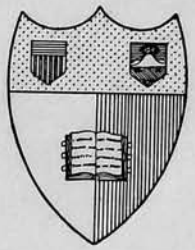
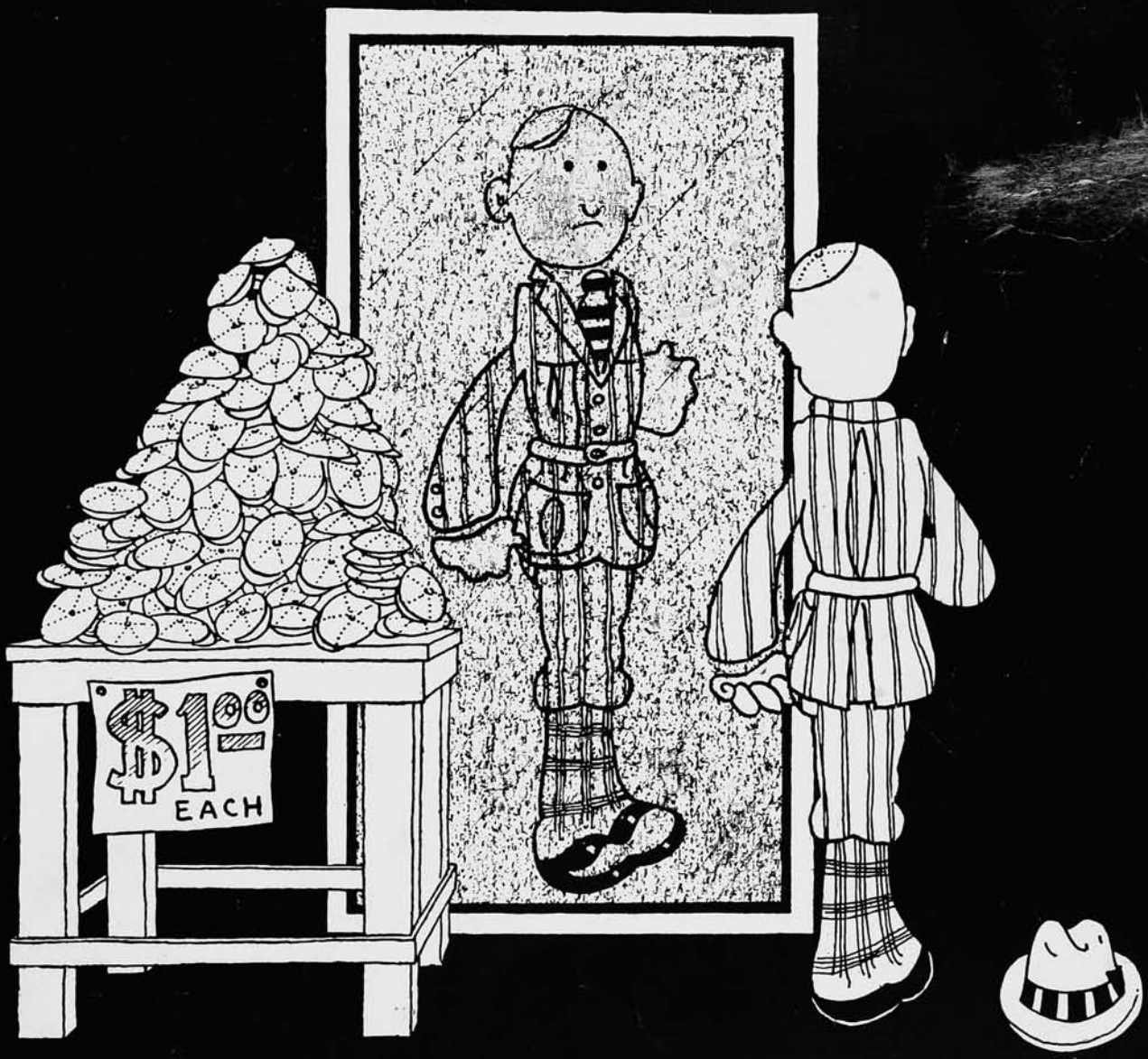


THE CORNELL ERA



VOL. LV 30 CENTS

The Cornell Era

222 East State Street. Ithaca, N. Y.

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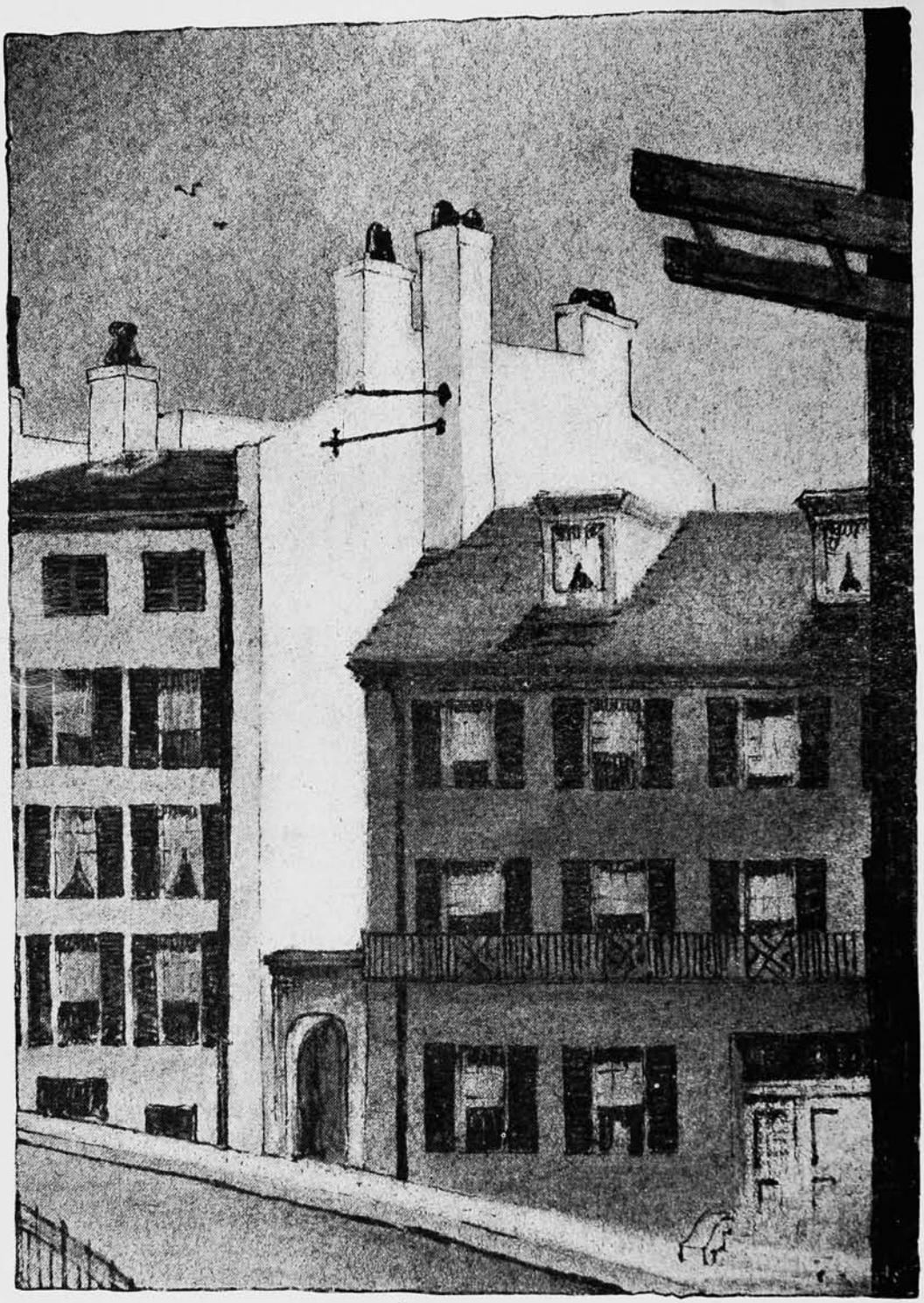

"A STUDY OF OLD BOSTON"
Summer sketch of a student in the College of Architecture

Your Friend in the Faculty

By Archie M. Palmer

In bidding you welcome, members of the Class of 1926, Cornell throws open not merely her material doors but likewise her spiritual doors. Her physical plant and her wonderful facilities stand ready for your use and the members of her faculty stand prepared to assist you in fully enjoying the opportunities offered at this great university. It remains for you to enter within and to seek that intangible something which has been responsible for the development of the generations of Cornellians who have preceded you.

Your first lasting impression of Cornell was quite naturally gained when you matriculated. At that time you were formally accepted into the ranks of those who thirst for knowledge at the fount of Cornell. That reception was, of necessity, a formal one: you were being admitted to the University through a very essential part of the administrative machinery. Nevertheless, your first contact with your new life was through the medium of the material.

From afar you have envisaged for yourself an elaborate picture of what the college should be and of what college life should consist. You have been infused with ideas about the various phases of college life and you have undoubtedly listened with tense interest to the tales of those who have passed through the portals of the college. Now you are on the ground and in a position to make observations for yourself.

It is to be expected that you have been profoundly impressed by the ideal location of the University and by its buildings and its physical equipment and that during the process of registration you have come into contact with the various administrative barriers which must be surmounted before you can consider yourself a full-fledged college student. Eventually you will visit your classes and meet your professors and, in that way, become acquainted with another phase of college life. Your real college work will begin at that time, for then you will for the first time come into intimate contact with the spiritual side of the University, or, as Professor Nichols expressed it in an address to the students several years ago, with the "real university."

It is only natural to expect that in a large university like Cornell you will find yourself in large classes, particularly in the elementary courses. Some of those classes will be conducted either entirely or partially in the form of lectures by the professors, while in others daily recitations will be held. It is quite conceivable that, unless you are particularly brilliant or, conversely, particularly dull, the professor will do little more than associate your name with a particular seat or with a certain grade. In the normal pursuit of your studies little or no real opportunity will be afforded you to come into intimate personal relationship with the man who is doing the teaching.

One of the biggest problems in our universities today is—how to bring about a more intimate personal relation between the faculty and the students? It has been a matter of grave concern to faculty and students alike for many years and many schemes have been tried. At some institutions official arrangements have been made in an effort to humanize the relations between the two. As a result relationships of a purely informal and personal nature have been established. The bars have been let down and the faculty member has become a friendly counselor, discussing with the student his studies, advising him, talking over his aptitudes and interests, and forming even more personal spiritual relationships with the student.

In the various colleges at Cornell efforts are made to utilize the valuable experience and knowledge of the faculty members in assisting the students to orientate themselves. In the College of Arts and Sciences, for example, an entering freshman is assigned to a faculty member who acts as his adviser during his first two years in the college. It is the function of the adviser to assist the student in his choice of studies, to advise him during the term regarding his work, and generally to give him friendly counsel. The basic principle of this system is excellent but the operation of the system, or of any system, depends upon the wholehearted cooperation of all concerned. Not only must the faculty member fulfill his function but the student must also do his bit. Unless they can get together and work together the system is bound to break down and prove futile.

The advantages of such a relationship are mani-

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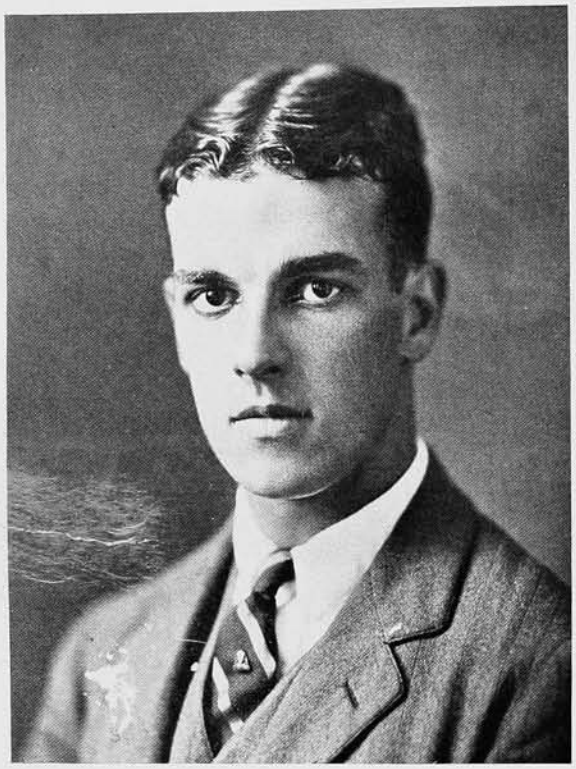
Who's Who



WILLARD BOULET VAN HOUTEN, JR.

Delta Chi
Sphinx Head
Majura
Junior Prom Committee
Major Sports Council
Endowment Fund
Sophomore Spring Day Committee
Freshman Advisory Committee
Assistant Manager Freshman Football 3
Manager Varsity Football 4

EDGAR LAWRENCE KAW

Alpha Tau Omega
Sphinx Head
Aleph Samach
Sophomore Cotillion Committee
Freshman Banquet Committee
Freshman Baseball
Freshman Football
Freshman Basketball
Varsity Baseball 2
Varsity Football 2, 3, 4
Captain 4

Football and the Colleges

Louis Eckert Reed, '23

If you want to find out about football, don't read this article. We can't tell you a thing. If we could we wouldn't be writing about it but would hold down a berth like Glen Warner or Percy Haughton, or even Gil Dobie. No, we are not interested in football as a game. Nor do we care about the gate receipts. Somebody must make a lot of money because we hear about the big salaried coaches but we have discovered that the less money one invests in a football game exclusive of admission the better he is likely to enjoy it.

What attracts our royal gazookus, if we may be permitted to drop temporarily into the vulgar vernacular, is the results—not scores of course—but actual results to the college, to the public, to the player, and to us as loyal supporters of the Big Red Team.

Most people think, and we are inclined to agree with them, that young men possess a great deal of surplus energy which must be worked off in some way. We often hear of the hot blood of youth. As a matter of fact a young man's blood is about as hot as an older one's so the distinction is not one of temperature. Perhaps the pumping system hasn't been working so long and the valves are still in good condition. But, be that as it may, wise educators in America realized long since that the most helpful and beneficial method of uncharging this load of dynamic energy, this super-heated and often unmanageable force called youth, is by means of athletics.

In the colleges, football has become the most popular sport. We often hear of it as *the* college game. This probably arises because the average college man is in the period of development that lends itself most easily to playing football and also because football, of all games, requires quick and faultless headwork. College authorities, realizing that students must have powerful extra-curriculum interests, have sponsored and improved the game as the best means of satisfying that instinct.

The public probably enjoyed the stone throwing contests of our early ancestors. We have no record of the admission prices of those days but we do know that the Ancient Greeks devoted a great deal of time and money to the development of athletics. Since that time the public has paid millions of dollars annually to see the pick of its strong and skillful men compete.

The public enjoys a football game in the same way that the Roman populace enjoyed a gladiatorial combat. True, they do not spill so much blood nowadays but the fighting instinct is strong in every one of us. Most of us can scarcely fight at all but we like to think how we could tear holes in that line if—well, if conditions were different. Hence we are willing to pay large sums of money to see people fight who can really do it.

This is the human characteristic that makes the production of a football machine possible. The active mental participation of the spectator in the game makes for clean playing for we are all more or less fairminded at heart.

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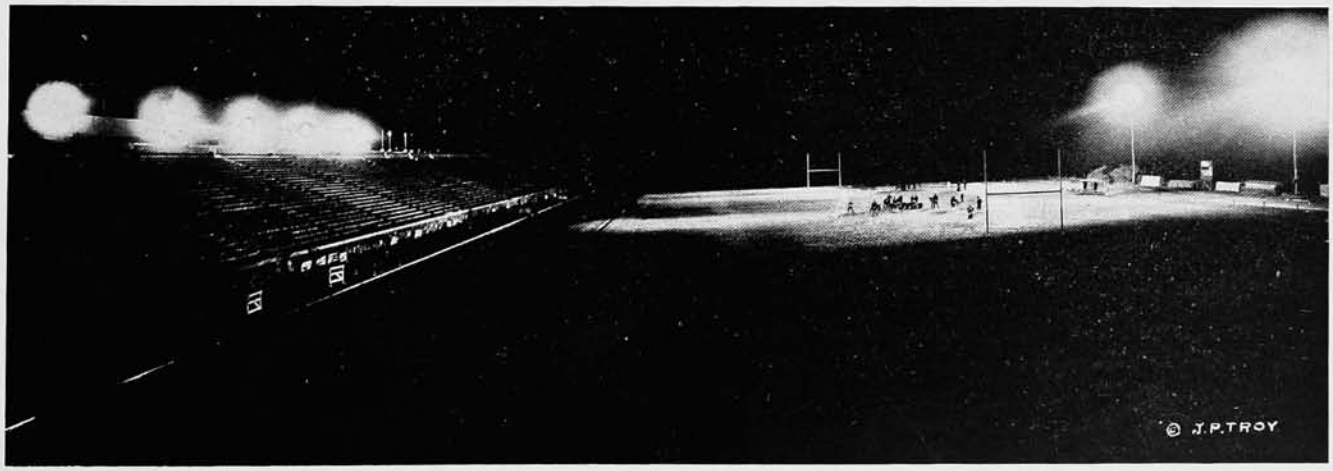


Cornell's "Little Theatre" Plays

By Marvin T. Herrick

Perhaps the devotees of the Campus Theatre remember that the Cornell University Dramatic Club, on September 30, 1921, opened the season of University entertainments with a group of three one-act plays chosen from the repertoire of the 1921 New York State Fair Country Theatre. It was the first of a long series of plays, nine groups in all, the last group being produced at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night of Senior Week, under the auspices of the Cornell Masque and with the help of the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club, whose curtain raiser, the famous polyglot melodrama, *Her Heart Was Richer than Gold,* by Martin Sampson, put the big house in an excellent humor and paved the way for the success of the main event, a group of three plays by the Dramatic Club. All of them were old favorites with close followers of the Campus Theatre, but there were many in the audience who were unfamiliar with the work of the Dramatic Club, and they seemed to enjoy the performance from the first lines of *Feed the Brute* to the final curtain of *The Pot Boiler.* The second play of the group was *The Soul of a Professor,* by Martin Sampson, produced four separate times at the Campus Theatre and as popular as ever at the Lyceum.

A most successful year, 1921-1922. But the plans for the coming year promise even better results.

Again the Club hopes to open the season with a group of plays from the State Fair Theatre. Twenty members of the Dramatic Club under the direction of Professor Drummond, the Faculty-Director, form the troupe of the 1922 Country Theatre. They are putting on a program of six one-act plays during the week of September 11-16. Four of these plays are original "home-grown" products, written especially for the Country Theatre and three of them entered in the competition help by the New York State Fair Commission last year. *Betsey Anne,* a pleasing little rural comedy, played at the Campus Theatre last spring, was written by Phyllis Chapman '19, and won the first prize of $100. Miss Chapman was formerly a prominent member of the Dramatic Club and her play *Puppets* won the 1918 Dramatic Club competition. *Exile,* by Arthur Doyle of Canandaigua captured second honors. Mayer Portner Sp., whose play *Soil* won third place, and was also produced at the Campus Theatre, has written another play *Jilted* which will be presented at the State Fair this year. The fourth original play is an old time rural melodrama, a kind of cross between *The Bat* and *The Old Homestead,* written especially for this year's Country Theatre by John Smith of St. Regis Falls, New York. The repertoire is completed by two old favorites, *Feed the Brute,* by George Paston, an English playwright, and *The Boor,* by Tchekoff, the famous Russian dramatist. These last named time and again have proved their worth at both the State Fair Theatre and in Ithaca.

This year the performances of the Dramatic Club players will be subject to even greater criticism than ever before due to the large number of Little Theatres in action at various County Fairs. Professor Drummond's State Fair Theatre, of course, is largely responsible for the constantly increasing interest in rural dramatics, and his troupe is looked upon as the model. Consequently even greater attention than ever before must be concentrated upon this year's Country Theatre. The Cornell players are redoubling their efforts in order to meet the new conditions and assure success for the Club's fourth venture at the State Fair.

Success at the Little Country Theatre has always been a good omen for the following year at the Campus Theatre. The training afforded the

(Continued on page 20)

Poetical Potpourri

The Deceivers

SHE

I reckon you-all didn't really mean
What you just said. I'm sure you'd tell
The same to any girl you've ever seen.
You're flattering, I know right well.

HE

No, honest, kid, believe me, that's all straight,
You've got the goods, you take the prize,
You knock 'em dead. Why, you are simply great—
You've got the meanest pair of eyes!

SHE

You're only talking. Now you can't tell me
Their color even, I don't guess.
You make nice speeches, oh so easily;
I reckon you're from Dixie, yes?

HE

No, you've just got me going, I tell you;
You've simply chopped my heart up fine;
Your hair's the spiffiest I ever knew,
And, say! you sling a wicked line.

And so the game progresses rapidly,
And each one thinks it lots of fun.
She lives out on a farm near Albany.
And he? Oh, he's a parson's son.

Spring

I kissed her in the moonlight
When Spring was in the air;
The world had vanished from us,
And happiness was there.

Last night we walked together,
And even speech was spared;
The world had stepped between us,
And neither of us cared.

The Mist

Darkness, and trees that dripped with rain,
O'erdarkened skies, where here and there a star
Crept forth from hiding, then returned again,
The tinkle of a waterfall afar,
A path that turned with many a shadowed twist—
And her face shining through the mist . . .

Shadows, and starlight in a sable sky,
And starlight in her eyes that sparkled fair,
Silence, save raindrops from the leaves on high,
Raindrops that were bright jewels in her hair,
The pressure close of arm and hand and wrist,
And her face shining through the mist . . .

Starlight, and raindrops glistening on the ground,
Stillness, and slow approach of evening's death,
Faintly from out the shade her voice's sound,
Faintly the warmth, the perfume of her breath,
And the red circle of soft lips just kissed
Beckoning through the drifting mist . . .

Raindrops, that sparkled on her lustrous hair,
Starlight and shadows, and her darkened eyes,
The pressure of her fingers white and fair,
She—and the trees—the rain—the clouded skies—
Dearly I hold the memory of that tryst
Within the magic of the mist . . .

Gifts

I gave her roses red and white
That morning dew adorns;
She kept the petals pale and bright,
And gave me back the thorns.

Experience breeds wisdom true,
And a past mistake warns:
The next one I give presents to
I shall take care gets thorns.

Soccer Sidelines

By Chilson H. Leonard

In the intercollege and interfraternity type of soccer we have seen a large and indeterminate number of men start a wild stampede which ended with a big heap of noisy humanity tangled in the goal net. Some one would then hop out of the mass yelling "Goal! Goal!" and be promptly hit behind the ear with a rock. In real intercollegiate soccer, however, we don't use rocks. We kick our opponents in the jaw, impinge our boot on his left optic or jump on his stomach. After a game of two forty-five minute halves during which each team is allowed only two substitutes, one wonders if civilization will ever set in again. Only the goal keepers are allowed to touch the ball with their hands. The rest of us stop it with our face, pass it with a simple twist of the neck, bounce it off our stomach or even kick it with either of our feet or both of them. The game is not to kick and pass the ball from player to player and thus work it skillfully—oh, quite skillfully—down to the opponents' goal, but to knock out one opponent after another, then go take a shower and send the ball down with a compet and a wet towel.

THE 1922 SCHEDULE

Oct.	7	Colgate at Ithaca
	14	Syracuse at Syracuse
	21	Haverford at Ithaca
	28	Princeton at Ithaca
Nov.	4	Harvard at Cambridge
	11	Yale at New Haven
	18	Pennsylvania at Ithaca

Sixteen years ago a Cornell soccer team tied Columbia 2-2. Then for six years we tasted, gargled, and swallowed defeat, but improved enough to beat the Aurora Theological Seminary 1-0. For six more years we did not win a game, but after the war the luck changed and last year we beat Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Colgate, Haverford, and Syracuse—the latter by the biggest intercollegiate score I have ever heard of, 10-1—and we lost only to Princeton.

But the main thing on the Cornell soccer sidelines is Nick Bawlf—unbeatable Nick.

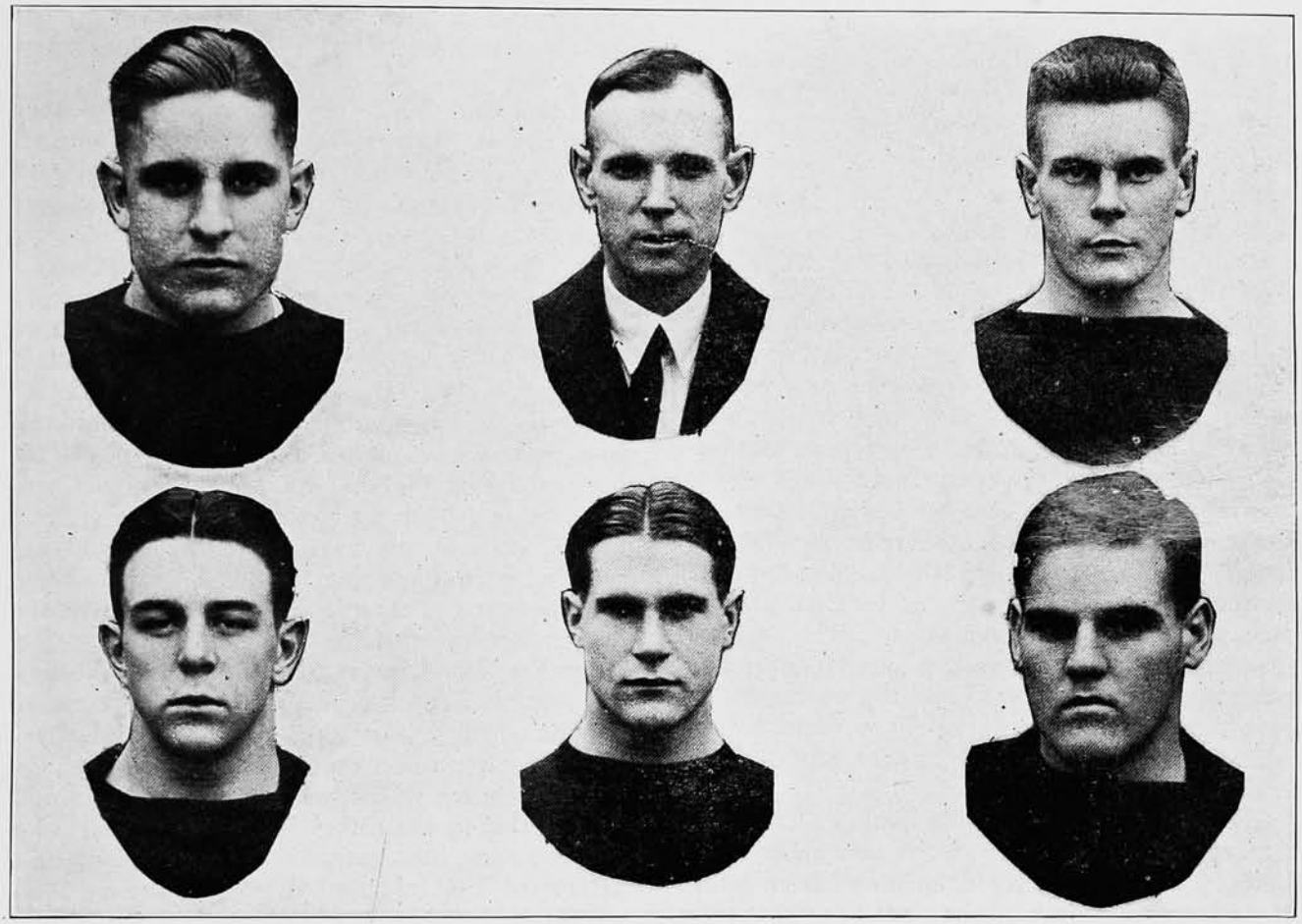
Nick is a little fellow, built with the eager strength and tough firmness of a western broncho. He stands with a slight stoop of the shoulders, exhibiting, however, a vigorous rigidity and compactness. He has a keen, ruddy face with an aggressive jaw and he looks you in the eye with a sort of surprised attention. His voice, clear and authoritative, is often directed as much at the whole team as at yourself—and vice versa. Nick swears a lot, and yet, I think, wisely. It is always emphatic. Coaching on the field he wears a brilliant brick-red jersey, short soccer pants, once white, now a dirty brown, from the bottom of which long drawers cover his straight, tough legs and are tucked into a pair of small, hard soccer shoes. Needless to say Nick plays the game with the fellows. He is a Canadian with an air of easy unconcern and he is unbeatable.

If Nick stands back on the side-lines and yells, "You big bunch o' boobs," he is tickled. When a game begins he will tell us in his well known Canadian whisper, "Everything goes! Smash right into them—body check 'em—get your man every time—they may be a bunch o' big bruisers but they're no better than you are—use your brains—don't play like a dumb totem pole—every time you connect with that ball (blank—blank—deleted) put your whole body into the kick. You can beat these guys—go out and trim the pants off 'em. Knock 'em down, then go over and pick 'em up . . . 'Sorry I didn't kill you, you big stiff' . . . Mind you, I'm not telling you to play dirty,—just protect yourself—now play 'em fast and you can win."

Of last year's team will probably have available for this season, Fates and O'Connor as fullbacks, Crabtree and Thompson for half-backs, and Righter, Meyers, Woolf, and Captain Smith on the forward line.

The chances of winning the championship this year? Well, they are good. That's all. Just good. Not excellent, nor at all sure. Just good. Come up and see a game.

Some of the Veterans



Ramsey
Pfann

Coach Dobie
Gouinlock

Hanson
Cassidy

A Short Course in Ithacan History

Do you know who and what made Ithaca "the biggest little city"? We know you don't. Do you know the origin of our local institutions and traditions? You are forced to answer "nay." Appalled by your ignorance, we have searched heavy tomes, consulted learned authorities, and as a result present herewith a concentrated account of the history of Ithaca, from about the time of Adam, to the advent of Ezra Cornell's project. Hear ye!

Away back in the dead ages, five sons sprang from the Great Spirit and Mother Earth, out of the depths of Watkins Glen. These were the mighty Iroquois. One of these sons, father of the Cayugas, didn't spring as far as his brothers, so he got the jump on them, as it were, in attaining the arts of civilization. While they were wandering about, trying to make up their minds where to set up housekeeping, he chose Cayuga Lake, and settled at Ne-o-dak-he-at, Aborigine for "at the end of the lake," now called Ithaca. The Cayugas cleared the place of superfluous Indians, planted corn, and set up what might be called an ideal government—only the squaws voted. Here the great Six Nations decided to let the white settlers have part of their territory. They promptly retaliated by chasing out the Cayugas, and drifting in themselves.

The first white man in this locality was a missionary who came up from the Susquehanna in 1657. The next was the detachment from Sullivan's army which burned the place in 1779. With the detachment came Herman Clute, in search of his sweetheart, Mary Vroman, who was a captive of the Indians. Her captors tried to spirit her away, but she dropped wild flowers as she sped, thus leaving a plain trail for her lover, to her hiding place.

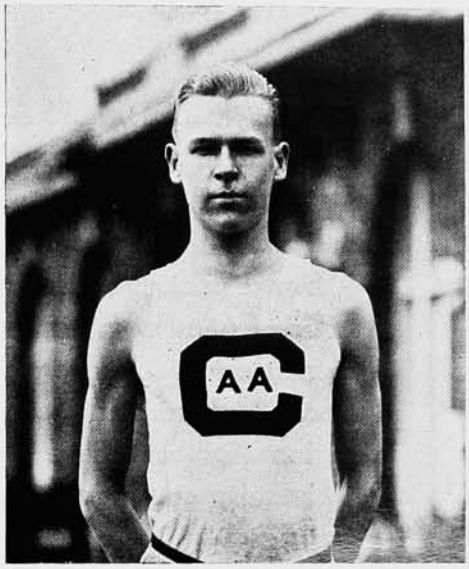
In 1789, eleven men came into this wilderness from the east, looking about with the idea of starting a settlement. They didn't stay. Afterward, three of them got up enough courage to brave the reptiles and isolation, and built cabins here. Then, as now, the vicinity abounded in snakes. In one day these men killed thirty of the rattle variety, while the total casualties were very high. The men built cabins and imported their families when the only settlers within hailing distance were at Owego and Newtown (Elmira). The ride by ox team from Owego to Ithaca was seventeen days, but the inhabitants learned to enjoy this leisurely travel. In truth, a remnant of the old custom still survives in the trolley cars of today.

At this time John Yapel held the long distance track record. He walked 160 miles to a point on the Delaware, to bring back three packs of seed potatoes for the villagers. The first corn crop was ground in Wilkes-Barre, which is a pretty fair hike. Even these hardy men thought so, it seems, for Jacob Yapel set to work, carved up a granite boulder to serve as a grindstone, and went into the flour business on a small scale. The settlers nicknamed his attempt "the little pepper mill." After these pioneers and their families had been shut up in the woods for a few years without being scalped by Indians or devoured by wild animals, their friends and relatives became curious to find out how they were getting along, and dissatisfied with their own cramped surroundings, so they began to troop westward, and the village grew. An enterprising merchant came sailing down the lake one day, and immediately began business with a little hardware and a barrel or two of whiskey. In 1806, the Presbyterian religious society was formed with eleven members, the first church in the neighborhood. A gin mill was erected in the Rhine section. It flourished a few years and then burned down. For a long time afterward the inhabitants used to spend their hours of relaxation digging in the debris for surviving spirits.

Simeon DeWitt became majority stockholder in the new town with the right to name it. He called it Ithaca. He had just been reading of Homer's isle of bliss, and considered the application most happy. Up until this time the place had been called "The Flats," which seems rather surprising.

Since then Ithaca has grown rapidly. Long before Ezra Cornell came into prominence, the Methodists considered building a college here. However, when they investigated the effects of the slippery mountain climb on the morale, they stopped their ears in horror and went elsewhere. Cornell, who was of a hardier nature, saw the possibilities of the brisk mountain air—but that brings us to modern history.

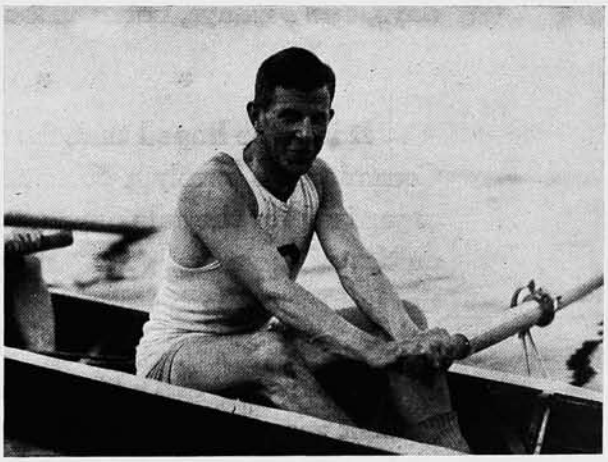
"Jack's" Peaceful Pose



Kirby of the Varsity Cross-country Team

ON FIELD AND STREAM

Hoyle



"Andy" Baldwin

Gives
The Double—O

THE FRESHMAN ADVISORY COMMITTEE takes this opportunity to offer its assistance to the incoming freshmen.

During the entrance examinations the committee maintains an information bureau in Morrill Hall. All marks of men taking entrance examinations are given out at this bureau unless written notice has been given the registrar to deliver them by mail. Information booths are also maintained in Goldwin Smith, Sibley Dome, Roberts and Morrill Halls during the two days of freshmen registration. At these booths the freshmen may obtain the various University catalogues, maps of the campus, or any advice they may need.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, September 21st, the Frosh Get-Wise meeting will be held in Bailey Hall. The freshmen will have the opportunity of hearing President Farrand speak at this meeting. As it is the first chance for the class of 1926 to get together, every member of that class should be on hand to make their meeting a success.

A member of the committee will also visit each freshman in his room about a week after school opens to see that he is comfortably fixed and to help him smooth out any possible difficulties. The chairman will be glad to render aid at any time during the fall and he may be found at Morrill Hall on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between 2 and 3 P. M.

* * * *

It is to be hoped that the freshmen realize that the Advisory Committee is purely a voluntary organization of upper-classmen, organized for the sole purpose of assisting freshmen over the difficulties of their first year. It can be a useful organization only if the freshmen place full confidence in it. It has been able to help many freshmen in the past and it is to be hoped that the co-operation of the class of 1926 will allow it to aid many men during the present year.

Once more the gray top piece becomes a significant part of the landscape! Once more the covers of our magazines depict a diminutive human being with a broad face and empty expression. Once more the Campus resounds to the cries of compets of all descriptions bally-hooing their innumerable wares. Once more a long line files outside of "Davy's" office. Once more men and women fly hither and yon with a puzzled look in their eyes and long strips of paper in their hands. Once more the sidewalks become whitewashed with notices of football games and meetings! In short, Cornell has reopened with all the usual rush. New men are taking up the activities which were dropped in June and familiar figures reappear holding the reins which were laid aside by the class of '22. To all of these people we extend our welcome and sincerely hope that next June we can congratulate them on a successful year.

From seeing fifty-three classes wonderingly climb "the Hill," struggle for four years back and forth over it, and finally descend, nearly intact, almost every member with a roll of sheepskin in his hand, we can plainly foresee the trials and tribulations of the class of '26. Some of you will leave us soon, most of you will depart at the proper time; the main thing is to make sure that you aren't one of those who leave us on five days' notice. There are several ways of avoiding this. You will hear all about them before you have been with us a week. Still, we would add our word to the general clamor. By all means study hard. By all means go out on some activity and make good in it. By all means read, learn, and observe every Frosh rule. That is easy to say and hard to do, but if you can and do do it, you need never worry about "Davy" Hoy, the manager of your competition, or the very-zealous sophomore.

By now rushing is in full swing. Not safe and sane rushing where the freshman gets a chance to know what kind of a house he is choosing, and where the fraternity has a real knowledge of the man they have pledged. Of course, in many instances the results will be perfectly satisfactory to both sides, but in far too many, there will be mistakes made and entirely unnecessary and useless feeling created and all because a small group on the "Hill" refused to see the Rushing situation with a broad outlook. The majority of the houses do not want or like open rushing and clearly express themselves as deploring the situation and believing that next year will find the Fraternities once more in an association which will curb the worst evils and be air to all the fraternities and freshmen. With that feeling in the air, it is not too early to begin to think of such an association and the ways and means of creating it and making it permanent.

However, the paramount issue just now is to keep the rushing season as free as possible from mud-slinging and "lead-pipe" methods.

How many FRESHMEN realize what the FRESHMAN ADVISORY COMMITTEE does for them? Before college opens the Seniors and Juniors who compose the Committee are back on the Hill wearing the red and white button, ready and willing to answer any questions which may come to a Freshman, or to solve difficulties which present themselves. Naturally a Committeeman cannot do everything, but he has volunteered to serve on the Committee and his two or three years' experience can do much toward making the first year at Cornell easier to the incoming student.

The Committeeman is not out to sell you anything, he is not out to persuade you to join this or that movement, club, or Fraternity. He is here to advise and help. That he can do and will do. When he comes around to visit you, or asks if he can help you, greet him as a friend, because he is the Freshman's best friend.

The Hairy Ape

A Review by Mayer Portner

In *The Hairy Ape* Eugene O'Neill has duplicated his success of *The Emperor Jones.* Once again he uses the peculiar form of one act divided into eight scenes in which the protagonist soliloquizes most of the time. Mr. O'Neill calls the play "A Comedy of Ancient and Modern Life"; some critics have called it "propaganda"; but the writer thinks it should be called "A Symphony in Irony." The very title is ironic, especially the epithet "comedy."

Mr. O'Neill has sat at the feet of Leonio Andreev, the Russian dramatist, and Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, for we find their influence preponderating in his work. Thomas Hardy's inexorableness pursues the Emperor Jones, and likewise pursues Yank Smith in *The Hairy Ape.* Something unforseen by them literally pushes them to their destruction. The soliloquy in the stokehole of the transatlantic liner where the "hairy ape" declares that "We run the whole works. We're it, get me? All de rich guys dat think they're somp'n, they're nothin'. Dey don't belong. But us guys, we're de whole thing; we belong," is very similar to the speech of the leader of the underworld in their revolt against society in Andreev's *King Hunger.*

The Soliloquy in *The Hairy Ape* has been denounced as propaganda by some critics and praised as the voice of the proletariat by others. Much paper has been covered by various authors pro and con. The controversy between Michael Gold, a radical writer, and Heywood Broun, the dramatic critic of *The New York World,* attracted much attention for some time. Mr. Broun dismissed the piece as propaganda, while Mr. Gold thought that if Mr. Broun had been a common laborer in his days, as Mr. Gold had been, he would have appreciated the feeling of the "hairy ape." To which Mr. Broun replied that he did not consider work as a day laborer a prerequisite for a job as a dramatic critic.

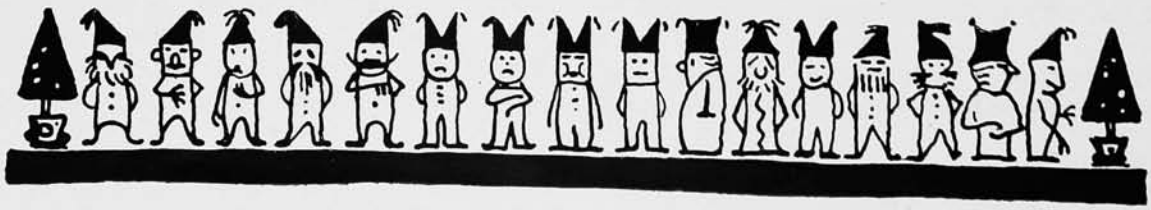
It is the writer's opinion that Mr. O'Neill did not side with labor any more than he did with capital. For in the scene where Yank Smith is ejected from the I. W. W. Headquarters he says the following: "The same old bull, soapboxes and Salvation Army—no guts. Cut out an hour a day of the job and made me happy . . . Gimme a buck more a day and make me happy . . . . Three squares a day, equal rights, a lousy vote, and I'm all fixed or Jesus, huh?" These words speak for themselves.

Another brilliant piece of irony is the scene in jail where one of the prisoners reads an account of the I. W. W. written up in the *New York Times.* Whenever the article becomes too patriotic in tone some one yells, "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"

There is also the scene on Fifth Avenue with the sound of prayer in the church where in reply to his companion's querry as to what it is all about, the "hairy ape" says: "They're praying to Jesus to give them more money." In fact it seems to the writer as if the entire chorus of the Ironic Spirits of Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts* have been called into use by Eugene O'Neill. And surely the Spirit of the Pities sympathizes with the "hairy ape" when he declares: "I'm a busted Ingersoll, dat's what I am. I was steel and I owned the woild; now I ain't steel and the woild owns me."

The play simply carries one away with the brutal force of its realism. The scene in the stokehole where the millionaire's daughter goes down in order to see "how the other half lives," and the "hairy ape" is voicing his opinion of the engineer in response to the whistling for more steam, ejaculating as forceful a string of epithets as we ever heard outside of a longshoremen's hangout, certainly is realistic.

The play might be termed unpleasant, but as August Strindberg once asked: "What they want, a pleasant tragedy?" This theme once chosen leaves no alternative treatment and Eugene O'Neill has succeeded in almost a Michaelangelesque manner to tell the story of Yank Smith, the "hairy ape."



YOUR FRIEND IN THE FACULTY

(Continued from page 7)

fest. The student acquires a valuable friend and counselor who will take a personal interest in the solution of his various problems and to whom he can go without restraint when in trouble. Then, too, the mere association with the older man and the opportunity for discussion and for the exchange of ideas with the more mature mind cannot be overestimated.

A situation which occurred several years ago could not exist under the proper application of this system. In submitting a petition to a certain faculty committee a student made the following statement: "I have no endorsements on my blank. None of my professors are sufficiently well acquainted with me to warrant adding their signatures to a matter so personal."

The various professors realize and appreciate that they, too, would profit from more intimate relations with their students. The human side of the man enjoys these opportunities for becoming acquainted with the personality of the student and he enjoys the privilege of exchanging ideas on subjects other than academic with his students. He realizes that as a result his teaching will be improved and that his attitude toward students in general will become more sympathetic and inspirational. Most of them would welcome any means that would enable them to enjoy these advantages. In fact, several who are so situated that they can do so hold "open house" for their students. However, all the faculty members are not so situated as to make this practicable and it is always an open question whether those who need the friendship take advantage of the opportunity.

Recently I received a letter from a freshman who made a comparison between his experience in high school and his experience in college. He wrote: "It was quite a change to go from a high school of less than one hundred to Cornell University. In the former each teacher knew every student and took a great interest in the welfare of each one. In the latter a student scarcely knows any of his professors."

Such a condition should not exist at Cornell and would not if the students would assume the initiative and endeavor to become acquainted with the members of the faculty. I believe it was Emerson who somewhere said that "every man passes through life in search of friendship." The question is—how can this goal be best attained?

If each student—be he freshman, sophomore, junior, or senior—would take it to be an integral part of a college course to know and cultivate the friendship of at least one member of the faculty

(Continued on following page)

YOUR FRIEND IN THE FACULTY

(Continued from preceding page)

the results that would accrue would more than justify the effort.

To the members of the Class of 1926 the message of one who loves Cornell and things Cornellian as only an alumnus can is—get to know your faculty adviser and your other professors, cultivate their friendship, get beneath the professorial mask and meet the real man.

CORNELL'S "LITTLE THEATRE" PLAYS

(Continued from page 10)

State Fair players by a regular "week's stand," playing sometimes ten times a day to crowded houses, is invaluable. Therefore we look for a banner year in 1922-1923. We should not be disappointed. The Dramatic Club needs only one important feature now, and it is gradually acquiring that, namely: a competent staff of playwrights. We have the actors and actresses, the stage-force, the electricians, the "props-women," the costumers, even the artistic folk, capable of designing first class posters with the help and advice of Professor Stone. But we lack good playwrights. And there is no reason why we should not have a lot of them. Those who saw the two All-Cornell groups last spring must admit that they were well up to the average. Two of the prize-winners in the State Fair Competition last year were Cornellians. In a University of over 5000 students there must be any number of budding dramatists only waiting to burst forth into the light. The University of North Carolina is publishing a book of original plays, written and produced by undergraduates at their Little Theatre. Nearly everyone has heard of the Harvard '47 Workshop. Why can't Cornell do as well or better?

In addition to a busy year in the Camps Theatre —featuring perhaps original Cornell plays,—and a possible large production at the Lyceum, the Dramatic Club will sponsor Stuart Walker's *Book of Job* in November—one of the notable artistic productions of recent years.

There is no doubt that in building up a faithful audience in the community, and giving some hundred undergraduates an opportunity for creative dramatic work of all sorts, the Cornell Club has become one of the most widely known university organizations in the country, and among folk interested in dramatics is almost better known outside of Ithaca than it is at home.

With increased facilities and augmented plans for the coming year the Campus Theatre should increase its reputation as one of Cornell's most valuable "institutions."

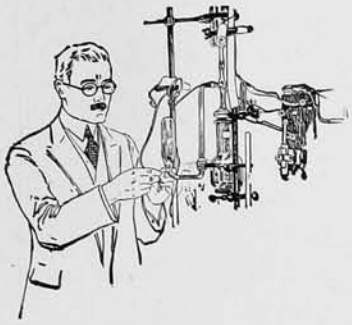
FOOTBALL AND THE COLLEGES

(Continued from page 9)

Often there are long discussions about the effect of football upon the player. Some people hold that football players are headed for the Presidency and others believe they are headed in the opposite direction. We take a neutral stand. A football player certainly has one advantage over the tea hound—he has developed a strong body and under ordinary conditions he may expect good health throughout the rest of his life. Certainly we cannot find a better requisite for participation in the world's affairs. Whether he has developed his body at the expense of his mental power is a question open to argument. The isolated cases that have been brought forward as proofs are really not proofs at all. They may go to show that there was a lack of mental equipment at the start even among football players.

The big thing in football just now is the Cornell 1922 Varsity Team. At this time of the year it is conventional to talk of prospects. Prospects are good. We never knew when they weren't before the fourth game of the season. But all joking aside we have a strong nucleus from last year's team. And we have the invincible Gloomy Gil. Among the old players to return are Captain Eddie Kaw, Hanson, Gouinlock, Cassidy, Pfann, Ramsey, and Sundstrom. These men in addition to several recruits from last year's Freshman Team and ever possible dark horses who may develop are certainly worthy of honorable mention in the football world.

We may have a championship team. We may not. We may beat Pennsylvania. We may not. After all it is not the prospect of victories that consoles us about this football team. The big thing that causes the heart of every Cornellian to swell with pride is the consciousness that, win or lose, the Cornell team stands for clean sport, a representative of the best that Cornell and America has produced.



Which Type of Research is of Greatest Value?

A stove burns too much coal. A man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation makes experiments which indicate desirable changes in design. That is research.

You want to make a ruby in a factory, a real ruby, indistinguishable by any test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you make rubies just as nature did. Your rubies are the result of research —another type of research.

While melting up your chemicals and experimenting with high temperatures, you begin to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. Your investigation leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type.

Research of all three types is conducted in the laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type—pioneering into the unknown—that means most in the long run, even though undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

For example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. This work may enable scientists to answer more definitely the question: Why is iron magnetic? Then the electrical industry will take a greater step forward than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.

General Electric Company

General Office — Schenectady, N. Y.

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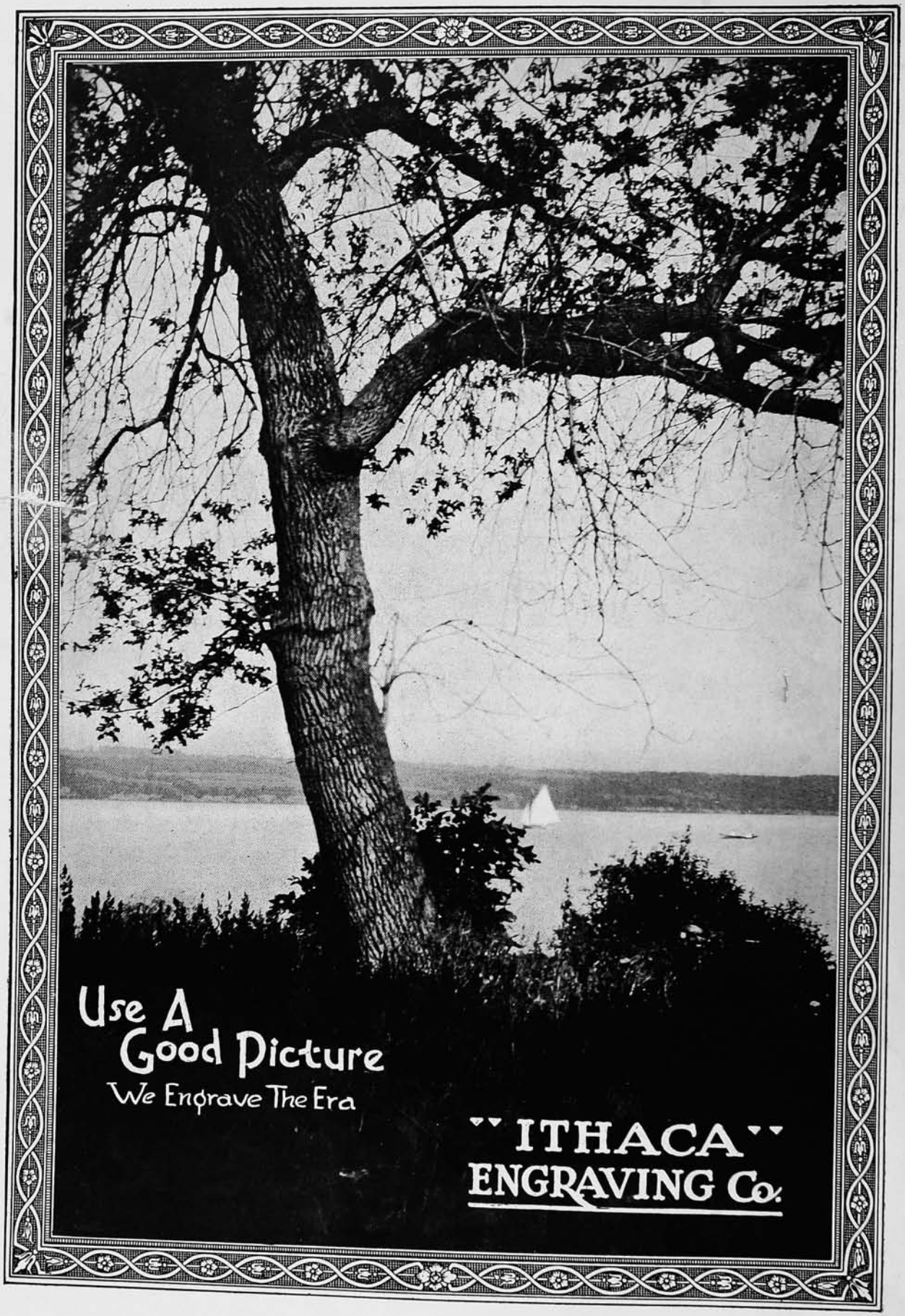

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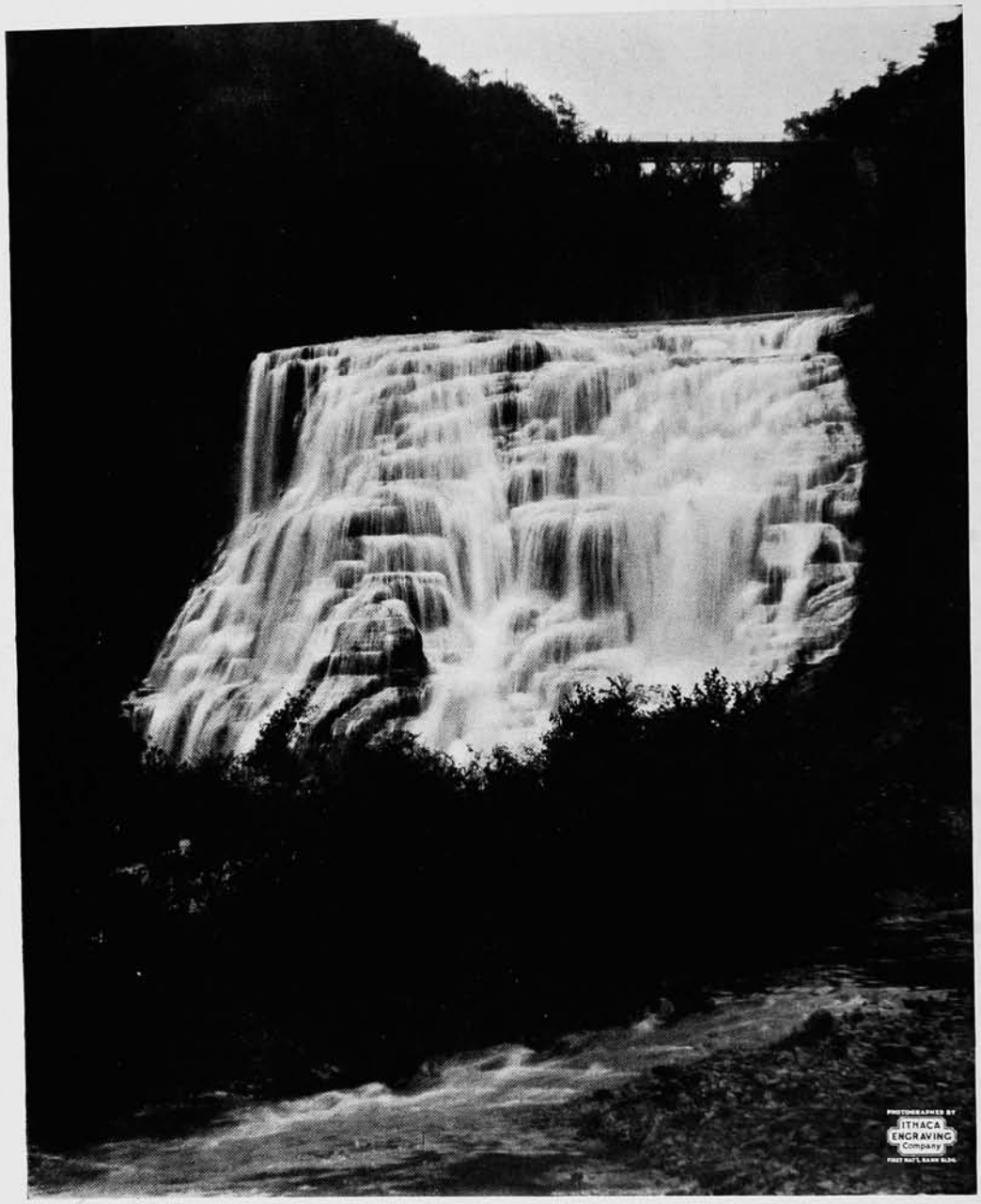

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222 East State Street. Ithaca, N. Y.

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IRENE CASTLE

THE outstanding element of Irene Castle's temperament is her remarkable and quite limitless energy. Her dynamic vitality is surprising and, combined with this activity, there is a sense of dignity which makes decorative motion of each swift and quiet movement. In portraiture the most natural position of the subject for the purpose of study is that of repose with the hands at rest, but the artist has directed a more appropriate and, I think, more expressive attitude in this canvas. Seeing her turned to him with this air of sincerely arrested interest the observer feels that she is poised rather than posed—and that is as it should be.

Most of the expression lies in the hands—capable hands with slender, sensitive wrists—which she holds openly together. They are doing nothing, but one feels that they will not long remain so and that, whatever form the movement may take, it will be graceful and full of the joy and poetry of motion for its own sake. The composition is simple, direct, and pleasing and the painting is handled throughout with a sound and fine tecnic. The stray lock over the forehead is an especially happy piece of brush work.

The work of Professor Olaf M. Brauner of the College of Architecture, this portrait was done only the past summer and is soon to be reproduced in colors on the cover of "Town and Country." The painting has never been exhibited here and it is hoped that students at the University will be given an opportunity to see it at some time during the coming year.

—E. F. B.

Dobie's Tactics

An Analysis of the Inimitable Scotchman's Methods

Gilmour Dobie's system of coaching has aroused a great deal of interest and curiosity among all ardent supporters of Cornell football teams. The installation of flood-lights, his pessimistic, non-committal attitude, secret practices, and above all the reversal of form of our elevens have started much speculation as to his methods of gaining such happy results.

Because of the utter impossibility of getting Dobie to say anything about himself in an interview, and the equally hopeless task of gaining any first hand knowledge of his handling of the squad when under a system of secret practice, many conclude that there is a great mystery attached to the coaching principles of our football mentor. Without intending to arouse Gil's wrath by giving away any of his "trade secrets," we will attempt to dispell some of the mystery by an analysis of coaching methods and how they may be applied to Dobie's system in particular, and thus may arrive at a more clear understanding of how he gains his successes.

In the first place, a coach to be successful must have the confidence of his team. Without faith in his ability he cannot long make them respect his authority. Dobie's remarkable record of victories before coming to Cornell, combined with his outward indifference to proper execution compared to his denunciation of an inexcusable mistake, all gives the players the feeling that he "knows the game."

Secondly, a coach must not only make the squad feel that he knows what he is trying to accomplish, but he must also be able to make them have a clear understanding of his principles. This is one of Dobie's strongest points, for beginning with the fundamentals of football he gradually adds, with the utmost simplicity, to the knowledge of each individual man. His simplicity of instruction develops a team with each unit working in the most efficient manner. An example of this is the much-talked-of excellence of interference of Dobie's teams.

Different coaches have varying ideas concerning the way practice should be conducted. Many feel that a group of undergraduates watching the squad at work gives it a feeling of the interest taken by the students in the team and that in consequence it will exert greater efforts due to such inspiration. But others, and among them Dobie, believe that secret practice allows the coach more latitude in instructing his pupils, and greater concentration on the game itself. He is little interested in the danger that an opposing "scout" might learn some of the plays or formations, for from the grandstand the "scout" would see much more of the actual playing of the team in one of its regular games than he would in a practice session.

Efficiency is as important in football as it is in any other kind of organization. Dobie took one step in this direction by continuing practice after dark by flooding the field with the light of half a dozen large searchlights. Thus, while many coaches began practice early in the afternoon, Gil overcame the handicap of having men kept at classes till five o'clock by continuing practice till after nightfall. It is not nearly so satisfactory as daylight practice, but Gil is after results, and though handicapped, he gets them.

This efficiency is further carried to the play of each individual; he must be at a particular point when the ball is snapped and then accomplish a particular mission, whether it be to box in a tackle or nail the opposing back in his tracks after a punt. If he fails, Dobie will find a more able man for his place. Primarily he is after the man who can accomplish his task with the least amount of effort in the shortest time. This makes for efficiency in speed and endurance, and is half the explanation of the ever-increasing driving power of his teams up to the last minute of play.

But behind all this Dobie builds his team as scientifically as an engineer does a bridge. The first month is spent in fundamentals and the testing of material. Efficiency is sought in each position, and not one, but three or four men are trained for the greatest possible effectiveness, so that in case one man slumps there may be no weak link endan-

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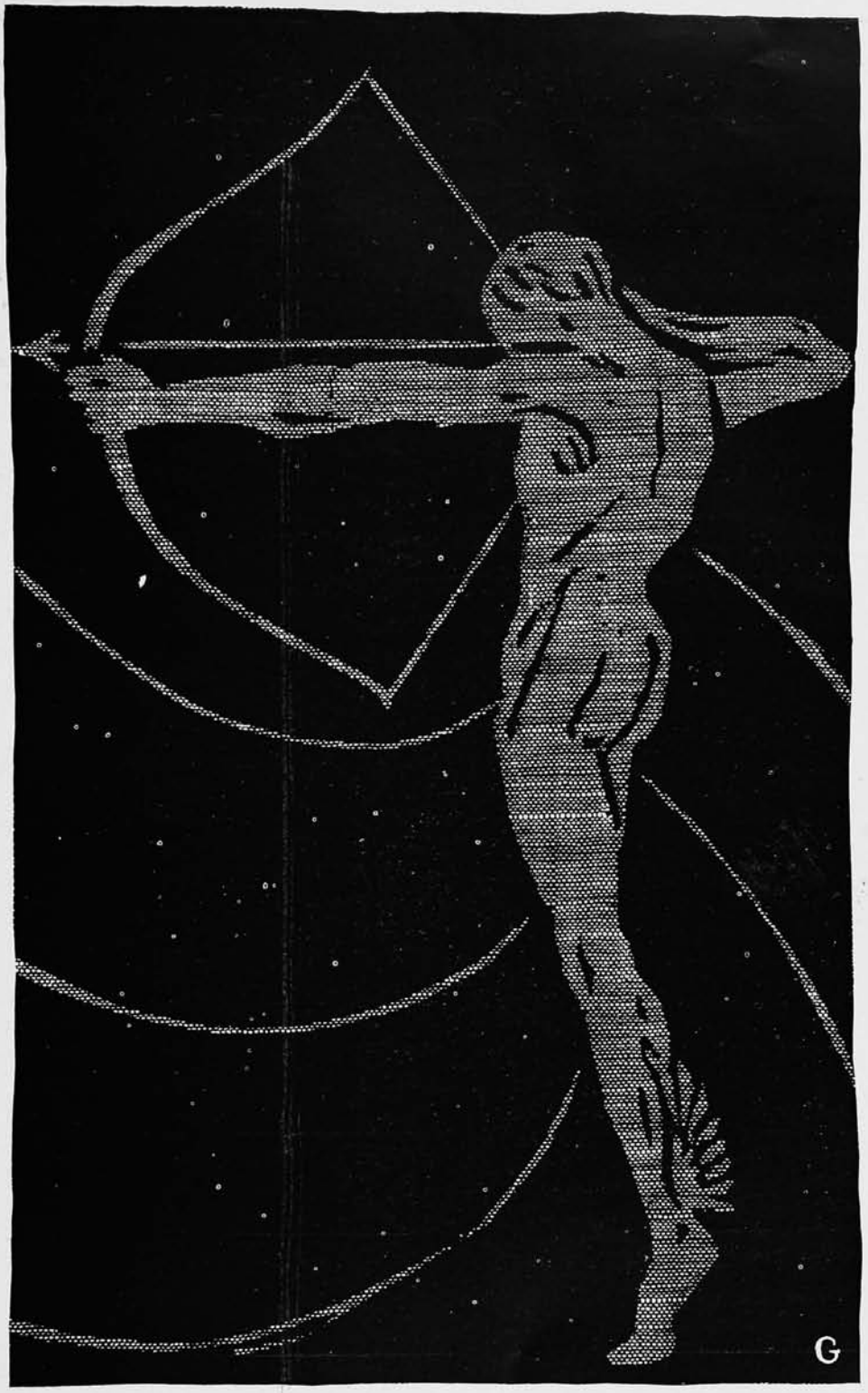
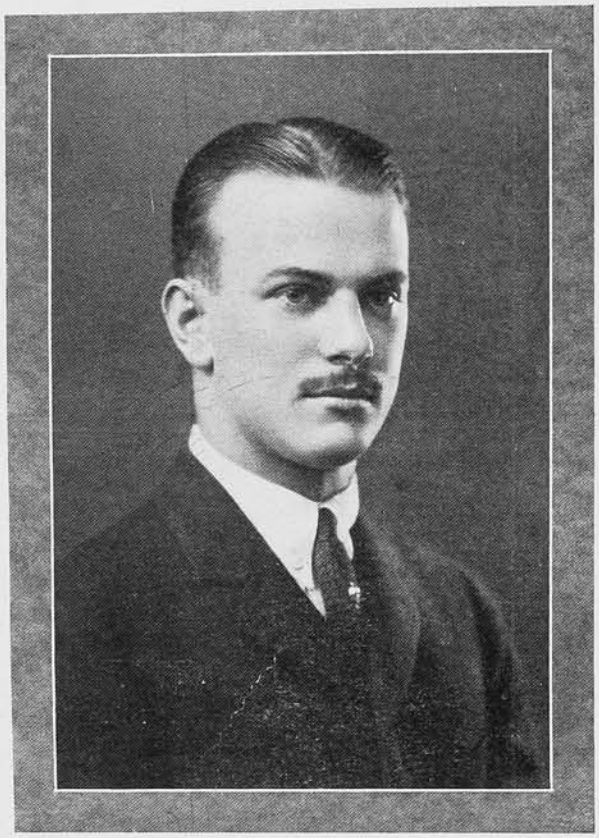


DECORATIVE DESIGN

A Print on Cloth from a Linoleum Cut

By Charles L. Goeller

WHO'S WHO



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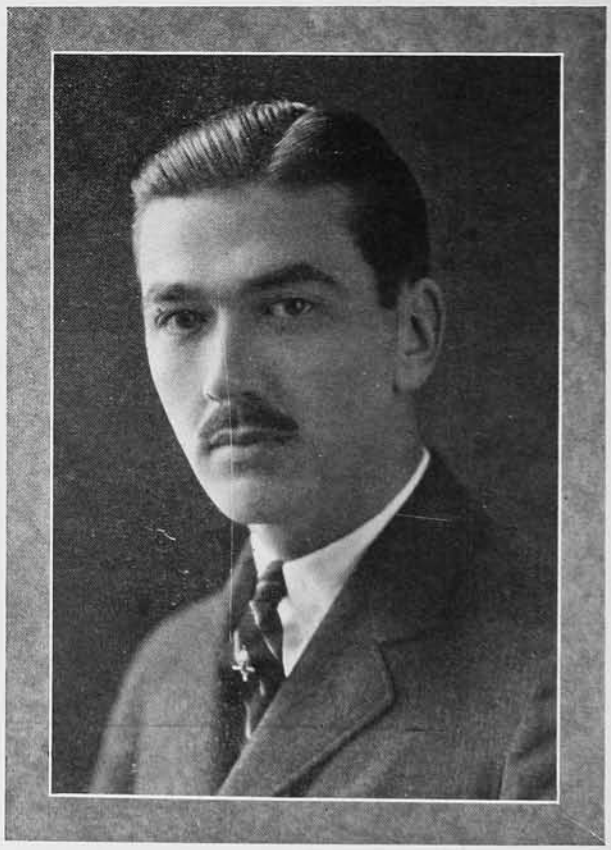
HOWARD MUSSETT NAZOR

Sigma Phi Sigma
Delta Theta Phi
Sigma Delta Chi
Quill and Dagger
Sophomore Smoker Committee
Freshman Advisory Committee 3
Alumni Pledge Committee 3
Law Honor Committee 4
Vice-President Law Association, 3
Cornell Daily Sun Board 2
Assistant Circulation Manager 3
Business Manager 4

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Sigma Phi Sigma
Delta Theta Phi
Sigma Delta Chi
Quill and Dagger
Musical Clubs 2, 3
Freshman Advisory Committee 3
Convocation Committee
Vice-President Law Association, 3
President Law Association 4
College Honor Committee 3
Alumni Pledge Committee 3
Cornell Honor Committee 4
Cornell Daily Sun 2, 3
Managing Editor 4



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WHO'S WHO

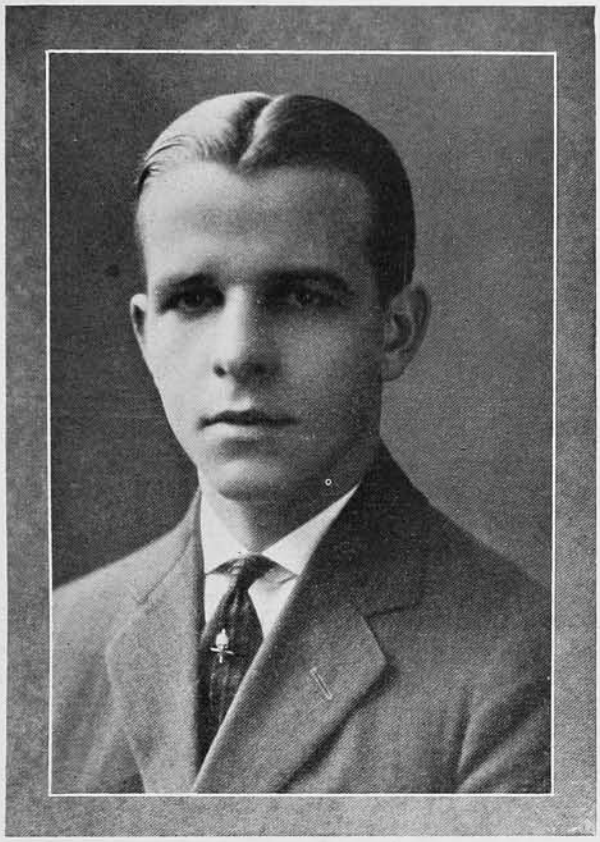


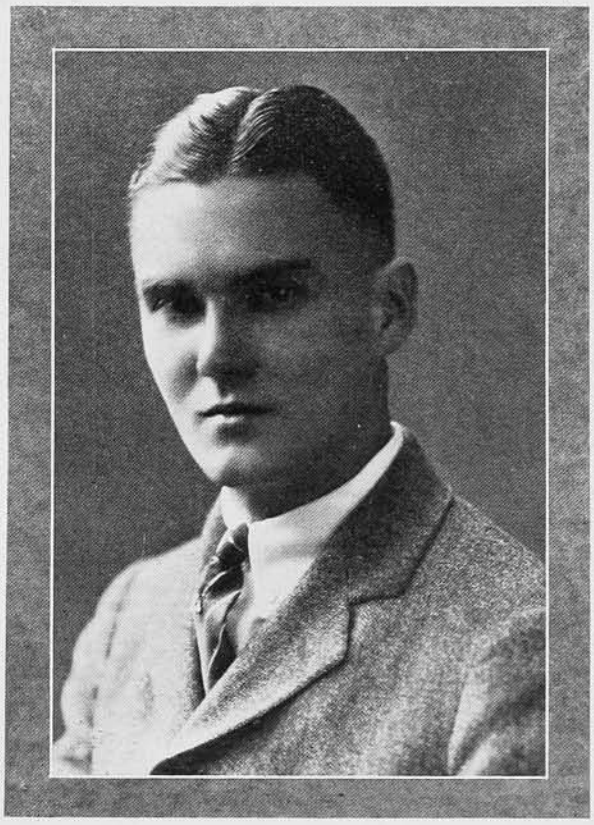
Photo by White

OTIS PARKER WILLIAMS

Phi Kappa Psi
Sigma Delta Chi
Sphinx Head
Freshman Advisory Committee
British-American Club
Musical Clubs 2, 3
Junior Prom Committee
Central Spring Day Committee 3
Freshman Track Team
Student Endowment Fund Committee 3
Cornell Daily Sun Board 2, 3
Editor-in-Chief 4

ERNEST DELOS LEET

Sigma Nu
Sigma Delta Chi
Aleph Samach
Quill and Dagger
Freshman Advisory Committee
Endowment Fund Committee
All-Cornell Dance Committee 2, 3
Social Affairs Committee
Cornell Union Plans Committee
Cornell Honor Committee 3
Secretary 3
Student Council 2, 3
Acting-President 4
British-American Club
Janus Club
C. U. C. A. Cabinet 2, 3
Arts College Association, President 4
Associate Editor, Cornell Daily Sun, 1, 2, 3
Editorial Director 4



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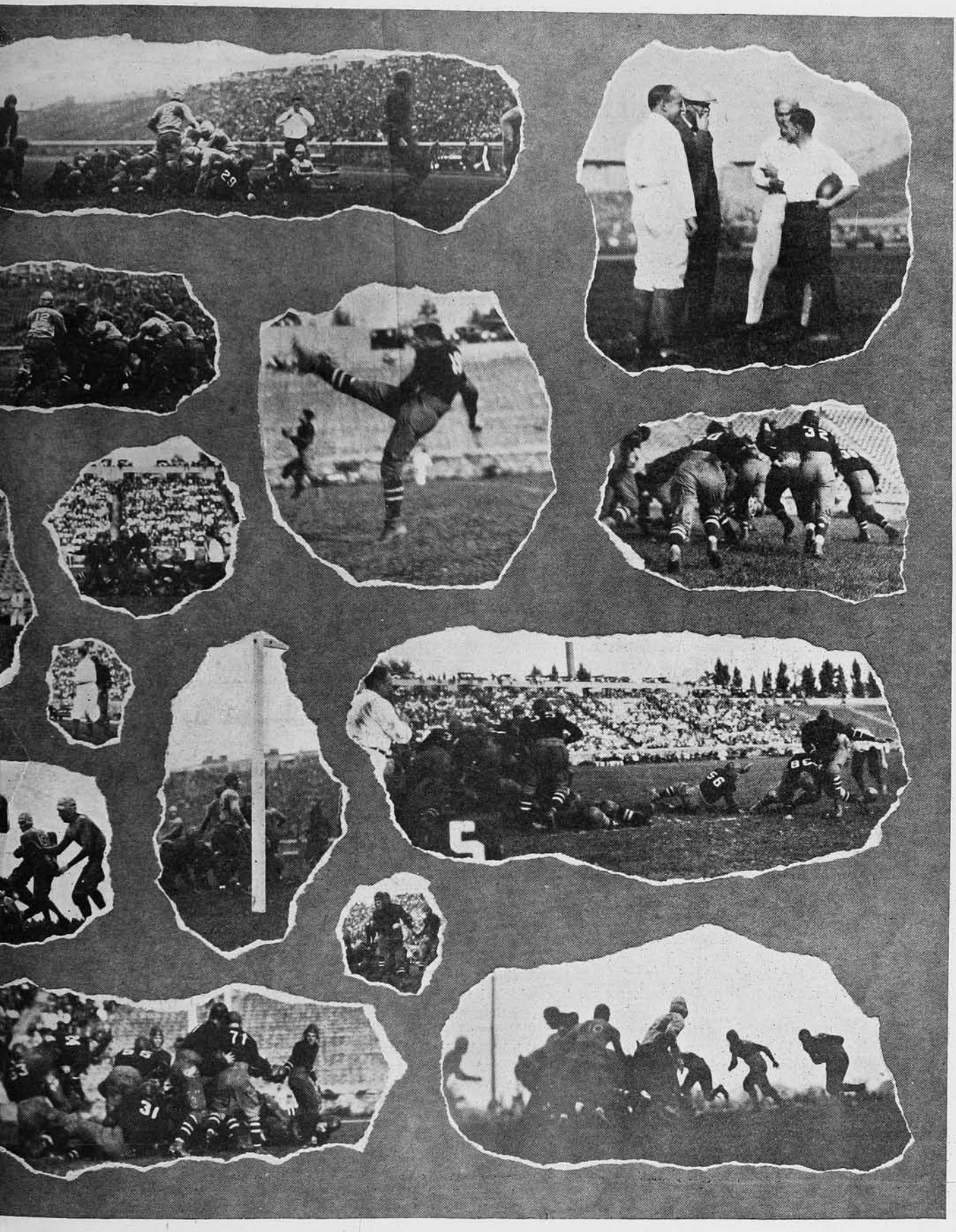

THE RAID

A Play in One Act

By Mayer Portner

To Paul Greene with Sincerest Admiration

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Paul
Kitty
Tommy Langdon
A Hotel Clerk
Detective Sergeant Wertheimer
Policemen, and Plain Clothes Men

SCENE: A large city not very far from New York.

TIME: The Present.

"How powerless is the human will before predestination." —THOMAS HARDY.

(A room in a cheap hotel. A double bed, a small table, a dresser, a sink, and a gas stove comprise the furniture. On the left, a door leading to the corridor. An empty whiskey flask on the table. As the curtain rises, Paul is discovered in shirt-sleeves tying his cravat. Kitty is lying on the bed dressed in a kimona. She is playing with a poodle. Paul is a tall, well-built fellow with handsome features. He is dressed in a silk shirt of a very loud fabric and a "wallpaper" tie.)

PAUL: Damn this tie. (Throws it away and tries another.)

KITTY: (Playing with the dog.) My sweetheart, my zuzu, my lulu. Want to play with mama?

PAUL: There you go again with that monkey of yours. Some of these days I'll throw him out of the window.

(Kitty shifts the dog from one side of the bed to the other, and cuddles it to her protectively.)

KITTY: Don't touch that dog. He's mine. Got him for a present from a friend.

PAUL: Well, then shut up and keep it out of the way if you want it to live.

(Kitty does not answer him, but whispers to the dog something inaudible. Paul is done with his cravat. Looks at his watch.)

PAUL: I wonder what's keeping Langdon.

KITTY: Is Langdon coming up? How does he know we are in town?

PAUL: I called him up on the 'phone; he was over in Jerry's poolroom. He ought to be here any minute.

KITTY: That will be fine. I'll send him over to the grocery store and the butcher's, and he'll buy something for us to eat. I'm nearly starved and here is a gas stove. Don't see why I couldn't cook something to eat.

PAUL: You can wait. I want to send him to get some whiskey.

KITTY: You know he is too young to get that.

PAUL: Ha, ha, ha, don't make me laugh?

KITTY: What are you laughing at?

PAUL: Well, if there is anything that he couldn't get, I'd like to see it.

KITTY: Well, that's no reason for you sending him for whiskey. We want something to eat first.

PAUL: Something to eat . . . . . All you do is eat.

KITTY: That's better than drinking that rotten whiskey you always fill yourself up with.

PAUL: Shut up! I'm paying for it, ain't I?

KITTY: Yes, but whose money is it? Who earns the money you get I'd like to know?

PAUL: (Indignant) . . . . . Sucking in for a black eye; keep it up and you'll get it.

KITTY: You dare touch me, you big brute.

PAUL: Who in hell are you talking to?

(He makes a break for her, but stops half way as the sound of someone knocking on the door is heard. He turns about, walks over to the door and opens it. Enter Tommy Langdon. He is about nineteen years old, of about medium height, stockily built. He is dressed in old clothes, a cap, soft collar and bow tie. He has a copy of the *Morning Telegraph* in his hand.)

LANGDON: Hello, Paul.

PAUL: Hello, Tommy.

(Langdon closes the door behind him and walks into the room. He removes his cap which he puts in his coat pocket. He walks over to the bed where Kitty has risen and is now sitting up.)

LANGDON: Hello, Kitty, how are you? You're looking fine.

KITTY: Thanks, Tommy, how's things with you?

PAUL: Where are you living now? (He sits down and lights a cigarette.)

LANGDON: I sleep with your brother John.

KITTY: Where's Martha?

LANGDON: She's gone to Atlantic City for the summer. She's got a job as a waitress in some big restaurant. They ain't got no house this season. John says it's too much trouble; and besides, he didn't feel like going down this year. So Martha is working by herself.

(He walks over to the door where he finds a chair which he brings near the bed and sits down leisurely, crosslegged. He puts the paper into his coat pocket.)

KITTY: (Aside to Paul, in almost a whisper.) You think John is getting tired of Martha?

PAUL: (In a normal voice.) I don't know; and what's that to you?

LANG: What's the matter now?

KITTY: Nothing, Tommy, go on tell us some more; what's new down the corner?

LANG: (Sits up straight.) Oh, nothing much. Jerry is gonna close his poolroom. He ain't doin' much business. Old man McCarthy is gonna retire from the plumbing

business. His son Eddie is gonna be the firm now. Billy Peanuts went down south. John told me Peanuts got a job in a gambling house, gonna be a dealer or something like that. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. (He sits up straight.) You know Wertheimer, Special Officer, Julius Wertheimer, —well, he got promoted.

PAUL: You love Wertheimer, don't you?

KITTY: What's the matter, Tommy? What have you got against him?

LANG: I got a grudge against him, that's what I got against him, the lousy gorilla.

KITTY: Easy, Tommy, old man, don't get excited.

PAUL: Has he been botherin' you any lately?

LANG: No, not lately. But do you think I forgot the time he had me pinched?

KITTY: Oh, he had you pinched. I see now. But then it's funny that the cops got you, Tommy. I heard you're fast on your feet.

LANG: Yes, I know, but you wouldn't be any better. It was just like this. I was watching a crap game and somebody hollered "cheese it." I look up and see a cop running right at me. So I runs to the other side straight into Wertheimer. He wore civilian clothes at the time, just became a special officer and I couldn't recognize him. So he had me pinched.

PAUL: How did you make out? Let's hear it again.

LANG: What are you doin', kidding me?

KITTY: Don't mind him, go on tell me the rest.

LANG: There would be nothing to tell if I hadn't stopped to pick up the money that was on the ground. Cop's money, you know. Cop's money is right. They searched my pockets and took it away after all.

PAUL: Serves you right, you piker. Next time you won't be so greedy.

LANG: (Ignoring him.) Not only that, but I had a deck of pinochle cards in my pocket so they took that away, too. Then the house sergeant puts down my name and address in the book and enters a charge: Gambling on the highway. And the next morning the Judge gives me five days.

KITTY: So you were in the Jug for five days.

LANG: Like fun. Big Tom got me out in half an hour, but I had to ride in a van just the same. Almost got squeezed to death,—so many passengers.

(A slight pause.)

PAUL: What's Wertheimer doing now?

LANG: I told you he got promoted. He's on the vice squad as a detective sergeant.

PAUL: You don't say. (He turns to the girl.) Listen, Kit. If you should happen to go out any night while we are in the city, why look out for him, you hear? You'll recognize him, I suppose.

KITTY: I can't say. I never saw him except in uniform, but I'll keep my eyes open.

PAUL: You can tell him by his walk, the flat-footed gorilla.

KITTY: You love him, too, don't you, Paul?

PAUL: Well, he's too nosey to suit me. I never had much use for him anyway, and when he gave the kid a ride in the van I did not like it any too much. He's got an awful drag somewheres, and he's got big ideas. Boasted one day that he'd be Lieutenant of the district before long.

LANG: I pity the district.

(Paul lights a cigarette and offers one to Tommy which the latter refuses. Kitty is playing with the dog.)

PAUL: Oh, I forgot you don't smoke. What paper is that you got there, Tom? Let me see it. (Langdon hands him the paper. He sits down to read it.)

KITTY: I think I'll light one for a change. Give me one, Paul. (Paul gives her a cigarette, and she lights it on his.)

KITTY: Tell me, Tommy, what do you do all day, do you work?

PAUL: (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha, gee this is rich. Honest, Kitty, you make me laugh. You talk like a greenhorn. Him work, ha, ha, ha. Tell her something, will you, Tommy?

LANG: Oh, I don't know. I guess I would have been working yet in that woolen house if I wasn't pinched.

KITTY: Did you lose your job on account of that?

LANG: Yes, the boss said he did not care to have any questionable characters around the place. That's what he told me. He says I might put my pals wise to his place. Enough goods is stolen off the wagons as it is, and who knows but some day thieves will break into the loft. So he fired me.

KITTY: Well, then how do you live?

LANG: Oh, I manage. I hang around the cigar store and when somebody is called on the 'phone I go after them, and they give me a nickel or so. That's my pin money.

PAUL: Listen to him, will you? His pin money.

KITTY: Yes, yes, but where do you eat and sleep?

LANG: Well, I sleep with Paul's brother John since Martha went away. And for eating, why, I go around to Mrs. Murphy's boarding house and do something around the house or kitchen and after all the boarders are done eating, she scraps up something for me to eat.

PAUL: It's a great life if you don't weaken, eh, Tommy?

LANG: Never mind, don't think I am so crazy about this life. And Mrs. Murphy's daughter, Ada, that's the oldest, she goes to High School, you know,—well, she says to me, says Ada, "Tom, why don't you go out and get a job, and then go to school or something, and make a man of yourself?"

KITTY: Do you like Ada?

LANG: Do I? Why, I'd shovel coal for her, or do any kind of hard labor, if she'd go with me.

PAUL: Yes, you would, in a pig's neck.

KITTY: Tommy, why don't you get yourself a job and get some decent clothes, maybe she'll like you then.

LANG: I'll tell you the truth, Kitty. A lot of times I get up early and I go out looking for work, but I always wind up in the library where I sit down and read, and sometimes when I have enough money, I go to the movies. Then I don't know, maybe if I wasn't cuttin' the crap games when the kids come out of school dinner time I guess I'd be forced to go to work.

PAUL: Since when do you cut the games?

LANG: Oh, ever since Peanuts went down South. Since he went away I cut all the games, but I'm too good-natured. I only cut a nickel on every three passes.

KITTY: What does Ada say about you playing crap?

LANG: She doesn't know nothin' about it. We play in a little alley in back of the school.

KITTY: Better don't take any chances; some day she'll find it out and then it's goodbye Tommy Langdon.

LANG: I hope not. Then, anyway, I ain't gonna do it all the time. Some of these days I'm gonna get a swell job and quit monkeyin' with crap games. You know, Kitty, one of the boarders at Mrs. Murphy's, he's an electrician. Not a plain electrician, no, he works on the stage. Works in the Mansfield Theater, and sometimes I go with him and see the show from the back of the stage or upstairs. I help around when they shift the scenery and make myself generally useful. You know, Kitty, I like the stage. The actors have it nice. You oughta see, they dress to kill and they walk with a cane, regular sports. They talk so funny though it makes me laugh. No, I should say laugh (he pronounces the broad A); but they can play a good game of Pinochle all right, I'll say that. And you oughta see the actresses, they're so pretty I could look at them all day.

(Paul laughs to himself over the newspaper.)

KITTY: What do you intend to do, become an actor?

LANG: (He speaks slowly, gazing into space.) No, I can't sing or dance, and I ain't even good looking, but I'll be something, maybe, a stage director or manager. Well, anyway, I think I'll go to work in that theater for good. Six nights a week and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, that ain't so bad, eh?

KITTY: No, I don't suppose it is. (She pets the dog.)

(Pause.)

(Paul rises, drops the newspaper and addresses Langdon.)

PAUL: Listen, Tommy, I want you to do something for me. Go over to Eddie Mack and get me two half pints. Tell him it's for me, he knows what kind I want. (He hands him a ten dollar bill.)

LANG: You better give me a note to him if you want it.

PAUL: What's the matter, afraid he won't give it to you?

LANG: No, I ain't afraid, but he don't know you're back in town and if I say it's for you it'll sound fishy and he'll throw me out.

PAUL: All right, here's a note. (He scribbles a few words on a piece of wrapping paper.)

KITTY: Wait a minute, Tommy, how much money did he give you?

LANG: Ten dollars.

KITTY: Good, now I want you to buy me something. You'll stop at the butcher's, get two pounds of steak and some groceries. And then, I want some bread.

LANG: Got a basket or something? I can't carry all that in my pocket.

KITTY: Here, take this bag. (She gives him her handbag.)

PAUL: Hurry up, Tommy, I'm awful dry.

KITTY: No hurry, go to the grocer's and butcher's first and bring something to eat first, so that we'll have dinner. Are you hungry, Tommy?

LANG: Well, I could eat.

KITTY: All right, Tommy, as long as we are in town you come up here and you'll eat with us.

LANG: Thanks, Kitty, but I won't come tomorrow. It's Wednesday and we play a matinee. (He goes out.)

(Kitty lies down and resumes playing with the dog. Paul walks up and down the room smoking.)

PAUL: Did you hear the kid say, "We play a matinee"? He's got the spirit all right. I'll bet it won't be long before he owns a chain of theaters. And yet, you can't tell, he may go the other way. Look at me. I had a lot of ambition when I first started out, and where is it not? And I had talent, too. There wasn't a guy in Burlesque who could do a Buck and Wing better than I could. Used to get a big hand. Brought the house down. Sounded sweet to me all right. Used to bow till I got a headache. And look at me today.

KITTY: If you wouldn't drink . . . . .

PAUL: Shut up, damn you, if I didn't drink I wouldn't look at you. But don't worry, I ain't goin' to hang around like this all the time. Some of these days I'll go up and try to get bookings, or maybe I'll go to see old man Segal and sign up with him. By God, I think I'll do that. I just read in the paper that he is sailing for Europe next Saturday but if we come to New York tomorrow we can see him . . . (He looks down at his feet for a moment.) I've still got a few turns in me, and I'm still young yet. Won't be thirty-five until next August. And if I stick, some day I'll hit Broadway and wouldn't have to play small time. Gee, when I stop to think what I might have been if I had only stuck. Kitty, you remember the Swanson Boys, don't you? They come from our corner. They're goin' great these days. Headliners. Billy Swan and Brother is the name they go under. It was me who taught Billy all he knows.

(He sits down absorbed in thought, his head between his hands. Kitty has meanwhile risen from the bed and is watching him fixedly. As he sits down she approaches him and strokes his hair affectionately. She is a little wisp of a girl and looks even smaller in comparison to him. She gently removes his hands from his face and kisses him. He is startled somewhat.)

KITTY: Paul, dear, you ain't gonna throw me down, are you? (He does not answer.) What am I going to do without you?

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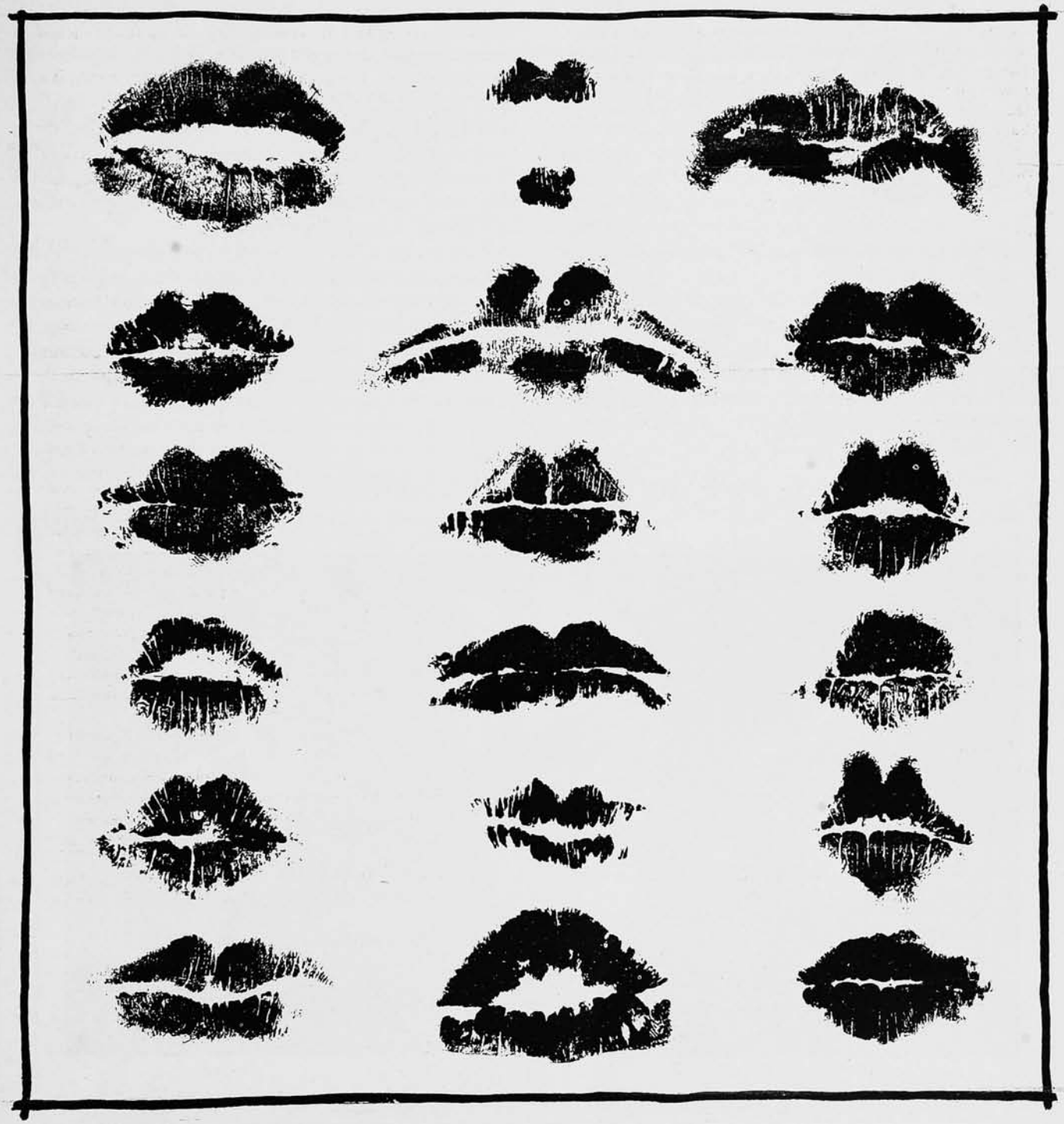
Pick Your Favorite

Certain Young Ladies Well Known to Cornellians Go to Press Exclusively (?) For The Era



Cornell's Cross Country Team

A Prospective of the Coming Season

"Cornell victorious, the champions of all" is the best summary of last year's cross country season. Three perfect scores and 18 points in the Intercollegiates, the lowest score ever made, proved Cornell's supremacy beyond all possible doubt. It was one of the greatest teams "Jack" Moakley ever developed.

Now we are practically starting all over again. The seasoned war veterans are gone, leaving material more like the pre-war aggregations. Captain Kirby and Gordon are the only veterans of last year's team remaining. Bonsal, who ran in the English race two years ago and was laid up last year with a broken ankle, is running again and rapidly getting back in shape. Vandevort and Williams who ran in the Harvard meet last year, Burnham, winner of last year's spring novice race, and Morrison all show promise. H. G. Smith has been the most consistent winner in the time trials, to date. From last year's freshman team, Bullen, Glick, Marchand, and Pozefski have returned. North and Pond, '25's best harriers, are not back this year. Leussler, Rauch, Emerson, Corwith, and Kreisel are all doing well.

There is absolutely no way of forecasting the performance of this year's team. As it is composed mostly of new material, it is being trained in an entirely different manner from last year. The men have been running over new courses, mostly short and on the level to develop speed.

The varsity runners are divided into two squads,

(Continued on page 24)

Self Portraits Cut in Linoleum

Donald W. Coleman '24 — John A. Hartell '24 — Nathaniel Brown '24

VOX

Fifty-six to six. Sixty-six to nothing! Every game adds to the resemblance to the multiplication tables, and every game brings forth the same comment, "how much will we win by?". Last spring, when the football schedule was published, a great hue and cry went up that Cornell was picking on easy teams so as to run up big scores. At the same time everyone recalled the reason why Cornell was not considered by the sport writers as real contenders for the championship football team: that we had not played enough strong teams to show what we really could do against opposition. This fall season bids fair to produce the largest aggregate of scores that Cornell has ever made, yet it is almost certain that when it comes time to pick the championship team, the sport writers on the big dailies will pass up the name of Cornell for the same reason as it was passed up last year. But why have we not more of the socalled "big" teams on our schedule?

There is a reason, a perfectly good reason. Some know it; those who don't sit back and "crab." Wouldn't is be better that the student body were allowed an insight into the working-out of a football schedule, rather than to give out a little information to just a few and let the greater part of the students go around either with a wrong idea or with ideas of their own which add nothing to their opinion of those who are running things at Schoellkopf?

Dr. Emile Coué is coming to America! He cures by repetition of his formula "Day by day, in every way, I am growing better and better."

For years we have been told that "where there is a *will* there is a way"; that when a man is uncertain of the outcome of his adventure, when he is nervous on the putting green, he calls forth his Will-power and by sheer force of will wins out. But now we must put all that aside. According to Coué, when we pit our Will-to-succeed against an idea that we are going to fail, the Will is helpless unless our imagination strongly backs up the Will. To quote the eminent psychologist, "In a contest between the Will and the Imagination, the force of the Imagination is in direct proportion to the square of the Will." Therefore, from now on, when we are struggling with a presentiment of defeat we are not to struggle against it, we are not to grit our teeth and force ourselves to go ahead and try to win,—by no means. We are to begin imagining that we have already won!

Mid-term prelims are not far off; long nights of vigil over the elusive unknown quantity, or the known but temporarily forgotten reason, begin to loom as inevitable hardships. Yet, how easy it will be in the future for the fashionable student! All he need do is to sit before an open book, peruse it carefully, but not worriedly, and murmur the magic words, "hour by hour, from every page, I am growing wiser and wiser." Twenty times he will utter the shibboleth and twenty times he will imagine the prelim already passed. Then, when the prelim is finally before his very eyes, the prelim-blank immediately under his calm pen, he will quietly and easily let the wisdom flow from the golden tip! Such is the Force of the Imagination!

BOOKS

My Northern Exposure, the Kawa at the Pole. By Walter E. Traprock (George S. Chappell). 245 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is the second trip of that famous explorer, Dr. Traprock, in the good ship, Kawa; the first, inspired by Frederick O'Brien's literature, was to the South Seas; the other, in parody of Peary's northern explorations, was to the "Big Peg." For the average reader who has had more experience with South Sea stories than he has had with discoveries of the North Pole, and for this reason can better appreciate the subtleties of a southern parody, *"The Cruise of the Kawa"* would prove far more amusing. If, on the other hand, he has read about the expedition to the Filbert Isles and wants more of the same thing, it is safe to advise that he read the *"Exposure."*

True, he will find much the same thing. Instead of the compass plant that always points to the north we have the compass animal. There are the polar kittens, members of the Felis-polaris or skunk family. Traprock adds that since they always point towards the north, it is safe to approach them form the south,—an advantage not held over their southern brethren. Traprock again takes with him about the same group of incognito celebratés of the New York world of literature, Heywood Broun and Ethel Barrymore among them.

The humor varies from the obvious to the sapient, the ancient to the original. Somehow, though, it all seems the same. If the book is read from cover to cover at one sitting, it is almost sure to pall; but if it is picked up now and then to dally through a few pages, an infinite number of laughs may be found. Chappell has one very interesting form of humor: the kind that leaves a great deal to the imagination. For example, Triplett, the skipper of the ship, asks permission to take along one of his wives, as it is likely to be very lonesome up in the cold reaches of the north. It is against the rules, so Traprock says, " 'We'll have to keep it secret. She can join us at St. John's and come aboard as ward-robe woman. No one must suspect that she is your wife.' Triplet shifted his quid and slowly winked his false eye. 'She ain't,' he said."

My Northern Exposure is to laugh. If you enjoy parodies, by all means buy it.

R. S. H.

Batouala. By René Maran. Translated from the French by Adele Szold Seltzer. 207 pages. Published by Thomas Seltzer, New York.

Maran is a French Congo negro, writing about his own peeple. He says in the preface that it has taken him six years to translate what he has heard and describe what he has seen,—certainly a careful enough study to command attention. Judging from the alleged sales, it has done so. Besides, the book won the Grand Prix in Paris this summer.

If Maran, however, as he claims, was trying to arouse public interest and intervention for the cause of the negro, he has contradicted himself too strongly to succeed. In the preface, he describes his people as more sinned against than sinning; in the book proper, he paints a picture of utter depravity and licentiousness that has come down from their forebears. A people so low and degenerated as these he tells about, would seem to be beyond saving. At least, the effort would be prodigious.

But as a study of the negro and as an excellent piece of writing, the book is a great success. In spite of the translation, Maran's personality shows through. It is lost sometimes as a result of the many African words retained in the text. It is

difficult to understand why the translator has done this, for he can hardly expect us to know native patois, if we cannot even understand French. Nevertheless, the book is worth reading, if it is only to get an excellent picture of how the other half lives. Disgusting at times, sensual often, it contains, however, several beautiful passages,—especially those telling about the big hunt that takes place every year.

R. S. H.

This Freedom. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown and Company.

"This Fredom" you see advertised as "written by the author of the biggest selling novel of all time." ("If Winter Comes.") In it we find Mr. Hutchinson, an Englishman, you know, at his most impressionistic—impressionistic in literary style, that is. An unpretentious vocabulary, and an easy, conversational lilt. But whatever else the novel may be (we restrain ourselves), it is this: An attempt to prove a syllogism through emotionalism. The undomesticated woman is doomed to misery, misery, misery—there is your pious proposition. Every man and every woman counters the middle-age tragedy of youth unfulfilled, you must understand, but the woman who seeks a manly career is doomed to tragedy and tragedy upon tragedy. Horrible doom! Mr. Hutchinson is either too cowardly, or too bewildered by the play of his own coursing talent, to expose his proposition so baldly as this, but there it is, inextricably enmeshed in this picture of the life of a woman who has spliced marriage and a career. In his wary irony Mr. Hutchinson has called the thing, as he lamps it—*"This Freedom."*

A good gift-book for the woman with whom you would descend to the discussion of such stuff.

—J. L. E.

The Glimpses of the Moon. By Edith Wharton. 364 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

In conversing the other day with the man who is the best authority on literature in Ithaca, I asked him what he thought of *The Glimpses of the Moon.* "Ah,—yes,—" he said, "Edith Wharton is always good." In fact, she is generally considered one of the best writers, man or woman, in this country today. Her *The Age of Innocence* won the Pulitzer Prize for the best book presenting American life.

This new book starts with the marriage of two

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CORNELL'S CROSS COUNTRY

(Continued from page 20)

totaling about forty men. As new men are transferred from the novice to the varsity, they are assigned to the second squad until their performances prove them capable of running with the more experienced men.

Cornell's success in cross country has been largely due to the efforts of the Cross Country Club. Every man who has taken part in at least four races, as well as managers and compets interested in cross country, is eligible to be elected a member. Its main purposes are to develop the man, promote sportsmanship, bring about friendly feeling among those interested in the sport, and to draw greater attention to it. It has been especially successful in this last aim, and through its efforts many of the best varsity harriers have found their way to the limelight. It furnishes the cups and prizes for the freshman and novice series of races, and the annual blind handicap race. It also conducts the annual intercollege cross country race and awards the four C's to the winner. Such men as N. P. Brown, McDermott, Dresser, and John Paul Jones have been winners of these races. At the close of the season an invitation is extended to everyone who has ever run cross country, as well as those interested, to a grand final banquet featured by "Jack's" talk on the past season.

On the day of the Colgate game the club plans to meet some of its expenses by holding a tag day. It is impossible to pay for the numerous trophies, as well as the banquet, from the dues of the club alone. For it is not the object of the club to exclude those who cannot afford a large expense. Cornellians, you are truly supporting your team when you support the organization which makes the team possible.

THE RAID

(Continued from page 18)

PAUL: I don't know; if you'll be good I'll take you with me.

KITTY: Gee, that'll be fine. (She straightens up.) You know, Paul, I also have tired of this life. It's a dog's life, ain't it, dear? If we quit that, and get married, Paul, I'll be a good wife to you. Oh, I'll be true to you all right, you won't have to worry over that. You know we can go to Father Regan and get married, and we'll be man and wife. Think of it, Paul, you'll be my lawful husband and we'll live where people don't know us. And nobody will say Kitty is this and Kitty is that.

(Paul rises and resumes his walking up and down.)

PAUL: Maybe I can get you a job in the chorus. You look good enough. Then you can be with me. (He walks over to her, picks her up in his arms, raises her to the level of his face, then kisses her.)

KITTY: (Her face flushed with joy.) We'll go to New York tomorrow, eh, Paul? I'll start packing now. When Langdon comes with the meat, I'll prepare dinner. Then we'll ship the baggage and buy our tickets for New York.

(She begins busying herself and dressing in order to pack up. She sings a song in a low, clear voice. And Paul keeps time with his feet.)

SONG

Don't flirt with the young man
That hangs on the corners;
Don't flirt with the young man
That dresses so gay.
For he'll tell you he loves you
And hug you and kiss you;
He'll tell you he loves you
And lead you astray.

(A slight pause and then suddenly the sound of heavy foot-steps and rough voices are heard.)

VOICE OUTSIDE: How about this room, let's see who's here.

ANOTHER VOICE: Let's have a look at them.

(The sound of a master key is heard, and the door is opened. Enter a hotel clerk followed by Detective Sergeant Wertheimer, his suite of policemen and plain clothes men. Wertheimer is taller and somewhat heavier than Paul. He has a dry, wizened face with a mean, sarcastic expression.)

WERTH: (As he enters.) A married couple, eh? I know all about the married couples that stop in this place; I'd like to look at their marriage license. Oh, look who's here. When did you get back?

PAUL: None of your business.

WERTH: I'll show you damn soon whether it's my business or not. (Turning to one of the policemen.) Here, Mike, put the handcuffs on him. He's a bad actor.

(The last phrase irritates Paul and he makes a hostile move toward Wertheimer, but is restrained by a couple of policemen, one of whom puts the handcuffs on him. Wertheimer continues.)

So you're a married couple now, and I suppose youse got a fake license to show people. What name do you go under, Smith or Jones? (He looks at Paul expecting a reply. Paul ignores him.) You won't answer me, eh? Well, you'll speak soon enough. When we get you in the station we'll make you talk all right. (Turning to Kitty.)

(Concluded on page 28)

BOOKS

(Continued from page 23)

penniless hangers-on among the ruthless pleasure-seeking multi-millionaires who spend most of their time drifting about Europe. Their separation and ultimate reunion forms the plot. Not an unusual story, but Mrs. Wharton develops certain ideas that may be applied rather generally to society as a whole. And she does it exceptionally well.

Carnac's Folly. By Sir Gilbert Parker. 352 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Once I had a section opposite Sir Gilbert's on a train. (His name was on his suitcase.) He wrote furiously and incessantly during the whole trip and I wondered at the time how he could turn out anything worth while. Since then I have read some of his books and now I know: he seldom does. *Carnac's Folly* is trash. The folly upon which the story is based is absolutely improbable if not impossible. Then Carnac, by profession an artist, runs for M. P. when he is only thirty and defeats a man, whose illegitimate son he is and who has been in office for over twenty years. Ha-ha.

—R. S. H.

THE RAID

(Continued from page 26)

And you, Mrs. Smith or Jones, come along with us, too, your husband might want you to keep him company.

KITTY: I can't go like this; I must put some clothes on.

WERTH: Hurry up about it, I can't stay here all day.

(He lights a cigar while Kitty busies herself around the dresser. A slight pause. Enter Tommy Langdon carrying Kitty's handbag.)

LANG: Here's your meat and bread, Kitty—

(He sees Wertheimer and the policemen, puts down the bag hurriedly, and runs out of the room. Wertheimer rushes after him and brings him back.)

WERTH: So you thought you could get away from me, eh? Well, you got another guess coming. (He holds him by the shoulder.)

LANG: You let me go. I ain't got nothing to do with this place. I'm working now at a good job and I don't want to lose it, as I lost the other one.

WERTH: Never mind, you can tell all this to the Judge. (To a policeman) Here, Steve, take hold of him while I see what's in the handbag.

PAUL: Why don't you let the kid go? He's working at a good job and you'll crimp it for him if you run him in.

WERTH: Shut up and mind your own business. What the hell is it to you, anyway? I'm running this.

PAUL: You lousy pig, if I had my hands free I'd break your head for you.

WERTH: Who in the hell are you talking to, you damned pimp?

(He goes over to Paul and slaps him over the face with the back of his hand. Kitty rushes at Wertheimer with a hat pin. One of the policemen knocks it out of her hand with his club. Kitty screams with pain.)

WERTH: Here, you slut, how do you get that way? Come along. You're dressed good enough for the county jail. Here, Mike, lead him out; Frank, you take care of her; hold on to the boy, Steve. Let's go.

(The policemen walk out with their prisoners, followed by the plain clothes men, the hotel clerk, and Wertheimer.)

Curtain.

DOBIE'S TACTICS

(Continued from page 10)

gering the success of the organization. Stars are the exception on his teams, for with Dobie the men as individuals do not make a winning team, but rather the perfect coordination of each part develops the steam-roller power for which his teams are noted. Therefore we may conclude that there is no great secret to Dobie's success. That he possesses certain qualities of independence, simplicity in instruction, and efficiency that are to be found in few football coaches, is the reason for his greatness.

FROM GILBERT'S

DE MAGNETE —

"WORD MONGERS" *and* "CHATTERING BARBERS"

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can remagnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass, crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

"Not in books, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.

General Electric Company

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"CHICAGO'S *QUARTIER LATIN*"
From a Woodcut by
STEEN HINRICHSEN

The Penn Game

The Comparative Strength of the Teams Meeting In the Turkey Day Classic

From all indications the turkey on Thanksgiving is going to taste mighty sweet to Cornellians. Despite the fact that "Gloomy Gil" maintains that he is going to lead his cohorts to a terrible massacre, the Red and White machine has a decided edge on the Red and Blue aggregation.

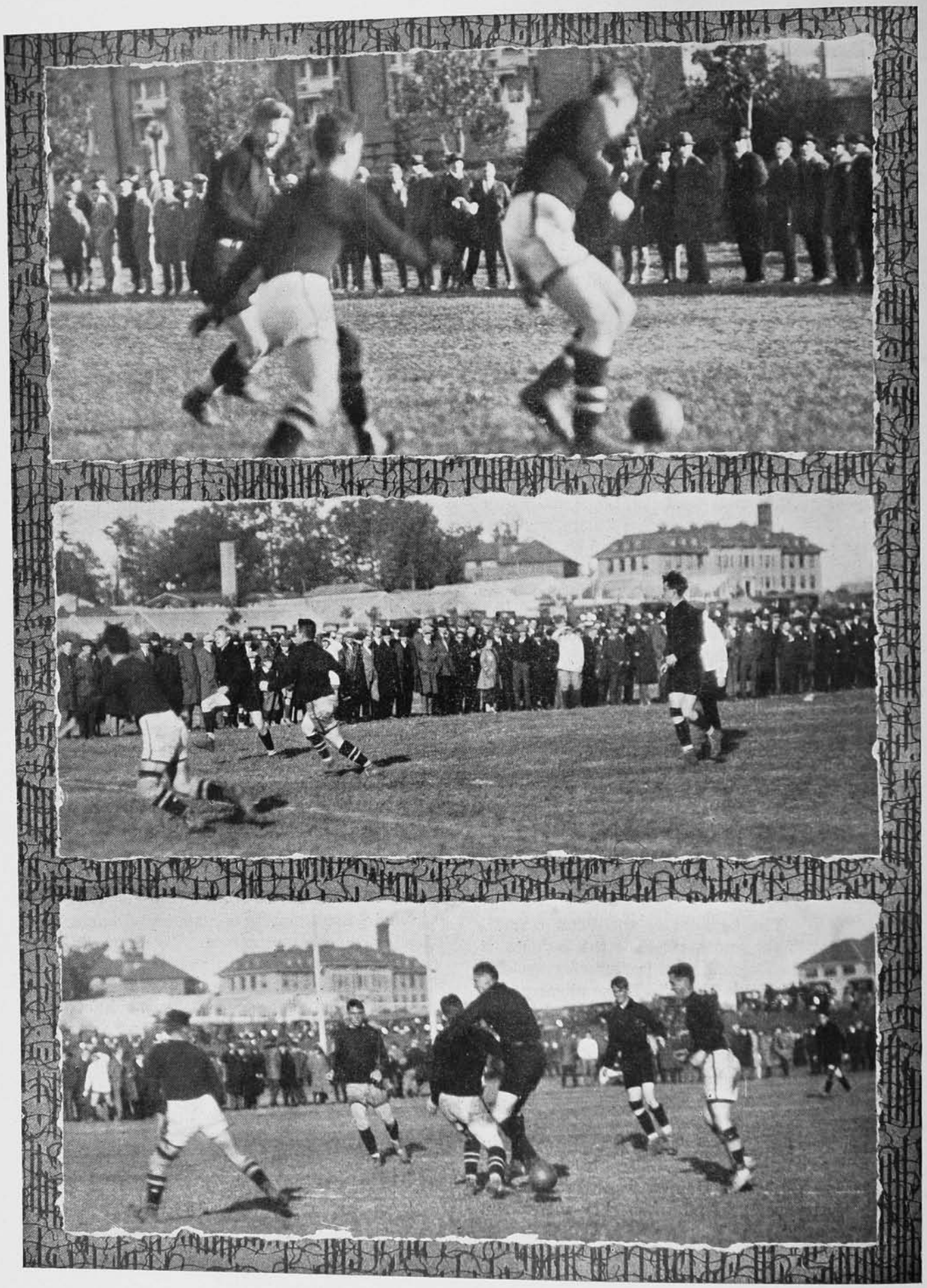
As far as the history of the game is concerned, we can only hope that it won't be repeated. This is the twenty-ninth meeting of the two teams, the first game being played in 1893 and the contest being continued without interruption except for the war-year of 1918. Penn has gained 23 victories while we have only taken five. Nothing to boast about, to be sure, but we can easily console ourselves in the realization that the present and future favor us.

It is interesting to note the progress, coaching system, and development in the style of playing of the two teams. Cornell's record is still clean, and boasts of being undefeated for two years. The most impressive victories of the year were the 68-7 drubbing given to the fighting New Hampshire team, the 14-0 hard-earned victory over Colgate, the 56-0 runaway from Columbia, and the 23-0 defeat of the fast Dartmouth team. On the other hand, Penn's most significant piece of football was in defeating the powerful Navy team, 13-7, and in holding the Pitt team to a 6-7 score after a hard struggle.

The keynote of the Penn team is "fight and strategy"; the keynote of the Cornell team is "interference and off-tackle plays." These phrases sum up, in a few words, the main work and essence of the two teams. Let us consider Pennsylvania. Up to the time of the Navy game, Penn had won its preliminary games only by last minute rallys. Luck and Ertresvaag seemed to be synonomous terms in the forward-passing game. However, the fighting spirit was clearly evident in the early games. "Pos" Miller (captain), Ertresvaag, Thurman, and Hamer were bearing the brunt of the work. And when they met Penn, fight and strategy were combined to win a meritorious victory. Heismann knew that he had to pit his light, green, unconfident team against the heavy, veteran, confident, and powerful Navy machine. Yet he decided on a rare plan—to play a defensive game the first half, practically conceding a touchdown to the Navy, and then in the second half to assume the offensive and fight through to victory. And he did it. In order to accomplish this, he placed Thurman, the heavy tackle, in the backfield for the first half, for defensive purposes. It turned out that Thurman made the majority of the tackles in the first half, and time and again turned back the Navy runners by his deadly tackling. Then, in the second half, Thurman was placed back into his position of tackle for offensive purposes, and a light, fast man placed in the backfield for the same idea. And Penn assumed the offensive and could not be stopped. Thurman opened up large holes for the backs to tear through. Mixing their sweeping end runs with forward passes, long but accurate, the Penn team overcame the seven point handicap and won out 13-7. This victory was the big surprise of the day, but as was said before, "fight and strategy" were the things that counted.

In considering Cornell, we consider a team that is getting more powerful with every game that is played. The reason for this is evident. At the beginning of the season, Dobie had his two halfbacks, Ramsey and Kaw, and his quarterback, Pfann, to work with. But on the line, only Hanson and Sundstrom, the tackles, and Gouinlock and Cassidy, the ends, remained. The basis of the entire team, that is, the two guards and the center, had to be replaced and there was no definite material in sight. Therefore, Dobie could not follow his last year's policy of using the line as primary interference beyond the line of scrimmage. Because the line was not fast enough at the beginning of the season to play the double role. Up to the Columbia game, the backfield men gave most of the interference to the runner but everyone knows that against a good team the backfield interference is always spilled early. Cassidy was

(Concluded on page 28)



A LITTLE ACTION WITH THE TIGER

Iron Bars

A Narrative Based Upon a Number of Interesting Letters by the "Little Grandmother" of the Russian Revolution

BY M. WILLCOX

It was the eighth day of February, 1917. The dawn peered wanly up over the eastern horizon, which lay as monotonous and flat as if layed down by a ruler. The wind, wandering across that great void, made a whispering undercurrent of sound in the oppressive silence. The bare rocks caught at its airy skirts and rustled them, ever so softly; but the old hard-packed snow sent up no plumes to tell the eye of their ghostly presence.

In the little weather-gray shack that stood beside the rutted trackway on the north side of Irkytsk, an old woman stirred, and then lay still, and then stirred again. Hid in the darkness behind the flimsy cotton curtain of her bunk, she had passed a sleepless night, working with the infinite patience which years of imprisonment bring.

Leaning on his rifle, by the door, the guard slept. Surely, to watch over the slumbers of a crippled old woman did not require great alertness. He was nobody's fool; he could see that.

And while he slept, through the nine breathless numbing hours of the Siberian night, Baboushka had worked. Scratch-scratch—silence; scratch-scratch—silence—scratch-scratch. By the blurred light of the oil lamp falling in a band through the crack of the curtain, with a treasured pencil stump, she wrote three short letters,—one in Russian, one in Italian, and the third in English. All three were sealed and addressed. The last contained a Swiss treasury note.

The sentry stretched himself, coughed, and spat. Then he stamped to the table and extinguished the lamp. Its acrid smell filled the dark hut.

"Get up, Breshkovsky," he bawled.

The letters were hidden in the mattress. Catherine Breshkovsky knew the prison routine; they would be safe there for four days. She made an audible stir, to appease the soldier without. Then, bending low, she drew out a large knot from a hole in the planking of the wall, and looked through it at the lightening western sky. The cold thrust in its long fingers and struck at her face, as with claws. The sky was clear; wan stars were still shining like snow flakes over the gray rim of the steppe. Without a sign—for years of surveillance train the human face into a stony mask—she thrust back the knot. Then she hid a scrap of paper in her tight sleeve, straightened her tattered shawl, and hobbled from the bunk to the straight chair beside the stove, where she sat down, wrapped in the plaid blanket recently sent by friends in America.

All that short day Baboushka, the "Little Grandmother" of the Russian Revolution, sat quite still, watching the blue flicker of the oil burner, and listening to the promise of the wind. Mishka, the flacid-faced, stupid serving-man, three times brought her food; and the third time the slip of paper passed from her sleeve to his baggy blouse. Six months of inactivity had earned a certain carelessness of her guards.

During that night and the next day Baboushka looked out three times from the knot hole, and each time saw empty sky and barren plain that vanished only with the curving away of the earth, and over it, all night, the cold aurora waving slowly.

Then came the snow. Heralded by a rise of the wind and a drop of the thermometer, heavy greenish clouds moved up to blot the third day into a boding twilight.

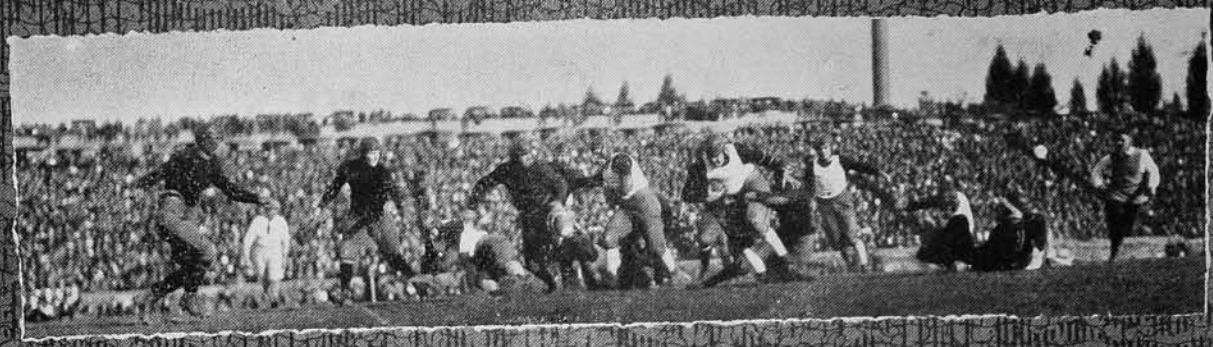
She settled herself in the chair by the stove and waited. At noon the guards were changed. The new man had not lived before on the circle. He talked to her about the storm,—the worst he had ever seen. The old woman only nodded.

At dusk the guard was changed again. This man smoked, and said nothing when Baboushka retired to her bed "to try to sleep a little."

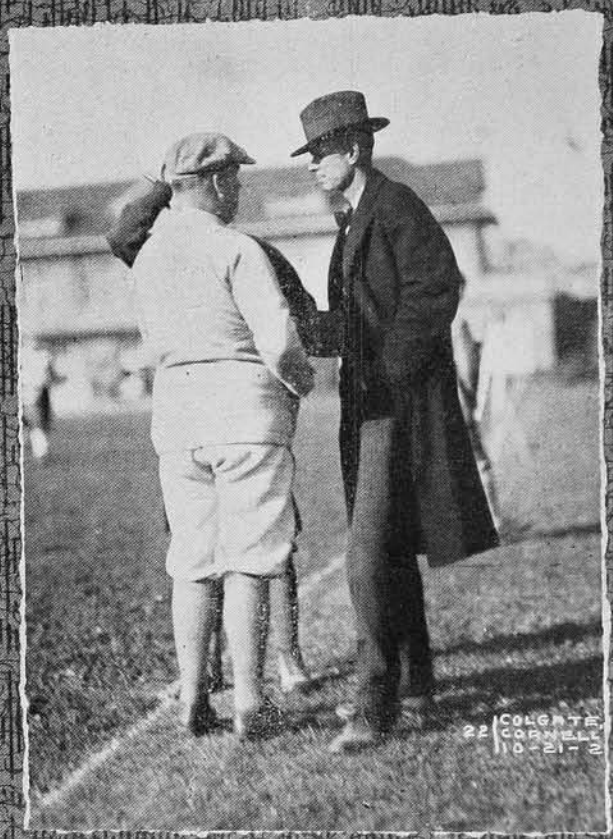
In the full force of the storm, from the pitch blackness outside, someone scratched with a tiny noise on the wall. The Little Grandmother's ear caught it. In the darkness she groped for the knot hole, pulled out the plug and presented one end of the roll of letters to the space. It was drawn out, the knot was replaced, and presently the storm blotted out tracks outside the hut.

The wind howled and whistled and sang, rattling the thick door, and catching with a separate

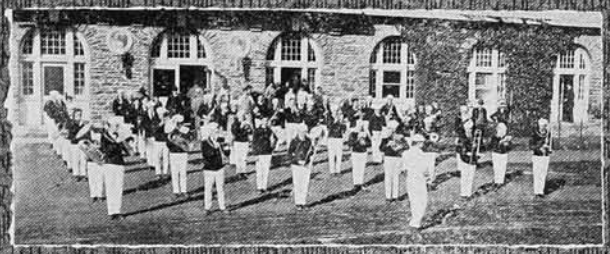
(Continued on page 24)



(above) Kaw takes a few yards off-tackle against Colgate. This game showed Eddie at his best.



(below) Mason of Colgate fails first down in what has proven to be the hardest and most interesting game this season.



(above) Incidents from the Columbia game in which Kaw, Pfann, Ramsey, and Cassidy tore through the line and off-tackle consistently for big gains.

(left) Gilmour Dobie intensely interested watching his "All Americans." They give him so much cause for worry.

♣ ♣ ♣

(below) The Frosh fall before Kiski's running attack.

WHO'S WHO

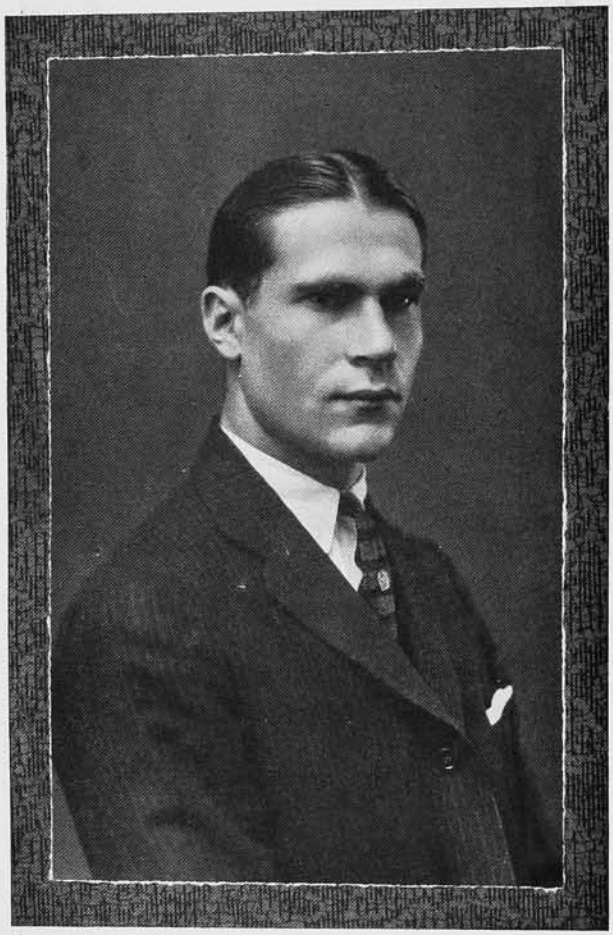


Photo by White

E. V. GOUINLOCK

Chi Phi
Aleph Samach
Quill and Dagger
Majura
Kappa Beta Phi
Wearer of the "C"
'Varsity Football Team 2, 3
'Varsity Track Team 2, 3
Junior Promenade Committee
C. U. C. A. Council

Photo by White

H. L. EBERSOLE

Alpha Delta Phi
Aleph Samach
Quill and Dagger
Wearer of the "C"
'Varsity Football Team 2, 3
Varsity Track Team 2, 3
Freshman Advisory Committee
President British-American Club
Cosmopolitan Club

WHO'S WHO

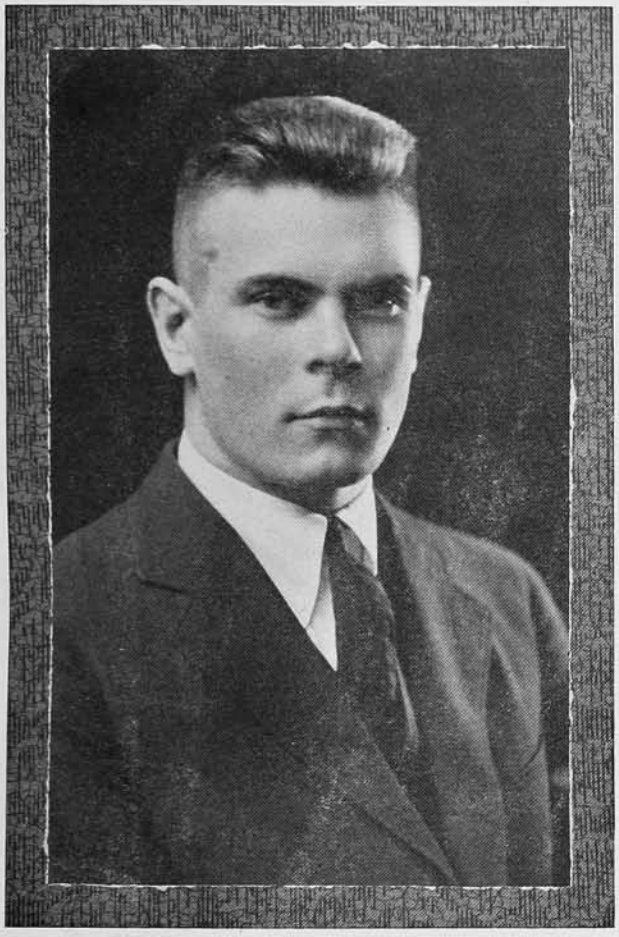


Photo by White

L. C. HANSON

Delta Tau Delta
Sphinx Head
Atmos
Wearer of "C"
Freshman Football Team
'Varsity Football Team 3
Wrestling Team 3
"wCt"
Freshman Banquet Committee
Junior Promenade Committee
Student Council 3, 4
Treasurer Student Council 4

Photo by White

E. B. KIRBY

Aleph Samach
Wearer of the "C"
Freshman Track Team
'Varsity Track Team 2
Captain Cross Country 3
Freshman Cap Burning Committee
Sophomore Smoker Committee
Rod and Bob

(above) Pfann makes an incompleted pass against Dartmouth.

♣ ♣ ♣

(left) Just try to stop this play. Dobie's famous interference at the height of perfection.

(Photo by Kaplan)

♣ ♣ ♣

Cassidy plunging thru the Dartmouth line for the required three yards.

(above) An official obstruction. At least, Sunny shows his good disposition.

♣ ♣ ♣

(right) Our Eddie headed for Dartmouth's goal line with fair prospects of making it.
(Photo by Kaplan)

♣ ♣ ♣

Pfann hits off-tackle for a substantial gain.

Campus Causerie

No-Man's Land?

Oh, no. These barren tracts of waste and mangled earth, these vast smoking craters, this labyrinth of trenches and ramparts and tangled earth-works running like crude scars across the face of a landscape once so smilingly fair; these shattered bridges and torn up highways and uprooted trees, these pieces of rusted ironware, and sand bags, and old tins,—and, everywhere,—mud.

War?

Oh, no. Peace, and improvements. Cornell is getting a new heating plant. Blessed are the devoted sons of our alma mater. For they love her,—and 'tis said that love is blind.

That little tow-headed chap—why, don't you know? That's one of the big men on the hill. Passed just two hours last year!

We turn and look after him with dazzled admiring eyes.

Later we ask him around to the house and show him off to the freshmen. They gather around, wide eyed with awe, to hear this college hero's yarns. The bro, stirred to emulation, join in, and a pleasant time is enjoyed by all.

That sheepish individual haunting the shadows, without a word to say? Hush! Don't notice him. That is the Phi Bet. It isn't exactly his fault. They will happen from time to time, in the best regulated houses.

How we glory in the things of the mind!

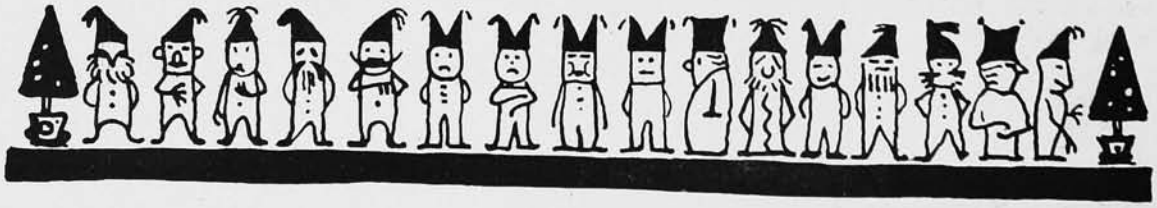
The ERA welcomes as a friend and a rival the very young *Literary Review*. Father Time, bending with kindly interest over a cradle, is moved to reminiscence of all the babies he has seen in his day,—and perhaps to some lugubrious reflections on the high rate of infant mortality of late.

If this child of pure spirit is to attain to sturdy years, and fill that place in the community which undoubtedly waits for him, it must be the work of others than his official sponsors and guardians. They have vouched for his nature. His nurture depends on Cornell.

Of course we have always been provincial, but we are just finding out how provincial we have been. A university whose undergraduate opinion is all in-growing and athletic, is hardly worthy the name.

Reparations and *Smyrna* have come to jostle *tactics* and *film* and *snake* in the vocabulary of the bull session; and people are writing home about the Zimmerns.

It will do us good.

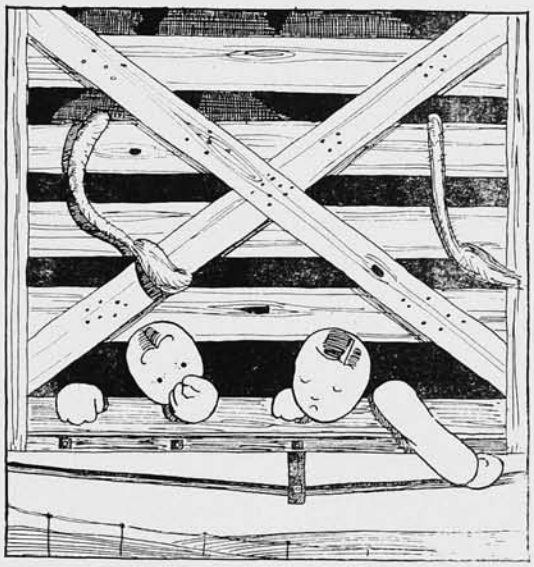


LE VOYAGE MEMORABLE

Gaston, a "public servant," has just tried to pick up these shoes to shine before morning, but Reggie, taking his night's rest in sub-lower-two, has not troubled to remove them from his pedal extremities. Gaston is a good sport, though, and will instruct Reggie about the rule against placing feet in the aisle—besides, it isn't his railroad!

♣ ♣ ♣

Archie, of the cross-country, tries (below) to fit an avocation to practical use. In the words of the immortal Mr. Shonts, "How bully!"



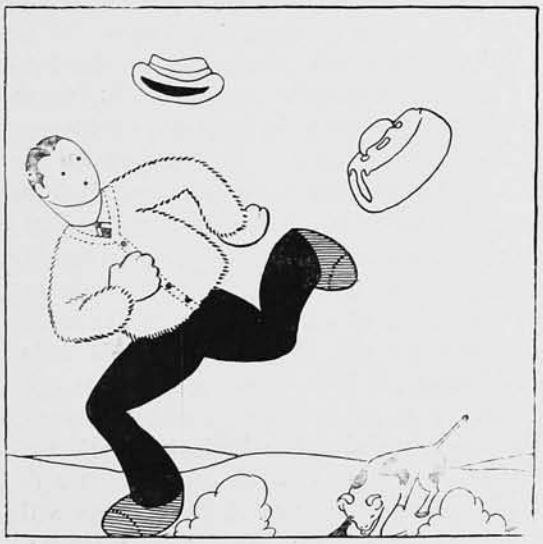
"To Philly, to Philly, to see a good game; Home again, home again,—broken and lame!"

♣ ♣ ♣

To the left we have Carl and Sam. They took this means as a last resort and started with lots of pep. They're thoroughly cowed now, though!

♣ ♣ ♣

Phelix tries out an old New Haven custom. It is needless to say that he was a bit subconscious when he started on the trip. You're right, the two skates shown in the pic are not the only ones he has on!



BOOKS

GIGOLO. By Edna Ferber. 291 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Volumes of short stories are becoming the appropriate sequel to a successful novel. *Gigolo* is one of the best sequels I have read. Miss Ferber is a master at taking a simple incident and developing it into a fifteen hundred word story; she is also a master in condensing the events of several months or even years into a single sentence.

The stories themselves had better be considered separately.

The Afternoon of a Faun. Advocating the good old idea that men would rather pursue the ladies than be pursued.

Old Man Minick. Rates very high on my list of best short stories. If you do not recognize most of the characters, your acquaintances must be few and far between.

Gigolo. The worst story in the book, but its heading is suggestive French slang, which is probably the reason for using it as the title of the volume.

Not a Day Over Twenty-one. The story of an actress who finds herself amidst the hubbub of Hollywood. Ferberism at its strongest.

Home Girl. If all references to locale were removed and you lived within commuting distance of Chicago, you would know that the girl lived on Wilson Avenue.

Ain't Nature Wonderful? The trials and tribulations of a sporting goods clerk who was finally made to do a little sporting himself.

The Sudden Sixties. The female of *Old Man Minick* and equally good. The two stories alone are easily worth the price of the book.

If I Should Ever Travel! The hackneyed idea that people are the same all over the world. But when done by Edna Ferber, it becomes an interesting story.

All in all, it is a splendid book for the student,—one dose to be taken every vacant period until bottle is empty.

TALES OF THE JAZZ AGE. Short Stories. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. 317 pages. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

If you have ever taken a course in English here in the University, you have undoubtedly not escaped having Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's chapter on *Jargon* assigned as outside work. Probably you have neglected to read it, but nevertheless you are expected to throw up your hands at literature such as Fitzgerald's. However, you probably do no such thing. His stories are either charmingly narcotic or frankly sensual and in both fields he has no trouble in gaining hearers. Besides he has a sharp sense of humor, which with me atones for practically everything.

The stories are too numerous to discuss them individually, but they run all the way from terrible (*The Camel's Back*) to about the best story he has ever written (*The Diamond as Big as the Ritz*). I say the best in spite of the fact that it is an allegory. Likewise, the volume contains what Fitzgerald claims will be his Last Flappers (Thank God!), so you ought not to miss the book just as an historical event.

ONE OF OURS. By Willa Cather. 459 pages. New
WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS. Christopher Morley.

The average engineer would throw this latest of Miss Cather's novels out of the window. That ought to be praise enough for any book. Unlike most of the bombast in modern fiction, it is an exceptionally well painted picture of a human being. And that, it seems, is the rule by which a story is, or at least should be, judged. Even Mencken's usually inconsistent slide rule works on this basis. When you have lived through Claude Wheeler's boyhood on a Nebraska farm, his stifling education at a theological school, his almost celibate marriage, and his ultimate understanding of himself in the army in Europe, he will be as real to you as any character in a book can be.

It is essentially a war story and makes a few

unimportant slips in army regulations, especially excusable in a woman. But unlike the reams torn off between shrapnel explosions during a lull in the attack, it is a story of mature deliberation,—three years were spent in the writing of it. And it arrives at a mature conclusion: As long as men will die for an idea, the future of the world will be safe.

A book to be lived quietly, when the victrola is not playing "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise."

—R. S. H.

Where the Blue Begins. Christopher Morley. Doubleday Page.

Christopher Morely, in this his latest "novel," is entirely whimsical, with the whimsicality of the unlabored artist whose every whim slips easily into the unit whole. *Where the Blue Begins* is a philosophy, a collection of anecdotes, a punster's manual, a dog story, or what you will. On the first page you read of Gissing's butler, his motorcar, his telephone, and before the end of the chapter you are jolted into the knowledge that in church the herd's tail often curled upward until it ached! Christopher Morley's publishers delight in advertising their author's books as "dippable," a very apt expression, for they do function nicely when taken in scattered doses; but in payment for this advantage they often, in their diffuseness, fail to attain that persistent and pithy concentration so necessary to the successful projection of any philosophical or poetical truth. "Such projectiles are quite unknown in my amunition dump," Christopher Morley might retort, but then, Mr. Morley is so very whimsical.

You will like *Where the Blue Begins* because you are always appreciative of the new and original, the amusing, the not too insufferably intellectual. Or, you will like it because it is, à la Christopher Morley, a novel novel.

—J. L. E.

Fragments

The earth is a huge bowl
Of speckled crockery.
Splashes of chrome yellow,
Gray, gold, cobalt blue,
Silver, amethyst, and moonstone—
Marks of the kiln's inefficacy.

M. MIRVIS.

IRON BARS

(Continued from page 11)

voice at every projection that impeded its sweeping course. The snow banked up behind each crossbar on the single little window, and was licked away again by the gnawing wind. The old woman went back to the stove. "I will stay here. I have no desire to sleep."

The soldier shrugged indulgently, and slouched down in his chair. The lamp flickered unsteadily, and the wind outside settled down to a smooth, steady current like the tide. Baboushka, listening, gave an almost imperceptible smile, and then sat like a graven image,—waiting.

About midnight the wind dropped a little, and then came a thin human sound across the tumult of the night—a call. Then voices. A lantern passed, on the track, throwing a square of cross-barred light on the dim walls. It moved across, and vanished. The sentry stirred and breathed loudly.

Presently Baboushka's alert ears sorted out of the confused strands of sound the peculiar hiss of runners, a jingling trace, and the scrunch-scrunch of feet. A dog sled going out before dawn into the storm! No one but the Third Section* went north from Irkytsk. It could mean only one thing. Pursuit—. The aged exile turned her head sharply, and straightened in her chair. Too early! He had hoped for four hours' start at least, and the drifting, oblivious snow to hide his track.

The old woman gave a little outward gesture with one hand, as if pushing away a thought. Then she sat quite still.

The young guard awoke, looked at her, and went to sleep again, with his cloak hunched tight about him. The lamp, untended, guttered down through prolonged death-agonies and finally went out; and the blue flame of the stove filled the cabin with wierd, stealthy shadows. Still the Little Grandmother did not stir.

*The Russian Secret Police.

(Concluded on page 30)

THE PENN GAME

(Continued from page 9)

shifted from end to fullback in order to strengthen the backfield interference. However, Dobie was gradually groping around and trying to build up his lines and get it working so that the guards and tackles could also be used for the interference. This five-man interference reached its earlist expression in the Dartmouth game at the Polo Grounds. The guards and tackles would check their men and then go through and take out the backs. The only reason that this did not lead to a larger score was the system of defense that Dartmouth used. Their ends and tackles were ordered to do nothing else but spill the interference and pile it up. And all of the tackling was to be left to the backfield men, who played up close to their line. This system of defense enabled the Dartmouth team to spill most of the interference and allow the backs to tackle the runner after only a short gain. However, the outstanding fact of the game was that the five-man interference had started working, and we may say that by the time of the Penn game, it will be perfected to a greater degree.

One can therefore look forward to the Penn-Cornell tussle as going to be a great game. Penn has a fighting team, and more than once has turned the tables on a superior Cornell team because of that. However, in order to stop Cornell's greatest ground-gaining play, the off-tackle run, the Penn forwards must be able to spill this powerful interference which is gradually reaching its perfection. And they must do this in order to win, or keep the score close. So we can safely say that the Thanksgiving game will be a great game, and it is a fitting climax for a great football season. Cornell's final rating among the mythical champions, and the placing of its men on the All-American team, will depend to a great extent upon the outcome of this game.

IRON BARS

(Concluded from page 24)

Out there on the steppe she saw dark things move—a figure running, alone, under the white veil of the storm—stopping to breathe—straining his eyes back along his path.

Hour by hour the wind dropped, and the snow flew less thickly. Before dawn there came a hush oppressive with low clouds, and almost unbearable stillness. Babaushka, gazing at the winking blue flame, still saw the figure running out there—crouched low like a beast, plunging forward, dodging, hiding behind the rocks, staggering on. And always he looked over his shoulder as he went.

It was not Mishka, but a rat-faced leering, old convict from the prison-village, that brought her food in the morning. He smiled evilly at the old woman, showing his yellow teeth.

"So—! Two more of the new wood coffins will be used in your game,—eh, Grandmother?"

She did not even look up. Only her eyes became very hard.

He set down the black bowl and spoon.

"Here. Eat, pretty one. They say you go on a long journey, tomorrow."

The Ithaca Board of Commerce

takes great pleasure in announcing the recent election to membership of the Cornell Era in Ithaca's representative commercial and civic organization.

In acquiring such membership the Era thereby allies itself with the Cornell Alumni News, the Cornell Daily Sun, the Cornell Widow, the Cornell Annuals, Inc., and the 500 other organizations, firms and individuals who are co-operating through the Board of Commerce to make Ithaca, the home of Cornell University, a better place in which to live and do business.

The Era

points with pleasure to her recent election to the Ithaca Board of Commerce. We believe that the active participation of students in the affairs of Ithaca is beneficial to both students and townspeople. Perhaps there are other Cornell Organizations that might profit by admission to that body.

PORTRAIT OF J. DALTON

BY JOHN LONSDALE

The Quaker *who made* Chemistry a Science

GAVENDISH had shown that two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen always combine completely to form water and nothing else. Proust, a Frenchman, had proved that natural and artificial carbonates of copper are always constant in composition.

"There must be some law in this," reasoned Dalton (1766-1844), the Quaker mathematician and school teacher. That law he proceeded to discover by weighing and measuring. He found that each element has a combining weight of its own. To explain this, he evolved his atomic theory — the atoms of each element are all alike in size and weight; hence a combination can occur only in definite proportions.

Dalton's theory was published in 1808 In that same year, Napoleon made his brother, Joseph, king of Spain. This was considered a political event of tremendous importance. But Joseph left no lasting impression, while Dalton, by his discovery, elevated chemistry from a mass of unclassified observations and recipes into a science.

Modern scientists have gone beyond Dalton. They have found the atom to be composed of electrons, minute electrical particles. In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company much has been done to make this theory practically applicable so that chemists can actually predict the physical, chemical and electrical properties of compounds yet undiscovered.

In a world of fleeting events the spirit of science and research endures.

General Electric Company

General Office *Schenectady, N.Y.*

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The Atkinson Press, Ithaca, N. Y.

THE CORNELL ERA

Being the number issued at Christmas

1922

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Murdered

When the Ithaca Cop got up one morning, he wandered down State Street, turning the silent policeman around for the day. As he approached the door of a prominent cigar store, however, he was suddenly aroused. A trickle of some dark fluid was streaming down the side-walk. Pulling out his microscope, he kneeled on the pavement and carefully examined a little puddle that had formed in a crack. He reached forward and touched it with his finger. It was still a little warm. And it was red. Bright red! Blood!!

A foreboding of tragedy passed over him. He rose and noticed that the blood came from under the door of the cigar store. Moreover, the lights were still burning at eight o'clock in the morning. He rushed to the door (noting from a large sheet of paper in the window, as he ran, that Yale had been beaten again). But there seemed to be a drag upon the door, as if a slack body rested against it. Glancing within, his supposition was corroborated. With a tremendous effort (for an Ithacan cop) he pushed the door in. On the floor lay the huge carcass of one of the cigar store keepers.

Ye gods! A murder has been done.

Blood oozed from a gash in his clothing over his heart and dripped rythmically into a puddle on the floor. His throat, too, was slit, but the blood had ceased to flow there very rapidly. On his forehead, was a small cross, evidently placed there as a sign. The assassin had done his job well.

The town rose up in horror. One of its prominent citizens murdered in cold blood! Impossible! And yet here was the dead body, reeking in blood. Sleuths arose on all sides, set upon unraveling this mystery. A posse was formed, ready to start upon the villain's trail the moment that his identity was discovered. Detectives were brought from the neighboring towns and a finger print expert from the Big City. But all was in vain. There were thousands of finger prints on the counter and even on every page of the magazines that were also a part of the stock.

Finally the hue and cry died down. There were no clues,—even the knife had been removed. There was no motive for the crime that could be discovered. The till, full of cash and a few small checks (it was the policy of the proprietor never to cash them unless he would lose a sale by refusing), was undisturbed. Even an inventory of the stock showed no great discrepancy. Every attempt to solve the puzzle was futile.

The murderer escaped.

* * * * * * * * * *

Many years later, an old man with a cane tottered into the station house.

"I have come to give myself up."

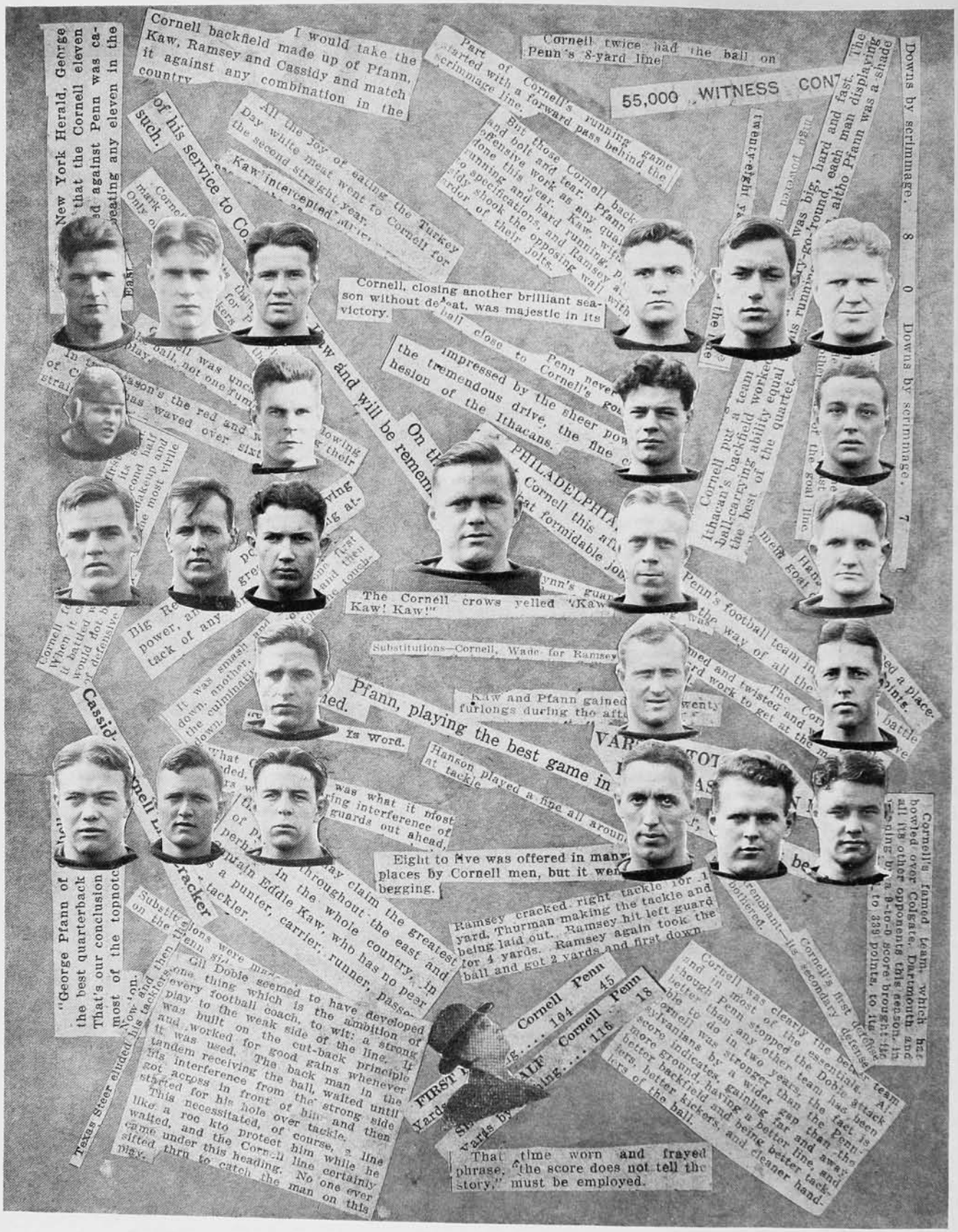
"What's the matter? Y'u crazy?"

"No, Captain. I committed a murder."

Exclamations of surprise passed around the room and a crowd gathered about the old man to hear his confession.

"Years ago," he began in a quavering voice, "when I was in my prime, I went into a cigar store to buy a magazine. I wanted something that showed intelligent work and would tell me what was going on around the Hill. I wanted pictures of the teams in action and good stories and articles. The man in charge of the store insulted me by handing me the trifling inanities of the Widow instead of the Era."

"Sir, I had to kill him."



CHAMPIONS OF ALL

Football

The Mythical Championship

The only thing left of a glowing football season is a group of partisan fires, which are fed to new flames by every sort of criticism. For which reason, it will be useless to try and persuade everyone that the Big Red Team was the greatest in the East. It can't be done and so we must rest in the glory of our convictions.

Nevertheless, it would be interesting to discuss Cornell's football season from a few different angles, namely: an estimate of this year's team; an analysis of "Eddie" Kaw; and a consideration of the prevalent criticism among sport writers that our attack wasn't versatile enough within the 20-yard line.

One of Cornell's worthy rivals, inhabiting the town of Hanover, N. H., has nicknamed Cornell's team "The Big Red Terrors." This name is conveniently suited to Dobie's team. A terrific, steam-rolling offense and an impregnable defense just about earns that title.

First of all, however, we must recognize Dobie's share of the victory, which proves him to be the greatest football coach of today. At the beginning of the season, "Gil" had to find two ends, two guards, one tackle, a center, and a fullback. Otherwise, he had an easy job. He found them, though. And he developed them, also. It was a slow process at first, but gradually the evolution of a team came about. And what a team! A backfield that moved as one man, and a line that opened up huge holes for that backfield.

In the beginning, Dobie had to rely upon his backfield alone to provide its own interference. The line was green and had its hands opening up holes, which it did. Gradually, however, he worked the line to its double role. In the Dartmouth game this was first evidenced. The guards went through, checked their men, and then acted as interference and took out the defensive backs. The ends would hit the opposing end low, and on the inside, while Ramsey or Cassidy would come along and hit that same end high and on the outside. The tackles would come around on the plays and cut in as interference. And the low running, hard hitting backs rammed their way through the strongest of center trios in the East—Colgate's and Princeton's. Besides the running game, the passing game was a thing of beauty. The "Kaw to Pfann" pass, either on a running off-tackle formation, or straight over the line, was unique in its rapidity and precision.

No football critic (unless he caters to a select group of readers who boast of a "big 3" diploma, or unless his early rash statements of our weakness and probable defeats must be smoothed over gently to maintain his reputation) can fairly place any team above Cornell. Cornell, Princeton, Army, and West Virginia all went through the season undefeated and should be grouped in first place. As a matter of fact, Penn could have beaten Princeton on any Saturday of the year. If Colgate were to play Princeton tomorrow, the odds would be at least 8-5 for Colgate to win. The Army's claim to fame is that it tied Notre Dame, and tied Yale, and beat the Navy, although outrushed and outplayed by the latter, a team which Penn beat. Princeton's claim to fame is that it beat both Harvard and Yale when it was expected by the good critics to lose both games. Which claim is therefore based on the assumption that Harvard and Yale had very good teams, although the latter lost three of its four important games, and tied the fourth, while Harvard dropped a game to Brown.

However, although all football statistics (that is, through immediate comparative scores, and through statistics of ground gained by rushing and of defensive work) point to Cornell as the strongest team of the bunch, it is useless to argue. The only possible solution is to group the teams in a tie for first place.

The entire team deserves individual praise, but special tribute should be made to Captain "Eddie" Kaw. Undoubtedly one of the greatest backs that ever stepped on a gridiron, he was the outstanding star of this year's football season. He was a hard man to stop going through center or guard, he was a consistent ground gainer on the off-tackle plays, he was an unique and speedy end-runner, a shifty and unequalled broken field runner, a forward passer of rare skill, a sure re-

(Continued on page 26)

"Chicago from the Waterfront"

A Drawing in Lithographic Crayon

By Count Savag deG. Najiskas

The ERA feels that there is considerable latent critical ability among its readers, and to stimulate thought on artistic and literary subjects announces a contest for criticisms of the above drawing, which is reproduced through the courtesy of Mrs. Harry B. Taylor of Chicago, the owner of the original. The artist, Count Savag deG. Najiskas, is a young Russian now studying in America whose work is rapidly gaining recognition in the Chicago artists' colony. Braenin says of him, "Najiskas has expressed the grand conception of Chicago, the city of Carl Sandburg, the city of smoke and stench."

The criticisms will be judged upon the degree of artistic perception expressed, upon their literary merit, and upon the originality of the critical thought. They should be typewritten and may not exceed two hundred words in length. The competition is open to students of all classes and to the faculty, and prizes will be awarded as follows:

First Prize - -	$5.00
Second Prize - -	3.00
Third Prize - -	2.00

The prize winning criticisms will be printed in the ERA and one dollar will be paid for each other essay published. Manuscripts must be at the ERA office before noon, January 8, 1923, to allow time for judgment.

The judges are Professor William Strunk, Jr., of the Department of English, J. A. Hartell '25, of the College of Architecture, and E. B. McConnell '23, of the ERA staff.

An Affair of Credulity

A Short Story

In the later hours of a drear afternoon of October, Charlie Sutton stood looking from the window of his room out over the misty valley veiled in the drizzling rain. The fateful letter was in the waste-basket torn to bits, but he was cursing, despondently yet resolutely. "You wouldn't mind if I go to Princeton next week instead of coming up for the game, because I've never been there, and besides you'll see me in New York in November, anyway, dear." She had probably met some good-looking "snake" —no, he didn't mind that; she had ruined their wonderful plans of last August for a week-end together—he didn't mind that—much! But she'd see him in New York; he wanted her here, not in New York! Damn women!

* * * * * * * * * *

Friday came around and the girls began to arrive but Charlie decided to take in a show and go to bed. He planned without his room-mate, however, for after dinner Tom asked if he wouldn't like to take his girl to the Kappa Beta dance, having to go to bed himself because he was to play in the game the following day. The girl in question was a popular "prom-trotter," so Charlie acquiesced, knowing he'd have no difficulty losing her, once at the dance. Such flighty creatures, but for that matter any woman did not interest serious-minded Charlie—any more.

The dance was a flare of women and song, and some of the stags showed evidences of the absorption of another "w" stronger than wine. Soon Tom's girl was lost to an enraptured admirer and Charlie found himself a disinterested spectator on the stag line. It wasn't long before he became thoroughly sick of the continuous chaos of sound in the hot, stuffy rooms, and wandered outside to imbibe a little of the coolness of the evening. Wandering aimlessly down a path, he suddenly ran headlong into a girl hurrying along a cross path.

Recovering from his surprise he mumbled, "Awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I wasn't looking where I was going."

"Why, it was my fault," she answered nervously. "I was in a hurry to get back to the house because—but come, walk back with me."

"Because what?" said Charlie as they turned back where the couples were drifting out for an intermission.

"I suppose I might as well tell you. I'm up here from Smith with Bill Brewster and he's pretty well 'lit.' I only met him last summer, but if he's like this regularly—"

"Do you know Betty Everett?" he broke in, thinking of the girl who had caused him so much anguish.

"Do I? I roomed with her last year. She's down at Princeton this week-end. She was coming here but—why you must be Charlie Sutton whom she used to rave about so!"

Charlie didn't like that "used to," so he countered with, "You haven't told me who you are yet."

"My name is Alice Elizabeth Peyton. We have just moved to Chicago, and my age—guess?"

"Nineteen," he replied gallantly. "Chicago's my home, too. In what part of the city are you living?"

"Edgewater, near Argyle. I don't know a soul there—but you," said Alice, giving him anything but a frigid look.

This was very nearly too much for poor Charlie but the still present thought of Betty made him suggest that they go inside and dance. Occasionally men do have such qualms of conscience.

It wasn't long before someone cut-in and Charlie joined a group of stags. He watched the course of Alice around the floor, frequently changing partners, but with an encouraging smile for each as he gave place to his successor. She was stunning—beautiful! Why hadn't Betty ever spoken of her? How did she ever happen to come here with a man of the reputation of Bill Brewster?

Asking himself scores of such questions he went on the porch for a smoke, and by the time he had finished it he had decided to ask her to leave Bill and spend the rest of the week-end with him. It wasn't exactly square to Bill, but he deserved to lose her—and besides, it was the only thing for him to do. Charlie had turned opportunist, and Betty and Princeton were forgotten.

The orchestra was playing the last encore when Charlie, cutting-in, suggested they go for a little

ride—the evening was still young. Before going out, he had presence of mind enough to stop and ask one of his fraternity brothers who was stagging the party to see that Tom's girl got home safely, but then hurried on in order to preclude any argument.

One could not have wished for a better night; clear and cool with the full moon overhead. They drove for several miles in silence until they reached a point from which the lake and the hills to the west could be plainly seen.

"I can't yet understand how you happened to come up here with Bill," mused Charlie.

"I told you I only met him last summer—on the spur of the moment I promised to come. But now I wish I hadn't."

"Why then I'd never have met you and—"

"Would that have made much difference?" she asked impishly.

"Alice, stop fooling!" he protested. "You're going to spend the rest of the week-end at our house and you'll kiss me now, or you'll have to walk home," and he tried to accomplish the second part of his threat.

But she pushed him away, and laughing, stepped out of the car. Charlie followed her in a leap, but there was no need for his hurry. She opened one of the rear doors and, climbing in, said:

"Let's sit back here where we can stretch our legs, and smoke." And as Charlie placed himself beside her, "I'm not going to walk home."

Then a strenuous silence, finally broken by Alice, "I'm going to be in New York in November."

"So am I," murmured Charlie.

Courtesy of
"THE WAVE"

"GLIMPSE OF THE ROCKIES"
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY
BIRGER SANDZEN

Random Thoughts on Humour

Some Ideas About the Psychology of Fun and a Few About the "Little Lady in Black" by a Member of Her Editorial Staff

By E. F. Bissantz

In his essay on Laughter, published in his recent book, "And Even Now," Max Beerbohm writes: "There is no dignity in laughter; there is much of it in smiles. Laughter is but a joyous surrender, smiles give token of mature criticism. It may be that in the early ages of this world there was far more laughter than is to be heard now, and that aeons hence laughter will be obsolete and smiles universal—every one, always, mildly, slightly smiling."

And it may not be impossible that even smiles may die out, and that man, as he grows in wisdom, will discover that the highest state he is capable of reaching is to become inarticulate. Meanwhile, one of those illusions among us that appears to be universal is that humour is popular, while the truth is that humour in itself is not only unpopular, but is very rare, and as a genuine product is growing rarer. It has hitherto been assumed that a sense of humour is one of the necessary attributes of lofty intelligence, and no man has been willing to admit that he did not possess one. Yet the exercise of one's sense of humour is not only a dangerous pastime, but, as we grow in sympathy and insight, it is bound to be so recognized. And even now its use is unconsciously restricted among us. In social circles the teller of humourous stories rapidly becomes a bore. One dose of him may be highly enjoyable, but one is enough, and anybody who cares to make a record of conversations that take place everywhere among us constantly will be amazed at the lack of humour. People chatter and laugh somewhat at the misfortunes of others; they flatter one another, they discuss trivial matters with enormous gusto, but of genuine wit or humour there is scarcely a trace. Moreover, merely to glance over the musty collections of anecdotes and repartee of the past, which by hearsay are celebrated, is to become convinced at once of their uniform stupidity. We can scarcely conceive that the things set down as witty could even provoke a faint smile.

We may be sure also that if there were a great demand for humour it would be supplied, yet books of humour are very rarely among our best sellers, and generally when they are it is due to other causes than the humour in them. Of course, we may say in one sense that the very nature of humour requires that it be rare. Its principal element is surprise, and where a thing grows common it must cease to surprise. Thus books that excite us for the moment rapidly fade, and the poor author is literally at his wits' end to keep up the illusion.

So far as I know no book of humour, pure and simple, has ever survived its own generation!

—Thomas L. Masson.

In dealing with published humour let us first presume that you, gentle reader, are one of those rare individuals who possess not only a keen sense of the ludicrous, but who is sufficiently well-read to be interested in any serious literary endeavor, comic or otherwise, for its own sake. For, as an example, when Louis Untermeyer, clever parodist that he is, has his H. L. Mencken wander into the fourth stage of his *Heavens* saying, "What this place needs is a little *force majeure* to free it from its blubbering *Sklavenmoral.* It would get rid of the rumble-bumble of the pious snouters, the gaudy bombast of the malignant moralists, the obtuse and sniveling taradiddle, the absurd hogwallowing, the balderdash, the cavortings of all whoopers and snorters, of the rabble-rousers, bogus rosicrucians, ku-kluxers, well-greased tear-squeezers, parlor pundits and boob-bumpers." It is extremely unlikely that anyone who does not, or has not, read Mencken will see the keen wit underlying it all. Since the greatest influence for good exerted by humour is through introspective ridicule and analytic parody it follows that it is first necessary that we be acquainted with the thing to be proved ridiculous and that we be willing to be convinced that it is so. The exponents of "Blue Laws" find it impossible to see any point to the many quips directed at their pruriences.

But what of a humorous paper? Granted that there are as many opinions of what constitutes humour as there are people in the world, that the appreciation of wit varies with age, mood, and circumstance and that the printed word leaves little chance to add those touches of speech and action which would stress the point and add to it the savor of the speaker's personality (Balieff, of the *Chauve-Souris*, is supremely funny not so much because of the things he says, but because of the manner in which he says them—for he is a fat man) that it would seem very difficult indeed to collect and print periodically matter which would be sufficiently varied to appeal to a large percentage of any given group of people. It is indeed difficult and the cosmopolitan sheets do not even attempt it. Choosing for their subscribers

a class of persons large enough to support the enterprise whose intellectual and social order appeals to the editors, a policy is worked out whereby the tastes and desires of those persons are analyzed and they are then given that which will satisfy them, namely, what the editors find will "get by" with their readers. Of course some things are printed in an effort to "educate" the public but the general tone of a paper is dictated by the wants of its subscribers. *Hot Dog, Life,* and *Vanity Fair* have their separate places in the journalistic field—but they are not competitors!

The problem of a school paper is a more difficult one. No publication is successful unless it is also financially so, for paper and printer's ink cost money and the lady typesetters refuse to typeset for love and kisses alone, so to be self-supporting that it may endure it is necessary, in a limited community such as a college, that a paper of considerable size and cost have an almost universal appeal to insure sufficient subscriptions that the editor may be free to realize at least in part some of their journalistic ambitions. The Arts "grind" might appreciate a clever take-off on this poem which appeared, in all seriousness, with a number of similar things in the August *Broom,* the "finest printed periodical ever printed in the English language,"

NOVEMBERLEVENTH

Light, light
Airy and bulbous,
Fringes . . .
buttermilk . . .
St. Gotthard tunnel.

Ha ha : I have you now.
Move and I shoot.

I shoot anyway.

Ah, how droll, dear Fido,
see how I pick up this
Mountain by its
Peak . . . and hurl it.

Isn't the world stupid?
Last night I went to
bed naked except
For a necktie and
an Overcoat . . . my
blanket I hung out the
window . . . People laughed.

When I die, shall they weep?
God, shall they weep?
Weep, weep, weep?

Come here, Fido, let
me Tickle your ear.

Armistice day. A
gun.
Booms. I
Remember . . .
O Satan, I remember it!
The bayonet through his throat.
He had the eyes of a . . .
(crucified) and
they stared up at me As
Yours do Now, fido.
. . . I shan't listen to the
Guns! any longer.
Instead . . . the grapefruit.

but the great majority of us who cannot be classed among "those whose ill made spirits will not lend themselves to the less rare joys of the commonplace and of the conventional morality" must be attracted by something with which we have a closer connection. This poem strikes me as a pretty good joke as it stands.

But what are we acquainted with? Newspapers, popular books, athletics, house parties, campus characters, pedants, girls' schools, certain scholastic or professional slang terms suitable for puns and the general run of ordinary happenings which, as Rémy de Gourmont (the big eater) so aptly puts it, are "dull enough." How, then, to lighten this commonplace stuff? Well, here's a good example by Robert Benchley of a take-off on something known to everyone—the exaggerated Atlas-holding-up-the-world-with-our-products ads of the *Saturday Evening Post* and similar papers.

I AM THE STRENGTH OF AGES

I have sprung from the depths of the hills.

Before the rivers were brought forth, or even before the green leaves in their softness made the landscape, I was your servant.

From the bowels of the earth, where men toil in darkness, I come, bringing a message of insuperable strength.

From sun to sun I meet and overcome the forces of nature, brothers of mine, yet opponents; kindred, yet foes.

I am silent, but my voice re-echoes beyond the ends of the earth.

I am master, yet I am slave.

I am Woonsocket Wrought Iron Pipe, "the Strongest in the Long Run." (Trademark.)

Send for illustrated booklet entitled

"The Romance of Iron Pipe."

After reading this, if we have never consciously noticed it before, we became aware of the senility of some of the advertising that is thrust into our faces. Manufacturers soon find this out and seek more discriminating sales appeals so we have progress through that poignant but kindly imaginative vision, constructive ridicule.

Humour is a deep flowing sympathetic insight which accomplishes no end of good in oiling the petty frictions of everyday life but its chips, wit, very often falling where they may, are dangerous missiles.

A serious work when pregnant with the highest form of good humour is doubly effective as, for instance, Henrick Van Loon's *Story of Mankind*, while Chappell's *Cruise of the Kawa* held up to just ridicule the flood of spavined polynesian literary abortions which were driving the nation to drink, disgust, and despair. How differently was the more recent *Kawa at the Pole* received in discriminating circles! Here is a book, fairly funny but more often obvious, upon a subject which is not sufficiently well know to be the fit object of parody and about which the author himself knew nothing. When a writer of today fills a book full of stock candle-eating Esquimaux and *kohlrabi* headed New Yorkers—he's out!

Every clean - cut - square - jawed - red - blooded American *knows* that he, of all men, possesses the keenest kind of a sense of humour. As a matter of fact only one in a hundred has any semblance whatever of such a sense. The most aggressive teller of collected funny stories and borrowed witticisms is, most often, endowed with the least humour. Since most everyone is content to take life as it is, to rest content that "things *are* so" and to consider any change from the established order as either too radical or idiotic to be given any thought, or too fundamental to be understood, the most valuable type of introspective humour is wasted because the sophisticated person who reads and understands it doesn't need it at all while the Grand Exalted Whatnot of the Booton Lodge of the *Fraternal Order of Elks*, Booton, Arkansas, will either never read it, or will recommend the writer to the Ku Klux if he does. Here I shall quote at some length a wonderfully fine piece of this kind of writing from the pen of Robert C. Benchley. Everyone has been in some kind of endeavor which required the intelligent coöperation of a group of people, so the truth of his portrayal may be vouched for by our own experience. Only those who still refer to the late-lamented unpleasantness overseas as the "War for Humanity" will deny that this bit strikes us in a very vulnerable spot, namely, the commonplace stupidity of the supposedly élite.

I now call upon Mr. Benchley who will entertain us with the production, before our very eyes, of the ordinary *community "Masque" or "Pageant." Mr. Benchley:

"Something entitled 'The March of Civilization' is selected, because it calls for Boy Scout uniforms and a Goddess of Liberty costume, all of which are on hand, together with lots of Red Cross regalia, left over from the war drives. The plot of the thing concerns the adventures of the young girl *Civilization* who leaves her home in the *Neolithic Period* accompanied only by her faithful old nurse *Language* and *Language's* little children, the *Vowels* and the *Consonants*. She is followed all the way from the *Neolithic Age* to the Present Time by the evil spirit, *Indigestion*, but, thanks to the helpful offices of the *Spirits of Capillary Attraction*, and *Indestructibility of Matter*, she overcomes all obstacles and reaches her goal. *The League of Nations*, at last .

But during the course of her wanderings, there have been all kinds of sub-plots which bring the element of suspense into the thing. For instance, it seems that this person *Indigestion* has found out something about *Civilization's* father which gives him the upper hand over the girl, and he, together with the two gunmen, *Heat* and *Humidity*, arrange all kinds of traps for the poor thing to fall into. But she takes counsel with the kind old lady, *Self-Determination of Peoples*, and is considerably helped by the low comedy character, *Obesity*, who always appears at just the right moment. So in the end, there is a big ensemble, involving Boy Scouts, representatives of those Allies who happen to be in good standing in that particular month, seven boys and girls personifying the twelve months of the year, Red Cross work-

*(Read "Society.")—Ed.

(Continued on page 28)

WHO'S WHO

Photo by White

WILLIS KINGSLEY WING

Phi Delta Theta
Sphinx Head
Sigma Delta Chi
Manuscript Club
Freshman Advisory Committee 4
Senior Banquet Committee
Cornell Widow Board 2, 3, 4
Editor-in-Chief 4

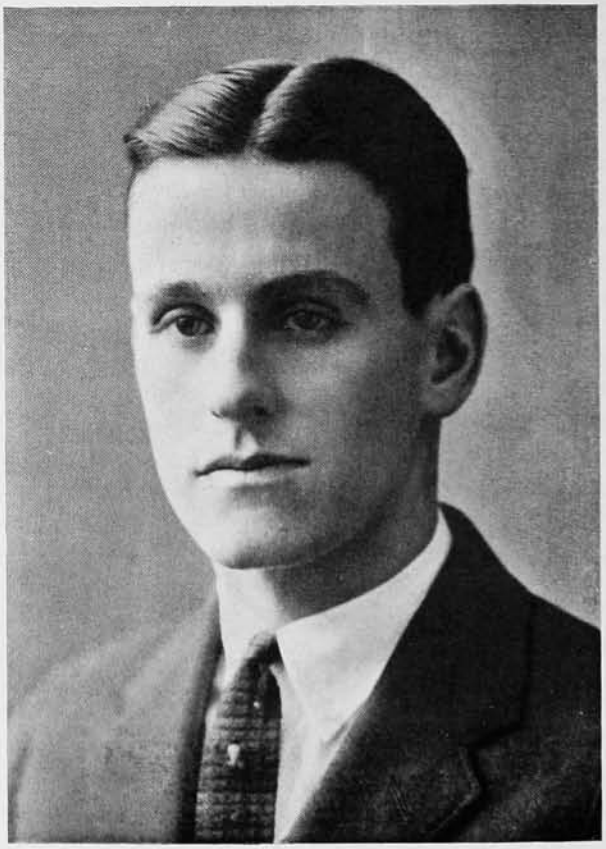


Photo by White

HENRY LINDLEY PEEL

Phi Gamma Delta
Sphinx Head
Atmos
Freshman Advisory Committee 4
Senior Class Day Committee
Endowment Fund
Cornell Widow Board 2, 3, 4
Circulation Manager 3, 4

WHO'S WHO

Photo by White

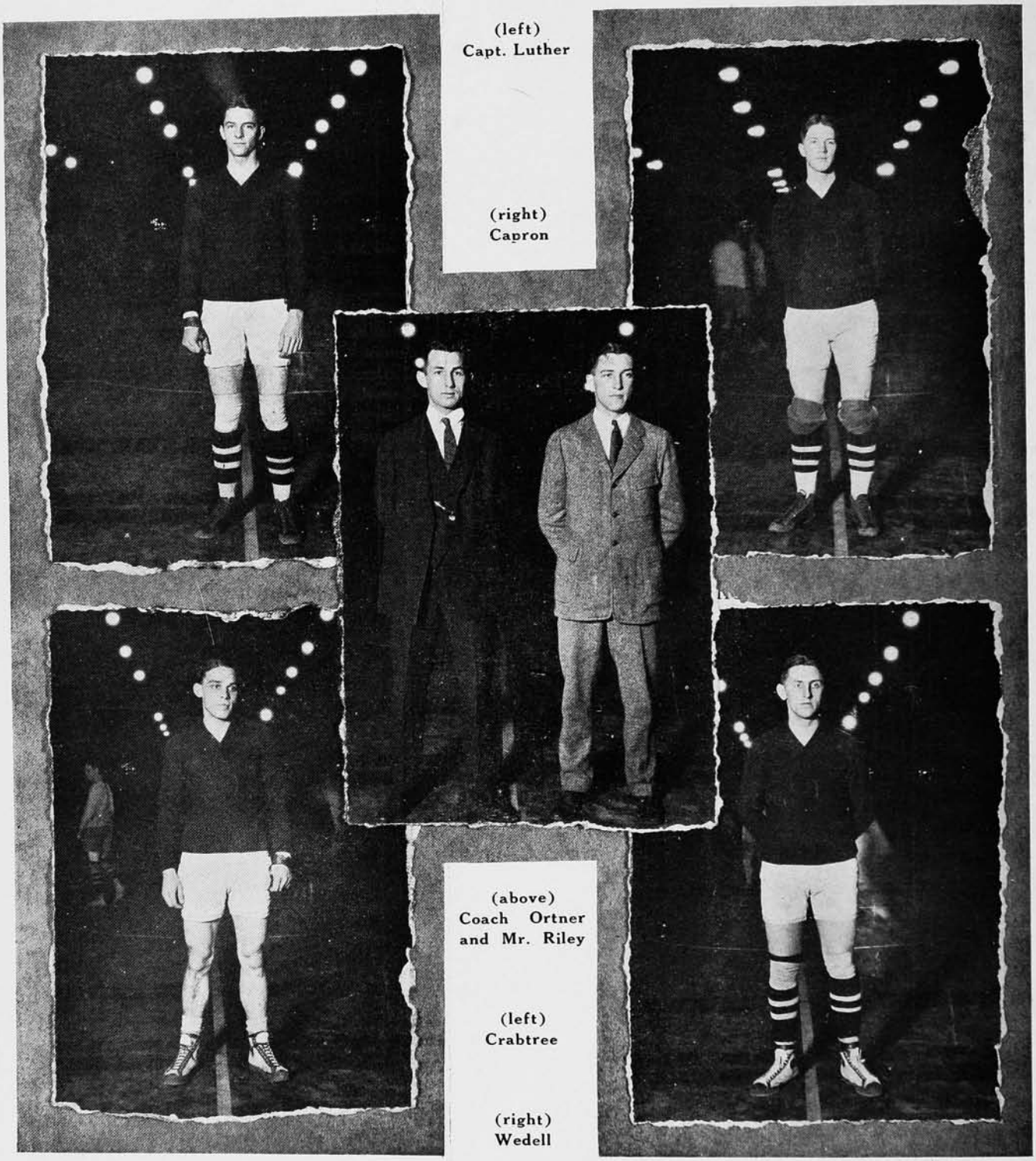
EARL KNIGHTS STEVENS

Sigma Nu
Quill and Dagger
Sigma Delta Chi
Atmos
Sophomore Cotillion Committee
Freshman Advisory Committee
Senior Class Day Committee
Chairman Sibley Banquet Committee
Cornell Widow Board 2
Assistant Business Manager 3
Business Manager 4

BURKE DOWLING ADAMS

Phi Gamma Delta
Quill and Dagger
Sigma Delta Chi
Rod and Bob
Sophomore Spring Day Committee
Undergraduate Fund Committee
Cornell Annuals 2, 3, 4
Assistant Art Editor 3
Art Editor 4
Cornell Widow 1, 2, 3, 4
Art Editor 4

Photo by White



(left)
Capt. Luther

(right)
Capron

(above)
Coach Ortner
and Mr. Riley

(left)
Crabtree

(right)
Wedell

THE NUCLEUS OF THE 1922 TEAM

Basketball

Recent Developments and the Team's Prospects

Basketball is the king of all winter sports. The game is steadily entrenching itself in both collegiate and national circles. To anyone who has played the game it ranks on a level with any other sport, while to the spectator, the game appears to be one of the most exciting and colorful of sports.

Basketball is a peculiar game in that it demands so much of a player. One must be fast, always fighting, full of endurance, and a very good shot in order to play on a team. The game is always close, the final score showing only a difference of a point or two, so that it is a fight to the very end. It is a case of "up and at them" from beginning to end. So that the team that wins usually deserves its victory.

There are two outstanding changes in the style of play as used today and as used a few years ago. These changes are first, the development of the passing game in place of dribbling game, and second, the use of the guards which make them the most important positions on the team.

Concerning the passing game, it has come to a stage where the dribble is used only as a last resort. And it is a poor one at that. Because when one dribbles, it enables the opposition to cover their men who are loose, and to form defense to protect their basket. Thus it takes up time that might be used to advantage. But by the swift and rapid passing, the defense is kept running around by the offense until an opening can be found. Then the offense breaks through and takes its shot. By this rapid passing game, one is enabled to lose his opponent and to run him ragged. Also, the passing game has eliminated to a great extent the long distance shooting, and substituted the short shots within the 17-foot line. A passing game is inefficient unless it can carry the ball down the floor for a shot within this 17-foot line. Long and hasty shots are bad things to depend on for points. Also, the passing game has made the game speedier and has put more action and color in it. There is nothing prettier to watch than a team pass its way down the floor and then cage a short shot.

Concerning the use of the guards, they are the most important positions on the team in the modern game. They are the basis of the defense, in the first place. They must set the 17-foot line as the dead line for their opponents. Because once within that line, the chances for a successful shot are numerous. One may notice that the guards of today are all fairly husky, and usually members of other sport teams. Also, the guard must be as good a shot as any man on the team. He is supposed to add his quota to the final score. An exceptional guard can play havoc with another team, for the simple reason that he makes the forward chase him around and it thus becomes a case of five men against four. Sidman of Cornell and Millar of Dartmouth are two guards who had the ability to do such a thing.

The Eastern teams of today are far superior to their Western brothers. The Western teams use strictly an offense, and slight defense. They use a five man offense, while we use a five man defense, and except at intervals, a three man offense. In the East, every man takes his own opponent and is responsible for him. There are no such things as "basket-hangers" in today's game. The average Princeton, Dartmouth, Penn or Cornell team is far superior to the average western team.

The outlook for this season is good in one respect, and in other ways, not so good. Captain Luther, Crabtree, Capron, and Wedell are four men whose ability is unquestioned. But the fifth man is the problem. And the men after the fifth man is still a greater problem. Nevertheless, the squad includes a number of men who may at any time come to the front. Of the four men already mentioned, Luther, at forward, is fast, versatile, and accurate; Crabtree, at guard, is a good defensive man, scrappy and reliable at all times; Capron, at guard, is fast and an exceptional shot; and Wedell, playing forward, is a consistent and accurate player. Of the other men on the squad, there is Byron, a center, who is a good defensive man; Stone, also center, who is good on the offense; Rynalski, another center, who is an accurate shot and a versatile player; Pfann, of football fame, who holds down a guard position and who is fast and scrappy; Raymond, another

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Professor Midjo's Sketches

By M. E. Mathewson

"Most people," says Ezra Pound in his interesting little essay on Obstructivity, "do not make chairs. they sit on them. The man who makes a chair has to know certain things about it which the sitter need not know. The sitter desires comfort. All men are not the same shape; neither are all chairs comfortable for all shapes and conformities of humanity. This is, however, no reason either for or against the planting of acorns." And so it is that some men make chairs that are pleasing to look upon but which, though beautiful to view, are too weak or comfortless to be lasting, while others, using more knowledge of the basic principles of chairmaking, construct chairs that are cruder in aspect but infinitely more practical.

Professor Christian M. S. Midjo is not a classicist nor is he a modern in the sense that he would throw away all adherence to carefully worked execution. That a work of art be pleasing to the eye is something he has always insisted upon. A clumsy man possessed of a big idea may make his point in spite of his technique—but how much easier it is for the man who has mastered his technical difficulties to express himself rather than fight and fight to reach the surface! For this reason Professor Midjo is continually experimenting and studying and growing through little informal sketches such as these presented here. Forgetting many of the requirements which he would be forced to solve in a serious work he devotes all of his attention in his sketches to some particular detail which he wishes to study—and sees it through! He made many such studies during the past summer. All of them show an easy, spontaneous stroke of the brush and a fresh palate which differs greatly from his characteristic one. It is very evident that these were done under different conditions than his larger works. They are the ebullitions of a fertile mind working in the morning, in the open—and in the sun. Even these black and white reproductions are full of light!

Little attempt is made at composition, for color and distance are here the subject of study, but the groupings are never objectionable and are often pleasing. The sketch reproduced at the top of the page shows a little more interesting form than do many of the others but, while it is somewhat conventionalized. it is not at all conventional.

The Lion

There are, of course, lions *and* lions.

Perhaps this fact justifies the popular attitude of suspicion and reserve toward strange lions in general. It is alleged that kingly beasts with the kindest hearts imaginable are often cut to the quick by our lack of understanding. However that may be, there is from time to time an exceptional case, in which quite the contrary is true. He is known as a social lion,—one acclaimed and admired from his very first appearance in the *beau monde*. Such a beast is he who's likeness looks benignly out from this page. Only one assured of his social prestige could afford to wear such an expression of smug complacence.

Within a year, the Women's Dramatic Club has presented two masterpieces. *The Taming of the Shrew* was a performance of such zest and exquisite interpretive *finesse* that its charming memory will remain with those who saw it, after many professional Petruchios and Katharinas have passed them and wandered into oblivion. For the present college generation at least, this was clearly the high-water mark of amateur dramatics. Other undergraduate performances have yet to approach its finished workmanship.

Bernard Shaw is not as great as Shakespeare. He says so himself. Nevertheless, Mr. Shaw has things of interest to say; and the manner in which he says it is quite his own, and quite pleasant. *Androcles and the Lion* contains both serious thought and irresistable flippancy. It was produced with the same winning straight-forwardness and delicacy which made the other play rare.

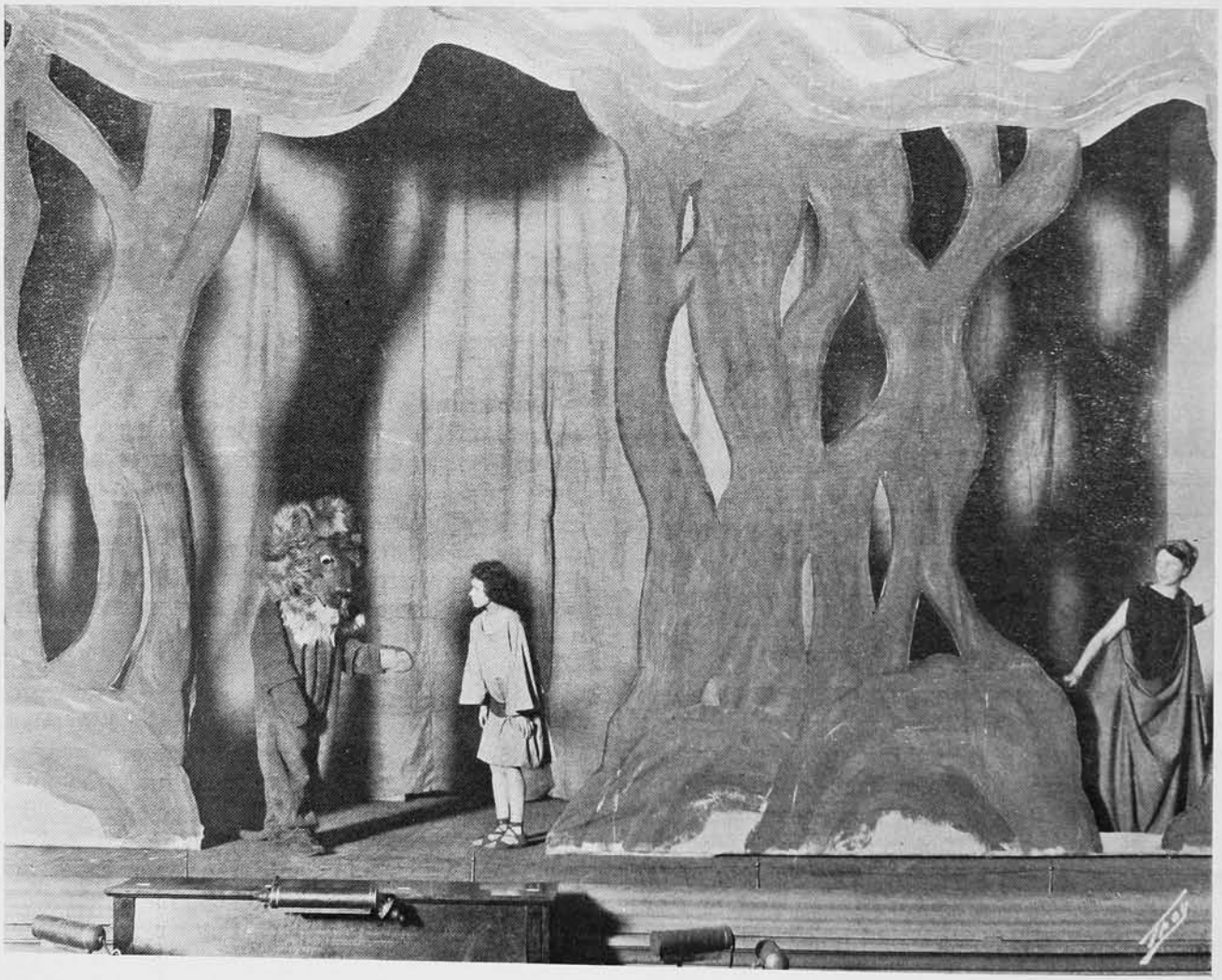
When such a thing occurs once, those who enjoy it can only exclaim over the happy chance. But when it happens again, it is a different matter. We begin not only to admire the performance, but to look ahead as well, and to hope for a future not less happy, for the organization concerned. The Women's Dramatic Club Play has become a tentative classic.

Its stage was set with rather more than professional care, and with a great deal of effectiveness; and the superlative costumes imported from New York added not a little to the result. There were also three or four outstandingly good pieces of acting. But the thing for which the production will be remembered was more than the sum of these. It was a freshness and charm of spirit, which was somehow infused into every part,—something that only good amateurs, and they at their best, can ever capture.

Two years ago, the club gave no major production at all. This year it opened with a major production. Its club life has been revived, its organization has been extended and made more effective, and has gained more complete coöperation of the different branches of the work. And, best of all, through the devotion of its work, against odds, and debts, and discouragement it has won an eagerly attentive audience. An interested clientele makes amateur dramatics possible. The Women's Dramatic Club has taken the long step of winning for itself such support. When its name appears on a play bill, Cornell now knows there will be something presented which it cannot well afford to miss.

This new lion of the dramatic world is clearly a social lion. It may now sit back upon its laurels, and purr. But we sincerely hope that when spring comes round again this year, it will stretch and yawn a bit, and then give us another performance.

—M. G. W.



This liquor question insists on sticking its head into the limelight about semi-annually. The matter was apparently settled early last Spring, and everything seemed to be working out as well as could be expected. President Farrand, however, stated in a speech, made about a month ago, that things were slipping. He has enough information at hand to bring about a wholesale expulsion of students, but he does not believe in attacking the problem that way. He proposes to appeal to the students as gentlemen to control the situation. It is a proposal that all should hearken to because it comes from a real man. The President is fair-minded; he is not a white ribboner, as some students may think, but he is strongly opposed to drunkenness.

We believe that the President has given the key to the situation, namely, that a gentleman will not get drunk under ordinary conditions of life. Drunkenness has no defense, ethical or physiological. It everyone could drink like a gentleman, the liquor problem would never come up, but there are always a certain number of men who either do not have the will power or the discretion to know when to stop. It is to be assumed that a college man has both these qualities, but the facts do not seem to bear out the assumption. It is hard to understand why these men insist on making fools out of themselves to the detriment of their own bodies and minds, and to the disgust of all who see them. The least they can do is to have a little consideration for other people. A dance is the first place they go after getting well "oiled." This makes it very unpleasant for their friends who are trying to conduct a respectable party and is especially distasteful to any ladies with whom they might dance.

We do not take this stand in an inimical spirit, but rather do we, as friends, appeal to the higher instincts of these men, and ask that they behave like gentlemen.

There is the usual difference of opinion this year over who had the Greatest Football Team in the East. The newspaper sport writers seem pretty well agreed that Princeton had that team. It is customary for them to pick an undefeated Big Three team for this honor. We believe that Gilmour Dobie's eleven rates first place on the basis of actual ground gained in scrimmage rather than on scores which may have been made from a fluke, although we believe that Cornell has a just claim by the comparative score method, also. Nor does it make any difference whether a team has played through a heavy or a light schedule. If a team happens to play a strong team every game with the result that many of the players are crippled, that is the manager's fault. He should know that a schedule must have that number of easy games which the coach deems necessary for the most efficient moulding of a squad into a good team. If a Cornell team had but one game in a year and that with the undefeated team in the country and outplayed that team, then Cornell would have the better team regardless. It seems to us that too much favoritism is diplayed in the selection of the best team in the East.

To Gilmour Dobie belongs most of the credit due the Big Red Team. He has taken a bunch of "students" and made a championship football team out of them. He jestingly calls them his "All Americans," but, seriously, we think he is almost right. The mention of the name of any one of the men who played at Penn should make almost any football fan's face glow with admiration. Dobie has told them what to do and taught them to do it well. He has received considerable unjust criticism for his habitual pessimism before a game no matter with whom it may be. He takes this attitude in the first place to keep the men from becoming over-confident, but he also realizes how easy it is to lose a game even with a weak team. The Albright game is an example of what he means. In that game, a little one hundred and thir-

(Continued on page 34)

BOOKS

JURGEN, A Comedy of Justice. By James Branch Cabell. $2.50. 368 pages. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

As soon as I heard that *Jurgen* was no longer suppressed and that its price had come down within reason, I decided to write a paragraph of "wise cracks" about it. Having read the book, however, my purpose has been radically changed. Possibly, I exaggerate, but nevertheless, *Jurgen* seems to me to be the greatest book by an American that has been published in years. At any rate, there can be few objections against rating it as the greatest satire.

Cabell has an extremely interesting style. He writes paragraphs of deep philosophy and satire; and then breaks in with some absurd phrase such as: " 'Well,' said Jurgen, 'I am willing to taste any drink once'." Of course the wording is an imitation of the Early English, but the cloak fits him so well, it seems that it must belong to him. The Rabelaisian humor (or smut), that has proven the main source of free advertising for the book, is so deftly handled that it is seldom objectionable.

The story is that of a pawnbroker, Jurgen, who, because he has defended evil, is given an opportunity to start on an adventure through a world of imagination. He meets Sereda, the goddess of Wednesday, and she gives him back his youth. He marries four different women besides his other affairs and adventures, so there is never a dull spot. Finally, he wanders into Hades and then into Heaven, both of which places he finds are only the creations of his parents' imaginations. In the end, however, he comes back to earth, his old age, and his first wife; and finds that he is happier this way than wandering through his adventures.

Jurgen is a book worth reading even at the old price, especially if your mind has developed enough so that the "dirt" does not warp your judgment of the book as a whole.

Christmas is coming and with it the time for a review of the season. Our life has not been very long, but it covers the period from which most of your gift-books will be drawn. We have been forced to omit a few books from lack of space (for which we beg your pardon), but we have tried to pick the ones that would probably suit your tastes the best. Among the important novels which have been excluded, but which belong in any list of the best fiction, are: *The Bright Shawl* of Hergesheimer's, *Babel* by John Cournos, *Gargoyles* by Ben Hecht, *Rough Hewn* by Dorothy Canfield, *Lillian* by Arnold Bennett, and *Rita Coventry* by Julian Street. All of these books are by authors with previous successes to their credit and all of them, judging from the reviews in the papers and magazines, have their good points. Understand, of course, that this department deals only with fiction and that for summaries of other types of writing, you must look elsewhere. Saying which, we will get down to business.

THE BETTER FICTION

ONE OF OURS. By Willa Cather. 459 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Miss Cather has given us another book that will probably live a great deal longer than you or I. It is a story of the development of character, however, so do not give it to somebody who only appreciates blood and thunder. I recommend it heartily, though, for a real lover of good books.

BATOUALA. By Rene Maran. Translated from the French by Adele Szold Seltzer. 207 pages. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Maran, a French Congo negro, was educated in Paris. He brings to this story a knowledge of the negro set forth in the most approved style. The book won the Grand Prix in Paris this summer, but do not let this influence you into giving it to your girl,—unless she is very broad minded.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON. By Edith Wharton. 364 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Nothing sensational, but a finely wrought tale of high society. It will be safe to give it to almost anyone.

WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A novel novel. In the first chapter, you learn about Gissing, his house, his butler, and his club. Whereupon you are shocked into consciousness by reading that Gissing is a dog. But then, Mr. Morley always was so very whimsical.

THIS FREEDOM. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown & Company.

The place for woman is in the home. As we have said before, a good gift for the woman with whom you would descend to the discussion of such stuff.

BABBITT. By Sinclair Lewis. 401 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

A cruelly clear picture of the business man. Babbitt comes from the middle-west, but his counterparts may be found anywhere. The only trouble with using it as a present is that everybody who wants to has read it already.

ANN SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS. By May Sinclair. 320 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Miss Sinclair's treatment of the story and her style are in the heighth of fashion among the modernists. But,—"If this is the kind of thing you like, this is the kind of thing you will like."

FICTION

BROKEN BARRIERS. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Another book by an elderly man on how the younger generation will win through now that the barriers of convention are broken! These authors ought to be forever grateful to us younger generation for furnishing a topic on which they can blurb.

THE CAT'S PAW. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. 304 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

A mystery story of the higher type.

FLOWING GOLD. By Rex Beach. 377 pages. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The rabbit-like Mr. Beach publishes another book with his hero and heroine in new surroundings. Father wouldn't have to work his weary brain overtime reading this.

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES

GIGOLO. By Edna Ferber. 291 pages. Doubleday, Page & Company.

Short stories in which any number of your friends appear. Mencken rates Miss Ferber only below Willa Cather among the American writers.

TALES OF THE JAZZ AGE. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. 317 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These are stories in which the Princeton prodigy shows signs of development. Some of them are really worth reading aside from the amusement they afford.

FROM A BENCH IN OUR SQUARE. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. 308 pages. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Short stories about delightful individuals inhabiting "Our Square," that make delightfully easy reading. And they would make a delightful Christmas present for almost anybody,—the older the person the better.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH. By Leonard Merrick. 311 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

More short stories. The market is flooded with them. But anything by Leonard Merrick is worth your attention. His works come perilously near being classics.

HUMOR

MY NORTHERN EXPOSURE, the Kawa at the Pole. By Walter E. Traprock (George S. Chappell). 245 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is Chappell's answer to the "Do it again, daddy," aroused by his *Cruise of the Kawa*. As is usual in such answers, the book falls below his previous high standard.

CARNAC'S FOLLY. By Sir Gilbert Parker. 352 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Theoretically, this belongs in the fiction division, but it is so pitiful, it's funny. Sir Gilbert ought to be stood in the corner for debasing the talent that he has previously shown he possessed.

PERFECT BEHAVIOR. By Donald Ogden Stewart. 227 pages. George H. Doran Co.

A parody outline of etiquette. It consists of articles that have previously appeared in *Vanity Fair* and other magazines, but some of them are humorous enough to read many times.

THE REVOLT OF THE OYSTER. By Don Marquis. 229 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A collection of essays and short stories by the author of *The Old Soak*. It includes *The Saddest Man*, which is supposed to be his best story. The book peters out towards the end, but it starts off with such a bang, one could hardly hope for anything more.

R. S. H.

FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 9)

ceiver of passes, the punter for all season, averaging about 37 yards for the season, played safety-man and never missed a punt, a great runner back of punts, an extremely hard tackler, and a dangerous man on the interference. Kaw-in-action was a picture of football-as-she-is-played.

Sport writers have criticised Cornell for lack of variety of plays within the 20-yard line. Let us consider the truth and falsity of this criticism. It is true that the off-tackle play and our line plays are easier to stop within the 20-yard line, than at mid-field. The reason is that the opposing defense can close in and by the line massing up, the backfield is enabled to make the tackle close to the line of scrimmage. While in mid-field, where there is more room and more possibility of a quick kick or forward pass, the defensive backs can't afford to play up close to the line. This allows our interference to protect the runner beyond the line of scrimmage. However, the falsity and absurdity of the criticism is that it is true of every sort of line play within the 20-yard line. A defensive team always has the better chance of holding for downs within its 20-yard line than at mid-field, because the defense is compact. And Cornell uses the off-tackle play because it is the most trustworthy and most suitable for its type of players. It has gained with it through all the other teams. Just because one team happened to stop it for a time, does that ban it as a bad play to use within the 20-yard line? No. Although the defense knows just where the play is going, and who is to carry the ball, the idea is for them to get past the other ten men on our team. And as Clemenceau said, "And that is something."

Also, within your opponent's 20-yard line, the idea is to use your most powerful weapon of offense, and to retain possession of the ball. With a trick play, a team always takes the chance of fumbling or interception. And against teams like Penn or Princeton to whom fumbled balls bounce in just the right direction, and occur at just such times, and to whom intercepted passes are taken for granted, a Cornell quarterback would be foolish not to rely upon his most consistent ground-gaining play, especially when the team is built for it and it has succeeded before. Penn has been the only team to hold Cornell for downs as it did, and that should not detract from the value of the Cornell offense, but should be a tribute to the defense of Penn. Because, to quote one of our admirers from Boston, "That Penn team that went down with flags flying was no slouch of a club."

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON HUMOUR

(Continued from page 15)

ers, the Mayor's Committee of Welcome, a selection of Major Prophets, children typifying the ten different ways of cooking an egg, and the all-pervading *Spirit of the Post-Office Department*, seated on a daîs in the rear and watching over the assemblage with kindly eyes and an armful of bricks.

This, then, is in brief outline, 'The March of Civilization,' selected for presentation by the Community of Wimblehurst. It is to be done on the edge of the woods which line the golf-course, and on paper, the thing shapes up rather well.

Little Alice Withstanley is chosen to play the part of the *Craft Guild Movement in Industry*, showing the rise of coöperation and unity among the working-classes. She is chosen because she has blonde hair which can be arranged in braids down her back, obviously essential to a proper representation of industrial team-work as a moving force in the world's progress. It so happens, however, that the daughter of the man who is cast for *Humidity* has had her eyes on this ingénue part ever since the printed text was circulated and had virtually been promised it by the Head of the House Committee of the Country Club, through whose kindness the grounds were to be used for the performance. There is a heated discussion over the merits of the two contestants between Mrs. Withstanley and the mother of the betrayed girl, which results in the withdrawal of the latter's offer to furnish Turkish rugs for the Oriental Decadence scene.

Following this, the rougher element of the community—enlisted to take part in the scenes showing the building of the Pyramids and the first Battle of Bull Run—appear at one of the early rehearsals in a state of bolshevik upheaval, protesting against the unjust ruling which makes them attend all rehearsals and wait around on the side hill until their scenes are on, keeping them inactive sometimes from two to three hours, according to the finish with which the principals get through the prologue and opening scenes showing Creation. The proletariat present an ultimatum, saying that the Committee in charge can either shorten their waiting hours or remove the restrictions on crap-shooting on the side-hill during their periods of inaction.

During the rehearsals the husband of the woman who is portraying *Winter Wheat* is found wandering along the brookside with her sister cereal, *Spring Wheat*, which, of course, makes further polite coöperation between these two staples impossible, and the Dance of the Food Stuffs has to

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RANDOM THOUGHTS ON HUMOUR

(Continued from page 28)

be abandoned at the last moment. This adds to the general tension.

Three nights before the first performance the Director calls every one to a meeting in the trophy room of the Club-house and says that, so far as he is concerned, the show is off. He has given up his time to come out here, night after night, in an attempt to put on a masque that will be a credit to the community and a significant event in the world of art, and what has he found? Indifference, irresponsibility, lack of coöperation, non-attendance at rehearsals, and a spirit of *laissez-faire* in the face of which it is impossible to produce a successful masque. Consideration for his own reputation, as well as that of the township, makes it necessary for him to throw the whole thing over, here and now.

The Chairman of the Committee then gets up and cries a little, and says that he is sure that if every one agrees to pull together these last three days and to attend rehearsals faithfully and to try to get plenty of sleep, Mr. Parsleigh, the coach, will consent to help them through with the performance, and he asks every one who is willing to coöperate to say 'Aye." Every one says 'Aye' and Mr. Parsleigh is won over.

As for the masque itself, it is given, of course; and as most of the able-bodied people of the community are taking part, the audience is composed chiefly of the aged and the infirm, who catch muscular rheumatism from sitting out-of-doors and are greatly bored, except those scenes when their relatives are taking part. The masque is hailed as a great success, however, in spite of the fact that the community has been disrupted and social life made impossible until the next generation grows up and agrees to let bygones be bygones."

This strikes me as a damn* fine little article containing a world of truth.

*Copyrighted by Cornell Era.

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RANDOM THOUGHTS ON HUMOUR

(Continued from page 30)

About the Little Lady's intellectual poor relation, the "Berry Patch," we can well afford to remain silent. Let us consider the *Widow!*

Hanging about a foot above her dressing table and about forty feet above State Street and the Strand crowd is a picture of the Widow Board of 1904. Dressed in high collars, huge coats and peg-top trousers are a number of young men, among whom I find George Jean Nathan himself. On his left I see "Rim" Berry. "Ah," I exclaim, "there were giants in those days!"

"Surely," I muse, "There must have been happy days for this paper when the man who is now admittedly the greatest dramatic critic on this continent, whose books on criticism have greatly influenced (if not entirely revolutionized) current thought in the theatre and in literature, whose periodic reviews and comments in various magazines are regularly followed by discriminating cosmopolitans, and who, as editor of *Smart Set*, has done so much to help the younger generation of writers to avoid *näive* ways and pedagogic means, sat at the breakfast table!" Ah, me! *Those* were the days!

So I turn hopefully to the files of the period but, look as I may, I find nothing to indicate that an exceptionally clever man then graced the breakfast table! There is the usual number of jokes and puns and pre-Leacockian short stories, but none of them show any greater degree of ability than is shown in the issues before that time and much old pseudo-comical slap-stick such as badly-spelled letters from Frosh and supposedly typewritten missives with dollar marks and capitals in the wrong places is conspicuously overworked. But that is all! Why is this so? The answer is simply this: no man is wise by nature. George Jean Nathan in college was learning, and improving and slowly transcending his horripilations—but he was not yet the George Jean Nathan of today! And so it is with all college literary endeavor. *If college publications, as undergraduate avocations, are to be the heliochromotypes of the colleges they must remain non-professional, and so they should be judged!*

People laugh themselves out. Jokes that would be passed as quite good by themselves fall flat when the reader has just been satiated by an hour spent with a *Witzblatt*. It is an established fact that jokes (even good ones) in quantity pall—so pathos and decorative pictures are used to help relieve the tension. *In Flanders Fields* first appeared in *Punch!*

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BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 19)

football man, who plays guard and is a very good defensive man with lots of fight; Post, another football man, who plays center and is fast and clever; Meyers, a forward, who is accurate and fast; Maier, a consistent man at guard, and Cassidy, "our fullback," who is a good defensive man and plays guard. They are the men who comprise the first squad and on whom the hope of a championship lies. And the man most capable of turning the trick is "Howie" Ortner, who has turned out some of the best basketball players in the East. Undoubtedly, Ortner has a big problem to face this year, with the lack of veteran material and capable substitutes, but he has never yet failed to deliver the goods. And this year is not going to be any exception.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 23)

ty-five pound man ran through the Big Red Team twice for two touchdowns—more than any other team has scored in the last two years. Disregarding any explanations, the fact remains, and it is testimony of the correctness of Mr. Dobie's predictions. At any rate, it is just his method of coaching and he gets results with it. In spite of all he says about his team, he treats it better than a mother treats her own child. Every man on the squad thinks the world and all of him. In fact, it is almost hero worship. This in itself bears witness of the kind of a man he heally is. He deserves the respect and admiration of all as a gentleman and as the greatest football coach in the country.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON HUMOUR

(Continued from page 32)

Random thoughts are *so* hard to write; one never knows when to stop. Guess I'll adopt the method of the dear old "Patch" and

stop
right
down
here!

Patch vobiscum!

PORTRAIT OF J. DALTON

BY JOHN LONSDALE

The Quaker *who made* Chemistry a Science

CAVENDISH had shown that two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen always combine completely to form water and nothing else. Proust, a Frenchman, had proved that natural and artificial carbonates of copper are always constant in composition.

"There must be some law in this," reasoned Dalton (1766-1844), the Quaker mathematician and school teacher. That law he proceeded to discover by weighing and measuring. He found that each element has a combining weight of its own. To explain this, he evolved his atomic theory — the atoms of each element are all alike in size and weight; hence a combination can occur only in definite proportions.

Dalton's theory was published in 1808. In that same year, Napoleon made his brother, Joseph, king of Spain. This was considered a political event of tremendous importance. But Joseph left no lasting impression, while Dalton, by his discovery, elevated chemistry from a mass of unclassified observations and recipes into a science.

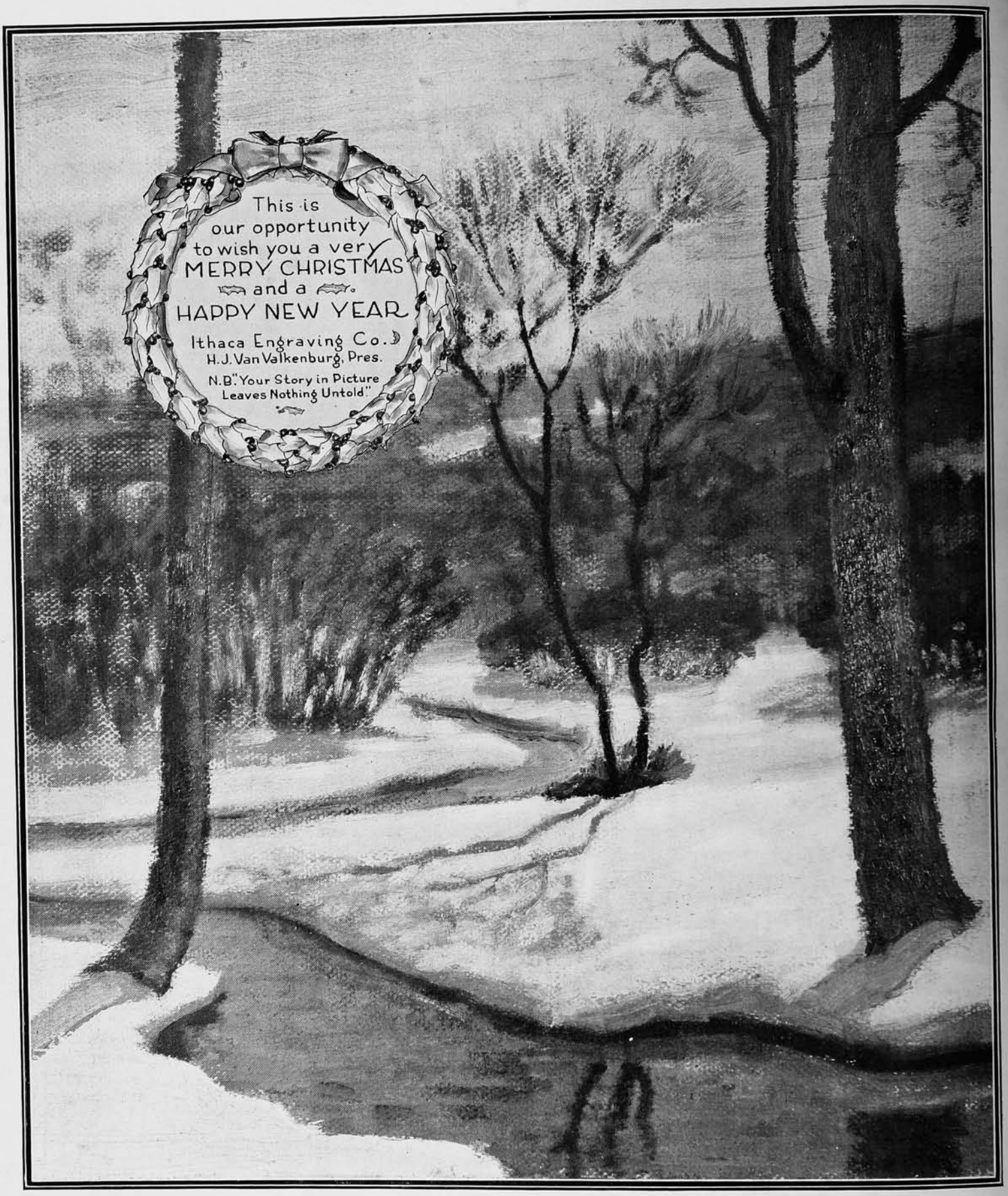
Modern scientists have gone beyond Dalton. They have found the atom to be composed of electrons, minute electrical particles. In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company much has been done to make this theory practically applicable so that chemists can actually predict the physical, chemical and electrical properties of compounds yet undiscovered.

In a world of fleeting events the spirit of science and research endures.

General Electric Company

General Office *Schenectady, N.Y.*

95-626-HD



"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white."

PAINTED BY J. HUBERT FENNER
STAFF ARTIST ITHACA ENGRAVING CO.

The Atkinson Press, Ithaca, N. Y

THE CORNELL ERA

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Panic

Again the "Pit" had become a maelstrom of human energy and passions. Fortunes were being lost and made in the flicker of a cinema film. There was just one difference between it and the usual panic: there were more fortunes being made than lost. The market had been disrupted and had not had time to settle again.

At least, so the Times reported. I became interested. Once before, I had been to the Stock Exchange, but there was little excitement then. Here was my chance; I would see the "Pit" at its worst.

I went to my five-year-old son and said, "Cecil, how would you like to go with Papa to the Stock Exchange?"

"That would be extremely interesting, Pa-pa. I have been reading the papers and it appears some enormous upheaval has been instigated for the aggrandizement of the chair holders."

"Yes, yes," I said. And so we went.

After some wire and leg pulling, we were conducted up the stairs and looked down from the balcony into the whirl and disorder and uproar of the New York Stock Exchange. Cecil was enthralled. I have never seen such keen and intelligent interest upon the face of anyone so young. Immediately he began asking questions of the young broker who acted as our guide.—"What are those booths for? Why do the men run around so fast? What makes them yell so? Why is that man wearing his hat?"—Questions, you see, that drive straight to the point.

"Why does everybody always lose money here?" sagely inquired my offspring. (Truly he is wise for his years.)

"Ah, but they don't," replied our guide. "Listen and I will tell you a thrilling tale."

* * * * * * * * * *

Ariadne sat on the great sofa before a blazing fire. It was Yuletide; but she, poor girl, was weeping. She loved;—true, she loved greatly, but not wisely. She loved a poor man. And what is worse, a poor Cornell student.

He had asked her in the fall to come to their Junior Week House Party, but he had just been in to tell her that he was "broke" and would have to beg her to let him withdraw the invitation. That was why she was crying. She thought of the beauties of Ithaca in the winter time,—big, strong men they were and she loved them—(at least she wanted to).

Then Si dashed into the room again. His face was wreathed in smiles as he clumped across the room to her side. "Little girl, you can go. It's all right. Some stock, a single share that I bought some months ago, has gone up and up. I have just found out and sold it for two hundred bucks. We may have to go slow, but you can come, my dear. Don't cry, little girl."

"Oh, Si, I'm so glad. I've heard so much about it all that I just couldn't bear not going. Tell me some more about it. Do you make your own or can you still buy it?"

* * * * * * * * * *

"And so, you see, great happiness came to the boy and girl because the boy played the market," finished the young broker with a benignant smile at my progeny.

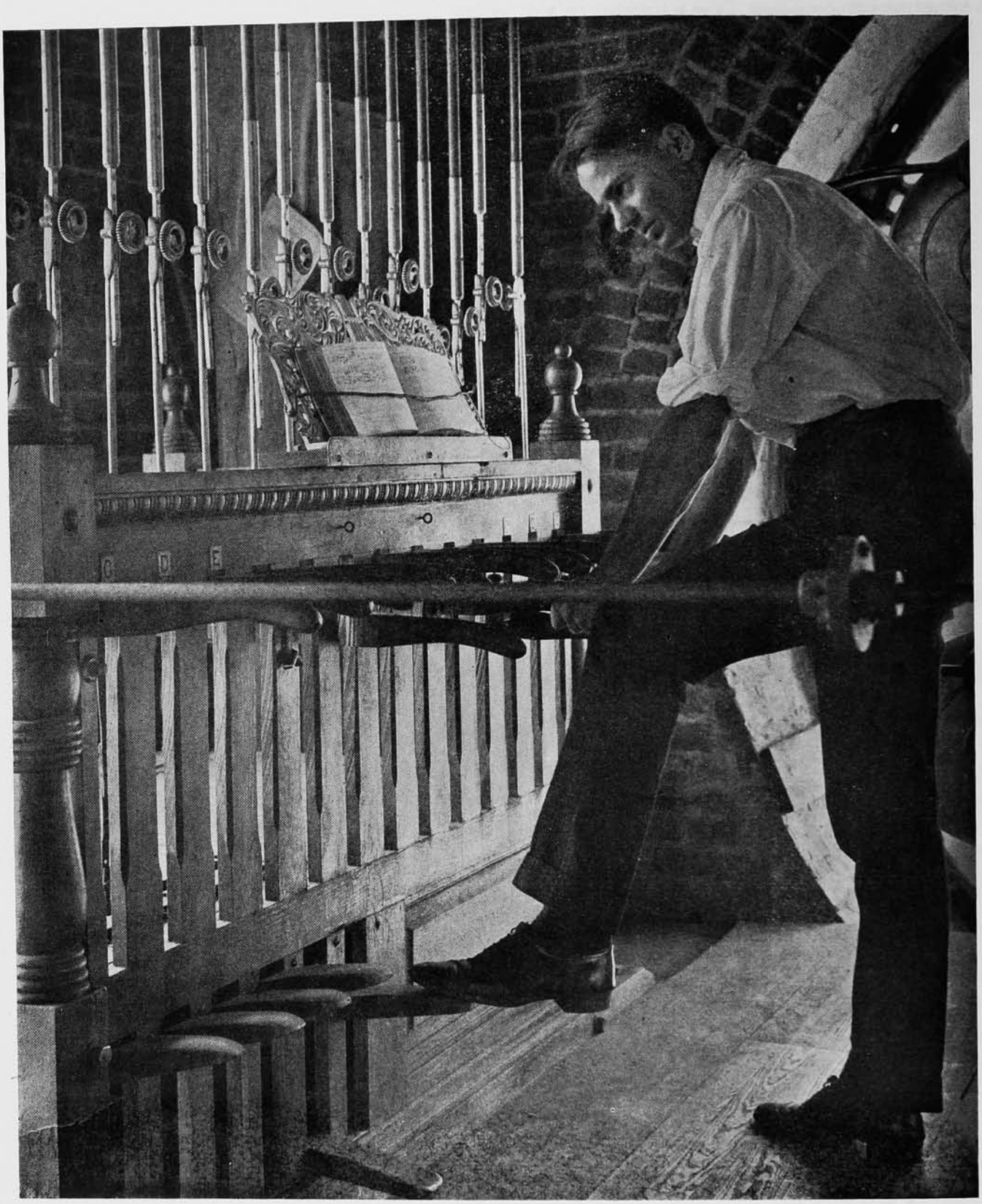
Cecil had been listening with as rapt attention as he usually pays to the bed-time stories I tell him about the occupation of the Ruhr district or the shifting properties in the visible phenomena of the haemachrome of certain bivalves during the equinoctial periods.

"Damn lucky fellow, I should say," he observed.

"More than that," the young broker added, completely ignoring the remark of my child, "it is the same tremendous rise in the value and respect placed by the public in this corporation which helped the boy and has caused this scrambling after shares right here in the Exchange."

"What, may I ask, is the name of this corporation? I'd like to buy some myself," I said.

"I'd be more than glad to tell you," he rejoined pleasantly. "It's the Cornell Era, Inc."



"Music, the noblest of the Arts." Here is the musician who has more to do with the lives of Cornellians than any other. He gets us up in the morning, packs us off to meals at midday, and lulls us into repose when the day's work is over. Years from now, when you and I, friend Undergrad, think back on our Alma Mater, what power will our old, Jennie McGraw rag have to strum our heart strings. And you, Miss Junior Week, when you depart, look a good-bye to the tall spire atop the hill and harken to the last reverberations. May they mean much to YOU, too.

The Chimes

When the inauguration ceremonies at Cornell were held in 1868 the prospect across the campus was none too pleasant. The present quadrangle was a great, straggling cornfield. Across the unbridged gorge was the large, gray stone pile, Cascadilla. An unfinished building called Morrill Hall, and a rude, wooden tower standing on the present site and containing nine bells given to the University by Miss Jennie McGraw, completed the university buildings. "The ship begins to glide over the waves," said George William Curtis in his speech at the ceremonies; yes, and with the ship's bell ready to toll the hours throughout the voyage. Today the prospect is greatly changed but the nine bells still help to mark the passing days for the Cornellian.

The original nine bells bear, as inscriptions, the well known verses from Tennyson's *In Memoriam* beginning, "Ring out the old, ring in the new." A year after the inauguration President White donated a tenth bell, the one upon which the hours are struck. This bell bears an inscription written by James Russell Lowell especially for it. Three years later the chimes were placed in the tower of the then just completed McGraw Hall; and three years later the present library clock was also installed. It is said that when the chimes were located in this tower they sent out their notes over the valley with a clearness and sweetness that has not since been equalled for they were on the extreme western side of the campus away from walls that might cause echoes and reverberations. The difficulties of the early chimemaster were many. It required some ingenuity to select tunes and transpose them to suit the ten bells. He had to wind the university clock and was responsible for it. It was considered a lot of fun to lock the chimemaster in his room in Morrill and ring the chimes. This curious notion often caused a deal of trouble. An early chimemaster mentions with some pride of having played, by special request, for Ole Bull, the great violinist. He records, "He thanked me and said: 'Your instrument is much more powerful than my violin'." In 1875, the big, tenor bell boomed out the joyous news of the first Cornell crew victory. This marks the first ringing on such an extra occasion and the victory over Penn the latest.

In 1891, the chimes were moved to the library tower with the clock. In 1908, the University appropriated the funds necessary for the purchase of four more bells. The old bells, with the exception of the great clock bell, were taken down and recast. This makes a present chime of fourteen, which is fairly adequate.

Of the selections played, every Cornellian is familiar with that known as the "Cornell Changes" or better known as "The Jennie McGraw Rag" through a popular misconception. The origin of the custom of playing this piece every morning and noon had nothing to do with Jennie McGraw but rather with President Andrew D. White. He has set down the origin as follows, "I had been greatly struck years before (the opening of the University) at hearing the 'changes' played on Christmas Eve upon bells in London. They seemed to me more pleasing even than tunes, for the reason that they kept the air filled with harmony. The 'changes' have been rung upon the University chime from the beginning, the rule requiring them to be thus played being laid down by myself, with the sanction of the Trustees." Thus the "changes" blamed upon Jennie McGraw came to be played. They were originally played in the evening but that practice was discontinued and the custom of playing the "Evening Song" at the end of the program grew to be tradition with the years.

Despite whatever indignation one may have on being awakened by the eight o'clock chimes, when one has a ten o'clock, one cannot help but feel that the chimes are an important part of Cornell life. The graduate misses their rich, sweet tones and remembers them with pleasure longer than many another aspect of his college life, and often comes back to hear them once more. They rouse us in the morning and urge us up the hill; at noon the "Jennie McGraw Rag" peals out celebrating a day's work half done; and in the evening the rich glow of the setting sun fades slowly with the plaintive notes of the "Evening Song." And as for their message James Russell Lowell's solemn verse on the great tenor bell seems fitting:

"I call, as fly the irrevocable hours,
Futile as air or strong as fate to make
Your lives of sand or granite: awful powers
Even as men choose, they either give or take."

Cornell-Dartmouth Relations

In the ordinary course of life, a man is liable to meet many persons whom he regards as acquaintances, in one way or another. Very seldom, however, does he meet one whom he can count on at any time and in any place and under any circumstances. That is, one whom he can call a friend. When he does find such a man, he is indeed rich, and has made a priceless discovery. This friendship leads him to a greater understanding of himself and of others, and it is to be valued as one of the most beautiful things in life.

Institutions are not different from human beings in this respect. They also enjoy the privileges obtained from an appreciation of the beautiful things in life. Specifically speaking, there has developed between the colleges of Dartmouth and Cornell a certain spirit of friendship, of good-fellowship, of sportsmanship which is one of the prettiest things that has ever been seen in the relations of any two colleges in this country. It is, indeed, a rivalry, but not a rivalry born in an era of hard-feeling, nor a rivalry spiced with enmity, nor a rivalry which has come about too abruptly so as to have lost a solid foundation. In truth, it is a rivalry which has developed slowly, unconsciously, without predetermined plans; a rivalry which has been cemented into a friendship by the good sportsmanship and good fellowship which recent athletic relations between the two colleges has brought about. In short, it is a rivalry intense in friendship and void of jealousy or ill-feeling.

It is interesting to attempt to trace this unconscious relationship which has established itself. Before the war, Cornell and Dartmouth were practically strangers in both an academic and an athletic way. During the war, of course, all athletics were practically disbanded as far as intercollegiate contests were concerned. After the war, it was felt that the distance between the two colleges was too great to ever be bridged by permanent relations. Dartmouth College, up in the small town of Hanover, New Hampshire, seemed practically isolated from any other college save a few neighboring New England institutions. An Inn, and a Main Street of one block (which boasts a movie, a drug store, and a few other college establishments), both of which border on the campus, is about the nearest proof that Hanover can offer to be called a town. On the other side,we have Cornell University, nestling within the hills of Ithaca, about 300 miles and 24 hours travelling time away from Hanover. No wonder it appeared almost impossible to span that distance for a closer relationship. But it seemed to be Allah's will, and so it happened. Cornell and Dartmouth played their football game which each year grew more and more important, not only to the students of both colleges, but also to the general public because of the football strength of these two institutions. These football games are the rocks on which this relationship is built. The attitude of the players to each other during the game, and the respect with which victor and defeated rival spoke of each other, struck a deep-sounding note of friendship. Being in the same league, both colleges met in basketball, although it was not until 1920 that Zahn showed the Hanoverians what a real basketball team looked like. Then the two colleges usually met in the track intercollegiates. And that was the way things began. Perhaps the rest of it might have been a result of autosuggestion, so let us put it in Coué style and say "Year by year, day by day, they grew closer in every way."

Just trace the athletic relationship of the two institutions for the coming sports. In basketball, Cornell and Dartmouth meet in two games, one at Hanover and one in Ithaca; in hockey, the Green puck-chasers come up to Ithaca to slap sticks together; in track, Dartmouth and Cornell clash in a triangular meet at Harvard, then the Green cinder men come up to Ithaca for a dual meet, and finally they end the season by bucking each other in the Intercollegiates; in cross-country, the Red and Green oppose each other at the Syracuse Invitation Meet, in the Quadrangular tilt at New York, and finally in the Intercollegiates; in baseball, Dartmouth comes up to Ithaca to play Cornell's Spring Day game, while the red team travels to Hanover to play the Commencement Day game there; and in football next fall, the Big Red "Terrors" will dedicate the new stadium at Dartmouth when it hits the Big Green line for the fifth time. As Dartmouth has no crew, that is the only large sport in which the two colleges do not meet.

That schedule of meets is indeed something! Most interesting of all, however, is the football game to be played in Hanover next fall. The outside public will be interested as both teams rank

at the top of the football world. But the town is too isolated to expect a crowd. So that the majority of the spectators will be the students and alumni of both colleges. If Dartmouth desires, this will be the greatest opportunity for them to securely unite their ties with the undergraduate body and alumni of Cornell. A few thousand Cornellians will always accompany their team to Hanover, and in that place, it will merely be the student of one college rubbing elbows for a day or so with the student of another college. In other words, one institution will migrate to the other place for a day and the acid test will be given to the good-fellowship and fine sportsmanship which is at present evident.

The average Cornell student will naturally inquire as to just how the undergraduate body at Dartmouth, and their alumni, and their athletic association, feel toward this growing friendship with Cornell. At the present writing, we can give three proofs of their good will. In the first place, the attitude of the undergraduate body of Dartmouth at athletic contests, and the sportsmanship exhibited by them, proves their friendship. Also, from numerous individual investigations and inquiries, it is proved that the individual Dartmouth man respects and admires Cornell more than any other college except his own, and he would rather beat Cornell in an athletic contest than any other college. In the second place, the opinion of their athletic association and all Dartmouth men is expressed in the opinion of their Graduate Manager, Horace "Jigger" Pender. Concerning this subject, he says "It is certainly true that Dartmouth welcomes the growing feeling of cordiality and the increasing intimacy in intercollegiate relationship, and that we welcome it as a healthy and much valued rivalry. The real basis for this may be the belief that both institutions are endeavoring to cement their contacts along broad lines of true sportsmanship and with entire mutual trust."

What constitutes the most indicative feeling that the men from Hanover have toward a closer relation with Cornell is the substance of our third proof. This is expressed in a letter written to P. D. Clark, Cornell '23, by "Bill" Cunningham, center on the Dartmouth elevens of 1919 and 1920, and now sport writer for the *Boston Post*. The letter is quoted almost in full because of the interest that it must have for every Cornellian. It is as follows:

"Cornell's team this year seems to me to be an invincible machine, superb in technique and represented by as fine a bunch of fellows as I ever saw on a football field.

"I don't say this because I am prejudiced in any way in favor of Cornell. By all the laws in the category, I should be leaning the other way if anything. For I am a Dartmouth man, and you know what you guys have done to Dartmouth for two years now!

"Sometime I'd like to tell somebody connected with Cornell a bit of my personal experience with football men at Cornell. I was a member of the Dartmouth teams of 1919 and 1920 that played Cornell at the Polo Grounds. We were fortunate enough to win those games and both of them hurt Cornell, for, if I remember rightly, you were undefeated until the dates we played.

"Well, after the first game in 1919, one of your men, Carey, I think was his name, and I think he was a fullback, came over to our locker room and said, 'I just want to shake hands with some of you fellows and tell you that it is an honor to be beaten by a bunch of men as white as you are.'

"The next year, in 1920, when we met, Cornell was again undefeated. Our captain and best back, Robertson, had a cracked shoulder, hurt the week before and actually hanging by a shred. One little wallop would have been enough to put it out for keeps.

"But Robertson was a dangerous drop kicker as well as our best punter. With him out of the game we had no one to kick.

"At a certain stage of the game we had to kick or face disaster. Robertson was sent in from the side lines. There wasn't any deception about where he was hurt. His right arm was stiff at his side and there was a great mound of padding on top of his shoulder.

"As I say, one little bump, easy enough to get honestly in any game, would have been enough to put him out for the year. On the next play after his entry, there was a mixup, somebody missed a signal, and there was a general pile-up in our backfield. In it Robertson fell down and three or four of us were about to fall on him.

"In order to keep us, his own men, from piling on to that banged shoulder, a strapping Cornell linesman, I think it was 'Wally' Knause, although I'm not sure, bridged over Robertson with his body and held us, his own players, off the battered wing.

"And that was typical of Cornell's play so long as Robertson was in there. Your gang played hard football, but they were extremely careful to stay off the Dartmouth captain's shoulder, when most players would have considered it a God-given opportunity to cripple our team badly. And it is to be remembered that we were beating you at that time, and Robertson's kicking was the one thing that was helping us stay out in front.

"Those two occasions have always stuck in my memory and have helped me to feel that Cornell is one of the cleanest and whitest institutions on the

(Continued on page 34)

WHO'S WHO

Photo by White

CLYDE RILEY, '23

of Phi Kappa Sigma and Quill and Dagger

The last time we saw Clyde Riley we immediately classed him among the immortals. He was stepping majestically forth from Rym Berry's own personal Berry Crate, and his demeanor was as serene and self-assured as ever. Catching sight of us, he deliberately drew the familiar pipe from his mouth, smiled pleasantly as always, and drawled his hearty greeting smilingly, with a nod of the head.

Aside from his compelling personality the chief reason in back of his familiarity with Monarch Berry is, of course, the Managership of the Basketball team.

JAMES H. LUTHER, '23

of Delta Upsilon and Quill and Dagger

To be Captain of the Basketball Team is a distinction, to be in addition a fellow like Jimmy is an accomplishment. Clyde Riley told us something about hm. Paradoxical as it may seem to a degenerate snake, James Luther is not only a man of principle but a cynosure of the other sex. Clyde says he is a leader of men and yet is quiet, that he is strong of character, and yet likeable. He is rated as center on an All-Eastern championship team of last year, and as a thane of undergraduates his rating is also topmost.

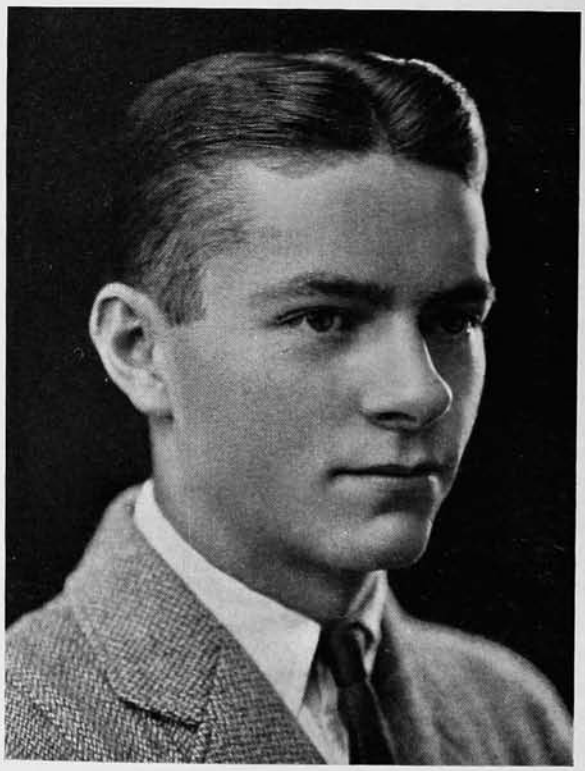


Photo by White

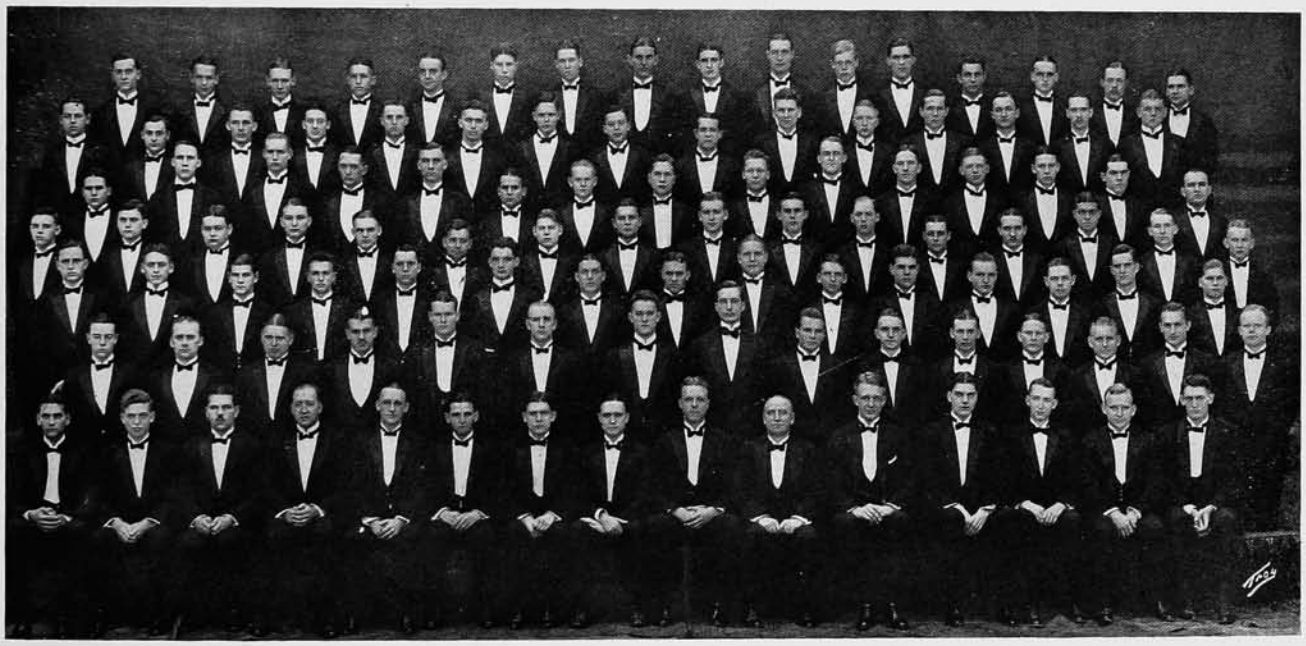
Photo by White

WHO IS ALSO WHO

WADE DULEY, '23

of Sigma Phi Epsilon and Quill and Dagger

One of Wade's fraternity brothers remarked that if Wade suddenly fell heir to a million dollars he'd buy some extra stiffs to cut up. He was never an advocate of the idle rich as his career on the hill testifies. Here is one of your rare examples of a man who modestly seeks the limelight—Wade is an actor of rare ability. The Masque acknowledged its admiration by electing him president this year. And that he might not spend any time in mere idle pursuit of study, he managed the freshman football team all fall.



THE COMBINED MUSICAL CLUBS Photo by White

Top Row—Lu, Tarbell, Stuntz, Martin, Ball, Fowler, Troy, Dodson, Monroe, Collins, Eliott, Brown, Newstead, Blackmore.
Second Row—Burt, Lansdowne, Palmer, Pollard, Goodale, Shedd, ———, Neuhoff, Button, Rogers, Leroy, Turman, Livermore, Knapp, Buckman.
Third Row—Dann, Anderson, Taylor, ———, Ludlum, Dann, Gray, Baker, Eidam, Whitney, Lyons, Leroy, Ogden, Mann, Khoury.
Fourth Row—Gurney, Coon, Waterhouse, Bliss, Southworth, Barned, Hublert, Rickert, Todd, Larsen, Sampson, Thomas, Brenner, Steinmetz, Spock, Dorance.
Fifth Row—Wilder, Gibb, Hill, Lacy, Hunter, Ensor, Morgan, Breckenridge Weiselberg, Sampson, Thomas, Moller, Sharpe, Booth, Macdonald.
Sixth Row—George, Schedler, Bissell, Brumbaugh, Hinkel, Flynn, Edstrom, Bowers, Chamberlain, Wethey, Nielsen, Halley, Shults, Curtis, Banks.
Bottom Row—Braislin, Stillwell, Petheck, Windnagle, Reese, Hill, Deuel, Landers, A. B. Treman, Dudley, A. H. Treman, Hardin, Farnham, Schultheis, Welti.

A-R-I-O-N*

The sweetest singer of the Lesbian isle,
Forth from the ship in which he journeys home,
By impious seamen, who his art revile,
Is cast into the raging ocean's foam!
No more upon the waters shall he roam
From land to land with soul-enthralling lyre,
To weep the hero laid within the tomb,
Or rouse the indolent with new desire!
With trembling hands to his loved lyre he clings,
And strives amid the heaving surges' moan
A last lament to draw from out its strings,
When lo, subdued by the mellifluous tone,
The billows sink, and from the vanquished deep
Allured, Poseidon's dolphins raptured rise,
And 'round about the bard ecstatic leap
Sequacious of his dulcet melodies!
And as more sweetly swells the silvery strain,
Arion swiftly borne along the main
By the enravished dolphins, passes o'er
The tranquil sea to calm Taenarus' shore.
O soul, awrack upon a troubled sea,
O'erwhelmed by billows big with black despair,
Where blow the winds of chill adversity,
And heart'ning hope gives way to heavy care:
Atune thy spirit to some noble strain;
Sing, weary soul, and singing stronger grow,
And 'neath the power of thy sublime refrain,
The winds shall cease, the billows sink, and lo,
Soon shalt thou come in calm tranquility
Unto the haven where thou wouldst be.

—LEON AUGUSTUS HAUSMAN '14.

*Arion, the Greek poet of the island of Lesbos, flourished about 700 B. C. and was renowned as a player upon the cithara. According to legend, Arion was returning home from Sicily, where he had been acclaimed victor in a musical contest, when he was thrown into the sea by the sailors, but was rescued and borne to the shores of Taenarus by dolphins which had gathered about the ship to listen to his lyre.

Fear

A Little Play by Tristan Smith

—Nature herself it is who the timid rabbit frights! . . .

George: May I be of assistance? (*George speaks grandiloquently.*) Here, I have a pocket light. . . For what are you searching?

Georgette: (*Glances up naively. Stands up.*) A heel. It's in this plaguey grass somewhere. (*Swats a mosquito on her arm above the elbow, naively.*)

George: The mosquitos are a trifle thick, aren't they? I'll take you inside, you'll permit me, and come out after it myself. They don't bother me. (*Makes to conduct her to the door of a large studio thirty yards off in the woods, where there is dancing and much congenial noise.*)

Georgette: You needn't bother. I'll find my heel first. (*Scratches two mosquito bites.*) Do keep that light off me. It attracts the pests.

George: (*Busying himself in the long grass in lackadaisical exploration for the missing heel.*) Quite possible. I say, you're not lame, are you? Sprained ankle?

Georgette: (*Shrugs her shoulders, and looks off in the direction of the road, though it is too dark to see much of anything.*) Do make haste.—No, I'm quite well,thank you.

George: (*Locates missing matter, slips it into his pocket unobserved, and feigns a continued search.*) I'm so glad. . . You *must* go inside. There are snakes in this grass.

Georgette: Oh, there are not! (*Begins to search for heel herself, but hesitates.*) There aren't, are there?

George: (*With a peculiar drawl.*) Well, there's no dew on the grass, so there probably aren't any. . . . Jove, but you look funny, squatting there on one heel and tickling the herbage—like a dodo browsing for its young.

Georgette: (*Ignores him except for a gutteral "My word!"*)

George: (*After a minute's lull in the conversation, during which there is much futile pawing of the sod.*) I'm a boor. You'll pardon me, won't you?

Georgette: (*Notices for the first time the lights of an automobile coming down the road which passes their spot at a distance of twenty yards; and springs up.*) Oh! (*She makes a step and stumbles.*) Mother!

George: (*Catches her in his arms, where he holds her nonchalantly, and against no offer of resistance, until the car has passed down the road; when he pushes her deliberately to her feet, and demands "Well?"*)

Georgette: (*Who felt the bulge of the missing heel in his coat pocket.*) I think *you* are the one who owes an explanation!

George: Really, my dear—

Georgette: Sir!

George: Pshaw, don't let's be silly any more. Come, there's the car. (*Walks over to a big touring car parked in the brush with lights out and side curtains up.*)

Georgette: Well, I'm sure I never saw any one act sillier than you have!

George: (*Loftily.*) My dear! . . . Ha! Here comes some one from the studio; some two, rather.

Georgette: (*Makes for the car in a lame rush, and hops into the tonneau. Attempts to close the door after her, but is prevented.*) Go away, go away, will you! Close the door and go away!

George: (*Stands stolidly with his hand on the latch of the tonreau door. Glances in the direction of the man and woman who are approaching. Whistles aspirately.*)

Georgette (*With recovered poise.*) Do—try—to—be—a—gentleman.

George: Why, God forbid I desert a lady in distress! (*Steps in after her and closes the door. Albert and Maurine come up and halt beside the car. Albert's arm is around Maurine's waist.*)

Albert: Here is a n-i-c-e, peaceful spot—beautiful night, beautiful woods, beautiful stars. . .

Maurine: One feels a bit exhausted after dancing, and dancing, doesn't one?

Albert: Doesn't one, though! A bit tired, and —and reposeful. (*Leans a hand on the latch to the tonneau door.*)

(Continued on page 32)

It isn't his hockey stick which upholds this man but some sort of peripheral force about which the physics department could worry you.

ACTION

The center of it all—social an
sons Club, completed this win
McPherson '21 Arch., former V

Sprightly Mr. Puck is on his way.

ON ICE

Get the glint of devilish determination in this man's eyes

otherwise. The new Johnny Par-
r on the prize winning design of
dow art editor.

Someone knocked the Era cameraman for a loop, and en route, he snapped the fascinating goal keeper.

The Elizabethan Sheik

"Wine, Woman, and Song still seem to be man's chief diversion, even in your hurrying materialistic twentieth century," mused Sir Walter between puffs on one of my choice cigars. "A truly delightful way of amusement after months of toil—for, I take it, that is what your Junior Week amounts to."

I hastened to explain that while wine was not very objectionable as a topic of conversation, its material use was limited to those of an adventurous disposition and even they were careful not to let the world-at-large know too much about it.

"I can scarcely imagine a group of individuals engaged in the worship of Bacchus wherein the juice of the grape takes no part," mused the Elizabethan courtier. "Yet your 'jazz' music is far above any in history as a stimulant for the expression of the emotions. And now, when you may sit at home and hear by radio Paul Whiteman's Collegians*, I presume it may be as stimulating to the imagination as several glasses of wine."

"And then the modern woman,—in my day, with the exception of a few interesting ladies at court, one found little enjoyment in their company late in the evening if he was sober—unless he imagined himself in love, and even that can get tiresome. But with so many women of splendid education and intelligence, coupled with the increased experience they may undergo in a greater state of freedom, you must find their companionship quite fascinating."

"Very often too fascinating," I replied, "because it is difficult to choose one among so many attractive possibilities, and, having chosen, the field is liable to be crowded with others fascinated as much as oneself."

"Come, come, nothing of real value to you comes easily," said Raleigh with some show of petulance. "You are in a capricious age. With woman asserting herself, her character is no longer the stamp of her husband—she will not be dominated by him, and if they do not agree, they end in the divorce courts. It is more essential than ever that Love take the bandage from his eyes and find a similarity of purpose and interests for two such self-assertive beings as man and woman are today, before taking a step fraught with so many dangers in the clash of personalities as is marriage. But indeed, why set about to choose one woman when there are so many that are fascinating? Enjoy them all while you can, for two things are certain—Death, and that a clever, physically attractive woman can get the man she desires—unless he's a blind, paralyzed, deaf mute," saying which he reached for another cigar and settled down in the chair meditatively.

Soon the object of his meditation became evident when, indicating a picture of our last Junior Week party, he resumed, "You are very fortunate in your present freedom—free to invite whosoever you will; with the result that you have a group of attractive, congenial people."

"I remember a week at Kenilworth Castle where most of the court were guests of the Earl of Leicester. There was a young French countess present whose husband had just left for a short trip to the Continent—nearly all the attractive ladies of the court were married. Consequently I devoted my attentions to the countess, who evidently was bored with her elderly husband. All went well until the Queen discovered us in one of her nightly walks—then I was quite graciously urged to accompany Gilbert on his next voyage to America. That is but an instance of how romance has been forced to yield to other circumstances in the past—and how it was limited, too, in matters of choice. The first girl you asked for your house-party wasn't able to come, was she? No, and yet you'll have quite an enjoyable time with the one who finally did accept your invitation, and you won't be 'drowning your sorrows' either."

Sir Walter arose and buttoned on his coon-skin coat. "Even a ghost is benefited by your modern comforts," he said. "I wish I could be here to enjoy the next week-end with you but I have what should prove to be an interesting engagement in Atlanta at that time. However, make the most of your opportunities, my friend, and above all don't take any woman too seriously," and with these words of parting, he gave me a knowing wink, helped himself to another cigar, and oozed back into the bottle.

*Adv.

Ulysses in Ithaka

From Sibley Dome comes the rhythmic step of the twelve daughters of Ulysses as they clog the homecoming of their father. For weeks Zeus has vaunted his patership in a sonorous voice, Mercury has bellowed the announcement of the contest between Hercules and his twelve challengers, and Argus has carefully guarded the mysterious slave. For many days, from a queer city, most strangely called Ithaka, Ulysses has urged his sturdy student crew back to his home and family, back to the real Ithaka the name of which this city so falsely bears; the dog has cavorted about the stage mingling with gods and goddesses and acting in a manner almost human; a mysterious professor has been observed lurking about the platform and engaging in strange antics with the dog; and Penelope has been gaining familiarity with the Marquis de Queensbury rules and the laws of the squared ring. Slowly the independent gods and goddesses, immortals who claim the privilege of free-will and action, have been brought to a submission as remarkable as it is surprising. Even more painstakingly have the mere mortals, such as Ulysses, Penelope, the mysterious slave, and Argus, the centurion-hound, been inspired into a cheery disposition of confidence so that they hold up their heads and drop their hands when in sight of the Olympian Council. Innocent gods, cheerful mortals, inspiring daughters, and all-surpassing chorus, they are all in training for the momentous occasion when the Masque curtain rises on the second evening of Junior Week.

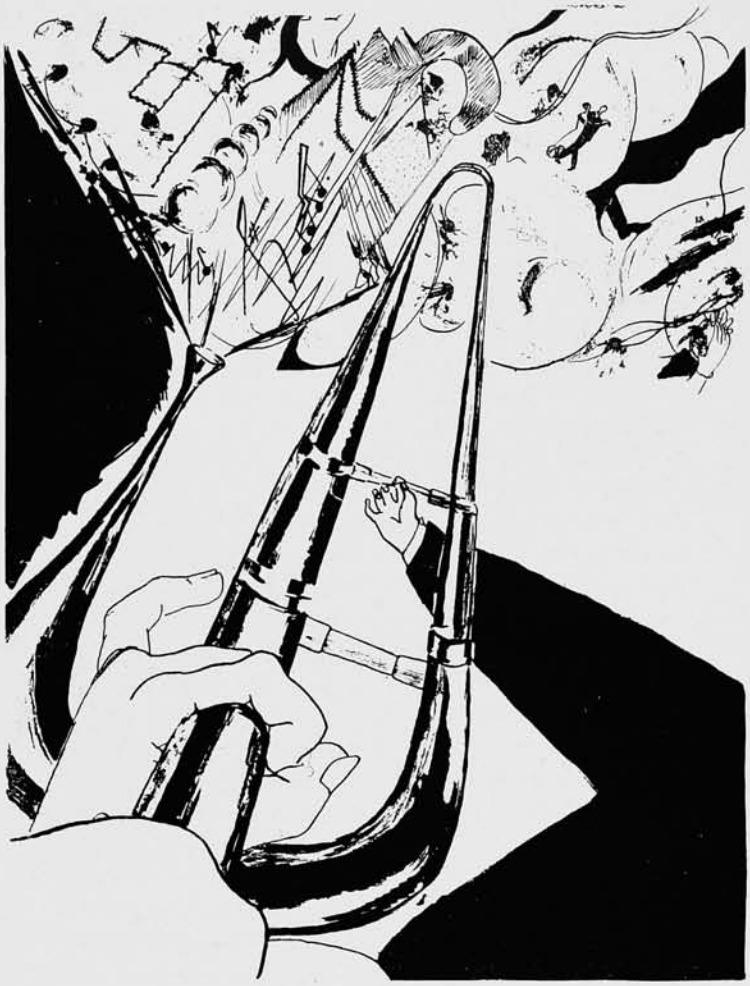
This year the Masque moves onto the campus to brave the audience of care-free students and joyous guests on the hill. For the first time will that galaxy of youth and beauty exhibit in Bailey Hall, that staid auditorium hitherto known for its convocations, symphony orchestras, and smokeless smokers. This happy change makes possible an entirely different kind of scenery. As the musical spectacle will be unlike anything preceding it in Masque history, just so is the scenery unlike anything that has gone before. The shape and nature of the stage in Bailey Hall enables the scenery to fit itself admirably to this classic drama, and also offers a great opportunity for a beauty of scenery never approached before. The modern ideas of stage lighting, by the use of which many fine effects may be produced, have been freely used. In fact the scenery and staging are said to form one of the highlights of the performance. A. E. Milliken is responsible for the artistry of the scenery and the stage effects; he also coaches the husky beauties in the chorus.

The music is destined to share high honors with the scenery this year, if the reports are true. There will be fourteen original numbers, by J. W. Mayo, C. Eber, P. O. Blackmore, and L. M. Breese, besides the music used in the stunts. A special effort has been made to make this the most musical comedy yet. Although mixed with the irresistable humor of the piece, the melody sweeps through the whole performance. Several voices have been discovered which are said to make the very gods sit up and take notice. If that is so—but we shall wait and see, or rather hear.

The manuscript for this transcendent production was written, quite appropriately, by the Manuscript Club. Last Spring, when grass was green and the air balmy, when Junior Week lay beyond a far-off Christmas, the club began to test its hand at this difficult business. The general idea of the piece was first proposed and agreed upon; then each member was assigned a scene to work out. Later, other members arranged the continuity. The problem was a difficult one and we shall see how well they have succeeded.

In looking over the cast one may be led to moralize on the shocking rapidity with which the "old familiar faces" pass. Some aren't back and others are too far back—to appear thus before the public. New blood and "finds," that seems to be the formula for every Masque personnel. This year there are very few veterans in the cast and an introduction to the rest is in order. G. Addonizio slinks across the stage as the mysterious professor. Now this professor, unlike perhaps any professor that we have known, lives but to amuse. Scenery, music, and comedy are all important to a musical comedy and Addonizio, with E. T. Curtis, as the cook, balancing the comedy, may be counted on to give us the latter in good measure. As for the ladies, there is D. F. Davis, who makes his debut this Junior Week. Although he will have to make a mean lady to come up to the standard set in other years by such as Don Coleman, Al Force, or Hal Deuel, yet if the rumors be correct

(Continued on page 33)



JAZZ *in* BLACK *and* WHITE

When an American presents to Americans an American artist, he does it either with an apology for his provincialism, or as an obvious and unblushing display of colossalness of nerve. With *sang froid* of the very frigidest, we wish to turn your eyes upon a young woman who has taken the cognoscenti of native connosseurs, the Woodstock Clique, not so much by siege as by *eclat*. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the work of Miss Ydde Naillil is its versatility, particularly its diametricity of approach; the burlesque you cannot ordinarily distinguish from the sincere, and even the work which the ERA has been so fortunate as to obtain, along with the brief notes in which Miss Naillil graciously expounds the spirit of her art, give one the impression that his intellect is being toyed with.

SOUL OF THE TROMBONE

"This is a picture. A picture is what you express yourself in lines—with. I cannot express myself in words; lines is my realm, lines and masses are the reins and the horse. My intellect is the whip.

"Wait, I shall expand.

"The spirit of the age is Jazz. Can Jazz be rendered immortal at the pen of the artist who is a dolt, an academician, a dried-out marrow bone from the Quattrocento stew? Probably not. On the other hand, ME. I give to the Modern in the Modern Spirit. Here you are: Modern Jazz Music interpreted in Modern Jazz Art.

"'What the Trombonist Sees,' mass against mass communicating through the tubulations of the music instrument, Trombone. You see with the Trombonist's own eyes. You are his soul. His soul makes other souls to oscillate in Terpsichoric rhythm. Do you not feel it? That is my art and it is in the specks near the top."

SITTING IT OUT

"You have ever sat out a dance? Of course, but that in itself is not worthy of artistic consideration. The unusual moment, the point of life, full with intense, vibratory anticipation—and all congealed over with the impudent horror of Jazz. Study the hands.

"There is meaning angularity in the feet.

"In everything there is meaning, so says art, and I wish you to study the forms of the masses, their juxtapositions, their enclosures, their insinuations.

"The eyes might see hundreds of dancing couples. I have shown you all the brain could consider.

"Fuzzy-wuzzy."

PSYCHE OF THE SNAKING SNAKE

"What sees the dancing snake? Much underbrush and in the center his prey. This is signified by hair and by eye. Snakes live in a tropical climate. Can you not see the heat waves rising from beneath the underbrush?

"This art penetrates to the essence of things—that is why only one other couple dances visibly. Remember you are gazing through the very eyes of the man, and then marvel at my dexterity in management of mass."

JAZZ PIANISM

"To the artist the hands mean more than the face. Merely gaze steadily, strongly, and steadily, at this impression and you will be attacked by a relentless whimsy to turn on the phonograph. This is a cogent illustration of the Transmutation of Jazz. Physical to spiritual to physical."

SEEING THROUGH A CHAPERON

"What sees the chaperon? Not only do you here see through the eyes, the soul, of the spectator, but you look at that soul, as upon mud-stains on your wind-shield. The soul of her is not pretty, and like all other souls, can see only that within its own category. This is why a pretty chaperon sees only pretty things. Marvel at my art!"

THE DRUNK PASSING OUT

"I have never been intoxicated by liquor, but my soul, the soul of the artist, tells me what it is like. How do I know this? Ah, but you have not got me there, neither, old sedlitz. When I drew this impression I thought I knew my intoxication, and when I finished, I knew I knew. By then I had been gazing at it for full thirty minutes, and—here is my proof—at the end of that thirty minutes I was so drunk that I could not remember to swallow. In fact I was so overwhelmed that my ardor was somewhat dampened.

"If you be still unconvinced let me ask you to gaze steadily upon this spiritual interpretation of drunkenness for some length of time, and note whether or not certain evidences of inebriecy do not set in.

"Ah, Potent Art!"

The King is Dead, Long Live the King

By Mayer Portner

Tommy Langdon is responsible for this story. We were sitting in a coffee house on Forty-second Street west of Broadway one afternoon in the early spring. I had just finished a rehearsal of my latest play, and had had a row with Faith Carr, who played the leading part in it. It was an historical play, based on the life of Benedict Arnold, and she played the part of Dolly Madison. She killed the play at each rehearsal, making more of Dolly Madison than I wrote in the part. It took all of Bill Goldman's diplomacy to keep the thing going. Goldman produced the play, and he cast Faith Carr for the part much to my disappointment. Tommy had an argument with the stage hands and a few of the minor actors who had started a crap game back of the stage. He promptly stopped the game, but not without some words with the stage hands who were members of the union and could not be fired for such minor details as shooting craps. He was the strictest house manager on Broadway and Bill Goldman thought a good deal of him. I was disgusted with the play in general and Faith Carr in particular, and told Langdon about it.

"It might interest you to know," said Langdon, "that the wordrobe mistress and the scrub woman think that you are in love with Faith Carr and that you pick a fight with her not because of her acting ability, but because you are jealous about her. They were talking it over while I was upstairs and I could not help hearing them."

"Cats!" was all I could say, thinking of Ned Barrett, the column conductor of the *Daily Record* who wrote a sonnet to the *Eternal Feline* in response to some caustic verses addressed to him by Leona White, the bobbed hair poetess of Greenwich Village.

"They said something about her riding around with Mr. Goldman in his big yellow car," continued Langdon, "which makes you jealous; and there was some talk about your having a mulatto housekeeper in your studio apartment. And that they did not know what Faith Carr could see in you to begin with. The scrub-woman says, 'I'd never go out with the likes of him'."

I told Langdon that I was not interested in the woman, though I'll admit she was fair to look at, with her auburn hair, steel blue eyes, and that irresistible little twist of her upper lip; but she had the intellectual capacity of a twelve-year-old school girl, and I was worried about the actress ruining my play. This was the first historical play I ever wrote, and hoped to win the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year with it. My previous plays, the slice of life type, though good enough artistically, were considered too immoral to be awarded the prize, according to the opinion of one of the members of the puritanical committee who judged the plays of the American stage. As for the studio apartment, I intended to give it up soon after the opening of my play and live in the Catskill Mountains where I had recently bought a house. I invited Langdon to come up to tea on the last day of my stay in the apartment. It was quite an affair, too. Marguerite Williamson, the dramatic critic of the *Evening Telegraph,* poured tea, and among those present were Willard King, the editor of a humorous weekly, Charles Bateman, the novelist, Ned Barrett, the columnist, Leona White, the poetess, and a host of professional people, both men and women.

That was a week later, but just at this particular moment I was seriously considering the writing of a play without any women in it at all, only I couldn't think of a situation that had enough dramatic interest in it without a woman.

Langdon drank his coffee slowly, then suddenly said to me: "I know of something that happened when I was a kid in my home town. I'll tell it to you and see what you can do with it."

"When I lived at home I used to hang around the playground in the neighborhood a good deal. It had a baseball diamond on one side of the field, a basketball court on the other, and rope swings with sliding chutes for the kids. It was a nice thing to have in our neighborhood, living as we did in a tenement district right in back of the fish market two blocks from the river front. I'll tell you how the playground came to be. There was a big fire that burned down a bunch of wooden frame houses, so the city decided to buy the property from Patrick McGowan, the political leader of our district who had a saloon down by the river, and who owned a lot of property in our neighborhood. He was select councilman and leader of our ward and so the playground was con-

structed by the city and named after him. There was some talk of naming it after a negro poet by the name of Dunbar. Did you ever hear of him? That was to please the increasing negro vote in our ward. Well, anyway, after a lot of talk that didn't amount to anything the playground was named after Pat McGowan. If you ever come to my home town you want to go see McGowan Square."

"But don't go there on Sundays. On the day of rest the playground is closed, and all you'll see there is a crap game, and you can see that any place. I think the playground was closed so that we could go to church, but as far as I remember nobody ever went to church around our corner. Oh, yes, sometimes Ada Murphy did. Once she asked me to go with her, but like a fool I didn't go. I told you about that before, didn't I? Well, I didn't go to church but played in the crap game and got into trouble. Ada married a saloon keeper's son and I never hear from her any more.

"The younger crowd did not go to church. There was always a crap game and you didn't have to go to any other place. The game usually started around ten o'clock in the morning and broke up about dinner time, unless somebody had a streak of good luck and broke the game earlier than that; which was not at all to the liking of Joe Peanuts, who used to cut the games."

"What is a cutter?" I asked Langdon.

"A cutter is a fellow who cuts the crap games. He buys the dice and then starts a game. He does not play himself, but charges you a tax of one-third of whatever you bet. You make three passes and you give him a cut. How does he get that way? Oh, he simply bullies the crowd. He is usually a hard boiled egg, sometimes a prize fighter that fights in the preliminary bouts, or as they call it, coffee and cake fighter; but generally he's an ordinary rough and tumble street fighter without any science. There's no need of science. Everything goes in these street fights. Did you ever see one? No? Well, you don't want to see any, they'd make you sick to look at 'em."

Well, Joe Peanuts was the official cutter around the playground when I lived there. He succeeded Battling Brown, who was cutter for quite a long time until he got maimed. Battling Brown got in trouble with Jennie, the oldest daughter of Gussie, the fishwife, and he had to marry her. It started on a moonlight excursion, that Battling Brown gave under the auspices of the company that owned an old, broken down ferry boat, and a few months later Gussie the fishwife got after Battling Brown and he had to marry Jennie. It seems that he had a little money, and Jennie, who worked in a cigar factory, had a little saved up, too, so he bought a horse and wagon and became a huckster. He never came around the corner any more after he married. His wife most likely wouldn't let him. Anyway, Joe Peanuts became the official cutter with no one to dispute his authority . . . . Waiter, bring another cup of coffee and some toast."

"Peanuts led an easy life and got fat. He never did any work and never worried about anything. He made enough money by cutting the crap games to pay his room rent, and once in a while by betting on a winner he'd make enough to buy a suit of clothes, a silk shirt, or a pair of shoes. He was always well dressed, and old lady Young, who kept a cheap restaurant down at the river front trusted him with meals. He always paid her, I suppose, because he always had ways of raising money. In the summer time it was a moonlight excursion, and in the winter time it was a dance at some cheap hall, so he usually made a couple of dollars, and since he did not bother with women, as far as I know, he got along in pretty good shape."

"But all good things have to stop sometime, and Joe Peanuts found that out one day. Some of the players began to grumble at his tyrannical rule. He paid no attention to them as he could always frighten them by merely looking at them. That is, all but one fellow, and that was young Beryl Klapowski, who worked in a boiler factory, and who was now eighteen years old. Peanuts finally let him get away with one cut on every four passes and still Beryl was not satisfied. He grumbled whenever he had to give Peanuts a cut, but he said nothing or did nothing. Peanuts became uneasy whenever Beryl Klapowski picked up the dice and he told Tony Pizetti one day that he felt it in his bones that Beryl would some day bring trouble. He did."

The coffee turned cold and Tommy Langdon ordered another cup. I became interested in the story and asked him to continue.

"It happened on the second Sunday after Easter," Langdon resumed. "The Swanson boys were in town, having played an engagement at the

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BOOKS

THE CATHEDRAL. By Hugh Walpole. 459 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The Cathedral is not of the last vintage. (It was published some time in October, if I remember correctly.) Previously, I have tried to keep strictly up-to-date, but in doing so I have missed a few books that from any point of view deserve consideration. Shortly after vacation, I ran across *The Cathedral* and found it a novel of so much power and with such excellent delineation of character that my good intentions of never being passé had to be set aside.

Hugh Walpole has developed a reputation for being "dry,"—and some of his books that I have read have been so; but this latest one made no such impression on me. In spite of its length, there was never a boring moment. I had no inclination what-so-ever to skip paragraphs as I frequently did with,—say, Zane Grey. Walpole still indulges in his descriptions and details, but the power of the book carries you through without the slightest hesitation.

The story is of an archdeacon, who rules the church life of an English cathedral town. His pride and overbearing attitude bring him to an inevitable downfall. His wife, whom he treats like a piece of furniture, runs away with another man; his son marries a public house keeper's daughter; his sovereignty is completely broken by a new and unscrupulous Canon; the strain becomes too great and he is threatened with apoplexy. Finally, at a Chapter meeting, when the plan closest to his heart is voted down unanimously, he has a stroke and dies in his Cathedral.

Your grandchildren will very likely have to read it in college along with *The Mill on the Floss*.

DRUIDA. By John T. Frederick. 286 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

There is a new school of writers forming,—a school that is distinctly American in its style and treatment of the story. Its roots are embedded in Zola, Flaubert, and Chekhov; but it is nevertheless in its way as much American as *Tom Sawyer*. Professor Emil Reich aroused a fierce argument when he stated that no great works of art have been produced in this country. Prior to the year 1917, he may have been correct, but most of the best critics believe that since that time American writers have taken great strides forward. At present, Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson are the only authors who may claim undisputed right to a membership in this school.

But John T. Frederick (a member of the department of English at the University of Pittsburgh) has made in this his first book a strong bid for membership. Comparison to Willa Cather's *My Antonia* is inevitable, for his book bears too strikingly the ear marks of a diligent study of hers. Frederick, however, has not developed so far as Miss Cather had when she wrote *My Antonia* and so he cannot hope to equal it. Give him time, though, and he is going to produce something of which much will be heard. As it is, he has written a remarkable first novel; weak in spots, but still better than most of the stuff you are reading.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND. By Zane Grey. 419 pages. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Zane Grey has turned Faust and sold his soul for a Marguerite of gold. The only reason I take the space to mention it is because I want to warn you not to read it. Melodrama? Ye gods! The stages of the Bijou's of the country were never stormed across by such rank melodrama even in the days when *The Old Homestead* flourished. It is too bad, for Mr. Grey used to be able to "spin a yarn" of the prairies and deserts fit to pass away any hour.

BALLOONS. By Elizabeth Bibesco. 168 pages. George H. Doran Company.

Balloons,—it is a perfect title. Little essays, as bright and colorful and airy as the fascinating bunch struggling above the balloon man's head. Deep blues and greens, yellow and brilliant red,—all the colors and moods are there.

If you have read Princess (blue blood, you see, and she is related to Margot Asquith, too) Bibesco's *I Have Only Myself to Blame*, you will know something of what these sketches are like. If you have not, I cannot tell you. Perhaps it is the freshness of her manner or the brilliant conversations of her characters that makes the book pleasing. Almost surely, it is the touch of charlatanism that she should not, but does, use. This should never (and probably wouldn't) worry anybody; it is only when one has to stop and try to decide why he liked the book that he is troubled. And you in all probability will not have to do that; so read and enjoy,—and let the burst balloons fall where they may.

FASHIONS FOR MEN and THE SWAN. Two plays. By Franz Molnar. Translated by Benjamin Glazer. 309 pages. New York: Boni and Liveright.

The only introduction for Franz Molnar that is at all necessary is to remind you that he is the author of *Liliom*. But in these two plays, although he is still the cynic and satirist, the phantasy is practically negligible; so that if you liked or disliked *Liliom* because of this fantasy, do not feel that you are going to have the same reaction this time. There are no heavenly court scenes or sordid amusement parks; and for this reason, they do not demand the

(Continued on page 33)

Our Junior Week Guests:—

When you are all resting quietly at home and begin to wonder however you spent that busy week-end at Cornell just straighten it all out by one glance at this

JUNIOR WEEK SCHEDULE

Wednesday, Feb. 7—Musical Clubs Concert at the Lyceum—8:30 P. M.

Thursday, Feb. 8—Wrestling—Syracuse vs. Cornell at the Drill Hall—2:30 P. M.
Masque production—"Ulysses in Ithaka" at Bailey Hall—8:30 P. M.

Friday, Feb. 9—Ice carnival and Hockey game—Columbia vs. Cornell at Beebe Lake—3:00 P. M.
Junior Promenade at the Drill Hall—9:00 P. M.

Saturday, Feb. 10—Basketball—Pennsylvania vs. Cornell at the Drill Hall—2:30 P. M.
Independent Tea Dance at the Old Armory—4:00 P. M.

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING

(Continued from page 25)

Mansfield Theatre which was so successful that the management held them over for another week. They were from my home town, came from the same corner, too, but I never had no use for them. Bill Swanson used to go around with Ada Murphy and cut me out a good many times, and Eddie is just an ordinary bum that had a little streak of luck and has got a swell head. If it wasn't for Bill he'd starve to death, but to hear him talk he's a great guy. Well, anyway, they were in town, and Eddie came around the corner each day. On this day Eddie lost a couple of dollars playing with the boys and he asked Joe Peanuts to let him cut the game. The bully was shocked. 'You sure have your nerve with you,' he said. 'Where do you get that stuff, anyway? I'm cutter here and nobody else cuts while I'm around.'

" 'All right. I didn't mean any harm,' Swanson replied, 'but I dropped a couple of dollars and you might give a fellow a chance to win something back'."

"To the great surprise of all the players and hangers-on, Joe dropped a quarter on the ground and said: 'All right, I'll see you shoot for a quarter'."

"Eddie picked up the dice and rolled them. He rolled a seven. He looked at Peanuts. 'Shoot the half,' came the royal command. Eddie Swanson rolled the dice again. Came another seven. 'Shoot the dollar,' said Peanuts."

"Within the short space of fifteen minutes Eddie Swanson won ten dollars. Then he felt confident of his luck, and splitting the money with his backer, started to play for himself. He rolled on eight. After coaxing the dice for about three minutes, during which time he called them the most

endearing names within his knowledge, he finally rolled a five on one dice and a two on the other. He retired to the sidelines with four dollars in his pocket, thanks to the generous backing of Joe Peanuts."

"The next man to pick up the dice was Beryl Klapowski. He shot a dollar, and Peanuts bet him on the side that he would not make his point. Back on the sidelines Eddie Swanson was talking things over with Tony Pizetti."

" 'Believe me, Tony, I know when to quit'."

" 'How do you know?' asked Tony."

" 'Well,' replied Eddie, 'you just feel in your bones, I guess, anyway. The dice are going wrong now. You just watch 'em, and Peanuts knows it, too. I'll bet you a cigar that he is gonna bet wrong. . . The dice are going wrong, you might as well bet that way. Believe me, I know what I'm talking about. I've rolled dice in back stage of many a theatre all over the country. This piker's game here makes me laugh. You shoot all day and you win two dollars. And they don't even know how to bet . . . the pikers, they're dead easy. No wonder Joe Peanuts is getting fat. He rules here like a king'."

"Then pulling out one cigarette from his pocket he lit it without offering one to Tony. 'Yes,' he concluded his speech, 'They're dead easy'."

" 'Why did you quit playing then, if they're easy?' asked Tony. 'Dice are going wrong,' Eddie replied."

"Wrong they were. Beryl lost his dollar. The dice went around until they came to Beryl again. He got his turn quicker than he expected, for there were few players that wanted to roll them. When dice go wrong it's best not to shoot. The man who shoots must bet right and nobody wants to be a sucker, so there are few players who will pick up the dice unless a man has a hunch that luck will turn. Whether this was the reason for Beryl's picking up the dice or not, at any rate he picked them up, bet a dollar on his point and lost. Instead of letting the dice lie on the ground, he picked them up again and to the great surprise and indignation of Joe Peanuts, held them in his hand."

" 'Who sees me shoot?' he asked."

"Not a single player cared to invest in a losing proposition. Beryl repeated the question, but there was no reply. 'Well, then, I'm going to cut!' said Beryl. 'What do you mean you're goin' to cut? Who's runnin' this game, anyway?' Joe Peanuts looked at Beryl in a most menacing manner, but Beryl stood his ground."

"Eddie Swanson and Tony Pizetti looked on with interest. 'Say, Tony,' Eddie said to him, 'this is like a play in the theatre. When an old king has ruled too long and too hard he loses his kingdom

(Continued on page 30)

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING

and sometimes his head.' 'Yes,' said Tony, 'it looks pretty bad for the old king'."

"Joe Peanuts looked at Beryl again, but it seems that Beryl outstared him. It got his goat."

" 'Give me the dice,' he fairly yelled at Beryl."

" 'Try and get them,' said Beryl."

"Peanuts stretched his hands out, but Beryl got out of his way. Joe aimed a punch at Beryl. The latter was too quick for Joe and, sidestepping, landed with his right hand on the pit of Joe's stomach. Peanuts doubled up with pain, and Beryl straightened him out with a right hand uppercut to the jaw. Down went Joe Peanuts like a ton of lead."

"An uneasy silence prevailed for a minute or so and then Joe Peanuts picked himself up, found his cap and walked away in the direction of the river front, probably to old lady Young's place."

"Eddie Swanson and Tony Pizetti watched him for a minute, and then Tony said, 'The king is dead!' Just then Beryl assumed full command and started the game again, with the remark, 'Go on with the game, boys. I'm cutting now, but only one on every three passes'."

"The game resumed, while Eddie Swanson remarked to Tony Pizetti, 'Long live the king!' "

Tommy Langdon stopped, tasted the coffee which was cold once more, and asked me, "Well, what do you think of it? Can you write a play about this life?"

I recalled that Bill Goldman was building a new theatre to open next October which, according to the rumors of Longacre Square, he intended to name the Faith Carr Theatre, and to open it with a play starring the young lady. I told Langdon that I could write a play of that life if I made Ada Murphy the heroine (Ada was red haired); but Langdon asked me not to do so. She was his first sweetheart. . . .

I think she meant a lot to him for he never married, and so I never wrote the play.

FEAR

(Continued from page 17)

Maurine: Y-e-s, and that's just what we can do—just for the next dance. (*Turns latch of tonneau door.*)

A Male Voice from Within: (*Sotto voce.*) Better run along, Al; I'm looking after a dead drunk in here.

Maurine: If it isn't Handsome Georgie! Won't you tell me who your friend is, Georgie dear?

Albert: We'll leave him in peace, Maurine. Let's wander along. (*They depart, and ten minutes pass silently. The door of the car is thrust open.*)

George: They've gone, I tell you, they've gone. . . . I say, you haven't lost your voice, have you? Strangled?? Passed off in a fainting fit??? . . . Speak!

Georgette: (*In a burst.*) *Handsome Georgie!! Georgie Dear!!* (*and gutterally*)—The hussy!

George: Jove! (*Bangs door to again. A half hour elapses. The music in the studio ceases. Couples commence to leave.*)

A Voice from the Direction of the Studio: Georgette!

Second Voice from the Direction of the Studio: Georgette, oh, Georgette!

Mêlée of Voices: Georgette! Georgette! Where are you, Georgette? Georgette, where are you?

With headlights out, the car moves off down the lane to the road, and is gone.

Albert: (*Hard by in the woods.*) They act devilish dumb for a newly married couple.

Maurine: (*Hard by Albert.*) *Chut,* boy; Mating—Marriage—Mystery! We may be just as physical on *our* moon o' honey.

CURTAIN.

ERRATA

The following correction is made in the Table of Contents:—A photograph of the Masque is omitted, with an according shift in order of the other features.

ULYSSES IN ITHAKA

(Continued from page 21)

we have a new female impersonator who will not soon be forgotten. Ulysses, the doughty wanderer, is played by E. J. Besig, who breezed into Ithaca this year and sort of fitted right into the scenery. He can be safely relied upon to carry on the classic tradition. H. R. Daniels is another newcomer who plays no less a part than the great god Zeus. This might seem quite a task for one new to the Masque but Daniels is particularly good in his rôle.

So much for the scenery, plot, music, and cast. Junior Week will show them to us. On an evening in the not very distant future music will fill Bailey Hall, the great red curtains will swing back, actors, hitherto trembling in their boots, will leap into action. And on that night we wish you luck—Cornell Masque.

BOOKS

(Continued from page 26)

stage for their presentation as did *Liliom*. If you like to read plays at all, I am sure these will appeal to you, especially *The Swan*. *Fashions for Men*, however, is on Broadway now and the production of *The Swan* is scheduled for sometime this spring, so that if you would rather see them (and can get to New York), you will have your chance.

The plot of *Fashions for Men* reminds one strangely of Winchell Smith and his ilk. The too unselfish shopkeeper, Juhasz, lets his wife abscond with his too officious clerk (and fifty-one thousand kronen). His too nice stenographer is dazzled by a too wicked-intentioned Count, but is saved for God (and Juhasz) at the last minute. Molnar's treatment of it makes quite a different matter of the play, so that you need not be worried about being bored.

The Swan, according to the wrapper, caused a greater sensation in the Continental capitals than did *Liliom*. And when you have read it, the reason will be obvious. It is a biting satire on the marriage question among royalty, so that in these days of deposed rulers, the public can find much amusement in laughing at their kings and queens. There is much more body to it than the other play, more philosophy and obvious satire, so that, like me, you may find it more to your taste than any of Molnar's plays that have been translated so far.

CORNELL-DARTMOUTH RELATION

(Continued from page 13)

Dartmouth schedule. And that feeling is also general at Dartmouth, for we didn't fail to pass those stories along."

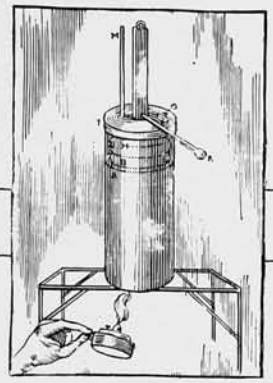
That letter is one that every Cornell man can look at and have cause of being proud of his football team, his institution, and himself.

On the Cornell side of the scale, the opinion is well evidenced. All contests with Dartmouth have been marked by the finest of sportsmanship and respect for our opponents. It actually seems that a Cornell team fights harder and better against a Dartmouth team than against any other aggregation. That is a clear evidence that the rivalry is a strong one, yet a friendly one. Take, for examples, the football games of 1921 (especially) and 1922; or the baseball game of 1922; or the hockey match on January 13th last when an inexperienced, unbalanced Cornell sextet, in its first game of the season, forced a fast skating, veteran Green aggregation into an extra period of play; or take any basketball game and you'll find the same thing holds true.

As far as "Rim" Berry, Cornell's graduate manager, is concerned, his expression is that "the growing relations between Cornell and Dartmouth are to be commended, improved, and strengthened in every possible way." He relates that in many cities, the feeling is such, that the alumni of both institutions give a joint Cornell-Dartmouth dinner before the football games and the results are brought in play by play.

It will be a shame if anything should occur to mar this relationship between the two colleges. It is not often that a rivalry between two large institutions, unusually strong in all branches of athletics, can exist on such a friendly foundation. Therefore, when such a one does appear, all efforts should be made to preserve and strengthen it. There has never even been a cause for complaint of unsportsmanship or discourtesy in a Cornell-Dartmouth contest. In an age when competition is keen, and hence rivalries are many, it is very easy for such complaints to be found, even though the cause may be absent. But the strong, yet friendly, rivalry of these two institutions is paving the way for a larger road of mutual development, which at the present time must not be left alone to develop haphazardly, but should be guided by some predetermined plan.

DENIS PAPIN'S



STEAM CYLINDER

They Weighed Air— *and* Charles II Laughed

SAMUEL PEPYS says in his diary that Charles II, for all his interest in the Royal Society, laughed uproariously at its members "for spending their time only in weighing of air and doing nothing else since they sat."

This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the "merry monarch."

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase "nature abhors a vacuum," which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

This achievement marks the beginning of a new kind of chemistry—a chemistry that concerns itself with the effect of forces on matter in the absence of air, a chemistry that has already enriched the world with invaluable improvements in illumination, radio communication, and roentgenology.

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O fates that shape the lives of men,
Vouchsafe that I
May sometime tread "The Hill" again
Before I die!

A. W. Smith

Cornell and the Canary

By Hendrick William Van Loon, '04

THE CORNELL ERA mildly suggests that we might write something along the lines of our learned little treatise which appeared in the *Smart Set*, not so long ago.

TO which we answer "what in Heaven's name would be the use?"

THAT contribution to the subject of higher learning in these United States was not entirely meant as a compliment.

WE referred to Cornell as a College with a great academic future behind it. We mentioned the early hopes and aspirations of one Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White, his great apostle in the wilderness of the five-finger lake district.

"ALAS," we lamented, "these high ideals came to nothing. Cornell increased in acreage and the spirit of intellectual adventure died a pitiful death. The shrine of learning planted firmly amidst the trees of old man Beebe's farm was turned into an efficiency shop."

WHEREUPON the Cornell press shouted a gleeful Hallelujah and announced that a former Cornell professor had praised his Alma Mater as the centre of efficiency.

THAT, we are sorry to say, was just about the last thing we were trying to do.

THE happy-go-lucky Cornell of twenty years ago was more to our liking than the up-to-date credit-shop which sells twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of education every second month.

OF course we know that much has been changed or rather that much may be changed before many another moon shall have descended behind the barren rocks of Turkey Hill. (Perhaps the moon does not descend on that side of the valley but just now we can not think of the name of any other mountain in Tompkins County.)

ALL the same, great harm has been done and 'twas well that some one should play the unpopular role of Jeremiah.

HENCE our recent observations.

HENCE our reiteration of aforementioned observations.

SOME forty years ago (or was it less? One loses the sense of time when one grows old) Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford visited Harvard College which is in Cambridge which is in New England.

THEY inspected all the buildings and asked many questions. For they hoped to build a university of their own and Harvard was to be their inspiration.

WHEN they had seen the last cellar of Hollis and had visited the highest attic of Massachusetts, Mrs. Stanford asked President Eliot how much money all these buildings and these laboratories might represent.

THE good president after a moment's rapid calculation suggested that it might come to some twenty million dollars.

"AH," said Mrs. Stanford, turning to her husband, "then we can afford to build just such a place as this."

THIS bit of figuring will no doubt appeal to many of our fellow graduates as concrete proof that some women have a sense of mathematics.

BUT to us it is an evidence of that spirit which has killed so many of our universities.

GEORGE LINCOLN BURR, sitting on a rail-fence, is a university.

TWENTY-FIVE acres of stone buildings are just twenty-five acres of stone buildings.

WE hate to speak in parables but the wise ones will have ears to hear.

TO say that all this intellectual indifference and this scholastic sterility is a sign of the times will do little good.

PEOPLE may call Columbia a personally conducted correspondence school and we shall not object.

OTHERS may amiably refer to Princeton as a charming country club and we shall not deny the accusation.

THEY may express their opinion of the University of Pennsylvania in such terms as seem most elegant and convincing and we shall continue to smoke the pipe of peace as unconcernedly as before.

BUT when we hear it said of Cornell that we have followed the example of the Prophets of Hustle, that we have gone in for Quantity and have neglected to be careful about Quality, we feel the accusation as a reflection upon our personal integrity.

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Steve's Shot-Put

A Tale of College Life

By Morris Bishop, '13

Steve Nipcek was born in a rickety, leaky woodshed back of a stamping-mill. His first feeble cries were drowned by the ceaseless, rhythmic *bling . . . blong* of the great stamps. In after years he could still hear that unceasing *bling . . . blong* whenever he went by a stamping-mill. . . . His first recollections were of a towsled, slatternly woman pouring gin and ginger ale down his throat. In after years he wondered if that woman could have been his mother. All this has nothing to do with the story, but there is some rule about beginning novels this way.

At fifteen Steve was a shipping clerk in a mail-order tombstone factory. His day's work, wrapping up tombstones, had developed in him a powerful physique. He was already a man, yet with something boyish and appealing, something troubled, submerged, craving, in his open face. People would often notice that open face. "Aw, shut your face," they would say.

One day Gaufrette Van Dyck, the daughter of the President, was strolling through the factory with Bull Ardsley, captain of the Pennsylvania track team. She was arrested by the look on Steve's open face. "You shouldn't be here, with that face!" she cried, impulsively. "Where shall I go then, Miss?" said Steve, humbly. "You ought to go to the University!" A great resolve came into Steve's spirit. "What University, Miss?" "Cornell," said Bull Ardsley.

The following autumn found Steve at Ithaca. Although he had never been to school, his long study of the inscriptions on tombstones had given him an English prose style which seemed to his teachers perfection. By dint of fierce persistence and unceasing toil he succeeded in leading his class before Spring came. In his mind, ever spurring him on, was the lovely picture of Gaufrette Van Dyck.

Springtime. The day of the great track-meet with Pennsylvania. Alumni Field was gay with kaleidoscopic color; packed thousands in breathless suspense, and all the regular stuff. The score stood 54 to 54. Only the shot-put remained to be decided. The crowd was on tenterhooks, for the glory or the shame of Cornell depended entirely on the distance that three young heroes could throw 16 pounds of iron. Some, to be sure, felt as though they were on tenterhooks, but it was only the cold concrete seats.

Bull Ardsley, the Pennsylvania captain, cast off his silk dressing-gown, revealing his powerful and sinewy frame. He strode confidently to the marked circle of turf; then he paused and glanced at the audience. From behind Steve, who was sitting shy and aloof among the spectators, sounded a girlish voice: "Oh, Bull, go in and win! For Penn—and me!"

It was Gaufrette! She was cheering him! She wanted Bull to win. Even Steve could understand that.

Bull smiled, balanced, gathered himself, straightened out with vicious force; the shot sailed through the air . . . 45 feet 1 inch—a splendid heave!

Next came Gewitter, Cornell's star. But Gewitter, in his agitation, let the shot fall on his foot, and was carried out, as Cornell blanched with horror and Pennsylvania screamed in glee. McWhirter, the old Cornell coach, leaned against the Stadium wall, panting.

But Steve had been thinking. Those shots could not be very heavy; not so heavy as tombstones. And many a long day had he spent tossing tombstones into a mail-car. He leaned over the parapet. "Mr. McWhirter!" he said, "Let me hurl one of those cannon-balls for you!"

"Who are you?" said McWhirter, a gleam of hope coming into his eye.

"Nipcek, 1925. I tell you I could beat that fellow Ardsley!" There was something in the boy's quiet air of confidence that impressed the aged coach. "Well, there's no harm trying," he said, half-convinced.

Steve lightly vaulted the parapet and strode to the marked circle; he cast off his overcoat; murmurs of admiration arose from the crowd at the sight of the muscles rippling beneath his balbriggan undershirt. He picked up the shot, and, tensing himself like a panther about to spring, sent the shot hurtling through the air. 46 feet 6 inches! A roar went up from the Cornell side.

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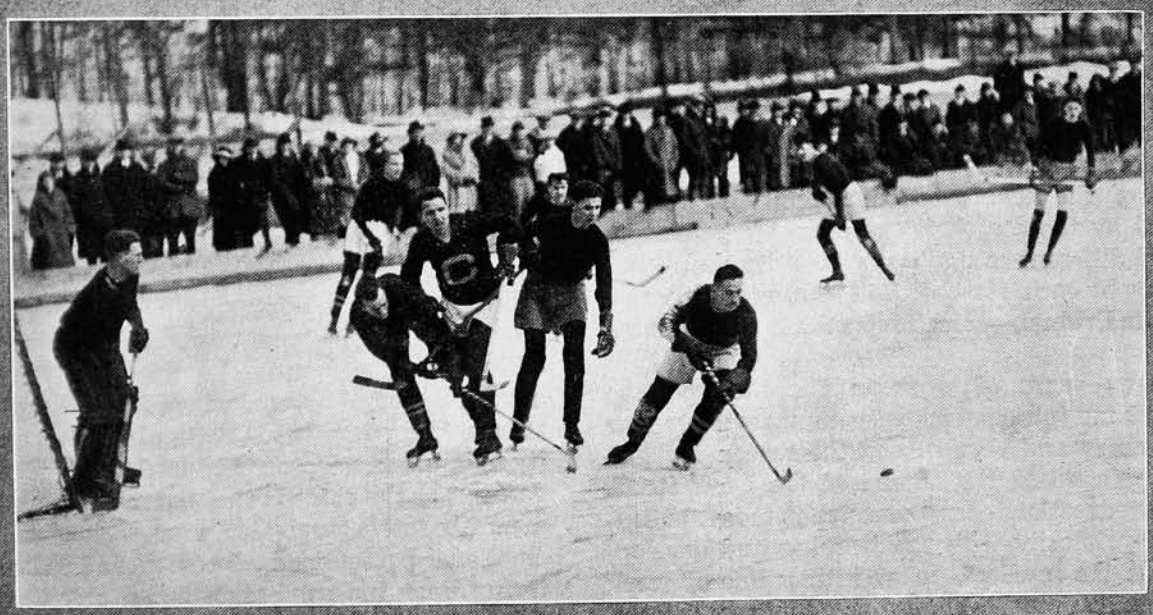

HOCKEY

Top. Hockey team (reading from left to right): Nesbett, Wright, Stainton, McDonald, Burnett, Yates, Brockway, Davidson.

Bottom. The puck obligingly paused a moment to have its picture snapped in the Columbia vs. Cornell game—one of the fastest of the year.

College Education and the Actor

By Edgar Stehli, '07

Editor's Note: Mr. Stehli has been playing for the past two years with the "Theatre Guild" in New York and is now with John Barrymore in Arthur Hopkins' production of "Hamlet."

For any man or woman capable of assimilating it, higher education will do one of two things: enable them to do better the thing which they are already doing, or else to do some better thing; and a discussion of the value of college education to the actor is merely a special application of this fundamental fact.

It may seem to the casual observer that the interpretive artist is less in need of education than is the creative, that general culture is of less importance to the actor, for instance, than to the playwright, for the former merely transmits into another form material which is supplied to him by the latter. This difference, however, is more apparent than real, for it is extremely difficult to draw a sharp line of demarcation between creative and interpretive art. It is, after all, the actor who brings to actual life and form the character which has lain dormant in the printed page. A simple proof of the actor's creative ability is demonstrated by the fact that the same part given to several different actors to play will be played differently by each, for each will infuse into it something individual,—something of his own personality.

Fifteen years of work in the theatre have brought me into contact with comparatively few college men and women, and the reason for this will be found in the nature of the work itself. Higher education, as we conceive it today, is concerned primarily with the training and development of the intellect. Now in any line of work that can be properly classed as a business merely, the intellect is the dominating factor; emotion is of comparatively no importance. The moment we enter the realm of art, however, the emotional at once take precedence over the intellectual faculties, and reach the zenith of their importance in the interpretive arts. To the singer, the musician, the dancer, and the actor, emotion is more fundamentally necessary than trained intellect.

The emotional element in the interpretive art may be likened to the raw material used in some industry, while the intellectual or mental element represents the machinery or process that turns that material into some higher and more useful form. It is obvious that something can be done with the raw material alone, even in its crude state. Lacking a brick kiln, raw clay can be fashioned into an adobe house, though a building of bricks baked from that same clay would be far preferable. But on the other hand, the most perfect machinery for making bricks would be altogether useless in providing building material without clay. This is exactly as true of acting. The raw material, in the shape of emotional development, is the prime essential. Thus it is that the man whose principal value lies in his mental equipment rarely turns to the stage for a career. He has not the necessary fundamentals, and his special qualifications can be better used elsewhere, but this can not in the least be taken to imply that a thorough education is not of great value to the actor.

It is true that at the beginning the educated actor will find himself at a disadvantage. His education will not at the outset be of much use to him. It may even be detrimental, for, to a certain extent, intellectual education of any sort tends to put a restraint upon the emotions, and this may in extreme cases be so pronounced as to be fatal, even granted that originally the emotional endowment was satisfactory. An excellent illustration of this fact is given by Darwin, who found that after a period of several years devoted exclusively to scientific pursuits his earlier love for, and ability to enjoy, music was completely atrophied. The danger for the actor is that too much education of a purely intellectual kind may seriously dull his emotional perceptions. The college-bred man entering upon his profession as an actor may feel this quite strongly at first and labor under a real disadvantage in comparison with his less-trained but more spontaneous fellow-artists. If he manages to weather the earlier years, however, the value of a college education, provided of course that he has the necessary emotional equipment, will begin to be apparent, and as time goes on he will find himself in a progressively improved posi-

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Try as they would, the Massachusetts Aggies could not score against our team. But neither could we against theirs.
Photo by Troy

A new use for the Radio. The instruments set up on this toboggan add music to the program made available by a Minor Sports Ticket (Adv.)
Photo by Troy

True and False Internationalism

By Professor A. E. Zimmern

Four years and more ago I was working in the British Foreign Office assisting under Lord Robert Cecil in framing the British draft of the League of Nations Covenant. Some of my most vivid recollections of those months are concerned with the visitors I received, and the mail I opened, from professing "internationalists," "idealists," "friends of humanity," and "life-long advocates of the League of Nations!" They were a motley crowd. There were, firstly, the people who saw in it possibilities of fine pickings for themselves; there were architects (or were they real estate speculators?) who were prepared to present designs of the palace of the League, if they could only have some indication of its proposed whereabouts; there were scenario writers and moving picture agents who were prepared to popularize the League in the film world, of course for a consideration; there was, I remember, a titled Continental manufacturer of munitions, who was sorely divided between his real desire to have no more war and his equally real desire that his trade should not become entirely obsolete; there were the constitution-makers who came armed with plans and projects which would have been most beautifully practical if human nature and national susceptibilities had been quite different from what they are—except that in that happy event they would not have been needed at all; and finally, worst trial of all, there were the writers and occasional callers who were so "internationally-minded" that they proposed to apply for citizenship in the new World-Republic, abandoning the countries of their birth and allegiance and thus depriving them, not only of their invaluable services, but also of their contributions in taxation. In vain I used to argue with them, as Woodrow Wilson later argued with the American people, that the league was not intended to be a "super-government" and that no World-Republic was on the stocks. Citizens of the world they felt themselves to be, and citizens of the world they intended to become. Into the obligations involved in that new status they did not stop to inquire: all that they knew—and that they knew very clearly—was that they wanted to get away from their own country, its entanglements, its calls upon their service, and, worst of all, its recurrent and embarrassing requests for taxes.

The state of mind thus revealed is what I call false internationalism; and it is one of the most irritating plagues that beset the serious student of international affairs. Historically it goes back to Diogenes, the unsociable Athenian philosopher who imagined that he could make up for his dislike of his neighbors by the reiterated expression of his unalterable regard for his human brothers at a distance. Diogenes, however, did not have the impertinence to call himself an "internationalist." He called himself a "cosmopolitan"—that is, a citizen of the cosmos, or world, the cosmos in his case being not the larger world of men and nations but the smaller world, the microcosm, of his own unsociable individuality. Between cosmopolitanism and true internationalism there is a deep and unbridgeable gulf. The two attitudes are mutually incompatible. The cosmopolitan, however supernational he may think himself to be, is narrow, selfish, and self-sufficient in his outlook. To be securely seated on the fence, whether between nations or gardens, is not a comfortable nor even a commanding position: there is more to be seen from the upper windows of a house built securely on a single property. The cosmopolitan, whether at play at Monte Carlo, pathetically striving to banish *ennui* or at work in a "movement" appealing to kindred lonely spirits in a robustly uncomprehending world, is not an inspiring figure. Almost inevitably he develops the defects of isolation, the characteristics of a "minority mind"—crankiness, cliquishness, irritability, lack of humor and sunshine, and, too often, among the working members of the sect, an arrogant, if impotent, spirit of militarism. There are few branches of literature (if they can be dignified by such a name) so replete with military metaphors and phraseology as the productions of these false internationalists. In the name of humanity, they seek to cleave nations in two, and in the name of peace, they spread envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Let me make clear that in saying this, I am not criticizing the school of thought which is opposed to patriotism and certain of its obligations on religious grounds. Profoundly as I disagree with the political philosophy of Quakerism, I have an equally profound respect for its conscientious adherents. One of my closest friends was a Quaker who went through much for the sake of his belief during the war, only to die of influenza at its close. But, being a man of scrupulous integrity, he refused to associate himself with propaganda for fitting out political malcontents with ready made outfits of religious and conscientious conviction. The true Quaker is not a full citizen of his state: but neither is he a full citizen of the World-Republic: he is not a citizen of this world at all. His allegiance, as he conceives it, is elsewhere. In rendering what he considers to be due to God, he has left too little over for Caesar. There has been a minority holding this view among almost every generation of Christians and they have often had to endure much suffering for their creed. In the present generation they are still a minority; but they have a great many sham adherents. Some years ago I had a letter from one of them. She was a lady who conceived herself commissioned by her conscience to tour the country preaching the gospel of pacifism. She wrote to say that she was projecting a visit to the town in which I was living. Would I put her up for the night and give her supper and breakfast? After specifying her requirements in some detail, she ended by asking me, in case I should not be home to receive her (it was during a vacation period), to find her some other host. Then, in a fatal after-thought, she added: "Please do not send me to Mrs. P. (the leading pacifist in the town), since she and I have quarrelled and are not on

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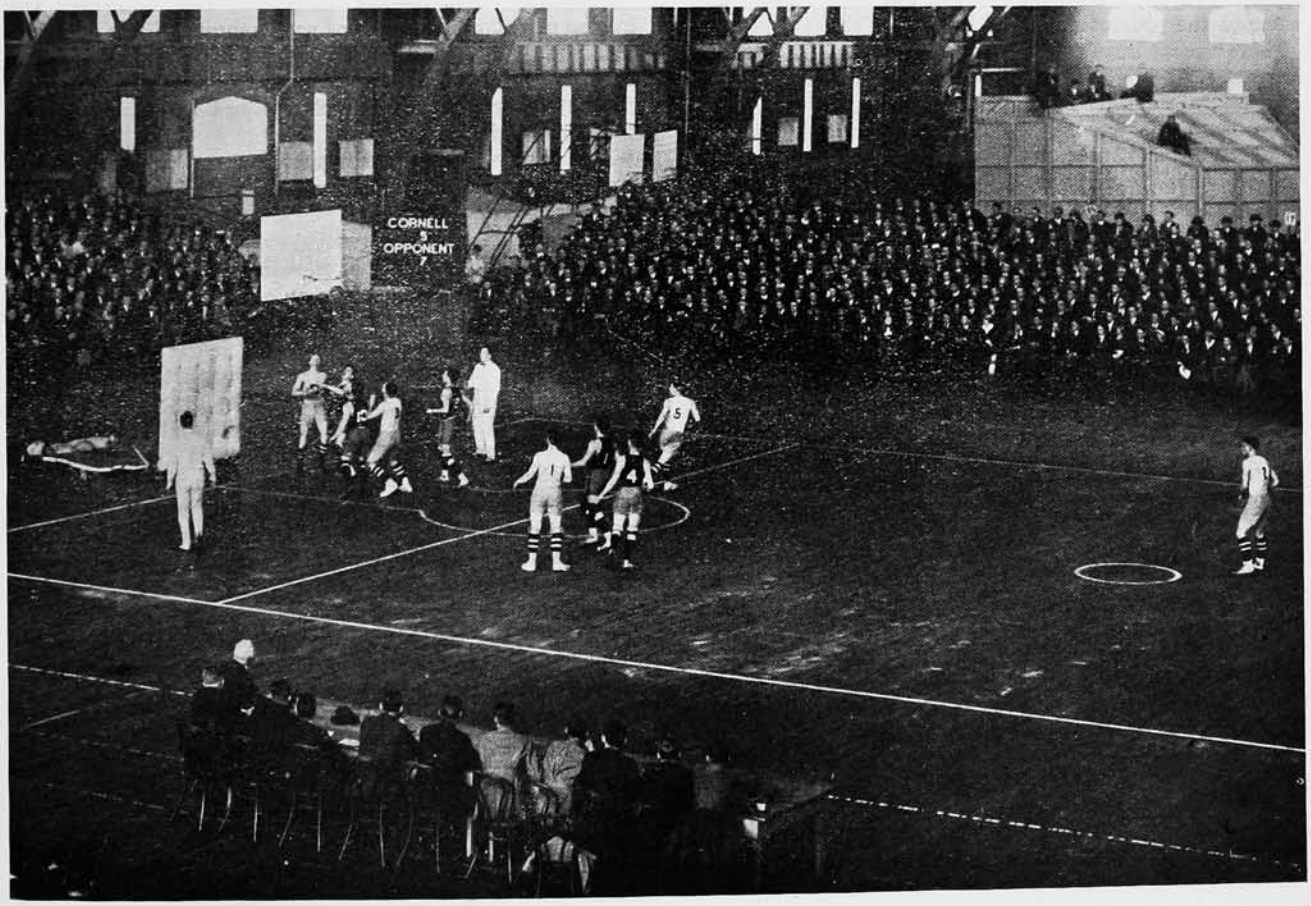
Capron receiving a pass from Captain Luther which resulted in another two points against Penn during the Junior Week Game
Photo by Troy



The team began to get going when Wedell dropped this short field goal in and tied the score in the first few minutes of the Penn game
Photo by Troy

This Mud Rush of Ours, and Some of its Curious Customs

By R. W. Sailor '07

It is the grey dawn of a Washington's Birthday; the sound of a thousand hoofs beating rhythmically and eagerly nearer and nearer; a herd of stampeded cattle—no, as they come nearer, they appear to be more familiar—and then as the grey in the east grows brighter, a mad, galloping mob of half a thousand freshmen breaking for the Old Armory; another mob, more orderly, more experienced, somewhat smaller, and better organized, stealthily extends itself, advancing slowly, each picking his man, planning the impact where the surface is the slickest; a crash of line against line, the old flying wedge of the decade before multiplied by forty; the front lines go up forty feet in the air—or they think they do—; a hand to hand, cheek to jowl, rough-and-tumble; the triumphant finish of those that crash through into the sanctuary of the Armory; business of tying up captives and piling them into delivery wagons; then peace and quiet again; this is the last half hour of the four days preceding the Freshman Banquet; this is the Neanderthal ancestor of the present day Mud Rush.

There wasn't anything pretty about any of it. No one ever got a flashlight of it so it fortunately was not perpetuated in pictorial form. Yet, after all, it was good, virile sport. It was never criticized for playing to the grandstands. No one ever pulled off his shirt and smeared mud on himself to simulate a fighter. It was rather early for a grandstand to be occupied; one needed all the shirts he could afford to keep warm; and there was no need to pretend one had had a battle, for the enemy took care of all details of one's appearance.

Yet, the change from this battle to the mud rush was simple, logical, and necessary. A brief sketch may be of interest.

Freshman Banquets had become altogether too hazardous back in the days of the Spanish-American War. They were held downtown and without apparent control. A hotel servant was killed in a gas attack intended for the frosh. Skulls were cracked with lead pipe carried for purposes of self defence and offense. Bones were broken. A single freshman held off a world of sophomores with a barrage of ripened eggs directed from the roof of the Lyceum. Another party was broken up by the addition of a bag of skunks. Freshman banquets were, so to speak, in bad odor downtown.

So the expurgated subsequent affairs were transferred to the hill where the townies wouldn't have cause for complaint, and the comparatively innocent, exalted flying wedge, described above, took the place of the more dangerous rush for the Lyceum door.

All might have been well enough, and the present generation would never have had to perpetrate the Mud Rush, if the so-called unorganized rush had been all there was to the celebration. The rush, however, was nothing but the climax to several days of mimic warfare preceding Washington's Birthday and the Freshman Banquet. The freshman president and the principal speaker were usually heavy fisted, hardhitting athletes and terrible orators. They usually left Tompkins County on the anniversary of the day George was expected to be born and stayed out of town and county till the night of the twenty-first. Other freshmen followed as soon as their academic entanglements would permit. Packs of hungry sophomores followed, hot footed, in eager pursuit. For at least two days the scholar's dream came true—a university with not an underclassman in it—and the big half of the student body was off getting several days of fresh air and vigorous exercise.

On the night of the twenty-first came, disguised as bundles of old clothes, tramps, sophomores, pork carcasses, professors, anything plausible, the returning pack of freshmen. They had been incognito in Syracuse, Auburn, Rogues Harbor, the entire Finger Lakes region. Assembly and a chance to tell about it was prearranged at the Ag barns. That is—for those that broke through the cordon of patrolling bands of sophomores. These had been out several days and nights seeking captives and carting them off to some warehouse downtown where they were prepared for the parade of captives in celebration of George's birthday party.

Once again, however, the exercises went too strong for the adult onlookers. The smoldering indignation arising from wholesale desertions from the classroom was fanned into a consuming fire by several events that brought quantities of publicity, but not one line of fame. An over-enthusiastic group of captors on one occasion painted the freshman numerals on the freshman faces in silver nitrate. The theory was that the numerals would darken up in time for the banquet that evening, persist for a day or two, and the little joke would soon be forgotten.

The timing, however, was imperfect, and the freshmen turned to every sort of method for the removal of the stain—abraisives, fingernails, chemicals chosen at random—with unhappy results. Indignant parents demanded explanations and reprisals. Chemical warfare was then in its infancy, and the application of a half baked theory, unsupported by adequate research, chalked one more score against the Freshman Banquet.

Then, in the roughhouse the following year, someone's child had a pistol pointed at him by a progressive frosh, more adept in self defense than in flight. The President's attention was vigorously called to the fact that matriculation in no way abrogated one's rights as a citizen. The pistol and all that preceded was the subject of the presidential welcome and subsequent Faculty action.

The class of 1909 was therefore forbidden, under adequate penalty, to hold any sort of freshman banquet, and freshman banquets thereupon ceased to be a winter sport, and never reappeared in the old form.

The counterpart, in 1906, of the Student Council was the Vigilance Committee, a self perpetuating group of healthy, active, and reasonably prominent upperclassmen, running about ten to the ton, whose self prescribed duties included the application of underclass rules for the everlasting good of the underclassmen and the community.

This Vigilance Committee, vainly seeking the restoration of the good old days in toto, finally hit on the organized rush, with rules exactly as they now stand. The Faculty accepted the substitution tentatively with the threat of a permanent ban if the exercises exceeded in vigor, duration, or extent, the literal wording of the proposal.

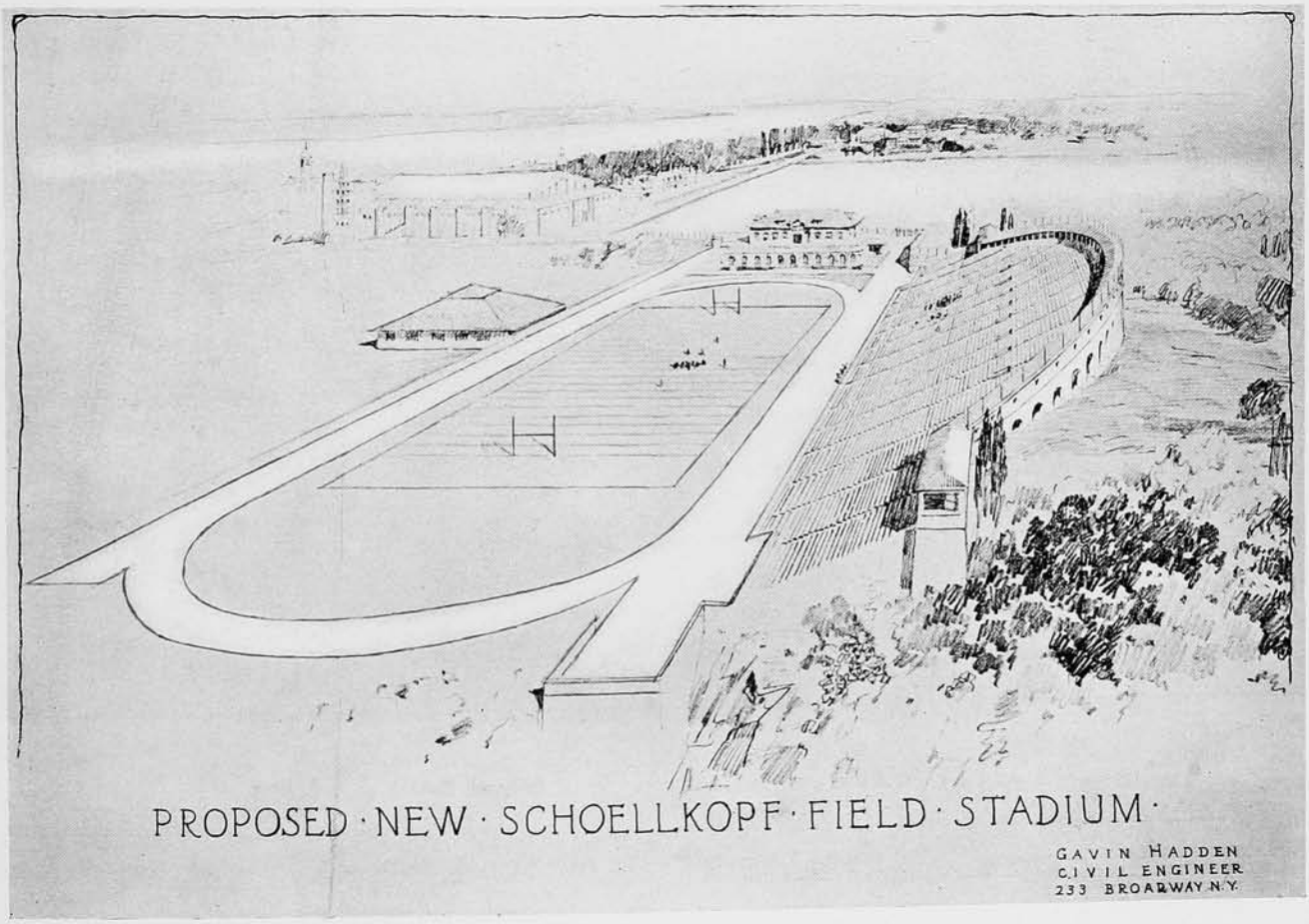
Thus in the middle of March, 1907, the class of 1910 restored the Freshman Banquet to the calendar and held the first Mud Rush. This event has been severely criticized but, with all its faults, it became tradition in the usual half hour after its first trial, and has come to us through sixteen years without a single change of importance, in spite of the fact that it is one of the poorest excuses for its own existence, and that the only real reason for a rush at all is that there has always been one.

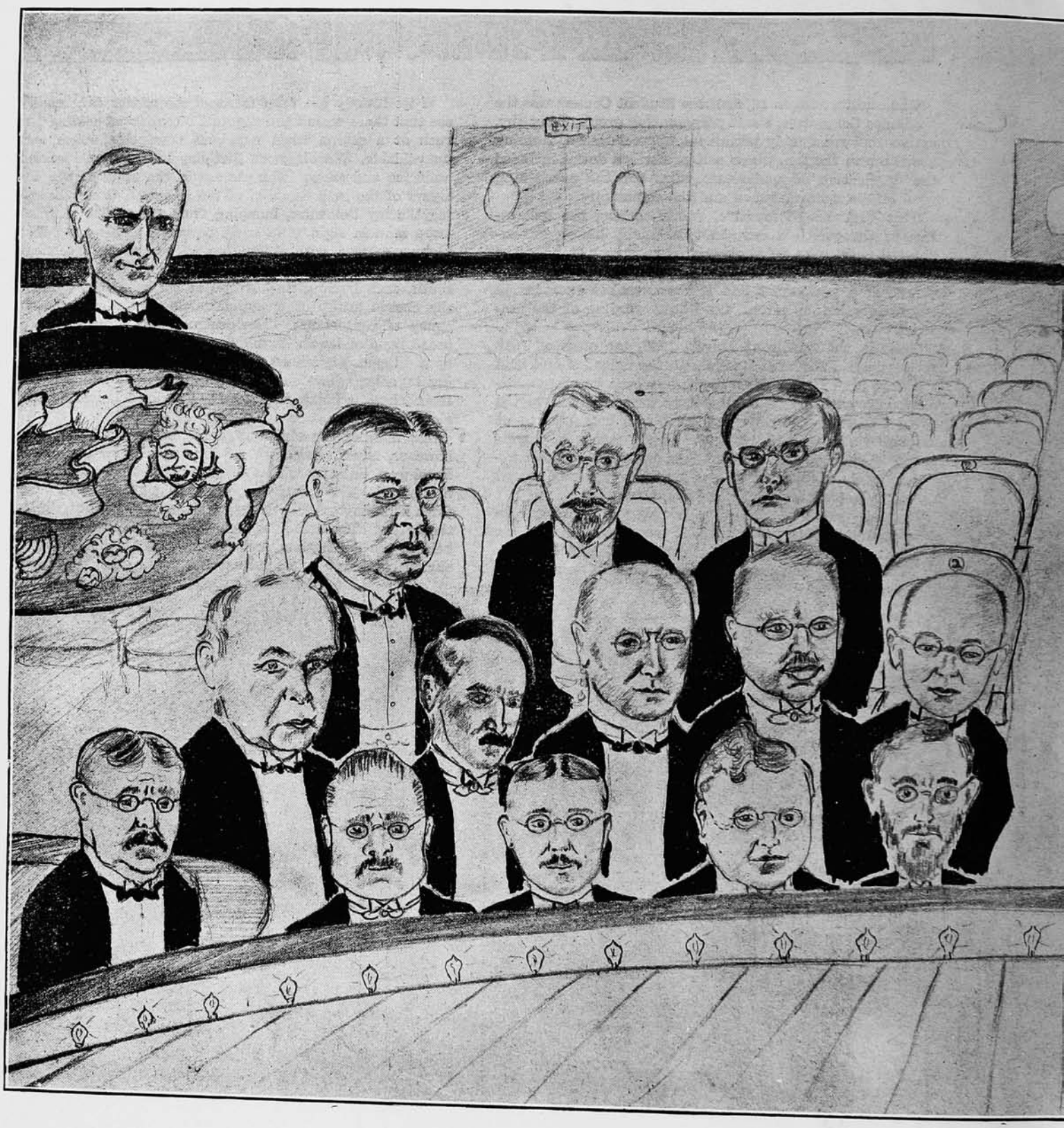
In justification of the thing, however, if there can be any excuse for its persistence, it must be said that the Mud Rush suffers from the accidental events of the year of its founding and from the aberrations of some of its devotees.

If its history has been followed the reader can readily see that there wasn't the slightest intention of holding the rush at a season when mud was obtainable, much less unavoidable. Washington's Birthday is usually celebrated amid ice and snow. The picture in the mind of the designer of the rush was that of the Immortal George crossing the icy Delaware, bumping from floe to floe with no more mud in sight than could be borne in his eye. The picture carried with it another of the entire freshman class on the north end of the battle field, the sophs on the south, each hurling its barrage of icy snowballs against the chosen group of enemy attacking their own chosen group of contestants. The designer saw a field with a broad band of ice on its middle, sprinkled for days before by a diligent Vigilance Committee; the two groups crashing together where snowballs were thickest, and ice was the slickest, a battle where skill, finesse, and intelligence alone could win.

The mind of the educators, cautious and wary, did not, however, receive the proposals for the resurrection of the Freshman Banquet with the alacrity that its proponents had hoped. The treaty of peace was not ratified in time for a Washington's Birthday party, nor for several weeks thereafter. The first Freshman Banquet, as modified, was held in the Springtime, and once held in the mud, it was obviously a mud rush and nothing could alter this time

(Continued on page 29)





MONDAY NIGHT

Upper Box
D. S. Kimball

Lower Box
D. F. Hoy

First Row
Nathaniel Schmidt
William Strunk
Vladimir Karapetoff
W. A. Hurwitz

Second Row
John Carney
Christian Midjo
C. S. Northup
A. W. Browne
L. N. Broughton

Third Row
Romeyn Berry
E. H. Wood
J. F. Mason

THE LYCEUM

First Row

Livingston Farrand
M. W. Sampson
Laurence Pumpelly
J. E. Reyna

Second Row

Herman Diederichs
S. H. Slichter
John Hoyle
Bristow Adams
Donald English

Third Row

A. T. Kerr
M. A. Pond
F. M. Smith
Heinrich Ries

Back Stairs
Lieutenant Tweston

Upper Box
R. C. Gibbs

Lower Box
E. B. Titchener

Students Twenty Years Ago and Now

By Romeyn Berry, '04

With respect to the basic things—their attitude toward life and the thereafter, their emotions, their aims, and ambitions—college students haven't changed much in the last thousand years and aren't likely to change much in the next thousand. Youth is eternal and immutable.

But there are many points of striking difference between the undergraduates of twenty years ago and those of this day and generation. This writing will attempt merely to record some random observations on these changes, leaving it to some other deep thinker to determine which are essential and which are ephemeral, and to work out conclusions from the data submitted.

Study. Undergraduates now study harder and more than they used to. Outwardly, at least, they are more serious in the way they approach their college work. On the other hand their reading is confined almost exclusively to *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Red Book.* If Keats and Shelley were part of the course, John Doe '24, would pass the examination on them fifteen points higher than Richard Roe '02, did. On the other hand, Richard would cut his classes in lyric poetry to get soused on Keats and Shelley under the trees while John would never have heard of those birds if he hadn't been told he was to be examined on them.

Immorals. (Note: Why do we always say morals when it's really immorals we are talking about?)

Immorality has enjoyed (or suffered) a remarkable social boom in the last twenty years. One can imagine going back to what was a mining camp to find the saloons, dance halls, and gambling joints supplanted by an Art Quarter and a Bohemian set. Less luridly wicked—and less robust!

The Spirit of Irresponsibility and Adventure. A yell up the stairs at eight o'clock on a damp spring evening—"Hey! who wants to go up Six Mile Creek and spear suckers?"

Twenty years ago that call to arms would have brought a dozen swashbucklers boiling down the stairs and into rubber boots without a word of question. Were there any suckers in Six Mile? Did anyone in the gang know anything about spearing suckers? Was there a spear? None of that made any difference. There had been made a highly sporting proposition and that was enough. They knew the party might not get within a mile of any stream but they were dead sure it would get some place.

Nowadays, I think, if you were to yell long enough someone on the third floor might emerge from his mechanics or cost accounting long enough to inquire where the hell Six Mile Creek was, but you wouldn't be able to make a sale.

Every Cornell man has wondered what is beyond the sky line of West Hill where the sun goes down. In days gone by some went and found out. I doubt if many do now.

Singing. The masses no longer regard part singing as for the masses. It's a serious business for trained experts. Amateurs and common dubs are expected to chirp in unison if at all. Singing in unison is a deadly thing (beyond the third grade) and in consequence there isn't much general singing.

Twenty years ago nobody but a coward sang the air. Tenor or bass—it didn't make any real difference. One jumped in and took the end where he could be most useful at the moment.

Drinking and Drunkenness. There isn't ten per cent of the drinking and drunkenness that there used to be. But what is now done along those lines looms up disproportionately. In days gone by a drinking bout was apt to be conducted behind closed doors—which is one of the things closed doors are for. Nowadays if a student accumulates a little package, the first thought that occurs to his alleged mind is to take it out and show it to folks—preferably at some dance or large gathering. Consequently the little package gets a lot better publicity than the really important drinking bout did. Conversely, there exist no more the purple evenings made up of good fellowship, songs, animated conversation and beer.

Finance. Students spend more money now merely because everybody does and the same things cost more. On the other hand, there is

(Continued on page 29)

WHO'S WHO

Photo by White

FRANKLIN SECOR WOOD

Phi Delta Phi
Quill and Dagger
Seal and Serpent
Editor of Freshman Handbook 3
C. U. C. A. Cabinet 2, 3, 4
Cornell Annuals Board 2, 3, 4
Junior Associate Editor 3
Editor-in-Chief 4

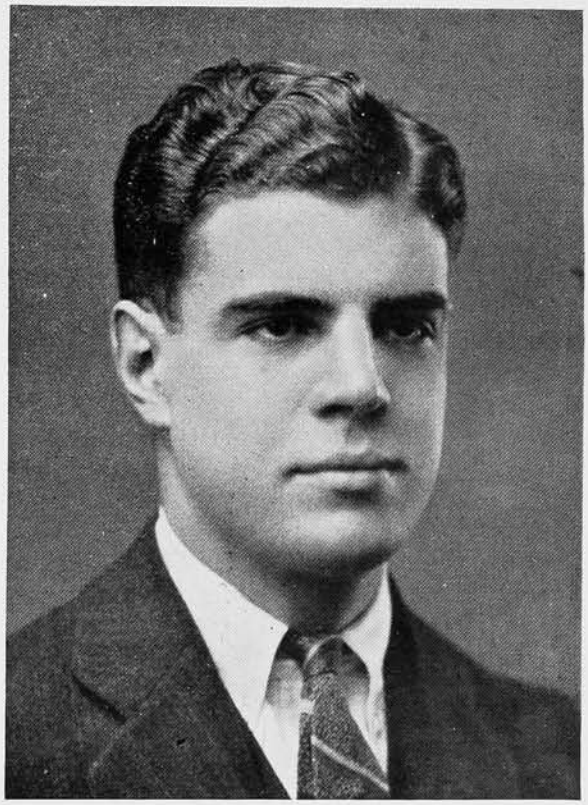


Photo by White

ALFRED RANDALL THOMAS

Sigma Phi
Quill and Dagger
Musical Clubs 1, 3, 4
Cornell Annuals Board 1, 3, 4
Business Manager Cornell Annuals 4

VOX

The Cat, the Canary, and Mr. VanLoon

THE ERA, anticipating the generation of some heat by Mr. Van Loon's article, hopes that it will be tempered; or as Woodrow Wilson, in a speech of his (we can't remember just when), said in some such words as these: "There ought, if there is any heat at all, to be that warmth of the heart which makes every man thrust aside his own personal feeling and take thought of the welfare and benefit of others." Of course, he spoke on an entirely different subject than the one we are engaged with, but the truth of it is only too evident even here. We realize that it is hard to admit some failing. When it howls so loud as this one, however, why play the ostrich? Our Alma Mater, among her many exceptional qualities and great advantages, has some which at least are not so good.

After careful study of the article, we take it that Mr. Van Loon's main objection is not only against efficiency in education, but also against the lack of inspiring figures among the faculty. As to the first, frankly we do not attach quite the significance to efficiency as does Mr. Van Loon. Only so far as it kills personal relations between professor and student do we fear it. Efficiency must be proportionate to the size of an institution; and even Ezra Cornell must have foreseen that his school would grow when he said that he was founding an institution where anyone could get instruction in any study.

Then we attribute Mr. Van Loon's criticism of the faculty to much the same influence that makes our elders blurb about the good old days when the family all bathed out in the wood shed in the same tin tub and then rushed in to dress behind the kitchen stove. The days of youth will always be the Golden Age. We do not mean to deprecate the influence of Andrew D. White upon Cornell, but when he was president the institution was just about one-fifth the size it is now. One man then, if he were great enough, might very possibly inspire the whole university. But how much more pervasive must his influence be to inspire five times as many students! It is fairly obvious that there are no men here now who have filled this position. We say "have," because we feel that within the next few years President Farrand may occupy it. That is, if the duties of collecting money that modern society has delegated to university presidents does not take too much of his time.

Also, we feel that there are several men on the faculty who have a great effect upon the students under them. In this day of specialization, they may not be versed in so many fields as Andrew D. White, but they are certainly more advanced in their own fields. Professor Titchener is probably the most obvious example of these men; and there are others.

Now to go back to the loop we left open in speaking of efficiency: the much mooted question of personal relations between professor and student. This is the point where we hope any heat

(Continued on page 25)

"Chicago from the Waterfront"

In the Christmas issue, the ERA announced a contest for criticisms of the above drawing by Count Savag deG. Najiskas. An even greater response followed this proclamation than we had hoped for. It happened, however, that all these essays were drivel, inspired not by any true sense of the artistic, but merely the mercenary intention of "copping off" a prize. That is, all but one. The ERA feels justified, therefore, in awarding all three prizes to the author of this one criticism: Professor Bristow Adams. We wish to compliment him on his penetrating insight, his ability in picking out the salient points of a work of art such as this, and especially on his originality of critical thought. The ERA firmly believes that there will be a second renaissance among the fine arts when there are more men like him.

Incidentally, we sincerely hope that none of our patient readers will feel that we have been "kidding the public."

Dear Sirs:

At the risk of being considered foolish by taking your prize contest seriously I offer the following criticism of your lithographed crayon drawing entitled "Chicago From the Waterfront."

"It is the bunk."

Neither Chicago nor its waterfront in their worst days ever looked as bad as this. Of course, we recognize that Chicago is crude and untutored and that the drawing is the same; so subject and treatment are in harmony. But the city of Carl Sandburg has some perspective, which the drawing has not. It is like most of the other attempts of persons who essay to make pictures before they have even learned to draw, and who think that mere "fuzziness" will take the place of structural detail; and that the artist can, like the squid, exude an inky substance which will render him obscure. The squid is the more honest; he seeks concealment.

I at least agree with the critic whom you have quoted,—presumably for the guidance of your competitors,—who says that the artist has expressed "smoke and stench." Any smudge with a lithographic pencil can express smoke. And the whole picture, to re-vamp an old mixed metaphor, is "a stench in the public gaze."

Possibly one of the worst faults of the picture is that it has gone out of style. Four or five years ago, when many bad artists sought to cover their crudities under the general titles of futurism, cubism, and the like, a lot of this sort of thing "got across." The few good things of these movements added by sincere artists have been absorbed. The others have been discarded and "Chicago From the Waterfront" should have gone into the discard long ago.

Sincerely,
BRISTOW ADAMS.

BOOKS

By Professor Clark S. Northup, '93

THE DAYS OF A MAN. By David Starr Jordan. Yonkers: World Book Company. 1922. 2 vols., pp. 710, 906. $15 and $40.

In two well printed and superbly illustrated volumes, the most illustrious alumnus of Cornell has told the story of his long life. As Dr. Jordan looked at his audience at the Honor Societies dinner at Risley that evening last June, fifty years after he left Cornell with an M.S. sheepskin under his arm, it was easy to see that time had not dealt harshly with him. To few men has it been given to enjoy half a century of such varied or useful activity. As a worker in the science of fishes, a teacher, a president of two universities, a public lecturer, a traveler, a poet, and an advocate of world peace, he has left his impress on the world's life at many points.

Any narrative of such a life, even if lacking in the graces of style, would be of great importance and not devoid of interest. But Dr. Jordan not only has much that is important to say, but also says it with great skill. He enlivens the narrative with many a lively anecdote and with an occasional witticism. But the proportion is always good.

The Jordans were and are staunch Cornellians. Not only was Dr. Jordan a member of the first four-year class, but his sister Mary (now Mrs. Edwards '78) was the third woman to enter, his daughter Edith took her M.A. here under Professor Morse Stephens, and his second wife was Miss Jessie Knight, of the class of '90. The section dealing with the author's life at Cornell, filling some fifty pages, will be read by Cornellians with the greatest interest. It was natural that President Jordan should take with him to Stanford in 1891 a number of Cornell men—Branner, Earl Barnes, Elliott, Charles Marx, Anderson, Samuel J. Brun, Griffin, Laird, Comstock, Woodruff, Newcomer, Bolton C. Brown, Dudley.

Dr. Jordan's interests in various matters have taken him to the four corners of the globe. We have narratives of travel in Europe, Mexico, Canada, Japan, Samoa, Hawaii, Australia, Egypt, Alaska, and nearly every part of the United States. He was an early climber of the Matterhorn; the prospect of hardship or difficulty seems to have spurred him on instead of holding him back. These journeys have been motivated by various impulses: scientific investigation, the interests of world peace, educational, business, or study. The result has been to give him an extraordinary variety of experiences, which make this autobiography in some respects one of the most entertaining ever written. Illuminating, too, are his accounts and interpretations of the great events of the world's recent history. Comment on men is invariably discriminating yet kindly and generous—or suppressed. The reader of these volumes writes down the distinguished author as one who loves his fellow men.

THE WORLD IN FALSEFACE. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Knopf. 1923. 326 pages.

The same old stuff: self-assurance, unblushing conceit, sublime (or at least sublimated) indifference to the anguish of a mad world, the saying of clever things and the evident knowledge that he can go on saying them for a long time, a lot of real wit, much common sense, some uncommon nonsense; this is what we have learned to expect from Nathan, and this is what we have here.

Query: How long will Nathan continue to be a competent critic for the average theater-goer? He knows so nearly everything about plays that for him much has become tiresome which the average playgoer does not find so at all. Matthew Arnold was afraid he knew too much about Homer's language to be a good critic of Homeric translations. We wonder if Nathan doesn't know too much about the theater. Why not stop for a while writing criticism about plays, and try to write a play? Let him give others an opportunity to get back at him. Then both Nathan and we might have the new sensation for which he is really seeking.

FINDERS: MORE POEMS IN AMERICAN. By John V. A. Weaver. New York: Knopf. 83 pages.

There is real poetry and a lot of it in Weaver's book. But where does he get the crazy notion that it is more poetical for being written in "American"? Nothing is gained, so far as we can see, by using a lot of vulgarisms like "I seen," "gotta," "ast," "you done it." Of course plumbers and ditchers talk that way; but who cares? These poems are not helped but hindered by the language —which is not necessarily American at all. The best poem in the book, "Scratches," has no trace of "American," thank God. If John Weaver is wise, he will henceforth write English, which is after all the real American.

TOWN AND GOWN. By Lynn and Lois Seyster Montross. New York: Doran. 283 pages.

Thirteen episodes having to do with the life in a Middle Western State university town. The characters are, we hope, entirely unusual and untypical. There is Peter Warshaw, the radical, Andy Protheroe, the fusser, Betty Udell, the climber, Andrews, who failed to make a fraternity, Pewter Hughes, the roué and also the All-American football player—a sorry lot, few of them powerful in the upper story, none especially amusing. It is on the whole a sad picture of the Western university "Main Street" that the authors paint. Some of the stories are not especially well motivated. Why, for example, does Peter Warshaw leave his fraternity? And the sketch of "Yellow" stops just when the reader has got a fine start. Nothing happens. Is Pewter yellow *because* nothing happens? There is some profanity, which we do not mind, since most d.f.'s have to swear; but there is at least one vulgar cabaret joke to which we strongly object. Yet there is some good writing in the book.

A BOOK ABOUT MYSELF. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright. 502 pages.

The book is not so bad as the title sounds. It is a real human document that Dreiser has given us. He has seen enough of the seamy side of life, has had contacts enough with the underworld, to make this narrative of his early journalistic years most interesting. The publishers advertise it as "honest autobiography." Probably there never was such a thing; but at least the book has the earmarks of an attempt at honest self-portraiture, and the author seems to be reasonably frank. There are some moving portraits: the author's father, Alice, Wood, Mooney. The narrative helps the reader to understand the reason for Dreiser's point of view with reference to religion and society. It is a book well worth reading.

STEVE'S SHOT-PUT

(Continued from page 8)

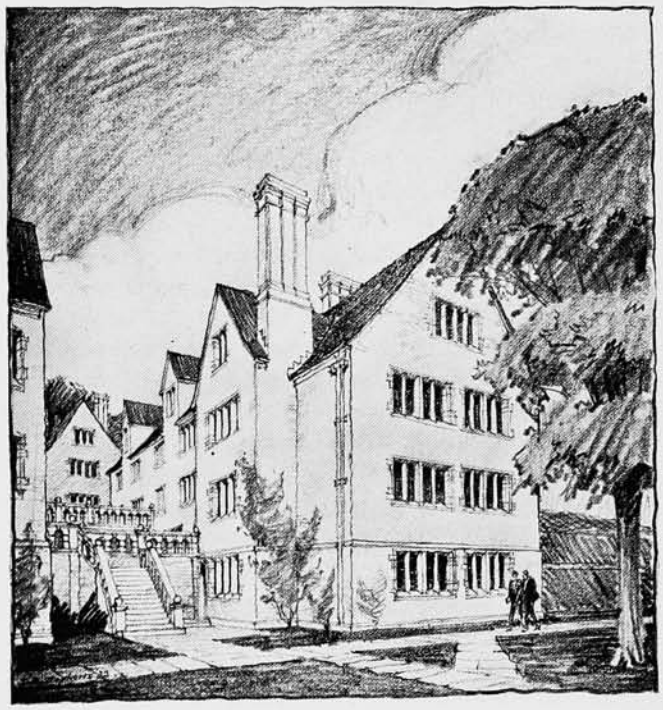
Steve looked for Gaufrette; she was applauding, her cheeks rosy with excitement!

Bull Ardsley, with a curling sneer, again took up the shot. His foot scratched the earth for a good footing; he paused; gently raised and lowered the shot in his right hand; paused again; then sharply, with a convulsion of the body, he sent the weight speeding forth in a great parabola; 52 feet and a new world's record!

In the midst of a hurricane of frenzy only Steve remained unmoved. Again he picked up the shot; again, balancing carefully, he launched it forth. But alas, his old shoes had slipped slightly on the soft turf; his mighty effort was fruitless—only 49 feet 4 inches!

Bull Ardsley, with an imperial gesture, declined to try again. He donned his dressing-gown

(Continued on page 24)



Architects' sketch of Lyon Hall, Prepared by Day and Klauder

COLLEGE EDUCATION AND THE ACTOR

(Continued from page 10)

tion. It cannot be too positively stated that mere education, be it ever so fine, can never make an actor or indeed an artist of any sort, but it must be equally evident that the man who has only the emotional equipment will reach his limits sooner than the man who has that plus an intellectual training. To revert to our simile, the former can build only an adobe house, picturesque and satisfying as far as it goes, but lacking the enduring and monumental qualities which can be supplied by the latter. The better rounded man can turn his clay into brick and reach the clouds.

It would be easy to mention specific lines of education which might be of use. Obviously, the actor who knew something of Greek history and literature would be better prepared to play in some of the ancient tragedies, than the one who was uncertain whether Euripides was a trade name for a brand of indestructible overhauls, or a skin disease. The one will be able to supply from his own knowledge the subtle details of atmosphere which give a performance the quality of reality. The other will say what he has to say, and do what he has to do, but he cannot lose himself in surroundings of which he knows nothing, and his performance is like a flat silhouette, without illusion. Languages are useful in themselves for occasional direct application, or more frequently in enabling the actor to read in the original plays which are done in translation. Many times an uncertain passage can be readily cleared up by the actor with some knowledge of foreign languages. Plays often deal with specialized characters. If one is called upon to play the part of a biologist who indulges in a certain amount of scientific language, it is evident that a better performance can be given by the actor to whom scientific language conveys some meaning. Psychology especially should be invaluable to the actor, for his whole work consists in analyzing and reproducing mental and emotional states. His work can truly be called applied psychology. In certain modern dramas, as for instance Shaw's later works, the intellectual quality of the play itself dominates so largely that the actor who attempts to interpret them without a fairly complete education is simply playing in the dark.

Such direct practical applications of education to histrionism, however, are the part rather than the whole. Acting is the most inclusive of all the arts; it gathers all the others to itself in order to represent life in its entirety,—life in sound, form, color, motion, thought, feeling. It must, therefore, be obvious that to the man or woman whose business it is to illustrate life in all its manifestations, the more he knows about that life,—what it has been, what it is, and what it may be,—what it feels, thinks, and suffers,—the more perfectly will he be able to reproduce the illusion of these various phases.

Personally, my experience as a college-bred man in the theatre has led me to the conclusion that every cultural attainment is of the greatest value, both direct and indirect, to the actor. I do not believe that any actor can reach the very top of his profession without a pretty thorough educational equipment. If he is without it, he must acquire it, and the man who steps upon the stage with the benefit of a university training behind him occupies a strategic position, provided he has guarded against the development of the mental to the exclusion of the emotional side of his nature. The two must proceed together. It is on this side that university training, as at present constituted, is the weakest, officially at least, though this lack is partially compensated for by activities outside the regular curriculum.

Slowly, but surely, the stage is voicing a demand for higher educational standards among its followers, for it is evident that the actor whose business is to recreate and embody any part of the wide horizon of human life needs just that broad and liberal culture which it is the aim of our universities and colleges to supply.

STEVE'S SHOT-PUT

(Continued from page 23)

deliberately. The cruel contempt of his smile burnt Steve's very soul.

He was to have one last try; it was now or never! He glanced once more at the place where She was sitting. Wonder of wonders! Her lips were moving in supplication. "Go in and win, Steve," she cried; "For Cornell—and me!"

Steve felt the strength of giants surging in his veins. "I will beat Bull Ardsley!" he breathed, "I will, I will!" He seized the shot; his muscles cracked and heaved; the world seemed to rock with the vastness of his effort; the shot flashed into air; up, up . . . down . . . down . . .

But no, he didn't do it that time either.

Hudson

By Ralph Gordon, Grad.

The high sun spilled his light upon
The white-shelved clouds. Their soft gray bosoms
Slept beneath their plumage of light.
The horizon blue was yellowed to green
By the all-golden mellowness. In curls
Of the olive waters the foam leapt golden.
But far to the North the steadfast river
Lay in a rippled sereneness of blue,
A rich, magnificent field of taciturn
Light, beneath the airy, loving
Lightness of the round of sky.
Upon the grass, gay and white-sparkled
By the first thin snow, upon the snow
Silken with lilac shade, upon
The icy stream of the willow twigs
Stiff with the wind, upon the stupid
Squares of city brick, stubborn and red,
The sun made honeyed glory; and flashed
From the shield-like wing of a Northern gull.

This poem is reprinted with the author's permission from *The Poets of the Future*, A College Anthology of Verse for 1921-1922, edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D. It is the only one in the volume chosen from the work of Cornell students.

CORNELL AND THE CANARY

(Continued from page 7)

WHY did not we as a graduate of the old school do our duty and wave the red flag of danger?

WELL, we did wave the red flag.

BUT one-half of the populace thought that there was going to be an auction sale and they were disappointed when we offered them no bargains and they called us names which are not pretty.

AND the other half shouted "Bolshevism. Lynch the fellow," and they returned to the even tenor of their concordances of everything that had ever been written or thought by men and women who had actually been alive.

AS we had nothing to sell and had no desire for martyrdom we rolled up our little banner and returned to our basement in Baltimore.

NOW the flag is used at night to cover up the canary.

IT is a strange world.

Hendrik Willem van Loon

THE CAT, THE CANARY AND MR. VAN LOON

(Continued from page 20)

generated by Mr. Van Loon's article will focus, for it is the only point at which it will do any good. We can not hope to diminish the size of Cornell, nor be able to pay many more men able enough and loud voiced enough to talk to the whole university from a rail fence. This lack of contact outside of the class room can and ought to be remedied. As far as we know, there are only three "at homes" conducted by members of the faculty besides a Sunday night orchestra which is naturally limited to those musically inclined and one given by the wife of a faculty member. Even if the students all decided that they would like to attend these soirees it would be impossible for them all to get in. If there were only more, it might at least be more feasible. The ERA hereby offers to act as social secretary to any professor who wishes to start a series of gatherings and will furnish any desired number of "guests" for the first session. Of course, provided we may have all we want of the refreshments.

R. S. H.

TRUE AND FALSE INTERNATIONALISM

(Continued from page 12)

speaking terms." Here indeed was Diogenes, a female Diogenes, to the life!

Very different is the spirit of the true internationalist. He is not a cosmopolitan, but a nationalist with an *inter*, a "between," a power to see beyond and across the frontier of his own country into the lands and minds of his neighbors. And he is an internationalist not in spite but because of his nationalism. Sympathy and understanding do not drop down upon us from the moon. They are nurtured by our common living. One might paraphrase a verse of scripture and say: if you have not loved your next-door neighbor whom you have seen, how can you love your overseas neighbor whom you have not seen? Or, to put it in still more concrete language: if you have not loved the European immigrant in your own country, how can you love the Europeans of Europe? Internationalism must grow up from the same roots as national patriotism, attachment to country, and a desire to communicate what is best and most enduring in it to the world.

It has often been contended by thoughtless writers on both sides of the Atlantic, especially before the war, that art, literature, and culture generally are international in their nature, transcending the petty boundaries and shibboleths of politicians and governments. Nothing could be more untrue. Art and literature are from their very nature national, not international, whereas politics is the natural starting point for international cooperation and organization. I knew of a German married couple who, settling in England after their wedding, were presented with a complete edition of Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare; and not long ago I saw a performance of *Twelfth Night* in Paris in a French version made by a young Greek man of letters. But neither Schlegel nor the Greek could give the real Shakespeare; for the Swan of Avon is English and cannot be internationalized. Nor, to come closer home, can Walt Whitman, or Mark Twain, or Carl Sandburg, or even a pure New Englander like Robert Frost be Anglicized. They are just American. Government, on the other hand, lends itself without difficulty to internationalism, as in the inter-ally boards and committees that grew up during the war and in the Geneva Secretariat.

An incident that happened a few years ago illustrates this point very well. A distinguished English statesman, very un-Celtic in his perceptions, paid a visit to a college in the heart of Wales to address the students. I had the privilege of dining with him before the meeting, and from a word he dropped, I gathered that he had not given much attention to the coming discourse. He found himself facing an audience of Welsh students, men and women, full of patriotic ardour and the peculiar Welsh emotional fervour which has been the inspiration of so many preachers and the undoing, alas, of many demagogues. What did he tell these young Sinn Feiners, eager to do for Wales what Synge and Yeats and A. E. and Lady Gregory had done for their sister nation across the Irish channel? He told them that he was familiar with Welsh national ideals, since a deceased leader of the Welsh group at Westminster had been a friend of his; but that he valued the opportunity of meeting Welshmen on a wider and more international basis. And then he proceeded to emit a series of improvised platitudes, or rather paradoxes, about the cold internationalism of culture as contrasted with the fevered nationalism of politics. No one in the audience was dis-

(Continued on page 29)

TRUE AND FALSE INTERNATIONALISM

(Continued from page 26)

respectful enough to challenge him, but he had soon lowered it to the temperature of his academic principles; and the mutual understanding of England and Wales was a little less advanced at the end of the evening than at the beginning.

Europe and America have much to gain from fruitful contact; but it must be a contact of equals, and a contact of real personalities. Let Cornell breed good Americans and we may trust the needs of twentieth century life to turn their national qualities to international ends.

THIS MUD RUSH OF OURS

(Continued from page 15)

honored tradition after midnight of the first party with which it had been connected.

Another abuse sprang up, similarly becoming a time honored tradition over night. In one of the earlier years a combat did actually ensue in which one of the contestants had some of his clothing stripped off. He was utterly embarrassed, because there was obviously no precedent for it. Generations of Cornellians had battled on Washington's Birthday without a single shirt ever thinking of giving way under the strain. Shirts simply don't do it, and the other more durable clothing is not constructed so it can even be removed intentionally, in the short time allotted to a rush.

By the following year, however, it had become a custom, and now annually there is more clothing removed, torn off, and possibly surreptitiously left home, than was ever torn off in twenty years of battles for the possession of the Lyceum and its successor, the Armory.

It is conceivable, however, that there are more sons of clothing merchants and prospective haberdashers in college now than there used to be among the simple minded giants of a score of years ago.

If this simple historical sketch must have a moral tagged on to it, here it is. Return the Freshman Banquet to February, and the abuses will take care of themselves. If privacy is desired, start it at the crack of dawn.

STUDENTS TWENTY YEARS AGO AND NOW

(Continued from page 18)

vastly less demoralization and unhappiness due to carelessness in money matters. There is less running up large bills with no reasonable expectation of ever being able to pay them. The sheriff doesn't go around attaching the personal effects of undergraduates as much as he did. Fewer students, at the end of the term, board the train at Ludlowville, Varna, and Caroline to avoid saying goodbye to the creditors who wait for them at the Ithaca stations of the Lackawanna and the Lehigh.

These are the figures. How do they add up? On which side of the balance? Which is the better time to live or to have lived on the heights? Those questions, my dear sir or madam, are left to you for solution. You'll be satisfied with your own answer and with that of nobody else.

Our Contributors

HENDRICK WILLIAM VAN LOON is probably best known through his merry little article in *Smart Set* about such things as the I. T. C. and the Windsor Hotel, although he also had some few snatches on more serious topics. It will undoubtedly come as a surprise to our readers to know that he also has written some small pamphlets and papers on historical subjects, one of which is soon to be done into the cinema by the same man that produces Rupert Hughes' exciting stories. Mr. Van Loon's friends predict that if he keeps on struggling he may amount to something some day.

Morris Bishop, while in college, was on the ERA board. Since leaving, however, he has found time to enlarge his field and so now is a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, the CORNELL ERA, and several other well known magazines.

Edgar Stehli, although he is not so tall and hasn't John Barrymore's profile, plays an important part in this new production of *Hamlet;* in fact, on his shoulders rests the important function of precipitating the tragedy.

Professor Zimmern is another one of those ignorant Oxford men who can do nothing but talk of cricket and Rugby.

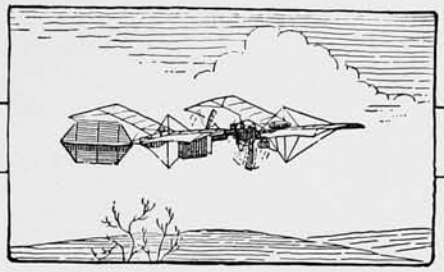
Robert Warren Sailor (known to a few intimate friends as "Tubby") is frequently seen as Roastmaster at various banquets. In this capacity, he feels perfectly free to make wise cracks about

Romeyn Berry and his pants. The two are inseparable. Therefore when Rym is called upon to tell his "Oyster" story, he always preludes it with a few wise cracks at Tubby.

Professor Clark S. Northup, having edited an edition of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, feels perfectly at home "sorter resorting" some of the new books.

Professor Bristow Adams, B.A., Ph.D., etc., is wasting his time hanging around Glista Ernestine when he should be in the front row of critics. Personally, we feel that his one criticism appearing in this issue places him on a par with Macaulay.

LANGLEY'S FIRST



MODEL IN FLIGHT

"*The* way of an Eagle in the air"

CENTURY after century men broke their necks trying to fly. They had not troubled to discover what Solomon called "the way of an eagle in the air."

In 1891 came Samuel Pierpont Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He wanted facts. His first step was to whirl flat surfaces in the air, to measure the air pressures required to sustain these surfaces in motion and to study the swirls and currents of the air itself. Finally, in 1896, he built a small steam-driven model which flew three-quarters of a mile.

With a Congressional appropriation of $50,000 Langley built a large man-carrying machine. Because it was improperly launched, it dropped into the Potomac River. Years later, Glenn Curtiss flew it at Hammondsport, New York.

Congress regarded Langley's attempt not as a scientific experiment but as a sad fiasco and refused to encourage him further. He died a disappointed man.

Langley's scientific study which ultimately gave us the airplane seemed unimportant in 1896. Whole newspaper pages were given up to the sixteen-to-one ratio of silver to gold.

"Sixteen-to-one" is dead politically. Thousands of airplanes cleave the air—airplanes built with the knowledge that Langley acquired.

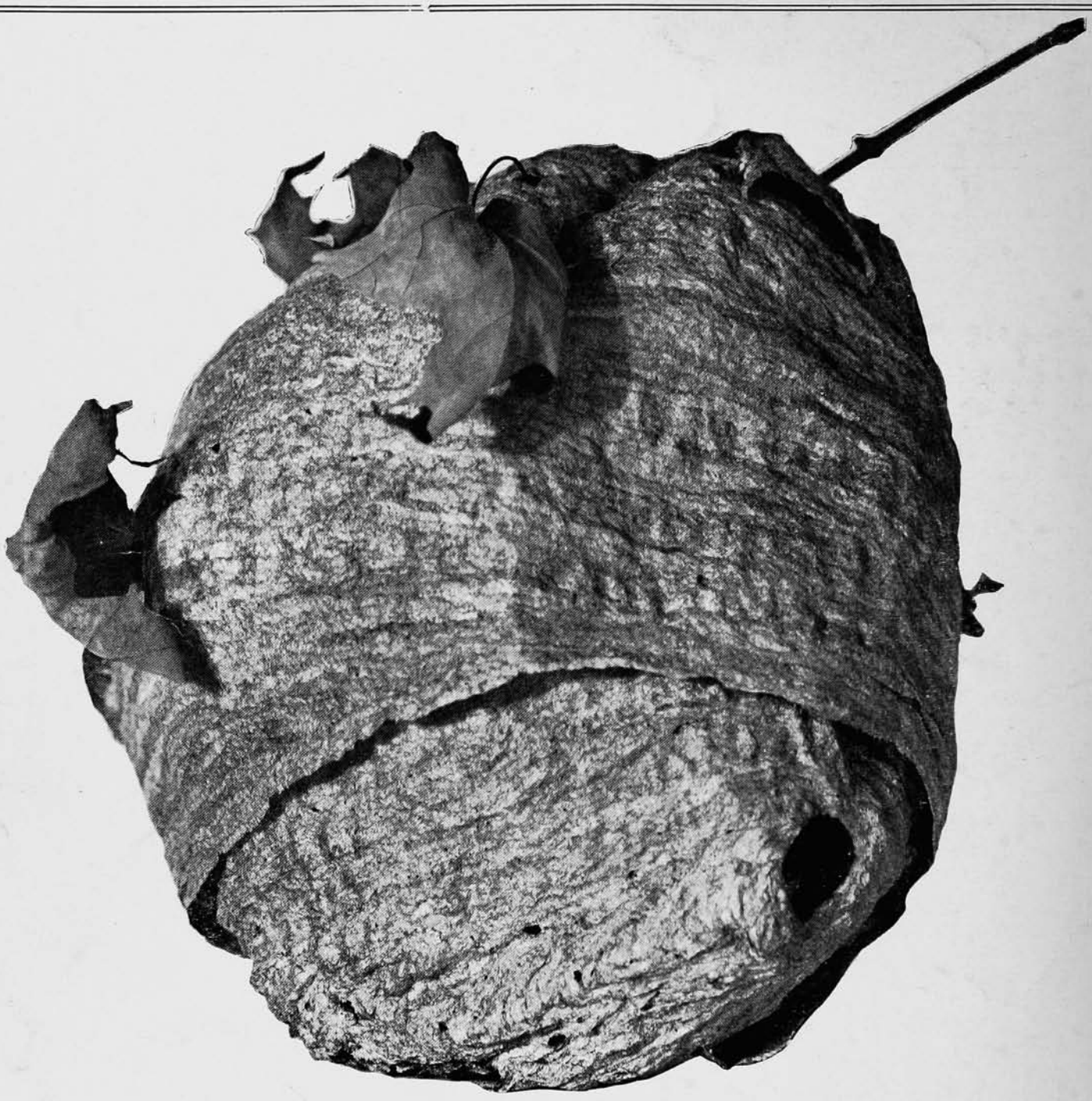
In this work the Laboratories of the General Electric Company played their part. They aided in developing the "supercharger," whereby an engine may be supplied with the air that it needs for combustion at altitudes of four miles and more. Getting the facts first, the Langley method, made the achievement possible.

What is expedient or important today may be forgotten tomorrow. The spirit of scientific research and its achievements endure.

General Electric Company

General Office *Schenectady, N.Y.*

95-636D



NEST OF THE WHITE-FACED HORNET (VESPA MACULATA)

The hornets are the original papermakers. They mix the weathered ravelings on old fences and unpainted barns with a sticky saliva and produce wonderful paper nests. They beat us by many years in producing paper from wood pulp. Some varieties make such an excellent grade of paper that it can be written upon with pen and ink. This engraving, a splendid specimen of the photoengraver's art, is shown through the courtesy of the Ithaca Engraving Company, Ithaca, New York, by which firm the plates were made direct from the specimen.

"Your Story in Picture Leaves Nothing Untold"

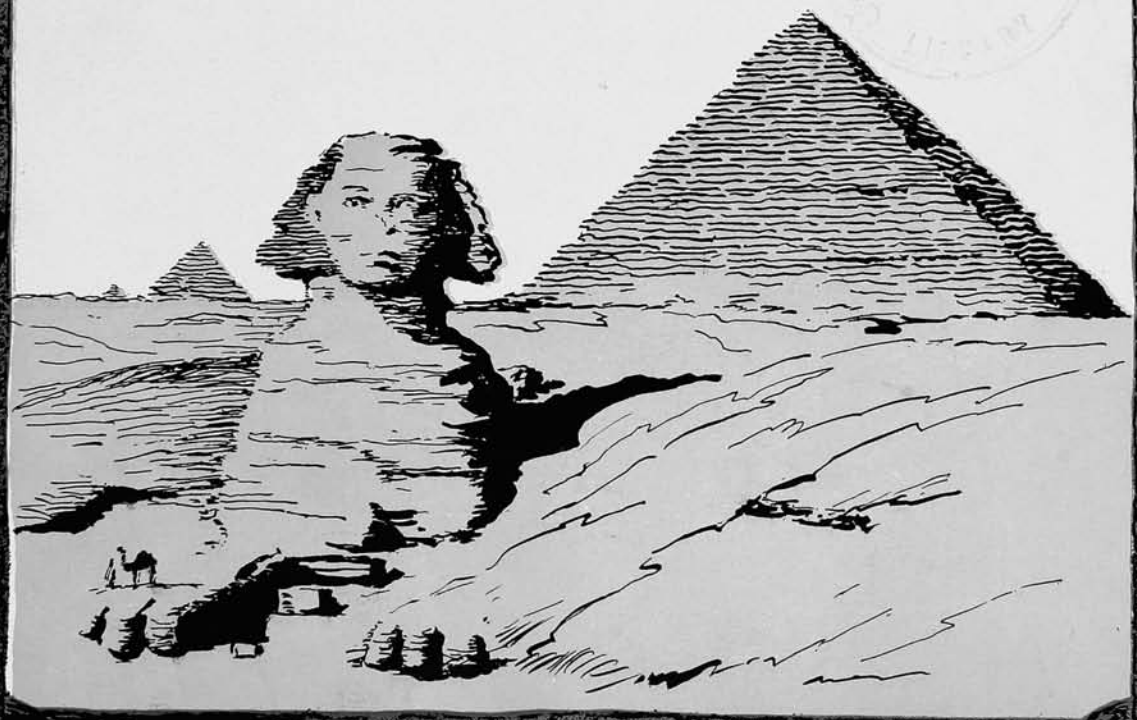
This plate was printed in colors in the January Number of the *Inland Printer*, America's largest magazine for Printers. A decided compliment to our workmanship.

ITHACA ENGRAVING COMPANY

The Atkinson Press, Ithaca, N. Y.

THE CORNELL ERA

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH A.D. 1923.



The Cornell Era

222 East State Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

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MARCH 26, 1923

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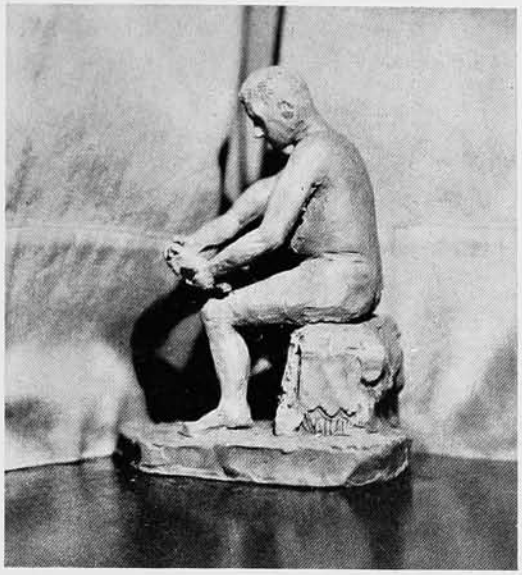
An unique and picturesque view of the Johnny Parsons' Club, Cornell's new winter home. Triphammer Falls is caught in the throes of a March winter.

Babbitt

Being an Additional Chapter of *Babbitt* in the Manner of Sinclair Lewis

By J. W. P. '24



BABBITT carefully tamped out the glowing stub of his after dinner cigar on the edge of the discolored brass ash receiver. He twisted a knob on the side of the tray and the ill smelling stub dropped through a trap to a lower receptacle where its last dying smudge was effectively smothered. He sighed. Then his face lit up. It was Thursday evening.

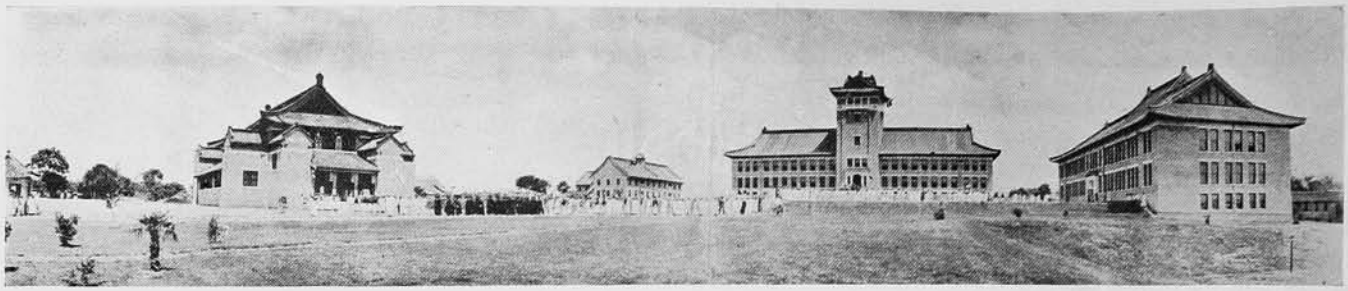
Babbitt rather looked forward to Thursday evenings. Evenings as a rule were monotonous things. They were simply to be endured as a useless but quite inevitable lapse between dinner and bed time. But Thursday evenings were different; on Thursday evenings he pared his toe nails. Babbitt gave a pleased grunt in anticipation of the forthcoming ceremony. With a shuffling step, necessitated by the effort to keep on his runover brown-and-red leather slippers, he flopped over to the high mahogany-veneered dresser. With a s-q-u-e-e--k he pulled out its top drawer. The mingled odor of an upset bottle of Moss Rose Bandoline, of a long and fat fifty-center-souvenir of a Boosters Banquet, of freshly laundered handkerchiefs, and of quite unlaundered socks, gently wafted out.

With an irritated "Damn," he righted the upset bottle of hair tonic and pressed its paraffine cork in more firmly. Then reaching under a stack of Guaranteed Rinkle-less Foulard ties he found the object of his search: a gleaming pair of Sheffield steel scissors. "Damn neat little toolibus," he murmured approvingly as he slashed its nicely fitted blades back and forth with a bright click. He pushed the brass-knobbed, heavily laden drawer back in place with a rasping sq-u-u-u-u-nk, then flopped with impatient steps over to his bed and seated himself on its edge. Sitting on the edge of the bed was firmly disapproved of by Mrs. George F. Babbitt, but behind locked doors Babbitt was often wont to indulge in this forbidden luxury. He smoothed the wrinkles out of the bed spread—a heavy white bed spread with myriad Fleur-de-lis embroidered in pink French-knots—and gently laid the glittering shears on the smoothed area, taking care not to let the sharp points fray the spread.

Then he carefully crossed his right leg over the left fitting the ankle into the little hollow above his left knee to make the position more stable. With a sharp little kick he sent his brown-and-red leather slipper hurling across the room. It bounced on the worn brown rug and ended its trip by sliding under the high dresser. George Babbitt wiggled his unshod toes back and forth gleefully, making strange clicks. Then, focusing the Adjustable-Never-Scratch-Felt-Grip Bed Lamp so as to prevent his hand from casting any shadows, he picked up the scissors and scrutinized his pink and pudgy foot. "Ought to wear wider shoes," he reflected, for the seven hundred and eighty-third time that year. "Must get a pair of Frank's-Form-Fit-Foot-Fixing kicks."

As usual, he started in on the littlest toe. To do this always involved a mental struggle for Babbitt. The great toe, with its large, thick nail, was a severe temptation, but he resolutely saved it for the last. Inserting one blade underneath the nail he pressed back the soft underflesh with his other hand, so as to free as much of the nail as possible. With its jaws widely distended he gently slid the lower blade of the scissors as far under as he could and deliberately closed the blades. The crescent shaped particle clung tenaciously to its nail by a slight thread. "Heck!" ejaculated Babbitt. With a sharp snip he completely severed it and it fluttered to the floor.

(Continued on page 25)



Commencement Day Procession, June, 1920. The buildings from left to right are Sage Memorial Chapel, McCormick Dorms, Severance Administration Building, and Swasey Science Hall.

Cornell-in-China

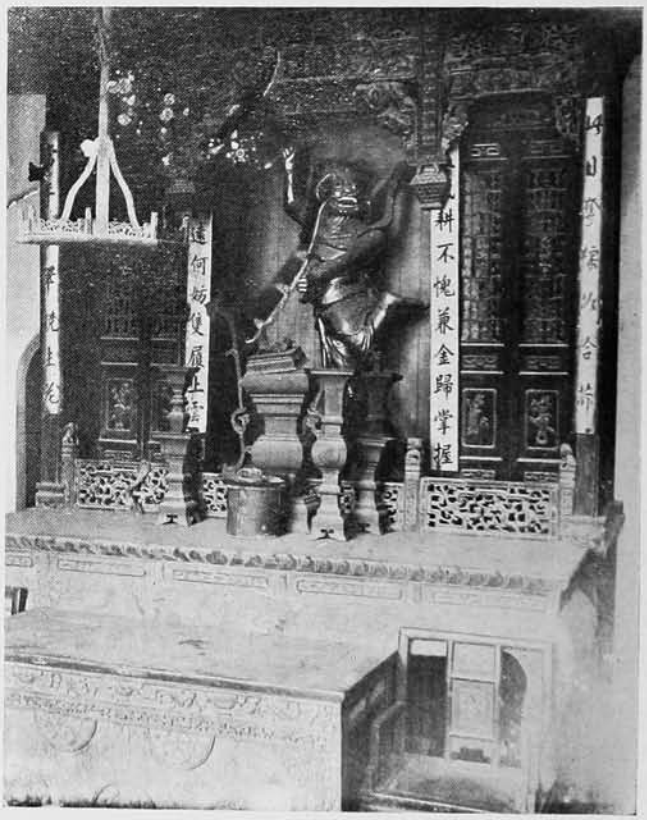
University of Nanking, Our Chosen Field for Future Activity

WITH high hopes for the future, President Farrand, the Board of Trustees of the University, and the Directors of the C. U. C. A., recently approved the plan of the Cornell-in-China Club to establish an educational enterprise at the University of Nanking, Nanking, China. This university began in 1910 with the union of the higher educational work in Nanking of the Foreign Christian Mission, the Northern Presbyterian Mission, and the Northern Methodist Mission.

The selection of Nanking for this extension work by Cornell was made after detailed consideration of the advantages offered by several other places. The city was the ancient Chinese capital before the Manchu conquest in 1640, and is enclosed by a great wall twenty-one miles in circumference, built between five and seven hundred years ago. It was from this wall that bricks were taken for the construction of the buildings of Nanking University; these bricks are twenty by eight by four inches and have nearly the resistance of cast iron, for when struck by a hammer they give a very similar ring.

The city's present population is about four hundred thousand, less than half the number it held in the days of its greatest prosperity. In fact, inside the walls there are several quite large stretches of farm land and jungle where one can easily get a bag of pheasants before breakfast. Agriculturally, the field of especial interest to the Cornell project, Nanking is on the southern edge of the great grain fields of Ho-Nan and Chiang Su, and is one of the centers of cotton and silk growing. It is but one hundred and fifty miles from the sea on the great Yang-tzu Chiang River, less than fifty miles from the Grand Canal, and ir direct rail communication with Peking and Shanghai, the latter being one of China's leading seaports. Moreover, there is water communication with Wu-Chang and Han-Kou, the latter the largest city in China (1917), in Hu-Pei province about four hundred miles up the Yang-tzu.

When the university was just starting in 1910 there was a great famine to the north. As it was necessary to find a place of refuge and some occupation for the sufferers, a warm-hearted Irish-



This is Hanchuan, the God of Literature. Until recently, it was worshipped by Chinese scholars before taking their exams.

man of Nanking managed to secure a grant from the government of 5,000 acres of land on Purple Mountain, the highest point in Nanking, and employed the refugees in planting trees on this entire property, as a preventative of deforestation, one of the primary causes of China's disastrous floods. A result of this work was the starting of a National Arbor Day, and also the College of Agriculture and Forestry of Nanking University of which Dr. John F. Reisner, a graduate of Cornell, is dean.

This college has been very active in bettering agricultural conditions in the country. Mr. C. L. Chen, also a Cornell graduate, is head of the department of sericulture of which the *Silk Dealer* has said, "The best research work (in the growing of silk) being carried on in China is done by Mr. Chen." Mr. Griffin, head of the department of Cotton Culture, has collected 3,000 varieties of cotton; the work is supported by the Chinese Cotton Dealers' Association, and recently Mr. Griffin has developed a native cotton with larger and better fibre than even the Egyptian cotton—this will soon be worth millions of dollars yearly to these Chinese people. By seed selection the food products of China may easily be doubled, and in this field the activity of the college is shown by its selling more than $20,000 worth of seeds to Chinese farmers in the past year.

Athletics are playing an increasingly important part in the educational systems in China. Formerly a youth of the upper classes felt that he was degrading himself to engage in any sort of physical competition; that was done only by the coolies, the educated being concerned with but the training of the mind. But in 1910, the year before the revolution, this feeling took a sudden change. The first national track meet in China took place at Nanking in that year.

A rather tragic, yet to an American rather humorous, incident occurred at that meet which shows the attitude of the time. A prep school high-jumper had entered the collegiate event, but in making what should have proved to be the wining jump, knocked off the bar with the tip of his queue. In China no gentleman would knot his queue on the top of his head, much less would he incur the extreme displeasure of the imperial government by cutting it off. But so angry was this youth at his failure that he slashed off the treasured possession and vowed to break the national record the following day while taking part in the

(Continued on page 26)

*There is more cotton woven in China than in any other country.

HERE WE HAVE A PICTURE OF WHO'S WHO IN WOO HOO

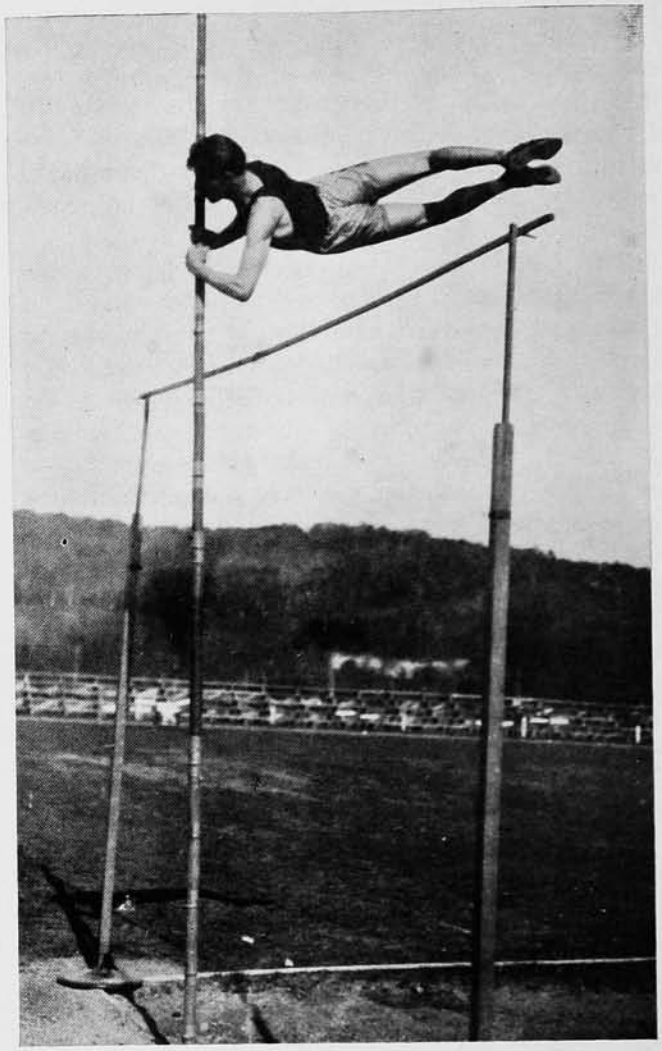
This is Tai Ping Lu, or Great Peace Road, in Hankow, which divides the British concession from the native city. Floods like this frequently occur in the summer, and as there is not a sewer in the native city, the death rate usually takes a rapid rise due to cholera, typhoid, malaria, etc.

Indoor Track

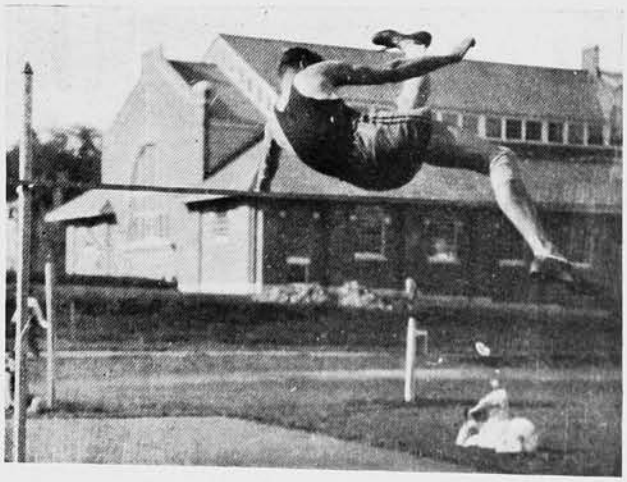
THE indoor track schedule which Cornell has this year is certainly one of the best ever. The triangular meet with Harvard and Dartmouth has already been taken care of, as well as the Intercollegiates in New York. This leaves dual meets with Dartmouth and Michigan before the outdoor season sets in.

As usual, Jack Moakley has the general public and track experts guessing. He certainly seems to be up to his old tricks. With Captain Lovejoy in the dashes and Kirby in the mile, there was nothing else to get excited about in the way of track success. So that when the Indoor Intercol legiates rolled around, the sport critics began their articles by predicting the possible winners and ending with a statement to safeguard themselves against Jack's tricks by saying "Cornell, as usual, will be in the fight from start to finish." Whereupon, just to prove that safety statements are worth while, the Red and White mentor took down twenty-three men, which twenty-three men all placed so that we took points in every single event there was on the list. And as our old friend Clemenceau would say, "That certainly is something."

The triangular meet at Boston, in which we finished second to Dartmouth, means nothing as regards track predictions. The entire team had just about one week of actual training for the event, and very few of the men were in any sort of shape. Its main asset was to give one a line on the general strength of the team. Weakness in the broad jump, 35 pound weight, hurdles and 300-yard run were clearly evidenced and was what cost us the meet, as a good showing was made in all the other events.



A picturesque pose of Libby of Dartmouth, one of the best pole-vaulters in the colleges.



Captain Leroy Brown of Dartmouth clearing the bar with ease.

Gradually rounding into shape, the team took second honors at the Indoor Intercollegiates. Only by amassing four first places and nine points in the last event, the pole vault, did Penn finally come out on top. Cornell, however, showed such balanced strength as to make the old track-wizards chuckle with glee. There is nothing more exciting than to watch a dark horse finish in the front, and Cornell certainly did live up to her standards

by placing at least one man in every event.

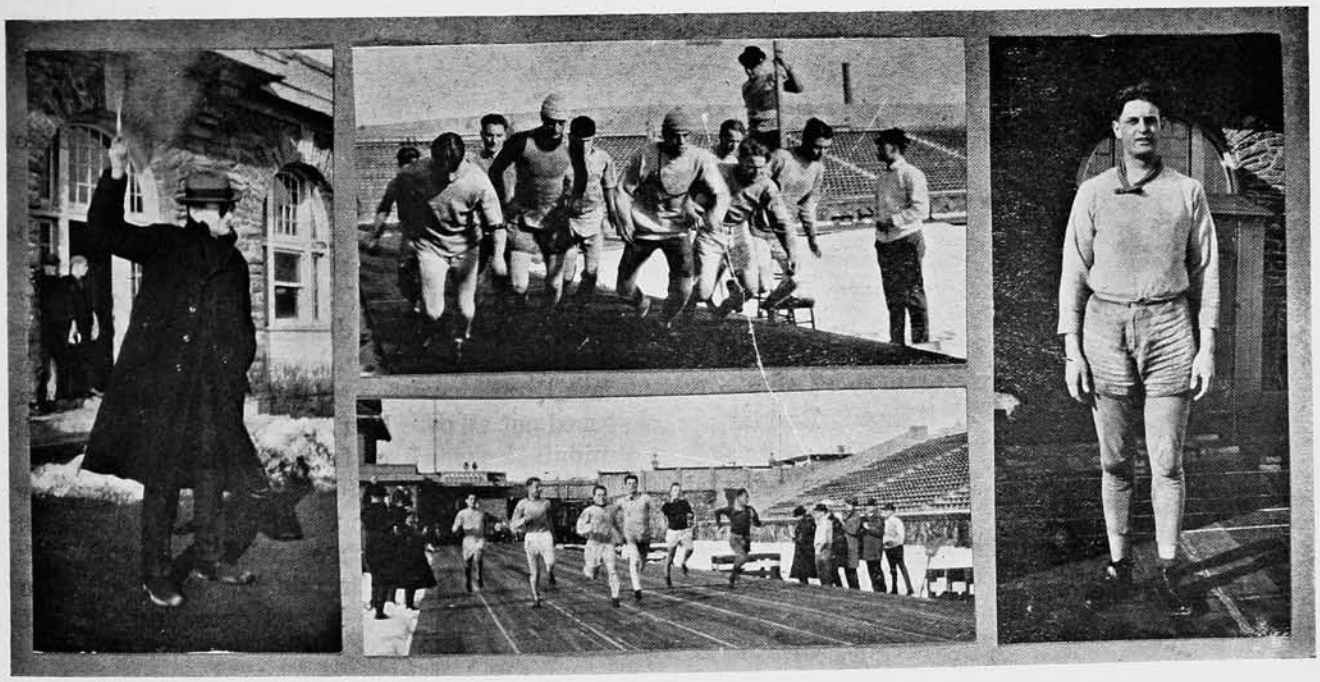
This evidence of general strength puts an entirely different light on track prospects. With the men slowly but surely rounding into shape, the dual meet with Dartmouth ought to result in a decided success for Cornell. The Green team took first honors in the triangular meet at Boston and placed third in the Indoor Collegiates. Led by Captain Brown, who holds the world's record for the high jump, we must concede them five points in any meet to begin with. Which usually helps in the total score of any meet. Libby, in the pole vault, is the other star of the team and he is capable of doing 12 feet 6 inches most any time. Dartmouth is strong in the weights and field events, but weak in the dashes and the shorter distance runs.

Any meet with Dartmouth, however, is sure to be of great interest to all Cornellians. Because it is a hard fought, well contested battle with the best of spirit. Like all the other Green teams the track team has the same old Dartmouth fight which makes them a dangerous rival in most anything.

The lack of individual stars has made Moakley develop a team that must capture a majority of the third and fourth places in order to figure in the final score. For this reason, the squad is large and the competition severe. The best results are usually produced under these conditions in any sport. Where every man can be made to feel that he has a chance, the best sort of team spirit and fight is produced.

One often wonders just what attraction there is in track which makes a man stick it out for so many years. In the grandstand, one gets a thrill from the poetry of motion which is expressed by the runner. But little consideration is given the intensive grind that the track athlete must undergo. He has months of hard work, doing the same thing most every day and gradually reaching his perfection. If there is no spirit in a track team, if there is a lack of that competitive spirit which accounts for so much, it means that success is seeking other fields. Competition rules in sports as well as in industry, but it is not enough here. There must be a certain competitive spirit to go along with it. And when you have that competitive spirit, you have the essence of a track team no matter how raw the material or how lacking the stars.

There seems to be no reason why the team should not finish its indoor season with two victories. It is a slow process to get a team of practically raw material into shape and working together, but that is a problem which Jack Moakley has been solving for many a year. And the long list of victories is the best evidence of his success. So that if the Red and White runners do not take both Dartmouth and Michigan into camp, it will indeed be a great disappointment to all followers of the sport.



Left: Coach Moakley starts them off. Right: Captain Lovejoy, who ranks foremost among all college sprinters. Top center: the beginning of a long run on the board track. Bottom center: the end of a dash during the Saturday trials.

"An Engagement Bigamist"

ON WEEK DAYS, Henry Ross is our janitor, which in Ithaca, in spite of his name, means that he is colored. By all the precedents of negro folklore and customs, he should be George Washington Ross, or Epaminondas, or some other name limited only by the most pretentious word in his parent's vocabulary,—but he isn't. Possibly the contraction of his name occurred down at Penn when he had to sign the myriad matriculation blanks and found it took too much time. For Henry had been somebody before he was lost in the swarms of his kind here in Ithaca. Many times has he told me how he used to be a "heat power engineer" down in the stoke hole of a great big liner until "on the advice of my physician, I deemed it wise to withdraw." It was for this "position" that his education at Penn had fitted him.

When Henry isn't stoking the heater down stairs, he drinks. In fact, I have a strange suspicion that gin had as much weight as his physician in his giving up of his former role. This much, however, must be said for him,—he can drink. His stomach must be made of porcelain; if it were only cast iron, these corrosives he gurgles would eat right through. Honestly, I believe that a pint of wood alcohol would only give him a slight jag.

But to my tale! The other morning as I was coming up the drive, I saw Henry's wooly head sticking out of a window on the far end of the house from where my room is located. Nevertheless, when I went up to leave my books a half minute later, there he was in my room stirring up the dust.

"Jess a minute, boy. I'se almost through."

Henry is nobody's fool; he knows the advantages in at least appearing to be working hard. But this morning he didn't have the merry gleam in his eye that he usually has when he thinks he is getting away with something. Besides he didn't start in on his usual harangue as he does when he gets anybody alone. I was worried. Henry had become an institution at the house and I hated to think of his languishing away.

"What's the matter, Henry? Get too ginned up last night?"

"No, suh. No, suh," with a melancholy catch in his voice. "I'se engaged."

I laughed. "My congratulations, Henry. Are you sure she'll support you?"

"I guesses they could if they would."

"Good Lord, Henry,—"

But then, just because I got Henry's story backward is no reason for my telling it that way,—nor even in his words. I must admit my vocabulary has its limits; Henry's hasn't. If he can't think of the word he wants on the spur of the moment, he makes one up; and since it would be impossible to give the full beauty of Henry's monologues in print, I won't even try to imitate him.

Henry was getting on in years. He saw the little pickaninnies of his friends and developed a yearning for some of his own. I'd always thought of Henry as a confirmed celebate, but the worst of them seem to fall sooner or later. Finally, he decided that if he could find the right "colored lady," he would espouse her.

One day he was riding down town, when a matronly lady, a new member of the Ithaca clan, climbed into the car. Climbed, I think, is the right word. These portly dames have to struggle to get up those two steps. Henry sprang to her assistance and later, when the conductor couldn't change her five dollar bill, paid her fare. She thanked him profusely and Henry stood there blinking and grinning rapturously. As she was leaving, she smiled: "Hopes to see you soon, Mr. Ross."

She did. One doesn't ignore such invitations from a widow like Phoebe, who obviously had not been left destitute.

Henry spent most of his free hours wooing his princess. Then one night he decided to propose. At the last minute, he felt he needed encouragement—so he took a drink. And since he simply had to have company, he took another—and then just three more for good measure. His courage oozed out all over him, so he started off. In half a minute, he was back for a few more.

By the time he got down to State Street, he was under the impression that the buildings were animate things. The Ithaca, with its portico, looked like a huge dog sitting on its haunches. Henry swore that the dog leaned over and licked the

back of his neck. Treman and King's swung over and almost blocked the street so that Henry had to get down and wriggle along the sidewalk. The only thing fixed in his mind was his intention of proposing to Phoebe.

Something was pressing him down, down,—down. He tried to struggle, but his arms were paralyzed. The effort, however, woke him up. He was lying in his own bed, the sun streaming

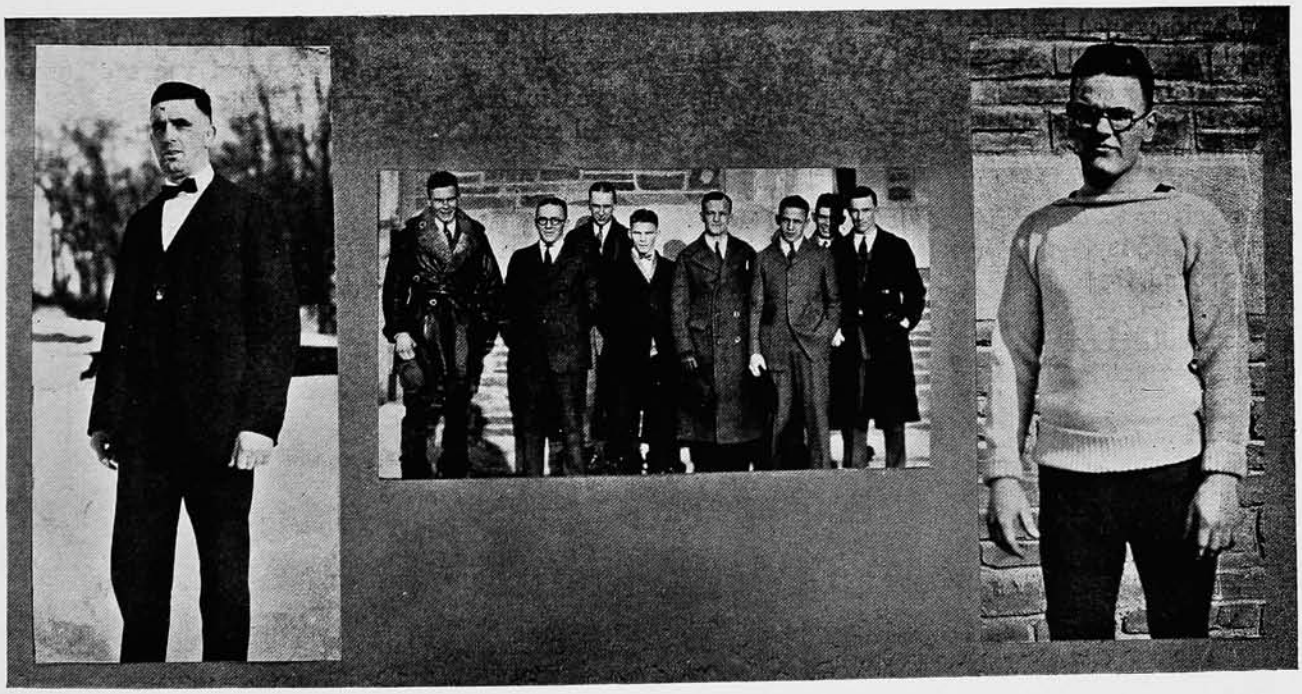
across the foot. He swung himself around, sitting on the edge with his head in his hands, and tried to remember what had happened. From the Treman and King episode on, his mind registered absolutely nothing. Was he or was he not the betrothed of Phoebe? Probably not. But then, you never can tell. The only thing to do, of course, was to call on Phoebe. She would know, at least.

That night, therefore, he appeared, perfectly sober, at Phoebe's door. Once was enough. He was taking no chances on going through another day without knowing whether he was engaged or not.

"Why, Mister Ross! Come right in. I'se suttinly glad to see you all."

Evidently he wasn't engaged, then. But it was never too late to mend. Half an hour saw his fate sealed. Phoebe was a little too buxom to be held on his lap and it didn't seem dignified to sit on hers, although he could have without discommoding her in the least. They were, however, sitting rather close together with no wish to be disturbed when the bell rang. It was Mathilda, a lady of some parts (mostly physical), who lived next door.

"Phoebe, I hates to bother you this way, but I'se come to get my fiancy, Mister Ross. I hopes the good for nothin' hasn't troubled you none comin' along this way all liquored up and missin' the house." (Continued on page 26)



At the left we have Walt O'Connell, the builder of so many championship wrestling teams. In the center is the victorious wrestling team after defeating Penn State. At the right is Capt. Evans of Penn State, over whom Burr of Cornell gained a decision.

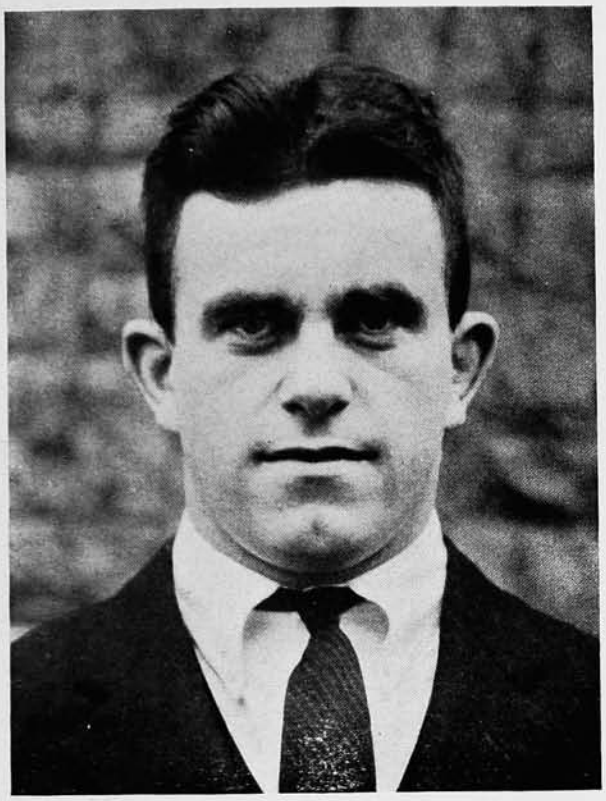
VOX

IT MAY BE that there are not many students who notice that their whole outlook on life is remaining the same as when they entered the University, or is even being put on a lower plane. The process is going on whether they realize it or not. What is it that makes Ludwig Lewishon say, "To the average intelligent American, education, for which he is willing to deny himself and pay taxes, means —skill, information—at most, accomplishment. Skill and knowledge with which to conquer the world. It does not mean to him an inner change—the putting on of a new man, a new criterion of truths, new tastes and other values. . . Our students, then come to the university not to find truth, but to be engineers or farmers, doctors or teachers. . . I suppose these state universities do turn out very fair engineers, farmers, and veterinarians. But when their job leaves these men free, they are but little different from people who have not gone to college. They go to foolish plays, read silly magazines, and fight for every poisonous fallacy in politics, religion, and conduct. . . . Philosophy and morals are taken care of by the 5th St. Baptist Church. College is to fit you to do things—build bridges, cure diseases, teach French. It is not supposed to help you to be." Some of these thoughts may be a bit radical, but there is a great amount of truth in them. It is true that someone has to build our bridges, and raise food for us. But how many students who take engineering in college ever follow that trade after they graduate? A good many of them go into business of some kind; some of them may enter public life; and a large number who do go directly into engineering work eventually end in an executive position. The question is whether these men are really fitted to hold a high position in any community. What do they know of ethical values or of human nature? On these men rests the fate of the nation and they have not been trained for their task. They are swayed by petty prejudices and inherited false values. Nor are they to be blamed for their nescience—they have never been taught differently.

We advocate more of the humanities in the engineering colleges, realizing fully the difficulties involved in working them into a short four-year schedule, but believing that the advantages derived therefrom far out-weigh the loss of a few minor courses. The benefit to the nation would be enormous. Nor can we dissemble the amelioration to the individual himself. Dean Kimball maintains that all the literature of the world is open to an engineer but that only half of it is open to an Arts student. We seriously doubt whether William James' *Pragmatism* would be any more intelligible to an engineer than Hirshfeld and Barnard's *Heat Power Engineering* would be to an Arts student. We are acquainted, in fact, with a good number of men in engineering who can neither speak nor write the English language with even reasonable accuracy. The man who cannot read Balzac, Thackery, Dickens, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Spencer, Nietzsche, Emerson, Tolstoy and a host of others with understanding and poignant pleasure has lost beyond all hope some of the greatest

(Continued on page 22)

WHO'S WHO



WALTER DAVID WRIGHT '23

of Alpha Sigma Phi

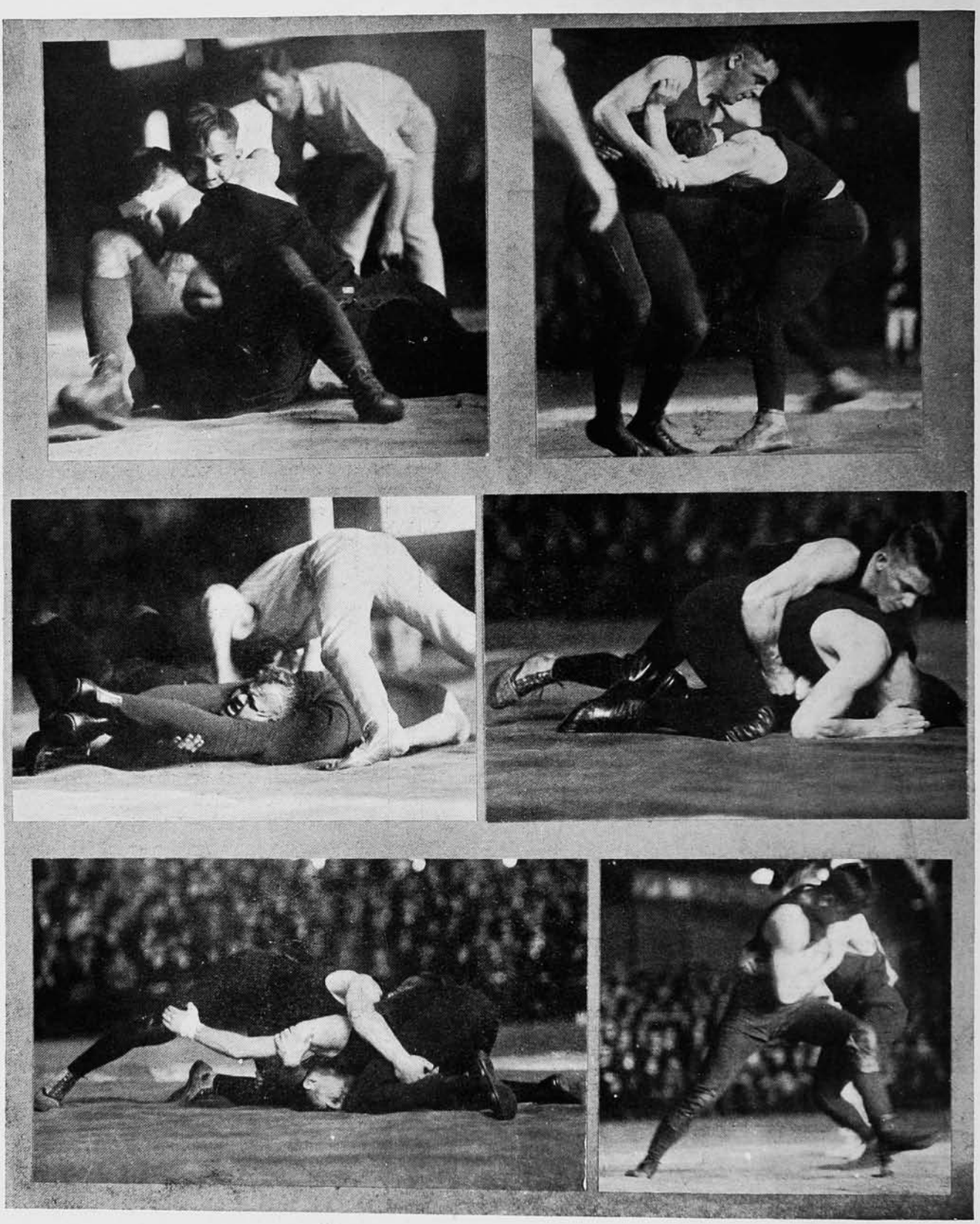
represents our idea of "distinctly Cornellian" when he gallops down the soccer field. Walt didn't let speed interfere with his being an All-American soccer star. And when his opponents become too familiar and try to rub heads with him on the wrestling mat, Walt never lets them forget that he has never been defeated in this sport. And as he is captain of the wrestling champions, Walt is not afraid to tell you that he comes from Webster (somewhere in N. Y.).

Photo by Robinson

JOSEPH ANTHONY ROONEY '24

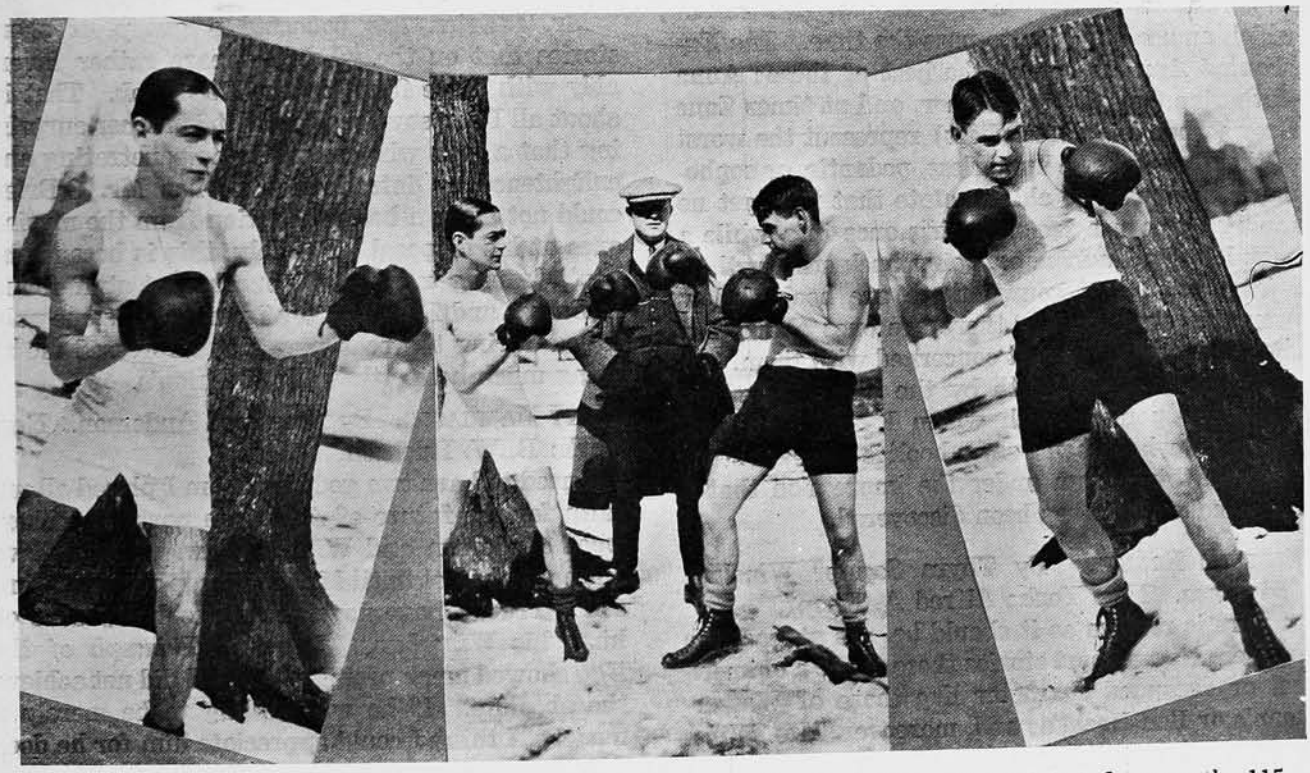
of Alpha Sigma Phi

in spite of an honorable Irish name, comes from Brooklyn, which all goes to prove how inconsistent one can be. That may be the reason, however, why "Joe" is captain of lacrosse and yet unmaimed. And they do tell that two years on Dobie's "Student" team has aided "Joe" in capturing fair honors at many of the famous Hill-Fights.



Snapshots of the Navy wrestling team suffering its first defeat in five years by score of 13-11. Upper left shows "Swede" Hanson, after having worked up from the legs to his opponent's body, gradually crushing his man to the mat. Middle left picture shows Captain Arnold of Navy forcing Reed to the mat with a gruelling head scissors. Middle right picture shows McWilliams of Cornell exerting his powerful body hold which won for him.

Our fighting basketball team displays the new type "C" given for basketball. Notice the keen hair-part for the occasion. Reading from left to right, top row: Lincoln (Ass. Manager), Meyers, Rynalsky, Ortner (Coach), Stone, Raymond, Riley (Manager); bottom row: Crabtree, Capron, Luther (Captain), Wedell, Maier, Byron.



Snow-boxing introduced at Cornell for the first time. We have other kinds also. At the left is Lazerus, the 115-pound champion, and at the right is Millar, 145-pound champion. The center picture shows the two boxers with Coach Fallon, who held the International and New England Amateur Flyweight Championships before he migrated here from Boston.

BOOKS

THE ENCHANTED APRIL. By "Elizabeth." 313 pages. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Enchanted April is the feminine counterpart of Ibanez' *Enemies of Women.* This time four women—two of them disgruntled wives, one a crabbed Victorian widow, another a disillusioned society girl—take a castle in Italy for the month of April. The sheer beauty of the place spreads its spell over them until the two wives send for their husbands, the widow feels as if she were going to "bud," and the girl finds a new basis on which to build her life. The whole tale, full of keen irony, delicate satire, and good nature, makes distinctly pleasant reading. Besides it is written on a premise that would bear some scrutiny: Beauty makes you love, and love makes you beautiful.

Which brings me to the need for some differentiation of fiction. Obviously, it is not all of equal merit. Nevertheless, there are some books for which one would hate to prophesy any future but which amuse and help to pass the time. *The Enchanted April* is one of the best of these; Anna Katherine Green, Sax Rohmer, and at times Zane Grey (when he is at his best) represent the worst of them. It takes a humorless, pedantic, or sophomoric person to be able to state that they get no thrill or pleasure from reading once in a while a book like *Fu Manchu,* or, going back still further *Nick Carter.* Of course there are books below even this class just as there are ones above, but just at present I am not concerned with them. All of which is called forth by the idea evinced by some few persons with whom I have held converse and who, when I say a book is pleasant stuff seem to think I am under the impression that a new Shakespeare has been discovered.

PICTURE FRAMES. By Thyra Samter Winslow 324 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Here is realism as it should be. In at least ten of these eleven short stories there is not a chimerical or deranged character like those of Wasserman's or Ben Hecht's; and, moreover, Mrs. Winslow has that rare power of finding the ridiculous in all of our poses. Once in a while she oversteps herself in her use of irony, but the many places where she does use it effectively more than counteract her slips.

A comparison to Edna Ferber is inevitable Their characters—the stenographer, clerk, grandmother, and small town girl—are drawn from the same field of the bourgeoise; even their treatment of the story—the detached viewpoint with its possibilities for sly satire—are similar. Mrs. Winslow, however, has the edge: at least six of the stories in *Picture Frames* are gems, whereas only two were very striking in Miss Ferber's *Gigola.*

I hope everybody that thinks realism must be smutty and depressing reads this book and is cured.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1922 (American) Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. 389 pages. Boston: Small, Maynard, and Company.

Mr. O'Brien has collected a group of short stories that on the whole compare rather favorably with those found in the *Red Book.* That is about all I can say for them. It is rather surprising that a man who can write as penetrating and enlightened an introduction as has Mr. O'Brien could not make a better selection from the myriad ones at his disposal. Possibly, this is because he has a leaning towards the incoherent stuff found in *Broom* and *The Dial,* for I remember some published during the past year that impressed me as being much better than Mr. O'Brien's.

MANY MARRIAGES. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.

I used to have two gods in whom I placed all my faith for the future of American novelists: Sherwood Anderson and Willa Cather. Now I have but one; at least until Mr. Anderson redeems himself. True, I have never been absolutely sure of him: his *Winesburg, Ohio* and *Triumph of the Egg* showed much promise, but still did not achieve the absolute. If he was willing to be merely a modern, I think I could appreciate him for he does

have some very interesting thoughts, but when he gets into the ultras . . . phui!

Mr. Anderson has been tendered what I think is rather a doubtful honor. The Soviet press has selected him from the contemporary American writers and are translating his works into Russian. Now the Russians are wonderful depictors of tragedy and gloom, but as some epigramist in *Smart Set* observed: "When life's greatest tragedies become its little ironies, we have learned to live." Mighty few of the Russians, certainly not Mr. Anderson, have learned this distinction; and until they do, I can't convince myself that their novels show any great advance in the literature of the world. Lest some impatient reader give me up in disgust, I better explain myself a little. I do not hark back to the Victorians nor am I an apostle of Pollyanna, but I do believe that a great tragedy must leave the reader with some hope for the future and not expect to sail away on an endless river of tears.

Perhaps by this time you have discovered that I wasn't greatly impressed by *Many Marriages*. The story deals with a dull manufacturer of washing machines in a small Wisconsin town, who believes that there should be physical as well as mental and spiritual communication between a man and his wife. Unable to get these he turns to his

stenographer and plans to run away. Then he buys a picture of the Virgin and two candles, places them on his bureau late at night, and walks up and down before them naked until his wife and daughter enter out of curiosity. Whereupon he tells the story of his life and departs with the stenographer for distant points. Theatricalism—realism without a vestage of the author's sense of humor? Yes. But I hope it is not the stuff that is going to be thought representative of the best in literature.

THE GLOBE TROTTER. By H. I. Phillips. 210 pages. Doubleday, Page & Company.

The latest columnar collection to appear, and the worst, being sundry observations of the conductor of the New York *Globe*. At first we said "Phillips? The *Globe?* I do not place him, but surely I shall read up a bit on his daily column to get a line on his work." A reading of his book discouraged me from that, and I can now say without fear or prejudice that Mr. Phillips's column cannot be worse—nor, by a corollary, can it be much better—than these writings. Almost without exception his treatment lacks sparkle, his touch is neither light nor subtle. One looks in vain for the soul satisfying smirk of F. P. A., the keenness of B. L. T., the poetic vagaries of Don Marquis, the quiet polish of Morley, or the mingled irony and absurdity of Benchley. None of the qualities of successful humor, even good ephemeral humor, is in his work. As a substitute one finds robust jibes of the most forced and labored sort. . . Better a day of the *Widow* than a cycle of *Globe Trotters*.

I recommend to Mr. Phillips that he hasten to secure syndicate contracts with the Western Newspaper Union for regurgitation of his efforts in the country press. H. B. C.

THE GOOSE-STEP: A STUDY OF AMERICAN EDUCATION. By Upton Sinclair. Pasadena: Upton Sinclair. 1923. 478 pages. $2.

The trustees of our colleges are business men. The altruism which follows on affluence has not softened their predatory habits of mind. Their political and economic dogmas are not relaxed in the directors' meeting of their pet college any more than in that of their favorite bank. And so only those teachers survive who have no thoughts, or else do not express them because they have been so indiscreet as to have children. The students in turn receive only the most stereotyped and static information and outworn social theories. When they are turned out they have not been taught to wander freely in a search for truth. Rather, like

(Continued on page 22)

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 20)

their teachers, they go through wrenching rationalizations of the status quo, a mental goose-step which fits them to be useful soldiers to the moneyed kaiserism which has supervised their training.

This is Sinclair's chief thesis. The interlocking of large moneyed interests with our college boards he proves elaborately. Philanthropists, it is understood, prefer "safe" institutions: and what college has not been raising money recently? He has prima facie cases of academic unfreedom against about 80 schools from Columbia to St. Stephens Half a dozen are white washed. Cornell is credited with a very nearly immaculate record despite Mr. Baker, and Penn's escutcheon is well hidden under blots despite Mr. Wharton. To be sure Cornell rejected Veblen's name, presumably because of the prose style of his economic treatises rather than his doubts on socialism or marriage But perhaps the author feels that the students have by now expatiated the sins of the trustees.

Sinclair's mistake in this book is not that of the egocentrist but of the propagandist. He exhibits every shred of evidence in the glare of a blinding white light. But a prospective teacher, even if well equipped with smoked spectacles, might yet become a little frightened.

A critique of thought in the college that will be really unpopular is yet to be written. As it is *The Goose-Step* can hardly be said to come up either to Veblen's etched portrait of *The Higher Learning* or to the unconscious irony of *The Red Menace,* which appeared in the *Delineator* over the name of Mr. Coolidge (the vice-president of the United States). C. S. RAUSHENBUSH.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 14)

treasures of the world. Again, look at the men who are at the very top of the engineering profession—a vast majority of them are highly educated in the humanities. They have educed the passing need of a more intimate acquaintance with the *literae humaniores* and have assiduously pursued them to their own advancement, joy and beatification. It seems that something else besides a knowledge of mere scientific facts is essential to success, and these men have found it.

We make an earnest plea to the faculties of the engineering colleges to require their students to take even a few courses in English, History, and Philosophy (which, after all, is the mother of all the sciences). By so doing, they will turn out a better product—a university graduate who will be able better to cope with the problems of life and will be a greater honor to his Alma Mater.

BABBITT

(Continued from page 5)

With increased interest he attacked the second toe nail. This he decapitated with one quick stroke and gave vent to a joyous "Whee-e-e-e" as it sailed away. Babbitt had a hundred novel ways of cutting his nails. He tried them all; not forgetting to finally place a notch in the middle of each nail to keep it from ingrowing. It was fascinating, enthralling. Soon the floor about him was littered with the horny, yellowish, moonlike fragments. The job was over. Still seated on the bed he scraped the particles with an outstretched foot to the edge of the worn, brown rug where they disappeared in the heavy fringe. He sighed. The evening's entertainment was quite over. Nothing to do now but go to bed, and tomorrow back to the old, monotonous routine. He arose to retrieve his lost red-and-brown leather slipper and to put out the lights. His foot descended on a sharp bit of discarded nail concealed in the heavy fringe of the worn, brown carpet. "Damn," said Babbitt.

THE END

CORNELL-IN-CHINA

(Continued from page 7)

interscholastic event; and though only a high-school boy, but without the interfering queue, he did it!

Other sports are enjoying an equal popularity with track, and except in baseball in which the Japanese excel, the Chinese in group games are superior to any of the other oriental nations. Not long ago an association was formed for a series of Oriental Olympic Games; this is but one manifestation of the eagerness of these peoples to take part in world events athletically as well as politically and economically.

Thus, while Cornell is extending an economic and educational hand to China, she is hoping to further a freedom of spirit and interchange of good will. The University of Nanking is laid out on a directly north and south line, at one end Purple Mountain and at the other a lake, which, according to the Chinese belief, is most propitious—may it prove to be so.

"AN ENGAGEMENT BIGAMIST"

(Continued from page 11)

"Your fiancy! Lady, what all does you mean?" Phoebe's generous proportions amply blocked the doorway.

"Why, Phoebe, ain't you heard? I'se engaged to become Mister Ross' wife."

"Git away with y'u, woman. He just ast *me* to marry him."

"The dirty, black faced, mealy-mouthed proposer I'll sue him. Yes, suh,—that's what I'll do. You all just wait and see. I'll sue him. I sure will. I'll sue him for—for—breaches of promise!"

"My God!" This from Henry, on whom the light was dawning. "My God!" No sooner saying which than he evinced a distinct disbelief in outside aid by proceeding, via the window, to put as much distance as possible between him and his intended brides. Of course, *they* had all the intentions, but that made it worse if anything. Henry is not very tall and his legs are none too long, but how they did pass each other coming up that old Hill! "Good land (pant, pant), I suttinly (pant) am the most engagingest (pant, pant) man what ever was."

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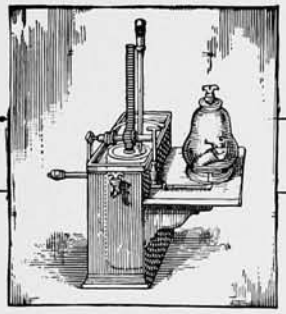
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The CORNELL ERA wishes to express its appreciation to Homer G. Davisson for the fascinating cover design of this issue. Mr. Davisson is a prominent artist from Fort Wayne, Indiana, and is an honorary member of the Fort Wayne Art School and Museum. His contribution is undoubtedly one of the finest and most attractive that has ever appeared on any college publication. The ERA feels that in presenting the art and literature of prominent Americans, it is supplying a desire which is manifest in all of our Universities. We enthusiastically welcome Mr. Davisson as a contributor and sincerely hope that he may again favor us with his art.

We have the pleasure of thanking Mr. Hugh Moran, of C. U. C. A. fame, for the pleasing pictures which accompany the Cornell-in-China article, as well as for the interesting information in the article itself. Mr. Moran has spent several years in China, and although he shows no evidence of a pig-tail, his dexterity with the chop-sticks has gained him many an Oriental friend. However, his chief claim to fame is as a non-gambling instructor to the university community in the insidious game of Mah-Jong.

The subtle meaning of this fanciful drawing must not be lost upon the reader. By psychic association of the words "park-bench," "prof," and "signs," the answer to a prevalent university problem may be secured.

ROBERT BOYLE'S



AIR ~ PUMP

The *"PRACTICAL"* Alchemist *and* *"THEORETICAL"* Robert Boyle

THE alchemists wrote vaguely of "fluids" and "principles." Copper was potentially silver. Rid it of its red color and the "principle" of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher's stone (itself a mysterious "principle") a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so "practical" that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more "practical" by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

Using the air pump Boyle undertook a "theoretical" but scientific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a "spring" in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very "theoretical" discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term "analysis" in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle's work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.

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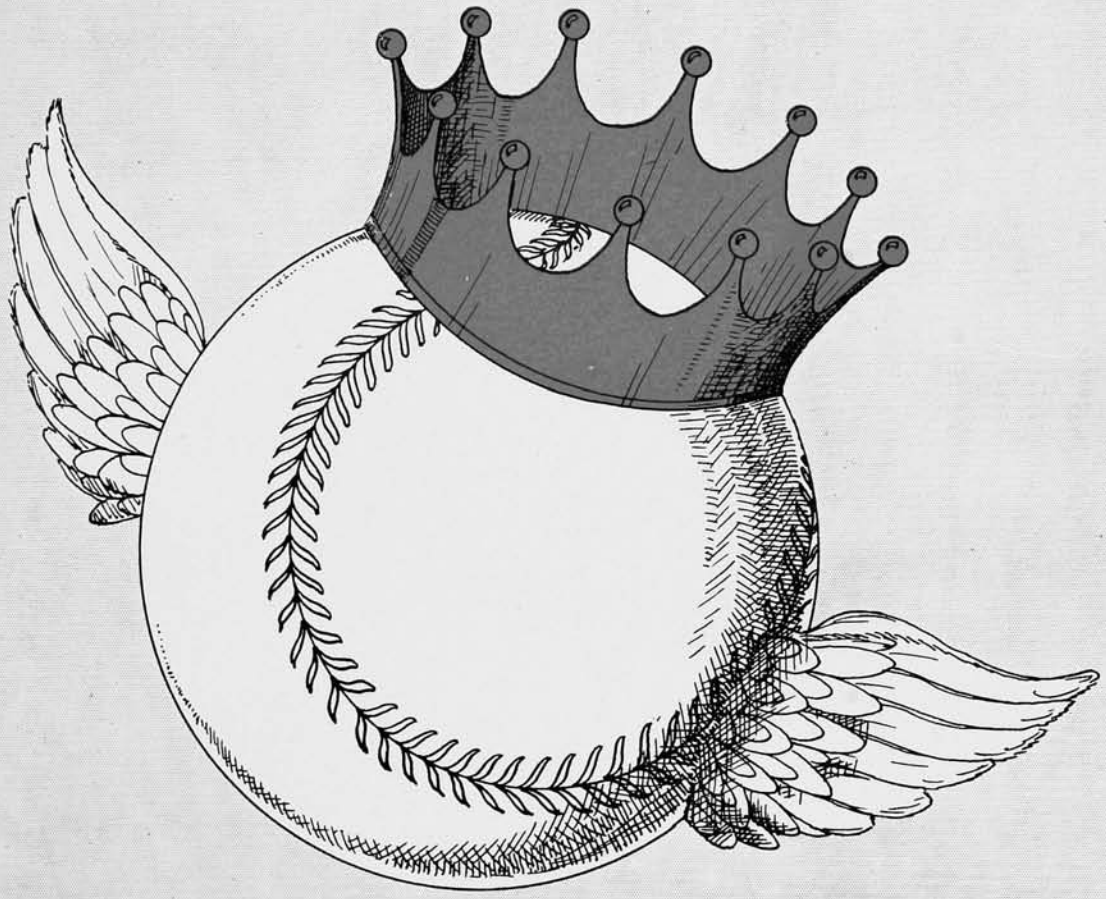
THE CORNELL ERA



• BASEBALL •

F

The Cornell Era

222 East State Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

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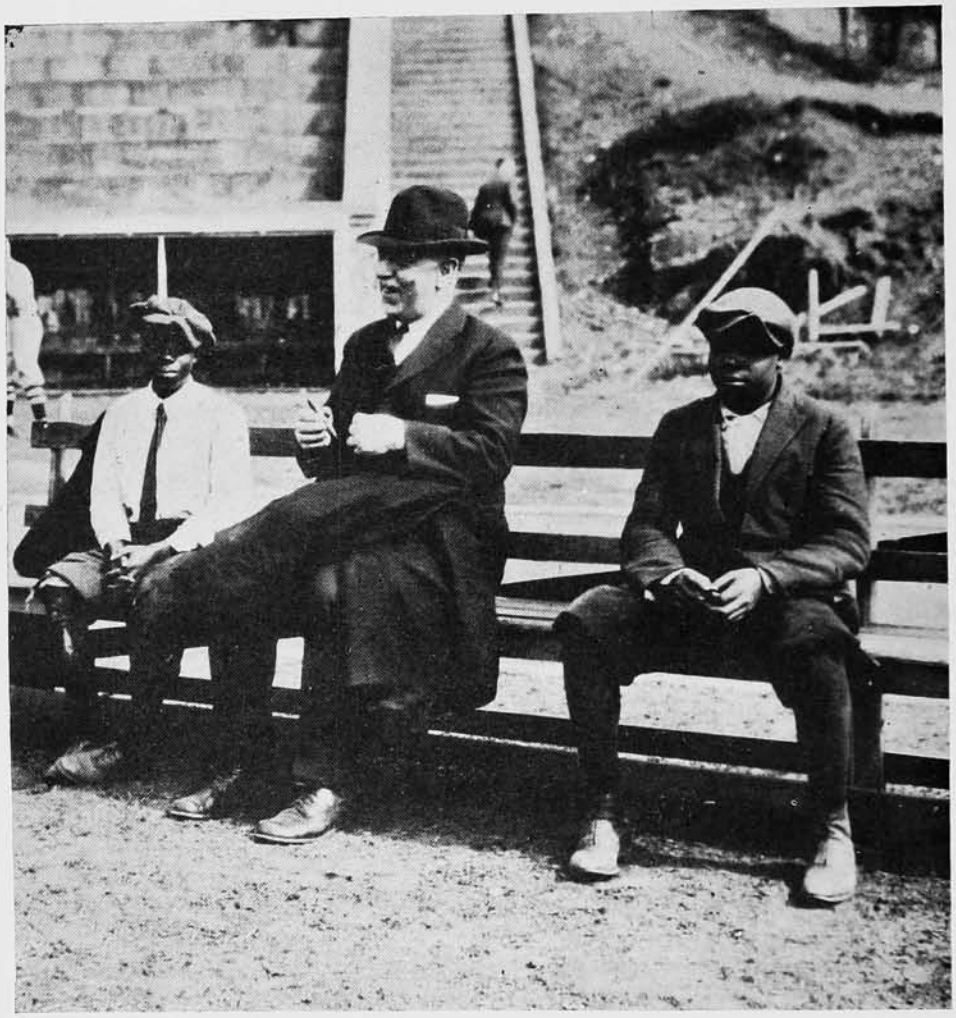


"Davy" Hoy, known more familiarly as the man who stamps them when they come in and when they go out, is enjoying the Washington and Lee game with the native population. "Davy" believes in democracy and a good cigar.

Baseball

Being a Few Added Thoughts on the Spirit of Baseball and Some Tactics that the Team May Adopt (in time)

IT GIVES a thrill to every fan who appreciates the spirit of baseball to hear the crack of the bat against the ball. There is just as much, if not more, beauty, in the action displayed on the diamond, than in any football game or crew race. Baseball is the greatest professional game and is still the king of American sports.

No one has ever really tried to analyze the spirit of baseball, the impelling force that draws so many admirers into its net. Perhaps that is because it varies so much with the individual. One player says, "Oh, it is all in outguessing your opponent which provides the thrill;" another player says, "It is in trying to analyze the next play or two beforehand and then mechanically following out your analysis, right or wrong, that really counts;" or another player says, "It's merely in putting the glove on the hand and catching the little pill, or else grabbing the bat and swatting the apple that gives me the thrill;" and still another player says, "It's all in the competition to win that provides the kick for me," and so on we might go and find ourselves unable to formulate any general conclusion. Because the spirit of baseball is something more than can be written down on a piece of paper—it is an all-pervading force which appeals differently to the different personalities.

College baseball, although it draws fairly large sized crowds, is not fully appreciated. Admittedly, it is looser in defensive work than a professional game, but it makes up that loss in the spirit with which it is played. There is a certain dash and vim in a college game that is not found elsewhere. It is really this external, spectacular side of the game that appeals to the majority of the crowd that watches a college baseball game. Very few of them really appreciate the inside story of the game. Very few of them know how to watch a baseball game from the inside. That is because, not having played the game, they are unable to put themselves in the place of the player and understand why he made a certain play the way he did.

Cornell always turns out a good baseball team, although for the last few years we must admit that they have been sort of in-and-outers. That is to say, for about two or three games straight they will be going wonderfully, and can beat any college combination in the country; and then all of a sudden for the next few games they will play badly and in hard "luck" and lose to the weakest teams of the colleges. However, as a coach once said, "That is baseball, and is the reason why it is interesting."

This year Cornell is represented by an extremely fast team. With a strong and fast infield and outfield, and a reliable catching staff, the weakness lies in the pitching department. And that is the most important part of a college team. Colgate has produced teams that have had but two or three extra good pitchers, about three heavy hitters, and absolutely nothing else; and yet have ranked among the best teams in the states. In past years, Dartmouth has been favored with unusually good pitchers, a strong infield, and practically nothing else; and yet have managed to beat the best teams in the colleges. So that the problem that faces Carney this year is acute. And the present solution of getting a winning baseball team this year seems to lie in the one word "head-work." With a weak pitching staff; with the first four men in the batting order doing all the heavy hitting; but with a fast team all around, a reliable infield and outfield, what will Cornell's game be this year? The answer seems to be that the bunt, the sacrifice, and the squeeze play will be used more often. To keep just one run ahead all the time will have to be the policy. And when one run is needed, the sacrifice game is the game to play although it may not be as spectacular as the hit and run game. The secret in baseball is to make the best of what we have, and it is the reason why a mediocre team will invariably beat a team of stars; it is the reason why the Boston Red Sox used to win their games by a one run margin all the time, although they were indeed the "hitless wonders."

Captain Woodin, Gould, Smythe, Bickley, Capron, Hulnick, Telfer, and a few others are all very fast men on the bases. We hope to see them sliding into the bases when the sacrifice play is used, and hitting the dust at home plate when the squeeze play is called for. Because if we see this year's team doing this, it will mean that we are making the best of what we have, and not leaving our men on bases praying for a weak hitter to close his eyes and clout the ball for a few extra bases. Our past experience certainly ought to be our best teacher.

Against Odds

By Mayer Portner

E WERE sitting in our usual places at the coffee house on Forty-second street, west of Broadway. It was the middle of April and the conversation naturally turned to baseball. Each one of us had different ideas as to what team would win the pennant, and the World's Championship the coming season. That is, all but Bateman, who remained silent, lost in thought. We carried on our conversation and, having finished discussing professional baseball, turned to the subject of college baseball.

"Do they play baseball in college?" asked Tommy Langden, with a note of irony in his voice. Bateman suddenly looked up.

"What do you mean by that?" he turned at Langden, with a savage look in his eye. Bateman held a monopoly on irony and pessimism in our circle. Langden's query was a challenge to his laurels.

"I mean just this," replied Langden, "I wonder if they play the game as hard as professionals do, or is it simply a pink tea affair flavored by the crazy antics of the cheerleader?"

"No sir; I can tell you of some very spirited games I saw in college and some of the best players in the big leagues are men who learned the game while in college. I don't have to give you a list of names but every time I think of them I feel that my room mate back at the State University ought to be among them."

"Is he in the big leagues?" asked Langden.

"No,—he is an instructor of agricultural chemistry in the old school but he used to be star catcher and the captain of the varsity nine. Freddie Baker is his name and wait till you hear about him before you decide what college games are like."

We settled back to hear the story.

"Fred came from the back woods and took the agricultural course. I met him in my first year up there and we roomed together for the next three years. He was quiet, sensible, and had a good disposition. He was an ideal room mate and served to neutralize my associations of the whole day so that my evenings were spent blissfully. He used to sit at the desk studying from a textbook on agriculture while I sat in the easy chair reading Thomas Hardy or Anatol France, and neither one bothered the other very much. He made the freshman baseball team and went South on the Spring vacation and it was a great experience for him; but after a few days, he stopped talking about it so it was all right again.

"But the story proper belongs to the time of his senior year. The first three years he got on fine, studying hard, playing ball, and say, going to the movies. In the fourth year a sister of his came to college. Their mother was a school teacher who married a farmer and so the children had to go to college no matter how hard their father worked to get along. When the sister entered Fred had to go to work to earn his expenses. He waited table, did odd jobs and managed to get by for the first semester. Then came the second semester and with it, by sheer luck, a vacancy for an assistant instructor in agricultural chemistry. The head of the department offered the job to Freddie, who hesitated before accepting it. While he needed the money very badly he liked to play baseball and he had to choose between the two. I finally managed to convince him that money means more than varsity honors and he accepted the position as an assitant in the chemical laboratories of the college.

"A few weeks later Mike Walsh, the coach, called for the candidates for the varsity baseball team and every available player responded except Freddie. He was busy with his own classes in the morning and had his afternoons taken up with the lab work. So old Mike Walsh, former big leaguer, came up to our room one night, and talked to Freddie, but on hearing the reason why murmured something about college being a place where only the rich could play while the poor must work, and went home.

"Time passed and Mike Walsh was drilling his men for the trip down South to play the first few games of the season with the Southern colleges during Spring vacation and as yet had not found a good catcher for the varsity to take Freddie's place. On the Saturday preceding vacation we came to watch the players work out and I remember hearing Mike Walsh plead with him to take the Southern trip but Fred refused. It was out of the question.

When we walked home Fred admitted that the temptation was great but as long as his sister was in college he had to earn his living as his folks could not support the both of them.

" 'There is one thing I am sorry for,' he said to me, 'that is the fact that Peterson will go to the dogs. He needs a man behind the plate to steady him when he goes wild, and to handle him with kid gloves when he is in trouble, otherwise he goes

up in the air and then you might as well kiss the old game good bye.'

" 'Is he any more troublesome than any other left handed pitcher?' I asked Fred.

" 'I'll tell the world he is,' he replied. 'If there is any pitcher in the game that is more finicky than Warrington Peterson, I'd like to meet him. He is in the Alpha Omega house and his folks have all kinds of money. Let it remain a secret between you and me: when it comes to wine, women, and song—he doesn't care much for music. I'll tell you one on him that'll make you laugh.'

" 'In our frosh year I was catching him from the start and I liked to work with him. When in condition he is one of the finest pitchers I know of. We used to work very smoothly and I'd signal for a curve, followed by a fast ball, followed by a curve, and had no trouble in retiring the side. Well, one day we played the frosh team of McNicholl College over in Philadelphia, and in the fourth inning Peterson gave a base on balls to the first batter up. Nothing strange about that so I didn't say anything, but when instead of pitching to me Peterson kept throwing to first base after looking at the runner for some time, and first thing you know he passed another man; I walked over to the pitcher's box and wanted to know what was the matter.'

" 'Look at that red-haired girl in the grand stand along the first base line,' he said. 'Did you ever see a prettier pair of ankles than hers. And she wears silk stockings, too.'

" 'I turned around and saw a rather good looking girl sitting in the first row of the grand stand benches, and she was all he said of her, but it was our business to win the ball game and I started to bawl him out.'

" 'Holy cats! Is that what you're doing instead of playing ball? Well, I guess I better tell the coach to warm up another pitcher.'

" 'Oh, have a heart, Freddie,' he said to me. 'Have you no aesthetic appreciation?'

" 'Not when it makes us lose the game!'

" 'Oh, all right, I'll be good.'

" 'And he was. We won the game so I never said anything about it. That's the kind of a bird he is, and now there is nobody to handle him. Believe me, I wish I did not have to work my way through. I'd be out on the baseball field tomorrow, go South with the team, and play for the rest of the season'."

Bateman lit a cigarette, and then resumed telling his story.

"Spring vacation came and the team went South without Freddie, who went home and helped his father with the plowing. I ran down to New York City to spend vacation with some relatives of mine. I went to several shows and a couple of dances, including the one held in the Parker Hotel by the Intercollegiate Glee Club of New York. Late in the evening while getting some refreshments I overheard the following conversation:

" 'I see by the papers where the State University baseball team is not so good this year. Baker, the captain and star catcher, isn't playing any more and their pitcher can't deliver the goods.'

" 'Yes, it's too bad. I guess they'll be easy picking for the Manhattan team. They used to put up a good game against Manhattan but it will be a walk-a-way this time. I don't think I'll go to see the game this year. I don't like one-sided games.'

" 'One-sided is right. You know that the local gamblers are giving odds on Manhattan to win. I understand that Leo Phillips over in his pool room is giving ten to seven against the State University.'

"I walked away and danced no more that night. On my way home I tried to think of a good way to beat Leo Phillips' game. Vacation passed and I returned to find Freddie Baker looking better than ever. They were favored with decent weather while he was home and his father and he plowed most of the land and Freddie forgot his trouble while working. Meanwhile the team returned from the Southern trip with only one victory out of five games played. I told Fred what I overheard at the dance in New York. It worried him considerably and we put our heads together trying to figure out some plan whereby we could beat Manhattan and bust up the gamblers' game. I was for lending him money but he refused it. He didn't want to pay for a dead horse after he got out of school, he said. Finally I hit upon an idea which looked like a million dollars. If Fred could play on Saturday afternoons when the important games were played it would not interfere with his duties as instructor in the chemistry laboratory, and he could play against the Manhattan University.

"When Mike Walsh heard from Freddie's lips that he would play in the Saturday games he danced for joy and invited Fred and me over to his house for dinner the following Sunday. And surely the old grey-haired big leaguer was a happy man that day.

"Two weeks later the Manhattan team invaded the sleepy hamlet on the lake where State University is situated and put up at the hotel. They were followed by a bunch of sleek looking birds with waxed mustaches and rocks on their fingers who neither toiled nor spun, but managed to live on the fat of the land. Among them was Leo Phil-

(Continued on page 27)

Tobiah Tittlebaum, Ph.D.

Being a Series of Concrete Conversations on Abstract Thoughts

THE FIRST CONVERSATION

Tobiah Tittlebaum has a parabolical nose, red-rimmed myopic eyes (which necessitate his wearing an onerous pair of tortoise shell spectacles, snubbed by a black ribbon), burnsides, and a paternal disposition. He is a professor of logic.

At the first recitation of each term, he always gives this ancient explanation of the purpose of his subject: "I gave a quiz one day to which the entire class objected strenuously. It was, as I realized, extremely difficult, and I decided therefore to lessen the severity somewhat and told them, 'If you say one true thing on the papers you hand in, I will pass you.' In correcting the papers later, I came across one on which was written this single sentence: 'Oh, but you *will* flunk me.'" Whereupon the Professor chortles like a baby playing in its bath with an Ivory Soap duck and proceeds to explain his little joke. "Now, if I flunked him, he would have said something that was true and so I couldn't do that; but on the other hand, if I passed him, he would have said something that wasn't true and I would have had to flunk him. Dear me, dear me! What a predicament!"

One day, after a twelve o'clock, a College Man approached his dais to ask a question. He asked it.

"My dear young man, find—it—for—your—self. I say this not because I am unable to answer it, for when a man has reached the point where his classes use his text book" (put out by his publishers at the insignificant price of six dollars) "such a suggestion would be positively insulting; but I say it because you should rely on yourself.

"Oh, if only the younger generation would learn the satisfaction of study! Nothing infuses into the spirit more genuine pleasure than the final realization that success has attended a quest for some recalcitrant bit of knowledge. The more extended and diligent the search, the more stupendous is the triumph. If I could only convince just you, my boy, I would feel that I had done the world a splendid service.

"Study! Its rewards are ample. The gods lay gifts at your feet. A broad mind results from study; and power over yourself and your fellow men result from possessing a broad mind. Learn to know yourself; and your abilities will be increased a hundred fold. And how shall you do this? By reading. By studying the works—the life blood—of the great thinkers, and from them learn to think.

"Bear this in mind, my son, when you leave here, and that is all I ask. The force and logic, the pleasures and joys of study will then convince you themselves."

Whereupon the College Man hurried to lunch, fully determined to spend the afternoon in that delightfully intellectual sport—Red Dog.

THE SECOND CONVERSATION.

Long ago, during his undergraduate days, Tobiah Tittlebaum had read a book on the appreciation of music. Before that time he had been wont to say that although he didn't know much about music, he knew what he liked. Now, however, he was under the impression that he really appreciated music.

He always bought a season ticket to the University concerts, specifying that it should be a little to the left in the Dress Circle, so that when there was a pianist on the program, he could see the keyboard. A shrewd observer might have noticed that he seldom committed himself by discussing the program until he had talked to several serious music students during the intermission—but later, of course, it was easy enough to appropriate and develop their hints.

After a concert by a well known orchestra, Professor Tittlebaum was strolling home with a Friend and was discoursing upon the relative merits of the different compositions played, and upon the audience. The *Unfinished Symphony* and the *Marche Slav* had been played to pander to the rabble. And there had been other popular numbers on the program which likewise had been "well received."

"There ought to be a law against such stuff," continued Tobiah. "It lowers the intellectual tone of the audience. It's just like these trashy novels that are flooding the market. Not worth the paper they're printed on! They're cheap! Why! did you notice the applause after that splendid fugue of Beethoven's?"

"Scarcely," said the Friend. "There wasn't much."

"Exactly. And yet Beethoven has no peer. The form, the perfectness of the thing—it was sublime. And yet it went right over their heads. Oh, if only someone could teach those numbskulls what

is good in music! It ruins half my pleasure just thinking how stupid and inane most of them are."

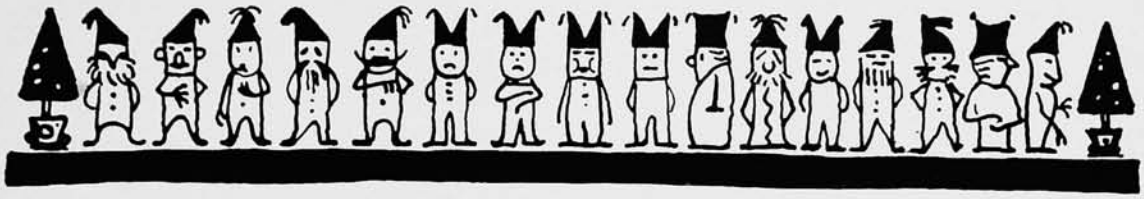
"Yes, but have you ever thought that maybe the interest a musician finds in a thing like that is purely a technical one—the logical building up of themes and motifs? There's no melody. You must admit that."

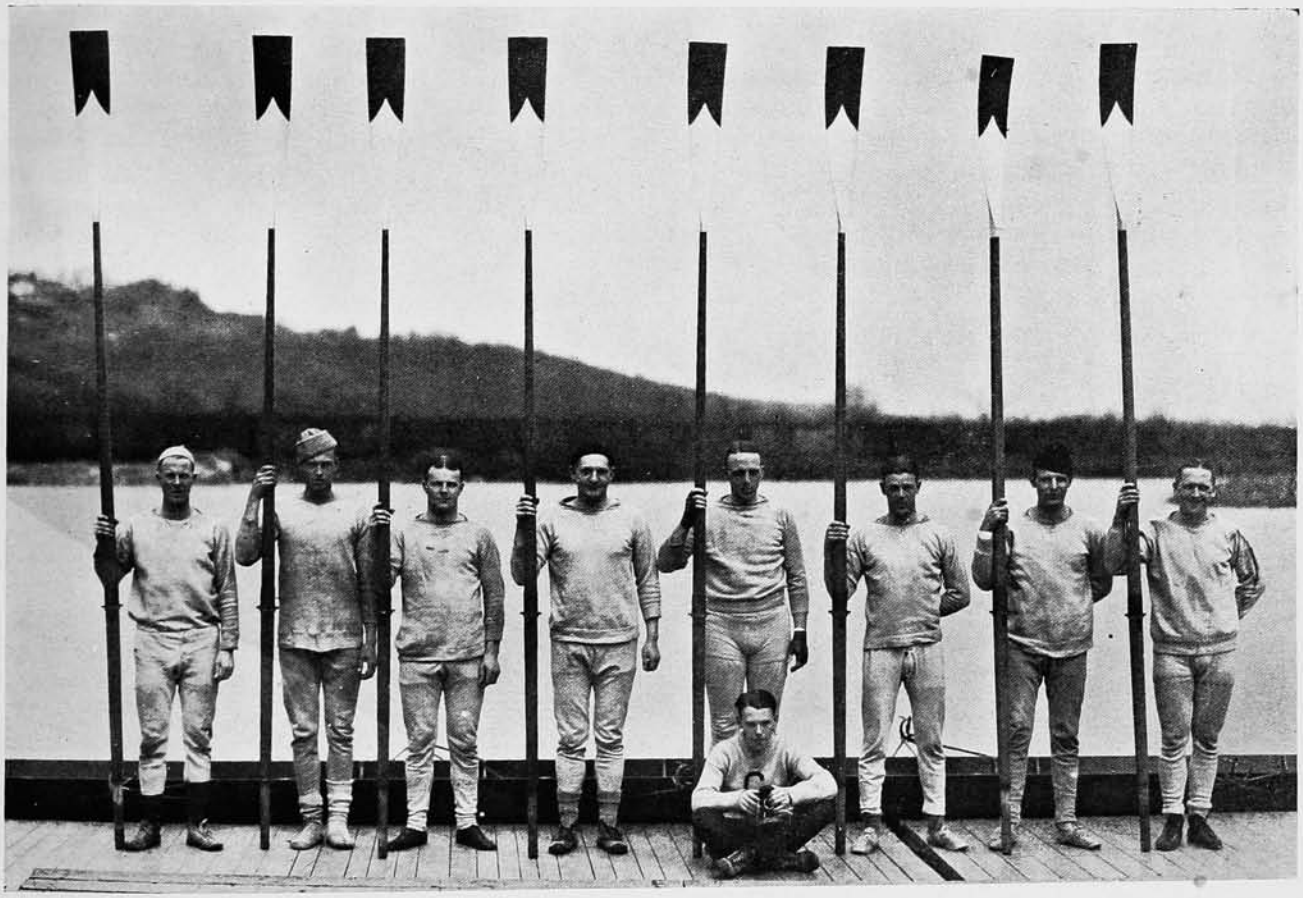
"Melody? Sentimental pish tush! Anybody can write melodies. Form's the only thing that's real in music—or in anything else for that matter."

"Come with me a minute. It's a little out of our way but I want to show you something." Tobiah followed in silence.

"There!" said the Friend, "before you stands the noble structure called the Mech Lab. Every corner forms a perfect ninety degree angle. Every brick is placed directly on top of other bricks. The walls are straight. The windows come at fairly regular intervals. But—I wonder—would you call that sublime?"

R. S. H.





The heavy varsity crew before going out on their morning row during the wintry Easter vacation. The boat contains six veterans from last year's varsity and gives promise to be one of the most powerful crews in the country. They are, left to right: Kells, Egeberg, Strong, Luhrs, Hearn, Baker, Fates, Fillius (stroke), Nicholson (cox).

A Whiteheaded Boy

THERE is something about the amateur actor that makes him the whiteheaded boy of the theatrical world. Let him act very badly,—his audience is forgiving, ready to overlook many sins; on the other hand, let him do something well, he is acclaimed with loud and proud applause, smiled upon, and praised out of measure.

If he is not much spoiled, it is through no fault of the amiable admirers beyond the footlights. His conscience is off-stage during the performance. There is a still, stern voice there which they never hear.

Call it rank favoritism if you like. Say the little Campus Theatre is the petted darling of an over kind audience. But add, that it seems to be growing quite successfully under that protection, becoming yearly less and less little,—in every respect save cubic feet. Its enlarging ambitions call for more work; and that calls for more workers, more ideas, more performances; and these in turn rouse new ambitions. The groups of one-act plays become more and more frequent, and experiments with new effects and materials are continually being made.

This spring has been marked by a new, large undertaking,—the presentation in a single term of two three-act plays, with four performances each. They are both modern European plays: *The Whiteheaded Boy*, of Lennox Robinson, and Bjornson's *Love and Geography*.

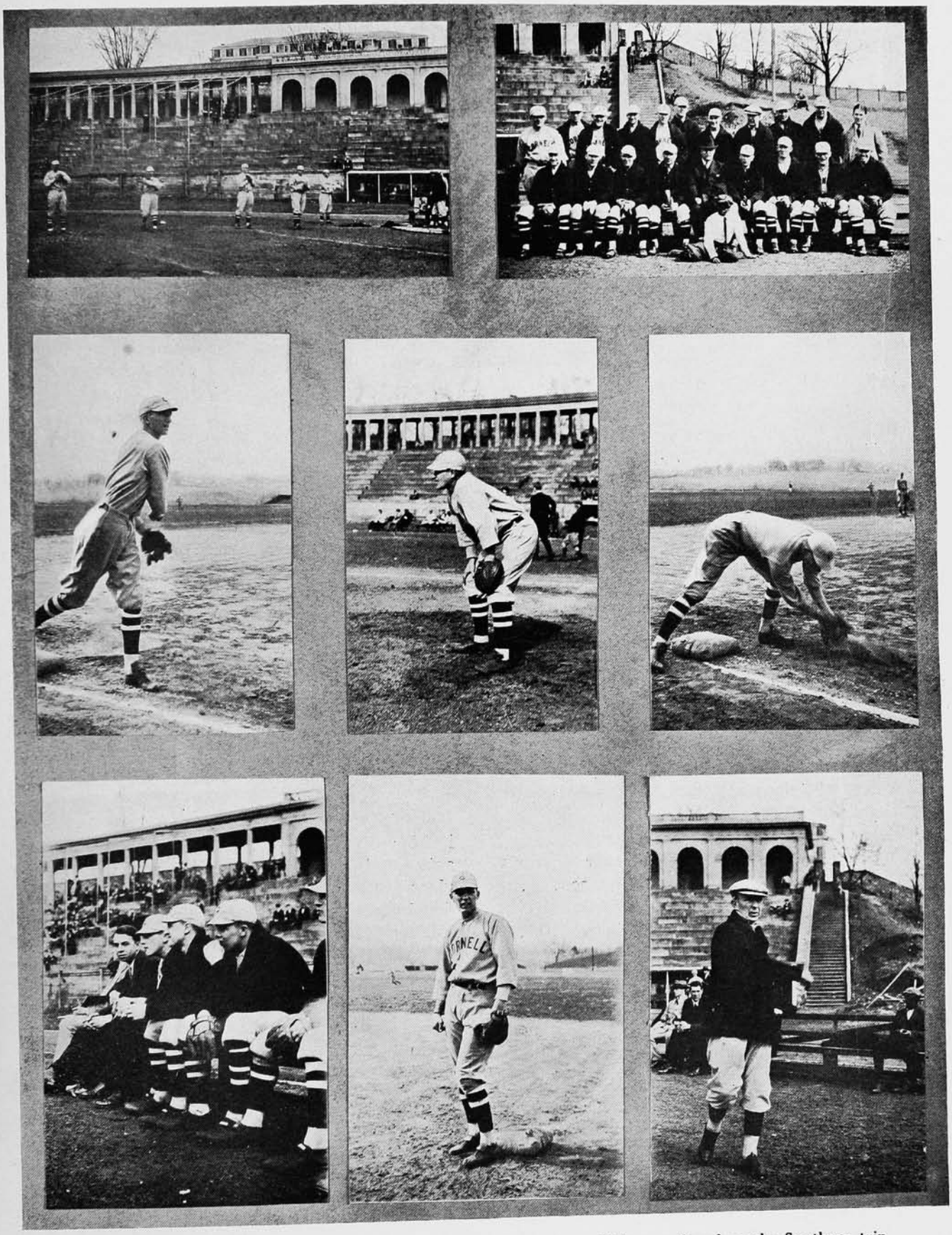
When one joins these names to those of the other long plays which have been presented by the Club in previous years, perhaps one reason for the gracious cordiality of its audience suggests itself.

Ibsen: *Pillars of Society*, and *An Enemy of the People;* Bjornson: *Leonarda;* Henry Arthur Jones: *Rogue's Comedy;* Pinero: *Dandy Dick;* Giacosca: *Like Falling Leaves;* Capus: *The Adventurer;* Gogol: *The Inspector General,*—taken together it is a list which no patron of the drama would lightly put aside. They are not plays that one has frequent opportunity of seeing. Neither are they insignificant plays.

The drama is a nice and sensitive instrument for recording the subtle trends of modern life and thought. Through it, one is put in touch with the world in a peculiar way, which is not given to other forms of art. A serious or partly serious play, acted with sincerity, makes real to actor and spectator alike a bit of experience which may be very far removed in time, space, and mood from our common lot.

This is the secret of the spell of the theatre. And the amateur, the whiteheaded boy on the Goldwin Smith stage, may make a great many mistakes; but because he is young, with the freshness and sincerity of youth, his incantations are good, his puppets come alive, and his audience finds its kindness rewarded.

A scene from "The Whiteheaded Boy" as it was given by the Cornell Dramatic Club. The success that was enjoyed by this play was rivaled only by the fame that the same play gained while showing in New York.



Baseball snapshots taken during the Washington and Lee game, which was played on the Southern trip.

The Fuertes Observatory

By Prof. S. L. Boothroyd

WHAT importance astronomy is to the human race is hardly realized until one stops to consider what would be the condition of our world today if the skies had been forever cloudy.

The laws of motion and the law of gravitation would be unknown. We should not yet have determined the length of the year with accuracy and this would make it necessary for politicians to frequently make arbitrary adjustments of the calendar to the year of the seasons, with consequent confusion. We should not know the length of the day with extreme accuracy, even suppose we had discovered the laws of motion and were able to construct accurate time pieces. We could not fearlessly navigate the open sea and it is doubtful if we could do more than creep along the coasts, for even the property of the magnetic needle in approximately giving the meridian would be unknown. We should only have the approximate size of the earth, even suppose that we had learned to navigate the seas. We could not accurately locate such monuments as mark international boundaries so that in case of their destruction they could be replaced. In fact, each people would still be confined to the island or continent on which happy or unhappy accident should have placed it, and any highly organized civilization of world-wide, or even continent-wide, extent would be highly improbable, if not impossible.

Besides, who does not realize the uplifting influence of the stars, which take man out of his petty world and make him realize even vaguely that he and his world are part of a larger creation? What an incalculable loss to the human soul if the eye could never look out upon the infinite.

We are then led to see clearly that a department of Astronomy in any educational institution has two functions to perform, first, to teach those severely practical uses of astronomy which make it possible to navigate the trackless ocean, to make accurate surveys and to explore the unknown regions of the earth, as well as to give time to mankind and to make possible an accurate chronology. Second, to reveal to the human mind the larger universe about us, a revelation which has always had the effect of helping to disclose to man the innate capacity of the human soul itself. Since neither of these functions could be continually served without the advance of science itself, we must add a third and not less important function which a department of astronomy in a great university must fulfill, namely, to train a few rare souls who have the capacity, as well as the desire, to devote their energies to gradually extending the bounds of human knowledge in this field of science, and of giving the necessary training in astronomy which is needed by those working in allied fields. As a necessary part of this function may be considered that of giving adequate training in astronomy to teachers of the subject and of closely allied sciences.

Thanks to the clear vision and the unselfish devotion of Dean Fuertes and Professor Crandall, during the first quarter century of her existence, Cornell University was early well equipped to enable her department of astronomy to give most adequately, courses in Geodesy, Geodetic Surveying and Geodetic Astronomy—courses which for thoroughness and completeness were in their day unique among American Universities. Owing to changes in the curriculum, these courses are no longer required of all Civil Engineering students but to the limited number who elect them, the attempt is now made to at least maintain the standard set by those worthy men. The equipment for this work consists of three Astronomical Transits, a Zenith Telescope, a very fine altazimuth, Chronographs, Chronometers, a Mean Time Clock, a Mendenhall Pendulum Apparatus for gravity determination, various standards of length, as well as much minor equipment.

A new epoch in the work of astronomy at Cornell University was, however, inaugurated when, early in 1919, Professor Church made arrangements to get, for the Fuertes Observatory, two discs of glass for a 12-inch objective which had been ordered from the Mantois factory near Paris by the Yerkes Observatory. These were to be used for an objective for eclipse work, the immediate use being for the solar eclipse of June 8, 1918. Owing to delays caused by the war, these were no longer of use to the Yerkes Observatory and so were released to Cornell University.

In March, 1919, the order was given to the John A. Brashear Co. to make these discs into a visual objective for a 12-inch equatorial for Cornell University. About May 20, 1920, the completed objective was received by the treasurer of Cornell University and stored for safe keeping in the vault at the treasurer's office, to be kept until such time as the necessary funds were available for the

(Continued on page 22)

A picture of the telescope in the Fuertes Observatory takenin the latter part of March, 1923. The telescope is supplied with photographic lens which makes it possible to take photographs without the use of color screens.

A picture of the moon near the time of last quarter on the early morning of April 7, 1923.

Lacrosse

By R. L. Schmidt '23

THOSE who for the first time saw a lacrosse match, the continued seemingly aimless swinging of sticks and the frequent thud as racquet met body, impressed them as being a sport to be enjoyed only by the spectators. They wondered why the players found even a limited amount of pleasure from such a contest, for to the onlookers it was nothing but an attempt on the part of the players to batter and bruise each other's bodies.

At an even cruder beginning among the Indians as far back as 1700, the French Colonists looked on, awed by the very primitive nature of the contest, in which hundreds of Indians chased a ball and battled to and fro between two goals, generally several miles apart. But generation after generation of Colonists added skill and technique, dispensed with the brutal nature of the sport, until today it has become a supreme test of courage, endurance, and skill. Year after year, its popularity creeps into more colleges and universities as well as high and prep schools. Lacrosse, at the present rate of enthusiasm with which it is being approved, bids to become a very popular form of athletic contest in the United States.

As played today, the game is contested on a field slightly larger than that of football, the goals being placed about 110 yards apart in the longitudinal center of the field, and in an area 18 by 12 ft., which is known as the "Crease." Players of the attacking side are not permitted to go at any time within this area, and goals scored when attacking players are within it do not count. The width of the field is 70 yards. A distance of 20 yards more is allowed behind each goal to permit play from behind the net.

Twelve men comprise a team, consisting of five men each on the attack and defense, and one man at center and another at goal. The draw is held in the center of the field, and thus play is begun. The team which has acquired, together with greater endurance and fleet-footedness, a more skillful use of the stick and has formulated the more baffling system of attack, is ultimately the victor. Each of these four qualifications for an excellent team is important.

Concerning endurance, every player, and especially those playing in the center of the field, often total a run of from four to eight miles during a contest. This requires each man to be in absolutely the best of condition throughout the season. He is called upon to sprint at a good rate of speed from time to time. Should any one man become "winded," his team is at a decided disadvantage, for lacrosse, just as basketball and hockey, require coordination between players continually throughout a game.

Ability to catch, throw, dodge, and run with the ball makes it necessary to so completely master the use of the racquet, that every movement made by the player is second nature to him. Unless each man can accurately control his throwing, catching, and carrying of the ball, no amount of endurance and system of play employed can bring victory.

After each member of the team has thoroughly mastered the proper use of his stick, plays are formulated and practiced which contrive to place the ball within shooting or scoring distance of the opponent's goal. The apparent principle to be employed in efficient team play is so to pass the ball to each other as to draw nearer to the goal and then to score by a well-placed, swiftly thrown shot.

The ideal situation for a team is to secure what is known as an "extra" man. This is accomplished by one player securing the ball and breaking away from the man covering him. He runs up the field as fast and as far as he possibly can. Here, an opponent who is covering one of his team-mates, comes out to retard his advance, but by so doing leaves the man whom he was covering free. The man advancing with the ball, runs until he is blocked and then passes the ball swiftly and accurately to his now open team-mate, who in turn advances until another team-mate is made open by the same process. This is continued until an opportunity for a shot at goal is afforded. This entire action takes place in a comparatively short period of time and must be so carried out in order to make use of the extra man before the defense men can cover up every attacking man and so smother the try for goal. Accurate passing, quick thinking, and speed are the three essentials toward making an attempt at goal a success.

Often, as in the case of the Cornell varsity, full use is made of the 20 yards behind the goal. The attack passes the ball back and forth behind and to the sides of the goal, thereby keeping the alley, or the space immediately in front of the goal, comparatively open. Suddenly a Cornell man darts down the alley from the center of the field, a few steps in front of the man who is covering him. A

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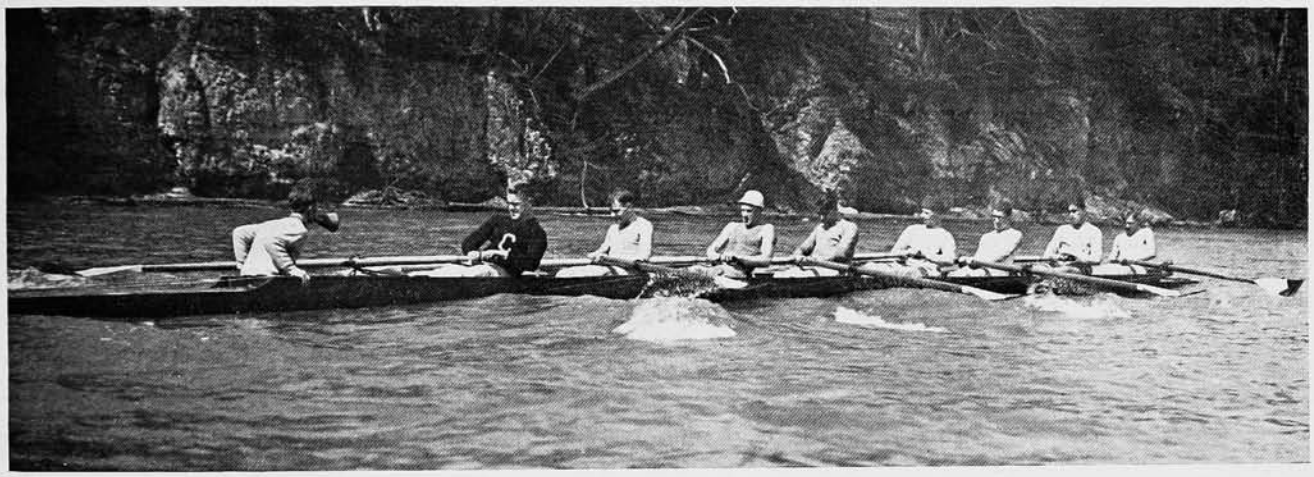

Pictures of the three varsity crews on April 10, when they journeyed up to Crowbar against a stiff wind and in extremely rough water. On this account, the pictures do not show the true form of the crews, but they do illustrate the well-known fact that "hard work" is the middle name of the Cornell navy.

VOX

"Men may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war has already begun." In fact, it began some time ago, and has been carried on mercilessly with little regard for the consequences. But don't be alarmed, astonished reader. You may be a victim of the campaign, although you are not aware of it. It concerns you vitally, but the peace of your cushioned swivel chair and smoke permeated study will not be disturbed. You are being robbed of one of the most precious things in the world, but you either consciously or unconsciously remain nescient of the fact. We allude not very obviously to the war of the credit system on true education. (Apologies to G. J. N.) Someone has sagaciously said that the credit system has a strangle hold on American education. Unfortunately correct. Whatever sincere ambitions to acquire an education a boy just matriculating in an American university may have are promptly stifled ere he has time to even begin his quest for knowledge. It does not take him long to find out that he is not there to become educated, but that his first and immediate objective is to get a high mark. This condition, of course, is caused partially by the large amount of work assigned. It often happens that a student cannot find the time to study each course as assiduously as he would like to. The result is unwise emphasis on prelims and examinations. If he is not overwhelmed with work, he finds that all he is required to do is pass the prelims. Here again the unwise emphasis to his own loss. If some members of the faculty would pay less attention to marks, and devote that time to making their course more interesting and intelligible, their avowed purpose as teachers would be much more adequately accomplished.

As an outgrowth of the credit system, there is the custom of insisting on prerequisite courses. Mr. Ezra Cornell, with whose name you are all undoubtedly familiar, once said, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." Wonderful words! They are shouted from the housetops, and placarded all over the campus. But, as usual, there is a catch in them—it is the word "find." Gold has been found in sea water; iron has been found on the sun; and a great many courses can be found in Cornell, but just try to take some of them.

A man may decide to live in central Africa, having in mind the beauty of the tropical forest and the undiscovered treasures, but, after living there a while, he finds that the climate does not just suit him. He can exist there, but it isn't any too comfortable. He can't acclimate himself, so he moves to a more agreeable country. How many students have had the same experience in the engineering college? Unfortunately, they were not allowed to make the desired change.

It may be that some day there will be a great awakening, and this wonderfully efficient educational system of ours will come to realize the exigency of wise and somewhat revolutionary changes.

The Coffee House does not need any free advertising just now, but we thought it would be a good hunch to enlighten those unfortunate souls who do not patronize it. They are missing infinite pleasures, but they are entirely oblivious of the fact. The Coffee House, alias the Java Club, has become one of the centers of intellectual discussions. All morning, the place is crowded with students and faculty members who have either risen too late for breakfast at the house, or who go there merely for the pleasure of discussing the problems of the world over a cup of coffee,—and we suspect the former class of deliberately oversleeping. One small group have formed the habit of eating the noon meal there in preference to eating at their respective houses. The Coffee House is the only place now provided where students and professors meet on an equal footing and exchange ideas unhampered by the formality and pedagogics of the class room. Which makes for a more complete mutual understanding. The sight of a group of undergraduates seated around a table with a professor reminds us of the stories we used to hear about Aristotle and Plato. The odor of tobacco and coffee, and the general atmosphere of congeniality tends to break down this intangible wall that has unfortunately grown up between scholar and teacher. The Coffee House is a wonderful institution. We recommend it highly to those who enjoy good fellowship and intellectual discussion.

WHO'S WHO

Ernest Clinton Woodin, Jr., '23

of

Phi Sigma Kappa

One reason why "Woodie" belongs in the hall of fame is that he is captain of baseball; another reason is that blue eyes and red cheeks are a hard combination to beat in an athlete; and a third reason is that he is undoubtedly one of the best baseball players in college ranks.

William Augustus Schreyer

of

Phi Kappa Psi

Once upon a time there was a little boy in Milton, Pa., who used to pray every night that he would become a manager. So when he grew up and went to college, he managed the Junior Smoker, he managed his Freshman Advisory Committee, until he managed most everything. And everyone forgot his middle name and called him "Bill."

BOOKS

FAINT PERFUME. By Zona Gale. 217 pages. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Miss Gale's *Miss Lulu Bett* flooded her coffers so altogether successfully, that it would be too much to hope that she wouldn't try to write another just like it. *Faint Perfume* has its dull, case-hardened family and its noble, sensitive maiden lady who is unhappy in her love for the strong yet gentle man. The main difference between the books, aside from a few changes in the plot, occurs because Miss Gale's style has suffered an acute blight of Greenwich Villagism. When a woman has to use forms like the following to express herself, I always feel like begging Mencken to award her one of his custard pies: "Leda was shaken by an abrupt sense that they were one creature, as if each had extensions of being which had fused in something finer than light and color, had become one consciousness."

I have a habit of conjuring up an image of the physical and mental state of the author whose book I am reading. Zona Gale appeared as an unmarried woman somewhere in her forties, chronically nervous, unable to reconcile herself to the little things in life, disdainful of anything smacking of the bourgeoise, and utterly unaware of how horrible this world would be if everyone were as supersensitive as she seems to wish they were. *Who's Who* confirms me in part: she is forty-nine and unmarried. I wonder if she isn't the other things, too. . . . This, of course, is not criticism, but possibly it explains why she has gone so far afield to picture so harshly her middle-class family in *Faint Perfume*. Needless to say, she has overshot the mark she set for herself in *Miss Lulu Bett*.

And yet the book is by no means without merit. Her character drawing is sketchy, but still her people are remarkably real; certain scenes are extremely well done—especially that scene in the day coach going back to the little country town from Chicago, where Leda Perrin and Pearl's loves had been thwarted and they had only found its faint perfume. Such things are magnificent; but there are so many other parts that are irritating, that I didn't like it. Perhaps you will.

THE ROAD TO CALVARY. By Alexey Tolstoy. 451 pages. New York: Boni and Liveright.

I am surprised—in fact, I am astounded. Here I always thought Russians lived in cellars (unless they were related to the Tzar), never took a bath, were always miserable, and lived on bread and vodka—and now I find that that's not true at all.

These Russian writers have always been hailed as masters of character portrayal, but, nevertheless, I have always felt that they were narrow: they always picture the hopeless, morbid, tragic side of life. At first, I thought that possibly the Russians were really like that. Then the Russian Ballet made me skeptical; the Chauve Souris made me even more so; and this book settles it—for me, at least. Tolstoy has kept all his powers of character drawing and besides his horizon has been widened, so that now he can paint a much more logical picture of the life over there. . . . The French and English seem to be teaching the Russians as many things as the Russians are teaching Americans.

The story traces the downfall of the Royalists and the development of Bolshevism as a background to a love story. It throws a new light on their truce with Germany which heretofore struck me as being somewhat cowardly. As history and as pure fiction, it's a book you have no right to miss.

TEODORO THE SAGE. By Luigi Lucatelli. Translated by Morris Bishop. 238 pages. New York: Boni and Liveright.

By the time this review appears, everyone will probably have at least an excellent conversational knowledge of *Teodoro*: "Awfully clever irony. Well, yes, they do pall on you if you read too many at a time. Morris Bishop? Oh, you know him—up in the Romance Language Department. Etc., etc." Consequently there wouldn't be any point in re-reviewing the book, if it weren't that local talent as good as this could never attract more attention than it deserves. Besides, Morris Bishop is a former editor-in-chief of the ERA.

As a rule, I dislike translations. Most of them are done by unsuccessful authors who hack the work horribly, or else by men who could be geniuses in their own right and who transmute the original into something of themselves, losing all the personality of the first author. Morris Bishop, however, has retained all the pungency and vigor that Lucatelli could possibly have given his book.

. . . In fact, I enjoyed these scraps of irony immensely, especially after the first fifty pages about Teodoro.

It's the kind of book you should have on the little table by the bed in the alumni suite or in the guest room at home.

CHARACTERS. By George Belcher. Introduction by Frank Swinnerton. 86 pages. $4.00. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Belcher has been causing more or less of a furor in England with his sketches and caricatures. *Punch* and many others are bidding vigorously for them. Some have already appeared in American periodicals—notably, the *Century*. And now this book, a goodly collection of his drawings, has come out and is well worth the rather "steep" price asked for it.

The pictures bear a strong resemblance to the work of Cruikshank, the famous illustrator of Oliver Twist, but as a rule show even better taste than do the latter's. The types are perfect; in fact, a story is going the rounds that Belcher refused to have several sketches printed because they were not drawn from life.

If you are looking for a good investment, buy a copy of *Characters*. You will get your six per cent in pleasure and the value of the book will probably increase constantly. A good collection of Cruikshank's pictures are worth a young fortune now.

MOSTLY SALLY. By P. G. Wodehouse. 317 pages. New York: George H. Doran.

I was a little disappointed in *Mostly Sally*, for I had been expecting something like the Bertie and Jeeves classics that have been appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*. Nevertheless, it's an amusing little romance and that is all the publishers claim for it. Wodehouse writes for the pure fun of it (aside from keeping his money bags full) and not with any idea that he is adding something to the best that is "said or thought in the world."

. . . I have just been trying to sketch out the plot, but there are so many complications that I can't do it justice in a paragraph. Needless to say, there is a perfectly delightful heroine and Ginger, a perfectly respectable English hero; and the happy ending. What more do you want in a story of this type?

SAY IT WITH BRICKS. By Nina Wilcox Putnam; SAY IT WITH OIL. By Ring Lardner. 58 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The cleverest thing about this book is the way it is printed. Mrs. Putnam's essay starts from one side of the book and runs about half way through; and Ring Lardner's starts from what would be the back and runs forward. It's rather

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LACROSSE

(Continued from page 14)

yard in front of the man allows ample time and room to catch a swiftly passed ball, thrown from the side of the field or from behind the goal, and thus affording him a shot for a score.

The Cornell attack, for example, can be seen running around the goal, using short backhand and quick overhand passes, always watching for each other to break away slightly from the opponent covering them, and so to come close enough to the crease to permit a good shot.

The defense naturally covers as closely as possible each attacking player, and therefore the contest hinges upon the ability of the respective attacks in outwitting their defending opponents.

To those who have seen but a few games or none at all, it would be worth their while to attend the next intercollegiate contest they can, perceive the attack attempting to advance the ball up the field and appreciate the ability of the players to use their brains and skill, and to maintain their endurance and speed, so as to outwit and outplay their opponents during sixty minutes of hard playing. Lacrosse is a great game, requiring every attribute of athletic skill and the highest athletic sense and brain.

BOOK REVIEWS

symbolical of the difference in their views of the question. Dorothy Parker and F. P. A. had a book published on a similar topic and printed in the same form, so that this really doesn't come as a novelty.

The essays themselves are nicely done, but the question of marital difficulties is so old that there isn't quite the freshness that there should be. Such lines as Lardner's "Wives are people who think that two ash trays is enough for a twelve room house" should be included in the next *Famous Quotations* that anybody gets out; but on the whole the book's not worth hocking your shoes for.

ESSAYS AT LARGE. By Solomon Eagle (J. C. Squire). 211 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company.

J. C. Squire, although he is only in his thirties, is one of the best known of the contemporary English critics. He is a lover of books, an inveterate reader, and, judging from these essays, has read everything from the book catalogues of the sixteenth century to *Tarzan*. I don't know which would be more interesting.

If you like first editions, you will want to give this book to all your friends. If you don't, which is much more probable, you will be able to acquire an excellent bluffing knowledge of old books. But they are not all on Shakespeare's folios and the like. Squire's life is made up largely of books and so almost all the essays are about them. However, the ones I enjoyed the most have books only as their background. *Reading in Bed, On Being a Jonah*, and *A Common Place Book* are equal to anything of Elia's.

If you like to read, *Essays at Large* will give you a better appreciation of books and better companionship than any other modern book that I have read.

R. S. H.

THE FUERTES OBSERVATORY

(Continued from page 12)

purchase of the 12-inch equatorial mounting. During 1920 and 1921 Professor Church initiated and carried forward a movement to get contributions from C. E. alumni to complete a fund for the purchase of the mounting for the lens which he himself had so generously provided. During the early months of 1921 the Cornell Society of Civil Engineers and the *Cornell Civil Engineer*, aided by the unselfish efforts of a few individuals, did what they could to help augment this fund. The Cornell Society of Civil Engineers itself gave a substantial contribution and by the fall of 1921, when the writer arrived to take charge of the work in Astronomy and Geodesy, a goodly sum had been raised. During the fall of that year, it was proposed to call the telescope the Irving Porter Church Memorial Telescope and to make a further appeal to alumni to complete the fund as a fine means of honoring one who has done so much for Cornell University and whose interest in Astronomy for its value in broadening, enlarging, and uplifting man's vision, is known to all who have the pleasure of his intimate acquaintance.

In December, 1921, owing to a happy coincidence, the firm of Warner and Swasy of Cleveland, Ohio, through the kindly interest of a member of the firm, Mr. E. P. Burrell (M.E. '98), was able to make the University a most generous offer for the construction of the equatorial mounting for the 12-inch lens. This offer was so generous that, in spite of the fact that the full amount needed was not yet raised, the Trustees gave the order for the mounting early in January, 1922.

The mounting was finished and ready for shipment from the Warner and Swasey factory at Cleveland in July, 1922, but owing to repairs and improvements to be made on the building and dome, it was not shipped until late in September and its erection in the dome was completed on October 16, 1922.

During the spring of 1922, Dean E. E. Haskell, Emeritus, who had already done much to bring the need of completing the fund for the purchase of the mounting to the attention of alumni, came to the rescue and through his kindly offices in further bringing the need before the alumni, the fund was completed during the late summer of 1922.

The lens is up to the usual standard of excellence attained by Brashear lenses and the mounting has the latest improvements and the same incomparable excellence attained by all of the astronomical instruments turned out by the Warner and Swasey Company.

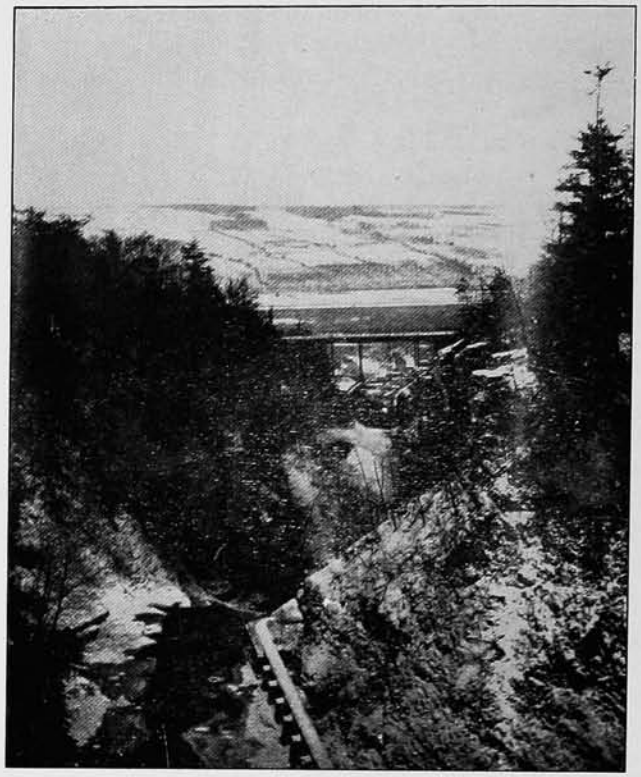
The accompanying photograph of the telescope was taken by Mr. Troy on a cold day in the latter part of March, 1923. The telescope is supplied with a photographic lens which makes it possible to take photographs without the use of color screens. The accompanying photograph is one taken of the moon near the time of last quarter on the early morning of April 7, 1923.

A good equatorial telescope is the center piece for any observatory and the installation of the Irving Porter Church Memorial Telescope makes it possible for the Fuertes Observatory to be the means by which the second and third functions of a department of Astronomy may be more adequately fulfilled at Cornell University than has been in the past. While it is not thought wise to attempt to build up a great research observatory at Cornell University yet we should aspire to develop as finely equipped a student observatory as exists anywhere. Thanks to the untiring efforts and unselfish devotion of Dean Fuertes we already have this in the field of Geodetic Astronomy, the new telescope is the nucleus for the complete equipment in the general field of Astronomical interest, which the helpful cooperation of Director Barnes, Dean Kimball, Professor Church, and others is making possible. Cornellians everywhere can do much by their helpful interest and cooperation to speed the day when our fondest dreams for the Fuertes Observatory, as one of the leading student observatories of America may be more fully realized.

Huxley said that "education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws."

It is because I feel so deeply that the most important function of a great university is to devote a large part of its energy to giving the kind of an education which is implied in the definition given by Huxley and because I feel that an adequately

(Continued on page 25)



THE FUERTES OBSERVATORY

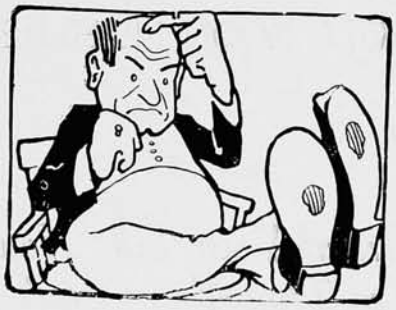
(Continued from page 23)

equipped student observatory can be one of the most effective aids in performing this function that I feel we should be especially grateful to Professor Church who set in motion the influences which are working to this end.

The surest way to begin on this program of instructing the intellect in the laws of nature is to commence with the study of phenomena which involve only a few simple elements for the complete understanding of the laws which govern them. The more obvious of the motions of the sun, moon, and planets are the resultant of only a few simple motions and for this reason the scientific method was discovered in attempting to explain the real movements which are the cause of the apparent motions of these bodies. Because the planets move in a vacuum and under the influence of relatively few forces, it was possible, from observations of their motions, to discover the laws of motion. If the sky had always been overcast, it is doubtful if we should have yet have discovered these all-important laws. It seems obvious that in beginning the study of science we should base our instruction upon subjects which are fundamental and which at the same time have a strong appeal. Physics is a subject which is admitted by all to be a basic science and what is more basic in physics than the laws of motion? Should it not be clear, then, that the path by which mankind discovered these laws is also the path by which each individual will gain acquaintance with them as well as a real understanding of them? Add to this the appeal which astronomy has for practically all and we at once see the ideal approach to a comprehension of perhaps the most difficult and yet the most fundamental of the laws of nature for the developing mind to fully grasp.

The course in General Astronomy is the one through which the department must reach the great majority of students who take astronomy at all and through which the attempt is made to fulfill the objects outlined, perhaps as important functions as a department of science can fulfill. In the presentation of this course, the emphasis is put upon the methods of obtaining our data and how the laws of nature are derived therefrom, rather than upon the facts themselves.

In developing the subject, the history of its unfoldment is continually stressed because nothing is more capable of giving an appreciation of how man's intellect, aided by the intuitions which come to the souls of the great and the good of all ages, has gradually risen from the darkness of ignorance and superstition in which we find primitive



THE FUERTES OBSERVATORY

man; than is a study of the history of astronomy; a history which reveals to us that only the mind and soul of man is divine, for physically he is impotent amidst even the primal energies of his infinitesimal world.

Again in our course the fact is stressed that the ability to unravel the laws of nature from the tangled skein of phenomena which presents itself to our gaze, is made possible as a result of precise measurements and exact observations collected with almost infinite patience and skill and made here upon our minute world. These measurements and observations are first classified and then interpreted by the use of man's intellect to test the validity of intuitions which come to his soul from we know not whither. The intuitions which prove to be valid, we call laws of nature.

Nothing is more capable of giving man an appreciation of the glory and wonder of the universe in which he lives, whether measured by the vastness of the space considered, the incomparable greatness of the energy exhibited, the beauty, harmony and grandeur of the movements considered or the infinite possibilities revealed, than is the science of astronomy. Such contemplations bring home to man an appreciation of the physical insignificance of himself and his world in the universe of space, energy and time. Nothing is more capable than astronomy of revealing to man that we live in a universe of law and order, and that though man and his world are physically insignificant, yet in his mind and soul man is a part of a magnificent creation, since he is capable, in a measure, of comprehending the plan and meaning of the universe, capable, in a measure, of understanding the Infinite.

AGAINST ODDS

(Continued from page 7)

lips, who runs a pool room down here on Forty-second street. He was pointed out to me the other day. These people mingled with the students and other people in the lobby offering all sorts of odds against the varsity team. There was nothing for us to do but to wait till the game would start.

"When the game started the gamblers nearly died of heart failure: Peterson and Baker composed the battery for the State University. Freddie told the pitcher about the gambling odds and Peterson worked his head off to win. Freddie also did some fine work. He cut down a couple of runners by some remarkable throwing to second base and hit safely on his two chances at the bat. Then came the fatal fourth inning. With two out and the bases full, one of the Manhattan players hit a high foul in back of the home plate and Freddie ran after it full speed. Someone yelled 'Can't get it,' but he never paid any attention to the warning and kept on running, with his head high in the air, looking after the ball. He ran right into the concrete grandstand and was knocked unconscious. He was carried off the field and the game was lost."

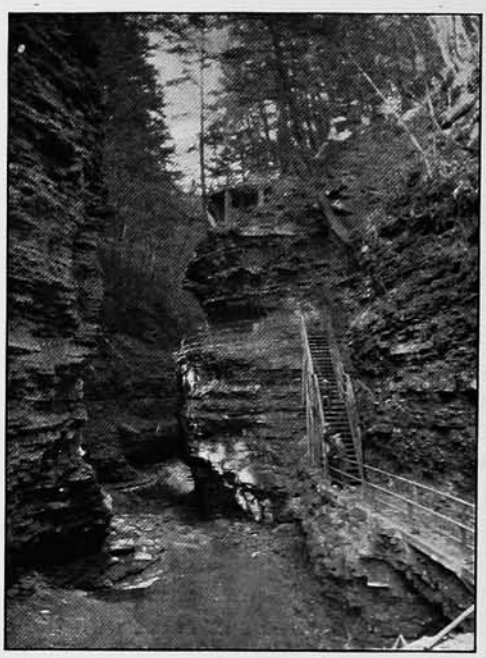
Bateman finished and for a while none of us said anything. Langden looked as if he were going to apologize but Bateman spoke first.

"This is to show you how hard the game is played in college and how much it means to the players to win the game. Poor Freddie did his best but Fate stacked the cards. Well, let's go to the movies. I want to laugh."

Thought for Today—

Very often
When I am seated
In a barber shop
Or ice cream parlor
Between two great mirrors
And I gaze
At the image of my face
In one of them
I reflect that if only
My head were
Transparent
I could see
Infinity!

—H. B. CUSHMAN.



The Lights of the City

I stand at dusk upon the hill,
And watch the embers of the sun
Burn out, and scatter one by one
In purple ash through out the west,
And settle slowly on the breast
Of lake, and town, and valley, till
The misty veil has hid from view
The mountain slopes and waters blue.

And then the city lights come out
Like stars, appearing up and down
Along the flat streets of the town,
And soon the western hill is seen
Outlined with lights, and in between
A thousand beacons boldly flout
Their borrowed light, to testify
Of man's dominion, to the sky.

And when the murky atmosphere
Is backward like a curtain rolled,
The beauties of the night unfold,
And larger than the brightest star,
Whose splendor they pretend to mar,
These imitation orbs appear,
As if determined to present
A larger, brighter firmament.

My fancy often traces there
Familiar groupings and designs,
Produced in uniform outlines,
Defying thus the laws of space,
Yet lacking that celestial grace
Which man's creation may not share,—
For elements which serve in bands
Yield fully but at God's commands.

If we could turn the sky about,
Reversing heaven's canopy,
Would all the stars shine equally—
Orion, and the Pleiades,—
With steady brilliance like to these
Which nightly call the student out
To gaze with pride upon the place
Which mirrors heaven's inverted face?

We may not feel their subtle power,
Or mark the impress on the soul
Until we lose their calm control,
But sacredly we cherish still
Among the memories of the "hill,"
The recollection of that hour
When sorely tempted to despair
We found new inspiration there.

—E. HAINSWORTH '22.

The Grand Old Man

VOLTA EXPLAINING HIS BATTERY TO NAPOLEON

How Electrical Engineering began

IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

General Electric Company

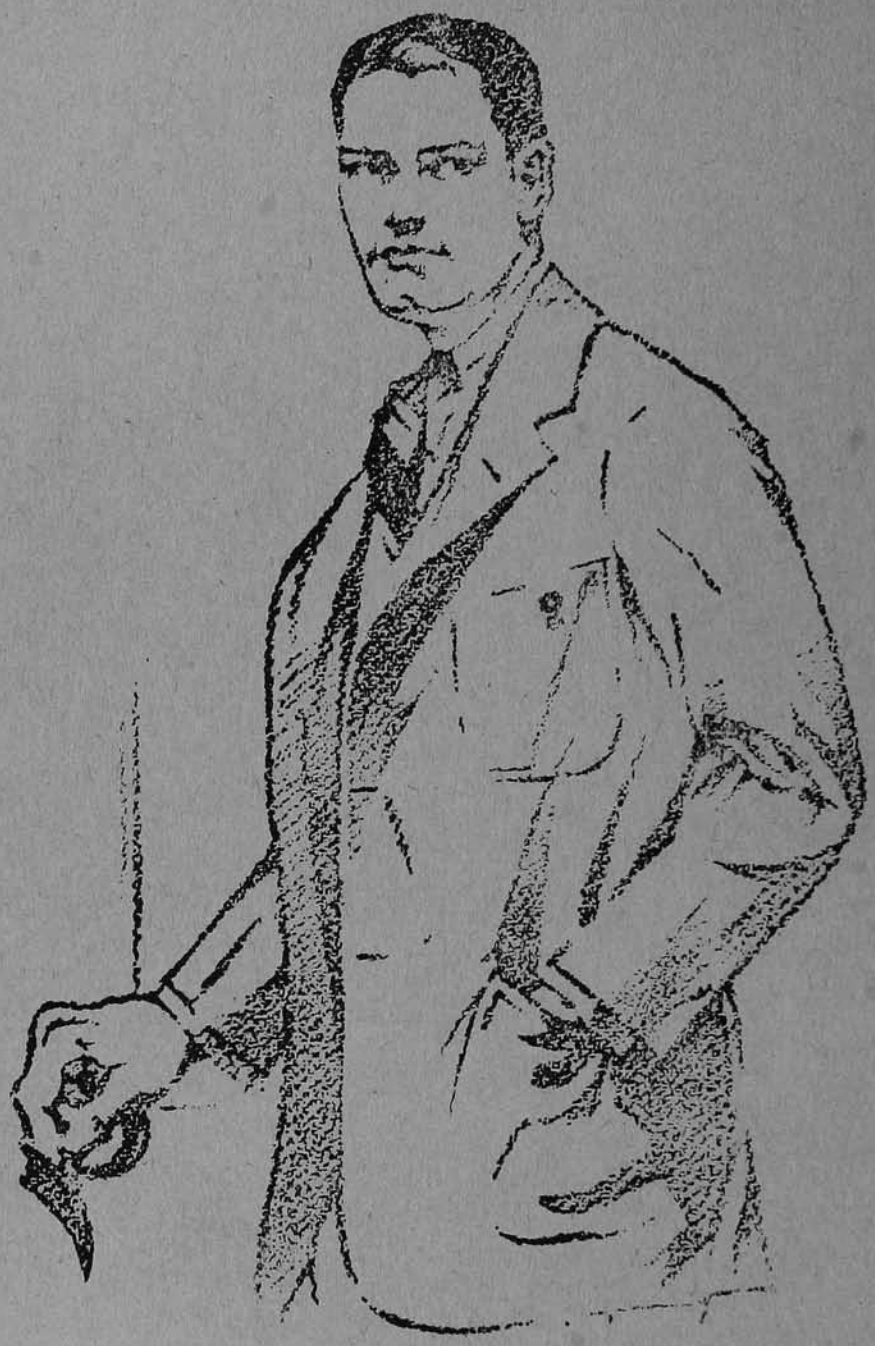
General Office *Schenectady, N.Y.*

95-635 D

The Atkinson Press, Ithaca, N. Y.

THE CORNELL ERA

SPRING DAY



The Cornell Era

222 East State Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

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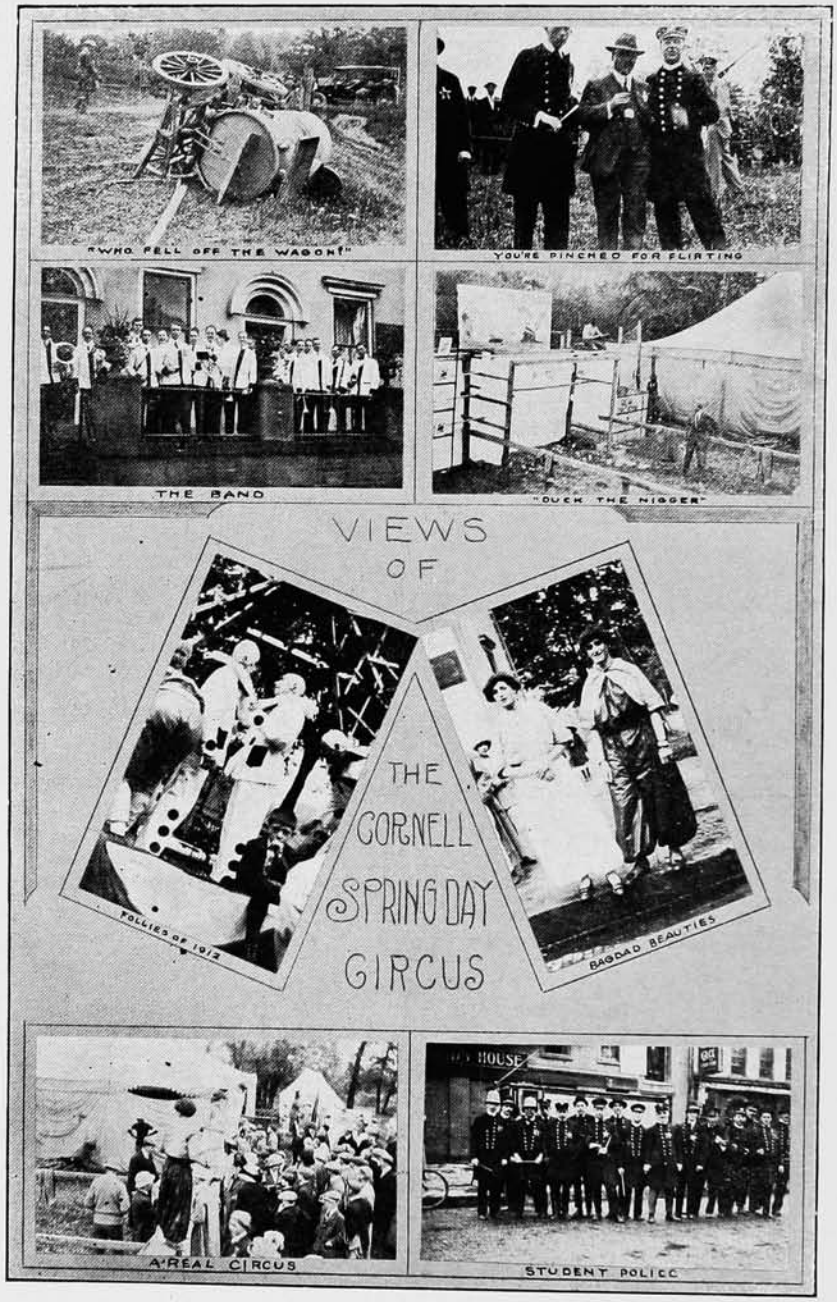
Spring Day at Cornell Ten Years Ago!



Such are the incidents, the memory of which you cherish more and more as the years pass. Such are the incidents which THE ERA shows you and tells you about. Get your eye and your mind on Cornell, and keep them there by subscribing to THE ERA now.

The CORNELL ERA, 222 State St., Ithaca: Send THE ERA FREE for the rest of the year and for $2.50 for all of next year to

Name..... Address.....

The Mighty Might

JUST the other day, I was riding up the Hill on my bicycle, trying as best I could not to outstrip the automobile race up to the athletic field. The cars were really having a harder time of it than the committee had foreseen. When two hundred and fifty-two cut throats, with two hundred and fifty-one cut-outs open (the other I am sorry to say had no muffler at all) start tearing around the corners on their way up the Hill in two hundred and fifty-two cut-downs, something is bound to happen.

And since it was bound to happen, it did. At one curve overlooking a drop of some fifty feet, one driver lost control of his car and went sailing over into eternity. That left only two hundred and fifty-one beetles to race up the Hill.

Then another car talked back to a silent policeman and got ten days at Watkins Glen. That left only two hundred and fifty beetles to race up the Hill.

Still another tried to cut the route short by jumping across the gorge. But when he got half way across, his momentum gave out and he sank slowly to the bottom. Naturally, by the time he had pulled it up on the road again with a piece of grocery string, the others had too big a head start for him to compete longer. That left only two hundred and forty-nine.

Then a Red Indian leaped from nowhere and relentlessly tomahawked another poor, poor victim. Oh, so very much poorer after the encounter. That left only two hundred and forty-eight beetles to race up the Hill.

As I pumped along amidst all this wrecking of cars and disaster, I noticed a slight, ascetic looking man, sitting on the curbing and staring with glazed eyes at the passing stream of cars. The sight of this poor man touched my heart and I certainly would have stopped to make inquiries about his troubles, if the excitement of the race had not spurred me on.

Then I caught sight of two cars which had gotten their wheels tangled; and the cars following had to bump them out of their way before they could get by. When radiators were counted afterwards, it was found that only one hundred and ninety-nine beetles were left to race up the Hill.

But the saddest happening of all occurred when one of the fat Irish members of the Ithaca Force tried to arrest one of the drivers. The unsuspecting student displayed his membership card in the Ford Owners Protective Association and the cop laughed himself to death. This would not have been so bad, if the pilot of the car in trying to get over the corpse, which was sprawled out in front, had not broken off both front wheels. This left only one hundred and ninety-eight beetles to race up the Hill.

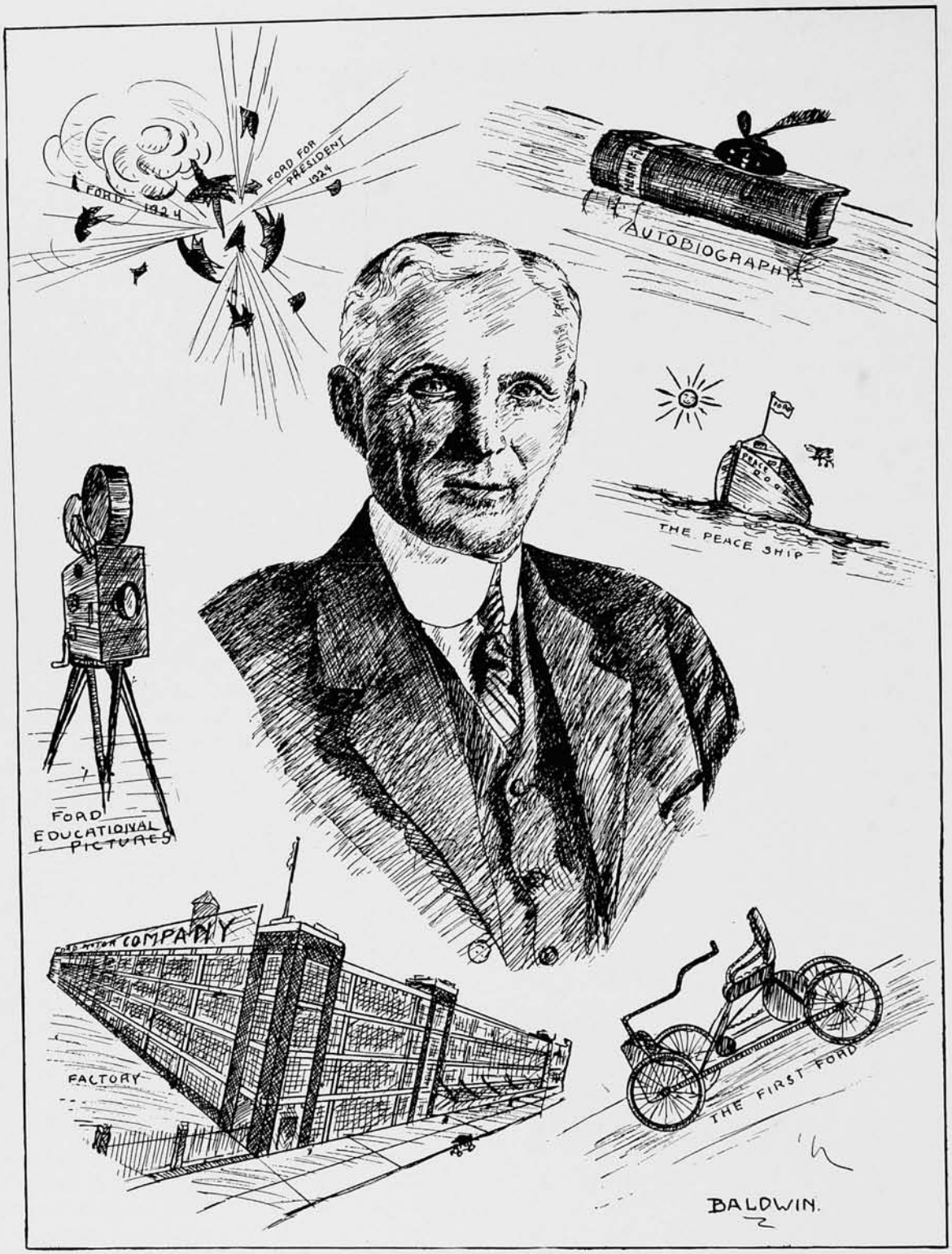
I could continue this account indefinitely, but this should be enough to convey to you, most beloved reader, the sad havoc and misery rife on this beautiful May afternoon. One after the other the cars were disabled until only one was left to cross the finish. And that had lost its gas tank, so that the mechanic had to sit on the back blowing hot air through the feed pipe. It was too depressing.

As I was coasting back down the Hill, I again saw the strange old man, still sitting where I had seen him last and weeping bitterly. I was overpowered and stopped to see if I could not render some small comfort to this dejected fellow. "Prithee, fair sir, why weep ye?"

"I cannot impart my shame to a stranger, sir," said he proudly.

"I beg of you, consider me as a friend, my good man; for a friend indeed, is anyone when you are in need," begged I, quoting recklessly from the scriptures.

He looked with new hope into my eyes and said, "My friend—for you shall be my friend—bide awhile and lend me your ear. Many years ago, I was a promising young mechanic. I had my tinsmith's degree from the University and still continued to follow the doings there by reading that inestimably valuable magazine, the CORNELL ERA. Then one unhappy day, a copy of the *Widow* fell into my hands and while I was still suffering the excruciating pains of struggling through its pages, I invented these horrible, rattling, make-shifts that have been continually driving past me this afternoon. Never since that day, long ago, have I been able to harden myself enough to ignore the shame that arises in my bosom whenever I view an example of my work."



A FORDBIOGRAPHY

The First Spring Day and Others

By R. W. Sailor '07, Editor of the Cornell Alumni News

IN common with many important, interesting, or productive innovations, the roots of the inspiration for Spring Day reached down into very unlovely necessity and poverty. The situation facing the athletic management at Cornell in the winter of 1901 was anything but rosy.

The "gate" on the football season of the fall of 1900 had been very unsatisfactory. The athletic management was therefore compelled to find some way to finance baseball, track, and rowing, for the meager profits on football had gone to pay the debts of the 1900 season for these same sports. The budget demanded at least four thousand dollars for rowing, one thousand for track, and one thousand for baseball, and the till was empty.

A radical change had arisen in the alumni attitude toward giving during this period. The alumni had seen their previous contributions poured into the pot for current expenses and could observe no results. They determined henceforth to give their funds for permanent improvements and extraordinary expenses such as foreign tours, and to demand that the students bear the expense of maintaining the teams. The registration was then well over two thousand and it was thought that the students could, should, and would maintain the teams. You may take it from the fact that the teams have been maintained continuously since then that they did.

Several important advances were the result of this awkward situation. It was the inspiration of Spring Day, the Graduate Managership, the Athletic Association, and the Athletic Association membership, or season ticket.

It does not particularly concern us here how the community met the immediate need. It might suffice to say that a mass meeting in January subscribed nearly four thousand dollars; each publication and social club, and many other organizations subscribed from ten to fifty dollars, to a total of over eleven hundred; and by the middle of March the committee announced that it would discontinue soliciting the students and advance on the Faculty and townspeople. These groups naturally came to the rescue adequately—as did every sort of performing organization, Masque, Glee Club, Mandolin Club, Orchestra, all giving benefit performances for the Athletic Fund.

It is generally written that Spring Day was instituted in 1903. As a matter of fact, it was merely christened "Spring Day" then. The first event of the kind, clearly the invention itself, was held in 1901. It was not given a name then but it was obviously the first Spring Day—identical in spirit and performance with the succeeding annual affairs, and its resemblance was not even remote enough to properly permit its being called a prototype.

The first Spring Day, although not actually called by that name or any other, was held on Friday, March 29, 1901. The Athletic Fund Entertainment, a joint performance of the Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs, and the Masque, was the main feature of the day. The circus parade of the forenoon was intended merely as an advertising feature. As subsequent Spring Days revealed, this "advertising feature" gave sufficient promise so that it eventually became the main show with the more formal entertainment viewed as the side shows.

This first circus was advertised as "The Magnificent 20,000 Pound Noonday Parade—Gorgeous Paraphernalia and Fittings—50 People—50 People—Three Great Bands in One!" On its list of attractions were "Two wild and bloodthirsty hounds, one large and one small, with their trainers"; "one splendid specimen of zebra, the only one of its kind in existence, not exhibited on rainy days"; "the largest and smallest horses in Ithaca"; "scores of monkeys and various other interesting features." Spectators were warned not to annoy any of the animals.

Those who understand the spirit of Spring Day will easily visualize the parade, and will understand that the management adhered as closely as possible to the advertised list of features. There were persons in the parade who were prepared to receive gifts of currency for the benefit of the athletic fund. That it was a huge success from the students' point of view is attested by the fact that nearly everyone cut classes at twelve o'clock, and everyone even remotely connected with the circus took the whole day.

In subsequent years this suspension of University class work received official sanction, at first as a one hour recess, later as a holiday. The name

(Continued on page 24)

Baseball

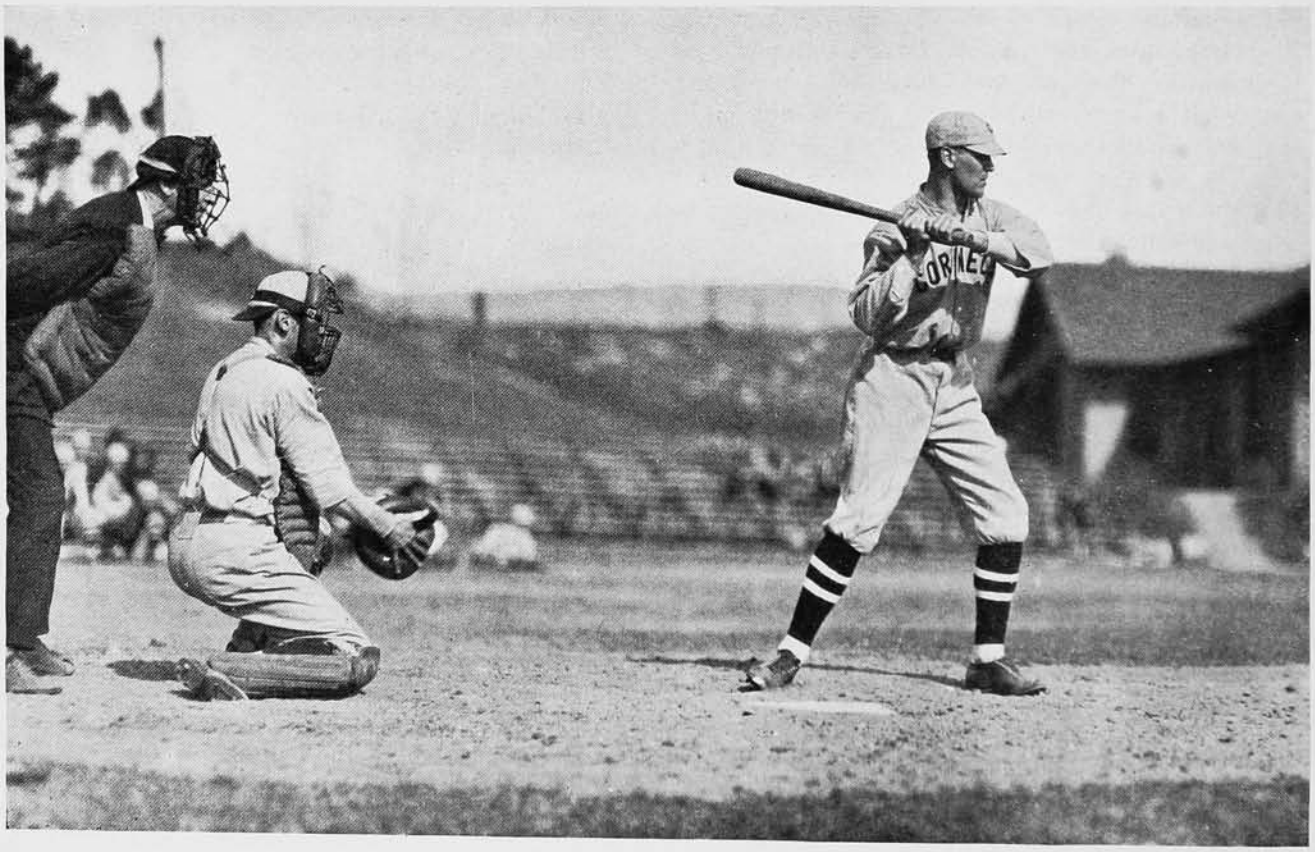
Our Team and Its Brighter Prospects

THE baseball cycle has been half completed, and whatever hopes for a winning team Cornell may have entertained have been sadly crushed. We may say, however, with a faint trace of "sour grapes" that we cannot always win. On some occasions the team has played excellent ball, but at other times it has gone completely to pieces. This, of course, is baseball.

It is self-evident that the pitching staff is weak. For this, no one is to blame. Good pitchers may be made with long training and care, but excellent pitchers, like poets, are born, not made. Coach Carney has had a real problem, and is working out the solution for it. After Henderson, who very recently began to pitch, has had a little more experience, he will in all probability be a good pitcher. No matter how fast the infielders and outfielders are, and no matter how adept the catcher, unless the pitcher can keep a certain number of men from hitting the ball, the rest of the team cannot prevent these men from scoring. Thus when Cornell held the lead in the game with Princeton, had she had a good pitcher she could have kept the lead throughout the game. The weakness in this department also permitted Lafayette to make two triples and a double in succession. It has been said that the reason our pitchers break down is that they begin to concentrate too much on throwing the ball over the plate. If, when the opposing team has begun to hit them, they would throw wide balls, taking a chance on a walk, there would be fewer damaging hits. The batter, furthermore, will often "bite" on wild balls. But it takes a seasoned pitcher to pitch to the man instead of the plate, especially when there are men on bases and he fears a walk.

Throughout Cornell athletics there is a system. It is something indefinite and strange, yet it as-

(Continued on page 32)



Columbia Game—Rollo at bat *Photo by Troy.*

How One Man Won a $10,000 Job

By Morris Bishop '13

THE DIRECTORS were meeting in a room which was evidently the President's Sanctum, if one might judge by the letters PRESIDENT on the glass door. The word "Sanctum" did not appear, since all Presidents' offices are called Sanctums.

Every lover of magazine advertising would recognize the Directors; one, full-faced, white-moustached, with knit brows, wore black-rimmed eye-glasses with a ribbon; one, dark, clean-shaven, hawk-featured, wore the white vest so much favored by Directors; the third, a younger man, was noticeable chiefly for his projecting chin, massive, swelling chest, and the perfection of his clothes, which, though in fact modest in hue and cut, managed somehow to give an impression of loudness and aggressiveness. All three wore the sour expression which indicates either chronic indigestion or, in Advertising Art, thought.

The younger man, who looked as though his name was Hamilton or Thornley or Andrews or something similar, rose to his feet and rested the fingers of both hands on the table, as one always should in Directors' meetings.

"Gentlemen," he began, "whom are we going to put in charge of the co-ordination of the Western district with the interrelations of the Perpetual Inventory System?

IT'S A $10,000-A-YEAR JOB

and we want a *big* man who can make *big* plans; not a drudge but a *doer;* above all, a man who has had TRAINING. Now I want to propose Hugh Hewison. You will say that he is only a glue-dipper in the plant; but I tell you he is a COMER! He has been taking a correspondence course in Industrial Management; the school has been sending me most encouraging reports of his work; he got an A+ on the final examination and has received a magnificent diploma. Gentlemen, I nominate Hugh Hewison!"

His ringing words were greeted only by silence. The white-moustached gentleman, who looked as though his name was Bradbury, knit his brows and toyed uneasily with his pencil. At last he spoke.

"I'm afraid Hewison won't do. He's a capable fellow, but we can't promote him. He can never be a success in life because he has—well—I don't know quite how to put it—"

"Go ahead, Bradbury, spit it out," said the third Director, who looked as though his name was Cohen.

"Well, it's—it's—something his best friend wouldn't tell him.

HALITOSIS

(Medical term for bad breath)

The Directors nodded their heads comprehendingly, regretfully. Then Cohen spoke, in his brisk, incisive manner.

"How about Phil Filson? Often noticed him. Always in the wash-room, always brushing his teeth. 'Hello, Filson, what you doing, brushing your teeth?' I'd say. Speaks right up—'You bet! no Pyorrhea for me!

PYORRHEA
ROBS MANY OF SUCCESS

but it won't get me. I won't have my efficiency lowered by the wrong dentifrice.' He let me look in his mouth. Wonderful! Beautiful pink, firm, and healthy gums. Y'ought to see them. Phil Filson's the man for the job. You'll find him in the wash-room now, brushing his teeth."

But Bradbury was still knitting his brows. "Come, Bradbury, unravel your brows!" said the first speaker. "What's the matter with Filson?"

"Well—" Bradbury spoke with evident difficulty. "Filson's all right, and I am much impressed by the condition of his gums. But I have another candidate. I must admit with pain that he has never taken any courses of any sort. He sedulously avoids vitamines in his food. His health is being sapped by a lack of yeast in the blood. He looks old and broken because of improper shaving. Failing memory, falling hair, and weak arches are holding him back in the race for Success. He is bound and shackled by the lack of a dominating personality. His social career has been wrecked by his inability to play the ukulele. And yet—" Bradbury raised his great head proudly. There was not a sound save for the subdued knitting of his brows. "And yet, gentlemen, he is my son!"

Mr. Bradbury's son was immediately and unanimously elected Correlator of Intersectional Systematizations.

The Influence

By Flemming Hawes
With all due apologies

BURGOMEISTER HORTON is responsible for this story. We were sitting in my swell drawing room, belonging to my swell town mansion. I had about decided to give up that mansion as the swellness of it all was getting on my nerves. Burgomeister Horton was a playwright. He had written two melodramas and a problem play. He often proudly claimed that he had sold one-third of his plays which, he said, was a fine record. He often admitted that his passionate nature made his plays possible. . . . .

However, while sitting in my swell drawing room the talk drifted to old times when we buddied together around by the gas works. Consequently Horton led the conversation around to crap shooting and retold of the time when he successfully pyramided eight times without losing. It was only with great persuasion that I could get him off of the subject.

Suddenly he said: "What is the influence of a good woman on a bad man?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Well, then," he said, "let me tell you a story. Two years ago, Smith Brothers, then a very famous burglar, was up to a house party I was having in my home in the Catskill Mountains. I had given up my studio apartment immediately after the scandal and so there was no other place to invite him. I didn't mind, though, as I really liked Smithy. He really was relieving to have around. One afternoon we found ourselves together in one corner of my house. We talked together for awhile and finally my understanding nature got him in a confidential mood. Finally he looked straight into my eyes and said:

" 'I am going to tell you a story that I have never told a soul before. Remember, this is strictly confidential'. '

" 'I shall keep the matter a secret to my dying day,' I answered.

" 'Very well,' he said, 'I will tell you my story. It has to do with the influence of a really good woman on a bad man. I was that bad man'.

"I snorted my disbelief.

" 'Oh, it's true enough,' answered Brothers. 'Only too true. One fine evening I had entered a house with the express purpose of getting a little service. Silence abounded. It was so silent that I thought that I had set off a still alarm. My nerves were a little on edge that night anyhow as I was almost stark naked, having lost all of my clothes in a strip poker game some few days before. Soon, however, I regained some of my old time courage for in the middle of the living room I saw a large and rather neat safe. I made my way as silently as a cat to where it stood. My fingers played nervously across its dial for a moment. I tried the handle. It would not open! Again and again I tried to open that safe. Still I couldn't open it. Then I lay back and rested. It was at that moment that I realized that I was not alone in the room. The realization made me blush, for you must remember my attire. Slowly, cautiously, I turned about. And there, in back of me, I saw the most celestial, the most beautiful woman that I had ever seen in all of my life. A faint aura seemed to glow about her. I asked her if I could have a date with her for the following Thursday. She didn't seem to understand. . . Her eyes, looking deeply into mine, seemed so calm and peaceful. They gave me a thrill right through my insides. Finally she said to me:'

" ' "You are a burglar. I can tell by the way you act. Why are you a burglar? Don't you know that to be a burglar is to be dishonest? Don't you know that it is wicked to steal? Think of your mother—your dear old mother. She expects better things of you." '

" 'That young girl's words went right to my heart and something seemed to break within me,' said Brothers. 'I felt ashamed. I looked at the girl and told her that I was a reformed man. I told her that even if she told me the combination of that safe I wouldn't open it.

" 'She looked at me so calmly and told me that she believed me and to prove that she was sincere in her belief she was going to tell me the combination of that safe. And she did, too.'

"Smith Brothers paused here. Then, suddenly becoming tense, he said: 'You know, that incident affected my whole life!'

" 'You mean that it reformed you?' I asked in astonishment.

" 'Indirectly, yes,' said Brothers. 'After the girl had retired, I got enough money out of that safe to retire on. I have not committed a crime since.'

"That was Brothers' story," said Horton, "about the influence of a beautiful woman."

I smiled appreciatively for I admire a story with triple quotation marks.

One may not doubt that, somehow Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud—
—RUPERT BROOKE.

About Campus Cars

Being a Synthesis of Student Opinion

Dear ERA:

The question of whether or not the University should prohibit the ownership of cars by students seems to be one whose solution hinges on that institution's moral right. As to their authority it is unquestionably within their power to set down that non-ownership of a car be a requirement for enrollment. On the other hand it might seem that such a requirement as this is an overstepping of their moral right.

They have already set down certain prerequisites for entrance and once in have established a standard which if not met means the imposition of a penalty. The meeting of these standard requirements signifies that the student is qualified to receive a degree. Providing the requirements are met, a rule prohibiting the ownership of cars might be regarded by some as much an infringement on their personal liberties as a rule limiting the number of suits of clothes a man may possess. Ownership of a car cannot be considered a violation of any code of convention, and what seems to be needed more than a correction of student recreation is traffic regulation and suitable parking space.

JAMES H. LUTHER.

To the ERA:

Car ownership should be limited to upperclassmen. There are two fundamental reasons. First, because the parking situation is such that somebody will have to forego the privilege; but secondly, and more important, is that 99 44/100% of the underclassmen are in the densest fog as far as the amount of time needed for study, and whereas we don't know a thing about it, we imagine that a car would rather interrupt this activity. Of course, there is some justice in arguing that if an underclassman cannot use his judgment he deserves to bust out, but we should never forget that at college "he has no mother's hand to guide him."

ROBERT J. SLOAN.

Dear ERA:

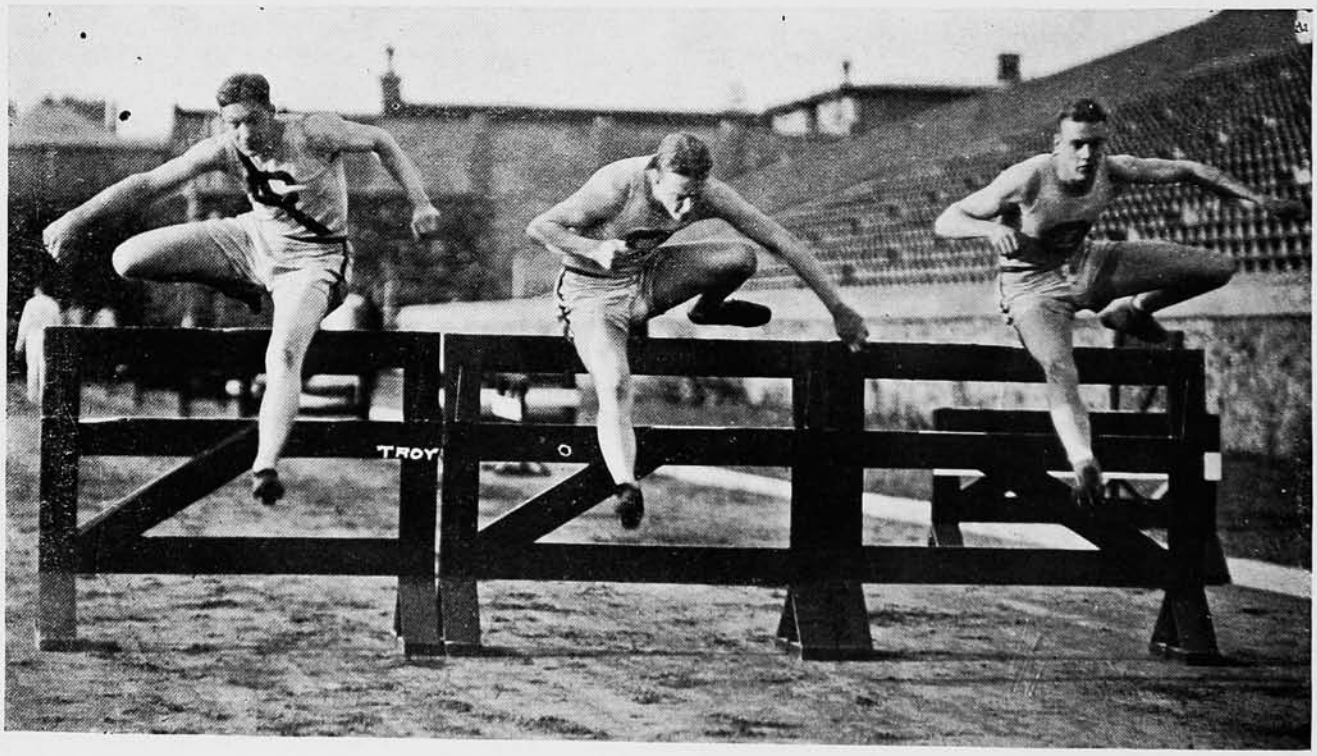
I heartily endorse the sentiments expressed just above.

"HAL" DUELL.

Editor CORNELL ERA:

Undoubtedly something must be done soon in regard to the problem of student-owned automobiles in the University. One glance at the line of cars of every make and vintage parked daily in

(Continued on page 26)



Stone, Treman, and Watt abreast crossing the high hurdles

The Spirit of Crew

IN the fall, while the Big Red Team is being cheered on to victory and championship honors, while the cross-country runners are reaping the laurels that annually come to them, while the soccer team is kicking its way to victory, there is one sport that just begins to prepare and lay the foundations for its future success. Far from the ringing cheers that accompany these other sports, the Cornell crews bend lustily to their oars, and in late September, begin work for a task that doesn't end until June of the next year.

One wonders at times just what attraction there is in crew that draws out so many contestants and keeps them out for a number of years. Surely there is no physical impact of bodies to give him any thrill of satisfaction as the football player feels. There is no opportunity for individual glory as one experiences in baseball and track. To the outsider, there seems to be nothing but a series of mechanical movements; nothing but the pulling of an oar through the water (which seems so easy) and the taking it out (which seems easier).

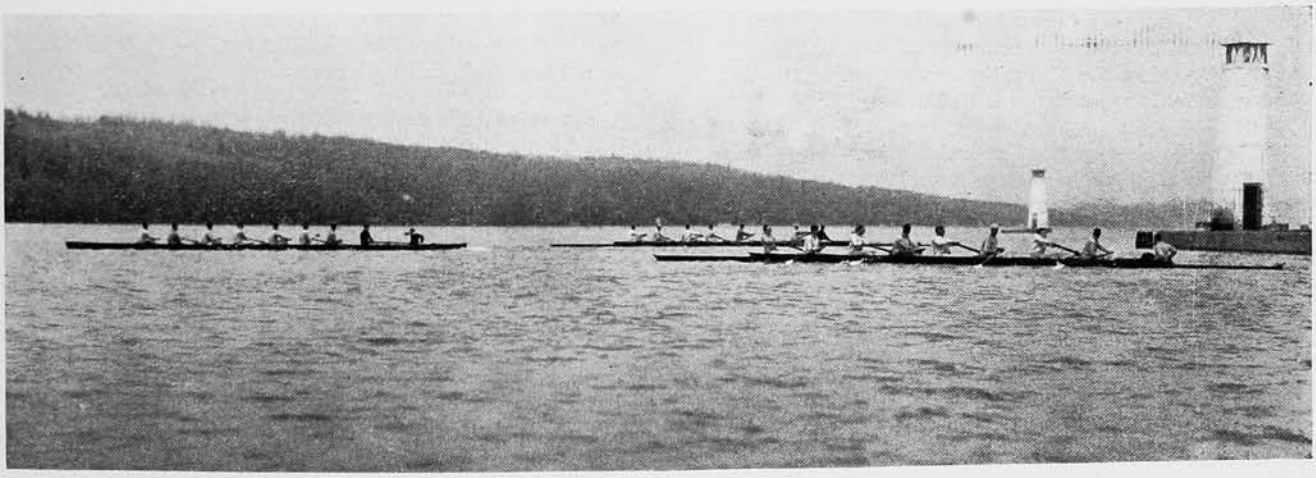
But there are two attractions that crew offers as a sport. One is the sense of rhythm which one enjoys on every pull; the other is the spirit of competition which assumes an extreme form. As to which is the more important element, one cannot answer off-hand. It depends entirely on the individual crew man and his characteristics. Dr. Spaeth, the Princeton coach, bases his Philosophy of Crew on the first element. We would be more prone to base the Philosophy of Cornell Crew on the second factor. However, both of them are always present and act together.

In crew, all the muscles are in complete co-ordination at all times. There is a poetry of motion which is unexcelled in any other sport or even by the most beautiful of aesthetic dances. The rhythmic swing of the bodies in motion gives one a picture of the highest development of aesthetic beauty. There is no more perfect or fascinating spectacle than to watch the eight blades catch the water, pull through, and feather, all as one. The oarsman is completely "roused in every nerve and sense" to his work. And to him comes that

"Wild delight of knowing
'Tis our power that does the rowing."

But if there is any one thing that stands out prominently in crew, it is the spirit of competition. First the competition to win a seat in the shell; then comes the task of making your boat faster than the others in order to gain the right to represent the University; and finally the test with the pick of the other colleges. It is this spirit of competition that produces a winning crew. It is this spirit of competition that forces each man to do his best, and keeps him working for eight months just to row in one race. It is this spirit of competition that in the end gives one the satisfaction of knowing that he has well earned his place, or, if he doesn't win out, that gives him the determination to come out again next year and succeed. No man who doesn't enjoy the sport can

(Continued on page 22)



The crews resting on their oars at the lighthouses

The Rhyme of the Rainwashed Ford

Oh, I sing ye the rhyme of the rainwashed Ford
And I trust ye will learn this much—
That the cars ye may drive are as human as ye
And they ought to be treated as such.

'Twas a cold, bitter night and the wild wind wailed;
Like a wolf with its icy fangs
It snarled at the windows and rattled the doors
Of the building that's known as Lang's.

But within there was warmth and the flickering lights
That were hung from the whitewashed walls
Shadowed strangely the cars of the idle rich,
As they stood in their separate stalls.

They were talking aloud, as they always did,
When the hour was lazy and late,
And they bragged of the excellent oils they drank
And the grade of the gas they ate.

Painted and polished and glittering things,
These cars of the idle rich,
That had never known of the filth and the dirt
Or the slimy muck of the ditch.

In one corner, a Packard of nickeled steel
Was humming an even tune,
While a low-hung Stutz in a gutteral voice
Was telling a joke to a Moon.

Then a crash! And the door burst open
To the chill of the wind that roared,
And into the palace of luxury's cars
Rolled the broken wreck of a Ford.

The pale light of its lamps was dimming fast,
Its wheels were splintered and lame,
And it carried the scars of a reckless life
On its naked and shivering frame.

The whispering cars were silent now,
The Packard ceasing its hum,
As they stared at the Thing that was standing there
And wondered from whence it had come.

Then it spoke these words I record for you—
(And you ask how I happen to know?
It was told to me by my friend, the Stutz,
No more than a week ago).

"Oh, you wouldn't suppose, you disdainful ones,
So polished and handsome and new,
That I ever was born to the city's streets
And the same sort of life as you.

No, you wouldn't believe that I formerly knew
The fond touch of a loving hand.
Will ye list to the tale of a misspent life
That was wrecked by the love of a man?

I was born in Detroit, where the asphalt streets
Are as smooth as your running board,
And I lived in the ease of the show-room life,
A shining and beautiful Ford.

And then I was loved by a care-free youth,
Who came in and took me away
To a cozy garage he had built for me—
For the love he had bought that day.

Well, he gave me the best that a motor could ask,
In those happiest days of my life—
Ah! the memories rise from the past that is dim
Till they cut like the slash of a knife.

For I knew all the joy of the open road
And the rush of the wind in my face,
And the faith of a confident hand at the wheel
As we travelled the venturous pace.

But the love of a man is a fickle thing
For his cars or the horses he rides,
As I learned on the night that he drove me around
With a beautiful girl at his side.

He gave me a gallon of Mobiloil
That was golden and silky and fine,
And he filled up my tank with a high grade gas.
God! it went to my head like wine.

Oh, my motor was purring that hour as sweet
As ever did Packard or Rolls,
And I took to the road like a living thing.
(Do you doubt now that autos have souls?)

Then we came to a curve—and he turned me wrong!
We skidded—smeared into a tree!
And I knew he'd been whispering love to the girl
And not paying attention to me.

Oh, the shame of it burns like a white-hot brand
As it sears in my mind today;
For he left me there like a broken toy
And They came and took me away.

Yes, they patched me up and they pawned me off,
But I never could be the same,
So I've drifted down through the rutted road
To the life of grime and of shame.

Well, the drifting led to the fatal end
And I've sunken as low as I can—
Oh, I'm battered and broken and old and sick—
I'm the Ford of a college man!"

* * *

The Packard hummed in a lower key,
The Cadillac murmured uneasily,
The winter wind wailed in the drear outside,
As if seeking the soul of the Ford that had died.

—T. S. G. '23.

WHO'S WHO

Charles Franklin Kells

Commodore of the Navy

Phi Delta Sigma
Tau Beta Pi
Aleph Samach
Quill and Dagger
Atmos
Freshman Advisory Committee
C. U. C. A. Cabinet
Freshman Crew Squad
Varsity Crew 2, 3, 4

Laurence Bellfield Pryor

Manager of Crew

Sigma Nu
Quill and Dagger
Aleph Samach
Heb-sa
Major Sports Athletic Council 3, 4
British-American Club
Southerners Club
Masque 1, 2, 3, 4
Sophomore Smoker Committee
Junior Promenade Committee
Senior Ball Committee
Freshman Advisory Committee
C. U. C. A. Council 1, 2, 3, 4
Vice-President Interfraternity Council 4
Savage Club
Assistant Manager Crew 3

A Communication from Murph

Relating Some Sundry Experiences in Detroit of One Murphy

WELL, Finnegan, Oi've nothin' to do 'til the coon comes, so Oi think Oi'll spill the beans. Followin' me invitation to leave the factory, Oi entered the home uv Mishter Ford, 'an I have the dishtinct honor uv collectin' his garrbige from the kitchen and depositin' it in the droive-way fer the colored garrbige gatherer. " 'Tis a great loife! Pretty saft an' aisy!", Oi can hear ye sayin', but whist till ye hear the whoul shtory.

When Oi left ye in New York last Janyuarie Oi came to Detroit an' who should I meet but me old pal O'Shea—you know him, the goiy that put the glue in the teacher's appel poi back in Kilarney. Well, he wuz worrkin' in Henry Ford's toy shop at the toime, an' he suggisted that Oi thry to git a job as his assistint. Now, mind yez, Oi'm not used to worrkin' undher me equwals, but Oi wuz harrd up fer the where-with-all—(that's a good wurd, Finn, Oi hurd Mrs. Ford sayin' it to her son and she seemed to have a worried ixpresshun on her face. Can ye beet it?)—so Oi intherviewed Henry and wuz satisfied that he wuz makin' toys in the roight way an' Oi hitched up. Well, me bye, from that toime on, mind yez, Oi became number 69843 of the gas tank departmint. Oi losht me charikter and me oidenity entoirely. "Quoite an honor to hav such a high number" Oi can hear ye sayin'.

Now, Moike (that's O'Shea's furst name, see) wuz moighty noice to me an' it wuzn't long before Oi wuz jammin' the old tin tanks inta place in foine shape. Wun day, tho, Oi wuz gettin' so far ahed on me job, that Oi had to wate fer the shassys to be shot down the schloide. Well, along comes old Henry himself, admirin' me ability and me aptitude, an' he thought he'd watch me. An' so he did. Oi wuz pritty cliver, tho', an' ivry toime he turned away, Oi held me breath, and whin he wuz "beholdin' unto me" as the Good Book says, Oi wuz pantin' and puffin' loike wun uv his finished toys. Thin he turns to me an' says:—

"Phwat's yer number?"

Can ye imagine that, Finnegan, askin' a man from Kilarney phwat his number is—just as if he were a convict in Sing-Sing. Well, Oi wuz so startled that Oi dropped me tank. Rememberin' me father's lasht wurds "Whin opportunity is hangin' over yer head, don't wait till it hits ye. Reach out an' grab it." Oi wiped me dirrty mit on me pants, exstinded me hand and says:—

"Oi'm about 60467, thanks, and am obloiged fer yer koind inthrist. Oi may be mishtaken tho' about me number an' O'll verify me remark in the shake uv a lamb's tail."

So sayin', Oi ups and pulls up me left pant an' takes a shquint at me oidentification tag, which Oi had toid around me left ankle. Ye see, Oi figured that Oi didn't want it on me arrms because they were easier sliced off than me legs—an' Oi figured that it wuz better on me left leg than me roight leg because me roight leg wuz always gettin' near the machinry. Well, as Oi wuz sayin', Oi gave him me corrict number—69843—an' thin Oi waited fer him to tell me to move me along two cells fer exceptional behavior durin' worrkin' hours. An' shure enuf, he pulled out his handkerchief, an' wiped his withered nose, an' says—"Report to me office at 11:33 tomorra mornin'."

So the next mornin' Oi dressed me up in me new derby and a tin cent cigar and pee-rades to the office. Oi thought Oi'd need a callin' card fer the office boy, but Oi wuzn't shure whether to have me name or me number an' so Oi let it go. Well, moind yez, Finnegan, when Oi went in, there wuz no office boy at all at all, but a cute little shweetey that Oi'm shure Oi saw chewin' gum at Woolworth's. Well, she asked me fer me number—just loike the tilly-phone girrl.

"Number, please!"

Well, Oi thought it wud do no harrm to get on the insoide of his shweetey, so Oi lifts me leg real modest-loike and rips the oidentificashun tag off. Oi rendered it to her dainty paw wid pomp and cirrimony an' says most p'lite loike:—

"If the loine's busy, ma'am, tell him not to hurry, fer Oi have me cigar and will be glad to wait. Me only other engagement today is to have tea an' buns with J. Pierpont Rockafella at foive o'clock."

Well, Oi could see that pleased her, fer she takes the card in her two fingers, as dainty and noice as ye please an' proceeds to walk into Henry's office. But as she wuz goin'—she wuz *so* dainty in carryin' it—she dropped it in the thrash bashket. Quick as a flash—fer Oi felt that opportunity wuz about to hit me on the head agin—Oi leaps over

the railin' and, doffin' me new derby, picks up the card and hands it to her. Well, she wuz so surprised at me gallantrie that she backed away an' almost fell into Henry's private writin' room, leavin' me there blushin' all over an' feelin' proud uv me foine bringin' up.

Oi waited an' waited an' when the twelve o'clock whistle blew, Oi thought it moight be necessary to remoind him uv me existence. But the blond cutey had gone out a minute before the whistle an' no wun wuz there. Oi thought Oi'd take a chance, so Oi goes to the door uv the office, an' flattenin' me nose agin' the whitish glass winders an' Oi tries to peek in. Not a soign uv loife, and not even a sound. So Oi opens the door and shoots one eye insoide. 'Twas a great soight Oi saw, Finnegan! There wuz a big hefty bruiser tryin' quiet-loike to pry open Henry's safe.

Oi got on me hands an' me knees an' crawled silent-loike up behind him. He wuz just pullin' the door open an' stickin' his head insoide when Oi grabbed him. By the back uv the neck an' the seat uv the pants Oi threw him to the floor an' sat on his back an' bumped his head agin the dirrty bear rug, and yellin' at the top uv me lungs fer the p'lice. But there wuz not a sound, but the rattlin' uv his false teeth and the bumpin' uv his head. Oi shtopped bangin' an' looked in the bruiser's face. Who should it be, Finnegan? Well, ye

(Continued on page 22)

Photo by Troy.

Wilhelmina Barton presenting the Barton Cup, awarded for highest efficiency, to Cadet Colonel L. M. Orton

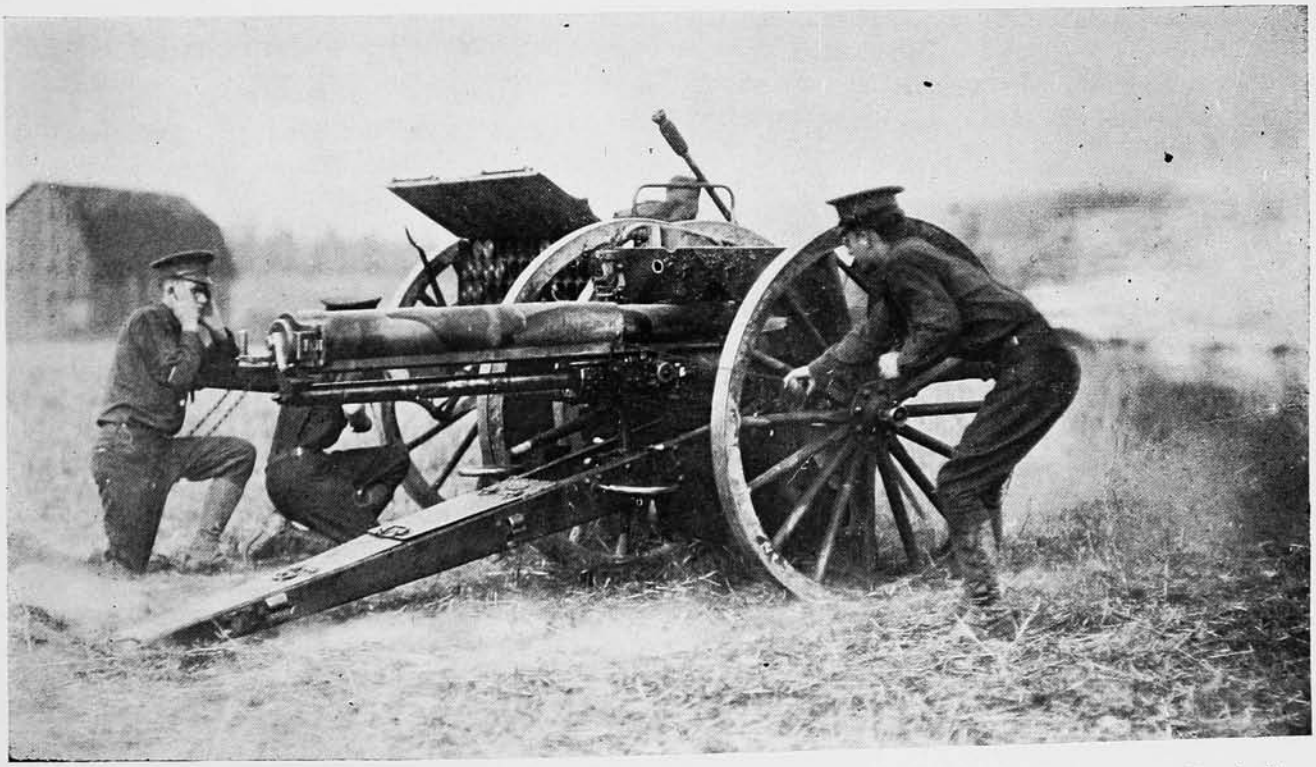


Photo by Troy.

Under fire on Turkey Hill

BOOKS

THE DAY'S JOURNEY. By W. B. Maxwell. 329 pages. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. (Published May 18.)

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Gilbert Parker hail Mr. Maxwell as "the greatest of British novelists," but since I have always had an inclination to despise an author who uses an Irish maid, a lunatic, or an irascible old man as his main character because they are so easy to make interesting, and since Mr. Maxwell has not only used one but two irascible old men, I feel constrained to disagree with those well known gentlemen. The book is interesting enough and rather well written; but that hardly places him in even Hugh Walpole's class. Somehow, though, I do not feel any poignant sorrow at having disagreed with Sir Arthur and Sir Gilbert, for it seems to me that one is in rather bad odor now through some naive spiritualistic beliefs of his, and the other rather smeared his artistic reputation when he committed *Carnac's Folly* last fall.

I fear I am giving the impression that the book is thoroughly worthless, which is not true at all. What I object to is the unwarranted statement that Maxwell is the "greatest of British novelists." The greatest? Not by a long shot! but nevertheless a very capable author, whose books are worthwhile reading, but hardly worth-while keeping.

R. S. H.

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL. By John McGraw. Boni and Liveright: New York. Price $2.00.

A collection of the articles that were syndicated throughout the country last year. The veteran manager of the New York Giants steers around a dangerous subject well. A biography alone would be dry and uninteresting. But he mixes in a history of baseball as far back as 1890, along with discussions of many of the famous plays and players he has run across in his long and varied big league experience. Best of all are the pages of anecdotes about some of the "freak" members of his profession, such as the pitcher who refused to sign a contract unless his bunk-mate gave up his discomfiting habit of eating crackers in bed; and the one who insisted upon joining the fire department in each town the team visited.

All this is related in a plain straight forward style, not in the least stilted or overworked. The book would never win a pennant as a literary work and is not meant for one. It should delight any one who has ever enjoyed a game of baseball.

B. F. H.

DUBLIN DAYS. By L. A. G. Strong. Boni and Liveright. 64 pages.

Verses of a very different sort again, poetry linked with a strain of broad Celtic humor. They do not pretend to be profound, they do not often succeed in being delicate, but they present in the vernacular fresh and interesting sketches of Dublin folk and odd bits of reflection. Some of them, as the several epitaphs, strike at the comic with the directness of a caricature by George Belcher; others have that pleasant naiveté that is echoed even in the cadences, the border line of nonsense. In but a few one finds the satisfying touch of poetic emotion. To read them is to smile at the simple homely characters with genial good-humor, to look upon ignorance or superstition with understanding, and to trace with sympathy a vein of wistfulness and magic.

H. B. C.

TOLSTOI'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Thomas Crowell Company: New York. Price $2.50.

Great will be the reward to the gentle reader who has not given up in disgust at the end of the first play. *The Power of Darkness*, published in 1886, is the least enjoyable of the six dramas, which along with twenty-one short sketches make up this volume of Count Leo Tolstoi's works. Most of these plays when they first appeared were badly mutilated by the political censors.

The extent to which Tolstoi allows his own socialistic ideals and religious beliefs to influence his writings is shown in the three heavier dramas. By far the most powerful of these is *Light Shines in Darkness*, in which he inculcates in the leading character his own views, and tries to right the wrongs of the oppressed and down-trodden lower

classes. The other two are developed with the same underlying principle.

Entirely different, and on the whole much more thoroughly developed, are the lighter plays. In the *First Distiller*, in a farcical style, he gives his version of the invention of gin to torment humanity. *The Fruits of Enlightenment* is the best of the comedies with an extremely well organized plot. B. F. H.

YOU AND ME. By Paul Geraldy; translated from the French by Joseph T. Shipley. Boni and Liveright. 64 pages.

To translate poems is a dangerous task; to do this as Mr. Shipley has done is a neat accomplishment. He has re-created the verses, and apparently he has kept the flavor and the subtle aroma of each one. They are intimate little love poems; delicate, playful, refreshing in their naturalness. Most of them are snatches of conversation, letters, postscripts; open-hearted confessions of a mood of jealousy or annoyance; gay little quarrels and tirades; quiet, cosy talks together. A few of them are bits of meditation. Each is full of tenderness, but with it sanity, and an unexpected humor; bringing to the reader a smile of appreciation, and perhaps of reminiscence. The playfulness and the humor are essentially French, so that these airy translations will be especially welcomed by English readers. H. B. C.

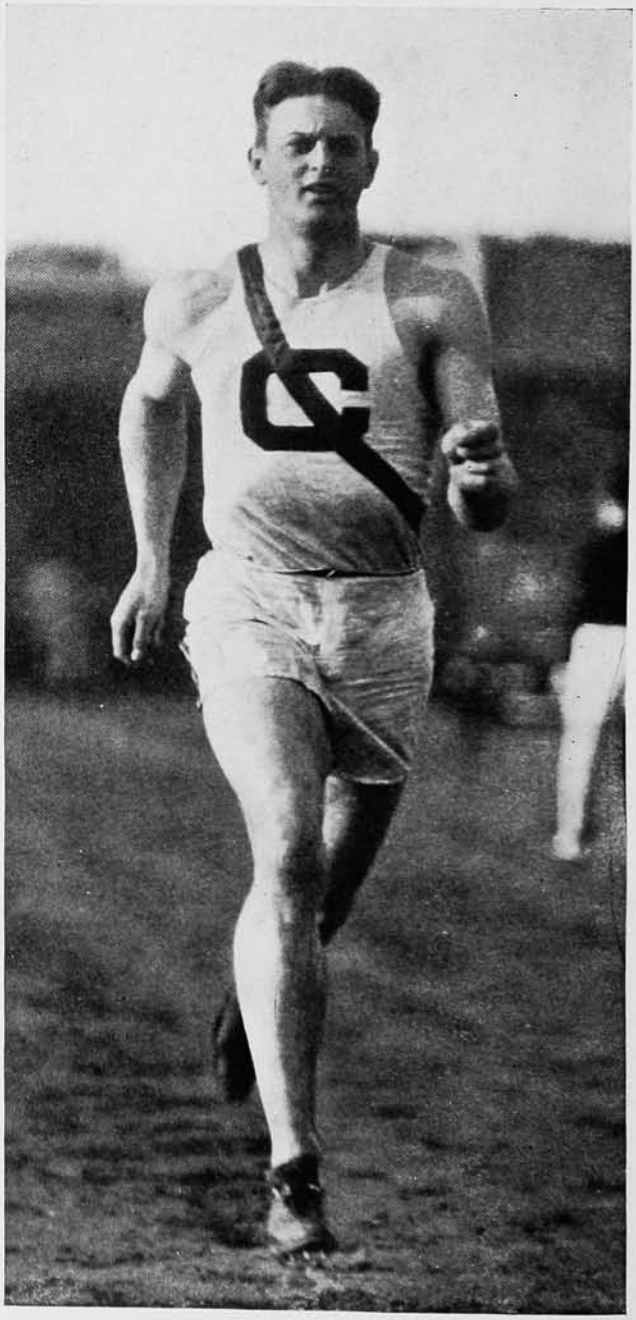
THE VEGETABLE. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price $1.50.

The play reminds one of the inane scribblings of a high school boy. All of Fitzgerald's good qualities that appear in most of his other works are missing. The action is forced and the attempt at satire strained throughout. With good imagination there is one place in each of the three acts where the reader is tempted to laugh. One whole act is taken up in a drunken dream, and the rest of the rollicking humor is dependent upon the senile actions of an old man. If this is a good example, we would recommend that Mr. Fitzgerald forsake his dramatic aspirations and try his hand at another novel. B. F. H.

CONQUISTADOR. By Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price $1.50.

Katherine Gerould has written a work which is sure to attract much attention. It is in the form of a vivid character sketch of the life of a young man on an ancient Mexican hacienda; dealing with the human passions and conflict of two racial traits within one man. For gorgeously colored descriptions Mrs. Gerould has surpassed her other works; and the comparative simplicity of the plot is in marked contrast to most stories of that type. The book is short, has few "skipping spots," and one's interest is actively maintained from the first

(Continued on page 31)



Captain Lovejoy

THE SPIRIT OF CREW

(Continued from page 13)

stand the strain of this competition. In this spirit of competition we find the spirit of crew.

And what greater excitement does one desire than to have another boat racing neck to neck with yours? To sweep along the lake and find that you cannot gain? To pull harder and to spurt, and still find your opponent next to you? And then, all of a sudden, to realize that you are pulling away from him, gaining with every stroke? What a thrill comes over you! It is, indeed, a fitting climax for an eight months' work.

The crew man is essentially a product of his sport. He bears all the characteristics necessary for crew—perseverance, endurance, and "guts."

A COMMUNICATION FROM MURPH

(Continued from page 17)

know 'twas hardly fair to be exshpectin' me to know a man b' the hang uv his pants. When O'Shea saw who was sittin' up top uv him, an' whin Oi saw who was the rascal under-bottom uv me, there wuz niver two more surproised faces in the worrld. Oi wuz jist about to let him up whin we hears a terrible yellin' an' screamin' an' sweetey rushes in. 'Twas an embarrassin' minit fer me, Finnegan, but Oi rose to the occashun.

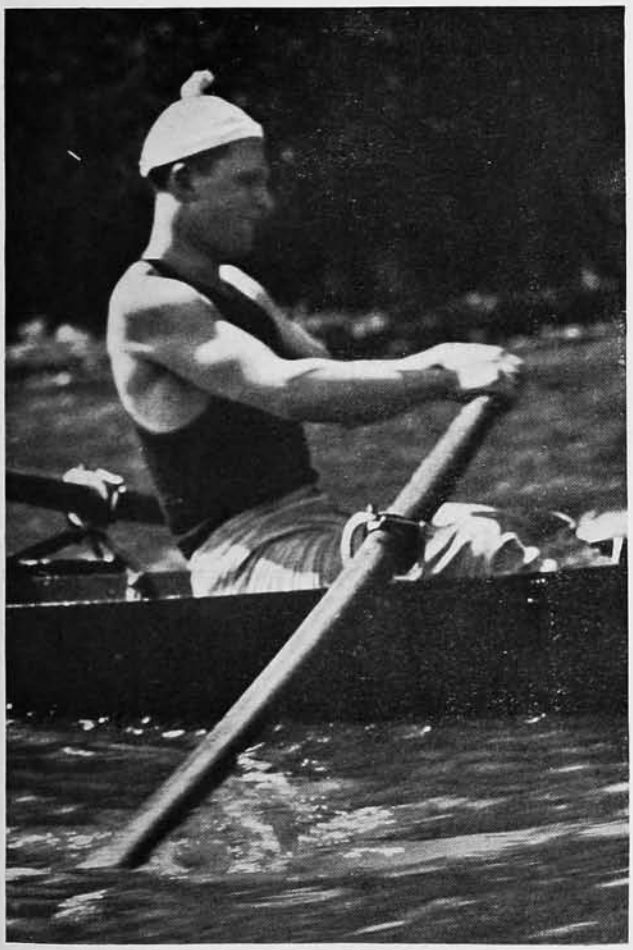
Oi cudn't hilp from tellin' the truth, fer that same feelin' me father spoke uv seemed hangin' over me blessed head wunce more. Whin Henry came in an hour later, Oi wuz shtill parked on poor Moike. On hearin' the shtory Henry rings a buzzer an' a pair of big hushky cops were after comin' in an' takin' Moike out who wuz be this toime lookin' at me awful evil-loike and appearin' loike a dog wat had been caught an' wuz about to be beat.

Well, Finn, to make a long shtory short, Henry seemed to think he orta reward me fer me efforts in savin' his liquer, so he ups an' ashks me if Oi wud loike to worrk fer him an' his woife. Oi says that Oi moight consider the proposishun, an' that Oi thought it moight suit. An' blisht if he didn't shtart to ashk me a thousand an' wun irrilivant quistions about me ancisters an' me family. "Did me father doie in infancy or in Oireland? How many childer had me mither, an' how many wud she have had undher other carcumstances?" "Do ye dhrink?", he says, suddentloike. "Thank ye verry koindly, Oi'll have a little Scotch." An' thin he laughs an' writed down me name (ye see Oi wuz progressin' from that stage uv only havin' a number), an' Oi wuz after becomin' his cook's kitchen helper.

An' so ye see, Finnegan, Oi've been havin' a rather inthrestin' toime uv it. Whoy, wun noight

Henry wanted to have a little parrty an' so he ashks me if Oi had ivver waited table before. "Shure," Oi says, "Oi used to buttle fer Mishter Andrews. Oi ushed to be his coachman tii—" "Nivver moind about all that," he says, flippy-loike, "Do yez think ye can carry around the cock-tails safely? Which soide uv the madam do yez sarve them?" "The insoide, uv coarse," Oi says. Well, bye, Oi had a shwell toime uv it 'til it came to sarvin' the coffee. Oi wuz carryin' it into the livin' room when Oi thripped over the rug an' shpilled the domned shtuff all over. Well, Oi could see that riled him, Finn, fer the next marnin' he tells me real shnotty that the only thing Oi wuz fit fer wuz to carry garrbige. As Oi have tolld yez, Oi nivver miss an opportunity, so Oi am now luggin' his garrbige frum the kitchen door to the back gate. Oi'm injyin' meself tho', fer Oi've a key to the celler an' can take a good shwig onct in a whoile. There's a girrl here from County Cork that works in the madam's . . . . .

Me Gord, Finnegan, there's the can collecter now, an' Oi haven't aven begun to gather in the shlop. So long, me boy, an' please be prayin' fer me soul, because O'm shure to catch it good.



Fillius on a Bender

THE FIRST SPRING DAY AND OTHERS

(Continued from page 7)

Spring Day has never yet become firmly enough established to receive official recognition as such. In the jargon of the calendar makers it is still known as Navy Day, much as the Dormitories are known as Residential Halls, and the Dorgs as restaurants.

On Monday, April 14, 1902, a second annual performance of similar sort was put on for the benefit of athletics. Features consisted of a series of tug-of-wars for the inter-college supremacy, and the sale of articles of some intrinsic worth at "a slight increase in price." The articles included watchmen's rattles, balloons, and toys of various sorts, as well as shredded wheat, pie, and a few other portable edibles. The performance in the evening was somewhat informal and played to a capacity house of fourteen hundred at the Lyceum. The day netted about a thousand dollars for athletics.

On Friday, May 15, 1903, the first affair to be named Spring Day was put on. It was considerably more pretentious than its predecessors, with circus tents, and a suspension by President Schurman of academic work at noon to enable the students to give undivided attention to the circus. It differs from its predecessors in being combined with 'Varsity Athletic events. Not only was this the first appearance of the name "Spring Day," but also the inauguration of the custom, followed for many years, of concentrating the advertising upon a single feature to which had been given a mysterious name. The discovery of the exact nature of these mysterious attractions has cost thousands and thousands of students a quarter apiece, or more if they didn't happen to have exact change. This first Spring Day mystery turned out to be a piglet on a pillow. It was the "much-mooted, mysterious, marvellous, (etc.) mouche-mouche."

Many ingenious successors to this first mystery have been devised, including: "Mzupsi," "Hellpus," "Phillip McCann," and a long line of others. Of late years the nearest approach to these early mysteries was "Colonel G. H. Hardly '69," the "famous alumnus," who was arriving in this country from South Africa just in time to visit the carnival. It is rumored that certain prominent University officials were completely sold on this hoax and prepared to meet the Colonel at the train. This affair was in March, 1919, just after the restoration of the University to a peace footing and did not happen actually to be a Spring Day, although it had more of the characteristics and flavor of the earlier Circuses than many real Spring Days. This may be accounted for by the facts that the urge to raise funds was more imperative, and the reaction from the serious business of war made fun unusually attractive.

Perhaps the most vividly remembered show of any of the entire series, extending over twenty-one years, was a side show sponsored by the Cosmopolitan Club in 1905. It was a bull fight conducted by the Latin members of the Club. Real bulls appeared in the parade, together with accurately garbed "matadors, picadors, and stickadors." The "bull" that actually fought within the canvas arena was nothing more deadly than a perambulator with a hide and horns fastened over it. The fame of this justly celebrated bull fight was due not to anything essential, but to the accidental publicity it obtained. It was a well planned, well executed fake, better than the average show on Spring Day, and noteworthy principally in that it was really almost worth the price of admission. Its crime against the fair name of Alma Mater was that the account of the affair was published in the metropolis with all quotation marks deleted by an over industrious "re-write" man. The usual stew resulted, the correspondent was penalized with some academic chastisement or other, and extra clerks were hired to answer the President's increased postal and telegraphic correspondence. There are still some nervous persons in Ithaca who cannot hear of bull fights without a twinge or two.

(Continued on page 30)

ABOUT CAMPUS CARS

(Continued from page 12)

the rear of Sibley, Lincoln, and Stimpson clearly shows what an issue this question has become.

As the situation appears to me, some sort of regulation must come in the near future either by Faculty legislation, or by student agreement. Obviously, from the point of view of all concerned the latter measure is the most welcome. Various other universities have been confronted with this same problem, and have solved it by undergraduate action.

It seems to me that the most logical solution is for the students to decree that automobiles shall be an upperclass, or even a senior, privilege. By the time an undergraduate has become a junior or a senior he is usually able to adjust himself to his work; the possession of an automobile will not so turn his head that he will neglect his studies on account of it. As it is now, the possession of a machine by many an underclassman is merely a forerunner to a "bust" notice.

O. P. WILLIAMS.

Dear ERA:

Cornell's latest field for undergraduate discussion, the question of student-owned cars on the

campus, readily divides itself into two totally distinct phases. The first, and that of most pressing interest, concerns the abolition of such vehicular traffic because the voices of students and professors, upraised in recitation and lecture, are unable to hold their own in competition with the snortings of automobiles, Fords, and motorcycles.

So far as the writer personally is concerned, in spite of the fact that, for the most part, his classes are conducted in a building situate near the most frequently used campus thoroughfares, he has never experienced any inconvenience from the sounds of traffic. If, however, such inconvenience is sustained by any great number, and the fact could readily be ascertained by means of a questionnaire, it is certainly only fair that traffic should be restricted to those hours when few or no classes are in session.

To advance, in opposition, that such action would be an instance of unwarranted paternalism on the part of the faculty is rank nonsense. In a university where rules are made concerning drinking and other more or less personal activities, and in an age when social legislation of all kinds binds the individual that the good of the community may be served, to speak of freedom becomes heresy. If it becomes clearly apparent that motor traffic on the campus does actively interfere with scholastic work, no compunction need be felt by the administration in declaring that the former, rather than the latter, must be the first to suffer.

JEROME W. THOMPSON.

Dear ERA:

Some people think that the best way to make "Pat" drive his cut-down, yellow "bus" at not more than fifteen miles per hour and to prevent him from parking it under Diederich's window is to take the old thing away from him. Others may think that the motor vehicle laws should be enforced and that adequate and convenient parking spaces should be provided: viz., to wit—on the lots south of Sage College, and south of Morse Hall.

The second solution, which I think is much the saner, would allow "Pat" to continue driving up the hill every day; and in the immortal words of "Larry" Pryor—"may I add, that is something."

Your 'umble servant,
"CHIL" LEONARD.

To the ERA:

It is, of course, essential that the two issues be kept distinct: the problem of campus traffic control, and the matter of student ownership of cars. Some traffic restrictions are sorely needed, and a sane plan can be evolved that need not ban all

motor traffic from the campus. But any attempt to prohibit or restrict the student ownership of cars would be most deplorable. So far as I know, a similar problem has never arisen at Cornell, and so there is no precedent to guide us. But any such prohibition applied to students or any class of students would smack of university paternalism in its worst sense, the meddling interference of the college authorities with the habits, tastes, and luxuries of the students.

HOWARD B. CUSHMAN.

Dear ERA:

Seriously, the present rumored to-do about campus traffic must be very similar to the grave doubts and objections which were raised when the Ithaca Traction Corporation petitioned permission to put a line of car tracks over the campus. When that was granted, the University practically bound itself to allow traffic through the campus precincts. The Trustees certainly have a perfect right to regulate traffic through their own property—the campus. But if they intend to legislate student cars out of campus-precincts, they must also, in perfect fairness, bar faculty cars, and noisesome University trucks and tractors. They must bar delivery cars, and itinerant tourists, and taxis, and whatnot. Is this possible? I think not.

WILLIS WING.

Dear ERA:

I suppose a Ford is a very handy thing to have around Ithaca, but the majority of the students seem to get along just as well without them. Very often the possession of a car has brought the owner to grief by bringing Elmira within a long night's reach. And when a junk yard Ford is used to carry a capacity load to a football game in New York, it is actually dangerous. However, since it is the underclassmen who are the chief violators of common sense in this respect, I believe that to prohibit the underclassmen from owning cars would help.

F. K. LOVEJOY.

To the Editor of the ERA:

The campus traffic policeman's position is becoming more difficult every day. The parking places are full to overflowing. The streets are not safe for pedestrians or motor cars. There is an appalling casualty list among the "Go To The Right" signs. Vague rumors circulate that students will be forbidden to have cars at all. Something *must* be done to protect the upperclass and (speaking personally) the graduate students who drive cars. The remedy seems to make the possession of a car in Ithaca an upperclass privilege, to be rigidly enforced by the upper classes and

(of course!) the graduate students, aided perhaps by the F. O. P. A. The advantages of this are too apparent to mention—and the campus "speed cop," the Ithaca police force, and in fact all but the underclassmen seem heartily in favor of it. What more need be said?

ALLAN H. TREMAN.

P. S.—Why not motorcycles, too?

In publishing this series of letters, the ERA wishes to bring out the consensus of opinion as held by a representative group of students. This trend will probably be shown more clearly by the summary given below:

Car ownership limited to upperclassmen	5
More stringent traffic and parking regulation	3
Cars banned from the campus during certain hours	1
No regulations	1

It would seem, then, that the underclassmen should be refused the privilege of running cars in Ithaca and that possibly some further traffic and parking regulations should be made to govern the cars of the faculty and upperclassmen.

Eddie Gouinlock putting it over

THE FIRST SPRING DAY AND OTHERS

(Continued from page 24)

One notable figure even stood out in the early days against these "outrages." It may have been partly from the fact that he was a Zoologist and was infuriated by a succession of zoological outrages by unscientific nature-fakirs. Whatever may have been the underlying causes, Doctor Wilder's annual Spring Day tirade on the blackboard in his window in McGraw Hall was looked forward to with as much anticipation as any of the shows. There was food for thought, and much homely philosophy, in his polyglot quotations and near-quotations. Below are some extracts, taken from a photograph of one of the boards. (The rarer languages that the Doctor often employed,—Greek, Japanese, and what-not, —are necessarily omitted.) The warnings are as sound now as they were then, and might perhaps have been taken seriously by the ringleaders. Fortunately for Folly and Spring Day they never were.

O, Athletique, que de folies on commet en ton nom!

In an individual, folly may be merely a fault; in a university it is a crime.

From fake shows to fake scholarship *facilis descensus.*

Spring Day, however, has, on the whole, been well received and patronized by the University officers. Cooperation has been excellent in the main, and as long as the shows have been kept within the bounds, there has been little complaint or resistance.

Song

(To guitar or mandolin accompaniment)

The stars are shining, senorita,
Will you stay within?
The moon is rising, Margherita,
Come and greet her in.

Oh, let me win you, senorita,
Steal your heart away;
And let me kiss you, Margherita,
Kiss you ere 'tis day.

For night has opened, senorita,
Like the rose it blooms.
So ope your heart, too, Margherita,
Ere the day Love dooms.

—E. C.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 20)

to the last of the two hundred pages. If you are hungry for a short but substantial, satisfying and rather appetizing literary meal, *Conquistador* would be an admirable addition to your literary menu. G. R. D.

SO THERE. By Franklin P. Adams. 124 pages. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Co. $1.50.

I once had a Professor of English who detested the use of the word "clever" as applied to the genus homo. "A dog," said he, "is clever, or—what shall I say—a trained seal," . . . . . Well, F. P. A. is clever. This recent collection convinces me. And that is not so strong an indictment as it sounds, for methinks F. P. A. aspires to little beyond cleverness, and cleverness he achieves to a degree that pleases a vast following. His the smirk that gratifies, the touch you love to scan . . . In this volume, he treats us to a number of his Horatian Odes, and as usual the translation is faithful and the vernacular refreshing. How much more pleasant it would have been if we could have had our Allen and Bacon written in New Yorkese! Unfortunately there are only two ballades (out of seventy-six pieces!), for so few people attempt them nowadays, and F. P. A. does them nicely. There is a raft of other vagaries, nondescript and whimsical; bouquets and brickbats to sundry miladies, bits of reflection in the inevitable mood of the columnist, and some able parodies. . . . . Most of his lines have feminine beginnings, and nearly all have feminine endings. For F. P. A., much like Don Marquis, loves to play with verse; to decapitate his end words and have something left over to start the next verse with; to break up the lines, like this, so to speak, and yet arrive at the final period without a stumble. And it for this that his readers most love him. Who flies in the face of the Muse with a choppy cadence, is playing with hot stuff; and successful flights, and in such risky vehicles as ballades and triolets, cannot but bring a ringing murmur of appleause from all who cherish fidelity in versification. F. P. A. is faithful. As in our own yellow cabs, the meter always registers whatever the speed and howsoever frequent the stops.

So There is good verse, it is good entertainment, it is good F. P. A. And there are still lots of people who would walk a mile to read *The Conning Tower*. H. B. C.

THE CAPTAIN'S DOLL. By D. H. Lawrence 323 pages. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.00.

The latest volume from the more or less re-

(Continued on page 34)

BASEBALL

(Continued from page 8)

suredly exists. Although the details are different in each sport, in every branch of athletics the system has the same basis and results. The Cornell system takes green men and turns them into finished athletes. That is why Cornell has never worried over stars in preparatory schools. Her coaches make her athletes. That is why an unknown student often developes into an Intercollegiate Track Champion, an All-American, or a marvellous stroke. It takes time and experience to build such a machine, so we can hardly expect one in baseball immediately. It is time, however, that signs of one appeared. A Washington newspaper, in commenting on our team during its southern trip, spoke of the wonderful Cornell system, and said that Coach Carney was inaugurating it in baseball. We may expect in future years, then, consistently good teams, and an occasional excellent one. To expect a rapid success in baseball as in football would be expecting too much, for there are few coaches of Mr. Dobie's caliber and none of superior quality.

In baseball the players need self-confidence. If they are under too strict individual supervision they are bound to be nervous and make mistakes. A reprimand causes only more nervousness, more nervousness causes more mistakes, and more mistakes causes more sharp reprimands. Thus we have a vicious cycle keeping the players in a constant state of unrest and worry. The night before a game none of them are fully sure whether or not they are to play. Unless a man can be wholly at his ease he cannot play good ball. This difficulty will probably die out as the system becomes more ingrained into the baseball squad.

The Cornell team is speedy and fairly well organized. The men are unusually adept at base running, showing good form and plenty of speed. They exhibit good team work and play well together. As is the case with most ball players, the Cornell squad finds it difficult to hit a left handed

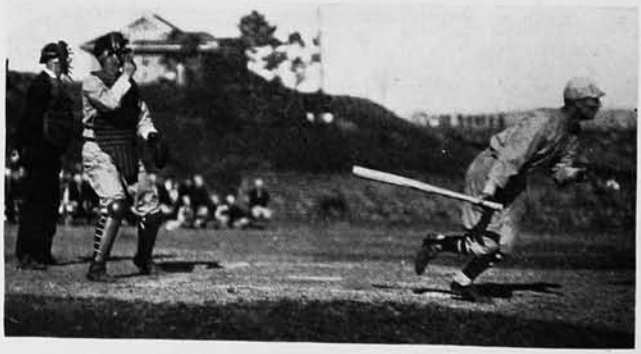


Photo by Troy.

Lafayette Game—Captain Woodin makes a fast get-away

Vive la Frantz *Photo by Troy.*

pitcher. The only remedy for this will be to let them practice constantly against a "south-paw."

The Cornell team has shown preference to no special type of game. It plays neither a defensive nor an offensive game. The team is, with the exception of the pitching staff, very well balanced. While not a first class team, it is certainly not a poor one. There is, furthermore, a concord between coach and players that will inevitably develop into something worth while. As soon as the Cornell System has absorbed baseball and as soon as the material for a pitching staff is developed Cornell will again take her place among the colleges as the producer of superior ball teams. Until then our most hearty support is with the squad.

The Morning Call

The morning call
Is the fresh cool breath of air
Ekeing around new yellow elm buds,
Whispering in the high, soft tops
Of ancient pines,
And creeping through the tangle of new-sprouted grasses.
It is the glint of light on the mirrored glass
Of a lake in the valley,
Cool, refulgent, unstirred.
It is the glow of sunlight on a fresh green lawn,
Cut by cool shadows of elm branches,
Interlacing and interweaving designs of veins.
The morning call
Is the strong pure stir of life
That calls a man to look
And catch the beauty living in the day,
That he may treasure it forever. —F. L.

BOOK REVIEWS

nowned typewriter of Mr. Lawrence consists of three short stories, from one of which the publication takes its name. Though Mr. Mencken may object to the philosophy of Lawrence, I think he would scarcely object to him (save as a matter of one of his odd principles) as a writer of modern short stories. He seems one of the most admirable of the moderns—having more than the average sense for the beautiful. And his prose has a great deal of quaint charm and melodiousness in it. Short, and interesting in the stories they tell, *The Captain's Doll, The Fox,* and *The Ladybird* will well repay the time that is taken to read them.

A. M. C.

For the Little Tots

The Wogglejob is a spiffy beast
That lives on the Prairie Plains,
Where the North Wind blows from the dreary East
And the ground grows moist when it rains.

And there he lives on a Shady Shelf
Where he's lived for ages long,
With no other soul but his very own self
And he sings this Wogglejob Song:

"For many years, as it now appears,
Some questions have troubled my brain;
They are, I find, a perplexing kind,
And no one at all can explain.

I've asked the breeze and the wise oak trees,
But they sighed that they couldn't tell how;
And I asked the Great Hill but he kept quite still,
While a cloud settled over his brow.

Just how large is the point of a pin?
Why is a short-cake Short?
Why don't the Tree Tops ever Spin?
Is a Fortress a Mrs. Fort?

One other makes my list complete,
And this is a trifle hard;
If you measured wood, how many board feet
Would there be in a lumber yard?

These things and more I've asked before,
For I'm a curious chap;
There's no telling when I'll ask again—
Now I guess I'll take a nap."

He does that way most every day
In his home on the Shady Shelf,
Then stops when he's through like he ought to do—
Why don't *you* try that yourself?

—H. B. C.

JOHN HOYLE

DAVY EXPERIMENTING WITH  GARNETT IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY

The First Electrochemist

NITROUS oxide, according to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "*We* are Europe."

The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels, and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.

General Electric Company

General Office *Schenectady, N.Y.*

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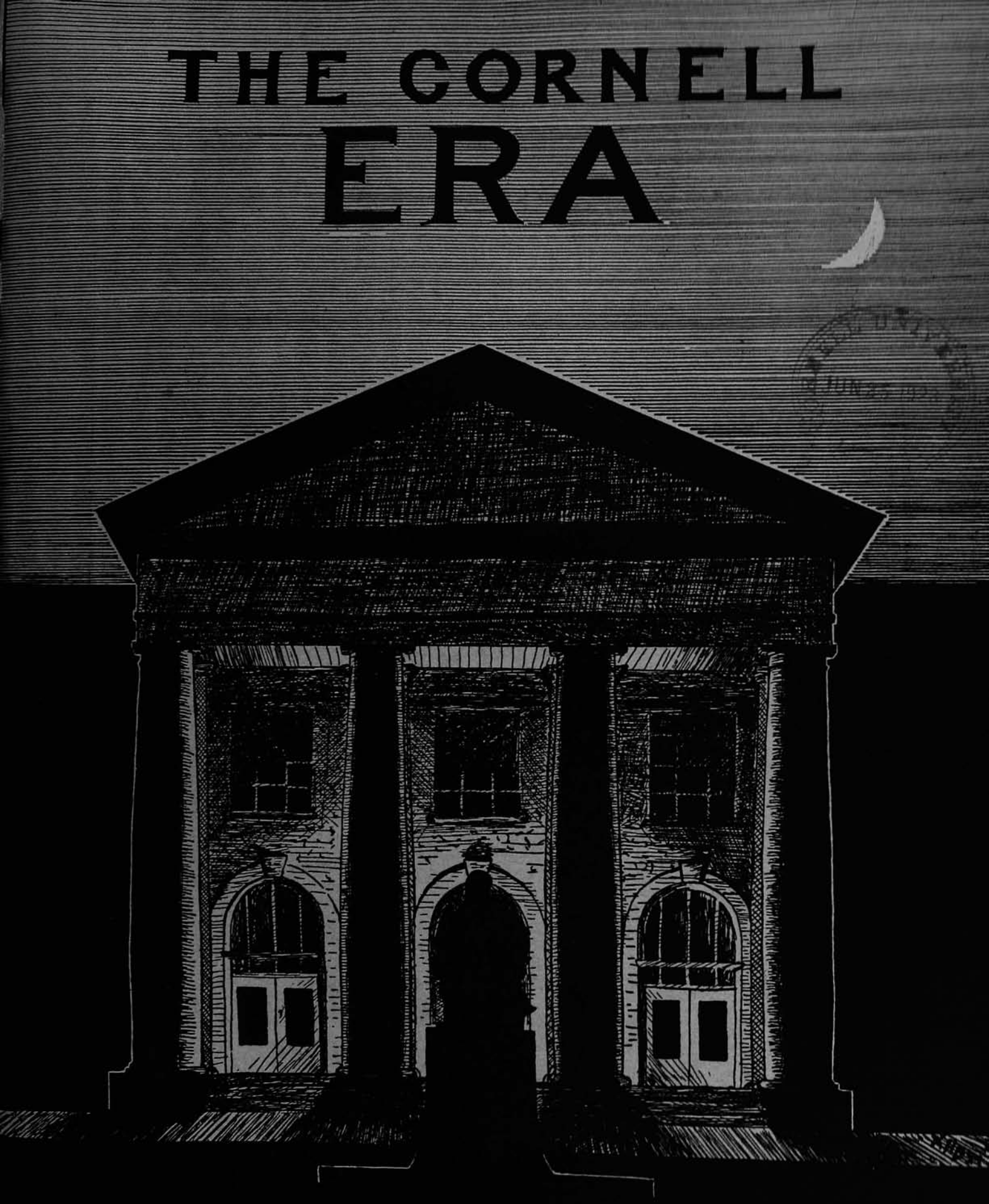
THE CORNELL ERA



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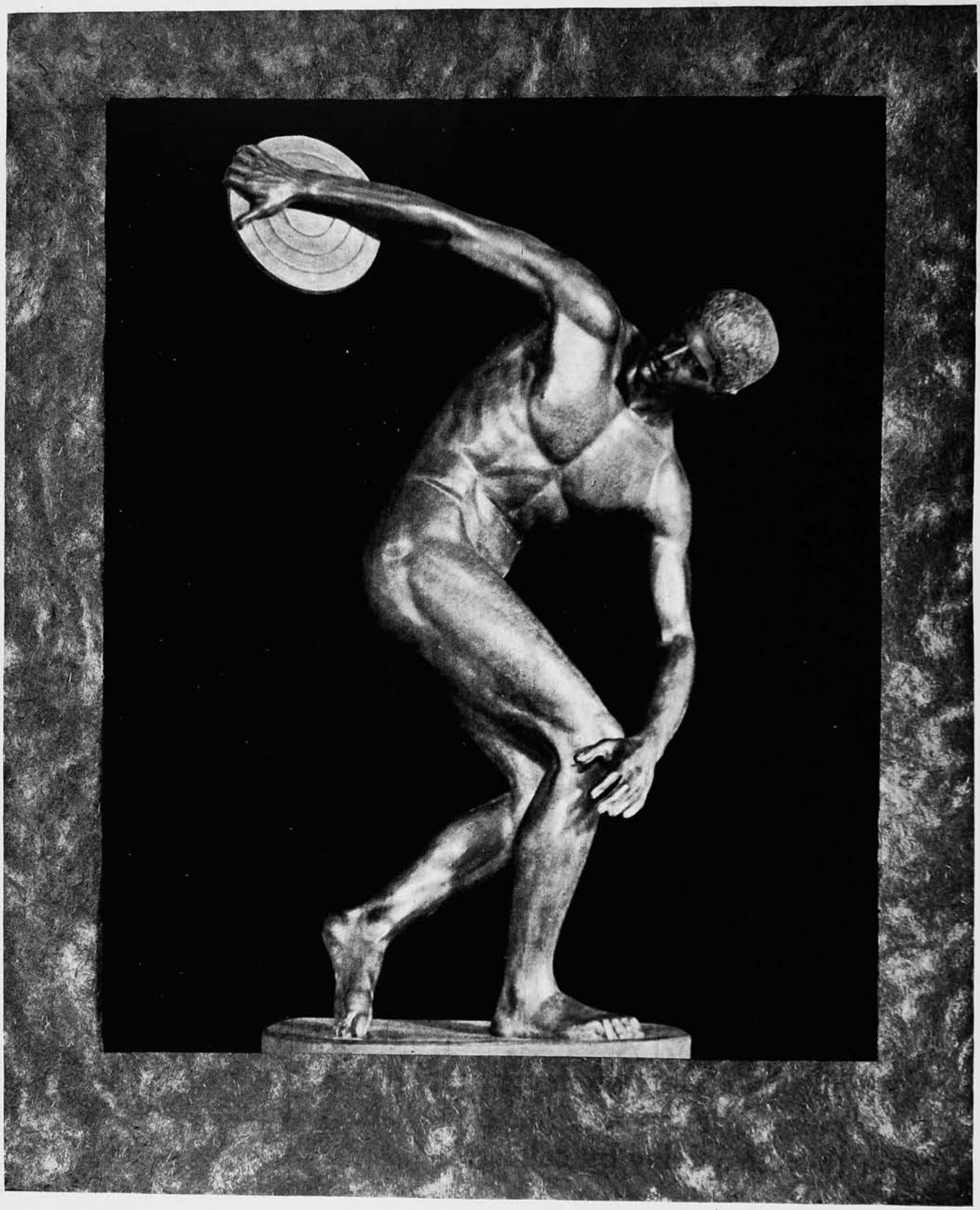

DISCOBOLUS OF MYRON

A metal copy, made by a galvanic battery process, to show the appearance of the world-famed bronze original of the 5th century B.C. The tree trunk support, necessary in all the marble copies, has been done away with and the head has been turned back as it was in the lost original. This statue in the Museum of Casts is the only one of the sort that has come to America.

More of Tobiah Tittlebaum

THE THIRD CONVERSATION

Tobiah Tittlebaum, floating down State Street on a stream of perspiration, met A Friend at whom he grasped like a drowning man at a straw. "Hotter, Hotter, everywhere, nor any drop to drink," he bewailed.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a greasy voice at his elbow.

Tobiah turned and recognized the proprietor of a nearby soda fountain. "Tush-tush, my good man. I said *Drink*," he snorted.

"Well, you're your particular author, but anything cold and wet sounds good to me," said A Friend.

"Dear, dear me—it seems I'm outvoted entirely. Shall we go in, then?"

"I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion. Let us—in, by all means."

"And yet you drink not more than a sponge," chuckled Tobiah, for he dearly loved to quote Rabelais (it gave such a worldly smack to one's conversation) and relished an opening.

When their fresh orangeades had been brought, Tobiah took his straws and carefully telescoped the paper wrapper. Slipping it off and placing a few drops of water on it, he gleefully watched it writhe. "The smallest worm will turn being wetted," he said.

"Huh!" said A Friend. "Suck and stop playing. You'll feel better." Tobiah, much flustered, complied avidly. "Ah!" A Friend continued, "Wery good power o' suction. You'd have made an uncommon fine oyster, if you'd been born in that station of life."

Tobiah adjusted his spectacles upon his parabolical nose and looked disapprovingly at A Friend as he always did when he felt his dignity or his toes being trod upon. "These places are so common. They cater purely to the bourgeoisie." Tobiah felt he must change the subject at any cost.

"Possibly. But just why is that against them?"

"My dear fellow, you don't mean to sit there and say that you don't find the bourgeoisie objectionable. I can hardly believe that of you. Why, Goethe says they're bad; Matthew Arnold says they're bad; Mencken says they're worse. Certainly we can take their word for it. Personally I have no doubt of it. The common herd stupifies all intellectual progress."

"Oh, you'll find plenty of classical references. For instance, the French typify their middle class by the term *epicier*, meaning grocer, which would imply that the grocers were among the main offenders. You can hardly hold, however, that they are valueless. Where, for instance, would you get the corn flakes for your breakfast tomorrow if it weren't for them?"

"You miss the point entirely. Objection is made to these people on mental grounds only. You *must* admit that they are lacking there."

"I do. But would you have everyone a mental giant? Who would do the work then? If everybody knew as much as everyone else, they would all want to sit around and think for a living, and let others do the dirty work. This world was planned with some foresight: an upper class to do the thinking, a lower class to do the work, and a middle class to manage the lower."

"No, no. The middle class is bad—very bad."

"Well, if you must have somebody to hold in opprobrium, why not be original and revile the lower class? They assuredly are on a still more degraded plane. And yet they are allowed to go on in their ignorance. You don't suppose by any chance that the reason the upper class reviles the middle class and overlooks the lower is that the middle class comes nearer treading on their corns? Or that, perhaps, the writers, who largely instigate this scorn, felt that the bourgeoisie were not buying as many of their books as the writers thought they should?"

"Why will you evade the issue with all this quibbling! All the great thinkers have either written or said that the bourgeoisie, the philistine, the *epicier*, or whatever you want to call the middle class are stupid and therefore bad."

"And yet it is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean."

"The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

Tobiah deftly slipped his straws down to the bottom of the glass and tipping it up made one last gurgling suck. When he had set the glass down again, he rose and said, "I'm sorry I can't continue this pleasant little conversation longer and convince you that you are wrong, but I have a great amount of work to do and I won't be able to do it tonight for there is a Rotary Club meeting."

PROCLAMATION

Under the awe inspiring influence of a few of the members of the faculty, Tobiah Tittlebaum has developed a trenchant desire to become a cosmopolitan. The spirit of travel that has been in the air the past Spring has furthered this desire, so that now he is planning on making a search for

(Continued on page 22)

The Suspension Bridge

THERE are bridges and bridges in the world but only two of them are really worthy of mention. There is the famous London Bridge, for instance, which we used to declare was falling down, falling down; and in the same class is our own little suspension bridge. When they complete a bridge across the Atlantic Ocean perhaps we can include that in our prospectus of noted ponts.

The leading chronologists are now united in the belief that the first suspension bridge was constructed by Cain. Conclusive proof has been found that one day Cain and Able were playing tag, leaping from precipice to precipice and back again. Cain, being a versatile youth, lassooed a tree on the other side of the chasm and made his way across hand over hand. Able, a timid lad, did not dare follow but sat down and waited till Cain came home for dinner when he tagged him and the game was over. Since that time bridges have increased in importance and now they are deemed practically indispensible.

The derivation of the name suspension bridge is a question that has puzzled the most learned minds in the world for centuries. All but two theories have been eliminated. The first one and the most worthy of expatiation is that one of the coy young creatures attending a Cornell house party was making her way across the suspension bridge. In the center she stopped, put her hand over her eyes and murmured, "The suspense is too great!"

The second and most probable theory is that the north approach to it is guarded by the home of a certain Mr. David Fletcher Hoy, a man more or less closely connected with Cornell, who has probably handed out more suspensions than anyone else in the world.

Our particular bridge over Fall Creek Gorge was built in the summer of nineteen hundred by E. G. and C. F. Wyckoff, residents of Ithaca. At the same time the upper bridge just below Beebe Lake, and the lower bridge were constructed and the renowned "loop" completed in an effort to stimulate building on the Heights. The cost of the foot bridge was somewhere around three thousand dollars, a sum which today might pay for the nuts and bolts and part of the lumber used in it.

In 1921, it was turned over by the owners to Cornell, thus fitting in with the present university program to own all the land along the north side of the gorge. The plan has been carried out until at present all but two of the lots extending from Stewart Avenue to Forest Home belong to Cornell.

The part that the bridge plays in the lives of the students lies in its unbounded usefulness along certain lines. Best of all it furnishes an attractive and ready escape from the campus and its more unpleasant embellishments such as classes, etc. Fishing from the railing of the bridge is a splendid pastime for freshmen during their initiatory periods.

On February 30, 1920, several enterprising students with more than the average gambling spirit originated a new game of Bridge. At the beginning of each year they were to place bets that the bridge would fall down during the year. The advantages of this simple game over common card games such as poker or black jack were pointed out as—(1) Fifty-fifty chances of bridge falling down makes game unusually fair. (2) Great saving of eye strain. (3) Little effort required. The main objection was that there is always some smart aleck who might cut the bridge down some night and rake in the pot.

At least fifty per cent of the hundreds of students who pass over the bridge daily have at some time during their careers stood looking down at the rushing water one hundred and fifty feet below and have wondered if she will regret it when she hears what he has done and realizes that it was she who drove him to it. The other fifty per cent are mainly the ones who park there on moonlight nights peering out into the darkness. This offers a wonderful opportunity to press her hand and ask her if she doesn't love a night like this.

The rumor that the bridge has been officially condemned is unfounded. There are, however, one or two members of the engineering faculty who would rather walk a mile out of the way than entrust their lives to the eighty-five yards of swaying suspended pont. The danger of the structure does not lie so much in over-loading as in over-vibration. In this connection the story is told that during the war in the days of the S. A. T. C. a sergeant marched a company across the bridge in double column. The bridge swayed and creaked. Arriving on the other side the sergeant turned to one of the men and said disgustedly, "I knew it wasn't so. Some bird told me that if I marched a company of men across the bridge in step the damn thing would fall through!"

History

Being a Chronological Survey of Cornell Athletics for the Year 1922-1223

ANOTHER page in the history of Cornell Athletics has almost been completed. Although defeats as well as victories have been recorded, the general athletic activity of the year 1922-1923 has been successful. While Cornell has been mediocre in some branches of sport, her achievements along other lines have been almost phenomenal.

At the head of the page, in large italics, is the record of the Big Red Team. To review its list of victories would be superfluous. For the peals of its fame have reechoed loudly through the halls of Sportdom. Her success in Football alone is enough to give Cornell athletic prominence among the colleges. For two years the team has remained undefeated, yet for two years it has missed the mythical Eastern Championship by a hair. If comparative scores and the views of men on other teams mean anything, the Eastern Championship is indeed a myth; for we do not believe that our football team was second to any. A record of eight consecutive victories was this year increased to sixteen, while instead of one All-American we now have two. Our page may well be marked as bearing a distinguished record.

Soccer also did well to add to the brilliance of our page. The team played through a hard season and remained undefeated until the last game. The victory of Pennsylvania alone kept them from the League championship. Although the team was more aggressive than its opponents, it was composed almost entirely of green men and found much difficulty in scoring. It was noted for its fight and endurance. Critics had expected a poor showing because of the lack of experience of the men, but the team surprised them all when it won second place in the League. It seems the spirit and the grit must be important factors in the game. Soccer has indeed left a good record on our page.

Our basketball team had a checkered career. Starting the season with defeats the team suddenly climbed to the top of the league. For a time it held this position, defeating the best teams in the East. There seemed to be little doubt that the championship would be won. Then came a losing streak. Teams rated far inferior, in fact teams already defeated, began to beat ours. The lead went to Yale, while Princeton and Cornell finally tied for second. Yet the team was really a good one. Both individual and team work were excellent. By producing the individual high scorer and All-Collegiate forward, and by tieing for second in the league, the team has shown that it was on the whole decidedly exceptional.

While the Cornell track team has not emblazoned our page as the track teams are wont to do,

(Continued on page 24)

VARSITY LACROSSE SQUAD

Left to right—Alcus (manager), Diehl, Harris, Brigden, Clark, Paine, Cassidy, Stainton, Rooney (captain), Sisco, R. Hall, Sundstrom, Jennings, Meyer, G. Hall, Bawlf (coach)

The Material Position of the University

TWO years ago when the class of 1925 entered Cornell the air was full of the sounds of building and rumors of more building. They were hustled into khaki uniforms and stood behind a pile of gravel while George Baker laid the cornerstone of the new chemistry building. The campus was torn up with the pipe lines for the new heating plant. There was talk of a real warming house on Beebe lake. A new unit of the Baker dormitories was planned for the near future. The football team proved a drawing card for crowds which filled the Schoelkopf stands to overflowing. It was patent that additions to the stands would soon be necessary. There were vague rumors of a huge club house or union to be erected in the dim future. Great classes in Chemistry 101 overflowing Rockefeller showed the value of the new gift of George Baker. The enrollment showed an increase over the previous year and Sibley, White, and Goldwin Smith were crowded although the registration prophesied a still greater increase the following year. Up on the Agricultural campus there was crowding and talk of a greater campus. Fernow Hall was being started but that would help but a little. In short, the rush to the colleges, which took place all over the United States in the years following the war, had found Cornell already crowded and was pushing it to the limit. There was talk of restriction. Entrance requirements were tightened but the rush continued. Hundreds were dropped at midterm and in June but in the past academic year the crowded conditions were still felt.

Of the present new buildings, the chemistry building should do the most to relieve the congested state of the University. This building is a mighty prophecy for the future of the College of Chemistry, now a part of the College of Arts and Sciences. It is possible that under this stimulus the College of Chemistry may break away and start a college of its own. Two million dollars is a lot of money and from this princely gift from George Baker there has been erected the huge, gray, stone building that is nothing if not impressive. The skyline of the University viewed from the valley bears the two prominent additions effected this year of the great profile of the chemistry building and the two hundred and twenty-five foot length of the chimney of the new heating plant.

In the Baker Dormitory system a new unit has been added which will be known as Boldt Hall. It is named after George Boldt, who first conceived the idea of a series of residential halls done in quiet and beautiful architecture to house a large portion of the male students. His dream has been partially carried out and plans for another unit are even now completed. This unit was financed by alumni through the Cornellian Council.

The warming house on Beebe lake, christened the "Johnny Parson Club," was finished last winter. It was financed by the Athletic Association. Its charm of architecture, convenient location, and excellent cuisine make it easily the outstanding contribution to the joy of the winter sports season.

So much for what has been done. The Union stands out as the next structure on the program. The famous commission that Willard Straight left to his wife in his will to "make Cornell a more human place" is soon to bear fruit. Obviously this meant to do something to make the recreational and social relations of the students more happy. Mrs. Straight cast about for the answer and found it in a union or club. Her architects have drawn up the plans for a building to be erected just South of the library and West of Central Avenue. Plans for the inclusion of a gymnasium and a pool, which were at first considered, were soon dropped. They saw that the big attraction would be food and after a deal of careful consideration the cafeteria type of restaurant was adopted. This, it will be seen, will not rival the well-established Coffee House. There will be a large hall for banquets and dinners. Club rooms, billiard rooms, and reading rooms will be included. A small but complete theatre has also found a place in the plans. It is said that there is provision for a sound-proof room in the basement where the band can practice.

Of the needs of the future, to say nothing of the ridiculous lack of an adequate gymnasium and swimming pool, we may get some idea from President Farrand's report of last Autumn. "Sibley," reads the report, "is old and inadequate and must be replaced at the earliest possible moment." "The College of Arts and Sciences has outgrown the accommodations provided by Goldwin Smith Hall." "The University Library is out grown and totally inadequate." So that it is not hard to see that for many years there will be building and talk of building on the campus.

THE CORNELL ERA

The Intellectual Position of the University

Being an Essay on the Necessity of an Intellectual Synthesis

By Philip E. Allen '23

THE one main object of a college course is the attainment of an intellectual synthesis. It should be the only object; besides it, all other purposes are incidental. So far as we know, no university was ever founded which did not have the avowed intention of educating the mind, of quickening, cultivating, and improving the faculties. In whatever words stated, the purpose is the same. Universities are not founded for the purpose of giving athletic, social, or managerial experience. In our own university, "instruction in any study" does not mean courses in football, dancing, or editorship. However much we may have thought of such things, it was not specifically to engage in any one of them that we came here. Primarily we came to learn to think; if for any other purpose, we were deceiving ourselves and making of the university a colossal fraud.

What we do come to a university to get is a *synthesis;* by which we mean today the same thing the Greeks did centuries ago: namely, a putting together, from σήν, with, and τιδέναι to place. And an intellectual synthesis is a putting together of thoughts, a combination of different elements of thought or sensation into a whole. The most common manifestation of this is the grouping of species into genera, or the deduction of a general law from the observation of sufficient isolated phenomena. In our college course, we must put together the different elements, the various courses, into some kind of unified whole so that the relative importance of each and the interrelations between them shall become immediately apparent, so that the mass of facts which burdens our memory shall evolve into an organized fund of knowledge which will be a ready instrument to our use, always at command—not, as is so often the case, weighing down and dominating us. This has been called a philosophy of knowledge, a term which, however, rather rounds out our conception, thus aids the understanding of the idea. What is important is the significance of reaching such a mental state. It is only then that we can answer such questions as: What is the meaning of this problem to us? How does this problem affect our race and nation? What should be done about it, in the light of past experience, but dictated by present conditions? What can we do to help solve it? It is only upon attaining an intellectual synthesis that a man gains any insight into what his part in the world is and how he can best play it. If education does not help us to live, in a concrete and vital sense, more or less definitely perceived, what good is it?

When we come to ask how far the present course of instruction satisfies this ideal, we cannot, it seems, fail to note a serious shortcoming. The implications of the idea are wide and space small, but a brief reference to English literature would mean a clear comprehension, which sees it steadily and sees it whole, conscious of the causation everywhere manifest, able to estimate any part relatively not merely to what immediately preceeds and follows, but to literary production *in toto,* and having, as a corollary, definite standards of taste for the proper appreciation of new work. It would mean, among other things, an introductory rather than an advanced course in the history of English literature, with an attendance of six hundred instead of sixty, forced if necessary. Specialization would then logically follow and be more fruitful on a firmer foundation. We should not then have students going into raptures over one poet before making the acquaintance of another. We should not have a lot of embryonic literary notions passionately voiced. We should not have a condition of undergraduate literary discussion in which mere conviction is a despicable aim compared to eloquent effect, in which thought is secondary to words, in which it is an unfair advantage to appeal to facts, and in which a man who asks for a definition of terms is ostracized.

But the study of English is only an example. What applies to it, applies with added force to almost every other department except Philosophy. Freshmen in the engineering schools should be required to take for credit a comprehensive course in the history of their subject. If time could be taken to treat all the mechanical arts, so much the better. Architects are rather better off than the Agricultural students, but neither should be satisfied. Allowing for *vis inertiae,* we should not be too hasty in branding the undergraduate body apathetic. We can have no intellectual enthusiasm until we are offered something that is worth being enthusiastic over.

In defense of the system, by those who refuse to test education empiracally by judging the quality of the present product, two extenuating cir-

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The Search for Tragedy

An Episode in a Bohemian Cafe

By E. C.

Time—The Present.

Characters:

Carlton

Sewall

Maurice Shuman

Marie

Diners, etc.

The scene is laid in one of those many Bohemian places which flourish for awhile and then fade away under police surveillance or general boredom. If you go to these places in the day time you will never go there at night, but if you go there much at night you will probably be a long while discovering that the place really bores you—that is if you are the kind of person who frequents Russian tea rooms in back alleys and Bohemian restaurants in the older parts of old cities.

This particular place is called the Purple Shutters. It is situated at the end of a dark, muddy alley which runs off a street back of the State House on Beacon Hill in Boston. The purple shutters and purple door smile with smug superiority at the mud in the alley which leers confidently back at the purple shutters and purple door. And why shouldn't it leer? It knows that soon the blackguard and the junk man will return to their old rooming-house to jeer at the purple paint and wonder what kind of a man ever thought of running a restaurant in this forgotten corner. Inside the door you enter a narrow hallway and then turn into a square room none too large for some dozen tables, painted purple like the shutters outside, the chairs, the window hangings, and the dreams of the people on the inside. From the ceiling hang two lonesome electric lights which are covered over with vellum shades. You are now in Bohemia. Do you object that it is only a pseudonym? that there is a more descriptive and truer name for this place? You are quite right. But, The Purple Shutters, a Restaurant in Bohemia on Beacon Hill—can you think of a nicer sounding name? If you can, please tell Murice Shuman, the proprietor with the very English accent, so that he can use it.

When this sketch opens, Sewall and Carlton are getting an eleven o'clock supper at a table next to the two windows which look out on the alley. They are both about thirty-five years old.

Carl—But Sewall, what *do* you want?

Sew—Life!

Carl (*looking around at the half empty room*)—Nothing else? Just wait a bit; we're a little early.

Sew—Oh, life isn't that easy to find.

Carl—You certainly are feeling blue.

Sew—No; serious. I want atmosphere, tragic atmosphere, and you bring me to a hole-in-the-wall with white-washed surfaces and badly cooked food.

Maurice (*with a very English accent*)—What a jolly evening it is, isn't it, Carl?

Carl—Right you are, Maurice!

Maurice—Will you boys have coffee with your supper? or tea?

Sew (*looking disgustedly at Maurice*)—Coffee!

Carl—Coffee for me, too, Maurice

Murice—Right-o!

Carl—There, now, Sewall, there's a tragedy.

Sew—Where? That (*jerking his thumb toward the retreating Maurice*)?

Carl—Surely. That accent would have made a fine Harvard man.

Sew—Perhaps he is one. Perhaps he brandishes that accent like other men brandish their sheepskins—to show they've been to college.

Carl—Aren't you a bit hard on Maurice?

Sew—No. He looks like one of those college athletic heroes, those "Big Men on the Campus" we used to rave about.

Carl—We?

Sew—Oh, I forgot you were one of them. You'd know better than to laugh at yourself.

Carl—Why "Know better?"

Sew—Oh, there is always someone to save you that trouble.

Carl—Lord, you do feel tragic tonight.

Sew—Look here, Carl, I'm serious. I've got to find some atmosphere for my tragedy. I'm not kidding you, I mean it.

Carl—Well, if you can't find tragedy here you never will find it. This is a well filled graveyard for both the baptised and the unbaptised genius.

Sew—What do you mean? "Baptised and unbaptised?"

Carl—Those who could be fairly good if they'd go about it properly and those who haven't a chance and never did have.

Sew—Which is that waiter?

Carl—Maurice? Oh, he's not a "waiter." He is Maurice, the humble servant and patron of the arts. He gives people a badly cooked lunch in a dingy little room off a back alley where they can solve their artistic problems without the interference of the uninitiated police.

Sew—And he also relieves the monotony of the white-washed brick with a disgusting white parrot in a brass cage.

Carl—But why disgusting?

Sew—It just sits there looking superior and blinks condescendingly when you feed it.

Carl—Oh, you don't like to have superiority gazing patiently on you?

Sew—Oh, I hate all kinds of posing.

Carl—You must like your tragedies, then.

Sew—I take them from life and life is the only tragedy.

Enter a man.

Carl—Oh, well, don't be so downhearted, here comes a piece of life which should content your tragic-searching soul.

Sew—Who?

Carl—His name is Fernold (*nodding his head at newcomer*). A college man who started out to be a great journalist—a second Dana, Greely, and Northcliffe all in one.

Sew—What is he now?

Carl—Reporter on a Hearst paper covering a municipal court—after fifteen years' work.

Sew—And you?

Carl—Oh, I try law suits in the court Fernold covers.

Sew—But I thought you, too, were going to be a great journalist?

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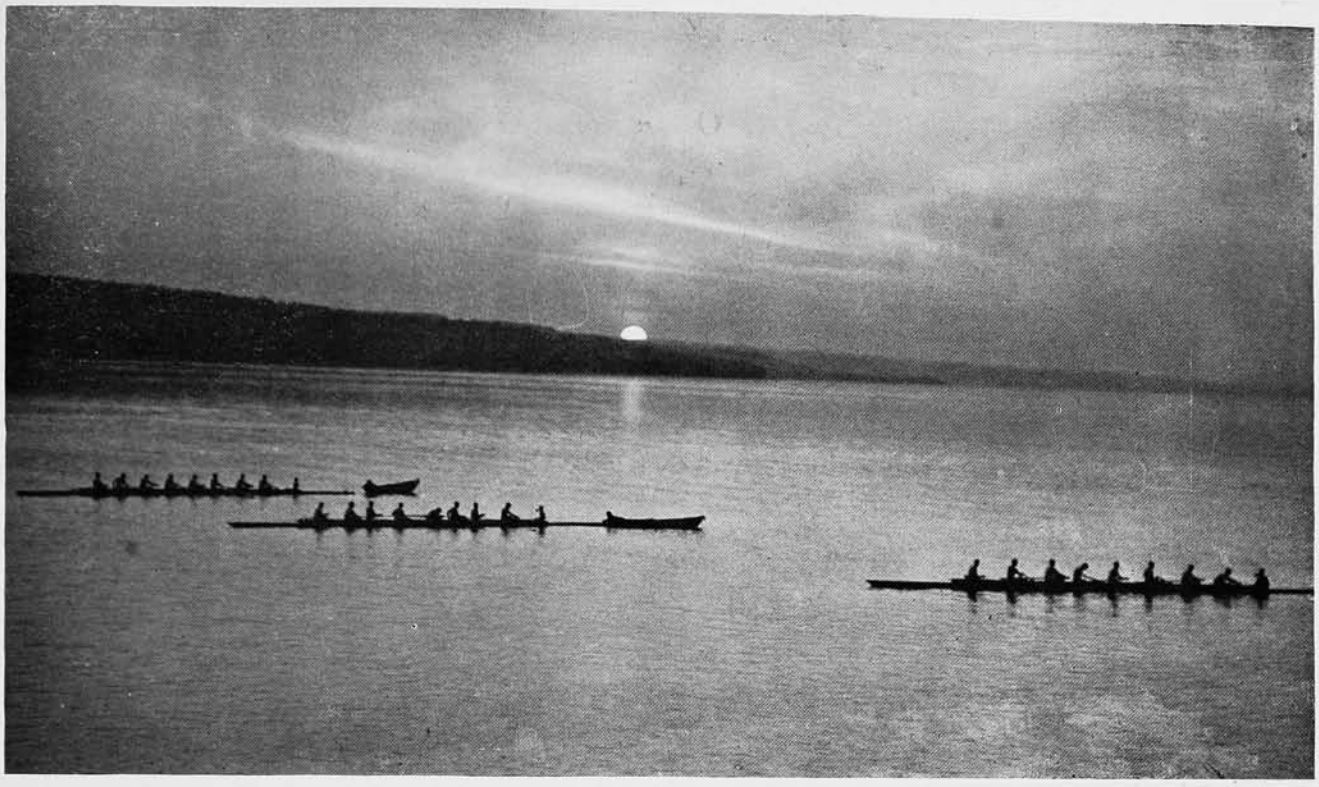


START OF VARSITY ON SPRING DAY
Left to right—Cornell-Yale-Princeton

Photo by Troy

FINISH OF FRESHMAN RACE SPRING DAY
Cornell Frosh in Lead by Two Lengths

Photo by Troy

The Strange Tale of the Tour Conductor

By Morris Bishop '13

THE *rapide* from Geneva to Paris was crowded like a Bronx Subway Express; there was hardly room in the corridors to stand or breathe. I watched with some indignation a station porter filling two reserved compartments with black suit-cases, each plastered like a billboard with hotel labels. A young American was checking their number; "Sixty-six; O K," he said, tipped the porter, and was ushered into a third reserved compartment.

By almost stepping on his heels I was in the compartment, too. "Pardon me, are these three compartments reserved for you and your sixty-six advertising suit-cases?" I inquired in a tone of well-bred sarcasm.

"Pardon me," he returned in a cold official voice, "this is a Tour!"

"And the Tourists, where are they?"

He gazed out of the window with a wistful, reminiscent expression like that of millionaires' wives in the Cinema.

"They dropped out," he said. "I let them drop out."

"You had better tell me," I said gently, settling into the corner seat by the window. He could not get me out now.

"It was one of the Parthenon Intensive Tours—see 60 cities in 60 days for $600—3000 Art Masterpieces a week—twice as many tombs as offered by any other Tour—one Cathedral every four hours—our gentlemanly Conductors, each a Harvard Ph.D., answer all questions, handle all baggage, dance with all the ladies, are responsible for lost articles, and develop your films free of charge." His fingers plucked convulsively at the upholstery. "I am a Conductor . . . .

"It was all right on the steamer. I stayed in my bunk and pretended to be deathly sick. But when we arrived in France my long agony began. My thirty-three charges surrounded me on the station platform, shouting like Stock Exchange brokers. 'I've lost my baggage! Can I go back and say good-bye to the steward? Is it dangerous to drink water in France? Where did you put my suit-case? What is the French for corkscrew? Look at this change and see if it is right. Please see if my suit-case is at the bottom of the pile. When do we eat? Why do French horses have those funny horns on their collars? Are you sure all our baggage is here? What is that man in uniform trying to say? Is it true that French automobiles have four speeds? Why do they have such foolish-looking trains? Where is my suit-case? Where is my suit-case? Where is my suit-case?'

"Meanwhile I would be trying to count the suit-cases; as soon as I began at one end of the pile the tourists would pull their own out of the other end, to take things out or put them in or merely to stir them around. Then they would put the bags back on the part of the pile already counted, and I would begin over again."

"You are truly very conscientious."

"I have done my duty to the letter. I swore that I would bring back 66 suit-cases, each with the armorial bearings of 60 hotels upon it. There they are! And I have followed the sightseeing schedule faithfully, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute!" A wild light of triumph shone in his eyes.

"But the Tourists," I cried, "where are they?"

"If they couldn't keep up, that was not my fault. We were scheduled to descend from the Eiffel Tower on the 2.17 P. M. elevator. Some of them took the 2.20 elevator and hence missed the train for Monte Carlo. Two elderly ladies fell in a faint in the final straightaway of the Vatican galleries. The gentlemen of the party were last seen in the station bar in Venice.

"But there were three tireless schoolmistresses who clung to my trail like beagles. Always fresh and eager, they could do ten miles of Art at a canter and at the end ask me more questions than a District Attorney. They interfered with my care of the baggage. They should have realized . . . they should have foreseen . . ."

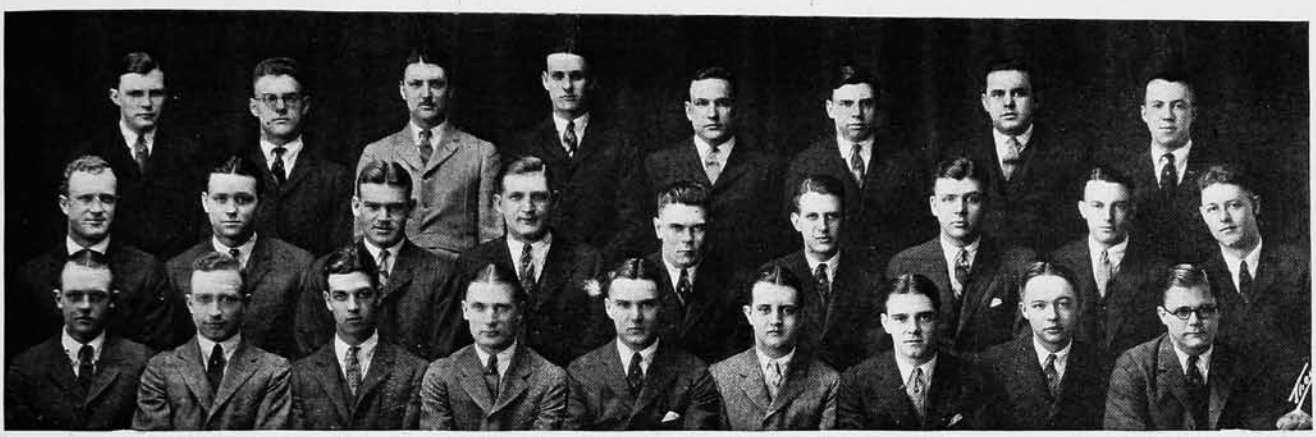
"They are no longer with you?" I queried, breathless.

"No. No. They dropped out." His distant brooding look returned. "I let them drop out—like this!" He clutched me by the collar, kicked open the carriage door, and let me drop out on the right of way.

Fortunately the train had not started.

I have since heard that that young man has been elected Dictator of the Tour Conductors' Soviet.

WHO'S WHO



SPHINX HEAD

First row—Mogenson, Bonsal, Van Houten, Woodin, Williams, Schreyer, Bosworth, Garrett, Peters
Second row—Calleson, Parker, Baldwin, Luhrs, Hanson, Lee, Wing, Telfer, Leonard
Third row—McConnell, Gainsey, Reed, Peel, Munns, Stevens, Kaw, Brown

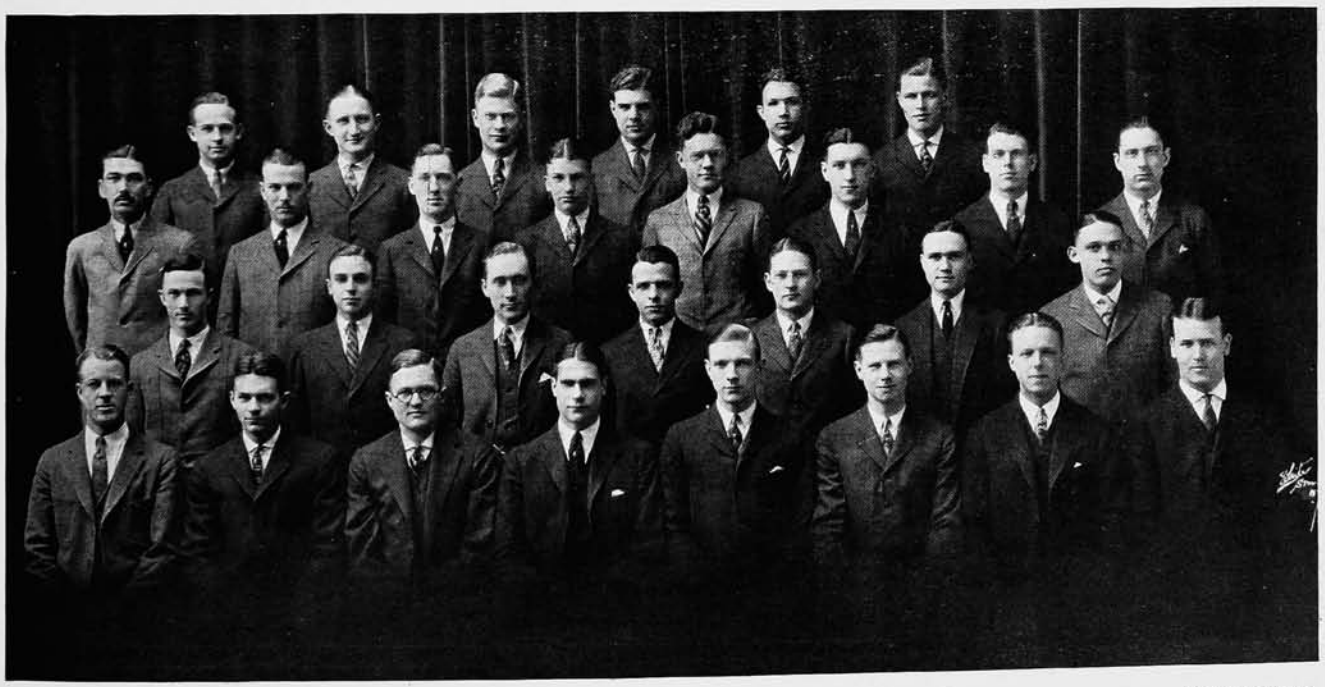


Photo by White

QUILL AND DAGGER

First row—Kells, Luther, Ebersole, Guoinlock, Nichols, Fix, Treman, Rollo
Second row—Roberts, Stevens, Pryor, Leet, Halley, Landers, Crabtree
Third row—Nazor, Lee, Wood, Holbrook, Millar, Riley, Spence, Adams
Fourth row—Duley, Cole, Cleminshaw, Thomas, Richards, Coe

The Mystery of the Kingston Express

A Furiously Fictitious Fantasy

By W. T. Southworth '25

I FOUND Jolnes reclining in a morris chair, his feet resting on the mantel-piece, a canister of green tea beside him. This last has always been a source of deep disgust to me; why the man refuses to smoke tobacco I have never been able to understand. On this occasion, he slowly filled his long pipe from the tea-caddy before he favored me with a word of greeting.

"Well, Matson," he said finally, "I suppose you have come about this morning's mystery. It is indeed an unusual case. Have you heard the details?"

I had just heard of the affair, and had expected to break the news to Jolnes; but he had heard of it already, through some one of his many secret channels, and doubtless had a dozen—perhaps more—possible solutions in mind. What had happened was simply this: The Kingston Express, leaving London at six o'clock that morning, had disappeared as completely as if it had been swallowed up by the earth. Not a trace of it could be found from the time it left Waterloo Station, laden with two hundred souls, not to mention the brakeman and engine crew. A switch tender a mile or so beyond Waterloo Station thought he had seen it go by, but wasn't sure, as his eyes were failing and he was a bit hard of hearing.

"Come, Matson," said Jolnes suddenly, "suppose we go find the Kingston Express." "Why not?" I replied, though, I confess, to find as small a thing as a railway train in as large a city as London seemed to me a rather difficult undertaking.

We went first to Waterloo Station, where Jolnes borrowed a hand-car and a map of the London rail systems from the superintendent of the London and Southwesterly Railway. The superintendent helped us place the hand-car on the track from which the missing train had departed, and, amid the cheers of the curiosity-seekers who lined the platforms on either side, we set out, Jolnes studying the map that I might pump the hand-car.

We had progressed about two miles when Jolnes called a halt. I immediately reversed the pumping action, applied the brakes, and dragged my feet along the ground, till our car came gradually to rest. We were a few feet from a rusty, little-used siding. Jolnes ran ahead and opened the switch, and a few powerful pumps brought the car onto the spur track. The great detective next opened the tool-box and took from it a red flag, which he handed to me. "If you will be kind enough to flag the Kingston Express when it goes by," he said, "I'll go down and see if I can head it this way." I was speechless with amazement and admiration; without a word I helped him lift the hand-car from the track, and watched him walk away down the siding till he disappeared among the coal trucks. Flag in hand, I waited whatever might happen.

In less than ten minutes I heard the roar of an approaching train. It was in sight a moment later, bearing down upon me at a terrific speed. I waved the flag violently, and the engine came grinding to a stop not six inches from where I stood. The engine driver jumped down and asked me how much farther it was to Kingston; he was impatient at the delay, as he was already two hours late, he said. Jolnes ran up at this moment, and, after helping me replace the hand-car on the track, he told the engine driver to follow us. Jolnes, tired by his recent exercise, took a seat at the front of the car, while I propelled it toward Waterloo station at a rapid rate, followed closely by the recalcitrant railway train.

Thus Jolnes and I recovered the pride of the London and Southwestern Railway.

* * * *

"It was child's play after I had secured the map," said Jolnes modestly, after we had returned to the Butcher Street lodgings. He spread the map on the table, and indicated a spot on its complicated surface. "Here is the spur track which we followed," he went on. "It leads to the underground railway system, and is used to deliver new subway cars. It connects with the underground at the old Windsor Loop, where the trains used to turn around, before that line was abandoned. And here is a track connecting the ends of the loop, on which cars were formerly stored." I followed his finger closely. When the switches were open, I could readily see, the tracks formed a closed curve. "Now you see," pursued Jolnes, "as soon as the Kingston Express entered this circuit from the old spur, it kept going round and round till I opened the other switch leading back to the spur. The engine driver, as I already knew, had never been over the line before; he probably thought the road to Kingston was underground, and merely wondered why he didn't get there sooner."

(Continued on page 23)

Miss Crow Barr, known to those who have access to her dressing room as Caw-Caw. She was a high-kicker in Flo Dobies' last "Grand Chorus Rouge"

Dainty, Diminutive Edna Gouinlock, Prima Donna of the newly organized Baptist Choir

The Passionate Pilgrim—played by Yerdam Wright, Champion Poker of Central New York

Miss Gloria Hanson, scintillating soubrette, who has been dazzling Broadway all season

Public Duty

Courtesy of the Public Speaking Department

Words by
George William Curtis

Music by
Tobiah Tittlebaum

1st Bass — Martial

Pub-lic du-ty in this coun-try is not dis-charged as it is of-ten sup-posed by vot-ing A man may vote reg-u-lar-ly and still fail es-sen-tial-ly of his pol-i-tical du-ty

Andante

As the Phar-i-see who gave tithes of all that he pos-sessed, and fast-ed three times a week and yet lack'd the ver-y heart of re-li-gion.

Recitative

sf

When an A-mer-i-can cit-i-zen is con-tent with voting merely, he con-sents to ac-cept what is of-ten a doubtful al-ter-na-tive.

Andante

His first du-ty is to help shape the al-ter-na-tive. This which was for-merly less ne-ces-sary, now, is now in-de-pen-da-ble

2nd Bass

In a ru-ral com-mun-i-ty such as this was a hun-dred years ago, who-ever was nom-i-nated for of-fice was known to his neigh-bors. And the con-sciousness of that know-ledge was a con-ser-va-tive in-flu-ence, a con-ser-va-

-tive in-fu-ence in- de-termin-ing nom- i- na- tions. But in the local elections of the great cities of to-day, elections that control taxation and ex- pen-di-tures,

the cit-izen who supposes that he does All his duty when he votes, Plac-es a pre-mi-um up- on pol-i-ti-cal knav-er- y.

Marchial

fff

1st Bass

2nd Bass

Thieves Thieves wel-come him to the poles Thieves Thieves

of-fer him a choice Be-tween Dick Tur-pin And Jer-my Didd-ler Be- tween Be- tween Be- tween Jere-my Didd-

Be-tween Dick Tur-pin And Jer-my Didd-ler

ad lib.

ler and Dick Tur- pin

Tempo I

Thieves Thieves wel-come him to the poles Thieves Thieves Thieves Thieves Thieves

The Tale of Little Willee and Little Rolloah

By Charles A. Yeatman '23

Exactly one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six years ago there lived in the kingdom of Baal, which is part of Egypt, two rather young boys. One was named little Willee and the other, little Rolloah. Little Willee was quite well known for his cleverness. He was ever making witty answers to questions asked of him by his teacher at school. One of his answers happened to be so canny that it was published in a magazine of the period, *The Digestable Literature*. It ran as follows:

Teacher: Can you name a city in Alaska?

Little Willee: No'm.

Teacher: Correct.

The remark happened to make a big hit in that ancient day. Oh, there was no denying the fact that little Willee was the wittiest child that ever existed.

On the other hand, little Rolloah was not clever. But he had one great virtue; he was industrious and he was a plodder. He loved to work all day long building causeways or cultivating gardens. People who knew him said: "There is a little fellow that will surely succeed. He is not lazy and clever, like little Willee. He is a worker."

In spite of the fact that little Willee and little Rolloah had two different views on life, they were the greatest of friends.

One fine day they were strolling along the banks of the Nile together. Little Rolloah looked out over the Nile and sighed. "What a fine place to build a causeway," he said.

"Oh, forget it," said little Willee, impatiently. "You are always thinking of such stupid things. What worries me is this damned backward B. C. age. Today is the twenty-fifth of June. Tomorrow will be the twenty-fourth. This is the year three B. C. Next year will be the year two B. C. Always, always moving backward."

"Do have a little patience," said little Rolloah. "In but three short years we shall be moving forward in an A. D. era. I cannot see why you are so impatient. Look at me. I am an industrious patient plodder. I shall succeed."

"Oh, rats," vociferated little Willee. And they walked along in silence.

Anon they came upon a giant, sitting on the banks of the Nile. The giant saw them first and was upon them.

"Good morrow unto you, sir," said Rolloah with a forced air of bravado. "And what do you wish of us this fine day?"

"I am hungry," said the giant, vaguely. He was very horrible to behold. "If you can prove to me that you are worth while I will let you go."

"I can answer questions," said little Willee, "in a very witty manner."

"Very excellent, if true," said the giant.

"All I ask is a trial," said little Willee.

"That you shall have," said the giant. "Now, what is an egotist?"

"A professor is an egotist," said little Willee.

The giant scratched his head. "Quite possible," he said, "But what kind of a professor?"

"A professor who has his 'Student at home night' on Saturday evening. A professor in Applied Hydraulics that asks a late comer if he is a visitor in his class. A professor that thinks yawns are signs of open-mouthed wonder."

At this answer the giant laughed long and heartily. "You seem to know your stuff," he said. Then suddenly he turned to little Rolloah. "What can you do," he asked.

"I am an industrious plodder. I am valuable," said little Rolloah.

"Interesting," quoth the giant. "But what can you do?"

"I can make the finest causeways that you ever saw. I can cultivate the best of gardens," answered little Rolloah, with a noticeable touch of pride.

"Is that all you can do?" asked the giant after he had laughed heartily for a full half hour.

"Isn't that enough?" asked little Rolloah indignantly.

"Little Rolloah, I fear that you must come with me," said the giant. "I live way out in the desert where your causeways and gardens flourish not." And he grasped little Rolloah by the hind leg and took him away.

Little Willee wrote a very clever epitaph in memory of the occasion.

Moral: In spite of the fact that everything seems to be against him, once in a while the hare does happen to beat the tortoise.

Innocence

By Tristan Smith, *Undergrad*

TO some it is given to live long and happily, to others to live fast and effectively, to still others, the majority of us, to live our lives passably, and without any particular distinction. Ballantine, since he graduated a generation ago, has lived passably enough, has been successful enough, has acquired a fine, cosy, little family, and save for one thing is not particularly distinguished. But this one thing has year by year mounted in its quality of particular distinction until today Ballantine is a very remarkable man.

If they had illustrated annuals a generation ago when Ballantine graduated from the university, the illustration of our protagonist in the stunt section and a similarly posed snap in similar clothes taken tomorrow at the alumni-varsity ball game would be indistinguishable. For Ballantine does not show his age; today he could pass for a youth of twenty or twenty-four. Ballantine is proud of this.

Still prouder is Ballantine Jr. '23, unmistakably a "chip off the old block," who was a dozen times on the point of revealing to his roommate in an ecstasy of prankishness the scheme he and his dad had cooked up, or that he had cooked up, to be awkwardly assented to by his parent, for the dual occasion of his graduation and his father's class reunion. The only material preparation for the game was the transfer from son to father of one good, collegiate sack suit, a couple of white Oxford shirts, and a fussy little bow tie of dirty white splotched over with weak red.

* * * *

Scene, the campus, Senior Week.

Slice, *a fraternity brother of Ballantine '23*: Damn me! I'd have sworn I just saw Ballantine trotting down the library slope! Didn't you think it was he, Tip?—Hey, there, old quick and slimey! How'd you get up here so quick?

Tip: We saw you headed down the slope two minutes ago and here you are—

Slice: Say, old smell-em-out, Glenwood tonight? No? Better come along. Got the old bus up here now, you know, plenty of room for two more.

Tip: Before you go inveigling into any tough dates there, Ballantine, how about that twenty? You know you said your old man would be back today and you could suck him for about anything you wanted.

Ballantine Sr. *pulls out a very well lined wallet and hands Tip two ten dollar bills*: I guess maybe you can.

Tip and Slice: Ye Gods, *etc.* Look at the wad!

Slice: Yea, bo! Maybe we won't throw 'em a time tonight! Got a woman, Bally, old boy? . . . Sure, *I*'ll get you one . . .

Ballantine Sr.: No, no. We'll do it alone, we shall—go it stag.

* * * *

(To this story there are two obvious endings. Neither of them is very nice, but one of them is nicer than the other. Will any of our returning brother Cornellians who may chance to read this, kindly accept our sincere assurances that the second ending is intended solely for the entertainment of the collegian of *today*—whom we are bound to consider somewhatly even through the overwhelming presence of You Older Ones who have preceded us at college? In the first ending, however, dear elderly ones, we, the concocter of this stilted fabliau, endeavor to ascend for a moment to your own intellectual erie. The second ending, with a mature delicacy, you will ignore.)

The First Ending.

Now as it happened Ballantine '23, was also bent towards Glenwood that same evening. Ballantine '23, as possibly you have been able to infer, was what is sometimes called a "weak sister," he was amiable, amourous, and very tractable; and, as perhaps you know, Glenwood is a "lakeside resort" whereto one repairs to have a "good" time of a Saturday night.

* * * *

Scene Glenwood.

Ballantine '23: Well! It seems good to see you down here.

Milly, *a town girl*: One would think you hadn't cut in sixteen times already this evening. Oh, you're trying to kid me! . . . Jim was mad as rocks when you cut in just the second before intermission again. . . Isn't it *dark* here! Oh, don't. . . I thought you weren't going to do any of that tonight. . . Here's my vanity case, here. Carry it for me, will you, please?

* * * *

A quarter hour later.

Ballantine Sr.: Do you always cuddle like this in the fifth intermission?

Milly: Goodness gracious, Boy! First you get all hug-and-mushy affectionate, then you get *sarcas*-tic if I so much as touch you. My word! . . . My vanity case, if you please.

Ballantine Sr.: Your what, what? . . . I see all! The young scamp! He shall be cut off without a cent. Phaugh!

Milly: Bally! Bally! What ails you?

(Continued on page 23)

BOOKS

FAR OFF THINGS. By Arthur Machen. 230 pages. Knopf. $2.

Reading Machen brings one a finer sense of composure, of poetry, and of spiritual exaltation than any other literary experience I know of. This lately discovered author, in reality a Victorian and not of this age, writes exquisite prose with the charm of poetry, with a touch so sensitive and intimate that only a nature nicely attuned may feel to the fullest his magical spell. His works are for those who love the unreal and the mystical, who still possess a vestige of the imagination and belief of childhood, "who have kept the awe and the surmise of earlier years." This capacity as an imaginative writer has been best revealed in *The House of Souls*, a rare collection of tales that possess a blending of the supernatural and the idyllic, of delicate beauty frequently tinged with horror. *Far Off Things* is a recital of Machen's earlier experiences, the impressions of his youth spent among the Welsh hills, and his first going down to London to become a journalist. The account is almost without plan or purpose, precisely as readers of Machen would expect, but it is a right appealing, and at times touching narrative of an author who enjoys and suffers many things in the attempt to give adequate expression to his rare sensibilities.

—H. B. C.

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Joseph Quincy Adams. 544 pages. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $7.50.

Since I have never made a very radical study of Shakespeare, this review will have to be made up of two parts: the impressions of the casual reader, and the "real dope" furnished in an interview with a kindly professor who knows whereof he speaks.

There is a bare possibility that to anyone but a serious student of Shakespeare it may not seem very important that in the year 1195, just 369 years before the birth of the bard, the name William Sakeespee appeared in the Great Rolls of Normandy in a "list of mainpernors in the Bailiwick of Oximin, situate in the diocese of Bayeux, who were owing money to King Richard." Of course, there is a chance that this was one of the ancestors of the famous William and therefore is of decided interest to the student, but the point I am trying to make is that, aside from the size, it is not the kind of a book one would want to take on a hike to read under the trees. However, I, for one, learned something new on every one of the five hundred and forty-four pages, which after all is worth something. What I meant by the foregoing is that you won't find it the easiest reading you have ever done.

Now to the really valuable part. Cornell has the honor of having on her faculty the man who has written the best and most exact Life of Shakespeare that has ever been written. Others have written longer works and given more facsimilies of the original papers from which they have deduced their conclusions, but practically no one has been so systematically logical in his results. And no one has added so much to that important period in Shakespeare's life between the time he left Stratford until his first success on the stage. In fact, Professor Adams, in the words of my informant, has made the previous authority on Shakespeare, Sir Sidney Lee, look "like a dried fishball." What more disagreeable could be imagined?

UNFINISHED TALES FROM A RUSSIAN PRISON. By Marguerite E. Harrison. 195 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Last year a series of these tales appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* and impressed me then as being about the best thing I had ever seen in its pages. I liked them so much that I even cut them out to keep. Somehow they were lost, so it was with distinct pleasure that I found they were going to be published in book form.

Marguerite Harrison for a good many months was in the Moscow prison of the Checka where the political prisoners were kept. While she was there a stream of women came and went in the cell which she occupied with nine others. All of them had different stories—some were communists, some bolsheviki, some foreign spys. These stories were whispered or told out right and the author has recorded them in strong, concise English. With an almost perfect dramatic sense, she tells these stories as few writers could. But the endings are always untold, for after the guard's curt "Pack your clothes," she never sees her cellmates again to learn the result of their trial. Nevertheless, in these short sketches, she has given a better picture of the ruthless, passionate Russian nature than most of the native writers are able to do.

TRAGEDIES OF SEX. By Frank Wedekind. 347 pages. New York: Boni and Liveright.

The book has just a beautiful binding and soft white paper pages and clear black print, but if you want to own a copy, I would suggest that you buy it soon. That is, unless Mr. Sumner has finally been discouraged sufficiently by having the bans on *Jurgen* and some of the rest of them removed, so that he will see the folly in his Commission. Not that the book should be suppressed. Far from it! It is merely that until The People have been educated up to reading a book like this so that they can get something more than the impression that it is "pernicious pornography" out of it, there will be men who will raise their hands in holy horror and call, "Unclean, unclean." It was just the same with *Jurgen*. Just because the pawnbroker had a good many amours, most people lost the real significance of the book with its *Koshchei* and Heavens and Hells that exist only in the minds of one's ancestors.

The *Tragedies* essentially are even more moral. Wedekind wrote the first, *The Awakening of Spring*, some twenty-five years ago and at that time its purpose was more in need than it is now. It deals with keeping "sex facts" from the adolescent; and naturally one can convey no such meaning by writing about sugar plums.

If you think that your brain is developed enough to interpret these plays as they deserve to be, by all means get the book. . . . Just the same, I would be willing to bet that the greatest number of copies go to those who will get something out of them that Wedekind never intended.

IN DARK PLACES. By John Russell. 285 pages. New York: Alfred Knopf.

Remarkable short stories of the vivid South Sea Islands with the elemental natures of the natives somewhat contorted by the greedy white traders. They reminded me of one of the lines given to the zealous missionary in the play *Rain*: "Why we even had to teach them what sin is before we could start educating them."

Mr. Russell has had published a previous volume of short stories, *Where the Pavement Ends*. The critics at the time hailed him as a second Kipling; and this volume, strange as it may seem, is no let down. Three or four of them are among the best adventure stories I have ever read. The first one, *The Colour of the East*, strikes the note in the whole book. Camberwell has been vainly searching for the color of the east. Finally he kisses a half-caste girl, who in the last moment gives her life for him. He wipes his lips with the back of his hand; and when he looks, there is a red smear. "Red. The colour of life, everywhere the same. Just common red. In a sudden brusque gesture of distaste and disillusion, he scrubbed it off with his handkerchief. . . . For he thought, and he went on thinking, and he always would think, that the stuff was nothing but rouge."

—R. S. H.

PRELUDES. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A slim red book of about fifty pages is made up of eight poems, three of which may be designated as fairly long ones; of these three long ones, two are on Old Testament subjects, and the third on one of those English rural topics of Sussex life at which John Drinkwater is at his best, sharing the field somewhat with John Masefield.

Most of the book is made up of blank verse in which no concession is made to generalities, and in which the literary charm lies in the use of the specific word. Yet Drinkwater can write lyrics and Shakespearian sonnets that are wholly satisfying. One of the verses in this book, "To My Son," is of that rare group which might be styled "poems of paternity."

The volume, as a whole, is one that the lover of modern poets will want to have on his shelves.

—B. A.

STELLA DALLAS. By Olive Higgins Prouty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Comnay. Price $2.

When the report came that *Stella Dallas* had appeared in book form my first reflection was—Oh, that thing that was in the *American!* I had passed it over thinking it like most other *American* magazine stories.

After reading the book, however, I am ready to agree with the New York critic who states that Mrs. Prouty is eligible for graduation into the class of such well knowns as Willa Cather and Zona Gale.

Mrs. Prouty tells her story well. The delicate style and completeness with which she paints her characters is her greatest asset. With this she combines an immense amount of human interest and her plot is a genuine problem involving the marriage of an ultra-respectable and refined gentleman and a woman untutored in the fine points of good taste. The ending is a bit sentimental, but in spite of this the story far out shines any story I have ever read in the *American*.

THESE UNITED STATES. Edited by Ernest Gruening. Boni and Liveright. Price $3.

In which twenty-seven well known and capable authors present their reflections respectively upon twenty-seven of the commonwealths that help make up the U. S. A. The other twenty-one will be published soon. The most interesting feature is the great variety of attack used in these

adventures in description, analysis, exposition, criticism, and comment, varying all the way from the smirk of Sherwood Anderson's *I'll say we've done well* in Ohio to *The Voice from the Inner Border*, a study of Wisconsin by Zona Gale.

No set formula was stipulated to the writers and consequently every article is written in a different key. Some of the essays are deeply problematic, such as Clement Wood's study of Alabama. Others are of a lighter vein. All are pervaded with the idea that the particular state mentioned is a slight bit better than any other, and it is the varying modes of displaying this tendency toward local pride that makes the collection so delightful.

The fact that the volume contains between two covers works by Zona Gale, H. L. Mencken, William Allen White, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and the others of the seven and twenty celebrities should vouch for the subject matter. May volume two appear without delay with as bright an array of talent.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, A MEMOIR. By Max Pemberton. George Doran Company. Price $3.50.

There are parts of Mr. Pemberton's biography which remind one surprisingly of Albert Bigelow Paine and his romance of Mark Twain. As a life long personal friend, and intimate with every principle of the great English nobleman and newspaper genius, Pemberton is able to depict his mountainous career from the time the two met astride their bicycles till Lord Northcliffe's death a little over a year ago. Horatio Alger, himself, with his *Bootblack to Banker* style, could not relate a more scintillant tale than that of Northcliffe's rise from contributor to *Tit-Bits* to controller of practically every press in the British Isles, with power analogous to the prime minister.

The delightful part is that the author does not attempt to pass verdicts upon any of the policies that embroiled Northcliffe in such a tirade during the war when he stood out as the arch patriot of the day, merely, his enemies explained, for an increase in circulation for his papers. Mr. Pemberton does not forget the little anecdotes that are as essential to a good biography as the well known plum to the plum pudding. The surprising thing is that unlike most other English humor they are actually funny, in fact, quite clever. —B. F. H.

MORE OF TOBIAH TITTLEBAUM

(Continued from page 5)

that esoteric knowledge found only in the roar of great cities, in the babbling of little brooks, and in the glory of the sunset over the mountains. His finances, restricted like all other professors, have necessitated his proceeding humbly, but he has purchased a Ford cheaply from one of the departing seniors, and he and one of his colleagues, who is making the trip with him, have equipped it meticulously for a transcontinental trip. The Ford has been christened Balaam's Ass, for it seems to have something intelligent about it and yet is essentially a beast of burden.

It is hoped that on this trip enough material will be collected about Tobiah, his friend, and the Ford to continue this series of conversations in these pages next year. Until then, he hopes you will not forget him entirely and he also wants to extend to you his most hearty wishes for a cooler summer than you will find in Ithaca.

STRANGE CASE OF THE KINGSTON EXPRESS

(Continued from page 14)

"But who opened the switch in the main line?" I queried. "Ah, that's easy," replied Jolnes; "perhaps a dissatisfied employee, perhaps a spy, or perhaps"—he began to puff at a fresh pipeful of green tea—"children playing with matches." What more could one want? In my whole-hearted admiration for the man, I could almost forgive him the green tea.

INNOCENCE

(Continued from page 19)

Ballantine Sr.: Do not worry, young lady; do not worry; you shall have your settlement.

CURTAIN.

(After the older "boys" have left, the curtain rises again for the dumber collegians of today.)

The Second Ending.

The second ending is the same as the first, except that where in the first ending Ballantine Sr. says "Your what, what?", Ballantine Sr. says in the second ending, "Let's go and get married. And then go to college for ever and ever and ever." I suppose the irony of this tale lies in Ballantine Sr.'s thinking that you have to get married. Ballantine Sr. simply cannot understand "college," and that is all there is to it. Perhaps the old boy had too rigorous an uprearing, perhaps he had too godly a mother; who knows? He may not be dumb, but you will agree with me, brother, that he's fearfully innocent of what is going on in this world.

Treasure

To have known the sweep of a clear blue sky
  And fields that green with April,
To have seen a pine as the wind rushed by,
  And heard its roar and felt its power,
  Is to know that life is worth that hour
All times of tears and sorrow.

To have had a friend with a laughing eye,
  And cherished him and loved him,
To have felt content when he was by,
  And treasured hours for future store,
  Is to know that life is worth far more
Than a hope for our tomorrow.

—F. L.

HISTORY

(Continued from page 7)

it has nevertheless left a very fair record. Having lost many stars, and having no new ones developed, it was not expected to do well in the intercollegiate meets. The value of a balanced team was demonstrated, however, when it made such a surprisingly good showing in the Intercollegiates. Through second and third place it managed to stand near the top. Its balance was also exhibited in the dual meet with Penn, the strong contenders for the championship. General ability here triumphed over diffused stellar excellence. The team lost to Michigan and won from Dartmouth in the indoor meets. Although we had no championship team, possibly this year's squad would appear greater to Cornellians were they not inspired with the habitual ascendency of the teams of former years.

Lacrosse has done its share to add to the record of our page. Recovering from a bad defeat by Hobart early in the contest for the league title, the team with true Cornell fight turned and trounced Syracuse, the league leaders. This victory brought them to the fore, and Syracuse and Cornell tied for the championship. As in hockey and soccer the men showed rare playing ability, but seemed to lack the knack of scoring. Constantly playing in their opponents' territory they seemed unable to make the coveted tally. For passing, team work, and endurance, however, they were unsurpassed, as their final standing in the league testifies.

The king of American sports has little suffered his majesty to adorn our page. Although no team has left a bad record, that of the baseball team is perhaps least outstanding. Handicapped by a lack of pitching material the team has grimly fought its way through a mediocre season. It is more the pity that they lacked pitchers because the team work of the players has been excellent. There are, however, certain bright spots which stand out in a buff and blue season. Such, for instance, was the Spring Day game with Dartmouth and the victory over Syracuse. We may look for the development of a pitching staff and a consequently good team next year.

The Cornell Crews linger before adding to their story to our nearly completed page. It is safe to say that the Freshman will have a goodly tale to tell. The Junior Varsity is an unknown quantity. As for our Varsity—what shall be their story? A bitter defeat by a superior Yale crew brought tears to the eyes of many rowing enthusiasts. The power, the ease, the grace, were gone—in other words, Charles Courtney was absent. Princeton

in the distance did little to rouse our spirits. The defeat of Harvard under rough and unnatural conditions was a balm to our hearts. The Poughkeepsie Regatta is yet to come. The Navy and Syracuse are dangerous opponents, while again Washington is a "Dark horse." None of these crews have defeated Yale. If the Big Red Crew wins this regatta the conclusion of our page will indeed be more than fitting. Yale only will then be superior. Let us hope that on June 28 the Red and White oars flash to the fore.

Our page is nearly ended—there have been better and there have been worse. It is needless to say that it is a worth while page. It is up to our crews to give it a golden conclusion.

An Optimist: A student who asks for a book at the Library fifteen minutes before his next class.

A Pessimist: A co-ed who leaves her hair net at home when she has a date with a member of the C. U. C. A. Cabinet.

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Kirby, 1924 Track Captain, Winning the Mile at the Intercollegiates at Franklin Field

INTELLECTUAL POSITION OF THE UNIVERSITY

(Continued from page 9)

cumstances are advanced: first, that an intellectual synthesis is difficult to attempt under the electoral system; and second, that the Philosophy department fulfills the function adequately. The answer is that it would not be difficult if the courses chosen were properly taught, which they can easily be. Even were it impossible, it would simply mean that the electoral system must go in part. The action of the Arts College last year was a first halting, hesitant step on a long road. And second, observation of philosophy students is not convincing proof that the department leads to the attainment of an intellectual synthesis. What if it did? Not everyone can take philosophy; not everyone would care to if he could. It is desirable for everyone to acquire a synthesis; at least so far as he is able. He certainly should not be prevented from doing so by the system. Every branch of study can be so taught as to accomplish this purpose. Hence, even if philosophy did fulfill the function, that would not excuse other departments. The moral would simply be "Go thou and do likewise." It is more a question of method than matter, of quality rather than quantity, of education.

The ideal of the 60's was a great and good progressive one, but there nations had substantially one vital line of contact, the diplomatic. Today, when lines of international contact are as numerous as they are vital, we need to be equally progressive. There is being made a very real, a very definite, demand on education. What America is crying aloud for is an intellectual aristocracy. This implies a synthesis. Columbia is awakening to the call. Why can't Cornell set the pace?

President Farrand delivering an address at the Cemetery on Memorial Day

A SEARCH FOR TRAGEDY

(Continued from page 10)

Carl—Oh, I had a few poems published free of charge in the *Johnsonberg Bugle*.

Sew—And yet you are disgusted when I say life is a tragedy.

Carl—Why shouldn't I be? You always end the damned platitude with a silent, gleeful Eureka; as if others didn't know it, too.

Sew—Oh, but there are a thousand kinds of tragedy!

Carl—All saturated with sorrow and failure!

Sew—Certainly, that is why it is so interesting.

Carl—In order to encourage the others, I suppose.

Sew—No.

Carl—Really?

Sew—Shut up a minute. If a man didn't realize life was a tragedy he might go around looking for ultimate happiness.

Carl—And die still hopeful of finding it.

Sew—Not at all. You'd die knowing you had failed!

Carl—Well, why the deuce start by knowing you must fail?

Sew—If you know it beforehand you can be resigned and snatch at any brief moments of comic relief.

Carl—And write the artistic triumph of the age—a great Tragedy!

Sew—Oh, cut it. You never used to be any Pollyanna yourself.

Carl—You're right, and never will be. But I don't like seeing the events of my life—if life is only tragic—put on the boards under a glaring white light where I have to see it without even the slight shading given by a golden sun. Life may be damned dreary and all that, but why pay to see it then? I go to the theatre to escape from life.

Sew—Not from Life, from YOUR life.

Carl—Well, what's the difference?

Sew—The difference between a bonfire and your home afire.

Carl—Well, here's a real bonfire. Describe to the public its attempts to make a flame burst from charred embers (*nods his head towards a newcomer*).

Sew—Why, I used to know him, didn't I?

Carl—Must have. He was a great artist in his day.

Sew—His day? When was that?

Carl—When he was at college. Hello, Crandall. Come on over here and join us.

Crandall (*from across the room*)—You're all through, aren't you? I'll sit here with Fernold.

Carl—All right.

Sew—Crandall? Oh, I remember him. He drew unusual pictures, didn't he?

Carl—Yes, he had "a manner beyond his years."

Sew—Does he still draw or paint?

Carl—Oh, after a fashion—he makes a living.

Sew—What happened to him? Lose his inspiration?

Carl—Yes, as most men lose the knack for writing poetry after they are twenty. Only, Crandall keeps on using charcoal and brush, after he is dead.

Sew—Don't any interesting people come here?

Carl—I thought you wanted to see Life?

Sew—But you can see this sort of thing anywhere.

Carl—What sort of thing?

Sew—People who haven't arrived.

Carl—Yes, but you can't always find people who were so convinced they were witches that they straddled broomsticks and jumped off a cliff.

Sew—Fools live everywhere!

Carl—You seem a bit dogmatic. Not preaching, are you?

Sew—No, I preach from the stage only—

(*Enter a thin, middle-aged woman, clothes stiffly tailored and slightly shiny.*)

Sew (*after looking intently at the woman*)—Ah!

Carl—Do you recognize her?

Sew (*half to himself*)—How commonplace and yet what a strange way of looking at people.

Carl—Yes, she is sort of like a snowflake under a microscope; her eyes are lenses. You've got to look into them to fully appreciate her.

Sew—You don't mean she is mean and small?

Carl—No, I mean so delicately constructed!

Sew—Oh, I remember her. It's Marie, isn't it?

Carl—Yes. Teaching public school in the daytime; trying to live at night.

Sew—I thought so.

Carl—Thought what?

Sew—You remember before I left college I told you she had no future except teaching.

Carl—Well, they say she is very successful at that. She is considered an authority on French language and Literature.

Sew—Oh, but only a teacher. Forced to come to a ramshackled nightmare like this in order to get relief from existence.

Carl—Oh, don't be so commiserating. She has a good time laughing with us and at us and scolding us for our tawdriness.

Sew—I should think she'd spend all of her time scolding.

Carl—Oh, she's rather merciful.

Sew—What, to you in here?

Carl—Good God, man, can't we even be pitied? Just because we're miserable failures—and most of us know it too well—would you shut us up in a closet with the damned skeleton for the rest of our lives?

Sew—But you said she laughed *with* you. How could she? She ought to be too sensible for that.

Carl—Too sensible? Oh, no, she knows our pretensions are only armour.

Sew—Armour?

Carl—Yes. Armour to protect us from the challenge of that dirty alley outside, from the challenge of Beacon Street, Commonwealth Avenue, and State Street. That challenge of Goliath!

Sew—And you have no David? Isn't Marie a David? Isn't she a success?

Carl—Marie a success? Yes, a successful encyclopedia. Does she live? Has she ever lived? Ask her yourself. No, we have no David. Although each one likes to think himself one.

Sew—How do you know Marie doesn't LIVE?

Carl—Because she has told me.

Sew—She did?

Carl—Didn't I tell you this place was a graveyard?

Sew—Oh, so she said that and not you?

Carl—Certainly, did I claim it?

Sew—I thought it might be your own; you used to be fairly witty.

Carl—"Used to," yes. I'm in the *Purple Shutters* now. (*The parrot squawks loudly.*) What's the matter, Polly? You look angry.

Sew—Perhaps she is hungry again.

Carl—No, that was a reproof. I lost a case today and she objects to my venting my disappointment in here. It isn't done, you see. In here, we are all always optimists.

Sew (*sarcastically*)—Oh, so she is the regulator of conversation in here?

Carl—Well, yes, she sets the tone.

Sew—The tone? She? That parrot?

Carl—Yes. You said she blinked condescendingly when you feed her; of course she does. She knows she can't feed herself, but she maintains her self-respect by that tawdry pose of sacred aloofness. That is the way we treat the world, too; and for the same reasons.

Sew—And why be like that parrot?

Carl—Oh, I suppose because we're the spirits of a graveyard. We've lost our meaning in life, so we strike an attitude of mystery and death. (*A man enters.*) Hello, Murray.

Murray (*across the room and with a smile of mock dignity*)—How do you do, gentlemen. How do you do, Marie, have you seen the last *Vanity Fair?*

Marie (*across the room to Murray*)—No, do come and tell me about it.

Sew—Every one seems to congregate around Marie.

Carl—Oh, yes, we like her. She has no delusions of her own to throw in our faces.

Sew—She must have seen Life, then.

Carl—You mean tragedy, I suppose? Yes, she has. She has stood on the street corner all her life, waiting for the traffic to clear so that she could cross the street. But she has never crossed.

Sew—Why not?

Carl—Because she was brought up to wait till the traffic cop gave the signal.

Sew—She should have plenty of chances to cross at that at that rate. Why didn't she?

Carl—Oh, no, you're wrong, Sewall; we don't handle

traffic as well in Boston as you do in New York. Many a person waits for the traffic to clear, but it never does. The man who gets ahead in Boston must be an accomplished "jay-walker."

Sew—If that's the case, why do they all like her so much? I should think this crowd would like people who have been in the traffic.

Carl—That's just the trouble with us in here. That is what I've been trying to get into your head all evening. We've all been in the traffic, been whirled around between trucks and limousines, and ended up by being knocked into the gutter, unconscious. We go to her to learn what all that traffic is really like. She has seen it; we've only felt it.

Sew (*looking at a group around the table where Marie is*)—What are they talking about? I can't understand a word.

Carl—No one can—they jabber continually about anything.

Sew (*sighing*)—Well, there goes another evening wasted (*gets up to go*).

Carl—Wasted? Oh, I see, no tragedy.

Sew—No, nothing but failures. Are you coming now?

Carl—I think I'll stay around awhile. I'll take care of the check.

Sew—All right, thanks. I'll see you tomorrow before I go back (*goes out*).

Carl (*to Maurice*)—Get me another cup of coffee, will you, Maurice?

Maurice—In a jiffy, old man.

Marie (*who has left the group and come over to Carl's table*)—Hello, Carl, who was that?

Carl—Oh, just an old friend, a successful one.

Marie—He is?

Carl—Yes, his plays bring in lots of money.

Marie—Lucky man. I see by the papers that you lost your case today.

Carl—Yes, the fifteenth straight.

Marie—And I suppose having a successful friend around doesn't help things very much, either.

Carl—Oh, I was just trying to help him out—but I couldn't even do that.

Marie—Too bad. Cheer up, you'll feel better in the morning. Well, I guess I'll go now. Will I see you tomorrow night?

Carl (*wearily*)—No, I don't believe so.

Marie—Why not? Leaving town?

Carl—Yes, Marie, I've given up law.

Marie—Why, Carl, that can't be true. You're pretty discouraged tonight. You'll think differently in the morning.

Carl—I don't think so; anyway it would do no good. The partnership is dissolved.

Marie (*tenderly*)—Do you mean you were frozen out?

Carl—What's the difference? I thought I was a lawyer; I'm not; and I'm through.

Marie—What will you do, newspaper work? You liked it once.

Carl—Possibly I'll try it again.

Marie—Any way, Carl, good luck to you (*goes out*).

Carl—Thanks, Marie.

(CURTAIN)

PORTRAIT OF  SIR ISAAC NEWTON

James II is Dead—
NEWTON Lives

IT has always been known that free bodies fall. The earth has a strange attraction. How far does it extend? No one knew before Newton, sitting in his garden, one day in 1665, began to speculate.

"Why should not the attraction of gravitation reach as far as the moon?" he asked himself. "And if so, perhaps she is retained in her orbit thereby." He began the calculation, but overwhelmed by the stupendous result that he foresaw, he had to beg a friend to complete it.

In Newton's *Principia* were laid down his famous laws of motion —the basis of all modern engineering. The universe was proved to be a huge mechanism, the parts of which are held together in accordance with the great law of gravitation.

James II was reigning when the *Principia* appeared in 1687. He is remembered for the Bloody Assizes of Jeffreys, for his complete disregard of constitutional liberties, for his secret compacts with Louis XIV and the huge bribes that he took from that monarch, and for the revolution that cost him his crown; Newton is remembered because he created a new world of thought, because he enabled scientists and engineers who came after him to grapple more effectively with the forces of nature.

When, for instance, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company determine the stresses set up in a steam turbine by the enormous centrifugal forces generated as the rotor spins, they practically apply Newton's laws in reaching conclusions that are of the utmost value to the designing engineer.

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