fresh from a recess, the minds of these interested enthusiasts are filled with panaceas and cure-alls of every variety, from constructive remedies that show thought and reflection, to radical proposals that go quite to the other extreme. It is alleged that the coaches are old-timers who know little of how the new game should be taught; that they are for the most part men who have themselves played on losing teams and who consequently should not be entrusted with the task of turning out a victorious combination; that the alumni coaching system, further, is the very exemplification of the adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth," and that the instruction of one is all too frequently nullified and overturned by the misdirected zeal of another, who, coming upon the field a few days later, takes infinite pains to get the players to unlearn the laboriously acquired methods that his predecessor has tried so hard to inculcate.

The remedy most frequently and cogently urged is that a professional coach be hired whose word shall be law, and under whose regime alumni who have played on the team in years past shall have no more than an advisory share in the coaching.

There are many advantages to such a system. Likewise there are disadvantages. For one thing, it is argued that your professional coach is hard to keep; that once he has produced a



THE PLAY THAT WON THE MICHIGAN GAME.

Photo by H. J. Westwood.

The ball is in mid-air and Thomson is standing ready to receive Patterson's Pass.

winning team he receives an offer of double his present salary and off he is for "fresh fields and pastures new." Then a new coach must be engaged, who must begin all over again and spend years, perhaps, working the team up to the stage of efficiency attained by his predecessor. He cannot begin where the other has left off. Different coaches have different systems. He must start all over again.

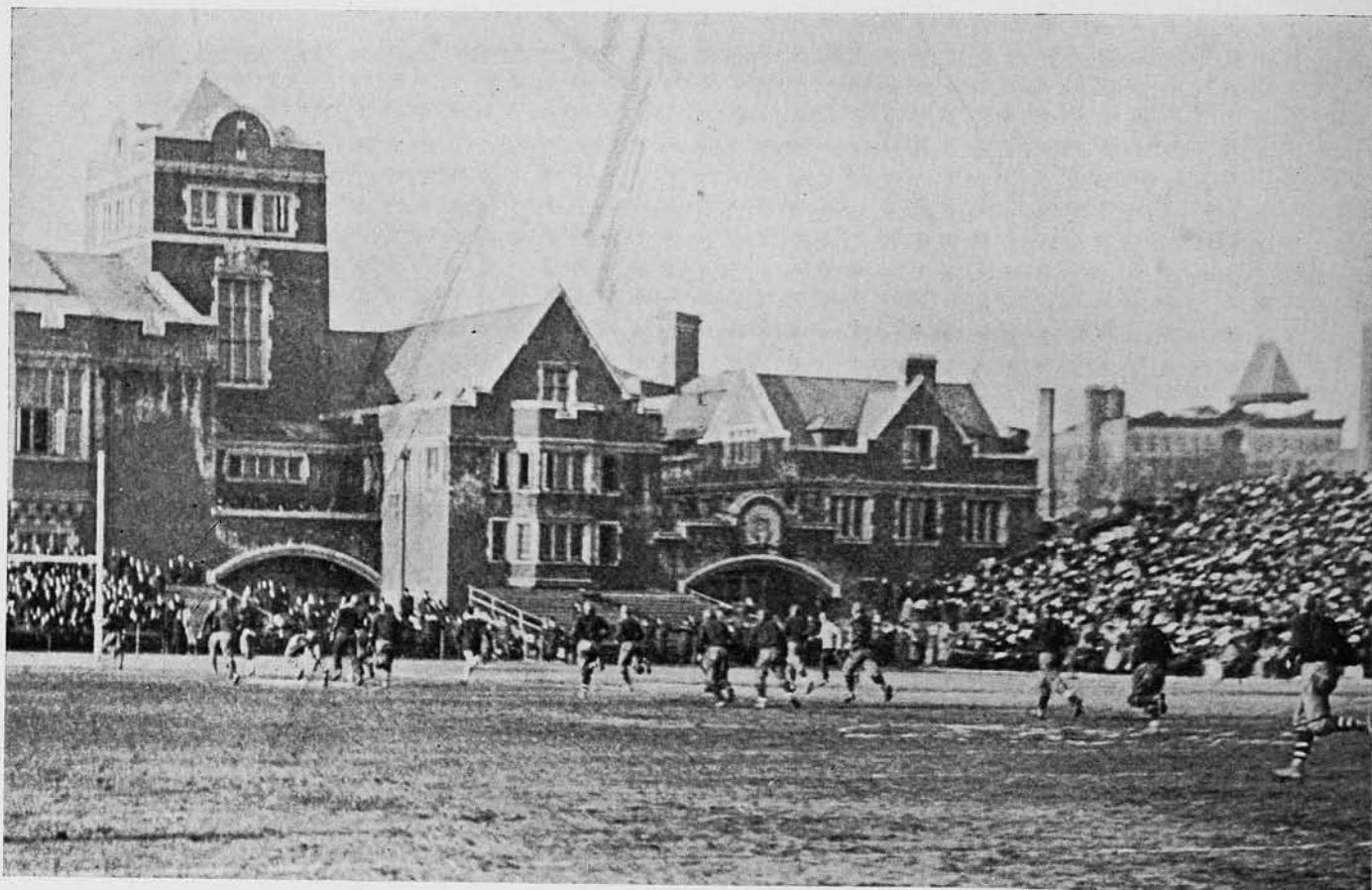
Against the professional coach it is further argued that, as his reputation and means of livelihood depend upon his success, his methods are more likely to be questionable than under a graduate coach. The professional coach, it is averred, will stoop to "dirty" football to effect his purpose where an alumnus will not.

Such is a hasty resume of the causes assigned for Cornell's annual Thanksgiving Day Waterloo, and of the remedies urged for its prevention. It is not within the scope of this article to enter into a prolonged discussion of the merits and demerits of our coaching system. A question of the greatest import to the athletic prestige of the University, it cannot be lightly taken up and disposed of. A sane, sober, and reflective undergraduate attitude, and a general determination to go at the solution of the problem in such a spirit, will do much toward accomplishing results. Rome was not built in a day, nor was it, likewise, overthrown. The alumni coaching system is, in one sense, an institution at Cornell. If a change is to be made, it should be done only after a painstakingly thorough review of the whole situation. Idle and indiscriminate damning of the team and the coaches on the street corners and in the down town resorts will be worse than useless. A sound undergraduate opinion on this subject must be aroused and developed, and logical expression through the medium of the University publications encouraged. Only this kind of "kicking" will do any good.

As to the last Pennsylvania game, what more can there be said? Cornell lost because the Cornell team was no match for the speedier, more alert, and more skillful Red and Blue warriors. With the possible exception of the second quarter, the "Big Red Team" was clearly outplayed. Ninety-six yards gained by rushing as against Penn's 336, a total of eight yards gained in nine forward passes as opposed to Penn's 69 yards in eight passes,

and 90 yards lost on penalties as against Penn's 40, tells the story.

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark," it would seem, and vitally so. Something there is that needs looking to if the name of Cornell is to maintain a place in the front rank of the universities of America. It is for every undergraduate to concern himself in the investigation. Whether or not the fault lies in the coaching system must be ascertained and, if needful, a change must be made. If, on the other hand, all that the present graduate coaches need is time in which to develop and perfect their system into a science, time must be given them, and Cornell men must bear with mediocre results until such a stage of perfection is reached.



Eyrich's 50-yard run to a touchdown in the first period of the Pennsylvania Game.

The Cornell Alumni Football Association.

AS is usual at the close of every football season, this month is seeing a heated discussion and exchange of opinions as to the advisability of changes in the Cornell football system. Whether there shall be any changes, and, if so, how radical they shall be, are the questions which are up for consideration by alumni and undergraduates alike. It is the purpose of this article to give some insight into the workings of the alumni system which controls football at Cornell.

“In order to promote and foster the best interests of the game of football at Cornell University,” the Cornell Alumni Football Association was formed, to be composed of every wearer of the Varsity football “C” and every manager of Cornell football teams, who have either graduated from or left the University. Semi-annual meetings of the entire association are held in New York City in February at the time of the New York dinner, and at Ithaca in June, to discuss ways and means for the next football season.

To render the association workable, the entire management and executive operation is vested in a committee known as the Advisory Football Committee, consisting of five members. The present personnel of this committee is E. R. Alexander, '01; C. R. Wyckoff, '96; D. A. Reed, '98; Henry Schoellkopf, '02; and J. W. Beacham, '97. The committee appointed Mr. Alexander as its chairman and W. J. Norton, '02, secretary. The members of the committee are elected for a term of three years, and to fill vacancies, one or two members are elected each year. Mr. Reed was elected and Mr. Wyckoff was re-elected last year, and Mr. Beacham's term will expire in February.

This Advisory Football Committee acts purely in an advisory capacity to the Athletic Council in matters relative to football. And in the words of the constitution, it is “the official means of keeping the members of the association in touch with football conditions at Cornell, and the medium through which resolutions of this association and suggestions of its members shall be transmitted.”

So much for the Advisory Committee. Five years ago, in December, 1906, there was a further classification made, “for the more efficient management of football coaching.” A Football

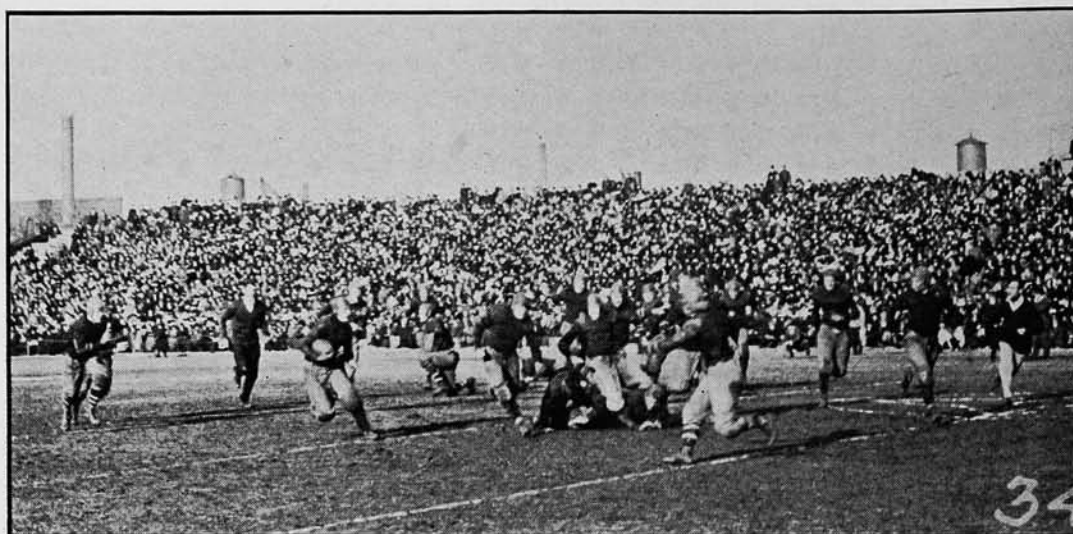


Photo by H. J. Westwood.
Capt. Mercer's 25 yard run around Eyrich in the first period of the Pennsylvania game.

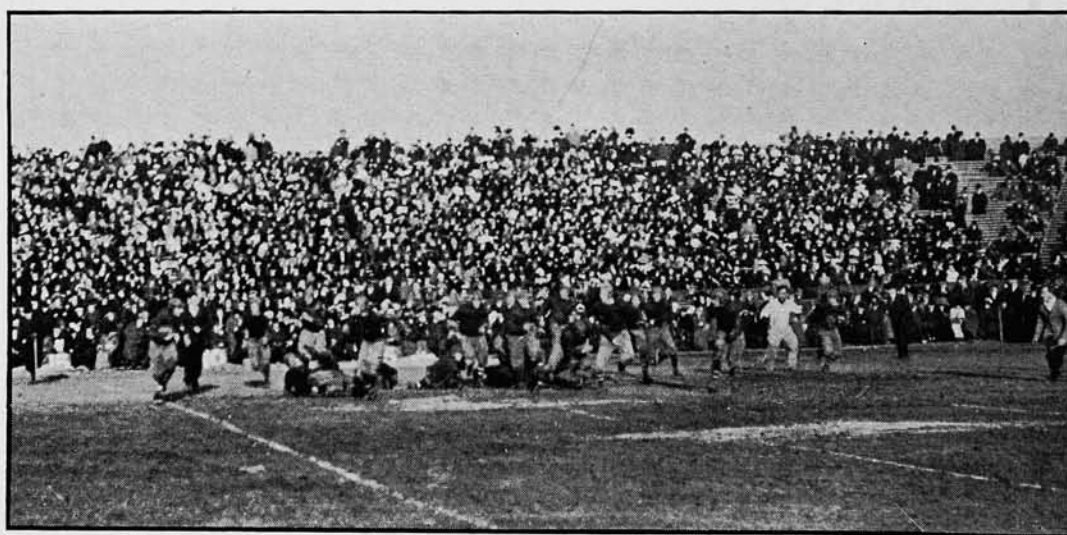


Photo by H. J. Westwood.
Capt. Mercer's run for Pennsylvania's second touchdown.

Field Committee was created, to be composed of the captain of the team and two alumni or former students, wearers of the football "C," this committee to have complete charge and control of the coaching of the team. At present the alumni members of this Field Committee are Thomas F. Fennell, '97, of Elmira, and George Young, Jr., '00, of Ithaca, who were elected for one year at a meeting of the Advisory Committee last December.

The Field Committee and the Football Committee of the Athletic Council recommend for appointment the necessary regular coaches for each year, selected from former wearers of the football "C," and arrange for the attendance of temporary unsalaried coaches. In addition to its power over the selection of coaches, the Field Committee, as far as is practicable, is consulted with reference to the schedule of games for each season.

To a Cornell Tradition.

Early every Thursday morning
I arise as day is dawning,
Join the hillward-hurrying host ;
Halting not to view th' Aurora,
Glancing not at wayside flora,
Pausing but a moment for a
"SATURDAH
Evenin'
Post."

Pausing where a figure hoary
Stands in solitary glory,
Like a very seedy ghost ;
There, his message glad intoning,
You may hear his piteous groaning,
You may hear him gently moaning,
"SATURDAH
Evenin'
Post."

On the bridge of Cascadilla,
Far above the foaming billow,
Still he stands, in trade engrossed ;
Though the West wind paralyzes,
Though his beard all caked with ice is,
O'er the blast his wailing rises,
"SATURDAH
Evenin'
Post."

M. G. B. '13.

The Spirit of Christmas.

A Short Story by F. G. Johnson, '13.

“SAY, Dad,” queried Bobby, hesitatingly, “do you believe in Santa Claus?”

Mr. Washburn flicked the ash from his cigar, and looked down at Washburn, junior, who reclined at full length on the rug before the grate, heels waving in air, chin propped in his fists, gazing at the sparks as they chased one another up the chimney.

“Why, yes, Bobby,” he answered uncertainly that is—“Yes, of course. Everybody believes in Santa Claus.”

“I mean the regular Santa Claus,” insisted Bobby. “The kind you read about, with the reindeers, and the bag full of toys, and the little round belly.”

“Didn’t you see him in the window at the Arcade in town this afternoon?” argued his father.

“Yes,” Bobby promptly replied. “And I saw him out in the alley smoking a cigarette and talking to a policeman. He didn’t have any whiskers on, and he slipped on the ice, and you should have heard him swear. They’ve got one at Goldberg’s too, and at the Globe. They’re all fakes,” he declared, scornfully.

Mr. Washburn dropped another log on the fire, and Bobby slid back further from the blaze.

“Why doesn’t he ever take anything to the Todd kids?” he pursued. “Todd’s poor, and can’t ever buy them anything to play with. You could buy everything I get, anyway. Nobody could climb down our chimney; I looked yesterday, when the fire was out. What was that big package Frank brought out from the station today?”

Mr. Washburn cleared his throat, but ventured no reply.

“I believe it’s just a lie,” Bobby concluded. “Isn’t it?”

“No, my boy,” the father returned, after a few moments’ thought, “the real Santa Claus is not a lie. The one you mean is just a sort of fairy story, for little children to believe in. But now you’re old enough to know about the real Santa Claus; the one that isn’t a lie.”

"The real one?" repeated Bobby, puzzled.

"The real Santa Claus," continued his father, softly, "Is in our hearts. When you hung up your stocking here before the fire a year ago tonight, your mother—your mother and I filled it, and got out your toys that Frank had brought out from the station; and then we trimmed the tree." His voice broke, and the brightness of the fire was misty before his eyes.

"I shall do that alone tonight," he resumed, after a moment, "I shall fill the stocking, and unpack the toys, and—Nora will trim the tree—I—I can't do that after—" He broke off suddenly, and passed his hand across his eye. "So you see it's my love for you—the father's and mother's love for their children—that's the real Santa Claus. It's the spirit of Christmas. Do you understand, my boy?"

Bobby's heels were motionless, "So that's why I get the things," he mused aloud. "'Cause you love me, and buy 'em to make me happy. . . . I s'pose *Todd* loves *his kids just as much; but he can't buy 'em things.* . . . It doesn't seem fair, does it, Dad?"

Mr. Washburn recrossed his legs and squirmed uncomfortably. What made the Kid ask such confounded questions? He was a business man, not a philosopher. He blessed the clock for striking nine.

"Well, Boy," he declared cheerily, "Here comes Nora. Now for Good Night."

Bobby religiously performed the curfew ceremony of hugs and kisses which his mother had instituted, some years ago. And he had never ceased wondering, ever since his father had taken his mother's place, why the last kisses were so moist and salty.

Good Night was concluded, and Bobby followed Nora up the stairs. Robert Washburn bit off the end of a fresh cigar, but forgot to light it. He was thinking of Bobby's mother, and Bobby and the real Santa Claus. Santa Claus was now a myth. Bobby was no longer a baby. It was the beginning of life—of unhappiness and disillusionment. He was awakening from his baby dreams to find himself in a world of treachery and deceit—a world whose only Bible is the law, a battlefield where one fights for himself alone—and devil take the hindmost. So the

little rascal was developing socialistic ideas, eh? Well, so had his father—when he was his age. Perhaps things weren't quite "fair," but who was to change them? He had earned his money by the sweat of his brow. And if it had multiplied later a hundred fold, he had his own intelligence to thank for it. If people were shiftless and improvident, what affair was it of his? Let them earn their independence, as he had. He couldn't—

He heard the door open behind him, and a servant entered with a fire-log on his shoulder.

"You needn't put it on now, Frank," Mr. Washburn instructed.

The man laid the wood on the hearth, and stood uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other.

"Well," his employer queried, "Has everything gone all right today?"

The man hesitated.

"Yes, sir; that is—I don't know as it's worth bothering about, but—somebody was cutting on the wood-lot today."

"Hm!" grunted Mr. Washburn. "At it again, are they?" I thought we had put a stop to that. Well, did you find out who it was?"

"It was one of the tenants," stammered the man, in evident embarrassment. "I don't think he took out much," he added hastily.

"I guess he took out all he could get," Washburn snapped. "Well, come, come! Who was it?"

"I think it was Todd. I didn't say anything to him, because—"

"Because you hadn't caught him at it before, eh? Well, I dare say he's had his share before this. I guess I'll go down and have a little chat with him," he added grimly. "Where's the cutter?"

"It's outside; I just came from the village. But don't you think you—that is—tomorrow's Christmas, and—"

But Mr. Washburn was hunting his furcoat and sealskin hat.

"I'm sure he didn't take very much," the man suggested, as he unblanketed the horse; "Don't you think—"

His employer shrugged his shoulders as he drew the robe about him, and Frank found it wise to keep silent. A short drive down the road and around a turn brought them into sight of his tenant's

home—if the word may be applied to the miserable little four-room shack that presented such a pitiable contrast to the big white colonial mansion on the top of the hill.

“You wait here,” the man in the fur coat directed. “I’ll be back in a minute.”

He unwound himself from the bear-skin robe and climbed out into the snow, which he cursed inwardly as he waded through it, knee deep, toward the unpainted building twenty feet away. The snow had drifted over the path, and he steered his course by the feeble light that shone from a shadeless window at the front.

In the darkness he plowed his way all unknowingly past the doorstep, and found himself face to face with the window. He did not notice that the panes had been repeatedly cracked and patched, and that in one square, where a glass was missing altogether, a pair of overalls had been stuffed to ward off the winter winds. The landlord did not know that he was eavesdropping as he viewed the scene within—nor did he realize that he was courting pneumonia as he stood for a quarter of an hour, without making a move toward the door. He knew that Todd was married, but he had never before seen his wife. It was a pity that such a pretty little woman must become old so quickly. She could not be past thirty—yet she looked ten years older.

A modest fir tree in the corner, scarce five feet high, was festively trimmed with pink and white popcorn garlands and other ornaments betokening home manufacture, and Todd and his wife were busy filling two little stockings that hung before the stove—the house did not boast a fireplace. On the floor were ranged a few toys of the cheapest sort, and the whole scene pictured a melancholy attempt to combat the oppression of poverty and want. What a bitter mockery this Christmas celebration must be to such as these. And yet the faces of the couple inside bore no trace of bitterness. They seemed happy—actually happy—in the midst of their meager preparation for the holiday on the morrow.

Mr. Washburn suddenly remembered the object of his errand, and at the same time his eye again fell upon the tree in the corner. Frank had said Todd had not taken much—could it be that this was the extent of the man’s depredation? It was all wrong, of course—stealing is stealing, and should be punished. But then,

the one tree would hardly be missed—and tomorrow was Christmas. Bobby was right; it didn't seem quite "fair." For the next offense, Todd should surely be punished, but—

The man in the fur coat turned about and followed the path he had plowed, back through the snow to the cutter.

"Back home, Frank," he said, briefly, "I've changed my mind."

They reached the big colonial house on the top of the hill.

"Don't unhook," he instructed. "Blanket the horse and come inside."

They went to the rear of the house, where a big packing box had been concealed that morning, safe from the prying eyes of inquisitive youth. It took but a minute to rip off the top, and they drew from the depths package after package whose contents was well calculated to delight the heart of the small boy.

"I guess I ordered more than I needed," explained the older man; "Bobby wouldn't look at half this junk, anyway." He brought a big basket, and filled it with these triumphs of the toy makers' art. On top he placed a package labeled "tree decorations;" and he found room to squeeze in a big box of candy.

"Take it back to Todd's," he grunted, "We'll forget about that wood."

When he returned to the library, he discovered the fire nearly out, and threw on another stick of wood. Drawing his arm chair closer to the hearth, he found a cigar, and abandoned himself to reverie.

He could not forget the little house down at the foot of the hill, with its pitiful little Christmas tree in the corner, trying to look cheerful with its festoons of pink and white pop-corn; and the happy father and mother—happy in their love for their children, and for each other. In spite of their poverty, in spite of their poor struggle to make a fitting holiday for "the kids," they knew the true Christmas. He was glad he had thought of the toys. "The kids" must awaken soon enough; he hoped he had been the means of their dreaming for another year. "It's what his mother did last year," he said to himself, "I'd quite forgotten."

The man was deaf to the soft quarter-hour chimes of the colonial clock in the corner, and the big hand made the circuit of the dial unnoticed. It was of last Christmas eve he was thinking now;

and of the Christmas eve before. That meant Bobby's mother. And he was not ashamed of the lump in his throat, and the moisture in his eyes.

A childish voice from the stairway—startlingly like that of the woman he had lost—awoke him from his dreams.

“Merry Christmas, Mister Santa Claus. I forgot to hang up my stocking.”

Bobby came up to the fireplace, a rosy little man-fairy in his tiny white pajamas, and with due solemnity, stood a-tiptoe and suspended his stocking from the mantel. When he stole sleepily up to his father's chair, and climbed onto his knees.

“The clock just struck twelve,” he yawned, slipping his fists about his father's neck. “Merry Christmas, Dad.”

The man gathered his son close in his arms.

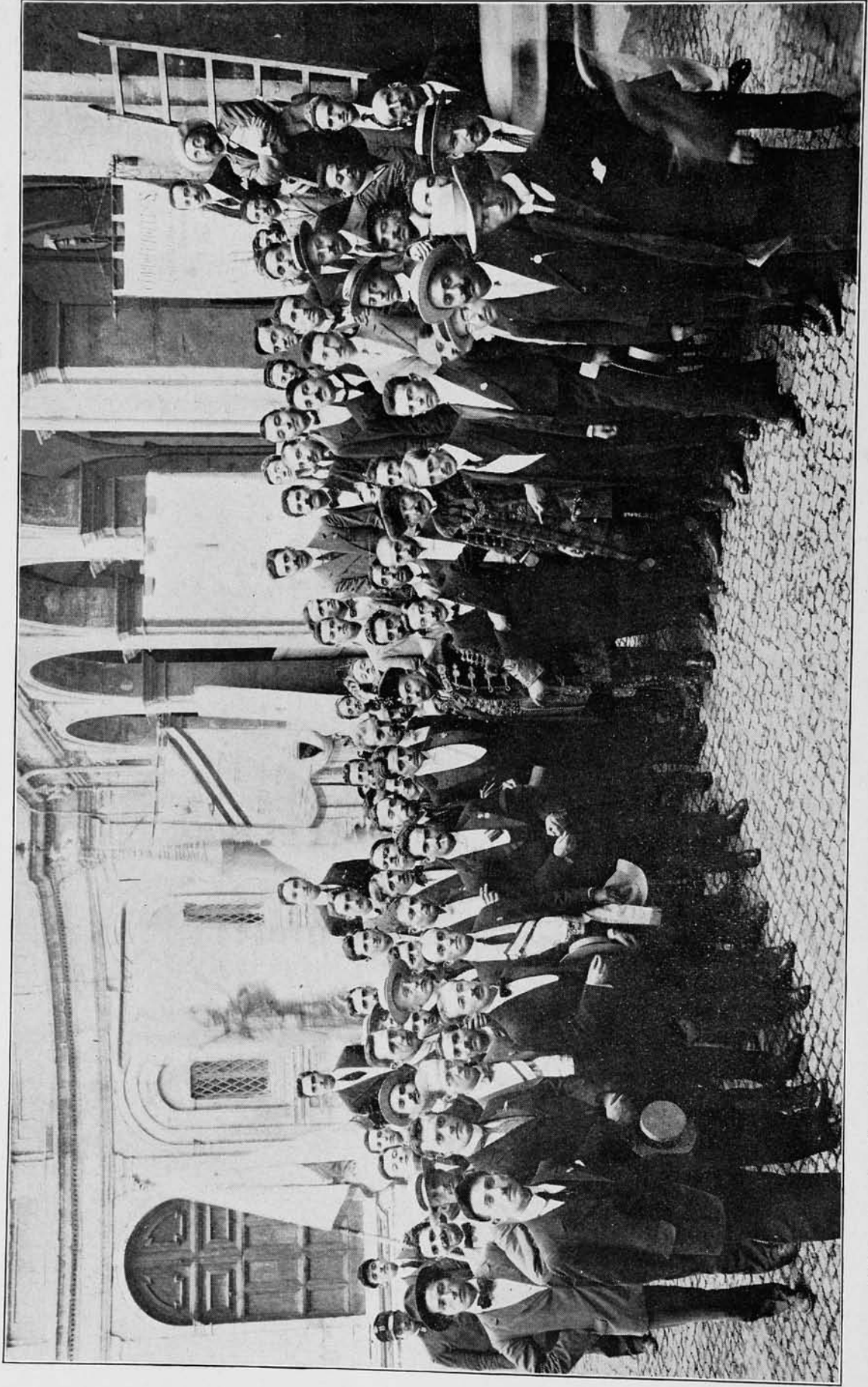
“Merry Christmas, Boy,” he whispered, “Merry Christmas!”

Old Glory.

Earl Simonson, '12.

Red of roses,
And the white
Cloud that dozes
On the bright
Ocean's blue—

Hero blood,
Pale surprise
Of maidenhood,
And the eyes
Of the true!



Delegates to the Seventh International Convention of Corda Fratres in the court of the University of Rome.

The "Corda Fratres" Movement and International Convention of Students at Rome.

George W. Nasmyth, '07.

THE "Eternal City" of Rome has had a fascination for the mind and the heart of man in all ages. For the student, especially, it has had an irresistible charm. In the Middle Ages it was still the capital of the world for him, as it had been in ancient times; in the Age of Faith it was the goal of his pilgrimage and of his ambition, and in the Age of the Renaissance it was the source of that glorious light and life which stirred strange echoes in men's hearts and threw a new lustre upon all the lands north of the Alps. It is not strange that even in our day something of the old charm should still draw the student back to that ancient city on the banks of the Tiber which has seen so much of the rise and fall of human history.

But there is a new Rome as well as the old city of the seven hills, and the buildings and monuments of modern Rome bid fair to rival those of the Forum and the Appian Way. On the Capitoline Hill is rising a splendid monument to Victor Emmanuel II., under whom Italy was united into a nation fifty years ago, and another great monument, more useful than this, is just being started,—a great aqueduct, hundreds of miles long, which will carry water from the mountains down into the "heel" of the boot of Italy, transforming an almost arid region into one of the gardens of the world. A new race of men is working out the destiny of the new Italy, and the air is filled with a new spirit of unity and progress.

It was this new spirit of modern Rome that brought together representatives from the universities of a dozen nations in the ancient city last September. It was the seventh international convention of Corda Fratres, "Brothers in Heart", a movement started by the Italian university students eleven years ago. From its small beginnings in the University of Turin in 1898, the idea has spread with a marvelous rapidity through Europe and the two Americas. At the Rome convention were representatives from

nearly all the universities of Italy, from the universities of Buda-Pesth, Kassa, Debrecen and Koloszvar in Hungary, from the chapter at the Hague in Holland, from the universities of Malta and of Tunis, and from the newly formed international clubs at the universities of Berlin and Leipsic in Germany. South America sent delegates from the universities of Rio de Janiero in Brazil, from Buenos Aires in the Argentine Republic, and from the National University Federation of Chili. From North America came five delegates representing the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs with its 26 chapters and 2,000 members in the universities of the United States and Canada.

Besides the countries which sent delegates to the convention the movement includes France, in which it is represented by the Association of Students of Paris and by the National Union of the Associations of Students of France and Roumania, which has chapters in five universities. The students of Greece through the Association of Students of Athens, sent a message of sympathy and cordial cooperation, and greetings were received from the students in the universities of Prague and Bromberg.

It is a long roll call, but full of interest as evidence of the extent to which the ideas of *Corda Fratres* are spread among the students of the world. One of the most striking things about the movement is the manner in which it has arisen spontaneously and independently in half a dozen different countries at nearly the same time; the work of *Corda Fratres* has been chiefly to federate internationally the national organizations, like the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs in America, which have grown up with the same objects.

Corda Fratres represents in the student world the two ideals which, above all others characterize our age,—unity and brotherhood. The search for unity has become almost a passion in the twentieth century. It has long been the motive power of philosophy and science in the life of the mind, but never has the search been made with so much of hope as today. In the life of the soul the desire for unity has been the source of all theology and religion, and the passion for unity in this realm has never been more certain of final victory than in our century. In social life the marvelous increase in the means of communication between the

nations and the continents has given a new horizon to every man and made him to a larger extent a citizen of the world. In the new era which has begun we think in terms of the world where before men thought in terms of the tribe or the nation. Internationalism and the idea of the world unity seem to be in the air which all men breathe.

With the word unity we meet more and more often the word brotherhood. It is the keynote of the great social movements in England and Germany, which are crying out against the suffering and ignorance of the poor and the striking contrast of the luxury of the rich. The idea of brotherhood is the source of much of the philanthropic work, unparalled in the world's history,—which is being done in America. The second of the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" has been the great message of Christianity to our age, and the question of the parable of the Good Samaritan, "Who is thy neighbor?" has never been asked so insistently before.

The founders of Corda Fratres placed it upon the broadest possible foundation when they based it upon the ideals of unity and brotherhood. Its principal aim, according to the constitution adopted at the first international convention of students at Turin in November 12-20, 1898, is "to support and spread the idea of the solidarity and brotherhood of the students of the world."

Another of the objects of the International Federation of Students, as Corda Fratres is sometimes called, is "to support, by all the means in its power, the work of peace and arbitration between nations."

An illustration of one of the ways in which Corda Fratres works for peace was brought out by an incident at the Rome convention. The Argentine Republic had just passed some very harsh laws directed against the immigration of Italians. Not only were the laws themselves considered unjust by Italy, but in the debate before the laws were passed very little tact or consideration for the feelings and natural pride of Italy had been shown. Strained relations between the two countries ensued, and at the time of the Corda Fratres convention the sensational press of Italy was clamoring for a declaration of war against Argentine. At this crisis the Italian students organized a demonstration, Count

Gubernatis, "the Andrew D. White of Italy" made an address urging that the misunderstanding be cleared up and pleading for a continuance of the old relations of friendship between Argentine and Italy. The delegates from Argentine replied in the same spirit, promising to use their influence to have the injustice corrected upon their return home and assuring the Italians of the friendship of the people of Argentine. The incident was reported in detail in the Italian press, and marked the beginning of a turn of the tide of public opinion from thoughts of war toward a peaceful settlement and a resumption of the old friendly relations between the two countries.

It is one of the objects of *Corda Fratres* to have an organized group of men in every country ready to act promptly and set up counter currents of public opinion against war whenever an international crisis arises. By keeping the members of one nation in correspondence with those of another; by working unceasingly to dissipate prejudices and encourage sympathy between the peoples of different nations; by arranging international visits of individuals or of parties securing hosts and friends for students and others traveling in foreign lands and by every other means in its power, *Corda Fratres* plans to work for peace, friendship and mutual understanding between the nations of the earth.

It is questionable whether in the present state of world politics an organization like *Corda Fratres*, however perfect, could have prevented the war between Italy and Turkey. But with better means for international communication and organized groups of men in each country in touch with the actual conditions, much of the bitterness caused by unfounded reports of cruelty and inhumanity in the war might have been prevented. The clear light of truth and reason is needed as much after war has broken out as when nations are drifting towards war, if hatred and a desire for revenge are not to keep nations apart for generations after the other wounds of a war have been healed.

The *Corda Fratres* movement is a part of the great world movement toward a betterment of humanity which is showing itself in a spirit of unrest and expectation in all the continents. Everywhere there is a sense of impending change, and a reawakening of public conscience against the evils of modern social and economic con-

ditions. New ideals of service to humanity and new spiritual forces are stirring men's hearts and arousing new hopes of a better age and dreams of things which

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Neither hath entered into the heart of man."

The students of all the countries in the Corda Fratres movement have heard the call to a New Crusade against the evils of humanity,—against poverty, suffering, disease, ignorance and all enemies of mankind. They are living in a new Age of Chivalry, in which they are summoned

"to ride abroad redressing human wrongs"

and they are arming themselves for the battle which is to come.

This was the spirit of the Rome convention, and the sense of comradeship in the cause of a better world and a nobler humanity is the deepest impression which the delegates carried with them back to their own countries. On its practical side the convention was occupied with the consideration of questions of policy and of organization, as well as the problem of spreading the movement to those nations which have not yet been reached. At present Cosmopolitan missionaries, two from the Cornell Club, are endeavoring to form International Clubs at the Universities of Munich-Heidelberg and Marburg in Germany, other workers from the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club are sowing the seed in the universities of England, and former Japanese and Chinese members are carrying the Cosmopolitan spirit of brotherhood back with them to the universities of Asia.

The next convention of Corda Fratres will be held at Cornell in September, 1913. It will be a great event in the history of the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club and of the University, especially if the convention is carried out on anything like the scale of the Italian arrangement. Besides the events of the convention itself, there were receptions given by the mayor and city of Turin and of Rome, banquets given by the Universities of Turin, Rome and Naples, excursions to Tivoli, Capri, Palermo and Pompei, and a long list of fetes, luncheons, and receptions given in honor of the delegates by the expositions which were being held at Rome and Turin. The American delegates will never forget the new conception of the meaning of hospitality which they learned from the Italians.

From the present rate of growth of the movement it is probable that it will have spread to all the continents and a large proportion of the countries of the world before the time of the convention in 1913. Besides the convention proper at Ithaca, it is probable that the visiting students from foreign countries will be entertained at Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and other eastern universities. The men in the Cosmopolitan movement hope to make the 1913 convention the greatest demonstration of the brotherhood and solidarity of the students of all nations which the world has ever seen.

The Varsity "C" for Athletic Managers?

IN view of the numerous communications which have been received, the Athletic Council will no doubt reconsider at its next regular meeting the action with regard to awarding the "C" to athletic managers. In order, however, to put on record for future reference the opinions of those prominently interested in the matter, THE ERA has secured the following statements:

The "C" at Cornell has always been a reward for distinction attained in the practice of athletics. My feeling is that it should be reserved for this use; and while it seems that some recognition of the services of the managers is due, I believe that the emblem which shows this recognition should differ from the Athletic "C."

ALBERT W. SMITH.

The Varsity letter is recognized by students and by the public as a reward for athletic ability. The manager of a team is not an athlete, and should not be allowed to wear the Varsity letter merely because he has been successful in a business competition; or, if it is to be awarded for other than athletic purposes, there would be even more reason for giving it to the winners of an intercollegiate debate, or even perhaps, to the editor of the college paper.

C. V. P. YOUNG.

The disparaging statements which have been made about Varsity managers recently are to my mind not only unjust and ungrounded but entirely irrelevant. The question under consideration is not—"What is a manager worth?" or "Does he do more work than the athletes?" It is simply, "Should he wear a 'C'?" I think the great majority of men who know managers, as athletes know them, are ready and willing to grant that they are indispensable to the welfare of your team. The "C" men appreciate fully the importance of their

work. They appreciate that a manager does a great deal of hard and unselfish work, and that he gives up a great deal of time and pleasure for the benefit of his team.

But hard work is not the basis upon which the "C" is awarded. If it were, would not many of the men who are playing on the scrubs today deserve that honor as much or more than some of our star players? The "C" to my mind is the stamp placed upon a man for displaying athletic ability. Managers are undoubtedly men of great ability; but it is an entirely different kind of ability and why stamp as athletes those who most certainly are not?

There is no question but a manager deserves some form of insignia—an insignia which carries with it all the honor and dignity of the "C"—but let it be something which will distinguish him from the athlete.

J. P. JONES, '13,
Varsity Track "C" Man.

It seems to me that the Varsity "C" should be reserved for those who have won it by being actual members of one of the teams. Undoubtedly the managers are deserving of some better insignia than that which has hitherto been awarded them. I, therefore, favor the plan of awarding the major sports managers a "C" with a small "M" in it.

HENRY J. KIMBALL, '11,
Commodore 1911 Navy.

The first thing that occurs to the average undergraduate in discussing this question is the comparative amount of work done by the manager and athlete. Both work for the good of Cornell—for her athletic supremacy. Both give much unselfish effort to further the cause of athletics, and the work done by the manager is indispensable as much so, in a way, as that of the athlete.

But is this the question? It seems to me that these facts are entirely alien to the discussion. The "C" is not a reward for hard work, strictly speaking. A man may win an event in a dual track meet without a season of hard training—and win his "C". But a man may plug hard and unselfishly four long years and not win his letter. It is true that winning it usually entails work of the hardest kind and implies years of patient sacrifice. But it is given to a man as the result of a certain specified performance—say first in a dual Track meet with Pennsy, or playing in the Thanksgiving game—simply because such performance is accepted as a standard of merit and is taken to indicate a certain degree of athletic ability. It is not in the nature of a pay check for so many hours of unselfish effort. It is like the "Sterling" on silver, or the "18 K." on gold. It is a mark of quality,—athletic quality, if you will. It indicates a certain degree of merit.

There can be no doubt that managers do not have this athletic merit. And I very much doubt whether the managers themselves will value the emblem for this very reason.

The managers of the Cornell teams have ability of no mean order, they must make both ends meet; please both Coach and Graduate Manager; and obtain efficiency and obtain every possible accommodation for the team at the smallest cost. From what I have seen of managers, they certainly deserve a reward. As to whether or not they work harder than the athlete, that comparison is impossible, the work is absolutely different, there can be no common standard, no fair basis of comparison. The editor of the *Cornell Daily Sun* does much for Cornell—unselfishly—and is often criticized and little appreciated. Yet who would give him a "C"? We do not think the less of our managers because they cannot row to Crowbar and sprint back, feeling fresh at the finish—or plough through five miles of affectionate Tompkins County mud. Their work is different, their standards different, and their ability cannot be expressed by the same insignia. They should be accorded insignia—decent, respectable, dignified insignia; not the gaudy wallpaper effect which has now fallen into disuse, and not the Varsity "C".

It is easy to misinterpret the motives of a man who has won the "C" and would deny it to another when the latter, perchance, has worked as hard. But this, I think, is the sentiment of the wearers of the "C" and of those alumni who have made the "C" mean what it does mean. May this constantly-recurring question, which is as old as Cornell athletics, be settled once and for all in a manner satisfactory both to the "C" men and to those managers whose greatest reward has usually been the silent satisfaction of hard work well done.

T. S. BERNA, '12.

Captain Cross Country Team.

The "C" is essentially an athletic insignia. It stands for conscientious training. This significance of the "C" would be lost if the managers were to be awarded the unqualified letter.

I think the managers are deserving of some insignia, such as the one awarded them heretofore, or some other qualified letter. By wearing this insignia they can give it prominence and make it desirable. But the plain "C" is distinctively athletic, and should remain so.

HAROLD R. EYRICH, '12,

Varsity Football "C" Man.

It is nothing but a farce. The fact that it is done in other universities is no reason for its adoption here.

E. B. MAGNER, '11,

Captain 1911 Baseball Team.

I do not approve of it. It is all right to give the managers an insignia, such as a "C" with an "M" in it, but the plain "C" signifies athletic, not managerial ability.

The action of the Council must be reconsidered; the students demand it.

M. D. VAIL, '12,

Captain Hockey Team.

New Facts About Infantile Paralysis.

Dr. William C. Thro.*

INFANTILE paralysis is another instance of the discovery of of an apparently new disease through the improvement in medical diagnosis. It has probably existed for ages, many cases of it having undoubtedly been called cerebro-spinal meningitis. The increase of this dreadful malady in this country has stimulated the investigation of its cause and spread.

This disease attacks particularly the nerve cells in the spinal-cord that control the muscles of the limbs. These nerve cells may become completely destroyed, and then the use of the muscles is entirely lost, since the cells never regenerate. If the nerve cells are not destroyed the paralysis gradually disappears, and there may be complete recovery. To-date there is no method of diagnosis before the onset of the paralysis, which is usually sudden. Preceding the paralysis there may be a slight fever and symptoms of a common cold or of intestinal indigestion.

The great majority of cases occur during the dry hot months. The common name infantile paralysis is used because the highest percentage is found in children from two to five years of age. Nevertheless a few cases occur amongst adults. During epidemics many cases may occur in one family, Pasteur reporting an instance of seven cases in one family during a period of three weeks. This seems to prove its communicability, and yet many children escape although in close contact with virulent cases. There are a number of instances where it has been carried from one family to another by an individual not suffering with the disease.

The main interest to the investigator lies in the problems connected with the causative factor of infantile paralysis for, as with small-pox and measles, the micro-organism, if there be such, is too small to be recognized with the highest power of the microscope.

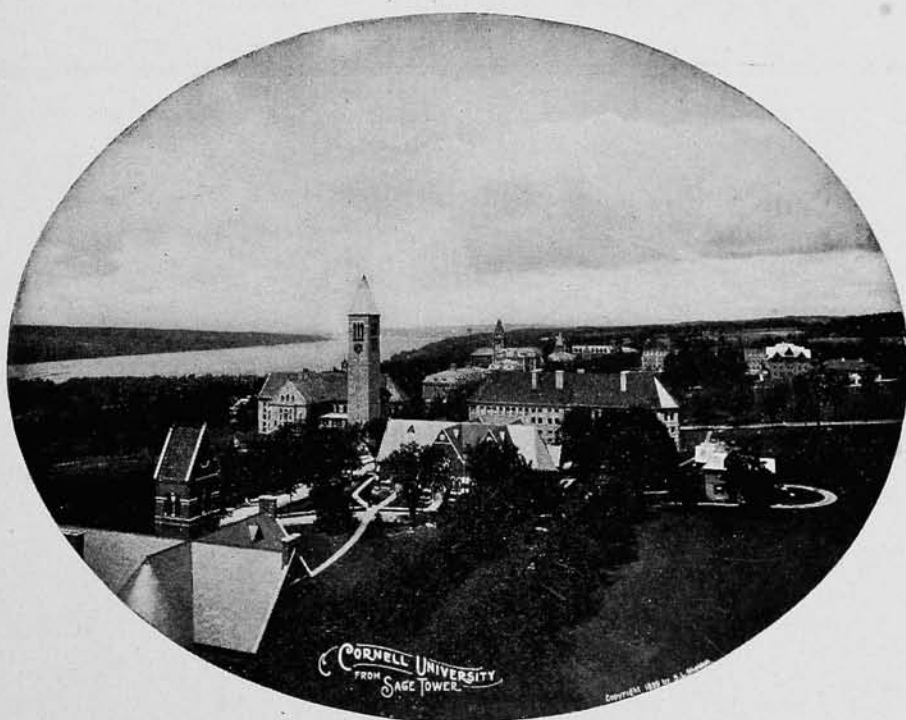
*Dr. William C. Thro is a graduate of the class of 1907, getting a B.S.A., an M.A. and an M.D. here. He taught in the Ithaca Branch of the Medical College for some time and is now in New York as Professor of Clinical Pathology.

His experiments in infantile paralysis have commanded wide attention and are especially pertinent to Cornell men because of the epidemic scare of last year.

In fact it is so small that it will pass through the pores of the finest type of Pasteur filter, one that will not allow the passage of the smallest bacteria. This fact was discovered by some European investigators, who also made another great discovery when they found that the disease could be communicated to monkeys injected with the spinal-cord of human cases. The transmission of infantile paralysis from monkey to monkey was discovered by Flexner of the Rockefeller institute, who also made other important discoveries, showing that the virus could enter the body through the nasal passages, and that it passed out the same route. The monkey has again demonstrated his relationship to the human species and his great value in the advancement of experimental medicine, since up to the present time no other animal has been successfully inoculated by the virus.

Dr. Neustaeder and the writer working in the Cornell Medical College in New York, recently proved for the first time that the virus lurks in the dust of rooms where cases of infantile paralysis are confined. The dust was swept from the mattress, bed, base-board and floor and taken to the laboratory. It was then soaked in water, shaken, and filtered through a modified Pasteur filter that had previously been tested as to its ability to remove all ordinary bacteria. The ordinary bacteria, if they had not been removed in this manner, would probably have killed the monkey inside of several days. The filtrate obtained was injected into the spinal-canal of a *Macacus rhesus* monkey. Seven days later the monkey had the symptoms of infantile paralysis and it was etherized and some of its spinal-cord was ground up with water and injected into two monkeys both of which developed the disease in a severe form. Of course, to complete the proof, it was necessary to examine portions of the spinal-cords of the monkeys and all had, to use a medical term, the lesions that are diagnostic of infantile paralysis. It may be added, that we were not successful in our first attempt, not even in the first four experiments, which extended over a period of one and one-half years. It was also necessary to demonstrate that a like effect was not produced by the injection of filtrate of dust from rooms where there were no cases of infantile paralysis. This injection was made, the results being negative.

These experiments seem to prove the infectious character of the disease, and that the virus, whatever be its nature, is present in dust. The practical bearing of this discovery is that all cases should be isolated and the rooms should be disinfected. To the investigator the results suggest many problems as to the nature of the virus, the form it takes in dust and how it gets from the patient into the dust. All of these in turn are preliminary to the aim of all experimental medical work, that is, the cure or amelioration of the symptoms of disease.



The Cornell Era



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Editorials

Not long ago, the Ithaca Board of Health took the first step toward instituting boarding-house inspection. Those who have followed us in our fight for inspection can realize that we are most happy that this first step has been taken. We congratulate the public officials, who, like Dr. H. H. Crum have worked heart and soul for this cause and have made this first step possible.

Boarding House Inspection.

We wish to point out, however, that it is *only* a step; that until Cornell University is interested in the physical welfare of her students to the extent of *guaranteeing* that the boarding and living quarters are clean and wholesome; that until we are assured that she has enough interest to institute a Proctor to guard our health as well as our good name—until this comes about, we of the ERA feel that our goal is not yet reached.

A city inspection is manifestly a good thing. But it is to be an inspection by one man, and moreover, he must inspect not only the boarding-houses and restaurants on the hill, but those down

town, as well as the milk depots of the city—not to mention the groceries and markets.

Under such a scheme, the eating places catering to students can not be given the attention they require. It is a sad commentary on certain authorities of the University when the City of Ithaca takes a keener interest than they in the welfare of Cornell men.

The Athletic Council has seen fit to award the 'Varsity "C" to the managers of the Cornell Athletic teams. In another part of this issue we present the opinion of various Cornell men on the subject—men whose views are worthy of consideration.

Athlete or Office Man? As Director Smith emphasizes, it is not too much to award some sort of insignia to the managers, but the "C" loses all of its significance if it is made to represent office work or correspondence, rather than athletic ability.

The kernel of the whole matter is, "What does the "C" stand for?" This is a question for the wearers of the "C" to decide, and for them alone.

It has become a common classification to speak of "The Big Four and Cornell." This leaves entirely out of account a half-dozen of the finest universities in the country—schools like Michigan, Stanford, Illinois and Chicago, that in every way except tradition measure up to the best of the East.

The Second Cornell. On the Pacific Coast we have what is sometimes called "The Second Cornell"—we refer to Leland Stanford, Jr., University. The President, David Starr Jordan, is one of our most distinguished alumni; the late Wm. R. Dudley was formerly Cornell professor of Botany; they call their freshmen "frosh" at Stanford. And so it would seem that we cannot leave out of account the Cornell of the West. Perhaps in the years to come, we may see a Cornell-Stanford football game, or an All-American track meet!

There is an insidious practice going on among the older men in the university that we hope needs only a word to correct itself. We refer to the usage which too many men indulge in, of allow-

**Manhood for
Railroad
Tickets.**

ing one or both of the political parties to pay their carfare home at the fall elections. To compromise oneself in this way, and then to justify it on the grounds that one can vote as one pleases, is to deliberately cheat the offerer of the thinly-disguised bribe. To fulfill the contract is to cheat oneself.

It is beneath the intelligence of the American voter, not to say the college voter, to entertain such a proposition, and we would be the last to mention the matter did we not know of many cases in which one or both parties are paying students' fares to and from their home. George William Curtis called this, "government betrayed by intelligence—the surrender of the schools."

We are to be congratulated upon the absence of partisan political clubs at Cornell. In many colleges the Thoughtless Undergraduate is forever gathered into one of the two—or three—political folds and his independent thought made impossible of development.

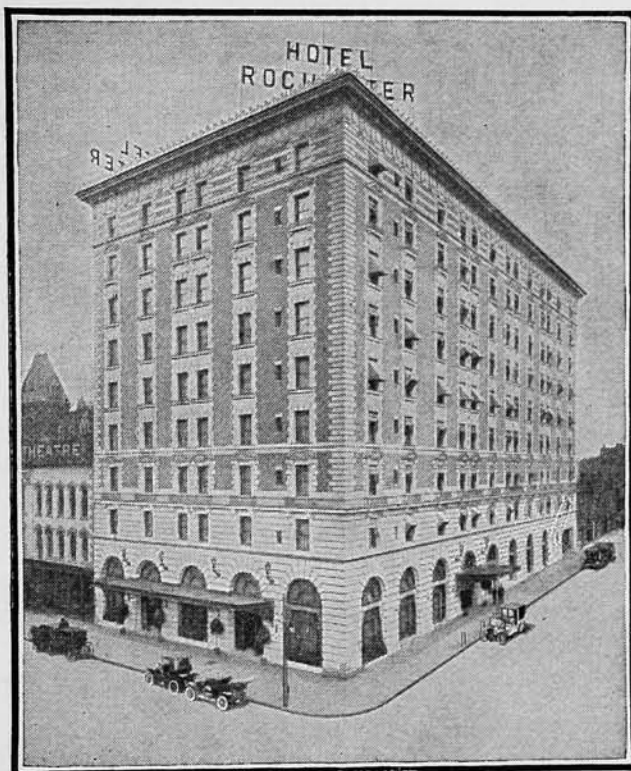
"It's all in the way you look at it," a Senior informs us, "Don't split hairs." We do not propose to split hairs. We are simply setting forth a very clever and very plausible scheme whereby college men can trade manhood for railroad tickets.

We are informed that the statistics for divorce among women college graduates show that only one out of fifty-seven marriages into which they enter turns out disastrously. This in view of the fact that whereas ninety percent. of the general community marry, the figure is only sixty percent. among college women. It seems to be a case of "slow but sure."

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NO. 3

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'11-'12

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by

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Yellow Paper for Rough Notes.

We looked for this paper several years before we found the right kind. We wanted a paper good for either pen or pencil. Try the Co-op kind.

Featherweight Eyeshades.

The best eyeshade yet, is the general opinion. It is light in weight and almost opaque. The color is green. Try one when you need a new one.

The Co-op

Morrill Hall

On the Campus

"It brings good cheer and fellowship."

Sparkling Champagne Ciders

DePommes Brand Motts Golden Russet

In quarts, pints and splits; by the bottle or case

It is not Champagne; it's something better and costs a third as much as Domestic Wine.

Invigorating and exhilarating, possessing none of the bad effects of wines.

It's just the pure fermented juice of selected New York State apples.

Duffy's Sparkling Apple Juice

Duffy's Grape Juice

Healthful, refreshing and non-alcoholic beverages for both summer and winter.

American Fruit Product Company

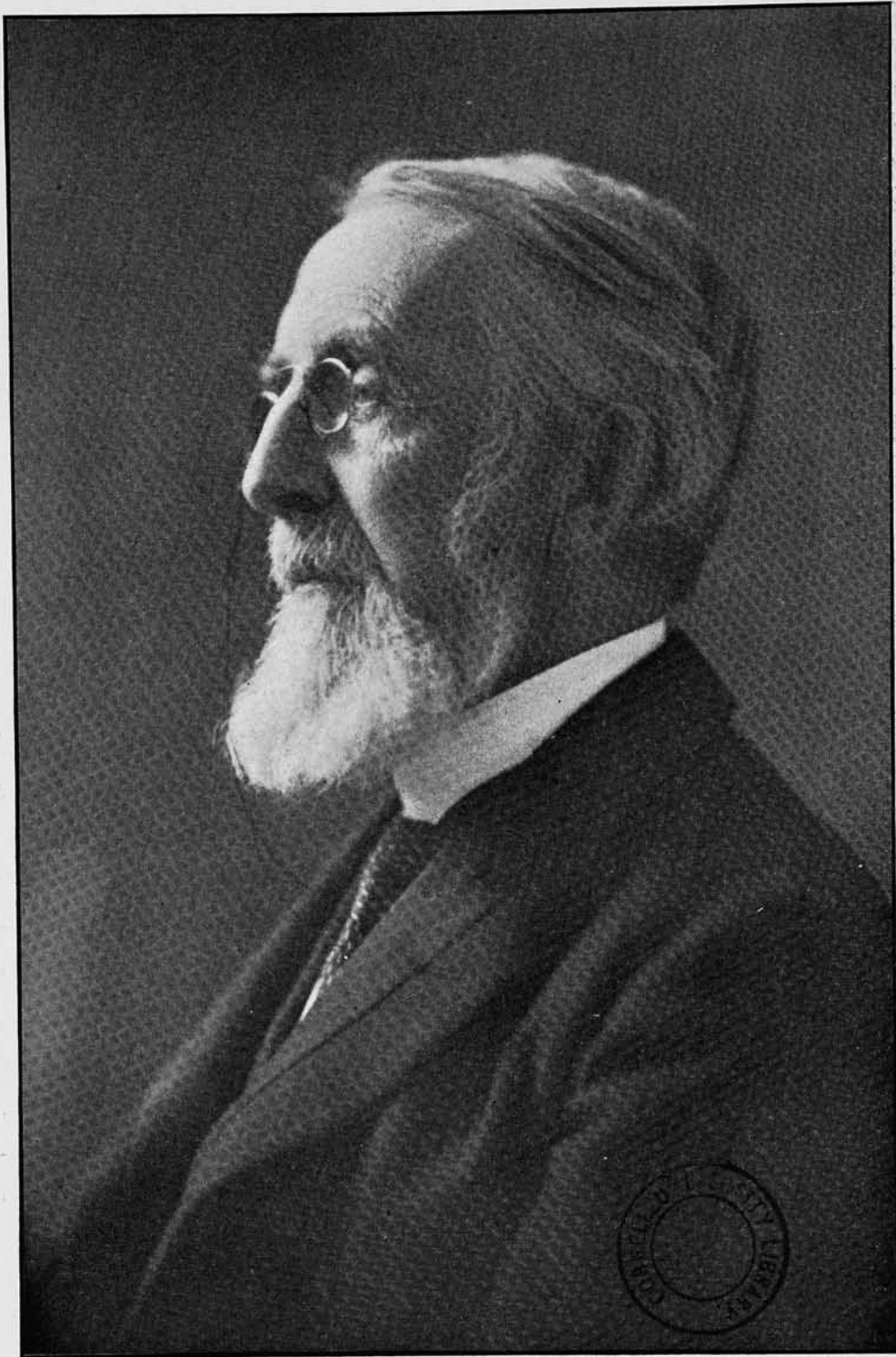
Rochester, New York



One Point of View.

What with so-called "College activities," by which the student must prove his allegiance to the university and social functions, by which he must recreate his jaded soul, no margin is left for the one and only college activity—which is study. Class meetings, business meetings, editorial meetings, foot-ball rallies, vicarious athletics on the bleachers, garrulous athletics in dining room and parlor and on the porch; rehearsals of the glee club, rehearsals of the mandolin club and of the banjo, rehearsals for dramatics, college dances and class banquets, fraternity dances and suppers, preparations for the dances and banquets, more committees for the preparations; a running up and down the campus for ephemeral items for ephemeral articles in ephemeral papers; a soliciting of advertisements, a running up and down for subscriptions to the dances and the dinners and the papers and the clubs; a running up and down in college politics, making tickets, pulling wires, adjusting combinations, canvassing for votes—canvassing the girls for votes, spending hours at sorority houses for votes—spending hours at sorority houses for sentiment; talking rubbish unceasingly, thinking rubbish, revamping rubbish about high jinks, rubbish about low, rubbish about rallies, rubbish about pseudo-civic honor, rubbish about girls;—what margin of leisure is left for the one activity of the college, which is study?

*Written by Prof. Gayly, Univ. of California,
for The Cornell Era.*



See article on page 156

ANDREW D. WHITE.

Photo by Robinson.

THE CORNELL ERA

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No. 3

The Secret of Education.*

Elbert Hubbard.

Editor of *Philistine*.

IT is qualities that fit a man for a life of usefulness, not the mental possession of facts.

The school that best helps to form character, not the one that imparts the most information, is the college the future will demand.

At Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia and Princeton cigarettes are optional, but a stranger, seeing the devotion to them, would surely suppose the practice of cigarette smoking was compulsory. The boy who does not acquire the tobacco habit at college is regarded as eccentric.

Many of the professors teach the cigarette habit by example.

At all of our great colleges gymnasium work is optional. Instead of physical culture there is athletics, and those who need the gymnasium most are ashamed to be seen there.

How would the scientific cultivation of these do?

Bodily Qualities—Health of digestion, circulation, breathing, manual skill, vocal speech, and ease in handling all muscles.

Mental Qualities—Painstaking, patience, decision, perseverance, courage, following directions, tact, concentration, insight, observation, mental activity, accuracy and memory.

Moral Qualities—Putting one's self in another's place, or thoughtfulness for others, which includes kindness, sympathy, courtesy, good cheer, honesty, fidelity to a promise, self-control, self-reliance, and self-respect.

If you knew of a college that made a specialty of qualities,

* Written expressly for THE CORNELL ERA.

where the teachers were persons of quality, would you not send your boy there? And if you would send your boy to such a college, would not others do so, too?

These things being true, will we not as a people soon decide to pay teachers enough to secure quality?—which is not presuming to say we have none now. Would not such a school as this evolve through the law of supply and demand a college that approximated the ideal?

The advent of women into the world of business has worked a peaceful and beneficent revolution in favor of qualities. Up to the time of the Civil War a woman school teacher was a curiosity. The typical man school-master, with his handy birch, can yet be vividly remembered by many. Woman teachers came in as an innovation, and they have brought beauty, gentleness and love where before there were fear and force.

“The teacher is the child’s other mother,” said Froebel. We didn’t believe it at first, but now we accept it.

About 1862 the discovery was made that women could serve as clerks in the Government offices at Washington. Women whose husbands, fathers and brothers had gone to the front took the places of the men at Washington, and lo! the work went on just the same.

By 1870 women were acting as clerks and saleswomen in shops and stores.

At the Centennial Exhibition the typewriter was one of the wonders of the time. In 1880 I sent a MS. to Harpers’ and got it back, with a note saying they respectfully declined to read any MS. that was not typewritten.

I lifted a wail that could be heard a mile—how could I ever learn to use a typewriting machine? I wrote an article on the arrogance of publishers. I thought typewriting was a most difficult and complex business, like producing a harmony on the piano.

And it seems that is what the Remingtons thought, for when they wanted a woman to operate their machines they advertised for a musician, thinking that an alphabetical harmony could only be expressed by one who had acquired the “piano touch.”

The typewriter makers could not sell their machines unless

they supplied an operator; and so they inaugurated a special branch of their business to educate women in business methods and to use a typewriter.

And lo! in a short time business colleges all over the land began to blossom, and their chief concern was teaching stenography and typewriting.

The typewriter and the typewritist rank in usefulness with the electric car. Rapid methods are as necessary as quick transportation. Women receive in wages now over two hundred million dollars a year. It is said that the lady typewritist has at times disturbed the domestic peace; but trolley cars, too, have their victims. And I am told by a man who married his typist that such marriages are quite sure to be happy, because the man and woman are not strangers—they know each other!

The woman who has looked after a man's correspondence is familiar with his curves. She knows the best about him and the worst; and he knows her tastes, habits and disposition.

This is better than the old society plan of getting married first and getting acquainted afterward. No longer do you hear men talk of making their pile and retiring to enjoy it. The man who fails to get enjoyment out of his business will never enjoy anything, and, what is more, will not succeed in business. Good men enjoy work, and wise men know that there is no happiness outside of systematic, useful effort.

The introduction of the one-price system has been a leaven that has worked its influence through the whole lump.

Honesty as a business asset is everywhere recognized. If the goods are part cotton and look like wool, you are now frankly told that the article may be a yard wide, but it is not all wool.

Why should men seek to overreach each other? And the answer is: There is no reason—the way to succeed is to keep faith with your customer and secure him as a friend. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not do business with us.

Thus, through the conservation of friendship in business, we are gaining an education and evolving qualities.

The Question Between the United States and Russia.

Speech of Andrew D. White.*

Former United States Minister to Russia, as Chairman of the National Citizens'
Committee Mass-Meeting at Carnegie Hall, New York,
Wednesday Evening, December 6, 1911.

*Gentlemen of the National Citizens' Committee
and Fellow Citizens :*

I HAVE long believed that this day must come, and rejoice that I have lived to see it. My hope is that it will prove the dawning day of a great act of international justice.

At two different periods, extending somewhat over three years in all, I have resided at the Russian capital, first in the years 1854 and 1855, and last during the years 1892, 1893, and 1894, and have had occasion to observe the growth of a system in that country which has inflicted, and continues to inflict, upon the United States not only injustice but dishonor.

By the Treaty of 1832 between the United States and Russia equal rights were guaranteed fully and explicitly to all Russian subjects by the United States and to all American citizens by Russia, without distinction of race or religion ; yet for nearly half a century this solemn guarantee has been violated by Russia, constantly, and, indeed, I think I may say without exaggeration, contemptuously. Jews and Christians have both suffered from this : it has borne, at times, as severely, though never so frequently, upon American and English Christian Ministers as upon Jews in general. I have known an eminent Protestant missionary haughtily refused permission to pass through Russian territory on his way to his post in Persia.

It has, indeed, been contended by Russia that the treaty was subject to certain laws of the empire then prevailing, so that its

*(Editor's note. While extracts from this speech have been widely given by the press, it has not heretofore been published as a whole, is now given as an historical document connected with a question of interest between two great peoples.)

most precious guarantees, including those of equal rights, were thereby, from the beginning, necessarily rendered futile.

This contention I have never believed: nor do I think any thoughtful person has ever believed it. The treaty was made by the Emperor Nicholas I. and by James Buchanan, the American Minister, and no men ever knew better than they what they wanted and what, at any given moment, they were doing. Nicholas had sat upon the throne of Russia at that time for seven years; he was recognized throughout the world as the most autocratic monarch in Christendom. In pride no other modern sovereign ever surpassed him, not even Louis XIV. or Napoleon; he was especially sensitive to the opinion of the world; never would he have allowed such a treaty to be spoken of in his presence if it had been in the slightest degree at variance with the law of his empire. It is certain, also, that if any such Russian laws existed nullifying the treaty when it was made, he knew it, and in case he knew it he had ample power as the source and centre of all authority in the empire, executive, legislative, and judicial, to waive or even to abolish them. The fact of his signing a treaty so comprehensive and explicit was proof that he *had* abolished all laws to the contrary.

James Buchanan, the American Minister in St. Petersburg at that time, was then at the height of his intellectual vigor; in the full possession of those faculties which afterward made him a Senator in Congress, Secretary of State, Minister to Great Britain, and President of the United States. No one of his leading contemporaries in American politics was more noted for astuteness. If the treaty was futile from the beginning he knew it and yet sanctioned it, and took his place before the world as its advocate. All that is unthinkable.

The present misinterpretation of the treaty and misuse of it, making that an instrument of oppression which was intended to be a blessing, was, in my opinion, developed many years after it was signed. Our country regards it as a burden and disgrace to us. The question which the American people are now to meet is simply this: "What are we going to do about it?"

Just two courses are presented to us—courses either or both of which we are free to take. Perhaps we can accomplish our wish

in one of these ways, perhaps it will require both. If it requires two ways, what is the proper order of them—which way should we take first? In discussing this question I wish to appeal neither to your passions nor to your resentments. My appeal shall be, as far as I can make it, to your patriotism and to your plain common sense. I do not mean at all by this to put forward the pecuniary bearings of the matter—that I leave as the very last and least question to be considered. The question I ask is “How shall we preserve the proper dignity of our country, our sense of pride in it, the rights involved in it, and, as implying these, the integrity of the American passport as it goes forth from Washington and enters Russia, bearing the signature of the American Secretary of State, representing not only our President, but our entire people?”

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, who, in his day, was not only the greatest warrior but one of the wisest statesmen the world had seen, once criticized the other great monarch of his time, Emperor Joseph II., who devoted his life to urging reforms throughout his empire, which proved, generally, failures. Said wise, old King Frederick: “Joseph means well, but he always takes the second step before he takes the first.”

In my opinion, everything in this case depends on whether we start with the first step or with the second. If the first step is taken first I have faith that it will lead to a great triumph of right, reason, and justice, with vast blessings not only to our own country, but to Russia.

You will observe that I say nothing of any third way; yet a third way has been suggested, occasionally, by men naturally excited over the wrong done us in this matter, namely, war! The reasons why I do not suggest this are many, and, first and simplest of all, because if we were so foolish as to try war, the two nations cannot reach each other at any vulnerable point:—it would be like an elephant trying to fight a whale.

King Henry IV, making a progress through France, arrived one day at the gates of a great city, and, to his surprise, found there, to welcome him, not the Mayor of the town, but simply the Mayor's substitute. This substitute city functionary addressed the King as follows: “May it please your Majesty, there are ten reasons why his Honor, the Mayor, cannot meet your Majesty on

this auspicious occasion: the first reason is that the Mayor is dead." At this the King graciously assured the Mayor's substitute that he would dispense with the other nine reasons.

In this case there are fifty reasons why Russia and America cannot go to war with each other. The first is their relative geographic situation—the other forty-nine we can dispense with.

My own recollections of Russia go back to the time of the Crimean War, when I saw the allied British and French fleets, the largest which at that time had ever been brought together in human history—over one hundred great ships, three and four deckers—looming high over our heads, extending across the Gulf of Finland in front of the Russian fortress at Kronstadt, the northern watergate to the Russian capital. Although the British Admiral at that time, during a great public dinner before he left England, had invited his entertainers to dine with him at St. Petersburg, he never himself had even the pleasure of seeing that capital. His fleet simply could not *get at* Russia.

It may be said that I forget to state that the allies did overcome Russia in the Crimea, but it must be remembered that they had the aid of the combined armies of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Turkey, and back of these the certainty of an additional army from Austria, hard by, if wanted, and thus gained what we never can have—access to Russia by land.

The two practicable steps remain, and I will confine myself to them.

The first step which we most frequently hear proposed is the immediate official abrogation of the Buchanan treaty. This opinion is natural, no one can blame it, it merits respect, it has been urged in the public press and in Congress and by many of our most eloquent and prominent writers and speakers. Bills to accomplish this abrogation of the treaty have already been brought into our National Legislature. No doubt they represent real patriotism. All honor to their advocates! I freely allow that it may be necessary to take this step at some later stage in our effort.

But is it certain that this is the step to take *first*? Is there not the possibility that King Frederick's remark on Emperor Joseph's reforms might prove true of ourselves? May we not be in danger of taking as a first step that which ought to be taken as a second?

May it not happen that should we abrogate the Buchanan treaty peremptorily and at once, Russia would say, "Well, let them go, we can live without a treaty as long as they can. We can worry them as much and as long as they can worry us, and at any rate we shall hear no more of the question of Jewish rights or of the rights of Protestant, or Catholic American clergymen, or, indeed, of American rights at all, now that no one has any pretext for flinging them into our faces."

Might they not even congratulate themselves upon the financial side of the question? Might not the pill be sweetened for them by the belief, which I observe is shared by a thoughtful American jurist, that all inheritances from Jewish families in Russia to Jewish heirs in America would lapse into the Imperial Treasury?

Gentlemen, as a matter of fact, Russia is a proud nation, as proud a nation as our own. I am not saying that she has as much reason to be proud as we. Every man must judge for himself as to that: I will only say that there are some things done in our country of which I am not especially proud—no doubt Russia is aware of some of them. An attempt at peremptory demands upon her will, in my opinion, lead to exactly that state of mind which peremptory demands always arouse in any proud individual. As a rule, such demands at once dismiss right-reason from the case and lead to indignant rejoinders and reprisals, regardless of all justice.

May it not be better for all concerned that we hold the abrogation of the treaty, for at least a short time, in reserve? May we not find it far better to take this as a second step than as a first step?

At the organization of Cornell University an old friend of mine—a man eminently sound and sane—said to me: "I hear that you are hunting for professors. I don't know much of art, science, or literature, but if you ever establish a Professorship of Horse Sense, I am a candidate for it." By all means in the present matter let us consult first our good sense rather than our indignation.

I repeat: Russia is, as a matter of fact, one of the proudest countries on earth. She wishes to be well thought of by the whole world, and it is this wish on her part that I would enlist in

the service of peace with honor. Russia is always taking great pains to secure the world's respect and good opinion. Shortly before my first stay in Russia she evidently wished to seem to lead in science, and to that end she built one of the most costly observatories in the world, even though, when I visited it, she had none but German astronomers to manage it. Later she wished to be thought great in art, and she had to tolerate the fact—though her press sometimes scolded about it—that the greatest sculptor by far, in the whole empire, was a Jew—Antokolski. She has had, indeed, some great writers. One of these I knew—Lyof Tolstoy. It was once my privilege during ten successive mornings and evenings to walk and talk and sit in discussion with Tolstoy at Moscow, and on one of these occasions he said to me: "I wake every morning surprised that I do not find myself on the road to Siberia." I answered him: "There is no danger of that; the Russian Government is too wise for that—it cares too much for the public opinion of the world."

Russia has had some men famous in the annals of science. She has some now, but she does not, as Germany does, show any especial love for them. But at the same time she is vastly proud to exhibit them to the world, as well she may be.

Nicholas I. at times braved public opinion in ways monstrously autocratical, but it was this same Russian sensitiveness to public opinion which led him to prepare for the emancipation of the forty millions of serfs, and it was this same awe of the world's opinion which led his son, Alexander II., not only to carry out vast reforms, but to introduce trial by jury and to prepare the way for other great reforms which were stopped, probably for a century, by the idiots who assassinated him.

The world is full of good people who wish to cut down the tree if it does not yield fruit the day it is planted.

May it not be better for us, as our poet sings, that we "learn to labor and to wait," for a time at least, until we find what we can do in that way?

Russia's desire for the good opinion of the world entered very largely into the reasons why the Hague Conference was called in the name of the Czar. There is nothing of which all Russians who do any thinking are more proud of than this fact. They are

reluctant to allow that Czar Nicholas II. derived his ideas which led to his calling the Conference, mainly, if not entirely, from the Jew, Jean de Bloch. During our talks at the Hague Conference Jean de Bloch always pool-pooled to me any such statement, but there is no doubt in the mind of any man cognizant of all the circumstances that de Bloch's ideas were filtered from his great octavos, through the newspapers, into the Imperial mind.

May it not be that this same Russian pride which is and always has been so constant a factor in the development of her civilization will lead her to accept an invitation from us to meet before the Hague Tribunal? She is very proud of having helped to create it, and when the facts in the case are fully brought out before it and exhibited to that great Tribunal of Humanity, before which Thomas Jefferson displayed the wrongs of our Thirteen Colonies, as incorporated in the Declaration of Independence—that Tribunal which Jefferson called "a candid world"—when Russia has to face the question of whether or not she will meet the United States before that Hague World Tribunal on this question and then to face the further question as to whether she will do justice instead of injustice, which she has been doing during a period of over forty years—injustice of which the facts are absolute and indisputable, may it not be that Russia will then desire to show the world that she proposes to array herself beside the powers which adhere to their treaties?

Will her pride allow her to refuse to appear before that Tribunal which she claims to have founded? And, if she consents to appear, will her Russian pride allow her to take her place, deliberately among Barbarians? I am not reproaching her: I utter no taunt. We ourselves as a Nation were rightly classed as Barbarians until Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

When I speak of inviting Russia to meet us at The Hague for arbitration I by no means exclude what may be, perhaps, better than arbitration,—namely, the meeting of commissioners to make a new treaty. Quite likely the latter would prove the better way. My point is that a settlement of any kind coming from the seat of the Hague Tribunal would carry a popular weight throughout Russia and the United States which no ordinary diplomatic action, or even a meeting of commissioners at any other place, could ever

exercise. Men are swayed powerfully by their imagination, as well as by their reason, and the seat of what many believe is to be the future "Parliament of the World" makes a special appeal to the world, even at present.

There are some strong men in Russia who can see and feel the disgrace which the continued violation of the Buchanan Treaty and the spurning of the Tribunal in which she glories as her gift to the world would be sure to bring upon her. I have known such Russians. Typical of such was Admiral Makaroff, great as a naval warrior, great as a scientist, great as a patriot, great as a man—whom I came to know and admire, not only at St. Petersburg but at Washington—one of the noblest of men—Chief Admiral of the Russian fleet, who gave up his life in his flagship in the attempt to redeem the honor of Russia during the late Japanese war. No man more devoted to the true glory of his country ever lived.

There are other great Russians now living. One of these I have known:—Serge De Witte. He it was who, as Russian Minister of Finance during the administration of President Cleveland—seeing our Government, as he thought, in need of gold as a basis for its currency, tendered to us millions upon millions of gold coin—largely American eagles, on terms eminently reasonable. He it was who saved Russia from humiliation and rendered her such splendid services at the Treaty of Portsmouth. These men that I have mentioned are great Russians, and the breed is not exhausted. Others may well arise worthy to be classed with them. Let me give one more fact pertinent to this occasion about De Witte. During my latest stay in Russia, in the year 1893, if I remember rightly, I found on my return from Germany one day that an eminent Jewish Rabbi of Philadelphia had, during my absence, applied by cable for admission to the Russian Empire. His wish was, and he made no secret of it, that he might study the condition of his co-religionists throughout that Empire. I also found that before my arrival the Secretary in charge of the Embassy during my absence had laid the Rabbi's request before the Russian Foreign Office and had received a refusal which had already been telegraphed to the Secretary of State and to the Rabbi. I at once visited the Foreign Office, explained the case to

the Cabinet Minister, showing what a mistake it was on their part to reject so eminent an American citizen. I also mentioned the case to De Witte. In about two weeks, if I remember rightly, the Rabbi, Dr. Krauskopf of Philadelphia, arrived at our Legation by way of Finland. I never knew how he got in. Judging from his account, he found no need of a passport. I only know that through some apparently occult influence he arrived without trouble. On thinking the matter over I decided to take Dr. Krauskopf immediately, not to any Cabinet Minister who would probably be merely a functionary, and nothing more, but to a man who "did things," a Cabinet Minister who was a man, fully occupied, not in keeping place and acquiring pelf, but really devoted to the honor of his country. I took the Rabbi to Serge De Witte. When we arrived at De Witte's official residence we found the ante-rooms of his office thronged with Generals and other personages of high degree, but all were put aside. We were admitted at once. De Witte gave Dr. Krauskopf precedence to them all, and also gave him all the time the Rabbi wished for discussing the matters the Rabbi had at heart. Thenceforth Dr. Krauskopf was apparently *persona grata* throughout the Empire, especially in the cities of Moscow and Kieff, even though Kieff was at that time ruled with a rod of iron by one of the most fanatical Jew haters in existence, Gen. Ignatieff. Dr. Krauskopf was allowed to see the people he wished to see, to ask the questions he wished to ask, and finally to return to St. Petersburg and to America when he pleased and as he pleased.

I never had any doubt that it was a noble form of patriotism in Serge De Witte that smoothed the way for the Rabbi.

You see, gentlemen, that there are men in Russia who are likely to prize right-reason, justice, and care for Russia's fair fame before the world at the Hague Tribunal.

Thanks to the two Hague Conferences, that Tribunal is now fully established; its judges virtually chosen; its accessories provided for by a Bureau of Affairs composed of the resident diplomatic agents of all nations at The Hague and presided over by the Netherlands Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is housed in a most beautiful and appropriate Palace of Justice—the world's Court House—now approaching completion, the gift, I am proud to say, of an honored American citizen.

My belief is that if Russia is courteously invited as a sister nation to meet the United States before that august Tribunal in the land of Grotius and William of Orange—invited in the presence of the whole world, and not only courteously but solemnly—Russia will appear, and my hope is that having appeared and the facts having been fully exhibited to the full view of mankind in the light of truth, right-reason, and justice Russia may show the whole world a triumph of the better and greater qualities of the Russian people over outworn prejudice.

Until such an opportunity is given for such a meeting of the nations I hesitate to propose any other step. If Russia accepts the proposal which I suggest I should hope that she would send delegates animated by the spirit of Makaroff and De Witte, and that they will either make this treaty good or give us another still better, which she will be proud to lay before the whole world as evidence of her determination to do justice to all American citizens.

We have, fortunately, as the American representative at St. Petersburg at this time to aid in taking the preliminary measures a man eminent for his acquaintance with public affairs, for high and loyal character, for ability in negotiation, for power to maintain good relations with the Nation to which he is accredited:—former Gov. Guild of Massachusetts: and my hope is that this fact will also be a favorable element in the case.

Of course we should keep in sight the fact that the present dishonor to our country cannot continue—that the integrity of the American passport must be restored.

It is a bad way to begin a negotiation with a man by slapping his face. The man is no longer amenable to reason, and the bystanders generally take his side. The same is true of nations. But if, in this case, we first treat Russia courteously and she refuses to do us justice, we may *then* abrogate the treaty with the certainty of having on our side the public opinion of the whole civilized world. That is a mighty force to start with. In our own time it has broken down the serf system in Russia, slavery in America and caste rule in Great Britain. It is, as John Milton said of Truth,—“strong next the Almighty.”

If such a great opportunity in the history of the world shall be

refused by Russia, then, but not until then, let the Buchanan Treaty be abrogated.

There would, of course, be large pecuniary loss to us, but I believe that all Americans worthy of the name would prefer this to the continuance of a treaty which implies American dishonor.

I have more than once sustained an argument to prove that the American people, while more devoted to what is called "practical"—that is, to put it plainly, to the love of the dollar and to the struggle for it, than any other people, are at the same time really the most idealistic of all nations. Much as the people of our country love the dollar there are other things which they love and worship vastly more.

During the Civil War when all was dark, when the Nation seemed to most at its last gasp, the Union hopelessly broken, a plain, stalwart American citizen who had devoted himself to business and acquired a large fortune—a man whom I had never before suspected of any idealism, or of any other thought than those on business, said to me, "I am putting all I am worth into the bonds of the United States—I am told that they will be repudiated—that the currency based upon them is worth nothing—that this country is bankrupt, and I confess that at times it looks so to me." Then, raising himself up to his full height, he turned and said: "By the Eternal, if I am not to have any country I don't want any money." That was the spirit of the plain American people then and I believe that same spirit exists today. During the American Civil War the American people sacrificed, when all is accounted for, North and South, fully ten thousand millions of dollars and the lives of nearly a million of men, and those of the best they had, and they sacrificed all these for an *idea*—for a Union freed from slavery.

In case of abolition of the treaty there would have to be adopted a *modus vivendi* so that the two great nations could live together without perpetual reprisals on each other, but it would be a woful exhibition of human folly.

Yet if it must be, let it come. Let not the question of a mere addition or diminution of profitable trade or manufacture prevent maintenance, in some fully effective shape, of the guarantee which Russia gave us, in which the honor of this Nation is concerned.

It must and shall be maintained, but let that be a consideration reserved—let it be reserved—let it not be threatened as a preliminary.

I plead, then, as our first step, for a recourse to The Hague Tribunal in order that we may avail ourselves of Russian pride in standing before the world in favor of right-reason and justice. Should we fail, we can then truthfully say that all that men could do we have done, and that we have merited success, even if we have not obtained it ; and thus, in the words of Abraham Lincoln when he signed his great appeal to the world for justice, we may commend our cause “to the gracious favor of Almighty God and the considerate judgment of mankind.”

AFTERWORD BY THE AUTHOR.

The position taken in the foregoing speech was not approved by the other speakers at the meeting, or by the audience, and while the speaker was treated with hearty kindness and was allowed, without interruption or dissent, to present the case in favor of preliminary recourse to the Hague Tribunal, resolutions favoring immediate abrogation of the Treaty were supported eloquently by very nearly all the other speakers and passed loudly and cheerily by an overwhelming majority of the audience. It may here be mentioned that these resolutions in favor of immediate abrogation of the Treaty had been already prepared before the meeting took place, as was the case also in probably all the similar meetings held throughout the country at about the same time. The immediate result was that the naturally bitter public feeling was strengthened, and that a few days later the Treaty was abrogated at Washington. It is due to the truth of history to say that while the meeting was so largely against the speaker, the press of the country was, with apparently equal unanimity in his favor.

About four weeks have now elapsed since the meeting, and already, if we may trust the cable dispatches, the controlling portion of the Russian people are on fire with resentment at what they call our insult to their country. Its newspapers are screaming that the abrogation is merely an electioneering competition of our political parties to catch the Jewish vote. The Russian general and local parliaments (the Douma and the Zemst-

vos) are evidently determined to inflict upon our interests the severest injuries they can devise. Throughout Russia, as far as heard from, the main desire seems to be to make the exclusion of our Jewish fellow citizens more rigorous than it was before the abrogation. To all appearance the general opinion of our sister nations is largely, if not mainly, in favor of Russia, a common expression in their newspapers seeming to be one of ridicule for what they call our "shirt-sleeve diplomacy." They also denounce what they insist is our *hypocrisy* in refusing to admit Russian subjects of Chinese descent, and even in repelling from our ports Jews whom we call "undesirable." A favorite statement among them appears to be that the American people cared more for the pleasure of slapping Russia's face than for gaining equal rights for all our Jewish fellow citizens to enter, travel, and do business, without restraint, throughout the Russian Empire.

Such is, apparently, the historical development of the whole matter up to the present moment, the prospect seeming to be that a remedy of the real evil, namely, restitution of full rights to our Jewish fellow citizens, which might, in all probability, have been obtained through the action of either a tribunal or a treaty-commission at the Hague, is now postponed to the indefinite future.

A. D. W.

Paeon of the New Year.

Earl Simonson, '12.

Ring out the old !
 Ring out the old !
 The past is dross ; the future gold !
 Another year to the tale is told—
 Ring out the old !
 Ring in the new !
 Ring in the new !
 On, on, the hands of time pursue ;
 " On ! on ! " the hurrying eon sings ;
 " On ! on ! " the whirling singsong rings ;
 The dizzy grind perfection brings !—
 Ring in the new !
 The new !

“When Thespis Stacks the Deck.”

F. G. Johnson, '13.

SURE, I'm back. Back with the old crowd, beatin' it up an' down Broadway with the same old bunch, hangin' around the same old bookin'-offices, and wearin' out the same old pair o' shoes that a felluh gets every June with his last V, after he's spent the other ninety-five that he's saved up during the season for a new wardrobe layout. Thanks. I don't care if I do. Gee, I don't often look a real cigar in the face, nowadays. Its stogies or roll yer own with me. Wot? Sure I'm broke. You don't notice my pockets bulgin', do you? But hell, I aint complainin'. I'm back in God's country again, and—say! I'd rather be in New York, and broke, than play genteel-old-gent-with-money-to-burn, in Keokuk, Ioway.

Huh? No, I'm still “at liberty,” as the Clipper says. I'll hang my monaker to any contract that looks like coffee and beans three times a day regular. Say, did I ever tell you about that trip last spring, wildcattin' through the oil belt? No? Well, we lasted about five weeks, I guess, without the ghost's more'n limp'in' into sight, and we was way out in Western Pennsy somewheres when—but wait a minute; I'll start at the beginning and hand it to you straight.

It was like this. Last April the Silver King I was with stranded up in Maine, an' I blowed in here broke, as usual, needin' a job, an' needin' it bad. It's bad enough to try to get a contract here in season, Gawd knows, but gettin' a contract then—it's hell! Too late to hook up with a new gamble, an' too early for Coney. Well, one day I was doin' the tie walkin' act up an' down Broadway—just like today, only a lot more hopeless,—when old Sellers hove in sight. Sellers? Yes, I was just goin' to tell yuh. I was hikin' past the Knickerbocker, tryin' to look like I'd just remembered a date I had with one of the Frohmans, when I runs into a flashy dressed gent just as he steps into the street. Might 'a' been any thing from a concessionaire to a shell man, from his looks—silk hat, frock coat, patent leathers, gray spats, and a glad lookin' shiner in his ascot—sure, regular make-up, you know.

An' say, he got my number right on the jump; spotted the distress signals O. K.

"Pardon me," says he, real genteel, "can you spare me a few moments?"

"Well," says I, glancin' at my Ingersoll, "I guess Charlie can wait."

"Good!" says he. Now Mr. —er—"

"Betts," says I, finishin' out, "A. MacD. Betts, the one best," springin' my old gag. And he was polite enough to grin.

Then he steers me into a fizz parlor an' uncorks his line o' talk. He had me right, all right. Introduced himself as Jeremiah Sellers, producing manager of the great human-interest drama, "A Woman's Heart," soon to go on the road, and he'd spotted me for a down-an'-outer that 'd come cheap. He was full o' dope about its bein' a sure-fire hit, and bound fer a run on Broadway as soon as the critics seen it, an' all that. Well, I'd heard that kind o' bull before, an' I had a hot hunch he was talkin' through his derby. But he flashed a young wad that looked like cakes an' found fer a while, anyway, and—well, I've walked the ties home before this. I think he signed me fer leadin' man. I can't just remember. Told me to show up at ten next mornin' for rehearsal. I did.

Say! If that rehearsal hadn't been quite so sad, it'd a been so funny that I'd be laughin' yet. Sellers, esquire, was on the job with his troupe, and believe me, that was some troupe. I've hooked up with a few fly-by-nights in my time, but that was the weakest bunch o' strays I'd ever seen at one round-up. I was fer jumpin' my contract.

"Mac," I argues with myself, "You may sink pretty low in your thirst for gold, but you've got *some* professional dignity. Go to Ringling and sign up as a trained chassack."

I was waitin' for Jeremiah to look the other way, as my cue fer a hasty exit, when old Jerry cuts loose on a string o' the most picturesque cuss-stuff I've ever been let in on. He was easin' his conscience on a scared little dame that was tryin' to get away with the ingenue part, and makin' a botch of it. I can't tell you what he said. I'd be arrested. That rough stuff that he was pullin' made me peevish though, and I jumped into it.

"Cut that out," says I, grabbin' his arm, "D'yuh hear?"

"Who th'ell 're you?" he yells.

"I'm the kid you're goin' to fire in a minute," says I, tryin' to keep my hands down, "But as I won't let no fathead shoot that talk to a lady an' get away with it!"

"You're fired!" he roars.

"I know it," says I, stranglin' my wrath, "Much obliged."

Well, I knew I'd lost the little girl her job, and wanted to square myself. She was cryin' her eyes out, but she seemed to think I'd done her a favor, instead o' just losin' my temper, and I gets her whole story between weeps.

She wasn't the kind you know, and I know—she was different. Come from some tall-grass village out west, took a course at some phony dram. acad., an' old Sellers had found her just as her cash had give out, an' she needed a job. Act? Lord, no. She couldn't do a heavy thinking part in a mob scene an' look natural. But she didn't know it. She thought that anybody that could do "The Face on the Bar Room Floor" without bein' prompted more'n twice was right fer any job on Broadway. Old Sellers must a picked her out on her looks. Say, that girl was a stunner. She'd brought with her from the country somethin' that all the beauty-parlors in Manhattan can't hand out. Sort o' like a peach, she was, before the bloom's rubbed off. She'd signed up as Miss DeMille, but her right name was Mills. Anybody could see she didn't belong; but she was out for a career.

"I don't know what I'll do," she says, her lip quiverin', "I just have to get a position somewhere."

"That boob Sellers is a four-flush an' talks with his face," says I. "He'll take you back."

"Nobody ever talked to me like he did before," she says, chokin'.

"Nobody will again," says I. "I'm stickin' too."

"Do you think you can fix it?" says she, real quick.

"Just watch me if you don't believe it," says I.

An' I did. That short-skate knew we was as cheap as he could get, and he decided to reconsider.

An' say. I never heard o' makin' friends like that before; but would y' believe it?—inside of a week me an' him was as chummy

as a pair o' pinks. Funny how a little big talk 'll loco these hot air shovers, ain't it? I may not know much about the manager game, but he knew less, an' by the time we hit the road, I was just about runnin' the show. Well, we finally got the show licked up into some sort o' shape, an' booked a bunch o' wildcat dates out through Pennsylvania an' Ohio.

Then we started. Lord, what a show! It wasn't many nights before Jeremiah got hep to the fact that it takes more than a fat roll an' a lot of ambition to be a manager. Everything went wrong. Houses was rotten, the advance man—that Sellers had hired because he came cheap—hiked with a bunch of expense money—well, I guess there's nothin' in the hard luck line that we missed. The ghost walked O. K. the first week. Then the old man slips me the tip that he's runnin' shy.

“Mac, my boy,” says he, tryin' to look cheerful, “I guess we've got to make 'er go now; I'm runnin' low.”

“So?” says I, makin' a try for the same happy look. “Well, I guess we're goin' all right.”

But you couldn't fool old Sellers.

“No we ain't,” says he, “We're hittin' the bumps, an' you know it.” Then he stops an' thinks a minute. “Mac, I'm a damn fool!” he fires at me, “Aint I?”

“It's just bad luck,” I says, lyin' real hard. “It comes to the best of 'em, but we'll pull through. We'll have 'er on Broadway before the season closes.”

Well, I thought we might pull her through yet, an' I worked hard. But it wasn't any use. The ghost was laid from then on. Things went from bad to worse. Everybody was kickin' for their back salary, and said Sellers was crookin' 'em. We never pulled half a house, an' every night the ledger counted up on the wrong side.

One day we pulled into a tank town out in Pennsy somewheres, an' I knew we was just about gone under. Most of our trunks had been left behind to square with the hotels, an' we'd hocked all but one set o' scenery an' a trunk o' junk props that wasn't negotiable, to raise runnin' expenses. I'd just got through askin' a rube what hotel made a dollar go the furthest, when Sellers strolls up to me—same old frock coat, an' dicer, an' ascott tie,

only the dicer was roughed up a bit now, an' his collar was greasy, an' there wasn't any shiner in his tie, an' his coat hung a bit loose on him. The lines in his face—that had gotten ten years older in the last few weeks—even twisted up into what he thought was a smile.

“Mac,” says he, swallowin' hard, “Mac, I'm cleaned.”

“Gee!” I comes back, tryin' to look surprised, “Is it as bad as that?”

Old Sellers bats his eyes hard two or three times, an' looks the other way. “The last of it goes to-night, my boy. I'm down an' out.”

“Well,” says I, tryin' to look more hopeful than I felt, “You know what they say about the darkest hour bein' damn gloomy, or somethin' like that. You never can tell; the house aint counted up yet.”

“No, my boy,” he says, real hopeless, “It's no use. My game's up, an' it's me for the discard.”

“Wait,” says I, pullin' more o' the hopeful stuff. An' then we hunts the Opry House.

Aint it funny how every hall in them little tanks is called an Opry House? I thought I'd seen all the Opry Houses on the map, but honest, this was the limit. It sure was one error. Third floor over a wagon shop with a dinky little stairs out front for the audience to come in, an' a sort of a ladder-fire-escape combination hitched on the back wall by way of a stage entrance.

“How will we get the junk up?” says Sellers, after we'd looked things over; an' he said it almost as if he really cared. Then I sees a beam stickin' out from under the roof, with a pulley to it.

“There's yer hoist,” says I, pointin' heavenward, “'Taint exactly de rigger, but it'll do.”

So we got our back drop an' both trunks up there, an' after supper the troupe comes around, and cusses out the equipment in more than their usual style. There wasn't any star dressin' room in this ranch. Just one for the ladies, an' we get the other one.

“Positively his last appearance,” I tries to kid myself as I digs around in my make-up box, “Where the hell's that number four flesh!”

All of a sudden in rushes old Sellers from out front.

"Mac!" he yells at me, "They're comin'!"

"Who?" says I, puzzled, "The sheriff."

"No" says he, "The audience. We're fillin' up. It'll be standin' room before we ring up."

"Are they empty handed?" says I, suspicious.

"Look at that," says he, shovin' a tin box under my nose; and it's filled with the green. And then he shoves it down into the bottom of the trunk.

"The goods," says I, tryin' to repress my enthusiasm. "She walks tonight."

Well, it sure looked as if things was comin' our way at last. The first act went great, an' the rubes just ate it up.

But when little Miss Mills made her first entrance, I seen things wasn't right with her. She was pale through her make-up, an' twice she grabbed a table to steady herself. "She's all in," I says to myself, puzzled; and then I remembers. She hadn't eaten hardly a thing since we hit the road, an' I seen she was just wastin' away. "You don't belong, little girlie," I whispers to myself; "You're meant for the woods an' the country an' the real things. You ain't for this; an' I wisht to Gawd I could take you out of it!"

I sneaks out after the first act and in the back entrance o' the saloon next door, shakes down my last dime fer a glass o' whisky, an' beats it back to the girl.

"Take this?" I says, "You're about all in, an' you've got to last the show out." She makes a kick, but she's too near dead to say much, an' I wins.

"Thanks," says she, lookin' at me sort o' dreamy, "Thanks. But you shouldn't a done it."

Then I tells her that things are comin' our way at last—that she'll get a square feed that night, an' that we're through the mud fer good, an' all that—but I can see she aint interested. An' when she went on fer the second act, she might a been doin' a sleep-walkin' stunt.

She stalled it through somehow, but I seen her sway as she made for her dressin' room. But I was busy foilin' the hero just then; I was pullin' the heavy stuff strong, an' the house was wild.

"Try as you may, Dick Harper," I hissed through my Desperate Desmond moustache, "You shall never have the gyurl!"

Then somebody sings out "Fire!"

Say, if you've never been on the boards, you don't know just what that word means. An' it means the most when you're caught in a trap like that Opry House. Somebody'd kicked over a kerosene footlight, or something, and in about a minute that place was kindled. Everybody seen she was gone, an' may I never see another stampede like that. Well, everybody on the stage piked for that little wooden scenic-railway tacked onto the back wall, an' when I seen the stage was empty I followed suit. When I got to the bottom, everybody was standin' around, watchin' the old bandbox blaze away. I stood there with the crowd, watchin' the last o' the audience tumble out o' the main entrance like a lot o' bees bein' smoked out, an' then all of a sudden I wondered if all the troupe was O. K. They're all hangin' together, the girls faintin' an' wieldin' their powder rags, an' the men cussin' at anything they can think of. There's one missin' at the count up, an' I don't have to stop to guess who. It's Miss Mills.

"Where's the Kid?" I yells, as my heart quits work. But nobody hears me.

I don't just remember what happened then, but I guess I tore for the fire escape without stoppin' to think. The crowd yelled, an' somebody grabbed at me, but I stiff-armed 'em, an' next I knew I was back on the stage, all that fire-proof scenery blazin' like lint, an' the floor like a stove lid. No sign of the kid. I ducks fer her dressin' room. God! There she lay on the floor, fainted dead away. I grabs her an' points for the door. I hadn't got more'n half way across the stage with her before I heard a crash outside, the buildin' shakes, an' the crowd screams. When I got back to the door, with the girl in my arms, I saw; an' I was glad she didn't know anything. That tinder staircase had burnt off. We was caught. I never took no stock in prayin', or that stuff, but somehow or other I just sort o' thanked Heaven that if she had to go, I was there too. After that burnin' theatre, I wasn't afraid o' no hell. There was a crackin' behind me, an' I turned to see the floor givin' way on one side, and the prop trunk goin' down through a hole; an' the fire was comin' our way.

The trunk! Then I remembers that trunk hoist. The smoke was blindin' me, an' I was eatin' fire, but I found the rope, slipped

the loop under her arms an' I was losin' my head, I guess—an' I kissed her,—swung her out through the door, and in ten seconds she was on the ground. I grabbed the rope an' got down some-way.

When I woke up I was in the decentest bed I'd seen in years, an' my hands was tied up, an' there was sticky stuff smeared on my face; I smelled like a drug store.

A nurse comes up to me. "How do you feel?" she asks me.

"Miss Mills—where is she?" I asks quick, "Was she hurt?"

No, she wasn't. Slight shock, the doctors said, but a few days would see her O. K. Well, that's about all. It seems the rube thought I'd pulled a reg'lar hero act, and they'd took up a purse for me. I couldn't be paid—in money—for a thing like that, an' asked to see Miss Mills.

They brought her in. She was pale, an' her hand shook. But she smiled.

"Are you ready to call it off now?" I asks, for a starter.

"Call what off?" says she.

"This show thing," says I. "Are you through bein' an actress?"

"Yes," says she, kind o' faint, an' smiles.

"Ready to go back to the cows, an' the chickens, an' the R. F. D.?" I insists.

She dabs her eyes, an' nods.

"Your ticket's bought," says I; an' then I knew what to do with that collection.

Just then a doctor came in, lookin' grave.

"Mr. Sellers!" whispers the girl, chokin'; "Is he —"

An' the doctor nodded.

I inquired, an' the doctor filled in. Seems old Sellers had gone back the front way for the cash box, got caught—he was just alive when they fished him out, an' he only lasted a few hours.

So the Kid's back on the farm; an' I'm back on Broadway.

Gee, I wish't I was a rube!

Elections to Phi Beta Kappa.

Clark S. Northup.

AS some inquiries have been made about what Phi Beta Kappa is and how it works, a few facts about the society as it exists to-day in general and at Cornell may prove acceptable.

Phi Beta Kappa is the oldest of the long list of Greek letter societies, and while it has lost all of its original secrecy and much of its early social and fraternal character, it has always retained a good deal of what was best in its primitive organization. It was founded at William and Mary College on December 5, 1776, only five months after the Declaration of Independence had been signed. In the words of the first impressive ceremony of initiation, "it was ingrafted on the stock of friendship, in the soil of virtue, enriched by literature. To cherish and keep it alive hath been the constant care of those members who have succeeded. To which end they have ever kept in view the design of its worthy founders, who adopted this friendly communion as a recreation to the philosophic mind, satiate with investigating the various springs of human nature and human actions".

The first fifty members of the William and Mary organization must have been an unusually energetic and brilliant lot. Many of them entered the Continental Army. Sixteen of them later sat in the Virginia Legislature. Eight sat in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1788, and held the balance of power. Several became members or officials of Congress. William Short became a distinguished diplomatist. Bushrod Washington and John Marshall became justices of the Supreme Court. Others held high official and judicial posts.

This is not the place to repeat the story of the growth and progress of the society, which now numbers seventy-seven chapters and many thousand members. Throughout its history it has stood staunchly for the worth and dignity of scholarship of the best sort. It is now, of course, an honorary society; but it is not merely that. It seeks ever to foster high ideals of scholarly and academic life, especially among undergraduates.

On its rolls are Everett, Phillips, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Choate, Seward, Webster, Sumner, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Curtis, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Saxe, William D. Whitney, Francis A. March, Horace Mann, Phillips Brooks, Beecher, Presidents J. Q. Adams, Garfield, Roosevelt, and Taft, Edward Everett Hale, Bret Harte, Stedman, Stoddard, Higginson, Charles William Eliot, Andrew D. White, and scores of others of high rank in public life, in business, in scholarship, and in literature. How largely its ideals have helped to shape the lives of these men, it would be hard to say; it is impossible to believe, however, that these ideals can have had no influence.

The present general officers of the society are: president: Professor Grosvenor of Amherst; secretary and treasurer: Rev. Oscar M. Voorhees of Rutgers; senators: Presidents Lowell of Harvard, Butler of Columbia, MacLean of Iowa, Thwing of Western Reserve, Woolley of Mt. Holyoke, Pendleton of Wellesley, and Taylor of Vassar; Dean Birge of Wisconsin; Talcott Williams of Philadelphia; Hamilton W. Mabie; Mr. Voorhees; Professors Chapman of Bowdoin, Grosvenor of Amherst, Murray of Stanford, Page of Virginia, Bliss Perry of Harvard, Hart of the Berkeley Divinity School, Reed of Yale, and Northup of Cornell.

The Cornell chapter was established in May, 1882. The present officers of the chapter are: president: Professor Cooper; vice-president: Professor Thilly; secretary: Professor Northup; assistant secretary: Dr. A. L. Andrews; treasurer: Professor Carver; registrar: Dr. McKelvey; executive committee (with the above): Mrs. P. R. Pope and Professor Faust.

The chief purpose of this brief article is to call attention to the rules and procedure of the Cornell chapter in the election of members. At Cornell any Junior or Senior of good moral character is eligible for membership, the greater part of whose work has been in the languages, philosophy, education, history, political science, and pure mathematics, and who has given some promise of ability to do independent work in any of these subjects; also, any graduate student of any of these subjects is eligible who shall have made actual contributions to the advancement of knowledge or thought. In some colleges elections are based on marks alone. Years of experience have convinced the Cornell electors that this

is unwise. The following method of procedure (lately modified) is therefore to be employed here: The registrar of the society prepares a list of all the eligible students whose average marks are not below 80, showing the average of each student for his entire course and for each year thereof. Each average is computed independently by two persons. In addition, a separate list of these names in alphabetical order is prepared, containing no information regarding the mark of any student, and a copy of this is sent to every member of the instructing staff in the departments of Arts with the request that he underscore the name of each student who has been in his classes, and place before the names of such students as he considers worthy of election the letter *a*, *b*, or *c* to indicate the grade of ability to which he would assign them with regard to intellectual ability and scholarly attainments and without reference to marks. A committee of five is then appointed by the president of the society to tabulate this information for use at the election and to append whatever recommendation it may see fit to make. The election is held in March of each year, and is always by ballot. The electors include all members of the rank of instructor and professor.

Phi Beta Kappa does not encourage students to work for high marks alone or to eke out marks by currying favor with indulgent professors. There have been conspicuous instances of the failure of high marks to impress the electors. The society does, however, encourage the able student to stand on his own feet and do substantial, independent work. And to desire the key is surely not less honorable for the young scholar than for the athlete to covet the "C", or for both to desire the sheepskin of their Alma Mater.

January Thaw.

Earl Simonson '12.

Along the gray, mist-muffled avenue
The halloed street lights burn in ghostly files,
Blurred and faint-hearted, like the murky lamps
That shroud the stevedore at his greasy cards;
The lambent kennels mirror up the wraiths
Of hand-like trees that grapple with the night;
A dim old woman stumbles muttering by;
A drunkard staggers down his reeking path;
"Happy New Year!" a waggish gamin shrills.

The Springville Contract.

M. V. Atwood, '10.

STEVE Miller, the star road man of the Wilmot Bridge Company, stepped jauntily into the company's office and dropped his suit-case. Steve had just stepped off the train after an all-night's ride in a stuffy day coach, but from his appearance one wouldn't have believed it. His expensive Panama hat was shoved carelessly to the back of his head, his rather explosive checked suit of the latest moment was perfectly pressed, and his tan pumps were as clean as the proverbial whistle. From his red necktie gleamed a diamond scarf-pin. A thin curl of smoke arose from the Havana cigar, tilted from the corner of his mouth.

Benson, the book-keeper, who stood behind his high desk, looked up. "Hello, Steve, what luck?"

Steve grinned and slapped his pocket where he had a signed contract for a big bridge. Benson understood the expressive gesture.

"Good, I thought you might have some trouble with that crowd. Last year Evans was in there and couldn't do a thing with them."

"Well," answered Steve, "it wasn't exactly like taking candy from a baby but I landed 'em—at ten thousand five hundred, too."

"That's going some," replied Benson and bent over his books.

Steve went over by the window and sat down at a table. He took a piece of paper from a pile in front of him and began to make out his expense account, chewing away at his cigar and puffing aromatic clouds as he wrote.

The Wilmot Bridge Company takes its name from the small town in which it is located. It is one of those smaller concerns, of which there are several in the central part of the state. Although small in size the Wilmot company was getting its share of the bridge business and its agents were known as among the shrewdest men on the road; and Steve Miller was known as the shrewdest of the shrewd. The stories the men told, when they got together in the hotels and the smoking cars, of Steve's "foxiness in landing contracts," were many.

Benson looked at the total of Steve's expense account and gave a little whistle. "It's lucky you got a good price," said the book-keeper.

"O, that's all right," answered Steve airily, as if a little matter like a \$75 expense account for two days was of small concern to him. "Any the boys in?"

"Allan was in this morning but the boss sent him out on a roof-truss job this noon," Benson answered.

"Anybody in Bill's room?" Steve asked, nodding toward the private office of the manager.

"Guess not," replied Benson.

Steve went over to the door and without knocking walked in. At a flat-top desk in the middle of the room sat a middle-aged man. By the desk stood a girl who had just come in with a number of letters for the manager to sign.

"Hello, 'Gene, hello Madge," he said, nodding to each.

"Just a minute, Steve," said the manager, not looking up from his letters. The stenographer smiled and said hello. Everybody about the office liked Steve.

The manager scrawled his name at the bottom of the last letter, read it through again and handed the pile to the girl. She took them and went out.

"What luck did you have, Steve?" the manager asked, when the stenographer was gone.

Steve sat down on the corner of the desk and swung his legs.

"I haven't any kick coming," he answered. "I had a little trouble with the United man, but I dodged him all right and jollied the contract through. I stuck 'em for eleven thou. but they wouldn't stand for it. Ten, five hundred, ought to give a good profit, though, as I figured it."

"Hu'm, it'll do," answered the other. "The shop work will be expensive, though. The girders will have to be 12 inch ones to carry the load."

"That was all taken care of in the plans. Here's the contract. Steve slapped the papers down on the desk. The manager took them and ran through them hurriedly. Then he picked up some other papers from the open drawer at his side.

"Here's a job that Nelson ought to have taken but he is out on

that sluice pipe job at Wilson. They are going to put in a new dock at Springville and the man who has the say is a selectmen that is a Sunday school and missionary chap."

"That isn't exactly in my line," grinned Steve, "but I guess I'd be equal to it with a little studying up."

"From what I can make out," the other went on without paying any attention to what Steve had said, "this Silas Wheeler pretty near runs the town—he's postmaster, superintendent of the Sunday school, deacon in the church and all the rest that goes with it.

"I've got the idea," said Steve, pulling an imaginary wisp of whiskers at the end of his chin, and drawing down the corners of his mouth.

The manager smiled. "I guess you're on. Here's the data I've got. Look out for the cussing and the booze. There won't be any treating necessary this trip."

"Some soda water at the corner drug store might be all right, b'gosh," answered Steve. "Better get out on the next train, hadn't I?"

"Yes, you'll find Tommy has the plans and estimates all ready. Get in on the job as soon as you can. There's been a United man smelling around all ready."

"So long, Bill," said Steve over his shoulder as he went out through the door, "I'll see you later."

II

The noon train pulled into the station at Springville and a lean sack of mail was tossed off to the local jehu who stood waiting for it. Then a man stepped off the one lone coach.

He was dressed in a black suit and wore a black derby hat. His necktie was of the same color and his shoes were of glossy patent leather.

"Can you direct me to the best hotel?" he asked of the man who still stood on the platform with the mail sack in his hand.

"Sure, just git right in my bus; I run it for the Globe Hotel and carry the mail besides."

The two went around the little station and the man in the black

suit clambered into the vehicle to which was hitched an unhappy looking gray horse. He sat down on the burlap upholstered seat and the driver got up in front.

The man inside looked out of the dirty bus window to see that nobody was looking and removed a generous cud of tobacco from his cheek.

"That'll have to be the last for some time," said Steve, for the man in black was the erstwhile dandy of the Wilmot office.

The bus jolted along the rough street and Steve looked out at the typical buildings on each side. Finally the ancient vehicle turned a corner and the jehu stopped his horse in front of the Globe Hotel.

Steve got out and went in the hotel. A few natives sat around the office and looked up as the stranger entered. Steve went to the desk and scanned the fly-specked pages of the register for several days back.

"Good," he thought "none of 'em have been in yet this week. It's easy picking."

He was just ready to dip the pen in the ink preparatory to signing his name to the register when the creaking of a swing door labeled "bar" caused him to stop. He chuckled quietly to himself and instead of writing his name said to the clerk:

"Can you direct me to Mr. Silas Wheeler?"

"Y' can't miss him," said the clerk. "He runs th' post office, store 'nd ever'thing else. Down the street jest a step, he hangs out."

"Thank you," said Steve, and went out of the hotel, taking his bag with him.

Just ahead he saw a weather-beaten sign bearing the legend "post office." Just over it was another sign reading "Use Sopalack and trade with Silas Wheeler."

"Here's it," thought Steve, and went inside.

The "office" was half full of people waiting for the mail. One corner of the room was divided from the rest of the store by a partition with a small window and a hundred or so glass letter boxes, most of them minus the numbers.

Steve waited. Soon the little cubby hole was opened and the people got their mail as it was fished out from the boxes by a grey-whiskered old man in spectacles.

When the last person had left the office, eyeing Steve, the bridge agent went up to the window.

"Is this Mr. Silas Wheeler?" he asked.

"I reckon it is," said the postmaster.

Steve stuck his hand through the window and gave the other a good Methodist hand-shake.

"Mr. Wheeler, my name is Miller and I represent the Wilmot Bridge Company. But before I talk business I want to ask a favor of you."

The postmaster came out from the "post office," and looked at him.

"Fire away," he said. Steve went on:

"I stopped at the hotel on my way up from the station. I saw that your beautiful little town is cursed by a place where intoxicating beverages may be obtained. I dislike to stop at such a place. In your kindness of heart would you allow me to stay over night in your home? Of course I should pay you for the trouble."

After this virtuous speech, delivered in his most ministerial tone, Steve expected that the old man would figuratively fall on his neck. But what the postmaster did say was this:

"I reckon it wouldn't hurt you any to stop at the hotel. But if y'u want to come to our place I reckon Elviry'll be willin' to get a liddle pin money.

"Thank you, thank you so much," said Steve.

"I tell you right now, young feller, it won't do y'u any good to talk bridges with me. The United Construction Com'ny's man was here a week ago and I was mighty well pleased with his plans."

"That's all right, Mr. Wheeler," said Steve easily, "but you see my company will expect me to do the best I can."

"Suit yourself," said the other, "but it'll be a waste of time."

The old man went to the back of the store and began to open some boxes.

Steve stayed around the store all the morning and whenever the old man didn't appear very busy he struck up a conversation. He kept clear of any bridge talk, however. He had a lot to say about the duty of the church to the people in far off heathen Africa. He had been reading up on the train. To all his attempts at conversation the postmaster didn't enthuse.

When noon came the two went across the road to the house. Steve was introduced to Elviry and the three sat down to a good dinner. Here also he tried to keep the conversation on religious matters. Elviry responded more readily than did her husband.

After dinner the two men went back to the store and later Steve took a walk to the bridge site. After he had sized up the situation he went back to the store. At supper he tried to make the conversation a skillful mixture of the excellence of Elviry's cooking, of the beauties of the village and of the need of a greater interest in foreign missions.

When they had finished the old man got up from the table and said :

" 'There's a missionary meetin' at the church tonight. You seem interested in them things, so you'd probably like it.' "

Steve saw he was in for it and so told the postmaster how glad he'd be to go.

" All right," said the postmaster, " Elviry's going. You can go along with her. I'm goin' to the store. "

Steve and Elviry started out, summoned by the sound of a cracked bell. The church was half full when they arrived and everyone looked at Elviry and her consort as they entered. Steve sat down on the hard seat and the boards creaked. In front on the platform, was a pulpit with a pitcher of water and a glass. On the wall to the side a clock ticked off the seconds. Finally the local pastor arose and introduced " our dear brother Ephriam Jones, who has just returned from the fields of labor. "

Brother Jones then got up and for two hours told of everything he had done for the last ten years. He talked in a monotone and punctuated his remarks with sips from the glass of water which he filled from the pitcher.

Steve sat as still as he could. Occasionally he had to ease his aching back and as he moved the seat groaned protest.

But finally it was all over and he and Elviry started home. Silas Wheeler sat by the kitchen stove reading the paper. When Elviry had put away her bonnet and had begun to stir up the buckwheat cakes for next morning's breakfast Steve hitched up his chair to the old man.

" I wonder, Mr. Wheeler," he began, " if you would be so good

as to look over my plans? I am sure you would be interested at least to see what my company can offer you."

The other looked up from his paper.

"I told you it wouldn't do any good to talk bridge to me. While you and Elviry was at meetin' I signed the United Construction Com'ny's contract."

Steve couldn't say a word. He couldn't even relieve his feelings by swearing. As soon as he could collect himself he managed to ask to be shown to his room.

The things that Steve said to himself once he was inside his room, far be it from us to relate.

Next morning he said good-by to his host and hostess, paid his bill to Elviry and started for the station. There he found a telegram waiting for him.

"It came last night," said the operator "but I reckoned it c'd wait till mornin'."

Steve tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"Mistake as to W. Not pious. Sporty. Act accordingly."

W. B. Company.

Steve went out on the platform and swore long and fiercely. Finally the train pulled up and he started to step aboard. Just as his foot was on the first step, someone slapped him on the back.

He turned around and looked into the grinning face of—the United Construction man.

"Hello, Steve, glad to see you."

Steve grunted. The other went on:

"Did old Wheeler show you his horses? He's got some of the speediest pieces of horse flesh in this county," and smacking his lips, "some old twenty-year rye, that's prime, simply prime."



The Teetotaler.

Earl Simonson, '12

CHARACTERS

Charles Sterling	-	-	-	The Teetotaler
Lawrence Hopping	-	-	-	His Roommate
Sylvia	-	-	-	His Sister
Hendler	-	-	-	A Wine Agent
Cloudesly	-	-	-	An Attorney
Roberts	-	-	-	A Detective
Burns	-	-	-	Another Detective
Two policemen.				

The scene is set in an upper study in a local fraternity house. Door, centre, leading to hall; door, right, leading to bedroom. The room is tastefully but plainly decorated in green. Window-seat, left centre, with green cushions and curtains. Two desks, left centre and right centre, with swivel chairs. Green rugs. Wall decorations temperate.

Time, about four o'clock on a clear October afternoon. Saturday afternoon, to be specific.

As the curtain rises knocking is heard at the hall door. It becomes heavier and more impatient. Enter Hopping hastily from bedroom. He is tow-headed, non-pronounced of feature, and inclined to fleshiness. Over his clothes he wears a brilliant yellow mandarin dressing gown.

HOPPING—(going to door)—Hold your shirt on, I'm coming!

Opens door. Enter Sterling. He is a dark, clean-cut chap. Wears a carnellian sweater beneath his coat, wears also cap, gloves, and six-dollar tan shoes. Has some mail in his hand.

STERLING—(briskly)—Hello wife! Sleeping again?

HOPPING—(yawning)—I was up last night from two to five. Hear me?

STERLING—(throwing hat, gloves and coat in different directions)—Hear you? No. The double only rocked like a bunk in a blow. I didn't hear you. Merely had a *feeling* that something was up. What were you at? Same old story?

HOPPING—Yes, the sonnet cycle to Sylvia. (Looks at photograph on Sterling's desk). 'Who is Sylvia? What is she? That all the swains commend her?' I got the fourteenth sonnet done last night but I struck a snag in the fifteenth. Couldn't find the fourth rhyme to 'love.'

STERLING—Here, read your mail and quit wishy-washing about a fellow's kid sister, will you? (Hands him a letter).

HOPPING—Yes, kind sir. (Sits down on his desk). Gosh, you got a lot, didn't you?—Letter and a paper, crickey! (Rubs his eyes and scrutinizes his letter. Suddenly:—How did the game come out?)

STERLING—(rapt in his letter)—Who? What? Oh, I didn't have the price to see it.

HOPPING—(yawning again)—Do you think that I shall ever meet your lady sister?

STERLING—(still rapt)—What?

HOPPING—(louder)—Do you think that I'll ever meet your sister?

STERLING—(impatiently)—Slice it, slice it, old man! You know she has never been nearer than Honolulu. I haven't seen her myself for the last ten years. Perhaps, some day. Read your letter.

HOPPING—Looks like a bill. (Leaves it unopened and goes over to take up photograph again). 'To her garlands let us bring.'

STERLING—(coming up and taking him by the shoulder, letter in hand; his manner tense)—Hop, Hop, listen to this! What do you know? here's an attorney named Cloudesly who writes me of a secret bequest my father left to me. A lot, I think—enough to send us to the Pennsy game thousands of times. I get it on condition that I haven't touched liquor on arriving at the age of twenty-one. Monday I'm twenty-one! (Claps him on the back).

HOPPING—And you never touched a drop, did you?

STERLING—Not a drop.

HOPPING—(extending his hand)—(heartily)—Shake! (Then, with sudden inspiration)—I'll go open my letter! (Crosses and tears it open).

STERLING—Well, what luck?

HOPPING—(sinking into his chair)—Well, would you listen to this? (reads) Mr. Lawrence Hopping,
Kappa Phi Lodge,
Ithaca, N. Y.

DEAR SIR :

We beg to inform you that in so far as you have neglected to pay your installments on the Pacific Edition of Shakespeare, a set of which was sold you by our Mr. Evers, we have appointed our representatives to take back the set.

Very truly yours,

SMITH, GRIMM & SMITH, Publishers.

Great Scott! what am I going to do?

STERLING—You sold them to Tracy didn't you?

HOPPING—Had to.

STERLING—Oh well, don't bother about it. My ship's well into harbor. (Makes a show of reading his newspaper).

HOPPING—Thanks just the same, but when they come I won't be in. (Places the letter in cigar tray and touches a match to it, making a small bonfire).

STERLING—(suddenly)—What do you know about this? 'Investigations at Cornell. S. M. Haynes, the Chicago pork-packer, whose recent phamplet, "Why is a College," is said to have caused a jump in the registrations of the correspondence schools, intends an active crusade upon drinking at Cornell. It is rumored that his representatives will make raids in order to discover whether or not liquor is kept in the Ithaca fraternity houses. Mr. Haynes said to a CLARION reporter today, "I believe my assertions in the 'Crime of the Colleges' were wholly correct. I shall run this virus of evil into the mud!" There is some conjecture as to the attitude the fraternities will take toward the intended investigations.

HOPPING—Crickey, I know what the attitude will be all right. If they come around here they'll get blown up.

STERLING—That reminds me that I just saw a couple of strange-looking studes downstairs in the hall—laundry agents I thought they were.

HOPPING—Saturday afternoon would be just the time for 'em, too—(yawns)—Me for bed again. Crickey, I'm sleepy. (Goes off

right, throwing a kiss at Sylvia's picture by way of farewell).

STERLING—Pleasant dreams!

Hopping closes door. Sterling sits down on the window-seat and gazes out in satisfied silence. Steps without. Then knocking. Sterling goes to door and opens it.

Enter Hendler. He is a middle-aged man of the drummer-good-fellow variety. He is dressed in a brown-plaid suit and a brown derby. He carries a suit-case.

HENDLER—(extending his hand)—Hello, Sterling, glad to see you again!

STERLING—(perplexed)—Hello, hello! I saw you—

HENDLER—In the Pennsylvania depot in New York. Name's Hendler. You remember me, sure!

STERLING—Sure!

HENDLER—Glad to see you again, boy! How are you anyway? I just hit the burg. Too late for the game. Come on the Lehigh from Buffalo. How are you anyway? Have a cigar. (Hands him a near perfecto).

STERLING—Thanks. (Bites it and puts it in his mouth).

HENDLER—(holding his light)—You've put the wrong end in your mouth.

STERLING—A little peculiarity of mine.

HENDLER—(slapping his knee)—Peculiarity! Ha! ha! that's good. How's the college devil anyhow? Here, have a drink, old man,—the best imported that we carry (opening his case)—claret, sautere, haute sautere, rhine—What's your pleasure? as the barkeeps say.

STERLING—(valiantly wrestling with his cigar)—Thanks, I don't drink.

HENDLER—(surprised)—Don't drink! Why shucks, I thought all college men drank. Why, I just read an article where it said that some hundred and five per cent did anyway, and that lots of others go to the bad.

STERLING—Yes I know; but the truth is that the so called 'college devil' doesn't exist anyway, or is on the point of dying off altogether. (He coughs heavily).

HENDLER—Heavens, man, what's the matter? you're pale as a ghost?

STERLING—I think—I—feel rather weak. (Flips cigar into his waste basket).

HENDLEER—You're sick! Here, you've got to take a glass of this.

(Draws a cork)—Here—(pouring wine)—drink this!

STERLING—(protestingly)—No Thanks.

HENDLER—But man, you must. You're sick! Here!

STERLING—No, I won't! (Pours wine into the waste basket).

HENDLER—Well, I—and our four dollars a quart! I—but great heavens man, you've got to see a doctor! Perhaps you've got small-pox or something equally mean. Here, come on!

He assists Sterling out of the room by centre door, closing it after them. Silence as their footsteps die away. Then voices without.

FIRST VOICE—Are they gone?

2ND. VOICE—Gone, by gum!

1ST. VOICE—Here, I'll give you a hist up here.

2ND. VOICE—Here I go!

The head of Roberts appears through the transom. He twists his body through it, landing on his feet within. He looks like a short-horn. Goes over to open wine-case. His manner somewhat resembles that of a maiden prospector who spots a nugget. He whistles softly).

BURNS—(without)—Let me in.

ROBERTS—Not on your life! I've only one glass. Here! listen to this investigation—(pops a cork)—Pretty worse, what?

He is about to pour wine when he stops abruptly. Puts down the bottle. Enter Hopping, right.

HOPPING—(aside)—The book agent! (To Roberts) Was it Hopping you wanted to see?

ROBERTS—(gibly)—Yes, I had a little business with him. You see I'm agent for—

HOPPING—(aside)—'Ah, my prophetic soul!' (To Roberts)—Yes, yes, I know. (Waves him toward door). He's not in now; he's not in! I'm his roommate, Charles Sterling. Hopping's out of town. (Opens door. Burns takes one look at his size and retires).

ROBERTS—(being pushed out of door)—I'll call again sir.

HOPPING—By all means, though Hopping's generally out. (Closes door.) Then he sees the wine for the first time. Bends over them in astonishment. Steps without, then knocking. He opens the door. Enter Sylvia, veiled, and Cloudesly. Cloudesly is beyond middle age and wears a business suit; carries black derby in hand. Sylvia, a slim girl of twenty, is neatly attired in a green travelling suit.

CLOUDESLY—Good afternoon, sir. I am an attorney, and I have some business with one of the men that room there.

HOPPING—(aside)—So they've got a lawyer after me, too! (To Cloudesly) Well, Hopping's out just now. I'm his roommate, Charles Sterling.

SYLVIA—(who sees the wine)—Oh! (She sinks on the window-seat.)

CLOUDESLY—(going over to her)—Come, bear up! I know it's hard.

HOPPING—(pouring wine)—Here, give the lady a glass of this. It was just left here.

As he extends the glass, the door, which he has neglected to close, is thrown open, and Roberts, Burns and two policemen enter. Immediately after them came Sterling and Hendler.

HOPPING—(dropping the glass)—And all over a set of books! Crickey!

ROBERTS—So? by gum! It's a fine den of vice, ain't it. They not only have wine here but women too! Give us a song Burns! There's a hot time in the old town tonight! Strike up the band!

BURNS—(to policemen)—Here you, seize these!

HOPPING—(thinking he is referred to)—I didn't do it! It was my roommate, Hopping, that bought 'em.

STERLING—(coming forward)—What does this mean, anyhow?

HENDLER—That's what I want to know!

ROBERTS—I'll tell you what it means, by gum. I'm a detective hired by a good gentleman of Chicago who pays me thirty-eight dollars and eighty cents a week to hunt down booze boxes in fraternities.

HOPPING—The Haynes man!

ROBERTS—I've just discovered these here bottles and this—woman in the room.

STERLING—And what are you going to do about it?

ROBERTS—(shrugging his shoulders)—I'm going to hist the booze.

BURNS—Hist, men, hist!

HENDLER—(belligerently)—I'll see you take that case!

CLOUDESLY—Is this Charles Sterling?

STERLING—I—hope so.

CLOUDESLY—(indicating Sylvia)—This is your sister.

STERLING }
HOPPING } —Sylvia!

CLOUDESLY—And I am Cloudesly the attorney.

STERLING—Ah! then it's clear! Did you hear that, you meddling set of muckrakers tools? you doddering pack of mud-slingers? The 'woman' you found here is my sister, and that wine belongs to Mr. Hendler here, who was calling on me this afternoon.

HENDLER—(thrusting card under Roberts' nose)—here, read this: William Hendler, agent for Smith & White, Wholesale Wines.

ROBERTS—Why—

STERLING—If I had come back about five minutes later I suppose I would have seen myself written up in a fine article with signed affidavits and two feet of mud! This is the kind of work you bunglers are doing! You gather a few haphazard incidents and then your employer gets out a crushing arraignment of the University! You see some foam and your writers tell of a barrel of dregs! But you throw your mud at a rock wall! The University is going on! The University is going up! Your poor mud can never hurt it. And you wont find any mud here! Get out.

ROBERTS—But I—

STERLING—Get out!

Exeunt Roberts, Burns and policemen, leaving Hendler's case.

CLOUDESLY—(to Sterling)—You don't talk much like a deep-dyed drunkard.

HENDLER—I'll wager he never touched a drop in his life.

SYLVIA—Haven't you, Charles?

STERLING—(kissing her)—No. The bequest is ours.

HENDLER—(holding wine)—What do you say to some of this, Mr. Cloudesly?

CLOUDESLY—(suavely)—I should be delighted.

HENDLER—(to Hopping)—And you, sir?

HOPPING—(vehemently)—Never! (Cloudesly and Hendler drink).

STERLING—Oh, by the way, Sylvia, have you ever met my roommate, Lawrence Hopping? (Hopping and Sylvia shake hands).

CURTAIN.

At Even.

Earl Simonson, '12.

Song of my heart,
 The gray dusk calls;
 On the mad mart
 His silence falls;
 Song of my heart,
 'Tis well.

And so afar
 From the plangent pain
 Of earthly war
 May we clasp again—
 Song of my heart,
 Farewell!



The Falling Snow.

Bertrand Jacobson, '14.

All hail, you sparkling messengers
From out the frozen North,
You have answered well the summons
Of the Voice that called you forth.

Once more you reel in dazzling hordes
Upon the wind-swept walls:
How eagerly you flit about
As the moon's cold radiance falls.

Like Elfland's jeels from fairies' lamps
You gleam from stately boughs.
I would I knew the joy, the glee
That drives you to carouse.

You danced a merry roundelay
Above the wintry streams,
Your music is the wind's far song—
Your light, the star's cold beams.

Somewhere another soul would feel
Your joy, unfettered, free;
Pray, dancing snow, will you not bring
To her your jollity?



The Cornell Era



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Editorials

The rather unpleasant controversy which has filled a part of our pages for the two issues past is ended by the death of Mr. R. T. Crane of Chicago. It is unfortunate that Mr. Crane's conclusions reached the average reader before his

Mr. Crane—for the Last Time.

facts, and doubly unfortunate that his conclusions went so far beyond what the facts would seem to warrant. His indictment of the colleges had much that was true in it, but that he should argue from his facts that all college education was detrimental, tended to nullify any reform they might have justified. Mr. Crane was not a "muckraker", in that he was perfectly sincere in his statements and in that his motives were above reproach. It is a pitiful figure, this old man dying with bitterness and hate at an institution that will probably in no wise suffer from his disapproval.

There seems to be considerable misunderstanding among undergraduates concerning what is often referred to as "The Loss of Land in the Adirondacks." Briefly, the facts are these :

The Timber Land Unpleasantness. Some time ago the State established a Forestry School at Ithaca and in that connection put a large tract of the State Forest Reserve as a trust into the hands of Cornell University. This tract was to be used for experimental purposes. After considering all possible methods of doing this, it seemed best to clear a part of the land and plant it anew with the nursery stock of the Forestry School. In order to do this the fallen timber had to be disposed of, and to this end a contract was made for the State with the Brooklyn Cooperage Co.

Mistaken personal and newspaper agitation caused Governor Odell to veto the appropriation for the next year for the Forestry School. The University gave back its title to the land to the State. The title was only temporary and the time of trust was thereby merely shortened.

The recent decision of the Court gives the Brooklyn Cooperage Co., which had sunken considerable money into the tract, no redress, but it in no way injures Cornell University.

The great loss in the whole procedure falls upon the people of the State of New York, who are thereby left without a Forestry School and who must forfeit the benefits that would have been derived from the but half completed experiments. That such a school and experiment station was practical is demonstrated by the pronounced success of the schools that have since started. The whole cause of the unpleasantness is a few wealthy men who make the Adirondacks their summer home, and who did not like to see a few acres of timber land "denuded" in the interests of science.

We call especial attention to the two leading articles of this issue—one by Dr. White on the Russian Situation, the other by Elbert Hubbard on The Secret of Education.

Two Articles of Interest.

Ex-President White's article we print as an important historical document. It is worth the while of anyone. We take pleasure in setting this treat before our

readers. The other article by "Fra Elbertus" is a good presentation of his favorite doctrine—honesty. (A strange doctrine for a Philistine, you may well say, but he treats it as a dollars-and-cents paying proposition). The Standard Oil Company seems to us the most flagrant example of the contrary of the Fra's principle. If the enemies of that corporation were to sever business connections with it, Standard Oil would lose nine-tenths of its business. Be that as it may, we strongly advise you not to miss Mr. Hubbard's article.

By this time we trust that you appreciate what the ERA is attempting to do. Where another college monthly has a dissertation on Epictetus we present the pro and con of Mr. R. T. Crane's indictment of the colleges; where they print a sophomore's view of a world topic, we give you the attitude of a man like Andrew D. White. It is our aim to make this magazine, before all else, readable and timely. In what measure we succeed will to a large extent depend upon your appreciation.

Cornellians as a rule are woefully uninformed regarding things Cornelian. This, on the face of it, may seem like an extreme statement, but how many Cornell men know why McGraw, Morrill or White Halls face the valley instead of the campus; how many know that Cornell lost a vast sum of money by a legal oversight; how many know that Cascadilla Building was a sanitarium and before that a sawmill? It is information of this kind that would make Founder's Day of much greater significance in Cornell life. With men like Andrew D. White, Professor T. F. Crane and Professor Burr in the University, a series of lectures could be arranged that would make the holiday more than a cessation of classes.

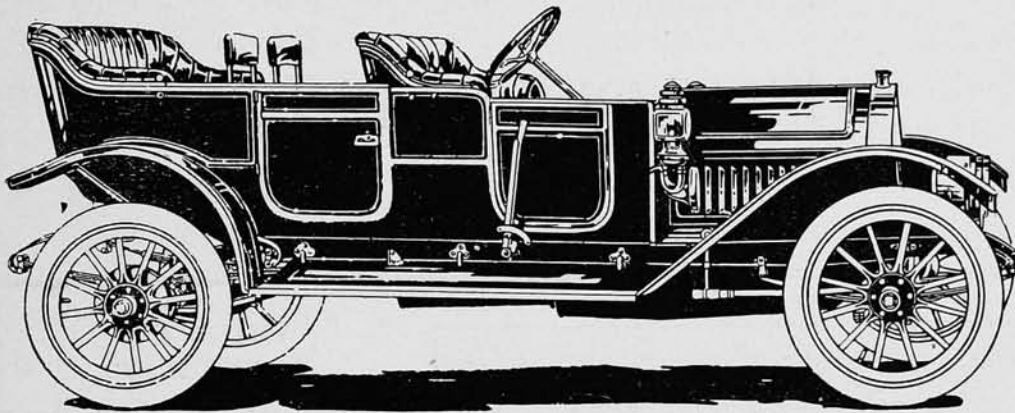
"Oh, the good fellow that he is! But I know not what fly hath stung him of late, he is become so hard a student. For my part I study not at all!"—Rabelais.

A Propos.

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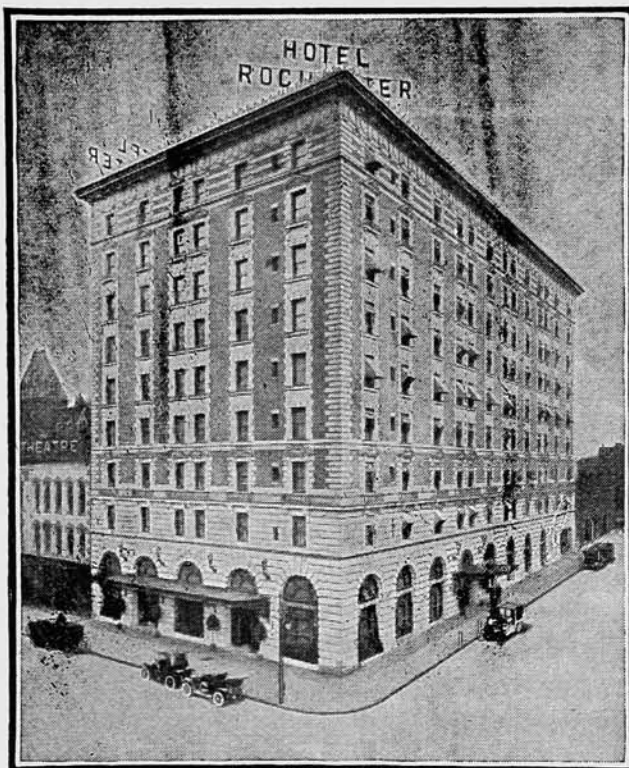
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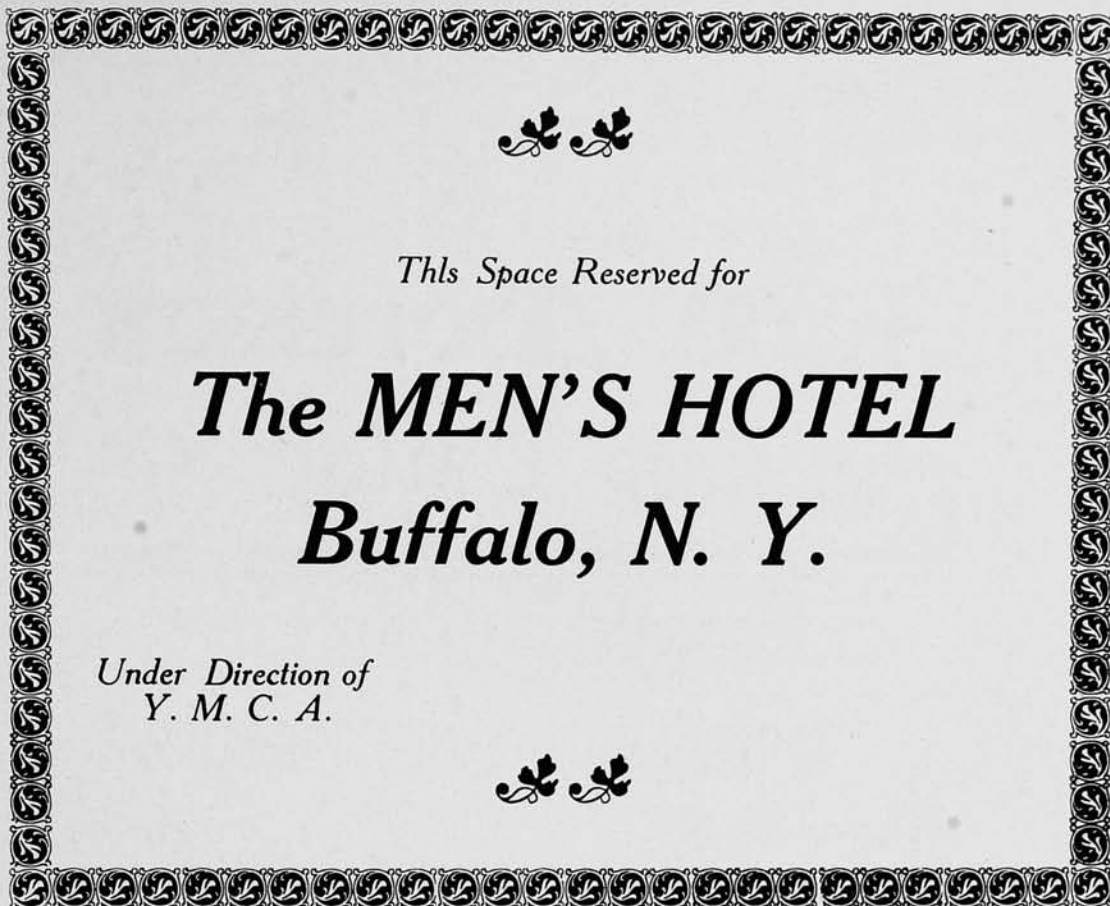
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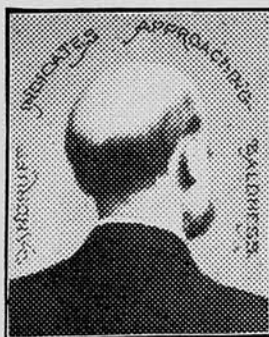
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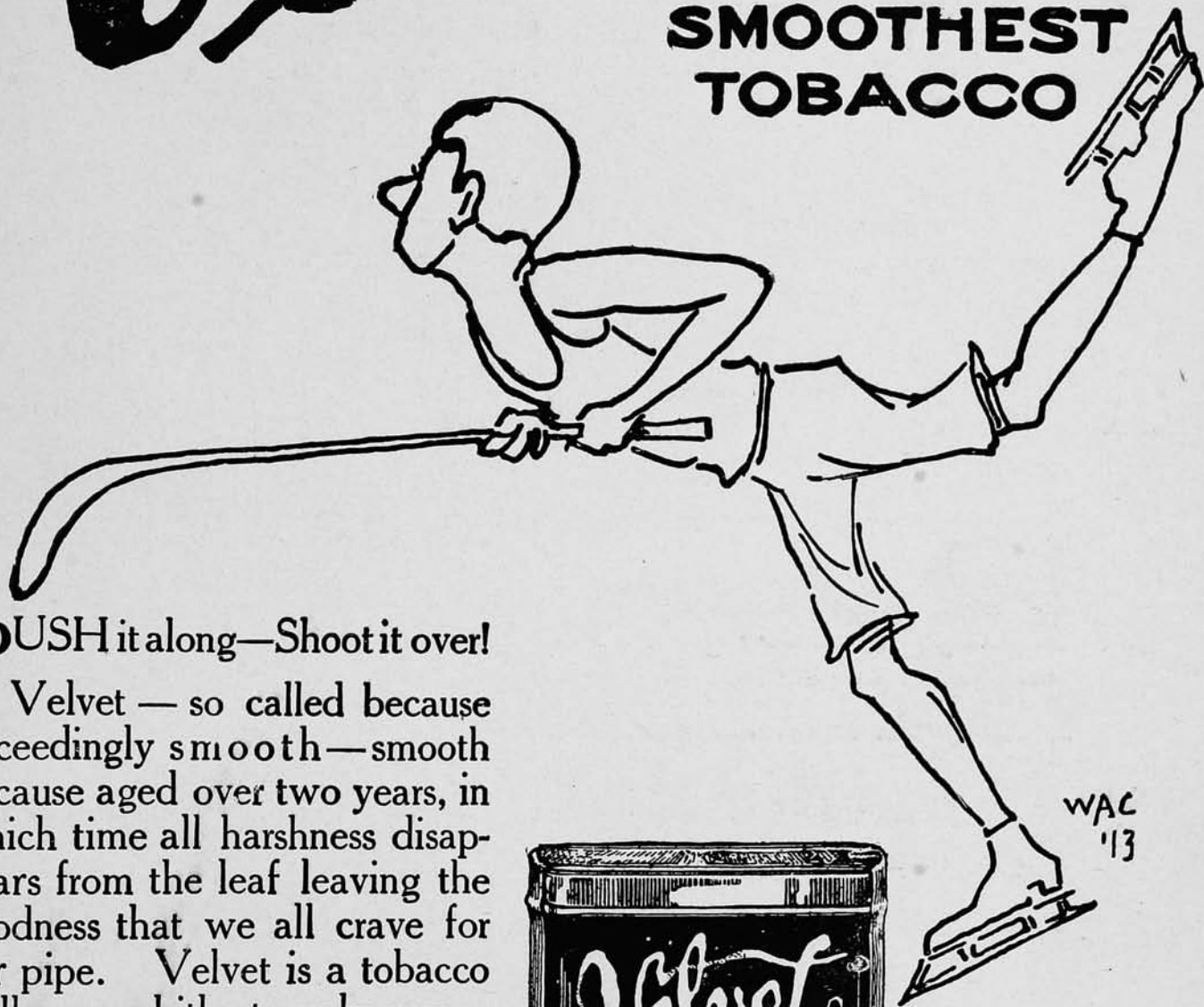
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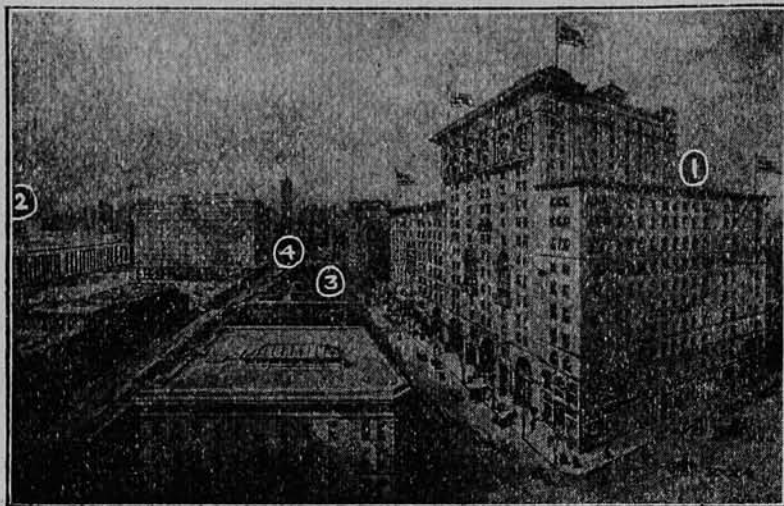


Vol. 44

JANUARY, 1912

No. 4

DURING the first few years after Cornell University was founded a large percentage of the students were working their way. Some of the trials of these pioneers are told in this number under the title, "WORKING THROUGH CORNELL," by David Starr Jordan, '72, Veranus Alva Moore, '86, and Charles Albert Storke, '70, three of the workers.



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CORNELL ERA

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Where you should trade is the place giving the best value for the money. Where you want to trade is the place giving the best service and the most convenient place. It's the same place

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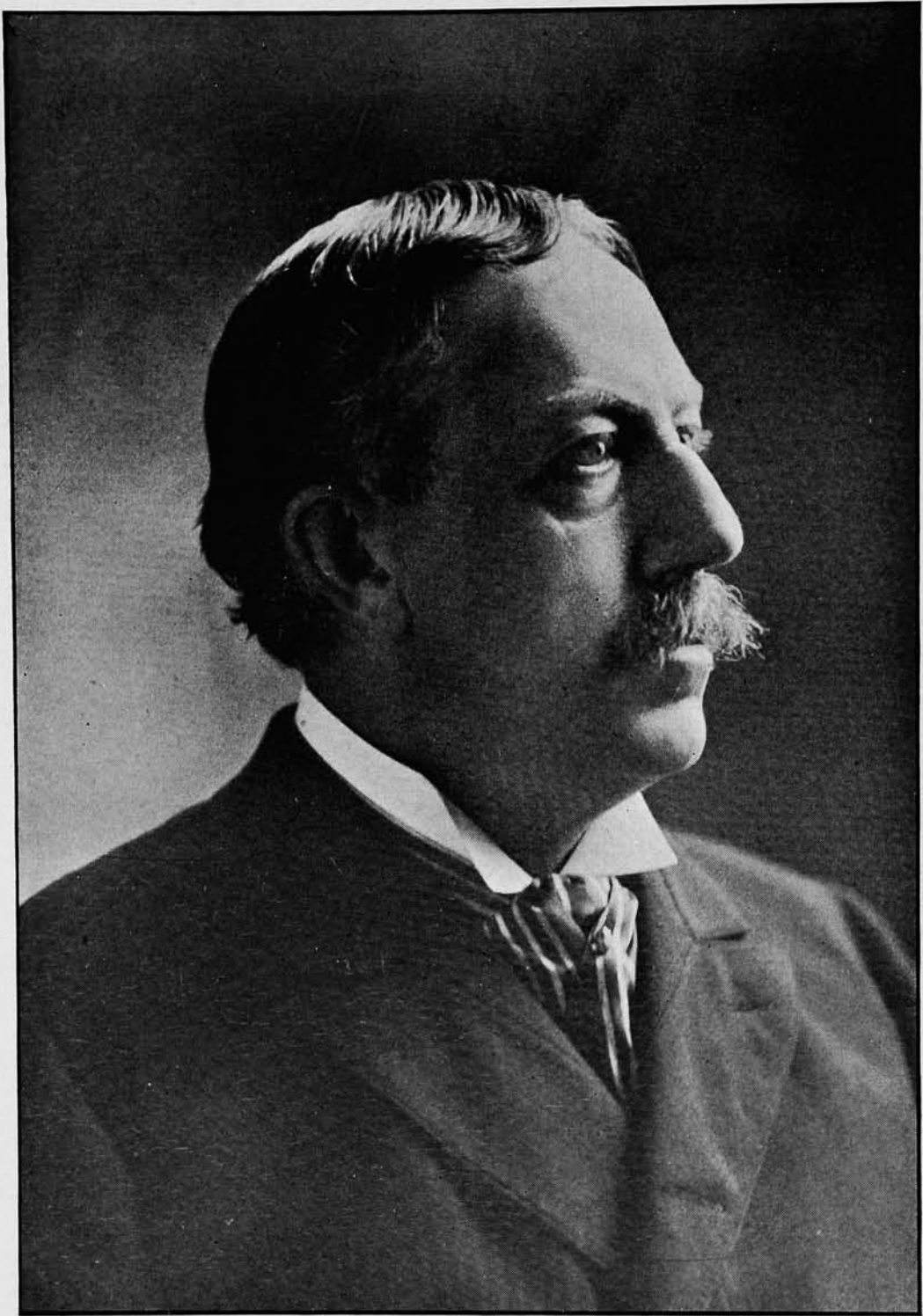
MEN can live in an institution like this and never realize its essential spirit, never bring out into consciousness the things it really stands for. This probably explains some of the false judgments passed on our Universities, such as that they are irreligious. As a matter of fact if we analyze the true nature and purpose of our education, we will be assured that nothing in American life is so inspired and informed with true religion.

The University represents the spirit of truth and the love of truth. This is something more than the acquirement of information, and more than the recognition of facts. Each science works by limiting its field, by differentiation. But science itself is not made perfect till it relates itself to the whole round of truth and contributes to the complete life of the world. This is simply the religious ideal which gathers up the broken arcs into a perfect round.

The University also represents the spirit of co-operation. All of us fall heir in some measure to the fruits of this. The friendships of College will be to many a rich and precious heritage. Even in play everything worth while is gained by team-work. We learn the value of holding together, and that singly we can do and be nothing. Our group-work in study teaches us the same lesson. We build on each other's work. And through it all we learn obedience to law.

The University represents the spirit of service. If we are the privileged class in the democracy, it is not for our own sake, and we must learn the penalty of privilege. The University serves the state; and its members must serve the common weal. Where else should we look for unselfish service and devoted leadership? Men are chosen to receive the great boon of the higher education that they may give back in the highest spirit of service.

These are all the marks of true religion, and the religious view of life means consecration to these high ends.



DAVID STARR JORDAN, '72
President Leland Stanford University

THE CORNELL ERA

Vol. 44

January, 1912

No. 4

*Working Through Cornell.

AS a stimulus for the so called "working student," THE ERA prints the following articles from four of Cornell's early graduates. The courage and fortitude of these undergraduates of the seventies, followed by their exceptional success in their several professions is remarkable. And opportunities are no fewer now than they were when these men graduated.

GETTING AN EDUCATION WITHOUT MONEY.

David Starr Jordan, '72, President Leland Stanford University.

When I entered Cornell as a pioneer Freshman a large percentage of the students were working at fifteen cents an hour, some of them laying a ditch to the southward of what we called "University Grove," others grading for the McGraw Building, and the like. I came without much money and my first experience was that of lathing a house on Linn street. Next I dug potatoes back of where President White's house stands, and then husked corn.

In the spring of '69 I waited on the table at Cascadilla for my board. I detested this work so much that every job since has been relatively pleasant. Then I received the appointment of sweeping out the Chemistry and Botany building, which then sat in the center of drainage of the Campus.

In my Sophomore year I was made assistant in Botany with the duty of collecting plants for the classes, and in 1870, my Junior year, when the title of Instructor was first invented for the minor

* The Editors of THE ERA will appreciate communications for future installments under this heading, from men who have worked their way through Cornell. The experiences of some recent graduates or present undergraduates will be welcome.

positions in college, I was made instructor in Botany, a place which I held for two years and which enabled me to pay all my college expenses.

I entered Cornell with \$75. I had that sum when I left Cornell and went to Chicago in 1872.

* WILLIAM RUSSELL DUDLEY, CLASS OF 1874.

By David Starr Jordan, '72.

William Russell Dudley, professor of systematic botany in Stanford University, was born on a farm in North Guilford, Conn., on March 1, 1849, and died at Los Altos, Cal., on June 4, 1911.

The fact that the writer has been intimately associated with Professor Dudley since the day he entered the freshman class at Cornell University, in September, 1870, will perhaps excuse the personal element in this little sketch.

The word "instructor" as a technical term, describing a minor assistant to a professor, had just then been invented, and the present writer had just been appointed "instructor in botany" under Professor Albert N. Prentiss.

One day, Professor Henry T. Eddy, now of Minnesota, brought to me a tall, well-built, handsome and refined young man, older and more mature than most freshmen, and with more serious and definite purposes. Young Dudley had an intense delight in outdoor things and especially in flowers and birds. He wanted to be a botanist, and had turned from old Yale, to which as a descendant of Chittendens, Griswolds and Dudleys he would naturally have gone, to new Cornell, because Cornell offered special advantages in science, and because at Cornell a good man could, if need be, pay his own way. For the rest of my stay at Cornell, Dudley was my room-mate, living in a cottage on the hill, built by students and termed "University Grove." In this cottage was established the boarding-club, known later and appropriately as "The Struggle for Existence," and in later and more economical times as the "Strug." For a time, Dudley paid his way by rising

* [Reprinted from *Science*, N. S., Vol. XXXIV., No. 866, Pages 142-145, August 4, 1911.]

at four o'clock to milk cows at the farm. Later he was made botanical collector, and this congenial work he kept up until he became my successor as instructor in botany. In college Dudley was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity, and took an active part in holding this society to the high ideals on which it is based. He was also a charter member in the honorary scientific society of Sigma Xi.

MANY WORKERS IN CLASS OF 1887.

Veranus Alva Moore, '86, Director N. Y. State Veterinary College.

The students who are obliged to work to earn their living while in college are excellent examples of the spirit of true Americanism. Such students have always been in the University and it is to be hoped that they will appreciate the advantages as well as the inconveniences of such a struggle. In the class of 1887 there were several fellows who came to Cornell with little else than a meagre preparation and a desire to secure a college education. I belonged to this class. In those days many students rented for a very nominal price unfurnished rooms, and furnished and cared for them themselves. There were also many boarding clubs where one of the number was made steward and for which he received his board. After my first year, I was the steward of such a club. In addition to this, in my sophomore year I took care of Professor Oliver's furnace and built the fires in the rooms of two instructors who lived in the house. I received much encouragement from Professor Oliver. It was my custom to go to his house about 5:45 each morning and as I passed his study window, I would frequently see him at his desk and when I came down from the upper rooms about an hour later, he would be in bed. Not infrequently he would come down to the furnace room to give some instruction accompanied with the statement that he had worked all night. He often used the expression "I have worked all night against time." This made me feel that after all my lot was not harder than his.

In the last two years, I did work for the botanical department, largely in collecting specimens for the laboratory exercises and the herbarium. For this I received fifteen cents an hour. Then

as now, there was a relatively small amount of this work that a student could obtain. It seemed as though there were "twenty men for every job." However as time has gone by, and I have come to have occasion to recommend men for responsible positions, there seem to be many places for every man who has properly qualified and disciplined himself for them. I find among those who are prepared that a goodly number are working students.

STRUGGLING FOR AN EDUCATION WHEN CORNELL WAS YOUNG.

Charles Albert Storke, '70, Attorney-at-Law, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Nearly forty-four years have passed since the time, when I, a young man, went to Cornell to finish my university work, but it seems only yesterday. My earlier life was spent in the west. I had been left fatherless at the age of seven, and my mother was without property. Necessity compelled me to earn my support at a very early age. When but eight years of age, I entered a printing office, and set my first type, while Buchanan and Fremont were candidates for the presidency. I remember printing a flag with the device "Buck, Breck and the Union," and flinging it to the breeze, at about that time. I alternately worked in a printing office and went to school, until I reached the age of fourteen. I then left home, never to return, and worked continuously at my trade.

In 1863, while working at Appleton, Wisconsin, where was located Lawrence University, my only associates were the college boys, and association with them convinced me that it was possible for an earnest student, unaided, to work his way through college, and I determined to do so.

The war was on, the country was calling for soldiers, and duty led me to enlist, although but sixteen. The bounties, state and national, amounted to \$500, and the thought, that when discharged, I would have a small fund with which to carry out my purpose, was an inducement to enlist. If I died, it was the end, if I lived, the money would assist in educating me.

Our regiment went through the Wilderness campaign, and was

present at Appomattox, but at Cold Harbor my name was among the missing. Four companies of the regiment, made up of 240 men, had charged across that bloody field; 169 were left bleeding, and 38 others, untouched, were prisoners. Eleven of these prisoners were from my company, and of these only three survived Andersonville. Discharged in May, 1865, I had \$675, and immediately I was found with books in hand, reviewing my school work. I had read some Virgil, and knew the Greek paradigms, and was more than an average mathematician. That is, I could enter college in mathematics, but in Greek and Latin I was sadly deficient. In '65 and '66, I finished my preparation and entered the small Baptist College at Kalamazoo, as a freshman in the class of '70. That summer vacation I spent in Chicago, working on Gunn's City Directory, and made good wages, earning some \$30 per week. At the end of my Freshman year, I went to Detroit, and worked on *The Advertiser and Tribune*, at the case. Work began at two o'clock in the afternoon and continued until three o'clock in the morning, seven days in the week; but the pay was good, reaching as high as \$30 to \$35 per week. This employment lasted until January, '68, when I returned to Kalamazoo and renewed my college work. Working early and late, I made up the work which I had lost, and was, at the end of the college year, a full fledged Junior.

Again in vacation, I went to Detroit, and again I worked on *The Advertiser and Tribune* until the college year opened. Cornell was then advertising the fact that an institution was opening in which any person could obtain instruction in any study; that a new era in educational work was about to begin, and I determined to go there. The university was to open on September 14, 1868, but due to the unfinished condition of the buildings, a postponement was had until October 7. I found myself on the campus ready for the September opening, and three weeks on hand before instruction would begin. This time was employed by me in such work as cleaning windows, and doing other odd jobs necessary to place the buildings in condition for occupancy.

The first day at Ithaca was a revelation to me, and I was charmed by the natural beauty of the campus. I wandered over the grounds now occupied by stately buildings, and down the

banks of the Cascadilla and Fall Creek, and felt as a discoverer of new land. I often look at the picture of the campus as it now is, and see the buildings there shown crowning the hill, and compare the view with that of the long, long ago.

My funds were low, and work must be found. Through the good services of Professor Morris, to whom I bore a letter of introduction, I secured students to coach, and thus added to my resources. Fifty cents an hour was the charge, and I averaged two hours of each day in this work.

To make our scant resources go farther, after two or three months spent in commons at Cascadilla, some ten or more of us formed a club and went down to the city, rented rooms, bought their own provisions, and hired a cook. Our expenses for food and cooking were less than \$2.00 each per week, and our rooms cost about \$2.00 per month.

Thus passed the first year at Cornell, and I entered upon the senior year. This vacation I found employment in the University Printing Office. The compensation was by no means as much as I had previously earned in work on the newspaper, and I started my senior year with less than \$60 available. I continued tutoring, and by the closest economy reached May of my graduating year. I had worked hard, had taken the Goldwin Smith honors, a prize of \$50, and had been complimented by President White for work under his instruction, but I was absolutely without resources. I had to stop; I went to President White, told him my situation, asked the payment of the \$50, the Smith prize, and that I might take my examinations before the examinations of the class, and receive my diploma with the class. This was granted.

I then went out into the great world, and have had my share of success, but that is another story.

After five years of hard work, continuous work, following an experience which is the fortune of but few living men, I obtained my diploma. Often have I regretted that my work deprived me of the opportunity to assimilate and digest the instruction given, but there never has been any regret that I went through Cornell, and may the institution live long to carry on the good work.

Isosceles.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.*

W. B. Hare.

CHARACTERS

Jim Lyons.

Reba Lyons.

Paul Verdier.

Scene: An elaborate living room of an apartment house in a large city in the middle west. The decorations and hangings are in shades of gold and brown. Library table stands down R.; elaborate reclining chairs R. C. and down L. To the left of this latter chair and near L. 1. E. is a nook, closed on three sides and open in the front, used as a telephone booth. Near the chair down L. is a taborette on which lies a fancy box containing the remains of five pounds of chocolates, and a vanity bag. Center door entrance with hall visible beyond. Entrance R. 2. with a practical door to slam. Bay window in flat at L. Library furniture and palms *ad. lib.* Time mid-afternoon. Lights on full throughout play.

At rise Reba is discovered lolling in easy chair down L. She is a large, beautiful woman with dull gold hair and, although she is not stout, ten years hence, when she will be forty, there is every evidence that she will be a seeker after the specialists. She is dressed in the skirt of an old gold coat-suit. The coat has been removed, however, and she is taking every comfort in a lace upper-garment with elbow sleeves and cut slightly low in the neck.

She opens the vanity bag and lazily takes out a small hand mirror. She regards her image thoughtfully and, evidently pleased with the effect, smiles pleasantly. She re-places the mirror in the bag and, carefully selecting a huge chocolate from the box, leans back and nibbles daintily.

Electric bell rings. Steps are heard and then an outer door

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(not visible) is opened and closed. Reba does not change her position. Slight pause and then the voice of Verdier is heard at back R.

VERDIER—Thank you, Crane. (*enter C. D. He is a handsome young chap of about 26, slim and dark, rather carelessly dressed. He carries a cluster of violets.*) (*Reba, still lolling down L., smiles and holds out her hand.*) (*Verdier grasps it eagerly*) Reba! (*kisses her hand*) Alone? Where's your husband?

REBA—I haven't seen him today. He's out with the Van Sickle crowd again. He knows that the very thought of that boat gives me the *mal de mare*, that's the reason he's so fond of it.

VERDIER—How beautiful you are to-day. You are my sun, Reba, my warm, golden sun shining through the world's cold indifference. All afternoon I've been walking in the cold, gray mist waiting for this moment, longing for the warmth of your smile, the gleam of your wonderful hair. (*He attempts to take her in his arms.*)

REBA.—I wish you wouldn't, Paul. I'm so unhappy to-day.

VERDIER.—Unhappy? You should never be unhappy. Your whole life, every moment, should be one uninterrupted joy.

REBA.—(*Sighs contentedly*). You are so sympathetic. You understand my temperament.

VERDIER. See, I have brought you a little bunch of violets. I found them underneath a bench in the Park. They had been neglected by the gardener, forgotten. They typified you. Alone, neglected, abused by—

REBA.—No, he don't abuse me. But he thinks he has a right to do as he pleases with my money. I won't stand that. He bought twenty shares of Tarantula last week, directly against Poppy's advice. Jim never had a business head. I've put a stop to it, though. After this I make my own investments (*eats a chocolate rather viciously*).

VERDIER.—Can't you see, Reba, that a man like Jim Lyons could never understand you, could never help you realize your beautiful ideals, or appreciate your finer nature?

REBA.—My temperament. It's true. He doesn't like music or poetry or sculpture. His only ambition is to be funny, to write

a few foolish songs and fifty pages of trash and call it musical comedy. (*Mournfully.*) Then he reads it to me. (*Sniffs.*) Oh, Paul, even you don't realize how I suffer.

VERDIER. I know—I know. Some day when the white violets are blooming and our own south wind blowing gently, magnolia-scented, I'm going to drive you away in your car to the Land of Love's Delight. It's a wonderful country, Reba, a land where there is no heart-ache, no neglect or shame or sorrow, but only life, the bright warm life of eternal youth and love.

REBA.—(*Selects a very large chocolate and begins to nibble.*)

VERDIER(*His arm encircling her*)—And we'll live there together, just you and I, with never a thought of the world outside. You'll go with me, dear heart? Say that you'll go. (*His face is very close to her's and she does not resist as he, with passionate eagerness, attempts to press his lips on her's. Her mouth is filled with the chocolate. Suddenly she chews. He draws away and, disengaging himself gently, takes the box of chocolates from her and crossing to the other side of the stage puts it on the table. She watches him languidly.*)

REBA.—It's not right for you to talk to a married woman like that.

VERDIER (*C.*)—It's not right for you to be a married woman without love.

REBA.—How do you know Jim don't love me?

VERDIER.—By his every attitude—his neglect. Where is he now? On the lake with his men friends—maybe with ladies—

REBA.—No. Jim don't care for other women.

VERDIER.—Well, he leaves you here alone. He should be here to devote every second of his time to you, to idolize you by day, dream of you by night.

REBA—(*Sighs.*) You understand me so well. (*Misses the chocolates and looks for them.*)

VERDIER—This can't go on any longer. My devotion to you has never changed. I saw you yesterday for the first time in five years. You were still the golden incarnation of my dreams. You cared for me once, Reba, you are mine now. Mine for all eternity. (*He starts to embrace her. She rises.*)

REBA—Don't, Paul, don't. You take advantage of my temper-

ament. But it's all true. Jim *does* neglect me, and yet he owes all his success to me and my money. I paid his bills when I married him and I produced his "Princess Deshabille." I lost money on it, too. He's not even grateful for what I've done. Just because I can't laugh at his stupid jokes, he neglects me. (*With increasing intensity*). He neglects me. I'm just like Mrs. Fiske in the *Doll's House*. Jim don't appreciate me. (*Crosses to table R. and dramatically takes up the box of chocolates*). He's gone too far—it's all gone too far. I'm going to shut the door, like she did, and leave him. (*Sinks in chair R. C. and eats a chocolate.*)

VERDIER—(*Crossing to her eagerly.*) And come with me? Reba, we'll go to the Land of Love. In the old days I worshipped you—

REBA—You left me. Why didn't you show this appreciation of my nature then?

VERDIER—I was poor. How poor even you never suspected. Do you remember the garden with the lily pond at Magnolia where you used to play with your dolls? I would come to the iron fence and watch you, a golden princess in a garden of enchantment. Then the night we met—

REBA—The Charity Ball. I cut six dances for you.

VERDIER—The old boat-house and the silver, crescent moon rippling in the lake and our south wind kissing the jessamine—

REBA—And you kissing me.

VERDIER—I learned to love the world that night. You gave me your heart with your kisses.

REBA—It was my temperament.

VERDIER—It was your self. Your golden, responsive self. Every jessamine breathed 'love', every ripple sang 'love'.

REBA—Yet you left me.

VERDIER—The next day I was sane. What had I, Paul Verdier, penniless, son of drunken Joe Verdier, to do with Reba Cohan, the richest girl in the Carolinas? People said you were engaged to Jim. Everything seemed hopeless. I was a coward and left you. But now that I see you again, Reba, I want you. Love must conquer all. Give me a chance. Say you'll go with me. (*He is seated on the arm of her chair.*)

REBA—(*After slight pause she throws arms around his neck*).
Paul! (*She kisses him*).

(*Enter Jim C. D. hurriedly.*)

JIM (*stands fixed C. at the scene, then speaks in a horrible voice*).—REBA!

REBA.—Jim—my God! (*mechanically eats chocolate*).

JIM (*strained voice*).—Go to your room. Get out. I want to speak to this—cur—alone.

REBA.—I won't go. You forget yourself, Jim Lyons. How dare you speak to me like that? Whose apartments are these? If you have anything to say, say it here and now. (*She has risen and confronts him R. C. Verdier crosses down R.*)

JIM.—Anything to say? Do you think I'm going to be silent? Do you think I'm going to stand here and let this snake that I've warmed at my hearth-fire make love to my wife. (*Verdier makes movement towards Jim. Reba intercepts him.*) I introduced you into my house as a friend, I return and find my wife in your arms. What have you to say for yourself. (*Threateningly.*)

VERDIER (*Confronts him angrily. Reba sinks in chair and hides her face*).—I—

JIM.—Don't speak. Don't try to explain anything. I want no explanations. We'll not quarrel and fight like a couple of street arabs. I'll not throw you down the stairs. But there must be a decision made at once. (*Verdier crosses to L. 1. E.*) Reba, do you love this man? (*She raises her head and starts to speak but Jim interrupts*). You do. I see it in your eyes. You the only woman in the world I ever loved. (*Brokenly.*) Reba, you've broken my heart.

REBA (*sniffing*).—Don't Jim, don't.

JIM—Go with him. If I can't have your heart, your love and your life, for God's sake go and leave me alone. I know what it is to be alone. But after you have gone, after you have deserted me, I'll go to the dogs as fast as I can. Sometimes I'll dream of the woman who once was mine, of the home I have lost—

REBA—(*Sobs*) I can't bear it, Jim, I can't bear it. I'll not leave you. I'll not go (*rises and clings to him*).

JIM—(*Quickly*) Do you think I want you when you love another

man? Out of my sight. I've done with you forever (*sinks in chair*).

VERDIER—Do you hear him, Reba, he casts you off.

JIM—I found you in his arms. You, the woman I loved and trusted, on whose honor I would have staked my life.

REBA—You—want—me—to—go?

VERDIER—Come.

REBA—I'll go. I'll leave you, Jim Lyons (*crosses to door R*). No man can talk about *my* honor. (*exit R. banging door*).

VERDIER—(*After a pause*) I suppose you will consent to a divorce?

JIM—Don't talk to me. It's all I can do to keep calm. You've won and I've lost. Take her and go.

VERDIER—(*Crosses to hall and gets hat—then suddenly comes down C*). Jim Lyons, why did you ever ask me to come here?

JIM—(*Looks up quickly ; slight pause*). That's what I ask myself—why?

VERDIER—You knew I loved your wife—that I understood her nature, her temperament, you neglected her—

JIM—Why didn't you marry her five years ago?

VERDIER—I was poor—she was rich—

JIM—She is still rich.

VERDIER—You mean—. (*suddenly*). I'll not do it. I've wronged you, Lyons. She's your wife in the sight of God and man. I'll leave her to you. You can win her love again. Good-bye.

JIM—What! (*seizes him and drags him down C*.) Where are you going?

VERDIER—Don't you understand? I'll sacrifice myself, my life, my love. Good-bye.

JIM—(*Holds him fast in C*.) Reba!

REBA—(*Enters R. with coat and elaborate yellow hat*.) Why did you call me? Do you want to insult me about my honor again? You'll never have another chance. I'm going to close the door like Mrs. Fiske. (*Takes candy box*.) I'm going away to live in the Land of Love's Delight. The Highway is beckoning me. Come! (*Grasps Verdier's arm and sweeps him out C. D.*)

JIM—(*Seated R. C. staring in front of him.*) (*Tense fixed look. Pause. The outer door slams. A great change passes over the face of Jim. Gives sigh of relief. Then smiles broadly, then laughs, then uncontrolled laughter, lying back in chair his sides shaking.*) The Land of Love's Delight. (*He laughs again and rising crosses L. and enters the telephone booth.*) Hello, Central. 6722—Party X—Green. (*Pause*). No. 6722. Yes, thank you.

(*Reba enters C. D. hurriedly, crosses to her room R. and exits.*)

JIM—Hello, Jerry. (*Pause*). No, I want Mr. Jerry Van Sickle. Is this 6722—party X—Green? Oh, wrong number. Beg pardon. Hello, Central, I wanted 6722—party X—Green.

(*Re-enter Reba with two enormous jewel caskets. She hurriedly examines jewels at table and locks each box.*)

JIM—Hello, Jerry—this is Jim. Everything's all right. It worked to a fare-thee-well. Reba has left for good. (*Reba hears—pauses—coming near the booth—listens*). Can you put me up on the boat tonight? (*Pause*). Fine. The very thing. We can sail tomorrow. (*Pause*). Sure, it's settled. Easy—easy. I'll pack at once. (*Pause*). Congratulations? Oh, much obliged. I'll be with you in an hour. You've got to promise though that we won't see a woman's face on the whole trip. (*Pause*). Sure thing. Good-bye.

(*Jim comes from the booth and is confronted by Reba standing C. like a Goddess of Vengeance, her breast heaving.*)

REBA—(*hollow voice*) *It—was—a—trick.*

JIM—Why did you come back?

REBA—(*holds up the jewel caskets*) I'm glad I did come back. It has shown you in your true nature, Jim Lyons. Paul is there waiting—the man I love—the man who loves me—but, do you think I am going with him? No, Jim Lyons, I'm going to stay right here. I'm your wife and not all the world can take you from me. (*Crosses quickly to booth*) Hello, Central Please give me 6722—Party X—Green. (*exit Jim R. quietly*) (*pause*) Hello, is this Mr. Van Sickle? This is Mrs. Lyons. Yes, Reba Lyons. (*pause*) Oh, yes—I'm at home. I must apologise to you for Jim's atrocious joke. I'm afraid he carried it too far. He's right here by me. He says he wanted to see how gullible you were.

Re-enter Jim from R. with coat, hat and grip. He tip-toes quietly across stage and exits C. D.) Now you see what it means to have a professional humorist for a bosom friend. I wish you a good voyage, Mr. Van Sickle. So does Jim. Good-by. (*comes from booth*) Now you see—(*looks around in amazement. Exit R. quickly. Pause—door R. slams as she is supposed to go from room to room. A faint cry of 'Jim' is heard and then she re-enters R. The coward—the coward. (goes to window and calls) Paul! The taxi's gone. (rushes out C. D.) (Pause) (re-enters C. D.) He's gone. (gives sigh, opens box of chocolates and eats. Takes off hat and coat, crosses stage and sits L. as she appeared at the beginning of the play. She eats a chocolate as the curtain falls.*

Cornell's Greatest Cross Country Team.

By Barrett Smith, '04.

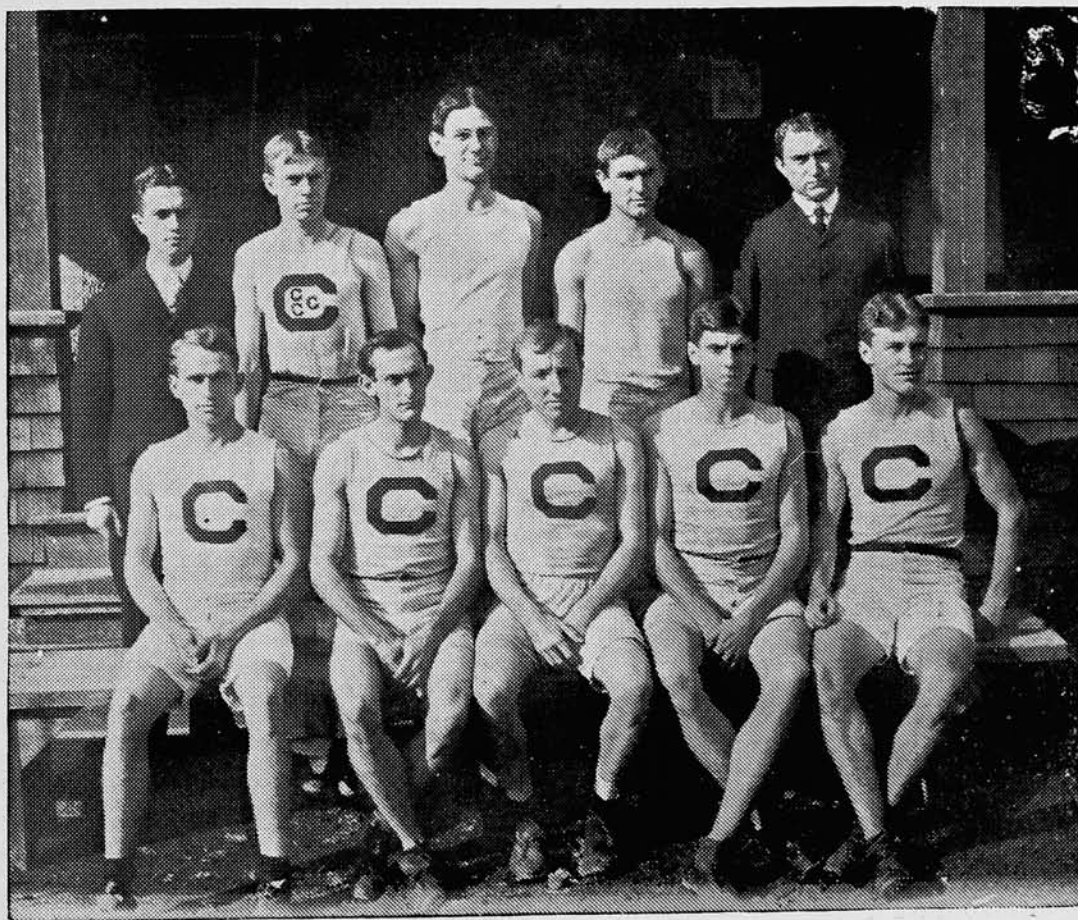
EACH year finds the colleges of the Intercollegiate Association taking a deeper interest in cross country running and preparing for the big race with a thoroughness that threatens Cornell's supremacy. During the last season the measure of this supremacy dwindled to a meager ten points and it may be fair to raise the question whether it is wholly due to the increasing strength of opponents.

The most impressive victory ever returned by a Cornell cross country team was that of 1903 with 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th and 12th places—all seven men inside the first dozen. Only four men counted in those days so the team score was 12, but had five men counted as now the score would have been 18. That is to say the average position of the Cornell runners was about six places better than in 1911 when the team score was 48!

While it can hardly be said that the last year was an "off year," it is true also that it was no better than the average year. Is it fair to compare an "average year" at the beginning of the second decade of the century with the best year at the beginning of the first decade? That is to say 1911 against 1903. This should not

be too severe a guage by which to measure the progress of the leading exponent in any sport—the average team of today against the best of a decade ago.

The winner of the 1903 race was W. E. Schutt, '05. K. W. Woodward, '04, was second man, T. M. Foster, '04, was third, E. T. Newman, '05, fourth, C. F. Magoffin, '07, fifth, D. C. Munson, '06, sixth, and R. S. Trott, '04, seventh. About the same margin, or a trifle more, separated Schutt and Woodward as separated Jones and Berna at the finish of the 1911 race, but taking each pair, Jones and Berna would of course cross the line one, two. Then would come Schutt and Woodward. Taking the third representative, of each team, namely Foster and Finch respectively, it will be remembered that the older man was at the very top of his form, a tried veteran running his last cross country race for Cornell. He never ran so well before, even when he won third



Ehrich Plumer Munson Magoffin Moakley
Newman Foster Woodward (Capt.) Schutt Smith

1903 VARSITY CROSS COUNTRY TEAM.

place in the Intercollegiate Two Mile. Finch has another year of running and will certainly improve a great deal, but during 1911 he was not Foster's equal as the latter ran in the 1903 race.

It will probably facilitate the comparison of the teams to take Foster, Newman and Magoffin as against Finch, Brodt and Longfield. Each of these trios was bunched, comparatively speaking, although the former three were much closer together as evidenced by their finishing in consecutive order. Newman was a desperately hard fighter and was probably more insensible to the punishment of a hard race than any other distance man Cornell has had. He relied little on style or form, yet developed such class that in the 1904 race he went out and won, cutting Schutt's record for the course (Travers Island) by some 20 seconds.

Magoffin was a most dependable performer and though a freshman in 1903, was practically a veteran having been a prominent school-boy champion. Unlike many such he continued to improve all through his college career both across country and on the track, and he wound up by forcing Rowe of Michigan to the then intercollegiate two mile record of 9.34, doing himself about 9.36.

The general effect then would be of matching three experienced and well-trying men against three having very little racing experience. Finch, Brodt and Longfield will certainly run much faster than they have yet done, but taken in 1911 they would hardly break into the combination of Foster, Newman, and Magoffin taken in 1903.

Therefore the order of finish between these two Cornell teams, each taken in the condition shown on its big racing day would have been :

<i>1903 Team</i>	<i>1911 Team</i>
-----	Jones ----- 1
-----	Berna ----- 2
Schutt ----- 3	-----
Woodward ----- 4	-----
Foster ----- 5	-----
Newman ----- 6	-----
Magoffin ----- 7	-----
-----	Finch ----- 8
-----	Brodt ----- 9
-----	Longfield ----- 10
-----	-----
25 Points	30 Points

Interesting though this comparison is, it ought to be still more indicative of fundamental conditions existing at the time, to take all seven men of each team. The sixth man in 1903 was Munson, the sixth in 1911, Putnam. Neither was exactly at home over the rough paths, though both figure as stars on the track. Captain Putnam's track record is familiar, but for the benefit of those whose memory does not go so far back, be it noted that Munson was twice Intercollegiate champion at the mile doing about 4.25 on each occasion. This is perhaps not quite comparable to Putnam's 1.55 for the half, but Munson was certainly stronger over the cross country route.

The seventh man in 1903 was Trott, who though a veteran, came back to the game after a year's absence from the University. In 1901 he had been cross country captain and finished fourth in that year's race over the extremely difficult steeple-chase course with its forty-five or fifty hedge and water jumps at old Morris Park. In the spring of 1902 he was an Intercollegiate point winner in the Mile and established a new Cornell mark of 1.57 $\frac{2}{5}$ for the "Half." But to return to the particular point, Trott was of the rugged type suited to rough going and so is preferred over Putnam, even allowing for the latter's admirable equipment for very fast middle-distance work on the track.

The scores, counting seven men, would run as follows :

<i>1903 Team</i>	<i>1911 Team</i>
-----	Jones ----- 1
-----	Berna ----- 2
Schutt ----- 3	-----
Woodward ----- 4	-----
Foster ----- 5	-----
Newman ----- 6	-----
Magoffin ----- 7	-----
Munson ----- 8	-----
-----	Finch ----- 9
-----	Brodts ----- 10
-----	Longfield ----- 11
Trott ----- 12	-----
-----	Putnam ----- 13
-----	Stevenson ----- 14
-----	-----
45 Points	60 Points

In this summary Munson is given 8th place on what seem to be the merits of the case. But one man separated him from Magoffin as the 1903 Race was actually run, and report had it that he might have done even better had not his glasses been knocked off and lost at one of the jumps. His eye-sight compelled him always to wear glasses in his races. It is not improbable that Trott would deserve a place or two better than he is above credited with. In his best shape he certainly would, and considerably more; but as we have seen, he was not at his best.

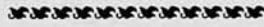
There is also a little more to the story that cannot be shown in the above table. There were two experienced runners, wearers of the varsity letter, in addition to the seven above named in the season of 1903 who classed up with the rest. In the last trials one of them actually finished fourth but was suffering from an injury that made it somewhat questionable whether he would last out the race in New York, so he did not go; while the doubt as to the other lay in his rather frail build for cross country, though he was good for 9.50 or better in the two mile.

What developed these nine men so evenly, and the thing principally to be emulated by Cornell cross country teams of the future, was their great team work. Under a captain who thoroughly understood and insisted upon team running it was developed to a high pitch. In fact it is probably not unjust to say that this is probably what constituted the principal difference between the two teams herein compared.

In 1903 the captain allowed no man to get in the mental habit of running in a certain position with regard to the rest, with this or that man always in front of him almost to a certainty and others behind in some more or less established order. Every day a new pair or possibly three would be told to cut out the pace and be held up to it by the captain and one or two of the older men, and the result was a continual shifting of positions and stimulation to renewed effort with no man knowing exactly where he stood, but likely to find himself rated higher or lower with each day's shift. This evenness did not result from a lack of stars either. The season started with at least one pronounced star, having almost as much claim on his record to be rated above the others,

as any in the past fall, but no gap was allowed to develop in the team on that account.

If the cross country alumni have any fault to find with the past season's work it was in the loss of the solid front and the appearance that the team was allowed to split wide open because of the tacitly accepted great superiority of two stars. What we all love in cross country not less than in every other branch of sport is team work, for it is what makes athletics most worth while and the only thing, moreover, that can keep our position unassailable.



First of February.

Earl Simonson, '12.

How clear the distances on this chaste morn !
There's laughter in the air !—Ah, I was born
To tramp across the hills into the west
And look upon the hinterlands that best
Are sighted in the first smile of the day.
There's April in these breezes ! Sun of May,
I hail thee, O thou loiterer in the east !
Thou biddest me to an ethereal feast
Where snow-fays and the dryads haply meet
To fright with giddy whirl and lightning feet
The balsamed solitude of some sweet brook.
Away ! like Prospero I'll sink my book !
Yon crystal valley holds more for a man
Than Learning and her sages ever can.

A Republic for China.

Su Hu, '14.

THE New Year bells, as Tennyson sang, did "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Amidst their merry chimes there was brought forth, in the ancient land of China, a republic. Liberty rejoices in it. China's sons are rejoicing in it. Yet the world hesitates to join in our voices of rapture and gratification. There are still sneers and laughter at the idea of a republic for China. It is in the defense of this "chosen music" of Liberty for China that I venture to submit to our American friends a justification of that new birth in China.

The world seems to have the misconception that democracy is entirely a new thing to the Chinese. I call it a misconception because, though China has been under monarchical government for thousands of years, still, behind the monarchs and the aristocrats there has been dominating in China, a quiet, peaceful, oriental form of democracy. The Book of History, the oldest of China's Classics, has the Golden Rule for the rulers :

"The people should be cherished,
And should not be downtrodden.
The people are the root of a nation :
If the root be firm the nation is safe."

Mencius, the Montesquieu of the Orient, said : "The people are to be regarded most ; the sovereign, the least. He who gains the favor of a feudal prince may become an official ; he who gains the favor of an emperor may become a feudal prince ; but he who wins the hearts of the people is the son of heaven, that is, the emperor."

That the people are to be regarded most has been the essence of the laws of China. Most founders of the dynasties were men who won, not conquered, the people. "Neglect of the people" has always been a pretext in every declaration of the numerous revolutions which terminated old dynasties and established new ones.

The power of the Chinese rulers has always been limited, not so much by constitutionalism as by the ethical teachings of our sages. The sovereigns had to observe that a ruler, as defined by the sages, was "one who shepherds the people." Very few rulers in Chinese history have dared to indulge in such extravagances and brutal cruelty as are described in English and French history. There were ministers and censors to censure, and revolts to dread.

Such was the Chinese despotism: such was the democracy or "people's strength" in China.

So much for the past. Now let us look into the China of today. There are on the Manchu throne the baby Emperor, the Regent, and the Empress Dowager. There are numerous Manchu princes who are born nobles and born officials. But among the Chinese there is no class of nobility. There are no princes, no lords, no dukes. "The officials," to quote from an article written by Dr. Wu Ting-Fang, formerly Minister to the United States, and now Foreign Minister of the new Republic, "spring from the people, and to the people they return." With the Manchu throne there will go all the Manchu princes! And there is no recognized royal family to set up in place of the departing royal house. Thus, as Dr. Wu further remarks, "with the Manchu throne removed there is left a made-to-order republic."

A leading weekly in this country argues that "political history almost universally shows that a monarchy, limited by constitutionalism, must in the development of nations, precede a republic of purely democratic form." I am no student of political history, but so far as I can see, if the purely democratic form of government had never come into existence, or if it had once appeared and been obscured by ages of monarchy and aristocracy, then a limited monarchy might precede a republic. But when men have beheld the example of this great country and of other nations where liberty and equality prevail, and have realized the merits thereof, they will never be satisfied with a monarchy. When the eyes of the people of Eden had once been opened, even the Almighty could not but let them go. This is precisely the situation in China. That the Manchu dynasty must disappear goes without saying. And, as I have said, there is no recognized royal family to set up in place of the departing house. Shall we, after so much struggle and so much bloodshed, be so ridiculous as to offer a crown to some individual, and set him up as a national ornament, merely for the sake of fulfilling a theory of political history?

And even if China needs a monarchy, who will be the emperor? The world looks upon Yuan Shih-Kai, the Imperial Premier, as the fittest man for the throne. But alas! the world has been greatly deceived by its short-sighted newspaper correspondents in

China! To the minds of the Chinese Yuan Shih-Kai is a mean man, a traitor! It was he who betrayed the late emperor and brought to a disastrous end the Reformation of 1898, which would have succeeded but for the treason of Yuan, and which, if it had succeeded, would have spared the world the Boxers' War and saved the Chinese from the shame and the weighty burden of indemnity which resulted from that war. During the short period of his premiership thousands of lives and millions of property were lost which would have been spared but for the ambitious efforts of Yuan. He is not in the hearts of the people: he has sinned against his country.

Others may suggest that we offer to some of our own revolutionary leaders, a crown instead of a presidential seal. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Dr. Wu Ting-Fang, or General Huang Hin would be the man. But while these are men who would willingly die for the welfare of their country, they are not fighting for personal ambition. They do not want to be Caesars or Diazes; they want and the people expect them to be only Washingtons or Franklins.

And even if China has the fit man for the crown, and a monarchy is set up; then, when the Chinamen have come to such a political standard as the Americans of the eighteenth century, what shall we do with the monarchy? The English people have spent a number of years trying in vain to diminish the power of the House of Lords,—not to speak of the Royal House. Why should we pave the way for bloodshed in the future, when it is now in our power to prevent it?

We have thus far seen the impossibility of the establishment of a monarchical government in China today. For several years China has had her provincial assemblies and her national senate. The Chinese have learned to elect representatives. They now decide to have a republic. Their decision is a wise one, for the world is tending toward democracy. You have all seen the "Young Turks" cast their Sultan into prison; you have all seen Portugal exile her king; and you have all seen Mexico elect her first President of the new Republic. China simply responds to the world's mighty, irresistible call. She has rung the first bell of Liberty in that great continent of Asia. May that sweet sound be prolonged and echoed throughout the whole earth, and

"Long may *our* land be bright
With freedom's holy light!"

A Night With The Boys.

Stanley P. Lovell, '12.

WHEN Olive married Charlie she had said to him, "Charlie, I don't want you to give up all your male friends, but I do want you to give up Jack. Of all the people that rub me the wrong way, Jack is the worst."

Could David have parted with Jonathan for the Queen of Sheba? Certainly not—they didn't live at the same time. But if they had, would he have done it? I doubt it. Would he have concealed his meetings with Jonathan? I am certain of it. The Ancients had the same domestic problems and the same domestic subterfuges that we moderns have. They found a monument in Egypt, recently, which portrayed in ancient mode the world old joke of the mother-in-law. The eternal hills will waste away before a man—a real man—will give up the cronies of his bachelor days.

* * * * *

They were reading in the living room. It was Saturday afternoon, rainy and cold, and there was nothing else to do. Supper was nearly ready.

How they ever started to read that driest of all books, Charles Reade's *Foul Play* would have been a mystery had not Olive been recently blessed with a birthday and this been one of the many gifts.

Her voice rose above the sound of the streets.

"Good news," he cried, "great news. We are rescued! A ship is in sight!"

"Her heart leaped into her mouth."

"A ship," she screamed, "where! where!"

She broke off and closed the book.

"Charles, you aren't listening," she said.

"Oh yes I am," he responded. "'Her heart was in her mouth'—there, you see?"

But Olive was not to be convinced. "No I don't," she said. "You've been as solemn as a judge ever since you came home from the office this noon." "How's the neuralgia?" asked Charles ignoring her statement. "Better," said Olive. "I won't have to take any more of those sleeping powders, Doctor Jones says."

Then Charles did a peculiar thing. He stood up, stretched himself, and asked in a poor attempt at nonchalance:

"Are you going out tonight?"

"Why, of all things, Charles! We were going to finish *Foul Play* tonight, don't you remember?"

"To be sure. I *had* intended to see Jack on a little business, however. I can 'phone him I suppose."

With which sour remark he doffed his smoking jacket, put on his sack coat and went out. As he left he dropped a remark about the necessity of getting some stogies at the store and of telephoning when he came back. He also dropped a letter from his coat pocket, and did not notice it. Olive did. Some women hold it a wife's right to read all that pertains to their husbands. They do this, but would consider it atrocious if the husband read the confidential little note that Mrs. Jones sent them this morning.

"Dear Old Horse," the letter read. "Come down to Jack's tonight. Ted and Stubby and all the old college crowd will be there. We'll make a night of it that will outdo anything Culver Hall ever used to see. Be sure to come. From Jack's we are going to The Council Room at the University Club."

"Oh, I don't *want* him to go—oh, what shall I do? Oh, I can just feel the neuralgia coming on again," sobbed Olive.

Neuralgia reminded her of the Doctor, which reminded her of her medicine, which in turn reminded her of the sleeping powders. With her brain full of machinations, she arose and went into the kitchen.

The front door slammed. Charles with a look of worry on his face, despite the stogie in his mouth, came into the room and changed his coat for the smoking-jacket. Being in the confidence of the Author, you are privileged to read his thoughts. They are simply told. They comprised a large hall with familiar faces on every side, familiar steins in every hand, and the old songs that he had not sung since the college days making the rafters ring.

"I must get away," he thought to himself, "Told 'em I'd come. There must be some way. Let me think."

He sat looking steadily at the medicine chest. As if hypnotized, he jumped up, the Big Idea dawning on him, and walked over to it, keeping his eyes on it the while. He opened it and pulled out a paper package.

"The sleeping powders!" he breathed. "There's a lot left—"

In a moment he was at the buffet and the contents of one paper were in the coffee percolator. The glass cover was noiselessly

laid on as Olive entered bringing in an armful of dishes for supper. She laid them down and turning to Charles said in a frigid tone.

“Better wash up.”

Now if there is one thing that the average husband hates to do, it is to “wash up.” If you gathered statistics from a hundred families I venture that in ninety-nine the man of the house always has to be told to “wash up.” The hundredth would be a soap manufacturer.

Be that as it may, Charles did wash up. When he came back he pulled up the chairs with as much noise as possible, jerked his napkin out of the ring with a force that sent the holder flying, and the supper was begun.

“The steak is a little tough” commented Olive. “I’m afraid we’ll have to go back to Haber’s Market even if they *are* higher priced.”

“Oh, the steak’s all right,” grunted Charles.

“Well, perhaps I had a tough piece. Yes, this is much better.”

“Tender as leather,” responded the man of the house.

“Have some more, Charlie.”

“I don’t want much. You see I—er—Jack insisted—that I meet him—

“What!” exclaimed Olive.

“—At the office tomorrow morning. Some insurance business he’s connected with.”

“Oh. Have some coffee?”

“No. By no means. You know I never drink it. Have some claret?”

“Pfaugh. Never.”

Each poured out a glass and cupful and drank. Whereupon each poured out another and repeated the process. Charles smacked his lips.

“My, that’s good,” he remarked, with a return to joviality.

“You better have some.” But Olive declined.

Eventually the dinner was over, and the dishes cleared away.

“You’re not going to wash them tonight, are you Olive?” sang out Charles, who was in the kitchen.

“Oh no—Mary can do them in the morning.”

With a stogie in his mouth Charles stretched out on the couch

and Olive took up the book. With rare solicitude he enquired,

"Now let's read *Foul Play*, want to?"

"Yes, whose turn is it?"

"Yours," quickly responded Charlie."

Picking up the book, Olive sat down by the table and deliberately and frankly yawned.

"Ho—hum. I'm rather tired tonight. Well, where were we—oh yes,—you remember the vessel was coming in to rescue Helen and Penfold."

" 'They don't see us,' said Penfold faintly."

" 'No,' said Helen, 'not yet.' It is all over."

"Not so—in three hours she will be here at anchor."

"Oh dear," interrupted Olive, "I must have over-eaten, I feel so lazy. Well, pardon me, won't you?"

She turned over a page, looked for a while at the book, then lay back in the chair. The volume fell from her hand to the floor and her eyes closed. Charles stood up over her.

"Olive," he called.

"Lemme shleep," she responded in an unintelligible voice.

Then it was that Charles danced on the floor and made for the telephone.

"Hello. University Club, 4861 Gramercy. Hello, I want the Council Room—John Bowler. Hello, that you, Jack? What! That you, Billy Bacon—well I'll be damned—you old cutup—say, I'll be right down—twenty minutes at most. Tell Jack. So long."

Hanging up the receiver, he went into the hall, took his coat and hat and returned to get his derby which he had left. In his attempt to get into the coat he stopped short and yawned violently and luxuriously.

"Gee, but I'm sleepy," he said. "Here, guess I need a little bracer."

Suiting the action to the word, he filled one, and then another glass from the claret bottle on the buffet.

Again he attempted to get into his coat, but reeled and yawned, finally staggering onto the couch. With a look of admiration such as he had never before bestowed upon his wife, he said thickly,

"Guess I ate too m'selfsh."

A Plea for the "Canned-Drama."

F. G. Johnson, '13.

AND now the picture-show.
"It is time that the mothers and fathers in this city learned that these shows are dens of iniquity, where their children may be ruined . . . I take this opportunity of saying to the fathers and mothers in this city that there are no dens of iniquity in which their children may be lost to them forever so completely as in these shows."

Thus, in his infinite wisdom, did a Judge in General Sessions in New York characterize a form of entertainment which holds forth daily in ten thousand theatres, exhibiting to a daily audience of more than four millions of persons.

That Judge O'Sullivan was not alone in his belief, cannot be denied. The newspapers constantly bring to our notice the hysterical efforts of numerous well-meaning but misguided fanatics, who clamor for "uplift"; for police surveillance; for legislation enforcing local censorship; for the appointment of local boards of censorship—on a salary—and they declare themselves jolly well fitted for the job. Even the *St. Louis Star* remarked that "far better than any discussion of means to close" them up "would be some practical plan for raising the moral and educational standard of the shows they give. Who will do the practical thing and supply high class films to the picture theatres?"

The fact is that this uplift business has been going on, and is going on, and will continue to go on, regardless of the wild attacks and denunciations of these busybodies, whose very efforts betray their ignorance of the subject. And this continued improvement is due largely to the manufacturers themselves. The manufacturers are in the business to sell films, and the one who puts forth the best work will do the greatest business. He must produce the kind of picture that the local exhibitor calls for, and this exhibitor dares not—even if he would—present a picture that stands a chance of offending his patrons. The house manager is out for the best that can be had, and the manufacturer is out to give it to him.



Robert Louis Stevenson's
"THE BLACK ARROW"
* (Edison).

The Edison company has successfully depicted, in this elaborate and spectacular film, the troublesome times of the 15th century, during the bitter warfare then raging between the houses of Lancaster and York.

Now comes the argument: "This is all very well for the high class houses, but what of the managers who wish to make a deliberate appeal to the coarse and vulgar—who would pander to the depraved tastes that pictures of an improper character? How can we get at them, without uniform compulsory censorship?" The answer is, that it is doubtful whether any exhibitor could obtain films of this nature. The demand would be so small that it would pay no manufacturer to produce them. But if this should occur, it would be a case for the local police authorities, and could be quickly settled.

A Miss Kate Davis, of Pennsylvania, who has come in for some not altogether complimentary publicity at the hands of the *Dra-*

matic Mirror, the *Moving Picture World*, and other publications of a like nature, is reported to have been lecturing extensively on the "Evils of Moving Picture Shows," demanding that we eliminate the "impure and vicious," and crying for rigid government censorship. Among other things she demands that all pictured stealing, murder and drunkenness shall not be tolerated, and that there shall be no indecent suggestion or evidence of domestic infelicity.

Just think of that. No crime, no wrongdoing, no "domestic infelicity," not one step from the golden path of virtue, no matter how presented, nor how strong the moral. The result would be—nothing. Apply these principles to literature and to the stage, and what would become of Belasco, of Clyde Fitch, Charles Klein—even of William Shakespeare? Must we descend to the tone of "Elsie" and "Little Rollo" for the amusement and education of our masses?

There is a Board of Censorship in New York City, on whose Advisory Committee are found such names as those of Lyman Abbot, Felix Adler, Jacob A. Riis, and John Collier. The National Board of Censorship passes on *all* motion pictures destined to pass through regular trade channels to the show houses of America. This means that practically every film shown in this town, and in every town in the United States, has been viewed by a volunteer committee of the ablest men and women in the largest city in the country.

The strange impression entertained by some people that moving pictures as a class are vulgar and coarse and degrading and harmful, will be quickly dispelled by personal investigation. The film that can be taken by any possible construction to be unwholesome, is indeed the exception.

"The ideals and practical method of the Board of Censorship may be summed up in a few words. Primarily, motion pictures are a form of dramatic art, and, as such, they deal with real life and the problems of real life, and among these problems are moral problems, involving conduct which, in real life, would be criminal. The drama of all ages has dealt with real life and its serious moral problems, and the Board of Censorship recognizes that moving pictures are essentially a form of drama. But the Censoring Committee insists that there shall be no sensationalism



ENOCH ARDEN

(Biograph)

A very successful two-reel picture.

and no representation of crime, except with the object of conveying a moral lesson. "Crime for crime's sake" is condemned. Certain socially forbidden themes are, of course, proscribed, and any leaning toward oversensationalism is discouraged. But for the extreme demand which is sometimes made, namely, that all pictures of crime or violence be forbidden, the board is compelled to point out that such a standard would prohibit practically all of Shakespeare and the other classics, and even some of the best Biblical motion pictures that have been made, and would likewise make impossible such historical pictures as the life of Washington.

"Nor is it possible to confine motion pictures to these themes which are entirely proper to discuss in the presence of children. Many legitimate themes of literature, drama and general interest are looked upon as topics for adults, which cannot be gone into exhaustively with children. It is unlikely that many children either understand or take an interest in the complex problems of social life which the theatre and likewise the motion picture sometimes makes use of. Large as is the number of children who attend motion-picture shows, more than two-thirds of the total audience is adult. Much that the adult receives and can healthfully digest simply goes over the heads of children, and if children are

defended from the calculated immoral lesson and from excessive scenes of horror and violence, and from a too large proportion of any kind of violence, much, at least, has been accomplished. In any case, the child is subject both to his parents and to the local laws which in many cases exclude unaccompanied children from motion-picture shows."

It is a significant fact that nine-tenths of the American theatre-going public find their amusement at the moving-picture theatres. And moving-pictures are without a doubt the purest form of entertainment, regardless of price, available to the public at large.

The "Photoplay" is not only a source of amusement to the idle public; it is the theatre of the poor, the newspaper of the uncultured, and the school-room of the urchin. It presents life in all its phases, except in its low phases. It reproduces current events; it portrays the wonders of the natural, scientific and industrial world; it visualizes—and does it adequately—the wonderworkings of the pens of Browning, Shakespeare, Goldsmith and Dickens; its clean comedy furnishes a hearty laugh, and the heart-throbs of its dramatic films awaken the noble and manly in the boy, the virtuous and womanly in the girl, and the best part of what is human in all of us. Its cheapness attracts a class of people who cannot afford to patronize the high-priced amusements, and this class is more in need of occasional mental relaxation and entertainment than any other. It is unquestionably true that a great many of the poorer classes of people, inclined to become pessimistic and discouraged over the unvarying routine, are benefitted in their individual and home life by reason of the opportunity to patronize a form of entertainment that they can afford.

A large class of people find in the pictures their sole source of amusement, and "follow the pictures" with avidity. They are as familiar with their picture-players as many are with the "legitimate" stars, and hail with delight the appearance of Maurice Costello or Arthur V. Johnson on the screen; Florence Lawrence, Mary Pickford, Gene Gauntier—and a score of other stars have their admirers, who are ever willing to explain why their favorite is the one best bet in picturedom, and can cite a hundred films—and by name—to prove it. They can tell you what company Marion Leonard has just signed with, and will point out John Bunny,

"that funny fat man," who is trying to look serious while the declaration of independence is being signed. They read the theatrical papers regularly, and take frequent advantage of the correspondence columns maintained by the *Dramatic Mirror* and the *Motion Picture Story Magazine*, to become familiar with the new faces that appear from time to time.

The fact that the pictures are of the right sort needs no better proof than their liberal patronage at the hands of a college bred audience. Notable pictures are received with noisy but none the less sincere applause; and the management has only to hang out a six-inch sign, "Pathe Weekly today," to fill the house to capacity; and in the middle of the week, at that.

Have these self-appointed reformers ever seen Edison's "Black Arrow," "The Lure of the City," or "The Awakening of John Bond," Lubin's "District Attorney," Thanhouser's "Lorna Doone" or "David Copperfield," Biograph's "Mazeppa," or "The Unchanging Sea," Melies' "The Immortal Alamo," Urban's "Fly Pest," Pathe's "Boil Your Water," Imp's "The Charleston Hurricane" or "From the Bottom of the Sea?" Have they seen any of hundreds of the educational and high-class dramatic pictures that are being shown daily? It is safe to say that they have not.



"THE AWAKENING OF JOHN BOND"

(Edison).

This film, released Dec. 5, 1911, is the fifth health film, and the second dealing with the Red Cross Seal movement, issued by the Edison firm. It was produced with the co-operation of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Respect for the Flag at Cornell.

Lieutenant W. E. Gillmore, U. S. A.

IN the busy and hurried life which nearly all successful Americans lead in our great country, matters of sentiment and patriotism rarely receive the thought or attention accorded them in the older European and Oriental countries. Frankly I do not think that it is because of the lack of those feelings in our make-up that we do not more often show them; for when some really great event stirs our people, the response is always forthcoming. These things are rarely taught to us as children, when impressions are vivid and lasting, so that naturally in our maturity we do not practice the little niceties which show the deference and respect really felt at heart by all true Americans for that beautiful and significant emblem, our flag.

Have you ever experienced that gripping of the throat, that welling up of all the feelings of love and respect which we all have for the flag, when you have first seen it on a return from a long voyage; or, as you have all seen it—borne by the gray-haired, feeble, old veterans in their annual parade on decoration day? Look, the next time you see one of these parades, at the face of the man selected to carry the flag. Here you will find written true patriotism, love, and pride.

A very pretty custom is observed at all army posts—the raising of the flag at reveille and the lowering of it at retreat, each procedure always accompanied by a fixed ceremony. At sunrise, or reveille, a non-commissioned officer of the guard carrying the flag and escorted by two privates marches to the flagpole just before reveille is sounded by the bugle corps. Then at the first note of the reveille, or if the band is present and a march is played, at the first note of the march, the morning or reveille gun gives the signal for the detail to start raising the flag.

At sunset when the troops of the garrison are paraded for retreat a similar detail to that which raised the flag proceeds to the flag-staff and at the last note of the sounding of retreat by the bugle corps, the evening or retreat gun is fired and the flag is low-

ered slowly while the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner." If no band is present the bugles sound "To the Colors." All officers and soldiers in ranks or under arms in the garrison stand at attention during the lowering of the flag; those not in ranks, and all ladies and gentlemen present, standing facing the flag as it is lowered. The officers and soldiers are required to raise the hand in salute as the last note is played. Before 1907 all officers and soldiers not in ranks were required to remove their hats and place them on the left breast during the ceremony attending the lowering of the colors at sunset.

This mark of respect to the colors and the requirement of all officers and soldiers to rise and stand at attention while "The Star Spangled Banner" is being played brings to my mind the fact that that would be a splendid law, which is frequently discussed, forbidding the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" in a medley. The War Department has issued such instructions to the army and no service band is permitted to play this beautiful piece in a medley. Very frequently an audience would be glad to rise and pay the respect which they feel for the grand old piece, but how often, just when people have done this, the orchestra swings into some popular tune, making those who have risen feel embarrassed!

Another beautiful army custom is that of saluting, when passing, the national colors and regimental standards usually carried by troops at ceremonies and on marches, and always into battle. I would like to suggest to the members of the University that we also join in paying this mark of respect to the colors which are carried by the cadet corps at ceremonies in the spring term.

In many of our states laws have been passed requiring the school authorities to fly the national colors over school houses on all days when school is in session. Would it not be a splendid thing for the children if our teachers in public schools would go a little further and make a ceremony of the lowering of the flag in the afternoon? The pupils could be assembled in the school yard, the boys be required to remove their caps and all the children to stand at attention during the ceremony. In warm weather the scholars might sing a verse of "The Star Spangled Banner". No

one, I believe, will dispute the good influence this little ceremony would have on the children, and to my mind it would be especially valuable in schools where a large number of the children are of foreign birth.

This suggestion I would like to offer to the members of the University. At sunset, when the flag is lowered from the University flag-pole in front of the Armory, would it not be a splendid thing for us all to stop during the brief time it takes to lower the colors, the men to remove their hats and stand at attention facing the flag? Surely we would all go to our homes feeling better, and the practice is one which I believe all Cornellians would in time be proud of.

The lowering of the colors will in the future be performed by members of the cadet corps detailed for that purpose, and I hope that all who take kindly to the suggestion will by their example give the idea a start.



Mumps: the Recent Epidemic and its Lessons.

S. A. Munford, M.D.

MUMPS or epidemic parotitis, as it is called by medical men, is classed as one of the childhood diseases. That is it occurs oftenest during the period of adolescence. From the fifteenth year on, it is less common, partly due to the fact that the susceptibility is not so great, and in part to the fact that so many are immune owing to a previous experience. Second attacks are rare.

It has all the characteristics of a germ disease although the particular germ has never been demonstrated. This is possibly due to the germ's minuteness or its transparency which renders it invisible to ordinary examinations. The opinion is well grounded in medical circles that its discovery is only a matter of a few years, which, as in the case of the tubercle bacillus, should be the beginning of a new chapter in its history.

As a trouble maker mumps has never ranked with the worst. Alone it practically never causes death or even serious symptoms, though it may be painful and annoying. By reason of its infectious nature, however, it renders its possessor objectionable, since valuable time may be lost by a widening circle of victims. This was well shown last year when the presence of a few cases early in the year resulted in a total of 184. Some of these, by losing time at a critical period, failed in the work of an entire term. No further proof is needed, that the suppression of this or any similar disease is greatly to be desired.

Theoretically an infectious disease may be combatted in one or more of four ways;—(1) preventing its entrance; (2) rendering all persons likely to be exposed, immune; (3) curing the actual disease; and (4) preventing further spread by rigid quarantine of the known cases. The exclusion of all cases is impossible. On January 16th, 1912, a student developed mumps after an exposure, sixteen days before, while at his home.

During the intervening time no human power could say whether or not he would be ill. Unfortunately most of the transmissible diseases are each just as elusive during the time developing or period of incubation as it is known. It will be noted in this connection how much our health depends on the standards of other places.

Nor is it practicable to artificially immunize for all diseases. They are numerically so great that such methods must be reserved for the illnesses dangerous to life. Also in the case of mumps the virus being unknown and the disease always having been considered almost innocuous the discovery of an immunizing substance has not yet occurred.

As to cure, there are few specifics in use, a specific being a substance that has a direct antagonism to disease germs, the best example being, the action of quinine on malaria. In the case of mumps no such thing is known. It is readily apparent, then, that we are forced to turn to the fourth of the methods, the prevention of the spread by quarantine. In rigid quarantine we have our one best weapon of defense. But, I hear you say "did we not have this same method last year?" We did, but the weak point in the system was the tendency for the students to regard the

disease in question, as 'too harmless' to need a physician. The result was a few days in the room, and then return to classes. To correct this the new excuse system was adapted; that is, each student is requested to report an illness at once to the medical office unless he has his own physician in attendance. An excuse is not granted for illness except by the medical office and must be obtained before the resumption of class work. This should insure all students having any transmissible illness a medical inspection, and so prevent the inexcusable carelessness so common last year.

So much for the disease known as mumps. It has been mentioned specifically because it is the most recent in epidemic form and because of numerous questions regarding it, but what is presented by it is also presented by other diseases with variations only of detail. It is quite possible that local excellence in dealing with all of the list could reach a very high degree and yet permanent advancement be lacking. Could every community be persuaded to do its duty in matters that concern physical welfare it is conceivable that sanitation would be furthered greatly, but, as long as standards vary, the efforts of one locality are neutralized by the carelessness of another. Something more is needed.

It is quite apparent that physical well being, a matter that concerns us all, is in a chaotic state. A review of all that is known of the means calculated to combat disease is largely a review of personal efforts. This means that work has been reduplicated many times over and in the end has resulted in a multiplication of theories from which one must choose according to his judgment. So, if we are inclined to pat ourselves on the back at our advanced ideas, let us pause and look a little further. The question of the wisdom or advisability of a sanitary law is a thing to be comparatively easily determined. Unfortunately it is too little realized that mere argument is of no use. As reported to have been said by Robert Koch in the tuberculosis congress in Washington, "No amount of argument will alter a fact." What is needed is investigation. Many of the popular ideas concerning health have not been so obtained. They are, to some extent, the result of personal experience, but, in part, the result of fetish, of irresponsible minds and of shrewd advertising calculated to create a demand for some money making nostrum.

For fear this may seem overdrawn a few examples will not be amiss. The "mad stone" is used in rabies; a bag of asafoedita worn around the neck to prevent "contagious" diseases; a soiled stocking wrapped about the neck to cure a sore throat; quinine to cure a cold. The belief is held that malaria comes out of the ground; that each bodily movement is likely to dislocate one or more of our vertebrae, causing remarkable chains of symptoms; that woolen material does not make good towels, therefore it does not make good underwear; that hydrogen peroxide is harmless, and therefore to be used on all cuts and abrasions. Similar examples which are accepted by many without thought could be mentioned by the hundred.

There is a tendency, to try anything that is suggested in print, regardless of who suggested it or what an analysis of its merit shows. So, clearly, what is needed for our guidance is a reliable body of persons trained to seek the truth, whose word would be trustworthy, and deserving of weight. Such a body should be national in character and above the corrupting influence of politicians. Their conclusions should not be forced on us but should indicate, for our guidance, what is wise, as far as human investigation can determine. This suggestion will be strongly antagonized by those who have something at stake, and it needs no special discernment to see that the controlling element of their antagonism will be the American dollar. However, there is ground for belief that public sentiment will not long permit trifling with that priceless possession—health.

Health study in all its aspects must become a part of the duty of the government. A national department of health is inevitable. We have too long labored with details when the system was at fault. Change the system and the trivial complaints will be more easily managed.

What's in a Name?

A. E. G.

"What's in a name?" cried love-struck Juliet and speedily found that utmost unhappiness and disaster came about because the name her lover bore was that of her father's ancient enemy. Whether there be anything in name or not, they are often most interesting and significant. One cannot look through any extended list without noting many that are curious and suggestive and the current year's "Directory of Faculty and Students of Cornell University" is no exception.

When surnames were first adopted by individuals they were often derived from the occupations by which they were of service to their kind. This explains the abundance of *Smiths*. They were the most numerous and important of artisans in the old times when all weapons and armor, all locks and bars, and tools of every kind must be the production of their skill. Cornell's roster bears the name forty-four times repeated. The comparative value of iron and the precious metals is shown by the fact that she has but one *Goldsmith* and two of the companion trade of *Giltner*. She has fifteen *Millers* but only five *Mills*; ten *Fishers* (or *Fischers*) to only two *Fish*, *Karp* and *Pickerell* being the species named. There are nineteen *Taylors* and a *Clothier*, occupations that are patronized by good *Dressers*; and one may find whole *Suits* in the list with *Coate*, *Cape* and *Vail*, even to *Cuff*, *Koller* and *Stockings*. The material may be *Woollen* and if too large put a *Tuck* in it. Should the *Chin* have a *Beard* there are *Barbours* to remove it.

Eight *Carpenters* and half that number of *Masons* are listed and of buildings which their names suggest, there are four *Churches*, four *Kirks*, two *Houses*, five *Barnes*, a *Temple*, a *Tower* and a *Hightower*, likewise a *Whitehouse*. *Roof*, *Beahm* and *Garrett*, *Brackett* and *Bannister*, are mentioned, also three *Posts*, a *Mallett* to set them and two *Gates*. Of building materials there are *Wood*, *Steel* and *Stone* with *Derricks* to aid in moving them.

The list contains ten *Bakers*, eight *Cooks* and two *Butlers* and of good things to be *Eaton* the *Buttery* yields *Ham*, *Bacon*, *Wheat*, *Rice*, *Coffey*, *Milks* and *Curd*, with *Curry* and *Pepper* for seasoning, *Honey* and *Honeywell* for dessert, and one may have choice of *Champaign*, *Sherry* or *Sourwine*. Of fruits the six *Gardners* may bring in *Sweetapple*, *Peach*, *Plum* and *Lemon*, *Berry* and *Newberry*, the two last gathered with the *Hull*; *Filbert* and *Chestnut* also, with or without *Burr*. It is well to *Munch* and *Chew* these carefully.

Many other trades are represented; there are *Skinners*, *Fletchers* and *Tanners* with a few *Hydes* and several *Shoemakers*; *Slaters* and *Tylers* find place; *Turners*, *Coopers* and *Brewers*, *Potters*, *Weavers* and their *Webbs*, *Wagner*, *Carter* and *Cartwright*, all are here with, of course, a *Merchant* to make labor worth while. Ancient vocations are kept in memory; no longer to the wandering *Bards* and *Harpers* or pilgrim *Palmers* entertain with music and story; itinerant *Chandlers* and *Fullers*, *Sawyers* and *Thatchers* go their rounds no more,—but the names have come down to workers in other ways. There are *Fowlers* and a *Bowman* as well as the *Hunter* with the *Gunn* of modern days; even the *Savage* with a *Spear*.

There is but one *Teller* to two *Banks*, which is not enough, for Cornell is *Rich*, having *Cashin Coyne*, *Bills* and *Bonds*, not to speak of an odd *Penney* and a *Shilling*; she has a *Coiner* too, were it *Proper* to offer him employment; also she has *Jewells* rare, of *Diamond*, *Ruby*, *Pearl* and *Garnett*. *Strong* should be her *Lockes* and *Barrs* and even then a *Key* or *Keyes* might be found to fit and *Wiley* men of *Kraft* and *Guile* might *Rob* her.

The *Sextons* have a puzzle to solve for there are but two *Graves* to five *Coffins*, though it might happen that one of those who *Dye* be a *Seaman* and find a *Seagrave*, or the *Blood* of one might be shed in a *Deuel* and his last *Couch* be hidden.

Cornell has *Squires*, *Knights* and *Nobles* and other dignitaries of high degree; *Bishops* with *Cross* and *Crosier*, *Abbott* and *Munk* and three *Popes*. She has a *Kaiser* and no less than ten *Kings*, but only one *Prince*; *Alderman*, *Laird* and *Earl* may render homage and there are three *Pages* and five *Chamberlains* to attend them. There are *Elders* and *Parsons*, *Deans* and

Proctors, Provost and Marshall. Of the military there are several *Sargents* and a *Major*. Names of great men of the elder days appear; *Oliver Cromwell* is here in the flesh, and namesakes of gruff *Samuel Johnson* and greathearted *John Howard*. The poets *Thomas Gray* and *Bayard Taylor, Browning, Milton* and *Shakespeare* with the immortal *Hamlet*. *John Sherman* is not dead and *William Taft* of the White House is not the only one.

It is to be hoped that the young folk may *Embody* some of the good qualities indicated by their names. *Love* and *Hope* are here and *Comfort, Bliss* and *Blessing*. We have a *Braveman*, a *Goodman*, a *Merriman*, a *Wellman* and a *Freeman*. *Blythe* and *Merry* of *Soule* should they be, *Hardy* and *Swift* and without *Fear*. *Champions*, the world over, of a loved *Alma Mater*.

Cornell has all ages of *Child, Ladd* and *Mann* and several who will be forever *Young* and always *Wright*. Of nationality they may be *French, Irish, Welch* or *Scott* or *Dutcher* than sourkrout; they may be *Short* or *Tall* or *Little* and *Small*, it matters not if they are *Smart* to *Learn* and honor their college *Law*.

The animals that man has killed or conquered have had an effect on the names that he has chosen for himself in the past and Cornell has a *Herd* of them. *Bull* and *Steers, Stagg* and *Bucks*, a *Hogg* and *Lambs* enough to need a *Shepherd*; creatures of the *Wild* too; *Wolfe* and *Lyon, Otter* and *Badger, Fox* and *Coons*, not to speak of the fabled *Griffin*. The *Bird* also has its innings; three *Robbins*, eight *Martins*, two *Finches, Cocks* and *Henn, Cranes, Swans* and a *Peacock*, even the mythical *Phoenix* find a *Pertch* at Cornell.

The peasant father of the great *Linnaeus* took his surname from the mighty *Linden* tree that shaded his cottage, and other men have loved plants and taken names from them. Cornell's *Woods* have *Ash, Birch, Beach* and *Thorne*, with mention of *Branch, Bole, Brush, Cone* and *Sprigg*, besides the whole *Tree* and *Plant*. There is a *Stack* of *Hay*, and *Cotton, Mullen, Heath* and *Hedges* and a whole bunch of *Reeds*. *Rosenbloom* and *Roses* are also *Flowers* of the *Campus*. Parts of the body have sometimes named their owner; for here are *Hand* and *Hart, Legge* and *Foote*, which last may be a *Broadfoot* or a *Lightfoot*.

Names have been taken from the elements ; here are *Ayer* and *Waters*, *Frost* and *Snow*, *Dew* and *Fogg*, *Flood*, *Hale* and *Gale*; *Fairweather* too, and *Starrs*. Times and seasons are here ; *Days* and *Weeks* and a *Morrow*, *Springs*, *Summers* and *Winters*. Of the points of the compass there are *North*, *South*, *Southard* and *West*. Colors are well represented ; the College is done very *Brown*, there being thirty of that name, besides many *Blacks*, *Blues*, *Grays*, *Greens* and *Whites*. Beauties of nature are not wanting ; *Hill* and *Dale*, *Field* and *Park*, *Mead*, *Marsh* and *Lea*, with *Greenwood Bowers*, *Brooks* and *Lake*.

But this list has grown too *Long* and may *Weary* the reader. Whatever the name may *Bee*, it is certain that Cornell is a *Friend* to its owner, believing that *Studes* come here with the *Will* to do the *Very Best* they *Kann* and *Work* so *Well* as to be *Abel* to win *Marks* of *Merritt*. May their numbers increase greatly for this *Newland* will surely *Needham* all, and *Alma Mater* will do all in her *Power* to send each one forth a *Victor* and *Leader* among his fellows.



Drinking Song.

A TOAST.

Cup the girl with cerulian eyes—
Cup the face of the maid who'll unmask it ;
But fill me a glass to the jolly lass
Who will give me a kiss when I ask it.

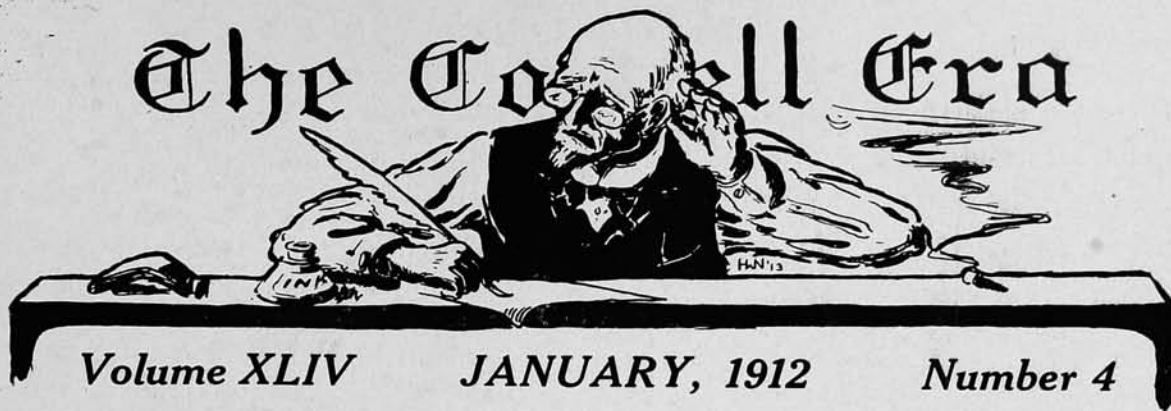
Empty your flagons of nut-brown ale
To maids that are joyful and smiling—
But drink to my lass—whom no age can surpass—
When she purses her lips in beguiling.

And love is a strange thing everywhere,
And the devil may dwell in maid's kisses,
Let the old devil dance, for I'll run the chance
Of his leaving the lips of the misses !

So drink your wine to your own true love,
To her hair and her shawl and her basket.
But pledge me the most when I call for the toast
To the maid who will kiss when I ask it.

S. P. L.

The Cornell Era



Volume XLIV

JANUARY, 1912

Number 4

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There exists at Cornell a class of students peculiar in that they are eligible to most of the benefits of student life yet are here for only a third of the college year. Furthermore, these men have had little of the training that the regular students must have before they can enter the University. We refer to the "Short Course Students in Agriculture."

Short-Horns and Cornellians.

It is not surprising that they do not enter into the true significance of college life. It is disappointing, however, to learn of incidents like that at Auburn, where Short Course men in a mistaken burst of college spirit made the welkin reverberate with their Poultry Course yell.

Most of the responsibility for restraining the exuberance of the "short-horns" rests with the instructors who superintend these excursions. These men naturally encourage a spirit of good-fellowship—a "college" spirit—among their students, but they must be brought to see that short course men are *not* Cornell men and should not be encouraged to pose as such.

Woodford Patterson has coined the term "rah-rah college boy."

True Cornell men deprecate this type, insofar as it is a type, but the "short-horns" seem to miss the real spirit of Cornell and see only the superficial, comic-supplement side of college life. In this way they do inestimable harm to Cornell's good name.

The vast benefits of the short course need not be emphasized here—they are obvious. Without in any way detracting from them, the men in charge can, by an exercise of tact, keep the short horns from posing as regular students of Cornell. The man who sees a crowd of students on the corner of Genesee and State St., Auburn, giving a Cornell yell, cannot distinguish between classes of Cornell men. He knows only what he sees, and his opinion of Cornell is correspondingly lowered.

The chief objection should come from the seniors in the College of Agriculture who have to meet more or less competition from a few short course men who style themselves "Cornell Ag. men."

It is a big problem, this of two classes of students taking the same kind of work. The bigger problem outlined in the preceding paragraph concerns the Agricultural College alone; the smaller one of the "rah-rah" exhibitions concerns every Cornellian.

And now the unmarried instructors and professors want a Residence Hall! We are no prophets, but in the increasing cry for dormitories we believe we see the motive force that will one day cover the Library Slope with homes

Dormitories Again. for every student at Cornell.

Later we will be able to offer what seems to be a solution, or a partial solution of the financial problem involved. The only objection against dormitories has been the financial one and has come from the men who have in their charge the difficult and oftentimes thankless task of financing Cornell. It is to these men we will offer our plan.

There is a certain sentiment that weaves itself around the events of a senior year which even the most practical Philistine must feel. As every event comes around *for the last time*—the

Seniors. last Junior Week, the last registration, the last smokers and soon the last Senior Week—there comes a new feeling of appreciation, a desire to drain the last joyous drop from the cup of college life.

These are the days when the true meaning of Cornell comes to the Seniors, and it comes to but very few except the men who are soon to leave our little world for the big world beyond.

The fact that the Pennsylvania football game is to alternate between Ithaca and Philadelphia is almost as good a piece of news as that Dr. Sharpe is to be coach. The most vital criticism of former coaching systems has been that no one man has had complete charge. It is to be hoped that "Al" Sharpe will have full charge and that with such a clever student of football and the men who play football at the head of things, the old score against Pennsylvania may be wiped out.

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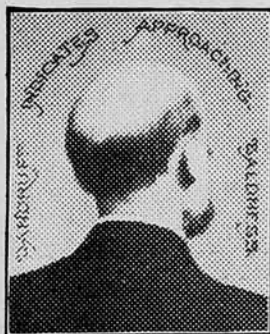
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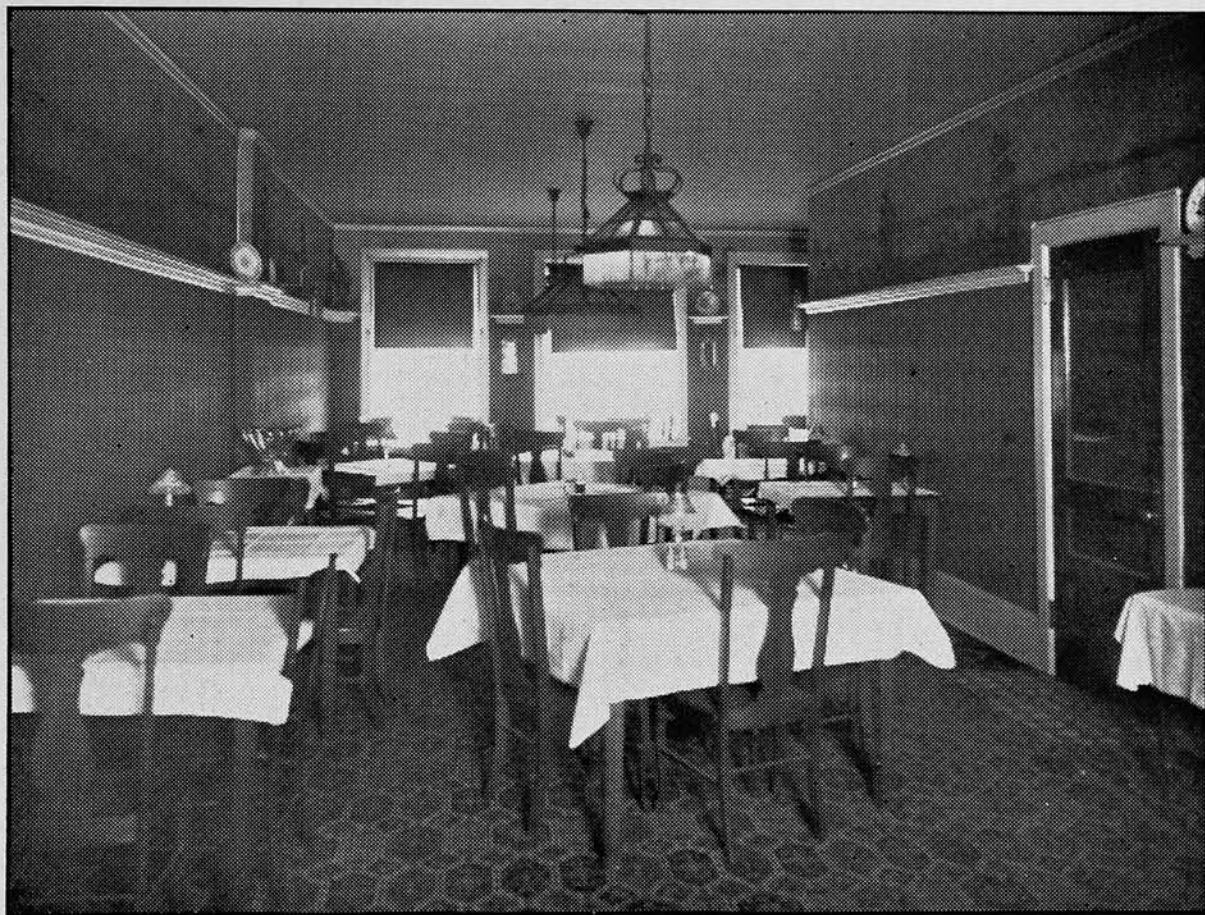
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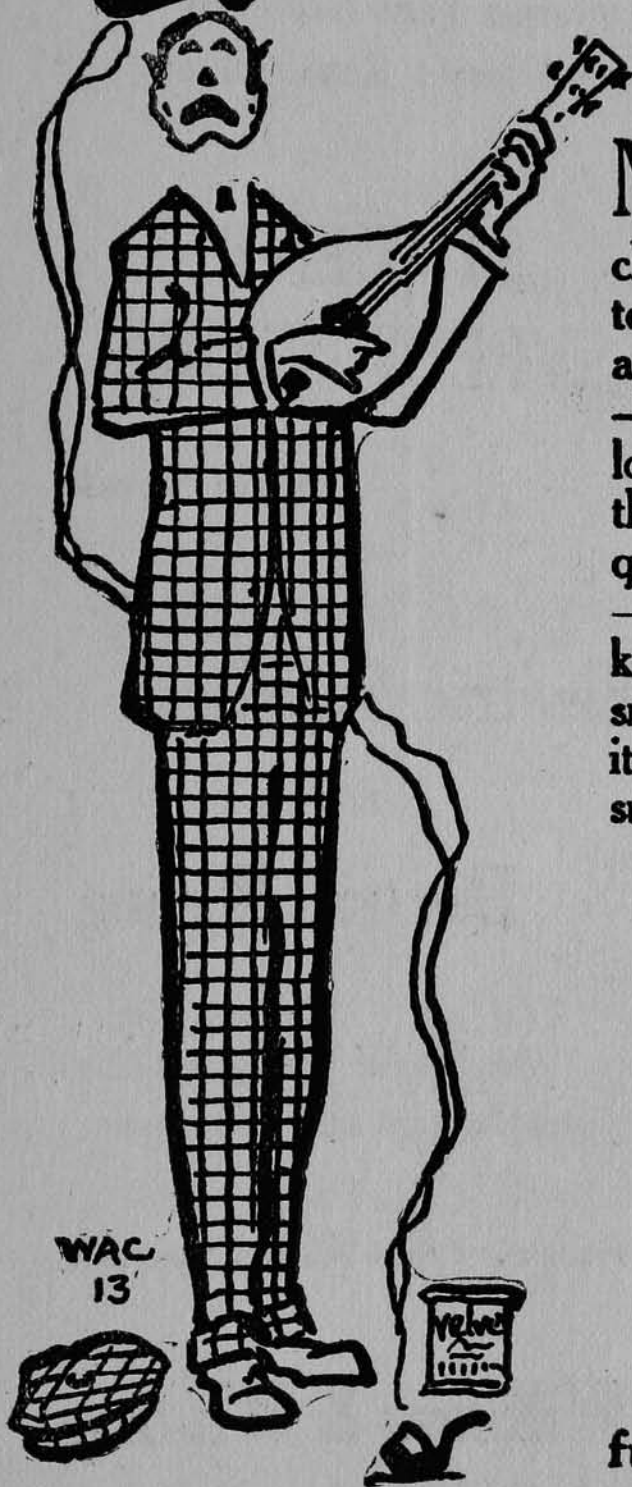
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The
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VOL. 44.

NO. 5

FEBRUARY

1912

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by

ALBERT H. SHARPE, M. D.,

The New Football Coach

College Men in Baseball

HUGH JENNINGS, '04

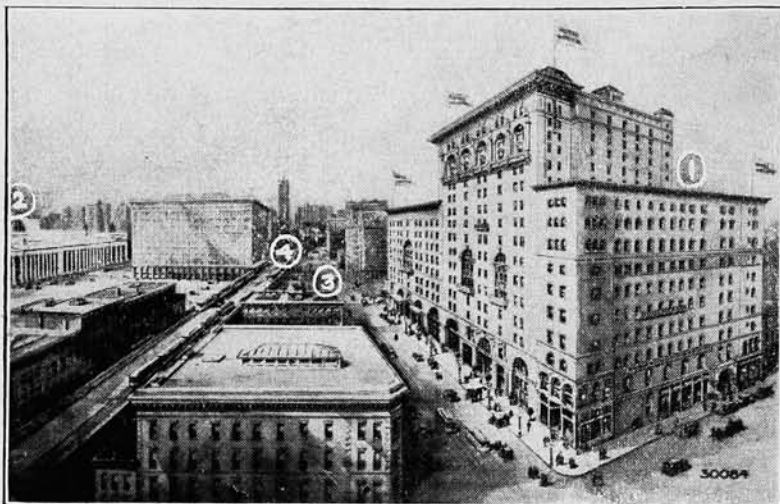
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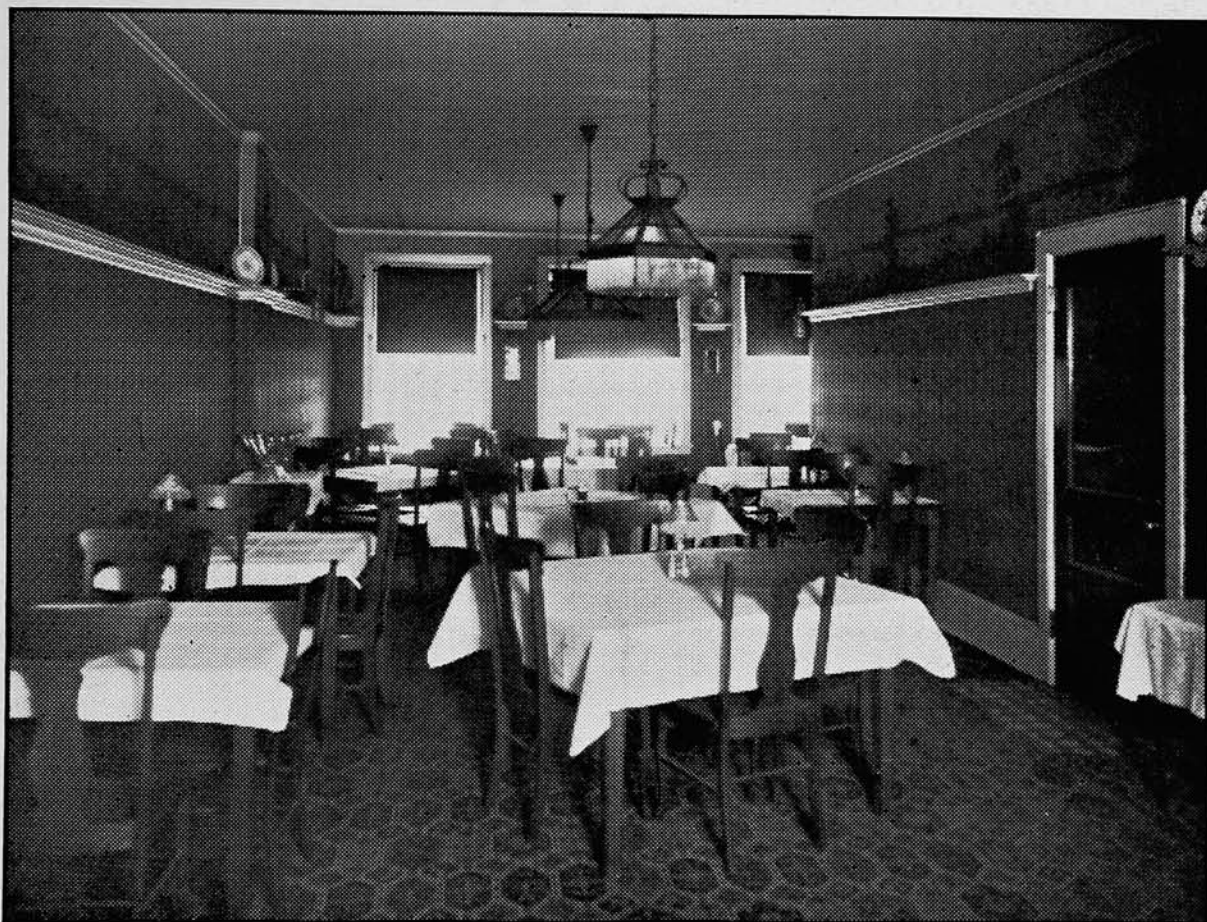
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CORNELL ERA

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A Camera helps you to enjoy Spring

In the Spring everyone begins to take walks to the different beautiful places around Ithaca. Some go as far as Watkins. If you should go to Watkins you would want pictures of the Glen. You will want pictures of the Campus, too.

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Futility of Greetings and Partings.

THE custom of greeting all-comers on country roads has always seemed to me a happy one. There is in it something of world kinship. It breathes the free air of the open country. To hard city pavements the friendly salutation is precluded through the very number of passengers, and the city's heart has seemed harder therefor. But in the country the custom is pleasant rather than laborious. One feels the common sympathy of a word, or, if one's greeting is not returned, one is amused and interested.

Yet, upon consideration, what is the greeting but a verbal assurance that one is not at odds with a person. The first greeting came when one savage assured another that he did not intend to break his head with his cudgel. To this day we consider a friend hostile when he omits the salutation. The greeting is a confession of weakness. I cannot imagine the blessed in Paradise greeting one another as they walk among the asphodels.

Partings, too, avow weaknesses. If you do not fear for your friend or for yourself why weep? Nay, you probably have not really met your friend, or if you have, the Universe must ever hold you and him. Why bewail the last parting with a good man in any case? If he be not truly a good man there needs no lamentations. If he be one, "there can no evil befall a good man whether he be alive or dead."

—Earl Simonson.



DR. ALBERT H. SHARPE
The New Cornell Football Coach

THE CORNELL ERA

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Cornell's Football Future.

Albert H. Sharpe, M.D.

THE opportunity to serve Cornell as coach of the football team gives me great pleasure. I can only assure Cornell men that I will do my best ; whether that will be sufficient for their best interests or not, remains to be seen.

My feeling in regard to inter-collegiate contests has always been that if a student cared enough about his university to go out and try for a place on a team he should first earn the right to do so by keeping up in his studies.

Should a candidate be dropped from the squad on account of low standing the blame should be placed upon him, where it belongs, and not upon the faculty.

My experience has always been that other things being equal the best students make the most reliable players.

Of course we can all cite instances contrary to the above statement but it is true of the vast majority of cases.

It takes brains to play foot ball and play it as it should be played and the slow thinker in the class room suffers the same handicap upon the field.

Football at Cornell is a different proposition than at most colleges for they have been beaten by Pennsylvania so often and so monotonously that not only the public but the team itself has come to believe that Penn will win the annual game because she always has.

Until some break in the luck occurs or Cornell gets a "Sam White," history is apt to repeat itself for as everybody with any experience knows until you have a victory to build tradition on you have no traditions, and without traditions you suffer a heavy handicap.

Cornell has traditions in rowing and in running unparalleled in this country and that she may add to this a football tradition is the earnest wish not only of all Cornell sympathizers but of all lovers of football, for then the annual game would possess an interest hitherto unknown. Cornell men may rest assured, however, that win or lose, the coaches in their endeavor to produce a winning team will not resort to unsportsmanlike methods.

If a team cannot win by playing the game as gentlemen, and particularly as college men should endeavor to, then defeat must be their portion. On the other hand victory would be enjoyed all the more through the realization of the fact that the game had been won fairly.

I cannot close this article without a cordial invitation to the alumni to come back whenever they can and look the team over and give the coaches the benefit of their criticism.

THE NEW COACH.

"A top-notch, good, straight, typical, college man, clean cut from start to finish." In thus characterizing Dr. Albert H. Sharpe, Professor George Young has voiced the opinion of everyone who has had occasion to meet the new coach. With the selection of Dr. Sharpe, the clouds of doubt and discord which enshrouded our football coaching situation have rolled away as if by magic. The Athletic Council, the Football Committee, and all of the undergraduates who are acquainted with Dr. Sharpe are agreed that he is the man we want.

Owing, perhaps, to Dr. Sharpe's habitual reticence, the ascertainable facts of his history are scanty. He was born in New Haven, Conn., and attended the local high school. Up to that time New Haven boys had not figured prominently in Yale athletics, but with the advent of young Sharpe the precedent was broken. With the object in view of preparing himself for physical training work in the Y. M. C. A. or elsewhere, he went into almost every branch of athletic sport in the university and achieved unusual success in all. He remains probably the best all-round athlete ever turned out from Yale. In the course of his athletic career he won his "Y" repeatedly—five times in one single year, which was one better than the previous record. He played three seasons of varsity football and was twice picked by Walter Camp for the All-American.

In three years of varsity baseball he distinguished himself in the box and at first base, and had the highest individual batting average of the team. One of his "Y's" was awarded for shot-put and another for work on the gymnastic team. Sharpe, moreover, was the university champion in the all-round strength test.

After taking his medical degree in 1902, Dr. Sharpe accepted the opportunity offered of coaching the Penn Charter School of Philadelphia, in football and baseball. During the years of his control, Penn Charter, which is a preparatory school of about 500 students, has ranked at the top among schools of its class in both of these sports. The football teams which have represented the school in the last few years have often been very light but they have made it up in speed and strategy. Members of big college teams who learned the game under trainer Sharpe are Tenny and Ziegler, of Princeton, and Besson of West Point. It might be noted in passing that Dr. Sharpe was the idol of the Penn Charter boys. His athletic powers and stalwart character gave him a powerful hold on the boys under him, and that influence has always been in the direction of clean sport and clean living.

In the intervals of his coaching duties, Dr. Sharpe has kept up a medical practice in Germantown, Philadelphia. He has made a special study of diseases of the eye. During the summer he is in charge of the physical work at Chautauqua. In recent years, however, he has been best known as a referee of football, basketball, and other sports. For a number of seasons he has officiated at nearly all of the Pennsylvania football contests, and for the past three or four years has refereed the annual Army and Navy games. Dr. Sharpe is one of the officials always designated by the Cornell football management for important games. It will be recalled that he refereed both the Michigan and Penn games last fall, and that he was here a short time ago as a basketball referee. His experience in officiating at the big football contests has naturally given him a great insight into the game.

To one seeing Dr. Sharpe for the first time, he appears somewhat forbidding and severe. He is a man of few words, but when he says anything it is with a clearness and positiveness that makes it profitable to listen.

What an impression he has made on those who have had an opportunity to meet him has been indicated by Professor George Young. "Dr. Sharpe," he said, "has been engaged as much for

his character as for his football ability. A look at his picture is sufficient explanation of what I mean. But he has the football ability, too. He is going to bring us a new type of football knowledge. Here we have lived among our rock-ribbed hills, thinking that we could learn all there was to know about football, and we have fallen into a rut. We need to strengthen up by outside assistance. We have had experts in parts of the game—now we will learn the whole game. A combination of Dan Reed for the line, another expert for the backfield, and Sharpe for generalship is bound to improve our football record. But this idea that Reed is to be supplanted is absurd. Why should we throw away all that we have learned? These two men are in full sympathy, ready to work together, heart and soul, to turn out a winning team.”

Professor E. P. Andrews was among those who set their faces against the introduction of professional coaching—until he had a half-day’s talk with Dr. Sharpe. “That man,” he said afterwards, “is a natural born leader. He will be more than a football coach, he will be a power in the University. His coming, I believe, is one of the most fortunate events in the athletic history of Cornell.

“Of course we must not expect him to turn out a team of world-beaters in one year or in two years; that would be most unfair. But he will put something into our teams which they have lacked. No one who has come in contact with Dr. Sharpe can doubt that he would dominate any situation. Furthermore, he has not accepted this position for fame or remuneration only; he regards it, I believe, as a great opportunity to exert an influence among college men.”

Professor W. W. Rowlee, Football Adviser, says, “If any man can give us clean sport and efficient teams, Dr. Sharpe is the man. We have striven for several years to find the man who could teach football in all its phases. Now I think we have succeeded in securing him. Dr. Sharpe deserves the support of all who are interested in football and I believe he will have it.”

E. F. G.

A Friend's Opinion of Coach Sharpe.

Luther L. Beard, Yale, '99.

News Editor, Philadelphia North American.

IN the course of a long Western trip during the Christmas holidays of 1899, the Yale Basketball team played Ohio State University at Columbus. Throughout the well-contested first half, an old gentleman sitting behind the Yale "subs" on the side lines was seen vigorously applauding every effort of the Yale center, who was also the captain. When the half was over the enthusiast turned to the Yale men and exclaimed, "That young fellow is physically perfect!" "Yes," answered a sub quickly, "and his heart and his mind fit his body." The man under discussion was Albert H. Sharpe.

It is hard for the friend of a man like Dr. Sharpe to write an appreciation without seeming to bestow overpraise. But I think it is the almost unanimous opinion of the Yale men who saw Sharpe play and who have since watched his coaching career that he is not only the best available man, but the best man in the country to help Cornell University in her desire to put football on the same high athletic and ethical standard to which Cornell rowing has attained. With Coach Sharpe in charge no reason exists why Cornell should not win at least half of her big games in the future.

When in the fall of 1898 "Al" Sharpe, then a freshman in the medical school, appeared on the football field, he had never played the game before. Trying out for an end position, he soon attracted the attention of the coaches. Despite the need of men for the freshman team, he was taken as a Varsity sub-end, and remained with the Varsity squad until the final game. The next season, because of his speed and kicking ability, Sharpe was tried out as halfback, and soon won a permanent place. "Billy" Bull, who had himself developed the drop kicking from little more than taking a chance into an art, undertook to instruct young Sharpe in the art. In the one big chance given him that fall, Sharpe demonstrated that he had learned his lesson. Toward the end of the first half in the Princeton game, with the score 6-5 in the enemy's favor, the Yale quarterback, finding his advance checked, called for a drop kick. Standing far to the side of the field, at the 43 yard line, Sharpe kicked his goal easily. Doubtless it would have carried from past midfield. Only the still more

spectacular ending of the game by Poe's kick in the last thirty seconds of play dimmed the glory of this feat. In the next year's Harvard game Sharpe added another remarkable field-goal to his already brilliant record.

The necessity of meeting the expenses of his medical course led Sharpe to give up playing football in the fall of his senior year and accept the position of coach of the Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. After the football season he returned to college so as to take his degree in June, 1902, and then returned to Penn Charter where a good situation was offered him. Ever since that time he has been in full charge of the baseball and football teams of the school.

With the adoption of strict eligibility rules in 1905, Penn Charter took the lead of the Inter-Academic League, now composed of the Germantown Episcopal Academies, Friends' Central, and Penn Charter, and has held it ever since. In the years of 1905, 1906, 1909, and 1910, Dr. Sharpe's elevens had the undisputed championship. In 1907 the school was tied for first place; and in 1908 the team was not scored on, but because the games with Germantown and Episcopal were scoreless ties, and Germantown defeated Episcopal, Germantown claimed the championship. The only touchdown scored against the 1911 team, was afterward acknowledged to be an error on the part of the referee, but that mistake cost Sharpe's team the championship. In the last seven years, Germantown, Penn Charter's strongest rival, coached by former Pennsylvania players, has crossed their goal line only once. That was due to disobedience on the part of one of the boys to Dr. Sharpe's instructions. A substitute finished the game.

Not in the twenty years of the League's existence had Penn Charter won a baseball championship until 1906. The capture of the honor in that spring has been followed by successes in 1908, 1910, and 1911. In 1907 and 1909 the series resulted in a tie.

Far more than mere victories do the morals and fighting spirit of Dr. Sharpe's teams stamp him as a successful coach. The boys have naturally wanted to win, but they have not been satisfied with victories when they have believed that they have not reached the standard set for them. For example, the 1910 football team knew that with the form and condition they were in they should win the final game with Germantown. For some reason their play was unexpectedly ragged and slow, and while they won, the

final score was only 9-6. A stranger entering their dressing rooms after the game would have judged from their dejected appearance that they had lost instead of won. They insisted that they had played like "dubs" and when reminded that they had won the game, declared that the score should have been at least 14-0. This without a single word of criticism from their coach!

Last fall, with only one veteran player back and a team of unusually light weight, the prospect of winning the final decisive game of the season was extremely dubious. Coach Sharpe frankly told his men when the time for the important game arrived that they must do something extraordinary if they wished to win that game. Into the game they went, with eagerness and delight, and for three periods badly outplayed their heavier and stronger opponents. Their skill in tackling aroused the enthusiasm of many a former player. Only a technical error robbed them of the victory. Yet no word has been said in public to spoil the pleasure of the winning school.

This spirit marks all the work of Cornell's new coach. He demands sustained conscientious effort, and is content with nothing less. This obtained he never blames his men for defeats. "Football," he has said, "is a game requiring above all others self-denial, self-sacrifice, and cooperation. It is at its best when these qualities are united to produce a machine-like precision of attack, and absolute confidence in defence." This belief has ruled the handling of all his teams and no partiality has ever been discovered in his selection of players.

Dr. Sharpe has retained his boyish enthusiasms. He is candid in his speech and sincere in all his thoughts and dealings. It is beyond his nature to suspect those with whom he is associated of playing politics to his disadvantage.

Any kind of a problem has the same kind of attraction for him, as the sight of a dog on the street has for a fighting bull-dog. The quicker he can meet the problem and solve it, the more contented he is.

To a friendly critic, who has for years seen apparently strong Cornell teams come down to Philadelphia and meet defeat, for obvious reasons, it would seem that Cornell needs only to give Dr. Sharpe a free hand, put full faith in his ability, and work as hard as he will, to bring football up to the standard of her other athletics.

An Opportunity for Cornell Men.

Lieut-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

“**W**HAT is done at Cornell will pretty surely be done, sooner or later, at other universities. What is done at other universities will be soon taken up and done better by Cornell.”

That is what I hear of Cornell, and I hope it is true. I hope it may be proved true in the matter of a fad in which I am interested: namely, the Boy Scouts.

You have presumably heard of them; possibly you have seen them; probably you know, and have thought, very little about them. So may I tell you, very briefly, what they are.

The Boy Scouts are boys of every class and creed and country, who have become inoculated with the disease of organized backwoodsman-ship. Their work is to learn the woodcraft and the camp-handiness of the frontiersman or “scout.”

In so doing, they develop unconsciously their resourcefulness, self-reliance, and manliness—in a word, they develop *individual character*.

In the second place, in learning how to make their camp furniture and equipment, they become *handicraftsmen* in embryo; and thus attain skill, which may serve them in picking up a living or in making a career.

In the third place, they practice individual helpfulness to others, and organize and train themselves for collective *public service* such as fire brigade, ambulance, and coast guard.

In this way we inculcate good citizenship by practical means. The system is in accordance with the latest method of education, which is to put the desire into the boy and get him to learn for himself, instead of thumbing knowledge into him. And the results are completely successful.

The boys leap to the idea; there is no difficulty about getting them. Already between three and four hundred thousand have enrolled themselves in the United States, and branch organizations have sprung up in almost all the civilized countries of the world:—a great brotherhood has thus automatically come into being, which may prove a useful factor in bringing about a better international feeling, a desire for universal peace.

There is no difficulty about getting the *boys*; our real want is the *men* to deal with them and to act as Scout-masters.

That is where Cornell comes in, or, at least, where I hope it will come in.

The majority of the present six thousand Scout-masters in America are university men: men who are not disposed to loaf through life without doing something for their country or for their fellow-men. They have chanced to hear of the movement in one way or another, have recognized its possibilities, and have taken up the work with the greatest keenness.

What we want is more of them and more support for their troops.



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly
Gen. Baden-Powell and President Taft.

In England, the universities go in for doing a good deal of social work in the city-slums. They are now taking up scouting as an important step in that work. Thus a college will undertake, by co-operation of both undergraduates and alumni, to organize a troop of Boy Scouts among the poor of some city slum, providing it with funds and a Scout-master.

I believe that no better work could be done; and if Cornell, after due consideration of the scheme, should be moved to lead the way in this direction in America, I feel sure that the other universities would follow suit, and a great, practical step in social work will have been inaugurated.

College Men in Baseball.

Hugh Jennings, '04.

Manager of the Detroit Tigers.

DOES the college baseball player who goes into the professional leagues make good?

This is a question of great interest to fans-at-large, and of especial interest to the men who expect to make their college training along athletic lines of actual cash service to them. From my experience in the baseball world I should say that the odds are half in favor, half against the college baseball man. That is to say, he has about as much chance to make good as to fail, the result resting wholly with him, and not with his college training.

The argument is advanced by some to the effect that the college man does not come up against the first-class pitchers—that he may be all right in the field, but that he cannot learn to bat when he only has to meet the mediocre college pitchers.

I would answer this by asking, what man who is recruited into the major leagues *has* batted against good pitchers? If anything, the college man has the advantage over the man whose training has been limited to back lots.

If your college man does make good, he usually does so with a vengeance. Take Collins, Snodgrass, Matthewson, Murray, Coombs, Barry, McGinnis, Grant, "Doc" White, Barney Reilly, Daniels, Cree, Birmingham, "Lefty" George, Derrick, Reulbach, the late "Jimmy" Doyle and many others who don't occur to me at this time. All are college graduates and all have certainly made good in the major leagues. In fact it would keep a man thinking to compile a list of non-college stars as big as the one I have just written, and mine does not include them all by any means. The International League, the American Association, and the minor leagues would show a far greater number. In my own team at Detroit I have Lefitte, Casey, Jones and Lavers who are all college men.

There is one phase of college baseball that I want to speak about. I do not hesitate to say that I think the stringent rules laid down by the Athletic Associations of the various colleges are responsible for the mediocre article of ball played by the college teams. The main reason is that the men are absolutely prohibited from playing summer baseball.

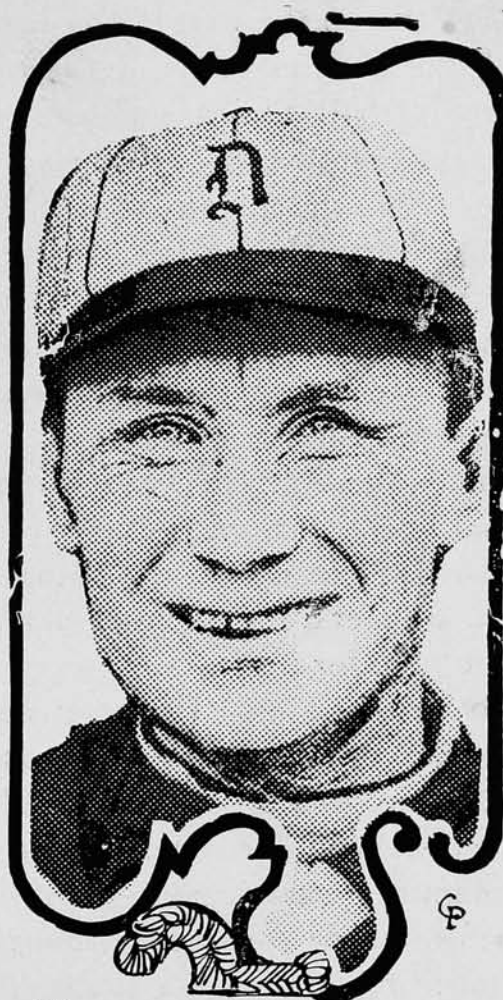
Now by this statement I do not wish it to be inferred that I approve of college men engaging in professional ball during the summer, or signing up with either the major or the minor leagues. Straight summer professional baseball for college men would be a bad thing without a doubt.

It would not only upset the entire idea of amateur sport, but it would be morally bad for the men who did it in that they would naturally place themselves on a higher plane in the college than they deserved to occupy. I don't believe any man who understands professional ball and college life would advise such a move. They would all agree that it would be a great evil if college men attempted to run amateur baseball when their players were with the leagues part of the year and had their names constantly before the public as such.

However, I do not think it would do any harm to allow those young men to put their ability to good advantage by playing on teams at seashore resorts, or on summer hotel teams, or those that we find at such places as Cooperstown and in the Adirondacks.

Under the present regime, the men who could turn their hand to this sort of thing are not allowed to do so openly. It is human nature for them to do so on the sly, under assumed names. Thus the present scheme encourages dishonesty. If we allowed them to play openly at this sort of game, they would have no object in concealing the fact and all would be competing on a par—the honest with the dishonest.

Not only this, but at the same time it would give a better article of ball for the college teams, because of the fact that a player would be able to "find himself" during the summer and his con-



HUGHEY JENNINGS ..

sequent confidence in his ability to make good. Confidence counts fifty per cent in baseball. Much of the difference between the scrubs and the Varsity is due to the lack of confidence and self-assurance on the part of the less experienced men.

Take as an example of the working out of my scheme of summer baseball, the case of some of the members of the Princeton, Yale and Brown baseball men back in 1897 and 1898. Now about one-half of the members of the above mentioned teams held positions during the entire summer, either at summer hotels, like at Atlantic City or Peake's Island, Maine, at watering places or at towns far enough away from the East so that they were not known. These men did not play under their own names, nevertheless they received compensation for playing.

The following year they represented their respective teams for the college championship. I might add that at the same time Cornell players were not altogether innocent as to summer baseball. Several of our men played on summer baseball teams and were paid for it.

It seems almost impossible to stamp out the summer ball playing. I, for one, see no reason why it should be stamped out or why it should not be allowed if limited, as I have said, to the hotels and small towns.

Summer employment of a healthful and pleasant sort is not open to many students. Summer baseball would offer an opportunity to many with a little skill at the game, to become more proficient at the same time that they are keeping in good condition and earning some money. From my own experience I know the vast improvement that can come about through playing in the summer. It must be understood that this playing does not lift a man out of the class of college players, so that it is unfair to ask his classmates to compete with him. It does nothing of the kind. It simply keeps him in good physical condition and allows him to acquire that aggressiveness that a good player needs, and which very few of the college men have. You can tell it in the way they step up to the bat. A man who has been at the game all summer will come back in the fall tryouts with a confidence that will improve his hitting and fielding one hundred per cent.

If the athletic associations of the different colleges would remove the ban from hotel and small town teams, the athletic directors could easily keep tabs on the men playing on them and

they would be willing to co-operate with the associations in keeping them informed.

Something must be done to improve the article of ball the college teams are selling to the public. I believe that by allowing the players to do summer work the game would be vastly bettered. I look forward to the time when all the college men who can play ball will be allowed to perfect and develop themselves during the summer months. I don't think the scheme would work the way some have forecasted. It would not tend to develop stars at the expense of the average player. The college star has to be of very exceptional calibre to make his name shine in professional ball. He knows that if he cannot command a salary of at least three thousand a year his efforts along some other line will in the end net him more than that, and he keeps out of the game. A college man has no business to look to professional ball unless he is a three or four-thousand-dollar-man, because baseball has no old age pension funds and a man is very exceptional who can stand the game for more than fifteen years.

And so I would like to see college men in summer baseball of a non-professional sort. I hope the time is not far distant when they may be permitted to enter this field.



Working Through Cornell.*

HOW I WORKED MY WAY THROUGH CORNELL.

James O'Neill, '71.

Judge Seventeenth Judicial Circuit Court of Wisconsin.

I was born on a farm on the St. Lawrence near Ogdensburg N. Y.; went to a district school in the country until I was fifteen and then entered St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y. For the next five years I was a student at St. Lawrence in all about six terms, dropping out to teach school a portion of the time to pay expenses. The first money I ever earned off my father's farm was teaching a country school when I was just past fifteen years old. The term was three months and my salary fifteen dollars per month. I had \$45 in the spring and have never been so rich since. During the summer vacation I worked on my father's farm. These years at St. Lawrence were profitably spent. I feel a deep sense of my obligation to that institution for the instruction received during the first years of my college life.

In the spring of 1868 while a student at St. Lawrence, I began to read about Cornell, and I was naturally interested in the announcement that boys would be afforded an opportunity to earn the means to pay their way. Then there came a notice that a competitive examination would be held at Ogdensburg for a scholarship from my assembly district. I attended, and captured the scholarship. At the opening of Cornell, Oct. 8, 1868, I was in Ithaca and entered as a sophomore in the classical course. I had some money but not nearly enough to carry me through the first year. My father had promised to help me but he had other children to educate, and it was necessary to help myself if I remained steadily at Cornell until my course was completed. The opening exercises on the grounds were inspiring. The address by George William Curtis, in which he compared the University to a ship just launched, her captain on deck, the pilot at the helm, every officer at his post and all sails set, remains clear in my memory. There were on the platform a notable company of distinguished men; President Andrew D. White whom we afterward grew to admire and love, Ezra Cornell, Louis Agassiz, the Governor of New York, and many of the faculty. Now I come

* This is the second installment in the "Working Through Cornell" series. Communications for the next installment should be mailed not later than March 15.

to mention what, perhaps, interested me most. Jennie McGraw had given the University a set of chimes consisting of ten bells. A man was sent by the manufacturers to play them at the opening. I was passionately fond of music and the melody of the chimes gave me great pleasure. Very shortly President White announced that he would receive applications from students who wished to play the bells. I called on the President and stated my qualifications. I had had some instruction in vocal music, had taken two terms of lessons on the piano, had some knowledge of thorough-bass and could write and transpose music to some extent. I was chosen and immediately took charge of the bells with the title of "Master of the Chimes". My recollection is that I played at 6 A. M. for fifteen minutes, at 8:45 A. M. for five minutes, at 12 M. for five minutes, at 1:30 P. M. for five minutes, at 6 P. M. for five minutes at 9 P. M. for fifteen minutes or longer. I prepared and adopted about two hundred tunes suited to the keys and the arrangement of bells. The chimes were located in a small wooden building just south of what is now called Morrill Hall. The bells were in the upper story but were played on the ground floor. I rang out the melodies in the evenings to a large audience. Sometimes the wind howled and it required some courage to go out to the bell house alone. The first stroke on a stormy night in winter would often startle me. I had the honor, once, of playing for Ole Bull, the great violinist. I told him to go back some rods while I played. In a few minutes he came into the bell house, took me by the hand, thanked me and remarked that my instrument was much more powerful than his violin.

Ex-President White, Dean Crane, Prof. Wilder and many of the old boys will remember the big bonfire, when my door in what is now Morrill Hall was barred, the bells rung and the fire department came tugging up the hill, believing the buildings were on fire. I wish John D. Warner of the class of '72 would write for the ERA what he knows about this incident.

Well, now for the practical side. For my playing I was paid my board and room rent. I am not sure whether fuel was included. My room was the one in the second story of Morrill Hall looking east, now occupied by President Schurman as his office. So it will be seen I had my tuition, board and room rent provided for. I boarded at Cascadilla Place. I was a member of Company B and finally attained the rank of orderly sergeant.

No student worked harder than I did. I got through the first year successfully, but had to practice economy. Upon my father's death last year I found he had kept my letters. The following extract from one will indicate my situation in June, 1869.

"Ithaca, June 3rd, 1869.

Dear Father :

Your last letter containing ten dollars I received a few days ago. As you wrote that you would send another which you had forgotten I have waited before answering. I was sorry to be obliged to call on you for money but circumstances compelled me to. Tomorrow there is to be a grand excursion down the lake by the young ladies of the town and the higher classes of the University, to which I am invited but cannot go for reasons perfectly plain to you. Such things happen often to me and now cause me no uneasiness. The young men of my standing all have come out with new white vests and pretty neckties and so on. I have tried to learn a lesson of contentment with regard to these things and so far have succeeded quite satisfactorily. Yet I can not but hope for a time when I shall not be cramped and I think I begin to catch glimpses of such a day. Now you will not think I am scolding you by these words. I know you have done all that you could do and deprived yourself of many things for my sake for which I am truly grateful and which I hope, sometime, to repay at least in some part. You can see that these early years of my life are of great importance to me. This very year at Cornell may be the turning point of my life."

Examinations will close on Saturday. I will have passed twenty-one examinations, making an average of seven studies each term."

In a later letter, I wrote that unless my father sent me five dollars more I could not go home. During the summer vacation I helped do the haying and harvesting on the home farm and returned in the fall of 1869. I assisted Professor Willard Fiske one vacation in putting up the libraries of Professor Anthon and Professor Bopp of Berlin.

In the fall of 1870 I secured the position of principal of the academy at Ogdensburg at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum; but resigned two weeks before the close of the year,

went back to Ithaca, passed my examinations and graduated in 1871, with the same class in which I entered. I would have graduated with the class of 1870 but for an attack of typhoid. My opinion is that it is not desirable that college students have large allowances. But I hope no student now at Cornell is compelled to work as hard as I did or to practice quite such economy.

FROM A STONE QUARRY, THROUGH CORNELL TO THE SUPREME COURT BENCH.

John Ford, '90, Justice Supreme Court.

Cornell University did for me at least as much as it did for any of its students. I owe it an eternal debt of gratitude. When other colleges I thought of entering looked cold and forbidding because of my almost penniless condition, Cornell reached me a helping hand.

I did not work my way through the University in the ordinary acceptance of that term. My hardest work was done in preparation for entrance. In the summer of 1885 I worked at my trade as a paving stone dresser in the sandstone quarries of Medina, N. Y., my home town. With the money I was then earning in the quarries I hoped to enter Cornell the following year. But I suffered a serious drawback when my employer absconded with my whole summer's earnings—that precious little sum on which hung my hope to pay my initial expenses in Ithaca. Fortunately no one could steal my desire for a university education, and my determination to enter Cornell remained fixed.

The following winter I taught a district school and read my Xenophon to such good effect that I passed the Regent's examinations in March, 1886. At the spring term of the Medina Free Academy I read Homer and managed to finish up all the requirements so that a college entrance diploma was given to me. In the meantime I had won a state scholarship in a competitive examination at Albion, the county seat and equipped with the diploma and the scholarship I wended my joyous way to Ithaca. I recall that the little trunk in which I packed my few effects cost seventy-five cents. My best suit of clothes was plum-colored and had yielded to the influence of the hot sun to such a degree that it gave off almost as many different shades as a woods in autumn. One of my classmates afterward remarked that its tints resembled

the colors on the faces of the Yale crew the time that haughty University condescended to row us and have the way pointed out to her down the lordly Hudson.

When I arrived in Ithaca a new house was just being finished on Heustis street [Now College Ave.]. In its garret I fixed my domicile at the rack-rent charge of seventy-five cents a week. I was rather large and rawboned at the time and indeed was more at home in the quarries than in Cornell's impressive halls of learning.

I had borrowed fifty dollars from one of the quarry owners for whom I had worked and was bent on getting through Cornell by hook or crook. I was prepared to take any kind of work I could get to earn my room rent and board, and I distinctly recall having applied for several menial positions that held out a hope of adding to my weekly income. But fortune smiled on me from a different direction.

The time arrived for the University scholarship examinations on which my eye had been fixed for a couple of years. Of the three awarded that year (1886) Kennedy F. Ruppert, now a successful medical practitioner of Owego, took one; Miss Mary Bartlett Hill won another and a third fell to me. Of all the blessings that ever befell me, that was the greatest. It meant that in addition to giving me free tuition, the University was now to pay me \$200 a year in cash for four years for the privilege of having me as a student. It relieved me of the necessity of doing any menial service to earn money. Indeed, I was a nabob.

In vacations I resorted to my trade as a stone dresser and thus added to my capital. No more autumn tinted suits for me. I was independent. In my senior year another good fortune befell me when I won the first prize offered by the American Protective Tariff League for the best essay on the rehabilitation of the American Marine. The prize netted me \$150. I was also campus correspondent for the *Ithaca Daily Journal*, and business manager of the *Cornell Magazine*. From all my meagre sources of income I managed to pay off all my debts and save enough money to buy a diamond engagement ring for the little girl who is now my wife.

The class of '90 was made up of a sturdy lot of fellows who frequently overstepped the bounds of University decorum in scimmages with rival classes. I took part in a great many of these class conflicts. Dr. Schurman has a vivid recollection of my somewhat riotous career and for further information on that subject I refer the ERA to him.

REPORTING NEWS, A SOURCE OF INCOME.

William H. Glasson, '96, Editor South Atlantic Quarterly.

I entered Cornell in 1892 with a New York state scholarship from Rensselaer county. This provided for my tuition during the four years' course. As an underclassman I received considerable aid from home toward paying my expenses. The first work I undertook was waiting on table for my board. I found this trying in some ways and certainly bad for the digestion. I was fortunate in that I served a group of very considerate members of the instructing staff. Several of them are now professors in the University. This work, together with the money received from home, provided for most of my expenses during the early part of my course. I also had some income as an underclassman from tutoring a few students, who had to make up entrance French. I had begun French myself the July before entering and had completed a year's work during the summer in the summer school, then conducted by the late Professor George W. Jones. This summer course left me in good condition to tutor other delinquents in entrance French.

When I was an undergraduate, University scholarships for the Junior and Senior years were awarded on the basis of the work done during the Freshman and Sophomore years. At the beginning of my Junior year I was given one of these scholarships worth \$200 a year for the Junior and Senior years. I have not yet forgotten the keen pleasure I had when I found my name posted on the list of those who were to receive these scholarships. Of course, I hurried to send a telegram home, carrying the news to others who rejoiced as much as I. My Junior year was almost entirely given to my studies. I do not remember that I did any other work. But in the spring I went in for class politics. I became a candidate for election to the editorial staff of the CORNELL ERA, which was then published weekly. My class elected me by a safe majority over a present member of the faculty of Arts and Sciences. In those days the ERA was not a gold mine—like the *Sun*—but it was a moderately good money maker. This meant some income for me in my Senior year. At the same election my chum, now President of Illinois College, was elected a *Sun* editor.

The death of my father in my Junior year threw new responsibilities upon me, and I found it necessary to earn all I could in

my Senior year. I became University reporter for the *Ithaca Daily Journal* and served in this capacity during the senior and one graduate year. Later I became Cornell correspondent for the *New York World*, the *Buffalo Courier* and other papers. In all I was able to earn more than my personal expenses in my Senior year.

The newspaper work was congenial and valuable to me. I visited the President's office and the offices of the Directors of Colleges every day. I think I reported the news accurately. I learned to be a fairly good proof reader. In fact, one of these years Registrar Hoy employed me to read the proof of the University catalogue at so much per hour. When the catalogue had come from the press, I reviewed it in my capacity as University editor of the *Daily Journal*. I remember that I took occasion in the review to congratulate the Registrar on the unusual freedom of the catalogue from typographical errors. My correspondence for outside papers was mostly in the nature of reports of athletic contests and of the condition of the athletic teams. Then there was but one telegraph office, and many a time I have been in a race to get the wire after the game. I was also capable of writing a very wise article on the Courtney stroke at five dollars a column. In those days I experienced the combined delights of having a pass to all the games at Percy Field and also on the lines of the Ithaca Street Railway. I don't remember that I have ever had a pass to anything since.

I used to enjoy occasional chances to interview the great who came to the University or the city. The Watterson-Harvey-Wilson episode reminds me of when Henry Watterson came to Ithaca to deliver the Fourth of July address on Abraham Lincoln. I sat at his elbow reporting his address in one of the public parks of the city, while we both nearly melted in a temperature of about 100 degrees. He retired to an ice water bath, and I retired to the newspaper office to put his address into print in a way that brought his commendation when he saw it. I remember two interviews with President White; one when he was just returning to his home from European diplomatic service and the other when the Associated Press dispatch came to *The Journal* that President Cleveland had chosen him to serve on the Venezuelan Boundary Commission. The latter interview was no interview. I found President White in the White Library, announced my press dis-

patch, and asked him whether he would accept the appointment. He would say nothing about it. What I wondered at the time was whether he knew that the appointment had been made, or whether I brought the first news of the actual appointment. At any rate I thought he took it very calmly; I youthfully shared the popular excitement about the Venezuelan controversy. Then there were Andrew Carnegie, Lyman Abbott and others. To a young student it was a great pleasure to have an excuse to meet such men and talk with them.

In the spring of 1896 I was appointed Fellow in Political Economy and Finance for the following year. During the graduate year which followed I continued my newspaper writing. It would probably have been better if I could have devoted all of my energies to my studies, but there were personal reasons which prevented.

In concluding this short statement, I desire to say for the benefit of self supporting students that directly and indirectly much of the outside work I did has proved of great value to me since graduation. I did not support myself entirely. I feel that entire self support and graduation in four years must involve for most men an undesirable strain. I know that after leaving Cornell I felt for some time a lack of physical and mental freshness. I worked too constantly and played too little in the last two years. But with me, as with many others, it was a case of meeting the situation as I found it.

WORKING WITH THE STUDENT AGENCIES.

C. B. Ferguson, Class of 1912.

Coming to Cornell in 1908 with a state scholarship but with very little else in the way of financial backing, I was obliged at once to look around for means of self support. My four years' experience goes to show that "working one's way" is after all no bar to getting a deal of fun out of college life and even winning a share of its honors. Moreover the work has furnished a business training which is not to be despised.

My first move on reaching Ithaca was to hunt up a place to wait table for my board. This is the ordinary freshman's only idea of a job when he first comes to Cornell, and for many it remains the goal of ambition for the rest of their student days.

Some of the workers find later that not a few business men down town and professors on the hill have a somewhat higher grade of employment to offer. But I was no exception my first year. I obtained a job in a boarding house on the corner of Dryden Road and College Avenue and worked there until the crew training table was started in the spring. Between university work and domestic service I had found time to go out for crew and succeeded in making the freshman eight.

Before the University opened in my sophomore year I was in Ithaca with laundry bags on my arm "signing up" customers for the Student Laundry Agency. A regular competition was run then as now and I was so fortunate as to be one of the four elected to the force at the beginning of the term. Together with the other three I worked along with the Agency during the year getting a sufficient financial reward to cover expenses and at the same time competing for the position of junior manager. And at the election in the spring I was again fortunate. This position carries with it that of secretary-treasurer of the Student Agencies, and leads in the senior year to the senior managership of the Laundry Agency and the presidency and general managership of the Student Agencies corporation.

In this connection a word of explanation may not be amiss. The Agencies is a corporation of undergraduates controlling the Student Laundry Agency, the Student Room Agency, and the Student Commons. The men selected in the competition described above hold the offices in the Laundry Agency and the corporation. The unsuccessful three competitors get a chance in the Room Agency or elsewhere. All are paid for the work they do. The Commons, which was organized while I was junior manager, is operated by a separate force of managers, chosen by competition from the waiters. All of the business, however, is transacted through the office at the Laundry Agency. Since many thousands of dollars are handled there every year the business experience is of considerable value to the managers. I rate it at least equally as valuable as my regular university course.

These positions have netted me enough to cover all reasonable expenses in the University. Having another source of income for the summer, I worked in only one summer vacation and that was between my freshman and sophomore years. Then I took a job in a machine shop in order to get practical experience in mechanical engineering.

The Agency work requires a great deal of time, but not enough to have prevented me from making the varsity four in 1910 and the varsity eight last year or giving sufficient attention to my University work. Besides the advantages of money return and business training, this work gives an opportunity to meet a large percentage of the undergraduates—in itself no small consideration in an institution of this size. Now, nearly at the close of my work in the Agency, I can say that I have always found it more agreeable than otherwise. It certainly offers the impecunious student, who has a little ambition, the chance to work his way with the drudgery left out, with lasting benefit to himself, coupled with an unusual opportunity for making many life long friends among his college contemporaries.



The After Effects of Athletic Training.

C. V. P. Young.

Professor of Physical Training.

WHAT are the effects of athletic training upon the college athlete in after life? Does three or four years participation in athletics make for greater efficiency and longer life? Does the more or less specialized development of the college athlete increase his power of resistance against disease, or his power to use the forces of the body economically? These are questions that are just now arousing widespread discussion and are receiving widely divergent answers. The Surgeon General of the United States Navy in his annual report says, "The prolonged vigorous course of physical exercise necessary to excellence in physical sports is believed to be dangerous in its after effects upon those who indulge in athletic sports sufficiently to excel therein." Dr. Anderson of Yale, on the other hand submits data covering fifty years which shows that the Yale athlete does not die young but on the contrary is pronounced by actuaries of insurance companies who have examined the data "a safer risk than the non-athlete." Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, says, "The number of distinguished athletes who die from the infectious diseases—will always raise the question as to whether the prolonged strain to which they have frequently been subjected has not lessened in some measure their powers of resistance against disease." Dr. Phillips, of Amherst says, "An intimate acquaintance of some thirty years with competitive athletics convinces me that as practiced today in our American colleges they are, in general, a physical benefit to the participant." And so it goes, one man notes no after effects among a large number of men, and another says our system of physical training (meaning thereby intercollegiate athletics) is all wrong. My object in discussing the question, therefore, is not to add arguments to those already offered as to the good or ill effects of athletic competition, but simply to point out some tendencies of specialized forms of athletics, and to consider their after effects from the standpoint of their usefulness in enabling the individual to maintain his body in a normal state of health and vigor.

In the first place it is a very common mistake to suppose that muscular development is necessarily synonymous with health and

Type of Gymnast.

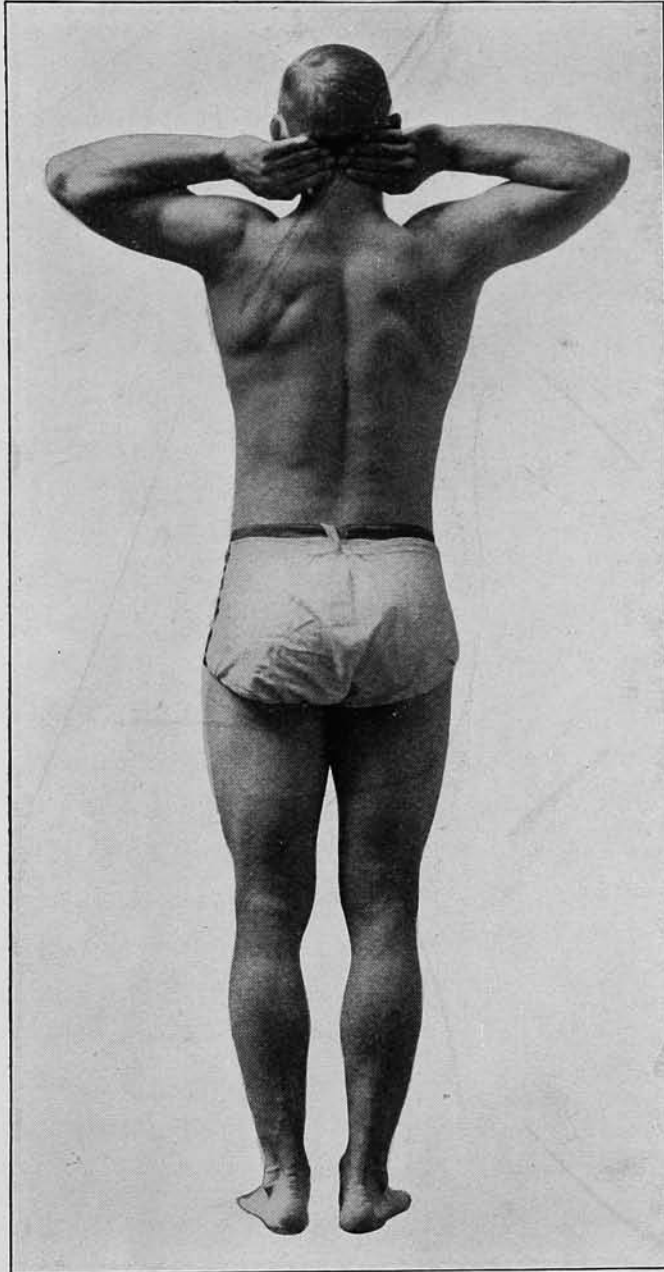


Short trunk, heavy shoulder muscles, massive development of arms.
Lower limbs not proportionately developed.

vitality. So far is this from being the case that, except for those whose occupation in life demands it, large muscles are apt to be a positive detriment. It is a matter of frequent observation, for example, that the trained athlete or gymnast breaks down under the strain of close confinement in business and professional pursuit, while the office clerk with practically no physical development suffers no such ill effect. Right here, it seems to me, in this failure to recognize and act upon the most primary physiological principle, is to be found the greatest danger arising from strenuous athletic competition. Muscles and other tissues that have been built up in the course of years in response to the demands made upon them cannot suddenly adjust themselves to the conditions of sedentary life. Deprived of their accustomed amount of nourishment through lack of fresh air and vigorous exercise, the inevitable result is degeneration of tissue with its consequent strain upon the vital organs to supply the deficiency and at the same time maintain their own metabolic vigor. Again, Surgeon General Stokes says, in the report referred to; "When, under the conditions of service at sea, it becomes impossible to continue vigorous exercise, the individual easily falls prey to degenerative changes, tends to become obese, to lose physical stamina, and in the end he fails to render as many years of efficient service under service conditions as does his less athletic, but symmetrically developed, classmate.

Now let us see what are some of the tendencies of the four specialized forms of athletics, football, baseball, rowing, and track. The football player, particularly one occupying a line position, is called upon to make movements involving chiefly the muscles of the back and legs. While these movements are more or less varied and made with a considerable degree of rapidity, it is upon the large and slow moving muscles that requisition is chiefly made. As a result, the athlete who has devoted himself exclusively to this form of exercise finds himself at the end of four years the possessor of a very muscular physique, but also slow and awkward in movement. He has built up a mass of tissue which makes demands upon the system for replenishment such as cannot be met by light forms of exercise, and for that reason, unless his environment after graduation is unusually favorable, the probabilities are that he will discontinue his exercise entirely. The typical football graduate, of the old time, line-smash-

Type of Football Player.



Good shoulders and back, but chief emphasis on lower limbs.

Type of Baseball Player.



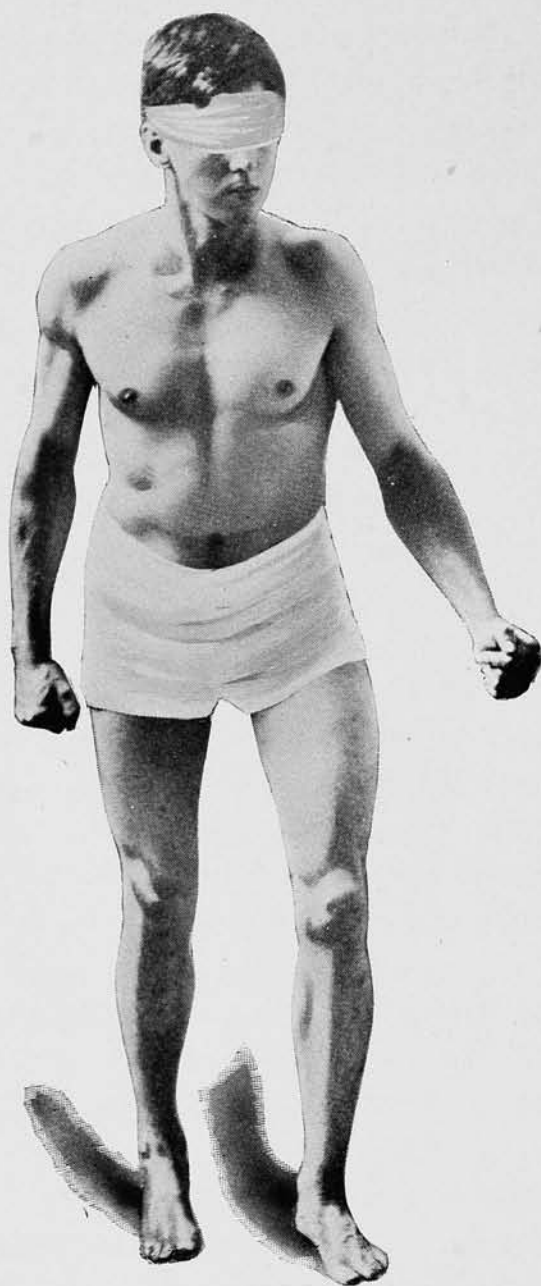
Symmetrical, strictly normal development, conducive to muscular efficiency.

ing variety at least, is represented in the popular mind by the large portly man, with tremendous appetite, performing feats in momentary bursts of strength, but unable to compete in games or tests requiring moderate but sustained effort and some degree of co-ordination. It should be added, however, that with the opening of the game during the last two years, with its greater emphasis upon agility and ability to handle the ball and less upon the qualities commonly possessed by the blacksmith and coal heaver, with its periods of rest and allowed substitutions, football has ceased to be the game of concentrated power and endurance that it was, and to that extent better meets the "hygienic requirements" of exercise.

The baseball player does not come into personal contact with his opponent and is not called upon to make the violent muscular efforts that characterize football. The motions required are more varied, involving almost the entire muscular organism, and at the same time making for a high degree of co-ordination. They are also of such a nature as tend to overcome defects of carriage and posture, which is evidenced by the ample chest, well developed organs, the trained muscles and nerves that distinguish the professional ball player. Baseball, furthermore, may be and very often is played after college days, but more than that, the ball player with his trained eye and quick and elastic muscles, can quickly acquire proficiency in the more moderate games of middle age and is thus much more likely to continue the practice of some form of exercise.

Track and Field sports are varied in their character but, if pursued in moderation, any or all of them may be made to serve admirably certain definite ends. With standards of excellence as high as they are to-day, however, and competition as intense, participation in this form of athletics is bound to be fraught with danger. Especially with the young and immature is damage liable to be inflicted upon heart and lungs, which, while not immediately apparent in its effects, may later result in broken health and permanent weakness. The excitement and nervous expenditure of a closely contested race is a positive drain upon the vitality which cannot be continued indefinitely with impunity. The most that can be said for the heartbreaking quarter or half-mile sprint (it almost amounts to that) is that, if not indulged in without a careful and prolonged course of training, and if not re-

Typical Track Man.



Deep, full chested ; limbs trim and muscular.

peated at too frequent intervals, no direct injury or permanent weakness need be feared. No one pretends to claim that such form of development is desirable, or in itself contributes to permanent improvement of the physical standard.

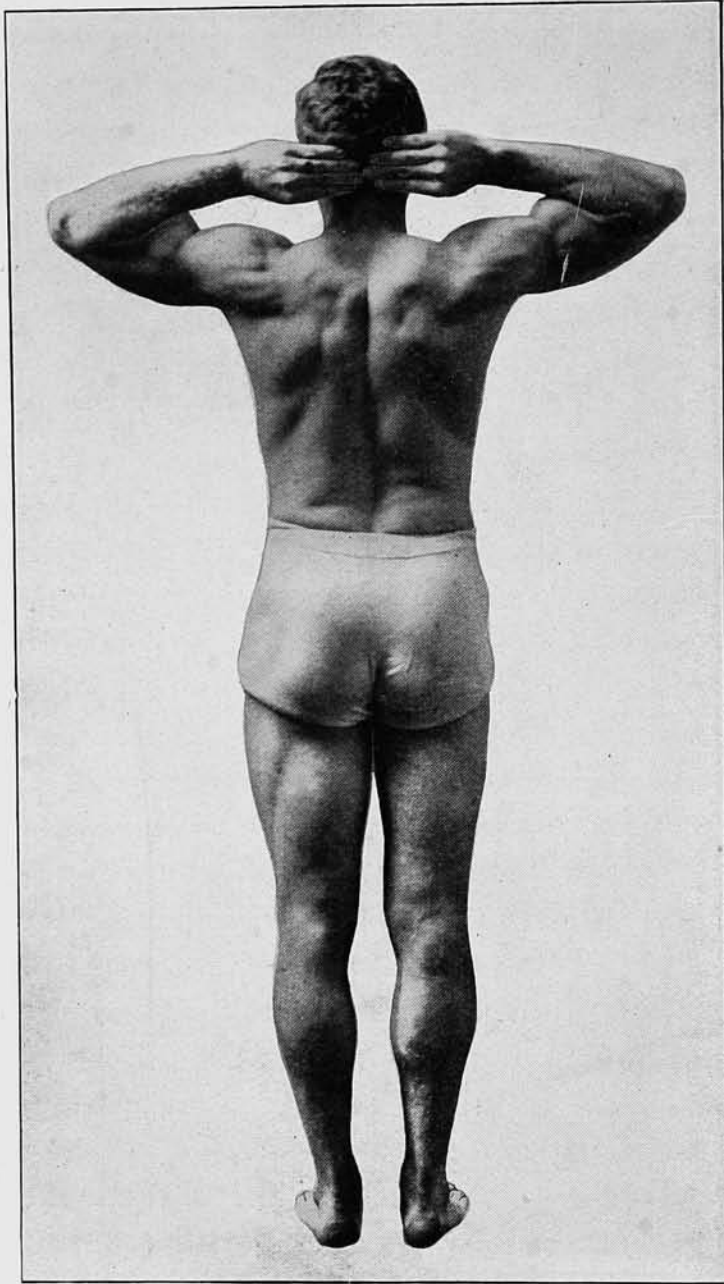
To my mind, however, the most serious danger that threatens the track athlete is owing to the fact that he so suddenly lets down in the amount of exercise, or gives it up entirely, after graduation even more than is the case in any other branch (assuming that his training has been conducted wisely and with due regard to his strength and ability.) After having been subjected for a period of years to abnormal conditions, the muscular organism simply must be given opportunity for a gradual readjustment, or a long period of ill health and general dullness and lassitude will ensue, or even a positive and complete breakdown.

Rowing is similar to football in that it effects the large muscle groups of the body. It is similar to track exercises in that it makes heavy demands upon the heart and lungs. As with both forms of exercise it should be entered into only by those who have attained a considerable degree of maturity and whose physical condition warrants a persistent and prolonged course of training. For purposes of general development, no better form of exercise can be found than correct rowing on a sliding seat, but if carried beyond the point of normal development, it tends to produce the typical "strong man," one able to lift heavy weights or to meet sudden demands upon the strength, but in games such as baseball, tennis, golf, and the like where quickness of eye and accuracy of movement are essential, the oarsman will give a good imitation of the traditional bull in a china shop.

It should be borne in mind that in this discussion it has been the more or less exaggerated type of college athlete that has been considered. Even with the Varsity athlete the evils of specialization may be neutralized by practicing other forms of exercise when not in training for his own particular branch, and this should be done.

The football player and oarsman should play tennis, handball and the like for outdoors and take up boxing as an indoor exercise; the track athlete should practice developmental and more general forms of exercise, baseball, rowing (pair-oared), swimming for outdoors and all round gymnastics for indoors. It is the entire discontinuance of exercise during certain portions of the year,

Type of Oarsman.



Large shoulders and back. Thick muscles.

and then a strenuous devotion to one particular form during the other portion of the year, that is to be condemned. It is in this respect that we are behind the English in the matter of exercise. The English college athlete is as a rule outdone by his American cousin but at middle-life the balance is altogether on the other side, the Englishman maintaining an unflagging interest in his walking, riding or cricket. 'The bane of athletic life in America, let me repeat, is that during the years of adolescence and young manhood it is entered into so intensely, and then abruptly discontinued in later life.



Unseasonable and Inclement Weather.

As man to man, Time—
Met and met again—
Do you *like* such weather—
Dry and wet again?

As man to man, Time—
Friend to friend, say—
Is there *need* to change so—
Monday to Wednesday?

As man to man, Time—
Age to age, sir!
You would put an angel
In a rage, sir!

Fraternities at Cornell.

William J. Norton, '02.

THE first President of Cornell University, Andrew D. White, was a firm believer in the American Fraternity system and every opportunity for development was given to the fraternities, so that today in the recognized strength of its chapters and in the value of its fraternity buildings, Cornell is probably the leading university in the country. The early policy of the University not only favored the fraternities but prevented the building of dormitories, and this policy remains in actual effect today.

Fundamentally the fraternity chapter house is a home, and the members of the chapter are members of the family so that the name of the fraternity practically becomes the last name of the member. In assuming this simple status for the fraternity and the fraternity member, the other problems involved are somewhat simplified. The corollary to this assumption would be that all the "independents" are orphans and anyone familiar with the class reunions at Cornell can easily understand its significance. President White considered in the early days that there was no place where a boy, leaving home for the first time, could gain an experience with men and with affairs so safely or so easily as in the college fraternity, and in his opinion, it was the best substitute for the home. The value to a young man of the discipline of his first two years in a fraternity and the responsibility in directing the affairs of the fraternity in the last two years are invaluable. The problems that arise in the fraternity are the problems he will meet in after life and any latent ability that he may have for diplomacy or executive work will be fully developed.

The old false conception that it is an honor to belong to this or that fraternity has caused most of the trouble, for it alone has developed the exclusive tendency in the fraternity, which is the point at which most of the real criticism is directed. The idea that the individual was honored by an election to a fraternity was probably a development from other institutions where honorary senior societies and such societies as Phi Beta Kappa prevail. These, of course, were legitimate honorary societies and election did carry with it the idea of recognized preference.

The election to a fraternity such as we have at Cornell is not an honor, on the contrary, it is a responsibility which the newly elected member, if he will obtain the best results from such membership, must discharge ; first, in service to his university and second, in service to his fraternity.

Let us now consider the proper basis for selection of members in a fraternity. In the majority of instances, this is purely the result of family connections or family friendships contracted before the college days, and this tendency is becoming more marked of recent years when the older alumni or the fraternity are sending their sons to the university in large numbers. There is a natural tendency, on the other hand, for young men of like ideas and sympathies to get together, and congeniality plays an important part in selection. This has been shown again and again, in spite of the rather tense and often crude methods that are used in rushing, as the men instinctively seek their own level and it is very rare to find a man misplaced in an uncongenial atmosphere. In a university as democratic as Cornell, arbitrary rules should be avoided and in selecting men for the fraternity, the fundamental idea of congenial friendship should prevail. Arbitrary rules for rushing, no matter how nice they may appear on paper, may become exceedingly dangerous. In the first place, they usually result in delay in selecting the men. This results in a vast amount of time being taken up by the men already in the fraternity, for if the selection of men is postponed until just before Christmas for instance, it means that one-third of the sophomore, junior and senior years are upset by the process, and if, as has been suggested by some, membership in the fraternity is postponed until the sophomore year, it means that the balance of the three years of membership in the fraternity is distorted by the attempt to secure new men. It has been the experience in most fraternities that internal fraternity development ceases entirely during the rushing period, and for this reason early and informal elections are desirable.

In the second place, formal rules have an equal tendency to excite and delay the development of the prospective member until his status is determined or, to put it in the other way, until his family connections have been made, the newcomer is apt to give an unnecessarily important place to his attempt to make this or

that fraternity, and as a result, his university work and general progress is apt to be retarded.

Again the training that a freshman receives in a fraternity in the freshman year is invaluable. At Cornell, the traditions of the early chapters, composed of strong and rugged men, still remain. The opportunity of service opened to the freshmen in the fraternity are numerous and can never be regained in the later years. It has always been noted that the men entering the fraternities in the sophomore year are apt to lack that peculiar and invaluable instinct of service and responsibility that the freshman gains. To be a little more specific relative to the conditions as they exist at Cornell today, the tendency seems to be to make arbitrary rules and gradually to delay the entrance of the newcomer to the fraternity. This has transformed the old informal friendly rushing season of a few weeks into a stilted and unnatural situation, which unless checked will result in serious harm being done, both to the fraternities and to the men waiting to join the fraternities. The situation does not require arbitrary rules. The family connections should be made quickly and without any disturbance to other university activities. In most instances, the family or friendship connection already exists when the men enter the university and the sooner the strain and stress is over the better for all concerned. Arbitrary rules, no matter how perfect they may seem or how strictly they are agreed upon, lead only to a breach of faith; because in securing their men the newer fraternities must use more drastic measures than some of the older and more self-satisfied fraternities.

This situation actually happened in one of the Western universities where the faculty itself drew up arbitrary rules and delayed admittance to fraternities until December. This was abandoned because it was found that some of the fraternities were obliged to pledge men before the date named by the faculty. The penalty for disobedience of the arbitrary rules laid down by the faculty was dismissal and to avoid this, alumni from other chapters were brought in, who were not under the jurisdiction of the faculty, and pledges were made months before the appointed time.

There is no reason for arbitrary rules at Cornell because there is absolutely no competition for good men. It is true that the fraternities are a little inclined to depreciate the value of their raw material, but successful fraternities have appreciated this fully

and have realized that more credit is obtained by developing a rugged unpromising freshman into a man of leadership in his senior year, than can ever be obtained in securing the most promising preparatory school athlete who may develop to be of little service either to the fraternity or to the university. There are probably just as many, if not more, good men outside of the fraternities at Cornell today, as inside. This was shown some years ago when a chapter of a very old fraternity became, from internal reasons, extremely weak, and there was grave danger on this account of its even losing its charter from the general fraternity. Some of the alumni, however, took it in hand and selected three or four independent leaders from each of the upper classes and from that time this fraternity has been one of the strongest in the university.

It is well to recall at this time the old amicable relations that existed under the former informal rushing plan. It was not uncommon for a fraternity to return to Ithaca in September with its delegation complete and with scores of additional recommendations from its alumni. These men were looked up and if found to be desirable were introduced to other fraternities and the spirit in which such introductions were made was understood, and in a later year the favor was apt to be returned.

The solution of the problem, as it exists at Cornell today, lies not in arbitrary and drastic rules but in more fraternities. There should be no orphans. Every man should belong to some fraternity and if necessary, the older fraternities should help build up new ones. Each existing fraternity might even stand sponsor for a new society, say for the first three or four years, and this might help solve the problem which every fraternity has, in being forced to turn down desirable men owing to delegations being complete at an early date.

Nor is this entirely a student problem. In the earlier days under President White, it was almost entirely a university problem and now that we are planning a dormitory system, it might be well if the university proceeded very cautiously. In other universities, it has been found that the fraternity system and the dormitory system are incompatible. If the university should at this point establish large dormitories, they will be weakened by the men who join the fraternities and, on the other hand, the fraternities themselves will be weakened, and it may be extremely diffi-

cult to fill and finance the large fraternity house of today under the dormitory system. The university has practically encouraged its alumni to make large investments in fraternity property and great care should be exercised in planning any development which might seriously disturb existing conditions.

The suggestion is here made that the University authorities might modify its plan for dormitories so that small buildings, housing say thirty men, could be erected at the University's expense. These could be rented to new societies with the understanding that in ten or fifteen years, the alumni of the society should return to the university the money invested in the building, and with this money a new house could be built and a new society formed. Such new societies should not stop in electing men of the incoming classes but should go back and give honorary election to men who were not members of fraternities when in college. This plan would strengthen the societies, and eventually result in every alumnus' feeling that he had a definite home at the University. Personally, the writer believes that the university must meet this issue squarely. Either Cornell University should definitely recognize the American fraternity plan, in which case the university should attempt to provide a home for all Cornell men, or on the other hand, if the dormitory system is decided upon, the university should assume the burden and responsibility of the investment in fraternity property which now exists.

There is one other consideration which should not be neglected, and that is the responsibility of the fraternity alumni to the chapter. The alumni of the Cornell fraternities have been exceedingly liberal in providing for their chapters comfortable and sometimes elaborate homes, and in most cases seem to think that their responsibility ceases at this point. To give a young man just entering college a home very often more elaborate and involving greater expenditure than he has been accustomed to, or can afford, does not end the responsibility but creates a new one. If the fraternity system is to endure as a factor in American college life, it must develop men who will go out into the world with the strongest traditions for right service, and a full appreciation of the debt which they owe to the fraternity, to the university, and to the nation, and which can only be wiped off by the creditable endeavor of a life time.

The responsibility of the alumni of the fraternities cannot end until this situation is met, and a proper constructive plan is developed.

Some suggestions have already been made by Mr. Birdseye of Amherst as to the future of the American college fraternity. He has suggested that, in the large universities numbering three, four or five thousand men, that the fraternity may eventually assume a position similar to the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge, and that each fraternity may ultimately provide responsible guidance to its undergraduate members in the shape of additional instructors or tutors so that a more intimate relation may develop among the members of the fraternity and its alumni and between the undergraduates and the faculties, similar to that which is now found in our small colleges.

This brief outline of some of the conditions which confront the Cornell fraternity of today, incomplete as it is, may promote, and the writer hopes it will, discussion which will develop a proper solution to some of the problems.



A Farewell.

E. G. Burrows, '13.

Farewell, my old familiar Muse,
Inexorable time
Is killing you ; I soon must lose
The power and will to rhyme.
I will not deem his judgment hard,
But hope your dying can,
Though taking something from the bard,
Add something to the man.

Yet, in a staid old burgher's brain,
Who used to sing in youth,
But showered down in useful rain
His dawn's bright clouds of truth,
Should not a Muse-ghost linger yet,
Who might avail to bring
To weary days of dust and fret
The song in everything ?

The Passing of Venus.

H. S. Kirchberger, '15.

I HAD known her as a vain, shallow girl, with not even the grace of making a virtue of her shallowness as so many girls do. Consequently, I was not surprised at hearing of her marriage to a well-to-do acquaintance of mind, a dabbler in sculpture and the arts. But from what I knew of the man's ambitions, I was surprised at him; still, at times she could be genuinely charming and he must have known her only during these times. And what had become of the third figure in the play, the young genius whose paintings had been the talk of advanced art circles and the anathemas of the critics? He, too, had been a suitor at the shrine of Venus, who gives love for gold, and had failed for lack of gold. He had thought gold of fame would pass for gold of the realm, poor fool. That and more the announcement card brought to me as I sat in the cool of Chartres cathedral waiting for the mid-day glare to pass before resuming my drawing of the portals.

I wandered southward from Chartres, leisurely, as one who would appreciate and draw Gothic must do. And in Bourges, beneath the shadow of a dream of Nature in stone, we met.

How well I remember those days! Delightful hours in the great church, she sitting by me while we examined gargoyles and stained glass, for as she admitted, she preferred watching people do things to looking at the works of the dead. But Louis was to take a studio in Paris when the honeymoon was over, and then she would see work! And a cloud over the sun spoiled the glory of the transept rose.

They were touring, and many a pleasant spin we had, Louis beside the chauffeur, until one time he insisted that the man turn around to see the tower of the cathedral rising pale grey over the yellow wheat, and we found ourselves in a ditch in consequence. We walked back to Bourges, all four of us, fortunately none hurt; and I remember every oath of the chauffeur, and Maud's badly suppressed mirth at the sight of Louis's downcast, hang-dog look. It was a clear July day, throbbing with the hum of insects and the far away noises of farms. It was one of those days on which life is worth while without searching for excuses; one of those

days on which the head sings and the heart throbs and the lungs drag in vast draughts of air, insatiable; when the near presence of a woman makes one quiver; one of those days on which man and nature both seem to exclaim from the depths of their being that life, the mere living, is good.

Louis soon recovered his good spirits, and we laughed and sang and behaved generally like children all the long way back to Bourges. And what a meal we had that night! Omelet and chicken and mutton and vegetables, a gargantuan feast, cooked as only the French know how to cook, and to crown all, a vast apple pie which Louis and myself entirely did away with, disgracing ourselves forever in the eyes of the head waiter. It was our last evening together. Maud and Louis, he, disgraced and relegated to the side of Maud instead of the seat beside the chauffeur, went on with their pilgrimage to Italy. . . . I never saw her again, though the memory of her beauty remains ever with me.

It was years later, when the fame of Louis was at its height, that I ran across him again. The fame of his works had grown steadily, much to my own surprise and disgust, for it meant that my estimate of her had been wrong and that had I chosen to marry her, my name might now have meant more than penny-journalist. I met him in the Latin Quarter of Paris one boiling forenoon in August. He looked hundreds of years older, and, wonder of wonders, he was as unkempt and uncombed as the proverbial but extinct Latin-Quarter student. I was distinctly glad to see him, especially as he showed none of the outward signs of the egoistic Success in art. Over the lunch-table on the Boulevard Montparnasse we talked, or rather I talked, of the intervening years, I hoping thus to draw him out. I told him of my years of wandering in ridiculous places in search of material to gratify the public's love of thrill; I talked of art; of everything but her; and not a word did he utter until the coffee was served. Then he spoke, and I marveled at the man.

"You're only fishing to find out about the part Maud has played in my success, if you can call it that, so I suppose I might as well soothe your nerves at once. She has been the entire cause of it, and I wish her joy in the knowledge, if she knows. . . . In those past days I dreamt great dreams, and felt that it needed a woman by my side to make the visions marble realities. I met her. She seemed interested in my work, saw with me the unborn

forms in the marble blocks, and I loved. My money? Bah! How was I to guess? I loved, I tell you."

Truly they say love is blind.

"I have no doubt I fascinated her. 'Wife of Louis Medard, the Sculptor!' There was a glamor, a haze of unreality, and I have no doubt she thought she loved; let it stand to her credit, at least. And when our engagement was announced that poor devil of a painter, Andrewson, came to me and said I had ruined his life with my accursed gold, and I laughed. I laughed! And when he repeated it in her presence, I half throttled him to death and she came and cooed in my arms.

"You remember her in the days at Bourges? Strange, is it not, now I can look back on my dead self and see all so clearly. . . Yet the moment I merge my dead self with myself, I know that she and I both loved, living in a land of illusions. That was when we met. Tell me, was she not truly divine?"

And I, with memories of certain scenes, could truly reply "Yes." I wondered what was to come next.

"Paris and a studio. Paris and Art. Paris and great things. Above all, Paris of the theatres and restaurants and automobiles and all else that money can give a woman fond of such things. And as I too am fond of them you can imagine how much work was done. The steady influence was missed, and unconsciously, but, I think now, subconsciously unwilling, we began to drift apart. Then too, how could I work with her around to play with? Why should I have worked—not one in a thousand gives a single damn for all the statutes since the Sphinx. The 'artists' desire to create beauty?' Rot! I had more beauty before me in that one woman than I could interpret into stone in a hundred years of constant labor. That is what I said then; I see now I was wrong. With nothing serious to bind us together, we drifted apart. She, who should have known the remedy, the road to the fame that would have kept the glamour, hindered me. We lived a lie for awhile, we two, and then she took to reading Ibsen. I doubt whether she would have had the brains to see the lie without that, but with it she did. She misunderstood Ibsen, and ruined my life in the process. There has been no beauty in life for me, save what I myself have created, since she left me."

He was silent a moment, and I was glad, for I was puzzled, very much puzzled, as to just how big a fool he was and as to whether

perhaps she had not understood Ibsen better than he thought, for despite his modesty he was the producer of truly great works.

"She left me, just went, leaving a note. I know it by heart. 'I loved you for what you are not; you loved me for what I cannot be. It is better we should part. If you now become famous, it will be because of me. I still love Art enough to leave you and save you despite yourself. Maud.' That was all. Save me! Ha-ha! Today my name is bruited abroad and I am the 'second Jean Goujon' of an hour, and look at me! What do you see?"

I looked and saw the face of a man who had suffered silently and who peered forth through the Gates of Death into a void. The devil prompted me to ask:

"How were your finances at the time."

"As good as ever, as good as ever."

My last guess was lost, and I could not understand.

"And you still love her?"

"My God, how I love her! It is ceaseless torture. I have name and fame, but my life is a wreck. I am among the immortals they say, but since she left I have never lived. Had she a right to kill me?"

Petrarch enjoyed writing sentiment about his Laura, and after Hell, Dante had Heaven. This man had neither joy of creation, nor Hope of Life, and I pitied him profoundly.

We said our "Good-byes," and as we were leaving he said:

"You must come up to the studio. Andrewson and I have it together. His not getting her ruined his genius and saved his life, and my getting her has been the making of me. And the fool envies me bitterly, I can see. You'll like him—he likes the shows and pretty women and all the rest of it. Good-bye!"

But I haven't been able to disentangle it yet. . . . Just Heaven, how superbly beautiful she was!

The Cornell Era



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Number 5

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It is a common practice among us to mention the C. U. C. A., the Somerset Y, and the Swimming Tank in the same derogatory breath. The C. U. C. A. has for years past been a serious problem to many of the deepest thinkers in college, and has been the recipient of both bouquets and brickbats, (although we must admit a preponderance of the latter.)

A Place for the C. U. C. A.

At last this much criticized Association has hit upon an idea that will do much toward reestablishing it in the good graces of student body. It has started a movement by which many of the upperclassmen are to give their personal attention and advice to groups of incoming freshmen in an endeavor to make the start at Cornell easier and pleasanter.

Such a movement is a step in the right direction. The C.U.C.A. has a big place to fill if it will. We admit that the broad, non-sectarian principles upon which Cornell was founded do not foster such an institution as vigorously as do the foundations of some of the other colleges, but within its sphere the Christian Association has much that it can do.

To lead in such ideas as the one outlined above ; to make Barnes Hall a place where one may find the undergraduates who are doing things, as well as the Bible-class leaders ; to enroll the men who set the intellectual styles for Cornell—these are a few of the lines we believe it could profitably pursue.

We may be viewing the matter cynically, but it seems to us that of all men, college men are the least original, the most lamb-like. A coterie of a dozen men shape and set the intellectual and actual styles of the undergraduate body. If they wear English hats, if they jest at the Library clock, the whole body of us fall in line and must needs buy English hats and take our fling at the clock.

The formula is simple. Apply it to the C. U. C. A. and you have their problem solved.

The *Sun* informs us that a "Wilson" Club is to be established at Cornell. The ERA has always kept out of politics and we do not propose to become embroiled now. It does strike us, however, that these college political clubs are a distinct evil. They are ephemeral at best, but during their brief life they may be the means of prejudicing for all time a man who would have otherwise become an independent thinker. Catching a man in the formulative stage of his life, they can and do work a lasting harm.

The Wilson Club. Mr. Wilson is perhaps worthy of becoming President of the United States, as is Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, and the twenty or thirty other aspirants. The point involved is not one of the worth of the men. At many Colleges these clubs have become a fixed part of undergraduate life and men are made partisan for life. We would regret to see such a development here.

Cornellians will hail with delight the signing of the contract whereby Dr. Albert H. Sharpe is to be football coach of Cornell for a term of three years. We call attention to the articles about him which appear in another part of this issue. May he prove to be a man of such ability that he may rank beside Mr. Courtney and Mr. Moakley in the respect and esteem of Cornellians.

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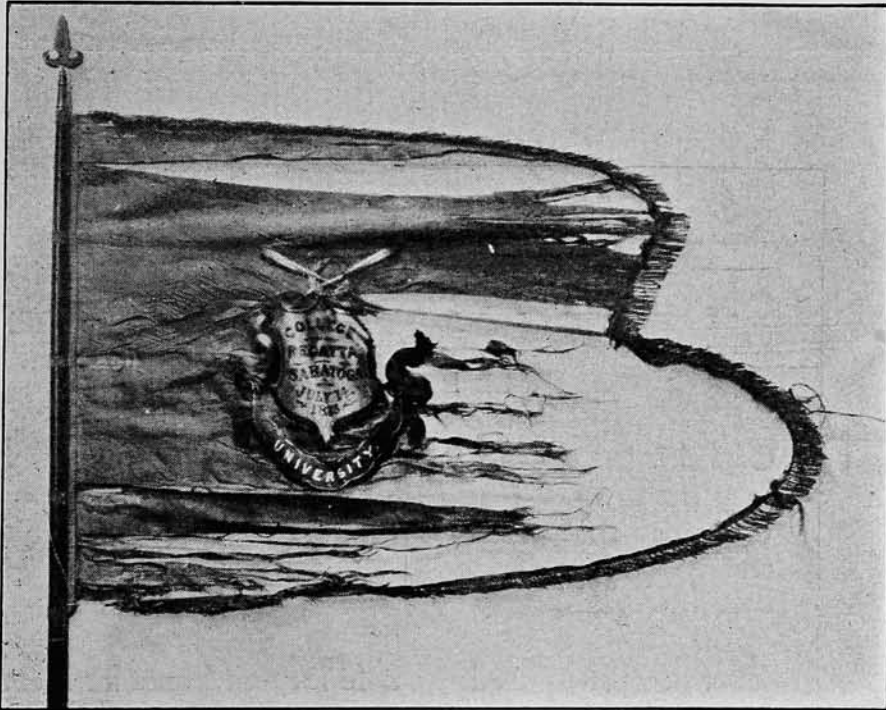
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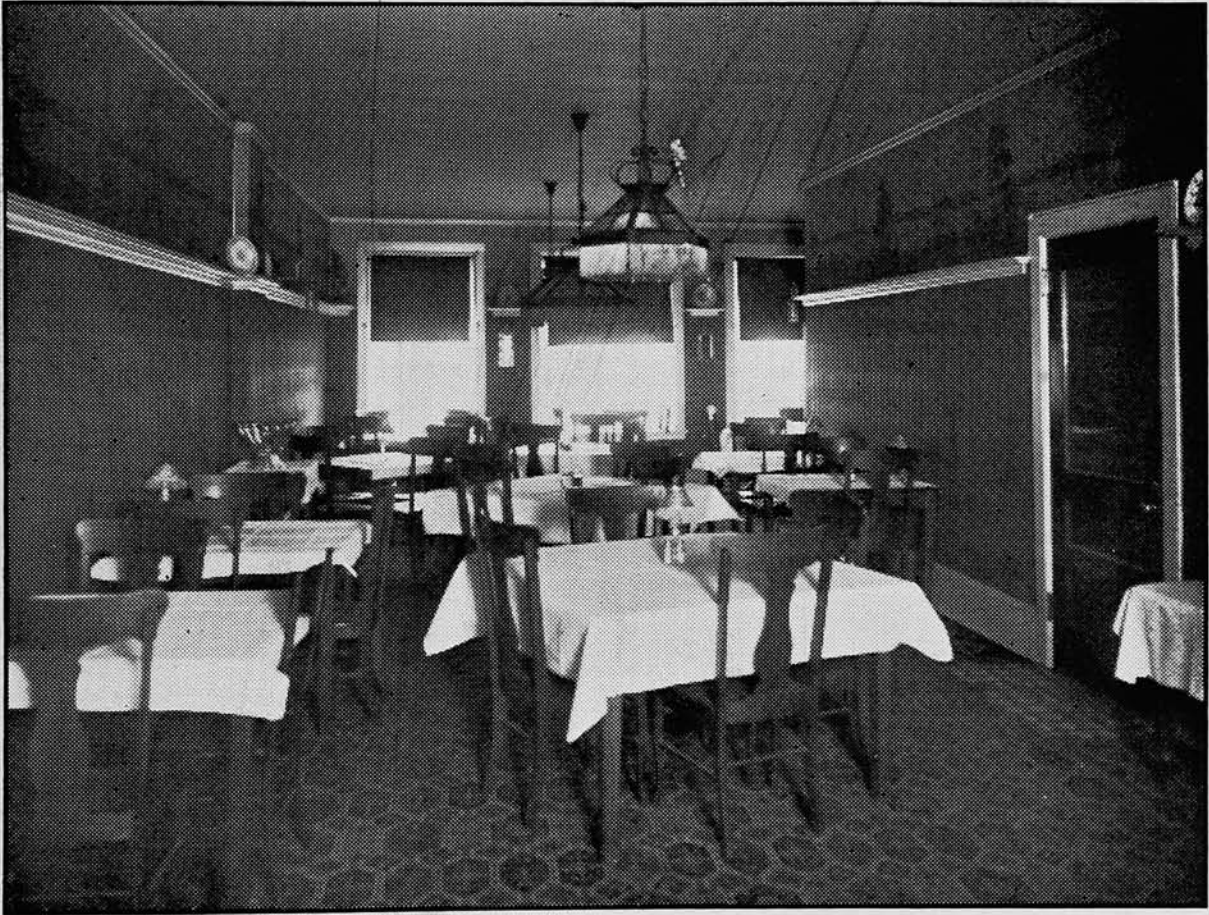
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It is not Champagne; it's something better and costs a third as much as Domestic Wine.

Invigorating and exhilarating, possessing none of the bad effects of wines.

It's just the pure fermented juice of selected New York State apples.

Duffy's Sparkling Apple Juice

Duffy's Grape Juice

Healthful, refreshing and non-alcoholic beverages for both summer and winter.

American Fruit Product Company

Rochester, New York



Common Sense.

A SOUR-VISAGED, bespectacled goddess is Common Sense, twin sister of Commonplace, daughter of swag-bellied Self-Interest and Queen Exalted of the Philistines. Where she makes her baleful entry, there is no more of Romance, and high purpose, and all the fine dreams of youth. Common Sense looks upon a sunset: "Aha," quoth she, "'tis supper-time." Common Sense looks upon a scene of thoughtless cheer; "Fools," she snarls, "dolts!" Common Sense looks upon the world, and sees only sordidness and self-interest. Common Sense told Columbus that the world could not be else than flat; Robert Fulton and a hundred others that they were violating the essential laws of nature; Epictecus and Francis of Assisi and William Morris that man is a vessel of iniquity and by definition incapable of good. No poet worthy of the name has been possessed of Common Sense; wherefore Common Sense despises poetry. Oh, my miserable brethren, diligently examine yourselves; remorselessly question your erring souls. If (*horribile dictu*) you are fond of addition and doubt the truth of funny stories, and tell young children that there is no Santa Claus, then, my friend, your young life is blighted in its bloom; you may forthwith join the congregation of the damned.

—Morris G. Bishop.



RALPH STOCKMAN TARR

[See Page 363]

THE CORNELL ERA

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No. 6

“The Tumult and the Shouting Dies.”

Edward Foreman Graham, '14.

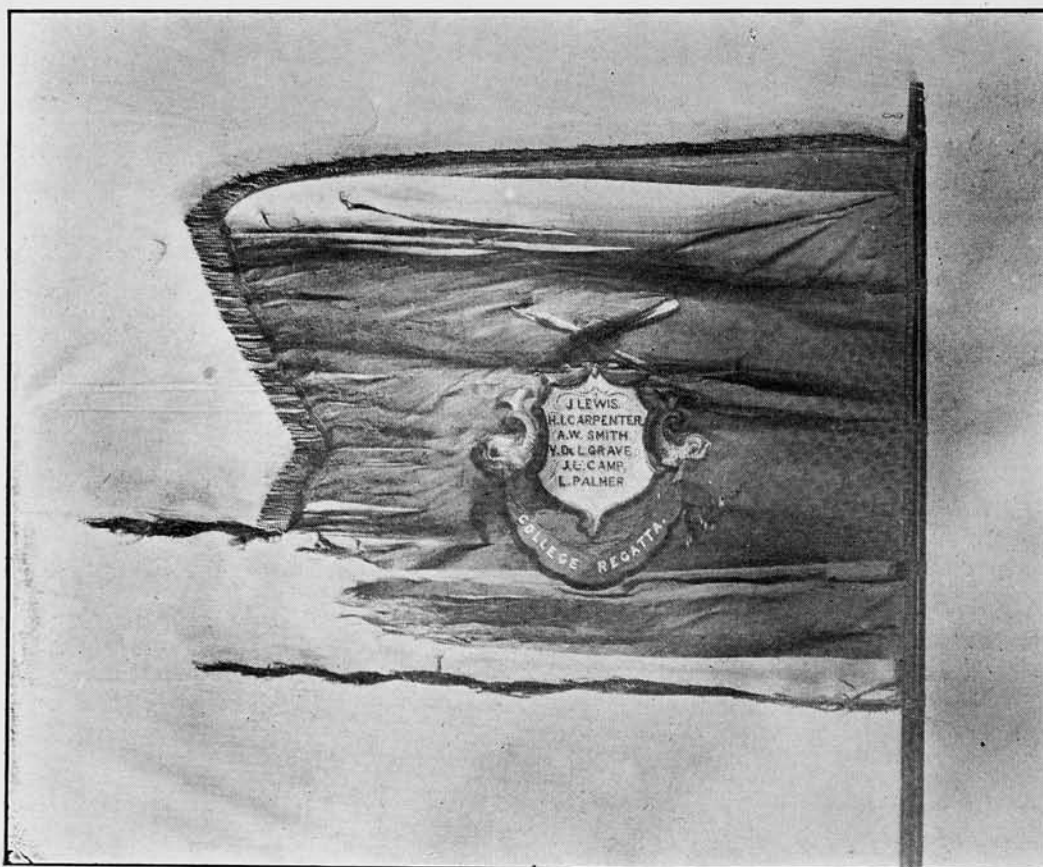
THE banners of the old Rowing Association of American Colleges, brought home from the Saratoga Regatta in 1875 by the Varsity and freshman crews, represent what remains the most noteworthy single achievement in the history of Cornell athletics. A band of self-trained “mechanics,” from an institution scarce half a dozen years old, in their third venture in intercollegiate rowing had beaten the proud oarsmen of Columbia, Harvard, and Yale, securing the aquatic championship of America. The homeward progress of those victors is remembered yet as one long triumphal procession. When they reached Ithaca, “something more than a yellow dog,” in the words of Mr. Courtney, “came out to meet them.” The whole town and the whole University greeted them with red fire and cheers, placed them on a triumphal float, and paraded them up to the Campus, where an arch of victory had been erected, and where President White came out to make a speech of congratulation.

If the victory in the Centennial Regatta in 1876 was less unexpected, it was surely no less emphatic. Taking the lead in each of the three events—singles, freshman sixes, and Varsity sixes—Cornell held it to the end of the course with scarce a contest. Again a triumphal procession, red fire, speeches, and an arch of victory.

Can there be any doubt that those early victories, which at once made Cornell crews supreme on American waters, have contributed to the long series of successes which have followed? A tradition of victory was then founded which has seldom been broken, and which every Cornellian firmly believes will continue, at least so long as the “Old Man” is at the helm. A stranger would certainly expect to find the memorials of those feats among out most cherished relics, carefully preserved from decay, and



Won by the Varsity in the Centennial Regatta.



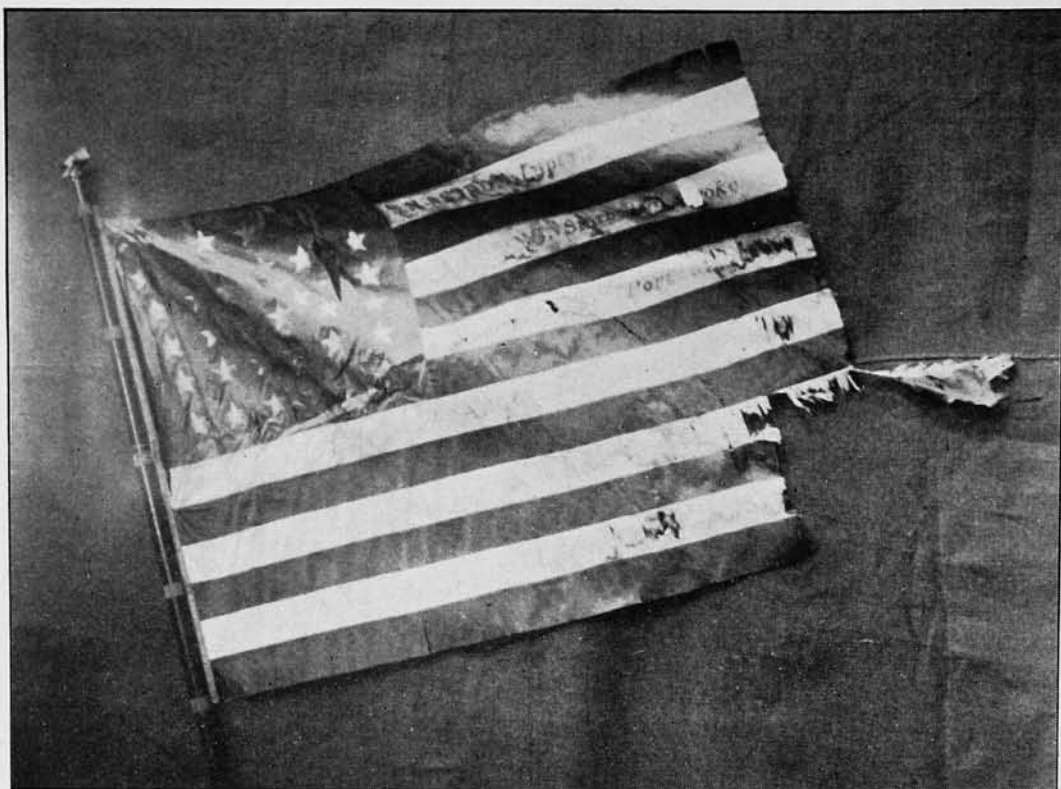
Reverse side of the 1875 Freshman Trophy showing the names of the crew.

fittingly exhibited for the inspiration of all succeeding generations of Cornell men.

The accompanying photographs show the present condition of the oldest of them. The blue silk of our first trophy banner is in strips, its shreds flying in the air with every touch. The gold fringe is tarnished and half ripped off. The portion once emblazoned in gold is so stiff that it cracks when the banner is furled. Yet this is only a sample. All of the oldest and most precious trophy banners are in the same state of decay. One of our alumni visited Ithaca the other day and asked to be shown the early rowing trophies. He was led up into the West Dome of Barnes Hall, a case was unlocked, and a few bundles of tattered silk taken out. With infinite care to avoid tearing the crumbling fabric, there were unfurled before him the banners awarded to the '75 Varsity, the '75 freshman, the '76 Varsity, the '76 freshman, and the '78 freshman crews, every one of them falling to pieces. With each of these blue banners came originally an American flag. There are four of them, but except for the '75 Varsity and freshman flags, which bear the names of the oarsmen, it is impossible to indentify them with the event in which they were won. Fortunately, owing to the better quality of silk of which they are made, they show the effects of time in a less degree than the banners—but they too are now crumbling. An enumeration of the banners in the cases fails to tally with the record of Cornell victories. Where are the missing trophies? Doubtless they have fallen a prey to some curio hunter. And those that remain are being left to decay in their own dust—furled, tucked away and forgotten. Formerly they were hung in the old Library in McGraw Hall; later they were placed in the trophy room of the gymnasium, then in the old trophy room in Barnes Hall, and finally, about four years ago, were buried in their present resting place in the West Dome. Instead of being hung flat they were rolled up, and in some cases simply stacked in a corner.

It would seem that it would only be necessary to call the attention of the authorities to the condition of these memorials to have immediate steps taken for their preservation. The Athletic Association, however, which is the only responsible custodian, has ignored several reminders which have come from the secretary of the Christian Association.

Recently when an appropriation bill was introduced in Congress



Flag won by the 1875 Varsity in connection with the trophy pictured on the cover.

for the restoration and preservation of some old naval flags, the mere exhibition in the House of a few tattered relics was sufficient to secure the immediate passage of the bill. By showing the undergraduates and alumni the state of *our* naval trophies, it is hoped that similarly prompt action may be brought about.

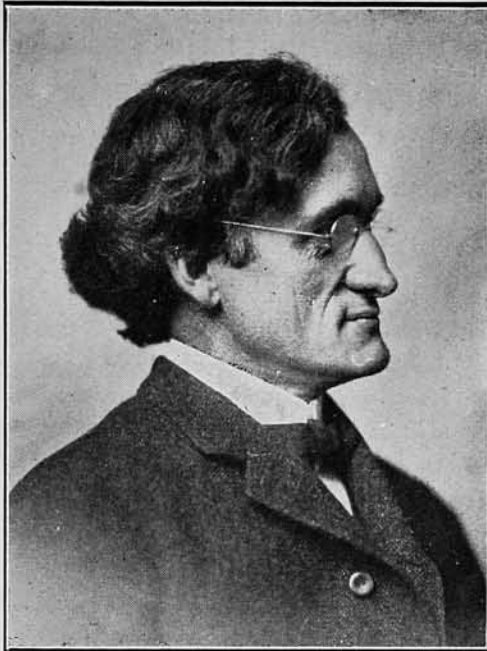
It is too late to restore the earliest banners to anything like their former glory; they can only be pieced and patched, and pressed between plates of glass to keep them from further deterioration. But this ought to be done at once, while it is still possible to handle them. At the same time, some scheme should be devised, whereby our present-day trophies shall be properly cared for, so that future generations will not suffer a disgrace like ours. At present these banners are unprotected even from dust and thieves. It is only a question of time, and not a very long time either, when all will fall to pieces like the flags here pictured. An immediate treatment with wax or varnish, a backing of stretched canvas, and a few more glass cases, would keep them indefinitely.

Some day a new and larger trophy room will be provided, either in an enlarged C. U. C. A. clubhouse, or in the new gymnasium—then all of these banners will be wanted for exhibition. Cornell is not old enough to have prizes to throw away, and even if she had fifty times as many, the value of these oldest trophies of the oar would not be in the least diminished. Already in shreds, in a few years they will be as nothing. *What are we going to do about it?*

What is to be the Future of the College of Agriculture?

Liberty Hyde Bailey

Director of the College of Agriculture.



It is not an easy task, nor a simple one, to answer the question put to me by an editor of *THE ERA*, "What shall be the future of the College of Agriculture?", for I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet; and I also remember what has been written about the honor of one who prophecies in his own country. Yet there are some things that even the blindest man may see; and the first is that the College has not yet arrived at its limit of growth. It is not to be ex-

pected that students will long continue to increase in numbers at the present ratio (although the increase will undoubtedly be large for some years to come), but only part of the work of the College is concerned directly with students.

This leads us to the second step,—the fact that the College of Agriculture is properly a public welfare institution. It owes responsibility to the people who chiefly support it, and these are the people of the state. Its obligation is to meet the educational needs of the people within its sphere; and only a few of these people can go to college.

And now we reach our third step,—the fact that the sphere or reason of the institution is service to the open country. The open country comprises much more than the technical business of farming: it is a place where people live and have all their being,—means of communication, schools, churches, societies, and the rewards and satisfactions of life. We are dealing with a situation; and the situation is large enough to comprise a civilization, of which agriculture is the base.

This leads to a fourth step,—the fact that the College must do many kinds of work if it is to prove itself. It must teach students who come to be taught ; it must extend its knowledge and experience freely to the people ; it must investigate the conditions of good agriculture and good country living, on the knowledge of which all lasting work must rest. These varied interests of research, teaching and extension need not conflict when the proper organization is secured to cover and to administer the parts. The regular academic work should not be any the less academic or any the less educationally sound because the College makes demonstrations on a hundred farms or runs a travelling school. These are different kinds of work, and the College is to be judged by the way in which it meets all its responsibilities rather than by the way in which it meets any one or two of them.

It will be seen that there is building here and in other states a new kind of institution for country life. The spirit of the College is to “do its job.” This job is as large as the rural welfare of the state. How large this rural welfare is, I leave with my reader to portray for himself.

The College of Agriculture has only entered on its work. It has only begun to cover its territory. This is not because its staff lies awake to conjure new projects, but simply and plainly because it cannot even now keep up with the demands that are made on it by the people. Any member of the staff can explain how short he is of meeting his problem. These problems are real. There is not a make-believe problem in the lot.

I do not know what the future of the College shall be. It is capable of serving the people much beyond its present capacity if the people desire that it shall do so. In the meantime, the staff is trying to meet the situation as it presents itself and is not worrying about the future. To some persons the College may now seem to be much developed ; but I can name an untouched and apparently unrecognized field that properly belongs to it and which is as wide in its application as the combined efforts with which the institution is at present engaged.

A Tribute to the Memory of Ralph Stockman Tarr.

O. D. von Engeln.

Born January 15th, 1864, Gloucester, Mass.

Died March 21, 1912, Ithaca, N. Y.

Bachelor of Science, Harvard University, 1891.

Appointed Assistant Professor of Dynamic Geology and Physical
Geography, Cornell University, 1892. Professor, 1897.

HIS admirable qualities were so many, and each one so excellent that it is difficult to choose which of them shall be written down first. The trait, which perhaps most illuminates the character of his life, was his absolute inability to understand a shabby or unworthy motive on the part of others. Himself frank, open, and courageous, he always expected, and took for granted, that all the rest of the world met its issues squarely. When the truth of Dr. Cook's claim to the ascent of Mount McKinley was first questioned, he spoke to his classes in the strongest terms, denouncing the circulation of such rumors; and his own disappointment, when later he became convinced that Dr. Cook had not reached the summit, was as great as his former indignation, for he said he knew Cook and he liked Cook, and could not believe that Cook would do such a thing.

"Everybody leaned on him" most accurately expresses the feeling of all those most closely associated with him. Every day he was in receipt of letters from former students, many of whom now occupy chairs of geology and geography at other colleges and universities, asking his counsel and advice.

Nor were such requests confined to matters pertaining to his profession. In the complex affairs of human life his help and broad sympathy were often sought. And yet he was not one to gloss over difficulties and thus enlist a kindly feeling toward him which might be only temporary. Instead, he was entirely frank. The writer has known him to take up manuscripts submitted to him for review, by authors who themselves occupied important positions in scientific circles, and subject them to the most scathing criticism. But this never evoked a particle of resentment on the part of the writers. For they knew that while he never condoned a fault, on the other hand, he never condemned its maker.

His home life was ideal. His family all adored and deferred to him. An indefatigable worker he nevertheless always had abundant time, it seemed, to cultivate the society of others. He was never too busy to see a student who cared to call on him socially or on a practical errand. He actually encouraged one to call him over the telephone, during his own working hours, if anything came up in which he could be of help.

His scientific research work was marked by the most painstaking accuracy and attention to details. Himself an authority, he always pointed out to his advanced students that it was not well to have too much respect for authority, and accept its dictums slavishly. He practiced also, what he preached. This winter he had erected a wooden building, behind McGraw Hall, in which he conducted experiments on the cause of glacier motion. This is a much disputed question. Rather than allow himself to be biased by the work of previous experimenters, he carefully avoided a close scanning of the literature on the subject, before, or while conducting his own experiments. Moreover, he patiently repeated all the crucial experiments of other investigators, of which he had a general knowledge, and established for himself the correctness of their observations and the verity of their conclusions.

While he had a sense of his own importance and dignity in the scientific world, this was never apparent in his intercourse with others who shone more humbly. Illustrative, in a way, of this is the following story which he delighted in telling on himself. "I had been instructing a girl student how to make cross sections from maps," he said, "using a pencil to make part of the drawing. On completing this, I started to place the pencil in my pocket, when she interrupted my action, saying, 'Pardon me, Professor, but that is my pencil.' Oh, I beg your pardon, I answered, but you see it was a natural mistake, I have one here in my pocket just like it.' 'Yes,' she answered, 'you got that from me at the last period.'"

As a teacher Professor Tarr never failed to enlist the interest of his students in his subject. He early recognized the importance of the stereopticon for placing before his lecture classes illustrations of geological phenomena which he could not possibly show them in nature, and of which he fully realized that no amount of words could give them an adequate conception. Therefore, in his wide travels, he was continually on the lookout for illustrative

material which would serve his purpose. During his activities he gathered together a very large collection of lantern slides, yet he was never tempted to let his lectures degenerate into a picture show.

While intensely interested in his own work he never advised students to specialize narrowly. If a man came to him saying that he wished to do advanced work in his department, Professor Tarr almost invariably first sought out the weakness in the student's general training, and sent him off to get more English, or more Physics, or whatever it might be.

Brave and daring himself, he was, nevertheless, always on the side of caution where the danger of others, under him, was concerned. He never ceased chiding several of his party, on one of the Alaskan expeditions which he led, for making a foolhardy trip, close to the front of a tidal ice cliff, where the danger was potential, as it were. But to the writer's personal knowledge he was at least four times in imminent danger of death and of these occurrences he seldom if ever made mention, for these dangers all came in the direct course of his work.

The great success of his various text books is partly due to their clearness and accuracy of statement. No labor was too great for him. The writer once had what was to him a gruelling task, when, in a collaboration with Professor Tarr he revised and corrected a four hundred page manuscript five times before Professor Tarr would consent to send it to the printer. But that was the way all of his own work was done. And he always had a half dozen things in hand, from one to the other of which he would turn, as he felt inclined. A pressure of work made him happy.

His reputation as a geologist and geographer is international. He was personally acquainted with all the European and American leaders in these sciences. Of the leading scientific geographic society of the United States—The Association of American Geographers—he was last year president. Several years ago he was elected Foreign Correspondent of The Geological Society of London, the oldest and leading geological society of the world; an honor accorded only a few American geologists. His personal contributions to science, other than his text books, number many important papers. On the subject of Glacial Physiography and Glacial Dynamic Geology, he was, perhaps, the foremost au-

thority in America. Of his recent contributions a Professional Paper for the United States Geological Survey, entitled "Glaciers and Glaciation of the Yakutat Bay Region, Alaska," was perhaps the most important. This was so much in demand that the edition of it is already exhausted. At the time of his death he was engaged in reading the proof of another important monograph on Alaskan Earthquakes. He was early an advocate of the effectiveness of glacial erosion, and his works on this subject, in which he used Lake Cayuga as an illustration of the forms produced by this process, is classic, and has made the region about Cornell famous in geological literature.

Thus the world loses by his death a scientist of the first rank and above all an untiring worker for truth; the community a man of the broadest human sympathy; the University a devoted and inspiring teacher and helpful colleague; the many students with whom he came personally in contact, a trusted adviser and friend; the immediate and intimate circle of his acquaintances, a personality so fine and large and charming that the gap his absence makes is unutterably large and can never be adequately filled.

The Solution.

Alan H. Colcord, '12.

What makes yer hold a homely girl, like Sadie Smith, on high
 An' picture her an angel sweet—with a sentimental sigh?
 What makes yer look down on other girls with a sympathetic smile?
 Ah,—you're a-thinkin' of your girl,—of Sadie all the while.

What makes yer dream of Sadie an' her lustrous eyes ov blue?
 When your dream is just plain fancy,—well anythin' but true?
 What makes your heart go a bumpin' as yer hold her soft white hand
 When a passin' friend just told me it's the homliest in the land?

What makes yer rave 'bout pearly teeth an' perfumed hair so brown?
 When Sadie bought them teeth an' hair in this here very town?
 What makes yer call her Venus with the spirit of an angel bright
 When her teeth are on the bureau and her hair is "off" tonight?

What makes that cross-eyed homely girl with blindin' form an' face
 Be your bright-eyed baby beauty of undulatin' grace?
 What makes yer offer a ten spot for a kiss off them lips so red
 When another man if he had to choose would pay the ten instead?

What makes that silly simperin' miss, who answers "Ain't it fine"
 Have the mental depths of Plato an' the soul of a goddess divine?
 What makes yer picture Sadie like an angel in Heaven above?
 Pause, my friend an' listen, you're in love, damn it, you're in love.

College Men in Newspaper Work.

Does the College prepare men for Journalism? Yes,
since Journalism itself is a Greater University.

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Arthur Brisbane,
Editor New York Journal.

The newspaper does for a nation and for the whole world what speech does for the individual.

The Homo Alalus that college boys read about was, as a man, what the nation without newspapers is as a nation.

Men that could not speak to each other, were brutal, and they talked with rocks and clubs. Nations that have no highly developed free press are speechless nations, and they are brutal—Russia, and China, for instance.

Newspaper work, if it were what it should be, would be the greatest work in the world, and the ambitious man would think of no other. There could be no greater work than talking every day to millions or even tens of millions of people—and that is possible even now in newspaper work.

The newspaper editor who can write what men will read has in his hands the greatest weapons—suggestion and repetition. The man who is read by a million or more of his fellows can at least decide on what subject the million shall think—although he cannot decide what their thoughts shall be.

The newspaper column—and that is the most important thing about it—takes the place of the public square of twenty-five centuries ago. As all the citizens met in the public square, discussed their grievances, planned remedies and opposed laws and men unpopular, so ninety millions of Americans meet every morning and every evening in another public square—the editorial and the news columns of the newspaper—and they hear the news and think along the same lines and are as closely united in action as though they were meeting and discussing face to face daily. Without the newspapers, imperfect as they are, democratic government would be absolutely impossible.

The man who in the future shall do the really great newspaper work of the world will be the greatest democratic leader that the world has ever known—one ruling by argument, persuasion and the power of truth.



Young men want to know whether college work fits them for newspaper work. It does, if they know their college work well. Any kind of work thoroughly done helps a man in newspaper work. For any kind of work thoroughly done accustoms the mind to concentrated effort and strengthens the machine that must do the newspaper man's work.

A newspaper man may succeed without the foundation of a thorough education. The most successful newspaper men have done so. That is simply because a great majority of all men have no college education and the ablest men in every line always come out of the great majority. The practical newspaper worker would say, perhaps, that the man who stays at college until he is twenty-three or twenty-four has lost three or four years that would have been more valuable to him in a newspaper office than at college. That is true in many cases. It depends upon what the man does in the three years—whether at college or in journalism.

Work at a first class college or university conscientiously attended to is good preparation for newspaper work, but only preparation. The difference between knowing a thing yourself and telling it so that others will know it when they read is a considerable difference. And the difference is great between knowing a good deal about what other human beings have done in the past and taking your share and playing your part in the things that human beings are doing in the present. And this the young man realizes when he tries to utilize in newspaper work the knowledge, the self control, the energy stored up in his youth.

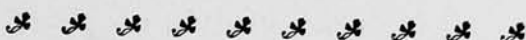
All writers should remember that the readers want to know *not* what the writer thinks, but what the readers think.

If you want to succeed as a newspaper man, you must interpret your readers to themselves. A crying baby wants the nurse to find out what is the matter with the baby—not what is the matter with the nurse.

The public wants to know what is the matter with itself. What it thinks, what it feels, what it wants—not what the editor thinks or feels.

And to be a successful newspaper man, you must live in the brain of the public and tell the public what that public brain is saying.

It can't tell itself.



Young men that are "practical" want to know whether the newspaper business pays.

Yes, it pays well sometimes and badly sometimes like everything else. Young men start as a rule on a salary varying from ten to fifteen dollars a week—on newspapers in large cities. The salaries that are paid now in newspaper work are bigger than they were a few years ago. They run as high as twenty-five and even fifty thousand a year and higher.

For employees. Owners of newspapers make as much as a million a year and more from one single newspaper.

The so-called syndicates which use the work of the same individual in dozens of newspapers make it possible for an individual writer to earn a great deal. For instance, Mr. Dunn, the writer of the Dooley articles, quite early in his career was paid a thousand dollars for each article that he wrote and often more. This would give him a minimum of fifty-two thousand dollars a year for writing only one article a week.

However, in the newspaper business as in other work the big success is the exception.

And in the newspaper business there exists a condition and a danger unknown in other work, that should be thought of carefully by young men that contemplate newspaper work.

The newspaper man becomes less valuable nine times out of ten as he becomes more familiar with his work—and for this reason. The value of a newspaper writer, reporter, editorial writer or whatever depends upon the vivid, strong impression that events make upon him, and upon his ability to express that impression in what he writes. The longer the ordinary man continues to see, the less he feels. In the ordinary lines of work diminished emotion is not a detriment, but rather a help.

A young doctor cuts off a leg from a living creature for the first time and suffers torments—his impressions are vivid.

Ten years later he cuts off a leg with no emotion whatever, doing his work carefully, but thinking perhaps of the golf game in

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the afternoon. He cuts a leg off or opens up the human body with no emotion at all. And he is a better doctor than in the days when he felt emotion. When the young reporter sees his first "electrocution," describes his first great labor strike or fire, he is deeply impressed, feels strongly and writes "a good story." Ten years later, in nine cases out of ten, he is like the doctor cutting off the leg. He feels nothing and then he is no longer a good newspaper man. For no man can successfully pretend to feel what he doesn't feel. He may not see the difference, and his editor may not see the difference, but the man who reads the newspaper will see the difference at once. Sincerity is visible and tangible.

Another difficulty with the newspaper man is this.

He must make his reputation afresh every day. The lawyer of fifty lives perhaps on the work that he did at thirty, the work that brought him clients whom he keeps.

And the doctor at fifty lives on the patients gathered about him in his youth and vigor—not so, the newspaper man. If he cannot do to-day what he did ten years ago or twenty years ago, he is not wanted to-day. The newspaper man in that respect is even more unfortunate than the actor. If the actor loses power, if the singer loses his voice, the public will still hear with pleasure an old favorite, and the advertising of the name has value. Not so with the newspaper man. When he can no longer act or sing—in his line of work—his day is done.



However, newspaper work is the best work—since the greatest thing that a man can do is to deal with millions of others. Newspaper power is the greatest power—for it is the power that shapes and directs the thoughts of men. And there is no power but thought. Newspaper work though it may not lead to great newspaper success or great financial reward, is the most useful school of experience. The young man who goes to work as a reporter—and that is the only way to begin—who observes, takes care of himself, keeps out of temptation and all forms of nonsense, is attending a real life college of the biggest possible value.

Leszchinski Coughs Up.

Earl Simonson, '12.

FOR me the world revolves about the place where the three paths meet in the centre of the University quadrangle. For many of my friends the world revolves about the junction of State and Tioga streets. For Leszchinski the world revolved about Second Avenue and the Cafe D'Élise.

It is a queer place, the Cafe D'Élise. Real Bohemian and all that, y'know, the tourist would say. Evading the semitic throng that jostles and jibbers and jabbbers about Second Avenue and Nth street, you turn sharply to the left, pass under a Parisian awning and between two near-Parisian potted shrubs, and lo, you are in Bohemia. Beware of the lean and hungry waiter that rubs his hands at the head of the velvety stairs. He is a fly of Philistia in the clear amber of Bohemia. He will gratuitously inform *monsieur* that the—Oh, call it Hungarian goulash!—is particularly *belle* today. "Will *monsieur*?—of course." Fall not into the clutches of this arch-harpy. One day, in a moment of abandon, I tipped him a half-dollar. He made me feel that he was doing me a favor in accepting it.

But, you protest—all this has nothing to do with Leszchinski. Tut, we shall see entirely too much of Leszchinski later on. He is an old bird that outarch-harpies the arch-harpy. Speaking of the arch one, I shall one day cause him to quail—no, startled reader, that is *not* a pun, and this is *not* an O. Henry story—cause him to quail, I say, by peremptorily demanding a roast beef sandwich and a glass of milk. After the first shock he will invariably see that I am charged ninety cents for it. Are things so dear in Bohemia? You gasp. Tut, I am not a Bohemian, I am a hanger-on of Bohemia, a Philistine spying on the promised land. But it does cost a lot to get real sandwiches in Bohemia. And milk. Leszchinski drinks absinthe. About him? Anon, anon.

I take it then that you have evaded Charybdis. Now keep a weather-eye out for Scylla. Scylla is the 'phone lady. She may not be quite as interesting as the 'phone girl around whom Mr. What's-his-name has built his happy play, *The Woman*. But still—oh well. Thus far successful, you lash your tiller hard a-port and lay your course up a winding stairway. If it is morning you will find a slatternly charwoman scrubbing the brasses;

if afternoon, you will find the air reeking with the bad tobacco of non-descript pinochle players; if evening—oh shucks, what can't you find on the stairway of the Cafe D'Élise in the evening. You may run into a delegation of the Amalgamated Mothers' Association, going to a palaver in one of the pinochle rooms. You would not be surprised to run into Bruno Lessing, arm in arm with The Beloved Vagabond. Indeed a queer place, this stairway of the Cafe D'Élise. You may meet Leszchinski there.

Were I Dickens I should describe Leszchinski; were I Thackeray I should draw him; were I Mr. Richard LeGalliene I should write a triolet to his hair. But happily I am none of these, so I don't care what happens to him at my hands. "Hands," by the way, is to be taken literally.

Here is the conglomerated data of what I know about Leszchinski. Leszchinski is a Hungarian Pole. (I almost said a Hungarian goulash). Leszchinski has a skinny neck like a vulture's, and wears thereon a Socialistic scarf. Leszchinski's appearance is very seedy, his trousers being very baggy and his shoes being more patches than patent leather. His hair, which is red, is also in patches. Leszchinski's fingers are beyellowed with cigarettes. His nose is continually rubescient, "but," as Bliss Carman says, "not with tea." Leszchinski is a chess shark. In fact Leszchinski is a villain. I have learned it through sore experience.

On the fourth and topmost floor of the Cafe D'Élise, in a little back room that smells sweetly of stale tobacco and small beer, dwells the Cosmopolitan Chess Club. Leszchinski is the chief shark of the Cosmopolitan Chess Club. He is its god, its deity, its personification. The young of the community look up to him as a mentor. He slams his pieces about as Jove might be expected to slam his thunderbolts when he has spent the night with Bacchus. And Leszchinski would gesture in the face of Jove. I do not like Leszchinski. Not because he never cleans his nails, not because he blusters under my nose and gesticulates in my eye, not because he wins my money, but because he has beaten me.

Now I am not a bad player. I have beaten Nioscougawitch, I have drawn with Googloi. But alas, when I play Leszchinski the card-house of my formidable reputation comes tumbling down about my ears. I am nonplussed, compressed, annihilated,—ashamed. And I never lose anything less than a quarter. I have but one ambition, and that is to beat this supercilious gawk.

When I do it I shall hang his own quarter about my neck—if I get it. As to what my chances of getting it are, you may decide from my tale.

One particularly glum afternoon during last Easter vacation I awoke from a profound sleep to find New York making a valiant attempt to ape the fashions of London. As our friend, George Sterling has it, "Besieging fog hung mute on shore and vale." Over the hills of Manhattan the clatter of cables and the particular noises of each of the mad fifty-seven varieties of vehicles seemed muffled. The streets thronged with ghosts. The liners in sounded faint and far away. Having effectually cursed the weather I drank two cups of coffee, lit a cigar, threw it away, and sought out the Cafe D'Élise.

Avoiding the arch-harpy, the 'phone lady, the pinochle-ists, I achingly climbed to the heaven of the Cosmopolitan. There was Leszchinski in his familiar place, spluttering over some inane problem with three gentlemen with pronounced noses and tangled beards. I was feeling too dull to be cautious. I challenged the deity.

"You know my rates," said he, much as a would-be duellist would inform you where you can find him.

Leszchinski made me more peevish. "A dollar a game," says I. Leszchinski beamed. He waxed eager. He won five dollars.

That sort of a paragraph is the peculiar property of 'Sieur Victor Hugo, but I can't help that. I don't like to dwell on the episode. Taking refuge in my pipe, I turned up my collar and strode desolately along Second Avenue. The fog had not yet lifted; I had not enough to buy a dinner; worst of all, I was going home.

As I trudged along, my head down, I ran squarely into an individual bound in the opposite direction.

"Where do you think you're going?" growled he.

"Hell," said I, belligerently.

But before I knew it he was shaking my hand. "Stephens"! I cried. "I'll be damned."

It is nothing short of providence that bumps you into the first chess player of the colleges on a soggy evening in Second Avenue. (I say "first player." Of course I shall beat him some day.) In Philadelphia and its benevolent institution Stephens is something of a celebrity. Instantly the thought flashed on me, might there

not here be a chance to get back at the vulture, Leszchinski?

"Just the man I wanted to meet," said I, when the first greetings were over, "what are you doing here?"

"Going to the Cosmopolitan Chess Club," said my friend the enemy amiably.

"In search of pastures new? Take it from me and don't, said I willy, knowing the spirit of Stephens, "they're a bunch of sharks!"

Instantly the resolute champion had seized my arm. "Show me to it," he cried, "show me to it!"

My reappearance startled Leszchinski. Perhaps he thought I was bringing up a detective, I don't know. Leszchinski had never met Stephens. A curt nod suggested that he was mildly glad to do so. Then he of Pennsylvania got down to business.

Leszchinski botched the opening. His crazy Hungarian business didn't work. On something like the twenty-seventh move he turned a neat maroon, shoved over the pieces and tossed Stephens a crisp dollar. It was the first time I had ever seen Leszchinski disgorge. I chortled inwardly. But Leszchinski—

"I vill give you a knight," said Leszchinski grandly. It was all over now. As Mr. Jack London would say, we had his goat.

Stephens was calm and cold. He won the second game. Limply Leszchinski passed over another crisp dollar.

"Two," said I, after the fashion of Monte Christo.

"Now," said Stephens coldly, "I'll give *you* a knight."

Leszchinski cursed in Viennese; he called for absinthe; he took the knight. But the tide was all the other way. The third game went to Stephens.

Leszchinski arose. He excused himself. He was not in trim today. Evidently not, having dropped me for five. In a few moments we were strolling blithely through the fog. We had slain the Gorgon. We had three dollars.

About eight o'clock myself and the redoubtable Stephens swaggered buoyantly into the happy, glittering lobby of the Knickerbocker. Grandiloquently Stephens called for two dollar-and-a-half seats.

The Box Office took the money. He felt it; he looked at it; he crumpled it.

"Bad," said the Box Office, "bad."

Burn bright, O wicked lights of the Cafe D'Élise. Like Diogenes I shall take up the lantern and the search for an honest man.

Cornell Birdmen.

C. A. Wetzel, '13.

HARDLY had the feats of the Wright brothers astonished the world in 1908, when aero clubs began to spring up all over the country. Almost at once the general interest in aviation began to take definite shape in the colleges, and during the fall of 1909 nearly every college in the country organized an Aero Club. Cornell was among the first.

Over two hundred students attended the initial meeting of the Cornell Aero Club. Nearly everyone who had ever heard of an aeroplane was on hand. Many were there no doubt through curiosity alone. It was soon discovered that running a club costs money, and dues were decided upon. This determined the number who were really interested, and the membership immediately dropped off. The result however was a fairly large group of men whose enthusiasm was real, and who were determined to make the club and college aviation a success. How, was the next question, and its answer was hard to find. Good men were dropping out, not through lack of interest, but through absence of object upon which to direct their interest.

In the fall of 1910 the president of the club got a "happy hunch" which proved the solution of the problem. This was the Course in the Theory, Construction, and Manipulation of Gliders. It furnished those members whose knowledge of the subject was greater than the others with an opportunity to use that knowledge as instructors and designers. It gave the other members an opportunity to learn more about the subject. It afforded the club an efficient means of constructing gliders, and it provided everyone who was really interested with an opportunity actually to get into the air.

Last year the organization of the course was as follows:—In charge of the course as a whole was a General Superintendent appointed by the executive committee of the club. The course under him was divided into three departments,—theory, construction, and gliding. As there were no gliders to start with, the gliding periods were converted into construction periods until the first glider was completed. Glider No. 2 was then started, and practice with No. 1 carried on at the same time, many good glides

being performed on the hills back of the Ag. College. Glider No. 2 was finished just in time to be sent to Intercollegiate Glider Meet held at Harvard on May 29th and 30th. Here, the night before the meet, the glider received its first trial and the next day won the admiration of both contestants and spectators by the quality of its performance.

Last fall the course was started again, but with a somewhat different system. The students were divided into three independent sections, and each section was to design and build a glider. The competitive spirit between these sections is running



Courtesy Sibley Journal

Learning to Fly on the "Teacher" Machine,

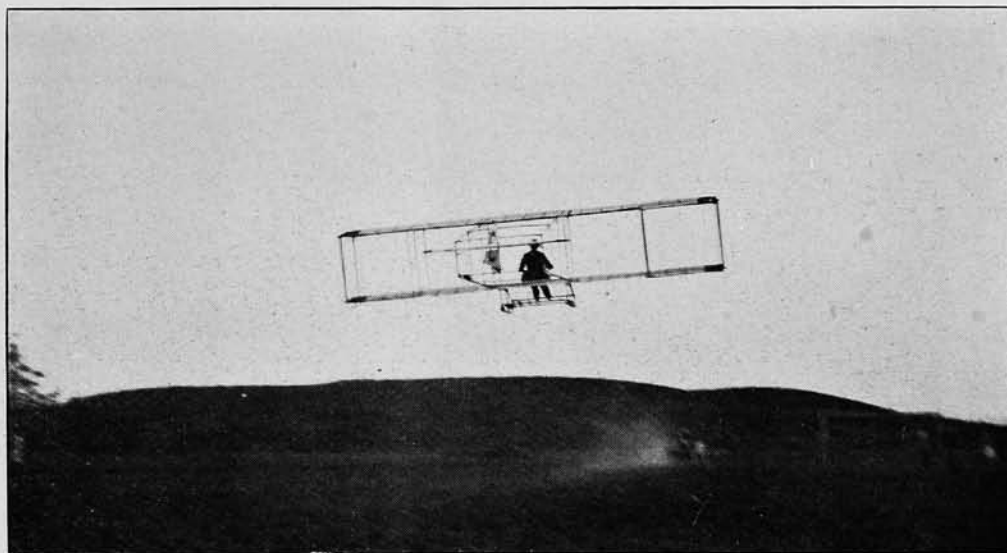
high. A balancing contest was held last November on the "Teacher", which consists of a seat mounted on a universal joint so that it can tip in any direction. The apparatus is equipped with control surfaces and levers as in the gliders, and the would-be aviator endeavors to maintain his balance by moving the surfaces so as to take advantage of the wind. Section C won the first contest and Section B was second.

The lectures also are being delivered this year and a competitive prelim was given last January. Section C again won this with Section B second as before. Another prelim will be given shortly after Easter. A so-called "wood-shaping contest" ended recently, the winner being the section whose wood parts were nearest finished. Section A won this contest and Section B was second. The Inter-Section score at present is A, .333; B, .500; C, .667. Section A's monoplane is expected to be in the air within a very few weeks, and Section B's small biplane will follow closely, and

may precede it. Section C's passenger carrying biplane will probably be out a little later.

It is hoped that an Intercollegiate Meet can be held here this spring. It is not an absolute certainty, however, for there are many difficulties in the way. At all events Cornell will be more than ready to meet all comers in the air.

The Aero Club is already beginning to make plans for next year's course. By the end of the term there will be five gliders ready to take the air. Therefore, probably only one will be built next year, in order to teach the new men construction. An advanced course will be instituted for the graduates of the Glider Course. This course will consist mainly of laboratory work and experiment along lines of Aerodynamics. With more gliders on



Courtesy Sibley Journal
A Successful Flight by the Author on Alumni Field.

hand and less construction, there will be more chance to glide. The watchword of the club heretofore has been "more gliders," henceforth it will be "more aviators."

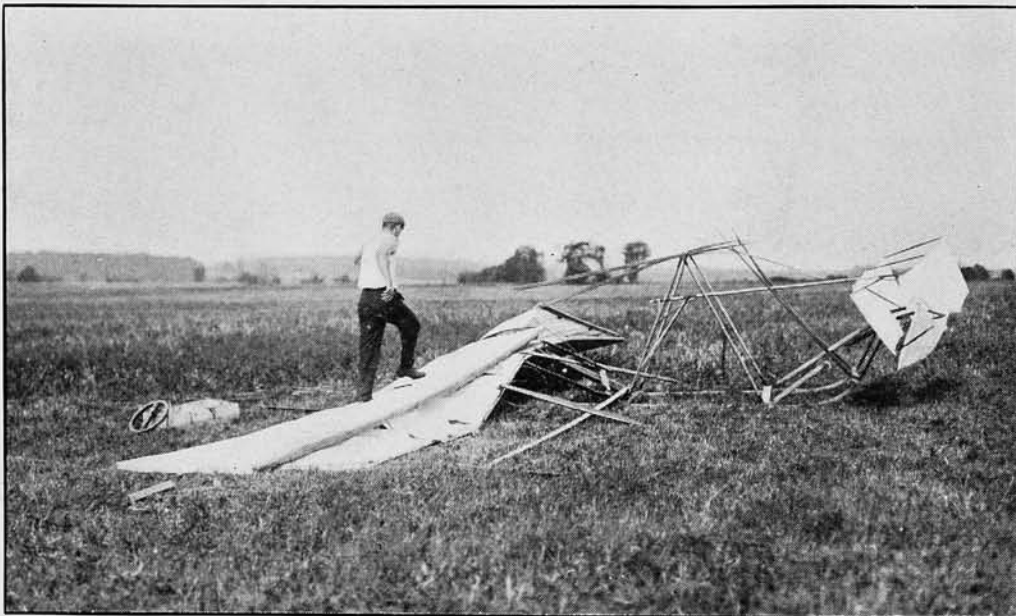
The Glider Course is perhaps the most important of the Aero Club's activities, but it is not the only one. Three or four large meetings are held during each year, to which the public is invited. The object of these meetings is to show what the club is doing and what is being done outside in the field of aeronautics. Talks of general interest relative to the subject of aviation are given by members or friends of the Aero Club. These are of non-technical nature and are often illustrated by lantern slides.

Every year the club holds a model contest in the Armory. Many members of the club compete in these contests with miniature aeroplanes of almost every possible type. A large number of interested spectators attend these events and a good deal of enthusiasm is shown. The last contest was won by a flight limited only by the length of the Armory. Rising from the floor at the

east end, the model gracefully soared upward, flew the whole length of the building and landed in the gallery.

Provision is made in the by-laws of the club for the formation of sections. These sections consist of five or more men who are interested in some particular branch of aeronautics, and who wish to get together on the subject. Such a section is the Historical and Literary Committee, which keeps in touch with current practice, and reports the breaking of records, and other interesting statistics. These sections afford opportunity for members who are interested in any particular phase of the subject of aeronautics to work on the lines along which their interest lies.

In the past the club has been somewhat criticised for spending so much time on gliders and not building a power machine.



Courtesy Sibley Journal

A Glider Smash-up at the Intercollegiate Meet.

Financially a power machine is beyond expectation. If such a machine were in the hands of the club, it would be too valuable to entrust to inexperienced men, and so only a very few could fly, which would be far from fair. With the gliders, anyone who is willing to do a little work may fly, and if the machine is smashed it is easily and cheaply repaired. The whole science of aeronautics is founded upon experiments with gliders, so they are not mere toys. That they are decidedly not out of date is evidenced by the recent wonderful achievements of the Wrights, and by the fact that \$30,000 has been offered recently in France as prizes for gliding feats.

It is the aim and object of the Cornell Aero Club to develop the best gliders the world has ever seen, to train as many men as possible in the use of these gliders, and to put Cornell ahead of all others in the field of Intercollegiate Aviation.

The Gypsies of Granada.

Jacob S. Fassett, Jr., '12.

WE were standing in that part of the Alhambra which is called "The Queen's Lookout." It is a balcony on the western wall of the palace, which commands a wonderful view of the Albaicén and its surroundings. Several hundred feet below us the River Darro followed its tortuous course. A little to the right and on the opposite bank I could see a number of holes hollowed from the hillside. They appeared to be caves, for I could see men and women going in and out of them and lounging about the entrances. I resolved to question the omniscient Mariano upon the matter. Mariano never disappointed me by lack of an answer. What he did not know about a subject, he invented. So it was with the certainty of some kind of an answer that I said :

"Mariano, what are those caves over there?"

"Those are the caves of the gypsies, señor. They all live over there in the side of the hill. The place is called "The Gypsy Quarter."

Mariano spoke in Spanish, and left me to translate his remarks to the family. I'm sure they lost weight in the translation. I had heard of the celebrated gypsies of Granada, of course. I had also heard that it was dangerous for the tourist to visit the caves. I said as much to Mariano.

"There is no danger, señor, if you go with me."

I looked at his meagre five feet, five inches, and felt a trifle dubious as to his powers of protection.

"I know the guide books say it is very dangerous to visit the *gitanos*," he went on, "but that is all wrong. You will be perfectly safe. We will go to-morrow night. I know the chief, and for the sum of fifty pesetas, he will prepare an interesting spectacle for us."

Mariano had spoken; we were to go. The women of the party might be a bit hesitant about setting out upon such an exciting adventure, they might even be downright unwilling; but that would make no difference to Mariano. He had taken upon himself the task of showing us the delights of Granada, and he was bound to do it at all costs. We were his to do what he wished.

We were dragged here, there, and everywhere by him. It was with great difficulty and a tremendous amount of strategy that one of our number succeeded in evading him for an afternoon, so that she might wander alone with her own thoughts and a book of Irving through the enchanted halls of the Alhambra. Mariano is the most thorough guide I've ever seen, or heard of.

So, when Mariano said we were to visit the gypsy Quarter, we resigned ourselves, and the fifty pesetas, to his care without wasting words.

The next day Mariano, with his sweet smile, informed us that the carriage would be ready at nine in the evening. All that day in our mad chase with Mariano, our minds were filled with gypsies. We knew that they would dance, and perhaps sing, but would they try to rob us afterward and then stab us, or would they, in their bloodthirsty misguidedness, merely be contented with stabbing us?

When nine o'clock came and we started from the courtyard of the hotel, I wondered if I should ever again see its portals. I returned the friendly salute of the policeman who guarded them, with great tenderness and feeling.

The night was perfect, and the moon full and high. Just the night for an adventure! It was a steep descent from the hotel to the city, but it was accomplished in safety, and we were soon threading our way through narrow and winding streets toward the Gypsy Quarter. We left the more frequented streets and followed a narrow roadway which followed the course of the River Darro. We were almost directly under the Queen's Lookout now, and I shall never forget the sight of the Alhambra walls, standing out against the moonlit sky. The moon changed the sordid walls of brick and mortar into a fairy palace. It was beautiful,—inexpressibly so.

Now we were at the entrance to the Gypsy Quarter. We were met by two policemen who took it upon themselves to act as our bodyguard. It was exciting and interesting, but we would have been just as happy if we had not needed them! Our carriage turned up a sharp incline, and we were there! My heart was beating rapidly with joy,—or some such emotion, and I generously offered the money to one of the ladies to keep. She refused it, however, and I was forced to reserve that honor for myself.

We descended from our carriage and were ushered into the brilliantly lighted cave. After my eyes had become used to the

glare of the light on the whitewashed walls. I found to my utter astonishment that the source of the light was an electric bulb suspended from the roof of the cave! Electric lighted and whitewashed caves! This was indeed a phase of gypsy life which I had never seen before.

Along two sides of the room, which was cut square, were arranged several chairs. Five were left unoccupied for us, the others were occupied by eight Gypsy women, who arose and greeted us as we entered. They were dressed in the most phantastic costumes imaginable. Many-colored dresses and waists with bright embroidered shawls draped over their shoulders. Their head-dresses were most interesting. In their ears they wore huge rings of gold. Their hair looked as if it had been washed in grease. Some of the younger girls wore curious flat curls, which seemed to be stuck to their skin. These looked almost like little horns, curving over their foreheads. It was all very effective and gave a wild, almost savage look to the group.

When we were seated, the chief gave the word, and the "orchestra" played the opening strains of a dance. The "orchestra" consisted of a guitar, two mandolins, and a singer. The first dance was part of the gypsy wedding ceremony, and was performed by the whole company. Each had a pair of castanets in either hand, and the way they brought out the rhythm of the music was wonderful. The brilliantly lighted cave, the graceful movement of the dancers, and the wonderful rhythm of the castanets as they kept time to the weird minor music, have left an impression upon my memory which will not soon be effaced.

Then followed a number of dances—Gypsy and Spanish. Each woman had a chance to show her ability. They were of all ages: from sixty down to four or five. Mariano suggested that it was the proper thing to buy wine, so like a good little tourist, I obeyed, and the bottles were sent for. While we were awaiting them, I ventured to inspect the "company" a little more closely. Hitherto I had not dared to show much interest in them, for I wasn't quite sure if there weren't a few lovers in the crowd outside the cave who might object to any "flowers" thrown at their sweethearts. I soon discovered that two of the girls were decidedly pretty. They seemed about eighteen years of age, though I learned afterwards that they were but fourteen! I ventured a remark:

"You look very beautiful this evening, señorita," I said without a blush, to the prettiest.

"Thank you, señor, so do you," she lisped coyly!

I glanced quickly toward my mother, but she understood no Spanish. I was safe! After this gentle and subtle breaking of the ice, we got on famously, and we chatted along gaily until the wine came. That is, *they* chatted; I have not yet reached that point where I can *chat* in Spanish!

After they had all tested the wine, they began the second half of their programme.

It was all very wonderful, I suppose, but I had eyes for nothing but Lucia, for that is what they called her. She *is* without exception the most beautiful, the most stunning girl I've ever seen in my life—but that is another story. * * *

After the dances and one or two queer minor gypsy songs were over, the chief and his company pressed forward and demanded a couple of extra *duros* for tips. I complied with his request,—expecting a knife thrust every minute as I did so. Then Lucia—joy of joys—showed me how to play the castanets and offered to sell me hers. I was afraid of being robbed, so I decided not to deprive her of them. Then she offered to come to the hotel and teach me to dance. I was afraid of a scandal, so I diplomatically declined.

Mariano was getting impatient to be off, so we left the place with great reluctance and bid *buenos noches* to the Gypsy Quarter.

That night I went to bed to dream of Lucia, and to wake up regretting that I had not purchased her castanets as a fitting memento of our visit to the Gypsies of Granada—and of Lucia!



To an Ion.

Hail, alluring creature, beyond all human reach!
 Dwelling 'neath thy atom's dome,
 Dashing through thy sphyery home,
 Many are the lessons thy tiny soul can teach.
 Hid from every watcher, though 'fore our very eyes,
 Living on from year to year
 Thoughtless and unknown to fear,
 Thy life is far too varied for one so small in size.
 With all thy thousand brothers, to vainly rush about,
 Seems to be thine only aim—
 What's the reason, what's the blame?
 Science cannot cope with thee, yet cannot do without!

GERALD L. KAUFMAN, '15.

Adventure.

Morris G. Bishop, '13.

GILLY was bored to extinction; it was raining dismally; his sister Mary had stolen his paint-box, and Mrs. Gilbert had confiscated "Jack Harkaway on the Upper Amazon" as a tale too luried of cover and subject-matter for an excitable boy of nine. So Gilly slid out of his back door and ran across to my back door, hatless and coatless and out of breath. Cook, bad-tempered at being called away from her pies, supervised his apologetic foot-wiping, and at length admitting him, sent him up stairs to me.

I too was bored. I lay on my back on Grandma's sofa, pulling long black pricklers out of the hair-cloth and dreaming about the time when I should be a brakeman, godlike in brass buttons. Oh, if I were only big, big. I could already see the awe-struck faces, tier on tier, of admiring relatives, holding their breath as I stepped airily off the moving train. And I would blow the whistle and ride on the engine as often as I wanted to. But still—mightn't it perhaps be nicer to be a conductor, and punch holes in tickets? Oh, get off my face, will you? I know who it is! It's Gilly, old pig!

So Gilly and I, being alone and very tired of doing nothing, started forth in quest of diversion. We made cigarettes of tea and tissue paper which collapsed limply on the carpet unless you held them up very carefully in both hands. We found where Aunt Marian was hiding the raisins that week. We bombarded the Webbers' barn—just visible beyond the maple tree from Aunt Marian's window—with my fine, shiny air-gun. But such pastimes, we realized, were merely kids' tricks, exhibitions of the youthful abandon of serious, determined men when relieved of the cares of empire. Even when the high passion of smoking tea cigarettes held us in its grip, we felt that the time was at hand when we must put away childish things and venture forth, in the cause of Science and Civilization, into the depths of the death-breathing jungle. We could not doubt as to the quarter from which the call of duty sounded. The urbane Jack Harkaway, always resourceful, incredibly muscular, impeccable in dainty white ducks and pith helmet, favored by fortune and winsome

Brazilian maidens, had penetrated to the headwaters of the Amazon. Where Jack Harkaway could go, surely nothing could hinder the intrepid explorers Gilly and Bish!

Our preparations were made with the nonchalance of long experience. Puffing at long black lead-pencils, we stepped into Abercrombie and Fitch's—temporarily located in Uncle Parke's washstand—and talked over old times with the worthy Mr. Abercrombie. On the whole, we selected much the same outfit we had used in re-discovering King Solomon's mines and on the occasion of that memorable hunting in the Seonee hills with Mowgli and Gray Brother.

Well—the time had come. We bade a brusque farewell to our friends and boarded Aunt Mary's bed, which lay straining at its hawsers, impatient to be off to Rio. It was pitiful to see the unwomanly emotion of our relatives, sobbing unrestrainedly on the pier below us. Ah, well—with a short, harsh laugh I rang two bells to the engineer—it was my turn to be captain—and the great sewing-machine churned its throbbing way out to the mighty deep. There was a vague flutter of handkerchiefs from the pier; I blew a great cloud of smoke—phoo—and we were out to the end of the world again.

It was a splendid passage: we were rolling beam-ends under every knot of the way. But the engineer and I, bluff old hearty sea-dogs that we were, brought the staunch old boat through the wildest gale, and laughed consumedly at the pale, tottering land-lubbers of passengers.

And so, step by step, and stage by stage, we made our perilous way to the upper Amazon. With our nerves all a-tremble, but with invincible determination in every line of our hard, set faces, we skulked from the shelter of one old hair-trunk to another. Many a jaguar, many a puma and python fell to our bag that day; often and often did the old attic ring with the valiant snapping of cap-pistols and the hoot of the poisoned arrows, as the naked copper-colored Indians fell gasping at our feet; many a search for buried treasure disturbed the virgin soil of the great dark swamps, as one of us burrowed in the old packing-cases while the other crouched tensely on guard from above. Yet we passed but one night in the forest. From within our circle of fire, without which no seasoned woodsman passes the night, we stared out at the num-

berless pairs of shining dots of light—the eyes of wolves, as well we knew.

“The wolves are howling with hunger to-night, Allen Quatermain,” I whispered to my companion.

“Aye, we’ll be awfully lucky if we get out of here alive, Natty Bumpo.” Gilly huddled up closer.

“I wonder if wolves ever really—really ’n truly—get into houses?”

“I dunno, it’s awfully dark.”

“Isn’t it though? I—I think I’ll shoot my pistol at them.”

“Don’t—they get awful mad if you only wound them and don’t kill them.”

“Uh—huh. Say, ’member how that wolf snarled down at Bronx Park? And how he tore up his meat?”

“Oh, Bish, I don’t feel very much like playing now. Let’s go downstairs.”

“All right. Let’s. Oh, Gill!”

“Wh—what?”

“Look—aren’t those really two spots of light? Over there?”

With a wild scream of terror we tore to the stairs and tumbled down them practically head-first, clutching one another in fast embrace. Seldom have explorers passed from the turbid Amazon to the civilized world with more precipitation and more relief. I remember yet how distinctly cheering it was to emerge from the noisesome Amazonian marshes to the warm gaslight of the second floor. And the best of it was, so I learned as I was led away to be washed, that Gilly could stay to dinner and we were to have dumplings and Washington pie.

* * *

“And there we wandered evermore
Through boyhood’s everlasting years,
Listening the murmur of the shore
As one that lifts a shell and hears
The murmur of forgotten seas
Around some lost Broceliande,
The sigh of sweet Eternities
That turn the world to Fairyland.

“And then there came a breath, a breath,
Cool and strange and dark as death,
A stealing shadow, not of earth,
But fresh and wonderwild as birth.
I know not when the hour began
That changed the child’s heart in the man,
Or when the colors began to wane,
But all our roseate island lay

Stricken, as when an angel dies,
 With wings of rainbow-tinctured grain
 Withering, and his radiant eyes
 Closing. Pitiless walls of gray
 Gathered around us, a growing tomb
 From which it seemed not death or doom
 Could roll the stone away."

* * *

So sings the poet, mourning the loss of his Enchanted Island. Those purple seas where the child may venture, those realms of gold where the child's foot may stray, lie beyond the trodden paths of our daily life. There is a limit which we may not cross; we must cluster perforce without the gates, straining for the wistful echoes of children's voices; within lie the sunny streets and the heaving sea-lanes where we ruffled and swaggered, years and years ago. We turn away, choked by a nameless sadness and a nameless terror; for we feel the tightening fingers of old Father Time already a-clutch on our throats. It is the chill of that paralyzing panic fear that grips us when first we feel that we too may one day be old, that already much of the brightness of our lives is past, and that even as we speak, much is passing.

Do you remember that first change in our lives, when first the walls of grey began closing around us? How gradually we came to despise our long make-believes, and to take but a half-hearted joy in games of "let's pretend"? And one day we found that we had lost the keys of Fairyland, but we missed them not at all. Soon, perhaps, the boyish naughtinesses that had drawn us for the sake of the romance of naughtiness became wickednesses persisted in for the evil pleasure of the wickedness. And soon our eyes saw new things, and our ears heard new words, and our minds reasoned to new and disheartening conclusions, and the world seemed not so fair, nor men so noble, nor women so good. We learned to doubt of Honor, and Faith, and Purity; we came to believe that the chief end of man is to obtain the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of discomfort; in a word, to cultivate a fair round paunch. But oh, great world, so cruel and so foul, what have you done with our Enchanted Island?

We have lost much, and much that we would fain have clung to; but woofullest of all is the thought that we bid fair to lose our old Joy of Adventure. True, Adventuring as a profession fits very clumsily into the scheme of modern civilization. One can hardly fare forth on a Saturday afternoon, as did Sir Launcelot of old, to redress all the wrongs between here and Dryden. The ignoble

button caps the poniard; our quarrels and our grievances are soothed by the placid voice of Arbitration; our life is ruled by self-inflicted schedules and measured by breakfast, lunch and dinner. But still—there are lands both wild and strange where young blood may find a panacea for its aching Wanderlust; there are occupations that reward the quick eye and the sure hand with the tingling of the nerves and the dancing of the blood; and always there is the ever-changing, changeless sea!

But we are too cautious, too common-sensical, too bourgeois, ever to yield to the wild longings that every Spring brings with it. What does the undergraduate plan to do, when he issues forth from his University, armed with his diploma? Well, he's got a good job promised him, clerking in a wholesale plumbing house. Small at first, but lots of chance to rise. Some day he'll be a city father, and have a three-story concrete house in the suburbs with a runabout in the back yard, and wear a frock coat and a white vest when he passes the plate in church on Sundays. Or he's going to sign as an apprentice in a big iron plant near Pittsburg, and perhaps when he's fifty be a millionaire and take the family over on the 1940 equivalent of the Olympic to see Paris and the usual line of picture galleries. Or he's already copped a soft job teaching Biology and English and Higher Algebra in a good high school. Nice, clean sort of a job; all through at three o'clock; lots of time to write a play he's been thinking about.

An appalling picture, is it not? And the worst of it is that it is appalling only to the Enlightened, to the Chosen Few. To those who have mapped out these desolate careers, they seem eminently sensible and conducive to the development of a perfect type of man. They stand mystified at the dolorous head-waggings of the Chosen Few. They are stringed only for coarse emotions, but they believe that they shall taste of the fullness of life, and that their jangling souls are stringed to throb like Sappho's lyre

But in the matter of Adventure, the Philistine, as ever, can elucidate some very cogent arguments. Adventure is usually uncomfortable; it is always dangerous to limb or reputation, and worst of all, its glamor is very elusive. When Drake lay snug in bed in Portsmouth town, he longed, no doubt, for the thunders of a wild Atlantic nor'easter; but when his little craft was storm-tossed, when Death was roaring on every side, balked of his prey only by the deftness of the helmsman's hand, the great Admiral

did not probably exult too inordinately because he was having an Adventure. We need a comfortable perspective to catch the strong savor of our joys. Thus, one may ravish one's fancy with the dream of glorious, mysterious cloud-palaces in old Spain, or Athens, or India, as one's tastes may incline; but how heart-breaking is the moment when we look upon our palaces with the eyes of the flesh; then do our radiant misty-outlined fantasies shrink to hard tangibilities of earthly carpentering. Everything, we wail, is so uninspiring, so sharp-angled, so distressingly *real!* But days and weeks pass, and soon Memory paints in the colors so ruthlessly erased, and our first vision, somewhat corrected in proportion and detail, shrouds itself once more in a sort of luminous haze. Again, our most thrilling adventures are usually undertaken very much against our will; our one thought is to extricate ourselves and fly with all speed to the shelter of our boarding-house. And it is not till we are snugly installed in our easy chair that we perceive the mad joy we took in our adventure. So the purplings of Romance seem ever to shun us; yesterday we dwelt in a land of magic; and what alluring vistas will open on to-morrow's path! But to-day all is dull and sodden; life is stale and dreary and to-night is the night we get tapioca pudding for dessert.

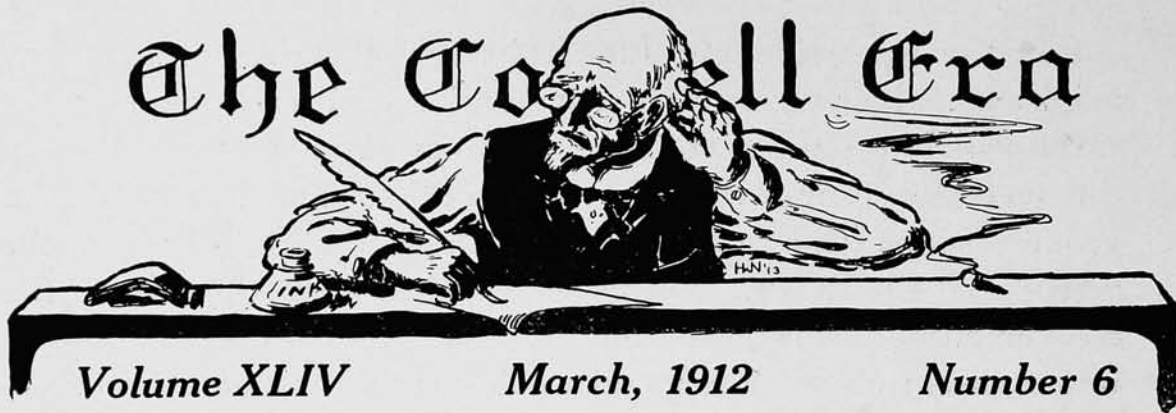
So do most of us pass our lives; half in memory, half in anticipation. We make long plans of walking-tours, of explorations in the lurid underworld of the cities, where crime and passion and combat are not mere attractive suppositions of the monthly magazines; of a change of name and personality for a few brief days, when we can appear unhampered as our other self, our nobler, truer, wiser self, away from the traditions of our confining environment; and when the day of execution comes, we recoil in terror at the monstrous absurdity of doing anything we did not do yesterday and the day before. So the years slip by, and the grey hairs come and the stomach trouble comes and the little lives for whose sake one can not afford to be foolish; and one day we find ourselves old men, commonplace old men, brooding hopelessly over all we might have done. And we think, perhaps, of our scape-grace brothers whom the world has branded ne'er-do-wells, who have fought, and sinned, and lived wild lives wherever the world has buffeted them; and we wonder, perhaps, if the world is always right.

For the world is only the majority; that is, our next-door neighbors. It is a very wise dispensation of Providence that the world worships sturdy industry and lauds the honest callouses on the nerves of Spring-sickness. Not in all of us is the summons of Wanderlust so strong as to call us forth to the high-roads at the melting of the snows. Let us be thankful, for the sake of the economic tranquillity of nations, that the call does not sound thus imperiously; else all the world would yearly throng in joyous pilgrimage to the North Pole, like the Glorious Haberdasher who won fame by deserting his Toggery Shops and fleeing the abomination of a life-long thralldom to neck-ties and undershirts.

But when we tell of the masterful beings who have broken their bonds to pursue that lightfoot elf, Romance, the inevitable protest arises. Does all adventure lie a world's length away? Is America, then, so totally barren of this most pungent of joys? The Adventure, it seems to me, depends absolutely on the Adventurer. Many a man, though leading a career of danger, and in continual peril of his life, has never an adventure to the day of his death. Napoleon, I doubt not, regarded his battles and his campaigns as no more adventurous than a game of checkers. On the other hand, there are men whose humdrum life, day by day, is adventure itself; who see mystery in the closing of a door, who read dark secrets in the faces of the passers-by, whose nerves are all a-tingle with the thought of the tremendous possibilities of a half-mile's walk. It well may be that we, poor clods, shall never see the crumbling towers of Carcassonne; that never may we go rolling down to Rio; that our little world may ever be bounded by the blank round of our daily duty; but still let us cherish in our hearts, as best we may, a spark of childish wonder, a feeling of the glamor that dwells radiant in our lives. Let us look upon life as eagerly and as simply as did the most appealing figure in literature; Robert Louis Stevenson, of whom writes that worthiest of his successor, in craftsmanship and character, Alfred Noyes —

“ Here and here, we whisper, with hearts more tender,
Tusitala wandered, through mist and rain;
Rainbow-eyed, and pale and gallant and slender,
Dreaming of pirate isles in a jewelled main.”

The Cornell Era



Volume XLIV

March, 1912

Number 6

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THE ERA takes great pleasure in announcing the election of the following men to the Editorial Board: Frederick Green Johnson, '13, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for work submitted; Edward Foreman Graham, '14, of Buffalo, N. Y., from the sophomore competition, and Henry Stern Kirchberger, '15, of Chicago, Ill., from the freshman competition.

We wish to state to our readers that beginning with the present number, this paper will be copyrighted. All publication rights are reserved.

Well aware of the formidable "come-back" within the power of a comic paper, we dare to whisper a disapproving word of *The Widow*. Knowing that Our Lady may by a snap of the fingers or a lift of the eyebrows turn the sincerest comment into a witty boomerang, we yet trust to Gellett Burgess's dictum in his *Maxims of Methuselah*,—"A reproof entereth more into
Our Boldness and
Our Lady.

a woman of sense than an hundred compliments into a fool"—and are emboldened.

We comment on *The Widow*! Yes, we dare be bold!

It seems that she has put on glasses and has retired to a corner with a book. She is not the flippant, saucy, alluring maid of yesterday. She talks in Bostonese, with five act plays (after the manner of the Greeks) and her brow is furrowed. Yes (and we tremble to think it) she seems to be becoming *une femme savante*, "a lady highbrow."

Alas that this should be! We need a sprightly pert young miss (or Mrs.) to show us our funny selves lest we become all formulas and textbooks.

Is our Lady deserting us? Is she becoming bored with her high mission—becoming out of sympathy with the dinnerpails of Sibley and the test-tubes of Morse? We fear so.

In a word, she is too "literary."

The criticism is out—we have said it. Whatever else, it is sincere. We want to laugh uproariously and unconventionally again. We want to forget "literature" when we see her appear. We like to think that she is drawing us on. We want to say that "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

From the time when the last student gave up his room in White Hall in 1869 until today, the vast majority of students—the non-fraternity men—have looked forward to the time when dormitories will cover the Library slope. For years

They are the Trustees have maintained that the only
Coming. impediment in the way was the lack of funds. Regarding this attitude many have been cynical, many have been impatient, a few have doubted its sincerity.

But now something tangible has been done. Cascadilla Building, as everyone knows, is to be remodeled into a dormitory. This is the first step. This shows the disposition of the Board of Trustees toward the question.

More than that, however, it has been stated by men of authority that as soon as the present plans for dormitories "go through" and are accepted, the funds for the erection of at least one of them will be immediately available.

This is most happy news. It takes no great prophet to foresee the Cornell of tomorrow.

Certainly there are two sides to this age-worn topic of Gym. credits. We can see some justification for quizzing a sophomore who is obviously attempting to deceive, but there is one phase of the matter that we cannot understand; that is the rule which requires a member of a 'Varsity team to report in order to get credit. It would seem to us that a man who, like John Paul Jones, has shown some signs of interest in his field of athletics should be exempt from the routine that is imposed upon the shirker.

**'Varsity Men
and Shirkers.**

January the first was set as the day upon which official town action regarding a boarding-house inspection was to take place. April the first is upon us and the action, if taken has been very cleverly concealed. It is human nature to be slow, to vascillate, to procrastinate. On the other hand it is asking a great deal of human nature to wait while college generations come and go before this eating question is settled and settled squarely. The question is old, but none the less important. In the name of Health let us have some action!

Do Something.

The sad accident which took the lives of two Juniors by drowning, recently, coming as it did on top of the automobile accident which was potentially as serious, makes pertinent the request for a University Course in "Firt Aid to the Injured."

First Aid.

At the present time we believe one lecture a year is devoted to this most practical of all studies. One cannot obtain a degree until he can swim sixty feet. If the logic is sound how can men be allowed to graduate with little or no knowledge of how to save life? Why not give a course of ten or a dozen lectures on this subject and make a mark of sixty a requisite for a degree? A severed artery, a dislocated bone, a fainting companion may well come into the experience of anyone. To know what to do without reference to a misplaced diary may be the saving of a life.

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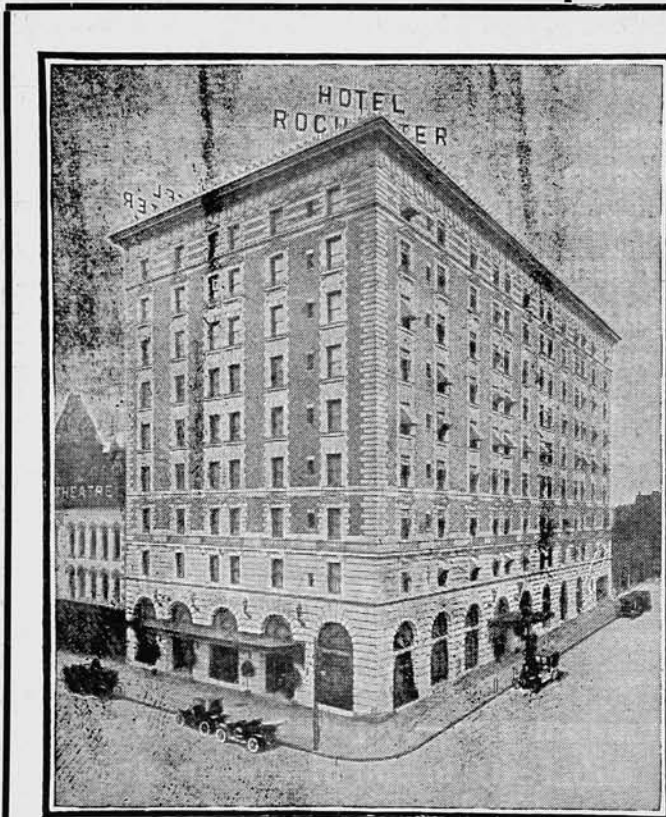


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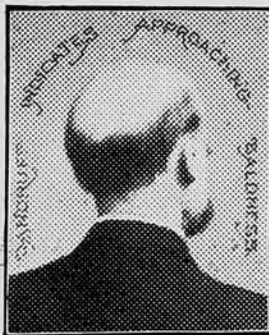
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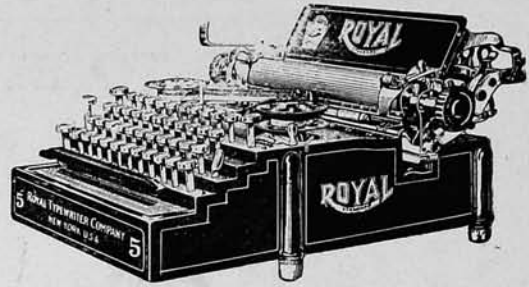
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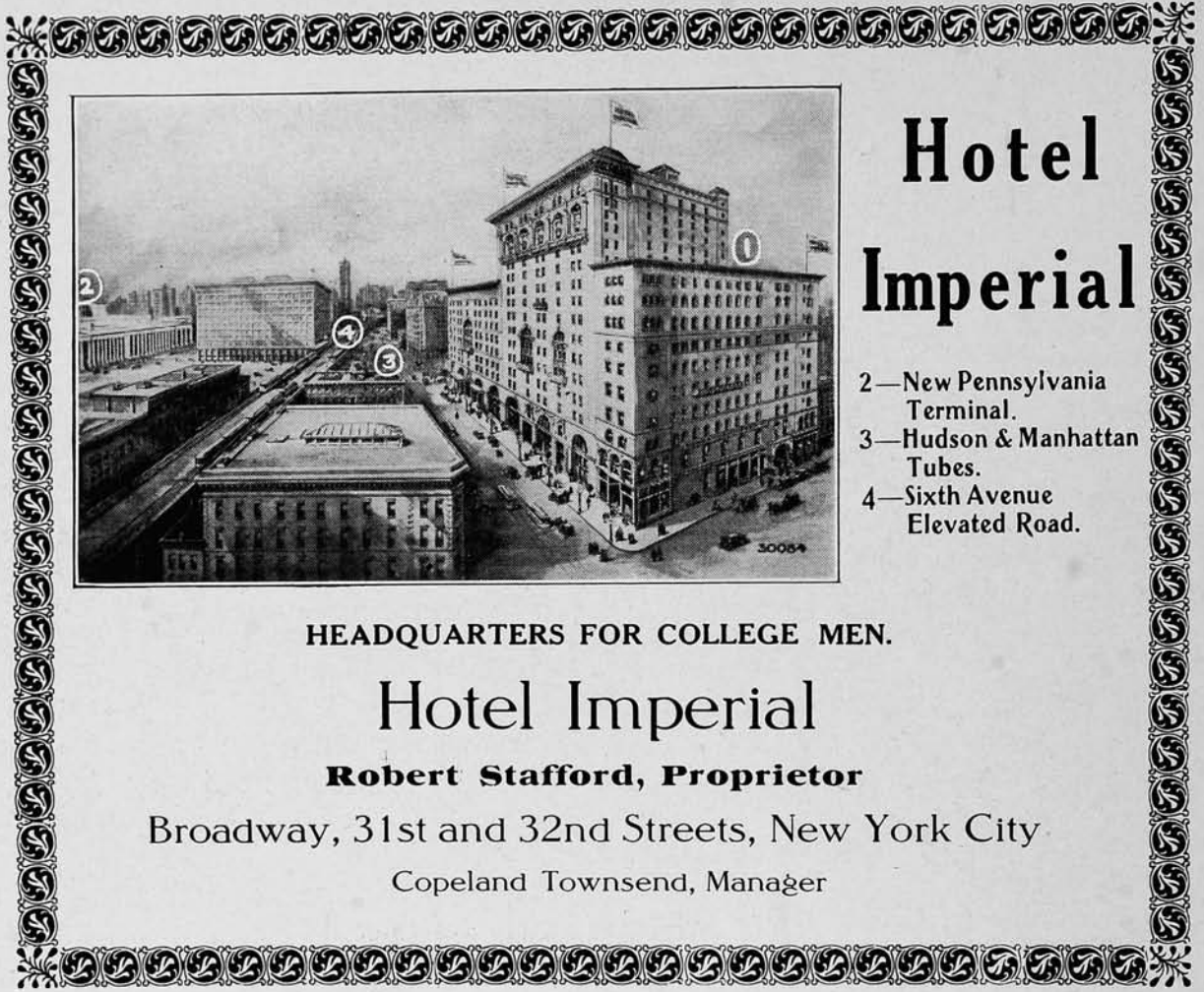
Lost Power of the Press and
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Sporting Editor of the New York Tribune

Vol. 44 APRIL, 1912 No. 7

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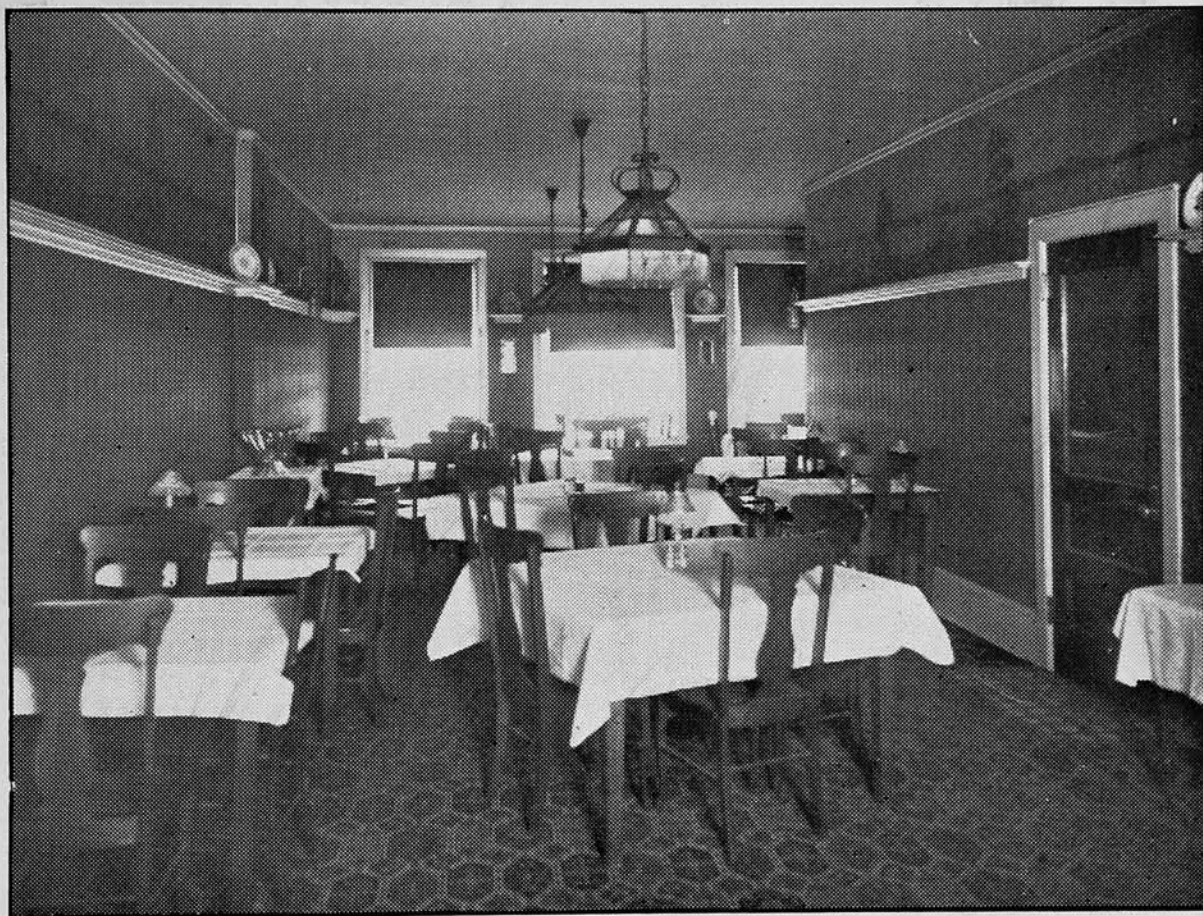
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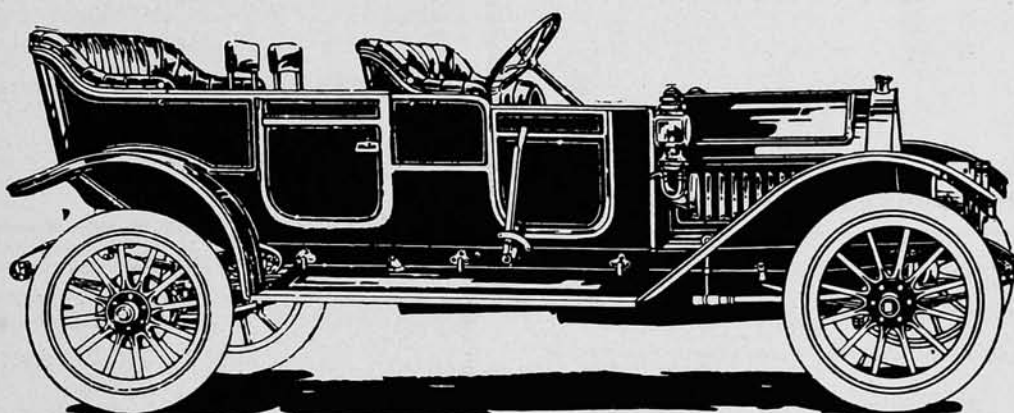
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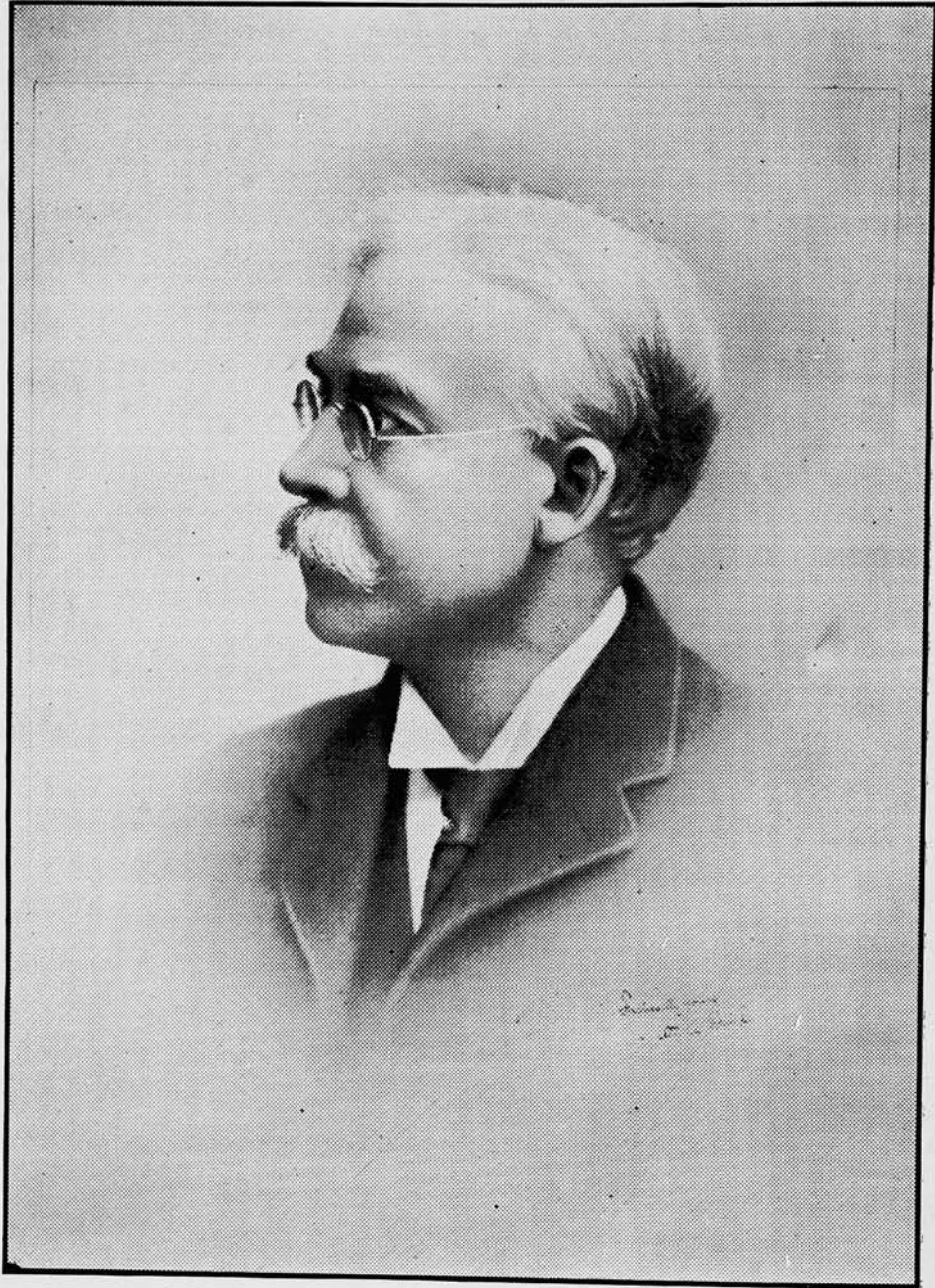
CORNELL ERA

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WILLIAM ALBERT FINCH

THE CORNELL ERA

Vol. 44

April, 1912

No. 7

William Albert Finch.

Edwin H. Woodruff.

IT is rare to find a man occupying a position of any influence who is not controlled to some extent, covert or revealed, by a passion for preferment and by "the mania for owning things." This spirit is not foreign to even the academic places. Carlyle's ideal of a man who simply does his work day by day, taking up in turn each new duty as it comes to him, is not commonly realized among those who have attained a degree of prominence in the community. Most men demand or seek recognition of their achievements. The pleasure of doing the work, and satisfaction in a task well performed, do not suffice. But the recent death of Professor Finch reminds us that in this age of rush and push there are those who do pass through life unharassed by irritating ambitions; that there are some who do not clamor or intrigue for a public attestation of their services and virtues.

Professor Finch was such a man. He was always an eager and absorbed student, finding keen pleasure in the acquisition of knowledge, but experiencing a livelier delight in making it useful to his associates and those who sought instruction under him. He gave but fitful attention to the material things of life for he was engrossed with the affairs of the intellect. Having mastered the law of real property, the most subtle and difficult department of the common law, he understood, as few do, the remote political and social factors that lie back of its archaisms. The study and teaching of this subject in our law school was his vocation during the last twenty years of his life. His avocation was to recreate himself with the Latin and Greek classics, and with the current

results of the best scientific and philosophic thought, as published in French, German or English.

From his student days until the time of his death, for thirty-five years, he passed through many periods of invalidism and during his latest years might well have claimed exemption from further labor; but never did he manifest a loss of hope or buoyancy,—never did his joy in his work subside. Lockhart in his life of Sir Walter Scott tells us of that pathetic moment near the end of the great novelist's life when he demanded that pen and paper be brought to him and how when he found that he could write no more, the tears rolled down his cheeks unrestrained. Pathetic, too, were incidents of Professor Finch's last days in the law school. One day he stepped from the platform to write upon the blackboard but his strength failed him; a few days later he was overcome by weakness on his way from the lecture room; yet he still persisted with no abatement of his mental activity, with no diminution of his cheerfulness and with no cessation of plans for the future. A few days afterward the last vestige of strength for further effort left him and he came no more to the school where he had taught for twenty years.

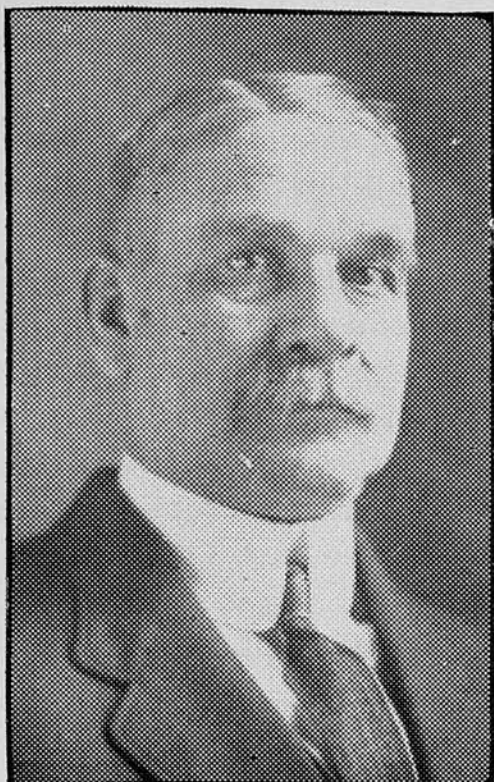
It seems as if it were not too much to say that among all the hundreds of young men who received instruction from him, there was not one who was his enemy; that there was not one, indeed, who entertained for him other than a kindly and friendly feeling. To his students in class room and in consultation, he gave unstintedly of his knowledge, and without regard to the undue exertions that such exertion was making upon his powers. During the last year of his teaching he was obliged to spend all his time lying down except for the hours actually required by his presence at the law school.

Without financial assistance from others he worked his way with distinction through the University while he was even then under the handicap of ill health. He won a position where he exerted upon hundreds of young men the influence of a scholarly, generous and kindly personality. His mind was without guile; his heart was quick to respond to every suggestion of need. He did not walk amid the traffic of the world, yet all who passed his way felt a touch of the spirit of this true and modest man.

Cornell's Rowing Problems and Prospects.*

Eugene Buckley.

Rowing Expert of The Boston Globe.



There is a strong feeling existing among undergraduates at Cornell University in favor of sending a crew to Stockholm to participate in the eight-oared shell race for which representatives of England, Australia, Belgium and other European countries are now training. When this matter was presented to Coach Courtney, a verbal picture was painted of the lasting glory to Cornellians should Dame Fortune and Cornell's strong backs result in the crowning of the crew with laurel wreathes from the sacred groves of Mount Olympus. But to these siren-like pleadings the veteran coach is as

deaf as was Ulysses. "There is no crew in the world superior to Cornell's for four miles," said Mr. Courtney, when approached on the subject. But with the wisdom born of experience he points to the great expense that such a trip would entail, and to the utter abandonment of home crew interests which would be necessitated.

Before the fire of enthusiasm is kindled, and the question of sending a crew is seriously considered, it may be well to state that the Arundel four of Baltimore, which has been making a careful study of the expenses of such a trip, figures on an outlay of \$4,000. This means that it would cost Cornell between \$7,000 and \$8,000 to make the trip in a manner which would guarantee every comfort to the oarsmen, and ensure a reasonable chance of victory. It might be well also to turn back the pages of rowing history and

*This is the first of a series of articles on rowing by Mr. Buckley. The writer is one of the most widely known writers on shell rowing and is a warm personal friend of Mr. Courtney. Undergraduates will remember his impressive address at the Crew Celebration last fall.

study the aftermath of several foreign invasions in which Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania, and Yale participated, and the effect they had on intercollegiate rowing in this country.

Rarely has Cornell been better supplied with material for crews. It would not be very hard to boat the most promising short-distance crew in America; or to groom crews for the other engagements which Cornell is in duty bound to observe. But Coach Courtney points to the great expense; to the lack of a special fund for such an invasion—not to speak of the upsetting of the financial balance of the Athletic Association, which might result to the detriment of crew development in the future. Mr. Courtney knows that the many crews to engage in this sprinting contest over the regular Henley distance of 1 mile and 550 yards have been working up to such a distance gradually; that they have in several cases known no other. Hence he appreciates the great disadvantage his four-mile crew would be under when pitted against seasoned short-distance men such as these crews are composed of. The climatic conditions also cause the coach to halt; for he has his Henley experience, and knows that foreigners in a strange climate may be in splendid shape physically today and stale tomorrow.

There is no gainsaying the fact that home rowing would suffer considerably were such a thing attempted. The crew to be sent would of necessity take nearly all the coach's time, so the development of crews at the University would be retarded; and the future success of Cornell rowing would be sadly affected.

There are other reasons why the trip should not be undertaken and why it would not be the act of wisdom to sail away from home on an uncertain mission at a time when the competitions at home give promise of being as spirited as the best sportsman in the land could desire. There was a time when the Cornell crews could enter the various regattas and engage in match races with the assurance of victory whenever the form developed was even fairly representative of Cornell. But those days have passed forever and the University has its rowing work clearly cut out for the coming season at least.

It would not be judicious for old Cornell men afflicted with heart trouble to witness some of the killing finishes presented at Poughkeepsie in the last few years. Men of stronger blood and keener mentality are alive to the fact that Cornell is now called upon to make the real fight of her rowing life in order to maintain

her supremacy on the water. Only by the most hearty co-operation of the undergraduate, graduate and coaching staff can the university rowing department maintain its place at the "head of the river," as our English friends express top university rowing form.

With the unparalleled record of 15 victories out of the 18 races in which the crews representing Cornell University have participated in the last three years, it would look to the uninitiated as though it were only a pleasure jaunt to make the trips and bring home the emblems of victory. But such is not the case. Because Cornellians take it as a matter of course that the crews will win when properly selected and prepared, the crews are not given the homage received at other universities.

Cornell is confronted with a far more serious proposition this year than ever before. Her rivals have profited by contact with the perfectly coached and trained crews from Ithaca and the former wide margin in Cornell's favor is growing beautifully narrower each year until now the Ithaca crews have the assurance that every race on the card for the present season spells "COMPETITION" in large letters.

This is a condition of affairs desired by the leading rowing spirits who have tired of these processions of former days and are glad to see them give place to the hair-splitting finishes of the last few years.

Coach Courtney has in mind the Harvard race to be rowed on the Charles river at Boston on May 23. Knowing the great preparation the Harvard crew is making to wrest the victory from his crew, he is leaving no stone unturned in developing a crew to meet the Crimson. This can be done only according to the law of elimination so firmly established at the Boathouse on the Inlet, which was so convincingly put by Commodore Bowen at the January crew celebration, when he said "There is fair treatment for all in the selection of crew material at Cornell. It matters not what a man's past record may have been in the struggle for the seats in the boat; the award is made to the man who makes good."

The coming race with Harvard university is a proposition that is worthy of much more serious consideration than some of the Cornell men are giving to it. The record of the Harvard crews for the past 25 years tells a story of dogged persistence in the face

of crushing defeats such as few universities can point to—yet they come up smiling year after year, always getting a little closer to the goal of their ambition. They return from the trips to Ithaca with something to think of for the coming winter; and the effect of their defeats is only to clench their superiority over Yale, and make the Crimson crew all the more formidable when it meets Cornell the following year. After each race there is a new fire kindled in the breasts of the men who are wont to say, "We are after Cornell and will never rest until we have secured our share of victories." This warning is not of the boastful variety, but rather expresses the optimism of men with red blood in their veins, who are conscious of the great powers of Coach Courtney but who are battling against odds in the hope of eventual victory which will fill their cup of happiness to overflowing when it does come. Harvard men are far from being conceited. They acknowledge the superiority of Mr. Courtney and console themselves with the thought that time, the great leveler, will bring to Harvard a fair share of the sweets of victory. How can Cornell men doubt the sincerity or sportsmanship of such a rival?

Every one of the dual races between Harvard and Cornell results in a better mastery by the Harvard crew of the finer principles of rowing; therefore Harvard is making real progress. The margin of difference is getting narrower. The advent of the Princeton crew in this race makes for better competitions and a spirited three-cornered rivalry; but if the compact is carried out logically it will take from the Athletic Association of Cornell a source of revenue. Princeton will of course make a plea for a visit to Lake Carnegie, and Cornell will be confronted with the problem of only one race on home waters every three years.

There is urgent need for hearty co-operation on the part of Cornell men when the Poughkeepsie problem is presented. It must be admitted that the sweeping of the Hudson is no easy task and calls for the very best that Cornell can develop under the most favorable conditions. This cannot be expected every year when one considers the young, efficient, and ambitious coaches like Rice of Columbia, whose crews have of late been a thorn in the side of every aspirant for varsity honors.

Cornell was sorely pressed by Hanlan's crew. The mighty men from Syracuse swept everything before them, creating a complete upheaval in rowing theories because of their total disregard for

rowing conventionalities. This was not progress of the enduring kind, and depended rather on the remarkable physical prowess of eight men rather than on the exact science taught at Cornell. But the salutary lesson learned has taught the Old Man that the pleasant diversions of past years are gone forever, and that nothing short of downright hard work and the very best coaching can ensure victory for Cornell at Poughkeepsie.

Coach Rice, of the Columbia crew, and Ten Eyck, of Syracuse, are keen, competent coaches, who are alert and resourceful. Vail, of Wisconsin, and Ellis Ward, of Pennsylvania, have grown gray in the work of coaching; yet they are as active as when they were competing in the boats themselves. Of course the closer the contest, the sweeter the victory for Cornellians, who best of all love a ding dong race from start to finish. But how about the coach on whose head the responsibility rests? This is a most excellent time to again remind the men who are banded together to hoist the *Cornellian* and *White* to the masthead, whether it be on the Charles River at Boston or on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, to get together as they never have before, and leave the rest to the "Grand Old Man" of Cornell rowing fame.

Just a word in conclusion about the crew prospects. After all, the present and future present more serious problems than thinking on the glories of the past. The Varsity eight of last year has shown of late that it can be counted on in the race for the final selection. The record of this crew is such that it cannot be ignored, provided, of course, that it comes up to the present requirements of the coach in the daily drills and showing on the water. This, after all, is the supreme test. With Bowen out of the boat there are other men rowing who measure up to the Cornell standard, such as Menefee, '14, who was behind in his University work last year and could not row, but never for a day absented himself from rowing practice. He is regarded by most excellent judges to be the peer of any man in the University and is fast and alert to catch the instructions of the coach. Dole, who is stroking one of the eights, which was the first to be sent to the training table, excited the admiration of Boston men when he stroked the freshman crew against Harvard two years ago, and again by his excellent work last year in the four. Distler, who has been stroking the eight, is one of the very ablest oarsmen of recent years. He can row on either side of the boat.

Any of these men is competent to make the seat in the Varsity boat and the selection of the very best men can be made only by such a man as Coach Courtney, who is on the spot, and can carefully note the physical condition and the mental status of the aspirants. After all, it will never do to have a man dropped for trouble with the office, if it can be avoided in advance. It begins to look as though Bates had worked his way back into the good graces of the coach and this is a good thing for the crew, for he is very popular with his fellows and a splendid oarsman. To sum up the situation at this early date, with Cayuga just thawing out properly, it looks as though Cornell men can rest with the assurance that the coming crew will be of standard quality and that there is no actual cause for worry.

Abandonment of Schedule K.

Morris G. Bishop, '13.

I laud the words of Wilson and of William Howard Taft,
 By the eloquence of Clark I'm held in thrall ;
 And ah, the bitter woes I felt to learn that Colonel Roosevelt
 Upheld the Referendum and Recall ;
 The mention of a tariff bill excites me like a bomb :
 I could talk for half an hour on Schedule K ;
 Yet my mind is apt to wander, when on politics I'd ponder,
 For I've shed my winter underclothes today !

The House is full of thugs, assert the monthly magazines ;
 The majority of judges beat their wives ;
 And numbers of our senators have murdered their progenitors
 By cutting out their hearts with bowie-knives.
 But when you fiercely ask me how to save our wretched land,
 I respond in an apologetic way,
 " Please excuse my inattention, but I'd merely like to mention
 That I've shed my winter underclothes today ! "

The coffers of our millionaires are full of stolen gold,
 And the working-class is mostly full of beer ;
 And we read in lurid head-lines how the prevalence of breadlines
 Proves convincingly that Judgment Day is near ;
 And yet I carol madly and I bound about in glee
 And act almost unreasonably gay ;
 The world may take its downward course, I feel no shame and no remorse,
 For I've shed my winter underclothes today !

Practical Life Saving for Cornell Men.

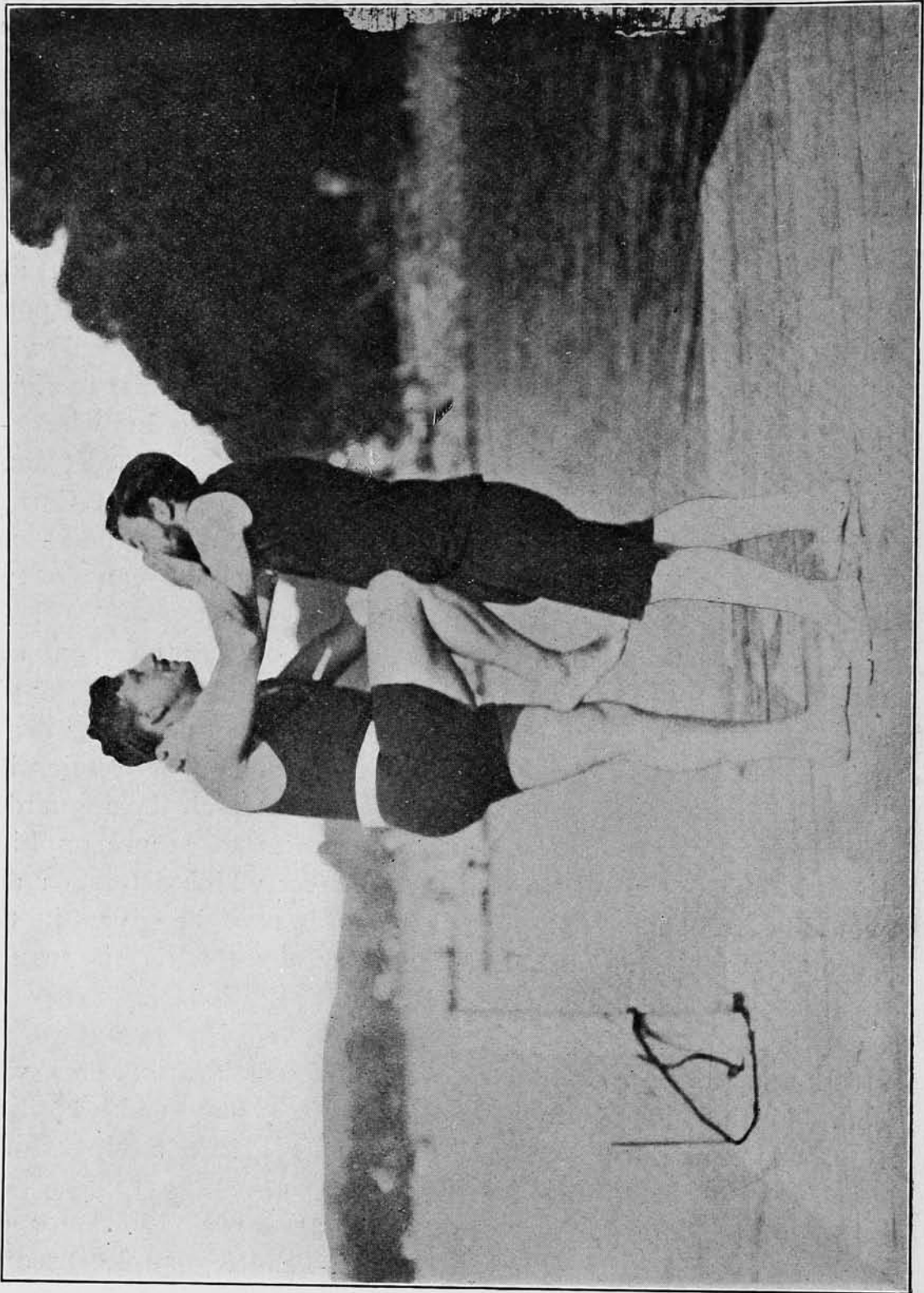
Wilbert E. Longfellow.

Gen'l Sup't U. S. Volunteer Life Saving Corps.

IF Cornell had a magnificent hundred-foot swimming tank adapted for racing practice and had been using it for several seasons, the time would not be half so auspicious for starting interest in life saving. Speed-swimming would then be occupying the center of the stage, if the experience of other universities counts for anything, and it would be difficult to popularize any other branch of aquatics. Now that the speed-swimming enthusiasm is dormant, an unequalled opportunity is offered for turning out certificated experts in life-saving knowledge—knowledge which will be useful to every college man at some time in his life after graduation. Every swimmer at Cornell may now take a course in practical life saving methods—not only the powerful swimmer, but every man who can do two lengths of the tank with any sort of a stroke.

How to handle a man in deep water, to hold his head out and make progress with him using half a dozen holds, may be taught any swimmer in a few lessons. Scorn of the so-called "death grip" of a drowning man follows a knowledge of a scientific "break" and counter for each possible hold which the unguarded swimmer may permit the drowning victim to secure on him. Such knowledge eliminates most of the fear which deters so many would-be rescuers. All this instruction may be given in the Cornell gymnasium tank by Mr. Read along with his regular swimming instruction. Mr. Read qualified himself, on my recent visit to Cornell, and has been appointed Lieutenant, to instruct and examine candidates. Upon his certification, men who complete their instruction and pass the tests may make application and receive from the U. S. Volunteer Life Saving Corps certificates of their fitness for life-saving work.

Swimming ability is wonderfully developed by the mere practice in carrying people in the water—the leg stroke used in the back-carry is especially helpful in all sorts of aquatics, particularly waterpolo and swimming in clothes. Rescue work is a sort of water wrestling that is conducive to a man's own sureness and safety in the deep places.



BREAKING A "DEATH GRIP."

No man should invite friends to go boating or canoeing with him unless he is able to make up for their swimming deficiencies. In my estimation, a man who takes a girl canoeing without being able to carry her in the water in case the boat should overturn, is little short of criminally careless. But note how often it is done! Responsibility for the death of a person one had taken boating and been unable to care for in emergency would be a sad thing to carry through life. This swimming question should be looked at from another point of view than is usually taken.

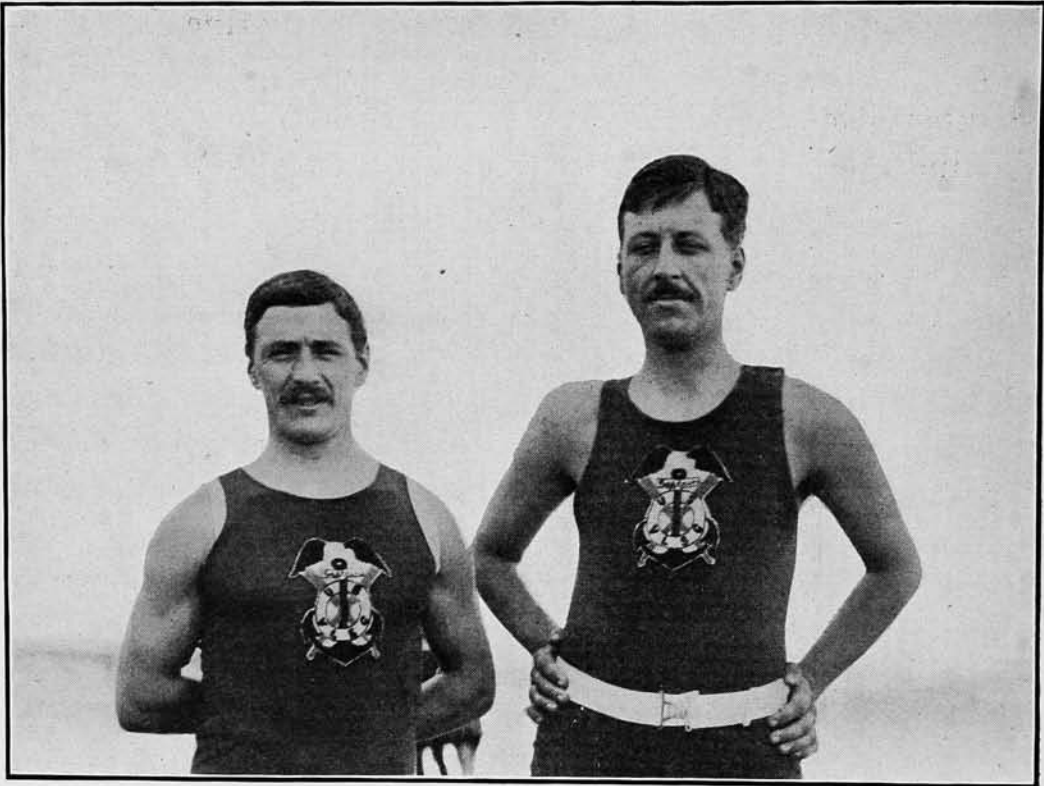
The solution of the drowning problem—and there are 4,500 drownings in America every year outside of marine disasters—is for the cities to provide public bathing places and safeguard them with supervision and apparatus. At present American cities are far behind the ports of England and Germany in this respect. In view of this handicap, all swimmers should do their utmost to bring America up to the standard of the rest of the world in providing swimming instruction. A big step in advance is to get a lot of people personally interested in life saving and thinking about it. The logical people to begin with are the persons who can swim, particularly those who work, live, or play near the water—be it ocean, lake, pond, or stream. Already, the simple obligation to perform the duties of a life savor to the best of their ability keeps 5,000 active swimmers up to a keen sense of personal responsibility in New York City, and several thousand ex-members of the Life Saving Corps have never quite gotten over the idea. The thing is cumulative—all it needs is a start, and like a big snowball rolling down hill it will gather bulk and power all the way along. There are both hills and men at Cornell, sufficient to start the life saving ball rolling to a size that will include all the United States.

When one considers the complacency with which the average crowd watches or hears of a drowning and execrates some person or persons who had nothing to do with the result, saying "*They* ought to have done something about it," one can see the need for building up a sense of individual responsibility. When this is effected, something will be done.

England's system is to organize swimmers into classes and teach them life saving; then after passing the tests, the classes disband, and the individuals work by themselves. That is the Royal Life Saving Society.

The U. S. Volunteer Life Saving Corps organizes swimmers into crews or divisions in stations, and all the time the men are drilling and receiving instruction they are maintaining a voluntary but wondrously effective patrol and preventive service. The auxiliary membership does the same with men in camps, schools, and associations, where they have gymnasiums and swimming pools, but where the men are not able to do all-year-round life-saving patrol work.

Aside from the humanitarian side, the odd feature of life saving



Wilbert E. Longfellow, (on the right)

work lends it interest for any program of water sports. Back-swimming with the help of the hands; weight-fetching contests, from the bottom eight feet deep; rescue races, one man carrying another of his own weight a prescribed distance and being himself carried back; buoy throwing; quick boat landing; picking up men or objects from the water; all make excellent life saving competition and furnish novelties for an aquatic program.

Every college student, along with the *ologies* and *isms* which are expected of him, should understand the resuscitation of the apparently drowned or asphyxiated—the same applies to electrical as to water accidents—and Schaefer's is the simplest method. It requires but one operative, who lays the patient face downward

and applies pressure to the back. Of course there are thousands of things which every college student should know—but this is a matter which every *person* should know, so common is shock from the heavily charged electric wires generally used. Gas and smoke asphyxiation also require this method. Certainly this phase of life saving should appeal to everybody, whether swimmer or not.

In closing I am impelled to add—whatever life saving knowledge you get, don't regard it as for individual use, but pass it along, spread it, and do your bit for the preservation of life even if there is no tablet of stone to blazen forth your name to the ages. Perhaps someone dear to you may benefit in the years to come; for such bread cast upon the waters—returns blessings.

NOTE BY PROFESSOR C. V. P. YOUNG.

As a result of Mr. Longfellow's visit and the interest manifested among the students, an auxiliary branch of the U. S. Volunteer Life Saving Society will be organized at Cornell. The object of this is, largely, to promote a still wider interest and to disseminate knowledge as to practical methods of life saving such as will enable students to act intelligently and effectively whenever and wherever occasion might arise. By perfecting such an organization at Cornell, moreover, opportunities for active service may be found at the time of the Navy Day regatta, while, if thought desirable, boat races between members of the society and a public exhibition of methods of rescue and resuscitation can be made an annual feature. It will be for such an organization furthermore, to consider what precautionary measures if any can be taken at various times to prevent drowning accidents, and to bestow medals or other recognition upon those who have saved lives, or have shown presence of mind in times of emergency.

Two Rimas of G. A. Becquer.

Translated from the Spanish by J. S. Fassett, jr., '12.

For one sweet glance the world I'd give;
And for a smile, the sky.
But for a kiss — — — I know not how
A kiss of yours to buy!

*** *** ***

“Oh what is poetry,” you ask,
While blue eyes gaze at me.
How can you ask me that my love,
When YOU are poetry!

Lost Power of the Press and the Building of a Page.

G. Herbert Daley.

Sporting Editor New York Tribune.

NEWSPAPERS of these latter days have lost to a large extent the power to sway and mould public opinion, but the "fourth estate" is still a potent force in the land and one that must be respected. A number of reasons could be advanced to account for this loss of power, but in the last analysis there are two, both natural enough, which tell the story. One lies within, and may be termed commercialism; the other lies without, and may be called education, or development.

Keen minds have been quick to grasp the lever which moves great masses and the opportunity for political, social or business gain was not allowed to slip by the masters of industry. The result is that many of the leading papers are controlled by "special interests" for their own selfish ends and of course the guiding hand has been discovered. That is the first reason. The second lies in the fact that the general reading public has been educated to a point where it thinks for itself and decides on questions of the hour.

The pity is, perhaps, that a newspaper, like a man, cannot live by bread alone. Gathering the news of the world and distributing it is dependent indirectly on the counting room, and the counting room is dependent upon the advertiser,—the man who buys space and so furnishes the fuel to keep the machine running. The general reading public will not pay for the cost of white paper on which the news is printed, much less the cost of gathering and compiling it, but will keep on reading, even while scoffing or bewailing the lost power of the press.

In a measure this loss of power, largely editorial, is of little moment, more particularly as the news and opinions which are paid for with an ulterior purpose thus lose part of their sting. The truth is that much good has come out of what some may consider the evil of commercialism, in that the scope of the news has been broadened to a point that is world wide. One paper may quack, a second may roar, a third may squawk and cackle, and a fourth

may bleat, but all can be forgiven and forgotten if each one will print the news and print it without coloring.

The chief danger that the newspaper of today faces is the loss of confidence in its news columns and not the loss of power in its editorial opinions. It is for this reason that every college and university of the land should establish a course in journalism to the end that young men may be educated in the tenets of newspaper faith. To the end, further, that they may be properly fitted to measure values like the tradesman, to sift evidence like the lawyer or judge, to diagnose the ills of the reading public like the physician, to grasp quickly the relative importance of news, and to write like one would talk.

Not long ago I read an extract from an address by A. Maurice Low, an English journalist of some prominence, who is acting as the American correspondent of the "London Post." He said :

"The modern newspaper differs from the dry goods store in that it, unlike the average dry goods store, makes false pretences to get the public custom. The dry goods merchant, on the other hand, is sincere. If "hobbles" are the fashion he makes them his specialty, and does not pretend that he is trying to uplift the morals of the community by so doing; the newspaper proprietor pretends to promote the welfare of the community and does not do it. Both are after money. The average reader wants news of great events, but not only the news in its bare form; he must have explanation and exposition. He wants to know the why of things, but has no way of finding it out at first hand. So the paper is his last and only resort."

This to me is almost a libel on a great profession. It is true that some papers resort to low methods to get and hold the much coveted "circulation," but the average paper means to be honest in gathering the news of the day and spares no effort to insure accuracy, not always an easy thing. Truly there may be some dry goods stores which sell "all wool" under false pretences.

When I accepted an invitation from the Cornell Era to write something about the building of a sporting page it was not my purpose to go so far afield. Before offering a few suggestions, however, that may be helpful to those who are considering journalism, from choice or necessity, I would like to recount a short story of the biggest "beat" from the standpoint of time in which I was ever interested and in which Cornell had a place.

A "beat" or exclusive story means much in a newspaper office and this particular "beat" of which I am writing came several years ago. The scene was set at Poughkeepsie at one of the intercollegiate regattas. I was working on an afternoon paper at the time, and our sporting editor had made ambitious plans to "beat" the town with the results. He decided that the telephone would be faster than the telegraph and to this end and after much persuasion he got permission to establish a telephone high up on the Poughkeepsie bridge, which marks the three mile post of the four mile race. Men were stationed along the shore with different colored flags to signal at each half mile mark as the shells raced by, and I was entrusted with the job of dictating the story over the telephone after translating the signals and using my eyes, with the aid of powerful field glasses, for the facts.

To save further time, I talked directly to a compositor, who, with a receiver over his ears, took the story on his linotype machine as a good operator does from dictation on the typewriter.

It was the hottest day of that particular summer, or of almost any summer, if my feelings at the time were a fair thermometer. The bridge across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie is used only for railroad trains and I am exaggerating not a whit when I say that in the long walk the heat of the ties fairly burned through my shoes as perspiringly I made my way to the telephone. It was a perilous position, too, once the goal was reached, as I was forced to crouch down at the side of the track with an eye out for trains and no adequate rail to prevent my slipping off from the dizzy height. To be more secure I stretched out at full length and slowly baked as the crews took minutes, which seemed hours, to gather at the start.

There is an end to all things however, and suddenly I caught the signal that the race was on, but before the crews had reached the one mile mark, huge black clouds which had been rolling up from the west broke in all the fury of a frightful electric storm at Sing Sing, about half way between Poughkeepsie and New York. Wires were blown down and trees were felled, but as luck would have it, the particular wire over which I was working held true, although talking over it was like dictating a story at the side of a gattling gun. In the lulls between the crashes of thunder I managed to tell the printer something of what was going on under my eyes and in any case I flashed the result, which as usual was: "Cornell wins!" And we "beat" the town ten minutes.

Let me add that we did not stop talking about that "beat" for several weeks, but I have always thanked that storm that put so many telegraph wires out of commission and the kind Providence that kept my telephone wire open.

To go back now to the particular subject on which I was asked to write, I would say that newspaper men, like professors and teachers, are poorly paid as a class. It is hardly possible to support a chauffeur and a nurse girl at the same time on the salaries doled out, but there are compensations; and, on the whole, a newspaper man can feel like the Kentucky colonel, who, on being asked what was good for snake bites except whiskey, replied: "Gad sir, who cares!"

I never feel like encouraging young men to enter the field, but certainly I would not discourage them if the inclination is there, and it may be added that a college man with any capacity at all for journalistic work can earn his keep surer and quicker in the newspaper field than in almost any other line. To those men who have no dread of the journalistic germ which, once it gets in the system, quickly develops into a disease that practically is incurable, I am glad to offer a few suggestions which emphasize the basic principles in the gathering and preparing of news, particularly along sporting lines.

Neatness, accuracy, and terseness are the three words which should be seared in the brain of every man who takes up journalistic work. The greatest of these is accuracy. Nothing is quite so hard to bear as misrepresentation; nothing inspires a man to wrath so quickly as to be grossly misquoted and placed in a false light before his friends and the general reading public. Such, unfortunately, is oftentimes the case because some keen, though unscrupulous, reporter must make a story which will command space. I may say in passing, however, that the reporter is not always to blame. The fault sometimes lies with those who directly or indirectly guide the destinies of the paper and sometimes with the man who is in the news and who holds the reporter in such contempt that he affronts or purposely misleads him.

Next to accuracy I would say that neatness is all important. To fully explain this I must tell something of the workings of a newspaper office. Every sheet of copy must pass through five hands or under the eyes of five men before it finds its way in cold type to the form. The story—and let me say that the word story

is a colloquial expression for any newspaper article, whether it be four lines or four columns—the story that is slovenly written and slovenly edited carries with it through its short life strong and impatient words and much hard labor.

The man who writes the story should pause and remember that after he has finished with a sheet of copy it must pass to the editor or desk man and from him to the copy cutter, so-called, who cuts it up into small or large “takes” depending upon the time of night or the necessity for hurry, for distribution among the compositors. The man at the machine must then read through it to convert it into type and that over, the proof readers must wade through it once more, for typographical corrections and also as a final check on the desk men or editors.

It is the first duty of the sporting editor, or of the head of any department, to see that the story gets to his desk so quickly as possible. His responsibility, however, does not end there. He must then see that the story gets from his desk to the form where the page is made up in so short a time as is compatible with good work. The importance then of neatness must be appreciated. It is not unusual for a copy cutter to be accused by the head of one department of favoring or pushing the stories from the head of another department on the ground that his story was slow in reaching the form. It is possible of course for a copy cutter to show some partiality, but such is rarely the case. The true reason why some copy has a slow and perilous course from desk to form lies in the fact that it is illegible, poorly edited, badly written and hard to cut.

It is human nature for a man to do the easy things of this life first. I know by my own experience that when I sit down and begin sorting copy for the evening's work I pick up the stories that are easiest to handle and get them out of the way, leaving those that demand much care and labor in editing to the end. Of necessity it must be so with others who are forced to handle it. Inadvertently the man whose duty it is to cut the story into “takes” for the compositors favors copy that is easy to handle.

This brings me to the third word—terseness. A story that is short and full of meat is a good story. There are times of course when it is necessary to stretch out and expand, but it must be remembered that the newspaper is built for the busy man. For this reason a good reporter will study to tell his story in as few words as possible and in short and terse sentences.

Every desk man, every editor, abhors a space grabber. By a space grabber I mean a man who strings along with unnecessary adjectives and complicated sentences, parceling out the news here and there in a way to make it almost impossible for an editor to cut the story. In a measure these men oftentimes defeat their own ends. The editor after struggling with it will call sharply for a re-write man and say: "Take this mess, dig out the news, and write one hundred words." The story, mayhap, is worth two hundred or possibly three hundred words if properly written, but patience, so much a virtue as it may be, is not always found in a newspaper office, particularly within an hour of press time, for be it known, time, tide, and locking of newspaper form wait for no man.

I remember well the first story I ever wrote. It was about lawn tennis and took me about four hours to write six hundred or seven hundred words. It was worth about one hundred and it took the sporting editor less than one minute to find out what he wanted. A few quick jabs with the blue pencil, a few sharp motions of his elbow, as he glanced through sheet after sheet and jerked them on the floor, wrecked my hopes for \$3 but taught me a lesson that was worth \$300.

Before closing I would emphasize one or two other points. Never violate a confidence in publishing a piece of news and begin each story with a punch. Tell the news in the first sentence, that is, the most important news, and write it as you would talk it or tell it to a friend. The inexperienced newspaper man is obsessed with the idea that he must draw away from beaten paths and avoid so far as possible set phrases in order to lend some character. He makes the greatest mistake in the world. The geniuses who can tell a straightforward piece of news in few words and in an unusual way are few and far between and those who lack that gift will do better if they will tell the facts and reserve their rhetoric for some later paragraph.

Let me say in closing that the newspaper which acts as a censor for its readers can count on a narrow field or a quick demise. The world is made up of men and women of varying tastes and the real newspaper will print all the news, even to such extremes as a murder or divorce on the first page, a pink tea on the woman's page, a prize fight on the sporting page, and a sermon on the editorial page.

Result of Somerset Y Statistics

RESULT BY CLASSES.

Number Interviewed	Class	I. Dry banquets for own class			II. Dry banquets for other classes			III. Dry trips, smokers, etc.			IV. petition Favor	V. Favor request to Alumni	
		Yes	No	Doubtful	Yes	No	Doubtful	Yes	No	Doubtful	Yes	Yes	No
		356	1915	261	72	25	226	80	50	212	106	37	170
302	1914	189	69	40	190	64	48	153	93	40	135	21	30
267	1913	170	78	19	171	71	25	156	90	21	119	12	8
192	1912	111	63	18	120	46	26	89	83	20	75	53	76
72	Sp.	58	12	2	54	14	4	51	17	3	37	1	
59	Grad	42	9	8	43	6	10	42	12	5	32	19	10
1248	Total	831	303	112	804	281	163	703	401	126	568	112	130

RESULT BY COLLEGES.

Number Interviewed	College	I. Dry banquets for own class			II. Dry banquets for other classes			III. Dry trips, smokers, etc.			IV. Favor Petition	V. Favor request to Alumni	
		Yes	No	?	Yes	No	?	Yes	No	?	Yes	Yes	No
		337	M.E.	202	103	30	194	95	48	161	140	35	137
186	C.E.	127	41	18	119	37	30	110	44	24	84	18	20
216	Ag.	173	37	6	171	33	12	160	49	7	127	18	8
189	Arts	126	37	25	118	39	32	107	49	26	83	12	16
85	Law	44	30	11	44	27	14	22	49	14	28	1	9
43	Arch.	24	13	6	24	11	8	16	20	7	8	5	8
32	Vet.	21	8	4	21	8	3	21	7	3	22	2	
27	Chem	12	13	2	14	11	2	12	13	2	9	3	4
2	M.D.	2			2			1	1		1	1	1
72	Sp.	58	12	2	54	14	4	51	17	3	37	1	
59	Grad.	42	9	8	43	6	10	42	12	5	32	19	10
1248	Total	831	303	112	804	281	163	703	401	126	568	112	130

Those Somerset Y Statistics.

E. F. G., '14.

WHEN the Somerset Y woke up last fall and set out to gather the temperance sentiment of the whole student body, it attracted more attention to itself than it had been receiving for some time past. Here was an organization, whose chief function, it had been supposed, was to hold social gatherings and "sign the pledge", actually getting up and tackling the problem in a scientific way. The news of this new activity was of interest both to those who had never heard of the Somerset Y and to those who had heard it only as a sort of standing joke. To those who believed in the society, it was certainly a heartening announcement.

Perhaps it may be well to explain that the Somerset Y is a national organization—an offshoot of the W. C. T. U. but no longer officially connected with it—with chapters at most of the larger colleges and universities. Its object is the promotion of total abstinence, which may explain the absence of any general rush for admission to the Cornell chapter on the part of undergraduates. Contrary to the general supposition, which was, however, formerly true, the majority of the membership of one hundred and fifty is now composed of men students.

The announcement that the Y was going to inquire from every student his opinion on certain local temperance questions brought surprise in some quarters and amusement in others. It was a big task, but it was entered upon with sincerity and determination, and if the plan as originally conceived could have been carried through to completion, the results might have had considerable value. The scheme was to card-index the four thousand names in the student list, district them, and apportion them out among the men of the society, letting each member secure personal interviews with the forty men on his list. But enormous difficulties stood in the way of getting anything like an exact result. The energy of the canvassers proved unequal to their Herculean labor, so that only about one fourth of the enrollment was covered.

The questions propounded, it is admitted by the society, were not quite so good as they might have been, but they were fairly representative. Each man was asked:

"Do you favor 'dry' banquets for your own class?"

"Do you favor 'dry' banquets for other classes?"

"Do you favor 'dry' smokers, trips, etc.?"

In addition each canvasee was asked to sign a petition to the student publications, requesting them to refuse liquor advertisements; and seniors especially were quizzed as to the advisability of petitioning the Alumni to behave themselves on their reunions. The more successful canvassers did not of course jump these questions on a man directly, but ascertained in a friendly discussion what his attitude was.

The three to one vote in favor of the "dry" program shown by the tabulated replies of 1,248 men may surprise some of us who did not know that we were so good at heart; but the result is not to be received with too much rejoicing. Considering that the Y member would naturally first interview those whom he knew, and next the sober stay-at-homes who were easiest to locate, the apparent result may easily be seen to be at least partly off color. Then too, the influence on the answers of a supposed sense of humor may be gathered from one instance of how the plan sometimes worked. A busy canvasser demanded of a certain habitual ornament of the twelve o'clock car whether he favored "dry" banquets. "Sure," he answered, "any kind of a banquet!"

It will be seen by the accompanying table that the only point on which the "dry's" failed to carry the day was that of asking the Alumni to restrain their joy at reunion celebrations; the undergraduates evidently considering that a matter to be left to delicacy of the Alumni. Whether from inadequate effort or otherwise, only a minority of names also were secured on the petition to the publications.



Cornell and the World's Opinion. The Necessity of a Press Agent.

J. O. W. '11.

HISTORY can teach the lesson.

When Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White downed the opposition of New York's Legislature, thwarted the People's College and founded an institution 44 years ago, Cornell had a host of enemies and her name was published abroad the country. When in face of failure came success, the enemies vanished and, paradoxically, so did the publicity. Cornellians were glad to see it disappear. It was the wrong kind.

Then followed the soothing balm of silence. The University was forgotten by a once libelous press. There was a salvation still to work out and Cornell worked it out beyond the dream of her founder; her steps to the front rank of higher education were unparalelled; her growth amazing; friends sent personal letters of congratulation and made gifts; the chimes each morn' and evening seemed to peal forth the spirit of success and on rare days you could hear the music from West Hill. The general public did not hear—it lived beyond the hill.

And if there was occasion in many of a million desirable homes past Ithaca to consider a university for the son, there was a turning toward institutions well known through family paper or magazine—or to speak more subtly, known by reputation. Large men too, financially, when in search of a respository for fortunes would show a human weakness in lending their aid and name only to well known success—a circumstance no more strange than people seeking the advertised bright spots of earth. Cornell was one of the brightest spots but the fact was not advertised.

Unrivalled progress sounds like good newspaper 'copy' yet ours was not widely published. Why? I guess because nobody wrote it. Enmity was not the cause of a taciturn press; not so much as Cornell being out of metropolitan territory, or as being unknown to the public and hence of no great interest (for if you would bore the public talk of institutions which it knows not); or as being secondary in news value to other universities which were older, nearer, more popular and which delivered their news. How much have these conditions changed today?

Public knowledge of the real Cornell would help and please both Cornell and the public. Cornell needs a press agent. How pungent that word seems to the cloistered antiquarian, how foreign to ivied halls and unexploited research. It smacks of bombast and delusion, of mercantile obtrusiveness, or the gawdy theatrical, the demagogic political. But it is undeniably modern and efficient.

If modesty should prevent the scholar from singing his accomplishments, should it restrain his employer from aiding him to better deeds? And should it withhold actual facts concerning America's most vital business while distorted "news" creates opinion? When a great higher education factory can benefit the world and itself by speaking the truth, the alternative of silence seems unpardonable.

One need not walk far from the shores of Cayuga to find what some of the world is believing. Take a sleeper for a night and you awake to mingle with those who speak of Cornell College. A steamer will place you with the intelligent man who has not heard of your Alma Mater. It is startling. You pity his ignorance—he does not at all. And he will mark you an inconsiderate boor should you speak much of this university which he does not know, though a previous article would have edged his appetite. At such times you might climb, as some have, to the pinnacle of self complacency and from that height ignore the uninformed. Such an act is soothing to false dignity. But Cornell's breadth and goodness are not for merely a large part of the world. Cornell for all—all for Cornell, is no broader than the spirit of her founder.

Others whom we meet over the blue clad hills of Ithaca have been drugged with the venom of false report. They *know* Cornell—have read all about that University in print; wild meleés with police and citizens, undemocratic clubs, bitter race prejudice, corrupt student politics and a successful crew—they have read it all. The oldest alumnus has joined the freshmen of each succeeding year in a hollow cry against a yellow press. O protest—thou art as well grounded as is thy inefficiency. Suppress the distorted story of Cornell? And leave what—a vacuum? Where the faintly chromatic happening occurs these yellow stories will be written. The correspondent might prefer dealing in truths alone, but the gathering of truthful fact takes time and when collected it may gum the story. A touch of foreign color is the surer road

to print. It makes lame stories readable for an unknowing public, it pleases the desk man and being the simpler and the more remunerative will seldom fail to please the correspondent.

This printed brain food of so many men need not be free from injurious coloring matter, deceptive, yet infallibly tempting to the reader's palate. No statute will ever command America's press to label adulterations. In poisonous cases there is the antidote of libel law, which, after all does not prevent the sickness.

But a press agent can prevent false report and supplant it with the true. To say a Cornell press agent could enlighten the public upon a somewhat cloudy subject is almost superfluous; he would keep Cornell squarely before the world in a proper light; his work, if well done, would please both editors and readers; it would be a godsend to Cornellians and worth many dollars to the University.

Let me roughly sketch his work. On his mail and telegraph list would be the widely circulated papers of the country. To them he would furnish *free* the news of Cornell, using discrimination in form and length according to the paper receiving. Large news and small, all that was worth the printing, he would deliver in good season at the desks of editors. To many papers with university and college departments he would furnish a Cornell column on certain days, to others the special illustrated Sunday story and so on, according to the desires of each press served. Magazines also could have a share in the contributions. Such adaptable, well written material, all free from cost, would be gladly published by almost every paper. Being both free and more complete it would in time usurp the correspondent's copy. The false report of Cornell would not merely be extinguished, widely circulated truth would fill its place.

Such a system, the press agent and his assistants, their office, equipment and mailing costs, could be maintained for Cornell at no prohibitive expense. Other modern institutions, in far less need of it, have possessed a busy press agent for years.

Solution for Cornell's exasperating, long standing, *world* problem is within our grasp. Why not solve it?

The National Collegiate Athletic Association.

George L. Meylan.

Medical Director, Columbia University.

THIS association came into existence in response to a loud and persistent public clamor for athletic reform in the colleges. Previous attempts to eliminate abuses in intercollegiate athletics by co-operative action of the colleges had failed. In December, 1883, a conference of delegates from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, Williams, Trinity and Wesleyan was held in New York. The twelve delegates present, including three college presidents, drew up a set of resolutions on matters of eligibility, the four-year rule, professional coaches, faculty control, etc. These resolutions were sent to twenty-one colleges, with the agreement that they would become binding when adopted by five colleges. Harvard and Princeton were the only colleges to adopt the resolutions and the matter was dropped.

The phenomenal development of college athletics since 1883 was accompanied by an increase of abuses such as professionalism, proselyting, commercialism, and the "anything to win" spirit.

The question of the control of college athletics assumed greater importance each year. Educators, journalists and other men in public and private life discussed this question in annual reports and the public press. All agreed that abuses existed but there was a difference of opinion as to the proper remedy for the existing abuses. Some clamored for absolute prohibition of all intercollegiate athletics while others advocated proper regulation.

A crisis in the situation was precipitated by a fatal accident and an unusually large number of injuries to football players during the season of 1905. Newspapers were clamoring for the reform or prohibition of football, bills were introduced in the state legislature to prohibit the game of football, and several colleges and preparatory schools actually abolished the game. Radical opponents of athletics seized this opportunity to advocate the abolition of all intercollegiate contests.

At this juncture Chancellor McCracken of New York University invited all the colleges to send representatives to a conference in New York, December 28, 1905, for the consideration of college

athletics, especially football. Interest in the subject was such that sixty-eight colleges in all parts of the country sent accredited delegates. A few delegates were in favor of abolishing football but a large majority advocated reform. The conservative members prevailed and a Football Rules Committee of seven was appointed and instructed to amalgamate with the old rules committee if possible, but whether this was accomplished or not, they should endeavor to secure the following results in their football legislation: 1. An open game. 2. Elimination of rough and brutal play. 3. Enforcement of rules of play. 4. Organization of permanent body of officials. That a large measure of success attended the labors of those committees is well known to all followers of college football.

Another very important result of the 1905 conference was the organization of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of the United States (the name was changed in 1910 to National Collegiate Athletic Association). During 1906 thirty-nine institutions joined as charter members of this new organization.

The scope, and purpose and methods of the Association are well described in the presidential address presented at the annual meeting, December 28, 1907.

“The purpose of this Association is, as set forth in its constitution, the regulation and supervision of college athletics throughout the United States, in order that the athletic activities in the colleges and universities may be maintained on an ethical plane in keeping with the dignity and high purpose of education. All institutions enrolled as members agree to take control of student athletic sports, so far as may be necessary, to maintain in them a high standard of personal honor, eligibility and fair play, and to remedy whatever abuses may exist.

“The Association hopes to accomplish its purpose largely by educational means. It is endeavoring to disseminate throughout the great mass of college students of our land true ideas of what amateur sport really is, to establish well defined notions of its principles, and to obtain strict adherence to them. ‘Sport for sport’s sake’ might well be its motto. This organization wages no war against the professional athlete, but it does object to such a one posing and playing as an amateur. It smiles on the square, manly contestant, imbued with love of the contest he wages, it frowns on the more skillful professional who, parading

under college colors, is receiving pay in some form or other for his athletic prowess.

“The Association does not require acceptance of any particular set of eligibility rules. It does, however, bind its members to line up to the well known principles of amateur sport. It does not take from any institution its independence, except independence for the violation of the ethics of amateur athletics. It does not interfere with the formation of local leagues of two or more allied institutions, rather it encourages such. In a word, this is a league of educated gentlemen who are trying to exercise a wise control of college athletics, believing that the good effect will react on the playground of every schoolhouse of the United States.”

The growth of the Association has been most encouraging. Starting with thirty-nine colleges and universities in 1906, the number increased to forty-nine in 1907; fifty-seven in 1908; sixty-seven in 1909; seventy-six in 1910; and ninety-five in 1911.

The country is divided into eight districts, with a representative from each district on the executive committee of the national association. In nearly all the districts there are local conferences or leagues for the control of athletics. The reports of the district representatives made at the annual meetings of the national association show steady and encouraging progress in athletic control and higher ethical standards in intercollegiate contests.

The influence of the Association is exerted on all the colleges of the country in various ways. The assembling annually of a hundred or more delegates from Maine to California to discuss athletic problems, and the publishing and wide distribution of the proceedings and addresses of the annual meetings serve to spread the ideals and principles of the Association to every college and university in the land.

One example of the results accomplished through the influence of the national body is the following resolution adopted at the annual meeting in 1910:

“It is the sense of the National Collegiate Athletic Association that coaching and training be confined to the regular members of the teaching staff, employed by the governing board of the institution, for the full academic year; and further, that athletics be made a regular department, or, combined with physical education, constitute a regular department, and receive the same consideration and be given equal responsibility and be held to the same ac-

countability as any other department in the college or university."

In a single district, during the year 1911, five colleges organized their athletics according to the plan outlined in the above resolution.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association has passed through the experimental stage and justified its existence. That much was accomplished without the co-operation of the large and influential eastern universities, except Pennsylvania. Harvard and Columbia joined in 1909. Cornell, Yale and Princeton have not yet affiliated with the Association but there is good reason to expect that Princeton will join this year. The membership and co-operation of Cornell are earnestly desired, because Cornell's prestige and enviable reputation for maintaining high athletic ideals would greatly strengthen the influence of the Association in its campaign for clean and wholesome college athletics.

In a Moment of Boredom.

Morris G. Bishop, '13.

I am thinking of an island fair, by far Cascara's tides.
Its dimpled shores caressed by Afric's breeze,
Where the plaintive Chittagong sounds its melancholy song,
And the terebinth is troodling in the trees.

Where clothing is regarded as a very doubtful myth,
Where the soul repudiates the thought of pants,
Where no Ladies' Aid discusses the misdeeds of wild young cusses
Of whom they have the fortune to be aunts.

I am tired of wearing trousers : I am tired of ham-and-eggs ;
I don't like to be polite and wash my ears ;
I want a scaly lizard pirouetting on my gizzard
While I lie upon my back for years and years.

So, I gibber of my blooming isle in far Baluchistan
Inhabited by ants and chimpanzees,
Where the Squdge, with sobbing whine, frolics in the foaming brine,
And the terebinth is tooting in the trees.

The Spring Birds.

Louis Agassiz Fuertes, '97,

BY the time the glaciers had finished their sculpturing in the middle of New York State and the forests had taken hold, there emerged a natural region as perfectly fitted to the needs and purposes of birds as it is possible to find anywhere on the American continent. Long north and south valleys with marshes and woodlands at each end, forested hills ranging on both sides from lake-level, some four hundred feet above the sea, up to two thousand feet where conditions are truly Canadian or Hudsonian: an abundance of water, a varied flora, everything conspires to make the region of the utmost attractiveness to migrating and resident birds.

Next in mystery only to the uncharted homing of the Pacific salmon and the fur-seal, which pass the winter in the seven seas, returning almost to a day each spring to their restricted breeding places in the sub-arctic, the great annual migration of birds is the most extraordinary and least understood of the everyday phenomena of nature.

The bird's year is divided into five periods forming the annual cycle. In each of these periods its habits and often its appearance are radically different. In general they may be characterized as (1) midwinter; in the south, fattening in flocks, preparing for (2) vernal migration to the summer range, (3) nesting season; in pairs, with song, display, etc., (4) molting season; loss of song, depression, breaking up of pairs, and (5) flocking and autumnal migration, back to the winter range. Perhaps none of the vertebrates go through a more complete metamorphosis, physically.

We find the bird in its winter quarters in the south. As it fattens on the abundance, and usually before any marked alteration in the local climate is evident, a change in the bird takes place. It gets restless, forms more extensive flocks, and is soon on its long spring journey. This may occupy three months or more, and in some cases covers a distance of nearly half of the earth's circumference, for some species nest within the Arctic circle and winter in sight of the Antarctic, performing this astonishing journey both in spring and fall. The Arctic tern, for example, breeds from

Maine to about 80° north and winters between 65° and 75° south, the extremes being nearly eleven thousand miles apart! On the 28th of April, 1911, we found the familiar little Blackburnian warblers which begin to arrive here about the eighth of May, and which all breed in the Canadian zone, still common in the tree-ferns of the Andes, 2° from the equator; in company with parrots, toucans, trogons and howling monkeys: an unexpected sidelight on the adaptability of these frail little globe-trotters.

With the possible exception of the lower Hudson valley, there is not in the entire middle states a more advantageous station from which to study the spring migration than this Lake region, and Ithaca is the best point, being in an exceedingly diversified country and within easy reach of all possible conditions. Since the recession of the glaciers an additional feature has been added to the numerous attractions this region offers to birds, in the form of transverse ravines of varying depth. The fact that most of them are east and west in their course is of great importance, as their south banks never get the sun, and their north slopes are bathed in it and get all the shelter and radiation there is, with the result that they offer shelter and comfort to the early comers, while the cool, shaded south banks, where the ice hangs late, develop truly Canadian conditions and attracts the northern species, even inducing many to stay and breed well to the south of their normal nesting grounds. One needs only to stand on the foot-bridge over Fall Creek and compare the two sides of the ravine, noticing the preponderance of conifers and soft woods on the campus side and the oaks, ashes, chestnuts, elms and hickories on the north, to understand what havens these gorges are to the wandering birds of all classes.

For a good many years the Department of Vertebrate Zoology has kept careful and full record of the spring migration, and, as far as possible, records of breeding and the return movement in the fall. But the fall migration is much more difficult to study, as it is not condensed, and is negative instead of positive, the different species slipping away gradually, and the records of the last ones marking the migration instead of the first ones, as in spring. In the north hall of McGraw is a large sheet with records for the entire year. Such a sheet has been carefully kept each year for nearly a decade, its data tabulated and filed, so that it is now possible to study and compare all these records almost at a

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The bird's year is divided into five periods forming the annual cycle. In each of these periods its habits and often its appearance are radically different. In general they may be characterized as (1) midwinter; in the south, fattening in flocks, preparing for (2) vernal migration to the summer range, (3) nesting season; in pairs, with song, display, etc., (4) molting season; loss of song, depression, breaking up of pairs, and (5) flocking and autumnal migration, back to the winter range. Perhaps none of the vertebrates go through a more complete metamorphosis, physically.

We find the bird in its winter quarters in the south. As it fattens on the abundance, and usually before any marked alteration in the local climate is evident, a change in the bird takes place. It gets restless, forms more extensive flocks, and is soon on its long spring journey. This may occupy three months or more, and in some cases covers a distance of nearly half of the earth's circumference, for some species nest within the Arctic circle and winter in sight of the Antarctic, performing this astonishing journey both in spring and fall. The Arctic tern, for example, breeds from

Maine to about 80° north and winters between 65° and 75° south, the extremes being nearly eleven thousand miles apart! On the 28th of April, 1911, we found the familiar little Blackburnian warblers which begin to arrive here about the eighth of May, and which all breed in the Canadian zone, still common in the tree-ferns of the Andes, 2° from the equator; in company with parrots, toucans, trogons and howling monkeys: an unexpected sidelight on the adaptability of these frail little globe-trotters.

With the possible exception of the lower Hudson valley, there is not in the entire middle states a more advantageous station from which to study the spring migration than this Lake region, and Ithaca is the best point, being in an exceedingly diversified country and within easy reach of all possible conditions. Since the recession of the glaciers an additional feature has been added to the numerous attractions this region offers to birds, in the form of transverse ravines of varying depth. The fact that most of them are east and west in their course is of great importance, as their south banks never get the sun, and their north slopes are bathed in it and get all the shelter and radiation there is, with the result that they offer shelter and comfort to the early comers, while the cool, shaded south banks, where the ice hangs late, develop truly Canadian conditions and attracts the northern species, even inducing many to stay and breed well to the south of their normal nesting grounds. One needs only to stand on the foot-bridge over Fall Creek and compare the two sides of the ravine, noticing the preponderance of conifers and soft woods on the campus side and the oaks, ashes, chestnuts, elms and hickories on the north, to understand what havens these gorges are to the wandering birds of all classes.

For a good many years the Department of Vertebrate Zoology has kept careful and full record of the spring migration, and, as far as possible, records of breeding and the return movement in the fall. But the fall migration is much more difficult to study, as it is not condensed, and is negative instead of positive, the different species slipping away gradually, and the records of the last ones marking the migration instead of the first ones, as in spring. In the north hall of McGraw is a large sheet with records for the entire year. Such a sheet has been carefully kept each year for nearly a decade, its data tabulated and filed, so that it is now possible to study and compare all these records almost at a

glance. A study of these charts shows that there are in general three periods or "waves" in the spring migration.

The first and smallest is also the most variable. It only contains about fifteen species, and may begin any time after Lincoln's birthday. It is characterized by the first spring birds: robins, bluebirds, song sparrows, meadow larks, phoebes, crow-blackbirds, redwings and cowbirds. These all come with the first few soft days, and, as was the case this year, usually have to weather several lapses back into winter. They do not return south, but seek the shelter of the ravines and the tangled margins of the swamps, and are up and singing again at the first suspicion of remellowing weather.

The second wave begins, usually with a lapse of a few days, about the first of April, after the last real winter has gone, and lasts until about the twentieth. Twenty-five or thirty species characterize this movement, among which are the last of the ducks, kingfisher, spotted sandpiper, Carolina dove, purple-finch, hermit and olive-backed thrushes, northern water-thrush and most of the hawks.

Now comes a tedious pause, when for ten or fifteen days only a few new birds can be found. The elms and maples, meanwhile, have been unfolding their tender leaves, the chestnuts are shaking out their long catkins, butterflies are getting abundant, the woods are spicy with the smell of warm earth and pine-needles, and men can just drag through their laziness. But early in May begins the last and far the most thrilling of the three waves, when we may hope to see all the rare and unusual things. Now is the time to wake up. The bird to start things is the oriole. His loud, rich, "plurp!" in the shade-trees along South Avenue, a gay dash of orange and black; this is the sign to get out for a morning walk with a notebook, for Lord Baltimore is the official herald of the great pageant.

These next ten days are great days for the fellow who can see and enjoy birds, for fully three-fourths of our species now make their appearance. Any day (and you can never tell just *what* day, though there is usually only one 'big' day) he will go his round of field and wood, ravine and country road, and if he is lucky and patient he may tally up from 80 to 100 different birds in his two-hour walk! For all these little migrants make their flights at night; they appear without warning, and on some un-

known sign slip away at night and are gone, perhaps till a year from that day. For a curious detail in the migration of several of the small birds is that they come north on the Atlantic seaboard and return in the fall by the Mississippi valley, or *vice-versa*. This is doubtless an inherited relic of a habit formed in the infancy of the species by physical conditions long since obsolete, and is one of the many "leading questions" this mystery-ridden problem presents.

A few words as to how to go about seeing birds may not be out of place here. Unless one is bent upon making a "record", it is not necessary to make a hard job of it by starting at daybreak and covering miles and miles of country. For during a real wave one piece of varied woodland is about as good as another, and the birds themselves will do your hard work for you if you let them. Any time before ten in the morning is the best time.

There are a few cardinal "don't's", which if observed are almost sure to bear fruit if there are any birds around.

Don't go out in big crowds; unless unavoidable, three or four is a good limit, two is better and alone is best.

Don't make any rapid movements; birds are panicky, and nothing scares them more than quick or unexpected movements. They do not mind low talking much, but beckoning or waving is sure to drive them away, perhaps for good.

Don't move around much; find a promising place and get in a position where you can get a good view of the tree-tops, ground and brush; then settle down to watch. As soon as all is quiet the birds will begin to show themselves if there are any about. If you hear something interesting at a distance, go to it as quietly and with as little fuss as possible. Cats know how to watch birds in the best way.

An opera glass of 4 or 6 diameters magnification is an enormous help after one is deft in its use, but is in no sense necessary for a good beginning. There are numerous and excellent handbooks for reference.

It is only necessary to be out of doors to observe the first two waves, as the species are all "wide fliers," and easy to see. For the great high-tide of mid-May it is best to seek some open woods, so abundant around the ravines and along the lake. No better place could be found than the woods between the Agricultural College and the Forest Home road, the little flat by the toboggan-

slide, or the little copse east of the stone culvert above Beebe Lake. Any of the bridges crossing Fall or Cascadilla creeks are ideal places, and have the great advantage of having a railing to lean on and a view down on the birds, so that their colors may be easily seen. It is neck-breaking business to identify twenty-five species of warblers against the sky in the tree tops, and as their under parts alone are not always distinctive, it is better if possible to get on or above the level of the bird.

I should feel that I had missed the main point of this little paper if I did not make a special plea to listen as well as look. While the lack of attention we habitually lavish on our sense of hearing may at first make it seem like an insuperable task to learn all the bird notes, it is without question the most useful as well one of the most delightful phases of bird study. A little observation and thought will soon enable a student to so class the sounds of birds as to make elimination easy and comprehensive, reducing the possible authors of a given sound to a few species. Soon the really characteristic notes will come to be the easiest possible means of identification, and save much hard and often fruitless labor in aggressive search for the author of a distant song or call. All birds, by the way, have at least two and often myriad different songs, calls and notes. I am inclined to believe that with increasing familiarity and closer study we should find that all birds have far wider vocabularies than we now credit them with, but with few exceptions all these notes are subtly characteristic of the birds that make them.

No lexicon exists in which these delicately shaded differences are described, and there is no vocabularly especially adapted to them. They are as intangible as the fragrances of flowers, but for this very reason are all the more delightful as a study.

Like the inexpressible beauties of sunset, or the unpaintable marvels of a mountain torrent, these are voices of nature that can never be reduced to permanency, but must—to infinity—be enjoyed and understood at first hand and from the fountain head. This is the fundamental interest of all natural history: that it is endless, and that its real enjoyment must forever come from within in response to subtle external suggestions.

The Cornell Era



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For the last time we sit down before our typewriter and write our editorials.

At the start of the year we had a definite purpose in view—to make for the Cornell Era a place in Cornell life, to be the true reflector of the life and sentiments of Cornell undergraduates. We **Exit.** have been told that we have not entirely failed. We do not know. At most, we have but started the work. Boarding-houses will not automatically be clean, dormitories will not come by wishing. Nothing will come without sincere effort. Whatever else remains to our account, we believe that sincere effort is there and that is our main concern.

Our philosophy has been to be moderate, to criticise in an honest, open and friendly spirit, to try private before public means, to avoid a jaundiced, cynical viewpoint, and to put the ultimate before the present good. All these failing we have not feared to discard them for sterner tools—to attack where attack seemed needed, to call a spade a spade.

Our good wishes go with the new board, which will assume charge of our next issue.

And so we drop below the college horizon and others loom into view and sit in our places. We leave the desk and typewriter and Editorial Plural to enter the Greater Competition.

The Era has always been interested in the dormitory proposition, primarily because we believe it to be of vital importance in the maintenance of Cornell democracy and in the development of Cornell spirit. To that end we have written to eight representative colleges in both the East and West, requesting information concerning the financing of dormitories. Two institutions had state appropriations, and of the other six, four erected their buildings from donations and knew little or nothing regarding the actual cost of them.

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Possible. cerning the financing of dormitories. Two
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little or nothing regarding the actual cost of them.

The answers from two colleges, however, were illuminating. One had used the erection of dormitories as a channel of investment for college funds and had realized a minimum net return of 4%. The other had erected two dormitories on borrowed capital, the price of the buildings ranging from \$45,000 to \$70,000. A first mortgage was the security in each case. Since that time the institution has been able to pay off the indebtedness in full. The interest rate was very low. This is a field of activity to which we invite the attention of the Board of Trustees.

We do not claim to have solved any knotty financial problem. Our position is this: institutions, similarly situated, have erected dormitories on borrowed or earned money. Why cannot Cornell?

The Dean of American letters is William Dean Howells, and a grand old dean he is. A kindlier, keener student of life never lived. But he needs no tribute from us. The students of English in the University have sent him one in the form of a birthday letter on the occasion of his seventy-fifth anniversary. Over five hundred Cornellians signed it. His answer follows:

A Letter from the Dean.

“Dear Five Hundred Friends—I have received with more pride

and joy than I could express, the truly wonderful birthday letter which you have so multitudinously subscribed. If nothing else could reconcile us to being seventy-five years old, that would go near to do it. I feel myself younger by half a dozen decades in your kind hearts. I would like, if I may, to send my love to each and all of you.

Yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS."

We would call attention to the article in this issue by Mr. Fuertes. He is one of the highest authorities in the country on the subject he has chosen; his writings are not only useful to all students of ornithology, but singularly interesting to the general reader. Too many of us fail to realize what a pleasure it is to have at least an elementary knowledge of our common birds. A walk in the country during the coming month, with special attention to our feathered friends, supplemented by an hour's reading in one of the "bird books" in the Library, ought to be sufficient to arouse anyone's enthusiasm,—and it would double the enjoyment of all his future walks.

What is the matter with Public Speaking? Debate Stages cannot vie with vaudeville shows in popularity and even the Woodford has a hard time holding its own. It is not with the Oratory Department that the difficulty lies, because their courses are turning out first class material. Cornell men do not seem to realize the practical value of Public Speaking. The days of the Silver Tongued are over, but ability to stand on one's feet and say what one has to say with ease and fluency is now, as then, one of the most profitable things a man can learn in college.

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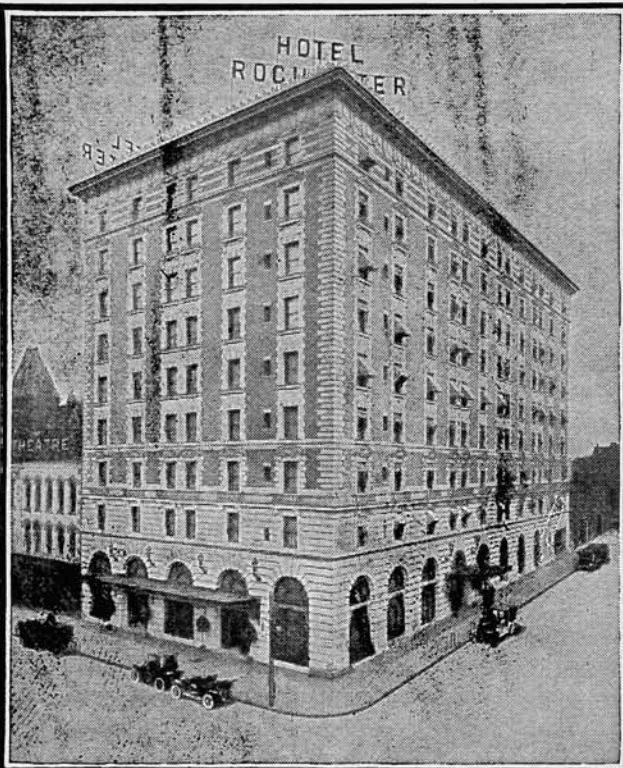


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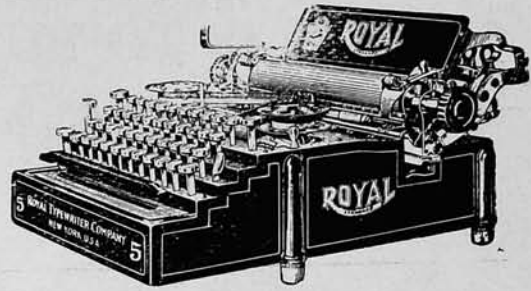
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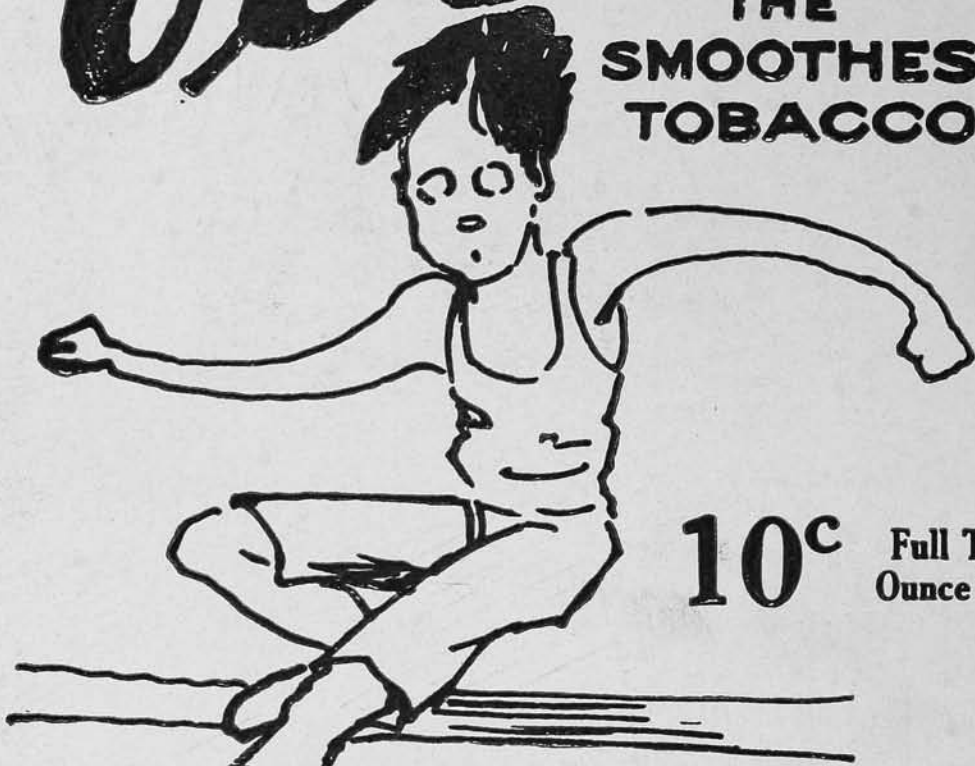
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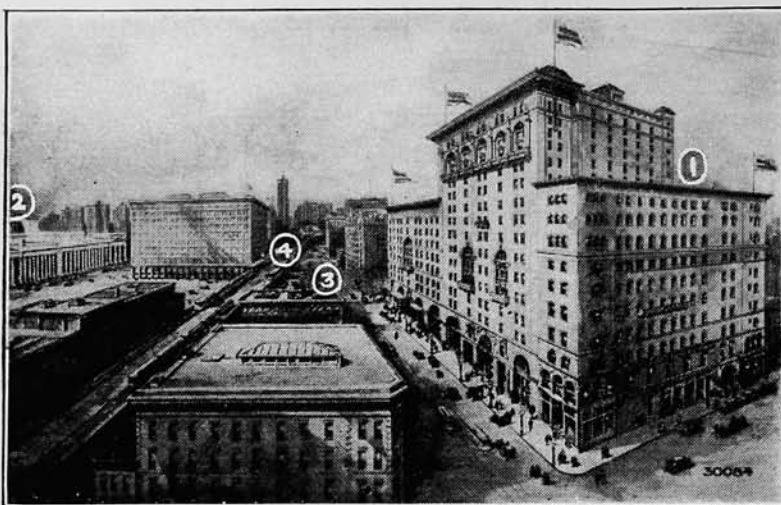
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XLIV

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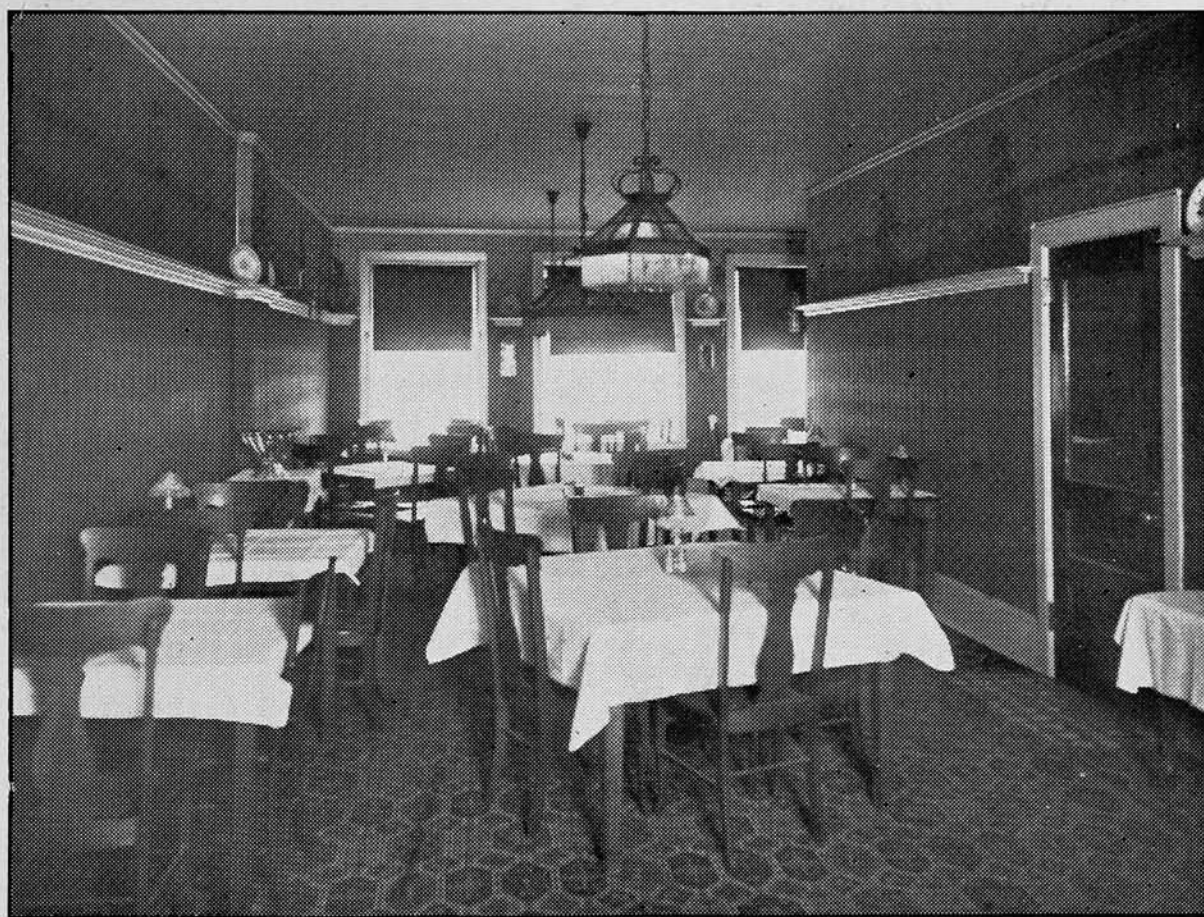
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CORNELL ERA

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MAY, 1912

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When you go home

Spend one afternoon in looking at Cornell souvenirs. The ones sold at the Co-op are good. Some like pottery while others like jewelry or view books. See what the Co-op has to sell.

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The True Aim of Education.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

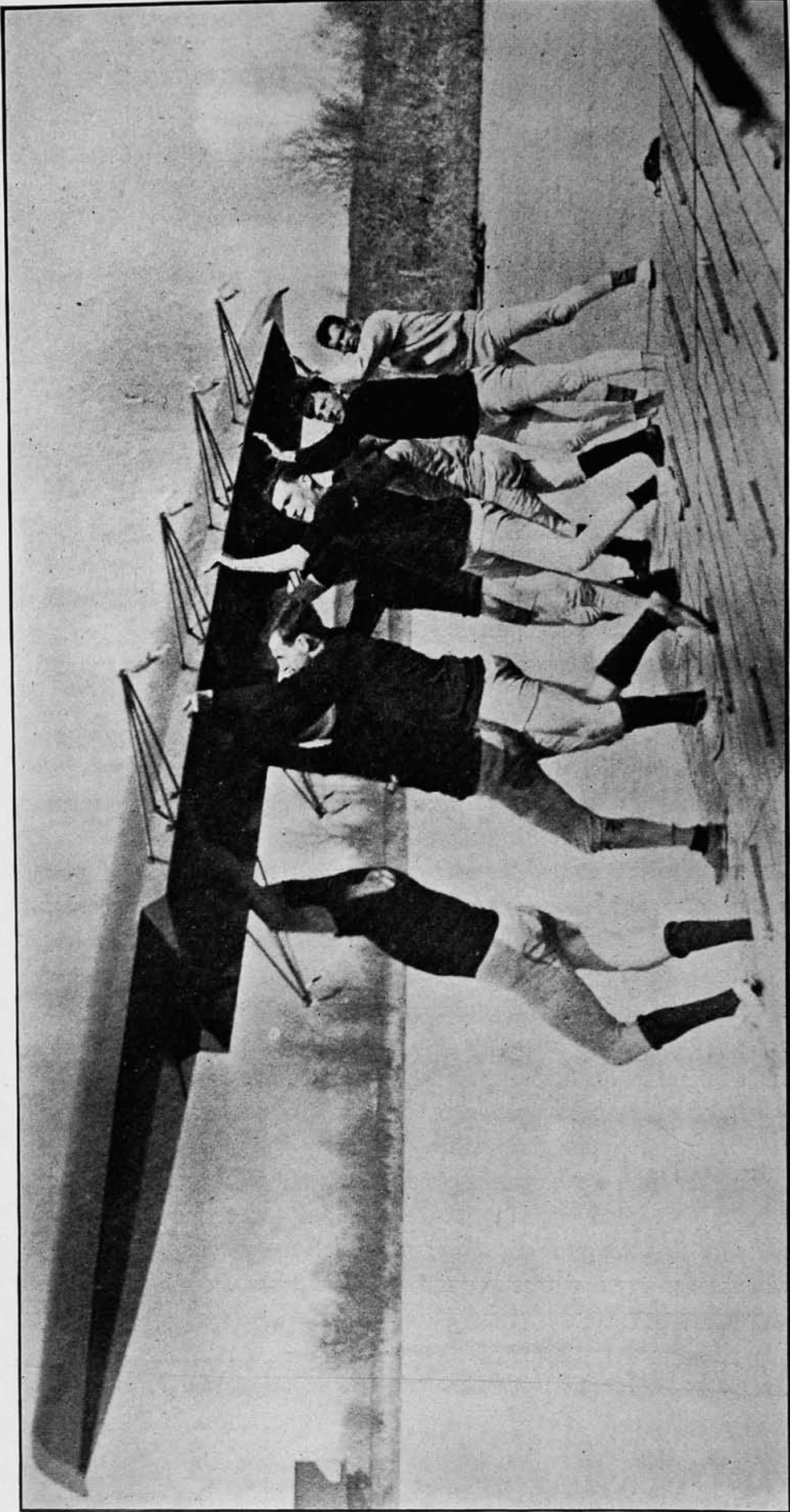
Former Editor Success Magazine

*T*HERE is little hope for the world from selfish culture. The boy or girl who goes to college for his or her selfish ends, to satisfy ambition or vanity, or to gain social position, will have very little to give to others. It is only consecrated culture that counts. The man who does not feel throbbing within him the desire to be of service to the world, to make the community in which he lives better and nobler, has missed the true aim of education, of life itself. The secret of Henry Drummond's great power was that his learning was consecrated to the service of others. It was so transfused with love for mankind that "The Greatest Thing in the World" was the natural and legitimate outcome of his broader culture.

The college man who is cursed with commonness, who gropes along in mediocrity, who lives a shiftless, selfish life, and does not lift up his head and show that he has made the most of his great privileges disgraces the institution that gave him his chance.

You have not learned the best lesson from your college if you have not discovered the secret of making life a glory instead of a sordid grind. My young friend, whatever your vocation may be, do not allow all that is finest within you, your high ideals and noble purposes to be suffocated, strangled, in the everlasting scramble for the dollar. Put beauty into your life, do not let your esthetic faculties, your aspiring instincts, be atrophied in your efforts to make a living. Do not, as thousands of graduates do, sacrifice your social instincts, your friendships, your good name, for power or position.

Whether you make money or lose it, never sell your divine heritage, your good name, for a mess of pottage. Whatever you do, be larger than your vocation; never let it be said of you that you succeeded in your vocation, but failed as a man.



CORNELL'S EIGHT-OARED SHELL, (see page 485).

Photo by Cable

THE CORNELL ERA

Vol. 44

May, 1912

No. 8

How Long Will It Stand?

A Few Reasons Why Cornell's Old Gymnasium Will Soon
Have to be Replaced.

Edward F. Graham '14.

CRACKS and breaks recently appearing in the old Gymnasium have convinced many observers that the building has not much longer to stand. Although it is not believed that there is any danger of a sudden collapse in the near future, yet the old structure is weakening so fast that it seems quite possible that within a year or two it will have to be condemned, or its use very much restricted. This adds a new and rather startling factor to the problem which has vexed the University for so many years; soon it may not be a question of getting along with a gymnasium which is unsanitary and totally inadequate, but of getting along with none.

"Any building which is being subjected to an overload such as the old Gymnasium is carrying is surely weakening"—these are the words of Charles Babcock, Professor Emeritus of Architecture, designer of the building now in use and probably better qualified than anyone else to judge correctly of its strength. But it needed no architect to tell us this. No one who has observed the ominous shaking of the structure can doubt that such a condition indicates loosened joints and, under the present extraordinary strain, presages an early collapse. With every stroke of the oarsmen, with every fall on the wrestling mat, with every footfall on the track, the whole wooden framework of the Gymnasium shivers from roof to basement. So bad has this condition become that the rifle

teams find it impossible to practice in the shooting gallery except at night when the jarring is absent. Ask Tom, the janitor, who has been in service here since before the place was built, whether it has always shaken in this way. He will tell you *no*; that the trembling has increased in recent years; was lessened last summer when the bolts of the frame were tightened; and is now growing worse.

All authorities are agreed that the building is much overloaded. In 1892, when it was built as an annex to the Armory, there were only 1400 students in the University, and the trustees would appropriate only \$32,700 for a gymnasium. Professor Babcock figured very closely within the amount allowed him, but not a cent more would they grant. They even denied a request for twenty dollars to put gutters on the roof; \$32,700 was the appropriation for a gymnasium, and for \$32,700 the gymnasium would be built. The construction was as strong as could be obtained at the price, wooden trusses instead of steel being used throughout. For the needs of the time the building was fairly adequate; the crews of those days did their practicing in the lower crew room, and the wrestlers worked out down stairs. The rooms above the gymnasium were used as an assembly, an office, and a trophy room. But the inevitable growth of the University came—the growth which it seems incredible was not foreseen when the Gymnasium was built—and it had to be put to harder and harder use. Rowing machines were installed in the assembly room, wrestling quarters were located on the same floor, the gymnasium itself became continually more crowded, and the squads of runners on the track increased from a half dozen at a time to ten, twenty, and even fifty sometimes running at once. All day long from eight in the morning until six at night, six days in the week, thirty-six weeks in the year, the crashes and jars, the blows and thuds, the tramping and falling and jumping, now racks the antiquated wooden frame of twenty years ago. Is it any wonder that it is giving way—that it has given way in places, and only by bracing and patching is being held together?

And the vibration. Might not that alone be expected to tear a much stronger building to pieces? It is well known that the tramp of marching soldiers may cause a solid bridge to crumble; or that two simultaneous organ notes vibrating in beats, if long continued will shatter the church and the organ. What of the

“stroke, stroke, stroke” of the heavy eights in action; of the rhythmic beat of twenty men running in unison around the indoor track? It may well be this severe and constant vibration that has caused the weaknesses now appearing.

Any crew man will testify to the two cracks in the south wall which have been growing this winter. They are visible in the crew room, beginning near the roof, converging toward the bottom, zigzagging, brick by brick, right down to the floor. At a point on one of them, four feet from the floor, is to be seen a pencil mark placed there by Mr. Courtney, and labeled “Jan. 10, 1912”.



Crack in the South Wall of the Crew Room.

Below that point the crack may now be traced by close examination in every layer of brick down to the floor, and is even appearing below in the gymnasium proper. Possibly these cracks have no immediate significance; possibly, as some assert, they are merely due to a settling of the foundation of the wall. But they are there; and they are not confined to the inside of the wall, either. They show better on the inside because the whitewash discloses the faults between the bricks, but close examination on the outside will reveal here and there a broken brick, following the course of the inside crack.

Last December the Gymnasium had to be closed for a day in order that a truss might be repaired which was found giving away. The whole inside of the building above the ground floor is supported from five wooden trusses, the chords of which are visible as beams in the ceiling of the crew, wrestling, and boxing rooms. Iron rods dropped from these trusses carry the upper floor as well as most of the weight of the track. The chords are built up beams, lapping at the middle, and for some time had been observed to sag several inches, spreading a little at the lap. One day the janitor reported that the lap in the beam over the crew room door had spread two or three inches within a week. A hasty examination was made, and it was found that a part of the beam had broken. The Gymnasium was immediately closed (December 15) and the place patched by bolting a short thick beam under the weakened part and fastening iron plates on each side. At the same time it was thought advisable to bolster up the other trusses by bolting yellow pine planks about twelve feet long to the sides of each of the other chords at the lap.

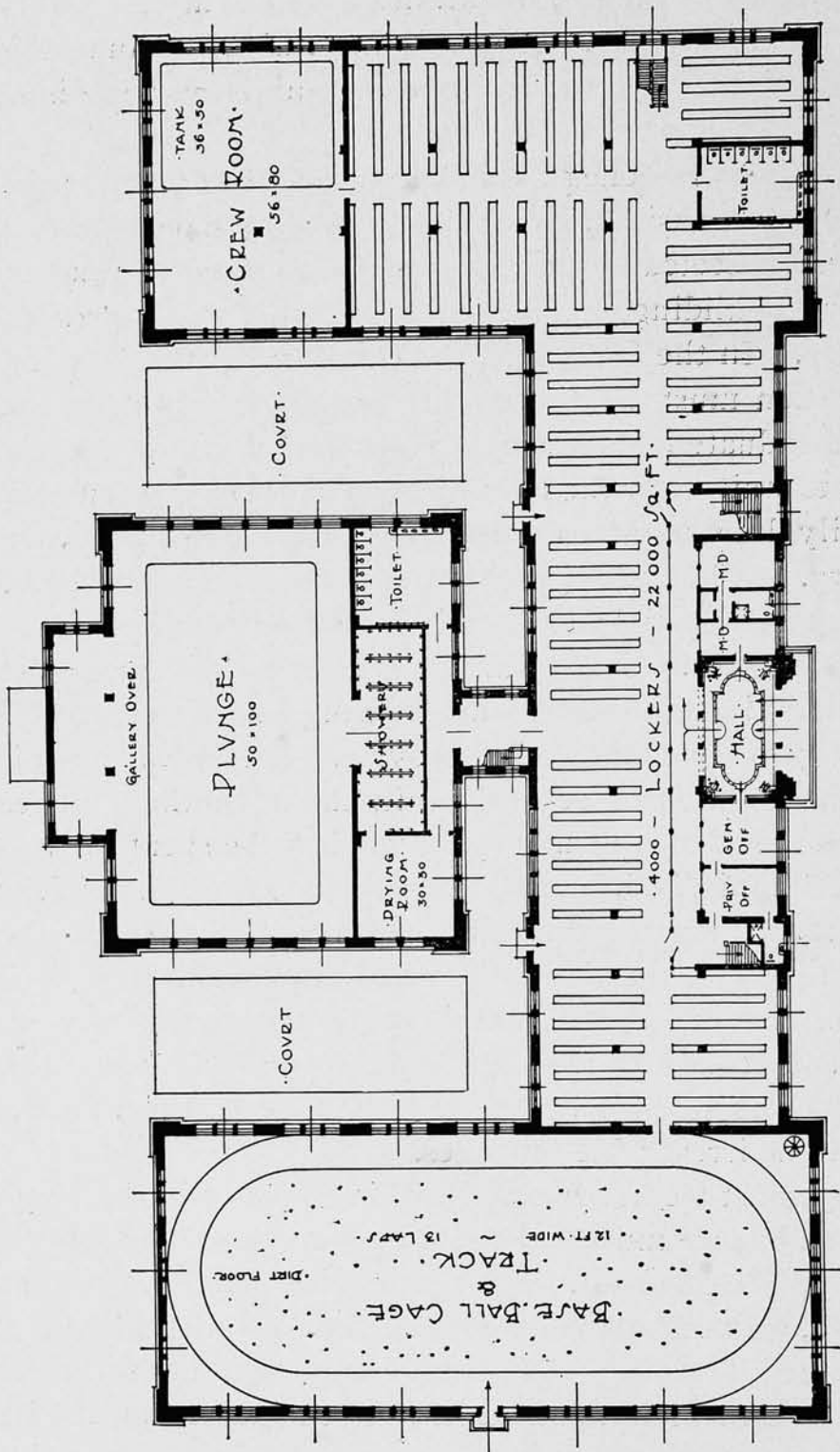
Professor Babcock, who inspected the building at the time and recommended the repairs which were made, also urged that supports be placed under the indoor track to carry some of the weight. He saw that the numbers using the track, combined with the load added by the crews on the rowing machines, the wrestlers and suspended apparatus in the gymnasium, threw altogether too much strain on the trusses above. In spite of the inconvenience of still further restricting the narrow floor space where four thousand students are supposed to take their exercise, consent was finally given to have this done. During vacation the track was jacked up and eleven stout iron pillars placed beneath it. Without them the building would be positively unsafe; even with them it may be found necessary to close the track entirely next year.

Here is Professor Babcock's opinion of the building: "With the overstrain that the gymnasium is constantly subjected to, it is hard to tell how long it will stand. At present, after the recent bracing, it appears sound enough to last ten years, but you can never be sure. The building was intended to accommodate one quarter the number of students who now have to use it constantly, and was never expected to be used as it is used. The upper floor was not designed for rowing or for wrestling. It was not expected that the track would often be used by more than half a dozen men

at a time, yet now you sometimes see fifty pounding away there in unison. The trusses are certainly overloaded. We do not think the cracks in the south wall are a serious matter, but we are watching them carefully. Any building which is being subjected to an overload such as the old gymnasium is carrying is surely weakening."

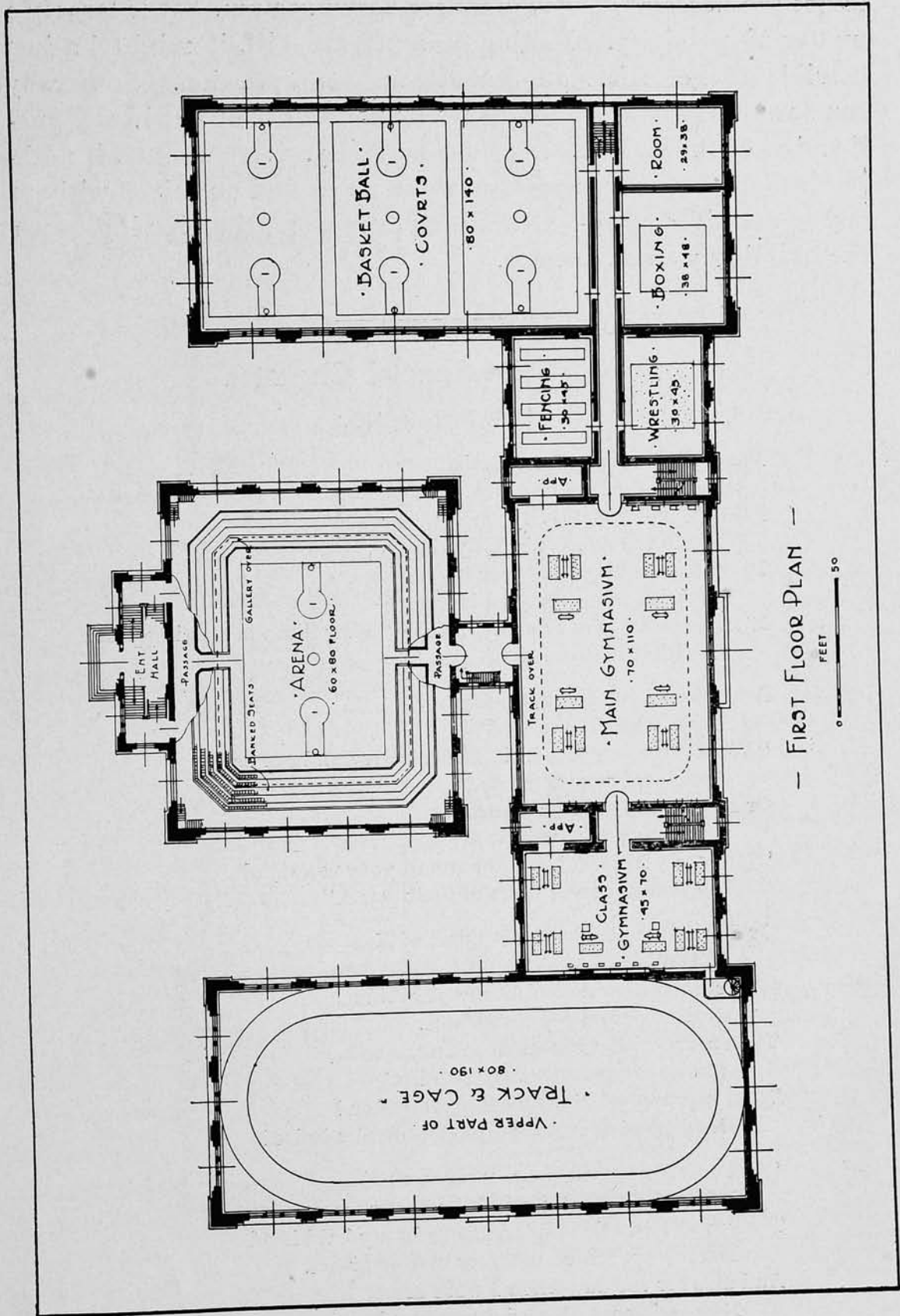
But what is to be done? The University has no money for the erection of a gymnasium, and it would take perhaps twenty years for the fund collected in alumni pledges to equal the amount required for a building commensurate with Cornell's present size and dignity. In the first place, the certainty of the need having to be met soon must be thoroughly grasped by trustees, alumni, and undergraduates, and definite plans laid down for meeting it. It is vain to wait until the old building has been condemned, and then hastily draw up plans for a structure which may prove unsatisfactory. The new gymnasium must come, and when it comes, it may as well be exactly in accord with our needs, future as well as present. Seeing all this, Professor Young has had the accompanying plans drawn up, showing what a Cornell Gymnasium worthy of the name should provide. He has included in his plans a track house as a separate unit, and offers the most reasonable suggestion that the money which is to be spent for a track house on Alumni Field, be used to construct a building which may form a part of the new gymnasium. Whether these plans are the wisest possible is a question for discussion to decide, and it is for that reason that they were submitted to the alumni and undergraduates. Some plans must be laid down, so that when the opportunity comes to build, there may be no lost time, no wasted money, and no irreparable mistakes.

Not only must we know exactly what we want in the way of a gymnasium, but we must make it a matter of common knowledge just how badly we need it. With a definite plan for a new building in view, we must abandon for the time all thought of other improvements, however essential they may be to the full development of the University, and unite all demands in one insistent, universal cry for a *new gymnasium*. It can be obtained, just as other things have been obtained, by asking. The Cornellian Council has been successful in securing the money to erect Rand Hall and other needed additions to our equipment. With a full conviction of the immediateness of this need, and with the hearty



- GROUND FLOOR PLAN -

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— FIRST FLOOR PLAN —
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backing of alumni and undergraduates, the Council may be able to get the necessary endowment for a gymnasium. It is largely a matter of publicity. Failing of a private gift, it might be just possible to get the state to make an appropriation. Some way can surely be found if there is no shadow of doubt left in the public mind of the seriousness of our necessity. At any rate, if nothing is done, we may some day wake up to find ourselves without any gymnasium at all—a condition even worse than having to use the building we now possess.

Song of the Special Chemist.

M. G. Bishop, '13.

I'm glad I'm a regular chemist,
 I'm fond of the chemical art ;
 I love to make messes by smelly processes
 While the co-eds abruptly depart ;
 I love to exhibit my fingers,
 I rejoice when the populace say—
 E'en when they're smarting most—"How like the starting-post
 Used in the game of croquet!"

And when I am home for vacation
 I say, with enormous *éclat*,
 "What flavorless lettuce! Come, hurry and get us
 Some acid acetic, mama."

Or I gaily observe to a matron,
 Displaying my medical parts,
 "Magnesia tri-chloride will cure all your sore-eyed
 Disgusting young brats of their warts."

Or I murmur aloud, "To a quart of K
 CLOW₂
 Add carbon dioxide and litmus peroxide
 Until the emulsion turns blue.
 Then serve with a chaser of seltzer,
 And flavor as tastes may require."

Then how my relations display adoration!
 How the girls from the High School admire!

"But Life," says the poet, "is not all
 Ice-cream cones"; we all have our woes ;
 Thus my hair-tonic scalded a hole in my bald head
 That shows where the gray matter grows.
 And alas for the day when I wore my
 New waistcoat, my brightest, my best ;
 And an orange precipitate chancing to slip, it ate
 Seventeen holes in my vest.

The Evolution of the Racing Shell.*

Harvard's Latest Freak Boat and Cornell's Conservatism.

Eugene Buckley,

Racing Expert of the Boston Globe.

IN these days of greater efficiency in business and in fact every department of human activities one either falls back in the race, marks time, or keeps step with the march of progress.

This particular condition is quite as true of university life as it is of business and accounts in a measure for the experiments being made the past month on the Charles River at Cambridge by the Harvard University crew which has been engaged in testing a freak racing shell 55 feet long, designed by Clinton H. Crane, Harvard, '94.

There is no gainsaying the fact that next to a perfectly coached and trained crew the boat cuts the most important figure and in this respect Harvard is not going to fall behind in the march of progress unless the racing shells have evolved to that point where a full stop must be made.

It is quite as necessary to have a boat suitable for the occasion as it is to have a change of clothing, and this fact was fully illustrated in the race between Cornell and Harvard two years ago on the Charles river. Harvard appeared in a shell built on exactly the same lines as the crafts used by Oxford and Cambridge and designed to meet the requirements of the occasional turbulence of the Thames, a sample of which spoiled the Oxford-Cambridge race on March 30 last.

To all appearances the Cornell crew was better boated for ordinary conditions but the water was exceedingly rough. Harvard was blest with a craft with wall sided hull and plenty of flooring which carried the crew well above the waves and enabled it to apply power to advantage, while Cornell received much commendation for struggling through with a boat load of water under trying conditions. When the crews emerged from the "rough stuff" Cornell went ahead steadily, and satisfactorily ended a contest that might have been in doubt had the rough water continued clear to the finish line.

*This is the second article in the series on Shell Rowing by Mr. Buckley.

That race carried home the conviction that the better crew and better boat for general purposes is not always sure to win, and this brings us back to the experiments by Harvard in the new racing craft the designer of which had in mind at its conception the lines embodied in the world's fleetest power boat, Dixie IV, with such modifications as in his opinion the load distribution called for. The construction of this novel craft was entrusted to William Davy of Cambridge, the material changes in the formation of the hull being the shortening of the length from 62 to 55 feet and the shortening of the stern sections, which gives the boat the appearance of being chopped off rather than carried back gracefully to the rudder post as in the conventional shells. This new creation furnishes food for reflection for the progressives and those engaged in promoting efficiency in crew equipment.

It may not be amiss at this time to turn backward and briefly review the history of racing boat construction in order to better understand the strides progress has recorded in that particular part of industry and to better understand the necessity of annual expenditures in order that Cornell may not get lost in the race.

Beginning with 1829 the Oxford and Cambridge crews raced intermittently, but it was not until 1856 that the two great English universities inaugurated annual contests. There was a desire on the part of the boat clubs of London in general and the London Rowing Club in particular to measure blades with the university crews which resulted in the starting of the Royal Henley regatta in 1839. This raised the standard of rowing in that country and as a consequence rapid strides in boat construction followed.

In the early racing days the boats were fitted with gang planks, and huge rudders, and the planking was heavy and of the clinker or lap streak variety with lapped joints and anything but a smooth surface. This form of construction gradually gave way to the smooth seam and scarf butted joints and a complete abandonment of the gang planks in eights, although not in the fours until 1842.

The Oxford crew in 1839 raced in a boat 52 feet long named the Iris, which had a painted hull and a rudder emblazoned with "Dominus Illuminato." While, on the other hand the Cambridge boat was hurriedly finished and only received a coat of priming. The length of the Cambridge boat was 52 feet 7 inches and both craft were oak cutters.

The advance made in boat construction at the universities was moderate for several years but they were awakened rudely when William Clasper of Newcastle, who later moved to Putney and became a famous oarsman, invented a craft with outriggers on the bow and stern. These were made imperative by the narrowing of the beam to conform to the other improvements made in the boats. This shell was built in '43 and the following year both of



JOHN HOYLE

Boat Builder for the Cornell Navy

the great universities appeared in boats 60 feet long and 2 feet 10 inches in beam, which were at that time considered the last word in boat designing.

If this style of racing craft caused a stir, greater was the astonishment in 1856 when Mat Taylor of Newcastle turned out a keelless boat which was rowed by the Chester crew who defeated the university crews in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup at

Henley. This boat was 55 feet long with a 25-inch beam and required much practice to keep it on an even keel.

By this time the boats had been reduced to proportions comparing favorably with present day construction except that fuller bow sections gave way to sharper cutwaters. For years, however, the boats evolved from one extreme to the other in which skegs had to be invented later to keep the shell from running into the wind. These served the purpose of the fin which is made of metal and fastened into the keel of the present-day racing boats.

Then followed the invention of the sliding seat which supplanted the greased patch used by professionals on stationary seats. John Meaney of Boston advanced rowing wonderfully by creating a metal set of seat slides which enabled the oarsmen to secure a longer reach and slide back over a limited space. While Mr. Meaney attended to the improvement in the slide the original invention was the result of study on the part of Walter Brown, a noted professional oarsman, who was engaged in the boat livery and boat building business with the late William Ruddock of Boston and New York.

While the oarsmen of the world were tugging away on these slides a bright young amateur oarsman, with a keen mechanical turn of mind, named Charles E. Courtney of Union Springs, New York, was busy on the construction of a wooden roller which enabled him to play with the men in his class in later years and which had much to do with sharpening his mind for the work of later years at Cornell. Courtney won the national amateur championship in 1875 and followed this good work up by capturing both the single and double scull races at the Centennial regatta in 1876.

Mr. Courtney, being a skilled mechanic and a man of unusual perceptive powers, as well as having the actual experience in the boat and "living with the craft," was largely responsible for the splendid lines Waters, the Troy builder, produced in his paper boats. So well did they suit the great coach that he was reluctant to part with them in later years when the cedar shells built by John Blakey of Cambridge, Mass., took their place in general use.

Mr. Courtney was never quite satisfied with the lines furnished by the builders and not until a boat building plant at Cornell was installed, and the expert builder, John Hoyle, took his place at the

bench was the veteran coach enabled to have his ideas embodied in the lines and interior construction of the shells.

The early shells were, like most of the boats in England even today, modeled on forms and later turned over to receive the planking and bracing. The modern idea is to lay the keel and gunwales down and insert the sectional and diagonal bracing. After the planking is put on, the shells are turned over on the form to receive the interior fittings.

The evolution of the racing shell in recent years has found Cornell in step with the march of progress and slightly in advance in point of model and general accessories. The self bailing attachment in Cornell boats attracted much attention a few years ago and the automatic "fin" also came in for general attention. While the other rowing universities of the country have been sending abroad for foreign built boats and oars, Cornell has held to the home product, and who will deny that her record of victories in the face of all the importations has justified the Cornell Athletic Association and the able men at the head of the rowing department of the university.

And now a word about the newest Harvard creation to terminate this rather brief history of boat construction. For years Harvard's greatest trouble has been a lack of knowledge of the manipulation of the slide as compared with the manner in which Cornell crews have been taught. Harvard has rarely been able to return for the next stroke without checking the speed of the boat or what is technically known as "running between strokes."

Mr. Crane has drawn the lines of the new boat in such a manner that the stern section reminds one of a shell with two of the after sections sawed off square. In the shaping of the lines of the after wetted surface he has in a measure imitated or copied the lines of the Dixie IV power boat. In this he evidently hopes to be able to keep the stern of the boat from settling when the crew is getting on the full reach after the conclusion of a previous stroke. Mr. Crane tried his model out in the tank at the United States navy department at Washington together with reduced models of the standard shells now in use and found that his model gave better results.

This is carrying the innovation to a logical and scientific conclusion but will it prove practical? The designer has evidently forgotten that in the Dixie IV power boat the driving power is

rather centrally located and in a fixed position. This enables the designer to figure to a nicety that particular part of the hull that will have to resist the greatest water pressure, and to ease up on that part in order to reduce the friction to a minimum.

Has Mr. Crane carefully considered the fact that about 1400 pounds of humanity is being moved at the rate of 66 times to the minute for about 20 minutes, which means that the load has to travel over 20 inches to 22 inches and back 660 times in that space of time? Even if the new boat eliminates the checking and has the faculty of shooting out ahead as reported when the men are recovering, Harvard will be no better off than Cornell, for the secret of Coach Courtney's success has been the mastery of the slide, and Cornell's crews in most instances have reached the nearest point to perfection in this respect.

It is in the running between strokes that the boat takes on the great headway, and not while the oars are anchored in the water as many novices fancy. I have seen college oarsmen place an oar in the oarlock and trace the circle made on the boathouse floor and make mathematical calculations, when, as a matter of fact, oars never describe any part of a circle in the water, but to the contrary are anchored only to be released when the boat slips past the centre. The puddle of the oar may show a certain displacement of water but that the circle is only to be found in the mind of the amateur can be proved by an actual test.

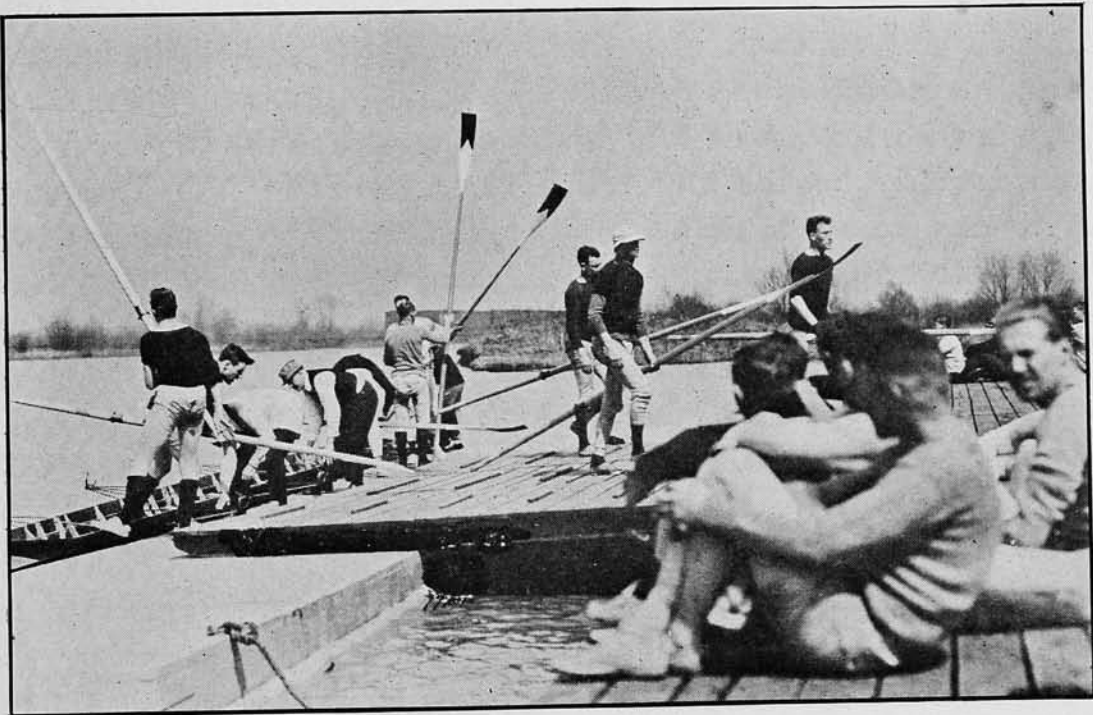
At the present time it does not appear that Harvard has secured any decided advantage in this new boat, which will probably be laid on the racks at the university boat house like other freaks that have preceded it. On the other hand there are many minor details in which Cornell's product excels the boats constructed in England and the workmanship is quite up to the best English built boats.

In regard to the oars, the crews of the United States held to the 7 inch blades until the advent of one of Harvard's coaches who brought with him a set of the Ayling make which has blades $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide at the tip but longer than the American pattern. Several of the racing colleges in this country, Yale included, went over to the narrow blades. With confidence in his own judgment in the face of the foreign "Made in England" craze, Mr. Courtney stuck to the old style of oars and has reaped the harvest resulting from constancy to a tried principle.

No later than the present season, the English university crews have been changing oars and before the race Cambridge announced that it had taken up the solid loom oar which Oxford's best record was tied up with. The big loom and girder patterns of oars were in turn tried and dropped again by the "Cantabs."

Mr. Courtney has been all through the experimental stage. I have in mind at this time a crew Cornell sent down to New London back in the late eighties. It was stroked by a little, frail man about the weight of a coxwain for whom, in addition to his having his stretcher shoved away from him to lighten his work, Mr. Courtney shaved the blade of his oar almost to 6 inches. In this manner he stroked a crew to victory over the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia; and the stroke never dropped below 38 to the minute for the entire three miles and sometimes went as high as 40 to the minute.

Like all the contests in those days it was a runaway for Cornell.



After a Practice Row on the Inlet.

Cornell's New \$400,000 Endowment.

Eads Johnson, '99,

Secretary of the Cornellian Council.

TO E. S. Shepherd, '02, belongs the credit of having started in 1908, a work that in my opinion will be the greatest benefit to Cornell University and assistance in financing the needs of an institution that has so wonderfully grown.

At the instigation of the Associated Alumni, of which Dr. H. D. Schenck, '82, and E. S. Shepherd, '02, were the moving spirits, the Trustees gave the representative body to be known as the Cornellian Council its original members by appointing one member from each class from 1870 to 1908 inclusive, and upon the organization of this body, ten additional members at-large were elected by them. The classes of '09, '10, '11 and '12 elected their own members as will all succeeding classes.

To this Council has been entrusted the delicate task of approaching the vast number of men and women affiliated with Cornell University to give their help to the establishment of a Fund to be known as the "Alumni Fund" from which the necessary money for urgent University purposes could be drawn and applied only by the University Trustees. The individual subscribers were left to their own judgment as to the application of their subscriptions, and in these cases their wishes have been complied with, but it has been the aim of the Cornellian Council to secure all subscriptions to the Alumni Fund free from restrictions, so that the Trustees would be likewise free to use same. So successful has this principle worked, that only 12 of the 2246 subscriptions received to date have been made applicable to specific purposes.

It is a comparatively easy task to interest philanthropists in an endowment for a specific purpose when this purpose bears the name of the benefactor, or of some loved one whom the benefactor wishes to honor in a Memorial of this character. But it is practically impossible to accomplish, or secure the interest of philanthropists to pay bills, and of course, a gift for this purpose to any institution would be more or less unique where the disagreeable word "deficit" is attached to the beneficiary's balance sheet.

The fact that Cornell was having an annual deficit and no visible means of meeting it, was what caused a few thinking Alumni

willing to give, to look into the possibilities of securing the substantial interest of all Cornellians; and after learning that other Universities had secured hundreds of thousands of dollars from their alumni, made the suggestion to the Trustees previously referred to and fashioned the Council and its proposed work after the most successful plans used by others.

To the Council it was plainly evident why this deficit had materialized, but to the greater number of Cornellians who had left the University before it had become so wonderful, an explanation was necessary.—i. e., with practically a stationary endowment and income from productive funds, and at the same time an ever increasing attendance and expense, there could be no alternative. The most judicious management could not make both ends meet and the Trustees were faced with the fact that unless Cornell's growth was to be immediately curbed, this deficit would continue unless additional income was forthcoming.

The Council being composed of fifty members scattered throughout the country, was necessarily doomed to slow development. It elected a paid Secretary, who took office April 1st, 1910. This completed the organization and the work was started. Actual solicitation of all Cornellians was commenced the following autumn. Our first mail was sent to over 19,000 Cornellians, but the fact that a large portion of these had been but recently solicited for subscriptions to the Alumni Field Equipment Fund, subscribing a total of \$100,000 payable in five years, and also that comparatively few knew the actual condition of the University at that time, the returns were almost discouraging, but a start had been made and the second and third letters were sent. The alumni therefore having been officially informed by the Council of its organization, its purpose, and the needs of the University, a foundation had been laid for personal solicitation on the part of the Secretary, and every available Cornell man was seen, whenever possible at his office, where every phase of the subject was gone over in detail. This trip included the largest Cornell centers, namely :

New York,	Boston,	Philadelphia,
Brooklyn,	Wilmington,	Baltimore,
Washington,	Ithaca,	Binghamton,
Syracuse,	Rochester,	Buffalo,
Cleveland,	Cincinnati,	St. Louis,
Chicago,	Milwaukee.	

On its completion the Secretary reported that on top of the Alumni Field subscriptions, these subscribers were unable to make additional subscriptions, and therefore would not until they had paid this to the Alumni Field Equipment Fund, and the fact that so many were inaccessible, made the work necessarily slower than was originally anticipated. The Council therefore wisely adopted a plan by which the work was to continue along more conservative lines in the matter of expense, and since the beginning of our second year, June 1st, 1911, new subscriptions have been steadily coming in and expenses have been steadily decreased.

A most important point in connection with these subscriptions, which might not seem clear is, the fact that all have been solicited on an annual basis. The reason for adopting this plan was the desire to secure a continued interest on the part of the subscribers in University affairs, as well as to make it easy for each and every one to contribute regardless of the amount. So much for the Council and its work in a general way. Specifically the Council is now becoming even more representative than when organized. Class members are elected by classes holding reunions, and the appointees who were hardly conversant with the Council and its proposed work are being replaced by those who understand the work and appreciating the honor, seek membership. The original membership was composed of thirty-nine class members and ten at-large members. The additional members coming from the graduating classes, would eventually make the Council too large a body, so that provision is made in the by-laws to keep the membership of the Council at fifty—forty from the classes and ten at-large, the earlier classes being retired as honorary members as succeeding graduating class members are elected. To attend to the routine of business, an Executive Committee, composed of the President, Vice-President, and three of the New York members, regardless of class, were appointed as *Executive Committee*, which committee has entire charge over the Secretary, his office, and work.

Two meetings are held annually—the annual meeting in June at Ithaca, during Alumni week, at which election of officers and other matters are disposed of, and the semi-annual meeting in January at New York, where the Executive Committee seeks criticism and advice from the Council members for future work as well as the work in hand.

At the January meeting the reports from the various class members seemed to justify the continuance of our original plan to educate all those from whom we have not yet heard, and accordingly a new appeal, stating the cardinal principles of the Council and its relation to the University, etc., was prepared and has been in the mail twenty days. Justification of this move has been found in the recent increase of new subscribers. We have secured 85 new names to the list from this appeal, and additional ones in greater numbers than ever before are being received daily.

According to an actual count recently made of the Ten Year Book, there are 18,532 live Cornellians throughout the world. With those checked off whom we have been unable to locate, those who subscribed, those who answered stating their inability to subscribe and those who are giving at present to the Alumni Field Equipment Fund, 6,000 have been heard from. This leaves 12,500 who have paid no attention to the appeals of the Council and it is to those we are sending our new literature, and at least 10% should be added to the list of subscribers. We now have 2246 subscribers giving \$22,070.75 annually, and although this amount may seem small, it represents the interest at 5% on an endowment of \$441,400. With these figures, which we consider wonderfully creditable to those who have joined in this movement, and which are given here for the first time, we hope to secure the substantial interest of at least 50% of those from whom we have not heard. By no other means could the attention of so many be attracted toward our wonderful University, and we also hope with this evidence of self-support to attract the attention of philanthropists who are always ready to help worthy causes, but will give first consideration to those who also help themselves.



Pink Chickens and Milk Fed Crops.

“What have pink chickens to do with dollars and cents?” It will require only a few minutes conversation with any one of the experimenters in the College of Agriculture to convince the inquirer that pink chickens and many other strange and remarkable phenomena there to be seen have a very close and intimate connection with real money. Strange that in a commercial age and in a university so practical in spirit as Cornell, so little is known of the purpose and results of these experiments for building up the backbone of the nation's prosperity—its agricultural output. Certainly the experts in the College are not raising hens with Cornell feathers and feeding plants on milk for the novelty of the thing; these travesties on nature have a commercial value which is almost too stupendous to be realized.

It needs no head for figures to predict the effect on the egg famine of doubling the laying capacity of a single hen. With the price of eggs soaring skyward, it is of the greatest importance to produce a strain of fowls which shall produce more eggs per hen per year. The average at present is 136 eggs a year; one of the selected pullets laid 257 eggs in a year, and followed this remarkable record with 200 eggs in the second year.

In experimenting with eggs, it was found that by feeding hens with Rhodine Red, a vegetable dye, all the nitrogenous matter assimilated was tinted red. By successively feeding with the dye and omitting it, eggs were produced which when hard boiled and opened showed alternate red and white rings in the white, making it possible to determine the length of time required for development, and the kinds of foods producing large heavy eggs. The remarkable feature of this process was that the feathers of the hens developed red and white bands, and the chickens hatched from the eggs had red down.

For three years parallel strains of naturally raised and incubator hatched chickens have been studied. At present the incubator flock has a slight advantage, which shows that while the incubator may be no better, it is at least as good as the natural mother. The farmers are being instructed by the department in the selection of egg laying strains and chicken raising will be advanced from a secondary to a primary place in the farm equipment.

The control of the coddling moth is the chief practical experimental study in the Entomology Department. This pest alone cost the fruit growers of New York State last year \$5,000,000.

Extremely good success has so far been met with but there is yet much work to be done toward the complete control of the moth. Clover pests have so decreased the output of clover seed that in the last few years the price has doubled. The control of these pests would contribute much to the commercial welfare of the state farmers.

Plants raised on the bottle! Can a farmer raise a profitable crop by hand? Fertilization is the great problem of the farmer—to keep up the output of the farm without the land deteriorating. Concrete tanks lined with asphaltum are used in the College, and the ground and drainage analyzed before and after a crop has been raised. Thus the compounds taken from the soil by each crop can be determined and the proper fertilizers applied. Corn is found to stimulate the nitrofixing bacteria most. Through tests with plants fed on casein, a constituent of milk, it has been proved that certain plants can take nitrogen directly from organic substances, which hitherto has not been believed. Through the efforts of the department the farmer of tomorrow will be able to raise a cycle of crops on land with proper fertilization without the soil deteriorating or the output of the farm falling off.

Perhaps the greatest commercial benefit from the experiments in the Agricultural College comes from the Plant Breeding Department—a matter of millions, yet few know the results.

Hay, one of the largest agricultural crops in the United States yielded a crop having a farm valuation, according to government statistics, of \$747,769,000. It is a safe estimate that one-third of this was timothy, with a valuation of over \$249,000,000. In the College of Agriculture seventeen new varieties of timothy have been developed that give an average increased yield of $36\frac{3}{5}\%$ above the ordinary timothy—an annual gain of \$90,000,000 to the United States farmer. In New York State alone, where over one-half the hay crop is timothy, this Cornell experimentation means \$15,922,000 to the state farmers as soon as they come to use the new seeds. Surely Burbank with his blue roses and thornless cacti cannot present anything to equal this.

With oats, wheat, corn, and potatoes similar experiments are being conducted. Through selection of seeds from generation to generation and by careful crossing heavy crop yielding varieties are being developed. In the New York State oat crop, through the use of new species now found commercially practical at the

College, a gain of nearly five bushels per acre can be made—netting the farmers some \$2,000,000 over the average price brought by oats for the past five years. A brand of corn has been just developed that matures two weeks earlier than the varieties now planted, thus obviating the necessity for the farmer to harvest an immature crop, and giving him more feed value from the same acreage.

Thus, from pink chickens to millions is but a step, and the experiments now under way in the Agricultural College and those already completed, when the results are in common use will do much toward placing the farm and the farmer on a plane of prosperity never before attainable in the East. T. H., '15.

Love at Dusk

Earl Simonson, '12

Ah, child, 'tis such a little thing I ask—
 To lurk the hinterlands of thy sweet soul,
 To come unto thy spirit when the mask
 Of even falls, when the morn mists uproll—
 I may not claim the guerdon of the kiss,
 The clasping kiss, the fiery faint embrace—
 The fates have reft me of thy being's bliss.
 They cannot reave me of thy spirit face!
 I see it in the morning of the hills,
 I see it in the evening of the pine;
 And ah, through all my vital pulse it thrills,
 As it had been a draught of lethal wine!
 Ah, leave the world and all its aching stuff
 And fly to me at twilight—it is enough,
 Enough—

* * * * *

Above the stress and stir of this dim earth
 I lift mine eyes unto thy sombre eyes—
 Those deeps wherein I gazed once—and the dearth
 Of my drear being darkened o'er my skies,
 Smote down the great sun and the founts of mirth,
 And left me for a futile sacrifice
 Upon the altar of the eyeless god;—
 Yet hand in hand I know that we have trod
 Apast the far hills, down the dulcet ways
 Where dreams the spirit of our barren days.

* * * * *

And oh! yon lone white star upon the hills,
 My purple hills all dimpled with God's hands—
 Fair lustful Venus, when the evening chills,
 Can it be that *thy* crescent understands?—
 Or am I but a shipwrecked soul that stills
 A broken cry upon unpeopled sands,
 And hear a far sea sighing to my soul?—
 But oh! forgive me, goddess, for *she* stands
 Rapt with thy hieroglyph upon the scroll
 Of deepening night,
 And she is all alight
 With sombre sunsets on forbidden rills.

Olympic Records by College Men.

Edward R. Bushnell.

FEW persons realize the extent to which the United States must thank the college men for America's supremacy in the Olympic games. To date there have been four revivals of these ancient Hellenic sports, and the United States has won them all. But had it not been for the competition of the college men, either as undergraduates or graduates, this country would not now be enjoying the athletic supremacy it does.

The first revival of the Olympic games was held at Athens in 1896. These games have been held every four years since then—in 1900 at Paris, in 1904 at St. Louis and in 1908 at London. In this article no mention will be made of the games at Athens in 1906 for the reason that they were not a part of the regular Olympic cycle, but were organized by the Greeks for the purpose of encouraging track sports in that country.

It is not the intention of the writer to refer to the supremacy of the college men to the disparagement of the club athletes. I know that the college men were the ones who first developed track and field athletics in this country, and the activity of the club men had been confined almost entirely to the last two decades. Within the last ten years, in particular, the club men have been making remarkable improvement and right now a set of games between the two would be very close indeed.

The relative strength of the two classes is readily shown by a study of the American victors in the four Olympiads which have been held to date. During that time the United States has won 62 individual victories. Of this number college men accounted for 44 and club men for 18. In 1896 at Athens, America scored nine victories of which eight were won by college men and one by a club representative. The college victors of that year were Burke of Harvard, who won the 100 meters and the 400 meters dashes; Curtis of Princeton, who triumphed in the 110 meters hurdles; and Clark of Harvard, who won a double victory in the running broad and the running high jump. Hoyt of Harvard was the victor in the pole vault, while Garrett of Princeton took both the shot put and the discus throw. The only other American victor was Connolly who won the running triple jump.

The superiority of the college man was even more marked at Paris in 1900 when of seventeen first places the college men won

sixteen and the club men one. Kraenzlein of the University of Pennsylvania was first in four events, the 60 meters dash, the 110 and the 200 meters hurdle races and the running broad jump. Jarvis of Princeton won the 100 meters dash, setting the record of $10 \frac{4}{5}$ seconds which still stands. Tewksbury of the University of Pennsylvania was a double victor in the 200 meters dash and the 400 meters hurdles. Long of Columbia University won the 400 meters run, while Orton of the University of Pennsylvania was first in the 2500 meters steeplechase. Baxter of Pennsylvania won the running jump and pole vault while Prinstein of Syracuse won the running triple jump. Ewry, a graduate of Purdue University, won three events, the standing broad, standing high and the standing triple jump. Sheldon of Yale was the final college victor, winning the shot put. The only club man to score a first place was Flanagan in the hammer throw.

At St. Louis in 1904 the competition of the college men was confined almost exclusively to representatives of the Middle West. For some reason the games did not appeal to Eastern college men and few of them were represented. At this meet America won twenty-two first places, of which the college men accounted for fifteen and the club men for seven. Hahn of the University of Michigan was the victor in three events, the 60 meters dash, the 100 meters dash and 200 meters dash. Lightbody of the University of Chicago won the 800 and 1500 meters runs, setting new Olympic records in each. He likewise lowered Orton's record in the 2500 meters steeplechase. Prinstein of Syracuse University won the running broad jump, while Jones of the New York University was the victor in the high jump. Schule of the University of Michigan won the 110 meters hurdles. Ewry, of Purdue University, was once more a triple victor in the same events as at Paris. Dvorak of the University of Michigan was the victor in the pole vault while Rose of the same institution made a new Olympic record in the shot put. The club victories were scored by Hillman who won the 400 meters run, the 200 and 400 meters hurdle races. Sheridan in the discus throw, Flanagan in the hammer and Hicks in the Marathon run were the additional club victors.

As far as first places are concerned the college men had to acknowledge the supremacy of the club representatives at London in 1908. Of the fourteen victories which America won the col-

lege men scored first place in only five, the club men taking the remaining nine. But in this case it has been figured that scoring in accordance with the intercollegiate system of first, second, third and fourth places the college men would have slightly outscored the club representatives. This is not said for the purpose of discouraging the work of the club athletes but to show that the college men after having been the leaders in track and field athletics in America since 1876, when the first intercollegiate association of Amateur Athletes of America was organized, have managed to maintain their supremacy to date.

If any further evidence were needed to show the supremacy of the college man a tabulation of the American records and their holders would do it. Considering only the thirteen events on the I.C.A.A.A. program which are standard with the club men as well, the collegians hold the American records outright in eleven. In only one has a club man made a mark the college man could not reach. This table is as follows:

<i>Event.</i>	<i>Athlete.</i>	<i>College or Club.</i>	<i>Record.</i>
100 yards dash.....	Dan Kelley.....	Oregon.....	.09 $\frac{3}{5}$
220 yards dash.....	{ R. C. Craig.....	Michigan.....	.21 $\frac{1}{5}$
	{ B. J. Wefers.....	Georgetown.....	.21 $\frac{1}{5}$
440 yards dash.....	M. W. Long.....	Columbia.....	.47
888 yards run.....	E. Lunghi.....	Italy.....	1.52 $\frac{3}{5}$
1 mile run.....	J. P. Jones.....	Cornell.....	4.15 $\frac{2}{5}$
2 mile run.....	T. S. Berna.....	Cornell.....	9.17 $\frac{3}{5}$
High jump.....	G. H. Horine.....	Leland Stanford.....	6.06 $\frac{3}{5}$
Broad jump.....	M. Prinstein.....	Syracuse.....	24.07 $\frac{1}{4}$
High hurdles.....	{ A. C. Kraenzlein.....	Pennsylvania.....	.15 $\frac{1}{5}$
	{ A. B. Shaw.....	Dartmouth.....	.15 $\frac{1}{5}$
	{ W. H. Edwards.....	Pennsylvania.....	.15 $\frac{1}{5}$
Low hurdles.....	A. C. Kraenzlein.....	Pennsylvania.....	.23 $\frac{3}{5}$
Shot put.....	Ralph Rose.....	Michigan.....	51.00
Hammer throw.....	M. J. McGrath.....	I. A. A. C.....	187.04
Pole vault.....	Leland Scott.....	California.....	12.10 $\frac{7}{8}$

The foregoing records are made all the more remarkable by the fact that with the exception of two all of them are world records. The exceptions referred to are the 2 mile run in which Alfred Shrubb of England did 9.09 $\frac{3}{5}$, and the running broad jump in which P. O'Connor, of Ireland, holds the record of 24 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. That college men have done so well is a tribute to the physical, mental and moral caliber of our students and the American temperament which believes that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well.

What a Young Lawyer Thinks He Learns the First Year Out.

Lewis Henry, '09.



My first thought for the title of this brief rambling sketch was "What a young lawyer *learns* the first year out". Then it occurred to me that the word "thinks" inserted would make the statement a trifle more accurate because less dogmatic. Now I am inclined to believe that the most appropriate title would be "What a young lawyer wonders if he has learned the first year out". For experience follows experience so rapidly during this period of one's novitiate that life is just one tragedy after another—using the word as

Huxley did, who called a tragedy a theory exploded by a fact. There are many such during the first year.

One of the earliest experiences that a young lawyer goes through—and probably this is true of the other professions—is an increasing respect for the root of all evil. It is so much more elusive than in those days when it presented itself in the form of a periodic check or draft. His undergraduate idea of dollars measured by the thousands as only meet compensation for the service that he doesn't mind performing for the world, swiftly and surely evolves itself into an appreciation of the quarters which an unappreciative boss doles out parsimoniously to him, so that mayhap he may take his girl once a week to the moving picture show.

So he respects the man who commands an income and obtains it honestly. And his resentment grows at the number of men who seem to command larger incomes and seem to be not so

scrupulous about their methods. Truly the wicked flourish like the green bay tree.

The young lawyer is early impressed in the practice of his profession by the fact that law seems to be a business. He is rather surprised at first that when questions arise in the office, or queries are made by clients as to this or that, that it is not expected nor is it desired of him that he get out the text-books and work out the theory of the proposition. Oh the tragedies of a lawyer's brief career who would work on such a plan! The law in most of the cases which arise is a fact, definitely ascertainable, and as such fact it may vary as far as the earth is from the sun from the line of theory.

There have been decided in this country cases involving hundreds of thousands of combinations of circumstances. And these cases have been so thoroughly indexed and crossindexed and briefed that the essential facts and holdings of any and all of them is available under its proper classification to the young lawyer of today. When he comes from the law schools the most immediate necessity he feels is to know how to work these digest systems so that when he is asked to look up a point, if it be a "fact of law", he may go definitely and quickly to it. Let him save his powers of theorizing to make these different facts of law work in harmoniously to cover the particular statement of facts he has to handle. And his wonder grows that there can be so many happenings, substantially, or rather apparently the same, whose minute differences mark the gap between right and no right or right and wrong.

We hear so much now-a-days that the lawyers whole training makes him a worshipper of precedent and the truth of that I believe cannot be denied. The courts are so busy that they will not take the time to listen to extended arguments as to the theory of this thing or that and as to whether cases involving the same substantial fact previously decided were erroneously so decided. It is enough for them in all but the most extreme instances that the higher courts have deliberated on the same legal point and made a decision. That decision goes, and a reasonably careful practitioner, with a single leading case in his favor may laugh at the most astute array of legal talent that may be gathered to down him.

It is this condition which makes it possible to denounce the judiciary as ultra conservative. It may be so but better far that

than the other extreme of giving effect to fleeting and evanescent opinions as to what is right or wrong according to the whims of a temporary majority of the people. A student of the law cannot but absorb the feeling so well expressed by a great judge that "Stability in legal rules is much more to be desired than that they should accomplish complete justice in every case".

The more a young lawyer sees of the working of the legal system, the higher his respect for the judiciary and the less is his respect for popular decision as evidenced in the "guesses" of the jury. During the past year I have heard the complete testimony in two cases. In both of them the jury went directly against a quiet convincing argument and gave large verdicts as the result of inflammatory speeches appealing much more to their prejudices than to their sense. Perhaps I would not dare to set my lone opinion against theirs. But the comforting fact is that both were sent back for new trials by unanimous holdings of the Appellate Division that the verdicts in both cases were clearly against the weight of evidence,—and in both cases the next jury went ahead and did exactly what the previous jury had done. Yet the fault is not in the jury. It is in the system.

But I find myself talking arbitrarily on those things that undoubtedly I wot not of. As stated at the outset, I merely wonder if these ideas are true, or what the truth is. For after all, the principal impression made by this first hard but most interesting year is that the particular young lawyer feels that he doesn't know nearly as much as he thought he did—from which fact his friends at least gather encouragement.



Pen Pushers and Stick Handlers.

J. B. P., '14.

AMBITIONS of men are at best inconsistent products of environment. There is one class of the race, however, whose desires and strivings are so varied and apparently so without any prompting influence that there seems to be no accounting for the many diverse fields in which they will crop out. I refer to the editors and those who compose the heterogeneous crowd of literary aspirants.

For three years past the otherwise peaceably inclined editors of the *Cornell Daily Sun* and the *Cornell Widow*, and the *Princetonian* and the *Tiger*, have alternately traveled far to meet in the annual diamond battle for the baseball championship of their respective little worlds. Outside of a 6 to 5 victory in which the Widowers nosed out the Tiger nine in the final period of the contest on Alumni Field last year, the Princeton aggregations have thus far had everything their own way.

This season according to the perpetual home and home schedule under which the teams meet, the two Cornell nines will journey to Princeton on the evening of May 16 and be on hand for the "big celebrations" of May 18. Still smarting under the 12 to 1 defeat received last year, "The Sun Board Varsity" may now be seen at all times of the day practicing enthusiastically on various fields and back lots around the Hill. The "Sunsters" are already confident and willing to give odds.

Precedent, however, which Victory seems to be so wont to follow, fails to sustain the confidence of the Ithaca editors. In last year's game *The Sun* scored early its only run. The Princetonian catcher dropped the third strike and the runner breathlessly circled the bases and crossed the rubber on the backstop's powerful overthrow to first. The visitors batted with telling effect and their proverbial luck placed their hits in the gloves of the fielders from which they instantly dropped to earth and rolled away.

The Widow-Tiger of last year was marked by powerful hitting so that the sacks were often overcrowded with five or six runners. The base running of the Widowers was also of a high professional standard which was probably responsible for their

victory. Contemporary accounts describe how, when one of the home team hid behind the umpire and stole home from the pitcher's box, it took two companies of Campus Cadets to keep the cheering crowds from the field.

A special dispatch to the *Cornell Sun* from Princeton in 1910 ran as follows: "In a brief recess called in the double header baseball game on Brokaw Field, the literateurs from the heights above Cayuga decided to sacrifice themselves on the altar of good feeling and allow the Princeton pen shovers to win both games." So that was why the Widowers permitted the Tiger nine to rally



"Sun Board Varsity"—1911.

with three runs in the final inning and score a 6 to 5 victory, and why the Sun Board warriors of the diamond with greater generosity bowed to a 26 to 4 defeat.

The historical precedent of the series, at least as far as the *Sun* is concerned was established on Percy Field Friday on the afternoon before the dual track meet with Princeton, in 1909, the visiting nine taking a double scalp, trophies of superior smiting of the sphere. Dusty volumes in the *Widow* Offices tell of a challenge

from the *Tiger* received and accepted the year before. The contest was played at Princeton, but the outcome and the reasons assigned therefor have been blotted out by the hand of time which seems to work so effectively in the university world.

The annals of the *Sun*, however, are more complete as to the initial game between the editors of the two dailies. The performances of several stars are recorded in detail. It was in this game that Lewis Henry, '09, the aggressive Editor-in-chief of the Cornell paper, played the first sack and by careful fielding, avoided



The Widow's First String—1911.

making a put-out. C. F. Baumhofer, '09, and W. W. Goetz, '09, being seniors took their choice of the softest grass spots in the field.

R. C. Gano, '10, however, was the martyr of the game. He was a conscientious player at his position at third base. In the third period the Princetonians began piling up the runs and Gano became anxious. In his haste to catch a runner at his sack he clapped his hands to catch the ball before it reached him. The

swiftly thrown sphere struck the back of his hand and fractured two bones.

Other anecdotes illustrative of the heroic self-sacrifice into which the heat of these battles lead the ordinarily meek and peaceful editors may be heard in the *Sun* offices of a night when the news is "early" and most of the copy stamped.

Stanton Griffis, '10, editor-in-chief and all-around athlete of the 1909-10 *Sun* Board, is the hero of an oft-told legend of the 1910 battle in the Tigers' lair. In that game Griffis went to bat four times and got three clean hits. Even the conservative *Sun* expanded the next day. "Griffis," it said, "is a fine bridge player, and every time he neared the rubber, he felt at home."

But to continue the story. After circling the sacks three times in such rapid succession, Griffis became dizzy. As he grasped the willow and peered at the pitcher for the fourth time on that memorable day his sight grew dim. Some relaters say he staggered but stood bravely up with closed eyes. Three balls and two strikes and he still waited without a move. A swift spit ball sped forward on its uncertain course but he did not flinch. The uncontrollable ball broke suddenly inward, striking Griffis over the heart. He fell heavily. The umpire started to count and they say it looked as if all bets were off. But mind conquered body and just as "nine" was called Griffis rose and drawing from the inside pocket of his uniform a golden disk, waved it around his head. The ball had hit him hard, but the force of the blow had been broken by the Woodford Stage medal which he always wore over his heart.

This year with the precedents and traditions of valor handed down by former boards, both the Sunsters and Widowers will go to Princeton with the determination to avenge former defeats and establish new traditions.

Hyacinthus.

Earl Simonson, '12.

I saw a hyacinth today, and there
 Within its cups were happy things and fair—
 A presciency of slopes of violets
 An earnest of the golden flower that frets
 The lap of some new-wakened glade. Perhaps
 The pungent sweet the hyacinth enraps
 Is but the ghost of some dead bud that dwells
 In heaven with the dancing asphodels.

The Cornell Era



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With this issue, we the 1912-13 board take up the duties and responsibilities of the position to which we have had the good fortune to be elected. In our hands is entrusted the safe conduct of THE CORNELL ERA through the turmoil
A Change of Crew. of another year.

The crew is new but the ship is old. For forty-four years the ERA has travelled the seas of student sentiment. She has experienced both rough waters and smooth, good crews and crews that were not so good, but never has the outlook for a favorable passage been more promising than it is to-day. Our immediate predecessors have removed the rocks of prejudice which blocked the path of former editors, and all that remain are a few small icebergs of indifference. These we shall try to overcome in the course of the present voyage.

Many times before the Cornell public has been informed in this column that a *New ERA* was about to start. But this time the heralding is unnecessary; our readers know as well as we that the ERA is *different* from what it was; they know
The New Era. that we have discarded the purely literary form; that instead of essays and theses we are publishing live articles by prominent men.

A glance at the names of a few of our recent contributors will suffice to explain what we mean by prominent men: Andrew D. White, Elbert Hubbard, David Starr Jordan, Liberty Hyde Bailey, Hugh Black, Arthur Brisbane, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Herbert Daley, Hugh Jennings, "Al" Sharpe, and Eugene Buckley. These men know what they are talking about, and when they take the time to write an article for the benefit of college men, they are going to write something that it will pay college men to read.

We want it clearly understood that it is our firm intention to continue the policies instituted by the 1911-12 board. They have planted the seed and we are called to reap the harvest. We shall answer the call to the best of our ability, and in the meantime—plant more seeds of the same variety.

Stories by undergraduates are still welcome. We promise them a careful reading and, if it is desired, a criticism from the literary standpoint. But we give this warn-

Fewer Stories. ing: that our standard is higher than it ever was before, and that we cannot use as many as it has been the custom to publish in former years.

The ERA is in favor of the postponement of pledging among the fraternities. We think that sufficient time should elapse between the arrival and bidding of the freshmen to enable them to get (1) a general understanding of the situation and (2) particular knowledge as to the merits of the fraternities which have entertained them. Just how long a time it takes for the average freshman to obtain this information is a matter that can only be determined by experiment.

**Fraternity
Rushing.**

We do not agree with the editor of the *Sun* that the minority report submitted to the Interfraternity Association late in April was "unfortunate". In our opinion, those who interpreted it as an act of hostility drew a rather hasty conclusion which, in itself, was not exactly conducive to good feeling. Be that as it may, the effect of the minority report was to increase the sentiment in favor of later rushing and later pledging, and we cannot see how that is unfortunate.

The acts of the Association, if we are correctly informed, are not binding upon any fraternity against its will. Because a majority of the delegates voted for Sunday night meetings it does not follow that every house represented must hold its meetings at that time or withdraw from the Association. Likewise, any rushing agreement that may be drawn up can only affect those fraternities which choose to endorse it. In view of this fact, if rushing rules are enacted contrary to the policy and without the assent of say ten fraternities, there is no reason why these ten should not make an independent agreement between themselves and still remain members of the Association.

If you ask us whether we think it quite dignified for the seniors to adopt as a class custom the wearing of the "coat of many colors" we say "Blaze away!" Far from being open to the criticism of being "collech", we Cornell undergraduates often seem to be afraid to admit that we do attend one of the institutions of higher learning. A few years ago things were not so. A few years ago Cornell was a rip-roaring, rah-rah university with a reputation all over the country for its care-free wickedness. That reputation was a bad thing; we believe it has entirely passed away. At any rate the cause for it has long since disappeared. The pendulum has swung just as far in the opposite direction and "business" has taken the place of the excessive exuberance of other days. This workaday humdrum spirit has taken possession of everything. We tremble lest we betray the fact that we are not fifty years old. Note how difficult it is to get the seniors out for the perpetuation of that worthy custom—senior singing. Let us have a little more harmless "rah-rah."

❁ ❁ ❁ **Quips.** ❁ ❁ ❁

- ¶ Honesty is the best policy ; but who believes in playing policy ?
- ¶ Love may weaken the eyes ; but matrimony is a sure cure for astigmatism.
- ¶ A man is known by the company he keeps ; and even the man in the amen corner will sometimes bear watching.
- ¶ Patriotism is a great thing ; but many a man who knows the Declaration of Independence by heart can't show you his tax-receipt.
- ¶ If the rich man finds it harder to get into Heaven than does the camel to pass through the eye of a needle, most of us will march in four-abreast.
- ¶ The man who donates libraries to the public is a philanthropist ; but he who spreads ashes on his sidewalk has the divine spark.
-
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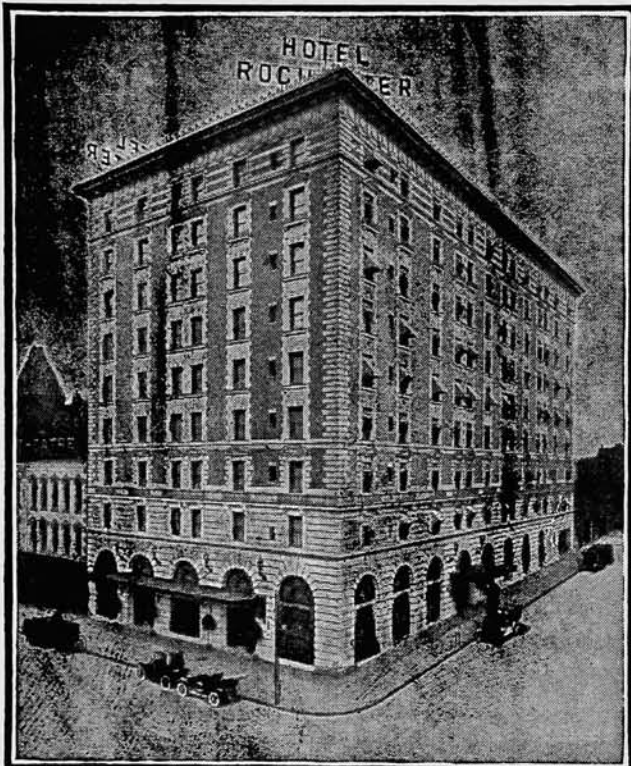


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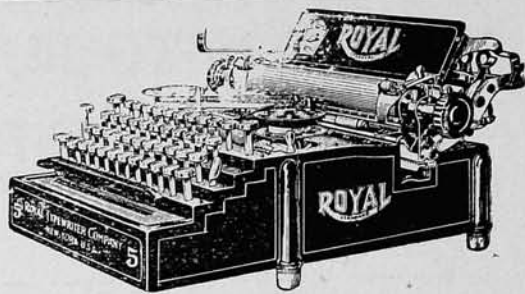
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THE CORNELL ERA

ARTICLES ON ROWING

by

EUGENE BUCKLEY

Crew Expert, Boston Globe

WALTER B. PEET, M.D.

Crew Expert, New York World

JAMES C. RICE

Rowing Coach at Columbia, and

CHARLES E. COURTNEY

JUNE, 1912

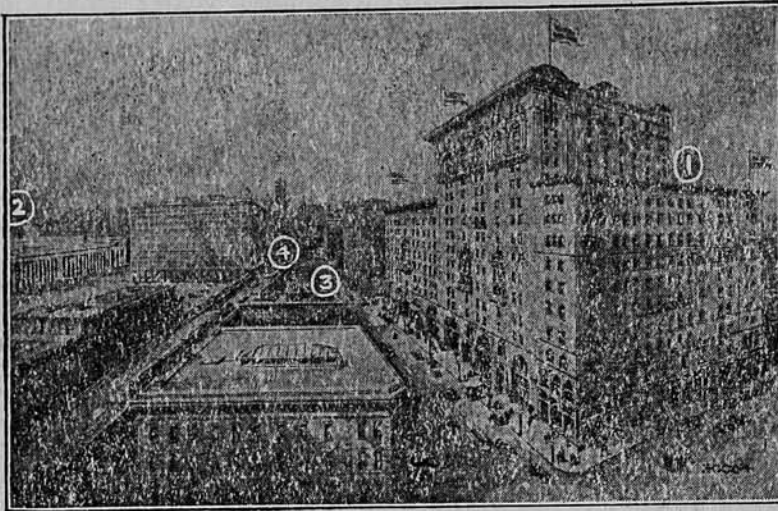
Vol. 44

No. 9.

Published at Cornell
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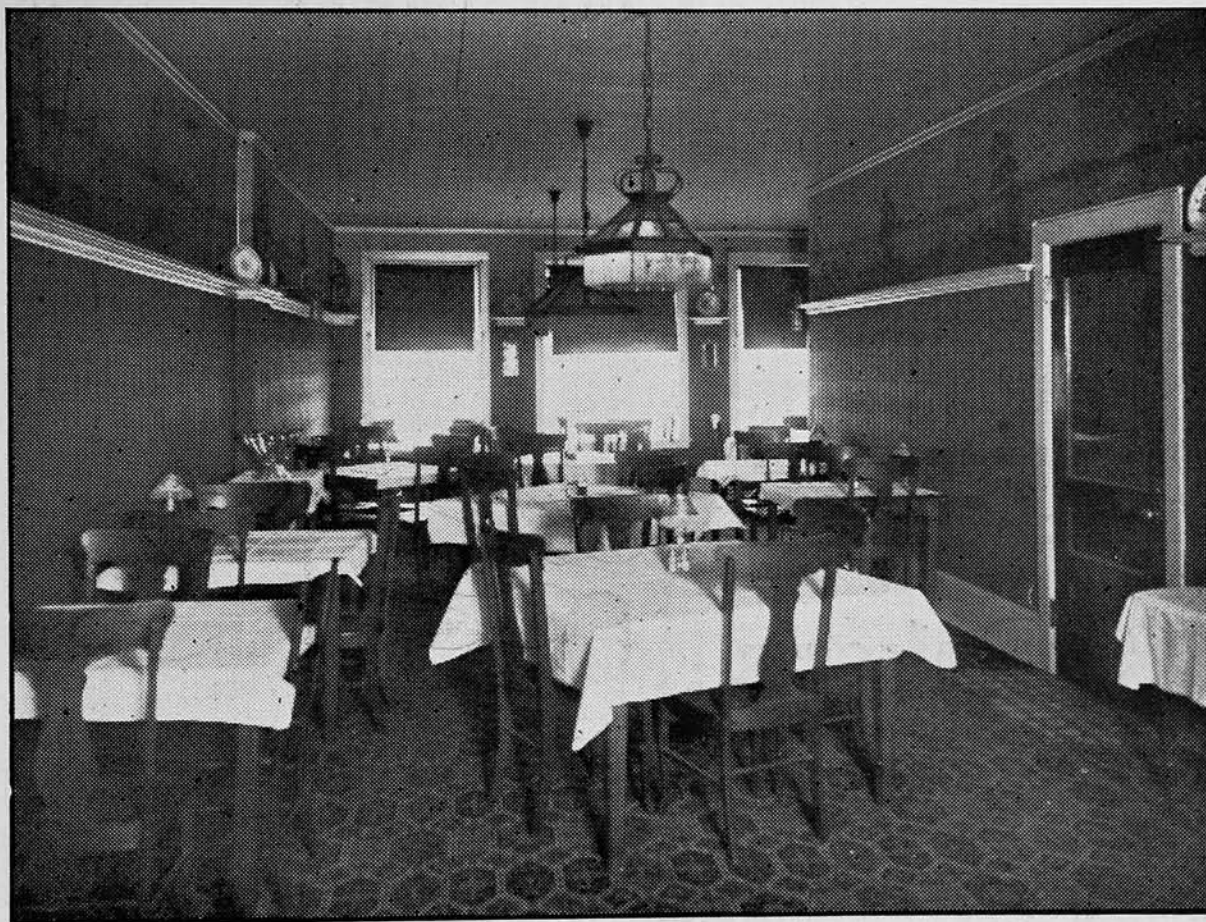
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CORNELL ERA

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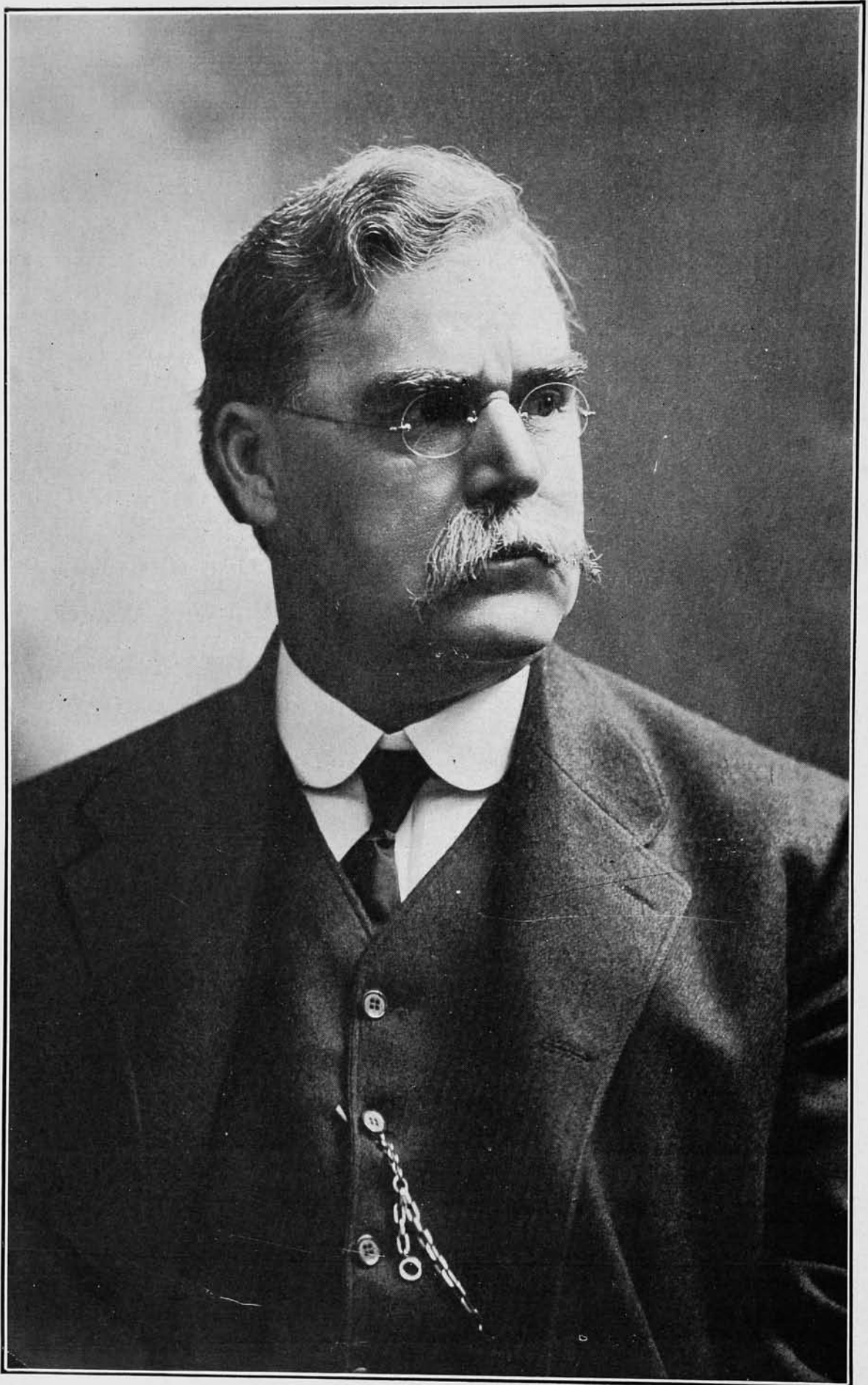


“The Old Man.”

A Toast.

To him who has given Cornell more victories in rowing than have been achieved by any other university in a single sport; to him who out of love for Cornell has declined many offers of double the salary paid him here and unselfishly devoted his life to the development of Cornell athletics; to him, then, a toast of health, happiness and long life for him and his!

CHARLES E. TREMAN, '89.



CHARLES E. COURTNEY.

THE CORNELL ERA

Vol. 44

June, 1912

No. 9

The Development of the Courtney Stroke and the Character of the Man who Teaches it.*

Eugene Buckley,
Rowing Expert of the Boston Globe.

IT is a keen delight to the eye and gladdens the heart of the true rowing enthusiast to witness anything so uniform in motion, so polished in form, at once so speedy and so graceful as one of those picked Cornell University crews brought to the highest stage of physical perfection by the veteran coach, Charles E. Courtney.

To coach a college crew is regarded as a laudable ambition for either professional or amateur; but to coach a Cornell crew carries with it the very highest honors in the university rowing world.

College coaches like great structural builders sometimes find that their foundation has been laid in quicksands, and in most cases only men of brains, unusual resourcefulness and "bowels", as our friend Kipling would say, can wrestle successfully with the problems at hand and steer their charges safely to a snug harbor, free from submerged rocks and shoals.

A very wise optimist once wrote "I am an old man and have had many troubles, most of which never happened"; but this worthy never coached a university crew, else he would have made material changes in the original composition. It is no small task to enter the crew room of a great rowing university such as Cornell, view the hundreds of applicants for seats in the various crews, drill them in the rudiments of the stroke to the point of making the first cut, and feel that the interests of the individual,

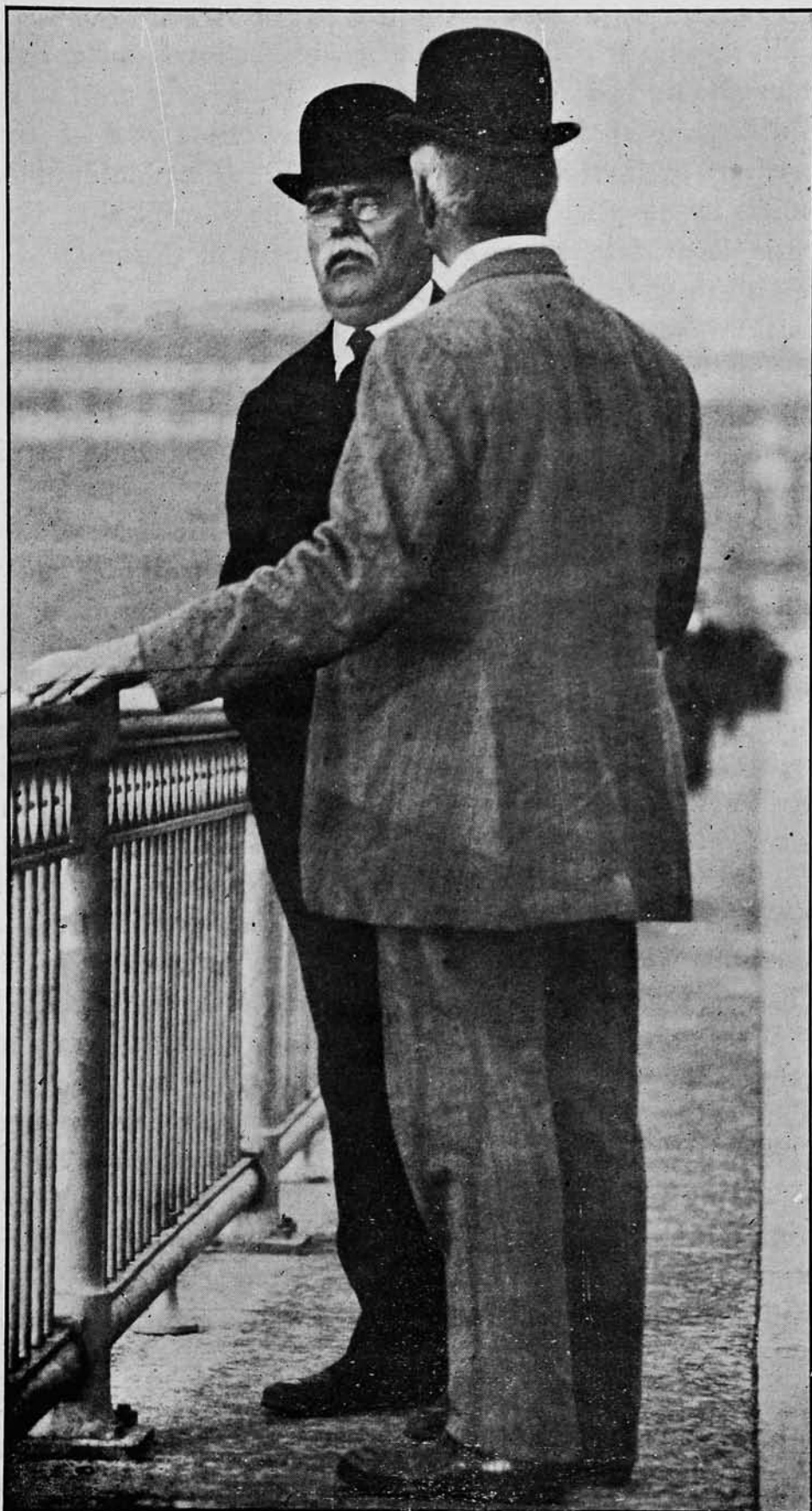
*This is the third and last of the series of articles on Shell Rowing by Mr. Buckley. The other two appeared in the April and May numbers.

the coach and the college have not been overlooked. It is even harder when the second cut comes at midseason, when some of the most lovable and painstaking aspirants, having withstood the drudgery of the initial cut or eliminating process, must be sacrificed so that those endowed by nature to survive may be given the undivided attention of the coach. But it must be done in order that a great human machine may be developed to uphold the honor and traditions of the university rowing department in the approaching rowing fixtures.

It is at this time that the men begin to "live with the boat", to feel the thrill of the even-running craft to listen to the swash of the oar blades as they are released from the water, and to sense that results are being obtained for the energy put into the stroke. It is at this stage of the crew's development that the individual withers and the crew becomes more and more. With such a competent mentor as Mr. Courtney the crew development has just entered that stage when the subject becomes deeply interesting; for the mere puddle left by the oars in the water, with its foaming edding swash, is to him a bright mirror reflecting the work of the crew, when to most men it would mean nothing more than the "waters that have passed," to the miller.

In order that high ideals may be attained in this all-important department of sport and the traditional standards upheld, the coach must be a mechanic, a man of executive ability, of keen preceptive powers and indomitable will—such a man, in short, as stands at the present time at the head of the Cornell rowing department—the man who has contributed so much to the lasting glory of that university. Fitted by nature, his early surroundings, his knowledge of rowing derived from actual competition, not to speak of his mechanical training, he was better suited for the work he has taken up with such marked success during the last 25 years of his extremely active life than any other man on this continent. His success as a coach of college crews has been unprecedented. It can be truthfully said that Cornell crews never suffered defeat when they measured up to the ideal Courtney standard of what a crew should be when ripened for the supreme test.

Mr. Courtney is a disciplinarian pure and simple, an autocrat in the rowing room and on the water where he reigns supreme.



The writer propounds a tough rowing problem for Mr. Courtney to solve
(Photo taken on the Charles River Esplanade in 1910.)

He shows this arbitrariness not because he loves power but simply because he knows his own capacity. He is ever alert to meet the meddling undergraduate and graduate whose love of fraternity sometimes approaches his devotion to his Alma Mater and in such conflicts he has the hearty support of the powers that be to the invariable profit of the rowing department of Cornell.

To all this sentimentalism about college rowing being for the upbuilding of the individual physically Mr. Courtney turns a deaf ear. He has learned from experience that clean victories on the water have been the means of keeping Cornell before the world as a great rowing university, and that only the victories have counted in the final analysis.

There have been three great epochs in the life of Mr. Courtney—his sweeping victories as an amateur in both single and double sculls, his career as a professional sculler, and his unbounded success as a college coach. It has been in the last calling that the "Old Man" has excelled and made a name for himself which will be handed down for generations by all Cornellians and by rowing men everywhere without regard to particular college affiliations.

He began his career with a thorough mechanical training. It was a knowledge of the handling of tools, coupled with the seasoning in watermanship he received as a boy on Cayuga lake at Union Springs, which enabled him to strike at the heart of any mechanical trouble that might spring up in the boat or rigging. He has seen the product of the great "Bob" Cook, visited England with a Cornell crew in quest of the Grand Challenge cup at Henley, and brought back with him a working knowledge of the fundamentals of the English stroke which he has applied with marked success. Unlike some of the other coaches he did not swallow the English system hook, line, and sinker but adopted a portion which has proved of inestimable value to his crews, discarding that part which his great knowledge of rowing branded as antiquated. There is no place for ancient rigging or antiquated methods in the Cornell crew room.

It has been often said that the evolution of the stroke at Cornell is quite as marked as at any other university, yet admitting that changes have taken place which set the uninitiated by the ears, there has always been an excellent reason for the change. Mr. Courtney has an ideal stroke in his mind at all times but when

sorely pressed for material to embody his ideals, he favors the shortcomings of his ablest men. While trying, even up to the very day of the race, to mould them to his will he sometimes sends them into the race with a stroke that he would if pressed disown.

After all there is no great secret concealed in the ideal stroke that the veteran teaches. It begins with a boat rigging which distributes the leverage very evenly before and aft the pins which mark the middle point in the lift. Coupled with this is an easy comfortable adjustment of seats and stretchers which makes rowing a pleasure rather than a hardship, and at the same time gives the greatest results that can possibly be obtained. Of course the oars have to be of standard pattern with the buttons to suit the leverage, allowed by the spread of the outriggers. Then, with pry, leverage, and fulcrum adjusted, the oar swings steadily and balances to perfection.

With the crew seated there is a steady slide movement until the full reach is obtained, when without the slightest hesitance, the oar blades are dropped into the water, and entirely submerged, with power applied from the very beginning. It is not the fierce attack of the English oarsmen but a steady pull with the shoulders until the oar blade is firmly anchored. Then the united effort of the back, arms and legs is applied quicker than by any other crew in America, and only terminates when the oar blades reappear at the finish of the stroke. They are then rowed out rather than lifted out. About the time the oar blades are reaching the finish point the heads and shoulders of the crew are held up rather than dropped down and in this manner the crew is to all intents and purposes finishing the stroke physically and recovering mentally. This clever combination of movements results in keeping the forward part of the boat from settling in the water. The anticipation of the finish enables the crew to get the hands away smartly. The effort brings the men up quickly to a perpendicular position. Then the stealing out for the next stroke begins only to end when the crew has again obtained the full reach. In the process of turning over, as the experts call it, or the blending of the effort with the recovery, the aim is to secure that pendulum-like motion in which the seat is never still. This has best been exemplified by E. H. Dole, '13, who is a model in this respect. To summarize the stroke—it is in the application of power as the stroke is

being pulled through, and in the manipulation of the seats, that Cornell, through the coaching of Mr. Courtney, has excelled. Strength of crew, boat, oars, and all other things equal, a crew can last longer and get greater results with this than with any other stroke.

When a good Cornell crew is rowing alongside any other crew, one notes that the stroke is pulled through quicker and the recovery is slower—this is the result of a special study by the coach and can best be characterized as a highly artificial stroke.

Cornell eights in the earlier races at New London used a very high rate of stroking which was largely due to the smaller men in the boat and the theory that with the introduction of the sliding seat there was no longer any occasion for great torso swings in which the body receives the greater portion of the shock from the impact of the oar. When Mr. Courtney went to England he saw the other extreme and returned with a long body swing and a full slide movement almost impossible for a light crew to row within a four mile race unless it had the years of seasoning given the "prep" school lads at Eaton. After the great showing of the record crew of 1901, which with a stroke of 26 to the minute ran away from the rest of the crews at Poughkeepsie and won by about 20 lengths, it was conceded that Mr. Courtney had not only made a great change in the Cornell stroke but that he had also made a wonderful discovery.

The very next year found him shortening up his stroke in point of body swing. General as he is, he was convinced that he could not get another crew possessing the cleverness and the remarkable strength of the record combination. This was the most powerful crew he ever turned out, else it could never have rowed such a slow stroke and at the same time propel the shell so swiftly through the water.

Mr. Courtney builds his crew around the stern four if possible and is ready in case of accident to shove them one seat aft thus the same stroke is preserved without shaking up the crew or unsettling the oarsmen in their efforts to follow a new stroke. It is the long rows to Crowbar Point and back that get the crew swinging together and conserving power, consequently any change when the men are "living with the boat" is apt to result to the detriment of crew development.

Even when the Cornell crew was showing 26 to 28 to the minute and winning, Mr. Courtney never for an instant changed his belief that an ideal crew should be up to 35 to the minute when called on for a spurt. He always aims to reach that rate and at the same time pull the stroke through from catch to finish honestly, but he does not always realize his desire and ambition.

Mr. Courtney, in the selection of his crew material, exercises rare judgment and discrimination picking men with records for morality back of them and obtaining a fairly good knowledge of their antecedents. The type of men he likes are the lythe, supple, smooth muscled men rather than those with heavy muscles developed by dumbbell lifting and gymnastics. He looks for men about six feet in height with deep full chests and skin that reflects the glow of health, and he never departs from his standard.

After this it is blind obedience to his will coupled with an intelligent application to rowing and the future of the crew is assured. As a judge of physical fitness to row a race he is the equal of any coach. Only recently he said that there was no excuse for a man blowing up in a race if he was properly trained and followed instructions. He does not believe in sending untrained or overtrained men to the starting line feeling that it is far better to lose than to sacrifice the future life of a crewman.

What other coaches have striven for in the art of teaching oarsmen is the proper use of the oars and seat. It has been his aim to get his crew well together as soon as possible, after which the correct application of power and the command of the seat are hammered into the candidate's head or he is dropped to make way for his understudy—the understudy which Courtney always has believed should be groomed and ready to fill up any vacancy. After he gets his crews together he sends them over long trips and frequently they have covered 15 miles before the boat house was reached on the return journey. He has in force as the date of the race approaches a most rigid set of rules to govern the men, and any violation results in the dropping of the individual or the crew as a whole.

When Mr. Courtney once forms a friendship it is of the lasting kind and this is as true of the crew men as of his personal friends in social life. Although graduating from the professional ranks he has never been known to place a wager on the result of a boat

race. His connection with the sport has been worthy of the highest type of an amateur sportsman. "The best students make the best oarsmen," he has often said and he tries to have in his various crews men of character who do not need watching during the training period.

Woe be to the man who takes advantage of this confidence, for the coach would subject him to the severest penalty, even though it was his own son, if only to serve as an example for others. One of the very best men in that speedy Cornell Varsity crew of two years ago placed a wager on the race against Harvard and slipped away from the hotel to Harvard square in order to place his bet. Again at Poughkeepsie the same oarsman showed an inclination the night before the race to do the same thing and Mr. Courtney told the writer that he would take him out of the boat if it cost him the race in case he went to Poughkeepsie. Needless to say he did not go to town and Cornell won the race.

Mr. Courtney's life at Ithaca is that of a clean moral man. His home is invaded by each incoming freshman class and his charming wife gives to the lads the motherly love which they so badly need and which they have left behind in various parts of the country. Mrs. Courtney is a Christian woman of standing in the community and in church circles and her untiring devotion is not soon forgotten by the young men who, by reason of their ambition to row, are brought in contact with her husband.

It was only at the last crew celebration that President Schurman said he favored a football system like that of Mr. Courtney or John Moakley of the track department, and in paying this tribute to the "Old Man", the head of the University voiced the feelings of all.

While advancing in years there is still a field of great usefulness for Mr. Courtney, whose eye has not lost its cunning and whose mind still exerts the same influence that has made him justly famous. And still with all the admiration, respect, and love Cornell's sons bear the veteran coach, it behooves the thinking men to prepare for the time when he will retire so that Cornell may continue to keep step with the procession. Mr. Courtney is far from being selfish, and should the proper man appear on the scene, he might be grounded in the secrets of the Cornell rowing system so that they would be preserved for all time to come.

Rowing.

Charles E. Courtney.

Rowing Coach at Cornell.

THE question constantly put to athletes and coaches is, "What is the purpose and benefit of athletics?" There are many answers, favorable and unfavorable, given by many judges and experts, but the only person who can fully realize the object of athletics and the good they do is the athlete himself.

Passing over the entire field of sports, I will center on the one which interests me most—rowing. Probably one of the chief benefits the oarsman receives is a splendid physical development and a well-tuned physique for after life. Rowing is perhaps the most beneficial form of exercise the young man can follow. For besides building him up physically, it counts strongly in his mental growth as well. The discipline of the training camp deeply roots itself in the mind of the undergraduate, so that later in life, after college, the lesson he learned there can not be forgotten.

"Do crew men succeed in the world?" is asked. Take a glance at the "Who's Who" of Cornell graduates and you will find men who command as great if not a greater position than any other class of men. The men who have rowed in a Cornell shell are in demand the world over by the heads of large concerns and the leaders in industry. These men as a rule rapidly mount to success.

The purpose of athletics and the benefit actually derived from athletics are the same. Athletics are primarily for the physical development, and after that for the spirit of heady fight and of "sport for sport's sake." The never-ending endeavor to excel in athletic contests gives a man the fight that will later stamp him as a leader. The instinct for clean, honest fighting will remain with him through life.

The Training.

The amount of training necessary in order to get a crew on racing edge is in direct proportion to the length of the race. That is to say, only about half the work is required to get ready for a two-mile race as is necessary to prepare for a four-mile race.

Although personally I do not believe in the four-mile race for college crews, I am not in sympathy with the writers who talk about "the deadly fourth mile." Any oarsman can be trained into condition to row four miles without injury to his health, but so much training is required that with an undergraduate crew man either his university work or his training must suffer. Since a student cannot attend to both properly, and since we cannot afford to have the four-mile event result disastrously to the crew, the university work must be the part to be slighted.

I have seldom seen a four-mile race where the outcome would have been different had the race been for three miles. But it would take twenty-five per cent. less time to prepare for the three-mile, and after all, boys come to college primarily to get an education, of which athletics should be only a minor part.

The Idle Hours.

During the idle hours at the varsity training camps a great many tricks are employed to take the men's minds off rowing. The actual time consumed in rowing is about two hours a day; sleeping and eating account for some of the remaining twenty-four, but there is all too much time left for nonsense or for worry. The morning work-out ends at about eleven o'clock and from that time until the men go out for their evening row the time hangs heavily on their hands.

Coaches always make attempts to lighten this monotony. Several years ago the oarsmen at New London held an annual cock-fight. This event was pulled off without publicity or interference and came to be regarded as a regular thing along the Thames. However, a country constable finally learned of the feathered contest and as a result the cock-fights came to an end.

About ten years ago the sports that attracted the oarsmen were strenuous. Now it is different. At one camp, for instance, croquet has taken the place of baseball. A favorite game along the river quarters used to be "dummy baseball," a sport much like the common indoor game. But a few years ago a varsity captain sprained his ankle playing the "dummy" game; and as his substitute fainted in the race and another college won, such sports were discouraged after that at the losing camp. Now, all the fun on the part of the sweep-swingers is closely watched and censored

by the coaches. The risk is too great—even a sprained finger may mean the loss of a race.

A large room known as the "club-room" has been fitted out at most training quarters. Here the men spend the greater part of their time during the off hours, dallying with such innocent amusements as ping-pong, checkers, cards, and a few current books and magazines. Certain camps are equipped with pianos, and some coaches have used phonographs to keep the men's minds off the race.

At one of the quarters newspapers are not permitted. It is feared by the coach that unfavorable criticisms will affect the work of his charges. At the other camp the newspaper reports are treated more or less in the light of a joke by the coach, although at heart he may believe their truth. And so it goes.

Some coaches, I know, declare that races are won by psychology. They seek to influence the mental attitude of their charges as well as the physical. They regard anything which upsets the mental poise of an oarsman as most unfortunate. Quiet discipline and order in the training, life, and habits of the men are essential. The morning and evening walks are an important feature of this much-sought-after tranquility. Immediately upon arising the squads are sent on a tramp and another walk before going to bed keeps them in splendid condition. We all, however, have our own methods of training.

Will Cornell Win Again?

I have no statement or forecast to make regarding this year's race at Poughkeepsie. Our crew is a good one and will row a terrible race before it will trail any crew. And I will make one forecast that always has and always will come true. The successful oarsman will be successful in life.



Cornell Boathouse

A Rival of the Courtney Crew.

The Columbia Eight and its Hopes of Beating Cornell.

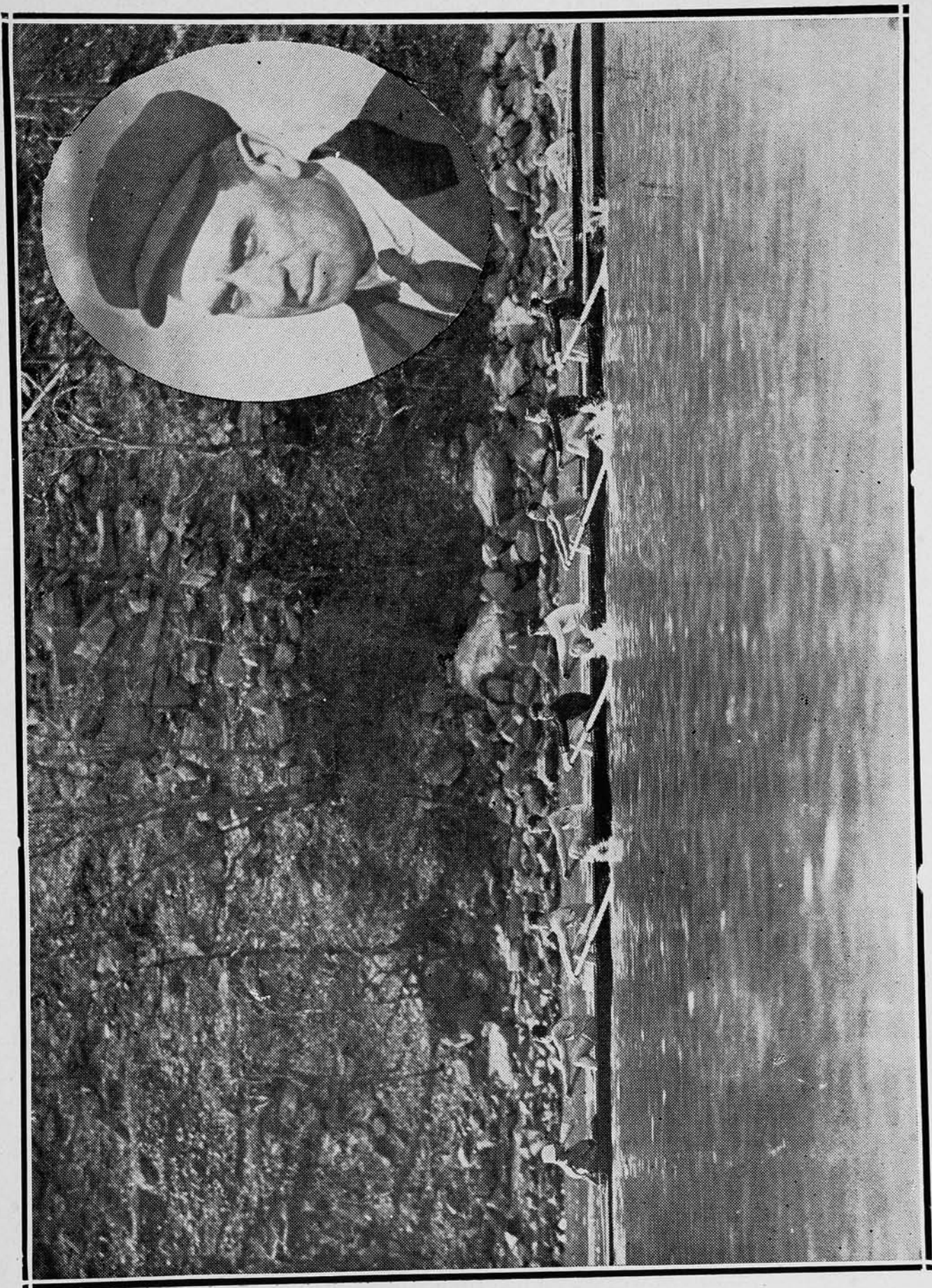
James C. Rice,

Rowing Coach at Columbia University.

LITTLE did I dream in the dusk of a mid-summer's day some thirty years ago when I was rowing across Toronto Bay with my father, that the big man in the blue suit with the white star on his breast, who sped out of one of the numerous coves and sculled across the bay like a shot was the man who was destined to be my staunchest rival and one of my most zealous friends. That man was Charles E. Courtney who was then preparing for his great race with Ned Hanlan for the world's sculling championship.

As I remember that day, it seemed to me that Courtney was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His hair was coal black and he was the picture of rugged, vigorous manhood. The shell which he rowed in was much like those I had seen, save for the fact that the sliding seat moved on big red wheels. It was those wheels that first fixed my attention and led me to ask my father who the oarsman was. Courtney was one of the best of the old school and was a wonderfully smooth sculler. The fact, of course, that he was a Yankee and was to row against one of my own townsmen made him an opponent to be beaten, and strangely enough, although I have since met Courtney and become, I hope, a good friend, he is still an opponent and indeed a most worthy one.

I presume that you want me to write about the Columbia crew. Of course, we have a crew this year and a good one, and I hope that you people of Cornell will find that it has plenty of fight. Last year after the Varsity race at Poughkeepsie, the like of which I never want to see again, I overheard a Cornell man say that the trouble with Columbia was that it didn't have the fight. I resented that remark at the time; but later on I realized that the speaker was not a true Cornell man or he would not have said it, because not a single person from Cayuga Heights who saw that race, and saw it as it was, could say that Columbia was beaten because it didn't fight. This year I hope to show that alleged Cornelian that Columbia has fight and the right kind of fight,



The Columbia Oarsmen in Spring Practice. Coach "Jim" Rice.

the same kind of fight that has made Cornell victorious in so many of its races.

Before going further I think that a word might not be out of place about the friendship and rivalry of the Columbian and Cornell crews. Each year that I have been at Poughkeepsie, beginning with 1907, I have seen grow stronger and more perfect the friendship and feeling of good-fellowship that exists between the members of the Cornell and Columbia rowing squads. I think that between these two, and this I say without fear of contradiction, there is a better feeling of friendly rivalry and sportsmanship than between any other two rowing colleges in the country. We at Columbia feel that Cornell has to be beaten, but not by unfair tactics. We want to win as everybody wants to win, but we want to win fairly and squarely. Each Sunday before the races our boys and all the Cornell crews have had a little garden party through the kindness of a woman of Poughkeepsie, and then on race day itself the Cornell crew comes up to our quarters and leaves its raceboat on our barge. We give strict orders that that boat must not be touched and it is watched more carefully than is our own shell. When we pull away from the float it is not as enemies but as friends, and that spirit, I believe, is the only one which should prevail among all sportsmen and among college sportsmen in particular.

Now as to the Regatta of 1912. I would not be loyal to myself nor to Columbia if I did not say and feel that we were going to win this year in both the Varsity and freshman races. We are counting on five crews in the Varsity race which have to be beaten, and we feel that we can beat them. Whether we actually win or not only the race itself can tell, but every man is going to do his best and if we fail to win it will not be from lack of effort.

The Columbia crew this spring has had more bad weather and ill-luck of all kinds to contend against than any other crew that I have ever coached has met. First of all we were unable to get on the water until a month later than usual and when the Hudson did get free from ice we couldn't row because of high winds and consequent rough water. When at last our shells were floated we were away behind our schedule and had two hard races to face in little more than six weeks. Our luck didn't end there, however, because one of our best men was forced to be out of the boat on

account of business troubles and later when he became all right another man dropped out because of illness. These two set-backs and as wet a rainy spell as I have ever seen have kept us back more than a month.

Our first race was to be with Annapolis on May 11, before one of our cripples was able to row again. We went to Annapolis but all we had were practice rows because when race-day came around the wind blew a gale and the Severn was as rough as only it knows how to be. Spending three days at a place and getting all keyed up for a stiff tussle and then having the race called off is not the best exhilarator for already dejected spirits, but we came back to New York with our minds set on the triangular race that we were row against Princeton and Pennsylvania the following Saturday.

There is no need of my telling here what happened, but I can not pass this by without making reference to the Princeton crew which I think has improved wonderfully over the crew which Cornell beat so easily a year ago. The men get a good body swing this year and row mighty well, and I think that before long the Princeton crew will be making us all hustle to win.* In fact, if memory serves me rightly they have already made Yale and Pennsylvania row as well as they knew how with disastrous results to both.

By the time this is being read we will be at Poughkeepsie getting ready for the twenty-ninth. Because of early final examinations and an early commencement season, Columbia is able to send its oarsmen to training quarters earlier than any of the other "Hudson" crews. Usually we have a full month in which to get acquainted with the course and put on the finishing touches. In this month we have been able in the past to get in some of our finest work, and this year we are counting on doing the same again provided, of course, that the weather holds good and we are able to have men out in the boats regularly.

The Columbia crew is, or will be on race day, a trifle heavier than the crew which rowed a year ago, and as five of its members will have rowed in varsity races it will be a bit more experienced. I think that the ideal oarsman is a man who stands about six feet in his stockings, weighs from 165 to 170 pounds and is about twenty-one years old. A man heavier than this is likely to be

*Written on May 20th.

more of a passenger than a part of the motive power, and one lighter always offers the danger of not possessing sufficient endurance to carry him through a gruelling contest. That is why I try to pick men who conform more or less to the standard I have given. The Columbia crew this spring will average about 166 pounds in weight and in height a trifle over six feet. The age will be approximately 21 years or a little over.

At this moment I am a little undecided as to the final boating of the eight and for that reason I would not care to name the men. We have a new shell for them to row in and everything that goes to make a winning crew is going into the making of the 1912 Columbia crew if I know anything at all about rowing. We expect a stiff fight and we will be prepared to give a stiff fight. Whether ours is the stronger will not be known until the flag drops and the race is won.

In turning out a varsity crew we are not forgetting that there are two other races on the programme. Last year our freshman crew was the superior of any on the river and I think could have beaten any freshman crew in America,—the race showed that. This year our material has not been quite as good and the backward season has retarded the development of the first year men. Whether they can pick up enough between now and regatta day to win is more than I can say. You never can depend on a freshman crew and for that reason I never make predictions about them. As for the four-oared crew I can say little now. It has not been picked yet because I always like to keep my second varsity eight together until the last minute.

There is one prediction I can make however, and that is that anyone who goes to the Poughkeepsie races this year is bound to see and will see the greatest rowing that this or any other country has ever witnessed.



The Spirit of Cornell Rowing.

Walter B. Peet, M. D.

Rowing Expert of the New York World.

CORNELL has a tradition of victory in her rowing such as no other University enjoys in any sport. And it harks back many years.

In later times—since the inception of the Intercollegiate Regatta at Poughkeepsie—she has won twelve of the eighteen Varsity eight-oared races which have been rowed.

This would be a most remarkable attainment even in a series of dual meets such as the Yale-Harvard and the Oxford-Cambridge races. It has been accomplished when there have been three to seven starters each year.

In Varsity fours and freshman eights there has been a decided majority of wins and there have been almost as many competitors as in the eight-oared races. Also Cornell holds the time records for all three of the events of this annual regatta.

During the last few years Cornell has almost invariably beaten Harvard in her early races, while the latter has as consistently come out ahead with Yale.

What a tradition!

And this in what is undoubtedly the cleanest as well as the most beneficial sport in the world. That the general public appreciates that it is so is shown by the vast crowds that visit Poughkeepsie and New London to see the races.

It is the cleanest form of athletics because there is absolutely no gate money as there is in most sports. And the attitude of the contestants towards each other, as is now well known, is far more gentlemanly than in any other branch of athletics.

That it is the most beneficial has been proven by many authorities.

Dr. Sargent of Harvard says that college rowing brings long life. The noted investigations by John E. Morgan, M. A. Oxon, F. R. C. P., himself an Oxford oar, showed that many of the Oxford oarsmen had been benefited by rowing, while an insignificant few had been injured.

A great English surgeon—C. H. Halfe, M. A., M. D., Cantab.,

F. R. C. P., has shown that this sport employs the greatest number of muscles, that the work is easily distributed over the body, and that thus the general physical development is the best.

Rowing makes for clean living for it necessitates a half year of enforced self denial and abstemiousness. And this occurs at the age when the life habits are being formed. It shows to the good in the post college records of the great majority of university rowing men. One need only look up the career of Cornell's Varsity men of the last few years to prove it.

Great sport as it is, rowing is growing rapidly each year, simply because of these good points. This year sees the greatest season ever known. We have half a dozen important preliminary college races before the final Poughkeepsie and New London Regattas. And university rowing is rapidly growing in the West. Washington, California and Leland Stanford now have a Varsity race each year. The winner of this Spring's western Regatta—Stanford—may come to Poughkeepsie.

But to go back to Cornell's rowing tradition. We all know who is responsible for it.

I have known Charles E. Courtney for very nearly a quarter of a century. Think of it. Since before any Varsity crew men now rowing under him, and before many former crew men first saw the light of this glad world.

It was my good fortune, or rather—in view of results—bad fortune temporarily, to coach two or three crews that rowed against his.

In all these years I have come to know him very well.

He is probably more affectionately esteemed by his pupils and their rivals than any coach that ever lived.

Aside from his absolute mastery of the science and art of rowing in all its details including rigging, the "Old Man" is a gentleman in everything that this word implies. His influence for good in every way over his men is too well known to need to be mentioned here.

His dealings with friends and rivals are absolutely open and above board, and this is putting it far too mildly, as will be seen from the two following instances.

On June 25th, 1908, I happened to be near the Cornell boat-house at Poughkeepsie. It was two days before the big race.

Syracuse was practicing starts and her little coxswain, sitting low in the shell, did not see an anchored boat directly in his way and ran into it, head on, destroying the bow of the Syracuse boat.

Mr. Courtney was the first one to see the accident, and although there had been a little friction between Syracuse and Cornell, he called out to Ten Eyck, the Syracuse coach, "Jim, come in to the float and we'll see if we can fix you up."

The Syracuse shell was landed. As soon as the "Old Man" saw the extent of the trouble, he asked John Hoyle, assistant coach and boat builder of Cornell, to rebuild the bow. This Hoyle was able to do just in time for Syracuse to take a final short row the night before the race.

Mr. Courtney knew pershaps better than any one else that Syracuse was his most dangerous rival; yet he did not hesitate a second to put her shell in commission again.

Syracuse won the race.

A couple of years ago I was very anxious to see the Cornell Varsity crew in practice. It was on the eve of the race. When I arrived at the boat-house I asked Mr. Courtney if I could go out with him on the coaching launch.

He answered in this manner:

"You can't go out with me; you can see that the launch is too small to take both of us."

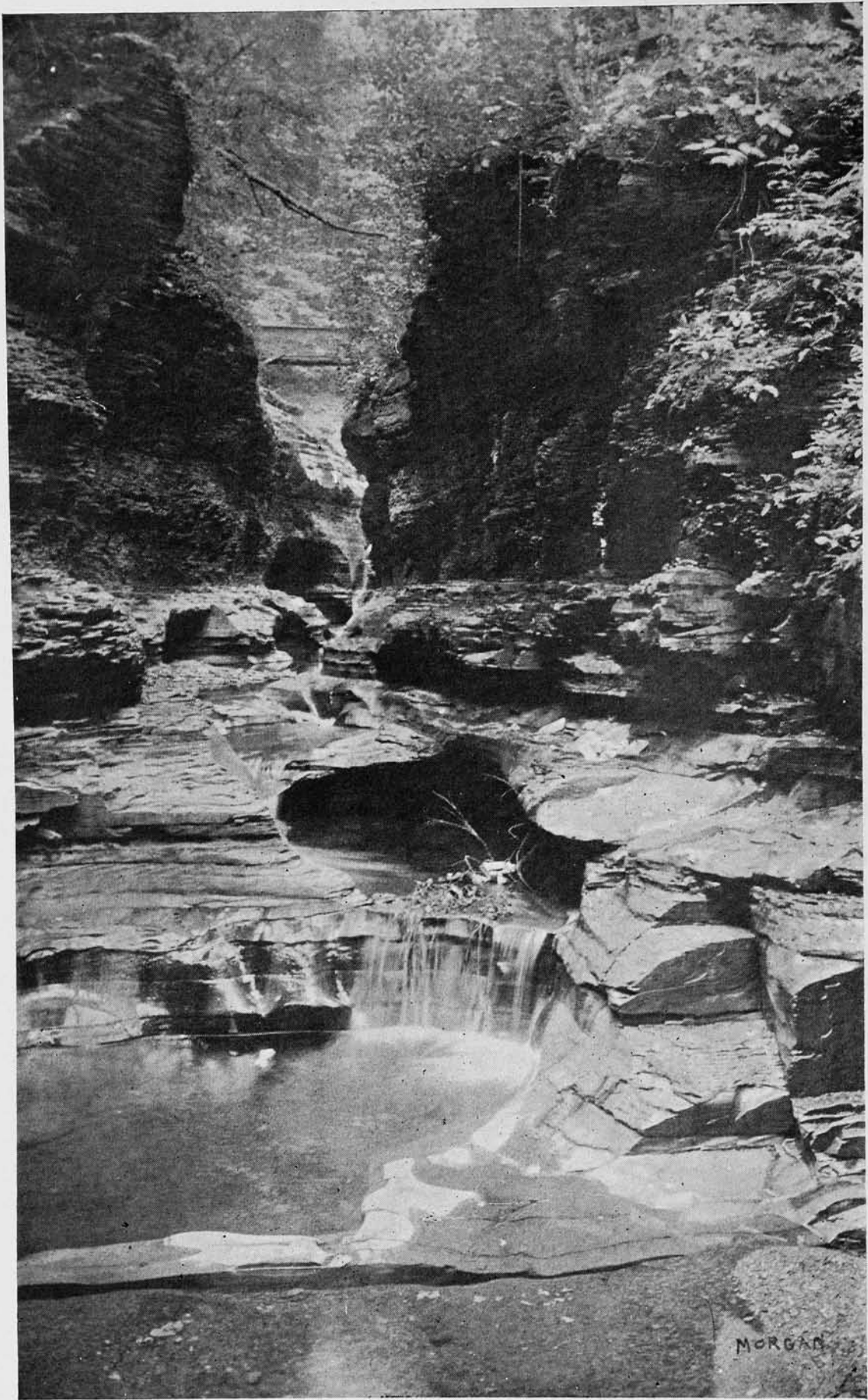
But with a twinkle of his eye he turned to John Hoyle and said, "Put Peet on the launch and I will stay ashore."

Thus it was that I saw Cornell's very last practice before the race. And I was known to be a Columbia sympathizer.

Cornell won.

Is there anything more to be said?





GLEN OF POOLS, WATKINS.

The Viewpoint of the Coach.

Fraternity Influence in Athletics and Better Freshman Schedules.

Daniel A. Coogan.

Cornell's Baseball Coach.



Having been requested to say a few words for Cornell athletics, I wish neither to offend nor condone anyone in an official capacity but should like to express my opinion on one or two points.

In the first place, Cornell does not utilize its freshman athletics to further the interests of general athletics. Instead of playing teams that absolutely should bring the best out of men or add to their experience, the freshmen have in their schedule teams that are al-

most ludicrous. We neglect our freshmen too much. As members of the University and as probable material for Varsity teams, they should receive a fundamental training and this training should be directed by the best coaching obtainable.

It is true that the financial problem enters into it strongly, but a curtailment along different lines, and adequate coaching might so improve freshmen teams that the class spirit would give an added impetus.

A foundation is everything. It is absolutely indispensable and, moreover, is due the freshmen. Our freshmen should receive every consideration from the Major Sports Council, in conjunction with the freshman class, to assure us of good material to replace graduated athletes.

Furthermore our freshman teams should be utilized in legitimate proselytizing. My suggestion, after years of experience, would be as follows :

Bring an all-Philadelphia, or an all-Buffalo, or an all-Cleveland, or an all-New York, or an all-Washington team to Ithaca, representing the best talent in the schools of such cities. Our fraternities, I feel confident, would gladly assist the Athletic Association in the expense of such a proposition by entertaining and housing these men. An Alumnus should be selected in each city with power to send the best possible preparatory school athletes to Ithaca ; men who will prove good Cornellians and at the same time good athletes. The Interscholastic meet is a departure that will undoubtedly prove a benefit to athletics at Cornell. The same idea should be put into practice in other branches.

My advise regarding freshman athletics can be epitomized as follows : Don't neglect the freshman athletics, for they are the foundation of future teams.

* * * *

Another matter that needs consideration at Cornell by every undergraduate is the repeated statement that fraternity men are given preference over the independents. This is absolutely untrue. It is an excuse used by weaker men. I know from contact with different coaches that such a statement, which is indulged in by some Cornellians and Ithacans, is absolutely erroneous. The reason that more fraternity men are managers and members of the various teams is that they are urged and encouraged to compete for the various positions.

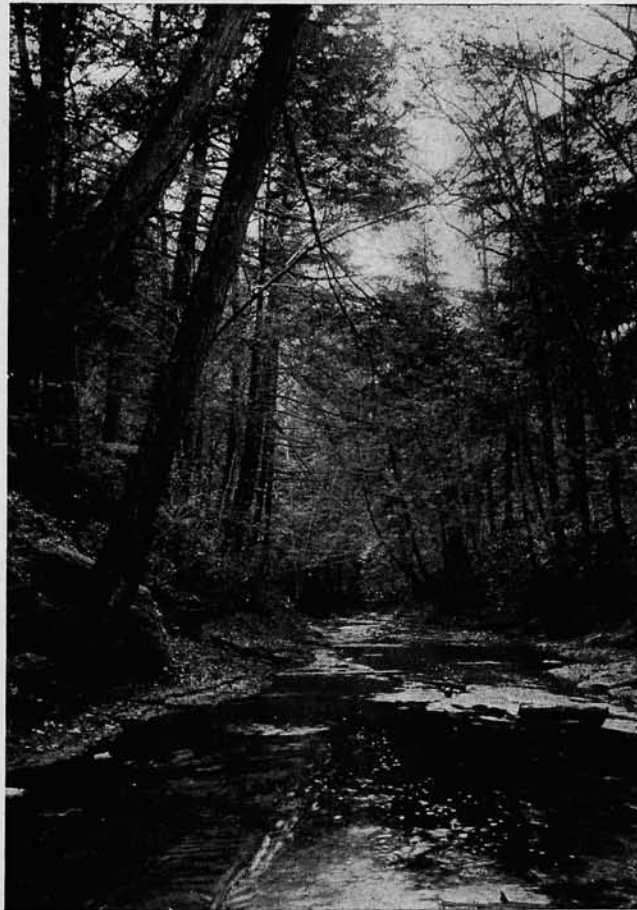
During the past year great stress has been brought to bear, of which I am personally cognizant, to influence the independents to compete. But they are not "stickers" and always fall back on the old excuse "I haven't any chance." The men who decide these competitions are honest and fair minded men. The Athletic Association and Council desire competition from the independents.

The Athletic Council has always felt deeply aggrieved to hear such false statements as that independents have no chance to achieve success. It is the most sincere wish of the Council that more independents would enter competitions and remain in them, particularly in order to disillusion the circulators of the false theory—who are nothing more or less than "soreheads".

Cornell is absolutely the cleanest in athletics and in every way an independent can be assured of as fair treatment as a fraternity man. If an independent will show the same ability in collegiate work and in athletics, there is no doubt in my mind that he would be selected.

Regarding the selection of the personel of teams, no coach will select any but the best. This statement that fraternity men are given preference is ridiculous and should be stamped out at once, and every man in the University should aid in the extermination of the fallacy.

Let the independents work as hard as the fraternity men and they will receive a fair part of the recognition. That the fraternity man gets the preference is a weak man's excuse.



UPPER CASCADILLA.

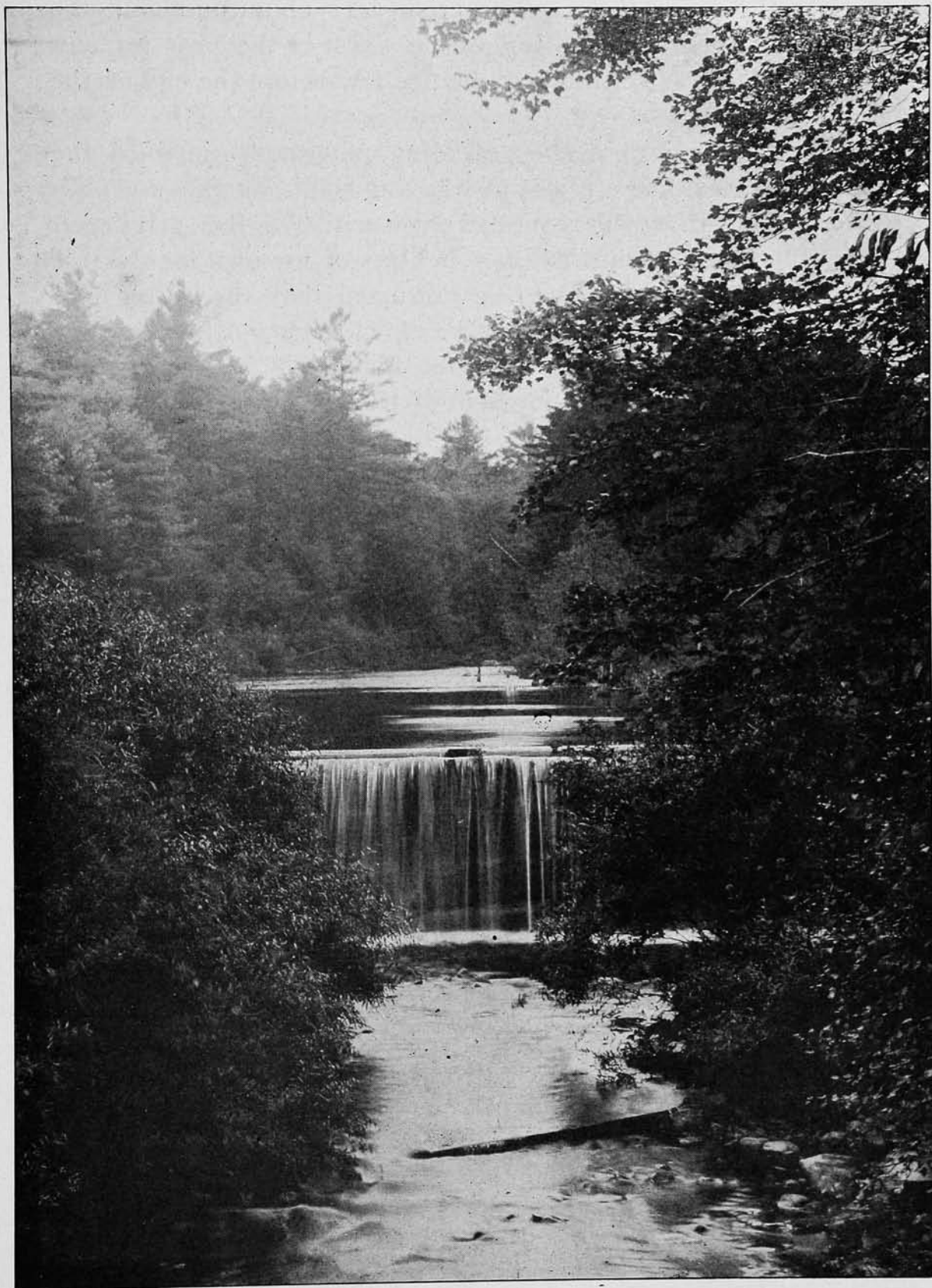
The Campus and the Cornell Region.

O. D. von Engeln.

IF a pleasant environment in any measure makes for human happiness, surely the rarest of the unique privileges which Cornellians enjoy is that of living their college years on the most beautiful campus in America. Students and alumni of other universities and colleges may take exception to our claims of preeminence in other things, they may even "point with pride" to particular scenic features of their own college homes, but once they visit Cornell, however strong their loyalty to dear old A or X, they lose heart, and readily, even eagerly, concede that the setting of Cornell surpasses that of their own Alma Mater in charm.

No small part of this charm resides in the region about Cornell. The Campus itself is beautiful, but the hills and the valleys which compass it about have lent the inspiration for its making. Their smooth, sunlit slopes, visible in a wide panorama from almost every walk and window, are diversified by dark cloud-shadows and patches of woodland; which latter conceal from the broad view deep and rocky gorges, with innumerable rushing waterfalls. The concealment of the gorges and waterfalls adds an element of mystery to their attraction, it offers an invitation to explore, and it is this lure of the unseen which makes the waterfalls, especially, a sort of gravitational objective point for every walking excursion.

It is, therefore, to be regretted that the increasing complexity and the latter day compression of the University Calendar both tend to preclude the measure of opportunity formerly available to the undergraduate for tramping trips afield in the Cornell Region. I refer by the phrase "increasing complexity" to the very diverse, and every year more numerous, student activities; and by "latter day compression" to the curtailing of the University year by the elimination of part of the Easter vacation, the effect of which is to lessen the number of days available for outdoor tramps in spring. However, the organization of the Cornell Walking Club may be mentioned as one kind of student activity which may help to direct and renew interest in the natural surroundings of the university, especially since, in view of the adverse conditions, organized effort is perhaps necessary to bring about a fuller appreciation of the variety of enjoyment a cross country excursion in



CASCADILLA, FROM DEWITT DRIVE.

the Cornell region affords. The crisp days of autumn and the balmy clear ones of late spring are the finest in the year for out-of-doors; of the latter there are far too few before the end of the term.

Now, after having, in the preceding paragraphs, justified the title which heads these pages, and having so discharged my obligation to the editor who requested this writing, I feel privileged to amble off quite comfortably on hobbies of my own for the rest of the paper. Indeed it is to be presumed that the editor had some idea wherefore I was to write under such a title; accordingly I may be permitted to interpret this idea of his as a request to give my own ideas of enjoyment of the scenery of the campus and the country roundabout.

This personal enjoyment comes from two sources, attempting to interpret the features of the landscape, trying to comprehend its history; and second picturing its most pleasing combinations with the camera.

Aimless wandering afield soon becomes a bore. A purpose is necessary in order that the zest may be preserved for repeated excursions. One may walk for the exercise only, but in that case the scenery is only an incident; the tramps might as well be over monotonous country. One may have ambition to scale the summits of the higher hills and command their several views. One may seek for birds or flowers. But such purposes each tend to localize the interest of the tramper. A broader, more satisfying motive is attached to trips afield, when every feature of the landscape is felt to have had a life history of its own, and when it is known that much of its past can be read in the light of the present. An Englishman, Professor Marr, has written a book entitled "The Scientific Study of Scenery" which can be recommended to those who may, perhaps, care to learn the nature of the present clues by which the past history of scenery may be interpreted.

There is, however, a great majority to whom the effort necessary to gain a knowledge of the manner in which scenery is evolved would prove distasteful—those who find their pleasure in the sensual charm of the landscape, rather than in its intellectual interest. With the attitude of this greater number I have no quarrel. Only I would assert that the pleasures of such beauty-seeking field trips can be multiplied many times by slinging a

camera over one's shoulder, and setting forth to search out the best bits of each landscape and making a beautiful, graphic record of it.

Yes, amateur photographers are plentiful enough. But the difficulty is that so many of them miss the real joy which comes with the production of scenic views which are really worth while. And this is, after all, a simple matter. Not all of us can be artists; myself, I can not decently sketch a hill slope. But that is not necessary the lens takes care of the perspective. When looking over a collection of photographs nearly everyone is able to pick out those which possess beauty and interest; and that is the only faculty that is needed to produce similar results.



ITHACA FALLS.

I have been handed a set of proofs of scenes on the campus, and the nearby region, which are to illustrate this number of the ERA. Probably only a few of them will command more than a passing interest on your part. Why? Because there is no interest in the composition of the majority of them. They are pictures of this or that object, which you pause to recognize, and that is probably all.

In making pictures with the camera the point of view is almost everything. Get a camera with a ground glass and when you come upon a scene which attracts you, set up your camera and study the picture on the ground glass. When you become apt a view finder will serve nearly as well. Just as you are able to recognize an interesting, finished photograph, so you will be able to judge whether the view upon the screen is worth while. If there is a jarring note, don't be satisfied until it is eliminated. Change your point of view. Get variety in the shape and size of your masses. Remember the shade of black to white in which the different colors reproduce photographically. If you are on the campus, the whole building need not necessarily appear in the picture; the picture may be more interesting if only a corner of the building shows.

A little practice of this sort will make you keen to appreciate the conditions which make a picture, impossible one day or hour, possible in the next, perhaps; to be constantly on the lookout for the combination of landscape features which will make a pleasing composition. And then the campus and Cornell Region will become a treasure house which will yield a whole series of good things, photographically, because of its wonderful scenic variety, and you will be ever eager to be off on the hunt for them.

Perhaps the story of the picture variously called "In College Precincts" and "The Rainy Day Picture of the Campus," and of the camera with which it was made will best serve to close this rambling paper, as it is probably the most generally admired of the things I have personally secured on the campus. Professor Tarr one day late in May handed me a 4x5 camera and asked me to try it out for him; to make sure that it was in perfect condition before he took it with him to Alaska. I carried it down stairs in front of McGraw and turned the lens down the walk toward the library tower. The scene as it appeared in the view

finder had interesting possibilities and I moved back and forth until I had what I felt was just the right spot. However, the foreground of the walk was uninteresting; too broad an expanse with nothing to give it variety. It occurred to me that if the walks were wet, the pools in their hollows would give reflections which might reproduce, and so help wonderfully. After a heavy shower, several afternoons later, the sun suddenly burst through the clouds, and the thought came to me again about the shadows in the rain water pools. I hurried on the Campus with the camera, and by a happy chance, after a few minute's waiting, was able to snap the two freshmen on their homeward way, just at the right spot. I never learned who they were, as it was perhaps six months later before I ever found opportunity to secure a print from the negative and realized its full interest.

The camera with which the picture was made was carried to Alaska by Professor Tarr and was slung over his shoulder by the usual case and strap one day, at a time when he and Mr. Butler were fording a rushing, glacial torrent at a point only several hundred yards above the place where the stream entered a steep-walled ice-canyon and then disappeared under the glacier in a dark, low ice-cave, through which it then passed for perhaps five miles. Suddenly, in the middle of the stream, Professor Tarr lost his footing, and commenced to float down stream in the swift current. Swimming was of no avail because of the velocity of the stream. Butler was crossing below. He hurried forward and, as Professor Tarr struggled past, caught at him, and secured a hold on the camera strap, it held momentarily, then parted and the camera sailed down stream under the glacier. However, the momentary check enabled Butler to secure a firmer hold on Professor Tarr's belt, help him to his feet, and, supporting each other, they reached the far shore in safety. The camera was never seen again, it either was pounded to pieces under the glacier or lies deeply buried under glacial sands.



Bloody Bill McKay.

M. G. Bishop, '13.

An epic of the Arctic Circle. (With nervous apologies to Robert W. Service).

I don't much like your beer, stranger, and I don't much like your looks ;
An' ye talks like an Eastern tenderfoot, like we read about in books,
But I'll show ye Life in the Great Northwest ; now dance, ye pale face swell !
Bang, bang ! Oh, gosh ! Oh, asterisk ! Oh H—E—double—L !

(We always talks like that, stranger, although we knows it's wrong,
For we learned it from the magazines they advertise as "strong.")
Well, I likes to see ye taking notes on everything I say,
So I'll tell ye the story, stranger, of Bloody Bill McKay.

For Bill was a bad 'un, stranger, and handy with his gun ;
He shot his aunt for three gold teeth that sparkled in the sun ;
He shot his gun promiscuous at everyone who'd pass—
Once he shot his own reflection in the barroom looking-glass !

Strange how this beer evaporates ! why thanke'e, stranger, thanks !—
One day when Bill, indulgin' of his little boyish pranks,
Had murdered seven novelists to hear their funny groans,
He dropped in here at this here bar, the "Keg of Bloody Bones."

His flannel shirt was caked with dirt, his hands was red with gore,
And the crimson of old Harvard was the undershirt he wore ;
"A students' horse's neck," he cried, a-slappin' down the pay,
And shootin' two policemen in his playful little way.

But in his eyes was somethin' like a dreamy second-sight,
As he drew from out his pocket somethin' round an' shinin' bright ;
'Twas only a jews-harp, stranger, that Bill no doubt had stole,
But it played the bitter agony that tore Bill's bloody soul.

Oh, pardner, if you've ever slep' in twenty foot of snow,
With the temperature coquettin' round a hundred ten below,
And you've nothin' in your stomach but moccasins an' sand,
And you wake an' find a husky dog a-bitin' off your hand ;

Then ye know the vague despondency that grips ye unawares,
And your soul it loathes the mountains, an' the snow an' polar bears,
An' ye think the nearest good saloon is miles away in Nome,
An' yer soul it wants the Annex an' the sights and smells of home !

* * * * *

So the music wailed and eddied, and it sank an' then it swelled,
An' the barkeep bust out cryin', and he beat his breast and yelled,
And a large fat man—a stranger—laid his head upon my breast,
Sobbin' most convulsive while he took my watch from out my vest.

An' Red-nose Mag's enamel cracked, so loudly did she bawl,
As she screamed an' tore her hair an' knocked her head against the wall,
In fact, we felt so bad, that as we rolled upon the ground,
Ol' Bill could not arouse us when he passed the hat around.

Why, bless my soul ! Now can it be a quarter after ten ?
It's time for me to lynch a moving-picture man again !
And Bill ? He felt his loneliness an' bitter sorer so
That he settled down an' married such a charming Eskimo !

Waal, so long, pal—an' by the way, I don't suppose ye'd mind
If I let a little daylight in yer derby from behind !
Waal, let it pass ; ye've got the story all correct, old scout ?
Send me a *Cosmopolitan* the month your yarn comes out.



FOREST HOME WALK.



"CAVERN CASCADE," WATKINS GLEN.

“Them Deathly White Ones.”

J. S. Fasset, Jr., '12.

I STEPPED with a deep sigh of regret from the parlor car to the platform of the Owego station. It was a hot day in September, and it took a great deal of moral courage to step from the cool of the Pullman to the blazing heat of the platform. I found the Ithaca train waiting, and I followed the usual crowd of country folk into a rather stuffy car with red plush seats. I took a seat on the shady side and settled down for what I expected would be a hot, uncomfortable, and uninteresting ride. It turned out to be more interesting than I had anticipated, however. The car rapidly filled, and soon a genial voice asked me if the rest of my seat were taken. I looked up and found a man with a pleasant countenance looking down at me with an inquiring smile. He seemed to be well passed middle age, and from his dress I took him to be a middle class farmer of the “Up-state” type. I moved over and assured him that my seat had not been taken, but that I guessed it was now—a gentle display of humor on my part. I forget just what he said in reply, but I remember noticing his deep rich voice, and especially his smile. It was most wonderful—toothsome to be sure, but not offensively so. His teeth were strong and straight and seemed to carry a fascination somewhere about them. However, more of them anon.

The train started laboriously on its rocky way, and the conductor took our tickets, stopping now and then to talk with some acquaintance. He had a great many, too, for he had been on the little branch road for twenty years. After the excitement of his visit had somewhat calmed down, I ventured a remark about the dryness of the weather to my seat-mate. He informed me that it hadn't rained in three weeks, and that the crops were suffering terribly in consequence. “My son,” said he, “no one but us farmers realizes what rain means. You college fellers think that it means the spoilin' of a baseball or a football game; city folks think that if it rains it means the spoilin' of an afternoon walk in the park, or an automobile ride. Not one of 'em stops to consider what it means to us farmers. It means if we don't get it, that we go without food and money, and they without food. Then what are they

a-goin' to do?" I said I didn't know, but that I agreed with him in everything he said. What else could I say? Besides, I was under the spell of his teeth. They were fascinating me. They gleamed and glistened like diamonds as he talked. He said more—told me where he lived, who he was, what he raised—but I paid no heed to his words. I was looking at his teeth. Suddenly an overpowering impulse came over me. I fought against it with my whole Being, I strove to hide it, to strangle it. I tried to struggle against it, but I might just as well have tried to stop a cannon-ball. It sank deep into my soul and took firm possession of it. It lifted me out of my real self and left me in a trance. I stared at his smile, or what constituted his smile, as one in a dream. At last, conquered by that terrible desire, I blurted out, "What beautiful teeth you have." I knew that it was a thing rarely done in polite conversation with strangers, that it was even rude, but the desire to congratulate him for having such remarkable teeth was too much for me. I expected that he would be either greatly offended, or greatly surprised; but no, he looked immensely pleased, and said, "They are pretty, aren't they? They ought to be too, for they cost me enough." I ventured to remark that dentists *were* a bit high nowadays. "Yes," he continued, "these here cost me nigh on to twenty dollars. I got 'em in Elmiry about six months ag—" "You did what?" I fairly shrieked. "I got 'em, bought 'em", he answered patiently. "So they're,—they're"—my voice trembled, "Then they're—er—er—". "Yes, they're false, and mighty fine ones too," he said proudly. I was floored, completely floored; but not so he. I had started the fountain of his conversation to flowing, and there was no stopping the stream.

"Why, son, I'm so proud of these here teeth of mine that I hate to use 'em on anything common. I take as good care of 'em as an Old Maid does her cat. False teeth is all right if you treat 'em right, but they git mighty ugly if you don't. I know a fellow who bought a new pair, and then used them right off to crack a hickory nut with. They waited their chance, and sure enough, the next time he went to take 'em out, they bit 'im. These here ones of mine are as gentle as lambs. Why, they'll eat right out of my hand. Just look at 'em good, now, ain't they beauties?"

With this remark, by a dexterous movement of his tongue, he

removed his teeth before my horrified gaze, placed them on the palm of his hand, and held them up for my inspection, beaming with the pride of ownership. He soon returned them to their proper place much to my relief, and continued.

“These teeth is what we call ‘suction grip.’ That is, they are kept in place by suction. Lots of folks think they ain’t as good as the other kind. They claim that you have to chaw up and down straight, and that you can’t scrunch around none. Now that’s all bosh, for I can chaw up and down, sideways, kitty-cornered, or any old way, and they stay in just the same: ‘cept now and then when I cough extra hard. I could hardly wait to git cleared so I could wear ’em. I thought that last tooth of mine never would come loose, so finally I went to the dentist and had him persuade it to let go. Then I went right to Elmiry and ordered me a pair. I wish now I hadn’t been so extravygant, for I see in the paper where teeth is sellin’ for five dollars a set—Uppers and Lovers both. If I had my buyin’ to do over again, I’d send for a regular catylogue and order ’em that way. Then all you have to do is to order by number. The way you do it is to send for, say, Upper number 7, and Lower number 10, and you git jest what you want.”

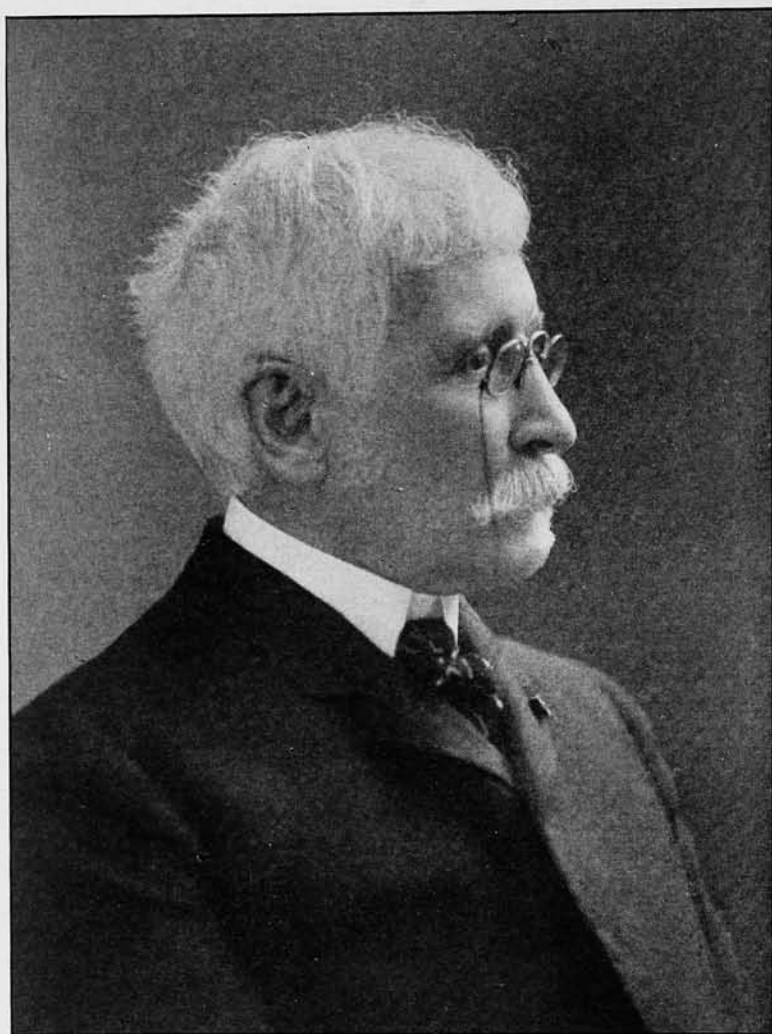
This sounded to me like telegraphing for Pullman reservations, but I said nothing.

“My son, if you ever get a set, don’t get ’em too white. There ain’t no necessity of gettin’ ’em so darned white as mine. It’s a bit on-natural. Nowadays, in these enlightened times, a feller can order any color he wants. Pink ones, brown ones, yaller ones, yallerish brown ones, brownish white ones, white ones, and extry-white ones. Take yaller ones if you want to, or brownish ones, or even yallerish brown ones, but don’t”—

Here he leaned toward me and spoke with a voice vibrant with earnestness:

“Don’t get them *deathly* white ones.”

Here the train stopped at Candor and my companion left me to turn over and over in my mind the wondrous truths I had just heard from him. I made a mental resolution that if ever I was so unfortunate as to get “cleared,” I would studiously avoid “those *deathly* white ones.”



REV. CHARLES M. TYLER, D.D.,

Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, who will offer the prayer at the Class-Day Exercises, as he has done for several years past.

The Cornell Era



Volume XLIV

June, 1912

Number 9

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This issue of the ERA is dedicated to Mr. Courtney and to the 1912 Varsity crew. It is impossible to do enough honor to the eights which contribute so much to the fame of Cornell University, or to the "Old Man", the artist who creates them. What this branch of athletics means in bringing the name of Cornell favorably to the attention of the world is begun to be realized when we think that in the last eleven years at the Poughkeepsie Regattas, Cornell has won the Varsity eight-oared race nine times, the Varsity four-oared eight times, and the freshman eight-oared six times.

**Our Debt to the
"Old Man."**

The time made on the Charles River last week shows that the 1912 Varsity crew is one of the fastest that has been turned out in years; that it is reasonably sure of beating the exceptional 1912 Columbia crew; and that if only pushed hard enough it will establish a new record over the four-mile course.

Truly, it was a lucky day for Cornell in 1883 when Charles E. Courtney, the world-famed sculler, consented to devote his science and genius to teaching our crew men how to handle their oars.

The even, above-average quality of the baseball teams turned out by "Dan" Coogan must be the result of something more than good material. Combined with a thorough knowledge of base-

ball, Coach Coogan is possessed of a rare good humor and a way of getting on with the men which makes powerfully for a harmonious and confident team under all conditions. Even in the face of defeat, a cloud of gloom is never known to settle down over the baseball camp. On the field it is business, but off the field fun and good nature lighten worry and make it easy to win the next one. The grouch and the trouble-maker are barred from the field and from the training quarters. The result is a team which steadily improves with experience whether victorious or beaten.

"The snappy scent of mountain pines,
The shouts of clashing baseball nines,
The crystal lake, the husky walks,
The best of men, inspiring talks,
The camp fire and the college spirit—
It grips you like a vise to hear it:
Sign up to go—join in the cheer—
All Out! Old Penn!—for Eagles Mere!"

This breezy stanza is reprinted from the Eagles Mere Supplement to the *Pennsylvanian* of May 16th.

The Eagles Mere Student Conference. It shows something of the spirit of the committee which is planning to send fifty men from the University of Pennsylvania to the Middle Atlantic Student Conference to be held on the shores of Eagles Mere Lake from June 14 to June 23, 1912. Princeton has promised seventy delegates and Ohio State an even hundred. Cornell is nearer to the Conference site than any of these universities, and, to use the slang expression, "it is up to Cornell" to send a representative delegation proportional to her size and fame.

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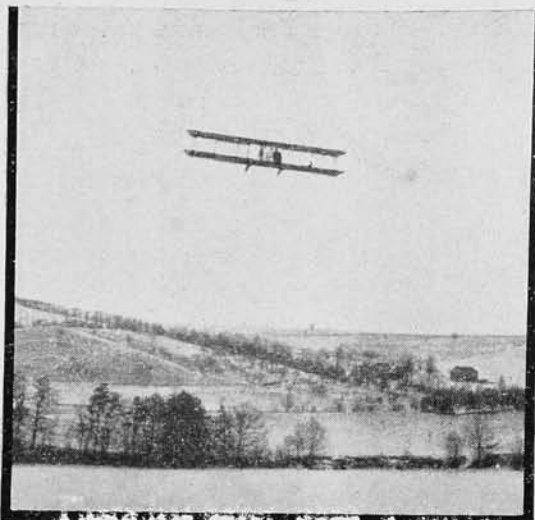
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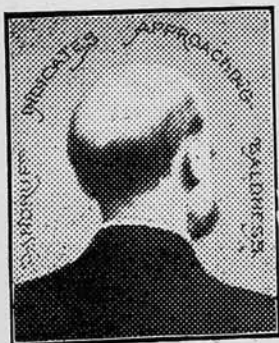
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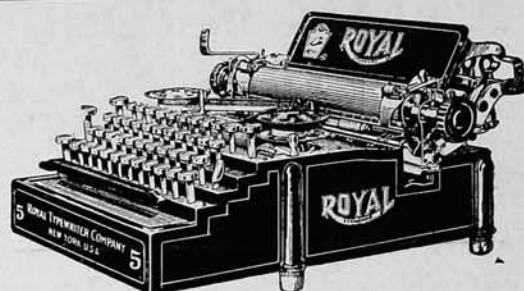
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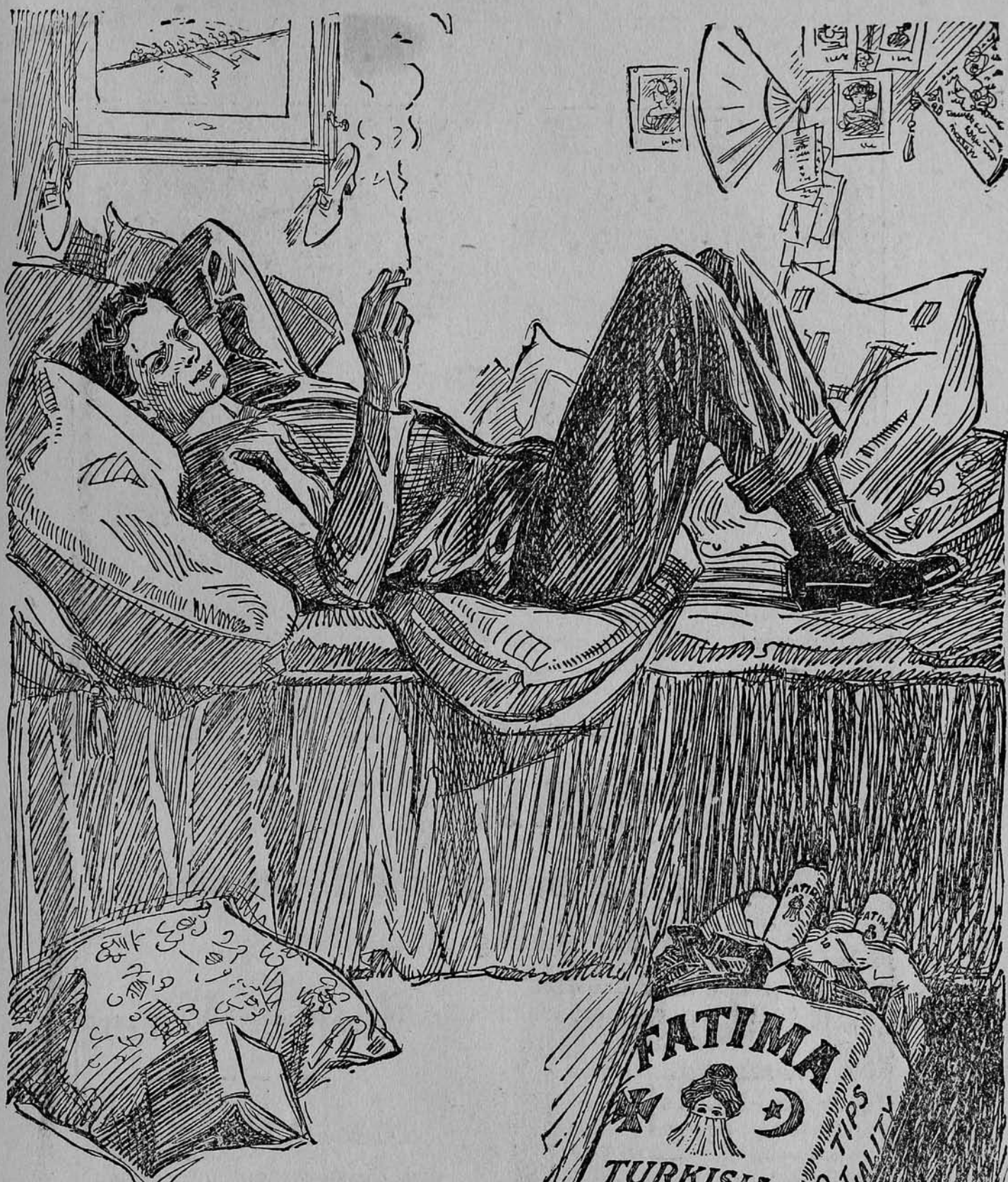
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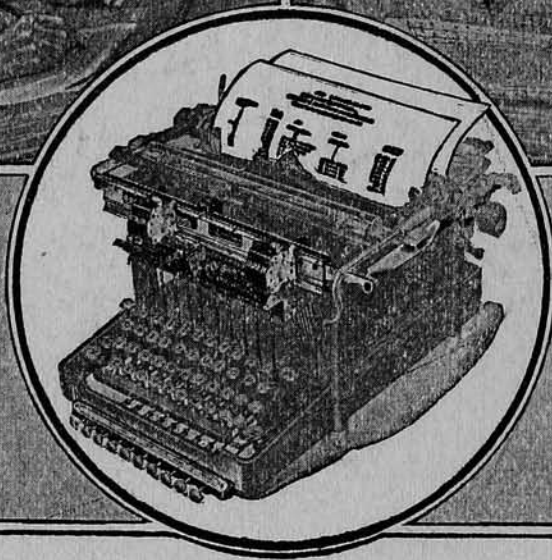
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