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THE ERA

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THE ERA

AN UNAPPRECIATED "SCOOP."

IT seemed to Hawley Tryon a wonderful, unheard-of thing that a boy who had lived his whole life in a country town should be given a chance on a modern city newspaper; even though that boy was a big one, and the opening almost insignificant. He had forgotten for the moment that he lived in the West, where chance and political influence can work wonders. The former favored him, and his father had the latter through his firm hold over the voters of the lumber region in which he lived.

The local family of the Seattle *Telegraph* found him one morning in the office, sadly frightened, awaiting the arrival of the city editor. It was a dingy attic room, reeking with the rank odor of stale tobacco smoke; and the boy was huddled in it's darkest corner, a queer figure, and one that would attract attention anywhere. His heavy ulster was buttoned tightly, and literally engulfed his thin frame. Shapeless feet peeped out from beneath the bottom folds, and the upturned collar touched the brim of a colorless felt hat which he had pulled down over his ears. He made such an odd picture with his thin, narrow face, his gleaming, deep set eyes and his sharp nose, that the office force inspected him with interest as they dropped in, one by one, to get their assignments for the day.

As a result of his brief interview with the city editor, Tryon was placed under the little Scotchman who managed the marine detail. Brice looked over his new acquisition curiously, then, turning to the police reporter, at the next desk, he remarked ; " Looks as if the ' boss ' thought I was a school for journalism."

" Yes," assented the other, " I imagine that boy has had vast experience—writing school essays. Probably he'll want you to read a poem which the home paper published. I wish you luck with him."

It was not long before Tryon was given his first instructions. He was to get acquainted along the water-front, find some news if he could, and be in the office again by six o'clock. He was back at the appointed time, and telling Brice that he had a " lot " of news, he took a vacant desk and wrote steadily for three hours. Brice was just as many minutes scanning the numerous sheets, when they were referred to him, and re-writing the two brevities containing real news.

The " cub " had started out with a failure, but he refused to recognize it. His energy was surprising ; he was tireless and never discouraged,—qualities that appealed to Brice's better nature, and won for Tryon some help with his work. He was the most innocent, unsophisticated " cub " that ever hunted a news item about Seattle's breakwater. Having always lived at home among a simple folk, he believed the world honest, and that alone brought him many trials and tribulations ; for yarn spinners among the shipping folk realized his gullability and took advantage of it, causing poor Tryon to slave for hours over many a long story that was manifestly a hoax.

He thought that he had surely discovered a " scoop ", one foggy afternoon, when the captain of a Sound steamer feelingly described a collision supposed to have taken place that morning, just outside the harbor. Tryon never even doubted the story, for the captain went so far as to give him the names of the drowned. This mistake nearly cost him Brice's friend-

ship, for Tryon said nothing about the matter until he had written it as he would have liked to see it in print. The story created a sensation, for the moment, and the "cub" posed as the news hero of the hour; but it was too important a matter to pass by without investigation, and it took Brice just two hours to demonstrate beyond doubt that the "cub" had been fooled again.

A few weeks later some one told Tryon that a Spanish privateer had been fitted out at Victoria, B. C., and sent to the entrance of Behring Sea to waylay the treasure ships returning from the Alaskan gold fields. He consulted with the police reporter about the tale and the latter saw in it the ground work for a sensational "fake." He gave Tryon a dollar to say nothing about the privateer, noted all the details of the story, and wrote a long account of the whole affair, making a startling and plausible yarn for the benefit of the general public.

The Spanish story would not have amounted to much, however, had it not been for the assistance given by the United States consul at one of the British Columbia ports. This diplomat overlooked no chance to make himself heard at Washington, and took up the "fake" where the police reporter left it. He found evidence that seemingly confirmed the yarn and persuaded the government to send a revenue cutter north to protect the gold fleet. It cost the treasury department several thousand dollars to chase the phantom Spaniard, and hundreds of women worried about their husbands, whom they expected would return on the treasure ships.

Tryon had an experience, about this time, which he will never forget, and which cost him every particle of standing he had gained in water-front circles. An English "windjammer" dropped anchor in the stream, one very stormy day, and Brice decided to board her. Tryon was put at the oars but, when a few yards from the landing, the poor fellow became very sea sick. He begged and implored to be taken ashore. Brice, however, was in a hurry, and pulled out to

the ship himself, leaving Tryon in the boat, while he boarded the new-comer. The waves were running high and the small boat strained and tugged at her painter as she wallowed in the choppy seas. At first the miserable "cub" was afraid that the boat would sink and then he was afraid it would not; he really wanted to die; he prayed every prayer he could remember, and was on the second round when Brice finally started ashore.

But in spite of all these trying reverses Tryon never gave up hope of finally getting a "scoop". He dreamed about it at night; by day he went into all sorts of water-front resorts in search of it, and finally he had his chance.

There had been a terrific storm along the Alaskan coast, and all of the regular steamers were many days overdue. The reading public was anxious, indeed, to hear from the several thousand Argonauts who were working their way across the various passes, that lead from the coast to the Yukon valley, but there was no news concerning them. The little tug boat "Golden Gate" slipped into the harbor, one afternoon and tied up at an unused coal bunker at the head of the bay. Brice and his rival on the *Dispateh* were in profound ignorance of the tug's arrival and it was quite by accident that Tryon stumbled upon her. Something within the boy told him that his chance had come. He had no difficulty in getting on board, where he found the captain poring over a file of old papers. In answer to the "cub's" query, the old fellow said that he had made a very slow trip, and brought no news which the "Al-Ki" and the "Discovery" did not have. Tryon's heart thumped wildly when he remembered that both were still at sea. He told the captain that neither of the steamers were in.

"You don't mean to say that you haven't heard of 'Death Sunday' on Chilcoot Pass?" the captain demanded. "That day when sixty men and women were crushed to death under the booming slides of rock and snow which swept down the mountain!"

Tryon knew that he had a story at last. The captain

slowly and laboriously told the horrible details and the "cub" wrote down every word. He heard how the dare-devil prospectors had pushed across the pass through the storm, in spite of the warnings from the older men; how, frightened at the fury of the storm, they had started to return to Sheep Camp, each man linked to his fellow by a long rope; how they had almost reached a place of safety when tons of ice and snow swept through the gorge, crushing and smothering and burying them in its path. Then there were tales of daring rescues, of pathetic scenes of death—, and a hundred other details: but, best of all, the captain was able to give him the names of many of the dead and injured. It was the story of the year.

The "cub" was at work long before the other reporters returned from dinner. He could not eat, he could scarcely think aright; he had found his "scoop" at last and he would make the most of it. The boy scarcely knew how to begin. He had never written anything so important before and he longed for advice and for a word of praise. His mind was in a whirl. He thought he heard the rumbling, booming, grinding avalanche, as it rushed onward carrying destruction and death in its path; he saw in his mind's eye, the bruised and bleeding bodies as they were taken tenderly from their chilly beds; and he heard the wild, despairing wailing of wives and mothers as they read the bold black headlines, which he knew would startle the city in the morning. He wrote steadily,—his pencil literally flew over the paper, but the introduction did not suit him. He was particular; this was his story, his very own, and he was nervous and hard to please. But finally he fell into the spirit of it all, finished the first few paragraphs, and then wrote out the death roll. That would certainly look imposing in heavy black type; and, then too, there was a long list of injured to follow. He had been writing rapidly, and in the sharp, terse sentences, so characteristic of newspaper men. But he had to tell the story of the disaster in detail and he scarcely knew how to do it. His mind wandered as he

thought of the rewards given for successful "scoops", and he wondered what the *Telegraph* would do for him. He wanted to ask some one for advice, but he was afraid that the story would be taken from him if it's importance were realized. It was his "scoop," and he wanted all the credit. It was his first chance. Then the "cub" trembled, wondering if Brice had heard of the disaster. He investigated, and sighed happily, when he found the little Scotchman swearing over a political article; then he sat down at his desk again. The captain, himself, should tell the story, and Tryon threw himself into his task. Events began to arrange themselves logically; he wrote of the horror and the terror of it all, he wrote from his heart, and he wrote well. Ten o'clock, and he was still at work. At eleven he stopped, counted the pages, and decided that he had written enough. Then he carried the precious manuscript to the city editor, that nothing might happen to it.

"Here is a story," he said to the "boss," "It's about—"

"Never mind telling about it now," that worthy said sharply. "I'll look it over presently. There'll be nothing more for you tonight."

The city editor was as kind a chap as ever managed a force of reporters, but everything had gone wrong that evening. The police reporter was out on a big story and had not been heard from for hours. The railroad man had overlooked an important item, which was being covered by telegraph, at great expense to the paper. Then too, he was rather tired of Tryon and his "fakes", and had it not been for the boy's "pull" he would have discharged him long before. As Tryon slipped out of the door Ross muttered, "Another of the boy's dreams, I suppose," and tossed the precious bundle of copy into the waste basket without looking at it.

The last copy for the city pages had been in an hour, the proof read, and all of the local force had gone when Tryon sneaked back into the office. He could not go home without looking at the proof of that story—his first great "scoop."

He felt that he must see his words in print before he could sleep. He took a large bunch of proof sheets from the hook, on which they were kept for reference, and ran through them hastily. The story was not there.

He went through again—this time more slowly and with a nervousness that grew as he glanced over sheet after sheet and did not find it. He dropped the last one into the basket and, in a dazed manner, stooped to pick it up. There with old envelopes and wrapping paper he saw the misused, discarded manuscript. His worst fears—he had called them absurd and foolish but a moment before—had been realized. His story had not even been read. It was too much for him, and he cried. He could not help it. Tears ran down his cheeks in streams, until anger at the injustice of it all got the better of his wounded feelings.

There was only one man about the office who could help him,—the telegraph editor working over the late press reports. Tryon did not have the courage to approach him. Besides he could not see what good it would do when the city editor had treated him so. He slowly gathered up the scattered sheets of his story, placed them in an inside pocket, and tramped mournfully down the long flights of stairs, out into the rainy night.

He could think of nothing but the world's unfairness and for the first time in his life he was convinced that he was a failure. He could hardly keep from tearing the story to pieces and setting the little bits adrift in the gutter. He could not help picturing to himself the difference there would have been had Brice secured the story. Brice would have been dining somewhere with Ross by this time, at the *Telegraph's* expense, hearing nice things said all the while about his luck, energy, and "nose for news". Here he was, out in the rain, getting soaked, but with the biggest story the coast had produced for months, in his pocket. Yet he was a man, or almost a man, with the feelings and sensibilities of one. He had certainly worked harder on that story than Brice ever did on anything he wrote. But

Brice had luck. Yes, that was it, the successful man was lucky and he was not. This luck business was a new idea to him, and he stepped into a door way to think it over.

Two men, hurrying out, brought him back to a consideration of things material. He recognized one of them as Brice's rival on the *Dispatch*, and looking around him for the first time, found himself at the foot of the stairs leading to the local rooms of the other morning paper. Fate had solved the problem for him, and without debating a moment on the right or wrong of what he was about to do, the "cub" rushed up the stairs three steps at a time.

The managing editor of the *Dispatch* was the only one in the local room. He looked up in surprise from the important political work that was keeping him at the office. Tryon's distressed face interested him at once, but not half so much as did the story, the moment he had grasped its import.

The head of the *Dispatch* was a man of action. Knowing nothing of Tryon's unreliability in the past, he accepted the story in good faith. He rang for the foreman, ordered work on the first page forms stopped, and dashed off a sheet of headlines. He went over the story himself, smoothing out here, cutting, or filling in there. In a few minutes the type-setting machines were clicking the awful news into leaden lines. By the time the story was in type, the editor had written an introduction which the first page position warranted. Great presses in the basement were whirring their dirty way over miles of white paper. Tryon's "scoop" had gone to press.

The boy walked slowly to his boarding house and went to bed. He lay thinking, thinking, until the market wagons began to rattle past on the pavement. : and then, as the morning sunlight came flooding into his little room, he heard the newsboys, shrilly calling, "Ex-try! Ex-try! Ter'ble av'lanche at Chilkoot Pass! Ex-try" : and he closed his eyes and slept.

J. F. Dorrance.

FLYING-FISH.

FAR out, far out in the lonely sea,
Where the waves forever wail,
Where the line of tossing sea is long,
And never a nick of a sail;
Away, away in the lonely sea,
When the sun is red in the west,
The flying-fish with a dagger flash
Are cutting the ocean's breast.

Oh, when the world is as lonely and sad
As the line of tossing sea;
And I gaze in vain to the Far Away
For a glimpse of sympathy;
When the fire of love is sinking
To the realm of forgotten joy,
A glance from your eye, too sharp, too quick,
Will stab to the heart a boy!

SEEN AND HEARD AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

TO an outsider, paying Cornell a casual visit late in the spring, and another in July, things in general would seem about the same. To a student, however, who has spent several years in the University, and who delights in the vagaries of humanity, the life of the summer school is wholly novel and affords quite a field for comment.

The first thing one notices after perceiving that the faculty has gone golf mad, is the nonchalant, contented air of the place. There are no anxious strivings for social distinction, no expulsions from select circles; the time does not permit discriminations in this line. You come, stay six weeks and are gone, perhaps never to see the same faces

again. Yet everyone is sociable to an almost altruistic degree, and everyone is apparently happy, because no one seems lonely or alone. The summer student, as a rule, does not come alone. Each has, in the beginning, a friend or group of friends; they work together, and, indifferent to what the rest of the college world may think or say, unquestioning and in happy good fellowship, they join in the general amusements offered. Every thing is in common. For instance,

> There will be a dance in the Sage
> Gymnasium on Saturday night,
> Summer students and their friends invited.

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or,

> To Sheldrake and Return!
> Rate including Street Car Fare
> 25 Cents!
> All Summer Students invited!

are bits of the signs that would be likely to greet your eyes. We regular students, being so much in the minority, feel our rights usurped. We stand by, we smile, we comment, we criticize, we hesitate; we finally join the crowd.

To range the Summer Students under a few distinct heads, is rather difficult. The following divisions, however, arranged according to their present worth in the world, will answer.

1. The teachers, in search of new ideas to modernize and improve their work.

2. A few over energetic mortals, trying with the aid of a summer session, to finish the course in three years.

3. The sub-freshmen.

4. That body of immortals who have trod long years, with heroic step the campus of our Alma Mater, and who still have hope, with the boost of a few summer sessions, to get through sometime. Happy Pandora!

One division of the first class is most numerous and conspicuous. The Nature Students, or Bug-catchers, as we dubbed them, can be seen morning, noon, and night, yanking knowledge off the bushes and arc-lights. They look upon the whole town as little more than a field for labor.

Fancy any one, from September to June, devoting the arc-light in front of the Ithaca Hotel to science! Some of them—the more portly—enjoy the luxury of a "caddie," but most perform their own insect obsequies. Strange it is indeed, to see two nuns, trammeled by their flowing garments and warm head-dress, quite energetically casting the long nets. These representatives of a sect so averse to innovations, these personifications of mercy, plunge their captives into the syenite bottle, as ruthlessly as the most rabid scientist.

I think one of the famed sayings of a whilom Editor of *The Widow*, first brought to my mind the full horror of the word *rabid*. Let the summer students rejoice that a less *rabid* hand than his, endeavors to pen their deeds and misdeeds. The following will serve to illustrate that air of unconcern of which I spoke before. I came home one day to find two pair of shoes innocently adorning the front stoop of the cottage; innocently, because they had no pretension to beauty. The most vivid imagination could not have housed in their ungraceful lines a dainty ankle. They had been on an "expedition," and their one purpose was to remain in the sun till dry. Prexy himself must step over them should he come a'calling.

Another example of naivéte, though I can't quite decide whether on the part of the girl or the laundry driver, is this: She was a Philadelphia maid, young, fair, and quite popular with the summer swain, but she didn't know the ways of the Ithaca Laundry.

"Can you tell me," I heard her ask another girl, "where you put your laundry?"

"On the little table in the hall," was the answer—she had collars and cuffs in mind—"you will find some laundry slips there." About fifteen minutes later I passed through the hall, and beheld a bundle resembling a good-sized family washing, thus impartially addressed:

To the Washerwoman
from Selina West,
Room 40, Sage Cottage.

I don't know who assumed the dignity of the absolute washerwoman. Suffice it to say, the bundle disappeared, and suspicion pointed to the *Hastings Laundry*.

But while we admire the charm of indiscrimination, let us profit too, my friends, by this lesson in fine distinction. Women of the University, are you knowing the kind of men you want to know? Men of the University, have you seen Miss Holyoke? She favored our Alma Mater, by a six weeks' sojourn this summer. In sweet innocence of my epithet, she announced one day at table :—

"Cornell men *never* have anything to do with Cornell girls. At least," she corrected, "not the kind of men one would want to know." It didn't take very minute observation to discover "the kind of men one would want to know." Four years may do wonders with sub-freshmen, and I am generous. I therefore suppress the bitter rancor and *envy*, which Miss Holyoke caused to burn within me, and refrain from publishing their photographs.

It is true that men at the summer school are so few in number, that they furnish little material either for selection or comment. If not in the minority in reality, they, for the most part, belong to the class who toil "from early morn till dewy eve" in the shops, and are scarcely ever seen. In the eager, know-it-all, look of one youth, though, I saw a prospective student. He came with one of those crowds of summer excursionists, who almost daily swoop down on the campus. It was two minutes till one, on a Saturday, the library gong had sounded, and in but a moment the doors would close. Hastening out, I encountered the "excursion", one hundred strong, pushing in through the wrong door. The youth before-mentioned headed the procession. He was much excited.

"This," he said breathlessly, "is The Library. It is the gift of Jenny Fiske McGraw. There is her likeness on the wall," and he pointed majestically to the Brown Memorial. Just then the aid of a puff of wind enabled me to get out through the in-swinging door. I longed to see what would

become of them, but the thought of being accidentally locked in with half a dozen or more was not alluring.

The Library reminds me of English I, and the lesson its attendants would have derived from this example of modest manner and polite behavior. In strong contrast to the noisy shuffling and rude applause there heard, is the touching demeanor of this little gentlewoman. She reminds you of Miss Ailie in *Sentimental Tommy*, or some such storied maiden-lady who is wont to preside over "Select Schools." On tiptoe, about the third recitation day, she entered one of my classes, shook hands with the Professor, and with many whispered regrets, apologized for not being able to come sooner. Every day she was a little late, but there were always the same whispered apologies. After about a week she received a telegram calling her away. She bade a polite adieu to the class, then in the most touching manner she took the Professor's hand in both hers.

"Good bye," she said in a dreamy, lingering voice, "I hope we shall meet again, sometime, somewhere."

But "sometime, somewhere" all things come to an end, and the summer session like all others demands a final cram. I was rather forcibly reminded of this a few days before the close. Unable to study, the night before a certain examination, because the number of Bug-Catchers in no way deminished the number of bugs around our study light, Martha and I resolved to rise with the lark, and go over our notes on the Drama. Whoever waked first was to call the other. A thunder storm ushered in the next morning. About four o'clock I was awakened by a terrific crash. All thoughts of the exam. had fled. I thought of my little friend up under the eves. "She will be frightened and come down here," was my mental reflection. I therefore got up, unlocked the door, and had scarcely composed myself for another nap, before she appeared. She paused, for a moment, in the door way, and a wierd, eery, little face it was that peered at me through the semi-light, from meshes of tangled black hair. In my imagination I saw her tremble beneath the

superfluous folds of my gaudy bath robe, which, just the day before, I had bartered for an essay from her clever pen on—"What Benefits I Have Derived from a Summer Course in ———." An unusually bright flash of lightning added to my concern.

"You poor little thing" I said in my most soothing tones, I thought you'd be afraid."

"Afraid! *Afraid*!! AFRAID!!!" she almost shrieked, till her scornful proportions about fitted the bath robe, "Do you think I'd get up at four in the morning because I'm *afraid*?"

Then she made a dash at me, and I felt the print of every finger as she shook me roughly.

"Get up and do the Drama!" she said.

V. G. Hast.

"FOR SUPERVISOR, HIRAM COOK."

FOR a day so late in the season, the weather was oppressively warm. Old Sol had run his course to the full equinox, but still his rays poured forth all the heat of the fiercest summer solstice. To all appearances, everything in Millville was asleep or dead. No sound broke the stillness which had settled down over the little place, save the monotonous drone of a tree toad, in the high pitched tones which one never hears except in the very hottest weather. Up from the dusty road, rose the zigzag waves of vapor which the country boy calls "heat". Even the vegetation seemed to have lost interest in life, for grass and grain drooped their heads under the scorching rays of the sun.

Presently an old farm wagon came rattling down the road. The venerable white horse plodded along through the dust unmindful of the heat, planting each foot down with a stolid "plump, plump, plump." The driver was seated on

a milk-can, buried in thought—and whiskers. He gave no heed to the movements of the horse, apparently having perfect confidence in that animal's ability to look out for itself; but rested his bewhiskered chin upon one of his gnarled and toughened hands, while in the other, the reins hung limply. Without looking up, he drove through the village and climbed the hill at the other end. At the top, the old white horse continued his loping trot without a word from the driver. Here the heat was as fierce as in the village, but the stillness was broken by a faint clang which came from a long red building at the four corners about half a mile ahead. As they approached the shop, the driver roused himself from his revery to shout "whoa" in front of the door. The abruptness with which the animal stopped indicated a mind, on one point at least, in perfect accord with that of his master.

There was an air of festivity in the appearance of the place. Above the open doors was a yellow sign bearing in bright red letters the legend, "Cook Bros., Horseshoeing and Gen'l Repairing". The brilliancy of this masterpiece was somewhat dimmed by several other flaming placards adorning that side of the shop which faced the road. The glaring announcements of the excellent qualities of "Geering Harvesting Machinery," and "Perry Davis's Pain Killer", "Yeast Foam", and "Zozodont" almost blinded one. The indifferent manner in which the newcomer ignored this array of color, as he jumped from the wagon and entered the building, betokened a long familiarity with his surroundings. The place seemed to be a veritable storehouse for all the cast-off horseshoes, wagon wheels, harnesses and farm implements of the country-side. Four dust-besprinkled forges filled one side of the room, three of them half buried beneath old scrap iron and stray bits of wood-work, but in the fourth a charcoal fire glowed, and various tools of all kinds were arranged around in a pretence of order. Lighted by the few rays of the sun, that were powerful enough to force their way through the cob-

web-covered panes of the window over it, was a flat desk, whose duplicate according to a legend across its front could be procured in exchange for two hundred "Fairy Soap" wrappers. The confusion of papers, ledgers, catalogs and dust on this desk paid but poor tribute to the book-keeping abilities of Cook Bros. In the corner opposite the fire, a mare was stamping uneasily, worried by the hundreds of flies which even the stolid farmer youth, industriously waving a paper switch, could not drive away.

The driver of the white horse had halted on the threshold.

"Mornin' Hi," he called.

"Mornin' Sim Looneyman," came the reply from beneath the horse in the corner, and immediately a head appeared as two hundred and twenty pounds of broad shouldered, muscular humanity, rose to a height of six feet two, stretched forth an arm of proportionate length and circumference, and seized a horseshoe from the anvil near him.

"So all-fired hot drivin', I thought I'd stop in and talk a spell with ye. Thet is, ef ye ain't nuthin' better to do."

"Well, I reckin' you spend about half yer life talkin' in this her shop, and ye ain't never been throwed out yit, so I guess ye needn't worry abaout my havin' nuthin' better to do. Git down to the primaries last night?"

"Nope. Hed to set up all evenin' doctorin' my braown heifer. She acted sort o' sickish like. Guess she et some pizen grass daown in the woods. Heerd abaout last night's doin's, though, at the deepo. So yure goin' to run fer supervisor, be ye?"

"Thet's what I be."

Hiram Cook was a democrat. To an impartial but careful observer of Millville life, he was the only democrat in town whose pride in the fact ever inspired him to active work. Why he was a democrat, few people knew. When he was asked his reasons for espousing the cause of that party, he was ready enough with an answer; but his logic and arguments were so original and unexpected, that the questioner was usually at a loss to know just why the man might

not as well have been a republican or a populist. His education had been limited to seven winters in a district school where a demure young female, several years his junior and very much awed by the bulk of his anatomy, had tried to instil learning from books into a brain which the Creator had intended as a source of information rather than as a storeroom for miscellaneous cramming. As he himself expressed it he "knew by natur' haow things ort to be, but he couldn't jest tell haow it wuz according to book fashion." It mattered little to him whether or not, on a hot day, he violated the rules of grammar by declaring that he "wuz all het up;" he found the expression forcible and useful in his conversation, and resolutely clung to it. His keen insight into human nature, even though his mode of expression was rough and uncouth, enabled him to draw conclusions which would have done credit to many an older man. Under different circumstances, Hi's eminently practical mind and prudent judgment might have made him marked among men; but held down as he was by fate, to a humdrum existence, he could only do his best with life as it came to him.

And thus his principles and his prejudices were formed. Judging by his observation of life from his post behind the anvil, low prices which should bring the necessaries of life within the reach of every one, seemed to him eminently desirable. During each political campaign he carefully studied the newspaper accounts of each party's attitude, failing to comprehend much that he read, but growing little by little to feel that the principles of the democratic party gave promise of the greatest prosperity to the nation of which he was a proud, though humble citizen; and once that feeling became a conviction, the staunch old party had no more ardent supporter. This was, as near as anyone could ever learn, the reason for Hi's political belief.

Ever after, he voted the democratic ticket because he was a democrat, without regard to changes in party policy, or the superior objects and standards of his opponents. It was to him a matter of deep regret that the democrats of his

native town could not find success at the polls. He attributed their successive failures to laziness and lack of interest on the part of the voters, and to the fact that they never nominated an energetic candidate. This year he had determined to take matters into his own hands and be himself the candidate for supervisor of the town. It was this sudden, almost startling news that made Sim Looneyman so grave and serious that morning, and his reply to Hi's emphatic announcement of his candidacy was full of feeling.

"Wall, you're a good friend of mine, Hi, and therefore I'd like to see ye git the job, but I don't see what in the name of grief, ye want to run for when thar ain't bin a demmycratic supervisor since the town was formed. Annyhow I don't see what difference it makes, whether we hev a republican er a demmycrat. 'Spos'n ye do git elected what kin ye do any different than Bate Griffin hez bin doin', the last three years he's been elected."

"Ef you think Bate Griffin hez done all he could for this town sence he's been supervisor," replied Hi, emphatically driving a nail into the horse's hoof, "mebbe you kin inform me why he ain't never tried to git the porehouse moved aout of the place. You know ez well ez I do that Millville won't never count fer nuthin' s'long as that porehouse stays here; an' you know, too, thet because Bate Griffin owns part of the land the porefarm uses, we won't never git rid of it s'long ez he is supervisor; an' he's got enough pull to keep any other republikin from gittin' it moved. I tell you right here, ef I git elected, jest ez sure ez the Lord made my hair red, I'll have them paupers took aout of here. There ain't mor'n thirty-five people in the place when ther all home, and jest ez long ez that there porefarm stays here, we'll never be no bigger."

He seized the horseshoe on the anvil with unwonted fierceness and thrust it into the fire, carefully scraping the coal upon it, as he fanned it vigorously with the wrinkled old bellows. While he worked the handle, he gazed intently at the coals, poking them with the iron in his right hand to

make the fire hotter. Suddenly he seized the horseshoe with his tongs, dipped the glowing red end into a box of sand, and quickly placing it on the anvil, struck it with his hammer scattering a shower of sparks in all directions.

"I 'spose the republikins will run Bate aginst you?" said Jim, as he dodged the flying metal.

"In course they will, an' you kin bet your best shirt, when they find out what we calkilate to do, if we beat 'em, they'll hang on like a pup to a root, and won't give us no easy time. Worst of it is, them dumb republikins vote their ticket jest 'cause their fathers did, and they won't pay no attention to gettin' rid of the porehouse, so't the town kin grow a little, but they'll vote fer Bate jest 'cause he's a republikin."

Sim pushed away the books and papers and seated himself on the desk, resting his feet on the beam of a plough as he thoughtfully picked his teeth with a wisp of hay.

"Hi," he began, "mebbe ef you went around the town speaking at three or four places, you might swing some of 'em over to our side. Take them fellers up by the spring. They're right next to the pore farm and ef you told 'em what a diffrunce it 'ud make to 'em, to hev it moved away, you don't know but what they'd vote fer ye. Same way with the tannery boys. They don't care much how they vote. You go over and make 'em a political speech, and I'll bet they'll tally up fer ye on elecshin day. You can tell 'em what a pore shote Bate is to want to keep thet pore farm here, jest cause they rent land of him."

"Well, wouldn't I look well tryin' to make a speech, naow say? I know I aint no speecher, but by gorry I aint no fool nuther, an' if I *be* runnin' fer supervisor, I've got brains enough left not to spoil the slim chance I have got by tryin' to speak a piece in public."

The emphatic way in which Hi hammered the horseshoe before him, put an snd to any further argument on that point. Sim reached for a hammer and proceeded to drive a nail into the desk.

"Thet's jest where the repubiikins hev got us by the hair," he said, "We ain't got a single decent speaker anywhere in taown, an' they've got any number of 'em. Thar's young Howlett, he reads the Declaration every doggoned Fourth of July over at the Spring celebration, an' he kin make a speech any time he wants to, that 'ud fairly bring the grease aout of yer nose. Then Constable Willard hez to speak so much in court thet he's got to be purty good at it."

For a time there was no sound in the shop save the clang of Hi's hammer on the anvil and the stamp of the horse in the corner as he rid himself of a fly. Then Sim picked up a long hoof-file which he rubbed up and down his back to relieve an "eetch," at the same time remarking that he "must be goin', mother wuz waitin' fer the lard" he had brought from the village. With a groan and a snort the old white horse roused himself from his reverie, and started down the road toward Wilton's Corners. For about a mile Sim rode in a brown study.

"Criminy! how I would like to lick them pups," he finally remarked aloud; then he sighed. "But I don't see how we kin, unless something turns up."

Suddenly his face cleared, and it was evident from his relieved expression that something had turned up. The old horse started forward at a brisk trot as Sim brought down his huge palm upon his thigh with a resounding thwack.

"By gosh!" he ejaculated, "we'll tackle the summer residents."

Not even the odious presence of the poor house could entirely take away the charms of the pretty little country village, and many families from the neighboring city of Manchester delighted to make this suburb their summer home. The summer season closed about October first and, in the minds of those city folks, the satisfaction of casting a ballot was scarcely worth the trouble of the two necessary trips to Millville. Consequently, they rarely visited the village on election day. This year, however, Sim determined they should come back. He and Hi agreed that the latter should

interview the summer people with the idea of securing their votes. Although they by no means held the balance of power, their influence among the natives was great, and Sim was sure that, once it became known that the Millville Four Hundred were going to vote for Hi Cook and the removal of the poor farm from the town, a great many votes would be secured from the native-born population which might otherwise be wasted on the opposition candidate. This might not mean success for Hi, but it was at least a more determined effort toward victory than the Millville democracy had ever before made. From the day Sim and Hi made this momentous resolution the campaign was pushed with vigor, and many and spirited were the discussions in the village store.

It was there that Hi accosted the son of one of the most prominent of the summer residents, and the comical way in which he presented his case, coupled with his own fame as a philosopher of a humble type, set the ball rolling and drew to his support the entire vote of Millville's transient population.

"Jack," he said, "I wish you would tell yer father that I hev the honner of bein' the demmycratic candidate fer supervisor of the taown of Millville, and ef he would kindly favor me with his vote, I'd be obliged to him. Of course, I realize that I aint got much of a show, bein' thet the taown went two hundred and 'leven republikin last fall, but yit I'm bound to make the best showin' I kin', cause them republikins hev run things long enough. I've got a lot of persinil enemies what'll vote aginst me. One feller daown on the Creek road, what owes me money, said he'd vote the republikin ticket ef thar wuz a jackass to the head of it. Another dumb fool said he'd vote fer the devil himself, if the republikins would nommynate him. Of course you can't do nothin' with fellers like that. There's lots of others, though, what'll vote the republican tickit jist 'cause they're scart their fathers will rise in their graves ef they don't, an' I guess I can git a few of these to come in with

me. You jest tell yer father this, and don't fergit that if I get elected this here taown will be shet of thet pore farm er I throw up the job."

This last feature of the contest, coupled with Hi's almost pathetic recital of the injustices and inconsistencies of the opposition, decided the summer residents; they turned out to a man on election day and voted the straight democratic ticket.

The task before Hi was almost Herculean. Millville had so long been governed and represented by republican officials that the democrats had begun to believe there was no use in going to the polls on election day, except for the fact that it was the one great festival of the year when everyone ceased work and assembled at the ballotting place, up over Hi's shop, to talk to their heart's content of the crops and the great questions of the day.

However, Hi rose manfully to the task, ably assisted by Sim. With everyone who entered his shop, he maintained an incessant conversation, until the reputation of the local barber suffered a relapse. So earnest were his appeals and so logical his arguments, that the local democrats were roused from their lethargy into an enthusiasm which promised to force the "porehouse" to leave town. The men who did the electioneering were not satisfied merely to secure the vote of every democrat; they even hailed delinquent republicans, and the inducements which they offered these men to vote for Hi Cook would have done credit to a national boss. However none of them was so original as Sim. His plan was to hail a prospective supporter who had hitherto been affiliated with the other party, and lay before him the advantages offered by his side. The superior mental calibre of Hi Cook, as compared with that of Bate Griffin; the relief which would be felt when Millville had "got shet of the porefarm"; the general depravity of the republicans, resulting from long-continued success; these facts and others were rehearsed by the manager of the democratic campaign with all the assurance of a metropolitan ward

heeler. When these failed, he played his trump card and offered an inducement against which, even the strongest-minded republican could not stand in consideration of one vote to be cast for Hiram Cook. Sim agreed to carry to the railroad, the convert's daily consignment of milk for Manchester, during the first two weeks after election day.

We hear much in these days of corrupt politics, but verily the hose of political purity could be turned quite as effectively upon some rustic electioneering, as upon the transactions of a metropolitan Tammany!

Hi's star play in the political game was to shoe two horses *gratis* in return for a vote. His native ingenuity won many votes when others would have failed. An old country squire, noted for his frugality, who was supposed to have a good deal of influence over several voters, came to Hi one day, asking how much it would be worth to fix up his old spring wagon. The tires needed setting, one of the whiffletrees was broken, and it needed a thorough overhauling. He mentioned, incidentally, that the year had been unprofitable, and he didn't want to spend much money on the job. Hi looked the vehicle over carefully, and finally remarked with a twinkle in his blue eyes, that "to do the job up right would be worth about five votes." He got them.

Hi's friends were tireless. They worked day and night for the success of the party of Jefferson, Tilden and Cleveland, and up to the night before election their energy was a constant surprise to the other denizens of Millville, and perhaps to themselves. As one old Republican expressed it, he didn't know "thar wuz so much git-up-and-git in the demmycratic constitution." For the first time in fifty years, the oldest inhabitant went to bed on the last night of the campaign with a doubt in his mind for the success of the republicans on the morrow.

* * * * * * *

About a month after election, there appeared the following notice in that part of the Manchester *Herald* devoted to the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors for Herkimer county:

"Supervisor Cook moved that a committee be appointed to consider the removal of the poor farm from its present location in the town of Millville to some more favorable place in the county. Carried by a vote of 16 to 9."

IN THE POPLARS' SHADE.

JUIN.

Enchanted night! Night of June!
Through birchen meshes beams the moon,—
O'er quiet valley, a mist is laid;
Dark and cool is the poplars' shade.
The lake is dimpled with pink and gray,—
The dying light, of a dying day,—
The velvet lawn drinks the fading light;
And the locust's song foretells the night.
Up from the valley a bell's soft chime
Tells heart sore man, 'tis sweet prayer time.
A paradise—I, a happy fool
When the poplars' shade is dark and cool.

NOVEMBRE.

Cold on the lawn, the dew drops lie;
A cold moon swings in a frosty sky;
A chill mist falls o'er the silent park;
Cold is the poplars' shade, and dark.
A moment lingers the steely light,—
Then sudden falls the sombre night.
Far in the distance a night-owl grieves,
Hopes lie buried, 'neath fallen leaves.
The bells again may call to prayer,
But will that free a heart from care?
Paradise lost,—a story told
When the poplars' shade is dark and cold.

A. J. F.

AS A TRAMP WOULD SEE IT

The Story of a little Journey through Northern New York...

IT was late in the afternoon when Harry and I first sighted the camp on Eagle Island, for the train had been delayed and the little "Pearl", the general carry-all of big Sodus Bay, had many stops to make ere she finally rounded the long, wooded point and headed for the tumble down pier. There was a rush of sweater-clad figures along the shore to greet us; visitors were few and far between, and for that reason always enthusiastically welcomed.

After the first greetings were over, I noticed that the campers were looking at me curiously. As a matter of fact my appearance was a bit disreputable. My hat was battered; most of the band was gone, and I had turned the remains of the bow into a rack for my corn-cob; my flannel shirt was wrinkled and dusty; my trousers were dirty and torn in several places, and my shoes were in a wretched state. Finally one of our hosts, himself a picture in sweater and corduroys, could restrain himself no longer.

"Well!" he said, "you're the limit. Where did you get the rig? What have you been doing to the boy, anyway?" he asked, turning to my companion. Harry shook his head mournfully and left me to explain.

I told them all how we had left Buffalo on a tandem, only to lose our way ere we reached Lockport; how we had slept in a barn and wheeled three miles in a pouring rain, the next morning, before we found a place where we could get breakfast; and how we had missed trains and trolleys coming down from Rochester. The tale scarcely seemed to satisfy their curiosity, for my companion was a decently dressed, gentlemanly appearing chap, while I looked a veritable hoboe.

That evening as we sat around the great fire on the beach, I told them that I intended to walk to Oswego. Every one seemed to think me either daft or "dead broke" and insisted on my staying and sailing down the lake. But I told them that I had made up my mind. They shook their heads and told me to do as I pleased,—which I did. I felt that I had about as much sympathy as I could expect under the circumstances and bidding them goodbye, rowed over to the mainland and started out on my forty mile walk.

Tramping was a new experience. I had never begged, but was confident that I could learn. I felt certain that I looked like a genuine hoboe, and was sure that I could act the part; but when, after four or five miles of dusty, hilly roads, I began to feel hungry, my courage failed me and, if there had been a hotel in the neighborhood I fear that I should have made for it. Fortunately there was none, so carefully subduing the jingling of what little money I carried to insure me against arrest as a tramp—not much more than the eighteen cents required by law—I pulled my hat down over my eyes and proceeded to make friends with the dog. Luckily, that animal had not learned to judge men by their clothes.

The woman who answered my knock, invited me in, apologetically explaining, as she placed a bowl and a loaf before me, that they had had only bread and milk themselves, and for that reason could not offer me anything else.

On the whole I was well satisfied with my first venture.

There may have been traces of decency about me, though I certainly tried hard enough to appear shiftless and imagine I succeeded, from the way in which my hostess stood on the steps watching me as I ambled down the lonely road.

Supper over, I quite naturally began to think seriously about a night's lodging. From the experience Harry and I had had, while wheeling, I foresaw that it would be no easy task to secure permission to sleep in any barn. The last attempt had been successful, largely because Harry seemed respectable and in that way went bond for me, as it were. Now I had to shift for myself, and appearances were sadly against me. I resolved, however, to try my luck and walked slowly towards an old house that nestled far back from the road, among hollyhocks and rose bushes. The weazened old man who answered my knock, peered at me through the screen door as I stood there in the twilight.

"Good-evenin'," he said.

"Howdy-do," I answered with some trepidation; "I was just wondering—a—if I couldn't sleep in your barn to-night."

"Nope, I never let any o' you people sleep in th' barn," he returned, "can't do it; y' kin find a hotel in Wolcott 'bout two mile daown the road." I told him I was "broke." "H'm, broke are you?" he asked, "wal, what's yer trade?" That was a poser.

"My trade?" I murmured, to gain time.

"Yas, yer trade, what do y' do fer a livin'?" That was a question that I was scarcely prepared to answer. For a minute I hardly knew what to say, but finally managed to blurt out that I was a sort of a painter and draughtsman.

"H'm," he said, "what d'ye paint?"

"Oh, anything," I answered.

"Wal, kin y' paint portraits, is that what y'do?"

I told him that I could do such a thing. That seemed to interest the old fellow. "H'm" he remarked sagely, "you seem t' be all right, an' I do pride myself on bein' a purty good jedge of folks' characters. Come in," he said.

His wife eyed me suspiciously at first, and watched me as she sat knitting, while her husband shuffled about in his stocking feet, busying himself with cleaning the stove. They seemed anxious to learn my history—past, present and future; then they cross-examined me to find out who I was and what I was, where I came from and where I was going. Their queries followed one another so rapidly that I became woefully muddled. I was at a loss what to say. My later answers did not agree with what I had said in the first place, and the old man began to think, I imagine, that he was not such a "jedge of folks' characters," after all.

It was nearing bed-time; the old clock had struck eight, just as I entered the door. The farmer asked me if I was ready to go upstairs, but I still insisted on sleeping in the barn for I did not want to put them to the trouble of making up a bed. It seemed entirely too much like begging, and I hated to take advantage of their hospitality when I knew I could afford a hotel. The old man flatly refused to allow me in the barn, so I thanked him for his offer of a night's lodging and turned to go. He walked to the gate with me, listening to my thanks and apologies but coldly, for he did not quite understand why, when he had offered me a bed, I had still insisted on sleeping in the barn. He thought me, I verily believe, a bold, bad man who wanted to steal cattle, horses, chickens and all, and burn down house and barn as a fitting climax to my knavery.

I made up my mind to try just once more, resolving, if unsuccessful, to sleep under the roadside hedge. Luckily the people were hospitable—prided themselves, in fact, on never having turned anyone away. When I had promised not to smoke or to steal anything, they gave me a couple of horse blankets and I went to the barn to make myself comfortable for the night.

Poor as the family seemed to be, they told me that they had never had cause to regret their kindness. "Why," said the farmer, "onc't we hed three Turks sleep'in th' hay-mow, fierce-lookin' fellers they wuz, too, and in the mornin'

they all come daown chatterin' an' wigglin' their fingers like mad, for they'd run agin some eggs in th' hay, an' they wuz jest tickled t' death, t' bring 'em daown t' th' house."

The house-wife was sadly broken-up over the loss of her mother, and the old man was deformed by a rheumatic trouble, yet they were both cheery and kind and hopeful. I helped the grown-up son do the "chores" and then went into the house, where the baby grandchild, the household treasure, fell to my care. He was a lusty lad with a powerful voice, which he used freely and effectively. I rattled his teething rubber against a tin plate; I tickled his feet with a towel; I even sang to him, only to be rewarded by a vicious yell that brought his grandmamma hurrying into the room and made me fear for my promised breakfast.

It was only about a mile and a half to Wolcott, where I thought I might as well try to earn some money. After two or three unsuccessful attempts, I finally persuaded a young fellow in a shoe store to let me make him a poster. He hesitated at first, but finally told me that as the senior partner was away, he would let me make the thing and tell the older man that he had done it himself. When I had finished, I pocketed the fifty cents and left town well satisfied.

The fences and barns along the way were covered with glaring posters, setting forth the attractions of the Old Settlers Reunion at Fair Haven Beach. At the farm house where I stopped for my noonday meal the old lady, in answer to my request for something to eat, said that all the men folk had just gone to the celebration, so that I would have to take what they had left. I managed to make myself at home with the aid of the bacon, pickled herring, and bread and cheese, which I found on the table while my hostess went into the next room to resume her sewing.

She wondered if I knew the "Joneses" and the "Grahamses," in Oswego. I had to confess that I did not; and not being able to discover any common acquaintances we said nothing more for a time. Finally I asked her if

she were bothered very much by tramps. "Wal, no," she said, "we aint. Y'see th' poor authorities sort o' stopped their comin' 'round here lately, but two 'er three years back, they wuz fearful thick. My lan! I've turned away's many's ten in an afternoon."

"Is that so!" I exclaimed.

"Yes that's right," she continued, "but y' see them kind o' fellers are always wantin' t' get some place er' other an' so they stick t' th' railroads an' canals. "Yes," she said, "ye're mighty lucky. A year er two back I wouldn't a' given you anythin'."

I reached the town of Fair Haven at about half past three, to find the place practically deserted. Everyone had gone to the Reunion and I resolved to see the celebration myself.

At the Beach the people were walking aimlessly about, talking and laughing. There were scattered groups, seated here and there in the shade of some friendly oak or horse chestnut. Young swains with dirty handkerchief's protecting broad collars; their brown faces gleaming with good nature and perspiration, sauntered about arm in arm, smoking rank cigars and guffawing at every step. Occasionally they would stop and talk to a bevy of girls, then move on again, their "biled shirts," heaving with pent up emotion and wilting in the glare of the afternoon sun. Older men stood together and talked of crops and horses, turning, now and again, to watch the balloon which was being filled in a distant corner of the grounds. Their wives gossiped as they sewed, and from a vantage point directed the manœuvers of the younger members of the family who from time to time, appeared with a "ma" this, and a "ma" that.

A gaily decorated stage had been raised at one side of the ground and what some one had optimistically described, on the country bill boards, as "refined vaudeville," was going on intermittently. The performers emerged at stated intervals from a little side door, while the orchestra, consisting of a piano and a fiddle, banged and squeaked away with never a stop. The crowd laughed and applauded and

perspired, until gymnast and juggler, monologist and Irish comedian had disappeared and the orchestra had adjourned to the bar to fill a long felt want.

I finally wearied of the merry-making and, regaining the main road, walked along steadily for an hour or more. When about a mile and a half beyond Stirling, I thought it about time to begin my hunt for a barn wherein I might pass the night. I looked far more disreputable than the night before, for I was unshaven and dirty and dusty. My first encounter was with three old maids and very nearly ended diastrously for me.

It was almost dark when I reached the neatly kept little place. A middle aged woman was taking in clothes from the line and though she started a bit as I approached, she evidently thought I would not be very dangerous and decided to stay and see what I wanted.

Taking off my hat, I asked, as politely as I was able, for permission to sleep in the barn.

"No, sir," she said, as she took an apron from the line and stood glaring at me from beneath her sunbonnet, "No, sir, y' can't sleep in th' barn."

"I'm sorry", I ventured, "for I've walked a long way and am awfully tired."

She looked me over unsympathetically. "There's a hotel back a piece; ye'd better stop thar," was all she said.

"But I'm almost broke," I pleaded, "and I've got to get home on what I have and can't afford a hotel."

That did not seem to trouble her at all, and in answer to my request for a drink, she merely told me where I could find the well. I had just started around the house when a dog came barking after me. He watched me pump, then came growling at my heels as I went to thank her of the clothes line for the water.

The door was closed, the lamp was out; and where a few moments before Mary and Elizabeth had been quietly reading by the table while Sister Anne brought in the clothes, there was nought but darkness. The dog, growling and

bristling, made me decide to forego the pleasure of thanking the good people and hasten away as quickly as possible.

I resolved to tell the best "hard-luck" story that I could think of at the next house. After ten minutes parleying at the door, I did succeed in convincing the farmer that I was no tramp, but really a fairly respectable chap, walking for a pastime and heartily sick of the job. He asked me in, after informing me that I could sleep in the barn if I wouldn't smoke. "Th' last time I let a tramp sleep in th' barn," he said, "the feller wouldn't git up in th' mornin' an' he wouldn't eat anythin' when we offered it to him, but left 'bout noon swearin' and cussin' somethin' awful."

I reiterated that I wasn't a tramp in the first place; and said that, even if I were, I would never think of such a thing as refusing a breakfast, much less of swearing at any one who offered it to me.

To prove the story I had told them about a sketching trip, I opened my portfolio and showed the family the few drawings that I had summoned up ambition enough to make. They seemed interested; the old man remarking that "there wuz consid'able ability 'bout 'em," which of course delighted me.

I finally pleased my host immensely by offering to sketch him. He sat by the table, the glare of the lamp brightening the high lights and deepening and sharpening the shadows. Each line of his rugged face was clear and clean. His lips were thin and tightly closed and I told him he looked like a firm man. That pleased him. "Wal," he said, "I am purty much so, I guess; at least I allus try t'do what's right an' stick to it till I find out it ain't."

In the morning, after the usual breakfast of eggs, potatoes, cakes and bread and butter, I started on my way, fully intending to do some sketching. Unfortunately, however, it began to rain and I decided to make for home as fast as possible.

The mile posts soon began to appear with their "leading clothier" advertisements. Barns and fences were covered

with glowing legends concerning the stoves and ranges at J. N. Fanning's, the furniture at Norton's and the pianos at Schilling's. Farm wagons rattled past me on their way to town, their drivers eying me curiously and occasionally offering to give me a lift. The country was becoming more thickly settled; potato patches and cabbage rows took the place of fields of wheat and corn; and I knew by the smoke which I saw far ahead, curling up lazily in the morning air, that I was not far from my journey's end.

The sight was a welcome one, for as I had told the farmer the night before, I was not a tramp, nor was I accustomed to being taken for one. Even though I may have desired to be considered as a hoboe, for some reason, it hurt my pride, that people should not see under my disguise and welcome me as a friend and brother. I felt like telling the farmers that I was only joking them, for it was never until after I had told my story that they considered me as anything but a regular tramp. Every one had been kind enough, 'tis true, but only because I had been polite myself; realizing full well that, with all their hospitality, the farmers were ready at any minute to set the dog on me.

There is no reason why any one with a reasonably pleasant manner, a good story and a superficial knowledge of things political, should not be able to "bum" his way indefinitely, provided, of course, that he forsakes the beaten paths of tramp travel. Along the railroads and canals there are dozens of the real, true article; some going one way and some another, and every last man of them always hungry. Even the farmer, hospitable though he may be, cannot see the sense in feeding ten or twelve worthless wanderers every day. My own experience was doubtless a comparatively easy one, nevertheless it was all that I should care to undertake. The game is scarcely worth the candle, after all, and for one who is traveling alone this is particularly true. When there are two together, there is always something to laugh at, which is, in itself, a great blessing.

Personally when next I feel curious about such matters, I shall get me a volume of Josiah Flint's tales, and, with lighted pipe, sit down quietly, in a Morris chair and read. Civilization has it's advantage after all. Experience is a a dear teacher ; and for my own part I much prefer to hear what Flint has to say about the in's and out's of tramp life than to go through them myself ; for, as a rule, a barn floor is hard ; there are apt to be thistles in the hay and the American country road—alas—is not what it might be.

AN OPPORTUNE ATTACK.

HIS oil lamp was sputtering fitfully. At any other time this would have called forth a string of invectives against the economy of Ithaca landladies which strove to produce light from a combination of oil and water. But Yardsley had other troubles. Wrapped in a dressing gown his hair dishevelled, his hands in his pockets, he stretched out his legs at full length and pondered. On his desk books, pictures, letters, bills and kindred articles were piled and tumbled together. Directly in front of him, lay a schedule of the examinations which were due in less than a week, with some scraps of paper, on which he had evidently been figuring.

Poor Yardsley ! He couldn't for the life of him devise a loophole through which he might escape a bust. A maiden looked sympathetically down from her frame on the wall in front of him. But that did not seem to comfort him. He even ignored her presence.

"Confound the luck," muttered Yardsley, without heeding the look of sympathy from the frame, "why wasn't the faculty satisfied with three terms. Then there was some reason in expecting a fellow to bohn enough to hit an exam, but when a man has to go over five weeks more work than he used to, its out of the question." Presently the soliloquy

was continued. "Just because I was a week late getting back after Christmas," he growled, "and haven't written that essay yet, I'm knocked out of three hours of English, and the same reason I suppose I'll lose that infernal sophomore chemistry. That leaves me seven hours, and most of that's hopeless." He moved uneasily in his chair, then rose, and caught sight of the eyes which for three hours had been gazing at him through the dismal half-light. For a few moments, he stood motionless. Then he turned and went into the bedroom, muttering something inaudible.

* * * * * *

Three days later, the following notice appeared in the columns of the *Sun* :

"All the patients at the Infirmary are doing well. A. B. Hills, '01, was discharged yesterday. New patients were Miss Ferguson suffering from rheumatism and J. C. Yardsley who has a severe attack of appendicitis."

Yardsley smiled when he read the paper.

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TERMS:—The subscription price will be $2.00 per year in advance, and $2.25 when it has not been paid by April 15. Single copies, 25 cents, to be obtained at At Andrus & Church's, the Corner Bookstores, and the Co-op.

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FIRST—a word of explanation. The ERA is new; that is, the ERA appears for the first time as a publication with the best of literary intentions, which we hope, may be appreciated. Whether they will or no, depends, of course, on the temperament of the reader, and on the ERA, more particularly on the ERA. But in explanation;—for some time past, it has been more and more evident each year, that the ERA, as the general utility paper of the University, was outliving its usefulness. The *Magazine* secured the greater number of literary contributions; the *Alumni News* catered exclusively and particularly to the alumni; while the *Sun* told the daily story of University life. The ERA encroached on the field of all three, without having the particular usefulness of any, and it was deemed best that, in some way, there should be a reassignment of "spheres of influence". As a result of the amalgamation with the *Magazine*, we preseut the

ERA, a new paper with an old name,—a name that has been retained to perpetuate the life of the only publication that has had a continuous existence since the very earliest days of Cornell journalism.

TIME honored precedent is, as a rule, easy to follow. One may look back upon the various policies of former years, as a lawyer consults his book of cases, and cites certain disputes of the past to prove his point in a latter day argument. But when there are precedents to establish, when there are ruts and traditions to avoid, rather than to follow, the problem of publishing a paper,—covering an old field 'tis true, yet embracing many necessarily new features —becomes one of more or less difficulty.

The ERA aims, this year, to be primarily a literary monthly, a publication wherein those who may be inclined to write may find an outlet, as it were, for their pent up genius—if they be endowed with such a treasure. There will be in addition, a few pages devoted each month to a review of the doings of the University world. It is hoped that this department will be valuable as a reference. Important events will be chronicled in their proper order, and with an especial regard to the facts of the case. It may not be the place of the ERA to criticize. but wholesome criticism is certainly needed. Cornell journalism has always had a tendency to praise, even when such praise was not deserved ; a habit of lauding to the skies the teams, the Musical clubs, and the Masque, when these organizations did not merit the compliments bestowed upon them. This tendency has been ascribed by some, to a desire "to stand by the team", or "to encourage the men". Granting that such loyalty and encouragement is essential to success, the ERA does not agree with the means commonly adopted to foster these ends, and will shape its policy accordingly.

There will appear, during the months to come, a series of articles on the characteristic life at other colleges, as, for instance, "Club life at Princeton" and the "Passing of Co-

education at Wesleyan". Alumni contributions, with occasional articles by members of the Faculty, will also be special features from time to time.

The ERA proposes, in short, to be a serious paper, a journal publishing each month, good stories, good verse, and a critical review; a publication, literary, primarily, yet alive —alive to the best interests of Cornell.

TO encourage literary activity at Cornell, President Schurman has offered a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best short story written by an undergraduate and appearing in the pages of the ERA during the year to come. For an institution of its size, there has been a lamentable lack of interest in things literary at Cornell, and it is to arouse some enthusiasm in this particular line, that the President makes his generous offer.

All stories submitted must contain not less than 1,500, and not more than 4,000 words. Manuscript must be signed by a nom-de-plume, and accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing the name of the author and bearing the nom-de-plume. When there are two stories of equal merit, the first one submitted will receive the preference and in every case, stories entered in the competition become the property of the ERA, to be published at the discretion of the board of editors. The contest will close on April 20, 1901. There will be three judges, one appointed by the President, one by the ERA board and a third to be elected by the first two.

A word of advice, do not, pray, give too much local color to your narrative. As a usual thing, life in Ithaca is not teeming with thrilling incidents. Beebe Lake, Sage Cottage, and the Military Hops have been immortalized too often. The waiter, while interesting and worthy, is far too prosaic to play the hero in an affecting love story. There are many scenes and settings that have been pictured too often, and always in the same stereotyped way: there are characters that have been sadly overworked, and it is time to call a halt. Not that one can expect stirring stories of the sea,

and wild tales of adventure. That would be absurd. Use the old scenes an you will, but tell the tale in a new way. Be original!

FOR a great University, there is an almost pitiful lack of precedent at Cornell. That is, the right kind of precedent. There are no traditions to speak of, for class spirit has, of a neceesity, been held in abeyance for the University's weal. Freshmen are human beings, we grant that—but in many cases their virtue is too obviously latent There have been certain rules drawn up for their guidance, and these rules should be adhered to. One must always learn to obey, ere he be a fit person to command.

A man generally enters the University at an average of nineteen years. He has just graduated from a preparatory school, an individual admired and looked up to by the younger boys. He comes to Ithaca and finds himself, a freshman, subordinated, of a necessity, to three other sets of men, and, naturally enough, he desires to be as free and easy and chummy with them all as possible. When he carries this *bonhomie* to too great a length, he will make himself unpopular, and be called fresh. Generally he will ape the ways and mannerisms of the older men. He will outdo them in the obstrusive gaiety of his raiment, and the uncommon ugliness of his shoes. That is because he is a freshman. He will seek amusement and what he thinks is refreshment, in the various, so-called, student resorts—he thinks it is manly. That is also, because he is a freshman. Such actions should be discouraged, not that these places are pernicious in themselves, but because a man owes it to himself and to those who send him to college, that he keep up with his work The habits formed in the freshman year are apt to be the habits that will govern a man during his college career. We are all victims of our habits, and for that reason, if for no other, they should be such that on graduation we may look back with satisfaction over the four years of University life.

It is true that the older men, members of one fraternity, are loth to take strenuous measures with the underclassmen of any other. But this feeling should be subordinated to a desire to promote the common good,—and each and every upperclassman should make it a personal matter to see that these rules are enforced, for the good of the men themselves and for the good of the University, of which we are all a part.

THERE are at present two vacancies on the ERA board which will be filled by two competitions,—one among the men, the other among the women, of the University—to close on the first of November. During the months to come a competition will also be held for the places on the ERA board for 1901–02. This latter will close on the first of May, and will be open to all students of the University, for members of the present board are considered as being on an equal footing with all other competitors. Short stories or bits of description, and poetry, are especially desirable, although essays and more serious articles will also be welcomed.

THE UNIVERSITY

ON the seventeenth of September, football practice began at Percy Field. The opening of the season saw Capt. Starbuck, Morrison, Otis, Taussig, Alexander, Warner and Pierson of the old men, and a large number of new candidates, ready for work. Since that date for various reasons, these old men, for the most part, have been out of the games played. On the very first day of practice, Capt. Starbuck unluckily threw his shoulder out. Alexander has been very careful of his training this year and therefore has not played in any game except that with Bucknell last Saturday. As for Pierson, it is probable at present writing that he will not be allowed to play, on account of faculty regulation. In the games thus far, Morrison, as acting captain, has distinguished himself, not only by his excellent management, but by his fast running and sure tackling. The only games this season which have given any opportunity for a fair judgment of the strength of the team, were the contests with Syracuse and Bucknell. In these games, while there was a showing of weakness at times, Cornell played a fair game. It is to the credit of the coaches this year, that the team is being trained systematically. The need of running up grand-stand scores of fifty or sixty against weaker teams is not felt at Ithaca this fall. Although every game has been won by a narrow margin in actual scoring, there is a feeling of confidence abroad that the 1900 football team will make a good showing in the big games. The schedule has been arranged with an eye to the gradual training of the men up to the condition required in the games with Princeton and Pennsylvania. Although there is great regret expressed that there are no big games at Ithaca, those who think, agree that it is more likely to be a winning schedule than any Cornell has had for years.

Owing to the fact that as many as thirty candidates for

the team stopped training soon after registration day, a mass meeting was held in the Library, Oct. 3. Capt. Starbuck, and coaches Haughton and Porter addressed the students asking for support.

The reasons for the great desertion of candidates are many in number. The majority of the men, however, who stopped training were forced to do so on account of afternoon work on the hill. It must be admitted that the engineering courses hurt University athletics to a considerable degree. An effort is now being made to induce men who have morning sections in shop-work, to exchange their appointments with football candidates who have been assigned to afternoon work, and if this scheme is successful there should be a marked improvement in the play at the field.

THE suggestion has been made that the Alaskan totem pole, given to Cornell by Professor Fernow of the College of Forestry, and which now rests behind McGraw Hall, because of the lack of suitable quarters in which to put it, be erected on the campus in a place where it would serve as a rallying point for campus meetings, athletic celebrations and the like. True, Cornell's trophy would not have the enduring qualities of Princeton's famous cannon. Bonfires could not be built about it—at least not more than one; still, with its base planted in concrete, and occasional treatment with some wood preservative, Cornell's Alaskan god would survive for some generations at least. It would certainly be a unique campus trophy, and once planted, say in the oval in front of McGraw, or on the green in front of Sage, would soon endear itself to all Cornellians.

IT is difficult to say what will be the outcome of the present agitation regarding the honor system in examinations. The Student Committee, in its report to the Faculty last spring claimed that purification of the present dishonorable conditions might be brought about by the organized expression of student sentiment upon the subjsct. Mr. Wyvell, as

a representative of the committee, at the Freshman Campus Meeting laid before the new men their responsibilities in the maintenance of the honor of the University, for it is evident that any improvement in present conditions must come from student initiative. The committee, whose work so far has merely been that of investigation and report, intends to organize, through mass meetings, or some other means, student sentiment. The vast majority of Cornellians have strong opinions on the present state of affairs. If an opportunity be given for the voicing of their convictions, it is probable that such a complete expression would result that the system would appear in a new light, to those now disposed to dishonor it. When such a student appreciates that in cribbing he cheats his classmates, dishonors Cornell and the Cornell diploma, and lowers that standard of manhood which all true men strive to uphold, the honor system must needs come to him with new emphasis. Most cribbing is done through thoughtlessness. If the matter is put to a man in its true light, there are few who would be disposed to break the requirements based on common decency and honor. A strenuous effort should be made to bring to every student a realization of the significance of the honor system in its true sense.

BOOK REVIEVVS

THE MASTER CHRISTIAN.

Marie Corelli, in her latest novel, *The Master Christian* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), has written a romance that is characterized by a deal of power in its uncommon volume and range. But there is so much accusation, so much discussion, and, as a matter of fact, so much downright libel in the volume that a casual reader would find it hard, indeed, to forgive the author her many invectives, even when the charm of many of her characters is taken into consideration.

The very dedication to "all those churches who quarrel in the name of Christ," indicates the almost didactic tone that the conversation assumes in many places. Picture, to yourself, little children discussing theology in a worldly-wise way and arguing the very problems, that to-day are the bones of contention in all ecclesiastical controversies. The very foundations of church organization are assailed in a way that is remarkable neither for its good form, nor for its justice. Granting that there may be a great deal that is radically wrong in the theology and practice of the latter-day clergy, the fault in many instances is particular, confined to certain localities and to certain men; but Miss Corelli accuses churchmen as a class; she assails all denominations in making the Catholic church her one particular butt. She implies that all churches are iniquitous and hypocrital organizations; a blight and a disgrace, almost, to honest folk. She denounces priests, and assumes that all are to be despised, because, perchance, some one among them has fallen by the wayside. Because something unconventional, something un-Christ-like has happened in one church, she immediately concludes that all are to be contemned.

The main characters are vividly pictured, they live and act; but the modern setting of the romance is sadly awry.

The supernatural is conjured into the narrative, in a way that is too absolutely impossible, and the dramatic interest of the book is sadly marred by its eternal preaching. Blasphemies, that have been worn threadbare by constant usage, are advanced again, in the author's outcry against God for permitting sin and shame and dread disease.

Cardinal Felix Bonpré is the veritable embodiment of ecclesiastical virtue ; a man who would be loved and revered by all. This good priest and the precocious lad, who eventually turns out to be Christ, together with a proflgate abbé and his illegitimate son, are the chief actors in the tale ; while love and light are brought into sharp contrast with dismal theology, by the introduction of the two heroines and their lovers. The book is dismal throughout, in fact, except for the sunburst at the close. It is not a romance that would appeal to most people. Fascinating though it may be for a few, it lacks the intense and sustained interest that holds the ordinary reader. It is unnatural and exaggerated at times,—an outburst of hatred, with bits of color here and there in its descriptions and in its admirable characterization.

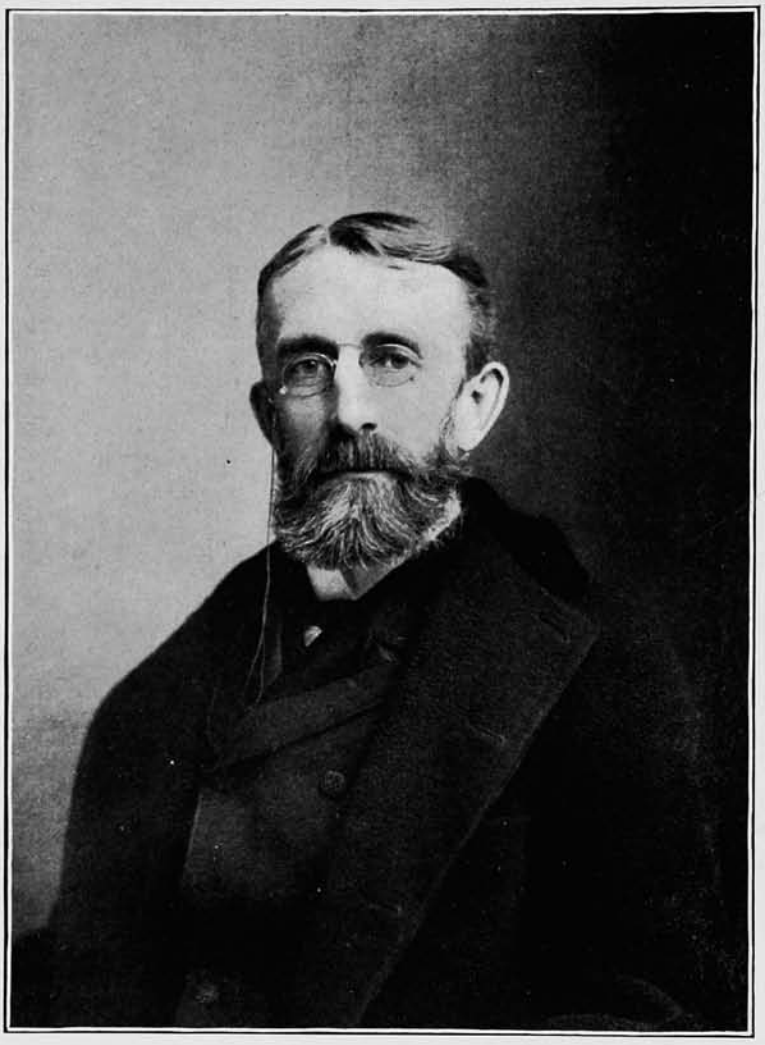
THE *History of American Literatnre* (D. C. Heath & Co.), by Prof. Walter Bronson, of Brown University, appears as a distinct departure from the ordinary lines followed by similiar works. The subject matter is unusually interesting, and has been compiled as a guide to general reading rather than as a text for study. The work of each of the best American writers has been presented in its relation to the national life and to the literatures of England and the continent, giving a comprehensive view of the various conditions which existed at the time.

The greater portion of the volume is devoted to a broad treatment of the respective styles and mannerisms of the greater authors, their lives and writings, while many notes are given to encourage further study.

A special feature of the book is the appendix, which contains forty pages of interesting extracts from the works of

the more prominent colonial writers, such as William Bradford, John Smith, Thomas Hooker, Anne Bradstreet, Cotton Mather, etc. There are, also, valuable notes concerning early American newspapers and magazines, a bibliography of colonial and revolutionary literature, an exhaustive reference list, and an index.

AN attractive edition of the *Works of Theodore Roosevelt* is that recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in the Sagamore Series. Of the four volumes received, two contain the author's essays on American Ideals, Civil Service and Administration, and the others are his writings on the Wilderness Hunter. A biographical sketch by Gen. Francis Vinton Green, with a half-tone of the author in the first volume, serve as an introduction to the series. In presenting the works of Roosevelt in this new form the publishers state that they have in view, the publication of this new edition as a feature of the Presidential campaign, in order that the "people of this land may see what manner of man he is; an American in every fibre, who holds his life at his country's service."



Andrew D. White

THE ERA

ANDREW D. WHITE AND CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE recent visit of Ex-President White to Cornell and the fascinating address he delivered while here make it timely to recall his intimate connection with the history of the University. To the older generation of Cornellians it is known that his was the hand that shaped our whole educational policy and his the mind and heart that infused it with the spirit of democracy and progress. To the younger generation these spiritual endowments are likely to be far less obvious than those represented by lectureships, departments and buildings. No one, however, can study the history of the University without being impressed by the enormous influence exerted by Mr. White in every phase of its origin and development and the happy results that flowed from the co-operation of the young President and the aged Founder in the great work they undertook together. The scholarship and the educational theories of the one supplemented the business sagacity and practical philanthropy of the other. From the first definite inception of the idea of a new university in Central New York in 1864, they worked together in founding and building the University until the death of the Founder ten years later. For over ten years thereafter Mr. White carried on the work in the same spirit and along the same lines,

until success was plainly written upon the records of the great undertaking. So truly were they the two architects of the University and so equally do they deserve the gratitude of its beneficiaries that the names of Cornell and White should always be united in the hearts of Cornellians as they are in the beautiful and appropriate symbolism of the Cornell colors.

The relation of Andrew D. White to the larger movements of his time is a part of our political and diplomatic history. An attaché of the United States legation at St. Petersburg at the age of twenty-one, he has since been a member of the Santo Domingo Commission (1870), Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the German Empire (1879–1881), Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia (1892–1894), member of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission (1896), head of the American delegation to the Hague conference (1899), and Ambassador to the German Empire since 1897. In his party councils he has been prominent and influential. In 1871 he presided over the State Republican convention; in 1872 he was a delegate at large to the national convention and an elector at large at the head of the New York delegation in the electoral college; in 1876 he was selected as a delegate at large to the national convention but was obliged to decline on account of official duties as a member of the Jury on Public Instruction at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition; in 1884 he was again a delegate at large to the national convention. He has held but one elective office, that of State senator for two terms (1863–1867) from the Onondaga district, but it was this position that brought him into intimate relations with the founding and building of Cornell University, changed the whole course of his life work and gave to the history and development of the University a trend and spirit wholly unique among the educational movements of our time.

Another senator who took his seat for the first time in January, 1864, was Ezra Cornell, the representative of

the Tompkins county district. He was then fifty-seven years of age, a tall, spare man, of reserved and almost austere demeanor, known as one of the wealthy promoters and owners of the great telegraph system which, twenty years earlier, he had had the courage and sagacity to unite with Professor S. F. B. Morse in introducing to an incredulous world. To this silent and successful captain of industry, the young senator from Onondaga, then but thirty-one years of age and fresh from his university professorship at Michigan University, was first drawn when, as Chairman of the Committee on Literature, he had occasion to pass upon the bill for the incorporation of the Cornell Public Library for the city of Ithaca. The appreciation of the young scholar for the wise liberality of the great capitalist was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until the death of the latter in 1874, and had the most far reaching consequences.

As chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, a trustee of the State Agricultural College at Ovid, and some time president of the State Agricultural Society, Mr. Cornell was deeply interested in the disposal of the million acre land grant that had fallen to the State of New York under the Morrill Act of 1862. As chairman of the Committee on Literature (Education), and for some years a promoter of a new educational movement in New York, Mr. White was equally interested in the disposition to be made of the same great educational endowment. As patron of a college, known as the People's College, at Havana, Charles Cook, a former senator from the Schuyler county district, was earnestly striving to retain for his institution the entire fund which the previous legislature in 1863 had conditionally bestowed upon it, but which was now likely to revert for failure to meet the conditions. In this situation of affairs Mr. Cornell decided to be content with one-half of the fund for the State Agricultural College, leaving the other half to the People's College. It is probable that Mr. Cook would have assented to this in case the other half were given uncondi-

tionally to his college. Against this arrangement Mr. White set himself and succeeded in defeating or delaying in committee the bill introduced for the division of the fund, taking the ground that the whole fund ought to go unimpaired to a single institution. On this ground he ultimately won first Mr. Cornell and then the legislature. Convinced that his young colleague was right, Mr. Cornell generously offered to give five hundred thousand dollars to found a new institution provided the State would bestow upon it the whole of the land grant. On April 27, 1865, the charter of Cornell University was passed, and on the next day the incorporators elected Andrew D. White a trustee of the University.

It was no new problem that now engaged Mr. White's attention. George William Curtis gave, at the opening of the University in 1868, the genesis of the idea upon which the educational policy of Cornell University was founded. "It is now just about ten years ago," said he, "since I was in the city of Ann Arbor, Michigan, the seat of the University of Michigan . . . and I sat at night talking with my friend, Professor of History in that institution. There, in the warmth and confidence of his friendship, he unfolded to me his idea of the great work that should be done in the great State of New York. Surely, he said, in the greatest State there should be the greatest of universities; in central New York there should arise a university, which, by the amplitude of its endowment and by the whole scope of its intended sphere, by the character of the studies in the whole scope of its curriculum, should satisfy the wants of the hour. More than that, said he, it should begin at the beginning. It should take hold of the chief interest of this country, which is agriculture; then it should rise—step by step, grade by grade—until it fulfilled the highest ideal of what a university could be. It was also his intention that there should be no man, wherever he might be—on the other side of the ocean or on this side—who might be a fitting teacher of men, who should not be drawn within the sphere of that university. Until the hour was late this young

scholar dreamed aloud to me these dreams ; and at the close, at our parting, our consolation was that we lived in a country that was open to every generous idea, and that his dream one day might be realized was still a possibility."

The ideas which Mr. White had thus outlined years before to Mr. Curtis he now embodied in the masterly "Report of the Committee on Organization presented to the Trustees of the Cornell University, October 21st, 1866." He who would see Cornell University as it appeared to the prophetic eye of a young scholar in 1866 should read this Report and as he looks about him at the departments and colleges of the University he will not fail to be astonished that thirty-five years later so much that then lay in the germ in that prolific mind should exist in assured reality upon our beautiful campus. Only two colleges are missing of all those then projected, namely, Mining, and Commerce and Trade. Only one exists not then projected, namely, Forestry. Veterinary Medicine and Surgery then included under Agriculture has been given an independent status as has also Architecture then united with Engineering. With these variations the plan submitted by Mr. White in 1866 is to-day the plan upon which Cornell is organized. The Inaugural Address of Mr. White two years later completes the record of his educational previsions and voices the spirit of that new education of which it is his highest and most lasting honor to have been the leader. No one can fully understand the tremendous reformation in university education during the past generation without a deep study of the ideas and work of its forerunner and organizer—Andrew D. White.

So thoroughly did these ideas commend themselves to the wise Founder that shortly after the "Report on Organization" was submitted, he induced Mr. White to consent to accept the presidency of the new university. Against his inclination but in obedience to his sense of duty toward the movement he had inaugurated, Mr. White undertook the arduous task, thinking to lay it down as soon as the work

was well under way. What he then regarded as merely a temporary arrangement lasted for nineteen years, during which time he saw the University pass to the lowest point of financial distress and rise again on the highway of financial and educational prosperity. With every inducement of fortune, taste and temperament to abandon the discouraging work and betake himself to the studies and pursuits that gave him unmixed pleasure, he remained steadfast until every crisis was past and the future well assured. It was not until the favorable land sales of 1882–83 had placed the University, theretofore land poor, upon a sound financial basis and the increase in teaching force and equipment had begun to be reflected in the increase of students and the general expansion and healthy growth of departments, that President White laid down the burdens of office and sought in study and travel and in the completion of long delayed literary work the relief for mind and body of which he stood sorely in need.

During his presidency Mr. White was also Professor of Modern European History, and no lectures at Cornell have ever been more inspiring than those given by its first President. Written with vigor, enthusiasm and rare literary skill, they were delivered with a simplicity and charm that made them the model of academic teaching. To generations of Cornell students of the earlier days these lectures, with the fascinating side-talks on current questions, were the most inspiring and most lasting influence in their university experience.

In addition to the great gift of himself to Cornell—a gift of well-nigh twenty years out of the most fruitful period of human life—Mr. White has bestowed upon the University material benefactions hardly to be reckoned in dollars. Aside from the gift of the President's House, which he built for his own home and for his successors when he shall have finished with it, and the gift oft repeated of money and equipment to many a needy department, he gave in all its noble completeness the rare historical collection—probably the

largest and richest in any private hands in America—which through long years of patient and persistent searching he had brought together for his own and others' needs. If all his gifts were to be measured merely in money it would appear that in proportion to his fortune he has been the most liberal of all our benefactors. Measured in the mintage of men his benefactions are beyond all human computation.

For what we have of æsthetic surroundings we are chiefly indebted to President White. Young and crude and poor as the University was throughout most of his administration, he never lost an opportunity to give to it some touch of spiritual color. He it was who secured the earliest portraits of teachers and benefactors. He it was who first placed memorial windows in the chapel. Through his efforts the memorial chapel and the memorial statues and tablets were erected. In the very earliest days he fitted up a room in the North University Building (White Hall) with engravings and bronzes (now in Barnes Hall) for the use of the Christian Association and the literary societies. A very large collection of architectural photographs he bestowed upon the architectural department. Music is with him almost a passion and he arranged for frequent organ recitals and chamber concerts upon the campus. His own home was rich with the treasures of art brought from many a European pilgrimage, and there many a student had his first taste of the finer fruits of culture and his first introduction into an atmosphere of refined hospitality. In all these subtler influences for good he was aided throughout his whole administration by the sympathy and the queenly charms of his noble wife, whose grace and loveliness are in part revealed in the beautiful recumbent statue in the Memorial chapel.

It would be impossible in a brief space to recount all the ways in which the first President influenced the development of the University and its students. Older alumni, however, will never forget the friendly "talks" with which it was his custom to open the University year, nor the occasional "talks" on University topics during the progress of the

year. The students of to-day had an opportunity to listen to one of these a few weeks ago and to feel the power and charm of that attractive personality. As President, Mr. White loved to take the students into his confidence and at times when misrepresentation or misconception was prevalent concerning some University matter he would call the students together and give them his point of view or refute some especially atrocious calumny. In all student affairs he was deeply interested and college athletics never had a heartier or more generous supporter. In the "Plan of Organization," presented in 1866, he recommended that "grounds be set apart for the national game of base ball, and that the formation of clubs be encouraged; also that encouragement be given to the formation of clubs for boating upon Lake Cayuga;" and that "in arranging hours for study, recitations or lectures, physical training be regarded as equally entitled to consideration with mental training, and that a regular and sufficient time be always allowed for that purpose." He always urged students to take physical exercise and encouraged them in all athletic sports.

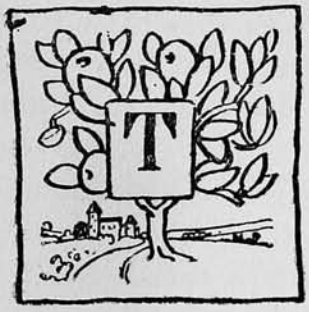
As President, Mr. White displayed an ability, devotion and tact that carried the University safely over many a dangerous crisis. As a teacher and friend of the students he won universal admiration and affection. It is a gain beyond measurement to have had here such an influence and such a personality during the formative period of the University.

Since 1885, when he resigned the presidency, Mr. White has been a trustee of the University and has kept in the closest touch with all its interests and aspirations. His visits here have been the source of deep joy to him and of untold pleasure to all his old associates, and to all the newer teachers and students who have had the privilege of meeting him or of listening to him. Of all those who took part in the first councils of the University, or indeed sat with the Founder in those councils at any time, only he, Alonzo B. Cornell, Francis M. Finch and Stewart L. Woodford still remain. For thirty-five years Mr. White has been the most devoted

friend and benefactor of Cornell, and for twenty of these years he gave to it the largest share of his time and strength. May he long be spared to rejoice in its assured triumph and its marvelous growth.

Ernest W. Huffcut.

A SIGNAL SHOWN.



"HERE'S Nantucket over there."

She pointed out into the gloom. The man beside her looked at the finger and on,—on until he saw the twinkle of a light blinking fitfully in the darkness. "Yes," he murmured, scarcely concealing his bitterness, "there's Nantucket over there." He looked at the girl. She watched the light.

"I shall almost be sorry to reach New York," she said, with a merry laugh; "everything will seem so ordinary and lonely—and—oh, I shall feel so restless and discontented."

They were standing in the waist. From above came the drone of many voices and the rattle of a rag time two-step. The boatswain's whistle rang out.

"I guess they're going to take the log," she continued carelessly, as she drummed against the rail.

"Oh, you won't be restless long," he said, unheeding her last remark. "Think of one poor wretch who deliberately closes a chapter in his life."

"Why, you're tragic. That isn't nice on such an evening as this."

"But you're happy—"

"Well—yes—I am. You wouldn't have me otherwise, would you?"

She looked wonderfully pretty in the half light, half mist. A loose strand of hair was blowing across her browned face. Her eyes were still bright from the dancing.

"Yes, I would." The man stepped nearer. "Yes, I verily believe I'd like to see you miserable, utterly miserable, to-night. I've seen you in every possible mood but that, and—"

"If you are going to be so unkind and wicked, I shall go back and dance again. How can you have the heart to talk like that? How do you dare—there are all the others—if they knew—"

John Farrell laughed shortly. "Yes—how they'd growl if they heard me. Yet, my acquaintance with you dates farther back than their's. I don't mean to boast—there's only a difference of a couple of months or so, and I was the lucky dog. You see, I've known you in every mood; I've come to look at things with your happy eyes and forget all the worries and ordinary matters awaiting me on this side of the water. Oh, you've taught me a great deal. I'll not forget the lessons. I understand you through and through, better than you understand yourself; if I had the time I'd outstrip the others entirely and show you yourself without all the little affectations that are so fascinating, and—"

"You are waxing very uncomplimentary it seems to me. Affectations—ugly word," and she shook her head dubiously.

"Virginia, look at me."

The girl started a little. He had never before addressed her by her first name.

"Well," she said, and turned to face him, expecting to find him stern, instead of smiling.

"Don't keep up the lightheartedness tonight. It's the last, you know. We've been such good friends. These weeks have been almost a heaven to me. I remember you as I first saw you at the opera in Paris. I stared and stared at you because you were an American. You attracted me strangely and I followed you to your hotel. Then I went into the café and lunched at a table just across from where you sat with your aunt: don't you remember? The next day I introduced myself. You were very cold. I don't

think you quite approved of me. I wasn't much on first sight, was I?"

"And then you joined us, for uncle liked you," she interrupted. "We climbed the grand old Swiss mountains, and did all the art galleries together, and you used to tell me stories when the rides grew tedious—"

"Do you remember how we used to drift around Venice in a gondola under the glaring sun, while your poor aunt suffered tortures at the hotel?" Farrell murmured reminiscently.

"Yes, and wasn't it funny that uncle and aunt should put me in your care and send me home, like a bit of freight; we're nearly there now," she added.

"I shall write to them that I have enjoyed the task very much, that you have been very good, have caused me no worry, and—"

"That's all—and there's Nantucket light—"

"That isn't all." Farrell leaned his elbow on the rail and dropped his chin in his palm. The ship's bell clanged mournfully.

"No, that isn't all. I told you I was sealing a chapter in my life. I hate to close it. I'd a deal rather keep it open. I was only one of many with you, but you have been all to me. Don't turn away, I won't annoy you. I've discovered so many things about you, and I know you have a good little heart with all your light way. You've been all to me and the most beautiful things that I have seen in all that beautiful world we have just left have had you in the foreground; not a recollection comes to me but you are there—there—until it seems as if I have no thought that is not centered about you. Bless you! And because you have made this fool's paradise for me—I talk to you like this, now,—out here where I have you at my mercy. There,—it will all be over tomorrow. Your life is not like mine, you know, for you're a bright, little bird, you'll go on and on, and laugh and sing just the same."

The girl had been watching the water as it gurgled along

twenty feet below. She looked up as he finished. "Did you see that phosphorescence?" she asked.

Farrell could not conceal his discomfiture. He hesitated a moment. "Is that all you're going to say?"

She turned her head away.

"You're much more interesting when you're telling me stories," she said. "You know I promised to dance with Mr. Lincoln once more tonight—"

"Yes, Lincoln is doubtless waiting. We'd better go up."

He stepped on ahead. The girl followed.

"It's dark and I might fall," she muttered. She did stumble, as he turned sharply. "Let me guide you. The light is blinding." His tone was cold—but he touched her arm tenderly. At the foot of the gangway he stopped. "You're such a little girl, and I'm so strong. I could just—never mind—Lincoln's waiting for his dance."

They had scarcely stepped into the light of the promenade deck when a young fellow met them.

"Well, at last, Miss Fay. I thought that you were cutting me."

"Good night," she called after Farrell as she turned to Lincoln. He merely bowed his head without turning.

"What's the matter with the man?" asked the newcomer curiously.

"Let's dance," was the brief response.

And for some reason Lincoln found his partner very silent during that waltz, and when they stopped and stood against the cabin she refused to talk or to listen.

They danced the next together and after that she suddenly decided to go below. Once in her cabin, she sat down on her trunk, dropped her chin in her hands and was still for a long time. Then brushing the hair from her face she sprang up and paced to and fro in her narrow state room. She must do something, for she felt so unutterably wretched. Yet why should she? After a while she threw on her great storm coat, and pulled a tam over her head. There would be no one out on deck, she thought. As she crept up the

stairs into the saloon, she could hear men's voices in the smoking room. The steward had turned off the lights on deck and it was black outside. The third officer pacing back and forth above, relieved her feeling of absolute loneliness and she leaned against the cabin, beating a nervous tattoo against the top of a near-by steamer chair. The wind was chilly, the boat was rolling a little. Suddenly to her great surprise a tear rolled down her cheek. With an exclamation she quickly brushed it away. The steady tramp, tramp, tramp ceased; she heard the officer coming down the ladder, and drew back against the cabin—for she was afraid that he might wonder at her being there at that hour, and stop to speak.

"What's this?" It was not the officer's voice. Why aren't you in bed?" Farrell pulled one cold hand from its big pocket. "It's too damp out here, there's a fog coming up—"

"I couldn't stand it in my room, it's hot," the girl muttered.

"But you're shivering now with the dampness. I beg you to go to bed. Besides you ought not to be out here. It's very late."

"You may go on. I am going to stay out a little longer."

"I know—" Farrell put the hand back in the pocket—"But I shall go on when you do. If you are going to stay here, I'm going to find some rugs for you."

She felt tempted to run, but stood motionless until he returned and pulled up a steamer chair.

"At least sit down," he said coldly. "Almost every one's gone below. You'll be undisturbed. Let me make you comfortable and you can go to sleep. I'll smoke a bit, and keep watch."

"I don't want to sit down—I'm not cold—nor sleepy—and I don't need you to keep watch." Another tear rolled down her cheek and this one she did not brush away.

"Oh, very well." He was not going to argue with her. He threw the rugs down and pulled out his pipe, filled it

and struck a match which went out. He struck another and by its light saw her face distinctly, and noticed the wet path of the last tear.

Farrell smoked on in silence, walking back and forth far from her. The wind freshened and the mist turned into a drizzling rain.

"It's a nasty night we're having", he remarked as he walked by. There was no answer.

"Mr. Farrell," she finally faltered.

"Well;" he knocked the ashes from his pipe and went to her.

"You know the phosphorescence was really very pretty—"

"Doubtless,"—he acquiesced with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"And I was listening. I heard all you said—"

"Yes, I am content. You wanted to stop me, and you did effectually, the phosphorescence idea was a good one—"

"You need not be so sarcastic—"

"No, not now. The hour permits plain talk. We've only a little while left. I understand, little girl. You feel sorry for me, you've worried over it all, my words and your carelessness. You've made yourself wretched and come out here, because—well, that wretchedness drove you out. And now, because I happened down that gangway and stumbled against you, your heart has softened; you are moved by pity to try and patch over what you said. It's all fair; I'm afraid I'm a bit off to-night.

She pulled her hands out of her ulster. The wind was driving the rain in her face.

"Oh, you are so certain about all that, that I suppose you are right. I guess you are—" but her voice quivered a little.

He was looking away and could not see her face. He scarcely heard her words.

"Yes, you're pitying me and I thank you for even the pity. Now that that has been given, hadn't you better go below, for it's raining pretty hard."

"Yes, I'll go below."

She walked straight toward the cabin door. At the threshold she paused. The smile on her face as she turned to him was sweet, though it only trembled there an instant.

"'Ships that pass in the night,' you know—"

He closed his fingers over the hand resting on the door frame.

"'And speak each other in passing,'" he took up the words, "'only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness'; good night, little one. We'll reach Sandy Hook by noontime."

There was a great deal of bustle aboard the next morning. Miss Fay was very busy. She spent almost the entire time in packing. When she came on deck Lincoln and others were waiting for her. Farrell was not in evidence; but when the customs officer boarded the ship, he appeared.

"I'll see that your luggage is attended to," he said and walked away. Lincoln, standing close at hand, muttered something under his breath about a sullen fool.

The girl saw scarcely anything of Farrell until the steamer had reached her dock and the passengers were leaning far over the rail and shouting wildly to the people standing below. She stood a little apart.

"Then you have no friends waiting for you?" Farrell asked, as he joined her.

"No, no one knew Aunt Mary was going to send me home on this boat. And I had no time to write, you know. How happy the people all are.—Shall you go directly to the West? I think you told me that you intended to do so."

"I might as well. My playtime's over. And you?"

"Oh, I am going to my cousin's in the city. I wish you were to stop over."

Farrell laughed. "How formal we are growing," he muttered.

"I want to thank you for all you have done for me, and Aunt Mary will thank you when she returns," then she

ventured, "I shall stay at my cousin's until I hear from uncle,—and—why, I don't believe you are interested at all!"

"I was thinking of something else; of that day on the Rhine when you laughed at my ideas of love and all that, and said you should never marry until you had had all your play out--"

"I meant it," Miss Fay colored a little. "You remember everything, don't you?"

"Yes, about you. Well, I'll give you five more years to play, then you'll be serious and—someone else will be with you then, while I'm plugging away on a Western newspaper."

Miss Fay looked at him intently.

"Do you mean that? Five years is a long while, and much may happen in that time; the West is a long way off, and memory softens everything."

"I should like to see you five years from now," he touched her arm. In the excitement no one was noticing them.

"You may," she half smiled, but there was a wistful look in her eyes. "You have my address, and I have yours."

"We'll call that a bargain, little girl. That will be something. Come, they're lowering the gang plank."

"Well, it's over. I hate to say goodbye," she said as Lincoln joined them, his face flushed with excitement. He had found scores of friends awaiting him.

The girl was tired when she reached her cousin's, and she excused herself early in the evening. Sitting in her open window she listened to the distant roar of the city and watched the glowing, flickering lights. After a little she took some note paper from her suit-case.

"I'll just write a line or two," she thought, "I don't believe I thanked him."

She commenced to write almost unconsciously. It was as if her pen was forming the simple sentences.

"I'm lonely tonight; I want the old way back again, for

the restlessness has come. You didn't understand why I went out on deck last night, nor did I understand myself when I went, but now I know and I shall tell you. I cannot be happy until—''

She put her pen down suddenly, watching the lights twinkle and glimmer in the distance. Then she picked up the sheet of paper and kissed it.

''He said it was all right. Perhaps I misunderstood him, who knows.'' She drew her finger across the words she had written and then tore the note into small bits.

. . . . . .

John Farrell took a sudden leave of absence one September and went East. He made no explanation and his staff was a little at a loss to understand his action, but they went on working without him.

He stopped in New York a day, then went on to Springfield, where he put up at a hotel for the night. He was well known, the West could not claim his literary work, and he met many acquaintances.

After a hurried breakfast he called a carriage. Some one at the desk asked him if he was in Springfield on business. He did not answer for a moment, but looked nervous and worried.

''No,'' he replied shortly, and walked away.

''Acts odd,'' said the questioner as he turned to a companion. ''These literary chaps are queer customers.''

It was cold for September and Farrell found himself shivering. He gave a card to the driver and stepped into the carriage, staring hard at the end of his cane. He seemed to ride for hours and he started as the driver pulled up before a roomy, old fashioned house. Windows and doors were thrown wide open ; there was a bustle of preparation about the entire place. He stopped unconsciously to pick a flower from one of the beds and put it in his button hole. Then he rang the bell but it seemed a very long time before the little maid appeared.

''Does Miss Fay live here ?'' he asked. The maid twisted her apron in a quandary until an old woman appeared.

"Come in, come in" the latter urged. "Miss Fay? Yes, but bless you, she's not here now, we're just getting the house ready for her. They're coming back the latter part of the week."

Farrell followed her into the old fashioned library. "Oh, *they're* coming back," he repeated with curious emphasis.

"Yes, bless her heart. I was the child's nurse when she was a baby," she explained. "Yes, they're coming back," and she bustled around the room arranging the chairs, "they've been in Europe, you know, all summer—"

Farrell sat down. "Oh, yes, they've been in Europe. May I write a note at this desk?" He opened it without waiting for permission. His eye first fell on a photograph. He recognized it. It was Lincoln.

"And—is—this her husband?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, an' sure he's not good enough for the child. I'm thinking that she did'nt love him overmuch."

Farrell had commenced to write. There were only a few lines. It was more of a scrawl.

> "So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
> Only a look and voice, then darkness again and a silence!"
>
> JOHN FARRELL.

His hand trembled a little as he signed his name.

"Will you give that to Miss—Mrs. Lincoln, tell her I called, here is my card. And—" he did not finish, but turned away. At the door he stopped.

"Be good to her," he said thickly.

The old nurse stood irresolute with the note in her hand. She stopped him. "Are you well, sir?" she asked, timidly.

"Perfectly." He smiled and nodded, but his white face belied his words.

"Something's wrong with him," she muttered. Standing in the doorway she watched him as he entered the carriage and rolled away. He had dropped his head on his hand. The woman did not understand, but she felt it all. "Poor man," she sighed, as the carriage was lost in the street's busy throng, "poor man."

J. L. D.

A WORD FROM CALIFORNIA.

I AM very glad to embrace the opportunity which your letter suggesting an article affords, to send my greetings across the continent, and especially to send them in the form of good wishes for the success of THE ERA in its new field. You propose that I should say something about the University of California, and as I cannot tell it all in one letter, it occurs to me that I might do well to keep the Cornell point of view and simply record a few of the first impressions just as they came to a tenderfoot fresh from Cornell.

It appears first of all that the University of California is an institution so located as to overlook one of the finest sheltered harbors in the world, but is not possessed of a single eight-oared shell. A small boat-house containing two rather meagerly equipped four-oared shells, two single sculls and a few row-boats represents the university rowing-club, a semi-private organization supported by the fees of its members. The course on Oakland Harbor is all that is needed, the spirit is good, the material excellent ; all that is wanted is proper competition, and rowing might be a favored sport. Stanford lacks proper water ; therein lies the crux. A way out of the difficulty may yet be found. Meantime the class-races, of which a good beginning was made a fortnight since, will serve to quicken the aquatic spirit here, and a proposed meeting with the University of Washington next spring may launch us upon a career as a boating college. The rowing at the class-races was far better than I had expected to see, but I am afraid Mr. Courtney would have shaken his head at times with the old familiar downward glance and smile.

As there are those, however, who are able to conceive of a university without an eight-oared shell, or any shells whatsoever, except those in the conchological cabinet and those of their own which the professors find it so hard to get out of, I might say a word about the *view*, though I am reminded of Professor Corson's dictum that "you can't run a university on a view." The newcomer from Cornell must always expect to be asked: "How do you think the view compares with that at Cornell?" The fact is that nothing compares with the view at Cornell, nor with that at Berkeley either. Nothing is so fine as the way the valley humbles itself before the Enfield hills; nothing is so sweet as the evening light on the clean, broad lake; but there is a meaning in those waters which bear the commerce of the Orient through the Golden Gate and which the Oregon and now the Wisconsin have ploughed on their maiden trips, and this meaning gives the view across San Francisco bay and out between city and mountain a charm that is its own.

Among the impressions which befall the Cornellian at Berkeley I have noted none more certain than that peace of soul which overcomes him when he learns that his wrestling with weather is at an end. Not a pound of energy has to be expended from one year's end to another in fighting the climate. All that a man has in him may be expended on work. The summer at Berkeley is cool, and its floating fogs borne on sea-breezes and fitly mixed with sunshine are highly invigorating, especially to one who comes from the hot, dry interior. Here the summer-school has no terrors; Berkeley is the promised land of the continuous session. People who take a summer vacation go away on the excuse that they want to perspire a little.

The students look much the same and are much the same as at Cornell or any other large university. They would look much better if the Juniors and Seniors did not feel it their duty to support a tradition whereby they appear in dilapidated "beavers," mangled and crushed beyond the standards of the gentlemen of the road. They are a fine,

healthy, breezy lot, somewhat strongly endowed with the sense of freedom native to a land of elbow-room, but keenly alive to the sense for fair play, and charmingly frank and true. I like them and am proud of them. Over forty per-cent. of them are women, and they claim and get more than forty per-cent. of one's pride.

Of the 1988 registered last year in the colleges at Berkeley (*i. e.*, omitting the professional schools of law, medicine, etc.) about 1450 belonged to what we should have called the "general courses" *i. e.*, under the Faculty of Arts and Sciences; about 530 followed the technical courses. Herein resides the strongest contrast I have found with conditions at Cornell. Lectures, recitations, laboratory-work are mixed in similar proportions as at Cornell with possibly some slighting of the laboratory. The Seminary is less in evidence. The excellent library and library arrangements of Cornell are sadly missed.

The method of arranging and selecting studies is that of the group-system rather than of the elective-system. In the faculty and in the academic atmosphere I fancy I discern more of the influence and spirit of Yale than of Harvard or Cornell. Class-spirit lingers as a tradition from the small college in more visible potency than at Cornell. In the offices red-tape is somewhat abundant; this may be due, however, in part to the supposed necessities of a state institution. The proximity of Oakland and San Francisco has hitherto worked to scatter the students, almost half of whom have been coming like day-pupils from their homes in these cities. This has been a serious hindrance to the development of university feeling and college spirit. The absence of chapel and the lack of every form of university assemblage, through the lack of any room or building capable of holding the mass has robbed the individual student of all opportunity for seeing himself part of a great whole. The development of the college "rallies," a local institution corresponding to the famous Cornell "smokers," and the inauguration this year of university meetings, made possible

by the enlargement of the gymnasium to a seating capacity of 2500, will set this matter speedily right. It is encouragiug also to note a steady decline in the proportion of students living outside Berkeley during the term. Last year it was thirty-three per cent.; this year, twenty-nine.

The college papers are excellent. The proof-readers sometimes nod as elsewhere, but there seems to me to be a larger supply of good literary material by way of stories, essays, and verse than at Cornell; one misses the *Widow*, however.

There is much more I might tell you, but what I have told you is told as it looked. The substance of it all however is, that the American universities through the sharing of common purpose and spirit are growing into one.

Benjamin I. Wheeler.

Berkeley, October 15, 1900.

THE STUDENT.

THERE'S a secret that the ages
Have revealed at times to sages
And the riddle of this changing life's made plain.
I would read in volumes dusty,
Parchments yellow, torn, and musty,
Make the Past speak to the Present,
And its mysteries explain,—
How the plants lived,
How the trees grow,
Why the rain fails,
Why the dew,—
Watch the growth of men and nations,
Follow all the deviations
In the onward march of progress,
Ever changing, ever new ;
Drink the springs of human wisdom,
Feel the throb of human heartbeats,
Hope man's hopes, and fear his fears,
See the eternal in the changing,—
Own this secret of the years.

L. M. P.

THE INFANCY OF CORNELL JOURNALISM.

TO the Cornellian who is interested in the history of his university, who would know something of its trials and hopes in the early days, a few score of volumes in one of the library stacks present a chance for some interesting research. There stand the files of the ERA, the *Cornellian*, the *Review*, and the periodicals of shorter existence or more recent birth, ready to prove a rich mine of information or entertainment to any who may care to investigate their contents. Nothing can give a clearer insight into the aspirations of all connected with the young institution, and of the life led by the students in the early years, than a perusal of the publications supported by those students. The queer, primitive state of affairs under military discipline and the labor system, the confident pride of the new university in its educational innovations and the loyal rallying of all to repel the attacks of the critical or envious, the exaggerated fear of the threatened introduction of co-education, can be appreciated by one of the later generation only by reading the thoughts of those to whom these things were present and actual conditions. Let the student of the present day think of himself, for instance, as living in the Cascadilla building in the fall of 1868, and being subjected to rules such as the following:

At reveille, which will be rung by the chimes between five and six o'clock, "all cadets will rise, dress, arrange their furniture, beds, etc., and sweep their rooms. Sweeping will be allowed at no other hour during the day.

"Tatoo will be sounded by the bells at 9 o'clock p. m., immediately after which captains will inspect the rooms of their respective companies, to verify the presence of the occupants."

This and much more of a similar nature was published by the old ERA in its first numbers. Explicit regulations were given regarding the cut and color of the University uniform, which was to be worn by all students at all times on the hill and in town. Editorials accompanied these rules, setting forth the evident advantage of the military system over all other kinds of college discipline, and explaining the equalizing and democratic effect which the wearing of the uniform would have. Truly strange reading is the ERA of the first year.

A marked characteristic of the early student editors was their complete and immediate belief in the superiority of their young Alma Mater over older institutions, and their habit of making frequent comparisons in favor of the former. They seemed ready at all times to search out in other publications criticisms and slurs on Cornell University —and there must have been many such attacks—and to take up the cudgels promptly in defense. The ERA in its first number explains at length the labor system, the favorite project of Ezra Cornell, by which students were to receive work from the University which would help them to pay their expenses. This, more than any other feature of the new institution, the writer says, had undergone a storm of attack from critics throughout the country. The *Review*, the literary magazine established in the fifth year of the University, in its quick change from the rank of a quarterly to that of a monthly finds pleasant material for a comparison of journalism at Cornell and elsewhere.

Another noticeable fact in the writing of these years is the attention paid to the subject of co-education. To many of the present day the attitude of the editors of the past on this topic will appear decidedly amusing. From the very first, the presence of the young ladies of Ithaca at the University lectures troubled the men who wielded the editorial quill. They seemed to see in this custom the first signs of a great threatening danger, the entering wedge of a system they dreaded. That the fair visitors were not welcome,

and should understand the fact, seems to have been the impelling motive behind the frequent references to the subject. The first *Cornelian* speaks of the "Woman's Rights monomaniacs" who were "attempting to mislead the public into the belief that female students are to be admitted here," and a later volume refers to the rumor of the admission of women as one of the many calumnies to which the University was subjected. The ERA was sarcastic and at times bitter on the subject, and the feeling did not disappear from editorial pages for years after co-education was an established fact in the life of the University.

The first of the student publications here, as is generally known, was the *Cornell Era*. Making its initial appearance November 28, 1868, but eight weeks after the opening of the new university, it has impressed its name indelibly upon Cornell journalism, with the result that even when its days of usefulness in its old form had passed, graduate and undergraduate opinion was agreed that the name "Era" must not be lost from the ranks of Cornell periodicals. The paper was at first edited by five members of the Junior class, was published weekly, and was designed to be "a paper containing a complete summary of University news, glimpses of college life, correspondence and general items of interest."

This purpose was well carried out, and for years the publication evidently gave general satisfaction, except in one particular. It was thought, by some at least, that the system by which the Junior class each year chose the board led to class feeling, and that a paper edited by men of all classes would be less partial in its nature and more general in its interest. Giving this as a reason for its being, the *Cornell Times* sprang into existence in the fall of 1873. The newcomer was a weekly of much the same nature as the older paper, very bright in its appearance, and including with its news articles occasional essays and stories. The two rivals began at once to pay their respects to each other in vigorous language. The *Times* explained that each suc-

ceeding Junior class had refused to relinquish its right to the election of the whole *Era* board, and that consequently if the proper system of equal representation for all classes was to be introduced, a new paper must be founded. The *Era*, on the other hand, claimed that the dissatisfaction with its system of publication was confined to a few, and charged the new periodical with being a purely business venture of two members of its staff, the other six editors being mere figureheads. At this late date we cannot well judge of the merits of the contest, which was waged merrily throughout the year. Certain it is, however, that at the end of the college year the *Era* admitted both of the upper classes to representation on its staff, and the *Times*, claiming the credit of the change, announced its work as done and ceased publication. Under its new system the *Era* continued until the reorganization of last spring.

The year '73–'74 is noteworthy in Cornell journalism for another reason than that of the strife between the weeklies. It was in that year that a new publication of more permanence than the *Times* was established. In October, 1873, the first number of the *Cornell Review* came from the press. The three literary organizations of the University, the Curtis, Irving and Philalatheian societies, were jointly responsible for the new production. In the words of its founders, the aim of the *Review* was "to supply a want long felt at Cornell, of a publication embodying the more mature productions of the undergraduates and alumni, at the same time supplying in the Memorabilia a complete record of the current events of college life." It is to be noticed that the "Memorabilia" are brief, while the "mature productions" are much in evidence. Page after page of the first volume is filled with articles bearing such titles as "The Historian of To-day," "The Education of Women," "Dickens as a Philanthropist," and "The Study of Matter and Words." One wonders as he turns over the several hundred pages, never reading more than a paragraph at a time, whether the universities of the present day have

degenerated from the higher mental plane of thirty years ago. Certainly such a magazine as the first *Review* could not succeed at Cornell to-day. Perhaps, after all, there is a better explanation. There must have been at the time a small band of devotees with the courage of their convictions extraordinarily developed, from whom the *Review* gained its weight, while conditions in general were much the same as at present, for the editors complain of the great amount of attention paid to athletics and the little to intellectual pursuits.

Evidently material considerations did not appeal much to those back of the staid and solemn yearling, for with a balance of three dollars in the treasury at the close of the season, the literary societies decided to continue the *Review*, and enthusiastically voted to publish it monthly thereafter. This was done, and the character of the magazine became lighter and of more general interest as time went on. Articles on subjects connected with the University and student life became more and more frequent, though "The Ideal in Art" and "The Invisible in Nature and in Life" continued to take a prominent place in the table of contents. The editors were preaching to an unappreciative audience, however, and in June, 1886, although the profits of that year had increased so much over those of the first that they amounted to seven dollars, the last number was issued, and the *Review* faded quietly out of sight.

One publication which dates back to the earliest days of the University remains still to be considered. It is that invariable attendant upon all college journalism, the college annual. The first *Cornelian*, for that was the original spelling of the word, made its appearance in the spring of '69, being published by the two fraternities then established. It was a little pamphlet of forty-eight pages, crude in appearance, and reminding one strongly of the old style almanacs which are still occasionally to be seen. It was a mere catalogue of trustees, faculty, undergraduates, fraternities, literary societies and other organizations. A year later seven

fraternities had chapters established, and all of these participated in the publication of the second number. This and many of the following ones were much like the first in general character, but all the while the present handsome volume was being evolved. The gradual introduction of wood-cuts foreshadowed the engravings and half-tone illustrations of to-day, while the crude cartoons indicated the spirit which has resulted in clever skits and "stunt" photographs.

In 1875 the name was changed to the present spelling, *Cornellian*, which remained until 1877, when there was a sudden variation in the usual course of events. Two annuals made their appearance that year: the *Cornellian*, published by three fraternities, and the *Cornellian*, published by the other eight. What the trouble was about the editors do not state. The casual reader of either copy would not suspect the existence of the other, were it not for the cartoons which describe the fancied difficulty of the rival board in disposing of its publication as waste paper or even in giving it away. In the following year there was again a division, the three fraternities formerly associated once more putting out the *Cornelian* and one alone publishing the *Cornellian*. This latter, besides again cartooning the supposed lack of sales affecting the opposition, has an explanatory set of verses which gives some idea of the events preceding publication. It is accompanied by an illustration showing a tournament in which the various fraternities are engaging in a battle-royal. One verse reads:

> While to bold dedes, the galsome stedes
> Did presse, this one did see—
> To stand aside, and lette *them* ryde,
> Would wynne *him* victoree.

In '79, '80 and '81 the *Cornelian* was issued without opposition by a few of the chapters; in '82 it became once more a general fraternity publication; and in '83 the present system of management by the Junior class and the present

spelling of the name were adopted and permanently established.

There are still other volumes to be examined by one who would trace the growth and development of student ideas and institutions throughout the history of the University. The one volume of the satirical semi-monthly, the short-lived *Cocagne* is there among the files of papers familiar to us all, the *Sun*, the *Magazine*, and the *Widow*. But these are representatives of a later period, which merges fast into the one we know. They do not have the interest, the charm of those periodicals of earlier birth, the student publications of the first years, into which it was the purpose of this article lightly to dip.

R. W.

AN UNDERGRADUATE VIEW ON CLASS ORGANIZATION.

AT an early meeting of the freshman class, a resolution was presented providing that membership in the class organization be restricted to new students, and a committee was appointed to confer with the women members of the class as to the advisability of such a radical innovation. While the resolution was still pending, President Schurman, complying with the request of an interested upperclassman, expressed his opinion on the resolution in a letter which was published in the *Sun* and the *Alumni News*.

The President, in the first place emphasized the fact that "co-education is the settled policy of the University" and that "the women have in all their official relations the same rights and privileges as men students." He urged that "in determining the relations between men and women stu-

dents which fall outside the jurisdiction of the University, this spirit of equality should be an ever present and controlling consideration.'' He did not seem to think that it would be just for the men of the class, who so greatly outnumber the women to deprive the women, by a majority vote, of their established right of franchise, and urged that any proposed changes should be made only with the approval and consent of the majority of the women of the class. In his letter he expressed his belief however, that this was a question of expediency as well as of justice and mentioned the complaint which had come to him from some of the men that while the women participated in only one or two of the functions of the class, they were able to regulate the manner of accomplishing these ends, and had, moreover, a separate class organization of their own. Under the circumstances, the President approved of separate class organization, or of the present organization with some modifications, provided the women so desired. He suggested a division of offices among the men and the women, both, however, voting for president. In conclusion, he left the question in the hands of the undergraduates, in whose good sense and fairness he expressed confidence.

At a subsequent meeting of the class of 1904, the committee appointed to confer with the women reported. It advised a certain division in voting for class officers, the entire class to vote for Cornellian board, class day officials, class president, and treasurer ; the women to vote alone for second Vice-President, corresponding secretary, and for two members of the election commiteee ; and the men to vote alone for the remaining officers, and for five members of the election committee. It was further advised by the committee that the ballots for president and treasurer by both men and women, be counted together. This report was unanimously adopted and embodied in the constitution. Whether the scheme, which this class has inaugurated, will be beneficial or not, it would be hard to say. The success of the venture will depend largely upon the

spirit which the freshmen shall exhibit during the rest of their course in their dealings with one another.

It must be remembered, however, that co-education itself, is still an experiment. It has not yet been so generally accepted as to render discussion inopportune. The strenuous —almost virulent efforts, last year, on the part of the men of one of our Eastern colleges * to exclude women from its doors shows a strong prejudice against the system, while in our own University, one does not need to be a senior to have witnessed symptoms of this same feeling.

For centuries, institutions of learning existed solely for men, and while in these times, in the light of present conditions, the right of woman to higher education cannot be denied, her actual entrance upon the college campus and into the college class-room has not yet ceased to seem strange and to some distasteful.

We are dealing now, however, with co-education as it is established at Cornell, and as the President said, "we must, in order to get the right point of view, bear in mind that co-education is the settled policy of Cornell University. With this fact in mind, the simplest logic is sufficient to convince us that our better efforts will be in the direction of eradicating, not the system itself, but, rather, the objectionable features of the system. When the rights of parties conflict, the raising of an issue leads to an agitation, and a discussion of respective merits. This, if pursued in the right spirit leads in turn, almost invariably, to a better understanding and, in time, to more harmonious action and to pleasanter relations. The rights of the men and women of this University, exercised equally, have frequently been in conflict as for instance in the discussion, in the last two years of the respective merits of "wet" and "dry" banquets. One has only to read the "histories" of past classes and to review the history of his own class to be assured of this. The men have frequently neglected to recognize the rights of the women. The women, on the other hand, have not stopped

* Wesleyan.

to consider the priority rights of the men. But whatever may have been the cause of the dissatisfaction, the consequences have been mutual jealousy and the fostering of a prejudice dangerous to the best interests of the University.

It seems, therefore, that the action of the class of 1904 must be warmly approved as a step in the right direction. Grave responsibility attaches itself to them in this step. They should be fair and generous in all that they do, and see to it that happy results prove the wisdom of their course. If this be done, succeeding classes will meet other difficulties squarely, and adjust them with fairness; and as co-education becomes more popular with the Cornell men, so will Cornell become more popular with American men and American women and the University will grow and prosper, and the hopes of its founders will be realized.

S. C. G.

THE ERA

A Journal of the University

Published on the Tenth of each Month

With this issue, and in those hereafter, the ERA represents the combined interests of the ERA, formerly published weekly, and the *Cornell Magazine.*

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WHETHER we expected it or not,—we have beaten Princeton. Haughton and "Bucky," an impregnable line and good straight football have gladdened the hearts of loyal Cornellians throughout the length and breadth of the land. We have beaten Princeton on her own grounds, won a victory on the very field whence Yale and Harvard and Pennsylvania have retired crestfallen and defeated time and time again. The University—members of the faculty as well as students—join in shouts of Bravo. It was good football and hard football; a game won fairly and squarely and cleanly. Cornell is proud of her eleven and of the man who coached it. We now turn our faces towards Philadelphia. Cornell must win from Pennsylvania some day. Let Thanksgiving be that day; and to insure a victory let every

"man, woman and child" who can possibly do so, follow the team to the Quaker's grounds to encourage them by their very evident and vociferous presence.

But with all your thanksgiving, your pride and your merriment, remember the men who even more than Haughton, even more than "Bucky," helped win the battle on that muddy field. Remember the scrubs, the men who have toiled and strained through rain and shine that the 'Varsity might grasp the coveted victor's crown. When you watch the practice at Percy Field, applaud the scrubs; when you yell, yell for them occasionally, for they are the men who stand the pounding of the 'Varsity plays, who push and tumble, who, day in and day out silently and untiringly, work for the glory of Cornell.

THE recent agitation among the members of the freshman class, apropos of a certain clause in the draft presented by the committee on constitution, is the first active manifestation of a feeling that has long been in evidence but which has never before been brought directly before the class as a matter to be voted upon. In finally agreeing that the men and women should vote separately, except for President, Treasurer, the Cornellian Board and the Class-Day officials, the freshmen have scarcely changed the existing conditions. The only difference is that the men, under the new system, will have no voice whatsoever in the choice of the 2nd vice president, the virtual head of the Sage organization. The women will not only have the power to choose their own presiding officer, but will also be allowed to vote for president, and will, therefore, constitute, as heretofore, the balance of power in all class elections. It is quite evident, even to the most impartial of judges, that the women have by far the best of the situation. They have a voice in the election of the man who appoints all class committees and who is the working head, at least, of all class activities with which, except in the senior year, they have little in common. Whether the scheme would be advisable

or beneficial if thoroughly carried out, we do not presume to say. The ERA believes, however, that some arrangement providing for the representation of women, appointed by their own executive, on certain committees, and made with the understanding that each year the women should have one representative, to be elected by themselves, on the Cornellian board, would obviate many of the petty jealousies and difficulties now so very much in evidence. We believe that the formation of two entirely separate organizations would do much to cleanse class politics which, at present, are lamentably unclean, and that it would tend to create a much better feeling between the men and women of the University.

THE ERA is pleased to announce the election of Miss L. M. Puig, '01, and J. R. Patterson and W. W. Mack, '02, to fill the vacancies left open at the beginning of the year. The competition for the positions brought out a great deal of good material and all matter submitted will be considered, if the authors so desire, both in the competition for positions on next year's board and for the twenty-five dollar prize offered by President Schurman. A word concerning next year's editorial board—the constitution provides that there shall be four seniors on the staff while the other five editors may be chosen from any class. This leaves four vacancies by graduation each year, while any one of the present editors may be displaced by a competitor. The manuscript submitted so far has been most satisfactory and we trust that those who have already entered the contest will continue to compete throughout the year.

THE UNIVERSITY

AN underclass flag rush was held on the Campus on Hallowe'en evening under upperclass supervision. The affair was carried out in an orderly manner and resulted in a victory for the Sophomores. The rush was held on the Parade Ground north of the Armory where the spectators, numbering a thousand or more, formed an immense circle within which the contest was held. Three successive bouts were provided for, fifteen men on a side participating in each five-minute struggle, at the close of which the hands on the flag were counted. The Freshmen won the first and the Sophomores the last two rounds, the final score being 23 to 19.

There can scarcely be any objections to a rush carried out in this way. It differs scarcely at all, save in the informality, from an ordinary athletic contest and certainly has in it an indefinable something that gives it a surpassing interest to the average undergraduate.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN'S annual report, which appeared October 13th contained much interesting information. From the statistical tables, one learns that the University now holds a total property of $9,849,000, of which $6,756,000 is in invested funds. The total income is $722,000, of which $401,000 is paid out in salaries, the remaining items bringing the total annual expense up to $666,000. The tables show, too, that our Library has continued its growth and that it now contains 276,766 volumes. The most pressing needs of the University, as the President sets them forth, are as follows: a new hall of Physics, the enlargement of Sibley, a powerhouse in Fall Creek to more exhaustively utilize cheap water power, a General Assembly Hall, residential halls, and a contagious ward for the Cornell Infirmary. The last of these can be provided for at once, as the endowment of the Infirmary, thanks to its donors, is

sufficiently large to have already accumulated a surplus of nearly $5,000 which can be used to erect an addition to the present equipment. The Report sounds forth a note of expansion, a healthy, optimistic expansion in which every loyal Cornellian believes.

IT has been suggested that there be instituted at Cornell the custom of announcing the results of football and other intercollegiate contests on the Chimes. It would be an easy matter for the Chime master, at some definite time after a game, say 5:45, to play *Alma Mater*, then strike on the big bell the number of points made by the Cornell team, then follow with a verse of the *Evening Song* and the number of points made by the opposing team. Such a custom would have the advantage of informing both Campus and City of the outcome of what Roosevelt so aptly termed, the strenuous pursuits of college life ; it would also serve to clear the Chimes from their present disrepute gained through their service as a university rising signal for unfortunate eight-o'-clockers.

BOOK REVIEWS

Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A curious character is Tommy, a man always doing what you least imagine, that is till you have learned to know him, when, paradoxical as it may seem, you are always expecting the unexpected. He is the same sentimental Tommy we have already known and loved—or should I say endured—in the days of old Cathro and Dr. McQueen and the Painted Lady. The boy who, even in his earliest days in London, among the shop girls and the ballet dancers, seemed so queer and eerie, almost, and made us long for the sequel that was promised in Mr. Barrie's earlier work. And now we have Tommy in the toils of women ; poor Tommy, he could never bear to hurt anyone, not he, and here he is torn now this way, now that ; driven to distraction by his impulses, his ever changing moods, while the little gods laugh, and laugh, and laugh. A man whose heart ruled his head, who was true to himself in being utterly false one minute to the precepts carefully laid down the instant before ; who revelled in fancies and lived and acted and slept, even, in a little golden world all his own—, constantly allowing his feelings to run riot, and drag him into difficulties which he only enhanced by his soft heart and consideration for others. Such an one is Tommy. Mr. Barrie has made a character study in his new work that will be an historic one. He has created either from imagination or from some model, a personality that would be impossible, in conception even, to a man who was not singularly well versed in the knowledge of men. He has painted a vivid picture ; we live in sympathy with the noble girl Grizel, and with timid Elspeth and Corp and David. We fear Lady Pippinworth and laugh with Mrs. Jerry. As

had been prophesied, Mr. Barrie in his latest work has reached the high water mark of his achievement. Though we cannot but doubt,—while we love, Tommy as he is painted, and wonder who and what he really was, we must all join in praising the genius of the man who has created the warp and woof, and conceived the intricate pattern of such an interesting piece of literary tapestry as "Tommy and Grizel."

The Bennett Twins. By Grace Margurite Hurd. New York: The MacMillan Company. $1.50.

The "Bennett Twins" is the story of a boy and a girl, twins, who at the age of seventeen, decide on their future as artist and singer. They leave a kind uncle and aunt and try their luck in New York, housekeeping in a rickety old building that contains everything from a skeleton shop to the life-class in which Donald Bennett takes art lessons. As usual they are reduced to the direst straits of actual starvation, but at the right moment the same dear old lady under the name this time, of Mrs. Wharton rescues the twins from disaster by a unique benefit concert. They return to their uncle and aunt "with their shields" instead of on them.

The book is very interesting to a boy and girl; and there is a deal of education in the quotations that open the door to every chapter. But the book is hardly as realistic as it pretends to be. What the author calls Bohemian life in New York is very interesting but far too ideal. It is a courageous thing for twins of seventeen to start living together in New York, and their life in this book is a greatly retouched photograph of the true Bohemian art life of New York City.

The Queen Versus Billy. By Lloyd Osbourne. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Lloyd Osbourne's latest work, a volume of short stories' bearing the name of the first, "The Queen Versus Billy,"

calls to mind, quite naturally Robert Louis Stevenson's tales of that same South Sea life. The book is refreshing in its simplicity. One does not have to think of any social problem, or bother one's head with a lengthy and elaborate plot. Falling in love with the dusky beauties and their happy life, we cannot but feel with Osbourne and Stevenson that in the Islands, at least, we may find a restful quiet and forget the busy bustle of civilization. "The Beautiful Man of Pingalap," "Father Zosimus" and "The Happiest Day of His Life," are perhaps the three stories most typical of the life which we feel in a more general way in the rest of the volume. They picture vividly the characteristics of the different kind of men who make up the life of the Archipelago; the cockney beach comber, typified by the Beautiful Man, whose impudence we cannot but admire while we loathe him for his depravity. Father Zosimus, on the other hand, is a missionary—an old man grown gray in the service, while the Rev. Wesley Cook, is representative of the young English clergyman carrying the Word among the heathen. The color in the third sketch and the way in which the author tells the story of the good fortune and temptation of the trader; his love for his native wife and his final decision, voiced in his cry, "In Vaiala shall I live, and Vaiala die!" make one resolve, almost, to visit this Island Paradise, to live and to be buried there. The other stories in the collection are of much the same character. "The Dust of Defeat" is the one strident note in the composition; its melodramatic quality and touch of old-world depravity contrasting awkwardly with the quiet simplicity of the other tales.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following books.

Milton. By Walter Raleigh. New York. G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Russia and the Russian. By Edmund Noble. New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Real Chinese Question. By Chester Holcombe. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The True Annals of Fairyland. By William Canton. London. J. M. Dent & Co.

The Break of Day. By Robert Burns Wilson. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co.

CORNELL FOOT BALL SQUAD 1900.

THE ERA

FOOTBALL AT CORNELL.

PRIOR to the year 1886 football had no place among athletics at Cornell. Rowing and baseball were the popular sports, and there was little disposition to play a new and untried game, as it was feared that the high standard set by the crew and baseball nine could not be maintained if athletic interests became too diversified. In 1886 an editorial appeared in the ERA remarking that something should be done to arouse interest in football among the students.

This editorial evidently bore fruit, for we see that the contests for the underclass supremacy in the fall of 1886 consisted of base ball, tennis, and football, instead of the traditional cane-rush. The ERA comments : "The class of 1890 has done well, as regards the promotion of athletics in the university, in deciding upon a game of football as the decisive contest in the struggle for underclass supremacy." It also adds that the members of each team must take great care to prevent injuries to the contestants. The underclassmen took up football with great enthusiasm, and stirred up a good deal of interest in the game throughout the university. The game itself was a tie, but it demonstrated the fact that there was plenty of good football material to be had and the college press for this period contains long edi-

torials on the advantages of the game. Class contests became frequent, but there seems to have been no movement towards forming a 'varsity team.

In the following fall of 1887, Lehigh challenged Cornell. A meeting of the students was held and the challenge was promptly accepted. Strenuous appeals were made for all able-bodied men to try for the team and a preliminary game with Union College was played on the campus in which Cornell was beaten 24 to 0. This, the first game, was essentially one of individual play ; team work, as understood to-day, was an absolutely unknown factor. A few weeks later Lehigh defeated us by a score of 38 to 10. Cornell hardly expected to win this game, or even to score, realizing that it was her first venture in the new field.

The fall of 1888 saw the formation of a regular football association to correspond with the Navy and the baseball association. This step raised the game in its second year at Cornell to an equal footing with the two most important branches of athletics, and showed how firm a hold it had taken on the interest of the students. A manager was elected, and a committee, consisting of one man from each class, was appointed to collect subscriptions for the support of the team. Those familiar with the large gate-receipts of modern football games must remember that at this time baseball was the only inter-collegiate sport at Cornell that was self-supporting. Williams defeated the 'Varsity this year by score of 20 to 0, and Cornell won her first game by defeating Union 30 to 4 while Lafayette defeated us 16 to 0. The big game of the season was played with Lehigh Thanksgiving Day, at Elmira. This contest aroused great enthusiasm and about three hundred students followed the team from Ithaca. Cornell played a dashing game, making two touchdowns which were not allowed on account of off-side play and holding in the line. All Cornell accounts are full of charges against the officials and there must have been some truth in these accusations, for the referee declared that all bets on the game were off. The final score was 4 to 0 in

Lehigh's favor, but all the spectators were well satisfied with the showing of the Cornell eleven. The Williams game, played on the campus, was very rough, and full of slugging and dirty football, which antagonized many members of the faculty and threw football into disrepute.

1889 was a very successful season as Cornell defeated her rivals Lafayette, Columbia and Michigan. Her only defeats were at the hands of Yale, the intercollegiate champion. The first game played at New Haven, was won by Yale, 56 to 6, but Cornell men treated it as "a virtual victory." They had scored on Yale! The article in the ERA describing the game is headed "The Great Game." Yale played a return game in which Cornell was easily overwhelmed. Ithaca for the first time saw one of the big elevens play, and many of the faculty members who had seen much that was objectionable in the Williams game of the year before, now saw football at its best, a clean game, played by a well-trained eleven, and were converted to the cause. It is very enjoyable to note that at the end of the season Cornell ranked fourth among the college teams.

The acquisition of Percy Field in 1890, the gift of Wm. H. Sage and J. J. Hagerman, with its increased athletic facilities was most beneficial to football. This year Cornell's most important victories were over Michigan and Columbia, while she was defeated by Williams, Harvard, Amherst and Wesleyan. In 1891 the team was much stronger. This year the first game with Princeton was played. The score showed what metal the team was made of, for Princeton secured only one touchdown and had hard work doing that. Lafayette, Lehigh and Michigan were easily defeated. Casper Whitney, reviewing the football season of 1891, says of Cornell: "With no method of supporting the team except by voluntary subscription, with none of the prestige which a long football experience can bestow, Cornell has risen to fourth place in college football."

In 1892 the interest in the game was greater than ever before, the squad numbering from forty to fifty men. It is

interesting to read that at this time Mr. Courtney had charge of the physical condition of football team. The only defeat was at the hands of Harvard, and the score, 20 to 14, shows that the victor had no easy time. To quote from the New York *World:* "Cornell out-played and almost out-pointed the best eleven Harvard could muster." In striking contrast to the season of 1892 was the disastrous season of 1893 with a record of five defeats and but three victories. This was a most humiliating tumble. The coaching seems to have been very incompetent and behind the times, and the scrub was weak. We read in the ERA that three days before the Pennsylvania game only half a dozen men came out to play against the 'Varsity. Interest in football seemed to have taken a great slump, perhaps owing to the many defeats. This year saw the first regular Thanksgiving Day game with Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. Pennsylvania won easily, 50 to 0.

Next fall the team had its first non-graduate coach. The need of a thoroughly competent man, conversant with all the modern developments of the game was clearly recognized, and Newell, of Harvard, was selected. Cornell's three big games were with Princeton, Harvard and Pennsylvania. She lost all three but made a good record for herself, as the respective scores, 12 to 4, 22 to 12, and 6 to 0, show. Cornell played most of her important games in New York City and her steady play and sportsmanship won for her fitting recognition from the New York press. In '95 the Princeton game, in which we were defeated 6 to 0, won for us the respect of the football world. Harvard beat us 25 to 0, but the defeat of Brown, 6 to 4, put us in the front rank, for Brown had tied Yale only two weeks before. Pennsylvania defeated us badly Thanksgiving Day by the score of 46 to 2.

In 1896 a new system of graduate coaching was tried. Eight or ten old Cornell players were here during the season coaching at the different positions. Sanford, of Yale, who has done such good work with Columbia in the

last two years, assisted in coaching the line men. The danger of this system lay in placing the responsibility of captaining the team and superintending the many graduate coaches on one man. The team began the season with brilliant prospects, and the work for a time was excellent. Then came a slump in the Williams game. Princeton 37, Cornell 0, was a bitter pill to swallow, but the Harvard game which Harvard won on Percy Field, 13 to 4, and the Pennsylvania game which we lost, 32 to 10, won much praise for our plucky team.

The opening of the season of '97 was very discouraging, but new material developed before the season closed. This year Princeton played her first football game on Percy Field. The contest, which she won, 10 to 0, was characterized by hard, fast football. The Harvard game followed so soon that the men were in poor shape and Harvard won easily by a score of 24 to 5. The Pennsylvania game, 4 to 0, was most satisfactory, because, although we lost, Pennsylvania was the intercollegiate champion. The coaching in the hands of a graduate head coach, "Pop" Warner, and an assistant graduate coach, "Joe" Beacham, was excellent. The season was successful in that the work of the team throughout the season was most consistent and steady.

In 1898 the system of graduate coaching continued under "Pop" Warner and "Tommy" Fennell. We won a brilliant victory over the Carlisle Indians, but lost to Princeton, 6 to 0. This was most disappointing, but as "Tommy" Fennell remarked, "it was not very long ago when a Princeton team felt they had betrayed a sacred trust when they allowed Cornell to score on them; now they had to play the best football they could to win from us". The game with Pennsylvania was played under most trying conditions. The field was covered with thick mud, and a fierce storm of rain and snow raged throughout the game. Cornell outplayed her opponents in the first half and made the only score. During the intermission the Pennsylvania team changed their wet suits for dry ones. Our men were

obliged to finish the game in their wet and half-frozen suits and the Quakers won 12 to 6. Coach Woodruff, of Pennsylvania, attributed the victory more to his men's dry clothes, than to any other cause.

The records of the last two seasons have been very similar and are well known to all. Percy Haughton of Harvard, assisted by many alumni, has coached the team. In '99 we won our first victory over Princeton, 5 to 0, and easily defeated Columbia, 29 to 0. The other important games were less fortunate, for the University of Chicago beat us 17 to 6, Lafayette won 6 to 5, and Pennsylvania defeated us 29 to 0. This fall we have again defeated Princeton, 12 to 0, but lost to Lafayette, and to Pennsylvania.

Cornell's football record has been most erratic; one year a Cornell team would play such close games with the big elevens that it won the right to be classed among the best; the next year a poor team would lose all that had been gained. The system of coaching has continually shifted, so that nearly every team has started uuder a new régime. But through it all one fact is certain—we have been steadily raising the standard of our football teams. We have risen from an inferior position, occasionally playing a brilliant game against one of the leading elevens, to one among the undisputed leaders. We are still far from our goal; but the spirit of Cornell is progressive in athletics, as in all else, and Cornellians will never be satisfied until we have beaten Pennsylvania as well as Princeton. *G. H. H.*

A YARN BY THE SKIPPER.

HE *Prue* drifted quietly in the twilight calm, slowly rising and falling on the long swells that slapped her white sides. Pennant and sail flapped limply with the motion. The low, sandy shore of Long Island lay to the north, dotted with the indistinct shapes of cottages and turreted hotels. On the other side of the boat, the sea stretched out its purple width till it blurred with the less dark sky above. Far to the southwest, the bright flash of the Highland Light appeared and disappeared at regular intervals.

The skipper sat at the tiller, working it slowly from side to side. Between puffs at his pipe, he grunted, and sniffed for the coming breeze. The white ducks and light dresses of the crew of six, glimmered in the fading light, as they sat or sprawled on the deck. To their ears came the sharp exhaust of a locomobile and the musical clang of its double gong, as its bright light whizzed along the shore road and vanished.

"Waal fellers 'n young ladies," drawled the skipper, "Ef we had wun ur' them autermub*beels* t' tow us, mebbe we'd git home fer supper. Still they're mighty onsartin. I see wun onct that nigh onter killed a couple o' young folks. Tell ye? Waal, 'spose mought ez well t' pass th' time.

'Twas a low, rakish lookin' craft; spider wheels 'n tires big raound ez thet mast. Mighty speedy too. Th' feller 't owned it, his folks 'uv got a big place over 't Squogue but I can't jist rekellect th' name. Fust time I see thet feller wuz daoun t' th' Edgemere, wun night last summer t' wun 'uv them dances. Skips?—No?—Yes, thet's it,—

hops, they calls 'm.—Well, anyhaow, he wuz dancin' with wun uv th' slickest gals in th' hole roomful. She wuz ez dainty 'n nimble ez th' *Prue* here, 'n cud kerry baout ez much lug.

Me go t' th' dance? Great cats, no! But me'n ma uster go'n set on a bench aout there by th' hotel in th' cool, 'n watch 'em throo' th' windows, dancin' t' beat th' band. I reckin' it's purty hard work, too, fer they uster hev t' quit raal often, 'n set aout on th' big porch t' cool off.

Many's th' night, I see thet feller, dancin' with thet same gal 'n ma 'n I cuddent help noticin' thet he dun most uv th' talkin', when they went aoutside 'n she'd jest set raal quiet, 'n smile at what he wuz sayin' like she tho't he wuz jest baout all right. Daytimes too, I see him offen, kitin' raound in thet machine uv his'n 'n like ez not she'd be with him. She hed kinder fluffy, wavy hair thet stood up raound her face 'n fluttered in th' wind soft ez silk. She uster hol' her chin up in th' air, too, like she wuddent knuckle t' nobuddy. Ma, she onct remarked her bein' kinder praoud like, but I sed no, tell wun night ther wuz th' biggest kind uv a hop t' th' hotel. Ma 'n me okerpyin' our ushul posishun, 'n we see her sail right past him when she cum in, jest as if he wuzzent there. Reminded me uv them icebergs thet uster pass th' *Emeline*, whalin' off Labrador; stately 'n cold like. He turned 'n got out quicker'n a flash, 'n when he lit his pipe by th' pillers, I see in th' blaze his face wuz like a beet. A tug firin' up cuddent beat th' way the sparks flew behind him daown th' beach.

Look aout there fer th' boom, stabbord! Here's our wind! Would a few o' you mind settin' over t' windward? Yaas—thet's better.

Waal, ez I wuz sayin', 'baout that time Cap'n Sparks 'n me, we sailed raound t' Sconset in th' *Prue*, on some bizness. Consequence wuz, we wuz gone nigh onter a week, what with the schooner we wuz intrusted in not

havin' arrove. So I never thunk uv thet feller 'n his doin's fer some time. But th' day we got back, me'n Cap'n was putterin' 'raound th' wharf in a skiff, landin' some stuff we'd brought, when that feller went by in his go-cart, and there wuz thet gal with him again. You c'u'd see with half a eye things wuzzent the same. Neither wun uv 'em looked happy, 'n they set kinder far from each other, considerin' thet them craft don't need no shiftin' ballast.

Come half-after five, me'n Cap'n hed most ev'rythin' rigged up ship-shape 'n wuz startin' t' tie up fer th' night, when I heard, kinder faint, that ol' fog bell this feller hed rigged up on his dashboard clangin' away like there wuz somethin, th' matter. Fust off, I cuddent place it. No sign on th' shore road. Then I make aout it sounds frum over th' knoll on th' road t' th' north shore. An' daoun cum thet machine, scuddin' along under full sail like all blazes, 'n boundin' from jaounce t' jaounce like a kangaroo. Th' feller wuz kickin' th' bell like wild 'n tuggin' 'n twistin' at th' side levers with one hand, but steerin' mighty cool with th' other, considerin, there wuzzent but 'baout one wheel on th' ground t' onct. The gal'd lost her hat 'n wuz jest holdin' on ez she c'u'd, scrooched daoun in th' seat.

Ye know haow thet road is fixed there; stone wall both sides, spang t' where it crosses th' shore road; 'tother side uv thet's a six foot drop both sides th' wharf t' the beach, thet's full uv rocks. Skeered? Waal I jest guess yes! My heart was playin' tit, tat, toe, on my back teeth. Sparks wuz jumpin' up 'n daoun fit ter swamp th' skiff 'n yellin' "Whoa, you dern fool! They're committin' sooicide!" Sparks, he's kinder excitable ennyhow, 'n reads th' noospapers a lot; but I yells, "It's runnin' away! We'll stand by t' ketch yer."

I heddent tuk more'n two strokes before they wuz aout on th' wharf.

"Oh Lord!" says Sparks, real solemn, 'n I looked 'raound t' see th' end uv 'em, ez I tho't. There wuz th'

feller, standin' up in th' cart, swayin' like he wuz drunk, with the gal in his arms 'n lookin' straight inter his eyes. Both uv 'em pale ez death. Smash! th' critter hit a post 'n peeled th' wheels clean off one side 'n th' hull skated off th' end inter twenty feet o' water. But th' feller wuz quicker'n a flash. Jest before she hit, he jumped way aout 'tother side, 'n I see the spray dash up above th' plankin'.

Tuk us some time t' git 'raound there. Cap'n wuz coughin' with emoshun, 'n fumblin' fer th' boat hook with 'is fingers all thumbs. But sir! turn th' corner, 'n there they wuz, floatin' on top, 'n what wuz holdin' 'em up but wun uv them dinged big tires full of air, thet hed sprung free when th' wheels collapsed. The gal was in a dead faint. Looked fer all th' world like a wax doll with th' color all washed off. Good thing, though er they mought both hev gone daoun. We pulled 'em aout mighty quick 'n they wuz well shook up, but th' chap wuz cool ez a cowcumber.

'Lucky fin*ally*,' sez he.

'Complete loss t' th' underwriters', sez I.

'I don't wish no more uv them things,' sez he, 'I've got suthin' better naow.' 'N he leans over 'n kisses thet gal's hand jest like a feller kissin' the Bible. They wuz married, them two, that very summer, long towards fall. Me'n Cap'n Sparks 'n ma 'n Mis' Sparks all got an invite, 'n saw 'em spliced t' th' church over t' Squogue. We remarked et th' time there wuzzent no autermub*beels* in th' wedding percession.

W. W. Mack.

GRADUATE OPINION ON CLASS ORGANIZATION.

To the CORNELL ERA:

I don't see why any change in class organization, judged by others to be desirable, should be dependent upon the approval of a majority of the women of the class in question. Unless and until such change shall be definitely determined upon, however, it would certainly seem that they ought to be included in those entitled to vote upon the question of change. This will give to their judgment the comparative weight to which their number entitles it. I neither see why greater concession should be made, nor why, in case a substantial majority of the whole class believe separate organization of men and women to be better, the wishes or judgment of the women should be permitted to stand as an obstruction. Indeed, I cannot believe that they would so wish; or, under such circumstances, exercise their vote if one was permitted them.

On general principles, however, I believe the presumption is so strong against any such change as suggested, that even those most in favor of it should not insist upon it, except after full discussion, such delay as to ensure deliberate judgment and conviction in favor of it, not merely of a majority, but of a very much larger proportion of the class.

If there is any one trait that most characterizes the least responsible period of student life, and the least discreet and responsible students at that period, it is an "itching" radically to "reform" or do away with university precedents. To this is due the extent to which student customs, procedure and institutions are so constantly changed by new classes or ephemeral committees as to leave but few of them to become features that make Cornell life and experience characteristic.

I do not forget that in some cases Cornell institutions

have been preserved ; but I regret the tendency which they have to so constantly "reform" and re-"reform." Instead of adding, by its observance, to the strength of university precedent, each class is too likely to disregard it in favor of something novel, which its successor is as sure to displace in turn. I do not minimize the reasons for the changes now proposed. I do not know enough about them to judge. I can, however, assure the class of 1904 that, as they shall become upper-classmen and alumni, they will constantly see more reasons why, in such matters, they should "go slow."

There is a special reason for this in anything that affects woman students. There are two considerations, however, which must not be lost sight of :

First—Whatever may be the personal views of anyone, he must admit that the career, both in and after college, of American women students has disproved the more definite arguments once urged against their influence upon college life ; its influence upon them in college, and the tendency of co-education towards non-womanly after life ; and, in this creditable demonstration, Cornell's women students have made a record of which the University may well be proud.

And, therefore, while the class of 1904 may possibly be of more mature judgment than was I and others of our day, I fear that, in acting upon their present knowledge and possible prejudice, they might "slop over" as badly as I am sure would, for example, earlier classes, had they, as Freshmen, taken radical action in such matters.

There is still another reason for great conservatism in this matter. There seems to be a time in the life of both boy and girl when, probably largely because he or she is thinking of the other, there is a childish tendency towards reaction in the way of bumptious discourtesy. It ordinarily means nothing ; but it so advertises immaturity and lack—not necessarily of breeding, but of what should have been the effects of it—as carefully to be avoided.

You will recall without my mention some of the institutions at which, of late years, the "Anti-Woman" crusade

has been most marked; and will also recall how generally the most extreme manifestations of this have been somewhat in proportion to the insignificance of institutions and the immaturity of students. Those who love Cornell would regret anything done by her Freshmen that should tend to class them and our University with the boys and the colleges that have furnished the more prominent precedents of such apparent embarrassment in woman's presence as has prompted what women students may have felt was discourtesy.

John DeWitt Warner.

To the CORNELL ERA:

I feel some hesitatiou in expressing an opinion whether women in a co-educational institution should have separate class organization or not because I am no longer familiar with the phase of the problem presented at Cornell. If the principle of co-education be accepted as reasonable, it would seem desirable that men and women should share in the management of student affairs in proportion to their numbers and individual fitness. Wherever the interests of men and women, however, are distinctly divided by the line of sex, it would seem wise to take that factor into account. Stanford University has an arrangement which seems to me to meet these two requirements. The student body at large is composed of all students who pay their fee, regardless of sex. This body controls all student organizations, including athletics, student papers, musical organizations, and every form of activity not distinctly religious and not directly controlled by the faculty. The funds of the association arising from fees and the profits of entertainments, are in the control of the executive committee of this body. Under the control of this body the women have a separate athletic organization, mandolin club, and glee club. All organizations, whether composed of men or women, turn in the profits or the deficit of their entertainments and athletic contests to the whole student body, and all receive there-

from a proportionate appropriation from that body. The women thus share the responsibility for the debts of the whole in exactly the same manner as the men do, and on the other hand the entire organization, composed largely of men, is responsible for the financial standing of the women's organizations. This plan has worked admirably here, giving both men and women the freedom which seems natural in relation to organizations which are sharply divided by sex interests; on the other hand, avoiding an undue interference of either men or women in each other's special affairs.

Quite a different adjustment may be necessary at Cornell since you already have certain established forms of organization but the principles illustrated by this example seem to me the ones which should determine the adjustment of powers between the men and women in any co-educational institution. It is both futile and childish in such institutions to separate all the interests of students along the line of sex. Both fairness and common sense would dictate an adjustment which would recognize that taxation demands representation and that co-education is a fact too long established, at least at Cornell, to be ignored.

Mary Roberts Smith, '80.

Associate Professor of Sociology in Stanford University.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS ASSERTS HERSELF.

'TWAS close on to midnight one cold winters day,
When a woman sat working the slow time away,
Without all was silent, within where she sat,
"Not a creature was stirring, not even" the cat.
The light from the lamp fell upon her bent head,
And as her worn fingers plied needle and thread,
Her thoughts too were busy and came thick and fast,
Like swift-falling leaves in a fierce autumn blast.
The silence was broken by sighs deep and long
That were breathed from a heart ever tender and strong.
And so all-absorbed in her musings perturbed,
She began to soliloquize,—plainly disturbed.
Quite forgetful that no one was hearing her plaint
She spoke with great freedom in accents not faint.
"Though 'tis late, I am going to take, while I may
A woman's sweet right just to have her own say.
I don't wish to complain in a slanderous way
Of one I have promised to love and obey,
He's the dearest old soul, and I'm sure you can't find
(If you traverse the globe) one so jolly and kind.
I would not commence with my story at all,
If it had not one day to my lot chanced to fall
To hear, with amazement, an old gossip say,
"Santa Claus is a bachelor, handsome and gay."
"You're mistaken," I cried, "I'm his hard-working wife,
I'll let the world know of my wearisome life."
The neglect I have suffered, the work that I've done
Are nowhere imagined. Of his friends, never one
Of those that enjoy the result of my toil
On me wastes a thought. My eyes I may spoil,
Bend my back till it aches, invent and achieve,
Not a word, not one word, do I ever receive;

While it's Santa Claus here, and it's Santa Claus there.
All honors and praises that fall to his share
I never begrudge him. They're the joy of his life!
But who ever hears of his anxious old wife.
Every year 'tis the same when the time comes to start,
"Be careful," I say. Thump, thump goes my heart.
"You are growing much stouter each year, and you know
The chimneys are smaller. Look out where you go.
Be careful; don't cross where the ice is afloat,
Don't catch a fresh cold; button high your fur coat.
Look out for your reindeer and keep them wrapped warm,
That you and themselves may both conquer the storm."
"O, don't worry, wifey," he laughs, and is gone,
And I am left watching, distressed and forlorn,—
Left alone through the long weary hours to bear
My woes and my sorrows and annual care;
While my husband so jolly, so happy, so gay,
Is enjoying the pleasures of glad Christmas day.
No wonder I feel the grim presence of dread—
Dire visions of widowhood creep through my head.
'Tis all very well for that husband of mine,
Whose name like the sunbeams so golden doth shine,
To deliver the presents that bring mirth and joys,
To fill all the stockings with sweetmeats and toys;
But I am his helpmate, and trim all the hats,
And sew little coats, and weave little mats.
If 'twere not for me, then behold, every year
The dolls without dresses and hats would appear,
And the cleverest presents you e'er did behold
Were suggested by me, if the truth may be told.
And the jingling old rhymes that are heard far and near,
Christmas rhymes that the years have made only more dear,
I wrote them myself, and their sweet accents dwell
Within the pure hearts of the children to tell
The tales that are soothing and joyous and gay,
And that drive hate and anger and sadness away.
And all of his letters (they come without end)
I read them myself, and the answers I send;

For somehow or other, most sad to relate,
My husband in school must have met with ill-fate.
I often regret, when my thoughts fly away
To the times of my youth, in my school days to stray,
That co-education was not introduced.
Perhaps then my influence might have induced
Poor Santa to study, his books to peruse,
And his pen with a courage more doughty to use.
We've surely been happy, for work is delight
And a merrier comrade no task could make bright
Than my husband, My Nicholas: ah, with what store
Of innocent joyance his gay heart runs o'er!
And if he's not seen what I suffer alone,—
Why I've never revealed it in word or in tone;
And like other good husbands he never divines
The needs and the longings my heart most enshrines,—
I'll tell him, dear man, I'll be more of a wife
If I had for improving, some contact with life.
The very next Christmas that finds Santa ill,
I'll keep him at home, and the stockings I'll fill.
I really don't see why I'd not do as well,—
I dare say do better, you surely can't tell;
For see how the women are showing their skill,
And proving their fitness all places to fill.
I've learned how to manage the reindeer all right,
And as for the houses I know them by sight.
No dolls stiffly poked into socks will you see,
But find them set gracefully under the tree,
Or lying in bed, or reclined on a chair,
So as not to disorder their frocks or their hair;
And the prettiest things on the tree I won't hide
Deep down in the midst, and carelessly tied,
Nor crackers locate so conveniently low,
That all the small children may nibble in row.
Thus the wish of my heart is to improve the loose ways
Of Santa Claus, dear, though 't may take many days.
Ah, that's my ambition; yes, could it be mine
I'd care for but little, other pleasures resign.

And now ere I venture to don my night cap,
And to settle my brain for a long winter's nap,
(Not resigned to my fate, but resolved and at ease,
Although not as yet through the chimneys I squeeze),
I'll wish most sincerely to each lass and lad
The very best Christmas he or she ever had.

M. P. Geiss.

A LETTER.

To the Editor of the CORNELL ERA:

SIR: I see it stated that a young Southern gentleman has seceded from our University in disgust because there was a negro in his class.

The Athenæum may, I suppose, be regarded as the first of the London Clubs. There, some years ago, might be seen, as an invited guest, a black Bishop from Africa. Oxford is supposed to be the most aristocratic of Universities; and there a negro from Jamaica was received as a student and was treated by his fellow students with perfect courtesy. Surely what was good enough socially for the Athenæum Club, for the University of Oxford, and, it may be added, for the Faculty and students of Cornell, ought to be good enough for the young Southern gentleman.

There is no use in attempting to hide the fatal line which divides the black from the white race, or in trying to force the races into uncongenial association. But upon the preservation of the link of humanity between them depends the hope of their dwelling together in peace, perhaps of the immunity of the Southern States hereafter from terrible convulsions. Patriotism as well as philanthropy, to say nothing of Christianity, condemns the conduct of the seceder from Cornell. His secession is an insult to all of us who remain, as well as to the special object of his hatred.

Yours faithfully,

Goldwin Smith.

Toronto, October 30th, 1900.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF CO-EDUCATION.

BY A CO-ED.

Y reason of some recent arguments on the subject I am moved to bring up that never-settled question, whether or not there are advantages to men and women students in coeducation. With the subject in its broader bearings I do not presume to deal, the advantages which arise to my mind, now, are perhaps such only in our own Institution. Doubtless minds greater than mine might not even deem them advantages.

No one can deny that co-education was the chief factor in building up the attractive structure of the *Widow*. A few years ago that paper was simply humorous, with a spark of witticism here and there. But within the last two years the editors have made the discovery of a new vein of sarcastic composition, the sum and substance of which is—the co-ed. Now the co-ed serves all the purposes of humor, is presented in every phase and character that the fluent pens of the Widower can depict. Once, even, one Widower—more artistic than the others, for all time fixed the type by drawing an overwhelmingly amusing caricature of one unfortunate, who chanced to be elected to the Cornellian Board. So clever were these sketches and bits of humor that they gave a tone to the *Widow*, most attractive to the college world.

Not only does co-education affect the *Widow*—it seems also to have considerable bearing on politics in the University. Not for worlds would I disparage the workings of the great political machines of this institution. Does it not seem an advantage to seekers after class honors, to have a bevy of girls to whom to turn in critical moments of campaign? There they are,—a crowd of two hundred or so—

almost absolutely indifferent as to whom they shall elect. And to the victor belong the spoils and the candidate who sends the best workers to call at Sage is very sure of the best favor from that body of two hundred or more.

Laugh, if you will, at the assumption on my part of raking up such facts and calling them advantages. I consider that they are points which may have escaped the notice of great debaters on the subject. There are other sides of the question, too, more significant than these. Pray what would the men do in their night parades if they could not mass on the greensward in front of Sage and sing their good songs and yell their good yells? With what conversation could they delight their souls as they lounge in front of Morrill, had they not the girls and their shoes and their hats and even their features to remark upon? There would, indeed, be wanting that innocent amusement which gives such a pleasant spice to the life of the Cornell man.

Far be it from me to deny that I speak with a prejudiced mind; I have dwelt merely on the advantages to the men. I now claim that there are equal advantages to the girls. The general conceit of being college women is knocked out, when we read of our humble selves, delicately lampooned in the Widow's pages. We have an opportunity of studying new phases of character when we rub up against meu bent on electioneering. We are being trained in a good school when we elbow through the Morrill throng, endeavoring to appear unconscious and insignificant, holding our heads high, and resting happy in our principal—"what's the difference, anyhow."

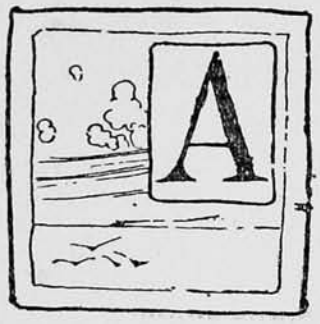
So these few phases bear upon both sides and would enter into an argument I would make on the question of the advantages or disadvantages of co-education—at Cornell.

SUNSET.

THE lake one lucent pearl, its depths aglow
With sunset memories, palpitating blues
Succeeding rosy radiance ; far below
The hills, reflections of their autumn hues ;
Shadow like substance, red and gold and green,
With something added from the water's sheen ;
A richer, fuller glow, that satisfies
All senses. 'T is the moment when day dies
And night is born : a hush of waiting thrills
The lake, the mist-hung windings of the hills.
The sky is throbbing in its depths afar ;
Then silently slips forth one radiant star,
Majestic, calm ; a sister lamp alight
On the lake's bosom, hails the new born night.

L. F. B.

A GLIMPSE OF LITTLE ITALY.



A VISITOR to the Italian colony on East One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, in New York City, will ordinarily see little that is bright or interesting in its squalid precincts, especially at night. The dark streets yawn gloomy and canyon-like between the high tenements: the faint glow of gas lamps at intervals, and the white circles of the arc lights at the avenue crossings, do not dispel the blackness that makes dangerous any undue curiosity on the part of strangers.

Nevertheless, on the great feast days of the church, Little Italy keeps open house, as is fitting, in honor of the patron saints to whom its measure of prosperity is due. Their festivals are observed with customs as picturesque and curious as may be found in any of the queer corners of the metropolis.

Especially on the eve of Assumption Day is the whole district glorified by the coming event. The dingy, towering buildings blaze with lights and the street is bright as day. From roof to roof hang long festoons of small oil lanterns, with globes of red and white and green. The rusty fire-escapes, usually strewn with bedding and drying clothes, and used as sleeping places when the weather permits, are now for the most part gayly decorated with bunting, the Italian colors and the Stars and Stripes.

A vivid imagination might evoke from the scene a semblance to a carnival night in one of the old Italian cities. The draped balconies rising tier on tier, the glare of lights, and the typical Italian mob, gay, chattering, gesticulating, flaunting the brightest colors in shawls, dresses and neckties. The women one might see on any Tuscan road; oval, nut-

brown faces, heads bare with hair in tight glossy coils, long pendant earrings of gold and coral. Buxom, they are in figure, with short skirts and coarse heavy shoes. Here and there one more progressive wears an American costume or even a hat most gorgeously decked out, but they seem out of place. The married women struggle humbly through the throng as best they may, with a raft of tired, bad-tempered youngsters in tow, while their lords and masters, having put all their family cares behind them, abandon themselves to demonstrative enjoyment of the season. Profiles of the true old Roman mould are not wanting among the portly fathers, while the sharp, swarthy faces of many of the younger generation bristle with mustaches that would grace a stage brigand. The majority wear American-made clothes, evidently the spoils of the "ol' clo'" man, and the vests of some glitter with a foot or so of massive watch-chain, which marks them as successful business men.

The narrow sidewalks cannot hold the crush of humanity. It overflows onto the pavement and that too is crowded. The slow moving mass of people becomes congested around the many little booths, bright with lanterns and tinsel, that line the curb and occupy every foot of wall space. Huge bowls of suspicious-looking lemonade, quartered melons and all kinds of fruit are set out on the oilcloth-covered counters. Cheap jewelry, brilliant handkerchiefs and confections of many colors tempt the passer-by. But the briskest trade is being done in long, wax candles, which will tomorrow flicker in the hands of little maidens, veiled in white, walking in procession to their first communion. There are other candles, immense in size and adorned with holy emblems which will also find their way as votive offerings to the little basement shrine, where surrounded by blazing lights, the image of the Virgin stands in shining robes with the Babe in her arms. At her feet the devout cast their offerings of money and ornaments, and even the clothes from off their backs and the shoes from their feet when they have nothing else to give. All

day long the Italian fraternal societies will arrive in processions, with bands playing at the head. The banners they are to carry are literally covered with bills of all denominations, so that the original designs are lost in masses of fluttering greenbacks.

That is the duty of the morrow, but tonight is for pleasure, though the midsummer heat is terrific. From the windows come sounds of revelry, snatches of songs and bursts of music. The still air is hazy with smoke from a thousand rank cigars and reeky pipes. Mingled with tobacco is the pungent smell of the hot asphalt pavement still radiating the day's heat, and that of garlic, of kerosene, of stale fruit, all mingled in a characteristic and overpowering odor. Yet these things trouble the merrymakers not at all. The jest and laugh, the shrill argument of a close bargain, the soft rolling speech of the south, unintelligible but pleasing to the ear, never cease for an instant. The long days of toil in miserable attics and cellars are forgotten; squalor and misery have for the time crept out of sight; for a moment the dull gray monotone of life shows its silver lining. They have gathered here from all the quarters of the city and its outlying districts, wherever chance has scattered them. They are once again among their countrymen and friends; native sights and sounds surround them and they are happy as children. It is a taste of the homeland, thousands of miles from sunny Italy.

W. W. M.

THE ERA

A Journal of the University

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CORNELL'S football history, while it can boast of but few great victories, has, nevertheless, proven from the very beginning, almost, that the 'Varsity was able to cope with the strongest elevens in the country with no little success. It seems rather strange, therefore, that in the last two years the Pennsylvania game should have resulted so disastrously; and the consequent disappointment is all the more bitter because, in both instances, a victory over Princeton has led the University at large to expect a brilliant game at Philadelphia. Each year Harvard has met the "guards back" successfully, and the papers have criticised Coach Woodruff for clinging to such an antiquated

and broken system of offense; each year, in the final game with Cornell, the Quakers have used their pet formations, literally torn their opponent's line to pieces and, highly elated over the victory, have vowed that the dear old "guards back" was the *only* play. Of course the inability on Cornell's part to withstand the fierce rushes of the Red and Blue may have been due to the superior weight of the Quaker eleven, but in years past the self same men were met and held on Franklin Field, notwithstanding that very difference in weight. On the other hand, Cornell has been able to defeat Princeton—this year decisively—thus demonstrating her ability to meet the offense of a heavier team. In the Lafayette game, too, where a weighty set of backs and a burly line played havoc with the Red and White, many of the Cornell players claimed that when Haughton's system of defense was used, the "guards back" was effectively broken.

In the press comments on the Thanksgiving Day match, the correspondents take pains to note that the Cornell men failed to charge their opponents on the defense, and this certainly is the fault of no one but the players themselves. Far be it from the ERA'S province to fail to support a Cornell team, but it would seem that there must be something wrong somewhere. The schedule, this year, was arranged carefully with an eye to the gradual development of the team, and up to the time of the Princeton game everything progressed most satisfactorily. But with less excuse than last year, the Lafayette game was lost, and the defeat seemed to have no effect in bracing the men for the final battle with Pennsylvania. Everyone has worked faithfully, possibly the material has not been as pliable as in former years—but whatever the trouble may be, there is certainly a weak point in Cornell's system. That spirit which made "Joe" Beacham's eyes flash as he charged head down, teet set, into a *mêlee*, seems to be lacking in some of the players of to-day. The ERA hopes that there will be a dash and sparkle of play in the future that will

more than make up for a lack of weight. It is the men with the most nerve and the most "do-or-die" in them that come off victorious in football games, as well as in all the other battles of life.

THE Thanksgiving Day game, while it may not have added many laurels to Cornell's athletic records, certainly marked a new era in the support given to the team. That much talked of, much vaunted, but generally preoccupied article—Cornell spirit—was given full swing at Franklin Field. The thousand undergraduates and old "grads" yelled almost as well as did the Quakers themselves, and the University has good reason to be proud of the men who backed a losing team with all their might and main. Strange as it may seem, however, there is no use denying that we have to thank Princeton for our schooling and fresh start in "college spirit;" for the men who watched the sons of old Nassau sing and yell in the rain after the Cornell game, are the ones who came back to Ithaca resolved to put a new life into the men here. The enthusiasm after the Lafayette game and that bitterest of all trials—a seven o'clock on Sunday morning—proved that their efforts had not been in vain; the climax was fittingly capped at Philadelphia by the yelling and the singing in that staid old town.

The upperclassmen and sophomores who will bear this responsibility next year must realize that they have a duty to perform. They must not let the newly-born enthusiasm die out, but must strengthen it, rather, and by their daily presence at the field and by their yelling at the games prove to the football men that the University is with them, that winning or losing Cornell is Cornell. Such backing will work wonders; it will win football games and break into the not impregnable ranks of the "Big Four;" it will bring out the men to make victorious crews; and will raise Cornell from her somewhat peculiar place in the athletic world. Football, and all athletic contests, for that matter,

are rapidly becoming such scientific games, and so generally known, that the personal equation and the spirit of a college or University is going to have a deal of influence in the results of each and every game. Let Cornell's spirit be such that her teams will ever win a proud place for the Carnellian and White.

THAT the paper may follow its custom of announcing each month a vacancy recently created and more recently filled, the ERA would inform those whom it may concern, that Mr. Richardson Webster, '02, has been elected to the board to fill the vacancy created by the unfortunate resignation of Mr. W. W. Mack. The ERA has probably held more competitions and elected more editors during its short existence, in its new form, than any other publication in the University has been able to do in the same given time. This merely goes to prove that the strain of a strenuous life on a monthly paper is a very wearing one. Our number of alumni and "ex" editors is increasing rapidly, however, and if that in any way strengthens a paper, the ERA anticipates a future that will be dazzling in its brilliancy. But seriously,—there has been but little competitive material handed in of late. We regret to notice this lack of interest, and would urge all who may care to try for the board to consult with the editor at once to learn what articles and what kind of material the paper desires.

THE UNIVERSITY

EVERY man who, as a sub-freshman, was compelled to journey up to Ithaca to make his try at entering the University, will appreciate the promised arrangement whereby uniform entrance examinations will be conducted at important cities throughout the country. The principal colleges of the Middle States and Maryland have entered into an arrangement whereby such examinations will be conducted by a joint board of examiners. The results of the tests will be accepted by each of the colleges concerned. This is certainly a step in the right direction. With uniform college entrance examinations and an opportunity afforded to take them at convenient points throughout the country, the situation as regards college entrance requirement will be fairly ideal. Our university authorities are catching something of the spirit of civilization which is supposed to pervade the age.

THE Campus was visited by a disastous fire on the morning of November 13, when the third story of the Veterinary College was gutted, and damages sustained amounting to narley $30,000. Much of the loss was a personal one to the Professors, in that the specimens, slides, and other material that represented years of research, were totally destroyed. The affair brings up again the question of fire protection on the Campus. When the blaze started there is said to have been but nine pounds pressure in the Campus water-mains, and there was no efficient apparatus within available distance of the scene of the fire. When the new power plant is built, there will, it is said, be sufficient pressure on the campus to make fire fighting considerably more effective than heretofore. Meanwhile the University buildings, the student rooming section on East Hill, and the new

residence section on Cornell heights, are without adequate protection. Hydrants scattered liberally about give, in time of peace, a sense of security ; but when the fire-devil gets on the rampage, put not your trust in hydrants. Have a fire engine in readiness for all emergencies.

MR. ARTHUR FARWELL, who is giving a course of lectures at the University this year on the History of Music, has studied with a great deal of care the harmony of the American Indian and proposes to find in their folk-songs a characteristic American music. In a recent communication in *The Alumni News*, he suggests the possibility of Cornell's making a unique hit by adapting Indian melodies to our college songs. The lay idea has been that Indian music is something of a cross between a Law School yell and a "locomotive." Whether this be true or not, Mr. Farwell's proposition is an attractive one and, if found practicable, is worth adopting.

CORNELL'S victory in the Intercollegiate Cross Country at New York, December 1, brings great satisfaction to to all who have followed the record of this hardy sport. It is something to win out from half a dozen big universities ; and it is something more to repeat the trick two years in succession. This the Cross Country team has done. Praise is due the men of the team, and especially to Trainer John Moakley. He is of the right kind.

THE ERA has always been a firm supporter of the Masque, as many a padded bit of praise in the past will show, but the humor of the article reprinted herewith from the New York Evening *Sun* is so obvious that we could not refrain from quoting. It is, moreover, surprising that the *Widow*, which is so professedly humorous, should not have appreciated this delicate complement which the

Masque pays our Junior week guests each year, by *trying* their production on a body of people who, avowedly are not in their right minds. Verily, fair Dame, a rose has fallen from your chaplet. Here is the article in question.

"The announcement that the Strollers, before producing their annual play at the Waldorf-Astoria, this winter, will "try it on the dog," in several small towns, has called attention to the rarity of this proceeding among amateurs. There is one organization of non-professional players which tests its plays in a unique way. One evening in Junior Ball week, at Cornell University, is annually devoted to theatricals by "The Masque," a student's organization. A few days beforehand the players go to the town of Ovid, some miles down Caguga Lake, and give their "show" before the patients of the Willard State Hospital for the Insane. If no serious results are observed, they conclude that the play can be safely produced before the faculty and undergraduates at Ithaca."

BOOK REVIEWS

Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett, New York. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Richard Cœur de Leon – Richard Yea and Nay, as Maurice Hewlett dubs him in his recent work—has ever been one of the most dashing and much admired figures in history. Scott immortalized him in Ivanhoe and in the "Talisman," and this most recent portrayal of the hot-blooded, ballad-singing warrior-monarch is a very strong and vivid one. The same quaint style that characterized the "Forest Lovers," charms us again, and surprises us with little twists and phrases that stick in the memory. Claiming that he derived his information and inspiration from a certain Abbot Milo, the author quotes quite frequently in the bequirked language of the old priest and sweeps the reader, by his word-play, amidst the glittering lances of the Crusade. The tale deals with the love of Richard and Jehane St. Pol—the Fair Girdled, and a sorry time they have of it. Richard,—Richard Yea at first, lets his great heart rule his head, rushing wildly to satisfy every desire and caring never a whit for the laws of God or man if he but win his own sweet way: dashing over all barriers, laughing at kings, slighting royal dames and waging wars even, for his love. With Richard Nay the tables turn; the head rules the heart. The cat in his leopard nature is master; and we see the general, the king with all his supreme self-confidence. He forgoes Jehane with many a writhing pang and he glories in her splendid devotion and in their son.

The story of the siege and the fighting in and about Acre is only touched upon. There is a vivid description of Richard's heroism at Joppa and with that, history is allowed to take care of itself. That mythical scoundrel, the "Old Man of the Mountains" is drawn into the skien of the story with a deal of effect; in fact, the author confines himself

almost entirely to romancing. The work is not an historical novel but deals, rather, with historical characters and makes them play strong, natural parts in a charming love story. It warms our hearts toward the old Leopard of Anjou, who fought for the cross and let England fare for herself. We read page after page, never tiring; there is always something fresh and unexpected whether it be a precious little conceit or a burning love passage. We close the volume with regret, and cannot but think of Jehane and young Fulke and wish that we might believe Maurice Hewlett rather than the more precise and prosaic writers of English History.

The Isle of Unrest. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Dodd, Mead Company. $1.50.

The scenes of this book are laid partly in France, but generally in Corsica, that most typical island of unrest in the world. The story occupies the last few months of the reign of Napoleon III and the Franco-Prussian war. This was a time when lawlessness in Corsica, repressed with a firm hand by the Emperor, broke out with redoubled fury when his power relaxed. The best descriptions are not those dealing with the island itself, however, but with France at that period. The French people entering upon the war gaily and hysterically, then dumb and paralyzed at the disasters of Worth and Sedan, and finally rising in arms to repel the invader, are vividly described. Some of the battle scenes are also very vivid. Like all of Merriman's novels, the story is written in a clear and lucid style and abounds in pithy sayings.

The plot hinges upon a feud between two families in Corsica, which had caused much bloodshed and divided almost the entire population of that part of the island. The heir of one of the families is Lery de Vasselet, a young French officer, whose father is supposed to be dead by almost everyone, including his son, but is really in hiding on his estate in Corsica. The head of the other family dies

suddenly and leaves his lands to a tall young girl, Denise Lange. Of course these young people fall in love, and as usual their love affairs, after many trials, turn out satisfactorily.

The other principal characters are the Abbe Susini, a Corsican priest, the strongest character in the book ; Colonel Gilbert, commanding the French troops in that part of Corsica, a villain and yet a brave soldier whom one cannot help admiring ; Mlle. Brun, an aunt of Denise Lange, a silent, capable little woman ; and Lory de Vasselet's father, almost insane from living many lonely years in Corsica.

The first five chapters in the book are devoted to introducing the characters and are rather tedious. Barring this the tale is interesting and exciting, and a pleasant bit of reading for a few idle hours. *J. H. B.*

COL. CHARLES S. FRANCIS, '77.

THE ERA

COLONEL CHARLES S. FRANCIS.

ON December 8th, 1900, Col. Charles S. Francis, Cornell '77, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece, and also Minister to Roumania and Servia. The heart of every Cornellian was gladdened at the news of the appointment, for Mr. Francis has ever been a loyal Cornell man, and has been identified with the best interests of the University for many years.

Before coming to Cornell, Mr. Francis was engaged in the printer's trade in the office of "The Troy Daily Times", which his father, John M. Francis, had founded in 1851. He kept steadily at work until he entered the University in the fall of 1870 as a student in science. His first venture, however, was not destined to be of long duration, for his father was appointed Minister to Greece, and, after a year's study, he went with him to Athens, where he remained three years, during which time he became well acquainted with the present King and Queen of Greece. He held the position of secretary to his father, while abroad, and undoubtedly had much valuable experience and received a deal of information that will aid him materially in his present position as Minister to Greece.

On returning to this country, Mr. Francis entered Cornell, for the second time, in the fall of '74, and graduated with the class of '77. All through his college career he

was prominent in athletics, being particularly active in crew affairs though interested, to a certain extent in baseball, holding the position of captain of his freshman nine. It was in rowing, however, that he took the most interest, and accomplished the most. It might be truthfully said that the beginning of the boating interest here at Cornell was contemporaneous with his coming. He repeatedly won the University championship in single sculls, and, until a short time ago held the record for the local one mile course. In 1876 he won the intercollegiate championship in single sculls, in the time which still holds as the record for two miles, 13 minutes 42¾ seconds and also rowed on the crew of the Tom Hughes Boat Club. He was prominent in all University affairs, was a member of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, and belonged to a number of the clubs of his day.

On graduation Col. Francis began reporting for "The Troy Times". He met with much success and, advancing through nearly every grade, finally rose to be editor-in-chief with a proprietary interest in the paper. In 1887, he became an equal partner with his father, and in 1897, on the latter's death, took entire control of this valuable property. His paper has always had much influence in his county, and he has become widely known as a Republican politician, and one who is working continually for honest government.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Charles S. Francis, as editor and proprietor of "The Troy Times" was nominated to the same position, as Minister to Greece, as was his father, and that both were of the same age when they received the appointment. Mr. Francis goes with credentials to three kings; King of Greece, King of Roumania, and King of Servia. His father was at one time Minister to Portugal and Austria.

Mr. Francis by no means lost his interest in the University on leaving college but rather increased it. Whenever any outside help has been needed, he has been one of the first to be consulted, and he has always met the difficulty in one way or another. Through his single-handed efforts

nearly $6,000 was collected to send the crew to England, and again, when it was proposed to build a house for Mr. Courtney, Mr. Francis himself was able to secure most of the money for that purpose. The Francis Boat Club, which was named in his honor, has many thanks to offer him for its present good condition. He has always been prominent in political affairs, and his acquaintance with public officers and legislators in this state has enabled him to do much for the University in helping acts through the legislature, which otherwise never would have passed them. He is one of the alumni trustees of the University, and is now finishing his second successive term in that capacity. He served for eleven years on the staff of Major-General Joseph B. Carr, Third Division, New York State National Guard, and was an officer on the staff of Governor Alonzo B. Cornell. He is a director of the United National Bank of Troy and of the Albany Trust Company, vice-president of the New York Society for the Preservation of Scenic and Historic Places and Objects, a member of the Society of Sons of the American Revolution, and of several Troy and New York clubs.

The following editorial appeared in "The New York Tribune" on December 19, 1900, relative to his recent appointment.

"The selection of Colonel Charles S. Francis, editor and proprietor of "The Troy Times," as Minister to Greece is an admirable one. Mr. Francis is well fitted for the position by training and character. While he has never held any public office, he has had a wide familiarity with public affairs. Exactly thirty years ago President Grant appointed his father, the late John M. Francis, to the same mission. During the three years the father remained in Athens, the son acted as his secretary thus securing the most valuable acquaintance with the affairs of his post. The reputation the elder Francis won for successful diplomatic service, not only in Greece but also as Minister to Portugal and Austria-Hungary serves, itself, as an indorsement of the present appointment.

"Colonel Francis has won success and a high reputation in his chosen field of professional work. Extending and enlarging, if not bettering, the scope of his father's journalistic labors, he has made "The Troy Times" one of the most influential and interesting of the daily newspapers outside of the great cities. The same energy, fidelity to high ideals, and devotion to the public interests in his new post of duty will add to the distinction that his father won and strengthen the American diplomatic service."

J. R. P.

CHESS IN THE UNIVERSITY.

THE victory won recently by Cornell in the Tri-collegiate Chess League calls this form of intercollegiate activity prominently to mind. The handsome silver cup which is to be held by us through the present year is the first trophy of its kind which has ever come to the University. Certainly the occasion is worthy of attention, that congratulations may be exchanged, that our position in the ranks of the players of the kingly game may be appreciated, and that from the history of chess at Cornell may be drawn a lesson for the future.

The first adoption of the game as a form of organized student activity occurred in the winter of 1871–2, when a club was formed. Taking its name from the great French player of the eighteenth century the new society become known as the Philidor Chess Club. It experienced varying fortune, but enjoyed continuous existence down to 1879, and during that period often showed great activity. Many games were played with other colleges according to the system then in vogue. A single game would serve as a contest, the moves being exchanged by mail, and a consultation of players at

each end determining the play. Yale, Princeton, Ann Arbor, the Washington University of St. Louis, Harvard, Columbia, Union and the University of Pennsylvania were met in this manner during the eight years of the society's existence.

In the spring of 1879 the organization was in a peculiar situation; the members of the society were practically all seniors. The fall of the year saw a not unexpected result; there was practically no club. What efforts may have been made to keep it alive have not gone on record, and chess at Cornell seems to have fallen upon evil days. For many years thereafter little attention was paid to the noble game, though it cannot be doubted that it was still played here, for wherever there are many students gathered together the king of intellectual contests always has its devotees.

Finally, early in 1893, the Cornell Chess Club was organized. It began life vigorously with twenty-five members. The use of a meeting room on the campus was denied them, however, and the activity of the new organization soon became irregular. Little was done until the fall of 1897, when the club was once more put upon its feet. Since then it has gone forward without a pause, showing greater interest and ability with each succeeding year. The granting of the use of the Barnes Hall trophy room has settled the vexed question of a meeting place, and there seems to be no obstacle to continued prosperity.

The old style of playing consultation games by mail had long since given way to contests between teams actually meeting in person, when the Cornell club was organized. No attempt was made at first to take part in such trials of strength with other colleges. In 1898 several players of exceptional ability entered the University, and each succeeding year the number of enthusiasts has been strengthened until it is now not inferior to that of any other college in the country. Cornell has accordingly been reaching out to use her strength. In December, 1899, the Tri-collegiate Chess League was formed with Pennsylvania and Brown, and the

first tournament was held. Pennsylvania won from Cornell by the narrow margin of half a game. The ability of the two teams won instant recognition from the experts of the country, and a high rank was conceded to the two universities by the critics. In the following spring a dual match was played with Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, Cornell winning. Last month, as is generally known, Cornell won the second tournament of the league. Negotiations are now pending with Columbia, the champion of the older league, consisting of Columbia, Princeton, Yale and Harvard, for a dual match in the spring. At present it seems altogether probable that such a widening of Cornell's sphere will occur.

In the past the activity of the University in chess affairs has varied greatly, depending on the number of players who happened to be in college and the interest they cared to take. In the future this condition must not exist. Interest in the game must be kept up, and activity stimulated, if Cornell's prestige is not some time to suffer. The cup, according to the terms of Professor Rice's gift, may stay here permanently if it is won in the next two tournaments. But whether we win or loose, whether our players hereafter are strong or weak, now that the league has been organized, Cornell must play. By a few quick leaps the University has reached an enviable position. May she ever hold it !

R. W.

JOE.

I KNEW right from the first, you see, that I wasn't treating Joe right—Joe's the girl—there, on my desk. My conscience pricked me—I have got such an article—from the moment I sent that letter off, to Marian Stuyvesant.

How well I remember the first day I saw Joe. How could a fellow forget it—for that was the day we beat Princeton so gloriously and I yelled so long and so loud I couldn't talk for a week. I was sitting in the grandstand directly in front of Joe and her brother—old Sid Cadogan. I had nodded to Sid over my shoulder but could not see Joe. When the excitement was most intense, when all were standing up, yelling and waving like so many wild Indians, and Sid was roaring like a bull, I could hear her clear voice raised with the others. Just at that uproarious moment—not having a cane or a flag, she put her two hands square on my shoulders and beat down with clenched fists in an ecstasy of joy, exclaiming with each whack "Good—good—good," with crescendo much more delightful than the black and blue spots on my shoulders.

Of course I turned round fairly and met her eyes. What eyes they were, and how frankly and squarely they looked into mine! She seemed utterly unconscious of how she had misused me, but yelled on enthusiastically; giving a commanding little nod of her head to tell me to join in, too.

I never told her of that little incident and never will. Sid introduced me, of course, and I rode home with them. There was nothing extraordinary in that. She talked excitedly about the game and how glad she was that we had beaten Princeton. I discovered she was a freshman and all right, even if she were a co-ed.

No one ever called Joe pretty, at least I have never heard them. If I were a poet, I'd call her piquant and naive and such things in reams of blank verse I suppose, or if I were an artist I'd draw her in every conceivable pose—but I never heard any ordinary man describe her at all, only once. Jasper, my roommate, a dignified, quiet Senior who never looked edgewise at a co-ed said to me.

"Miss Cadogan's a great friend of yours—isn't she Betty? Well—your'e lucky. That girl's square." Not that Jasper referred to any line of her pretty lissome figure; when he calls a girl square he means a good deal that can't be definitely expressed.

Joe and I became great friends. I was proud of her and liked to take her to the theatre and to dances. I thought more of that little square photograph she gave me than of all the others on my desk. Joe was not like ordinary girls, she was different. She was quicker to laugh and quicker to sigh than the others, and took everything to heart; she sympathized with every little trouble or grievance you might pour out to her. In fact she was the best sort of comrade—only I had to share her with others for Sidney Cadogan was very fond of his sister and demanded not a little of her time, and his friends were always her friends. I considered myself very fortunate whenever I had her all to myself.

It took only a few months to bring all this about. Then I made my mistake. Junior week was coming and the men at the Lodge were to make it the most brilliant Junior that the crowd had ever seen. Each man was going to have the prettiest girl in all the United Kingdoms, and each of these beauties was going to be the most popular.

Jasper, who was registered from Philadelphia, like my humble self, exclaimed to me across the table one night:

"Say Betty, invite Marian Stuyvesant down. She'll certainly get the cake, and we'll all come in for some of the glory."

Then followed a lengthy and detailed description of the attractions and qualifications of Miss Stuyvesant, her various

social triumphs, and such like. I found myself the centre of a little circle of eager, curious men. Naturally it turned my head. There was only one result. That evening I called on Joe. Joe wasn't home. It piqued me a little. Joe was too popular. I was mean and contemptible enough, as I walked down the hill, to recall Marian Stuyvesant's proud, beautiful face and contrast it with Joe's. When I reached my room Jasper and some of the other fellows were lounging there, still talking about the fair Marian and Jasper had her photograph set up on the pillows for inspection.

It gave me no little pleasure to write that letter to Marian, to scrawl out "dear Marian;" to throw in bits of familiar slang all through the lines; to write, assured of acceptance. It brought back vividly to my mind the past summer when Marian had been my mother's guest at the Shore and we had been constantly together. I sealed the letter with pardonable pride, for I knew the fellows envied me a little, deep down in their hearts.

Marian was in my mind a great deal for the next few weeks. We were all pretty busy getting ready for everything. I did not see Joe as often. In fact I saw her only once before the Junior. It was at an organ recital and I had just dropped in, for it was Mendelssohn day and I am fond of that gentleman's music. Joe was sitting in a corner of one of the pews—looking an eerie little figure in the dim light.

She smiled up in my face when I sat down beside her but said never a word—she wouldn't while that grand, solemn music was rolling through the chapel. When it was over we walked down the campus together. We talked about the recital and the music—Joe could talk about anything under the sun.

I stopped at the Cottage for a few moments and meant to tell her about Marian but I didn't. I don't know whether it was Joe's fault or mine, for we had so much else to say to each other, that it slipped my mind, at least that was what I told myself; and anyway I thought that another time would do just as well.

Then came Junior week. The elements were hard-hearted for it snowed and blew perpetually and the sun would come and go in a sadly erratic way. I was ready : I had ordered my carriages, my flowers, my candy ; Marian alone was lacking.

Then she came. The thermometer was somewhere near zero the morning that I paced up and down that platform, swearing at the train. But I forgot all that when I saw Marian Stuyvesant with the brightest of smiles on her face, all clad in fluffy fur, a picture that would warm the heart of any mortal.

"Dennis, you dear boy, it is so good to see you." Marian had the way of making you feel at peace with the world. Some people would call it jollying.

She had never been in Ithaca before and she displayed interest and curiosity and admiration about everything. She talked constantly all the way up the hill. I was a little silent. I was trying to associate this girl by my side with the beautiful girl, always in white, whom I had known last summer.

As the days rolled by, the association grew fainter and fainter ; for each succeeding day I saw Marian in new rôles. She hadn't been in the Lodge ten minutes before she had everyone at her feet ; the pretty pink and white and brown and gray and violet attractions of the others faded beneath the brilliancy of her beauty and manner.

I liked to watch the way she handled the men, jollied them, showed such charming impartiality, yet kept them all at her side. Marian was a tantalizing girl, she knew her power, never over or under-estimated it, and used it cleverly and mercilessly. I thought myself proof against it for I had known her so long and so well, but she bewildered even me a little, and with bewilderment the yielding began.

I felt, with no small degree of pleasure, that of all the fellows, she favored me the most. It was only natural, we had always been such friends.

The Masque and following dances were jolly—the Cotillion was jollier and almost—very nearly reached that summit of enjoyment which every participant of Junior week fully expects but does not want to realize until that night of all nights, Friday.

Only one thing marred my pleasure—Joe was not there. Sid told me in a careless fashion that she had not wanted to come, but I didn't believe it. She must surely be at the Junior.

On Friday my fascination had reached such a pitch that before Marian came down stairs I hurried down the hill to Bool's and changed the order of roses to an endless quantity of violets. Afterwards, I remember, these same violets brought as endless a quantity of dismay upon me at the first of the month. But at the time I was under the spell of Marian's beauty and I knew that violets would please her more than anything else.

How tall and fair she looked that night. She chose her dresses cleverly, she had such good taste! How well my violets looked against the pale blue of her gown; and how sweetly she thanked me for them!

We had danced two dances before I found Joe. What a Joe it was—quarreling with Sidney in a whole-hearted way! I demanded the extra which the orchestra had commenced.

"What's the war?" I asked as we waltzed away from her irate brother.

"Oh—Sid says—that—that he'd like to spank me," confessed Joe in a woe-begone way and with simple frankness, "because I said I knew I wouldn't have a bit good time and that I looked like an old rag doll."

I refrained from telling her that the "rag doll" made a charmingly piquant picture in its soft, fluffy dress. One never told Joe things about herself.

"Why haven't you been at any of the dances?" I asked her when the waltz was ended and we were alone in the promenade.

"Well, now, why do you suppose?" she demanded. I couldn't suppose, so she enlightened me.

"Sidney said that it was'nt just the thing for a freshman to go out so much. I couldn't tell Sidney he didn't know —no one else asked me—so—that's why."

In her simple way she gave me a pretty sharp stab.

"And—tonight—are you happy?"

"Oh—yes, I suppose so." From that moment Joe grew just a little constrained.

I had only glimpses of her during the remainder of the evening. But I had a picture always before my mind, a pair of almost reproachful, but withal friendly, big eyes looking at me.

The morning after the Junior was a dismal failure. I had it all planned beforehand. Marian was to leave at noon so she would not retire. She came down after a refreshing bath, looking a little white but still beautiful and spirited. She wore some of the violets, "ghosts of last night" she told me with a little laugh, touching them tenderly.

Just at twenty minutes past ten I proposed to Marian. I don't know how I did it. I had thought it all over and worked myself up to the idea that I was madly, insanely in love with her. I do acknowledge a little insanity in the whole affair. I poured out a long speech that would have done credit even to Cicero, if that old Roman ever tried his oratorical powers in a matrimonial market. Anyway, Marian listened with the sweetest patience and, when I had finished her soft lips parted and she laughed, slowly, merrily, but she laughed. Then, when I should have felt only wounded pride and anger, I felt relief—actual relief—surging up in my manly bosom and overwhelming me.

"Denny, dear, you are too good. Is this the means of entertainment you have provided for me this morning?" She looked at me gayly.

"Yes, didn't I do it well?" I demanded with pride and perfect composure. I rejoiced to see that she was taken back a little.

"Then you didn't mean it?"

"No, I didn't mean it," I answered with an echo of her own low laugh. Then we dropped the subject.

So she herself saved me from the folly; which, being a fool, was better than I deserved.

The girls gone, loneliness and reminescences reigned supreme in the Lodge. Our work was piled up high before us but was none the more alluring on that score. It took two weeks to get over the effects of the week's gaiety and we suffered mentally and physically. The third week I climbed the hill to call on Joe.

Two other fellows were there, so I came away early. I had to admit that Joe had never been more entertaining or jollier, but something was all amiss, so I had come away. I waited another week and called again. Sidney was there with a friend from home. I had to compete with all the reminiscences that that friend was continually bringing up, and of course I came out the little end of the horn. So it went on week after week. I was commencing to realize that our dear old comradeship was not as it had been, and with that realization came the appreciation of all I was losing.

I said to myself that Joe was like other girls after all, and wasn't any squarer than the rest and could jolly as well as the best of them—Marian, for example.

The outcome of this conjecture was that I waited two weeks before I appeared at the Cottage again. The maid hesitated a moment as she took my card. I fully expected that she'd tell me that Miss Cadogan was engaged, but she didn't.

"Miss Cadogan isn't here, sir, now, She went down to the Infirmary to-day."

"What?" I demanded.

"Yes, would you like to see one of the other young ladies? So one of Joe's friends came down.

"Didn't you know? Joe was hurt playing basket-ball. Not seriously, though. Hit her head. Doctor says it will keep her in just a week or so."

How Joe was missed on the Campus; how Sidney was

bothered with questions and messages of condolence ; how ugly and out of sorts I felt and how slowly the days dragged. I made up my mind to one thing, that when Joe came out of the Infirmary we'd settle everything and I'd know whether the difference between us was real or imagined.

Then she appeared once more. Basketball martyrs are not so common as those of the gridiron and she was quite a heroine. I haunted Joe. I waylaid her at the door of the Library only to be obliged to share her with some one else, coming sauntering up with friendly questions. I waited for her at Franklin only to be rewarded by meeting her surrounded by a score of girls. Fate was against me. Then I wrote her a note that, in spite of me, was a little stiff, and asked if she would let me call. I sent it up with a box of flowers. Back they came, with a note from her. The doctor had forbidden any mental exertion in the evening, she said. So my call would require mental exertion, would it, and she had sent back my flowers. That was a declaration of war. I was worried, and the more Joe scoffed at me, the more, well—the more I wanted her.

I tried studying hard, to forget the insult, but that was no go. I tried sporting a little but wasn't in the right spirit. I longed for baseball but the nine was in its infancy and hadn't left its nursery as yet. All there was to it, I must see Joe and have it out, on the square.

In this spirit I walked drearily up the hill one evening ; I did that simply because I didn't want to do anything and bodily exercise cheered me up. The sun was just setting over the hill and turning the sky into streaks of chilly pink and gold and purple, all misty. The scene appealed to my morbid state of mind. I went behind the Library and sat down in moody resignation to enjoy it for awhile. As I sat there biting my lips trying not to think that that stretch of blue-purple color in the sky was anything like the color of Joe's eyes, someone came around the corner of the wall, stopped dead short with an involuntary exclamation of surprise, then clapped her fingers to her lips and turned to flee.

"Don't go," I said so commandingly, that Joe hesitated.

"I must speak to you Miss Cadogan," I said sternly and I even took hold of one of her hands and half dragged her to the stone bench. Bless those departed souls who had the forethought to put that bench there!

"What do you want to say?" said Joe eyeing me a little askance.

"I want an explanation," I answered, righteously angry. "We used to be such good friends, you and I. You gave me every reason to think that you cared for my friendship. And all of a sudden you change, you shun me, you are distant, cold, then you send back a little gift and refuse to let me call." How enormous those offences seemed to me as I laid them before her.

Joe was sitting with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her palm. There was a little frown between her eyebrows.

"Did I do all that?" she half-muttered in an adorable way.

"You know you did," I declared icily. I wouldn't look at her.

"Joe," I said impetously, "haven't I always treated you on the square, did I ever do anything to hurt or offend you?

She moved a little, crossed her knees, put the other elbow on her other knee and dropped her chin in her palm again. This turned her face from me.

"Did I?" I demanded with emphasis.

"No—o," in a queer little voice,—"only—only I think you might have told me of your engagement—yourself."

"Engagement" I echoed.

"Yes, and not left it for every man in your fraternity to din into my ears and Sidney repeating it all the time."

"Was it to Miss Stuyvesant?"

"I guess that was her name."

I dropped my hand on my knee and it was clenched.

"Oh, those—" I growled. I did not finish, for Joe turned to me of a sudden and her eyes were shining.

"Then it isn't true?" she asked.

"Not a word of it—not a word," I answered with a world of rejoicing in my heart. No, it wasn't true—thanks to Marian.

Joe sat there, quiet as a mouse and I watching her as a cat might have done, only with more fondness. The clock was striking quarter after seven and the sun behind the western hills left a yellow glow: then I took first one little hand in mine and then the other.

Joe broke the silence first. She turned her face partially towards me.

"Why are we sitting here? Why don't we go home? It's cold—the sun's gone down long ago.

I drew a little nearer to her. That benevolent person who thought of the bench might have had the kindness to have cushioned it, but I forgot the little dent in my back.

"Why are we sitting here—why, Joe? I am waiting for it to grow dark—and then I'm going to kiss you."

J. L. D.

THE MASK AND WIG CLUB.

ENNSYLVANIA may be pardoned some egotism in speaking of her dramatic society for the merit of their productions and the success with which they have been received during the dozen years of its existence has placed the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania as easily the best collegiate organization of its kind.

The Mask and Wig devotes itself entirely to comic opera and the like, and has never attempted the presentation of any serious drama, in which amateurs do not, as a rule, show themselves to the best advantage. The productions of the club have, with one exception, been written by members and all of them have been performed by undergraduates under the guidance and coaching of the graduate members. No professional services whatever are employed.

The performances are given at some Philadelphia theatre usually at Easter in the Chestnut Street Opera House—which is leased for the entire week ; previous to those eight appearances (two matinées) a pilgrimage is made to Atlantic City for a preliminary performance before the Jersey critics, and then later in the season another short trip is taken to some not-too-distant city such as Baltimore, Washington or Wilmington.

Participation in these performances is limited to undergraduates whose class standing has been approved by the Faculty Committee and the training begins early. The first call is a competition for the cast which comes in October ; the men who respond are required to give some evidence of ability to the committee in charge of the Easter play and then the best ten or twelve of these are selected for the "Preliminaries" which are little farces given in December

before members of the club. By this means new men are found who may be able to fill parts in the cast.

Immediately after the Christmas vacation, notices are posted for the chorus candidates to appear and from the applicants, fifty to seventy-five men according to the needs, are chosen with regard to their voices and dancing.

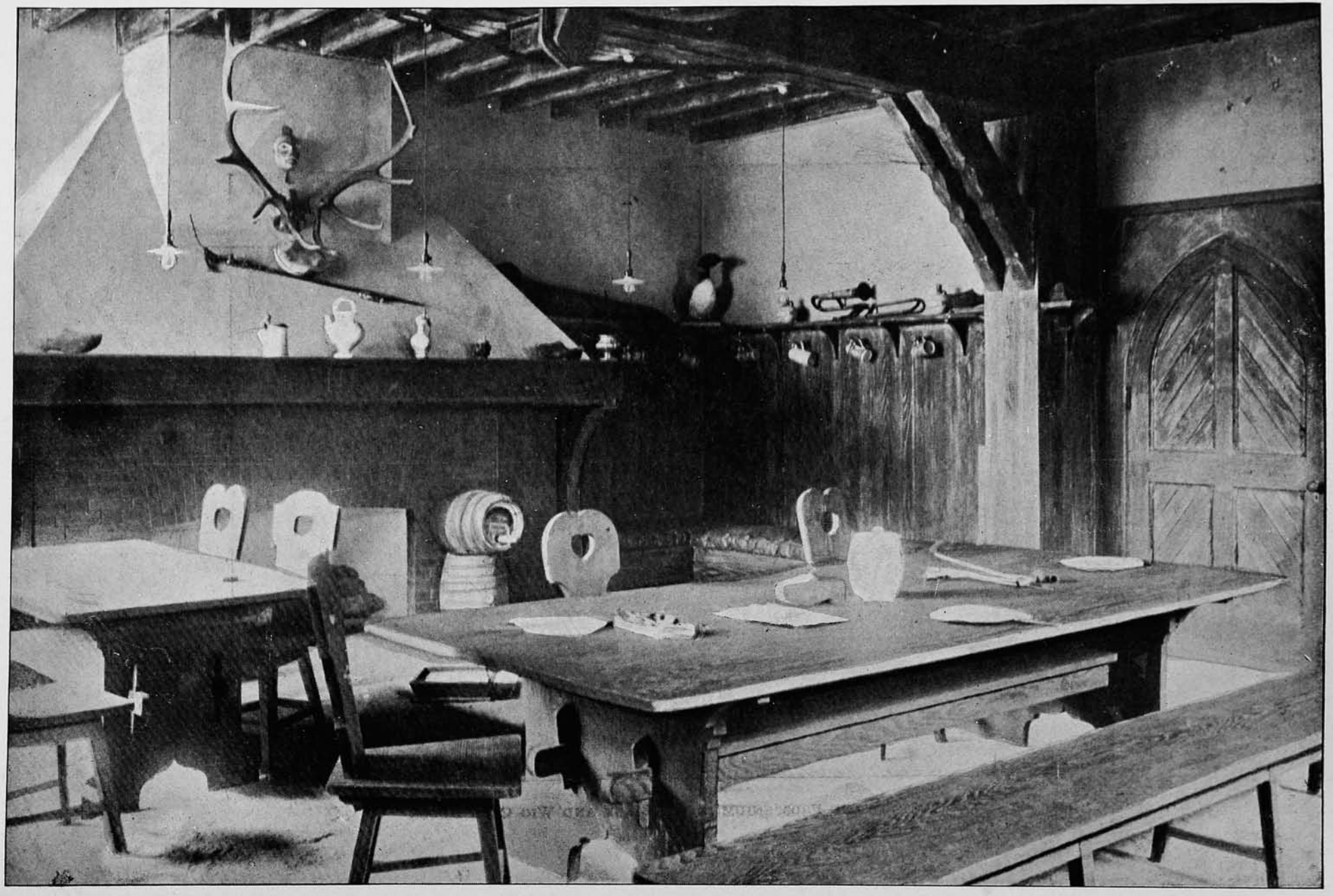
The men selected, the training begins first on the stage in the club house two or three times a week until finally the dress rehearsals are held on the stage of the theatre and all is ready for the initial public performance.

The cost of these productions is very great, ranging from five to seven thousand dollars which is a large outlay when it is considered that there are never more than a dozen performances and of these seldom more than eight in Philadelphia, but these expenditures have been amply justified by the receipts, and the annual balance is usually close to five thousand dollars. All of the costumes are especially designed for the parts and a good man engaged to paint the scenery. The greatest interest is taken both by the University and Philadelphia, in general, in these peformances and for the past five years two-thirds of all the numbered seats in the theatre, for the whole week, have been sold before the opening night.

According to the record of a diary owned by one of the members, the first consultation in regard to the formation of a dramatic club was held in College Hall during the spring of 1888. A few months after the opening of the fall term of the same year the matter was brought before the undergraduate body and a burlesque was written before active organization was affected. The enchanting name of the "Nymph of the Lurleyburg" was found but later a revulsion of feeling caused them to choose the less alluring title of "Lurline, or the Knights and the Naiads." After four months of vexatious preparation the burlesque was presented and a dreary affair it was.

In 1890 Clayton Totterall McMichael and Frederick Brooke Neilson, two of the founders, together wrote "Ben

Stage and Proscenium in the Mask and Wig Club House.



THE GRILL ROOM.

Franklin'' which was given twice in May and again in June.

The club was now rapidly coming into prominence and in the following year "Ben Franklin'' was revived for a few nights. Then the theatre was closed for a dress rehearsal and "Miss Columbia'' appeared. This was immensely successful in Philadelphia and also in Washington where a performance was given. An ill-advised trip to New York City naturally met with poor financial success.

In 1892 with "Mr. and Mrs. Cleopatra'' the club inaugurated its present policy. The scenery, costumes, and all the stage settings were new; the burlesque was produced in all thirteen times and survived the number. Performances were given in New Haven, Washington, and Baltimore beside those in Philadelphia.

The fifth anniversary (1893) was a memorable year, both graduates and undergraduates were in "The Yankee League'' and the total receipts for the week in Philadelphia were fifteen thousand dollars. The show was also given in Baltimore and Washington.

In 1894 the present club house on Quince St. was purchased—but of the club house, more later. "King Arthur'' was given at Easter and again during Commencement Week for the Franklin Field fund. "Kenilworth'' came in 1895, a stage picture with magnificent costumes. "No Gentleman of France,'' cleverly written, was very successful in the following years. This year the show was also given in Boston and New Haven being, well received in both places-

In 1897 E. A. Paulton, of "Erminie'' fame, wrote "Very Little Red Riding Hood'' for the club. This is the only play not written by a member that the club has ever attempted and though brilliant in places appealed, in its burlesque, only to inveterate theatre-goers.

A double bill was given on the tenth anniversary (1898) "The Investigating Committee'' by graduates preceding the regular undergraduate burlesque of "The House That Jack Built.''

"Captain Kidd, U. S. N.", was splendidly presented in 1899 and proved more successful financially than the performance of any year since 1893. It was afterwards taken by a professional company. "Mr. Aguinaldo of Manila", in 1900, proved a success and was taken to Williamsport for one performance. The burlesque for the coming year is by Thomas Blaine Donaldson, College '99, but its title has not yet been announced.

Until November, 1899, when some radical changes were made in the by-laws of the club less than sixty members had been elected in eleven years; but at that time an undergraduate membership was instituted by which any undergraduate who held a speaking part was elegible for election and under these new laws some twenty more members have been added. The chorus are not eligible for election. In this club house have been entertained many of the greatest actors of the past decade and other distinguished visitors to the University. This club house is quite unique and a model of its kind. It is a stable—but inside is a grill room whose equal may not be found in an hundred clubs. It is finished in Flemish oak with a fire-place large enough to roast an ox; and with cushioned corners, is comfortable and roomy. On the walls Maxfield Parrish, the clever poster designer, has immortalized Old King Cole and given to each club member an elfin character that dodges and peers at you from behind his particular stein. Upstairs is a miniature stage on which many a show has been whipped into shape and overhead are rough and gruesome rafters—you are in a stable loft but it is an artistic one.

The only other dramatic organization in the University is the French Club, organized in late years to present classic French drama. *Le Médicin Malgré Lui* was the first comedy chosen and given very well, too, considering that it was the first performance. The French Club will appear again in February but the play for this year has not yet been settled upon. It is a purely undergraduate organization, slightly connected with the *Cerçle Francais* which has a membership among both graduates and undergraduates.

There is nothing distinctively Pennsylvanian about the French Club but the Mask and Wig is quite unique and the especial pride of our University.

Samuel Crowther Jr., Pennsylvania, '01,

AUTUMN.

My brain is weary, enough of study.
I will go for a walk, where the woods are ruddy
With autumn tints: where the air like wine
Would go to a stronger head than mine.
Along the road with a swinging stride,
With my staff, a friend that is true and tried,
And never a one in the world beside.
On a day like this I would be alone,
For I would not talk. I would catch the tone
Of the day and the fields and the clear cold sky.
Till I think no longer, or thinking try,
But become as a leaf or a stone or a tree.
Now what is the world and its cares to me?
Let come what will, for my heart is free.
Let the world wag on. I will ask no more
Than the fair road stretching out before.

L. F. B.

CONCERNING COMPULSORY DRILL.

WING to the present expansion of the University and the cramped quarters of the Armory, Mr. Tuck believes that the work may be made more effective and the spirit of the battalion improved by making drill elective for sophomores."

This sentence is to be found in President Schurman's last annual report. Its appearance is unassuming ; no headlines mark it, no comment accompanies it. Yet to the student who chances to read the report this is probably of more interest than any other one statement contained therein. It deals directly with the most generally discussed feature of our University life. Evidently the military work might be made more effective ; evidently there is room for improvement in the spirit of the battalion, and it must be that, after all, it is no unchangeable decree which enforces two years of compulsory drill. These topics are of vital importance in the undergraduate life of the University. Let us then consider the cause and the nature of this infliction, for infliction it certainly is.

The story of the Morrill Land Grant Act and the establishment of Cornell University upon its provisions, is well known. The act provided for the appropriation of the proceeds from the sale of the public lands " to the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college [in each state] where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientfic and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts." The charter of the University, following the same general lines, declared the purpose of the institution to be " to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, including military tactics ". Both documents have been amended since their

enactment, but these two sentences have remained unchanged. They contain all that relates to the question from the legal side.

What does a careful analysis of these statements show? Nothing that can be construed into a demand upon the University by the government that military drill shall be required of all students. The language of the congressional act may be somewhat involved, but study of it will always result in one interpretation. While scientific and classical studies shall not be neglected, the principal objects of the college shall be to teach agriculture, the mechanic arts, and military drill. The charter says the same in more direct form. Drill is placed on the same footing with the other two subjects. There is nothing which requires that it should be taught to all the students. The one obligation is, that as each Land Grant college must provide instruction in mechanical engineering and in agriculture, so must it provide instruction in drill. A very active mind is not required to follow the analogy, and to reason that as any student may take up agriculture if he chooses, or engineeriug, so may he take up drill if he desires.

A sense of moral rather than of legal duty, however, probably led the first trustees of the University to saddle the drill system upon the students. When Senator Morrill's bill was passed the civil war was raging in the south. The experiences of the struggle were horribly present to every mind. The country had suffered greatly from the lack of men of some acquaintance, at least, with military science and tactics who were able to help in the work of putting troops in the field. It was felt that there should be a larger number of men of military training throughout the land, and the act passed at this time naturally mentioned drill as one of the purposes of the colleges to be established. President White maintained that the University was under obligation to subject all students to military discipline. The faculty held many stormy meetings, it is said, before the system of absolute military control, first imposed, was

abolished. Gradually drill was relegated to certain stated hours, the obligatory wearing of the uniform at all times was discontinued, and the University cap disappeared. The period of drill was at length cut down to two years, and finally the requirement of attendance at the lectures in military science was repealed. The supposed duty of the University to force a military training upon its students did not prevent the making of these changes. Should it stand in the way of further modification or of complete abandonment of compulsory drill?

It must be admitted that great latitude exists for questioning the national necessity of college drill, and its effectiveness for the purpose if the need exists. The thousands of men now in the state national guards, and the many thousands more who have had their schooling in these organizations, perform all the functions considered in the Morrill Act, and much better than the men with a meagre college military training could do. In case of national emergency, is the man who once shuffled through four terms of Cornell drill to be compared with the graduate from five or more years of national guard service? And are there not enough of the latter class for all needs? The need referred to, be it understood, is not of the rank and file of fighting men, but of trained men capable of training others. In the late war with Spain the resources of the state regiments were by no means exhausted, and though public enthusiasm was not greatly stirred, there were many more specially raised regiments than the government could use. The number of men in the country who possess a knowledge of military affairs willingly acquired seems to be sufficient for all occasions which may occur. Certainly then, the confusion of inefficient military training with college education is unnecessary.

There are, however, other reasons which have been advanced for requiring drill, other than that of preparing against national emergency. Drill has been held up for praise as very desirable and advantageous in itself. Senator Morrill said of it: "As an incident, the drill offers a health-

ful and permanently beneficial discipline to students in promoting physical development and a manly bearing, incomparably superior to that of the gymnasium or to that of any other athletic exercise or recreation.'' But if drill really does all this, why do the spirit and the work of the battalion need improving? We see the manly bearing in those who are interested in the work, the officers and the candidates for promotion, the very students who would get the benefit unimpeded from voluntary drill. To the others the work is distasteful, a bore, and a nuisance. They perform the required amount of slovenly, careless drill only well enough to pass off the subject and then leave it. They put on a uniform which is a mark of servitude, of compulsion, not of voluntary and worthy service, and give grudging obedience to officers toward whom, as officers, they heve no reason to feel respect. If the habits of the drill floor are to have any permanent effect, it is certain to be in a majority of cases the very opposite of a manly bearing and the attendant virtues.

As a means of keeping the students under proper control and discipline, drill was also much lauded by its early friends. The idea is to be found frequently in the pages of the *Era* of the first year. No one needs to be told, however, that is seldom to rules and never to the military corps, but to the University public opinion, that the authorities look for the good order and sensible conduct of the undergraduate body.

Useless, then, as the drill is, it is not without its positive objections. It disturbs studies, and interferes with athletics and other activities. It is a cost in money as well as in time. It is the one unpleasant element in undergraduate life, the one thing undesired which is forced upon the students to spoil the general freedom of life at Cornell. These facts need no exposition. It may justly be asked, however, whether the military system here does not serve to keep some students away. Our University is of a different character than that of the great majority of Land Grant colleges. Its reputation is not confined to its own state boundaries. It competes with the other half dozen great institutions in at-

tracting students from all parts of the country. To the prospective student, then, hesitating in his choice between two or more of the great universities, what weight may the knowledge of this enforced, humiliating, "tin-soldiering" have in the balance againt Cornell?

All requirements of the law would be satisfied by the providing of military courses for those who wished to take them. It is difficult to believe that the country would suffer if such an arrangement were made. The removal of the unwilling conscripts would make the work much more effective, and would enable those really interested—the only ones who are now benefitted by the drill—to receive that benefit in greater degree. We, the students, can only talk, and hope. Let us hope, then, that the day of this change be not far off, and that as a first step in the right direction, the recommendation of last year's Commandant be speedily acted upon.

THE ERA

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THE advantages of the two term system are just beginning to make themselves felt. Many a freshman who would, under the old regime, have been forced to remain at home with father, is now enjoying the January weather gyrations so characteristic of this particular portion of the empire state. The additional four weeks of final cramming offers much less excuse than heretofore, for the unconditional "bust". Everyone has, doubtless, enjoyed the vacation, in one way or another, and though we are all of us, unfortunately, too old to any longer find anything wildly exciting in the traditional Christmas sports, yet there are none so blasé as to lose all interest in Yuletide. We have

been refreshed, possibly, by a ten days loaf, a week and a half spent in lolling in a Morris chair with one of the Governor's best cigars ever handy ; or we have danced early and slept late. In the latter case, which is the most probable, we are here once more, resting, paradoxical as it may seem, after our vacation. Still it has been an experience slightly different and pleasantly so, from the wheel-like regularity of college routine. We have tasted home food which will rejuvenate our choler against the Ithaca landlady and furnish us the wherewithal for conversation for some few weeks, before we fall again into the rut of acclimated resignation.

We may not idle after the holidays as we have done in bygone years ; but must needs grind and poll away for a week two, even if we have more freshmen tagging about than is customary at this time of year. It is good to be back, knocking about in old clothes once more. There is a freedom and an unconventionality about the place, which even home with all its attractions cannot offer and we are ready and willing to make our eight o'clocks and smoke our pipes once more in the steady swing of University life.

THE crew room is once more the scene of its usual midwinter activity, with a goodly amount of 'Varsity and Freshman material pulling boldly at the machines. Every Cornellian agrees that something must be done at Poughkeepsie this year, if we are to hold our heretofore unquestioned prestige in acquatic activity. There have been too many Rowing Songs written to permit our losing another race with fortitude ; something should be done or the University poets will be deprived of a great green field of inspiration ; the budding musician will no longer be able to thrum his nautical ditties ; and the Glee Club must e'en strike the annual Rowing Song from its program. In all seriousness, however, it is high time that the crew should win, and win this year it must, if such a thing be possible. But win or lose there should be a spirit evident throughout the season that will deserve a triumph, even if the victors crown be not forthcoming in the end.

The "old man" is well and strong once more and will coach the men to the best of his ability. Captain Vanderhoef is a tried and sturdy oar, and a man whose personality will inspire those under him to the most strenuous effort. There may be no chance for the cheering and demonstration which the football season affords, yet each man must do his best to swell the number of candidates, for competition, and competition alone developes a winning eight. Financial support, too, must be accorded the navy, for we can no more run a crew on Promises, than we can, to quote Professor Corson, "run a University on a view." There are many of us who cannot pull an oar, but there is not an undergraduate in the University who cannot contribute his mite toward supporting the 'Varsity crew.

THE open handicap road race which the track management recently scheduled, was not as much of a success as it was hoped it might be. This was due to the absence of the best cross country men whose presence, it was expected, would add considerable interest to the affair. And this absence calls to mind certain actions which, of late, have reflected seriously on the Cornell spirit of some men whose position, as prominent Seniors, would naturally lead one to expect different and far wiser things. Now Mr. Arthur Jeremiah Sweet may have been influenced by a mistaken idea that he was doing his organization a kindness and standing on his own proper rights when he circulated his "round robin" among the cross country men; but if he was, it merely shows that that gentleman's sense of duty is sadly perverted. Mr. Sweet's action was based on the fact that the intercollegiate cross country constitution, written by himself, specifies three miles as a cross country distance, and he evidently considered that the track management had exceeded its province in scheduling the meet. Now this may be Cornell spirit and it may not; the ERA certainly believes that it is not. It would have been far better management had a protest been entered against Grant

of Pennsylvania, in the intercollegiate meet, and the championship thus given to Gallagher for Cornell; but that is past. As matters now stand the track management has, and rightly, the privilege to hold whatsoever meets it may desire; the cross country team comes under the category of authorized clubs and should, in every way, second the efforts of the former organization in furthering the growth of track athletics, instead of pursuing an independent course which reflects most decidedly on the disinterestedness of the men concerned.

THE ERA apologizes for its tardy appearance. It is a bad way to commence the new year we will allow, but there have been "extenuating circumstances". We pray your "present indulgence and future patronage" and assure you that in the future we will serve you our literary ware in a more prompt and less irregular manner.

THE UNIVERSITY

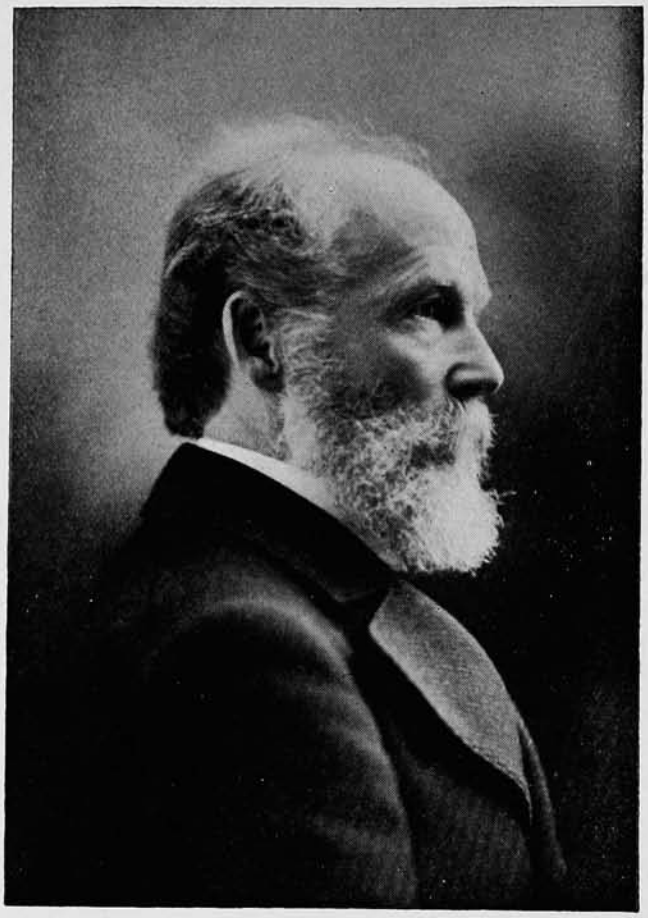
THE University and the literary world at large have sustained a sad loss by the recent death of Professor Moses Coit Tyler. His connection with Cornell has been contemporaneous with the rapid growth that has characterized the University for the past twenty years, and many of the improvements which we of the latter day enjoy, have been due to the interest and foresight of this distinguished man. The first professor of American History in any college in the United States, he was ever a man noted for his clear insight and fair judgment in all historical discussions; an author of many works on American literature, he was widely noted for the balance and refinement of his style; an instructor of many generations of Cornellians, he was admired and beloved by all who knew him. His presence will be one that will be greatly missed by the students as well as the faculty of the University which he served so long and so well.

THE recent Christmas trip of the musical clubs was an unusually successful one. In striking contrast to the wretched failure that characterized the series of concerts last year, the clubs under the able management of Mr. Senior have returned to Ithaca with a substantial balance to their credit. From a social standpoint nothing more could have been desired. The reception tendered the clubs in every city visited was most flattering, both to the men themselves and to the enthusiastic alumni so instrumental in arranging the details for the concerts. Begun under most auspicious circumstances in Rochester on Friday, Dec. 21, the trip was uniformly successful to the very end. The most enjoyable dances were given at Powers Hall in Rochester by the Rochester alumni, and at the New Century Club in Wilmington. Flattering press comments were made on the work of all the men in every

city visited, and favorable comparison made with the showing of the other organizations which had given concerts in the same places.

THE Athletic Council has formulated a scheme whereby it is hoped the Alumni will be relieved from the incessant dunning by managers of the various athletic branches. Every Cornell graduate has been annually pestered by begging letters for subscriptions to all sorts and kinds of athletics. The matter, if allowed to run along, would have eventually become such a nuisance that even the most loyal Cornellian would have been inclined to promptly drop all letters postmarked Ithaca into the waste basket. In the future, however, it will be the undergraduates, only, who will be asked to subscribe for the support of the various teams and the navy ; the alumni will be requested to make what donations they can toward the permanent improvements destined to be made at the Field and on the boat-house, and to any extraordinary expenditure such as another Henley trip. Such an arrangement, while it may not result satisfactorily during the year accorded it for trial, is at least a step in the right direction and will, in the end, result in the fair adjustment of a much vexed question.

IN the new University Register it is a most noticeable fact that the sum total of attendance is largely augmented by the addition of the names of students in the summer school. Such a course is apt to give a wrong impression. To those who are unfamiliar with the actual existing conditions, the University will appear to have a much larger attendance than is actually the case. Those, on the other hand, who do understand Cornell methods, will be inclined to sneer at and criticize the very evident padding of the rolls. There are so many very rank outsiders who come here to take the summer courses, stay the term through, and then shake the dust of Ithaca from their feet for good and all, that it is manifestly unfair to consider them as *bona fide* students.



PROFESSOR MOSES COIT TYLER.

Then, moreover, there are a goodly number who remain here to pass up shop or to work off conditions, and these lucky individuals are necessarily counted twice, which, while it may be complimentary to them, is hardly the right way in which to swell the student lists. The ERA would suggest that it might give those interested a fairer impression if the total registration of regular students were to be given separately, with the additional clause that such and such a number attended the summer school.

BOOK REVIEVVS

Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co.

There has been a deal of adverse criticism aimed at John Uri Lloyd's novel, "Stringtown on the Pike," yet not one reviewer is there, who does not award the author some considerable mead of praise. A dialect story, and with all others of its kind open to some misunderstanding and wearisomeness, it gives a clearer insight into negro superstition than any novel of recent years has done. In some of its mysteries and queer quirks of fancy it suggests Pope, yet lacks entirely the artistic and literary touch which immortalized the latter's works. The hero is noticeable for his absolute lack of heroism and serves, rather, in his principal yet subordinate part, as a foil for the strength of some of the other characters. There is a great deal of brilliancy, and the narrative is frequently thrilling at times, yet these portions are agglomerated so unfortunately with passages of very mediocre merit that one's final impression cannot but be one of disappointment in the author's lack of consistency.

As a piece of book-making the novel lacks taste. In a story of its character the illustrations should either be by a

man who is capable of grasping the author's ideals, or else they should be omitted entirely. The characters always appear more real when one can picture them to oneself. Ideals are necessarily different, and it is better to leave a story devoid of illustration than to have the reader's appreciation of the craft and artistic value of the pen pictures shocked by the insertion of such prosaic and questionable articles as photographs.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Essentials of the English Sentence. By Elias J. McEwan, M.A. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Last Songs from Vagabondia. By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

THE ERA

PROFESSOR MOSES COIT TYLER.

HE present writer ventures to contribute to the ERA a brief expression of his estimate of the character and writings of his kinsman, together with such reminiscences of his intercourse with him, as may be presumed to be of interest to the public.

From college days at Yale down to the time of Dr. Tyler's death, a friendship existed between us marred by not even a transient misunderstanding. From first to last he was the same genial, interrogatively sympathetic man, hospitable to opinions adverse to his own, ready in the tourney of wit to break a lance with all comers, an unfaltering champion of high ideals in politics, morals and religion. He was a fine democrat in his readiness to converse with any man, however humble, and he delighted to challenge the chance fellow-traveller to impart the peculiar knowledge he might possess concerning any handicraft, manner of transaction of his business, or his political views. If Mr. Burke, standing under a gateway during a shower, could converse with a laborer and derive from him useful information, so Professor Tyler, without a sign of condescension, could inspire by his patient attention, a taciturn man to become communicative. And this explains his ability and readiness to talk about the most practical matters, which he at once lifted above com-

monplace by the grace of illustration, and by the vital adjustment he made of them into the general scheme of human knowledge. He looked upon no fact of daily life, no contact with a humbler way of thinking, no meeting with a traveler upon the highway, as a trivial fact. As an artist collects various colors,—some of them crude enough,—and by the synthesis of genius blends them into some rare work of art, so did my kinsman bring to his literary work all these lights and shades of human experience, which gave him psychological insight into the nature of man and enabled him with such superb analysis to deal with the characters of statesmen and political writers in his histories. A fine academician, by the allotment of providence, he could enter a conclave of business men, or an assemblage of men dealing with practical civic affairs, and be at home there.

But this democratic facility never conflicted with his sense of refinement, his attic grace of expression, his ideal of the true gentleman as one who hates false and hollow pretention, and feels a moral scar more than a bodily wound. And in defence of just and lofty sentiment, he displayed, often, a swift and trenchant eloquence and an uncompromising indignation against baseness and wrong.

He possessed a fine sense of humor, the gentle fulgurations of which lighted up wayside conversation, closed debate verging towards mutual irritation, and sent into argument sometimes a ray of conviction where logic was powerless.

With his *intimados* with whom, perhaps, the present writer may be numbered, the play of his wit sometimes took the form of a sportive and kindly assault upon personal traits or manner of life, or modes of action and expression, but at such times his humor was of an innocuous character, like the sacred flame, lambent and harmless which played about the hair and face of the Trojan prince ; and as he turned this general artillery as often against himself, as upon his friends, wit cemented friendship, for it was obviously a mark of especial affection and trust, the laying aside of the domino which many deem it necessary to wear, to prevent assault upon the sanctities of personality.

Even into his style as a historian, this innocuous wit penetrates and makes his pages glow with uncommon brightness. This trait of his style seems to be of early date, and is to be discerned in his fine letters from England about public men ; it never forsakes him in his later historical writings. It is a certain splendid audacity which, possibly, makes the older historians shake their heads, while they cannot stay from reading his flashing pages. It seems to be a survival of that ebullient boyhood temper which made us love him in old Yale days, to suppress which would have paralyzed his genuis, and which with fine courage he retains to the last, and for which we owe him thanks. Dr. Tyler makes use of the dangerous adjective in the most felicitous way. He did not forget Granville Sharp's rule, that the adjective is the natural enemy of the substantive : but he dared to use it often, and the reader must confess that he used it with surprising effect, and scarcely ever swerves from the exact key, so as to make us conscious of any adjectival dissonance.

It is not for me to estimate the value of his historical writings any farther than to say that he has recovered the real character and worth of Patrick Henry, that in his remarks upon the Declaration of Independence, and the relation of the Loyalist or Tories to our American Revolution, he displays an extraordinary poise of judgment, charity of intellect, and courage of statement.

To the writer of this article, the remarks upon the Tories or Loyalists, pp. 296–315, vol. 1. Lit. Hist. of Am. Revolution, and those upon the Declaration of Independence, pp. 498–521, of the same volume, seem to be a final decision, approached with the wary logic and impartial balancing of testimony, which characterize the verdicts of our higher courts of justice. In private conversation with the present writer, he often spoke of the mechanism of the Revolution, of the relentless strategy of the patriots who organized rebellion against the mother country, of the large number of Loyalists, (fully one-third of the population) who could not lightly sever the ties which bound them to the throne. Prof. Tyler rescues their motives from undeserved infamy, dares o see much that is honorable to human nature in the atti-

tude they felt obliged by conscience and chivalry to take towards England, and still further reveals the real distress of mind which even revolutionary patriots experienced before they could extricate themselves from the dilemma of doubt and affection in which they found themselves.

He expressed to me the conviction that these pages might be fiercely assailed by critics when his book should be published, and subsequently his surprise and satisfaction, that the times had so far changed, and prejudice had become so remote, that his readers could now welcome a rational and fair estimate of the recalcitrants of the Revolutionary epoch.

And in his study of the Declaration of Independence, he carefully argues that with all its sonorous aphorisms, intemperate accusations and hard names, it still endures the test of a just criticism, is not a piece of artful rhetoric, but a bugle note of protest against injustice and a noble assertion of the rights of man. These portions of his history are brilliant specimens of political philosophy and attract the reader to frequent reperusal.

The History of Prof. Goldwin Smith, a series of royal biographies, is picturesque and fascinating, but must of necessity have a personal rather than philosophical stamp, and Dr. Tyler, having the same difficulty to meet, treating of individual writers, and of personal traits, surprises us by the success with which he secures the continuity of history and traces the genetic connection of events.

Among the treasures of the present writer, are these volumes of his kinsman, on the fly leaf of which he has expressed his cousinly affection. I hope I may be pardoned, in our common sense of loss and sorrow, this little indulgence of satisfaction. I venture to think his fame will increase ; that his judgments will be appealed to and receive confirmation ; that his personality, so much of which has gone into his writing, will be seen in all its sprightliness, geniality, humor and patient scholarship.

To many his unseen presence will be felt in the walks about the university ; we shall for long expect to meet him and enjoy the kindly greeting and the musketry of his playful wit.

Charles Mellen Tyler.

AN INCIDENT.

HE was covered with grimy soot from top to toe. Her hair was loose ; her hat was jogged just a little over one ear, and there was a conspicuous spot on the front of her otherwise immaculate collar. But she was a Junior Girl, and her eyes were bright with eager anticipation, and her tongue was never still as she peered through the car-window in a long, loving search for the tall, white library tower that "Jim had written about ".

They had reached Ithaca at last and she fairly danced off the train, straight into Jim's arms, bestowing upon him all the adoration a little girl of eighteen feels for her great, "big" brother.

"It was a horrid long ride, Jim, dear," she complained in an injured tone, highly amusing to a group of men nearby. "So awfully dusty, and I know I look dreadfully dirty—and, Jim, I forgot my corals. Isn't that a shame?"

"Where's your trunk check, Rex?" her brother demanded, not noticing her last query.

The girl looked startled for an instant, then she laughed softly, and, thrusting her hand into her blouse, drew out her purse from its hiding place.

"Isn't it jolly to be here, at last?" she asked of her chaperone, almost singing in her excitement. She stared with curious eyes at Sandy Patten's Hotel across the tracks, then forgot the battered building to wonder if Jim would like her new gowns. She was only a child—just eighteen. She had begged hard to come down to this junior, and she was here. No wonder she could bestow glances of admiration even upon Sandy Patten's. The wind was blowing her hair about in wild confusion, her head was bent a little to break the strength of the gusts., her chin was tilted to display to good advantage the small dimple under the soft,

round curve of flesh, and she made so sweet a picture that more than one of the men who had fair friends of their own, turned to look at her a second time.

But when the party had started up the hill, Jim made a rather disappointing announcement. For, like a great many brothers, this one found some other fellow's sister quite attractive—and had sent for her, also, which had resulted in his handing Rex over to another man.

Rex looked crestfallen.

"So, I'm not going with you, after all?"

"No; but Jack's a mighty nice fellow, Rex, and you see I couldn't take two girls. Now, be nice to him."

"Well, sure, I'll be good. I haven't looked forward to this week for nothing. Of course, no one can take your place —but you'll always be somewhere around, won't you, Jimmy?"

"I'll be around if you won't call me Jimmy," he answered.

"What's Mr. O'Keefe like?" she demanded.

"Oh, you'll like him. Dead smooth, good dancer, all that. What more do you want?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing." The girl was content. She asked no more questions and Jim vouchsafed no more information. He was a fellow of few words; he liked his choice and that was enough.

But he had forgotten to tell O'Keefe that his sister was nothing but a little girl with a very romantic head on her young shoulders, and a susceptible heart, and down for her first Junior.

So when in the evening John O'Keefe bowed gravely to the slender girl in pure white, he was heartily pleased. For he had not given his Junior girl much thought, more than to hope that she would be easy to lead and easy to talk to. Now in spite of himself, and to his own surprise, he was interested and showed it as he offered her his arm.

Rex Leland was happy. It bubbled out all over her, in the very swish of her skirts. Her eyes danced, her fingers danced, her feet danced. The chaperones watched her with

admiring eyes, for her freshness immediately won for her a warm spot in even their calloused hearts.

And the men watched her—some regretted, others rejoiced that they had a dance with O'Keefe's Junior girl.

Jim's sister was much like Jim, after all, so O'Keefe thought, and since there had never been any one like Jim in the University, he felt drawn at once to this little lady, and found himself talking fast and furious, telling her of scrapes and secrets, explaining his course and his hours and his busts and a great many other things. He always found her the most comfortable pillows in the box, and fanned her with untiring devotion always bringing her bouillion at the right time. He even surpassed Jim, as Rex rather shamelessly confessed to herself.

But that was O'Keefe's way when he was interested. It was only natural for him to do all that. He would have done just the same if Jim's sister had been the homliest girl girl in creation. He couldn't help it any more that he could help the burring brogue that rolled out in his conversation.

So while he talked, she listened and watched with her great gray eyes, wishing that the evening would never end, although the next was to far outshine it in every way. And when she dragged her weary feet up the staircase she told herself that Jim could have his own girl—of course Rex hated her—for wasn't Mr. O'Keefe simply fine—and wasn't she happy—and didn't she wish to-morrow would hurry and come?

Then to-morrow came and with new pleasures and later hours, gayer music, and happier girls. O'Keefe talked and fanned and danced; Rex listened, while her eyes were glowing with deeper, darker light that would have fascinated him if he had looked into them. But he didn't.

There were coasting parties every afternoon, and no one enjoyed the sport more wildly than the youngest girl at the Junior. She wore Jim's red and white toboggan cap, his white sweater and her own warm cloak; and her cheeks were like American Beauties in the cold and crisp air. The fellows lost their heads a little, and it was not always

O'Keefe or Jim who sat behind to hold the little lady on, though no one noticed, or seemed to notice the difference.

She was as beautiful on the last night, though with only half the color. O'Keefe was very proud of her as they walked slowly into the great, bright ball-room.

He was yielding to the fascination of her bright freshness and talked less that he might watch more. Others did the same. When she danced, she danced unlike anyone else there—the music seemed in her, and she danced as gayly through the fortieth as through the first.

But she was strangely silent when they drifted through the mazes of the last waltz. The orchestra played "Love's Dream," with their tired, warm faces bending tenderly over their instruments, while down below them the crowd was dancing to and fro, in and out, with untiring swing. One head was bending low, for Rex hated the very sight of all those careless, giddy people; she wanted everything to be still except the music; she wanted to glide in and around forever, for when that last strain should die away, she knew that it would all be over.

"How quiet you are," O'Keefe murmured, as they stopped, and to his surprise the lips that had done nothing but smile for the past week, actually trembled.

"You're tired," he suggested, sympathetically.

"I'm not tired a bit," she contradicted. I'm—I'm—" and then she stopped and turned away.

Did he guess what he had done? He might have, had his mind not been elsewhere, as he left Rex surrounded by a score of friends.

They were alone for only a few moments in the carriage, and the dawn was gray in the east as they rolled down the hill in silence.

"I'm very glad I offered to take Jim's sister," he said at last, smiling.

"Are you?" Her voice was low and wistful.

So he took her hand—it was his way to talk soothingly for a few minutes—that was his way, too—and just before they

reached the fraternity house he leaned over and kissed her lightly.

Rex could not sleep that morning. What was the use, she thought. She stole into Jim's room and was examining for the hundredth time his blueprints, when voices in the hall arrested her attention. It was her brother speaking.

"Jack, old fellow, I can never thank you enough. Rex has been as happy as a bird."

"She's a dear little girl" said O'Keefe. "She'll grow up into a fine woman, stunning and all that. Get her down here two years from now and she'll turn the whole university over. Glad I could do you the service."

"Did you really like her?"

"Yes, indeed—a good deal of a kid, but a sweet little thing."

"By the way, Jack; how's Miss Murray?"

"Better now."

"Shame she had to disappoint you, though Rex and I were glad," was Jim's laughing rejoinder.

Rex stole back again to the deserted couch. She buried her flushed face in the pillows and cried aloud that she hated, hated,—just hated Jack O'Keefe and Jim and everybody.

The Junior girls went away. Rex stood alone on the platform of the last car, waving to the little group of men at the station.

"Dear old Jim"—and there was O'Keefe, too, smiling at her as he bared his bonny head. "A nice little girl—too much of a kid"—she thought with a hurt in her heart.

So it was over—her first Junior.

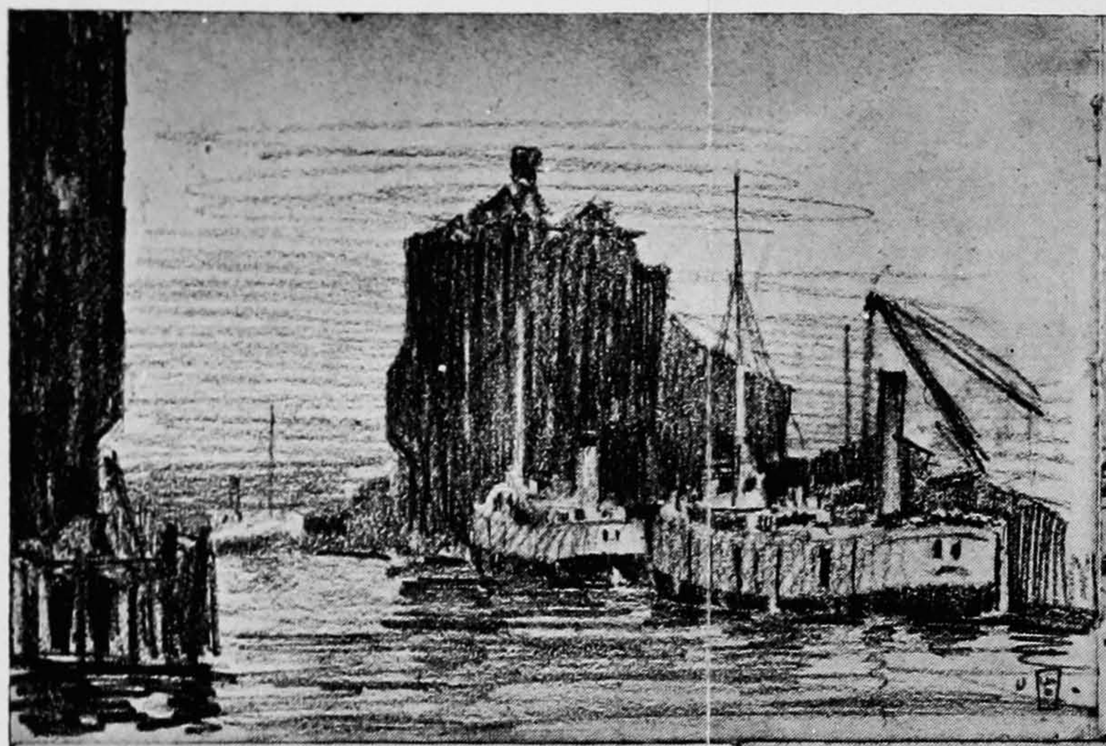
J. L. D.

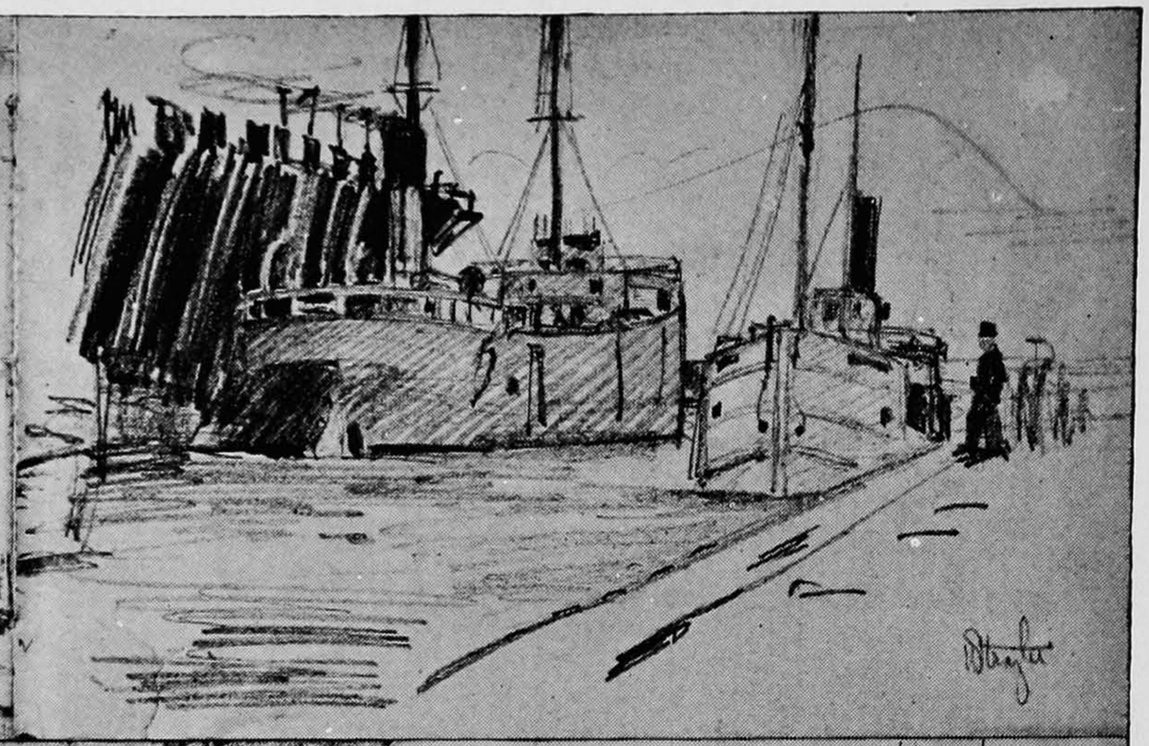
BITTER-SWEET.

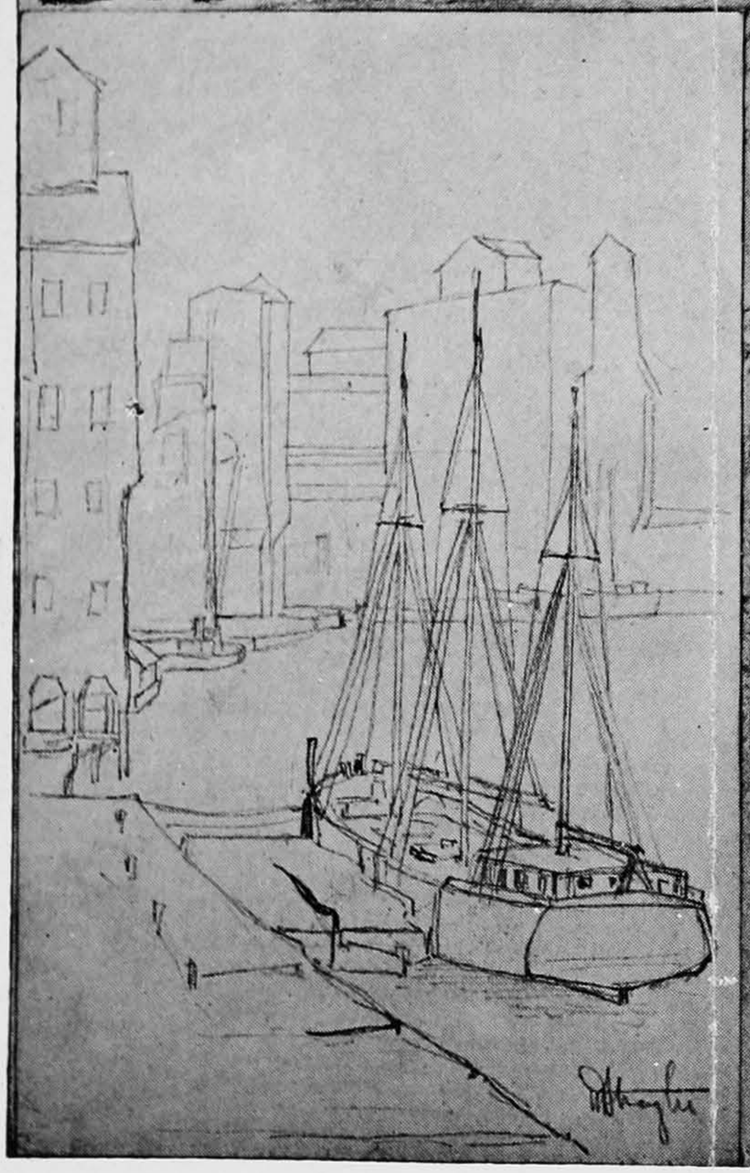
O, fair thou wert in thy lusty prime,
As the sinking sun at the evening chime
  Peeped at thee over the hill,
Glanced at thy splender of green and of gold,
Shrank at thy bearing so haughty and bold,
  Fled from thee over the hill.

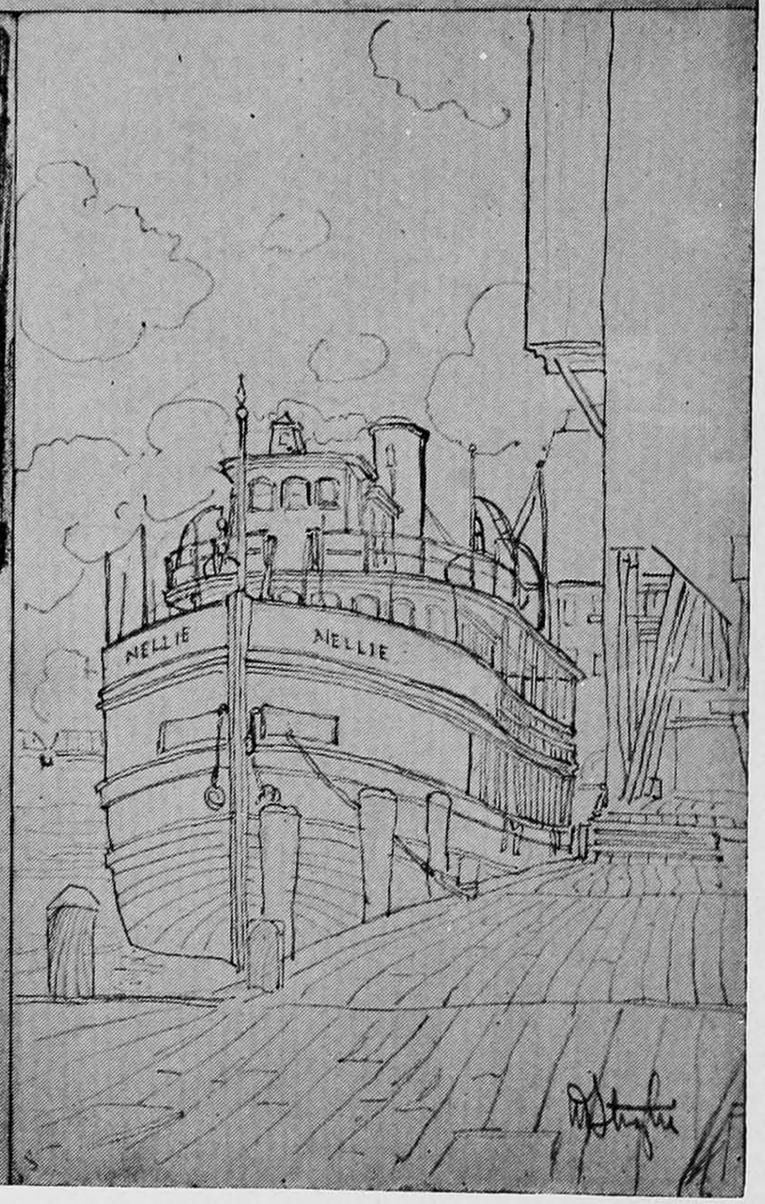
What matter if now thy coat's not quite *au fait*,
A poor rumpled garment that's seen its best day,
  Crumpled and old,
  Faded its gold,
If through wind and through rain storm, in all kinds of weather,
Old jacket and bright heart still keep close together,
  And the ruder the blasts blow the sharper the cold,
  The wider the depths of thy warm heart unfold?

L. M. P.








NELLIE
NELLIE

AN EVENING ALONG THE BUFFALO DOCKS

WE walked down town through Buffalo in the early evening, a proceeding, certainly, that cannot claim the merit of originality; but when we had once crossed the bridge over the dark, noisome canal, and gone on down lower Main St. there were queer sights a plenty. Cheap variety theatres with their glaring signs lined either side of the street. Old Jews, their evil little eyes twinkling under their bushy brows leered and bickered in front of these junk shops. The odor of decaying fruit and rank tobacco hung heavy on the evening air and dirty urchins squabbled in the doorways and chased battered, disreputable-looking kittens over the foul sidewalks. The crowd thronged down, on its way to the Crystal Beach boats, laden street cars clanging by with a rumble and a rattle of glass, while be-frilled maidens in white stockings and slippers hurried boisterously along under the guidance of gaudy swains who divided their attention between the damsels on their arms and the rank cigars with which they offended the passers-by.

At the dock a band brayed gleefully; the fat cornet wilted his collar in his excess of enthusiasm, despite his protecting handkerchief and unbuttoned, airy attire. Fond mothers dragged their youngsters about, hurrying them on the boat a quarter of an hour before it was ready to start; an incoming barge whistled drearily, and its heavy smoke settled over the crowd, causing the girls to cough and fear for their frocks. Then the steamer was off with a toot and a chug, chug, chug and a clanging of bells, leaving belated and wildly excited merry-makers to settle down for an hour's wait.

Elbowing our way, we passed through the crowd of tugmen and loafers; past "the city of Erie" with its bridal couples hanging over the rail, and on down to the Michigan Street bridge. We sat down, dangling our feet over the

water, to make a sketch or two of the winding creek, with the tall elevators, the stretching lines of freight houses and the big barges moored along the docks. The sun sank in the west, throwing a red-golden light through the harbor smoke; the elevators loomed up purple against the glow, and lights twinkling out here and there, threw, wrinkling, yellow streaks over the water as it swirled and twisted, a maze of brown and red and purple shadows.

As it grew darker, we wandered away toward the freight houses, creeping along the docks' edge or passing behind the large moveable towers that ran along, and nearly filled, the wharves. Stevedores made a wriggling, straining chain as they pushed barrels and heavy trucks up the gang planks into the sheds. The electric lights sputtered and flared through the glittering cloud of Canada flies that whirled about them. Moving a little further along, we sat down to sketch the freighter as she lay there. The light streaming out from under the eaves flooded her splintered fenders and weather-beaten sides in a pale, uncanny glow. Her spars spindled dimly above the blot of the distant buildings and the thread of smoke from her double stacks floated off into the uncertain blur that enveloped the city. The bridge which we had left a little while before, lifted, gaunt with its iron work, as a long, low steamer passed through on her way to the upper lakes. Farther down the creek the green and red tug lights were winding and twisting in and out. A bell clanged sharply, a whistle sounded shrill and clear, and the barge gave a rumbling blast as she slid along toward the harbor mouth.

As the crowd which had gathered about us became too curious, and our eyes rebelled at the flickering light, we closed the books with a slap, sprang up, stretched, and started for home. The riverside crowds had gone elsewhere, the "City of Erie" had steamed away, and the Crystal Beach ticket office was closed at last. Overhead the lights hummed and buzzed, seeming strangely our of keeping with the evening quiet, for the day's work was over and the docks were deserted, save for ourselves and an occasional lounger who had fallen asleep in the shadow of a doorway.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. AUGUSTUS STRATFORD.

LEAF I.

PARIS, Dec. 3, 1889.

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand."

WHO would ever have supposed that such a commonplace action could involve a man in the trouble that I, Augustus Stratford, a gentleman of independent means, am in? Who, I say, would have believed that, when I put my black silk hat upon my head and left the Arcade Hotel, the direct consequence of my action would be my arrest, escape from prison, and flight to Paris?

However, I anticipate, and it is my desire to narrate exactly what happened on the 1st of this month. I had, as is my custom, dined at the Arcade Hotel. At precisely seven o'clock (I like to be exact) I arose from the table, folded my napkin, and passed into the hall. There I donned my black silk hat, went down the steps, and out into the street. Scarcely had I set foot on the pavement when a man stepped up, gazed at me for an instant, and then delivered a sealed envelope into my hands. Being most naturally astonished at such an action, I endeavored to intercept him, but in vain. He had gone.

Left to myself, I examined the address. Think of my amazement when I read:

"To the First Man Wearing a Black Silk Hat,
Who Comes out of the Arcade Hotel."

My first thought was of the gross illiteracy shown in the address; my second was a curiosity in regard to the contents of the envelope. This last I sternly suppressed, for the street (in my opinion at least) is no place to read a letter. Nevertheless, I somewhat quickened my gait in order to the sooner reach my apartments.

Arrived there, I settled myself in easy chair before a comfortable fire and, breaking the seal, discovered the following legend:

MY DEAR SIR :—

Whoever you may be, it will be greatly for your advantage to come to London Bridge at 12 to-night. If you come, be at the west end.

A FRIEND.

Now I marveled exceedingly at this strange summons. As I leaned back in my chair and re-read the note, it scarcely seemed that such an extraordinary event could have happened to a person of my regular habits. "Go to London Bridge at twelve o'clock! Why, the idea is preposterous!" I said, half aloud, half to myself. Just then my meditations were broken in upon by the clock striking eight.

Whether it was the clanging of the clock that determined my mind, I do not know. At any rate, when the sound of the eighth stroke had died away, I had decided to go in spite of the absurdity of the thing. In consequence I tapped the bell for my valet and ordered him to have a cab ready for me at 11.45.

Having disposed of the affair of the letter, I read till the appointed time. At the quarter, I went down stairs and stepped into the cab which James had waiting for me. I was whirled away into the darkness. Having come to the west end of the bridge, I alighted and paid the cabman. Looking at my watch I found it wanted three minutes of twelve.

The person I was to meet was punctual, even somewhat ahead of time. As I looked around, a man wearing a slouch hat and heavy overcoat with the collar turned up to hide his face, approached and accosted me. "Are you the person who received a note before the Arcade?" he inquired. I answered that I was. "Then, take this," he said, thrusting into my palm a package of bills secured by a rubber band.

If I had been astonished at my previous adventure, I was yet more amazed at this new development. It may not,

perhaps, be a disagreeable thing to have bank-notes thus forced upon one, but it certainly is an uncommon occurrence. However, I determined to make the best of it.

After some search, I found another cab, and, in a most perturbed state of mind, was driven home. Once there, I thought over the events of the evening. My cogitations, having resulted in no explanation of my adventures, I went to bed.

Contrary to my usual custom, I could not sleep. I tossed restlessly for some hours. When I did doze off, I was troubled with dreams wherein bank-notes and men, wearing heavy overcoats with collars turned up were inextricably mixed. At last, in desperation, I rose, dressed, and went to a café for my breakfast.

Although I was seriously disturbed over what had happened the night before, I ate a hearty meal. When I came to pay for it, I found I had no money with me save the bank-notes. Thinking that no harm could come of it, I handed the waiter one of them in payment. With the change in my pocket, I sallied forth, for a short walk.

It was about eleven o'clock when my valet hurried into my room. With a scandalous lack of composure, he informed me that some officers of the law wished to see me. I immediately passed down stairs. Two men in uniform were standing at the door. Upon my appearance one of them glanced at a slip of paper which he held in his hand. Evidently satisfied, he placed his hand on my shoulder, "You are my prisoner," he exclaimed. Extremely disconcerted, I demanded to know the charge laid against me. The two men glanced at each other but said nothing.

They ordered me to accompany them, paying no attention to my protestations of innocence. I will say, however, that they were somewhat more respectful than such people ordinarily are, for I was not seriously annoyed by officious watchfulness. During the walk to the station, I busied myself in considering what a peaceful, law-abiding citizen like myself could have done. I thought of the bills, it is true, but could see no reasonable connection between them

and my arrest. Besides, if that were the cause, I need not worry ; I could easily prove my innocence.

To my surprise, I was allowed to see no one at the station, but was hurried to a cell in the adjoining prison. Naturally, I was indignant and complained of my treatment. I declared that the officers should suffer for such an outrage, but to no avail. The impudent turnkey laughed in my face as he locked the door upon me. Once more alone, I thought over my situation, and philosophically made up my mind to laugh at my misfortunes.

During the rest of the day, I saw the turnkey only when he brought me two coarse and unpalatable meals. About nine I lay down on a cot in one corner of the cell, and, overpowered by the buffets Fate had dealt me, fell asleep.

When I awoke, I stared about me. I had assuredly gone to sleep in a prison cell ; I had as certainly opened my eyes in a clean, wholesome room. For a moment my perplexed brain refused to believe the evidence of my sight, but soon my hearing added confirmation. Without my window, I heard the newsboys calling the *Figaro* with their diabolical twang. I recognized it immediately, for often before my ears had been assailed by the cry. A shadow of the truth flashed across my mind. I rushed hurriedly to the window and threw it up. It was true ! I was no longer in an English prison, but in a Parisian hotel !

To say that I was stupefied by the discovery would convey but a faint expression of my feeling. Were the days of Scheherazade's tales come again ? Had some genius transported me hither ?

I glanced around the room. My eye fell on my garments. Another mystery ! I had lain down fully clothed ; I was now attired in a *robe de chambre*. My brain almost reeled. However, with a strong effort, I summoned my reason to my aid, and dressed myself.

Descending the stairs (fortunately they were not far from my door) I met a maid servant and civilly inquired the location and name of my new abode. She looked at me with some curiosity, but finally named the hotel.

Here I am, then, at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, Rue Henri Quatre, yet I have not the slightest notion of how I came to be here. It would seem impossible to travel from London to Paris between 9.00 p. m. and 11,00 a. m., even if we had been brought for unknown reasons by a third party. But it had been done. At first I thought a day had elapsed, but no, it is the third.

What is more serious, the English newspapers have not accompanied me. Consequently I can learn nothing of the causes for my arrest, or the circumstances of my sudden departure from London. But now that I am here, I shall not return to England but will take trip on the Continent.

LEAF II.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb, 15, 1890.

I see upon looking over my diary, that I have written nothing since my Paris entry of Dec. 3. Notwithstanding, enough has happened between then and now to fill a small volume. What have I not endured! Condemned to Siberia; half starved while wandering through Russia in disguise; almost dead before I reached Constantinople. Surely I am not Augustus Stratford, or such misfortunes would not have overtaken me.

And it is all the fault of that accursed black silk hat! I shall get rid of it at the first opportunity. It involved me in tangle of affairs. Would to Heaven it would extricate me! However, to my tale.

On the morning of the 4th of December I left Paris, and, upon consideration, decided to visit Russia. I crossed Germany as quickly as possible, for I hate Germans, (every Englishman should) and soon arrived in St. Petersburg. No particular excitement marked the journey, and I foolishly thought I had left ill-luck behind. One thing, however, vexed me. Thanks to my record beating trip across the channel I had managed to keep ahead of the mail. To be sure, I might have waited, but I am not that kind of a man.

It was dusk when I reached the Czar's capital, so I immediately proceeded to my hotel. In the morning I ate a fair breakfast and then went out for a walk. I had barely gone two squares when a *gendarme* touched me on the shoulder and said something in his abominable tongue. Although I did not understand him, by significant movements he plainly indicated that I was to follow him, which I did.

This was the second time I had been arrested for no obvious reason, and I was seriously annoyed. Knowing that I could get no response from him, I kept silence until, after traversing a number of streets, we came to a large stone building. In front of this my captor halted. As he seemed to enter, I broke out in a tirade of French. Unluckily my companion did not understand the language so that he paid no attention, whatever, to my remonstrances. Opening a door, he motioned to me to go in.

We found ourselves in a large hall with no furniture save two chairs and a desk on a raised dias at one end. My companion looked around as if expecting some one. Presently a man, whom I learned to be the gaoler, appeared.

Advancing to my captor's side, he spoke a few words in Russian. On hearing the answer he glanced inquisitively at me, then renewed his catechism. After a few sentences the gaoler came forward to me, and said something. I shook my head to indicate that I did not understand, whereupon he repeated his inquiry in German. Although I recognized the language, I am not a master of it. Consequently, I again shook my head. Having now exhausted his linguistic knowledge, he resorted to signs.

With his finger, he motioned, "come," and I followed. Out of the hall, down a flght of stone steps, through a damp, cold corridor, my guide led me. I had no doubt of his intention, but to resist were folly. As soon as I had entered my cell, he closed and bolted the door.

My meditations were gloomy indeed. Here was I, Augustus Stratford—I who had lately been a free and contented Londoner—a prisoner in an underground cell of a Russian jail. What could Fortune mean by playing me such scurvy

tricks? And how did she play them? I was certainly innocent of any wrong-doing. Yet the first time I had appeared in the streets of St. Petersburgh, I had been arrested and thrown into a gloomy dungeon. Wild thoughts of Nihilism flashed across my brain, but I was assuredly no Nihilist. The hours passed slowly. The evening came at length, and tired out, I fell asleep on a mouldy pile of straw, the only bedding in my chamber.

When I awoke a few faint rays of light were struggling through a small window, high above my head. Hardly had I arisen and straightened my disordered attire when the door opened, and three men entered. Proceeding directly to me, they seized me, manacled my hands, and passed a rope around my waist. It may be imagined that I did not remain silent during such high-handed injustice. I abused them in the choicest of English and the worst of French. Unmoved, they finished their task and took me into the corridor.

There a number of other men, mostly wretched looking, ill-clad persons were standing. They were all in the same plight as I. With ears open I listened for a chance remark that might give me some inkling as to what might be the outcome of the affair. I heard the word "Siberia," and shivered with terror.

* * * * *

[Here the compiler has seen fit to abridge the long account given by Mr. Stratford of his march through Russia as far as Kasan on the Volga; his escape there; his flight through the valleys of the Volga and Don; his rescue by a Turkish steamer cruising in the Sea of Azov; and his final arrival at Constantinople.]

LEAF III.

ROME, March 8, 1890.

Thank Heaven that I can now dip my pen in this ink, and write "My adventures are over." Thank Heaven, I reiterate, that I can now live in peace. Yet only five short days ago I was in hourly danger of losing my head, and

could see no way of escape. If a kind Providence, in the shape of an English consul, had not secured my release from confinement, I should now be tasting the wrath of an outraged Sultan, and in a few hours would have ceased to live.

What, then, was my crime, so heinous that it nearly cost me my life? What was the cause of my confinement? Again I am forced to confess that I do not know. I can only record my actions while in Constantinople.

As noted in my last entry, on Feb. 14 I reached Constantinople in a very dilapidated state. My clothes were torn and dirty, my hat disgracefully battered, and I myself none the better for a two month's growth of hair and beard. My first care, in consequence, was to procure new garments (I still had the package of bills, slightly diminished).

When I issued from the hands of a French tailor I felt much more cheerful than I had for a long time. By some caprice I caused my old hat to be wrapped up, and I left the tailor shop with the package in my hand. On the way to my hotel it was necessary to cross a bridge spanning an arm of the Bosphorous. Half way across, while thinking over my misadventures, I glanced at the hat. At the sight of it an indescribable loathing took possession of me.

The parapets were somewhat higher than my head. Nobody could see who threw the package. Besides it would only fall into the Bosphorus and the fishes could not tell tales. Yielding to the desire, then, I tossed the last over the railing. As it disappeared from view, I experienced a feeling of relief; a load seemed to fall from my shoulders. Alas! it was but a calm before the storm.

Three days later a boatman came to the hotel and solicited my custom, saying he had heard that I intended to visit the opposite coast of Asia. To be frank, I had intended no such thing, but I was so agreeably impressed by the idea that I decided to accompany him.

On the following day, therefore, I arrayed myself in a yachting suit and started for the pier. My boatman was in readiness and we set sail immediately.

Everything promised a pleasant day. The water was smooth, the weather beautiful, the view excellent. I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the fresh air, the motion of the boat, the picturesque scene. Not for long, however. As we neared the cost of Asia, a large boat bore down upon us. To my surprise the boatman did not attempt to avoid the stranger, but paddled leisurely toward her. Alarmed, I looked around for aid, but there was none.

By this time the oncoming boat plainly showed hostile designs, for I saw a scimetar gleam in the sunlight. A moment later we lay to at her side. I was invited in most courteous tones to change my place in the boat I had hired for one in the larger craft. I could do nothing but comply, and for the third time in three months I found myself under arrest.

I need not narrate the details of my confinement, similar to my former experience. I was better treated than before, but was a prisoner in neither an English prison, nor a Russian fortress, but in a Turkish castle.

I could not learn my offense, although I imagined from the close watch kept over me that it was most serious. The morning of the 28th my guard informed me that on the 8th of March (as nearly as I could calculate) I was to lose my head. What was more he seemed to enjoy conveying the information.

These words filled me with consternation, for this was the worst of all my predicaments. I could scarcely expect any such help as had delivered me in London, nor could I hope to escape as in Russia. Luckily, I remembered the bank notes which had preserved through all my vicissitudes. With a part of them I tried to bribe the man and to my joy, succeeded. He agreed to carry a message to the English consul.

He brought the answer. The consul promised to do all in his power to succor me, and to immediately seek audience with the sultan. I almost dispaired ; for an audience with the Sultan is a favor, seldom granted. But he must have obtained it, since, on the first day of March, he carried to my cell an order of release.

My gratitude was boundless. I thanked him again and again for his timely intervention. In response to his queries, I related the whole story of my misadventures. He seemed much interested, but knew nothing that could throw any light upon the matter. What he did know, however, was that Constantinople was not the safest place for me, and that I had better leave as soon as possible. Accordingly I departed for Italy on the first vessel and hastened to Rome.

LEAF IV.

ROME, March 13, 1890.

This morning I have received a packet from the English consul at Constantinople. In it all my adventures are explained. Of what does it consist? Merely of three newspaper clippings—one in English, one in Russian, one in Turkish, and the translations of the two last I append them here:

LONDON, Dec. 8.

The details of the escape of the supposed Bank of England burglar have just come to light through the apprehension and confession of the real criminal. As will be remembered by our readers, on Dec. 1st the Bank of England was robbed of some thousands of pounds in marked bank notes. On the 2nd, Mr. Augustus Stratford, a highly respectable gentleman, was arrested while endeavoring to pass one of them upon the landlord of a Strand restaurant, and imprisoned. That evening he was spirited away by some unknown persons who drugged the jailer, took his keys and opened the prisoner's cell. Up to this time all other details have been unknown.

To-day the police ran down a suspicious stranger and, to their surprise, found upon him the major part of the stolen notes. When asked the whereabouts of the rest, he told the curious tale which we print elsewhere. Later, he confessed that he and two others had released the victim of "The Black Silk Hat," as Mr. Stratford may properly be called, and conveyed him, while unconscious, by sail to Dover. Thence, by special boat, they took him to France and there, in Paris, before noon of the 3rd, they left him, still under the influence of a drug.

Late this afternoon the authorities wired to Paris, but no trace of Stratford can be found.

ST. PETERSBURGH, Dec. 18.

A most sad accident has here befallen an English tourist, Mr. Augustus Stratford by name. The government has done all in its power to remedy the mistake made by its officials, but so far in vain.

It will be remembered that the Czar's decree * against wearing black silk hats on the street was to be enforced by a night's confinement in the Broszki Fortress. Naturally the edict did not apply to foreigners, but, on this pretext, a stupid gendarme arrested Mr. Stratford the day of his arrival and took him to the Broszki. He was there lodged in the vacated cell of the "English Nihilist," who had been removed to Nijni.

This discourtesy might have turned out to be of little importance, had it not been that on the next day a band of convicts were to start from the Broszki for Siberia, and that the gaoler of the fortress was changed overnight. The new gaoler mistook him for the "English Nihilist" (whose removal had been a government affair), and the tourist was sent to Siberia. Before the blunder was discovered, the troop had reached Kasan, where Stratford escaped. His present whereabouts is unknown.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Mar. 2.

The unbeliever who threw over the parapet of the Bridge of Omar a black silk hat and who thus seriously injured the Sultan's favorite wife while she was being rowed along the stream below, has been pardoned by the clemency of his Most Beneficent Highness, Abdul-Hamid II.

THE END.

*This decree, odd as it may seem, was really formulated by the Czar, and was supposedly directed against a band of agitators, who by this headgear, recognized fellow-members. Within a few days the decree was found inconvenient, and repealed.

A. J. Tietje.

ATHLETIC FINANCES.

IN the past there has been no definite plan in the solicitation of subscriptions for the benefit of Cornell athletics. Every year each team, which has been in need of funds, has gone to the alumni or to the students or to both as has seemed best to its manager. To this lack of system both objected. The former complained of the frequency with which subscriptions were solicited from them, and of the bother to them which resulted. The latter also complained of the frequency of the requests for aid, but, also of the fact that these requests came from sources whose authority in the matter they were not sure of.

For years the Athletic Council has been aware of these objections, and has been trying to remedy them. Last year the different Alumni Associations were asked whether, if other means could be devised for supporting the teams, they would be willing to give their aid in maintaining permanent improvements and for extraordinary expenses, such as sending a team abroad. The majority of them replied in the affirmative.

The principal reasons why the Athletic Council decided to ask funds from the Alumni for these objects alone are these ; —(1) that by this method each alumnus would receive only one solicitation each year and, knowing this would give all that he wished to give for athletics at that one time, instead of waiting to see whatever requests for aid he would receive so as to decide how much to give to each ; (2) that the alumni in general would prefer to give their money for something permanent which would be here when they returned to Ithaca, than to teams none of whose members they knew; (3) that such alumni as were interested in any one team would probably not be interested in the others, and thus the teams would be treated unequally ; and (4) because the

alumni felt that as the teams were composed of students they should be supported by students, as they, knowing the men belonging to each team would be more interested in the fate of each team. For these reasons the Athletic Council decided to try this plan for this year, reserving the right to abandon it if proved to be unsuccessful.

In view of the large amount of money which it has been necessary to ask from the students it may be thought that this was an inadvisable year to try this plan. But when the much larger amount needed for the absolutely necessary permanent improvements is considered, this trial will not seem so untimely.

At a meeting of the subscription committee of the Athletic Council held last fall, it was decided that $9,000 was needed this year for permanent improvements. It was thought that with this sum the improvements begun on Percy Field which must be finished soon if all the teams are not to be decidedly handicapped, could be completed, and that an addition to the boat house which is necessary if we are to turn out winning crews, could be built. Therefore it was decided to ask the alumni for this amount.

Then the matter of the funds necessary to pay the running expenses of the teams this spring was considered. The football surplus last fall was only about $3,500, owing to the few big games played. Of this amount $1,000 was set aside for the 1901 football team to start the season with, and $1,000 was appropriated to pay the debts of last year's baseball team, and $1,000 to pay those of last year's track team, each of which amounted to over $900. The remaining $500 was put into the general fund to pay the running expenses of Percy Field. Then careful estimates, based on the experience of previous years were made of the amounts necessary to carry the three teams through the season. In addition to the amount on hand the Navy's needs were estimated to be $4,000. The track team will require $1,100 to carry it through the season, and the baseball team $800. The large amount needed by the latter is due to the fact that Mr. Jennings has been engaged to coach for the entire season, a

step the wisdom of which no one doubts. In making these estimates the amount of receipts from other sources, as gate receipts, were carefully estimated, and deducted from the estimated expenditures.

When it had been decided how much money was needed to support the teams this year, the question of how to raise it was considered. It was found to be impossible to formulate any plan which could also be used in succeding years, and for this year it was decided to try to raise the necessary funds by subscriptions from the students, faculty, and people of Ithaca. This plan may succeed this year but is doubted by no one that some system must be devised to support the teams in the future. It is a great problem what plan can be devised which will be uniformly successful, but it is a matter that must be solved at once and for all time.

J. H. Blair.

JUNIOR WEEK AND HOW IT BEGAN.

ROBABLY nothing in Cornell life causes so much pleasant anticipation and leaves behind it such agreeable recollections as that winter week of festivities of which the Junior Promenade is the crowning event. It is the green spot, as it were, in the midst of what is often a desert of work and study. The monotony of life is broken ; books, drawing-boards and dinner-pails are for the time neglected, and all is gaiety and enjoyment. The social life of the University is mirrored each year in the doings of these few days, and a fair and interesting reflection it always is.

Junior Week as an institution at Cornell has grown up almost unconsciously about its leading feature, the Promenade. This has always held supremacy in the programme of the week in the regard of the students and of the many fair visitors whom the occasion calls. On it the thought of the week is centered, the greatest care is lavished. Each succeeding year the Junior class strives to make its "Prom" better than all that have gone before, and judging from the published reports and the comments of the time, each class apparently succeeds. The committee is challenged by the records of former years to excel in the general satisfaction of its arrangement, in the beauty and novelty of the Armory's adornments, and in the pleasure of the guests. A long line of thoroughly successful and enjoyable social functions has been the result.

The custom of holding these festivities regularly at Cornell took its rise—if we look back to the days of relative antiquity—in the Navy Ball of 1873. The Navy management was in need of funds, and took this means of raising them. The affair was so completely successful that it was repeated regularly for a number of winters thereafter, and

though it often failed in its object of raising money, the Navy Ball was long the event of the year.

In those days the Junior Exhibition was also in vogue. This was originally intended to be a literary and musical entertainment given by the Junior class, but the active and usually violent interest manifested by the sophomores had caused it gradually to degenerate into mere horse-play. The exhibition in the winter of 1878 had been more of a disgrace than usual, and in the succeeding year considerable opposition to the continuance of the custom was manifested. A complimentary ball to the seniors was suggested as a substitute, but the cost proved an objection. Finally ten members of the junior class offered to stand the burden of any deficit which might be incurred, and to this arrangement the class agreed. Consequently, in April, 1879, the first Junior Ball was held in Library Hall. It was a complete success in every respect except the very important one of financial gain. This consideration caused the next two classes to hesitate, and after considerable wrangling between the advocates of a ball, an exhibition, and a reception, nothing whatever was done. At length the class of '83 decided not to shirk its junioric obligations, and held the first event of Cornell's social life to which the now familiar name "Junior Promenade" was applied. This occurred in February, 1882, at the Wilgus Opera House, fitting conveniently into the vacancy left by the then discontinued Navy Ball.

The desirability of such an action regularly on the part of the junior class was generally recognized, and despite the small attendance and the financial losses of the first few years the Promenade held from the start an accepted position as one of the few established customs of the University. In 1883 the dance was given in the Ithaca Hotel. This was the last to occur down the hill, for a year later the new Armory was at the disposal of the committee. The shields bearing heraldic devices which were used as part of the decoration at this first occasion on the campus are still to be seen upon the walls. From this time on the story of the

Junior Prom. has but few variations. Always held in the Armory, always socially successful, and from 1886 on financially so, each occasion has been heralded and long remembered as the leading event of the year. The attendance has generally increased from year to year, and the successful innovations made by the various committees have been retained as part of the traditions of the occasion. Thus the system of separate boxes for the various fraternity and other parties of dancers, introduced in 1890, has become a regular feature of the event.

As has been said, the Promenade was the first and principal affair, about which Junior Week has grown up. One by one the fraternities adopted the custom of entertaining their guests, in addition to large public affairs. Various parties, lesser dances and theatricals were given, and thus in time a group of minor events came to forerun the principal Friday night affair. In 1888 the Glee Club gave a concert the night before the Prom., a custom followed regularly thereafter. The Sophomore Cotillion was added in 1892, and the Masque performance two years later. In this form the complete programme has been handed down to us, to be observed and passed on as one of the most interesting seasons in the Cornell year.

R. W.

THE IDLER.

THE girl with the wide, innocent eyes had taken unto herself a whole seat in the crowded car, by piling high beside her various boxes and belongings. Quite heedless of the significant glances cast at her barricade by seekers after seats, she gazed calmly out of the window at the throng pressing up to the car steps. Suddenly catching sight of a familiar face, that of a youth in a long coat, she bowed with a most engaging smile. Then as the swain passed out of sight in his progress towards the steps, she began to pile her boxes on the floor. Evidently the seat had been reserved with a purpose. But the purpose was never attained, for a bystander, "commercial traveller" written all over him, stepped forward to help her, and as the last box changed places, he sank with a self-satisfied smirk into the empty seat. The girl was too stunned to protest.

* * * *

"I THINK this game's a draw, Mr. Pillsbury," said one of the twenty-six opponents of the great chess player in the silmultaneous exhibition.

The speaker was a freshman, who seemed elated at his prospects of drawing the game.

"You see, you have a king and a bishop against my king and rook. I don't think you can win in this position."

"I'll agree to draw on this board," answered Pillsbury.

"Do you know, Mr. Pillsbury," continued the freshman, seriously, "when I last played you in a simultaneous exhibition at the Brooklyn Chess Club, I managed to win my game. To-night I can do no better than draw. I think you have improved since the last time we met."

"Thank you for yonr compliment," smilingly replied the champion chess player of America as he passed on to the next board.

BETTY and Mary sat out on Mary's back steps and made dresses for their new five cent dolls. Said Mary:

"Do you like cheese?"

Betty considered the subject rapidly. If she said, "No, do you?" then Mary, as a matter of etiquette, would be obliged to answer, "Yes; I love it." And then, since this was a rank untruth, Betty could say, "You don't, you don't, you know you don't." Of course that would be a triumph for Betty. On the other hand, Mary might not have asked the question as a matter of general interest, but because she knew that there were cheese-cakes in the pantry. Certainly it would never do to risk the cheese-cakes. So when Mary repeated, "Do you like cheese?" Betty answered, "Yes; I love it. Do you?" And then Mary said, "No; I hate it. Let's go and pick dandelions." Poor Betty! That was the time she lost.

* * * *

ONCE a circus came to the Rio Pasco, which is a town that is sometimes put on the maps of Texas, and sometimes not. If it is there you will find it on the Rio Janeiro, a tiny speck even on a large map. The town consists of Henrietta's uncle's fruit farm and the people that work on it. But what we were going to talk about was the circus. It was a very small circus, indeed, but everyone turned out for it. Work was given up on the farm so that all the men could go. Besides that a whole swarm of Mexicans came over from across the river. Altogether quite an imposing audience gathered and waited and waited. After half an hour or so a little bald man appeared and announced that the whole company was sick; he feared it was a fever. The doctor of the town was sent to investigate. He came back with a grin. There was no fear of epidemic, he said. But the company had never struck a fruit farm before. That was all.

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JUNIOR WEEK is a fond memory. The girls have been packed away with many expressions and few real feelings of regret for we're not here to dance and gad about forever and aye. It has been the greatest Junior week that has ever flooded Ithaca with dainty maids. The girls have been prettier than they were last year, the "functions" have been even more "uniformly successful," and the Junior Ball committee has capped the climax with a blaze of glory that will live long in the memory of those fortunate enough to trip through the mazes of the sixty-five odd dances in the Armory. It is strange, too, that we should each year have

a Junior Ball that is so much better than anything else we have heard of in years. Millenium cannot be far distant; surely Perfection must soon be reached for we never fail to outdo ourselves. That's a deal of satisfaction in itself—to be able to continually outdo all our predecessors and ourselves in the bargain. How lucky it's been too, that the new term should begin just when it did. Some have been busted, but then there's the flurry and the whirl of Junior week into which we have plunged to forget all sorrow and while dull care away. Then, on the other hand, if Davy didn't have to deal out cards for our benefit we have enjoyed the gaiety with the careless abandon that we must needs feel as we look with gleeful glance into the months and weeks ahead.

Junior week has gone; Dan Cupid has doubtless left his mark. The mail carts will bear a heavier burden than of yore and Bennie and P. Wall will twiddle their thumbs in resignation and swear quietly as they think how many a check which should have lined their pockets is lost in the whirl when Cornell entertains.

THE mass meeting held in the Armory some two weeks ago was as enthusiastic and as successful as could well be wished even by the most ardent of Cornell's many sturdy supporters. The men who were there, and it must be admitted that it was quality rather than quantity, gave their support in a manner that was truly creditable. Defunct commitees, disbanded crews and Cornellian boards vied with the banqueting societies and college publications in subscribing sums varying from ten to fifty and a hundred dollars. There is no question but that the University proved equal to the emergency, but—it must be remembered that no body of men under the sun, would be willing to yell themselves into such a pitch of excitement more than once in their college course. It is a fact that there are to be no more subcriptions solicited on Registration Day—then something must be done, and done at once to arrange definitely some scheme whereby a permanent income for athletics may be

provided. At several other colleges every student is charged a certain sum each year for the support of the various athletic teams. Ithaca is no metropolis, it is not even a large city. Big games can never draw large enough crowds to leave the treasury with a comfortable balance on hand each year, and for that reason some scheme should be adopted to make the income a regular and an assured matter. If every student were required to pay, say five dollars a year, the necessary funds would soon be forthcoming. The women could support their own branches and the men could run the crew and the baseball and the track team without fearing each year that there was going to be a sad shortage somewhere. The trustees if they did not care to raise the tuition fees to $105, or $155, could at least devote $5 of the old sum to athletics ; and the scholarship men could pay their subscription at the time of handing in their coupons In return for this, students would become members of the Athletic Association and be admitted free of charge to all contests on Percy Field. The friends of the working man may object and rightly—in that case the trustees should do their part to encourage athletics. Winning crews and teams do more to further the interests of Cornell than any other one thing, and the University cannot afford to have her athletic life jeopardized under any circumstances.

THE UNIVERSITY

THE recent death of Horace W. Rose, general secretary of the University Christian Association, lost to the University a man who was doing much for Cornell. He came among us only last September, but already his influence had been evident in the increase of the Association's peculiarly significant work, when death cut short his efforts. As President Schurman said in effect, at the memorial services, "we are all of us more or less religious; some of one type, some of another; and Mr. Rose was one whose religion was personal and aggressive."

Cornell was a bit slow, perhaps, to recognize Mr. Rose's worth. He was one of the first men in student religious work in North America. In the West, where his chief efforts had been made, his name was revered as are those of our own Mott and Speer in the East. His resignation from his larger executive position as travelling secretary among the western colleges, necessitated by illness in his family, made possible his coming to Cornell. So Cornell secured one of the leaders in student Christian work in the country. Unfortunate, indeed, for Cornell that his days at the University were not lengthened so that there might have been a reaping of the harvest in whose preparation his few months here were given. The hundreds of men who entered into personal relations with Mr. Rose will remember him as one of the strongest and best balanced characters which it was ever their fortune to know.

CORNELL has another contest with Columbia—the inter-collegiate debate—which will be held in New York early in March. This is the second of the Cornell-Columbia

series, the first having been won by Cornell at Ithaca last April. Cornell's debate history is an honored one. The annual contest with Pennsylvania, which was brought to a close, much to the regret of all, a year ago, always called forth much interest. Last year an agreement was made with Columbia for three debates. The relations with our sister university of the Metropolis having always been pleasant, and not the least pleasant of these is this agreement which has provided an annual contest in debate between the two universities.

ANOTHER department of intercollegiate rivalry in which there has been a commendable activity in recent years is that of chess. A full statement of present and past Cornell chess history was given in the ERA recently and it is only necessary now to call attention to the contest with Columbia which is to be held in Barnes Hall, February 20–21. Cornell has won in the Tri-collegiate league and Columbia in the Inter-collegiate league. So the contest at Ithaca will be in the nature of an American collegiate championship.

CORNELL will fence with Yale at Barnes Hall on the 15th inst. Our fencing club has made an enviable record in the past few years and has won its way to the front as one of the best college clubs in the country. We all expect that the outcome of the bouts with old Eli will strengthen our belief that it is not only one of the best but *the best.* Fencing is a sport which requires coolness and quickness, a good eye and steady nerve. These are qualities that will stand any fellow in good stead, and for this reason it is fair to say that the growing interest in fencing at Cornell is a healthy sign.

THE class of 1904, at a recent meeting, voted to hold a dry banquet. This decision is in agreement with that made by the two preceeding classes as a result of which freshmen banquets for the past two years have been served without

liquor. The custom of holding the freshmen banquet on this plan seems now fairly established. It is, on the whole, a satisfactory settlement of the vexed question. Could liquor be served at such affairs without the usual result of a few men over ears in drink and a disgraceful "rough house" occasioned by their action, a majority of the students would be in favor of the "drink-if-you-care-to" banquet. As long as a few men over-run the bounds of decency and turn liberty into license, however, the good name of Class and University demands that some restraint be placed upon such persons, and the only practical way to secure such restraint seems to be to make the banquet "dry." It is absurd, on the face of it, for the few who want to drink to excess to cry "liberty" when the question of wet or dry banquets is brought up. There is no decree, we believe, to curb true liberty and individual rights as to how, when, or what one shall eat, or drink. There is, however, a growing disposition to demand that class banquets shall be free from dirtyness and drunkenness, and if this is to be secured, only, by holding to the "dry" form of banquet, the sense of decency will hold even to this repressive and restraining form. One thing is certain, the vast majority of men, drinkers and teetotalers are agreed, that the few men who drink to a state of happy irresponsibility shall not be permitted to turn class affairs, which should be occasions for good fellowship and displays of virile loyalty to Cornell, into disgraceful exhibitions such as 1900 Senior banquet last year, or the 1901 Sophmore smoker of more distant but as dishonorable memory. This may be plain talk, but such talk is healthful at times. The decision of the Freshmen to hold a dry banquet seems commendable. New men may well take such stand until they secure a more complete orientation in Cornell life than that given by the first four months in Ithaca.

BOOK REVIEWS

Peccavi. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. $1.50.

The scene of "Peccavi", unlike the majority of Mr. Hornung's tales, is laid in England, not Australia. The plot is well developed, the story clearly told, and confirms the author's reputation as a man who writes well and knows whereof he speaks. With every other piece of fiction, the novel must depend for its interest largely on the point of view of the reader. It is primarily a character study, dealing with the downfall, disgrace, self-sacrifice and final atonement of a strong man. Like its contemporaries in the field of latter-day fiction, it deals with the usual problem, and it will be to those who delight in such literature that the book will appeal. The picture of Robert Carlton, the fallen Episcopal priest, is a vivid one; Gwynneth is a charming and noble woman; but the man whose grim determination and final revenge appeals to us as the most natural actor in the whole drama is that sturdy giant, Jasper Musk. There are some vivid bits of description here and there; the story moves smoothly with never a hitch, and is, withal, a clever piece of author-craft.

Ad Astra. By Charles Whitworth Wynne. John Lane & Co., New York.

A book of verse that comes to us from England by the courtesy of John Lane, is the recent volume by Charles Whitworth Wynne. It is essentially a religious poem, yet treats of love in so many phases that we almost lose sight of the underlying sentiment, in admiration of the author's versatility and the clear and connected thought that carries one's interest on through the entire book. The metrical swing is agreeable in the extreme, and the subject matter worthy of the highest praise. It is a poem that is essentially human, one that appeals to our higher sensibilities and lays before us the beauties of life and love in a charming manner. The presswork is most excellent, and as a piece of book-making, John Lane certainly deserves the compliment of having lived up to his high standard.

We are pleased to announce the receipt of the following books:

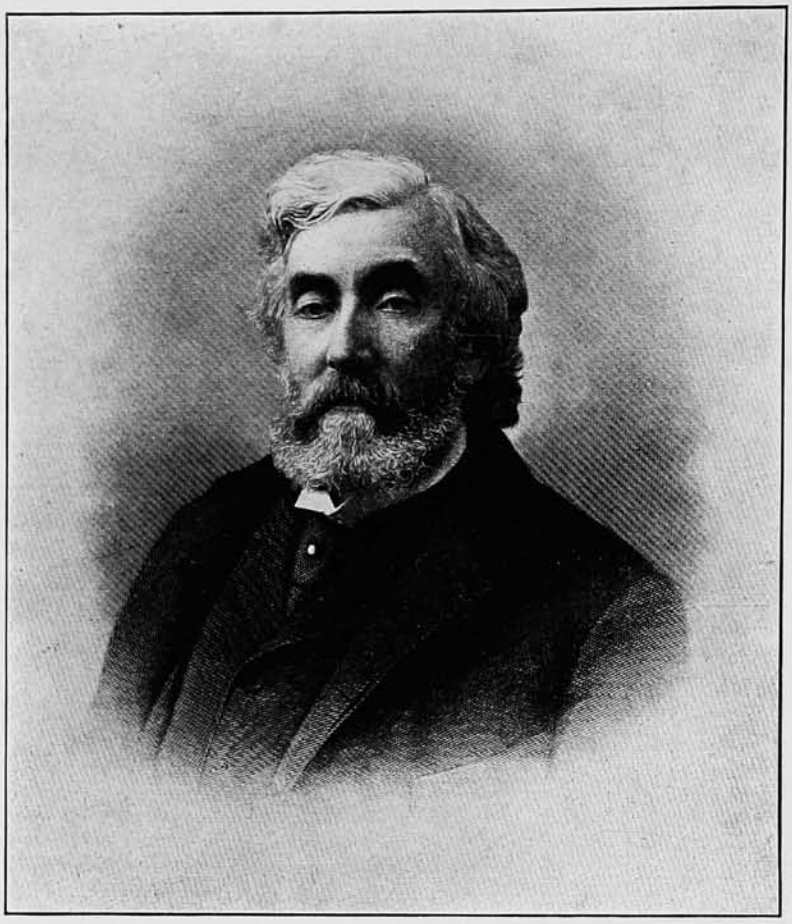
Maya. By Wm. Dudley Foulke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

L'Anneaus Seneca. Providence. Translated by Wm. Bell Langsdorf. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Richeleu. By J. B. Perkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The United States in the Orient. By Charles A. Conant. Houghton Mifflin & Co., New York.

Outlines of Roman History. By W. C. Morey. The American Book Co., New York.



Very sincerely Yours,
C. K. Adams

THE ERA

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

BY C. H. THURBER.

IN my student days at Cornell there were many long conferences among the undergraduates—there were no graduate students barring one whose name stood solitary in many a catalogue—in which questions of university policy were discussed surely with as much earnestness as in the faculty meetings. A very large proportion of the students had come to Cornell because Cornell was the best, indeed almost the only representative in the United States of a new ideal in education. That ideal may be condensed in the one great word, freedom ; as embodied in university detail it meant many things. Except for this ideal and the name, the university was no more than a college, and by to-day's standards a small college at that. But the ideal was a large one, and students grew large upon it. That Cornell has no need to blush for the sons and daughters who left her halls in the first twenty years of her history is due not to great laboratories, fine buildings, magnificent libraries, expensive apparatus, but to that great ideal,—to that and certain great men who lived by it. It would be a pity if we should ever forget this fundamental thing about our university. No splendor of material greatness will ever fill its place.

In those good old days we used to talk much about these things. The university was still under fire, and there were times when the students did not hesitate to rush into print or any other danger in her defence. Though he was absent much in his country's service and to some of us he was little more than a splendid myth, never did we doubt for a moment that the soul of the Cornell idea lived in the body of Andrew D. White.

So, when he resigned the presidency, there was no doubt in the mind of any one that a great crisis had come. Where was there a man worthy to be his successor? Who could enter into his spirit and carry on without faltering the great work he had begun? It was by no luck or chance that the choice fell on his lifelong friend, first his pupil and then his successor at the University of Michigan, one, too, who was already well known at Cornell through his annual visit as non-resident professor of history, when his lecture hall was thronged by enthusiastic audiences, the scholar of international reputation, Charles Kendall Adams.

The life story of President Adams was a typical American one. Of sturdy New England stock, he was born at Derby, Vt., January 24, 1835. While he was still young he removed with his family to Iowa. There he lead essentially the life of a pioneer. Not until he was about eighteen years of age did he have a chance for "schooling" beyond the ordinary rudiments. By cutting wood he earned enough for a so-called "fit" for college in Denmark Academy. Then he entered the University of Michigan, where again he depended for his support chiefly on his own sturdy arm and brain. Here he fell under the spell of the brilliant young scholar who was to have so large an influence on his life. After graduation he joined the instructing staff of the university, where he earned rapid promotion, and was made full professor of history in 1867. He supplemented his college work by extensive travel and study in Germany, France and Italy, where he formed lasting relations with many European scholars.

Dr. Adams' tenure of the professorship of history in the University of Michigan marks an epoch in the development of the method of higher education in the United States. During his residence in Germany he had become interested in the Seminary. Such a thing as a "Seminary", now so familiar, had never been established in this country. In 1869 he founded the Historical Seminary in the University of Michigan, and thus became the first to introduce this institution into the universities of North America. Nor was this the only service he rendered. In 1882 he published his *Manual of Historical Literature*, a monument of painstaking scholarship and patient labor, which in its several editions has been of inestimable service to students of history.

Dr. Adams assumed the duties of president of Cornell University in the autum of 1885. He was then fifty years of age, still in the fullness of his great physical strength. For he was a man of vigorous and athletic build, fond of exercise, who was often seen on horseback and, in the earlier years of his presidency, on the faculty tennis courts, then opposite where Boardman Hall now stands. He found a large task awaiting him. Cornell was just entering a great era of expansion. Up to this time the institution had been pitifully poor so far as ready money was concerned. Now land was doing well, and there was fortunately quite a bit of money. Fortunately, because the students were pouring in. The attendance was more than doubled in President Adams' administration and this meant a change from a comparatively homogeneous small college of six hundred students to a rather heterogeneous mass of twelve or thirteen hundred, enough to stock a good university, or to break a poor college. To expand wisely while preserving the old ideals was the problem in a nutshell.

Concretely, however, this problem meant first more teachers, then more buildings, then more departments, more and more of everything. That the first great task, that of the selection of men, was well performed is shown clearly enough by the fact that among his first appointments were

those of Jacob Gould Shurman to the newly established chair of philosophy and ethics, and of Benjamin Ide Wheeler to the chair of comparative philology. The work of strengthening the faculty involved also the most delicate task of retiring certain members whose usefulness had become impaired, and to this disagreeable matter the new president addressed himself with his characteristic fidelity to duty.

There is space here to mention only briefly the more important events of his administration. To the increase of students he contributed by establishing closer relations with the preparatory schools, especially those of New York state, after the manner of the University of Michigan, and also by co-operating in so amending the law regarding state scholarships that not only were all the scholarships filled, but the university was also most effectively advertised in every part of the state. In the agricultural department he took especial interest, believing that since the funds of the university came chiefly from a government grant for encouraging agriculture and the mechanic arts, the university was in honor bound to support those two departments most generously. He was one of the leaders in securing new legislation from Congress which made an appropriation for agricultural experiment stations. When the law was passed, the share of New York state was claimed by the Experiment Station at Geneva, and it was largely owing to President Adams' able presentation of the case in favor of Cornell University that the money finally came to Cornell. This contest and the result were of far reaching significance, for in it, for the first time since the foundation, the university came before the state legislature claiming its rights as a state institution, and the result was that these rights were fully recognized.

On another and very different side the second President contributed even more generously to the educational endowment of the University. Those who are acquainted with the early history of Cornell do not need to be reminded of the fact that there was a widespread opinion that Cornell was distinctively a scientific school. At the time when

President Adams accepted his office an undue proportion of the students were in the various technical and scientific courses. The arts course made a particularly poor showing. Himself a strong believer in the culture value of the old humanities, President Adams set himself vigorously and most effectually to remedying this condition. There were organized under its administration the Sage School of Philosophy, the Museum of Classical Archaeology, and the President White School of History and Political Science, institutions within the University which, with other potent factors, have certainly changed to a marked degree the attitude of the public toward it, and to a very considerable degree the atmosphere of the University itself.

It may have been natural and almost inevitable that the University in its early days should have emphasized, possibly somewhat unduly, the newer branches of learning, and it was by no means the least of his services that the second President strengthened at Cornell the old, true conception of the *universitas studiorum*, so broadened and uplifted as to cover all the range of our complex modern interests.

Sibley College was enlarged and again enlarged. Morse Hall was erected. The library building turned from a dream to a reality. The Law School was founded and well started on its successful career. Barnes Hall came to fill its unique place in the community life. The Graduate department came into effective existence. In a word, President Adams found Cornell a small college ; he left it one of the half-dozen institutions in the land with rightful claim to the high name of University.

In May, 1892, he resigned the presidency of Cornell. Two months later he accepted the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, after some hesitation on account of certain literary projects which he was loth to relinquish. His career at Wisconsin has been eminently successful, repeating many of the features of his administration at Cornell.

At the time of his resignation from Cornell, President

Adams was engaged, as editor-in-chief, on a revision of Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia. He retained his connection with this work, and through his influence the projected revision was changed to a complete remaking of this great reference book. He was eminently successful in enlisting the assistance of a host of American and European scholars, and produced a work which still stands unrivalled in its special field. Besides contributing widely to periodical literature he has published *Democracy and Monarchy in France*, a *Life of Christopher Columbus*, and other works, and is now editing a series of historical texts. In 1890 he was president of the American Historical Society, in the organization of which he had taken an active part.

For one who has enjoyed the intimate friendship and the frequent and unfailing hospitality of President Adams and his family it is not a suitable task to describe his personal traits nor to draw the veil from the domestic sanctuary. In the east and in the west he has exercised a great and beneficial influence on American education and scholarship. His friends in both sections, among them many who read this article, will all join in the wish that this year, which he is passing in Europe in the hope of regaining the once robust health that has been shattered by a serious illness, may strengthen him for many more years of distinguished service.

DRINKING SONG.

Come let our joys be endless,
  Of sorrows clink the knell,
And let us raise our voices high
  In praise of our Cornell.

The past is gone forever—
  Of the future who can tell,
The present is, so let us sing
  Of our own, our fair Cornell.

May Heaven always guard her !
  May History always tell
The greatness, glory, grandeur of
  Cornell, our fair Cornell !

AFTER ALL.

SOME, Cupid kills with arrows, some with darts. Well, old man, how did he finish you?"

We were on the veranda; everyone's face was hidden, except when the occasional lighting of a cigarette made a momentary illumination; and the talk had that impersonal tone that it never assumes in the daylight. Irving laughed.

"It was a trap all right, the kind the ladies with the shears and things always have up their sleeve. I fell into it with eyes wide open, too."

"Tell us about it, old man."

"'Fess up, Irv."

"Imagine our old woman-hater pursuing a petticoat."

"You owe it to us, you know."

"Well, fellows, as long as I am the only one that cuts a poor figure in the tale I suppose I might as well tell it. But when a man makes a consumate ass of himself—"

"Oh that's all right, Irv. Skip the introduction and begin at Chapter I. It was a beautiful moonlight night—"

"Oh, forget it! This is my story, and no idyl of the board walk. In fact, that's just the point. If I had ever been in the habit of hanging out with girls—if I had ever known my mother or had a sister—things would have gone differently. But to me women were an impossible proposition. I had a theory that there were two kinds—the comic paper type of female that wore short skirts and talked women's rights and got in your way on the golf course, and a sort of lovely, poetic, clinging creature, that I had made up out of books and my own fool brain, and whom I was prepared to fall down and adore if I could ever find her. From casual observation, it appeared that the first type obtained in modern society, so I kept out of it, and got my reputation as a woman hater. But doesn't this bore you?"

"Keep it up. The mere idea of you're nursing a romantic ideal in secret is enough to keep us awake. You of all men."

"It does seem incongruous, doesn't it? But on the dead, from the time I was a kid I had a notion that some time I'd play Coelebs in search of a wife, and when I found her, bring her back and show the world that there were a few sensible human beings left. I had always a fancy for travelling in out of the way places, and when I got out of college I proceeded to indulge it, always, understand, with one eye out for my romantic ideal. Well, I found plenty of languishing beauties in Spain and Cairo and more remote places, but there was always something lacking, for the lady of my dreams had a soul as well as melting eyes. I had travelled aimlessly all over the Continent, voyaged to the South Seas, and turned up, as I generally do at the end of a trip, at Venice, when at last I saw her. It was on the Grand Canal, and she was sitting in a gondola, one beautiful arm thrust out from her cloak, and her dark eyes drinking in the beauty of the night. I remember some one was playing a guitar off in the darkness, and when I close my eyes to see her again as she looked that night, I always hear the faint tinkle of that old Italian love song. There was nothing in her dress to betray her nationality, but I felt sure she was a countrywoman of Beatrice, and for the first time in my life I understood Dante.

"By the time I had made my blockhead of a gondolier understand what I wanted, she had been carried far along, and a nice chase we had of it. We were lucky enough to come up just as she was going up the steps of one of the old palaces that frown down so forbiddingly, as if they would bid you essay on your peril to penetrate the dark secrets they have guarded for so many centuries. She turned at the door to give some direction to the gondolier, and I am sure the portals of that old palace never framed a lovelier picture than she made, as she stood there in the glare of the torches, her dusky hair blown back from her

brows, and her lips parted in a half smile. Then she was gone and there was nothing left for me but to go home and sleep as well as I could for the visions that haunted me. I was up bright and early, you had better believe, and for the next three days was as faithful an attendant at that house as any beggar at a church door. But not one glimpse of her did I get. On the fourth day I woke up, cursed myself for a staring idiot, and overhauled the seneschal on his way to market.

"It is remarkable how a few lire will oil the tongue of an Italian of a certain class. No, there were no daughters of the house, no woman but the Signora, who was old and very feeble. Yes, a lady had been visiting the Casa, but she had left three days ago, at noon. (I had gone for some lunch, I suppose). Yes, she was very beautiful—the Madonna grant her happy days—and a most considerate lady. She was a foreigner, yes—an Americano—(That was impossible. No American ever had those eyes, that carriage.) But he was sure. She was on her way home, he thought, South America, she had distinctly said. That was all he knew. No, I could scarcely see the Signora, as she was ill, and the doctors said—ah, the Signor was very kind. Might the Madonna reward him with his heart's desire.

"If only the Madonna would! So she was a South American. The daughter of some hidalgo of old Spain, who had gone to the new world to gain new strength for his stock in a tropical climate. Well, I would go to South America. It was a large order, but I am used to getting what I want, and I had no doubt that eventually I should find her. And surely my lucky star was with me. Two days after I landed at Rio she came into the cathedral there. I had gotten tired of peering under mantillas and had decided to go on to Valpariso the next day. She was dressed all in black, and wore her mantilla with an air that would have distinguished her anywhere. I watched her through the service, falling more deeply in love every minute, and afterwards followed her to a pretty villa in the suburbs. It

was only after I had seen her disappear inside the door that the impossibility of my situation struck me. Should I go to the house, send up my card, and when she appeared jauntily offer her my heart and hand? Or should I waylay her in the street, fall upon my knees and swear that I had followed her from the ends of the earth, and that she was mine and only mine? Or I might perhaps stand under her window with a mandolin, and pour forth my heart in fervent strains of indifferent Spanish! I was a romantic fool, I confess, and in love up to my ears, but my sense of humor was not quite gone, and I had a good laugh at myself then and there, which did not in the least weaken my determination to win her in some way. I knew no one in the city, and my only course seemed to be to wait patiently until chance should pave the way to our acquaintance. So I ensconed myself in a little grove in sight of her door, and followed her at a distance whenever she went out. She had a fancy for going alone, which troubled me, for it was a wild country, and I feared she would meet with insult or worse from the worthless peons who filled the place. Besides, it seemed more appropriate that a duenna should accompany her. But of course the queen could do no wrong.

"One afternoon a horse was brought to the door, and before long she came out, mounted, dismissed the groom, and rode off into the country. Of course I lost a lot of time going back for a mount, and though I galloped at full speed it was some time before I caught a glimpse of her again. The road wound around among the foot hills and as I did not want to be seen, and consequently had to keep my distance, I was constantly losing sight of her. At last I came out on a slight eminence, and saw her on the plain below, perhaps half a mile away. She had pulled up her horse, and was looking around in a troubled way. Suddenly she seemed to give an exclamation, and made a quick gesture with her whip. Following the direction of her movement, I saw a ragged brute of a native shuffling toward her with a club in his hand, and an expression of greed on his villainous face.

Though so far above them I could see all this plainly, the air was so clear, and you can imagine I didn't waste long before digging my spurs into my horse's sides. We didn't do a thing but tear down that road: I thought one time the whole side of the hill was going down with us. I was afraid I would never reach her, and by the time I had flung myself off and had my fingers on the fellow's windpipe he had grasped her bridle, and his look of greed had changed to one of triumph. I changed that expression for him and had him down, with his eyes bulging out of his head, when I was recalled from my task by the sound of a peal of laughter above my head. It was not hysterical laughter, either, but a burst of pure amusement, and it was followed by a voice:

"'Oh, let him up, please. Did you think he was attacking me? There was something wrong with my bit—I hate these horrid South American bridles anyway—and I called him to ease it up a little. He's a perfectly harmless fellow, and has done little things for me before. That's better. I'm sorry, Pietro, but do you know, you do look rather piratical, now I come to think of it. Spend some of this on a better looking hat and trousers. And stop looking that way at the Señor. I have no doubt he thought he was saving my life, so really, I am indebted to him for his good intentions. I think he's a countryman of mine, too, and I hope he'll introduce himself. That's all right, you can trot along. Thank you very much.'

"You can imagine how I felt while this was going on. In the first place, I had made a fool of myself, and in the second, my mysterious Spanish lady had turned into a very self-reliant American girl, with a dancing light in her eyes. Everything was changed, and I was very miserable. Then she bent those dancing eyes on me, and I realized that not everything was changed.

"There isn't any use telling what happened after that. It's another story, and only two people are interested in it. She's an American girl, who lectures on literature in a girl's college, and writes for the magazines, and plays golf, and

talks adorable slang. Her mother had Italian blood, which accounts for her foreign look. She was spending a year's leave of absence in travel, for she loves odd corners of the earth as well as I do. I'm on my way west now. That's how I came to stop off and see you fellows. Her vacation doesn't begin till next week, and she won't have me around interfering with her work."

"Well, Irv., it's an interesting tale. But don't it seem a pity, fellows, if he wanted to tie up to a schoolma'am, that he had to travel clear to South America for her. There are so many on the spot."

"This particular schoolma'am was worth going to South America for—or even a good deal further. I'm going to bed. See that the coon gets me up for that 8:30 train. Good night, fellows." And the converted knight errant went noisily off up stairs, whistling in an impossible key: "I'd leave my happy home for you."

B. F. L.

CHINA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS SINCE THE JAPANESE WAR.[1]

THE questions which the Chinese government is constantly called upon to deal with in its intercourse with the governments of other countries, are political, religious and commercial. As these three classes of questions are so closely connected with each other, a correct understanding of any one of them requires also some knowledge of the other two. I, therefore intend to divide this paper into the three parts, viz: (1) the missionary in China, (2) China's foreign commerce, and (3) China's foreign relations. Of course I do not pretend to make an exhaustive study of any of the three divisions, for instance, in dealing with the vexed missionary question I intend only to touch upon the methods used by the missionary in his noble work of evangelization.

The expression, "three religions of China," applied to Buddhism, Coufucianism and Taosm, is very misleading. It gives the wrong impression that there are only three religions known or tolerated in China, or that they are all of Chinese origin. As a matter of fact, Buddhism, like Christianity, came from abroad ; and the number of religions known and practiced in China is more than the three mentioned. We have also Mohammedanism, Judaism and Christianity. All religions are tolerated in China. The field is open to all ; every one has an equal chance to win on its own merits. We are liberal in such matters. We do not discriminate against any creed, and we take no stock in dogmas.

Now Christianity is regarded in China with positive aversion. This is not due entirely to its teachings. If it were

[1] A paper read before the Graduate Seminary of the Department of Political Economy.

so, how could the Nestorians and the Jesuits have prospered in the days gone by? They were received both by the court and the people with favor and respect.

When we compare the reception given to the Romish priests of the past, and that given to the missionaries of the present, we cannot but be surprised at the decided and significant change that has taken place. On one side we have a picture of the old Jesuit priests moving amidst the splendor and glory of an oriental court, revered and honored for their wisdom and knowledge. On the other side we have a picture of the followers of the same Christ who excite both the contempt and the suspicion of even the lowest class by practices which belie their professions.

The missionaries of the present day come to China in distinct bands, each with its own creed, dogmas and rituals. The attitude of the different sects toward each other—even among Protestants, is not over-friendly; and there is a deep-seated enmity between Protestants and Catholics. This not only weakens the cause, but also arouses the suspicion of the Chinese, who cannot help asking why the disciples of the same master have so much trouble among themselves, and engage so often in disputes about doctrines and modes of worship.

Another marked difference between the old Jesuit and the modern missionary is that the latter does not make sufficient effort to live up to what he teaches.

One of the most sublime passages in the Bible, I think, is that which teaches the duty of returning good for evil. In his conduct, such as in time of persecution, or in his relation with missionaries of other sects, with the Chinese or with the foreign merchant, he seldom allows a precept like this to bother his head.

Whenever he has outstayed his welcome in any place, instead of going away as the Bible tells him to, he usually insists on remaining and turns a deaf ear to all requests and warnings of the local officials. He aggravates the crisis by appealing to the consul of his country for gunboats, the

presence of which in times of public excitement does not always have the desired effect.

We also find in the Bible certain passages which teach forgiveness, humility and honesty. But during the recent trouble in China many followers of the Prince of Peace made themselves prominent as noisy agitators, crying out for blood, for fire, and for revenge. They worked themselves into a frenzy and put forth the most extravagant demands, while intelligent men favored moderation and calmness.

It must be borne in mind that China was forced to grant privileges to missionaries at the end of a disastrous war. I do not intend to touch here the right of forcing a religion upon others, because intelligent public opinion in this country, if I correctly interpret it, deprecates it. It does seem strange that the Christian missionary should not have followed the the worthy example of the Jesuits and attempted to win the love of the people by good works instead of taking advantage of a country when it was at the mercy of her foes.

Moreover, the missionary resorted to means other than honest and honorable to gain certain privileges. Take, for instance, the right of residence in the interior. This right was obtained by a Catholic missionary in a very underhanded way. That man was acting as interpreter to the French envoy in 1860, during the exchange of new treaties. He took it upon himself to insert surreptitiously a clause giving missionaries this right in the Chinese text. Since it was not in the French text which had been agreed upon as the authoritative version, China refused to recognize the right. France insisted, and all appeals to her national honor were in vain.

The most serious objection to the missionary is his departure from the purely religious path and entrance into the dirty field of politics. It is only too natural that since the recognition of Christianity was forced upon China at the mouth of the cannon, the innocent garb of the missionary should be suspected as only a covering for ulterior political designs. The leader of the Taiping Rebellion, which caused

the shedding of so much innocent blood, was an alleged convert. This charge of meddling in politcs, missionaries could have long ago refuted without much difficulty by properly conducting themselves. Lord Salisbury appeared in June last before the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and said in substance that the lack of prudence and caution on the part of the missionary, by making himself appear more as a political agent than as an evangelist, had caused much unnecessary bloodshed which could and should have been avoided. He cautioned all missionaries to exercise more care.

A year and a half ago the Roman Catholic missionaries exacted from the Chinese government official ranks, and they have since gone so far as to set up tribunals for the government of their converts. The Protestant missionaries on the other hand, knowing that the exercise of this privilege would be a fruitful source of trouble, and could not but be odious to the Chinese, wisely refused to join hands with them.

Missionary societies should be moderate in their demands for any wrong suffered. When a missionary is killed, the society to which he belongs should not hastily jump at the conclusion that because of his violent death and because of his being a missionary, anybody else but him is to be blamed. It often pays to look into the matter and make an investigation. Missionaries should bear in mind that Christ loves truth. Let us examine the price of a dead missionary. Take the case of Mr. Brooks, an Englishman, who was killed in Shantung. In atonement for his death two men were executed,—one was sentenced to imprisonment for life, one to imprisonment for ten years, and one to banishment for two years, besides the removal and impeachment of the local magistrate, and the payment of 7,500 taels for the building of a memorial chapel, 1,500 taels for a memorial at the college at Canterbury to which Mr. Brooks belonged, and 500 taels for the erection of a tablet on the scene of the tragedy. Such was the price paid

for the life of one man, yet the reparation was declared unsatisfactory by the English because certain other unjust demands were refused. To die for one's faith is the deed of a hero and a martyr; but when for every life lost, blood-money is exacted in exhorbitant sums for building memorials, the spectacular part of the glory of dying as a martyr is lost.

After having such experiences how can any people help resenting the presence of missionaries. When the Pope was supreme, Europe found how injurious church interference was to national unity and freedom; and the countries of that continent struggled to free themselves from the ecclesiastical yoke. And now the very descendants of those defenders of religious liberty, are forcing these harmful and disturbing agencies upon us.

I regret to see a constant lowering of the standard of missionary character. This downward tendency is a heavy drawback to the cause of Christianity and to the works of many conscientious and self-denying men connected with the missionary movement—men who possess all the qualities of the Jesuits and whose life and character are above reproach. It will, indeed, be a great injustice on my part if I fail to mention before leaving the subject, unpleasant as it is, that many good men can be found in the missionary field in China and I hope that this good element, however small, will exert its influence to bring the other missionaries, who have gone astray either from over-zealousness or from yielding to the enticements of worldly avarice, back to the fold.

Regarding the foreign commerce and the foreign relations of China since 1894, I will not go into detail. After the close of the Japanese war the Chinese goverment decided to abandon its old policy of gradually introducing Western ideas and methods, and to adopt a more progressive one. As a result the importation of all kinds of machinery is now permitted, subject only to the payment of a small import duty; and furthermore people of all nationalities are

allowed to engage freely in manufactnring industries in the treaty ports—a right heretofore reserved only to Chinese subjects. As a further inducement to invite foreign capital to come to China, the Imperial Government has declared that goods manufactured in the treaty ports are subject to no special tariffs or taxes.

With a view to encourage commerce the internal waterways have been opened to navigation by foreign-owned steam boats. By this grant many interior towns formerly inaccessible to the foreign merchant, are now added to the list of treaty ports. The advantage arising from this step to foreign commerce is immense.

Besides granting permission to introduce machinery, and to establish manufacturing industries, and opening the internal waterways to free and unrestricted commerce, China has also taken other steps to exploit the immense latent wealth of the country, to encourage trade and industries, to diffuse useful knowledge and modern ideas. A new system of governmental postal service has been inaugurated, the already efficient telegraph system has been extended and bureaus for studying foreign commerce and politics have been established in different parts of the country by local officials and the gentry.

As a further mark of her desire to develop the country and to enter the rank of commercial nations, China in May, 1898, launched a new policy. Citizens of any foreign nation were for the first time granted full privilege to open and work mines, and to construct and operate railways, without being subjected to Chinese control beyond paying a royalty and conforming to the laws of the Empire. In consequence of this grant many lines of railroad have been surveyed and projected, while others are now being constructed. It is worthy of notice that the first line finished under the new regime was the one built by the Imperial Railway administration with its main line running between Pekin and Tientsin.

The fruits of these efforts are the rapid growth of com-

merce as shown by the following table taken from the official figures published by the Statistical Department of the Imperial Maritime Customs.

1890	214,237,961	Taels
1894	290,207,433	"
1895	314,989,926	"
1896	333,671,415	"
1897	366,329,983	"
1898	*368,616,483	"
1899	460,533,288	"

In this connection I desire to touch briefly on two points which are out of the dominion of my subject. I trust you will pardon me for this digression. The first is the misconception about the tearing up of the first railroad of fourteen miles running between Shanghai and Wosung in 1876. I am glad to see that Mr. Chester Holcombe in his new book, "The Real Chinese Question" gives correctly the facts in a nut shell. He says the concession granted only the building of a horse tramway and specifically forbids the use of steam. The promoters of the scheme, instead of observing their repeated pledges, smuggled locomotives into the country in parts, and when the road was finished, steam was used as a motive power instead of the horse as agreed upon. The people were angry because they were cheated by dishonest men. As the concession was granted through the request and recommendation of two consuls-general, the people suspected that the home governments of these foreign representatives were also parties to the plot and that there might be some ulterior political designs connected with it. They, therefore, gathered together in large bodies, demanding its removal and finally took the law into their own hands by destroying some sections of the road. It was, therefore, not superstition but righteous indignation and patriotism that demanded its destruction.

The second point I desire your permission to touch upon is an interesting address delivered by Sir Chas. MacDonald,

* Political unrest in the country during part of the year.

who until recently was British Minister in Pekin, before the Chinese Association of London on Sept. 28, 1899, showing the uniform and extremely friendly attitude of both the people and the local officials of China toward the field parties engaged in the survey and construction of the different lines of railroad. The portion I wish particularly to call your attention to is this:

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

"With regard to China becoming alive to the necessity of dealing out fair and liberal treatment to those who are willing to help her, I have recently had the opportunity of reading a report of Mr. Glass, late Chief Engineer, Public Works Department of India. Employed especially by the Pekin Syndicate in survey work in the provinces in which this syndicate have secured most valuable railway and mining rights, Mr. Glass, who is an official of great experience states that:

"We mixed freely with the people and never experienced the slightest rudeness or incivility. Indeed, they welcomed us cordially and evinced the greatest interest in our expedition. We were asked many questions through our interpreters as to the objects of the mission, and when they were told that one of our objects was to open up the country with railways, they expressed the greatest delight at the prospect. The party met with unvarying courtesy and the greatest attention from the officials; at no time throughout the journey was the party subjected to any annoyance save in the matter of curiosity exhibited by the people, which at times was rather trying. The officials conversed with expressed a great desire to see the country opened up by railways and the mineral sources developed."

Captain Twiss, R. E., who was employed under Mr. Glass surveying in another part of the country, says: I cannot omit bringing to your notice the facilities afforded us by the Chinese officials all along the route and the excellent feeling displayed toward us by the people, who are apparently anxious to have the railway. This would seem to show that the people and some of the officials at any rate are alive to their country's interests, and are willing to help those who are desirous of developing her boundless resources."

The above quotation has an additional value because it voices the opinion of an accredited representative of a great power. It is interesting because it shows (1) that the Chinese are ready for modern improvements, and (2) that the Chinese will not only put no obstacle in the way but give all the assistance in their power when they are sure that the enterprise before them is a good one and is not a covering for any political design. If the promoters of the first Shanghai-Wosung railroad had resorted to honest and gentlemanly means, the road would perhaps have stood intact to this day. Mr. Holcombe correctly says "The Chinese are not children, and it is a mistake to look upon or treat them as such."

But, alas! China's efforts were not appreciated. While she was doing her part to promote foreign commerce, to open her door to the world, to encourage mining, manufacturing industries and railroad building, the jealous eyes of Europe watched her with fear lest the development of the great empire of 400,000,000 people might some day become a yellow peril. Taking the murder of a missionary for a pretext, the Christian Emperor of Germany seized Kiaochow. We pause here with surprise that a noble and patriotic missionary can always be found willing to sacrifice his life at the time when certain political designs and plots are ready to be carried into execution. Other countries, viz: Russia, England and France, unable to check their greed, followed Germany's suit. It is the same old story that might is right. Christians do not talk about right nowadays. Italy tried to imitate Germany, but China rejected her request, being determined to put an end to the land-grabbing fever of the European powers. It must be remembered that they have all along posed as our sincere friends and have sweetly told us that they have no other thoughts but the welfare of China. Italy increased her squadron in the East, and China prepared to resist by force if necessary. Seeing her resolute, Italy quietly withdrew, after having been left in the cold by her supporters.

The seizure of Chinese territory, the unbecoming behavior of foreign soldiers on the leased ground, the conduct of the missionary, the arrogance and haughtiness of foreigners in general residing in China, contributed to the late uprising of the people in the three northern provinces. The Boxer disturbance is deplorable in many ways. First it is to be deplored because the Boxers blinded by a perverted patriotism, resorted to brutality. Their acts were condemned by all intelligent Chinese. It must be borne in mind that the percentage of Chinese, taking part in the movement, was very small. The southern, western and central parts of China had no sympathy at all with the Boxers. Secondly it is to be deplored on account of the heinous crimes committed by the Christian armies of the allied powers in China. The wholesale butchery of non-combatants, irrespective of age and sex ; the unrestrained looting and plundering by both officers and men alike ; the wanton destruction of objects having a historical interest or artistic value which civilized people are supposed to respect ; the desecration of temples and tombs ; the outrages upon women and girls ; the mock trials and summary executions; all these barbarous deeds have disgraced the name of civilization. The bitter memories of the cruelty, vandalism and savagery of the French and English armies in 1860, are still fresh in the minds of many Chinese. Whoever dreamed that, with the progress of civilization, such things would happen again ? The German papers some months ago published the letters from the Kaiser's loyal soldiers describing their deeds in China. The stories told in these letters are so disgusting and so revolting that I would not quote any here in full. I beg permission only to read two extracts to you, taken from a Berlin cablegram published in the New York *Herald* of Nov. 2 last.

The cablegram reads in part as follows :

The Bremen *Bürger Zeitung* publishes a letter from a soldier at Pekin, from which the subjoined account is taken :

" Sixty-eight captives, some of them not yet adults, were tied together by their pig-tails, beaten bloody by the Ger-

mans, compelled to dig their own graves and then shot en masse."

The Halberstadter *Volks-Zeitung* prints a communication from Pekin, in which the writer says :—

"No prisoners are taken. All are shot, or preferably sabred, to save ammunition. On Sunday afternoon we had to bayonet seventy-four prisoners. They had killed one of our patrolmen. An entire battalion pursued them and captured seventy-four alive. It was cruel. It was indescribable."

I presume there is no need of entertaining any doubt as to the correctness of the details given in these letters, because they were written by actors on the scene, and not by outsiders, or by persons who are not subjects of the German Empire. In the next place if the pictures of cruelty had been over-drawn at all, the watchful eyes of the German censors would never have permitted them to appear in print. The Kaiser's eager desire for blood and fire, has been more than gratified ; his faithful lieutenant Field-Marshal von Waldersee has carried out his orders to give no quarter and to take no prisoner ; and for a thousand years to come not only the Chinese but also the whole world will look at the Germans askance.

The majority of the so-called punitive expeditions, organized by the Germans, have created nothing but disorder and crime. They furnish a golden opportunity for plundering and for displaying the savage instincts of the participants. While peace negotiation was well under way, these expeditions continued to harrass the harmless country folk and to shed much innocent blood. Only a year and a half ago the leading nations of the world, in solemn congress at the Hague, adopted sundry conventions and declarations with a view to alleviate the evils of war, to protect non-combatants from unnecessary hardships, and to treat the enemy with tenderness and humanity. It was then the unanimous verdict of the world that the Peace Conference was a step in the direction of advancing civilization.

China now stands up bravely, and is ready to acknowledge the wrongs her people have committed and to

assume the responsibility therefor. Let the allied powers meet her in the same spirit, and hold themselves responsible for the misdeeds of their subjects and soldiers. Not a word is mentioned in the protocol of the grievous wrongs which thousands of innocent Chinese have suffered at the hands of the allied army. There are plenty of ways for the foreign powers to vindicate their national honor. It is only fair that the plunder and loot, the wanton destruction of private property, the murder of non-combatants, should be taken into consideration in determining the indemnity question.

One of the saddest events of the Boxer uprising is the death of Baron von Ketteler, whom I knew personally when he was connected with the German Embassy in Washington. He impressed me as a gentleman, polite and amiable. His untimely death greatly pained me, and I was surprised that there were charges made against his conduct while acting in his official capacity as German Minister at Peking. The Chinese accounts I accepted with caution for fear that they might be partial. There is one semi-official authority whose reliability is beyond question. This is Mrs. Conger, wife of the U. S. Minister at Peking. Owing to her high connection she had special facility in obtaining the true inside facts. Mrs. Conger was one of the members of the legations besieged ; and her account certainly cannot be partial. If she were inclined to be partial at all, she would be more naturally inclined toward Baron von Ketteler, a colleague of her husband, and whose wife is an American. The *N. Y. Herald* of Sept. 30 last prints Mrs. Conger's diary, detailing the events which took place immediately before and during the siege. Referring to Baron von Ketteler, the official representative of Germany, whose duty it was to cultivate the friendship of the Chinese people and government. Mrs. Conger says :

"They" (some Chinese soldiers) "passed by some Cerman soldiers and the German Minister. They" (the German soldiers and minister) "ran after them and caught one.

The two soldiers, one on either side, took him to the German Legation. Baron von K, followed, pounding the man over the head with a club." Again Mrs. Conger says: "The same day, June 18, there was much noise in the native city. The German Minister, with some of his soldiers, went upon the city wall, and saw ten Boxers going through their incantations before an excited crowd. These men fired from the wall into them, killing seven." I leave it to you to give a verdict. The cases cited above are assault, and cold-blooded murder.

The Boxer disturbance might have been checked, had the allied powers acted with more common sense and with a clearer head. The unjustifiable demand for the surrender of the Taku forts, the key to the capital, was the spark that set the inflammable temper of the Chinese on fire against the foreigners. The story of the demands sounds like a fairy tale. The admirals of the allied fleet invited the Commander of the Fortress to dinner on board of one of the flagships. At the end of the feast he was handed an ultimatum, demanding the unconditional surrender of the forts. Notwithstanding the great odds against him, he manfully stood his ground against this highhanded proceeding.

Admiral Kempf, the Commander of the American fleet, was the only one who foresaw the danger of such a step, and warned his colleagues not to rouse the Chinese who might mistake the demand for a declaration of war. His sound advice was sneered at, and blind madness was allowed to have its way. What was the consequence! Exactly as the American Admiral had predicted. The Chinese interpreted the attack on the forts as an act of war, and besieged the foreign settlements in both Peking and Tientsin.

The Americans are to be commended for their intelligence, common sense, foresight, and justice—qualities rarely found together in any one people. These qualities have been repeatedly manifested during the Boxer movement. Here is an illustration. There was a time when it was generally believed

that all the Ministers at Peking had been killed. The American government alone accepted the assurance of the Chinese officials to the contrary. Mr. Hay was even unjustly accused of having been deceived by the Chinese.

It is still fresh in our minds that Mr. Hay who had confidence in the Chinese, was the first to get a message through both to and from Mr. Conger. Other nations were naturally not pleased to see the triumph of American diplomacy, and the ever-ready critics unblushingly declared that the Conger message was a forgery and that Mr. Hay was fooled.

Next to the Japanese, it is the American army that committed the fewest acts of cruelty and oppression. In Peking the district under American protection, was among the first to resume its garb of peace. Again it was General Chafee who first officially protested against looting and plundering.

There are yet many vexatious questions such as indemnity, commercial treaties, and provisions for the future to be settled, and we are sure that President McKinley and Secretary Hay will continue to be, as they have been, impartial and just toward us. The Chinese have full confidence in the intelligence and justice of the American people and government, and our late experience has proved to us that our confidence has not been misplaced. A fair settlement of the pending questions is extremely important, because on it depends security of foreign commerce and foreign life in China for years to come. The deplorable Boxer movement is the result of unfair treatment China has received in the past. Let us therefore take the lesson to heart, so as not let history repeat itself in the future.

S. K. A. Sze,
Attaché of the Chinese Legation at Washington.

CORNELL'S FINANCES.

IN these days much is written of the workings of the great American Universities, and the life which centers about them is the object of great interest on the part of those who have never experienced its vicissitudes. A college career has come to be as natural a step in the life of an American youth as was a course at the high school a generation ago. With this growing sentiment in favor of a higher education, it is only natural that the present interest in the universities should show itself in a desire to know something of the great organisms which exert so shaping an influence upon the lives of the rising generation. We who look up to old Ezra as our patron saint, take a pardonable pride in Cornell's place among the leading educational institutions of the country, and it affords us great satisfaction to show to outsiders the workings of her various departments, and the life we lead under her influences. To most of us, however, one side of her history, past and present, is a sealed page; although it represents the very life of the university. This is the story of the sources from which Cornell draws and has drawn her revenue.

To understand thoroughly where the money comes from which is needed to keep the wheels of learning in motion, it is necessary to go back to the very beginning of things in 1862. The first item on the credit side of the university's books was Ezra Cornell's gift of $500,000 in money and his farm of 207 acres, From this nucleus its funds have grown to nearly $10,000,000. By the land scrip act of 1862, originated by Justin S. Morrill, there was assigned to New York state scrip representing 990,000 acres of public land to "provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the

mechanic arts." This scrip was applied to the founding of the university, but there were not a few difficulties to be surmounted before Cornell could feel the benefit of it. As other states received assignments in proportion, a vast amount of the right to hold public land came into the market, and it was necessary to provide that no state could locate land in another state. Hence to states like New York, within whose boundaries there was no public land, the only course open was to put their script upon the market for what it would bring. Accordingly about half of the New York scrip was sold by the commissioners for $380,000.

At this point, Mr. Cornell displayed some of his characteristic business sagacity. If this state could not locate land in another state for the university, he could. Accordingly, he purchased from New York state 100,000 acres at the market price of fifty cents an acre and 432,000 acres at sixty cents an acre. This land he undertook to locate advantageously for the university, and to place any profits which might accrue to him from its sale into a fund to be called the "Cornell Endowment Fund."

Of the 532,000 acres which he had purchased the right to locate, Mr. Cornell placed 15,000 in farm land in Kansas and Minnesota. In disposing of the remainder, he again showed his wisdom. Having decided to locate the rest in the pine timber land of Wisconsin, he might have measured off one tract of 517,000 acres, but so great an area would necessarily have included much land that was comparatively worthless. Instead of doing so, Mr. Cornell located the entire amount in separate tracts of forty acres, each of which he had surveyed and chosen because of the value of its timber. At the present time, the treasurer's books show that there are still in the university's possession quarter-sections containing timber valued at $2,000 lying side by side with land whose timber is worth no more than $8. In 1874, just prior to his death, Mr. Cornell turned this land over to the university, and was reimbursed for moneys expended in its management.

His course for providing adequate resources for a great university was brilliant but daring. During the few years of his management, this scheme had swallowed up more than the original endowment of the university—the expense account up to 1882, when large sales began, was something like $60,000 a year, and had amounted in 1882 to a total for location, examination, taxation and management, of $1,200,000. In one single year, $5,200 in taxes were paid on this western land. It is no wonder that the institution, instead of growing vigorously, shrunk in numbers during this time, and reached low ebb in 1882, just at the beginning of its good fortune. During all these years the university was literally starving. Soon after 1882 however, the value of the land increased and there was a change for the better.

Since the land was turned over to the university, it has been in the hands of a committee, which for many years consisted of Hon. Henry W. Sage, Judge Boardman and the Treasurer. Up to the present time the total sales from this land have amounted to $5,937,000. Deducting the expenditures, $1,644,000, leaves $4,293,000 clear gain which has been realized from Ezra Cornell's land scheme, and the supply is by no means exhausted. The university still owns 150,000 acres valued at $500,000. The timber has mostly been sold from this land, but it still gives considerable work to the treasurer's office.

Applications for the purchase of land are constantly being received varying in value from $100 for a poor tract to $1,841,746 which was paid by one company for a tract of 109,600 acres some years ago. To be able to figure out the correct price to place upon each tract of land in the university's possession requires great perfection of detail. There is on file in the treasurer's office an accurate description of every section of land still owned. A specimen is interesting: One forty-acre tract is described as having "105,000 feet of pine, thirty-two per cent. uppers and 120,000 common, the size being four logs to the thousand feet. This tract also contains 45,000 feet of hemlock, 15,000 of birch

and 2000 of maple, but none of bass wood or oak. It is also estimated to contain 3000 railroad ties, 1000 telegraph poles and 3000 fence posts. The soil of this quarter-section is a clay loam, containing no rocks, having a rolliug surface and of the first quality for agriculture."

The land which still remains in the possession of the university, is for the most part, those tracts from which the timber has once or twice been sold ; the advantages of thus selling the lumber instead of the land are now beginning to be felt. When the cutting first began, no trees under fourteen inches were felled, but with the increasing scarcity of timber smaller cuts have had to be taken and not infrequently the price received for the third cut has been greater than that of the first.

Considerable emphasis has been laid upon the management of Cornell's timber lands, because they represent by far the greatest part of the revenue which has gone in the past to maintain the university, and they are the sources of no small part of the present income. But there are of course other ways in which money is raised. Chief among these perhaps is the system of investments in bonds and mortgages on farms in the best districts of Nebraska and Missouri, devised by the financial committee and closely modeled upon that of leading insurance companies. Yet even here the land feature is felt, since the money invested is that derived to a great extent from the Cornell Endowment Fund supported by the sale of the land. Other endowments of the university, however, are also used for this purpose. In placing the bonds and mortgages great care is observed. An agent first inspects the proposed investment and if his report is favorable, articles are signed. About 1,500 farm mortgages are held at the present time.

Of late years Cornell has received many donations from other directions. More than $3,000,000 in gifts have been received altogether, of which the largest are the following : Ezra Cornell, including the orginal sum has given the university $669,555 ; Henry W. Sage $1,173,290 ; John Mc-

Graw $140,177; Andrew D. White $133,080; Hiram Sibley $155,636; Hiram W. Sibley $71,500; Goldwin Smith $13,118; Mrs. Douglas Boardman and Mrs. George R. Williams $25,000; A. S. Barnes $45,000; Dean Sage and William H. Sage $30,000 and $22,545 respectively, aside from their father's mansion and grounds valued at $80,000 with an endowment of $100,000 for its use as the Cornell Infirmary. The Medical Building in New York city was the gift of Colonel Oliver H. Payne.

The university now possesses eighteen college buildings, exclusive of the President's house, the farm buildings and other lesser structures, representing an expenditure of $1,736,000. The equipment of departments has an inventoried value of $1,218,342. Aside from this property is a a total of $6,750,000 invested funds. The normal income is about $700,000 of which $175,000 represents tuition and laboratory fees. The largest single item of expenditure is the salary list, which comes to $375,000 per annum. Twenty-four thousand dollars is annually devoted to scholarships and fellowships, $36,000 to the library, $20,000 is needed to heat and light the university buildings, $8,000 worth of repairs are annually made and $6,000 paid for janitor service. All purchases are made through the treasurer's office, and the collection of fees and payment of bills incurred by all departments are no small item in the work of that department.

To some Cornellians who, when they have rather grudgingly handed through the treasurer's window a check representing the amount of their tuition, think they have reimbursed the university for the expense of educating them and contributed somewhat to its profits, it may be interesting to know that the tuition fee covers only a small part of the money which is expended by Cornell upon every one of her students. It has been estimated that of the total expenses of the university each year, only about one-third are paid by the tuition and laboratory fees of the students. To this deficiency, is due a branch of the university's activity which,

though unfamiliar to most of us, is quite as important as the development.

The task of managing these various financial ventures is one, the successful accomplishment of which will either assure the success or cause the failure of the project which Ezra Cornell inaugurated when he willed "to form an institution where any person might find instruction in any subject."

P. R. LEE.

THE IDLER.

THE brakeman poked his head in the door, "The next station is Liverpool," he bawled. There was nothing in the meaning of the words to attract interest. Liverpool only consisted of a few farm-houses clustered at a cross-roads. The mere announcement that Liverpool would be the next station, would have deadened, rather than increased interest. The fact, however, remained that the car was interested and I was interested. "*The* NEXT station is LIVERPOOL!" The interest lay in the manner the brakeman pronounced the simple words. He uttered "The" in an emphatic way, that suggested he would add, "President has been murdered!" "Next," was pronounced with an increased emphasis, as if it was to be followed by, "victim will be you." "Station," was added as if in apology. "Is" sounded like a sneer, and "Liverpool" was asserted with a most surprising air of conviction. This last declaration startled the passengers to a half belief that they were aboard an Atlantic liner, entering the famous seaport town. But the delusion died as it rose, and led me to think as I had many times before that brakemen are creatures of the devil, sent to mock and sneer at mankind.

OUR calculus for this week was the most eye-confusing, brain-destroying, conglomeration of long formulas and hair-splitting proof, that poor mortals ever drove into their heads by sledge hammer methods. Those of us who were pegging along this morning to eight o'clock "prelims" in the stuff, wore a very hopeless, world-weary aspect. It was rather surprising then, to hear the statement of drawling voice wafted along on the wind.

"This calculus is a cinch—"

Well! Really!

—"For some people—"

Yes, but who might they be?

"Like Professor Waite and Snyder—"

Of course that would seem reasonable, but still—

"And the Lord."

Indeed we will have to admit that.

THE question how many years the air now in the library has been there, is one of much interest. Judging from the odor appertaining to it, particularly on a muggy morning, it might be any age; that is, any advanced age. The fact that the building is hermetically sealed, too, is an argument that would prove the air to be as old as the building. What a glorious reflection it is to think that this very air we are now breathing, has been breathed over and over again by men who have written their names large upon the rolls of our country's history; what an inspiration to nobler life it is, to think that we must pass this air on, unchanged, to generations yet unborn!

I VISITED the George Junior Republic yesterday. After having been shown through several of the buildings, the kitchen, and dining hall, the laundry and several cottages, I was taken to the store. Here one conld buy almost anything from a neck-tie to a cracker. On the steps of the store a group of children were gathered. One little boy had a bag of candy which he politely offered to each child in turn. The boy who had taken his piece first was ready for a second which he asked for. "Do you want the whole republic?" asked the much imposed upon youth with the candy.

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IN a recent issue of the *Alumni News* we find a letter from Professor Hart pleading for more room for the college of arts and sciences. Surely the needs of these particular departments of instruction should be respected, and a strenuous effort made to better the existing conditions. Each year Cornell becomes more and more a technical school, not because the different engineering departments have such an overwhelming registration but because their needs have been more generally recognized, and the growth of the arts department not correspondingly appreciated.

Professor Hart's plaint seems entirely justifiable and the fulfillment of his prophecy that in the future all entrance requirements are to be rigidly enforced and no student from a professional school allowed to register in the English courses, would certainly be most unfortunate, There are many men who desire to have a somewhat broader education than the mere study of mathematics and physics and the like, can give them. It will be hard on these men to exclude them from all literary courses ; it will be not only hard, but it will be a direct violation of Father Ezra's express project in founding this institution. It will mean that the doors of learning will be barred to many who would be inclined to enter, and surely that is not fulfilling the purpose of a university.

SPEAKING of buildings, look at the gymnasium. It is a disgrace to an institution of this size. The equipment, the floor space and even the locker room are entirely inadequate. All these troubles, however, will probably be bettered in time, when the necessary funds are forthcoming. But there is one particular, individual feature which is entirely inexcusable, and that is the swimming tank. A tank some 35 feet long, by 15 broad, small—yet satisfactory enough as far as size goes. But why—oh ! why—is not the water changed a little more frequently. On Monday it is clear ; by Tuesday night it is darkened a bit ; Thursday finds it reeking ; and by Saturday, no self-respecting individual would trust his life in its murky depths. Are the gymnasium authorities lazy or what is the matter ? Surely water is cheap and " Tom" is paid for keeping the place clean. Why cannot the water be changed at least twice a week ? Surely something can be done about this trouble which not only causes great discomfort, but which outrages every law of health and decency as well.

A CORNELL publication can scarcely claim any originality when it protests against the lamentable lack of interest in things literary which seems to characterize the

undergraduate of to-day. We hear the same cry from almost every other college paper in the country and surely this University which has never been blessed by any great number of clever craftsmen cannot expect to be exempt from the consequences of the prevalent scarcity of good material. It would possibly be incorrect, to say that there was a regrettable absence of ability, yet there are certainly but few manifestations that would tend to indicate its presence. Of course, we have no time-honored precedents that we must respect and follow; we have no rich legacy of tradition from men who are to-day prominent in literature, in politics, or in business, to throw an old-time glamor over every event of the college year; and the lack of all these precious things cannot but create a hardy, practical, work-a-day sentiment, rather than the more human and aesthetic spirit produced by the mellow atmosphere of age which we find at some universities. Then, too, life at Cornell is different in other ways. The lack of dormitories and the consequent organization and self-centering of groups and cliques tends to produce types rather than individuals; and certainly nothing is more essential to successful literary achievement, even from the undergraduate standpoint, than individuality.

But we must take things as they are, and strive to do our best under the circumstances. All generalization aside, there is, even yet, a chance for anyone who may care to enter the competition for next year's ERA board. There are surely, some of you who write and write well; submit something to the ERA. We shall be only too glad to publish it, if it be satisfactory, and if it is not, we will gladly tell you why and wherefore, and do all we can to aid you by any criticism we may offer.

WE reprint with much pleasure a portion of an article written by that distinguished journalist Julius W. Chambers, Cornell '70:

"So far from being a thing of the past, as President

Hadley asserts, aristocracy, that is the aristocracy of talent, the natural aristocracy, was never so powerful as it is at the present time. And never were there so many of these aristocrats as there are in the opening year of the new century. They are to be found at the head of the great institutions of learning; they hold the foremost places in the professions of medicine and law, and they lead in legislation from a board of alderman up to a Federal Senate. But, above and beyond all, there are in the front rank of all the mighty industrial enterprises and activities of the most wondrous of all the ages, commandants of companies and corporations that, in the magnificent scope of their operations, dwarf in revenue and in achievement the petty undertakings of the weakling monarchies which were in existence when the dead century was young. These men, all of them, are the natural aristocrats among men, and when the President of Yale says that aristocracy is non-existent he loses sight of a great philosophic fact.

Whether this natural aristocracy among men is using the great trust reposed in it, as it should be used, is another question. Always the artificial aristocracy, the aristocracy of coronets and garters, and ribbons and medals and semi-barbaric titles has selfishly worked for its own interest. It is not yet a thing of the past so far as Europe is concerned, but the years are slowly stripping it of prestige and power.

As to the natural aristocracy, the attributes that distinguish it are not heriditary. Nature reclaims her gifts, and in the courses of the ages never fails to work out her eternal principle of equality."

THE UNIVERSITY

THE freshman banquet passed off with much éclat as "the social event of the season." Some 250 persons paid "the insignificant sum of $3.50 per" for the pleasure of participating and before midnight had come, the class of 1904 had concluded that it "really was". The banquet offered an opportunity for the annual good natured fun between the two underclasses. Freshmen were kidnapped, escaped, were recaptured and so on through the whole programme with monotonous regularity during the preceding twenty-four hours, while crowds thronged bulletin boards from New York to San Francisco and read exciting details of "rioting at Cornell . . . freshmen abducted" etc.

The results of the banquet seem to have justified the decision of the class to make it a dry affair. The occasion was made one of good fellowship and of expression of college loyalty ; and these expressions came true and sincere from hearts unexhilerated by artificial means. The freshmen are to be congratulated upon holding a banquet that was clean and orderly yet full of enthusiasm for 1904 and for Cornell.

THE sophomores are now it seems to have a class banquet to honor the 1903 "wearers of the C" and incidently to raise money for athletics and arouse class and University spirit. Time was, years ago, when the sophomore banquet was an annual affair. That was in the

days when the Ithaca barbarians did little else than eat. But the Cotillion displaced the Banquet. This year's affair may mean the resurrection of the old cnstom. When first announcement was made of the banquet, a natural disposition was manifested by freshmen to lay plans for getting back at the sophomores for the "horrible atrocities" (see *N. Y Journal*) perpetrated on the occasion of the recent freshman celebration. The matter has since been discussed quite thoroughly among upperclassmen and the conclusion seems commonly agreed to that the sophomores shall carry out their banquet without molestation. The reasons for this, and they are good ones, are that one such underclass struggle and the consequent newspaper notoriety is enough per year. The sophomores are therefore arranging for a public banquet with the understanding that all underclassmen are to sleep in their beds on the previous evening.

SPEAKING of banquets, the Senior class dinner of recent occurrence, is worthy of notice. It passed off with such order and decency as redound credit to the toastmaster, the class president, and the committee in charge. The banquet was conducted on the optional, drink-as-you-please plan. There was very little drinking in the dining room save in a few individual cases. The 1901 banquet was no rout as some similar events have been but was the glad farewell of the "handsomest" class that ever entered Cornell.

THE victory in chess over Columbia brought much satisfaction to your Cornell man, whether he be a man of chess or one to whom knights, pawns, and rooks are but idle words. It is something to stand at the head of American colleges in a line of sport and this is Cornell's position in chess. Columbia defeated the members of the Inter-

collegiate League, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, at Christmas time ; and at the same time, Brown and Pennsylvania went down before Cornell. The tournament between the winners occurred at Barnes Hall February 20–21, and resulted in a decisive victory for Cornell. Chess is a long headed game in which accidents play but a small part. There is much honor due our team, Karpinski, Riedel, Storey, Rand, Soukatschoff and Heuser.

BOOK REVIEWS

Richilieu. By James Breck Perkins, LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The most recent and one of the most compact yet comprehensive accounts of the life of the Great Cardinal is that by James Breck Perkins. The book has to do with the life and administration of the famous Frenchman and the political intrigues which made him such a tremendous power in European affairs. The way in which Richilieu succeeded in centralizing the French government and in raising that state to a paramount position in the congress of nations are handled with a keen historical insight, and in dealing with his life and works, the writer describes clearly the great military operations and the interternational problems which he directed and overcame. The character of the work is historical rather than biographical; national rather than personal; and gives the reader in one small volume a remarkably vivid picture of the politics of the period in which this man, so preëminent among French statesmen, played the leading and most important part.

"*Songs of all the Colleges*", published by Hinds and Noble, is a book which fills a long felt want. An admirably arranged collection of American student glees, it is a most valuable addition to any music-room and will furnish pleasure to all.

The Hosts of the Lord. By Flora Annie Steel. Macmillan Company. N. Y. $1.50

In *The Hosts of the Lord* Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has written a most charming book full of the color and the teeming, throbbing life of India. An absorbing plot throws

one into the swing of the tale at once, to follow its development with ever increasing interest; to hurry eagerly onward as one dramatic situation follows another. There is a tone of Eastern mysticism shimmering throughout the romance, that makes it as unusual as it is attractive.

We are pleased to announce the receipt of the following:

"*The Heritage of Unrest.*" By Gwendolen Overton. Macmillan Co. N. Y. $1.50.

Spanish Grammar. By Samuel Garner. American Book Co.

Riverside Biographical Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston.

Thomas Jefferson. By H. C. Merwin.

William Penn. By George Hodges.

Peter Cooper. By R. W. Raymond.

THE ERA

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY DINNER CLUB.

OME five years ago there was started in Paris what was called an "American University Dinner Club." As the idea originated with a Cornell graduate and has had a most successful development, perhaps ERA readers will be interested, for the first reason if not for the second, in a brief account of this organization. If these lines are read by Cornellians in other foreign cities, the success which has attended this effort may possibly induce them to establish similar Dinner Clubs in their places of residence.

The American college graduate living permanently abroad misses very much the annual dinners, the return to the campus during commencement week, the foot ball or base ball match, etc. These "exiled Americans," who are very susceptible to foreign criticism of their country and are always on the lookout for the best thing on the "other side of the Atlantic," find that perhaps the finest out-come of our civilization to present to European eyes is, on the whole, the American University. And those Europeans who visit the United States generally come back holding much the same opinion.

A University Dinner Club, or at least the one in Paris, has been found to accomplish these two ends: It furnishes the college man an occasion to dine with other college men,

listen to the old songs and to meet professors and recent graduates and even under-graduates fresh from the campus, and it also enables an American who is proud of his country to invite to these feasts some of the leading French educators, who here form their first acquaintance with the American University element and sometimes hear from the lips of their own countrymen reports concerning the great Trans-Atlantic institutions.

Thus it has been the habit of our Club to have at our table each year, at the Decoration Day (May 30) Dinner, the newly returned Hyde Lecturer, who is asked to respond to the toast to the American Universities. In this way we have heard the opinions of M. René Doumic and M. Edouard Rod concerning higher education in America, and we are promised a similar treat from M. Gaston Deschamps, whose learning and eloquence will have charmed Cornell probably before these lines appear in print. M. Ferdinand Brunetière, by the way, led off in this series after his return from the Johns Hopkins lectures on Poetry in 1897. The gifted editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was our guest on two occasions.

It has also been a rule of the Club to invite to each banquet some representative French University professor, or, as in two instances, the Minister of Public Instruction, who could speak with authority on the French system of higher education. We have had with us in this capacity such distinguished French officials or scholars as Senator Rambaud, the historian of Russia, who was Minister of Public Instruction when he appeared before us on Washington's Birthday, 1898 ; M. Georges Leygues, the brilliant Deputy, who fills the same high post to-day and who spoke to us in 1900 ; M. Ernest Lavisse, of the French Academy, and head of the historical department of the Paris University M. Gaston Paris, President of the College of France ; M. Emile Levasseur and M. Michel Bréal both professors in the same great school for post-graduate work ; M. Ribot, Deputy, formerly Prime Minister and author of the exhaus-

tive Report on Education Reform in France made a year or so ago to the Chamber of Deputies; M. Louis Liard, Member of the Institute and Director of University Education in the Department of Public Instruction; M. Léon Bourgeois, Deputy, formerly Prime Minister of Public Instruction; Dr. Brouardel, Dean of the Paris Medical School, and last February, M. Georges Perrot, President of the famous Superior Normal School.

But it is not only the returned Hyde lecturers and French admirers of our universities who vie with one another in praising the scholastic life of the United States. Several American professors have responded with real talent and eloquence to the toast "The American Universities." At our first banquet, in 1896, Professor W. M. Sloane, then of Princeton and now of Columbia, told his foreign listeners what was best in the American system and at the same time urged his fellow countrymen not to cease studying the older European models. At the next dinner, on Washington's Birthday, 1897, when the British Ambassador to France presided and delivered a really historic address in eulogy of Washington, Professor Adolph Cone, of Columbia, spoke most eloquently of his adopted country and her great schools. Dr. David Jayne Hill formerly President of Rochester University and now Assistant Secretary of State, who presided most gracefully at the Washington's Birthday banquet of 1898; Miss Lucy M. Salmon, Professor of History at Vassar College; Professor Freeman, of Wisconsin University, and Mr. James H. Hyde, the founder of the Harvard Lectureship that bears his name, have at different dinners also done their part to present to the French university public the virtues of their American alma maters.

An interesting fact that has clearly come out at these dinners, a fact whose consequences are sure to affect the future of our university development, is the keen desire now shown by the French university authorities to secure the presence of American students. M. Lavisse, the leader in the movement to establish a doctorate open to foreigners,

spoke at our first dinner on this subject, and expressed the hope that as the French universities could henceforth confer a degree on the foreign student many Americans in quest of learning would come to France. "Now," he said, "we can compete with the other institutions of the Continent. Formerly we were at a disadvantage and you passed us by. But now you can abide with us. I trust you will do so and that you will feel at home." And such has been the case. The attendance at these dinners shows that every year the number of American graduates studying in the Latin Quarter and often working for a degree is increasing slowly but surely. And the organizers of the American University Dinner Club of Paris feel that they have been instrumental in contributing modestly to this happy result.

Theodore Stanton, '76.

AN ONTARIO VENTURE.

Y Chum, Jack Bennett, and I were cruising along the shores Lake Ontario when about five o'clock one afternoon our boat began to leak badly. The water kept rushing in faster and faster until at last we decided to put in at the nearest settlement. Jack and I took turns bailing and sailing, and, after a two hours' run were glad enough when we slid in by a small village. Consisting of only about half a dozen weather beaten houses, it did not seem to offer much promise, but we decided to at least try our luck.

Much to our surprise we found a ramshackle building dignified by the name of "hotel." The landlord, a tall, thin man about sixty years old, with wrinkled, gray-stubbled face, welcomed us on his porch and gave us a comfortable seat while he went in to see about supper. At the other end of the platform, a couple of disreputable looking men stood watching us, evidently remarking on our attire, but we thought nothing of it at the time.

After supper we asked "mine host" for a good room for the night. He said he "didn't hev much but a hall bedroom thet he guessed 'ud do though, anyway he'd go up and see ef he couldn't fix it up." He trotted up stairs to see what he could do for us, to return half an hour later, with the assurance that it was all right and that we could turn in whenever we wanted to.

About nine o'clock he led us up the shaky stairs and through a long, narrow passage, where the flickering candle threw weird shadows winking over the dingy walls. Our landlord ushered us into a room at the very end of the hall and then left us. We could hear the old fellow creak back along the narrow way, then down the stairs, and

finally shut the door behind him with a bang. At the time we didn't think much of our location, but later we realized that we were shut off from any communication with the rest of the house, and that ours was the only door opening from the passageway.

When we were left alone, we turned to look at our surroundings. Our room was a rather dingy and small one with a double bed in it. An unpleasant, musty smell bore witness that our quarters had not been used for a long time. The walls were stained brown in patches and looked as if some one had poured water down the paper; the carpet certainly was stuffed with something, for at every move it creaked loudly. One step would land us on a sort of mountain, the next would take us to a valley, and perhaps the next would bring us to "rock bottom." We managed to get up one corner and found that it was stuffed with corn husks. After that we sat and rolled on the bed to find out which side was less hard, and then drew lots for position. The old fashioned prints on the wall finally attracted our attention, so we made a tour of inspection, and in the dim light of our single candle the contorted faces and illy proportioned scenery set us both roaring with laughter.

Our examination finished we decided to go to bed. Jack went over to lock the door, but couldn't even close it. Then both of us went at it, but in spite of all our efforts it stuck persistently with at least a foot to spare. This circumstance gave matters a more serious turn and we began to put together little happenings which singly meant nothing, but which together might mean a great deal. The two villainous men down stairs, the lonely location of the room, the low conversation that we could hear below us; all raised our suspicions. Perhaps we were in a den of smugglers! There were such on the lake and what place more fit for such operation than this.

Then we thought of our money. We didn't have much to be sure, but what we had we needed to finish our trip. This thought led us to have another try at the door, but in

spite of all our efforts we had to give it up and make the best of matters as they were. We pushed the bed from its position close to the door, over to the opposite wall near the solitary window. Our one consoling thought was that no one could reach us without first crossing the creaky carpet. Still we were careful to put all our valuables under Jack's pillow which happened to be the farther from the window. Then we blew out the candle and jumped into bed. In spite of all our attempts to sleep we were kept awake for a long time by our weird surroundings. Finally, however, after many dozings and startled awakenings, we managed to forget our troubles and slumber peacefully away.

When I awoke, I don't know at what time it was, the room was so dark that I seemed to see the blackness. A muffled creak, coming from some place just inside the door, set my heart a beating. Then I heard it again. Cautiously moving my hand over, I touched Jack, but he slept peacefully on. Then I pinched him. He sat up in bed, but I pulled him back with my hand over his mouth. He understood at once and then for a while we both lay hardly breathing, but listening to every sound. The whole house was hushed.

Again the carpet rustled and then again. At regular intervals it came, nearer and nearer until at last it seemed at my very side. We strained our eyes looking into the darkness but not a thing could we see. The tension was becoming more than my nerves could stand. There was a swish and something landed heavily on my head. I don't think I ever had such a fright before. I put up my hand and felt—a cat.

When I found out the nature of our stealthy marauder I heaved a sigh that seemed to loosen all my taut nerves in an instant. The cat began to purr loudly in contentment. Of course that would never do, so I set her down on the floor without much gentleness, I fear. But she had found the bed warm and soft and was consequently loth to leave.

Half a dozen times we had to kick and shove her off, but she still persisted in coming back.

"Let me have her" said Jack, "I bet I'll fix her," and the next time she thrust her company upon us, he stuck one foot out from under the covers and carefully inserted it under the cat's middle. Then he gave a tremendous kick up in the air. There was a loud crash that made me jump. He had shot the cat straight through the window.

When we found out what the trouble was, we nearly burst with laughter. Then down stairs and along the hall came shuffling steps and through the door a streak of light began to glimmer brighter and clearer. Our landlord came hurrying along candle in air, and when he poked his head through the half open door, the ludicrous bearded face in its red night-capped frame convulsed us both.

"What's th' matter here," he whimpered in a scared tone.

Finally I managed to sputter out," I guess the cat jumped through the window."

At that he came in and, going over to the opening, stuck his head out through the shattered pane. With a long drawn whistle he turned to us and said in a tone of great wonder, "By gum! Thet's what she hez!"

J. R. P.

TO GERTRUDE.

THOU art not like the roses,
However fair they be ;
Their beauty sweet is all too fleet
But thine can never flee.

No lang'rous violet's eye so clear—
No daisy's smile so free—
Nor lily fair can e'er compare
To what thou art to me !

For the gentle grace of thy sweet face
Proves Truth and Love in thee,
And thy blue eyes show the tender glow
Of a soul of purity.

Whitehall Herrick.

A LITERARY PIRATE.

HE individual who named this ocean Pacific must have been moved by sarcasm," said Edward Morsley as he finished fastening the long tiller that was supposed to steer his wallowing craft, and jumped back into the shelter of the little deck house.

There followed a succession of waves which chased one another over the heavily laden barge so rapidly that one could scarcely distinguish where one left off and another began. Morsley, drenched to the skin, held on for dear life until the tow line slacked off, and permitted him another breathing spell.

To all intents and purposes he was alone on the Pacific. Directly ahead were two other wooden craft towing the little fleet behind him, and somewhere in the storm beyond was the old steam-schooner Del Norte, plunging and plowing through the waves, as her captain steered "across lots" to gain the shelter of Kadiak island.

It was one of those strange expeditions started north in the spring of '96 by the great gold discoveries in the Klondike and was composed of some fifty Easterners who had joined together for the purpose of reaching the gold fields as cheaply as possible on steamers of their own.

The barge which Morsley was attempting to guide lay back like the last piece on the tail of a monster kite. It rolled and plunged and jumped in every possible direction that would admit its falling back right side up. One wave would go over it, washing the deck clean. Then a racer from behind would drop a ton of water over the stern. The bow would fly up, giving a third wave a chance for a drop kick which would send the barge almost out of the water. By the way of variety the storm would try tying the fleet into a knot, and bring them so close together that collision seemed inevitable.

This had been going on for twelve hours, and Morsley was completely exhausted trying to keep the barge's head to the waves. He had ceased to care whether the barge lived out the storm or went down. He tumbled into the wet bunk, in the little deck house, forgetting to be thankful that it was far above the minature ocean that was slushing, two feet deep, about the floor of the single room.

Morsley was a New Yorker, like most of the other members of the expedition, and had, like the rest, been unsuccessful in the metropolitan whirlpool that tosses so few to the surface. On leaving college he labored with an army of other bright young men to do something on a New York paper. He stood routine work as long as he could, and having saved a little left his position to give his entire time to real literary effort. Though his pen had covered miles of paper his purpose was not accomplished. True, some of his stories found a resting place in flashy, second-rate magazines or were hacked off to the West on syndicate plates, after they had gone the rounds of the upper circle. No one had a larger collection of the stereotyped "not-available-for-the-present-needs-of-this-magazine" refusal blanks. As a last resort he put all his energy, genius and brains—and he had all three—into a novel of many thousand words. His dream of fame and monster editions was not to be, however, and when the last publisher he could reach refused to see merit in his great work, he gave up in disgust. Then he had started for Klondike with the hope of leaving behind the bad luck which had followed his literary career.

He slept on for hours, never minding the tumbles which the "*Gold Hunter*" continued to take, or the dashes of spray which splashed into his bunk when the barge tried to turn entirely over. His awakening was rude enough.

With a crash of breaking timbers, and a jar which loosened every joint, the vessel brought up on the rocks. Morsley shot out of his bunk as from a cannon, and fell heavily on the water-covered floor. Thinking the boat was sinking,

and without waiting to find the cabin door, he climbed out on deck through a window.

The barge was hammering the rocks loudly, and with a force that threatened before long to break her up into small bits. A sharp splinter of rock had pierced her hull, and prevented the wreck from slipping back into deep water, or the waves from driving it further on shore. Spray was flying over the boat from stem to stern, but Morsley, already wet through, did not mind it.

He could do nothing until the dark mist lifted. But no fog lasts forever, and after waiting a few hours he saw signs of the sun. It was making mighty efforts to force itself through little rifts in the damp, murky clouds which filled the air.

At last a dark, shadowy mass could be dimly seen ahead, and as the fog lifted still more, Morsley could make out a rocky beach a hundred yards away. A little later he distinguished a high bluff, and then the trees which grew on top of it. The "*Gold Hunter*" was fast on a fringing reef on which the waves were still beating fiercely. Inside, however, was a stretch of smooth water which could be navigated by an indifferent swimmer.

The water was as cold as ice, but he was soon on the narrow strip of beach left by the outgoing tide. He followed along the bluff for some distance, climbing over boulders and masses of drift with difficulty. The bluff presented a fresh obstacle, but at last he came upon a small stream which had cut a gully down the side of the rock wall. Morsley looked around him and at the other end of a strange island lake he noticed a rough cabin. His progress toward it through the underbrush was slow and labored. Once he was startled as a pack of foxes started up on his approach and made off through the bushes but he finally reached the rough-hewn building.

He knocked loudly several times, and on receiving no answer, opened the door. Again there was a scene for which he was utterly unprepared. He looked about him in

amazement. Here in the heart of an Alaskan wild he had stumbled on a library, furnished with a taste and elegance that would do credit to any ordinary home in his own New York. The furnishing—books and paintings all betokened a refinement of taste; the rugs of fur scattered about the floor, the massive moose heads and other relics of the hunt upon the wall gave the room a wild sort of elegance. In front of a wide fire-place was a heavy oaken writing table, covered with magazines and file of New York papers, several months old to be sure, but none the less an evidence that the islander, whoever he was, kept his reading up to date.

The sight of a half eaten meal on a table in an adjoining room sent Morsley hastening in that direction, and for an hour he cooked and ate regardless of the fact that he had not the slightest right on the premises.

He had returned to the main room of the cabin and was examining the books, of which there were an infinite number, and all of actual worth, when a faint "who's there" startled him. On looking about him closely he found the entrance to another room concealed by a portiere.

"A ship wrecked stranger, Henry Morsley of New York," he replied as he entered the darkened room. For a moment he could see nothing. Then a weak voice answered him from a couch in the corner, and he made out the white head of a very old man.

"You're welcome, stranger," was the quiet greeting. "I thank God for your coming. It was hard to think of dying all alone."

Throwing up the shade of the single window, Morsely saw the wasted form of a man who had once possessed more than ordinary strength. Disease had lately completed the work commenced by age, shrinking the face already furrowed with deep wrinkles. His bright, piercing eyes in their deep settings, alone defied the ravages of both time and sickness and remained sole evidence of a former strength of body and mind.

Morsely told his story in as few words as possible, and asked what he could do for the man before him.

"No one can do anything for me now," replied the recluse, talking with evident effort and very slowly. "It's too late."

"I am dying," he continued after a long pause. The words came so faintly that Morsely understood more from the movement of the thin lips than from any sound which came from them. He tried to cheer him up. "Its only a fainting spell," he said, "and you'll be better soon. I am going to stay here and take care of you."

"I have lived here alone for ten years," he continued still more slowly. "They have been the happiest of my life. All for whom I ever cared were dead before I came here,—that is, dead to me." A severe spell of coughing stopped him for a moment.

"Can you pray?" he asked anxiously.

"I haven't for many years, but I'll try," was the answer, and Morsley, kneeling by the couch, offered up a simple plea for the man beside him.

"Now promise me one thing," said the old man, after a moment of silent devotion which had followed the prayer. "Promise me that you will destroy all writing which you find in the cabin. I have worked for years over those manuscripts, but the world shall never see them. Burn them! Promise!"

"I'll do as you ask," said Morsley as he extended his hand as a pledge, The old man's chilly fingers twined about the strong young hand, and his bright eyes closed forever.

Morsley staggered out of the room. Death was a stranger to him, and never before had he been present at the end. He went out into the open, and strove to forget the scene inside in the new outdoor beauty given the island scenery by the soft light of the setting sun. Tired and over-strained nature demanded rest for his body, and his sleep that night was without dreams.

In the morning he dug a shallow grave and with his own hands laid the old man away, after reading a chapter from a well-worn bible which he found in the cabin. Then he began to search the place for the manuscripts which he had promised to destroy for the hermit author. He found them in an old chest, over a hundred in all, each carefully tied in rolls ; some bulky, others of but few pages. The writing was very close and print-like.

He took up one of the largest manuscripts thinking to read a few pages. It happened to be a historical romance of the time of Charlemagne, and the few pages which he intended to read lengthened into a chapter. He was interested from the very start, and shortly the story took possession of him as no other had ever done before. The pen and ink characters seemed to take on positive life. He lived with them, sorrowed with them, and rejoiced when they rejoiced. He forgot things modern, and his whole being seemed to be moved backward to the fighting, struggling century in which the great mediaeval warrior lived. He could hardly lay it down to prepare a meal late in the afternoon, and did not think of sleep until he had read the whole. He would have given his soul to be able to write like that.

"Was this the old hermit's only masterpiece?" Morsley asked himself, and for answer unrolled another manuscript, not so bulky as the first, but still novel size. The plot outline showed a love story—not an old, worked-over theme, but one with situations and character combinations of wonderful originality.

During the weeks that passed before the little schooner arrived from Kadiak, he worked his way slowly through the accummulated results of years of painstaking effort from the pen of the unknown author. He tried in vain to think of some well known man who had suddenly disappeared, and finally came to the conclusion that the old man had never written for publication in the states. The name by which he was known in the North was undoubtedly assumed, as the hermit had more than half admitted. This

doubt regarding his identity did not lessen Morsley's interest in the collection of manuscript and he read from morning till night. No matter what the theme, every one of them showed the same masterly style and produced the same "taking-hold-of-one" effect which he could not describe, but which made their perusal an unexpressable joy, and their completion a regret that stories must have an end.

* * * *

In the great hall room of a New Jersey mansion a group of reporters were seated, conversing over divers things between the puffs of pipes and cigars.

"I don't like this sick bed duty," said one young man on whom a great metropolitan daily depended in many emergencies. It is too d—— monotonous—this waiting for some one up stairs to shuffle off or get well."

"There's one consolation in this case," said a fellow journalist, "pneumonia will settle things one way or the other in pretty short order."

"The danger point will be passed if Morsley lives through the night, and we can get back to the city," was the contribution of an old man whose stock of energy had about run itself out. "For my part I'm sorry the rest won't last longer."

"It will be pretty hard lines if Morsley has to die now, won't it?" said a tall young man who represented the great Consolidated Press. "Remember when he worked at sports on the *Reporter*. He didn't give much signs then of being a great man in a literary way, did he?"

"That wasn't more than four years ago, either," said the man who had spoken first. "He had a hard time of it for the first year after he left regular work. Couldn't make anything go with the big magazines, and no one would take the first books he wrote at any price. Then he dropped out of sight for six months, and the first thing I knew he had a serial running in Bostwell's and the Dickers announced that novel which caught on so."

"That first book was a winner," interruped a reporter

from one of the big sensational papers. "Old Charlemagne' as Morsley dressed him up, proved one of the most popular fighting, loving, blood-letting, book heroes of the century. I'll give odds that half the people who read the book don't know yet that it was really founded on history."

"That first book didn't surprise me," said the Press man as he tossed away a half smoked cigar. "Anyone is likely to write one book which takes with the crowd. But to follow up a first success like Morsley did is wonderful—book after book, story following story, and every one better than the one which went before, if such a thing is possible. Pity he didn't take his time to it, for the work is going to kill him, I'm afraid.

The door of the sick room at the head of the stairs opened and the consulting physician came rapidly down to them.

"Mr. Morsley desires to see one of you gentlemen for a moment," he said. "Decide, please, which of you will go."

The reporters drew lots and the doctor hurried the winner off to the sick chamber. As they entered the room Morsley felt the stranger's presence and started up in his bed. It was a different looking man from he who had steered the "*Gold Hunter*" during the storm upon the North Pacific. He looked twenty years older, and he eyes had taken on a frightened expression as if from fear of some secret sin. Success had rained on him since his return to the states; wealth, but not happiness, came with it.

"Are you a newspaper man?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer continued, "I have something to tell you, something important. I am surely going to die and I want you to tell the world about it after I am gone. My conscience will hold it no longer. Will you promise to do this for me—to keep back nothing which I tell you?"

The reporter gave his promise in a few quiet words.

Morsley continued: "As I realize that I am on my death bed, so do I know that I must speak the truth. I am an imposter—the greatest literary pirate that ever lived. My life for the past four years has been a lie, and worse than

that—a living wrong against one who is dead and who befriended me when I was near to death myself."

The thought seemed to send a shudder through him, which was followed by a fit of coughing which left him black in the face and speechless.

"I haven't written a single one of the books which have been published under my name during these years. I stole them from an old man on his death bed after I had promised to destroy them. He had worked at them for years and insisted that the world should never enjoy them. I stole them, and now I don't even know his name. He was a hermit in Alaska, who had lived for years on the island where I was wrecked."

Morsley was speaking slowly—for emphasis rather than from pain. His little audience stood in silent amazement.

"I tried hard, God knows how hard, to do what I had promised. The temptation was too great for me. I had to yield. But now I'm strong—strong enough to right the wrong as far as I am able. What is reputation to me now, and what will it be worth where I am going? They'll know the truth there. A few years ago I'd have sold my soul for this very thing that I'm now throwing away—reputation. Perhaps my repentance will add a mite to saving that same soul. Remember your promise, Sir."

* * * *

The reporter went quietly out of the room and told the strange story to his waiting companions. Morsley was dead. The great papers of two continents told the story of his life and work; a few of the more sensational made a scare head of his confession; all treated it as the insane freak of a dying man, and the world mourned sincerely for one whose borrowed power had moved them to laughter and to tears.

"*E. B. N.*"

A LETTER FROM DAVID STARR JORDAN.

THE "House Mother" is a recognized feature of the Fraternity Life of Stanford. She is usually a woman of wisdom and social experience, preferably, perhaps, the mother of one or more of the fellows, and her influence may be a part of the Fraternity life which most men value very highly. It lies in the direction of civilization, sanity, and manliness, and against the tendency to precocious short cuts to happiness—the temptations that come most directly to college men.

I do not think that the English College System is likely to obtain in America. The Fraternities are made up of men of like social qualities and like tastes in relations to other men. Their studies range as widely as the University itself. It is not possible or desirable to split up a University into a dozen teaching faculties, doing the same things. Its strength lies in unity and coördination. I do not think that we shall come much nearer the English College System than we are now. But the Fraternity and Fraternity House, with club-houses and group houses of other kinds, will remain an essential and a growing feature of American University life.

David Starr Jordan.

ISIS UNVEILED.

AM a suburban resident—a gentleman of scientific proclivities, and but little grace of style. My wife is just the reverse, dreamy, inexact, caught by every passing folly ; she believes in hypnotism, theosophy, metempsychosis, Nirvana. Bah ! I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for the whole list ; I care nothing for "chela" and "Karna"—not I ! But—wait a minute ! Scientific gentlemen are likely to be harrassed by scolding wives. Socrates was a famous case, and Rousseau and Lord Byron, père. That's my case, also. Avice is'nt really a shrew, though ; her nagging is a gentle, irritating insistence on what she wants. She usually gets it, I may add—just as she got "Isis Unveiled."

"Isis Unveiled" is a book—one of those wild, preposterous, good-for-nothing fictions of a decadent race (it must be decadent to write, publish, or read such books)—and deals with a fabricated account of the origin of the universe. It is full of mystic symbols and insignia stolen from every philosopher since philosophy began ; quotations from Democritus and Plato jostle passages from Paracelsus and Mesmer, not to mention other authors, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Coptic ; poetry so barbarous that a school-boy of thirteen could surpass it, is attributed to dead-and-gone Thibetans of the troglodyte period (on reflection I think they might have written such poetry), and pseudo-scientific theories literally throng the pages. In the preface Madame Blavatsky (a Russian adventureess I believe) defies both modern science and Christianity, magnanimously forgives them their anticipated attacks, and hopes they'll learn better some day. Then she plunges into a translation of pictures to which the Assyrian cuneiform is nothing ; which would have made Rameses turn green with envy, and which even the Sunday

newspapers that invent Mâyan alphabets can not vie with. From thence on is one grand mix-up of "Unconscious Consciousnesses," "Wheels of Fire," Brobdingnag aborigines, and Keely-Perpetual-Motion-Machines, (all in the original Thibetan) which no one on earth, unless it be Olcott, the Englishman, can make head or tail of. But, as I said, my wife wanted the book.

It was the last thing she reminded me of as I went down the piazza steps a week ago Monday morning. I can see her yet—she looked really charming—standing there on the porch framed in a tangle of honey-suckle vines. She had on some loose white stuff that suited her to perfection, and her eyes were smiling a farewell. You see, I had promised to buy the book ; the night before she pouted till I gave in. And yet—I half regretted the promise. No, it wasn't a presentiment. I don't believe in such things.

Somehow I felt particularly happy that morning. Avice had been very agreeable ; my breakfast had been excellently cooked, the steak was just right, and the coffee was perfection ; my business affairs were progressing well ; and, above all, a new scientific discovery was on the verge of disclosing itself to me. I'll barely mention it in passing ; but the fact is I had finished my flying-machine model, I had corrected all Maxim's and Kress's errors—was certain the "Aero," as I had named it, would be a success. Now it's all over—curse that book !

I walked gaily along, switching the roadside flowers with my cane, watching the orioles flirt through the trees like orange-black flashes, and enjoying the fresh spring air and the sunshine. Here and there I noted a wood-pecker hammering away on an oak, or a blue-jay busily scolding his cousins and distant relatives ; sometimes, too, a robin darted down on an unfortunate and inquisitive earth-worm, and carried it off in triumph for the morning *dejeuner*—it could not be breakfast, since nine o'clock is much too late for any but an aristocrat to take his morning meal. Truly it would have been hard to find a more peaceable and pleasant spot than the road to the railway station on that morning.

Who is it says:

"In every Eden still some serpent lurks?"

Whoever he may be, he told the truth—a thing a poet rarely does. In my case, at least; for, as I was sauntering along, loth to make the final turn that brought the station in sight, it's a dirty, dingy, old hole, sure to spoil one's relish for work, or one's appetite for dinner, the serpent appeared. It's true he wasn't crawling, as all self-respecting reptiles do; he was stepping jauntily along, as if the whole country-side were his. I recognized the genus at a glance. You meet them everywhere in late spring—straw hat of the latest fashion, ultra-loud clothes, bright-yellow shoes, carelessly-arranged tie (it really takes them hours), handsome alligator valise, and brass, double-mounted, eternally-repeating, smooth-flowing tongue.

He "spotted" me, too. Hastily opening his satchel, he drew out a medium-sized, gilt-edged volume, and began,

"Best book of the century, sir. Latest results of science."

"What science?" I growled. My good-temper was all gone.

Ignoring the interruption, he glided on: "Recommended by the most prominent men—Professor Farraden of Michigan, Professor Langton of Cornell. Sure to please you, sir. Everybody reading it. Wonderful results obtained. Any child can procure effects."

Thus he kept it up; I fancied he would never stop. My train was whistling, and—"What's the name?" I groaned in a faint hope that I might tell him I already had the book.

"Isis Unveiled," by ——." The rest was lost in the guard's stentorian shout "All a-bo-ard-d for-r New-w Yor-r-rk!"

I threw him a dollar, snatched the book, and ran—a very undignified procedure, I know, but my train was backing. Too late! I missed by five feet.

"Damn him!" I ejaculated to no one in particular. But he heard, and coughed. Perhaps he didn't like the language. Well, I don't either—yet I plead extenuating circumstances.

"Beg pardon, sir," he began—in anything but an apologetic tone—"you owe me seventy-five cents."

That was too much—to be cheated out of one dollar, to miss my train (with not another one for two hours) and then to have him demand seventy-five cents more.

However, I had to give in; after all, I had the book for Avice. I sank into a chair, and turned the leaves. Shades of Cagliostro! it was only a treatise on mesmerism, by some pretended doctor of philosophy. Where was that agent?

He seemed to answer my thought, for there he was at my side. "How do you like it?" he queried smilingly.

I choked down my wrath; it would never do for this salesman to obtain so obvious a triumph. I answered in an indifferent tone, "I shall probably throw it away." Then a strange thing happened. I never before saw an agent sarcastic; they are too conceited, still this fellow was. "I believe you are noted for making good bargains," he drawled.

I was irritated by his presumptuousness. When I am irritated, I speak loftily. "Even Homer nods," I began.

"Tho' the mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small,"

he quoted in a sing-song voice.

To hear a "drummer" cite Longfellow is certainly unusual. I betrayed my astonishment by a quick, upward glance. I would try him; I am a dabbler in Psychology and—his mind must be curious.

"Facilis descensus Averno,"

I chanted.

He took it up,

"Sed revocare, hoc opus, hic labor est."

And here the third strange thing occurred. Not only did this rascal, as I mentally termed him, know Vergil, but his accent and quantities were scrupulously correct. There could be no doubt—he had studied under my old Harvard master. I'd swear to that twang anywhere.

Well—that broke the ice. I forgave him even his straw hat. We drifted to tales of college (college was much the same since my departure; after ten years foot-ball was still the chief study), and from thence to recent scientific discoveries. I spoke of the air-ship; he scoffed. In the heat of argument, I mentioned my own—and the indiscreet puppy smiled.

I grew half angry again. A recently graduated cub to laugh at me—a Sigma Xi, (first of my class), an F. R. C. S., and member of half the reputable scientific societies in the country. I'm afraid I twitted him rather severely on his present occupation. Anyhow, he looked at me and said "You don't believe in mesmerism?"

His sneer roused me. "Believe?" I returned scornfully. "Pshaw! it's utter nonsense!"

"Well, look here," he answered. "I'll bet you an even five hundred I can hypnotize you so that you can't move."

"Done!" I responded. In general, I'm not a betting man, but—I was carried away. I forgot that he doubtless didn't have five hundred.

Just then my train steamed in. "All abo-r-ard-d," the guard shouted—and we were off.

"Hi there!" the agent—no longer a college man—yelled, as my carriage passed the platform. "Your card! I'll try it to-night!"

That day slipped along as all my up-town days do—uneventful, barely missing the monotony mark. And in the evening I went home, quite forgetful of "Isis Unveiled." My wife greeted me cheerfully—till she found that out. Then she pouted, and, in revenge, (at least I suppose so) announced that she and my eldest son—he's the only one—were going out to a dance. I assented, and the threatened rain-storm passed.

Now comes the sequel to my morning's adventure. Curse that book! All my year's work gone!

Usually I sleep well; that night was no exception. To tell the truth, I slept too well. I awoke about twelve.

The room was dark, for I detest light in a sleeping-chamber. I smelt something—ether, or chloroform it seemed. I wanted to rise, but I couldn't. For once in my scientific life I felt frightened; a weight seemed to press me down; I awoke to the fact that I couldn't move. I've often felt something like it after a Welsh rabbit and a bottle or so of old Bourbon; but this was worse, ever so much worse. I repeat that I'm not easily frightened; yet there was something to terrify one in that awful stillness and blackness. I strained again and again. *I could not move.* Suddenly the explanation flashed across my brain. I was mesmerized—the agent had won his bet.

After a while I got used to it. All this hair-raising, blood-curdling talk you hear is folly; mesmerism's painful—nothing more. At any rate, my kind is. My limbs were numb; the blood wouldn't circulate.

If the servant's quarter had been nearer, I might have obtained aid. It wasn't; so I waited impatiently for my wife's return—that is, if one can be impatient, and not move. At last the carriage-wheels grated on the driveway, steps came up the stairway, and Avice entered. I could hear her sniff as she turned on the electrics—doubtless the perfume wasn't to her taste.

"Avice," I called softly, "Avice, come here!" Oh! how I hated to admit my scientific fall.

"What's the matter, Gerald?" And she stepped into my bed-room.

Looking back, my next sentence seems ludicrous—preposterous. "I've been hypnotized," I stammered.

I'm not sure, but I think she murmured 'Delightful!' Delightful! I certainly didn't think so! With needless asperity, perhaps, I continued, "Send my man here."

John came, and turned down the clothes. My numbness was explained. I had been mesmerized—with ropes. My hands, feet, legs, and arms were securely tied down. A handkerchief, heavy with chloroform, lay on my pillow.

A dim suspicion seized me. I staggered (I couldn't walk

upright) into my study. Just as I thought! My safe was open—empty! Gold, silver, bonds, all were gone! My airship model, too!

On the escritoire lay a note—I ought to have recognized the look of it. He'd have been sure to write such a thing, to fold it in precisely that manner. I tore it open.

MY DEAR SIR:

"Isis Unveiled" is an exceedingly interesting book; I may say—intensely interesting. However, the mesmeric science (pardon the term) has yet deeper secrets, as you have doubtless found out. I really think I may forego my winnings.

Very truly yours,

THE AGENT.

T. J. E.

A BIT OF DEBATE HISTORY.

THE recent defeat of our debating team deprives us of that opportunity for celebration and rejoicing so ardently desired by all loyal sons of the University on the occasion of every intercollegiate contest. In the excellent work of our representatives and the closeness of the contest, however, there is abundant room for satisfaction. The present time is perhaps not unpropitious for voicing that satisfaction by reviewing briefly the history of debating at Cornell and the results accomplished by that important branch of student activity.

Young as everything necessarily must be in our University, the carefully regulated system of debate work now in practice is of still more recent growth than the great part of our institutions. Four class clubs, in which good work is insured by the competitive basis of membership; one general organization open to all; an annual series of match debates to develop interest and give further practice in public speaking; supervision by the Department of Oratory, which gives to those who wish it more thorough training than can be obtained in the clubs; an annual University prize debate; and finally the intercollegiate debate to crown all—these are the features of the present system. They are, however, the product of Cornell's more recent years. Debating societies of some form have always existed here, to be sure, but until recently the work, though interesting, seems to have been irregular in form and lacking in the splendid results of the present day.

The first organizations to give attention to debating were the two literary societies, the Philaletheian and the Irving, which were formed in October, 1868, immediately after the opening of the University. Debates formed a regular and important part of their exercises, carried on in the more

serious but hardly so practical manner which seems to distinguish the sayings and writings of the students of that time from those of the present day. Instead of discussing questions of national and state policy, and pertinent topics of political and social science, the "truth-seekers" were considering whether the mind of woman is inferior to that of man, and whether a student gains anything intellectually by pursuing his University studies on the Sabbath. These two organizations, with the Christian association, met for many years in Society hall, North University building, a room which will now be recognized more readily under its present title, White 10. This was fitted up for the use of the societies and turned over to them at joint exercises held June 7, 1870. A set of bronze statues and a collection of fine engravings adorned the walls. These were the gift of President White, purchased by him for the purpose in Europe. The statues may still be seen, but now in the reading-room of Barnes hall, while many of the engravings are to be found in the halls of Sage college.

A third society, the Curtis, was founded in the year '72–'73, as an organization for the "denizens of the valley," the other two becoming societies of "hillians," as those living near the campus were called. The three long divided among them the activity and interest of the students in debating and oratorical work. Other clubs were started occasionally and lived for brief periods; the Adelphi literary society flourished for a time, and mention is to be found of some class clubs; but these three alone attained prominence and permanence in this first period of the history of the University. Together they established the *Cornell Review* in October, 1873, and carried it on a number of years. The Philaletheian society became the Cornell debating society in 1879, and continued under this name for the remainder of its days. The roll includes several members now prominent in the faculty of the University. Of this trio of clubs the Curtis was the first to disappear, dying early in the '80's of lack of interest and support. The two survivors held out

against the same malady a short time, but both succumbed in the year '85–'86.

The organization of Cornell Congress marked a new era in debating interest, taking its rise in the very year which witnessed the downfall of the old societies. Modelled on the plan of the federal congress, it offered the freest opportunity for the exercise of the political inclinations of its members, and soon became a vigorous and prominent association. For about ten years from this time the debate work of the University was carried on by Congress and such other organizations as were formed from time to time. There was no system of clubs or of inter-club debates. The University provided no instruction in debate ; there was no intercollegiate debate to serve as a goal for the club members.

The appointment of Professor Duncan Campbell Lee in 1893 caused a prompt change in these conditions. The courses in public speaking and oratory were increased to include one in extempore speaking, and later one in debate. A corresponding activity was observed among the students apart from class room work. The class of '94 established as its memorial an annual prize in debate. The various classes formed clubs, all taking their names from George William Curtis, and some system in the work became evident. In '96–'97, for the first time, a general series of match debates for the University championship took the place of the former contests of irregular occurrence. In this series the participants were Congress, a full quartet of Curtis clubs, and the Woodford and Blackstone clubs, the class societies of the law school. In this series Congress won, obtaining possession of the banner which it has held through the contests of all succeeding years.

Another and more important innovation of the new regime was the series of intercollegiate debates, begun with Pennsylvania and now continued with Columbia. The first of these was held in the Armory, April 20, 1894, on the question of the annexation of Hawaii, the visitors winning. For five years thereafter contests were held yearly with Penn-

sylvania, alternating between Philadelphia and Ithaca. Then with an even score of three victories to the credit of each university, a disagreement over eligibility rules caused the relations to be discontinued. Columbia was then challenged to a series of debates, and that institution, with the readiness which has characterized her intercourse with Cornell, at once accepted. As is well known, two debates of this series have been held, each side winning one. At present the resumption of matches with Pennsylvania seems highly probable. If this arrangement is effected, our debate system will see another extension of its scope, to the holding of two intercollegiate contests annually.

The system which leads up to these contests is admirably arranged for the purposes in view. The finished product, the skilled debater who represents the University, is the immediate result of Professor Lee's classes in oratory, extempore speaking and debate, and of the '94 Memorial Prize. More remotely, however, he owes his training and the interest which sends his team forth to the clubs. Of these organizations there have regularly since 1897 been five, Congress and four class clubs. These join annually in a series of match debates for the University supremacy. This tournament has become an established institution, as it has proved of immense value in stimulating interest in debate work and in developing speakers. By using the club teams for practice work with the University team, and by taking the subject of the intercollegiate contest for one of the latter inter-club debates, these minor debates have also been made of direct value to the one of supreme importance.

To the class of 1901 belongs the credit of introducing an innovation in the club system which has proved a complete and valuable success. On forming their club in their first year the debaters of the class decided to limit the membership to a comparatively small number, to be chosen by competition, and by subsequent competitions to fill vacancies which might occur through violation of strict rules regarding

attendance and performance of duties. This plan brought together only those with a reasonable degree of ability ; it weeded out those whose interest waned ; it made membership a benefit and an honor, and a thing to be striven for. The succeeding classes were prompt to take advantage of the idea. Now the old open Curtis clubs have passed from view, and in addition to the first of these competitive organizations, the White club, we have the Woodford, Schurman and Wheeler clubs.

The value of all this club, inter-club and intercollegiate debating can hardly be estimated. It is generally agreed that in such a country as ours it is of supreme importance to have a large body of citizens able to deal readily and intelligently with public questions, and to deal with them in public, "on their feet," when necessary. Such an ability is of great value in every democratic country. Debating trains for this as nothing else can. In helping to send capable men out into the world, then, as well as in doing credit to the University publicly through intercollegiate contests, our debate system is working for the glory of Alma Mater.

R. W.

"AND THEN CAME SPRING."

THE night nurse had just lowered the light in the west room and had tiptoed away. The delirious man in the ward adjoining, who was finishing the last verse of some nursery doggerel with great gusto, seemed to be the only living creature in the whole hospital. Then the sick man, whom the nurse, satisfied that he was sleeping, had left, raised himself on his elbow and stretched out a feeble arm toward the little table. His fingers seemed to seek for something for which his eyes were too weary to look. They touched the medicine glasses and finally rested on the velvet tops of a little bunch of sweet peas, all wet and fragrant. Something like a smile passed over his face and he drew them out from their vase, aud clutched them in his hand—close to his cheek. They made a damp trail across the counterpane and pillow, and little drops of cold water trickled down his neck.

By and by the faithful nurse came back to the room and leaned over him. His eyes were closed and his breath came slow and steady ; his forehead felt cool to the touch. She smoothed back his soft fair hair and smiled, to herself.

"What a boy he is. He looks better to-night than he has for a long time. Its those flowers, I know. And he's sleeping well—too. Probably dreaming of that girl. I hope she's good enough for you, for you're a brave boy."

Night nurses have a way of talking to their patients in a one sided fashion. This one had taken a particular fancy to the man in the little west room, possibly because he had been so very ill and had demanded constant attention. She had spent many an hour by his bedside patiently watching, and as she watched, weaving pretty stories about the fair-haired, gentle, fellow—who was as a child under her touch.

Sometimes the tears had come to her eyes—used as they were to suffering, when he would bear the pain so patiently and look up at her with a sorry smile. Once he had pulled her big soft hand down to his cheek like a small, shy boy. Once he had fallen asleep and had talked a little in a delirious way, and had called out to someone: "Muriel." He had called again and again, and then said plaintively: "Won't you—Muriel?"

The nurse had tried to soothe him by speaking gently and it seemed to have some effect, for he smiled wistfully and murmured: "I'll be patient—and wait, Muriel—until spring," then had been very quiet.

The doctors said that the patient had passed the crisis and was on the road to recovery, but the nurse felt a little dubious. This was not the way she liked to see people recover. He was growing no stronger. The fever had left him—but the pain had not. He slept very little and was strangely apathetic. She had tried to rouse him but had utterly failed. A great bond of sympathy had sprung up between these two. She watched by him in the night, when the light was dim and he saw only the outline of her big broad shoulders and kindly face and he had grown to look upon that face and figure as that of a good angel from another world.

With the other nurses he was not a favorite and people had grown weary of this case and were anxious to hasten his recovery and speed him away from the hospital.

Late on the afternoon of this day there had come a box of sweet peas, which seemed to blow a breath of the tardy spring into the hospital. The dignified head nurse had felt a little thrill as she lifted them out of the box to put them in water. The night nurse was just coming down the stairs from her room when she saw them.

"They're for Mr. Bowman," said the head nurse.

"Oh, let me take them to him." The night nurse fairly snatched the vase from the other's hands and buried her nose in the flowers. She had held them out before her as

she walked through the big ward and the patients watched her retreating figure wistfully. The fever man stopped in the middle of his never-ending song and commenced to cry. Someone sighed as the door closed upon the big nurse and the little bunch of pink and white fragrance that seemed like a touch of spring time.

She had not stopped to knock at the West room door, but had entered quietly. Bowman was lying with his face to the wall as he always lay. He turned slowly and looked at her. Then he saw the dainty flowers.

"Muriel," was all he said, and he took them. He lifted them to his lips and kissed them.

"Was—there—a-card?" he asked slowly. The nurse shook her head.

"Put them down, please, and go away. I feel better." He was never cross with the night nurse.

And now when she saw him sleeping with the damp flowers close to his cheek, she declared to herself that they were better than all the medicines in the world.

The next morning the West room patient demanded writing material, though he was too weak to guide a pen. He called for the night nurse to come to him.

"Will you write a line or two, for me, please? Its important."

The nurse took the pen and paper to the window. The man put his hand over his eyes.

"Write—never mind any heading, or anything like that. Just begin: "They brought the first breath of spring, and sunshine, and happiness that I have felt for long weary days, and I want you to come and bring more than all that by one glimpse of your face. I will watch for you all day and evening.'"

"I can sign it," he broke off abruptly. The nurse brought him the sheet and he scrawled his name at the end. "Address it to Miss Muriel Fleming, 68 Terrace Place, City, thank you." He closed his eyes and the nurse went out.

She met the head nurse in the hall.

"I can go on in Miss Nichol's place to-day—I feel rested," she remarked. She knew that the head nurse would be only too willing to have her take the other's place.

"Oh—very well—maybe that would be better. How is Mr. Bowman this morning? Dr. Colton thinks he is well enough to be sent home."

The night nurse hesitated. "He's brighter this morning, but—somehow I don't think he's recovering as fast as the doctor thinks—perhaps—he'll get better."

"It's time for No. 14's medicine, now—both kinds, you know."

As the night nurse walked away to the big ward she nodded her head determinedly. "I mean to see that Muriel," she said to herself. "The boy will work himself into a fever before she comes."

She surmised correctly for Bowman spent almost his entire day tossing about his cot. At one time he demanded to be allowed to get up. He seemed pleased when it was the night nurse who came to him instead of the quiet little Miss Nichols. He was glad to see his big, homely, angel-friend in daylight.

She noticed that the sweet peas were as close to the bedside as they could be placed—that his watch lay by his pillow—open. She noticed that his eyes were bright and his cheeks flushed; he seemed to have a fever.

"Is it bright out of doors, St. Anne?" That was his pet name for her. "Couldn't I just walk to the window once? Think—I havn't seen a blade of green grass—it must be green now, nor any sunshine save that one stingy bar you people are continually shutting out. Its spring isn't it?"

"It's not spring or blades of grass he wants to see—he wants to look for Muriel," thought St. Anne. She pulled a big Morris chair up to the window.

"If you'll let me, I'll wrap you up and carry you over there, but remember, you are not to move yourself, nor tell the doctor."

He laughed like a happy child. She wrapped him up in a big blanket and lifted him in her strong arms.

"Good heavens" he began in protest, but she laughed at him. "You're as light as a feather, my poor boy," she said pityingly.

For the first time in weeks something like impatience crossed his face.

"Good Lord, isn't there ever going to be an end of this infernal weakness?"

"Tut, tut, don't talk. Oh! if the doctor should come in now. Be very still." She lifted the sweet peas and brought them to the window-sill by his chair. He was looking out of the window as though he could never look enough—at the soft green lawn, sloping down to the street, at the little buds on the chestnut trees flanking the stone walk, and the glorious spring sunshine over all. His lips trembled from very joy.

"St. Anne, you've saved my life," was all he said.

Then he started from his chair and would have risen entirely had she not put him forcibly down with her strong hands.

"Its—Muriel—coming," and a great gladness came into his face and he shut his eyes.

"Oh, its Muriel," repeated St. Anne. "Now remember, I put you on your honor not to step from this chair nor so much as lift your hands. I trust you. I will go and bring Muriel in."

She closed the door behind her and went down the hall. At the stair she met what seemed to her a vision coming up, a tall, slender creature that was as springy and sunshiny and beautiful as the sweet peas themselves, and seemed markedly like those fragrant flowers. St. Anne hesitated a moment before she could speak for "Muriel" took her breath away. At a second glance, however, the vision melted down into a material creature in a soft clinging rich garment and a beautiful hat, crowning wavy, gold-red hair.

"I must see Mr. Bowman at once—" the voice was a

little petulant but the big eyes were smiling and sweet, and St. Anne was gentleness personified as she bowed grave assent to the pretty girl.

"I will take you to him. He is not well enough to move or be excited, remember—and you cannot stay long."

"Oh—I must see him right away—" the girl did not seem to pay any attention to the nurse's words.

St. Anne opened the little door to the west room and closed it so quickly that she almost caught some of the soft skirts. There was a decided look of envy on her broad face.

"You be good to my boy," was what she muttered. She walked slowly away. "I suppose God makes women as beautiful as that for some purpose—though I don't know what," she thought.

Bowman had not taken his eyes from the closed door after St. Anne's first departure. So when it opened and the beautiful girl entered, his great hungry eyes drank in their first, long look upon the instant of her arrival, He smiled and held out his hands.

"You poor,—poor boy." The girl stood against the door for a moment. She did not try to conceal the tears which had sprung to her eyes, nor her shocked surprise at his weak, emaciated condition. Then she seemed to reach his side with a sort of gliding swing. She was full of pity—she sank down by the side of his chair and kissed him again and again.

"Don't speak—don't speak—oh, Rex—no one told me you were as ill as this—I didn't know. And here I have been dancing and laughing and having a good, good time and you poor, dear boy—oh Rex, how horribly thin you are—" she smoothed his face and hair with both her little gloved hands. Then she noticed the sweet peas.

"I saw them down at Michael's and I thought of you —and last spring—and sent them. I meant to put in a card with something about best wishes of the season and the first of spring, but the people were in a hurry outside and I had no time and—"

Slowly—almost sadly the man turned his eyes away from her—past the sweet peas on the window sill—past the budding chestnuts to where a little white fleecy cloud was touching the line of hills away across the city. For a moment he longed for strength to push this beautiful creature away—but his hands were pitifully weak. She leaned a little closer.

"That huge nurse out there said I was not to let you stir. Poor Reggie—how dull you must be here in this place. But—shall I tell you all that has been happening—"

"No—for God's sake don't." Then he smiled at her alarm over his vehemence. "Muriel do you think that I sent for you to hear a lot of idle gossip —no. I haven't missed that world since I've been here—I was grateful for the respite, even if it were for suffering—but oh, how I have missed your bonny face and sweet voice—how I have wanted you. I wouldn't have cared if I had died—you know why—and I was ungrateful to them for pulling me through and—when—those came—it seemed to be what I needed and wanted. And I thought," he looked wistfully at her, "I thought — don't run away, Muriel — look at me — I thought your heart had softened at last—I thought you were the old Muriel, who used to care for me before her child fancy was turned by those other people who adored her beauty and vivacity as I adore it. I thought you sent them to me because—you remembered that night last spring — when you wore my sweet peas and I—kissed—you—for the first time. Please listen—I slept last night for the first time in weeks—and it was because they were next to my cheek and you were in my heart and head—and I dreamt that you came—to—me, out of the darkness—with your old smile—the old Muriel—my little sweetheart Muriel—so—I—" his voice was faltering from weakness, "I sent for you—and—you came—Muriel, its spring—and I've waited so long."

Then there fell a silence. The girl did not move. She did not draw her hand from his clasp—her face was deathly pale and her lips were trembling. At last she spoke.

"I can't scold you, Reggie," she began slowly, looking away from him. "I feel so sorry that—that I could—I wish I dared tell you that I loved you and then—try—to, but I don't dare. Oh, Reggie—we know each other so well—why did you rake it all up again—and right now when my heart is fairly bursting with pity—but you know—how—it is."

He dropped the hands he held, petulantly. "Yes—I know how it is—you can't give up a hundred for one—you'd rather divide your affection with many than give it all to me. Oh—sweetheart—I hope the world you worship may treat you kindly—you have given up a great deal to win its adoration."

"Don't talk like that—" broke in the girl—"It isn't fair. I can't answer back. I came here today—out of pity—it was a mistake I see. There arn't a hundred others—and I have given nothing to win the esteem of the world—you're not fair to me. But I like you, Rex—I care too much for your friendship to—to—talk to you now," she commenced buttoning her coat—"I'm a fool, I suppose—but, oh, Rex—you are so—so changed, I am—so sorry. I'd do anything in the world for you only—only—you can't have an inch more than anyone else has—and clamoring will do you no good."

She slipped her hands back into his—for the first time in their acquaintance they did not meet with the accustomed friendly pressure.

"Muriel—I wonder why you have changed so from the bright little girl I first knew, it must be your fairness. Well, well, I suppose its my luck, only, Muriel, you shall not talk about my clamoring for more than you give of your sweet affection, remember, my dear girl, you once gave it all to me, and I thought that I was the richest man in God's world, and then, Indian giver, you took it back, little by little, and bestowed it here, and there, and, well,—let them have it, if you're happier. Forgive me for all Iv'e said, I've been a cad."

She had arisen to her feet. Her face was flushed.

"I guess you're right, Rex. I was an Indian-giver. The nurse said I was not to excite you, nor stay long, besides the carriage is waiting, mamma will be cross. We are going to have some of the men up to dinner to-night; we miss you, Reggie." She was trying hard to get back in the old light way.

"Will Tom Lawrence be there?"

She looked at him calmly and answered: "Yes, Tom Lawrence is always there when anyone else is. Mamma likes him, you know, and so do I."

It was the cruellest blow she had dealt yet. He turned away.

"Must you go?"

"Yes. Poor Reggie—poor lonely Reggie. I'll hunt for some sweet peas to-morrow."

"Don't," quickly. "I love these—I thank you for these—but please don't send anymore. Good-bye."

She laughed a little nervously as she took both his hands.

"Don't get up, Rex. You are changed." She looked at him a little wistfully. In her heart she was wondering why he did not want to kiss her.

"Will you please tell St. Anne, the nurse, to come?"

The door closed behind her. She stopped and spoke quickly to the nurse in the hall without, and then sprang lightly down the stairs. "Poor Reggie," she was thinking. Tom Lawrence was waiting with her mother. She commenced talking gaily to forget the thin, sad face in the little room upstairs.

St. Anne found her patient with his eyes closed. He was deathly pale. "No purpose in her beauty; God's not in it," thought St. Anne. She was a queer soul. She lifted him back into bed.

"I'm a little tired," he said with a smile. "You're so good to me."

"Good to you!" St. Anne's voice broke and she fell to smoothing his pillow with unusual vigor.

The next morning Bowman held a long consultation with the doctor. That night he made an announcement to St. Anne.

"I'm going home."

She turned to him quickly. He went on;

"Dr. Colton says it won't kill me to travel—and I don't care if it does—and father is anxious to get me home, so I'm off day after to-morrow."

"And—will you—are you coming back?"

"If I do, it will be to bless my good St. Anne. No one will miss me very much. I've wasted years enough hanging around this place, and," he stopped a moment and cleared his throat, "I'll never get any better here."

He closed his eyes. St. Anne thought he wanted to sleep. She started to leave the room.

"Wait a minute," he demanded, querously. She came back to the bedside. "I wish you'd just sort of kiss my forehead—mother used to—and I'm so tired."

St. Anne pressed a warm kiss on the hot forehead, and a tear dropped beside it.

"And, St. Anne, when you go out, would you mind taking those flowers—they smell so confoundedly—there, that's all."

G. L. G.

THE IDLER.

A man stopped me on the street the other day—a man I didn't know very well, except as a chronic talker in class meeting, one of the good old, all-around, Sibley-C. U. C. A. type. "See here Wilkins," he said—and I must confess that I didn't like his tone—"See here Wilkins, what d'ye think of this here cap an' gown bizness anyhow." Now this is a tender subject with me and I swore by way of a prefix. "Why" I said, "I think that it's the only decent kind of a garb for commencement day. There's too much of a smell of vegetables and 'mech lab' about this place anyway." "Humph," the man sniffed. "Ye'r a sort of a durned aristocrat ain't yuh?" I told him to stop his "kidding" and he smiled benignly at my evident appreciation of his homely wit. "Wal, it's jest this way with us fellers over in Sibley," he went on. "Why its all blame foolishness fer us to wear them draggin' gowns and cock-eyed mortar boards." I looked him over and agreed with him mentally, at least; thinking of that old saw about the purse and the sows ear. "No sir," he continued, "We ain't goin' to wear 'em. Now me and some of the boys have got together and hashed this thing over, and we've decided that this here bizness about college tradition and precedent is all tommyrot, an' what's more, its blame expensive tommyrot. We fellers come to Kernell to learn a thing 'er two and git out. We don't want none o'yer high fallutin', cap and gown, greek-an'-latin, *collige* harnesses. They 'aint practical. It's all right fer you fellers in arts, but Sibley 'aint fer it; we want ter see these old notions forgot. You arts people kin wear anything you please; if you *must* wear caps an' gowns an' blot the landscape with yer blame foolishness—why wear 'em. All we want's our sheepskins, but we're willin' to make concessions—we're willing

to make concessions. Me an' the boys decided that if you fellers must have uniformity, we'd propose all wearin' white ducks an' blue coats. That 'ud be pretty swell, now wouldn't it? White ducks is clean and light an' you kin wear'em some ten 'er a dozen times, while them bloody caps an' gowns is only good fer once. No sir, Sibley 'aint fer caps an' gowns."

THE sound of the stone mason's hammer is again heard on the campus, for work on the medical building just east of Boardman and on the Sibley addition which is to unite "new" and "old" Sibley is now under way. The erection of another "new" Sibley will necessitate a renaming of the engineering buildings. Why not "Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern?"

THE spring poems in the annual deluge, all deal with trite old subjects, like the first robin, the balmy breeze, the young man's fancy, the slender snowdrop and so on ad finitum. Never yet, however, have I seen any specimen of spring literature describing the thawing out of the first fly. This must be an oversight, for he is one of the foremost harbingers. I saw him yesterday, crawling across my floor. I imagine his eyes were shut, though I didn't go down on my knees to see, for he had a forlorn cast of countenance. He looked pretty withered, too, a good deal like an apple that has wintered through, only much more so. I must admit that he didn't present a very poetic appearance, yet, I think perhaps a sufficiently inspired poet could make a rather nice little song on him, entitled, "'Tis the First Fly of Springtime," to be sung to the tune of "The Last Rose of summer." He has much the same air.

THE ERA

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IT scarcely seems advisable that the dirty linen of the university should be allowed to flap in full sight of a carping and uninformed public, and for that reason the way in which the *Sun* has insisted in securing a statement from Professor Dennis has bettered no one in particular. When the foot ball schedule appeared, the absence of the usual Syracuse game was commented upon, but no wild clamor was raised against the foot ball committee. Other colleges have been slighted in years past; why should the proverbial tea pot tempest and newspaper blackguarding game be stimulated and strengthened by an official statement which, while it explained, did not obviate the difficulty? If the Athletic Council be incapable, why maintain such an organization? Some measure of secrecy is neces-

sary in any form of negotiation ; too free a statement in a delicate matter may cause hard feeling ; and surely the university has gained no great credit by the mud-slinging that has, of late, characterized the Syracuse papers in their attitude towards this athletic controversy.

THE Senior class has once more, and by an unfortunately small majority, decided to wear caps and gowns during commencement week. One is glad to note that there are some, at least, who have a love for an old collegiate precedent, not necessarily a Cornell custom—but one that has lent dignity and a deal of historical charm to the closing exercises of the greatest universities in the world. And that reminds one of an argument, the strongest argument, in fact, that was brought against the wearing of such regalia ; which was, that there scarcely seemed any reason why a Senior class should be compelled to appear uniformly gowned, when the University Faculty would gaze down at them from the platform, clothed in frock and cutaway, and pepper-and-salt sack. The point was well taken ; why should the students try to create a certain atmosphere of refinement and sobriety about their graduation ceremonies when some of these gentlemen, naturally conceded to be the rightful leaders in any such movement, seem to take the affair as a sort of a duty, which requires their unwilling presence, and which is neither a dignified nor an important function of their professioral office. Assuredly the time has come when there should be a little more of the collegiate sentiment clinging about our university ; in an hundred different ways, we deserve the name, "farmer college," which sets our blood a' boiling whenever we hear it used. The wearing of caps and gowns by faculty and students alike would do much to wipe one stain, at least, from our escutcheon, and the ERA feels sure that did the professors but realize what a great good they might do in this matter, they would make it a point during the next few weeks to insure a dignified and a memorable commencement season.

THE UNIVERSITY

AT the winter meeting of the University Board of Trustees, important faculty changes were made by the election of Charles H. Hull, '86, to the chair of American History vacated by the recent death of Professor Tyler. This election seems especially happy. Professor Hull graduated at Cornell in history and political science and has been a student in history, economics and public law in Göttingen, Florence, Berlin, and Halle, taking Ph.D., *magna cum laude*, at Halle in 1892. He has served Cornell successively as assistant librarian, instructor and assistant professor of economics. His principle published work, the economic writings of Sir William Petty, is historical in character. Since the death of Professor Tyler, he has been directing the American history thesis work. For a long time closely in touch with the field of American history, his peculiar abilities fit him especially for his new position.

The trustees also took action in regard to the chair of Greek, appointing to that position, Dr. Sterett, Professor of Greek at Amherst. Professor Sterett studied at the University of Virginia and in Europe, taking Ph.D., at Munich. He has filled the chair of Greek successively at Miami, University of Texas, and Amherst and has spent several years in archaeological expeditions in Asia Minor, besides acting as professor in the American school at Athens. He brings to the chair of Greek, a wealth of scholarship and culture which make him a fitting successor to Professor Wheeler.

One other appointment was made by the trustees in the selection of Professor Fetter of Leland Stanford as Professor of Political Economy and Finance. Professor Fetter graduated at Indiana University and took Ph.M., at Cornell and Ph.D. at Halle. He was afterward and instructor at Cornell and then held a professorship in Indiana University and at Leland Stanford. He has a large number of published works and is looked upon as one of the most promising men in his field of economic investigation.

IN the recent Junior Smoker there were a number of remarks made regarding the subject of training, Mr. Jennings expressed himself on the matter and Mr. Moakly seconded the sentiments on behalf of the track men. The burden of the remarks was that training in base ball and track should in the future be made more stringent; that men should be encouraged to keep in training the year around; and that any break should be made ground for discipline. Such talk is of the right sort; and it may not be amiss to assure the coaches that they have the solid backing of the student body from "Abbey F. H." to "Zon R." in their efforts to introduce such training into track and base ball. These two branches of sport have been open to criticism in this regard—not this year, we mean, but generally speaking, as compared with crew and football. Cornell crew discipline is proverbial. The authority of the coach is not questioned and it is one of the "old man's" claims to Cornell gratitude that he has ever kept strict discipline among his men during the training season. To the clean cut training that Courtney maintains is due much of his success and the success of our crews, as every Cornell man knows. With the baseball team and track it has frequently been different. The stand taken by Jennings and Moakley this year is sensible. It may impose unpleasant restrictions on some. But let such a man remember that he is essaying to represent Cornell and that what he does and gives for Alma Mater will come back to him many fold in respect and honor at the hands of every Cornellian and of college men everywhere. Let the spirit and observance of training which track and base ball men have been showing so far this year, continue and become a Cornell heritage. Let us have in every branch of athletics men always in training, never out of condition and ready as was "Tar" Young when he came out for the "Penn" game in '98, to meet even unexpected calls to athletic and college service.

BOOK REVIEVVS

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THE ERA

WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

"He scarce had need to doff his pride, or
slough the dross of earth,
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he
from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honor
and clean mirth."

—Rudyard Kipling in his dedication of "*Barrack Room Ballads and other Verses*" to Wolcott Balestier.

"What he wrote, what he would have published, will be largely and sympathetically scrutinised, but there are persons for whom it will remain both only the smaller part of what he did and the pledge of a talent smothered at the very moment it had begun to expand."

—Henry James in his brief biography of Wolcott Balestier.

TO have secured the affection and respect of one's fellow craftsman is, perhaps, not the final test of genius; but, making due allowance for the personal equation, it is evidence we all should like to offer of our right to a place in the world's remembrance. Wolcott Balestier, who died in Dresden, December 6th, 1891, before he reached his thirtieth year had lived long enough to taste the joy of a conspicuous success in his own country, and to have become one of the best known personages of his calling in London. If he did not live to do his best, he at least was spared the bitterness of reaching the limit of his powers. To his last hour the energy of youth was his and the abundant vitality that above all things distinguished him was still promising to fulfil his heart's desire when the delirum of fever blotted out all hopes and disappointments together.

A younger generation at Cornell may like to know something of the undergraduate and later life of the Cornellian who did more than any other to give to our university the distinction conferred by creative work in literature,—a distinction sadly rare in the great mass of scientific achievment which Cornell's sons have heaped up during their thirty years of opportunity.

In September, 1881, arrived in Ithaca from his home in Rochester, N. Y., Charles Wolcott Balestier, a youth then, but not long, to fame unknown, at least in college circles. He chanced to take rooms in a house that still stands in Buffalo Street near the Square, and as my rooms were directly under his I soon saw much of him. He entered at once into the life of the college with the enthusiasm always characteristic of him, and "Eighty-five", which made no exception to the rule that elects the most conspicuous freshman president of his class, dignified Balestier with its first honor. A little later he was the best known undergraduate in the university. "A Visit to the Goodale Sisters", who were then beginning to be known to readers of magazines, was the first contribution of his pen to the college papers. It appeared in the ERA and certain youthful exuberances of style marked it for a parody entitled "A Visit to the Badbeer Brothers" written by irreverent juniors who seem never to have heard before of the Goodale sisters. But this skirmish was nothing to the battle which raged a week or two later, over an article contributed by the freshman president to the dignified, if dreary, *Cornell Review* which in those days embalmed the literary aspirations of upperclassmen. This second offense was named by its author "What Does the People Read?" and the question brought its own local reply. The people of Cornell read Balestier's article, an inoffensive compilation based on his inquiries in the public libraries of Rochester and Ithaca. It is difficult now, to believe one's memory of the absurd discussions hotly waged over the supposedly strained relations between noun and verb in "What Does the People Read?"

There were mighty hunters among the sophomores in those days, whose quarry was the officers of the freshman class and whose open season the week of the freshman dinner. At two o'clock in the morning of Thursday, February 2nd, 1882, began the kidnapping episode which fixed the standard for future undergraduate broils. A dozen members of the sophomore class appeared at Balestier's rooms in Morrill Hall whither he had removed at the beginning of the winter term. Admission being refused the outer door was smashed with an axe. President Balestier and Vice-President Blood were taken by force from a committee of fighting freshmen who, upon Balestier's refusal to seek safety in the Ithaca Hotel, had insisted on acting as a bodyguard in anticipation of this very raid. The captured officers were thrust into a closed carriage which was jammed with sophomores and driven to Cortland. There the captives, by promising not to attempt escape, were permitted to walk escorted about the streets and soon attracted so much attention that they were taken on board a railway train after blazing a trail that could not be mistaken. Meanwhile the freshmen at home engaged the services of Ithaca's undismayed detective force, Nelligan by name, and that officer succeeded quickly in tracing kidnappers and kidnapped to Syracuse where they were soon identified and announced their release to their anxious classmates by the following telegram :

> Hallelujah ! Soph's crushed. Free.
> Back to-morrow noon via U. I. and E.
>
> Balestier and Blood.

They were not permitted to remain until next day. They were summoned to Cortland by train, whence triumphant fellow freshmen drove them back to Ithaca shortly after midnight.

A menu lies before me of the "Freshman Examination in Gastronomy held in the dining room of the Ithaca Hotel, February 3rd, 1882." The meal was a masterpiece of Ithaca cuisinerie with a round fifty dishes, the five roasts

before the five entrées and tea and coffee served impartially at the end. Balestier responded to the toast "The Class of '85," and during the progress of the dinner the exulting freshmen sang to the air of "Solomon Levi," a class song which he composed for the occasion.

Through these and other vicissitudes of a stormy career as freshman president, Balestier passed with unruffled spirit. His keen interest in university life, his unflagging good nature and his readiness to enjoy a joke of which he was a part, made association with him a never failing delight. His was a serious nature, and the purpose of his life was formed before he was eighteen, when he wrote "A Potent Philter,"* a romance of summer travel in Canada, and determined to be a novelist. That purpose he never lost, whatever demands temporary necessities made upon his time; but in all the emergencies of the active life he led a saving sense of humor, an ability to seize the other person's point of view prevented a too serious estimate of himself or his work.

Balestier's rating in comparative scholarship was creditable, but he did not return to Cornell after his freshman year. It is to be feared that no college faculty would regard with high favor his educational theories as he practiced them. Much of his time was spent over books not required for graduation and when he was not reading fiction or poems, borrowed from the town library, he was often writing or walking or conversing in his animated and even then brilliant way. While at Cornell he finished "A Fair Device," the first of his stories to attract favorable attention, and began "A Victorious Defeat," one of the successful novels of its day, and one which brought to him from the critics of the daily and weekly press, and even from Mr. W.

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* "A Potent Philter" usually appeared in print as "A Patent Filter." Even the Library of Congress, when the title was offered for copyright, returned it to be registered in the Patent Office as a trademark. The owner of the manuscript has promised to present it some day to the library of Cornell University.

D. Howells, recognition of an unusual talent for story writing.

A few months' editorial work on the Rochester *Post-Express* followed his year at Cornell and was succeeded by a winter in Colorado. There originated Balestier's most ambitious work, "Benefits Forgot," and there his mind absorbed the materials afterward used in the scenes of Western life in "The Naulahka," written by him in collaboration with Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He returned to the East by way of New Orleans and the South with a view to a fortune in kindling wood and dried fruit, humorously referred to in "Benefits Forgot" as a farcical enterprise of the younger son of the story.

The autumn of 1883 found him in the Astor Library in New York, with a small salary, writing, planning, studying the life about him, intensely interested in new books, new pictures, new plays, and the newer architecture, then just beginning to contrast itself with the depressing brown-stone ugliness of the city. During the summer of 1884 he wrote in the leisure hours of a month a campaign life of James G. Blaine, which was adopted by the National Republican Committee and widely circulated. During this period he was reading manuscripts of books for the publishing house of John W. Lovell, writing for *The Church Review*, *The Critic*, and other periodicals, and arranging with Mr. Lovell for the publication, "Early in October, of a weekly journal (Size of Life) which I shall call *The Town* and EDIT." The quotation is from a letter written by him in July. Instead, he went to Colorado for the winter and some one else "presumed to issue a paper in New York under our title." Before going West, he had offered "A Victorious Defeat" to a syndicate of newspapers in pursuance of a plan which associated him with Mr. S. S. McClure in the establishment of an agency that has led America in the collection and sale to newspapers and magazines of important fiction and articles of scientific and general interest. The newspapers, how-

ever, were not eager to print "A Victorious Defeat." Its author writes from Salida, Colorado, January 8, 1885:

"Overwhelming 'Defeat!'" I should think so. I never experienced a more royally complete 'ball-up.' I always like to make even failure thorough; and I've done it. The papers, . . . after messing a good many days about it, decided to observe that they couldn't accept 'Defeat.' Their unanimity was delicious—save the Savannah *News*, to which it was sold for twenty-five dollars in consideration of special concessions, and which, I fear, will hang on to it, as it published Chapter I, January 4th. But I shall make a stout effort to wrest it from them in the bud.

"Meanwhile I began to-day to do serious work again on my new novel. When I receive a stinging blow in the face like this unanimous declination of the 'Defeat,' I make it a point of morality and courage to leap up briskly and go to work on something else."

The new novel was "Benefits Forgot," which he worked over at odd times for the next four years, laying it aside for months and then attacking it again with all his original interest and energy. "Benefits Forgot" was finally sent to the *Century Magazine* as the work of a young American residing in London. Its author, coming to America shortly afterward, called upon his acquaintance, the editor of the *Century*, to offer him the three short stories, which were his last.

"By the way, Balestier," said Mr. Gilder, "do you happen to know who wrote a novel which we have just taken for the *Century?* It's a story of Western life by a countryman of ours who lives in London, and it's called "Benefits Forgot."

"Yes, I know him; in fact, I wrote it," replied Balestier, delighted.

The four years between the winter at Salida and the departure for London were filled with work and growth. He returned to New York early in May 1885, while his classmates were writing their graduation theses, to take the editorship of *Tid-Bits*, a small weekly paper, whose heading of alternate scissors and paste-pots sufficiently indicated its contents. Under the new editor's management, original

articles began to crowd out the clippings and the paper was so expanded and illumined that it instantly caught the fancy of the men who edit with their shears funny columns for the newspapers. Probably no humorous periodical was ever quoted more widely. *Tid-Bits*, however, was something more than a vehicle for humorous prose and verse. Its illustrations were made by a group of young men, some of whom found in it their first patron and who signed their drawings with these and other now familiar names: Sterner, Kemble, Frost, Herford, Wilder, Rudolph Bunner, and Charles Howard Johnson. Charles Dana Gibson's first cartoons and many of his early humorous drawings appeared in the new paper. Roswell Bacon, the painter, was another discovery of *Tid-Bits*.

"A Victorious Defeat" finally appeared in book form from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers in the Spring of 1886, and its author wrote to a friend May 29th:

"The notices of "A. V. D." are almost without exception very high in its praise. I am surprised by the cordial reception given it; for I never expected it to please the Philistine press of the interior. Did you see the *Tribune* of Sunday last upon it? To-day's *Critic* notices it briefly, but pleasantly. With these two exceptions no big voices have been heard from yet. I am glad to find that one or two critics think it awfully dull. If there weren't a class which must find it so, I should have no confidence in its permanent hold on the people worth the holding. I am astonished to find that every one likes *Constance* greatly. It hadn't seemed to me that she was the sort of woman to catch the popular fancy. Did I tell you that in a call made upon Mr. Howells by his invitation, when he was in the city a month ago, he told me that he had written a review of the book for the July "Study." He likes "A. V. D." but doesn't think it contemporary or realistic enough, I fancy. He told me that he hoped my next story would deal with "To-day—not yesterday or the day before"—and much else in that general strain. He was very kind and cordial, and is as charming in his talk as in his writing. Mary Hallock Foote, by the way, wrote an agreeable note in response to a copy sent her. I sent out no author's copies to speak of; four or five to novelists for whom I

especially care, and two to others of whom you were one. I constantly wish you were here to watch the progress of the book which you assisted at the birth of, away back in 1882. It's only a boy's book after all, you know; and I feel sometimes as if I should like to explore the four-years older mind of 24 (not so very old yet) to see if perchance a better novel lurks in it. Mr. Howells said he expected me to do much better work. I have more hope of it than I had a year ago; but no working confidence yet. If *Tid-Bits* goes to pieces, as of course, like any new paper, it may any day, I shall go up to Ithaca I think and give my whole energy for as long a time as necessary to making a try at the new book."

Tid-Bits ran on until the Spring of 1888, when instead of dying as its editor weekly expected, it was enlarged at his suggestion, colored pictures were introduced and it appeared in its new garb June 23rd under the name *Time*. *Time*, during its career of somewhat more than a year won its share of public approval, but lacked adequate financial support, and its creator and chief promoter being removed across the Atlantic in December, 1888, it dwindled and finally died of starvation.

Balestier arrived in London at the Christmas season, 1888, as the representative of a New York publisher known for his cheap reprints of foreign books and of American books of which the copyrights had expired. Those were the good old days of piracy in which all publishers, American and English, indulged perforce; but he whom Balestier served was regarded by most as the chief offender. With this background of piratical publisher and uncertain finance, the young American stormed London. He was armed with a few letters of introduction from American friends, a genius for business, and a knowledge of living writers and their works, which few could match. He set about his task with enthusiasm and his success is still remembered in London as unique. During the three years that remained to him he became the trusted agent and friend of nearly every man and woman of letters in England. He obtained contracts for their work. The American rights went to the John W.

Lovell Company, an ever-swelling, rainbow-hued bubble which burst soon after his death. He reserved the continental rights for himself and began with Mr. Heinemann the publication in Paris and Leipsic of "The English Library," of which the first number was "The Light That Failed," by Rudyard Kipling, and the one hundredth, "The Average Woman," a collection of short stories by Wolcott Balestier reprinted from the *Century Magazine.* In conjunction with "The English Library," he also published a continental edition of *The Review of Reviews.* In all this stress he found time for social diversion, for travel, for keen observation of London, never forgetting his friends at home who still treasure the brilliant and inspiring letters he wrote. The only thing for which he lacked time was rest. He was rushing through a few years at top speed to make leisure in which to return to America and follow his calling as a writer of novels of contemporary life. Meanwhile he was intensely interested in all that was being done in books, pictures, plays, architecture, music, politics. In comparison with these, Rome was to him "a rubbish heap" and London "a cow pasture." He did not lack appreciation of a picturesque past, as his selection of offices in Dean's yard, Westminister, and a residence in the house of Thackeray's Mrs. Brookfield, showed; but real interest was in the present. During his last summer, that of 1891, he took a villa on the Isle of Wight overlooking the water, and there he spent with his mother and sisters as much time as he could spare from London. He was overworked even then. There were so many possibilities to be grasped, and so little time before the date, only a year ahead, when he had definitely decided to return to America and his real work.

When he started, November 11th, on that last fatal journey to the continent, he was far from well. His family was left behind in Paris while he rushed toward Berlin. He became so ill on the way that he decided to remain at Dresden for a day or two, and wrote there cheerfully of a

slight attack of grippe which would be tossed off soon. Then followed fever, delirium, the hospital, the dread summons of his family, and death December 6th. He is buried in "The bristling alien cemetery, contracted and charmless, of the foreign city to which he made his feverish way only to die."

Sorrow at the tragic quenching of this brave and buoyant spirit was widespread. Mr. Henry James hastened to Dresden to lay his token of affection on the new grave and scores of illustrious men and women mourned for a near friend. Their appreciation was early and warmly shown. It would be a fitting tribute were Cornell to emblazon upon the walls or windows of the chapel an inscription telling his successors what he did and was.

John D. Adams.

THE SHINING SHADOW.

UPPOSE, Sir Alfred, you tell me all that is known of the old castle," remarked Professor Albermarle, curbing his horse as they reached the crest of a slight rise.

"Really, Doctor, I can only repeat what all the country-side knows," replied his companion. "For several years the castle has been untenanted; the old lord is in Edinburgh, and I am here as manager for my uncle. As yet no one has dared to remain in the place. An American tourist did lease it, but"—and here his Lordship toyed nervously with the rein—"the Shining Shadow was too much for even him. Then—"

"Never mind the fools that were frightened out," the Professor interrupted. "What is this Shining Shadow anyway?"

Sir Alfred's petulant frown did not escape Albemarle's keen eyes. "You surely know something?" he added.

The other stopped switching the heather. "The Shining Shadow," he said, "as nearly as I can gather, is a luminous apparition that appears on the west wall in the Blue Room—usually on a wet night. At first it makes no menaces, contenting itself with growing brighter. Then—usually again at two o'clock—there is heard a low rumble, the figure darts out a dazzling flame, the room is filled with fire and smoke, and—the occupant of the chamber is found dead the next morning. That is all."

"Enough!" the Professor dryly supplemented. "One question more, if you please."

Sir Alfred's lip curled slightly. "Well?" he curtly responded, giving his horse the rein.

"If—the—observ-er is—dead—how do—the phe-nomena be-come-known?" the P:ofessor jerked out, as he followed his companion down the incline.

His Lordship's teeth clicked together. "Observer and occupant are not the same!" he snapped out.

For a time they rode in silence. All around them the green of the heather rose and sank, save where the golden-rod made an islet of brilliant yellow. Far away in the distance Ben Loroch, his pine-clad sides a mere blur, shot up into the clear northern air. In the west the dying sun scattered crimson and gold unstintingly, utterly paling the wan moon that had thought to show herself. Suddenly, as they emerged from a deeper hollow than usual, Sir Alfred pointed downward. "There's the castle!" he announced.

Albemarle checked his horse and gazed his fill, as was befitting a man for whom the castle might solve the question of life—and death. Yet the old abode of the Erricks had no air or mystery about it. Malaria there might be in the damp vale at their feet; as for the other, only an atmosphere of desolation pervaded the stronghold, from the turret where swallows flitted in and out to the rusty drawbridge and empty moat.

Once more there was a silence as they picked their downward way. Sir Alfred was vexed, and the professor was thinking—thinking of thirty years spent in exploding ghost stories; of the new points in this case, and of Sir Alfred. Albemarle glanced sidewise and, meeting Sir Alfred's eyes, bit his lip. That was the professor's way when he was satisfied.

At the portal of the great hall Sir Alfred drew up. "You are determined to stay?" he said, almost entreatingly. "Remember, I warn—"

"Warnings are useless. My reputation is at stake. And so," Albemarle might have added, "no doubt, is yours."

. . . . . .

Professor Albemarle shivered as he drew his great-coat closer. An uncanny breeze, like the chill breath from a vault, bellowed the ragged tapestries in and out; even the bed curtains felt the impulse and swayed in

unison. From every obscure corner a host of misty shapes were trying to formulate themselves, encouraged by the grinning Fire-imp dancing in the sea-coal flames. Outside, too, the rain was falling steadily, drearily, as if knocking, knocking for the creatures of moor and fell to come forth and aid their brethren of the castle. Again the professor stirred uneasily. "Bah!" he muttered, "this (and he laid a curious insistence on this) is nonsensical!"

He began to make mental note of the fittings of the room. "Large, as usual—and draughty." Glancing at the tapestries, "old—thirteenth century, I suppose; furniture of the—the seventeenth, perhaps. Three chairs—four with this one—a curtained four-poster (reminds me of the Pallingham ghost). So far, nothing. How about floor and —walls. Rats, no doubt. Floor blood-stained—blotches neither large or small—a symmetrical murder, doubtless, or —chemicals. Walls tapestried on north, east, south—very rotten—wainscoting behind; on the west (in a moment the professor was there and back) no tapestries—damp—very damp in some places. Well (snapping open and shut his Elton) I'm going to bed."

As calmly as if in his own London apartments, the professor prepared to retire. He folded his garments neatly, placed his tans at right angles to the bed and slipped on a night robe. Next, he placed a lighted safety lamp of his own invention by the bed and, last of all, (probably as a tribute to the chemicals), shoved under his pillow a loaded Colt revolver.

"Ugh!" he shivered, as he lifted the bed clothes, "this will be like sleeping on an ice-berg."

. . . . . .

With a start the professor awoke. He had no idea how long he had slept. The fire was only a heap of half-dead embers, and the Fire-imp had vanished. The lamp, too, was out. Eagerly, and yet half fearfully, the professor's eyes sought the opposite wall. At first, nothing; nothing but an unrelieved blackness. Then slowly there glowed into

view one little spot of light; in a minute it was an intense globule of flame. Soon another and another. Here, there, everywhere they started into fiery life, flickering, thronging, coalescing. But as yet the most powerful imagination could not frame them into anything.

The professor watched as one enchanted. Suddenly his eyes dilated; he gave a stifled groan. The shifting, crowding points were melting together, and, one by one, the lines of a face were developing.

Rapidly the sketch proceeded; at last there stood out in bold relief a countenance of utter horror. Eyes whose dark depths revealed a soul tortured by remorse and longing burst into his; lips curled hideously back over cruel, white-red fangs, smiled a promise of comradeship in hell; cheeks sunken with years of indulgence and dissipation scarcely concealed the horrible jaw bones working in blasphemous utterances; the forehead, marked with grief, recorded in letters of fire the life-long struggle between the man and beast that no man may know and remain sane. Aye, on those features every vice had branded its stamp, every sorrow, every unholy joy.

Unheeded the shadow had grown. Neck, arms, body, legs, feet, had become instinct with malicious life, and still the professor and the face were one in a fearful harmony. Brighter, brighter grew the shadow; more and more menacingly it glowered. All the professor's orthodox calmness left him; his thirty years of experience were as nothing. For the first time in many months he tried to pray.

With terror-drawn, stony-blank look, he awaited the end. One moment more! Then out from the shadow there darted a flame, one long, straight tongue. Tingling with fear, Albemarle shrieked. He was a gibbering madman.

He seemed coursing between the worlds; star dust fell around him. Nebulae stood in his path, like pale wraiths of the shadow. Comets raced past, flicking him with their fiery tails. Cosmic suns shriveled him into naught. The crash of star meeting star dinned in his ears. Saturn's

rings whirled him into a mad, ecstatic round. Round! Round! Round! ever round! till all fell in a dizzy, flaming-hot heap, quivering with strange, needle-like sensations.

. . . . . .

"Wake up, man! wake up, for Heaven's sake!" pierced through to him.

And Albemarle woke—woke to a conciousness of many men dashing water upon him, of a burning mountain near-by, and of a singular soreness and pricking in every limb. Gradually the many men resolved themselves into Sir Alfred, surrounded by a few servants, and the mountain became the castle; yet the soreness and pricking remained the same.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

"Here, with me," Sir Alfred returned. "Fearful for your safety, I came back. The castle has been struck by lightning, and is burning. We had given you up when all at once you staggered out, cursing and praying. We've made some prisoners, too!"

"Prisoners?" Albemarle faintly echoed—and then went off into another swoon.

When, after three weeks, he finally recovered, the whole experience was made plain to him. The man whom Sir Alfred had captured had confessed. Dinwoodie, as the man called himself, had made the old castle a headquarters for a notorious band of robbers, of whom he was chief. In order to be undisturbed, they, taking advantage of a remarkable growth of phosphorescent fungi—"Agaricus plus imagination!" Professor Albemarle interjected—in the Blue Room, had spread the story of the Shining Shadow, after further supplementing the fungus effect by firework displays and by an electric wire running through the bed and connecting with batteries in other rooms. This they had severed so that one of the ends could be raised or lowered at will, the unfortunate occupant of the bed acting as a conductor. In Albemarle's case, the fatal circuit had failed to do more than give a severe shock owing to an over-large voltage.

. . . . . .

A week later, the Professor, safe again in London, tore open a telegram.

Dr. Albemarle :

Come at once. Dinwoodie escaped. Sir Alfred missing. Suspicious circumstances.

Edinburgh. B.

As Albemarle was packing that night, with an oath he dropped his valise.

"What a dammed ass I was!" he groaned. "Dinwoodie was a blind, a tool, and—Sir Alfred's nervousness *did* mean something after all!"

T. J. E.

CAPTURE AND RECAPTURE OF BALESTIER, '85.

BALESTIER, though only a freshman, had contributed several ambitious literary productions to the *Review* and the *Era*, and had thereby fallen under suspicion and much derision. When he wrote of "A Visit to the Goodale Sisters" the funny man retorted with "A Visit to the Badbeer Brothers." When he wrote upon "What does the People Read" journalistic pedants carped at the singularity of his tenses. Balestier merely pitied them.

To add to his offences he became freshman president and engineered the plans for a banquet at which he should preside and deliver himself of a speech. There were a certain forty-five having a year the advantage of Balestier in college experience who decided he shouldn't preside at the banquet and who proposed practical measures to prevent it. Rumors of these things got abroad and the two dollar a column newspaper correspondents sharpened their pencils.

The forty-five met that night at the gymnasium,—not the new one but its predecessor which stood nearly opposite and well back from the avenue in the shelter of the wood. A closed hack with a trusty whip and fast team was drawn up in the densest shadow, while within the gym. the forty-five discussed the adventure in subdued tones and waited for the signal. When the bell in McGraw struck two the more impetuous could be restrained only by bad language. When the half hour struck they were in a majority, and with such silence as was possible on a frost-bitten morning in February the procession moved up Central avenue and deployed to the west of the old South—which a later generation calls Morrill. In the northwest corner of this fortress, two flights up, were quartered Balestier, the President, and Blood, the Vice-President and reputed toastmaster. This was Thursday morning and the banquet was set for Friday night.

Balestier and Blood were not wholly unprepared for a siege. Their door had been fortified with such material as was at hand and a small but determined guard were on duty. The forty-five rushed the door once or twice without success. It was splendidly braced. Then they procured an axe and chopped a way through. Uncle Josh removed the door as kindling wood next day. The President's guard were not as difficult as the door and they surrendered at discretion to an overwhelming force. They were tenderly bound and gagged and conveyed to the gymnasium where they lay till morning. Balestier and Blood, rudely awakened by the invaders, were dragged half dressed to the hack and under guard of five sophomores were driven swiftly into the night.

Swift and silent as had been all this dark work, a rumor had somehow sped abroad and aroused sleeping freshmen to the rescue. Two dashing leaders, Fullmer and Prescott, came tearing up the avenue behind a fast horse only to be stopped by the patrol and hurried blindfolded and raging to a dungeon on Huestis. Here they languished forty-eight hours and were released only as the banqueters were dispersing. Balestier and Blood would have been there instead if those who prepared the stronghold had prevailed.

As it was, through the bitter cold of a February dawn the overladen coach jolted its way over frozen roads to Freeville and Cortland. Balestier, who was of attenuated form and but indifferently well clothed, suffered the most. But the captors were far from comfortable. So when the half-frozen captives gave their parol not to escape, the captors consented to substitute railway cars for hacks. Two of the captors were thought enough under the circumstances. It was less suspicious. Besides there wasn't money enough for seven tickets. So the four took tickets for Syracuse, but not before Blood, who did not regard his parol as applying to this extent, eluded his captors long enough to telegraph his plight and destination to inquiring friends in Ithaca. The captives were very merry on the trip. At Syracuse the party ran plump into the arms of the waiting

police. Balestier and Blood returned in triumph. Balestier presided at the banquet and Blood was toastmaster.

A week later five of the forty-five began an involuntary and indefinite vacation while the other forty raged and wrote scathing arraignments of faculty justice for the college press.

THE STORM.

I.

LOW lowers from the sky a mass of cloud ;
Deep-muttering thunders sound, and echoes fly
From peak to peak in vaunting rivalry
Till faintly, in the distance lost, they die
With one last challenge. Through the full-charged air
The lightning strikes ; its blinding, deadly flash
For one swift moment lights the troubled lake
Whose foam-white waves strive on toward the shore
On ceaseless rush. As yet no drop of rain.

II.

More dreadful flame-swords gash the darkened heaven,
And, following fast, the torrents pour to earth,
Drenching the trees that bow their servile tops
In sign of helotage. In the mad, wild lake
The deluge vanishes, while now the winds
Spurn high the spray in air, till, wondrous white,
It seems the raiment of a storied sea-god,
Above, below, the thick-drawn veil of rain
Hides all from view. The threatened storm has come.

T. J. E.

MAY MORNINGS AMONG THE HILLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

TO the late riser the better part of the charm of May is never known, for its very essence lies in those few hours just before and after sunrise. To wake at that time is almost like being born in another world. The morning breeze comes faint and fresh through the shutters, a wierd grey-green light is on the trees in the east, across the silent, shadowy space of empty lawn and street the robins are calling to each other. Just so, me fancies, they must have called from tree-top to tree-top, when the old forest was still standing, with all the joy of morning and of spring-time in the ringing, reassuring freshness of their song. This morning hour belongs to the wild things by right. It is the last moment of their Golden Age. Here, in the tree tops, while the busy world of men below is still asleep, they live again the free, careless life of the old forest days. You will find the birds either strangely oblivious, or strangely indifferent to your presence. They will almost graze your cheek with flying wing, and make no sign. You will note, too, a careless abandon in their songs missing at any later hour. For, once you have heard the sunrise song of any bird, any later rendering of it seems in comparison a mere mechanical repetition of notes learned by vote, to the improvisation of a master musician.

As voice after voice is added to the sunrise chorus, and the light in the east grows, the restlessness of spring comes over you. Why not up and explore for yourself this strange morning world, all so freshly aired and dusted by night-winds and dew?

You pass through empty streets that click hollow to your footsteps as in a deserted city; past houses tightly closed

and shuttered, the sleepers within all unconscious of the beauty of the morning; by lawns where slanting sunbeams strike through the fresh green of budding trees, and lie mistily along the grass; on and on, till the fog and smoke of the drowsy town lie far behind you, the bridge is crossed and the open country stretches out before. Here, where the houses are few and the trees scattered, you may watch, breathless with interest, the prairie lark winding her way up the morning skies, higher and higher, her song ever fainter and fainter, till at last she turns, exhausted and drops like a stone almost at your feet. Here, too, the graceful swallows wheel and circle about your head, or, perching on the eaves, call impudently to the lazy sleepers within.

Soon the road begins to turn up among the hills, past broad farms, the last outposts of the wilderness to be seized by settlers in the valley; where every bit of cleared field and fertile meadow represents a triumph hardily won over steep, rocky and densely wood slopes. Here many a thicket lingers still by the wayside, out of which sleepy birds tremble at your approach, and hasten off for a plunge in the nearest brooklet. Farther on are orchards in full bloom, with hosts of migrating warblers foraging for a breakfast among them; while here and there a bold-mannered owl, with brilliant colors and splendid voice, challenges the smaller birds for possession.

Often the strange, sweet odor of the wild crab draws you aside, and you clamber up the stone wall to gather great branches of its pink-tinted, shell-like blossoms, and are rewarded by drenching showers of dew shaken down from overhead.

Up and up goes the road, and on and on you go, conscious only of a gypsy carelessness of the morrow in your heart, of the wind in your face, and the feel of the earth under foot. At last you are glad of a moment's rest, and a stump offers an airy perch. Here you may whistle the birds up out of the underbrush, or watch the sunbeams glistening on the dewy slope beneath. Here every stump has its song-

sparrow, piping tirelessly and contentedly at one of his many themes; or its blue-bird, whose voice as well as his coat matches the intensity of the violet's hue at your feet.

Now you resume your ramble, back farther among the hills and into the woods. At first you come on open and grassy groves of old, half-dead pines, with their few remaining branches pointing, as every wandering Indian knew of old, straight to the north; of tall butternuts and sycamores, wreathed in a mist of pale green leaf-buds, with the dew lying thick and cold on the grass at their feet, with the mist of the morning lingering among their trunks, but their summits bathed in golden sunlight. Down from the branches far overhead come the faultless phrases of the wood-thrush's hymn, ringing brave and clear through the echoing woods. And, listening, you fancy that voice must be human, and the music an improvisation. Surely it is the first time those silvery tones ever rang through the air, so well they fit the very mood of the moment, and, surely, it is some human emotion they are voicing with such perfect intonation. But sober reason reasserts itself. You remember, it is only a bird, and the melody only a bird-folk song; not the creation of a single musical genius, but the work of countless generations of singers, each adding a little here, polishing a little there, with no thought that human pride would some day claim the whole creation for its special pleasure.

And now, of a sudden, you are aware of a pulsing of the air, an indescribably thrilling whir-r-r, as if the whole earth were a great drum vibrating softly to an impact far in the distance. You push breathless through the woods to solve the mystery, and you may count yourself fortunate indeed if it is permitted you to see and hear, with your own eyes and ears, the partridge drumming his spring song in the woods.

The chase has led you farther and farther up through the forest, and now a metallic call-note informs you that that rare visitant, the hermit thrush, is near. Another pursuit follows, and perhaps when you reach the very summit your

bird may pause a moment and permit the rising sun to ring from him a few phrases of that unearthly melody sacred to the secluded woods far to the north.

Here at last you have reached the very summit of the valley wall. There in the distance lies the town, in the shadow of the purple hills that, rising circle after circle around it, have won it ancient Athens' nick-name—the City of the Violet Crown. The illusive mists have vanished now before the sun ; the birds are falling silent. Suddenly, from the town below, rises the factory whistle. prosaic and business-like and clear. In an instant the spell of the woods is broken, and thoughts of home and breakfast rise uppermost in your mind.

> "Towered cities please us then,
> And the busy hum of men"—

you surrender all thought of gypsy life and look for the nearest cross-lots home. The whole country-side is up now. The plow-boy's voice rises from the fields beneath, and wagons begin to rumble by. Smoke is rising from all the chimneys, and old men are gossiping across their door-steps, while the women are getting breakfast inside. In the town itself the business street is all abustle, but in the quieter resident portions the walks are just being swept, the doors and blinds thrown open, and the few strollers out for the morning air are quite oblivious to the fact that the best part of the day is already over.

—*Elsie Murray.*

A CORNELL YARN.

N examination is apt to be trying to one's nerves, be it a prelim. or final, and many there be that get "busted" thereby. Which causeth some to diligently "crib." This yarn is not offered by way of apology or suggestion. It is a simple statement of fact and must be rated accordingly. For men have cribbed, in times gone by, from Yale to Leland Stanford, and will continue to crib till the end of the chapter. Some men, that is. There are others. But that is irrelevant in the present connection.

Let this be said to the honor of humanity in general and Cornellians in particular, that where the Honor system is in vogue and the erstwhile proctor has vanished from the land, this time-honored practice has fallen into disuse, and only traditions remain to mark its sometime popularity.

Such a tradition is the following. Years ago,—it may be discreet to ignore the number,—an examination in Chemistry was pending and dread were the forebodings of the luckless class. A state of things not peculiar to the past alone, one may say. Now in this class, there throve a youth of more than average parts, as the sequel goes to prove. This youth was not of that ilk which studies diligently, for many moons, and then goes in to take its reward. True, he had labored much with many things,—but not with Chemistry. There is a day of reckoning for such. So the blackness of despair fell upon the youth and clouded his countenance. Then in his dire extremity, he bethought him of a remedy. Mark well the issue.

All examination papers which are to be printed, the uninitiated should know, are sent by the "devil" to his master under heavy bond of secrecy. It may be added, parenthetically, that they are later sent to the Devil (in varied and

select phraseology) by them that do flunk. Now the former "devil's" master, the printer to wit, must see that no copy of the questions intrusted to his charge falls, by any chance, into the hands of designing students; and great must be his vigilance and integrity to escape their machinations. But the youth who figures in this tale, well knowing the untimely fate of those who would bribe or "swipe," had laid a deeper and more cunning plot. For several days he had lingered innocently around the press-room, learning many things about print and printers, but nothing about Chemistry. Yet "all things come to him who waits," and this case proved no exception to the proverb.

On the day the papers went to press, our youth sallied forth to his accustomed haunts immaculately attired in snowy duck trowsers, fresh from the laundry. At the printing office that day, he conduced himself with such circumspection and lack of undue curiosity that even the chief was disarmed of suspicion. And so, in the fullness of time, a form of type fresh from the press was left unguarded a moment on the stone. The youth strayed thitherward and calmly sat upon the type. Then he departed,—in some haste, they say,—bearing upon his spotless garment an impression of great value.

As conclusion to this truthful tale, it might be added that the printer forgot to mention the episode until after the examination. The printer was something of a humorist himself, it is said.

N. G.

CORNELL FRATERNITIES—A SKETCH.

THE present generation of Cornellians regard the fraternity system as one of the distinctive features of Cornell life. Twenty-three houses, scattered over the campus and surrounding hill, lodge most of the fraternity men, and to some extent take the place of college dormitories, the absence of which makes the position of the fraternities unique. The great halls of the students are scattered all over Ithaca, and it has consequently fallen largely to the fraternities to bring up the freshmen in the way they should go, to serve as rallying points of student activity, and to cherish and keep up the traditions of our early days.

Cornell fraternities date from the very opening of the University. Within three months of the time when the University opened its doors in 1868, Zeta Psi and Chi Phi established chapters here, and before the end of the first year Kappa Alpha, Alpha Delta Phi, Phi Kappa Psi, and Delta Upsilon were added to the list.

The coming of secret societies stirred up a storm of protest from many of the students. They saw in secret societies, with closely restricted membership, a direct defiance of the broad democratic principles of the new institution. They looked only on the objectionable side, and in the rigid secrecy saw a necessary mask for dark and awful deeds. In December, 1868, the opponents of fraternities formed an anti-secret society, and declared war. A "manifesto" was issued in the ERA, charging fraternities with the partisan advancement of their members, unnatural friendships, and restraint of moral freedom. The fraternities, deeming silence their best defense, took no notice of the attack. This provoked several impassioned outbursts in the ERA, where one writer "proves that secret societies are op-

posed to all morality and religion, and as such should be discountenanced by all Christian men." He gives four quotations from Scripture, calls it "wicked to lend aid to this system not expressly provided for and advocated in the Bible," and concludes, "All who have followed my reasoning must, I feel sure, be convinced that college secret societies are in plain violation of the revealed will of God, that they are radically wrong, and that they should be abolished from institutions of learning."

Despite these attacks, the fraternities soon gained a firm footing. At the end of the first year there was a total fraternity membership of ninety-one. The anti-fraternity movement seems to have been treated as a huge joke. Ridicule is a weapon hard to withstand, and after a few months of spasmodic activity, the anti-secret society disappeared. It is interesting to note that some of the members joined fraternities, and that most of the others formed a chapter of the Delta Upsilon society.

The fraternities had gained the day, and in the first vigorous growth of the University, they throve apace. The entering classes were large, and there was no difficulty in getting suitable men. The attitude of the faculy toward them was friendly and very tolerant. The fraternity life of this period was very simple. Most of the fraternities rented rooms in some down-town blocks. The men did not, as a rule, live together, and there were no fraternity houses until 1879, when the present Alpha Delta Phi house was built on Buffalo street. The different societies ate by themselves. They used to march together to and from their meals singing college or fraternity songs, and they often serenaded their friends among the town people. There was a great deal of inter-fraternity athletics, and in the old Cornellians we read of various fraternity base ball nines, crews, yacht clubs and gun clubs. One fraternity in 1876 had a regular navy, consisting of a first crew, a freshman crew, and a single sculler.

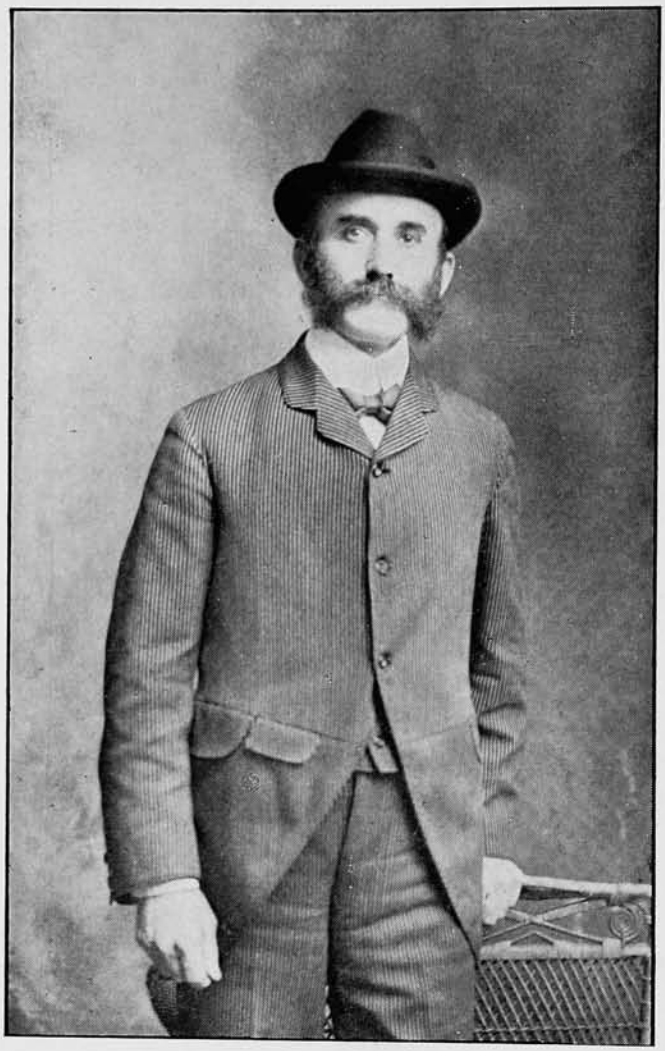
During the '70's the line between fraternity men and in-

dependents was clearly drawn. The campus was the stronghold of the independents, or the "Hillians;" the fraternity men lived farther down town. White and Morrill halls, then called North and South University, were used as dormitories above the first floor, and were largely occupied by independents. The cider raid was in those days peculiarly an independent institution, and fraternity men were excluded from this, and from the annual hill banquet.

The marked decline in the attendance of the University from 1875 to 1885, affected all the fraternities. In 1870 there were 609 men students, while in 1880 there were but 333, and the following year the number shrank to 309. The University finances were in very bad shape, and there was great danger that the University would have to close its doors for lack of funds. During this period several of the fraternities were compelled to suspend activities, and all were greatly weakened. Between 1868 and 1885 fourteen fraternities had been established at Cornell, but only eight were alive in 1885.

But a change for the better soon came. The University was able to sell its western lands at a handsome profit. In 1888 over 1,000 students were registered. The fraternities recovered their former prosperity under these favorable conditions, and by 1890 seven more chapters were added to the list. Fraternity life had lost much of its old time simplicity. In 1879 the Alpha Delta Phi house was built. Gradually other fraternities built or rented houses, but these were much nearer the town than the College. In 1886 the Psi Upsilon house was built on the campus. Kappa Alpha soon followed suit, and to-day all the fraternities are well housed, most of them near the campus and the society system is becoming one of the traditional characteristics of Cornell life.

G. H. Hooker.



J. N. OSTROM.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT."

ONE sometimes happens on very odd specimens of English in the menus, guide books and periodicals of the European Continent. Theodore Stanton, '76, sends this recent example, taken from the latest number of the *Revue Olympique*, published in Paris:

THE "STEEL SKELETON."

It is a pity that, at the Stockholm games, the St. Moritz "Steel Skeleton" should not have been given a chance of proving its superiority on any other tobogganing machine. The Swiss *Schlitti* and even the Canadian toboggan are as far from the "Steel Skeleton" as may be the old-fashioned bicycle from the most refined modern "chainless." It is true that making use of it on snow-road runs would be without any interest; but snow-road runs are gradually replaced everywhere by artificial ice-banks and if there is but one "Cresta" in the world, shorter and less perfectly curved, though sufficiently scientific runs could be easily established, and nowhere better than around Stockholm.

The ideal of tobogganing is no longer what it was some years ago, when Quebec and Montreal's rough riders used to start from the top of any convenient mountain and slide forthwith to the bottom, provided, as puts in Mr. Thomas A. Cook, "Providence were kind enough not to stop progress on the way by some rock or gully along the unknown slopes." Between this somewhat barbarian sport and its almost effeminate counterfeit known as "Russian Mountains," there was room for something requiring as much pluck and far more quickness of eye and promptness of mind than any former kind of tobogganing. Rapidity of motion is valuable, but certainly skilful riding is much more valuable and with a "Steel Sketeton" on an Ice-run carefully built and properly curved, skilful riding can be brought to its highest degree of perfection. Since the wood

has been removed above the runners, giving thus a much greater elasticity and an increase of strength and solidity, and since the head-foremost position has been recognized as the swifter and the safer, "body-steering" has become a necessity and, surely, when a movement of the head alone is often sufficient to alter the line, the tobogganist can claim that a more subtle, delicate and obedient servant than his "Steel Skeleton" does not exist anywhere. To the exciting character of ordinary Tobogganing, it has added much, for it requires every quality of skill, of balance and of nerve. Let us hope that the organizers of the Kristiania games of 1903 wont forget the "Steel Skeleton."

THE IDLER.

We notice with much pleasure that the campus is being torn up once more. This is fine. What would our campus be if it were not barricaded here and there by great piles of earth, and intrenched by many ditches. What would those nice working men do if there were no sod to cut, and no good mamma earth to be attacked? It is, indeed, philanthropic of the trustees to keep them so busy, and surely it isn't costly. A well studied plot plan, locating all the first buildings, and all that would, eventually, have been erected to decorate, or mar the campus, would have evidenced foresight. A great network of tubing, with frequent manholes, connecting all the sites, carrying drainage and the like, would have been too expensive for a single outlay. We would rather save our money and let it dribble out year by year, to pay men for repairing steam pipes and laying drains and always, always digging up the campus.

"AFTER all, what is the purpose of a university?"—is a question that comes to one as the close of the senior year draws on and the outside world is a thing of tomorrow. And the answer seems to sound clear and distinct in the inscription that Andrew D. White placed on the arch at the Campus entrance:

"So enter that daily thou mayest become more learned and thoughtful;

So depart that daily thou mayest become more useful to thy country and mankind."

It is well for a man occasionally to look beyond the details of his daily drag here on the Hill and get back to first principles in college life, to the great causes that account for a University's existence and the great purposes for which it stands. In Andrew D. White's maxim, quoted above, emphasis is laid upon two of these purposes. The first is

plainly the improvement of the student as an individual. So we may say that the man who is not growing in mental things, who does not find himself year by year a more efficient and capable thinking being, is falling short of his duty as a University man. This was the original purpose of the old time university ; and for centuries it was the only motive in higher education. Train a man that he may become expert in pursuing the devious ways of philosophy, that he may become skilled in logic, that he may become a fit habitant of the scholar's cell—this was the ideal of old-time university education. And it was its only ideal. There was nothing of that consciousness of a man's duty to his fellow men, that idea of preparation for service, that ideal of high utilitarianism, which we find emphasized in the second clause of the Arch inscription "So depart that daily thou mayest become more useful to thy country and mankind." This social end of education is the distinguishing mark of the university of to-day ; and it is the peculiar glory of Cornell that it has ever stood firm for this ideal. Not that we have lost sight of the value of the individual's mental training and equipment, not that we have discarded the development of the man to a vigorous intellectual life ; but rather that we have added to this, the further ideal of an education which shall fit man to work in the world. The old education taught a man to think ; the new teaches him to think and to act. The old education produced the scholastic hermit ; the new produces the man of affairs. The university man of to-day must not alone know what is right. He must, if he be true to the university ideals, uphold what he knows is right. He must keep himself close to those things which are "useful to country and mankind."

THE ERA

A Journal of the University

Published on the Tenth of each Month

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THE ERA announces the re-election of Mr. J. R. Patterson, '02, Mr. Richardson Webster, '02, Mr. T. B. Evermann, '02, Miss J. L. Drake, '03, and Mr. P. R. Lee, '03, to the 1901–'02 board, and takes pleasure also in welcoming Miss L. F. Brown, '03, Mr. G. H. Hooker, '02, Mr. J. F. Dorrance, '03, and Mr. A. J. Tietje, '03, to its inner sanctum and attendant editorial duties.

IT is certainly a well-recognized fact that nothing is more necessary to the growth of the right sort of Cornell spirit than a great gathering place for the men of the University, especially for those who have formed no close association with bands of other men. Such an addition to the

equipment of the campus would do more toward the *esprit de corps* than dozens of campus meetings and kindred affairs, where by walk-chalking and "newspaper notoriety" we arouse a flashing, spasmodic outburst of enthusiasm. Now it is to be doubted if the projected Alumni Hall is just the proper solution of the problem; men are not going to climb the hill to meet other men, after they have had their dinner or their lunch, very much more than they are going to run up every night to the senior singing, which has proved such a brilliant failure. The men by whom the new scheme will be supported must largely be the men to whom Barnes Hall would be just as likely to appeal as a club resort; and it is debatable if the addition of a billiard room and a privilege to smoke, and even that seems doubtful, as there are promises of a ladies' dressing room in the plans, will prove very much more attractive than the Christian association building.

The best plan and the most practical one would be to build a great dining room and kitchen in the new club house; we do not need another auditorium, the University should build that for its lectures, the Lyceum will do for our plays and concerts; and it is safe to say that this would appeal to by far the greater number of alumni, who, if they had their breakfast at the hall, would prefer to go there for lunch and dinner as well. An undergraduate commons where fellows may meet at their meals, to talk and sing and smoke afterwards, on a broad veranda overlooking lake and valley, is the greatest present need of Cornell men; and if the alumni committee would but think the matter over a bit more, the ERA feels certain that such a solution would appeal to them as being the one most likely to foster good-fellowship and strengthen that great potentiality of ours—Cornell spirit.

ANOTHER matter which has been much discussed and is now arousing the interest of the council is the advisability of locating the athletic field on the hill. Never in the history of this University has a wiser movement been

proposed, for with a field near the campus the old and extremely justifiable excuse of lack of time will be a dead letter, and every man will be able to get out and do something for his University irrespective of morning or afternoon sections. There will not be that profanity provoking walk and the aerial railway will cease to be a necessity; we will no longer need to take a Sabbath day's journey to see a baseball or a football game. It will be a Cornell field for Cornell men and we may hold our celebrations and rushes there with no danger of being criticized and doused by our good, true friends the Ithaca merchants. The sooner the new field is leveled the better it will be for all concerned and for the fair fame of Cornell.

THE UNIVERSITY

WHAT was really a remarkable Woodford contest was held on the evening of May 3, at the Armory. Woodfords are sometimes stilled affairs. Sometimes, the orations are mere bombast and the orators mere elocutionists. But this year every oration came as a message from the heart of the man who spoke it. This fact alone is sufficient to account, in large degree, for the high standard which the Woodford contest reached. The winner of the contest, Mr. Lowenthal, is to represent Cornell in the annual competition of the Central Oratorical League, which is to be held about the middle of May, at Bloomington, Ill. Everyone will wish him success in the coming contest.

THE Political Science Department is at present conducting several series of lectures, which are as important as any which have been conducted at the University in recent years. Mr. Z. R. Brockway, formerly of Elmira Reformatory, and one of the greatest of living criminologists, is giving a series of five very interesting lectures on "The State and Crime." The topics so far discussed have been "The Criminal" and "Causes of Crime." The remaining lectures will treat of "Relations of Criminal to the State," May 14; "Punishment vs. Reformation," May 21; and "Reformatory Methods," May 28. Another interesting series is that on "The Practice of Diplomacy," which has been given by Hon. John W. Foster. The course extending over a week has treated of the diplomatic and consular systems of Europe. A third series is that by Dr. Edward T. Devine, the general secretary of the New York charities organization. Dr. Devine is a noted man in the field of charitable work, his lectures on "The Housing Problem," "Public Relief vs. Private Charity," and other topics, proved very interesting.

Another series, still forthcoming, is that on Trusts, by James B. Dill, the great New York corporation lawyer. Such lectures as these reflect clearly the breadth of the culture which Cornell's non-resident lecturers afford all who come within its gates.

INDICATIONS point to an unusually pleasant social week centering about the race to be held on May 30. What with the "Army and Navy Ball," the concert, and the dual meet with Princeton, there should be enough to satisfy the desires of the most frivolous, and deplete the pocket-book of the most exalted king of finance among us. This event, added to the strenuous social affairs, called Junior Week and Senior Week, gives us this year an unusual amount of gaiety. Some are questioning what will be the effect of all this gadding upon the later events. Some have expressed a fear that Regatta week would have a dampening effect on the gaieties attendant upon the obsequies of 1901. The Seniors, however, may be trusted to expend their last energy and "hock" their diplomas and slide-rules, if necessary, to carry through their cherished plans.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Heritage of Unrest. Gwendolen Overton. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

Miss Overton has written a very interesting tale of western life in the later '70's. The heroine, a strange creature, half Apache and half American, almost repels one in the earlier chapters of the book, suggesting by her cold, unfeeling attitude toward those whom she should honor and love, that strange creation of Oliver Wendell Holmes—Elsie Venner. Her eventual awakening and blossoming into the full glow of womanhood, affords an interesting opportunity for character study, although her lack of regard for her husband, to whom she owes everything, is scarcely palatable to the average reader. There are some exceedingly dramatic passages, and the shadow of impending conflict with the Apaches—which one feels throughout the narrative, gives an atmosphere of excitement and realism to the story, and holds the reader's attention until the final self-sacrifice of the heroine brings about her untimely end.

THE ERA

ANCIENT AQUATIC HISTORY.

OWADAYS people are talking a great deal about their ancestors, and the attic is being rummaged for old family relics to place upon the mantel before those of curious mind. This mania has finally attacked the Editor, and his urgent solicitation has resulted in the following old manuscript which he agrees to be responsible for, and which has never before been published.

The history of rowing in American colleges may be divided into three periods: the dual races between Harvard and Yale from 1852 to 1870; the Rowing Association of American Colleges from 1871 to 1876, a great union of the "Old Thirteen" institutions then able to support a crew; and the period of special agreements and events since the Centennial year.

The first period was mainly a Harvard procession. The second was in doubt at first; but Cornell brought it to a close with her twice repeated clean sweeps of '75 and '76. Since that time a Cornell entry meant a red and white demonstration after it was all over, until always courageous Pennsylvania forged to the front in matchless form.

As the years were divided into periods of three, so the methods were three schools, so to speak.

From the beginning down to '70, the Captain and Stroke—words then synonomous—selected and trained the men, and had general supervision of everything. '71 to '73 pro-

fessional trainers were the rule; but in the latter year Cornell's delegate to the convention at Springfield introduced and carried a resolution to bar professional trainers, which lasted until the Rowing Association of American Colleges dissolved in '76. During the years '74, '75 and '76, the captains had charge of everything, the same as during the first period.

Of late years the Athletic Council and the professional trainer have superintended the selecting, training, and managing of the crews. The position of captain has been mainly honorary.

So far as the 'varsity and freshmen crews of Cornell were concerned, in '75 and '76, the method followed was a close study and application of the engineering theories then known relating to displacement, lines and rig of boat, proportions of oars, economical weight and size of men for greatest speed, and effect of body swing on the velocity of the boat. The stroke was intended to use the weight of the body to a mechanical advantage in propelling—and not retarding—the boat, and this was demonstrated by a working model.

One peculiarity of the races of this period was the absence of the now familiar coxswain. The bow oar steered by swinging his foot to the port or starboard. The toe of his shoe passed up through a contrivance which was attached to the rudder wires, which passed aft along the inside of the combing and then out over the top of the deck to the rudder, which turned on a hinge, in the usual way. All the crews steered in this way.

Putting the rudder hard over, always means a lurch in the boat, and to reduce this as much as possible, Cornell's ingenious bow designed a flexible rudder, like the tail of a fish. In other words there was no hinge. The brass rudder blade was brazed solidly to the rudder post. By this contrivance the resistance was very much reduced, since the water struck a graceful curve instead of a sharp angle.

There is no reasonable doubt that the unusual and repeated successes of '75 and '76 were very largely due to the scien-

tific application of engineering principles: but just as important was the proper organization and discipline of the crew.

The college chaps who did this successfully, are all well remembered. Casper Crowninshield made Harvard invincible in '59 and '60. But after his graduation Wilbur Bacon turned the tide in Yales favor in '64 and '65. Then it was all Harvard again, William Blaikie in '66, Alden P. Loring in '67 and '68, and Francis O. Lyman in '69 and '70 doing the tricks.

Harvard was the mother of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, but she never had a successful leader, during that period, although always a creditable one.

Yale had but one, Bob Cook. He came up like a rocket in '73. In '74 everyone expected that he would win, but through an accident, which resulted in a broken oar for his boat, Yale was unable to finish the race. In '75 with his best crew, and himself at stroke, he met a crushing defeat at Saratoga. In a field of twelve college sisters, he secured 5th place. But he made it up in after years when acting as coach in the dual races between Yale and Harvard.

It may be of interest to the younger generations to know that in '75 and '76 Cornell had the use of a pretty little cottage on a cliff of Snake Hill, Saratoga, opposite which the races were started. It was the only high ground around, and was the key of the position, so to speak. In those days there was great rivalry in hoisting the college colors a little higher than the other fellows. To make this matter absolutely sure, in '75 Cornell's 'Varsity climbed the highest tree on Snake Hill, hauled up a tall pole with the red and white spiked to the top, and nailed the pole to the top of the tree. There it waved high above everything—without wings—until nothing was left excepting the pole. In '76 the operation was repeated.

At the foot of the hill was a beautiful cove where the water was almost calm when it was rough on the lake. This was of great advantage in practicing starts. It was named

White Cove in honor of Prexy White, for the boys always thought considerably more of him than of anyone else. He believed in rowing, for health, for discipline, for moral tone and for advertising. He was the same all the year round, and just as warm in defeat as in victory. His greeting was always an inspiration.

Well, the "Cove" was full of turtles, and the crews amused themselves by catching the larger ones, painting them red and white and letting them go. The little fellows —about as big as a watch—were thrown into boiling water—the non-cruelty to animals man was then unknown—the soft parts were removed, and the shell dried. It was then painted red and white and worn as a scarf fastener, similarly to the ring fasteners used to-day.

In '73 the crew had a generally rough and ready appearance. This was the professional idea. The men wore blue flannel shirts, knee pants of the same material lined with leather seats and Government shoes—the latter were fearfully and wonderfully made, in those days. Raw beef, potatoes and stale bread was the diet, three times a day. No fruit was allowed. Water was looked upon with suspicion, but Bass ale was all right—the trainer liked it. Hot tea was allowed, but no milk. Every man had to be reduced 25 lbs., regardless of age, build, or previous condition. It was done by sweating, and withholding an adequate amount of drink in the shape of water. Twice a day the crew was sent out in the hot sun clad with an additional flannel shirt. After a walk of three miles up the lake and a run back, the men were hustled into bed, clothes and all on, and heavy quilts put over them. After cooking for about half an hour the crew disrobed, and worked, every man rubbing his neighbor's back. In this way a man was sometimes reduced 5 lbs. in a day.

The result was that the boys were all stale long before the race, afflicted with boils which made it impossible to sit down excepting when forced to in the shell, and thoroughly tired and sick of training.

In '75 and '76 these barbarous practices were discontinued, and in place were substituted common sense principles, which have grown into favor and general use to-day.

After the foul between Harvard and Yale in '74, when the latter lost on oar, the sensible and practical rule was made to buoy the three mile course, every eighth of a mile, by a transverse line of small light buoys one hundred feet apart. This made a lane for every crew one hundred feet wide and three miles long, the college color of each crew being shown by a little flag on the top of each port buoy, all down the line, from start to finish. A crew could not row outside of its lane without being disqualified: but the skill of the bow steersmen was such that this rule was never violated.

It was certainly a grand sight in '75 to see those twelve sixes sweeping gracefully down the long lanes of many hued flags, and is the regret of an old timer to be wondered at, that the same field, with eights substituted for sixes, seems to be voted undesirable or impossible to-day.

J. N. Ostrom.

TWILIGHT.

ON the western hills the sun has long since faded,
E'en the scarlet tints have turned to leaden gray;
And the evening breezes whisper low and murmur
In the tops of the pine trees o'er the way.
And the mountain brook that babbles by the wayside
In harmony breathes forth its pure, sweet song;
And lulls the fev'rish, carnal world now softly
In peaceful, restful slumber deep and long.

HIS SENIOR GIRL—A TOSS-UP.

OF all the memories of the beautiful outdoor life at Cornell,—the hills, and woods, and gorges, and the glorious sunsets across the valley,—the dearest are those of Lake Cayuga. So thought Wentworth of the Senior class, the day that he rowed across the Lake with the little Freshman girl.

He gazed over the glimmering waves,—green near at hand where the dark pines of the rocky western shore cast their shadow, blue in the distance,—over to the sloping green hills, and far away to the southeast, where rise Alma Mater's clustering towers, the grey square of Cascadilla, the tall obelisk that tops the library, and the suntipped pinnacles of Fiske-McGraw. About him he heard the soft lapping of the waves and the quiet dip of his oars. Faintly across the water came the clear, familiar call, "Stroke! Stroke!". The crews were passing the lighthouse. Dreamily he listened and gazed, and sadly realized that in a short time—so short a time that he could count it by weeks, almost by days,—the lake would be to him nothing but a memory.

The girl in the stern of the boat leaned sideways and trailed her hand in the water, as girls in boats have a bad habit of doing. She was small and blond, very blond, with big blue eyes. She wore a white duck suit; and the blue collar of her suit, and the blue hat above her fluffy rings of hair, harmonized with the blue of her eyes. Wentworth glanced at her as she put her hand in the water, and noticed the harmony. He thought it a coincidence.

The girl did not seem inclined to talk just now. Wentworth vaguely wondered why. Usually she chattered. He wondered what she was thinking of. Then he forgot her again in the dreamy stillness and monotonous plash, and thought once more of the end of his college course. So very, very near.

But the blue-eyed girl in the duck suit had broken in on his meditations, and he found himself weaving her into his revery of the Senior Ball. She would undoubtedly be very pretty at the Senior Ball, a white gown with blue on it like that duck one, only all fluffy and puffy, would be just the thing. Rather a pity he was not going to take her. On second thoughts, suppose he should take her. She was a jolly little thing and would be dressed bewitchingly. Just as well perhaps that he hadn't already invited———.

"Here they come", said the blue-eyed girl, and he turned around to watch the crews pass, with the launch in their wake,—three black lines with evenly flashing oars, and the coxswains seeming to shoot forward in the shells at each stroke. Wentworth and the girl gazed at them, and the words that he was on the point of uttering went unsaid. But the Freshman girl did not know that she had spoken inopportunely at a critical moment. And as he pulled back across the Lake and they boarded the trolley car at Renwick, she chattered entertaining to him, as a girl always does, by instinct, to the man who, she hopes, will invite her to the Senior. And when she wrote her home letter next Sunday, she added a little postscript: "Won't you please send me a new pair of gloves to go with my blue and white evening gown, in case I get an invitation to the Senior. Full length, size 5½, you know."

. . . . . .

There was a glorious sunset that night. Wentworh strolled up the Campus to look at it. A girl was with him. She was tall, nearly as tall as Wentworth. She had soft brown hair and brown eyes, and she was rather pale. Wentworth thought he liked pale women.

After they had passed the Library, they crossed the little square of green and took the road back of Morrill and McGraw and White. "It is gorgeous tonight," she said almost under her breath. The sky was flaming with red and orange above the hills. "And such a little while left to see the sunsets from the dear old Campus. Let us watch

it from Fiske-McGraw." So they turned down the plank walk past the Chemical Laboratory. Those were the times when Fiske-McGraw was unoccupied, and all the University and the University's latest strolled over the lawn, and sat on the stone coping, and watched the sunsets and waited for moonlight. One would come upon them suddenly upon turning a corner, or hear their voices under the porte-cochère. This particular evening there were some eight or ten people there, scattered in little groups, but always in groups of two, as we used to throw our jacks when we were children and jacks was the fashionable game in our set. Wentworth and the brown-haired Senior did not approach the mansion. They sauntered down the sloping lawn to look out towards the western hills.

Of course they began to talk of the Senior year, which was so soon to be in the past, and of the beautiful spring term, and of the end of it all. And Wentworth thought of the Senior Ball and remembered that the brown-haired girl was a superb dancer. She danced as well as she talked—which was very well indeed. He wondered if he wouldn't be wise to ——. But just then she broke the brief silence, moved by the deep-toned bell, which had tolled the hour.

"I like to hear the chimes from behind the Library," she said. "Haven't you noticed an echo at the 'greeting and sympathy' seat? And sometimes, when the wind is right, you can catch a double echo."

What he answered is not to the purpose. It was something about the chimes, or the man who rings the chimes, or the students who rail at the man who rings the chimes,—something unimportant, in any case. After he left her at Sage, where a group of girls in light gowns was giving a butterfly effect to the terrace, Wentworth remembered that after all he had forgotten to speak of the Senior Ball.

That night, the brown-haired girl wrote to her dearest friend, who was a Sophomore at Vassar,

"You won't stay for Commencement, will you? If you can possibly manage it, do come on for my Commencement.

No, I don't know positively whether I am going to the Senior or not, but I haven't much doubt of it."

. . . . . .

The moonlight poured a steady light over the avenue, in front of the Armory, and cast a delicate tracery through the leaf shadows above the bridge, and glimmered on the foaming waters of the falls. As Wentworth passed the house, the gleam of a white skirt in the moonlight caught his attention, and he heard voices on the veranda, and a silvery little laugh floated down to him ; so he went up there too, and joined the group. There were three men there, two of them men from his fraternity. The possessor of the laugh was half-sitting, half-lying in the hammock. Her head was in shadow, but he could distinguish the outline of her pretty oval face and the curve of her wavy black hair, and once when she swung the hammock a little, the moonlight shone on her face for a moment, and her black eyes sparkled and danced.

Someone spoke of the Senior, and each of the men wondered if one of the others would ask her. Wentworth hoped not. He was very glad that he had not followed his impulse at Fiske-McGraw, or earlier in the day on the lake. As for her—she wondered too. She had attended Senior balls when these Seniors were sub-freshmen, and she might be still attending them when their sub-freshmen brothers should be graduates.

They said good night at last ; and she lingered a moment in the hammock, and reached over to push against the veranda, and so swing herself into moonlight and back into shadow, and into moonlight again. When at length she shivered a little and pulled herself together and went into the house, she paused on her way upstairs to say,

"I think I'll have a yellow gown for the Senior, Mother. I'm tired of reds and pinks."

. . . . . .

It was the night of the Senior. He was there, of course. She was there too, with him. For she had been looking

forward to it for days,—ever since she had received the note with the Ithaca postmark and the fraternity monogram. He had thirteen dances with her. She was a superb dancer. Her silvery little laugh floated to his ears above the music of the waltz. She was bewitchingly dressed in a fluffy white gown with blue somewhere about it, and she could not have chosen a more effective touch of color to harmonize with her heavy masses of auburn hair.

E. M. R.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

AS greening ivy with weak faltering power
Doth twine itself about the massive tower,
Aspiring that its frail and modest sheen
In company with greatness shall be seen—
So, Master Mind,
Would I might bind
My name with thine till time's most utmost hour.

If in th' eternal structure of thy fame
One little stone could bear my humble name,—
If in the deathless hymn of reverential love
That wafts thy glory to the stars above,
A note of praise
That I should raise
Might be, I'd lose all else and count it gain!

Whitehall Herrick.

A SMALL BOY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF TOKIO.

ONE'S ideas of fairy-land are really quite variable; they seem to suit almost any strange and unusual situation ; and when after a tedious dusty railroad journey we arrived in Tokio, where the street lamps threw weird lights and flickering shadows over the crowd, and the fakirs and vendors were crying their wares, it indeed seemed as if we were in another world.

The kuramayas rattled us off through the narrow streets, out to the country place where we were to spend the first few days. We were introduced all round, to mother and aunt and small boys, and promptly packed off to bed. That night I slept in Japanese fashion, stretched out on the matting betwixt great, fluffy, parti-colored quiltings, to awaken in the morning barred in by squared-paper shutters. Grotesque bits of bric-a-brac were scattered around the room, and the great night lamps still glowed through the oiled paper shades. We had rice and eels for breakfast,—yes, eels, broiled, greasy and tough in the extreme ; in fact, those first days seemed all rice and eels, and strange soft-voiced, slant-eyed servants. The garden, too, was a great, unexplored, trackless paradise, with dew sparkled lawn and knobbed, knarled, dwarf-pines, little coverts of bamboo and tiny streams, now limpid, now headstrong and rollicking down over wee cascades into pools where fan-tailed gold-fish slid hither and thither through the water grass.

After a week rich in experience and discovery we moved to the "European Hotel", down by Tokio Bay, where, as far as I can remember, we had nothing to eat but the most abominable oat-meal,—one's palate will influence the memory. I wandered about the water front among the straw sailed junks, and the American rigged, Japanese

manned craft, in and out of the dock yards, where blue coated carpenters, their heads wound with white cloth bands, hammered and clanked away all day at building and repairing the little coasters which thronged the bay.

The gardens about our final home in the Imperial Normal School compound, full of azalias, and lilacs and all manner of strange flowering shrubs, lay at our front door: and to the right of the house was the great wisteria arbor, up into which I used to climb, to seat myself on a crossbar and gaze out over the great, purple-flecked sea of green towards the tiled roofs and the dark cedars beyond; imagining myself Jack the Giant Killer incarnate, come to save Japan from the terrible ogres that I was sure infested the blue mountains in the distance; for had not Säto, (Sugar), the maid, told me that that was their home, when she filled my small head full of the weird and terrible images that abound in the native folk-lore?

During the first few months I went out frequently to give my mother sage advice on her shopping tours. Small urchins would run after us yelling "jin papa, nikko papa!" in shrill street voices. My mother always laughed, and I, small democrat that I was, was crazy to jump from the jinrikshas to shrewdly trounce them all. The shops were quaint affairs enough, with their little courts surrounded with a matted platform on which we sat and inspected the wares. Crowds of idlers, small boys and girls, many times with babies joggling open-mouthed on their backs, would form great circles outside the shops and peer in at us, despite the threats of the proprietor; and only to be driven away when my mother sat and solemnly stared them out of countenance.

On one occassion we went to the circus, an Australian circus it was, given in the paved stone courtyard of an abandoned temple. Reeds had been strewn over the flagging, and the ponies trotted and galloped about the one ring, to the intense delight of the crowd. There was a girl,—a most wonderful being, gowned in shimmering pink, who plunged

through paper circlets with wild abandon, and kissed her hand in my direction with a grace that entirely bewitched me. The program had depicted her as a slant eyed maid, hurtling headlong through fringed hoops; in reality she was rosy-cheeked and golden haired, so different from any one that I had seen for a long time that I completely lost my heart, and was terribly jealous when in a little play that followed the regular show, she received lover after lover ; hid a sailor under the table, kissed a soldier and put him behind a screen, and secreted a prince and a dude in convenient places, to make way for the man with the high hat who had cracked the whip at her pony. Then she eloped with the last arrival, and left the soldier and his fellows to fight it out as best they might. Such inconstancy nearly broke my heart, but as we rattled out under the old gate, I vowed that she, above all others, would be the one woman I could ever love, truly, and as a brave man should.

For a very long time indeed, it seemed to me, we had been planning to go to the theatre, a great, raw, barn-like building, where Japanese Thespians played the drama as they had done for years immemorial. We entered, I remember, through a low doorway with a crowd of painted maidens and top-knotted shop-keepers, cavalrymen with their sabres clanking about their blue and yellow legs, and gay young bloods in ill-fitting European clothes. Once up the steep flight, we made our way down the balcony aisle into our little loge,—pen would have been a better name for it. There were but two chairs, a stool or so, and a brazier where one could light one's pipe, for the Japanese always smoke. Above us there were two galleries, crowded with holiday folk, and below was the great pit, a mass of glossy black, and shaven heads. The crowd was all subdivided into little family parties and as the day wore on,—we reached the theatre at half-past ten—they brought out their lunch, or bought the rice and fish and sea-weed, which the attendants were carrying around through the aisles. In front of us was the stage, an arc of a huge circle, flanked by what looked like

tall green stockades, behind which the orchestra sat and twanged, and piped, and drummed the whole blessed time. One scene over, the stage would creak; then move slowly, and rocks and mountains, dwarf-pines and all, would twist slowly out of sight, making room for the oncoming landscape and its gaily bedizened actors. Murder and theft seemed to run rampant; brave men would be felled after a terrific struggle, and their corpses would swing behind the orchestra paling as the next scene circled in. There was a venerable physician, a diabolical old roué, who had robbed men, women, and children for the greater part of his long life. He retired this night and was slumbering peacefully. The gate creaked, and a clumsy, spotted dog ambled into the courtyard. He sniffed around, and then finding that the doctor was sound asleep, he rose on his hind legs, the skin was thrown off, and a man emerged with a great gleaming knife in his teeth. The chattering of the pit ceased; even the orchestra's wailing hushed, as the man crept over the matting to the sleeper's side. He raised his arm, there was a flash, and the doctor shrieked, fumbled in his clothes, and then jumped up, rushed to the cupboard, and drew forth a great piece of red flannel, which he pressed to his side as he hurried back to lay down, shriek once more, and give the death rattle amidst the wild applause that filled the theatre and made it echo and reecho again through every nook and cranny. It was after nine o'clock at night when we left the building, the torches outside were flaring, and writhing, throwing glint lights on the bald pates of the men and gladdening the color in the women's dresses. The city was ablaze, shopping crowds were hurrying to and fro, and the vendors were crying their wares, as they walked hither and thither with their double-ended packs; but over and above all it seemed as if I could hear that wailing orchestra, and the creak of the stage. The lights blurred before my eyes, and like the very tired little boy that I was, I dozed off to dream of the strange warriors and the haughty painted beauties of the shogunate.

In the early spring the whole city turns out to the temple grounds and riverside tea gardens, where the pink cherry blossoms give the first color note of the season. The merry-makers walk to and fro under the heavy-laden branches, stop at the little tea shops for a cup of the yellow nectar, and a bite or two of some pink and green confection : gossip with friends under the trees, and if it be in a temple ground pay homage to the gods of their fathers. I remember long trips up hill and down dale, through mud-walled rice fields, and over cobbled, pine clad heights, all in search of the cherry blossoms. Indeed, festivals play a most important part in the life of the Japanese. One is dedicated to the small boy, and armor and helmets, guns and swords and drums are sold in every little shop about the city. Old toys that have been used on similar occasions for centuries back, are brought out for the children to play with and admire for a few days. The girls, also, have a week, when dolls of all sorts are given the place of honor, and the little matrons of the Empire play sedately with figures representing mythological heroes, ogres, and emperors and empresses long since dead.

But the greatest holiday that Tokio had seen for many a year, was that held on the occasion of the adoption of a constitution by the Japanese government. For weeks before the appointed day, huge "dashi" or floats, were being built. The side streets were full of them. All Tokio was in a fever of expectation. When the day did finally come, every highway and byway was alive with people, decked in their best, singing and shouting, for were they not as free and enlightened as anyone, they, with their constitution?

The outer palace grounds were full to overflowing. Dashi drawn by long trains of bullocks and bands of wrestlers and athletes, big, strapping fellows, filled the driveways. Companies of mummers and gymnasts came dancing and somersaulting along, through the crowds that jammed either side of the pavement, and finally the emperor, preceded by his body-guard, drove by in his gilded coach of state and rattled off to the parade ground, where there was to be a great

review. Up to this time the crowd had been kept orderly under the eye of the soldiery and police, but the officers followed the Emperor and then things came to a pretty pass. The great mass of people all rushed after their sovereign and the roads and bridges became congested. Two of the six passages across the Moat broke down under the weight of the crowd and the dashi, and many people were drowned and crushed to death. We were packed in between two floats, the one ahead drawn by bullocks, and that behind by the wrestlers, all of them very, very drunk and most vicious. The crowd in front of us was blocked, that behind was pushing forward ; and it looked as if we would be crushed between the two. My mother was crying, I remember, because I insisted on standing up on the seat of my "jinriksha" and yelling at the men behind who were crying for the "foreigner's" blood. The man who controlled them, a top-knotted gentleman with a fan, kept trying to push me down and shut me up, but I saw it in another light and swore as well as I could with a mixture of English and Japanese profanity. Matters were looking pretty serious, when my mother's kuramya, Tomo, came back and gave the leader a bank-note, and he taking the first two men by their throats hurled them back for an instant, so that my jinriksha got out into the crowd on the side, my mother following close behind. We finally reached one of the palace offices and waited there until late at night, when we left the grounds to stay with a friend who lived nearby. It was a dangerous bit of travelling even the little distance that we had to go, for the crowd was drunk, very drunk, and was celebrating its new-found freedom in true western fashion.

W. D. S.

MEMORIES.

I.

When the city wakes and ushers in the day
  To the murmur of the busy, rushing crowd,
As it hurries forward on its ceaseless way,
  And the noisy hum of traffic rises loud,
You will hear a chiming echo that will seem
  Like the tinkling of a distant fairy bell,
You will wait to catch a half-remembered dream
  Of rippling lake and chimes of old Cornell.

II.

When you buy an 'extra' from the dripping boy
  Who offers you a "Journal" on Broadway,
When you scan the Princeton game with eager joy
  And discover that Cornell has won the day,
You'll forget the crowd, the mud, the beating rain,
  In the echo of the old familiar yell,
You will hear the campus voices in your brain
  And Alma Mater chiming for Cornell.

III.

You may wander East and you may wander West,
  You may roam from China to the Philippines,
You may travel far from Ithaca the blessed
  And all her dear familiar college scenes,
You may visit many lands and many climes,
  You may journey far from lake and gorge and dell,
But you'll never lose the echo of the chimes,
  You will never lose the voice of fair Cornell.

E. M. R., '97.

AN INCIDENT.

(Scene.—Room 13, White Hall. In background, rows of empty benches. Platform, blackboard, Instructor's desk and chair, in foreground. Time.—8:50 A. M., warm Spring day,—A.D. 18—).

(Enter "Dickie" Bates, '9–. Looks around in surprise at the all-pervading emptiness. Takes out watch).

"*Dickie*" (aloud): "I must be fast. Wonder how much? Suppose I ought to take the goods the Gods bestow and look over this blooming French again. (Puts his cap in one pocket, extricates a text-book from another, and drops into a seat. Opens book and turns pages assiduously, whistling softly to himself. Finds place and relapses into silence).

(Various sounds float in at the open windows,—steps of students, singly and in groups, on the stone walk outside; voices and whistles. From an adjacent room, the query of an Instructor in First Year French is raised in pleading tone "*Quel est le futur of zat pore leetle verb aller?*" Profound silence in Room 13 for fully two minutes).

(D. Bates yawns—audily. Speaks). "Gad, this is slow. Confound the stuff, anyhow! I wish Segall would cut to-day. It's too blamed hot to work. (Yawns again. Pulls out watch). Four mortal minutes yet! I've half a mind to cut, myself. (Rises. Thinks better of it, and sits down again. Opens book with another yawn. Suddenly bright idea strikes him. D. Bates laughs aloud. Idea takes immediate effect. Dickie gets up and puts book in pocket. Goes over to blackboard and prints on it in large letters "French (2) excused to-day (Monday)." Stands back to view the effect. Laughs again).

(Aloud): "I guess that'll fix it." (Exit, chuckling).

(Two minutes later. Enter "Jim" Bates, '9–, brother of former).

(Aloud) : "Wonder what made Dick get out when he saw me coming. Guess he's going to cut French. I would, myself, if my record were over-good. Whew ! this is beastly weather to work ! I like Spring term grinds, I do. I'm sure to flunk this hour. (Sits down and fans himself with his cap. Catches sight of notice on blackboard). "Well, by George, if that isn't providential. Wonder what's struck Segall? So that was why little Dickie ran along so merrily ! He might have saved me thirty-five steps and considerable trepidation, bless his kind heart ! (Gets up to leave. Bright idea No. 2 takes effect, "Guess I'll just rub that little notice out and let the class bide a wee for our friend Segall. The grinds and most of the girls will hold down their seats for half an hour or so,—Brilliant James ! (Rubs out notice. Exit triumphant).

(The clock chimes ring from the Library tower and the big University bell strikes nine. More steps and voices outside. The Instructor in First Year French is heard to remark, "C'est tout. Ze class ees excused." Doors bang, and there is much scuffling of feet and laughter in the corridor. Men and Co-eds begin to enter Room 13. They rush in, saunter in or stroll in, according to their several peculiarities, and take their seats. The hum of conversation and rustling of leaves fill the room).

(*First Man*, to his neighbor): "I wonder where the 'Bates Boys' are. Jeems has cut three times this term, and Segall's no end strict on cuts."

(*Second Man*): "I don't know about Jim, but I just met Dickie sauntering down Central Avenue as if Second Year French had never been. He said he was going to take a walk ; that he knew more than enough French already. He looked wicked, and I thought he might have had a tip that Segall would cut to-day. But no such luck ! Here comes Monsieur himself."

(Enter Instructor. Closes doors, and bows in a business-like way to class. Takes seat and opens roll-book).

(Reads): "Aldrich, Allen, Allison, Miss Appelby, Miss Barnard, Bates, J., Bates, R.,"—(Pauses, and looks up in quiringly). "Does anyone know what detains the Messrs. Bates? (No response). I must remind you, ladies and gentlemen, that I strongly disapprove of cuts." (Resumes roll-call).

(CURTAIN).

N. G. S.

SOME REASONS FOR ADOPTING THE CAP AND GOWN.

I.

THE question of economy is not to be disregarded. The expenditure for costume adapted to Commencement week is, for many, a heavy tax. The variation in taste destroys the unity which is a picturesque element in Graduation Exercises. The Cap and Gown, so becoming for both sexes, conceal all signs of difference between those who are rich and those who are poor. They exalt all students to a common level in the social scale.

II.

The Cap and Gown tend to promote the solidarity of the University. A corporate sense of dignity and honor is created by the adoption of an academic costume. The honor and dignity of any one department should be as dear to all, as the honor and dignity of another. All the breezes which touch the weather vanes of the University should set them to the same quarter of the compass. The knell of doom has struck for any University when its Colleges are not inspired by a common feeling of loyalty, a common pride. The exaggeration of the self importance of any one college is a disaster which menaces the University itself. The Cap and Gown tend to produce the '*esprit de corps*' which extends its filaments to all Departments, and binds them together into an organism termed the 'University'.

III.

The University is an organism ; may be said to possess a soul. A subtle spirit should pervade all its Colleges fusing

them into unity. As there is a National consciousness, and a social consciousness, there should exist a consciousness of the University. The Cap and Gown powerfully aid the realization of that consciousness. Say what we will, a uniform costume, having such illustrious tradition, is a potent symbol, and mankind can not dispense with the symbols of national sovereignty, the standard, nor with the symbols of justice in the Courts of jurisprudence, the robes and other insignia.

IV.

Alumni realize that something is wanting in the life of our University. The Colleges are on the same campus; they might as well exist in distant provinces of the Republic. When Alumni return here they sadly miss the sentiment which cements the Colleges of other Universities. The Navy and the athletic corporations are little more than a symptom of a soul of the University. The Cap and Gown we think would exert almost a talismanic influence in the revelation of the soul of the University.

V.

The feeling may exist that they who are engaged in the study of Physical science are not true to their character as utilitarians in adopting an academic costume which has been the distinctive sign of students of letters and arts. But students in physics resort to the University in quest of knowledge, as truly as those who are styled academicians. "Knowledge," says Cardinal Newman, "is an end in itself." All students of physics will not apply their knowledge in after life to gain wealth or position. The study of physics is ennobling as a discipline, and is concrete philosophy. The student of physics who aims, by acquisition of knowledge, to discipline his character, to interpret the ideas of the author of Nature as expressed in her so called laws, is as much an academician as the student of languages, metaphysics, history and ethics. The sciences are one.

VI.

It may be objected that we are a new University and should not ape the customs of older institutions. One might as well contend that we should lecture in the open air and not have halls as all other Universities have done, or dispense with dress coats or Prince Alberts, because the faculties of other Colleges have worn them. Meanwhile we do 'ape' the Universities of Europe in many of our methods in the adoption of degrees, in our lecture system, etc., and it is over refinement to draw the line at the Cap and the Gown.

I might speak very frankly of certain graces which are wanting to our student body as a whole and which the adoption of the Cap and Gown would tend to secure. But I do not wish to point out in a critical spirit the faults of our University so beloved of us all, and so worthy of our love. It would be ungrateful to afford magazines of other Institutions material for our disparagement. We have virtues and graces which other Universities may lack; let us take from them what virtues and graces are peculiar to them and not in a false pride reject them, going on in a stubborn, illiberal way.

Our self respect will be shown by adopting whatever may promote the dignity and honor of our students, not in a rustic contempt for forms, refusing to be taught a more excellent way. In this article I advocate Caps and Gowns for the entire body of the students.

I have no word of advice or argument for the Faculty. The Faculty may be safely left to its own wisdom.

Charles Mellen Tyler.

THE IDLER.

IN the "history alcove," a place frequented by a class of people called "grinds," there is a portrait labelled "Prudence Crandall, Principal of the Canterbury Cross Boarding School for Girls." Mistress Prudence sits there day in, day out, in her rich black gown cut low in the neck for style, and draped with a gauze kerchief for propriety, holding in her folded hands a well worn Bible. Her face is thoughtful as she smiles down at the busy folks beneath the electric lights. All day long, she gazes seriously at the men and women working away as if their lives depended on their mastering some petty task. All day long she looks at them with serious approval, but after the lights come on at dusk, her expression changes. In the early evening, when I look up at her, she looks puzzled to see every one still at work. By nine o'clock her face is very stern. By ten, she becomes hopeless to see us with strained attention, still hanging over our books. When at the hideous clangor of the eleven o'clock bell, our heads heavy with sleep, the last few grinds struggle out, her dark eyes follow us reproachfully, and through the fading light we half expect to hear her say: "Ah, if you were only at my school, you would not waste your precious sleep like this."

EVENING.

THE last red glow of June sunshine lingers on the hillside, creeps slowly upward, bathes the great stone buildings in its warm light, and rests last upon the massive pile of the Library with countless windows now turned to molten gold. In the quiet meadows sloping away toward the west the shadows are growing deeper, and the drowsy tinkle of cowbells rises faintly in the evening air. Far below, on the

right, the surface of the Lake reveals a thousand changing colors, from the crimson of the sunset reflected in the quiet water, to the soft violet of the deeper shadows.

Already a light or two is beginning to twinkle in the town below, and here and there on the opposite hillsides. The silence is so profound that even the few faint commonplace sounds of the summer and the night have a strange distinctness, while over all broods the mysterious sadness of the coming twilight.

Higher and higher creep the long golden rays of sunshine, touching the clock-tower softly with their caress. Higher and higher creep the lengthening shadows, stealing into crevices and corners and making grotesque images in their depths. Slowly the great red ball of the sun approaches the hilltops, flooding the heavens with its light. Nearer it dips, and nearer, pauses as if hesitating at the final plunge, then sinks quickly, leaving only the vivid coloring of the western sky to mark its departure.

Soon the stars begin to twinkle in the shadows of the east. The sun's dying splendor fades from crimson to gold, to pink, to rose gray, to pale blue, and then to ever-deepening violet. Lights are shining everywhere now, in the valley and on the slopes. From below, the tinkle of the cow-bells is hushed, and in its place floats up the sound of a mandolin and the faint echo of singing.

A curious, tense silence follows. The shadows deepen ; and then the sudden clamor of the chimes sounds from the dark clock-tower. Silence again, more mysterious, fraught with a breathless expectation. And now the slow, solemn melody of the great bell. The day is ended.

N. G. S.

THE ERA

A Journal of the University

Published on the Tenth of each Month

With this issue, and in those hereafter, the ERA represents the combined interests of the ERA, formerly published weekly, and the *Cornell Magazine*.

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WITH this number the new editorial board takes charge of the ERA and its fortunes. The retiring editors take pleasure in announcing the election of John R. Patterson, '02, as editor-in-chief for the coming year. Toxaway B. Evermann, '02, will again serve as artistic editor, and Irving I. Goldsmith, '03, will direct the business interests of the publication.

THE ERA in its present form is no longer an experiment. A year has passed since the reorganization of the student publications of the University, and the new arrangement, through its success, may be regarded as having become the established order in Cornell journalism. The

year has sufficed to demonstrate the value of a magazine, literary in its character, which should devote its pages to the best efforts of the student writers, and the topics of more than transient interest in college life. To present such a magazine was the aim of the first ERA board after the reduction of the number of campus journals and the defining of their spheres. That a fair degree of success attended their efforts, is the conviction of both the outgoing and incoming boards. Not all the plans matured; several promised articles failed to appear. But throughout the year one ideal was kept consistently in view,—to present a careful, serious, literary monthly, a worthy representative of the best phases of college life, outspoken in its opinions, and devoted ever to the welfare of Alma Mater.

THE UNIVERSITY

REGATTA week has come and gone, and despite unfavorable weather conditions, has earned a warm spot in our hearts. For a "small and early" affair, the Navy Ball was certainly pretty strenuous, and was easily worth the price of admission. Going to such a well-managed dance is a very easy way to help the Navy. The crew delighted every one by the easy way in which it won the race. Its showing should encourage many of us to follow the 'Varsity to Poughkeepsie. In the afternoon the track team covered itself with glory by easily defeating Princeton.

THE track team deserves a great deal of credit for its work this season. Its record at the Intercollegiate, where it won fourth place with two firsts, one second, and two fourths, was the best showing Cornell ever made at the Intercollegiate. Besides winning the Princeton meet, it also won the Pan-American Intercollegiate at Buffalo last week. But better even than beating Princeton was the crowd that turned out to the Princeton meet Decoration Day. It showed that the University realized that we had a good team, and that they were going to back it up.

IT is to be hoped that now pleasant weather has at last arrived, there will be some of those impromptu campus meetings, and senior singing, which we enjoyed so much last year. We have had two formal campus meetings, before the Princeton and the Pennsylvania base ball games. They were very enjoyable affairs and roused a deal of enthusiasm. But we surely should have one good nightshirt parade, or senior singing before the good class of 1901 leaves.