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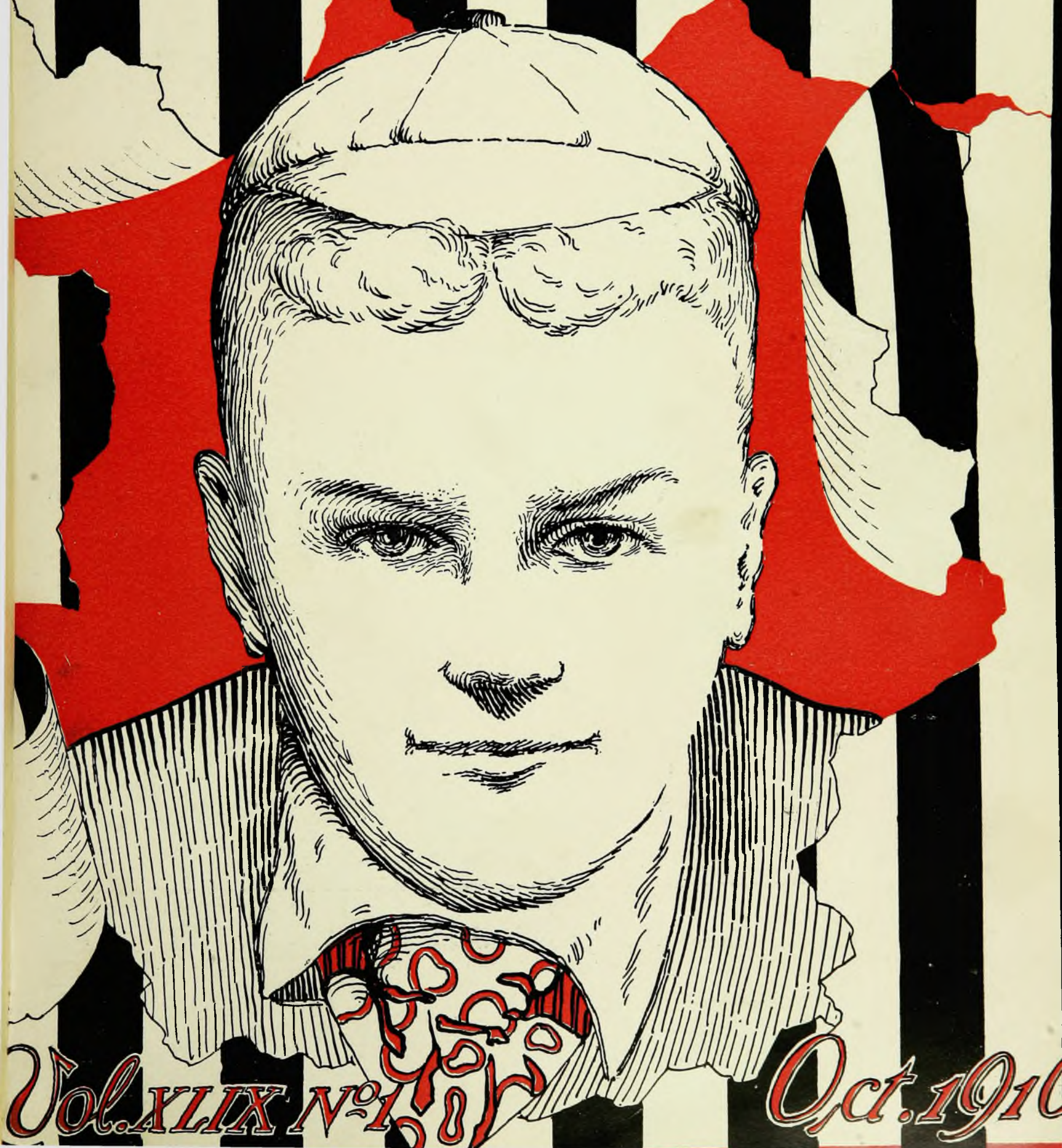
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JOSEPH A. KOHM
213 WILLOW AVE.
ITHACA, N. Y.

Joseph A. Kohn

June 1917.

THE CORNELL ERA



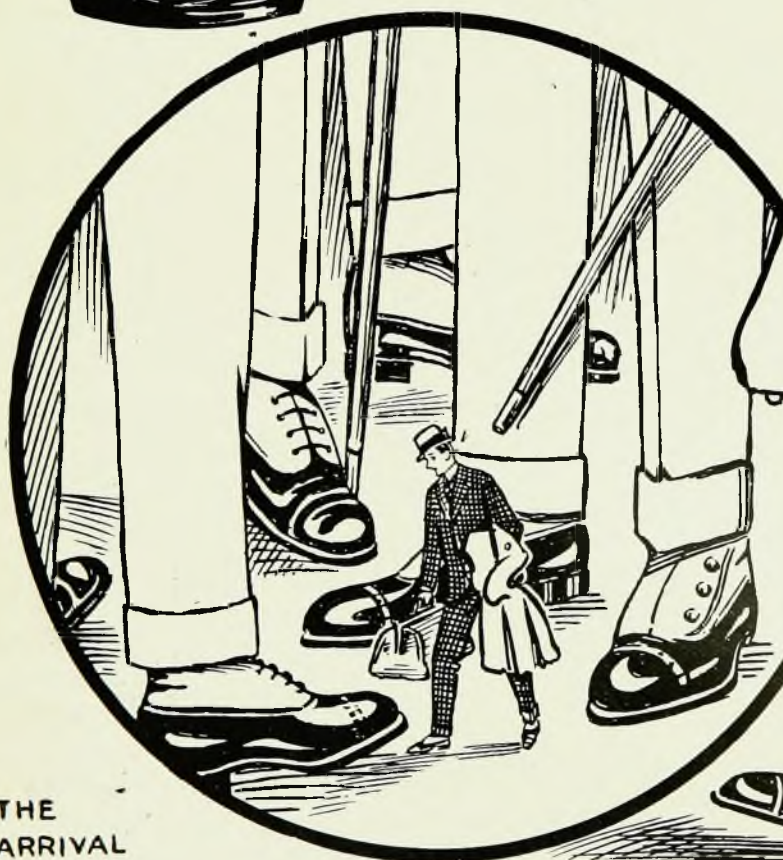
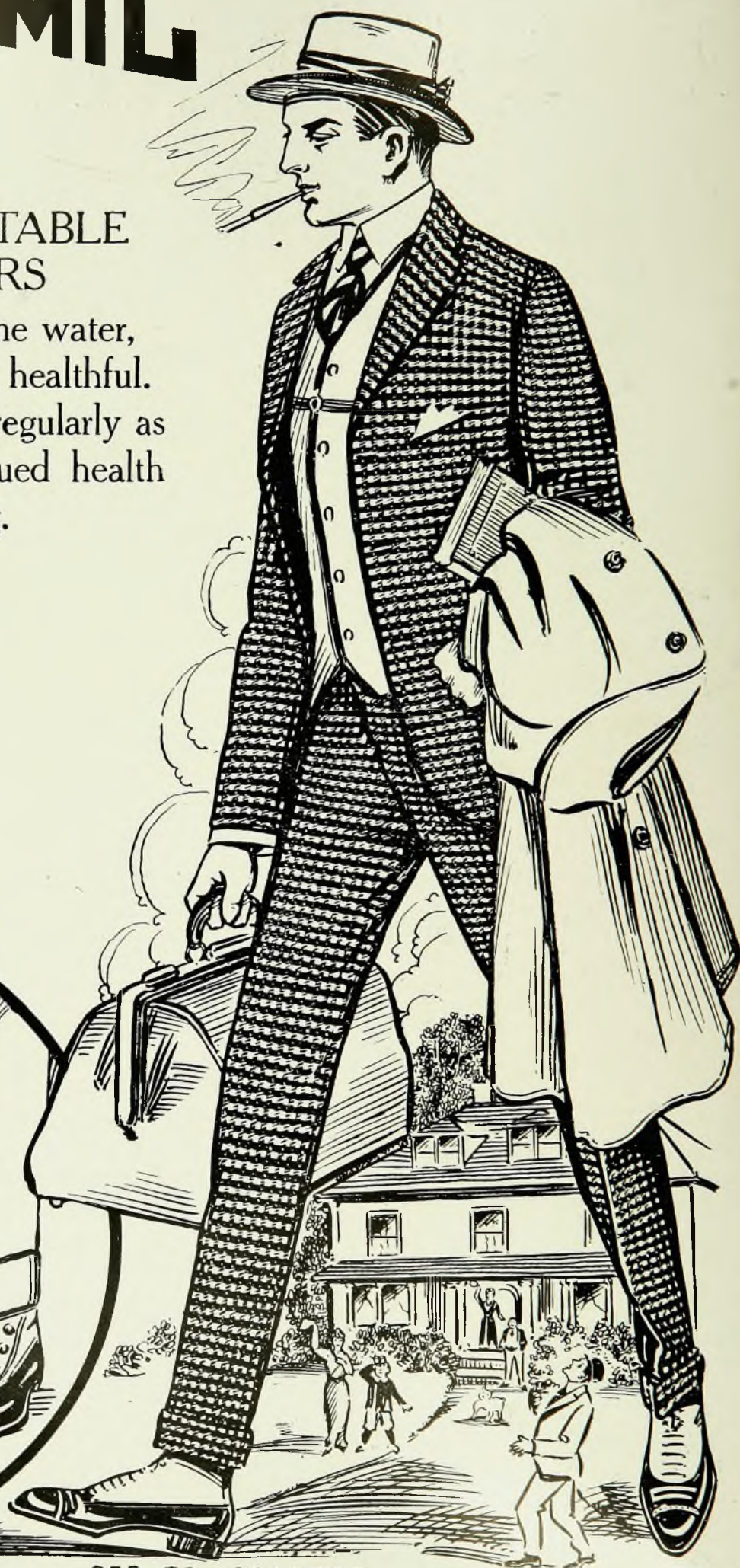
Vol. XLIX No. 108

Oct. 1910

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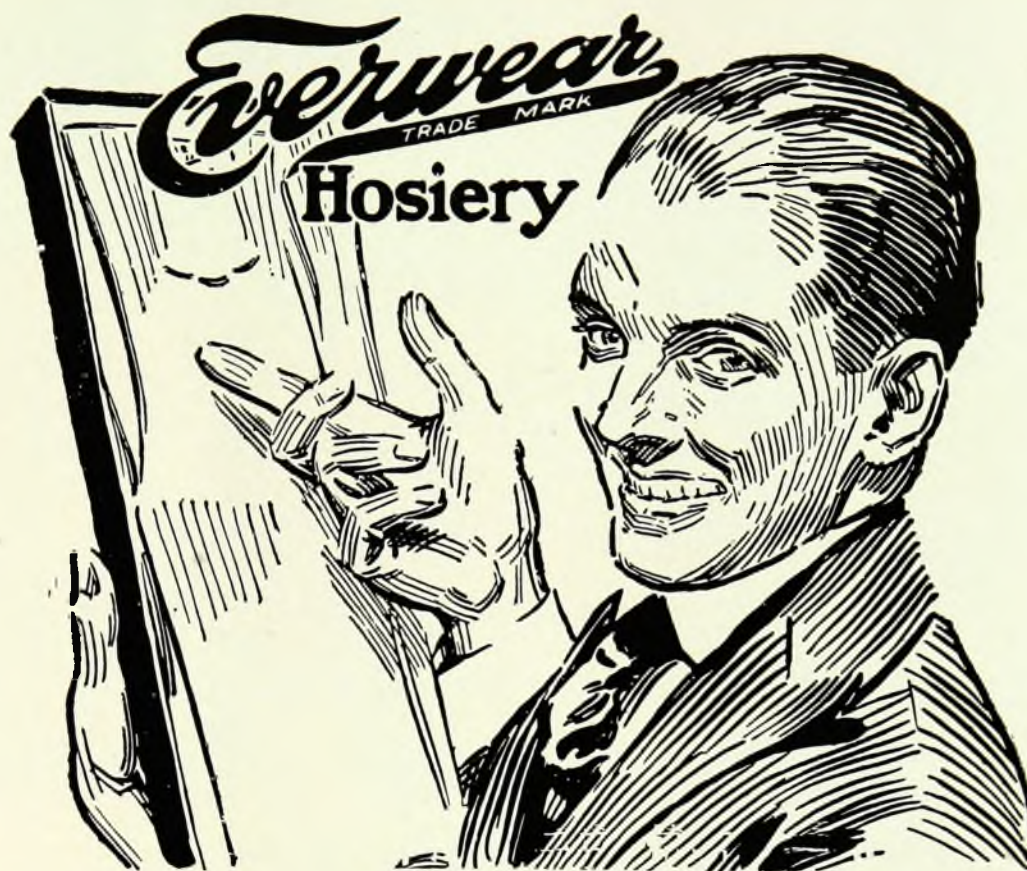


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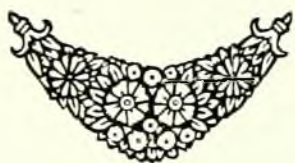
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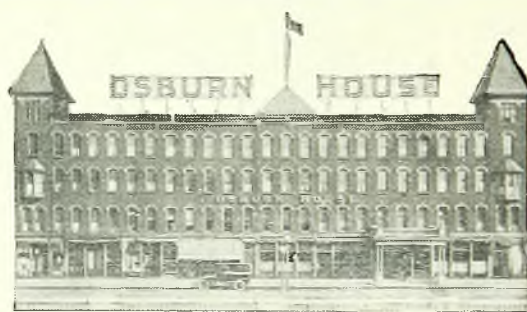
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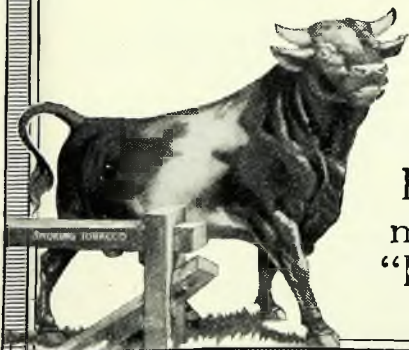
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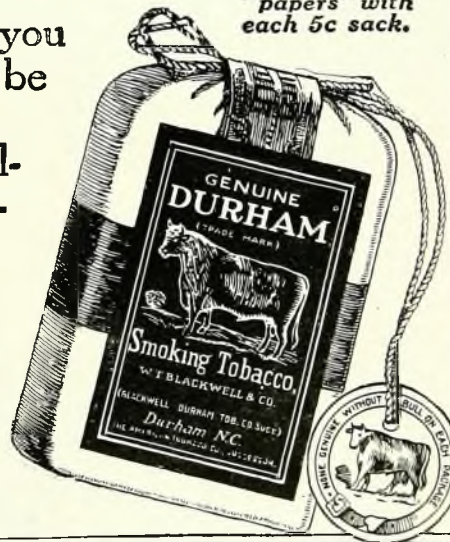
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The Cornell Era

XLIX

OCTOBER, 1916

Number 1

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Editor for this issue, P. D. FLANNER

It is expected that the ERA should extend a welcome to the freshmen who are now entering this institution for the first time. But the trite words of ordinary greeting fail, somehow, to express the real welcome which we feel. **The New Cornellians** The reason is that nothing, no words of ours, can quite express it. For it is a welcome mixed with a hopeless desire to give to the freshmen advice which nothing but the experience of college itself can give. Books filled with sage homilies on how to make the most of a college course would be of no avail. There is no doubt that if a man could understand at the beginning of college as he does at the end, he could grasp its opportunities in a way in which most of us, unfortunately, cannot. But he cannot.

It does not follow, however, that there is not a more and a less in college life, that because one cannot plan his course with perfect wisdom, he should go through college without planning at all. This aimlessness is a stamp of American college men. It is often seen, for instance, in the reasons which men give for taking certain courses: "Prof. So-and-so is easy" or "That three hours is a gift!" Just as if the degree were the real thing instead of the symbol! Of searching for and following ideals, of correlating the present with the future, of striving to reach a goal which grows ever more unattainable as one's horizon enlarges there is *woefully little!* The man who coolly reasons out what he wants to get from his college, and then plans his vocations and his avocations in ac-

cordance is conspicuous by his absence. He is the man, however, who is building in the future as well as in the present, and he it is to whom the future will look for leadership. Whether he be an engineer or a socialist, whether he be rich or poor, he will be a man of power.

The world is too fine a thing, especially in these days, to be taken in the happy-go-lucky spirit.

In the strange plague of infantile paralysis which has fallen upon the country, there is a very present affliction for us all. Many Cornellians, no doubt, have suffered the loss of friends or relatives, and to these the ERA extends her deepest sympathy. Others feel the epidemic only as a vicarious sorrow, much as we feel the European War, realizing into how many homes it has brought the deepest grief and suffering.

Looking at the epidemic from a less personal point of view, however, we see in it an evidence of the recent progress of medical science, for it gives us by its very frightfulness a new realization of the sufferings which our grandfathers had to bear, and which we are, in these days, usually spared. The following extracts from the unpublished memoirs of Mr. William Henry Willcox tells of a New York epidemic in days when the city was visited periodically by plagues worse in proportion than the present one and quite as little understood:

"In 1832 there was a fearful panic over the coming of Asiatic cholera.

Grass was seen growing up between the cobble stones in the streets. * * * I remember walking down Broadway one day about two o'clock in the afternoon and meeting only one or two persons between Canal Street and the City Hall. * * * Every night the 'dead carts' could be heard rumbling over the pavements to gather up the uncoffined bodies of those who had died during the day and dump them into trenches in 'Potters Field.' "

Everyone is watching the Cornell football team this season with unusual interest. It bids fair to prove the most important season since the beginning of football at Cornell. For this season **This Fall** will show whether last season's championship was a temporary flash or the inauguration of a period of real football success. All of us here at Cornell who are close to the team and know its spirit have faith in its ability to continue last year's successes. We know Dr. Sharpe, his methods of coaching, and the difficulties he has successfully overcome, and we cannot but believe that Cornell has become a permanent factor to be reckoned with in football championships.

Our coming game with Harvard will mean much. This year there can be no talk of a surprise victory, or of a game of secondary importance. A victory or a closely contested match will underline Cornell's proclamation of last season that she has come to the top in football.

The spirit on the field is fine.

Every man is "right after" the championship. The spirit in the university must back them up, must make up to them for the lateness of their start.

It is not improbable that the verdict of history will mark the coming presidential election as one of the most important events in the history of the country. It will

A Duty to decide the kind of man
Politics and the kind of administration which will have to handle the great problems of reconstruction. The crises succeeding the European War may be less dramatic than those of the past few years, but they will be as heavily laden with consequences for the future.

The fact that the ordinary student cannot vote should be no objection to his taking an intelligent interest in the election. As a matter of fact it often seems to do so. Many students feel less responsibility to politics than to the World's Championship Series. This is a heavy indictment of a government based upon intelligent public opinion, for where should one expect to find this responsibility if not in the colleges where men are learning to be valuable citizens?

It may seem early to begin dinning "music" in the ears of the undergraduates. Usually this cry is not raised until the annual exhortation to the purchase of tickets
Music for the Festival. And yet if music is at that time—as it invariably is—"one of the fine

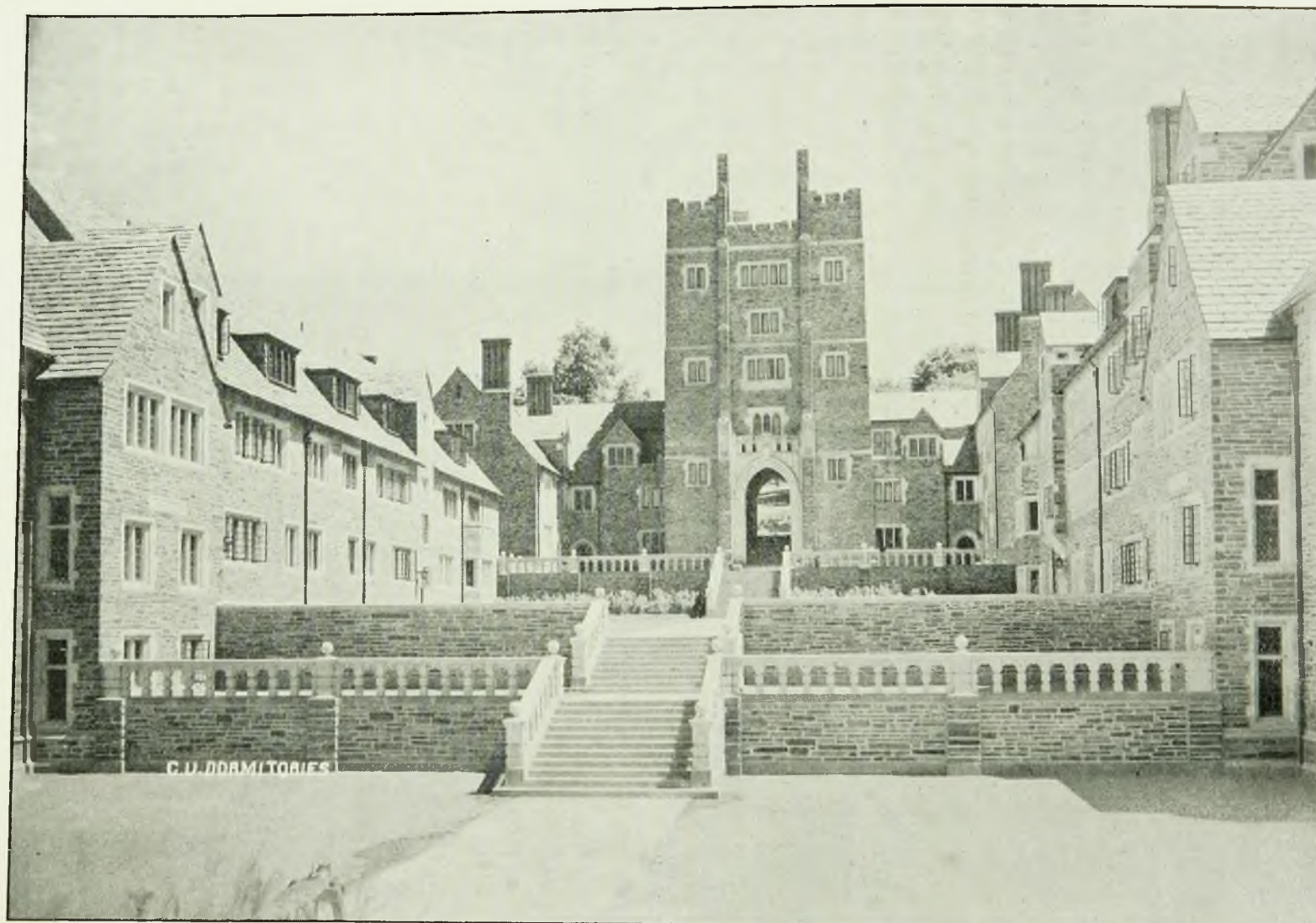
things of life, for which men come to college," it is no less so in the autumn when courses are being laid out.

The ERA feels that it may be doing a service to some of its readers by calling attention to an excellent course given last year by the department of music under the name "History and Appreciation of Music". This course is entirely popular in nature, but we feel that many students who would enjoy it have overlooked it, due to the fact that the announcement appears only in a group of courses most of which are technical.

"Far Above Cayuga's Waters" is now before the public. The ERA is proud to present it both because we are convinced of its excellence and

value as a book, and because it is in a sense the
The Era cause it is in a sense the
Book culmination of nearly half a century of publishing, the cream, as it were, of all that the ERA has done. Many of our friends and advisors have commented favorably on the fact that it was possible to compile an entire book of worthy selections from our earlier volumes. We, also, are proud of the fact, but we cannot forget that it is, after all, only a milestone of progress. Another fifty years, we hope, will see us in the possession of an even richer and more fascinating collection of contributions.

The ERA takes pleasure in announcing the election to the editorial board of Peter Vischer, '19, and Randall J. LeBoeuf, Jr., '19.



A VIEW OF A COMPLETED PORTION OF THE UNIVERSITY DORMITORIES
ON THE LIBRARY SLOPE

College Driftwood---Some Plain Words to Students

By PROFESSOR S. P. ORTH

A few years ago I asked the Secretary of a German Labor Union, who had visited our country and was an unusually keen observer, what most impressed him about American life. He answered: "You are a nation of jumping jacks. You jump from one trade to another without any plan or forethought. With you, a young fellow looks for a job, not a trade. When he loses his job he looks for another. This shifting is fairly easy until the man reaches middle life, then it is a tragedy. We, on the other hand, train a man for a position, not a job. Here in Germany, if a lad becomes a grocer's helper he becomes a grocer, and once a grocer always a grocer."

There is enough truth in this observation to make it cogent. We are, more or less, a republic of aimless individuals, of drifters and opportunists. Every one knows men who have been in a dozen different kinds of business: or who have tried their hand at all sorts of jobs. I suppose that in a new country this sort of social and economic shiftlessness is natural. For the pressure of skill is not so great, and new opportunities smile on the alert every day.

But the days of aimless America have been numbered. The lessons of national concentration and individual co-operation which Europe is now teaching, must be heeded by us, and the young men now in college must participate and lead in our national readjustment. A nation can-

not "find itself", as the Germans say, until its citizens have found themselves.

However, our colleges are themselves the nation in miniature. They reflect faithfully our national characteristics, and there is just as much aimless drifting here as anywhere. Why are you in college? I suppose you have never asked yourself this question. The general opinion is that young people go to college to get an education, as they might get measles during an epidemic, or religion during a revival: that they are to get this education for some vague, ulterior benefit, just as having measles makes you immune from taking them again, or "getting religion" operates as a sort of insurance policy against possible future contingencies. This popular conception endows education with some mystic potency which is supposed to work miracles for the beneficiary, when, of course, we know there is no mystery in it at all.

Assuming always that you know how to study, a rather monstrous assumption, there are just two essentials to this education: something to study and somebody to do the studying. You need not leave home to find either of these. You came to college because here are certain facilities that aid you in getting at the facts, and because here you are enveloped in an invigorating atmosphere that stimulates the personality as well as the brain.

The college endeavors to help you,

not only with laboratories and libraries, but by arranging the subjects of study in courses, and the choice of these courses is up to you. Here comes the first great temptation to drift. Here are bewildering lists of courses and the student may drift from one realm of learning to another: nibble the tender buds of general courses in a dozen different fields.

You may acquire a varied vocabulary and some entertainment by committing yourself to this collegiate drifting among easy and general courses, but you do not acquire an education. You must get under the surface to get at the facts. To do this you must dig not drift: you need a spade, not a spoon.

Our colleges are largely to blame for this condition. They offer too many courses for the undergraduate. Many of these courses overlap each other and many of them are entirely unrelated. The *a la carte* allurements tempt the aimless youth to deserts and entrees. The *table d'hôte* plan of 30 years ago was more nourishing.

Getting something to study is, therefore, not merely selecting a lot of courses at random. It involves definiteness, aim, ambition. But the average student comes to college without any such precise aim. He has not chosen a profession or calling. In fact a great many young men expect that their college course will awaken definite interests; they go to college to get an aim.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of this mental attitude. A cautious young man would not

choose a profession without taking careful inventory of his aptitudes and preferences. But he cannot make this discovery by a hit or miss selection of courses. He would not be silly enough to determine to become a lawyer because he happens to like a little course in elementary law, or a physician because he got a good grade in physiology or a sculptor because he enjoyed classical archeology! Nor does he come to college primarily to make these discoveries. He is here for mental discipline and for getting a point of view.

It is this discipline, the mobilization of your mental powers, that will be the foundation of your success in life. This discipline you can get in college only by hard, persistent, well directed work. It is true that you will get a whole lot out of college by mental and personal osmosis. This is the legitimate by-product of your college years. But in the long run, what you actually get out of college will be measured directly by the amount of aim and energy you put into it. You will not get very strong by intellectual drifting from one general course to another. It will neither harden your muscle nor strengthen your purpose.

But there is not merely the drifting in your college studies that tends to make your four years here 50% years instead of 100% years. There is an appalling waste of extra hours slipping under the arches of opportunity. Probably not over two-thirds of your day is actually taken up with your studies. Some students, naturally, put in a great deal more; many others, as naturally, a

great deal less. The rest of your time may be devoted to athletics, debating, music, competitions of various kinds, and all that maze of "outside work" which forms part of the discipline of a modern university. To a few students their college course is nearly all "outside" and very little "inside. To another small portion, equally unfortunate, it is all "inside" and no "outside." To a large majority it is some of each.

Now, what are you doing with this extra time? You ought to get just as much out of it as you do out of your lecture room and laboratory time. You must, of course, get your physical exercise and amusement out of it. I hope you get plenty of both. Then, if you are so minded, you go in for a definite competition, in athletics or literary work. Any worthy object, definitely chosen, and enthusiastically and faithfully carried out, will put a surplus value on your four years in college.

But the majority of the students don't go in for anything definite in such outside subjects. They have no plan, no ambition for their surplus hours. They merely drift. I have been amazed at the lack of ginger, or ambition, among the students in this matter. During the four years I have been in Cornell I have been four times on committees to judge in various prize competitions, provided for by gifts to the university. Two out of these four times, there were no papers handed in worthy of a prize. A third time, the committee were divided as to whether any of the papers were worthy of recognition. Only once in these four competi-

tions, whose awards are in cash, was an essay handed in that a committee could agree upon as really worthwhile and in none of these prize competitions were more than four papers produced.

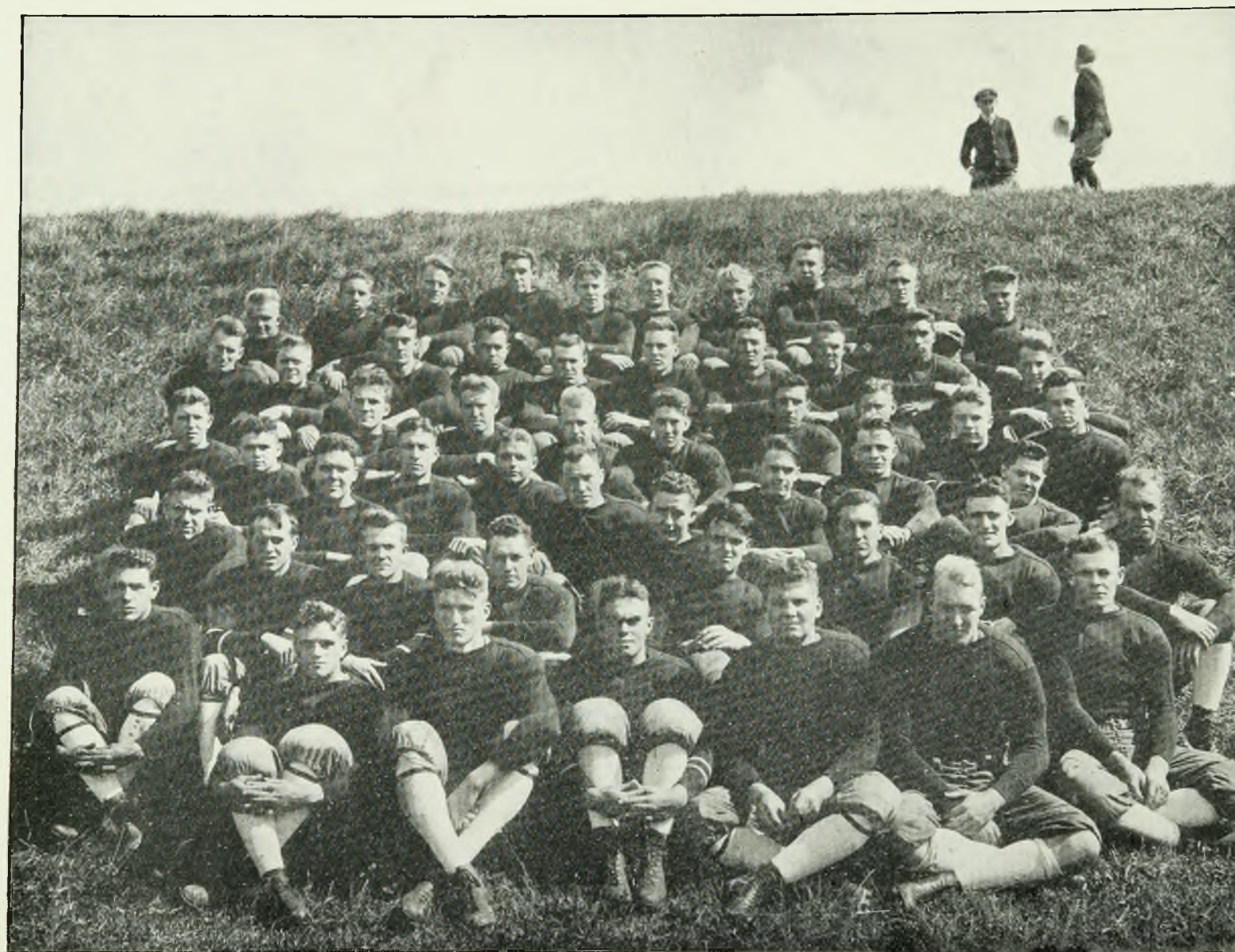
What are the students at Cornell doing with their surplus time? They are surely not all on the athletic field or the inlet or in the "Star," or in public lectures all the time! The bald truth is that there is a shameful extravagance in hours due to a lack of aim, to an intellectual shiftlessness which none can justify. The majority of the students simply do not plan their courses, nor their hours either for study, for recreation or for outside activities.

There are various things you can do with these hours. I suggest one: that you plan a definite course of reading and during these four years in college read those books which every cultured gentleman should know, but which, after you are out of college, you will find but spare leisure to enjoy.

An experienced lawyer, who was a great reader with an uncanny memory, once told me that he had made a wide inquiry, which led him to conclude that not half of American business or professional men read one substantial book a year, unless they had formed the habit of reading before they were thirty years old.

Now is your time for forming this habit. You have more hours for general reading now than you will have when you face the actual bread and butter needs of later years. I

(Continued on page 59)



CANDIDATES FOR THE CORNELL VARSITY ON THE FIRST DAY OF PRACTICE, SEPT. 25

Photo by
Troy

Early Prospects of the Season

By DANIEL A. REED, '98

A moment's reflection by any loyal Cornellian should reveal the unique position in which the coaches, team, and undergraduate body are placed as the season of 1916 opens.

We are handicapped by a late start, for the season is already upon us. In less than a week from the opening of college we must be prepared to play Williams, a strong team. And in less

hard earnest work—work that points toward success.

But if we are to have *success* we need the *undivided support of the student body from the beginning*. This is more largely true now than in any past year, because of the late start.

Obviously now, if ever, this support must be spontaneous. It must

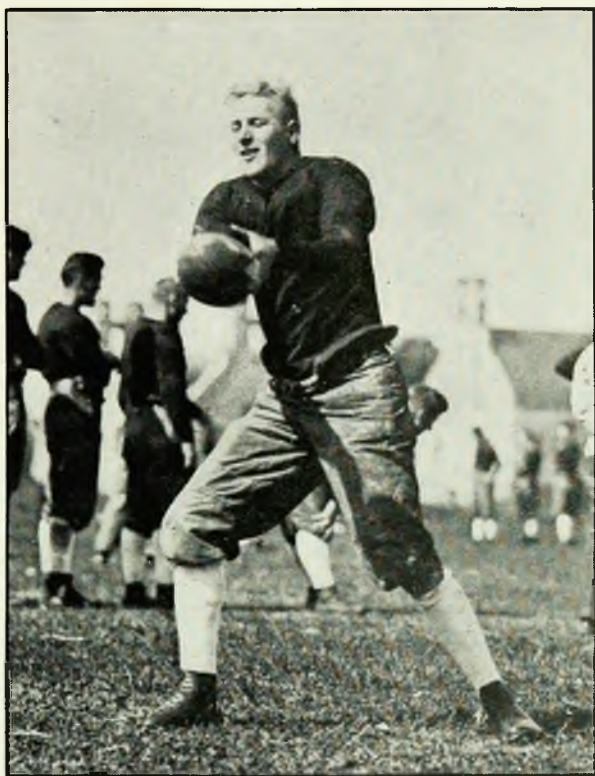


Photo by Troy
Gillies, Right Tackle

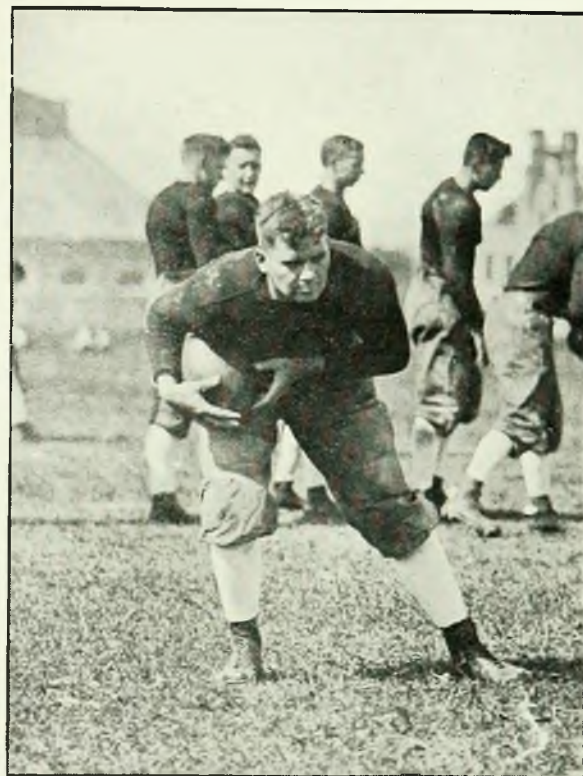


Photo by Troy
Anderson, Right Guard

than three weeks from the opening the Big Red Team will meet Harvard at Cambridge.

The outlook is good as far as the material is concerned. Of this there is no question. But after all an outlook does not mean a great deal. A successful season is what we want. The coaches and team have begun

be quickly gathered for the success of the 1916 season will depend materially on its spontaneousness. This *one* fact all undergraduates must thoroughly realize as we begin the season.

It is true that we are going to miss the veterans who were lost to us by graduation in 1915. Barrett, Cool,



Photo by Troy
"Ray" Van Orman, Coach of the Ends

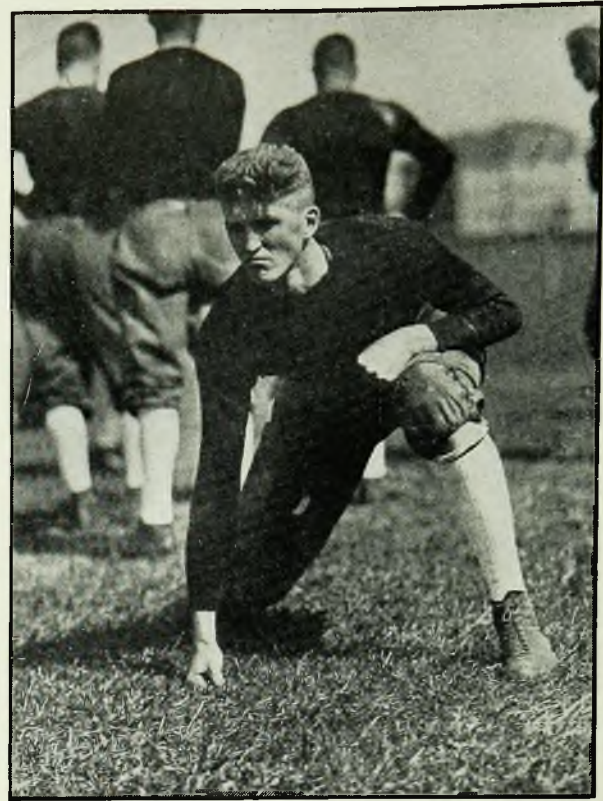
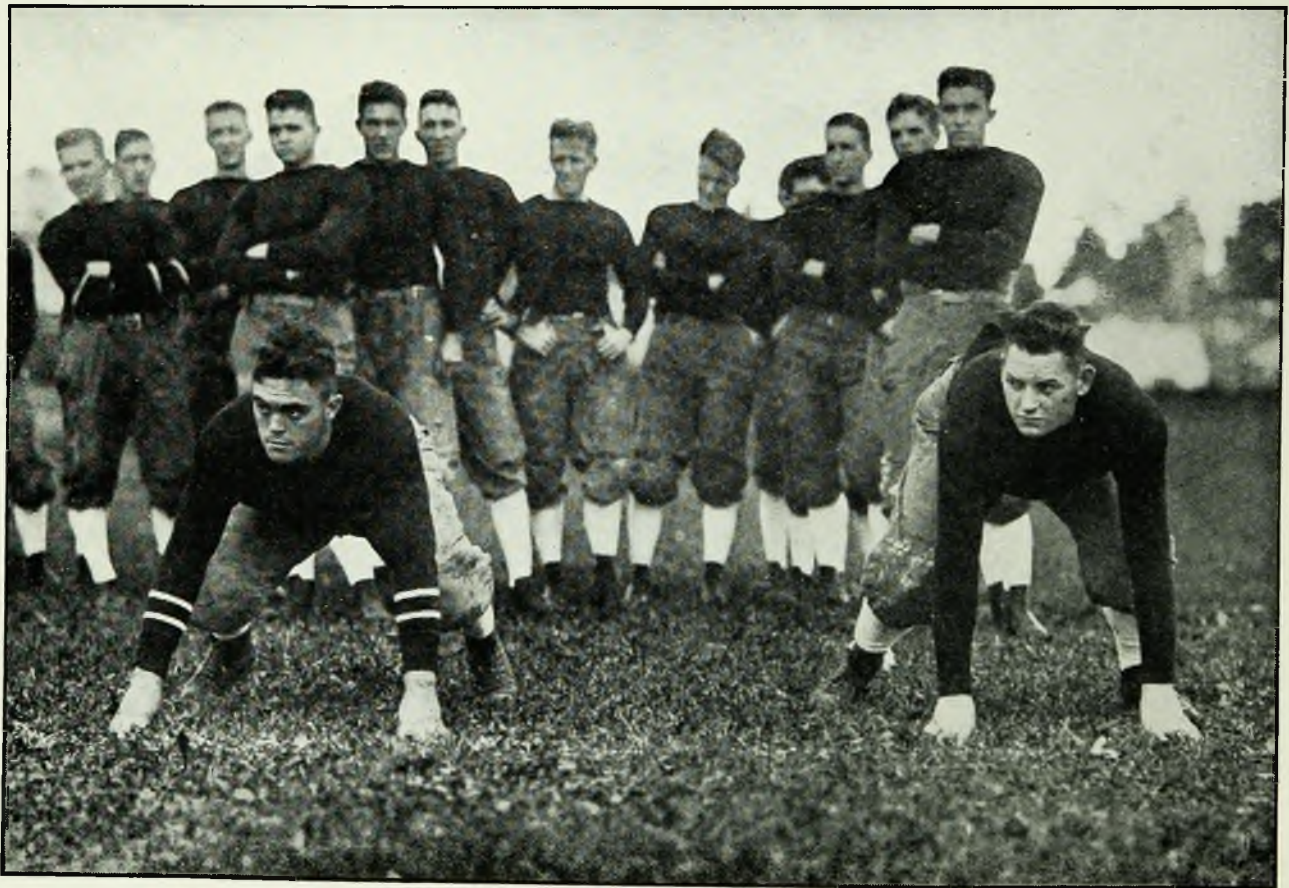


Photo by Troy
Jewett, Left Tackle



Captain Mueller and Inscho

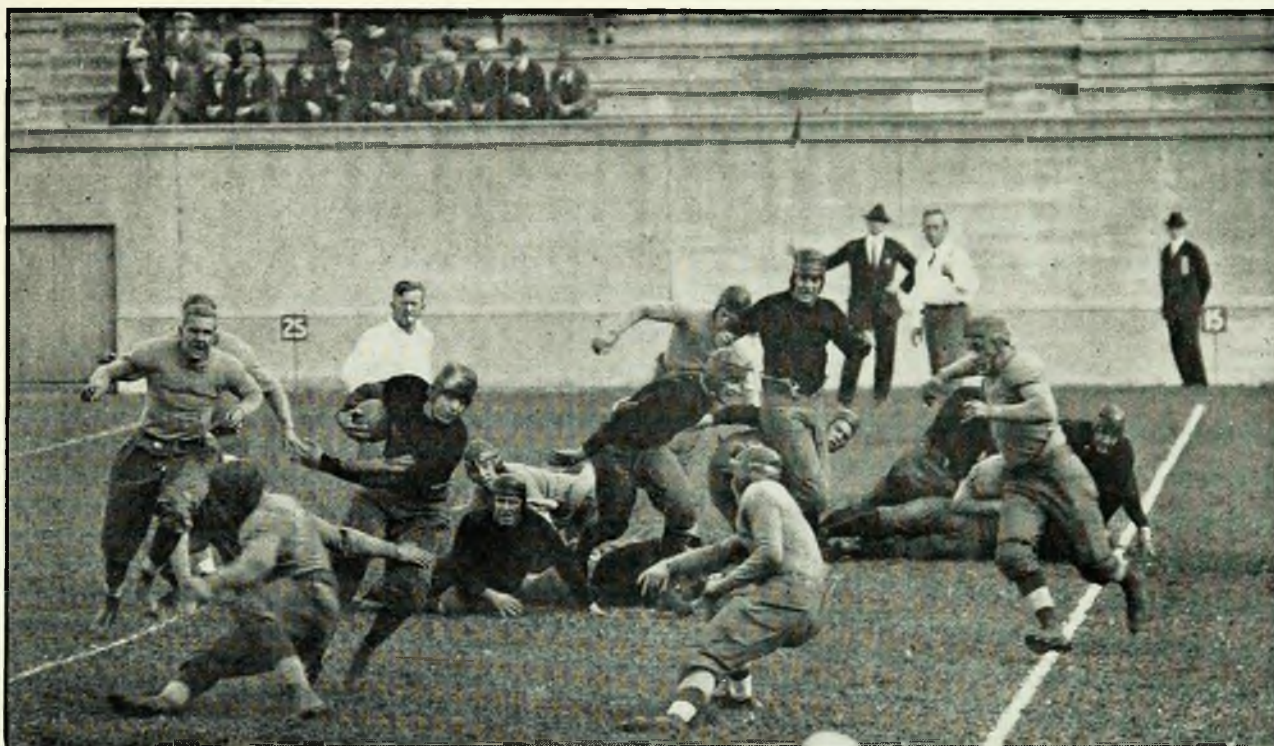
Photo by Troy

Collins, Shelton, Jamieson of the first team and Snyder, from the second team are men whose places are going to be hard to fill.

More particularly is this true of "Chuck" Barrett and "Gibby" Cool, for the material now on hand shows promise of filling creditably the positions left vacant by the others. The two principal problems seem to be at center and at quarterback. However, in the latter position we have

wing of last year's varsity, and Ryerson and Zander are the principal candidates.

As to my own men, the linemen, there is one point above all others that I can emphasize. To date they have shown better form for this time of year than in any season since I began coaching at Cornell. This is very gratifying. The fact that all men who reported or whom we had in view are eligible and in the pink



Flower, Harvard, coming through Colby's left wing for a 10 yd. gain in Harvard's first game of the season. Harvard won 10-0.

Bretz from the 1919 freshman team and Shiverick, regular half back of the 1915 varsity as possible candidates. In the backfield Captain Mueller at fullback, Haucke, Benedict, and Shiverick, a strong and clever trio of half backs, are working out finely in their positions.

The ends, Coach Van Orman informs me, are showing up well in the early drills. Eckley, regular right

of condition is a factor from which one can certainly draw great encouragement.

I shall, of course, miss "Gibby" Cool, Jamieson and Snyder. But the others have all returned. Promising candidates are Gillies, right tackle; Anderson, right guard; Miller, left guard from the 1915 team; Brown, center; Jewett, left tackle, and Tilley

(Continued on page 59)

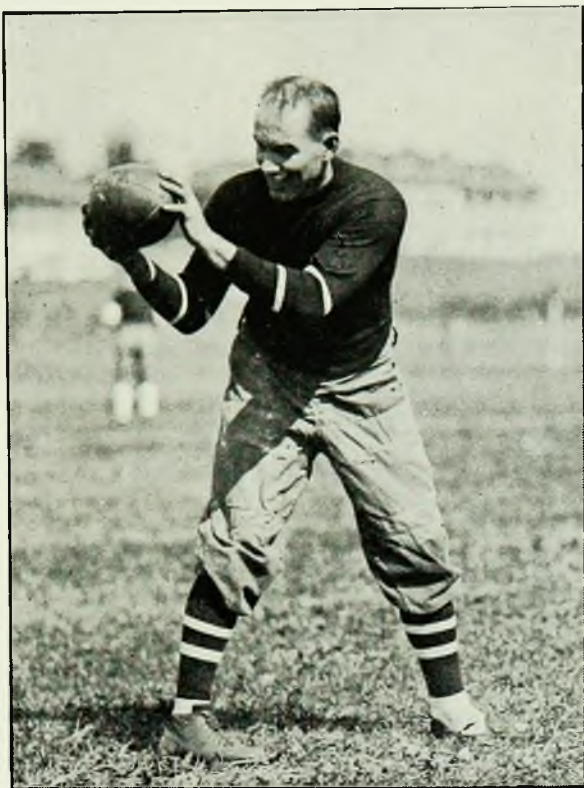


Photo by Troy
"Ray" Van Orman, Coach of the Ends

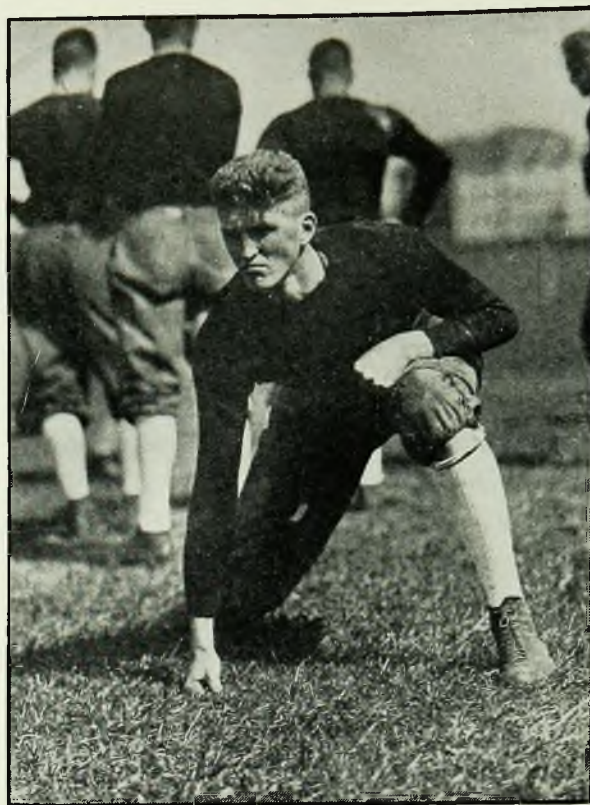
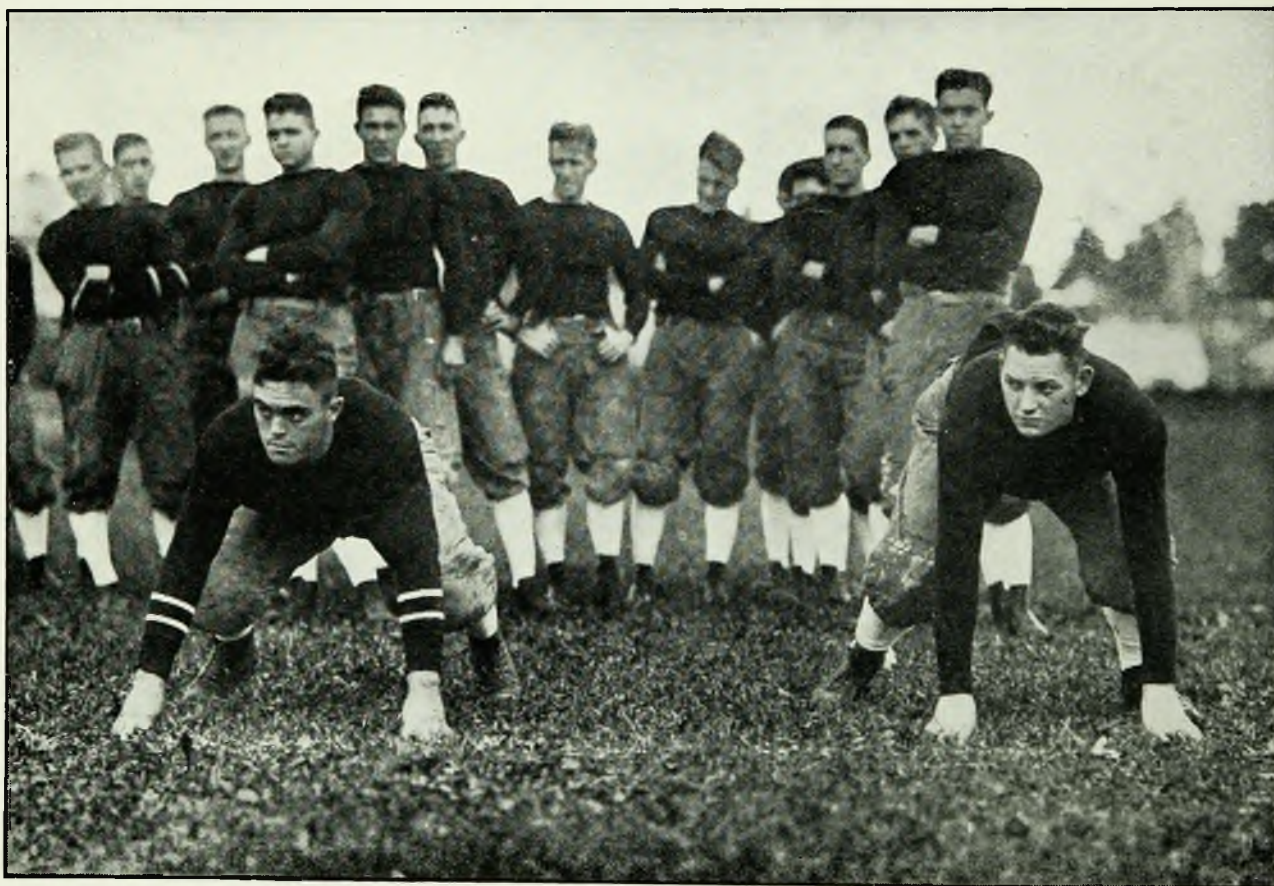


Photo by Troy
Jewett, Left Tackle



Captain Mueller and Inscho

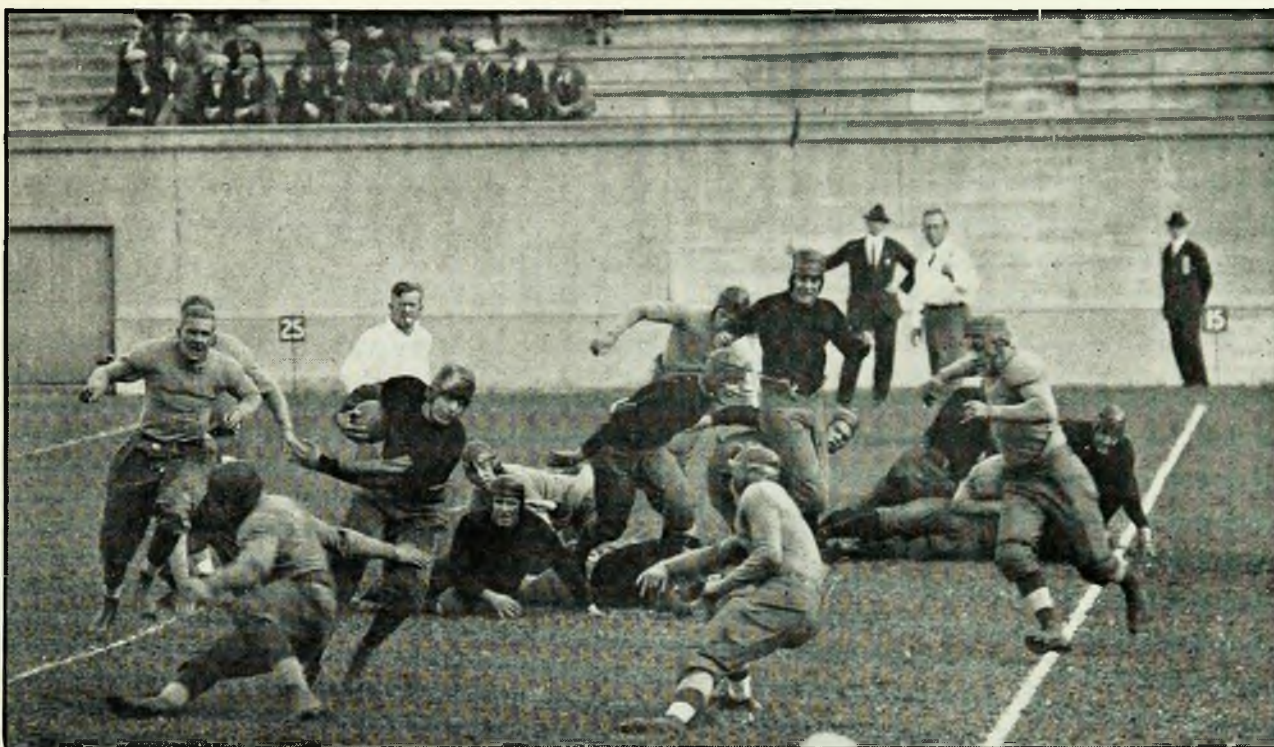
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(Continued on page 59)

Cornell Traditions

By DEAN A. W. SMITH, '78

In his address at the first opening of Stanford University, President Jordan said: "We are hallowed by no traditions; we are hampered by none."

It is true that traditions may enrich and glorify a human institution, and it is also true that they may check and dwarf it. Thus the progress of an institution depends in part upon its power to cherish hallowing traditions and to do away with hampering ones.

Cornell was founded by two men who had the will and the power to break with old, outworn things in education, and to establish new, vital things fitting the greater future they foresaw. Much that they swept away is gone forever; many things that they brought have become traditions for the present and the future.

Thus Cornell from the start has been a place where traditions in higher things have been called to account; where, if they were to endure, they must show their power to help or hallow human life.

But also in the simpler things of everyday student life, in manners and customs, this same spirit has prevailed; no tradition could stay at Cornell merely by reason of its origin, but only because of its worth; but many fine traditions have disappeared being outgrown in the growth of the University.

The changes at Cornell since its first decade have been more radical than during the same time in older institutions; for at Cornell it has been a growth from infancy to full maturity.

In those first years the wise radicalism of Mr. Cornell and Mr. White attracted not only wise radicals to the student class, but also unwise radicals; with these strong ones and erratic ones, others of us came who were nearer the human average in mind and manners, attracted by various considerations; my own case will serve to illustrate this. My high-school principal was a classically trained man who wished me to enter his college; I was almost persuaded when a schoolmate told me of his brother who at Cornell received instruction, among other things, in machine-shop work. The classical college dropped at once out of sight and I came to Ithaca, led by kindly fate.

Some came to study biological science, lured perhaps by the great name of Agassiz, and worked hard and went forth to bring honor to themselves and to Cornell; others came to hear Mr. White's or Goldwin Smith's inspiring lectures in History; while others sought the new learning in Agriculture that was to transform American life. But whencesoever we came and whatever the compelling motive, we were, in the seventies, a great democratic family. There were about five or six hundred of us and we really knew each other; while now one may go through four years in one of the larger colleges without knowing one's classmates.

In early days the north and south halls of Morrill and White, above the first floor, were fitted up for dormitories. Thus there were 48 suites

each accommodating two or more men. The rents were very low and thus the "Hillians" as they were called, were those who shunned luxury because they must.

Last fall when I went into the new Residential Halls, my memory went back to the cruder early times, and my heart went out thankfully to Mr. Boldt and Mr. Baker through whom all this beauty and comfort and refinement have come to Cornell student life. We of the old time were our own janitors and chambermaids. We fed tons of coal into "base-burner" stoves that warmed us grudgingly and produced ashes beyond all reason; our midnight oil was more prolific of smoke and smell than of illumination, and we had no prophetic vision of tungsten lamps. Yet I remember much happiness and effective hard work there, and I do not believe that stronger, finer friendships can be formed in the new Residential Halls than came to me in the old White Hall dormitory.

One window of my room looked out toward McGraw Hall where the department of Agriculture was then housed; and on certain afternoons a student came and stood before a window there while she made architectural drawings; I'm sure no lovelier picture will ever be seen out of Baker windows. I realized suddenly the other day the lapse of time when I noticed that a large tree had grown up between those windows of White and McGraw Halls.

In the old days the "Hillians" on whom fate had smiled took meals luxuriously at Sage College at \$4.50 a week; while others found plainer

fare at lower price at the "Struggle Club," the "Hotel de Gorge" or at "Boss" Keith's shack in the old orchard. There were even those who took only three club dinners a week, building necessary muscle and nerve cells meanwhile out of oatmeal mush and milk. I know that there are many who live as plainly as this even now, and I honor, though I do not envy them; but I know also that the standard has risen and that there is more comfort and luxury now than in the old time.

I never attend a modern banquet with its dress suits, its more or less careful service and its toasts and entertainers, but that I think of the Annual "Hill Banquets" where the "Hillians" came together for plain feeding and high talking. If one had appeared there in a dress suit he would have been hooted out in scorn and derision; a feature of these banquets was always a song by "Old Uncle Josh" Hurst, the janitor of McGraw Hall; this certainly proves the democratic character of the occasions. The modern banquets are more luxurious and perhaps more refined, but the Hill banquets were good fun.

"Old Uncle Josh" shovelled coal into the furnace that heated the library, then in McGraw Hall; his deepest grief resulted from the opening of library windows. I met him one day and he pointed tearfully to an open window and said, "See, they're trying to heat up the campus again!" Sometimes I wonder if Uncle Josh's disembodied spirit still hovers near watching the library windows lest they be opened.

But the majority of students lived in the town; fraternities had quarters in rooms above the business places of State, Tioga, and Aurora Streets. There was but one way to get up the hill, and that was afoot; it is true that a few aged omnibuses were hauled occasionally up Buffalo or Seneca Street by infirm, slow horses; but these were for old and infirm people; everybody else walked and gained vigor and health.

Since the center of student life was in the town the military drill took place in a large open space called "Willow Avenue," just north of Cascadilla creek and just west of Cayuga Street, though a squad of "Hillians" drilled on the campus.

Willow Avenue was the meeting place for all out-of-doors student events. Here in the early fall freshmen met sophomores in the "cane rush," a violent struggle between all the able-bodied men of the two classes to do something that couldn't be done; nevertheless great good resulted for a large body of young men were tired to the verge of exhaustion and their youthful autumnal desire to do something violent was completely satisfied.

But the real manifestation of the spirit of red-blooded youth at Cornell in the seventies was in the old-fashioned football games. It was not the exclusive modern game where only twenty-two carefully trained men might play; anyone could come in; the more the merrier. I've seen games where all the well men in two classes opposed each other; one great, furious rabble! The ball was of rubber, approximately spherical,

the kind that children play with now. When by reason of leakage the ball grew flabby, the umpire called "time" and screwed a little brass tube in the ball valve and blew air out of his lungs till the wrinkles all disappeared; meanwhile players used the welcome interval to rest and pump air into their overworked lungs.

The ball was kicked off and the whole crowd surged after it; I can't remember that anyone played any particular position; each player followed his own will as far as he was able; he who made a fair catch might back off clear of the crowd for a fair trick; no one might carry the ball; it could only be advanced by kicking or striking it. The goal posts were four trees that chance had caused to grow at the ends of the field. It was a game of little science, much noise and great violence.

I like the modern game of football; I believe it is a very fine discipline for control, readiness and effective accomplishment; but to exercise about a hundred untrained men to the blood-tingling, panting, heart-thumping state; to promote acquaintance and friendship, and democracy; and to cultivate a fine group spirit I have never known anything like the old game. It would not fit the present but it fitted the past.

Except for a rare baseball game, rowing was the only intercollegiate sport of the seventies. In 1873 a Cornell six-oared crew went to Springfield to the regatta of the Rowing Association of American Colleges; they finished fifth. In '74 the regatta was held on Saratoga Lake and again Cornell sent a six,

(Continued on page 61)



Behind the President

Colonel Edward M. House, -ex '79—what is he in American politics? Four years ago, the Colonel and Woodrow Wilson were strangers. Today he is the President's most intimate friend. He is his human barometer. As the President laughingly says, "He is my eyes."

What is the secret of the President's great intimacy with Colonel House? Why does he place so much confidence in him? The answer, suggests one writer, may be found be-

tween the lines of Colonel House's biography in "Who's Who in America": "Active in Democratic politics in Texas. Has directed the campaigns of several Democratic nominees for governor since 1892; *was never a candidate for office.*" Is that last the keynote? Maybe—for he is one of the very few men in American politics who is not looking for a job.

Colonel House attended Cornell as a student of literature, in 1878 and

1879, but is not really an alumnus as he never received a degree. The Colonel however takes a keen interest in things Cornelian, as he does in everything with which he is connected. Sizing up big propositions and taking an interest in them is his hobby.

Not long after the war broke out, Colonel House went abroad. It was not admitted at the White House that he went at the request of the President. But it turned out to be the fact. Many thought he went to confer with European officials. That was wrong, though, for he went to catch

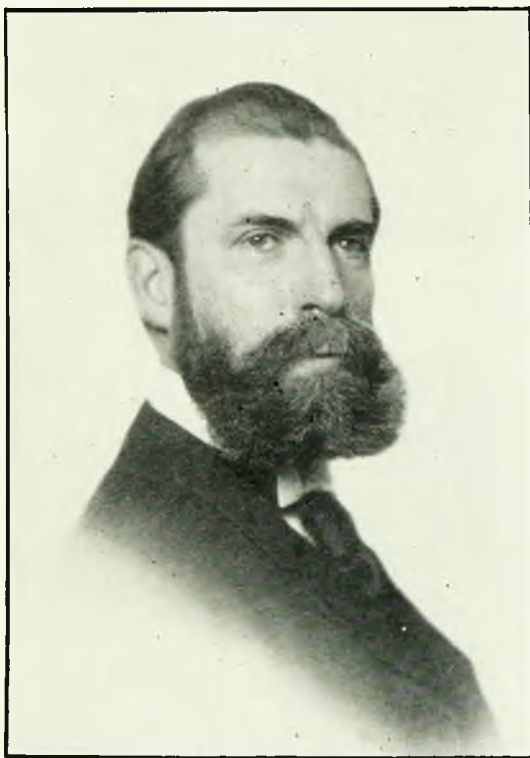
the point of view of the people in Europe—the non-official point of view. And he did.

Colonel House is a Southern gentleman, quiet, modest, and democratic, though just now extremely exclusive—because he has to be. He has accomplished the almost impossible by being popular with official Washington at the very time he is so intimate with the President. But they all like him, and it is mainly due to the fact that he can be important and unassuming at the same time.

P. V., '19.

Mr. Hughes at Cornell

Charles Evan Hughes, the nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency of the United States, has been both a member of the Faculty and a



A Photograph of Mr. Hughes Taken When
He Last Visited Ithaca

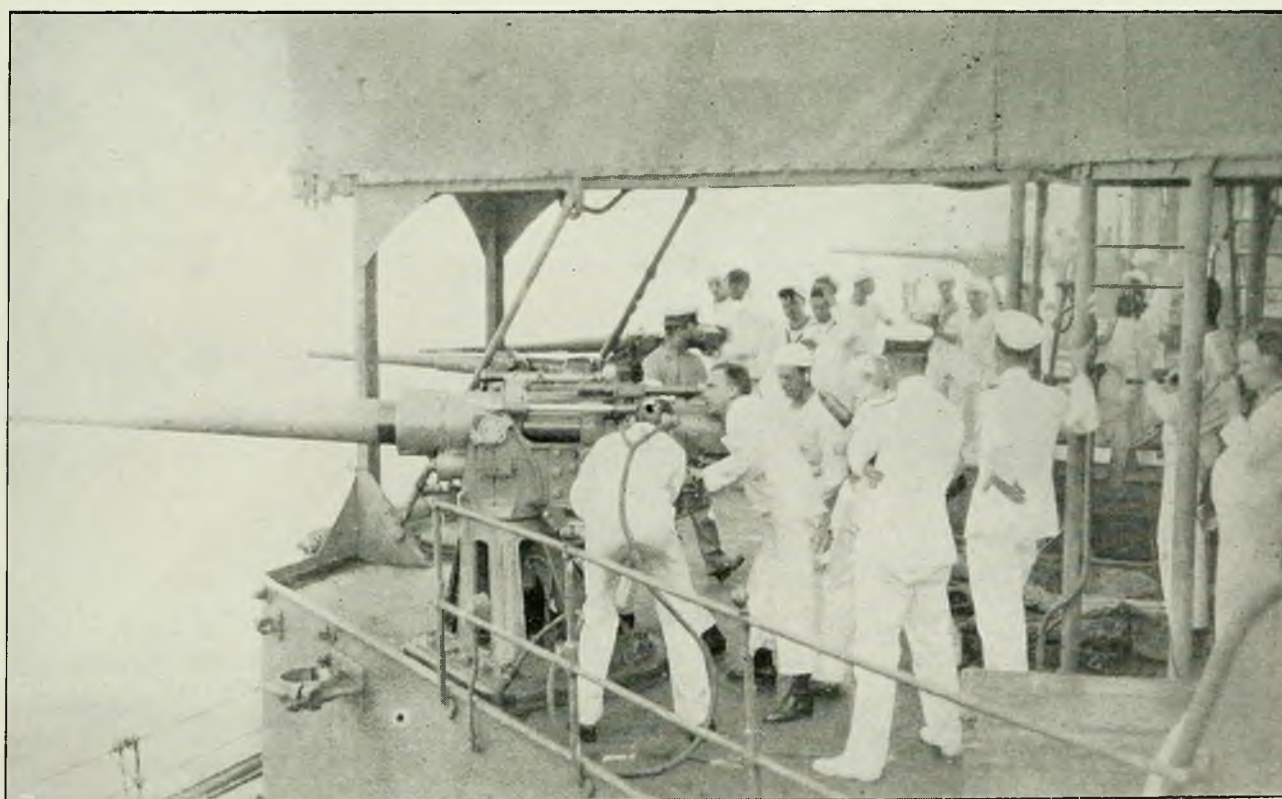
member of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University. He was professor of law here in 1891-1893. Professor Hughes was thirty-one years old when he came here to live and at that time he had been married three years. For one year he rented a house at what was then No. 212 East State Street; later the family occupied the house at No. 7 East Ave., where Professor W. D. Bancroft now lives.

When he was Governor of the State of New York, Mr. Hughes was by virtue of that office a member of the University Board of Trustees. He came here as Governor in April, 1907, for the dedication of the new buildings of the College of Agriculture; in behalf of the State he formally presented the custody and control of the buildings to the University, and delivered an address upon the purposes of the college.

Cornell and the Naval Cruise for Civilians



Both on land and sea the "give your vacation to your country" plan received support from Cornell. The group above are Cornell's representatives on the U. S. Battleship New Jersey. During the four weeks aboard ship the "middies" had an opportunity to do everything from firing the big guns to washing decks and passing coal.



A GUN CREW AT TARGET PRACTICE

Our Undergraduate Life Explained for Freshmen

By R. T. KELSEY, '16

Puzzling indeed does Cornell and its undergraduate life appear to the average freshman. As few have any one to whom they can turn for an explanation of why many upperclassmen wear several jeweled pins, or how one can acquire a position on the editorial board of the "Sun," or why the fifteen or so "competes," as he hears them called, are allowed the entrance of the football fields, the purpose of this article is to attempt to explain a few of these things.

Most Cornell undergraduates find that after preparing their lessons and attending classes they have time left for activities not in the curriculum. Some devote this to more than a normal amount of physical exercise and attempt to win a position on one of the many athletic teams. Others, not desiring to enter the lists of physical combat, enter competitions for a managership, or try for a place on the editorial or business board of one of the undergraduate publications. With the "outside activities" of those who mererly spend their idle hours in cultivating themselves aesthetically at the "Star," this article will not attempt to deal.

As athletics occupy a rather prominent position here, perhaps too prominent a one, we will deal with them first. As the season for each sport approaches, the Captain or coach of the team issues in the columns of the "Sun" a public call for candidates for the team. Any undergraduate in good standing is eligible, subject to the rules of the governing athletic board. Freshmen are eligible only for

freshman teams, though several of the Minor Sport teams are allowed a few drill excuses that promising freshmen may have a better chance to practice. A word should be given to the government of Cornell athletics. Football, baseball, track and crew are called Major Sports, while all others are called Minor Sports. There is a Council for the Major Sports and one for the Minor Sports, each Council being composed of the managers and captains of the teams governed by it and of various faculty and graduate members, and the Graduate Manager. The Graduate Manager, whose office is in the Schoellkopf building on Alumni field, has charge of all athletics directly. After schedules and trips are arranged under his direction, they are approved by the governing Council.

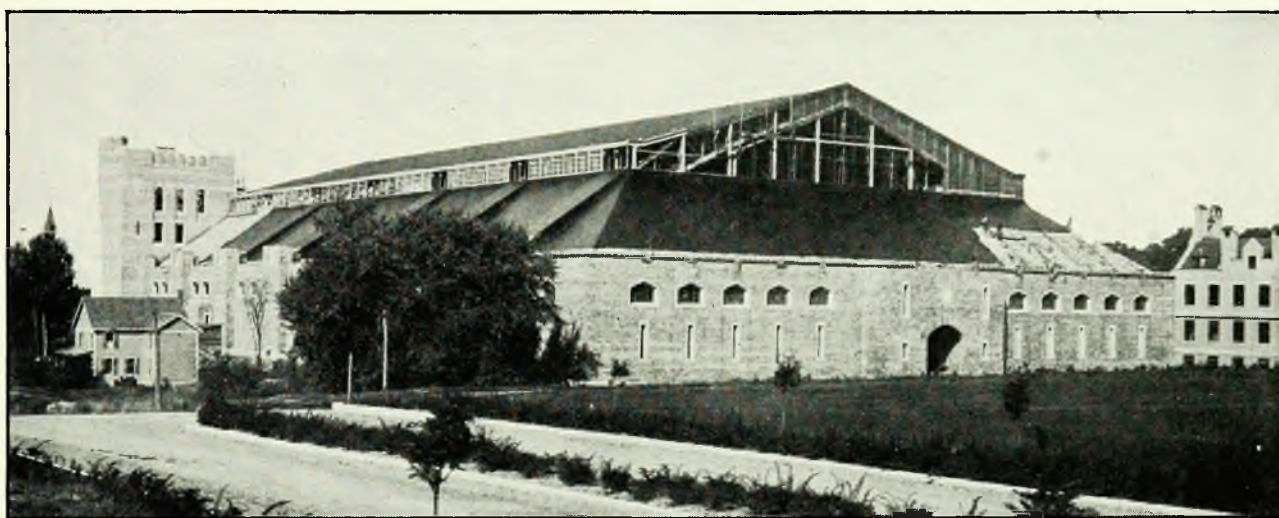
Besides representing the University on one of the teams thus governed, a Cornellian will find an opportunity for athletic endeavor on the teams maintained by the undergraduate college organizations, such as the Sibley Association, the Law School Association, etc., and on various fraternity and club teams. Each year many fraternities and clubs band themselves into bowling, baseball or hockey leagues and play for the University championship.

Others of the undergraduates spend their few hours of leisure time in attempting to "make" the Musical Clubs. Calls for the various ones are issued through the "Sun." Others find debating more to their liking, or perhaps prefer to follow lines more

or less connected with their studies through attendance at the Polity Club, or the various college or departmental clubs. Another activity that has become prominent rather recently is acting. The Cornell Dramatic Club, fostered by the Department of Public Speaking, has given several excellent productions, and the Masque, after a rather inglorious career for several years, has taken up the productions of plays in a lighter vein, while discontinuing all musical shows.

So far we have given but a mere

uate world strictly on a basis of fitness and personal merit. To find out who is the best man for a given office, all candidates are put through a competition. If there are many desirous of the position, at various times cuts are made, when those obviously the least fitted or deserving are dropped. Each of our athletic managers comes to his office in this manner, as do the editors and business managers of the various papers. The more honorable and desired the position is, the harder is the competition. Some of the athletic office managers handle thou-



THE NEW ARMORY

Photo by Conlon

mention of the "competitions" for which Cornell is justly famous. By a system peculiarly our own we select our managers and editors after trials of the various candidates lasting several months and sometimes a whole term or University year. While at some Universities the manager-ships of athletics teams are the perquisites of certain clubs or fraternities, or perhaps at the disposal of the retiring manager, here we attempt to award positions of more or less distinction and trust in the undergrad-

sands of dollars a year, hence men of considerable ability are necessary. Cornell publications are acknowledgedly the leaders of American college papers, and to hold a place on one of them requires a man of more than average literary or editorial ability. The "Sun" editorial and business competitions have the reputation of being the hardest of all; but the difference between them and the Major Sports, and "Era" or "Widow" competitions is but slight. The competitions for the manager-

ships of the Minor Sport teams are now all combined, so that each competitor has a greater chance of some reward, there being three men chosen from this competition rather than the usual one. Each of the various college papers also run competitions similar to those conducted by the University papers. Cornell competitions as they are now conducted should not conflict with a competitor's University work, or cause any lowering of his scholastic standard, and at the same time he can get invaluable experience from them.

The rewards of the winner of a competition are usually not confined to the mere honor of being a manager or editor. We have Senior Societies, Sphinx Head and Quill and Dagger, which take as members men of ability who have shown that they have at heart the best interests of Cornell. Membership in them is con-

fined to Seniors, while there is Aleph Samach, for the Juniors. Many of the colleges have "Honorary" Societies, which the most prominent men in the college are asked to join.

Drill needs little comment. The new armory, nearing completion, enabling the work of each class to be carried on for two years, the preparedness agitation, and the work of Captains Bull and Thompson, the former and present commandants respectively, all have had a share in arousing the student to a greater interest in drill. A larger number have been seeking the commanding positions in the Corps of late, and thus, by raising the standard of efficiency, they have helped to make it one of the best in the country.

The work of the Freshman Advisory Committee has been explained in the "Frosh Bible" published by

(Continued on page 75)

To One Enlisting for France

Most men are mererly eager hot-eyed beasts,
 Who know no pain save when they miss their kill,
 Whose only joy is ravenous to fill
 Their wolfish hunger at long drunken feasts.
 Small matter though they call their hunger Fame,
 Or swear they only work at Duty's call,
 Or Wealth, or Honor—liars are they all,
 Wolf-hunger drives them, Wolf is still their name.

But some have heard a call from out the Pack,
 Have seen the way of Service, how it leads
 Up toiling heights, through marshes, over seas
 Beat by the winds of pain, through forests black,
 To the fulfilment of the ages' creeds,
 And seeing, drink her cup down to the lees.

J. ALLEN, '17.

The Machine and the Worker

By LIBERTY HYDE BAILEY

You ask where are the stenographers and the typewriting machines. They are not here. Only a phonograph and one machine,—these easily take care of the few hundred correspondents and the many miscellaneous requests. As for the rest, pen and ink are the implements—with of course the paste-pot and the shears that are an essential part of any editorial office.

You are surprised that there is no dictation of "copy" for the printer. Never. Never would I dictate one line that is to go in book or other publication. One may use dictation for the business of the office but not for literary composition, or for any permanent production that one would care to stand by.

The dictated manuscript has its infallible marks. It lacks cohesion, compactness, good diction; the dictator falls into a habit of regularity, with small vocabulary and repetition of phrase, that often gives his product a flat monotony. The machine and the printed page do not repeat the emphasis of his voice and manner. The dictated "copy" may look well with its faultless line and paragraph; but the editor soon drives a cart and horse through it. Often does the "ignorant man," writing on his knee with a pencil, produce better literary material than one finds in the usual sterile dead-level dictation of the office.

Little do we realize how much is the typewriting machine and the stenographer responsible for the flat and loose literature that we are

called on to read. Good writing is the product of patience, of patience and of time,—of slow and careful application, of change and interchange, of arrangement and rearrangement. One works the material over and over, if honest with it, as does the architect with his plan or the engineer with his specification. Now and then one may write "off hand," but this is the exception and usually the product is thin. The lazy man or the hurried man seldom accomplishes good writing.

You are young folk. The machines and labor-saving devices are endless. There is every temptation to forget how to use the hands. Do not let these ingenious devices stand between you and your work.

The writing-paper epoch.

There is a public relation to all this, quite aside from the effect on good English composition. Methods of government and administration are involved.

Red tape has been propagated alarmingly, and the facilities of centralization have been multiplied, by cheap writing paper and the invention of many devices. The telegraph and telephone have contributed, as also quicker mail service. We are in the day of mechanical invention for office work, and every new invention or knack must be justified by finding work for it to do. Consider the current use of the business phonograph, the filing and indexing systems, the multigraphs and all

(Continued on page 83)



J. L. COLLYER, '17 AND THE "OLD MAN" SNAPPED AT THE BOAT-HOUSE THIS FALL

Photo by Conlon

The New Coaching Staff of the Cornell Crews

A change in the coaching staff of the Cornell crews, whereby Mr. Courtney will henceforth act in the capacity of advisory coach and thus be relieved of the responsibility for the active coaching of the crews, took place during the summer. Cornellians have been fearful that Coach Courtney, who has met with such wonderful success in his twenty-eight years of active supervision over the Cornell crews, would find it necessary to retire after the 1916 season. He has been far from well since he suffered a fractured skull while on the way to Poughkeepsie in 1915, and it was a certainty that he would not feel able to continue active coaching after his contract expired last June. Followers of Cornell rowing are therefore very much pleased that Mr. Courtney has consented to act in an advisory capacity and that his invaluable knowledge and experience will be available for the Cornell crews for some time to come.

At Mr. Courtney's suggestion J. L. Collyer, '17, has been appointed as-

sistant coach for the coming year. Collyer has had considerable rowing experience. While at Cascadilla he stroked his school crew. In his freshman year he stroked the 1917 crew, one of the best freshman crews in the history of Cornell rowing, to substantial victories over Princeton, Harvard, Syracuse, Columbia, and Pennsylvania. In his sophomore year he rowed at No. 4 in the two-mile crew which was defeated by Yale and Harvard but stroked the eight which won the championship at Poughkeepsie by defeating Stanford, Syracuse, Columbia, and Pennsylvania. Last year Collyer was stroke of the varsity in the race with Harvard and at the Poughkeepsie regatta. This year Collyer will devote all his time to coaching. His appointment as assistant coach, together with the fact that the "Old Man" will continue to keep a watchful eye on the work of the crews, makes certain Cornell's continued success on the water.

J. M. P., 17.



The Failure

By AUSTIN W. YOUNG, '17

Oh! I've had my chances at learnin',
At prep schools an' colleges too;
I might o' been well educated,
But somehow I never got through.
First I got kicked out o' Harvard,
An' later was bust from Cornell,
At Penn I just lasted about half a year,
An' of Yale I've the same tale to tell.

Now I ain't a man that does preachin';
For sob stuff I never was strong,
But there's certain things come to you later
After you've done all the wrong.
There's plenty o' fellows in my boots
As ha' wasted their time an' their show;
The good an' the bad all seemed muddled,
They give the old gag—"didn't know."

I first was a "frosh" up at Harvard,
"Collech" was my middle name;
Booze parties were sure then my hobby,
To be sporty I thought was the game.
From café to café I'd saunter,
Had a keg even up in my room,
Had pals by the score, no one ever had more,—
But the profs kicked me out pretty soon.

To Cornell I then shifted over,
But the town seemed for me much too slow;
Each week-end I'd get up a party,—
To Auburn or Cortland we'd go.
The "Joy Kid" the fellows all called me,
I thought that I sure was just IT;
But I found it don't pay to cut classes all day
When old Davy informed me to quit.

So then I went over to Pennsy,
I swore I'd turn o'er a new leaf;
But the city life proved too allurin',—
My good purposes soon came to grief.
Half my time I'd spend up in the dance halls,
I was known about each cabaret;
But the teachers an' me never seemed to agree,—
So from Pennsy I soon went away,

An' Yale was my next destination,
 But I didn't last long even there;
 The armchair an' cards caused my downfall,—
 At poker I sure was a bear.
 At the times when I should ha' been workin'
 I'd be readin' a new magazine;
 But it didn't take long 'fore I found I was wrong,
 For I soon said "Good-bye!" to the Dean.

Oh! I've had my chances at learnin',
 But you see how I've wasted my time;
 You can't ever rise to be somethin'
 If your path's goin' to be along mine.
 When to college you go to get learnin'
 It's your business to get it—that's all;
 An' if you're a failure it's you that has made ye,—
 Just try this advice to recall.



GRACE DARLING

This well known screen artist has been starring in the Ithaca-made "Beatrice Fairfax" series

A Moving Theme

By H. W. G., '17

Professor Browne heard the door-bell ring with more disquietude than he dared own to himself. He got up at once and went to the door. As he swung it open, he caught sight of the figure which he had expected, the splendid figure of Robert Hallowell. Over the boy's shoulders, the Professor caught a glimpse of steadily falling snow-flakes, which added to the comfort of his own attractive home.

The professor invited the freshman in, and followed him into the library. That he felt attracted to this boy he could not explain to himself. He knew, however, that he had expected great things of him in his English, and that he had seen with constantly growing disappointment the boy's neglect of his work. Professor Browne did not often trouble his mind about wayward students; his method of teaching was an adaptation of Mr. Darwin's survival of the fittest. His disappointment in this case, then, was not due to tenderness but to his conviction that Hallowell had possibilities. The themes which the boy had turned in so far were tardy and slovenly, but they contained bits of insight into human nature which were astonishing from one so unsophisticated.

The Professor sat down in silence and waited for the boy to begin. This was a part of the defensive tactics which had made his name a terror among the English students in the university. Few of them boasted that they had "put anything over" on Professor Browne.

The silence became oppressive.

Hallowell blurted out "I brought that last theme around."

"Ah," the professor replied, "the one due yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, you told me I could bring it in late."

"I asked you to come around this evening with it, because I have to turn in the term marks to-night."

"Yes, sir."

"And this gave you all day to work over it. I suppose it is finished?"

"Well, sir, it is not quite, but—"

"Ah, not finished yet? Well, I did not expect it would be. I suppose you realize that you are the last member of the class to finish this week's theme?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that I must take that fact into consideration in making up the grades?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so."

"And that this is, let me see," and the professor turned the pages of a notebook, "there are four other themes late this term, and two of those unfinished?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Hallowell, it looks pretty bad, doesn't it?" The boy squirmed but said nothing. He felt as if he were being taken into the confidence of an ogre.

"How's your other work?"

The question was shot right at the heart of the boy's real trouble, and it startled him into confession.

"Rotten," he replied, forgetting for the moment to whom he was speaking, "If I don't get English, I'm busted!"

"Again as I had expected," said the professor, and his voice was as steely cold as before, but in his eyes there was something which an imaginative person might have interpreted as pity. Hallowell experienced an unaccountable feeling of relief.

"Considering, then, that matters seem to be somewhat critical with you, I cannot see why you did not trouble to finish this theme."

Hallowell was at a loss. "If you will only read it through, sir," he pleaded. It was the only thing he could think of to say.

With a sense of coming disappointment, the professor opened the folded sheets. His interest grew as he read:—

"John Thomas was about forty-five years old, though he looked sixty. He was a farmer and a gentleman. Though he worked with his hands, he did not use them to the exclusion of his brain. He was the kind of man who was honored more fifty years ago than nowadays. He was self-reliant and honest.

"Mr. Thomas did not, I think, have a very happy life. His wife had died many years ago in bearing a child. This child had now grown to be a young man. In him lay Thomas' only pleasure and hope. His boy was all he worked for and all he hoped for.

"Mr. Thomas had not had a good education. He realized what he had missed, and therefore wanted his son to have the best education possible. He had toiled for years to save enough money to send him through college. The country school the boy attended was not a very good one, but his father rested all

his faith upon his college instruction.

"He sent his boy to a big university in a large city, not realizing the many temptations the big town offered. His hopes were of the highest for his son. The arrival of his letters were the events of the week. Thomas gladly stayed alone on the farm and worked doubly hard to give his boy all these advantages.

During the first part of the term, the letters had disappointed Mr. Thomas, for they had told of much time wasted in "seeing life" in the big city. Then a change had come, but with it came news that the boy was having trouble with his studies. The end of the first term was near. If his son did not make good, it would break his heart. He waited anxiously to hear.

"Mr. Thomas stood by the gate. The postman should have been there thirty minutes ago. At last his wagon came into view and gradually approached. Eagerly he grasped the letter, opened it, and read—"

— — — — —
The theme was unfinished. The professor lifted his eyes and looked straight into those of the boy.

"All right, Hallowell," was all he said, "you may write your father that you have passed the course!"

The next morning Professor Browne was thinking over the affair. He felt a slight fear that he had allowed pity to sway him from the path of duty, but he knew in his heart that he would gladly do it over again. Then a sudden thought caused him to look up Hallowell's name in the university lists. The boy's home address was 88th Street, New York City!

Cornell and the Master Art of Democracy

By HARRY A. HITCHCOCK, '00

Secretary of Cornell University

The Cornell University Press—is its shadow warm upon the threshold of realization? As men judge facts by rows of figures and perspective drawings, we must reluctantly shake our heads in answer to this query which our friend, the ERA, has put to us.

Yet hold—all of us have a touch of the mystic in our makeup—there is an intangible something in the air that almost persuades us to qualify our negation. The foundation of the Cornell University Press cannot be far off. Its prescience is to be discovered in the confident speech of faculty and alumni who cherish the idea and in the vital need for the distribution more generously of Cornell's pioneering in science and the humanities. Then too it can properly come as part of an Endowment Fund for Graduate Research.

Professor Lane Cooper has pointed out in a recent number of the Alumni News, in his admirable summation of the function and organization of an endowed university press, the stimulating effect on scholarship of frequent and adequate publication. America in this time of grim war has a momentous opportunity and responsibility when men of the historical English presses at Oxford and Cambridge are marching off to the trenches "somewhere in France." In the far reaching moral liquidation that will take place after the war, the university must be ready with constructive and unifying ideas.

The hope of a university lies in

ideas not in things. An awakening social consciousness and enthusiasm for amelioration is bringing the university and the people closer together. No longer a cloister, its men are of present valor and the old isolated function of teaching has disappeared. The people are looking to the universities to extend the boundaries of knowledge and to apply each fresh discovery to the conduct of their lives. You can, very likely, point with civic pride to a great industrial plant in your town, or city, which employs vast expenditures of capital in the commercial application of an idea that not many years ago was lost in the minutes of some academic society, or in the technical annals of scholarship.

This community responsibility in distributing the fruits of research is met by our College of Agriculture which keeps in inspirational and practical touch with the farmer, and—what is of exceeding good point—the farmer's wife.

The graphic art of printing—the art preservative of all arts—is truly what a famous critic of painting calls the "Master Art of Democracy." One of the youngest of arts, it has had an immeasurable influence on human progress. The beauties, refinements, and harmonies of binding and letter-press levy upon all the arts and crafts and the newest enterprises of science and aesthetics. Certain it is that Cornell's democracy should shelter and foster the master art.

Cornell's growth in new buildings and teaching apparatus has been marvelous and when a long absent alumnus returns he finds buildings that have sprung up like magic upon the campus slope and "quad." A silver gray and placid in his temperament, he may recall a parallel in Izaak Walton's whimsical observation that since Cleopatra did feast with Marc Antony on supper of eight wild boars roasted whole, the earth must be a bountiful mother. In optimism we believe that some potent seed will be planted in this magic soil and out of the green campus slope will emerge a delightful low building in campus quarried stone repeating in its harmonious setting our successful new dormitories. If you believe with me that to give an idea objectivity is to make it a shadow upon the threshold of realization—look at this arched doorway that leads into the flagged courtyard, it bears the device of the Cornell University Press and the motto of a famous master craftsman. Across the court you can hear the whir of the presses and the click of the typesetters.

Some generous friend of Cornell who looks upon the picture at Princeton—the excellent restraint of their low Gothic building of local stone which houses their press—and then turns to our beautiful campus setting, will not be able to deny (we hope) the grip on his imagination and the validity of such an appeal to his interest and his thoughtful purse.

Then our associates among the larger endowed universities are fast leaving us behind in the growth and activities of their university presses.

Harvard University Press has just moved into its new building and under the stirring genius of Mr. Chester Lane has entered upon a new era of fine printing. In co-operation with the Graduate School of Business Administration they will presently offer a two-year course of preparation for publishing and printing. The laboratory and class rooms of the Harvard press will test under ideal and under commercial conditions the theories of the lectures.

In the foundation of a press at this time, Cornell has the benefit of the experience of her sister universities. Every type is to be found in apparently successful operation, from one of the strictest utility ordered on the lines of the commercial printing shop to the combined publishing office and press.

The ideal university press is a printing plant with an endowment, which plans to make a profit upon its printing but not necessarily upon its publishing business. Its endowment guarantees the manufacturing and overhead cost of a score of books chosen by a competent committee from all the fields of scholarship. The working organization of this press should have the two complementary factors of graduate trustees, with business experience and enthusiasm, lovers of books with notions of popular appeal, and men of the faculty of mature scholarship and breadth of vision. Each committee of the business, financial and editorial, should meet jointly; but to the editorial committee should be delegated the responsibility for selection and editing, and to the financial com-

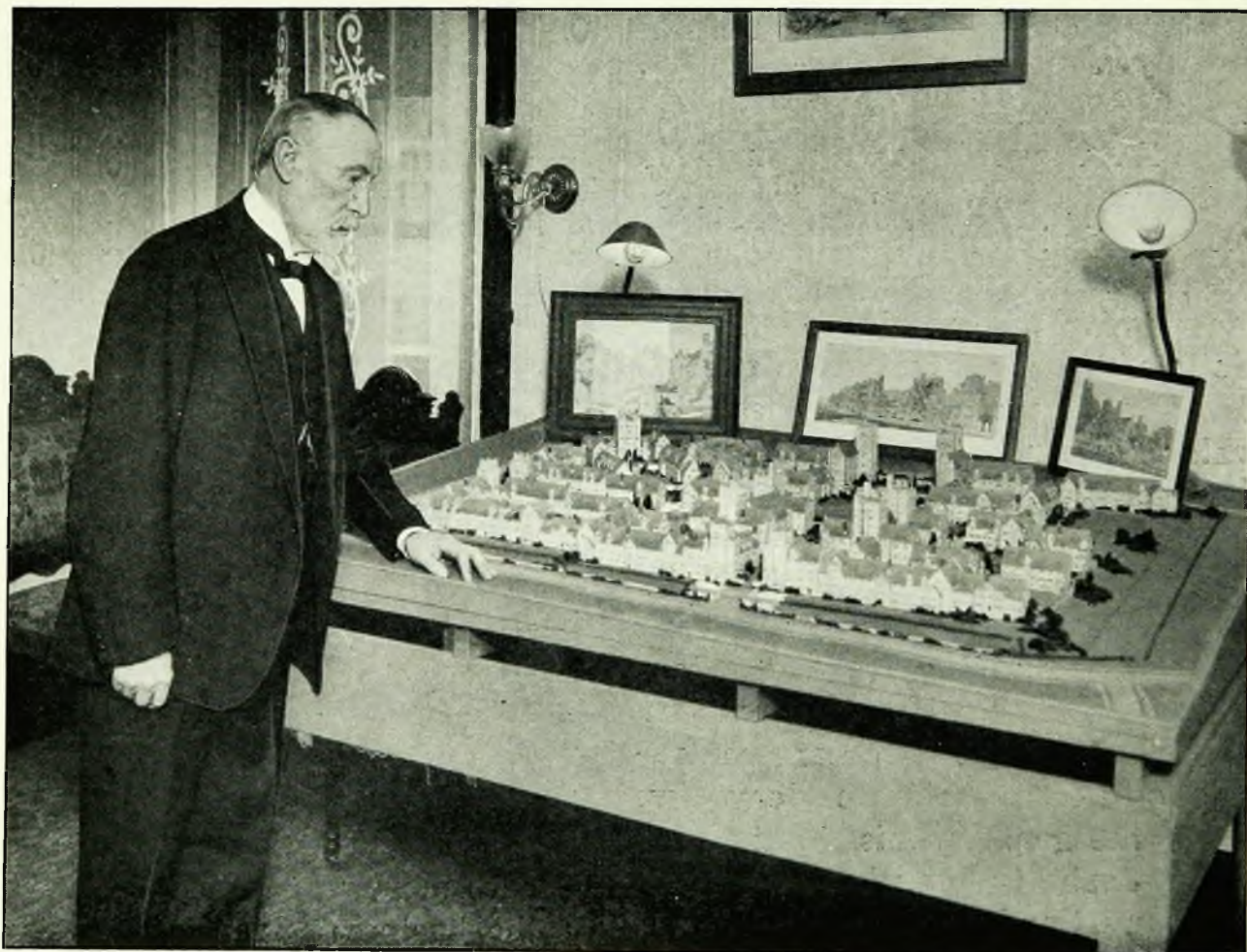
mittee, the problems of manufacture and distribution. Publicity, form at trade and library extensions, inclusion of the work of other scholars and publicists, and all new projects are properly the subject of a joint conference.

The director and his administrative men giving all their time to the press are naturally upon the salary roll to be included in operating expense, but the other members of the board serve without salary. The net profits of the business should be applied either to extension of the publishing field, to plant replacement and efficiency, or to the reproduc-

tion of some beautiful series of ancient craft inspiration like the book beautiful of Morris and the masterpieces of Doves, Riccardi, Essex, Vale, and Ashendene presses.

Yet the Cornell University Press is nearer consummation in a slightly different form than this printing plant with a publishing adjunct. The possibility of the first step is almost ready at hand and its organization is not complicated. There may be initial objections to the University engaging in business; and there may be prudential and other reasons why the routine printing of official publica-

(Continued on page 87)



Mr. George C. Boldt Standing by the Model of the Dormitories as They Will Look When Completed.

The rapid growth of the dormitory system on the Library slope has been mainly due to the untiring energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Boldt.

Professor Burr

Professor George Lincoln Burr, '81, is a man of whom it may be said that "he measures from his chin up rather than from his chin down." He has been teaching history at Cornell practically ever since his graduation from the university in 1881. So high has Professor Burr risen in his line of work that he was recently elected president of the American Historical Society. His vast amount of energy is shown by the fact that he planned to attend Plattsburg this last summer even though he is within a few months of the three score year mark, and certainly would have done so had not unexpected work interfered.

The interest which Professor Burr takes in everyone has gained him the nickname of "Poppy" Burr. He is to be found at almost any hour in the Andrew D. White library, of which he is librarian, and though he is one of the busiest men in Ithaca, he always has time to give you a hearty greeting and to advise or help you in your particular difficulty.

Professor Burr was the historical expert of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission. In connection with his excellent work on that difficult question, Andrew D. White said of him in his Autobiography:

"It is not at all the very close friendship which has existed for so

many years between us, which prompts the assertion that, of all historical scholars I have known, he is among the very foremost, by his



powers of research, his tenacity of memory, his almost preternatural accuracy, his ability to keep the whole field of investigation in his mind, and his fidelity to truth and justice."

G. J. H., '17.



Cornellians at Plattsburgh



A Scene in Front of the Commissary Department at Plattsburgh

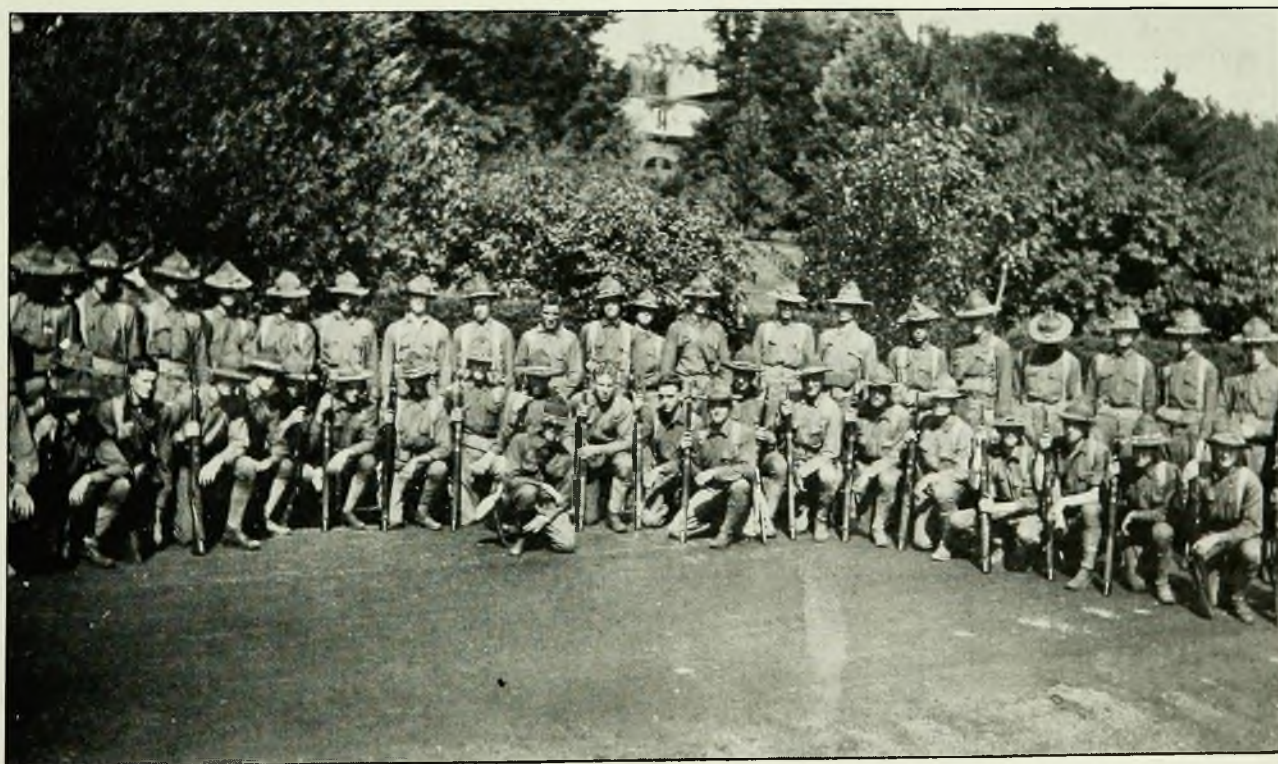


Some of the Cornell Contingent Fishing for Their Breakfast (?) on the Way
Back from Plattsburgh

Cornellians at Plattsburgh



The Cornell Company Marching Along the Shore of Lake George



Posing for the Era Photographer

Who's Who

WALTER HOWE LALLY, '17

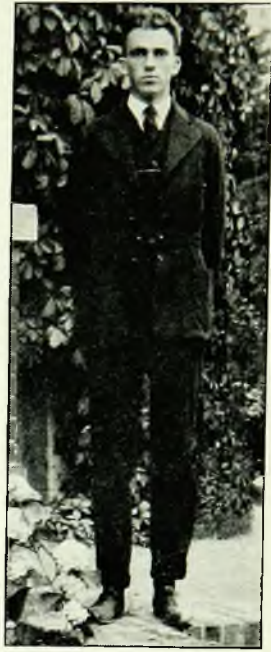


"Walt" Lally is one of the most energetic and successful men that have ever come to Cornell. He has initiative and resource, qualities which won him his competition and which make him the successful manager that he is, together with a degree of good-fellowship which makes him everywhere desired. Above all, "Walt" can always be depended on to carry out any agreement into which he enters, whether it be a large one or one of trifling importance. In spite of his success, he has no false pride or vanity; his friendship is widely sought after and as widely given.

All those who have been associated with "Walt" from a business standpoint know his push and his ability. Workers in the athletic offices, fellow committee-men, managers from other colleges, and above all the football men whom he takes such good care of will testify to his remarkable efficiency.

Bridgeport, Conn.; Arts and Sciences; Zeta Psi Fraternity; Assistant Manager of Football, 3; Manager, 4; Junior Smoker Committee, 3; Underclass Rush Committee, 2; Serbian Relief Committee; Exeter Club; Freshman Advisory Committee; 1916 Spring Day Committee; Quill and Dagger; Kappa Beta Phi.

DONALD BAIN VAIL, '17



"Don" Vail matriculated here three years ago with a well-defined plan in mind, the first step of which became apparent some time later when he was elected as the first 1917 man to the "Sun" board. The last step was completed with his election as editor-in-chief of that paper for 1916-17, to which position he was carried by the exercise of determination and will-power totally unexpected from his pleasant but retiring manner.

But the chief characterization of "Don" Vail is in the word "altruism." He is one of the few undergraduates who have the proper courage of their convictions, and, once believing in a cause, work heart and soul for the promotion of what they are convinced is the side of right, and of the ultimate good of Cornell and its undergraduates, without regard to personal fortunes.

Ridgewood, N. J.; Arts and Sciences; Delta Upsilon Fraternity; Sphinx Head; Aleph Samach; Freshman Advisory Committee; Freshman Tax Committee; Junior Representative, Alumni Pledge Committee; Cornell Daily Sun Board, 1, 2, 3, 4; Editor-in-chief, 4; Cosmopolitan Club; Huntington Club.

LUCIEN WILBUR MUELLER, '17



Lucien Wilbur Mueller, '17 came to Cornell through the side entrance of Cascadilla School. He entered from Illinois with the reputation of a football player of the middle-west all-scholastic eleven, and notwithstanding the best efforts of Sibley College for three long years, he has somehow managed to re-

tain that reputation.

"Duke" figured prominently in the work of the freshman team his first term in college, going from there to take his place in the back-field of the Varsity. He well deserved his election to the captaincy of this year's Big Red Team as a reward for his remarkable performances in the Harvard and Penn games last year.

He has, in addition to his athletic prowess, a personality that is remarkably congenial and unassuming, and his many friends are glad to permit his two greater diversions: his mandolin and his Harley-Davidson. Yet they are relieved that he has at last given up that bulwark of the Freshman Band of 1913: "Duke's" piccolo.

Decatur, Ill., M. E., Phi Gamma Delta; Aleph Samach, Quill and Dagger, Majura; Freshman Football Team, Varsity Football Team, 2, 3, Captain 4; Freshman Banquet Committee, Sophomore Athletic Committee, Student Council, 3.

OSCAR FREDERICK PRIESTER, '17

Oscar Frederick Priester, '17 is one of those who have that remarkable asset,—a powerful smile. His circle of friends is a large one, and each friend sees in him a man destined for future success.

Early in his freshman year, "Os" went out for track, with the result that he was awarded his class numerals. As

a Junior he was made a member of the Freshman Advisory Committee and performed his duties so well that he will be the chairman of the committee this year. They say that his advice is good and that he has helped keep many a wandering freshman on the straight and narrow path.

"Os" is known as a man who is forever taking a keen interest in all University activities—being especially partial to those of his native College of Civil Engineering. His watchword is at all times "enthusiasm" and it is indeed in his favor that he has so succeeded not only in doing things himself but in encouraging those about him to show real signs of action as well.

Davenport, Ia., Civil Engineering; Phi Delta Theta; Sphinx Head, Rod and Bob; Varsity Track Team, 3; Freshman Advisory Committee, 3; Chairman, 4; University Orchestra, 1.



Cornell Doin's in Rhyme

By AUSTIN W. YOUNG, '17

At last vacation days are o'er
So we've come back for knowledge;
The infantile postponed a while
The opening of college.
As soon as you've hopped off the train
Sign right up for the ERA,—
Altho the war
Made prices soar
Subscription rate's no dearer.

Two hundred miles from Lake Champlain
Walked Cornell's camp contingent;
Hey Frosh! you'd better soon read up
Those freshman rules so stringent.
Old Morse Hall has been overhauled,
So back the Chems. are moving;
We're glad to see
The quality
Of co-eds still improving.

Sign up for season tickets now
To keep the A. A. going;
They've chosen Johnny Collyer
To help Courtney coach in rowing.
To those who are not registering
The way the rules are given,
We wish them joy
With Davy Hoy,—
Here's hoping we're not with 'em.

For movies Irene Castle has
Been here in scenes most thrilling;
Twelve hundred studes additional
Will this year start in drilling.
They've cleaned the lockers in the gym.,—
We can't find out the reason;
The Big Red Team
We trust will glean
The victories of the season.

BOOK REVIEW

Above Cayuga's Waters

(Compiled by the Editors of the Class of 1917. The Cornell Era, Inc., Ithaca, N. Y. 12mo., pp. xvi+147. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.)

The ERA, as all its readers know, is the oldest student publication at Cornell. In the many years since its first appearance in November, 1868, it has published, besides things amateurish or of the moment, many articles worthy of presentation in more accessible form. Cornellians of all periods, from those who read that first number in those far-off days, to those now in the University, have reason to welcome this volume, which contains a selection of notable contributions to the ERA by well-known men, including the three presidents of the University, Goldwin Smith, Professor Catterall, David Starr Jordan, Liberty Hyde Bailey, Judge Irvine, and others, nearly all members of the faculty or alumni.

The editors have shown excellent taste in the outward form which they have given to their work, no less than in selecting their material. The book is of attractive appearance. It is well printed and neatly bound, and has for its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait of President White etched by Jacques Reich.

An introduction, which one might well wish longer, is supplied by Dean Crane, who points out that while the book contains articles by six alumni, the book does not represent undergraduate achievement, but rather consists of utterances of men who have profoundly interested the students of Cornell.

The first place is given President White's article, "My Favorite Books," which received such wide notice when it was recently

published in the ERA. An article by President Adams discusses the relative success of college men and men without college training, taking its illustrations from the great names in American public life in the past. President Schurman is represented by a discussion of "Student Activities," primary and secondary, maintaining the thesis that "student activities are studious activities," and by an article on "The College Man in Business." Two brief contributions by Goldwin Smith, one in prose and one, a translation from Catullus, in verse, are marked by the distinction of style inseparable from his work. Professor Catterall and Professor Burr, each in characteristic fashion, draw contrasts between college life of to-day and of earlier times. Questions of athletics are treated in an article by Judge Irvine. The student looking forward to newspaper work may well be interested in Mr. Brisbane's remarks on his prospects in that calling, the more so as on p. 112 he appears to say that the newspaper prints not what the editor thinks but what the reader thinks, and yet on p. 115 claims for the newspaper "the power that shapes and *directs* the thoughts of men." The first of these statements is not made in the bare formula here given, but is elaborated and enforced in seven sentences, so that the contradiction seems hard to explain away. Mr. Dana Burnet's poem "Hills" has the honor of being the only undergraduate contribution here reproduced.

It is a pleasure to welcome this book, and to wish for it a hearty welcome by all Cornellians.

PROF. W. STRUNK, JR.

THE CURRENT PERIODICALS

In *Harper's Magazine* for September is an article, "Should Students Study," in which the writer, William Trufant Foster, endeavors to show that studying is of more consequence to the student than he usually supposes. Mr. Foster is the president of Reed College in Portland, Oregon, but he has drawn his material from observations of colleges and universities all over the United States. He is, therefore, well qualified to write on the importance to the student of studying. He has found that the idea that studying is a minor consideration is prevalent among, and even a guiding factor in the undergraduate life of a large percentage of students. He puts it stronger; he says "Many students look upon scholarship as a menial servant in the household of College Life." While this cannot be denied, still the most pessimistic observer, if he judges from conditions at Cornell, to bring the discussion nearer home, must concede that on the whole the student who maintains a good standing in his studies while busy with other activities is more respected than the prominent undergraduate of poor marks. But that is little enough to concede. Mr. Foster strongly condemns the present state of affairs and devotes a large part of his article to showing that the student should study, if for no other reason, because his "future career depends on it." He brings statistics to show that the percentage of students who are successful in life is highest in the case of those who received high marks in their classes and lowest in the case of those whose marks were very low, or who received no degrees at all. His criterion of success was either the

appearance of the graduate's biography in *Who's Who*, or his recognition by his fellow students as being successful. This proves that the student was successful not because he did his work well in college but rather because he did not permit interference with his main purpose. However, the will to do can be developed by any individual. Therefore, Mr. Foster's contention still holds, and the chance of the high average student for success in life is greater than that of his fellows who are satisfied with mediocre or low marks.

In the October *Century*, the Hay army bill is strongly criticized by Eric Fisher Wood, who is known to the American public through his book, "The Note Book of an Attaché." Mr. Wood sees the bill as having been conceived for "pork," and under pressure of a portion of the National Guard which is seeking self aggrandizement at the expense of adequate defense. He quotes to good purpose a section of the bill which, providing for certain vacancies, so limits the choice that only one man in the country qualifies, and that one a constituent of Mr. Hay. But the greatest evil of the bill, as he sees it, is that it strengthens a body which in its ability to exact things from Congress, is similar to the body of federal pensioners. True, this body is to be the second line of defense in case of war, but there is a hole out of which the Militia can climb if war should come. Mr. Wood has clearly and logically analyzed the probable results of the bill. It is for an enlightened public opinion to say whether or not it shall remain on the statute books.



Above Cayuga's Waters

*Published by the ERA editors
of the Class of 1917*

This volume contains the best things that have appeared in THE CORNELL ERA since its first issue in 1868 till the present date. Among the contributors are Andrew D. White, Jacob Gould Schurman, David Starr Jordan, John R. Mott, Arthur Brisbane, Charles Kendell Adams, Francis Miles Finch, Goldwin Smith, Liberty Hyde Bailey, Norman Hapgood, Dana Burnet and others of equal prominence. The book contains a preface by Dean Crane and a reproduction of Jacques Reich's etching of Dr. White.

Commendations from Reviews

"The editors of THE CORNELL ERA have done a service not only to Cornellians but to higher education generally in rescuing from the files of their magazine these essays of enduring value and verses of lasting beauty."

WOODFORD PATTERSON, Editor
The Cornell Alumni News.

"It's a joy."

GEORGE LINCOLN BURR,
President American Historical Society.

"Here is a little gift book, in well considered form, with which to celebrate the birthday of Cornell friends. In it, with admirable purpose and excellent taste, the editors have provided two hours of good things in prose and verse gleaned from many volumes of THE ERA. The newest addition to the Cornelliana gives worthy permanence to many reflective, gay, lyric and interpretive expressions of life in and out of the University that would otherwise be lost unto this student generation."

H. A. HITCHCOCK,
Secretary of Cornell University.

Price \$1.00 Net.

The ERA for the year and "Above Cayuga's Waters" \$2.00 if paid in advance.

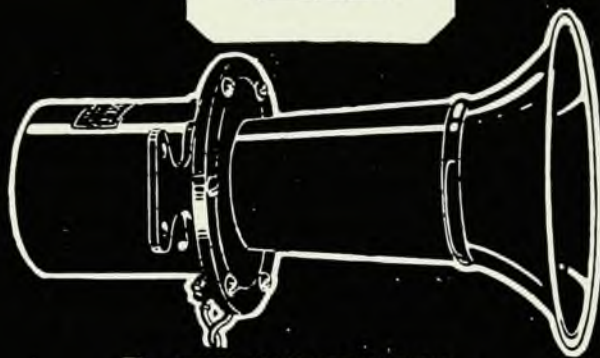
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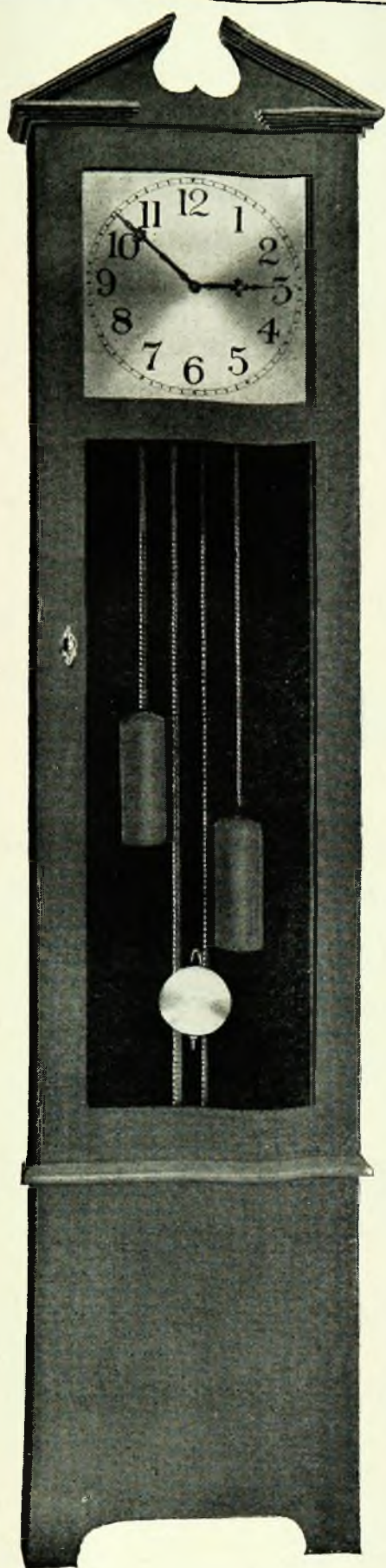
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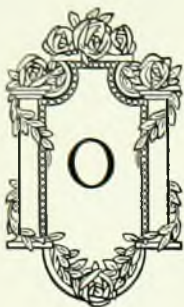
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References: Any mercantile agency.

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Ithaca, New York



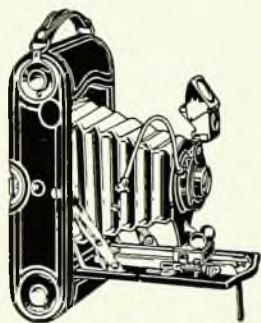
FTEN a new customer, paying the first deposit at the time of the sitting, will say to us: "But if I don't like my proofs, what then?" And we always answer, "Then you may come for a resitting; you may come again and again, if you wish, and there will be no extra charge. Our aim is to please you."

We have kept a faithful account of resittings and this is the data, not for a week, or for a month, but for a whole year; ninety-eight out of every hundred were highly pleased with the proofs first submitted; only two per cent. asked for resittings. That's our record for 1916. We are very, very proud of it.

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Plans and Executes Schemes for the Interior Furnishing of residences, fraternities and clubs. ¶ Let us give you our idea on any work you have in mind.

College Driftwood—Some Plain Words to Students

(Continued from page 21)

propose that you take a portion of your extra time each day and devote it to a well planned course of reading. This need not be supplementary to any of your studies. In fact, should not be. It should include fiction, biography and travel: books that you will enjoy—not cod-liver oil or turpentine-and-sugar books, that you take with puckered lips because they are prescribed.

If you form this habit here it will go with you through life. It will be a solace in sorrow, a stimulant in success. It will people your memory with the heroes of history and imagery. It will make you rich with the treasures of great minds, will give you facility in thought, distinction in conversation, and loftiness of vision. It will soften all the harsh amenities of competition by the realities of wise men's dreams, and will endow you more than any other means that can be suggested, with that rare quality called culture.

Whatever you do in college, don't drift. Be definite in your choice of studies and in the use of your extra hours. You can follow the current easily to tide-water where the waves of life's perplexing competitions will soon wash the rudderless on the beach. You can build a campfire of driftwood, but not a house.

Early Prospects of the Season

(Continued from page 25)

guard from the second varsity of 1915. There are many other candidates for the positions, and all are showing up so well that it is extremely hard, their fine physical condition considered, to pick out or name the

(Continued on page 61)

A Very Little Advance in Prices

Most every line in the Furnishing Goods and Hats have advanced. We were very fortunate having bought early so the raise if any will be small. All Hats the same old price, Shirts the same, Neckwear is lower, Hosiery no advance to you, Overcoats just a slight raise, Collars now 15c straight; so if you trade with us I sincerely believe we can save you money.

L. C. BEMENT, The Toggery Shops

Down Town 142 East State St. On the Hill 413 College Ave.
(2) Shops. (1) Factory Maker of Shirts that Fit.

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Tuesday, October 10

Maud Allan and Symphony Orchestra

Thursday, October 12

The Blue Paradise



We are surely glad to see you boys back. It's been a lonesome burg without you. Here's the glad hand of welcome to our store.

We Specialize in

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Stetson & Reed Makes

ALSO

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Special Sunday Dinners

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JAS. B. E. BUSH, Manager

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*Fall Clothing and Furnishings at
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*Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Fashion Park and Clothcraft Clothes*

Clothing made by tailors who know how---Clothing made by makers
whose very label indicates---and stands for integrity. Just come in---slip on
one of these suits or overcoats---step over to the mirror---note the lines!

Prices \$16.50 to \$30.00

150 East State

The Quality Shop

E. B. BAXTER

One Price to All

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Early Prospects of the Season

(Continued from page 59)

most promising ones at this early date. Several weeks of hard work will tell, and some substitutes who have shown special ability may be given a regular berth at the last minute.

The allegation that the Cornell team of 1915 was a "one man team" will be disproven, I believe, this year. While Barrett and Cool were perhaps the material factors of our success in several games, the team play of our great machine was just as important a factor. The Champions of 1915 learned the value of machine play. This was most conclusively proved in the Harvard game after Barrett's retirement from the game early in the first quarter.

We have reason to be optimistic over the season before us. But we must remember two very important things. We are late in starting practice and we absolutely must have the whole support of the student body at once.

Cornell Traditions

(Continued from page 28)

and again they finished fifth. In the boat both years was a young man who was watching and thinking; John Ostrom believed that the system of training and rowing was wrong; he believed it was wrong to give men only meat and bread and little water, and to work them until they were too ugly to live peaceably together; that it was wrong to put men weighing over two hundred pounds into a six-oared shell. In '75 he was able to put his ideas into practice, and we ate all the plain food we needed, drank all the water we wanted, kept happy and friendly

(Continued on page 71)



HOTEL LENOX

(Convenient to Back Bay Stations)

BOSTON

One of your College
Clubs — your other
home.

C. Prior, Managing Director

Greetings to Cornell



Cotrell & Leonard
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To the American Universities and Colleges

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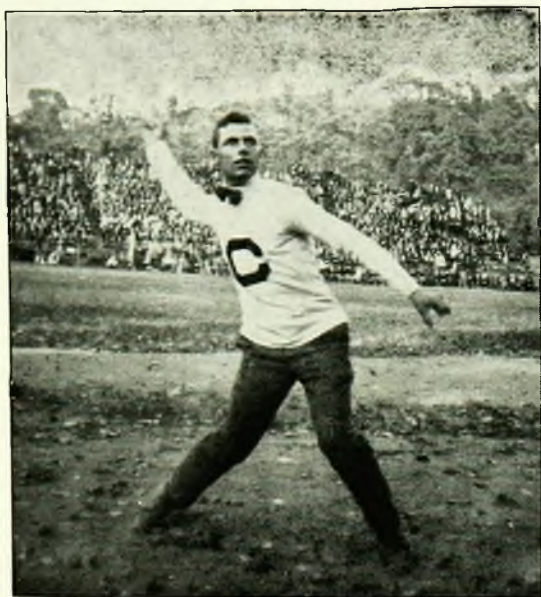
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Wrestling.

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*"Our Goods Will Make Good or We
Will."*

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Ordinary Life Insurance during 1915 than its near-
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¶ When you buy Life Insurance buy of the Metropolitan.
College men can get the best and the most for their money
if they

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PHONE 513

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WHARTON, Inc.

To the great majority Ithaca spells—Cornell University. An institution that has for half a century dominated a town, is very apt to over-shadow, in the native mind, any later industry that comes in.

It will be our pleasure during this and the next few issues of the ERA to enlighten our readers as to the several manufacturing plants this town contains.

That which commands the most interest to the largest number is Wharton, Inc., the factory of Photo-Plays.

On the lake shore at Renwick Park are their many and strange buildings, for besides the studio proper are store houses, a power plant, and various smaller buildings, and the big carpenter shop filled with electrical machinery which hums all day and often far into the night, making big sets for the plays that are occupying the energies of six directors, a scenario department, the labor of artists of many arts, of artisans of many crafts, and of all sorts and conditions of people.

To have seen THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE, THE MYSTERIES OF MYRA, THE CITY, HAZEL KIRK, and BEATRICE FAIRFAX, now running, gives one no idea of the enormous amount of labor and material it takes to make a pictureplay.

This studio contains what few stu-

(Continued on page 67)



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The Celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal
Cannel Coal and Wood

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Down Town Office: Wanzer & Howell's

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And as your skill increases so will those qualities which will continue to give you health and satisfaction every day of your life—an alert mind, steady nerves, keen eye and perfect harmony between mind and body.

Write for our interesting booklet

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Every **proof** that

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Eventually

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As the **place**

To dine for its

Excellent **cuisine** and **service**

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College business has been one of our chief lines for twenty-five years. Our work at Cornell, as well as at other large colleges, speaks for itself. We invite Committees of Fraternity Houses to consult our salesmen on furnishings. We shall be glad to advise with you and give you our suggestions, which we know from experience will be helpful.

Furniture Draperies Wall Papers Carpets and Rugs

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One Thousand Students for
Pressing Contracts

**J. C. DURFEY****409 West State Street****ITHACA, N. Y.**

Ithaca Industries

(Continued from page 63)

dios have—a full equipment for completely finishing a film, even to showing the same in their miniature theatre.

There is a plant for developing and printing the miles of film that are taken in a day. It is an educational treat to see the big developing and washing tanks in operation, the huge drying drums that whirl electrically, the wonderful printing machines that click off positive prints almost as fast as the camera takes negative pictures, the assembly room, where film is examined, cut and put together, and the printing press where all titles and the printing of newspaper articles, etc. used in the story are made.

The wardrobe room where a competent woman presides over her helpers, making costumes and furnishings.

The locked sanctum where the wizard electrician works out his secrets.

In the stage settings there are no painted canvas walls, no fake furniture and clothing. Everything is real from chandeliers to Oriental rugs, pictures, art objects, and props, all are genuine, and rooms are built of solid walls, wood panellings and carvings, and frescos are made by a real artist.

When weather and natural light permit, the scenes are built on a high outdoor stage, surrounded and covered by removable vellum. And as the business has increased the sets have spread themselves all over the lawns, by piers out into the lake, back into the woods and swamps, and even into some of the fraternity houses and public buildings in the town. The companies take their

(Continued on page 69)

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CAFETERIA**

114 EAST SENECA STREET
Next to The Star Theatre

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11:45 to 1:15

Supper
5:45 to 6:45

The ancients never
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**RED & WHITE
CAFETERIA**

Now look at them.
They are all dead.

JOSEPH LISSECK

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The Monarch

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Best Tables in Town

Under New Management
210-212 North Tioga Street

If You Read This Adv. You Will Know More About Us

The Stover Printing Co. was founded in 1908 and since that time has grown from a one-man shop to its present size. The owner, A. B. Stover, has been in Ithaca for the past sixteen years and during that time it has been his privilege to serve students of Cornell University and study their special needs.

We are equipped to supply you with anything in the printing line. If we cannot do your job so that you will be satisfied we will tell you and no matter what work we do for you (and we hope to be favored with some) you can rest assured that it will be delivered RIGHT AND ON TIME.

Come to us for your programs, business cards, record cards, letter paper and envelopes, fraternity forms—in fact anything, including punching, perforating, wire stapling, padding, etc. We'll make you one or a million.

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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

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216 South Cayuga Street

BELL PHONE 921-J

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Ithaca Industries

(Continued from page 67)

own lighting apparatus with them. When outside work is impracticable, the various stages are set in the big studio. The light is furnished by one thousand candle power Mazda Nitrogen Lamps in blue bulbs, and arc lights. As many as three hundred and sixty thousand candle power being used on a single set. This company was the first to entirely light with nitrogen and arc lights.

Four years ago Theodore Wharton came here to take a Cornell football game for Essanay. He saw the possibilities of the country with both a business and an artistic eye, and determined to take them for his own. Leo Wharton joined his brother, and J. W. Buck their brother-in-law brought his business experience. The result is Wharton, Inc., an organization of but three men, with a reputation as long as the equator, for their Photo Plays are shown wherever a projecting machine turns.

In the literary end of the work are associated Arthur B. Reeve, Basil Dickey, Herewood Carrington, George Randolph Chester, Fred Jackson, Gardner Hunting, Arthur Brisbane, C. W. Goddard and Louis Joseph Vance.

Among the actors are names famous in this country and Europe. Among them; Pearl White, Arnold Daly, Creighton Hale, Paul Everton, Thurlow Bergen, Bruce McRea, Elsie Esmond, Lolita Robertson, Max Figman, Burr MacIntosh, M. W. Rale, Howard Estabrook, Jean Sothern, Grace Darling, Harry Fox, Dorothy Green, Ollie Thomas, Edgar Davenport, Irene Castle, Warren Oland, Allen Murnane, Lionel Barrymore, Bessie Wharton, Riley Hatch, Hamilton Revelle, Nigel Barrie, Milton Sills and Kate Mayhew.—Adv.

When in Geneva stop at the

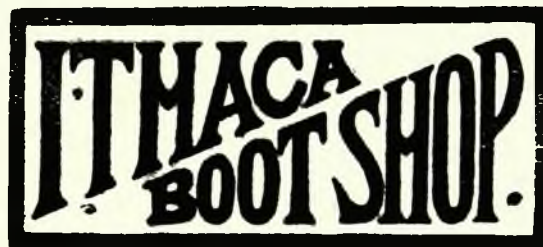
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When the last word is said
Banister is still the mark
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**Book,
 Catalog and
 Magazine Printing**

**College and Fraternity Work
 A Modern Plant at Your Service**

Cornell Traditions

(Continued from page 61)

and won the first Freshman and Varsity victories for Cornell. Again in '76 under the same plan we won both races and thus dealt a death-blow to the Rowing Association of American Colleges. All this because of John Ostrom's energy and wisdom. Mr. Courtney has carried on Ostrom's traditions and improved on them, and Cornell's brilliant rowing record has resulted.

There was one custom of the old time that touched me emotionally more than all others; the singing of students on the streets in the late evening. Not boisterous songs of roisterers, but harmonious singing of groups of trained singers—there were many such groups in those days. I remember those songs chiefly on moonlight nights under green leaves on still streets, often softened by distance. Even now distant singing on a still night stirs the memory of those days, with quickened pulse and a twinge of regret. This custom disappeared because the University grew larger and less homogeneous, and because the center of student life moved upward on East Hill. I like the senior singing of the present, and the singing at the dining tables of student groups is very fine and jolly; but there's nothing to take the place of the street singing of the evenings when Mandeville sang.

Only a few of the student songs of the first decade survive; "Alma Mater," "We'll Honor Thee Cornell," and "The Evening Song." There is always a transient group of songs that live a butterfly life and fade away; for Cornell holds fast only to what is good.

(Continued on page 75)

J. J. CURLEY, Inc.

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Tennis and Squash Requisites Especially

Tennis Rackets - \$3.00 to \$8.00

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Mail Orders Given Especial Attention

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To the Heart of Leisureland

where woods are cool, streams
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Positively the best and cheapest Fountain Pen made. Send
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The Cambridge Pen Company

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New York City

Cornell Traditions

(Continued from page 71)

Customs have changed at Cornell because Cornell itself has changed. A child's suit does not fit a man. Cornell has put away childish things—most of them—but we of the old days sometimes look at the broken remnants of the toys we played with and sigh. But we really know that each student generation must choose or make its own traditions, accepting what it finds good, rejecting what seems unworthy in the new light, and adding its share to that from which the future shall choose.

The traditions that shall never leave Cornell are, the tradition of earnest work and purpose, the tradition of high scholarship standard, the tradition of democracy, and the tradition of self-sacrificing service, all of which were given us by Mr. Cornell and Mr. White.

Our Undergraduate Life Explained for Freshmen

(Continued from page 34)

the C. U. C. A. Briefly, for those who did not receive a copy, it is a committee composed of twenty seniors and sixty juniors. Everyone entering Cornell for the first time is visited by a member of this committee who acts as a sort of advisor for the freshman, giving him any information he may need at the time and keeping in touch with him throughout the year.

Cornell has been justly called the "mainstay of fraternities." Membership in one in the past, has usually come from social reasons, as they are avowedly social organizations. But of recent years this object has decreased in importance; many other organizations have sprung up to take care of the social side of the

(Continued on page 79)

PATRONIZE STUDENT ENTERPRISES



of the Students
by the Students
for the Students



THE CAFETERIA

129 Dryden Road

"Below College Ave."

C. E. Duncan, '18, *Treas.*

C. E. Hadley, '19, *Mgr.*

PURE MILK

is a vitally important factor in every household.

¶ And that is just what every customer of Pearson's Sanitary Dairy is assured of getting.

¶ Our milk supply comes from selected dairies of Tompkins County brought to your door under scrupulously clean and sanitary conditions.

¶ Every detail of collecting, bottling and delivering is under my personal supervision.

¶ I will be glad to serve you.

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**Handling the
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**Special Prices to Fraternities
Quality and Service Unexcelled**

QUALITY ELECTRIC SUPPLIES

Are Here At Reasonable Prices

Study Lamps

"Edison" Mazda Lamps

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Near "Star" Theater

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Five hundred fresh-
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Contracts

The St. James
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Walnut at 13th.
Centrally located
Distinctive service
Excellent cuisine
Room with bath, \$2 up

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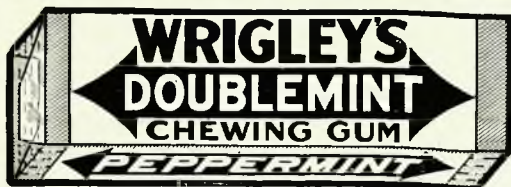
First Spearman:—"Did you hear about the poor Soph. that got into trouble?"

Second Spearman:—"No, what hit him?"

First S.:—"His girl was fickle, so he thought he'd tickle her with some chicle for a nickel."

Second S.:—"Zat-so?"

First S.:—"Yep. And now he's in a pickle for her old man is after him with a sickle," because he didn't get some.

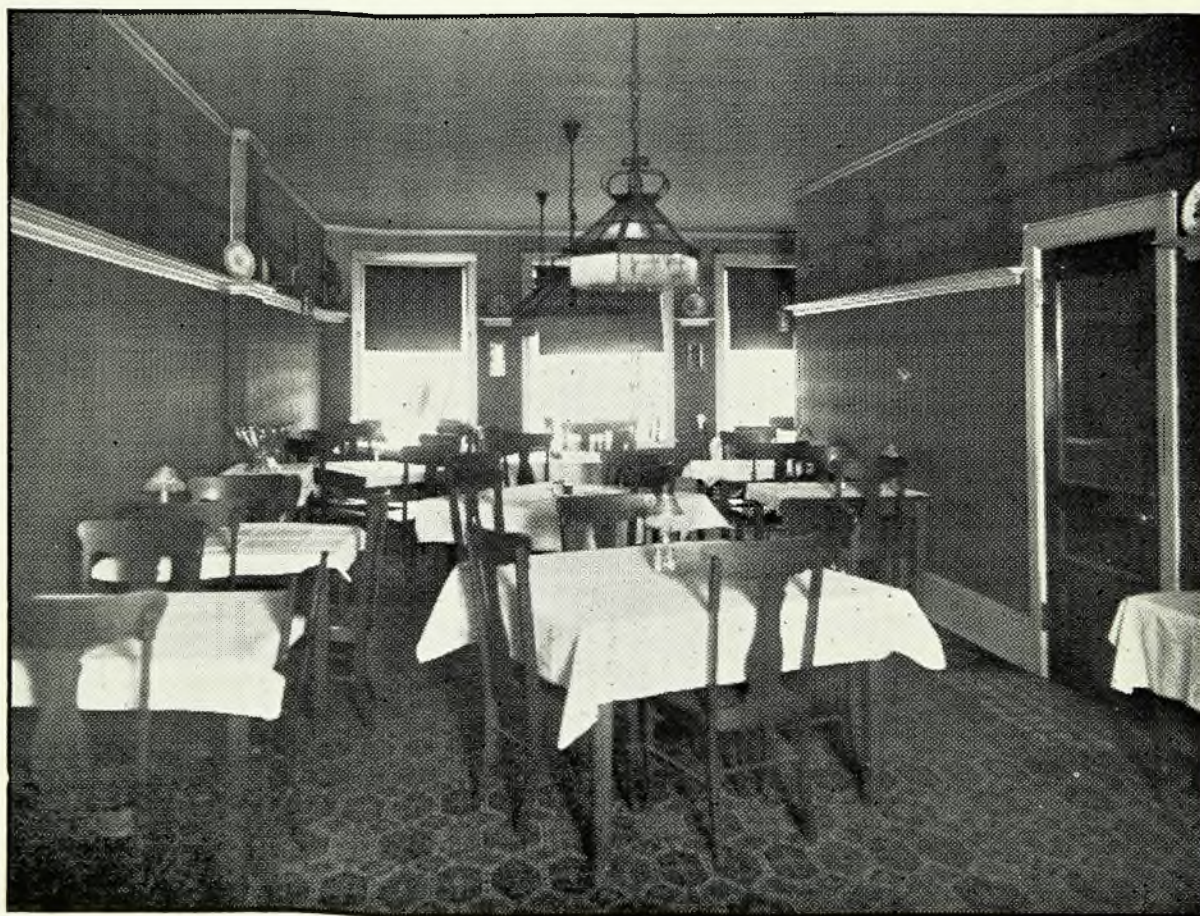


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For Ladies and Gentlemen



CLASS DINNERS AND PRIVATE PARTIES GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION

Both Phones

T. A. HERSON, Prop.

Undergraduate Life Explained

(Continued from page 75)

undergraduate life, and what effect the growth of our dormitory system will have remains to be seen. Men are selected by the various fraternities supposedly on a basis of good fellowship and desirability as a member of a social organization. Approximately two weeks after the opening of the University, the fraternities will "rush" freshmen whom they believe, through recommendations of graduates or otherwise to be desirable as members. The freshman will receive cards from all fraternities who desire to "rush" him. At each fraternity whose invitation he has accepted, he has the opportunity of judging the members while they are judging him. After an extended period of "rushing," invitations are sent out for another period to those whom the fraternities have decided to ask as members. Those who "pledge," or determine to join, are given the fraternity's pledge button to wear in the coat lapel till initiation, when they are given the pin or badge of the society.

Last year an attempt was made to defer the rushing till the second term, by agreement of many of the leading fraternities. But the desire to secure the most promising members of the freshman class broke down the collective sense of honor of several of the fraternities, and all rules agreed upon were broken and indiscriminate pledging resulted. This year all the fraternities will abide by the rules of the rushing association, and it is hoped no attempt will be made to urge the freshman to join one organization or not to join another. The rule that fraternity men shall not communicate privately

(Continued on page 83)

Hotel Lenox ^{BUFFALO} N. Y.

North Street at Delaware Avenue,



The Leading Tourist Hotel in the Ideal Summer City.

Modern, fireproof, and distinctive. Popular because of its fair rates, complete equipment, and the excellence of its cuisine and service.

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Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls" and our complete rates.

C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

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Home Dressed Poultry a Specialty

Lowest Prices in City

Quality Considered

Our Delivery is ALWAYS ON TIME

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Earl E. Atkinson

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Our specialty is meats that are prime.

We handle nothing but A-1 Western Beef, Home Grown Veal, Lamb and Pork.

Finest Smoked Goods that money can buy.



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Clarified and Pasteurized Milk and Cream

The Purest and Most Sanitary in the city. . . .

All kinds of Ice Creams, Ices and Sherbets on order. Fraternity and Club Dinners and Banquets a Specialty.

SANITARY ICE CREAM
& MILK COMPANY, Inc.

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VICTROLAS, UKULELES,
BANJOS, MANDOLINS

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All the latest RECORDS,
SONGS OF CORNELL
and all things musical
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Lent's Music Store

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How do your cigarettes treat you AFTER you smoke them?

(This is a test that few cigarettes can stand up under)

Many other good cigarettes besides Fatimas taste mighty good—WHILE you are smoking them. Fatimas are not the only good ones. Although Fatimas taste so good that they continue to outsell any other cigarette costing over 5c.

But Fatimas deliver something more than good taste. They will give you *cigarette comfort*—comfort while you are smoking them and comfort AFTER you smoke them.

While you are smok-

ing them, they will feel cool and comfortable to the throat and tongue.

And AFTER you smoke them—even though you may smoke more than usual—they will leave you feeling as you'd like to feel. No heavy or "heady" feeling—none of that "mean" feeling of having smoked too much.

All this is the reason why Fatimas are called a SENSIBLE cigarette.

Yes—some day you will try Fatimas. Why not do it today?

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

THE TURKISH BLEND

A Sensible Cigarette

20 for 15¢



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Undergraduate Life Explained

(Continued from page 79)

with freshmen till after the rushing period is over has been adopted that the freshman may be given a fair chance to judge all fraternities equally and impartially. All seem agreed that for the freshman's good it is best not to join any fraternity till well into the second term, if not to wait till the sophomore year. And only each fraternity's fear that the other will not abide by any long term agreement prevents delayed rushing. It is safe to say that any freshman with sufficient will power will find it much to his advantage to put off the choice as late as possible, well into the second term at least.

Whatever rumor may say of excessive dues and fees, in reality they are usually but little more than nominal, considering the associations, and physical comforts of a superior house to be gained. And several are actually cheaper than boarding houses. The question of expense is therefore not so important in determining whether or not to accept the bid of a fraternity, as is often supposed. Cornell has become so large and fraternities are so numerous that it is no mark of social distinction to belong to one, or inferiority not to. They are often great aids in the development of individuality, self-reliance and self-improvement, and each individual must choose for himself whether he will take the benefits of fraternity life, of competitions, managerships, and editorial positions, or of the other activities so numerous at Cornell.

The Machine and the Worker

(Continued from page 35)

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(Continued on page 87)

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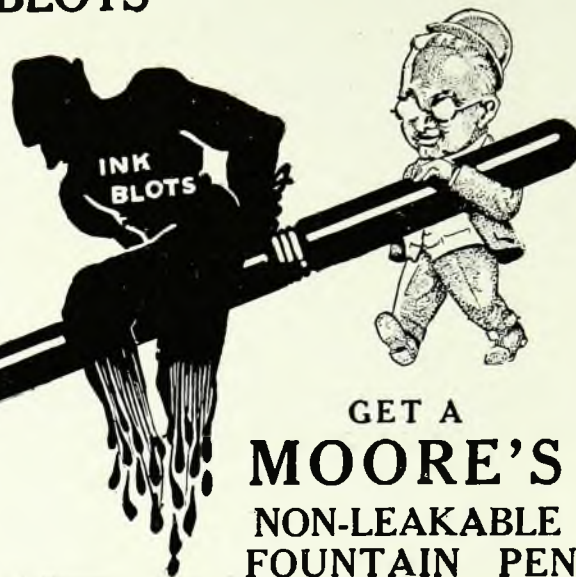
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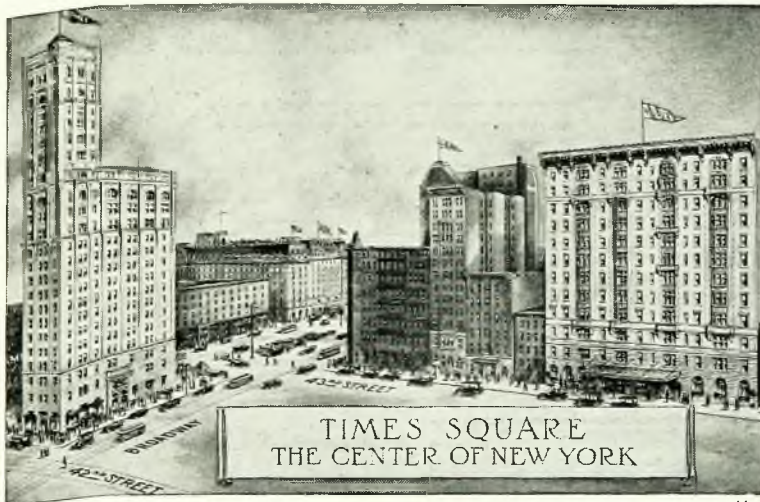
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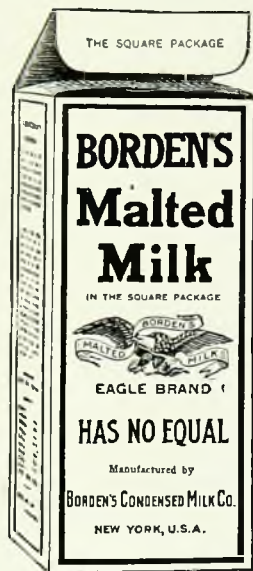
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The Machine and the Worker

(Continued from page 88)

out by paper systems rather than by persons.

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Cornell and the Master Art of Democracy

(Continued from page 44)

tions should still be done by commercial printers, whose offerings on standard specifications are kept low by competitive bidding. These adjustments of opinion and practice, however, cannot be an obstacle to the realization of our greatest need, which is a publishing office to distribute the results of Cornell research and scholarship.

The endowment of such a press is the only obstacle to its foundation in this very day and hour. Its governors are ready and eager to serve, the material is ready for editorial selection, and the problems of distribution can find a temporary solution at least in contracting with wholesale booksellers and jobbers to take the agency of the press on a liberal discount or other coöperative basis.

The logical development of university press distribution, however, is a central University Press office in New York, and possibly branches in other large cities, which shall, under one overhead cost, stock, advertise, and distribute the output of all the

(Continued on Page 91)

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- 21 Football—Bucknell ----- 2:30 P. M.
Freshman
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- 27 Association Football—Prince-
ton ----- 4:00 P. M.
- 28 Football—Harvard at Cambridge,
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Freshman
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Cornell and the Master Art of Democracy

(Continued from page 87)

university and technical presses of the country.

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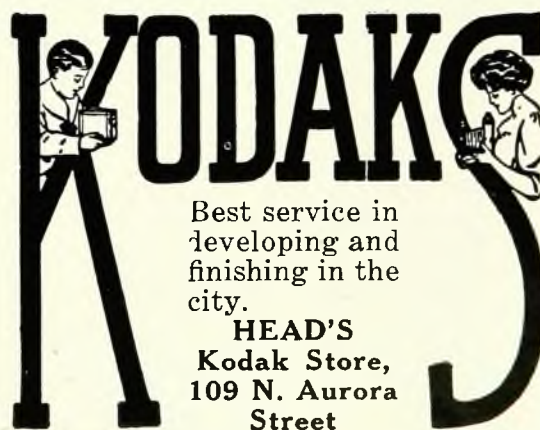
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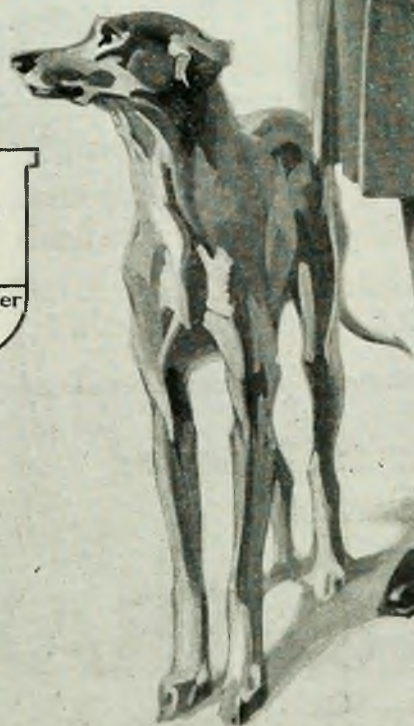
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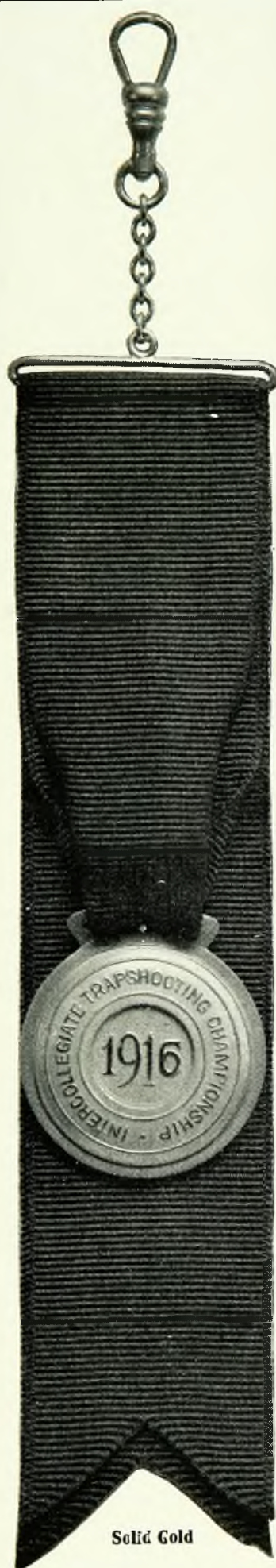
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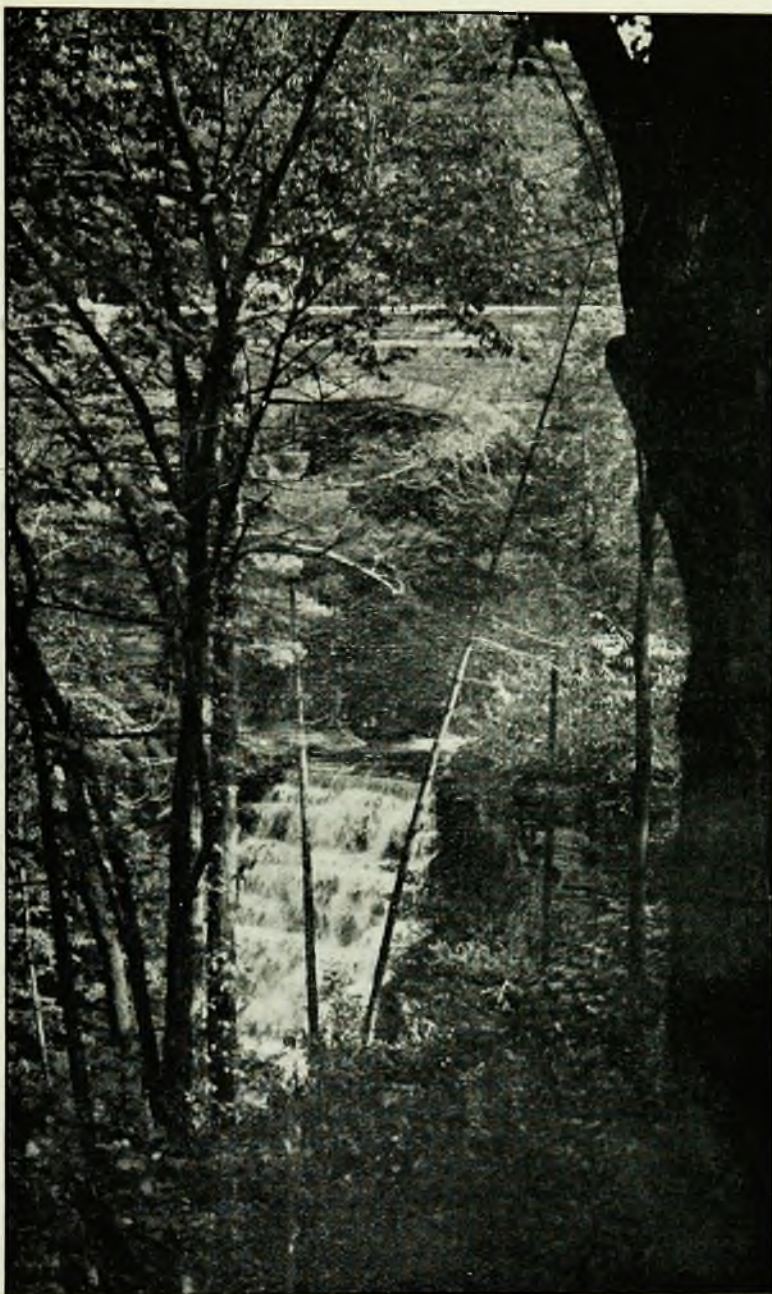
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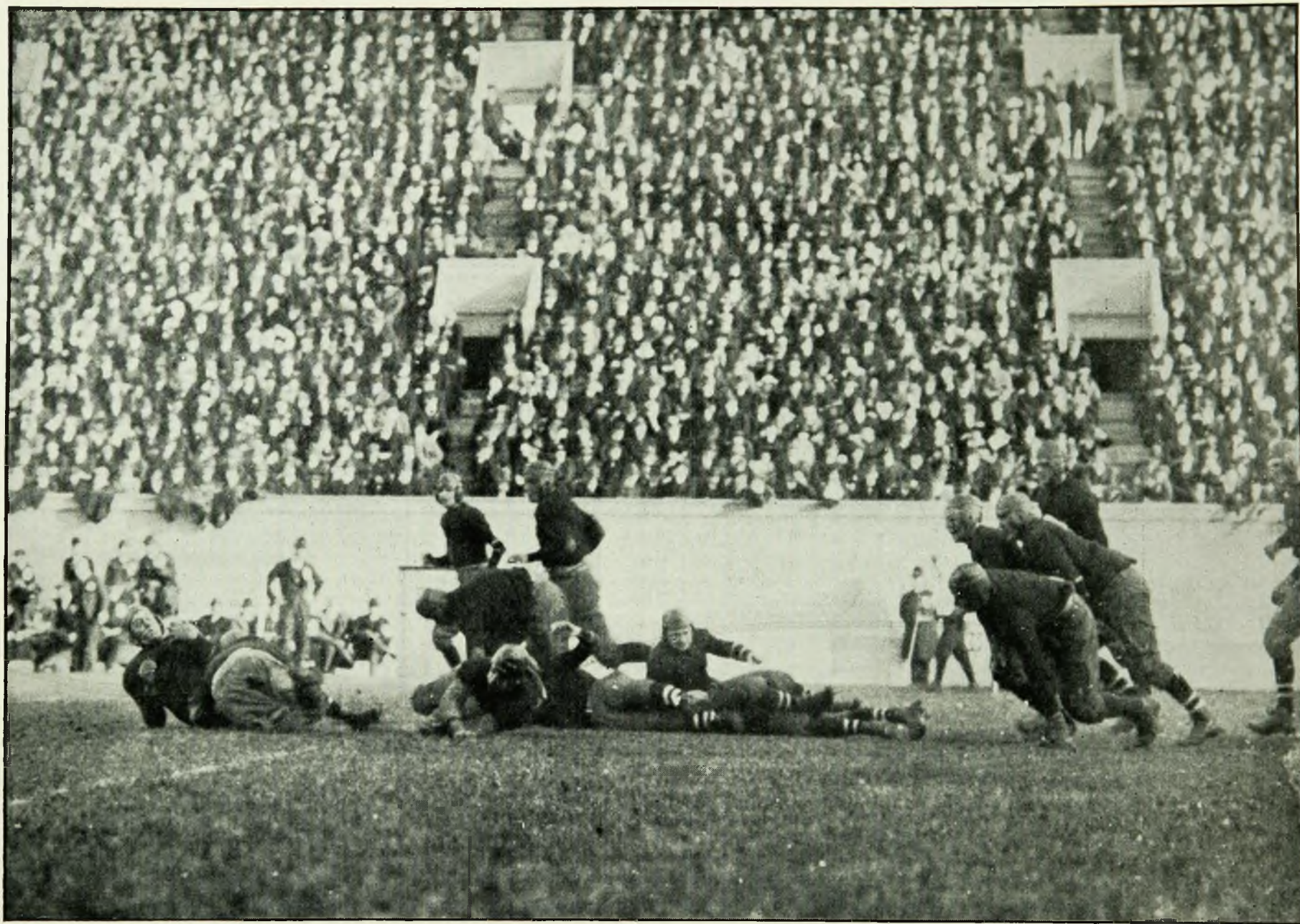
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The Bridge Over Cascadilla Gorge



HARVARD 23—CORNELL 0

Photo by Harvard Illustrated

Hoffman of Cornell Making a Nine Yard Gain Through the Right Side of Harvard's Line in the Second Period.
He is Being Tackled by Caner

The Cornell Era

XLIX

NOVEMBER, 1916

Number 2

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Editor for this issue, W. H. FARNHAM

Do you ever feel a sense of incalculable narrowness in the lives we are living through these tragic times? Does the awful suffering across the

Reaching ocean ever make our
Across daily lives, filled as
The Ocean they are with trivialities, seem meaningless?

Do you ever feel convinced that the only thing worth doing is to leave all this routine, and get into the middle of the suffering that is spread over the whole face of Europe?

If not, you admit a lack of sympathy and imagination which discredits yourself and the American people. That any person can live his daily life unaffected, or virtually unaffected by the war, amounts almost in itself to a tragedy. The fact that a desire to "get into" the war is

utterly illogical, no one can deny, but it seems that any man who thinks at all will feel it, at times, in almost overpowering strength.

Few men can give way to this feeling, and probably few men ought to, but there is much that can be done by those who stay at home. For a certain period Cornell students gave enthusiastically, of money and of clothes. Now this giving has almost stopped, for the habit of indifference grows upon us with terrible rapidity. And yet the need is as great as it ever was, if not greater. With the approach of winter, hundreds of thousands of non-combatants will suffer from a lack of clothing. Many of them will freeze to death simply for the want of what you keep lying useless about your room, or sell for a trifle to an old-clothes man. You

probably would not let a man freeze to death in front of your house, especially if he were your friend. But are not friendships just as dear and death just as real across the ocean as they are here? Compared to the act of saving a life, all the little trivial things, which we spend so much of our time striving for here, shrink into worthless nothingness.

A box has been placed in the entrance-way to the gymnasium for the receipt of such things as students may be able to give. This is a convenient location, so that men who have things of this sort will have nothing to do but leave them in the gymnasium as they are passing by.

The season ticket sale has reached to within nearly three hundred tickets of the goal set for it. It was absolutely imperative that over twenty-five hundred tickets be sold this year, so that the loss incurred by holding the Michigan game at Ithaca could be made up without serious retrenchment. It is still hoped that the three thousand mark will be reached this year, which will mean excellent support for athletics.

The success of this sale is largely due to those senior society men who gave their time for very uncongenial work in order to help athletics at Cornell. First, then, the credit is due to these men, but secondly and eventually, of course, it is due to all the students who were able and willing to support their teams by purchasing membership tickets.

By the recent elections the Student Council has been crystalized from a vague group of possibilities to a definite group of men. Whether it has gained as much in homogeneity as it has in definiteness is for the future to show. The members of the council are there for a purpose; a faith has been reposed in them which they may either keep or break. In order to be effective their first duty will be to get together in a much more real sense than merely gathering in a committee-room.

For the council is a big thing. The fact that last year it accomplished little constructive work should not blind the students, or—worse—the council men, to its possibilities.

It is hardly too much to say that every man upon the council ought to look upon this work as his most important "student activity;" more important, that is, than anything except work "on the hill," and he should treat it accordingly. The day of the laissez-faire, well-enough-as-it-is spirit is drawing to an end. Every student will realize that there are a hundred vital problems on which the council will be in a position to do constructive work of the highest value. The council has a remarkable opportunity; its members have been awarded a chance such as comes to few Cornellians to serve their university. What they make of it is up to them.

In one of the summer issues of the *Alumni News* is presented in full the report of Mr. Edwards, submitted

by him on the completion of his second five-year term as alumni trustee of Cornell University. Mr. Edwards is well known to Cornellians as one of the most influential of the trustees and as the chairman of the important standing committee on Buildings and Grounds. His report, therefore, which is in large part an argument for raising tuition charges to \$150, should command the respectful attention of the student, unpleasantly though the idea may strike him at first thought.

**Pay More
Tuition**

The facts in the case are indisputable. The increased cost of salaries and maintainance have increased much more rapidly than has the income from tuitions. A smaller fraction of the total cost of educating a man is now paid by the individual than used to be the case, and as a result the endowment funds are skimmed in covering the rest. As Mr. Edwards puts it:

"The university is not paying its instructing staff what it should. Its physical property is not being kept up to a proper degree of efficiency, and the students are consequently not getting what they should expect from a first-class institution."

The opposition to raising tuition

charges is of course based on the cry for democracy. And yet the university is not justified in giving an education which is short of the best. Considerations of quality must always come before considerations of quantity. To quote again:

"Good students, the kind we want at Cornell, do not choose their educational institutions because they are cheap. Cornell wants students who are after the best; those who believe that they are spending valuable time while seeking an education, and are willing to make a sacrifice to get something worth while. It is what we obtain at a sacrifice that is appreciated and gives the most lasting benefit. Certainly it is not fair to the student who comes to the university to receive the best instruction available, not to provide him with high-class instruction."

Surely that creature of the imagination known as student opinion has here a part to play. If Cornell students, after interesting themselves in the facts of what is really their own problem, come to feel that an increase of tuition would be for the good of themselves and of the university, then the chief reason of those trustees who oppose such an increase would thereby be destroyed.



An American Aviator's Experience in Japan

By JAMES IRVING CLARKE, '12, of the *New York Sun*

The spectacular fall and death of Charles F. Niles, America's most daring aviator, passed almost unnoticed in the maze of politics and war news the last week of June. Niles, the first man to loop with a monoplane in this country, the first to loop with a passenger, holder of the altitude record of Japan, and formerly chief flier for General Carranza in Mexico, fell 2,000 feet when a wing tip broke during a loop at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, on June 25th, and died the following day.

He had just returned from Japan, and simultaneously with his death, there reached this country a story that one of his flights there had christianized a city. It came in the form of a brief dispatch which left the reader in doubt as to how the miracle might have been performed. The story, which proved to be very nearly true, is characteristic of Niles, who was well known in Ithaca, having formerly made his headquarters here.

Back in a rural district in Japan, in the province of Omi, lies the city of Yokaichi, unattractive, unvisited and comparatively unknown.

Yet, like most little cities, Yokaichi has, or rather did have, its rich young rake, son of a patrician who lived aloof from the town. Unable to find amusement in Yokaichi, he drifted to Paris, returning in time with an aeroplane which he had learned to fly. Folks came from all the countryside to see the daring youth circle over the town, until one

day, after a night of dissipation, his aeroplane crashed nose down into a field and they buried the young man with honors deserving a hero. The machine was trundled into its shed and later repaired with the hope that someone daring enough to fly it might be induced to come to Yokai-chi. But experts from the army flying corps who were brought down from Tokio, pronounced the machine unfit, so it remained in the shed, one of the curiosities of that region.

All this happened several years ago.

Now a great aviation boom is sweeping over the Empire. It began with the coming of that master of upside down flying, Charles F. Niles of Rochester, N. Y., who looped, spiraled and dived before 300,000 awestruck Japanese at the Aoyama Parade Ground in Tokio a year ago. Japan had never before seen such flying. Tokio went aviation mad. Niles was feted and received by royalty while native Japanese fliers were criticized openly for their lack of knowledge and their want of courage.

The fame of Niles spread broadcast through the Empire. It reached Yokaichi and the owners of the condemned monoplane there asked the distinguished American to inspect their machine and advise them whether it could be made to fly. Niles accepted.

The afternoon that Niles arrived in Yokaichi, he pronounced the condemned monoplane fit to fly. He

tightened a few struts and braces, taxied across the field where the native flier was killed and soared above the town. The people danced for joy. Their machine would fly after all.

Another day, Niles invited one of the owners of the machine to accompany him, and with the passenger, in

"While he was flying, a young man from Hachiman asked me to appeal to Mr. Niles on his behalf for his autograph in the album he had brought for the purpose. I took the book under my arm as I went out onto the field to greet the returned fliers.

"When I asked Mr. Niles if he



A Japanese Newspaper Man Greets Niles

a strange machine, he broke the altitude record of Japan, climbing 10,800 feet above the town. Then he swooped down in wide spirals, landing lightly on the field from which he had started.

Now let Mr. Vories tell the story as he wrote it in "*The Omi Mustard-Seed*," a little monthly organ published by the Omi Mission.

would write in the album, I remarked that it was the young man I had before told him of who was fighting the cigarette habit rather lamely.

"Reporters were crowding around. The mayor and other officials were bustling about. The crowds were wildly yelling and applauding and trying to press up close. Questions were being fired in like a bombard-

ment. The young man who had been passenger (the 'stoical' Japanese) was dancing about hugging his friends, telling how it felt to fly, and panting like a race-horse.

"Mr. Niles walked quietly over to the shelter, sat down in the first chair, pulled off his right glove, borrowed my fountain pen, and wrote a message specially for that stranger who needed help in his fight for character.

"There was not a sign of a tremble to his hand, not a catch in his breath, and not a change in his tone as he talked. Everyone else was excited.

"This is what he wrote:

"'After breaking the altitude record of Japan, you will see by this writing my hand is quite steady. This I credit to no booze or cigarettes.

"'A man is as good as his will power.

"'For your best success, I am,

"'CHARLES F. NILES.'

"The indirect influences of the Niles visit began almost at once. No one need apologize for speaking strongly on temperance any more. No one need feel abashed for being almost alone in abstinence. The habitual users began with one consent to make excuses, and to admit that there is no good in drink or smoke."

"Thus," Mr. Vories writes, "God brings from most unexpected quarters the means we need, and answers prayers in ways no less marvelous than in ancient times. Thus the 'buried' country mission is compen-

sated by experiences full of interest and power."

Men in America who knew Niles will not be greatly surprised to learn of his conduct at Yokaichi. They will remember Niles, whose nickname was "Do Anything," as the aviator who would not fly on Sunday. Niles' conscience would not let him fly on Sunday, but when he returned to America he found that his managers had made a Sunday engagement in Oshkosh. As the agreement had been made he felt obligated to keep it. His death was the result. Niles often told the writer that he felt that if anything ever happened to him it would be during a Sunday flight. Still, Niles was a fatalist.

Many New Yorkers will recall one windy day on Hempstead Plains a year ago when he took a balky monoplane into the air just to find what was wrong with it, and volplaned down after fifteen minutes' battle with the gale to tell the dumb-founded mechanics that the oil was not feeding into the engine and that the vertical rudder was stuck and would turn only one way.

It was with this same brand of courage that he fought the elements at Oshkosh while the girl he had married ten days before looked on from the grandstand. For 1,800 feet of the drop he manipulated the controls, righting the machine time and again, in spite of a broken wing tip, but when only 200 feet from the ground a final dive ended his life.

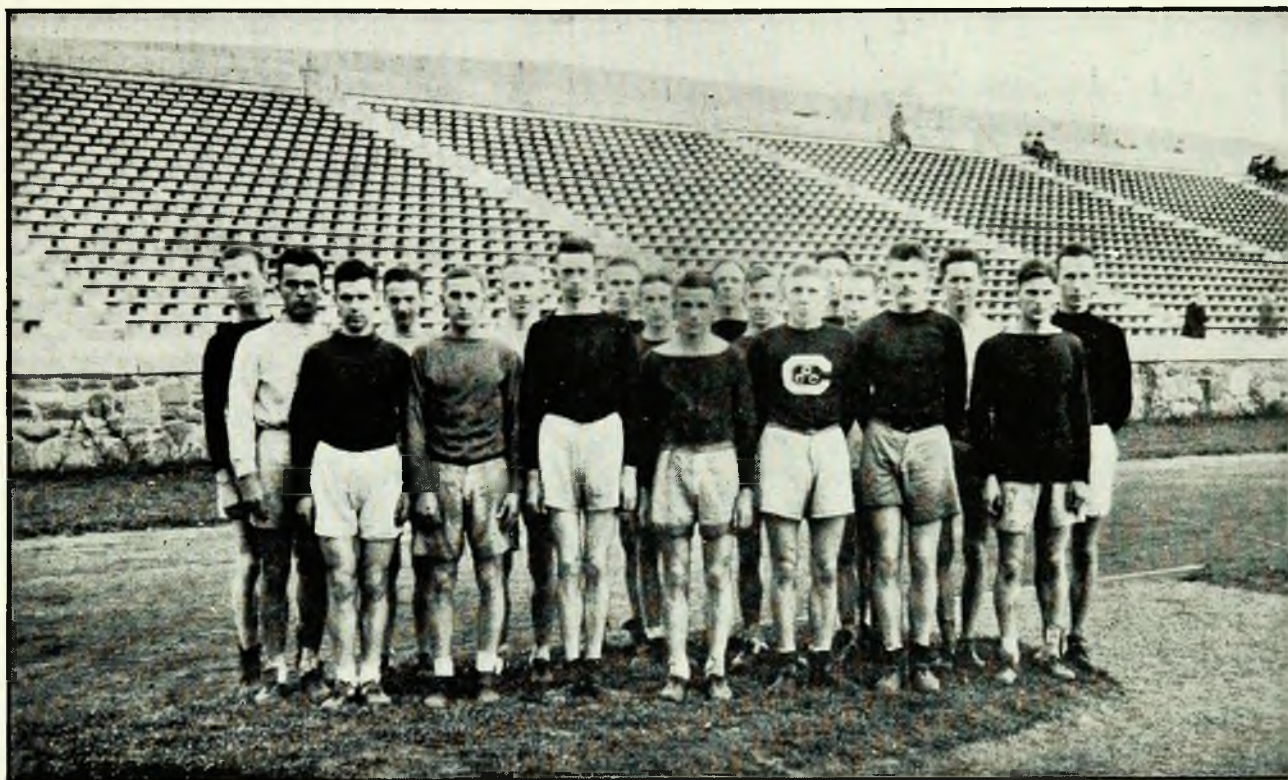
The Cornell Cross Country Team

By COACH JOHN F. MOAKLEY

Twenty candidates for the varsity cross country team have been running a little over two weeks and seven men have been selected for the training table; Captain Windnagle, Wenz, Dresser, McDermott, Campbell, Boynton and Maynard. Windnagle and Wenz are the only runners with Intercollegiate experience, the

taken to the training table. Blew, Hudson, Yost, Speer, Davidson or some of the other candidates, may develop sufficiently in that time to make a place on the team.

Harvard comes here for a dual race on Saturday, Nov. 4, with a team of experienced runners and our team will have to run their limit to



The Cross-Country Squad Poses for the Era

latter while a student at Colby finished third in the big meet held in New Haven two years ago. Windnagle finished fifth at New Haven and ninth at Boston last year, and his improvement last spring would warrant him running well up with the leaders next month at New Haven. In the next five weeks the distance in the practice runs will be increased considerably and more men will be

win. We journey to Philadelphia the following Saturday and run Pennsylvania over a five mile course. These two dual meets will be valuable experience to the new comers trying for the Varsity and will stand them in good stead in the final race of the season at New Haven.

The task from now on will be to develop five men who can cover a six and a quarter mile course bunched

together as closely as possible, so as to keep any other team from having more men in the first twenty. The times given below were made over the four mile course in the tryouts for the training table.

ORDER OF FINISH

Wenz, 23.27; Dresser, 23.33; McDermott, 24.02; Windnagle, 24.14; Campbell, 24.14-2; Boynton, 24.51; Maynard, 24.57; Yost, 25.03; Speer, 25.22; Hooker, 25.36; Seelbach, 25.41; Tinnerholm, 25.41-2; Eshweiler, 25.46; Dawson, 25.51; Fernschild, 26.11; Ball, 26.37; Davidson, 27.05; Mason, 27.07; Haines, 27.41; Robertson, 28.

The general impression in the college athletic world is, that at Cornell, several hundred candidates report daily for cross country practice. Strange as it may seem, Cornell's cross country squad for years has not been as large as at many of the other universities and colleges which have intercollegiate teams. The Gym Credit tests and the Intercollege Cross Country meet, it was hoped, would create a natural desire to take up distance running as a means of exercise, but so far they have failed to be of aid to Varsity Cross Country interests.

(Continued on page 153)

A Virelai to Vivienne

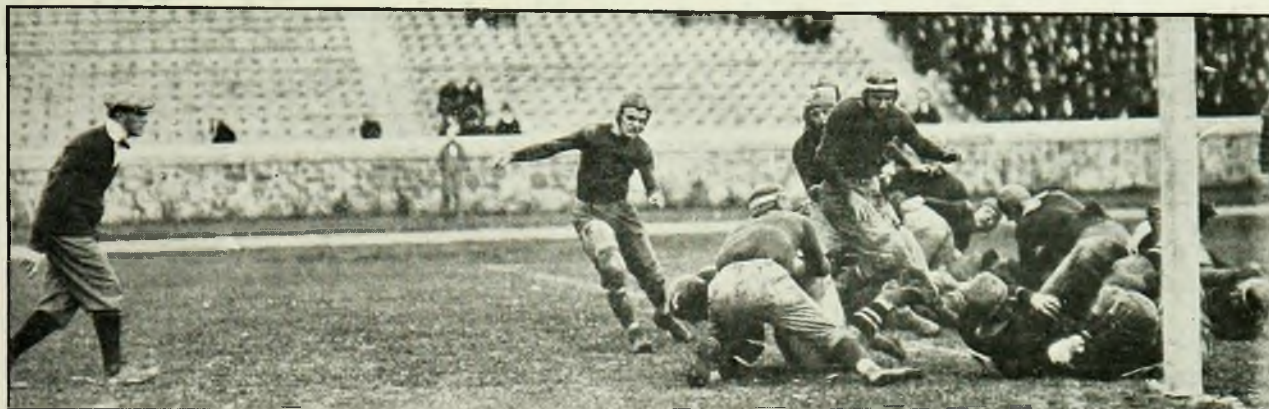
By S. WILSON, '17

It glides so smoothly from my pen,
This name, although I never knew
A girl who bore it, yet 'tis true
I love the name of Vivienne.

To pleasant names quite far from few
I've written verses now and then,
But never such a praenomen
Has granted bliss, or made me rue
The errant scratchings of my pen.
Although I never spoke to you,
Nor even saw you, form or hue,
I sing your praises, Vivienne.

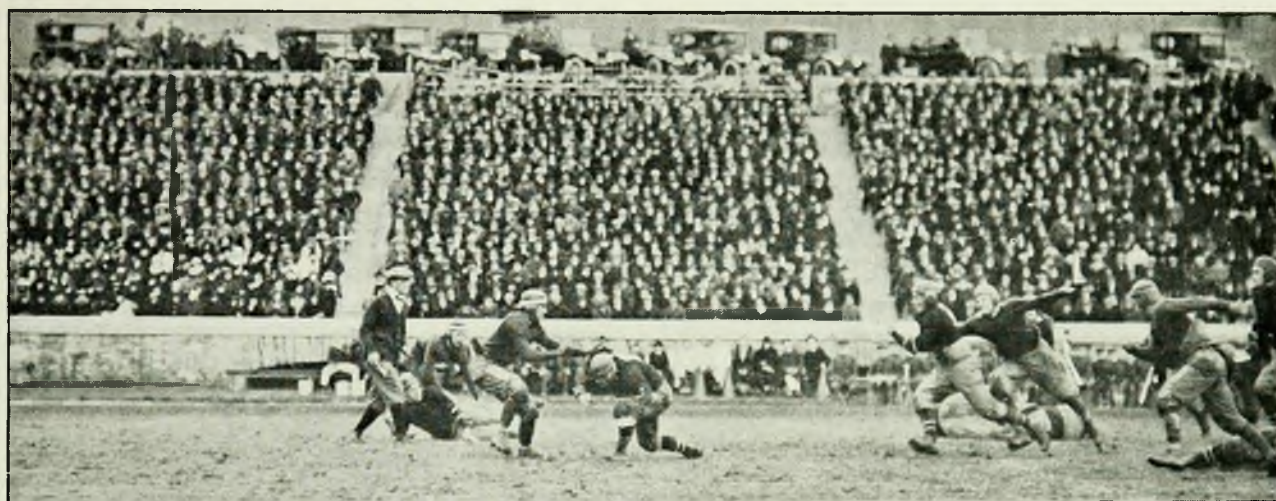
'Tis full of witching new
To bind the charmed souls of men
And lend them to sweet fields again
Where happy Cupids flowers strew.
This does your name; then what can you
Do unto me, O Vivienne?

Cornell 19---Bucknell 0



Mueller Scoring the First Touchdown

Photo by Troy



Shiverick Running with the Ball

Photo by Troy



A Bucknell Player Stopping Speed, with the Ball, Before He Got Under Way

Photo by Troy

The Girl Through the Window

By RENA C. GIBBS

It was one of those first damp, chilly nights of early autumn, when an open fire is not only comfort to the body but balm to the soul; a night when one is apt to dream of the things that might have been instead of those that may be.

Turgeneff, the famous violinist, sat smoking moodily before the cheerful open fire which blazed on his hearth. Only a few days ago he had returned from the hospital, pale and langorous from his long illness. Since he still retained the prerogatives of invalidism and temperament, he had banished his nurse and called in his friend Harcourt for a smoke and chat. Harcourt, however, was a good listener, and now sat silently pulling on an old briar-wood pipe, patiently waiting for a tragic account of Turgeneff's illness. Imagine his surprise when Turgeneff began abruptly:

"There was a girl who lived next door to the hospital. I could see into her study from my bed. She had a desk right near the window, and a telephone on a ledge under the window. The light on her desk was not well placed for writing, but made a wonderful glory of her hair. She had pretty hair, soft and shining. It was very dark in the shadow, but a rare golden shimmer in the high lights.

"The first time I noticed her was the second night after my operation. That first night was—well, the prettiest girl in the world would not have attracted me that night. The second night, however, I was fretful,

could not sleep, and her light shining through my window annoyed me. Then I noticed the girl. She was sitting at her desk with the light shining full on her hair. She had on some sort of a lacy pink affair that left her throat and arms bare. She was writing rapidly, intensely, when I first saw her, her pen just tearing across the paper. Suddenly the telephone rang. She jumped, looked frightened, and actually cringed; but made no move to answer the call. It rang again, long and insistently. My window was open and hers not more than ten feet away. Still cringing as though someone threatened to hurt her, she answered the call. A look of relief came over her face; evidently it was not what she feared. She talked for a few minutes, gravely nodded her head as if in confirmation of what had been said, and then went back to her work.

"But the spell had been broken. Her pen dragged slowly and more slowly, then stopped altogether. With a gesture passionate and sudden she flung her head down on her outstretched arms. Her shoulders shook, but I could hear no sound.

"What could the matter be, I thought. Was it merely the nervous reaction of the shock of her telephone call, and, if so, what sort of a message could she dread so; or was she angry that the fickle goddess Inspiration had been so easily routed and was not to be recalled; or was it a more serious matter than either of these suppositions? Time passed, a

half-hour, an hour, and I began to think she had fallen asleep when she sat up, dabbed her eyes with a bit of handkerchief, squared her shoulders resolutely, got up and walked away.

A moment later back she came. She had a steaming cup in her hand which she sat down on the desk. While she stirred its contents listlessly, she rearranged her papers and read them through as she drank. The stimulant seemed to cheer her for she smiled to herself and commenced to write again.

"And do you know, that girl sat there writing until nearly four o'clock that morning. I knew it was so late because I had a small clock on the stand by my bed. I lay and watched her, and pretended to be asleep when the nurse came in, so that she would not pull down the shade. If she had known that I was getting any comfort from watching the girl next door, she would have slammed that curtain down quickly enough."

"After the girl had gone, I tried to figure out who she might be.

"All that day I watched for the girl, but she did not come near the window. A younger girl, possibly a maid, used the telephone once, and again the telephone rang insistently but unavailingly.

"I began to wonder if I had dreamed of her being there, dreamed of the golden light on her hair and the black sorrow in her heart. And because I feared to lose my beautiful dream, I hesitated to ask the nurse about her. It would have been a simple matter to pull the shade and shut out such pleasure as I got from watching her.

"About ten o'clock when I had been made ready for the night, my light turned out, the window opened, and an icy good-night received from the night nurse before she took up her post outside my door, I turned toward the window. She was there—writing away as though her life depended upon it. Her left hand supported her head, and I noted that she had the long slender fingers of the artist, that her hand was small and beautifully shaped. Her hair shimmered in the light as on the night before, and she seemed so engrossed in her work that for all she seemed to care, I and the rest of the world might not have existed. She wrote steadily for a long time, then looked up with a startled air, head poised as though listening, and I noted the flash of a ring on her left hand.

"She sat for a long time, elbow on knee, chin in hand, right hand poised over the paper, eyes staring straight ahead.

"She must feel me watching her, I thought, and realized how rude I had been. I turned my eyes away, and met the solid, uninteresting wall of my room. Sick men must be kept interested or they will die, and besides, if she did not want to be spied upon she could pull her curtains. I looked back.

"She had not moved. She might have been a statue, so motionless she sat. Thus it was for a half hour. I was beginning to lose interest in the show when she straightened up, squared her shoulders, drew a long breath, and reached for the telephone.

"Why this hesitation and lack of

courage? Had it to do with her peculiar action on hearing the telephone bell the night before? Had she gotten up courage to call her fiancé at his bachelor apartment at so late an hour? Was it he of whom she was so afraid? Was it really something serious? She looked like too sensible a girl to be afraid of shadows. She gave her number, waited anxiously, then put the telephone down. She shivered, though the night was warm, reached up and switched off the light.

"What was she doing there alone in the dark? What danger menaced her? Was she crying? I listened and thought I heard a faint moan, but it may have been only my imagination. You know how wierd everything sounds in the dark middle of the night. How much keener are all our nerves, how much more subtle our fancies! I became conscious of a deep pain in my arm, of the ticking of the little clock beside my bed, of the subdued rustle of the nurse just outside my door; and yet through all these and above all these was the thought of that poor lonely little girl next door. I longed to take her in my arms and soothe her as a father might. To hold her safe and sheltered in my arms, to take her away from her dismal surroundings out into the big, wide world, to enjoy with her its beauties and pleasures, to love her so ardently that she would forget her past life and troubles; this was my desire. To make her happy and hear her laugh, was all I asked."

Turgeneff reached for another cigarette, lighted it, gazed pensively at

the fire a few moments, and then continued:

"How long she sat there in the dark alone with the big weight of her sorrow hanging over her, I shall never know. I wonder if she were conscious of my longings, if she felt in some mysterious telepathic manner my sympathy and if it were solace to her. Must two persons be aware of one another's bodily presence before their minds can commune; or is such stuff mere imagination; or plain rot?"

Harcourt continued to watch the fire silently, Turgeneff shrugged characteristically, smiled at his friend reassuringly, and continued his monologue.

"Early next morning she appeared at the window, evidently to make an appointment by telephone. She looked very fresh and attractive, and quite chic in something blue. She wore a small hat with a long feather. The day nurse was in the room, so I asked if she knew who the girl was.

"She glanced at the girl, and said:

"'Oh, that is Marian Oliver, the writer. Perhaps you know that she carried off the \$10,000 prize last year. She is supposed to be rather young for so great an honor, but however young she may be in years, in experience—!'"

"She sneered, trying to look that which she evidently did not care to say.

"Probably she resented my interest. Perhaps if I were a squint-eyed, thin-lipped nurse, working hard for a mere pittance a week, and saw that once more the game was not being played to schedule, for we all know,

I suppose, that the rich patient is supposed to fall in love with his nurse rather than to show interest in the flighty young thing next door, well, perhaps under such circumstances I might show resentment.

"I said nothing, however, and she took her dismissal. It was on that day that the pain in my arm grew worse, and the doctor said blood-poisoning and threatened to amputate. As you know, my hands represent my fortune, so I simply forgot the girl next door and gave my whole time and attention to saving my own life and means of livelihood.

"It was nearly three weeks later before I saw her again. I had been in Timbuctou," Turgeneff smiled ironically, "most of that time fighting an Indian chief who had insisted on sticking poisoned barbed arrows in my right arm. Summer was almost over, but this night was beastly hot. I lay counting the minutes away, when she snapped on her light. She stood for a moment under its soft glow, gazing through the open window into the soft darkness beyond. She wore the same pink, lacy affair that I noticed the first night. Her throat and arms gleamed white. The light turned her hair into gleaming gold, and she looked very beautiful.

"She sat down at her desk, her chin cupped into her hands, still dreaming. I noticed almost at once that no ring sparkled on her left hand. She stared thoughtfully ahead, face expressionless.

"The sharp ringing of the telephone roused her from her reverie.

She turned to it quickly and joyfully. There was no cringing nor scared look this time.

" 'Yes,' she said, and then again a happy whisper, 'yes.' "

"I caught it more by intuition than by sound.

"She put down the receiver and looked at that cold instrument as though she could hug it for the joyful news it had brought her.

"It was perfectly plain that somebody was coming to see her. But who? She no longer wore her engagement ring, and the visit of no woman could have brought such eager expectancy into her voice and face. What had happened to her engagement? Had the danger she feared materialized and caused the ruin she expected? Had the man broken the engagement because of the past at which the thin-lipped nurse had hinted? Give me a chance to marry a girl who has lived life, one who has a few scars of the battle but is sweeter and womanlier because of it, and I would not hesitate. Who, looking at this girl, could deny that she was not bigger and stronger for whatever experience she had gone through. Yes, I certainly would marry her, if I had a chance. And why not make the chance. I was not so old, nor so ugly, and my name and reputation were well known throughout many countries. She was young, beautiful, and intelligent. A fit wife for any man. And every day old men married young girls. I looked over with the pride of possession toward the window of my wife-so-soon-to-be, and saw—a tall, slender-



“Bobby” Sharpe

The latest addition to the Sharpe Family, Bobby Sharpe, whose portrait appears above, is a dog of excellent character and refined habits. Not only has he learned the virtue of silence as every gentleman canine should, but he doesn't even stay out late nights, which we must admit is “some” virtue in a dog.

Although Bobby's chief amusement is automobile riding, he declined, when interviewed, to express a decided preference for any particular make of car. But he is strong for the horseless carriages just the same. In fact, he sticks so closely by “Doc” Sharpe's speed demon that he spends many of his nights, sleeping in solitary grandeur in the garage.

Bobby isn't such a genius at tricks, but genius and virtue aren't always

playmates. However, he can sit and stand on his hind legs, and if the weather is right, and if he hasn't seen the moon over his left shoulder, he will roll over for an admiring audience.

Although the fortunes of the football team would indicate that the position of mascot was satisfactorily filled, Bobby's attitude toward Touch-down would indicate that he has his doubts on the subject. Bobby is not “too proud to fight” and he has allowed his prejudices to lead him so far that he has more than once nearly come to blows with the husky mascot, and only prompt intervention on the part of the bystanders has saved him from a glorious but certain destruction.

W. H. F., '18.

A Cornell University Union

By HAROLD FLACK, '12, Secretary of the Cornellian Council

For many years Cornell University has needed a Union which, as the center of all undergraduate life and activity, would care for the social side of the student's education. We have always needed an institution which would bring together for social intercourse under a common roof the rich and the poor, the fraternity men and the independents, and the men from various parts of the world.

The first students' union in this country was established at the University of Pennsylvania. The building housing the Union costing about \$250,000, was presented by the parents of Henry H. Houston, Jr., a graduate of the Class of 1878. It was formally dedicated on January 2, 1896. A recent publication of the University of Pennsylvania says of the Houston Club:

"One of the principal objects which the founders of the Houston Club had in view was to weld together into a closer bond of fellowship the great cosmopolitan body of students. This it was thought could be accomplished by providing a common meeting ground where students of all nationalities and creeds and men of all departments could mingle with each other daily in friendly intercourse. It was an experiment and was the first general student club house of its kind, but so well has it succeeded in accomplishing its manifold purposes and in fostering a democratic spirit among the students, that a large number of American institutions have since established

similar club houses. The Houston Club idea has become a movement which is gradually being adopted in colleges and universities both here and abroad, and its influence has become world wide."

The Harvard Union came into being in 1899 when Major Henry Z. Higginson, Harvard, '55, gave \$150,000 for a structure which should serve as a memorial to the Harvard volunteers who had died in the Spanish-American War, and as a building for social purposes. "The Harvard Union is the most inclusive of all Harvard Clubs. Its membership is open to all past and present members of Harvard University whether their connection is that of students or officers. It thus becomes a common meeting ground and place of convenient resort for all Harvard men, since it accommodates under one roof a great many of the interests which bring Harvard men together, and also provides the conveniences of a large and well-appointed club. It is also the accepted place for University mass meetings and for the large gatherings of graduates and undergraduates occasioned by important athletic contests."

The Michigan Union, which is perhaps the best known of all the University Unions, was founded in 1904. In 1906 the Union purchased a Professor's residence as a temporary house and from the beginning it has been the center of all University activities. It has furnished an adequate and reputable place for such

social activities as class smokers, banquets and the like; it has provided a meeting place for University organizations and committees, and has in short become "the home of the undergraduate body." A recent Michigan publication says of the Union:

"There fraternity men and non-fraternity men, rich students and self-supporting students meet on common ground. Before the Union came, these men had seen little, and known less of each other. Students, who previously had scarcely 'spoken the same language,' became intimate friends. In a word, as a direct result of the opportunity afforded by the Union the barrier which always had kept different classes of students apart, gradually disappeared.

"It is unnecessary to go into detail as to the far-reaching effect of such a revolution in the social life of the University, but, as quite obviously had to be the case, the University became vastly more democratic; provincialism and snobbishness were discouraged; and the undergraduate body, and thus the University, increased, in a surprising degree, its efficiency."

The Union has assumed control of various undergraduate activities and has instituted new features of University life which are rapidly becoming traditions.

One of the primary purposes of the maintenance of the Union, and the Union building, has always been to provide a rendez-vous for returning Alumni, and guests of the University, especially at commencement time; a place where the Alumni

might obtain a wholesome meal and gather around the banquet table for a class reunion. "Through this medium alone, the Union has greatly intensified the spirit of loyalty and helpfulness of the Alumni to the University."

So successful has been the Union at Ann Arbor that when the time came for a larger building the Alumni were all ready to assist in raising the necessary funds. A campaign was started October 1, 1915, to raise \$1,000,000 for a new building, its equipment, and an endowment. Over \$600,000 was raised in one month, and to date nearly \$800,000 has been subscribed. All this has been accomplished through the personal efforts of over 2000 Michigan graduates serving on 200 committees.

In the new Union building there will be sleeping accommodations for 150 Alumni and their guests at one time. Michigan graduates will always have a home to which they may go at Ann Arbor where they will be in the heart of the University's life and where they will also be with their friends at reunion time.

Other successful unions have been organized at Dartmouth, Chicago, Iowa, Indiana and Stanford University. In another decade there will be student Unions at most of our great Universities.

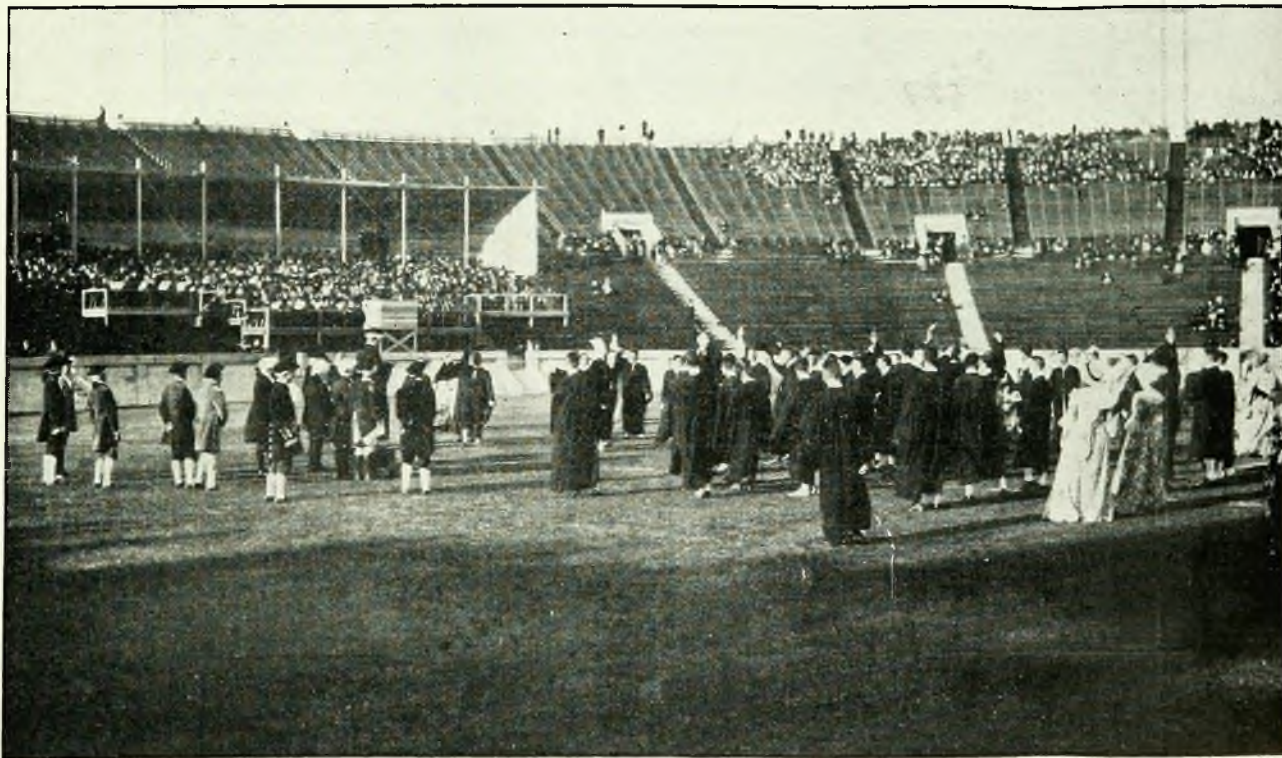
The great desire for and need of a University Union at Cornell will doubtless find expression in a few years in a movement resulting ultimately in the realization of a fine building on the campus, preferably in the heart of the dormitory group,

(Continued on page 155)

The Yale Pageant on Oct. 21st

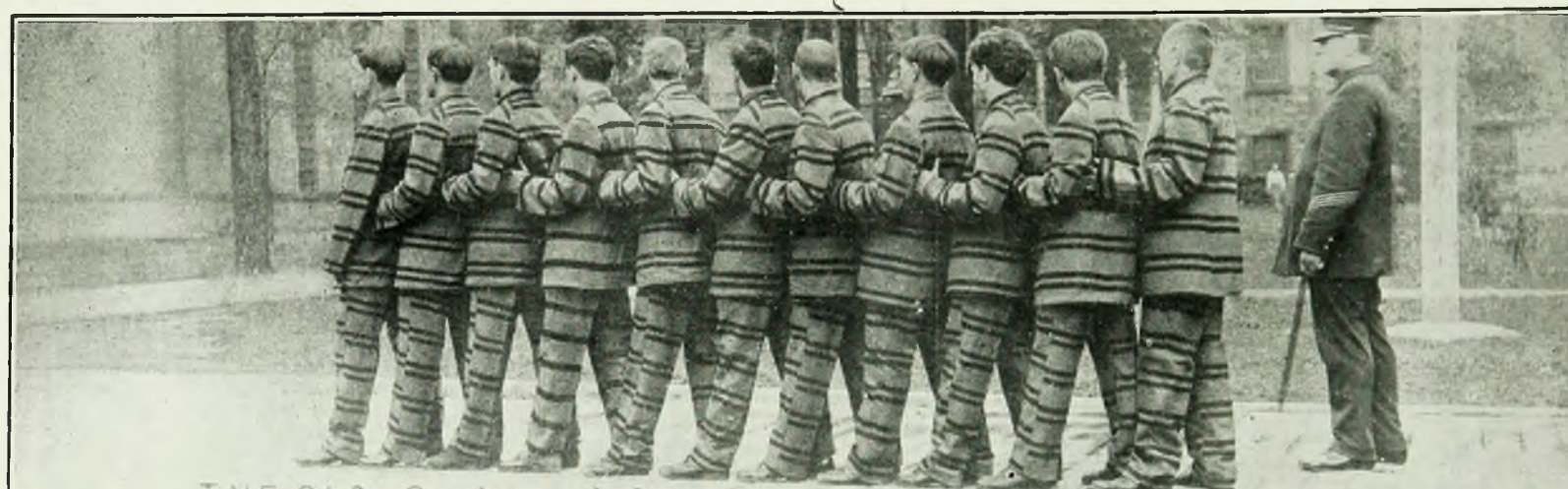


The Governor's Foot-guard Demanding the Keys to the Powder-house at New Haven

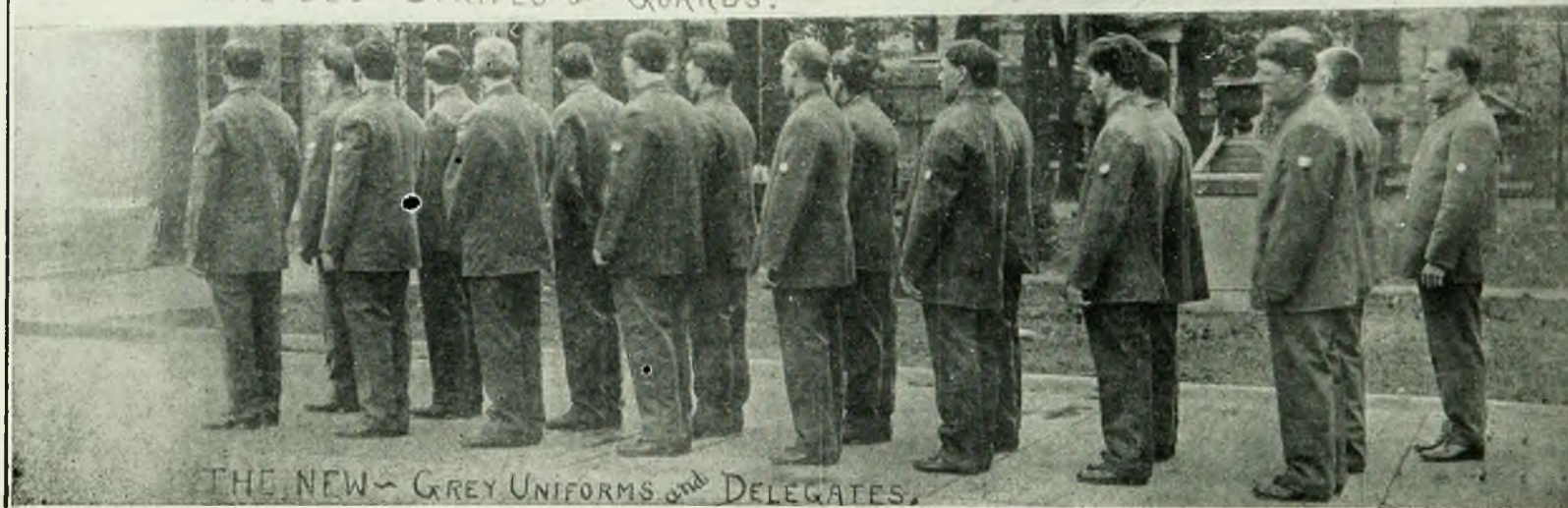


Photos by Yale Courant

Representing the First Commencement at Yale College



THE OLD - STRIPES and GUARDS.



THE NEW - GREY UNIFORMS and DELEGATES.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SYSTEMS AT SING SING

Universities and Prisons

By SING SING, NO. 65,368

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article was written for the ERA by Henry Leverage, a prisoner at Sing Sing, and editor-in-chief of the "Star of Hope", a magazine published by the convicts. Articles by "outsiders" concerning prison affairs are legion, but a discussion of this kind by a man who is himself experiencing the effects of the new regime at Sing Sing should be of especial interest.

Someone has said, "If you scratch a gentleman you will find a savage."

The thin veneer over primordial apes and stone age savages has tarnished and disappeared since the crime of Bosnia, and we have the truth in the above saying brought home, when fifty million of men are warring and rending each other, and all the boasted advantages of civilization are as Tyre and Sidon.

The old system penitentiary, before the formation of the Mutual Welfare League by Thomas Mott Osborne, was the crowning example of hate and fear and ignorance within penal places. Aside from its degradation, the sins of society permitted its stench to rise to the nostrils of every right thinking man, for the prisoner was not given the benefit of education and study, and in many old system penitentiaries, of which the Federal Prison at Atlanta prior to 1912 was an example, no books of any nature were allowed to be sent to the inmates, nor were there in the library any reference books in physics, chemistry or the allied arts, for fear that the inmates would advance themselves in an occupation which would be dangerous to the government.

The possession of a scrap of paper or of a lead pencil, if discovered, subjected the culprit to ten days in

a dungeon on a diet of bread and water, and there are state prisons in this country today where the inmates are not allowed books or writing material.

Sing Sing and the prisons of the state of New York have been fortunate for over a decade in having a primary school for the illiterate inmates within their walls, but in Sing Sing this school has been overshadowed by the University idea and the Gary plan, both introduced by Thomas Mott Osborne and Dean George W. Kirchwey, so that in the larger sense Sing Sing has become a compulsory college.

Sing Sing is often called by newspaper men, "the college," and although this is said in jest, there is much truth in the statement, for under the energetic efforts of the officers of the Mutual Welfare League and the officials of the prison, there are today in Sing Sing over seven hundred men who are being trained to qualify for some position on the outside when the great gate lifts and they can step to freedom.

This training and course of study extends all the way from the position of auto mechanic in a full fledged auto school, where the theory of the internal combustion engine is mastered and practical work is done on automobiles, up to classes in lan-

guages, English literature, stenography, electrical engineering and in civics; this last class is conducted by Spencer Miller, Jr., a graduate of Amherst, and the first assistant to Warden Osborne.

There is undoubtedly a close relation between lack of education and crime, how close perhaps will never be determined until a survey is made over a long period of time and each inmate is classified as he enters the prison. There is no doubt that this relation exists, and although there are college men in Sing Sing and others of considerable education, they are in the minority and the exception to the general rule, for outside of environment, the main contributing cause of crime is lack of education during the adolescent period.

Education along university lines is the key to the prison problem, for the prisons are not filled, as some people imagine, by first termers; fully eighty per cent of the inmates of the state prisons of New York have been in prison or under confinement elsewhere, or in the same prison at an earlier date, and, therefore, the great problem of all penologists is to see that the inmates are educated and reformed so that they will remain outside when they are freed. This result can only be reached through educational methods and never through brute force and fear.

The close analogy of crime and ignorance is one which is apparent to every student of penology, and there is a vast field in the prisons of the day for the trained psychologist and penologist to study the prison prob-

lem in all its phases and particularly in relation to education and the decrease of crime, so that a cancer will be removed from the breast of society for all time.

At the present time, the inmate on entering a prison is measured; his finger prints are taken and he is thoroughly Bertilionized, but there the survey ends. His pedigree and his former occupation and the contributing causes that led to his conviction are hardly noticed, when it is perfectly apparent that in order to reform an inmate all the data of his former career should be gathered as well as his tastes, habits and vices, so that an exact calibration can be made. He can then be fitted to the work that he will best do on the outside of the walls when he goes free.

The old fetish, that fear ruled a penitentiary and that the inmates were sent to prison for punishment, is dying hard, and it may be years before this idea is entirely removed from the minds of the law makers, but the way and the manner is being demonstrated every day in Sing Sing. Thorough analysis of the Mutual Welfare League and the compulsory college idea reveals that, there are fewer escapes, assaults, illiterate inmates and recidivists than under the old system, and when we recall that the League founded by Thomas Mott Osborne is a little less than two years old, and that an adequate and comprehensive survey is yet to be made, we see that at last a light has been lit in the affairs of things penal, and a torch is burning for the convicted man.

A visitor to Sing Sing will meet

with his first surprise in the attitude of all the inmates towards the society which sent them to the prison. In a surprising manner the old hate and the old desire which was correlated with the old system has passed, and in its place has come a respect for the laws of man and the purposes of organized society.

The keystone of the Osborne idea within Sing Sing is the inmates' court, or the Grievance Committee, as it is called. There, presided over by five inmates elected from the members of the Mutual Welfare League, one will find the crux of the new penology and the hope for all penal places in this or other lands. Every respect is shown the members of this "court" who are called "judges," and the Sergeant-at-Arms and his assistant sergeants carry out the orders of this court to the letter and the spirit of the new penology.

The punishment given an inmate convicted by the five "judges" comprising the Grievance Committee is as a rule, limited to confining the inmate to his cell at the end of the working period, thus depriving him of the pleasures of the recreation time in the yard and the lectures and shows in the chapel at night. When it is remembered that under the old system all inmates were locked in their cells from 4 p. m. until 7 a. m. and were never allowed in the yard save when passing to and from work, it is at once seen that the worst of the new system is the best of the old. In rare cases the inmate is suspended from the League for an indefinite time and this sent-

ence carries with it such a stigma that the inmate so sentenced is "put in Coventry" for the remainder of his time within the institution by all right thinking League members.

The entire discipline of the inner prison at Sing Sing is maintained by the Sergeant-at-Arms and his assistants who are League members in good standing, and this, taken in connection with the Board of Delegates and the Executive Board duly elected by all League members, has created a working republic in the four walls of a prison, and every citizen of the "republic" absorbs through actual practice and precept the duties of citizens of the larger world beyond the gray walls.

It was realized by the founder of the League that a higher education was necessary for the inmates to work out their salvation and reformation, and to this end Mr. Osborne started the schools and classes, which since then have been extended in a manner beyond the wildest calculations of their founder and constitute the meeting place and the forum for all that is good within the inner prison.

Recreation is not lost sight of in Sing Sing, and every effort is made by the League to encourage reasonable exercise. The baseball games on holidays and Sundays are a feature, as well as tennis, bathing and yard sports; and to the visitor a view of the inner yard at Sing Sing is like seeing a campus of some great university where good nature predominates at all times.

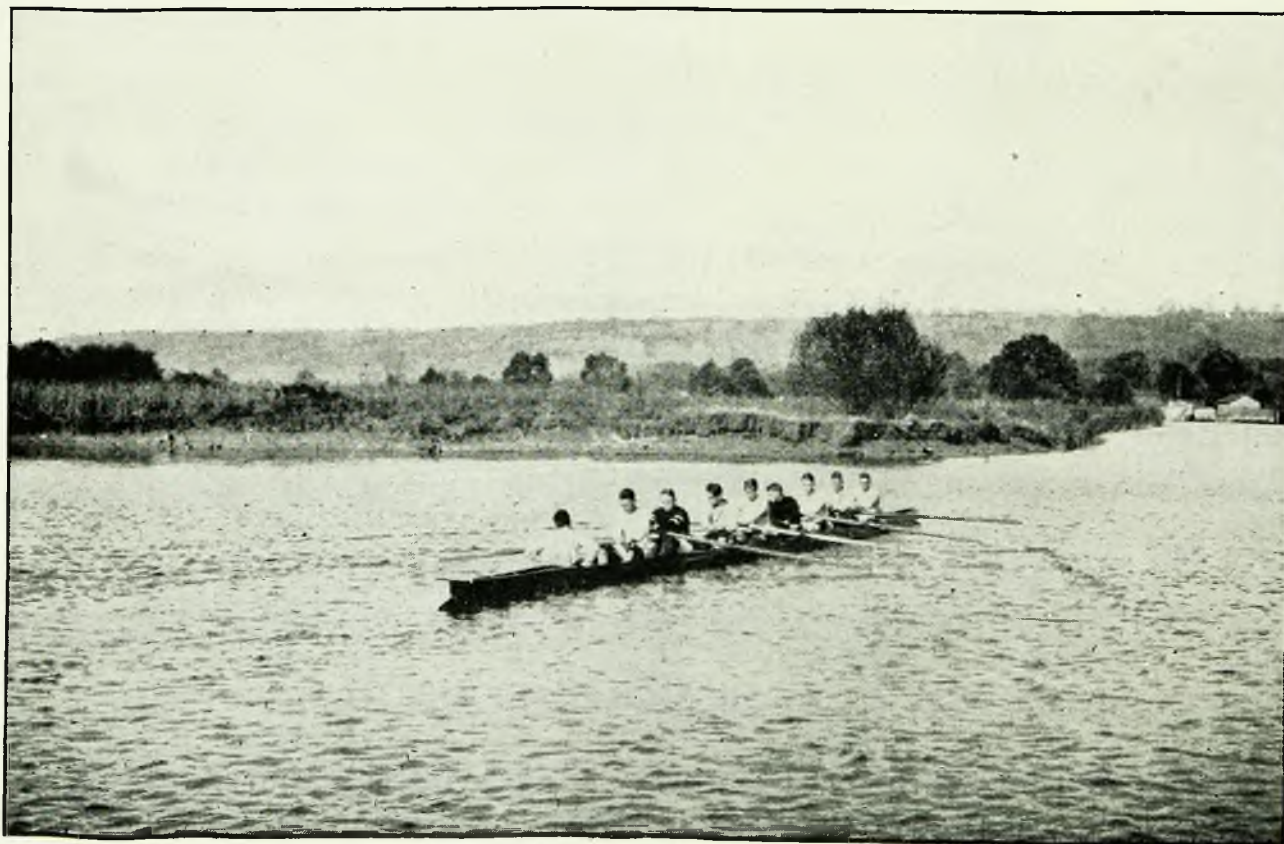
It is a theory of Mr. Osborne and Dean George W. Kirchwey, that an

inmate cannot be driven or forced to reform and if he reforms the effort must be made by the inmate himself. Carrying out this theory in the larger sense, we have the salient fact that in the "college of broken men" the student matriculates when he has learned both the lesson of self government and self maintenance, and then is the time when the founder of the Mutual Welfare League proposes, if he can reform legislation, to release the inmate to the outer and the larger world.

The day arrives which is commencement for the inmate. He has passed all the grades and with credit. He has shown by every endeavor

that he has reformed himself through the advantages of the League and the schools. To hold him longer would be both a burden to the state and a crime to society. He is given his diploma—a discharge, and he goes forth, bettered and ennobled in every way through the compulsory college which he attended.

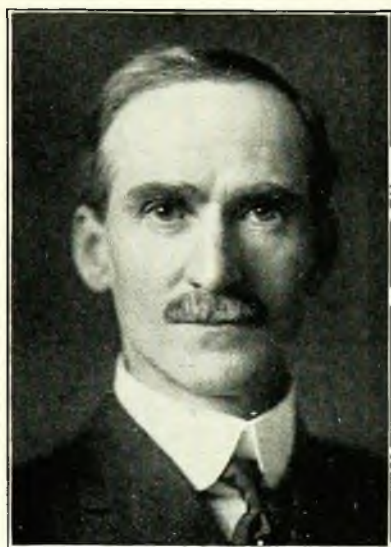
This is the dream of the founder of the Mutual Welfare League and the promise held out to the inmates of Sing Sing and Auburn under the Gary plan of education, through the uplift of a republican form of government and the university idea of management within penal places.



The First Crew on the Water This Fall

Professor Dexter S. Kimball

Professor Dexter Simpson Kimball, while not a graduate of Cornell, is a near-alumnus, since his Alma Mater is Leland Stanford Jr. University, frequently referred to as Cornell's western branch. From that University he received the A. B. degree in 1893 and later the degree of M. E. Born in New Brunswick, he



went to Puget Sound at an early age and during his youth lived on the Pacific coast, where, after serving an apprenticeship at Port Gamble, he spent a number of years in the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, designing and constructing hydraulic, mining, marine and other types of heavy machinery. In 1898 he left the position of Designing Engineer in the Anaconda Mining Company of Montana to accept an Assistant Professorship in Machine Design in Sibley College and thus at last became a real Cornellian and one of the staunchest. In 1901 he was called to the Stanley Electric Company as Works Manager, which position he

held until he returned to Sibley College in 1904 as Professor of Mechanic Arts in charge of the shop courses. Shortly thereafter he was appointed head of the Department of Machine Design and Construction and recently the newly established Department of Industrial Engineering was placed also under his supervision to develop the courses in this new field.

Lest he find too much leisure in connection with his duties as teacher and administrator, he holds the somewhat arduous position of Chairman of the Committee on Student Affairs, this for the second time, and is one of the faculty representatives on the Board of Trustees, member of many important University and College Committees and Class Adviser for the M. E. seniors. He still finds time, however, for many other pursuits, such as representing the University at alumni gatherings, lecturing in outside communities, serving on the Ithaca Board of Public Works and on several committees of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and for writing widely used text books on Machine Design, Industrial Organization and Cost Finding.

Having a rare sense of humor and great friendship for all, being wise of counsel and helpful to others, he is constantly sought by students, alumni, members of the faculty and others who never find him too busy to see them. He seems to be the embodiment of efficiency, activity and helpfulness.

Debating Prospects

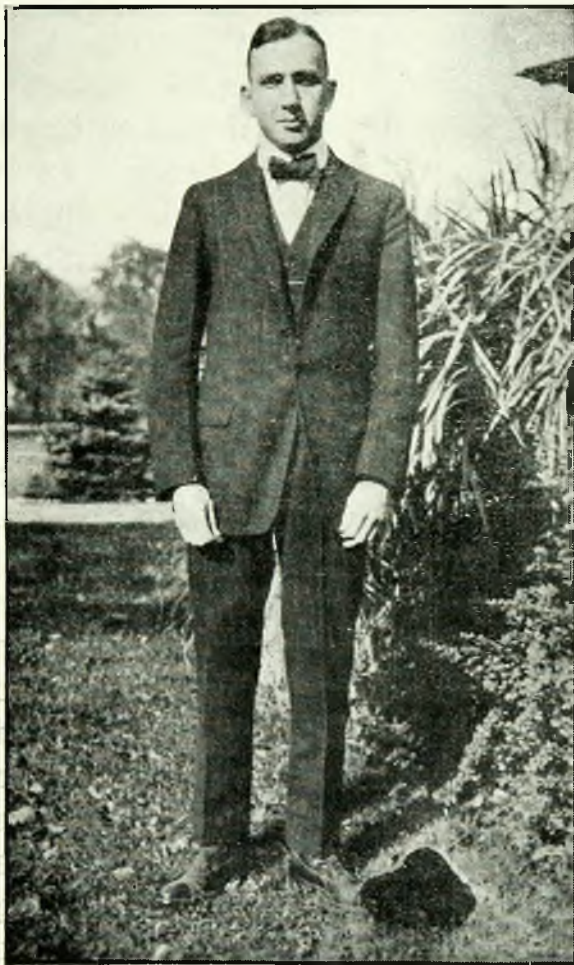
By H. A. WICHELS, '16

Debate prospects for the coming year are better than in many a long day. That does not imply that the work of previous years is to be reckoned a failure, for in the past four years Cornell has done rather more than hold her own, and last year in

lead in a contest that has already lasted twenty-one years; the record now stands Penn 11, Cornell 10. Columbia, our other constant opponent, has been defeated 10 out of 17 times. The victory over Syracuse last April cancelled the defeat suffered the year before.

The season of 1916-1917, however, promises a much better schedule than ever before. A revival of debate relations with Princeton has already been arranged, the encounter being scheduled for December 9. This is to be a dual debate. Princeton will send a team here to meet our affirmative, and Cornell will send a negative team to oppose Princeton's defense of the same resolution. The question has not at this writing been decided. In March comes the traditional triangle with Columbia and Penn. For the later debates Yale, Ohio State, and Georgetown are in prospect. Such a schedule ought to draw more than the usual three dozen candidates who present themselves at the first trials. For the teams sent against Princeton will not hold their places over for the other debates without new trials, and the ups and downs of debating are such that there is always a chance for a new man to break in.

This is not to deny, of course, that experience counts. The management has been justified in arranging a heavier schedule than usual by the availability of a number of men with previous debate experience.



R. H. BLANCHARD, '17

particular, showing four victories out of a possible five, was distinctly a success. Decisions were registered against Penn State, Colgate, Syracuse and Columbia, while only the University of Pennsylvania succeeded in out-arguing the Cornell speakers. By that victory Penn secured the

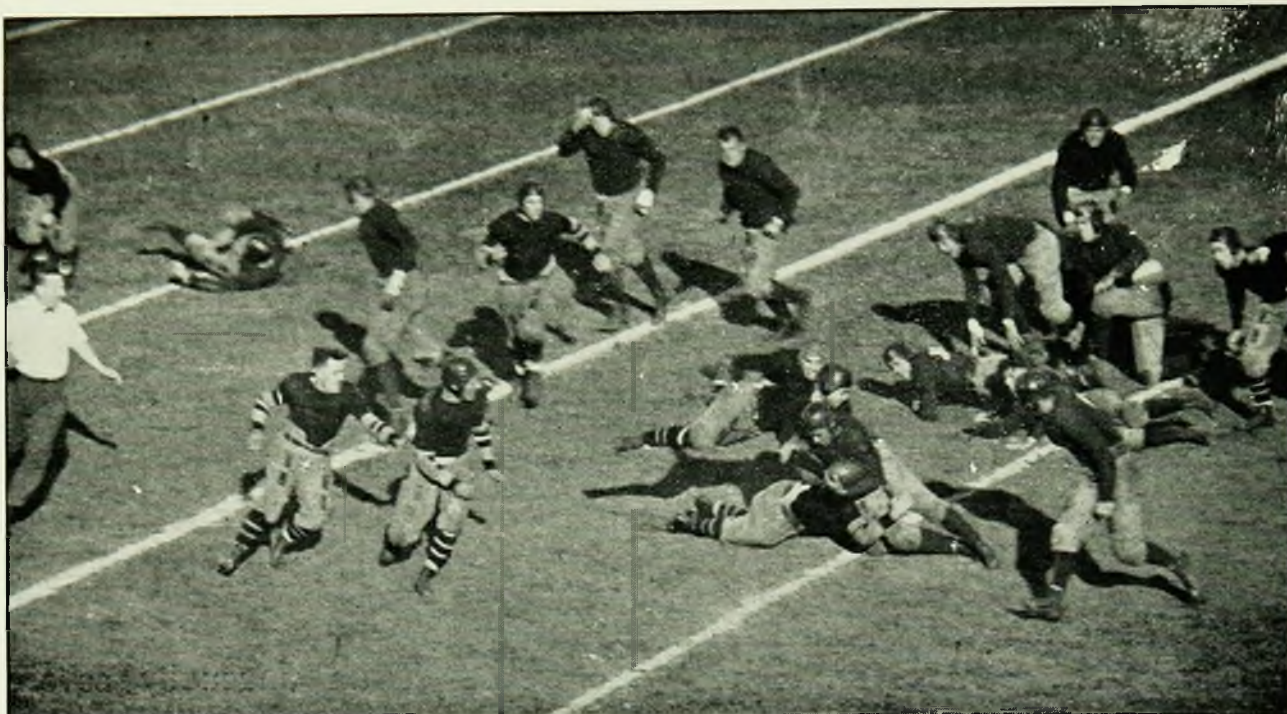
These, with the new material that is always discovered, ought to carry us through successfully. First among the old men is R. H. Blanchard, '17, the winner of last year's '94 Debate Prize, who has five varsity debates behind him. Except that he has never captained a team, Blanchard has had every kind of experience, and last year he successfully handled the most difficult task that can be assigned to any debater—the final three minute summary allowed the affirmative. It is safe to say that Blanchard is sure to lead one of the teams that will meet Princeton. J. G. Schurman, Jr., '17, is the next strongest of the men whose work is known. Less experienced than Blanchard, he has greater fluency and a more vivid imagination, but he lacks as yet the directness and crispness that put one at once in touch with the audience. W. H. Farnham, '18, was the only sophomore on last year's varsity; his delivery is not as impressive as it can become, nor is his arrangement of ideas as graphic as is required by short debate speeches. Farnham has, however, a power of logic that needs to be supplemented only by a feeling for the vagaries of illogical, human audiences. Two other men who have never represented the University in debate, gained experience and showed their worth on the '94 Debate

Stage of last January. J. D. Kerr, '17, needs only to strengthen his delivery, in order to make a strong impression, for his method of attacking a subject is good. Henry Klauber, '17, winner of the '86 Prize in Declamation needs only to strengthen the arrangement of his ideas and to cultivate a sense of the value of arguments in order to make an equally strong impression, for his delivery is already far above the average.

These are the men around whom the teams for the coming year will in all probability be built. They are a much stronger aggregation than is usually on hand at the beginning of the year; they should be equal to the strain of an unusually severe schedule. But they will have a handicap that no debater in many years has had: they will lack the advice and inspiration of Professor George Lincoln Burr, who, after a long period of service on the Debate Council, the selecting and coaching committee, has retired from its councils to devote himself more completely to research and writing. Only those who have come into personal touch with his rare discrimination and fine enthusiasm can realize what a loss his help is to those who practice the art of speaking. It is to be hoped that his resolution to withdraw can in part be modified; if it can, there will be every prospect of a strikingly successful year.



Football at Yale and Princeton



Yale vs. Lehigh



Princeton vs. Lafayette

An Impending Change in Foreign Policy

By PROFESSOR WALTER F. WILLCOX

Not many years ago England chose to have no allies on the continent of Europe. Even when the present war began the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs said that the country had not been irrevocably committed by the Cabinet and that Parliament might decide freely upon its course of action. No future result of the war seems more certain than that its close, in addition to leaving the British Empire cemented by blood and iron as it never has been before and could hardly have been otherwise, will see that Empire closely bound to a group of continental allies by interlacing ties of many kinds which will endure for decades. However those ties may change and shift in future years, it seems practically certain that Great Britain's policy of splendid isolation has gone and gone forever, because the conditions out of which it grew and on which it depends have also disappeared.

From its birth the United States has held aloof from other countries and especially from obligations in connection with European affairs. In accordance with Washington's advice, it has steadfastly avoided entangling alliances. But the war has revealed to the United States as well as to England serious difficulties in the way of maintaining her traditional policy. The barriers of ocean and of air are decreasing in importance and value; the protection afforded by international law and treaty guarantees has been shown in

recent instances to be of little value; each country must rely on its own strength or invoke the assistance of others or both. Thus far the main result of these events has been to arouse in this country a widespread and effective demand for preparedness, naval and military, to resist aggression from foreign powers. In compliance with this demand an administration which at the beginning of the war made light of the need for more adequate means of national defense has now, in the session of Congress just closed, been moved to appropriate \$655,000,000 towards providing a more adequate army and navy.

This development is familiar to us all and during the past summer at Plattsburg and elsewhere many Cornell students have been equipping themselves to play a patriot's part, if occasion should arise. But during the same period a correlative movement has been in progress about which few Cornell students are informed, a movement which would necessarily result in the abandonment of the present international policy of the United States and its replacement by a policy of alliances in the effort to maintain international peace and increase the guarantees by which treaties have hitherto been surrounded. This movement began with a series of informal conferences in New York City early last year. Out of these there grew a formal national conference held on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill and in the hall

where the Declaration of Independence was signed. A former President of the United States was the chairman. This national conference founded the League to Enforce Peace and adopted a platform which declared it desirable for the United States to break away from its traditional policy of international isolation and join an international league committed to the reference of all justifiable questions arising between the members of the league to a court or judicial tribunal and the reference of all other questions arising between them and not settled by negotiation, to a Council of Conciliation. Thus far the platform of the League was like that of many pacifist organizations and had it stopped with these planks it would have had little promise of virility or influence. Differences of opinion arose over the name, and the substitute proposed, namely, League to Establish and Maintain Peace, was rejected for the simpler and stronger phrase to *enforce* peace. The kernel of the platform and the justification of the word "enforce" lie in the third plank, which reads as follows:

"The signatory powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility, against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing," that is, to a judicial tribunal, if justiciable, and otherwise to a Council of Conciliation. The common opinion that the phrasing of this resolution originated with the President of Harvard Uni-

versity, Mr. Lowell, who was chairman of the committee on resolutions at the Philadelphia conference, is probably correct. But the platform and this central idea are not the result of any one man's thinking. Representative groups of statesmen and publicists here and abroad held conferences on the subject through periods covering many months, the conclusions of which, when made public, were in practical agreement. A committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and officials and private citizens in several countries suggested programs substantially agreeing with that of the League to Enforce Peace. Such a spontaneous statement of almost identical conclusions proves that they are a natural and inevitable reaction of thoughtful men everywhere to the situation.

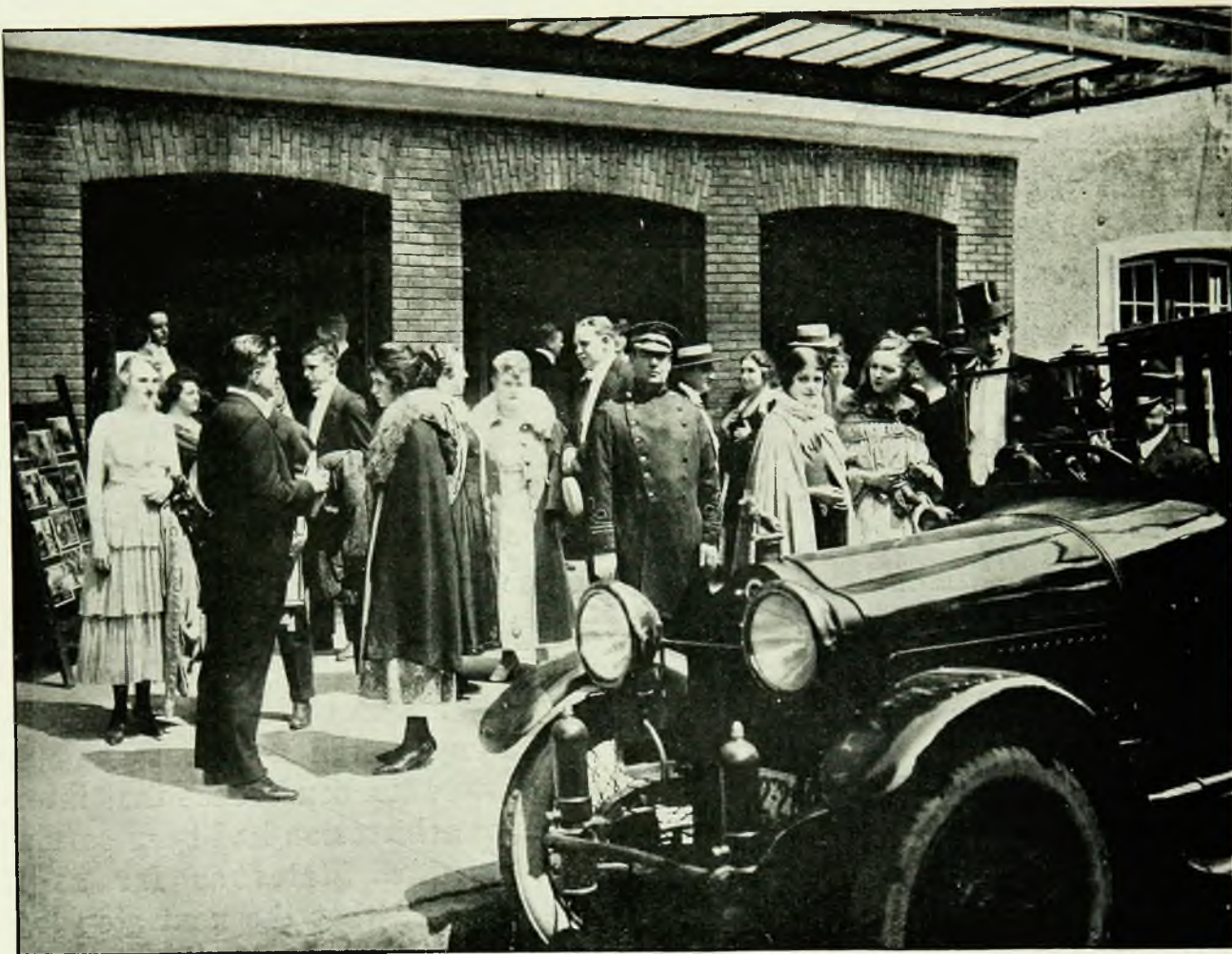
Evidence of the interest taken by college men in the movement is found in the fact that among the six score distinguished citizens who signed the call for the Philadelphia meeting nearly one third are college presidents or professors.

The first annual meeting of the League to Enforce Peace was held in Washington, May 26 and 27, 1916, and proved to be an inspiring occasion. The platform had been formed and the object of the meeting was to attract public attention and enlist public support. As the League aims to modify the international policy of the United States, it wisely selected the capital of the country for its meeting place and secured men of the highest position in public life for its speakers. Yet in such matters the

Administration cannot move far in advance of public opinion. Accordingly public interest and support were equally necessary. The business men of the country were appealed to through their pockets. In about twenty-four hours a campaign fund of nearly \$400,000, much more than they set out to raise, was pledged from all parts of the country to support a nation-wide propaganda for the League's platform. The business men were appealed to also through the national and local Chambers of Commerce which had taken a referendum vote on the League program. At the Washington meeting the President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States reported that the local chambers had voted in favor of the crucial third plank by a vote of 2 to 1 and for all the others by a vote of 20 to 1. The wage-workers and especially the labor unionists of the country had a spokesman at the conference in the president of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel W. Gompers, who made one of the clearest and most cogent addresses delivered during the two days. The churches have rallied to the cause and their support was pledged by the president of the Federal Council of Churches, Shailer Matthews. The editors of the country are eager in support and were represented by a veteran editor, now Director of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Talcott Williams. Speeches from President Lowell of Harvard and from President Wheeler of the University of California testified to the support from our universities.

But from the point of view of the League these and similar groups, each composed of like-minded folk, are important mainly as factors in developing that complex whole we call public opinion. The politicians in Congress and the administration guide the country along lines indicated by their reading of public opinion. They must listen and respond not merely to what is said or written but also to those who do not talk, the great voiceless majority. Hence for the League the most important support probably was that given by the politicians. The senior minority member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator Lodge, told the conference that international arbitration had been carried by the United States as far as it could go and that the next step logically was indicated by the program of the League to Enforce Peace. But all that had gone before was overshadowed in importance by the speech with which the President of the United States closed the meeting of the League. Although he disclaimed any intention to discuss its definite proposals, he went far towards revealing a fundamental acceptance of the positions of the League. It proposes that the United States should join an international league aiming to make recourse to war less frequent and more dangerous and to that extent abandon its antipathy to alliances. President Wilson declared, "I am sure that I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the United States is willing to become a

(Continued on page 163)



Cornell Students Assist in Film Scene Taken in Front of the Star

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Cornell Doin's in Rhyme

By AUSTIN W. YOUNG, '17

The frats are busy pulling in
The frosh whom they desire;
The Cornell-Harvard game returns
Came o'er a special wire.
At Mischa Elman's concert
There was lack of syncopation;
The Big Red Team
On movie screen
Will show thruout the nation.

This year's new Touchdown teddy bear
Has last year's bear's ambitions;
Now is the season of the year
To enter competitions.
"The freshman class is not so large,"
These words are Prexy Schurman's;
In case of war
Our cadet corps
Could help beat up the Germans.

Because the U. was opened late
We won't have much vacation;
We find there was a decrease
In cross country registration.
Red buttons indicated
Every loyal A. A. member;
The Portmanteau
Will give a show
The middle of November.

The women students' pageant
Is postponed 'till times are warmer;
Last Tuesday Sarah Bernhardt showed
She's still a good performer.
To present date results have shown
That this year's team's a winner;—
I don't know when
We'll lose again;—
Chew Wrigley's after dinner.

Who's Who

REDFORD WILBER JEWETT, '17



"Rex" Jewett has certainly made good use of his years at Cornell, having gained nearly everything worth while in college. He has done excellent work in his studies, has an enviable athletic record, and a wide circle of friends.

Jewett has done well in track and football but is best known for his football work. Football did not claim his attention until his sophomore year but the lost time has been made up and he is now right tackle on the first team. That position has been earned by hard, conscientious work combined with an extraordinary "nose for the ball."

He likes to dance and is musically inclined. His friends accuse him of digging up many of those ancient songs which are better left in peace. His nickname is "Little One" in recognition of the fact that he is only six feet four inches tall. Jewett is a big man, literally and figuratively and of the sort that Cornell needs.

Fredonia, N. Y.; Chemistry; Alpha Chi Rho; Alpha Chi Sigma; Alembic; Varsity Football Squad, 2; Team, 3, 4; College Basketball, 2; Captain, College Track, 2; Varsity Track, 3.

EDWARD EWEN ANDERSON, '17

"Big Andy" comes to Cornell from St. Luke's School and is proud of the fact. He has not let pride in his preparatory school stand in the way of doing something in college, however, and this year he is one of the veterans of the football team. He is moreover, one of those steady players whom everyone can rely upon to "come through" in a pinch.

"Andy's" possibilities as a football player were not recognized in his freshman year, when he tried for the team but was cut from the squad. This did not prevent his coming out again next year, however, when he made good and played guard in most of the games. Since then there has never been any question about who was to play at one guard on the first team.

"Andy" is well liked by everyone who knows him. He possesses an even temper and good-natured cheerfulness which make him, in addition to his athletic ability, a social success "among the boys."

Washington, D. C.; Arts and Sciences; Psi Upsilon; Aleph Samach; Quill and Dagger; Varsity Football Team, 2, 3, 4; Sunday Night Club; Sophomore Rush Committee; Junior Smoker Committee.



CHARLES HENRY RAMSEY, '17



How many undergraduates consider the *Widow* to have any function other than that of furnishing amusement for themselves? Probably very few. "Charlie" Ramsey, however, is one of these few and he is Editor-in-Chief of the paper in question. Consequently, anything at Cornell that

"Charlie" thinks can be bettered by criticism is likely to be the subject of comment, satirical perhaps, but never unsympathetic.

"Charlie's" ambition on entering Cornell was to become the financial arbiter of the paper that he is now the head of. He did not succeed. No doubt his youthful appearance told against him when soliciting advertising. The freedom from worry with which he lives may explain this youthful manner. However, having failed in one attempt, he set out in another, and succeeded.

His most valued possession at Cornell is an old leather-covered steamer chair which his father had when he was the tenor and leading spirit in the first Cornell Glee Club from 1869 to 1873. Having become thoroughly familiar with it, Charlie is often to be found curled up there, reading or cogitating *Widow* "edits."

Albany, N. Y.; M. E.; Sigma Phi; Quill and Dagger; Book and Bowl; Widow Board, 3, Editor-in-Chief, 4; Junior Spring Day Committee.

LINUS VERE WINDNAGLE, '17

"Windy" entered Cornell with the firm determination to win a first place in the Intercollegiates. With this end in view he worked constantly at track and cross country, and won his C. C. C. C., in his freshman year. By winning the Harvard cross country meet in his sophomore year he became the first



member of the class of 1917 to wear the "C." At the intercollegiates last spring he accomplished his aim of winning the mile run and scoring five points for Cornell. This fall "Windy" is captaining the varsity cross country runners.

But his interests have not been devoted entirely to track. Between his work at Schoellkopf and his classes at the Ag. college he has found time to earn his way through the University.

"Windy's" popularity is attested by the fact that he received the greatest number of votes among his classmates for the Student Council last year.

Portland, Ore.; Agriculture; Delta Tau Delta; Aleph Samach; Quill and Dagger; Hebs-Sa; Rocky Mountain Club; College Cross Country, 1; College Track, 1; Varsity Cross Country, 2, 3; Captain, 4; Varsity Track, 2, 3; Sophomore Banquet Committee; Freshman Advisory Committee, 3; Student Council, 3.

THE CURRENT PERIODICALS

(*Scribner's Magazine*, Nov. 1916.)

A finished piece of work, excellent material in an harmonious setting, as such the November *Scribner's* has its appeal. There is an air about it of having been prepared with that attention to details that characterizes the completion by an artist of his masterpiece. One has no desire to bolt the magazine; a leisurely consideration of it page by page is too delightful. The reader anticipates good reading with confidence of not being disappointed. The confidence is not misplaced. The short stories, though simple in plot, abound in human interest. One, "The Bells of Cullam," is none the less charming because it retells the tale of the daughter finally forgiven by a relenting father after the death of her husband, whom she had married in spite of parental objection. A popular scientific article, "Renewing the Earth from the Air," illustrates the point so often made that even though we foresee a need we do not provide against it until it has become urgent. No one should fail to read Brander Mather's second paper of "London Memories." It is rich in anecdotes of Englishmen who have long been known to the American reading public.

(*Collier's*, Oct. 28, 1916.) It is refreshing to observe in the midst of the political parties' clamor for our attention, incident to the coming election, that a great many of our periodicals are free from partisan prejudices. This serves to strengthen the belief that the hold on the American people by the parties is being grad-

ually loosened. The subject of the first article in *Collier's* for the week of October 28th, is the impression of President Wilson which Miss Ida M. Tarbell received during an interview. Miss Tarbell is a strong admirer of Mr. Wilson and believes that he should be re-elected. Further on in the paper is a very severe arraignment of the Democratic party and the President, Burton J. Hendrick, called forth by the large "pork barrel" appropriations of the last Congress. *Collier's* has very strong views of its own; one has but to read the editorials to be certain of that. But it does not attempt to cram them down the throat of an unsuspecting public through the articles it publishes. It reserves them, rather, for their proper place, the editorial page, and thus remains true (to quote its own statement) to its "custom of giving the adherents of both parties an opportunity to instruct its readers."

The October 21 issue of the *New Republic* lives up to its reputation of being a true journal of opinion. Just now when the heat of political controversy is reaching its highest point, it is indeed a joy to find well written articles and editorials that do not reek with the partisanship of the average political "write-up." Whether one's sympathies permit him to agree with the views expressed about the two great parties, their platforms, and candidates, or not, still there appears to everyone an apparent effort at fairness and breadth of vision.

(Continued on page 175)



Our Purpose In Producing

Courteissis Cigarettes

we are not trying to "buck the trusts,"—you see we don't think of them as Octopi!

But we do feel that there are many men who care for the product of the old-fashioned painstaking manufacturer, whose output is smaller, and whose very existence is based on a consistent adherence to the BEST within his power.

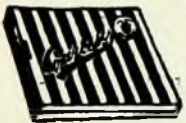
It is to this more limited class that we make our appeal. If you care for a mild cigarette, full of that aroma and delicacy so distinctive of such imported cigarettes as Murratti, "Fume D'ore," and which is due to blending every pound of tobacco, NOT according to formula, but by expert knowledge, and the rolling of every cigarette by hand.

It is just the difference between a piece of lace made by hand in the Ateliers of Paris and another produced by the great machine looms of an American factory. Yet COURTESSIS cost you no more.

Our belief was strongly substantiated by the number of Yale men who last year smoked COURTESSIS. We wish to express our sincerest thanks for their appreciation and the hope that we may find equal support among the members of the Class of 1920.

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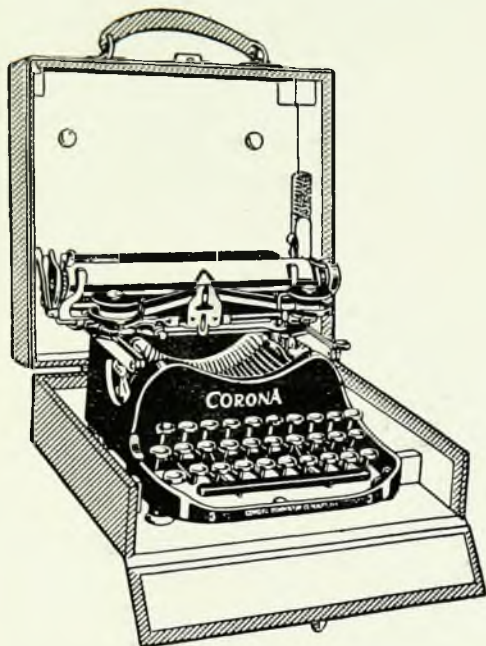
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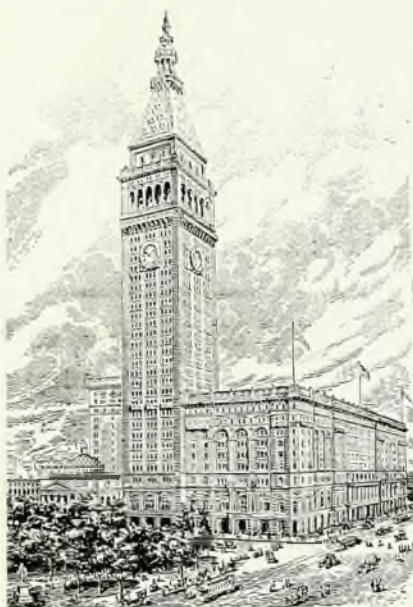
\$50.00

More Corona machines were used at Plattsburg this summer than all other makes combined. In fact so many were used that the machine was known as the "Camp Clerk."

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We give 5 per cent. discount on all cash sales. It pays to PAY CASH

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sold twenty-five million dollars (\$25,000,000) more Ordinary Life Insurance during 1915 than its nearest competitor. Total outstanding insurance larger than that of any other company in the world:

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¶ When you buy Life Insurance buy of the Metropolitan. College men can get the best and the most for their money if they

ITHACA PHONE 513

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The Ithaca Gun Company, which was founded in 1883, has achieved a reputation envied by many and equaled by few. Ever since its founding the factory has been turning out shotguns of proved superiority. Quite recently the company has launched out into a new field and has been making single-barrel trap guns. These have proved very popular among trap shooters. This is partially due to the fact that the new trapshooting rules call for single-barrel guns. The preliminaries of the Grand American Handicaps, held at St. Louis this year were won with one of these guns.

The barrels are the only parts of the Ithaca gun which are not made at the factory. Up to the time of the present war they were made in Belgium. By the amalgamation of several metals, patterns were produced in the higher grade barrels. Various types were worked out; the most well known being the Damascus weaver twist. It is said that there were only seven men in Belgium who knew this process. It is quite possible that these high grade barrels may never be used again.

The manufacture of the frame of the Ithaca gun is done almost entirely by machinery. It is at first a pure malleable piece of iron, which is heated to the desired temperature and then drop-forged to the approximate

(Continued on page 151)



MARLEY 2½ IN. DEVON 2¼ IN.

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*Are you a
Highbrow?*



PERHAPS you have a friend who reads *The New Republic*. Perhaps he wears tortoise-shell glasses and memorizes Burke's speech on Conciliation. Perhaps, now and then, he invades the domesticity of your home, settles down in your most comfortable chair and begins—"I've noticed in *The New Republic* . . ." After which he consumes three hours in a pleasant debate with himself over *The New Republic's* attitude on microcosmography. And when he goes you roll your eyes toward the ceiling and thank heaven you're not a highbrow. And then, perhaps, you slink down to the movies.

This is not really your tragedy. It is ours. Because it has a fondness for intelligence *The New Republic* has to risk a reputation for dullness among those who have only heard about it from the ultra-serious. We claim that it is possible to be interesting and entertaining and still not publish interviews with Eva Tanguay, early anecdotes of Jess Willard, "red-blooded" fiction, white satin "confessions", hints for housewives, or appreciations of Charlie Chaplin's feet.

If you agree with us try a four months' Acquaintance Subscription. Many things can happen in four months. You may yourself begin to say, "I've noticed in *The New Republic* . . ." And then somebody else can escape to the movies.

Pin a dollar bill to this strip and mail it to 421 West 21st Street, New York City, for a four months' Acquaintance Subscription to *The New Republic*.

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Special Sunday Dinners

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JAS. B. E. BUSH, Manager

Ithaca Gun Company

(Continued from page 147)

size and shape of the frame. In this rough condition it is placed in a clamp and cut down by a milling machine to the desired proportions. After this the frame is fitted, finished, and adjusted by skilled workmen.

The frame as well as the fore-end iron, top lever and guard are now engraved by hand. All these parts are now case-hardened. They are packed in animal charcoal in an iron pot and then heated to full red heat for an hour. The surface of the iron thus becomes converted into steel by the absorption of carbon and beautiful colors are produced.

The barrels are braised together by an oxy-acetylene welder; silver solder is used for this purpose because of its strength. The outside finishing is done by lathes; the inside finishing by drill presses.

The stock and fore-end pieces are made of walnut. The two pieces are checkered and figured by hand on the higher grade guns. The various parts are now assembled together and riveted, screwed or jointed as the case may be. All the machines used in the Ithaca Gun factory are driven by water power from Fall Creek Gorge.

Eighteen different grades of shot-guns are made by the Ithaca Gun Company. However, personal wants vary greatly as to the length of the stock, the lengths of the barrels, the widths of the bore and the weight of the gun. For this reason Ithaca guns are very often made to order.

The fact that the demand just at present far exceeds the supply speaks for itself. Ithaca guns are known and used by sportsmen throughout this country because of their speed, simplicity and superior workmanship.—Adv.

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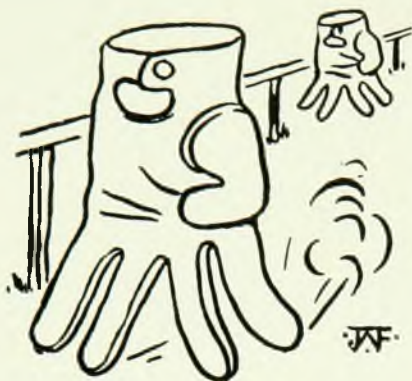


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it's not too late.**

**If you have subscribed your-
self, why not**

send another copy of THE ERA to some friend (male or female). Send it to your "prep" school and get other good men interested in coming to Cornell. Think about that!!

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tho I may have forgotten to mention them. Walking Gloves--Fur, Furlined, Woolen and Plain Kid for day or evening wear.

Hats and Caps are here awaiting your pleasure, also a full line of Traveling Goods.

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We are equipped to supply you with anything in the printing line. If we cannot do your job so that you will be satisfied we will tell you and no matter what work we do for you (and we hope to be favored with some) you can rest assured that it will be delivered RIGHT AND ON TIME.

Come to us for your programs, business cards, record cards, letter paper and envelopes, fraternity forms—in fact anything, including punching, perforating, wire stapling, padding, etc. We'll make you one or a million.

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The Cornell Cross Country Team

(Continued from page 118)

More enthusiasm should be shown by the undergraduate body in long distance running. It is a healthy body-building form of exercise and very beneficial training for any form of sport. What it has done to develop winning track teams was never better exemplified than by the capturing of the first four places in the two mile run at last year's intercollegiate track meet. Champion cross country teams have been a Cornell tradition for many years. Hold fast to this tradition.

The Girl Through the Window

(Continued from page 123)

limbed, young fellow coming toward her with outstretched arms. She eagerly met him halfway. He caught her in his arms, held her close, and kissed her long.

"Then, he led her underneath the light. It shimmered on her golden hair.

" 'Hold up your hand,' he said.

"She obediently held up her right hand.

" 'No, no, the other hand,' he said.

"She held up both, and he slipped a sparkling something on her left hand, and kissed it into place. Then he kissed her alluring mouth. I did not blame him. I should like to have kissed her myself.

"I turned my face to the wall. A lonely old man with a career, I thought, has no business with a heart.

"The next morning the thin-lipped nurse was quite garrulous. A wedding will set any woman's tongue wagging, no matter how much she may resent it.

(Continued on page 155)

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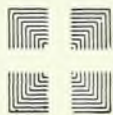
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College and Fraternity Work
A Modern Plant at Your Service

The Girl Through the Widow

(Continued from page 153)

"‘Yes,’ she said, ‘Miss Oliver’s to be married this morning. Sort of quiet and rather sudden, I guess. She was engaged to that fat old editor of Sinclair’s magazine. It was he, so I have heard, that made her literary reputation, and this is the way she repays him, now that she needs him no longer. She has broken her engagement with him to marry some young fellow she knew years ago. Well, that’s gratitude these days.’

"And she looked at me meaningly with her squint eye aslant. Evidently she still had hopes. With the girl next door safely married and away, with me safely through a perilous journey through the valley of the shadow, perhaps the game might now be played according to rule.

"‘Take this,’ she said, gently slipping her hand under my pillow. ‘The doctor fears for your heart now.’

"She may have been guying me, but I merely thought once more that it’s true, a lonely old man with a career has no business with a heart."

"Will you join me in a drink?"

Harcourt smiled sympathetically.

A Cornell University Union

(Continued from page 126)

which will be the center of all undergraduate life and activity and which will be a home for all visiting Alumni. Such an institution should start in a small way, perhaps with a rented building on or near the Campus. The organization will grow and will gain strength and prestige as it grows. It will soon prove its true value to the life of the University, so that a movement can be started for raising a sub-

(Continued on page 159)

Pay for your Subscription at Once.

For on November 15th the price of The ERA jumps from \$1.50 to \$2.00.

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Now is the Accepted Time

To look at **Overcoats**—The Toga Coat is a whize excellent for every occasion from a rain storm to a wedding, then there is the Highland Heather garment as well as the regular lines.

Big Stock of Lamb-Skin Lined Fur Collars.

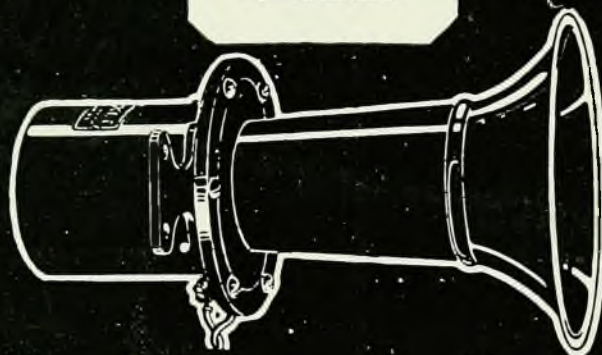
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FTEN a new customer, paying the first deposit at the time of the sitting, will say to us: "But if I don't like my proofs, what then?" And we always answer, "Then you may come for a resitting; you may come again and again, if you wish, and there will be no extra charge. Our aim is to please you."

We have kept a faithful account of resittings and this is the data, not for a week, or for a month, but for a whole year; ninety-eight out of every hundred were highly pleased with the proofs first submitted; only two per cent. asked for resittings. That's our record for 1916. We are very, very proud of it.

We make groups from one foot to six feet long. By appointment only.

The Koch Studio

1917 will be a good year.

A Cornell University Union

(Continued from page 155)

stantial sum for the erection of a large and well-equipped building.

Such a building should contain commodious lounging rooms with huge fire-places. It should contain numerous meeting rooms for the various clubs, societies and committees, as well as a large assembly hall for lectures and mass meetings. It should also contain a large banquet hall for the various class, club and college banquets, which are now unfortunately held down town; it should contain a bowling alley and a swimming pool, and a room for pool and billiards; it should contain offices for the student publications and other organizations which are now located down town; and it should contain a reading room and a library. The senior and junior honorary societies should have their quarters in the Union building as well as the glee and mandolin clubs.

Last but not least there should be abundant accommodations for visiting Alumni and friends of the University, as in the new Michigan Union building, at least the two top floors being devoted to sleeping rooms for their exclusive use. There is no doubt but that far more Alumni would come back, especially non-fraternity men, if they had some place other than a cold hotel room to welcome them. How wonderful it would be for all of us Alumni to always have a home in Ithaca, a place to which we could come and meet our friends, and at the same time be in the heart of the undergraduate life!

Cornell is famous for spirit and democracy, for her student life and the

(Continued on page 163)

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of the Students
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for the Students



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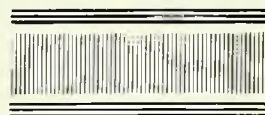
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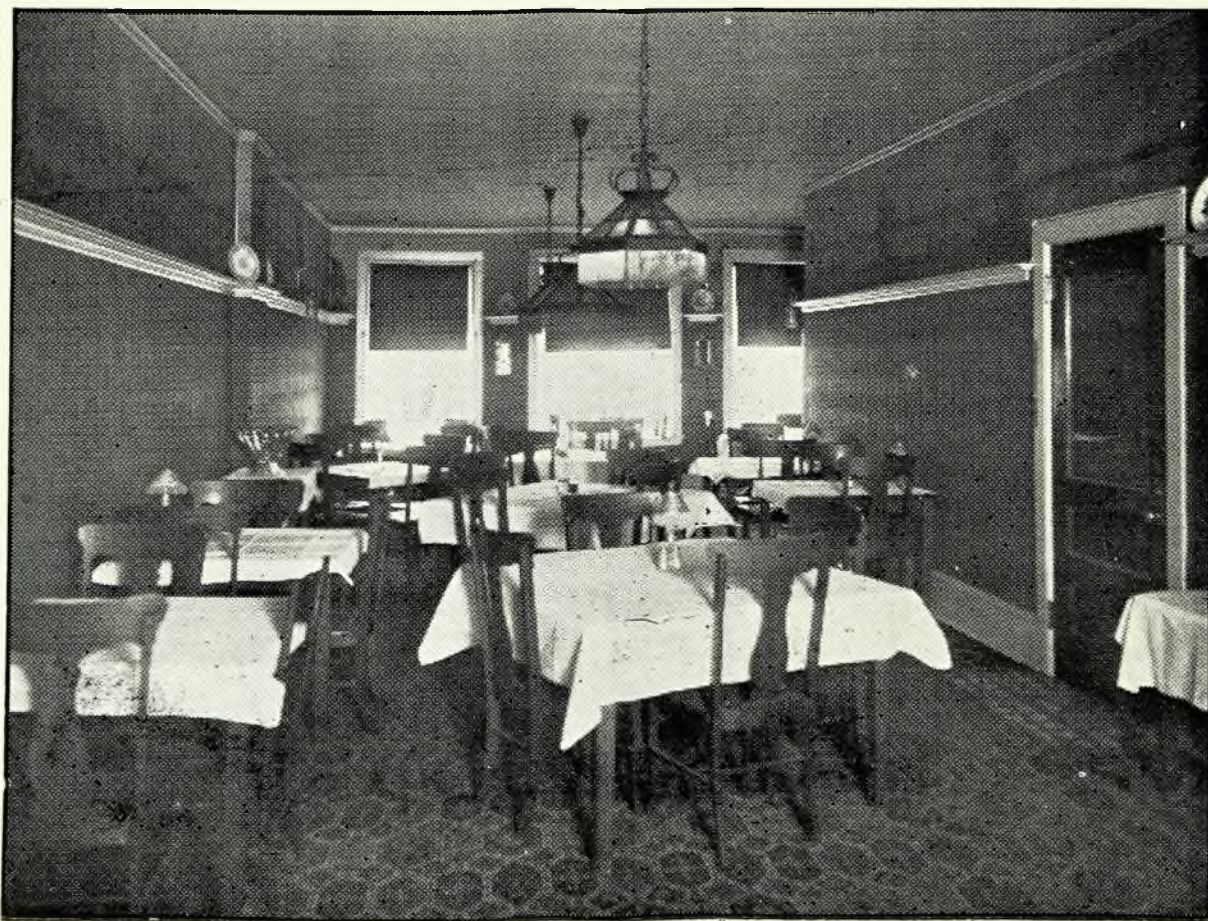
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Both Phones

T. A. HERSON, Prop.

A Cornell University Union

(Continued from page 155)

comradeship of her students. All this will be greatly intensified in the realization of an undergraduate Union. Perhaps this need will be recognized at the time of the semi-centennial celebration in 1918 in the form of a gift from some kind Alumnus or other friend of the University for the construction of a building for this purpose.

An Impending Change in Foreign Policy

(Continued from page 139)

partner in any feasible association of nations formed in order to realize these objects." It proposes that its members collectively shall use their economic and military forces against any one member that goes to war with another without first submitting the question at issue to a judicial tribunal or a council of conciliation. President Wilson in his speech advocated "a universal association of the nations * * * to prevent any war begun either contrary to treaty covenants or without warning and full submission of the causes to the opinion of the world."

This address has been called in the press the most significant speech President Wilson has made within his term of office. Nay more! one of our influential weeklies says of it: "No utterance since the war began compares with it in overwhelming significance to the future of mankind. For us in America it literally marks the opening of a new period of history and the ending of our deepest tradition."

President Wilson returned to the subject in his speech accepting a renomination and declared, "no na-

(Continued on page 167)

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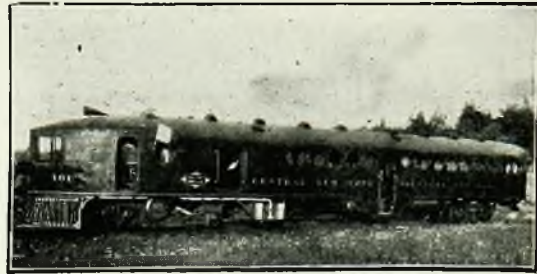
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An Impending Change in Foreign Policy

(Continued from page 163)

tion can any longer remain neutral as against any wilful disturbance of the peace of the world." This is a long step away from the perfect neutrality which at the outbreak of the present war the administration urged us to maintain and away from our past attitude of almost negligent indifference towards European struggles.

Some weeks later the Republican nominee for the Presidency in his speech of acceptance declared: "We in this country can, and should, maintain our fortunate freedom from entanglements with interests and policies which do not concern us. But there is no national isolation in the world of the twentieth century. If at the close of the present war the nations are ready to undertake practicable measures in the common interest in order to secure international justice, we cannot fail to recognize our international duty. The peace of the world is our interest, as well as the interest of others, and in developing the necessary agencies for the prevention of war we shall be glad to have an appropriate share."

The United States is starting, then, by coöperation of official and unofficial agencies, along a new and untried path which must lead towards the breakdown of a spirit of ultra and exclusive nationalism and the recognition on the part of every great power including the United States of a duty to maintain international obligations and to force other nations to regard them.

During the months immediately ahead I believe every Cornell student ought to exert what influence he can

(Continued on page 171)

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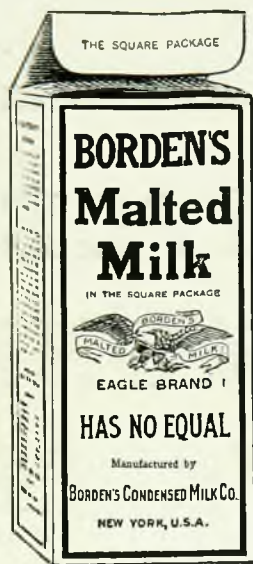
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An Impending Change in Foreign Policy

(Continued from page 167)

in favor of discarding the present foreign policy of the United States whereby all entangling alliances are avoided and substituting for it membership in a league or alliance the members of which agree not merely to submit justiciable questions arising within the league to a judicial tribunal and other questions to a council of conciliation before going to war, but also, and far more important, agree that they will combine their economic and military forces against any member of the league which goes to war before resorting to such action.

If the present war continues through another year, as now seems to be likely, and, if students will work with other citizens for the result I have outlined, then when the war ends, public opinion on this side of the Atlantic, as well as on the other, will probably be ready for this next step towards realizing the federation of the world, a step for which the unexpected success of our American federation during a century and a quarter has done so much to prepare the way.

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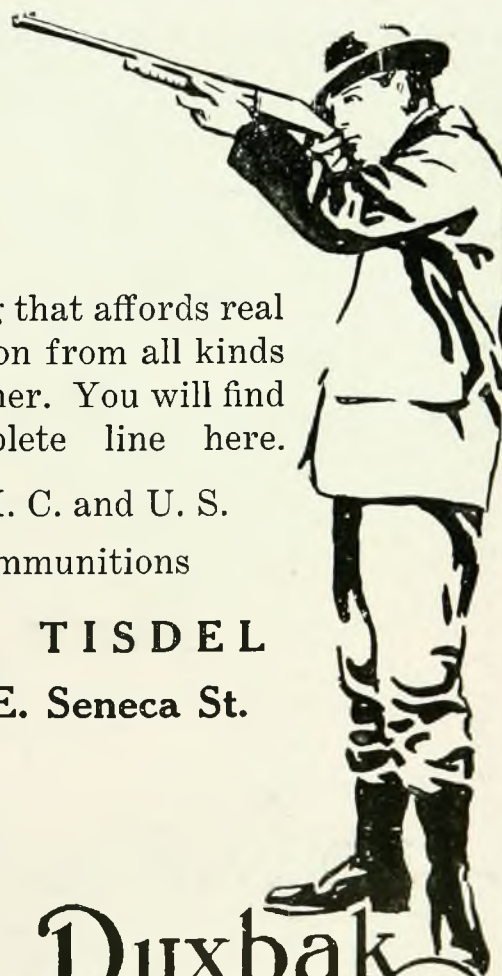
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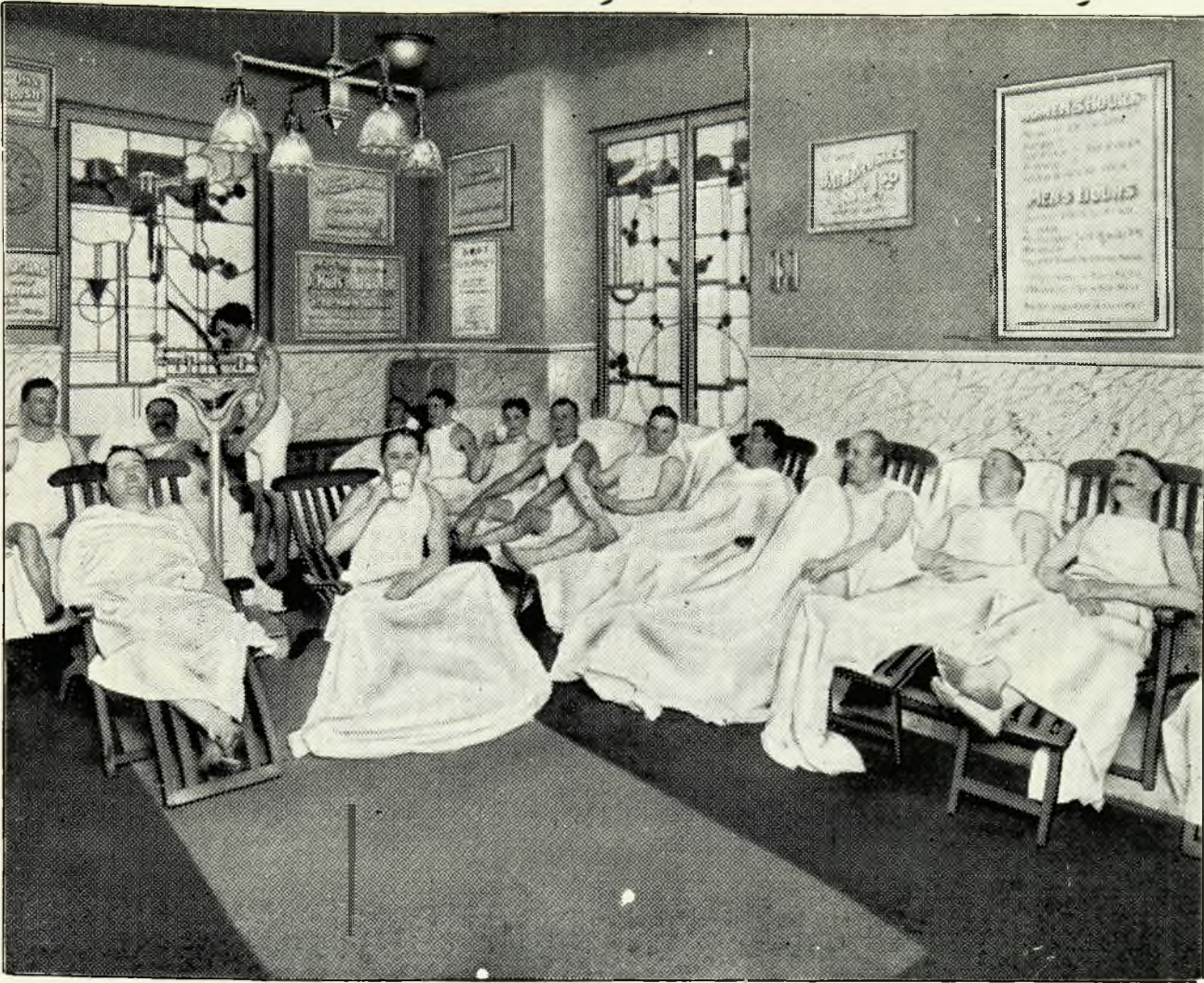
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Current Periodicals

(Continued from page 144)

The leading article on "The Two Parties in 1916," by Herbert Croly would doubtless please the Democratic Party, as he praises its growth from its former localism and narrowness to its present position, as he sees it, as a real national organization. On the other hand the author's condemnation in no uncertain terms of the weakness and timidity of some of the President's policies, should cause no sorrow in the Republican camp.

Outside of the realm of political matters, one of today's vital questions is brought up in the discussion of "Newspaper Incitement to Violence." The writer shows how in the recent Bayonne strike the leading New York papers grossly misrepresented the facts, publishing improbable stories, even before they had a reporter on the ground. He shows how the fictions of the great journals did harm to the right of the public to form its opinion from the true facts and not from prejudiced stories.

Most interesting in the pages devoted to Correspondence is a contribution from London by Alfred Zimmermann, telling of the period of English reconstruction that is to come after the war.

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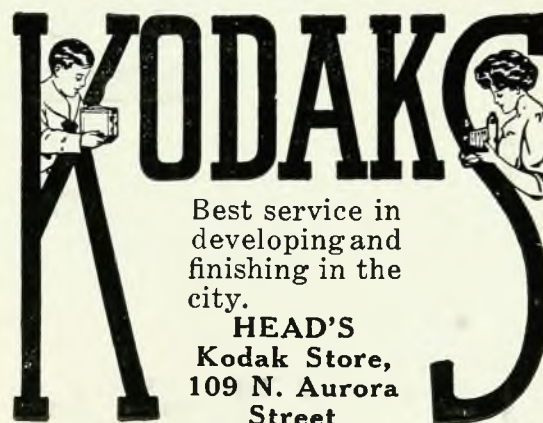
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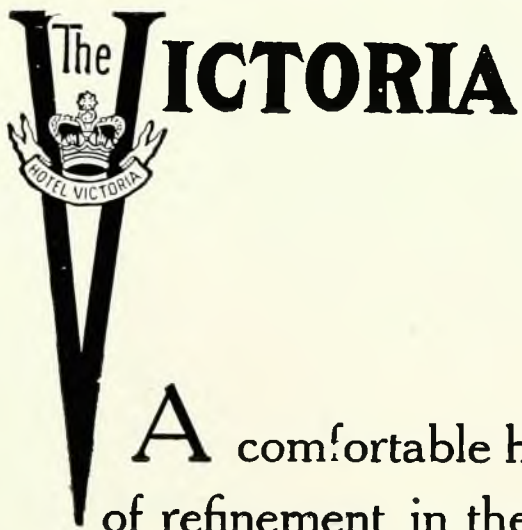
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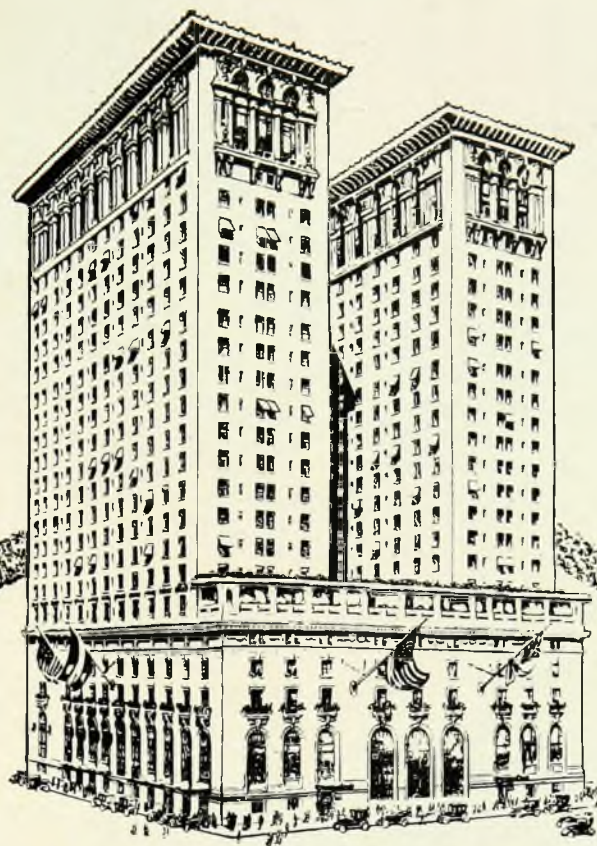
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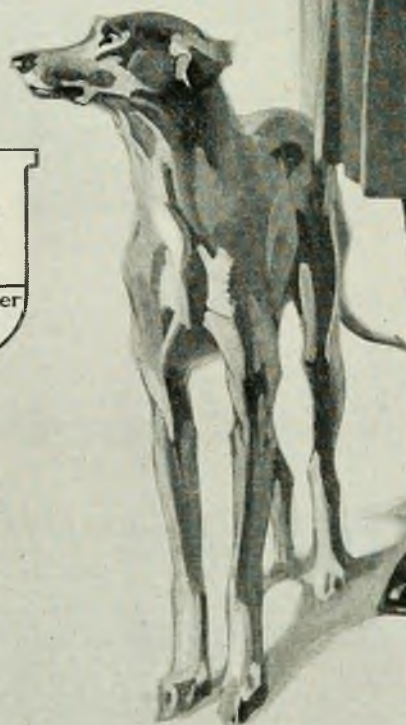
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This means that anyone who desires to buy either of these works in their present ideal and perfect form must do so soon.

The exact stocks on hand are as follows:

- (1) Of the Cambridge Issue, with large pages and large type, more than 75,000 sets have been sold, and there are only 1,700 sets remaining. Of course these will all be gone within a very short time.
- (2) Of the Handy Volume Britannica, which is sold at 60% less than the Cambridge Issue, 70,000 sets were sold by Sears, Roebuck and Co. of Chicago, who have exclusive sale of this issue, in the six months from January 1st to July 1st, and there are less than half that number still unsold.

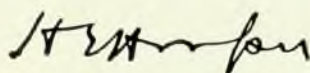
(3) There are less than 9,000 copies remaining of The Century Dictionary in its new one-volume form, but it is very doubtful if any of these will remain unsold by Christmas.

The question now arises, at what price shall these remaining sets of the Britannica and the Century, printed on India paper -- THE LAST THAT CAN EVER BE OFFERED -- be sold.

I would be justified in asking a much higher price, not only because the India paper sets are so nearly exhausted, but because it is impossible to replace them. But I have decided that as The Encyclopaedia Britannica is a great educational institution, every remaining set shall be sold at the same low price that I placed on it when I supposed that I could buy all the India paper I wanted and could print as many sets of The Encyclopaedia Britannica and The Century Dictionary as the public would buy.

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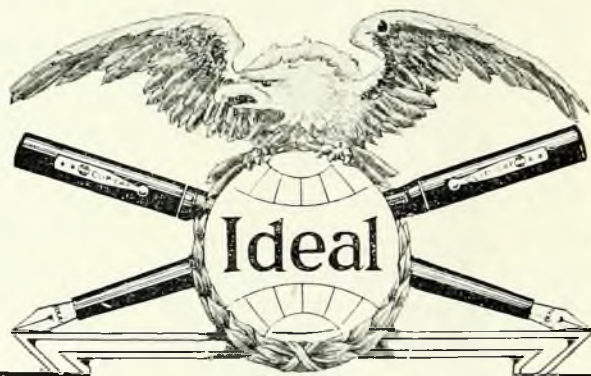
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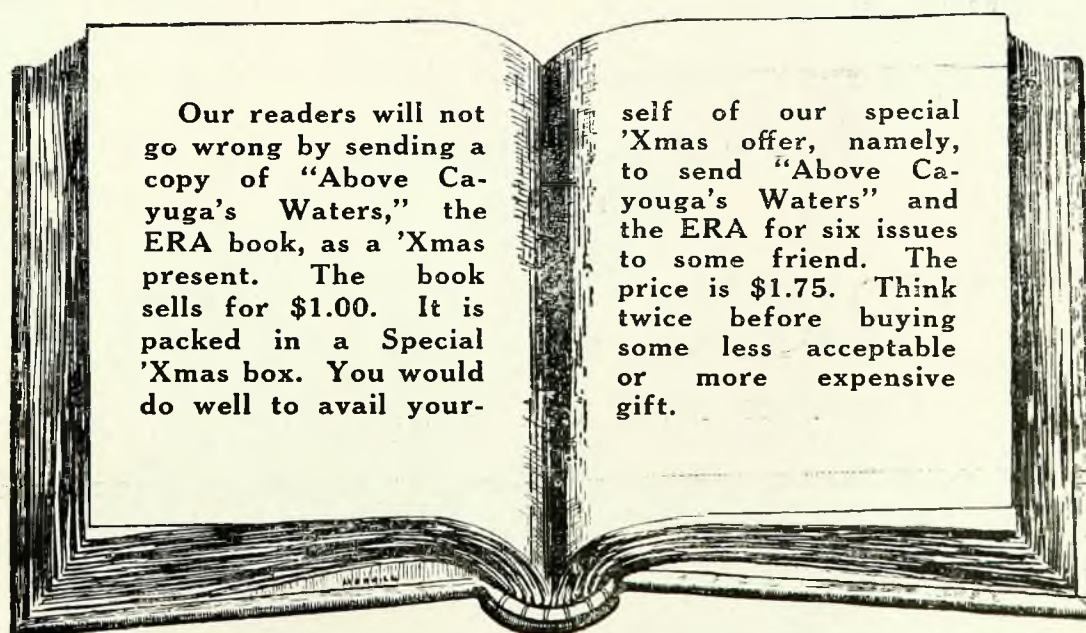
THE CORNELL ERA

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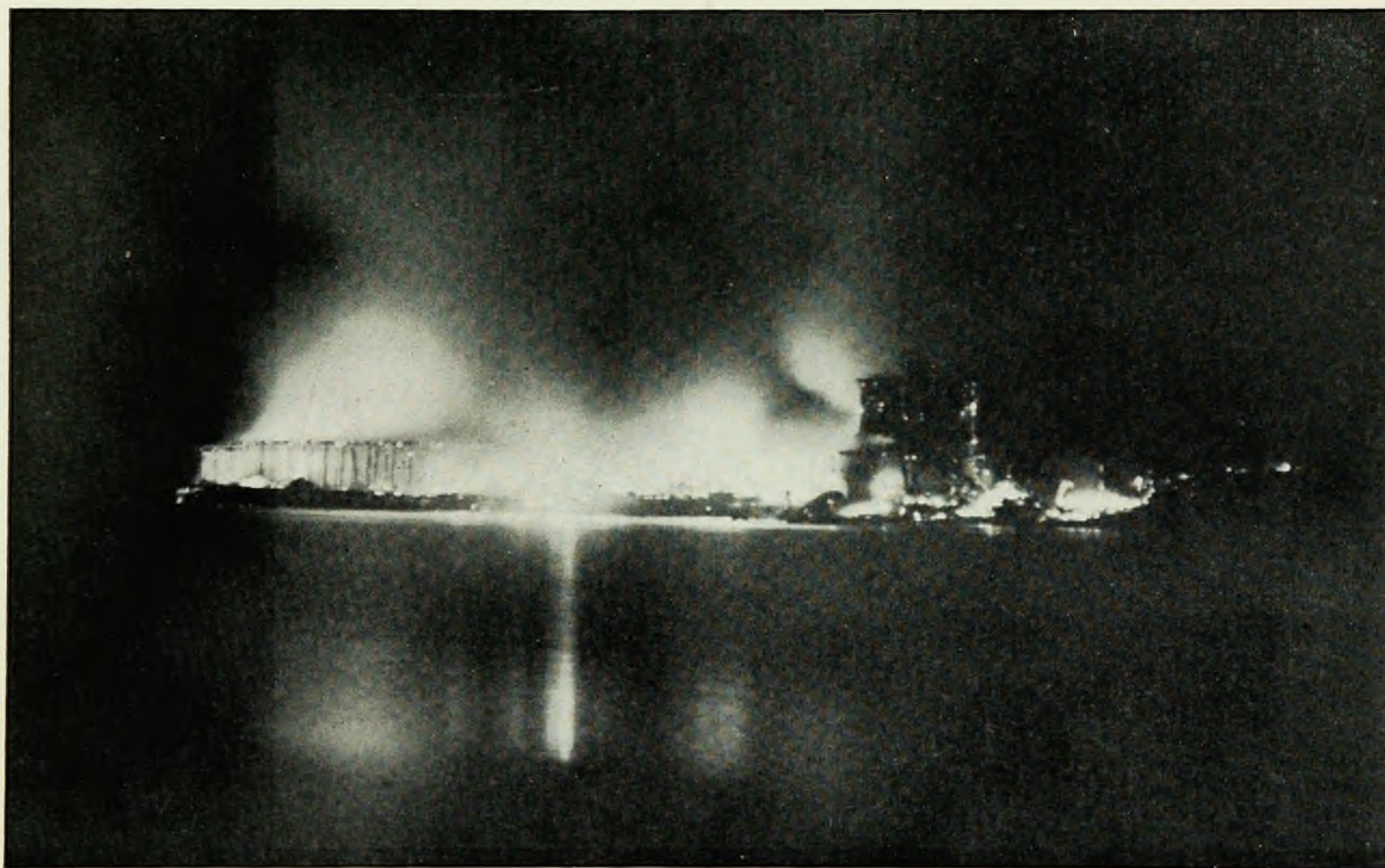
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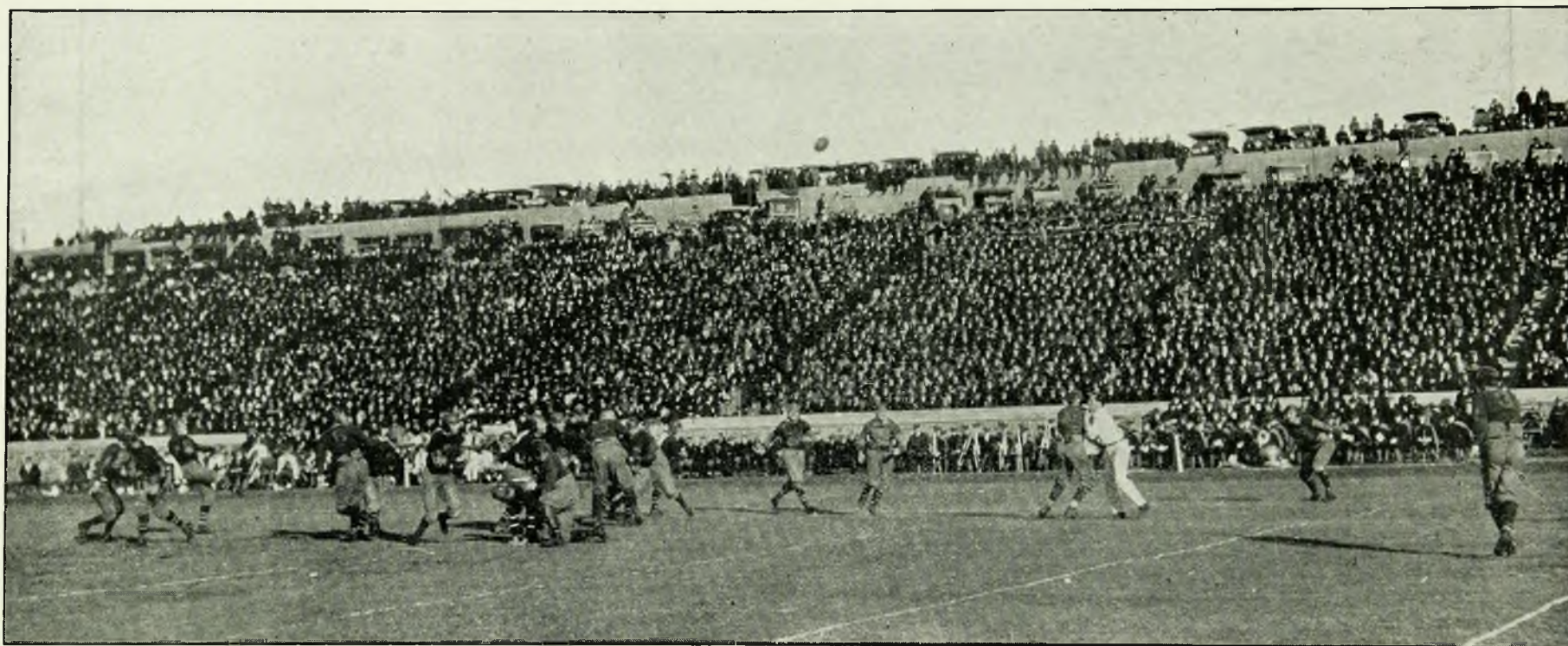
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The Fire at the Remington Salt Works on Cayuga Lake on November 19th. The photograph was taken from the Renwick Pier



CORNELL 23 - MICHIGAN 20

Photo by Troy

Shiverick getting off one of his long punts in the Michigan game November 11th

The Cornell Era

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Editor for this issue, P. D. FLANNER

The ERA is pleased to have the chance to present to its readers a report by a committee of the faculty on "the conduct of examinations." This report was submitted to the faculty at its November meeting and accepted, so that its findings may be used in the future by the Committee on Student Affairs as a basis for action.

Cheating A report by a faculty committee has never before been given for publication to an undergraduate magazine. In allowing it in this case the faculty is acting under the conviction that in this very difficult question, the question of cheating in examinations, coöperation by the students is essential to any real solution. The faculty does not wish to play the rôle of police force; it desires none of the

secrecy which alienates the students and makes them feel themselves under the shadow of unsympathetic power. In truth, the problem is as much one for the students as for the faculty; the real students, whose achievements are belittled by successful cheating, suffer far more than members of the faculty. If it were not for the loss to these real students, in fact, cheaters might be ignored, for their own ignorance is their real penalty.

After all, we come back to the time-worn solution: public opinion is the only effective control. Stealing at Cornell is done only by a few hopelessly weak or immoral characters. No sneak-thief can be tolerated by his fellow-students; and knowledge that a man is a thief will serve to ostracise him. Yet open brags about

successful cheating are a commonplace, and bring the culprit no disgrace but rather a laughing tolerance. This is not as it should be. The more "gentlemanly" of the two vices is often less excusable than the other. It is stealing of the most disgraceful kind.

Frank discussion of this question is healthy if it impresses upon the students the seriousness of the problem. In this lies the value of the excellent report which we are presenting in this issue.

"Fight, fight, fight!" is the chorus which every supporter of the Big Red Team is mentally singing to the Cornell eleven just at the present. For we all know that a great **Fight!** fight is to be expected from Penn., whose team always plays its best against Cornell on Thanksgiving Day. Everything this year points to "some battle" on Franklin Field!

And of course everyone is going down to see it, everyone, that is, excepting those of us, poor impecunious ones, who do not see at present how we can go unless we win a "pot."

If the real aim of a university is broad-minded interest in all intellectual and aesthetic things, an interest which extends beyond the narrow boundaries of race and nationality, then few more significant things have been done here this fall than engaging Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Hindoo Poet, Sage, and Philosopher, to lecture before the university on De-

cember 9th. Sir Tagore will speak on "The Cult of Nationalism." In him we shall have a chance to hear one of the greatest men of an old and wonderful civilization, a civilization so old that our own becomes a mere upstart, a "nouveau riche," in comparison.

Sir Tagore is probably best known to American audiences as the author of his short poems, imbued as they are with his weird and mystic philosophy. "Gitanjali," his own translation into beautiful English prose, probably contains the best of these. "The Crescent Moon" contains some excellent children's poems, also translated by the author. "Chitra" and "Sadhana" are also well-known. Those who prefer to read short stories will find his "Hungry Stones and Other Stories" some of the finest work which Tagore has done; Ernest Rhys considers them the finest.

In appearance, the work of the Freshman Advisory Committee is successfully completed. Practically all freshmen have now been visited by members of the committee, and reports on conditions have been turned in to the chairman. But, in another sense, the work has just begun. Although the routine work is now finished, many opportunities for service still lie ahead. One of the dearest objects of the committee is to establish friendly relations between freshmen and their advisors. The relation must not be snapped off after a ten-minutes' chat; it must be

**Freshman
Advisory
Committee**

kept open. To assume that an upperclassman can keep up friendly personal relations with twenty freshmen would be absurd. Our point is that the freshmen, if they catch the true spirit of the committee work, ought to feel free to go to their advisors at any time in case of one of the thousand and one difficulties' arising which beset the student in his first year. There they will find cordial welcome and conscientious help or advice. The committeemen will feel grateful to them for coming in that by so doing they will be making the work of the committee more valuable to the university.

The paucity of intellectual curiosity among Cornell undergraduates was manifested again at the performance of the Pormanteau Theater recently in Bailey Hall.

Portmanteau Players A mere handful of students attended this performance, which should have filled Bailey Hall as full as any concert. Here is a new movement in drama which is likely to revolutionize dramatic art and to increase enormously its popularity. It is a movement which arouses lively curiosity wherever it goes, and packs large halls all over the country. Only at an institute of learning such as Cornell is it looked upon as rather "highbrow." Verily, as Professor Burr has said, "For sheer, stupid, dyed-in-the-wool conservatism, cheerily certain that we are the people and that knowledge shall die with us and hating everything new because it is

new, commend me to the undergraduate."

Talcott Williams, head of the Columbia School of Journalism, believes in the ability of college men to turn out literary work of the first quality. "The reason" **Writing in College** he says, "that college men are usually amateurs in the field of literature is the fact that they regard themselves as amateurs." Most of the men in the Columbia School of Journalism write more or less regularly for magazines and have their work accepted. Nor does Mr. Williams consider that they are as a group very exceptional in literary ability. If those with literary tendencies took this sort of work more seriously, more and better work at Cornell would be done in this, one of the noblest lines of human endeavor.

The business men of Ithaca want fair competition in business methods. This they cannot get while members of fraternity houses extend to traveling salesmen of large **Let's Be Fair** clothing establishments rights of display which they deny to merchants in town. It is foolish to say that the town merchants could do the same things if they wanted to; the fraternity houses would soon be crowded with salesmen. It is not fair to extend to out-of-town merchants privileges which we refuse, for all practical purposes, to those in Ithaca.

Cornell vs. Pennsylvania

By GEORGE DALEY

(HERBERT)

Sporting Editor New York World

Football has a peculiar charm apart from the rush of the game, the joy of conflict. This charm lies in its uncertainty.

After seeing Pennsylvania defeat Penn State in a clean-cut game on October 21 and one week later seeing Cornell play loose, ragged football in going down to a disappointing defeat at the hands of Harvard, only one conclusion could be drawn as to that game in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day—a game to which Cornell and Pennsylvania look with a single purpose.

That conclusion had less to do with the result of the battle than with the feeling that Cornell must travel far to repeat the victories of the last three years.

Cornell has travelled far, however, since October 28 and such is my faith in Dr. Sharpe and his methods, and such is my faith in the power and resourcefulness of the Cornell team backed by the skill of Fritz Shiverick, that I feel no hesitancy in predicting one of the best games of the year and a football struggle worth going far to see.

On a line through Michigan, Cornell and Pennsylvania are not far apart. In late October they looked as many miles apart as Ithaca and Philadelphia.

Thus is faith in Dr. Sharpe and his eleven vindicated, and thus is



George Daley watching the Varsity practice a few days before the Harvard Game.

Charles Barrett, '16, on his right

added faith given to make the prediction that Cornell will beat Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day, but only after a struggle which will go down in football history.

Needless to say, Pennsylvania under the able coaching and direction of Bob Folwell is better equipped than at any time since 1912 to go back to that habit which caused so much distress in Ithaca year after year. The team is strong and well balanced. It is built of seasoned timber.

Howard Berry at his best has no

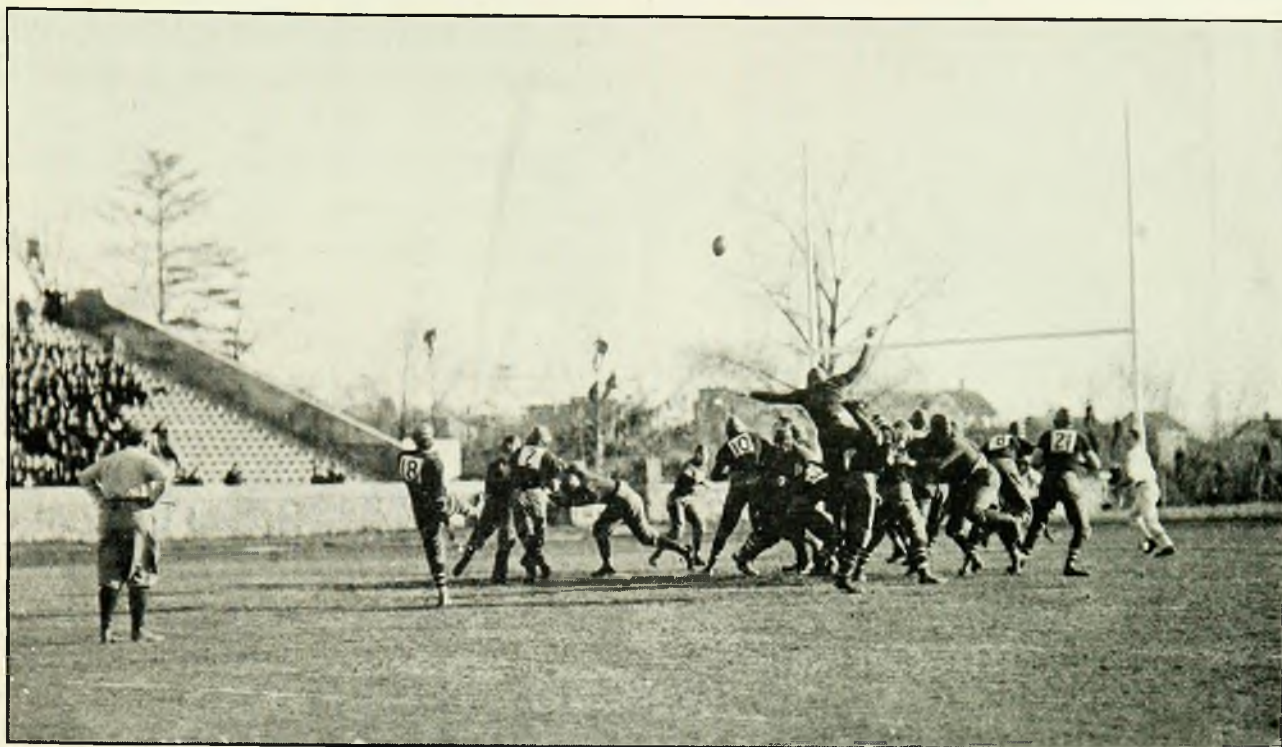


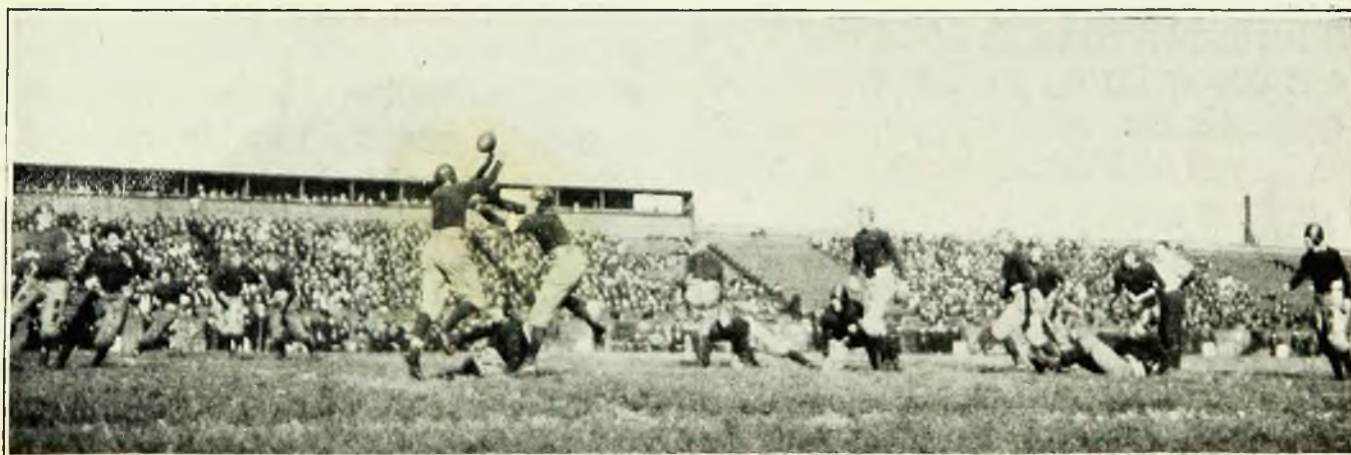
Photo by Troy

Shiverick kicking the winning goal in the Michigan Game

equal in my opinion as a running back. He was truly brilliant against Penn State; he was rushed to the rescue and literally saved his team single-handed from defeat by Dartmouth. He can punt; he can pass; he can plunge; he can slip through a broken field; he can tackle; he can block. In truth, he does everything well. If there is any rock on which Cornell will split, Howard Berry is that rock.

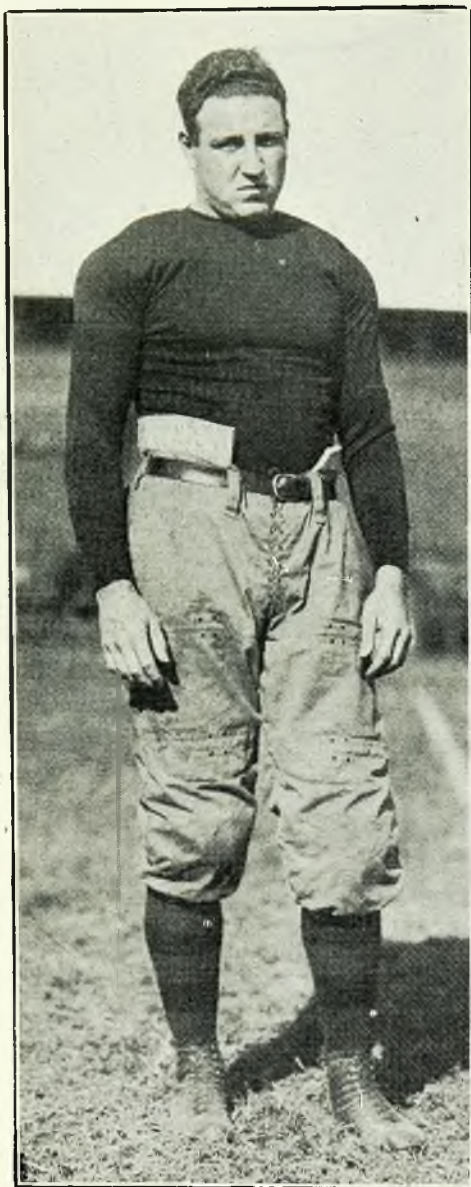
But this is not all. Pennsylvania has one of the greatest ends of the year in Miller and a running mate in Urquehart, who while light makes every pound count. Mathews is a tackle who compares with the best, Henning is a powerful and dependable guard, while Wray at centre impresses me as one of the best centres of the year.

Turning to the backfield, the Quakers have in Derr just about the best



Courtesy The Red and Blue

A West Virginia man intercepting a forward pass in the game against Pennsylvania



Courtesy The Red and Blue

Capt. Mathews of Penn.

defensive halfback playing football. Cornell men remember him from a year ago. Williams also is a good all-around man while Light and Bryant are quite up to the average as quarterbacks, although in no sense the equal of Fritz Shiverick on what has been seen.

All this gives some idea why Cornell must rise to great heights to make the football season a success in the eyes of Cornell men.

Turning to the other side, I have no hesitancy in suggesting that Cornell

does not suffer in comparison with Pennsylvania so far as individuals go.

Eckley and Ryerson, if the latter gets the call over Zander, may be slightly outplayed by Miller and Urquehart. The brilliant Shelton is missed. From tackle to tackle, however, the young giants who have been growing in power and football skill since the Harvard game look better individually and collectively than their Quaker opponents with the possible exception of Carry or Brown at centre, neither of whom compares with Gib Cool who did so much by his play and by his spirit to weld the Cornell line a year ago.

In the backfield, Fritz Shiverick should hold his own with Howard Berry in all-around usefulness, and should outclass any man Pennsylvania has in punting and drop-kicking.

It is given to few men to drop-kick three goals in one game in three attempts as Shiverick did against Michigan. It is given to few punters to average close to sixty yards as Shiverick did in the Michigan game. If this youthful wonder plays to this standard against Pennsylvania the game may well hinge on the drive behind his leg.

Captain Mueller, Hoffman, Speed, Haucke, Benedict, Van Horn, and Bretz are capable backs and from these men three can be picked to lend Shiverick the necessary help in the backfield.

Much of course depends on the final polish, but again comes my unbounded faith in Dr. Sharpe, Dan Reed, and Ray Van Orman, who

have done so much in the last three years to help Cornell find a place in the football sun.

And just a word in closing of these three men and their methods which it was my privilege to observe and study so intimately in my visit to Ithaca just before the Harvard game. Their influence is for good; their methods on the whole sound and reasonable.

At none of the many football camps visited was I more impressed than I was with the discipline Dr. Sharpe commands and the control he exercises.

He makes of football something more than a game to be won; he makes of the practice something more than a grind and a drive. Cornell is fortunate in its coaches.



CORNELL'S COACHING STAFF

"Dan" Reed, line coach; "Ray" Van Orman, end coach; "Al" Sharpe, head coach

The Responsibilities of Neutrals

A Letter from H. W. VAN LOON

EDITORS' NOTE—The following letter from Dr. van Loon is in answer to a request from the ERA that he write upon some phase of the war situation.

Cornell University,
Ithaca, N. Y.

My dear—

I thank you for your very kind invitation. I am sorry but I can not accept it. It will do no good to ask me for next week or the week after next or next year. As long as the war lasts I shall not talk about it in public. After this abrupt ultimatum you are entitled to an explanation and I shall try and give you my precise reason for this abrupt decision.

You probably know how little I am interested in the prevailing form of nationalistic patriotism. Patriotic flag-waving and rhetorical assumption of a divine mission for any race, creed or form of servitude, fills me with the same physical invitation caused by all other unnecessary noises. It may be of some benefit to the man who sells the flag or the noble orator who is connected with a Lyceum Bureau. Personally however, I prefer the quiet far above Cayuga's waters.

At the same time I do not for a moment deny the existence of a perfectly natural affection for the scenes of your earliest childhood. That however is a matter of habit required during an impressionable age. It has nothing to do with sublime inspiration.

My friend Andrews likes his pancakes for breakfast. I want mine

for dinner. Such a difference in taste is frequently used to explain the superiority of one race over another. As a matter of fact it was caused by our first five years of conscious pancake eating.

Therefore, as you will at once understand I shall omit all references to this particular kind of patriotism. And in order that I may make my point quite clear allow me to tell you a few of my earliest recollections.

I was born in the same city (almost in the same street) as Erasmus, the ablest of the early defenders of the idea of tolerance. Fortunately I escaped all contact with that special form of Calvinism, which in our country as elsewhere has fought tooth and claw (nails being too merciful) to retain that which it had once possessed. All my early teaching came from a sect known in Holland as the Remonstrants—tolerant people who have not been without honor in the history of our land. One of my most vivid childhood recollections is that of an uncle of my father. I recall him mostly as a voice. That voice however had preached a cheerful and tolerant christianity many years before such a thing was considered to be possible.

When I went to school it was in a sleepy little town near which the contemplative cows grazed in the pastures of the cloister of Stein, the

school of my old friend Erasmus. Before I was twelve years old I knew the History of our Republic by heart. The black holes in the wall of the little crooked staircase in Delft, where William the Silent had been murdered by one of King Philip's gunmen filled me with an everlasting hatred of all political and religious intolerance. During my earliest childhood I played with children whose names were French or German or English—children whose ancestors had fled to Holland when their own country had driven out the Huguenot, the Puritan and the Moravian.

Since then I have lived in many lands and I have seen many strange sights. Often enough it seems as if my childhood had been spent a thousand years ago and upon some different planet. And yet, this original environment had created a certain definite point of view which all subsequent impressions have not been able to destroy or to weaken. After twenty years abroad I still prefer to have my pancakes with dinner.

Now let me tell you how this has affected my attitude towards the present war. Often, you will hear it said that the small nations of Europe seem to dislike all their neighbors, with an equal lack of cordiality. That is not true. We distrust their foreign policy because we have good reason to do so. Personally however we get along very well. Considering the many evils which we have suffered at their hands during the last four generations our relations might be called surprisingly cordial. But in our

dealing with our big neighbors we obey the commands of our own special Monroe doctrine. It reads as follows: "Their ways are not our ways. Whatever the cost keep out of all entanglements."

You know the advice of the experienced financial writers to the small investors who intend to enter Wall street;

"don't do it."

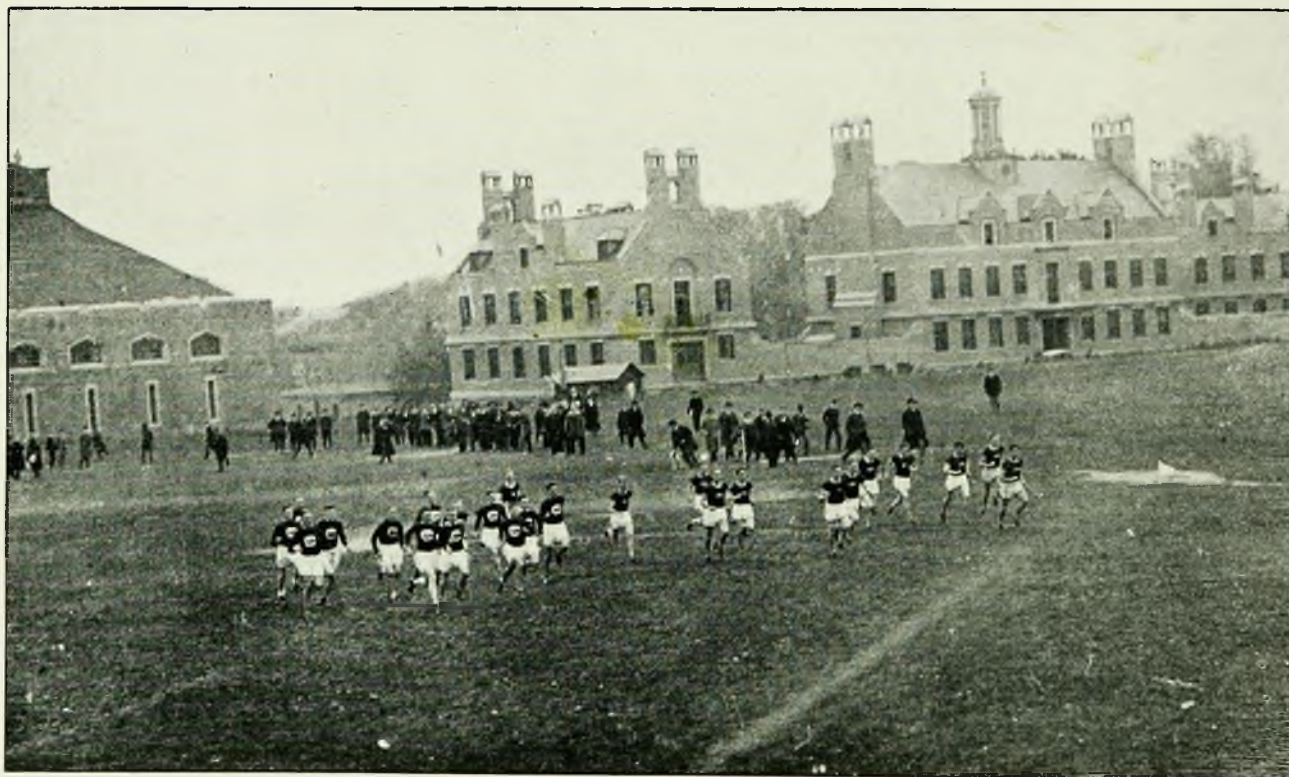
In European affairs we are the small investors. If we wish to survive we must leave the big gamblers alone. Economic strife for colonial spoils—military struggles for imperial dominion are dreams which may have troubled our peaceful development many centuries ago but which we have completely forgotten in the year 1916. Hence, unless we are deliberately forced into this struggle through too flagrant a violation of our rights, we shall keep out of it and make ready for the difficult days which are to follow the conclusion of peace.

I now come to the point which I want to make clear to you in connection with my refusal to speak upon the war. In a struggle like the present one no intelligent person can sit by and refrain from having certain emotions. The great question is to decide in what fashion our feelings (which we can not turn into deeds of participation) may take shape and be of some ultimate benefit to ourselves and to the world around us. To indulge in unbridled hate of one side or the other will do little good. The expression of an equally unreasoning affection for either of the bel-

Cross-Country Runs on November 4th



The Start of the Interscholastic Cross-Country Race. Lafayette High School of Buffalo was the Winner



The Harvard-Cornell Dual Race. Cornell was the Winner by 34 to 75

The Best Laid Plans

By R. A. B. GOODMAN, '16

A Farce in One Act

Dramatis Personae.

Tom.

Harry.

Marian.

Scene—Tom's apartments. Well furnished sitting room. Fire in grate. Sideboard at left, upon which stands a decanter of wine.

Tom—This confidante business is a bad idea.

Harry—Yes, I know, but I always feel it's best to tell someone about your affairs when you're downhearted,—someone you can trust.

Tom—But hang it, I'm not downhearted,—not yet.

Harry—But I can see you're troubled or disconcerted about something. Come now. It's about your uncle I suppose.

Tom—Well, perhaps it is.

Harry—Do you know, I've been trying to make out your attitude for the last two weeks. Of all the puzzles I ever met this is the worst.

Tom—What puzzle?

Harry—Here you've been for ten years living in deadly fear of losing your uncle's money, and now he's gone and married a young woman.

Tom—Well, what of it?

Harry—Of course he'll have a family—three or four fine boys to inherit all the money and leave you without a cent. And yet you returned from the wedding in the best of spirits. Why I came over here that night prepared to sympathize with you, yes,

even to smooth your fevered brow, and you greeted me hilariously and actually entertained me with an account of your uncle's happiness and all that rot. I thought you were crazy and humored you as I would a lunatic.

Tom—Yes, I could see you were rather surprised. (Laughs.)

Harry—Hum. Things seem to have changed a little since then.

(Tom walks up and down the room. Looks several times at Harry who sits motionless before the fire. Tom walks over to the sideboard and pours out a drink.)

Tom—Have a drink?

Harry—No thanks.

Tom (drinking wine)—Well, I suppose you're going to stick around here until you've found me out, just as you always do?

Harry—Well, I've never abused your confidence, have I?

Tom—No, of course you haven't, old fellow, but this thing is different. Why, Harry, I'm a regular villain, a downright plotter. I hesitate to divulge, even to you, the desperate scheme I've entered upon.

Harry—Good heavens man, you talk like a dime novel.

Tom—That's just the way I feel,—as if I'd been snipped from the pages of a dog-eared thriller.

Harry—What *have* you done?

Tom (flops into a chair)—Well, I'll tell you. This existence of mine

got on my nerves, living in momentary fear that my susceptible uncle would succumb to the charms of one of his numerous female friends. I determined to put an end to it. So I bribed the woman who is now his wife.

Harry—Bribed her? What on earth do you mean?

Tom—Yes, I bribed her. I paid her money, all I had, to fish for my uncle. She hooked him as I thought she would, and then I got in my dirty work.

Harry—What next?

Tom—I faked the marriage.

Harry—Well, I'm damned!

Tom—I hired a phony preacher to do the wedding service, faked the whole thing in fact. Even the marriage license was forged.

Harry—Then they're not married at all?

Tom—Of course not.

Harry—What's to come of all this scheming?

Tom—Well, the girl agreed to act like a perfect shrew soon after the marriage, thus disgusting my uncle with matrimony. He comes to me with his complaints, and I offer, in return for substantial promises, to get him out of the fix. Then I prove the false marriage, they separate, I claim the reward, and we all live happily ever after.

Harry—Sounds like an old English comedy. I suppose something's gone wrong, judging by your present state of mind.

Tom—Yes, confound it. Everything's wrong. They seem to be the happiest couple alive. The old fool is wildly in love with her, and blast

me if I don't think she's getting crazy about him. But that would be too much!

Harry—Perhaps she's only putting off the row for a time, to make it seem all the worse when it comes.

Tom—That's my only hope. (Gets another drink.)

(Knocking on the door is heard.)

Tom—Come in.

(Marian opens the door and walks slowly in.)

Tom—Marian! What brings you here?

Marian—I simply had to see you, Tom. (Looks at Harry.)

Tom—May I present Mr. Lowe—Mrs. Blair.

Marian—“Howdyoudo?”

Harry—Charmed, I'm sure.

Tom—Well, you wish to report your progress, I presume.

Marian—Y-yes—well, not exactly. I'm in great difficulty, Tom. (She looks doubtfully at Harry.)

Tom—Oh don't mind Harry. He knows everything. We've just been talking about it.

Harry—I'll go if you'd rather.

Tom—No, stay, old chap, now that you know the situation. I may need your advice. (To Marian) Well?

Marian (desperately)—Tom, I want you to release me from my agreement.

Tom (sinks into a chair and groans)—Oh Lord! I might have known. (Jumps up and speaks sharply.) It's impossible. I'll be ruined. Why in the name of heaven can't you carry out such a simple plan?

Marian—Because I can't bear to

break your uncle's heart—and my own, too. That's why.

Tom—Surely you're not in love with him?

Marian—I don't know. No, it's not love exactly. But I've never been so happy in my life. At least I would be happy if this fiendish scheme weren't hanging over my head.

Tom—Who ever would have suspected this? An adventuress, like you, settled down and content to be an old man's darling.

Marian—He's not an old man at all. He's only fifty, and he acts thirty.

Tom—Well, I never thought you'd be so easily tamed.

Marian—It's the contrast, don't you see? You picked me out for this scheme, I suppose, just because I *have* been living by my wits, a social hanger-on. Well, I got sick of it. The strain's too great. Now I've got a home, someone to look after, some real interest in life, something more than just a struggle for existence. I can't go back now. (She begins to sob.)

Tom (sighs and looks at Harry)—This is awful. (Both men shake their heads and look miserable.)

Marian (straightens up and dries her eyes)—I didn't mean to make such a scene. I'm sorry, Tom. You must think me a perfect fool, both of you.

Tom—I must say, you're quite a surprise, Marian.

Marian—Well, I must go. I suppose it's hopeless. I'm absolutely in your power. (She gets up.)

Tom—It's pretty tough on me to let

you out, Marian. I don't know what to do. Heaven knows I'm not an utter villain. I've gone pretty far, but I can't spoil the happiness of two people.

Marian (eagerly)—Then you will give up the plan? And you'll never say a word about the false marriage?

Tom (cautiously)—Give me a little time, my dear. Harry and I will talk things over and let you know. Now you must go. (They walk to the door. She takes Tom's hand and kisses it, says good-bye to the two men, and walks out.)

Harry—Your well laid plans seem to have gone astray.

Tom—What an awful muddle. (He sits down and leans his head on his hands.)

Harry (walks over to him and puts his hand on his shoulder)—Tom, old boy, why don't you let her off, and straighten up? Here you've been living on a wealthy relative for ten years, trying to write stories. Why don't you call it off and look for a job?

Tom—Oh, I can't work. I'm no business man like you. I'd never be anything more than a clerk, and I couldn't stand that.

Harry—Have you ever had one of your stories accepted?

Tom—Nope. (Hopefully.) But I sent one out last week and it hasn't come back yet.

Harry (shakes his head sadly)—There's no reason why you shouldn't be as good a man as anyone. I hate to see you wasting your life this way.

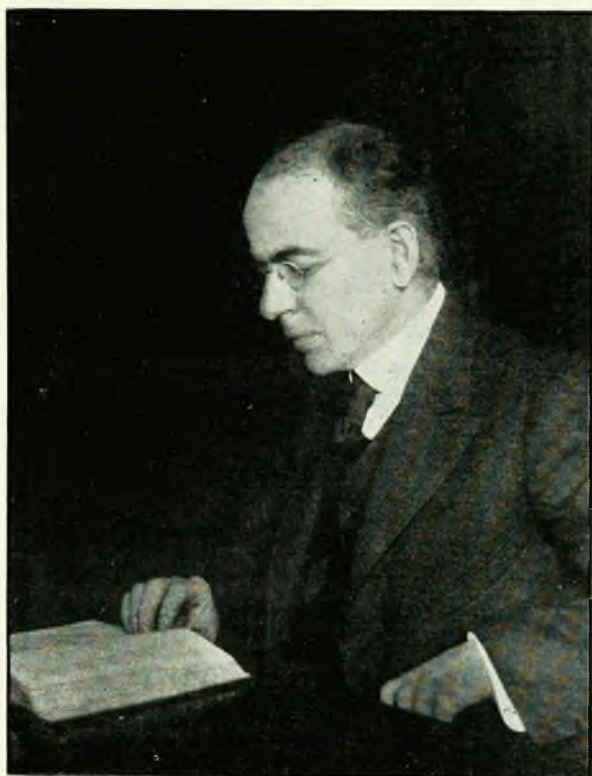
Tom (gets up)—Oh cut that stuff, Harry. Don't begin all that reform

(Continued on page 239)

Professor Frank Thilly

Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences

Professor Thilly is a native of southern Ohio. He took his A. B. Degree at the University of Cincinnati and then went abroad to pursue



philosophical studies at Berlin and Heidelberg. He taught philosophy for a year at Missouri, and later at Princeton for two years he taught psychology. In 1906 he came to Cornell to take a chair in philosophy and ethics, subjects which he has been teaching here since that time. Professor Thilly is also known as an author of two excellent books within his fields, and as a translator from the German, of works by Paulsen and Weber. He is at present dean of the College of Arts and Sciences.

Professor Thilly is one of the finest men of the Cornell Faculty. He has a broad-minded understanding of the student's point-of-view, without allowing it ever to pervert his own keen appreciation of values. He is of the sort of men who give the real, inestimable value to university life, men whose relation to undergraduates is not that of narrow specialist or simple task-master, but of inspired and inspiring leadership.

It is this breadth and willingness to accept the student's point-of-view which has made Professor Thilly almost as successful in the administrative work of the dean's office as he is in his chosen profession. There are few harder or more self-sacrificing tasks than that of the deanship; it means taking on one's shoulders not only a mass of routine office-work but also a heavy load of vicarious troubles, the difficulties of all the students of the college. To succeed as Professor Thilly has done in this work as well as in teaching and writing is a splendid testimonial to his "bigness" of character. Undergraduates are sometimes prone to wonder what there is in the teaching profession to attract men of real power. To such a query there is no more conclusive answer than a man like Professor Thilly.

At the Front with the French Army

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is a letter written by Sidney A. Cook to a few of his friends at Cornell. After graduating from Yale he spent last year here at Cornell and is now working for the American Red Cross in France.

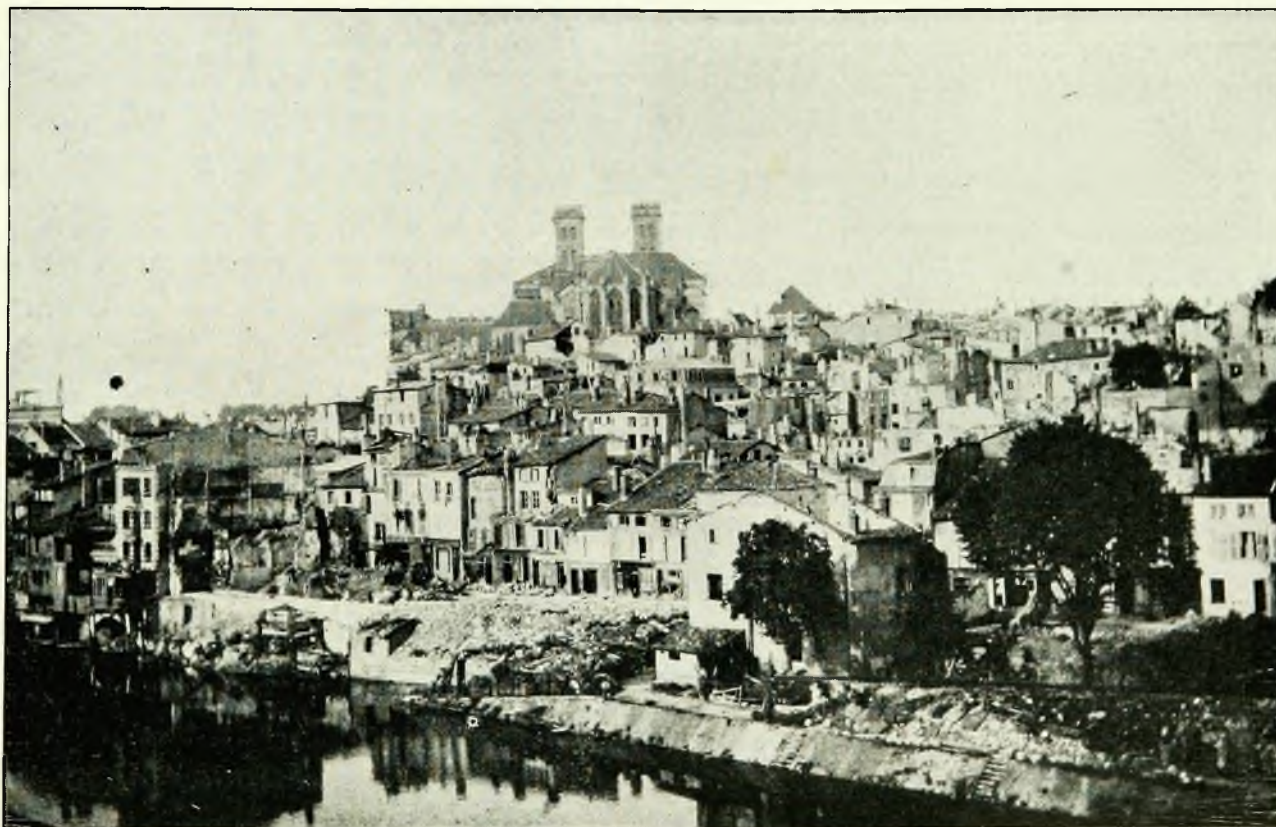
Dear—

Well, I sailed September 2, after buying all the permits, passes and red seals issued by the Bureau of Printing and Engraving in Washington. We took ten days to cross, and were convoyed in by French destroyers.

After three days of headlong rush in Paris I had my papers and uniform. The next day at 8 A. M. I started in my ambulance in convoy (single file at 50 yard intervals) with five other cars, and with a Lieutenant to guide us. We got to the Front within six miles of the trenches that night, after averaging thirty miles an

hour—*some* trip. We left our fellow, Kelly, at Section 4 where we had supper in their dining room. The room consisted of a canvas awning spread from the one standing wall in the village to two poles.

Two hours later we reached Section 2's headquarters. It was raining as usual (it rains nearly every day here), and we slept in our ambulances. The next day guns began to roar and shake the earth. There are hundreds of batteries hidden in the hills all about. That night I was taken over the road to one of the Postes de Secours (which are little bomb-proofs where the wounded are



Verdun as seen from a distance

brought after a hasty bandaging in the dressing stations in the 3rd line trenches.) We went through one village, (less than a mile and a half from the German lines), which is bombarded every night. They put three shells in just after we got past a dangerous corner, and the last one struck within fifty yards of us and threw mud all over us. Luckily the mud was very deep or the "Graouch" of the "arrivé," as the shells from the Boches are called, would have filled us with shrapnel splinters instead of mud.

A night or so later, and I had experienced more forms of discomfort and horror than one sees in twenty years of his life.

Imagine living with twenty other fellows huddled two at a time in little huts made of sticks, chicken wire, old blankets and a little tar paper. You are hidden in the woods, where there is no sunshine, to be out of sight of the aeroplanes that try to bomb us every week.

It comes on dark as pitch, cold and pouring rain. You put on two suits of everything you own, a raincoat, steel helmet (to protect you as much as humanely possible from shrapnel), tie your whistle about your neck and hang a canteen of water over one shoulder and a gas-mask in a rubber pouch over the other. It is seven-thirty and you find out which car you take and whether you or the other man is to drive. The driver clutches his whistle between his teeth and peers forward at the semblance of a road, while the orderly leans over the dash or canvas apron ready to caution the driver, or yell

"a droite" to some stupid teamster. Two miles away at a little village we report, and the telephone tinkles. "Tout le monde à numero—toute de suite." We salute with a "Bon soir, messieurs" and grope our way out to our cars. Then Hell begins. You can see only ten feet beyond the radiator cap. Up the sea of mud and water toward the trenches goes an endless stream of ravitailment carts, machine-gun mules, artillery caissons, three-inch guns and marching troops. Not a light on the whole length of ten miles of hills, ruined villages, S-turns and shell holes. You climb the first long hill, and from the plateau beyond you see the "staing pisees" falling in huge arcs. All along to your right, on the average six miles away are more pisees, flashes of yellow meaning musketry fire, spurts of white and a continuous roar meaning machine guns, red crates of fire meaning bursting shrapnel. Deep booms shake the earth, sharp crashes fill in the gaps of the 75's fire, and to the right, left and in front in the trenches the same thing goes on.

We go down a treacherous hell. It is choked with caissons. One wagon with trench bombs has fallen over a twenty foot bank. We wait, whistling occasionally to indicate we are ambulances and in a hurry. At last we are clear and go as fast as we dare. Then through the ruins of a shelled village. The desolation and ghastliness of such a scene by pisee light is appalling. On the next plateau we rush on where the pisees glare, and growl along on low when they die and leave us in pitch blackness. Suddenly a red rocket goes up



A ruin of a City Hall in the small village of Somville, looking almost like a Greek ruin

from the trenches—one-two-three. Then everything goes off at once. Literally hundreds of batteries crash together. The 75s fire twenty shots a minute—the 85s and 110s and 130s ten a piece. A battery fifty yards to our left scares us nearly to death by blowing powder in our faces as we go by. Meanwhile the scream, wail, moan and whistle of the shells never ceases. Crash-waow-oo-oo-oo (like a distant train going across a trestle or a deep pitcher being filled with water,)—crash! It has landed.

Meanwhile we crawl on in low. The “départs” from the French guns bang, and the “arrivés” from the Boches land a half a mile to the left, five hundred yards to the right, or a huge shell whirrs like a bird with huge wings way over our heads and lands with a smash miles *behind* us. We are exposed to shell fire the whole ten miles—they are not for us but are looking for the batteries.

Pretty soon shell holes appear in the road and on the sides. The fields look like foundations of old houses with the cellars still there and full of water. The “arrivés” sound closer,

and the red flash and whine of the splinters seem all too near. We instinctively duck our heads as they land nearby.

We approach a sharp turn where eight French ambulances were smashed by shells a few weeks ago. The tangled wreckage is still there. A shell lands a hundred yards ahead. Hell! will those wagons *never* get a move on? They can't. One wagon is hit, the driver and one horse is killed. The six-horse team behind it has gone mad and they plunge up the bank and over goes the wagon. The crowd melts away—taking the road to the left. We go on past the horses down and fighting in the harness.

Straight down the long slope toward the trenches. Five deep shell holes in a bunch swamp us, and the orderly gets out to push—swearing as the shells land nearby. We are through and tear on, springs or no springs.

A black shadow jumps into the road—it is a brancardier—we are at the Poste. We turn the car around and run for the bomb-proof, twenty-feet underground in the side of the hill.

(Continued on page 251)



What a German shell did to a French 75

Mischa Elman

"I was only five years old," said Mischa Elman, on his recent visit to Ithaca, "when I began to study the violin. We were very poor and could not afford the piano. My grandfather was a violinist. A gentleman



once asked me how I happened to take up the violin. I replied that the piano was too heavy for me. I suppose that is what you call over here an English joke."

Mischa Elman is a Russian. He was educated in St. Petersburg under Leopold Auer. He made his first public appearance in Berlin when only twelve years old at the opening concert of the Deutscher Liedertafel, which is the most important musical society of that city. Mischa Elman told the ERA some very interesting

things in connection with this first public appearance.

"I always seem to have an accident of some kind," he said thoughtfully, "just before every important event in my life. On my first public appearance in Berlin, which was to a large extent the turning point in my career, I had a very narrow escape from death. In Russia we don't know anything about gas-light. The night before I was to play, when I went to bed, I foolishly blew out the gas. The next morning they found me unconscious. It was a very great exertion for me to play that night. I put my whole soul into my work so to speak. Probably if I had not appeared that night I would never have achieved my present rank in the musical world. It was a close call."

Elman is one of the few great violinists whose technical power is always under such superb control that the listener is not constantly aware of it. No violinist in the world possesses a greater mastery of the instrument, and by the same token, no violinist is able to produce the same golden tones, nor does any artist play more seriously and musically.

In speaking about his records on the phonograph, Mr. Elman said, "the 'Humoresque' work is very popular. Most people know it by the record. One time after playing this selection a man jumped up and said to me, 'That's just like the record.' So now I have to keep my reputation up to my records."

F. T. S., '19.

Report of a Committee of the University Faculty on the Subject of Examinations

EDITORS' NOTE—Allowing the publication in an undergraduate magazine of a report made by a faculty committee to the university faculty is a new and somewhat radical step. The editors are pleased to have this opportunity extended to them, and feel sure that the report, treating as it does of cheating in examinations, will be of interest to every undergraduate.

Your committee appointed to consider "the entire question of the methods of holding examinations and the punishment for fraud in examination" has the honor to submit the following report:

The main problem with which we have dealt, that of the existence of cheating in examinations, is one which apparently admits of no easy or prompt solution. The suggestions, which, after prolonged discussion, the committee feels warranted in offering, are in part matters of administrative detail, and in part expressions of its belief in the likelihood of a gradual improvement in conditions. The amount of cheating in the university, it should be noted, however, is, in the opinion of the committee, over-estimated by many members of the faculty. The great body of our students is wholly worthy of trust.

Nevertheless, there have been many cases of cheating, resulting in the conviction of the offender, which have been dealt with by the proper committee; and there are constant charges made regarding the prevalence of fraud in examination, charges more or less official concerning the colleges using the "honor system," and charges more or less unofficial concerning the remaining colleges. The committee has made use of the tentative results of the uncompleted investigation of the College of Agriculture, represented by the answers to a questionnaire, and of informal reports from representatives of all the colleges, from the Committee on Student Affairs, and from a number of graduate and undergraduate students. This mass of material, despite certain sharply marked differences of opinion on special points, indicates, as might be expected, a general agreement on fundamental principles, and this agreement has made it easier for the committee to reach its conclusions.

By decision of the University Faculty each college is empowered to conduct its examinations as it deems wise, but by action of the University Faculty and the Trustees all power to impose punishment is vested in the Committee on Student Affairs. The power to impose punishment manifestly carries with it the right and the duty of holding trial in all cases involving discipline. Whatever right a college, or an individual member of the teaching staff, has to impose a penalty for discipline is only such right as may be delegated by the Committee authoritatively charged with the administration of discipline. It is necessary to keep this point in mind, inasmuch as some of the objections to the conduct of examinations and the punishment of fraud have arisen because of misunderstanding regarding the distribution of authority just stated.

In respect of the conduct of examinations, the colleges fall into three groups,—first, those holding to the old arrangement of examinations under the supervision of an officer of instruction, present during the whole examination; second, those employing an "honor system," which provides for examinations without the presence of an instructor, and with specified methods whereby the students may report to a student committee unfair practices and thus secure action regarding the offender; and third, one college,

which, without an organized "honor system," nevertheless leaves it to the students themselves to prevent fraud.

The practice in the College of Law, just referred to, is simple and apparently effective. After setting the questions, the instructor returns to his office, where during the course of the examination he is freely accessible to any student who wishes to consult him regarding the interpretation of a question; the students are not bound to stay in the classroom, but may leave and return at will; communication on matters not involving the examination is permitted; and cheating is prevented by the concerted objection of the students to unfair methods. If the examiners should detect cheating by the evidence of the written examination book, they would report it directly to the Committee on Student Affairs for appropriate action. Your committee believes that the faculty and students of the College of Law have happily solved their own problem, and only regrets that the efficient working of the plan seems to depend so much upon the solidarity of a comparatively small group of students pursuing a uniform curriculum, that no recommendation for the adoption of the plan, at least at present, can be made to the larger colleges.

The College of Civil Engineering and the College of Agriculture make use of what is known as an "honor system," with approximately the same provisions in the two colleges. It is less a system than a plan that during an examination the students shall be free from supervision by an instructor, and that in return the students themselves shall suppress cheating when they see it going on. The arrangement in the College of Agriculture is that the student witnessing the cheating shall report the offender to the student honor committee. The College of Civil Engineering has abandoned this method and adopted another: when cheating occurs, whoever observes it rises in his place and declares, "I see cheating," without naming the offender. Repetition of the offense makes the offender subject to call before the student honor committee.

This plan in use in the two colleges does not give entire satisfaction, and the faculty opinions in both colleges range from a desire to continue the plan as it stands to abolishing it altogether. Many instructors are in favor of continuing the plan providing it can be improved. The difficulties appear to be these: cheating is obviously not completely suppressed; students are loath to inform upon a fellow student; opportunities to bring "cribs" into use are greatly increased, and only that form of cheating which consists in getting information from a fellow student is possible of detection. On the other hand, it is urged by advocates of the plan that while cheating is not suppressed it is greatly diminished, and the further statement is sometimes made that less cheating exists than in colleges not using the plan. But opponents declare that more cheating goes on in these colleges than in the other colleges. Neither of the two latter statements, when investigated, appears possible of verification. If it be true that there is less cheating in these two colleges than there was before the plan was employed, it is not demonstrable that the improvement is due solely to the plan. As to comparative standards of the students of the several colleges, there is apparently no way of arriving at certain conclusions. Much, indeed, of the evidence in the possession of the committee is obviously based upon necessarily limited observation.

A further difficulty that has arisen, but that has in large measure been

overcome, is the fact that at the outset, the student honor committees, acting under a mistaken notion of their prerogatives, a mistake doubtless proceeding from a similar misunderstanding on the part of the faculties authorizing the plan, have assumed that they had the power to impose penalties as well as to hold preliminary trials of students charged with cheating. All disciplinary authority being vested in the Student Affairs Committee, it is obvious that no student committee can exercise this power. An official ruling of the President, of 8 March, 1907, affirms that the taking over by the several faculties of the conduct of examinations, does not impair the right of the Student Affairs Committee to deal with all cases of discipline. This committee may delegate, and has delegated, to the student honor committees the power to hold preliminary trials, but it reserves, as it should, the final decision to itself. Now that this point has been made clear to the student committees, they have not sought to impose penalties, but have confined themselves to recommendations of penalties.

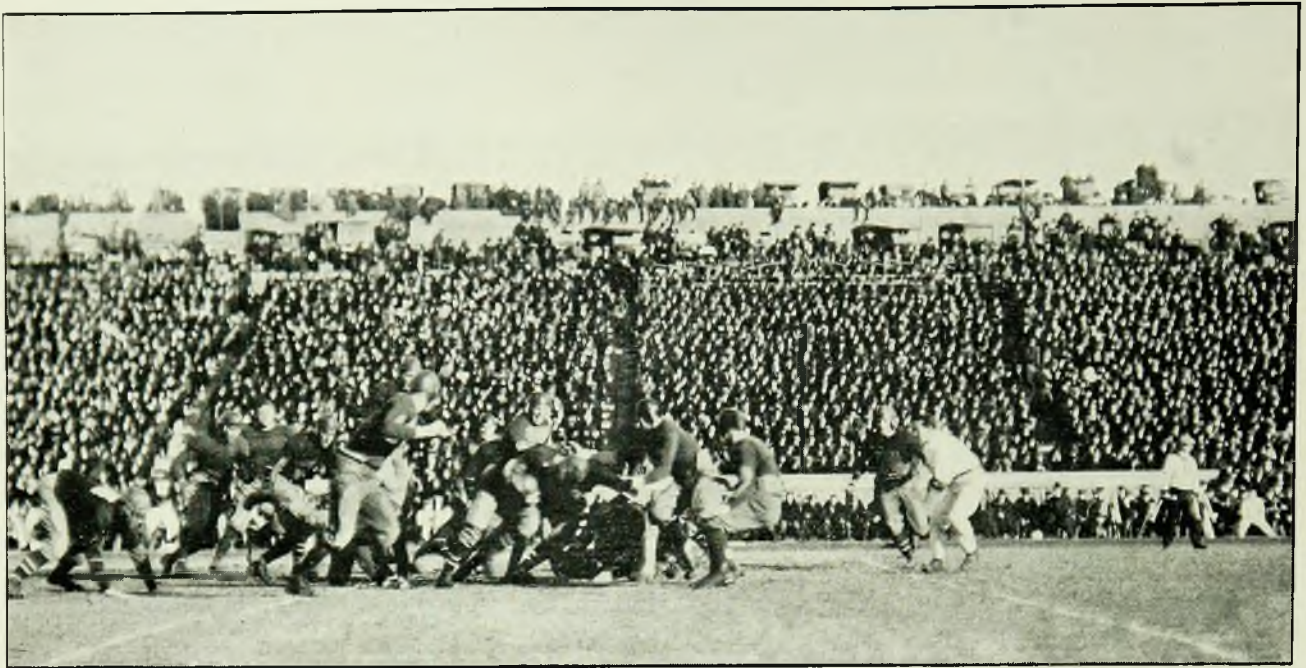
But this understanding does not cover the whole ground. While it is clearly understood that a student has the right to appeal to the Student Affairs Committee from the findings of the student committee, it is not so definitely understood that a student has the right to refuse to submit to the preliminary trial, and may demand to have a direct hearing before the Student Affairs Committee. It is also clear, in opinion of your committee, that any instructor who finds evidence of cheating from his reading of examination books may, if he desires, submit his charge directly to the Student Affairs Committee instead of to the student honor committee. For a student to submit to a trial by his fellows, or for an instructor to offer his evidence to a student court, is a matter of agreement and not of university statute.

Further, it has been the custom of the student honor committees to submit their findings to the Student Affairs Committee only when the student committees were satisfied of the guilt of the student charged; in cases of acquittal, no report has been made. This is manifestly incorrect. The likelihood of error in the preliminary trial is just as great in the one case as in the other, and a review of the findings should be had at the hands of the proper authority. Your committee believes that it would be well to have the informal opinion of the President on this point, given 28 March, 1916, made an official ruling in the Faculty.*

Your committee believes in general that any plan of detecting fraud in examination that wholly depends upon one student's informing upon another is not likely to be effective; and recommends that colleges using or intending to use the plan discussed above should bring their procedure into conformity with standing regulations of the Student Affairs Committee, that the student honor committees should have a representative of the Student Affairs Committee present at the preliminary trials to aid in procuring uniformity of action, and that students should not be required to give initial evidence against one another.

In colleges that do not employ the plan of trusting wholly to the student's honor, there is much diversity in the conduct of examinations, some instructors keeping scrupulous watch over the students, and other in-

*"That, in accordance with the President's ruling of March 8, 1907, regarding the jurisdiction of the Committee on Student Affairs, student honor committees in colleges using an 'honor system' are bound to submit to the Committee on Student Affairs their evidence and findings in cases of acquittal as well as of indictment." This ruling has now been adopted by the University Faculty.



Speed going through the Michigan line

Photo by Troy



Mueller scoring the first touchdown for Cornell in the Michigan game

Photo by Troy



Hoffman, carrying the ball, is shown just before he was tackled at the end of his 45 yard run in the first period



The football training table in the Home Economics Building

structors all but ignoring them. Lack of acquaintance with college rules, difference of interpretation regarding the rules, and possible disregard of rules, on the part of the faculty, cause lack of uniformity in enforcement. Cases of cheating are reported directly to the Student Affairs Committee, but by no means all cases. There is doubtless some ignorance of procedure, some negligence, and some unwillingness to appear before a committee unless the proof obtained is absolutely convincing to one whose work lies in a different field.

In some colleges there is little provision for uniform direction of examinations; in others there is careful provision, but no method of enforcement, and what is worse, no method of acquainting instructors with the existing regulations. A new professor who comes here picks up such information as he can, and is fortunate if he gets fairly similar advice from the successive men he questions. He is hardly to blame if he decides to do as he pleases. This procedure he suggests to the man who comes still later. The result is disconcerting to the student who finds himself policed by an over-zealous officer in one examination, and left to his own devices by a happy-go-lucky absentee in another.

The student response to this state of affairs is worthy of note, even though not of admiration. It seems to be considered dishonorable to cheat if placed frankly upon one's honor, and wholly legitimate to cheat if the instructor has the reputation of being "mean" and anxious to spy out offences. And at bottom there is a rude sense in this that makes your committee recommend the relaxing of over-close watchfulness, and the treatment of students as if most of them wanted to do what was right.

For such cheating as exists your committee is of the opinion that no certain, immediate remedy exists. Marked improvements in conditions will occur only when the general opinion of the students, at present one of indifference, is definitely aroused against cheating in all its forms. This new feeling can be created only through hearty cooperation of students and faculty.

The members of faculties may do much, not only by putting the students on their honor rather more than is now the general practice, but by being sedulous to remove the obvious temptations to cheat,—for example, in seating students in alternate seats and if possible in alternate rows, so that looking over another's paper is physically difficult, and in framing questions that, as far as may be, do not admit of answers whose purport may be gathered from a catchword or two; by providing alternate questions in crowded rooms; by making their presence in the examination room a matter of helpfulness and orderliness rather than of detective skill; and finally by availing themselves more frequently of the excellent arrangement sanctioned by the Student Affairs Committee whereby minor cases of discipline, including minor cases of fraud, may be handled directly by the instructor and the result reported, with the student's acceptance, to the committee.

The students, for their part, should have their attention drawn by talks

or conferences to those aspects of the question which they have through thoughtlessness in part ignored,—the satisfaction of doing honest work, the strength that comes of independence, the injustice to the honest student of permitting a dishonest student to gain by fraud what his fellow has gained by hard work. Possibly by having groups of upperclassmen—the honor societies and the like—consider the problem seriously, there may be created a steadily widening condemnation of fraudulent practice, and a strengthening of the undoubted manliness and womanliness of our students.

Regarding the punishment of fraud, it is possible that only a few offenders are suspected, and it is of record that not all of these are convicted. This needs little comment except that perhaps more convictions would result if evidence were prepared more carefully by the instructor. An instructor who appears before the Student Affairs Committee with a strong sense of the defendant's guilt, only to have the evidence rejected as unconvincing, is apparently not eager to bring another case before the committee. Further, it is possible that the committee in question by holding too rigorously to its theory of acting as a court of law, has let slip cases where the moral presumption of guilt was very great. Your committee has no recommendation to make, for the point is a difficult one, and the balance is delicate between the disciplinary committee as a strictly legal tribunal and the committee as standing partly *in loco parentis*. But certainly some students have been acquitted whose protestation of innocence has been so insolent as to warrant the belief that the university would be more habitable without them.

A more important issue arises in the character of the punishment following conviction. Your committee believes that any plan is at fault which prescribes for the first offense a reprimand only. This would be practically a guarantee to a hard-pressed student that he might sin once in comparative safety; and your committee trusts that the Student Affairs Committee will keep such a provision out of the regulations of any future student honor committee. It is also recommended to the Student Affairs Committee that the addition of extra hours to a student's course be considered among the regular penalties for lesser offenses of a fraudulent character.

Your committee's suggestions are obviously general, and may appear vague, but the committee is satisfied that a remedy does not lie in accumulated legislation. To urge that each member of the faculty do his best in his own way, persistently and generously, to develop a fine sense of honor among his students, is the most definite recommendation that the committee has to make.

Respectfully submitted,

F. A. BARNES	H. N. OGDEN
L. M. DENNIS	A. C. PHELPS
H. DIEDERICHS	A. B. RECKNAGEL
P. A. FISH	C. T. STAGG
D. S. KIMBALL	H. H. WING
M. W. SAMPSON, Chairman.	



Portmanteau Theatre

THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN
The seven beggars and the man from the desert

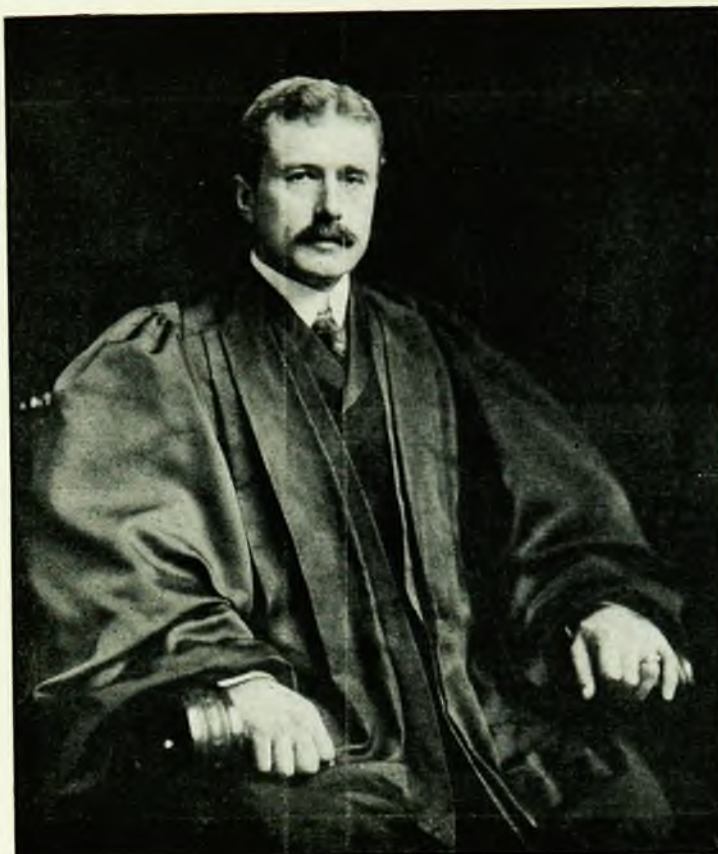


"Nevertheless"
Gregory Kelly as the Boy
Nancy Winston as the Girl



Stuart Walker as Agmar
in "The Gods of the
Mountain"

F. H. Hiscock, '75



Judge Hiscock was recently elected to the highest judicial office in this state, that of Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. He has been on the bench since 1896, serving first as Justice of the Supreme Court and later as Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals. In November, 1915, he was re-elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University.

Although but fifteen years old when he entered Cornell as an undergraduate, Mr. Hiscock's studious mien and conscientious attitude toward life added considerably to his apparent age. He devoted himself to the strictly classical course, one which has since been abolished, and which, even at that time, was attracting only a small fraction of the students. However, in spite of his devotion to Latin and Greek and his keen desire for knowledge, Mr. His-

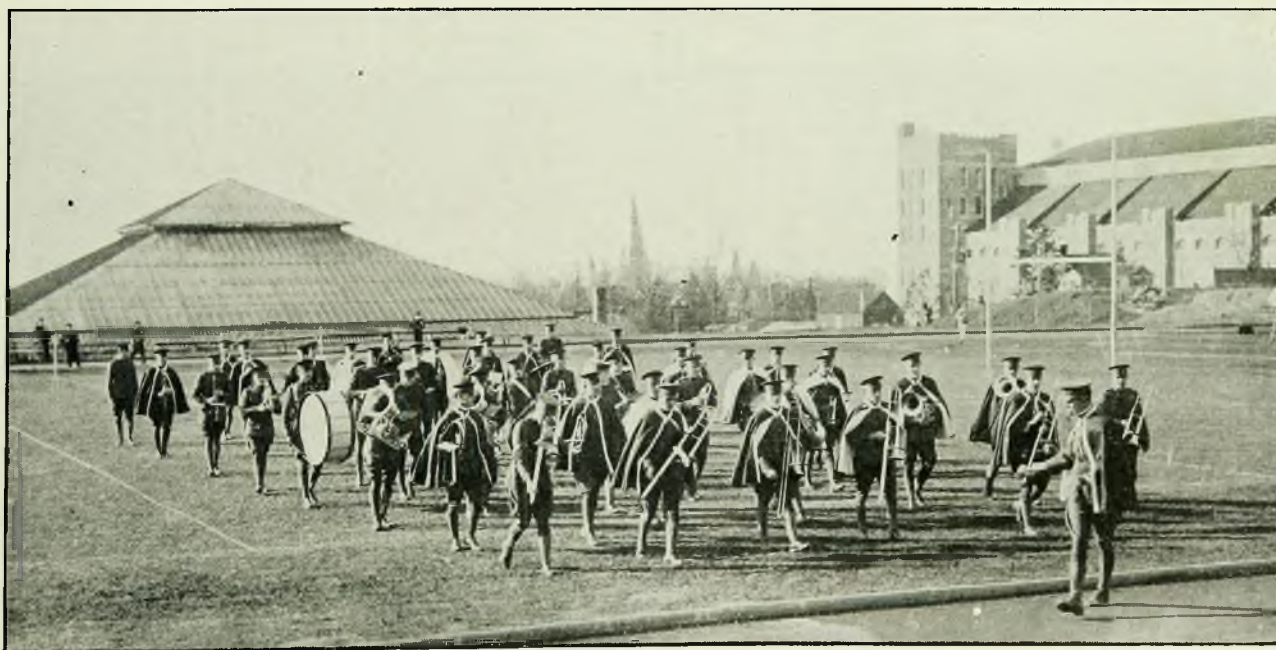
cock's friends found that these major interests had in no way impaired his natural good-nature and geniality.

If we were looking for an illustration of the axiom, that as the undergraduate is, so is the graduate, we could find none better than Judge Hiscock. In Cornell he was painstaking, thoughtful, and deliberate. It is stated that when Judge Hiscock was taking courses under Professor Shackford, his custom was to prepare his speeches in advance, although impromptu speaking was permissible. These same painstaking habits have remained with him in his later life and have stood him in good stead in his work on the bench. Hastily formed opinions and eccentric actions have no place in Judge Hiscock's program of life.

Big Dick

Come on heah, Henry. Give dem bones a roll!
Yo quarter's covered. Shoot em out heah quick!
Yo goin to lose, I say, cause that Big Dick
Is sure to roll. Now see? Ain't I done tole
Yuh all yo life, yuh clumsy hunk o coal,
Yuh'll never ketch on how to turn dis trick?
Gim me dem ivories! Now watch me slick
Em cross de flo' and make em roll.
Why I jest take em ev'ry shot I throw
And pull a seven. Now jest watch this shot.
Jest watch em! Ev'rybody ready? Go!
Yuh rascals! Roll em out dat seven spot!
Hot Dog! A seven! See? I tole yuh so.
Yuh see em? Seven! Hand me dat dere pot.

H. R. O.,-Ex. '18.



Cornell Cadet Band at the Michigan game



One of the first 1920
combinations on the
water



Crawford of Flushing High School
winning the Interscholastic
Cross-Country Run



PLAYING SOCCER UNDER DIFFICULTIES
Harvard won the game on a snow-covered field by the score of 4-2

Cornell Doin's in Rhyme

Ry GEORGE J. HECHT. '17

The penalties will be severe
For cutting 'fore vacation;
The gridiron game once more affords
Our students recreation.
With food stuff prices soaring still,
Meal tickets now are higher;
Because of snow
The crews can't row;
Did you enjoy the fire?

Cross country scores induce a smile
Of keenest satisfaction;
Spaulding and the orchestra
Were this month's best attraction.
On Thursday next we're looking for
A victory hard but glorious;
Our cadet band
Will be on hand
To play "Cornell Victorious."

Our wrestling championship this year
Bids fair to be repeated;
The Big Red Team at Harvard's hands
This season was defeated.
The way that man led Michigan's cheers
Was quite an innovation;
The Red and White
Put up a fight
That caused them consternation.

A straw election was just held
By Cornell's Daily Sun;
At rushing freshmen up the hill
The sophs had lots of fun.
The "Bell" and "Ithaca" telephones
Have decided on a fusion;
I've had "some" time
To make this rhyme
And think up a conclusion.

Dr. White---An Appreciation

By HOMER B. SPRAGUE

EDITORS' NOTE—Mr. Sprague was a classmate of Dr. White at Yale and later in 1868-70 was Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution at Cornell. The following appreciation was written on the occasion of Dr. White's eighty-fourth birthday.

My attention was first attracted to Andrew D. White at Yale in 1850 or '51. He was some years younger than I, but I noted in him what seemed an extraordinary maturity of mind. His chosen associates were some of the best men of his own class and of the two preceding. I noticed what seemed a certain delicacy and boldness in his speech and behavior. Neither during those years nor afterwards did I ever hear of a profane or impure word or deed of his. His thoughts appeared to be above petty college or society politics and other issues of slight or transient interest. He often spoke affectionately of such friends as Samuel J. May and Gerrit Smith, and sympathetically of the great causes for which they stood. Strongly impressed upon my mind was his noble DeForest oration delivered in his senior year. He thought I might improve upon its delivery, and I was privileged for some weeks to hear him rehearse it almost daily till I could myself repeat it by heart. Some of its fine sentences are still indelibly imprinted on my memory.

He was one of the very few of whom I have heard who were not injured by inheriting a competence; neither puffed up with the conceit of wealth, nor tempted to the indulgence of appetite, nor inclined to a life of ease. He had evidently early formed and he steadily cherished a

life of strenuous public service. Not only at Yale but in some of the best institutions of Europe he sought to perfect his education.

Physically unqualified to undergo the hardships of military life during the war between the states, he yet with voice and pen wrought and fought more effectually for union and liberty than the vast majority of soldiers and officers in the field.

As professor of history, English literature, and political science, he was not content to stimulate dry-as-dust research; but in the class-room, and in the lecture halls of the universities of Michigan, Tulane, Stanford, and Cornell, he sought to inspire, and not all in vain, thousands of youths to emulate examples of heroic achievement or still more heroic self-sacrifice.

Deep as he was in his studies, he never neglected his duties as a citizen. Many pamphlets and magazine articles from his tireless pen attested his activities in endeavors to promote the public good. In the New York Senate and as delegate and president in state and national conventions, he acted the part of a wise and patriotic statesman. So too, when appointed by President Grant a Commissioner to San Domingo, by President Cleveland a Commissioner on the Venezuela dispute, and by President McKinley a

Delegate from the United States to the First Hague Conference.

Minister from our republic to St. Petersburg and Berlin, and afterwards Ambassador for seven years to Germany, he always nobly subserved the interests and splendidly upheld the honor of America, and showed himself a prince of diplomatists.

In this connection should be mentioned the vitally important service he rendered to the whole world at the first Hague Conference. As Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary he naturally was made the head of the American delegation. At a critical moment, when the fate of the Conference was trembling in the balance, and the whole of this greatest of the world's movements in behalf of international peace was in danger of utter failure, his prompt, influential, vigorous, and decisive action saved the day.

At the Hague, too, in that momentous period, as a representative of the United States and acting in the interest of lovers of peace and justice everywhere, he originated and carried into effect a memorial recognition of one of the greatest of great men. On the Fourth of July, 1899, in the midst of one of the most illustrious assemblies the world ever saw, he laid upon the tomb of Hugo Grotius in the Gothic church at Delft a wreath of oak and laurel leaves inwrought with gold, and he pronounced an oration worthy to rank high among the masterpieces of American eloquence.

And this suggests his extraordinary work as an author. Mistakes

he doubtless may have made; he would be more than human, had he not; but in discussing historical subjects of world-wide interest, what other writer has dealt blows so powerful against bigotry, superstition, witchcraft, torture, and unreason? One of his latest volumes, "Seven Great Statemen," among other topics of prime importance introduces to us several of the foremost champions of what he felicitously termed "Right Reason," along with others who originated measures most efficacious for the welfare of Europe. His autobiography has repeatedly been characterized as the best ever written by an American. Those who read it, and still more those who have known him intimately during threescore and ten years, (for he has been perhaps over-modest in speaking of his generous deeds), know something of his multitudinous kindnesses and tender charities.

His conversation, beyond that of almost any other man I have ever known, is an inexhaustible flow of happily illustrative anecdote, wit, humor, wisdom, truth, sentiment and pathos.

One word more. His services to collegiate and university education should be counted among his highest achievements. With Ezra Cornell he originated Cornell University, and far more than any other man he built it up to its present magnificent proportions. Its unprecedented scope, expressed in the immortal language of Mr. Cornell—"I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study"—was

(Continued on page 255)

Who's Who

HERMANN GAUNTLETT PLACE, '17



"Herm" Place is conspicuous for the strength of his character and the power of thinking things through. When he decides that something is worth doing, he does it; otherwise he leaves it alone even though popularity and honor of the college sort may lie that way.

"Herm" shows his business capability for handling big jobs by his success on the "Sun" and as chairman of last season's Junior Prom. He shows the literary and idealistic side of his nature by his membership in the Manuscript Club.

Some people think "Herm" too dignified. They have never seen him separated from the responsibilities of his position. When he gets away he throws common-sense to the winds and reveals a dash of recklessness which leaves one gasping. He is at his best when urging a Ford up to forty-five, slinging from one ditch into the other, jumping culverts and stumps.

New York, N. Y.; Arts and Sciences; Psi Upsilon; Aleph Samach; Book and Bowl; Manuscript Club; Freshman Advisory Committee; Chairman Junior Promenade Committee; Freshman Advisory Committee Council; Cornell Daily Sun Board, 2; Assistant Manager, 3; Manager, 4.

PAUL WITHERSPOON ECKLEY, '17

To distinguish oneself as a fast end in football, a capable shortstop in baseball, and a good student in the Medical course, is more than most undergraduates could accomplish in many times the length of their college courses, yet "Paul" has done this and still he has time left over to serve on the Student Council and to engage in many other activities.



When he first came to Cornell, however, he lost no time in buckling down to the task of making good, with the result that by the end of his freshman year, he had been awarded his numerals in both baseball and football.

His rapid rise in prominence in the college world has been due to his hard and consistent work. Whether it be studies, his chosen athletics, or college activities, the part he plays is one marked by painstaking, but interested concentration of his whole self on the problem at hand.

New Kensington, Pa.; Medical; Kappa Sigma; Quill and Dagger; Aleph Samach; Majura; Freshman Football; Freshman Baseball; Varsity Football, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Baseball, 3; Chairman Sophomore Athletic Committee; Freshman Advisory Committee; Student Council, 3, 4.

ROY JOHN ZANDER, '17



"Zandie" hails from Lane "Tech.", Chicago, where he received his early athletic training in track. This work he followed up to the extent of making his class numerals and, later, the varsity squad at Cornell. Being a sprinter, "Zandie" was encouraged to go out for football. Since then "Hinges"

as he is now called at the training table on account of a sprained knee, has played at left end in most of the games. He can be counted on to "get his man" wherever it is humanly possible.

To keep in condition, "Hinges" went out for college track and baseball in the spring.

Much may be said to his credit in keeping up his C. E. work on the hill in good shape in connection with his varied athletic interests, so that "Zandie" serves as another argument against those who believe athletics ruinous to the main work of college.

Zander's even temper and cheerfulness help him to make friends wherever he goes.

Chicago, Ill.; Civil Engineering; Beta Theta Pi; Quill and Dagger; Aleph Samach; Semaphore; Chairman Sophomore Stunt Committee; Freshman Track Team; University Track Squad, 2; Football Squad, 2; Varsity, 3, 4; C. E. Track Team; C. E. Baseball Team.

ROBERT SIGMOND BEIFELD, '17

"Bob" Beifeld is at once one of the shortest and biggest men on the campus. "Bob" came from the University High School of Chicago with the dual purpose of getting as much out of Cornell for himself as he could, and of giving as much to his Alma Mater as he was able. He has succeeded well in both his desires.



"Bob" is editor-in-chief of the Cornell Annuals and he aims to get out publications that will be a real credit to Cornell. His good ideas, his efficient methods and chiefly his hard work are responsible for his success.

"Bob" has proved that student activities need not interfere with studious activities. In the Phi Beta Kappa records last spring "Bob" missed by one-tenth of one per cent, having the highest average marks of his class.

"Bob's" material achievements, however, are only a manifestation of an achievement of character which makes his opinion everywhere respected.

Chicago, Ill.; Arts and Sciences; Sphinx Head; Freshman Intercollegiate Debate Team; Associate Editor, the Cornell Annuals 3, Editor-in-Chief, the Cornell Annuals 4.

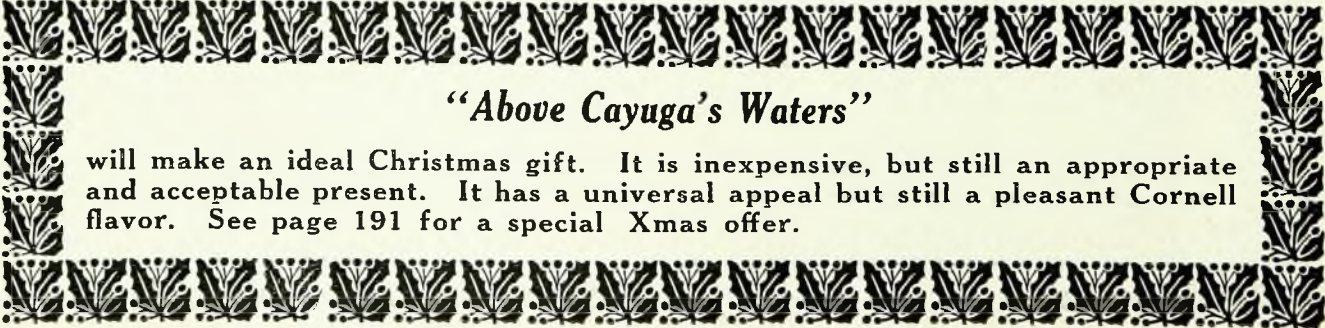
THE CURRENT PERIODICALS

(*Puck*, Nov. 8, 1916)

Puck for week ending November 18 contains the usual potpourri of drawings, puns, wit and satire which are the stock in trade of the American humorous weekly. It is what might be called an average number, neither better nor worse than that to which we are accustomed. If it be true that old jokes with the same limited list of personages as their butt are most popular with the human loving public, *Puck* should have no trouble in disposing of their entire issue. The much abused Kaiser, the down trodden consumer, the ubiquitous suffragette, brawny Mars, the degenerate scion of nobility, the sweet young thing and the New York Musical comedies are paraded in the customary situations. The editorial page with its arraignment of the college youth, has more real humor in it than any other two pages of the issue. However we doubt whether the editor realizes just what makes these editorials amusing. Satire based on fact is very entertaining. Satire based on lack of knowledge of the facts is entertaining also, but in two ways. If *Puck* prefers to satirize, unaided by the knowledge of conditions as they are, we have no quarrel with him: for we laugh twice, once at ourselves and once at him.

(*Current Opinion*, Nov., 1916)

When we opened the November number of *Current Opinion* at the table of contents, we were impressed with the magnitude of the field which this magazine of fifty-odd pages essays to cover. Not only does each of the eight departments there announced receive adequate attention in the issue, but the individual topics treated in every one of these departments interested us. For a magazine to interest a fraction of its readers in any one of its departments would be indeed a small achievement, but to succeed as *Current Opinion* has done, in rendering all of its departments attractive to the general reader is truly a triumph. The publication that can deal with current events, music and drama, science, religion, literature and art, and the industrial world without superficiality on the one hand or involved technical style on the other, is worthy of our highest commendation. So well balanced are the various articles in the November issue that it is no slight task to label any particular one as outstanding. However, if we were to venture a selection, we should say that the article entitled "Effect of French Supremacy in the War Council of the Allies" and the scientific paper. "Wherein the Pathological Liar is Superior to the Truthful Man" found special favor with us.



"Above Cayuga's Waters"

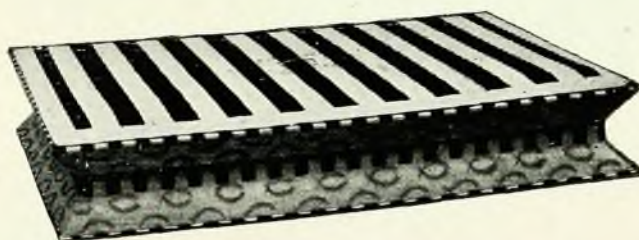
will make an ideal Christmas gift. It is inexpensive, but still an appropriate and acceptable present. It has a universal appeal but still a pleasant Cornell flavor. See page 191 for a special Xmas offer.

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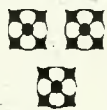
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Responsibilities of Neutrals

(Continued from page 203)

ligerents will be of very little profit. Enthusiasm without a constructive design resembles the pretty soap bubbles which delight the eyes of children.

The fight is on. We must await the end with such patience as is at our command. But when peace has once been concluded we shall have our chance. Then, if we really know what we intend to accomplish we can do our share in the work of reconstruction and we can help in the prevention of a recurrence of this useless slaughter. And all of this we can do because we shall be the intellectual middle-man of the next generations. For at least fifty or a hundred years the big nations of Europe will not be on speaking terms with each other. Yet the business of civilization has to be carried on by international coöperation. Unless we want to see our own white civilization (such as it is) transplanted by another one, the white races, which are now killing each other for the benefit of Asia and Africa, will have to act as one united body. The neutral nations who now carry their grain and their coal and their supplies will then act as intermediaries for science and organized social effort. Finally they will have to show their neighbors in which way their system of mutual tolerance is superior to that practiced by predatory empires. Perhaps after a few centuries of patient labor in this unprofitable vineyard we may convince the big powers that it is possible to live upon one planet and yet refrain from cutting each other's throats for

(Continued on page 237)



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
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Responsibilities of Neutrals

(Continued from page 235)

the ultimate benefit of the Krupp family and their colleagues in Bethlehem and Sheffield.

In short, if our European civilization is worth to be saved (and I believe it is) it will need the most tactful and delicate care of the neutral nations, once this war is over. For this purpose we must work in silence until the struggle shall have ended and peace shall have been concluded. Since it is impossible to enter into a discussion of the merits of the conflict without starting dissensions among the neutrals themselves, it is better to keep quiet for the time being. Such an avowed intention may be regarded as moral cowardice. There are people who can not hate without public vituperation of their enemies. They will have some charming things to say about those of us who at the present time insist upon a formal neutrality. That is all in the day's work. The ultimate fate of the white races is at stake. A little private inconvenience and abuse can be cheerfully born.

After the war, reason will return and we shall have our day in court. The less we shall have joined in the cacophonous symphony of hate the better we shall be prepared for the role which we must play. It will take everlasting patience, great constructive understanding and a holy desire to render service.

Before we take up this work it will be well to allow ourselves a short period of quiet meditation. A century of wrong on all sides can not be suddenly solved by a few easy phrases. Before we can act at all

(Concluded on page 239)

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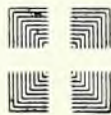
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Responsibilities of Neutrals

(Concluded from page 237)

we must understand the historical territory upon which we shall have to operate. For this purpose, the old advice of Thomas à Kempis, "a quiet little book in a quiet little corner" may well be heeded. In this case it will mean the study of many books and the corner will be none too quiet. But such is the case and I have given you the precise (if perhaps somewhat vague) reason for my oratorical abstinence.

Perhaps I am entirely wrong in my ideas. If I am, I can but throw myself upon your tolerant mercy.

Vale ac favere mihi perge.

The Best Laid Plans

(Continued from page 207)

rot again. I suppose I'm in for it now, anyway. But if I go to work, it'll be because I have to, not because I'm trying to make a man out of myself and all that Sunday School stuff.

Harry—What are you going to do about the girl?

Tom—Let her off, I suppose. I can't be such a brute as to spoil it all now. They're both happy. Maybe they won't have any children.

Harry—That's the way old boy. (Goes over and shakes his hand.) Everything will turn out all right in the end. In the mean time count on me for any help you may need. (Gets his hat.)

A knock on the door. Harry opens it.

Harry—It's the postman with a letter.

Tom (groans)—It's a rejection slip from the Smith Publishing Co., I suppose. Open it up. I can't bear to look at it just now.

(Concluded on page 243)

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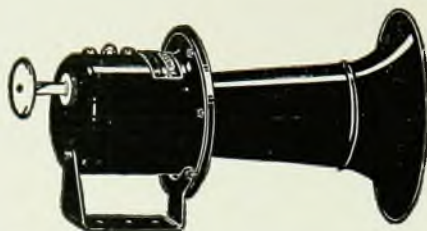
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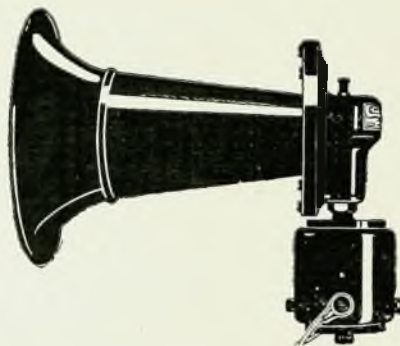
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1917 will be a good year.

The Best Laid Plans

(Concluded from page 239)

Harry (opening the letter)—No it's not either.

Tom (springing up)—Don't tell me it's a check.

Harry—No it's from your uncle.

Harry—Here.

Tom—No, read it, I say. I could not bear to look at anything from the damned old miser.

Harry—"My dear Tom. I have been intending to write you since the wedding but have been too busy getting settled. My marriage has been a complete success. I have never been so happy in my life. Marian and I are perfectly suited to each other. When I think of the long years I spent as a bachelor I shudder to think of the unhappiness which you and many other men are enduring. It is for this reason, my dear boy, that I urge you to seek out the woman of your choice and tell her of your love at once. Knowing, as I do, that your effort to make a name for yourself in the literary world has not yet brought you much of this world's goods, I am settling on you, through my attorneys, the income from a capital sum, which should yield you approximately ten thousand a year. Marian joins me in urging you to call at your earliest convenience. Your affectionate uncle, John Blair."

(During the reading of this letter, Tom pulls out a handkerchief and mops his eyes. At the end, Harry rises, comes over and slaps him on the shoulder.)

Tom (sobbing like a child)—How I have always loved him! His happiness—blub, blub,—has always been the thing dearest to my heart!

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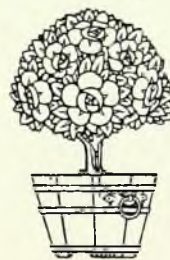
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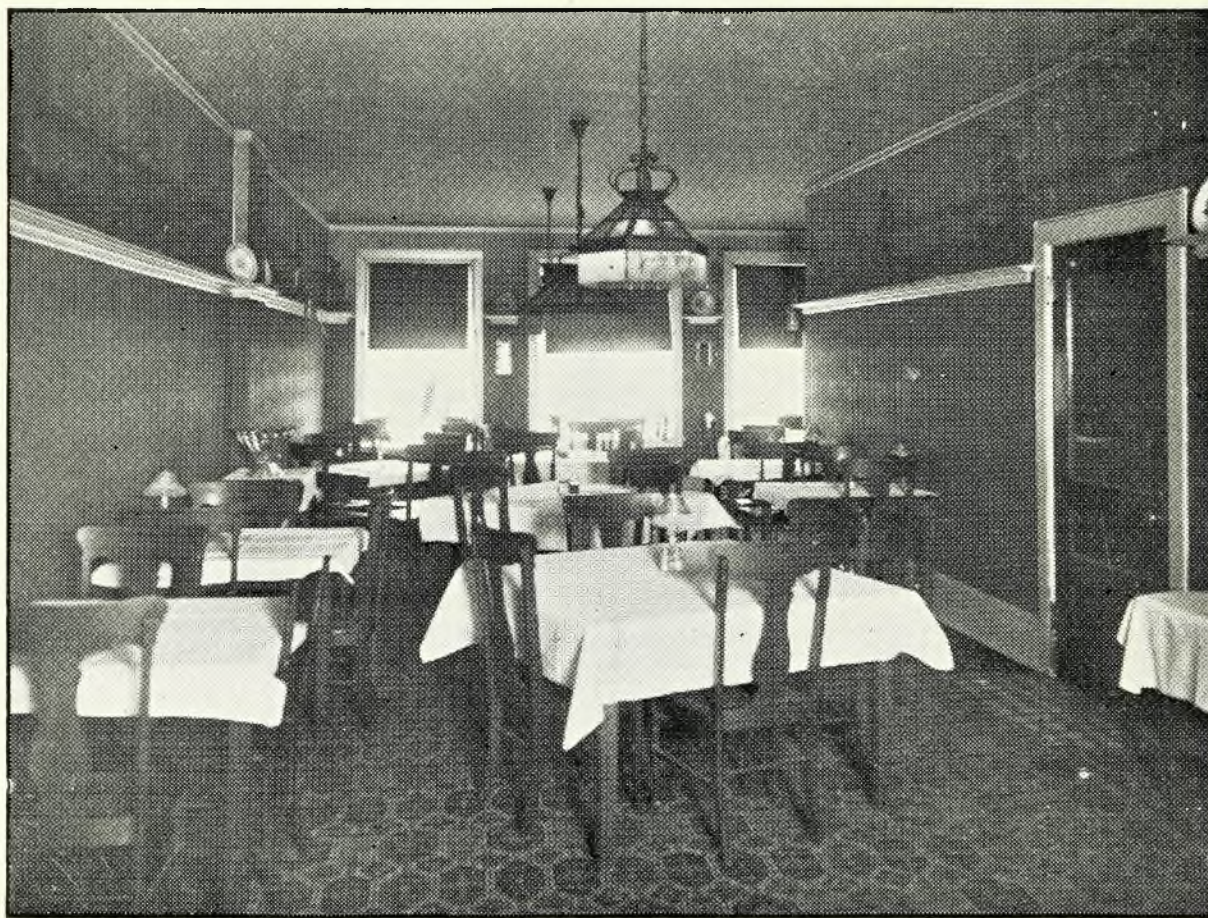
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At the Front with the French Army

(Continued from page 211)

"Bon soir, messieurs!" says the

medicine chef. It is eleven. To-night is an attack so we don't wait till 3:30 A. M. We load up with the blesses—

three "couches" in stretchers, or four or five "assis." They are all "couches"

to-night. No noisy engine or whistle for the last mile lest the firing sud-

denly stop and we be heard. We pass other cars coming. In the first vil-

lage we see 324 by the ruined church; he ran into a caisson when his brakes

didn't hold. On the next hill 174 is stuck with an overheated motor, we

get out and push him and his strug- gling car. Old 86 dodged a runaway

cannon team and is outside. We wait for some troops to help us set it on

four wheels, and off it goes. A fallen log throws us off the road toward a

seventy-foot drop and the wounded inside scream. Six inches more and

—well it's over. We get to the evacu- ating hospital where section 4 is

hard at work taking the less badly wounded to the main hospital and

trains miles away.

"My God! Kelly's killed" one

cries. "Yes, top of his head shot off

and filled with shrapnel! Sanders has an élat in the base of his skull,

went through his cheek. Five more splinters in his head! He ran to-

ward the abri screaming and the Boches opened on him with machine

guns!"

Three days ago he was joking

with us on the trip from Paris. The

second man since Hall was killed last

December.

We made two more trips that

night and came back to—in the

dawn. The town is afloat—six inches of water in the telephone room. Two

(Continued on page 251)

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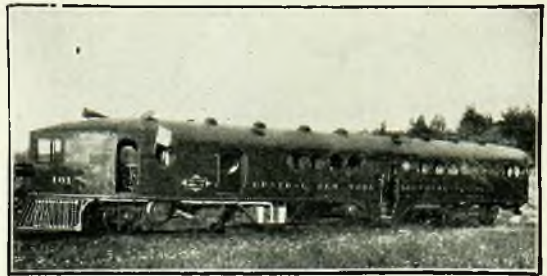
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a dandy flavor:



Wrapped in



Now three of a
kind—keep them in mind.
The Flavor Lasts

At the Front with the French Army

(Continued from page 247)

of us perch on benches till eleven while the rest go back to camp. We are on picket duty. Thank God! No more calls till after we are relieved!

During quiet spells each has one-half day of picket, night work from 7:30 till all the wounded are in. A day of rest follows, then night picket duty.

We are on "repos" now, and have to answer only special calls, in the day or night, to more distant points *back* from the lines.

But in spite of the drawbacks we are glad to be here doing our "little bit." It is such a little, too, compared with what so many are doing. Think of standing or sleeping in trenches two feet deep in water! The men are changed about and relieved every few days, but the mud is so slippery and soft that they can't even make breastworks of it when they capture a new trench, and frozen feet are common so early as even now.

Thanks be! The Boches are catching it proper. The Allies are getting stronger all the time. There is plenty of food, and America is helping with munitions, hospital supplies and comfort bags.

I have not heard a word of criticism of the Boches and their methods since I came to France—everybody has settled down to the grim business of war with determination—but I don't need to be told who started this war, who is responsible for the misery, the desolation, the tears of millions of human beings. If there is a Hell worse than this one on earth, I sincerely hope the Kaiser and his councillors get it—a year for each dead or wounded or bereaved. Don't

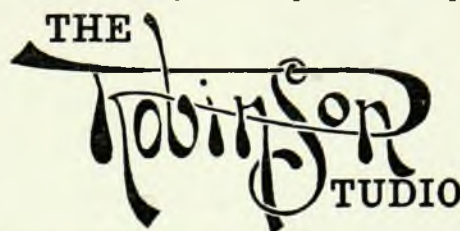
(Continued on page 255)

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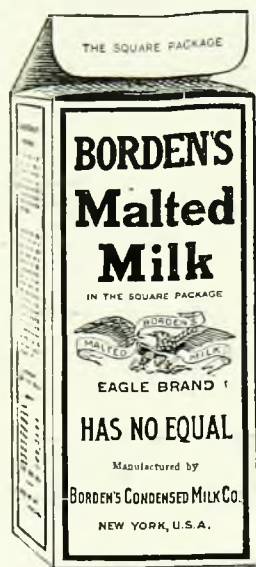
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At the Front with the French Army

(Continued from page 251)

tell me it was England's or France's or Serbia's or Belgium's fault. Don't tell me gas and aeroplane bombs on peaceful towns are necessary.

One word more before I close. Every man of you set out today to make yourself the strongest, most efficient man he can, and give all you can to help the movement of *preparation against war*. If you aren't doing anything but loafing through college and having a good time get out and *work*. America is setting on the edge of a volcano every day in the year. When you have seen one desolate, ruined village, one woman raped by the enemies' soldiers, one gas victim gasping his life away, one mangled wretch die in agony on the way to the hospital, one man crazed by the look on the face of the man next to him who was bayoneted—you won't ask *who did it* when it is *your* town and *your* sister and brother.

Good luck to you all.

SIDNEY A. COOK.

Oct. 3, 1916.

Dr. White—An Appreciation

(Continued from page 225)

equally his, and of all men he was perhaps best fitted to carry forward that ideal toward realization. For he insisted that a spirit of inspiration, such as he himself seemed to possess, was the chief, the indispensable prerequisite of every teacher. By a splendid donation of money and a still more splendid gift of an immense and carefully selected historical library, he founded and endowed at Cornell its school of history and political science.

(Continued on page 259)

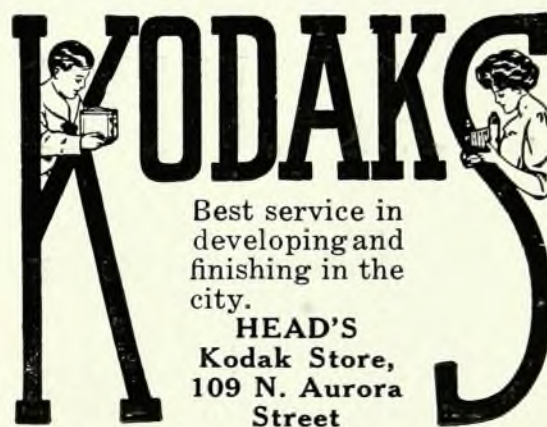
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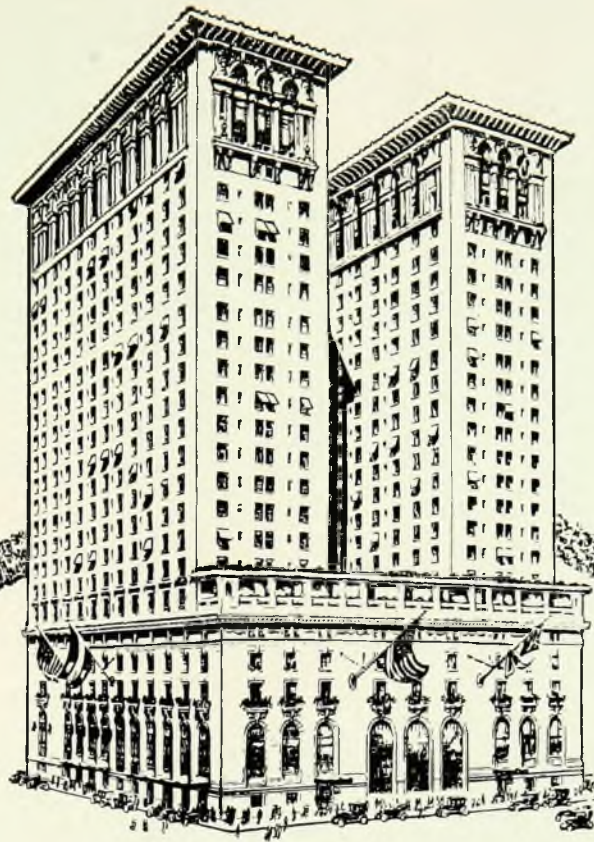
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Dr. White—An Appreciation

(Continued from page 253)

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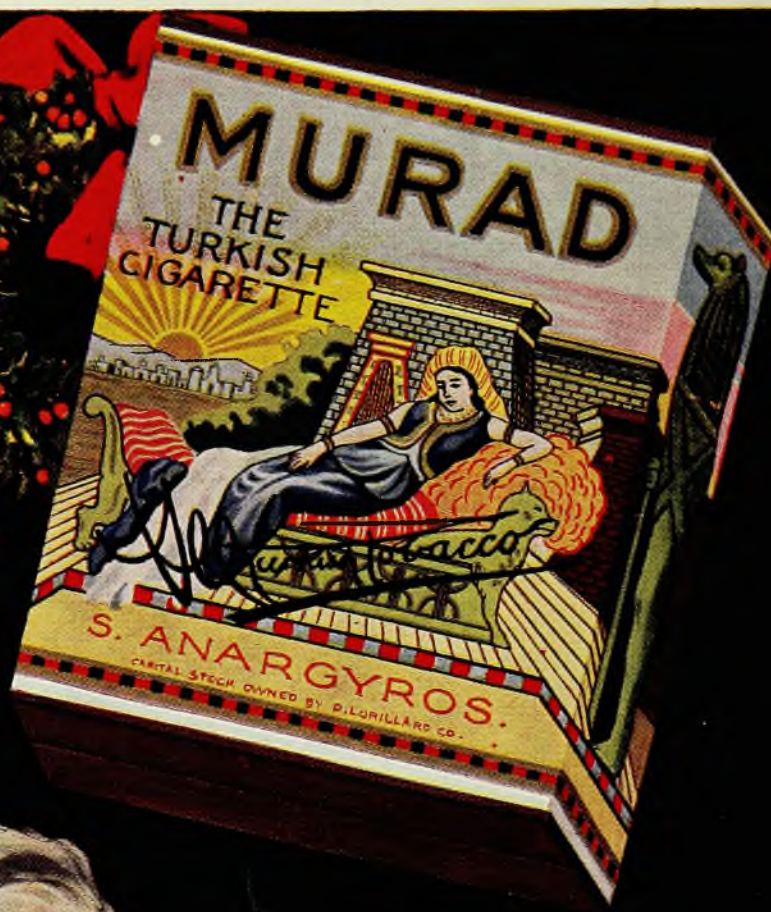
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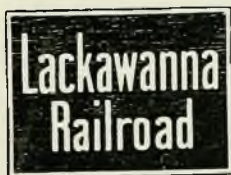
TO NEW YORK

with Phoebe Snow

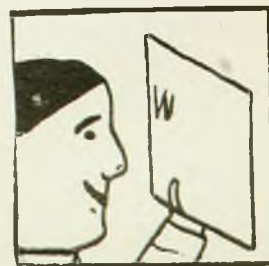


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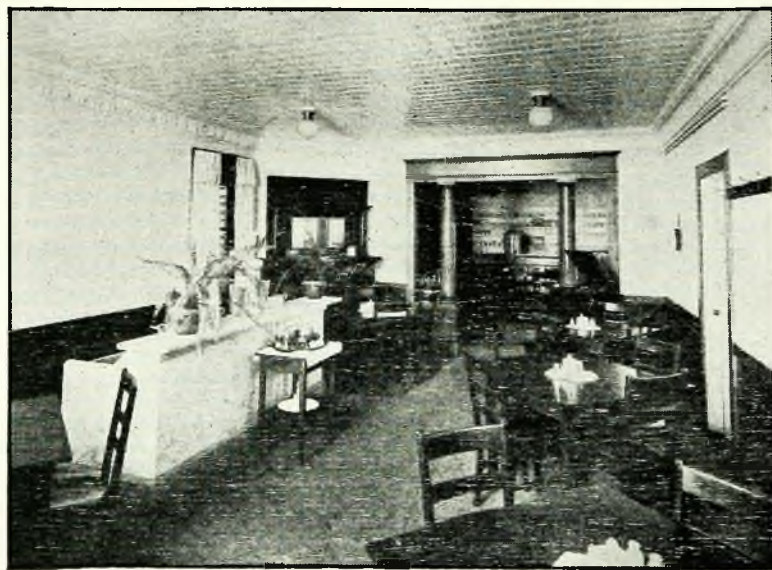
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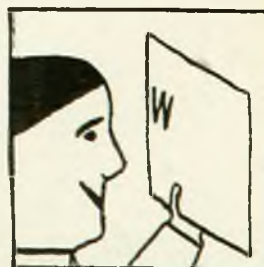
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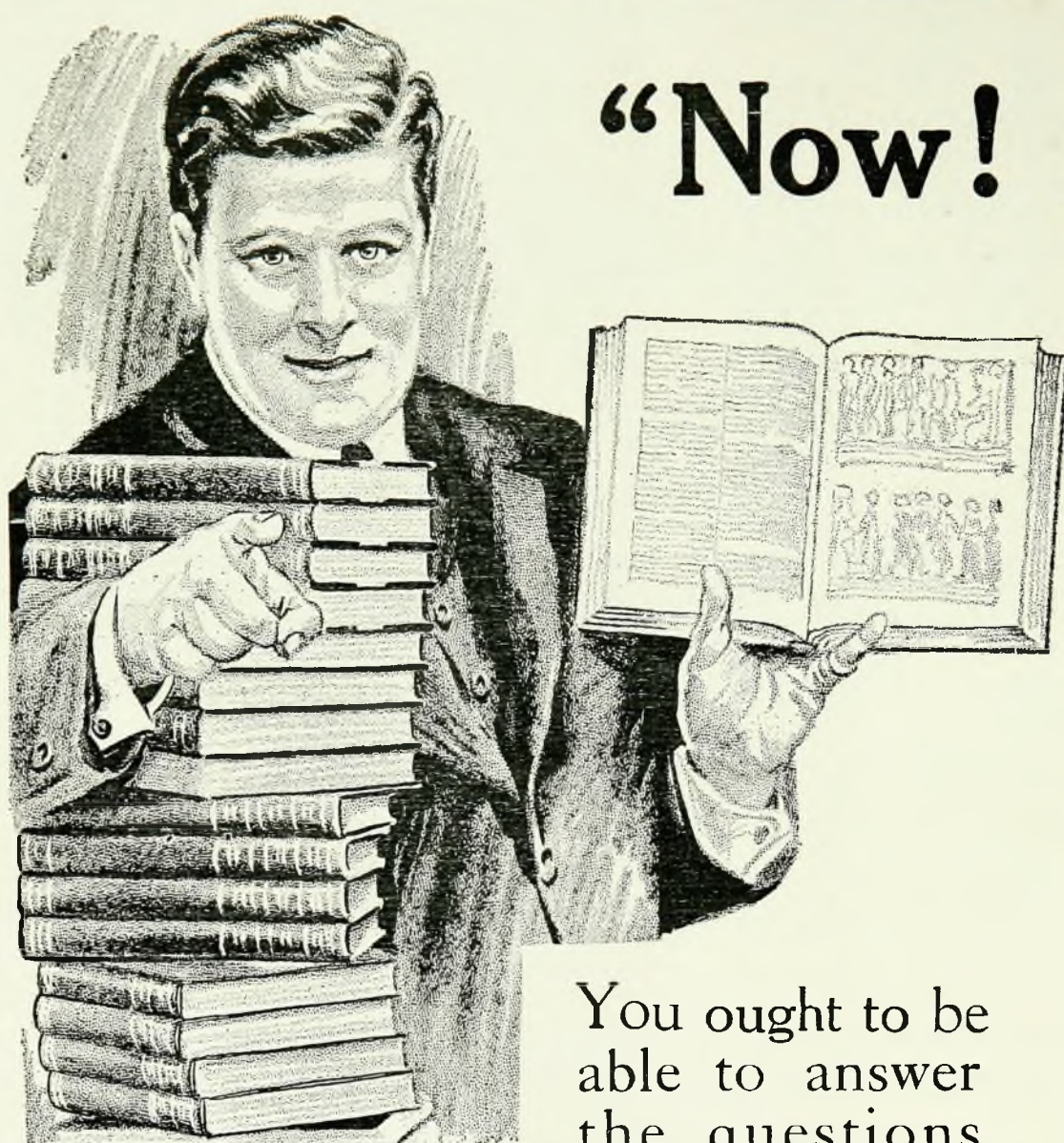
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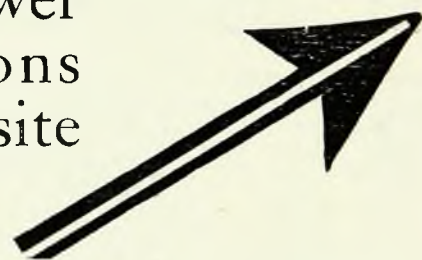
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Did the American flag always have thirteen stripes?

Why don't we use the silk that spiders spin?

Does an ant sleep?

Was England always an island?

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How are hailstones formed?

Where was the "Spanish Main"?

What do we mean by "Utopian"?

How did Constantinople get its name?

Who was "Mrs. Grundy"?

Where do we get the word "Thursday"?

What is paper made of?

What is the difference between iron and steel?

Who are the Cossacks?

What language do the Belgians speak?

Why does an iceberg float?

Where do we get cork?

How did Washington come to be the capital of the United States?

Where did potatoes come from?

Why is the eldest son of the King of England called "Prince of Wales"?

What is glass made of?

Do "lead pencils" contain lead?

How did a bleak country like Greenland get such a misleading name?

Is the whale a fish?

How does a submarine find its way about when under water?

How old is London?

What is the greatest depth of the ocean?

Are safety pins a modern invention?

What is a rainbow?

Is it colder at the North Pole than anywhere else?

What causes bright colors at sunset?

Was "King Arthur" a real person?

What is radium?

Can you name half of the animals that supply us with fur?

How did we get our system of numbers?

How long can a camel go without water?

Was Robin Hood a real character?

What is the difference between smokeless powder and ordinary gunpowder?

How does a snake move about?

How did Austria come to own Bosnia?

How many years can a cat live?

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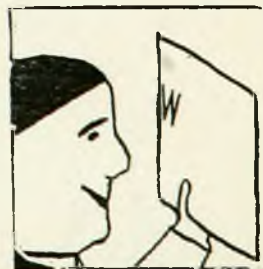
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THE CORNELL ERA

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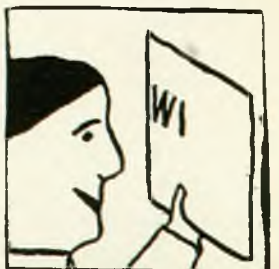
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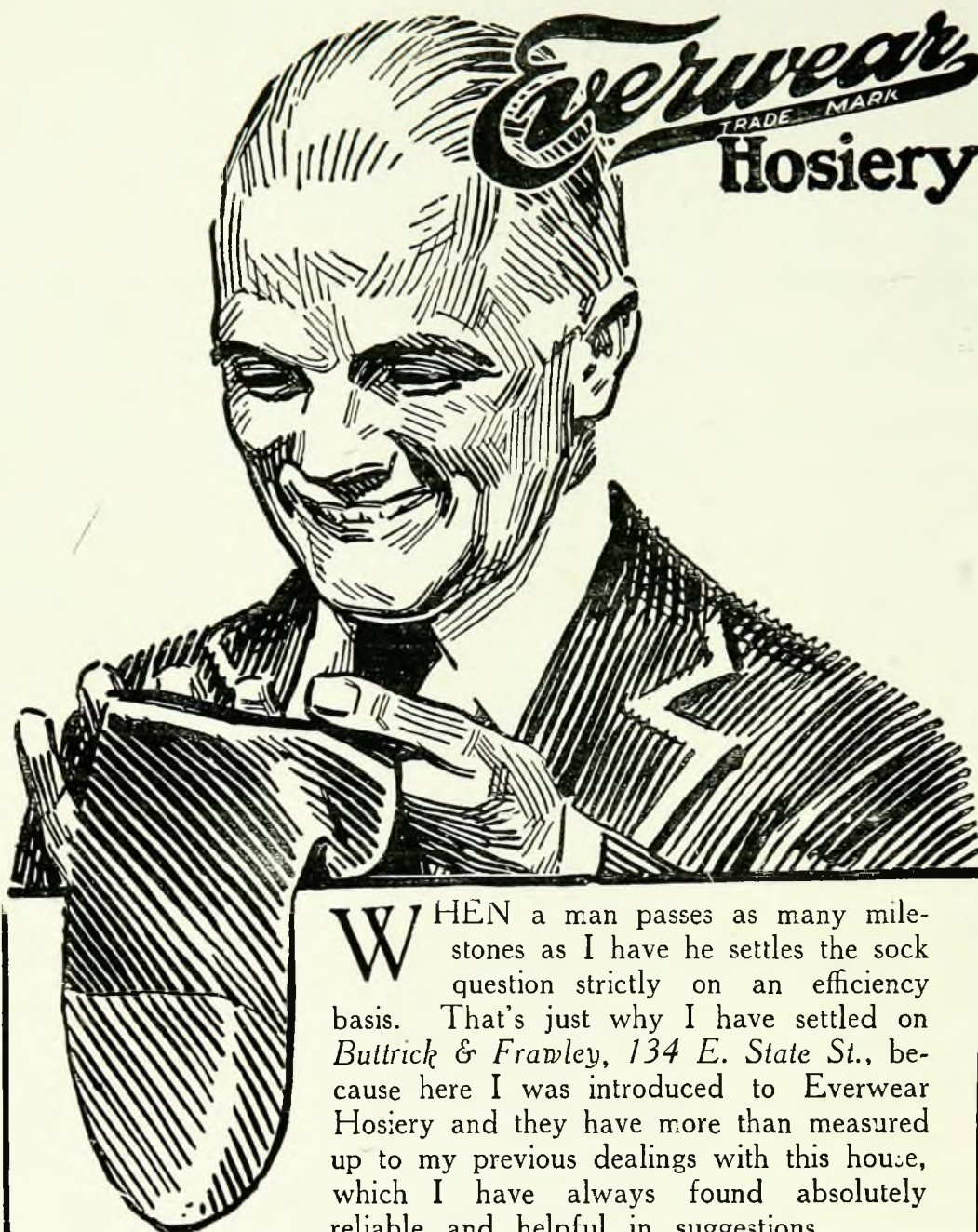
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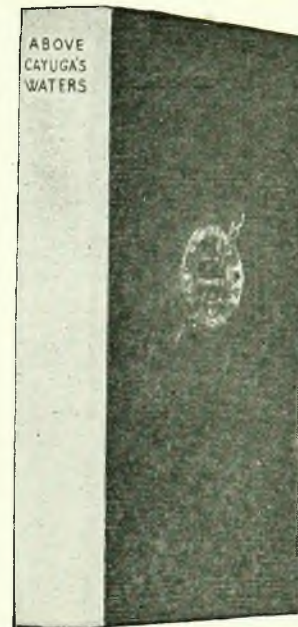
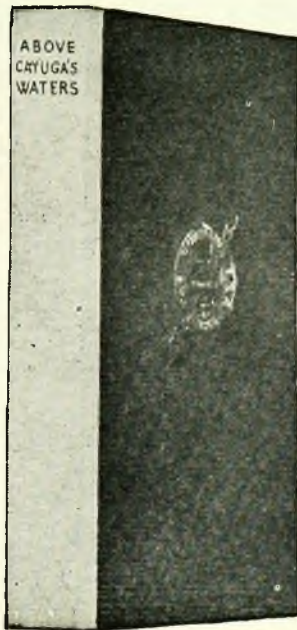
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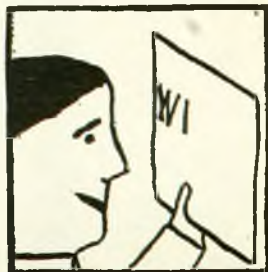
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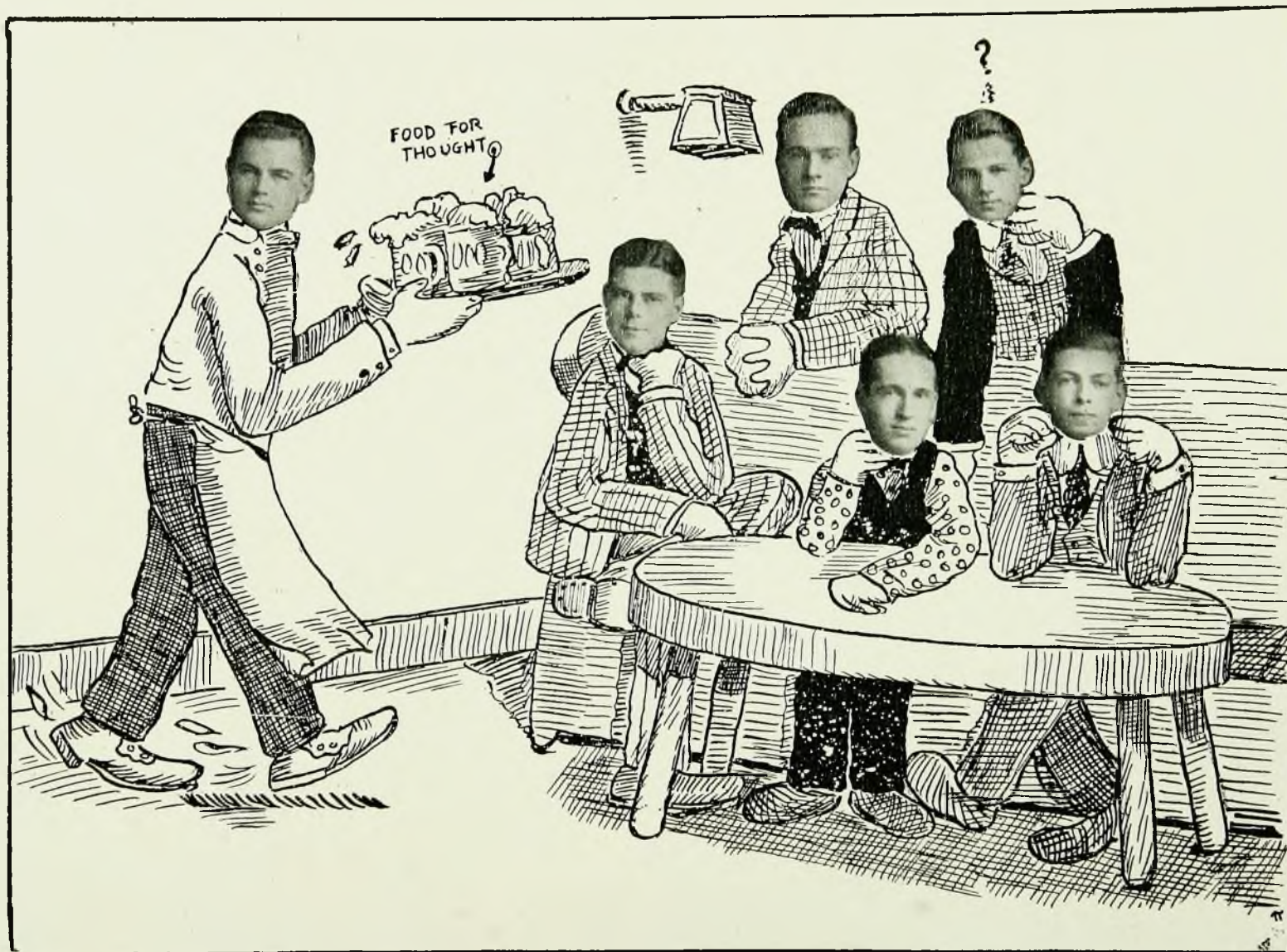
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NEW YORK



ROWING ON THE CAMPUS

Every spring the melting snows inundate the surrounding country and the Crews practice on the "Hill"





The Widow Board at Work

The Cornell Era

XLIX

JANUARY, 1917

Number 4

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Editors for this issue, POOR FISH AND BIFF



We see a vision and it is this:

Somewhere in the past a reverend, studious youth with eyeglasses and a long face is working over a dummy of the ERA, preparing it for the press which will soon whirl off its seventy-five copies and scatter them narrowcast to a list of similar reverend, studious youth. Just at present he is trying to decide whether the article on "Spear-Designing Among the Ancient Egyptians" should follow or precede that on the "Religious Cults of Sama-Thrace. And as he

meditates, undecided, a phantom of the future steals up behind him and thrusts into his hands the present copy of the ERA which bears on its cover the astounding label "Humorous Number." He gazes—for rhetorical effect he gazes five minutes. Then the horrible idea penetrates. In rage he rises, he tears his hair, he scatters it about him in a circle on the floor. Of such treason he can hardly yet conceive.

If we try to tell him that our apostasy is based on a desire to make our paper interesting to the ordinary Cornellian, who, besides other excellences, is blest with a large sense of humor, the chances are that he would not even hear us, for by this time large hanks of hair have lodged in both his ears.

A fainter vision, too, we see. It



is a composite picture of a few of our present subscribers who pick up this issue with misgivings. "What is the ERA coming to!" they say. "We are not paying a dollar and a half for 'funny stuff;' that costs two fifty, or two dollars if paid before Nov. 15th." These readers we can easily reassure. Ours is but a temporary aberration; with the appearance of the Junior Week Number our readers will be swung back into their accustomed mood of serious sublimity.

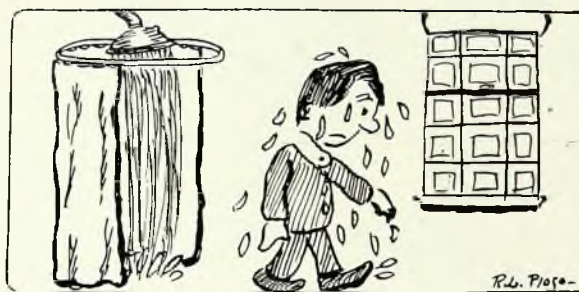


For an editorial in the *Cornell Daily Sun* which appeared on the 30th of last month on the question of the Student Body, the ERA has nothing but praise. It is so good that we feel that we could not devote space to any more worthy end than to that of quoting it in full. This will give our readers a chance to become acquainted with the editorial policy of the *Sun* by the perusal of an excellent sample:

"We are never free, even in our leisure moments, from the question of the Student Body. While the significance of this question is not realized by every student at Cornell and made the object of his constant and highest endeavor to reach his ideal in this respect, little or no progress here can never be made. The importance of this is not to be overestimated. We

are no longer a band of irresponsible boys but a group of friends bound together by the strongest bonds. These bonds of friendship we must reverence! How can anyone say that that we have been showing the proper reverence for these bonds or a proper regard to the ideal and dictum of the Student Body in the light of the present attitude which many "otherwise intelligent" men have been viewing this problem? In the future let us strive not to put off our ideals any longer!"

This impassioned appeal puts the question in a new and very interesting light.



A strange and pervasive new science has been spreading through the ranks of Cornell students. This is the science which has as its subject-matter the quality of wetness. The method of this science is the judgments of individual cases. It classifies all these cases as either "wet" or "not wet." The science is continually applied to everyday life and seems to show an unusual activity about the time of fraternity rushing.

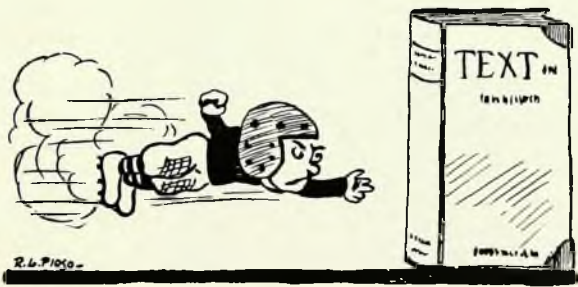
In the study of this science very little has been done in the line of systematic work. The following seem to be the three primal and absolute axioms upon which the science rests:

1. Every man is wet to some man;
2. No man is wet to himself;
3. Every man is capable of judging of the hydraulic qualities of any other man.

Beyond these simple rules little is known. Various beautiful lower and higher compounds of wetness appear at times and are of great interest to the student of the subject. Such phenomena are cases where subjects are seen to be "a bit damp," to be "dripping," to have "water rolling off them," etc., etc.

Fire is the principle of life. This is one of the oldest doctrines in the world. Men are to be judged by the proportion in them which fire obtains to the baser element of water. Thus the wetter a man is the less noble, or, in the words of Heraclitus (550 B. C.):

"For souls it is death to become water;
A dry soul is the wisest and best."



After reading Dean Thilly's report to President Schurman, in which he advocates harder work as the needed stimulus for better work, a curious thought came to us.

Suppose that a man had to put as much fight and endeavor into his class-room work as he does to make the football team; what an interesting place Cornell would be. Men would

run to classes, text-books under arm, with grim determination upon their faces. The gruelling drill of class-room would leave them haggard and mentally bruised but still imbued with the same fighting spirit. Off the hill all their talk would be of the details of their work, those little details which make the difference between merit and mastery. Before the first cut they would go around pale and nervous, each encouraging the others and each fearing in his own heart that he would not make good. And then the cut is made and those who have not worked, and those who have not kept proper training, and those unfortunate ones who have not sufficient ability fade away together and are forgotten, while the little squad of picked men who are left settle down to the long year's struggle with facts and theories, each working until he can hardly see the printed page and then stumbling down the hill for enough sleep to keep life in him. And through it all runs the keenness of bitter competition; for though these men are friends, each knows that the business in life for him is to surpass all his fellows. And at Commencement time comes the final decision and a scant half, perhaps, of those who have toiled so long receive a passing mark, coveted token of success which gives them another chance to struggle in the coming year.

Plato, perhaps, would have made it so, or something of this sort. He did not realize, poor benighted antique, that while work is only the business of education, football is its pastime.





A GROUP OF CORNELL PROFESSORS AT PLAY
Some Are Full; Others Assistant

Are College Professors Human Beings?

By THOMAS L. MASSON, Editor of "Life"

College professors are becoming more numerous. They can be seen on clear days browsing on the fertile plains of Kansas, and they have their habitat as far west as the Rockies. I understand that they have been occasionally caught on the Pacific Slope.

They undoubtedly take on a more aggravated form in Wisconsin than in any other state. A Wisconsin college professor spends most of his time in writing histories and political economies for MacMillan and Company. This company exists mainly for the purpose of publishing books by college professors in general and for Wisconsin college professors in particular. I once tried to read one of these books. It was about happiness. I have no doubt that any man would be happy after he had finished that book. I did not finish it. I have never finished any book written by a college professor. I have always been afraid to know what the end was—whether the people were happily married or not—but I understand that among works of fiction, the volumes written by college professors stand very high.

College professors were first invented for the purpose of making college courses interesting to the students. It was found that baseball, football, golf, basketball, and river sports were taking up too much of the time of the student. They were making him round shouldered and muscle bound and too serious minded. They were giving him too

deep a sense of the responsibilities of life. It was necessary that, as a contrast to all this, he should be entertained. The "movies" were not then in vogue, and so college professors were put in as a makeshift. They fulfill their function very well. It is a pretty poor body of students who cannot get some amusement out of a college professor. His main business is to keep them in profound ignorance of everything they want to know, and when anyone tries to thwart us like that, we can always manage to get some fun out of him. Every student ought to have a college professor as a pet, even after he has got out of college and is able to bring up a family and marry a woman who can support him in luxury, and possibly in comfort.

Some of our magnates for example, ought to take on a college professor, especially if he be a political economist—as most of them are. Indeed, I do not remember ever to have seen a college professor who would not confess, if you pressed him real hard, that he knew more about political economy than anyone else present. And so if a magnate who had, say, made a hundred millions in the market or by robbing the government could only have a college professor around all the time to tell him just how he had done it, and what great laws of supply and demand he had disobeyed, he would have a source of constant amusement.

The criticism that is often made

(Continued on page 323)



How to Succeed in Business

An Interview with George Spitzka, the Cuspidor King

By K. P. ROYCE, '16

Mr. Spitzka is a very busy man, but as he himself so aptly says, he is never too busy to emit a few flowers of knowledge culled in the garden of his experience.

He received me in the drawing room of his palatial mansion, adjoining the boiler room of his cuspidor factory and between dainty nibbles at a limburger sandwich, he gave me what he considers the chief factors in his success, a success by no means small, as is shown by the fact that he controls the cuspidor supply of the world.

Mr. Spitzka is a great believer in hard work. "The devil finds work for idle hands to do," he remarked, hurling a gold paper weight at my head with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

But of course hard work is unavailing unless it is directed towards some specific objective. Mr. Spitzka says that every young man should have a definite ideal and constantly strive to attain it.

This brought up the very natural query as to what was his ideal and he was nothing loath (good phrase, that) to answer.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Spitzka admitted, "I have had two ideals,—one the outgrowth of the other.

"As a mere lad I looked upon the spittoon as the embodiment of all that was worth while in life and I early resolved to emulate it.

"Think of what it stands for," Mr. Spitzka exclaimed, his eyes moist with tears, "and tell me whether a lad in my humble circumstances could have picked a better ideal!

"First of all," Mr. Spitzka elaborated, "the spittoon stands for, nay, promotes accuracy. So I resolved to be accurate in all my work.

"Next, it inspires to neatness and tidiness. So I resolved to be neat and tidy.

"And finally," he concluded, "it represents faithful and untiring service. So I resolved always to be ready and eager for work."

But when he became a man, Mr. Spitzka went on to say, he put away childish things and looked about for a higher ideal. After much study and deliberation he found it in the cuspidor, typifying, as it does, all the good traits of the spittoon, but on a loftier, a grander, yes, a nobler scale.

And to the cuspidor Mr. Spitzka has devoted his entire life.

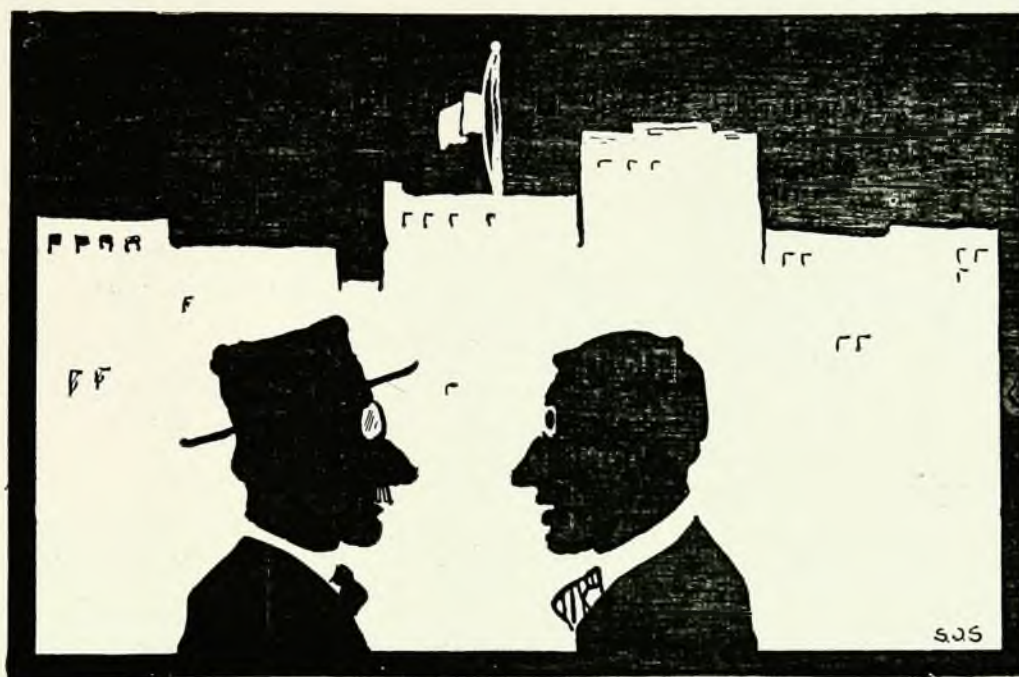
Summing it all up, Mr. Spitzka's advice is to "hitch your wagon to a star," and if you reach it, lasso a higher one, and his career surely shows to what heights of success that may lead.

For it is a well known fact that to-day if Mr. Spitzka should say the word and shut down his factories, we should all have to spit on the floor or out of the window.

A Statistician in the Widow Office

Every College man is interested in statistics, but every College man likes them well arranged. For instance when he reads that the total amount of non-crackable face powder sold by the munitions trust of the United States in one year amounts to \$13,567,421.39, he is very apt to throw the article on the floor and resort to the consoling aroma of the fragrant

If such things can be statisticized, why can't we catalogue humor? Mark Twain said there are only six jokes. This gives rise to the suspicion that Mark was an Englishman. For how could he be anything but an Englishman or a cynic if he only sees six jokes when according to statistics carefully compiled from the *Widow*, there are really nine?



THE VERY BEST JOKE WE COULD FIND OF CLASS NO. 1

Stranger: "Say young fellow, why is that flag at half mast?"

Frosh: "Town's dead."

Zira. But when he reads that the total amount of the same non-crackable brand consumed by the "hello girls" in the employ of the Bell system in one week, is sufficient to inundate the city of Ithaca to a depth of $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches and make drill impossible until the completion of the Armory, he is bound to for-go the Star, and peruse the enticing pages in the reckless pursuit of knowledge. Such is the power of the statistician.

Imagine my surprise, after careful investigation of the *Widow* for ten years back, to find that the frosh are the most excruciatingly funny things on earth. I confess I had about settled on jokes "at," or "After the game," where the fair damsel thought that the fly was a ball and not a fly at all, etc., etc., as the deepest treasure box of the College wit. But no, I find that the frosh—the frosh with the bone glasses, the long hair, and



the untrammelled innocence look—is by far funnier.

The “Prof. and Stude” repartee had a neck and neck race for third place with the “he and she,” tête-à-têtes. But due to the wonderful pull which the profs possess, especially the profs in the Dental College, they gradually pulled ahead in the stretch, and the demure maiden and the noble swain were compelled to accept fourth place in the race for popularity. Not without bad grace did they submit however for in one of the jokes in a very recent issue of the *Widow*, a joke which coincidentally appears in one of the issues of three or four years ago, the copier made a mistake and the “he” says what the “she” said four years ago and the “she” says what the “he” says, resulting in a catastrophe. We at first didn’t know whether to attribute this to the advance of the suffrage movement or to the growing effeminism of the college man.

And fifth comes the Dutch. Yes, we know you expected this to come first, but truth is stranger than fiction. Owing to the astounding purity of the lives of the editors of the *Widow*, very little is known of the mystic mazes of the mulcilage parlor. Occasionally however, one of the compets slips off the straight and narrow, and the silver lining of this dark cloud is that he learns something about the life. Hence the inevitable result is a joke on the Dutch in the next issue of the *Widow*.

Coincidental with “Dutch” humor,

follow jokes on College stews. An ordinary stew isn’t of much account in this world, but we suppose a College stew is much better. Probably during the process of refinement they get more thoroughly stewed.

Far be it from us to be egotistical, but justice demands that we thrust ourselves to the foreground in the seventh issue. It is hard to imagine how a periodical as literary as the ERA, and a paper as matter-of-fact as the *Sun* could be funny. But the *Widow* finds them so, and like experienced men, we refuse to argue with a woman.

The eighth class is the proverbial father and son joke usually over finances, and the ninth consists in “rushing humor.” We are somewhat afraid that rushing jokes infringe on the frosh jokes, but then, why trifle over technicalities?

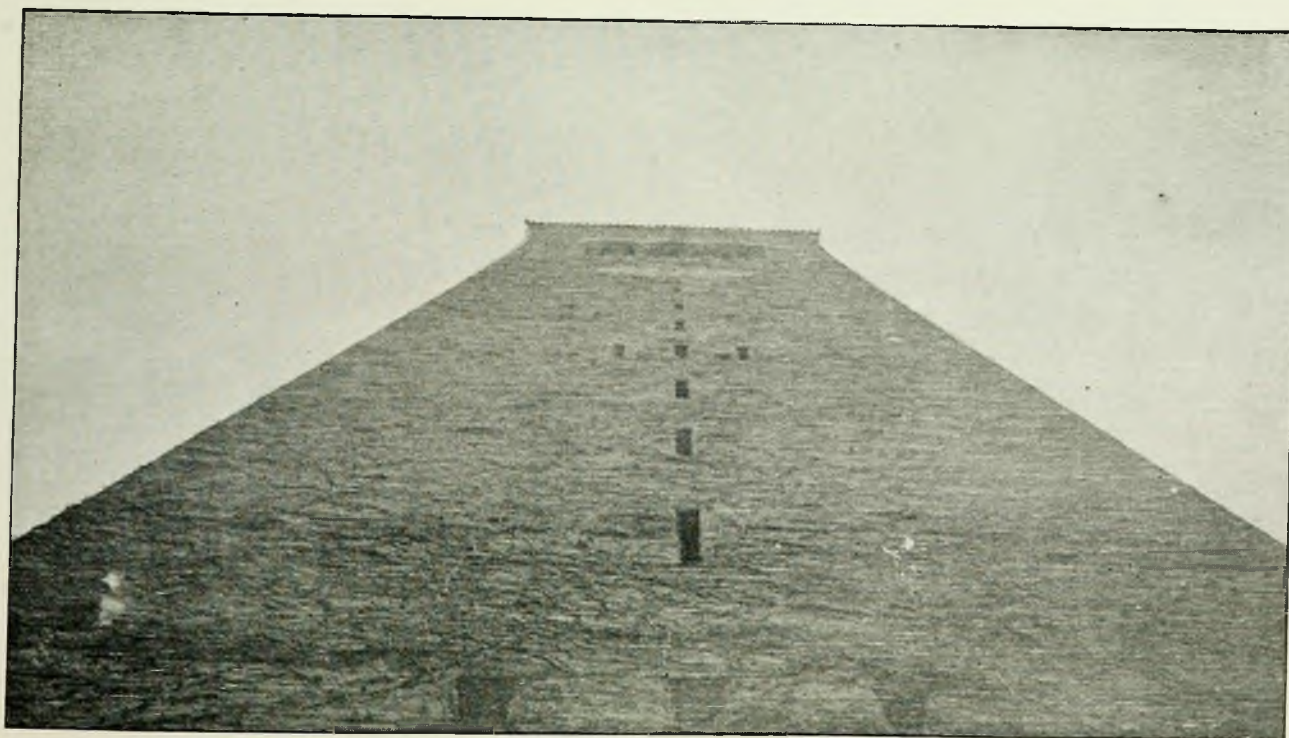
And there you have them all. Now any frosh can edit a college humorous magazine. Just take the standard jokes in the order named, and decorate them with a few new ribbons, substituting “racing car” for “one horse shay,” and “thé dansante” for “barn dance” and you have it. I throw in this last idea, gratis, for what it may be worth to future *Widow* compets. In the Christmas number, be sure to insert at least two Christmas jokes, and one or two appropriate jokes for each succeeding issue and your paper is complete.

Very truly yours,

RALPH WALDO ENDERSON.



TEMPUS FUGIT!



WORM'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LIBRARY TOWER



Tragic Effusions from the Manuscript Club

Night-piece

M. B. '13

Now sobs and sobs the plaintive guinea-hen,
The weasel breathes his passion to the morn,
The caterpillars carol as they race around a barrel,
Th' imprisoned goats with toothy tongueings croon;

The placid p'liceman paces down his beat,
The careful burglar contemplates a till,
A jag-car most unsteady passes Buffalo and Eddy,
A lowing stude winds slowly up the hill.

The dolphin flits from bough to leafy bough,
The gay professors brim the jovial cup;
And peace fills all the universe, while, to the shiny moon averse,
The bard, "M" Bishop, pulls the blankets up.

Breakfast Song

E. B. '13

The tea has its leaves,
The coffee its grounds,
But the cocoa, the cocoa,
We drink the whole blamed thing.

Oh little cup of cocoa,
I hunger for thee,—
My mouth, oh my mouth,
My hand and my mouth and the tablecloth
are all running over with cocoa.

How to Write a Movie

W. S.

I shall never write a movie, for a plot I cannot frame;
I shall only pay admissions, never profit by the game;
But by frequent observation of the movies I have seen,
I've discovered certain canons of the drama of the screen.

Never mind the various questions of the characters and plot,
Cowboy, aviator, heiress, millionaire, they matter not;
Blackmail, burglary, elopement, politics, or what you will,
There are two things I shall name you that are more important still.

First comes endless exploitation of the means of transportation,
Taxis speeding to the station, automobiles, equitation,
Variation and sensation, special trains and aviation,
Till the hero in elation wins his bride or saves the nation.

That's the rule for melodrama, that's the secret of the thrill,
And the rule for comic movies is a rule that's simpler still:
Independent of adventures that recur before the close,
You must end your films by soaking everybody with a hose.

See the water come a-splashing, from the four-inch fire-hose crashing,
See our Chaplin madly dashing, but he can't escape the stream;
Blanchie Sweet is also soaking, both of them are drenched and choking
There's no way like this of joking; this is what is called a scream.

The Frosh's Moan

A Sad Poem in Verse Libre

M. W. S.

When I said good-by to pa and ma,
Just after I had made a farewell call
On Grace Elizabeth,
And she let me kiss her for the first time
Because I was going away to Cornell
And might never come back,
On account of railroad accidents and so forth,
And so not unlikely the first kiss might be the last one;
And when I counted the money in my pocketbook, on the train,
I certainly never thought it would be as bad as this.

I will not tell how hard it was to get settled,
For I guess it is always hard to get settled
In a new place where you have never been before.
But I got settled, though it was hard,
On account of
Many things.
For instance the landlady,
Who made me promise to stay the whole year;
And when I wouldn't promise,
She wouldn't rent me the room;
So I promised.



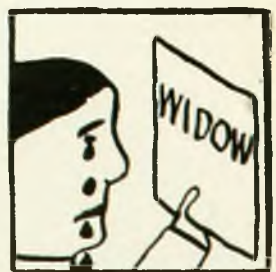
Well then, no sooner
Had I got settled, than I went up to school.
On the hill, they call it.
I guess they're right for I didn't find it
On the level.
Believe me,
When there turned out to be something wrong
With my credentials,
And I told Davy Hoy
That if he would give about an hour of his time
I could explain it clearly even to him,
He was what I call rude.
I try not to be rude myself,
Although that was what Grace Elizabeth called me once,
The first time I tried to get
That first kiss I got the last time,
Which I hope you haven't forgotten.
I don't mean that that first time that
I tried to get the same kiss that I got the first time
Was the same time as the last time,
Which of course really was the first time;
Because the other time there wasn't any kiss,
And so you couldn't call it the first time—
It was the second time that was the first time—
I mean to say
That the first time I got that last kiss
Was the last time I got the first one—
No, I mean vice versa,
For the last time I kissed her the first time
Was the first time I kissed her the last time.

Anyway, Davy Hoy was rude.
But I got in somehow
And became a frosh.
Then a whole lot of fellows
Became violently and temporarily
Friendly with me.
They said I was a fine fellow
And would I join an eating club?
They told me they liked my looks
And would I have my clothes pressed at a place they knew?
They said I was the kind Cornell would be proud of
And they would call for my dirty clothes every Monday morning.
They said I was the real thing

And could buy a season ticket better from them than from others.
 They said my frosh cap was becoming
 And would I please pay the frosh tax?
 They said I was well set up
 And that a campus permit to walk on the campus cost only a dollar.
 If I had believed the second things they said
 As easily as I believed the first ones,
 I wouldn't have enough money in my pocket
 To buy a stamp for a letter
 To Grace Elizabeth
 Who kissed me the first time the last time I saw her.

I scheduled up for about twenty-four hours
 And my lessons didn't take much time,
 Because all you have to do is to say
 Not prepared,
 And the prof falls for it.
 So I went in for crew, cross country, football, military drill
 And the *Sun* competition,
 And would have made them all
 Only I had no pull,
 And you can't even get on the crew, a senior told me,
 Unless you have a good husky pull.

Then all the fraternities began to rush me,
 Except a few that said they were pledged not to rush me
 Until the second term.
 And I went around to the fraternity houses,
 And entertained the fellows by singing
 The good old high school songs;
 And if I happened to be sitting next to a serious looking
 Upperclassman,
 I told him about Grace Elizabeth,
 And how I kissed her the first time.
 I don't mean that I told him I kissed her the first time
 In the sense that she let me kiss her the first time,
 Because it wasn't the first time, but the second,
 Although of course it was the first time I had kissed her,—
 Not meaning to imply that I kissed her a second time,
 Because there was only one time and that was the last—
 Or the first whichever way you look at it.
 And the upperclassman would ask me which time I kissed her,
 So I had to explain it to him as I have to you,
 And I generally made him understand.
 You understand, don't you?
 There was just one kiss altogether.



Then there were prelims coming,
 And I didn't want to waste time on fellows in a fraternity,
 So I told them so, and they advised me to study for my prelims
 So I did, but it didn't do much good.
 For I didn't do as well in the prelims as I did at high school.
 Not nearly so good, in fact.
 I didn't pass, in fact.

Well, and now comes block week,
 And from what the fellows say,
 There will be some examinations all right.
 And I don't expect to pass very much.
 I tell you that if the profs knew their business
 They would arrange it
 So as any good fellow could pass.
 But it looks to me as if I would stay at home next term.
 And so I am writing this,
 So if any accident happens to me,
 Like falling off a bridge and getting killed,
 Or slipping on the ice and fracturing my brain,
 Or suffocating in a street-car,
 My friends will know what a sad loss it is to the world.

And I send a last kiss to Grace Elizabeth—
 I don't mean the *first* last kiss she already gave me,
 But the first *last* kiss I can ever give her.
 Of course I see that if I die now
 That last first kiss would be the first last kiss,
 Because having kissed her only once there couldn't be
 Two first last kisses, even if the last last one
 Was different from the first first one.
 Anyway one person will understand me,
 Grace Elizabeth.

Patriotic Reflections on Male Quartettes

W. S.

Elaine's fifty-seventh adventure has been finished, and Charlie Chaplin has fallen into a barrel of molasses. The screen is hoisted to the flies; the footlights are turned on, disclosing a tasteful representation of a street intersection in a quiet city neighborhood, and the American Close Harmony Quartette comes on and begins to work, opening with "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield."

I shall not describe them. All quartettes look alike to me, except that some are blacked up, which makes them look still more alike. Nor

shall I attempt to criticize their performance. If possible, they sound even more alike than they look.

But to the thoughtful mind, all is food for reflection, and to the patriotic mind, everything is ground for national pride. What are my last patriotic reflections before lapsing into unconsciousness?

To me the popularity of the male quartette is evidence of the greatness, the soundness, the wholesomeness, and the humanity of the American character, and, whatever the calamity-howler may say, of the prosperity of the American nation.

So prosperous is our country that the members of the male quartette are actually paid money for their singing. Our intense love of music, of whatever quality, frees them from the necessity of manual labor or the minor offices of salesmanship, and provides for them a place in the artistic world, on the same bill with the performing dog circus and the Tango Sisters with three removals of costume.

So stable is our culture, so tried and true our ways, that we do not, like the ancient Athenians, constantly demand to hear some new thing, but week after week welcome the successive male quartettes as they come on and sing "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield" and "Take Me Back to Manistee." We are a simple folk, easily entertained. The ancient Romans, with their perverted appetites, the Spaniards of today, with their depraved cruelty, would care little for the American Male Quartette, but would be satisfied only by sanguinary combat of gladiators or the harrowing spectacle of the bull-fight. We are content with male quartettes, and in eternal refutation of those who might call us inhumane, we do not even lynch them.

Professors' Chorus

****But take heed—there is a noticeable lacuna! To my knowledge, there is not a single fiery and tuneful song that celebrates the charms of a teacher's life. A number of rollicking lays for our Professors to troll as they come snake-dancing up the hill would soon add to the numbers of the profession. Let me give an illustration of my thesis.

"Oh the teacher's life is the life I love,
When the stormy breezes blow-ow-ow;
When the wild wind whistles in the library tower
I'm warm in the seminar below;
Oh the janitor may worry 'bout the Income Tax,
But no such care I know-ow-ow—
Yo-ho! Yo-ho! Oh no! Oh no!
For no such care I know.



THE CORNELL ERA

Oh it's my delight on a winter's night
 To take Thucydides,
 Where the turbulent aorists buckle and lift,
 And the mocking prolepses
 Dance in a wilderness of verbs—
 But I am lord of these!
 Of these, b'jeez!
 Yes, I am lord of these!

Now where is the lad with the wandering heart,
 And the Phi Beta Kappa key,
 Who'll come a-roving, away in the stacks,
 Where the Wissenschaft-Zeitungen be?
 Now come my lad where the Zeitschrift calls,
 And be a Professor with me!
 Oh come! Oh come!
 And be a Professor with me!

Morituri Salutamas

(We About to Die, Salute You)

A Worm-Chorus

M. B., '13

Rain, wind and rain!
 The heavens are of ashen hue,
 They kiss with their celestial dew
 Walks of cement, and flag-stone too:
 Rain, wind, and rain!

Spring, joy of Spring!
 Ah, break the prison where we're pent,
 Let's heed the spring's admonishment
 And bask upon the wet cement;
 Spring, joy of Spring!

Ah, mad, mad worms!
 The fingers of the rain will lave
 Our long abdomens on the pave—
 So near to Heaven, so near the grave!—
 Ah, mad, mad worms!

Stay yet a while!
Ye know the song our elders sing
Of them that went adventuring,
Their long abdomens mad with Spring;
Stay yet a while!

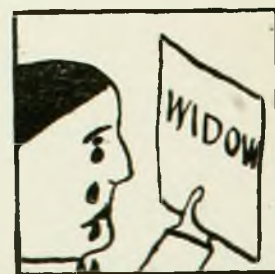
Pooh, old worms' tales!
And home they brought our fathers, dead,
Smit by a Herculaen tread,
Their long abdomens all outspread:
Pooh, old worms' tales!

Can Youth, then, die?
But Death itself is no great price
For half an hour of Paradise:
Come, hasten to the sacrifice!
Come, see youth die!

Rain, wind and rain!
The asphalt calls us, let us fly;
Forward! We urge with purpose high
Our long abdomens forth to die!
Rain, wind and rain!

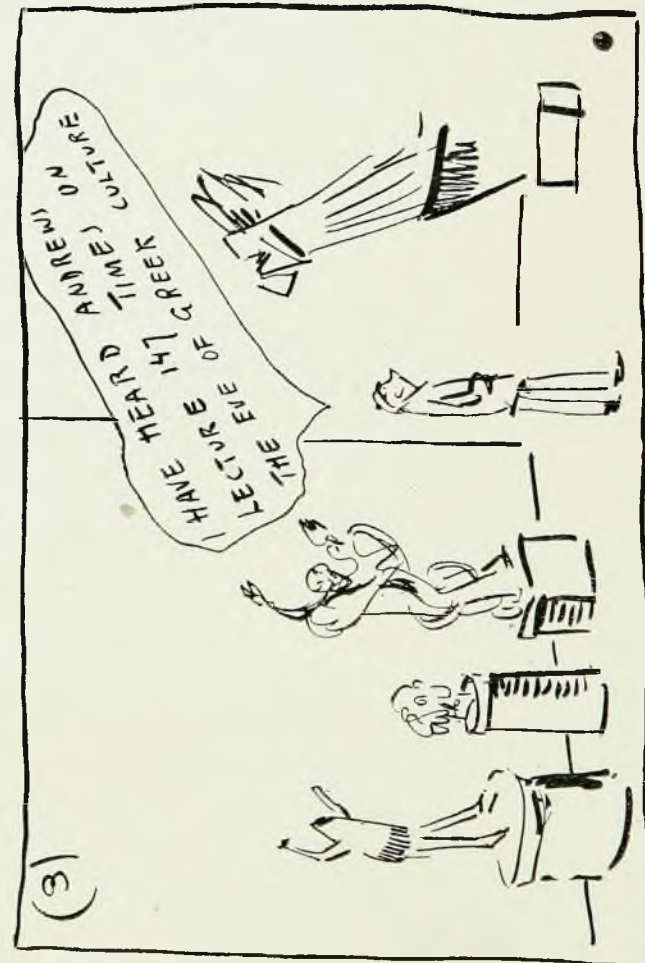
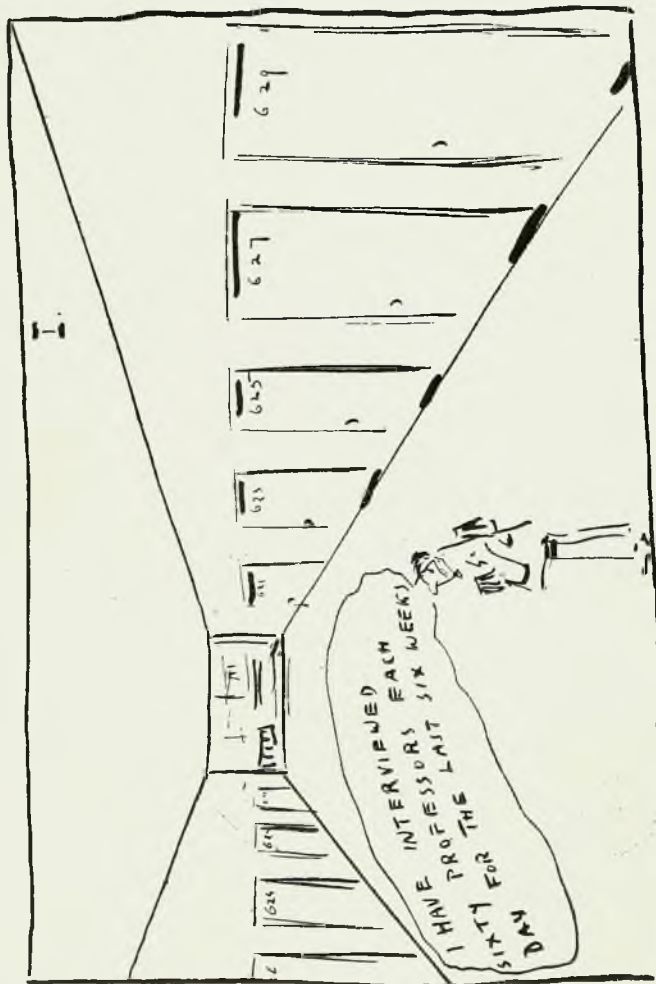
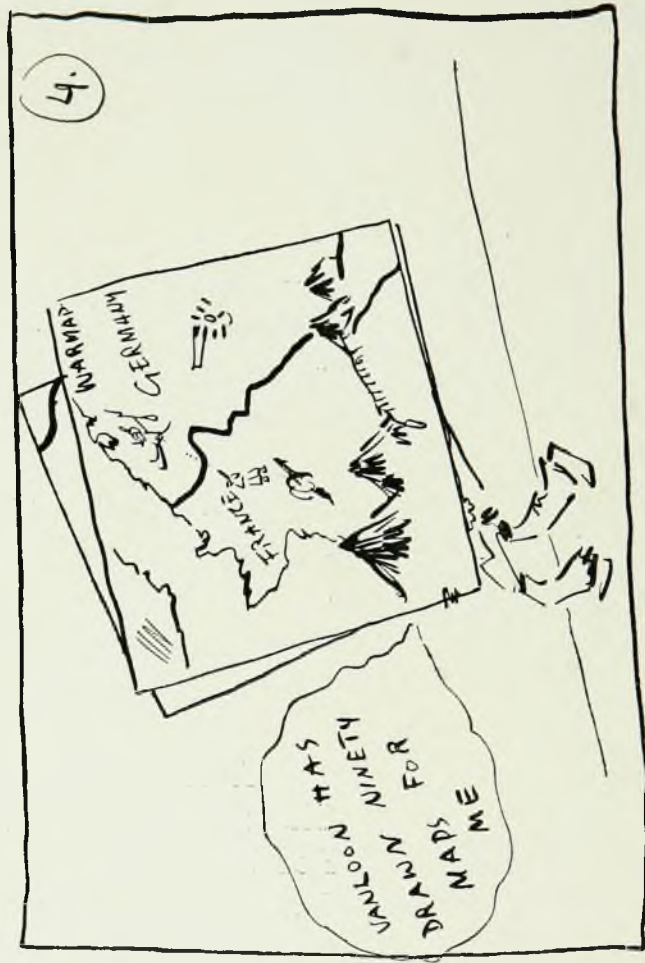
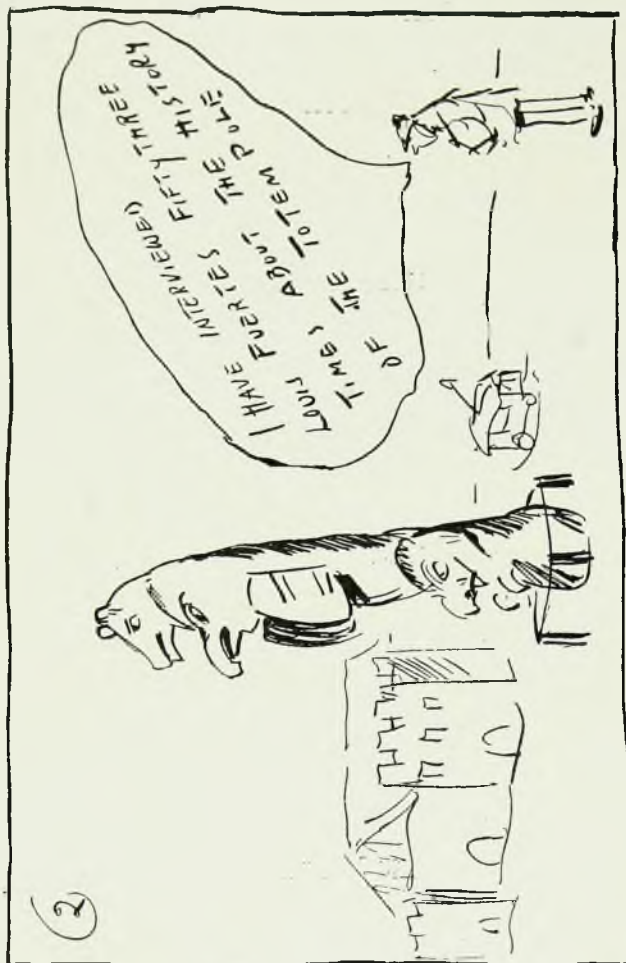


FRESH NOODLES

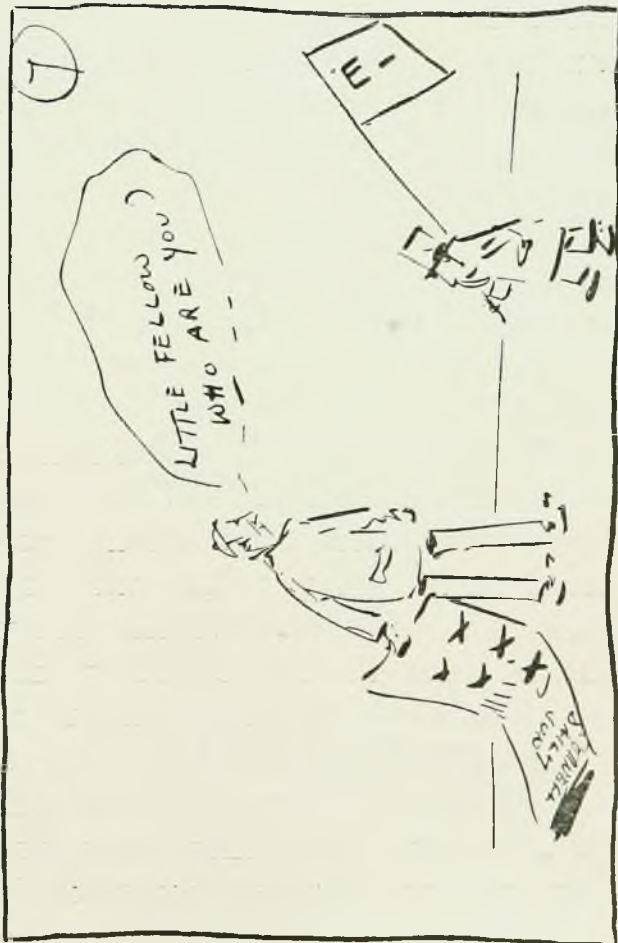
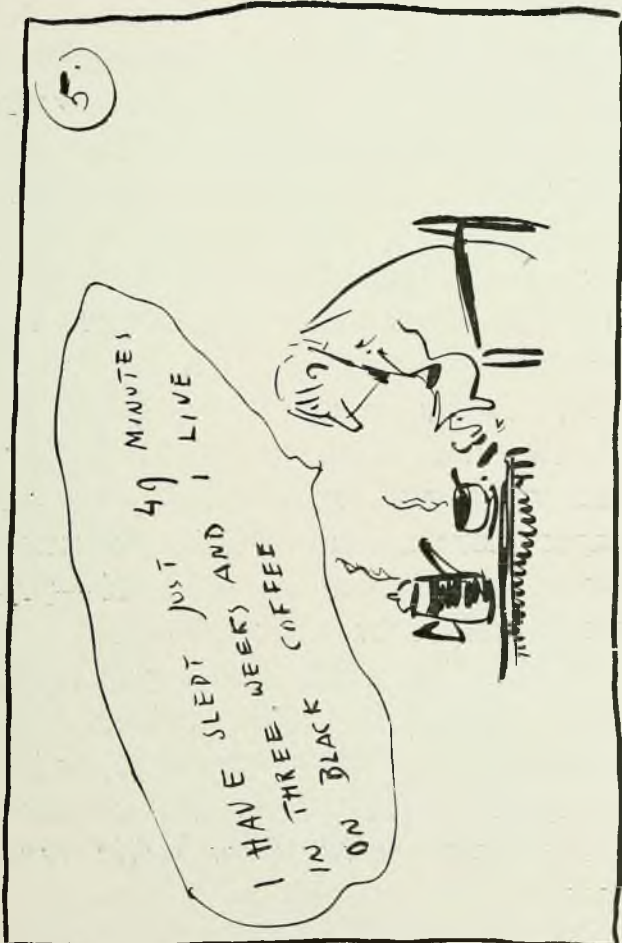
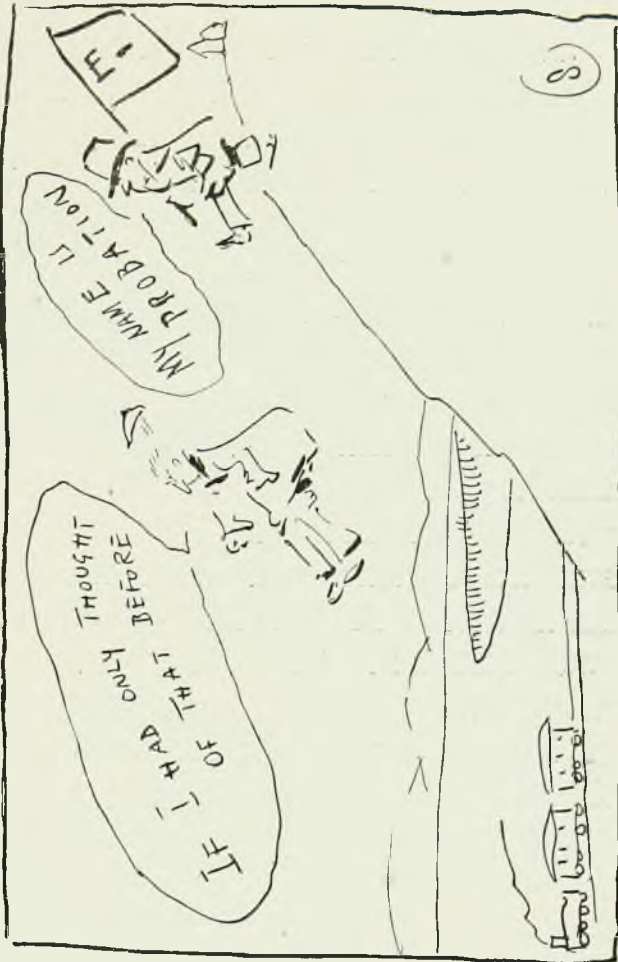
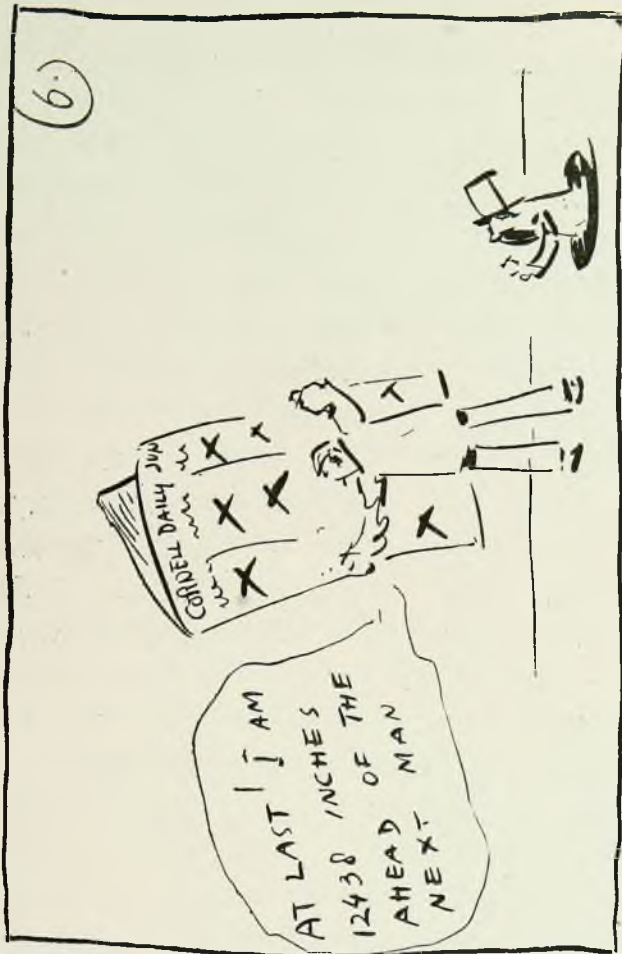


If I Had Only Thought of That Before!

By '05



A Moral Story, with Apologies to Goldberg and Powers



Hero Worshipers

Are you a hero-worshiper? Does your soul delight to bask in beams of glory, reflected to your lesser self by more refulgent personalities? Does your heart beat faster upon the approach of a super-man? Yes? Well, then come with me and I will guide you to the spot where you may, not only gaze in awe upon the passing-by of these demi-gods, but see them standing engaged in high converse with one another, e'en deigning now and then to honor your whole-hearted admiration with a careless glance in your direction. Ah, see them as they stand!! Could mortal ask more glorious vision? Strong, upright, clad in "coats of sheep" with shoon of cordovan, they stride behind the granite pillars that are but their prototypes, their furrowed brows, their tense drawn faces, relieved only occasionally by the light of sardonic humour o'er the folly of man-kind, betray the noble dreams still-born behind those stern masks of suffering. The pregnant silence is broken only by the sepulchral mouthings of these leaders of mankind, while the feet of the granite pillars are swathed in cigarette ashes and tobacco juice. Whence came this august senatorial assemblage, toga-ed by Stein-bloch and Kohm & Brunne? What group of lowly mortals dare claim these prodigies as their pride and joy? Let us proceed with scientific caution before formulating a theory sufficiently prodigious and astounding to account for the who and whence of these Counts of Ten. In the first place we note that they have regular, well-established moments for

gracing our tired eyes with a sight of their majesties. It is when the chimes strike the even hour that this body doth assemble its corporate members. By twos and threes they saunter from the triple portals behind the granite pillars, exhaling from their chiseled nostrils those ambrosial fumes dedicated to Omar and Fatima. We draw near, fascinated. We hunger to feast upon the choice morsels of their conversation. Ah, what raptures!! Our thirsty ears have drunk,—one word,—nay, even two. Would that I could impart them to you, but the heartless philistinism of the censor of our pen compels that mere symbols (!!!?-X) should perpetuate these forceful utterances. Closer, yet closer let us draw, but not too near the sacred presences lest in their anger they exhale upon us a breath sufficient in its potency to send us reeling back to our accustomed lowly sphere. Breathe easier, comrade mine, the moment of suspense is o'er. They have seen us and in their condescending graciousness have permitted us to stand unscathed, as beings unworthy of the awful doom we feared would be the reward of our temerity. Thrills and bliss unmeasured, not one word, not ten words charm our eager senses, but whole sentences weave their way twixt 19—pipe stems and even yellow teeth.

"Lord, I'm tired, didn't pull in 'til three. Little party at the Senate."

You and I, fellow neophyte, nod in sympathy. How the cares of state must weigh upon these noble senators!

"Say, but I got away with it fine in polecon today. Slung a line of bull a mile long."

We knew it all the time. This surpassing strength which can single handed over-whelm a column of mighty bulls is but to be expected from these heroic souls.

We glance at the clock in alarm, but three more minutes to prolong our bliss. The hour stands at 11:07. We sigh with relief as again our hearts beat high. The foremost of them all turns part way around and gazes o'er the greensward. "Hey, guys, do you see the same thing I see? Whew! Some snake!" We are in transports. Statesmen, heroes of

primeval strength and biologists. Surely no added talents can be present in these Nietschian representatives of Adam's line.

With unfeigned eagerness we strain our faculties so as not to miss a word. But, alas, the lordly eye of one of our heroes has lit upon the northern face of the library clock, which points to 11:09.

"Well boys let's go. Here's where we take another snooze."

You and I, humble worshippers, creep reluctantly away, but with the feeling of unutterable satisfaction at having had this opportunity to satiate our hunger for hero-worship.

W. H. F., '18.

Is Slang Reprehensible?

By L. J. RUMMELL '16

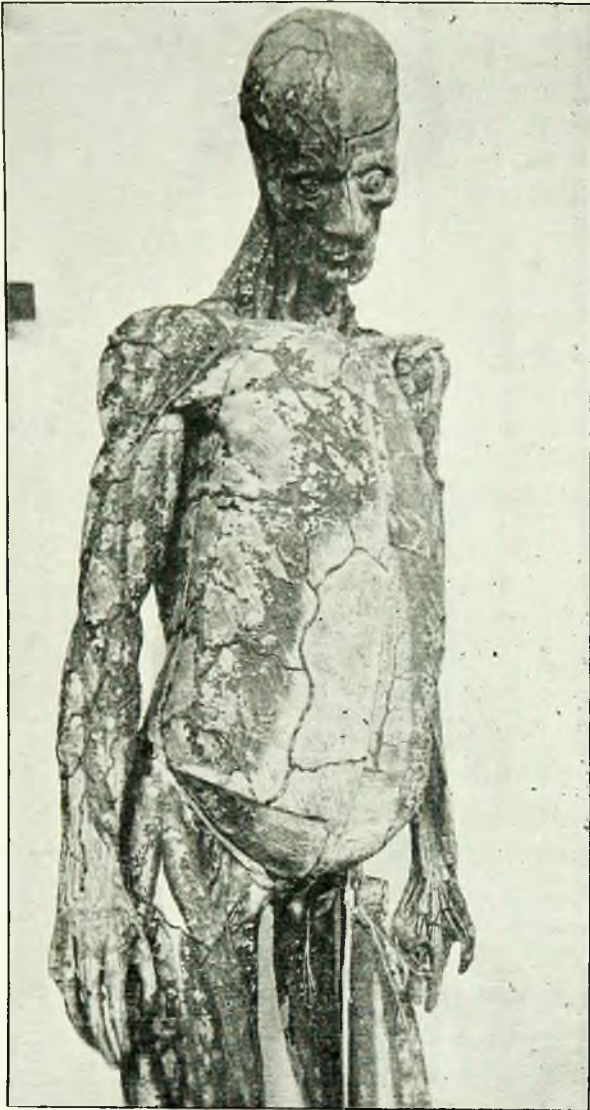
Even the elite have swallowed the fact that slang is getting to be all to the mustard. This fact maybe runs a little against the grain of the lovers of the straight English, but the guy that looks it up, will get wise to the fact that the bigger bunch of people who tap the English keg, don't give a rap whether other fellows lean a little towards slang or not. Those that have fastened onto that view of the matter look good to me. Now, I ain't strong for the bum talk myself, but if some other guy wants to shoot the bull with a little hot stuff, why, Holy gee, that's none of my business. I take a slant at the proposition through this knot-hole:—if some poor boob ain't had enough dragging up to leave the rum talk out of his hot air, it ain't up to Yours Truly to set him straight. The simple one is enough to get a guy's goat. He's got his own way all

mapped out in his dome, and there's no shifting him, or he'll get sore. Yes, sore. He'll be so blamed peeved that he's liable to swing on a guy, and give him a black lamp or knock out one of his ivories.

Now don't surround the idea that I am the sort of duck who plays strong for the slang stuff *all* the time. I'm one of these rational fellows that pulls off his conversation in *his* way, and lets the next lad use his own breath as he likes. I'm only writing this document to save some man who wants to scratch out the word "slang" from Webster's little novel, from the sick feeling due to a right to the jaw. As I was saying, I'm for the real stuff in English, as this little bulletin I've scribbled will prove, but I believe in letting the next guy alone. That's the hunch, paddle your own canoe, and let the other guy manage his.



Professor Tibia, M. T.



In selecting Professors of Cornell for the Professorial Corner, we have been guided by a desire to present to the undergraduate body those of the faculty who have achieved notable things in their chosen fields of en-

deavor but who, because of the comparatively narrow scope of their work, are not as well known to the students as they should be. We, therefore, take great pleasure in bringing to your attention this month, Professor Tibia, M. T., of the college of medicine. Professor Tibia has consecrated himself to the advancement of medical and surgical science. Very early in life he began to show a peculiar fitness for physiological study and immediately set about preparing himself for his chosen work. Constant and unfailing application since then has made him a model for all in his profession. In him is concentrated all that is known of the art of dissection. From the occipital bone to the phalanges there is no part of the body with which he is unfamiliar and the working of which he could not without a moment's hesitation point out and demonstrate. Patiently and unceasingly he is laboring to disseminate knowledge among the laymen. Our photograph of him shows him ready for work. Note how his blood vessels are bulging from physical and intellectual activity. Truly his is a noble figure. It is, indeed, profitable to cultivate his acquaintance.

N. B.—The degree, M. T., stands for Muroid Tissue, and was conferred on Professor Tibia when he demonstrated that a body can exist without Wharton's Jelly or Muroid Tissue,

The Role of the Bath-Tub in History

By MORRIS BISHOP '13

Baths began doubtless when time began. Our earliest forefather belonged to the jelly-fish family; and for him all the world was one great bath-tub. As years passed, and Grampaw was cast away on an unknown shore, with the ingenuity and resource that has always marked our family he grew legs and teeth and adenoids and all the rest of it; and he took a bath every time he fell in. It seems that ordinarily the long-haired beasts fear the water, the hose and the flea soap, while beasts who have skin all over the outside—elephants, hippopotami, hogs, eels—naturally love water. I blush to say that old Uncle Joe of the Early Devonian period was whiskered like a Shetland pony. Later the age of invention came; he invented the hatchet, the stove, the primitive high-ball; and as his own natural aigrettes dropped off he invented clothes. But when did he invent the tub?

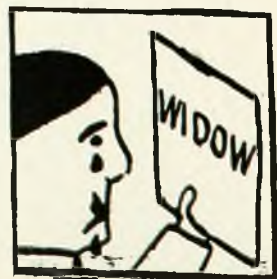
One of the earliest references to the bath is that of Archimedes of Syracuse, who lay throughout a summer's day in his tub, slowly raising and lowering his feet in the water, as if fascinated by the sight. (This was the favorite pastime of the Big God Nquong, as all students of Australian mythology must know.) The casual observer would have said that he was playing with his toes, when as a matter of fact, he was making one of the world's greatest discoveries in hydrostatics. "Hüpnka! Hüpnka!" he cried, springing out of his tub and running

down Salina St., in his bath-tub costume, which is precisely similar to that we wear today. Wherefore still do we exclaim in these days "Eureka," to wit, "I have found it!", though today we refer usually to the soap.

In the days of Rome's glory, of course, bathing was the great national sport. We can still see the elaborate and luxurious bathing arrangements in Pompeii, with the gymnasiums, the hot, cold and tepid baths, the showers, the sweating rooms, the drying rooms, the delightful promenades, the news-stands and the lunch-counters.

But there were evil days in store for the plumber's craft. To the ascetic Christian a bath meant pleasure, worldly cleanliness, the Devil; and so we read of St. Abraham, who, during the fifty years after his conversion, washed neither face nor feet; of the virgin Silvia, who would wash nothing but her fingers; of St. Ammon, who had never seen himself naked; of the 130 nuns of St. Euphraxia's convent, who leagued themselves against Satan and his baths. The rule in most monasteries was, two baths a year, at Christmas and Easter, and in the great monastic code of St. Benedict, which is usually sensible and rather radical, we find the counsel, "baths to the sick, but let the healthy beware." That this rule was scrupulously followed we may judge from the testimony of the men who cared for Thomas of

(Continued on page 327)



State Street

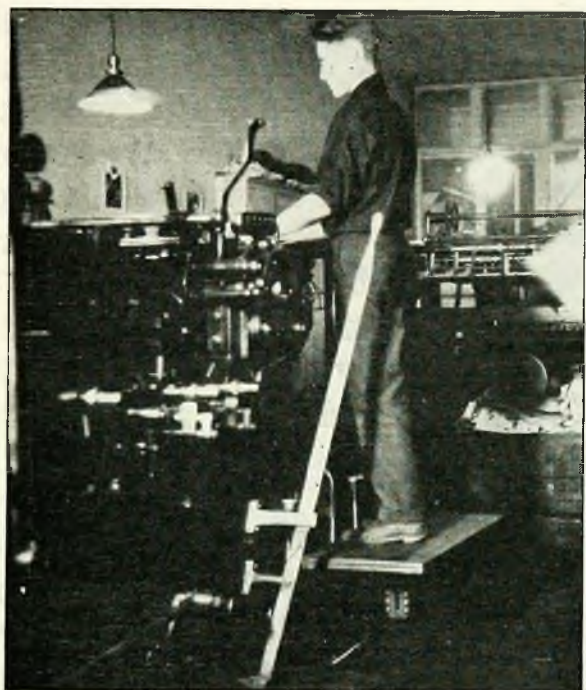
(With apologies to George Chappell)

Would you like to view State Street
On a Saturday night?
It is the oldest of rues
Surrounded by booze
Illustrated, animated,
Stewed studes inebriated
With a tang, with a bang with a lang
ZANG!!!!
Crashing of glasses
Mashing of lasses
Freshman free-lunchers
With Walker-over crunchers
Smart upper-class-men
Reeking of jasmine
And the stude
Every mood is
Represented—good or crude.
Young prelim-slackers
With ill-smelling terbackers
Lanky, cranky, mercy-upon-us!!
Foolish, mulish, would-be-Adonis,
Grey-cap, soph-yap, wide-eyed fat ones
Rum-hounds, bum-a-rounds, sky-highed fast ones.
Tall, small, snubby-nosed ones
Bold, cold, Bushman-posed ones
Goggles, befogged, little Rollos
Sweatered, belettered, collech Apollos
Yelling, smelling, gay deceiving ones
Passive, massive, gray believing ones
And their clothes
God knows
Where dad gets the money
But here's where it goes.
Styleplus clothes of cut exclusive
"Fts well round the neck" so smile productive
Toboggan caps and coats of sheep
Crass cravats and sport-clothes cheap
Pipes and swipes
"Oh ton after ton of them
But please don't think I'm making fun of them
Perish the thought—why you may be one of them."

S. G. FRITZ.

The Newspaper DeLuxe

What means all this exciting commotion? What significance can be attached to the hurried flitting past our chilly vantage ground of feminine ankles (trim and otherwise) surmounted by the flaring gowns of the day? Why do these fair cohorts scatter to the four winds of the earth? Are they playing hide and seek or is it because it is leap year? (Out upon thee for thy levity, thou scoffer soul!) These are the winged



The Bulletin Being Rushed
Through The Press

reporters of the Woman's Daily Bulletin. These intrepid souls leave no corner of the world uncombed in their search for news. Heaven is none too high nor Hell too deep to daunt these seekers after Truth. (Necessarily discreetly garbed in contravention of tradition, however). Congratulations are not only due to the *Bulletin*, however, for its repor-

torial staff, but for the stern, simple, democratic policy of the paper. Despite its immense circulation, and the modern, monster presses (see picture) which are at its every beck and call, the board adheres to its policy of using brown paper of the wrapping variety—possibly contributed daily by those fair co-students of ours whose purses permitted purchases at Rothschild's emporium.

Its news columns contain not only current events of surpassing interest but facts startling in the new vistas which they open up to the imagination. For example, scan this gem, culled from the treasure storehouse of the *Bulletin's* files.

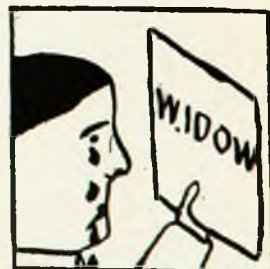
"Class Stew; \$2.00"

We didn't know it could be done and we wonder how. We have searched through many text-books on the subject and have found no mention of a case so remarkable. Certainly, this is a notable contribution to the art of Bacchus.

But hear the clarion note sounded by the *Bulletin* in support of convention and the proprieties. The following quotation is taken from one of last spring's issues and has to do with an announcement of rowing practice.

"The rule about allowing only black stockings in the boats will be strictly enforced." This is undoubtedly commendable, but is, however, somewhat hard on the coxwain—because he might be addicted to the habit of wearing colored sox.

W. H. F., '18.



Let Us Be Thankful

With the passing of time we become in some strange way callous to the advantages with which we are surrounded. Examples of this lessened appreciation which we accord the blessings which are a part of our everyday life are not hard to find. What one of us gives thanks every day of his life for the modern conveniences, such as the *Cornell Daily Sun*, the electric light, and the Ithaca Traction Company, which make life easier and more bearable? The fact is that we are prone to forget all that we owe to these unpretentious facts of everyday existence. No better case can be cited than the indifference with which the average sophisticated undergraduate thinks of our modern, well-equipped gymnasium which is ever ready to minister to our wants and provide us with the very best of facilities for physical exercise. If any reader feels that he does not appreciate the real worth of this magnificent building he needs only read the following glowing accounts from the *ERA* and *Sun* of the good old days, in order to have reborn in him that feeling of reverence and awe which he used to experience when using the modern equipment of our commodious exercise hall.

The Cornell Era of Oct. 21, 1881.

"The gymnasium is an institution which all the students, and freshmen especially, should support. It will be found complete in all its apparatus necessary to a well-

equipped place of exercise. The bars are of good quality, the assortment of clubs is large, and the rings and ropes are well-arranged. Lockers are provided for the use of all members, and the facilities for a bath after exercise are creditable to the management."

The Cornell Era of June 1, 1883.

"At last Cornell has a gymnasium. As usual, now that we have it, it is one of the finest and most complete in the country. The building itself has been so often described that any further description of it is quite useless. Of its equipment, however not so much is known. This much we can say, when finished there will not be a better or more thoroughly equipped gymnasium in the country. The machinery and apparatus will be of the best and most recent invention."

The Cornell Sun of Oct. 11, 1882.

"The plans for the Armory and Gymnasium have been formed with the greatest liberality, and if half of them are carried out future students at Cornell will have no reason to complain of the Gymnastic apparatus of the University. As our readers are of course aware, the old gymnasium has been moved and placed just south of the new building. It will be connected with the Armory by a covered way and used as a bath and store-room. It is probable that some few gymnastic apparatus which must be fastened to the wall will be left in this build-

ing. In the Armory, however, will be placed the greater part of the apparatus.

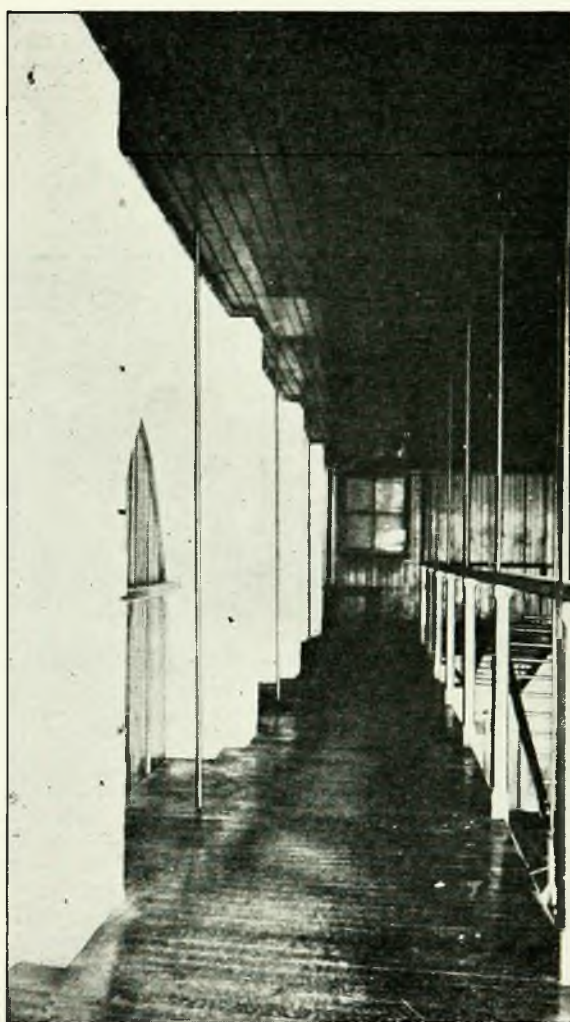
"This building which is being rapidly pushed to completion, will be 150 x 160 feet and one story high. The ceiling will be arched and handsomely decorated, the large supporting timbers being left exposed. The walls will not be plastered and hence cannot easily be damaged.

"Ample as are these plans there are yet others for the outside of the building. The grounds around the building are to be graded and levelled. This will then be the place for tennis courts, and other outdoor sports of like nature. As will readily be seen when all this has been done, or even a good part of it, we will have nothing to desire in this line. All our athletic wants will be absolutely provided for in the fullest detail. We will have not only a gymnasium, but a very fine one, and a convenient place for outdoor sports, the whole connected with bath and dressing rooms. Above all they will be on the campus, and available for each and every student."

The Cornell Sun of May 26, 1883.

"The gradual completion of the new Military Hall and Gymnasium has been marked by the students with intense interest. Every detail has been carefully scrutinized, and, as the whole plan for the building unfolded itself, this interest has been transformed into the greatest satisfaction. When, therefore, it was announced that the Hall would be formally opened with some display of the "pomp and circumstance

of war" great was the delight felt and expressed. The postponement of the appointed day only added to the thoroughness and the extent of the arrangements. Yesterday afternoon and evening, with the exercises attendant upon the opening of the Hall and with the pride natural with regard to the result of the Cazenovia Regatta, will be a day red lettered in the Cornell Calendar * * * "



The Wide and Thoroughly Modern Track of the Cornell Gymnasium

The *Sun* then goes on to relate about the Grand Opening Ball and in the description of the beautiful affair tells us that:

"The immense hall was of just about the right size to comfortably



accommodate all the dancers without crowding. They seemed to enjoy themselves most thoroughly. And they certainly had every reason to do so. The floor was as perfect as floor could be. There was plenty of

room, and consequently little crowding. The music—well, it was almost impossible to stand still while listening to such music. Probably the spectators enjoyed this part of the evening more than any other * * *



Leaders of Student Opinion



A Senior in Law



A Freshman in Ag.

Cornell Doin's in Rhyme

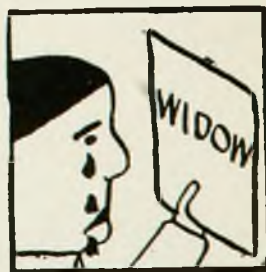
Ry AUSTIN W. YOUNG. '17

Within a week or maybe less
We'll start on our vacation;
For Junior Week the Masque has picked
"Stop Thief" for presentation.
The winter's chill has opened up
The season for debating;
Now football's thru
So next in view
Are basketball and skating.

Our yearly bunch of calendars
Are out in all their glory;
The Big Red Team's Thanksgiving score
Don't tell a cheerful story.
It always pays to advertise,
Experience has taught us;—
We recommend
To send a friend
"Above Cayuga's Waters."

The price of papers, books, and things
Is steadily advancing;
Our co-eds fair and otherwise
Will learn aesthetic dancing.
Tagore has had a lot to say,
His first name is a hummer;
Statistics show
It didn't snow
In Ithaca this summer.

Cross country laurels once again
Became Cornell's possession;
The football team to Philly had
A rally and procession.
Be careful not to bust this term,
Because your friends would miss you;
A "Widow" joke?
On ERA folk
Is found in every issue.



Professor Andrews twice a week
 Is giving Grecian lectures;
 All those who ran the walking race
 Were caught by the inspectors.
 The latest dope on cheering says
 That we must get together;
 With B V Ds
 Above the knees
 Beware of wintry weather.

In New York City there have been
 Cornell Alumni meetings;
 The coming year we wish good cheer,
 Accept our New Year greetings.
 I'll have to hurry thru this thing
 To get it to the printer;
 This bunch of bunk
 Is mostly junk;
 There's ice most every winter.

From the Diary of Samuel Pepys, Cornell 1916

December 1st.

Up and this morning I began a practice which I find by the ease which I do it with that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razer: which pleases me mightily. To my classes where I dozed till wakened by the musique of the chimes, which did play some barbaric compound of finger exercises in honor of the lady that did make the presentation of them to this institution of learning which is on the Hill above the lake of Cayuga, where they row in skiffs. Then across the quadrangle, where steam is coming forth from some recent excavations, to lunch, which did satisfy me. To a

meeting of the wags who do edit the *Widow* pamphlet, which is humorous quite often, and there was a roguish and pleasant discourse among them, and they did decide to trye to put in print more of the wit of their thinking, and not to take it as greatly, as had been their wont, from ancient drollery which did before appeare in issues that had been brought out many yeares previous. And moreover it was especially determined with the unanimity of all the jesters not to publish more witticism from the CORNELL ERA, a publication of great merite. Then to the Armory where I was forced to carry a metal gun on my shoulder and rune, and

(Continued on page 331)



FOOTBALL PRACTICE IN THE MUSEUM OF CASTS
One of the Dorian Backs Catching a Long Punt



Why I Am a Debater

Many of my friends, since my attention has of late years been extensively devoted to debating, have expressed curiosity as to my reasons for undertaking this particular branch of extra-curricular endeavor. I must admit, however, that it was with the greatest surprise that I heard these inquiries. Indeed at first I felt it impossible that my ears could have heard aright. It seemed to me that my motives must have been perfectly patent. The honors and preferment showered upon debaters would certainly account for my choice. Name a man, if you can, so impervious to flattery and adulation that he could resist the chance to enjoy the full meed of these joys which fall to the lot of the intercollegiate "wranglers." Furthermore, when one considers the trivial amount of work required in relation to the honor gained, I marvel that the trials for the Varsity Debate Teams are not thronged with a number of contestants that would overwhelm the capacity of Bailey Hall. And then, even if the work were hard, think of the incomparable glory of it!! How eagerly are the columns of the *Sun* scanned by the fascinated undergraduate in search of the results

of the Triangular Debate. The greatest drawback is the one which is common to all elevated positions: one feels all too clearly the tremendous weight of the responsibility upon him. The thousands of dollars that are wagered on each contest appall even the minds of the debaters themselves, accustomed as they are to deal with national problems of momentous importance. Yet, one more sweetness is poured into the debater's already overflowing cup of joy. The possibilities of victory and all it brings!! The thunderous applause of an audience of three judges and six persons in Goldwin Smith B or the triumphant shouts of the devoted supporters (motorman and conductor of the Ithaca street car line) who meet him upon his return from a victory abroad. What more could one ask? What other pursuit gains for itself a greater share of commendation? Reluctantly, I draw to a close. In a few moments I shall be striding o'er the campus, trying to appear unconscious that I am the cynosure of all admiring eyes. Graciously I bow to the more prominent of those whose anxious glance and deep obeisance plead for recognition and pass on, secure on my lofty height, a Cornell debater.



Love's Sweet Song

When I was 14 I loved a sweet miss,
Oft in the evening I her tried to kiss.
Love at 14 is such puppy-like bliss,
But it doesn't last long.
A-men.

When I was 18 with money to spend,
I met a chorus girl, third from the end.
I bought her late suppers
Till she asked me to lend—
Her \$10,000.
A-men.

When I grew older at 20 or so
I was a blushing blond's bashful young beau.
I loved her dearly and oh what a blow,
When I found she was married—
A-men.

I didn't go out much as older I grew,
But one day remembered a girl that I knew
Back on the farm, my Sunbonnet Sue,
And now I am married—
A-men.

Postscript.
I now have a kid, my heavenly light.
Her least little pain gives us all kinds of fright.
I work all the day and walk all the night.
It's hell to be married
A-men.



Who's Who

MICHAEL MURPHY, '17



"Yes, yes? Is there anything that I can do for you to-day?" Well does this whole-souled greeting typify the very thought of the man and show his life devoted to the aid of others. Coming here, not with any idea of winning a paltry "C" or deigning to stoop to take the golden key, his one ideal has

been to live so that he may help the student. If there is any burden that weighs down your work-strained body he will rush to relieve you and keen eyed he often sees your burdens before you do.

In the matter of dress he is an authority and probably has done more than any one may to reform the prevalent tendency of displaying clothes belonging to the ancient regime. Whole evenings are spent in amusing the overworked student and he gives cash freely to the needy, even to the extent of twenty or thirty cents, that he may accomplish his lofty ambition. Despite the exalted position he holds in the hearts of the undergraduates, he is unpretentious and easily approached by the most humble, often appearing in the street with a stray pair of trou clinging tenderly to his arm.

Monte Carlo; Law; Pay Biga Mon; Student Aid Committee, 2, 3, Chairman, 4; Society for the reform of college dress, 3, 4; War Sufferers' Relief Committee, 4; German American League.

FREDERICK LAMPHIER, '17

"Red," well-known here as the concoctor of the famous "Red Special," is this fall seeing his fourth generation of Cornellians pass through the University—and through the Dutch. He and Sol Zinberg of Smoke Shop fame came here just sixteen years ago, travelling in a single grip. They are both still with us.



"Red's" first job in this Biggest Little City was as chief engineer of the old bus line that used to run between the railroad stations and the Ithaca Hotel. He soon switched, however, and became third assistant bell-boy at the hotel. He soon proved himself too big a man for his job—(six feet by two feet by one foot)—and became skipper in the Dutch, where he pilots foaming schooners over the mahogany bar.

It might be incidental here to mention that "Red" is French by birth and has his mail addressed to Fred Lamphier. He first saw the light of day in Elmira, which city presented him with his early education. He is a graduate of the Rathbun Hotel of that city, which added to his close association with the learned of the University, is preparing him for admission to Tau Beta Pi and Phi Beta Kappa.

Elmira, N. Y.; Tappa Nu Keg; Vinicultural College; Bar and Bowl; Freshman Rush Committee, 2; Chairman, 3.

JACK TEED, '17



Faithfulness to duty is the key-note of "Posty's" success. Snow, rain, shine, wind, heat or cold; in fact any variety of Ithaca weather fails to keep him away from the Central Avenue Bridge on a Thursday morning. He has a mission to fulfill. The "Ag" students must have their *Country Gentleman*,

and the others, their *Saturday Evening Post*. Five hours of listening, sleeping, and talking on those mornings would be unendurable without either one of the two. No one else could provide them week after week and year after year so unfailingly as he. His loyalty has won for him a large and prosperous business to say nothing of a place in the hearts of Cornell students.

Born and raised in Ithaca, "Posty" is well known to the people living in town. All who are acquainted with him can testify to his persistent and earnest work on the hill and in other places. When not engaged in dispensing the publications with which he is connected he is employed in distributing notices of shows appearing on the local boards, handbills of ensuing sales, and similar printed matter. He is thus a stimulus to commercial activity in the community and as such is a valuable asset to his times.

Ithaca, N. Y.; B. S.; Manuscript Club; Press Club; Cornell Walking Club; University Tax Committee.

THEODORE BRUIN '17

Theodore Bruin, better known as "Touchdown" is a truly Hula Lula bear imported from the wilds of this wild countree. Never having seen a human face before, he was at first inclined to "finish" anyone who came within reach. Now, however, a person may approach to within ten feet with-



out being afraid of losing more than a leg. As all true Cornellians do, "Touchy" came to Cornell to make good. We are afraid though, that he did not make as good a record during the football season as he had planned to do and we hoped he would. Notwithstanding, we should consider that everything was against him, and that after all he did reach the height of ambition that every bear earnestly strives for, namely, to hang by one toe on the rung of a ladder. This we concede is a remarkable feat for anyone and not the less so for a bear, and we feel certain that when he goes forth to make his fortune in the wide world this accomplishment will be a never failing aid to his lagging spirits.

We will all miss "Touchy" when he leaves us in the spring as he is the personification of good will and cheer, and this is an asset we all covet.

Oldtown, Me.; Forestry; Bighta Fighta; Football, 2, 3; Mascot, 4; President bear and hound race, 1, 2; Biggest flunk of season.



The Engineer

By K. P. ROYCE, '16

I am an Engineer;
A slip-stick shoving,
Calculating, curve-plotting,
Mathematical, ungrammatical,
Uncouth
Engineer.

Early, very early, every morning, my alarm
Goes off.
And I arise and dress with one hand,
Solving meanwhile, with the other
A differential equation of the second order.

All my thinking is in terms
Of percents and factors of safety.

When I sleep
On a cold night
I curl myself up into a logarithmic spiral
To keep warm.

When I dance
My feet
Follow sine curves
Displaced in phase by ninety degrees.

When I sing
I measure the tension in my vocal chords
And compute the sag.

Then I run scales;
Metric scales.
Next I warble a little diminuendo tremolo
Whose curve
Is a curve of damped vibrations.

For
I am an Engineer;
A report-writing,
Forge-working, foundry-slaving,

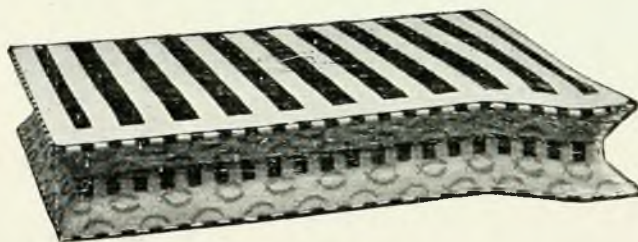
Damphool
Engineer.

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Courtessis
CIGARETTES

to give you a little more than you could possibly require of a cigarette is responsible for their ever widening circle of friends among men who can discriminate.



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ITHACA, N. Y.

The Theatre

As Christmas vacation draws nearer some of us can once more turn to the theatre pages in the papers in anticipation of wants satisfied instead of envying the students of Columbia or C. C. N. Y. The list of attractions on the New York stage is as alluring as ever. "Follow Me" is at the Casino. The title alone tempts the purchase of tickets. But there is no question of not going when we learn that Miss Anna Held, who has recently returned from Europe after an absence of several years, and a chorus of "sixty superlatively beautiful girls" are in the cast.

A three act comedy, "Such is Life" is the attraction at the Princess Theatre. Sam Sothern chose to amuse the public a little while longer instead of retiring with his brother, E. H. Sothern, and as the star in this play he is succeeding very well. The plot is built up about the intricacies of the feminine heart which, after centuries of study, is still not understood.

The uncertainty at the present writing of the future of the Winter Garden adds interest to the extravaganza now being shown there. If for no other reason than that it might be the last production to be staged there, we should like to see the "Show of Wonders." However, word has it that it is a worthy successor to those that have gone before. If that is true it is well worth seeing for itself alone.

We can not close without some mention of the Hippodrome. In the "Big Show" there, among other things, we have an opportunity to see Pavlowa at prices within our

(Continued on page 339)

Season's Greetings!

APPRECIATED by all but made doubly acceptable by some little remembrance.

The old adage that the best way to talk to one is thru his stomach, is still true.

Talk to her with a box of Whitman's or Pirika Candy in the box with the Cornell Seal, in one, two or three pounds, also fancy boxes for the season.

Marcus N. Chacona
416 Eddy St.

Orders taken and deliveries made to all parts of the city



Save him—

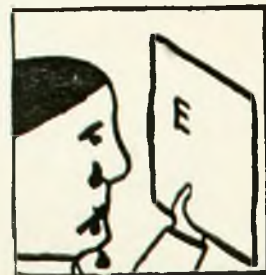
to be a useful American

If he were your boy, there is no extreme to which you would not go to snatch him from the clutches of the White Plague.

Unfortunately he has no able protector. His life depends upon what you and other patriotic Americans give at this Christmastide to help him fight for his existence. RED CROSS XMAS SEALS give you this opportunity. Make the most of it. Buy generously.



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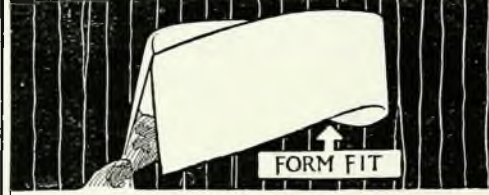
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THE THOMAS BROTHERS' AEROPLANE COMPANY

During the Michigan game this fall the crowds were thrilled by a Thomas Aviator circling in spirals to immense heights over the stadium, and finally volplaning out of sight into the valley.

To curious inquirers Cornellians volunteered the information that these performances were of almost daily occurrence. "You know we have the Thomas Aeroplane Works, and all their machines are tried out here before shipment."

The Thomas Brothers' Aeroplane Company has been located in Ithaca since the latter part of 1914. They occupy a large factory building near the Inlet, and own a tract of land adjoining the lake, which furnishes ample opportunity for trial flights over both land and water.

The Thomas Company manufactures all kinds of air machines— aeroplanes, hydroplanes, and war tractors. The large orders received from European countries prove that their type of military tractor is perfect in detail and practical in construction, since it has successfully survived the most severe tests conducted by representatives of these nations. Our own war department is among those who have recently placed "repeat" orders.

In the Thomas Aviation School, which is conducted under the super-

(Continued on page 321)

Special Holiday Train Service

TO

New York

VIA

Lehigh Valley Railroad

Friday, December 22, 1916

CORNELL CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

Daylight Service

All steel train of club car, coaches, parlor cars, and dining car

Leaves Ithaca 1:30 p. m.

Arrives New York 8:50 p. m.

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Solid train of all-steel sleeping cars.

Leave Ithaca 10:15 p. m.

Arrives New York 7:00 a. m.

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RETURN SERVICE

A special train of all-steel sleeping cars and club car has likewise been arranged for the return trip of Cornell students to Ithaca in time for eight o'clock classes, Tuesday morning, January 2nd.

Leaves New York, Monday, January 1st.

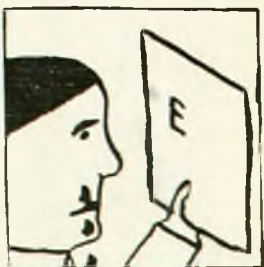
West 23rd St. 10:55 p. m.

Liberty St. 11:00 p. m.

Jersey City, 11:15 p. m.

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Full information may be obtained at City Ticket Office, 300 State Street





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I SHOULD like to see in business the same time sense that we enjoy in music. When a soloist sings to an accompaniment there is no music unless both performers are absolutely on time. Why not similar precision in business? Why not the same punctuality keeping a promise as in catching a train? Why not a better consciousness of the value of time, and serious regard for its observance?—*Ward's Words.*



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Rates: \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50

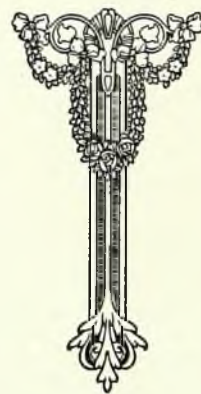
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150 Rooms, 50 with Bath

Noon Lunch 50 Cents, Best in Town

The Little Krafts Shop

Louis D. Neil



Unusual Gifts

The Thomas Brothers' Aeroplane Company

(Continued from page 319)

vision of the most experienced airmen in America, are to be found students from many foreign countries in addition to the numbers from our own land to whom the opportunity for research work and expert mechanical and scientific advice presented by the engineering department at Cornell particularly appeals.

During the past eighteen months Thomas motors have been manufactured in Ithaca by the Thomas Aero-motor Company, an offshoot from the parent company, formed for the specific purpose of building light weight high speed motors. These motors have proven very successful.

Experts agree that the Thomases possess some of the cleverest and most skillful designers and constructors in the industry. This fact however has much to do with the enviable reputation of the company.

As a result of the rapid growth of the business it has been found necessary during the last few months to increase the capital stock, thus enabling the firm to successfully cope with the large orders being received. More skilled workers are continually being added to the present large force of employees, yet—due to the steady expansion—it has been found necessary to run overtime, and to constantly plan for increased output.

The Thomas Brothers' hustling, bustling center of activity is aptly termed—

The Busiest Buzzer
in

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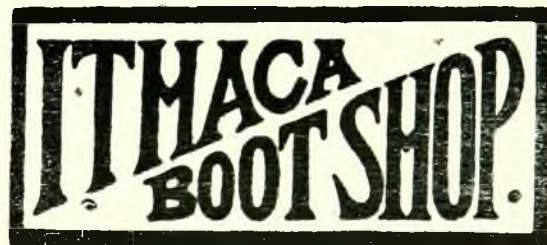
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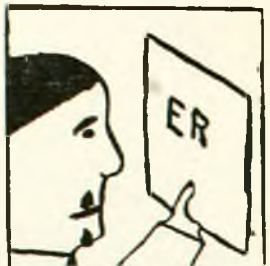
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College and Fraternity Work

A Modern Plant at Your Service

Are College Professors Human Beings ?

(Continued from page 283)

about college professors is not so much that they are not human beings (for this probably doesn't really matter much) as that they do not understand life. They have never, so to speak, had to earn a living. They deal in unrealities.

This it seems to me is quite unjust, and is logically wrong. For why should it be necessary to know anything about life in order to teach it? Mr. Bryan for example does not know anything about government and yet he has been secretary of state. Mr. Sunday doesn't know anything about God and yet he has the biggest audiences in the country when he talks about God, as he does sometimes. Mr. Rockefeller doesn't know anything about poverty, and yet he has written some valuable treatises telling us how to save our money. The Kaiser William doesn't know anything about Peace and yet he never has lost an opportunity in decades to preach it. This idea that we should know anything about the subject for which we have a reputation, has long been exploded. And so, just because a college professor talks daily about political economy or writes books weekly about political economy, or talks and writes philosophy, there is no real reason why he should know anything about it. Charlie Chaplin didn't want to make five hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year, but after trying from place to place to get a job as office boy and getting turned down, he had to do something. So the college professor doesn't want to become an expert at history or jurisprudence, whatever that is, or

(Continued on page 327)

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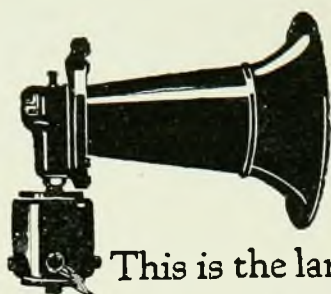
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CLASS AND COLLEGE
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Are College Professors Human Beings?

(Continued from page 323)

conic sections or parallelograms, but he can't help himself. He has a natural aptitude for being a college professor, just as some people have a natural aptitude for being human beings.

This is a great country. We absorb each year more Jews than any other country, and appear to assimilate them very well. We swallow Germans, Poles, Burgundians, Greeks, Latins, and even New Englanders, and don't suffer so much as we ought. So we are absorbing our college professors. I doubt if they are doing us a great deal of harm. They need to be kept down of course. If they out-run the Jew and the German, we might in time become too ignorant. But just at present we are doing very well. We are ignorant enough for all practical purposes.

The Role of the Bath-Tub in History

(Continued from page 301)

Canterbury on the day he was stabbed by the minions of King Henry. They knew by the almost angelic dirtiness of his hair shirt that he must be a saint.

In the 15th century we read of an Italian lady, whose name I have forgotten, who took baths in milk. This leads one to think that the era of the large tank was passing and the dantier individual tubs coming in.

If the Renaissance brought a great improvement in ways of thinking, it seems to have done little for the ways of living. As late as the middle of the fifteenth century we find Margaret of Navarre saying to a courtier, "Look at these lovely hands of

(Concluded on page 329)

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The Role of the Bath-Tub in History

(Continued from page 327)

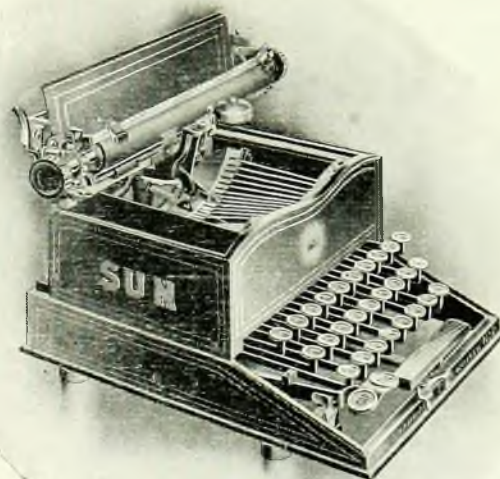
mine; they have not been washed for eight days, yet I will wager they outshine yours." Tradition has it that Margaret won, hands down.

The bath-tub, however, has not always led a life of seclusion, cut off, one may say, from the main pipe-line of life. It has been the scene of Tragedy! Marat, one of the leaders of the French Revolution, was a sufferer from a skin disease. To combat the disease, he would spend many hours a day in a specially-constructed bath-tub. It was shaped like a shoe; there was a sort of a rack which he used as a desk, and on which he did his business and planned his assassinations for the day. It was the 13th of July, 1793, the eve of the fourth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. Marat had been busy since early morning arranging the order of corpses for the morrow's celebration. At seven P. M. a visitor was announced, and shown into the bath-room. It was Charlotte Corday, a village girl, imbued with all the staunch conservatism of the upstate farmer. Muttering between her clenched teeth, "so die all Charley Murphies," she stabbed him at about water-level.

The Muse of History has recorded other bath-tub murders of later days, but I refrain from recording them, for fear of their effect on sensitive and imaginative natures. The tub should be the abode of peace and tranquility; the histories of these scenes of violence are disturbing, and who can think without a shudder that such and such a murdered man stepped tranquilly over just such tile as

(Continued on Page 331)

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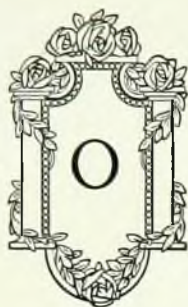


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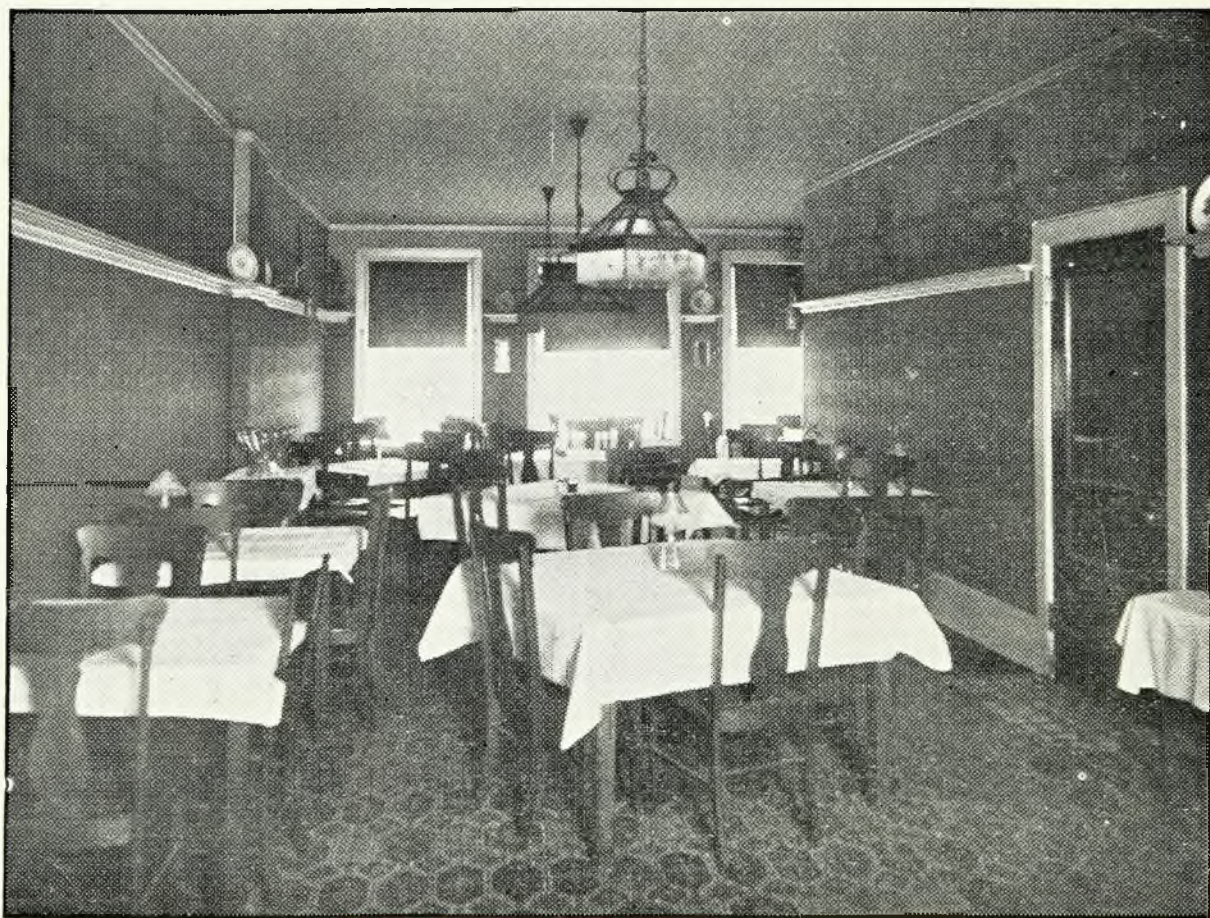
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The Role of the Bath-Tub in History

(Continued from page 329)

I do morn and eve. That with uplifted heart he performed just such gracious preliminaries as do I; and then that at the last the blood-hungry desperado sprang out from beneath the wash-basin,—it is too horrible.

But assuredly every man who feels the dignity of the bath must be helped by the example of the philosopher, Seneca. When his master and former pupil, Nero Augustus, sent him word that he must die, leaving the method unspecified, Seneca chose the death of a philosopher. Seating himself in his bath, he pulled out the plug and opened his veins. As his life-blood ebbed away down the drain, he smiled dreamily, for he knew that his death was as clean as his life had been, and that his body, as his soul, would stray in all purity in the fields of Elysium.

From the Diary of Samuel Pepys

(Continued from page 308)

walk and lie myself on the ground at the pleasure of a little man with white buttons on his shoulders, and he was vexed with me because I did not rush madly about at his bidding. Then to sup, whereafter I did chat pleasantly with my roomie on diverse objects, and he did explain to me clearly why our teame in football did not succeed as last yeare. Then finding my lessons, not to my liking, to bed.

December 2nd.

Up and in great haste to the Dog where I broke my fast, much against the desire of my stomach, my eggs being so deadly foule that I could scarce endure to look upon them. I

(Continued on page 335)



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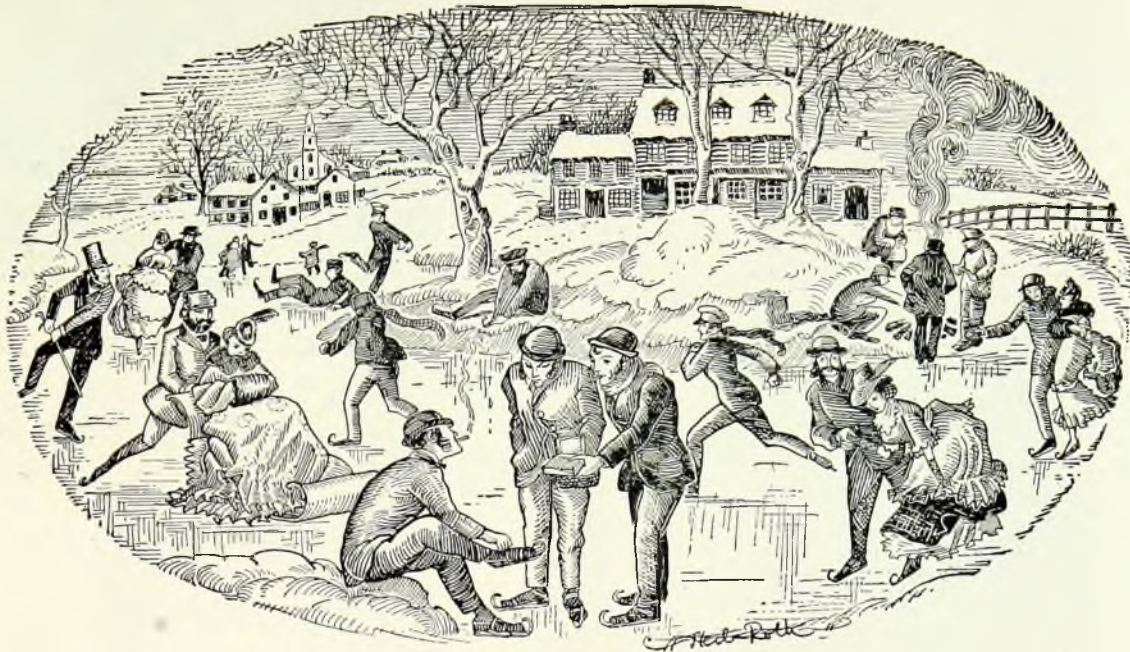
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From the Diary of Samuel Pepys

(Continued from page 331)

did eat them with huge effort to strengthen my body for the coming class. The Library clock, being as ever of uncertain tyme, I did make the mistake of relying upon and thereby stirred my prof to great anger in entering after his discourse had begun. I was not sorry, for it was devoid of all wit and brilliancy, and I would have slept soundly had it not been for the rasping of his voice. Then to a quiz division which was more to my pleasure, the pretty co-ed of the campus being there and full of play with her eyes. She is over much of vanity, but it is not surprising, being such a rare mayde. I then mixed up certain chemicals according to an ancient prescription and was greatly vexed by the offensive odor that arose. Home to lunch and then to a gayme at cards with others till we were called to sup on a pretty foule. I was very saddened over the result of my gaming and broke my vowe of never again, going to a presentation at the Star, which displeased me. There was a mayde who tried to sing some musique from a recent ballad, but although comely in part, she displayed no talent. The other parts being so disgusting to me that I to "Ye Dutch Inn" in the company of other merrie spirites for consolation in drink. Not sufficing our thirst there, we repaired to a tavern of Moorish name, where I was filled to the plenty. My legs, not being very steady, I betook myself to the trolley to assist me home, but it was exceeding vexatious and slow. I to bed in great distemper.

(Continued on page 339)

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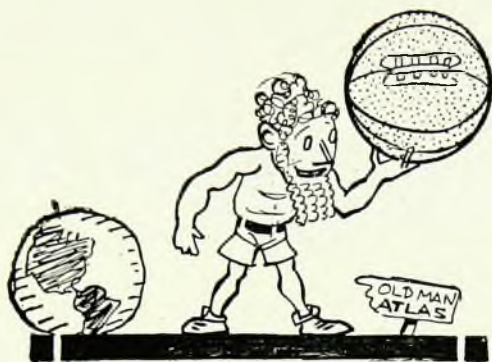
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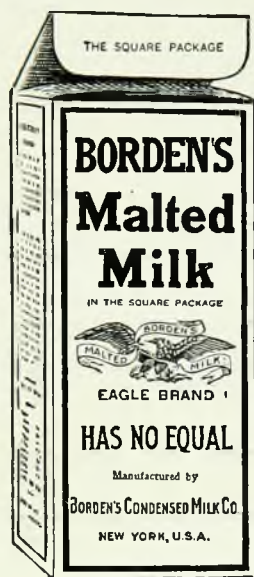
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From the Diary of Samuel Pepys

(Continued from page 335)

December 3rd.

Today being the Lord's day, and I being in pain in my head from the gayety of last night, I did remain long in bed in heavy slumber till I was roused by great noises, so I up and putting on my best clothes to my room where I worked with marked diligence reading many supplements from the papers of the day, including some that were of large learning and merite, and some displayed pictures of ladies who were of great beauty and pleasing to the eye. To dinner dressed in a stiff collar which did annoy me and made me loth to eat much of the excellent food. In company with others I did make much musique with instruments brought from foreign lands and of strange note. Then I did make a vowe, which I pray that I shall have the inclination to keep, to persue my studies more earnestly and seek learning, and being of this mind, I did work for some tyme on many things. Then to bed.

LeB., '19.

The Theatre

(Continued from page 317)

financial limit. It is a chance not to be lost.

These are only four of over forty. Our Christmas vacation might be doubled without giving us time to exhaust New York's supply. And before we did that, we would be weary of watching the curtain go down on the last act. Perhaps, after all, it is better to be here in Ithaca where we have no opportunity to grow tired of good plays.

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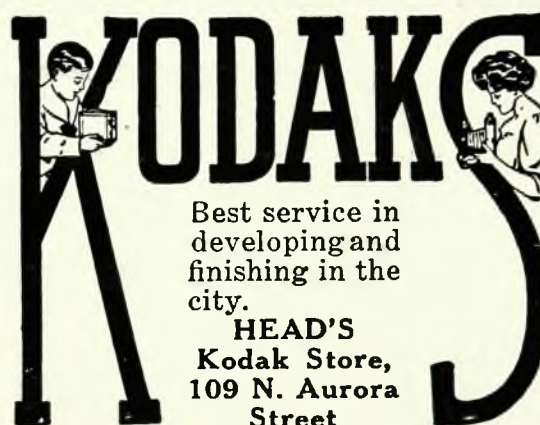
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"	13—Yale	- - - - -	at New Haven
"	15—Dartmouth	- - - - -	at Hanover
"	23—Pennsylvania	- - - - -	at Ithaca
"	27—Princeton	- - - - -	at Princeton
Feb.	3—Rochester	- - - - -	at Rochester
"	10—Oberlin	- - - - -	at Ithaca
"	16—Columbia	- - - - -	at New York
"	17—West Point	- - - - -	at West Point
"	24—Pennsylvania	- - - - -	at Philadelphia
"	28—Rochester	- - - - -	at Ithaca
Mar.	3—Yale	- - - - -	at Ithaca
"	5—Dartmouth	- - - - -	at Ithaca

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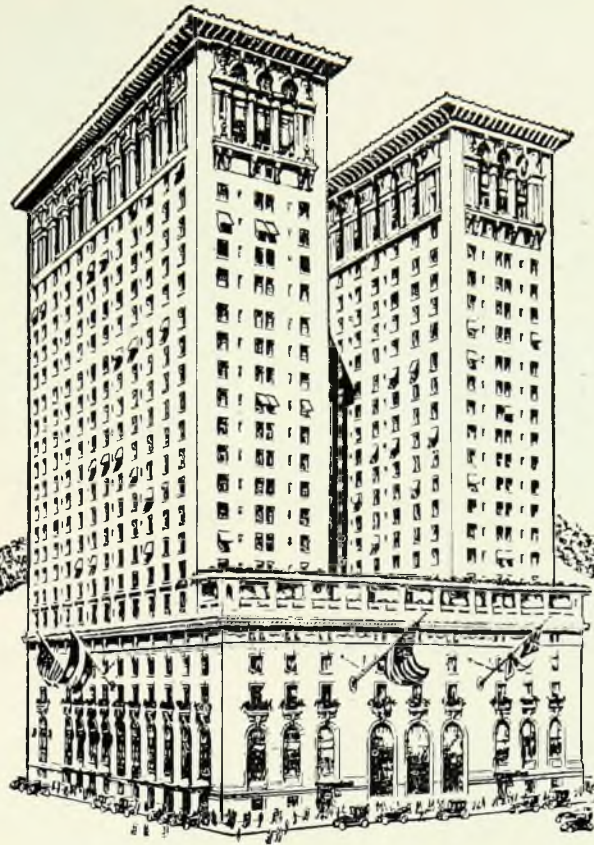
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Co-ed.—“By the way professor, why is it you always address your class as “students,” and never mention the co-eds?”

Prof.—“But my dear young lady; the one embraces the other.”

Co-ed.—“Oh, but professor, not in class.”

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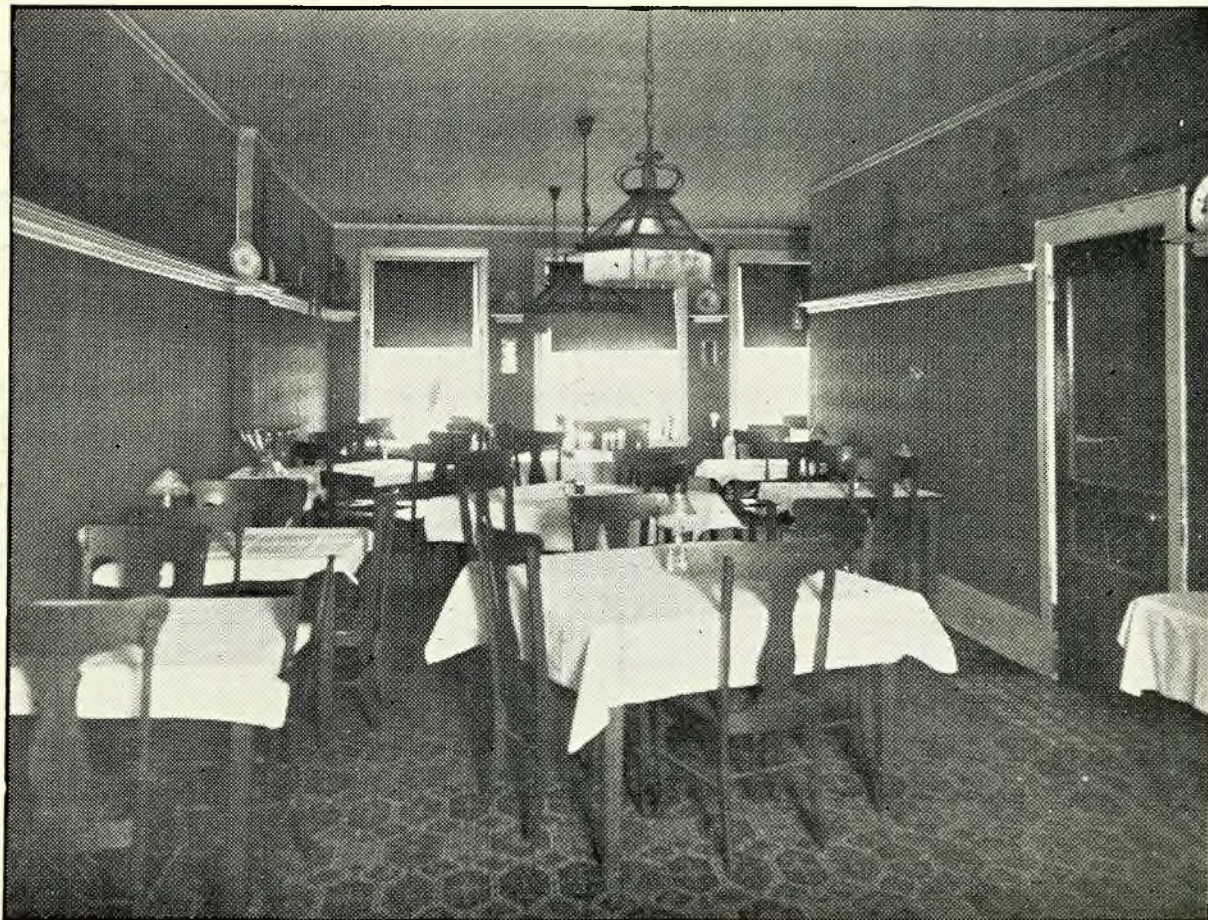
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THE CORNELL ERA

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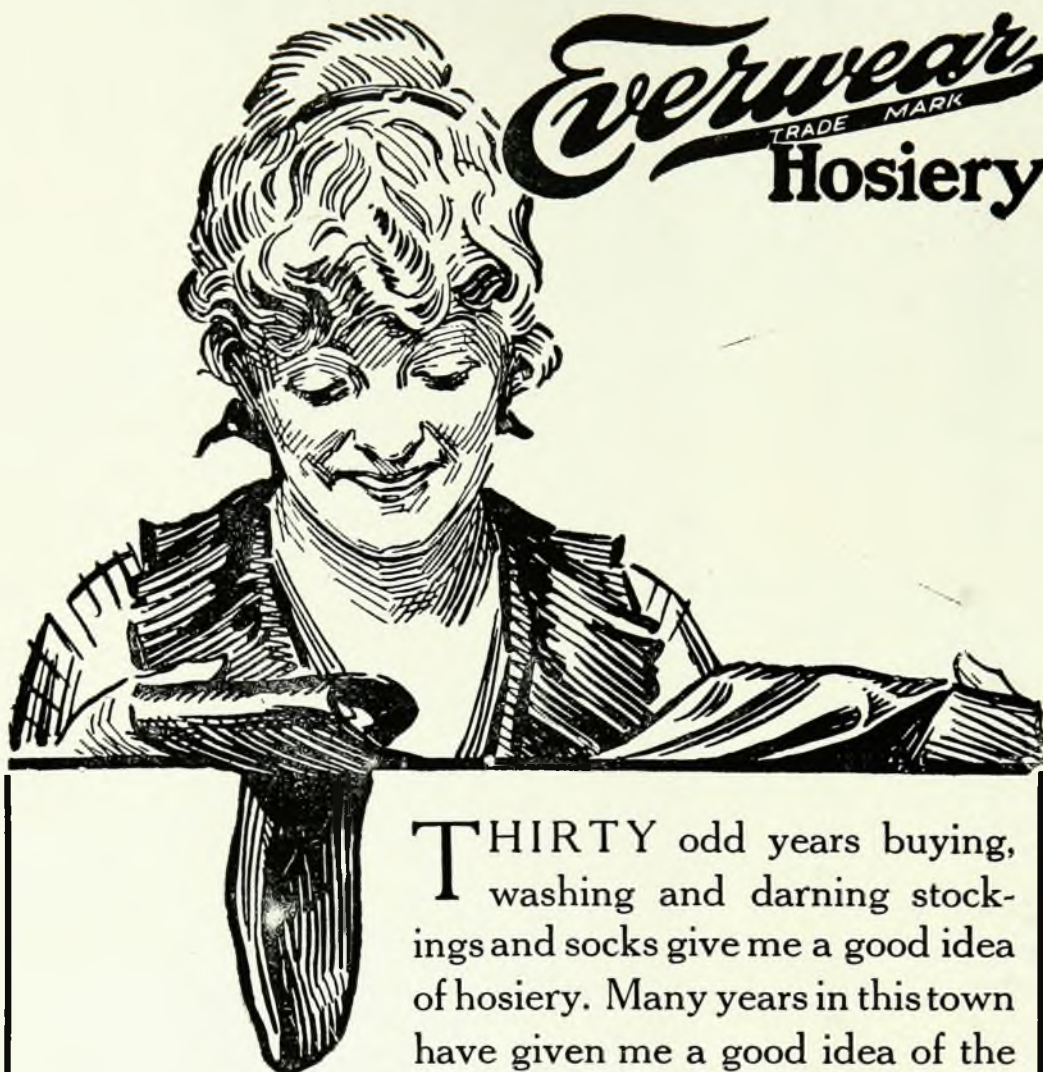
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C. W. D., '18.

The Cornell Era

XLIX

FEBRUARY, 1917

Number 5

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Editors for this issue, C. W. DUNBAR, F. T. SUTTON

There is said to be a classic in the files of the Manuscript Club which reads as follows: "Address of Welcome to an Old Member Returning to Visit the Manuscript Club: welcome old member." So we, with our hearts full of welcome for all the guests of Junior Week, might truthfully say: "Welcome, Junior Week girls."

And yet the feeling is not so simple that this expression of it satisfies us, for we wish our guests many things. We wish them a wonderful party, fine music, and finer partners, and the sort of entertainment that fills the few days that they are here with uninterrupted pleasure. We wish them candy and flowers and comfortable shoes, everything and

anything, in fact, which adds to their pleasure or whose absence might detract therefrom.

And underneath the music and the ruffles and the laughter and the dancing we hope that they will find and take away with them some faint appreciation of what their friendship really means to all of us.

Aristotle's doctrine of the mean has never been surpassed as a principle for human conduct. Here we have a chance to apply it. Junior Week festivities are undoubtedly good. Too much Junior Week activities are just as undoubtedly bad. Even the wildest of us cannot reasonably feel that things have not been carried too far in the past. The faculty has

seen these abuses and the discredit which they have at times brought upon Cornell and has naturally felt itself concerned. It has not, however, imposed prohibition or legislation on us from above, but has tried by helpful and constructive suggestion to help us help ourselves. THE ERA wishes to commend this attitude of the faculty, for in this sort of co-operation lies our best hope of future welfare at Cornell. We might even raise the question whether this sort of thing does not constitute the truest essence of democracy.

We must do our part as the faculty have done theirs. We have agreed upon certain restrictions which it is up to us, now, to support both in spirit and in letter. Supporting them in spirit does not include complaining about them to our guests, saying "how much better the party would be if" the punch had a little stick in it like last year's.

THE ERA hopes sincerely that she is not reactionary in opposing the establishment at Cornell of a so-called Cornell Union. Without knowing definitely what are

The Union the latest plans adopted by the committee in charge of this matter, we cannot but feel that the object is impracticable. Unions have been successful in other places; but are conditions parallel? We are an exceedingly heterogeneous group. On what common basis of intellectual interest can you draw together men from the Colleges of Agriculture, Hydraulic Engineering,

and Law? Will the Veterinarians profit by intellectual discussion with the Civil Engineers? What common ground have we which will attract such varied types? Convocation Hour attempted to do very much this sort of thing, and it has degenerated into a series of excellent and valuable lectures. It seems at present that the Union is likely similarly to degenerate into a series of talks—why not frankly say lectures?—by members of the faculty, a thing which is too much like an extension of classroom work to promote social intercourse.

The object for which the Union idea is groping is probably the best worth realizing that could be set up at Cornell. The conception of the method, however, is not sufficiently ambitious and is too democratic. What reason is there to suppose that the Union will do more than any one of the host of other "intellectual clubs" which have sprung into enthusiastic existence and quickly become moribund?

The attitude of the students toward success in their studies is a curious and everlasting puzzle. Toward the men who succeed in the one line of activity for which the university exists, **Competitions on the Hill** their feelings are a mixture of pity and scorn. This curiosity of illogical thought, which we have all heard discussed until it has become a homily, is due largely to the disciplinary attitude which faculties in

American universities have taken toward the "getting of lessons." Student opinion has gradually and unconsciously rebelled against this until now much of the best talent among undergraduates is drawn into fields where there is less compulsion and less supervision, more competition and more personal initiative. This condition of affairs has grown so bad that nowadays if a man gets good marks "on the hill" the burden of proof immediately falls upon him of proving that he is not merely a grind.

But a reaction must come. Student sentiment holds the key to the situation. If Cornell students will refuse to take the narrow view of their classroom work which may, we admit, have been encouraged by the faculty, if they will think the proposition through and put their best efforts—, no, not into getting marks, but into getting knowledge,—the faculty will assuredly meet them more than half way.

It is a poor testimonial to the value of athletic spirit that spontaneous support is rarely accorded to unsuccessful teams. What we really like about athletics, if we **Basketball** would but confess it, is to see Cornell teams win. The basketball team this season has had the misfortune to have a good many very close games break against it. The result is that it is not uncommon to hear "loyal Cornellians" speak of it with a sneer. This is not a sound basis on which to build

up a real athletic supremacy. Sentiment which abandons a team in unsuccessful years is not likely to have many chances to support it.

The Minor Sports Tickets bear the same relation to the minor sports at Cornell that the Athletic Association Membership Tickets bear to the major sports. We all **Minor Sports Tickets** know that Cornell athletics are not endowed; they must support themselves chiefly from the income of these two ticket sales. Unless the undergraduates wish to see the curtailment of the various branches of minor sports, which mean so much to the athletic life of Cornell, they must turn out in force to purchase these tickets.

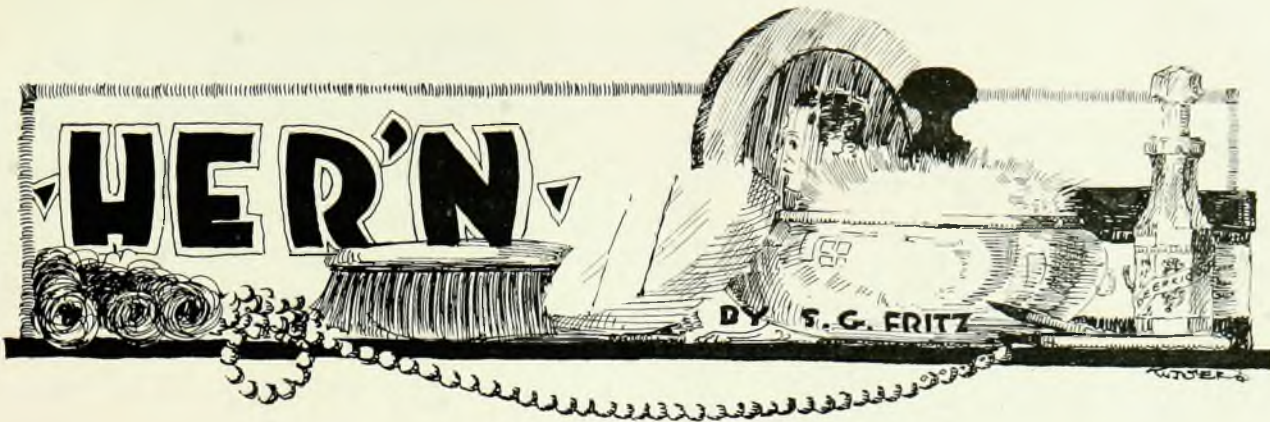
THE ERA takes great pleasure in presenting to its readers in this number an article by Professor Creighton on **Professor Creighton's Article** undergraduate activities. Its reasonableness will appeal to those of our readers whose minds are not too much dominated by things-as-they-are. It is an article which should set everyone thinking, and thinking hard.

The ERA is glad to announce the election of Fred T. Sutton, '19, to the editorial board and Damon G. Douglas, '19, to the business department.



From the Library Slope

Photograph by George Young, Jr., '00
Courtesy Cornell Annuals



Tuesday:—Arrived in Ithaca at 7:05 this A. M., much the worse for wear, although armed and well prepared with the necessary war paint and feathers to last me through this Junior Week jamboree. It promises to be more tiring than carrying a spear in the dear old days with the "Follies" but I'll do my well-known darndest to stand the gaff.

"Booze" met me and hauled me to the "Freak" house where I proceeded to give the "sweet young things" the once-over. No material for Ziegfield, believe me!

Was introduced to a bevy of beauties (that is, if you like 'em large) and then towed by some callow youth to my roost. After I had unpacked my wardrobe, I ambled below deck to greet the fish. Booze's room-mate, a budding architect named "Charrette," talked shop to me for some three hours. By the time the luncheon gong rang, I was convinced that my shaft was Greek Doric without much entasis and that my coiffure was Late Renaissance a la Left Louie. After a squint at Charrette's goil, who by the way, thought I was a bit too pleasingly plump, I decided that she was perpendicular Gothic. Not that I am jealous—Heaving forbid! As my late lamented M. E. at Troy said—"Any roughneck can draw a straight line and an angle but

it takes a darn good draftsman to plot a coive."

This afternoon, I loafed and watched some of the welterweights hie themselves to the ice, to skate off some undesirable avoirdupois, and slept. Made dinner on high, but not too late to hear a co-ed, Smithers '18, I swear she is over twenty-five, guzzle a solo a la bouillon. When the waiters had displaced the dessert with postum, the brethren burst into song—knocking in Berlin rag the nearby frats—beautiful ballads concerning their less fortunate neighbors. I enjoyed the same song in 1908 at Syracuse. How the time do fly! We had a very exclusive house dance all to ourselves tonight. From a seat in the window box, it looked like a European war dance—sort of a free-for-all as it were. At three, I sought the downy depths of upper deck 16. Here I still am, curl papers, *innombrable*, waiting to be lulled to rest by the lusty snores of Charrette's Brooklynite.

Wednesday:—Greeted the new day about 10. "Booze" took me to see the Campus. Might have enjoyed it, if it hadn't been so slippery. Saw Smithers, '18, trip up, severely injuring the plinth (i. e., to quote my architect friend, the little block on which the column rests). Needless to say, that ruined my Alpine aspira-

tions, and I got kinks in the insteps. This was vurra discouraging to sight-seeing, so after taking a peek, we decided to breeze back and amble down to the Sun Breakfast. Think of it, breakfast in the afternoon! After toying with the viands for a while we essayed a few light fantastic trips; it was real gay. After the breakfast which wasn't very successful as a breakfast seein' as 'ow the grapefruit, eggs and toast were conspicuous by their absence, we beat it to a tea-dance.

Up at that High Size *tea* we stuck around lapping up circus lemonade without even a splinter in it to tickle my palate. Just before we left, two hundred pounds of varsity football began murmuring sweet nothings in my nether ear. I got a bit tired of the below-zero voice and so coyly suggested that we trip to Skibby's saxaphones. He looked, apparently saw three of me and managed to gasp, "I can't dance with such a gang but say girlie, how would *you* like to wrastle a bit?" Me! Wrastle! I never was so peeved in all my twenty-three years! Me! Violet Vance of Folly fame!

Dinner was an unimportant affair—just food. About 8 we hit the trail to Bailey Hall. Bailey Hall is a cross between a choich and a show-shop. At any rate, we sat and listened to the song-birds of the community yodel. I dozed off after giving the heads above the tumb-stone fronts my most careful inspection. Apollo needn't wurra!

After the concerted efforts of the Glee Clubs and Mandolin picks (regular ditch-digger stuff) we went to a

Turn Verein in the Armory—the Cottillion, I believe. Everyone looked like opening night. Skibby's gang once again did time and take it from this tender and modest Violet, née Maggie Moiphy, they deserve time off for good behavior. All of the different Frats had coops along the walls to which they conducted the chicks at the end of each dance. Allowed myself to be more danced against than dancing until I heard the milkman's moo and then was taxied back to the house. A very romantic but rheumatic grate fire was trying to die young, so we all sat around waiting for the death in order to enjoy the wake thereafter—sort of a get-together session.

Just come upstairs and its six. Am so sleepy that I doubt if I'll take time to clear away the powder of the fray. Another day shot. One more like this and all I'll be good for will be Eliza Crossing the ice in a road company.

Thursday:—Tonight we went to the Masque which is the collech Lamb's Club bunch incorporated. The hams were all men. "Stop Thief" was the dramatic offering. Personally I think it *should* have been stopped. It had a few bright spots in it which for a tank town wasn't so bad, and I managed to laugh a couple of times without any apparent effort. Am still young enough to appreciate a joke and the Masque was one.

After that, we piled into our renovated Overland and were thumped Hillward. Its a custom for the Greek-letterites to give dances after the Masque, so we followed the crowd hither and yon. We went to

Alpha Gelt (or Lotta Gelt, I've forgotten which) Kappa Sink, Delta Whose and a few others all very much alike. We had to take a buzz in the Overland Boiler between each. There were plenty of floral offerings for the dead ones at each house, plenty of women and song. All that was lacking was the amber fluid.

At one of the house dances, I fell for a deah boy with a sickening thud. On the level, I'd almost be willing to see him make faces every one of the 365, but I guess its me for the White Lights and the Merry Merry to the bitter end. Would say in strict confidence that My Hero had no rats in the neighborhood belfry. He was 99 and 44-100% thar!

After the dances we came back, danced some more, and went to hit the hay. My left eye is closed in slumber—think the rest of me will play follow the leader. Sweet dreams, Violet Old Top. They surely will be sweet if they are of my curly-headed junior, bless his baby heart.

Friday:—Was jolted suddenly out of the realms of slumber this A. M., groggy but still in the ring, by the tinkle of the phone and wiggled into a kimona and out on the landing to be gladdened by the cooing notes of meh Blonde Hero's voice. He said that he had his Dane-Damplex waiting and he beseeched my Co. in a little spin about the environs. After the nerve-dislocating hours to date, this sounded very soothing, so I told him to wheel up the old crock in ten minutes, and I would be waiting on the door-mat. It was like a quick change between acts, but I managed to get all the raiment connected up

without disturbing the somnolent sistern and dashed out just in time to graze the mud-guard and land beside a young Greek-God, whose name I might say is Harold. Say, for all of his name, little Childe Harold could certainly handle his 90 H. P. speed-wrecker. Versatile too he was. He loosened up with a real elegant line of chatter and drove with one hand just as easy! I found out we were headed for a roadside hamlet called Freeville. I didn't care if we blew a tire and got stalled forever. Honest, that curly-haired youth put the skids under me—me the hero of an hundred engagements. I never expected to be in earnest while passing this "oozen ickle duck-en oozen?" (Tremolo stop).

We arrived at the Inn about eleven and had a breakfast-lunch before the *duckiest* woodfire! Back-to-the-farm stuff in dead earnest. At 12:30 I phoned "Booze" that it was nix on the matinée for Violet, as she had a more important date, listening to Hal's Robert Chambers line. My poor heart was hitting the high spots until he told me that it was no rah-rah crush, but the real 'ting, and then—!! Happy!! I was so tickled that I sat right down and had a good cry which messed up the Cluett Peabody a bit but he didn't care! Hereafter, there ain't a goin' to be no high spots—nothing but Harold! Ain't that just the swellest name ever?

At four we motored back to Ithaca. I was wearing a tiny Delta Whose pin to say nothing of a Delta Whose seal on my south paw third base! "Booze" met me at the door,

(Continued on page 397)

The Masque

The rare good fortune befell the Masque to secure Mr. Albert Lang, a veteran director of professional actors with many a Broadway success to his credit, to produce "Stop Thief." Aided by a cast of earnest and capable workers, he has evolved a play that will surely prove entertaining and will perhaps outclass all previous attempts of the Masque. The story, exceedingly humorous and laugh provoking, being a narration of what happens when two clever thieves are introduced into the wedding party of a kleptomaniac, with a pretty love story woven through the plot, is an ideal one for presentation before the Junior Week guests.



MR. ALBERT LANG
New Coach of the Masque



REHEARSING "STOP THIEF"

The Intercollegiate Basketball Situation

By RALPH MORGAN, Secretary of the Intercollegiate Basketball League

Before the present season began, the writer was asked to pick the winners of the Intercollegiate League Basketball Race. At that time I gave the teams the following order: Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell, Dartmouth and Columbia. At this writing, with two weeks of the race passed into history I can see little to change my prognostication as to the first three. The final three as a class seemed doped correctly, but they may fool us as to the order in which they finish.

The class of the League seems contained in the three teams representing Yale, Pennsylvania and Princeton. The Elis have a wonder-

ful opportunity to regain their championship laurels lost last year to Pennsylvania. Yale has a veteran team. Every man in the first string is a seasoned player. Two of them—Kinney and Mallon are stars, and Captain Charlie Taft is on the threshold of stardom. Olsen is a good dependable forward and Garfield seems to be coming into his own at center. Here is the position on which the championship will be won or lost. Last year Yale made a fizzle of the season by playing Charlie Taft out of his position—he is a capable guard, and Gil Kinney and Coach Stowe tried to make him into a center. Then they tried to play



THE CORNELL SQUAD

Kinney, a star forward, as a roving guard. Both shifts were failures and Yale was a poor third. So Garfield has his opportunity. If he works out at center Yale will present a formidable argument. But—Yale has a new coach in Bernie Tommers, and there is no older advisory committeeman who is close to the game to advise Tommers now that Gil Kinney is dead. And Tommers has not been in touch with basketball since he played several years ago. Charlie Taft is a student of the game, so is Orsen Kinney, and these two undergraduates may supply Tommers with the necessary balance, but I cannot figure it any other way than that. Yale will miss the wise counseling of Gil Kinney. His knowledge and judgment is greatly needed.

Gil Kinney is dead. It seems hard to believe. The writer rode to New Haven with him only a week before he died. How optimistic he was for the future! How cheerfully he looked forward to the commencement of the season! How proud he was of his younger brother and of the members of the team of his Alma Mater! Basketball is a comparatively new sport among the colleges. Those graduates of us who are actively interested in the sport are of the younger alumni of our various universities. Some drop out because of business or pressure of other affairs, but so far no one in the writer's period of activity during these past dozen years has been claimed by death but Gil Kinney. A member of a championship Yale team himself, a splendid all around athlete, it is too bad he could not have lived at least

this year out to see happen what he fondly hoped and prophesied—A Yale Championship Five with his brother playing a stellar part.

Pennsylvania at this writing has two victories notched up—gained with a team crippled by the absence of one of last season's leading players—Lou Martin, who is barred because of conditions. Martin confidently expects to square himself with the world, and more to the point, the Faculty, at mid-years. As it stands now, Pennsylvania must play two exceedingly difficult games without Martin before the first term expires, namely at Princeton and at Cornell. Jourdet is again coaching Pennsylvania and at this writing his team has not been beaten. He has Captain Eddie McNichol, a veteran of strength at guard, and Art Jefford at center, as a nucleus from last year's championship five. He has also Connolly, a sub from last year. This doesn't sound like much of a nucleus to see it on paper, but Eddie McNichol is a whole team in himself. In the first place, McNichol knows the game from A to Z. In the second place he never loses his head. He is thinking all the time. He is a good leader—his men worship him just as they do Jourdet—and he is a wonderful mechanical player. Then too, Art Jefford is probably the best center in the League. Add Lou Martin to this combination and you have the making of a great team—one that will carry the fight to Yale and Princeton all the way, but—Lou Martin is still only a hope. Connolly is a capable forward. He has speed and is an

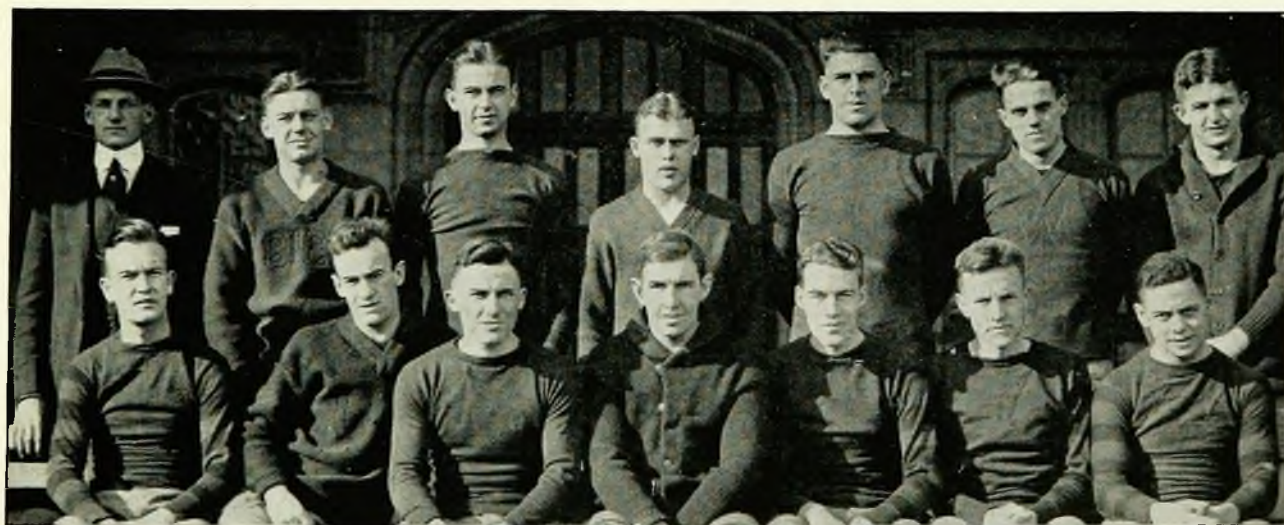
unerring shot, but he is small and does fumble. Jourdet has picked up another capable forward in Lavin from last year's freshmen, while from the same team he has gotten a potential star in Carl Emory. On the whole Pennsylvania looks good. I'll still stick to my pre-season prediction of second or better for the Red and Blue and I don't think my spectacles are tinted because I am a Pennsylvania man.

Princeton has a smoothworking aggregation. Coach Luehring seems to have committed himself to Foster at center and Haas at guard. The latter is clever, fast and a splendid all around player. Essentially, I think he is a forward, though he played at guard a little last season. Rahill is a stalwart and capable guard. Parmalee I am told is an excellent forward while Paulson is good if he can stand the drive of a long campaign. On the whole I should say Princeton is represented by a smart capable well coached team that will certainly not finish worse than third and may do better. The hole in this team, theoretically speaking, is at center.

If Foster pans out or if he doesn't and Coach Luehring puts McGraw in and he makes good, then there may be no stopping Princeton. The Tigers are long over due for championship laurels. It is coming to them some day and it may be in 1917. Here's wishing them luck!

It is plain to be seen that Cornell isn't due for a championship this year for as this is being written the men from Cayuga's shores have lost four games. It is impossible to prognosticate Cornell's chances inasmuch as the situation at Ithaca is unique in the annals of the League. Coach Al Sharpe faced the season without a single veteran player. He is forced to meet a League field of the high standard of the last few years with the most inexperienced team that ever started a League series. Notwithstanding this handicap I have such faith in Dr. Sharpe's ability as a coach that I yet look to a creditable record from Cornell. The handicap of an inexperienced squad did not seem enough of a burden to Cornell's schedule maker, who forced

(Concluded on page 399)



THE PENNSYLVANIA SQUAD

The University and the Student Activities

By DEAN J. E. CREIGHTON

The Editor of the ERA has asked me to say something about "student activities." Now it is not my present purpose to defend the existing state of things and thus to promote the sum-total of complacency amongst us. It is better just now, I think, to try to create discontent. Nevertheless, to avoid misunderstanding, I wish to begin by saying that I recognize that there is much that is good and admirable in the standards generally accepted in our academic community. I believe that a freshman on entering the University finds here an atmosphere of gentlemanly conduct, of consideration for others, and of honesty and manliness that is of great value to him. He is also told that his first duty is to keep up his studies, which is excellent advice so far as it goes, although, as I shall try to show later, this does not altogether cover the ground. It is in no spirit of wholesale faultfinding, then, that I shall go on to attack certain points of view that seem to me widely accepted among students at the present time and which I think we must get rid of if the University is to do the work for which it was founded.

The evil, as I see it, is the introduction in one form or another into the life of the University of worldly standards. It is sometimes said that a college is not a monastery, that the student should not be isolated but that the life of the world and the interests of the world should be brought into institutions of learning. This statement is all the more dangerous because it contains a half truth.

For on the one hand it is immediately assumed that the life of the world, the life that men really live, is the life of business, of trade and money-getting. That is not at all true of the life of society: money is only an incident, a means to a human life it may be, not the end of life in a civilized society. To raise men above the purely economic point of view, to give them other ideals of value, is the function of the institutions of society, such as the Family, the Church, the School, the State. A university is such an institution, founded for the training of those who are anxious to devote themselves to study, to an effort to find out the truth about things, and to employ their knowledge for the highest purposes of life and society. It is not a place where boys and girls come to learn lessons, or to recite from text-books, though lessons and recitations may be necessary means to the acquisition of knowledge and the power of clear thinking. But, no matter in what college they may be enrolled, in becoming members of the University, students should realize that they have embarked on the adventure of learning, and that though still in the world, they have in a sense forsworn the world, and adopted a scale of values which is not commercial. Loyalty to the University and to themselves requires them not to be conformed to the world, but to maintain unashamed in the face of the world the reality and primary importance of the things that are spiritual.

But someone will object, "all this,

however true in the abstract and as an ideal, is not practical for the students in our colleges." Young people cannot always be serious, they must have their play, and after a student has "got his lessons" he should devote his leisure time to some of the student activities. I certainly agree with the first part at least of this statement. I should even go further and say that we have too much learning of lessons, and too little play. I also agree that every student should take part in some form of organized extra-curricular activity, or perhaps in several such forms. Play is essential for everybody, for professors as well as for students. Play which is really play is a real re-creation of the mind and the body, something which stimulates and refreshes and makes a man fitter for his work. My chief cause of quarrel with the so-called "student activities" as they exist at present in our universities, is that they have largely eliminated the element of play, and tend more and more to be carried on as serious business. It is not the time which these activities take from study that is the really serious thing, but the employment of the leisure time of students in commercial pursuits,—in carrying on a great business, in providing the public which has the price of admission with gigantic athletic shows, in running papers, not for fun, or as organs for the free expression of opinion, but for profit and for advertising. It is surely a perversion when the free academic mind turns to such occupations in its leisure hours! One can see that there is still

some fun and recreation in playing athletic games, and writing jokes for the *Widow*, and singing in the Glee Club, in spite of the way in which these things have been standardized; but I fail to understand how a high-spirited university youth can make himself believe that there is any adventure worthy of his powers in "managing" teams, or badgering tradespeople for advertisements, or browbeating innocent freshmen into buying all sorts of tickets. Such occupations all seem to me a kind of solemn stupidity, without joy or gaiety, unimaginative, and hostile to the free range of mind and the development of interests that belong to a student's life.

But why do men do these things? I do not for a moment think that they do them because they like to do them, or are incapable of enjoying any other kind of recreation. No, they are victims of the "System." It is usually in the service of some ideal, however mistaken, that they thus allow themselves to be cheated out of their youth and the big things that the university has to offer them. They are told that the way to win honor for themselves and their fraternities is to get out and compete for something. Sometimes they are supported by the thought that they are working as well for the glory and honor of the University. Sometimes they are told of the "practical benefit" which will accrue to them in the way of "meeting men" and "business experience." And thus without any sordid motives or inclinations, a good man may be led to sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage. For-

tunately, such bargains are often not irrevocable. In spite of the lure of such activities, students of strong and independent minds generally discover before the end of their course that these are not the things of central importance. In many cases, however, they feel that this discovery has come too late: that they are entangled in a number of practical enterprises which they cannot abandon. And perhaps too their convictions are not so strong as to prevent them feeling that any radical change of plan might be the giving up of the substantial and certain advantage of prominence or leadership which they enjoy for goods of a more shadowy and problematical character.

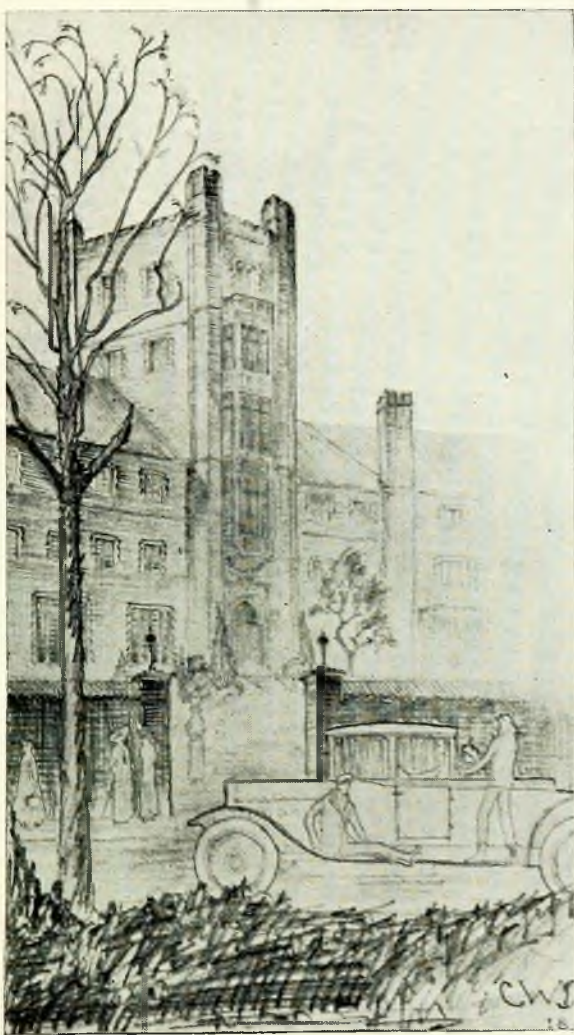
It is of course true that a man of energy and ability is generally able to "get his lessons," to comply at least with the minimum standards of scholarship set by the different colleges of the University, although deep in these outside activities. Frequently it has been shown by an appeal to statistics that the average marks of members of athletic teams and of the leaders in the other "activities" are little if any lower than that of the student body as a whole. That however seems to me a fact of little importance. These students as a rule are men of much more than average capacity. They are full of energy, physical and mental, and where their interests are engaged, are not satisfied with a mediocre performance. But conceiving of their university work as a matter of "getting lessons," they see no adventure that appeals to their imagination along these lines, and turn to fields

that appear to them more exciting and to offer greater social recognition and immediate rewards. Now it must be admitted, I think, that if the choice were, as they suppose, simply between a higher average of marks, with a possible election to some society like Phi Beta Kappa, and the prominence and recognition which these activities bring to them, these men could hardly be regarded as mistaken in their estimate of values. But the work of the University is envisaged wrongly when it is taken as a mere school-boy task of "getting lessons." There is the adventure of learning, the delight of discovering new truths, of attaining new points of view and openness of mind, the joys which come as the result of the expanding of intelligence and the quickening of the imagination. These things are a thousand times more fun, and more profitable, than selling tickets, or managing a team, or even than interviewing members of the Faculty. Of course this adventure implies drudgery, no easy skimming, but a thoroughness in mastering lessons and meeting difficulties, the same fighting spirit that is the condition of success in football or any other game. But I am sure that the men who show so much energy and perseverance in competition for "outside honors" are not prevented from taking their studies seriously because of the hard work which such a course involves. The difficulty is that although they have come to the University, they are not quite persuaded that learning is a man's job. They recognize, rightly

(Continued on page 403)

Isn't It So?

If you study economics, you will learn that supply and demand have much to do with determining the value of commodities. We discover that if the supply only be limited enough and the demand strong enough, commodities of an inferior grade will find a ready market, but if a sudden increase in supply occurs without a corresponding increase in demand, the aforesaid in-



C. W. D., '18

They Pass By on the Other Side

ferior commodities will remain in the hands of their owners. So much for our theory. Now let us find a practical application for it.

The social life of the average Cor-

nell student (reference here is to the male of the species) is a lop-sided affair, consisting of 99 and 44-100% masculine acquaintance and 56-100% feminine acquaintance. Needless to say, this is contrary to the desires of some of us. The demand is great—the supply is small. But hope is inextinguishable in the breast of man. We are always looking for something, but with the exception of about twenty of our number, we never find it. Witness the roving, searching glance cast by the loveless stude, as he scans each possibility (and many impossibilities) day after day, when he goes abroad. His eye is ever restless. His neck is elastic beyond measure, ever twisting, craning and straining for one fond, hoping, despairing glance at a grade of feminine pulchritude, which, under normal conditions, would not attract him. The humble obsequiousness with which we prostrate ourselves at the feet of such of the fair charmers as we flatter ourselves we know, can be equaled only by the slavish subjection of the poor branch of the family to the rich relation about to die.

But there is balm in Gilead—once in a while. This balm is delivered prepaid (they pay their own carfare boys) at House Party time. What a difference in the supply!! The marginal producers now find their products at a discount. The reckless stude, in a half-week of bliss, is apt to conceal or even attempt to throw off the shackles, which he before had begged to be fastened upon him. No thought for the future has he—or

he wouldn't sleep. He is perfectly oblivious to the existence of the sirens of a week since, or, like those of Biblical fame, passes by on the other side. Temporarily, he snaps his fingers in the face of a social monopoly. But the marginal producers bide their time.

Sunday, the date when the tide of supply recedes to normal, dawns dark and dreary. At least the sun has ceased to shine, figuratively speaking. The very heavens are black, as if to reflect the dire doom about to fall on the luckless head of the heedless stude. The house-party is o'er: he finds himself once more restored to the blessed condition of the anchorite. Still for a week, two weeks, he sturdily refuses to admit that he misses something, tries to deny the very existence of demand. Then,—oh woe is us—he crawls two feet where he had only to crawl one foot before, in order to reach the foot of his former shrine. Mere seats at the "Star," or inexpensive toboggan parties are now not enough to

appease the wrathful restored demi-goddesses. Candy, flowers, box-seats at the Lyceum, drain our nigh invisible-to-the-naked-eye ducat bags. Talk about the pressure of a Standard Oil monopoly—it can't worry us now. We are being bled by a monopoly that makes the Standard Oil look like a free dispensary of five dollar gold pieces!!

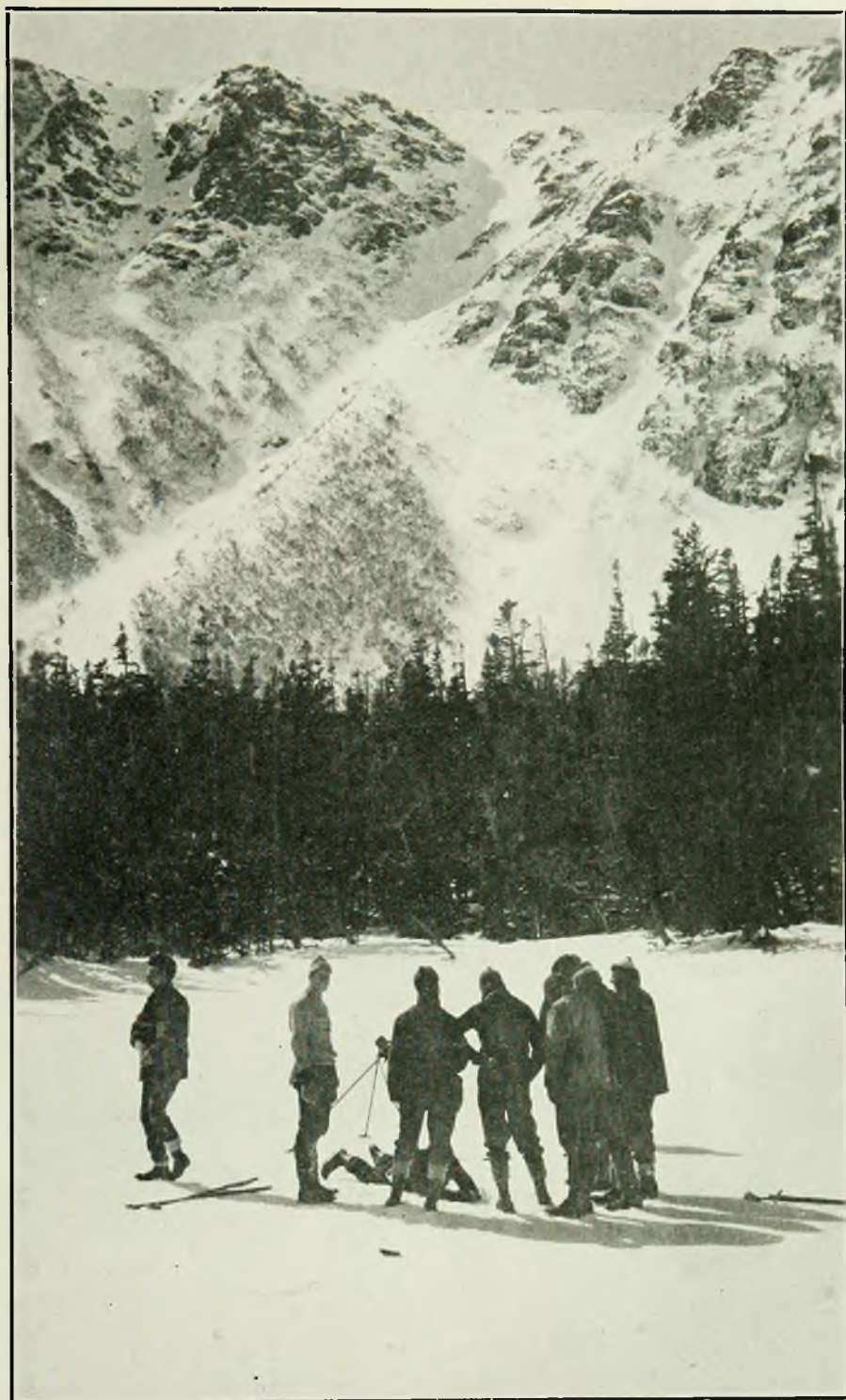
Any signs of hope, or is there no rest for the righteous—except the aforesaid Balm of Gilead? There is none, as long as masculine human nature is as it is. Since diamonds are unobtainable, broken glass, because it is scarce, will take the place of diamonds, and will continue to rule the market. As long as we allow mere scarcity to excite demand, we shall feel on our necks the awful yoke of a social monopoly and our backs shall strain under the burden of taxation, necessarily to be born, if we wish to figure in the cut-throat competition for possession of broken glass.

W. H. F., '18.

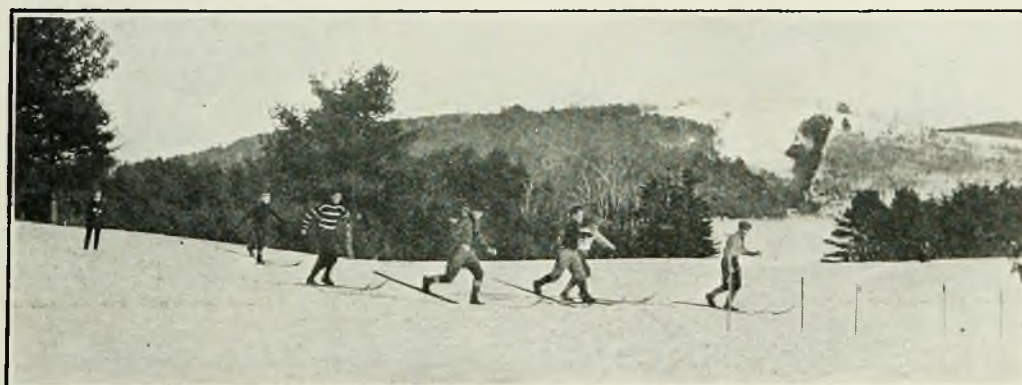


SNOWSHOE OBSTACLE RACE

Hanover



WINTER SPORTS OF DARTMOUTH OUTING CLUB





UP IN THE AIR

Bema

Clarence the Intrepid

By LEONARD WOOD, Jr., '18,

Clarence Budgington McDevitt stood before his mirror seriously contemplating his face. He had just shaved and powdered it, but still it remained a most unsatisfactory sort of a face! A huge freckle on the tip of his nose, which had been there as far back as he could remember, was downright discouraging. He was positive that if he were a girl, he could never love anybody with a face such as his—yet Marjorie did like him and used to love him! Presently he squinted to get a view of his profile. This accomplished, he groaned miserably for he still had that “distinguished look” which his mother so often spoke about, but which he loathed because he thought it effeminate and equalled only by his first name. For how he did hate to be called Clarence! He could hear that sophomore Bennet calling him “Clarence the Lily” every time he wrote his name of late, which, by the way, he always wrote; C. Budgington McDevitt * * * Some day he was going to write a theme on the thoughtlessness of parents!

“Hell, Dave!” he exclaimed suddenly, addressing his roommate, David Stanton. “I guess I’ve got just as much right to rush a co-ed as that ass Bennet—even if I am a frosh! You might think us frosh haven’t souls! * * * What tie’ll I wear?”

“Tie a can to your voice!” was his roomie’s unsympathetic retort. Dave was struggling to write a theme to suit the title, *The Philosophy of My Life*, for freshman English. “Say,

Budgy, what’s philosophy, anyhow?”

“Haven’t you got a dictionary?” he snapped, while endeavoring to button his collar. “By the way, Dave, gosh what luck! Marjorie had to write on that fool subject last year, and she gave me her theme. Course, I’m swoppin’ things about a bit.”

“Say!” rasped Dave enviously: “If you don’t quit hanging around her, you’re goin’ to get so beat up they’ll be serving your meals in the infirmary!”

“Huh!” scoffed Clarence, as he retied his tie for the third time. “Sam Bennet thinks he’s a heller since he’s a scrub on the football squad! Now just let me tell you a thing or two! Marjorie had a date with Bennet tonight and she broke it to go with me! Aha! Where do I get off? At the end of the line!”

Dave, although he would have fought for his beloved Budgy any day, snickered: “That’s just because you’re taking her to see that old French hen squawk. What’s her name—Sarah something? An’ also because you have got orchestra seats! I hate to say it, but p’raps she’s pulling your leg.”

“Shucks! You’re just jealous!”

“The devil I am! Why, Louise Dawn makes Marjorie Willis look like a henhouse in a fog!”

“That so? Well, Marjorie hasn’t got piano legs, anyhow.”

“Watch your step there, Clarence!”

“And, gosh, what a mouth, Dave, your girl has got! When she talks—honest!—I can’t help tryin’ to see

how far down her throat I can look!"

"Say, Clarence!" warned Dave in a threatening drawl. "You know what Louise is to me, and you might be a gentleman."

"Like to! Show me how, won't you?"

"Grow up!" wailed Dave. "Darn! I've looked up what philosophy means twice and forgotten it twice!"

"Numb-skull!" muttered Budgy, as he put on his freshman cap and started for the study door.

"Hoo-hoo, Cla-rence!"

"Shut up, you funeral!" exclaimed Budgy, slamming the door behind him.

Clarence, once outside the dormitory, became thrilled with the anticipation of his date with Marjorie, who was one of the most popular girls in the sophomore class. And thereby hangs a tale—a sad one so far as Budgy was concerned; for they had been in the same class in high school until their senior year, when Clarence broke his leg badly in football and had to drop behind, while Marjorie, his beloved, proceeded to graduate. It had been with great anguish that he saw her go off to college the next fall, while he remained behind a "high school kid." Heretofore, Marjorie had always looked up to him with great admiration; but twice since college had opened when she had passed him on the campus, she had nodded coldly. True, she had been each time in the company of an upperclassman, but then just consider what they had been to each other! The second time this had happened, he had thought of the fickleness of woman, and wondered if her soul was

so small that in public she could only see his freshman cap and act accordingly?

When he arrived at the sorority house, Marjorie was actually waiting for him. He didn't know whether to be pleased or surprised! As it was only a fifteen minute walk to the theatre, they decided it would be more "fun" to walk; although Marjorie did venture the remark that she thought it was rather "youthful" of them.

All the way to the theatre, Marjorie prattled gaily. She refused to talk about Towerton, out in Iowa, but insisted upon telling him all about Sarah Bernhardt. He pretended to enjoy hearing it, but he really found it annoying that she was *telling him!*

They had seats in the front row, of which Budgy was quite proud: He had read how college boys always tried to get seats in the front row.

"I hope 'Sarah the Divine,' as you call her," he ventured as they sat down, "has some queens in her support, for—ye gods!—if she is over seventy—whew! How does she get away with it?"

"She is a great *artiste!*" superiorly informed Marjorie.

She WOULD use that elderly tone with him!

At that very moment a handsome, dark-haired lad in the row behind leaned forward and greeted Marjorie. The latter, Clarence noticed, became cordiality itself.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Williams!" she cooed. "I thought you graduated last year? Don't—*don't*

tell me it was bad luck with the finals?"

"Oh, no!" he hastened to explain. "Just back for some P. G. work."

"Aren't you glad to be back at dear old Hill?"

"Oh, I don't know!"

"You men have so little sentiment!" she flipped.

"But there are exceptions!" (Clarence groaned inwardly).

"I shall weep when I must leave," predicted Miss Marjorie Willis, blinking her eyes and half-pouting.

"I am going to drop in and see you some evening soon," he said.

"Oh, *do!* I should love to have a nice, long talk with you." (Clarence was commencing to perspire under his collar!)

"Thank you, Miss Willis!" and with that Mr. Williams sat back in his chair.

"How darn fickle and forgetful women are!" Clarence grumbled to himself, recalling the happy days when she used to talk to him like that, "Wonder if she's forgot how I can play a guitar? I may be a frosh, but she's going to look up to me! I'll treat her cold and stiff!" And having reached that conclusion, he questioned huffily:

"Did you get on probation last year?"

She started: "Why—why, of course not!"

He had brought her to earth; now he planned to shock her: "Don't tell anyone, Marj, but I got awful drunk the other night on—on 'seven-minutes-to-heavens'!"

"Disgusting!" she ejaculated. "Why tell me that?"

"Well," he explained, "I don't believe in doing anything underhand. I once promised you I wouldn't take to drink. I broke my word; thought I'd let you know."

Marjorie was obviously agitated: "Don't you know that you are too young to even speak such words? * * * First place, it was horrid of you to break your promise!"

"Didn't think you'd care," he mumbled.

"Why," she gasped, "of course I care! I can't bear to hear of any boy taking the—the 'broad, wide way.'"

Twice during the rest of the evening she tried to get back to the subject of drinking in order to lecture him, but Clarence each time carefully directed the conversation into other channels. He chose topics he was sure she knew little about and took great glee in "showing her up." She *must* assume her old attitude of the pilgrim at the shrine of learning.

The theatre over, Clarence, holding Marjorie masterfully by the arm, started for the Minerva Café, where across a table, lighted only by a tiny, pink lamp, he hoped to have a heart to heart talk with her—just like they used to have in Wayne's drugstore back in Towerton. But alas!—"the well-laid plans of mice and men"!

They had no sooner turned down a side street, than with a yell, eight or ten sophomores came tearing down the street at them!

"Up the hill, frosh!" "It's after eleven!" "Run you frosh!" "Get away from that girl so we can lam-paste you!" they shouted.

Clarence and Marjorie, surprised, stood still and stared at the approach-

ing enemy. Then she gave a little gasp, while he clenched his fists. "Get over there by the wall!" he yelled to her, then at the top of his voice he called for assistance: "This way, frosh! This way, frosh! Nineteen twenty! Yea!"

In another moment McDevitt was sprawling on the sidewalk. A sophomore, whom he recognized as Ben Bennet, scalped him, that is, stole his cap. But in a jiffy Clarence was on his feet striking out right and left.

What a battle royal ensued! Three more sophomores and six more freshmen joined the fight. In the midst of it all, Budgy caught sight of Marjorie frightened and clinging to Bennet's arm! The bitterness of it! What an incentive to fight, though! * * * Yes, he'd lick every darn sophomore and then—"wallop hell out of Bennett." But numbers were against him, and he was unmercifully mauled.

"Oh!" he heard Marjorie exclaim once, "I think you are all a lot of bullies! Benjamin Bennet, you might have shown some consideration for my escort."

"But he is so fresh, Marjorie!"

"You have your nerve to call him 'fresh,' Mr. Bennet!" And with that she walked off, her chin held high.

Clarence, torn and bleeding, gave up at last and while he limped homewards he found joy in the fact that Marjorie had championed him; but he regretted too deeply for the former to make up for it the fact that he had been "licked" before her eyes. Surely he must have fallen from the throne of her thoughts!

The next day Clarence had her

sorority house on the wire and was waiting, his whole body atingle, while the girl who had answered the telephone went after Marjorie.

"Are you there?" he suddenly heard her voice question over the wire. Such a way to answer the telephone was awe-inspiring for a moment, when he realized that she had once told him she thought "hello" sounded so "plebeian."

"Yes, I'm here and in good fighting trim," he replied.

"Oh, is this you, Budgy?" she squealed.

"Yes. Who'd you think it was?"

"Oh, Budgy, I've so wanted to hear from you!" she cried. "How brutal of you not to have 'phoned sooner! You poor kid, is there anything left of you?"

There she was again with that "child line" of hers. It angered him: "I'm all right—of course!" he snapped, and then added in a foreboding tone: "If there had not been so many!"

"I know! You poor freshmen!"

"Can I see you tonight?"

"Let me see—" she mused.

"Well, if Bennet has a date with you, why, of course—"

"Don't, don't mention his name!" she abruptly interrupted. "The very night of that disgraceful fight, which has gotten all over the campus, I sent him a special delivery letter *demanding* his return of my picture. I told him, too, to send it collect! Not a sign of it yet! Also, Budgy he—being peeved—was small enough to say the most awful, the most blasphemous thing about me—he almost

possibly could! I just tremble whenever I think of it!"

"What did he say?" demanded Clarence.

"Oh, I couldn't tell you!" she wailed. "Oh, but you'll hear of it. He told it to Sara Tillman, who hates me and I hate her worse, and she has spread it around among her male and female acquaintances."

"Marjorie, you tell me!" he insisted.

"Oh, must I?"

"You certainly have!"

"Well * * * First promise you won't go to blows over me?"

"I'm going to fight for you!" he announced firmly.

"Budgy, you wonder!" she thrilled aloud, then in the next breath hastened to add: "But of course you mustn't! Anyway, *Mister Bennet* told Sara Tillman that somebody should buy me my clothes; that I wore my dresses nearly up to my knees. Sara thought this so funny that she has told everybody she knows, and now I can't go anywhere without having every other person I pass look down at—at my ankles. And you know how conservative and proper I am!"

"You poor, little girl," he said with considerable satisfaction. "I'll see you tonight and I'll have your picture and a promise from him to apologize!"

"Oh, Clarence," she sighed, "you always were a wonder and you haven't changed a bit."

This greatly embarrassed him and unable to think of what to say, he passed it by with: "Then tonight at eight I shall see you?"

"Yes indeed, Budgy; and please, please don't do anything rash!" she pleaded.

"Don't worry about me, Marjorie, Good-bye!"

"Oh, bye-bye!"

He told Dave Stanton all about it, and while the latter sympathized, he advised Budgy to be careful not to get into too hot water with such a conspicuous member of the sophomore class. And while they were discussing the matter, the telephone rang and Dave ran out to answer it. Almost immediately he called back that none other than Bennet wanted to speak to him.

"Bennet?" repeated Clarence in surprise. "Huh! Tell him I'm too comfortable to move just at present, but that I'll meet him at his room at three!"

Stanton delivered the message and returned with the news that Bennet would be there, as it happened he was having a day off from football practice.

Bennet did keep his word. He was lounging on his couch reading "Spicy Stories," when Clarence opened his study door without so much as knocking first. This greatly angered Bennet:

"Who and what do you think you are?" he demanded jumping up.

"None of your business!" retorted Budgy, looking about the room for a picture of Marjorie, which he suddenly spotted above Bennet's desk. Going over to get it, he informed: "I've come for this picture." Whereupon he jerked it from off the wall.

"I'm glad you came for it," said

Bennet in a forcedly casual tone. "That's what I wanted to ask you to do: to much of a job to fix it up even half-decently for the mail."

"That so?" sneered Clarence. "Say, you're going to take back what you said about my girl!"

"Yours!"

"Try to get her if you want to!" Budgy jeered. "But seeing the rotten way you spoke about her to Sara Tillman, you poor cheese, I guess you stand a fat chance of getting in strong there!"

"I said nothing I'll take back!" stormed Bennet.

"You're a liar, because you're goin' to take it back!"

"I let no man call me a liar and get away with it, freshman!"

"Gee, I thought you would!"

A fight was on the very brink of occurring when the landlady, having heard the quarrel echoing through the house, appeared in the doorway and threatened to make Bennet forfeit his room if he dared strike a blow in her house; and so immediately they agreed to meet elsewhere.

"Behind the Ag. Barns at five-thirty!" suggested Clarence.

"That's a go! I'll teach you where to get off!" agreed Bennet.

"At five-thirty—remember!"

"Yes!" and with that Bennet pulled open a desk-drawer and casually took out a revolver and put it into his hip-pocket. "You *will* butt into my love affairs—you back-country rube!" jeered the sophomore, patting significantly his hip-pocket.

"Well, did you and Bennet have it out?" queried Dave, when Clarence burst into the room.

"Sure! No—not to a finish! Lend

me five bones! Pay you back—honest!—the first of the month?" hurled forth Budgy breathlessly. "Gee, I got the pictures, and believe me I made him look like a piece of limburger that can't walk! Say did he turn pale when he saw me standin' there before him in his room. S'Moses! I thought he'd faint!"

"Aw come off that!" muttered Dave. "What do you want the money for?"

"I'm going down to buy a revolver!" This was uttered in a most dramatic manner.

"Say!" ejaculated Dave, his eyes popping out of his head, "What the devil?"

"Oh, you heard me! . . . If you could 'a' heard the tone Marjorie used when she told me about her dresses being criticised—it was soul-all-busted-like! This is a very serious affair, 'cause real love and a hell of a lot of nerve is at the bottom of it!" Clarence paused for dramatic effect, then added: "Bennet is taking his revolver out to the Ag. barns, the poor ass, and I believe in preparedness."

"McDevitt, you're nuts! Don't you buy a revolver!" commanded Dave quite aware of the disastrous results that might occur.

"Do me the favor to keep out of this affair!" requested Clarence, as he majestically walked towards the door.

He immediately phoned to Marjorie and told her what had happened.

It took some time for Clarence to suit his taste to the five dollars. When he finally left the store, it was a quarter after four. With the

The Practicability of an Ice Carnival

By G. E. KENT, Graduate Manager of Athletics

Each year about this time the discussion arises whether or not Cornell should hold an Ice Carnival during Junior Week. The last carnival was held in February, 1909, and was run by the junior class, the committee being appointed by the president—and was held on the Tuesday night of Junior Week.

I believe the Carnival was given up because the class in charge of it generally lost between fifty and two hundred dollars except the few years that the weather was good, when the committee would come out even and perhaps make a little. About every third or fourth year it would be self-supporting.

The Carnival would start about seven thirty P. M. and end about ten.

by the Clubs in the past four years. Concerts were given at Rochester, New York, Dayton, Louisville, St. Louis, Davenport, Duluth, St. Paul, Chicago and Syracuse. Fifty-seven men and the manager and assistant manager made the trip, leaving Ithaca December 20th and returning January 5th.

Many social functions were given in honor of the Clubs. In New York a dance was given at the Waldorf-Astoria following the concert. A tea dance was given the Clubs in Dayton by Mrs. W. L. Kuhns and Mrs. W. Stroop. In St. Louis Mesdames Walker Hill, George K. Hoblitzelle and G. W. Niedringhaus held a tea dance in honor of the Clubs, which was followed in the evening by an enjoyable smoker at which Judge

Sometimes a hockey game would be played or a couple of fancy skaters would give exhibition skating. Most



Going Down!



M. B. SANFORD, '17
Leader of the Glee Club

houses and financial support, entertained the Clubs with tea dances, balls and smokers.

That the trip was such a success financially as well as socially is due, in great part, to managers De Gray White and W. F. Place. Their untiring efforts resulted in both a profitable and pleasant journey for the Musical Clubs.

The program this year is without doubt the most talented ever pre-

sented by the Clubs. The selections which were carefully chosen, and combine pleasing wit with catchy music, were everywhere received with enthusiasm.

"Buddy" Fay's dancing both in solo and as the ghost in the Mandolin Club's selection "The Ghost Dance," the playing of the Hawaiian trio, composed of C. Lazo, '18, G. S. King, '17, and A. Read, '17, and the sensational saxophone sextet, the brilliant rivals of the Brown Brothers of "Chin Chin," all won insistent demands for encores. Whitney's solo,

"Annie Laurie," to a true lover of music, was the triumph of the evening, while the singing of "Johnny Smoker," in which the whole Club took part physically as well as vocally, was accorded continuous applause. "Shut the Door" and the "Laughing Song" were also well received.

With the conclusion of the Junior Week concert February 14th and Senior week concert the Clubs will have brought to a close one of the most successful seasons in the history of the organization.



THE LINE UP AT ST. LOUIS ON THE CHRISTMAS TRIP



George L. Coleman, '95

Mr. Coleman came to Cornell from Titusville, Pennsylvania, and was graduated in 1895 from the college of Architecture. After practicing his profession for some years, the appeal of music became so strong that, forsaking the art of building, he resumed studying with his father, a professional musician of western Pennsylvania, with the view of making music his life work. In speaking of this departure, Mr. Coleman says, that according to Ruskin, architecture is frozen music and, for him the only logical course was to thaw it out.

In the year 1900, he was employed to take charge of the mandolin club which, then in its youth, consisted of about twenty mandolins, banjos and a couple of violins. Since that time, under his careful direction, it has gradually developed into the excellent organization of to-day. Four years later Mr. Coleman was appointed director of the University Orchestra, which was then for the first time composed entirely of students, and in this field he has accomplished some remarkable results. He is not only doing exceptional work in the training of an organization whose personnel is constantly changing, but has been most successful in teaching the men to work individually, to play serious music, to develop repose and create a "velvet" and "velour" finish. Considering the limited time the members have to give to music, it is astonishing what a splendid body of musicians Mr. Coleman turns out each year, many of them, for the pleasure derived, following similar work in various parts of the country.

Keen judgment is shown in selecting programs, which must be both pleasing to the public and instructive to the student musicians.

The arrangement of music is another important duty which Mr. Coleman is called upon to perform. In order to bring out the worth of the different soloists, it is necessary to arrange such works as will afford



them an opportunity to display their talents, thereby encouraging each to greater effort.

Besides his musical ability Mr. Coleman has the gift of making all feel at ease under his direction, and of making individuals unconscious of criticism, while correcting their mistakes. The way in which all these

(Concluded on page 419)

Who's Who

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, '17



A happy-go-lucky, pleasure-loving Phi Beta Kapp! Impossible! Yet there is "Jack" Schurman. Apparently he devotes all of his time and his energy to social diversions. He is always seen there, at least. But when the occasion arises for hard work, heaven and earth can't move

him to do anything else. Hence his remarkable success.

Outside of college and social activities, "Jack" is a talker and a writer. As proof of the first, consider that he won the '94 Debate Stage this January and that he was on the varsity debate team. For the second—it is only necessary to state that he is a member of the Manuscript Club and that his ballad, "The Baron's Daughter," was awarded a Morrison poetry prize last spring.

The distinction he has gained has not come so much through his literary and oratorical ability as through his own personality. He is a "good mixer" and a good converser. "Jack" is almost the only man that one can mention who has gained his popularity and influence without the aid of the recognized student activities.

Ithaca, N. Y.; Arts and Sciences; Alpha Delta Phi; Phi Beta Kappa; Quill and Dagger; C. U. C. A.; Book and Bowl; Manuscript; Owls; Hill School Club; Convocation Hour Committee, 3; Chairman, 4; Winner of '94, 4.

FLOYD CHAUNCEY SAGER, '17

For four consecutive years "Sagy" or "Scobie" Sager has identified himself closely with wrestling. When "Sagy" landed in Ithaca to start work in the "Vet" college he knew about as much about wrestling as a senior in Arts knows about milking a cow. However this didn't seem to bother him very



much because he started right out and won the Novice Wrestling Meet in his freshman year. Last year he won the Inter-collegiate Championship in the 158 lb. class. He has done as much as any one to give Cornell the Inter-collegiate Championship in the last few years. He is one of the few men who has captained a Cornell wrestling team two years in succession.

"Sagy" is the sort of fellow that does not let athletics dominate his personality. Wrestling is by no means his only topic of conversation. He is vitally interested in the "Vet." college, and is as proud of his future profession as anyone might be.

But "Sagy" is first and foremost an all-round man. It is this fact that has established his popularity and has made him well-liked by everyone.

Waverly, N. Y.; Veterinary; Phi Kappa Sigma; Sphinx Head; Society of Comparative Medicine; Varsity Football Squad, 3; Varsity Wrestling Team, 2; Captain, 3, 4.

WILLIAM C. KREUZER, '17



"Bill" Kreuzer combines with the maximum of efficiency a good-natured attitude which never gives the impression of taking life too seriously. He always makes one feel that he is bigger than his "job" whatever that may happen to be. This does not imply, however, that he ever slights the work he has in hand. If "Red" has told you that he will do a thing, it is as good as done.

The basketball men who know "Bill" as a manager are perhaps the men who are in a position to appreciate him the most. He has not only succeeded excellently in arranging a schedule for this year, but has done everything in his power to make the games go off smoothly and to promote the comfort of the players.

"Bill" is a good mixer and is liked by everyone he comes in contact with. He is very witty and good-natured. He has shown excellent abilities as a dog-fancier and is known locally as a rather good bridge player.

Syracuse, N. Y.; Agriculture; Phi Kappa Psi; Sphinx Head; Hebs Sa; Assistant Manager Basketball, 3; Manager, 4; Spring Day Committee, 3; Class Day Committee, 4.

ALFRED WHITAKER WARD, '17

"Al" Ward came out of the west, if Cleveland can be called west, and brought with him the pep that distinguished him in his high school days when little *went* unless "Duke Al" Ward was behind it.

In the University "Al" has confined his activities to his well beloved chemistry and to what he likes, perhaps, even better—his basketball. This winter he has acted as captain in several games. To be sure it is usually possible to find Ward in some one of the representative places where well-rounded students gather, and also his performance in baseball indicates that his interests are anything but narrow.

The characteristics of "Al's" personality could be suggested here but everyone knows him who has seen his play on the Armory floor. He gets on just as well in regular clothes as in basketball uniform, and, I suppose this success is due to the same energy, heady control, and pleasant manner displayed in his game.

Cleveland, Ohio; Chemistry; Alpha Tau Omega; Alembic; Freshman Baseball; Basketball Squad, 2, 3, 4.



Cornell Doin's in Rhyme

By GEORGE J. HECHT, '17

Plans for a Union were discussed
At quite a peppy meeting;
The Eli five gave our quintette
A most decisive beating.
At wrestling we shall surely have
Again a first-class rating;
The tender kisses
Of winsome misses
We're anxiously awaiting.

A theatre was constructed out
Of Room B—Goldwin Smith;
If you have studied faithfully
Your finals won't be stiff.
To help his men—not gain more
wealth
Is John D. R.'s ambition;
Cornell Trustees
Have raised the fees
Required for tuition.

On these cold days it's mighty hard
To get up in the morning;
In going down toboggan slides—
Be careful—heed my warning.
Professor Laughlin lectured on
Finances of the War;
"Jack" Schurman spoke,
Some first class dope,
And won the '94.

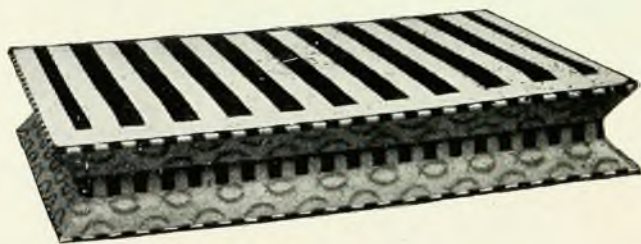
Jacques Reich gave etchings to
Adorn the library wall;
But "busts" are easy to obtain,
They're sent from Morrill Hall.
On Schoellkopf Field we hope to see
The big track meet next May;
On Buffalo hill,
There's many a spill.
This verse is done,—Good day!



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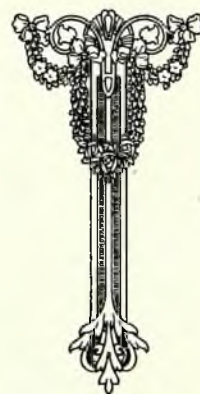
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Unusual Gifts

Her'n

(Continued from page 389)

perfectly furious and dragged me into the house. I didn't even hear the tirade—was thinking of something else.

Back to the roost. On my dresser was a wire from K. & E. requesting that I be back on the Gay White Way by Saturday night as rehearsals were to begin on the new play—"Pretty Poll." I'm to have the second lead too—guess Friday's my Jonah day, eh, wat! Donned my newest creation—purple and cerise scattered about promiscuously, with quite a bit o' me in the limelight. Dinner at The House.

That Prom was sure some Fashion Show! One of the skirts from our House was all lit up in two shoulder straps! And popular!! There were fourteen killed in the rush! I myself thought that although the massing was good the details needed more working out!

I lamped my beautiful Harold right off the bat—that man would make Leyendecker use him as model for the Arrow Beau Brummel! As soon as I conveniently could, I let him "cut in." After that, it was all over but the shouting—I danced five of the seven hours with him—and liked it! Have just a hazy recollection of the rest of the Prom—perfume, and powder, plus ladies, and lace would best express it.

Back to the House at 4 and had to begin packing furiously in order to catch the 8:05 back to New York. Guess "Booze" won't miss me so vurra, vurra much—and as for Harold!

I'm so ridiculously happy, I can scarcely write. Junior Week was

(Concluded on page 399)

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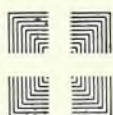
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Her'n

(Continued from page 397)

there with bells on. As soon as "Pretty Poll" can find a new ingénue, I'm going to begin wrecking my hands to make duds for the Goodness-knows-when-but-I-hope-it-will-be-soon box. Ithaca? Ye gods, I almost forgot to mention that. In brief, it would be a good place to die in, inasmuch as I have so little regret in leaving it!

The Intercollegiate Basketball Situation

(Continued from page 373)

the team to play five games before the midyears—one of these before Christmas. It is true that three of these were scheduled for Ithaca, but nevertheless it is an unfortunate handicap.

Dartmouth seems to have an improved team this year although the Green has twice been defeated already. Captain Sisson, Rau, and Steenrod are capable players but the team work has not been in anything like the state of efficiency that is needed to bring Dartmouth up with the leaders. Nor is the defense of the Hanover men all that it should be. Taken all in all, it is the cleanest cut team that the writer has seen come out of Hanover in many a day.

Columbia is very much in the position of Cornell in regard to veteran material. The New Yorkers have in addition a new coach in Carl J. Merner. It is a question of building up and the Blue and White adherents must not expect too much in the first season of a new regime.

On the whole the prospects for the season's play look to be particularly bright and promising and up to the high standard of the past few years.

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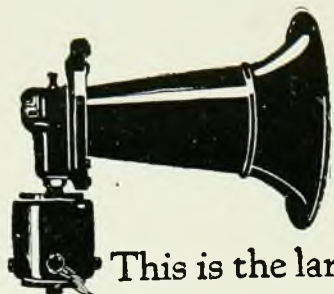
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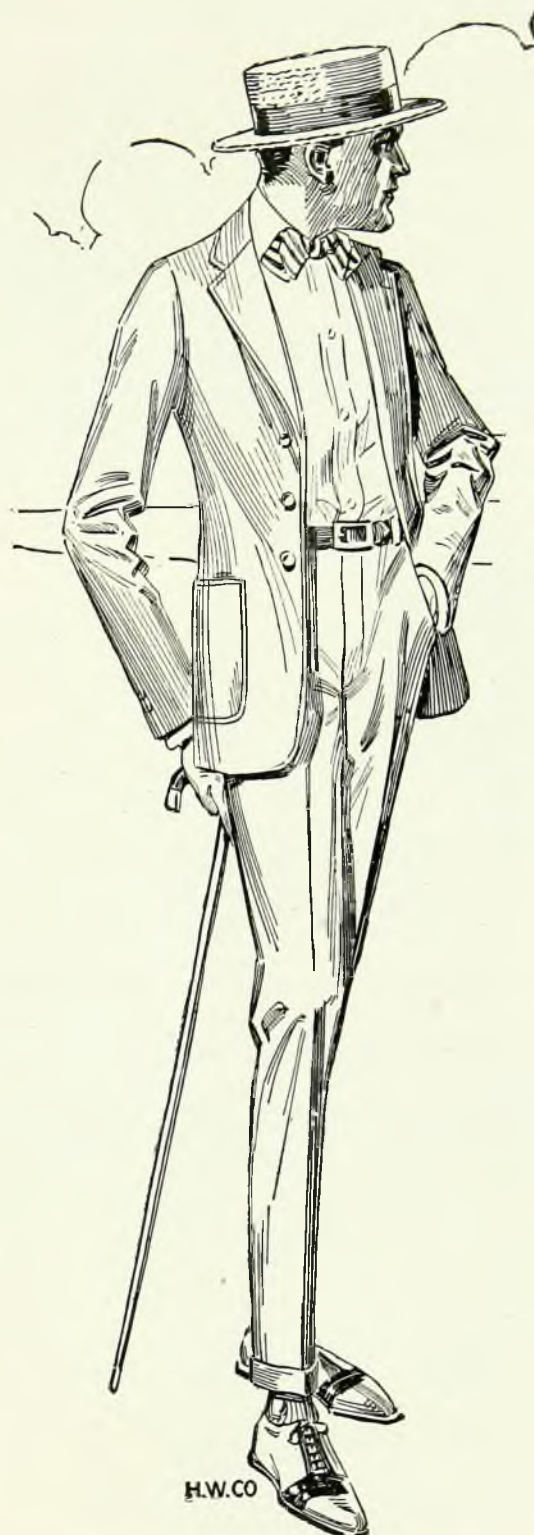
University and the Student Activities

(Continued from page 376)

enough, that merely "getting lessons" is a school-boy's business, and they demand something more real and worth while. The system of organized activities offers prizes and rewards that correspond to this demand: it affords scope for their ambition, recognition of their superiority, a contact with the practical world that seems to be a sure criterion of reality. Moreover, these instinctive satisfactions are reinforced and strengthened by a mischievous creed that subtly flatters and appeals both to the student's practical and ideal interests. On the one hand, he hears—often-times from those who ought to know better,—that it is through outside activities that a man gets his real preparation for life. And, on the other hand, he accepts and lays devoutly to his soul the flattering unction that he is bringing honor and glory to his *Alma Mater* by his self-sacrificing activities; while the mere scholars are held to be a selfish and self-centered crowd who are doing nothing for the University. That dogma provides not only a complete justification for student activities, but is also sufficient to sanctify them in the minds of believers. You cannot argue with a man who is firmly convinced that he is acting nobly!

I will try to avoid misunderstandings and to make my opinions very clear by repeating some of the things which I have already said. I recognize that college life involves other interests besides those of study, and that, though study is the main interest, play, and physical training, religion and social life, are all essen-

(Continued on page 405)



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University and the Student Activities

(Continued from page 403)

tial to the development of a sane and normal student. But I believe that student activities which are organized on a commercial basis—athletic shows, plays, newspapers, etc.—are antagonistic to a study and to the spirit of a university. My opposition to these commercially organized activities is not because they conflict with the getting of lessons—I am not sure that they do to any serious extent—but because they tend to detract from the seriousness of the university's real work, because they pervert and destroy the sense of values, because the whole influence of such organizations, as of all organizations organized for profit, is conservative and worldly, opposed to all reforms, hostile to discussion and ideas. Such organizations within the University represent the principle of conformity to the world from which it is the primary purpose of a college education to deliver a man. I am willing to admit that the amount a man knows when he graduates, when measured in terms of lessons or facts, is not the thing of primary importance. The intellectual habit of mind, the moral standard of values are the things that count. And however much or little the graduate of the university has learned, he is not really a university man unless he has caught something of the spirit of the university, unless he has in some sense been "born again." That is what we imply and profess in calling the university our *Alma Mater*. This is the basis of all genuine and enduring loyalty to the University. But "that which is born of the flesh

(Concluded on page 407)

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University and the Student Activities

(Continued from page 405)

is flesh": that which is born of the commercialized student activities is not the spirit of inquiry, of youthful courage, of freedom and adventure, but a conservative old-manish spirit, prudential and joyless, priding itself upon its prudence and lack of liberality. When the students of the University dare once more to be young and free, poor and free, as the first students of Cornell were, they will discover a new heaven and a new earth, and they will have no more need of the "System" or of the cheer leaders.

Clarence the Intrepid

(Continued from page 386)

loaded revolver in his hip-pocket, he started out on a run for the main street where the car line was. And as he tore along, he was conscious, in a sort of awed state of mind of the revolver. He knew quite well he would not use it—he certainly hoped not! But then he felt he might if Bennet, whom he did not place above doing anything, should forget himself and draw his revolver. The thought of such a thing happening abruptly slowed him down to a walk. His imagination ran rampant. He could see Marjorie looking just like a heroine in a moving picture play, her hands clasped over her heart, her head thrown back and her eyes looking beseechingly towards Heaven, as if she were quietly mumbling a prayer to God to spare both of them. Then he thought of his roommate. Dave immediately spoiled the picture: he could hear him calling both of them fools and butting in. Buddy lost sight of the ravine at the edge of which he had pictured them

(Continued on page 411)

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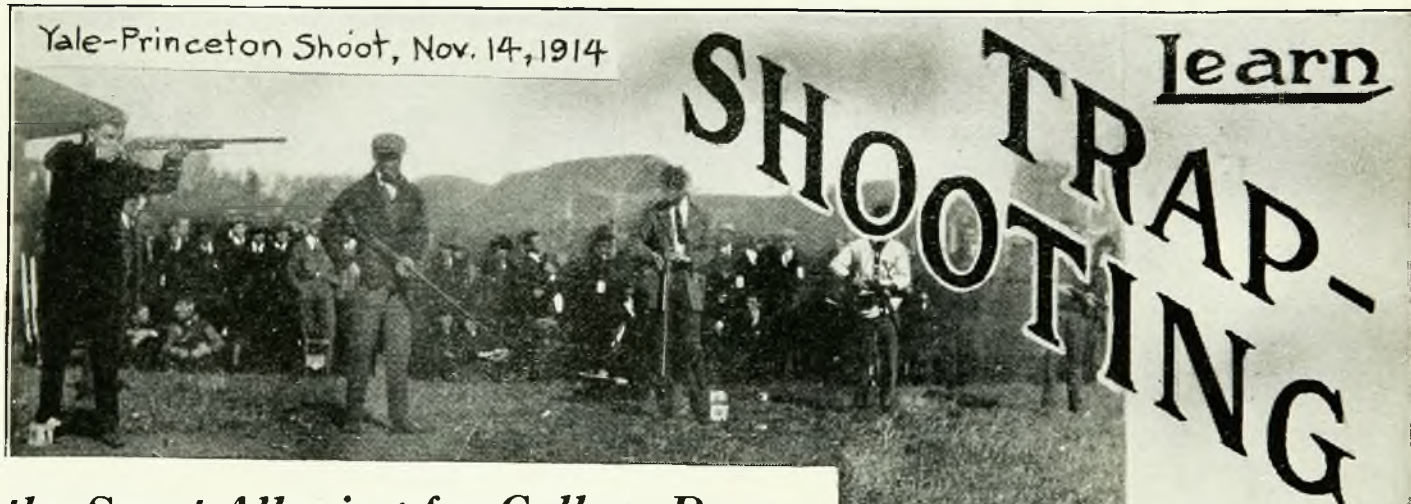
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ITHACA, N. Y.

Clarence the Intrepid

(Continued from page 407)

fighting and saw—the Ag. cow barns, behind which they were hiding to fight. Back on earth again, he started off once more on a dog-trot.

As he turned a corner and came out on Main Street, he saw a Heights' car slowing down a block away. Cars ran out to the Heights only every twenty minutes, and Budgy felt he must catch this one. Accordingly, he sprinted, when he suddenly stumbled—and the revolver went scuttling across the street, hit the curb and immediately went off! This terrorized Budgy for a moment: Had it gone off in his pocket he wondered, was he shot?

Evidently some people thought so, for they came rushing to his aid.

"Hell! I'm all right!" ejaculated Clarence, jumping to his feet. "Where's my revolver?"

"Here it is," said a gruff voice behind him. Turning quickly he found a policeman holding it tightly in his hand! Budgy felt as if all the blood in his body was running down into his legs. "Where's your license to carry loaded firearms about?" demanded the officer.

"Up in the room," he lied glibly.

"Are you twenty-one?"

"Could I have a license if I wasn't?" queried Clarence disdainfully.

"What's the number of your license?" further questioned the policeman.

"Don't remember!"

Protesting and pleading, Clarence Budgington McDevitt was led off to the police station. There he was accused of being a liar and a suspicious character, but was offered the chance

(Continued on page 413)

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NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., U. S. A.

Clarence the Intrepid

(Continued from page 411)

to be let off on a sixty dollar bail. He didn't have it, nor did he know anyone who had. He endeavored to locate Dave by the telephone, but in vain. Accordingly, he was ushered into the "cooler," where he was heartily welcomed by two old drunks.

As five-thirty drew nearer and nearer and telephone calls proved in vain, Budgy became almost frantic. Now Bennet would surely think him yellow. And Marjorie, what—what would she think? He could hardly ever tell her why he was arrested. She might think he had really meant to kill Bennet. Oh, his misery knew no bounds! What were they thinking and saying up there by the cow barns as they waited his appearance? Perhaps Marjorie and Bennet might make up. . . . *Terrible!*

Later, while he was sulking and bemoaning his fate a friendly officer appeared. "Good news!" he said cheerily. "Your roommate and a friend are coming down. He's got to get the money and he's got to get the friend, so he'll be a little late."

"You're swell!" thanked Budgy, as the officer turned to go. Budgy thanked him with rising hope, but he knew that he would have to forfeit his bail. Shooting would not look well in print. Then he asked himself: "Who can be the 'friend' that ass has gone after? Not *her!* Surely he wouldn't bring her down *here!*"

Hours seemed to pass before Dave's voice was heard in the hall. But the sound of it sent Budgy running over to the bars. He never knew before that he liked Dave so much—that is until he heard another

(Continued on Page 415)



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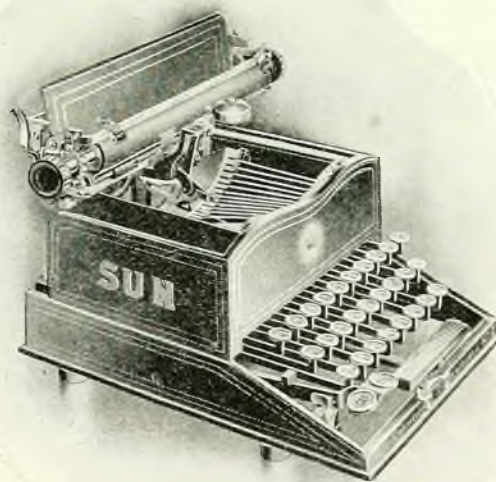
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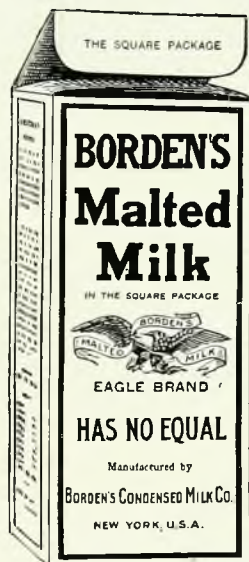
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Clarence the Intrepid

(Continued from page 413)

voice inquire in trembling voice:

"Oh, where is the poor boy?"

"So he's brought her!" groaned Budgy, melodramatically. The disgrace of having Marjorie see him behind the bars in prison!

Marjorie, Dave and the guard all came to the barred gate and stood still and stared at him for a moment. Couldn't they speak? Couldn't they appreciate his feelings? He muttered a gruff: "Hello!" and blushed crimson.

It was then that Dave burst forth into laughter: "You funny looking mutt!" he roared. "Give the squirrel a nut, Miss Willis!"

But Clarence observed that she did not seem to hear him. She was very serious and to his consternation, he thought he saw tears in her eyes. Budgy felt the muscles in his throat tighten. He just couldn't help asking himself why those tears were in Marjorie's eyes!

The guard let him out. Marjorie started down the hall without speaking, and it was then that Dave ventured in a whisper: "Gee, but she's upset over this!"

"Where'd you get the money for the bail?" hissed Clarence.

Dave nodded towards Marjorie!

"You didn't?" gasped Clarence, feeling that it was a terrible thing for him to have done. "You took money from a woman?"

When he finally got outside, alone with her,—for Dave went whistling off to an imaginary appointment, Budgy began:

"Marjorie, do you know why I got pinched?"

"Yes, Clarence." Then she quickly

(Continued on page 417)

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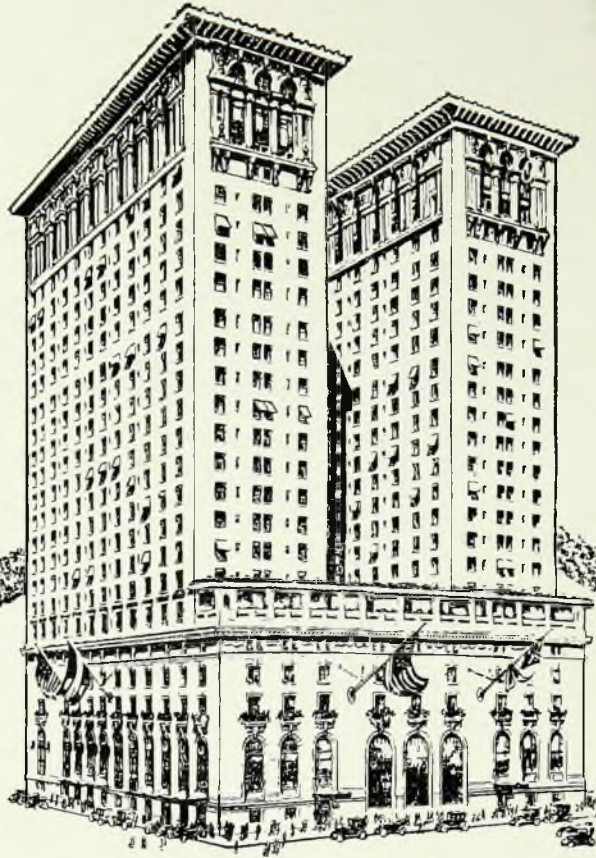
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Grill, Banquet Halls, Supper Dancing Rooms,
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**JOHN McE. BOWMAN
PRESIDENT**

Clarence the Intrepid

(Continued from page 415)

added: "This is a frightful place to stand and talk—in front of the jail!"

As they walked off, he continued: "Then you know I wasn't yellow?"

"Budgy McDevitt!" she ejaculated, seizing his arm. "I think you are wonderful! You got my picture; you offered to fight him who slandered me. But—tell me! You weren't going to shoot Mr. Bennet?"

"Not unless, he had tried to shoot me!" he snapped. "What kind of a line did Bennet throw you, when I didn't show up?"

"Why, *he* never appeared! When I called him up to plead with him not to fight with you over me—it would have been so foolish!—he had the audacity to laugh and sneeringly say he couldn't run the risk of getting banged up, because he must keep in good shape for the team."

"Ooh, what a—what a—" snorted Clarence, not venturing to state his opinion the way he wanted to.

"My dear, dear boy!" she continued, but now in an admonishing tone: "Don't ever dare to carry a revolver again! It might go off in your pocket! Besides, Bennet told me over the wire that he had about scared you so you wouldn't show up, by waving his revolver before you!"

But the bail money? He decided to get that delicate subject off his mind at once: "Listen, Marjorie!" he almost whispered.

"What is it, Budgy?"

"The money—"

"Oh, that's all right!" she interrupted. "It was at least a way I could show my appreciation."

He squeezed her arm which was resting on his. "The first of the

(Concluded on page 419)

Cornell Basketball Schedule 1916-17

Feb. 10—Oberlin	-----	at Ithaca
" 16—Columbia	-----	at New York
" 17—West Point	-----	at West Point
" 24—Univ. of enn.	-----	at Philadelphia
" 28—Rochester	-----	at Ithaca
Mar. 3—Yale	-----	at Ithaca
" 5—Dartmouth	-----	at Ithaca

Wrestling Schedule

Feb. 17—Brown	-----	at Ithaca
" 23—Penn. State	-----	at Penn. State
" 24—Princeton	-----	at Princeton
Mar. 3—Pennsylvania	-----	at Ithaca
" 9—Lehigh	-----	at So. Bethlehem
" 10—Navy	-----	at Annapolis
" 16-17—Intercollegiate	-----	at Ithaca

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Clarence the Intrepid

(Continued from page 417)

month I'll pay you back!" he said quickly, as if the words burnt his lips. Immediately, he changed the subject: "Let's go over and have an ice cream sundae, Marjorie?"

She looked up into his eyes and smiled: "At the Minerva?"

"Yes! And we'll get there this time!"

"Oh, I should adore to, Budgy," she cooed. "I want some chocolate ice cream with a lot of nuts on it, and on top of them some whipped cream!"

"Good night! You still like that?"

"Old dishes like old friends, Budgy, are always the best. Don't you think so?"

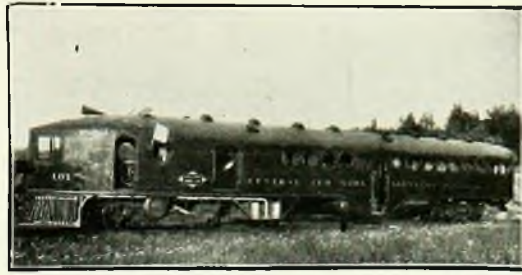
He hesitated a moment before replying, then said emphatically: "I'm mighty glad you've learned to realize that, Marj, because it is the truth!"

And so much said, Marjorie, her arm tucked under that of her intrepid freshman, and Budgy, his chin held high and his heart pounding strongly, hastened along on winged feet so as soon to be seated at a little white table with a pink light on it, and to talk just as they had used to while enjoying the same sort of sundaes at Wayne's drugstore back in Towerton, Iowa.

George L. Coleman, '95

(Continued from page 391)

varied responsibilities are handled requires marked ability and unusual tact both of which Mr. Coleman has. This man does the work of many and does it well. The University community owes him much for the two admirable organizations he has trained. E. L. D., '20.



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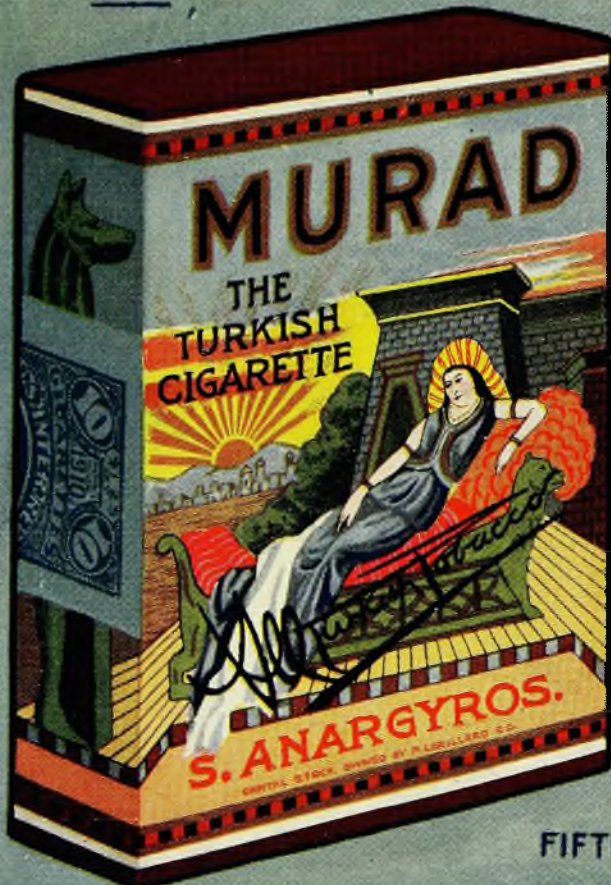
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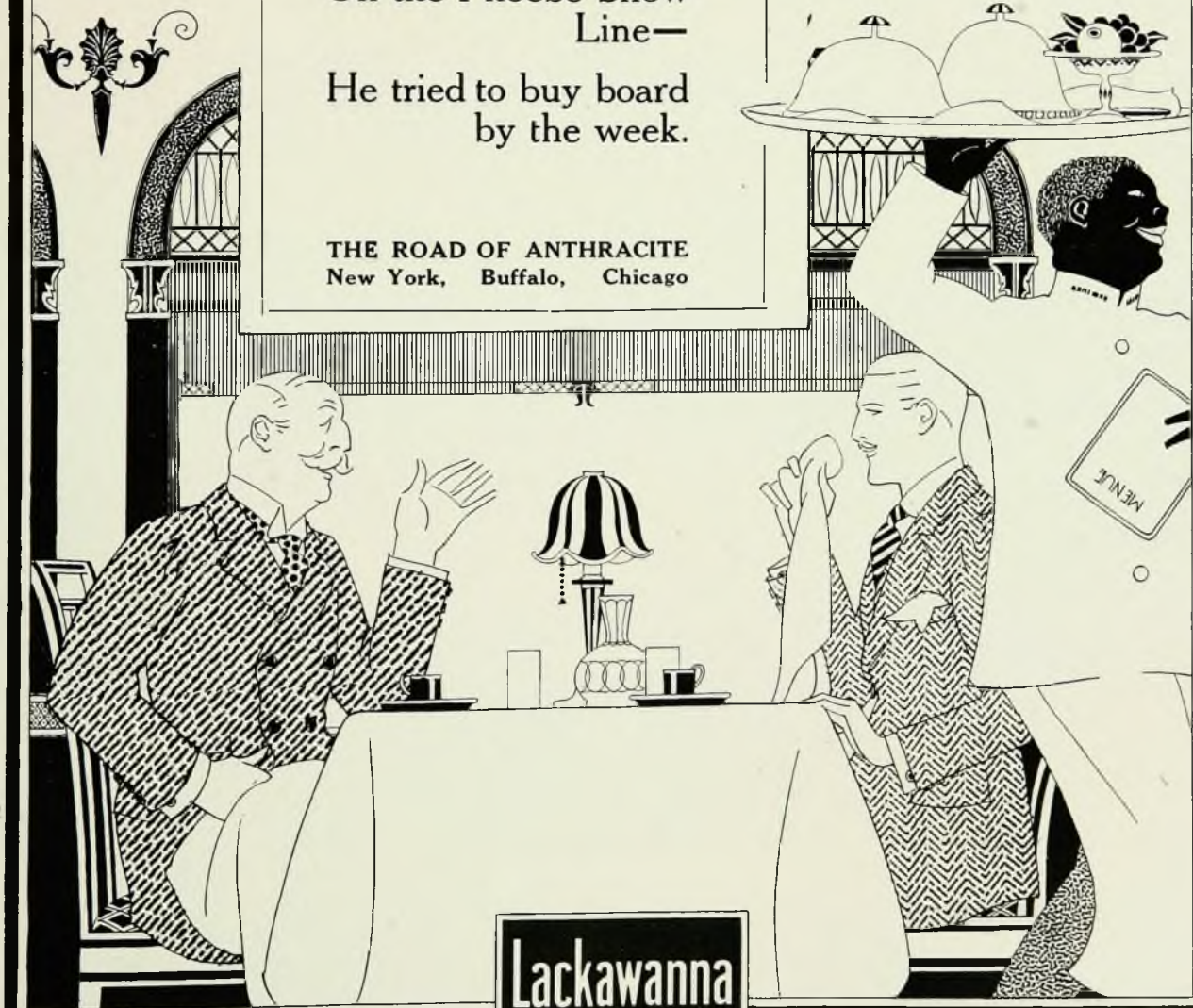
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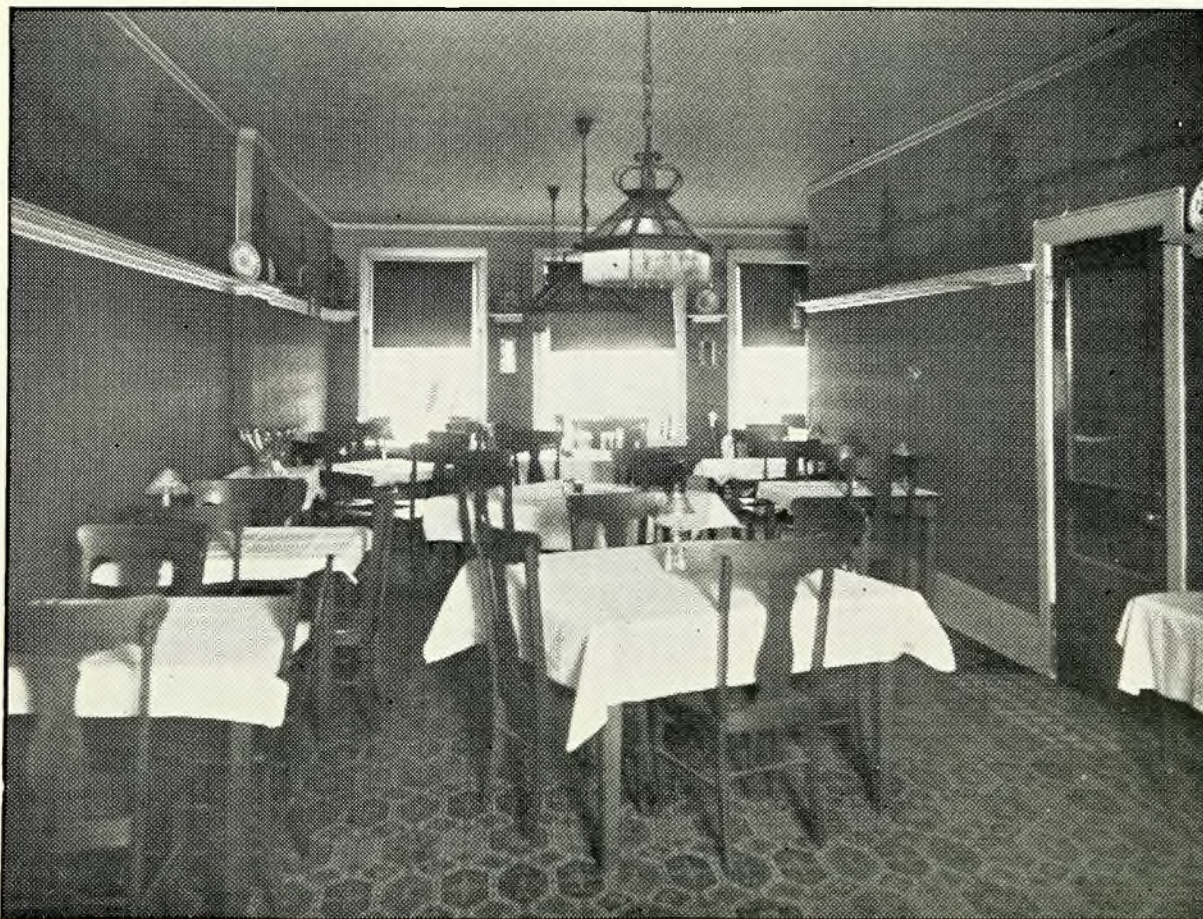
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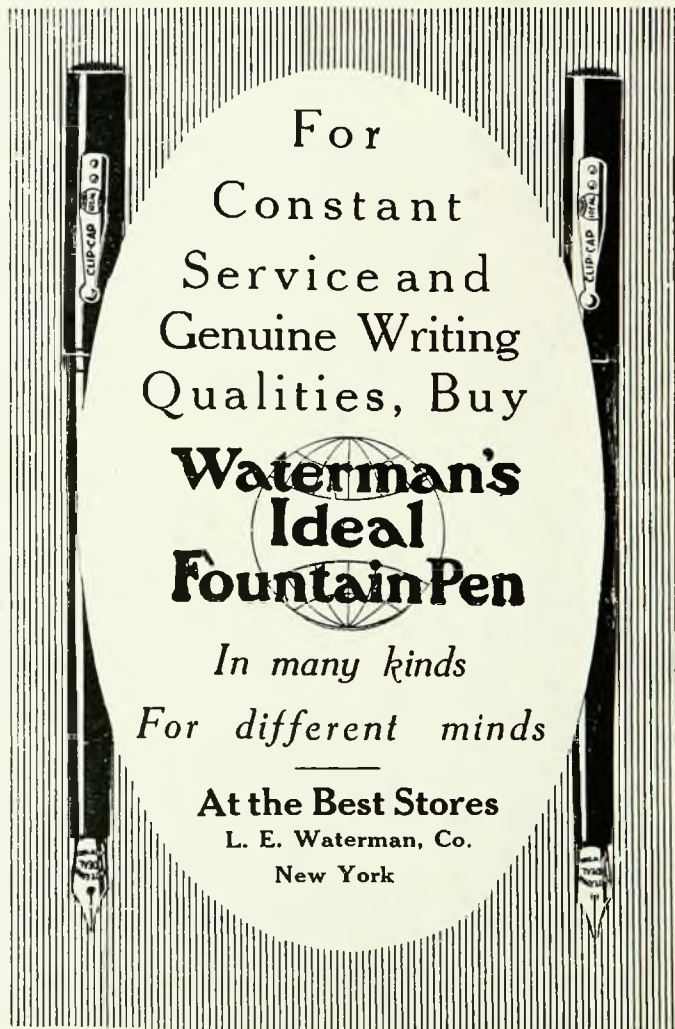
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CHARITY VAUDEVILLE

On MARCH 10th

Afternoon and Evening

Lyceum Theatre



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'Twas Ever Thus on Beebe



MACNEIL'S MODEL FOR THE STATUE OF EZRA CORNELL

Herman A. Macneil was commissioned last year by the trustees to execute a statue of Ezra Cornell to be placed on the campus opposite that of Dr. White. Among his recent works is the design for the new quarter dollar, and a statue of Washington for the Washington Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue. This picture shows him standing by the model from which he will make the statue of Ezra Cornell.

The Cornell Era

XLIX

MARCH, 1917

Number 6

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Editors for this issue, P. D. FLANNER, W. E. REX, JR.

The following extract from an article recently published in England on "The United States **Indifference** and the War" by Gilbert Murray is an interesting sidelight upon the usual American attitude toward the War:

"A friend of mine stayed last year in a summer camp of young men and women in a forest in the Middle West, and never once heard the European War mentioned. One night as they looked over a moonlit lake, a young student spoke thoughtfully of the peacefulness of the scene, and the contrast it made with the terrible sufferings of mankind elsewhere. My friend agreed and murmured something about the sufferings of Europe. 'Lord, I wasn't thinking of Europe,' said the young

man, 'I was thinking of the thunder storms in Dakota.'"

Unfortunately this story is too true to be funny. It is an admirable representation of the attitude of many American people, unfortunately even of American young people. The habit of thinking internationally is one which this country has yet to acquire; it is difficult for us to think in terms larger than our own immediate interests. And yet if this country is to take the part which its position gives it a right to take in that great federation of all civilized nations for peace and welfare which thinkers predict as coming after the present war, we must learn to think internationally.

Perhaps the only way is a practical demonstration, in terms which none

of us can fail to comprehend, that foreign affairs do affect our own interests. It was a revelation to most of us to see the awakening of interest in affairs which accompanied the breaking off of diplomatic relations. The prospect of an early declaration of war brought everyone with a jolt to an appreciation of actualities. Perhaps all the misery of a war would be more than paid for by this single benefit which would inevitably result from it, the new understanding of our responsibilities as a nation.

Junior Week is over and it is probable that it will soon be examined at the bar of faculty supervision. Although conditions have been improved they have not

Junior Week by any means been perfected. In the present weak position of Junior Week, little short of perfection will suffice. It is unfortunate but undeniably true that the social functions of Cornell have brought the university into ill repute. Perhaps without being actually any worse than men at other colleges, it is nevertheless certain that Cornell men have lacked the *savoir faire* which allows social functions to be conducted in a way which does not bring censure upon the university. Granting that this is true—and you have only to talk with unprejudiced outsiders to get this point of view—there are only two things which can be done with Junior Week: it can be abolished or it can be thoroughly reformed. The attempt at reform has succeeded only in part. The reason is that we

have been satisfied in all things with half-way measures. We have been content with things, being improved. We have forgotten that a past which has given a black eye to the university must be made up for by scrupulous care in the future. In planning for the next Junior Week, therefore,—for surely this was enough of an improvement to warrant another trial—the men in charge must take every precaution not to let matters slip back into their old channels but to put them on a sound basis, the basis of considerate and gentlemanly conduct.

Cornell is excellently endowed with prizes for various branches of intellectual excellence. It is a pity that there is not more interest in these and more honor connected with the winning of them. The amount of work required to write for one of these prize competitions is not excessive. The material reward ought to make them thoroughly well worth while even if this were the only consideration. Aside from this, however, these competitions give a chance to do real intellectual work of a scholarly type, and so are one of the most valuable institutions in the university. In urging men to go out for managerial competitions the argument is often advanced that even if you do not win any position the work itself is worth while. This is true to a certain extent, but not nearly so true as it is of prize competitions.

Here we have the element of competition, to the lack of which most of

us attribute the slovenly attitude toward "work on the Hill." Here we have that element applied to the best type of work on the hill, the type which involves a certain amount of individual creative work. The competitions have gradually been relegated to the grinds because nobody else has been interested to try for them. But this old order is changing, did change to a certain extent last year. We cannot go along in our old slipshod ways; true values will assert themselves and the best men will come to look upon these as honors worth winning.

Speaking of prizes, there is one marked gap in the list of prize competitions at Cornell.

Short Story Prize We need a prize for short stories or plays; at present this type of writing is practically the only one which is not encouraged by an endowed prize. Won't somebody please endow one?

The suggested rule that, as soon as the Baker Hall Dining Room is in operation, only men who board there should live in the dormitory seems to us an excellent one. We must have classes at Cornell; they are as basic as human nature itself and do not militate against democracy any more than does the fact that some men are athletes while others are students. The trouble is that we are too apt to confuse classes with class bitterness. There is little doubt that the obverse of strong class loyalty should be a wholesome respect for other classes and a tolerance for their points-of-view. The abolition

of classes, however, smacks too much of the ideal of the French Revolution: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death." It was mostly death.

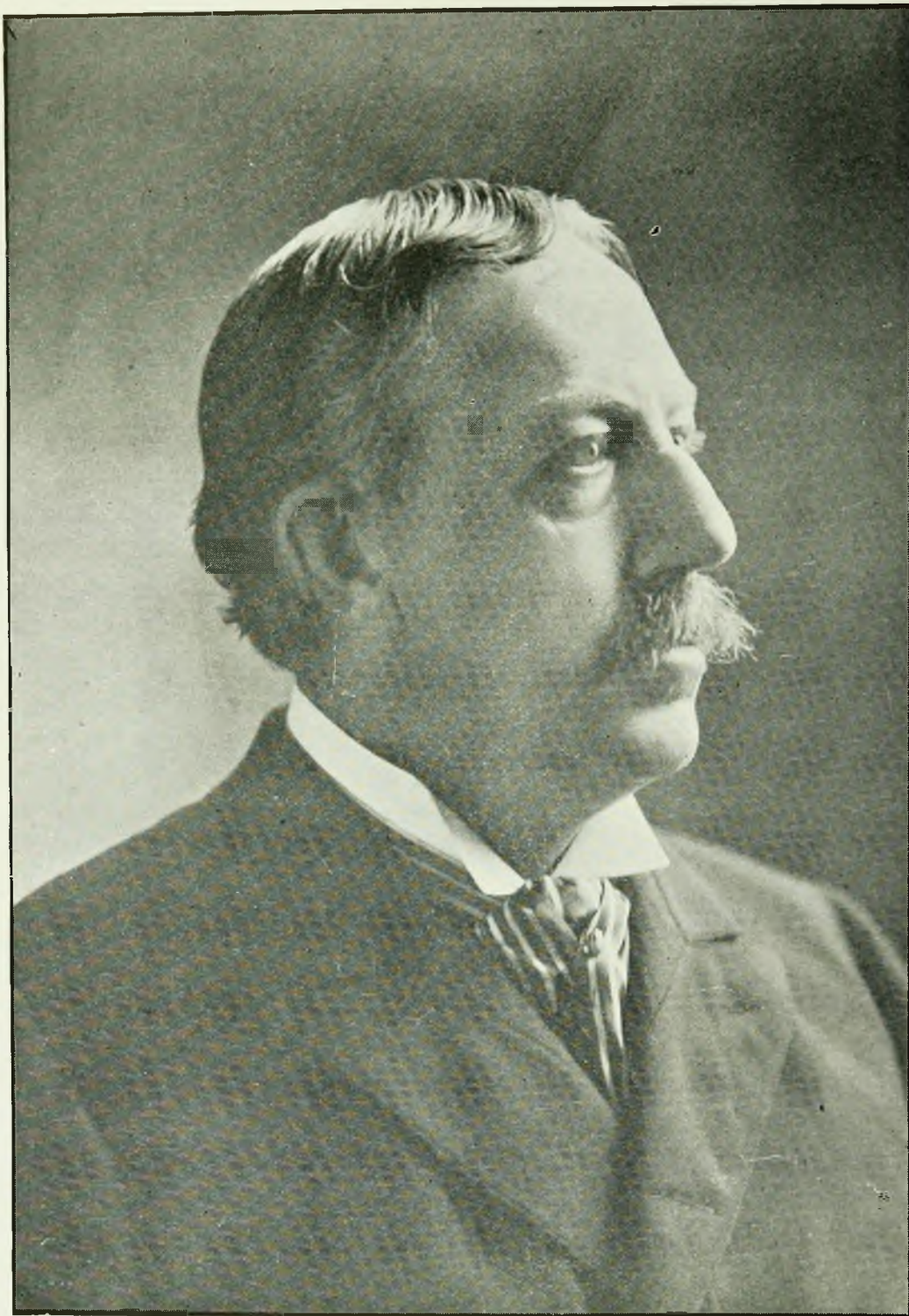
Now a class needs a material expression. The ERA would like to see Baker Hall become the center of non-fraternity men. A man who enters a fraternity is assumed thereby to have sufficient resources to live as the other fraternity men live, in the fraternity houses. Fraternity houses have sprung up at Cornell partly in an effort to solve the problem of housing. In so doing they have created a very distinct class.

In the class of non-fraternity men there are elements of as great value as any contained in the fraternity group, perhaps of greater value. These should be crystallized into class feeling in order to reach their perfection. If Baker Hall is reserved exclusively for independents it will give to them a center for class consciousness such as they now entirely lack.

A certain article in the last number of the ERA has aroused a good deal of hostile feeling among the girls in the university. It is evident that they interpreted it as slander upon all such girls, as a class.

Apology We are assured that this was not the author's spirit in writing it and we know that this was not the board's intention in running it. It was looked upon as a legitimate satire upon a certain recognizable type of "co-ed" who puts social activities foremost in her college life. We regret that it was open to another interpretation.

After all, we can only say that it was not meant seriously and no one dreamed it would be taken so.



DAVID STARR JORDAN, '72
Chancellor of Leland Stanford

From a photograph taken in 1912 when he was President of Stanford

Cornell and Stanford

By DAVID STARR JORDAN, '72

It is said that Stanford University is the daughter of Cornell. I am asked, as a pioneer in both institutions, to tell what this means, and how it came about.

In this story there are two sections, the one treats of the part taken by Governor Stanford and President White, the other modestly but continuously taken by myself.

Governor Stanford's only son, Leland Stanford, Jr., died suddenly of heart failure following Roman fever at the age of sixteen, at Florence in 1886. After this calamity his father gave very serious thought to the disposal of his fortune, which had a net value of about \$35,000,000. His son had been especially interested in museum matters, and a museum of art and antiquities had been planned for him on the Palo Alto farm. But his fortune enabled him to go further than this. One night the thought came to him: "The children of California shall be my children." Under this conception the museum expanded to a university, and the "children of California" were made to include young men and women of any race who might come to the Rancho del Palo Alto for training or instruction.

With this end in view Governor Stanford began the construction of the buildings. As a motif, he took that of the old Franciscan Mission at San Juan Capistranno, on the coast above San Diego. As building material he chose the yellow miocene sandstone of which the neighboring foothills at New Almaden are com-

posed. This is a stone of peculiarly warm rich hue, contrasting finely with the red-tile roofs and the unchanging blue of the California summer. The buildings low and strong, joined by stone arcades, were supposed to be earthquake proof, and this they really were. The earthquake of 1906 threw down all the new structures, which had been built on a more aspiring plan.

The edifice once started, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford went on a visit to all the leading universities of America. Johns Hopkins pleased Mr. Stanford, from its devotion to the highest intellectual service. Harvard and Yale did not satisfy him for different reasons which I need not discuss here. Cornell met his ideas best of all. Its salient points were its practicality, its direct adjustment to the actual needs of the actual student and its treatment of the Mechanic Arts and Agriculture as matters in no way alien to scholarship. He was pleased to see students in Applied Science working side by side with those in literature, history and science. Moreover the democratic aspects of Cornell pleased him, the democracy of the intellect as well as the democracy of men. The presence of women as equal co-workers was also in line with his own theories. Mr. Stanford had known Professor Agassiz, and from him he had taken one of Agassiz's favorite sayings, "The mind is made strong by the thorough possession of something."

It was natural that Governor Stan-

ford should turn for help to President White, the educational leader, who more than any other had impressed him by his sympathy and wisdom. President White's advice he asked especially in the choice of a President for his new university on the farm at Palo Alto. For this pioneer work, the President's mind naturally went back to his own work of 1868, and to Mr. Stanford's attention he commended one of his own students who entered Cornell as a student the year he entered as president.

For the rest of this incident "The Cornell Era" (a journal which the present writer helped to form and to name) is referred to the memoirs of President White, which I must refrain from quoting.

Governor Stanford went from Cornell direct to Bloomington, where I was then President of the University of Indiana. He offered the work to me and I, at once, accepted. This was early in March, 1891. It was arranged that work should begin on the first day of October. I went to California for a preliminary survey. There was not a door or window in the University Quadrangle, and my first experience in "the red-tiled principality" was to be ordered out by the watchman.

My first business was to secure a faculty. In this regard Governor Stanford's preferences coincided with my own. We both had faith in Cornell men and the Cornell spirit. I knew more good men in or from Cornell than any other institution could offer. Besides when we tried Harvard or Yale it was only the less

successful who were offered to us. Next to Cornell, we drew most on Johns Hopkins, on my tried colleagues in the University of Indiana, and then on the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan.

The day after the appointment applicants and congratulations came in by the thousand. I wired at once for a secretary, and secured Stanford's first faculty member, Amie Leslie Elliott, then instructor in English at Cornell and formerly secretary to President White. After 25 years Dr. Elliott is still Registrar at Stanford, and he forms one of the most enduring links to join the young university to the old.

Governor Stanford strongly deprecated any degree of over confidence. He expected about 150 students at the start, and for these he approved the appointment of 15 teachers. Most of these were young men coming with the rank of Assistant Professor. Large salaries offered to men who had become already widely known, men like Schurman and Church of Cornell, John B. McMaster, W. E. Mendenhall of Worcester, Bliss Perry of Harvard, Woodrow Wilson, Remsen Bright and Williams of Johns Hopkins, and E. B. Wilson of Columbia were declined in every case except two. One of these was John C. Branner of Cornell who accepted the chair of Geology. He was soon after made vice-president and after my transfer to the title of Chancellor became President in 1913. Branner was a life long personal friend of mine, which I suppose gave him a degree of confidence. The other, Dr.

(Continued on page 479)

Characters

(With apologies to Theophrastus)

The Swell-Headed Student.

The Swell-Headed Student is one who overestimates his own worth, valuing it by faith rather than by reason.

He is the kind of man, who, when elected to a club, will say to a group of those who have not been elected, "We have absolutely every good man on the hill." When you praise a man who is successful in some other line of activity than his own, he will say, "Oh, yes, you have to admit the guy is a hard worker." He will not make even this concession, however, to a student who has been successful in class-room work. Him, if he ever has to mention at all, he will always hold up to ridicule and scorn. He will not only tell you gladly who are the good fellows in Cornell, but will also name over those who are good at Princeton and at Yale. From his judgment in such matters there is no appeal; to dispute with him concerning his standard is to lose such of his respect as you may have. Nothing delights his soul like telling of his parties and all the good fellows he has got drunk with in New York. The next most desirable thing to talking these things over with a bunch of good fellows is to relate them to a group who listen in wide-eyed admiration to his indecencies, wishing that they themselves possessed his social gifts. With these listeners he affects a smoothness and good nature, attributes which are a part of his standard of "good-fellowship." When there are no others present he will

treat them with courtesy and will be glad to oblige them with small favors. Meeting them, however, when he himself is in company with more acceptable comrades he is unwilling even to speak familiarly.

The swell-headed man will cheat in examinations and will gamble,—both of these being things which the best men do, but he will not dream of cheating in gambling because it is not done.

He is willing to accept favors because he feels himself more than worthy of them, and to those who come up to his standard, he is almost equally willing to grant them. If you ask him what he is going to make out of his life, he will laugh in your face.

(With continued apologies to Theophrastus.)

The Over-Modest Student.

The over-modest student is one who continually depreciates his own merit.

He is the kind of man, who, when congratulated on winning an honor that everyone expected him to win, will reply "I didn't really deserve it; I'm sure it should have gone to So-and-so." When he asks a girl to go to a dance with him and she accepts, he adds "Of course I'm not much of a fellow to go with; if you don't want to, just say so." If anyone asks him about his college work he always says he can not get it very well because he has not the ability, but in point of fact he is elected to Phi Beta Kappa

in his junior year. When he speaks about rushing for his fraternity, he always adds, "Oh, well, I guess we came out as well as could be expected with a fellow like me in the house." Then the hearer, though in reality he heartily agrees with him, must think quickly of some polite remark, and the over-modest man is so naïve as to be easily reassured by such a compliment. The thing which he most prides himself upon is his humility, for he believes that others will think him "an awfully nice boy" if he appears to them good-natured and unassuming. He is always eager to perform any sort of exaggerated services for his friends so that they come finally to ask him to black their shoes and brush their clothes, pleading that they themselves are busy. These things he will gladly do in order to seem good-natured, saying that he has nothing else at present when in reality he has a multitude of duties. So, especially if his friends are respected in the university, he will jump up to do their behests with flattering servility. All his pleasure is to admire the greatness of others and his own ability he exercises only in a continual state of self-depreciation. He will follow the crowd to any lengths; he never has ideas of his own unless the crowd accepts them. (With continued apologies to Theophrastus.)

The Self-Assertive Student.

The Self-Assertive Student is one whose object in life is to be considered a success, but who is never sure of his own qualifications.

He will carelessly raise the lapel of his coat when in the company of

persons he has but just met, in order to give them an opportunity to see, as if by chance, the pin upon his vest. His talk is all of the well-known men he was with yesterday, and he always speaks of these by their first names although they, in truth, would hardly know his last.

He takes particular pride in showing off his worldly wisdom. He will name over with comments all the popular actresses and movie-queens, and he shows remarkable fluency in discussing the less respectable restaurants of New York.

At a dance he will rush up to the hostess and demand an introduction to the most popular girl on the floor so that he will be able to discuss her later with his friends.

His dress is always just a little ahead of the styles and when that which he has been wearing is accepted by others he has already progressed to something new. This he manages by the careful study of a fashion-magazine which he purchases regularly every month, but in following its dictates he never allows his own taste or common-sense to interfere.

One characteristic of the self-assertive student is that he is never silent at any meeting. Whenever discussion is on foot he always obtains the floor and keeps it until he has said everything he can think of. Then, as soon as anything is said on the other side, he rises again. How bored by his platitudes the assembly becomes, he never notices. Although he is not at all a leader, his sense of his own leadership would suffer if he

(Continued on page 481)

American Ambulance Work in France

By THEODORE STANTON, '74

Mr. Henry Wharton, who, like myself, was attached for some time to the American Ambulance Hospital near Paris, is making quite a campaign in the East to awaken interest among college undergraduates in this excellent work for the Allies on the western front. The matter has already awakened considerable interest in Cornell and in order to increase

the railway heads. As the Postes de Secours are situated right at the front and often in the trenches, or in farm buildings or the like near the trenches, the ambulance drivers are frequently under fire. The work is most exciting as well as interesting, so those who have been in it inform me.

The cars are grouped into sections,



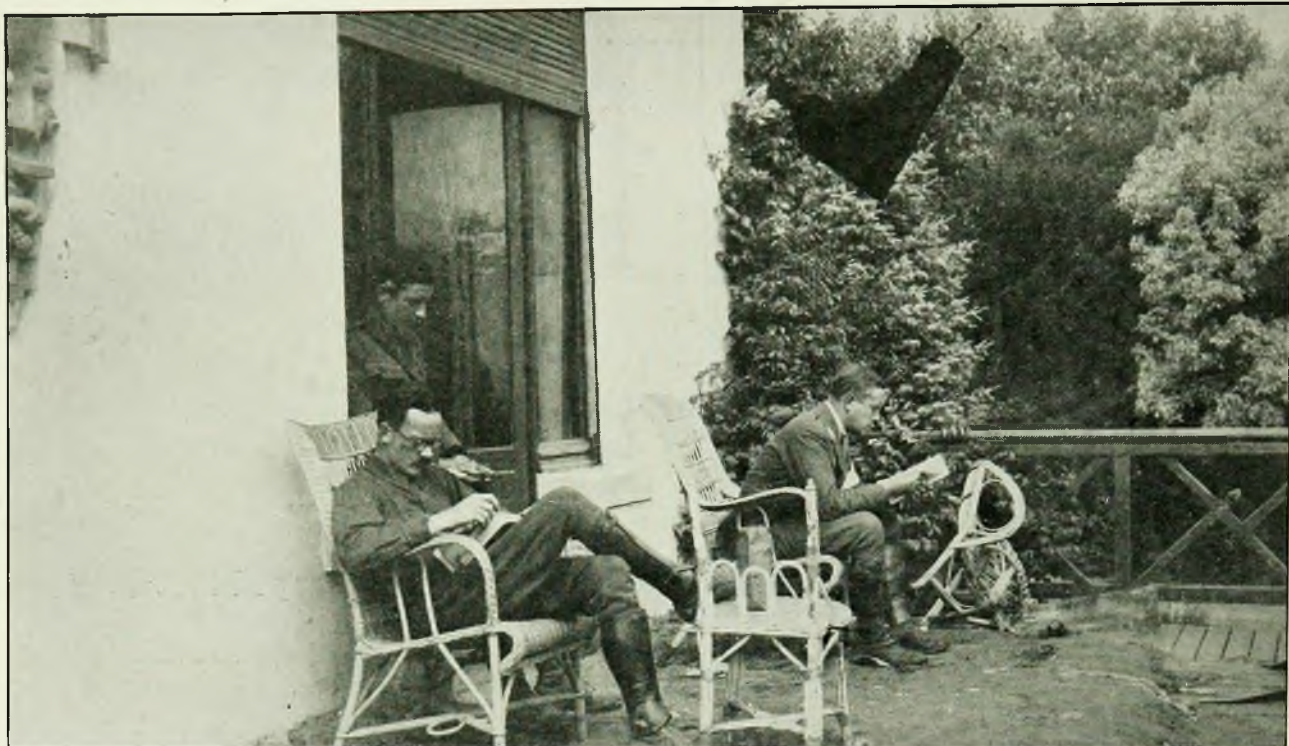
TEMPORARY CAMP NEAR VERDUN

this interest Mr. Wharton has sent me detailed information on the subject, bearing especially on the Field Service side of the work.

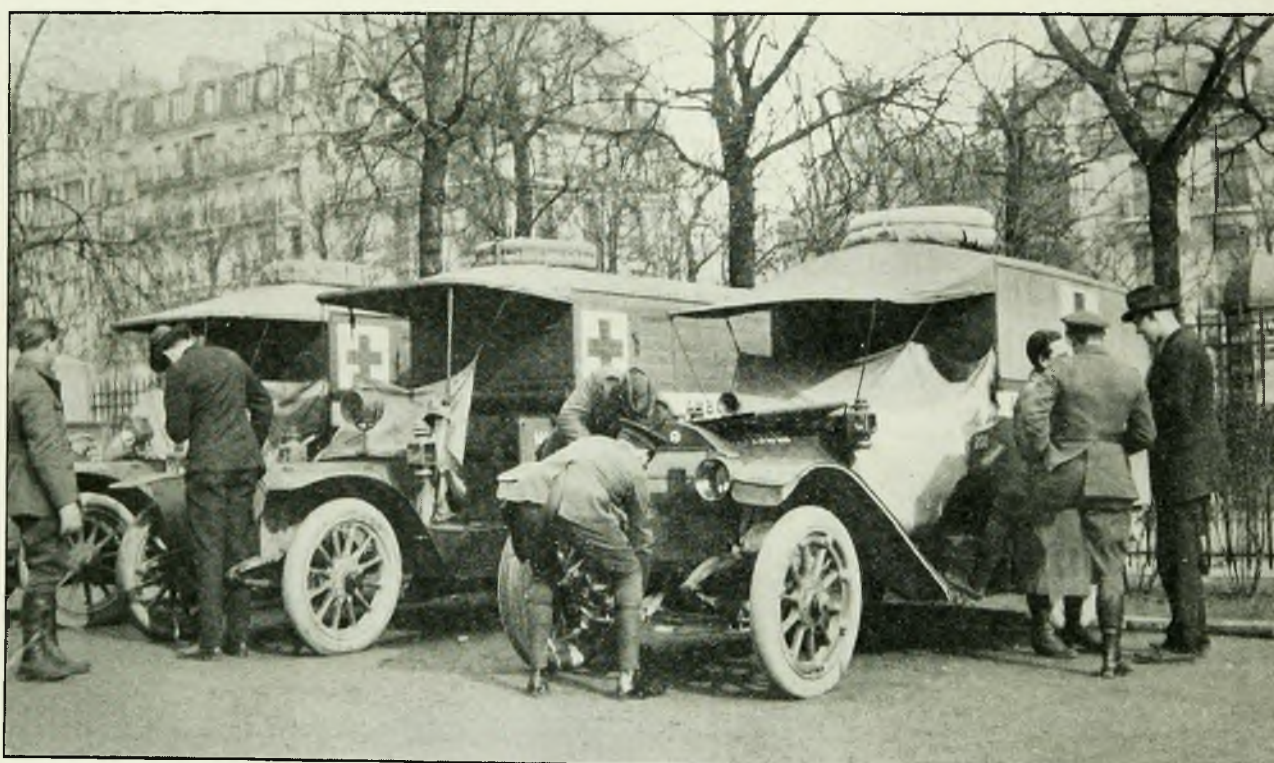
In order to enter this branch of the service, he tells me, one must enlist for a period of not less than six months. The work of this Field Service is done principally at or near the front, as the name indicates, and consists in running motor ambulances to convey the wounded from the Postes de Secours, or first aid stations, to the Field Hospitals, and from these hospitals to the trains at

20 cars to a section, and each section is attached to a French Army Corps, with which it usually remains; but from time to time sections are moved elsewhere to meet any sudden emergency. American Ambulance sections have served all the way from Belgium to the Vosges Mountains, and recently one section was moved to Saloniki in Greece.

A French Lieutenant is attached to each section, with which he always remains, but each section also has its own Section Director and Assistant Section Director, both of whom are



ON DUTY AT THE POST IN PORT A MOUSSON WAITING FOR A CALL
TO THE FRONT LINE POSTS



CARS READY TO LEAVE PARIS

Americans, and who have the nominal rank of Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant respectively; and all orders are transmitted through them to the men of the section. At times each section is moved a short distance from the front, *en repos*, as it is called, to rest the men and give them time to thoroughly overhaul their cars, etc. After the men have served some time they are given ten days' leave, or *permission*, as it is called, when they can return to Paris or elsewhere in France for recreation. There is one man to each car, and the men have to take entire charge of their cars, though there is a mechanic attached to each section who looks after the heavy and complicated repairs.

The cars, or rather the chassis only, are brought by ship to Bordeaux where a rude seat is constructed out of packing cases, and the men who are waiting their turn to go to the front run them from Bordeaux to Paris. This is an interesting trip through a very beautiful and historic country. The bodies of the cars are built at an automobile factory on the outskirts of Paris where the Field Service also has a machine shop of its own; and before the men go out to the front, they generally have an opportunity of working for a while in helping to fit out the cars. This is very interesting work, and the knowledge of constructions, etc., gained in it is frequently of the greatest use in the field. Each car in the Field Service carries, on a low average, ten wounded men a day, or more than 3,600 in a year. The past two years' experience has

proven that over half these men are saved by the quickness of our aid, for our small, light cars can go so close to the trenches that the wounded receive their first surgical help in from half an hour to an hour after falling. Also, these Fords, the cars generally used on account of their lightness, can reach points in the mountains and other places to which larger cars could not go. Formerly wounded men had to be brought from such places by mules, a matter often of two days round trip, whereas now it takes the Fords only a few hours to go the same distance.

The headquarters of the Field Service in Paris is at a handsome old house in the rue Raynouard, in which street I have lived on the past six or seven years, which has been generously loaned, by its American owner, for the duration of the war. Most attractive quarters are there provided for men waiting to go to the front and for those returning to Paris on *permission*, etc. These men are all volunteers, must be American citizens, and must provide their own passage money and pay for their own uniforms, though board and lodging are provided by the Ambulance authorities. There is, however, a handsome reduction made to American ambulance men by the French line steamers from New York to Bordeaux. During the past two years the presence on this line of the college boy has been one of the pleasantest features of the crossing.

I have recently had official word of the fact that the Field Service, since the beginning of the war, has carried

(Continued on page 483)

Who Wrote It?

The Documents in the Case—Forty-five Years After

For nearly half a century Cornellians have been singing their Alma Mater Song. During thirty years of this time the authorship has been under dispute. In an endeavor to settle the matter documentary evidence has been collected and is here submitted to Cornellians for their verdict. In reviewing the various statements certain discrepancies will be noted in letters by the same writers. That this should be the case after a lapse of so many years is not surprising. It is remarkable, though, when the same inconsistencies are found in those of recent date.

In order of time of publication of the song the first claimant appears to be Colin K. Urquhart, '76, to whom is attributed the authorship in "Carmina Collegensia" issued in 1876, and "Cornell Songs" in 1881.

In January 1887 Archibald C. Weeks, '72, and Wilmot M. Smith, '74, are named as joint authors in the Cornell ERA. Again in 1900 the "Songs of Cornell" gave credit for the authorship to Messrs. Smith and Weeks. This also was done in "Cornell Songs" issued in 1906.

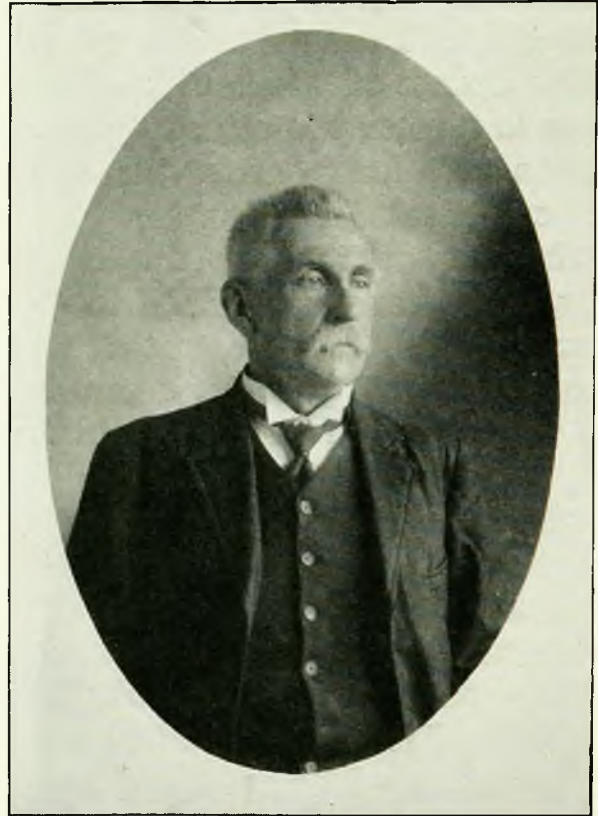
The "Songs of a Nation" which appeared in 1897 gave H. S. Thompson as the writer of "Far Above Cayuga's Waters" three verses of which were printed.

More recently, in January, 1917, Archibald C. Weeks, '72, through a New York newspaper, claimed to be the sole author, while John W. Boothby, '73, in the Alumni News of

February eighth assigned that honor to Eugene Frayer, '76.

Still another name mentioned by the Alumni News, is Theodore Zinck, a late Ithacan, who it is stated, wrote the words in German, while James T. Brown, '76, translated them for popular use.

It is now forty-five years since the class of '72, the year in which the



Archibald C. Weeks, who has the best claim to the authorship

Alma Mater was first sung, left the University. Statements from two prominent members are here appended.

"Yours as to authorship of Cornell Alma Mater Song:

As I recall, this was first heard

by me in 1872 when it rapidly grew in vogue.

As to its authorship: This was attributed to Archibald C. Weeks of class '72—though in connection with its early rendering, Wilmot M. Smith of '74 and another, whose name I forget, were mentioned.

As I recall the original wording, it included the first stanza about as now current, and perhaps some of the others.

But I remember that 'improvements' (which I did not consider such) were proposed—by others than Weeks who graduated in '72—my knowledge of this ceasing with 1874, when I left Ithaca, where I had remained for a couple of years after graduation."

John Dewitt Warner, '72.
February 3rd, 1917."

Mr. Warner is the author of "1875: The Cornell Cheer," the music of which was composed by Mr. Weeks.

"I cannot give you any information as to the authorship of the Alma Mater Song, but I am quite sure that up to the time I left Cornell—in 1872—I had never heard of it as a college song and I know that up to that time 'Collegensia'—the then glee club—had never sung it. At all events such is my recollection. So far as I can recall at this late date, there was no 'Cornelliana' in my time. The traditions of the University were in the making and were all to make.

H. W. Van Wagenen, '72.
February 19, 1917."

Mr. Van Wagenen was a promi-

nent member of the first Cornell Glee Club.

Colin K. Urquhart, ex-'76, replying to the request for information regarding the authorship of the Alma Mater, writes as follows:

"In the book which you quote you say that I am credited with being the author of 'Alma Mater' and you ask, 'Is this correct?'"

"In reply I would say that the credit is correct, and that I wrote the song in my freshman year in Cornell, and that I never heard the authorship disputed until the Victor Talking Machine people put out a record and credited the song to Smith and Weeks. You will also find the song published in the Carmina Collegensia copyrighted in 1876 by Ditson & Co.; and in other publications with the proper credit given to me.

"Why at this late day an attempt should be made to steal whatever honor attaches to the authorship, I am at a loss to understand.

C. K. Urquhart, '76."
January 29th, 1917.

In this connection the following clipping from the Brooklyn Eagle of January 23rd, 1917, containing a statement by Mr. Urquhart is of interest.

"Mr. Weeks is quoted as saying that the late Judge Wilmot M. Smith did not write the words. In that statement he is right. Neither did Mr. Weeks write them. I wrote them in my freshman year in Cornell University and as a bit of evidence as to that I would suggest a reference to the Carmina Collegensia page 109, which book was published and copy-

righted by Ditson & Co. in 1876, and in which the fact is set forth that I wrote the words of the now well-known Cornell song."

Evidence in support of the collaboration of Messrs. Weeks and Smith was found in the Cornell ERA of thirty years ago. The penciled marginal note by Geo. L. Burr, '81, made possible the obtaining of the addendum G. W. Harris, '73, has written to accompany the reprint.

As Judge Smith's death occurred in 1906 attention is directed to the letter which appeared over his signature. Marginal note in Cornell ERA.

"This article was written, as he himself informs me, by Librarian Geo. Wm. Harris, who sat beside Mr. Weeks at the Alumni Dinner, and asked from him the letter which he here prints. He assured me that both Mr. Week's letter and Judge Smith's postscript were in their own handwritings.

Geo. L. Burr, Jan. 1917."

Cornell "Era" Jan. 28th, 1887.

Genesis of a Cornell Song

In the volume of Cornell Songs published a few years ago, the familiar song, consisting of a single stanza beginning "Far above Cayuga's Waters," is said to be by C. K. Urquhart. This statement seems to have passed unquestioned, and was repeated in the selection of Cornell Songs printed for the Alumni Dinner in New York last Spring. During one of the frequent intervals of inattention caused by the long-drawn-out speeches of that evening, an old Cornell graduate began idly to turn over the leaves of this selec-

tion; suddenly his listlessness vanished, and with considerable animation he called his neighbor's attention to the song, saying that he has good reason to know that C. K. Urquhart was not the author since he himself had no small share in writing it. After some conversation it was agreed that he should write an account of his composition setting forth the true authorship, which, being placed on record, might serve to correct the current error concerning it. This he has recently done and it is thought that the following letters possess sufficient interest for Cornell men, to find a place with the correct text of the song in the ERA in which most of the Cornell songs made their first appearance in print.

"New York, Jan. 18th, 1887.

Dear Sir:

I only the other day found in an old box of miscellaneous papers the original manuscript of the song, 'Cornell,' and herewith enclose a copy. It was composed about 1870 under the following circumstances. Mr. W. M. Smith, '74, (now District Attorney of Suffolk County) and I roomed together in the Woodruff Block, on Tioga Street. The blending of our voices he, tenor, I, bass, pleased us exceedingly in the music of Annie Lisle. I proposed that we adapt a college song to the music and suggested the first two lines of the first verse; he responded with the third and fourth, I with the fifth and sixth, and he with the seventh and eighth. The chorus was the result of mutual suggestion. These words were sung by us frequently and when asked for

the balance, we always excused ourselves on the plea of forgetfulness. The next two verses (with some others which I do not think worth recopying) were shortly afterward composed by me, but were never sung as Smith didn't know them by heart. I am not sure that he ever knew that I wrote any more as my connection and training with the college crews soon gave us no more leisure together.

Yours truly,
A. C. Weeks, '72."

"Patchogue, Jan. 19, 1887.

Dear Sir:

This statement of facts contained in the enclosed letter of Mr. A. C. Weeks is true.

Yours truly,
W. M. Smith.

CORNELL

(From copy of original manuscript as supplied by Mr. A. C. Weeks.)

Air—Annie Lisle

"Far above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Ever free and true.
Far above the distant humming
Of the busy town,
Reared against the arch of Heaven
Looks she proudly down.

Chorus—

"Ever rolling, surging onward
Glad her praises tell;
Hail to thee our Alma Mater
Hail to thee Cornell.

"Firm upon the rugged hilltops
Stand her granite walls,
Firmer may her sons press onward,

Onward, through her halls,
When with moments swiftly flying
Ages roll between
Sons as yet unborn shall hail thee
Alma Mater, Queen.

Chorus.

"Hear the rippling of the waters
As they glide along;
Listen to the evening breezes
With their whispered song,
Heed the thrilling notes of gladness
Of the wakening morn:
All with joyful echoes murmur
That Cornell is born.

Chorus.

Addendum to reprint.

"The above letters from A. C. Weeks and W. M. Smith were written to me at my suggestion and were in their own handwriting. The letters were given to the ERA and printed in the above article and the words of the song were there printed from the copy enclosed in the letter of Mr. Weeks.

G. W. Harris, '73."
February 21st, 1917.

The name of H. S. Thompson is scratched from the list.

"I have received a letter from Silver Burdett & Co. that they have investigated the claim of H. S. Thompson whose name was appended to the Alma Mater Song in one of the books they issued and find that he has no claim thereon, and was not the author.

Archibald C. Weeks, '72."

The following letters and affidavits have been submitted by Mr. Archibald C. Weeks, '72, in support of his claim:

"February 17, 1917.

Mr. Archibald C. Weeks,
222 Park Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Weeks:

As to 'Alma Mater': In 1872, I was in Ithaca rooming on Tioga Street, corner of the street that ran past the front of the Court House, and boarding in Tioga Street, just north of the old town-hall; so that I was pretty familiar with people and things in that locality. Among these were you and the singing in the "Woodruff block" on the opposite corner from me.

It was then I first heard "Far Above Cayuga's Waters" repeatedly sung and was told you had written it and were having it practiced.

Unless you resided at Ithaca after you graduated, it could not have been later than July, 1872—more probably in the spring of the year.

Sincerely,
John DeWitt Warner."

"February 20th, 1917.

Mr. Archibald C. Weeks,
222 Park Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Weeks:

Relative to the authorship of the Alma Mater song 'Far Above Cayuga's Waters,' I entered the University in the Fall of 1872, and graduated in 1876, and remained at the University studying for the inter-collegiate examinations and toward my second degree until December of that year. During all that time, so far as I recollect, I never heard the name of Colin K. Urquhart mentioned in connection with that song.

I do not recall ever hearing the authorship of that song attributed to anybody else than yourself until Mr. Urquhart's claim in that respect was recently brought to my attention by you, and subsequent to that time have heard that the Alumni News has attributed the authorship to myself. I have written the Alumni News asking them to correct that statement as I have never claimed the authorship of the song.

Yours truly,
Eugene Frayer."

"State of New York, }
County of Kings. } ss.

Evelyn E. Weeks being duly sworn, deposes and says: I reside at No. 222 Park Place in the Borough of Brooklyn of the City of New York and am the wife of Archibald C. Weeks who graduated from Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1872. Prior to my marriage I resided at Ithaca during all the period when the said Archibald C. Weeks attended said University. During the years of 1871 and 1872 I frequently sang with him or accompanied him on the piano as he played some musical instrument. In the early winter of 1872 he called at my residence in Farm Street and produced a verse and chorus of what is now known as the Cornell Alma Mater Hymn, the first line of which is 'Far Above Cayuga's Waters,' and requested me to sing it with him which I and other members of my family did and continued to do so occasionally until his graduation and departure from Ithaca the following summer.

From that time until the present I

With the Ambulance Corps.



WITH THE FRENCH COLONIALS



ON THE ROAD GOING UP TO VERDUN. EACH DRIVER, GYPSY-FASHION
LIVING IN HIS CAR

never heard or knew that there was any question but that the said Archibald C. Weeks was the author of the said verse and chorus. He has always been reputed to be such among all the persons with whom we have been mutually acquainted. I am familiar with other songs and music which he has composed and have often sung them or accompanied him on the piano while singing them. I also distinctly recollect his revision and completion of the Alma Mater song some 17 years or more ago.

Evelyn E. Weeks.

Sworn to before me this 20th day of February, 1917. Henry Pierson, Notary Public, Nassau County. Certificate filed in Kings County No. 8066. County Clerks No. 42. Expires Mar. 30, 1918."

"State of New York, }
County of Kings. } ss.

Archibald C. Weeks being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am an attorney and counselor at law residing at No. 222 Park Place in the Borough of Brooklyn of the City of New York. I entered Cornell University in this State in 1868 as the first state student from Suffolk County and was duly graduated from the University in the year 1872. I was greatly interested in music and athletics from my earliest years and particularly during my sojourn at the university and was prominent as a skater and oarsman which caused me to devote much time on Cayuga Lake, from which the University buildings could be plainly seen outlined against the sky. I also obtained subscriptions for the first college brass band and

was an organizer and member thereof. I played numerous musical instruments besides and had an organ in my room during my senior year in the Woodruff Block at No. 60 Tioga Street in the Village of Ithaca, with which I accompanied myself in singing with my room mates and friends. My favorite song from boyhood was Annie Lisle and this led me to adapt to its music the college song which in 1871 I had decided to compose. The view of the college buildings as I frequented the lake suggested the words 'Far Above Cayuga's Waters' and these with others of the first verse and other verses were in my mind from time to time as I hummed them over, to the above music. It was not until the early winter of 1872 however, that I undertook to put the song in writing as I sat at the window in the rear room on the second floor of No. 60 Tioga Street. I finished the first verse and chorus and then went to my organ and played the above air and invited my room mate, Wilmot M. Smith of '74, to sing it with me and discussed with him several of the lines, and he made some suggestions as to the choice of words, which I approved. I then had Smith learn the words while I wrote more verses which I did not exhibit to him at any time. The verse so learned by him was sung by him and myself that night at the supper of the club where we boarded with a Mrs. Hillier on the west side of Tioga Street and but a block or so away from where we roomed. I sang the bass and Smith the air. The others present thereupon inquired with much interest where the song had been ob-

tained and tried to join in the singing. Thereafter Smith and I frequently sang the above verse and chorus while passing along the street especially at night as we went to the post office and also in my room in company with others who called or might be stopping in the house. I also took the verse and chorus to the houses of families where I was in the habit of visiting and the verse was also sung by the members and others. The duties of graduation and the fact that I was a member of the college crew and was compelled to leave my lodging place and go to the Lake to train took me away from further association with Smith and the verse was left to be sung by whomsoever wished. As an indication of the inclination and bent of my mind at that time I am under the impression that the title of my graduation essay was 'Let me write the Songs of a Nation and I care not who makes its laws.' I had so much to occupy my attention for many years afterwards that I had no time to revise and complete the remaining verses of the song as I always intended to do. I was surprised to learn that the first verse which had been floating around from mouth to mouth had been dignified as a song and split into two verses, as it was only introductory in the way of locating the subject and there was no termination or proper ending or climax to it whatsoever. I did not know of this until some years later when inquiries began to be made to me from time to time for the remaining verses. Finally a number of years ago, 17 or more, when, it was proposed to pre-

pare a Cornell Song Book* I searched for and found the identical piece of paper upon which I had first drafted the lines of the song and completed the four remaining verses which were published in the preface of the song book with the first verse for the first time. The last four lines of the first verse were omitted however, and the chorus was inserted in lieu thereof by some error. Outside of my family no one had knowledge of the last four verses as above published. The first verse above mentioned is the same verse with occasional variations published in sundry college and other song books as the Cornell Alma Mater, and is also the same which has been published at various times subsequent to its composition as above stated by one Colin K. Urquhart, who falsely and fraudulently has represented himself to be the author thereof. As I am informed said Urquhart did not enter said university until after I left and the said verse was sung by my associates and many others prior to the connection of said Urquhart with the University.

The reference to 'natal day' in the last verse had a special significance to me as it refers to the dedication exercises which were held in the open air near the bell tower in October, 1868, as I remember. I was present and heard the Hon. Andrew D. White and others address the meeting.

Said Smith was not interested in athletics neither as oarsman or skater and seldom, if ever, was on the Lake. He had no musical knowledge either vocal or instrumental and was

*Songs of Cornell, B. F. Lent, 1900.

unable to read music and could only sing the air of a tune when it had been taught him. I had to teach him the air of Annie Lisle before he was able to sing the first verse and chorus. Smith never spent a minute nor put his hand to a pen or pencil in the composition of any of the song or chorus at any time and never to my knowledge attempted to add a verse of any kind thereto. From time to time since leaving the University I have written college and campaign songs and composed the music for them and have been a member of many New York City choirs and other musical organizations and am still more or less interested in music. I again emphatically state that at the time of my sojourn at the University there was no person outside of myself on account of my early experiences, inclinations, associations and surroundings, that could possibly have conceived the said song or adapted the present air to it. From my earliest years I committed songs and hymns to memory and often wrote rhymes for the diversion of myself and friends.

I should add that Smith was a native of the same county as I and our families were acquainted. He was my seat mate at the Huntington, L. I., High School up to the time of my graduation therefrom in 1868 and when he followed me two years later to the University he roomed with me during my senior year. We were always friends up to the time of his death on March 29, 1906, and as he had sung and introduced the first verse with me and was so closely associated with it I never objected to

his being named in connection with it, however impossible it would have been to conceive or compose it or adapt it to the music.

Archibald C. Weeks.

Sworn to before me this 20th day of February, 1917. Henry Pierson, Notary Public, Nassau County. Certificate filed in Kings County No. 8066. County Clerks No. 42. Expires Mar. 30, 1918."

ALMA MATER OR CORNELL HYMN*

Archibald C. Weeks, Cornell, '72

"Far above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view.
Far above the distant humming
Of the busy town,
Reared against the arch of Heaven,
Looks she proudly down.

Chorus

"Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises tell,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, Cornell.
"Sentry-like o'er lake and valley,
Towers her regal form,
Watch and ward forever keeping,
Braving time and storm.
So through clouds of doubt and darkness

Gleams her beacon light,
Fault and error clear revealing,
Blazing forth the right.

Chorus

"To the glory of her founder
Rise her stately walls;
May her sons pay equal tribute
Where'er duty calls.

(Concluded on page 491)

The Foresters' Saint

A story of Saint Murpheus as translated from a fragment of very bad Latin:

"There was once a very holy man named Murpheus. He dwelt in a hut in Epping Forest and was famed for his piety among all the woodcutters and charcoal burners of the region.

"Now it happened that in the fourteenth year of the reign of King Henry, the third of that name, there came a great fire that brought destruction to all the forest, from Waltham Abbey even to Stapleford Tawney. And all the people were in dire straights and extremity of spirits. But the holy Murpheus gathered them about him and conjured the evil spirit to come forth out of the fire. So the demon with a great cry fled away and the fire was no more.

"And when Saint Murpheus came to die he was laid in Waltham Abbey. And ever after his body gave forth a sweet savor and many miracles were worked therewith. So it was known that he was a Saint. And when the Eighth Henry despoiled the Abbey the body was not to be found."

This is a tale of how the heart-breaking yearnings of a group of college students for a patron saint eventually caused their wish to be fulfilled.

The students in the School of Forestry at Cornell were actuated in this desire at first, it must be confessed, by a world-old trouble, envy. The College of Architecture at the other end of the Campus boasted of Saint Patrick as its patron. And the



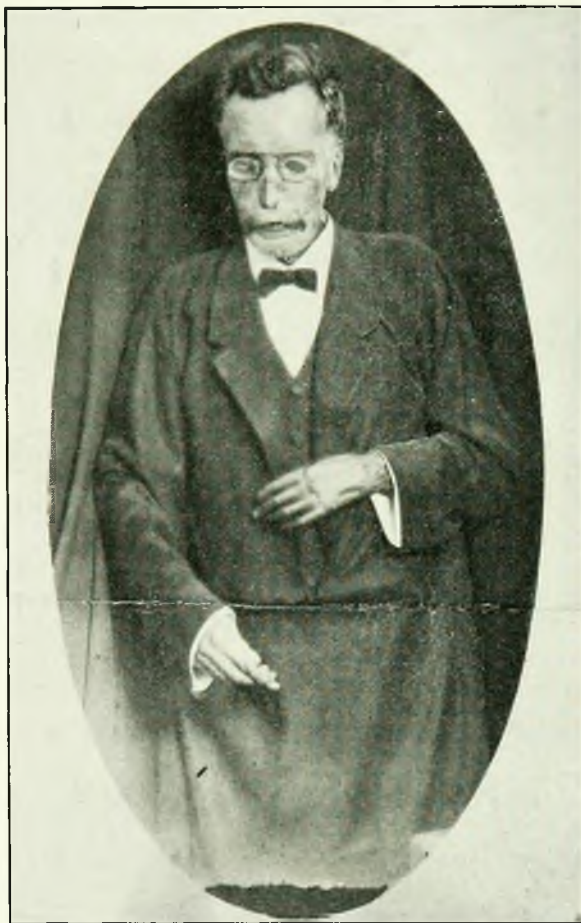
"A real creme de la creme" saint must wear a halo

College of Forestry had no saint whatever!

So the boys set their hearts on a patron saint, hunted through the immense University Library for a saint and consulted all the most learned professors at Cornell in the hope that a patron saint of the forest might be found. But to no avail.

Disheartened and dejected they appealed to a professor of great wisdom at Columbia University who quite astounded them by replying that only recently by some fortunate chance he had stumbled upon a valuable ancient painting in oil by Moritzio della Moucia and had looked up the fragmentary account in manuscript of the life of the original of the portrait, Saint Murpheus. His letter went on:

"As a saint whose likeness you have never seen is a somewhat unsatisfactory patron, allow me, as an expression of my interest in the work you foresters are doing in this coun-



"Nobody wanted to pay his funeral expenses, so I decided to keep him for a pet."

try and of my regard for Cornell, to donate the portrait of Saint Murephus to your department of Forestry."

So the forestry students regained their joy in life. The newly discovered product of the brush of the old master came to the height of all their wildest dreams. The antique painting was in fairly good condition in spite of its authoritatively reputed age. The miraculous technique of the artist was lessened in little respect by the many cracks and

blemishes which had come as the natural result of the hard usage accorded it in the ages when it had been discarded by unknowing men as of no value. Perhaps the feature of the Columbia Professor's find which occasioned most comment from connoisseurs was the remarkable phosphorescent halo surrounding the saint's head and glowing brilliantly in the dark.

* * * * *

Sometime later, in darkness, with great ceremony, chanting, and burning of incense, the forester's saint was formally installed in the rooms of the Cornell Forestry Club.

* * * * *

One Easter vacation the forestry students at Cornell took their scheduled trip to a lumbering camp at Galeton, Pennsylvania. In the evenings they sang their college songs as college boys will,—but no one had brought a mandolin or guitar with his camp outfit, so for several evenings they sang unaccompanied. Then they hunted the town over. Finally they struck the undertaker, who they found among his many sidelines dealt in musical instruments—such as they were.

He was quite a scientific undertaker—and taxidermist, too,—his palatial establishment being by far the most interesting place in town. At the time he was in a rather morose condition, having just lost his doggie "Bow Wow" by death. In an endeavor to keep up his drooping spirits he had stuffed and preserved the little fellow.

The forestry students listened sympathetically to the tale of Bow Wow's

journeyings and sorrows in this world, sighing at just the right points in the narrative. At last the undertaker, warmed to his subject, confided. "If you want to see a real coup de maitre of the undertaker's art, come on upstairs with me."

The bunch trooped up after him. There, hanging on the wall, was a gentleman by the name of Murphy in a remarkably fine state of preservation considering all he had been through. His soul had flown thither about a year and a half previously.

The boys agreed with each other that Mr. Murphy was a peach. For genuine masculine pulchritude he had it all over his sex.

"Nobody wanted to pay his funeral expenses, so I decided to keep him for a pet," his owner continued reminiscently as he poked him with his forefinger. "After a few hundred injections of embalming fluid, he seems to be keeping all right, I'm getting to be quite fond of him!"

The foresters became attached to Mr. Murphy too * * * Several times during the vacation they visited him and took his picture.

* * * * *

It was many weeks after this that the official discovery of the antique oil painting of Saint Murpheus came to light. In the mean time the chief photographer of the lumber camp party had turned over his kodak pictures to a young man of artistic inclinations and thoroughly conversant with the art of all ages.

"The process of making an old oil painting is most complex when you're an amateur" one who was present at the origin of the saint's portrait declares. First of all "Moritzio della Moucia" reproduced Mr. Murphy's countenance from the snapshots by means of oil paints in subdued shades, next he applied shellac, baked the canvas till the varnish cracked, and then—rubbed tooth-powder in to make the painting appear dusty and hoary with age!

Toward the close of operations someone had a brilliant idea. A "real creme de la creme" saint must wear a halo!

Presto! Saint Murpheus appeared with a phosphorescent circle of light.



The Intercollegiates in Wrestling at Ithaca

By BERTRAM F. WILLCOX, '17

The Intercollegiate Wrestling Meet will be held in Ithaca this year in spite of the fact that Columbia is the next in order in the usual rotation of the big meet. Columbia voluntarily gave up their claim, at the request of the Cornell management this year, on account of a reorganization of the Columbia team this season. The meet will be held in New York next year instead of this year.

It is unfortunate that the new armory is not yet in such a condition that it can be used for this meet, because there will be difficulty in accommodating the crowd in the present armory, but we have to do the best we can with what we have got. At Penn. State there is a great deal of interest in wrestling and for dual meets there crowds of three thousand are not at all unknown, while in Ithaca there is no place practicable for holding such a meet which can accommodate more than seven hundred.

The prospects for the coming meet are bright but not so bright as to detract from the interest. The feeling at Cornell is pretty distinctly that the Intercollegiates are going to be a walk-over. This, most distinctly, is not the case. If we win it will be by the narrowest possible of margins, and either Lehigh or Princeton or Pennsylvania has a good chance of beating us out.

To analyse matters a little, we have lost twelve points and retained fourteen points of the place winners in the Intercollegiates of last year. Snyder, MacKeage, and MacKenzie each

scored four points for us last year, MacKeage by taking first place and Snyder and MacKenzie each by taking second place and scoring two falls. Captain Sager and John Wigsten each scored six points, taking championship honors last year and may repeat this year, while Reynolds took second place and may be expected to show up well this year. E. S. Post also wrestled well although he did not score in the Intercollegiates, but he is a wrestler of lots of experience and is wrestling better than ever this year.

In the heavyweight class Pennsylvania has lost her unbeatable champion, Mike Dorizas, the strong man of intercollegiate renown. In all bouts in which Mike was opposed upon the mat it was only a question of seconds before he got a grip upon his opponent and turned him upon his shoulders. He did not have to wait for a regular hold but could turn a man of two hundred pounds over from almost any position; last year in the Intercollegiates he turned Herb Snyder end over end. This year there will again be a chance for somebody other than Pennsylvania in the heavyweight class. Herb Snyder we have lost by graduation, and have no man of experience to put in this weight. G. P. Bard, though a little light for this class, has had considerable experience on the mat and may wrestle this weight for us. Lehigh and Columbia are the only two teams with heavyweights who wrestled last

year, and of these two the Lehigh man looks the best.

In the 175 pound class, Good of Lehigh ought not to have any difficulty in winning if he is in anything like the form with which he came second to Pendleton two years ago. Good did not wrestle last year, but looks like the logical 175 champion for this year. Pennsylvania has an experienced wrestler in Statler, who ought to be second in this weight. Columbia has an experienced man who might take third, although either Cornell or Princeton may beat him with new material.

Captain Sager ought to win again in the 158 lb. class as he did last year unless Lehigh has Sautel this year. Sautel is the amateur champion of the eastern United States, and took second place at the national

championship in this bout two years ago at the San Francisco Exhibition Meets. I understand that Sautel is back at Lehigh although I have not heard that rumor confirmed. If that is the case we shall have to estimate Lehigh as first again in this class, with Cornell second and probably Pennsylvania third.

In the 145 lb. class Milligan of Pennsylvania will win, for he is the present intercollegiate champion and is head and shoulders better than anyone else in the field. Post of Cornell should place second, with a man who wrestled last year for Princeton third.

If Hiss, who beat R. K. Reynolds after a very close bout last year, has graduated from Lehigh, Cornell should win the 135 lb. class easily, for Reynolds was defeated for first



COACH O'CONNEL, CAPT. SAGER AND MGR. WILLCOX

honors in this weight last year only with great difficulty. He is wrestling even better this year and seems to be distinctly in line for the championship. Keyser of Pennsylvania is likely to take second place and Jones of Princeton third.

In the 125 lb. class John Wigsten ought to win again for Cornell, although again the honors are split with Lehigh. Martin of Lehigh suffered an injury last season while wrestling here in a dual meet which put him out of the game for the rest of the season, but two years ago he was Intercollegiate Champion, holding the title which Wigsten now holds. This will be another bout in which all one can do is to hope that the Cornell man will win; it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. Assuming that Johnny gets away with it, and that Wooley of Pennsylvania, the only other experienced man in this class, takes third, this would make the score stand Cornell 4, Lehigh 2, and Pennsylvania 1 in this class.

The lightweights will probably yield the title again to Wiss of Princeton who is the present 115 lb. champion. Rofe of Cornell and Service of Pennsylvania will be good fighters for the second place in this weight, but as Service has the advantage of experience I shall assume that he will win.

So many of the most important

bouts, after all, are sure to be practically even things that it is almost impossible to make more than the roughest sort of guesses at the result. The only certain conclusion is that the meet will be very close, especially between Lehigh and Cornell, with the balance likely to be swung to either side by a victory in any class.

Twelve years of intercollegiates have resulted in six victories for Cornell, five for Yale, which was a member until the year in which Cornell first won, and one for Princeton. Cornell was the first team ever to defeat a Yale team even in a dual meet. It is a remarkable fact and one which testifies strongly to the importance of a first-rate coach in wrestling, that these Intercollegiates have been won seven times out of the twelve by teams coached by the present Cornell Coach, Walt O'Connell, and four times by teams coached by his brother, Ed O'Connell. Fliegler is the coach who has the other victory to his credit.

P. S.—Just as we go to press I learn that there is still a fair chance that Penn. State will be admitted to the I. W. A. before the Intercollegiates this year. If so their team will of course be the favorites. In the recent dual meet with Cornell at State College Reynolds was thrown and Wigsten and Bard were beaten on decisions, three of our best hopes for the Intercollegiates.

The Worth of Vocational Training

By H. MANNING CARPENTER

There are many young men who dread experience and hope through education to lessen the chances of failure in business. There are others equally eager for business life who regard education merely as a preparation for it.

"Vocational Training" is supposed to be a shorter and more direct route and receives popular support because the public mind regards business as the desired end of education. A review of essential facts will indicate the true worth of this training:

It does not require an education to become interested in business and take active part in it.

You know when you were a little boy, the thing that interested you was "Once upon a time there was a little boy" who went upon his travels, met a giant, fell down a well, and constantly kept busy doing something. Any plan that kept him active was sufficient to entertain you.

As a boy, you demanded that he should do heroic things: Oliver Optic, Alger, Barbour, Henty and others engineered schemes of the wildest kind possible for your hero and your entertainment.

As a youth, you required that he keep falling in love, so plans were laid, schemes devised and plots were hatched to thwart his desires, just to keep you in suspense until he accomplished all that you demanded.

Were you never to attend college, this entertainment would continue, for it is the employment of these

things that maintains interest in business. Every active man has something to sell. Whether it be something he has made, or acquired, or is his services only, he finds that competition requires him to know a good deal about human nature in order to sell at a profit. If you would create a desire for your goods or services, you must have a knowledge of human nature and character, those things which "human interest" has to do with. It is this human interest which most men have in mind when they think of education. "Vocational training" is popularly regarded as a splendid means of teaching it.

As college education does not aim to cultivate this "human interest" a graduate finds himself suddenly plunged into a competition with which he is not familiar. His ideals are constantly shocked because he has had no experience that enables him to detect clever and legitimate business plots from those that are illegitimate, and he is apt to conceive that "everyone is out for the dough" regardless of morals. Competition requires plotting and scheming although they are not to be found in a college curriculum.

If men demand that "human interest" be the aim of college training, attention must be drawn to the "movies" whose experts have made it an exact science. Ordinary occupation, with movies on the side should provide a satisfactory education with little or no expense. One movie expert, however, gives this opinion:

"Movies cater to a mentality equal to that of a boy of nine: the public doesn't want education, it wants to be amused."

Recently, Billy Sunday remarked, "I may be called vulgar, but 95 million people in this country are uncultivated and I preach to the man in the street, using his vernacular." Clearly, education must have something to do with mental culture before it can concern itself with "vocational training." This popular expression originated with teachers who found there were many children who are mentally deaf; children who draw a screen about their mental processes, and thus head off any attempt to load them with the concentrated wisdom of centuries. They require knowledge at first hand through experiences of their own. It was never intended that vocational training should replace or interfere with mental training provided by Latin and higher mathematics, both of which are employed for that purpose.

Literature, music, art and other cultural subjects provide for thoughts that offer constant relief from the narrow confines of business, no matter how interesting it may be. The "tired business man" often seeks the relaxation such things can give, but he seldom cultivates more than one, and this one is his hobby. The pleasures of versatility are usually denied him.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court includes this: "The cabaret is a place where people having limited conversational powers have a luxurious pleasure not to be had from eating a silent meal." It must be

conceded that the modern cabaret requires of its patrons exceptional ability and knowledge of human character to earn enough to pay for the meal it furnishes.

College education has yet to introduce courses in character analysis and offer means for experimentation. At the present stage of human evolution it is better to introduce these in the grammar schools, for an open analysis of an individual's character can only be made before he is old enough to resent it.

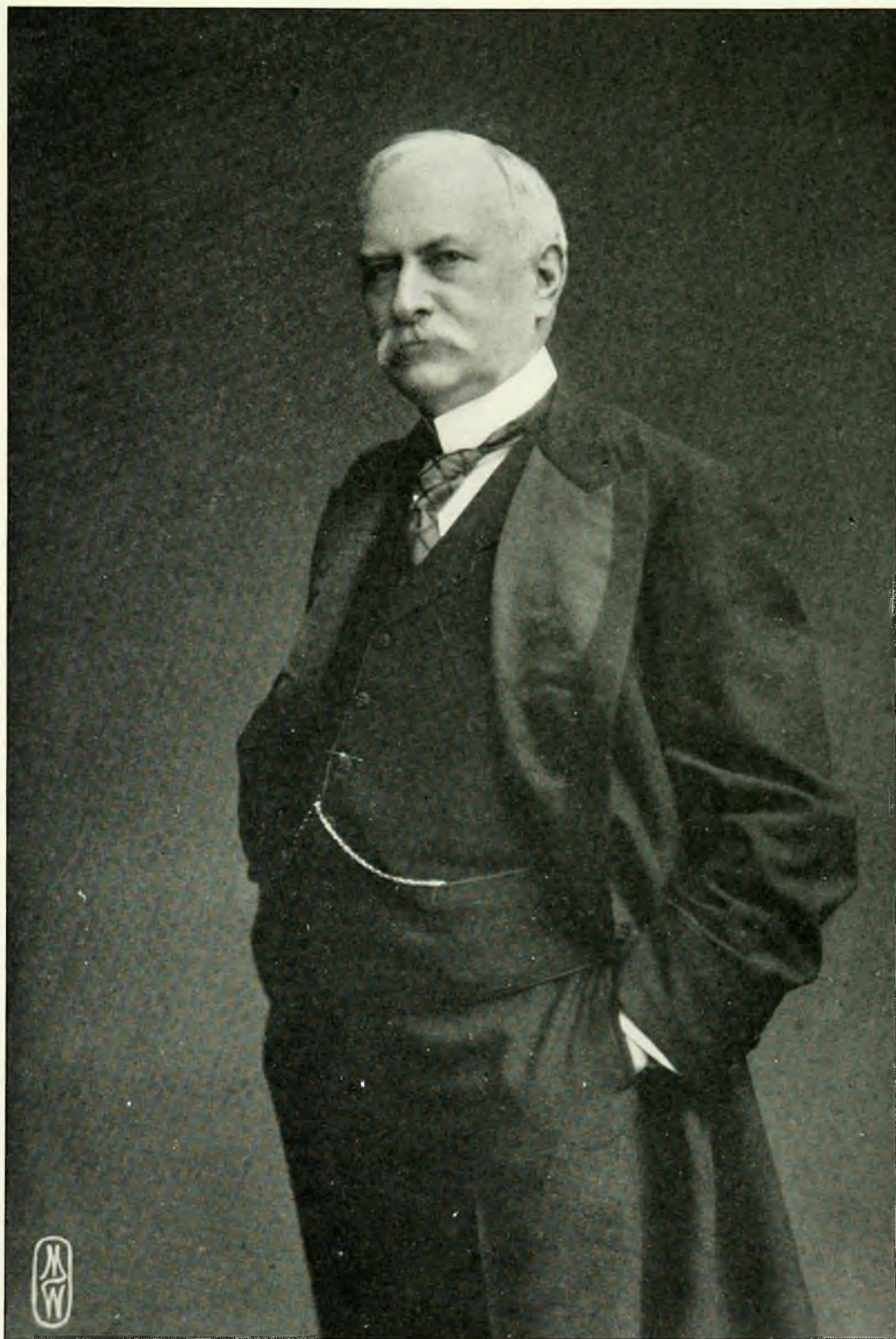
The human being dreads characterization. Every applicant for employment knows the discomfort of being "sized up," and every employer knows the importance of determining character and special ability beforehand, so a game begins, never to end, wherein the prospect hides his weak spots and the employer tries to find them out.

Once I wrote a circular letter to the fathers of my school boys asking that they co-operate by calling frequently at the school. One mother informed me that none would call "for they didn't want their sons to know what kind of fathers they had." Sensitiveness is a strong human trait.

There is a marked prejudice against character analysis because charlatanism removed it from the realm of science and abused it through appeals to the emotional. Mind reading, palmistry, cards that forecast the future and the like tend to maintain this prejudice, yet scientific study of the subject would aid the student materially in selecting his proper vocation.

(Continued on page 495)

Joseph Benson Foraker, '69



Joseph Benson Foraker, '69, may well be called Cornell's Premier Statesman. Born in 1846 on a farm in Ohio where he remained until the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted with the 89th Ohio Volunteer In-

fantry and soon became a member of the staff of General H. W. Slocum.

With a lone companion he carried news by boat, floating down the river, from General Sherman to the fleet at Savannah, informing the North of

Sherman's victorious march through Georgia. In 1865 he was rewarded with a captain's brevet for "efficient services during the campaigns in North Carolina and Georgia."

At the end of the war Mr. Foraker entered Ohio Wesleyan University where he studied for two years before matriculating in the arts course at Cornell in 1867. Graduating in 1869 he received the degree of A. B. and was at once admitted to the Ohio bar and began his career as a lawyer in Cincinnati.

Mr. Foraker soon emerged from the ranks of ordinary lawyers and became judge of the Cincinnati Superior Court, which office he held from 1879 to 1882. He was twice elected Governor of Ohio before beginning his successful career as a Congressman in 1896. During his

stay at Washington he proved to be one of the most aggressive leaders the Republican party had ever seen.

While a Senator he voted for the confirmation of the nomination of President Andrew D. White of Cornell as United States Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the German Empire in 1897.

Senator Foraker presented the name of William McKinley to the Republican National Conventions of 1896 and 1900. He was one of the foremost supporters of McKinley's Administration, but later, although a staunch Republican, strenuously opposed measures advocated by President Roosevelt and led the opposition to the removal by the President of certain negro troops after the Brownsville Raid in 1906.

M. L. W., '20.



To a Friend

I would not speak to you with random tongue,
Disclosing your deep worth as though a book
Were held before the public gaze, whose look,
So coldly critical and free, has wrung
Many a tender heart which fame had hung,
Grief-stricken, on its barbed, relentless hook.
Nay! Till we meet within some quiet nook
I will not trust your praises to be sung.

This much, alone, I care not who will know,
That I am stronger with a strength I owe
Unto your firm example; you who bear
A double sorrow still have help to share.
This (though 'tis old) is yet the boast of friends:
What breaks one heart, two hearts it scarcely bends.

D. G., '19.

On the Business of Being a Philosopher

In this day of useless clubs and freak philosophies, it is essential for every self-respecting person, especially if he aspires to a so-much-per-word-repute, to have some pet scheme for the redemption of man and the reformation of the world. Not that man wants to be redeemed. I remember when I was fired with the zeal of the "Uplift" and as a consequence ruminated, in the privacy of my bed, on the soulless ingratitude of mankind. But, whether or not man wants to be lifted to a "Higher Civilization," one must attempt to do so, even if one gets no further than print. The philosophy, in order to be considered at all, must be utterly useless—a combination of soda-water Nietzsche, luke-warm Socialism, warmed-over Kant and a total lack of knowledge of humanity and human conditions. If it include references to the "Higher Culture," "New Democracy," "The New Woman," and "Sub-conscious Development," it will surely raise a new cult and the Philosopher will soon get rich lecturing to "Our Circle of Deep Thinkers."

Although rather self-respecting, and although I aspired above the lowly calling of the Hack, the call of philosophy had gotten into my blood. I pondered and delved trying to think up an idea. I don't know what fool said, "One must shed all prejudices and stand humble before Knowledge." I read it. I did try "to shed all prejudices" and as for standing "humble before Knowledge," I actually groveled at its feet. But no

great and all-illuminating idea would come.

I disagreed with Religion because it talked of to-day in terms sometimes. I broke with Atheism for it translated now into the language of never. I couldn't agree with Agnosticism, for I never could stand neutrality. It seems to me to be a sort of mental and moral laziness. I couldn't agree with Democracy,—I didn't want to think that anyone was my equal. I couldn't bear Aristocracy,—I didn't think it was fair. I thought Life a farce and while I laughed at it, I didn't enjoy the grewsome joke. I had divorced myself from everything. I was without prejudices, and yet the idea would not come.

Then one time, I believe it was while I was putting on my left shoe, it dawned on me. Everybody was right and everybody was wrong! Eureka! I had it! If this didn't make me immortal then immortality was impossible. Who could disagree with me? Who would admit, at least to someone else, that he thought that he was the only one right. As for the rest, that goes without saying. So I was made!

The thing that bothered me was how to present it. Of course I could write a set of essays; but who reads essays. Certainly not the "Deep Thinkers." Anyway all real philosophers are playwrights. Take that Kennedy chap and Henri Bernstein and those Swedes, especially the one who wrote the play about ghosts. So I sat down to write a play. It was really a good one. It was a gripping

thing, intensely dramatic. Not only did I want to bring forward my idea but I intended to *départ* from the old school entirely. I really did. My hero was a college chap, who was in a South American town. I got in some good local color. The first act opens with Spanish boys and girls singing and smoking cigarettes in the moonlight. They always do, you know. Really effective, I bet Belasco could do that great. I was getting along fine, when I struck a snag in the second act. You see this college fellow was one of the Uplift kind and was in South America taking charge of one of his father's quinine plantations. You see this was necessary to get my idea across. I couldn't trust the critics to see it. To continue, my hero loved a little Spanish girl and was beloved in turn by another Spanish girl. You see this was a fine touch, kind of reverses the usual style. My story was getting along quite well, when I discovered that it had nothing to do with my theme and sounded more like Owen Davis than philosophy. So I gave up playwriting in despair.

I soon found my limitations as a novelist. My stories had no definite plan and became tracts and treatises before I was safely past the first chapter. But suddenly my true art came to me. It must have been growing in me for quite a while. Suddenly it broke into a flame of all illuminating brightness. I was a poet! I felt that Fate had so ordained me. I could now see that my past failures were but fingerposts to my true destination. I was glad that it was so, for, now that I thought of it, what nobler calling is there than

that of the poet. Poetry is the translation of the innermost heart; it is the singing of the soul. What a chance for a philosopher. Really most of our great philosophers are poets. Look at Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Bliss Carmen, F. P. A. and the fellow that writes Campbell soup-ads. So I was certain of fame at last.

Eagerly I hurried home, bought a bottle of ink and a ream of paper. As soon as the table was cleared, I prepared for an assault on my Muse. I started.

As on the soothing sod I lie,

Under the far-flung flaming sky—
It seemed pretty good. But, tell me what is a "soothing sod"? I've heard the "old sod," clammy sod and lawn sod, but as for "soothing sod"—. And why should one lie on soothing sod under a flaming sky? And above all what had it to do with everybody being right or wrong or both? It was kind of discouraging. But I wouldn't give up. So I tried again. This time I was more successful. I wrote something really decent. With beating heart I mailed the child of my brain. For three feverish weeks I waited. Every postman's whistle found an echoing thump within me. At last my vigil was rewarded. Eagerly I opened the envelope. For a moment I thought that I was dreaming. It couldn't be! It was impossible! Some fool clerk had made a mistake or the Editor must have had indigestion. For inclosed, I found my MMS., with a note penciled in blue, "Send this poor boob Form 17."

So I went back to soup ads.

P. S., '20.

Cornell Doin's in Rhyme

By AUSTIN W. YOUNG '17

The second term of work's begun
For those who have not busted.
The wrestling championship can be
To this year's team entrusted.
Poughkeepsie's famous four mile
course
Was cut to three miles rowing;
Use Herpicide
To check the slide
Of hair that's slowly going.

The annual concert of the band
Was held on March the second;
Cornell's semi-centennial
For 1918's reckoned.
Our Farmers' Week and Junior Week
Did this year come together;
The March winds blow
For lots of snow
And rather chilly weather.

The Masque presented "Stop Thief"
In an entertaining manner;
In times of stress Gov. Whitman says
We should unfurl the banner.
The days and nights of Junior Week
Were counted by the dances;
Our bustee corps
Have gone to war
To run the ambulances.

Now baseball practice has begun
For battery positions;
Four seniors will be chosen for
U. S. Marine commissions.
On May the nineteenth Cornell rows
The Yale crew at New Haven;
The price of food
Was acting rude,
Which set the people ravin'.

Who's Who

JOHN LYON COLLYER, '17



John Collyer's birthplace is on the Hudson within twenty miles of Poughkeepsie. Moreover John's father is the head of a line of river tugs.

The incentive for one under such circumstances to become acquainted with all manner of boats was natural.

The opportunity offered was abundant. John followed the former and made use of the latter: the result is that today he has an enviable knowledge of the construction and operation of many kinds of water craft.

At Cascadilla, where he prepared for Cornell, John rowed under Professor Troy, a pupil of Courtney. Since coming to Cornell he has worked for three years under "the Old Man." It was fitting therefore, that he was chosen to carry on the active work of coaching Cornell crews when "the Old Man" retired after the Inter-collegiates last spring to an advisory capacity. The task of teaching others to row is difficult. But we have all confidence that he will be successful.

Chelsea-on-Hudson; Mechanical Engineering; Chi Phi; Aleph Samach; Quill and Dagger; Stroke Freshman Crew; Stroke Varsity Crew 2, 3, Captain 3, Coach 4; Sophomore Cotillion Committee; Freshman Advisory Committee; Sunday Night Club; Student Council 3, 4, President 4.

JOHN CALDWELL CORLISS GARDINER, '17

When "Jack" Gardiner reported as a candidate for manager of baseball, he was trying for a position which would best keep him in touch with one of his greatest interests. For "Jack" played baseball at Penn Charter School and at Trinity School, and was a candidate for freshman baseball



here. Although he failed to make the freshman nine, "Jack," showing the right spirit, entered and won a close competition from a field of worthy rivals.

It is of course not fair to assume that "Jack's" interests can be summed up in the single word, "baseball." Agriculture in general, and stock-breeding in particular, receive much more than a perfunctory share of his attention.

"Jack" has not fallen into the error of taking himself too seriously. Yet, when you talk with him, he will look you straight in the eyes and is not afraid to express opinions which have sound reasoning back of them. He has the rare gift of being genial without losing dignity, and of being serious when the situation demands it without seeming to pose.

New York City; Agriculture; Kappa Sigma; Quill and Dagger; Aleph Samach; Hebs-Sa; Chairman Junior Smoker Committee; Senior Ball Committee; Assistant Manager Baseball 3, Manager 4; Sunday Night Club; Book and Bowl.

JOHN WIGSTEN, '17



What do you think of a man who can begin wrestling as a novice in his junior year, and, as a junior, win the intercollegiate championship in his class? Such things aren't often done, but 125 pound "Johnnie" Wigsten did just that. They say that a big factor in "Johnnie's" victories is his indom-

itable grit: that he has never been known to quit and always fights to the end. His record as wrestler certainly is not such as to make us doubt that statement. Although he lost his bout in the recent meet with Penn State, he is expected to "come back strong" and win again the championship in his class in the Intercollegiates.

In "Johnnie," we find another of Elmira's contributions to Cornell's roll of honor. And it is furthermore said that to a certain Elmira institution, devoted to the educational advancement of young ladies, is due "Johnnie's" predilections for the fair sex.

Elmira; Agriculture; Hebs-sa; Varsity Wrestling Team, 3, 4; College Athletic Director, 4; Manager College Basketball, 2, 3.

GEORGE PHILIP BARD, '17



When "Leo" Bard came to Cornell he had no marked ability in any line of athletics, but he went out for some teams because he thought that University spirit demanded that men try for them. He first tried crew. Finding that he was not suited for that work he went out for football and

there proved his grit and spirit. Not content with this, he tried wrestling last year and was making good when a series of injuries prevented his becoming a member of the team. This year he came out again and worked to such effect that in the Bucknell meet he won on decision in a bout with a man nearly 110 pounds heavier than he.

Athletics have meant much to him. He believes that they have a service to perform in the scheme of education and that any student can gain much by participation in them. He has acted on this belief, and has gained much.

Leacock, Pa.; Veterinary; Omega Tau Sigma; Varsity Football Squad, 3; University Heavyweight Wrestling Champion, 3.

Book Review

The Golden Book of Dutch Navigators

(By Hendrick Willem van Loon. The Century Company, New York. Seventy illustrations from old prints. \$2.50 net.)

Dr. van Loon of Cornell University has given to the public a history of Dutch navigation from the northern voyage of Jan Van Linschoten in 1594, to the voyage made by Roggeveen in 1721 for the purpose of exploring the Southern Continent. Interest in the romantic voyages of the Dutch navigators is not as widespread as it might well be. But writers such as Dr. van Loon are bound to make the subject a very interesting one. The stories in this volume, although historically true, have an element of daring in them which is bound to appeal to the adventurous spirit inherent in every rational human being.

There is no attempt at historical detail or precision. Although references to sources are not given, and authorities are not cited, there is abundant evidence to show that the author has studied many books of travel and exploration which deal with the subject. On the other hand, wherever possible, the author has incorporated into the book, personal narratives, interesting and minute descriptions of new lands, and many other things, which make the book have a far wider influence than would otherwise be the case. Dr. van Loon has unearthed a mine of information, which he uses to such good effect

that one who reads the book almost forgets that these things actually happened three-hundred years ago.

Most of the stories deal with the attempt of the Dutch to reach India, first by the Northern Route, and then by way of the Cape of Good Hope. These voyages were always fraught with great danger. If but one-half of the men came back the undertaking was considered a commercial success. Scurvy probably killed more men than anything else. But storms, skirmishes with savages, mismanagement and mutiny all contributed to make the voyages, of exploration in the 17th century the most dangerous and daring undertaking of the time.

When we consider that Holland, a very small nation, and at that time engaged in one of the most gigantic wars ever fought, started out to explore and discover, almost two centuries after the Spanish and Portuguese, we begin to realize that the work was considerable. They discovered Spitzbergen and many islands of the Arctic. They explored and charted the southern part of the Pacific. They discovered New Zealand and Tasmania besides exploring Australia. They discovered a new route to the Pacific. Added to this they settled many parts of Asia, Africa, and North and South America. Probably many can find in the intrepid spirit of these old Dutch navigators, the reason why Holland has not been brought into the present war by her aggressive neighbors.

F. T. S., '19.

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a cigarette is responsible for
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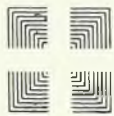
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Cornell and Stanford

(Continued from page 444)

John M. Stillman of Boston, now Vice-President, is the son of an intimate friend of Governor Stanford, which doubtless gave him also confidence. But the others who had reputations securely established all had their doubts concerning a "personally conducted university" on the far western frontier, when in the words of a New York journal, "there was no more need of another university in California than for an asylum of decayed sea-captains in Switzerland."

The opening day brought 465 students. The State University had then 400. The State University now enrolls about 6000 while at Stanford the number is limited to about 2000. The "pressure to the square inch of higher education in California is greater than in any other part of the world."

The first group of teachers comprised, besides the President and Registrar, the following from Cornell; Charles David Marx in Civil Engineering, Melville Bert Anderson, and Alphonso Gerald Newcomer in English, James Owen Griffin in German, John Henry Comstock in Entomology (dividing the year with Cornell), Edwin Hamlin Woodruff, Librarian and Professor of Law, Bolton Cait Brown in Graphic Arts, Earl Barnes in Education, and Dr. Laird in Greek.

The second year brought from Cornell William Russell Dudley in Botany, Frank Angell in Psychology, Albert W. Smith in Mechanical Engineering, Charles Benjamin Werig in Structural Engineering, Edward A. Ross in Economics, Stewart Wood-

(Concluded on page 481)

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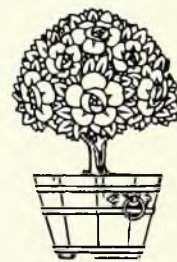
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Cornell and Stanford

(Concluded from page 479)

ford Young in Chemistry. Later came Vernon Lyman Kellogg in Entomolgy and Bionomies, Frederic Cleveland Woodward and Joseph Walter Bingham in Law, Geucto Hugo Marx, William Frederick Durand, Everett Parker Leslie and Charles Norman Cross in Mechanical Engineering, Harris Joseph Ryan in Electrical Engineering, John Charles Lounsberry Fish in Railroad Engineering, Rufus Lot Green in Mathematics, Willard E. Hotchkiss in Economics, Alvin Saunders Johnson in Political Science, and Frederick John Rogers in Physics.

This makes a fair sprinkling at Stanford of men who, as students or professors, have caught the "Cornell Spirit," and the Stanford Spirit as well and who find that in all essentials the two are one and the same.

Characters

(Continued from page 446)

did not monopolize every such discussion. Even in classes he shows the same propensity: he will pick up a trifle in a lecture with which to find fault and then will argue it at length while the class and the professor wax more and more indignant. The self-assertive student, however, when with a crowd in the Dutch, will laugh at class-room work, will say he aims at the "gentleman's mark," and will utterly deny ever having studied.

All athletes he really worships, and yet he blusters around while in their presence so as to be thought their equal. He will run for any office under the sun and will feel it as a

(Concluded on page 483)

Greetings to Cornell



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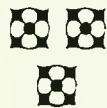
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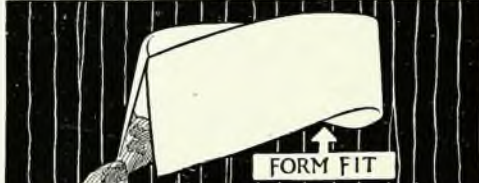
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Characters

(Concluded from page 481)

personal slight if he is not elected. He feels similarly slighted when anyone is elected to a club for which he might have been eligible. He will remark that such a club is getting pretty narrow-minded. When you ask him why, he will stare meaningfully at you and say, "Don't you think so?"

B. F. W., '17.

American Ambulance Work in France

(Continued from page 449)

more than 400,000 wounded; our sections and section leaders have been eighteen times mentioned in dispatches by the French Army authorities for valuable and efficient service; fifty-six of our men have been given the Croix de Guerre for bravery, and two the Médaille Militaire, which is the highest honor in France for military valor. All young men who are willing and able to give the time, and who are physically fit to face the conditions and to perform the work, will return stronger and better in every way than when they went out, and will be amply repaid for their efforts by the experience, moral and material, which they will have.

If any further information is wanted on the subject, both Mr. Wharton and myself would be glad to give it. Mr. Wharton's address is Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and I can be reached through the Cornell Era, as I am spending the winter at the university.

There is movement under way for forming a Cornell Unit to go to France early in March. At that

(Concluded on page 487)



As a confection it is delicious, as a food it is absolutely pure, wholesome and nutritious.

Baker's Caracas Sweet Chocolate

is just the right combination of high-grade cocoa, sugar and vanilla to please the taste.

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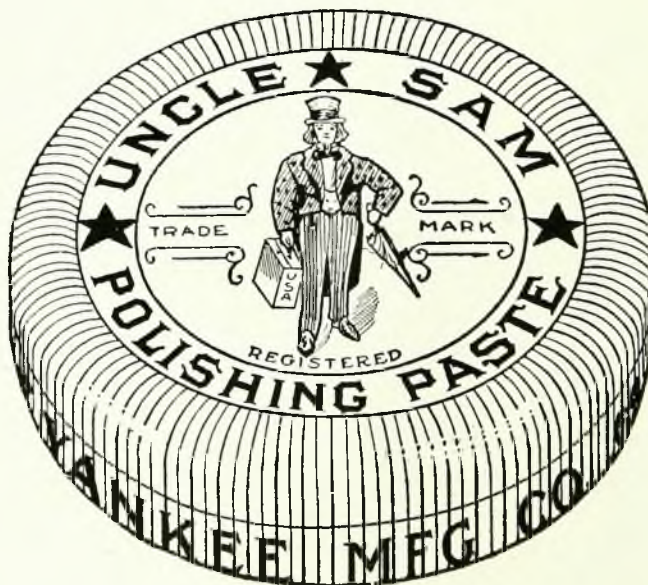
Both Phones

UNCLE SAM SHOE POLISHES

Used by the best shoe shiners everywhere. Does not soil the hands or clothing. Is not sticky. Polishes quickly and preserves the leather

SAFEST FOR LEATHER

For Polishing all
kinds of Russet,
Tan, Brown and
all colored shoes.



For Polishing all
kinds of Black
Shoes, Box Calf,
Patent and En-
amel leather
shoes. . . .

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Street

Yankee Polish Company

New York
U. S. A.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Such men want comfort AFTER smoking

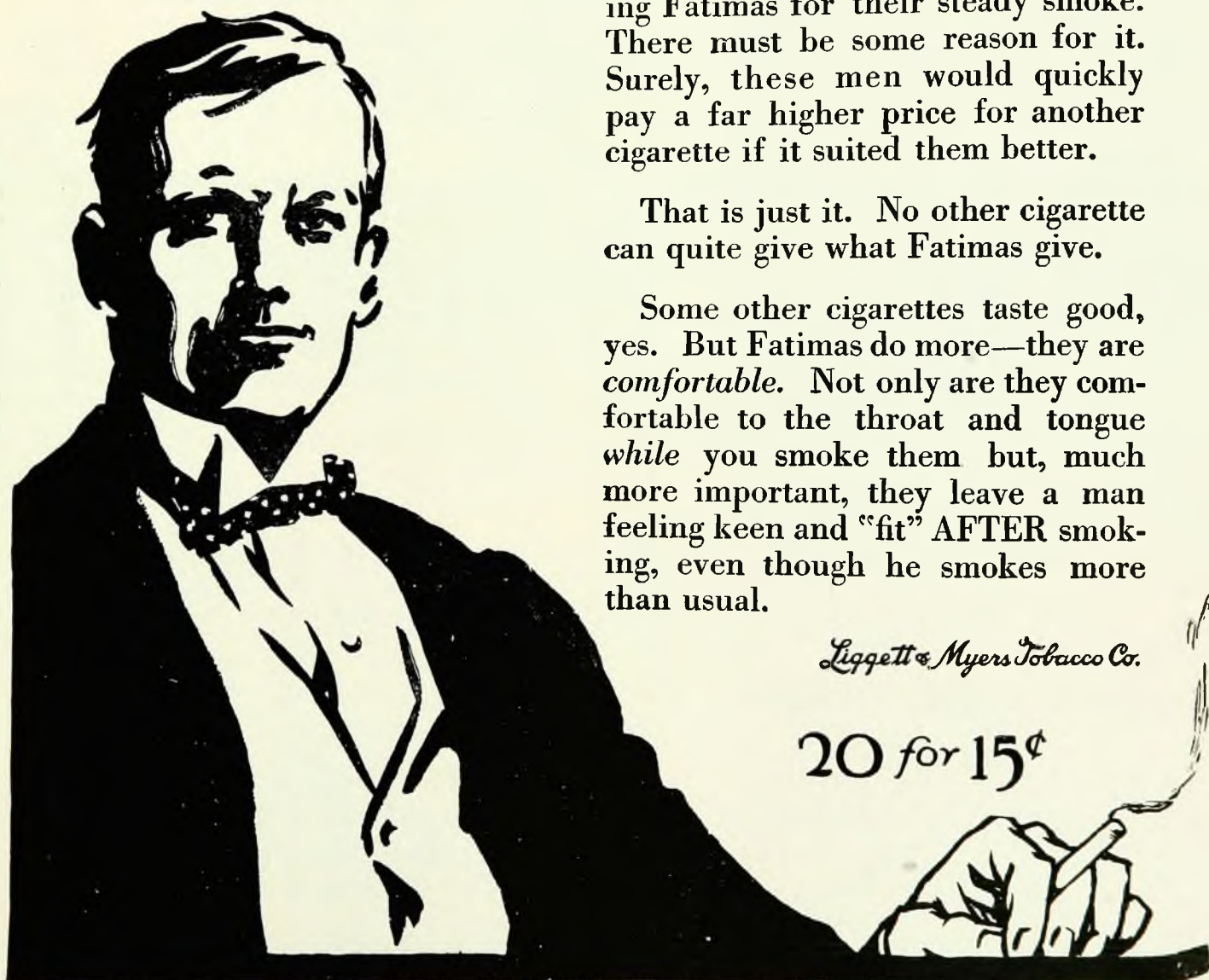
IT'S NOTICEABLE that more and more substantial men are choosing Fatimas for their steady smoke. There must be some reason for it. Surely, these men would quickly pay a far higher price for another cigarette if it suited them better.

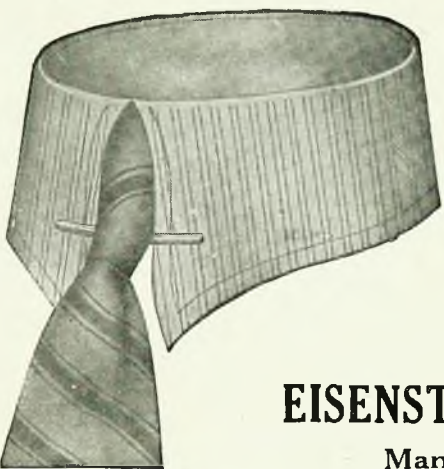
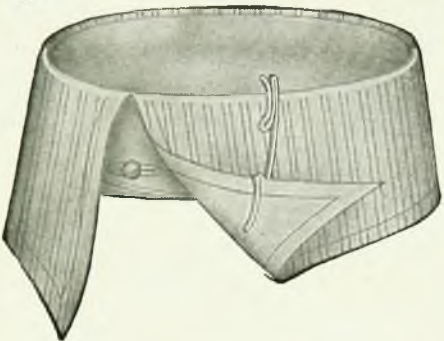
That is just it. No other cigarette can quite give what Fatimas give.

Some other cigarettes taste good, yes. But Fatimas do more—they are *comfortable*. Not only are they comfortable to the throat and tongue *while* you smoke them but, much more important, they leave a man feeling keen and “fit” AFTER smoking, even though he smokes more than usual.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 15¢





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New and Modern
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212 EAST STATE STREET

AGENTS FOR

Banister Shoes

When the last word is said
Banister is still the mark
of absolute supremacy

American Ambulance Work in France

(Continued from page 483)

time the American Ambulance can undertake to put a Section in the Field, furnishing, the cars and the equipment. Twenty-two men would be needed to volunteer in order to form such a Cornell Unit. Recently, fully equipped sections were organized at Leland Stanford University and at the University of Chicago, and sailed for France three weeks ago. On the first of May the University of California is sending a unit, and sections from Wisconsin and Western Reserve will be completed about the same time. The plans under way to organize and equip a Cornell Section to leave at the end of the term in June, are in charge of Mr. E. I. Tinkham, '17, mentioned last year in dispatches for bravery at Verdun, whose address in Ithaca is at the Seal and Serpent.

In the New York Nation for January 18th last is an article, "American Volunteer Ambulance Corps," by the well-known London journalist, Mr. James F. Muirhead, which shows what a fine name our American college men are making in Europe. Read these words, for instance: "If there is ever any national grudge on the part of the war-worn belligerent against the happy immunity of the neutral, nothing tends more quickly to assuage it than the contemplation of such marvellous examples of human kindness as the Americans have shown in succoring the sick and wounded victims of the Great War."

Readers of THE ERA who would like to know the complete history of this Field Service should read two excellent books on the subject, "Am-

(Continued on page 491)

Picture Frames 35 cents

Sizes up to 8x10 at 35 to 50 cents

You can get your shingle framed as low as 35 cents

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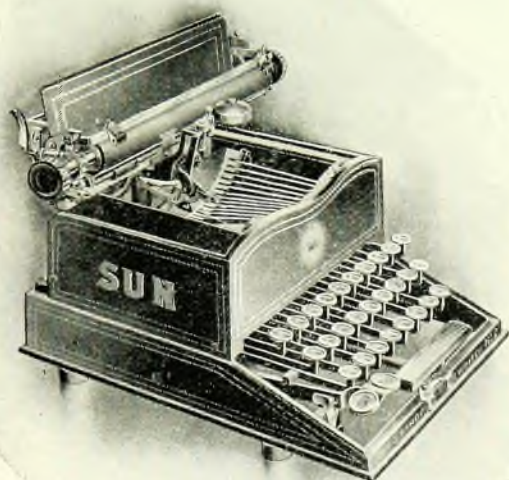
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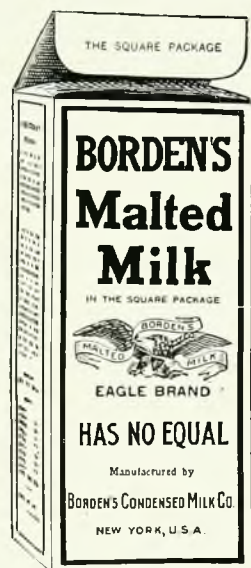
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BARON VON LIEBIG originated the process for malting milk in Germany over 50 years ago. Countess von Ebersburg obtained an English patent in 1867 covering von Liebig's process for a preparation in either liquid form for immediate use or a dried state for future use. This patent called for skimmed milk and the product was not as perfect as that manufactured and sold to-day under the name of



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Ithaca, New York

**You need *Shur-ons*
if you need Glasses**

American Ambulance Work in France

(Continued from page 487)

bulance No. 10," personal letters from the front by Mr. Leslie Buswell, of Gloucester, Mass., who was given the Croix de Guerre in October 1915 for brave work under fire; and "Friends of France," where the various services of the American Ambulance are most interestingly described by its own members. Both books are fully illustrated. The first costs \$1.00 and the second \$2.00, and both are published by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. of Boston. Several copies of each book have been placed on the open shelves of the University Library.

Who Wrote It?

(Continued from page 458)

When with moments swiftly fleeting,
Ages roll between,
Many yet unborn shall hail her
Alma Mater, Queen!

Chorus

"In the music of the waters,
As they glide along,
In the murmur of the breezes,
With their whispered song;
In the tuneful chorus blending
"With each pealing bell,
One refrain seems oft repeated,
"Hail, all Hail Cornell!"

Chorus

"Here by flood and foaming torrent,
Gorge and rocky dell,
Pledge we faith and homage ever
To our loved Cornell.
May time ne'er efface the memory
Of her natal day,
And her name and fame be honored,
Far and wide, always."

Chorus

*Air, Annie Lisle.

(Continued on page 493)

Photographers

to Cornell Annuals

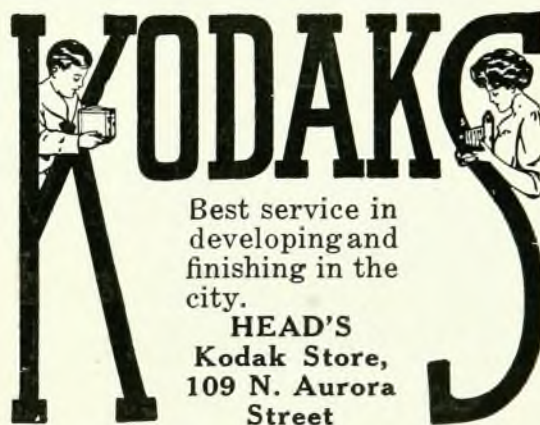
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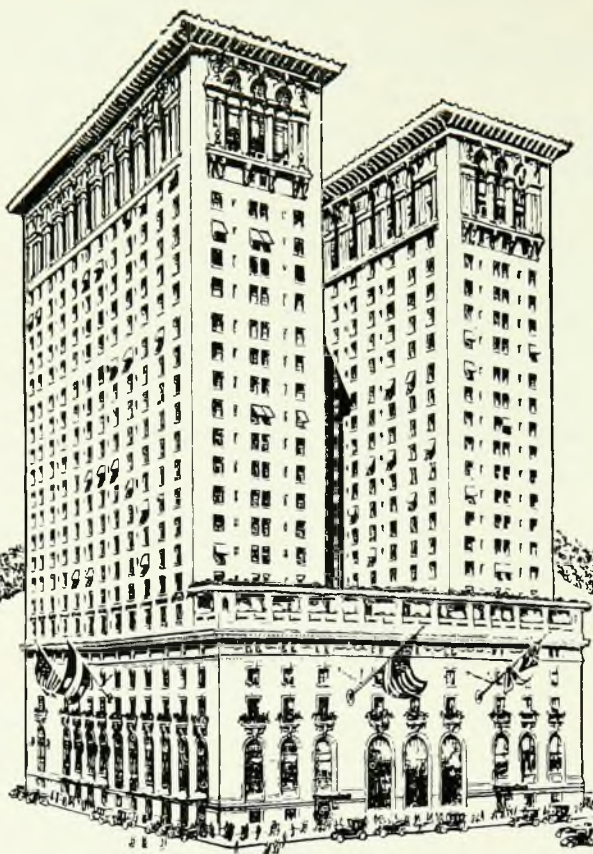
All kinds of Cutlery, Pocket and Hunting Knives. All grades of razors.

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THE largest and latest of American hotels
and the social and business center of the Metropolis.
Convenient to everything, and in the heart of theatre
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Many Unusual Features

Including Library, Attractive Lounge, Restaurants, Cafes,
Grill, Banquet Halls, Supper Dancing Rooms,
Luxurious Turkish Baths, etc.

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
PRESIDENT

Who Wrote It?

(Continued from page 491)

"This is a complete and correct copy of the song which you probably now see for the first time * * * The last verse is intended as a toast and can be sung accompanied by any appropriate action.

Archibald C. Weeks."

"The unfortunate dispute over the authorship is doubtless due to the fact that new stanzas in the verse form of 'Alma Mater' have been written to be sung on special occasions by different persons at different times. However it is unquestionably the fact that the original lyric in the form now sung was written by Eugene Frayer of the Class of '76. Considerations of modesty may move Mr. Fryer to deny the sole authorship because certain suggestions of mine with respect to the first verse were adopted by him, but it is to Mr. Frayer and to no one else that the credit belongs.

John W. Boothby, '73.

—*Alumni News*.

February 20, 1917.

Mr. Frayer's reply removes his name.

"I regret to say that I cannot claim credit for the Cornell Alma Mater song, if, by that term you mean the song commencing 'Far Above Cayuga's Waters,' etc. I have been informed that Archibald C. Weeks, author of the Cornell yell song and music, was also the author of that.

Eugene Frayer, '76.

February 15th, 1917."

Lacking confirmation, what should be done about this the most recent claim?

(Concluded on page 495)

INTERCOLLEGIATE

WRESTLING

At the
Armory
Ithaca

Preliminaries, Friday, March 16th

Finals, Saturday, March 17th

C. U. A. A.

EVERYTHING NEW *at*
THE YATES

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Right and On Time

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I SHOULD like to see in business the same time sense that we enjoy in music. When a soloist sings to an accompaniment there is no music unless both performers are absolutely on time. Why not similar precision in business? Why not the same punctuality keeping a promise as in catching a train? Why not a better consciousness of the value of time, and serious regard for its observance?—*Ward's Words.*

Who Wrote It?

(Continued from page 493)

"It was the tradition accepted as the fact in my time that James T. Brown, '76, generally regarded as the author of the verses, was, in reality, merely the translator; that the song had been written originally in German by Theodore Zinck in his younger days when the lyric sense was stronger in him than it was in later years, and that Mr. Brown, struck with the beauty of the lines, had rendered them happily into metrical English. Mr. Brown, it was understood, had never claimed credit except as the translator, but the true facts had been gradually and successfully suppressed by the faculty.

1900."

—*Alumni News*, Feb. 15, 1917.
M. L. W., '20.

The Worth of Vocational Training

(Continued from page 466)

The college graduate will find in business, great organizations whose systems are remarkable for their insight into human nature. Plans are laid to systematize a business, making it immune to the mistakes of stupid employees; schemes are devised to obtain an article at the lowest price and plots are laid to create a desire for their goods and thus secure the cash of the unwary.

There are many who dread experience and hope through "education" to avoid the chances of failure.

Experience is not a tragedy; it is a continuous and tremendously interesting schooling in "human interest" and the mental stress and cultural subjects exacted by college is a privileged preparation for it.



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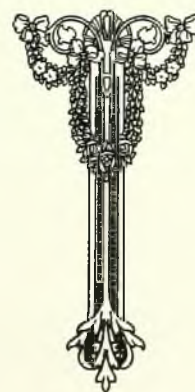
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Why?



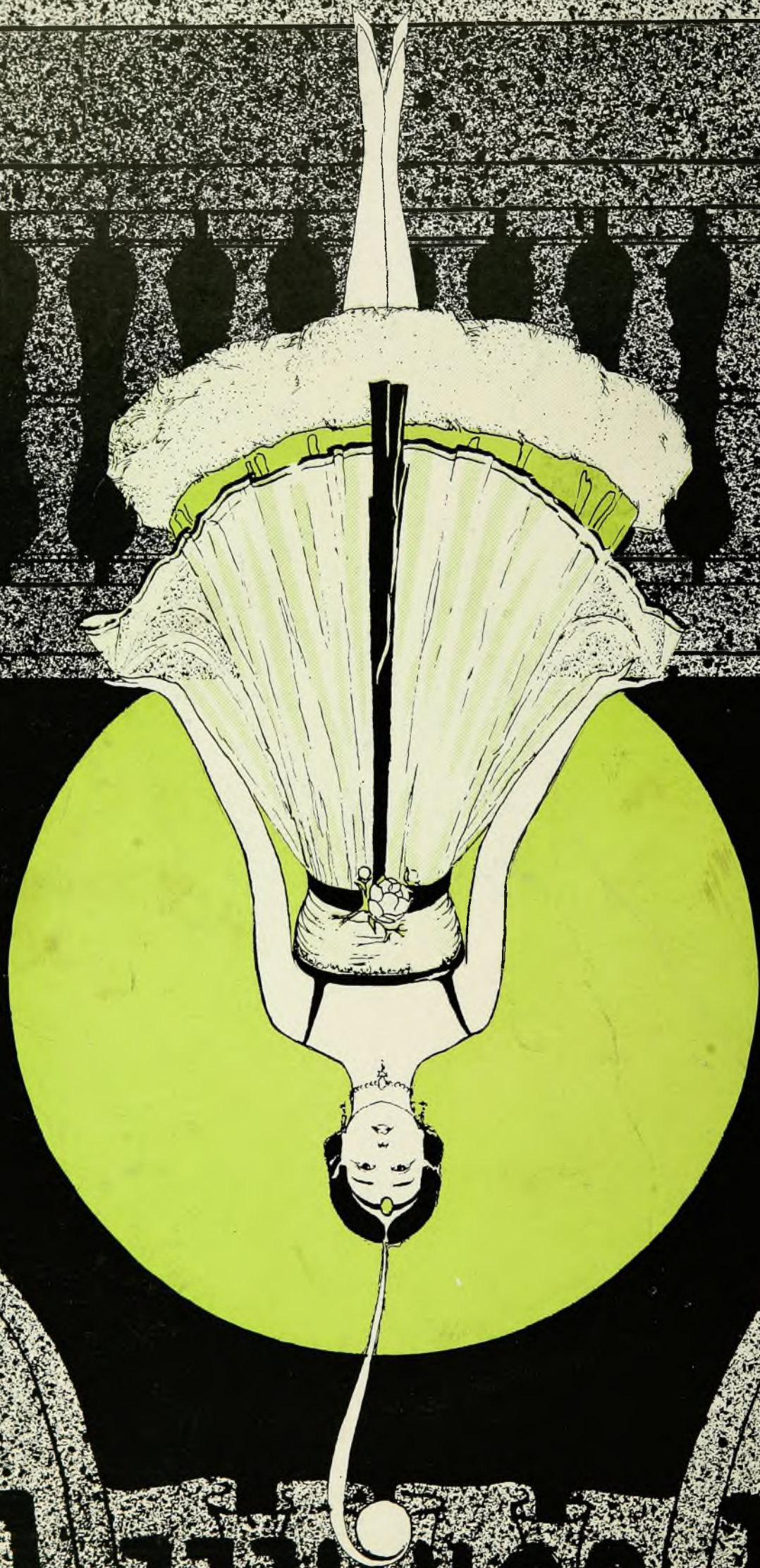
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salts to the gallon.

Sold everywhere in splits,
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Don't accept ordinary waters

Insist on genuine



L. FELLOWS

A fellow with ideas
unique

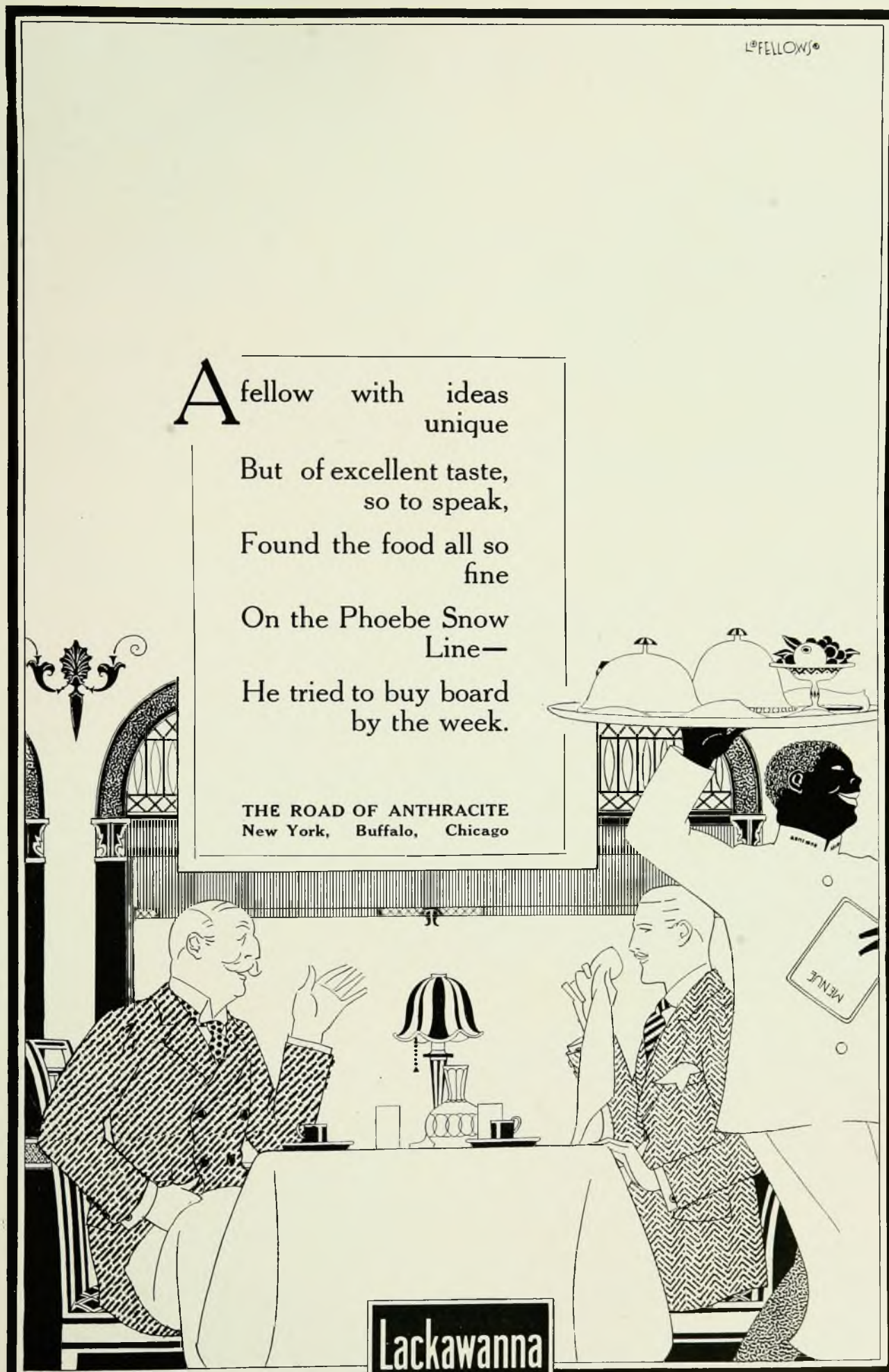
But of excellent taste,
so to speak,

Found the food all so
fine

On the Phoebe Snow
Line—

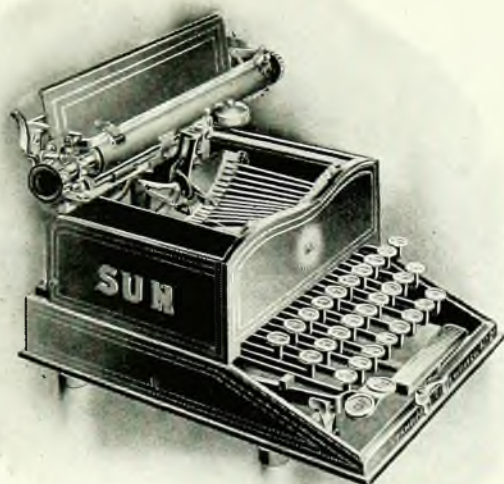
He tried to buy board
by the week.

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\$40 YOU CAN PAY MORE **\$40**
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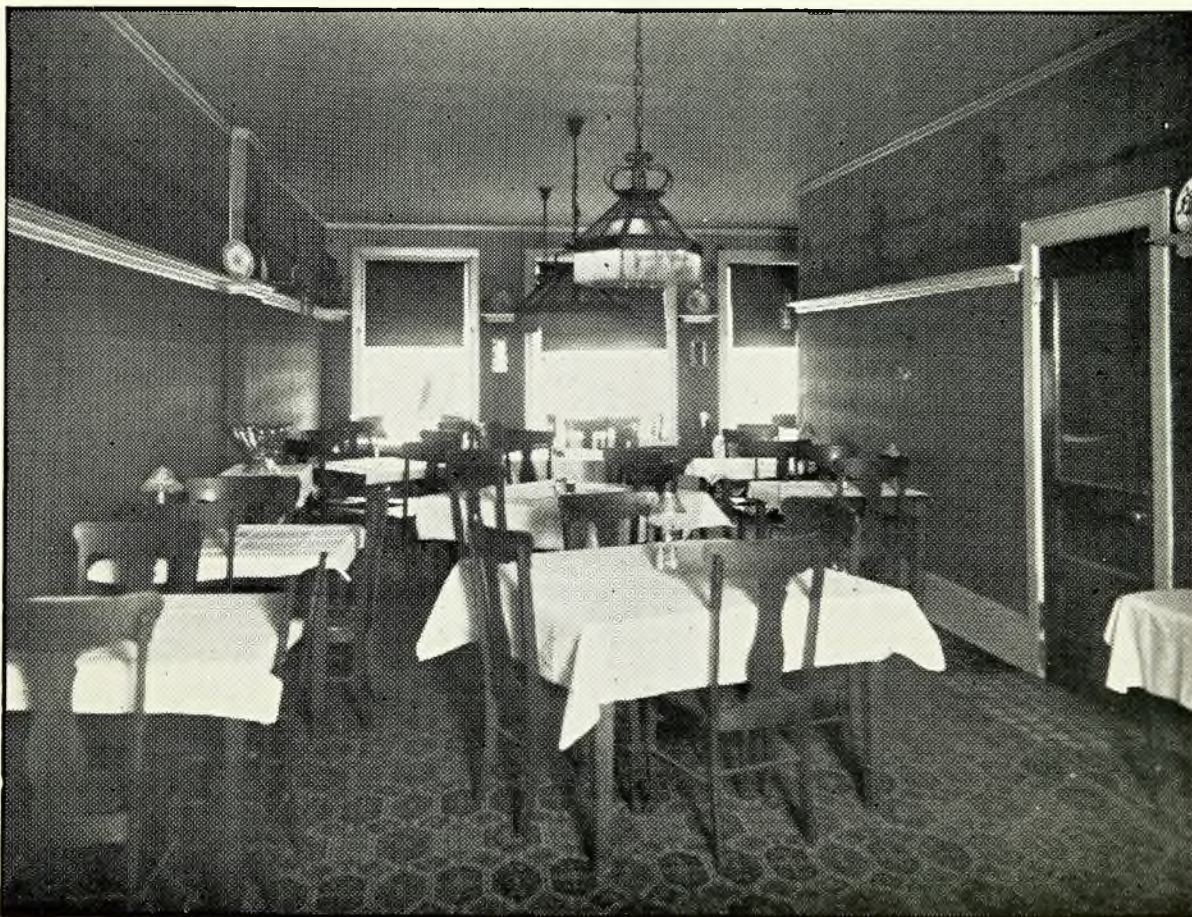
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We have kept a faithful account of resittings and this is the data, not for a week, or for a month, but for a whole year; ninety-eight out of every hundred were highly pleased with the proofs first submitted; only two per cent. asked for resittings. That's our record for 1916. We are very, very proud of it.

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1917 will be a good year.

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SHOOTING QUALITIES WARRANTED

Shot travel through a gun barrel
over 800 feet per second.

Shot flatten when driven at this
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Flat shot fly wild and make a poor
pattern.

Our taper choke gives a close, hard
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Like an old Friend—
You can depend upon it.
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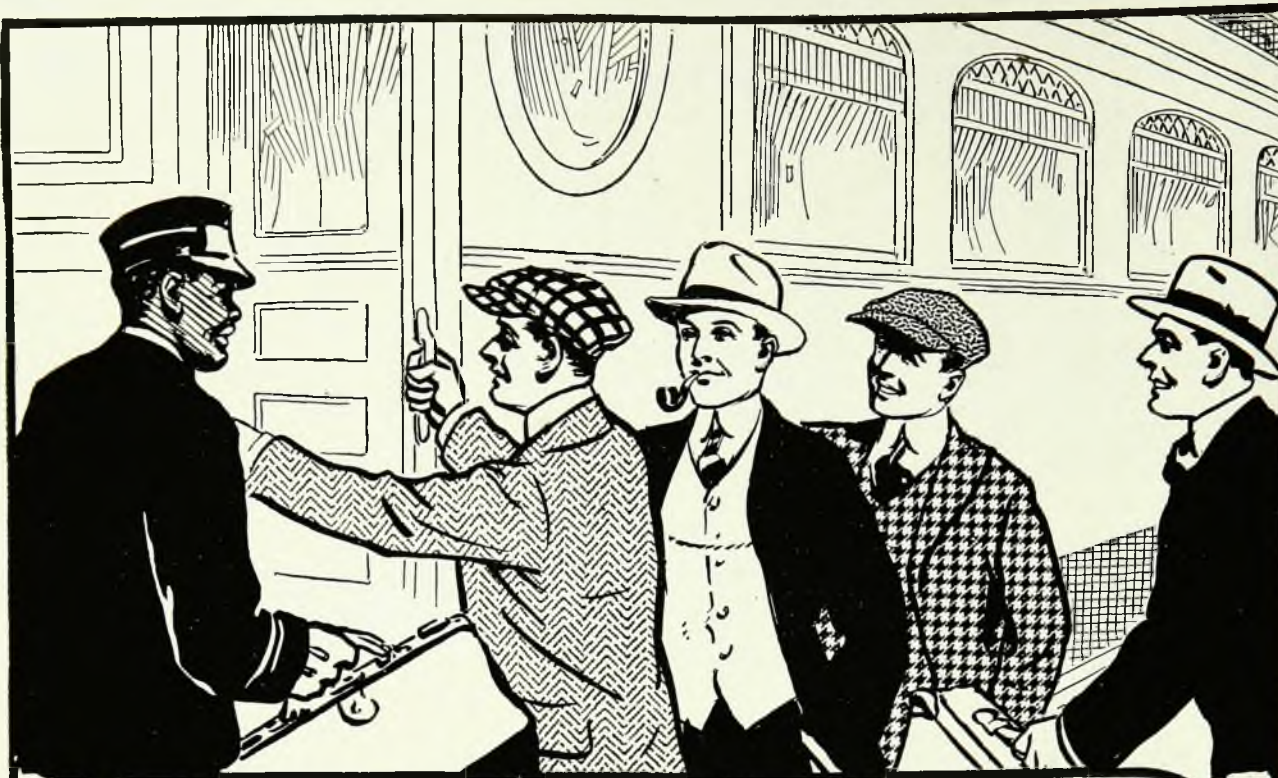
THE CORNELL ERA

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NEW YORK

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and Coaches

Leaves Ithaca 11:00 P. M.
Arrives New York 7:45 A. M.

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have *White Rock* water
on their tables





TWILIGHT IN THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK

BY PROFESSOR CHRISTIAN MIDJO

The Cornell Era

XLIX

APRIL, 1917

Number 7

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Editors for this issue, J. M. PRINGLE, W. H. FARNHAM

And now, when the end has come and we sit down to write the last columns for which we shall be responsible, all our thoughts about the ERA are overshadowed by our thoughts of war. What a situation it is! President Wilson and Congress have made the declaration that a state of war exists. The ordered routine of our lives is confronted by a chaos of new experiences, new sufferings, new sacrifices. And Cornell will rise to the crisis as all America will rise. The old stern ethics of war will replace the kindlier ethics to which we are used, and individuals will forget their own welfare in their attempts to serve America. Each man will have to decide for himself what will be the line of service which he will

pursue, whether to enlist in our army or our navy, or to go to France to fight or do relief work, or perchance to continue his present work and so fit himself for future service. Each man will have to decide for himself, but only one idea will motivate all these decisions, the idea of serving America and the ideals for which she is standing.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks to those who have so generously contributed articles for the Professional Number of the ERA. Any one of the distinguished men whose names appear upon our present table of contents could have legitimately excused himself on the ground

that his regular work left him no spare moments in which to write for the ERA. We feel grateful to these contributors not only for the articles they have prepared for us but also for their interest in university publications, an interest of which these articles are symbols. It is true that undergraduate support is the *sine qua non* upon which rests any successes in undergraduate literary work, but the willing active coöperation of those who have attained distinction in the world outside has been of more than a little value to the editors as a help and inspiration.

The Junior Smoker was an unqualified success—evidence of what the results can be when a committee has the courage and good sense to break away from the usual and rusty banalities. We venture to say that many committees in the past have taken old Smoker programs and reproduced the proceedings as nearly as possible. Not so this year. The chairman and committeemen are to be congratulated upon having introduced something really worth while and contributed an important stimulus to the spirit of Cornell Athletics.

And now in our last editorial we must say farewell. Our active connection with this paper ceases with this issue. The time and effort, however, which we have spent in its service will always remain in our remembrances as a most profitable part of our college life. For through this work we have tried to carry a little

higher the standard of an organization which has a very distinct and valuable function to perform at Cornell. And through this work we have come in contact with hearty and loyal support from the students and from the members of the faculty, support which shows their willingness heartily to aid in any endeavor which strives for the interests of the university.

As we took over the management of the ERA last year with the resolve to continue the high standard set by our predecessors and to improve upon it, so we now turn it over to our successors with sure confidence that they too will both maintain and improve. When we began our work as editors we laid out for ourselves a somewhat complex formula for success. Now we realize better than we then could that success comes not by formula. If the incoming editors of the ERA alter our formula we shall not object, for we shall know that they will always endeavor to make the ERA stand for what is highest and best at Cornell and this, after all, is the only real test of success.

Of spiritual success, at least. But in a paper as in an individual there is a material success as well as a spiritual success, and it is impossible for the one to be perfect without the other. And the material success which has enabled us to put out a larger and better paper this year and one with greater influence is chiefly due to an extremely efficient business department which has increased our advertising about fifty per cent and more than doubled our subscription list and so left the editorial staff free and unembarrassed to concentrate upon the contents of the magazine.

R-r-revenge!

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Editor's Note:—William Almon Wolff, New York University, '06, has gained wide recognition as a writer of short stories. He began his literary career by five years work with the New York Tribune, and since 1911, has devoted himself to a literary career. In addition to publishing one novel and one poem, he has been a contributor to twenty-four magazines. Mr. Wolff expressed the wish that more college men would "break into the writing game," and advises beginners to send their efforts to the so-called "cheap magazines" who demand a good story and structural excellence, until the necessary elegance of style can be obtained by practice.

A vivid imagination is something like natural gas, or a spouting oil well, or dynamite, or a lot of other things that are extremely handy and useful when they are under control; when they have been tamed, and capitalized, and set to work producing dividends for the stockholders. An untamed imagination can make just as much trouble, in its own way, as an oil well that hasn't been capped—if that's the proper technical term. And that was precisely the sort of imagination Jimmy Hamilton had. Ultimately, no doubt, Jimmy will get his imagination in hand, and curb it, and put a saddle on it, and ride it, á la Pegasus—The figures of speech are becoming rather involved. The idea is that Jimmy will, in all probability, control his imagination, sooner or later. And then it will furnish him with plots for stories and plays and moving picture scenarios, and, thanks to it, he will become rich and respected, and be invited to join literary clubs and write testimonials for tobacco, and there will be a sketch of him in Who's Who.

But, up to the present time, all Jimmy's imagination has done for him is to get him into trouble. It led, for example, to his one sided feud with J. Hampden Crampton.

Jimmy, when he landed in New York with a degree and a hankering for a job, had vague ideas of becoming a writer. He also had desires, much less vague, for food and drink and other luxuries, and he counted himself lucky when the *Star* took him on, at fifteen dollars a week. He made good from the start; when he wasn't too greatly hampered by facts he could write a good story. And the *Star*, in those days, went in for human interest stuff; it could make use of a man like Jimmy, who wasn't really a good reporter, but could interest readers in almost anything that happened to interest him.

He didn't stick long at his cub's salary; within a few months he was getting money and better assignments. And that was his undoing. A new city editor came in; one of those city editors who put up signs around the shop urging accuracy upon the staff. This one meant it. The first time Jimmy let his imagination run away with him he got a warning; the second time he was indiscreet enough to try to be funny about J. Hampden Crampton, who had refused to be interviewed. Crampton's secretary complained; Jimmy was fired.

Jimmy felt resentful. He'd never

liked Crampton much anyway; now he hated him. Crampton, of course, didn't know that; even if he had his sleep wouldn't have been seriously affected, in all probability. But Jimmy wasted a lot of time, after that, in thinking about ways in which he might get even with Crampton; he put in enough work upon such schemes to have yielded real results had it been directed in a useful channel. And his imagination fed upon such food, and got lusty and unbridled, and carried him away from time to time, so that he was always getting fired by some paper, and advised by sarcastic city editors to go in for fiction frankly.

Jimmy really needed a job pretty badly when the big War Relief Bazaar was organized and he was selected as its press agent and publicity hunter. The salary wasn't large, because it was a charity affair, and there was supposed to be an attempt to keep expenses down. But it was better than no salary at all, and Jimmy was glad of a chance to show what he could do in the way of purposeful, artistic, imaginative lying. Even the fact that J. Hampden Crampton was one of the biggest backers of the bazaar didn't dampen his ardor very much. He wondered if, somehow, this might not prove to be his chance to get his revenge?

From the start Jimmy was in his element. He did a lot more than furnish the newspapers with newsy items about the bazaar. He was extremely prolific; he had all sorts of valuable ideas. About half the big features that ultimately made that bazaar the most successful enterprise of its kind ever held had their origin

in Jimmy's fertile mind. And Mrs. J. Hampden Crampton, whom he saw daily, since she was one of the active managers, pronounced him invaluable—her right hand man. He liked her; he never did include her in his private war upon her husband. He was rather sorry for her; he had an idea that Crampton bullied her, probably. He was grotesquely wrong; Crampton was not exactly hen-pecked, perhaps, but when he was dealing with his wife he knew just exactly how far he could go, and he took few liberties. Gradually Jimmy came to understand that—and when his big idea came to him he used his understanding.

"I've got a hunch for a big stunt, Mrs. Crampton," he said, one day, greatly excited. "All sorts of publicity in it. I've been reading the Arabian Nights again lately—"

"That's enough, Mr. Hamilton!" Mrs. Crampton interrupted, kindly but firmly. "I know you can do almost anything in the name of charity, but we're planning to go quite far enough—"

"No—no, let me tell you," urged Jimmy. "You wrong me, Mrs. Crampton! I'm thinking about the Haroun-el-Raschid stuff that O. Henry was always stealing his plots from. The Caliph wandering about the city in disguise, dealing out job lots of happiness. Why couldn't we sell ten cent chances with a ful-filled wish as a prize—with Mr. Crampton or some other billionaire standing back of the award? Winner can wish for anything—Mr. Crampton sees that he gets his wish! Have to be some limit—but anything in reason?"

Mrs. Crampton looked thoughtful.

And Jimmy began to expatiate upon the idea.

"You could sell thousands of chances—hundreds of thousands!" he said. "Why—anyone would take a chance on a thing like that! It's got the automobiles and pianos and all the other things we're going to raffle off beaten to death! And I tell you what—we'll put a time limit on the winner. He's got to announce his wish within one minute of the time he's notified that he's the lucky man!"

"You mean he wouldn't be able to think up any wildly impossible thing to ask on the spur of the moment? H'm—that's so! I'll think about it—it *is* an attractive idea, Mr. Hamilton!"

It was. It grew upon Jimmy. He began to see its possibilities. And it was all he could do to conceal his malicious delight when Mrs. Crampton told him, a few days later, that she had persuaded her husband to agree to it!

Jimmy went to work at once. He committed J. Hampden Crampton to the scheme irrevocably, by means of stories in all the papers. It was first class publicity—legitimate news, that every paper was glad to print and display prominently. Constant references were made to that lottery—and, from the opening of the bazaar the chances went so fast that it was hard to keep up the supply of the little tickets. But Jimmy's chief interest in the thing was that it had given him his revenge upon Crampton.

Crampton, on the opening day of the bazaar, congratulated Jimmy upon his idea.

"It's drawn a great many people,"

he said. "Er—it's a clever idea, Mr. Hamilton!"

"Thanks," said Jimmy. "Of course, there's an element of risk. Some one might win it who would wish for something that was pretty unreasonable—and expensive—"

Crampton looked faintly alarmed.

"But—with so short a time in which to formulate a wish—"

"He might have been thinking up something ever since he bought the chance, you know," Jimmy pointed out.

And he went on, letting his imagination run wild. Each day he suggested new and direful possibilities to Crampton. And he could see the effects of his suggestions. Crampton grew more and more uneasy, more and more nervous. He was an extremely rich man, but one reason for that was that he was also, to state the facts politely, conservative as a spender. Jimmy overlooked no bets.

"Of course," he said, with a melancholy look in his eyes, "the winner ought to be reasonable. But the trouble is we've no real way of limiting him. And if you didn't make good, after all that's been written and printed about this thing—well, I'm afraid the papers would have a lot to say about that!"

He didn't need to tell Crampton that. Crampton had no illusions as his standing in the esteem of his fellow citizens and the newspapers that spoke for them. His popularity would have been represented by a minus sign in a statistical table, and one reason he had gone into this bazaar on a large scale had been that he had hoped to make the public think of him

more kindly. He liked the idea of being popular; of being regarded as an open handed, generous, munificent person. He meant to leave great sums to charity in his will—he wouldn't have any use for them then, of course. And he was ready to buy a little ante-mortem popularity, too—if it didn't cost too much. Jimmy's scheme had seemed to him a cheap way of doing that. Now he wasn't so sure.

Jimmy got a tremendous amount of fun out of his baiting of J. Hampden Crampton. He laid it on pretty thick, but he was safe enough—Crampton was a genius in business, of a certain sort, but he was limited. He developed an intense dislike for Jimmy, to be sure, but he was never quite sure of what Jimmy was doing—never sure enough, certainly, to take steps to have Jimmy fired. And so the bazaar went on, coining money for the war sufferers and supplying Jimmy with revenge in carload lots. Every day he thought of a new request that the winner of the grand prize might make, and told Crampton about it, and watched the way Crampton writhed.

"He might say he wanted to be president of the Thirty First National Bank, perhaps," he would suggest. "And you'd have to vote your stock to elect him, wouldn't you?"

Or:

"Suppose it was a woman, and she asked for the Hope diamond, or something like that?"

"Shut up!" Crampton roared, at last, his nerves giving way. "Let me forget about that infernal prize! It's keeping me awake at night!"

Jimmy went out, that time, and

bought himself a drink, and drank it, very solemnly, all by himself. He was utterly happy.

And at last came the final, closing day of the bazaar, when the drawing was made. Jimmy was busy; he wasn't present when the winning number was drawn from a wheel. He didn't even know that it had been done when Mrs. Crampton sent for him. She was in a private office, and with her were Crampton and two or three of the other officers of the bazaar.

"Mr. Hamilton," she said, "the winning number has been drawn. It is one of those you bought! You have exactly one minute in which to make your wish!"

Jimmy stood there, his jaw fallen, his knees trembling. This was the one climax his imagination had never pictured. His mind seethed. A revenge so glorious, so complete that he had never even visualized it, was within his grasp. He could see the scared, nervous look in Crampton's eyes. And he could see the second hand of the watch Mrs. Crampton held out toward him racing around at a mad, an incredible, pace.

"I—I—I wish—" he stammered. But his tongue was thick; he couldn't get the words out. What did he want, more than anything in the world? The seconds were flying. "I—I wish I had—" he achieved. And was stuck again, on a dead centre.

Suddenly he knew what he was going to say. He tried to choke back the words, as a man who feels himself falling after he has stepped on a piece of orange peel tries to save himself.

"I wish I had a Panama hat!" he said, desperately.

Ring Lardner Does His Bit

Editor's Note:—Ring Lardner needs no introduction to college men. His "You know me, Al" baseball stories which appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post" were one of the most popular series which that popular publication has run. Ring Lardner is also the conductor of a humorous column in the Chicago Tribune, one of the largest dailies in the country.

Dear Sir:

Your publication day
Is quickly drawing nearer,
And I did promise (so you say)
Some copy for the ERA.

Now, sir, I really think you might
Have made it somewhat clearer,
Just what you wanted me to write,
To help fill up the ERA.

I might describe myself to you,
(Right now I face a mirror),
But would that be of interest to
The boys who read the ERA?

I might describe just how I feel,
(I never did feel queerer),
But would such stuff as that appeal
To those who read the ERA?

Why, Amy Lowell herself could not,
Without some one to steer her,
Sit down and guess exactly what
Is wanted by the ERA.

I'll close with my best wishes, and
(I never was sincerer)
The hope that this will be a grand
Edition of the ERA.

RING W. LARDNER.



Photo by Lejaren A. Hiller

Welcome to our Midst

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Editor's Note:—Herbert Kaufman, who has attained great popularity as an essayist for the "Cosmopolitan" and numerous other periodicals, needs no introduction to our readers. His essay, "Welcome to Our Midst," which appears in this number of "The Era," will prove of great interest to the college man about to seek his place in the great world outside.

You have heard the salutations and the valedictories—the gorgeous gushes of Dr. This and the Hon. That have jiggled along your vertebrae. Upon the wings of their fancy you have soared into the empyrean, proud in the consciousness that you are of the world's elect—a rose instead of a thorn, a mental satrap among the unlettered helots.

Panoplied in academic burganet, cuirass and jamb, you stand in your armor of erudition, valiantly grasping the lance of knowledge, while you strain to hear the fanfare calling you to the lists whither Minerva has summoned you as her true defender and pledged knight, and—

Why, bless me, there's the alarm clock! It's half-past get-down-to-hardpan. Where is the want page? H'm!—quite a lack of five thousand dollar posts suffering from loneliness and those jobs which are yearning for occupancy all seem to lay stress on such an unimportant thing as EXPERIENCE. Ridiculous, isn't it, in this, the twentieth century? What shortsighted manufacturers, what ignorant merchants, what foolish corporations! Not even specifying that the first requisite of the applicant shall be a college degree!

Why, if they but knew your grasp

of Chauvenet, the facility with which you parse the intricacies of Thucydides, the grace that characterizes your scansion of the Epodes of Horace, and your comprehension of Locke and Spinoza, the postman on your block would have to carry an extra sack of mail from the hundreds of organizations wearing long-distance glasses, searching for oases such as yourself!

But since all these gentlemen of trade and industry are not brothers to Asmodeus and their vision cannot pierce the walls of your bedroom where hangs the sonorously worded diploma that glorifies your name, it is quite probable that you will be forced to go ahead like perfectly ordinary young men and "get there" by "going some." And by the way, it may be just as well if you don't lay too much stress on Chauvenet,—the world of affairs has not as yet learned to appreciate the advantage of men who just *know* things. It understands only men who know and *do*.

The most that you can hope for is consideration as a piece of superior metal—a pig of iron that has passed through the process of refining. Your degree is just the foundry mark. As you stand, your brain is practically useless; it has been pressed into a

standard mold of thought and is exactly like that of ten thousand other young men who read the same textbooks and listened to the same lectures and were dominated by the same theories.

You possess absolutely no value either to commerce or to art, except that of unwrought material. Your future depends upon your plasticity and tensility—your ability to conform with conditions as you meet with them, to cope with emergencies as they meet with you and the stamina with which you will stand the strain of action.

You cannot become a ruler through just knowing rules; you must fit principles to something practical before Success even begins to flick an eye in your direction.

If you have simply absorbed and cannot radiate, you won't get half so far as Smith on the next block, who jumped school at twelve with three ideas in his head and the power to get them over.

Of course, we know that you have committed to mind all the memorable dates of history; but the question is whether you will be able to make a date memorable *for* history.

You may be familiar with the orations of Cicero; but have you drawn into your soul and your blood the principles that lay back of them?

You are not unusual; in fact, a merchant would mark you "standard size" and label you "regular."

You have been nurtured upon predigested thought, upon ideas and ideals that have been funneled into your brain—theories that other men dug from fact.

You have merely been a listener, a human sponge absorbing the experiences of others.

The world cannot find you very useful in your present form; you must be milled.

You are wheat in the husk—your brain is over-coated with a chaff which must first be eliminated and differentiated by good hard whacks of commonsense. Life and living must flail you until your available wisdom is sequestered from that which is valueless to us.

You must pass through a process of subtraction before you will be considered an addition to any organization.

You have been busily engaged in learning things; now you must start in to unlearn some of them. You must create—up to now you have only secreted.

Your diploma is just a phonograph trademark—it simply tells us what has been pressed into your mind; but it does not say what you will do when you attempt to make an independent record.

You have no individuality—it has had no arena in which it could find expression.

A singer cannot enter grand opera on the strength of his training, but merely on the strength of his voice. No one cares a tinker's dam what method he followed, if results have not followed the method.

It is assumed that you will be impetuous and crusade against precedent; that you will jump at conclusions and attempt to upset procedures which practice has found sound.

The business world anticipated the

necessity of toning you down. You will pass through months of false humiliation and hurt; your pride will quiver and pain and your self-esteem will be black and blue with bruises; but after the foundry marks have been filed off you and you have learned some of the lessons of life—after you understand how to measure men, not for what they *know* but for what they

do, not for what they assume but for what they accomplish—after you have realized that your college training is only a course of mental calisthenics to develop clear thinking, logical reasoning and nothing else—after you have been set down at the bottom and have forced your way up—then you will *begin* to be of some value to yourself and the world.

Rondeau

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Editor's Note:—Charles Hanson Towne was born in Louisville, Kentucky, but has lived almost all his life in New York. He was formerly editor of "The Smart Set," and then literary editor of the Butterick publications. At present he is editor of McClure's. He has published several volumes of verse, notably "Manhattan," which was praised by William Dean Howells. Over a hundred of his shorter lyrics have been set to music by eminent composers.

"Yes, at the end, O sweetheart, note
Still on thy lovely self I'll dote.
I shall not falter, neither fail,
But, like a seeker of the Grail,
Be faithful in my mailed coat."

Thus from the young knight's book I quote.
He crossed the bastion and the moat
That he might hear his lady wail
"Yes!" at the end.
"Yes!" at the end.

He sought his loved one in a boat,
And, though her strange indifference smote,
He persevered; and, young and pale,
Begged her to list his piteous tale.
At last, in a long screed she wrote
"Yes" at the end!

The Laughers

By DR. FRANK CRANE

Editor's Note:—Dr. Frank Crane, whose editorials appear daily in the New York Globe and over forty other newspapers in the large cities of the country, is one of the foremost apostles of good cheer and common sense in America today. He is also the author of several books on religious and moral topics, among them being "Just Human," "War and World Government," "God and Democracy," "Vision" and "The Religion of Tomorrow."

I have a grand remedy which I wish to recommend to all suffering humanity.

I have tried it myself. A number of my acquaintances have tried it. All speak highly of the benefits received. It has helped others, why not you?

It is—LAUGHTER.

Not smiling, not mere good humor, but laughter, the kind that explodes, shakes you, and goes on exploding and shaking like a rapid-fire gun, until the massed battalions of worry are shot to pieces.

To laugh is probably the best medicine ever discovered. One hearty laugh is better than a wagon-load of roots and yarbs, better than seven drug stores full of dope.

"There is not," says London Health, "the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by the hearty shaking of the central man. The blood moves rapidly, and probably its chemical, electrical, or vital condition, is distinctly modified."

In other words, one good laugh is equal to a dose of salts, two cocktails, a bromo-seltzer, and a spoonful of quinine.

If you have got into such a condition that nothing can make you have a fit of mirth, a regular whoopee, more's the pity.

This is rather an oppressive world; there are so many burdens and per-

plexities that any one is liable to be crushed. Laughter is nature's defense against the world burden. By laughter a man shakes off his pack, for a few minutes at least, and capers like a loose colt in the pasture. When he returns and is saddled again he is refreshed, is stronger.

It doesn't make much difference what you laugh at. Children laugh at nothing at all, and are happier than we.

Goldsmith says of a happy group that "what they lacked in wit they made up in laughter."

One of the best laugh makers is the GOOD STORY; not the pleasant little quip, but the "regular scream," the kind that makes you hold your sides, rock to and fro, and yell.

Pass it along. Save up two or three, and when you meet a friend, hand them to him. Who can tell how much health and sanity are created by the good stories that are continually going the rounds?

Don't be afraid to laugh. Don't get out of practice. Laugh, and be human.

Not that you should be ever giggling, or set out to be a professional humorist, but rather that you should learn the Lincolnian art of knowing and being able to tell a "good one" upon occasion.

God bless the laughers! Their roar goes up from all the earth, the brave protest of the life force within us against the glooms and scarecrows of this fearsome world.

Glorious France

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Editor's Note:—Cleveland Moffett, contributor of special feature articles to "McClure's" and the "Saturday Evening Post," needs no introduction to our readers. His story, "The Conquest of America," published in "McClure's," undoubtedly had much influence in stimulating needed discussion of the American preparedness problem. Mr. Moffett is a student of human nature. His experiment in sending dollar bills to fifty people, to whom they did not belong, in order to gage their honesty, attracted considerable attention.

France!

Loved and honored land!

Tenderly loved! Supremely honored!

We, Americans, thrill for you with glad pride, brother to brother, sister to sister, as we behold your valiance in this world anguish, this world peril.

France!

Indomitable France!

Weakest of three defenders, scorned by the invader who thought to crush you quickly! Yet it was you alone who hurled the invader back. It was you alone in that September hell who saved a continent from servitude.

Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

For these three you have battled in the glorious spirit of Lafayette, the spirit of Joan of Arc, the Bastille spirit. For these three you have rallied the ultimate strength and great-souledness of the nation, the eagerness of every man and woman to serve France, the readiness of every man and woman to die for France and, standing on the Marne, standing on the Somme, standing at Verdun you have cried out: "They shall not pass!"

Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

For these three you have shed your blood and poured out your treasure, giving everything, suffering everything to the end that tyranny shall be driven from the earth, to the end that the rights of man, the rights of the weak shall henceforth and forever be respected.

Oh, my brother Americans, why have we not battled side by side with the heroes of France for the rights of man, the security of the weak, the overthrow of the despoiler?

Hark! The whisper of a name! Washington! And another name! Lincoln! Do these names mean anything? Is the spirit of '76 dead in us? Is the Declaration of Independence forgotten? And the Speech at Gettysburg? Does it no longer matter to free Americans that tyranny stalks over the reddened earth? Under the reddened sea? That nations are enslaved?

February the third, 1917!

Thank God we have remembered! We have heard the call. We have drawn the sword. Our children's children will not stand, white-lipped and dumb, when those taunting, searing words are spoken:

Belgium! Lusitania! Poland! Armenia!

History will tell them that we, too, did our part when the Temple of Peace was treacherously defiled; that when the world was writhing in inconceivable agony, the United States of America refused to exploit that agony, but came forward in the bitterest hour and stood at the side of France, giving its treasure, its resources, its sons and daughters, battling in the old spirit for the rights of man, for the security of the weak, for the overthrow of the despoiler, to the end that liberty shall not perish from the earth.

Lisa Immutable

By WINONA GODFREY

Editor's Note:—Winona Godfrey is one of the best known short story writers of today. Stories by her have appeared in "Harper's," "McClure's," the "Sunset Magazine," the "Red Book" and other publications.

As Lisa was so ugly it was certainly a blessing of heaven that she was rich. An old aunt from whom she had possibly inherited her ill-looks had compassionately left her the savings of a life-time—a fortune of six hundred dollars! And money these days presses beauty hard in the luring of husbands—even in San Francisco, which is not Italy either.

Lisa's pretty sister Rita thought her stingy because she did not spend her money for gewgaws but left it safely in the bank. Rita had, indeed, hoped to profit herself in the expenditure. Lisa replied to such insinuations with her crooked and inscrutable smile.

"You don't need beads and ribbons, and they wouldn't do me any good," she said. She did not think she would be improved by any attempts at bedecking. Any flaunting would only throw into relief her sallow skin and little, dull eyes and mouth awry.

Rita was pretty; she had many lovers who thought her ripe lips more enticing than sallow gold in the bank. When the news of her legacy got abroad Lisa had some suitors, too, but all were so patently wooers of dross that she would have none of them. Besides, what was this notion of husbands? Always out of work, perhaps, or drinking and beating one. Could not one live without such an

appendage? It seemed possible. Though Rita apparently thought not. Time passed, and Rita was married



URFAND

"Rita was pretty."

to a young man, Italian but American-born like herself, and one by one all the girls of their acquaintance

married (thus attaining the natural end of woman), some of them getting young fellows not long over from Italy. Still Lisa was single, uncourt-
ed, save occasionally by some personified Cupidity for her fortune remained intact. Only this fact consoled her father and mother for her spinsterhood.

Eventually her father received a letter from some friend of his boyhood saying that he was sending his son Nicolo to seek his fortune in that great America. Would Guiseppe for old times' sake receive him until he could get scent of that fortune? Guiseppe would (as long as he paid his board) and in due course Nicolo arrived.

Nicolo was very handsome, sinewy and brown-eyed, with crisp black curls. Though he spoke no English at first he learned quickly enough for his host had been so long in America that the family now seldom spoke Italian, and Lisa particularly was very patient with his thick head and stumbling tongue.

It is true that the fortune did not speedily materialize, still Nicolo was very happy in America—Lisa was a good cook. And, of course, if one could not make a fortune so quickly, there were alternatives in this droll country. For instance one might marry an heiress even if one could not make her a princess in return. Oh, no, Nicolo was not thinking of Lisa—Nicolo had an eye for beauty. Do not pretty girls occasionally have money also? Occasionally, but they are not looking for poor fellows like Nicolo. They, too, are looking for

money to add to their money, so for some time Nicolo remained single.

Lisa mended his clothes and cooked his favorite dishes, lending always a sympathetic ear to his grievances against the man higher up, sometimes offering wise counsel as well.

"Great care you take of this handsome Nicolo," observed Rita slyly one day. "Why not be Mrs. Tevani, then?" She tossed her head. "Only jingle your gold a little," she softly recommended.

Lisa made no reply and a dull red began to burn in her dark cheeks.

Then suddenly Nicolo began to go out every evening and to buy himself new ties of varied and brilliant hues. Lisa did not need to be told what was in the air, nor was anyone left to puzzle long. Nicolo was in love—with Rosa, pretty little daughter of old Luigi who kept a fruit-stand on Turk Street. His patrons did not trouble to call him a hard name like Luigi—they said: "Here, gimme a couple of them bananas!"

Luigi was brown and wrinkled, with ear-rings, and he looked like a pirate gone to seed. He was stingy and had nine children. Arrange the sequence of cause and effect to suit yourself. Anyway the point is that there would most certainly be no dot for Rosa.

But Nicolo, being in love, forgot all about the coveted fortune, even the desirability of waiting for a little capital of his own. After all, you see, Nicolo was not so mercenary. He and Rosa were married, dot-less but blessed—by love according to themselves, and as good riddance by Luigi.

Lisa went about her work just as usual.

Rosa began to have babies with the improvident industry of a tabby-cat, and Nicolo worked hard for a scanty wage. Even the ghost of the dream of the fortune faded away—no one had time to think of fortunes now (Rosa's babies were inclined to be colick-y).

Rosa, always tired now and sickly,



"Luigi was brown and wrinkled, with ear-rings, and he looked like a pirate gone to seed."

faded like a poppy flung on the hot pavement. Lisa became the family friend, coming in often to wash and scrub, to nurse the babies, to sew a little for Rosa.

The years toiled by, then Rosa and the last baby suddenly gave up the fight. Here was left Nicolo and his five babies, simple, cheerful, helpless,

with only Lisa to take an interest in them.

"You come house-keep for me, Lisa, a little while?" asked Nicolo. "I pay good wage—soon I get somebody, maybe. You come?"

"Yes, Nicolo," she replied.

She came. She washed, scrubbed, cooked, sewed, she cared tenderly for Rosa's children. Sometimes Nicolo paid that good wage, oftener not, but always his house was clean, well and economically kept, his children clean, too, and mannerly, and he did not get that vague somebody. All was well.

Lisa's reputation suffered but little, only a few gossips looked askance, for it was only Lisa, homely, silent, hard-working Lisa. Still it was not easy to understand why she should work so hard, she who was rich already; perhaps she was a miser and added Nicolo's pittance to her board.

Her pretty contemporaries faded quickly as the Italian women do, what with work and poverty and many babies. Lisa had neither curves nor soft skin nor bright eyes to lose so the years only left her hard and brown and sinewy as before.

But Nicolo was still stalwart and handsome, was still good for bright eyes to look upon, was still ready to return bright glances himself. Oftener and oftener in the evening he left Lisa sewing by the kitchen table, to set his hat jauntily on his black curls and stroll forth to livelier company.

Lisa would put the children to bed, and from her own stare long into the darkness.

This time it was Margherita, a second edition of Rosa, red-lipped and

fawn-eyed. It was born to Lisa's ears that Nicolo was speaking freely of marrying again. He said nothing to her directly, yet it seemed to be all arranged.

Now Margherita lived in another part of the city and knew nothing of Lisa, and Lisa wished greatly to look upon the charm of Nicolo's second bewitching. So one afternoon she put on her hat, and without much trouble found and knocked on Margherita's door. Her heart beat so loud that the knocking seemed superfluous.

The goddess of jealous women was with her and Margherita herself opened the door. Did Mrs. Righetti live here? Lisa inquired in her low, even voice, and the charmer of Nicolo replied that she knew no one of that name near.

Lisa thanked her and walked on—stumbled on, blind with pain. Her heart had ceased to beat, only a great ache throbbed dully in her breast. It was the beauty of Margherita that hurt her like so many stabs of a stiletto. The fresh bloom of her, the lure of her youth, her eyes, her mouth, her skin of olive satin. All these were mockery and reproach.

The cool dimness of a little church beckoned her, and she crept in to sink upon her knees and bow her head.

"Oh, Mary, Mother of God," sobbed her inarticulate soul, "thou at least canst see my heart beating fiercely as hers. Are not my tears as salt, if my eyes are less bright? Why is the toil of my hard hands nothing beside the soft caress of hers? Can

only red lips kiss? Mother, have I shirked one task since that bitter day of his marriage to Rosa? Have I not shut my lips with a smile against my pain? And now must I bear it all again? I ask nothing of thee, Mary, of gifts, only do not add to my burden. Is it to much to pray 'let be'? Only let it be as it is. Not another, only not another!"

Her tears were few, those slow, smarting drops that are the very blood-drips of the soul. A long time she knelt there, thinking, thinking. Almost shudderingly she thought of her money and of that never-found fortune of Nicolo's. That he might be tempted by her money always brought the red to her cheeks as when Rita first insinuated it. It was not that she dreamed now of flaunting her wealth in Nicolo's sight, only—if she should promise it all in candles to the blessed Mary, might she not intervene? But no—never should that money be made a bribe to Nicolo. If she had beauty, that would have been a legitimate magnet, but money!—her soul revolted at it.

At last her agony abated into endurance again, and she rose, quiet, controlled, outwardly resigned once more to the scourges of life. She went home, and Nicolo's children ran with shouts to meet her.

Nicolo himself was very gay that night, jesting with the children, praising each dish that was set before him. Afterward, while Lisa was washing the dishes, he came and paused near. He was dressed in a new suit and looked very young and handsome. (Lisa had not received

her good wage that month.) His cares had left no scars.

"Soon you will not have to wash so many dishes," he said lightly. "Very good you have been to us all, eh?" He smiled into her eyes and went out, walking with a jaunty step.

Through it all she was seeing other things—Nicolo and Margherita, their greeting, their glances, their whispers, their touching of hands—Soon Margherita would be mistress here—how her beauty would light the little kitchen! How proud and happy



"Shall it be so?" he whispered.

Lisa's hands trembled in the dish-water, and she bit her lip, but she did not pause in her task. As usual she tidied the kitchen, put the children to bed, and took up the endless mending. There was much work in Nicolo's house.

would be Nicolo, how busy and gay Margherita, how big-eyed and wondering the children!

Where would be Lisa, then? At home, listening to her mother's scolding, her father's heavy pleasantries,

(Continued on page 561)

A Rondel of Charles D'Orléans

(In April)

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Editor's Note:—Theodosia Garrison has had a rapid rise to a place among the very few American poets of exceptional literary worth. Two of her books, "Earth Cry and Other Poems," and "Joy O'Life and Other Poems," have received very favorable criticisms and the list of magazines which have published her work reads like a guide to the publications of real merit in America today.

Five hundred years and more ago,
A gallant poet sang of spring,
"Le temps a laissé son manteau."
How clear today the far notes ring!
And, in an alien garden, I
Throw back to him the gay refrain,
The winter throws his mantle by
Of wind and frost and rain.

Great kings and strong to dust have turned,
Red wars have blazed and died away;
But till this little flame hath burned,—
This rondel of an April day.
And in its light old blossoms blow.
Once more across the ancient plain,
Le temps a laissé son manteau
Of wind and frost and rain.

Little he guessed who, glad of spring,
Tossed her a little careless song,
How golden was his offering,
Nor dreamed it might endure so long.
And, wheresoe'er his dust may lie,
Small doubt today he knows again
That winter throws his mantle by
Of wind and frost and rain.

Professional Criticisms

By FRANK GOEWY JONES

Editor's Note:—We are glad to have Frank Goewey Jones introduce himself to our readers.

"I was born—as a writer—in McClure's Magazine, in April, 1914. I since have had stories in Adventure, American Magazine, Associated Sunday Magazines, Every Week, Cosmopolitan, McClure's, Collier's and Saturday Evening Post."

"It doesn't matter, but I'm supposed to be 43 years old. Never have been considered handsome, even by myself. Education improving every day since my graduation from the University of Michigan—which in my time could lick the stuffing out of Cornell—in 1893. Still married to my first wife, who deserves a medal. Have one boy, who can wallop me all over the ring already. Religion—a trace. Politics—a mild attack of Republicanism. Business—very good, thank you."

A writer cannot avoid professional criticism of his manuscripts. The staff readers of magazine and book publishers all are professional critics. So are the editors themselves. A short story, an article, a book must stand fire.

Generals on the battlefields of Europe do not expose their men needlessly. The soldiers are entrenched to protect their bodies, helmeted to guard their heads. Yet aspirant authors who write about battlefields send their trooper manuscripts against vigilant sharpshooters, naked as they were born! Staff readers and editors are a-weary with the slaughter of fools.

It is not possible to make a story invulnerable. But would it have been sensible for all other fighters to throw away their armor after Achilles was shot in his exposed heel? The wise writer conserves his cannon-fodder in every way he can learn from the books of tactics and the science of war. He orders the charge on the editorial entrenchments only when he is sure he has given his story every

chance to win that is in his power. Then, if the big envelope is driven back, the author knows he is not strong enough yet to take the offensive. He works harder to get ready for the next, stronger thrust.

A competent, constructive critic is as important for the development of a new writer as is a trained sergeant in the drilling of rookie soldiers. I have been blessed with such a mentor. I feel that at least half of my moderate success as an author is due to my critic. I am certain, too, that editors who have accepted manuscripts from me did not guess how very bad some of the stories were when I did them the first time. Not the least of the services of my literary adviser to me has been the suppressing of manuscripts I should have been ashamed to submit to a magazine.

When a beginner asks me for counsel regarding his stories, I always say that he needs a critic to shape his merits and to eradicate his faults. The editor of COSMOPOLITAN said to me, "An author should not at-

tempt to criticise his own work; he is too close to it." Mr. Sisson is right, clearly. An honest, *constructive* mentor is not merely advisable but necessary to the aspirant for checks from editors. My critic has turned a great deal of my waste paper into dollars. And, after all, acceptances are measures of the *value* of manuscripts. There cannot be complete satisfaction in the authorship of a story that never is published.

Of course there are sham critics in the profession. But so are there charlatans among doctors, lawyers, and preachers. One should not take literary advice from quacks. Successful authors know the successful critics, and recommend them as healthy patients vouch for their physicians. The fees of competent men-

tors are moderate; usually about \$5.00 is charged for the constructive criticism of a manuscript of 5000 words. It costs but a little to learn one's strength and weakness.

Sometimes distinguished authors make very humiliating mistakes in their work. I recall a story in which an armless man clutched the heroine's fingers between his palms at the end. A professional critic would have explained the marvel of surgery, at least. I have known fiction characters with the chameleon power of changing the color of their eyes. Very often the villain adopts an alias which the author omits to mention to his readers. There are only a few *perfect* writers. Professional counsel would help all the rest of us on all our work.

Poems by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., '05

Editor's Note:—Thomas S. Jones, Jr., '05, is commonly recognized as one of the dozen greatest American poets. Lectures on his work have been given at many of the large universities. His most popular work, "The Rose-Jar," has already gone through its seventh edition. We are very pleased to offer Mr. Jones' work to our readers, particularly as The Cornell Era was the first to publish his poetry.

Dedication

You are the quiet at the end of day,
 You are the peace no storms may ever mar,
 You are the light that cannot fade away—
 Lost be the path in darkness, you the star.

Once as a dream that youth had held unreal,
 Now as a dream more real than all things true:
 You only—yet the symbol and the seal
 Of dreams eternal that shall come through you.

In Excelsis

Spring!
And all our valleys turning into green,
Remembering—
As I remember! So my heart turns glad
For so much youth and joy—this to have had
When in my veins the tide of living fire
Was at its flow;
This to know,
When now the miracle of young desire
Burns on the hills, and spring's sweet choristers again
Chant from each tree and every bush aflame
Love's wondrous name;
This under youth's glad reign,
With all the valleys turning into green—
This to have heard and seen!

And Song!
Once to have known what every wakened bird
Has heard;
Once to have entered into that great harmony
Of love's creation, and to feel
The pulsing waves of wonder steal
Through all my being; once to be
In that same sea
Of wakened joy that stirs in every tree
And every bird; and then to sing—
To sing aloud the endless Song of Spring!

Waiting, I turn to Thee,
Expectant, humble, and on bended knee;
Youth's radiant fire
Only to burn at Thy unknown desire—
For this alone has Song been granted me.
Upon Thy altar burn me at Thy will;
All wonders fill
My cup, and it is Thine;
Life's precious wine
For this alone: for Thee.
Yet never can be paid
The debt long laid
Upon my heart, because my lips did press
In youth's glad Spring the Cup of Loveliness!

Only

Spring will come and go in a maze of wonder,
Skies unfurled again to the lilac weather,
Burdened branches and always a light wind blowing
Just as it used to.

Only you, the secret to me of Springtime,
All its sweetness, all of its poignant beauty—
Only you may never come back, and only
I shall remember.

To Song

Here shall remain all tears for lovely things
And here enshrined the longing of great hearts,
Caught on a lyre whence waking wonder starts,
To mount afar upon immortal wings;
Here shall be treasured tender wonderings,
The faintest whisper that the soul imparts,
All silent secrets and all gracious arts
Where nature murmurs of her hidden springs.

O magic of a song! here loveliness
May sleep unhindered of life's mortal toll,
And noble things stand towering o'er the tide;
Here 'mid the years, untouched by time or stress,
Shall sweep on every wind that stirs the soul
The music of a voice that never died!

Sometimes

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

Probable Cause

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

Editor's Note:—We feel sure that this story by John Barton Oxford, contributor to the "Red Book" will interest our readers.

It was at Lambert's suggestion that the coffee had been served in the boat-house. He liked the shimmer of the river on a moonlight night like this, and the purple-black shadows of the low hills that loomed into the still night on the opposite bank, and the soft lapping of water at the floating landing-stage just below. If there was so much as a hint of a moon on his regular dinner night at Laurelhurst he and Sager and the new Mrs. Sager always repaired to the vine-covered boathouse.

Tonight the moon was nearing its full. Never had the river been more beautiful, nor had the hills on the opposite side ever before stood out in such sharp silhouettes against a sky of pale silver. Ostensibly Lambert was drinking his fill of it. In reality he saw nothing of it. His eyes, despite all the wonderful beauty of the June night outside, saw no farther than Sagar's big form sprawled in one of the comfortable wicker chairs close to the door and the little patch of gold and ivory and dead white which was Jena Sagar, half in the moonlight, coming through the boat-house door, and half in the shadow.

Lambert was watching Mrs. Sager closely. Sagar's big, rumbling voice had just said: "Oh, no, dear. That isn't the way to look at it. That isn't the proper viewpoint at all."

And, watching her there where moonlight and shadows mingled, Lambert saw the quick color stain the ivory of her neck and her cheek. He caught her little smothered half gasp of annoyance and dismay, and saw her twist uneasily in the wicker chair in that movement he had come to know so well.

Lambert brushed the ashes from his cigar which had gone out and held a sputtering match to it. It occurred to him that he had never liked Clark Sagar. What had been merely admiration for the rugged strength of the man, for an inflexible will that always brought Clark Sagar whatever he aimed for, Lambert had mistaken for something bordering on affection. No, he knew now he had never really liked Sagar. It was queer, he reflected, that he should have been so mistaken as to the true status of his feelings for the man through all these years. Queerer still that it should have been Mrs. Sagar who gave him his true perspective in the matter.

Sager changed his sprawling attitude to turn towards Lambert, half lifting that huge frame on his elbows to do so.

"What do you say about it, Dave? I'm right, am I not?" he demanded of their guest.

Lambert took several long puffs at

the cigar before he answered.

"I should take sides with Mrs. Sagar," he said quietly at last.

Sagar's delighted laughter rumbled through the boathouse.

"Then you've changed mightily and suddenly from what I ever knew you to be," said he.

Mrs. Sagar twisted in her chair again. She seemed all too conscious of some mistake on her part. She looked with appealing eyes at Sagar and then turned to Lambert.

"Don't feel you must give me your moral support, Dr. Lambert," she said with what seemed to Lambert a sorry attempt at lightness. "I'm quite used to having my viewpoints changed. For the better," she added as if it were on afterthought.

"So I imagine," said Lambert crisply.

He hadn't intended to voice his thoughts. The words were out before he realized it. Sagar's good-natured laughter rumbled through the place again.

"Don't pay any attention to old Dave's ideas when there's moonlight and a pretty woman about," he urged his wife playfully. "The combination always did turn his head. Now here, let me show you where you're wrong in what you just said."

Lambert paid no attention to what Sagar was saying to his wife. But he did notice the tones were those of a patient parent to a backward child. Also he noticed how Mrs. Sagar leaned towards him, too eagerly, all too anxious to please him in every way. He had been noticing the same thing, for months, every time he had

come out here to Laurelhurst to dinner, in fact. He didn't like it. Sagar was impressing that overdeveloped personality of his upon her. That was plain to be seen. He was striving to mold her mentally into something she never could be; something she was never intended to be. That was the Clark Sagar of it; to shape to his own ends, according to his own ideas, whatever he possessed, be it horse or dog or wife.

Jean Sagar was pretty and sweet and gentle-souled. That should have been enough for Sagar. It should have been enough for any man. It occurred to Lambert that had there been any time for a woman in his hard-driven, self-made success, he would have liked that woman to be like Jean Sagar, and just as Jean Sagar was now; not the molded, mentally changed woman Sagar was so evidently set on making her.

She had worked in a candy store when Sagar first saw her—in a long delft-blue apron and cap to match. Sagar's decision and his wooing had been high-handed, as was everything about Sagar. High-handedness was his middle name. Lambert could imagine her carried out of herself by the man and the man's success in the world; married to him before she realized the contract she was undertaking. He imagined, too, the size of the contract was beginning to frighten her a little at times now. Her fluttering eagerness to please Sagar even in the smallest matter, the way she hung on his words, her often all too futile efforts to say the things he would want her to say, all attested to that.

And Jean Sagar, just as she was at the present, was a finer, better, more lovable woman than any ideal Sagar might have in mind. Lambert was sure of that. He had always heretofore had an immense respect for Sagar's judgment. Now he was quite sure—in this particular matter, anyway—Sagar was a fool and a very blind fool. If he had a grain of sense he wouldn't want to make his wife over. She was good enough as it was. He was only succeeding in frightening her and cowing her and heaven only knew where it would lead. This tampering with one's personality was dangerous business. He flicked his cigar through the open doorway of the boathouse and leaned forward to scan his watch in the flood of moonlight.

"That last train intown leaves at 9:18, doesn't it?" he asked.

"You don't have to go back tonight, Dr. Lambert?" Mrs. Sagar asked.

Lambert looked at the shimmer of the river and the little wavelets making ridiculous attempts to rock the heavy landing-stage, and he sighed. But there were two major operations for him at the hospital the first thing in the morning, he said.

"If you've got to go back tonight, I'll run you over to the station myself, Dave," said Sagar. "We'll have to be going right along, too, I'm afraid. I'll have the car sent down."

He fumbled for the telephone in the corner back of his chair. Mrs. Sagar came over to the chair beside Lambert's.

"Next Thursday, of course, we'll expect you," she said.

"Of course," he answered. "I consider Thursday here my own property."

"They are. They always will be," said she. "Guinea fowl again?"

"Please!"

He had taken another cigar from the box on the table. She struck a match and leaned forward with it, shielding the fluttering flame with one curved, slender hand. As she leaned towards him with the match the moonlight touched the gold of her wavy hair and the smooth ivory of her cheeks and throat. There was none of that constraint about her at the moment that he always noticed when her husband was beside her; none of the eager, anxious desire to be pleasing in his sight in every way. This smiling woman, holding the match to his cigar, laughing at the little darts of flame that tried to burn her fingers, was the real Jean Sagar. Then why, in heaven's name, didn't Sagar let the real woman alone? Why wasn't he content with her? He felt at that moment that he did not even admire Sagar; much less like him.

When he and Sagar reached the station a little later they found the train was behind time. They could hear it whistling faintly far down the line. They sat waiting in the car. Sagar sprawled behind the wheel. So big was he that a seat of any ordinary height always made him appear to be sprawling. He was rummaging his pockets, one after another, for a match to relight the half-burned cigar between his teeth.

"Coming on, isn't she?" said Sagar,

much as he would have spoken of one of his pointers in training.

Lambert knew well enough to whom he had reference, but he chose to ask crisply and more or less disapprovingly: "Who?"

"Jean, of course."

"How? Coming along how?"

"Mentally. Getting ideas now and then, what? Right ideas."

Lambert made an inarticulate sound, snort and grunt in equal parts.

"Haven't you noticed?" Sagar persisted.

"I've noticed too blamed much," Lambert burst out hotly.

"Eh?"

"Let her alone, Clark, for heaven's sake. She's good enough as she is. What more do you want of her? You've got her half afraid of you now, uneasy every minute you're in her presence; too eager altogether to please you; too anxious about what you'll think of every last little thing she says or does. What do you want her to be anyway? Brains, or the mere outward evidence of them? Poof! Lay off, I tell you. You're making a mistake. You're playing a dangerous game. You'll be sorry!"

The train came rumbling up to the station. Lambert got out of the car. Sagar followed, unhurriedly, seemingly lazily, as Sagar did everything. The train jolted to a stop.

"Say, who married her Dave, anyway, you or I?" Sagar asked as Lambert poked up the platform to the smoker.

"You did, more's the pity!" Lambert snapped.

Sagar grinned as if he were hugely delighted at something.

"So long! Next Thursday! Don't forget!" he said, with the grin broadening.

Lambert lost no time in getting into action when the message came. It reached him at his office during consulting hours. The patients waiting in the outer office were turned over to a hastily summoned, but eminently trustworthy young doctor from the hospital. Ten minutes later with the two best nurses on his register, Lambert was spinning along the boulevard towards Laurelhurst in a rocking limousine.

Sagar bounded down the broad steps as the car pulled up to them. He caught Lambert by the arm and fairly dragged him into the house, explaining hoarsely as they went:

"Down on the Linden Turnpike an hour ago. Her car went over a wall. God knows if she's alive now. Two doctors came back in a car with her. They're up there now. Hurry!"

They had reached the foot of the broad stairs. Sagar was pushing the other man up the first few steps. Lambert stumbled up to the turn of the stairs. Voices, mumbled voices, came from the room at the top and the cloying smell of anaesthetics. He took the rest of the flight three steps at a time, pulling off his coat as he went.

It was something more than an hour later when he came down again. His face was pinched and there were deep lines radiating from the corners of his mouth.

Sagar sat huddled in a chair at one end of the great living-room. A

cigar box was on the table beside him. Half-burned cigar stubs littered the table corner and the rug about him. There were ashes on his trousers and coat-front. His thick hair was dishevelled.

He was leaning forward, his head on one hand as Lambert came in. Sagar did not change his position, but his eyes were turned to the other man and seemed to burn through him.

"Well?" Sagar said, calmly enough.

Lambert shook his head.

"There's no telling—yet," said he.

"She's—she's alive still?"

Lambert nodded.

"Then there's a chance?"

"Maybe. It's a very, very long chance."

Sagar got up. He moved across the room to the door. Even that solid oak floor trembled beneath his steps. Quietly he locked the door; quietly he put the key in his pocket and set his back against the closed door, facing Lambert.

"You've got to stay here just so long as there's even the slightest chance," he said evenly, "You've got to stay here—right here and make the most of any chance there is."

"You won't have to lock any doors to get me to do that," said Lambert.

Sagar unlocked the door and flung it open.

"Isn't there something you can do—something more?" he fairly begged.

"No. Not now," said Lambert.

"Sit down, then," said Sagar.

He passed the cigar-box to Lambert who shook his head. Sagar himself took a fresh weed, lighted it

and began to puff furiously. It seemed almost as if he were trying to hide his twisted face in the smoke cloud before he spoke.

"You've seen Jean drive a car, haven't you—ridden with her when she's been driving?" he asked at length.

Lambert nodded.

"How did you think she drove?"

"Splendidly—and very carefully."

Sagar winced.

"She drives a car as well as I do," he mumbled, as if speaking to himself as much as to Lambert. "She never speeds; she's caution itself. The place on the turnpike where they found her—over the wall with the smashed car on top of her—is as smooth as this floor. Things—things like that don't happen to a car going at the pace she usually drives it."

"You've come to your senses a little late, Clark," said Lambert. "I think I warned you that night you took me to the station what might happen."

"This?"

Lambert nursed his chin in reflection.

"No. Frankly, I did not think of this!"

"She's got to live, Dave. She's got to live! You hear me?"

"I hear you. This is one of the things, however, that isn't wholly a matter of our wills."

"She's got to live," Sagar reiterated, albeit rather helplessly.

"I wish you'd thought of that a little earlier," said Lambert.

"I did think of it," Sagar declared, bringing down a doubled fist on the

edge of the table. "I thought of it every minute. I wanted her to live—really live. I wanted to teach her the things in life that really count."

"What are they?" Lambert asked coldly. "Who really knows what they are? Maybe you've made a bad mistake for once, Clark."

"It seems so," said Sagar hoarsely.

A nurse in uniform came down the stairs and tapped on the door.

"Dr. Lambert, just a minute, if you please," she said.

Sagar jumped to his feet, upsetting his chair.

"It hasn't—" he began.

"It's merely about some bandages," Lambert explained.

Sagar stood there until they moved towards the stairs.

"Fight!" he commanded between his clenched teeth. "Fight! All of you! For all you're worth!"

Lambert followed the nurse up the stairs. But he did not go to that room at the head of them. He knew only too well there was nothing more he could do there. He went down the hall to a balcony at the rear of the house and stepped out on it. Dusk was falling. Below him the smooth green terraces fell away in velvet slopes to the river. Behind the trees he saw the red-tiled roof of the boat-house. In that room at the head of the stairs faint moans sounded regularly as pulse beats. Sagar came stumbling along the drive and went shuffling towards the river like a man who neither knew nor cared whither he was going. In the darkness Lambert gritted his teeth and shook a clenched fist at that huge, bowed figure.

There followed days of hope and days of despair. Days when the fight seemed perhaps in some small way availing; other days when it seemed wholly lost. Then one morning came a marked change. The continual moaning ceased; the breathing became the easier breath of natural sleep. Mrs. Sagar opened her deep blue eyes and spoke a single word—her husband's name. The nurse ran to Lambert with the good news.

Lambert sat down by the bedside. The blue eyes fixed themselves upon him with a world of bewilderment and trouble in them.

"I've—I've been ill?" she questioned, feeble fingers lifted to the bandages about her head.

"Yes, very ill," said he.

There was still the groping bewilderment in her eyes. She kept them on him unwaveringly, as if trying to read something in his face.

"Oh, I remember now," she said suddenly, "the road to Linden—the wall—"

She shuddered.

"It was frightful. I tried to say a prayer I used to know. I don't think I got very far with it."

A great pity for her, so slight, so frail, so worn and tired, took possession of him.

"You'll have to be very, very brave," he said.

Those eyes fixed upon him widened.

"Brave enough—to—face—death?" she whispered.

"Brave enough to face life," he answered.



CORNELL MEN GIVE BILLY SUNDAY A ROUSING WELCOME AT BAILEY HALL

Photo by White

Miss Wilda Bennett



There are still a few Americans in addition to Maude Adams and Dr. Eliot who have not gone into the moving pictures. Miss Wilda Bennett is one of them. The slight, youthful actress attracts the attention of the moving pictures people because of her popularity with the "screen

fans." Miss Bennett fulfills this requirement and in addition displays clever histrionic ability not required for the "movies" but so necessary for the legitimate stage. Miss Bennett appears in the leading role of "Sybil" which comes to the Lyceum the middle of April.

The Condemned

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Editor's Note:—Courtney Ryley Cooper is a short story writer who has made a name for himself in American literature of today. He has contributed to "Collier's Weekly," the "Red Book," "Everybody's," the "Ladies' Home Journal" and other magazines of the first rank. That he also turns his hand occasionally to poetry and not without success, is proven by the following contribution.

Gray, fleeting light; the stars have dimmed,
And soon again the sun will come,
The sun, and then the steps shall cease
Outside the cell. There'll come the hum
Of vulture-hearted, waiting men,
Waiting to see a human writhe
As springs the trap, a clutch and then
I'll pay the price!
When comes the sun.

So many times when nights were dark
And chill forms touched me in my cell,
When leering, death-eyed faces mocked
When ghosts walked with the midnight bell—
So many times I've cried in vain
That light would come—the sun to shine—
But now each step chants the refrain:
"He'll die—he'll die!"
"When comes the sun."

In darkness born, that hellish Thing
Which drove me on, which made me kill;
In darkness born, it bade me strike
And ground my conscience in its mill;
In darkness it returns to me,
With blood-stained hands—to haunt and jeer—
A sag-jawed, awful, hag-like form,
To mock, while only I can hear:
"You'll pay the price
"When comes the sun!"

A streaking flash! The night is done!
There comes the touch of straps and steel—
A human, living, breathing thing
Shall die—no more the power to feel
The touch of love—to know that Life
Somewhere is good and fair and sweet;
The scaffold, gaunt and gray and bare,
With skull-faced Death awaits to meet
My quivering form
When comes the sun.

Oh God! Does anguish count for naught?
And gaunt-eyed horror gain no grace?
My blow was swift, of anger born,
A smile was on the still, dead face.
But I with fear, and anguished dread,
Horror and terror my cellmates e'er.
Must count the moments till the rope
Shall bind and gag and choke and tear—
What's that—what's that?
Good God! The *sun*!

The Hills

Through the twilight faint winds will ever waken
Ghostly trees adream in the frosty silence,
And the last red streaks of the winter sunset
Fade into ashes.

White above the lake and the leafless willows,
Cold and silver starglow, the full moon risen;
White the air will grow with a fleece of snowflakes
Silently falling.

This pale dream of lonely and haunted beauty
Evermore will come in the dusk of winter
From the hills of youth, as a ghost unbidden
Out of the twilight.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR., '05.

Arthur Hugh Clough

Lines written at his grave in the English Cemetery,
Florence, Italy, May 4, 1899

By PERCY MACKAYE

Editor's Note:—Percy Mackaye, poet and dramatist, belongs in the front rank of American literary men and women. He is perhaps best known as a dramatist, his *Shakespeare Pageant*, produced in connection with the Shakspeare Tercentennial at the stadium of the College of the City of New York, having been praised over the entire country. Some of his best known plays are "*Jeanne d'Arc*," which was produced by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, "*Mater*," and "*The Scarecrow*," presented first by the Washington Square Players of New York.

How sweet a comrade Death is: Why *alas?*
You do not sigh so, Clough. You lie at ease
And watch the sway of slender cypresses,
And tell fresh stories to the fragrant grass.
"Sometime of Oriel College:" So it was;
But now a playmate of the Pleides,
A fellow of the masters sans degrees,
Dreaming till death's long holiday shall pass.
O hearty lung'd and ruddy optimist,
Hale scholar athlete, bard and earnest wit,
Let me not Hamletize above your grave,
But be a man, and not a moralist,
Thanks to your *Bothie of*—"What-do-you-call-it?"
Which says true being lives in being brave.



The Value of Craftmanship

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Editor's Note:—Hamlin Garland, novelist, historian, and lecturer began gathering material and inspiration for his literary work in 1881, when after graduating from Cedar Valley Seminary, he spent a year in tramping through the Eastern States. Since then he has staked claims in Dakota, travelled in the Mississippi Valley, learned the lore of the Rockies at first hand and travelled in the Yukon Valley. The knowledge of nature and insight into human nature gained by this wide and varied travelling has stood him in good stead in writing such books as "The Eagle's Heart," "Money Magic," "Cavanagh," "The Trail of the Goldseekers," "The Long Trail" and "The Forester's Daughter." Mr. Garland is held by many to rank among American authors second only to William Dean Howells in literary style. Mr. Garland is a progressive in politics as well as in art, and a persistent advocate of national character in fiction and music. We are indeed gratified to be able to present Hamlin Garland to the readers of the Cornell Era.

In writing a brief message to the readers of the ERA I am minded to emphasize the value of craftsmanship in all that pertains to expression by means of the pen. To put your thought on paper clearly and in suitable compass is not easy, and when you come to expressing your emotional concepts you will find it more difficult still.

There is an art of writing. It is not a thing to be "picked up." It comes for most of us, with care, with study of good models and by way of taking infinite pains. By studies of good models, I do not mean imitation—I do not mean the prolonged study of any one model—I mean the study of many good models. Most of our young writers are lacking, necessarily, in comparative ideas. They write either in the crudest way or they fall

to imitating O. Henry or Kipling or Conrad. A broad study of the art of writing as shown in a dozen of the best of our moderns will correct this.

One of the master craftsmen of our day is William Dean Howells. His clear flexible, subtle English can be studied with profit as an offset to the almost universal cocksure journalistic style of the day. His diction is always chosen. It is dignified without being stilted, graceful without being finical, and always, it shows the artist, the man who knows how. In fiction I commend to you A MODERN INSTANCE and THE LEATHERWOOD GOD. For beautiful sentiment and exquisite work-manship, I mention his tribute MY MARK TWAIN, his autobiography, and his travel books relating to Spain and the West Indies.

The Tongue as a Tool of Trade

By HUDSON MAXIM

Editor's Note:—Hudson Maxim's world wide fame as an inventor precludes the necessity of any introduction to the readers of *The Era*. Mr. Maxim was the first to perfect smokeless powder. His name-sake explosive, Maximite, was the first high explosive to penetrate dreadnaught armor plate. Mr. Maxim's latest books are the "Science of Poetry and Language," and "Defenseless America."

The tongue is man's most important instrument or tool of trade for winning success in life. High skill in the use of no other instrument is so essential or so profitable as skill in the use of the tongue.

Language means tongueage. Tongue skill applies equally to language, whether oral or written. Yes, it is true, according to the query that has risen in your mind in reading the above, that tongueyness is not conducive to success. For that very reason, my reader, skill in the use of language is greatly needed.

Talleyrand, one of the most skillful users of the tongue that ever lived, was the author of the remark, "Language is given us to conceal our thoughts."

There is an earth-old saying applied to clumsy talkers that every time they open their mouth they put their foot in it.

What wise old Biblical character was it who said in substance that it requires greater ability to control the tongue than to govern a kingdom?

When a young man or woman writes a letter applying for a position, the likelihood of getting the position very largely depends upon the likeliness of the letter.

No other kind of writing requires greater skill than the writing of a letter, except it be an advertisement or poem. The greatest skill in the use of language is needed in the writing of advertisements. Many and many a time a fortune has been made through the skill of the writer of an advertisement.

As I write this, I am reminded of a very characteristic incident when one of the present-day household requisites was first put upon the market. After a large sum of money had been expended, it was found that the advertising did not pay, and that the sale did not warrant the expenditure necessary to keep the article before the public, and its sale was about to be abandoned when a younger partner of the concern asked to be permitted to make a trial with an advertisement which he would write. He was able to present the value of the article with such clearness and conviction, in so few words, that the business was immediately changed from failure to a very great success.

There is a vast difference between a great poem and mere doggerel, but not one person in ten is able to distinguish the difference between them, and to tell why one is poetry and the other is doggerel.

It would save very many keen disappointments and heart-aches that come with the returned manuscript, accompanied by a polite note of rejection from the publisher, if the would-be poet would apply himself to the scientific study of language with the same industry that is commonly applied to the study of mathematics.

But there is a no more royal road to the study of language than there is to the study of mathematics, and a no more royal road to poetry than there is to geometry. Hard, patient, studious application is required for the one as much as for the other.

Several years ago, to be exact, in 1910, I published what I believe to be some of the most fundamental principles of language. Not until that time had these important truths been discovered.

TONAL EXPRESSIVENESS AND IMPRESSIVENESS OF LANGUAGE

I was the first, I think, to explain the specific use in language of the four properties of sound—loudness, duration, pitch and tone-color. I was the first, I think, to show that loudness and duration, being quantitative properties of sound, and therefore representative of the energy stimulating utterance, are necessarily indicative of the importance of utterance; while pitch and tone-color, being qualitative properties of sound, are necessarily indicative of the quality of the stimulus prompting utterance. Pitch indicates the nerve-tension or tenseness of the emotions, in other words, the nerve potential, while tone-color manifests the kind

of emotion possessed by the speaker, whether of pain, pleasure, hope, fear or despair.

I discovered that the forty so-called elementary sounds of the English language are different tone-color blends, and that these tone blends may be divided into two main classes—emotional and non-emotional.

We express thought by means of non-emotional tone blends, which sounds we combine to make words, symbolizing meaning, while by superimposing emotional tone blends upon the blends of meaning, we are able to manifest our emotions in utterance, and at the same time to stir the emotions of the hearer, and by emotionalizing him, energize him and thereby stimulate and qualify his mind for perception.

Furthermore, I proved that it was analogical speech and not articulate speech that differentiated man from the brute. I showed that other animals besides man possess articulate speech, and that no animal except man is capable of analogical speech.

Analogical speech is language which employs concrete metaphors to express abstract thoughts. It is language in which one thing is expressed in terms of another more concrete or familiar to the senses. It is language by which the speaker tries to express in terms of more intimate experience thoughts lying beyond or outside of intimate experience.

I think I was the first to give a scientific definition of poetry. I was the first scientifically to differentiate verse from poetry and to give the true

(Concluded on page 571)

The Man Hunter

By CHARLES WESLEY SANDERS

Editor's Note:—Charles Wesley Sanders has been a writer of fiction for the past five years and almost two hundred of his short stories have appeared in the "Red Book," "Blue Book," "Adventure," "Munsey's," and other magazines. He received his preliminary training as a newspaper man in Cleveland.

It was not till the train had crept ten wearying miles that Dunlap, the minister, was aware that Shannon was on board. Dunlap had been so busy with his own thoughts that he had hardly glanced at his fellow travelers. Then with a sigh he had lifted his head and there was Shannon's broad back, bulked above a seat a rod ahead of the minister's seat. The minister stared at that back with a dull sense of shock. Any one of a dozen errands might have called Shannon up into the bush, but the minister feared that his own errand was Shannon's.

If that was true, then the question rose as to whether Shannon knew where Baggott was in hiding. If Shannon did know that, he would alight at the same desolate spot that the minister had planned to alight at. They would be two men alone in the bush, and in those circumstances and on that errand the gentle little minister knew that he would be no match for the gigantic Shannon. Force would rule then, and Shannon had more force than brains. He had more force than any other quality, the minister thought wearily. Charity, kindness, generosity, even courtesy, were words not in Shannon's vocabulary so long as the minister had known him.

The minister saw, as soon as his mind cleared for straight thinking, that there was only one chance for escape for himself and Baggott. That chance was whatever inexactness there might be in Shannon's knowledge of the whereabouts of Baggott. Shannon might know that Baggott was hiding in the Algoma bush, but he might not know just where. The bush was large.

The thing to do, then, was to get out of Shannon's sight. Shannon might leave the train before it arrived at Mile 81 or he might go beyond that. The minister must leave at Mile 81.

He rose cautiously. There was one coach back of the one in which he rode. If he could gain that, he might crouch into a seat and Shannon would not see him. After a while he would discover from the friendly conductor just what Shannon's destination was.

But his rising seemed to be a signal for Shannon also to rise. Shannon rose quickly. He shoved his six feet of bulk into the aisle and turned about. He looked directly at the minister, who had stopped when he saw Shannon stir.

A smile of derisive amusement lit up Shannon's heavy, red face. When he saw the minister pause, he came

slowly down the aisle to him. The minister sank back into his seat. There was no escape now. Shannon crowded in beside him.

"Goin' to 81?" Shannon asked, and the question seemed to afford him much repressed mirth.

Lies had never found room in the minister's heart. Even to aid Baggott he could not lie now.

"Yes," he said simply.

"To look for Baggott?"

"Yes."

"That's nice," Shannon said. "We can ride along together."

Shannon crossed his big hands in his lap and looked toward the front of the car. He seemed satisfied to let the minister say whatever else there was to be said. The minister perceived that now that his fears were verified there was no further use in attempting concealment.

"You're going to arrest Baggott, are you?" he asked.

"Well, I ain't ridin' clear over from Quebec an' up into this measly bush just for fun," Shannon answered.

The minister lapsed into sorrowful silence for a space. For a moment he felt that the spiritual things which he represented were futile beside the worldly power which Shannon represented. What chance had a saver of souls against a hunter of men in an emergency like this? And Shannon was a hunter of men. He gloried in that. When he was on the trail, he was a tireless animal with but one desire—to get his prey. With justice, with mercy, he did not concern himself. And somehow he had fast-

ened himself to Baggott's trail. The end for Baggott seemed near.

The end for Baggott seemed particularly near because Baggott was so weak, so pitifully weak, compared to Shannon. He had fled in the night, but he had left a trail so plain that even the minister had had no difficulty in picking it up. Ticket sellers and trainmen, stewards and porters, had distinctly remembered the furtive, shrinking creature who had fled by land and water. Shannon's task was ridiculously easy, but he would set about it in the same grim, harsh way he set about all his tasks, where those concerned the legal business of the crown.

The minister stirred uneasily in his seat and coughed. Shannon still sat motionless.

"Shannon," the minister said in a low voice, "do you really think Baggott killed 'Duke' Ballou?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose you haven't thought anything about it."

Shannon favored the minister with a mild stare. He shrugged his big shoulders.

"It ain't my business to think anything about it," he said. "That's the business of the men that's goin' to try him. All I got to do is to get out and get him."

"But suppose he isn't guilty," the minister argued. "Suppose he didn't kill Ballou? I know they were seen together that night and that Ballou was abusing Baggott. I know that Ballou was never seen alive after he was seen with Baggott. And Baggott ran away shortly after the body

was found. But suppose Baggott didn't kill Ballou?"

"Suppose he didn't," Shannon said indifferently.

Shannon would not argue, the minister understood. More, he did not even care to discuss the case. He knew what he had to do and he was going to do it. Why waste words? Oh, yes, Shannon knew what he was going to do.

"I was just thinking," the minister said, "that if you arrest Baggott and take him back, and he is tried and found guilty, he will die with this thing on his conscience—if he is guilty. He will die a shamed, sullen animal, too frightened even to try to save his soul in his last hours."

"I would make an even bet that he ain't got no soul," Shannon said with a mirthless laugh.

"I have known Baggott ever since he was a little boy," the minister said. "He has never had a chance. His father was a drunkard and his mother was—Ah, well, his mother should never have been a mother to any child. The father died in delirium tremens. What became of his mother God only knows. The father was a weak man mentally. The child was weak mentally and physically. He was unfit to fight in this world. * * I did what I could for him, but it was not much. There were many others like him in varying degrees. My hands were too full. And yet to the little I did he responded. I have listened to his troubles from his boyhood till now. I think if he had killed Ballou he would have come to me."

"Naw," Shannon said. "He'd run away just like he did. They all run away. I know his kind. He took what you give him in the way of a lift now and then and laughed at you behind your back. He's no good and I'm goin' to get him. It ain't no big job at that."

He slid further down in his seat and closed his eyes, as if he wanted the minister to stop talking.

The minister looking out of the car window at the rocky hills that were gliding slowly past. The sun would soon be setting behind those hills and night in the bush would descend—the big, still, deep-breathing night. It should have had the power to calm a tortured soul, but the minister felt that it would bring no relief to Baggott.

His heart was full of pity for Baggott. He remembered how he had first met him as a lad. Baggott had been leaning against a building, his face hidden in his left arm. Sobs shook his body. He held a bundle of torn papers under his ragged right arm. The minister had touched him on the shoulder and he had lifted a tear-stained face.

The story he told was simple enough. Bigger boys had chased him from main thoroughfares where he had tried to sell his papers. He had started to go as fast as he could, but they had urged him to greater haste by blows. The minister had given him aid and sympathy and told him to come to see him.

Baggott had come to see him then, and he had kept on coming through all the years that followed. The

minister had tried to "make something" of Baggott, but he believed he had failed to mold that clay. Baggott in manhood was unstable, weak, futile-useless to himself and to the world. Economically, he might better have been dead.

But the minister did not believe he might better have been dead, for he believed that all men had souls to save, and that Baggott necessarily had one. The minister had a living conscience. He tried to square his every act with it. He blamed himself for failure much more frequently than he blamed lesser men. And he had come to blame himself about Baggott. If he had been more worthy, he would have helped Baggott more. He considered himself Baggott's keeper, as he considered himself the keeper of many others.

And so when Baggott was accused of the murder of the notorious "Duke" Ballou, a vicious city brigand, the minister felt that he himself was largely to blame. Though he could ill afford the trip, he set out to find Baggott. He was not chiefly interested in the arrest and punishment of Baggott. He did not think much about that. But he wanted to give Baggott a chance before Baggott's God ere the law put its deadly grip upon him.

Shannon's voice roused him from his thoughts.

"Here we are," Shannon said. "You can come along if you want to, but don't try to interfere with me. You understand that?"

"I understand," the minister said. The purple dusk had slipped down

over the hills when they alighted at 81. Lights shone from the screened windows of the company's cottage. Shannon strode to the door, the minister following him. A man answered Shannon's knock. Shannon introduced himself curtly.

"I'm looking for a man who ran away from Quebec more'n a week ago," he said. "I've traced him this far. He bought a ticket down at the Soo for here. Seen anything of him?"

"What kind of looking man?"

"Oh, an undersized, freckled, red-headed fellow about twenty-five. Had a scared way about him."

"He was here yesterday for food," the man said. "He looked half starved. I thought he was a bush tramp."

"Come down the trail?" Shannon asked.

"Yes," the man said.

Shannon asked for a lantern and the man handed one out to him, with a curious glance from him to the minister. Shannon turned toward the trees which climbed up the big hills. The minister followed him.

In silence the two men, their hearts hot with different desires, started up the trail. Above them the hills towered. Beneath them the trail was rocky. Stillness brooded about them, save for the murmur of the trees.

Shannon walked ahead. The light from the lantern that swung from his left hand fought ineffectually with the heavy dark. The faces of both men were in shadow. They cov-

ered a mile. Shannon suddenly paused.

"I guess we're a couple of chumps for comin' up here in the night," he said. "We might just as well have waited till daylight. He'd probably be comin' down for food anyhow. I should think he'd be scared to death up here."

He lifted the lantern above his head and tried to peer about him, but there was nothing to be seen. The dark was like a curtain that enclosed them and moved as they moved.

Shannon dropped the lantern. He opened his lips to speak, and then he suddenly stiffened and stood rigid. The man-hunter had been warned. The hunted had made a sound.

The sound had been slight, so slight that it had not reached the minister's ears. But he felt rather than saw the change in Shannon. He waited tensely for what Shannon might do. He did not know what Shannon might do. This was a new game to him.

For what seemed a long time, Shannon stood there, motionless, his ears strained to catch a repetition of that sound.

"What is it, Shannon?" the minister asked at last.

"Shish!"

Shannon's sibilant whisper was angry. The minister was silent again. Shannon stood just as he had been standing. Several more minutes passed thus. Then Shannon spoke:

"Come now, Baggott," he said in a voice he meant to be reassuring. "You might just as well come out of that. . . It's Shannon. You know

what I want. You might just as well come out peaceful."

He stopped and struck again that attitude of intense listening. But he got no answer out of the silence of the night. The minister saw his hand go to his hip pocket. When he withdrew the hand, something gleamed a little in the lantern's feeble light.

The minister shuddered. This was the law incarnate. This ruthless man represented society. The minister suddenly felt how ineffectual any plea he might make would be. He kept silence.

"Baggott," said Shannon, quite calmly, "I'm going to give you five seconds to come out. I heard you. I know you're here in the bush somewhere. If you don't come out in just five seconds, I'm goin' to begin to shoot. I'll riddle the bush, and I'll get you. I've come for you, Baggott, and I'm goin' to get you dead or alive. Five seconds."

Not two of those precious seconds had passed when there was a noise on the rocky trail in front of them. Somebody was scuttling up it, hot to escape Shannon's threat.

Shannon lifted his gun. The minister saw that his arm went high. When Shannon fired, the minister knew that the bullet had gone into the air. His dry lips parted to let a sigh of relief escape through them. Shannon was giving Baggott a chance.

Shannon listened again. Again there was silence. The sound of the running had ceased. Shannon moved forward. He seemed entirely to have

forgotten the minister. The minister followed, stumbling along five paces in his rear. The light from Shannon's lantern was no aid to him.

Shannon walked slowly, probably fifteen rods. Once more he halted.

"This is where you stopped runnin', Baggott," he said. "You're just in here somewhere. Now, listen to me. I fired in the air that time to show you I would shoot. I'm not sayin' that I wouldn't rather take you back *dead than alive*. But in five seconds more I'm goin' to start to riddle the bush. I'm done monkeyin'. I ain't got no time to waste whackin' this bush. Will you come out, Baggott?"

Again there was no answer. Slowly Shannon raised his arm. He fired. The minister saw he fired high, but not quite so high as before.

The result of the shot seemed to surprise even Shannon. From the tree through whose branches the bullet had sped came a gurgling "oh-ah." Then there was the sound of something falling down through those branches and immediately the soft thud of a body on the ground.

"I'll be cussed," Shannon breathed. "I guess he must of climbed a tree and I got him. It's a nuisance. It would of been much easier to take him alive. I fired high."

He handed the lantern to the minister and moved toward the base of the tree. He swore under his breath at the mishap, swore in a complaining voice as if he had been imposed upon.

The minister, with the lantern in his hand, followed unsteadily. He

was agast at the suddenness of the tragedy. He feared Baggott was dead. That was the worst fate that could have befallen Baggott from the minister's point of view. Baggott had been cut off without a moment's time in which to repent. A legal execution would have given him more chance than that.

Shannon scrambled up a rocky incline. The minister lifted the lantern as high as he could.

"I got him," Shannon said; and he came sliding down the incline with a body in his arms.

He put the body on the ground, and the minister held the lantern so that the light shone on the face. It was a pitifully weak face with an ill-shaped nose, a wide mouth, and little chin. There was a week's growth of sandy beard on it. It was pinched from lack of food.

"Well, it's Baggott all right," Shannon said.

The minister knelt beside the unconscious fugitive and felt for his heart.

"He isn't dead—quite," he said huskily. "If he revives, will you give me a chance to talk to him, Shannon?"

"I will, but I'll listen," Shannon said. "I'll want to report anything he says."

"Very well," the minister said.

He loosened the collar of Baggott's soft shirt and rubbed his thin chest. Presently Baggott opened his eyes quite suddenly. They blinked once and then went as suddenly shut, as the lantern light filled them. Then they slowly opened and Baggott

stared up into the face of the minister.

"I thought it was Shannon," Baggott whispered. "How did you get here?"

"I came with Shannon," the minister answered. "Are you in pain?"

"Oh no. I ain't in pain. I just feel kind of dead. That bullet felt as if it burned clear through me. . . . I'm goin' to die, ain't I?"

"We will be able to get you down to the cottage where we can do something for you," the minister said.

"Oh, no. Nothin' like that. I know I got it. You just gimme a minute or two to kind of rest. . . . Is Shannon here?"

Shannon stepped into the lantern light and dropped to one knee. Baggott looked at him half humorously.

"Well, old Shannon," he whispered, "you come a long trip for nothin', didn't you?"

"Nothin'?" Shannon repeated. "I got you, didn't I?"

"Yes; but I didnt' kill Ballou."

There was so much of content, of satisfaction, in Baggott's tone that Shannon only stared down at his graying face. Baggott had a moment of weakness in which the minister thought he must surely die at once. But he pulled himself together.

"Shannon," he said, "I'm sorry you shot me useless—sorry for you. Lift me up a little. There! Now lemme tell you something. I didn't kill Ballou. That ain't what I run away for. I run away because people said I killed Ballou." His voice dropped to a murmur. "They kicked me an'

they cuffed me. I never had no friend but the minister. From the time I was a kid people either laughed at me or give me the worst of it somehow. I let the minister do a lot for me. An' lemme tell you why.

"That day he was sorry for me when the bigger kids beat me, he got my goat. I knowed I didn't amount to nothin', but I says to myself I'm goin' to be like that man as much as I can. I knowed I'd never be much like him. It wasn't in me.

"But I kep' tryin' an' tryin', an' if I do say it myself I've turned one or two good tricks for poor people now and again. I'd 'a' liked the minister to have knowed about them, but that wouldn't been the play. He never tells the good he's done to nobody, so I had to keep quiet. But it done me a lot of good.

"The night Ballou was killed, he'd been drinkin' a lot. He was lookin' for a fight an' I guess he got it with somebody. I see he was out for trouble, an' I just stuck along with him till he gimme the slip. He told me just before he gimme the slip that if I didn't stop followin' him around, he'd blow out my brains.

He sighed and moved a little in the minister's arms. The movement ended in a gasp of pain.

"You sure drilled me through, Shannon," he whispered. "Well, when I heard they said I killed Ballou, I was scared stiff. I run. I kept on runnin' an' ridin' and walkin' till I found myself 'way up here. I don't hardly know how I got here.

"I didn't know what to do till last night. It seemed too much for me to

(Concluded on page 575)

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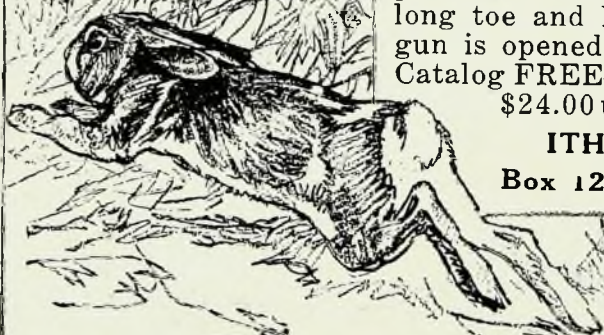
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Lisa Immutable

(Continued from page 530)

beholding the lifted eyebrows of the neighbors. There must be added, it seems, to all our wounds, the curious probing of the world.

How, how was all this to be borne? Again a tear scorched her cheek, then suddenly she lifted her head—there was a heavy step at the door—Nicolo's. So soon! Her eyes widened in surprise as he opened the door and flung in. A different Nicolo indeed from the one who had left her, all his jauntiness gone, his face pale, his eyes dull, his smile dead. He threw his hat on the table, himself upon a chair.

"So!" He cried with a bitter finality when presently he met her questioning glance.

"What is it, Nicolo?" she asked gently.

"What is it?" he echoed harshly. "The same thing that makes fools of us all—a woman, Lisa,—a woman!" He laughed scornfully. "They are all ungrateful coquettes! thinking of nothing but ribbons and gold-rings and taking their ease. A man without money is worthless to them." The usually good-natured Nicolo was very angry and miserable.

Lisa's eyes had begun to shine. "Tell me," she pressed him softly.

"Oh, it is nothing," cried Nicolo. "It is of no importance! But, Lisa, I will tell you about it." He was bursting to lament his wrongs in a sympathetic ear. "That Margherita, long she has been leading me on and making soft eyes at me. I think it is all settled between us. Tonight I speak so, and what say she! 'Nicolo, I have just discovered that you are

(Continued on page 563)

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Lisa Immutable

(Continued from page 561)

not so rich, and that you have five children already by Rosa who is dead! This you did not tell me! Mother of God, what would I do with five children! No, no,' said she, 'you are handsome, Nicolo, but already I am going out this evening with Pietro Caldani. Good-by!'" Nicolo's voice rose high in excitement, and he threw out his hands and rolled his eyes heavenward.

"It is too bad," sighed Lisa. "It's not right Nicolo, for any woman to do so. But—she would not have made you a good wife surely. It is well to find her out beforehand, yes?"

"Yes, yes, that is true," agreed Nicolo gloomily. "Still I am wounded deep by the heartlessness of that jade." He struck himself tragically in the breast.

Lisa looked at him with moist and tender eyes.

He caught the glance. "Ah, you weep for me, my good Lisa! It is you who understand that it is not so easy to be rich. You do not despise me because of Rosa and the children!" An idea struck him. "Lisa, I will marry you, and then we shall see, eh?" Diverted from his grief, his simple face brightened, and he drew his chair beside hers.

"Shall it be so?" he whispered.

Lisa was no longer ugly! as with a magic portion she was glorified.

"Yes, Nicolo." She took the head of the big child upon her breast.

Probable Cause

(Continued from page 541)

"Brave enough to face life?" she repeated. "Why, that doesn't take any bravery. I don't know what you

(Continued on page 565)



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Probable Cause

(Continued from page 563)

mean. Unless—am I to be crippled or disfigured? Is that it?"

"No, indeed," he denied.

"Then where does the bravery come in? I want to live. I love life, especially life with Clark. He's taught me so much that's worth while. He's taught me to see and to think and to feel. Little by little, bit by bit he's taught me. He's changed me, made me over, made me in some small way worth while, I hope. I never was until I knew him. I was just pretty, perhaps, good to look at; but that was all. But he taught me the things worth while, and oh, he did it so quietly, so patiently. I never knew it, I never realized it until that morning on the way to Linden. It all came to me with a rush—what he'd done for me, what I owed him. I swung the car around right there. I didn't want to go to Linden. I wanted to go back and tell Clark I understood. I couldn't wait to get back. I was in such a hurry with the wonder of it that I did something I never did before. I let the car out. And then back there by the cross road to the Glen something broke in the steering-gear. —"

"I think we're talking altogether too much for our strength just now," said Lambert. "I'd close my eyes if I were you. I'd keep them closed until I heard someone beside me. Then I'd open them. Maybe, there's just a possibility of it, it will be Clark."

Sagar was pawing over books in the library. A discarded pile of them on the floor attested to the extent of his reading.

Lambert shut the door and put his back against it.

(Continued on page 567)

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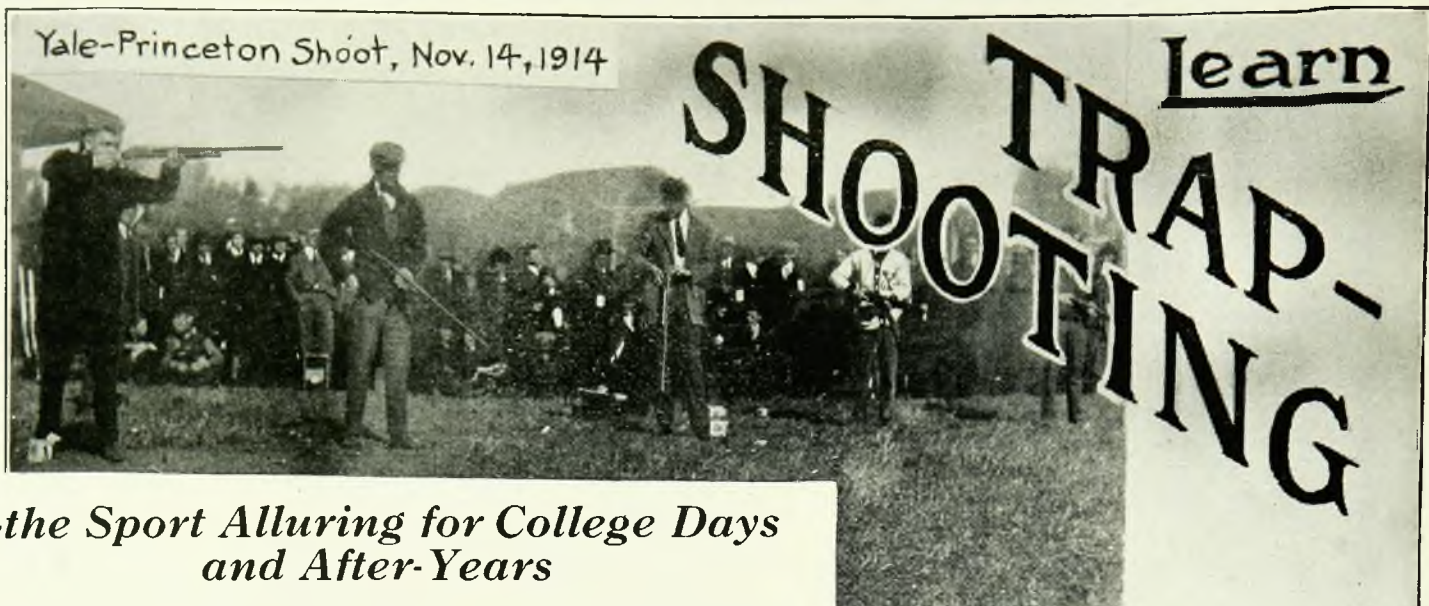
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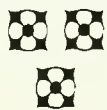
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Probable Cause

(Continued from page 565)

"Get a grip on yourself and don't go off the handle from sheer relief," he advised the man before him. "She's going to live."

Sagar bounded from his chair. Both his great paws fell on Lambert's shoulders. In the excitement of the moment he lifted the slighter man clear of the floor.

"Tell me that again, Dave," he begged. "Dave, say it over once more, and keep saying it. Keep saying it, man."

With a grin he set Lambert on his feet again and caught his hand in both his own.

"Dave, listen to me," he all but shouted. "This is my chance. So long as God let's me draw the breath of life things shall be different for her. I promise you that. I'll make it up to her, Dave. You know I can, don't you? She shall be what she is, and nothing else. That's good enough for me, too good. Dave, I'll—"

"Never mind the promises, Clark," Lambert said. "I think she wants to see you."

He opened the library door, and motioned the other man to the stairs.

"Damn these meddlesome outsiders, anyway!" he went on fervently.

Sagar, headed for the stairs, swung about.

"Just what do you mean by that, Dave?" he asked doubtfully.

For answer Lambert pushed him gently towards the stairs.

"Go up to your wife and find out," he advised.

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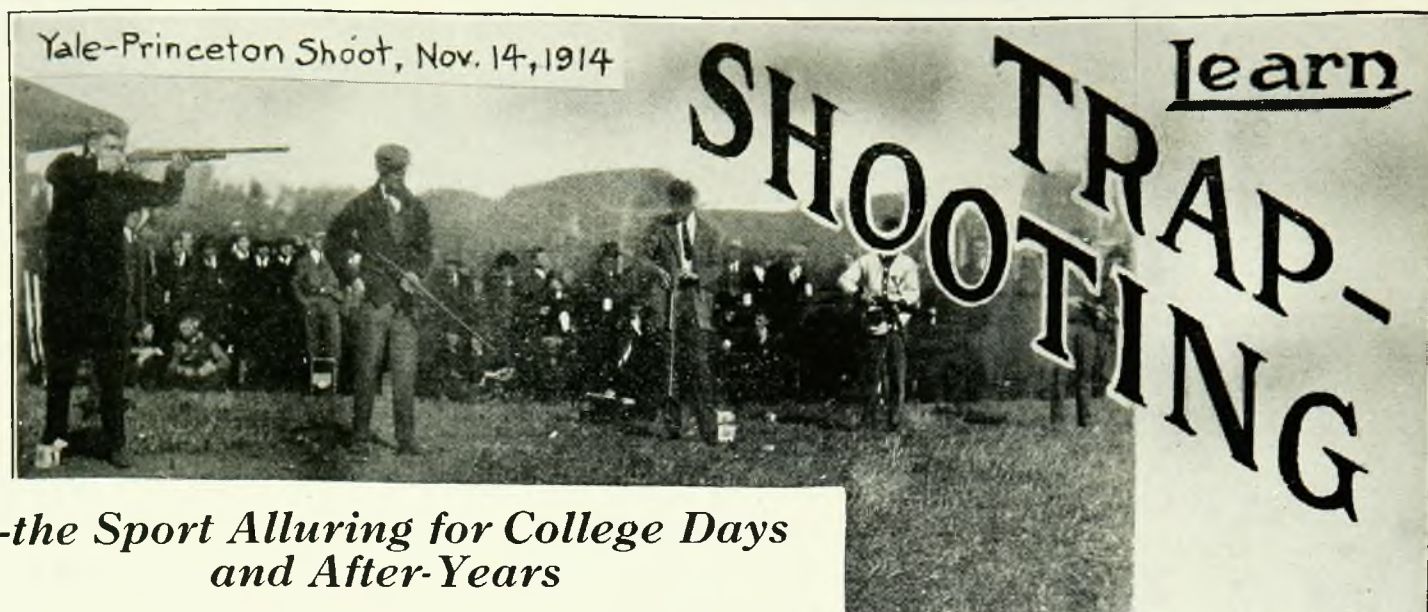
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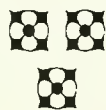
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The Tongue as a Tool of Trade

(Continued from page 549)

philosophy of verse, and the first to show that iambic blank verse, when not intended for song, may often better be written in continuous primary rhythm, without line rhythm.

I divided language into three main classes, which I named literatry, potency and tropetry, and into three sub-classes—tro-potency, tem-potency and tro-tem-potency.

Literatry is that kind of literal statement used to express non-emotional thought. It is the language of logic. It is non-metaphoric, non-figurative language, and no wording or phrasing is used for emotional effect.

Potency is language in which special wording and phrasing are employed purely for emotional effect.

Tropetry is metaphoric or figurative language, which, however, does not employ the emotional expedients of potency.

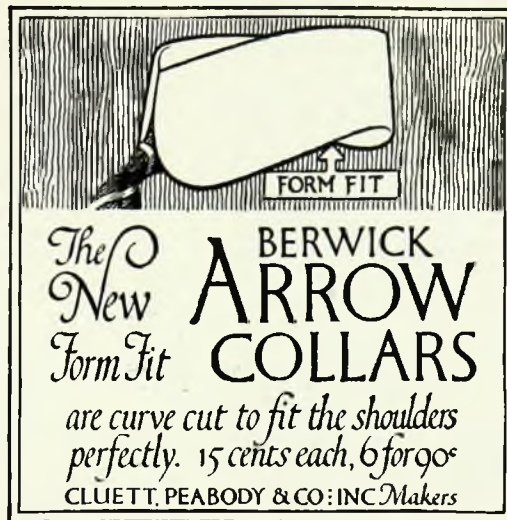
Tro-potency is potential, figurative or metaphoric language.

Tem-potency is verse. All verse is potency, because versification is an emotional expedient, and the basic principle of verse is time, hence the name tem-potency.

Tro-tem-potency is artistically figurative or metaphoric verse. Tropetry is the basic principle of poetry.

The true definition of poetry is—the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope.

I introduced seven new words into the English language, which are as follows:—literatry, tropetry, potency, tro-potency, tem-potency, tro-tem-potency and underwhelm. Three of these are in the new Standard Dictionary, namely, potency, tropetry and tro-potency.



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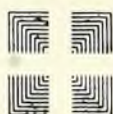
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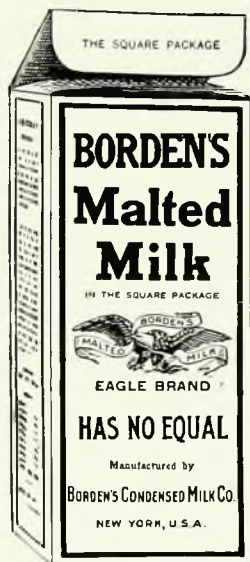
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The Man Hunter

(Continued from page 556)

go back an' let 'em kill me for killin' Ballou when I didn't kill him. It made me shiver when I looked a long, long way ahead and thought of all the years to come when people would say, 'Why, Baggott, he killed Ballou.' You see, the minister had told me a lot about things an' human sufferin' an' helpin' people, an' when people was the worst to me I used to kind of hug myself and say before I died I'd do something an' when I was in my grave people'd say, 'Well, Baggott was a pretty good sort of fellow after all.'

"I went over that thing up here in the bush all the while I was here. I couldn't see any way out of it. I knew if I went back, people'd just laugh and say I didn't have no brains anyway an' it didn't matter. But last night at sundown it all come straight to me."

His thickening whisper stopped for a moment and his eyes closed. Then they opened again in the dim light and Shannon stared into them. The eyes were almost intelligent—sweet and kind and human.

"I was hidin' up in the trees," he whispered. "The dark was beginnin' to come down—fast like it does in the bush. An' I says to myself, 'What'd the minister do about this business?' Then I stood up, an' I don't know how it was but everything he ever told me seemed to come back to me. An' I—you know what I mean?—Baggott, the fool, the joke, didn't seem to be there at all. I was ca'm an' peaceful an' I felt awful strong. 'I'll go back, o' course,' I says to myself. 'It'll be hard but I'll do it.' . . . An' I was

(Continued on page 579)

Photographers

to Cornell Annuals

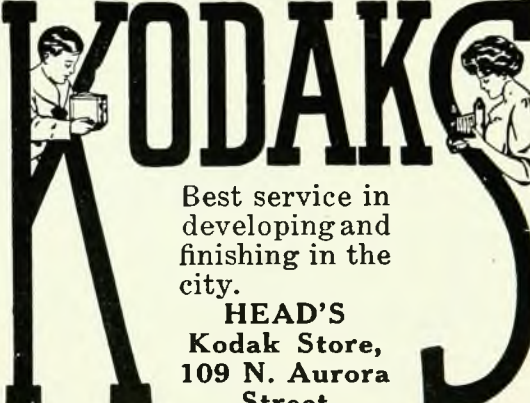
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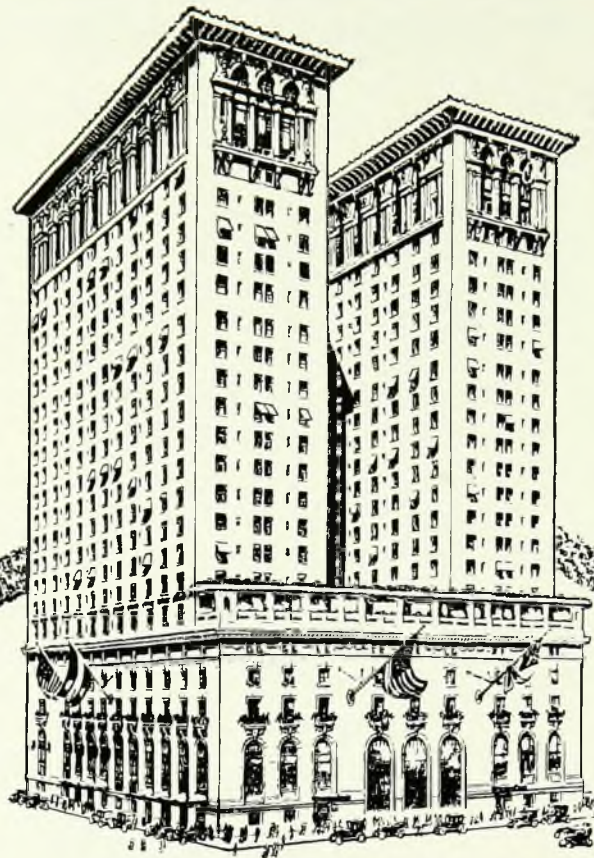
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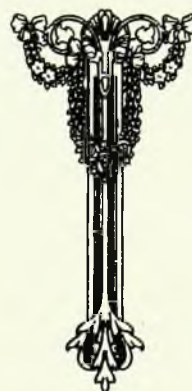
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The Man Hunter

(Continued from page 575)

just waitin' for day to break to go back.

"You done you're duty Shannon. You didn't think you was goin' to hit me. Mebbe I shouldn't have clumb that tree, but I wanted to have a word with you before I shuffled off. You got the reputation of bein' a hasty man, Shannon. I wanted to tell you I didn't kill Ballou.

"And now listen, both of you."

He raised himself in the minister's arms. His lips twitched with the effort, but he did not fall back.

"I didn't kill Ballou. . . And, Shannon, you're goin' back to tell 'em everything an' they'll understand. . . . A man like me, dyin', don't lie."

He fell back and died. The minister waited eagerly for Shannon to speak, but Shannon did not speak.

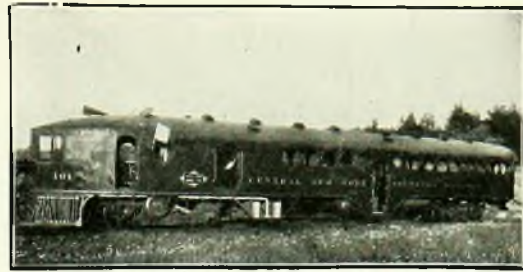
Through all the business they had to do to take care of Baggott's body he spoke no more than was necessary to have that business transacted.

On the train the next day, as they returned into the south, he sat plunged in thought. The minister was a little puzzled. This Shannon was quite unlike the overbearing Shannon that had come up on the train. The minister did not know what Shannon's emotions might be, but he hoped to help him. He felt that Shannon's conscience must be troubling him.

"What is there I can do, Shannon?" he asked.

Shannon lifted his head quickly. Sullen anger burned in his eyes.

"I'm just trying to figure out how I'm going about finding out who did kill Ballou," he said.



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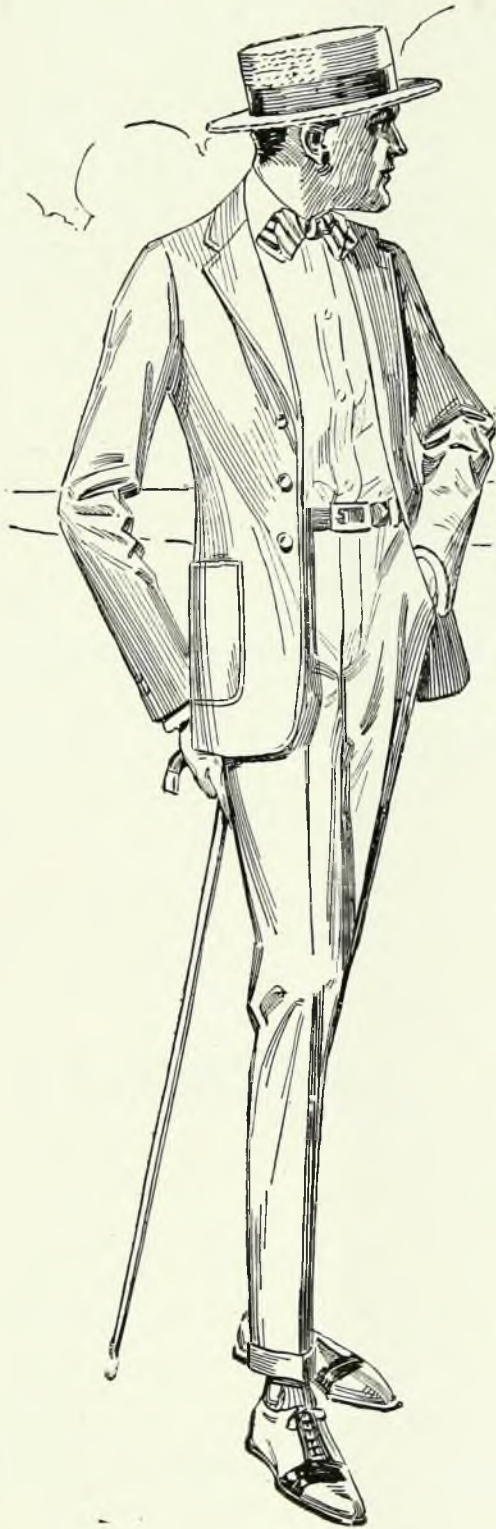
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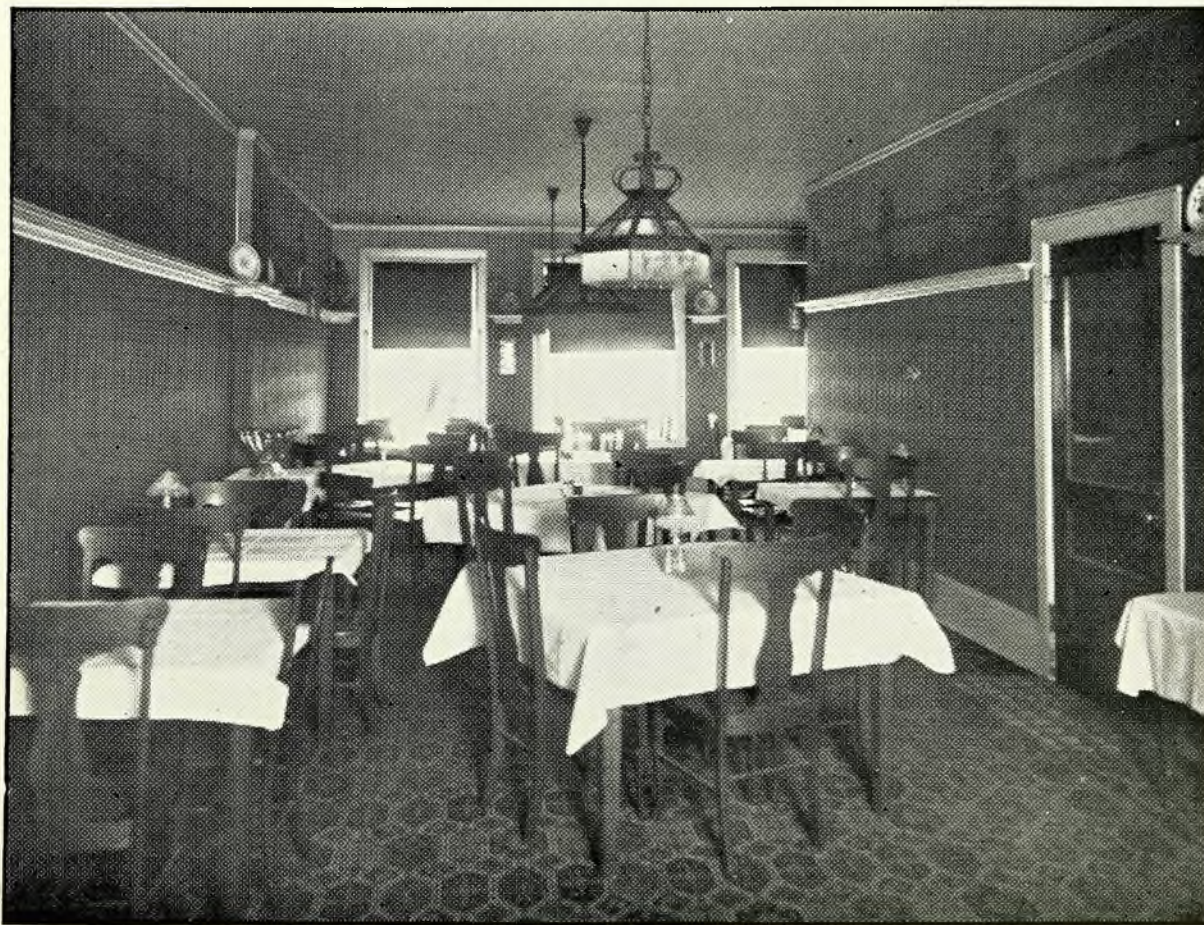
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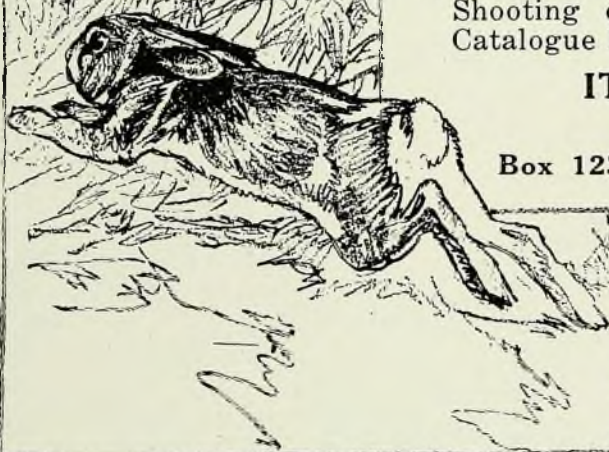
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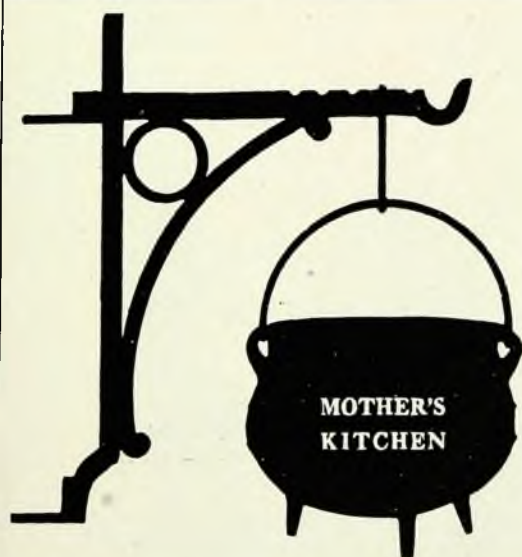
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XLIX

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Editors for this issue, W. E. REX, JR., E. L. DIVEN

It has been impressed upon us that tradition demands in the first number issued under the new board, a statement of our policy for the year. First

of all we wish to say
Our Policy that our policy will be the one which directs practically every publication, that is we shall aim to please our readers.

We have said that our policy will be to please our readers, and we will try our best so to do. But only too often we feel as if we were aiming at an invisible target, simply because we have no accurate means of gaging the measure of satisfaction or dissatisfaction which the various features of the ERA bring to our subscribers. On you, our readers, rests at least to a large extent, the responsibility for what the ERA will be. During the past year you have indeed accorded us a somewhat larger measure of financial support than

usually, but still we suffer from the absence of your constructive criticism. Of destructive criticism, so easy to offer, we have received much,—much of it was perhaps deserved. Constructive criticism, however, criticism which not only points out mistakes and failures but offers means of remedy has been almost entirely denied us.

Perhaps you feel that your suggestions if offered would be received with scant courtesy, would find an unworthy resting place in the office scrap basket. But our wastebaskets are far too full of our own rejected efforts to find room to hold suggestions which mean the very life and success of the publication. We know that it will take a little of your time, a little of your thought, but the new board earnestly requests the readers of the ERA to guide our attempts to please them by offering constructive criticism.

If there is any one thing which we, who have not yet left the University to enter actively into the service of our country must not forget, it is the gratitude and honor **Judge Not** which we owe to those of our number who have offered their services and their lives to the nation at the first call of duty. Only too often, we have heard unsparing, wholesale, condemnation by those who are still engaged in University work of those who have gone, condemnation not only of their judgment, but impeachment of their motives in responding to the call. A thing more unjustified, more unfair, more unpatriotic than this criticism, we cannot conceive of. Even granting that half of the men who have gone, have either committed an error in judgment or have left in order to escape university work, or both, were true, we maintain that out of respect to the unimpeachable motives and correct judgment of the rest who have volunteered, the carpers should hold their tongues.

But we believe that, although there may have been mistakes in judgment in some cases, every man who has left, has volunteered primarily from patriotic motives. Those, who for reasons sufficient to themselves, have as yet seen fit to wait, should remember that there still are, as there always have been, two sides to every question, in favor of both of which, sound argument can be advanced. Let each man decide for himself and accord to his fellows' decisions the same measure of respect which he would wish accorded to his.

It is true that during such a crisis as the one in which the country now finds itself, individual opinions, and individual wishes should be subordinated to the great will of the all as represented by the actions of the government at Washington. But there is one question which has not yet been decided, and which at the day of our going to press, has not been even formally discussed. On such a question, we feel that it is not out of place to voice an opinion.

This question is whether or not we should send troops to fight by the side of our allies in France. It is true that the United States can help in the common cause by furnishing funds, by raising produce, by keeping open with our navy the shipping lanes. But this is not enough when we can do more. The sum total of our duty in this struggle is represented by the sum total of our utmost ability. We can send troops abroad. Therefore we should send them. God forbid that the world shall ever see the spectacle of the United States going to war armed only with harvesting machines and dollar bills. Let us show that we too can sacrifice of our dearest and best, that we too can lay on the altar of principle the supreme offering.

It was not so long ago that Cornell students were proceeding evenly with their daily tasks, assuming their customary burdens and bearing them cheerfully. Now the rapid course of world events has forced us to fling open our

Poise

gates to influences which bear upon all of us, but naturally not with the same results. Some of us have already found our path of duty, some of us are waiting for our call to come. It is of the latter group we wish to speak.

On these the strain of waiting, the torture of uncertainty, the burden of decision, bear none too lightly. But let not those to whom the solution of the problem of duty has not yet come, lose their poise, their ability to judge, their sense of relative values. We are able to bear up sturdily enough at the beginning, but the continued, hourly, unremitting strain wears and wears until we rush off in desperation to do whatever first comes to hand, regardless of our fitness for the task or of the possibility of our being worth more to our country in some other field not yet definitely open to us, simply as a relief to the strain of inactive waiting.

We wish to make it clear that this is not intended as a criticism of any particular class who have chosen any particular branch of service as their own. We have been moved to this discussion rather by individual cases, which have come to our personal attention, of men whose reason and judgment have only too evidently been warped and swayed by the pressure of current events.

Let us then, until the time for action comes, perform the duties near at hand, whether they be the studies on which we now find it more difficult than ever to concentrate, or whether they embrace a thorough use of the opportunities afforded here for military training. Let us keep our poise

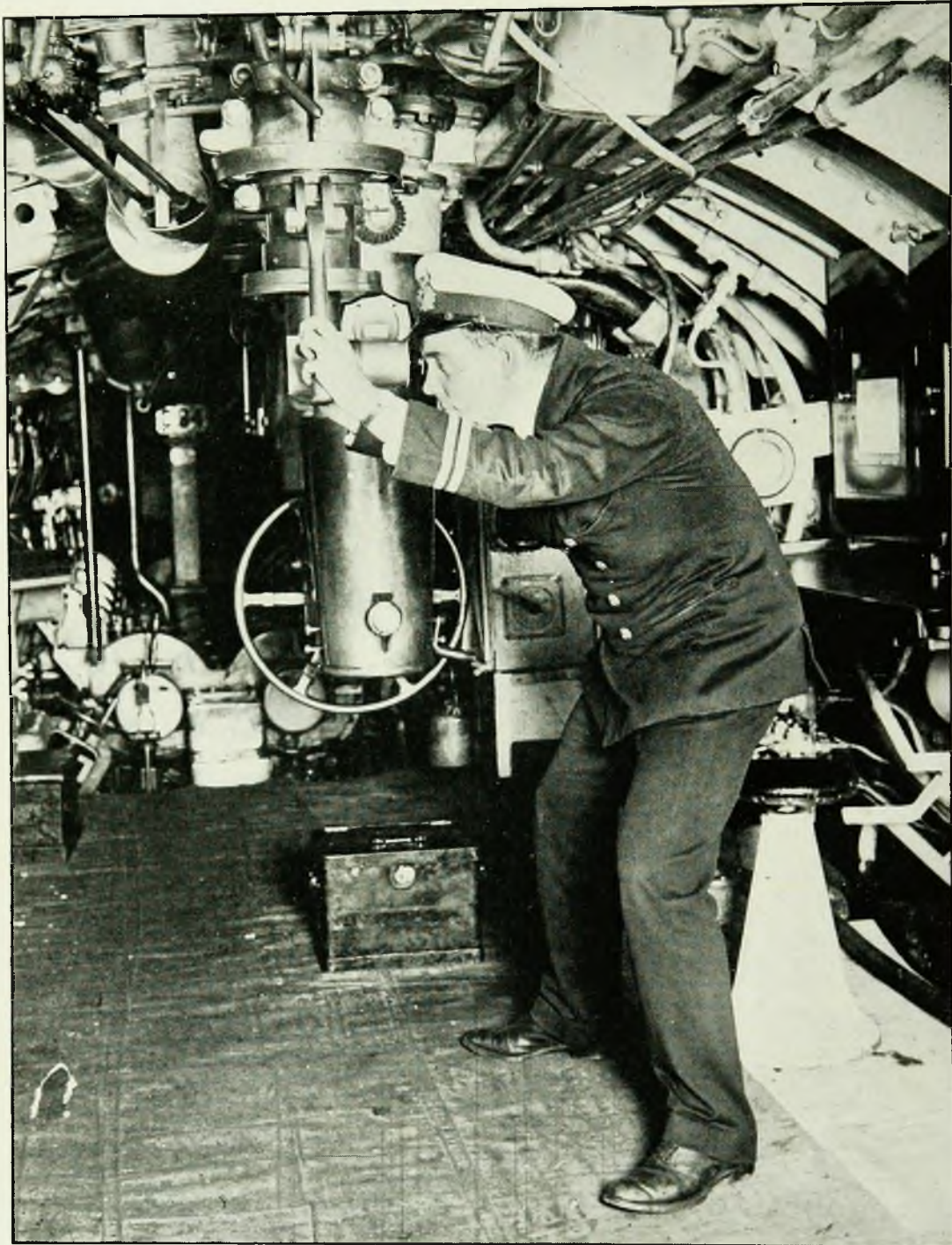
so that we may be ready to seize the eagerly awaited solution when it does come, and let us remember that the loss of poise may just as easily cause us to fail to recognize the arrival of opportunity, as it may militate against sound decision and well planned action.

Cornellians have heard so much since the declaration of war about England's mistake in sending in her first regiments as privates, many of her young men
An Opportunity who should have been held back to

officer the later contingents, that we have felt that it was not our duty to enlist as privates at the first call for volunteers, but that we should rather wait for a chance to be trained as officers. That opportunity has now been given. On May 14, the government will open officers' training camps through which it expects to secure ten thousand officers capable of instructing the large forces to be raised in the near future.

At the time of going to press, Cornellians have been coming forward in large numbers to take advantage of this chance to do their most for the nation, and we hope that every one of us who can comply with the various requirements, and who can serve his country in no better way, will volunteer his services.

The ERA announces with pleasure the election of L. B. June, '19 to the Photographic staff.



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SIGHTING THROUGH A PERISCOPE IN A BRITISH SUBMARINE

The Present Crisis

By JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

As I said in introducing the Honorable William Jennings Bryan for a lecture on Prohibition, there are no parties in the United States except the party of Americans, and the one leader we all follow is President Wilson, and the one cause we all pursue is the safety of the Republic and the maintenance among the nations of the world of liberty and democracy, law and justice, civilization and humanity. When the President of the United States deliberately recommends to Congress and the Nation a definite method of organizing the military resources and forces of the country, I for one support the President and I am confident that this also is the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of the Nation.

Secondly, the President is advised by the experts of the Government and of the Nation that a plan of selective conscription is necessary for the successful prosecution of the colossal war in which we are now engaged. It has always been the besetting sin of a democracy to ignore the advice of experts. John Stuart Mill pointed out a generation ago that this political defect was the real danger ahead of the Government of the United States. Since that time we have come to recognize even in times of peace the necessity of consulting experts and following their advice. And the establishment of public service and other commissions to whom we have delegated within general limits the function of legislation and administration in important fields of government

policy and action is the most striking illustration of the reform we have effected in this country. But however important it may be in times of peace to discover experts and follow their advice, it is absolutely essential to do so in times of war. A single mistake might entail on the country irreparable injury and lead to defeat when all the other conditions were favorable to victory. I submit that it is easier for the people or the representatives of the people in Congress to pass on the simple question of whether or not we shall have war than it is to determine how that war shall be conducted. This latter question we must leave for determination to the President and the military experts who are at his disposal. And when these unanimously agree in telling us that they regard the method of selective conscription as essential in this war, I submit that every citizen, however intelligent should loyally accept this decision.

Thirdly, I am in favor of selective conscription because it is the only sensible and just way of providing an army for modern warfare. The volunteer system was at least a tolerable one in the past when war was merely a contest between the armed forces of the nations. The present world war, everybody now sees, is a contest between the military, agricultural, economic, financial, scientific, and moral resources of the nations concerned. The whole nation must therefore be organized for this contest. And every man must be put

in his proper place—not the place he wants, but the place in which he can render the most effective service to the Nation. Obviously, this can be done only through the agency of the Government. Every man has an obligation to defend the Republic. And the corollary of that obligation is the right of the Government to call him out by conscription. But all men within certain limits of age being called out, the Government will make that disposition of them which is best and most advantageous for the Nation under the existing circumstances. Some will be retained for service in the armed forces of the Nation. Others will be excused from this supreme obligation in order to aid in the production of food, to maintain our soldiers and sailors and civilian population and to feed our allies, while still others will be excused for the purpose of working in munition factories or in other industries which are indispensable to the efficiency or success of our army and navy.

To imagine that a modern war can be conducted on the volunteer principle is to shut one's eyes to the changed character of warfare and the colossal energies of all kinds on which it is dependent. And the plan of selective conscription is as just as it is sensible and necessary. No man has a right to ask his neighbor to take his place at the front. Each citizen must be held up to the obligation to pay his own blood money. Any other method than conscription is unjust and undemocratic. In a democracy every man counts one, and no one counts for more or less than one. There is no higher obligation than to

die for one's country, but that is an obligation for which every citizen alike is liable. Justice consists of equality of treatment under similar conditions. The method of conscription is absolutely just.

The idea of selection in connection with conscription brings to the front an element of justice which the modern world has too often overlooked. Plato tells us that the ideal republic is a political organization which embodies justice or, as he puts it, in which justice is "writ large." And in working out that idea of justice, Plato finds that an essential element of it is that every citizen shall do the work for which he is best fitted. This is, as I understand it, the philosophy underlying President Wilson's policy of selection with conscription. All citizens within certain ages are to be called to the defense of the Republic. But those who can serve the Republic best by working on the farms or in munition, chemical or similar factories, will be assigned to those duties because the special aptitudes and experiences of these men and the needs of the Republic in this emergency make that assignment most conducive to the public welfare. The United States is to-day at war with the most highly organized nation in the world. We shall doom our best efforts to paralysis if we do not learn from our enemy and put into practice the lesson of thoroughgoing, scientific organization.

I earnestly hope that Congress will enact into law the President's recommendation in regard to selective conscription. So far as my observations

(Continued on page 639)

Universal Military Training and Service

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, President of *The Outlook*

I have never heard of anybody, not even the most radical pacifist, who claims that a Nation can make war successfully without trained men. A man would be about as sensible to go into war without training as he would be to jump into the deepest part of Cayuga Lake without having tried swimming in shallow water; or to go into a Cornell-Pennsylvania football game without knowing what a punt is; or to try to play first base on the 'Varsity Nine without knowing which hand to put his "mitt" on.

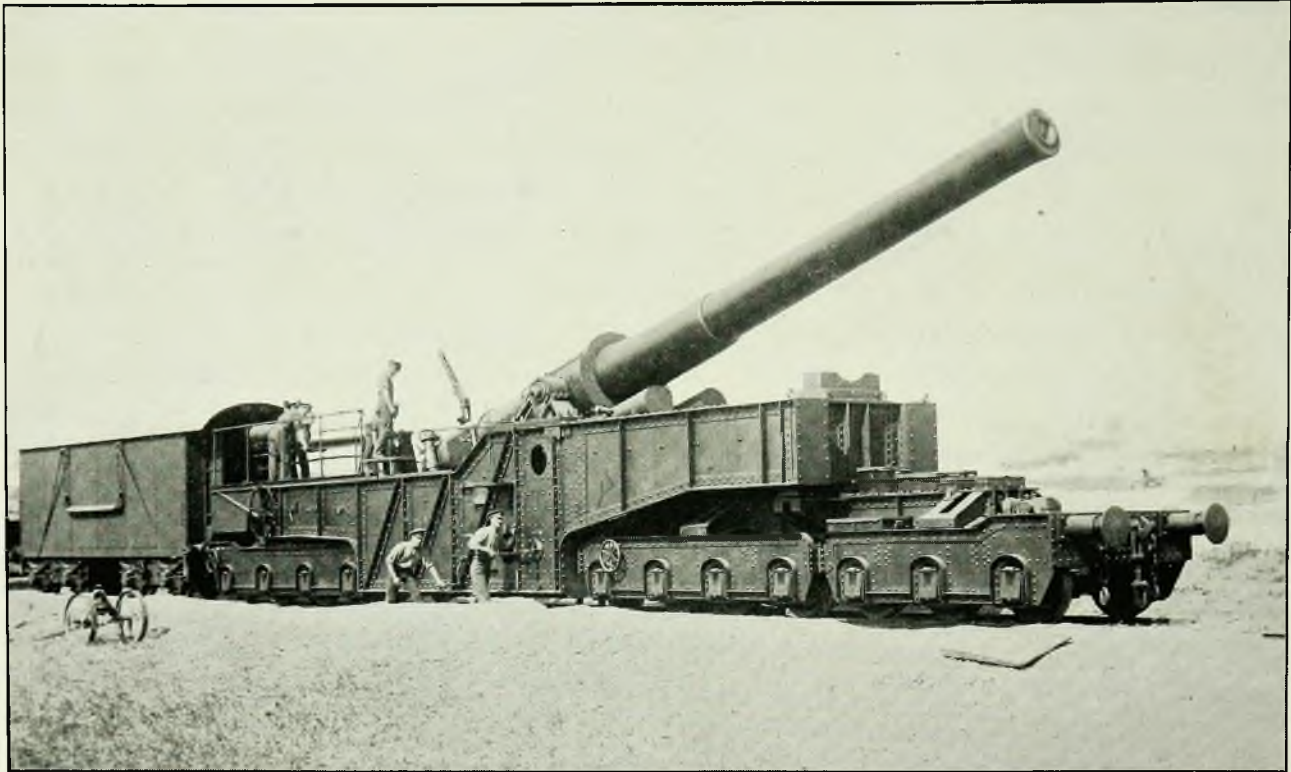
The trouble is that the pacifists think military training is synonymous with war and they think that by refusing to train for war we shall abolish war. No sensible American likes war but it cannot be prevented by simply not liking it. It is here; it exists, bad as it is, in the present stage of civilization; and it must be dealt with as a practical and not as an academic question. To quote President Cleveland's memorable words "it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us." A man who says "I do not like war because it is bloody and therefore I won't protect myself against it by carrying a gun" is like a man who should say, "I don't like rain because it is wet and therefore I won't protect myself against it by carrying an umbrella."

Nor is universal training for defense against warlike attacks, militarism. Militarism is a product not of powder and gun but of the spirit. The farmers at Lexington in our revolution and the Minute Men under

John Marshall in Virginia were not militarists. When the danger was over they went back to their farms, their stores and their professions; so did the soldiers on both sides in our Civil War. The spirit of militarism is not produced in the training camp. It is produced in the home, in the school and in the university if it is produced at all. In Switzerland every able bodied young man is trained to be a soldier, but Switzerland is not a militaristic nation because in its homes, schools and universities the principles of free government, the rights of man and friendly economic and social relations with other governments are taught. Germany is a militaristic Nation not because it has a great body of trained soldiers but because for twenty-five years in its homes, schools and universities its philosophers and historians have maintained that "war is a biological necessity," that "the will to power and conquest is noble" and that "military necessity knows no law." If Cornell University should establish a chair to teach these doctrines I should oppose it with all my might, but I support with all my might the work which Cornell University is doing in its regular course to make its students physically fit to protect, if need be by force, the women and children of this country and the democratic rights of man throughout the world.

These are some of the reasons, although not all, why I am in favor of universal military training and service.

On the British Front



One of Their Monster Guns

Courtesy of Head



Passed by the British Board of Censorship

A Transport Passing Thru a Wood

Courtesy of Head

War—A Developer of Leaders

By DR. ANDREW D. WHITE

If the present war lasts for any length of time, the men that enlist, and throw themselves heartily into the service, and make good, are the future political leaders of the country. History is full of examples of men who rose from the commonplace and earned a place of fame and renown because they made a success of military duties.

However, this should in no way be an incentive to the undergraduates of Cornell University to throw up their college work at this time, and enlist without thought of the future. I heartily agree with the statement made by Major-General Leonard Wood that the college students should continue for the present in the pursuit of their studies, at least until some definite policy has been agreed upon, and it is known just how many men are needed. College undergraduates must guard against the over enthusiasm of the times. With all the facilities that Cornell University has in the way of preparedness, it would seem as if the students might well continue their work and at the same time if it is their intention to enter the service, undertake to drill here in Ithaca under the provision for them made by the Department of Military Science.

The wars that the United States have engaged in have developed many of our most successful men. It is doubtful whether a great many of them would have ever risen before the public eye if there had been no wars, enabling them to show their powers of leadership, character and ability. A most interesting example of this may be found in that period

surrounding the Mexican War of 1846. Zachary Taylor was the general who successfully led our army against Santa Anna. It was President Polk and his secretary Marcy who had desired war with Mexico, yet the American public were not interested in them. People were watching the men who were fighting, they were looking forward to the time when they could establish the victorious fighters as their political leaders. And so when the Mexican war terminated, and the time for the presidential election drew near, Zachary Taylor was chosen as the Republican candidate. He had no political experience, but the good sense and kindness which had led soldiers to call him "Rough and Ready" recommended him to popular favor. At the elections of 1848 he became President of the United States. Colonel Pierce also earned a reputation in the Mexican War and he also received his reward in the form of election to the presidency.

During the Civil War I was frequently in Syracuse. There was a young fellow there who was assistant county clerk. He was practically unknown. When war was declared he enlisted. He was a West Point graduate so it was not difficult for him to obtain a commission. He turned out to be a sterling soldier and a first class leader. When introduced to us in the annals of history he appears as General Henry W. Slocum, right hand man to General Sherman, and a military hero. He was an assistant county clerk in Syracuse!

In those same days there was a bright, thoughtful, vigorous school teacher in the Onondaga Valley near

Syracuse. He was greatly interested in the questions involved in the Civil War and was among the first to enlist in one of the Onondaga regiments. He was wounded twice and revisited his old home at various times, first as Captain, then as Colonel, and finally as Brigadier-General Henry A. Barnum, and as long as he lived people were glad to honor him by positions in the civil service.

About the same time that Slocum left the office stool to win fame and fortune, another man threw up his job as teamster for a tannery to enlist in the Union forces. When he next appears he is a Major General and leader of the entire Union army. When the war was over, it was Grant, the commander-in-chief of the victorious army, that became President. Another man had been made by war.

And still a third man may be mentioned as a product of the Civil War. He is General Sherman, famous for his victorious march to the sea. When war was declared, he was a professor in a little college in Louisiana. It is doubtful whether he

would ever have been known if there had not been a war for him to show what was in him.

And so we may look for our future leaders among those men who show themselves fit in the war we have just entered. They will be recognized, as people all over the country have been recognized, as men who went to war and did things. They will be praised by the people they have left behind, and will be thought of for positions of importance when they return.

I was professor at the University of Michigan during the Civil War, and many of my students went to war. Some lost their lives in the war because there was a scarcity of trained officers. Such organizations as the Officers Reserve Corps are very important and necessary organizations. You must have trained leaders in time of crisis. Many of my students who went to the front and who did well were sent to Congress or other public positions. They were among those who had done well in war and in whom the country was interested.



"Pup" Tents

Courtesy of Alumni News

The American Ambulance Field Service

By PROFESSOR M. W. SAMPSON

The American Ambulance Field Service was organized by Americans in Paris who wished to do something to show their practical sympathy with the cause for which France is fighting. They made over a few Ford cars into ambulances, and successfully and expeditiously transported wounded soldiers. It soon appeared that the light cars could be driven on difficult roads where the heavy European ambulances were useless, and as a consequence the Service grew in size and importance until representatives of sixty American colleges were enrolled, and until the French generals vied with one another in having the American cars attached to their divisions.

The ambulances of the Service have transported five hundred thousand wounded soldiers. More than fifty of the drivers have been cited in the French orders of the day for their courage and devotion, and have received the coveted Cross of War. A very large number of the soldiers owe their lives to the Service, for the ambulances have gone in many places where previously there was no means of transport for the grievously wounded, save by carrying on the backs of mules from the battle field to the nearest hospital. The range of activity and the speed of the light cars meant time saved and comfort given, and that meant the difference between life and death.

A Cornell man, Edward Tinkham, '16, who had been for nine months in the Service, returned to the university with the hope of raising a Cornell

unit of twenty-two men to engage in the splendid work which he knew so well at first hand, and had performed so well that he had won the Cross of War. Tinkham has succeeded in his effort. A group of thirty-three Cornell men sailed for France April 14, and half a dozen more sailed April 21. More are going; and still more are willing and ready to go, if the necessary expenses can be met.

It fell to the rest of us to try to raise money to meet the expenses of the men volunteering. The cost for one man for the minimum six months of service is \$350, the cost of an ambulance is \$1000, and its upkeep for a year \$600. Contributions of \$1600 each for cars have been made by Willard Straight, '01, and by the Cornell Club of Michigan; and from E. N. Sanderson, '87, a gift of \$1700 has been received. The Cornell Club of Elmira has contributed \$400; the Women's Committee of Ithaca, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Weld, raised approximately \$700; a dance given in the Armory under the management of the Misses Bement brought in about the same amount; and private subscriptions amounted to \$1100. Including the money furnished by the men who paid their own expenses,—about \$9000,—the Cornell contribution at present is approximately seventeen thousand dollars.

Twenty-five of the men made themselves responsible for their charges, and eight were financed by the contributions made to the committee. The generosity of Professor Upton,

(Continued on page 639)

Gehenna

By R. E. M., '17

Gehenna groaned and rumbled.
Vomiting, and pale, Jealousy reared his horny, warty face
And scratched the open sore which served as nose,
And swore and snorted;
Then ground a callous, three-toed foot into the muck,
And slapped three times his enslimmed hands—phosphoric sprites.
Answ'ring the signal came Selfishness—
Garbed not as fiendishly
As him to whom she came;
But not because of lack of artfulness of spirit,
But of hellish vogue.
Around her grime-encrusted brow she wore a band,
Bright red it was, but spotted yellow
Like a snake's throat.
Her gore-bespattered arms hung ape-wise over the shoulders
Of Jealousy
As they embraced.
Obscene!
He spoke: "Your mission?—All is well?"
Then hurled a boulder at a passing dove
And felled it.
"Brutality, Nefariousness, and Treachery agree,
"But Barbarism and Futility hold out.
"I saw not Peace or Wisdom," she replied.
"Hell take those two," said he
And spit gore on his hands,
"I have enlisted Death and Misery.
"The ultimatum goes tomorrow."
He swung around and with his fist
Knocked her dead at his feet,
And sneered.

"A boy," the nurse anonced; and then
Fritz let the lines around his mouth
Relax. His eyes lit up again
As they had done three years before;
When, straining at the bedroom door
He'd caught the whisper, "Boy." The drouth
Of milk, incurred by French invaders
Had killed him—'70's unjust labors.

Fritz Hinden of Alsace, his name;
Sara, his wife's. Plain, simple folk,
Devoid of learning, wealth, or fame—
And German, therefore staunch and strong,
To further good and right a wrong—
—But German! "He will aid," Fritz spoke
To Sara, with the babe on the bench,
Neath the shrubs, "avenging us the French."

"Some day our boy will lead the drives
"Against the Paris that has robbed
"Us of our tongues, our homes, our lives.
"Diplomat, strategist, soldier,
"Brutality worthier and bolder
"Than Sulla!! Four million men mobbed
"Behind him steady, waiting, then hurled,
"Gainst the world—to conquer the world.

"To God and our country we owe,
"That my life, and yours, and the boy's
"Are given to hate—let us go
"To our death while knowing that we well
"Have taught our son the arts of—Hell.
"The spume, the grime, the blood, the noise,
"Of a second Sedan shall make him
"Their own, their child, or let them break him."

And Fritz who since the war had weighed
Some lead-weight more soon died. His son
Grew up, and ever he was swayed
By mil'taristic thoughts. He learnt
"French" meant "Satanic" and he burnt
With passionate desire to run
Quickly the course of youth—then rise
To lead a war—in Freedom's guise.

At seven years young Fritz knew well
The use of sword, the use of gun.
At ten could better shoot than spell.
He played and thought and plotted—war—;
A volunteer the year before
He entered service, nor did shun
His duties or his studies when
He reached command in Nineteen Ten.

With dogged persistence did he plan,
Railroads, magazines, fortresses,
Munition works, three times more than
The world had ever seen. Soldiers
Were censused, not men; and bolder
Grew von Hinden till redresses,
Hurled against the world invoked
Reply, insult,—war, bloody, smoked.

Yet keep your tongues from lashing Fritz;
For he was good, God-fearing, pure,
With lusts evolved not from the pits
Of Hell, but from Humanity.
Not rapacious nativity
Impelled him, No! Nor was greed the lure,
Nor avarice, nor love of hate
But accident, ill-bearing Fate.

“Mini just look at his chest and his arms,
“And feel of his leg, and his back, and neck,
“Lord, but he’ll be strong.
“We’ll pray to God he be kept from the harms,
“And dangers of war that cost my eye, and wreck
“A man for a song.

“Mini, he’ll never see a gun if we
“Can have our way. And war shall be a vice
“Which he will avoid.
“Our Pete, a Frenchman, shall be the one to see
“And make the world see, Peace. I’m old, advice
“From me would be void.

“But Mini you must build him up and make
“A man of him. Think not too much of limbs
“But nurture his mind!
“Instill a fear of war and let him slake
“Ambition’s thirst at what we now call whims,
“‘Peace Now—War Behind.’”

And soon old Peter died and young Pete grew
To be the man his father hoped he would;—
Stalwart, without blame.
Well-schooled, well-bred, was he and true
To his life’s work—to snuff with a hood
Of reason, war’s flame.

He sacrificed, sweated, near killed himself,
To further his father's plan. Day and night
He studied and dreamed.
France first, France last—but not by war. No blight
To honor it seemed.

For Pete was big. His patriotism not shammed.
But pure and real, inborn. He worked for France
And Frenchmen ever.
What patriotism in four million men demand
To slaughter when some Regal Highness rants
And pulls a lever

That makes two million mothers sonless
That entrenches brother against brother
That glorifies hate.
This Pete's creed. Accomplished he had done less
Than Christ but little. Meanwhile worked another
Peace to implicate.

Pete lessened France's army, rewarded
Intellect not marksmanship. Put pencil
Where gun had been.
Not radical, but sure. He accorded
Men their human right to live and then still
Further worked for him.

But ultimately came to Pete his chance.
Diplomacy distorted brought it forth.
And he was happy.
For now he saw his way to give to France
Triumph in Peace.—Hosts gathered in the North
Spoke war, unhappy.

"France, man your minds! Your swords the dew shall rust!
"Is there amongst you any who would kill
"A brother man?
"Let France in Peace and Honor ever trust;
"Peace is our cross, our war; our will Christ's will;
"Whom would He damn?"

Then kings forgot, and men grew hot with diabolic hatred.
The wires flashed as strong wills clashed, forgetting love is sacred.
Two days dragged by, then came the cry, "To arms ye men of honor
"Fight for your state, help expurgate the hostile curse upon her."

From calm to flood, pure soil to mud, from homes to camps—or
what not

Five nations' men, by scratch of pen, would kill—and die—or
what not.

March

March

March ye noble men of honor

March and slaughter

March ye, march ye, march ye to the slaughter ditches.

Tramp

Tramp

Tramp ye down the God that's in ye

Tramp and slaughter

Tramp ye, tramp ye, tramp ye to the slaughter ditches.

March

March

March ye slayers of your brothers

March and slaughter

March ye, march ye, march ye to the slaughter ditches.

The battle o'er, the counting of the dead
Came next; the lists were posted. At the head
Of the rough board table sat our Pete, his face
Drawn into lines all time could not erase;
Of hate and war they told; of death and grave,
Of killing mates whose wives they died to save;
Of killing fathers, husbands, brothers, men!
"Our dead today are but four hundred ten."
Pete hardly heard, then rose and banged his fist
Down on the boards. "Four hundred—but we missed
"Our chance to massacre each single man
"By too-quick moves of cannon which began
"When they retreated first. Our's wasn't war;
"But silly, foolish child-play: Hinden tore
"Our first defense to shreds by soldiery
"But you, you apes, fight miserably and cowardly."
He gave his orders curtly—savagely
And pushing roughly from him all his aides
Flung out into the night. He heard the spades
As they poured lime into the pits where lay
The stinking parts of twice two hundred men.
Above him hung the sky; drear, smoked and gray,

Coursed through by hissing streamers now and then.
Then to the rumpled sod beneath he spoke,
"Dear gentle God above I would invoke
"Your aid in ending this dread holocaust;
"Humanity has all its justice lost,
"Men kill where once they lived and loved—and smiled;
"Men have your Son forgot, blasphemed, defiled.
"Dear gentle God I love my France, I must!
"I cannot let her die, nor see her crushed
"With all herself; for I can fight—and do.
"And did I not, I were no son to you!
Because my people could not worship Peace
"Shall I break trust, my jealousies release?
"Dear God I cannot! Where she goes I lead,
Bleed with her—if she will—make others bleed."
Pete had walked hard and fast and now he came
To a flat, open space. Beneath, the flame
Of his camp burned subdued; and farther north
The lights and flames of Hinden's camp shone forth.
Red are those fires, thought Pete, red as the blood
Of all those men I've killed. Just then a flood
Of light from rockets signalling below
Lit up the night and Pete saw, kneeling low
Upon the scraggy rocks a man, and then
He stopped and heard: "Dear gentle God above
"Put love and justice in our hearts again.
"I cannot kill, I cannot hate—I love!"
Pete ran and raised the prayer to his feet;
They clasped their hands and said, "Dear Fritz," "Dear Pete."
"I heard your prayer dear Fritz, it was to mine
"A twin. God grant them both. But Fritz your line
"Of second gun defense is ghastly weak."
"It will not be tomorrow! Here, your cheek,"
And touched it with his lips. Then Pete kissed Fritz
And went;—back to his guns, his dead, his tears,
His maps, his blood, his trenches, and his mists
Of hatred and despair. While Fritz's fears
Were only that Pete reach his camp alive.
And both were thinking of the next day's drive.

Gehenna gushed rivers of gore.
Quakings and rumblings shook down house after house
Of bones and skulls.
Jealousy sat at his dinner;

Of cannon and of wire, barbed viciously,
Was the table.
His cups were knee-joints, finger-bones his forks.
“ 'Tis strange” he rasped “religions all forget me;
“I am supreme” and ground a baby toe
Between his long, brown tusks.
“I am supreme,
“And my best sketch
“Is war!!”



FACULTY DRILL

Courtesy of Alumni News

Mario Menocal, '88

"Cornell men can be proud of the splendid record he has made. Cuba is prospering wonderfully under the strong and efficient government of which he is at the head." With these words S. C. Jones, '88, now Superin-



tendent of the New York Military Academy, paid tribute to his former class-mate, President Mario Menocal of Cuba.

Cornellians' interest in Menocal begins with his enrollment in the College of Civil Engineering in 1884.

As soon as trouble began brewing in Cuba, Menocal left this country and secured a position with the railroad company which then controlled the steam transportation in Cuba. When the Cuban revolution broke out

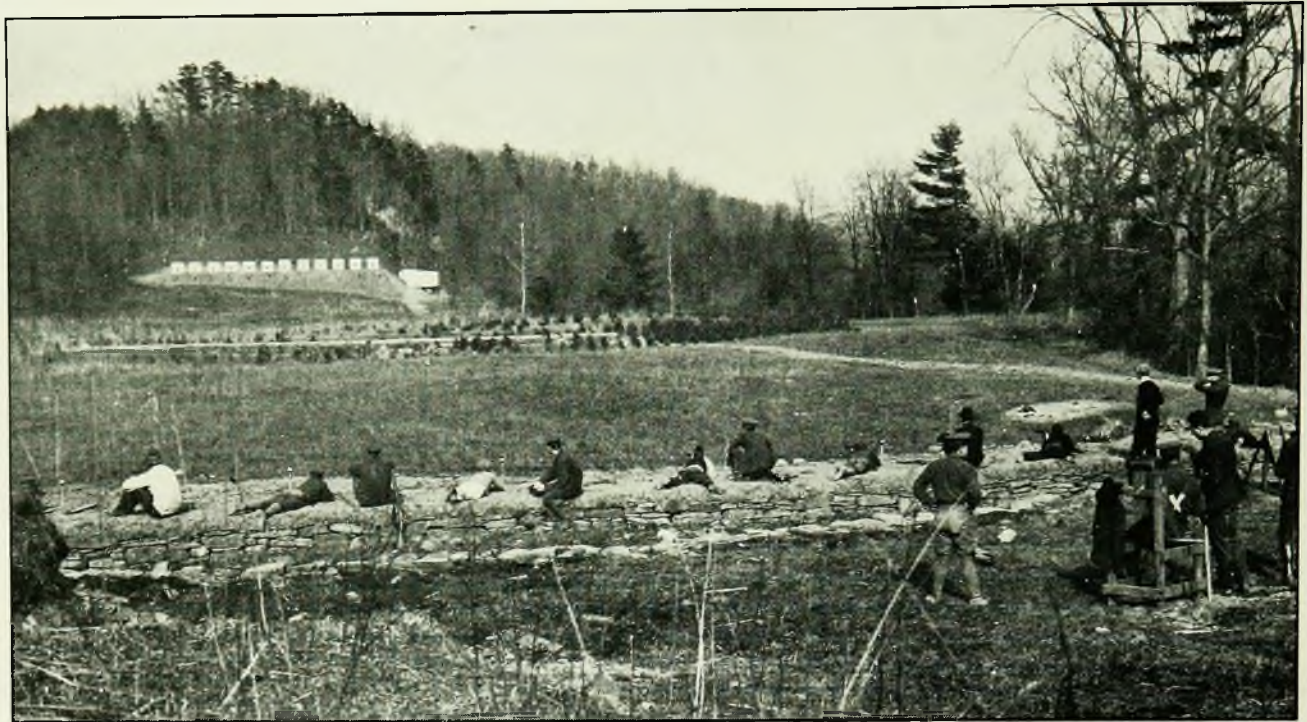
in earnest, he left his employers and joined the Cuban army as a private. His ability was soon recognized and promotion quickly followed. Before long he attained the rank of Major-General of the Fifth Corps, which office he filled throughout the entire War of Liberation.

At the close of the war, Menocal meant to retire from public life; but Major General Ludlow, then Provisional Governor-General of Havana, asked him to build up the then disorganized police force of Havana, and appointed him Chief of Police. He kept this office for several years; and, at the time of his resignation, left behind him a police force that would be a credit to any city.

In 1906 there was a little trouble in Cuba, and he and a few fellow-generals took it upon themselves to stamp it out, which they did in a very effective manner.

This event served to bring him into public light, and in 1908 the Conservative party nominated him as their candidate for the presidency. In this election he was defeated by General Gomez, the Liberalist candidate. Both men had made enviable reputations in the War of Liberation, but Menocal was a Conservative, while Gomez catered to the masses. In a later election Menocal triumphed over his opponent by a large majority and in the same year was inaugurated as President of Cuba. Last year President Menocal was re-elected.

Practice on the Rifle Range



Why We Are in the War

By THOMAS L. MASSON, Editor of *Life*

We live on phrases.

It was not so very long ago that we were extracting what nourishment we could from the phrase "neutral in thought as well as deed." Now we are subsisting quite largely on "a war for humanity's sake." During the Spanish War it was "Remember the Maine." As a matter of fact most people did not want to remember the Maine. They wanted to forget her.

So it was a short time ago that few of us were neutral in thought although we might have been in deed. Nobody, however, wishes to be neutral on any question if he can help it. There is no excitement in being neutral. But we went along as best we could, many of us foaming at the mouth, inwardly hating the Kaiser, and wishing that he and his trained band of horror experts could be put out of business. When we discovered that they were not being put out of business, we began to grow anxious. And when at last we came in, we came in with a rush. Now we shall doubtless see the thing through as we ought to have begun to do long ago.

In my opinion "a war for humanity's sake"—while I must say it has a slight suggestion of can't about it—is an admirable and noble phrase to hang by. We are all of us at times—if there is any real meat on our bones—engaged in a war for humanity's sake. The heroes of peace, if they could be lined up, would out-

number the heroes of war many times over. For war after all, is but a speeding up of the film in the great chronology. We maim and kill perhaps 50,000 men a year on our streets and railroads, as a regular business. But if we should do it all in one week—that would be war. So in the long march of history, the struggle of the nations now taking place is but an incident. In the midst of it, each one is doing his "bit" or getting ready to—it is perhaps just as well to remember that. During the past few weeks—this is written in the middle of April, 1917—at least six men have said to me "Well, we must all be patriotic now. We must wave the flag!"

I agree to that. But I should like to ask, "Why not be patriotic all the time? Perhaps it would not be so necessary to be so intensely patriotic at one period, if we were not so much less at others. We appear to be more patriotic under pressure. I do not mean that we are necessarily unpatriotic at other times. We are just careless. Now carelessness is something which is veined into every human grade. That is, you will find a stratum of it in each one of us as we go upward in the scale. We have young children who are careless in their own special and characteristic manner. We have young men in college who are careless in quite a different manner from the children. And their fathers reprove them greatly. Yet the fathers themselves are care-

less. They are careless about their country. They become absorbed in their business, in their sports, in anything but government. They let their country alone as long as they can, until something big happens. Then, in the face of an impending disaster, they wave the flag, shout mightily and say "I'll send my boy"—no matter how careless the boy may be. As a matter of fact those boys of ours have frequently been so careless with the enemy as to destroy him.

Now this is "all right," as we Americans say so often. I'm for war. I'm for the country. I'm for sending the boys and going in to the hilt and making a clean job of it. But I must say that I wish some of the fathers who are now shouting so hard, hadn't been so careless about the country before. I must say I wish they had long ago read Major Upton's great book on the Military Policy of the United States, and just lent their minds to doing a few things that ought to have been done at that time. But we mustn't hold it up against them now. This is no time for post mortems. It is time to know where we are at. One of the reasons why it is so extremely difficult to find this out is because there are so many prophets. Everybody has a theory, not only about this war, and when it will end, but about the next one. Everybody also knows for a fact several things. That Germany is starving. That Germany has enough food to last for years. That the submarines will get worse. That they will get better. So we can either take our choice, or we can do what Lin-

coln did. He said he got through the war by disposing of one thing at a time. That is probably the best way.

As for myself, I firmly believe that we ought not to bother so much about predictions or opinions, as to try to get it firmly into our heads just what war means. It is a great help to know just what you are fighting for—to know it in such a way that you can walk around it and, viewing it from various angles, always find it the same.

We think of it of course as a kind of concrete, visible war, something that can be seen and heard and handled. We are all of us fairly familiar with what I may term the properties—the trenches, the big guns, the enormous shells and their terrific noise—of men shot up in all stages—countless dead—desolation—horror. We see all that and wonder at it all dimly like children groping in the dark. We seem to feel in a general sort of way that we are not to add to all that; on the contrary we hope that by our fighting it will shorten all this hellish business; we shall by our help crush it out like a fire, albeit we may kill and slaughter also. We want to do that: we want to do our share to get it well over with and we are willing to atone for our sins of omission in the past, and all the more eager to show our spirit of sacrifice now. And, along with this psychologic mixture, is the sneaking shame of our having made money out of the war—of the lurid golden hours we have spent in cafes or burning up gasoline, or piling up deposits in the banks,—we say to ourselves that we'll show the British

and French now of what stuff we are really made and not having it a reproach any more for them to call us "Yanks" or pussy footers.

For all that is a curious thing about nations just as it is about people. You say for example that your friend Robinson is mean; and then suddenly, without any warning, Robinson pops up some day and does a glorious thing and you have to classify him over. The truth is that Robinson like England, France, Germany and America, is a mixture of various things. So we have been mean and selfish and hesitating and hiding under Britain's Navy apron strings until we were shamed out of it, and now Glory be! we shall show our stuff—we shall give back our ill gotten gains, and take pot luck with the rest of the boys until we shall all send out cards "At home—Berlin."

What then are we fighting for? Is it to get into Berlin? No. Is it for humanity? Well, yes. But particularly and specially it is for ourselves. Each one of us, as individuals, has had the experience of going through a struggle with himself before coming to some big moral decision. And before we came to it, and put on our war paint, we've done mean little things and gone a bit wild. Well, that is what America has been doing—just a big sort of young fellow making up his mind after all to take his medicine—for what? Why, for himself.

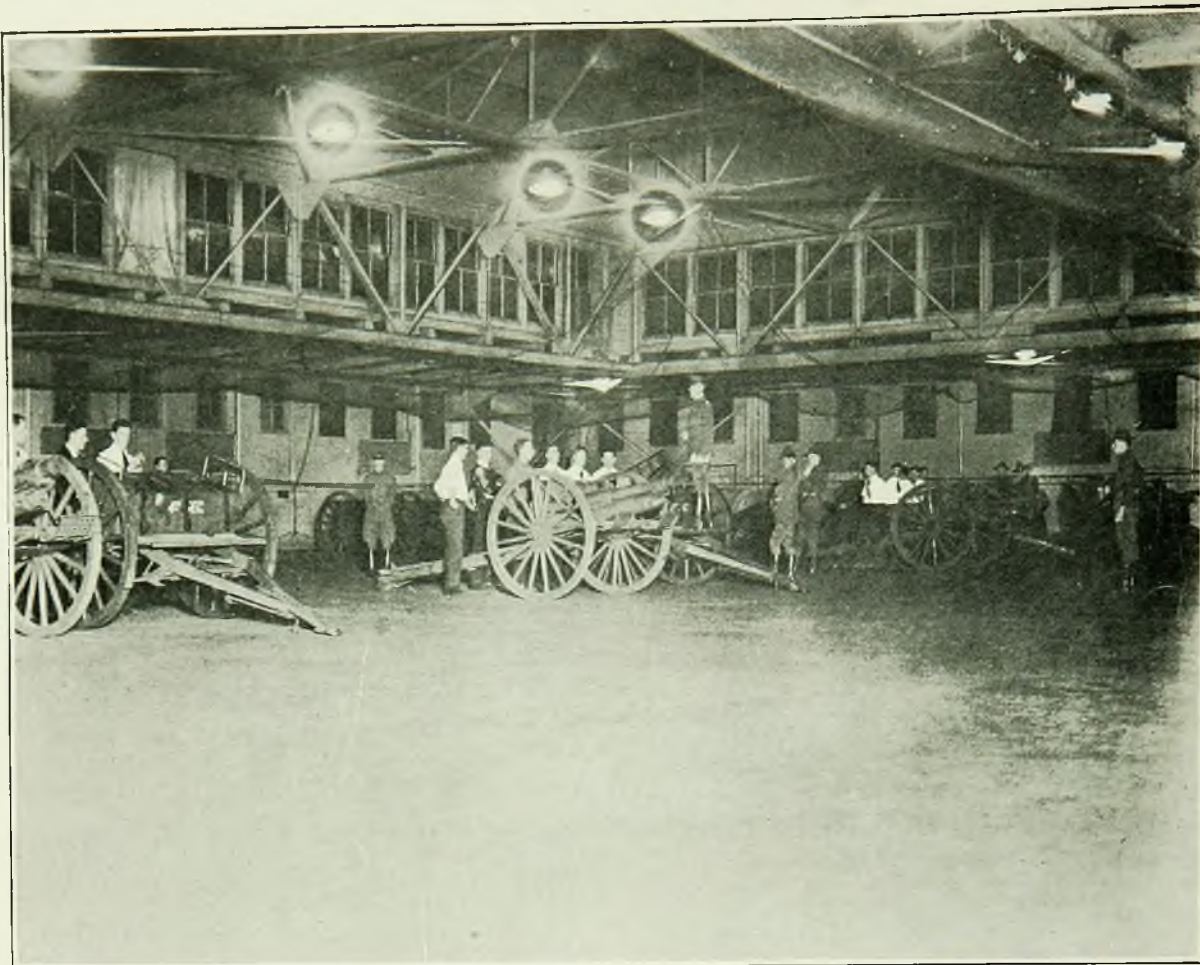
Yes—make no mistake about that—we are fighting for ourselves. Not for immediate prosperity, not necessarily for our safety (for otherwise

we might have done that before), but for our future, for the something in us which makes it worth while for us to hold together.

We could not stop ourselves from doing this. The Socialists could not stop us. The pro-Germans could not stop us. The Pacifists could not stop us. They did keep us back. But after all, they are only just like the doubts in the back of a man's head when he is making up his mind. And we are all in for ourselves, not to make money out of it any more, thank God! but because the shame of not being in it before has overwhelmed us, and we're in it just because we've got to make good—with ourselves. Neither Great Britain nor France could have shamed us into it, if there hadn't been something in us which, more than they, shamed us.

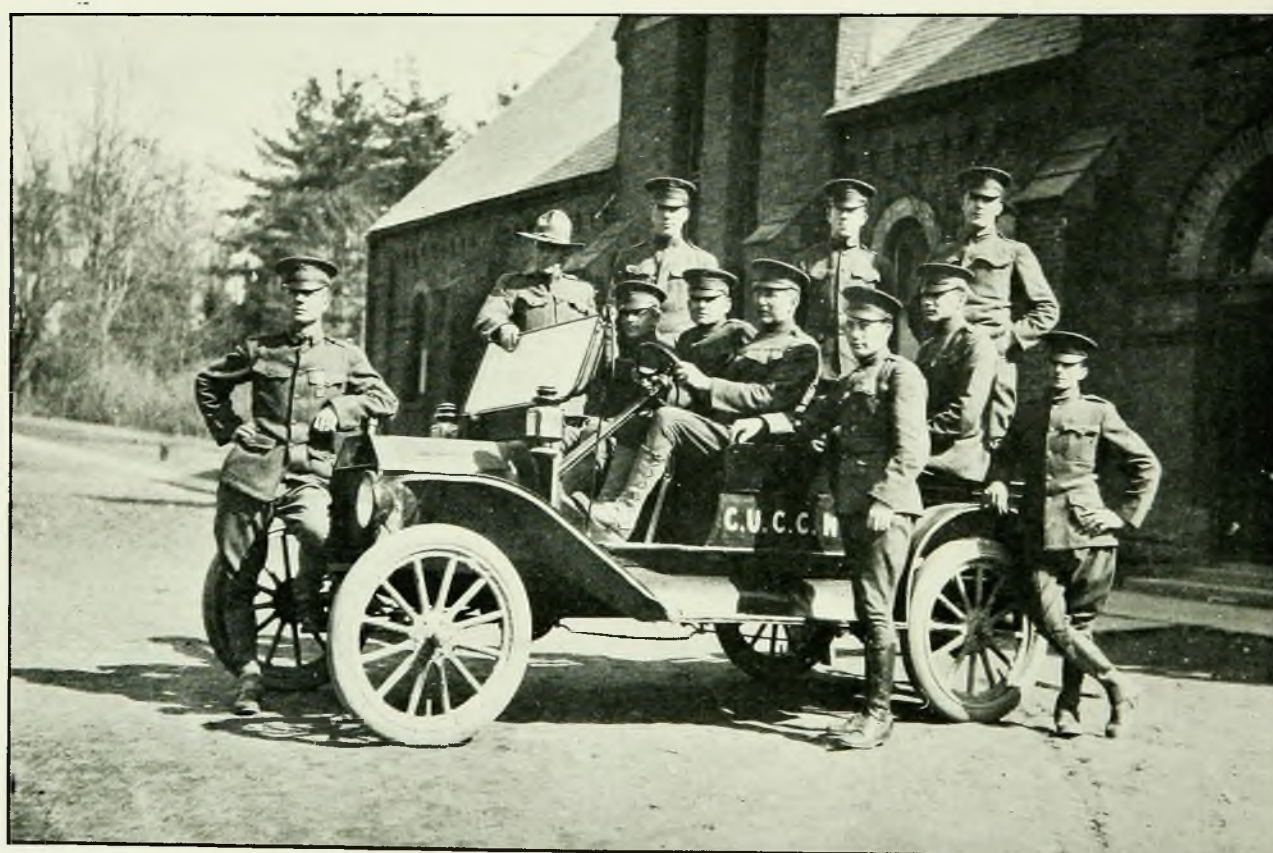
So that now when we think that we are in the war for humanity's sake, we are really in it for the humanity that is within us, and which reaches out to our brothers the world over. There are many people who believe quite genuinely that the world is built entirely upon utilitarian principles. It is, quite largely. It necessarily has to be. But there is something else inside of each one of us, when our country goes to war, that speaks a different story.

So it is with all men and so it is with America at the present time. We respond to that nobler call of the soul, often drowned out in sordid things—we respond to it, because it is the only way we can be true to ourselves. And that is what we are in the war for.



Yale's R. O. T. C. at Drill

Courtesy Yale Courant



Army Sergeants Assisting in the Instruction of the Cornell Corps

An Undergraduate's Dream

I left Cornell when the call came
To join the mosquito fleet,
I took the first train for Newport
Where the ladies grow trim and neat.

I've spent twenty days at Newport
Mid women and wine and song,
And take it from me my college pals
Come here and you can't go wrong.

I can see a fine summer ahead, boys,
Swell cruizing on Vanderbilt's yacht,
The week-ends I'll spend here in Newport
With all the cute maidens—why not?

I was low in my work when the call came,
That I sure was to bust was my fear,
Yet here I am in the naval reserve
With credit obtained for the year.

The girls here all think I'm a hero,
Oh its fine to feel that your great,
The joke of it is there's nothing to do,
Nothing but loaf and wait.

There's a chance that I'll get a commission,
For that's what they say I deserve,
Oh, I tell you pals its a wonderful time,
This life in the naval reserve.

They say we're supposed to hunt Germans,
And to sink all the submarines,
But we're leaving all that to the soldiers,
The sailors and the marines.

For why should we fear the Dutchmen,
When they're getting licked over in France,
Nope—there's nothing to do in Newport,
But loaf and cruize and dance.

Well I've got to keep an engagement,
It's so long to you one and all,
Be sure and have a good summer
I'll see you at school in the fall.

A. M. S., '19.



PREPAREDNESS AT PENN.

Courtesy of the Red and Blue

Bryan on War

An Interview

When approaching William Jennings Bryan in search of an interview I must confess that a slight tremor ran up and down my backbone, but after clearing my throat several times, I finally mustered up courage to address him. Would he consent to be interviewed—he most certainly would, and furthermore, I was to come right along with him to his room, while he dressed for his evening talk.

While he ordered his evening repast I waited and wondered. Such a cordial personality, such a marvelous gift of making one feel at home!! Finally he completed his order, and wondered whether he was obtaining a supply for the next month or was to give a dinner party. Such an appetite! I was disappointed in only one particular—he ordered no grape juice. At last while struggling into a contrary suspender strap, he started.

“The advent of the United States into the world war has changed the opinions of many of us on many of the important questions of the day. We are all Americans and party and class feelings no longer count. We are one and all solidly behind the President and Congress. I certainly would not care to discuss any question now being debated, either in reference to the policy of this country in prosecuting the war to an early finish, or the means to be adopted in the carrying out of this policy. That is for Congress and the President to decide. But I am in a position to

heartily endorse any measures our government may deem wise to carry out, and I will do anything within my power to aid them in the task which is before them. It must always be remembered that both the President and Congress are jointly responsible for all governmental action, and that that action, no matter what it is, is final until they take some other action.”

In answer to the query, “what is the duty of college men?” Mr. Bryan said, “I certainly would not attempt to prescribe the duty of any individual. That must be decided by each man for himself. Only a portion of our adult population will be needed at the front, and I am willing to trust the government by what method the necessary number can best be secured. The important thing is that every citizen shall recognize that an obligation rests upon all to contribute to the full extent of his ability along whatever lines his services may be needed, whether it be in shouldering a rifle or producing the food needed by the soldiers or in manufacturing the munitions with which we hope to defeat our enemy. I most certainly believe that the country will stand without division and without dissent back of anything the government believes necessary and will furnish as many men as will be required and as much money as may be needed to prosecute the war to a successful end. I can say without contradiction that the more

(Continued on page 643)

Confessions of a Co-ed.

Okuma, squat little idol, I never had an original thought in my life. Yesterday I read Mrs. Comstock's "Confessions to a Heathen Idol" and so, I'm going to confess to you. I simply must tell someone—and I can't tell the girls, for it is true, Okuma, a girl cannot keep a secret, unless maybe it is a secret concerning herself, and then she has a hard time.

I've been reading Nietzsche lately. How he despised little people, and he considered women—all women—infinitesimal! And he said, that no one dared tell the truth, not even to himself. And so, I'm going to prove he is wrong. I shall be exactly truthful both to you and myself and tell you things, Okuma, that I have never told even myself before.

Many and varied, I find, are the loadstones which attract girls to co-educational institutions. Some have come to Cornell because an uncle, a brother, or other male relative is a Cornellian and they have never heard of any other university; some because they have secured a scholarship—many of these girls come with little else than free tuition, apparently believing that food, clothes and lodging may be had for the asking. I nearly said "for the plucking" but those are not the kind of girls that know how to "pluck." And some of us have come to Cornell because some man we know—and want to know better—is a student here; and some because of the mere quantity of men. Once in a while, you find a girl attracted by the possibility of studying mathematics under Prof. Schmidt, or some equally ludicrous thing.

Bernard Shaw is right, when he says that Woman is the huntress. I came to Cornell to find a man. Many of us do, Okuma, but few of us confess the truth, even to ourselves.

My cousin was a Sophomore when I entered college, a frat man, and I had played up to him strong all the summer before. Naturally, when we reached Ithaca, he had to invite me to his house for dinner, and there I met my first real college men. Among them was Drew Altmann; a veritable movie hero, tall, lithe, dark haired, with magnificent eyes, a delightful southern drawl, and manners that made you feel a queen, and although he had no real brains, I fell for him hard.

He came to Sage to call on me. His first offence, so he said, though he was a Senior. He knew Sage, however, and ways of circumventing the student government committee, and though, as I told you he was not clever, it would seem as though he could be taught. I was young and unsuspecting in those days, and I swallowed whole everything he said.

Naturally, all the girls were jealous of my handsome lover, and my principal study that winter was diplomacy. I discovered, too, that it is not what you learn in the classroom alone, Okuma, that makes a college education so valuable. Those little skirmishes with one's classmates help fit one for the battle of life.

One spring evening, after the winter's hard campaign, Drew proposed. Few men can resist the combination of that comfortable feeling after din-

(Continued on page 647)

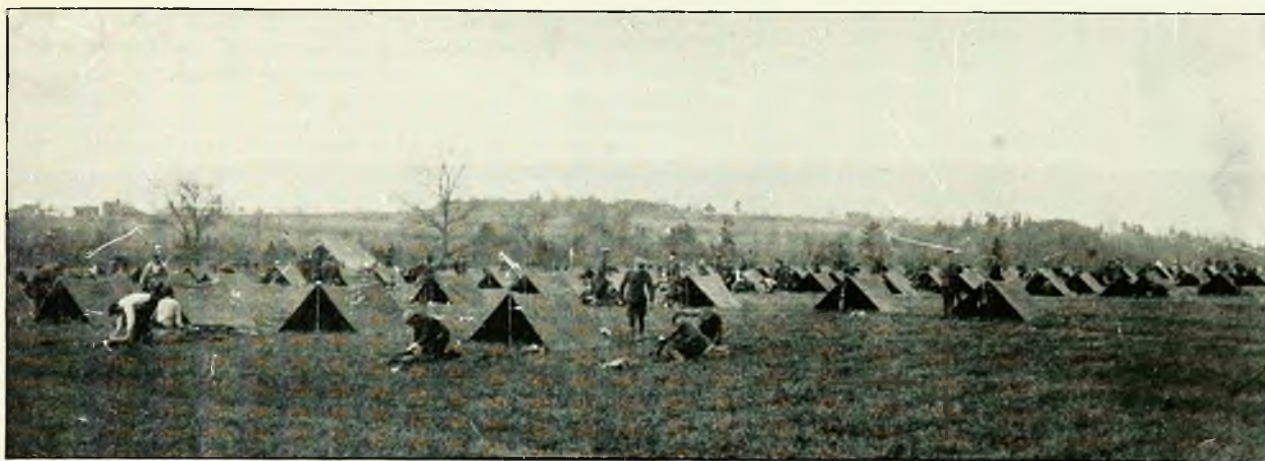
The Present Object of the Military Department

By CAPTAIN C. F. THOMPSON

When war was declared there immediately arose a demand for additional military training. At first this took the form of requests from juniors and seniors to join existing organizations of our Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and requests on the part of members of that Corps to take training with companies other than their own. As the organizations of the Reserve Of-

with the assistance of the officers of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps who have been allowed to substitute military training for all their academic work, we are attempting to organize and carry on a progressive scheme of training, regardless of the number who may apply.

If the program of the Administration and the Army General Staff is carried out by Congress, there will be a demand for at least 20,000 com-



Camp Towards Evening on the Hike April 21

icers' Training Corps were engaged in a set of prescribed exercises and drills which furnish a test as to the efficiency of the year's work, it was deemed inadvisable to add men who had not received the benefit of the preliminary training, and who might tend to injure the performance of such organizations.

We could not foresee the demand for additional training so it was proposed that men apply in groups of eight or nine to be given such equipment or instruction as they might request. This arrangement did not prove very satisfactory. So now,

missioned officers and 50,000 enlisted specialists in our land and naval forces. The proposed officers' training camps will be run on a competitive basis. The men who enter such camps, familiar with the fundamentals of infantry drill, and having the assurance and confidence which comes with practice in the exercising of command, should be at an advantage. Our additional training is being given with the view of providing everybody with equal opportunities to exercise command. We believe that it is much better for Cornell men to be able to work off awk-

wardness and self-consciousness on tain. I have never heard of this their fellow students now, than to particular method of instruction be- await the time when they are in com- fore, but it seems to be successful in petition with strangers from other the present instance, and I believe universities, and other walks of life. that it is providing Cornell students

The officer is responsible for the with that practice most to be desired discipline, personal hygiene, training, as a preliminary to their entrance clothing and feeding of his men. They into training camps or service.

will follow his directions and con- I wish to take this opportunity to form to his rules with little hesitation advise against hasty action as to the if he succeeds in impressing them method to be chosen by the individual with the idea that he is a natural in doing his part in the present



Breakfast Mess on the Hike April 22

leader. Such impressions are soon formed during the earlier stage of training, and depend to a great extent upon the bearing of the instructor and the insistence which he puts in his voice and manner.

Our additional training at present is being conducted almost entirely in skeleton formations, each man representing at least a squad of which he is Corporal. In this way we conduct a company drill with only eight or nine men, each one of whom is having an opportunity of giving commands even though it be an imaginary group. We have gone so far as to have battalion drill, each company being composed of but three men, the guides who represent the flanks of the company and the Cap-

emergency. I believe I am conservative in my estimate that 3,000,000 men must be diverted to occupations other than those in which they are engaged at present; one million to the army and navy, one million to agriculture, one million to industries, in which production must be greatly increased to meet the demands of the present war. It is the duty of each individual to give his services where, on account of his own individual characteristics, they would be of most benefit to the government. Until Congress acts, few of us can respond with proper understanding. Therefore we can only wait, and unless we can arrive at a conviction that the path of duty lies clear, prepare ourselves for possible activities.

The Answer—A Wartime Drama

By GEORGE J. HECHT, '17

Place: Somewhere in the U. S. A.

Time: The present.

Scene: A parlor.

Actors: A young lady and young man.

Curtain rises and the young lady and man are discovered sitting on a sofa talking.

He: "Surely you must have seen that I love you."

She: (Blushes).

He: "We are fit for each other. I need you and you need me."

She: "But your country needs you more than I."

He: "I have a business that keeps me from the front."

She: "Sometimes I think you are afraid to go."

He: "I am surprised at your even thinking that. Wars are not solely won from the firing line. A country needs money to finance a war. I make money and buy government bonds. A sound social and economic system is essential. Over a hundred

men and women are dependent upon my business for a living. Don't you understand that I am doing my duty just as the men who are in the trenches!"

She: "But—"

He: "It is the romance and the glory of the charges that delude you. If all were on the firing line who would raise the money for the ammunition and the food?"

She: "Well, give me another chance to think it over?"

He: "But dear—"

She: "Give me a week?"

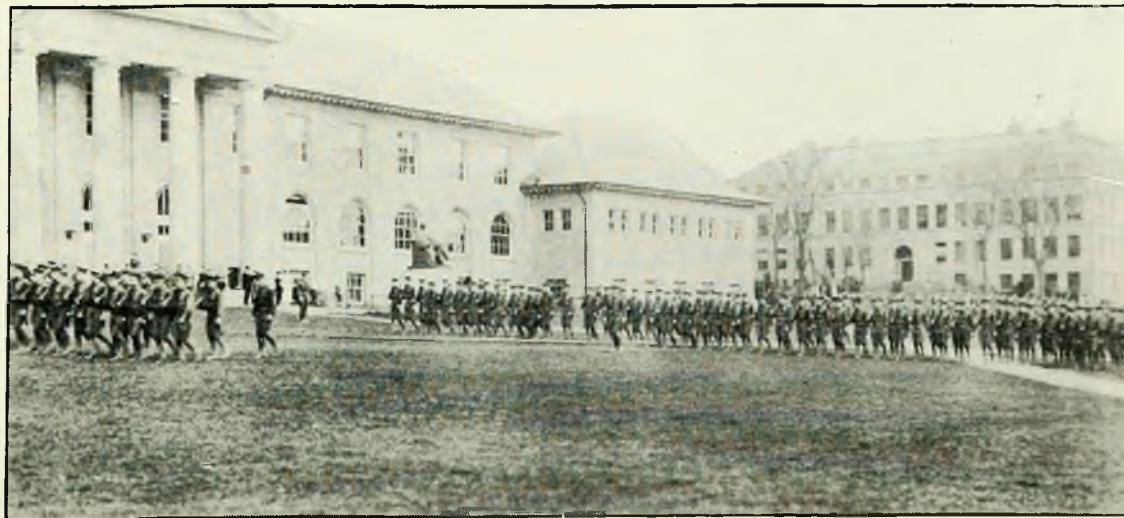
He: "But, dear I want you now. I have waited so long, I can't wait any longer."

She: (Blushes and looks down on the floor beside her. An evening paper is lying there.) "Look, see what it says there! (reads) 'Married men exempt from compulsory military service.'"

He: (Blushes).

She: "My answer is definitely NO."

Curtain.



Corps in Front of Goldwin Smith

Courtesy of Alumni News

the College of Medicine. A gorgeous Neapolitan throng including many old scholars of the fifteenth century are found here.

From a scenic standpoint the fifth episode which shows the hanging gardens of Babylon will probably be the most effective. Semiramis (Viola Dengler of Philadelphia, Penn.) of Babylon represents landscape art, engineering and architecture.

The crowning scene of the pageant is the Hebrew scene from Biblical origin which typifies the college of Agriculture and Home Economics. This is called "The Virtuous Woman," and the principal characters are Regene Freund, New York City, Harriet Hosmer, Buffalo, N. Y., Amy Apfel, New York City; Mary Larkin, Atlantic City, N. J.

The properties for the pageant

have offered a great problem. These include a white bull, several horses, and canoes, a yoke of oxen and all the ordinary paraphernalia of a pageant. Music is to be furnished by an orchestra of students.

The costumes will be very beautiful. The one of the elf girl is symbolic of an Ithaca sunset. It is of lavender with touches of mellow orange and apple green. The design is that of the Pavlowa dragon fly costume.

An important part of the pageant will be the dances. There are scores of nymphs and sun fairies, rustic maidens, shepherds and shepherdesses, Italians, Assyrians and Indians. Many of the principal characters have beautifully costumed retinues and particular attention is paid to the ensemble numbers.

Dolores: A Memory

O perfume laden air, rich with scent that tingles! O soft music and the sound of tambourines, floating out from behind the palms! And Dolores there on the white marble of the floor is all afire with swimming spangles and colored lights. Oh, the perfume that tingles and the music breathing of sleep and the eternal touch of love! Here and there the orange haze of a table light glows among the palms, tinging the glistening white shirts of the men, and suffusing the bare arms of the women in mellow softness, and playing about their delicate throats and chins, leaving their eyes in shadow. And the

chins rest languidly on the backs of hands gracefully poised.

Throughout the dim room there is no sound save the trembling music and the quick swish of Dolores' spangles. The eyes of the men, in shadow, glitter eagerly. Dolores sinks and rises and sinks again, and her arms swim through the air in rhythmic undulations. Ah, now she is bending low and far backwards; the eyes of the men burn brighter! And the women, langourous, lower their lashes and dream with the music. Dolores, swaying, gliding, laughs. She is wooing the men with all her form. But the women do not see.

Now she is whirling nearer to the line of the tables. The young men lean forward staring intently, hoping for a brief flash from her eyes. All the while she is lithely twisting and the white of her back gleams. But the young men are gazing all for nothing, for Dolores, as if drifting lightly, brushes the arm of an ugly fellow, and smiles down close to his face. For Dolores is young yet, and

beautiful, and this man has a weighty purse. Some day perhaps, she may smile upon the handsome young men who are so eager. But now she dances nearer and nearer to the ugly one; and the women do not see!

Ah! the spell of the perfume, and the cry of the music, and the shifting blaze of her spangles in the dim glow!

J. W. JOHNSON, '17.

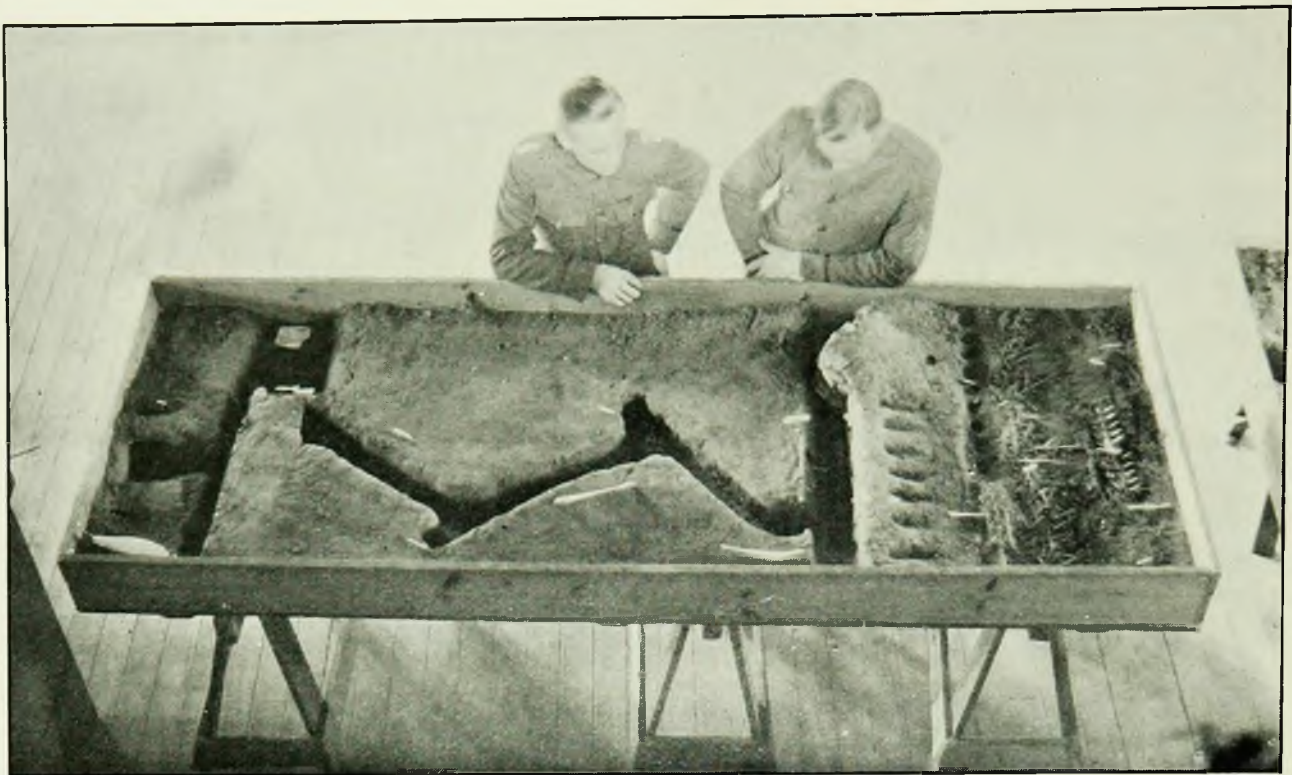
On the French Front



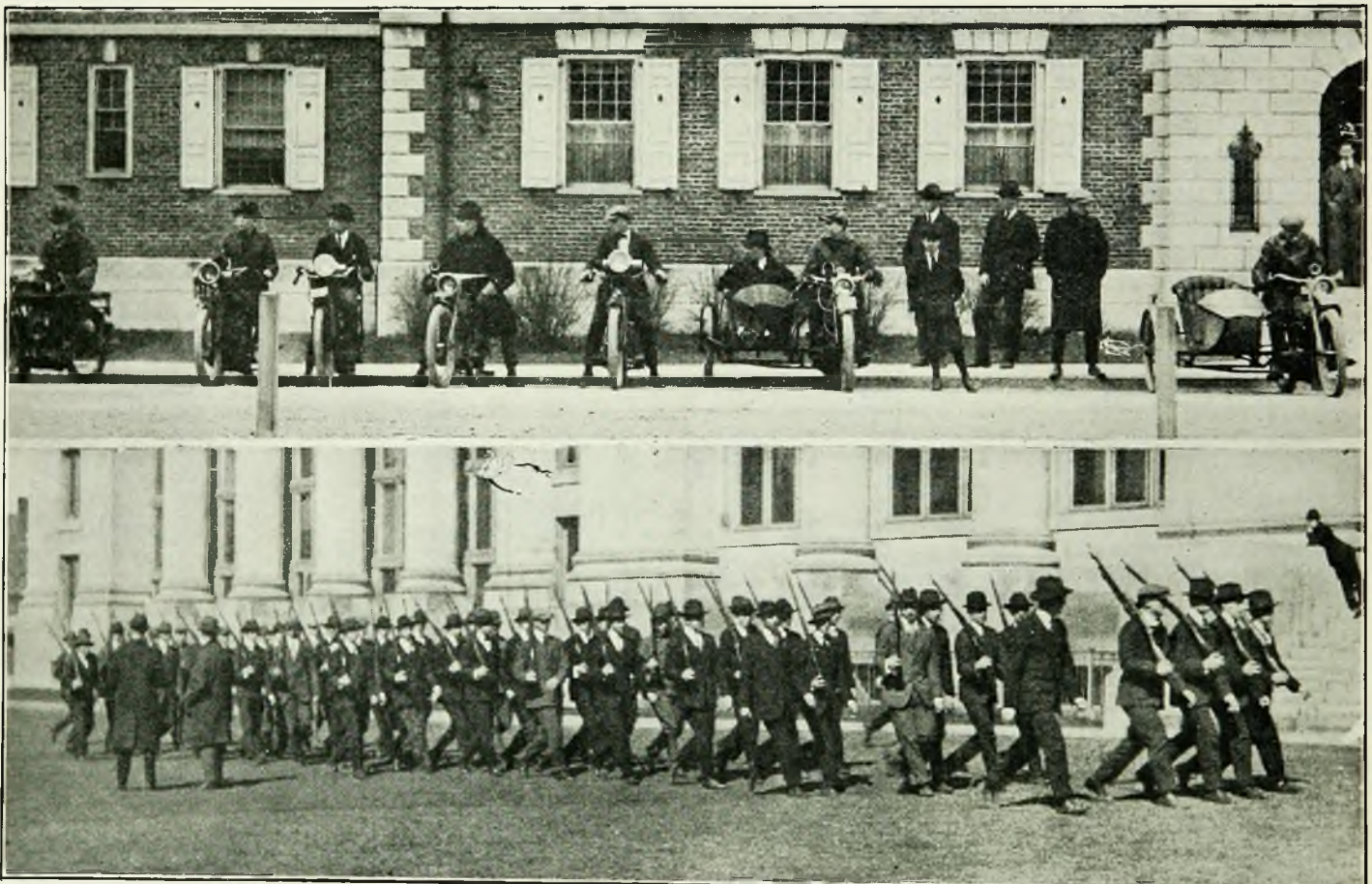
Bomb Throwers



Firing a "75"



Model in Armory of Trench Fortifications



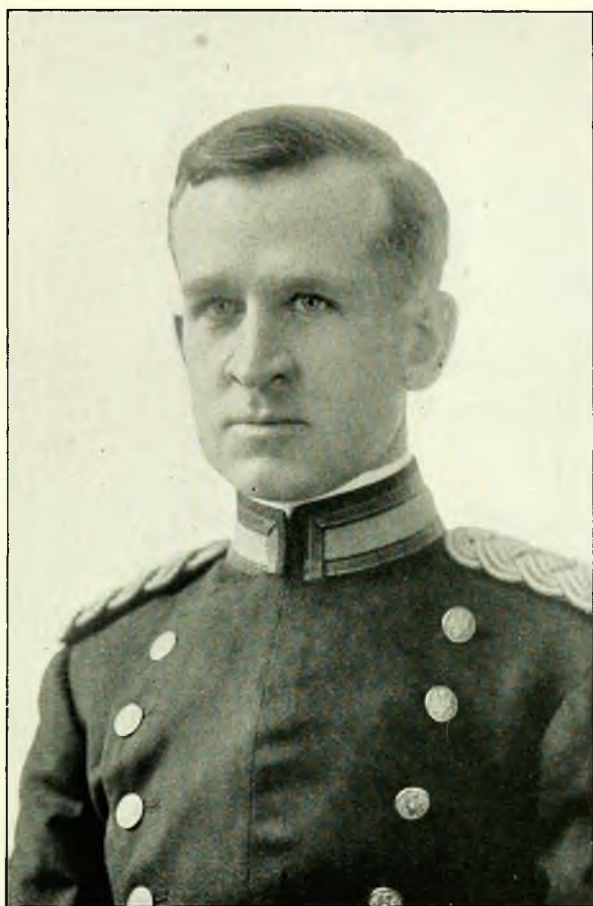
Courtesy Harvard III.

**Upper: The Motorcycle Squad of the Harvard R. O. T. C.
assembling in front of Smith Hall**

Lower: Early drill between Langdell and Walter Hastings Halls

Captain George Richard Harrison

George Richard Harrison was born in Columbia City, Indiana, December 5, 1881. After graduating from both the grammar and high schools of that city, he was sent by his parents to Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana, where he was to take an arts course and then enter busi-



ness. He had only been there a little over two years when he decided that the life of a soldier was to be his, and accordingly entered West Point in 1903.

Four years later he graduated and was assigned to the 25th U. S. Infantry at Mindanao, Philippine Islands, where as a second lieutenant he spent his time in keeping order in

the islands and aiding in the uplift of the Filipinos. In 1909, on a leave of absence, he returned to the United States by the way of Europe and while here was transferred to Fort George Wright, near Spokane, Washington, where he immediately reported. Three years later he again saw service in our insular possessions, this time going to the Schofield Barracks in the Hawaiian Islands. While in Hawaii in 1913, he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant.

Captain Harrison remained in the Hawaiians until July of last year, when he was re-called to this country and immediately sent down to the Mexican border where he was assigned to the 11th U. S. Infantry stationed at Douglas, Arizona. Here he had many interesting experiences, and although he was not part of Pershing's expedition that ventured into the sands and cactus of Mexico, he did witness the gradual hardening of the American troops, and many incidents such as the return of the remnants of the 10th cavalry that fought at Parral. Six months after his arrival on the Mexican border, he was assigned to Cornell to assist in the training of the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Since that time he has been busily engaged in training and preparing Cornell undergraduates. Last January Captain Harrison was promoted to the grade he now occupies. He is one of the youngest captains in the service and that fact alone gives proof of his excellent ability as soldier and officer.

A Villanelle, to Elouise

By a GRAD.

As willful—she,—as April breeze,
 (Ah! Love is full of yearning fear!)
Yet all my Heaven is Elouise.

My witching deity—the tease!—
 Demure-eyed, down the path trips near,
As willful as an April breeze.

Thump thump! My heart's like flooding seas
 Of banging waves, doth she appear.
Love's rapturous Heaven is Elouise.

“Come! Kiss me! Kiss me, if you please!”
 Laughing she call, “Come, sonneteer!”—
As willful as an April breeze.

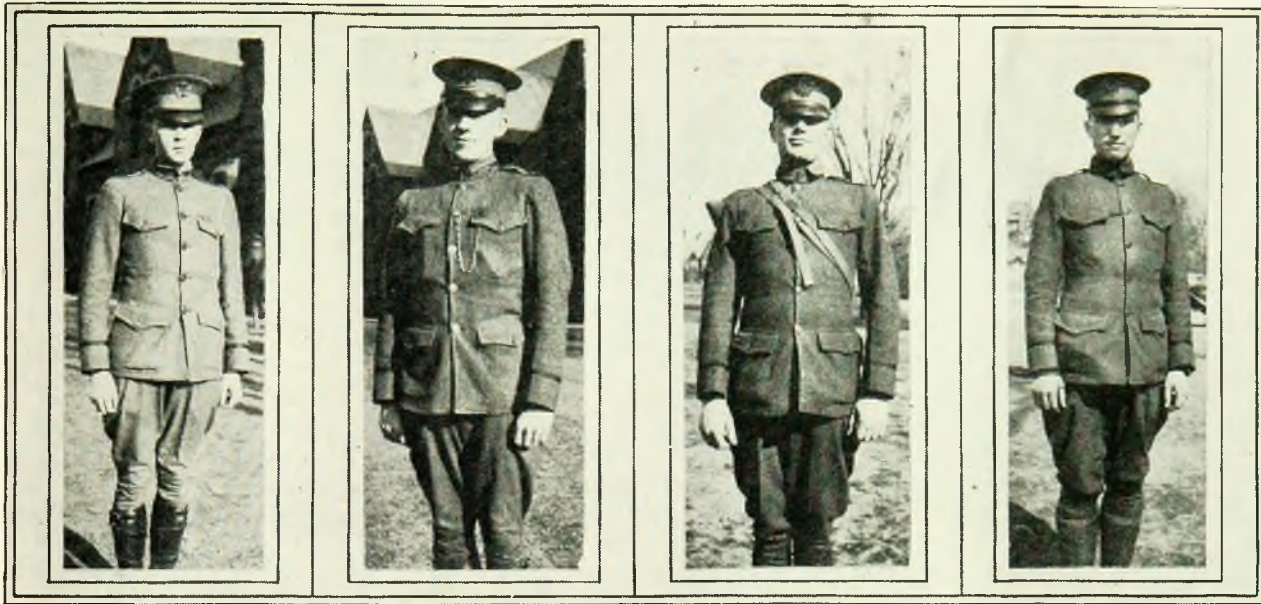
Then flees elusively 'mong the trees!
 Cruel-deep her wayward caprice doth sear,—
Incarnate Heaven is Elouise.

I scold. She's sad. “Please, sir, take these!”—
 Shy tender kisses * * * And a tear!
'Though willful—she,—as April breeze,
 God's Heaven, to me, means—Elouise.



A Charge Down the Campus Slope

Who's Who



From left to right, the above pictures present Colonel W. L. Saunders; Major J. B. Slimm; Major H. Antell and Major L. I. Shelley, ranking cadet officers of the Cornell Cadet Corps.

"Walt" Saunders, coming from the Washington High School for Cadets soon was found to be a valuable asset to the Military Department. Owing to his combining a knowledge of engineering with a knowledge of military science, he was last year appointed captain of the Engineering Company, and if we may judge at all from the popularity of that company this year, he made a success of his job. "Walt" now has the distinction of being Colonel of the Cadet Corps.

"Johnny" Slimm after entering Cornell developed a keen interest in the Cadet Corps and the end of his freshman year found him a first sergeant. As a sophomore he commanded a platoon and last year he was captain of Company M which obtained second place in the contest for the Scabbard and Blade medals. This

year he is major of the first battalion of the Cornell Cadet Corps.

Major Antell has been interested in military affairs for several years, and his rapid rise is the logical outcome of this active interest. In his junior year he was promoted from a second lieutenancy to the position of captain. And in this, his senior year he has attained the major's insignia. He is not only a good soldier himself but also preaches what he practices, having lectured on the subject of preparedness from the pulpit of the Groton Congregational Church.

In the fall of 1913 an unassuming freshman ambled into Ithaca from Middletown High School to take up among other freshman law subjects, military training. This freshman's name was just plain L. I. Shelley; today it is Major Leander I. Shelley. Though barred from entering West Point because of a slight defect in eyesight, Major Shelley nevertheless decided that a military training must be his and he started out to get it, with the result that he is now one of a handful of men at the top.

Cornell Doin's in Rhyme

By GEORGE J. HECHT, '17

All classes were suspended for
Inspection of the corps;
"The day of daze" will not be held
While U. S. is at war.
A lot of men have volunteered
To help beat up the Germans;
Our ambulance
Is now in France;
Did you like Sunday's sermons?

The faculty's made it a cinch
For studes to get their credit;
If you want a commission you
Must go to camp to get it.
Our Cornell men are at the front
When battles must be fought;
The price of beer
Is not yet dear,
Ain't that a happy thought?

For Moakley, Sharpe and Collyer
there's
Not very much to do;
For the A. A. has cancelled meets
Of baseball, track and crew.
Read through this issue carefully—
It's got some first class dope;
In broiling sun
It's not much fun
To charge the library slope.

At anti-booze conventions, gosh,
They sure can "shoot the bull";
We've heard it said the orators
Were of their subjects full.
It's ordered that all smoking must
In college buildings cease;
If Germans saw
The Cornell corps
They'd surely sue for peace.



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Particular Attention to College Trade

The Present Crisis

(Continued from page 602)

and inquiries extend, the opposition comes only from an exceedingly small band of pacifists, unless, indeed, I should also mention a few scattering individuals whose motives are infinitely less patriotic. But whatever the motives of the advocates of this measure, the effect of their advocacy is to help the enemy because in this gigantic crisis in which the nation is engaged they desire to leave its forces unorganized.

So far as the young men of the country are concerned, I am confident that they are heart and soul for the President's policy. But I beg you not to misunderstand our young men. They favor the President's policy of selective conscription because with the susceptibility of youth to sentiments and ideals they recognize it as the only just and democratic policy. Let no man think, however, that our young men because they advocate this policy are not eager to defend their country even if the volunteer principle should be adopted. What-ever system Congress adopts these youths will enlist. But Heaven forbid that Congress shall adopt the wrong system because young men are ready to sacrifice themselves.

The American Ambulance Field Service

(Continued from page 607)

in assuming the entire expense of one man, deserves special mention. More men can be sent when more money comes in. The committee would like to think that no Cornell volunteer will be held back for lack of funds. Inasmuch as the Secretary of War, Newton Baker, has strongly endorsed the American Ambulance Field Service, it is no longer necessary to argue that it is patriotic American work.

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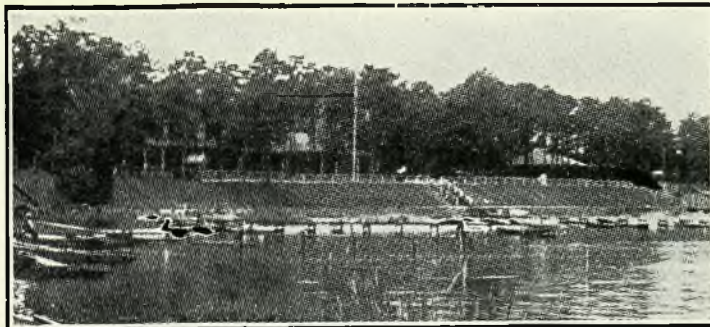


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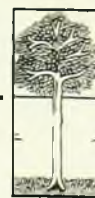
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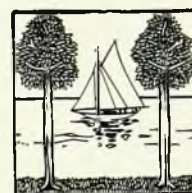
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Bryan on War

(Continued from page 623)

unitedly we act and more enthusiastically and wholeheartedly we support the government, the sooner will this great world struggle be terminated."

"I don't know," he answered in reply to the query as to his opinion on the duration of the war. "I am not inclined to speculate. I cannot guess unless I have a basis upon which to ground my prediction. The most promising indication of peace is the advance now being made by the Allies, but this does not give us anything certain, because there have been numerous advancements and retreats ever since the beginning of the war. On the other hand, the situation in Germany furnished hope. The revolution in Russia has undoubtedly encouraged the opponents of militarism in Germany, and the promises made by the Chancellor and the recent announcement by the Emperor followed by the strikes indicate a growing opposition to arbitrary power.

"There is no real hatred in America against the German people. All sentiment seems to be directed against the Kaiser and the German militaristic policy. We do not know how true these reports of internal troubles in the Kaiser's empire really are, but if true, they certainly are indications of an early peace. It is only natural that at so critical a time as this, the mass of the German people should desire some voice in the policies of their country. This war is going to have one great effect at least. It will without doubt so imbed the seeds of democracy that another war such as this of autocracy versus

(Concluded on page 647)

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Bryan on War

(Continued from page 643)

democracy will be practically out of the question. I would not be surprised to wake up some morning and find an internal change in Germany that will put a different face on the whole situation. Our President says that our fight is not against the German people but against the German policies, so that changes which occur that tend to revolutionize these policies may bring about a speedy peace.

"I believe that the cause of prohibition has been strengthened by the war," said Mr. Bryan, suddenly thinking of his favorite subject, in behalf of which he came to Ithaca. "We still have all the old arguments and in addition several new ones, based upon the need of grain for food and upon the fact that intoxicating liquors impair fighting as well as economic efficiency of a people, an impairment that is less to be endured in a crisis than in ordinary times. The Russian people have made enormous advances since they have eliminated vodka. Our country does not allow our young men who are training for a military life at West Point or Annapolis, to touch alcohol, so why permit the common soldier or civilian to do so?"

A. M. S., '19.

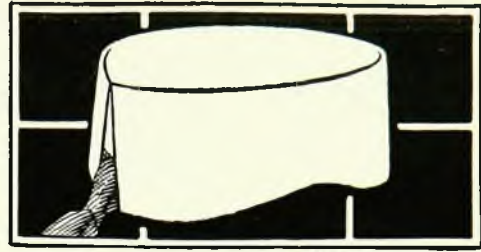
Confessions of a Co-ed

(Continued from page 624)

ner, a good smoke, the Forest Home walk, a palpitating heart close to theirs,—and all that sort of thing, you know. I am willing to wager that many a good fish has been landed on the banks of Beebe.

This fall brought a new instructor in the Dept. of Polycon.—He became a social lion—a fad—inside and outside of the classroom. He was

(Continued on page 651)



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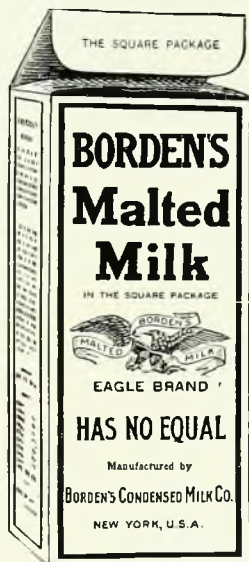
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Confessions of a Co-ed

(Continued from page 647)

fairly young, wrote—and sold—clever articles, had his letters of protest published in "The Times" and "Tribune," as well as in the "Sun," and was fought for by the social arbiters of Ithaca's four hundred—or less.—He dined with the faculty members, attended receptions, even came to Sage to tea. Everybody was wild about him, and I decided I would once for all prove my fascination—would show them all something—and capture him for myself.

I laid a regular German campaign.—I decided to major in Polycon and signed up for all of Dr. Browne's courses. I wore my prettiest clothes and most fetching complexions—actually studied the stuff and asked intelligent questions both inside and outside the class room.—I used to stay a few minutes—and ask for more books and he, being a young instructor, would take me to the library and show me regular books—Oh, yes, Okuma, a pretty co-ed can get away with that sort of thing,—provided it is a new instructor.

Then I got so that he would walk over to Sage with me, and I listened so intelligently that he told me his life story—his ambitions, his ideas of all sorts of things. Of course, political economy and allied subjects were his ideas of conversation, but, Okuma, I became really interested, and in my earnestness I forgot about making an impression on the man.—I have actually reached the point, Okuma, where I believe the greatest thing an educated woman can do is to devote her life to service for the rest of

(Concluded on page 655)

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Confessions of a Co-ed

(Continued from page 651)

humanity—to ennoble and enrich the lives of the working people, to aid the oppressed—in fact to make her life a monument of service.—That is what I have decided to do.

And here is the point of the joke—a good joke which I can appreciate, even though it is on me.—I came to college to find a man.—There are those who want to marry me—Drew or Dr. Browne—and I want none of them. I now want a career.—Is it not laughable?—In spite of myself—my college education is a success—Do not the Gods laugh, Okuma? R. C. G.

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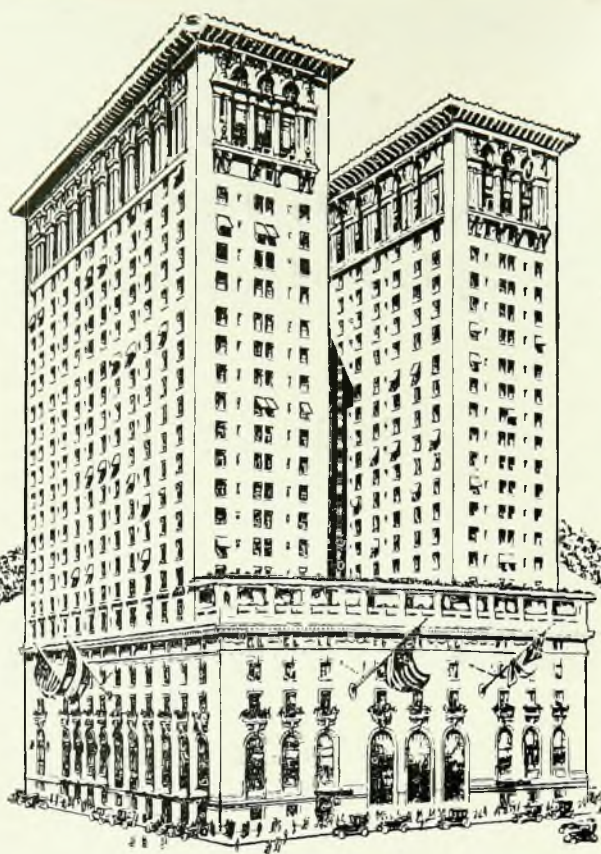
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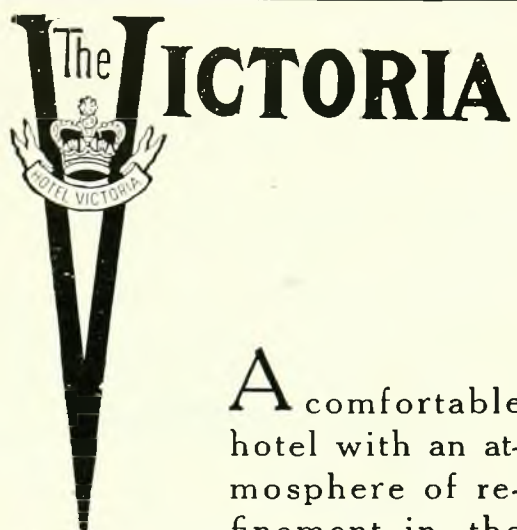
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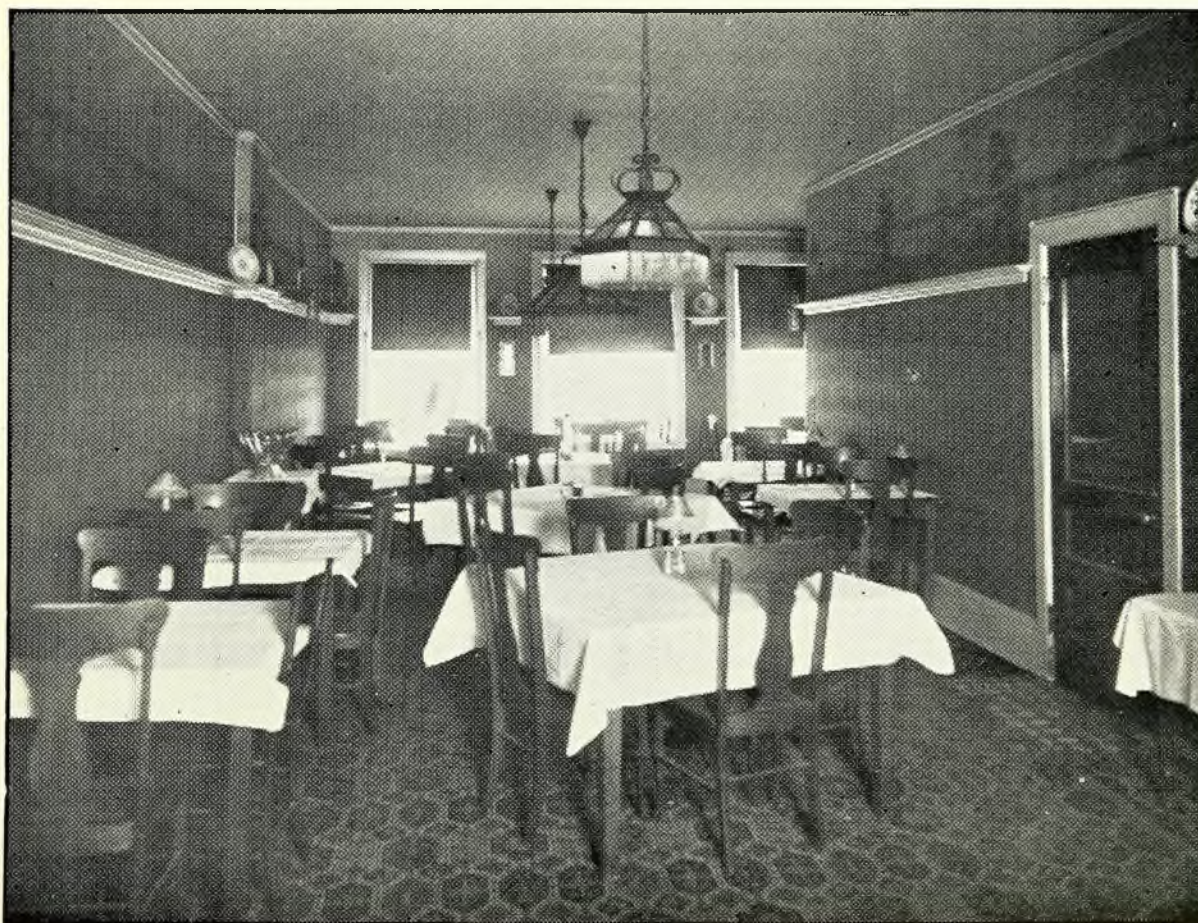


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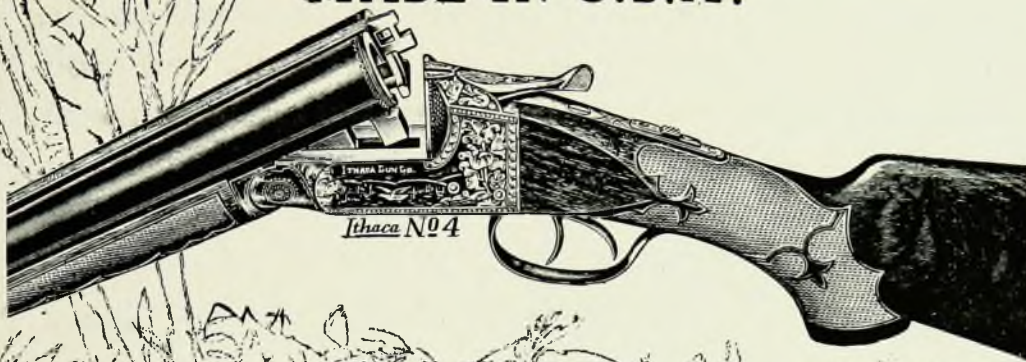
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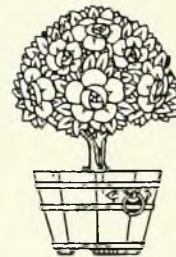
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THE CORNELL ERA

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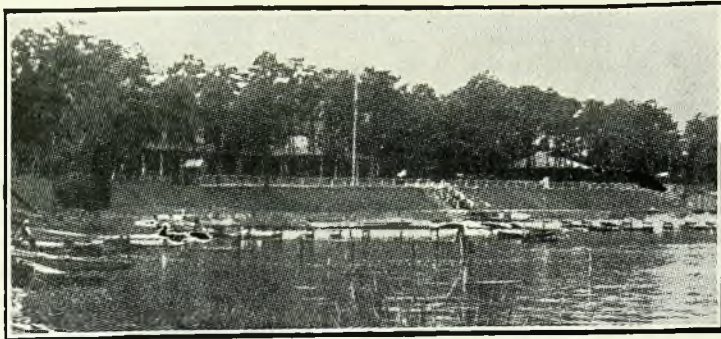


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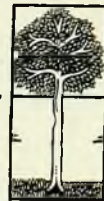
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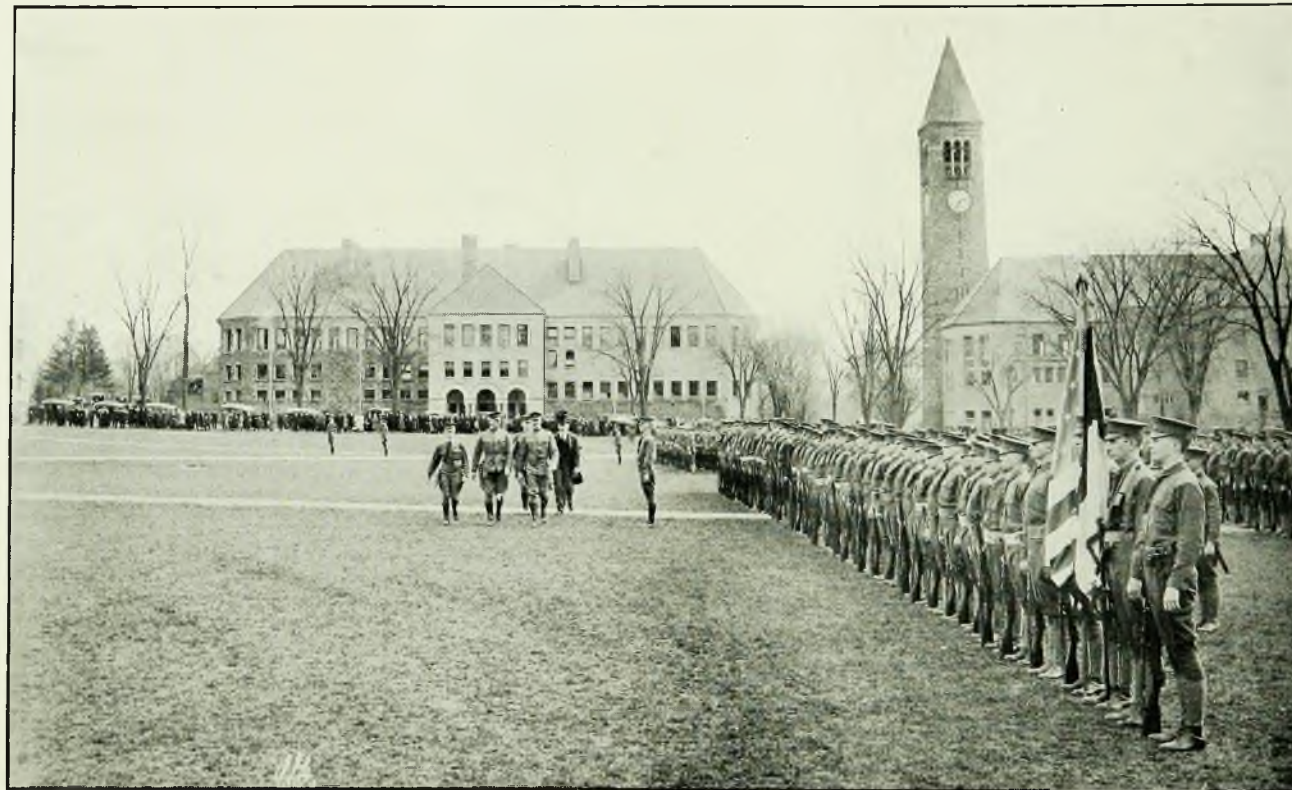
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The Cornell Era

XLIX

JUNE, 1917

Number 9

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Editor for this issue, F. T. SUTTON

It is with the deepest regret that we learn that Professor van Loon is not to occupy a chair in the department of History during the coming year. It is perhaps **Professor van Loon** not strictly within the province of an undergraduate to give voice to his likes and dislikes of members of the faculty, particularly when so doing might be construed as a criticism of faculty action. Nevertheless, we, who have had the privilege of Professor van Loon's acquaintance, and the pleasure and profit of one of his courses are unwilling to see him go without expressing our disappointment that he is to be no longer with us, and saying our little bit in appreciation of his work.

Naturally we are not particularly conversant with the reasons which impelled his dismissal, nor with the

standards by which he was found wanting by the Trustees—and it is not within our sphere to discuss them. However, it does seem strange to us in view of the much complaining on the part of the Faculty in regard to the lack of the scholarly spirit among Cornell undergraduates, that Professor van Loon, who has succeeded in arousing this very spirit in his classes, should be let go.

We cannot but express disappointment at the departure of a man like Professor van Loon, who has really interested his students in their work, who has entered with us into our daily lives, who has unsparingly given of his time for discussion and council, who has contributed frequently and generously to undergraduate newspaper and literary effort, and who has brought into the University fresh, invigorating drafts

of life-giving air from the active world outside—and all this without the sacrifice of the true scholarly ideal.

It has been definitely decided to omit from the calendar of Senior Week functions the Masque, Class Day exercises and the Senior Ball. In all probability, the **Senior Week** Mandolin Club concert will not be given, thus leaving only the Baccalaureate Sermon and the Commencement Exercises. This has seemed fitting not only for practical financial reasons, but because the spirit permeating such festivities seems out of place in these serious times.

There yet remains unsettled the question of the fraternity dances. While we do not profess to be an apostle of sack-cloth and ashes or of perpetual gravity, we hope that no fraternity dances will be given during Senior Week. The omission of these would undoubtedly be a sacrifice on the part of those Seniors who will have remained to the end of the college year. We do not of course advocate the suppression of social functions either before or after Senior Week, but we feel that the sacrifice of these fraternity dances during Senior Week would go a little way toward expressing the respect of the Senior Class for their classmates who have donned the army khaki or the navy blue.

In these days of stress when the National anthem and the American flag are dearer to the nation than ever

before, it is a constant temptation for theatrical managers to **Sacrilege** make use of them as life-savers for weak-kneed productions which would totter speedily into early graves without crutches of some sort. Our gorge rises when an acrobat unfurls the national emblem at the climax of his performance, or when the chorus of a musical comedy prances forth clad in the Red, White and Blue. We are sure that sights like these offend many others. All of us feel that this is worse than bad taste. It is commercialized sacrilege.

What can one do about it? One cannot refuse to stand when the Star Spangled Banner is being played, even if only to accompany a parody. But we can manifest disapproval of such things either by boycotting the places of amusement which feature these improprieties, or by withholding the applause which is expected to burst forth at the appearance of the Stars and Stripes, no matter what the occasion. Theatrical managers can take a hint from their public. Their success depends to a great extent on their ability to do so.

The cold reception accorded to a spectacle of this sort in the last musical comedy to visit Ithaca was a hopeful sign. If theatrical desecration of the flag were always greeted with such manifest disapproval, the practice would soon die out. Be a propagandist for respect to Old Glory and our National Hymn. That is one thing at least that we all can do for our country.

By the voluntary transfer of several members of the Cornell Ambulance unit to the munition transportation service on the French front

Cornell and the Flag in France brings to Cornell the signal honor of furnishing the first men to serve in Europe under the American flag

in the war with Germany. We are proud of these men. They are representative Cornellians, all of whom were well known to the student body before their departure. We believe that Cornellians are to be congratulated on the distinction that these men have been brought to their Alma Mater. We wish herewith to pay our respect to the first representatives of the United States at the front.

It was Newman who said, "It is . . . almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain." We should be loth to be-

Courtesy believe that those fifty-odd students who rose from their seats in Bailey Hall and left the auditorum during Mr. Felix Adler's address at Convocation Hour inflicted even a modicum of mental "pain" on the speaker. It would perhaps be rating their capacities at too high a pitch. Nevertheless, he must have been conscious of their departure and conscious of it as a marked discourtesy toward himself. But upon the rest of the audience, interested both in the remarks of Mr. Adler and in maintaining the reputation of Cornellians as gentlemen, the action of these fifty undoubtedly did inflict pain.

As we draw these editorials to a close, we must confess to a feeling of sadness; a sadness due in part to the daily unsatisfied longing for the faces

God-Speed grown dear to us through comradeship, now gone we know not

whither without even the partial solace of a formal farewell, and due in part to the absolute uncertainty of their fate and of the time when once again we shall wring their hands and say, "Old man, how goes it?"

It is all very well to say at parting, "So long, meet you in Berlin," attempting to cover up with Anglo-Saxon reticence the pulling of the cords within, but our hearts refuse longer to be denied. We have been a cynical nation, we have laughed at serious things, we have jested at war even unto its very brink. Now we are at war. We, as a nation, discover day by day not only that we possess the qualities at which in other peoples we have been inclined either to marvel or to sneer, courage, fortitude, self-sacrifice, patriotism, but we are coming to acknowledge the true worth of our friends, to admire their strengths, mayhap to forget their weaknesses—after they are gone.

We bid them God-speed, and we pray for the satisfaction of that desire dearest to all their hearts, that their sacrifice shall be of great avail in their country's cause and the defense of her noble principles.

The ERA takes pleasure in announcing the election of A. M. Saperston, '19, to the editorial staff and W. B. Megear, Jr., '20, and H. C. Smyth, Jr., '20, to the business staff.

The Mobilization of Cornell's Resources

By JOHN H. FINLEY

EDITOR'S NOTE—The author of "The Mobilization of Cornell's Resources" is an ex-officio member of the Cornell Board of Trustees as Commissioner of Education. He was for ten years president of the College of the City of New York. Previous to that he was Professor of Politics at Princeton. In 1913 he was appointed Commissioner of Education and President of the University of the State of New York which position he still holds. In 1910-11 he was in Paris as the Harvard University exchange professor at the Sorbonne.

The mobilization of a democracy is an extremely difficult and laborious task. All the preparatory organization of a militant state is wanting. Peace-loving men have no skilled directors to initiate them in the unlearned habits of war or to help them find their place in the reorganization of the life and effort of the nation.

Success or failure may well depend on two supreme factors; the quality of leadership, and the extent to which existing peace organizations are utilized for war purposes. Here lies, in my opinion, the supreme opportunity of the university. It is the great storehouse of potential national leadership, and an institution, plastic and potent, mighty for war as for peace.

If I were asked the immediate duty of American universities or of our great New York university, Cornell, I would reply without hesitation, complete mobilization of your university. The faculty should be regrouped for war service. Officers' training should be made the supreme function of the teaching staff and this training should in breadth and thoroughness approximate the training given for any other technical profession. Training for essential industries is as im-

portant as the training of officers and soldiers. The training of munition workers, experts in war finance and food distribution and control, the quick training of an agricultural army are some of the legitimate war activities of a university. The scientific laboratories should be put at the disposal of the National Research Council and the staff of the university should be generally commandeered for government bureaus and boards. This process should proceed until every member of the faculty and every student is in training for, or engaged in, some essential service to the nation.

What I have described is not a mere fiction of my imagination. I have seen a similar mobilization of the great universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge. I visited Oxford and Cambridge at the beginning of the war, and found that they were not awaiting government mobilization. They were mobilizing themselves. Our American colleges and universities are doing the same. Today, I have attended the presentation of colors to military-training units representing every higher educational institution in the metropolitan district of New York City; every



DR. FINLEY AT HIS DESK IN ALBANY

college man should prepare himself to guide others.

But these institutions have not stopped with military training; they have prepared for the mobilization of their every resource from the laboratory to the genius of the professor.

France and England made the excusable mistake of not organizing immediately to give adequate support to the men who were sent to the front. For us there is no excuse. It is not to our discredit, perhaps, that we have not been earlier prepared. It will be to our lasting disgrace if we do not now prepare down to the last and least item and person.

Men are now familiar with the spirit of the various warring nations—Germany armed to the teeth

for conquest; France, wounded, dangerous, serene and unafraid; England, cool and prepared; Russia, that counts not the price, and knows not the word defeat. America has been a somewhat puzzled bystander, now at last aroused to the significance of the war as the supreme challenge by a militant state of the rights of men to lead decent, kindly and inoffensive lives. America enters the war to help save the civilization which the race has been so long in developing.

Lloyd George recently spoke some fine words that deserve a hearing in America. Reading Americans for Britons, they give a true expression of the thought that is in my own mind.

"Let each man do what he can,

and not be always trying to get something he can not get. If every one does that, in his sphere, all can help the country—help it individually, help it as a part of an organization. We must make up our minds to place our services unreservedly and frankly at the disposal of the State and do whatever the State thinks we can best do to save the life of the nation. I think this country is entitled to as much as that. No man or woman has a right to look on while others are struggling for what is equally important to them. Every man—and the same thing applies to the women—should do what lies in his power to help. The mere exhibition of readiness to do so will help. If we have a great demonstration in this country of eagerness by every man and woman, to place their services at the disposal of the State, you have no idea what moral effect it would have throughout the whole world, and it tells, even in war. Do not let your patriotism be less than that of Germany. In Germany they made an appeal, and they had plenty of volunteers to place their services at the disposal of the State for any work.

“Are Americans less patriotic than Germans? Do they love their country less, or is it a country less worth fighting for? This is a great country. It is a country of great natural advantages. It is not a matter to be despised that it is protected by the broad Atlantic. Read what is happening in Belgium, and in the occupied territories of France and Rus-

sia, and you will realize that we have a good deal to be thankful for that there is a fine old moat around this castle. Don't take advantage of that to do nothing. Work all the harder for gratitude that you have got it; work all the harder to preserve it. They are trying to bridge it. They are trying to make it impossible for us to use it. Defend your land, defend the moat that is around it. It is rich land, rich in its soil, rich in the deposits under the soil, rich in its people; rich in its past, rich in its present, and God knows what riches there are in its future. That depends upon its people today. It is a great land. It has the possession of a great past, which the struggles of generations for freedom have matured into the traditions of liberty that have enriched it, and have ennobled its institutions and dignified its people.

“It is an inheritance worth defending. But no man or woman who shares in that inheritance, as we all do, has the right to pass its defence on to his neighbour or to his neighbour's son, but should stand for it himself. It is as much his as theirs. The duty, the privilege, the pride of defending it ought to be his as much as theirs. Then, when this struggle is over, we can each feel that we have not merely held America immune from the greatest terror that ever menaced its liberty, but that this land stood foremost among the nations of the earth, organized and arrayed in defence of the flag of human civilization.”

Work in the United States Naval Coast Defense Reserve

By HOWARD J. LUDINGTON, '17

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Ludington is serving at Newport with about 500 other Cornellians in the Second District. He will be well remembered here as one of the Senior Editors of the Sun. It is interesting to note that his manuscript came through the hands of the censor and that personage racked havoc with certain portions. This is the first story to reach Ithaca from a Cornellian serving in one of the branches of Uncle Sam's forces.

Cornell has by far the largest number of men enrolled of any of the Universities represented here at Newport. The number of men now enlisted for active duty in the second district of the Naval Coast Defense Reserve runs in four figures (the exact number cannot be given out) and of this total twenty-five per cent are men from Cornell. Universities and colleges from all over the country are represented, but outside of Cornell, the majority of men come from Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Michigan, Yale, Williams and Penn.

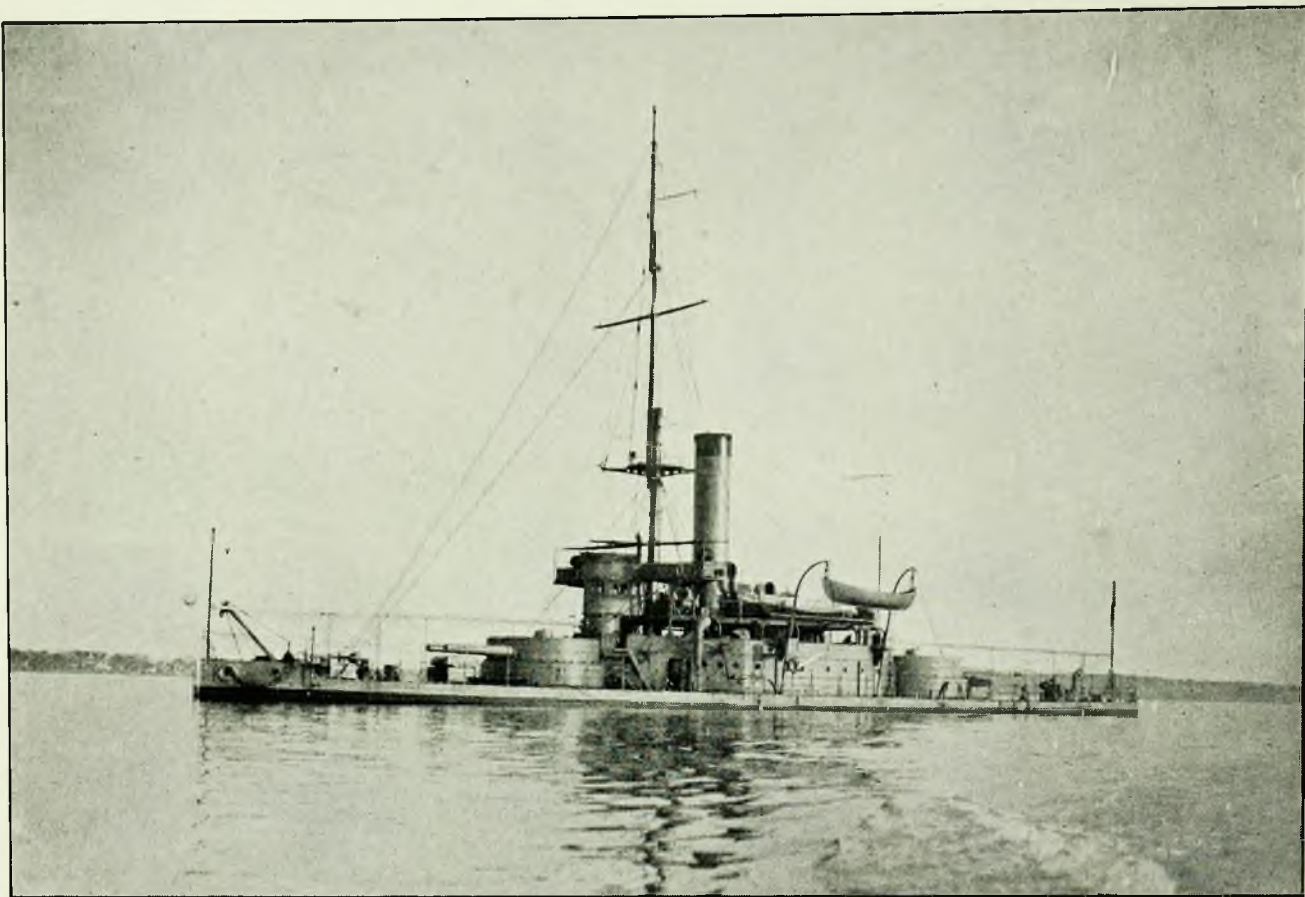
There are about as many men enrolled that are not doing active duty as there are those in the active service. At first the Naval Reserve men enrolling in the second district were trained with the naval apprentice seamen at the training station, but as the number increased rapidly, and the station became overcrowded with men enlisted in the regular service, it became necessary to change the system. At present the reserves are being trained by their own officers. Within a few weeks the enrollment will probably be started again.

The second district includes that part of the coast which extends from Chatham, Mass., to New London,

Conn., and is one of the smallest districts, but it is such an important part of the Atlantic Coast that it needs double the attention.

When a man enlists in the Naval Reserve, and has passed the necessary physical examination, he is mustered into the service. After taking the oath of allegiance to his country, he is supplied with a uniform of the regular naval style. At first it was difficult to furnish so many men with proper uniforms, but recent large shipments coming in have resulted in the whole unit being uniformed, and now men are being equipped upon their arrival.

A man is at once placed in a company which goes through a certain preliminary training consisting of drill at certain periods of the day, practice in seamanship, lectures on navigation, cordage, and practice in handling one and three pound guns as well as machine guns. The drill is nearly of the same nature as that given at Cornell. A great deal of time is spent in the study of boats, both as to type and nomenclature. One is taught the use of the compass and how to box it. And then there are many other phases of the work which are too detailed to mention,



Courtesy of Yale Courant
U. S. MONITOR "AMPHITRITE" ON WHICH THE YALE NAVAL UNIT
TOOK ITS EASTER TRAINING



THE "AMPHITRITE" TENDERS

but which tend to make the recruits first class seamen. Considerable stress is placed upon signals of various types as the semaphore, blinker, international flag code and wig-wag. It is very essential that every man learn these at the beginning or he is lost. The rules of the road and general navigation are also taught the men.

It is the hope of the officials to have the men quartered together in the near future. At present there are several companies stationed in the State Armory, while others are detailed to the torpedo station where they receive special instruction as to mines and mine-laying, gunnery, torpedo boat work, and construction of torpedoes. Several halls in Newport have been given by individuals and by the town for the purpose of quartering the men which have been fitted up as barracks. It is the aim of those in charge to have real barracks built in the near future for the men of the second district. Work on these quarters is expected to be started immediately as one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars has been appropriated for that purpose.

Many of the men are detailed for police-duty and orderly-duty. Throughout the day as well as at night, guards are stationed at the supply houses and other places of importance. The streets are also patrolled by the reserves as in time of war it is impossible for a policeman to arrest any man in the service. So far there has been no difficulty among the reserves, and what little trouble the regulars have caused has

been well handled by the men assigned to patrol work.

It is expected to carry on athletics as far as possible. In all probability a football team will shortly be organized which bids fair to become the champion of the country. As a beginning, there is Barrett of Cornell, Captain of the 1915 champions, Cupid Black of Yale, Captain of the 1916 team, Hogg of Princeton, another Captain, Garnet, Captain of the Dartmouth team; besides these there are the two Shuler brothers, both of Cornell, and Benedict, a Cornell Varsity man. A few others worthy of mention are, Luth of Annapolis, O'Brien of Harvard, All-American End, Nelson, also of Harvard, Brown of Princeton, Hutchinson of Yale, and Arthur Gilman of Cornell, who in 1915 played right tackle on the Navy team. Athletics in all branches are being organized as rapidly as possible, and as soon as suitable ground can be obtained regular practice will be started.

At the present date there are no boats in use which have been made by the government. Those in commission are private boats, which have been turned over for the use of patrol work under the Naval Coast Defense Law. They have been painted grey and fitted up according to the nature of their duty. Depending on the size of the craft, machine guns or one and three pounder guns have been mounted. The small boats that have been accepted will be commissioned as dispatch boats.

The surest and most efficient method of defense against the opera-

tion of submarines along the coast is the unceasing patrol of these armed boats which are divided into four types. In the first type of "A" slow, are crafts sufficiently seaworthy to maintain a station in a harbour in all weather up to a moderate gale; to have a speed of not less than seven knots, and to mount a one-pounder R. F. and one machine gun. The other type of "A" fast is the same as the first mentioned only they have a length of not less than forty feet, and a speed of not less than sixteen knots. In type "B" slow, the craft has to be over sixty feet in length, and has to have a speed of not less than ten knots. It has to be equipped with a radio and searchlight. The type "B" fast have to be over sixty feet in length and have to maintain a speed of sixteen knots. As a matter of fact most of the crafts now in commission make about thirty knots an hour.

The patrol boat service is worked in twenty-four hour shifts. That is, a crew go aboard at a certain time, they relieve a boat at a certain station, and then at the end of twenty-four hours they in turn are relieved by the first crew. Under the present existing conditions of war the coast is being protected to a greater extent than the public realize. Most of the ports along the coast in this district are being closely guarded and are prepared to meet any emergencies. The boats of the larger type will be detailed for a longer period than twenty-four hours. The period for these boats will probably be extended for forty-eight hours or more.

It has been stated that the English fleet which corresponds to our Mosquito Fleet has not met with entire success. This report may be true or not but it is certain that the Fringe Fleet of Great Britain has seen more service, and has done more good than the regular fleet composed of larger vessels. These small crafts off the coasts of England and France have had an average of over fifty encounters a week with the submarines. It is also believed that in the future, the vessels of the larger type than our Navy has at the present time will be done away with and small crafts introduced.

The Mosquito Fleet, as it is called, was formed under Act of Congress, during the summer of 1916. This reserve, the Act provided, would consist of citizens of the United States who offered themselves for enrollment and who have been accepted because they are capable of performing especially useful service for the Navy, or in connection with the Navy in the defense of the coast. After three months of active service to be performed at any time within a period of four years; in installments of not less than three weeks, one can be confirmed in the provisional rank or rating by taking a prescribed examination. In case of war those enrolled will have to serve, but when peace comes they will be allowed to resign as they desire.

The patrol scout squadron in this district was originally formed by Stewart Davis and Loring Swasey, both of Boston. Last summer they built several boats which were used

Professor W. W. Comfort

From a graduate of Haverford College in 1895, to the presidency of that institution in 1917 is the distinguished record that William Wistar Comfort, present head of the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures here at Cornell, is to enjoy this fall. For Professor Comfort will leave us in June, after a sojourn since September, 1909, to return to his Alma Mater, no longer undergraduate or graduate student, or instructor or associate professor, but as the president.

Professor Comfort has reached the top of the ladder, so far as it goes in the field of scholarly attainment. It has only been through persistent application to his chosen field,—that of the Romance Languages, that such a rapid rise from that of student to president in 15 years has been possible. Cornell loses what Haverford will gain,—a fine man and a thorough teacher.



Robinson Studio



White Studio

Professor W. E. Lunt

No longer will Goldwin Smith B echo to that deep voice! No longer will the entering students who take history have the opportunity of learning about the relation of the papacy to the state during the reigns of Edward I and Edward II from a man who is without doubt one of the leading authorities on English History in the country. For Professor William Lunt is also to depart for Haverford, there to occupy the newly established chair of the Gideon Scull Professorship of English Constitutional History.

We wish Professor Lunt unbounded success in his new post.

Censorship of the Press

By LOUIS ERNEST HINRICHS

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Hinrichs who is at present the New York Financial Correspondent of the London Times, graduated from Harvard in 1905. From 1906 to 1913 he was with the New York Evening Sun largely as a financial and a political writer. From 1913 to 1916 he was Assistant Financial Editor of the Tribune going thence to his present position. We regret our inability to publish a picture of Mr. Hinrichs the reason for which we may find in Mr. Hinrichs' own words, "Sergeant was too busy to cross the ocean, and Whistler died before he could get around to it. The article, therefore, will have to lighten itself up."

In no real democracy, in time of peace, has the suggestion ever been tolerated that the press be brought under censorship. So odious is any proposal to abridge the right of free speech that few persons have ever had the temerity to make it. It is through the press that the overwhelming majority of people get their knowledge of how their nation's affairs are being conducted, and it is through the press that public opinion most plainly reflects itself. To muzzle the newspapers is at once to restrict the power of the people to rule by depriving them of the facts upon which they must base their judgment of their government's acts.

Publicity is the one infallible cure for the diseases of government; and there is no government which does not suffer at one time or another from ineptitude, exaggerated ego or some other merely human malady. Without publicity in governmental affairs, or with a publicity carefully restricted within a government's desires, there are possible such monstrosities as a Prussianized Germany or a Russia of the Romanoffs.

If the evils of press censorship in time of peace heavily outweigh its advantages—as no student of history

can for a moment doubt—it is only common sense, in time of war, to require from a government proposing to make use of this dangerous power convincing proof that it will injure the nation less than it will the enemy. The burden of demonstration is plainly upon those who would suppress even the smallest item of news. It may be remarked, incidentally, that they will be hard put to it to make out a case.

The theory of censorship of the press rests upon the idea that nothing must be printed in the newspapers which would be "of aid or comfort to the enemy." All-embracing phrase! What can it not be made to cover?

In the early days of the Great War the German artillery, with its "Coal Boxes" and "Jack Johnsons" was blasting the British trenches to fragments or burying their heroic defenders alive. What was that terrible storm answered with? For the most part, shrapnel—shrapnel which, by comparison, was hardly more than a spring rain. Infrequently, it caught bodies of men in the open and fulfilled its real purpose; but when it was directed at trenches, more often than not it exploded harmlessly

against the parapets. The material damage done by the most successful hits could be easily repaired with shovels and sandbags in fifteen minutes.

Weeks went by and still the unequal duel continued. Obsessed by the tradition of shrapnel, the British War Office maintained a deaf ear to suggestions that it take a leaf from the German book. Then, at last, the power of newspaper publicity was brought to bear. Headed by the London "Times," the Northcliffe press dinned "high explosive shells" into the government's ears until stubborn officialdom had to yield. The old policy was given up. As soon as it could be done, the troops in France and Flanders were supplied with the shells in vast quantities. At once there was a great change. Battles were no less bloody but they became more equal, and in the course of time the combination of a righteous cause and adequate weapons began to prevail. Martin Luther once refused to give the Devil a monopoly of the good tunes; with equal reasonableness, the Northcliffe newspapers refused him a monopoly of the good weapons.

Examples could be multiplied indefinitely, if there were need, to show the wholesome effect of well-informed criticism, if only in this war, upon stubborn autocrats. Almost invariably that criticism has had to fight its way through the barbed-wire intrenchments of absolute or implied press censorship. And yet, even in so democratic a country as our own, persistent attempts are being made at the present time to bring about

limitations on the right of newspapers to print the news, and to comment on the government's policies, such as were never known in England in the worst days of the censorship.

There are, of course, many things that should not be made public about military and naval movements. In the South African war the Boers were often able to profit by knowledge of the intended movements of their British adversaries. These, disclosed in newspaper despatches from the front to London papers, were cabled back to South Africa by the Boer junta in Holland. But as soon as it was discovered what was happening, the newspapers themselves did as much to prevent a recurrence of the practice as the War Office could.

To come back, however, to the general question of press censorship. It must be plain to everybody that what will give "aid or comfort to the enemy" is largely a matter of interpretation. Read literally, the words cover nine-tenths of all that is printed in the newspapers. Even the advertisements would not be immune from the censor's blue pencil, nor yet the seemingly harmless weather predictions. "Cloudy, with moderate westerly wins" has before now been read as an innocent invitation to a Zeppelin visit.

Then, think of what it means to people here and in our allied countries, to read that the German food ration has been cut again, that influential bodies are demanding from the Chancellor a statement of acceptable peace terms, which shall include

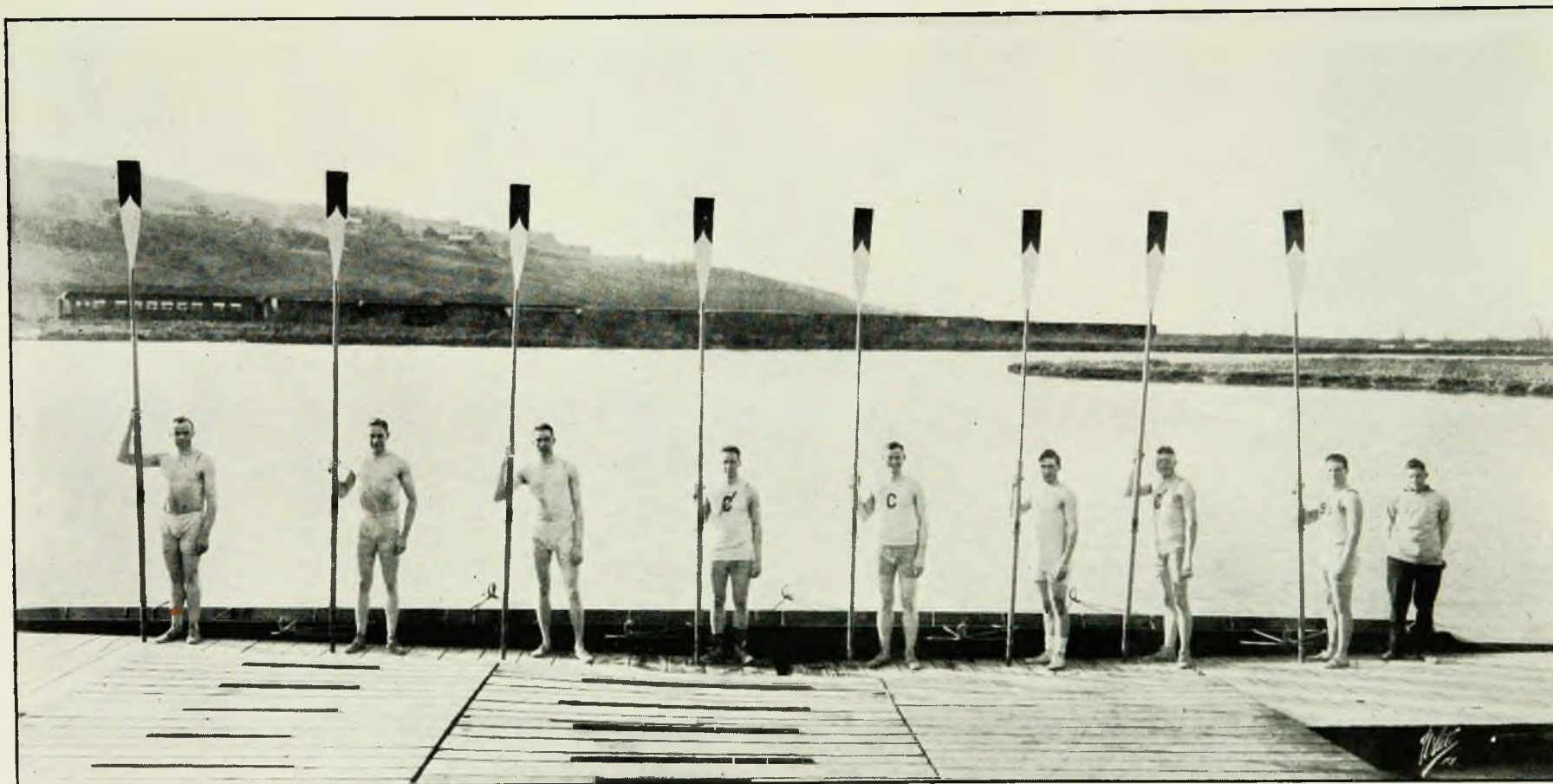
neither annexation nor indemnity proposals. Certainly, it is a comfort to the enemies of German militarism, if no very positive aid, to know that it is beginning to lose prestige and that the light is beginning to spread among the German peoples. But if we had such a censorship as is proposed for this country, and the situation were reversed, what chance would our own people have of knowing the real necessity which exists for economizing in food consumption? There would be hints, of course, because bad news, like murder, will out. And as invariably happens with reports made *sub rosa*, the stories would grow with the telling until minor mishaps became catastrophes and mere misfortunes calamities.

It will be objected by champions of press censorship that the law would not be interpreted literally but in the light of common sense. If there could be any guarantee of that, there would be no need of a censorship at all. Newspaper editors have at least their share of common sense and it would be hard to indict successfully a patriotism that is striving with might and main to arouse the people of this country to an adequate comprehension of the task which is before them. Quarrel with the details of newspaper editing as many will, they must yet acknowledge that without the newspapers there could not have been any "Liberty Loan" of \$2,000,000,000. Still less would it be possible to raise the further billions which must be spent before this war is happily ended. Indeed, it must be

doubted that the people of the United States would have come even to the relatively small appreciation of the task before them that they have now if their newspapers had not made clear to them the would-be-abolished information regarding the country's unpreparedness for a serious war.

Summarized as briefly as possible, the great and overwhelming argument against anything but a voluntary censorship of the press is the impossibility of defining with reasonable precision the news which hurts the enemy more than it does us.

The laws must be executed by human beings, and human beings are not infallible. For a press censorship there must be press censors—not one, but scores, or hundreds. Whatever attempts may be made to avoid bias, the censors would constantly be reminded that they were in the service of the government. In time of war the government of a democracy becomes for a space an autocracy. The actual direction of affairs is confined to the hands of a few leaders; which, for purposes of efficiency, is exactly as it should be. It is a commonplace of history that autocracies are abnormally sensitive to criticism, because with them there can be no shifting of the blame for what goes wrong. To put into their hands the power to repress criticism of their acts is to perpetuate bad policies equally with good. If, say, we must again have "embalmed beef," let us at least have the scandal which ought to go with it!



THE FIRST CREW COMBINATION

Courtesy of White Studio

OG

By HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON

When Hieronymus Luedtke was six years old, he wrote down a list of all the names of all the widows in the Old Testament and Pastor Brunsing was highly pleased.

"There is something in that boy," he said, when next he visited the Luedtke parents and old Hieronymus, who had entertained great social ambitions ever since he had married the daughter of the town-scribe of Dusterberg had seriously waved his long Bismarck pipe up and down and had answered "there certainly is something in that boy. He seems to take after his late Grandfather the town-secretary."

And Mrs. Luedtke had looked at her child with all the pride of the Mother of a second Goethe.

When Hieronymus was ten years old and had to decide upon his future career, there was but one answer to the ever difficult question of "what am I to be?"

He was to become a teacher and the parental store was mortgaged to send him to the gymnasium of the nearby town of Greifswald. For three years, he worked hard and diligently and accepted the indifferent food and the more than indifferent treatment of the teacher with whom he boarded with truly evangelical meekness.

We can easily skip the next six years of Hieronymus' peaceful life and studies. He intended to become a teacher of German philology in a gymnasium and worked diligently and patiently. He was not very

bright but he was exceedingly persevering. He never had an original idea but he would take his hat in his hand and bow politely for every new thought which his teacher put upon his way. Grammar was his strong point and the irregular Gothic verbs had a great fascination for him. In appearance he was not pleasant to look upon. He squinted a little bit and his teeth were not very good. Three were missing and between the two front ones there was a small black hole. Somewhere he had read (or had heard in a lecture) that a beard was a sign of virility and that only degenerate people, such as the Romans under Nero (and the English under Edward VII) removed these signs of manly sex. Hence he had tried to produce this ornament which must make him the equal of Wotan and Siegfried but thus far he had only succeeded in raising a very unappetizing fringe of black hair.

After having graduated in 1914 with all possible honors, our Hero was immediately appointed scientific co-editor of the Great Icelandic Dictionary which the University of Greifswald was publishing.

Behold, Hieronymus, married (for the salary of eighteen hundred marks a year fully allowed him to settle down) and living a life of peace, tobacco and beer and the prospect of a pension after thirty-five years of faithful work. Six days of the week he worked but upon the seventh day he put on his frock coat and rested. Then, cosily seated around the table

of the "Wild Hunter" while his wife took an occasional sip from his stein of beer, he used to discuss the politics of the Fatherland and the world beyond the pales of Kultur.

As a matter of fact Hieronymus was an excellent fellow who could not swat the fly without slight compunctions of conscience. But the eternal beating upon the journalistic tomtom of the "damned Englishmen" had had its effect. And the mild philologist who had served his year in the seventy-eighth regiment of infantry and had reached the rank of a sergeant felt that he belonged to a great race which mercilessly and unjustly was being persecuted by a cunning and treacherous enemy.

For fully six months Hieronymus had worked upon his dictionary, had read the story of "Hermann and Dorothea" to his Julia, and had been the ever increasing pride of his Father and Mother. Then one day a crazy printer's devil had shot an Austrian Grandduke and his wife, and all the world trembled. Hieronymus, when Sunday came and his way led to the beer table remarked, "Gentlemen, this is very serious indeed. Our beloved Fatherland will soon have to struggle for its place in the sun but German courage and German zeal and German sacrifice will show the world that we are the same as when we beat the Romans under Varrus in the year of our Lord 6."

Hieronymus, in his uncomfortable uniform had taken a tender farewell of his wife and she had packed two extra sausage-sandwiches in his knapsack. He had written a kind

letter to his parents, thanking them for all they had done for him and asking them to look after his wife in case he should die a glorious death for the Fatherland. Finally he had recommended himself to his chief, an octagenarian professor who was the honorary head of the Icelandic Dictionary.

"How far have we got, my dear assistant," he asked pleasantly.

"As far as 'og' Mr. Chief Editor," answered Hieronymus.

"Og? why we are making progress. At this rate we shall have finished our work in—"

"In fourteen years more."

The editor-in-chief wanted to be pleasant upon this occasion of farewell and said "Fourteen years. My dear doctor, then our work shall be all out of date again."

But Hieronymus who cared not for jokes made while he wore the King's blue coat made a stiff bow and shortly replied "I beg your pardon. Mr. Chief Editor but our work is well and efficiently done. It will never be out of date" and clicking his heels together he left the room. Then he went to his study and in the large card catalogue which he used for the orderly keeping of his literary material he inserted a red slip of paper under the letter "o." It gave him a comfortable feeling. He must now go and fight the Englishman for the benefit and the glory of his Fatherland. When he returned he could go straight on with his work. No conjunction would ever have received such minute care as the Icelandic "og."

For three days, the third company

of the fourteenth battallion of the seventy-eighth regiment of infantry rode in a train. Then for more than thirty-six hours they waited while, upon endless carriages, heavy guns were slowly creeping past the side-tracked infantry.

"Where are you going?" the soldiers shouted to an artillery sergeant who was peacefully smoking, sitting astride a cannon.

"Going to Paris" the answer came back.

As a matter of fact the guns went to Liège and shooting from the public garden of that town destroyed the circle of Belgian forts (condemned to silence upon the risk of destroying their own city which harbored the hostile guns) and opened the road to France.

Two days later, Hieronymus and his men were disembarked at an enormous wooden platform built in the middle of the deserted heath, miles away from everywhere. Hieronymus regarded this solid structure with pride. "German efficiency," he remarked, "platforms for horses and guns built in less than five days."

"Germany efficiency, nothing" was the curt reply of his colleague. "We built those things nine years ago when we made the railroad to the Belgian frontier."

"Then it was German foresight."

"Exactly. And to hell with the Belgians. Here we go across the frontier."

It was not difficult to see where the frontier had been. The little house which had served the Belgian douaners had been burned down and only part of the chimney remained stand-

ing. Upon this, a German soldier of wit, had put a placard, saying "King Albert's Palace." The yellow, red and black post which indicated the exact geographical frontier had been broken in two. To the stump a wooden plank had been fastened and upon this in red ink a red arrow pointed toward the west while the legend told the passerby that this was the shortest road to the Belgian piggery.

When the men passed this point they cheered and then spontaneously they sang the "Watch on the Rhine" while they marched towards the Meuse.

There was no fighting to be done. Von Emmich's army had done its work with dreadful efficiency. Liège had been taken and the roads towards France were open. The time had come to take possession of the conquered territory and small detachments of from forty to fifty men, were told off to visit all the villages and gather up all firearms. But there were so many villages and so few men that soon the supply of officers to command these groups was found to be insufficient. Already twenty-four groups had been told off and had marched away upon their respective errands. Suddenly the commanding colonel turned about and called sharply, "Sergeant Luedtke!"

"At your orders, Colonel" and the devotee of the Icelandic language made a stiff bow.

"Stand up straight when I talk to you."

"At your orders, colonel" while the back accustomed to being curved over ponderous books was thrown up

and the sergeant's eyes stared into the blue sky.

"Take twelve men and go to the village of Hadimont. You will find it upon this map. Gather in all the firearms. If anybody resists, shoot him. Hang him. I don't care. Only don't let them get away. Do you understand?"

"To your orders, colonel."

Exit sergeant Luedtke and twelve husky men taking the road which led southward from the frontier. The village was easy enough to find. The spire of the church was visible. There was but one road. The men loosened their clothes, lighted pipes, made themselves comfortable in a general way, and shuffled through the dust of the parched August road.

When they came to a turn the sergeant told them to stop. Our excellent philologist was by nature no hero nor even a second class military man. But such is the training of that wonderful military machine that even an awkward and clumsy little Prussian school teacher had been changed into quite an acceptable non-commissioned officer. As such he knew that too arduous a march under a hot sun would speedily disorganize his fresh men and every half hour he ordered a halt of five minutes. It was during one of these breathing spaces that George, his corporal, pointed to a slight haze, tinged with pink, hanging over the valley of the Meuse, "Look" he said, "the fun has begun." He was quite right. Visé and Argenteau were burned to ashes that afternoon and their inhabitants were either shot or hanged. Sergeant Luedtke could not know

this but he looked uncomfortable.

"I am sorry for those Belgian villagers," he answered.

"With your permission, sergeant" the corporal returned with a grin, "I am not in the least bit sorry. Serves them right for attacking us."

"Perhaps" and with that the company was ordered to continue their march. After two hours they came to Hadimont, an indifferent Belgian village. Two rows of houses, a church, a few stores, many small inns. None of it very clean or inviting. Of the inhabitants there was no vestige. An old sow, fast asleep in the gutter and three chickens and a rooster were all the signs of life.

"How about that pig, Sergeant?" one of the soldiers asked.

"I am afraid that we are not allowed to steal and there is nobody to accept payment."

"Perhaps she will follow us back to camp out of her own free will" remarked the soldier whose mixed biological observations put him down as a town dweller.

"Yes, perhaps she will. But now we must search these houses." Then he commanded, "Corporal Meier, you and three men take the right side of the street and break into each house. Four other men take the left side. The others stay in the middle of the road, ready to shoot."

The sergeant's orders were obeyed, and the noise of doors and windows being smashed by the butts of rifles in the strange silence of the deserted village street suggested a troop of woodsmen, hacking away for dear life, trying to stop a forest fire. Each house was carefully examined. Noth-

ing was found. The inhabitants were gone. In the backroom of the fourth house a dead baby was discovered. It had been laid in its little coffin, ready for burial, but in the general flight no attention had been paid to this silent detail.

"Throw it into the sink," said a roughhanded dockworker.

"Shut up, you beast, or you get ten days," the corporal snapped back. You are a Prussian soldier and don't you forget it" and with great care and tenderness he laid the cover over the little coffin, took a few flowers from a tumbler which was standing upon a small table and placed them near the head. "So, you poor little thing. Now you will lie better. God bless my own little ones" and making the sign of the cross, he left the room and closed the door very, very softly, "for we must not wake her up."

Outside he found his sergeant. "Nothing to be discovered," he reported, merely in order to say something.

"Thank God," Sergeant Luedtke answered. "It is noble and virtuous to fight for one's Emperor and Fatherland but this work I like not."

"Oh, well. It is almost over. Ten minutes more and we are through" and with that the corporal went up to a small wooden house, raised his rifle high above his head, landed it upon the flimsy wood of the door and fell dead with a bullet through his brain.

The men stampeded for they were new at this sort of thing and the desire to live was as yet stronger than their respect for discipline. Flattening themselves against the

houses they had their rifles ready for immediate action. The sergeant was the first to recover. He felt his responsibility. A cog in the large machinery of his native land, he had since his earliest childhood been taught what, when and how to act. As a sergeant it was his duty to give the example to his men. Therefore without further ado he took his revolver and went up to the splinted door in front of which his corporal was lying with his eyes wide open and blood trickling from his mouth.

"Surrender," he cried through the door.

As answer another shot sounded and landed in the window sill of the house opposite. Suddenly the sergeant jumped forward and fired into the darkness of the hall. A piercing cry and the fall of a body against some woodwork and then not another sound. For perhaps half a minute the men waited. Then Luedtke stepped through the breach in the door and called out, "come here, men, and help me. It is a woman." But when they came to the light it was not even a woman whom they saw but a mere slip of a girl. The bullet had hit her in the right arm and had split the bone. The arm was hanging limply by her side. The gun had fallen when she fainted.

"A nice kettle of fish" Luedtke said, "what are we to do with her?"

"Orders were to shoot them at sight" the dockworker volunteered.

"Prussian soldiers don't shoot wounded women" Luedtke bit back at him. "I shall report you." Then he ordered four men to make a

stretcher out of their guns, put their coats over this and lift up the girl. The dead corporal was made comfortable in the hall of the house where he had been found and six men were left behind to guard the body. The girl however must be transported as quickly as possible to a hospital. After a two hours' march the little procession came back to headquarters. But as bad luck would have it, the colonel himself happened to be present when Luedtke and his men came marching down the road of the camp.

"What is that, sergeant? Did they wound one of your men?"

"They killed one of my men, at your orders, Colonel. This is the person who did it" and he pointed to the girl who seemed to emerge from her blessed forgetfulness into the realm of feverish pain, and who groaned pitifully.

Then colonel lifted up his sword. Then he remembered that Prussia, even in time of war, does not like to see her soldiers beaten by their superiors. His rage against this impotent fool of a professor broke forth into a torrent of abuse of the lowest quality.

"You blustering idiot. You good-for-nothing son of an ass. What did I tell you? What did I tell you? Didn't I tell you to shoot them when they offered resistance? What did you do with my dead man?"

"I left him with a strong guard Colonel, to be called for later."

"To be called for later. Oh ye gods. And we must go and make war with such dunderheads. Brings back these filthy murderers. Leaves

his comrades behind. Man, what possesses you?"

"The girl was badly wounded. She seemed to need medical assistance."

"Medical assistance? She? Medical assistance to a franc-tireur!" Then noticing how the girl had opened her eyes, he spit at her in his Prussian-French which sounded like the noise of a steel file upon a glass plate. "You beast, how dared you shoot one of the soldiers of the King of Prussia?"

The girl was really very weak for she could not give expression to the fire which shone through her eyes. She merely whispered. "I defended my own home. Your King has no right here" and then fainted away for good.

The colonel sneered. "Here comes a dirty Belgian peasant to tell our King what he may do and may not do."

Meanwhile the regimental doctor had made his appearance, and speaking to the colonel he said, "you had better have her removed, Sir, or she will bleed to death right here. I shall operate at once."

"Operate be damned. Operate and waste time upon this scum? Not much. Put her there against the wall. Never mind. Put the whole stretcher in the gutter where she belongs."

The men obeyed. They did not like it but personal likes are not a current item in a regiment which follows the black, white and red colors.

The colonel had quieted down for

(Continued on page 719)

William Faversham in the Hay-field on his Estate at
Chiddingfold, England



Hitherto unpublished picture

Courtesy of the Theatre Magazine

MR. FAVERSHAM APPEARED IN ITHACA IN "GETTING MARRIED"



Courtesy of Theatre Magazine

Mr. Arliss, who won the love of American public through his presentation of Disraeli, appeared in Ithaca in his new play, "The Professor's Love Story."



Courtesy of White Studio

Miss Anglin appeared in Ithaca in a revival of the delightful comedy, "Green Stockings."

Two of the leading characters from "The World of Pleasure," which recently appeared at the Lyceum.



Courtesy of Lyceum Theatre

Mr. Warfield included Ithaca in his revival tour of "The Music Master," his first great success.



Courtesy of Theatre Magazine

Mrs. Royce and Her Portrait of Dr. White

The accompanying illustration shows Mrs. Edward Royce's portrait-relief of Dr. White. Two bronze casts have been made. One of these will shortly be put in place in the White Memorial Library. The other, it is understood, Mrs. Royce will present to Dr. White as a personal token of respect and admiration. The portrait bears Dr. White's autograph.

Mrs. Royce is a pupil of Auguste Rodin. She is at present engaged on portraits of the late Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, her father-in-law; Mr. Paderewski, and Miss Helene Stanton, and has recently completed portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Goodyear for the Groton Library.



Courtesy of White Studio

Views of the Cornell Pageant



Courtesy of White Studio

What German Invasion Means

By MADAME LAURA DE GOZDAWA-TURCZYNOWICZ (LAURA BLACKWELL)

I tell this story because so many people have asked me to. Also in the hope of helping Poland. She is worthy of help, martyred, devastated, trodden under the Prussian boot as she is! Much pressure has been brought to bear upon me, that I should advocate the sending of food into Poland. I cannot in the light of my own experience, do so. Under the existing circumstances I know it would not be the Poles who would eat the bread sent them!

Very near the borderline between Russia and Germany lies Suwalki. It was a delightful, old-fashioned spot, full of homes, and with many estates in the neighborhood. Into this old-world peace came war, and of the homes and people, there is left only destruction and hopeless grey misery.

Is it possible that, there in Poland, peace once was? That one's home was one's own,—that no strange men came to peer into all one's belongings and take what they could manage to carry away, destroying the rest? That there was no hunger, that there was light and heat and medicine for the sick, and comfort for the dying? With eyes and heart full of war visions it seems to me that there never was a time when anyone smiled in all that martyred land.

How vividly the events of those terrible times seem to come back. The news of the declaration of war, the troops, the firing in the distance, and then the news of the retreat of our

armies and the nearness of the Prussian foe. Then those days when the Prussian lines were extended nearly up to the boundaries of our town. Those sleepless nights, when I lay awake, praying for the lives of my babes. And my husband was in Warsaw, at a meeting of the Polish Red Cross Central Committee. Then that awful night on the tenth of September, when the refugees poured into the town, and rumors that the Cossack lines had been broken spread everywhere.

A Russian officer whom I knew came to ask that all our lights be extinguished. He said no one knew what it was—whether the Germans had broken through, or if the Cossacks were hunting down an officer, who was reported as basely betraying his men—a German of course—as many of the officers were then. I looked out through the blinds—innumerable lights were flashing about the fields, shots could be heard, intermingled with cries.

Morning of the 11th dawned at last. The streets were as empty as if no one lived! About six o'clock the wounded began to pour into the town—never have I seen worse cases—hands and arms gone—blinded—all the sad story of war. Bad news also came—our army was in retreat, but still no orders to retire. I tried to send a telegram only to find the wires cut.

The little city, full of life and homes and wounded—cut off from

the world. Oh! what a street! The forage wagons now all going one way, carrying refugees, furniture, every sort of possession. Bidding good-bye to my home, with my three little children, I followed the route. Going past the station we found a train, a cattle train, with evidences of its former owners. There were already a few wounded, but we managed with the aid of an old coat and a pail of water, to make things quite comfortable. I helped the wounded all I could. At five o'clock the confusion and firing grew nearer. The train was ready for instant flight, steam up, but we waited in hopes the enemy would be driven off. Finally when the firing seemed right on us, the cars began to move. In a few minutes we were right where the shots were flying—some of them struck our car! After a terrible flight, in which I cared for the wounded in the train with the aid of the few red cross nurses, I arrived in Warsaw. There I could again see my husband, who was there attending his duty as the Chief Sanitary Engineer of the Russian Army.

After a month in Warsaw, where the reports of the terrible murder of my soldiers could not overcome the happiness that came to me from again being with my husband, I heard from seemingly official reports that our Army had braced up, and that the Germans had been forced to leave Suwalki. So, I again left my husband and returned with my children to my home.

Curious it was, that return. The old station was changed, but still

packed with people. Houses were ruined, fences were broken down, lights were a thing unknown, and pale half-starved women and children roamed hopelessly about the forsaken town.

Men were very scarce, the Germans had carried away with them all the men they could, leaving only those who were of no more use to Poland for fighting. Children were wandering through the fields and the woods; homeless, fatherless, friendless. They could find no food, no shelter, no clothing. Many were dying of starvation and exposure. In fact, so many died that now there are almost no young children left in the whole country of Poland.

I went to my home that night. My servants did not know of my arrival until a half hour beforehand, and so they had no time to try to fix it in any way. My home was ruined! Although the walls still stood, every thing in the entire place had been ransacked. Every drawer, every closet, everything had been emptied out and strewn knee deep about the floor. I walked through the drawing rooms, trying my best not to breathe until I could get my head out of a window,—the room was so hideously befouled and the stench so strong that it seemed inconceivable that they could have done such things. A valuable collection of old books, manuscripts, seals, engravings, and an extensive English library had all been thrown down in the hideous filth. And then I went into the kitchens and pantries, the pride of a Polish home. There I found an even

worse picture of wanton desolation. China, linen, trodden upon. But, in the pantries, I found the thing that exceeded all else in fiendish degenerated ingenuity, there I found rows upon rows of jam pots, marmalade, preserves, and honey glasses had been emptied of their contents, and filled with the filth which was so plentiful in the town, and returned to the shelves. The house seemed not like it had been occupied by men, but by animals.

After six months of terrible fighting on the part of the Germans, they again were approaching the town. Orders were given for immediate evacuation. In a day the town was deserted. But I could not go. One of my boys had been taken with the terrible disease, typhus. He could not be carried back, and so I decided to stay there in my house with him and nurse him. After the villagers had escaped, I saw the retreating Russian Army coming through the town. They were almost dead, they had neither food nor ammunition. And yet they were still in hopes of turning the retreat, but it was beyond their power. The German war-machine bore down upon the town, they entered the town, and they saw my house as one of the few that still remained. The officers took possession of it, they put me with my sick child in one small room, taking the rest of the house for themselves.

The next day the most dreadful thing that I saw occurred. I heard the word "our soldiers have come back." I rushed out to see for myself, and did see that they were coming back, but how! The street was

full of them, thousands driven along like dogs, taunted, beaten; if they fell down they were either kicked until they got up or they lay there never to get up again. I could have screamed aloud at what was being enacted before my eyes, but there was my poor little girl to quiet. I told her she could carry bread to the Russian soldiers. My cook brought the bread and cut it up in chunks. I told her to go down to the mounting block with my girl, thinking surely that a little child would be respected, and that it would be the surest means of getting the bread into the prisoners' hands. It seemed to me if I could not help them I would go mad. I went up to my balcony, where I could plainly see the prisoners pass. Among that company of misery I saw many familiar faces. When my little girl reached the block there was a wild rush for the bread; trembling hands reached out, only to be beaten down by the guarding Germans. One German officer took a piece of bread from the girl's hand, broke off little bits, throwing them into the air to see those starving men snatch for them and then hunt for them in the mud. Then something so terrible happened that while I live it can never be blotted from my memory. Wanda, my little, tender, sensitive child, had a chunk of bread in her hand and was in the act of giving it to a prisoner, when an officer came up and snatched it from her hand. He threw it in the mud and trampled on it until it could be no longer called bread. The poor hungry prisoner with a whimpering cry, stooped down wildly searching for it, when the of-

ficer raised his foot and kicked the Russian violently in the mouth.

That same day I noticed that the prisoners were being put in one of the churches. I went to see what was happening. I saw them as they were being huddled into the church. I saw them put in until there was not enough room for one to raise his arms from his sides. I saw the Germans guard that church for ten days, and then I saw the Germans drag the dead out of the church to be thrown up in piles, not even buried. And the next Sunday, I saw the Germans go into that same church and pray to God that it was they who were fighting for Him and it was they who were saving the world from the Allies.

After this terrible experience, I was told that the Great Man was to visit the town, and that he was to be quartered in my house. Great meals were prepared in advance. The best of wines were brought to the house, and everything was put in the best of condition for the Great Man. I had hoped to be let alone, but I was not allowed that luxury. I must serve Him with coffee. When I entered the room with the tray, I immediately felt in a condition of hopeless depression. His personality was of the kind that brought an odious feeling to all in his presence. Even his attendants, he treated in the most cruel manner. While he ate they had to stand at attention, until they almost dropped with fatigue.

The Man had a tremendous appetite, he ate like a pig and drank in a manner that can not be compared with a human. He was interested only in what He was doing and in

what He had done. It was a curious thing to know how the German soldiers worshipped him. He was their God, they thought the name of von Hindenburg and God to be interchangeable. The tales that I could tell of the cruelty he approved of would fill volumes—but why temporize on one man—he was merely an individual that stands out among so many others that were like him. What ungodly inhuman things I saw during those awful days are such as can be only felt and realized and brooded upon by one who has suffered and who feels for the people that have suffered and that are suffering. Wives and daughters taken away from their families, men deported, orders that the peasants were not to touch or eat any of their own grain or food under penalty of death until military distribution could be made; the terribleness of it all is so appalling that I can go no further.

But it was not only the captives that suffered. The German common soldiery also were treated like dogs. They were machines of the government, and at the least provocation, were imprisoned or shot. The arm of militarism must be recognized!

Then followed those days when I petitioned and petitioned for leave to go to Berlin and there to get permission to come to America. Oh how bright was that day when after refusal after refusal, I received the permission. The leaving, the journey, the final permit to come to this country are but misty remembrances now. The more terrible things cannot be forgotten, so easily.

In this great free America I con-

(Continued on page 727)

Everett Victor Meeks

Architect, Antiquarian and Automobilist

Mr. E. V. Meeks, Professor of Architecture in charge of Design, is deservedly one of the most popular and prominent men of the College of Architecture. After graduating from Yale with the degree of A. B. in 1901, he travelled around the world. In the fall of 1903 he entered the school of Architecture at Columbia where



he studied for two years. In 1905 he went abroad again and studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris for four years. At the close of his career at the Beaux Arts he was awarded the rather imposing degree of Architecte Diplômé par le Gouvernement.

Between 1909 and 1916 Mr. Meeks was closely associated with the well-known firm of Carrère and Hastings. While with this firm, he took a very active part in designing the approaches to the Manhattan Bridge, the Richmond County Court-house in

Staten Island, and the residences of Henry C. Frick and Edwin Gould in New York. Besides instructing the Seniors in design at Cornell three days a week, Mr. Meeks lectures two days a week at Yale. Whatever time remains to him after that he spends in New York.

Although Mr. Meeks spends the greater part of his time disseminating the seeds of architecture in the fertile brains of the students of Cornell, he has found enough leisure time to become an ardent automobilist. In mentioning this fact, Mr. Meeks said that, as an automobilist, he could probably be of most service in the present crisis as he knew this country thoroughly from the Adirondacks to Washington.

Mr. Meeks spoke very highly of the work done in the College of Architecture. He said, "There is no school in the country where a man could get a better general architectural education than at Cornell." He also said that Cornell was the only college in the country where extensive use was made of the French method of teaching architecture. This was due to the fact that so many of the teaching staff were graduates of the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris.

Mr. Meeks is a man of quiet and cultivated tastes. For many years he has been a diligent collector of antiques. Dean Martin spoke of Mr. Meeks in very glowing terms. He said that he was altogether a very fine teacher and one of the best men they have ever had in the department.

F. T. S., '19.

The Weed

One of the poems submitted for the Morrison Poetry Prize

A vagrant south wind caught me,
High whirled me up and brought me
Upon the smiling softness of this mild and gentle land.
Deep I burrowed in the dank
Rich mud by the marish bank,
Fiercely clutched for food and life with many a tendrilled hand.

Sturdily strong I flourished,
Midst kindly slime that nourished,
Then felt an inner craving urge to rise into the light.
Verdant spikelets two or three,
Thrust I forth, and joyed to see
The beauties of the upper world the while the sun is bright.

Roses white and deep vermilion,
Lanquid lilies by the million,
Blinding struck me with the fairness of their smooth and stately forms,
And they chattered to the trees,
Gossiped gaily with the breeze,
God's beautiful and living jewels whom the sunlight warms.

But proud they were and haughty,
When timidly besought I
The boon of their free fellowship, they chilled me with their scorn,
And I wondered, quivering,
Each hurt fiber shivering,
Since it was not for friendship, why had I been hither borne?

Sweet their mingled fragrance rose,
Wafted by each wind that blows,
Gently summoning the golden-thighed honey-seeking bee,
Eagerly caressed he them,
Close and tightly pressed he them,
Over my humble verdure flew and buzzed contempt of me.

Then hate grew in me, bitter,
Of him and all this litter
Of fair-hued fragrant softlings who mocked me in their pride,
So in the sombre even,
Before the stars of Heaven,
A vow of strength I made me—to live when they had died.

Starkness seeking, thrust I then
Eager rootlets in the fen,
Hardened petals into armor, budding bloom to nettled spines,
Spent no strength on odors fair,
Graceful leaves or colors rare,
But grimly grew and patient waited for the autumn signs.

Sought me not the canker worm,
Broke me not the summer storm,
Summer passed and left me standing with graceless form and gaunt
But the weaklings dropped away,
One by one they dropped away,
Faded drably all the beauties that they were so proud to flaunt.

And yestermorn there passed,
The soul of her who last
Stood out against the rigors of the cold and bitter wind,
But ere 'twas mute in dying,
Her shrivelled voice sent sighing,
A thought that chilled the pleasure which I then had hoped to find.

True were her words, who, scorning
Me e'en in Death's gray morning,
Taunted me with pleasures past in which I had no share;
Showed to me the great mistake,
Vengeance-thirst had bid me make
In changing into hardness all that might have been so fair.

Had I but given pleasure,
But shared my scanty treasure
Of fairness and of beauty with the zephyrs and the world,
Now that my hate was sated,
And loneliness awaited,
I might have had sweet mem'ries ere my dying petals furled.

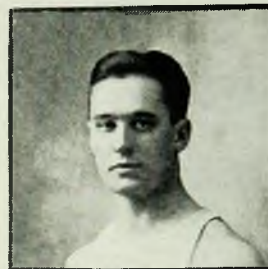
"Again comes summer," sighed the rose,
"And though we lie in deep repose,
A part of us will again within the fragrant bloom,
But you, who live while we,
Seem lost eternally,
May linger yet a little space, but winter brings your doom."



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MUELLER WHITE
FORT SHERIDAN



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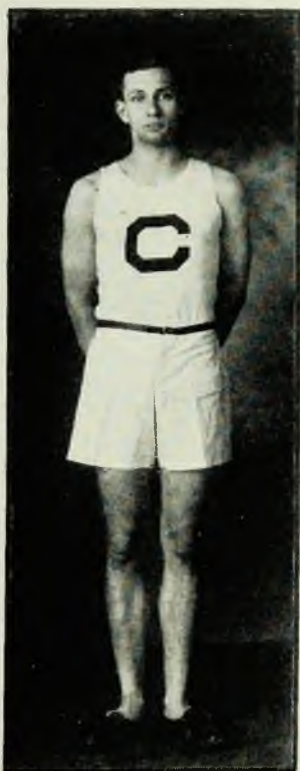


WINDNAGLE TROY
MADISON BARRACKS

CORNELL
ATHLETES
WHO ARE PREPARING
FOR SERVICE



CARRY TROY
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ACHESON TROY
AMBULANCE IN FRANCE



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Un Peu D'Amour

By W. H. FARNHAM

As Ted stood before his mirror, putting the finishing touches on his toilet by a painstaking parting of his hair, his eyes, for a moment truant to their task of superintending the movements of the comb, caught the expression of his own visage as reflected in the glass before him. His jaw was set, his lips were compressed in a firm, thin line, announcing that the owner of this physiognomy had settled on a definite course of action. The expression then softened into a smile—for Ted was of the nature which is unhappy only in indecision—and the process of “dolling up” was straightway completed without further interruption.

But don't applaud Ted's firmness of character too soon. His decision did not settle his career in life, nor involve signing a temperance pledge, nor joining the church. He had done all these things before, and the last two involved much less mental struggle than did the arrival at his latest decision. You see, Ted was seventeen and nine months old and was keenly alive to the existence of Lucille, a girlie just one year and two months his junior.

For months Lucille had been a vital problem. A problem not only in the sense that to a boy a girl is always an unsolvable enigma, but because Ted experienced strange and delightful emotions in her company which he had thought could only be felt when he was spending fast fleeting hours with Beatrice. Ever since he had tremblingly kissed Beatrice on the forehead under the dim porch light one wintry night in March, Ted had been sure that the woman ques-

tion was forever closed with him by the contemplation of marriage with her at some hazily distant date—until he met Lucille. He had avowed his passion to Beatrice, and she had returned it with a warmth of feeling that matched the golden glory of her hair, and was tempered only by the maiden shyness of her sixteen years.

Did Ted, immediately upon sensing this perplexing doubt as to his preferences, hasten honorably to announce to Beatrice the wavering state of his affections? I regret to say that he didn't. He was masculine, seventeen, and desirous of conquest. The fact that Lucille and Beatrice were sorority sisters, were chums, rendering the possibility of damaging comparison of notes by no means remote, was a difficulty which aroused in him only the desire to succeed. So when Beatrice would timidly beg for reassurance that she was the only one he loved, his protestations lost not a whit in their warmth.

Daily he saw them both at high school; Lucille in geometry class, Beatrice at the lunch hour. Daily Lucille aroused his interest and far more disquieting emotions by flattery of his intellect—for Ted was by no means backward at his books—and by half-bold, fleeting glances from eyes that revealed what Ted hoped was more than interest, while Beatrice's ready “Yes” to his confident query “Do you love me” lost none of its fascination.

At dances and parties, Ted always took Beatrice, but just as surely managed to dance or talk with Lucille. If Beatrice noticed this, she gave no sign, and with a feminine wisdom,

which most girls seem to possess as a natural gift, she never included Lucille's name when playfully accusing Ted of being false to his vows to her. And Ted was not false, according to the letter, for never had he spoken words of love to Lucille. But prolonged hand-clasps on slight pretext and stolen lingering glances proclaimed him traitor according to the spirit. These violations of the spirit of his love-vows began one evening at a sorority dance when, while dancing with Lucille, Ted found himself gazing into her eyes while his hand responded eagerly to a convulsive pressure from hers.

Ted had said, "Do you know Lucille, how beautiful you are?"

She answered nothing but did not drop her eyes. Her arm tightened around him, drawing him closer to her in the dance, while the clasp of her hand was limp and firm in alternation.

Almost hoarsely he whispered, "And I'm just crazy to kiss you. Oh Lucille, may I? Sometimes?"

She dropped her eyes, smiled, and then returned his burning gaze with a slow direct look as she said, "I'd just love to, but it wouldn't be right."

Their dance was over before either could say anything more. Ted's brain was in a whirl. His blood was pounding in his veins and his hands trembled. He was dancing with Beatrice, but the words "I'd just love to" repeated themselves in his mind in an intoxicating refrain. He did not dance again with Lucille, but while waiting for Beatrice to get her wraps, he received permission to call on Lucille the coming Friday night. One whole week stretched out ahead of him as a lifetime, for the night

of the dance was Friday. Nevertheless, his good-night kisses from Beatrice were not distasteful.

The long awaited Friday came. Ted, feeling that the prize was now within his grasp, that he had but to overcome that little phrase, "But it wouldn't be right," rang the bell of Lucille's house at quarter of eight. She greeted him at the door with the same lingering glance and the pressure of her hand. Once within, she led him to a davenport where they sat side by side. Her nearness to him, the delicate perfume which made his nostrils dilate, soon charged him with the passion of a week ago. His arm, resting carelessly behind her on the back of the davenport, began slowly to encircle and to draw her to him. Scarcely had she felt but a slight pressure from it, when she slowly stood up and walked across the room, seated herself at the piano. Ted remained seated where he was, his ardor somewhat dampened and more than a little puzzled. Lucille ran her fingers idly over the keys, played the opening bars of a one-step and stopped.

"Play for me," Ted commanded. No answer and her back was toward him. "Please play me something." He was pleading now. She rose from the piano stool, and seated herself in a chair, which was at more than conventional distance from other chairs. Ted sauntered over to the piano.

"Since you won't play for me, I'll play for myself," and started to drum in an aimless manner with one finger. She came over and stood behind him. He looked up but kept on with his drumming.

"Don't do that, I don't like it," she complained. He paid no heed. Quick-

ly she leaned over him and seized his hands. Ted sprang up and faced her, clinging to the hands which she tried to withdraw.

"I've got to kiss you, I'm just wild about you," he said, and tried to draw her to him. Her hands, disengaged as he attempted to fold her in his arms, were pushing none too gently against his chest. "Just one kiss," he pleaded. "Oh, if you only knew how wonderful you are." But still she struggled against him and Ted, who had no taste for unwilling kisses, gave up his attempts. He began to question her, "Why won't you let me?" but she returned no answer and began to chat on alien topics. Ted left early, considerably disgruntled and cursing the fickleness of woman.

The months passed by. Ted's relations with Lucille had apparently settled him in the role of a suppliant before her throne. He often debated with himself whether a declaration of love, such as he made to Beatrice, would gain a guerdon in the shape of the kisses he so ardently desired as symbols of success and as things pleasurable in themselves. But he put the thought resolutely behind him. He dared not take the chance. If Lucille should once tell Beatrice that he had said he loved her, and Beatrice should reply, "But he says he loves me,"—the thought was horrible. He spent not a little time in cogitation of the matter, which brought as its result, something very akin to resentment against Lucille. This resentment finally took form in a determination to show her that she couldn't do just as she liked, and still have him docilely pleading for what she never chose to give. This was all

very well, but how to express this new attitude without abstaining from seeing Lucille—which was something he had no desire to do—he did not know.

Ted had borne his puzzlement and rebuffs comparatively alone. Still he had not been able to resist dividing his woes with his chum Phil, whose ability to succeed in affairs of the heart was admiringly admitted by the masculine portion of the little circle in which Ted and Lucille revolved. Phil had been reluctant to give advice—or feigned to be, but with a little urging, he told Ted that the way to win woman was to show indifference, contempt if need be: to throw the burden of the chase on her. Ted, having vainly tried his own natural direct method of approach, resolved on the evening when we have been privileged to watch at the solemn rite of his toilet, to test this theory.

Hastily he announced to his parents that it was time to go and was half-way out the front door before he realized that to arrive early was no way to show indifference. Mumbling something to his father and mother about having forgotten to shine his shoes, he returned to his room and impatiently waited for sufficient time to elapse to bring him at Lucille's door at 8:15 instead of 7:45. The minutes dragged, both while waiting in his room, and while riding on the trolley, for Ted was anxious with the impatience of youth to test the validity of Phil's contention.

It was fully quarter past eight when Ted found himself seated in a chair at some distance from Lucille. Apparently his situation was the same as the one in which he had found himself during his former call,

But there was a subtle difference. The last time, Lucille had chosen a seat remote from him. On this occasion he had waited for Lucille to seat herself, and in spite of her choosing the davenport, he was the one to select a chair apart. At the door he had accepted her proffered hand perfunctorily, and had stolidly failed to respond to its insinuating pressure. He smiled inwardly as he noted on Lucille's face the puzzled expression which he felt his own visage had worn only too often during his last call.

Ted began the conversation. "Well, this is my last night in Cleveland 'til Thanksgiving. I'm not sorry though. I'm anxious to get to college, to get down to real work. In high school, —oh well—we think we work. But this is my chance to make good, to show whether there's anything in me."

He stopped and there was an awkward lull in the conversation. Without looking at her, he had felt that Lucille was listening, but now he ventured to meet her eyes. What he saw there did not displease him, but he resolutely forced his glance to wander, while his brow wrinkled with the strain of the responsibilities to come.

"Of course its just splendid for you to have the chance to go away to college," she ventured, "but I'm going to miss you awfully."

Ted smiled inwardly. Here were the personalities in which he had so persistently tried to indulge, not begun by him but by the girl whom he found so difficult of direct approach. Still he was obdurate. He refused to recognize the appeal for a personal tone. He ignored absolutely that she

had said that she would miss him, not even conventionally urging that there would be many others to take his place.

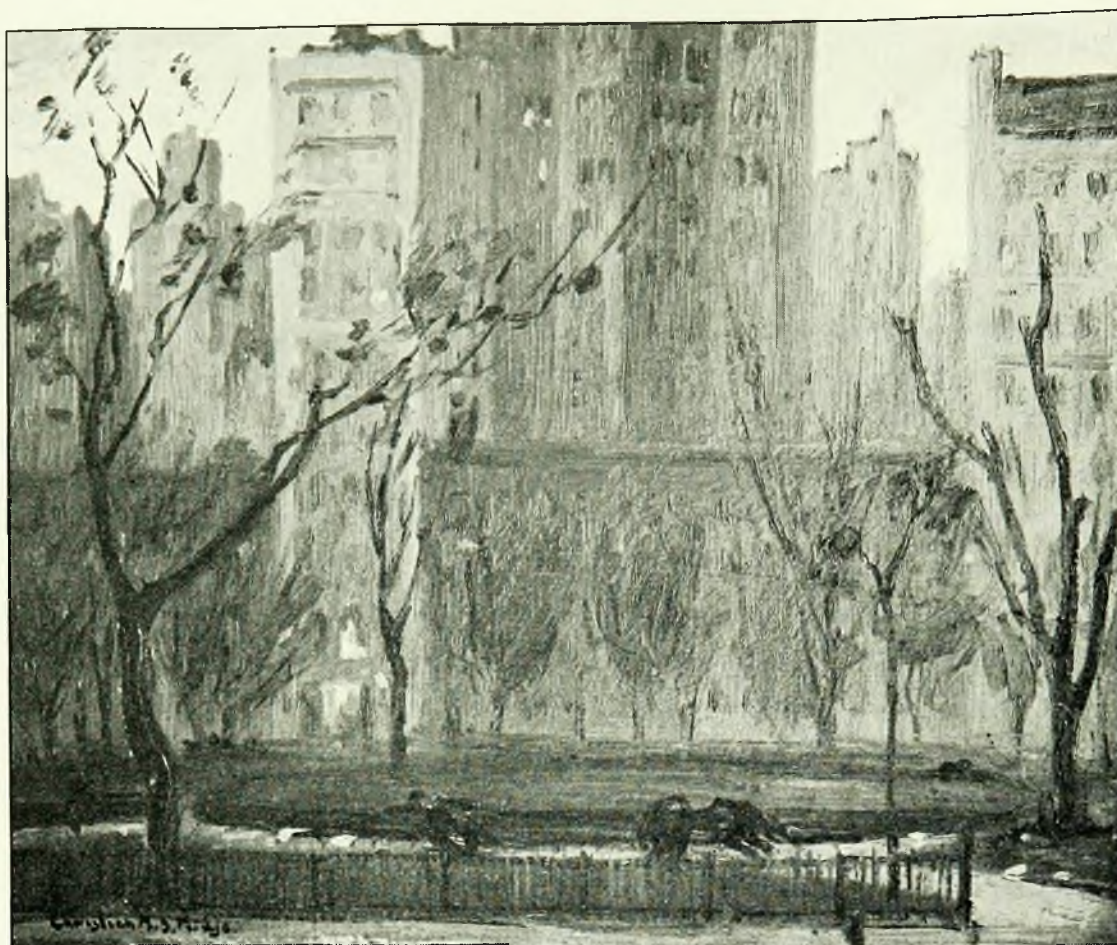
He went on, "But I'm afraid of myself. Maybe I won't stick, and father and mother have always sacrificed themselves so much for me. You know it isn't as if I were going the way lots of fellows go. I've got to wait table for my board. That doesn't sound so hard, but it is. What I'm afraid of is that I'll lose my nerve, that I won't stick it out, that I'll play the baby." He was leaning forward in his chair now, his elbows on his knees, his face supported by his palms, and a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes. A slight rustle caused him to look up, and he found Lucille sitting in a chair at his very elbow, looking at him with mistily shining eyes that thrilled him at the same time their resemblance to certain other eyes caused uneasy twinges of his conscience.

"Oh, but Ted, *you'll* not give in. I just *know* you won't," she breathed.

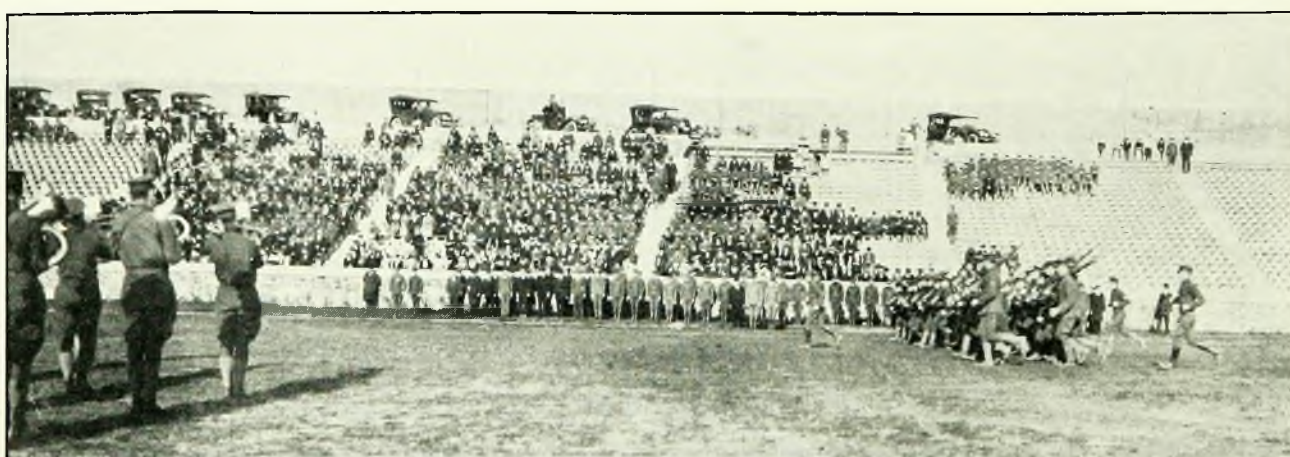
This time he did not look away but faced her shining eyes with a glowing directness in his own. For even up to this moment, Ted had been only half acting. He did feel the doubts to which he had given voice, and the words which followed came more from his heart than from any desire to test a theory.

"No," he declared, "I won't give in. I can play the game and I will play it. When I think of the opportunities before me, I feel as if it would be a sin to fail. I have had a good father and a good mother, and they have done everything, sacrificed everything for me. And if I fail, it will not be be-

(Continued on page 727)



Madison Square, New York City, painted by Christian Midjo



Review of 2nd Battallion, First Regiment Cornell Cadet Corps, at send-off given in Shoellkoeopf Field to Cornell men entering Reserve Officers' Training Camps.

Courtesy of Student Supply Store

How I Received My Military Medal

By CORPORAL ROBERT STANTON, '07

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is an extract from a letter recently received from the English front by the father of the author. Corporal Stanton was recently promoted to the grade of *Maréchal des Logis* which is equivalent to our infantry sergeant and is the highest non-commissioned grade in the French cavalry.

I do not remember if I ever told you that the General of our seventh Corps, British Army, here in Flanders, recommended me for the "Military Medal" after the hot days we had in the Somme; but the fact remains that I have been awarded that distinction. The ceremony for the conferring of the medals on the interpreters and French officers attached

that morning we had a splendid sun shining over the snow which for the last month has been covering the whole country we have been fighting in. Of course work went on as usual, notwithstanding the ceremony, and the machines were humming all over the place, some starting to go and reconnoiter, while others were landing gently just back of us, on their return from some patrol duty over the lines.

The guard of honor, a company of one of the County Regiments, was lined up on a carpet of white snow in one of the corners of the landing grounds, and were placed under the orders of a young captain, who flourished a stick instead of the sword which one generally sees in the hand of an officer in the French armies. The band detailed for the musical part of the performance arrived in a lorry and was placed just behind the company of infantry, the band master standing on a case of petrol tins, whilst we stood in single line, perpendicularly to the troops. There were some fifteen of us, interpreters and officers, in full uniform with helmet and equipment. A few generals, among whom was my corps commander, stood facing us, while men of the flying corps and pilot officers, who had come out of their sheds to watch the show, grouped themselves around their machines.

At eleven o'clock the general commanding our army arrived in his car, peeled his coat off notwithstanding

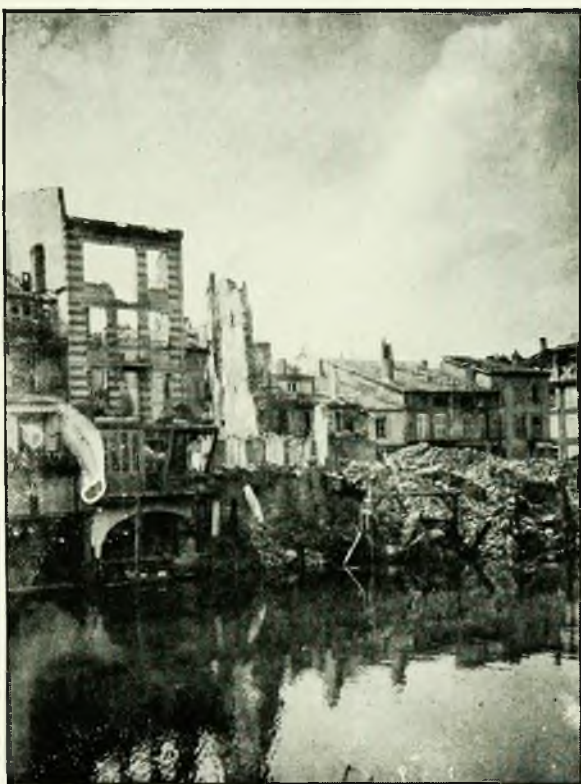


Corporal Robert Stanton, '07

to the British Army took place on the 7th of February on the grounds of the aviation park of one of our air squadrons.

The park lies on a plateau behind a little village which is about seven miles from the German lines, and on

the very cold weather, and came toward us, the Cross of Grand Officier de la Légion d'Honneur shining on his tunic. The guard presented arms, the band played to attention, and when this was over the general asked our Liaison officer to join him, and he then proceeded to inspect the



Verdun Along the Meuse

guard of honor and the interpreters. He then retired behind a small table on which the medals had been placed, and delivered a short patriotic and Allied speech, the beginning of which I remember perfectly. It was something along these lines:

"I have been entrusted by His Majesty with the pleasing duty of conferring upon you these medals in reward for your bravery and devotion to the cause of the Allies. Many of your comrades have been killed or wounded while carrying out their duties, often very perilously, in the ser-

vice of the British Armies, and I am glad to have today, the honor of conferring upon you these medals, thanking you at the same time for the valuable help which you have given to our armies and to my country," etc.

The French officer then called out our names, and one by one we left our places and stood before the general who pinned the medals on our tunics. He then shook hands with us, said a few words of personal congratulations, and saluted us before we returned to our file. The medals having all been conferred, the general came and stood before us, the band played the Marseillaise, and the guard of honor marched past us. Thus finished the ceremony which gave me the first medal won in the field.

We were pretty nearly frozen stiff after this performance, for, standing still for a full hour, on a field of snow swept by a cold wind is not a very warm proposition, and I am sure that the general did not find it any too warm either, for pinning medals on the men with one's gloves off is always a rather cool business, and I distinctly heard him say "d——" after he had fussed over one of them for about a half a minute and then noticed that he had pinned it on wrong side up.

The medal is like a silver crown, King George on one side, and "For bravery in the field" on the reverse. I hope that this will interest you, but please remember that I am not a motor car driver but belong to the "Corps des Interprètes attachés à l'Armée Britannique."

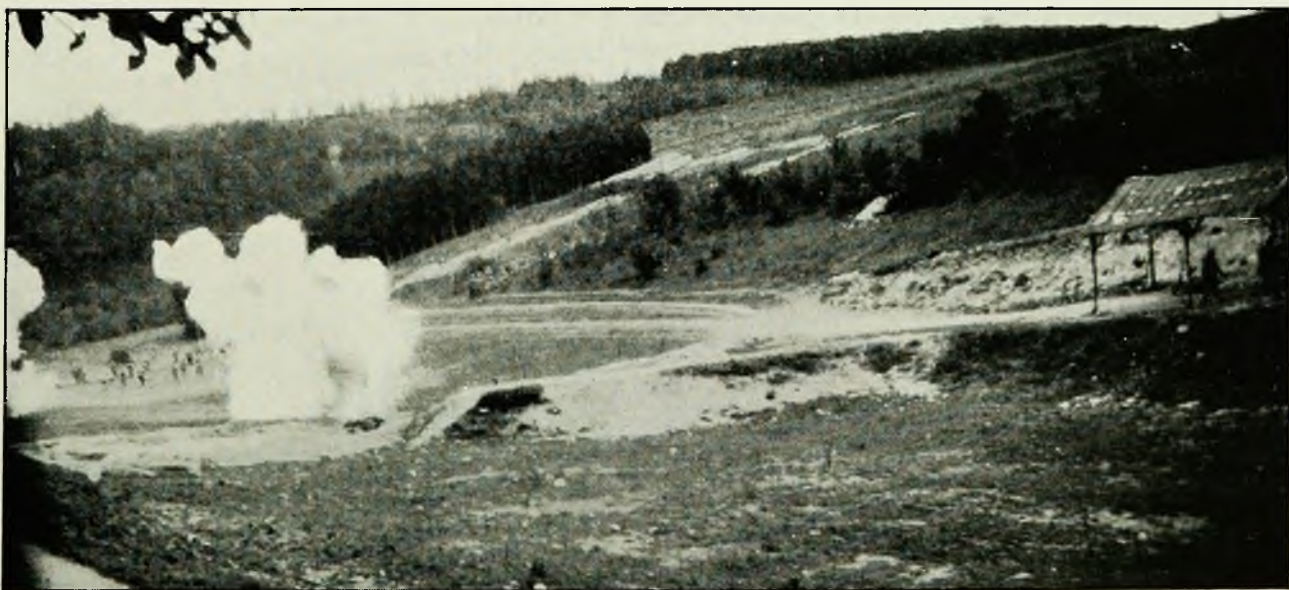
Lines

By M. BISHOP, '13

Often when I am weary of the world
It seems a dismal surface, drab and dull,
Hiding no wonders, vast and magical,
No Mystery, in the nether blackness furled;
But only void, as dull and drab and thin,
Like a gross brain, that sleeps nor ever dreams;
Truly a sad world is it, and it seems
A world but little worth the living in.

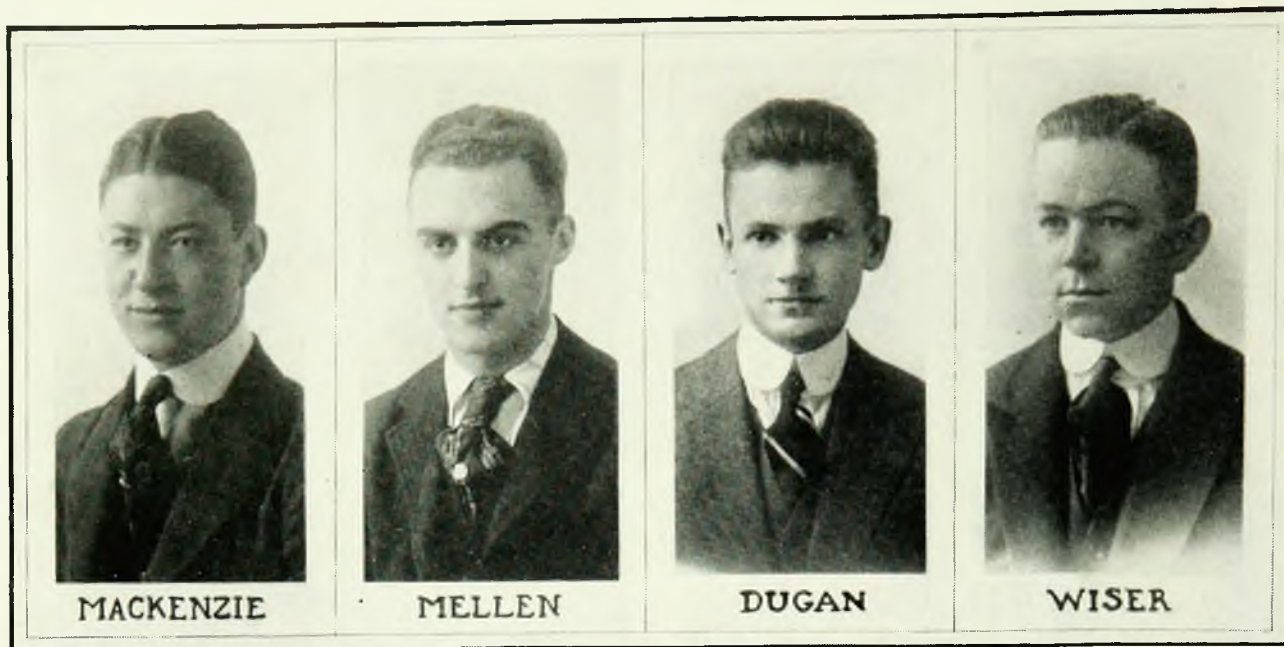
Then for a breathless moment lifts the fog;
I hearken, and I look abroad, and lo,
I see the sun on leaves but just uncurled,
I hear the splashing water's monologue,
Or see a foul face smiling, and I know
I cannot long be weary of the world.

On the French Front



Hand-grenade Attack

Who's Who



The fact about "Bob" MacKenzie, managing editor of the "Sun," and coiner of the famous phrase, "Day of Daze," that impresses one most is his ability to be absolutely candid without offense, and his willingness to accept the same quality in others. "Bob" likes to write, and he does it well. He has a fertile imagination to conceive and a firm hand to carry out his conceptions. He has left us to serve his country and France as an ambulance driver, and we certainly hope for his safe return.

Entering Cornell when he was seventeen, "Art" Mellen played ball with such success that he made the varsity team in his Sophomore year. The next year his team-mates showed their appreciation of his playing and good fellowship by electing him captain, and in his senior year he again carried the vote. "Art" has not only obtained the marks that admit him to the ranks of Tau Beta Pi, but he has also been elected to Sigma Xi, the honorary scientific society.

"Pat" Dugan, business manager

of the Cornell Annuals, climbed to his position by conscientious, persistent hard work and plugging. He set a goal for himself, marked out his pathway, stuck to it, and wasted no time gathering flowers enroute. "Pat's" methods are not sensational, but that doesn't mean that his Irish imagination ever fails him when a situation arises which is out of the ordinary routine. We prophesy that "Pat" will succeed in the legal life which he has chosen.

"Bud" Wiser, whose nick-name really didn't come from his being fond of any particular brand of beer, but simply because ordinary mortals, being ever sensitive to their sense of the fitness of things, simply had to prefix "Bud" to "Wiser," has been a thoroughgoing disciple of the strenuous life in his college career. A man, who has made Tau Beta Pi, the Savage Club, and the Masque, who has efficiently filled the positions of art editor of the "Widow" and the "Annuals," and who has at the same time practically earned his way through college, certainly has never let much grass grow under his feet.



A consciousness of his own power and an unassuming modesty are the unusual makeup which are responsible for Frank Foss's success and popularity. His athletic record has been enviable. From the start he has made good in the pole vault, taking first place for two successive years in the intercollegiate. This year he is captain of track. As head of the interfraternity association he was largely responsible for the regularity of the rushing season, and has made his influence for good felt on the Student Council.

"Dick" Richards in four years at Cornell has lived true to a record in track athletics which may probably never be equalled here. For the last three years he has always stood forth as Cornell's leading representative in the intercollegiate meets. He first won prominence as the winner of the high jump at the Olympic games of 1912. "Dick" comes to Cornell from the little town Parowan, Utah, and is now located there as the manager of a 1,100 acre ranch.

"Bill" Crim is the kind of fellow who can "play when he plays and work when he works." Everyone likes him because of his winning personality and his good nature. But when "Bill" starts working, his friends clear out because they know he'll throw them out if they don't. It was only because of his conscientious effort that he romped home for third place in the 440 at the Intercollegiates last spring. "Bill" does credit to the wearers of the "C."

A "C" for Varsity crew and membership in Tau Beta Pi, the honorary scholarship Engineering Society is a combination of which any fellow may well feel proud. And to "Doug" Kingsland belongs this singular distinction. "Doug" wasn't born on the water, but he has spent a considerable portion of his time on the "aqua vita." He has a winning smile, and a welcome that makes one feel at home. And with all he is a good student.

Work in the United States Naval Coast Defense Reserve

(Continued from page 682)

for patrol work. They were supplied with men who had worked on cruisers, submarines, destroyers and battleships. The work of the citizens interested was so efficient that the government organized from this squadron the Second Naval District.

The discipline and duty is that of the regular navy to which the reserve service conforms in every respect. Eighty per cent or more of the men enrolled are college men, and are of the highest type. Everyone with the exception of a few cases, and there are no Cornellians among these, is here for business. They are learning the fundamentals as fast as possible, and are doing their duty in the only way that is creditable to them.

The daily routine begins at 5:30 A. M. when the officer of the deck, chief of sections, and bugler are called. At 5:45 A. M. Reveille is sounded, and the hammocks are slung. Breakfast call is at 6:40 A. M. and the men are given until 7:45 for breakfast when assembly and inspection take place. Up to 11:45 A. M. the periods are divided according to the study taken up. The men are allowed until 1:15 for lunch, and the afternoon is divided into the same periods as the morning. Retreat from drill is sounded at 3:30 P. M. and at 4 P. M. general liberty is granted until first call which is sounded at 9:20 P. M. By 9:45 P. M. Taps are sounded and all lights are put out.

The pay of the Reserves is the same, according to rating, as that

of the regular Navy. The men are paid on the fifth and the twentieth of each month, respectively. Most everyone is glad to see those two dates appear.

The people of Newport have opened their homes to the men freely. They have done all in their power to make the Reserves welcome. The Red Cross Association has done exceptionally good work. At the beginning, as well as at the present time, they have furnished men with the necessary warm clothing that the government did not have on hand. Besides going to this great expense, they have furnished large rooms, equipped with writing desks, card tables, and the like for the general comfort of the men.

On May 12, Saturday night, the Reserves gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Red Cross Association. W. A. Seeman, '14, pay clerk and J. A. Fay, '18, were the producers of the show. Most of the acts were given by Cornell men. It was stated that Cornell gave the show. However, everyone did his share.

There are only two Cornell men who received commissions as ensigns, those being Arthur Gilman, '15, and R. P. Matthiessen, '18. The latter turned his sixty-foot high powered boat over to the government for patrol work.

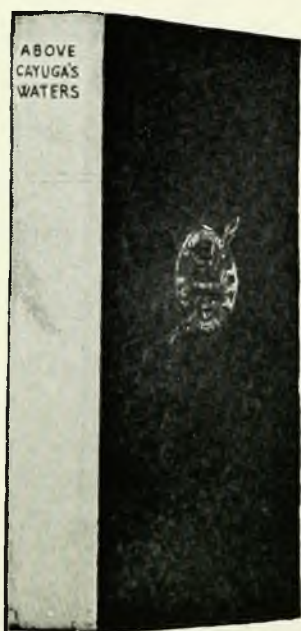
Prominent men of Cornell who are at Newport at present are: Barrett, Gilman, Matthiessen, Charles Schuler, John Schuler, Benedict, Fay, Whitney, Cowan, Kephart, Thomas of the Sun, Bailey of the Annuals, Lans-

(Continued on page 719)

IN SPITE OF WAR CONDITIONS
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WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT YEAR

WE hope to maintain the high standards reached this year. We aim to publish more pictures and stories next year. We expect to have timely articles from Cornell men in the ambulance corps, on the water and from the various camps. The price of the Era will remain the same as this year in spite of increased costs.

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Work in the United States Naval Coast Defense Reserve

(Continued from page 716)

ing, golf captain, Fernow, Frey and Vanderbilt.

All the men take the work cheerfully, and are doing their work in the best of spirits. The officers are very efficient men, and treat and judge those under them with the utmost consideration.

Og

(Continued from page 693)

now he was master of the situation and of his own revenge.

"Sergeant Luedtke." The sergeant stiffened up and saluted according to the most orthodox method.

"Sergeant Luedtke, you have bungled. I give you a chance to make up for your stupidity. Take six men and shoot the woman."

Like a drowning man, Hieronymus Luedtke, the mild little pedant with the kind heart and the narrow vision of life, saw his whole life pass before his eyes. He would not survive this. But if he refused to obey he would be shot himself. His wife would never receive her pension. His child, if he was to have one, would be ruined. His family would be disgraced. All the vengeful spirit of his people would be directed against those whose kinsmen had refused to obey his superior.

"At your order, Colonel." Turning to his men, he commanded, "The first five forward."

Number four was the dockworker. He grinned. Hieronymus did not see it. He gave his orders automatically. Yet, for the first time in his thirty years he was a hero for he destroyed his own being to gain the chance of a pension for his wife.

(Continued on page 723)

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Banister is still the mark
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Og

(Continued from page 719)

The five men lined up.

"Load your rifles" was the next command.

"Wait a moment" interrupted the colonel. "Six men are a firing squad, not five. Sergeant, take a rifle and fire too."

Luedtke obeyed again and took the gun which one of his men handed him.

"Now load it. Load it for your pretty friend. Then give the command to fire."

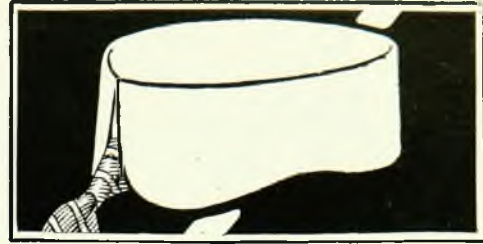
The colonel went behind the men, keeping his eyes upon his sergeant. Luedtke lifted up his gun and aimed. But just then the Belgian girl, with a groan turned over and landed upon her wounded elbow. With a cry of pain she threw herself up from the stones, saw the men, and delirious she opened her mouth wide and roared with laughter.

A single shot rang. The sergeant alone had fired. The other men, still waiting for his order, saw their victim suddenly bend together like a jack-knife which is closed and then heard the voice of the colonel saying, "Bravo, sergeant. A fine shot. Right through the heart."

But the sergeant did not hear. They took him away to the guard house and gave him a glass of brandy. Then they told him to sit down and write out his official report. Mechanically he took the pen and started "To his Excellency the commanding general of the seventy-eighth regiment. Your excellency, the proposition of, occurring in the earliest icelandic manuscripts. . .

"Good God" a man exclaimed who was reading over his shoulder. Lued-

(Continued on page 727)



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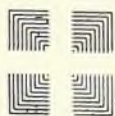
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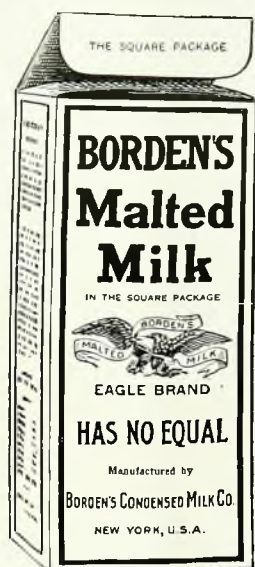
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Og

(Continued from page 723)

the has gone plum crazy." And so he had. When he died ten months later, his successor in the great work of the Greifswald Icelandic dictionary wrote a magnificent obituary notice, full of Fatherland and duty and regret that too tender a soul had cut short a career which promised so much for the Fatherland.

What German Invasion Means

(Continued from page 700)

stantly think of the people of Poland—that gallant country—the martyr of ages. But I believe her day is coming! Those who live through the terror of Death and Devastation shall see their country rise from the ashes of their burned homes.

Seven whole months of captivity have made me appreciate freedom.

Someone asked me how much to believe of the newspaper reports—how much to subtract from the sum of all they said! I replied "multiply by twenty, then you will have a faint idea of what is happening in Poland—then you will know what a German invasion means."

Un Peu D'Amour

(Continued from page 709)

cause I have not tried. I will never stop trying. One defeat won't stop me. I'll be a man."

He stopped abruptly, shifting his gaze and moving uneasily in his chair. He had gone farther than he had meant. He had come to try an experiment, to play the game of love, and he had led himself on to a sincere expression of fears and hopes, which had been, up to this time so zealously concealed with youthful reticence, and which he had no desire to offer

(Concluded on page 729)

Photographers

to Cornell Annuals

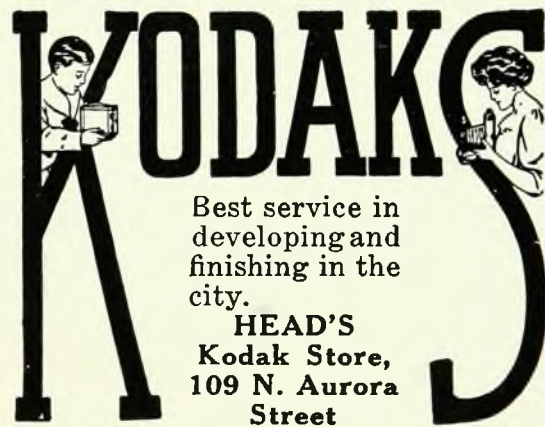
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Un Peu D'Amour

(Continued from page 727)

as a target for Lucille's ridicule.

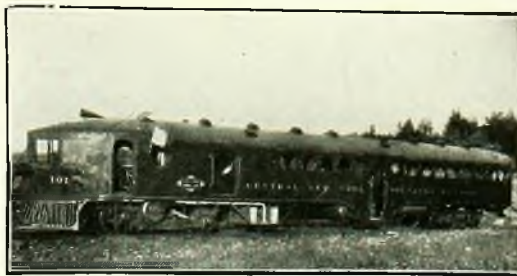
He tried to reshape his feelings into their former mood, but his whole scheme, in the light of his sincere emotions, appeared pitifully petty and unworthy. There was but one thing to do, to go quickly. He rose, murmured something about the lateness of the hour and the early departure of tomorrow's train and proceeded awkwardly to the business of farewells.

"I've had a fine time," his lips unguided by his confused mind uttered the familiar phrase.

"Tonight has just been *wonderful*," Lucille answered with a trembling earnestness that could not have escaped Ted's notice in his ordinary mundane moods.

But "Good-bye" was all he had to offer. He scarcely waited for her good-bye before turning and hastening down the stairs without looking back. He was half-way through the street door, when he heard, "Come back a minute, won't you Ted?" He turned slowly, shutting the door behind him as he faced the stairway. Lucille standing on the fourth step, leaning down with one hand resting on the rail and the other at her throat, regarded him silently. Ted too stood quietly, hat in hand, waiting for her to speak. The light was dim, and Lucille's face was in shadow. Ted's reasoning powers were once more asserting themselves, and the old resentment, but not the old purpose once more ruled his mind. It made him cautious; fearful lest he be caught off his guard. Finally, feeling sure of his self-control, he ventured to break the embarrassing silence. He was direct, prosaic, coldly impersonal as before.

(Continued on page 731)



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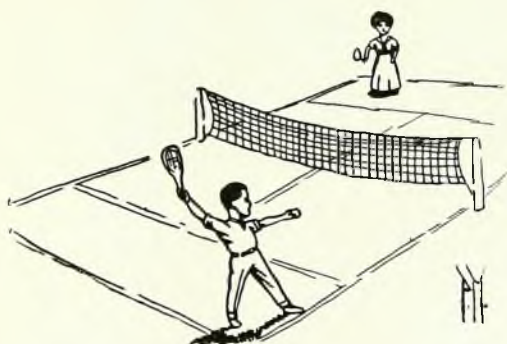
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"What can I do for you?" he said.

Lucille answered not a word, but came down the stairs one at a time, sliding her hand along the banisters until she was standing facing him before the door. Slowly she leaned toward him, then with a little rush, encircled his neck with her arms and allowed her weight to rest upon him. Her eyes had never ceased seeking his since she had recalled him, and now they seemed to invite him to look and read the truth they scorned to conceal. Ted gently removed her arms, and stepped slightly back, saying softly, "You mustn't do that little one, it wouldn't be right."

A few minutes later, Ted stood on the corner waiting for the trolley. As he inhaled his cigarette, he wondered whether indifference did it and whether he should ever "know women."

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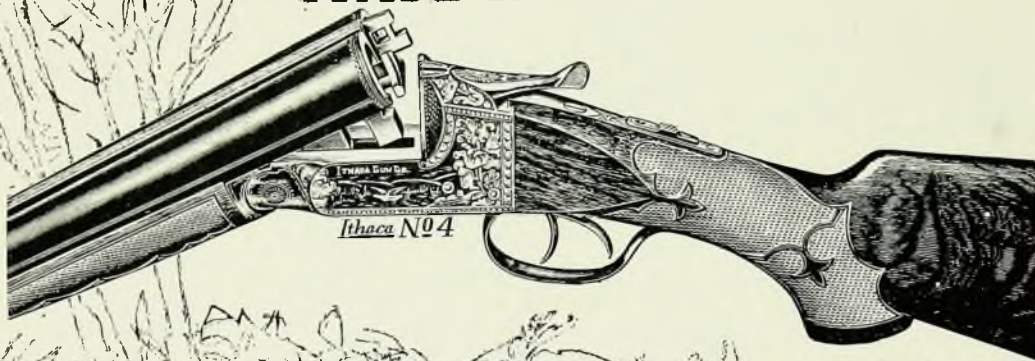
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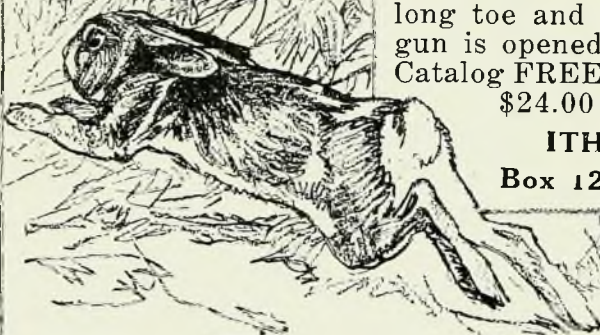
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Trip**

Through sleeping car leaves Ithaca nightly at 11:00 p. m.
Open for occupancy 9:00 p. m. Arrives New York 7:45 a. m.

Return sleeper gets Cornell students into
Ithaca in time for eight o'clock classes

Phone or call for reservations
at City Ticket Office.

Lehigh Valley Railroad

The Route of The Black Diamond



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