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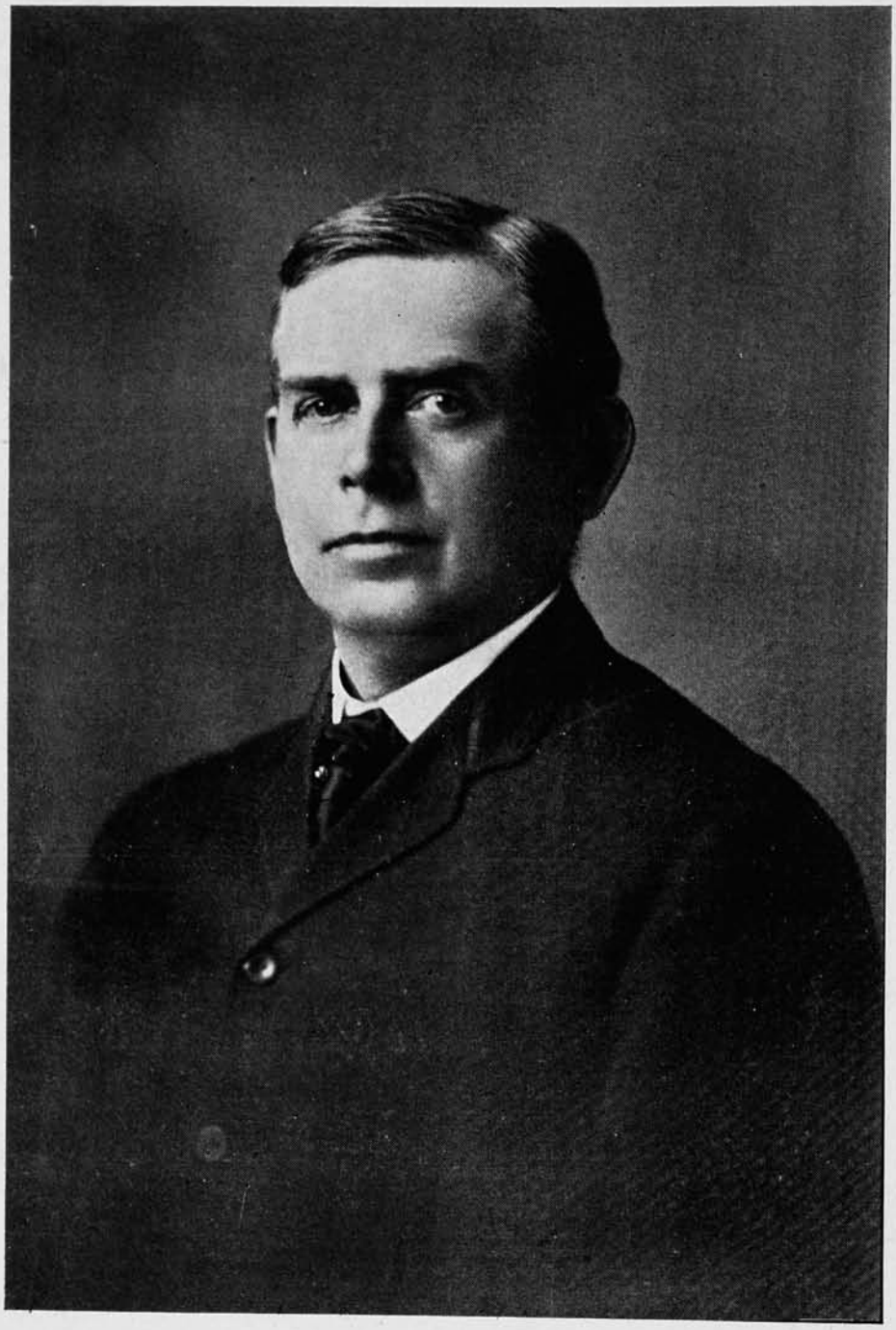
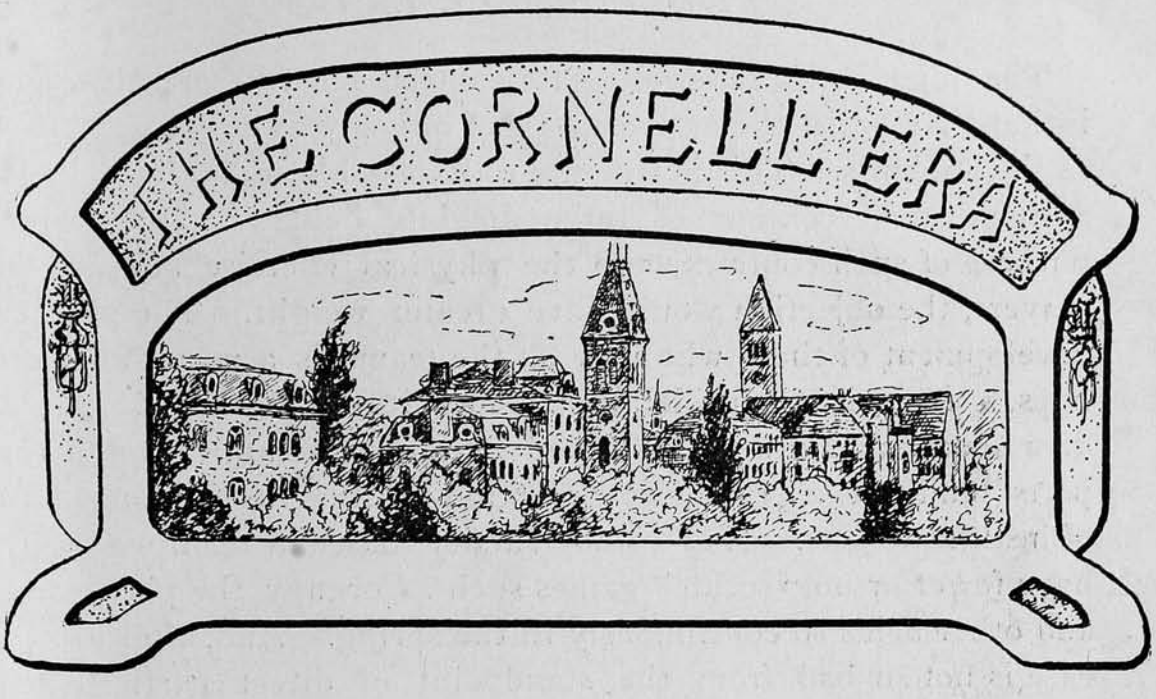


DEAN FRANK IRVINE



VOL. XLI OCTOBER, 1908. NO. I

A VIEW OF ATHLETICS.

Frank ~~DEAN~~ IRVINE.

ARE intercollegiate athletic sports beneficial to a university and to those who participate in them, or are they detrimental? That they are essentially beneficial may, ~~with the readers of THE ERA,~~ be safely assumed. That they are subject to accidental evils no one will deny. Those who believe that the good outweighs the evil, and that on the whole such efforts should be encouraged, meet opposition of two very different kinds. They are opposed consciously and directly by men who perceive only the abuses and who would, if possible, destroy the entire system. They are opposed unconsciously and indirectly by those devotees of athletic sports who hold false ideals, who magnify their importance and who distort their purposes. The latter are those who really imperil athletic sports. But for them the former would not exist. If at Cornell the avowed enemies of intercollegiate athletics are few in number and not extreme it is because on the whole the students have a just sense of the proportion, purpose and value of such sports and because their abuses are thereby minimized.

The objection to intercollegiate contests most frequently voiced is that they enlist the active efforts of only a very small proportion of the students. This is true not only of athletic contests, but to a much greater extent of intercollegiate debates. If the whole purpose of such contests were the physical exercise afforded the players, the objection would have greater weight. The physical development of those who play on the teams is a minor and, perhaps, a negligible consideration. The interest aroused in outdoor sports, and stimulus afforded by their exemplication by experts, tend to the general participation of students in some form of healthful sport. Had we no 'Varsity baseball team we should have fewer or no "scrub" games such as occupy the playground and other fields so continuously in the spring. And, after all, the case is not so bad from the standpoint of direct participation. While only the few best "make" the 'Varsity, good results to the many who try, and especially to those who go through the season on the "scrubs." It is not only the eight men in the 'Varsity shell at Poughkeepsie who row. Twenty-~~two~~ seven men actually take part in the races there. Many times that number row during much of the season. ~~At least 400 men work at some time for the crews and teams in the major sports.~~ If to these be added those who participate in like manner in the minor sports, it will be found that a goodly portion of the undergraduates have received their physical exercise under these peculiarly stimulating influences.

Then it must above all be borne in mind that with the unusually diversified work and interests prevailing at Cornell, almost the only common ground upon which we meet, certainly the most immediate and powerful unifying force, is our interest in university contests. For lack of room if for no other reason it is impossible to bring all the students together for any other purpose. A true university convocation can be held only on ~~Percy Field~~ the athlete field, and there only in fact is there anything approaching such a gathering. Without such common interests Cornell would in sentiment be only a number of separate colleges.

It is of the utmost importance that we should have a just sense of the relations between sport and the serious work of the university. The athlete should be first of all a student. Intercollegiate

contests become mischievous to the extent that they detract from the serious preparation for business and citizenship for which the university exists and for which students resort to it. They become intolerable if they attract to the university in considerable number men who do not come as true students, or if they transform students in any number into professional athletes.

On the whole the writer believes that athletic sports make for better scholarship and he is sure that they make for better conduct among the undergraduates. It is less fair to answer this assertion by pointing to the occasional athlete who cannot or will not perform his university work than it is to enforce it by pointing to the case, happily not infrequent, of the athlete who is conspicuously successful. For a man to succeed in athletics he must keep himself busy. The loafer is as objectionable on the field as in the class-room. The man whose attention is absorbed in athletics and who is consequently dropped would in the absence of such interest be diverted by something much worse and would meet as bad a fate. Still it must be remembered that athletic contests have unusual allurements. It behooves each man to guard himself closely and to see to it that he does not lose his perspective. It behooves the undergraduates as a class to insist that their chosen representatives on the field maintain a good standing on the hill. The man who is lost to the team because he neglects his work should receive the same treatment as the man who sacrifices his university by breaking training, evading practice, or shirking in a game.

After all, the answer to the question at the beginning of this paper depends chiefly upon the spirit with which the sports are conducted. To win is the immediate object of every contest. To win at any price or by any methods is the object to be shunned. Intercollegiate games should be friendly contests conducted fairly and with good temper. Evil and the appearance of evil must both be avoided. A team having among its members men who are ineligible under either the letter or the spirit of the rules, men who are students in name alone, and who attend a university only because of the opportunity afforded to take part in contests, a team prepared to take any undue advantage of an opponent—such a team disgraces an institution and degrades the sport. It

is the aim at Cornell to present teams composed of genuine students and genuine gentlemen. It is our aim to treat our opponents who meet us here as our guests, to beat them if we can do so fairly and honorably, but in any event so to bear ourselves that we part with reciprocal respect. Defeats must not make us "knockers" nor victories make us bullies.

Finally, the spirit of true sport and the maintenance of a just attitude toward our competitors, our teams, and our university demand that our games shall be free from gambling. The man who "supports the team" by wagering on the result of games degrades the men on the team to the level of game cocks. He deprives himself of the right to rejoice honestly in victory and of the power to accept defeat with self-respect and good temper.

AUTUMN.

My world is a sea of golden leaves
  That the maple trees have shed,
And the sad wind sobs in a song that weaves
  A plaint for the summer dead.

The dandelion is gray and old,
  And the daisy's life is done,
And the tale that the truant robin told
  Is sung in a Southern sun.

The grasses paled by the touch of time,
  Are nodding by road and lane,
And the meadow brook, in its purling rhyme,
  Duos with the autumn rain.

But ever the gypsy fall for me,
  For the tints I love the best,
Lie autumn-spun on the woods and lea
  And the mountain's regal crest.

—Stacy E. Baker.

The University

~~CORNELL~~ AS A FRATERNITY.

JOHN L. ELIOT, '~~92~~.

IS a college education worth while?

Despite the enormous enlargement of the material resources, and the ever increasing number of students in the universities, this question is still being put by a great number of thinking people.

There are two points of view which make college life and training distinctly valuable. No one can gainsay the splendid efficiency of the technical and professional schools which make up a large part of our universities, though it is not so easy to demonstrate the skill and commercial value to be acquired in the more general courses. There is, however, another plea for the college which applies to all branches of the university alike, and that is the benefit which comes to the student from fine associations.

The value of association is so commonly recognized that many, perhaps, may think it is not necessary to emphasize it further, but college friendship, even if trite, is surely no mean theme, nor is it commonly recognized how much the world owes to the young men who have united ~~themselves~~ to achieve some fine purpose; and not infrequently groups of university students have profoundly affected the history of their time. Less than half a century ago Arnold Toynbee was the center of an Oxford group who were discussing social questions, and out of their life together, in large part, grew the settlement movement, which to-day does at least something to ameliorate the tenement house life of our large cities.

In the early part of the last century the organization of German students known as the Burschenschaften was among the most important political organizations in that country and in Austria. These young men accomplished so much that we read their history with amazement and wonder. It was they who from 1815 to 1848 kept up the fight for constitutional government, and it is to her student organizations that Germany largely owes the protection of her liberty through constitutional government. True it is that these student groups often engaged in enterprises which were quixotic, but it is also true that they, more than any others,

in Germany, kept the torch of liberty burning, and that they played a great part in a noble movement. (For those who are interested in this theme the chapter in the "Short History of Germany" by Henderson on the "Struggle for Constitutional Government and the Revolution of 1848" will be of value.)

About the same time another great national struggle was begun by young men which has not yet been completed. It was from among the young officers returning from the Napoleonic wars that there came a noble struggle for liberty in Russia. This fight, beginning almost one hundred years ago, is still continuing, and the jail and mine tell with what heroism and fortitude the battle is still being waged.

It was the young men who began the somewhat ill-advised, and yet righteous, movement of the Chartists in England. These young Chartists had been stirred into action by the revelations of the facts in regard to child labor and of the condition of the women workers in the coal mines of England.

These few examples are taken from a vast number that might be cited by way of indicating what has been attempted and accomplished in times not far distant from our own.

It seems as though, to have the best kind of association among students, three things are necessary. A really great purpose, an older man who can act as adviser, and at least one of the group who has the courage and the finely touched nature which fits him to be a leader. The first of these three essentials may be readily admitted, but it may not be commonly recognized how important is the second, the older adviser.

In talking with students about the university life of to-day it sometimes seems as though there were a place for everyone and everything in that life except the faculty, who sometimes figure in the light of a necessary evil, and as though they were hardly to be reckoned among the essentials. It is not to be forgotten that Toynbee's friend and biographer was Professor Jowett; that Fichte and Schleienmacher, Arndt and Jahn were chosen as examples and leaders by the Burschenschaften.

Young men have the vision and enthusiasm and the power of action but not the firm intellectual grasp which is necessary for the continued following out of a purpose. However, the young

man who is a leader is necessary, for it is always the example rather than the word which stirs to action.

Now, how does all this apply to the university life of today?

The associations of the college man with others in the university are good natured and friendly, but hardly of a kind which call out the best that is in a man, and if I am not misled by memory and observation, the three main topics of conversation among college students are athletics, the personalities of the faculty and girls. All of them good themes, but not even all of them taken together are enough to furnish the best basis of union for friendships and activities among students. The interest in individual achievements is too likely to predominate, the best things in the university likely to go unperceived, and the greatest value of student association to be unrealized. I think it is possible to have a finer type of university work and life by having the students take greater interest in each other's work and life.

In many of the best and most famous schools of the world the chief value comes from the fine, helpful life which those who are learning have with each other. If you ask a student of architecture returning from the Beaux Arts in Paris why it is necessary for him to spend years abroad, what it is that he has gotten, he is very likely to tell you that it has not been so much the direct teaching of the professors as it is what he has gotten from the older students in the school. As most of us are aware, the atelier in which each man registers is a purely voluntary organization. Each of them secures a "patron" from the faculty as teacher who comes at stated intervals to give criticism and instruction. But it is much less the patron than it is the older student in the atelier, the "ancient" as he is called. It is this older student, whom we would call the upper class man, as much as anything else that makes years of study abroad of value to our young architects.

The same thing holds true to a certain extent in this country. Wherever particularly good work is being done in any school one finds that it is not alone the excellence of the teaching, but the fine spirit among the students, which is the helpful and inspiring part of the institution. This fraternity spirit among the students is one of the greatest assets of any university, as indeed it is one of the greatest assets of any institution or movement.

One of the reasons that athletics take so deep a hold is that the management is so largely in the hands of the men themselves. There is a chance for personal initiative and to a considerable extent self-government is practiced in athletics. People are more interested in what they themselves do than in anything else in the world. The older and more experienced man is interested enough in the success of the athletics of his university to take the trouble to coach the younger. There is no reason why this should not to some degree exist in other departments. The freshman who is just beginning to write for the college paper naturally regards the editor in chief of that paper with considerable interest, just as the freshman trying to make the crew is sure to have a regard for the stroke in the 'varsity boat. Men who have succeeded in any branch of their college work are sure to have a large personal influence among those who are just beginning their work along that line. The pity is that there are so few amateur coaches in anything except athletics. The finest spirit of fraternity and of friendship can only rest on some deep spiritual principle. *Mutual helpfulness in work*, the furthering of the aims of a common cause, is surely one of these principles.

But there is yet a larger and deeper basis for the fraternity spirit in the whole university, just as there is a higher aim for a man than success in his mere work. It has become more and more the custom for the nation to look to the professors of the universities for assistance. The faculty of Cornell has rendered distinguished service to the United States. In many of the universities, particularly those directly connected with the states in which they are situated, this is true. The University of Wisconsin is one of the great factors in administering the railroads and the other public affairs of that state. The needs and the welfare of the public, the state, the nation are the real basis for college life, thought and discussion.

Too often a man goes to college with the idea of fitting himself to earn money or solely for the purpose of having a good time. The training of citizens should be, to no small extent, the purpose of the university, and the country needs to-day, not alone men trained as engineers, lawyers and doctors, but also men able to further the ends of our American democracy, men who have the

vision of what this democracy is to be, men who have had the practice and the skill which comes from dealing with men. I will take upon myself to say that democracy is but little understood even in this country, and none of us believes that it is fully understood by any of us in all its significance.

To those who observe the life and government of large cities there come from time to time ghastly realizations. Take the record of the Italians in New York City during the last twelve months. Read down the list of the republican and Tammany leaders, the men who are in direct control of the people and if you know their records how do you feel about some of the phases of democratic government? Of course, from the moral and political standpoint the record of Wall Street and some of the corporations is no better.

Out of this situation only the expert, who is usually a college man, can save us. But he must be not only great as a craftsman and expert in his particular line, but he must also be democratic and social in his aims. The man who has been a social force in his university is the man most likely to be a social force in any community in which he lives.

There is no training like experience. A man must experiment in the narrower field before he can be of influence in the greater. I say experiment because it is unfortunately true that we still are experimenting in public life. The principles of private morality which we have now have been known for centuries, but many principles of public morality are just coming into consciousness. Professor Ross' book on "Sin and Society" produced so great an effect, perhaps not because it was so profound, but because it was so timely.

The art and the principles of living and working together are surely imperfectly understood by most of us, and what nobler ends can the university have than teaching this art and these principles? The professors and the heads of departments are those most vitally in touch with the greatest things of life and with the nation. The younger members of the faculty are those who have the most personal contact with the student body. The upperclassmen and the leaders in the student body have their own field of influence. It is just the value of this influence of the upper-

classmen in particular, but of all students in general, which I have in mind. The man who has progressed successfully has an opportunity to render peculiar service to those working about him. He can do some things that the faculty cannot do, just because he is a member of the student body. He is not a teacher, but a leader. The fraternal relations come more easily to him and he can render important service to the university and to the larger community by fostering the spirit and making clear the vision of American democracy which can only be realized through an enlarged and deepened experience of fraternal relations.

To me there is no view of our university brighter or more thrilling than the thought of Cornell as one of our national universities.

OCTOBER.

Aye, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

Wind of the sunny south; oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.

In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks,
And dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh.

And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost part.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE GYMNASIUM SYSTEM.

PROFESSOR C. V. P. YOUNG.

THE measure of success of any system of physical training for the college or university is determined by its usefulness, attractiveness, and feasibility. A certain form of exercise may be beneficial in its immediate results but arouse so little interest or enthusiasm that it will seldom be pursued with any degree of persistence; or it may be both beneficial and interesting, but because of the nature of the exercise or of the conditions under which it must be practiced be greatly restricted in its range of adaptability. Furthermore, as a result of heredity, environment, or training, individuals vary greatly in their physical requirements and exercise that will benefit one person may strain and weaken another; or because of difference in temperament and disposition, or simply because of difference in daily occupation, exercise that affords pleasure to one proves irksome to another. The problem for the college director, then, is manifestly not to devise an exercise or series of exercises which will satisfy all requirements, but rather to arouse in the individual a love of exercise for its own sake such as will find expression in ways suited to that individual's temperament and needs.

In dealing with the student of college age the fact should be frankly recognized that he is pretty well matured physically and that any marked defect or irregularity is much more difficult of correction than during an earlier period. The corrective element in exercise therefore loses much of its significance and the main object of endeavor should be along the line of greater efficiency, better circulation, respiration, digestion, muscular control, and the like. The tendency in the past has been for the Physical Director to regard himself as a sort of orthopedic surgeon whose duties had to do primarily with the correction of defects or abnormalities, while the more important work of directing and stimulating the student body in all forms of out-door and indoor activity was largely neglected. It has been the custom to put all classes of students whether of normal, abnormal, or no physical development, through the mill of dumb-bell and other calisthenics without

thought as to the student's interest in the exercise or the establishment of a permanent habit, which is not a course likely to arouse him to enthusiasm nor is it based upon sound principle.

What is needed to-day in our higher institutions of learning, and what we are attempting at Cornell, is a readjustment of the balance between gymnastics and other forms of exercise, a recognition of the fact that play and games occupy as large or a larger place in the training of mind and body than do the formal exercises of the gymnasium. Gymnastics are particularly valuable in the securing of definite anatomical and physiological results during the period of growth and in some form or other are almost indispensible to a well-rounded development, but it is in athletics that the instincts normal to the average full-blooded student find their best expression. It is through games and competitive sports that the broad range of social and moral qualities are called into action, and it is this fact together with the physiological effects to be derived that make the athletic field an indispensable vehicle in the establishment of a permanent habit of wholesome and pleasurable muscular activity.

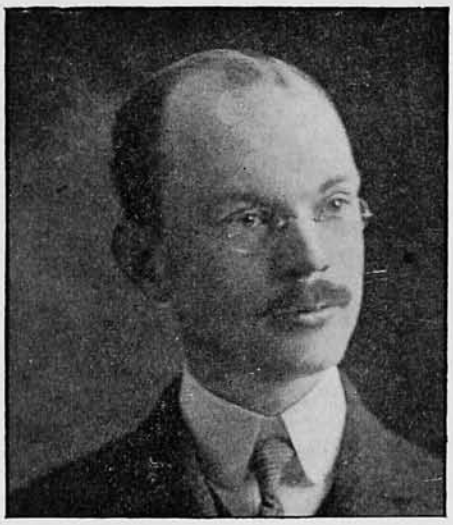
The gymnasium system as thus far established has these essential features. Every student is required to take exercise three days a week for at least one year of his course; unless otherwise determined by the Examiner or Director, however, the student is allowed to select the particular form in which he shall take his exercise. It has been found by general experience that unless required to do so the very students most needing exercise are the ones least likely to take it, so that by requiring all students to take a certain amount of exercise during part of his course, but at the same time allowing choice in the selection of the exercise, it is believed that interest in some form of exercise will be aroused and strengthened where perhaps none existed before, while with all a habit of regularity will be formed which will commend itself as being essential to the highest efficiency throughout the college course and afterwards.

The effect of the system upon athletic conditions at Cornell, I think it may fairly be urged, is already apparent, in that there is a more general participation in athletic sports than was the case formerly, or perhaps than is prevalent elsewhere. It has fre-

quently been affirmed as being one of the most serious objections against college athletics that they are confined to the few of marked proficiency, and that the large number who would be most benefited are necessarily excluded. Let us see to what extent that objection holds. Without taking into consideration the number of students playing on or competing for 'varsity teams last year, there were 50 students participating in the class football contests; 125 students participated in the cross-country run between the colleges; the series of basket ball games between the colleges involved 35 players; the in-door meet of "stunt" events, which closed the winter session, brought out 150 competitors; the spring track meet between the colleges called out 105 contestants; 6 crews were represented in the college regatta of 54 men; the university baseball league was composed of 9 teams (including the 8 colleges and Graduate Department) or 81 which makes a total of 600 students participating in entirely local athletic events. If to this number we add those competing in the 'varsity major and minor sports (baseball, football, track, rowing basketball, lacrosse, cricket, association-football, tennis, fencing, wrestling) we have something over a thousand students regularly competing during certain periods of the year in some form of athletic sport, not to speak of those who do not get to the point of actually entering a contest. However, we can hardly be said to have more than made a beginning, and I look to see in the not distant future an athletic organization among the various colleges of the university which shall carry on a complete cycle of events throughout the year and which shall involve in their performance the large proportion of the student body.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF A TECHNICAL TRAINING.

HENRY H. NORRIS.



IT would be interesting to know how many young men in the multitudes of those now seeking admission to the technical colleges of this country have any definite notion of the real purposes of these institutions. The comparative number is probably small. Even after four years of earnest study many graduate without an appreciation of what the college has really done for them. Later they learn that what seemed most important is soonest forgotten and that influences apparently trivial have had a lasting effect. Whether or not the students know what they are doing, they come nevertheless, and they come in the spirit of the times to learn how to "do things." This spirit is not to be deplored, as it furnishes the colleges with an important channel through which to exert their directive influence. The appetite for technical knowledge brings within this directive influence students who would otherwise never be properly educated.

The words *technical* and *education* are both so inclusive that without some definition the term *technical education* is a very general one. Modern technical schools have developed from two distinct types. In one the arts were considered as applications of science; in the other the emphasis was placed upon the applications science being used mainly to explain the practice. The two expressions, "applied science" and "engineering," now used almost interchangeably, indicate the difference in viewpoint. At present the technical college is one in which theory and application are studied together. The application is, however, not taught in order to give manual facility in any practical art, but merely to furnish the basis for an intelligent appreciation of the theory.

Technology, then, is a rational and inseparable combination of science and the arts, of theory and its practical applications.

In order to estimate the educational utility of technology it is necessary to obtain some standard by which to measure its value. Is an education something to give manual or mental skill, which can be bought and sold? If it is, the best education is that which produces the largest material results for the student. This is the popular standard. The father says, "my son must not work as I have had to do; he must have a good education." A former Sibley College student, after completing an electrical course, remarked in substance, "Is this all I can earn after four years of study? Why, I made more money selling hay before I came to college. I wish I had stuck to the hay business." A recent writer in a popular magazine attempts to estimate the worth of a college course on the basis of the salaries advertised by an employment agency. Naturally his conclusion is pessimistic in tone, for the salaries offered are less than the wages of skilled mechanics, and properly less when the real conditions are appreciated. The inference from these illustrations is that the money standard, considered alone, is a false one. What then is education? By way of answer it would be difficult to improve on the definition given by Herbert Spencer: "To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge and the only rational method of judging any educational course is, to judge in what degree it discharges such function." The technique of education is well stated by the Standard Dictionary as "the systematic development and cultivation of the natural powers and the direction of the feelings, tastes and manners, by inculcation, examples, etc." These statements bring us directly into the heart of the matter and establish a standard which appeals to every one as rational and practical.

As is usual, one definition requires another and Spencer's *complete living* is not by any means a self-explanatory phrase. No two individuals are alike, hence the expression must have many meanings. All will agree, however, upon three elements: An income must be secured, duties to society must be performed, and a certain amount of pleasure is essential. The ideal arrangement is a well-balanced combination of these elements. It is not to be

expected that all of the students entering college will have reasoned this balance for themselves, but each one has some idea of the nature of the problems before him. For a time one or another element is apt to have undue prominence. The teachers, however, have constantly before them the primary purposes of their instruction. It is this ideal, always more or less clearly kept in view, which makes enjoyable tasks that would otherwise be irksome and monotonous. When teachers and pupils have a common aim the educational processes go on most efficiently.

There is sometimes a tendency to consider a college as analogous to a manufactory. Raw material is secured from the preparatory schools; it undergoes certain transformations as it passes through the various courses; and it finally emerges, a finished product. Such an analogy, while attractive, is dangerous. A watch-spring is a different thing from an ingot of steel, but a graduate is the same person who entered the freshman class. All that the college did for him was to create an atmosphere in which his inherent qualities could develop normally. To be sure, there was a directive influence in the atmosphere but no more. The educational process was performed by the student not by his teachers. Further, it was not so much what he studied but how he studied that determined the resulting benefit. The analogy of the manufactory is misleading as it implies a remaking rather than an awakening of the individual.

If it makes no essential difference, within limits, what subjects are studied so long as they are properly studied, technical and scientific courses may furnish, directly and indirectly, excellent material for self-development. Even if they are not intrinsically as broadening as some others they must always occupy the major portion of the engineer's training period. Hence they form his chief educational influence. These studies all have two functions, corresponding to the two principal characteristics of the successful student. Their first function is to utilize and direct the natural and necessary spirit of *inquiry* into nature's laws. Natural science is therefore studied not only for itself but it is an integral part of every well-taught course, no matter how technical or seemingly artificial its character. The spirit of inquiry predominates in such courses as physics, chemistry, pure and applied mechanics

and experimental, civil, mechanical and electrical engineering; but it can be found as well in mathematics, bridge design, machine design and other subjects which may at first seem remote from nature. The second function of technical and scientific studies is to develop the constructive instinct. Every one likes to "make things," useful or artistic, material or intellectual; hence, in a technical course the student is urged to apply his knowledge *constructively* as rapidly as it is acquired. The shops and designing rooms have thus their logical and necessary place in the educational scheme.

Technical courses have been sometimes criticized as *narrow*, tending to produce machines rather than men. This is a mistake,—the courses as described are not narrow, but incomplete. Nothing could be more broadening than such studies when they are utilized properly; but in themselves they are not sufficient. The real student is not satisfied with pure and applied science. Inanimate nature is interesting and profitable to him, but men and their institutions are more so. In practicing his profession, in conducting his business, and in performing the every-day duties of the citizen, men must be met and influenced. Thus humanitarian studies attract the all-round technical student. As evidence of this it is only necessary to cite the testimony of one of our own librarians. In his opinion, the engineering students are among the most discriminating readers at the library. They are found in all departments of the university, pursuing all manner of studies. They sing, run, row and debate with the best. Finally, they appreciate the efforts of the president and faculties to give them more opportunity for general culture.

The best test of any system of education is in the results which it produces. For example, what are Sibley College graduates doing in the world? How are they regarded by their fellows? How do they regard themselves and the investment of effort and money which they have made? A recent canvas conducted among a number of graduates makes possible a reply, which is more than an opinion. While the alumni are, as a rule, practicing engineering they are more than engineers. They are interested in large affairs. They have acquired an enviable reputation for accomplishment. They appreciate that their training has played an im-

portant part in this consumation. It may surprise the undergraduates to learn that while the alumni have, without regret, forgotten many of the facts which were necessary in the educational process, they have retained the essential things. The ability to attack problems and solve them; to appreciate the relative importance of the elements in a situation; to meet men and convince them; to accept responsibility; in short, to produce results,—these, after all, are the principal results of engineering or any other study.

With all of these facts in mind it is possible to apply to technical training the educational test previously suggested. Will the technical graduate make a better living; will he be a better citizen; will he be happier, as a result of his training? In general an affirmative answer can be given to all three questions. He will receive more salary because he can ultimately direct the labors of others. At first the compensation may be a disappointment, for he has very little that is of immediate commercial value. In the end, however, he will pass his less fortunate competitor. Many occupations are now virtually closed to all but technical graduates and more will be closed eventually. He will be a better citizen because he will apply to social and political problems the same acumen that is necessary for success in engineering. He will be happier because he will have a better perspective view of life and an appreciation of the relation of humanitarian and esthetic principles to science and industry. In short, a technical training may have a high educational value and the engineer ought to be, in every sense,—a man.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.—Pope.

THE UNIVERSITY AND POLITICS.

BY CHARLES M. JESSUP.

IT has been aptly stated that "Colleges and universities should go into politics, but politics should not enter colleges and universities."

The natural deduction from this is that the educated men of the Nation should exert themselves for its political betterment.

The purpose of this article is to arouse the men of Cornell to a realizing sense of their responsibility, and to advocate fundamental principles which represent true Americanism. The age in which we live is progressive. This declaration requires no amplification, though there is much that is lacking to perfect the progress made. Science, mechanical genius, art, literature have all attained high levels, but the governmental affairs of our country are left too much to the professionals, who *seek* their own interests, rather than to *serve* their day and generation.

An ideal Democracy is "a Government of the people, for the people and by the people," but it can only be attained by the people asserting themselves.

There can be no true, permanent progress without intelligence as a basis. Governmental policies cannot be formulated by ignorant, or self-interest seeking men.

Demagogues arouse bitterness and class hatred, and incite lawlessness, but the honest citizen champions the leader or party acting for the uplift of National affairs.

The under-graduate or alumnus of college or university, if he would exercise it, possesses a power which cannot be over estimated. Informed as to the fundamentals of our government; intelligent as to the ascending steps taken; he grasps in a keen, clean sense, present problems and future possibilities.

If all the Faculties, under-graduates, and alumni, of the colleges and universities of the United States should unite to aggressively and intelligently discharge the duties of citizenship, the days of the "Boss," "Grafter," and "Professional Politician" would be numbered.

"Knowledge is power," and when practically applied, is far reaching.

The masses demand and are seeking leadership. Educate them by example, and incompetent leaders will not be sought. Rather will men be chosen whose character and attainments justify confidence.

The spirit of Americanism is not dead. It is active in spots, but the sentiment, aye the fact, is spreading.

President Roosevelt by his earnest, consistent and persistent advocacy of civic righteousness, has stirred the men of the Nation, and the effect of his leadership will be emphasized as the years pass.

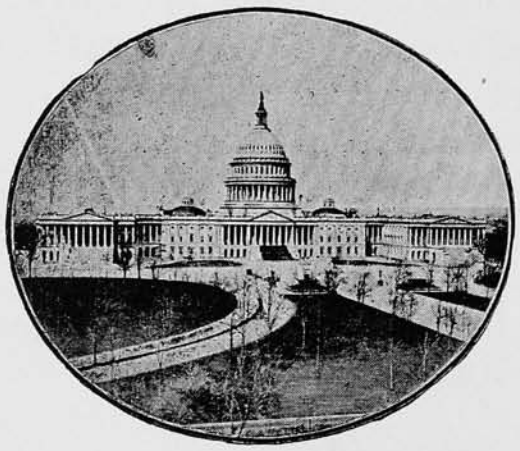
In conclusion, it is the plain duty of all the men of our colleges and universities to intelligently inform themselves concerning the principles controlling all political parties, and then support candidates who exemplify principles which make for "righteousness that exalteth a Nation."

"Where there is a will, there is always a way," and if a citizen is minded to discharge his obligations, the way will be made clear.

Principles, not partisanship, should be of the first importance, and the undergraduate should prepare himself for a service which will dignify, and perpetuate, the influence of America, and American institutions.

Cornell men have done much.

They can, and should, do more.



TWO ATTEMPTS—A REMINISENCE.

BY E. L. NICHOLS.

I USED to see the old emperor[1] nearly every day. Every afternoon he rode in his simple open barouche behind two horses, like any simple gentleman, to the park, and every afternoon at the same hour I returned from the laboratory to my lodgings under the roof of an old house, since torn away, behind the opera house.

Indeed I was a near neighbor to his majesty and felt myself almost on familiar terms with him; for did not my window look directly into the window of his little bed room in the palace across the square and did he not often return my salute as we passed each other on the Linden?

I admired the bluff simplicity of the old soldier and the friendly freedom with which he went about among the people of his crowded capital.

It took courage too, at that time, for the spirit of discontent was abroad and there were rumors of revolt. An uprising was feared and there was prediction of a repetition of the scenes of 1848. The garrison was held in constant readiness to respond to the call of the police who were watching the city for the first symptoms of the expected outbreak.

The old quarter of Berlin, around which the new city of the empire was rapidly growing up, still retained much of its medæval aspect, and it was in that direction that I used to go towards midnight after an evening of hard reading for a ramble through the network of narrow, crooked and dimly lighted streets. This, evidently, was the center from which the authorities expected trouble for instead of the foot-falls of the solitary night-watchman on his rounds, which in quieter times, was almost the only sound to disturb the stillness of the night, the rough pavements resounded with the clatter of hoofs and around a dark corner would come a whole squadron of mounted police. They were ex-cavalrymen, all of them, who had seen service in the Austrian and French campaigns and it was easy to imagine the way in which they

[1] Wilhelm I. the first emperor of Germany 1877–78.

would handle any show of turbulence on the part of the populace.

One fine afternoon as I turned the corner from the Wilhelmstrasse on my usual way home I found the Linden packed with an excited crowd. The great boulevard was a sea of heads from house-wall to house-wall. The emperor had just been shot at as his carriage passed down the street, the would-be-assassin had been seized and hurried away by the police and I had missed by a few minutes being an eye-witness of the attempt.

Whatever may have been the feelings in the obscure corners of the old town which the police had been watching so carefully, there was no mistaking the indignation of the crowd which had gathered on the Linden nor their sympathy for and hearty loyalty to their emperor.

The incident was matter for a few days of excited talk. The revolutionary party was prompt to disclaim responsibility and to deplore the act, as well they might, for whatever hopes they may have had were smothered in the reaction of public sentiment. The emperor continued his rides, unguarded and fearless, and I continued to meet his carriage almost daily as I walked home from my work.

A few weeks later at the same hour and place I found myself again in a throng of people which became a howling, infuriated mob as the news spread that there had been another attempt on the life of the emperor and that this time he had been wounded if not killed. Thousands behind me were crowding and fighting their way towards the scene of the assassination,and I was swept along irresistably and presently pinned against the iron railing which separated the south roadway from the path for horseback riders. The great arched doorway of the house facing which I stood was in possession of the police. In the doorway stood a black police van with black horses. In front of it were two mounted policemen, motionless, with sabers drawn. From an upper window of that house the assassin had fired his charge of buckshot at the emperor and then had tried to take his own life. The crowd was bloodthirsty and determined and, it seemed impossible that the police could get away with their wounded prisoner. As far as I could see in either direction the street was a mass of people and those nearest were pushed almost under the horses'

feet. How the closely massed policemen on either side held their own it was hard to see.

On the box of the van the driver grasped reins and whip ready for the word. Beside him sat an officer. The mob was becoming more furious every moment and could not be restrained much longer. It was blood-thirsty and the cries of rage were horrible to hear. If the police were overpowered it was plain that the prisoner would be torn to pieces.

At the signal out came horses and van. It was like the start for a city fire in New York or Chicago. I saw the driver of the van rise from his seat and lash his horses into action. In his eagerness he rose too high and his head struck the stone arch of the doorway. He dropped, stunned, but the officer by his side without a second's hesitation seized the lines and steered his plunging horses into their place behind the riders who were making way for them. It was like a mass-play in football in its suddenness, dash and unerring precision of execution. There was the same element of unexpectedness in it too, for the riders turned away from the police station instead of towards it. How they got through I never knew, although it all took place under my very eyes and much nearer at hand than I altogether liked at the moment. Neither could I understand why there was not a swathe of wounded in their wake. Doubtless the tragedy on the box of the van diverted my attention at the critical moment.

But they got away and no one was seriously injured as far as I could learn except the poor driver, who died of a fractured skull. Then the pressure from behind began to relax a little and I could move again. The mob still muttered and threatened but the police closed the great house doors in our faces and with them the incident was closed.

The assassin like his predecessor was disowned by the revolutionary party. In the hospital he tore the bandages from his head and died of his self-inflicted wound.

As for the emperor, his life was saved only because he happened to raise his arm in answer to a salute, just as the gun was fired. The forearm received most of the shot intended for his head, but it was a serious wound and for weeks he lay on his soldier's cot-bed in the little room in the palace down upon which my window looked, and the great square was kept clear by the soldiers that he might have quiet, and only those of us who were his near neighbors were allowed to pass the cordon.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE REGATTA.

BY S. L. VANDEVEER, '08.

THERE could not have been a more ideal day for a regatta than Saturday, June 27th. The sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky. A delightful breeze from the northwest, not strong enough to ruffle the water, kept the air cool. The Cornell men at "The Oaks," all up for their usual half-past seven breakfast, invigorated by the wonderful day, were "feeling fit". All were concealing, as best they could, their inward excitement. All were anxious for the race for which they had been working for five long months and anxious that the long period of training should come to an end so that they might get back to their pipes, "makes" and what-not.

After breakfast they waited while the "Old Man" down at the boat house was taking his final look over the shells. When satisfied that everything was strong and in perfect condition he sent the men out to row the shells to the ice-house at the mile mark where they were to be kept until the time for the races.

Meanwhile the crowds were beginning to pour into Poughkeepsie and by noon it seemed that the town could hold no more; yet still they came. Everyone, it seemed, proudly displayed in one way or another, the colors of his favorite crew. Hat bands, sleeve bands and flags added color to the gay scene. As the eventful hour approached, gradually the throng moved down toward the river where excitement reigned supreme. The crowd jammed at the ferry-slip and the extra ferry-boat sent up from Kingston could not begin to accommodate the people. Every boat of whatever description, for miles up and down the river, had been put in commission for this busy day, and the river was literally choked with these small boats ferrying people across to the west shore. Lying at anchor at the finish line were boats in gala day dress. The three revenue cutters Mohawk, Onondaga and Manhattan made a fitting background for the scores of yachts and smaller boats. Crowded excursion boats from up and down the river added life to the scene. People were even lined up along the sides of the Poughkeepsie bridge. There, under the bridge, stood the observation train of forty covered cars waiting for its precious load. All along

the shore parties were picking out vantage points in the clearings above the railroad tracks from which to watch the approaching contests. The shore front on the Poughkeepsie side of the river was black with people, and some who had been unable to get down to the river had mounted to the tops of the highest buildings in Poughkeepsie to watch the race through glasses.

All was hustle and bustle for the first race was about to start. The police boats moved here and there clearing the course and soon the river was as smooth and quiet as a mill pond. The observation train, taxed to its utmost capacity with its load of pretty girls, enthusiastic "grads" and undergraduates, pulled up to the start of the four-oared race, the first of the day, to be rowed two miles down stream, starting at the two mile mark of the four mile course. The rival crews were all in their respective positions, Syracuse nearest the shore; Cornell, second; Columbia, third; and Pennsylvania, fourth. Slowly the Steward's boat "Gretchen" moved up to them and the signal for the start was given. Instantly the four crews caught the water and the race was on. Syracuse at the start gained a slight advantage but was soon overtaken by Cornell. Cornell gradually increased the lead until at the mile mark our men were three lengths ahead. Little by little, slow and certain, the breech between Cornell and Syracuse was widening. In the cars Cornell men, who had not expected such a burst of speed from their crew, were yelling themselves hoarse and their hopes were steadily rising. The crews had passed under the bridge, Cornell still leading, when in the twinkling of an eye the Cornell boat was roughly anchored, her bow wedged in between a buoy and held there as in a vice. These buoys had been placed on either side of the course and Cornell, having worked too far inshore, had struck one head on. Try as they did to the uttermost our men could not back out and had to lie there helpless until a boat from a revenue-cutter came out to help them back to the boat house. The bow was completely demolished. Syracuse shot ahead and Cornell, with the race practically won, could not even finish. Pennsylvania fouled Columbia, was disqualified by the judges and Columbia was awarded second place. The accident put a damper on the enthusiasm in the Cornell cars, and quite naturally, because it was, to

be sure, a very hard way to lose a race. Then the train slowly returned to the start of the Freshman race.

In this race, over the same course that the "fours" had rowed, the Cornell Freshmen took the lead at the start, increased it continually and won handily three lengths of open water ahead of Syracuse, who had been fighting it out with Columbia for second place. Columbia came in third, Wisconsin fourth and Pennsylvania fifth.

The long observation train puffed back up the river for the last time for the big race of the day between the 'varsity eights over the four mile course, a race which turned out to be one which will go down in rowing annals as one of the greatest races ever rowed in this country. There were five crews entered, Syracuse inshore, Wisconsin number two; Pennsylvania number three; Cornell number four; and Columbia number five. Again the Steward's boat moved up to the line while the five crews nervously awaited the starting gun.

At the signal every crew got a good start, all catching the water at the same instant. Ahead of them was one of the hardest four mile gruelling struggles ever seen on the Hudson. After the way the Cornell four-oared crew had showed up, Cornell supporters looked for unexpected things from its 'varsity. Nor were they disappointed. At the first eighth of a mile the first crew did not lead the last by more than ½ a length. At the first quarter mile Wisconsin spurted into the lead. Cornell was a close second, and the hopes of her supporters climbed yet higher. Such yelling was never heard. It was anybody's race. Pennsylvania worked up and took the lead. The pace was fast, very fast, with more than three miles yet to go but the other four crews hung on. At the mile mark Syracuse took the lead but soon dropped back. Cornell was fifth but rowing in good form. Only two boat lengths separated the crews. At the three mile mark near the Poughkeepsie bridge Pennsylvania found her pace too hot and dropped back. Syracuse took the lead with Pennsylvania and Wisconsin fighting it out for second. Then an unfortunate thing happened. Wilce, No. 2 in the Wisconsin shell, collapsed, and the Wisconsin crew fell behind. Four different times this plucky fellow fell back in the boat only to straighten up, and manfully bend to his share

of the work, but in vain. Syracuse, Columbia and Cornell in the order named gradually worked away from the Pennsylvania crew which had suddenly weakened. Meanwhile Columbia and Cornell were pushing Syracuse but could not catch her. Columbia lapped Syracuse and Cornell lapped Columbia. In that order they finished, only a length separating the three crews. Pennsylvania was six lengths behind Cornell. Wisconsin was last but by no means a disgraceful last. Bedlam broke loose as the crews raced through the fleet of boats around the finish line. The shrill whistles of the river-craft mingled with the yells of the thousands on shore. Lingering only till the official time could be announced which was 19:34$\frac{1}{5}$, the crowd quickly separated, their faces turned homeward. The big day was over. Syracuse had won.

Slowly the Cornell eight paddled back to their boat house, defeated but not ignominiously. Handicapped by disaster after disaster during the season they had rowed their race and rowed it well, but the handicaps had proven insurmountable. Credit them for what they did and start them afresh for the season of 1909 with that spirit of work and unity in work, with that perseverance and steady pluck which has built up the enviable record which Cornell holds in the rowing world.

A RUN WITH COLLEGE FOOT BEAGLES.

BY SHERMAN PEER, '06.

S. Sherman Peer.

HUNTING the hare with a pack or "cry" of foot beagles has been in high favor in Great Britain for many centuries. Preparatory schools like Eton and certain colleges at Oxford and Cambridge have packs of foot beagles. At Oxford alone there are the New College-Magdalen, the Exeter and the Christ Church beagle clubs that hunt the hare thereabouts on two and sometimes three days a week throughout each term of college. The Michaelmas Term, which begins with marticulation in October and ends at Christmas, is the most popular season for beagling. There is a fascination about autumnal days in that locality that drives every undergraduate afield. Some fellows to soccer and rugby football, called "footer" and "rugger"; others to rowing and some to sailing on the upper waters of the Isis. Seemingly every student engages for a few hours on each or alternate days in acquatic or field sports, among which few diversions are as healthful or as interesting as running after foot beagles.

To an American student at Oxford, beagling is especially interesting. He has not only the novel experience of running cross-country in company with fellow students after a pack of melodious hounds; but he is able to see villages and bits of rural England which neither time nor tourists have modernized. In such localities one can find persons who resemble well known characters in novels of English country life of the eighteenth century.

An account of a run with foot beagles, in the neighborhood of Oxford, illustrates the nature of the sport, popular among a certain element of Oxford undergraduates, and in a measure pictures a side of English country life which to many would be new and fascinating.

Early in the afternoon of a November day a party of beaglers from two of the Oxford University colleges were being driven through the open country on their way to the meet. There were about twenty-eight students all told who were being transported in three brakes, one from either college and the third for the stragglers from both colleges. I happened to be the only American present and was, perhaps, the most keenly interested of all in what was seen and heard along the way. Almost at the outset we passed a number of town apprentices who watched us rumble by with stolid indifference, since their fathers had fought in the old time "town and gown rows." Farther on, however, we overtook a superannuated hedge cutter. Evidently he had been brought up in the general belief that only "gentlemen's sons" attended Oxford and as such should be saluted in keeping with their rank. Accordingly, the old man gravely raised his hat in salutation as we swept by. But the children along our way caught the spirit of our enthusiasm and ran with us shouting in wild freedom till outdistanced. We drove over the hill to Cumnor Place, passing the church, suggestive of Kennelworth,[1] of Amy Robsart and her goeler, Anthony Foster. Beyond Cumnor Place the country becomes more and more interesting. On all sides the foliage had begun to color. Pheasants, no longer able to hide their thieving in fields of grain, flew up at our approach and disappeared in covert. Squirrels, nettled at our rapid pace, took us on for a run from the top of stone walls.

About six miles from Oxford we pulled up before a village inn. The innkeeper, a ruddy faced, jovial sort of fellow stood in the doorway of his tavern. To welcome our arrival, he bowed, smiled and washed his hands in invisible water. The beagle van had already arrived and the Master, an undergraduate, was greeting the hounds calling each by name as the kennelman slipped them one by one to the ground. Next to their fondness for running a hare, these beagles are fond of the Master. They fawn upon him, each entreating his sole attention as if a word and caress from him insured the capture of a savory hare. Divesting ourselves of over coats and scarfs, we clambered down into a rabble of beagles and curious town folk of all ages. Toot, toot from the Master's

[1] Kennelworth—Scott's novel.

A GROUP OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BEAGLES AND "CRY."

horn, followed by a hurried consultation with the innkeeper, wherein he advised our drawing the Squire's turnip bed; more tooting and hunting jargon, and we were off to catch a turnip thief if we could. Foremost walked the first whipper-in, retarding with voice and hunting crop any beagle impatient to begin hunting on his own account. Following the first whipper-in, walked the Master surrounded by the pack or "cry". Then came the second whipper-in and lastly plain followers of the chase. Attached to this company were some truant school boys, the town cripple hobbling upon a crutch and wooden leg. Some old men, probably poachers by profession who would rather hunt than eat, filled up the group that had assembled to see us off. At the end of a lane leading to the Squire's, we came out upon a grassy slope which drops away in an easy decline to a tributary of the river Isis. The field upon our left was the Squire's turnip patch which we were to draw. This the Master proceeded to do. We followed after him, keeping well to the rear, in readiness to "go away" the instant puss should be routed. When within thirty yards of the turnips, three splendid hares sprung away in opposite directions. At the sound of the Master's horn the beagles checked, with reluctance to be sure, but the whippers-in turned the leading beagles smartly back and the whole procession came to a stop. The Master then lifted the pack to where the nearest hare had sprung away. This hare had run from us taking a course down stream in the direction we had been walking. As the beagles picked up the trail they gave tongue to it in chorus and rushed off after the hare. We in our turn ran after the beagles. We knew that the hare would turn under half a mile, but which way? In this sort of speculation lies one of the charms of beagling. To the right was the stream twisting on its course to the Isis. Above upon our left was the village while ahead of us was a lane beyond which lay directly across our path hedge fences and each one flanked by ditches.

Those who thought they knew the game well kept well up above the pack, skirting the village. Choosing this upper course a few of us ran about a third of a mile along the slope while the others followed the hounds close to the water's edge below. We had just scrambled through one of many hedges and flung the last

DELAPRE ABBEY BEAGLES—THE MASTER AND WHIPPRS-IN.

bit of mud from our shoes when we met puss, face to face, coming back our way, having outdistanced both beaglers and pack. He had circled up the slope from the stream, toward the village, and was gallantly executing his strategy in returning the way he had gone. Beagles and whippers-in having outdistanced all of us were hard after the hare, and all were coming toward us. At our sudden appearance, at breaking through the hedge, the hare made a sharp turn and raced away toward the stream below. Puss would, however, have made another try for the turnip field and might have succeeded had not the intervening hedge, from which we had just emerged, suddenly bristled with belated beaglers that had been checked by wet ground. The hare lost no time in a council of war. From my vantage ground I saw him bound away down the slope toward the stream. The water was icy cold, and from bank to bank, seemed to be about twenty-five feet in breadth. It did not seem probable that the hare would take to water. No, indeed; but did a trick more courageous.—On he went, and in his splendid stride took the stream at a bound, landing well over on the further side.

"Well jumped, my beauty! Well jumped!"

"Hold hard!" cried some one, as a half dozen beaglers broke through the hedge with a rush.

"Hold hard, here come the hounds!"

Sure enough, beagles, Master and whippers-in came to full view, running toward us. The beagles with noses to earth drove ahead with one common instinct speeding them on after the flying hare. The Master and whippers-in were racing after, but the others, like myself, cast about for a bridge. The highway crosses the beck some three hundred yards down stream. It was a long way but a dry one, and that settled it. We owned to funking such a bath in November, with a bridge in sight. A few moments later the beagles were swimming in mid stream. The Master and whippers-in, nothing daunted, plunged in after them and were wading waist-deep to the opposite bank. The bridge crossed, we were lost to the pack. Beagles and all had disappeared over the crest of the opposite slope and not even a mellow note came back to locate their whereabouts and cheer us on. Upon the crest of the hill, however, stood a shepherd, outlined

THE ETON BEAGLE CLUB.

against the sky, waving his arms in wild gesticulation. We soon came up to him, but excitement had run riot with his tongue for his gibberish was quite unintelligible.

There is something picturesque about the British country "navvie," when his sporting blood is up. Picturesque in his soiled, ill-fitting and patched garb, his unkempt beard and gutteral speech. Something truly unaccountable in his wild enthusiasm for field sports. The voice of a hound warms his blood to fervid heat. A wild desire to run and cheer on hounds possesses him. In his disconnected speech and bright eyes one hears the voice and seems to be accosted by the fellow's early Saxton ancestors. The gist of his words, however, relative to the hounds were to this effect:

"'Ave just seed 'im 'ere sirs, just 'ere now sire, goin down be-
"hindt the 'edge. Thor now, look thor sirs, 'ere im? Come now
"me beauties, me roaring pets! Ah those be good music sirs!"

Presently the pack came to view, circling in toward us. Evidently from their direction, the hare had again turned, bent upon doubling and recrossing the stream. Doubtless the shepherd with his frantic gestures had already turned the hare, for the beagles, first heading back toward the stream were now circling away in the opposite direction toward a neighboring chapel. Puss must now give in or outwit his pursuers. The pace was heartbreaking, with a hedge, a ditch and ploughed field before us. The beagles, however, were bracing to their work, running silently. Something in the scent told them that the chase was nearing an end and by some instinct we also knew it to be true. Suddenly the hare was viewed away. The beagles broke loose their melody and were gaining on the hare at every stride. At this signal came renewed strength of weary legs and we pushed on with all our might. One more ditch, another hedge, over an iron picket on which one fellow was left hanging by his "knickers", and we found ourselves in the chapel enclosure among mossy headstones and hoary yew trees. With a toot, toot and whoop-hallo, the Master threw the carcass of the Squire's turnip thief in air to drop in the midst of twenty eager beagles, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to secure a share of the spoils.

Meanwhile the sun had nearly set. We decided to hunt no more for the day but to repair to the inn for tea. The inn was a half mile away and twilight had set in before we reached the tavern door. On passing in I noticed over the tavern door a sign suspended above the street from a projecting arm. On one side of this wonderful tavern sign appeared the hind quarters of a lion painted against a sandy waste set round with palm trees. More wonderful, however, was the opposite side, for upon the beholder who should hasten to investigate, there looks down a good natured bewhiskered lion supported by his fore legs merely. He is, apparently, ambling through a section of English oak. The artist would have one believe, however, that the beast is strutting upon his native sands. It was quite apparent that this tavern had changed very little since Elizabethan days. The ceilings are low and the rooms smell of the tap room. The arrangement of rooms and samples of carpentry work would indicate that every workman had been his own architect and that the actual construction was done in the dark. It may be a fact, however, that the continued proximity of a tap room for three hundred years will have a tremendous effect in setting a whole tavern awry.

On long tables in the dining room were tea, bread and jam. In less than no time we had cleared the boards of food and drank the last pot of tea. Meanwhile the beagles had been loaded and our traps were waiting at the tavern door. On leaving the inn I chanced to pass the tap room. I presume few such rooms in England have survived modern notions of a correctly appointed bar room. The floor was flagged and somewhat lower than the threshold. On three sides of the room casks were piled high, one above the other to the ceiling. The latter was low and black with the smoke of three hundred years. Rough hewn beams furnished the ceiling support and from one which spanned the center, hung a dingy, battered bronze lamp. Beneath was a table warped like a potato chip and around this table sat three of the town wags imbibing. Chief of this clan was the sporting cripple referred to above, whom I overheard remark to his pals,

"'Ave been 'ear summers above fifty years and 'ave niver afore 'eard tell as 'ow an air jumd the Wier-water." Said a loquacious sot in rejoinder, "'Ave 'eard me faather tell as 'ow 'e did!"

Whether it was the hare or the old fellow's sire who performed this daring feat, I did not stop to inquire, or whether, indeed, a hare had ever been known to jump the Wier-water before that very afternoon. By this time the affair has likely possessed the whole village. No doubt all the wonderful feats of fifty years past will be aired in the discussion and the Squire, himself, will do well to settle the dispute before the villagers take sides.

The journey back to Oxford was scarcely less interesting than our excursion out. Nevertheless on cresting the hill at Cumnor place, we were glad to see the lights of Oxford at hand. A little later we were equally glad to alight from our brake when it pulled up before the college gate. Each beagler then hurried away to his own rooms as rapidly as tired legs could travel, for there was just time enough in which to get into other clothes and at seven o'clock be ready to sit down to dinner with his fellows in Hall, where, perhaps his beagle-hunting forefathers have dined and talked over the chase in their student days centuries ago.

CORNELLIANS AND

LEWIS HENRY, 09,

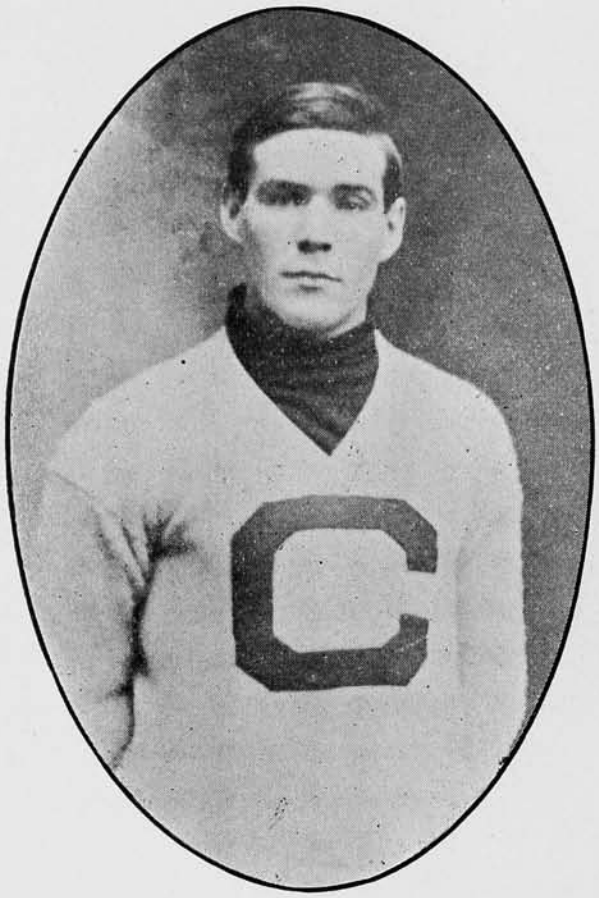
Editor-in-Chief of *The Cornell Daily Sun* and the retiring President of the Senior Class, whose prominence in all undergraduate affairs eminently qualifies him to conduct the position he holds as head of the daily publication.

THEIR ACTIVITIES

ROBERT C. HARGREAVES, '09,

Manager of the 'Varsity Football Team through whose efforts a number of Football Alumni will return to coach the team.

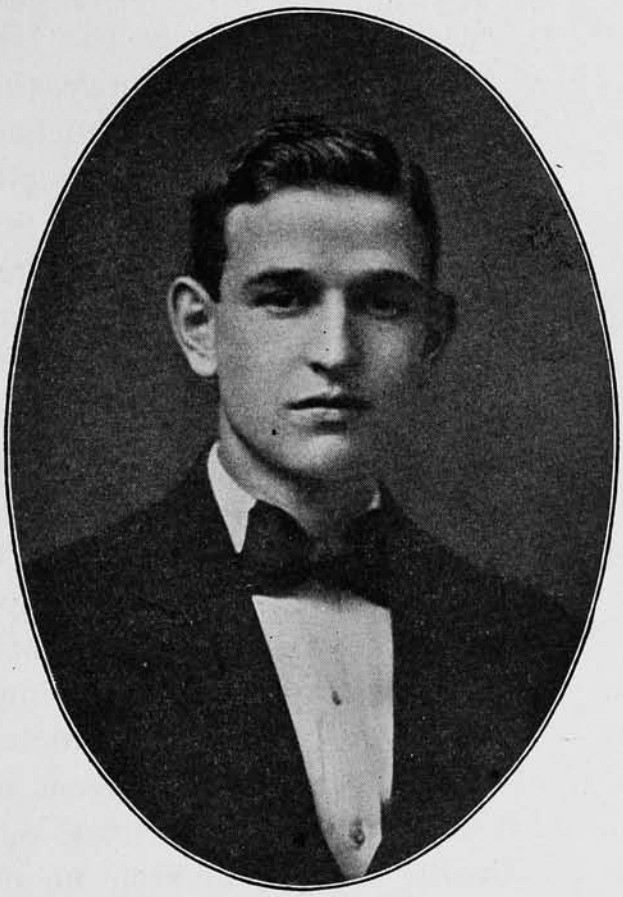
WHAT'S DOING



GEORGE H. WALDER, '09

Who has played fullback or halfback for the past three seasons, this year captains the 'Varsity eleven.

AND BY WHOM



CLYDE F. BAUMHOHER, '09,

As Business Manager of *The Cornell Daily Sun* has in charge for the current year the largest financial enterprise among undergraduate undertakings.

THE CORNELL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

FREDERICK D. COLSON '97.

THE Cornell Co-operative Society was organized in 1895 for the benefit of the university itself and of all the members of the university, but as the students form the largest part of this community, they have been the chief beneficiaries, and I shall in this article confine my attention mainly to them.

The high price of student supplies in Ithaca and the inconvenience of not having a store on the Campus were the main factors which led to the organization of the Society. The aim of the Society has, however, never been to undersell local business houses, or to enter into any cut-throat competition with them, but simply to act as a regulator of the price of student supplies in Ithaca, and bring about a situation where these supplies could be purchased at a fair market price—in other words, at a price which would be the natural economic result of the operation of a keen, energetic, but fair, competition. If it be asked why the Society does not sell its goods to students practically at cost, making no net profit but simply covering expenses, the answer is that under existing business conditions, over which the Society has no control, outside business houses from which the society must necessarily get its supplies would not continue for any length of time to sell to the Society except on the condition, express or implied, that the Society would not cut prices. In justification of the Society's position in this matter, it may be interesting to note that other co-operative societies which have cut prices have either gone to the wall or had to abandon the practice.

As a result of selling its supplies, not at cost, but at a fair market price, the Society has, of course, made profits, and in the

line of showing how the Society has benefited the students, I shall briefly describe the past and present methods of distributing these profits.

Membership in the Society has always, of course, been confined to persons connected with Cornell University, and the surplus profits have from the outset been distributed among the members of the Society in proportion to the respective amounts of their registered purchases at the store. What, then, has constituted membership in the Society? This inquiry leads us into an explanation of three stages through which the Society has passed.

The Society started out in 1895 as an unincorporated association. Persons became members by paying a fee which entitled them to membership in the Society so long as they remained connected with the university. Later on a smaller fee (one dollar) was proviced for, the payment of which entitled one to membership for the year in which the fee was paid—in other words, this was an annual fee.

As the business grew, the unincorporated form of organization became increasingly unsatisfactory both from the legal and from the business disadvantages and even dangers of this form of organization, and the advisability of incorporating the Society began to be discussed. Action was finally taken in August, 1905, when the Society was incorporated under the Business Corporation Law of the State of New York.

Under the incorporated form of organization, the scheme of distribution of profits first put into operation was the natural one for a corporation to adopt, namely, the limitation of those receiving any of the profits to stockholders in the Society. The minimum face value of a share of stock allowed by the corporation law of the state governing the Society is five dollars, and the Society was incorporated with a capital stock of one thousand dollars divided into two hundred shares at five dollars each. The idea was to apply from time to time under the law for permission to issue more shares of stock as the demand for shares increased. While the initial expense of becoming a member (that is, a stockholder) was greater than under the former plan, the ultimate net expense was much reduced, for a stockholder could at any time sell his stock to someone else desiring to become a stockholder for

five dollars, and if he left the university before selling it, a by-law of the Society provided that he could deposit his certificate of stock with the Society which would act as his selling agent, charging one dollar for its services in selling the stock for him, and returning the balance, four dollars, to him.

The change to the incorporated form of organization placed the Society upon a much more satisfactory basis, and was a very decided and a very long step in the right direction. The directors of the Society however, remained satisfied only for a short time with the new arrangement respecting the distribution of profits.

The aim of the directors has always been to make each student realize that the Society existed for his benefit, and not for the benefit of the few who happened to be at the time actually engaged in its management, or even for the benefit of those only who happened under the scheme in force at the time to be members of the Society. The directors soon realized that even though the cost of membership had been reduced, nevertheless, the ideal they were striving for would not be reached even under the new arrangement because there would always be a large number of students who would never become members of the Society so long as any fee was exacted as a condition precedent to membership, no matter how small the fee was, it would still be sufficient to deter many. And so the next step logically followed. With the unanimous consent of the stockholders, the directors last fall threw down all the bars, abolished all membership fees of every kind whatsoever, and directed that thereafter, any person connected with Cornell University, by registering his purchases at the store, became entitled, by the mere act of registering his purchases, to participate in the profits, the amount of his share being determined as before by the sum total of his registered purchases at the store. In other words, every person connected with Cornell University, as student, member of the faculty, or otherwise, is now a member of the Society so far as the distribution of profits is concerned.

The scheme is simplicity itself. Go into the store, write your name on the back of the slip discharged from the cash register, which shows the amount of your purchase, deposit the slip in a box provided for that purpose, and you become entitled, if con-

nected with the university, to your share in the profits of the business.

The by-laws of the Society, as amended at the recent annual meeting of the Society held on April 23, 1908, provide that a rate *not exceeding* 6% on the face value of the stock shall be paid to stockholders before the balance of the surplus profits is distributed to registered purchasers. In other words, the stockholders will never, under this arrangement, get more than the legal rate of interest on the money they have invested in the business. On the other hand, for the past three years registered purchasers have received 8% on the total amount of their registered purchases.

Before leaving this matter of profits, I wish to point out that the directors of the Society have never received any pay in any form whatever for their services. Their work has always been done gratuitously—they have never occupied any favored position by reason of their official connection with the Society, and they have never derived any benefits from the Society not open to every student.

As it is no longer necessary to be a stockholder in order to share in the profits, and as, therefore, the main inducement for buying stock has now been done away with, it is probable that in the future few students will buy stock. It follows that, as under the by-laws of the Society directors have to be stockholders, the board of directors will seldom, under the new arrangement, have many students on it, but it will be made up largely of members of the faculty or other persons permanently connected with the university. The directors, however, in their endeavor to make the students realize that the Society exists mainly for their benefit, have always been anxious to get as closely in touch with the students as possible. In the past there have always been some students on the board, and at times they have constituted a majority of the board. Realizing that under the new arrangement, there may at times be no students on the board, the directors submitted to the stockholders of the Society at the recent annual meeting, referred to above, the following addition to the by-laws, which was unanimously approved by the stockholders:

"Student Advisory Committee. The students in each college

of Cornell University may elect annually from among their number a member of an advisory committee to co-operate with the board of directors in adjusting the affairs of the Society to meet the needs of students. Notice of the time and place of each directors' meeting shall be given to this committee in order to afford said committee an opportunity of bringing before the board of directors such complaints or suggestions for improvements as it shall see fit to present; and said committee may participate in the discussion of such matters, but shall have no vote."

The stockholders could not give the members of this committee a vote, because the corporation law confines the management of a corporation to its directors, and so the powers of this student committee had by necessity to be restricted to advisory powers. Nevertheless, the students may feel absolutely certain that there will be every disposition on the part of the directors to comply with any recommendations made by this committee, and it is earnestly hoped that an able and energetic student from their college who knows thoroughly conditions in that college—preferably one who has had some business experience—is elected to the committee, and, secondly, that the students will go freely and often to their representative and thus bring to the attention of the directors through him any matters requiring adjustment in order that the Society may be made adequately to perform its function of meeting the needs of students.

The Society is now on a more purely co-operative basis than any other co-operative society in the country. I believe it is the only one that does not require a fee of one kind or another to qualify one to participate in the profits. The present arrangement retains the safeguards of the corporate form of organization, and at the same time frees the Society from some of the limitations customarily accompanying that form of organization. It is hoped that the students will take advantage of the opportunity afforded them by the provision making possible the student advisory committee, and co-operate cordially and energetically with the directors through this committee.

THE CORNELL ERA

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AN ASPIRATION.

WITH this issue the CORNELL ERA begins the forty-first year of its publication; and inasmuch as its establishment was almost simultaneous with the founding of the University, this initial number heralds also the beginning of a new period in the history of our Alma Mater. On the threshold of new years, and in this instance of a new decade, we like to glance over years gone by, to review the achievements and events which fostered the growth and added to the glory of the University. On this occasion the retrospect is a pleasant one, for even the progress within our own remembrance has been considerable. On the hill new buildings have appeared to grace the Campus and add to the facilities of the various colleges. The number of Cornellians has steadily grown and a corresponding impetus has been given to undergraduate affairs. Innovations of recent years have become firmly established as annual events. Projects for the Moakley Fund and Alumni Field have been successfully begun. Well contested victories in every branch of intercollegiate sport have increased our prestige in the realm of athletics and developed stronger support within the student body. Indeed within our our experience countless attainments have from time to time contributed to the advancement of the University. It is a period that invites further contemplation, yet we are mindful that these achievements have already taken their places among the annals of former years, that those events are memories. Another year has commenced and consistant with that uniquely Cornellian spirit in which each year seems to emulate its predecessor and which has made this young institution a great University, this year must witness achievements which shall be grander and events which shall bring still greater glory to the University. As an undergraduate body, as classes, as organizations, where is a

greater work for us to do, wider fame for us to gain; as individuals, let us strive, each of us, to contribute throughout the year our best efforts to what has been happily styled the "better Cornell".

THE NEW RULES.

THE successful operation of the new rushing rules as they were put into effect this fall offers occasion for much satisfaction. To be sure, some objections to the system have been raised and various changes in the regulations proposed, yet they are the natural outcome of the first test to which the system has been subjected and are necessary to its ultimate perfection. On the whole it has received comment sufficiently favorable to insure its permanent establishment. The University community is to be congratulated on having rid itself of a number of undignified practices which in some measure tended to impair the reputation of the University and to lower the standard of our characteristic organizations. It is a vastly more significant fact that Cornell organizations have recognized the existence of a harmful custom, that they have agreed among themselves to abolish it, and that they have substituted in its place a more rational system.

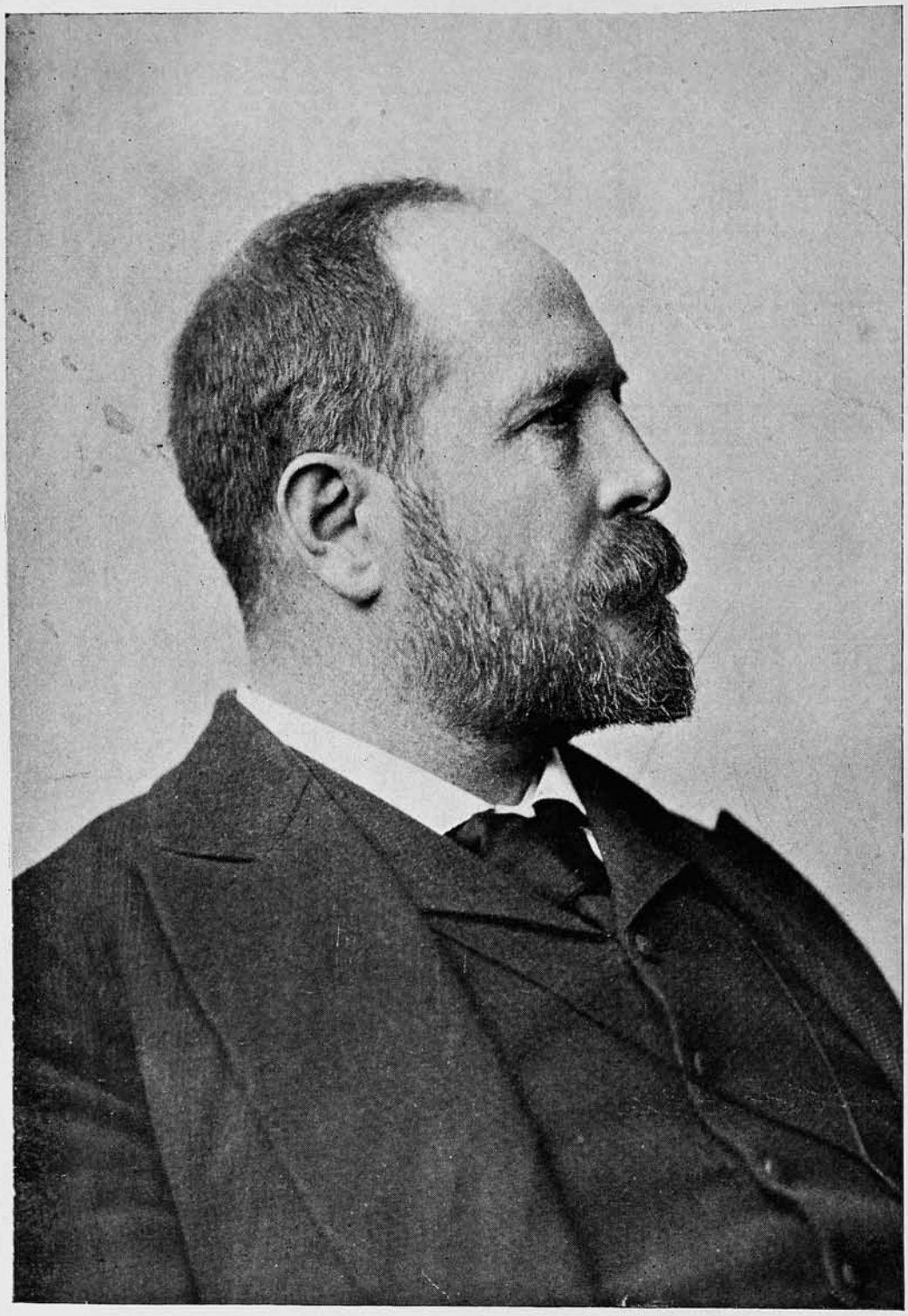
TO 1912.

TO the members of the class of 1912, the largest that has ever entered Cornell, we extend a hearty welcome. We greet you heartily because you have become Cornellians and are to share the pride we take in that name. Of advice, we suppose, you have had a plenty, so much perhaps that the kindly word we would add may appear as dull repetition. Yet we venture to affirm that the greater part of it is intended to aid you in solving one concrete problem: the most profitable use of your time during these four years. That question is, we think, the most difficult one you have to answer. Since much depends upon the conclusion you reach, perhaps our opinion will not be amiss. If your time can be divided in due proportion between your duties to your University and to yourselves, it would be, we think, the greatest assurance of success in its fullest sense. That you are here primarily for an educational purpose needs no comment at Cornell. But let us urge that you gain a greater benefit from your work on the hill by supplementing it with participation in undergraduate activities. It will be no great credit to you at the end of four years merely to receive your degrees if in some particular this University is no better for your having spent those four years as undergraduates. On the other hand we are as willing to assert that a mere collection of "college honors" are no more an ornament to you if in securing them you have neglected

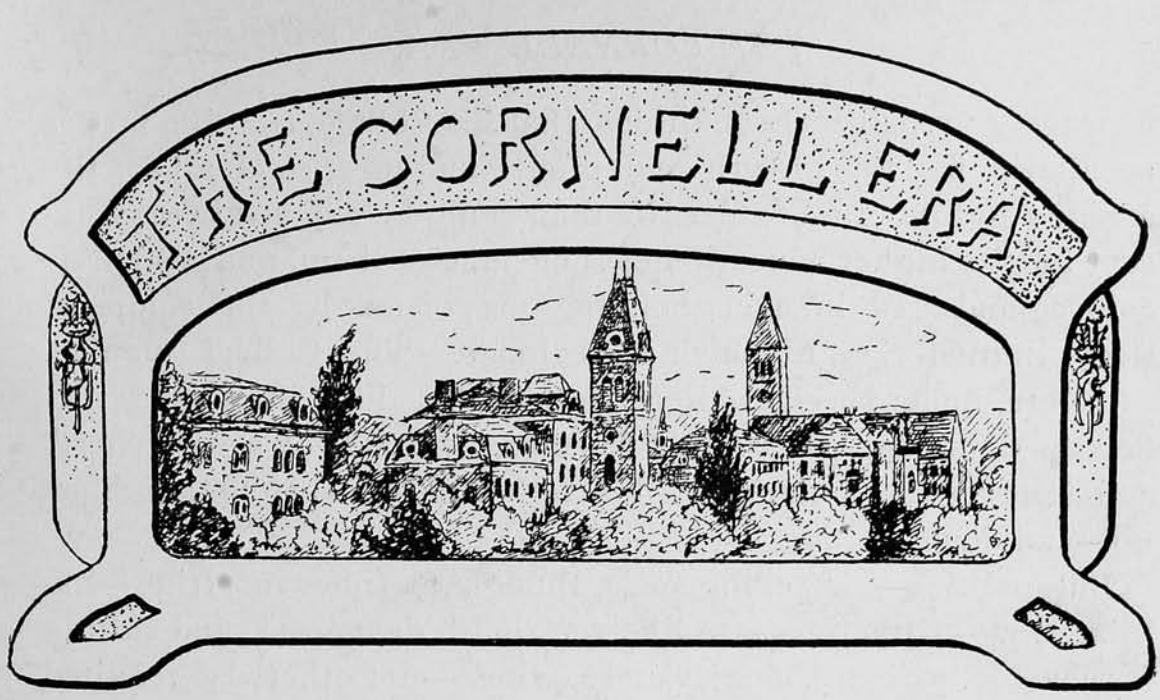
the primary purpose of the University. Be proficient in scholarship and yet active in University affairs; accomplish each of these ends; each will supplement the value of the other and the University will be benefited accordingly. At Cornell, student enterprises are so diverse and numerous that every undergraduate can find among them one which conforms to his liking, however his tastes may incline him. To sustain Cornell enterprises is an obligation upon all Cornellians. This we urge you now, as freshmen, to do. The curtailment of your time at the very outset we believe will be to your sure advantage. The impact of various duties, if they do at times make a pressing demand upon your time, will awaken your finest abilities and in the pressure of conflicting duties you will lend your best efforts to each of them. And lastly, let us add, the more usefulness you impart to your time, the less occasion will there be for the causes through which some of us fail, less tendency toward the excesses against which President Schurman advised so soundly in his annual address. Again we welcome you, men of 1912; we believe your efforts for the University will be commensurate with your numbers.

OUR PLANS.

AS to the plans of the Era for the ensuing year, we venture a few words. We desire that our readers fully understand our purpose in order that they may better aid in the tasks which are mutually ours. As editors of this publication we propose to maintain a forum for the serious discussion of the various interests of the University, through which we aim to bring the various spheres of University life into closer touch with one another in order that they may co-operate to the fullest extent. For our contemporary publications we have a sincere respect, both for the work which is theirs and the manner in which they are doing it; yet we believe that the field of the ERA is distinct from the purpose of other Cornell journals. There is a need to know what is going on each day. There is a value in the witticism which provokes a laugh. There is a practical worth in the technical discussions of our professors. But it is also true that most of us feel a desire now and then, when we pause from the more pressing of our duties, to consider more fully and seriously the affairs and life in which we participate. We offer to all such, whether they be faculty members, alumni or undergraduates, an opportunity to put their views before those who have similar interests at heart. We shall strive to make this publication an exponent of the highest thought and life of the University which it represents and to that end we shall welcome contibutions from our readers.



JOHN DEWITT WARNER.



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THE COLLEGE MAN IN POLITICS.

JOHN DEWITT WARNER, '72.

IN common with the mass of his fellow citizens, each of us has political obligations and opportunities that may be stated in common terms for all. But important as these are, I assume that note should be here made rather of such as are peculiarly those of the College graduate or of his special relation to those which he shares with others.

What special duty, ability or interest in politics has the typical College man?

As to duty: He has accepted from society far more than have most others. In addition to the expense, effort or sacrifice of parents and friends that can be repaid only by larger usefulness and greater influence, he is especially indebted to society in one or another of its political forms—Nation, State, Municipality—first for the provision of facilities for College education, toward the pecuniary expense of which the tuition he may have paid is but a petty contribution; still more so for the culture, so largely,

dependent on political conditions, that his College training makes peculiarly his for growth and profit; and most so of all for the opening to him of a broader life than could be enjoyed by any except for the higher education of some among them, and which is enjoyed and used in overwhelming proportion by the comparatively limited class to which he belongs. The College man is, therefore, under special obligation to do his duty in politics. If he can do so, but chooses not to do so, he is simply a "welcher," and deserves the contempt of his fellow citizens, from gamblers up—and down.

But politics—for public ends, though at times inspiring—exhilarating—attractive—are like war, hard, dangerous, and calling for courage, patience, charity and sacrifice—not otherwise requited than by consciousness of having tried to do one's duty or hope that some good may have been done—this about in proportion as it is "the real thing" instead of parade. The mere casual willingness of the College man to be politically active or prominent is neither more nor less important than the zeal of the boys who tramp the streets in campaign uniform, and make meetings noisy with cheers and October nights mephitic with red fire. It is a difference of taste, not of merit. But his duty may often be to assist in demonstrations for which he has no taste—on platforms, in processions, at demonstrations, etc., whenever these are, as is frequently the case, the most practical expression of zeal or stimulus to effort.

Too often the College man, whose tastes do not prompt him to political activity, seeks, or finds, in his unfitness for political work excuse for refraining therefrom. Of course, not all College graduates are capable of much, and some who may be good citizens otherwise are as little capable politically as are some bankers, mechanics and day laborers. Still worse, it is too often true—though less often than both the public and College men assume—that College training has made them rather less than more capable in this direction. To the extent that this is so it is a misfortune, and a failing to be remedied or overcome by greater effort—just as might be repellent manners, dyspepsia, poor eye sight, or congenital deformity, the subject of which is equally an object of sympathy or pity and must resign himself to inferiority except

as success in overcoming natural or acquired defects may justify pride in the moral strength thus developed. For in its last analysis politics is the science of social organization and development, the highest calling of which man is capable, and the one success in which most crucially tests the effective sum of a man's good qualities.

As to holding office: Until College graduates are a larger factor among us, and until rising popular standards of culture shall have otherwise better provided for much that is now largely left for College men to do, it will be rare indeed that it is the average graduate's duty to take office, or that there will be any such imperative call by his party or the public for him to do so as will be at all embarrassing. But whenever such occasions do arise—as they some times will do—he has no more right than have others to claim exemption or to let self interest or disinclination stand in the way. He is rather under special obligations more clearly to see his duty and more promptly to meet it. And if he feels himself specially qualified for official life and is personally attracted to it, there is every reason why he should make official position, its rewards and its opportunities, the goal of an honorable ambition. While the stock charges against "politicians" are true as to unworthy examples—such as are found in every calling—the College graduate in political life will find himself associated with those who have more highly developed the essential virtues that make for human progress than, as a class, have the leaders in any other profession, and with those who will more alertly seek, more surely recognize, and more highly appreciate such qualities in him than will any other group in which he is likely to find himself. And more: From the standpoint of public weal, the professional—that is the persevering and ambitious, as distinguished from the amateur—politician is normally the better official; and his wish for office is as legitimate as it would be for distinction in any other calling. The temple priests honorably lived by the shew-bread, and the politician may rightly claim the rewards of office—on similar terms—that he serve the public as loyally as they did Jehovah.

As to the special capacity of College graduates for political work and leadership: Time was when the "clergy", in the old

sense of that word, had most of such capacity as then existed—except the "horse sense", that was so largely acquired by such of the illiterate as attained or held the slippery heights of power, and the hnman sympathy of those sharing—as even those in orders could not quite do—the lot of the masses from whom, as ever comes the impetus toward reform if not the guidance to it. But it would now be harder to argue any general superiority of the College graduate in qualifications for political leadership than to point out directions in which he has more to learn than have the average of those with whom he might be compared.

On the one hand therefore, there is no such difference in his favor as makes it of special importance to others than himself that he more than other intelligent men of fair education should make himself felt. But on the other the graduate should have—and normally does have—a somewhat different view point than do others of political conditions and ideals; can and should contribute the best he can give from that view point, will have supplied what could not have been so well contributed by others if he does so; and, should he not do this, he will have failed to do his share for right and progress.

One would like to put the case stronger. While general political talent can be as little acquired at College as can business, journalistic, or professional ability, there is much of what is essential to the politician that could and should be acquired there, and that I hope and believe may be some time so gained. But, barring somewhat of history and a glimpse of economics, the average College course of today but little aids the student in the "man's game" of politics. Until his sense of proportion is corrected by experience, it never ceases to be a wonder to the scholar how little regarded is his most telling demonstration of why yesterday's enterprise failed, or why today's is doubtful, as compared with the most commonplace or moderate aid toward making a cause less of a failure than it might otherwise have been. But in this popular instinct is true. Though the constructive and the critical methods may be mutually helpful, it is the former through and by which net gain is measured and credit apportioned. The "moral" of this is that the typical scholar in politics has no special mission that he need seek; but that he can and should fight shoulder to shoulder with others about him—using

such talents as he may have, instead of such as others may have, simply because they are his to use.

Of general interest in progress, the College graduate should have more than his average fellow citizens—because his stake in civilization should have been made greater, generally has been made greater, by the capacity to enjoy and use it that College education has given him. Of special interest he has too little to urge it. As society was formerly organized, his special interests were great; as it now is, College education and careers for learned men are provided for as liberally as it would be tactful to ask or proper to expect until College education is more practical as compared with the training of the average citizen than it now is; and no *political* influence is now needed to secure for learning all the consideration it deserves.

In our polity, Labor (in the sense of wage earning), Agriculture, Commerce, and many another interest have special political demands to press—in dealing with new problems and in reform of mistaken or obsolete treatment of others. Without selfish interests of its own to befog its course, the community of College graduates, not as segregated from their fellow citizens, but rather as those among these who in vital respects, have been given a better view of the field, is privileged as well as obligated to claim a generous share of the burdens and the credit to be borne and won in politics. I am glad to believe that of all our citizens, our College graduates are best serving the country in the politics by which it is guided forward—somewhat because of circumstances that have classed them with those having the greater opportunities, but more so because, having received most from the public, they are gladly repaying most to it.

Indeed, if I am mistaken in thinking that the College man has no special interest to guard or serve in politics, and if in fact needs political recognition or aid, I am entirely clear that he can best secure this by showing such practical interest in politics as shall correct the exaggerated, but too far earned, impression that he is indifferent. The political lesson most important for him to learn is that men were made before politics, or colleges; and that the levers of knowledge and right can effect but little without the *pou sto* of human sympathy; whence indeed they can and do move the world.

SOME EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS IN A LARGE UNIVERSITY.*

VLADIMIR KARAPETOFF,
Professor of Electrical Engineering at Cornell University.

THE ultimate end of education is to develop the latent possibilities of the individual, so as to bring them into a better adjustment with his environment, and to fit him for realizing the highest ideals of the times. The education of the soul comprises that of the intellect, emotions and the will. This gives a natural classification of the problem confronting our educators.

1. *Intellectual side of University Life.*—The great problem is "what to teach," and "how to teach." The common-sense "practical" man would probably say: Why, teach law to the lawyer, teach medicine to the doctor, engineering to the engineer; and teach them in a plain, practical way, so that the students can understand and apply the knowledge.

This "horse-sense" advise is based on the assumption that a young man or woman between eighteen and twenty-two is a piece of soft material, that can be shaped into any desired form. Alas, Mr. Business Man, fortunately it is not so. They are free, thinking, feeling, and willing (or rather unwilling) beings, and to make them assimilate our teachings is at least fully as hard as for you to sell goods to your customers. Human education is not a mechanical or chemical process, or even to be compared with the training of monkeys. It is an organic process of self-development; the school merely provides conditions favorable for such self-development. With the best teachers and first-class equipment, we fail with certain individuals, and these individuals are not necessarily stupid or lazy. They simply choose not to develop according to prescription, and we ought to be glad that there are such individuals. They keep before our eyes our most precious

* An address before Cornell Alumni of Pittsburg, on August 29th, 1908.

gift—freedom of choice. I would not part with this gift for the sake of burdening the country with a few more "stuffed" college graduates.

Evidently, it is impossible to give a general answer on "what to teach," and "how to teach." I wish only to call your attention to the fact that these two problems are confronting us all the time. Success in teaching depends primarily on two subtle psychological factors: live interest and well directed conscious effort on the part of the student. You, gentlemen, are stimulated in your present activities by many potent incentives, such as immediate useful results, notoriety, increased profits, desire for promotion, fear of discharge, and so on. All these incentives are virtually lacking with our students, and unless we wish to use the methods in vogue with ancient Egyptian taskmasters, we have to rely on the spontaneous interest and effort on the part of our students.

You, gentlemen, as former students, as men engaged in various professions, as employers of other college men, and as educated and progressive citizens, can be of great assistance to us: You can give us the result of your own college experience, criticise our methods and tell where and why we failed. You can tell us of your first bluffs in practical activity: a recital of them in the class room tends to keep up the interest in the corresponding topic. Only lately, one of my former students confessed to me how severely he had censured a certain experiment in my laboratory, as useless and uninteresting, and how, ever since graduation, he has been engaged in a class of work directly related to that experiment. You can help us by sending us such materials as would tend to make instruction more interesting; you can help us by providing instructive summer work for our students; by calling our attention to new developments, and to young men that promise to become good teachers. You can lend your influence in raising funds for new buildings, for the increase in the number of teachers, and in the amount of their compensation. Finally, you can exercise a wholesome direct influence upon the members of the fraternities with which you are affiliated, maintaining among their members strong traditions of conscientious work, of professional interest, and honor.

Another educational problem of great importance is the relation between professional training and general culture. Most of our students desire in the first place a professional training that shall give them a livelihood. Again, the recent progress in most branches of practical activity is of such a tremendous scope, that fully four college years are required for professional training alone. But it is felt by the best educators that it would be wrong to deprive large masses of professional students of the benefit and pleasure of general culture, wrong towards themselves and towards the country.

Now, in the first place, what is general culture? My answer is: Man's life is divided between furnishing services to and receiving services from society. General culture comprises such studies as better enable a man to receive and to enjoy services from society, while professional training enables him to give better service to society. From this point of view, French literature, botany, or even the steam engine, can be studied either as a profession, or for their general culture. You will see from this definition that the principal aim of education—development of all of the man's latent powers—is not complete without a fair amount of general culture. But where to find time for it in the crowded curriculum of professional colleges? One solution is to increase the course from four to five years, and this change is being seriously considered by the leading American universities; you will easily see the advantages and the drawbacks of such a plan. Other proposals are: to make all professional courses of a post-graduate character, requiring the degree of Bachelor of Arts for admission; to retain the present four-year course, but to raise considerably the entrance requirements; to cut out professional details and replace them by cultural studies; etc, etc. Different solutions will probably be adopted by various universities, and even by various departments in the same university. I ask you to give some thought to this matter, in application to your Alma Mater. Should in your opinion some general culture be prescribed? If so, of what should it consist, and how to find room for it in the curriculum of professional departments of the University? I am sure, any suggestions or opinions on this subject will be most gratefully received by the officers of our administration.

II. *Emotional Side of University Life.* Young teachers are often baffled by a sudden outbreak of laughter in a class, at an apparently insignificant word, a gesture, not at all comical to an outsider. I am no more offended at these outbreaks since I came to understand their cause. A man needs emotions as a part of his mental life, and a young man or woman of 20 needs them badly. The college life offers so little opportunities for emotion that the student instinctively looks for any small occasion to laugh, to yell, to whistle, to run, even to see a dog-fight. He is like a prisoner who is glad to share his solitude with a spider. We are apt to condemn students for going to trashy shows, for horrid mandolin playing, for taking an exaggerated interest in ball games, for spending time in saloons and doubtful down-town resorts. But, gentlemen, once natural channels for emotions are throttled, unnatural channels are sure to open up. I know, some of you would say, that students do not care for Shakesperean plays, classical concerts, and readings from Browning; true, because these things are not purely emotional, they require considerable concentration and training for their enjoyment. Not only is the average student not prepared to understand higher art, but he objects to using his intellect in it, since what he wants is a pure play of simple emotions. Watch him sit at the theater, and rock, and whistle a catchy refrain with the chorus; only an ignoramus would say that his mind is dormant or lazy. His emotions are playing intensely; he enjoys in his imagination the part of life that reality has cruelly deprived him of. Five-cent shows with their highly-emotional performances have filled a long-felt want for brain workers, and for people whose life has much drudgery in it.

Now, instead of deploring and condemning, let us see what can be done to give students the necessary emotions. Said old Darwin sadly at the end of his life: "If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least every week; for, perhaps, the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Through lack of emotions man is dwarfed both esthetically and ethically, and if he is thus dwarfed during his student years, the probabilities are that he will continue to drag his burdens through life without sunshine and love, like a mule in the mine.

What then is to be done? My answer is: provide more opportunities for the enjoyment of art and for social intercourse. The very nature of the case precludes compulsion, at least in the beginning. We must proceed slowly, because a lack of appreciation of art is a general fault in this country; the remedy must begin at home and in the common schools. I am aware that good work is being done for the development of artistic taste; this gives me courage to see the time when each student will be required to pursue in the University the study of at least one form of art: literature, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, in their various manifestations. Mind you, he will pursue them for the emotional pleasure that is in them, and not for drudgery or any utilitarian purpose. With a proper preparation in the high school it will be difficult to find a student who would not manifest even the slightest interest in these arts.*

We ought to have free popular concerts, with explanations of the music played, permanent and temporary picture exhibits, lantern-slide recitals on painting, moving-picture shows, readings from good authors, musical clubs, dramatic clubs, ordinary social clubs for which the University ought to provide facilities. Of course, we have some of the above, but not enough by far, not systematized, and of not high enough quality. There must be a permanent committee of old graduates, trustees, members of the faculty, and residents of Ithaca, who would take this part of students' life to their heart and make a systematic effort to develop the proper esthetic and emotional life in the University. Other universities will undoubtedly chime in, and a good deal will be accomplished for making life in this country fuller and better. Is not this a worthy problem for lovers of art among you?

III. *Volitional Side of University Life.*—Just a picture: a man is drowning in the river, and a horrified crowd watches him from the shore; one of the spectators hastily takes his coat off and

*As I understand, the only required subjects in schools in Ancient Greece were music and the study of the Homeric poems.

jumps into the water to save the struggling one. Is this the man who is the best swimmer, or a man whose emotion of pity is more deeply aroused than that of anyone else in the crowd? Not necessarily; he is a man whose *will* is trained to obey the dictates of the intellect and the heart. In my estimation, an educated man with all his vast knowledge and refined emotions is a failure unless his will is trained to do what he knows and feels he ought to do.

Our watch-word must be: "*Cornell men are trained to do things*"; this was the ideal of the founders of the University—Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White—men of great deeds and high practical achievements. Some of you may think that the business of the University is to teach, and not worry about students' emotions and wills. We feel, however, that our purpose is not fully accomplished unless we graduate men and women that not only *know* and *feel* things, but who actually *do things* when the time comes to act.

Now, the will, like any other faculty, grows by exercise, and the difficult side of the problem is: How to organize University life so that students should have enough opportunity to exercise their wills, to choose, and actually to bear the consequences of their decisions? The student undoubtedly has to exercise his will in going to the lectures at appointed hours, in preparing his recitations and reports, in voting for class officers, and in taking part in various students' activities. But this is far from enough: He or she is guided too much from without, and the consequences of a student's decision are not at all in proportion to the differences in the motives. During the last panic a considerable number of engineering apprentices and of trade apprentices have been laid off by a large concern for an indefinite time. The foreman of the apprentices told me that trade apprentices took this event in an entirely different way from college graduates. The trade apprentices, being used to rely upon their own resources, immediately began to plan their program of action, while college men seemed to be hopelessly lost, as soon as they could no longer follow a program arranged for them by others. I should be loath to think that college education weakens the will while developing the intellect, yet I do not see much in our University life that is conducive to the development of the will.

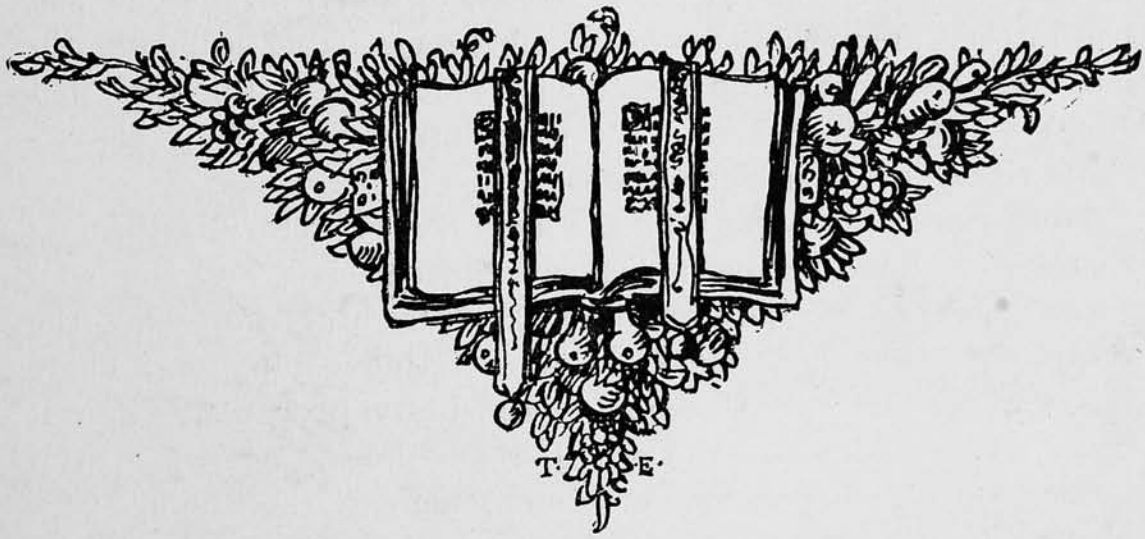
The manager of a large company in the Middle West told me recently that in filling positions with college graduates he always gives preference to those who have been prominent in students' activities. "It does not matter, said he, whether the man distinguished himself in athletics, in politcs, or in literary activity. It simply means that he is a man of strong will and initiative, a man who can be relied upon to achieve results, without an external pressure."

I think, this is a correct view regarding students' activities, and it is from this point of view that we must encourage them. The greatest difficulty is to induce a large mass of students to take a moderate part in these activities, instead of a few becoming experts and almost professionals, while the rest are satisfied with watching them and cheering the favorities. Our new Alumni Field with the facilities for various sports proposed on it, will undoubtedly prove a great help for a more normal development of this side of students' life.

We often hear from our Alumni and from various employers of our graduates: "Why do you not teach your students this or that; this is of a great importance in practical life." The tendency is, at least in the colleges of applied science, to teach too many things in a general way, and none thoroughly. This is detrimental for the development of the will, since the student has no opportunity for concentration and for original study and research. The problem is to organize the courses so that the student gets enough general information, and at the same time some practice in special research, in which he has to exercise his judgment and will. But to achieve this, the course must be lengthened by at least one year.

I have indicated a few general educational problems that we have to deal with in our University. In addition to these, there are problems of wide national and international character, that affect instruction and reflect upon the students' life. As such I would mention great differences in the wealth of students; low standards and ideals, as a result of greed and struggle for existence outside the University; indifference to philosophical discussion and to religious duties, because of the uncertainty pervading our

economic and political life; use of liquors, loose morals, and a low estimate of women; indifference to the great political and economic issues of the times, and a tendency to follow demagogues and bosses. All these things students bring from their homes, imbibe from papers and magazines and inculcate from one another. We are endeavoring to counteract these harmful tendencies by all the means at our disposal; and yet these being the curse of the times, our work is successful only in proportion as we have the support of agencies outside the University. The American people as a whole must make a determined effort to free themselves of the remains of barbaric times and establish a new commonwealth upon higher standards of thinking and living.



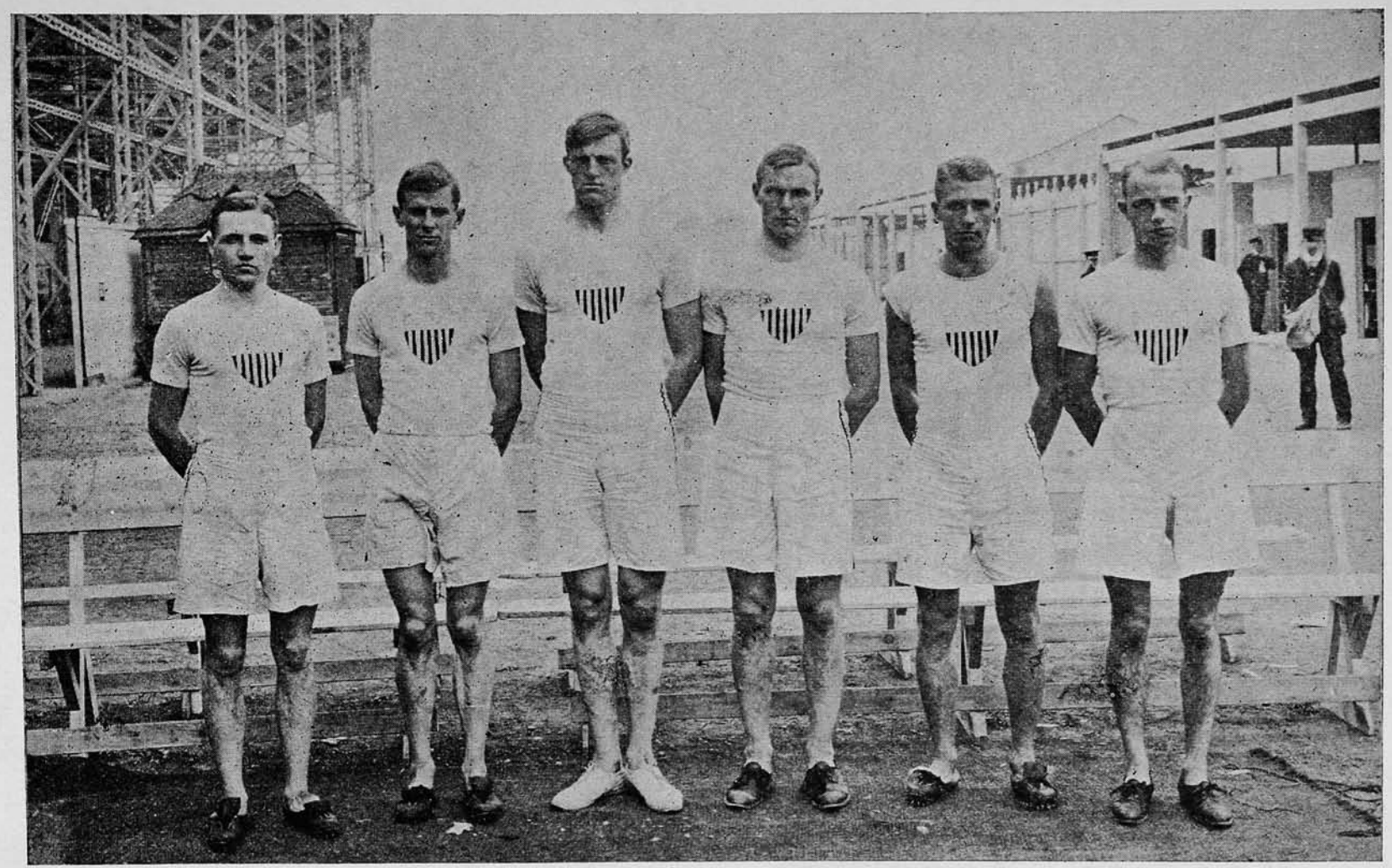
CORNELL AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

H. K. PORTER, '05.

THE showing of Cornell in the recent Olympic Games in London should be a source of pride to all Cornellians. Less than ten years ago Cornell was scarcely known of at all in the realm of field and track athletics; today she is the universally acknowledged champion in every branch—in field, track, and cross-country.

Let us glance at what she has done. She was never a serious factor in the Intercollegiate championships until the year 1904, when she jumped from a position way down the list to third place. In the championships of 1905, in Philadelphia, the Red and White, much to the surprise of the "experts" and the chagrin of some other universities so oft champions in the past that a victory for one or the other was considered a foregone conclusion, became Intercollegiate Champion for the first time in history. This began a series of triumphs for Cornell in this branch of college sport that (except for the year 1907 at Cambridge when she had to yield premier honors to the most remarkable team of athletes ever got together by any college—the team of the Red and Blue) is as yet unbroken. In cross-country, her string of victories rivals that of her crews.

More gratifying by far than the mere fact of victory is the fact that each triumph has been clean-cut and decisive, and the well earned fruit of persistent, intelligent, and faithful effort—not the result of chance or of a successful proselyting campaign. There has not been one "prep" school star or individual about whom it could be said, "he went to Cornell because he was offered superior inducements." If ever a point-winner came to the school "far above Cayuga's waters", in response to inducements, such inducements have had nothing whatever to do with athletics—which is as it should be. Cornell stands today the acknowledged champion, not alone as trophy holder but as the foremost exponent of absolutely clean sport. Her example is unparalled in the athletic world. Is it, therefore, claiming too much, to regard Cornell as the "Hughes" of athletic sport? May the temptation to be



Halsted Carpenter Porter French Cook Trube

CORNELL TEAM AT OLYMPIC GAMES.

*Talbot not in picture-

always on top and the "to win at any cost" policy, which has been the downfall of so many in the past, never be allowed to dim the clear figure of this ideal and drag us down from our present proud and irreproachable position. Better far to lose than to be guilty of a single act at which the tongue of slander might take fire. And I believe, so long as Jack Moakley retains the guiding hand, there need be no alarm on this score. Shortly ago, in a letter to the writer, in commenting about a certain man, of whom the gossips were saying things, he said, "he will either conform to Cornell ideals or else get out of Cornell, I don't care who he is."

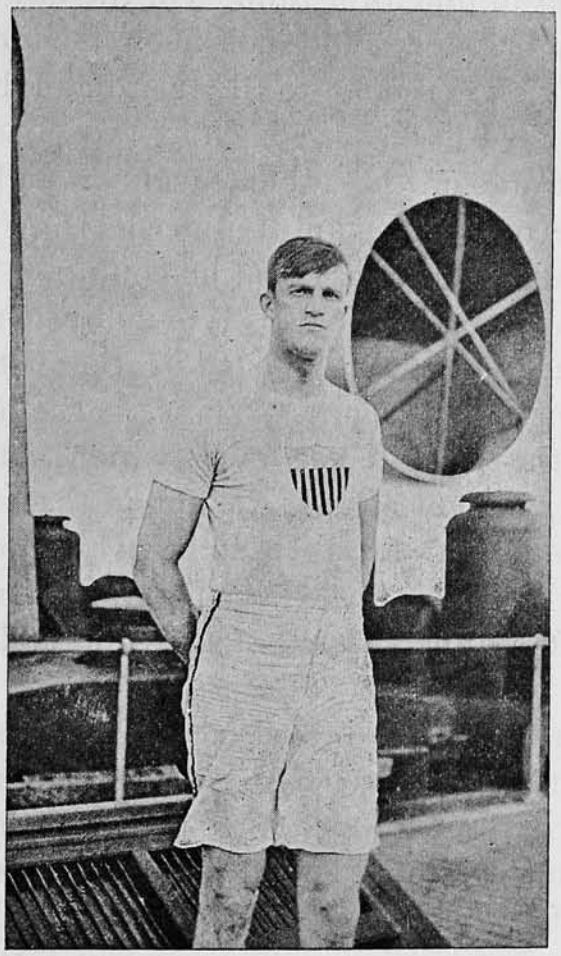
It seems a waste of time and space, in addressing a Cornell audience, to assign credit for this truly magnificent standing of our Alma Mater in this field of undergraduate activity; it is enough to remark that the dawn of prominence in this line was simultaneous with the coming to Cornell of the world's king of athletic consullors and most warm-hearted and sympathetic of men, who is a builder of real men, not merely a good recruiter, than whom a more loyal Cornellian lives not—genial "Jack" Moakley, whom to know is to love and revere forever. Long live "Jack."

Was it accident, then, that gallant sons of "old Ezra" should figure so gloriously in the outcome of the great world's games across the water? Was it not the fruit of the same spirit and same patient effort that has made Cornell pre-eminent at home? Let us glance at the facts.

America sent to the games about 83 men to compete in the field and track events. Of this number at least 53 men were college men, either present students or past. Cornell contributed six; Michigan seven; Penn four; Yale and Chicago three each; Dartmouth and Illinois each two; Iowa one; Oregon one; Virginia one; Leland Standford one; Wesleyan one; Carlisle Indian School, Harvard and Columbia each two; and several other colleges one each.

Yet, of this goodly representation of university-bred men comprising intercollegiate champions both east and west, only four firstpoint honors were gained by college men, and three of these four went to the credit of the Red and the White. And Cornell

was deprived of almost a sure fourth winner by the unfortunate arrangement of the heats in the 1500 meter race, when "Press" Halsted of Cornell Intercollegiate champion and record holder for this distance, and, in the words of "Jack" Moakley, "the finest miler since Tommy Connief," was beaten in the trial heats by a scant margin for first place by the "Peerless" Melvin Sheppard. By the English method of placing only the winners of heats



H. K. PORTER ON SHIPBOARD.

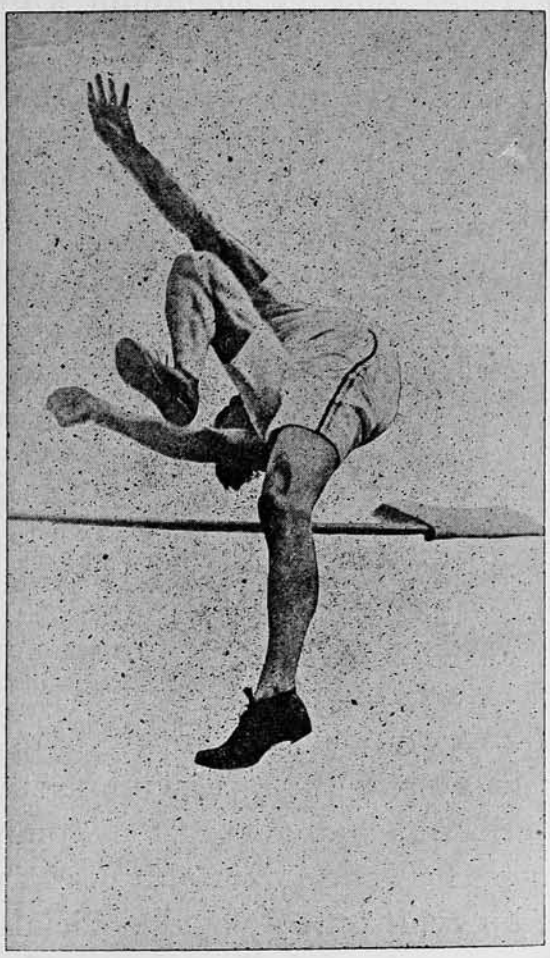
qualfied for the final heat, this put Halsted out of the running altho he ran seconds faster than the English runners to qualify in the other heats, most of whom won with ridiculous ease: America's best pair of milers were placed in the same heat, so that one or the other had to go, and the winner extend himself to the utmost, thereby lessening his chances for final victory. Need I say "placed" in the same heat, for such was the fact, and it was not the "luck of the draw," as has been claimed in some quarters.

But the plot failed, for the great Sheppard proved equal to the occasion and beat the best runners England had in time 2 seconds faster than he had won his trial heat. Yet this time, a new Olympic mark, 4 min. $3\frac{2}{5}$ sec., was two seconds slower than Halsteds winning time at the Olympic Tryouts on Franklin Field. In justice to Halsted, let it be known that he had been unwell ever since landing on the foreign shore, the heavy English climate evidently proving to much for him. On the day of his trial heat he felt especially bad and could not keep food on his stomach. Yet he ran a very close second to Sheppard and had to fight his way thru a hard field to do so; his effort was good enough to have won him all but one of the other seven or eight heats, and he was easily the second best man, if indeed rising superior to his feelings in response to the occasion, he could not have turned the tables on Sheppard in the final. When himself, there is little question but that of the two, Halsted is the better at the mile distance, for Sheppard's premier distance is the half mile, and he only went into the 1500 meter race (which corresponds to the mile) at the last moment after it was found that Lightbody, who had met with an injury, was practically out of the running. Thus was America unjustly deprived of another score place in the 1500 meter race, and Cornell of a possible additional first-point winner.

In the pole-vault another ordeal faced our boys, and again they proved equal to the occasion. Eddie Cooke of Cornell and Gilbert of Yale survived the field and tied for first place at 12 ft.2in, establishing a new Olympic record altho falling short of the best performances of either. This was because, under the English ruling, the use of a hole in which to pivot the pole, was not allowed. The American Vaulters had built up their style of vaulting on the basis of a hole, and when it was found that they would not be allowed to vault as they were accustomed, it worked a hardship on them but Cooke and Gilbert proved equal to the task and in little over a week's time so far perfected themselves in the English style of vaulting as to win out in spite of this handicap.

In the broad jump, Eddie Cooke won his section very easily and did not extend himself because he was given to understand by

the English judges that the winners of sections qualified for the final jump-off. His was the first section run off. After he had finished and gone away, for the final was not to be for a couple hours, this ruling was reversed and it was decided that the four best performers should jump off in the final. Cooke's winning jump not coming within the first four he was thus deprived of a chance for a place, and on past performances he was at least good



PORTER CLEARING THE BAR AT 6 FT. 3 IN.

for second and might have beaten Irons' great leap of 24 ft.-6½ in.

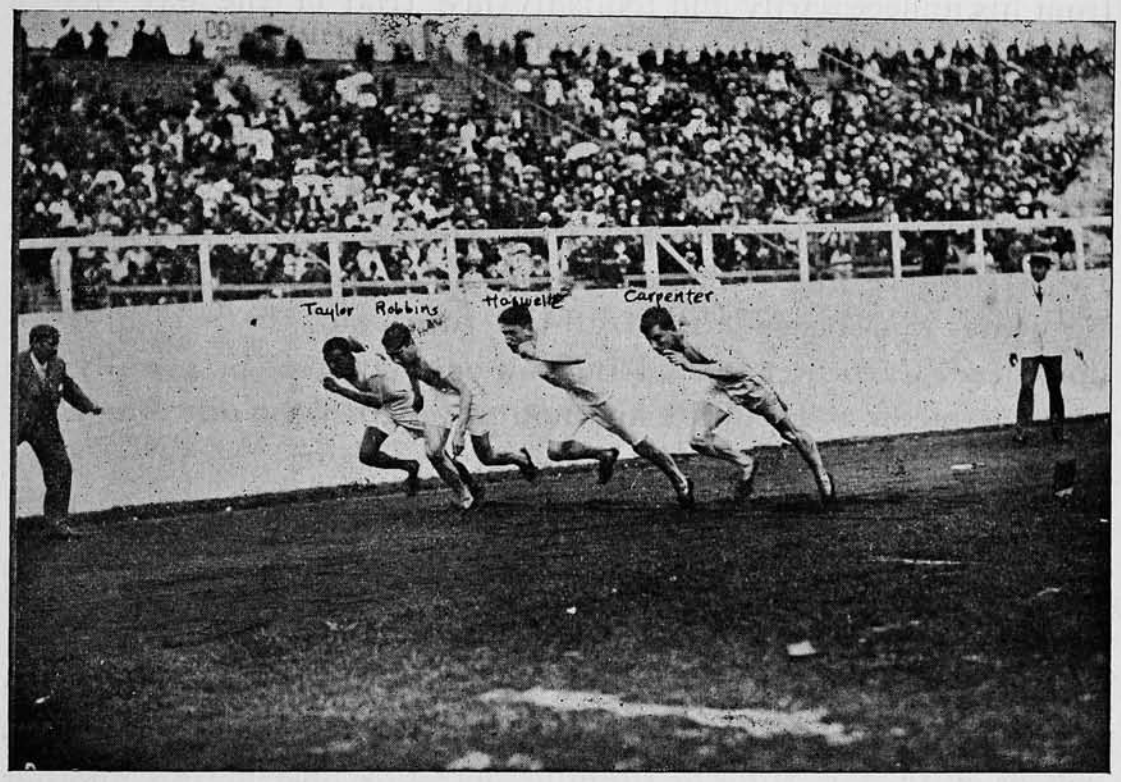
In the running high jump, the writer was successful, winning out after a long drawn-out competition extending over eight hours. The preliminary and final heats were fixed for the same day—an unheard of arrangement in this country, where experience has taught the unwisdom even of holding competition on two successive days, as we are compelled to in the Intercollegiates. The jumpers are few who can do credit to themselves on the

second day. This was always the writer's difficulty while at college and explains, in a measure at least, why he never figured in at the finish. At London the conditions were even more trying—such that our other jumpers, all capable of equaling the winning jump under more favorable conditions, failed of placing. All three tied at the very good height of 6 ft.-1 in. Three foreigners, an Irishman, Con Leahy, seven times champion of Great Britain and Ireland and twice World's champion, a Frenchman, and an Austrian, tieing at 6 ft.-2 in., while the writer cleared the bar at 6 ft.-3 in., making a new Olympic record. He cleared this height in his section at 2:30 in the afternoon and again in the final at 6:30. He then went on to try for a new world's mark, with the bar at 6 ft.-6 in., but proved unequeal to the effort. It was then 7 P. M. and growing quite chilly, a condition hardly favorable to a top notch performance. He feels confident, had the opportunity at the record come earlier in the day when it was warmer and he was fresh, he would have succeeded. He endeavored to persuade the judges, for the sake of a better performance and out of consideration to the men themselves, to postpone the finals until the day following, but without avail.

We now come to the most memorable race of all, both from the American viewpoint and that of the Cornellians. I refer to the famous 400 meter race in which Carpenter of Cornell, after running a wonderful race and in the honest opinion of practically every American witness of the race, winning fairly and squarely, was disqualified because of an alleged foul committed by him on the English runner Haswelle. Not only was Carpenter disqualified and the tape broken excitedly by the officials, denying him the honor of breasting the tape, but the race was declared "no race" in the most arbitrary fashion, thus keeping the victory from another American, Robbins, who also beat Haswelle to the tape.

Lest it be said that the writer looks thru colored glasses in defending Carpenter, whereas he would be the first to condemn him if he thought for one moment that Carpenter was guilty of the act imputed, he takes the liberty to quote from the report of Mr. Gustavius T. Kirby, the representative in the Stadium of The Inter-Collegiate Association of Amateur Athletics of America, a Columbia man and a prominent attorney of New York City.

"In the final of the 400 meters there were Carpenter of Cornell, Taylor of Pennsylvania, Robbins of the Boston Y. M. C. A., and the Englishman Haswelle. The race was on a third of a mile track and was around one run and without lanes? Robbins, the third from the curb at the start, gained the curb before 20 yards were run and set the pace for three hundred yards close to, if not actually under even time. At this point, Carpenter was right behind Robbins and next him from the curb, Haswelle, some four strides back and next the curb, and Taylor fully ten yards behind Robbins and Carpenter and in the rear of and further from the



START OF 400 METER RACE.

curb than Haswelle. At no part did Taylor prove a factor in the race. At three hundred yards Carpenter passed Robbins; he did not take the curb, but, as his custom, and to my mind a most unwise and unsafe custom, though used by him to better keep his stride, ran with each stride further and further from the curb, leaving between Robbins and himself a gap wide enough to drive a car thru, and thru this gap Haswelle should have endeavored to pass. Haswelle however, with what I am told by a Cambridge athlete, was characteristic dumbness, in making his spurt en-

deavoured to pass Carpenter on the outside. Try as he would he could not get up. At no time was he within better than half a stride of Carpenter, and at no time did Carpenter strike him or in any manner foul him. If he was elbowed by Carpenter, it was because he ran into Carpenter. But Haswelle never made any such claim, nor has there ever been evidence other than newspaper talk to substantiate such a charge. At all times there was never less than nine feet between Carpenter and the outside of the track, and thru this gap Haswelle could and would have come if he had had the speed to do so. The truth is that he was stale from his unnecessarily and foolishly fast trial of the day before ($48\frac{2}{5}$ sec.), and the fast three hundred yards had killed him off. At three hundred and fifty yards he was a beaten man. Thereafter, it was either Carpenter's or Robbin's race, both of these moving away and leaving Haswelle further behind at every stride. Carpenter crossed the line first, with Robbins and Haswelle some two strides behind. There was no doubt whatever but that Carpenter ran Haswelle wide at the turn, but there is also no doubt that Carpenter in so doing ran on a circle of practically the same diameter as Haswelle and not only gained no advantage on Haswelle but, for more than twenty yards of the race, gave Haswelle an opportunity to come thru on the inside and thereby gain the curb and point of advantage on entering the homestretch. There is no rule, A.A.U. of Great Britain or other, forbidding Carpenter from running the race in the manner in which he did. The A.A.A. rule stated in the press as that invoked to base Carpenter's disqualifacation upon reads as follows: "Any competitor wilfully jostling or running across or obstructing another competitor so as to impede his progress, shall forfeit his right to be in the competition and shall not be awarded any decision or prize that he would otherwise be entitled to." This rule can only mean that a man coming from the lead must not change his course so as to interfere with any competitor whom he has passed. If we interpret it to apply to one in the lead, that one of necessity must always run in the course in which he starts, as if he were running in a lane; for, if otherwise, one starting on the outside could never take the curb, for in so doing he would have to cross in front of the others, and such would impede them more or less, depending on the distance he was in the lead. The American

rule reads that one must not cross another until he is two strides ahead of that one. Carpenter at no time crossed in front of Haswelle. If Haswelle had kept his course, Carpenter would have crossed in front of him, or rather Haswelle would have crossed the path Carpenter had taken and for twenty or more yards, Haswelle could have and should have so done without interfering with Carpenter or impeding himself by having to break his stride to change his direction and get from behind Carpenter. But Haswelle did not keep to his course any more than did Carpenter. They both ran on concentric circles, with a slightly greater disadvantage to Haswelle because his was a greater diameter, but with a disadvantage no greater than he ran with his heels and not with his head.

"The race was declared 'no race', and in what manner. At 350 yards Haswelle began to fall back, lacking the speed in his final spurt and failing to pass Carpenter on the outside. Immediately the judges and referee, a hundred yards away, ran out on the track and one of them ran toward the inspector at the last part of the turn. This inspector called something to him. What it was could not be heard in that part of the grandstand opposite the finish line. It is to be persumed, however, that it was Haswelle that had been fouled. In the meantime, with unslackened speed, Carpenter, Robbins, and Haswelle came down the stretch. Within twenty yards of the finish an official without authority of rule or reason broke the tape and held up his hand. If by so doing he hoped to stop the race, his object was not accomplished, for they all came on, Haswelle "digging" stride by stride to get up. What it all meant no one knew, but they did not have long to wait, for, without even the semblance of a consultation or meeting of any kind, the judges and other officials rushed around like madmen. Some grabbed up megaphones and shouted in the stand "'No race,'" "'Foul work on the part of the Americans,'" "Haswelle fouled,'" etc. Immediately sentiment framed itself against the Americans and a howl went up to "'disqualify the dirty runners.'" And all the while the officials kept calling into and exciting the crowd, and one of them actually came outside the track, and stood in the midst of a mob of excited Englishmen and started to harangue them as to the race being a good example of how the damned Yankees always tried to win. The writer,

caught in this crowd on his way from the grandstand to the gate of the Arena, pushed his way up to the "'orator'" and asked him if he would not please be quiet as he was bound to make trouble and accomplish no good results. His answer was that he was able to take care of himself and that I, being an American was objecting because I didn't like to hear the truth. He evidently thought better of it, however, for he shut up and left the crowd to its mutterings.

"The American Committee d'Honneur went to the entrance of the field, not being permitted thereon, sent for the referee, who after a considerable time came. Then the following conversation took place:

American Committee: "We desire to formally protest against your declaring the 400 meter final 'no race.'"

The Referee: "Your protest will be noted."

American Committee: "In compliance with the rules we will submit our protest in writing."

The Referee: "Have the same sent to the secretary."

Mr. Kirby: "Mr. Referee, we would like to know on what ground you have declared this race 'no race'".

The Referee: "It was because Lieut. Haswelle was fouled."

Mr. Kirby: "How, and by whom?"

Mr. Referee: "By being fouled by the American, Carpenter."

Mr. Kirby: "How could that be when Mr. Carpenter was always leading Lieut. Haswelle? The only way for Haswelle to be elbowed by Carpenter was for Haswelle to run into Carpenter, and in which case it would be Haswelle and not Carpenter who fouled."

The Referee: "I was mistaken when I said Carpenter: I meant the other man."

Mr. Kirby: "Who, Robbins or Taylor?"

The Referee: "The white man."

Mr. Kirby: "Then, Mr. Referee, to the end that there may be no misunderstanding, are we to believe that the final is declared 'no race' because Robbins fouled Haswelle by elbowing him?"

The Referee: "That is the case."

[1] Mr. Weeks: "Do you think, Mr. Referee, it would be wise to

[1] Barton S. Weeks, one of the American committee and a prominent attorney in New York City.

call your judges together and take and consider testimony before disposing of the American protest?"

The Referee: "We will do so at once."

Mr. Weeks: "And at once?"

The Referee: "At once."

"And for the first time the judges got together. What testimony they took is not known. Certainly no American testimony was requested or given. Their decision was that the American protest was disallowed; that it was Carpenter and not Robbins who had fouled Haswelle: that the race was to be run over in lanes, but without Carpenter, for he was disqualified and his case was to be reported to the A. A. A. for its further action.

"The Referee didn't know what he was talking about. The judges had to go out to make public sentiment 'to uphold their unfair decision,' and, more than all else they had to make it possible for Haswelle to win. So in addition to the original decision of 'no race' another was added of disqualifying Carpenter.

"Unfortunate Haswelle! He ran and lost his race and made no protest. What the judges did was none of his doing. That he ran his over and alone is not to his credit, but imagine the pressure brought to bear to have him run. Few would have done otherwise.

"Poor Carpenter! A clean, fair runner, of a family proud of American ancestry and American traditions, and to be branded before the world as a runner who intentionally and maliciously fouled another! And yet one writer on American athletes states that Robbins and Taylor should have run the race over. If this had been done, it would have given tacit approval to Carpenter's disqualification, and this neither Robbins, Taylor, the American Team, nor the American Committee would stand for.

"If Robbins had been a faster man than Carpenter, or if Taylor had been in any kind of condition, the English might have found in Carpenter's running an excuse to charge the American team with using '"tactics"' to win. No tactics were used by the Americans."

The foregoing testimony and opinion is that of a trained legal mind, and its sanity and orderliness are beyond question. Moreover, it has the unqualified endorsement of hundreds of Americans. Need more be said?

The writer had the pleasure of meeting both Lieut. Haswelle and Mr. Duncan, the Referee, later in Edinburgh, and in the course of a conversation, the former declared that there had been no physical contact between Carpenter and himself, and that he had issued a statement to this effect to the London press the day following the race, which they had refused to publish. He maintained that he had been run wide but did not deny that it was his own poor judgment and not Carpenters' "tactics" that was to blame.

FINISH OF 400 METER RACE.
British official has broken the tape and declared "no race."

Mr. Duncan also stated, and voluntarily, that in regard to a certain story current immediately after the race, to the effect that the plot for the whole affair exactly as it occurred was overheard in the American dressing room just before the race, that he had thoroughly investigated this story and found it to be a canard, utterly without foundation. Yet the press made a big fuss about this very story, and, indeed, some of the London papers became so fearful of the issue of the race and the bare thought that Haswelle might not win, that they actually intimated on the morning of the race that the Americans premeditated "tactics" As a result of this indelicate, if not downright insulting insinuation, the

minds of the populace were inflamed with the idea of Yankee trickery, and more than double the usual number of officials were stationed around the course, "to watch the Yankees". It is a characteristic phenomenon of the human mind, to see what it expects to see, whether it sees it or not. Is it surprising, therefore, that advantage was taken of the slightest pretext, when so suddenly assailed with the idea that their favorite, who they deemed already the victor, was being beaten, to call the race off; and while still in a highly inflamed state of mind, to vent their rage on the innocent victim of their hallucination? The psychic evidence, aside from the eye-witness of normally-minded spectators, is all on the side of the Americans; and the decision of the American Committee not to run the race over again without Carpenter, and to declare Carpenter the World's champion, so far as America is concerned, is entirely justifiable. Carpenter's time, as caught by the majority of watches held by American and foreign timers, was 48 sec. flat, which is undoubtedly faster than the Englishman could have run that day after his killing pace of the day before, if indeed, he could have equalled it at his best. His time the day following, when he ran himself out all alone, was given out as 50 sec.

As regards the reported "plot" overheard in the American dressing room, the writer stands back of the following talk given by Trainer Murphy to the American contestants just before they went out to toe the mark in the memorable race:

Here is what Mr. Murphy said: "Boys, there is talk in the papers this morning that we are going to use "tactics" to win this race. Of course, it is unnecessary for me to warn you not to do any such thing, for as I told you on the ship coming over, 'I had rather any one of you lose than be guilty of an unsportsmanlike act—let it be said of no one that he won by unfair means'. Now be particularly careful lest anything happens that can bring your motive into question. This fellow (refering to Haswelle) is a good man, and your only hope of beating him lies in you all going out from the tape as hard as you can, with the hope of one of you lasting thru and winning out." And, like true Americans, and with true Cornell spirit, the boys rose grandly to the occasion and both Robbins and Carpenter lasted thru what, as Mike Murphy himself characterized it, was the fastest quarter-mile race ever run.

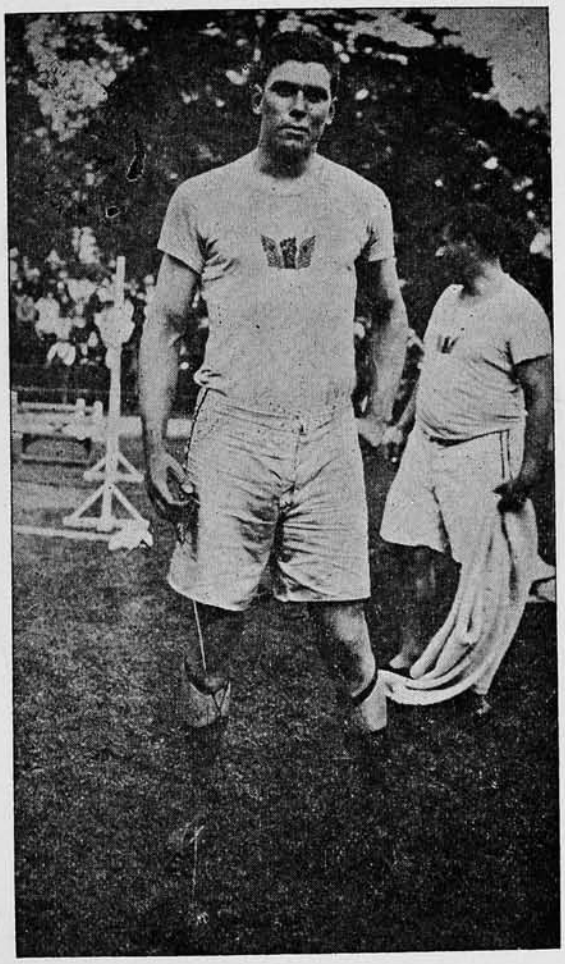
That Jack Carpenter was capable of this remarkable performance, on record of past performance, those of us who know the inside and have followed his wonderful career at Cornell, do not for a moment question. The writer has for authority no less than Jack Moakley, that Carpenter in a trial race at Percy Field, broke the world's record for 500 yards and continued on and came within a fraction of a second of breaking the 600 yard record, and it was on the basis of this performance that he was taken along with the American Team, for it was not his original intention to go and he had, therefore, not attended the Tryouts at Philadelphia. If any further evidence is needed to disapprove Carpenter's capability of deliberately and maliciously fouling a competitor, it is enough to say that he learned his running at Cornell, under Jack Moakley—"reducto ad absurdum".

Cornell's other representatives on the American Team, while they did not figure in the score, performed most creditably—they did not win because everybody cannot win; yet, as President Roosvelt said in his address to us on the occasion of the entertainment of the returned victorious American Team at Oyster Bay, "I am proud of you, everyone; not only of the men who carried off the point-honors but of the whole team—you all did nobly, and it was necessary that some of you should lose that some of you could win, but the net result is due to the efforts of all of you working together, and you all share in the glory. Again, I say, I am proud of you."

In the three mile-team race, in which America was second to Great Britain, Trube, Cornell's Intercollegiate Two-mile Champion, and now America's Metropolitan, National, and Canadian Mile Champion, ran a magnificent race, finishing close on the heels of Eisele, America's first to cross the line. Moreover, in so doing the little flaxen-haired Cornellian showed a clean pair of heels to Dull of Michigan, thus removing forever any doubt of his win on merit and not by accident, as was claimed by some, in the Intercollegiate Two-mile race last spring.

In the hammer throw Lee Talbot drew the giants Flannigan and McGraw in his section, odds to great for the youngster. His effort was not up to standard, but in justice to him the wet and slippery condition of the field on that day bore especially hard on Lee because of his height and relative slimness as compared with

his competitors, who were all men of stocky build and therefore less effected by a slick underfooting. Lee afterwards redeemed himself by winning both the Irish and the Scottish Championships, and establishing new records for each. In a meet in Scotland he made one throw 172 feet—exceeding Flannigan's winning throw and Olympic record by two feet—but this was not allowed on account of a technicality.



TALBOT.

Captain French ran a creditable race in the half-mile, or rather the 800 meters—but the placing of the heats allotted him the great English Champion, the Oxford runner Just, and he was unable to beat him out; he went down to honorable defeat before the greatest half-miler in the world today, the matchless Sheppard alone excepted.

On the whole the showing of the Cornell contigent was most gratifying, and is a further tribute to Cornell ideals and to Trainer "Jack" Moakley. It was a victory for America, it was no less a victory for Cornell, for the Peer of Athletic Coaches, and for clean, honest sport, with which the name "*Cornell*" is today synonymous before the athletic college world.

CORNELLIANS AND

HOBART C. YOUNG, '10,

Captain of the Cross Country Team, who finished first in the dual meet recently held with Yale at New Haven, breaking the time record for the course.

THEIR ACTIVITIES

ALFRED M. ROBERTS, '09,

is the last manager of the Cross Country Team since the Cross Country Club is hereafter to be under the management of the Track Association.

WHAT'S DOING

ROBERT E. COULSON, '09,
the recently elected president of the Senior Class who has rowed on the Junior Varsity and four-oared crews, was last year leader of the Pennsylvania debate team and chairman of the Junior Smoker Committee.

AND BY WHOM

EDWARD H. CLARK, '09,

Commodore-elect of the Navy was a member of his freshman and junior crews and rowed in the Varsity boat at Poughkeepsie last June.

EXPERIENCES OF A BOY IN CIVIL WAR TIMES.

CHARLES DEGARMO.

A Shadow of Coming Events.

ONE night when we had gathered at neighbor Colcord's, a mile down the road, to practice the new, and to the boy ever-delightful art of making sorghum syrup, I was told that I might go to a depot of what my elders called the underground railroad. Of what this meant I had not the slightest conception. My father led me by the hand to a covered wagon to which the horses were already hitched, ready for the night journey to another station on this mysterious route. He raised a flap of the canvas, when by the light of the flickering lantern, my shocked and startled eyes rested upon the first black faces I had ever beheld. It was a painful sensation, compounded of astonishment, curiosity and pity. There in the dim interior sat a man, a woman, and a child of this strange race. Were there more such creatures in the world? What were they? Where did they come from? Did God make them? What for? Where were they going? My father calmed the immediate tumult in my mind by telling me that they were escaped slaves from the South; that they were being secretly hurried on their way to Canada in the far North, where they would be free and safe. He explained something of the system of slavery, of the opposition to it in the North, of Mr. Lincoln's election to the presidency and of the threat of future war.

It was in this way that the tumult aroused by a new and startling experience marked the beginning of a mental ferment that grew with my growth and was not allayed until Lincoln was dead and all slaves freed. At that time I had, of course, never heard of tragedy, and knew nothing of the portents with which coming disasters are ushered in; but I know now that in those anxious faces of night, I beheld the harbingers of that dread tempest of civil war which was soon to overwhelm the land.

Juvenile Reverberations.

By the time the war began in earnest, our home had been moved from northern to southern Illinois, and I was twelve years

of age. We were only twenty-five miles east of St. Louis, and on quiet days could hear the boom of cannon so frequently fired there in times of real or fancied victory. The weekly arrival of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* was a recurring event of momentous importance. In it we read of stirring conflicts by land and sea, the disaster at Bull Run, the naval battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the capture of Fort Donaldson, the bloody struggle at Shiloh. The scenes so vividly portrayed began to re-enact themselves in my youthful mind, first as they were described, and then with variations, until after a time I found my greatest delight in the construction of imaginary stratagems, bombardments, battles and triumphs. Sometimes, like a Henty boy, I gave pointers to the general commanding, but more often I seized the reins of power, and dashed on to victory. On other occasions I constructed vast floating fortifications, and even rivaled General Butler in his celebrated attempt to blow down the walls of Fort Fisher by blowing up gun-powder at a distance. If General Butler didn't know that he couldn't scare people dead by making a noise, how could a boy be expected to be any wiser? Thus for two years my daily toil in the fields was made light as thistledown by the microcosmic warfare waging in my head.

The Midnight Raid.

When the war was about half over, we began to hear ominous reports of an organization in our midst called the "Knights of the Golden Circle," designed, it was believed, to give aid and comfort to the Confederacy, and to bring to nought the efforts of the North to restore the Union. A chapter of the Knights was supposed to hold secret meetings in our neighborhood, and it was determined to raise a posse of citizens to break it up and to unmask the conspirators. Finally a night was set for the raid, and our house was made the rendezvous from which to start.

Now, what part I was expected to take in this enterprise I never knew, but it could not have been important, for I was but a stripling and quite incompetent to cope with such desperate characters as the Knights were reputed to be. Whatever the rôle was that had been assigned to me, I never played it, much to my chagrin and not a little to the amusement of my elders. It is not

unusual for growing boys to be afflicted now and then, especially at night when the air grows chill, with cramps in their legs. At any rate this was a common experience with me at this period. When the stamping and snorting of horses in the yard finally awoke me, I was suddenly seized with a most prodigious cramp in the calf of my right leg, and I began the usual vigorous rubbing to allay it. Just then my father called up the stairway that I was to come down immediately. I replied that I could not for I had a cramp. My reply was heard below and the laugh went round. A wave of confusion and helpless rage swept over me which soon cured my cramp, but by the time I had dressed and descended, the troop had ridden away.

They were farmers, riding their work horses and armed for the most part with corn knives or other like peaceful weapons, with here and there a shot-gun in their midst. At the end of some hours they rode back again a jaded and disgusted band, for they had found nothing except what one is accustomed to find when one rides forth at night on a wild goose chase. The members of our family were fortunately gifted with a sense of humor, and when they realized the Quixotic character of the enterprise, they ceased to rally me upon the untimely appearance of my growing pains.

The Fusing Heat of Public Opinion.

Across the road from our place in a clump of native trees stood the snow-white meeting-house where all the neighbors gathered for the Sunday service. The older settlers of that part of the State had migrated many years before from the mountains of western Pennsylvania and Kentucky, and had brought their religion with them. They were disciples of Thomas and Alexander Campbell. It was not strange, therefore, that some of them at least should have Southern sympathies, though for the most part they were sturdy defenders of the Union cause and sent their sons to die on Southern battlefields. The minister, however, at the time of which I speak, evidently wanted to take his flock to Heaven over the Southern route. There was no objection to the destination, but the congregation did not favor that line. They reminded the minister that he never in prayer or sermon even so much as referred to the President of the United States, never

thanked Heaven for victories won, or bewailed the sufferings of those who fell in defeat, and they advised that, like the valiant Vallandingham of Ohio, he join his brethren across the line. Whither he went I never heard, but certain it is that the places where he was wont to stray knew him no more forever.

There is no place in the white heat of partisan contests for that ample hospitality, that broad toleration which come from judicial comprehension of ultimate historical causes. Such feelings arise from academic contemplation, after the event. When life and death are at stake, it is only in or out, for me or against me, friend or foe. This intensity of conviction in our elders was mirrored in curious ways among the youngsters.

Near our house lived a man—he must have been a recluse, for he was rarely seen in the daytime—who, horror of horrors, was known as a rebel sympathizer. What he looked like we boys could only surmise, for we had never seen him. One was certain he must have horns under his hat, if he ever wore one; another wondered how he managed his tail, while still another was convinced that his shoes must hide a cloven hoof. We hung about the place, peering in at doors and windows from a safe distance, and wondering if any woman could be the wife of such a monster. But, as nothing happened, our minds were soon diverted to new and more exciting events.

I Join the Home Guards and Shoot the Widow Cox's Dog.

By the summer of '64 the war was in its third and I in my fifteenth year. I was now six feet tall, had done a man's work in the harvest field, and been handy with guns for two years, so that when the lingering anxiety about the Knights of the Golden Circle caused the organization of a company of Home Guards, I was permitted to enroll in it. Our guns were splendid new Enfield rifles, freshly imported from England and superior to the standard Springfield. The bore was as large as that of a good-sized shot-gun, and carried a Minie ball weighing a full ounce. Ammunition was, of course, not issued to us, but was reserved for a time of need. But when was there ever a boy with a new gun who was not wild to try it? Powder and caps I could easily procure, but was at a loss for a projectile.

About this time a brother of one of my chums returned from the army on a furlough and brought with him a few Minie balls as souvenirs. One of these I begged as a mark of distinguished consideration. My gun was quickly loaded and I sallied forth to try its merits. By this time we had moved to a neighboring village whose chief mark of distinction was a large open common some four hundred yards long. As I stepped from the front gate of our place and looked about for a mark worthy of the occasion, I saw at the other end of the common the Widow Cox's dog trot forth on some quest personal to himself. Flesh and blood could not resist; I quickly dropped on one knee, aimed and fired. My surprise was only equaled by my consternation when with ear-piercing shrieks the stricken cur hied him homeward. My bullet had, as I afterward learned, hit him a glancing blow on the left shoulder, cutting open the hide, but doing no irreparable damage.

I know now that I should have gone straight to the Widow and with cap in hand apologized for the unexpected accuracy of my aim (for I do not even now acknowledge that it was in human nature to have sought a more ignoble mark), but what I did was silently to await in some trepidation the development of the consequences of my impulsive act.

The roar of the gun so immediately followed by the wailing lamentations of the Widow's yellow dog conspired to make mine the shot heard round the town. What the consequences were to be I could only surmise, but I experienced some relief when the next day I overheard my father with the ghost of a smile say to my uncle:—"It was a good shot, anyway." The incident was not finally closed until a year afterwards, when I explained to the Widow's son, Clem, just how the thing happened. By that time Clem and I were playing at soldiering for Uncle Sam, and were in the heart of Georgia. According to the regimental records Clem must have been a graceless scamp, for he spent more time in the guard-house than any other member of the company, but I liked him and wanted him to feel right about the dog. His own short-comings, I suspect, gave him understanding for the faults of others; at any rate, he freely forgave me.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

It is time to bring these feathery annals of airy nothings to a close.

Illinois had never resorted to a draft to fill her quota of soldiers, and now, near the apparent close of the war, she was determined not to do so. It was doubtless for this reason that sixteen-year old boys, like Clem Cox and myself, were allowed to enroll as volunteers. We danced airily through a year of service, our skipping spirits only now and then dampened by a sight of the ravages of war,—a desolate landscape; a battle field, as at Nashville, still covered when we saw it, with slain horses; the long trenches about Atlanta filled with dead, or the protruding arm of a half-buried soldier in a wood now adorned with a vernal covering of wild flowers. Such scenes as these, and the culminating and heart-breaking disaster of Lincoln's assassination cast for a time a pall of gloom over even our youthful minds. But nothing can permanently depress the buoyancy of youth. For four years I had had one haunting dread,—the fear that the war would not last long enough for me to become a participant. But now that my ambition had been at least partially gratified, and I had been allowed to wear the blue for a year, I gave up my wilder dreams of military glory, and turned my face once more to scenes of peace. Thus I emerged from the ranks of war, a beardless youth of seventeen, with a wealth of boyish experiences behind, and the whole world ahead.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
  Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
  When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue;
  Tears and love, for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

CORNELL ATHLETES IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

J. C. CARPENTER, '08.

E were seven, or rather we were six when we started out from New York, but the lucky number was made up when we arrived in England. Leaving New York for the Fourth Olympic Games, on the steamship "Philadelphia," were some seventy-five of the best track and field athletes of this nation, of which six were from Cornell. They came from every college and athletic club in the country and from every city. The Cornell representation was the largest from any one single college, and its contingent, thanks to years of efficient training under the greatest coach in the world to-day, made the best showing of any college or university. These men were Halsted, Cook, Trube, Porter, Talbot, and myself. French joined us over there.

Of these seven men only three had ever had on a running shoe when they first landed on the shores of Cayuga, and made the acquaintance of the mau who was to make runners of them. Trube, Halsted, Porter, and myself looked with wonder at the length of the first spikes we bought in Ithaca and asked if they had to be greased before going into the ground to keep them from sticking. Moakley soon showed us, as he has men in the past, that this was not necessary and at the same time we learned what hard work really was. Mr. Murphy paid Jack a most sincere compliment when he said that he had never seen such hard workers or men with such enthusiasm. This ability to instil his own indomitable spirit into his men has just as much to do with the winning of the Intercollegiate as the minute and accurate knowledge he has of the game.

There are few men now at Cornell who remember Harry Porter or as he was called when on the team, "Hi-jump Porter." He is a long-legged, sandy-haired Christian Scientist from New York. His theory, which he and he alone seems to be able to work out in practice, is that he has only to make himself believe that he can clear a height to actually make the jump. That he does this proves, it seems to me, that his imagination is always equal to his ability. This might work out so well with less evenly balanced

persons. In London he won the high jump, with the bar at six feet three and a fraction inches, and he tells me that he has done at least three inches higher in practice since. He is without any doubt one of the greatest jumpers the world has ever seen.

As Porter is the oldest, so Halsted is the newest product of the art of Jack Moakley. He is a man who was fired with ambition to be a track athlete at the fag end of his university career. He had never seen Varna nor any of the beautiful suburbs of Ithaca until he started out through the mud and ruts last fall. Two months after he had started running he took second place in the Intercollegiate Cross Country Meet at Princeton, and three months later Moakley told me he had never had a better man on the board track. He ran a half mile on the two mile relay this past winter at the Troy Indoor Meet in the wonderful time of one minute and fifty-seven seconds and later in the Intercollegiate took the mile. In England he had the hardest of hard luck, for on the day of his race he was sick and the mighty Shepherd only beat him by two yards. He was laid up for days after it and had he beaten Shepherd he would not have been able to compete the next day. Mr. Moakley agrees with me in saying that he is the greatest miler in the country today and feels certain that he can do as fast as 4.17 which is three seconds better than Guy Haskins ever did.

Turning now to Cook, who has just passed into the privileges of an upper classmen, we find a man who tied in the pole vault with Gilbert of Yale, and carried off four or five prizes in Paris. He is one of the men for whom Jack is not entirely responsible. In an orchard at Chillicothe, Ohio, he and his brother have been at running and jumping for seven or eight years. Fresh air aud plenty of apples have brought him into the fullness of his power at just the right time and this with the tutelage of Jack have made him one of the best and most versatile athletes we have.

Trube, whom the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* says "runs with his mouth open like a hotel entrance" was used in London in two or three races. He ran in the five mile run and in the three mile team race. In the latter, he with the rest of our boys, took second place, and were only beaten by the English who are the acknowledged long distance men of the world. In this country he is one of the best men and he did as well as it was believed possible he could against the Islanders.

The representation of Cornell in England covered nearly all branches of both track and field sports. In the weights and wrestling Lee Talbot, the man who time after time broke the Interscholastic record in the hammer a year or two ago, made fair showing in England, and he was only beaten by the New York Police Force. It seemed to take him a long time to get used to the climate as he did much better in the meets in which he entered later in Ireland and Scotland than he did in the Olympics.

I hardly know what to say about myself, nor do I think that this is entirely due to modesty. I think as I write this of the doctrine I once heard attributed to the "Hard-shell Baptists" "You can and you can't, you will and you won't, you'll be damned if you do, and you'll be damned if you don't". I am sure that the English are "Hard-shell Baptists."

I look upon my own experiences as merely one of the many unpleasantnesses that were thrust upon the Americans, although I think that it was the one that showed most plainly to the world at large how matters stood in the English mind. I do not believe that a race could be run at the rate at which we were going and have any deliberate or unintentional fouling in it. That there was none I am sure that Cornellians and the American public generally believe. I am proud of the performance but I am ashamed of the attacks that have been made upon it.

The only one of our men left to tell about is French. He was waiting for us when we arrived at Brighton and immediately started work with the rest. In the meet he acted as pace maker and as such he was a great success. His passage over was bad and the climate did not agree with him.

These men are the men that ran from Cornell on the other side. Three of them are still in the University and will be able to compete in the Intercollegiate this year. With them as a start and several other good men who are already developed, there is every reason to suppose that we will win this big meet.

CORNELL OFFICE OF THE U. S. WEATHER BUREAU.

WILFORD M. WILSON, SECTION DIRECTOR.

THE United States Weather Bureau has maintained a branch office at Cornell University since July 1st, 1899. For a number of years, previous to that date, the Central Office of the New York State Weather Bureau, an institution organized and supported by the State and working along the same lines as the National Bureau, was located at Cornell with the late Professor E. A. Fuertes as Director.

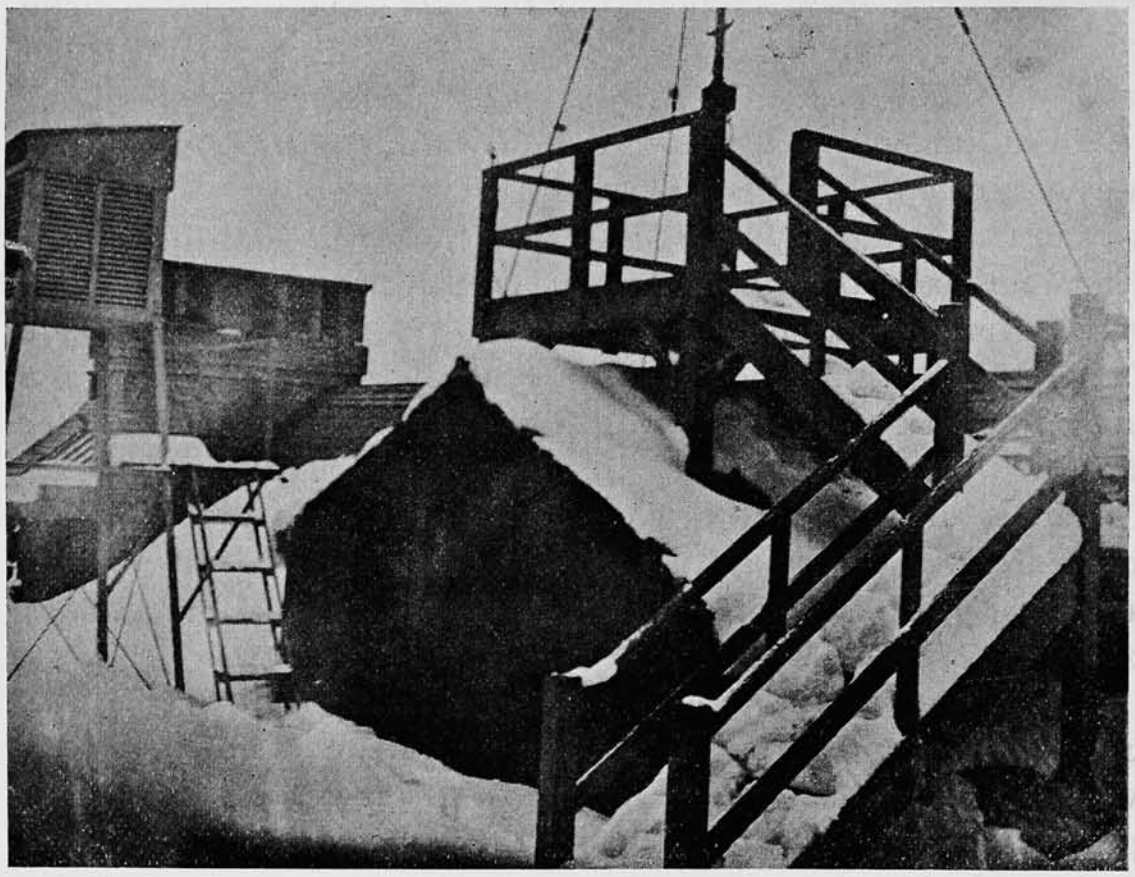
A large amount of data, bearing on the climate of New York was collected by the State Service, during the time Prof. Fuertes was in charge and a number of valuable contributions to the subject were made, principally by Mr. E. T. Turner, Meteorologist to the New York State Weather Bureau. Mr. Turner's "Climate of New York," published in the annual report of 1893 is still a standard work on the subject. The New York State Weather Bureau went out of existence in 1899 and for the past eight years the meteorological work in New York has been under the control of the National Government, altho for several years previous to assuming control, a meteorologist, from the National Bureau, was detailed for duty with the State Service.

For a time the office was located in Lincoln Hall, but on the completion of the new College of Agriculture, quarters were provided with that institution and the Weather Bureau now occupies three rooms on the 4th floor of the main building, overlooking Alumni Field.

The Cornell office is known as a "station of the 1st class," which means that it is equipped with instruments that automatically record the principal weather elements; viz, the pressure or weight of the atmosphere, the temperature of the air, the direction and velocity of the wind, the duration of sunshine and the rainfall. In addition to the records made by the automatic instruments, one regular weather observation is made each day at 8 A. M. This observation includes the pressure and temperature of the air, the relative humidity, dewpoint and vapor tension, the kind of clouds, their amount and direction of movement, the

direction and velocity of the wind and the rain and snowfall. A special measurement of the depth of the snow on the ground is made each day at 8 P. M. These observations are made a part of the permanent records of the office.

The work carried on by the U. S. Weather Bureau thru its office at Cornell may be divided into three parts; the issue of daily weather maps, weather forecasts and bulletins; the collection of information and data, bearing on the climate of New York and



WEATHER OBSERVATORY, CORNELL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

the publication of the Monthly Climatological Bulletin; and the course of instruction in Meteorology given by the official in charge during the second half year.

The daily weather map is prepared from observations of the weather taken at 8 A. M., at about 75 stations in the United States and Canada. These reports are received over a private wire each morning about 9:30 A. M. and when charted on a large map give a general view of the weather conditions over most of the inhabited parts of North America. From this map the forecasts of

the weather for the ensuing 36 hours are prepared. The principal features, shown by this map together with the forecasts, a general summary of the weather and temperature and precipitation data in detail are printed on smaller maps which are distributed to the public.

The distribution of weather forecasts in the State, except in the cities of New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Oswego, Canton, Buffalo and Binghamton, where regular offices of the National Weather Bureau are located, is in charge of the Cornell office.

The forecasts are distributed by telegraph, telephone, Rural Free Delivery, ordinary mail and by means of weather flags and whistle signals. About 350 cities and towns receive the forecasts by telegraph. A large part of these places are centers for further distribution by telephone so it is quite possible to obtain the official forecast of the weather by calling "central" on almost any telephone in the State.

The collection of information and data, bearing on the climate of New York in its relation to agriculture, engineering, water supply, the public health and other problems, is perhaps, equally important. Work of this character is carried on thruout the United States, including Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, under the direction of the National Weather Bureau. The division having this in charge is called the Climatological Service of the Weather Bureau. In most instances a single State is designated as a section of this service, and the office having the work in charge is called the Section Center. The Cornell office is the Section Center for New York State.

There are about 125 local or cooperative observers in New York, making daily observations of the temperature, rainfall, wind, sunshine, etc., under the direction of the Cornell office. These observers are furnished with standard instruments and make one observation each day. At the end of the month the records are forwarded to the Section Center where they are arranged, tabulated and published in the monthly Section Report. This publication, which is issued about the 15th of each month, contains charts showing the distribution of temperature and precipitation over the State, tables showing the observations in de-

tail as well as the general averages for the 125 stations and a general discussion of the weather for the month.

During the growing season from March to September the co-operative observers make weekly reports to the Section Center. These reports are used in the preparation of the Weekly Weather Bulletin, published by the Cornell office on Tuesday of each week during this period.

A course in Meteorology and Climatology is given by the writer in the College of Agriculture during the second half year. This course is elective and open to students in the College of Agriculture and in Arts and Sciences, being a part of the course offered in Physical Geography. A knowledge of the atmosphere in which we live is quite as much a part of a liberal education as a knowledge of the earth's surface and the course is made practical and useful by the study of current weather, the development, movement and the conditions that attend cyclones, tornadoes and special storms as shown by the daily weather map.

SONNET—NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
  One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
  Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
  And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue Gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
  Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
  Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
  And man delight to linger in thy ray,
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
  The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

—William Cullen Bryant.

FOOTBALL SPIRIT AT CORNELL.

HEAD COACH, P. EDWARD LARKIN.

I HAVE been asked to say a word about "Football Spirit at Cornell" by the editor of the ERA. It is a difficult subject to treat for two reasons; firstly there is scarcely anything to be said upon it; and secondly what little there is to be said is of a rather unpleasant nature, for it appears to me from my limited observation of football spirit in other colleges that Cornell stands very poorly when one makes the comparison.

It would seem that this fact could be demonstrated very plainly by figures. The fact that for the Varsity squad only forty candidates could be obtained speaks for itself when one considers that this showing is only two percent of the students eligible. The freshmen alone have twice that number, and that I believe *augers* well for the future of football at Cornell.

As the matter stands there is a pronounced difficulty in making up a complete second team to give the Varsity practice games, so essential, if the team is to show finished form in the big matches. On several occasions the Alumni coaches present have themselves been compelled to take part in the practice games in order to make a complete second team, and this was true several times at signal practices.

And speaking of the Alumni it cannot be denied that the poor spirit shown to date has been confined to the undergraduates entirely, but that the Alumni themselves are equally guilty, I refer now particularly to the Alumni who have played on Cornell teams in the past, and who are expected to do their part in developing Cornell teams of the present and future.

Again we suffer by comparison to other institutions of equal size. Yale, Pennsylvania, Harvard and Princeton during the past two or three weeks have had a coach on the field for every man in the Varsity line-up, and still some left over for the scrubs.

The largest number of coaches that we have had upon the field this year outside of the resident coaches, is three, and that number but for two days. There have been times when for two weeks

straight no one appeared. If Cornell expects to be rated among the larger institutions in football, they either must get the finished material here, or develope the crude material that comes. And in order to develop this, more coaches are absolutely necessary. This is particularly true at Cornell where the men are not able to get on the field until late in the afternoon. It is plainly evident that with more coaches, more time could be expended upon each individual man.

Of course it must be admitted that a number of Cornell graduates are not financially able to leave their business as readily as the alumni of other colleges, and also that the location of Cornell, remote from the large centers of business, is undeniably a large factor in keeping the graduates from returning. With due allowance for all these things, however, the disparagement is greater than warranted by the situation, and we look for considerable improvement during the remainder of the season along this line, as well as in future seasons. If this improvement does not materialize there is no question that Cornell will be compelled to call upon the graduates of other colleges to teach her football.

Leaving this subject I would like to take the opportunity to touch upon a few other points in relation to football. It will be noted that the coaches have decided to make secret practice a general rule for the remainder of this year. It was a step that they regretted to take, but it was not done without reasons that seemed to be sufficient justification.

In the first place, the criticism of the players by the men in the stands who do not understand the subject, had been found to be very detrimental. It is known as an absolute fact to the coaches that men physically able will not come out for the squad because they have not had any football experience in the past, and do not care to make themselves ridiculous by endeavoring to learn the game before a too humorously minded audience in the stands.

At present there is on the Varsity team a man who has made decidedly good, and yet it was only through the hardest kind of perseverence and in spite of the laughter that was directed towards his efforts to learn the rudiments of the game, such as tackling and falling on the ball, and even now when points come up which

require a personal explanation to him, the coaches have been compelled to take him to a remote corner of the field in order to avoid ridicule.

Secondly, it is essential, now that the big games of the season are coming on, that the strategic plays of the team be kept absolutely secret, without any possible chance of their being any publicity given through the press. Football is obviously a game of brain as well as brawn, and the coaches feel justified in keeping their hands as dark as possible.

Thirdly, it has been found that in open practice the players are interrupted by other persons on the side lines who endeavor to confer with them on subjects of relative unimportance. If there is one thing that is absolutely essential on the field it is that all outside interruptions be obviated since it requires the greatest concentration on the part of the men to memorize the signals that call for such a variety of complicated plays.

In closing I would like to comment upon one thing, and that is the excellent spirit and perfect harmony that prevails among all the coaches and all the men on the squad. The players have been free from all signs of jealousy and bickerings with one another which is a commendable thing. A man in training cannot be blamed for feeling at times a little "touchy". The members of the squad have shown all through the season that they want the best man to be on the field and represent the University, and they have the confidence in the judgment of the coaches regarding the selection to be made, even if such selections relegates them to the side lines, and places their rivals on the field. All the men on the squad are for Cornell first, rather than for themselves.

With the spirit and with the increasing interest which is being manifested in football by the undergraduates, as shown by the large size of the freshman squad, I believe sincerely in the future of football at Cornell. It may not come this year. It may not come next year. But by keeping eternally at it we are sure to achieve the success which has been attained in the other branches of Intercollegiate Sport.

THE CORNELL ERA

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THE PENNSYLVANIA GAME

ONCE more the interest of the foot-ball season is centered on the Thanksgiving Day game. On the eve of this struggle it is always difficult to conjecture its outcome. This year, however, we have many reasons to place confidence in the Cornell Team. At the beginning of the season the outlook was anything but bright; few of the veteran players had returned to the University and the possibilities of the new material were uncertain. Since then, day after day, we have watched the eleven grow in strength; willingness, persistence, hard work, and a fighting spirit have rounded out a better team for each succeeding game. No athletic squad has ever shown a finer spirit of willingness and determination. The Alumni, too, who laid aside other duties to return and aid in the coaching, have contributed much to this steady development. Their excellent coaching, loyally given throughout the season, in co-operation with the disinterested efforts of the whole squad has created a team of which we are justly proud, the more so because of the difficulties which we know have confronted them. Both the men and the coaches will go to Philadelphia with the admiration and confidence of the entire body of undergraduates.

IF WE MAY SUGGEST.

IF doing so is compatible with our position, we would offer a criticism of the manner in which preliminary examinations are given throughout the University. It is rather the rule than the exception that these examinations are held during the last week of each month and with the result that many students are confronted with four or five examinations during the same week and often with two or more on the same day. Under such a method little work is actually required during the three remaining weeks, especially in courses conducted by lectures only. At the end of each month when examinations are scheduled every day or so, it is almost impossible to cover the desirable amount of work in preparation for them. The temptation arises to omit classes in which examinations are not held; cramming is resorted to with the unsatisfactory results which follow from that practice; clearly more is lost than is gained. An argument in favor of daily application is undoubtedly suggested by such a state of affairs, but it is also true that few of us follow the suggestion. We resent the statement that we are working for marks alone, yet we realize that nothing serves as well as a "prelim" to strengthen our interest in University work. Examinations are valuable for just that purpose; but at present when a number of them are held within a few days even the most conscientious student can scarcely find time for a thorough review. Would it not be well to have the possible dates for examination submitted to the class and thereby conclude upon a time favorable to the greatest number? The evils of present methods might be eliminated to some extent by such a custom.

ADVERTISERS.

MEMBERS of the student body will find it to their advantage to patronize those merchants of Ithaca whose advertisements appear in the University publications. It is right that they should so contribute to the support of undergraduate enterprises since a large percentage of the local population is in one way or another dependent upon the undergraduates. Yet there are seven of these publications, there are athletic score-cards, banquet menus, smoker programs, and innumerable other things to which

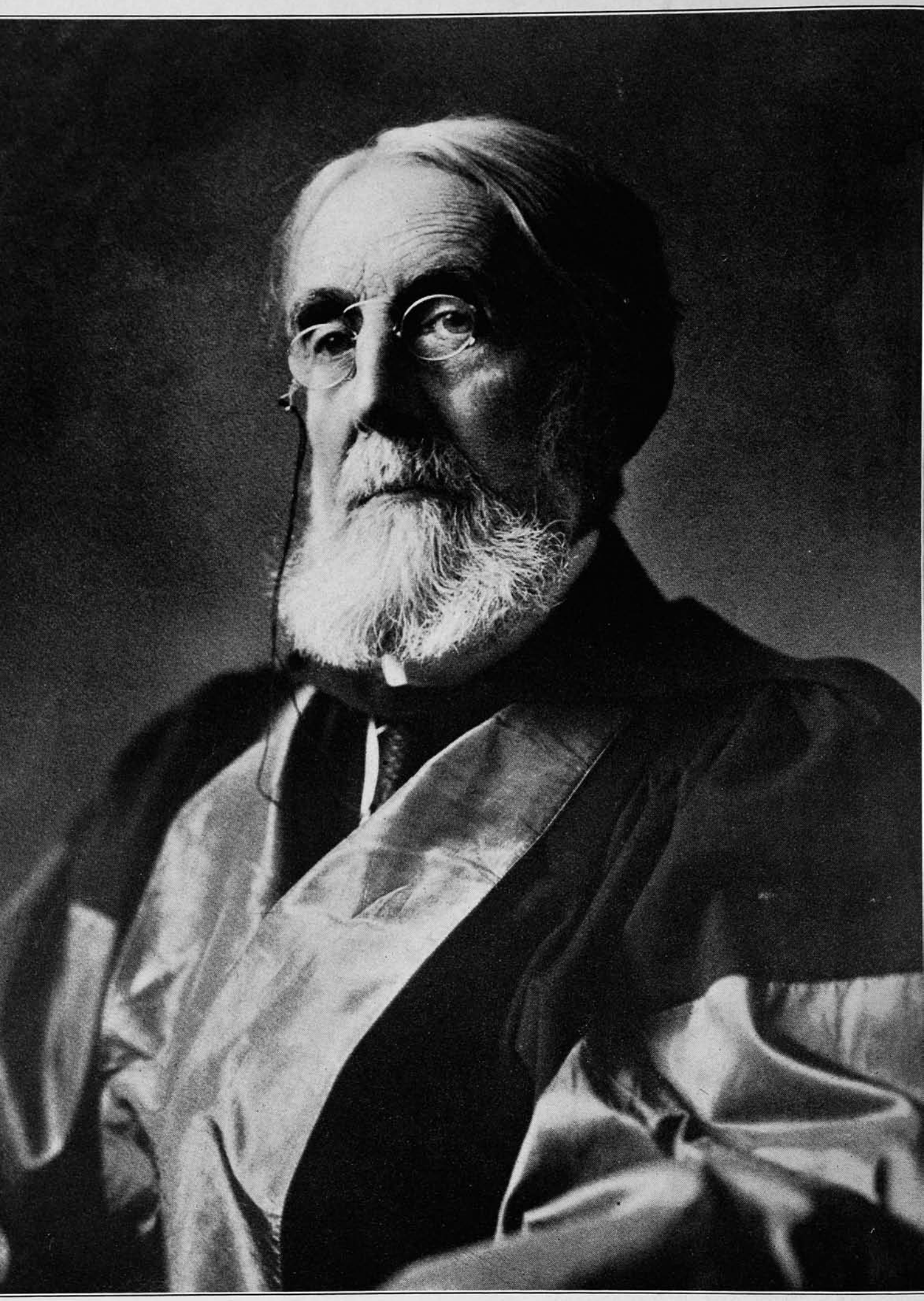
the business men of Ithaca are from time to time called upon to contribute. Some of them respond to the extent of several hundred dollars every year; others are unwilling to reciprocate to any extent. We recommend the advertisers as the ones most likely to be reliable and to deal the more squarely with student accounts.

ON FIRE PROTECTION.

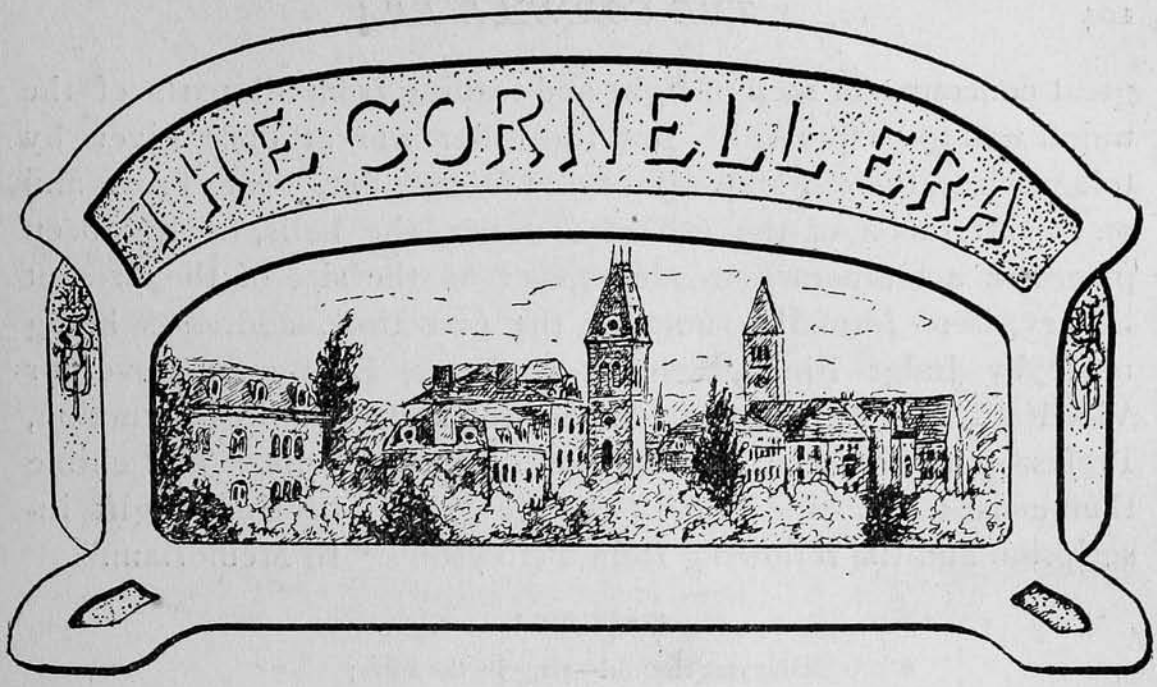
FOR a time after great disasters a good deal of discussion is heard over their causes and many things are resolved upon to prevent their recurrence. This was especially true after the memorable fires which have occurred at Cornell; yet we are led to inquire how many precautions have actually been taken to prevent similar disasters in the future. We dare say that few safeguards have really been installed. Perhaps there is a reason for the fact. It often happens in fraternities and clubs, in which each member has an equal interest with the others, that no one is a responsible head to see that worthy measures are carried to completion. This, we regret to note, seems to be the case among some of the local chapters. Various fraternities have installed adequate fire systems and yet there are a number of others which have done none of the things determined upon when interest in the matter was at its height. The time to take every precaution is the present. It should be the subject of immediate consideration on the part of all fraternities which have not already provided ample protection against fire. They should not wait until another disaster occurs to stimulate such important action.

POEM CONTEST.

IN the June number of THE ERA announcement was made of a prize poem contest to end on March 1, 1909, together with the conditions upon which it is to be conducted. It is hoped that a number of undergraduates will avail themselves of this opportunity and that considerable effort will be spent upon their contributions.



ANDREW DICKSON WHITE.



VOL. XLI DECEMBER, 1908. NO. 3.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY BELLS.

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE.

AMID all the doubts and worries of the early days of Cornell University nothing inspired more hope and cheer than the gift of its chime. It came most unexpectedly. On a pleasant September morning there appeared, in the public library which Mr. Cornell had founded in Ithaca, Miss Jenny McGraw, who, finding the President of the University at work among the newly arrived books temporarily stored there, asked him some kindly questions and was shown some of the volumes most likely to interest her. Next day word reached him that she was greatly pleased with what she had seen and wished to make to the new institution some gift showing this feeling. The result was a suggestion from the President to the late Judge Finch that such a gift might take the form of a chime of bells, and the Judge, entering into this idea fully, conveyed it to the young lady, who instantly adopted it.

One great difficulty stood in the way. Only about a fortnight remained before the formal opening of the University, at which a

great concourse of men of light and leading from all parts of the union was to be present. But the order was at once given by telegraph to the old Meneely firm at Watervliet, near Troy, and on the afternoon of the 6th of October, the bells, having been placed in a temporary wooden tower on the site of the present library, were formally rung for the first time, addresses being made by Judge Finch, Senator Andrews, Lieutenant-Governor Woodford, Mr. Weaver, state superintendent of public instruction, Professor Agassiz and Mr. George William Curtis. The chime then consisted of nine bells in the key of G, bearing a gift inscription and the following from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

FIRST BELL.

Ring out the old—ring in the new;
Ring out the false—ring in the true;

SECOND BELL.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind;
Ring in redress for all mankind.

THIRD BELL.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife:

FOURTH BELL.

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

FIFTH BELL.

Ring out false pride in place and blood;
Ring in the common love of good.

SIXTH BELL.

Ring out the slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right.

SEVENTH BELL.

Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;

EIGHTH BELL.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring in the thousand years of Peace.

NINTH BELL.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
That larger heart and kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Two years later, a tenth bell, weighing nearly four thousand pounds, in the key of D, was added by the President of the University, in behalf of Mrs. Mary A. White, bearing, in addition to her name, inscriptions as follows, the quatrain being written for the bell by James Russell Lowell, who was at that time one of the non-resident professors of the University. The significance of his verse and of the selection from the Psalms was derived from the fact that the bell was to become the clock bell of the University on which the hours were to be struck.

"To tell of Thy loving kindness early in the morning,
And of Thy truth in the night season."

—Ps. XCII.

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

For forty years the bells faithfully responded to the demands made upon them, and it is not too much to say that among those things which have most endeared the University to the thousands who have gone forth from its halls has been the music of this chime ushering in the work in the class-rooms each morning and afternoon, and closing it each evening:—cheering on the living and tolling for the dead.

But as the Fortieth Anniversary of the founding of the University approached, it was felt that the chime ought to be enlarged and enriched, and an order was given for that purpose to the Meneely Company. To the old chime four large bells were added and substitutions were made among the smaller bells as found advisable, so that there now fourteen bells, in the Key of C, enabling the chimer to play in various keys and with a much larger range than formerly. This new chime is now in place and its music sounds forth over the hills, through the valley and across the lake more beautiful than ever. The formal re-dedication of the bells took place Sunday, October 18th, 1908, with the following program, in the morning and afternoon respectively:

1. Ein' Feste Burg.
2. Alma Mater.
3. Integer Vitae.
4. Holy, Holy, Holy.
5. Portuguese Hymn.
6. Love Divine.
7. Old Hundred.

1. Jubilee Deo.
2. The Holy City.
3. My Faith Looks up to Thee.
4. Peace.
5. O, Jesus, Thou art standing.
6. Face to face.

It is to be hoped, and may fairly be expected, that the music of the new bells will ring on to successive generations of students, enlivening and inspiring them through many decades of years, and, indeed, through centuries to come. In the past there have been a number of masters of the chimes who have given beautiful music. One of them, Mr. Franklin Matthews, for some years past an honored member of the editorial staff of the New York *Sun*, especially distinguished himself for the fitness of his selections and for the skill of his performances. Noteworthy is it that his graduation thesis was on the subject of chime music, and it attracted much attention.

Probably the narrowest escape the bells ever had was at the first great victory of the Cornell crews, which was won at Saratoga. Student feeling had been raised to a very high pitch by the victory of Cornell over all the competing freshman crews, but when news came of the victory of the University crew over all the others, including Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, the enthusiasm burst all bounds. There was a great rush for the bells, which were then in the McGraw tower, and they seemed destined to suffer. But a few words of suggestion from the President of the University at that time prevented any serious damage, and they were rung triumphantly, without injury.

Considerable difficulty has been experienced in having the bells rung to the best advantage. The chimer at his great keyboard, having the tones of the bells resounding immediately about him, can hardly judge so well the effects he produces as can those standing on the campus. It is very natural for a new chimer to suppose that what sounds well on a piano or organ will sound equally well on the bells. This is not at all the case and some excruciating results have occasionally followed, from failure to recognize this fact.

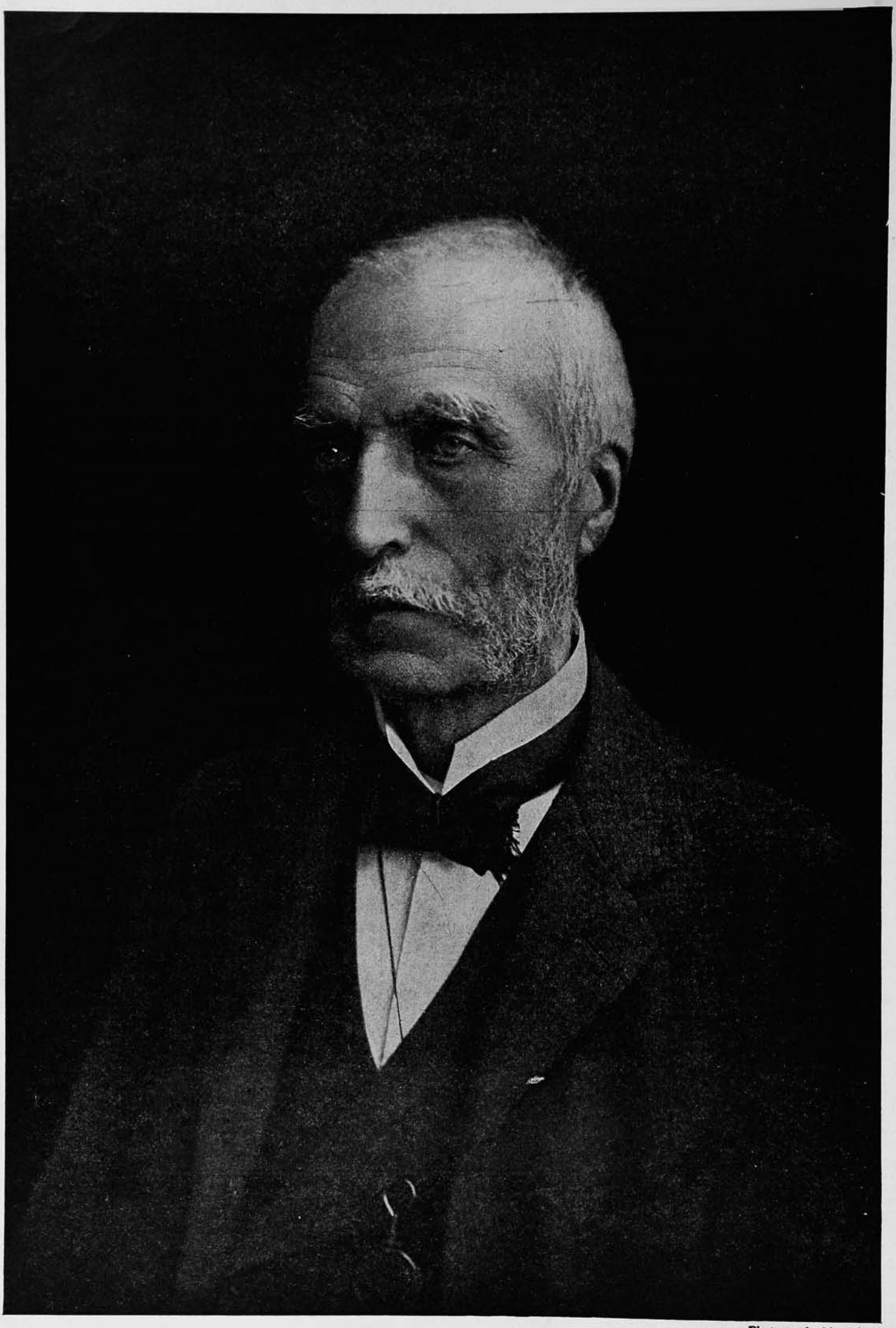
The best tunes for the bells are those which are mainly played upon the large, rich, lower bells, or at least where the stress and

principal cadences fall upon them. Tunes in which the stress and long notes fall upon the high bells are sometimes really painful. Then we know what Shakespeare meant when he spoke of "Sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh." Bells have not the same power to continue sound which is possessed by organ pipes or even by piano strings. In fact, one listening is frequently conscious, where a note is prolonged, on a bell, of a change from the first tone to a tone widely different. This being the case, the best tunes are not only those in which the larger and richer bells are mainly used, but those in which the music is played rapidly and the notes are of nearly equal length. For this reason rapid marches, quick-steps, and the like are generally the most successful. They seem to keep the air full of music. This is especially observable in the "*Changes*," in which the notes are all of the same length and give out simply a great mass, and even, apparently, an *atmosphere*, of harmonious sound.

The better chimers who have had charge of the bells have generally thought it best to play quick, inspiring, marching music in the mornings, when the students are coming up the hill, and at noon, when they are going down, but in the evening to play those songs of a more sentimental sort which are found to suit the bells. The rule has always been that all playing of the bells, whether on Sundays or week days, should be ushered in by the ringing of the "*Changes*" as a sort of a musical prelude.

It by no means follows that because a tune is popular in a concert hall it will sound well when rung out from a bell tower.

The present chime is one of the best in the United States and we may hope that it will long inspire healthfully those who come under allegiance to Cornell and "The Cornell Spirit."



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

Photographed by Dixon

THEN AND NOW.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

IGHTY years ago in an old house of an old English town, a little boy was lying in bed listening to the Christmas chimes, prehaps to the last call of the watchman on the street, and looking at the servant lighting the fire with the flint, steel and tinder box of the olden time. Since that morning, what changes! The main storm of the French Revolution may be said to have ended at Waterloo. But there has been a series of after-blasts which has changed the political face of all Europe, and is now apparently extending itself to the hitherto stagnant East. We may set down in some measure to the same account the overthrow by civil war of the same power in the United States. The impelling force everywhere has been democracy, generally triumphant, advancing to rule apparently even in Russia, and in England completely possessed of the legislative seat of real power, the House of Commons, though a remmant of aristocratic control still retains a precarious existence in the House of Lords. The United States, now, instead of being the vanguard of democracy, might almost be said to be its rearguard, the power of its Presidency and its Senate making its constitution in some respects the most conservative of the set.

Not less but rather more momentous than the political movement, and fraught with ultimate change, is the advance of science, which in two or three generations has been almost miraculous and has carried mechanical invention with it. Mechanical invention with steamship, rail, and telegraph, is bringing the nations into far closer communication and making of them in some respects, almost one commonwealth. Even this movement in India is due in no small measure to the substitution for the long voyage round the Cape of the short route by the Suez Canal. Magical in locomotion has been the change. About half a century ago Greville, as he tells us in his Memoirs, was traveling by the first built of the English railroads. He shudders at hearing that an engine-driver had been going at the perilous pace of forty-five miles an hour, but is happy to hear that the man had been dis-

missed by the company. Emigration has now been made so easy that the labor markets are becoming fused. The demarcations of national character can hardly fail to become less sharp. Language must always be a boundary. But even this, commerce and industry being almost always bilingual, is becoming a less sharp division.

All nations eat the fruits of all climes. That little boy would have to grow to middle age or beyond before he would taste a banana. The expansion of commerce in all lines has been immense. The humble cake shop in old Reading at which that little boy bought cakes has now become the great biscuit firm of Huntley & Palmer, employing thousands of hands. In one way invention unhappily has been retrograde. It has always been increasing the construction of new instruments of war, the incentives to enmity between nations, or the appeal to violence and destruction.

The growth of physical science or the increase of its influence over the mind have had most momentous effects in another sphere. Those Christmas chimes, when the child heard them, spoke to all hearts alike both of the home and of the Church. To not a few they now speak of the home alone. This change has come rapidly and startlingly over the intellectual world. The child when still a youth heard a great Professor of Physical Science struggling to reconcile Geology with Genesis. Now he reads the work of a religious writer such as Gladstone struggling to reconcile Genesis with Geology. Let the Evolutionist, however, remember two things; first, that Evolution cannot have evolved itself; secondly, that, unlike the brutes, humanity, as we have been here noting, advances, and that we cannot tell what the end will be; whether it may not be the final ascendancy of the spiritual over the material in man. Man, let the Evolutionist remember, advances and rises. The beast does not. Meanwhile all truth is revelation, all Christian sentiment is religion. There is religion of this sort not a little in Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

Published in 1908

THE TRAGIC COMEDY OF WAR.

CAPT. E. L. PHILLIPS, '91; U. S. A.

FIELD service in war time is not all privation, hardship and bloodshed. Sometimes there is a plenty of these; but there is also a brighter side that is more brilliant and plays a much larger part in the soldier's experience than is commonly supposed.

The adventuresome spirit is able to gratify his most ardent tastes. If the operations are taking place in a scenic or historic region, or in foreign parts, as is very likely to be the case, the more intellectual soldier will be thrilled with interest day by day. And then there is that large current of the humorous that flows with full tide through the daily experiences of the soldier in campaign. This latter appeals to all. Humor is a most effectual antidote for homesickness or the "blues." Cheerfulness may be placed alongside of good food and sanitation as most vital factors in maintaining the efficiency, endurance, and fighting ability of a command in the field. The soldier, as with the instinct of self-preservation, soon learns to welcome humor, and to quickly recognize the funny side, if there be one. With raw recruits, fresh from the city, the farm, the workshop or the school, the pursuit of the humorous often takes the direction of ridiculing the eccentric, odd, or unconventional characters; or of tantalizing the seemingly weak. But with the first show of real danger, hardship and bloodshed, this kind of humor is likely to have vanished. The former butt of ridicule may now be a hero. The real coward or weakling will have disappeared through the hospital, or other avenues leading to the rear. At any rate, kidishness is gone, they are tamed and sobered manhood, and the feeling of true *comraderie* is well grounded in their breasts. Any act that savors of meanness toward a fellow soldier is no longer possible. But the love of that true humor that makes every one cheerful and hurts the feelings of none, will be found full and strong. Every company will contain in its ranks a sprinkling of humorists, Irish wits, or natural born comedians, or perhaps some of those brave, happy souls, always singing and joking no matter what. Such characters are ever active sources of contagion from which humor pervades the whole organization. Fortunate does the Captain count himself, who finds his company rich in characters of this sort.

But this is not the type of humor of which we started to write. There is no tragedy in this. There is, however, a fruitful source of humor that arises directly out of the operations of war. The actual work of the soldier sometimes ends in very stern tragedy. Sometimes, though tragic enough at first, it ends in the purest comedy. This kind is by no means rare, and constitutes a rich source of general merriment. Involving as it usually does, a large body of troops, the effect is widespread, and affords a field for good natured joke and jest and merriment for days—perhaps for weeks.

Now, a few illustrations from experience.

On the 25th day of July, 1898, the expedition of General Miles, by an unexpected *coup*, effected a landing on the coast of Porto Rico. The landing was made practically without bloodshed, but was sufficiently spectacular to excite to a high degree the imagination of the new soldier who was getting his first experience.

In the course of the day most of the troops were disembarked and went into bivouac within two or three miles of the landing place, on the harbor of Guanica. Men were detailed and a line of outposts was established on the hills in front, and on the wooded heights at our right. Night came on, and all who had a right to, retired. The camp became as quiet as such a bivouac of new soldiers newly landed in a strange and hostile land could well be expected to become. Of course each man had to spend a couple of hours debating with his "bunkie" the all-important question, "What will the Spaniards do to us to-night?" But all were tired, and at last, as the evening wore on and the coolness of night, never so grateful as in the tropics, began to sift through the humid air, nearly all save the sentinels on post fell off into deep slumber.

Sometime, along toward midnight, a single rifle shot rang out, wild and clear. A few seconds of dead stillness, then two or three shots in rapid succession. Every startled soldier rose on his elbow and listened. More shots! Then the firing settled into a ragged popping with pauses few and brief. The popping grows in volume, it breaks out at new points, it becomes continuous. In a moment more there comes the crash of heavy volleys, that certain proof that a battle is on in dead earnest. The loud and excited commands of innumerable officers are now heard, as they turn out the men and strive to get them into some kind of order

in the darkness, and then march them away to the front where the battle is raging. The din and excitement increase, and the firing becomes heavier and fiercer as the reinforcements arrive on the line and open-up on the enemy.

There is not space to cover the next two or three hours in detail; but this can be left to the imagination of the reader, with the assurance that he cannot overdo it.

Three hours later the weary aids and staff officers of the commanding general have succeeded in making the firing lines aware of the fact that the enemy, completely repulsed by their heroic efforts, has retired in disorder. The proud troops march back,—weary, but not too weary to lie awake the rest of the night recounting the hair-breadth escapes of those eventful three hours, during which our men held their ground on every foot of the line.

The next morning there was an official investigation, by order of the general. But the number of the enemy's losses was never published; and even the old time custom of burying the dead after the battle was dispensed with. This was out of deference to the feelings of the brave Spaniards, who, never having been within thirty miles of there, surely would have felt mortified. Not even the lone American mule, who, breaking loose in the night, strolled out in front of the lines; and, when trying to find his way back, failed to recognize the "Halt! who comes there!" of his comrade of the guard, thereby suggesting to the mind of the terrified sentinel visions of advancing legions of the enemy, and thereby becoming the sole cause of all this hubbub,—not even this poor lone mule was yet in need of a grave! But then it was night.

During the Philippine insurrection our command disembarked at Manila, and took temporary station at Caloocan, a few miles out of the city. The barracks were great structures of the native type, frames of heavy round timbers with a covering of nipa and bamboo.

The two or three days already passed—also one night—had been spent in making expeditions after the elusive insurrecto, who was very much heard of, but as yet unseen by our men,—at least with arms and a uniform. Then there happened what occasionally happens over there; namely, a typhoon. It spent all one night happening. The rain came down in a long, steady deluge, and the wind was frightful. The soldiers turned out in

the inky black torrent with such few lanterns as could be found, and by means of ropes and poles tried to prop up the swaying buildings. It was a tug-of-war. The hurricane tugged one way, the men, the other. And between them they managed to convert the entire cantonment into a complete wreck inside of two or three hours. After the tug-of-war was over the water soaked soldiers took refuge under whatever pieces of roof or wreckage were still left in the neighborhood, and waited for daylight.

Miraculously, no one was seriously injured. But the next morning the spirits of the command were decidedly low. Some were heard to suggest that if the insurrectos were onto their job, now would be their time to strike us. But the storm had abated and the men went to work digging their effects out of the ruins, and providing what comforts they could improvise out of the wreckage.

It was along toward noon when the glum quietude of the morning was suddenly broken by a startling yell; one lone soldier appeared running across the parade ground toward the wrecked barracks as if chased by a demon. He was unarmed, bareheaded, his hair flying in the wind, and his eyes bulging big. This man, who was recognized as one of the recruits of the command, was scared. No one could have any doubt about that. As he came nearer he resumed his yelling.

"Hurry up, boys! Here they come! For God's sake, boys, get your guns! Quick! Here they come!"

This the "boys" proceeded to do in a lively manner, piling out of the wreckage by the score, rifles in one hand and belts in the other. Why they did not open fire instantly, no one knows. Perhaps it was the instinct of the trained soldier to await orders. But even this could not have delayed the crisis many seconds; for there they were—the insurrectos! Some hundreds strong, not three hundred yards away! Advancing directly upon us, displaying the greatest coolness and the most astonishing bravery! The fire was withheld, however, for the instant, and some of the officers arriving immediately, took charge of the situation, and commanded them not to shoot until the order was given.

A few moments of investigation. It was disclosed that the quartermaster in Manila, learning of the wrecking of the barracks and anxious to restore them as soon as possible, had engaged a large force of native carpenters for the purpose. And this picturesque

crowd of ragamuffins, with no other arms than the crude native tools, were the artisans who were to rebuild our homes.

When these natives learned what all the excitement was about, and came to a full realization of the close call they had had, their nerves were very badly shaken. And it was fully an hour before they were steady enough on their legs to begin work.

Now that it was all over, and no one was the worse for the incident, the rich humor of the situation immediately appealed to the soldiers. They forgot the experiences of night, forgot they were homeless; and cheerfulness reigned again.

One time a small command was holding the port of Salomague, on the west coast of Northern Luzon. It is a small circular harbor, about two miles across, the only safe port in all that part of the island during the typhoon season, which is one half of the year. Being on this account of strategic importance as a base of supply for our forces who were waging a jungle warfare against the insurrecto general, Tinio, it was much frequented by transports, supply ships, and native coastwise vessels of all kinds.

It was known that the Hong Kong Junta was endeavoring to forward supplies to the enemy by means of secret expeditions from the China coast. The sea was being patrolled by our gunboats, and all coast garrisons were constantly on the alert for the wary filibusterer.

One quiet evening, a little after dark, a small fifty ton schooner slipped into the harbor. Instead of coming close in, as such small vessels usually did, she anchored out in the middle of the bay, a mile from shore. Contrary to the rules of the sea, she showed no lights. Neither did she send any one ashore with her papers. It happened that there were no other ships in the harbor that night. And had the sky been clouded her presence might have been quite unknown. As it was she could be distinguished only as a vague outline.

Could this be a filibusterer? Things certainly looked suspicious. But under the circumstances it was decided to leave her with the delusion that her arrival was undetected, and await developments. The guard was ordered to watch her closely, and to report immediately any further suspicious circumstance.

Late in the evening I was awakened by the Sergeant of the guard, who reported that the suspicious stranger had displayed a light, and was making signals to the enemy on shore. Sure

enough! She was showing a white light some distance above the water, and this light was disappearing and reappearing at short intervals with that irregular cadence familiar to all who have seen military signalling at night. For a half hour we sat on the beach, studying the situation and seeing if by any chance we could gain a clue to the code she was using. We could not. Looking for answering signals from shore, none could be detected with certainty. An insurgent beacon fire was visible, far up in the mountains, and one or two lights could be seen on the distant shore of the bay; but these were steady, neither moving nor intermittent. Nevertheless, this distant beach was a wild stretch, covered with jungle, uninhabited, skirted with dangerous coral reefs, and seldom visited save by wild hogs and carabac.

The situation was becoming interesting. This was evidently a filibusterer. And probably even now arms and ammunition were being transferred in small boats to that wild shore, where they were being received by the foe, and whence they could be readily transported over obscure trails to their mountain fastnesses.

What was to be done? For the time being they must be kept in ignorance of the fact that they were discovered, otherwise they might attempt to escape us. We had at our service an eight oared rowboat, brought over from the States. So small a boat would be visible in the darkness only for comparatively short distance. It might be possible, by making a wide detour, to place ourselves midway between the schooner and the distant shore. Once there, we would be in position to intercept the expedition and probably capture some of the pirates themselves.

Ten of the steadiest men and best shots in the garrison were turned out and made ready. Without lights and in dead silence we pushed off into the balmy tropical night. The muffied oars moved only in the slowest cadence, gently taking the water without a murmur or a splash. The signal light continued to work, every eye watching it with intense interest. By means of this and a light that we left burning in the garrison, we were able to keep our bearings in the darkness with tolerable accuracy.

It was a long way around, and our progress was necessarily slow. When we had covered about half the distance to our goal, the light suddenly ceased to be intermittent and the signalling ceased. But the light remained visible, so that we were able to guide by it.

Something more than an hour had passed and we were approaching that part of the bay which lay directly between the vessel and the wild shore. Every few moments we would cease rowing and listen for the splash of hostile oars. To and fro we silently rowed, looking and listening; but all to no purpose.

What did it all mean? The signalling had continued for a long time before it ceased. Perhaps the filibusterer had failed to establish communication with the insurgents on shore. If so, she would doubtless try again before morning. But the members of our expedition were in no mood to wait and see. Our success at secret navigation made it probable that we could surprise and capture her where she lay. First moving a little farther around, so as to be between her and the open sea, we headed straight for the small white light that still marked her position. Moving more and more cautiously as we drew nearer to our prey, the excitement, though suppressed, became intense. At last, within fifty yards of her, we halt. There she lies, motionless and silent, save for the lazy rocking on the gentle swell that is rolling in from the China Sea, and the low flapping of the ripples against her sides. A lantern hanging in the rigging cast a dim glimmer over the deck; and, swaying gently as she rocked, made the shadows chase each other to and fro. But it disclosed no living being.

Slipping alongside and climbing up the rope ladder that hung over the side, we had several men already on the deck when a gruff voice growled out something in Spanish, and the skipper suddenly emerged from the hatchway, followed by a half dozen Tagalog sailors. The skipper was a big burly Spaniard, as tough a looking pirate as ever sniffed salt air. He was manifestly dazed at our sudden appearance, but was meek enough withal, promptly producing his clearance papers, and answering our questions freely. When we insisted upon examining his carge he said nothing, hesitated, then led the way. We found that he had a full cargo of—cocoanuts!

When the party left the schooner for shore the oars were not muffled, nor did silence prevail. For a keenly disappointed lot they seemed very merry indeed, especially when it was observed that the cocoanut boat was again signalling. From the direction of the garrison, the lantern suspended in the rigging was beyond the mast; and as the vessel rocked to and fro, it swung back and forth, disappearing from view for an instant, of course, each time it passed the heavy timber.

COLLEGE MEN AND PRACTICAL POLITICS.

(*Civic Club Series.*)

HERBERT PARSONS.

Member of Congress from New York, Chairman New York County Republican Committee.

HY should college men go into practical politics? The answer is that he should give much who is given much. The average educated man should have a wider, longer, surer, intenser view of political affairs than the other man who has not had his advantages. The educated man, therefore, should feel it his duty to do all he can to have the government proceed along right lines and have political methods responsive to the best ideas. He should seek to count for more than the average man. At the ballot box all are on an equality. In influencing people in regard to what they shall do at the ballot box there is no equality. That influence is not exerted by communing with one's self. It is exerted in various ways, one of them that of practical politics.

In any club, in any fraternity; in any church, in any society; or in any corporation, those men who have to do with the machinery have more than the average influence. It is not that they are corrupt; it is that they are on the ground. They know the ropes, they have given forethought as to what shall be done, and they have made use of every little opportunity, and there are always many, of making their influence felt. Thus it is in politics. A man may be highly intellectual, but if he confines his ideas to himself he will, in political matters, count but one. If he will go out and make use of the opportunities that political machinery gives him to be brought in touch with people and to gain the confidence of people, if he will give up the time necessary to assume the responsibility of political management, then his intellectuality will count many-fold in influencing others.

There are, of course, other ways in which a man can be of influence. The press, while not as all-powerful as it hopes to be, is influential, and a great editor is a great political power. The Hearst party gets along without much organization, because the members of the party all read Hearst papers, and a notice can be given through them that an ordinary party would have to give through the party machinery.

A man who has great gift of oratory can be influential without doing the humdrum work of politics, provided that without doing that work an opportunity comes to him. The danger with college men is that in view of the time and money spent on their education they think it is beneath them to do house to house individual work. It seems more in harmony with their education that they should orate and be listened to. There are very few college men who are worth listening to as orators, and it is almost impossible to get an audience for a man until he has proved his ability in that line. This tendency of the college man to feel that his influence ought to be exerted over a multitude is the same in politics that it is in other work, such, for instance, as boys' clubs and Sunday-schools. He hesitates to work in a boys' club where his influence may only count on a dozen boys. He may think that it would be worth while to be a teacher in a Sunday school, if he could have a class of fifty or one hundred boys, but hardly worth while if he is only to teach seven or ten. But the men who accomplish things in this world are the men who start in with the seven or ten. If they are capable of interesting more, they will surely have the opportunity. So it is in politics. And the man who in his election district or precinct has the confidence of a few people whom he reaches through personal intercourse has in him the basis of political power. If he is capable of greater things, the opportunity will surely be his.

This has shown itself conspicuously in the Republican Organization in New York County, of which I am privileged to be the head. There are a score of college men there who, while their names do not appear in the papers, have far more influence than many older men whose names do appear in the papers. The reason for the influence of the former is that they have done the things that at the time were essential, and power has come to them, almost unsought. No man should expect to succeed in political life, any more than in public, or professional or business life, without the hardest kind of work, and without at times forsaking many pleasures. But if he does the work, he will acquire influence much greater than his one vote.

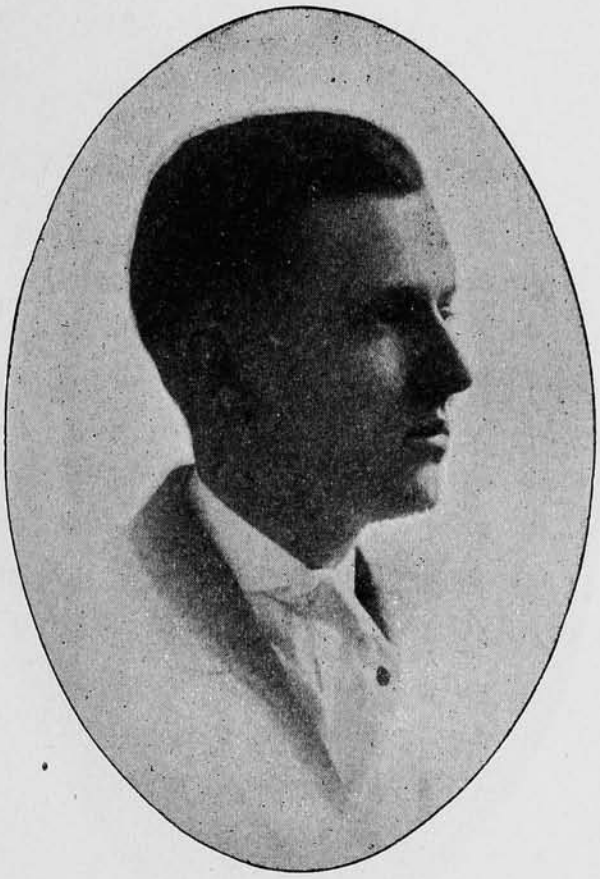
Thus the why and the how college men should interest themselves politically.

CORNELLIANS AND

BERNARD J. O'ROURKE, '09,

whose tackling has been a feature of 'Varsity Football for several years has recently been selected for All-American Teams by many of the leading critics.

THEIR ACTIVITIES



JAMES A. HARRIS, '09,

as Editor-in-Chief of *The Cornell Widow* has instituted a discriminating policy which has decidedly raised the standard of our humorous publication.

WHAT'S DOING

EDWARD L. D. SEYMOUR, '09,
for two years Editor-in-Chief of *The Cornell Countryman* is also an Associate Editor of the *1909 Class Book*.

AND BY WHOM

WILLIAM J. MCKEE, '09,

who has been identified with the Cornell University Christian Association throughout his course, is now President of that organization.

STUDENT LIFE AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

P. CARMEN, '08.

VERY American university student knows at least something of the social life of his German confreres, especially at Heidelberg. It is not alone at this university that student life is active but also at the larger institutions notably, Munich and Berlin. The following account is the result of personal observation and experience while matriculated as a student in the University of Berlin.

The first impression an American gets in attending one of the German universities is the greater social activities that are developed by the German students ; and there are reasons for it too. They are, first, the nature of the preparatory school training which restricts the freedom of the student by scholastic burdens, and secondly, the great freedom allowed students in selecting courses and in attending lectures.

And now a word as to these causes. The German educational system is constructed differently from that in the United States, for in general the student enters a gymnasium at the age of about nine, and spends nine years in this institution, after which he is ready to enter a university. The fact that he knows about as much at this time as our Arts student who has completed the sophomore year (except perhaps along the line of economics and politics) bears out the statement that the German student is driven pretty hard the years prior to his matriculation at the University. Averaging from 32 to 36 hours a week, which includes hours on Saturday, he is given comparatively little time for recreation, either in the pursuit of sports or in the developement of social activities. Hence when he enters the university his first care is to register for a goodly number of courses—which will appear well on the pages of his course book—but which he very often does not attend during the first two semesters of his university life.

This brings me to the second reason why he can enter to so large a degree into social duties. The principle of academic freedom, *Akademische Freheit*, is carried out to such an extent

that a student at the University can choose his own subjects in the faculty in which he matriculates and he may also select courses offered in other faculties. Except for the seminaries his class room work need bring him in contact only twice with the professor giving a course, viz., at the beginning and end of a term, when the professor is required to sign up his course in the student's course book. During the entire interval the student may attend the lectures, go off on a tour; or, as he often does during the first two semesters of his University career, he may subordinate his studies entirely to his social activities and duties. To this end he patronizes the theater, opera, etc, and also joins one or more student societies, three types of which correspond to our fraternities. This is the only certain way by which the students may get together for social ends—for dormitories are not maintained at German universities and hence even this social force is lacking.

There are two general classes of student societies viz., those wearing "colors"[1] and those not wearing "colors". The former class are more aristocratic, if we may use such a term, and at the same time represents the social life to a greater degree than the second class. The latter class is perhaps more numerous at present and represents rather the association of students for scientific purposes, for the cultivation of art, music, sports, etc. But it is the first class or "color" fraternities that typify the German student in the popular mind.

The color fraternities represent three types or groups, viz., the "Corps," "Burchenschaft" and the non-duelling or so-called Christian societies. The first group was the first to come into existence, its avowed purpose at the time of formation having been the political welfare of the country. Needless to say this phase has been entirely dwarfed in comparison with social activities, largely because of the changed political conditions. The members of the fraternities are recruited largely from the ranks of the nobility and the wealthy, and as a consequence such a fraternity has been characterized by the great importance that has been placed on

[1] These colors are displayed on the cap and are furthermore worn under the coat, being suspended from the left shoulder diagonally across the chest.

outward appearance and expenditure. Finally it may be noted that all the fraternities of the first type (the Corps) usually form a large confederation at a university which meets at set occasions for social events.

The next group of color wearing fraternities has been in existence for about a century, and also was the result of political tendencies during the wars for German independence. As in the first group, the political tendencies have been lost sight of although on the other hand this group has been more successful in breaking down the exclusiveness of the "Corps" fraternities. The members of the "Corp" fraternities are largely law students, while the members of the second group are recruited from the several faculties, since they pay less attention to social and class distinctions.

The third group of color-wearing fraternities, the so-called Christian societies, is of much more recent origin, and its members are recruited from the theological students. The fraternities of this group, unlike those of the two previous groups, are opposed to duelling, and on the whole represent the radical element which strive for moral and social betterment in fraternity life.

In general, fraternity life is more apparent, more widespread in German universities than in our colleges and universities. At the University of Berlin, for example, there are about one hundred and twenty "color" and "non-color" student associations, about one half of which are fraternities.

In general these fraternities are organized for social ends as I have pointed out, and although several attempts to include short papers on some serious or scientific matter have been made at their sessions, it frequently results in a sorry attempt. As a German student told me at one of these meetings: "This fraternity is interested in historical matters but in reality we leave all such matters to the professor in the class room; we are here for enjoyment." This statement is not so true of course, of the associations organized for other purposes than those of a purely social nature.

But what actually takes place at the meetings of these societies? That question is one of interest to all, since it gives a direct means of finding out to some extent the pleasure and enjoyment derived by the students themselves. The simplest means of illustrating is to recount my experience with a "Corps" fraternity.

One morning there came to me a letter containing a beautifully engraved invitation to be present at a meeting of the "Borussia" club. Curiosity prevailed and I decided to go. Upon my arrival I was met at the door by three of the club's officers, all in uniform, and I introduced myself, but it was a sorry attempt compared to the German bow and military form of greeting. There were about thirty-four members present, seven former members and five guests, two of whom were Americans. In passing it may be interesting to note that the other American was a Sibley, '05, graduate.

The club room itself was tastefully decorated with pictures, flags, etc., representing the colors of the club. The scene was enhanced, however, by the fact that the officers of the club were dressed in the official club uniform, namely a black velvet coat covered with a band with the colors, white trousers, high cavalry boots, and swords which were used by the presiding officer to rap for order. The meeting having come to order, the president welcomed the guests and announced the first song, at the same time asking everyone to see that the "glass that cheers" be well filled. All were seated around three tables upon which were scattered here and there the song books. It was curious to notice how these books were studded with bright brass rests, but their utility appeared latter when the covers of the books were spared from coming in contact with the wet table. The toast to the guests was then proposed amidst great hilarity engendered by the song. The President then demanded the attention of the members since the serious part of the programme was to come next; the reading of a paper on some phase of current history, for the presentation of which the student was criticized later on in the evening for the sake of fun. Indeed the almost childish fun of the members was one of the characteristic features that can be found in any social gathering of German students under similar conditions. They will criticise one another and get into disputes that can only be settled by a beer duel.

The chief characteristics of these meetings are purely social as they are intended to be, and it frequently happens that the members will meet weekly or semi-weekly and continue their sessions until well towards day break. They have no exacting

work in the university which restrains them except where they impose it upon themselves, but at the same time it is only just to say (from what I have seen and heard) that they do attend morning hours after one of these sessions, provided the hours are not eight o'clocks.

Then there is another noteworthy fact, and that is the German student's capacity for beer on these occasions. And the remarkable feature of it is that he is apparently not affected by it; in fact during all my stay in Germany, I have never seen a drunken German student, and that has been corroborated by others with whom I have discussed the matter. In this connection I may mention the fact that there is a growing tendency for German students to abstain from drinking any kind of alcoholic liquor, a tendency which has been receiving a large amount of space in the German newspapers recently.

Not all the clubs are organized however, merely for the purpose of sitting around a table to recount current events over a glass or two, for some of them have quite serious aims in view. I refer particularly to student associations gotten together for sports of one kind or another, especially for gymnasium exercise. In this connection it should be mentioned that German universities have no gymnasium for the benefit of the whole student body, a state of affairs which is greatly deplored by many of the students. Hence those inclined towards the need or desire of exercise must either be contented by taking long tramps into the country, (especially at a smaller German university) or join a students "Turnverein." But even here the student works under difficulties, because the association must hire a gymnasium to which they can have access only at stated periods and not at their own desire. They could of course join a regular association to this end, but then it would lose half its value since it would not be a purely student affair. I was very anxious to join one of the student's Turnvereins, but gave up the idea after a visit to one of them. The gymnasium and apparatus were apparently adequate, but there were no means of taking a shower bath after an evenings exercise, and to go out on the street on a wintry night in an overheated condition was the only alternative. That alone was sufficient reason why I preferred not to join a students Turnverein.

There were, however, other conditions to which I objected, and they were briefly as follows: Besides requiring two evenings a week for practicing (to which of course there was no valid objection) the rules of the association required the attendance of the members at the "Kneipe" or social gathering on Saturday evenings. To be practically compelled to appear every Saturday was too much for one not used to such a custom. Furthermore this particular association had a bi-weekly meeting for instruction in fencing, which I learned subsequently, was usually supplemented by duelling. I did not relish the honor of having my face cut up as is frequently the case with German students who belong to such associations, and this condition was the final straw. Prudence overcame valor, and I did not join the association.

It may be interesting to note here that duelling is perhaps on the decline in German universities, although it is by no means in a dying condition as I had abundant means of observing. Although interdicted by police regulation, it is still carried on, and there is nothing a student is so proud of as one or two scars on his cheek or other part of his face as the results of a duel. Not only is he proud of it but his relatives and friends are even more so. Should a student be caught by the police during a duel he is sentenced to two weeks in prison with the important proviso that he is not deprived of anything except his liberty. In other words he may do what he wishes while in prison—invite friends, have luncheons, but in no case is he allowed to leave his prison during the period of his sentence. This regulation as to imprisonment is somewhat peculiar, for outside of this matter a German student is free from arrest for almost any violation of public order and safety, except for a serious crime like manslaughter. All that happens to the student at the time of a violation of law and order is that the policeman who has arrested him will jot down the student's number which is to be found on his matriculation card. Thereupon he is released and the police will collect any fine from the university authorities and the latter will deal with the student directly. Such occurences are rare, but in those cases the university authorities make it rather uncomfortable at times for the student.

Outside of the students' clubs already mentioned, including the

sporting clubs, the German student is frequently to be found at the theater, opera, music hall or cafe, but one of his greatest pleasures is at the dancing hall. I need say nothing about the first three of these places at which he is to be found, but the cafe life is typically continental and unless one has actually travelled abroad and patronized the cafes, it is impossible to appreciate them. Very often a crowd of students will get together and go to one of these cafes for their afternoon coffee—and they will drink in a leisurely fashion too, while discussing the events of the day or matters of personal interest. In this respect they remind me of the proverbial "Kaffeeklatsch." Of course all this takes time, but the German student manages to find it for such purposes especially during his first few terms at the University. In fact, though a student may come up for his examinations at the end of his third year, he scarcely ever does so before the end of the fourth or even the fifth year, for he is in no real hurry.

It is however, at the dance that the German student is really in his element, and it is safe to say that there are fewer German students unable to dance than American college students. The clubs or fraternities naturally give several dances during the season, but the usual custom is to attend numerous subscription dances.

In conclusion, I might digress somewhat in order to survey the University of Berlin. It is one of the youngest of the German universities, having been established by Royal (Prussian) decree in August, 1809, by Frederick William III. It began its career in the following year with a faculty of fifty-five and a student body of two hundred and fifty; while in 1905 the number of members in the faculty had increased nine fold and that of the matriculated students to 7,410, largely registered in the department in Philosophy, the students in the departments of Law, Medicine, and Theology following in the order named. All told, however, there was a much larger student body than the above number indicates for many who are attending the University are not matriculated, while those attending the engineering schools have been excluded. The total therefore really approached nearer 13,000 in 1905, if these are to be included. This would make the University of Berlin the second largest in point of attendance in the

world, being preceded only by the University of Paris. It is undoubtedly the largest German university.

It is, however, not only the largest but it has on the whole the most prominent men on its faculty, including among others Harnack, Paulsen, Koch, Schmoller and Wagner. This is due to the policy of the Kaiser who tries to secure all the best men for this University, rather than for any other. It was as a part of this policy that it was decided to secure an exchange of professors between Harvard and German universities, and this arrangement actually went into effect for the first time last fall for the winter semester. I had the good fortune to hear the opening lecture of the first professor sent to Berlin under this plan, a lecture which was delivered in the Aula of the University before the Kaiser and a distinguished audience.

OUR CITY COURTS.

MONROE M. SWEETLAND, '90.

Recorder and City Judge Elect.

ON the 1st day of June, 1888, Ithaca became a City, and a city government was organized under a charter, which took affect that day, which charter is found in Chapter 212 of the Laws of 1888. The Act which created the City government established the office of Recorder of the City of Ithaca, vesting in the Recorder exclusive jurisdiction in the first instance of criminal offenses committed in the City of Ithaca.

And the Charter further provided for the election thereafter of two justices of the peace, in place of four, as formerly. The justices to have no criminal jurisdiction of offenses committed within the City of Ithaca, but vesting in the Justices of the Peace jurisdiction in civil matters wherein the amount involved did not exceed two hundred dollars.

That system continued until the present time, and is to continue until the 1st day of January, 1909, at which time a new Charter for the City of Ithaca goes into effect, being Chapter 513 of the Laws of 1908.

The new Charter is the result of the labor of the Charter Revision Committee. During the year 1907, the Mayor appointed a Committee to revise the City Charter, which Committee reported, but not without dissent, the present new Charter which was passed by the Legislature and became a law on the 23rd day of May, 1908.

During the past five years the writer has held the office of Recorder of the City of Ithaca, in which time, the Recorder's Court has disposed of over three thousand cases. The cases have ranged through almost the entire catalogue of crimes, from murder down to the closest case of disorderly conduct under the Charter. The most frequent cases are those of disorderly conduct under the Charter, in which are included cases of intoxication in public places.

Among the above number, the defendants have, in a small number of cases, availed themselves of the right of a jury trial.

A smaller number of persons, after conviction, have appealed to the Appellate Court, but during the past five years, no conviction in Recorder's Court has been reversed.

The receipts from fines and costs during that period, have averaged about fourteen hundred dollars per year, being composed of items ranging from twenty-five cents for endorsing a warrant, to fines of fifty dollars, the sentences ranging from a suspended sentence, to six months in the Penitentiary, and a fine of fifty dollars in addition, or fifty days further imprisonment. Juvenile offenders, when committed, are generally sent to institutions authorized to receive them, until they be legally discharged. The law vests in the managers of the institutions discretion as to the period of detention, but in no case beyond minority. Those sentenced to the Western House of Refuge are committed for the term of three years, unless sooner discharged under the rules of the institution.

The institutions to which most commitments are made are the Tompkins County Jail, the Monroe County Penitentiary, Onondaga County Penitentiary, the Western House of Refuge for Women, St. Ann's School of Industry, the State Training School at Hudson, the State Industrial School at Rush, N. Y., George Junior Republic, St. Mary's Home, and the Susquehanna Valley Home.

It is interesting to note that there are fewer arrests and convictions in cold weather than in warm weather. One explanation of this is, that in cold weather, people remain more at home, while in warm weather the tendency is to frequent the streets and public places more generally. January is the month of least arrests, indicating in a tangible manner, the value of New Year's resolutions.

All classes of our population have their day in Recorder's court. Even the student body of Cornell University has been represented there on more than one occasion. It is a source of much satisfaction to record that the number of students arrested is on the decrease. We no longer hear of our policemen being stripped of their uniforms or rolled in the mud, nor their helmets and clubs being used as trophies of contests between students and policemen. A better understanding exists today than ever before, between the student body and the people of Ithaca.

During the writer's administration as Recorder an elaborate system of parole and probation has been instituted which has produced excellent results. But such results were only made possible by the hearty co-operation of the clergymen and certain benevolent and religious organizations of our city.

One of the most perplexing problems which comes before a magistrate, is that of the neglected and disorderly child. We have not sufficient institutions willing to take a certain class of juvenile offenders, and until we have better facilities for the care of such unfortunate children, the difficulty of disposing of them is very serious.

The question naturally arises, how does the new Charter affect our courts? It vests all criminal jurisdiction heretofore vested in the Recorder's Court, and civil matters up to five hundred dollars in amount, arising in the city of Ithaca, in the new City Court, held by the City Judge, of the City of Ithaca, commencing on the 1st day of January, 1909, at which time the office of Recorder ceases to be, and is merged in the City Court.

The change is not likely to very much affect the criminal jurisdiction of the City Court, nor its policy. Criminal cases ought to be prosecuted with vigor and without delay, and, upon conviction, the same measure of justice meted out to the student from the Hill as to the dweller on the Flats. Certainty of conviction and punishment are the surest deterents of crime; as a rule our Courts are too lenient with offenders.

It is in the City Court's jurisdiction of civil cases that the change will be most noticed; its jurisdiction is increased from $200.00 to $500.00, and the verdict carries heavy costs against the defeated party, the increased costs going to the attorney for the successful party by way of indemnity. The costs in any case will be at least $3.00 greater than under the present system, if the party appears by attorney, and in some cases the costs increase to $37.00. Litigation will be much more expensive and as payment of costs in advance will be required, these causes will tend to prevent litigation. But on the other hand, some attorneys are already counting on the costs which they hope to get by bringing actions in the City Court. The volume of business transacted in the City Court will be very large. Each year the money repre-

sented by its judgments will far exceed the sum of the judgments rendered in the county in all the trials in both the County Court and the Supreme Court combined. Disputes will arise in the course of business and the City Court will furnish a tribunal wherein a speedy determination may be had.

The costs and fees, such as are allowed in Justice's Court, and all fines belong to the City and are to be paid to the City Chamberlain, monthly.

Amendments to the City Charter are absolutely necessary to enable the City Court to dispose of the business intended to be within its jurisdiction, certain sections are likely to require judicial interpretation. It will not all run smoothly at first, but gradually its defects will be remedied.

There should be at least one justice of the peace, in the city of Ithaca, to exercise jurisdiction in cases wherein the City Court has not jurisdiction, because the parties and subject matter are without the City. The territorial jurisdiction of the City Court in civil cases is limited to the City of Ithaca. Baird vs., Helfer 12 App. Div. 23. The City of Ithaca ought not to be burdened with litigation belonging to the towns of Tompkins county. (Zeigler vs. Corwin, 23 App. Div. 60.)

It is unfortunate that the expense of litigation is to be so much increased, for in some cases it may amount to a denial of justice to poor and timid parties. Some good results will follow, for the expense will lessen litigation and tend to promote a spirit of compromise. It will to some extent cause people to manage their affairs, so as to avoid an appeal to the Court. And best of all it ends the vicious fee system of compensation in civil actions.

THE GERMAN ARMS.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

"A PEOPLE in arms" is a title that has sometimes been given to the German Nation. This is an expression of the fact that the protection and defense of the country is neither entrusted to a number of more or less insufficiently prepared volunteers, nor to an army of paid mercenaries, nor to a combination of both, but that the care of honor and respect abroad, of peace and safety at home and the protection of the national boundaries is a matter which regards the nation as a whole. As in the medieval state it was the honorary duty of free, so in the modern state all this is the honorary right and the honorary duty of every male citizen who is not disqualified to preform this duty by physical defects. Compulsory military service as it exists in Germany means that all able-bodied young men, irrespective of class distinctions, are required to serve in the army. The standing army forms the school for the military education of the youth and in event of war, forms the nucleus of the great army which is then made up by calling the previously trained, but now furloughed men to arms. Thus army and nation virtually become synonymous expressions.

This principle, though first established in Prussia, is, to-day, no more exclusively German, but has been adopted by many other European powers. But nowhere in the world is the army so much identified with the nation, nowhere else is respect and regard for the army and for the professor of arms so deep-seated and general, nowhere else is the presence everywhere of the regular soldiery such a striking feature of public life in the cities, as in Germany. The system seems to appeal more to the national character of the Germans than to that of other nations. The average German, and most of all the Prussian speaks with a certain affectionate pride of the army, and of his sons, brothers, cousins, or friends who wear or have worn the "King's Coat."

It is now something like a century since this system of compulsory military service was established in Prussia. Among the many

reforms which immediately followed the deepest humiliation of Prussia after the battles of Jena and Auerstädt in 1806—such as the emancipation of the peasants, self-government of the cities, abolition of the privileges of nobility—none has been of so far-reaching influence as this. At the very moment of the great catastrophe, through which the glory of the army of Frederick the Great, and with it most of the old military institutions collapsed, there originated, through the genius of men like Stein, Hardenberg and General von Scharnhorst, that new institution which has given Prussia her predominant position in Germany, and to Germany, her respected position among European nations. The year 1813, which through the battle of Leipzig, saw Napoleon's empire tumbling to the ground, also showed what a nation can do when all classes, high and low, take up arms in her defense. The little Kingdom of Prussia, with a population of five millions, raised an army of 270,000 men, all natives of the soil, every eighteenth man enlisting in the ranks. And in the year 1814, while the recollections of the defeats in 1806, of the Napoleonic tyranny and of the hearty co-operation of all the classes of society in the great work of liberation were still alive, the present system of military service was enacted as a law.

It was only slowly and unwilling that the other German states followed the example given by Prussia. For fifty years conscription with the possibility of substitution was still the rule. It was left to the poor to stake their lives for the interests of the community. The soldier was an article of trade the value of which was regulated by the law of supply and demand. If a war was imminent, the price of human flesh went up; if the doors of the temple of Janus were closed, it became cheaper, and the state itself was the broker in this business. The defeat of Austria in 1866 again proved to the world the efficiency of the Prussian system; and so, when the North German Federation was founded in 1867, it was adopted here; in 1868 it was introduced also in the Southern states of Germany, and in 1870 it stood its first test. In the great war with France, the strength of the German army, according to the reports of the general staff, reached the enormous number of 1,350,000 men. How the system worked is perhaps best proven

by the following figures: in the 230 days of the war, the Germans won, in more than 150 battles, 7,500 cannon, and more than 100 French eagles and flags; nearly 400,000 prisoners were sent to Germany; moreover, the garrison of Paris, consisting of 250,000 men, surrendered, and more than 100,000 French troops had to escape to Belgian and Swiss territory.

Meanwhile other European nations had adopted compulsory military service, especially France and Russia, and since that time these three nations have been jealously watching each other's armaments; any increase of the army on the one side is generally followed by an increase on the other side. The present peace strength of the German army, which is fixed for every year by Imperial legislature, amounts to more than half a million soldiers. In 1871 the Reichstag, sitting for the first time, had fixed the strength of the active army at one per cent of the population of 1867 (the year of the foundation of the North German Federation) *i.e.*, 402,000 men, and had appropriated for the support of the army at the rate of $161 per head. The population of the German Empire being now 65 millions, the strength of the army has not increased in the same proportion as the population. The war strength of the army, *i.e.*, the active army plus the reserves, which are called to the colors within three days after mobilization, is of course much greater. The exact figures are kept secret, they probably amount to something like 4½ millions of soldiers. To mobilize, move and maintain such enormous masses, in case of war, is of course, only possible by the most minute and well prepared arrangements. In the March number of *Everybody's Magazine* may be found the statement that in the France-Russian war of 1870, the Germans placed an initial army of 578,000 men, 159,000 horses, and 1,284 guns in the field within five days after the declaration of war, and the author of this article makes an interesting comparison with the mobilization of the American forces for the Spanish-American War.

Let us now consider more exactly, what the liability to military service means and how it works. The 57th article of the Constitution of the German Empire reads as follows: "Every German is under obligation to perform military service, and in the discharge of this duty no substitute will be accepted," in other

words, every German subject, his capacity for such service being assumed, must serve for a specified time in the armed forces, if called upon for such service, and this service must be rendered in his own person. This principle applies both to the army and navy. Article 59 of the Constitution reads as follows: "Every German capable of bearing arms shall serve for seven years in the standing army—as a rule from the end of his 20th to the beginning of his 28th year. The following five years he shall belong to the first reserve of the land defence, and then up to the 39th year of his life to the second reserve of the land defence. During the period of service in the standing army, cavalrymen and mounted artillerymen are pledged to uninterupted service with the colors the first three years, all others the first two years." Prior to April 1, 1905, one had to be in active service three years in all branches of the army, the last four years with the reserves.

The law authorizes some exceptions to the above rules, which are based upon a desire to prevent undue hardship, or to avoid interference with scientific, artistic, and industrial training. If a son were the only support of his parents, he would on application, not be drafted into military service; or if a younger son of a farmer would not be able to help his father before the expiration of a few years, his elder brother's enrollment in the active army might be deferred for one or more years.

The most important exception to the rule, however, is the privilege enjoyed by the so-called "Einjährig-Freiwillige," the "one-year volunteers," a class of young men to which, among many others, all students belong. Young men coming up to a certain educational standard, who have the means of providing for their own uniform, equipment and subsistence, may join a regiment of their choice between the 17th and 20th years, and are furloughed to the reserve after but one year's service with the colors. On application, their enrollment may be deferred till they are 27 years old, and many students, indeed, do not enroll until after the end of their university years.

This institution is, from every point of view, a most satisfactory one. It seems only just that those who have to spend more time on the preparation for their civil profession, should have some such privilege, so much the more as an interruption of intellectual work

means more than giving up mere routine or business work for some time: one is liable to forget during the hardships of military service, the little that one has just managed to get into one's head. At the same time, the privilege is a well-deserved one. It is given on account of an examination passed at the age of about 16; for a certain class of schools, this is the final examination, for our first class "higher schools" it gives admission into the "upper classes."

In a great many callings, recently even in many better-class commercial firms, no young man will be admitted without this examination. Therefore, it has an immense bearing on the education of our nation as a whole; because this valuable privilege is made dependent on a certain standard of education, very many will do their utmost to get this education though they may in no way need it for their profession. It is easily seen that to this institution is largely due the high standard of education of our lower and middle classes. From a military point of view, moreover, it is an institution without which it would not be possible to maintain either the strength or the efficiency of the German army. Not only does it save the state money, having to support themselves in every way during this one year which duty would otherwise devolve upon the state, the "one-year volunteers'" pay while serving, so to speak, a voluntary tax. For the individual this is by no means a trifle, such a year costing considerably more than a year in college, and in the cavalry, where one has to provide for his own horses, as well as in many other crack regiments, the expense of this year may amount to thousands of dollars; the temptation to get into luxurious habits is especially great in these surroundings.

Finally, and above all, it is from this class of volunteers that the bulk of the reserve and land-defense officers are drawn. It would, of course, be totally impossible to keep, in times of peace, the number of officers needed in time of war. So, here, the army trains for itself its future leaders. And this training is a very strict one; perhaps no more than one-third of all the one-year volunteers being finally appointed reserve officers. From the very first day they have to do, besides their duties in their companies, special work, theoretical and practical, under some specially selected and gifted officers; in military tactics, commanding, drawing of maps

and sketches, calculating distances, etc.; after nine months they may be advanced to "under officers" and assume their duties; before the end of their military year, those who have been happy enough not to be "busted" during the year, will have to pass before a committee of higher and lower officers, a three-days' examination, theoretical and practical, and then may, or may not, get the qualification of an officer. The appointment may, however, not be got until at least two further "practices" of eight weeks each, usually in the following two years, have been successfully absolved. During the first four weeks of each of the two, all the candidates of an army-corps are joined in special companies in a military camp, drilling and being drilled under the command of special officers and working at special problems of military tactics.

These two periods, indeed, are anything but pleasant, and the old rule that one must learn to obey before one can be allowed to command is made extremely emphatic here. It is, indeed, a special sort of a pleasure for a young man to come out of his cozy corner at home to live in cold barracks, and to drill in an inclement season, doing pioneer work in the frozen or wet earth, and going on field service on cold nights. But the training is certainly glorious. And if I say that these two periods of eight weeks as a non-commissioned officer will be followed by at least three more of the same length of time after one has received his commission, it will easily be understood that the reserve officers form a body of able and well-trained leaders, without whom, indeed, any army would be utterly inefficient.

An equally wise system prevails in the training of under-officers. Here, too, the close connection between the civil and military life of our nation becomes evident. Comparatively few under officers come from "under-officers'" schools, most of the leaders of low rank are selected from among the ablest men of the rank and file. They make a contract with the military authorities pledging themselves for twelve years of service. During that time they receive, besides their complete outfit and keep, a ridiculously small salary—from about $6 to $15 a month. But for these men the profession of arms is only a transition period.

While in active service, they receive from officers and civil teachers, instruction fitting them for the civil position to which

they are entitled by their contract and for the sake of which they have, indeed, signed that contract: namely as policemen, executors, clerks in the postal or railroad service, or in the law courts, janitors in public buildings and the like, all of which are decently paid government positions held—as nearly all government positions in Germany are—for lifetime. By this system we do not only provide for an immense staff of most able minor officers both in times of peace and of war; they are bound to do their very best work while in active service for fear of being dismissed before the end of their twelve years and of thus losing the privileges for which they entered upon this career; they get a valuable additional education; and at the same time they will bring into their civil profession the order, reliability and punctuality which they have acquired through their military training.

From whatever point of view we look upon compulsory military service in Germany, we find that the whole system is enlisting in the defense of our country not only the highest possible numbers, but also the whole moral and intellectual strength of our nation, at the same time tends to raise the standard of our nation as a whole both morally and intellectually. There may be various opinions as to the possibilities of eternal international peace and the necessity of armies at all; the rate of progress of the peace movement made from the time of the Amphictyonic League down to the Hague Conferences may perhaps permit us to hope that in another two thousand years things will have changed considerably. But there two facts which cannot be denied; the first is that European and above all German conditions should not be judged from the standpoint of the more fortunate American. "God, by means of our neighbors, has placed us into a position that prevents us from ever falling into indolence and sluggishness. The Franch and Russian pressure from both sides constantly compels us to summon all our forces," said Bismarck in 1888, in the Reichstag. Secondly, that compulsory military service as it exists to-day has an immense bearing upon the health and vigour of our nation as a whole. This fact is even more important in a country that knows as yet so little of the educational value of athletics as ours does. Enthusiasts for English and American ways try to prove

that a country that so utterly neglects physical training as we did hitherto, must in the long run fall into degeneracy and decay in spite of all intellectual superiority. Well, in Germany 65 millions are living together in a territory much smaller than Texas, in some parts 750 inhabitants to a square mile; the population is increasing at the rate of more than half a million a year, and yet there is need of more working hands in agriculture and in many branches of industry. These are not signs of approaching old age. There is no doubt, that military service to a large extent has the same invigorating effect upon the physique of our nation that athletics have in America. The systematical training of two or three years will even have a better effect upon the bodies of men than the more or less irregular partaking of athletics in America. Of course the American course is the more pleasant one. Our school is often hard, sometimes may be even too hard, so that cases of illtreatment constantly furnishes a favorite topic for socialistic writers. As a matter of fact such cases are extremely seldom and can hardly be avoided in a community of 600,000 men, where the wills of men come into such hard opposition as here. Many a soldier—perhaps every soldier—has more than once during his service felt the strong desire to give up and go home, but very few would in after-life wish to dispense with the experience of these years. Never does one, to be sure, experience a happier moment than in laying aside the soldier's uniform and putting on the old civilian clothes. Yet each one returns with increased strength and health into civil life. His whole body is uniformly trained; the defects of one-sided training have been cured; he has become accustomed to fatigue and conscious of what he is able to stand. The earnestness of the service has made him mature; he has become accustomed to the fulfillment of duty, order, punctuality. The intellectually indolent has been aroused, the unpractical man has become practical, the rebellious mind has learned to submit, the passionate man has learned self-control; and all of them through the influence of comradeship and that good spirit which prevails in the German army, have acquired a sense of the ideal, of honor, of loyalty and of patriotism. Some have even become better fitted for their civil profession and soon regain what

they have lost in their two years of service; and through their good example disseminate the good qualities and ideas acquired in their military life among their numerous friends. The compulsory military service increases not only the military strength, but also the general efficiency of a nation from one generation to another.

THE CORNELL ERA

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THE HOLIDAYS.

AT the close of the twelfth week of the academic year, the paths of the undergraduates will widely diverge from those leading to the hill. Most of us will be homeward bound and will celebrate the holidays at festive boards with those who have been with us only in thought during the pleasures of the Fall. Some of the musically talented among us will remain until the early train of the 28th bears them forth to sing the songs of our Alma Mater, bringing pleasant recollections to the minds of the scattered graduates who are to receive them along their route. But to all of us will come with welcome the short period of relaxation. Yet as the season of holly and mistletoe passes, our thoughts return willingly to the hill. With the ringing of the chimes as the new year begins, we shall renew our resolutions, some to be broken, others to be kept, but for the making of all of which, we shall be the better able to take up again, our work for Cornell. To all, THE ERA extends the compliments of the season and wishes for all, a goodly share of favoring fortune during the coming year.

IN APPRECIATION.

IN this number of THE ERA we have the honor to publish articles by ex-President Andrew D. White and Professor Goldwin Smith, two of the University's most faithful patrons, who now, as always, respond to an appeal from Cornell with loyal devotion. The letter received from Professor Goldwin Smith we print below, since it sets forth so clearly the character of the man and typically reveals his unfailing regard for the University.

Editors CORNELL ERA:

If I am alive at Christmas and able to hold my pen, a reservation which it is necessary to make at eighty-six, it will give me the greatest pleasure to write something in compliance with your request for the Christmas number of THE CORNELL ERA.

Very truly yours,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

The Grange, Toronto.
October seventh.

THE Senior and Junior classes, the respective publishers of the Class Book and The Cornellian, can transmit nothing more helpful to their successors than written constitutions by which those publications can be edited and managed in the future. At the present time, no definite status is given to the editorial board of either annual; nothing but a few obscure precedents serve to guide them in the execution of their tasks. The board in each case is entirely renewed each succeeding year and each, to a large extent repeats the mistakes of its predecessor. The make-up of the book, the date of publication, the percentage basis upon which dividends are declared, are among the matters now decided upon by individual members of the boards. Their inexperience should be supplemented by a definite outline, to be followed and understood by all concerned. The Class Book and The Cornellian are semi-private enterprises, it is true; yet, they represent the upper classes and can properly be regulated by them and with much benefit to the enterprises themselves.

THE Business Management of THE ERA wishes to remind our subscribers that $1.50, the price of subscription, is now due and that prompt payment will be greatly appreciated.

Men Who Make Junior Week

January 26-30

Nineteen Hundred and Nine

The Ice Carnival Committee

A. J. Whinery, Chairman; F. H. Mc Cormick, H. R. Ferris,
A. S. Martin, R. L. White, C. B. Mercur, W. Russell,
R. Taylor, G. E. Kent, T. L. Miller, C. E. Chase,
A. W. Conklin, H. H. Bennett, L. S. Douglas,
C. E. Lipe, R. B. Hurlburt, ex-officio.

The Masque

L. F. Murphy, Stage Manager.
N. L. Mason, President. C. F. Baumhofer, Vice-President.
C. E. Chase, Ass't Business Manager and Acting Secretary.

The Sophomore Cotillion Committee

E. G. MacArthur, Chairman; C. C. Cheyney, C. S. Prescott,
H. J. Kimball, W. H. Kennedy, C. L. Towers, F. S. Bosworth,
H. R. Lafferty, E. M. St. John, R. E. Chapman,
E. E. Sheridan, M. A. Smith, E. B. Magner,
A. G. Darling, R. A. Hentz, and
L. D. Simpson, ex-officio.

The Cornell Musical Clubs

R. H. Cobb, Manager, G. E. Kent, Ass't Manager.
R. E. Treman, President.
G. F. Pond, Leader of the Glee Club.
R. W. Standart, Jr., Leader of the Banjo and Mandolin Club.

The Junior Promenade Committee

G. F. Pond, Chairman; C. J. Pope, E. S. Crosby, H. H. Jones,
C. V. Lally, D. S. Gray, T. W. Barnes, J. K. Dorrance,
H. A. Kiep, Jr., B. R. Tewksbury, N. Ebersole,
R. B. Hurlburt, ex-officio.

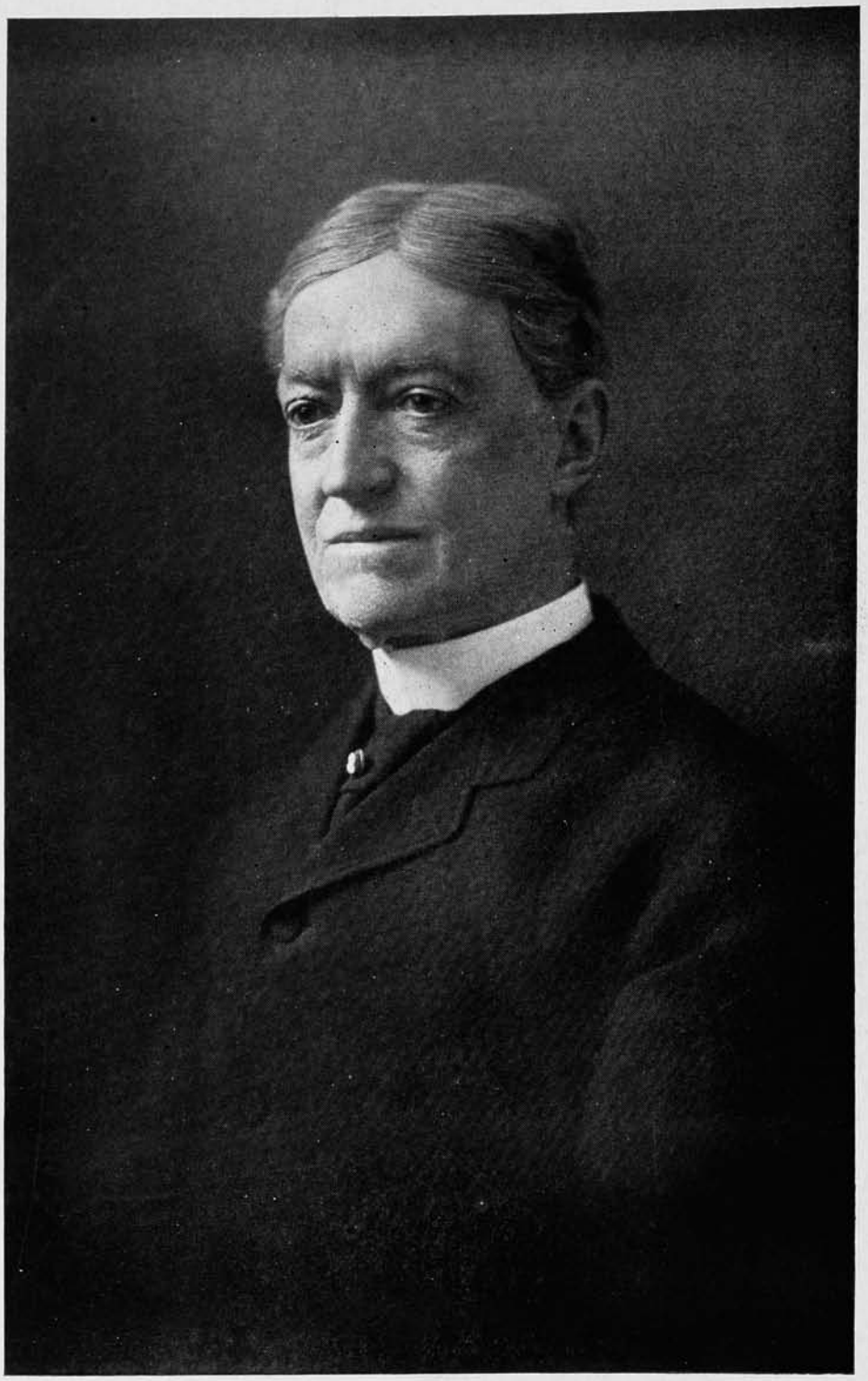
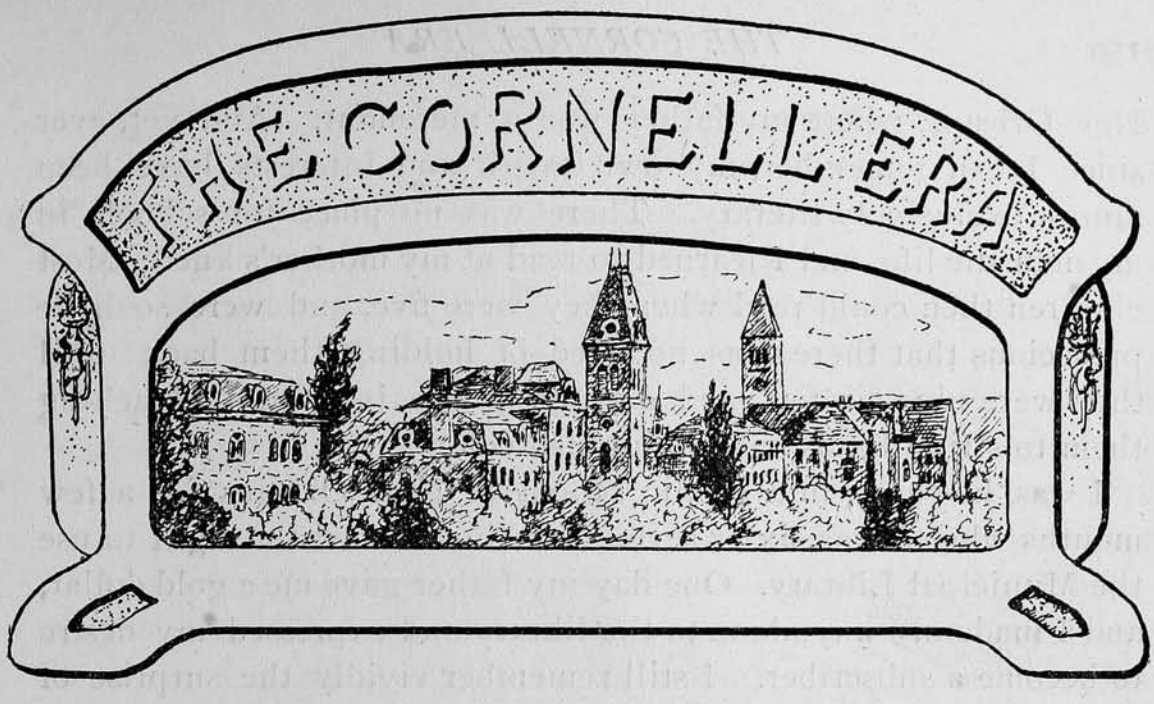


Photo. by Robinson

THOMAS FREDERICK CRANE



VOL. XLI JANUARY, 1909. NO. 4.

HOW I BECAME A PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR T. F. CRANE.

ON the eve of relinquishing my University chair I have been asked to tell how I happened to obtain it. I comply with this request reluctantly, for I shall have to speak in a way that may seem to strangers egotistical, and my education, on which my professorship depended, was so desultory and defective, so entirely wanting in a scientific pedagogical basis, that I am almost ashamed to describe it. However, I am writing for the ERA, which, I take it, is the organ of our academic family life, and the story of my scholastic deficiencies may encourage those who have been so unfortunate as to be beyond the reach of kindergartens and other scientific appurtenances of education.

In the first place, so far as I know, not one of my ancestors had any literary interests; I do not know of any who had a collegiate education. The persons about me in childhood had no literary culture, and for the first eight or nine years of my life I was constantly traveling between New York, where I was born, and

New Orleans, where my father was a merchant. And yet, ever since I can remember, my own tastes and interests have been almost exclusively literary. There was no place for schools in my nomadic life, and I learned to read at my mother's knee. Most children then could read when they were five, and were so little precocious that there was no need of holding them back until they were nine or ten, and occupying the interval in teaching them to string beads and distinguish colors.

I was, however, in a public school in New Orleans for a few months when I was six or seven, and thus earned the right to use the Municipal Library. One day my father gave me a gold dollar, and I made my way alone to the library and expressed my desire to become a subscriber. I still remember vividly the surprise of the official as he took the money from the diminutive scholar and led him to the case of books reserved for the school children. That day I made a long stride towards my professorship. My father always brought me a book when he returned from a journey, and as he was fond of travel the books were generally on that subject. So before I was eight I had read Father Huc's Travels in Tartary, Stephens's Travels in Yucatan and Arabia, and, among historical works, a life of John Sobieski, the Polish hero, which made a profound impression upon me. I had, of course, read by myself such books as the Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Masterman Ready and Paul and Virginia.

My real education began in the dingy old Public School of Ithaca, where I was left in charge of my grandmother in 1853, when I was nine years old. Her partiality preserved a little certificate dated December 13 of the year mentioned, stating that Thomas F. Crane had received "the highest number of credits for reciting Perfect Lessons in his class in History." I blush when I recollect that the aforesaid history was the little, fat, square volume of Peter Parley's Universal History. How unscientific we were in those primitive days! There was a good library disposed in cases about the wall of the schoolroom and covered with heavy wooden shutters taken down each Saturday morning. This library was the only public library in Ithaca, and I used it assiduously for several years. It was well selected, and was of incalculable benefit to me.

In 1855 the new Public School No. 16, now the Central School, was opened and we were transferred to it. From my seat my gaze could rest on the hill "far above Cayuga's water" and on the very spot where I was to live for over thirty-four years. One day Mr. M. R. Barnard, the Principal, announced that a diploma (it was the first time I had heard this fateful word) would be awarded to the pupil attaining the highest standard of scholarship, deportment and attendance in his classes for the term. I can see, as if it were yesterday, the imposing figure of the Principal in his blue dress coat with brass buttons, his fair hair and ruddy complexion, and the eagle eye that was limited by no sense of direction. I determined to win the diploma, and that conscious exercise of will on the part of a boy of eleven was decisive for the rest of his life. The diploma (for Grammar, Reading and Geography) was awarded to me and three or four other pupils on the 27th of July, 1855, and I might stop my story here, for my professorship was won, although no stone of Cornell University was laid and Mr. Ezra Cornell was not yet a millionaire.

A year later (1856) I was sent to the old Ithaca Academy, which then occupied the site of the present High School. Who decided on my transfer I do not know, or why I was set to work on Latin and Greek, except that most boys studied the classics in those days—there was so little else to study! We had indeed a meagre academic life. There were no fraternities, no musical or dramatic clubs, no athletics. It is a mystery why we did not die of *ennui.* What did we do? The boys with whom I associated, like Howard Schuyler and Edgar Apgar, were, like myself, omnivorous readers, and we talked over our books and studies and roamed through the gorges (which we were sure were still filled with Indians) as far as Eddy's Pond (to which Goldwin Smith Walk now leads), which was our Ultima Thule. We were indefatigable writers too. I find that I contributed to the school periodical an article on Sugar Plantations in the South and the first chapter of a Life of Mahomet, which I have never had time to complete.

My father meanwhile had retired from business and settled on a farm near Elizabeth, New Jersey. He called me there in 1858 to a home made unhappy by the death of my mother the year before. Not having had the advantage of school athletics my health was

not strong, and my father insisted on my abandoning my studies entirely and spending a year on the farm. I draw a veil over that period. For years I could not behold a potato or a kernel of corn without a backache!

In 1869 I was allowed to resume my studies in a private school at Elizabeth, a mile or two from the farm, and there I finished in the following year my preparation for college. I had never spoken with my father on the subject, but I took it for granted that I was to go to college. One August day in 1860 the head of the school sent word to me that the president of the college to which most of the boys from that school went and which I shall not specify by name, was to be in town the next day and, as a favor, would examine the candidates for admission. With great anxiety I told my father and asked if I should go to be examined. He expressed a strong desire that I should go to another college but finally consented and the next day two of us boys were examined by the venerable president in the study of a clergyman of the town who was also a trustee of the college. How simple life was in those halcyon days! Now we must have College Entrance Examination Boards, Certificates and Registrars!

So to college I went, and during four years studied the classics, philosophy, and every species of mathematics then known to the civilized world. I know it will sound incredible, but it is true: there was no elective system, and no elective studies, except, I believe, that more mathematics could be substituted for Greek in the senior year. There was no English literature in the course, no history, no modern languages. Otherwise the place was an educational paradise. There were no fraternities, no musical or dramatic clubs, no athletics, not even a Minor Sports Association, no Junior Week! We had absolutely nothing to do but to study and dissipate. It was before the days of large fortunes and there was no display of any kind. Men were ranked according to their intellectual and social qualities and the hero of those times was the one who could write well, speak well, talk well and was moreover a good fellow.

I have said that there were no modern languages in the course. Instruction might however be had in German and French, the former taught by an accomplished music-master in the town, the

latter by a professor who had married a Swiss lady. There were absolutely no social or friendly relations between professors and students, and in taking French of a member of the Faculty outside of the course I exposed myself to the most awful accusation that could then be brought against a student—that of "bootlicking." I braved it, however, and did know a little French when I graduated, the only one in my class who did. We found the German text-books too expensive and let that language drop.

There was little talk in college of our future professions. During the four years of my course I never knew a man who intended to teach. A few who went into the theological seminary were provided with positions in college as tutors to help defray the expenses of their education. A proposition to fit oneself for a college professorship would have been received by us with feelings which I should hesitate, largely from lack of words, to characterize. The typical professor of that day was a clergyman of scholarly tastes who did not care for the active practice of his profession. A few students intended to go into business with their fathers; a certain number were to be ministers; I do not recall any who were to study medicine. The large majority of us, without any pronounced tastes and with a fondness for literature, had a vague idea of becoming lawyers. This profession has always attracted that class of students—I presume, because it is so easy, if one does not get on, to get out.

I graduated in June, 1864, when I was not quite twenty. I had not been distinguished as a student, but I had read extensively and cultivated writing, chiefly fiction. My love for letters was now ineradicable and I was absolutely without ambition for material advantages. I had also learned in the public schools and at college the greatest lesson in life, the modern theories of education to the contrary notwithstanding, namely, that with moderate patience and perseverance one can accomplish a task for which one feels even considerable aversion.

My father, I found, also wanted me to study law, so to Columbia Law School I went and began my work with Professor Dwight, dividing my time between Blackstone and my own private literary pursuits. The whole course of my life was changed about this time by my acquaintance with a young minister of Elizabethport,

Frederick Parmenter by name, a graduate of Auburn Theological Seminary and a native of Owego. We became intimate friends, and he read with kindness and discrimination my literary productions. One day he said: "You must study German and I will teach you." The day when I went with him to Christern's foreign bookstore, then on Broadway near Grace Church, my face was unconsciously set towards my professorship. Parmenter was a poet as well as a preacher, and stimulated me powerfully in every direction.

One day, after only a few months of delightful association, he was to meet me at the Abbot Egyptian Collection in New York. I waited in vain for him to come and then returned to Elizabeth. My aunt, with whom I was then living, met me at the door with a troubled face and told me that Parmenter had been killed while stepping on the train to keep his appointment with me.

Many years afterwards, while standing with another dear friend, Moses Coit Tyler, on the platform of the station at Owego, I pointed to the cemetery on the hill and said: "There rests one to whom perhaps I owe my present position." He asked his name and when I told him the story he replied in wonder: "Parmenter was a member of my church when I was a minister in Owego. He began his studies with me, and it was through me that he entered the ministry and went to Auburn Theological Seminary." So after all I owe it to Moses Coit Tyler!

It was long before I recovered from the shock of Parmenter's death, and I put away my German books thinking never to open them again.

Early in January, 1865, I was called to Ithaca by the illness of a relative, and saw the place again after an absence of seven years. The University had not been founded, and Mr. Ezra Cornell was famous then only for the Library which he had given to the town. The library part was not yet open, but the offices on the first floor were occupied by the postoffice (where the Western Union Telegraph office now is), First National Bank (of which Mr. A. B. Cornell was cashier) and various law firms, among them that of Boardman and Finch. Just before I left Ithaca I happened to meet Mr. Finch, and told him of my studies at Columbia. At that time law schools were not generally in favor with lawyers, and

Mr. Finch strongly advised me to leave Columbia and enter a lawyer's office, kindly offering to take me into his. It is interesting to recall that both members of the firm became deans of the Cornell University Law School, and that during the absence of President Schurman in the Philippines I was Dean Finch's superior officer. I accepted the offer, and in June, 1865, returned to Ithaca which has been my home ever since.

I was the only student in the office, but I was not overworked with my own legal studies or with the business of the firm, and the Ithaca of that day offered little opportunity for distraction, the Dutch Kitchen and the Lyceum being still in the womb of the future. The only thing I could do was to study something besides law. The memory of Parmenter haunted me, and I was irresistibly compelled to resume my German studies.

The senior member of the firm was elected justice of the Supreme Court in the autumn, and I was examined at the first General Term held by him at Binghamton in May, 1866, and admitted to the bar. Mr. Finch asked me to stay on with him, and my modest sign, now reposing in my attic beneath the dust of forty-two years, was nailed to the second door to the left as you enter Library Hall from Seneca street.

Meanwhile I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Ezra Cornell and his family, and was hearing much in the office of the business of the new university. One October day in 1866 (it was the 24th) I saw a group of persons, mostly strangers, in the corridor of the Library, among them a young man (he was nearly thirty-two) of refined and rather delicate appearance, who was the object of the congratulations of the others. It was my first sight of Mr. Andrew D. White, who had just been elected the first president of Cornell University. He was in and out of the office frequently from that time on, and was occasionally surprised to find French and German books among the law papers on my desk.

That winter Mr. Ezra Cornell said to me one day: "You will do better if you are alone. I am going to Albany for the winter and you can have my office if you like." It was the room next to the present Western Union Telegraph Office, and I moved into it at the beginning of the year 1867. On the first of January I began to keep in a little note-book the record of my studies, week by

week, and continued it without interruption for five years. I formed at this period the habit of systematic and regular study. Each subject was allotted a certain time and space in the day, and nothing was allowed to interfere with this assignment. By this methodical scheme of study I have been able to accomplish a large amount of work in spite of my administrative labors and professorial duties. I find from my record that I made substantial progress with my German, and under the date of April occurs the fateful entry: "Commenced Spanish." "And thereby hangs a tale." The year before there came to Ithaca as the first regular pastor of the newly founded Unitarian Church, Edward Curtis Guild, a cousin of President Eliot, a nephew of George Ticknor the famous Spanish scholar, and a graduate of Harvard. His study was in Library Hall, where the services of his church were also held, and I saw him frequently in the corridor. We became acquaintances and before long, friends. I can truly say of him, as of Parmenter:

> Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
> Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque pudor;
> Et bene nota fides, et candor frontis honestae,
> Et studia a studiis non aliena meis.

He was interested in my solitary studies and proposed that we should take up Spanish together. He wrote to his uncle for advice, but Mr. Ticknor discouraged the idea, saying that it was difficult to procure books, and that he thought we could spend our time more profitably on something else. Nothing daunted, we made a beginning, and I soon became absorbed in the new study.

When Mr. Cornell returned from Albany in the spring I was undecided what to do. The question was settled in June when Mr. Wesley Hooker, one of the proprietors of the *Ithaca Journal*, was appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue and asked me to be his assistant. So I moved my sign to the third door to the left, and for a year "sat at the receipt of custom." About one hundred and fifty thousand dollars passed through my hands, and the experience was invaluable. I was able to continue my studies without serious interruption, and my law practice, as Mr. Hooker had prophesied, did not suffer. I became more interested in public affairs, and in the fall stumped the county with Mr. Finch, Mr.

Selkreg and Mr. McElheny, all admirable stump speakers, from whom I learned precious lessons. I suppose I have spoken in almost every church and schoolhouse in Tompkins county.

One day while studying Spanish in my Revenue office, Mr. A. B. Cornell came in, and after asking what I was doing said in his abrupt manner: "Why don't you apply for a professorship in my father's university?" I replied with unfeigned modesty: "I don't know enough." He answered scornfully: "Well, can't you learn?" That was the first time, curiously enough, that the idea had entered my head. I had studied previously simply from the habit and love of letters. Mr. Cornell advised me to write to Mr. White and see him if possible. Months passed before I could muster up courage to do so, and it was not until the end of December that I drove to Cortland, left my horses there, and took the train to Syracuse; this being the only way to reach the north after the close of navigation on the lake.

Mr. White received me in his usual kindly manner, but could not of course promise me the Spanish professorship I applied for, or encourage my idea of giving up my profession and going abroad to study. I returned to Ithaca discouraged as to my professorship, but with renewed ardor for studies that once more were free from any thought of material advantage. I took lessons of a German and got some notion of pronunciation and conversation. I find this entry for the week ending April 4th: "Spent most of last week and this unpacking the library of the late Dr. Anthon." This indicates that Cornell University was slowly materializing.

Owing to changes in the revenue laws, the office of deputy collector had grown so unimportant that Mr. Hooker found my services no longer necessary. Mr. Ezra Cornell now proposed that I should go back into Mr. Finch's office and act as a sort of secretary to the University. Far more important in my judgment was the fact that about this time *The Nation* asked me to review important Spanish books like Helps's Spanish Conquest, Major's Prince Henry the Navigator and McCarthy's Mysteries of Corpus Christi. All this was done during the trying summer of 1868, when Mr. Ezra Cornell was desperately ill, Mr. White in Europe, Mr. Finch away on his annual vacation and hundreds of letters arriving daily asking for further information about Mr. Cornell's

scheme of providing remunerative labor for the students of the new university.

At last October arrived, and the formal opening of the University was fixed for the seventh. A few days before this Mr. White met me in the corridor of the Cornell Library and said: "Mr. Fiske, the professor of German, will not be back from Europe until January. Do you think you could organize the department and keep things going until Professor Fiske's return?" I do not know which to admire the more, the rashness of his offer or the audacity of my acceptance. My record of studies shows a blank for the week ending October 10th, with the scornful explanation: "University examinations."

I helped to examine the entering class in the basement of the Cornell Library and took their matriculation fees. I attended the first Faculty meeting in Mr. Cornell's office which had once been my law office for a winter. I sat on the platform in the Assembly Room at the top of Morrill Hall when in turn the new Faculty announced to the students (the one room then held them all) their books and lessons for the next day, and the following morning, in a little room just over my present dean's office, I started the beginning classes in Otto's German Grammar and the advanced class in Nathan der Weise. *I had become a professor.*

THE JUNIOR WEEK BUS.

ROMEYN BERRY, '04.

Romeyn Berry

We are credibly informed, down here, that the soft sons of the criminally rich who now inhabit the hill have glass hacks at Junior Week. They have rubber tires on them. The glass hacks have, of course. The soft sons haven't, though they may get 'em in time. There are nearly enough glass hacks to go around. Sometimes it is possible for a mere student to get inside—and stay there—and ride. The Junior Week bus, if it were to appear now, would receive many a sneer from the soft sons of the criminally rich who now inhabit the hill. This is our information.

Whittier, or someone else, has said:

> "Oh, Time and Change with hair as gray
> As was tee tum that winter's day;
> How strange it seems with so much gone
> Of tumty tum to still live on."

Or something remarkably like that. The old sway-back, precarious bus is no more! Why, goodness me, it was only a few years ago—(this is not a 'bout-to-receive-a-Carnegie-pension-swan song)—it was only a few years ago there was nothing *but* busses for the humble scholar, and it was mighty hard to get one of those. The girls were jammed into one of these things and the men hoofed it, as the expression is. Why, even the faculty man, whose wife was the main chaperon, would not have dared to put so much as one scholastic golosh upon the step. Alas! The days that are gone!

The first thing you did when you were put on the committee was to run down town and engage Seaman's carryall. Of course,

you never got it. That bunch on Buffalo Street had been before you that very morning, but Seaman knew of an old souvenir down on Corn Street that would do just as well when the windows had been replaced and the wheels fixed. At Corn Street the man shooed the chickens out and exhibited the trophy with an engaging smile. Of course, it wouldn't do. Imagine asking any girl you cared a cent for to ride in *that.* But just as you'd turned away you saw Oukie Brown coming down the street and just to fool him you hired The Ark quick. He was after it—the fox. The chances were it was the last one in town.

Comparing notes at Zinck's on the way up, you found you were fairly well off with The Ark. Bingo Wells, for his bunch, had engaged a stage from Cortland and was offensively set up about it. *His* stage had absolutely nothing the matter with it except "St. Nicholas Hotel" on the outside and a smell of drummers within. Bert Coffin had the mourners' wagon from the Cornell Livery. Henry Bergweger was the hopeless owner of the bus from the Eagle Hotel at Geneva. Oukie Brown didn't have anything at all and was afraid to go home. The Ark was not so bad, and anyway the man had promised to fix it a little.

Monday night of Junior Week the girls came and fooled around and sang, and then did it again. So it was Tuesday before The Ark appeared. Creaking and groaning, it drew to the door where it was packed full of dressed-up girls 'till it bulged in every line and its back sagged like the ridge-pole of an old horse. It moved away—*mirabile dictu*—and joined the file of other arks, while the swains jammed on their hats and ran madly to the Lyceum. What awful sensations when the other busses arrived and not yours! Of a certainty, that back wheel had come off and the girls were scattered over Buffalo Hill. Legs had surely been broken, even though there might be no actual loss of life. The cold and anxious looks of "the brothers" carried conviction of crime—*you* hired the dangerous machine.

But finally, accusation was suspended by the arrival of the lingerer with nothing more serious to report than the off-horse down and a broken trace. The girls were decanted. They laughed much. The Ark drew off to refit for the voyage back.

They were charming levellers—those rides. Lots of times a girl

came to Ithaca too greatly impressed with the fact that she belonged to the first families of Peoria—that her mother was a MacDodd, and she mustn't forget it. Another had a high polish from a surface-finishing school. You felt those things Monday night. But one ride in The Ark jounced all that out of them and made the most peevish maiden a good sort. Why, there was one girl from The National Park Seminary who—but this is neither the time nor the place. Suffice it that after one ride she was extremely tame.

Four nights the motley busses carried forth their loads at nine and brought them back at five—mussed up. Then they dropped beneath the surface—'till another Junior Week should drag them up—into old sheds and vacant barns. There were just four nights in the year for The Ark. But it did a year's work in those four nights, and after the Prom, you said good-bye as to a peculiar but well-loved friend. It did its work and was itself a part of the festival. Now it's gone.

Roll on, you rubber-tired glass hack! You're warm and soft and comfortable, and all that; but, pshaw! I wouldn't give one funny old bus for ten of you. Nobody laughs about you or thinks about you, except to curse when you're late. You're just what a girl would ride in *any* place. When something better comes to take your place, no one will rise to sing the era of the glass hack. The Ark goes to junk piles, but affection and pleasant memory go with it—the symbol of the days when people made the best of things at Junior Week—and liked it.

TO THE GUESTS.

My Ladies, will ye come away,
Come away, come away?
Where the dancing-fiddles play,
Fiddles play, fiddles play?
We've filled a glass to toast ye in,
We've tuned a minstrel violin,
We've set the stage where jests begin!
So will ye merry be and gay,
For a day, for a day?

F. D. BURNET, '11.

THE MASQUE AND ITS WORK FOR CORNELL.

L. F. MURPHY, '09,

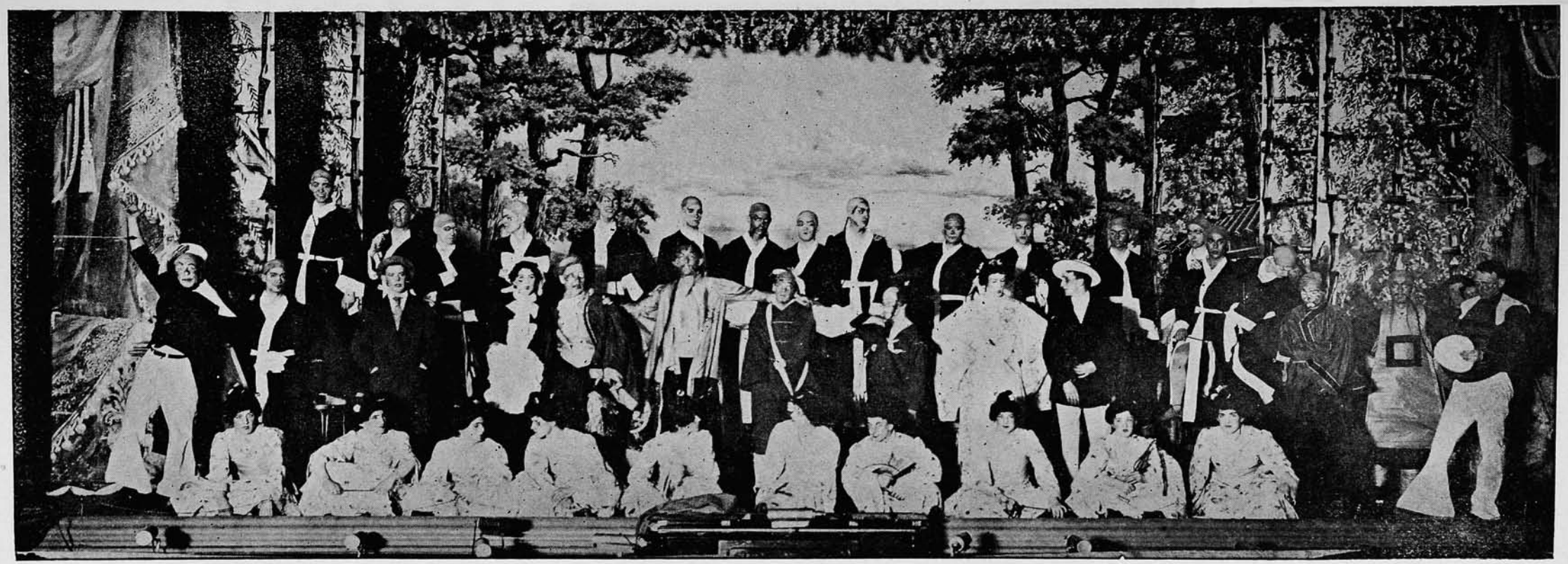
Stage Manager of the Masque.

ERHAPS there is less known of the work entailed in the Masque than in any other University activity. To most people it appears merely as one great flare of scenery, costumes and light effects in the few hours that it is before its audiences.

To the student body the Masque appears in three performances during the year as an amateur theatrical company, each taking about three hours. But to the coach, the management and those taking part in the plays it represents almost a solid year of planning, rehearsing and staging.

In the first place, the book and the music, both of undergraduate composition, are selected by a qualified committee through a competition. After these selections have been made the real work of the Masque begins. Early in the fall the cast and the chorus are selected, also by competition, and immediately the rehearsals begin. For the chorus, the first three weeks are devoted to learning the songs. After the chorus has learned the words and music perfectly, it is introduced to the stage work, including the dances and all the "stage business," which appears off-hand and natural to the audience. For instance, the chorus has a certain step to learn in a certain figure. This is all worked out by Mrs. Dixie according to count, determined by the time of the music. All such work is done with mathematical precision. This means approximately forty long and tedious rehearsals for the chorus, before they ever work with the cast.

The members of the cast, meanwhile, having first studied their lines, are developing the action of their parts under the direction of Mrs. Dixie. This comprises all stage work, entrances, exits, dances, songs, "stage business," interpretation of lines and in fact everything relevant to every character for every moment he is on the stage. The work of the cast and the chorus having been perfected separately, the two are brought together about one week



"THE PRESIDENT OF OOLONG" AS FIRST PRESENTED IN 1906.

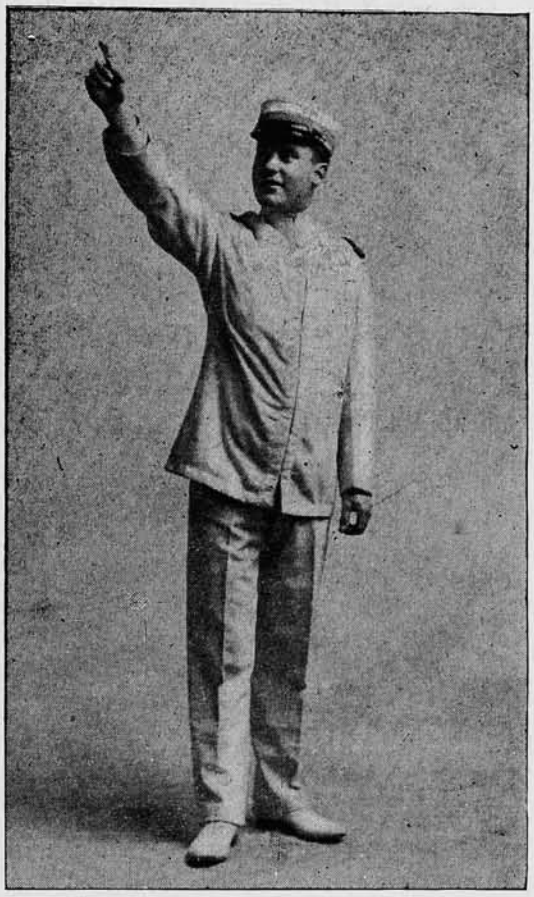
before the first performance. At this time all defects not previously detected are remedied and the play smoothed out into one compact whole.

The dress rehearsal now brings out another feature of the work, namely, the scenery and costumes. These have been designed by Mrs. Dixie and constructed under her personal supervision. About

"DOROLAN." AND 'GRETCHEN."
In "Popocaterpillar VII," Cornell Masque Show, 1908.

fifty members of the Masque take part in the final performance, and as each has at least two changes of costume, the work necessary for cataloguing and care of these properties is obvious. The change from the unequipped rooms to the complicated stage often gives rise to a confusion which can only be overcome at this rehearsal. The rough details of scenery, costume and staging having been smoothed over, the play is now ready to be presented and the three-hour performance is the result of these four months untiring effort.

Too much credit cannot be given Mrs. Dixie for the past and present success of the Masque. Not only have the actual performances improved under her skillful coaching, but the Masque has, as an organization, at last taken its place with the best college dramatic clubs of the country.



THE "KING" AND "JACK,"
In "Popocaterpillar VII," Cornell Masque Show, 1908.

The University as a whole should recognize the Masque, not only as a means of entertainment, but as a means of furthering the name of our Alma Mater. With unlimited possibilities in its own line, the Masque has an influence fully as important as our now better known and wider famed organizations.

THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB.

R. E. ROGERS, *Secretary.*

THE Harvard Dramatic Club was planned by its founders to carry out an original idea. That is, we imagine it is unique for we have heard of no other society doing the work we have in mind. Throughout last winter and spring there was a feeling among some of us in the University interested in the drama, that there should be a club to give serious modern plays such as some other colleges present, notably the Yale Dramatic Association. Here at Harvard we have every year, given by clubs, two comic operas, three language plays and an Elizabethan revival, but no serious plays, and this in a college where there is the greatest interest in the significant and technical side of modern drama here and abroad. What made our plan unique was, to give not well-tried plays, which the many amateur societies around Boston are always giving, but original work by undergraduates or recent graduates of the University, serious work by men who have studied long the technique of playwriting and play criticism. This idea of encouraging playwriting in the University gives the club an original and advanced position among college dramatic clubs.

There are many thoughtful people, who, watching the trend of the drama to-day, maintain that its best workers and most advanced influences must come from the Universities. Certainly no one can deny that every year more and more college men are trying to write and criticise plays, intelligently, not according to the somewhat fuddled ideas of technique obtaining a generation ago, but by the study of the methods of the best writers of the past, and of the masters of to-day on the Continent. Harvard has always stood foremost in that study and in turning out men able to profit by it. It is, as far as I know, the only University where playwriting is systematically taught, where the masterpieces of the acting drama are analyzed and discussed for the formulation of the principles for the writing of the best drama of the immediate future. Of this training, given by Professor G. P. Baker, the most notable recent result is Edward Sheldon, author of Mrs. Fiske's

play, "Salvation Nell." He is not the only Harvard man of the younger generations who has won success. Norman Hapgood formerly a thoughtful dramatic critic, William Vaughn Moody of "The Great Divide", Percy Mackaye, Winthrop Ames and John Corbin, associated in the New Theatre, are all eagerly interested in the new movements which the Harvard Dramatic Club seeks to crystallize into something definite in the minds of the undergraduates at Cambridge.

We have succeeded in our first attempt, no one will deny that. The University has been keenly interested and keenly responsive to our work in our first play which we put on in December. The University press gave us its heartiest support. The press of Boston as well was most encouraging and some of them gave us long articles on our aims and our results.

Every one agreed that our first play was a tremendous thing for amateurs to stage. It was called "The Promised Land," and was written by Allan Davis, of the class of 1907, in Professor Baker's course, two years ago. The play is an intensely serious treatment of the Zionist movement in Europe, of the efforts of a young Jewish leader to unite his people for emigration to Palestine, his hopes and trials, the opposition of his political enemies, of the wealthy of his people, the narrowness which tears him from his Christian betrothed, though she is willing to give up all and come over to him and his, his failure and tragic death. Rough in places, unskillfully done at times, the general impression of sheer power about it affected even the critics and people long accustomed to look with indifference upon amateur work.

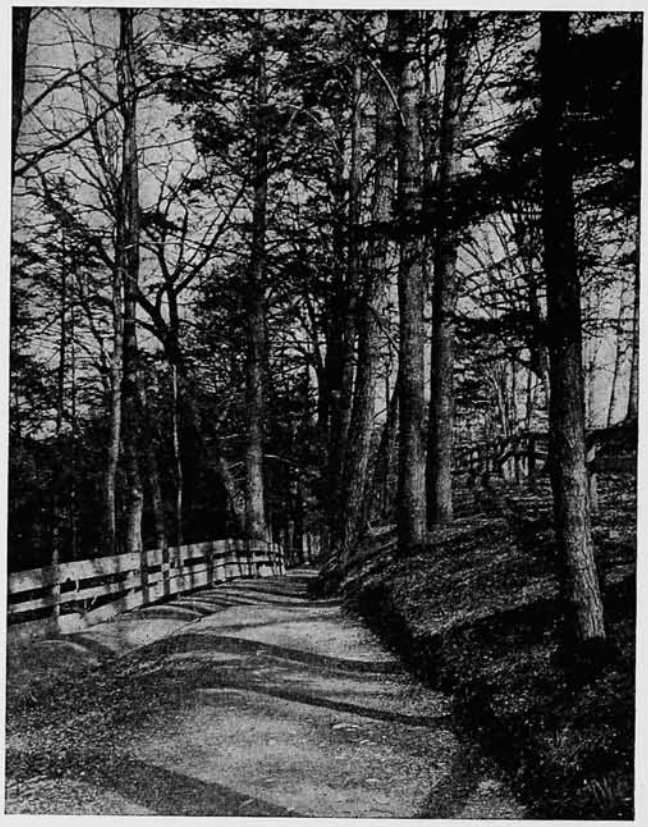
It was in four acts and had thirty speaking parts, and about the same number of extra people. The whole cast was selected and trained in little over a month by Mr. Wilfrid North, who accomplished his very difficult task with great skill. Many declared that the production was better than some they had seen given by professionals, and this was due largely to Mr. North's work.

Not only in the choice of the play and actors did the club follow its idea of revealing the talent among Harvard men. The incidental music for the play, including a special overture named "The Promised Land," and dedicated to the club, was written by Mr. P. G. Clapp, a senior, and performed by the Pierian Sodality

Orchestra of forty undergraduates. All the lighting effects for the scenes were designed and executed by students.

The club also tried to inaugurate a custom by publishing the play chosen for production. The author modified the acting version slightly for the reading public, and the book, bound in the colors of the club, found a ready sale.

This is an incomplete account of what the Harvard Dramatic Club has done. It has less than seven months' active history, but in that time it has made a precedent for the production of original plays by Harvard men that cannot help but prove beneficial to those who are studying the drama in its relation to modern literature and life, and through them, the founders hope, it may have some effect, small but rightly emphasized, on the theater of to-morrow.



DRAMATIC ACTIVITY OF AMERICAN COLLEGES.

NORMAN HACKETT.*

AT no time in the history of our educational and artistic progress has there been a greater need for interest in dramatic study at our American colleges than at present. To anyone who has followed the evolution of dramatic art in this country for the past twenty-five years, the reason is obvious. Yankee progress which has swept everything before it, defying tradition and paying little or no heed to any ideal condition, has not excepted the theatre, and unless our substantial institutions of learning intervene and join in a general effort to open wide the doors of our universities for the practical and theoretical use of the drama, the effect upon our national dramatic art in a few years will hardly be of an optimistic nature.

From the standpoint of achievement, America has quite as much to her credit, a great deal more, in fact, than many other nations much older in years and traditions. We have produced our Booths, Barretts, Cushmans, Andersons, and many others equal in genius to the foreign artists. The work of such masters as Augustin Daly, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, Mary Anderson and Edwin Booth, has been freely accepted and praised in London and Paris, while in the matter of stage production, wealth of enterprise and progressive theatrical spirit, America leads the world. But all of this is of little moment without standard dignified recognition from the people of our own country. In France, Germany, Spain, Russia, and other countries, there is a national theatre supported by the government where only the best in dramatic literature is recognized. This endows dramatic art and its exponents, with a position equal to those occupied by other artistic professions, and preserves the reverence of the drama which protects it from the purely commercial attitude, now so insidious a factor in this country.

* Mr. Hackett was a member of the class of 1898 of Michigan University, and since leaving college has been associated with a number of the leading actors of the classic drama. He has frequently been seen in Ithaca in Shakespearean roles, but this season appeared here at the head of his own company, in "Classmates."

For years the Shakespearean and classic plays, which must be acknowledged as the greatest in dramatic literature, as well as the truest foundations of all drama, were generally popular. But gradually, with the passing away of Booth and his contemporaries, the taste of the public has changed, until now we are forced to

NORMAN HACKETT.

confront the piteous spectacle of Shakespearean productions spelling ruin in our theatre, while the frivolous comic operas and sensational plays hold the attention of the public. Ambitious, well meaning managers, have endeavored to produce artistic, elevating

plays with indifferent success, but have been forced to yield to the popular fancy until three-fourths of the material on our stage today is of the trashy and inconsequential kind. Some people think the wheel will come around again and restore popular interest and support to classic plays, but in my humble opinion, this will not happen. There will, of course, always be room for one or two representative actors, like Mr. Mantell, who is devoting himself exclusively to classic productions, and there is a chance for certain pretentious revivals to be made, but if we are going to keep alive any vital interest and knowledge of the great classics and masterpieces of all kinds, we must look to the colleges to foster the study of them, by encouraging practical dramatic endeavor and by providing adequate instruction for the preparation of men and women desirous of entering the dramatic field as critics, writers and actors.

While the great plays of our dramatic literature have always commanded attention and discussion in the curriculum of our college courses, and students have been giving exhibitions of various kinds for many years, the progress made during the last five or ten years in all the colleges throughout the country bids fair to see the drama as a study, and above all, as an art, take its proper place in the academic departments of our college work. It is here that the foundation must be laid, if we hope to have the theatre exert its real influence.

I am happy to state that dramatic organizations from the ranks of our profession are visiting with greater frequency the leading colleges, and a good deal of real stimulus has been injected into the student dramatic activity by the presentation of Shakespearean plays, in Elizabethean and open air performances, by the Ben Greet players, who, I understand are soon again to appear at Cornell. While it is, of course, impossible to record here the dramatic industry at all of our colleges, it is of moment to say that at all of them dramatic clubs exist, and fine results are being obtained. Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, have their annual Shakespearean productions, the Mask and Wig performances of the University of Pennsylvania have long been famous, as has the Triangle Club of Princeton.

Cornell University easily ranks among the leaders in this move-

ment, having a number of excellent dramatic societies, which are accomplishing notable results. The most important club, I believe, is the Cornell Masque, which is also the oldest. This organization has done Shakespeare, Shaw and Ibsen, and now produces an original comic opera on an elaborate scale, during Junior week. This year the Deutscher Verein invaded New York with a performance of "Alt Heidleburg," given in German, and made a distinguished impression. There are also the French and Spanish clubs, which have several meritorious productions to their credit. At the University of Michigan many dramatic societies have been developed and excellent results obtained. I speak with particular commendation of the encouragement given to the drama by the leading professors in the Department of English at my own University, Michigan. In this respect they made a bold and novel innovation, which was heralded far and wide, doing much to break down that first great barrier, narrow-minded prejudices at many lesser institutions of learning. I refer to their successful effort in bringing the Henry Miller Associate Players to Ann Arbor for one performance of "The Servant in the House," that remarkable modern morality play by Charles Rann Kennedy. This performance was given on Sunday afternoon, and demonstrated forever the power of the theatre and the drama to preach a sermon which reaches the heart of every man, woman and child.

The University of California is doing fine dramatic work, being greatly favored by its famous Greek Theatre, which has been the scene of many notable performances, chief among which I mention Sarah Bernhardt's portrayal of "Phédre," and Ben Greet's "Hamlet." In the latter Greet was the Hamlet and Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, Ophelia. The tragedy began at 11 in the morning and lasted until 6 in the evening. The large stage of the theatre was filled with 1000 "supers" in the last act, and 15,000 people composed the audience. By a singular coincidence, just as the players were in the last scene and Hamlet had scarcely finished his final words, "The rest is silence," the sunset guns boomed from across the Bay at the Presidio, and the spectators were awed by a wonderful sunset glow, which streamed through the Golden Gate, lighting up the hills for a moment, but soon faded, and darkness fell just as Fortinbras entered with his soldiers for the concluding moments of the great tragedy.

While it has been impossible for me to include within the limits of this article a comprehensive account of the beginnings of dramatic representations by college men, there are a few interesting facts about the early drama which are especially pertinent to a study of our present day conditions. The first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," was the work of one Nicholas Udall, a school-master, and was presented by the students of Eton between 1534 and 1541. "Gorboduc," or "Ferrex and Porrex," composed by two young students, was first played before Queen Elizabeth in 1562. Theatrical performances in halls and college refectories date from earliest time. Oxford records begin as early as 1486, where performances were given in Magdalen College and continue until this day.

One peculiar difference between the so-called college drama and the popular drama of the Elizabethean period, is to a large degree with us still. The college drama was for the school, the church and the court. It was often the work of a dilettante, who had a serious idea with no inherent dramatic ability to guide its expression. In short, these plays were greater in theories than in any artistic merit. On the other hand, the much-abused popular drama, in those days ignored by the scholars who wrote their comedies in Latin, was steadily developing into its own. It bore the stamp of the people of whom it was born. It was of the earth earthy, vulgar and realistic, but finally became the medium of Marlowe, Shakespeare and their contemporaries, and in their hands it ripened into a great art. For several centuries these differences existed between the plays of the college and those of the mixed audiences of theatre-goers, but now it is fast disappearing, and to-day the colleges realize more than ever that the drama must seek for healthy development from the great public, from which emanates all creative art that is to live and be representative. A great play must be human, vital and gripping. Like the older Elizabethean plays, it must to-day be of the earth earthy. It must be treated as a separate art—not merely as a form of literary expression, or as the remunerative sideshow for a popular novelist to step into. To cite only two of the thousands of authors who have written plays without any knowledge of the intricacies of the art, Browning and Tennyson are probably the worst offenders because

they are the greatest. Beautiful as the so-called plays of these poets are from many standpoints, they are wretched failures because they do not fulfill the mission of the theatre and have no place there. A playwright is required to assume that a mixed audience will witness his production, and he must carry a message to them all, not to one or two highly educated individuals who may be there. Unless the play has an immediate appeal, it is a failure as a play and as an artistic effort. We hear our friends say so often that such and such a play is an artistic success, but a financial failure. This could be true if playwriting were a hit or miss affair, but if we agree that certain canons guide the author and that the play is not a play unless it answers to certain qualifications, then an artistic success must necessarily be a financial one also. From my experience, I have come to the conclusion that an unsuccessful play in the box office is usually equally unsuccessful behind the curtain. Again, it remains for the American colleges to understand the special art of the theatre, and to prepare men to follow it intelligently.

To Harvard we must yield the palm for the finest work that has been done for the sake of the drama in this country—probably because serious attention has been paid to it there for a longer time, and because of the great prestige the University commands. The Hasty Pudding Club is certainly the leader in college societies which produce musical plays, while the productions of the Pi Eta Club are almost equally famous. Then there is the Deutscher Verein and the Circle Français, both of which have for years been producing the masterpieces of German and French dramatic literature. The Delta Upsilon Society presents the old English comedies in their original form. The University has always recognized the great dramatic artists, and has welcomed such people as Irving, Mansfield, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, to lecture on dramatic subjects, and has invited Forbes Robertson to present "Hamlet" in Sander's Theatre, Cambridge, Maude Adams, in "Twelfth Night," and the Greet Players in repertory. But the greatest good done at Harvard was in the inducement offered by the faculty to students to take special courses in playwriting and dramatic study, given by Professor George D. Baker and others. Largely through Mr. Baker's influence, the Harvard Dramatic

Club has been formed, for the purpose of encouraging Harvard men to write original modern plays, worthy of performance by the students.

Harvard University may safely be said, in her own unpretentious, well-bred way, to be leading the United States, and, as far as I know, the world, in the institution of a course of English that I firmly believe is destined to aid not alone in the betterment of the drama, but also to prove of immense value in the wide and important fields of newspaper work, by supplying well informed, intelligent, dramatic critics, of which there exists a deplorable deficiency at present. Professor Baker is doing the great work of preparing real authors and sound critics, and is getting splendid results. One of his pupils is E. R. Sheldon, whose remarkably realistic play, "Salvation Nell," is meeting with such success in New York, with Mrs. Fiske in the title role. Another pupil is Alan Davis, who wrote a play of great scope and power called "The Promised Land," which was recently produced by the Harvard Club. Other graduates of Harvard who have achieved success in the theatrical world are Percy Mackaye, Jules Goodman, W. V. Moody, author of "The Great Divide," Norman Hapgood, and John Corbin, critics, L. E. Shipman and Owen Wister.

But the most distinguished and serviceable example of good that may come from such study and impetus, is the case of Mr. Winthrop Ames, who has been selected for the directorship of the New Theatre in New York. While in Harvard Mr. Ames specialized in English literature in relation to the drama, and later took a post-graduate course, winning an A.M. degree. He then went to Europe to study dramatic conditions and the management of stage direction there. On his return he founded the Boston Stage Society, composed of college men who were closely identified with the literary and artistic life of the Hub City. This society took over the old Castle Square Stock Company, of which Mr. Ames became the director, and achieved remarkable success. By his university training and fitness, he has been chosen as the most able man to direct the New Theatre, which promises to do great things for dramatic art in our country, and to realize the nearest approach to a National theatre that we have ever had. It will keep alive the good old traditions, and as time goes on will create new ones,

and will be to America what the Comedie Francaise is to France.

It will be through the medium of college ideals applied to our national life, through college bred men entering the various branches of the profession, and through the development, of correct critical standards both among the critics and among the theatre-going public, that the stage will ultimately come into an appreciation hitherto unknown in theatrical history. This will be hastened by means of an even greater dramatic activity in colleges along serious lines. We hear frequently about the palmy days of the drama. I believe that the real palmy days are to-day and to-morrow, and that the American stage and the American drama, and indeed American art in general is well started on an era which the future will develop in a healthy, virile manner and will finally put us in possession of a National school of art second to none in the world.

THE MASK AND WIG CLUB.

ARTHUR MORLEY WORDEN, '09. (Penn.)

IT is very safe to say that the Mask and Wig Club is as prominent a feature of undergraduate life at Pennsylvania University as is the Varsity football team, although of course on a basis admitting of different comparison. Mask and Wig activity begins in the autumn and is unceasing. The call for the "Preliminary" comes in October; this is a stepping-stone as it were and the candidates report to the number of half a hundred or more. The "Preliminaries" are held early in January; a farce is selected, adapted and musical numbers introduced. Two casts are chosen and the play is performed on alternate nights in the Mask and Wig auditorium. Admission is entirely by invitation, being limited to club members and friends of those who take part. The "Preliminaries" are of very real importance as from their ranks is selected the talent to fill the place in the cast of the "big show" made vacant by those who have graduated the year before.

About February 1st, the "call" for the chorus is issued. Although the chorus seldom numbers over sixty, there are five or six times that number of candidates and the work of weeding out would be hopeless had it not been reduced to a well organized system. The candidates are put through a regular course of training in dancing, singing and manœuvers, and a fortnight is thus occupied in eliminating those least qualified. When rehearsals for the Easter play are formally begun, it means eight weeks of constant, unremitting work. For the instructors it means every evening except Sunday and many afternoons as well. For the fellows it means a devotion of all their time—outside of college work—to the Mask and Wig. It conld not be otherwise. The productions have become so elaborate and include so much difficult and complicated chorus work that they require the strictest attention in practice. It is often pretty strenuous and sometimes pretty discouraging, but the compensation comes when success crowns the days and night of effort and "the show" becomes a completed reality. It costs more than $10,000 to put

a Mask and Wig production in front of the public. Eight performances are given in Philadelphia during Easter week, and seven or eight away from home. But it is such a costly undertaking to "move" the club with its company of one hundred persons in a special train, with its two carloads of scenery, its two hundred costumes, its wigs, properties, lights and music that it cannot attempt to invade remote territory. The club carries its own orchestra, stagehands, "make-up" men, wigmen, electricians and women to take care of the "girls" costumes and to keep them in repair.

Two performances are always given in Atlantic City on the Saturday before Easter, and after the Philadelphia engagement visits are made to Washington, Pittsburg, Buffalo or Rochester and other large places near by. The Easter week engagement in Philadelphia was begun in 1892 and has become an established event. The club went to Atlantic City first in 1897 and has never missed an Easter Sunday there since.

In the years of its existence the club has spent on its annual productions alone more than $125,000 and the one hundred and eighty-three performances have been seen by more than two hundred thousand people. So we may be pardoned our pride in the Mask and Wig Club.

The Club House is on Quince Street, up an alley, sequestered, modest, solitary, in the heart of Philadelphia. It is unique. At the present day it stands in a class entirely by itself and many have been the compliments paid it by visitors. The Grill Room is one of the most artistic of its kind in any country. Maxfield Parrish, the celebrated poster designer and artist, has immortalized Old King Cole and retinue on the walls and at the peg which holds each club member's stein, he has cleverly designed an elfin figure which typifies—perhaps perpetualizes—a character created in an annual burlesque by the particular club member. There are Dutch ovens and Dutch ovens but the Mask and Wig oven is a model for imitators! About the room are cozy corners, cozier pillows, and down in this same room on club nights when home talent or visitors are asked to respond, very unusual, though pleasing effects are the rule, with a combination of music, songs, stories and ——— the wassail bowl! Upstairs in the auditorium the

club stages its little burlesques, and here also the rehearsals for the annual production are held—that is, rudiments are taught the men until three weeks before Easter when the rehearsals are held on professional stages.

The Grill Room is the center and circumference of the home life. It is not the smokers that count most, jovial and blithesome as they are. They are the Mask and Wig expressions of Pennsylvania spirit on a large scale. The Grill Room speaks of things more dear because more intimate. It breathes of struggles and trials and disappointments and triumphs, and the final appreciation when success has been won.

The management of the club is entirely in the hands of the alumni, all the officers being graduates and only graduates taking part in the coaching and engineering of each production.

The club has been most beneficent in its gifts to the University, this year the "Mask and Wig House," a forty thousand dollar addition to the University Dormitory system is being erected as a result of its liberality.

THE MASK AND WIG CLUB TOAST.

WHY is there only one Pennsylvania?

BECAUSE—

There is only room for one,
There's only room for one;
Here's a song of a toast so big,
Straight from the heart of the Mask and Wig—
There's only room for one,
There's only room for one;
We'd drink to you a toast for two,
But there's only room for one.

CORNELLIANS AND

NORMAN C. MASON, '07,

President of the Cornell Masque, throughout his course has been a prominent figure in the University dramatic club, having been for three years a member of the cast.

THEIR ACTIVITIES

ROBERT W. STANDART, Jr., '09,

Leader of the University Mandolin Club, under whose efficient direction the annual Christmas trip was one of the most successful in the history of the organization.

WHAT'S DOING

L. Francis Murphy, '09,

Manager of the Masque, whose efforts in behalf of the "President of Oolong" have been imperative to the success of the Junior Week production.

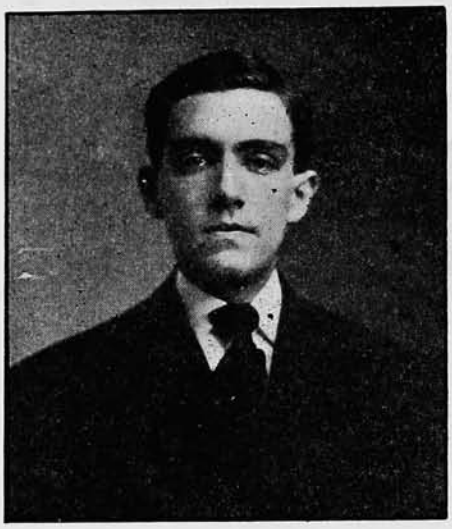
AND BY WHOM

GEORGE F. POND, '10,

Leader of the Glee Club and Chairman of the Junior Promenade Committee, upon whom much of the responsibility of Junior Week devolves.

THE COLLEGE MAN ON THE PROFESSIONAL STAGE.

ROBERT L. DEMPSTER, '04*.



Robert L. Dempster

The college man has not won as yet any place on the American stage, and whether he ever will is a question of the future. There are a number of young college men now striving to win name, fame, and incidentally fortune in that most ephemeral of all professions. Whether their names will take rank with Mansfield, Booth, Irving and the other great ones who educated themselves, mostly from the great book of life, remains to be seen.

The life of the stage is nomadic, and for centuries there has been a strong prejudice against the uncertainties of its life. The boy of good family has never been allowed to look upon it as a possible means of livelihood, and when the time for his matriculation as a college man arrived, if he had a desire for the stage and voiced it, he was told that his parents would rather see him digging ditches, that his dear departed relations would turn over in their graves if they knew about it, and that the cross that all mothers and fathers feel they have to bear, had at last arrived in its most crushing form. This all happened to me, so I know whereof I speak and I have compared notes with other budding young ——, fill in the blank as you will, fools or geniuses.

*While in Cornell Mr. Dempster was a prominent member of the Masque. There are many who still remember his burlesque, in a Spring Day show at the Lyceum, of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry." Since his graduation he has won an enviable place on the professional stage. His first marked success was achieved in "The Road to Yesterday," and this season he has been leading man for Lulu Glaser in "Mlle. Mischief." He left her company recently to assume a prominent role in the Chicago production of Clyde Fitch's "The Blue Mouse."

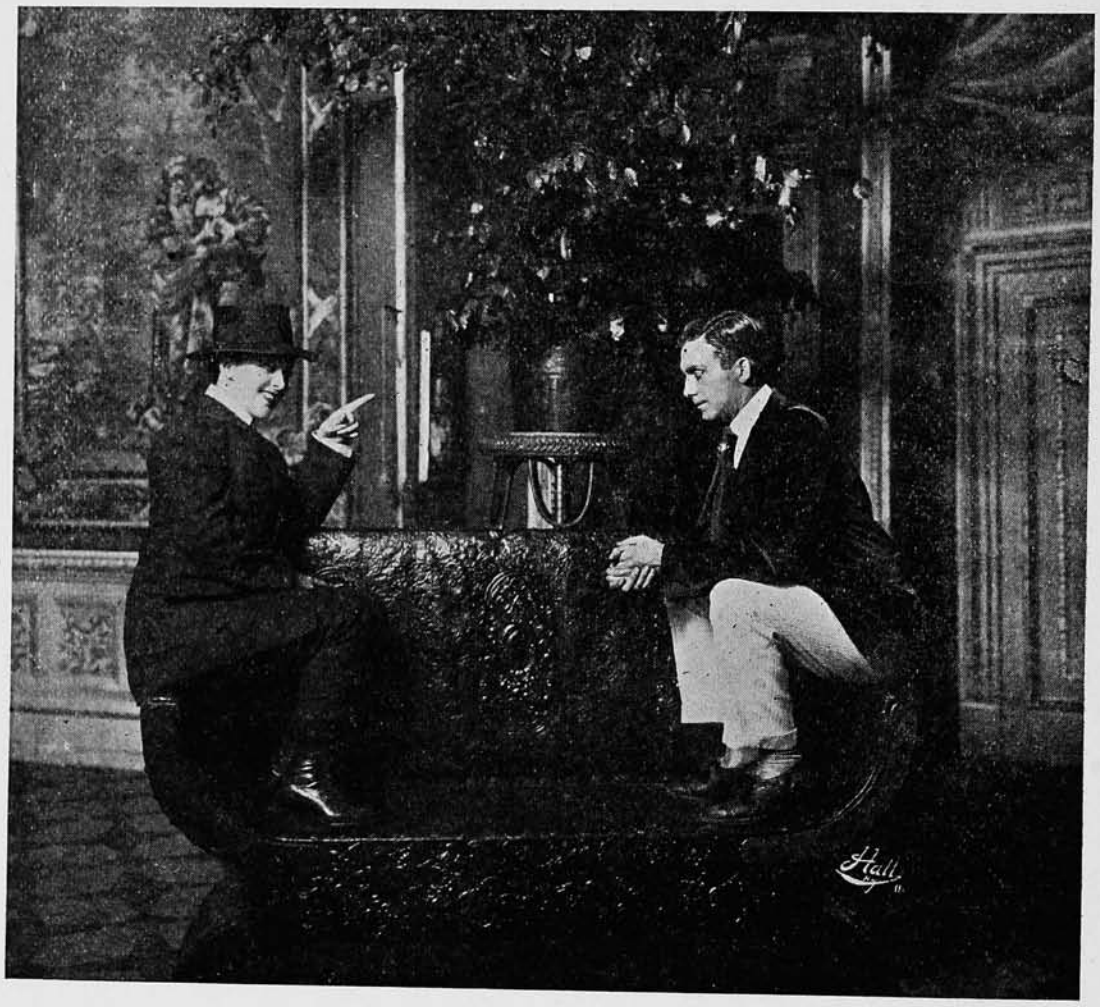
And so the young dreamer after histrionic fame hides his passion; for I can assure you it amounts to that. He hides it away down in his heart, where you hide such things, and tries law or medicine. Maybe he forgets his hidden passion for footlights and becomes a fairly good student of law, or dairy products, or agriculture, or perhaps it comes out of hiding, as mine did, and he in-

Mr. Dempster and Miss Minnie Dupree in "The Road to Yesterday."

dulges it by performing at the annual college dramatic performances, by forgetting his law or agriculture as much as possible, to bathe in the sweet air of the theatre, and give his friends the benefit of his unusual talents. I got over this delusion most beautifully after my first performance on the professional stage. Playing six parts in a one night stand production, changes your opinion

about the sweet air of the theatre, and you are willing to agree with other people, your parents included, about your unusual talents.

However, the man at college who wins some success as an entertainer in the college theatricals is encouraged often times to take up the stage, and when he graduates or leaves because his thoughts were not in Sibley or Boardman, he throws over family pride and



Miss Lulu Glaser and Mr. Dempster in "Mlle. Mischief."

traditions and starts his career. He is what you call a college man, and as such is better fitted for his career than most of the men "on the road with him," to use a professional expression. His mind is trained. His brain knows what to do and what not to do and it will be better able to control his natural gifts along the right channel. This is all a college education can do for any man in any profession. He has college acquaintances. They are

interested, especially if he succeeds; and that helps. In my first year or so on the stage it was my good fortune, for I was young and strong enough to stand it, to play in every State in the Union and also through Canada and into Mexico. The series of one night stands seemed endless but in almost every town from California to Maine and from New Orleans to Vancouver, there was some college friend or acquaintance waiting to point out the beauties of his little spot on earth, and the more unattractive the place, the heartier the welcome.

Perhaps I should qualify my first statement that the college man has won no place on the professional stage. Every rule has its exceptions. James K. Hackett whose signal successes in "Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Crisis" are well known, was a graduate of the College of City of New York. John Mason of "The Witching Hour" fame was a Columbia student and Harry Woodruff into whose strong box the fair sex poured many shekels for his delightful performance of that bad play, "Brown of Harvard," was himself a Harvard man. Norman Hackett, now starring in "Classmates," is a Michigan man. These seem to me to be about the only well known college men on our stage. A great many college men have written for the stage, but to tell of their work is not the province of this small talk.

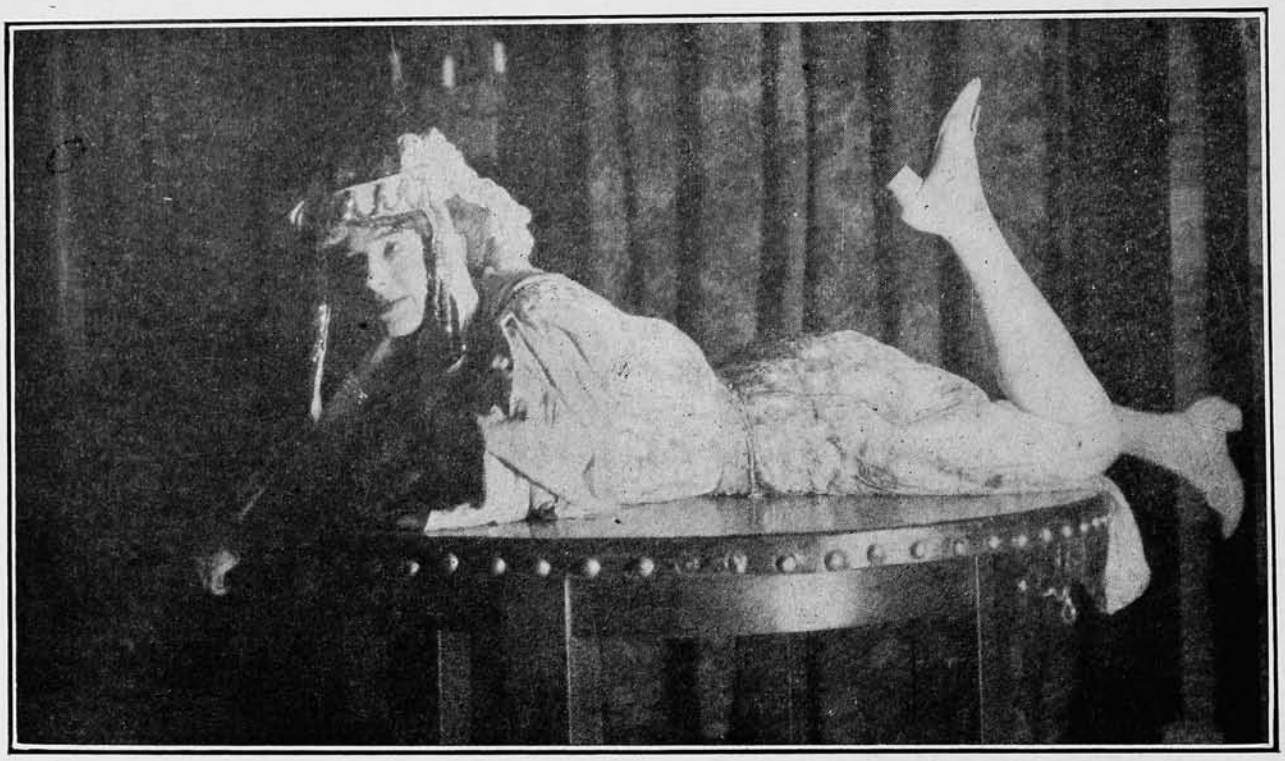
College does not fit a man for the stage, as for law, medicine, etc., but it develops him physically and mentally and deepens his personality—the greatest adjunct of all; and this mentality, this deepened personality, force their way straight to the front. The first manager I had the good fortune to be under said, "Education doesn't count on the stage. There's Irving, Mansfield, Booth, they did not have much." I answered, "They would have if they could. They got theirs through hard, hard work, and experience in many worlds gave them what the college could have performed in much less time."

As A. Loxen Worm, the man who controls the press destiny of our two leading artists, Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern, said, "They [these older actors] had to wait until they had won fame and fortune, then they were made college men, both Mansfield and Irving having received honorary degrees from great universities. Mr. Sothern was offered one but declined it."

Irving said to me once, "Young man, I envy you your college and your Ithaca. I realize now when my life's near spent, what a university would have meant to me in my youth."

The stage aims to picture the modes and manners of all time, the passions and foibles of all people. Education teaches a man all these things. The literature of all countries contributes to our stage. The architecture of the past and present of all countries is shown on our stage. How can a man interpret and build these correctly without knowledge? When I speak of the stage, I am not speaking of the variety stage, the musical-comedy stage, or the various stages where amusement is "dished out" to the unthinking, but the stage whereon the dramatic works of our great dramatic writers are presented by people especially chosen for their skill and art in depicting the emotions of humanity.

The stage has more need of educated, well bred, well appearing young men to take up her work, than the professions of law, medicine and engineering or the other professions for which our colleges turn out men every year. And the stage is a universal instructor herself.



A Masque "Chorus Girl."

GEMS FROM THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.

J. A HARRIS, JR., '09.

OST of us have the idea that Registrar Hoy's existence is made up of a steady grind of card-index routine, relieved twice a year by the fiendish satisfaction he obtains in "busting" those who have caused him the most trouble, and interrupted every thirteen years by a jaunt to Europe. Occasionally, however, little things happen which break the monotony of his task, among which are the letters received from time to time from prospective entrants.

"Davy" gets a great many letters during the course of a year, the majority of which possess, at least, the merit of being grammatically and orthographically correct, but now and then one is received that causes even "Davy's" austere visage to wear a fleeting smile, and these literary gems would be even more humorous if it were not for the sad fact that the writers of the communications reveal their lack of preparation even more fully than the examinations might show.

For instance, the hopeful who wrote, "sorry to say I flunked Trig. and History, but I ain't so bad in English," did not have much chance of wearing the gray cap after committing himself in this manner. Another aspirant penned the following choice bit: "In regard to the entrance ex's, I feel perfectly assured that I could get along fine without taking them." The author of this probably lost some of his assurance after he tackled the exams, if the sample submitted was any criterion of his ability. The man that ended his letter, "Thankfully yours," must have heard of "Davy's" reputation, and have been so overwhelmed at receiving permission to register, that he could think of nothing more suitable with which to express his gratefulness. Still another one wrote for a "catalogue diagnosing course in C.E." We do not know what his qualifications for engineering were, but he should have made a good Medic, at least. We are compelled to wonder what the youth did know who wrote, "I confess I am ignorant enough not to understand what 'N. B.' implies." It might imply "No

Busts," but unfortunately it does not, especially when used by the Registrar.

These specimens are but a few of the many such that are received annually. Ludicrous mistakes in grammar and spelling are common occurrences, and yet some people cannot understand why the University requires an entrance examination in English!

STAND, CORNELL!

Stand, enshrined in beauty, ever!
  Shimmering lake and forest dell:
Scenic grandeur, right endeavor,
  Stimulate your sons, Cornell.
    All pulses beating now,
    All nations greeting now,
      Steadfast stand, Cornell!

Voice the creed to every nation—
  "Love, Humanity and Right:"
Manly zeal and consecration
  Pledge ye, from your sacred height.
    By Hope before ye all,
    By Heaven that's o'er ye all,
      Serve with your might.

Let the struggling nations hearken
  Signals, sped from stage and tower:
Tyrannies, that crush and darken,
  Fade and fall beneath their power.
    Aye plead for right, Cornell
    While lake and forest dell
      Stand as your dower.

HORACE MACK.

HAPPENINGS ON THE MUSICAL CLUBS CHRISTMAS TRIP.

R. W. STANDART, JR., '09.

Leader of the Banjo and Mandolin Club.

FTER college closed for the Christmas holidays and after the majority of the students had gone home, there was nothing much for the musical club men to do, but to hold daily rehearsals up to the time of departure, five days later. We managed to while away the time with a dance at one of the fraternity houses, and with a Christmas Tree party at the "Dutch."

The early dawn of December 28th, saw us all on the train, bound for Buffalo. Did I say all? All but one, and he, poor fellow, when he had gotten half way to the station, forgot that a dress-suit was needed at the concerts. He had to return for it, and missed the train. We stopped in Buffalo long enough to get lunch, then proceeded "gingerly" over the "Silver Plate" to Erie. We gave our opening concert there and were most cordially received.

It was customary on the trip to have our special baggage car next to our sleepers. Before going to bed we all went into the baggage car, dressed for the night and "peeraded" through to the sleepers, leaving our clothes behind us. But for some unforeseen reasons, twice on getting up in the morning we discovered that the trainmen had played a joke on us and had put several day coaches, filled with people, between us and our baggage car. Of course we thought that a great idea and at the next station you might have seen a long line of bath-robes and pajamas "beating it" up the side of the train to the much coveted car. In the mean time, cameras owned by different people on the train were working overtime trying to catch the great "peerade" up the track; the people probably thought that we had just escaped from some mad-house. Speaking of baggage cars, did you ever try to pack a suit-case in a car crowded with 40 students, all pushing and shoving; and then when you got to the hotel and started to dress for the concert, find that you had forgotten your dress vest? Well, it certainly is aggravating, to say the least.

While at the hotel in St. Louis, we ran across a musical call-boy, who amused us to such an extent that we sent messages to one another, just to hear him call out the different names.

At Louisville, we were introduced to the famous "break-in" dances which undoubtedly are a great invention, as one is enabled to meet so many more young ladies than at an ordinary dance. I believe that Louisville was the first place to influence some of the members of the clubs to stay over and miss the train. 'Tis rumored that one member even condescended to come up to Indianapolis in time for the concert, only to return to Louisville again in the "wee small hours" of the morning after the concert, so enamored was he with that city.

I must not forget to tell you about our clarionet player. Everything was going smoothly at the concert in Dayton, up to the first encore of the Mandolin Club. In this piece the clarionet plays an important part, and when it came time for the clarionet to play, no sound issued forth. "Pat" blew and blew, but there was nothing doing. On taking the clarionet apart he discovered a cork firmly wedged in the end. But that is only one of the many jokes played on the fellows at such times. At the dance after the concert all the club men wore ribbons with their respective names written on them. Much amusement was afforded when the fellows exchanged ribbons.

In the various cities the club men made up some of the greatest stories about the trip to tell to the young ladies. At a reception in one of the large cities, the subject of fines on the trip was brought up and a young lady asked, "Are you fellows fined if you don't attend the receptions and smokers?" "Oh, yes," was the answer, "and what is more, we have to stay at the smokers until all the cigars and cigarettes are smoked up." "Well, that certainly is the limit," she replied, believing all that was said.

As is the custom on the return trip, the freshmen were called upon to tell us what they thought of the trip; to sing us a few songs and to run the gauntlet of fellows up and down the aisle. Tiring of this, we settled down in our seats, to dream of all that had happened in the past week, and with the general idea that we would cut our 8 o'clocks the next morning and have a real good rest.

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JUNIOR WEEK.

IT is indeed a happy circumstance that following so closely upon the siege of final examinations, there comes the gayest, the merriest week of the year. It is our pleasant privilege to offer a most hearty welcome to those who are to share with us this all too short emancipation from our daily tasks. Indeed, we do warmly welcome you, fair visitors, and with your gracious presence we hope to make this the most successful Junior Week that has ever passed into the history of Cornell. It is our hope that you will find enjoyment in the few festivities which have been prepared for you, and in our enjoyment of them we think you will understand why we have long anticipated the pleasure which your presence gives us. We hope to teach you much of Cornell life during the brief period of your sojourn; and, despite the icy hills and cold blasts which we must offer now, we hope that when the regretted time for your leaving comes, you will know why we have come to think this the fairest college in the land. Again we bid you welcome.

AN APPRECIATION OF DEAN CRANE.

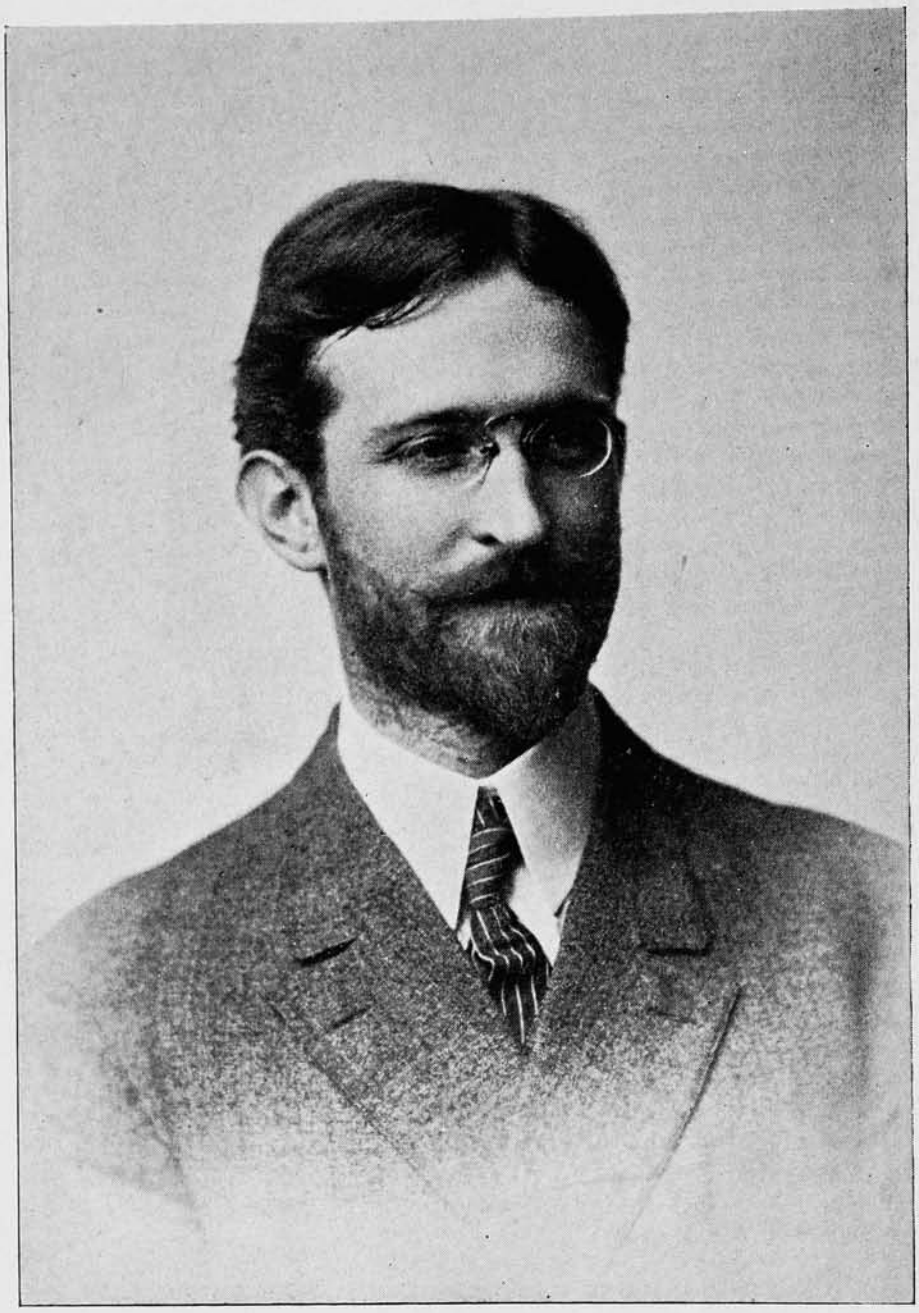
THE small coterie of men who have been with the University since its earliest beginnings is yearly growing smaller. One of them who, to our regret, is soon to relinquish his active connection with the University, is the Dean of the University Faculty, whose pleasing reminiscences appear on another page. Dean Crane has probably done more to make Cornell bigger and better than any of the original associates of the Founder, and inasmuch as his versatility of talents, the constancy of his efforts for the University, and his kindly personality have won for him a high place in the esteem and affection of Cornellians, an adequate appreciation of him becomes, indeed, a difficult task.

A Princeton man, Professor Crane joined Ezra Cornell and experienced with him the discouragements of the earlier years of the University. Since that time he has served in various capacities,—as Assistant Professor, as Professor, as Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, as Dean of the University Faculty, as Acting President of the University, receiving at various times from his Alma Mater the degrees of A.M., Ph.D., and Litt.D. In approval of what Dean Crane has done as an officer of the University, the Faculty and undergraduates concur.

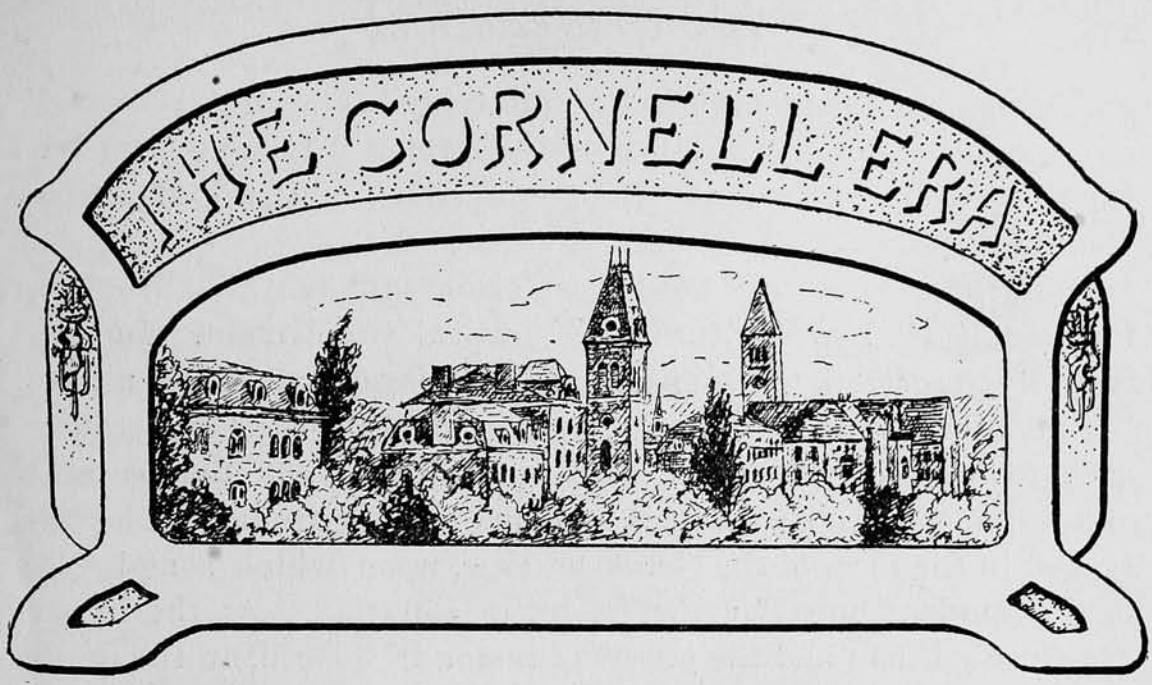
In undergraduate affairs he has always been a prominent and willing factor. During recent years, as President of the Masque Council since its foundation and as Chairman of the Committee on Student Affairs, he has exerted an influence which has been as wise as it has been powerful. His withdrawal will effect a serious loss.

After his long term of devoted service, however, the University is fortunate in his present activity and enthusiasm ; it is fortunate that he is to become Professor Emeritus, and that he will continue his research in the University library, in the present efficiency of which he has been largely instrumental. The respect and affection of Cornellians he will always command, and his achievements will remain a key-stone in the develpment of the University.

WE announce with pleasure the election of Charles S. Holmes, '10, and Samuel S. Stocker, '10, to the editorial board, and of Harold T. Edwards, Jr. Law, and Jerome T. Thompson, '11, to the business department.



PAUL R. POPE.



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GERMAN STUDENT SONGS.

PAUL R. POPE.

IN a German drinking song dating back to 1797, each stanza closes with the following refrain:

Was Martin Luther spricht:
"Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang."
Und Narren sind wir nicht."
As Martin Luther said,
"Who loves not Women, Wine and Song
Remains a fool his whole life long."
And we're not fools—nor dead.

Even if the oft quoted couplet included in this song did not orginate with Luther, as is commonly supposed, it at least expresses his sentiments, just as it expresses the sentiments of the modern German student. Wine, woman, and song itself, furnish the themes for countless songs the world over, but especially in Germany, the land of song, and more especially at the "Kneipe," that social gathering so characteristic of German student life. Of this trinity, the "Weib" does not figure at all at the Kneipe, except as the inspiration of many of the songs. "Wein" too has lost its old prestige, since the official liquid of these student

gatherings has changed, in modern times, to beer. But "Gesang" still reigns supreme, and it is this German "Gesang" as exemplified in the German "Studentenlieder" which this article would discuss.

Unfortunately, we can here consider only the texts of our songs, for the "Era" does not furnish a musical supplement. Indeed, to really appreciate the songs, one should not only see the music, but hear them sung in their proper setting. Imagine a moderately large room or hall, decorated with fraternity shields and banners and full of tobacco smoke and students sitting around tables arranged in the form of the Greek letter π, upon which song-books have been distributed by the freshman librarian. At the upper end the chairman and the guests of honor are placed, at the other ends, the "foxes" or freshmen, under the command of their captain. The other chairs are occupied by the "Burschen" or upper classmen. The loud hum of conversation, the clapping of the lids of the drinking glasses, the calls of "Prost!" are suddenly interrupted when the chairman rises and raps sharply on the table with his sword to announce the formal opening of the meeting, and the first song, "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,"—for in Germany, the national songs are as much a part of the student's repertoire as the latest comic opera airs. And now the happy hours fly on, whiled away with lively conversation, extemporaneous speeches and songs, till far into the wee sma' hours. According to the laboratory method of study, this whole scene should be reproduced in order that we might fully appreciate the subject, but owing to the manifest impossibility of applying this method, a dryer procedure must be followed here.

Students, especially German students, have always been singers and makers of songs, and if we wish to treat our subject chronologically and begin with the earliest student songs, we must go back to the earliest students, the so-called "Goliardi," or Wandering Students of the Middle Ages. These were men, light of purse and heart, half minstrel and half scholar, who, as they rambled from one University town to another, contributed so much to the gaiety of that period. Like some congenial spirits of modern times, they, too, never let their studies interfere with their college life. To be sure, they knew a little more Latin than their modern

confreres, for most of their songs were written in that language. But it has a swing to it quite unlike Virgil or even Horace, and some of the songs sound decidedly modern. Although "Clerici" they knew more about "Wein" and "Weib" than about theology or philosophy, and their verses are in the genuine spirit of the Studentenlied.

From their many songs two may serve as illustrations. First, a song taken from the "Confession of Golias," written about 1160; and, second, the well-known "Lauriger Horatius," the melody of which we have taken for our own Evening Song:

MIHI EST PROPOSITUM.

In the public-house to die
Is my resolution;
Let wine to my lips be nigh
At life's dissolution;
That will make the angels cry,
With glad elocution,
"Grant this toper, God on high,
Grace and absolution!"

Such my verse is wont to be
As the wine I swallow;
No ripe thoughts enliven me
While my stomach's hollow;
Hungry wits on hungry lips
Like a shadow follow,
But when once I'm in my cups,
I can beat Apollo.

Nature gives to every man
Gifts as she is willing;
I compose my verses when
Good wine I am swilling,
Wine the best for jolly guest
Jolly hosts are filling;
From such wine rare fancies fine
Flow like dews distilling.

There are poets, worthy men,
Shrink from public places,
And in lurking-hole and den
Hide their pallid faces;
There they study, sweat, and woo
Pallas and the Graces,
But bring nothing forth to view
Worth the girls' embraces.

Trans. by J. A. SYMONDS, *in* "*Wine, Women and Song.*"

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Laurel-crowned Horatius,
True, how true thy saying!
Swift as wind flies over us
Time devouring, slaying.
Where are, oh! those goblets full
Of wine honey-laden,
Strifes and loves and beautiful
Lips of rudy maiden?

Grows the young grape tenderly,
And the maid is growing;
But the thirsty poet, see
Years on him are snowing!
What's the use of hoary curls
Of the bays undying,
If we may not kiss the girls,
Drink while time's a-flying?

Trans. by J. A. SYMONDS.

Beginning thus, far back in the Middle Ages, a vast mass of student songs has been accumulating thruout the centuries. Many of them were never written down, but passed from mouth to mouth and were forgotten again; many have been lost. But

new ones have been written to take their places and now the official student song-book, the one which we saw lying on the table at the Kneipe described above, contains eight hundred different songs. All moods are represented there, from the roaring triumphant song in praise of the victorious fatherland to the pathos of the rustic lover's farewell, from the stately choral to the most rollicking, boisterous drinking song,—more of the latter, to be sure, if the truth must be told. And all of these moods are represented in the songs actually sung at the Kneipe. The whole student life finds expression there. Not only the life of one generation, every century is mirrored in its songs. The free roving life of the Goliardi finds expression in their Latin verses, the wild rough life of the Thirty Years' War has its echo in the coarse, songs of this period. The wave of patriotism which swept over Germany in the first decades of the 18th Century brought with it many of the finest Studentenlieder. The jovial, ironical, mockingly scientific tone of the modern student is exemplified in the scientific burlesques of Scheffel.

Based upon one of the songs of the Wandering Students mentioned above is the well-known "Gaudeamus," the student song par excellence, which every American student knows or should know. This song, however, was not brought into its present form until 1781 when it was remodeled by the Halle student, Kindleben.

The student songs of the following centuries have disappeared, and it is perhaps just as well that they have, for, to judge from the specimens we have and from what we know of the student life of the time, these songs would not be exactly suitable for enriching the modern repertoire. When we think occasionally of our modern students as wild, or raw, or averse to study, we can regain our optimism very speedily by a glance at the records of the 17th century German student. Some things do have a familiar sound, however, for example the following reply made by a 17th century student to his professor.

"When he was urged to study and censured because he never did study, and because he spent all his time drinking, he replied, 'Your remarks, Doctor, have two headings, firstly, that I don't study; secondly, that I drink a good deal. As to the first, I am a gentleman, so am not here to do much studying, but rather to

get my degree; as to the second, the reason is that I am always thirsty and have a feverish liver'."

In spite of the wildness and crudeness of these centuries many songs, purer and gentler in character, were produced, especially those in the tone of the "Volkslied." Perhaps the oldest Studentenlied which has been sung for centuries in approximately its present form, is the following 15th century song in praise of Muscatel wine:

MUSCATELLERLIED.

The dearest sweetheart that I have
Sleeps in the tavern cellar;
She has a wooden jacket on,
Her name is Muscateller.
She made me drunk last night, the sprite,
But blythe and gay the livelong day,
Grant her, Dear Lord, sweet dreams to-night.

From this beloved friend of mine
A token I'll be bringing.
She is the very choicest wine,
Inspires me in my singing;
She cheers my heart, thrills every part,
All thru her strength and virtue too.
God bless thee now, my Wine so true!

Folksongs have always been popular among the students, and the later ones, as well as those of earlier date, are often heard at the Kneipe. Of the following two Volkslieder, the first goes back to the 16th century, the second to the first decades of the 19th century:

THE THREE TROOPERS.

Three troopers ride out of the old city gate, adieu!
Sweet maid at the window, 'tis ordered by fate, adieu!
Now come has the time when we must part,
O give me thy ring to place near my heart!
Adieu adieu! adieu!
All partings bring sorrow, adieu!

'Tis Death who can part us for ever and aye, adieu!
He severs fond lovers each hour of the day, adieu!
He severs the youths from maidens dear,
When love to each other would keep them near.
Adieu! adieu! adieu! &c.

He severs the babe from brief joys it has known, adieu!
O, when will thy heart, once for all, be mine own? adieu!
To-morrow may find me far away,
But both will recall that we kissed to-day!
Adieu! adieu! adieu! &c.

Trans. in The University Song Book.

A KISS.

A kiss is a peculiar thing
I'd class it if I could.
It can't be eat, it can't be drunk
And yet it tastes so good.

And what a scribe could never write
If he wrote all the week
A single kiss can well express
Upon your sweetheart's cheek.

So when you don't know what to say
Just clasp her to your breast
Give her a single hearty smack
And she knows all the rest.

A kiss is a peculiar thing
The best of all the store;
The worst of all about it is
You're always wanting more.

As we approach the end of the 18th century a bewildering number of new songs confronts us. One characteristic feature of German Studentenlieder strikes the attention now, the fact that all the great poets have contributed to the repertoire of the "Kommersbuch." Lessing, who, if he did not write it, at least inspired the well-known song "The Pope, he leads a jolly life," Goethe, Schiller, Körner, Heine, Arndt, Claudius, are all represented by their songs. Nor are these songs deemed too old or slow or classic by the modern German student. He sings them, and enjoys them too.

One of the most popular Kneiplieder and perhaps the finest drinking song since Anekreon, is the Rhine Wine Song of Claudius, composed in 1775. This song, even more than the others, loses in the translation and thru the absence of its accompanying melody.

RHEINWEINLIED.

Let with a wreath the brimming bowl be crowned,
And quaff the draught divine!
Sir Topers, not in Europe to be found
Is such another wine.

In Hungary nor Poland grows the vine
Nor where they parlez-vous,
There may the knight St. Vitus fetch his wine
'Tis more than we will do.

'Tis of our bounteous fatherland the child,
How could it else be good?
How could it else be generous and mild,
Yet with such strength imbued?

The Rhine! the Rhine! there glows our sunny grape,
A blessing on the Rhine!
'Tis there upon the shore and mountain steep
That grows this luscious wine.

Then let us quaff it, let us everywhere
E'er joy and mirth combine!
And if we knew a man, bow'd by despair,
We'd give to him the wine.

Trans. by A. BASKERVILLE.

American students think they are patriotic, and they are, but their patriotism certainly is not manifested by the songs they sing. Class and college spirit has the tendency to drown all expression of national patriotism. Strong men weep while singing some local college song after a foot-ball game, and do not even know the words of "America." Note for example the wonderful climax in a certain American Studentenlied. "For *God*, for COUNTRY and for YALE." But out topic is German Student Songs, not American, so "revenons à nos moutons," and let us quote a few verses from some of the many patriotic songs sung, or rather roared forth, at the German Kneipe.

Of the many poets who, through their burning words, roused Germany to shake off the yoke of Napoleon, "Father" Arndt was the foremost, and his songs still live among the German students. Only a few stanzas from two of his characteristic songs can be quoted here.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

The God who made earth's iron hoard
  Scorned to create a slave,
Hence, unto man the spear and sword
  In his right hand he gave.
Hence him with courage he imbued,
  Lent wrath to freedom's voice,
That death or victory in the feud
  Might be his only choice.

O Deutschland! holy fatherland!
  Thy faith and love how true!
Thou noble land! thou lovely land!
  We swear to thee anew.
Our country's ban for knave and slave!
  Be they the raven's food!
To freedom's battle march the brave,
  'Tis full revenge we brood.

Let all that glows, let all ye can,
  In flames surge high and bright!
Ye Germans all, come, man for man,
  And for your country fight!
Now raise your hearts to Heaven's span,
  Stretch forth your hands on high,
And cry with shouting, man for man,
  "Now slavery must die!"

Trans. by A. BASKERVILLE.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is't Swabia? Is't the Prussian's land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea-gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
O, no! more great, more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land!
"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung."
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

All Germany, then, the land shall be;
Watch over it, God, and grant that we
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truely as we ought,
Be this the land—
All Germany shall be the land!

Trans. by A. BASKERVILLE.

Another favorite song, less vigorous than Arndt's stirring verses and in a tone more characteristic of the young student than of the mature man, is the following:

BURSCHEN HERAUS.

Fellows, all out!
From house to house the glad news shout.
When the lark's entrancing lay
Greets the first sweet day of May,
Then all out, and wait not long:
Loud with trumpet call and song,
Fellows, all out!

Fellows, all out!
From house to house the glad news shout.
When your country needs your aid,
Then draw every trusty blade
And all out with rousing song
Daring Death, resolved and strong.
Fellows, all out!

The German students, however, do not spend all their time at the Kneipe singing patriotic and classic lays, and there are countless songs, like the following three where rollicking fun is the theme and sole purpose of the song. To be sure, even in some of the most absurdly nonsensical ones, the students' knowledge of classic lore is played upon, as in "Pattern and Practice" given below.

STUDENT LIFE.

There's no finer life here than our student life here,
Under Bacchus and Gambrinus too.
In the taverns sinking
All our coin with drinking,
Is the life just right for me and you.
When we fain would spend it
There's some friend to lend it
And we're soon in "dulci jubilo"
Tho the bank's not willing
We'll soon have the shilling.
Jolly students always must have "dough".

PATTERN AND PRACTICE.

Drink! sang old Anakreon. Drink, sang Horace too.
Therefore drink, my student friend, with the classic crew.
Drink each day, Hippocrates counseled oft, they say.
Greek and Roman urging thus, why should we delay.
Fellows, Fellows, Fellows, drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

Socrates, Philosopher, always shunned the worst,
Paid his court to Bacchus brave, while Xantippe cursed.
Drink each day, etc.

Diogenes, Teetotaler, lived in an old vat
Smelled right strong of Rhenish Wine, he could well stand that.
Drink each day, etc.

THE JOLLY BROTHER.

A farthing and a sixpence,
And both of them were mine;
The farthing went for water,
And the sixpence went for wine.
Upidee, Upida, Upidee-ida!
The farthing, &c.

My shoes are all in pieces,
My boots are torn, d'ye see?
And yonder on the hedges,
The birds are singing free.

The landlord and his daughter,
Cry, both of them, "Oh, woe!"
The landlord when I'm coming,
And the daughter when I go.

And if there were no taverns,
I'd never wish to roam;
And no bung-hole in the barrel,
Then I couldn't drink at home.

Trans. by CH. G. LELAND.

No selection of German Studentenlieder, however small, would be complete without a few specimens of the serio-comical songs of Scheffel. Scheffel's truly beautiful song, "Alt-Heidelberg", which might be considered the "Alma Mater" of that lovely university town, is the one with which we are most familiar, but it is his humorous poetry which is most characteristic of the man and most prized by the German student. In his inimitable way he puts antediluvian creatures or the earliest historical peoples in a modern setting, his song-cycle "Gaudeamus" giving a burlesque history of the world's progress, in which he takes occasion to poke fun at modern science. In his "Ichthyosaurus," he shows how grumbler's even in those antedeluvian times thought the world was going to the dogs. The "Herring aud the Oyster," furnishes a touching romance of deep-sea life, the "Old-Assyrian Ballad," is very modern in its story, and one of his shortest and most famous songs, "The Song of Hildebrand" is a burlesque upon the German heroic epic, which, in Scheffer's time, was occasioning much discussion. The latter two songs, however, are not sung at the Kneipe with any thought of their literary-historical significance, but simply as good drinking songs.

THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

The rushes are strangely rustling,
The ocean uncannily gleams,
As with tears in his eyes down gushing,
An Ichthyosaurus swims.

He bewails the frightful corruption
Of his age, for an awful tone
Has lately been noticed by many
In the Lias formation shown.

The Plesiosaurus, the elder,
Goes roaring about on a spree;
The Pterodactylus even
Comes flying as drunk as can be.

The Iguanodon, the blackguard,
Deserves to be publicly hissed,
Since he lately in open daylight
The Ichthyosaura kissed.

The end of the world is coming,
Things can't go on long in this way;
The Lias formation can't stand it,
Is all that I've got to say!

Trans. by CH. G. LELAND.

THE HERRING AND THE OYSTER.

A herring loved an oyster
Deep down in the cool sea,
And sang, "Ah, all my longing
Is one sweet kiss from thee."

The oyster was too timid,
Stayed in her house so trim,
With songs and sighs he wooed her,
She ne'er would look at him.

But one fair day she opened
Those pearly gates of grace.
Old ocean's glassy surface
Should mirror her fair face.

The herring swam there swiftly
And thrust his head within.
He thought 'twere no dishonor
That sweet kiss now to win.

O herring, ill-starred herring,
Such fate he never weened.
Enraged she closed her portals
And he was guillotined.

So now his dead corpse floated
Full sad on the green sea
And thought, "In all hereafter
No oysters more for me.

OLD-ASSYRIAN BALLAD.

In the Black Whale Inn at Askalon
A man drank day and night
Till he lay stiff as a broom stick there
'Neath the table, full and tight.

In the Black Whale Inn at Askalon
The Landlord cried, I say:
That fellow's had more date-juice here
Than he can ever pay.

In the Black Whale Inn at Askalon
Six waiters brought the bill
And each one bore a huge clay tile
Which letters odd did fill.

In the Black Whale Inn at Askalon
The guest cried out, —— ——!
I blowed myself for all I'm worth
In Ninevah at "the Lamb."

In the Black Whale Inn at Askalon
As the clock struck half past four
The nigger slave from Nubia threw
The stranger out the door.

In the Black Whale Inn at Askalon
No prophets need apply
Whoever there would drink in peace
Pays cash for his supply.

THE SONG OF HILDEBRAND.

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Rode off together with sword in hand,
Sword in hand,
All to make war upon Venice.
Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Neither could find the Venetian land,
Venetian land,
Dire were there curses and menace.
Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Got drunk as lords in a jolly band,
jolly band,
All the while swearing and bawling.
Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand,
Hadubrand,
Drank till they neither could walk or stand,
Walk or stand,
Home on all fours they went crawling.

Trans. by CH. G. LELAND.

If the ERA were a huge folio, every page in it could easily be filled with representative "Studentenlieder." But too much space has already been appropriated, so the writer will close, regretting that it has been quite impossible to reproduce the finest and most beautiful songs, and that those given here have lost so much in being consigned thus coldly to paper without their incomparable music, and in more or less inadequate translations.

TRIP OF IRISH-AMERICAN A. C. ATHLETES TO SWEDEN.

H. F. PORTER, '05

THE visit of the Irish-American Athletic Club athletes, members of the American Olympic team of 1908, to Sweden, at the conclusion of the Olympic games in London, is unique in athletic history. It was the initial appearance of American sportsmen in the Scandinavian peninsula, and as such was accompanied by incidents of unusual interest. It was also noteworthy as being the largest party of American athletes that has ever competed in a foreign land, except in an Olympic contest.

The trip came as an aftermath of the sports in London. The idea for it was conceived by Mr. Bruno Söderström, a Swedish athlete of world-wide note, who became known to followers of athletics in America on the occasion of his visit, the first half of this year, his performance of 12′–2″, in the pole vault, ranking of first order.

Mr. Söderström came to America as the royal commissioner, to study American training methods, and to discover, if possible, the secret of American athletic supremacy. The Swedes, as a race, are physically a magnificent lot, yet, as athletes, they have never shown class. In Athens, Paris, and London, Swedish athletes were universally admired for their splendid physiques, and they made a uniformly good showing, but their skill fell short of point honors. They showed great stamina, and promised much, but were lacking in the finesse of form and headwork, *in which the Americans have always excelled.*

It is to remedy this shortcoming, and, if possible, to so far perfect themselves in the technic of athletic art by the time of the next Olympiad as to figure in for the championship, that they aspire. To the Americans, five times World's champions, they look up as masters. Hence, as part of his educational campaign, Mr. Söderström conceived the plan of bringing to Sweden, at the conclusion of the Olympiad in London, a representative

party of American Athletes. The Irish-American athletes, whose splendid showing in the London sports attracted the attention of the entire world, taking 10 out of 19 first places won by the United States, as combining the skill, prestige and organization necessary for a trip of this kind, were the natural choice; and accordingly. Captain Lawson Robertson was invited to bring his team to Sweden, Eleven of the twenty men who had represented the I. A. A. C. on the American team elected to go.

These were as follows, with their events given:— Sprints—Robertson (Capt.), Cloughen; Hurdles and 400 meter—Bacon; 400 and 800 meter—Bromilow; 800 and 1500 meter—Sullivan, Cohn, Riley; 5 mile—Bonhag; Shot-Put, Hammer throw, Discus casting—Gillies; Broad jump and Hurdles—Kelly; High jump—Porter.

Shephard, Taylor, Talbot and Horr were to have accompanied the team, but, at the last moment, were unable to go. Mr. John J. Dolan, Secretary of the I. A. A. C., also was one of the party.

Simon Gillies, of the New York Athletic Club, who won fame at the English championships, establishing a new British record in the 16 W. hammer throw, kindly agreed to go in place of Talbot and Horr.

Three series of meets were arranged in the three leading cities of Sweden, the first in Stockholm, August 16th and 17th; the second in Norrköping, August 8th and 9th; the last in Malmö, August 11th, 12th and 13th.

In the first two cities, the meet was held on two successive days, and in the last on three successive days. The contests, as athletic competitions, were hardly remarkable, for, although the Swedes were represented by their best men, the superiority of the Americans was so manifest that the contests resolved themselves more into exhibitions. While no wonderful performances were made, the hard travel, numerous contests, and liberal hospitality of the Swedes discouraging the appearance of first class form, the showing of our boys was uniformly good. In the sprints, Robertson made 11 sec. flat for the 100 meters, a very good performance; and Cloughen 22 2/5 secs. for 200 meters, equalling the best Olympic time. In the broad jump, Dan Kelly cleared 23′–5″, bettering his Olympic performance by 1½ inches, and beating the

Swedish record by a foot. In the 1500 meter, Cohn did 4′–7 3/5″, beating the Swedish record by over 4 seconds. In the high jump, Porter cleared 6′–2″ in exhibition, which discounted the Swedish record by two inches. The Swedes shined in one event only, the five-mile, in which Svanberg, Pettersson, and Persson all showed clean heels to our best man, and in times faster than the American record. Svanberg will be remembered as running in the five-mile and the Marathon in London, in both of which he showed up well. He is a splendid runner, and if carefully trained should push Shrubb's records hard. It is rumored that Svanberg may make America his future home. He will be a welcomed addition.

A word of praise should be recorded for the Swedish climate. The atmosphere is light and invigorating and the skies bright and sunny, conditions ideal for superior athletic performances. We all felt gingery from the instant we set foot on Swedish soil until we re-embarked, a striking contrast to the torpor which threatened to overwhelm us in London, and in fact did mar the form of many.

There is talk of holding the Olymiad of 1912 in Stockholm. No better place could be selected. In climate, accommodation for visitors, athletic and sportsmanlike spirit, the capital city of Sweden is admirably qualified. Beautifully situated on an arm of the Baltic, some 15 miles inland, teeming with points of scenic interest, elegant parks, clean, well-paved streets, substantial, handsome buildings, and ample hotel, street-car and railway services, Stockholm seems ideally constituted for a world occasion like an Olympiad.

Swedish hospitality cannot be too strongly praised. Princes could hardly have been more cordially received or more elegantly entertained than we. Our every need was anticipated with admirable forethought and every bit of time most pleasantly filled with entertainment. There were no dull moments, and the most charming courtesy and consideration graced every occasion. All of which bespeaks the splendid sportsmanlike spirit of the Swedes, their honest appreciation of merit, their liberality, and warm cordiality cherished toward Americans. This display of whole-souled generous feeling was more refreshing than in the Stadium. In Sweden we were even more overwhelmingly successful—yet there was no sign of animosity or bad feeling of any nature. If

ever we have to doff our laurels as athletes to a foreign team, we certainly hope that team may wear the blue and yellow. Thoro good sportsmen, physically easily one of the finest races in the world, and not inferior to Americans as a race, to be defeated by so worthy a competitor would not be to be disgraced.

Large crowds of representative people greeted our appearance at every contest, and interest was the keenest. The demonstration at the close of the games in Stockholm was the greatest ever given a team of athletes. It rivaled the display seen at the conclusion of a championship football or baseball game between two great American universities. Until the very end, the crowd contained itself admirably, and to an American, accustomed to repeated interruptions of noisy enthusiasm, the silence suggested disinterest, but scrutiny in the assembled faces revealed wrapt attention. Finally, when the events where all concluded, and the presentation of prizes had been formally made by Colonel Balck, of the Swedish Army, the slumbering volcano burst into spontaneous eruption. Cheer upon cheer arose from every lip, in chorus, and surrounding the assembled group of American athletes, they seized each one in turn, and tossed him high above their heads, many times. This is the Swede's supreme token of appreciation and approbation, and to receive it was a signal honor.

On arrival in each town, a goodly representation was always present to welcome us, and energetic committeemen at once took us in hand and proceeded to make us comfortable. Carriages or autocars were provided to take us everywhere, to and from the contests, and to show us the objects of interest. A Swedish sportsman, sufficiently versed in English to chat pleasantly, seemed to be provided, one for every three or four men, and no attention or consideration seemed too exacting for their patience and affability. As we took leave of each town, our hosts were always on hand in large numbers, and honored the occasion by singing their national anthem, followed by their national cheer. This is three sharp hurrahs, with strong accent on the first syllable and trilling of the "r". At Stockholm, Swedish young ladies presented us all with bunches of selected native roses for which Sweden is so famed. We, in turn, rendered several characteristic American melodies and ended with "nine 'rahs" for Sweden. The scene

was most effective. Symbolizing the hearty affection existing between the two peoples, it will live long in the memory of all concerned.

Handsome, individual trophies were awarded, the presentation being in every case made with formal ceremony by a military officer, according to Swedish custom. This attests the high standing which athletic sport enjoys in Sweden.

In Malmö, in addition to the individual prizes, souvenir loving cups were presented each man, and a large, very beautiful loving cup to the Club as a whole. From Malmö, by way of showing our appreciation of the courtesy everywhere extended to us, we sent the following cablegram to President Roosevelt:

American Athletes in Sweden, members of Irish-American Athletic Club of New York, competing in Stockholm, Norrköping, Malmö, send greeting, and wish to express appreciation of splendid reception accorded everywhere, attesting most kindly feelings cherished toward Americans by people of Sweden.

(Signed) ROBERTSON (*Capt*), PORTER, BACON, KELLY, CLOUGHEN, SULLIVAN, BONHAG. BROMILOW, COHN, RILEY, DOLAN, GILLIES.

The reply to this message by the President came after we had taken our departure and we did not learn of it until we were home once more. It came in the shape of a letter to the Secretary of the Irish–American Athletic Club, Mr. John J. Dolan, from the Secretary of the American Legation at Stockholm, Mr. James G. Bailey. An exact copy is herewith given:

AMERICAN LEGATION, STOCKHOLM, August 17th, 1908.

MR. JOHN J. DOLAN, Secretary I. A. A. C.,
163 East 60th St., New York City, U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

The following is a copy of a telegram received by this legation:

OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK, August 15th, 1908.

HON. CHARLES H. GRAVES,
American Minister, Stockholm, Sweden.

Please thank the American Athletes in Sweden, members of the Irish–American Athletic Club, for their telegram to me and say

how heartily glad I am at what they tell me of the generous and kindly reception everywhere accorded them by the Swedish people.

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I gave a copy of the above telegram to the press here and since its publication I have heard many nice things from the public of the favorable and commendable recognition of your club by our President.

I can regret more than I can express that engagements deprived me of the pleasure of seeing more of your party while in Stockholm. Kindly remember me to each of them.

With assurances of my esteem, I am

Yours truly,

(Signed) JAMES G. BAILEY,

Secretary of the Legation.

Credit should be given to the members of the American Legation at Stockholm, including Minister Graves, Consul-General Adams and Secretary Bailey, for their most kind and courteous attention to us while we were in Stockholm. They all were present at the games and extended to us the full courtesies of the Legation. Similiarly at Malö, the American Consul, who by the way is a native Swede but a naturalized American, took a leading part in the receptions accorded us and did everything in his power to make our brief stay pleasant and profitable. It was a service we much appreciated.

To Mr. Bailey, who especially interested himself in our well being while in the realm, by way of appreciation of his kindness, we extended the privileges of honorary membership in the club. In acknowlegement Mr. Bailey wrote as follows :

Dear MR. DOLAN :

Please express my thanks to the members of the Irish American Athletic Club for the card of honorary membership to your organization which covered itself with so much honor and glory in the athletic field during the present year. I appreciate the honor and shall watch the future work of your club with much interest.

With best wishes to yourself and kind remembrences to the

members of the club whom I had the pleasure of meeting here, I am

Yours very truly,

(Signed) JAMES G. BAILEY,
Secretary of Legation.

The sidelight on our visit to Sweden is interesting in that it shows the close bond of union existing between our nation and Sweden, for where the diplomatic relations are so cordial that the representatives of the American government are free to take such an active and cooperative interest in the incidental affairs of the realm, surely there can be no discord. Is it not thus that the nations of the earth will ultimately merge all differences and become one in everlasting bonds of peace and accord?

The Swedish press gave us splendid notices, and were unstinted in their efforts to make our reception a proper success. Records of all the athletes, interviews with Captain Robertson, and pleasing little items and comments went to fill columns, and the results of the games were given in detail, colored with pleasing comments on the more striking incidents. We were beating their best men unmercifully, yet there was never a line in a bitter vein —all one concord of appreciation and approbation. It was ever "our American friends", in the most cordial tone. If I could translate all the nice things said about us by the press, I would need write a small volume. One passage, which a Swedish friend translated for me, comes to mind:

"These Americans are naturally the most sympathetic of sportsmen. They conduct themselves in such a gentlemanly form on all occasions, and show such a hearty appreciation of all little courtesies paid them. It is a pleasure and honor to have them with us".

It was with feelings near akin to pain that we bade good-bye to Sweden. As the ship, bearing us away, loosened from the wharf at Malmö, the Club quartet sang an improvision of "Good Night, Ladies", which seemed to best fit the occasion. The words were as follows:

"Good-bye Sweden, good-bye Sweden,
Good-bye Sweden, we've got to leave you now.
Sad-ly we go away, go away, go away,
Sad-ly we go away
Across the deep blue sea".

That was all, we could sing no more. Our Swedish friends on the pier sang in soft, sad unison one of their national odes, and ended with three piercing hurrahs. From the distance, we echoed back the heartiest nine 'rahs of which we were capable.

The curtain fell on the last scene of one of the pleasantest and most memorable experiences in our athletic careers. All is now but a picture, but it is one of exquisite background and tone, and linked to the everlasting present by golden cords of friendship. Not alone athletically, but nationally, Sweden and the United States are forever one in spirit. Let the tie never be severed. Thus is the highest and real purpose of international athletic competition fulfilled.

TO THE ROSE—ANACREONTIC V.

The roses of love let us mingle with wine,
With fair petall'd roses our brows let us twine,
Then drink amid laughter soft.
Of flowers, O rose, the queen, of Spring fond care,
O delight of the Gods, in diadems fair
Round the locks of Cythera's son thou dost lie
When he dances with Graces in ecstacy.
Deck we thus our locks aloft.
To the lyre, Dionysus, thy altars around,
With the fair-bosom'd maids, by rose garlands crowned,
We will dance in ecstacy oft.

A fantastic paraphrase of the Anacreontics may be seen in Thomas Moore's *Odes of Anacreon* (this ode No. XLIV). The best translation is by A. H. Bullen, *Anacreon*, London, 1893. (No. V). —B. S. M.

THINGS TO BE DONE.

R. E. COULSON, '09.

VERY senior class is expected to have a program. The desire "to do something," to improve on the past, is strong in every class when it reaches that pinnacle of student wisdom, the senior year. It must be admitted that this tendency has often resulted in new-made "traditions" and half-baked projects of doubtful value, and it is probable that as Cornell grows older, and its real traditions gain a firmer hold, the senior classes of the future will be more cautious in making changes of importance. It is to be hoped that this increased conservatism is already appearing.

Nevertheless, while one must condemn hasty, ill-considered, and unnecessary changes in undergraduate institutions, circumstances may be such as to not merely justify, but to force changes. Thus, the class of 1909 finds certain things forced upon its attention, apparently demanding a departure from the traditions of the past.

One of these is the Senior Ball. At one time the most brillant social event of the college year, it has gradually decreased in importance, and has been for the past few years a decided failure, financially and socially. The reasons are clear. The Senior Ball has been held during Commencement Week, a time when practically all the students have left town, except the seniors. The latter are busy as a rule, entertaining their families, and alumni who have returned for reunions. Moreover, as the fraternity houses are turned over to the alumni, none of the fraternities can hold house parties. Comparatively few of the seniors attend, comparatively few of the alumni attend, and the result is an unsuccessful ball and a deficit of from four to six hundred dollars for the class to meet. Such an expense ought not to be incurred by any senior class at Cornell if it can possibly be avoided, for in each class there are many men upon whom each added dollar of expense falls heavily.

It has therefore been proposed, and approved by the class, that the Senior Ball be held Friday, May 28. In other words, to hold it at the time when the Navy Ball, abandoned last year, was

formerly held. Other events are grouped around Memorial Day, such as a Varsity crew race, two baseball games, a joint glee club concert, and a Savage Club play. Memorial Day comes on Sunday so the Monday following is a university holiday, by custom. The committee believe that the Senior Ball can be made a success, socially and financially, if held at this time, and while it will be an experiment, it is a necessary experiment, as the Senior Ball on the old basis is impossible. The chief objection raised against the change was that all the events which make Commencement Week pleasant, and attract alumni, might follow the Senior Ball to the earlier date. There seems to be little danger of this happening, as a glee club concert has been a usual feature of Navy Week, and both the glee club concert and the Masque are events attractive to alumni and parents of seniors, and can be conducted profitably in Commencement Week. It is probable that the Senior Ball has had little influence on the attendance at either of these events.

Another senior class function that demands attention is the Senior Banquet. In the recent annual report of President Schurman he made an appeal to the senior class of this year to place the Senior Banquet on a different basis. The reason the Senior Banquet is to be condemned is not, necessarily, because seniors drink there, nor even that some get drunk, but rather because the whole affair is a sham, a product of a spirit something like that which we find in individuals whom we class as "tin horn sports." It is hard to see why the pretense of a vice, not possessed, is any more commendable than the pretense of a virtue, not possessed. There is comparatively little drinking at Cornell at present, and the men who go to a Senior Banquet and become intoxicated are not men who habitually do so, but are in many cases men who drink little if at all. They drink too much in connection with the Senior Banquet because they understand that it is the expected thing. Last year the committee made their plans for the banquet on the assumption that no more than the soup course should be served, and they were not disappointed. The result is that the University receives a widely extended newspaper reputation for heavy drinking, and this form of advertisement is not a desirable one for a University. It is an undeserved reputation, for from such evidence as there is we have every reason to think that there

is less drinking at Cornell than at most other of the large universities of the east, and certainly there seems to be less this year than for several years past.

The sentiment of the senior class this year seems to be strongly against a repetition of the usual form of Senior Banquet, largely as a result of President Schurman's appeal to the class. It is believed that the sentiment is strong enough in the class to make it possible to hold the Senior Banquet in the usual place without danger of its becoming a riot instead of a banquet. The committee are endeavoring, however, to find a place where a larger portion of the class can be accommodated than is possible in the Ithaca Hotel. It is possible that it may seem desirable to hold the banquet in the Armory, since there the greater part of the class might be accommodated. The Armory, however, is open to the objection that no liquor can be served in connection with the banquet, and some of us would like to prove that at Cornell, you do not need to have a "dry" banquet, to prevent a flood.

If the class of 1909 succeed in placing these two functions of the senior class upon a better basis, they will have met the duty imposed upon them as seniors and may graduate with a clear conscience, even though they do not create any new "traditions."

THE SERIOUS PURPOSE OF COLLEGE DRAMATICS

ALBERT BERNHARDT FAUST.

THERE are theatre-goers who will never attend an amateur performance by college students. To them the professional actor seems so far superior, that the amateur in comparison can never for them bring about the illusion that the stage is life, or vice versa, that "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." However, if such persons were as critical of the professional performers as they are of amateurs, they would recognize that about three-fourths of all actors are hacks, knowing but an infinitesmal portion of their art, as little as the factory-hand who burnishes the heel or sews the upper on the sole knows about the make or fit of a shoe. The starring system has largely created this condition, relegating to a few the burden of carrying the interest of a performance and leaving to the rest the duty of glimmering vaguely behind the greater luminaries.

In Germany, the home and refuge of the serious drama, the death-blow was dealt the starring-system by the players of the Duke of Meiningen, who performed between 1874-1890 on the stages of Germany, and exhibited their methods also in foreign countries by performances in London, Amsterdam and St. Petersburg. The "Meininger" were a company of players of no unusual ability, who made it their purpose to produce a play as an artistic unity, and impress the dramatist's conception of his work. They paid a great deal of attention to accurate detail in costumes and scenery, and to faithful interpretation of the author. They were remarkable for harmonious equality of talent among the performers, their wonderful ensemble, their naturalness, simplicity and finish in execution.

When they first appeared in Berlin, in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, the audience were completely taken by surprise by the overpowering effect of their ensemble play. It was totally different from anything seen before, and by common consent a distinct advance. At first there was difficulty in detecting the cause of their success, for in Berlin there were actors at the time

who could play the individual roles of Antony, Brutus and Cassius better than the Duke's players had done,—and yet there was something infinitely superior about the "Meininger." The secret was they presented Shakespeare, and not somebody in Brutus or Cassius or Antony. The author was put upon the pedestal and the actor was his servant. Each player contributed his share to the harmony of the whole, and the play became real, live, convincing, the interpretation a work of art in the true sense.

On precisely these principles of faithful interpretation of the author, of team-work by the players, of naturalness and finish in execution, can college dramatic clubs achieve most surprising successes, and their studied efforts may take high rank in comparison with the work of the professional stage. The dramatic clubs of Cornell have in several instances illustrated this thesis. The pioneer on the grounds, in artistic production of literary plays was the French club "Les Cabotins," whose performance in 1905 of Moliere's *Le Malade Imaginaire* closing with the *ceremonie burlesque* conferring the doctorate, will long remain gratefully in the memory of all who were privileged to see it. So also their open air performance of Rostand's *Les Romanesques* in the grove of "the Oaks," was an idea beautiful in conception and exquisite in execution. Last year the English Club made its debut with an excellent choice of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Some weeks afterwards the troupe of Maude Adams came to Ithaca with the same play. Without any intention to flatter, the writer may be permitted to say, that in his honest opinion the ensemble and artistic impression produced by Cornell's rendition was superior to that of the professional company. There was a gaping gulf separating the masterly performance of the great artist and the woeful misconception of his role by the actor who was playing at Malvolio. In Cornell's *Twelfth Night* the writer caught a glimpse of the wit and heart of the prince of dramatists, in the other he saw only Maude Adams and the would-be Malvolio, the rose and the thorn of the starring system.

The "Deutscher Verein" has in the past four years presented Freytag's *Journalisten*, Von Moser's *Bibliothekar*, Fulda's *Unter Vier Augen*, Meyer-Förster's *Alt-Heidelberg* to audiences of such generous appreciation as to make those who took part feel amply

repaid for all their labors. To the "Deutscher Verein" belongs the distinction of trying for the first time the test of a critical audience outside of the home city. With their production of "*Alt-Heidelberg*," twice approved in Ithaca, they went to the artistic center of the country and "made good." The secret of their success is expressed in a newspaper comment appearing next day: "The play was not acted, it was lived." Dr. Baumfeld, one of the directors of the New German Theatre of New York, where the play was given, told the players that while they undoubtedly would not rank themselves with professionals, they had accomplished the results beyond which the greatest artists could not go, they had held a crowded theatre in rapt attention for three hours and alternately provoked their laughter and their tears. Eugen Burg, the leading actor and co-director of the theatre, while chatting with the players behind the scenes, vowed that he would never set eyes on "*Alt-Heidelberg*" again. He had played the part of Karl Heinrich over six hundred times in Hamburg and other German cities, (he and Harry Walden being the two original impersonators of the prince), he had played until he hated it. In spite of that his adorably inconsistent genius prompted him to put on his coat and go out into the audience. He told the players at the luncheon that he happened in, just in time for the love scenes of the second act. "My youth came back to me instantly, I saw myself mirrored in the prince, he was just as I had been, and I was charming." Only about half the house was composed of friends of the players, the other apparently "had come to scoff and stayed to pray." The fact that the amateurs were able to win them over, supports the thesis maintained above, that when college students take their dramatics seriously, they can by working together produce a harmonious and artistic effect which professionals must labor hard to surpass, or even equal.

College performers can never hope to interpret a leading role as well as a great artist of the stage. They are lacking not only in stage-craft, but in the large experience of actual life, which enriches and mellows an artist's work. The superior technique comes with great powers of observation, the gift of imagination, and a broad sympathy for all things existing. It is interesting to

watch, however, how quickly a student will acquire technique, when there is a bond of resemblance between himself and the character to be portrayed. Indeed that should always be the principle of selection of a cast. An amateur can portray successfully only the character which contains elements of his own being, which, to be sure, may be latent. When he plays, he must be that other self, and by his naturalness he wins.

It is sometimes supposed that college dramatics have the evil influence of directing toward the stage persons who have no special talent in that direction. With students engaged in the working out of a literary play, the effect is just the other way. All the fascination of being behind the scenes, the glory of the foot-lights, the romance of painted cheek and guilded costume, vanish before the stern facts of nerve-racking rehearsals, long hard training, personal sacrifices, insufficient talent to accomplish the best. Art as a profession, whether it be music, drama, literature, is but a weak staff, unless the art-lover be naturally endowed with a great deal of talent. Even then he must be gifted with numerous other strong qualities to become successful. The college player realizes all that after or during his connection with the play. To him it is the returned manuscript coming back from the magazine or publisher.

A different question is the influence diverting the student from his studies, and that is undoubtedly serious, or can become so if college dramatics assume too large a part of college activities. The plan has been adopted by the French and German dramatic associations to alternate in their performances of large plays, each giving one every two years, instead of each giving an annual play as heretofore. Their suggestion of establishing a Dramatic Council, regulating the number of plays given by all associations of the university in any one year, has not met with favor.

In conclusion, the serious purpose of college dramatics is not to make actors, it is to develop taste. Ludwig Fulda in his reminiscences of America called the drama in our country the Cinderilla of all the arts. He was shocked by our fondness for melodramatic effects, the greed of our eyes, the absence of literary quality, the mercenary views of our theatrical dictators. And are not the latter stricken blind as to the real desires of the

American people? Can they not draw lessons from the crowded houses that have greeted Charles Klein's *Music Master*, his *Lion and the Mouse*, Clyde Fitch's *the Climbers*, and others, Kennedy's *the Servant in the House*, or any other good play that has shown its head above the slough of despond? But now, they say, what the people want is extravaganzas and brilliant shows, stunt performances, and hippodromes. Capital, conservative blind dotard, throws millions into the blazing temples of frivolity. You may say, I do not care to take art seriously, I want to be amused, my life is serious enough. To be sure you are entitled to your amusement, and the arts—music, literature, the drama—will charitably descend and furnish you with rag-time and light reading and shows of all kinds. Better let art descend than descend yourself to the cup that cheers and likewise inebriates. But in either case the effect is medicinal and not cultivating. You but gain your equilibrium. If you would be raised, take art seriously. You will be broadened, deepened, inspired, whether you listen to classical music, or read great literature or study the drama of the highest type.

CORNELLIANS AND

MORRIS L. BUCHWALTER, Jr., '09,

the recently elected President of the Masque, whose Salomé dance is one of the best features of the "President of Oolong."

THEIR ACTIVITIES

CURTIS M. YOHE, '09,

Captain of the University Hockey Team, under whose leadership the sport has been sufficiently revived to warrant Cornell's membership in the Intercollegiate Hockey League during another season.

WHAT'S DOING

EDWARD I. BAYER, '09,

having been a member of his college crew and of last year's Varsity eight is a promising candidate for the Varsity boat this Spring.

AND BY WHOM

GEORGE C. PIERCE, '09,

the first undergraduate manager of the *Cornell Alumni News*. Though actively enrolled in the University, he has maintained the high record set by the graduate managers who preceded him.

THE POE CENTENARY.

PROFESSOR F. C. PRESCOTT.

POE was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. It is interesting to surmise what would have happened if he had lived the remainder of his life in his birthplace, and what relation he would have borne to the great New England writers who were practically his contemporaries. Holmes was born a little later in the same year with Poe; Emerson only six years earlier; and between these two Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier. Compared with the other centenaries which have been observed during the last six years that of Poe has been celebrated, so to speak, at some disadvantage. Each of the great New Englanders is identified with one region in which he is regarded with local pride,—even with one spot which constitutes a sort of literary shrine where, according to the New England custom, memorials may be erected and his fame piously celebrated at each succeeding anniversary. Thus Emerson's centenary was observed not long since in Concord; and Longfellow's more recently in Cambridge in the Sanders Theatre of Harvard University, where for many years he was a professor. In the same building exercises will soon be held in memory of Holmes—most appropriately, for it stands within sight of his birthplace and it is the meeting place of the college audiences to which he so often sang. Poe did not continue to live in Boston, or in any other place long. He did not strike root in any soil. Compared with the New Englanders he lacked established local habitation; and in consequence no place is peculiarly charged with the duty or privilege of cherishing his memory.

Poe occasionally visited Boston and published there his first volume of poems. He was not, however, fond of his birthplace, and always spoke flippantly, if not contemptuously of Longfellow, transcendentalism, and other things held sacred in New England,—for which reason perhaps, or possibly because of some lack of affinity New England has not on the whole been fond of Poe. nRichmond, where he was left an orphan when about three

years old and where he was brought up in the family of a Scotch tobacco merchant, Poe spent his boyhood, except for five years during which he was in school in England—ten years in all; to which may be added a subsequent sojourn of two years in the same place. He had, however, no family connections in Richmond, his relations with his fosterfather were uncertain, and he was looked down upon by his aristocratic schoolmates as "sprung from poor actors." Perhaps his unpleasant and insecure position prevented his establishing himself in Richmond or ever feeling quite at home there. In Charlottesville, where he passed his brief and unprofitable college days, his memory is probably held more sacred than anywhere else. His stay at the University of Virginia, however, lasted for but a few months and was only a passing incident in his career. The same is true of his brief experience at West Point. Baltimore, the home of his father's family, was the scene of notable events in Poe's life. He published his first tale in the *Saturday Visiter* of that place. There he met, and possibly married, his wife. There some years later occurred his unfortunate death. Over his grave in an obscure Baltimore churchyard was erected long after his death a monument, inscribed with the words suggested by Longfellow, from his poem *For Annie*, "The fever called living is conquered at last." A residence of some five years in Philadelphia, during which he did on the whole his best work, left behind it no special trace—either of of the material sort or in the minds of the people. He lived twice in New York, first for an obscure year before the Philadelphia period, and again after that period for the last five years of his life. There he published *The Raven and other Poems* and a volume of *Tales*—the works on which his fame depends. There also—at least at Fordham, now a part of Bronx borough—still stands the cottage in which he lived and in which Virginia Poe died. "It was," as Professor Woodberry describes it, "a one story and a half house on King's Bridge road, at the top of Fordham Hill. Within, on the ground floor were two small apartments, a kitchen and sitting-room; and above, up a narrow stairway, two others, one—Poe's room—a low cramped chamber, lighted by little square windows, like port-holes." This very modest cottage—the only dwelling place of Poe to which a

worshipper may make pilgrimage—was secured from its present quite unliterary owners for exercises on Poe's birthday.

These exercises, held by the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences, were followed by the dedication of a tablet in Poe Park, and by a memorial meeting at New York University at which Professor Woodberry presided. Adjoining the auditorium where this meeting was held is the Hall of Fame, which Poe has not so far been allowed to enter. The neighboring Columbia University also observed the centenary. At Richmond the Poe Memorial Association plans to erect a monument. The University of Virginia, which had already honored Poe, arranged a celebration lasting four days and including addresses by prominent men of letters of the North and South. At West Point it is planned to place a memorial in the library of the Academy. Exercises were held at Baltimore; and even Boston proposed a Poe dinner.

These scattered celebrations, held at the various places in which Poe lived, emphasize the fact that he belonged to no one locality. He can hardly be said to have belonged to either of the sections into which the country was in his time divided. He is usually claimed by the South, and the claim may be allowed if only on the ground that the South has no other man of letters of the first rank. His father was a southerner—not, however, of an old southern family, for his great-grandfather came from the north of Ireland and settled in Pennsylvania. His mother, the daughter of an English actress, was born in mid-ocean on the journey across the Atlantic, and thus in a sense belonged to no country. Poe's manners, as one would expect from his bringing up, are said to have been southern. So, to some extent, were his tastes and sympathies, though it is hard to find any trace of this in his imaginative writings, and in his criticism he treats North and South with impartiality. In regretting that, to secure fair treatment, Simmns and Pinkney had been "born too far South" and in railing at the "frogpondians" and the "magnanimous cabal" of the *North American Review*, he was not so much unfair to New England or ready to resent what he believed to be unfairness on the northern side. It should be remembered also that, beside being born in Boston, which may be regarded as in the nature of an accident, Poe lived for the larger part of his

maturity in the North. There is no reason, in his life or work, why the North should not join heartily with the South in honoring his centenary.

Poe, indeed, more than any other American writer, rises above, not only local and sectional, but national lines. He often objects, in his criticism, to the idea of nationality in letters,—"as if the world at large were not the only proper stage for the literary *his trio.*" His best poems belong to a dreamland "out of space—out of time," and his best tales are laid in a region of "old world romance" which is quite unreal and certainly not American. He, more than any other of our writers, with the possible exception of Hawthorne, stands in literature for pure art,—which is without locality. His best work is pure poetry, which, in a way quite unparalleled in literature, might have been written at any time and in any place. For this reason his fame is independent of geographical boundaries and in general has been greater abroad than in his own country. Professor Minto expresses a common English opinion in calling him "the most interesting figure in American literature," and in adding, "There are few English writers of this century whose fame is likely to be more enduring." By the French he has long since been adopted, in the classic translation of Baudelaire, and placed on equal terms with native writers. Thus while some of his New England contemporaries have remained local bards he has taken his place in world literature. It is pleasant to think that England and France, as well as America, are observing the centenary of Poe.

THE BRITISH VIEWPOINT.

THEODORE A. COOK,

MEMBER OF THE BRITISH OLYMPIC COUNCIL.

LONDON, S. W., December 21, 1908.

To the Editor of The Cornell Era :

SIR—I am much obliged for the copy of the "Cornell Era" you are good enough to send me today.

Though its date of publication appears as November, I notice that the writers of the two articles on the Olympic Games of London, have not apparently seen the pamphlet issued concerning the American criticisms of the management in London.

Therefore I have directed a copy to be sent to you personally, as I find it is difficult to secure that any notice should be taken of it in the American press.

It is also only right that you should know that the Mr. Gustavus Kirby (from whose pamphlet you quote) has been convicted of publishing deliberate untruths in this respect. The conversation, for instance, quoted on your pp. 74 and 75, never occurred with any official whatever, and appears to be the product of Mr. Kirby's heated imagination. You should also be aware that if Mr. Kirby, Mr. Sullivan, or Mr. McCabe, American representatives in London who published untruths without withdrawing or apologizing, are ever again officials at any international meeting, no amateur Englishman is likely to compete.

As to your statement about the (page 67) drawing of the heats I will refer you to the pamphlet sent with this. You speak of "the plot" failing (page 68) and of America being "unjustly deprived of another sure place". These words also will need modification after you have read the facts.

As to Carpenter's race you speak (page 77) of "the psychic evidence being all on the side of the Americans"; and you quote President Roosevelt's words at Oyster Bay as being "I am proud of you, everyone . . . you all did nobly . . etc." No one could wish to drag the President of the United States into any controversy. Still, he was also President of the American Olympic Com-

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EDITORIAL NOTE: The letter here published, is a reply to two articles upon the Olympic Games published in the November number of THE ERA.

mittee; and I presume his opinion would largely influence other Americans. I therefore can only deplore the fact that, as a nation, you all seem to consider it your duty to take up the onus of justifying one of the most disgraceful fouls ever seen upon a public track, a foul which would never have been tolerated under American conditions and could not possibly be condoned under our own. As to the withdrawal of the rest of the team, after the decision, I can only agree with Mr. Peabody of Boston who points out that if you had desired to produce the impression of collusion you could not have chosen a more convincing course.

I do not write with any desire to exacerbate a most unfortunate controversy, which is chiefly due to Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Kirby, and Mr. Mc Cabe, and would never have been heard of but for them. Yet, after what I read in your paper, I think it essential that you should realize the results of this ill-advised campaign of slander, in which the accusations against us are confined to one section of the games (or $\frac{1}{20}$th of the whole) and in which you are the only nation to complain. Had there been any virtue in these assertions, the taint of such malpractices would hardly have been absent in the 19 other sections of the games, and the 20 other nations competing would scarcely have joined in a conspiracy of silence. They would have applauded your efforts to unmask dishonesty and they would scarcely have dreamt of returning to London in October. Quite the reverse were the action and the attitude they chose.

The American representatives therefore stand alone, not merely in their protests, but in their decision to hold their own games under their own rules. I think that is a wise decision. For after what has occurred no Englishman is likely to compete, and no English official will work, where Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Kirby, and McCabe are present. I do not think that other European countries will be likely to take a course different from our own. The result will be that, for some years at any rate, Americans will disappear from further international competition, and I hope you will appreciate that this disappearance will be almost entirely due to the three representatives I have named. Please make what use you like either of this letter or the enclosed pamphlet, and believe me to be Sincerely yours

THEODORE A. COOK.

THE SIX-YEAR COURSE FOR ENGINEERS.

C. A. PEIRCE, ARTS '07, M.E. '09.

ONE day not long ago, a Sibley Freshman came to my room and said, with earnestness bespeaking deep conviction, "I have about made up my mind to lengthen out my four years engineering course so that I may take a few Arts subjects. My interest in my Sibley work has not decreased at all, but I feel that I am missing some things which promised, in the introductory course in my preparatory school, to be interesting and helpful to me. I had expected to read them up after I came here but I have had no time." Before this statement can have the desired weight as an argument or suggestion, it may be well to say a few words about this particular Freshman. In the first place, he does his own thinking and was not inveigled by the writer into expressing this determination ; secondly, he is an excellent student and lover of mathematics ; and lastly, he is working his way through college.

Thinking that perhaps in the shop or drawing room some other Freshman or even Sophomore might be found whose thoughts, at times, wandered back to his Virgil or Milton with kindlier feelings than he once bore towards them, together with a sincere desire to express an already experienced and daily increasing appreciation of the few hours spent by the author with the "Humanities", these are the two best excuses to be offered for the appearance of another article on this much talked about and, perhaps to some, a seemingly over-emphasized subject.

But has it really been over-emphasized ? Of late it has seemed that whenever Sibley or Lincoln men, as a class, have been adversely criticized, the chief criticism has been on their pathetic lack of culture. They have lots of spirit, we are told, but a woeful lack of appreciation of those activities which appeal to the finer qualities in a man's make-up. In fact the story of the Sibley "plumber" has been told over and over again for so many years that now, if a lecture on "The Gaelic Movement" or a musical recital, be poorly attended, it was all the fault of the Engineer. In the "Sun" for Dec. 8 of the present college year, we read an

editorial on the lack of interest in music in our community. The writer says, "Perhaps it is the practical atmosphere of Sibley and Lincoln that is responsible for this." Perhaps it is, but at any rate that has become the accustomed spot to place the blame. As a matter of fact, had the editor been well informed on the subject, namely, the interest that the engineers take in Music, he would have known that considerably over one half of the men engaged in musical work in the University are from the engineering colleges. Professor Dann, of the Department of Music, stated that, in his opinion, the Engineers were no more at fault in this matter than the students from the Arts College. Such insinuations have oftentimes taken a more direct and scathing form with no more accuracy and knowledge of the real situation than this one illustration, quoted from the "Sun", shows.

They have been far from encouraging to the busy engineer for he, perhaps, does not care to be driven to a performance of his aesthetic duties any more than other people; to say nothing of his feelings about being so misrepresented. In this way may it be said that the subject of "culture for the engineer" has been frequently over-emphasized.

It is certainly a fact that a few courses picked from the long list of excellent ones given in the Hall of Humanities would not come amiss in rounding out the technical training of the engineer. A small number of men have realized this, and the present year finds 25 Seniors, 36 Juniors, and about 30 Sophomores in Arts courses not required for graduation by the Sibley Faculty. Why are not more men electing work in these studies? The answer comes—"we haven't time. Our four year course is already filled to overflowing with good, hard work; we barely have time for recreation, and the election of outside studies is out of the question."

That this assertion is, in a large measure, true, the Faculty has recognized for some time. In 1902 a so-called "six-year" course was placed in the curriculum, which, if completed, would give the student an A.B. as well as his engineering degree. This has been an inducement to a few to spend two years in Arts work before finishing their technical training; but the number has not been large for obvious reasons. It required an expenditure of

more time and money than most men were willing to sacrifice. While this course may still be accomplished, a new five-year course has been planned and is under consideration which, if adopted, not only allows the student a whole year in Arts work, but by placing in the Freshman schedule a few of the subjects now required for admission to the engineering courses, has a tendency to shorten the long step between the secondary school and the college.

Are the advantages to be derived by the average man, from a lengthened course, sufficient to warrant him in such a choice? Here is a man with five years at his disposal. He may spend all in college or he may use the last one to get nicely started in his chosen profession. Wouldn't the one year of practical experience be worth more to him than the year spent in studying English, History and such things? Some business men will tell you that it would. The manager of a large engine factory once said to me "a man is foolish to spend more time in college than is absolutely necessary to get his engineering degree. He will never get anything out of it." The age is certainly a materialistic one but it is also a broadening one and such narrow-minded men can scarcely hope to be the leaders, to say nothing of dictating the policy of the coming generation.

Let us then ask ourselves what may be the advantages in a professional way, should one choose to widen the range of his technical education. Although it is generally admitted that the largest returns from an investment of this sort are not what might be characterized as material ones, still it cannot be denied that the demand for liberally educated men in engineering is increasing. As the primitive industry grows, and the field of its output widens, competition enters and there is a call for better trained men not only to improve the quality of the outgoing product but to assist in its marketing. A department of the industry is then developed which in time becomes one of the most, if not *the* most important adjunct of the concern; the sales department. Being the most lucrative branch in most concerns, it is the aim of many technical graduates to become connected with this department. In so doing they place themselves in competition with men of all kinds of training, for to-day non-technical graduates do not

hesitate to enter the business ends of most professions. In such a position the man who sells the goods will oftentimes be not the man who seems to know the most about his particular machine, but the man who also knows and is able to talk intelligently about many other things. The day of the "have a smoke" and "take a drink" travelling salesman is rapidly passing. Men are demanding a different line of talk to convince them that the success of their business depends upon the choice of any one from many apparently equally serviceable articles. The value of the study of logic and psychology, in this particular case, may seem, in the light of some recent lectures on these subjects, to be much greater than the study of some one of the other humanities, literature for example. But who can tell into what paths a conversation may lead? And what is of still greater importance, who can tell what thoughts, what inspirations, what ideals the study of literature may awaken in one? Not alone in the sales department, but in any work into which a college graduate passes, may it safely be said that the broadening influence of such studies will be of material advantage to him. He is a social as well as an intellectual being and if he is able to have something in common with his employer, other than business affairs, is it unreasonable to suppose that he would be the favored one, should several of otherwise equal qualifications be in line for promotion?

The average "6 year" man is not, however, congratulating himself on his choice simply because he anticipates a direct material recompense for the sacrifice he is making, nor is the main inducement to be presented to the prospective five or six year student a material one. The secret of the former's satisfaction is one he is loath to tell, simply because it is one difficult to explain. But if questioned closely, you learn in time, of new ideals formed, new tastes developed, and a state of mind happier because it takes a broader view of things around it. Perhaps some dormant inclination has been awakened which is now giving inestimable pleasure. How many men who in their youth despised poetry or art, have later in life been led by certain influences to a rare appreciation of the masters. How many men there are who, successful in their chosen profession, have had interests outside of

their chosen calling which they have exercised often for pleasure, recreation or inspiration. President Schurman once said in a speech to some preparatory school boys, "If I were asked what is the best result of a college course, I should say a love for literature, a love for good reading, which will be a benediction to you all your days."

And yet we are told that the chief aim of culture is to prepare a man for service rather than for enjoyment. Studies such as languages, literature, philosophy, history, economics, politics, music and oratory may seem at first sight to have but remote relation to the work of an engineer. Still is it not a fact that nowadays the work of an engineer is frequently along other lines than those of his profession? Is he not called upon to serve in capacities other than those connected with his own business? Has he not as a political, a social and a religious being, certain obligations to meet, which are not generally thought of as tasks for the engineer? If a man is to be worth more in the world to his business, to his state, and to his fellow-man, because of pursuing certain studies taught within his reach, may it not be justly called his duty to make some little sacrifice to somehow fit these studies into his course?

And now what of the especial usefulness of some of these liberal studies. Dr. Johnson, referring to history, once scornfully asked, "What shall we learn from that stuff?" Despite such queries, history is still being taught and men are daily learning the present from a study of the past. They are understanding our present institutions better as they view them in the light of history. They are even understanding themselves better when they are enabled to get a broader view of their own peoples' history. Economics has now a place in the engineer's schedule and is being daily appreciated by the Seniors of Sibley and the Juniors of Lincoln; by some as a valuable life asset, by others as a subject required for graduation. It would be an endless and at best a poorly performed task to review all of the advantages to be gained from a study of each of these subjects mentioned. It requires more than a mere acquaintance with them to get the best that they hold for their earnest students. And yet one may learn something in an elementary course, he may catch glimpses

here and there of the wealth of interest which they hold for their devoted followers.

After all, this is the chief advantage of a six year course ; not that a man may acquire the same intimate knowledge of these subjects as of those which he has chosen to fit him more directly for his profession, but that he may form an acquaintance with them which, whether developed later into a close friendship or not, will make his life richer, broader, deeper and more useful.

Now someone is sure to say, " Why, I can acquire all that after I graduate ; I shall make it my business to read up such things in my leisure moments." To those who can and will do this, it must be admitted that these suggestions have not so direct an application. There are a few men of this type about us. Mr. Kerr, who has built up the engineering organization known as Westinghouse, Church, Kerr and Co., and who is now its President, has not only kept in touch with topics of general interest, but also has been able to make special study of the botany of Staten Island. I am sure, however, that there are many more who plan to do such work after graduation than those who actually accomplish it. It is a question to be decided by each individual but let me urge the underclassman to consider it seriously, remembering the inscription on the old stone seat,

" Above all nations is humanity."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ERA.

PROFESSOR CLARK S. NORTHUP, '93.

A REQUEST that I shall write an article on "The Evolution of THE ERA" reminds me that all things grow old, and that THE ERA, the patriarch of Cornell journals, has now attained to the respectable age of forty years. In connection with this subject the word "evolution" is not ill chosen. For the present ERA is what it is by virtue of as evident a process of evolution as Darwin described fifty years ago. The first numbers of THE ERA performed all the functions now delegated to the seven publications of our time. In 1869 *The Cornellian*, then known as *The Cornelian*, began to appear, thus furnishing a record for the fraternities. *The Cornell Times* (1873–4), *The Cornell Review* (1873–86), and *The Cornell Magazine* (1888–1900) had as their special function the fostering of literary interests. *Cocagne* (April–June, 1878) and *The Widow* (since 1894) were intended to handle the funny side of our life. *The Sun* (founded in 1880) now takes care of our college news, which we must have served up daily instead of weekly. *The Sibley Journal* (begun in 1887 as the *The Crank*—always a harmless and highly interesting magazine and *The Cornell Countryman* (since 1903) were founded to care for the interests of Sibley College and the College of Agriculture respectively. Lastly, *The Alumni News* (founded in 1899) furnishes the medium of communication between Cornell and her growing body of alumni. Thus, one by one, most of the functions of the original ERA have been assigned to other periodicals; but others quite as important remain, as we shall see.

The first nine volumes of THE ERA, in the size of the page, were about as large as *The Nation*. In the fall of 1877, yielding to a general demand, the editors reduced the size of the page about an inch and a half each way, and this size continued to be employed until 1900, when the present size was first employed. During the first thirty-two years of its existence THE ERA was a weekly. It become a monthly in 1900, when *The Magazine*, also a monthly, ceased publication. The early numbers contained eight pages

each and the subscription price was $2 a year. In 1871-2 the number of pages was increased to ten and the subscription price to $2.50, at which it stood until 1900.

The first number of the paper bears the date of November 28, 1868. The five editors were S. S. Avery, '70, D. J. Brigham, '69, A. R. Green, '70, S. D. Halliday, '70, and G. H. Lathrop, '70. Of these but one is now alive, Mr. Johnson Brigham, now librarian of the Iowa State Library. Mr. Avery died at Forestville, N. Y., in 1879. His two daughters graduated with distinction in 1895 and 1897 respectively. Mr. Greene went into business at Cowesett, R. I., and died in January, 1906. Mr. Halliday became a prominent and able lawyer of Ithaca, and chairman of the Board of Trustees. He died in 1907. (see THE ERA for October, 1907). Mr. Lathrop also attained prominence as a lawyer in Detroit, where he died in November, 1896.

It may be interesting to recall some of the successors of these men on the editorial boards: A. N. Fitch, '71, lawyer and banker, now of Sylvan, Wash.; Hon. John D. Warner, '72, Congressman, University Trustee, and lawyer; Fox Holden, '72, for some time principal of the Plattsburgh Normal School; William H. French, '72, manufacturer, of Chicago; Professor E. O. Randall, '74, of the Law School of Ohio State University; R. H. Wiles, '74, lawyer and Illinois State Senator; Geo. H. Fitch, '75, literary worker, of San Francisco; Judge F. H. Hiscock, '75, of Syracuse; Jas. W. Sturdevant, '76, typewriter manufacturer; the late Arthur M. Reeves, '78, well known as an Icelandic scholar; Seward A. Simons, '79, lawyer, now of Los Angeles, Calif.; R. B. Gelatt, '79, editor and publisher, of La Crosse, Wis.; Frank H. Severance, '79, of the Buffalo Historical Society; Ira A. Place, '81, vice-president of the N. Y. Central R. R.; Franklin Matthews, '83, of the New York *Sun*; the late Professor Huffcut, '84; O. L. Elliott, '85, registrar of Stanford; Professor L. E. Lapham, '84, of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester; H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, '86, author; C. H. Thurber, '86, of Ginn & Co.; Judge Harry L. Taylor, '88; Dr. F. S. Fielder, '89; Chas. E. Treman, '89, University Trustee; Professor John P. Deane, '90, of Beloit College Academy; Professor Geo. R. Wicker, '90, of Dartmouth College; Willard Austen, '91, assistant librarian of Cornell; President Duniway, '92, of the

University of Montana; Professor Shurter, '92, of the University of Texas; Carlton E. Ladd, '93, lawyer, of Buffalo; Dr. A. F. Weber, '94, chief statistician of the New York City Public Service Commission; Professor C. A. Ellwood, '96, of the University of Missouri; the Rev. Stephen F. Sherman, Jr., '96, of St. Louis, recently Sage Chapel preacher; Professor W. H. Glasson, '96, of Trinity College, N. C.; Dr. R. S. Haynes, '99, of New York; Willard D. Straight, '01, consul general at Mukden, China; John L. Senior, '01, lately of the Houghton, Mifflin Co. These names have been selected almost at random; others quite as well known, perhaps, might be added were there room for more.

So much for the external history of the journal and the personnel of its editorial boards. What, now, of the quality of its contents? Well, I shall not claim too much for it. It has too often reflected the dearth of true literary taste and ability which has been complained of at Cornell. Some of the jokes printed in the early days now seem marvelously tame. Some of the editors were evidently a lazy lot and did little except with shears and paste. The "poetry" was too often of the kind we all write at a certain stage of our development—only more so. But even so, and after duly considering all its defects, I think we can say that THE ERA compares favorably with most other college publications of its class. Some of the students' writing in its pages has been meritorious in a high degree. Of the contributions of members of the Faculty and of the Alumni, it is unnecessary to speak; a fair number of these will be found scattered through the forty volumes.

THE ERA may be said to have done three things: First, it has afforded its editors valuable training of a kind that they could not get outside of a newspaper office. The classes in English composition, as usually conducted, certainly do not furnish such training in taste, in writing with a definite, concrete, practical purpose, in the elements of business management, and the like. Not a few live journalists have been trained at least partially in connection with their competition for and membership in the editorial boards of THE ERA.

Secondly, THE ERA has stimulated much writing, of a good sort, that would never have been done but for the necessity of filling its pages weekly or monthly with matter that presumably

would be read. Students with a message—there have been a few such—have uttered it here. The competitions have produced some good work even though the writers sometimes failed of election to the board of editors. Professors have been deflected from the pleasant paths of research to comment on the pitfalls of the freshman or to explain the denotations of arts and sciences. For what it has done in this respect alone the paper may be said to have amply justified itself.

Thirdly, THE ERA has furnished, in its forty volumes, a record of the activities of the University the like of which is not to be found anywhere else. This is no reflection on our other publications, which various limitations have prevented from furnishing the complete and varied record which the constitution and practice of THE ERA have made possible. In this connection I should like to volunteer a suggestion. One of the avowed purposes of the early boards of editors was to publish as full records as possible of the lectures of Lowell, Curtis, Agassiz, Goldwin Smith, and other noted men to be heard here. The records of these lectures in the early numbers of THE ERA are now simply invaluable, not only in themselves but as indicating the kind of intellectual atmosphere enjoyed by the early Cornell. Why should not more of our lectures of to-day be printed in THE ERA? When the author's manuscript cannot be extracted from him, the lecture should be taken down in abstract not by an untrained freshman competitor but by a mature student who knows something of the subject to begin with; then even an abstract will have much value. Much attention should be given also to biographical and historical articles, of the sort recently contributed by Professors Hart and Hewett and by Mr. Ostrom, '77. Most of the older professors and alumni can probably be prevailed upon to contribute their reminiscences, and THE ERA is now logically the place where these should appear.

In conclusion let me congratulate the present board of editors on the high standing of THE ERA of to-day and bespeak for our oldest college paper a career of increasing honor and influence.

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AN APPEAL TO THE SENIOR CLASS.

AT some not far distant time the Senior Class will hold its annual banquet and inasmuch as that affair has come to a critical time in its history, a special obligation rests upon the present Senior Class. The affair has come to attract considerable public attention all over the country. Moreover, during the last few years newspaper reports have appeared greatly to the detriment of the University. The reports no doubt have been false in part and much exaggerated, yet as a custom the banquet has come to be regarded locally and abroad as an occasion for extraordinary excesses; and the slightest repetition of former characteristics will lead to further reports impairing the reputation of the University. The Alumni and Trustees have appealed to President Schurman and he has made an appeal to the Senior Class. The matter has been referred to the Committee on Student Affairs, which has seen fit practically to place the matter in the hands of the Banquet Committee, relying upon the members of the Senior Class to realize that a continuance of the affair in its present character will be harmful to the best interests of Cornell. To preserve the good name of the University there must be a change; to be perpetuated the Senior Banquet must this year be beyond former criticisms. The Senior Class is called upon to institute such a change and we note with much satisfaction the growing sentiment in favor of a more reputable affair.

CONSTITUTIONS FOR UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS.

SOME time ago we offered a suggestion in regard to the framing of constitutions for the various publications of the University. A similar idea seems to have occurred to *The Widow*, for which we understand a constitution is about completed. No action has yet been taken by the class publications. The Cornellian and The Class-Book, which are published each year under the management of entirely new and inexperienced boards, are the ones which would profit most by a fixed policy outlined in a permanent constitution. The suggestion seems to have met with the approval of former Cornellian and Class-Book editors; past experience has exposed the need of a definite policy; the benefits to be derived and the mistakes to be avoided by such constitutions are generally admitted; what we need now is action. Let the present boards work out constitutions to be submitted to the classes; or perhaps it would be well for the presidents of the two upper classes to place the matter in the hands of an energetic committee.

THE SCHEDULES.

THE undergraduate managers together with Graduate Manager Dugan are entitled to the abundance of favorable comment which the base-ball and foot-ball schedules have received. The number of first-rank teams which the University will meet this spring gives an unusual interest to the base-ball season, especially due to the fact that many of the best games are to be played on Percy Field. The schedule is ideal; it shows careful and enterprising effort on the part of our management.

The foot-ball schedule represents another step forward. Nothing could have been more favorably received by Cornellians that the announcement of a game with Harvard, with whom our relations have always been the most friendly. It also is an acquisition for which we may congratulate the men who secured it. In view of contests with Harvard and Pennsylvania, the champions of the East, and with Chicago, as leader in the West, Cornell has attained a highly desirable position in the foot-ball world. Again, congratulations to the Cornell managers.

GAMES VERSUS ATHLETICS.

THE following letter received from Professor Goldwin Smith we print in full since it revoices a popular theory of the ideal status for American college athletics:

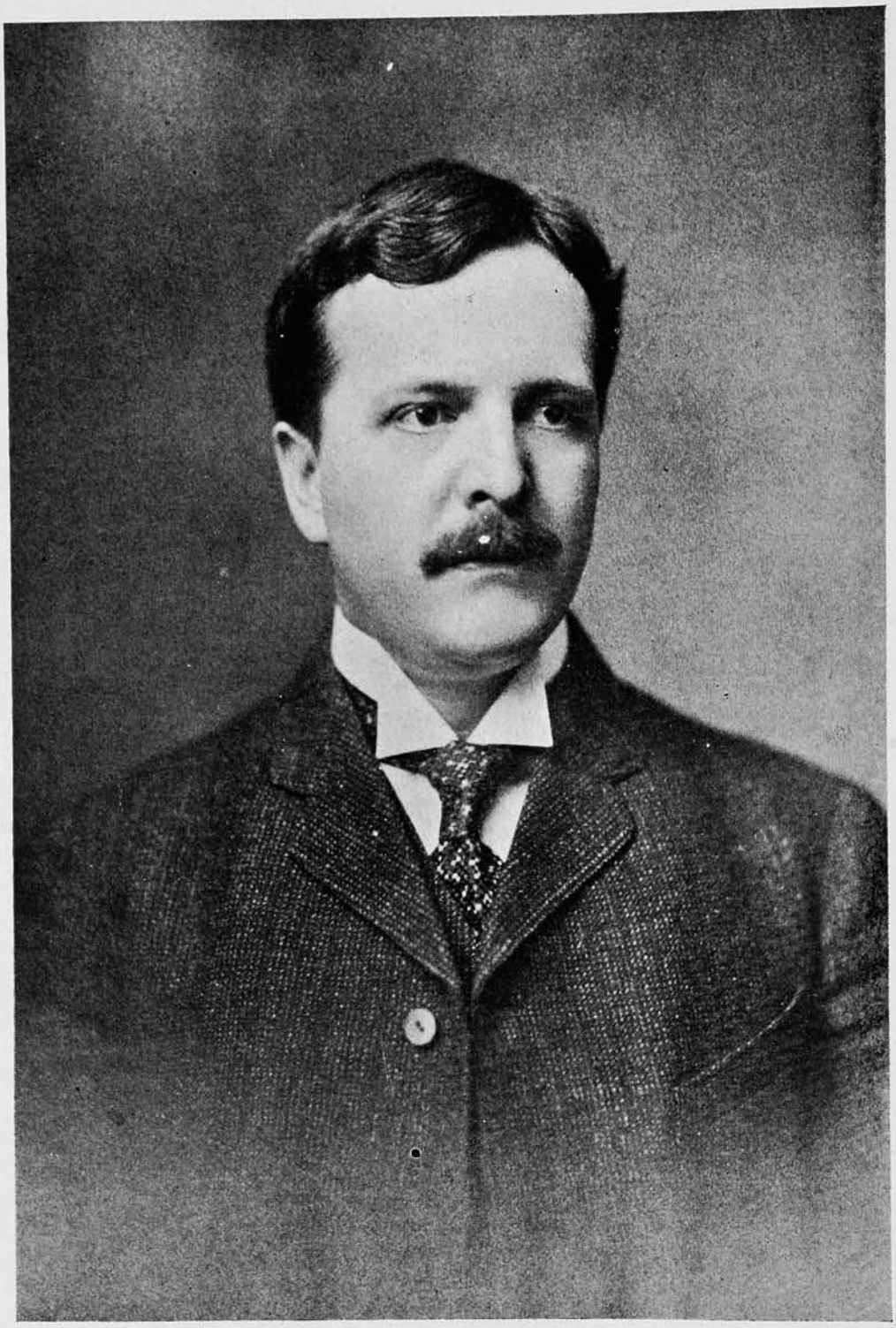
Dear Mr. Editor:

I see that the number of athletes failing to pass a University examination is less than it was. The shade of Ezra Cornell will rejoice. What our founder wanted was, not show of muscle, but preparation for life, in which, in the case of University men, muscle does not count for much. The force spent in football cannot be recalled for study. Let us have games by all means, but games which exercise, not exhaust, and in which all alike can take part. Besides, there is military drill, good in itself, and not to be neglected if the force of the country is to be kept in the right hands. Into some Universities the betting-ring seems to have crept; never I hope into ours.

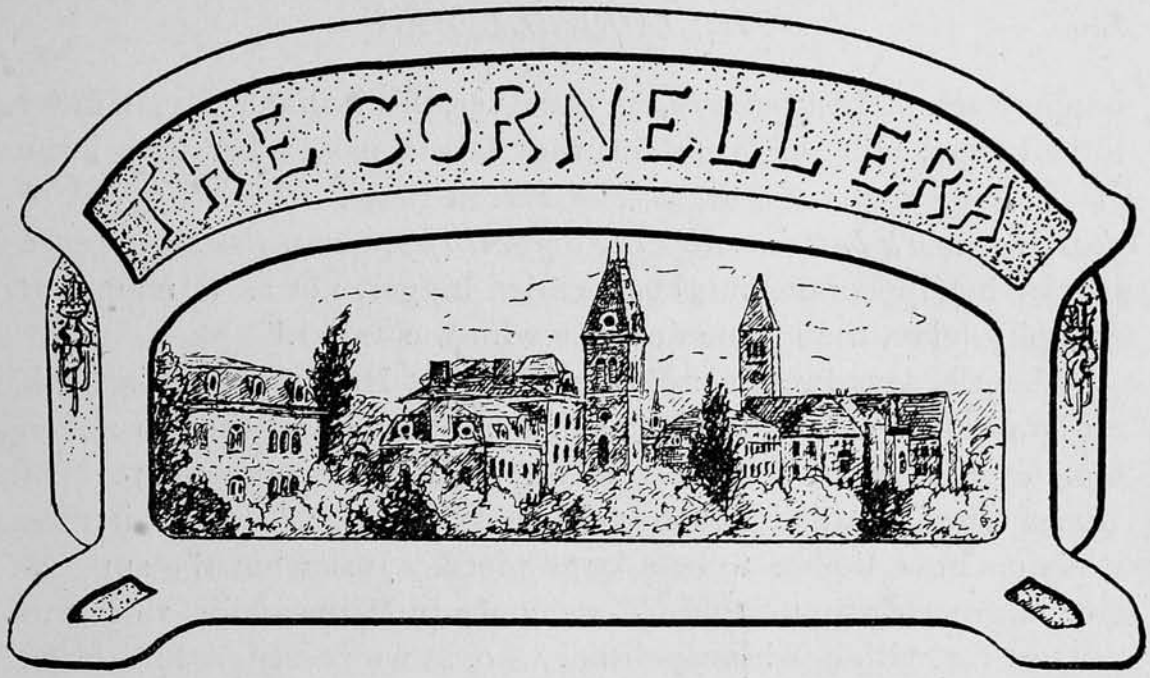
Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, February 11th, 1909.



PROFESSOR HENRY A. SILL



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TOWN AND GOWN.

PROFESSOR HENRY A. SILL.

THAT true greatness asks not space is, I think, a line of Shelley. Elizabethan London was smaller than Syracuse, N. Y. Periclean Athens was no bigger than Rochester. It was small in comparison with Greater New York but also much larger, for it was the home of more important ideas. Its people rejoiced in their material prosperity and their imperial power, but they were quite as proud of their devotion to knowledge and their enthusiasm for all that was beautiful. Athens was glad to be called the School of Greece.

As Gilbert Murray said at Harvard two years ago, the idea of service to the community was more deeply rooted in the Greeks than in us. He quoted an ancient writer who summed up the praises of the Athenians by saying that they "made gentle the life of the world." The Greeks were the first people who judged political institutions by their success in making men better. According to Aristotle, their greatest political thinker, the purpose of a city is to enable men to live well, that is, to lead virtuous,

happy lives. Most persons, he observes, think that a city, in order to be happy, must be large, but they fail to ask, What is a large city? Now a city, he urges, has a work to do. *That city which does that work best is really the biggest city*,—"in the same sense in which Hippocrates might be called bigger, not as a man, but as a physician, than some one else who was taller."

Aristotle, says Professor Edward Everett Hale, Jr., in his book on Dramatists of To-day, is just as wise as ever, though not so dictatorial as he used to be. If so, perhaps he may approve of Ithaca when it calls itself the "biggest little city." Small in size, it claims nevertheless to be a large place. Just what the superlative means we are not told. I was once in Minneapolis, riding in a street car with a Minneapolitan, who, as we passed a fine large hotel, proudly remarked: "That is the largest hotel west of the Mississippi,—in fact, you might say, in the whole country." A bulky citizen in the corner seat solemnly suggested: "Say the world." I am not sure of all the implications of Ithaca's slogan. I suspect that it implies a compliment to the University. Perhaps it is the University that makes Ithaca bigger than Elmira.

The best bond of union between town and gown in Ithaca is hardly to be found in their commercial relations. A great son of Oxford, the philosopher Thomas Hill Green, in a lecture on the establishment of the Oxford high school for boys, spoke as follows: "The Oxford citizen finds that somehow he has no share in any of the direct advantages which the university has to offer. The fact that he derives considerable material advantages from the presence of the numerous money-spenders whom the university brings here, does not quicken his affection for it; for, to the credit of human nature, a 'cash nexus,' as Carlyle calls it, does not breed affection; even less, perhaps, a nexus of long credit." T. H. Green believed that the hostility still (1877) felt by a large class of Oxford citizens toward the university would disappear when more Oxford boys were enabled to claim their share in its educational life.

Twenty years earlier, an Oxford boy named John Richard Green, the son of a gown-maker and afterwards famous as the historian of the English people, had entered the university. After two years as an undergraduate, he had become rebellious,

idle, and irreligious. One day he accidentally went into a room where Arthur Stanley was lecturing on Church history. The lecture fascinated him and he never missed another. Stanley closed one of his lectures with the phrase, "*Magna est veritas et praevalebit*, words so great that I could almost prefer them to the motto of our own university, *Dominus illuminatio mea.*" As Stanley left the room, Green exclaimed, "*Magna est veritas et praevalebit* is the motto of the town." Stanley, we are told, "was much pleased, invited his youthful admirer to walk home with him, and asked him to dinner. The day appointed was early in November (1859) and the 'town and gown' riots of the period made the passage through the streets rather hazardous." So Arthur Stanley re-kindled Johnnie Green's faith in the motto of his native town and in that of his Alma Mater. If his fellow-townsmen and his fellow-gownsmen had had similar interests, if they had been united by other bonds than the cash nexus, there would have been no danger of town and gown riots. How recently this danger has passed, is evident when we recall that Mr. White's first visit to Oxford antedated by six years the meeting between Stanley and J. R. Green and that in his Autobiography he tells of town and gown riots at New Haven, in which lives were lost.

"Great is truth and it will prevail." It was in this faith that Mr. Cornell and Mr. White worked together, through good report and ill report, to found a university on a bleak and barren hill above a little town that seemed to have no great future. They were very different men. One was old, the other was young. One was a "self-made" man, so far as that is possible; the other was formed, so far as that is possible, by the learning of the ages. One had been a mechanic, and the other a college professor; but both were men of affairs and both were men of large ideas. The young man had dreamed dreams, and the old man had seen visions. Even the younger man, as he has recently told us, thought the elder a visionary when he said: "You will see five thousand students on this hill."

True greatness needs not size. In some respects, Cornell University seems to me to have been greater when it was small. It will surely become little, if ever it loses the generous enthusiasms

and high idealisms of its founders. The story of their work, as told by Mr. White himself and by others, is a splendid tradition for us their successors, in the town as on the hill, to pass on to those who shall succeed us here; and there is no better basis for a good understanding between town and gown than common service in the cause to which they devoted themselves,—the building of a house not made with hands.

The citizens of Ithaca builded better than they knew, when they joined in sending Ezra Cornell to the State Senate. It was there that he met Mr. White and conceived the idea of a university. His fellow-townsmen might shake their heads over his visionary plans; but they informed the legislature that "he never did less than he promised but generally more."

Mr. White has told us that, as a freshman at Hobart College, he was constantly dreaming of a great university at Geneva, "on that queenly site above the finest of the New York lakes." After his castles in the air had taken on new features at Yale, at Oxford, in Paris, in Berlin, and at Ann Arbor, he returned to Syracuse and thought he had found there, on rising ground southeast of the city, a site suitable for his ideal university. It was Mr. Cornell, however, who finally gave it a local habitation, though Mr. White gave it its name; and I think we all have reason to be glad that it found a home, not at Geneva nor in Syracuse, but at Ithaca.

A business man I know in Chicago once asked another man to give financial support to an effort to effect certain reforms in local politics—an effort that proved to be successful. "I have ceased contributing to dreams" was the answer. Such was not the mind of Ezra Cornell.

Mr. White's castles in the air and the Cornell campus remind me of the dreams of another educational reformer, who failed at Syracuse but endowed a university at Athens. "Let our artists," says Plato in the Republic, "be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of the beautiful and graceful; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and receive the good in everything; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear, like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years

into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason." The natural beauty of Ithaca and of the Cornell campus should help us all to receive the good in everything,—at least that is what Plato and what Ruskin would expect.

Homer's Ithaca, as we all know, is described as a kindly nurse of noble youth. Ezra Cornell's Ithaca has been called upon to play a similar role. We expect it to be stern to its ignoble, and kind to its noble, foster-children. Their Alma Mater could not care for them without its help. She may properly expect that it will give them clean food, clean water, clean milk, clean air, clean streets, and clean shows. Wise old Aristotle could not conceive of his ideal city without good water and pure air. He would approve of all the pains that the city of Ithaca has taken to secure for itself a pure water supply, pure milk, and pure air by the extermination of the mosquitoes and the redemption of the marshes. If the Legislature gives us a school of public hygiene, its faculty will be able to point to the work done in Ithaca as an example for the rest of the State. This is a work that brings town and gown together.

We have always enjoyed here the benefits of personal union between town and gown. It has never been possible to draw a sharp line between them. There have always been those who belonged to both. From the start, the management of the material concerns of the university has been committed chiefly to citizens of Ithaca, who have shared also in the responsibility for its intellectual interests. Others have joined its faculty. Dean Crane for instance, as he told us in the January ERA, was called from the receipt of custom down-town to the cultivation of youth on the hill. There are professors who were born here. There are Ithaca boys now in the University or at school who may some day serve on the faculty or on the board of trustees. Judging by experience, we may always expect this community to produce a fit succession of persons with a special capacity for university business.

Mr. White has written of Mr. Cornell that "if a book or scientific specimen or piece of apparatus was necessary to the proper work of a department, he could easily be made to see it; and then it *must* come to us, no matter at what cost." He had to be shown, but he readily recognized the value, for instance, of

the Anthon library of classical literature, of the Jewett collection in geology, of the Newcomb collection in conchology. These he bought at a cost of thirty-eight thousand dollars, at a time when the University seemed more in need of buildings than of apparatus. His example is worth remembering. An all-pervading appreciation of scholarship and of scientific research is an essential element in the right spiritual atmosphere of this place.

Owen Wister has explained the dearth of great scholars in America as due to the failure of the American public to appraise rightly the value of scholarship. Hence it is, he says, that our intellectual output is so distressingly small. It is very different, as we all know, in Germany. Tell a German business man that you are studying the Cranial Osteology of the Percopsidae or making a contribution to the Chemistry of Hydronitric Acid and the Trinitrides, and he sees the point at once. You are adding to knowledge, and knowledge makes a nation great. An American business man wonders why you should waste your time on things like that. Yet, as Professor Nichols urged in his presidential address at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, it is all-important for the community at large to realize that no real addition to knowledge is useless or trivial, for material progress is based on science and its continuance depends on the labors of men of science. If we have as yet failed, as Professor Nichols shows, to develop universities that sufficiently foster and encourage research, it is partly, at least, because of the ignorant and complacent apathy of the public. If the public would read his address, in *Science* for January 1, 1909, it would become alarmed and converted and it would demand that the universities justify their existence by strengthening the foundations upon which civilization is built.

The public opinion of Ithaca is alive to the responsibility which the city shares with the University for the material and moral well-being of those who come here to prepare themselves for life. It is not sufficiently alive to the necessity for a general interest in the great enterprise of science, which alone will make our intellectual atmosphere keen and invigorating.

The city which does its work best, said the master of those who know, is the biggest city. Ithaca has its work cut out for it. It is a city set on a hill, it must keep its light burning clear.

WATKINS GLEN—A NEARBY GORGE.

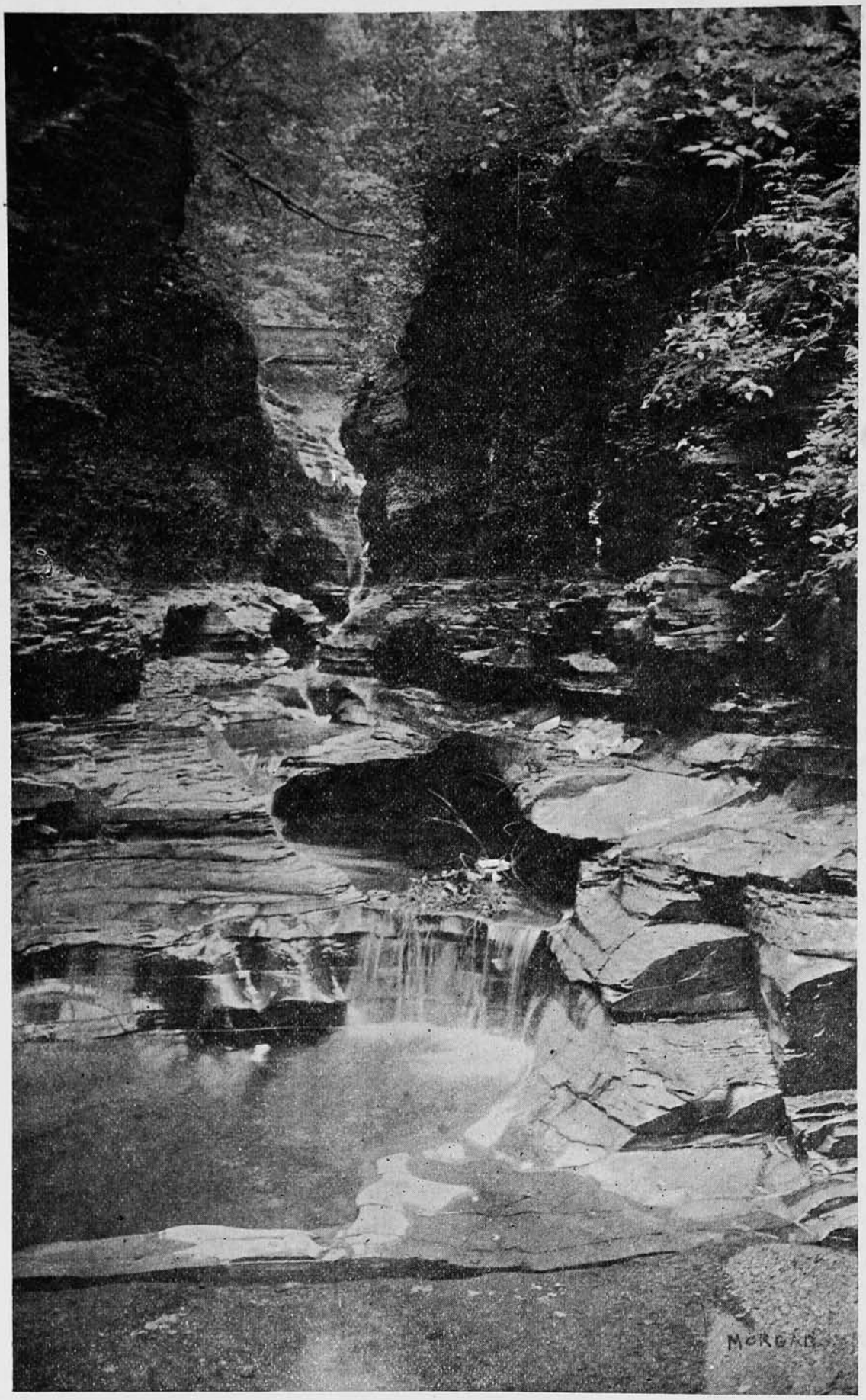
OSCAR D. VON ENGELN.

With photographic illustrations by the author and G. F. Morgan.

ONE thinks of gorges and canyons as things belonging in the west of our United States, or as an Alpine scenic adjunct. Yet there is a region so near geographically to the centers of our population as the central part of New York state; a region which has been truly described as excelling in beauty and wildness many regions in Europe which are perennially celebrated by the American tourist; but yet a region which is to most readers even more foreign to ken than the Rockies or the Alps. Again, the persons who have declared so strongly regarding the beauty of this section of New York state are travelers and nature lovers, keenly alive to the charm of the European landscape, but none the less open to the interest of that which is near at hand.

In few regions, says one such traveler, are there found in so small an area so great a number and variety of water-falls and gorges as in the Finger Lake region of central New York, and especially notable of these are the ones clustered about the southern ends of Cayuga and Seneca Lakes. Of these gorges Watkins Glen is typical. It is cut into the valley side which, rising steeply for one thousand feet, hems in on the west the town of Watkins, itself situated at the very southern end of Seneca Lake. Before we visit the gorge we may well pause for a little to note the lay of the land.

Central Western New York is a plateau region, greatly dissected and eroded by the scouring of glacier and stream; but with summits which yet rise to an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The history of its physiography is most varied and interesting, and to appreciate its gorges, waterfalls and lakes we need to know the outlines of the story, although the brief synopsis here possible can be only suggestive, and must lack the fascination which the separate chapters themselves contain.



THE GLEN OF POOLS.

In the beginning the region was the bed of a shallow interior sea whose bottom was slowly subsiding and into whose waters many streams were pouring clay and sand sediments, which, falling to the bottom, in time built up an enormous thickness of shale and sandstone rock in alternating layers and beds. Then, at the time when the Appalachian mountains had their ridges uplifted, this region was also slowly raised until it attained an elevation of perhaps three thousand feet above the sea level. But this uplifting was no sudden movement, rather a very slow process, and while it was going on the rains gathered into rills and streams on the newly exposed land, and finally into rivers, and with the years these cut themselves great wide valleys into the horizontal rocks.

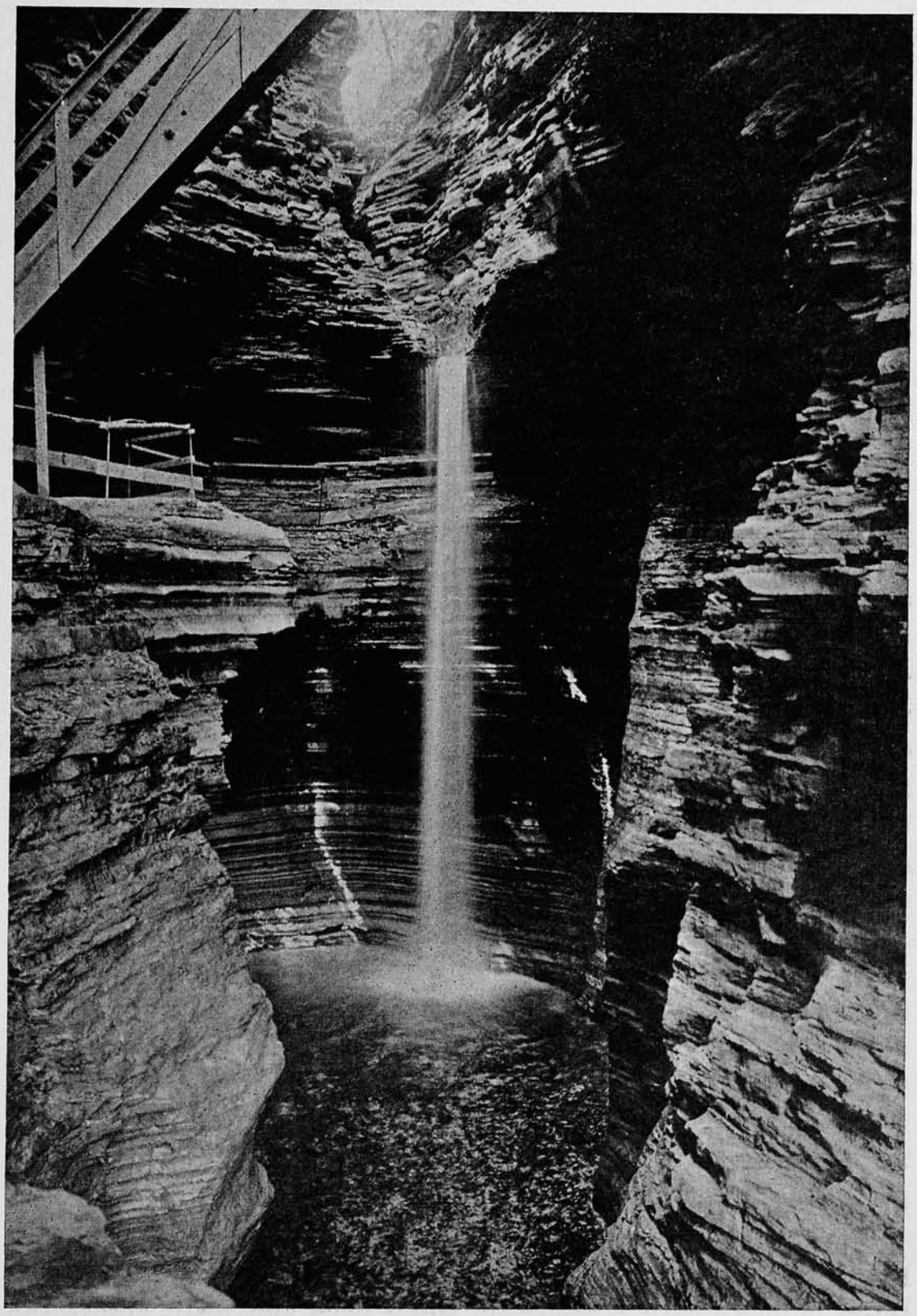
The main valleys that were developed in this manner extended in a north and south direction, and this was a fact most significant to the effects of the next great epoch in the history of the region—the period of continental glaciation, a period when all the northeastern United States was engulfed in a great ice sheet. For when the ice began to flow and spread southward from its northern center it pushed first, and moved most vigorously in the troughs of the north and south stream valleys; since these were along the line of the direction of its most active motion. Only later and more sluggishly did the ice envelop the hilltops and the east and west valleys which lay transverse to its course. Now if the streams were able to cut wide valleys for themselves, the ice was manyfold more effective; it literally scoured and gouged out a course for itself, and moreover it was not limited in the depth to which it could cut, as streams are, by an ocean level. Consequently before the climate changed, and the ice melted away, it had scoured out the bottoms of the old north and south stream valleys in places over a thousand feet deeper than they had been, and in places one hundred and more feet below the level of the ocean. Thus came into being the basins of the Finger Lakes, and, as the ice melted away these were water filled. The Italian Lakes of the south side of the Alps are of an identical origin to these, and resemble them remarkably. Thus central New York has come to be called the Switzerland of America. The English Lake District which inspired the poetry of Wordsworth owns the same origin and charm.

But the east and west valleys, as a result of this glacial erosion of the north and south main valleys, had suffered a curious fate. They were deepened only slightly by the ice, if at all, and consequently, when their streams were again free to flow, they found their mouths, which had formerly joined the main streams at grade, to now hang from four hundred to a thousand feet above the trunk valley, and that their waters must needs plunge in a great water-fall to the lower level.

Nothing daunted they immediately began the work of readjusting things, of cutting their mouths down to the main stream grades once more ; and it is this downcutting which has given us the gorges and water-falls which are typified by Watkins Glen. Give to the water and ice streams, and to the region, a personality, and is not then their story as dramatic as that of many pages of human chronicle?

The gorges of the whole region are similar, and differ only in detail. Watkins Glen is the most accessible to the "tourist in a hurry" and has been most thoroughly improved for him by the state commissioners who now have the glen in charge ; for the glen has recently been made a state park. One can not well carp at the stair-building and path-making they have done, as it affords many an opportunity to see the gorge who would be physically unable to scramble from ledge to ledge, as one must do in the other gorges of the region. Nor can one complain of the style of this improvement of the gorge, as carried out by the state commissioners, for everything garish has been excluded, and only substantial iron and concrete walks and stairs erected.

Watkins Glen is, like all the other gorges of the region, cut into the horizontally bedded shales and sandstone layers laid down in the period of the Devonian sea, and its waters are tributary to a larger lake valley ; but it has distinctive features in that it is longer and narrower than the rest, and that its characteristic water-falls are neither perpendicular or distinct step falls, like those which mark other gorges of the region, but are places where the water makes a long steep slide as through a flume. This is due to several peculiarities of the rock structure in Watkins, the first being that the east and west set of joint planes, (vertical cracks which are present in almost all rocks and



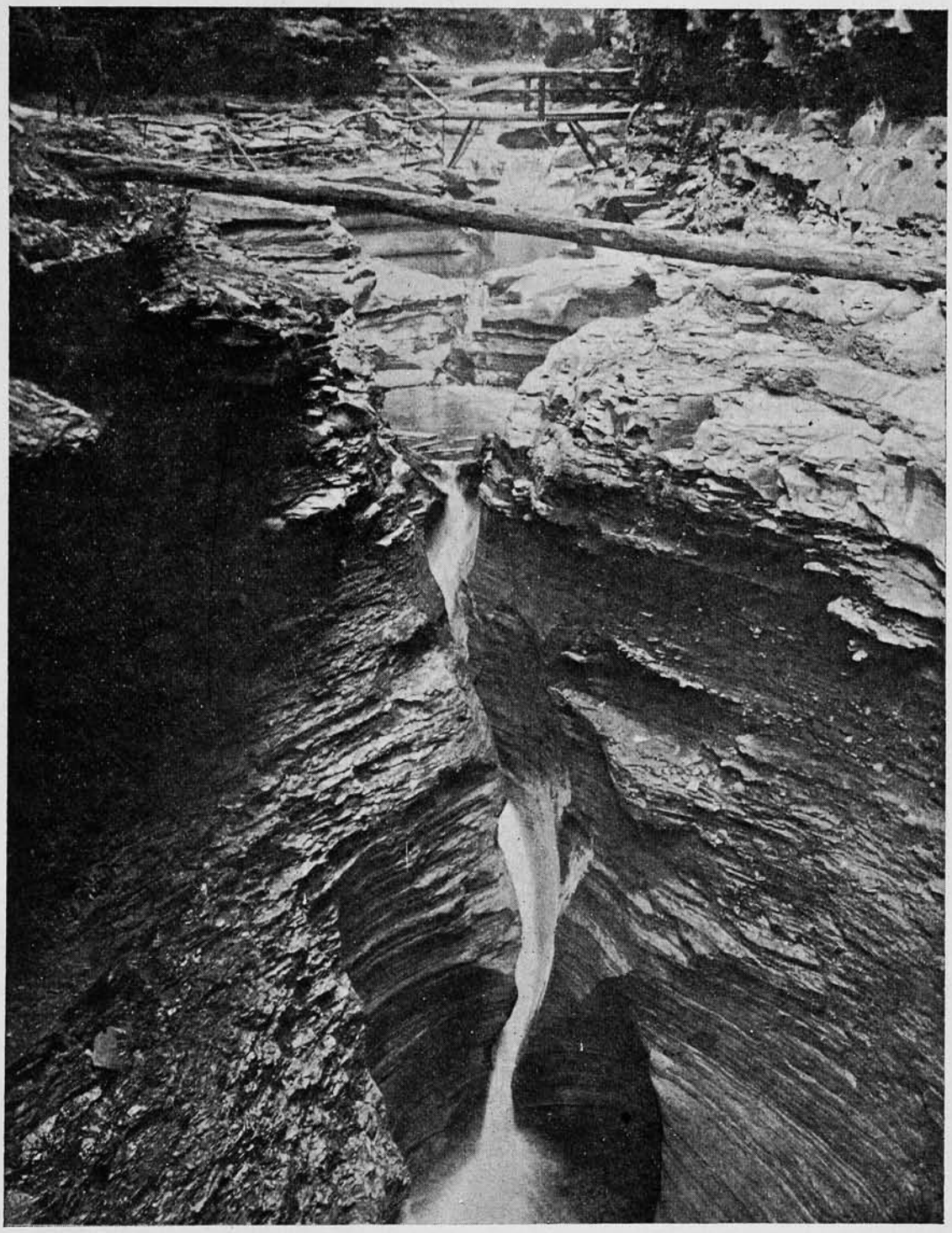
CAVERN CASCADE AND ITS POTHOLE.

cut them into blocks) are only very obscurely developed in the rock at Watkins Glen, whereas those running north and south are present there as distinctly as in the gorges around Cayuga Lake. As the Watkins stream flows almost directly east, joint planes have lent little if any guidance to its course, for, as it cuts directly across the north and south cracks, the erosion has been simply that of a continuous grinding, and not removal in blocks as is the case where both sets of planes are present.

This simple erosion by grinding accounts again for the fact that Watkins Glen is narrower than the other gorges, for, since the erosion was only the grinding by the stream with its rock fragment tools, the cut was but little wider than the average width of the ribbon of water which made it. No blocks are removed bodily as is so notably the case in the gorges about Cayuga lake, which is the next east from Seneca. The widening at the upper slopes of the gorge is due to the weathering agents, operative here with almost the same effectiveness as in other parts of the region, yet probably impeded here also by the absence of the east and west joints, though in less degree than is the erosion. The smoothness, in places, of the cuts that the water has made, leads one to believe that the rocks at Watkins are more uniformly resistant to wear than those in other gorges; they are rocks of a higher horizon and can well have different characteristics than those around the south end of Cayuga lake, for instance, but these appearances are perhaps deceptive and the conclusion unfounded.

One enters the gorge almost directly from the main street of Watkins town, and comes first to the Alpha Glen and the Entrance Cascade. All the features of the Watkins Glen have had names given them, and are marked by unobtrusive sign boards, these latter a reform effected by the state commissioners. Here, at the entrance the commission has also constructed a tunnel through the solid rock, through which one enters the gorge proper.

Some distance up the gorge one comes to the Labyrinth and the Cavern Cascade. The Labyrinth is the name applied to the series of abnormally steep stairs, hung back and forth across the gorge, by which one climbs some one hundred feet, almost straight



"Each water particle accomplishes complete spirals in its descent."

up and in front of the fall of the Cavern Cascade and its circular pothole, to a higher path along the side of the upper reaches of the gorge.

The Cavern Cascade is notable in that it is the one perpendicular descent in the gorge of any magnitude. But its interest is in the huge and cylindrical pothole which the waters have ground out in the rocks at the base of the falls, and which is even now being deepened by the pebbles and boulders, its tools, which the water is swirling about on the bottom and so grinding and scouring the rock. How perfectly this is done the sides of the pothole testify. The rocks are almost uniform in resistance, yet every layer which is a little harder, stands out as a rounded ridge, and the soft layers are marked by concave hollows. Thus the side of the pothole presents a remarkable series of ringed corrugations which are so regular as to seem artificial in origin. It is curious that these flutings should not have been destroyed, at least in the upper portions of the cylinder, by the weathering action of frost splitting off fragments of the shale rock, and the fact that they remain intact over the whole surface, probably illustrates the comparative rapidity with which such pothole cutting is done in shale, and under a perpendicular fall.

Having ascended the Labyrinth stairs, and stopped to rest and regain breath on the lookout platform at the top, one is next offered the choice of three paths through the Sylvan Gorge just beyond, above. These paths are respectively high above, half way down, and at the bottom of the gorge; and the middle one affords perhaps the best vantage ground for seeing the beauties of this, the prettiest of the series of gorges which make up the Main gorge. Here the cut is narrow, and is overhung and embowered by the evergreen of tall hemlocks; green moss clothes the black rock, and delicate fronds of fern of a yellower hue relieve here and there the monotony of the dark green of the moss carpet. This gorge ends in the Sylvan Rapids, one of the flume like water ways which distinguish Watkins, and of which still better examples occur higher up in its course.

Next the gorge widens out in the Glen Cathedral, resultant probably from the close spacing of the north and south joints at this point, and the consequent more rapid weathering of the

walls causing this enlargement. The Cathedral walls are almost perpendicular, and may be estimated as one hundred and twenty-five feet high. On their sides is a persistent yellow-green stain, probably sulphur, released by the weathering of crystals of iron pyrites, (iron sulphide), which occur in the shale rock.

In general the names that the commission has given to the features in the Glen are rather apt, and much more pleasing than those commonly applied to unusual natural phenomena. In many localities there seems to be an irresistable impulse to couple the name of the Satanic majesty and his abode to such objects, and we have in consequence innumerable Devil's Punch Bowls, Devil's Slides, Hell Gulches and the like scattered through the country. But the closely following, three features next in order in the gorge have names which present anomalies. First there is an old pothole, worn down at the rim until it has been made quite shallow, but yet retaining its original width; this is called the Baptismal Font. Then comes the trite in names, a Central Cascade, to be followed, just above, by a little corner which is glorified by the title Poet's Dream. If you don't see here what you like in names, we have it not in Watkins.

The Central Falls best exemplify what has been termed in a previous paragraph the "slides" which the water makes in descending this gorge. Here it rushes down a corkscrew like, smooth passage, twisting around until every water particle must perforce accomplish complete spirals in its descent, and then help hollow out, at the bottom, a pothole which is at least twelve feet deep.

Above the Poet's Dream there follow first the Emerald Pool, a name justified by the beautiful green of the deep water; and then the Glen of Pools, where the path comes close to the water's edge and one can observe, close at hand, and feel of the smooth carvings the water with its pebble and sand tools has effected in its rock bed. One also notes how the larger rounded stones in the bottoms of the pools, potholes again, are cast up at the lower side of the pool, away from the rush of the water, and lie there quiescent, in this time of low water, until the turbulent current of a next flood period shall have power to wield these heavier tools, and whirling them round and round, grind the pools yet deeper.

The Glen of Pools ends with the pretty Triple Cascades, and up a stairs past these the path passes directly behind the screen of the water threads of the Rainbow Falls. These are formed by a small tributary stream which pours its slender contribution of clear water from nearby springs over the sides of the narrow and steep walled main gorge. This little stream could not cut down into the rock as fast as the main stream, both because its volume was deficient, and, flowing south, it lacked the grade to give it sufficient velocity to carry cutting tools. Thus it remains hanging instead of coming in at grade as normal tributaries should, and forms a duplication of the conditions which have given rise to the main gorge, but here shown in the first stage of the process. For just as the main gorge has been cut back from a first water-fall tumbling directly into the larger, overdeepened Seneca Valley, so this little stream now tumbles by a first fall into the younger Watkins Gorge, and will in time as surely etch its own smaller gorge in the side of the main glen. For all the years probably, that we of this, and many generations to come, shall know it, there will be little appreciable change; it will stay a moss lipped falls, raining its threads of silver directly into the larger cleft.

In the next feature one may fear that the commission has been a little remiss in the name it has given: Pillar of Beauty. But, as there is a somewhat tame stretch here, they would probably plead that it was interpolated to beguile the tourist visitor, whose interest might otherwise flag until he came to the Elfin Gorge, where all the gorge features we have thus far seen, are done over again in miniature. Then one comes out into the long wide, open stretch, called felicitously Glen Facility; from the ease with which one may walk along a natural pathway formed by a ledge of sandstone outcropping along the gorge side. This ledge has been cleared of the overlying shales, and so affords a perfectly level and smooth pathway to the head of the Glen, at which point it is crossed by a railroad bridge. Along this pathway the irrepressible American tourist finds opportunity to express his personality, and one notes innumerable flat stone tablets set up along the way with scratched inscriptions proclaiming, for example, that " Sile, the colorado cowboy " has been here, and that

he wishes to exchange picture post cards with "handsome girls." Nor are the handsome girls backward, they too have scratched "Dina Thompson; Fairville, Maine, R. F. D. 3, and invited a like courtesy. There is a naive curiosity within us all about the unknown human, and a desire to come in contact with him, which here, and elsewhere similarly, finds in this way a crude expression.

And now having clambered by proxy through the gorge you ask perhaps, 'why this guide-booky article?' Well most of us are partners to the campaign which is being waged against the spoilation of our American scenic resources, but how few of us know what and where these are, excepting those several grand features which have been advertised from time immemorial. And not knowing, can we have a great interest in their preservation? Then too if this perhaps induces you to stop and see Watkins, you will probably, if leisure permits, seek the remoter glens, and, with the development of your exploring instinct, become an enthusiast about this "nearby" region of scenic beauty and wildness.

JOHN F. MOAKLEY

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING.

JOHN F. MOAKLEY.

ISTANCE running in America Colleges we may say began with the introduction of the 2 mile run as a regular event in the annual Inter Collegiate Track Championship meet held in the spring of 1899. Alexander Grant of University of Pennsylvania, won the event in 10 minutes $3\frac{2}{5}$ sec. Grant is a Canadian and was famous as a distance runner in one of the Canadian Colleges before going to Pennsylvania. He easily out-classed the American runners at the long distance game. Torrance, 1900 of Cornell was fourth, he being over half a minute behind the winner. At this time the Inter Collegiate Cross Country Association was formed, and that fall the Annual Championships were held in Morris Park, New York. Cornell won the event through the ability of her runners to carry a fast pace from the beginning, thereby tiring the majority of the runners from the other colleges who were accustomed to starting off at a slow even pace and continuing to the end. The average college runner at that time thought he was doing well if he could run 6¼ miles at any kind of a pace. There were very few men in that race capable of racing the entire distance as is done today. Each year since then has noted a rapid development in college distance running and it is safe to say the American college runner today can hold his own with his British cousin for 1 and 2 miles, though it will be several years before the interest in college distance running will develop American runners of sufficient physical fitness to cope successfully with them at their longer distances of 3 miles in the track events and 8 miles across country.

Cornell through her continued successes in Cross Country and distance running has done more than any other university to raise this sport to its present high standard. Her methods have been followed to good advantage by many of our colleges who came to realize that they had been neglecting long distance running, and that the standard in distance events was much lower than any other in the list of track and field sports. A retarding

influence on this sport has been the fear of physical injury from heart strain.

With the development of the sport a better knowledge of English methods has been obtained and the gradual preparatory development before taking up competitive work is the custom now in many of our institutions. Very few schoolboy cracks at distance running make good at college and undoubtedly the greater percent of them work physical injury to themselves by too much racing.

It has been proved at Cornell for many years that distance running as a form of exercise is one of the best things known for the improvement of one's physical condition. It is all in the application of the proper method. Physical fitness is made the first essential. A thorough physical examination before beginning and then the proper amount of work to be done daily.

A schedule of walks and runs together with gymnasium work and other helpful hints is available to every student who has any inclination to exercise or compete in this sport. This schedule is posted conspicuously in the gymnasium and the time records that the various courses which are mapped out should be run in by a novice is given there. It is also noted in this schedule that the coach will gladly furnish any further information desired.

To be a good distance runner one must be a good distance walker, therein lies the advantages to one's physical condition that judicious training for long distance running has over any other form of sport. Where a boy would not care to walk over a mile at any one time he finds that to gain success as a distance runner he must do a lot of preparatory long distance walking anywhere from 5 to 15 miles. He gradually becomes accustomed to it and forms the habit thereby, which he keeps through life, ensuring himself a sound heart, strong lungs and an unlimited amount of physical endurance.

Five years ago H. C. Trube, '08, came to Ithaca and competed in the 2 mile run in our interscholastic meet, which he won in fair time. His mother also visited Ithaca with the idea of looking the place over, having in view the sending of her boy here; she was delighted with the beauties of the place also the educational advantages offered, but still she thought Cornell was not the place for her

boy. "They do too much long distance running here and my boy's health will be ruined for they will want him to run on their teams." It was pointed out to her that the fact that Cornell went so strongly into this form of sport and had such a long and successful experience with it that he would be handled and looked after better than if she sent him to the smaller college she thought of, where he would be the whole thing and be called on to run in several events and also be handled by people who probably had little or no experience with distance running. This argument satisfied her and with the many good men whom we had trying for the Cross Country Squad it was not necessary to depend on him and he did very little work his first year, attention being paid to giving him a better physical foundation.

It was the writer's privilege to be present in Madison Square Garden a short time ago when Trube made an indoor world's record for one mile and the fastest mile ever ran by an American. His mother was present and sent for me and said, "How glad I am I sent him to Cornell, I never thought he would develop into the strong boy he is today."

CORNELLIANS AND

ROBERT E. TREMAN, 09,

now President of the Musical Clubs, has been a prominent member of the Senior Class throughout its history, as member of the Cotillion, Promenade, and Senior Ball Committees and of the Class and Varsity track teams.

THEIR ACTIVITIES

RICHARD H. COBB, '09,

Manager of the University Musical Clubs, whose efficiency in the management of the clubs largely accounts for the current success of the organization.

WHAT'S DOING

LAWRENCE G. HALLBERG, Jr., '09,

Chairman of the recent successful Senior Stunt, has been actively engaged in undergraduate affairs as member of his class base-ball team and crew, as member of the Mandolin Club, and as Chairman of the Sophomore Banquet Committee.

AND BY WHOM

RUSSELL B. HURLBURT, '10,

President of the Junior Class, has attained equal prominence in athletics as member of the 'Varsity Football and Track Teams.

STUDENT HONOR AND THE HONOR SYSTEM.

PROF. C. V. P. YOUNG.

IT is with a considerable degree of hesitation that I have undertaken to contribute a word, if contribution it be, to this much mooted and very delicate question of student honor. I propose, however, simply to state some conclusions which have forced themselves upon my mind after a few years of experience and observation.

In the first place I don't like the term "student honor." It seems to convey the idea that there is something distinctive about the genus student which renders him amendable to other standards of right and wrong than those by which we are ordinarily wont to estimate conduct. It is a very pernicious idea, although one at times fostered by a lenient public opinion, that a student may be judged by a special code of ethics which is laid down by himself or by another student, but which is to become inoperative as soon as he ceases to be a student. In a civilized community, honor cannot be regarded as a matter of environment.

In the second place it seems to me that the term "honor system" is a misnomer. Honor indicates a certain quality of disposition or an attitude of mind, and to "systematize" it and still call it honor, is about the same thing as to serve one's country under compulsion and call it patriotism, or to restore a stolen article to escape detection or punishment and call it virtue. If it is a system devised to prevent fraud or to punish the offender, call it a dishonor system or anything else, but it is not an honor system. The idea of "system" has been so harped upon as to give rise to confusion in the minds of many as to just what constitutes "honor," and in addition to regarding it as a matter of environment some students have come to regard it as a matter of expediency, or at least as something about which there must be artificial restrictions or limitations before it can be exercised freely.

So much by way of preface. I speak of "student" honor simply because this happens to be a student community; of honor

"system" because that is the title which perhaps has become established by custom and which conveys the idea intended. I do not believe that an honor system can be successfully carried out by a large body of students for any length of time. One reason for this opinion is that students, as far as I am able to judge, have always refused to face squarely the issue presented. That some of their number are dishonest and will cheat if opportunity offers is not questioned. That the only alternative to Faculty supervision is for the honest students to assume responsibility for the elimination of cheating and cheaters from the classroom, is also admitted. But when it comes to taking the only measures that will ensure that end, actively preventing one man from copying from another's paper or reporting the offense when detected to a committee selected for the purpose, student "sentiment" is found wanting. A student who should have the moral courage to tell another student who was openly committing fraud to get out of the room would probably be regarded with more disfavor by the majority of the class than would the one who had been doing the cheating, and that, too, even though a so-called honor system were in force. In other words, while not attempting to defend the principle in theory, it is against the code of average student ethics for one of their number either to take action himself or to submit to a committee appointed for the purpose evidence that would tend to incriminate another student. This is not true in the case of some students, of course, but it is of the general run of students, and as long as that is so an honor system that will be effective for more than the first year or two of its existence is, I believe, outside the realm of probability at least, if not of possibility. I need, in passing, to cite only one illustration of what I mean. The Law School contains a smaller and more homogeneous body of students than most of the colleges, and with its completeness of organization, one would expect an honor system to work there if anywhere. In talking to a Law student upon the subject, he told me there was no question but that the amount of cheating had decreased, but that it had not been eliminated for he knew of his own personal knowledge of one man who had cheated in the last examination he had been in. He seemed to feel under no obligation as far as reporting the

student was concerned, and did not realize that as representing the general student attitude in that particular he had sounded the death knell of the system.

There is another reason which, it seems to me, is equally fatal to the successful carrying out of such a system, and that is the imperfect development among a considerable number of students of a sense of honor. I have heard a number of men of unquestioned integrity say that the greatest regret of their lives was the fact that they had practised cheating in the examination room in their college days. A member of the Faculty in a recent discussion of the question stated that as a student he would never have hesitated to help another in an examination although he would not have accepted help himself. A Sibley student was overheard telling a Civil Engineer to come over to Sibley and take his examination as there was no honor system in force there and he could cheat all he pleased. These are simply examples taken at random and tending to show that while many students are not inherently dishonest their ideas on the subject are not well defined, and they will do at one time in their lives or under certain conditions what at a later period or under other circumstances they would not think of doing.

From the arguments advanced for the establishment of an honor system the students' answer to the question, "When does honor cease to be honor?" would seem to be, "When it is put on probation." Instead of regarding the presence of an instructor in the room as a protection against the dishonest student, or of asking for the presence of more instructors if one is not sufficient, the "honest" student professes to feel a greater temptation to cheat because of the very fact that steps are taken to prevent it, as though a prisoner at the dock should plead as extenuating circumstances the fact that officers of the law had been stationed to protect the property stolen. It does not seem reasonable to expect that an effective honor system can be established where there is no fixed idea as to what constitutes honor to begin with. The "system" will certainly not instil it, and furthermore, I believe that when the sense of honor among students is sufficiently developed to warrant the establishment of a system, no system will be necessary. Then "honor" will take care of itself.

When we come to look for underlying causes for the general student attitude in matters of classroom ethics, I think we do not need to go far. They seem to me to be inherent in our system of education, which from the time the boy enters the primary department until he graduates from college, tends to emphasize the importance of the periodical examination, until in the student's mind the passing of an examination comes to be the sole aim and end of education. Only gradually does the real significance of the work they are doing dawn upon his mind, and the realization that education after all is not entirely or even largely a matter of points but of learning something "for keeps," and that even knowledge without character can have but a very restricted sphere of usefulness. If, furthermore, time is wasted and duties shirked, it is not to be wondered at that an attitude of mind should be developed with some which seeks above everything else to hide deficiencies and to postpone the evil day in which apparent success must give way to real failure. Many college students are at a transition stage in their moral development ; some have passed it; while others have not yet reached it, and to attempt to establish a system which will treat all as equally reliable, or which will entail upon the few whose ethical horizon is sufficiently enlarged the responsibility of dealing adequately with the evil, is to invite failure.

To sum up, then, I believe it is only possible for the students themselves to deal adequately with the problem of classroom dishonesty when every honest student feels in duty bound to do what he can to prevent the commission of fraud and to report the name of an offender. I don't mean by this that it is necessary that each student constitute himself a special detective to ferret out dishonesty, but that each student attend to his own business and if an act of dishonesty come under his own observation that he treat it as a personal insult, as one of the number placed on honor, and that he make it known. The members of a Fraternity would feel insulted if one of their number should deliberately commit a theft or other misdemeanor, and would not feel justified in withholding the knowledge or shielding the offender, but lying or deceit practised in the classroom is not placed in the same category and there is very little odium attached to it. The student

must be brought to see that there is all the difference in the world between the "tattletale" of boyhood association and the student who, from a rigid sense of honor, does what he can to put down a contemptible practise, carries out, that is, the ordinary regulations of honor and honesty in the student community which prevail or should prevail in civil life.

I might add by way of comment on the "systems" that have already been established that it seems to me to be absolutely essential that the Faculty act in all cases as the court of final judgment. The student committee should act simply as the intermediary to hear the accusation and sift the evidence before the matter is presented to the Faculty. One of the most demoralizing features about the present conduct of examinations, both from an administrative point of view and from the standpoint of the students, is the lack of uniformity in dealing with this matter. What meets with simply a reprimand or warning in one college, or even with the cancellation of credit, is punished with instant dismissal in another college. In some colleges the matter is left wholly to the students and here in some cases, we are told, the offense is not noticed at all except in theory—which is to say that the better sentiment of the class, whether by direct or alternating current is not stated, makes itself felt so strongly against the offender that he will either depart the inhospitable shores, or refrain from a repetition of the offense. How under such a system of diverse systems it is possible to inculcate in the student a sense of the despicableness of lying or cheating such as will warrant the establishment of a system of honor, or will render the question of the establishment of such a system a matter of indifference, I leave for others to determine.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND ATHLETICS.

H. F. PORTER, '05.

RIEND "Jack" Carpenter, in his interesting article, "Cornell Athletes in the Olympic Games," in the November number of the CORNELL ERA, referred to the writer in the following well-meant words: "There are few men now at Cornell who remember Harry Porter, or as he was called when at college, 'Hi-jump Porter.' He is a long-legged, sandy-haired Christian Scientist from New York. His theory, which he and he alone seems to be able to work out in practice, is that he only has to make himself believe that he can clear a height to actually make the jump. That he does this proves, it seems to me, that his imagination is always equal to his ability. This might not work out so well with less evenly balanced persons. . . ."

Carpenter has beheld the flash but he has not caught my thunder. I am afraid if I relied on my imagination to make me jump or do anything else, I would go sadly awry. Imagination may lend wings to fancy, but it by no means converts an athlete into a flying-machine. Imagination may, on the other hand, keep one from measuring up to the mark—but it seldom enables one to surpass it. One might fancy he could leap the Atlantic ocean, but bolstered up with all the imagination in the world, one could not succeed. Such feats occur only in dreams and in fairy tales.

No, Christian Science is not necromancy—it is not an Alladin's lamp—it affords no magical means for the performance of wonders. It does not work by means of imagination, although it does often have to work against it. In the jump, imagination would make 5 ft. appear a foot higher maybe, and then even seek to defeat one altogether. Against this and similar negative conditions, Christian Science is an effectual antidote. As the veteran trainer "Mike" Murphy said to us on shipboard, enroute to the Olympic Games, "Make up your minds you are not going to be sea-sick, for most cases of sea-sickness are pure imagination." He had Dame Imagination properly spotted. He might have said, "All cases of sea-sickness have their origin in imagination."

At another time the famous coach is said to have remarked in a talk to the Pennsylvania eleven prior to their taking the field in the Cornell game, "Remember, boys, it is the mental condition that counts. A team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten. What Mr. Murphy meant was that real power in facing any trial, in striving toward any end, is begot of fearlessness of condition, confidence in one's ability, spirits unflagging and unflaggable, whole-souled consecration of mind as well as body to the task at hand. Such a mental attitude augurs success of some sort, at the very outset—it may be Napoleonic. And, just as with the doughty Corsican, unless properly tempered lead to gross outrage and sad end. Cornell's great coach, "Jack" Moakley, once remarked to the writer, "Christian Science and the "Cornell spirit" are one and the same thing. And Moakley was partly right. Christian Science embraces the "Cornell spirit" and Mr. Murphy's philosophy, as far as they go and as far as they are right—but it embraces much beside. Moreover, it involves no violation of the other fellow's rights or feelings, but leads to equally harmonious results for all concerned, and *true* success.

Let me tell you what Christian Science has done for me, in bringing out my true ability in athletics, as well as benefitting me generally. It was those "long-legs," I guess, that first got me mixed up with Moakley. Back at "Prep" school, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, though I had dabbled in the three, football, baseball, and basketball, I had never seen a spiked shoe. I well recall the day, when as a verdant "Frosh," I sauntered down to Percy Field to show them how to play football. "Jack's" eagle eye nailed me first; "Had I ever done anything in track? I looked as if I might high-jump?" So "Jack's" incipient interest in me together with a weak knee,—the heritage of "Prep" school football,—caused me to enlist with the track squad, and under the tutelage of our genial Coach, I began inspired by his faith and encouraged by his warm sympathy. Many times I was on the point of giving up—for my early attempts were crude and unpromising,—but "Jack's" interest in me never waned. Consequently, I stuck, and by dint of persistent, earnest effort, I slowly but surely improved.

In the underclass track meet, in the fall of my Freshman year,

I jumped 5′-4″, tieing "Tony" Vonnegut—with "Gary" Serviss—for second place. During the winter in the armory, I got so that I could clear 5′-7″ on a pinch. In the opening meet, of the spring—the dual contest with Pennsylvania,— I won first place with 5′-9″, which gave me my "Letter". This marked my limit for that year. In the winter of my Sophomore year, in the dual meet with Michigan at Ann Arbor, "Gary" Serviss and I shared first honors with 6′-1″, making a new Cornell indoor record, which remains unbroken still. But this was a happy occurrence—one of those supreme moments that occur now and then to all men in which they rise to the verge of their true ability. I never repeated this performance while in college, although by my Senior year I had become a consistent performer at 5′-11″, which was good enough to win first place in the Intercollegiate. This was in 1905, and my points proved just enough to give Cornell the margin of victory, and thus her first Intercollegate Championship. I always felt as if I could do much better, but extreme nervousness such as is characteristic in the case of many athletes, always proved my undoing. My strength seemed to ebb out early in the contest, leaving me unfit for the supreme trial and practically worthless as an athlete for several days afterwards. Why this was I never could understand—but I have since and let us see how my enlightening came about and with what results.

It was little over a year after leaving college that Christian Science was brought to my attention. Before this I had known little or nothing about the teaching, and was neither prejudiced against it nor committed to any other system of religion or philosophy. But I was in distress. Lack of the same orderly life as at college, with its balance of exercise and sport, and its steady inspiration, coupled perhaps with a reaction from an exceedingly strenuous round of activities at college and the confusion common to college men upon first being plunged into the vortex of commercial life, presently manifested itself in poor health and low spirits, from which nothing seemed to be able to rouse and rescue me. Insomnia and indigestion, and other things, made existence a misery instead of a joy. Darkness threatened to engulf me.

It was in this state that Christian Science came to me—it was

a light in the dark, the signal of hope from anear to the stranded mariner. I never shall, indeed cannot forget the day a copy of Mary Baker G. Eddy's book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scripture," was placed in my hands to read. I did not read it—I devoured it. Herein was my own heart laid bare: all that I had at one time or another felt to be true, and had yearned but had not the confidence to express and practice, and much more, was herein set forth in chapters glowing with illuminating idealism and logic irrefutable, that dealt fearlessly and conclusively with every phase of life's problems. The reading of only a few of these chapters at the first sitting seemed to work wonders. I was lifted out of myself and my troubles. That night I slept like a babe once more and arose the next morning feeling a brand new individual. Three days later, I laid aside my glasses which a manifestation of astigmatism and far-sightedness, back in Sophomore year, had compelled me to annex. It is over two years since then, and although I have used my eyes almost without limit or consideration, they have served me perfectly. And my health has been uniformly good, and my spirits growing daily steadier and stronger.

What Christian Science spelled for me was, "Liberty!" It became my "Declaration of Independence"—to be loosed from the bonds of ignorance and superstition; to be freed from the fetters of fear and a doubt; to be absolved from all errors of mentality that limit, enslave and condemn, the bitter taint of heredity, false education, and a worldly environment,—in short, to prove myself God's perfect man, limitless and undefiled, as a Creater himself limitless in all attributes and perfect in every part, could only have made me. Christian Science, indeed, points out the sure way of escape, and provided both the guide and the guard, from the pitfalls, quagmires, and tangled wildwood of human ignorance with its brood of evils into the limitless light of life ruled by reason, right and love, harmonious and eternal.

My footsteps are often weary and blood-stained, and my path thornful and rough, at times beset with swarming foes and interrupted by broad chasms and yawning abysses but I push ever onward, for I have faith in my escort—he is Truth—trust in my strength—it is of Spirit-hope in what lies ever ahead—it is all Good.

Along with improved health and a clarified mentality came a fresh influx of youthful spirits—I felt returned, as it were, to my boyhood days, when I romped and played in sheer abandon to the joy of living. My fondness for athletics returned with force, I longed again to don the simple attire and sport on the field and track, and with greater keenness than ever before for I felt relieved of my burden of anxiety and bondage to any pet theories of diet and training.

My chance to indulge this longing soon came. I attended the 1907 Intercollegiate Championships at Cambridge. My favorite event—the high jump—went to Moffitt of Pennsylvania, at the record height of 6ft. 3¼in. Meeting the winner, whom I had met in competition several times while still in college and always bested, in the lobby of a Boston hotel immediately after, I half in jest challenged him to a dual contest. He took me up, and the Saturday aweek on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, was appointed for the meeting.

Let it be remembered that I had not had on a spiked shoe in two years, and had not indulged myself athletically otherwise the while. With never a forethought or doubt, I prepared to the scene at the appointed time. There were present, among others, Trainer Mike Murphy, of Pennsylvania, and "Bert" Page, Penn '88, the first American leaper to adopt the straight approach to the bar and the fearless flat layout crossing the bar. The bar was started at about 5 feet and, as we each cleared the successive heights, the bar was raised by increments of 2 and 3 inches until it stood at 6 ft. 4 in. The exact height we were unable to determine lacking a tape; but the reading on the standards was 6 ft. 6 in., above the world's record of 6 ft. 5⅝ in. made by "Mike" Sweeney 13 years ago. Allowing for the sag in the cross-stick, the probable height was as stated above. We each cleared this height on the first trial—we did not for some reason then raise it further but tried again at the same mark. Moffitt failed on the retrials, but I succeeded in doing the trick twice again thus I was declared the winner.

At this truly remarkable performance, I no less marvelled than did the onlookers—Moffit was amazed. The facts are as stated—I leave my readers to form their own conclusions. I frankly give

the credit to my knowledge and successful application of the principles of Christian Science. It did nothing miraculous—simply by freeing me from mental rubbish it made it possible for the first time for me to realize a fuller measure of the powers latent in me. By pure accident I had once before, at Ann Arbor in 1903, risen to the verge of my true ability—now the result followed naturally the application of correct principles to the problem. This feature of my activities was thus removed from the realm of haphazard to the realm of certainty. Similiarly, through the correct application of the self-same principles—in other words, thinking right—all the problems that confront and perplex man may be definitely and positively solved. Neither "Cornell Spirit" or Murphy's invincible determination, both of which are more or less blind forces, could have brought about with any degree of certainty a similiar or an equal result.

Four months later, in the Indoor National Championship at Madison Square Garden, without ever a bit of preparation, just living ordinarily and attending to my daily duties, I was successful in my event, winning at 6 ft. 1⅛ in. During the succeeding months of the indoor season, I was again successful in a number of competitions, clearing 6 ft. 2 in. repeatedly; and once in the Columbia Games in Madison Square Garden, 6 ft. 3½ in., eclipsing the world's indoor mark. This was not allowed, however, on account of a technicality. During all this time, although competitions were often several weeks apart, I never once had opportunity to practice the jump, and took no special exercise. Nor did I secure the customary slicking with the unction of oils and ointments, or go through the warming up processes deemed so necessary by most athletes and trainers prior to entering a competition. I simply undressed, donned my jumping togs, went out and jumped. My only preparation was to get my thoughts as harmonious as possible, if perchance the tasks of the day had left me wearied and oppressed. Physical freshness I found to be coincident with mental freshness, and my maximum efficiency was always realized when perfect co-ordination of mind and body ensued. Then it was, that, in pure abandon to the joy of action, with mind calm and serene, and body under perfect control, that I leaped almost without effort, and experienced no physical fatigue

or reaction. Emerson wrote, "A man does his best things easiest." My best jumps are ever my easiest, demonstrating that when man conforms to principle, and does things with proper exercise of intelligence, friction and failure are fled.

But the most remarkable demonstration was yet to come. The New York Athletic Club's annual indoor meet was scheduled for the 10th of March (1908), and I had promised to attend. At this time I was in Toronto, Canada, engaged on an Engineering work. About a week before the date of the games I met with an accident to my right and jumping knee, a piece of machinery hitting me there with some violence. My knee became swollen and very stiff, such that I could hardly walk. At first the pain was also severe, but this I soon mastered. In spite of my attempted application of my understanding of Christian Science, the condition disappeared but slowly, and the eve of departure for the contest found the knee in no shape for vigorous usage. Nothing daunted I set out for New York. To further complicate matters a very sleepless night ensued, in which I tossed with fever, and the next morning found me limp as a rag. During the day I was confined to my room in the hotel, could eat nothing, and was beset with alternate chills and fever. The knee also seemed to grow worse apace, and the hour for the games found me in sorry shape. I made my way to the Garden. Once inside I began to feel better, but to my friends who came up to greet me I could only reply to the usual query: "How are you?" weakly and with ghastly smile. Somehow, during all this trial I never for a moment doubted that when the time came I would be fit. And I was. When my event was finally called, I rose from my reclining place near at hand and realized that I was absolutely well. The knee was no longer abnormal, nor did deadly inertia possess me. I was free! My performance—6 ft. 2¼ in.— which was all that was required of me by the handicapping to win, was well up to standard. In fact I was never in better form.

Every fact stated can be affidavited. That the realization of the power and presence of God, as taught and demonstrated by Christian Science, is as efficaceous today in casting out all erroneous conditions as it was 19 centuries ago, is hereby conclusively demonstrated. That was the literal truth to which I clung

throughout the trial, and when this faith in what I believed to be fact reached its supreme test and was not found wanting I was rewarded, even as Abraham of old was rewarded for his steadfastness. The dream shadow of inharmony simply vanished into its native nothingness. Neither "Cornell Spirit," "Mike" Murphy's grit and nerve, nor all the materia medica and man-made codes of philosophy extant could have brought about this result. It was a problem of human experience that only the power of omnipotent, everpresent, and all-knowing God, applied solely and wholly through a knowledge of Christian Science, could solve.

Christian Science points out the sure and safe way to success—in this as in all other problems of human experience. It does not enable one to triumph, according to imperfectly guaged human standards, over mere personal rivals—far from it. But it does enable one, so far as one abides with the truth and is obedient to its leadings, to conquer every condition of thought resulting in harmony of mind, morals, and body, and leaves the way clear for man's true ability to emerge. There is an old and famous saying, "get there in spite of h—." This well known "obstacle" is the sum total of all conditions that would balk and defeat man in all laudable undertakings. This *genus malus* Christian Science not only enables one to overcome but to absolutely destroy. For in reality, since God is infinite good, and there can be no other mind, might, or presence, no power opposed to limitless Deity, the one fact of being is Harmony.

THE FRATERNITY RUSHING SYSTEM.

W. W. GOETZ, '09.

THE gradual growth of the number of fraternities in Cornell naturally brought about a condition of more or less fierce competition during the fall rushing season, until the outward evidences of this competition reflected anything but credit upon the University as a whole, or upon the dignity of the fraternities concerned. Year after year, larger and larger crowds infested the railroad stations during the fall season and fought manfully for the privilege of carrying some freshman's suit case, and paying his car fare up the hill. The evil even prompted the loyal brethren to more ambitious schemes for the capture of the entering class, and gradually Geneva, Sayre, and the "first switch" became recognized and authorized places for inspection of trains by these "road agents." Naturally this system of rushing *en masse* brought many heart burnings, and one looked with a cynical eye at one's best friends during these campaigns. It was not a time for enjoyment and satisfaction at once more being back in Ithaca, but rather a time where everyone "seen his duty and done it."

Of course the much discussed "system" which was given a trial—and a fair trial—during the last campaign has not done away with these conditions totally or even to the extent that seems to me to be desirable; still a start in the right direction has been made and the perfecting of the system may safely be left to general evolution. Certain it is that mob rule was absent last fall and that sixty men handled the incoming freshmen with more accuracy and despatch than six-hundred could possibly have done. Organization and system had done its work with the result that not only did the fraternities have definite programs, and hence a better perspective for the choosing of their delegations, but the general feeling on the hill was much more genial, and petty jealousies and "mud-slinging" contests were noticeable by their absence. It will be generally conceded, it seems to me, that Cornell is blessed with a wealth of good material and hence it

can but be an advantage for everyone concerned if, by a properly working rushing system, the atmosphere is clarified and this material is given an opportunity to reveal itself.

The above situation was realized to a limited extent last fall in so far that the two delegates from each fraternity had practically booked all their available dates before the "lid" was taken off, and hence found time to size up the men they had dated up, and to give their opinions as to what one of them seemed to be the most desirable to their assembled chapter. Judging from personal experience and from conversations with other delegates, I should say that this element of the situation seemed to be of distinct advantage and of no little importance.

It seems to me that the system was a decided success in all its essentials, and this opinion is amply borne out by the answers received from the fraternities in response to a recent query on this point. Suggestions for amendment to the rules were limited to such details as increasing the number of delegates from two to four. Lack of objection seems to prove *ipso facto* that the system is considered a success.

In considering amendments and improvements to the rules as now existing, it is essential that the general object to be attained be kept clearly in view. The ultimate end to be worked towards, as it seems to me, is the complete elimination of the necessarily restricted period of intense competition during the fall, and a state of affairs where there will be ample time for the consideration of each freshman. This of course is a dream of the future, probably the remote future, but nevertheless the general tendency ought to be in this direction. A beginning has been made and it is for future classes to work out the details of the system. The advance must necessarily be slow, and a frequent or radical change in the existing rules might work more harm than good, and retard progress towards the ideal. If we move slowly, and test each rule thoroughly before changing or abandoning it, the probability is that no grave mistakes will be made and no retracing of steps will be necessary.

THE SENIOR BALL.

A. V. S. LINDSLEY, '09, CHAIRMAN.

OW that the matter of changing the date of the Senior Ball has been settled, and the ball will be one of the events of Navy Week, it may be well to set forth a few of the facts that brought about such a change. Especially is this desirable in view of the fact that, at the time, objection was raised, and the committee criticised for breaking away from previous customs. This however, we feel, was indulged in by only a few, while the large majority of the class and undergraduate body are well satisfied with a change that will bring the Senior Ball back to its old time brilliancy and success.

The senior dances of the past few years have been large financial losses to the graduating classes, as well as social failures, and these conditions have been attributed to the intermingling of Alumni Week and Senior Week. The number of Senior Week house-parties has dwindled and given place to the Alumni interests, until at the present time almost all of the fraternity houses are turned over to the Alumni for their use during the week. With the increased attendance at the alumni reunions, and the decrease of interest in the social side of the week, the Senior Ball has suffered.

When the 1909 Senior Ball Committee took up its work in the fall, it was with misgivings that it looked forward to holding a successful dance during Senior Week. It beheld the past failures, and found conditions no more favorable this year, in fact, with the unusual attractions of Navy Week coming just three weeks before graduation, it was thought impossible to hold the ball at the usual time without heavy financial loss to the class. The advisability of changing the date of the ball to Navy Week was discussed and approved by the class. Owing, however, to the possible objection of the alumni to such a change, final decision was put off until the middle of February, when a conference of all the interests in Senior Week was called to discuss the effects of the change upon their respective affairs. At this conference the Glee Club, the Masque, the Athletic Association, the Savage

Club, the Alumni, the Senior Class and the Senior Ball Committee were represented, and the proposed plan thoroughly threshed out. As a result of this conference the proposed plan was adopted, and the date of the ball set for Friday, May the twenty-eighth, it being the sentiment of the conference, with the exception of one person, that it was practically the only course open for the committee.

With the date settled, and the committee at work perfecting the plan for an elaborate ball, there is a decided increase of enthusiasm over the approaching Navy Week. The interest manifest in the coming events is two-fold ; to pass judgement on the wisdom of holding the ball in this period, and to enjoy one last round of festivities before graduation. Those entertaining guests and on pleasure bent, will be able to fulfill their highest ambitions, for coming as it does at the most pleasant and beautiful time of the year, who could desire a more pleasing program than the one in view ?

It is expected that a large number of visitors will be in Ithaca during the week. The program will consist of a joint concert with Harvard on Friday night, followed by the Senior Ball ; on Saturday the Varsity will meet the Harvard baseball team, and in the evening the Savage Club will presenta play at the Lyceum, on Monday the baseball team will meet Pennsylvania, and following the game the Harvard-Cornell Freshman and the Harvard-Cornell Varsity boat races will be held on the lake. Even from the present indication of the number of visitors who will be in Ithaca for the festivities, and the number of fraternities that will hold house-parties, the success of the Senior Ball is insured.

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A SENIOR COUNCIL.

THE suggestion of *The Cornell Daily Sun* looking to the establishment of a Senior Council seems to solve one of the greatest difficulties we have in the management of undergraduate affairs. At present several upperclass societies exist for the purpose of initiating reforms and for bettering the University in whatever way they may. Yet their achievements are accomplished mainly through the influence of their members; as societies they possess no vested authority and this fact often hinders them in the execution of the tasks they undertake. The control of undergraduate affairs is divided for the most part between the Committee on Student Affairs, the Class Presidents, and the General Committee, composed of upperclassmen. The duties of each are ill-defined; the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs has no direct means of dealing with the undergraduate body except through individuals or special committees, while the General Committee is too large and its duties are too little understood for it to become an effective organ. A small council of qualified Seniors elected by the class and given sufficient power

to act decisively on all important questions would lead to better mediation between the Faculty and the undergraduates; it would present a means of controlling every undergraduate interest; and through it the recommendations of the upperclass organizations might be put into immediate and forcible effect. We hope to see such a Council organized.

A CONSTITUTION FOR THE CLASS-BOOK.

WE are gratified to learn that the appeal made by THE ERA for Cornellian and Class-Book Constitutions has been effectual in that the present Class-Book Board has a constitution in the process of framing. Disinterested efforts of this kind on the part of editors and managers are most commendable; we are glad of the opportunity to congratulate the Class-Book upon taking such a worthy step. There has long been a need of such a document and now we have experienced editors and managers who are taking the pains to record their experience for the use of classes to come.

THE ARTS HONOR SYSTEM.

THE Committee appointed to frame an honor system for the College of Arts and Sciences has formulated a set of rules essentially similar to those already adopted by the College of Civil Engineering. In the near future these rules will be submitted to the Arts Association for adoption, and at that time the students of the Arts College will be called upon to vote for or against the system. We believe that the rules should be favorably received, revised where revision seems advisable, and put into force. An individual honor system, in which each student is impulsively honorable in his University work is the ideal system and most becoming a university community, yet the frequent cases of fraud suggest the present need of united action on the part of the majority. The majority of students at Cornell need no rules to guide them in matters of class-room honesty; a few may continue dishonest practices in spite of an honor system of any character; but there are undoubtedly some also who have unthinkingly cheated in examinations and who will not continue

such a practice under an established Honor System. If only for the sake of these latter the rules are worth while.

However, the matter is to be brought before the students for consideration. Let every man in the college be present to register his opinion and offer his best suggestions for perfecting the rules, and let all realize that in case of their adoption it is incumbent upon us to make them effective.

Let us hope that such a system will not only be adopted in the College of Arts and Sciences but throughout the University in all of the colleges which have not already done so and that all of the systems will eventually give way to a University Honor System, based upon voluntary student honor, upon mutual confidence between professor and student, a system of freedom and self-responsibility identical with the famous customs in vogue at Princeton.

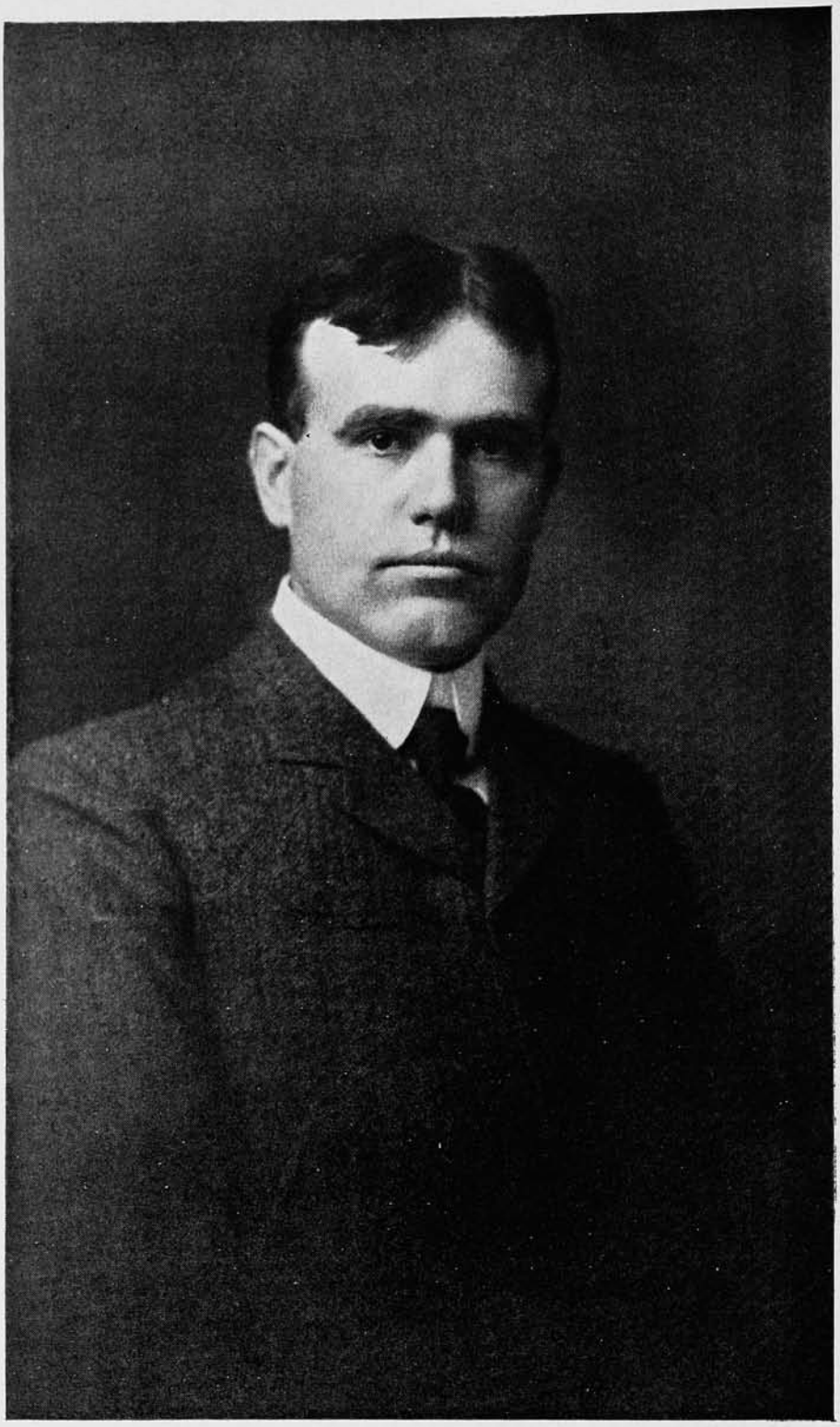
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

THe recent publication of a collection of the poems of Francis Miles Finch, through the effort of a number of his friends, many of them in our University Faculty should be of interest to all Cornellians. Judge Finch was a resident of Ithaca, and as an intimate friend of Ezra Cornell was long and actively connected with the University. That his interests came largely to be centered here is shown by the fact that many of his verses are delightfully fresh with the beauty of the local country and the spirit of our campus.

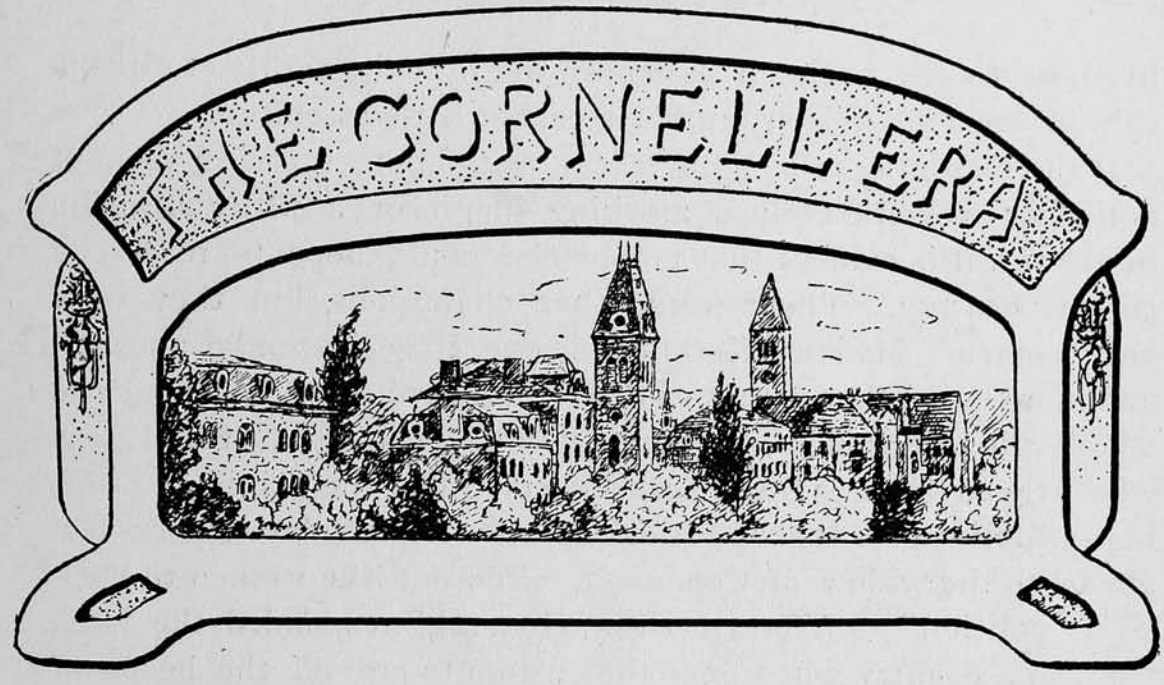
The book is entitled "The Blue and the Gray," after the chief poem in the collection. It contains an introduction by Andrew D. White, which summarizes the main events of the life of Judge Finch and expresses an appreciation of the man. Dr. White in the Preliminary Word tells of the author's college days at Yale, of his popularity as a student, as a winner in essay competitions, as an editor, as a speaker, but above all as the author of "songs that got themselves sung." Dr. White tells also of the publication and immediate popularity of "The Blue and the Gray," and of the warm friendship between the author and Ezra Cornell. The short biography concludes with an account of his success at the bar, his fifteen years of service on the bench of the Court of Appeals, and of his eight years of service at Cornell as Professor of the History of Law.

When we consider the great success of Judge Finch as a lawyer, we wonder how he was able to indulge his poetic fancy so extensively. And we find that in his modest preface he disclaims all hope or ambition to be ranked a poet. He felt, as he remarks in this preface, that to be a poet one must preclude all else and devote his attention entirely to poetry. So with this graceful apology for making public his casual creations, he leaves his works to the mercy of the people and the critics.

Among these poems are many familiar to most of us: "Taghkanic," a poem to Ithaca's Niagara, "The Chimes," the "Smoking Song," and "Ezra Cornell," a wonderful tribute to the founder. "The Blue and the Gray," and "Nathan Hale" are probably best known to the public, but there are many others deserving in excellence to be ranked with them, and most of the poems are inspired by the picturesque surroundings of Cornell.



PROFESSOR RALPH C. H. CATTERALL.



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WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

PROFESSOR RALPH C. H. CATTERALL.

THE unceasing warfare for equal rights between the sexes dates back to the French Revolution. That movement was born of the belief in the abstract principles of natural liberty and natural equality. Such principals inevitably involve the question of woman's rights. It can hardly be pretended that if liberty and equality are the heritage of the human race, one-half of the race should be denied them. The more advanced thinkers of the Revolution saw this plainly enough in the case of the negro slave, but very few of them perceived that it applied with equal force to women.

Among these few we find Bernardin de Saint Pierre, the author of that masterpiece of sickly sentimentalism, "Paul and Virginia;" Sièyés, the trembling seeker after political truth, and above all the great Condorcet. As early as 1787 he had presented the entire argument for woman's rights in his "Letters from a Citizen of New Haven," and he developed the subject in July, 1790, in

his plea to the national assembly to grant the rights of citizenship to women. His argument received little attention.

If the reasoning of so great a man as Condorcet passed without notice, or evoked merely a mocking laugh or a filthy allusion in answer, it is evident that no one else could hope to receive a patient hearing. There were other champions, but they were only women. Madame Keralio was one, Rose Lacombe another, and more noted than either of these that incoherent, half-mad and wholly pitiable woman, Madame Olympe de Gouges. She it was who argued for equality because women had the privilege of being guillotined for their political opinions. "Madame," said Napoleon to the widow of Condorcet, "I do not like women to meddle in politics." "You are right, General," responded the lady, "but in a country where it is the custom to cut off the heads of women, it is natural that they should wish to know the reason why." This was the argument of Madame de Gouges put more neatly than she herself could have put it. No reply to her was deemed necessary, but when she began to utter opinions in favor of monarchy and to object to the execution of Louis XVI, everyone felt that she had gone to far. Madame de Gouges very soon made an unwilling acquaintance with what the wits of the day called the national razor, and in the joyous phrase of Pere Duchesne, deposited her head in the sawdust basket. That, according to her enemies, was by all odds the most valuable contribution she could make to the progress of the sainted Revolution.

Besides these noted individual advocates of equality, there were a number of persons who formed themselves into clubs called fraternal societies of the two sexes, and there was one club whose membership was entirely feminine. This was known as the Society of the Republican Revolutionary Women and they held their sessions at the well-known church of St. Eustache. They were bitterly attacked in some of the advanced revolutionary journals. The consequence of these attacks was that on the 28th of October, 1793, a furious mob broke into the church, beat the women brutally and drove them out into the streets. The government then took fitting action and decreed that henceforth women's clubs should not exist.

The leading Terrorists, men of lofty morals and of great virtues,

were properly shocked by such behavior on the part of women. Robespierre, Billaud-Varenne, Hebert, and Chaumette were all convinced that woman's place was the domestic fireside. Chaumette in particular was vigorous in his denunciations. He was sure such women could not be virtuous, and he declared to a delegation of them that for them to take part in politics was to abjure their sex and to violate the laws of nature.

The reasons that led to the outbreak of feminism in France had similar results in England. Mary Wollstonecraft, a noble woman whose life was one long agony as a result of man's inhumanity, published in 1792 "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." It is a little book which to-day would be considered extremely moderate, but Englishmen of that time would not endure its outspokenness or its arguments. Mary Wollstonecraft was immediately stigmatized as a social outcast, and Horace Walpole declared that she was a serpent, and "a hyena in petticoats." Her book, however, placed her among the first of the champions of woman's rights in England.

It is a remarkable fact that though the women of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century were in a condition of almost absolute subjection to their husbands or fathers, they had the legal right to vote in any election on precisely the same terms as men. It is true that this right had long fallen into abeyance in the case of parliamentary elections, though I believe that up to 1832 a woman could vote for members of the Commons, if she possessed the qualifications then imposed upon men exercising the franchise. Moreover, she freely exercised the right of voting in municipal affairs until 1835.

It was at this moment when woman lost in great part the right to vote that she began to agitate to secure it. The first petition to Parliament for the extension of the suffrage to women was presented in August, 1832. The question then became one of common discussion. A great accession of interest followed from the agitation of the woman's rights movement in America. Men and women here had formed societies to agitate the question, and it was the report of one of these, published in 1851, which led to the formation of the first English Woman's Rights Society. In the same year, Mrs. J. S. Mill published a telling article in her

husband's organ, "The Westminster Review." It was known that these views were her husband's as well as her own, and indeed John Stuart Mill was the most powerful and effective advocate of woman's rights in England. The prominence of the movement, says Lecky, "has been more due to John Stuart Mill than to any other single man." Mill tersely set forth his opinions in his "Representive Government," and in "The Subjection of Women." This book has always been considered as the most cogent and the most complete statement of the case for woman suffrage. In 1866, Mill presented a petition for woman suffrage in the House of Commons. It was received with inextinguishable laughter. Nevertheless, it received the support of 73 members against 194 opponents, an unexpectedly large vote in its favor. Mill was delighted, especially as his speeches had converted John Bright.

The first result of Mill's efforts was the concession to women of the ballot in municipal affairs by the Municipal Reform act of 1869. Then followed in fairly rapid succession the grant of the franchise in other matters. In 1870 women were empowered to vote in elections for school boards; in 1888 they were given the ballot for county councils, and in 1894 Parliament bestowed upon them the right to vote in all local elections whatsoever. The parliamentary suffrage was alone withheld.

Not only is this the case, but a series of acts extending from 1870 to the present has transformed the legal status of women in England. Their education has been fittingly provided for; the property of married women and their earnings have been secured to them; the custody of the children may now be given to the wife if the Lord Chancellor see fit, as it could not be before 1870; and women are now the legal guardians of their children after the death of the husband, whereas formerly the man could leave the guardianship to whomsoever he pleased.

It may be asked why women should be so persistent in demanding the parliamentary franchise now that they possess the ballot in all other elections and that their legal rights are so thoroughly protected. As a matter of abstract justice, women cannot understand by what right they are denied the ballot for the legislature when they are allowed it in all other matters. As a matter of expediency, there is much more than this to be said for their demands.

The truth is that the franchise in parliamentary elections is of almost vital importance to-day because of the vast economic and social changes of the last century and because Parliament has more and moie been compelled to legislate on social and economic questions.

Lecky in his "Democracy and Liberty" has thoroughly and lucidily discussed this aspect of the question. He points out that a profound change in the economic position of women has resulted as a consequence of the great inventions made in the 19th century. It is no longer possible for woman to find a field for her energies in the home manufacture of countless articles which were produced by her before these inventions. She can no longer weave, spin, sew, or make lace in competition with the great manufacturers of texible products. She has not been driven out of the field, but she has been forced to leave her home and take employment in factories. But it has been found necessary to enact a vast body of legislation to regulate the hours of work and the conditions under which work shall be done in factories. In this legislation, they complain they have been and are constantly discriminated against because they do not possess the ballot. The discrimination undoubtedly exists, and in part because labor unions have secured legislation with the object of keeping women out of factories. The motive is avowed by the unions and consequently its existence cannot be questioned. But, discrimination or no discrimination, women argue naturally enough that they should have some voice in the making of laws which affect them quite as much as they affect men.

The statement of the facts in regard to manufacturing and factory legislation will apply also to the conditions resulting from the rise of the modern department store. Women are again excluded from the keeping of small stores as a result of this great economic change, and again legislation has been made to regulate employment and conditions in department stores, and again women have had no voice in the making of the legislation.

Similarly in social questions, in legislation affecting marriage and divorce, or which is directed to the regulation of health. Here women are involved quite as much as men, and again they claim that they are ill-used, that, for instance, in fixing hours of

work women are treated as children for the benefit of men. In any case, they believe that they know quite as well as men know what is morally good for them. They feel that they are vitally interested in the question of marriage and divorce, and that their opinion should be heard before legislation on that question is enacted.

Such briefly is the principal argument for the parliamentary franchise for women and it cannot be denied that there is some force in it. The argument is strengthened by the enumeration of many cases in which women seem to have been discriminated against. Indeed, the recent agitation has gained a great deal of its force from the indignation of women over the attempt to exclude them from acting as bar-maids, on the ground that it is immoral for women to engage in that pursuit.

The women further argue that it is difficult to see why they should be regarded as incapable of legislating where their interests are concerned, when it is remembered that a woman may take an active part in almost all public concerns in England. She may be an overseer of the poor, or a mayor, or a member of the common council, or of a county council. She may be a church warden, or a factory inspector. She may be a member of one of the orders of the realm as a peeress in her own right, and even sovereign of England. Why then shouldn't she votes for members of Parliament or be herself a member of Parliament.?

The advocates of woman suffrage confidently believed, after the grant of the suffrage to local parishes in 1894 that the battle was won. In every session of Parliament since that time they have expected that the bill for the parliamentary franchise would be granted. This expectation has been natural enough, because they have always had a majority virtually pledged for the bill, and all the Prime Ministers, except Mr. Asquith, have assured them of their willingness to see such a bill passed. In 1897 the bill reached the third reading in the Commons, but it went no farther. In almost every session since the same fate has befallen the measure. The bill has passed two readings easily enough, but then by a trick it has been delayed until time was lacking in which to pass it. The warm supporters of the measure became convinced at last that faith had not been kept by the ministry or the majority.

Otherwise the bill would have been passed. They protested, but in the usual quiet fashion, and no one paid any particular attention to the protest. At last they have been told that women do not really want the suffrage, since they show no particular feeling about it, and that moreover there is no general interest in the issue. It is these things which have exasperated the supporters of woman suffrage. Even more exasperating, on the whole, has been the usual contemptuous treatment of their opponents. When asked for argument the method has always been to answer with a laugh and a sneer. In 1790, when Condorcet concluded his plea for equality of the sexes, he said: "I now demand that you shall deign to refute these reasons, otherwise than by jests and declamations." But he was not gratified. "For the last thirty or forty years," writes a bitter opponent, the question has been "hovering in the background, furnishing in the main a ready theme for ridicule, and commonly dismissed with amused contempt." This is quite true, and it is a sufficient justification in itself for the attitude of certain suffragist extremists in England. They have concluded that it is time that the Commons should no longer keep the bill from a third reading; that if there is no interest in the qnestion it shall be aroused; and that the subject shall no longer be "dismissed with amused contempt." They have inaugurated the "suffragette" agitation. They have now brought the question to a point where their opponents must consider it seriously and offer valid reasons against it, or yield to their wishes. Even the fault-finding critic no longer treats it with amused contempt as a jest. He now complains that "theatrical demonstrations gain what is denied to reason and justice." This means that what patient argument could not secure, riot and violence have won; that the methods of the "suffragettes," which he deplores and deprecates, are after all justifiable by the supreme test of success.

The "suffragette "demonstrations were inaugurated in 1906. Countless inflammatory speeches were delivered, monster parades were arranged, with banners and illuminations. Indifference vanished immediately and there was no lack of interest. Still the suffrage bill could not get to the final stage. The last step in the campaign was then taken. It was a step thoroughly suit-

able in a nation which firmly believes in a "peaceable blockade," and one which by analogy we may call "peaceable riot." It consists in disturbing political meetings by persistently demanding the speaker's opinion. On the question of votes for women and by uttering loud cries for suffrage; in sending delegations to interview the Prime Minister, and finally when the Prime Minister declined to receive delegations, in storming the House of Commons and making the cry of "votes for women" heard in that august assembly. The fair rioters in political meetings have been hustled out, or where necessary carried out across the shoulders of a stalwart policeman, still struggling vociferously and shaking ineffective fists at the bewildered orator. All this amid the indignation and jeers of the crowd. This episode is repeated again and again before the speech is finished, the crowd getting more and more indignant at each utterance. These means not being effective, and appeals to the Prime Minister having been repulsed, the rioters have descended in vast numbers upon Parliament. They have advertised their intention, and the police have been called out to disperse the mob. Large numbers of women have been arrested, and refusing to be bound over to keep the peace, have been committed to jail. Attempts to rush the House "en masse" having failed, individual women have broken into the Commons and rushing down the aisle have shouted "votes for women" during the session, and right under the eyes of the pètrified speaker. This action is profoundly obnoxious because the House never permits the presence of women at their sessions except behind a grill in the women's gallery, it being a fiction that they are not then present at all. The offenders were speedily ejected and sent to prison. But the shock to British propriety was terrible, and deep humiliation was felt by all respectable individuals. Hardly had satisfaction been expressed at the condign punishment of these invaders of the sacred precincts, when two daring "suffragettes" gained admission to the womens' gallery, chained themselves to the grill, and as soon as the session opened began to shriek "Votes for women, votes for women." Police hastened to the gallery, but were unable to carry off the triumphant women without tearing away the grill, which would have had the painful consequence of allowing

all the women behind the grill to be present at the session. A locksmith was secured, and the chains were disconnected, the women continuing to shriek all the time, since no one thought to gag them.

The results of this rather laughable and altogether serious warfare have been that England has been shocked from centre to circumference, many woman have been imprisoned, and a considerable part of the population has been indignant at the sentences and insist that the imprisoned ones are martyrs. Protests have poured into Parliament against the rioters and against their imprisonment, everybody has become furiously interested in the suffrage question, and probably the British Parliament will now be compelled to settle the matter by voting on it, which is all that the women ask.

SUMMER BASEBALL.

BY COACH DANIEL COOGAN.

A GREAT many opinions have been expressed, both in writing and in public, on the summer baseball question, and still, outside of Cornell (as far as I know) the question has not been satisfactorily settled. These opinions are no doubt given in all sincerity and with a desire to rid college baseball of this much discussed, so-called evil. Many claim that it can be controlled, and have enacted rule after rule, but to no effect. I have been familiar with college and summer baseball since 1892 and have no hesitancy in saying that no rule—save that of Cornell, which allows no man to play in a game of summer baseball to which admission is charged—has had any effect, and men continue to play as before, under assumed names and for compensation.

Furthermore, such rules tend to develop traits that should be entirely foreign to the university man. I claim that they tempt a man to hypocrisy, lying and dishonesty. Many a man, not realizing the import and seriousness of the matter, would rather lie and misrepresent conditions, than be kept from representing his university and enjoying the pleasures of the game. This in itself is sufficient reason for reconsidering the summer baseball question.

That men still play summer baseball, I believe no sane man will deny. Many use it as a means to furnish funds to defray the expenses of their education, and naturally our sympathies go out to them. However, we cannot draw the line between these men and those others who do not need assistance to get through college.

Granting that no matter what rules are passed, the evil still exists; the question arises: What are we to do with it? Many sincerely believe that it will always exist. If so, then let us set about to control it as far as possible. The writer offers for approval the following plan, which will allow college men to play summer baseball, but upon these conditions, namely:

I. No man shall be permitted to play summer baseball with any team in organized baseball, that is, with any team that is under the National Agreement.

II. No man shall be permitted to play summer baseball unless he has made written application to a committee duly appointed

from his college, said committee to consist of five men familiar with the sport. Such application shall designate the team, place and conditions under which he expects to play.

III. If the findings of this committee show that no disrepute to either his college or himself is likely to accrue from such connection with said team, said application shall be granted.

IV. No man shall be allowed to change from one team to another, without the approval of the aforesaid committee. Failure to do so shall forfeit the right to represent his university in any branch of athletics.

The foregoing conditions, together with the rule prescribing the establishment of a year's residence, and that the candidate be in good standing at his university, would be sufficient to insure the exclusion of any undesirable men in this branch of major athletics.

Contrary to the opinion held by a large number of people, the writer believes that a man can play baseball in the summer, be associated with desirable men, without either impairing his moral or social standing, or rendering himself unfit to represent his university, even though he has received remuneration for his services. He also believes firmly and honestly that men should, under certain conditions, be allowed to play summer baseball, and he is confident that if the existing conditions were known to those who oppose such playing, they would accept the lesser evil. Summer baseball has been played ever since I can remember and I do not consider it is putting it too strong when I say that it always will be played, regardless of existing rules. Few men are going to forfeit the pleasure of engaging in the sport in which they excel, and, especially if in need of financial assistance, naturally turn to summer baseball for such help.

In closing, the writer begs to say that he has stated his honest and sincere convictions in the matter. He has no axes to grind, nor any desire to antagonize any who disagree with him or to question the sincerity of their beliefs. He only hopes that the few reforms here suggested may help to secure better and more liberal rules for the control of summer baseball playing.

Coach Coogan's long experience with college and summer baseball, his familiarity with its problems and conditions, make him one of the best authorities in the country to discuss this question, and lend to any statement from his pen, particular interest and value.

THE SAFETY OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

PROFESSOR DAVID MOLITOR.

SO much adverse criticism regarding the safety of the Gatun dam and the locks has lately appeared in the daily press, that a few words should be directed to this subject.

It is significant that all the pet schemes of certain individuals and many untried methods proposed by inventors of excavating machinery should gain free advertisement by some 10,000 newspapers under the guise of pointing out dangers to be feared from the adoption of the present plans.

This condition has prevailed to such an alarming extent that when the truth is occasionally told by some responsible engineering authority, as the recent Board of Consulting Engineers, who accompanied President Taft to the Isthmus, such facts are either ignored or ridiculed.

These pernicious practises have brought about a sad condition of affairs which, if directed against any private enterprise, would certainly have proven disastrous. It is only through the strenuous efforts of those in high authority that the good work has been permitted to continue.

No technical argument, worthy of serious consideration by the engineering profession, has appeared among the lately published criticisms concerning the Panama plans and work. Yet these alarmist reports have a wonderful influence in warping public opinion, and this is undoubtedly the underlying motive to which the public press has innocently become a party.

> "A little word is not a little thing;
> For it may make, and it may mar, a king."

It is scarcely possible to find an example of engineering design which embodies such a high factor of safety throughout as do the designs for the locks and dams of this canal. So great was this conservatism on the side of safety, that the recent Board of Engineers recommended reducing the height of Gatun dam by 20 feet, leaving its crest 30 feet above the level of Gatun Lake instead of 50 feet as originally planned.

The increased width of the narrow portions of the canal from 150 to 300 feet and the greatly enlarged lock chambers were adopted to increase the safety to vessels navigating the canal. The deepening of the entire canal from 35 feet to 41 and 45 feet is another feature which will permit the larger vessels to proceed at greater speed.

The locks are designed of most massive concrete monoliths and arranged in duplicate so as to separate up and down bound traffic and in case of necessary repairs one lock may be temporarily thrown out of commission without interfering with traffic. Duplicate gates are also provided for the case of local damage, should any occur.

As a further safety, the several lake outlets are all to be guarded by emergency dams of the movable type, so that in the remote possibility of any serious accident the summit level will be maintained while repairs are carried on. All this may never be needed but it is provided as an absolute safeguard against any possible contingency. An emergency dam was originally built above Sault Ste. Marie Canal in 1881, but was never used, though this canal carries more annual tonnage than any other similar waterway.

The possibility of an earthquake has also been erected by fancy into a threatening danger. If such creations of the imagination are to serve as a guide, then the earth is no place for any great work.

There are 116 volcanoes within a radius of 1,200 miles from Panama, and half of these are active. Within a radius of 500 miles about Nicaragua, may be counted 43 extinct and 37 active volcanoes. One active volcano is situated within 11 miles of the proposed Nicaragua route and one within 200 miles of Panama, yet private corporations were prepared to venture investments in both localities.

The famous straight arch in the ruins of the old church at Panama, and the stone arch over a river near the old city of Panama, both of which have stood over two centuries, would certainly have collapsed during any serious manifestations of seismic disturbance. There was a more or less destructive earthquake at Panama in 1621, but none of any importance were recorded since.

However, in the event of any such disturbances, the resulting damage to a sea level canal with a masonry dam at Gamboa, would be even more disastrous than that to any of the locks or dams now proposed in the present project.

The following conclusions, reached by the recent Board of Consulting Engineers, should set at rest all further doubts and speculations regarding the feasibility and practicability of the present Panama plans:

Your board is satisfied that the dams and locks, the lock gates, and all other engineering structures involved in the lock-canal project are feasible and safe, and that they can be depended upon to perform with certainty their respective functions.

We do not find any occasion for changing the type of Canal that has been adopted.

A change to a sea-level plan at the present time would add greatly to the cost and time of construction, without compensating advantages, either in capacity of canal or safety of navigation, and hence would be a public misfortune.

We do find in the detailed designs that have been adopted, or that are under consideration, some matters where other arrangements than those now considered seem worthy of study. As these proposed changes are of a tentative nature and do not in any case affect the main questions herein discussed, they are not taken up in this report.

Very respectfully,

FREDERIC P. STEARNS, JAMES D. SCHUYLER,
ARTHUR P. DAVIS, ISHAM RANDOLPH,
HENRY A. ALLEN, JOHN R. FREEMAN,
ALLEN HAZEN.

CLIMATIC, SANITARY AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

Possibly the greatest danger which attended the Isthmian undertaking and which to a high degree brought about the failure of the French company, was the danger to life. This fact was carefully considered by the Commission and a most vigorous campaign was immediately instituted for the establishment of sanitary conditions especially in the terminal cities, Colon and Panama.

The department of health and sanitation was thus created and after adopting most stringent sanitary measures has reduced malaria to comparative insignificance while yellow fever was practically stamped out on the Isthmus since 1905.

Considering the total population of Panama, Colon and the Canal Zone, we have the following death record:

YEAR.	Population.	No. of deaths.	Rate per thousand.
1904	35,000	1,224	52.45
1905	42,699	2,793	65.41
1906	66,011	3,544	49.10
1907	102,133	3,435	33.63
1908	120,097	2,983	24.83

From 1881-9, during the French occupation, the average number of deaths per thousand was 28.5 due to yellow fever and malaria alone. During the past year, with a population of over 120,000, this number was reduced to 1.8 per thousand due to malaria and none due to yellow fever.

The mosquito theory regarding the transmission of these fevers is now generally accepted and through the discoveries of Ross, Lavaran and Reed, a most valuable service was rendered to science. By this discovery the United States was enabled to overcome what seemed to be to the French, an unsurmountable obstacle.

By treaty the United States secured the right to enforce sanitary regulations over the entire Canal Zone and the terminal cities. An immense amount of labor and money has been thus expended in clearing the Canal Zone, exterminating the mosquito by applying crude oil to all the breeding places and providing the entire Zone with a good water supply. The cities of Colon and Panama were cleaned up, paved and sewered and are now as healthy as any of our northern towns.

The Isthmian climate is not at all unhealthy. Five months of the year, including January, February, March and April, constitute the dry season, and the temperature never falls below 64° nor rises above 97° in the shade. The average daily range is from 75° to 84°, with little variation between summer and winter, wet and dry seasons. The high humidity, ranging between 80 87%, exerts a very exhausting and oppressive influence on the white races. The negro races are not so seriously affected.

The average annual rainfall during a period of 33 years, between 1871 and 1904, was 64.7 inches at Panama, 94.9 inches at Gamboa and 137.2 inches at Colon.

The Canal employes are being well cared for, are provided with comfortable and sanitary quarters, and can receive all the necessary wants of life from the Commissary Department at practically the same prices as in the United States.

Artificial ice is produced at Colon and there are several steam laundries and bakeries all owned and operated by the government.

Many social clubs now exist, though several years ago this feature was absent. Various outdoor sports such as baseball, tennis, etc., are indulged in and occasionally a bull fight is pulled off in Panama.

Let us hope that this great work may continue without further impediments savoring of politics, scandals and investigations, and that the United States may win the prize among nations in demonstrating their ability to complete another "world wonder," which nearly crippled one of the foremost European nations, and is now on a fair way to successful completion. The American people are building the Roosevelt Canal.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB OF MEXICO.

JAMES J. SHIRLEY, '03.

IT matters little what part of the world one may go to, the College man is certain to be found, as a rule, taking a leading part in his chosen line. This goes to further demonstrate the practical lines on which University education has been, and is being conducted. There are many reasons why a College man is attracted to new countries—especially so, if he is a "professional" man. As an instance of this, it may be noted, that the first stages of a country's development in modern times, is almost invariably the building of railroads, in order to convey its products, whether these are mineral, agricultural or manufactured. From this it can be taken that the pioneer among professional men, generally is the engineer in the various branches. The Doctor soon follows, if he does not actually accompany him.

Mexico is a country where the above remarks are particularly applicable, as this article will try to show. It must not be forgotten however, that Mexico is anything but a new country, except in the sense, that its natural resources have only within recent times been exploited to any extent. As a matter of fact, if it were only known, the History of Mexico antedates that of the United States by many centuries, as evidenced by many of its Aztec, Toltec and other truly wonderful tribial ruins constantly being discovered throughout the country. While archeological remains of other continents and countries may be more interesting from the fact that they throw greater light on the civilization and habits of our ancestors, it is doubtful if the archeological student will not find as much to fascinate him in Mexico as elsewhere. Many theories have been advanced as to the origin of the first inhabitants of this continent. While the length of this article will not permit of this most interesting subject being dealt with, it may be of interest to know that Mexico may be looked to, as affording a possible partial solution. There are many proofs which lead to the supposition that the Chinese were in Mexico long before the advent of Columbus' discovery of America, and sometime after the Tartar invasion of China.

The mines of Mexico have from earliest times attracted a great deal of attention—the Spaniards worked them but in a very crude manner, since they first went into the country. Today, Mexico is the greatest silver producing country in the world, and is second only in copper production, to the United States.

The proximity of Mexico to this country, the ease, comfort and convenience of reaching it,—whether by rail or sea, its agreeable and healthy climate, rich natural resources, progressive government and just laws—all these form a combination of attractive conditions, too strong to be withstood by the energetic College man, who can never rest, but whose ambitious nature makes him look to new fields, and to guide into more practical lines what his training has fitted him for.

The foreign population of Mexico is exceedingly cosmopolitan. There being an immense Indian population—forming in fact the greater part,—and as the majority of these are of the labouring class, it follows that up to the present the tide of immigration to the Southern Republic has not started to any appreciable extent. On the other hand, the country has been undergoing a tremendous and very rapid development, not only on commercial lines, but in the building of great railroad systems throughout the country, constructing ports and harbours, developing natural resources on a great scale etc.

To carry out these works, all of which it may be said have been executed by foreign skill, and liberal government concessions and grants, it can be readily understood and seen, that the general class of foreigners going into Mexico have been of the more intelligent and skillful type. As competition has become keener, higher efficiency and more scientific methods required, the College trained man has been more in demand, and he finds opportunities open to him that in more developed countries are more difficult to obtain owing to the greater number of men of equal training and ability. The above must not be taken to mean however, that the problems confronting one are easier of solution. If anything, the contrary is the case in almost every instance.

The above remarks, of course, are not meant in any way to reflect on the non-college man. But the object of a College education and training is primarily meant to endow and better equip those availing themselves of the opportunity, to compete

with greater efficiency with those who have not been similarly privileged. And so it is, that College men for some years past, have been steadily drifting into Mexico—the increase being noticeable every year.

It seems to be a natural tendency for College men to seek each others environment—as evidenced by the numerous University and individual College Clubs throughout the various countries where Universities are a factor in the life of a nation or a community. It is therefore with greater reason that College men living in a country where there is, in the first place no University, and where the customs, language and traditions are not what they have always known, should seek in some way to associate in organized form.

Three and a half years ago—just about the time that President and Mrs. Schurman made a visit to the country, there was held in the City of Mexico, what is believed to have been the first College Banquet in the country—it was a "Cornell Dinner." Those present were very few—there being but six. The bond of comradeship was perhaps strengthened by the very fact of apparent isolation. Before the gathering dispersed those present organized themselves into the nucleus of a "Cornell Alumni association." It was not long however, before it was evident that the Alumni in Mexico of any one College, were not sufficient in number to support such an organization, particularly as a number of them had business interests which called them from the City at frequent intervals. But this did not discourage those who interested themselves in the first idea of uniting College men in the Southern Republic. Four of the original six above mentioned met and discussed the situation, finally resolving on making efforts to establish a "University Club of Mexico." For this purpose, a committee of three—two Cornell and one Northwestern representative,—immediately started work, and began by interesting such College men as happened to be personally known to them. As a result of these first efforts, in May 1905 there was called a mass meeting of College men. Again numbers seemed discouraging, as there were present only twenty-one. But this did not deter the movement from making headway, as those present improvised a temporary organization, and appointed two or three committees. The latter met frequently—mostly in the members' offices. Mass

meetings were likewise held whenever it was deemed expedient to do so. Results were to be noticed, for at each of these meetings, the number was greater than at the preceding. By-laws and constitutions were presented and discussed sometimes till long after midnight. Results were so gratifying and work progressed so rapidly, that by the end of the year not only was the Club in legal existence, but was housed in fine large quarters in January 1906. Large sums of money have been expended in rebuilding, renovating and decorating the Club, till it is now a home, such as is worthy in every respect of its members.

The foregoing tells how Cornell can justly be considered as the parent of the University Club of Mexico. It is gratifying also to know that Cornell has probably a larger individual representation in the Club than any other College. The total membership of the Club is well over two hundred, and among its members, it may be interesting to know, is Secretary Elihu Root, who became so while on his diplomatic mission to Mexico a year ago.

The membership while of course consisting in the majority of Americans, is by no means restricted to College men of any one nationality, but is open to University men from all over the world.

More is being known by the general public about Mexico, and the wonderful country it really is. The men at the head of its government are second to none in ability, and it is very doubtful if there is any other country—with the exception possibly of Japan—that can show the same progress during the past thirty years. One of the best proofs of the general advancement of the country, and the confidence reposed in it by the rest of the world, is shown by the fact that its public securities are eagerly sought by every market in the world, and are quoted among the very highest of public securities. Throughout the country can be seen signs of public spirit—public improvements and industrial factories are in course of erection everywhere.

To the student, the capitalist and the scientist, Mexico offers a field well worth availing one's self. It is full of interesting history, new enterprises are daily springing up, and its scenery and climate are unsurpassed, ranging from tropical verdue, forests and the home of the parrot, up to the bleak wintry regions of perpetual snow.

THE SOUTHERN TRIP.

R. K. CALDWELL '09.

LAST year the base-ball team covered quite a good deal of territory, saw a number of Southern Universities, stopped at some very poor hotels, played a little base-ball and lost lots of money. This year the management and the base-ball committee decided that if the team was to take these annual pleasure jaunts, something more tangible would have to be shown for reason of such a trip than the idea of having a good time and a financial loss. So it was planned to confine ourselves to one or two cities thereby cutting out the tiresome travel and a money loss that a roaming trip causes. Washington and Baltimore were the cities picked out, not only because of their good positions in regard to weather but also because they are near enough to each other to make the travel between them easy.

The team spent three days in Washington and four in Baltimore, playing the Georgetown University, the Naval Academy and several Athletic Clubs. At the end of the trip we had four victories and two defeats, all the men were in good shape with the exception of one, the coach was well pleased and the management had a broad smile. With these points in our favor the trip might be considered a success.

It might be interesting to note that the fellows did not spend all of their time on base-ball but took advantage of the opportunities afforded by the city of Washington and visited many of the points of interest. We were very fortunate in being at the capital at the time when the Payne Tariff bill was up for discussion in the House and most of our mornings were spent in the galleries listening to the debates that were taking place. Other places of interest were also visited.

In the city of Baltimore we did not have many opportunities for sight seeing, our only one being our trip to Annapolis to play the United States Naval Academy, but as we arrived just in time for the game we saw little, but heard some good music and some

cheering which did not in the least rattle the players. The rest of the time in Baltimore was spent in walking around observing the latest Easter styles.

We left Baltimore at 6:30 on Friday, April 9th, and arrived in Ithaca the next morning finding the beautiful snow covering the ground. But even at that the fellows were satisfied because the trip had been an enjoyable one. Manager Scott and Assistant Manager Bennet deserve a lot of credit for the excellent manner in which the trip was planned and carried out. Here's hoping that next year's trip is as pleasant and successful.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF SPAIN.

MIGUEL VENTURA.

THERE are in Spain ten Universities, all of which are located in large cities, the military schools and theological seminaries being in small towns. The best colleges are those of Barcelona and Madrid. The oldest University is that of Sala manca at which the famous poet, Tray Luis de Leon, was a professor in the sixteenth century.

Our universities are not independent or autonomous as in America. They belong to the government and the State provides buildings, material, salaries, *bedeles*[1] and oficiales de secretaria[2].

The Professors have high social standing and are held in esteem, especially in Madrid. Where sons of the aristocracy study in the Central University, there are neither instructors or assistants, only *professors*. Every one starts with the same salary and rank, receiving an increase every five years. In order to become a professor it is necessary to have a University *Degree* or *Diploma* and to pass a competitive examination which is as a rule very difficult. On this account graduates must continue to study several years after having finished College work in order to enter that competition. A professor holds the position for life and after some years of service receives a pension (if married, his widow does). In addition to the professors there are *Auxiliares* or *Ayndants* (substitutes) who are elected by the Faculty. They receive no salary and give lectures only in the University when the professors are ill, absent, or busy in politics etc., for many of the professors are deputies or Senators or hold important political offices, as Secretary of State, General Director, etc.

A professor in Spain has ordinarily 3 to 6 hours of work a week, which consists of a lecture every day or every other day. The instruction is not as practical as in America for in many classes the Professor never hears from his students. The latter

[1] *Bedeles* are the servants which the professors have. They wear uniforms.

[2] *Oficiales* are the subaltern employes who conduct the registrations, make lists of classes, of examinations, etc.

take notes during the year and examinations at the end. This makes the work very theoretical. We have no elementary classes in the University for subjects like: French, German, Italian, psychology, ethics, mathematics, etc., are studied in the *Institutes* (Secondary Schools.) Here we take different courses for six years after our primary school, and before entering the University.

In order to encourage scientific work the Government offers 200,000 pesetas a year in fellowships to students and professors in a foreign country and also gives rewards to the professors who publish an important book or distinguish themselves in scientific, literary or artistic work. There are also several prizes for theses on Philosophy, Philology, History, Sciences, etc.

Some professors become *academicos* which is the greatest honor. Madrid has five Royal Academies of Language, of History, of Law, of Medicine and of Fine Arts. Every academy has the right to elect a Senator from his 40 members, the President being a Senator for life. The professors wear a uniform on official occasions, that is to say *toga y muceta*. *Toga* is a long blue or black cloak, with red or yellow or violet lapels, and *muceta*, a special cap with embroidery, tassel and ribbons. They go to class every day in full dress. Never does a professor in the University of Madrid wear a derby or cap, for this would be considered dishonorable. Nor may a student wear a cap, this being distinctive of the lowest people. The students wear derbies or *Lombrero ancho* (large hat) so that we have no freshmen's caps as well as no yellow rain coats, no flags, no yells, no college songs, no chimes, no clubs, no plays, no posters, no Spring Day, no Junior Week, no rushes and no athletics of any kind.

The classes begin the second of October or the third, if the second is Sunday. The first of October is called the day of *apertura de curso*. All the professors in uniform meet in the amphitheatre of the University, presided over by the King or Secretary of Public Instruction in Madrid, (by the governor in provinces.) The President or Dean delivers an address to the students and a professor (a different one every year) reads a scientific thesis. Following this the secretary reads the *memoria del ano* (record of the previous year) and then begins the distribution of diplomas of reward to the students who gained them in com-

petitions in various subjects. The best society attends this ceremony which lasts more than 3 hours. A band of music always plays the royal march as well as other pieces.

The stndents are not distinguished by such class division as freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors but by two kinds, *official* and *free*. The first have to register in September and have to take prescribed subjects every year for they can not choose as we do here. They attend class and take oral examinations in the second fortnight of May[1]. The free students are not obliged to go to class. They register in May and take examinations during the first fortnight of June. The free instruction is good for the absent students or for the poor ones, who have to work during the day, and study at night. Some of them however do attend classes for the doors of class rooms and library are open to every body who wishes to work whether a student or not, but nobody may take books out.

There are very few women students. The Spanish woman studies very little, and if she belongs to good society learns music, embroidering and French. When I was a student 15 years ago there were studying in the University of Madrid two ladies, one in metaphysics, the other in semitic languages. Nowadays there are more but most of them are foreigners and all need special permission to study.

There is no college spirit or good fellowship among the students, for instance, the students of law don't like those of medicine. The latter call the former *embusteros* (liars) and these in turn call the medical students *matasanos* (man killers) and the Masters of Arts *muertos de hambre* (starving people) and so forth. The students are divided into political groups: republicans and monarchists, catholic and anticatholic, socialists and individualists, federal and unitarians: the antagonism between them is such, that riots have sometimes ensued in Barcelona and Madrid. There are a few political and religious student clubs and although there are no athletic teams, some students do belong to automobile, bicycle and gymnastic clubs. Most of the students belong to the *Ateneo* and some other societies of literary and scientific men. The students have no dramatic clubs and perform no plays

[1] We have no *prelims* and no examinations in January.

in the theater although some years ago a comedy of Plautus was played in Latin by the students of Latin literature and a tragedy of Æschylus was presented by the students of Greek. The students have no military drill for they are free of military service upon the payment of three hundred dollars to the State.

Now I wish to say something about the private life of the students. Being Spaniards they naturally acquire the habits of that country. Commonly they go two or three times a day to the cafés, where they drink coffee or beer, very seldom wine or other liquors for we drink that only at meals, and I would like to say that I have never seen an intoxicated student in Spain. In the cafés they talk of bullfights, politics, art, literature or the events of the day. The same takes place during the intermissions between classes. There is a half an hour of rest between one class and the next. The students then go to the streets or the square, and walk, talk, smoke, read political newspapers and *piropean a las ninas*, a Spanish habit which consists in saying something sweet to the girls who pass in the streets as for example: "You are nice," "I like you," "Bright eyes," etc.

Almost every student has a *novia guapa* (nice sweetheart) which is not difficult in Madrid where the girls ordinarily prefer students and military men to all other classes of society. They go walking together early in the afternoon, at 1 o'clock, after lunch, and before dinner at 8. They spend Sundays in the country or at cafés or shows, for we observe Sundays in amusement, by going to good concerts or theatres in the afternoons and again in the evening. At night the students and sweethearts talk in the following way: the lady is on the balcony and the student below in the street and thus they spend hours repeating of course, the same foolishness in different words. Sometimes the students serenade their sweethearts with guitars and castanettes.

As regards vacations, we have many—the birthday of the King and Queen and other Royal persons, some national historical holidays, the first and second of November, when people go to the cemetery and put flowers on the tombs, also at Christmas during the Carnival, Holy Week, at Easter and on San Fridro, etc. The Christmas vacation begins on the first of December and lasts until the 10th of January and during that time there are balls

almost every night. During the carnival there are *estudiantimas* (masquerades) and the students disguise themselves in the old Spanish students' costume consisting of a cloak and a bicornial hat with a wooden spoon and fork on both sides. More than one hundred students attend every *estudiantina* (masquerade) and play *guitars*, *castannettes*, *pandoreta* (tambourine) and sing in the streets. Sometimes they travel and give concerts.

The students like to go to the *Pardo* to eat acorns and *junions* (pineapples) and *tostados* (tost sweet peas). They go also to the *Bombilla* near Madrid where they eat, drink, dance, and sometimes have a bullfight.

As a rule the students spend the first and some also the second years in amusements—as a result some have to study many years and they are called the *decanos* (the deans) because they grow old in the University. Many don't study during the year and only in May before the examinations; then no more amusements, no more walks, no more serenades, for they spend day and night studying or *emyrollando*, slang word which means that the hen sets on the eggs. We have no numerical gradations—our marks are *Lobresaliente* (90-100), *Notable* (80-90), *Bueno* (70-80), *Aprobado* (60), *y*-suspense. This last means "busted" and we say in slang *calabaza* (pumpkins) which corresponds to "get a lemon."

It is true that the Spanish student is gay and idle, a wanderer and an adventurer, does not study much, and likes pleasures and amusements more than work. "El Estudiante de Salamanca" the splendid poem by Eyronceda gives an idea of our classical type of student. But it is also true that there are in every class some students who have no sweethearts, who don't care for bullfights, theaters, cafés or foolish amusements and who study and work as hard and successfully as in any other country and become the important men in Politics, Science and Literature.

CORNELLIANS AND

JOHN H. SCOTT, '09,

has made an enviable reputation for his efficient management of the Base Ball Team. The present base ball schedule arranged by him is the best one Cornell has ever had.

THEIR ACTIVITIES

ROBERT K. CALDWELL, '09,

Captain of the Varsity Base Ball Team has been one of the most prominent athletes of the Senior Class throughout its history.

WHAT'S DOING

DORR C. PRICE, '09,

Editor-in-chief of the 1909 Class-Book. Through his efforts a number of novel features have been incorporated in this year's publication which promise to make it unusually successful.

AND BY WHOM

HARRY L. SEAMAN, '09,

in addition to his duties as Business Manager of the 1909 Class-Book has carefully framed a constitution for the guidance of future Class-Book Boards.

THE SOUTHERN TRIP.

JOHN HULL SCOTT '09, MANAGER.

THE Southern trip, from the view point of the management, has been one of the hardest of our baseball problems for some years. There have been four attempts at the best solution: viz., a long trip down in the vicinity of Atlanta, Ga., a long trip in the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., a shorter journey to North Carolina and the recent trip to Washington, Baltimore, and Annapolis.

We have found that the first three trips are not good propositions. They are very expensive and entail a heavy loss. They require hard travel, the hotels are poor, the trips affords but little opportunity for any real practice and the team has usually landed back in Ithaca with a long list of crippled players.

I believe that the short trip which we have just taken this year is the best possible solution for early practice. We did very little traveling, our hotel accomodations were very good, we had plenty of practice, a much smaller financial loss than in previous years, and encountered an exceptional week of weather. The entire trip, I believe, ran off smoothly, at least so from the management's view point, and I believe that the team enjoyed the trip more and got more good out of it than from the longer journeys.

We spent three very pleasant days in Washington, one in Annapolis, and three in Baltimore. The squad enjoyed Washington particularly. The boys, through the kindness of Mr. Rose, met the Vice-President, with whom they spent a very pleasant half hour, and paid two visits to the House and Senate, where the Tariff Bill was undergoing a hot discussion. We found as usual, a worthy adversary in the Georgetown team, and in Mr. Stuart, their manager, a gentleman who was eager to show us every possible courtesy. While Baltimore is, of course, not such a place for sight seeing, the city is truly remarkable for its attractive women, and the boys walked the streets with their mouths open most of the time, particularly our redoubtable—well, I don't like to mention any names. The town of Annapolis is, of course, an old friend, the Navy are always a pleasant team to play and the crowd is ever thronged with fair visitors from Washington and Baltimore.

So much for the ground covered. I think that I can safely say that it comprised a most effective and enjoyable spring practice, and right here I must add that I throw no bouquets at myself in praising the itinerary, as it was largely the experience of Mr. Dugan which lead to our adoption of this shorter journey I must add here also a word of appreciation of the attitude of the captain, coach and players while we were South. One of the essentials of a first class baseball team is a thorough understanding between captain, coach and players and the managers, as to their relations and duties toward each other, I can only say, after our most pleasant relations this season, that that understanding is perfectly worked out, and that the harmony in which Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Coogan and the entire team have worked with the management could not have been greater.

So much for the retrospect. With regard to the remainder and future part of the season, I prefer to say but little. There are too many "I told you so-people" in the world. I would like to call the attention of the ERA'S readers to one thing. You must not think because it is early in the season and we are playing games that probably will not figure in the championship that these early games ought to be easy for us. These teams all come here with a firm determination to win, they all have good pitchers, they play good ball, and it takes good ball playing by our team to win. Don't be disappointed, therefore, and do not think for a moment that our team is no good simply because we don't pound the ball all over the lot and romp around the bases at our pleasure. If you think that this should be the case you have a totally unconceived idea of what these earlier games really are.

In closing, permit me to add a word concerning cheering at the games, I firmly believe that *The Sun* is correct in their effort to do-away with rowdy, unsportsmanlike tactics in this respect, but I do not believe in not cheering at all or in weak and very infrequent cheering. Don't you believe that the other big universities do not cheer. I've been at several big games, and I tell you that they yell their heads off. I do not believe that this kind of support, and lots of it, too, is inconsistant with gentlemanly conduct, nor do I believe if you don't breathe a word of it to another soul, that any undergraduade of Cornell will regret his support when the baseball season of 1909 shall have ended.

ITHACA—A GEOLOGIC STUDY.

C. A. STEWART.

WHEN questioned about the condition of the earth in early geologic time, a former State Geologist of Pennsylvania replied "What happened then is known only to God and Prof. T. Sterry Hunt." In attempting to grant a request for a sketch of pre-historic Ithaca, all pretense to the omniscience thus attributed to Prof. Hunt is disclaimed. A fragmentary record of the past has been preserved in the rocks, and from it we can deduce, in a general way, the story of the great changes that have taken place during the inconceivable stretches of past time.

Disregarding the puzzling problems of these first geologic periods, we can say that early in the history of the world this part of New York as well as most of the central United States, was land, and although it was very likely without animal life, we feel reasonably sure that it supported some kind of vegetation. Of the appearance of this vegetation and of the contour of the land we can say little. There was at the eastern boundary of the state a narrow strip of water, not comparable to the Hudson River, but an arm of a sea whose level surface stretched to the southwest in a trough afterward wrinkled into the Appalachian Mountains. In travelling westward on this early continent we would have been stopped, not by the lofty peaks of the Rockies, but by a sheet of water occupying most of the western United States. These conditions lasted only a short time. The sea crept over the land, the Ithaca region was submerged, and for long ages remained under water.

Although there is nothing so monotonous as the surface of the ocean, the bottom of the sea is often the scene of great physical changes and the abode of an interesting life. To this the Ithaca ocean was no exception. From time to time the depth and character of the sea varied. Its bottom was often muddy ooze, constantly being added to by swirling waters burdened with sediment; or again it was crystal clear with clean, sandy bottom and in it

flourished corals, building great limey masses of their delicate skeletons. Once a series of sand bars broke up the sea into basins that became uninhabitable briny lakes, depositing layer upon layer of salt on their bottoms. In this changing ocean there was a great diversity of life, including marine animals little different from some of those we know today, and strange forms whose parallels in modern waters are recognized only by trained biologists. The life best fitted for any one set of conditions flourished while it could, and yielded dominance with changing circumstances. Occasionally new forms migrated here from foreign seas and mingled with or replaced the native creatures. Race succeeded race, and the remains of each were buried in the accumulating muds and sands which, slowly changing to rock, preserved for modern times the story of the ocean bed which was once on the present site of Ithaca.

Finally the water withdrew and this region became land never again to be swallowed by the sea. Unfortunately this land was subject to the continuous wear of the atmosphere and water so that its original form has long been destroyed, and no remains of its life have been preserved. We know, however, that upon the withdrawal of the sea, the region immediately to the south, now dusty and bustling with the toil of mining, was a series of great Dismal Swamps,—bogs and shallow waters overgrown with dense green mats of trees and ferns, the remains of which now form the coal beds of Pennsylvania. At this time, and in increasing numbers in successive ages, the earth supported the strange creatures that so appeal to the imagination, and while finding no trace of them here, we may feel sure that the Ithaca region was the home of some of these uncouth animals,—clumsy beasts, with immense hulking bodies, massive limbs and small brains, toothed birds, and puzzling flying things, that seem neither bird nor beast. With almost infinite slowness this weird life lost its most exaggerated characters and in the course of time became somewhat more like the present. Then, too, the luxuriant vegetation to the south lasted but a short while. Meantime streams had been cutting their courses, their activity often renewed by raising of the land, and finally countless years after its appearance above water, the Ithaca region assumed a topography much like that of the present day.

This modern-appearing Ithaca landscape then fell slowly under the grip of a vast ice sheet which advanced from the north, and the country once bordered with green swamps abounding in life, became a desolate field of ice and snow. With temporary retreats the glacier covered this region for centuries. It filled the gorges with gravel, and possibly deepened the Cayuga Valley. On its final withdrawal it dammed the Cayuga outlet so that the lake waters spread far up the inlet valley and over the neighboring hills, whose terraced slopes still mark former shore lines. With the melting of the ice wall at the north, Cayuga gradually fell to its present level, because the pent up waters found lower outlets in that direction. Slowly the streams cut new gorges in the rocky hills or dug out the old buried channels; barren rock gradually crumbled to earth; plant life sprang up, sparingly at first and scattered, but steadily spreading as rock and gravel became life-bearing soil. And thus came the Ithaca of to-day. To us it is a city in the midst of rounded hills, drained by brooks tumbling through picturesque gorges; a city fitted by the productiveness of its soil, its tolerant climate and pleasing scenery to support human life in all its complexities. This modern Ithaca looms large in our minds and over-shadows all the past, yet its existence has been but a day compared with Ithaca of the past, home of pre-historic land life, or with the Ithaca of the ocean's bed, and our modern life is only a single page in the complete life history of the world.

THE CORNELLIAN.

W. H. PEASLEE, '10.

THE Cornellian has for many years ranked at the head of the college annuals, but a further improvement is demanded by each class. The present board of editors have exerted themselves to their utmost in the forward movement and now welcome the opportunity of contributing to the betterment of succeeding volumes. The purpose of this article is to bring the attention of the classes of 1911 and 1912 to certain features of the present system in which there is room for improvement.

It seems advisable to have a special competition for the post of photographic editor in order to fully develop the possibilities of this department. The views, groups and stunt pictures combine with the drawings to enliven the statistics and records, and equal attention should be given to each branch. The photographic editor should understand photography and have enough knowledge of the principles of composition to discriminate between good and bad pictures. He should be able to arrange his pages and groups harmoniously and to figure carefully how the pictures can be enlarged or reduced—a very important consideration. The competition would bring out men who understand photography and from these it would be a simple matter to select and train by work under supervision, the most promising material. This would enable the editor to get good pictures of important events without having to trust to luck or the uncertain returns of a prize offer. Then, too, the competitors would come in contact with more stunt books and consequently, there would be better material from which the editor could make his selections. More pictures would be turned in by the undergraduates if the single prize of fifteen dollars were split up into several prizes—one for each division, as views, stunt pictures, groups of upperclassmen and athletics, with a smaller prize for the best all-around bunch of pictures submitted. It is difficult to compare the respective

merits of radically different subjects and the present system allows much room for guess-work and consequent unfairness. The proposed change would eliminate this and offer a special inducement for both quality and quantity. Where the latter is the chief consideration, it stands to reason that many excellent individual pictures which have no chance at a prize will not be turned in.

By instituting this photographic competition there would remain only four selections for the men of the class to make for the board of editors and the need of some restrictions in the elections has long been felt. The Cornellian is the book of the class, it is true, and any Junior is entitled to try for the board; but it does not follow that popularity is an indication of fitness and as a precautionary measure, the elections should be preceded by a tryout on the competitive basis which is the backbone of nearly all other student activities. It would be the best thing in the world for the board, as the men best fitted for the work would be encouraged to come out. The competitors would learn a great deal about the book and the acting board would get enough advance ratings on the ability of the competitors and their attitude toward work to enable them to recommend the most likely men to the class. From one point of view, the board-elect would have received in the competition sufficient training in the details of the work to profit by the mistakes of their predecessors and save valuable time. On the other hand, the acting editors need assistance. There is no end of subordinate work with which to try out the competitors. Under the existing modus operandi, a conscientious application to the editing of the book, barely allows a distant recognition of University work.

We urge the preliminary competition, not that the work is beyond the ability of the average student but for the reason that many annually enter the race without knowing what the work amounts to or making allowance for the demands on their time in other directions. The result is, that their work is half done or not done at all, and falls on those who are really interested in the success of the book as a class affair. There is no theory at all about this shifting of responsibilities—every board has the same trouble and it is a serious handicap. The remedy that we sug-

gest would not take the matter entirely out of the hands of the class. Instead of an army of candidates, we would by competition and elimination sift these down to not more than ten men from whom the class would select four. It would be difficult to make a mistake in this way. The class of 1912 is urged to take action on this matter this spring in order that their men may enter the competition next fall. A committee could get many valuable suggestions by conferring with the editors-in-chief of the 1909 and 1910 books who are in a position to speak from experience.

In order to stimulate interest in the artistic side of the book and bring out the best talent available, cash prizes of twenty-five dollars were offered this year for the best work submitted. The scheme has been so successful in bringing out artists of ability that it should be continued. Twenty-two competitors submitted work, some of which will rank as almost professional. Each competitor was encouraged to develop his ideas in the style and medium that he could handle to the best advantage. In this way, greater variety of treatment was obtained although all of the work was subordinated to the general scheme of the book. Preliminary sketches were submitted for nearly every drawing and in many cases, several studies were made and criticised. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the value of criticism. A frank expression of opinion should always be welcomed.

The position of artistic editor has traditionally been considered a plum or lemon for an architect—according to the point of view—but it is interesting to note that three Arts men went after it this year and one of them got it. Ten sophomores entered the competition and five stuck to the finish. We believe that in every case, the competitors have gained as much as the book. They have learned some of their weak points, found out how their work reproduces, and fitted themselves to compete for the cash prize offered next year. Sophomores are urged to enter the competition early in the fall, to work steadily and to invite frequent criticisms of their ideas and sketches. The idea should be the first consideration, the development secondary. A competitor with original ideas who expresses them fairly well and can be depended on, has a greater chance of winning out than one who is brilliant but erratic.

The active board of editors do not wish this to be construed as as apology for the 1910 Cornellian. No effort or expense has been spared in the production of the book and we are confident of its success. If the suggestions we have offered, tend to lighten the burdens and insure the success of future boards, our purpose will be accomplished.

THE CORNELL ERA

VOL. XLI APRIL, 1909 NO. 7

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ERA BOARD ELECTIONS.

AS the result of recent competitions THE ERA announces with pleasure the following elections to the editorial board: Charles A. Carroll, '10; Frank D. Burnet, '11; Raymond H. Fuller, '11; Hugh Gaffney, '11; and Warwick L. Thompson, '11.

ELECTION OF CORNELLIAN EDITORS.

AMONG our University publications, *The Cornellian* stands alone in the opportunity it affords for men to secure important editorial positions, with considerable honor attached, without having earned them. In our other fields of journalism, the men are chosen entirely by competition, this method insuring the election of men with either ability or extraordinary industry, at least one of which qualities is imperative to the kind of efficiency demanded of a board of editors. Not so in the case of *The Cornellian.* A student becomes prominent in some field in which he excels—a field perhaps in no way related to the work a *Cornellian* Board has to undertake, or he is a good politician, or perhaps an attractive personality has made him well known in his class. By a judicious scattering of cards bearing his name as evidence of candidacy he adds to his notoriety. At any rate he becomes sufficiently advertised to secure the number of votes necessary to his election.

And then? The result is obvious: a Board, so selected, cannot be the most efficient one the class might chose. In previous years, perhaps as a rule, capable men have been elected, but on each successive *Cornellian* Board there have been two or three editors who, through lack of ability or through participation in athletics, have failed to do their share of the work, which, by the way, is considerable for an inexperienced board to accomplish within a few months. As a result the willing editors have been overburdened; the *Cornellians* have invariably come out late and have been inferior in many respects due to this overburdening of a few men. The point then is: a popular election without competition other than that on the basis of popularity results in the choice of a board which has given no proof that it is either capable or willing, and invariably some of the successful candidates have been found lacking in one or both of these qualities.

Obviously the remedy is to decide the matter by competition as is done in the case of other literary activities and as in the case of the Business Managership of *The Cornellian.* We suggest that the *Cornellian* Board select by competition from the class below it a number of capable men who have shown their willingness to work. From these let the class elect the five editors. A more dignified method of this sort would give the class a choice in the election but would restrict that choice to those who have proved themselves competent. This is a custom for the class of 1912 to establish and a particularly necessary one since in the case of *The Cornellian* the editors are for the most part inexperienced at best. If the *Cornellian* editorships can be taken out of the category of easily obtained distinctions they will become more truly positions of honor and we may well expect, too, that the University annual will attain a higher standard of excellence.

AGAIN, THE SENIOR BANQUET.

NOW that the time for the Senior Banquet is approaching, we wish to speak a final word of appeal to the Senior Class. Enough has already been said of the Senior Banquets of the past; the Class of 1909 must now face the matter squarely in the face and see to it that those affairs *are* of the past. Will the Senior Class attain the distinction of having instituted a badly needed

reform, of having removed a source of public discredit to the University and thereby preserved its good name? More harm has been done by the old customs than most of us can realize; more has been done through the Senior Banquet to injure our Alma Mater than by any other undergraduate institution. We hope to see it either changed or finally abolished. The latter action we hope the Faculty and Trustees will not find necessary when the present Senior Class has met the problem. The custom of a banquet for Seniors just before graduation is a commendable one, but let it be a *banquet* and not an occasion for unmannered, dissolute conduct. 1909, there is but one course open to us.

THE INTERCOLLEGE ATHLETIC BOARD.

THE work of the Intercollege Athletic Board is deserving of some recognition by the undergraduates of the University, for it is through its efforts that an interest in intercollege athletics has been aroused. Time was at Cornell when intercollege teams were little thought of, and active participation of the students in sports were confined to the required "gym" and to the more fortunate members of the Varsity squads. Now, however, intercollege athletics is a recognized factor at Cornell. The intercollege track meets bring out a large representation from all colleges. Basketball, association football, crew and baseball also have their devotees.

And, after all, this is as it should be, for as has been said so many times, the real purpose of athletics is not alone the winning of games from other institutions but is to offer the opportunity for physical development which shall supplement mental training. And intercollege athletics is supplying this need here at present. It is a hard matter to get anyone, whether he be a student or professor, to do a thing merely because he knows it will be good for him. Add the element of rivalry, however, and what has been a more or less unpleasant duty becomes a pleasure and adds to its benefit.

To supply this need has been the aim of Professor Young for many years, and now with an Intercollege Athletic Board which puts the various activities upon a systematic basis, the problem of exercise is well on the way toward solution.

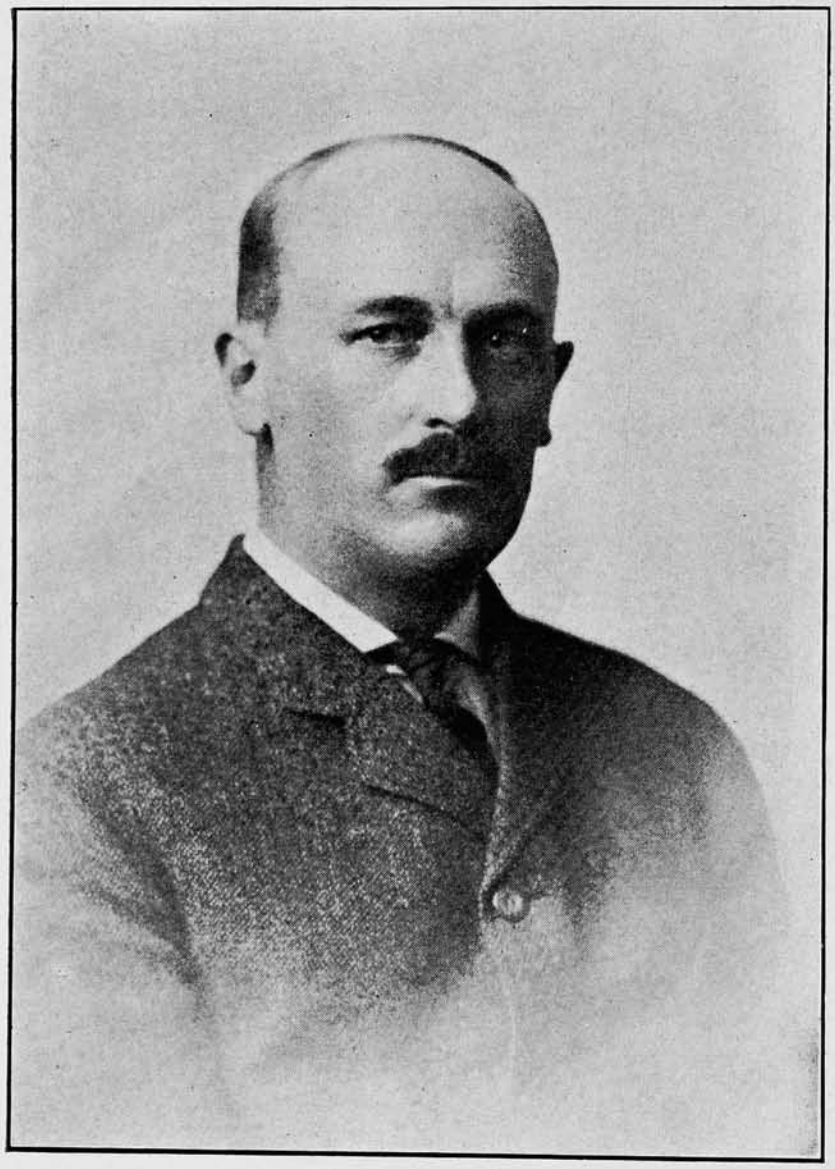
THE CORNELL ERA.

WITH this issue the present Board severs its active connection with THE ERA. As we lay down the pen we are disposed to glance over the year just completed to see how far our promises for improvement have been fulfilled. We feel in doing so that we have fallen far short of our aims; yet if our efforts have been rewarded by any measure of success in the tasks we undertook, we are not altogether dissatisfied. Concerning this we cannot venture an opinion. However our results may have been judged, it has been our purpose to open the columns of THE ERA to those who we believed had ideas worth bringing before the University, and in doing so we have taken pains to offer a similar privilege to each side of the questions under consideration, whether or not either represented our own sentiments.

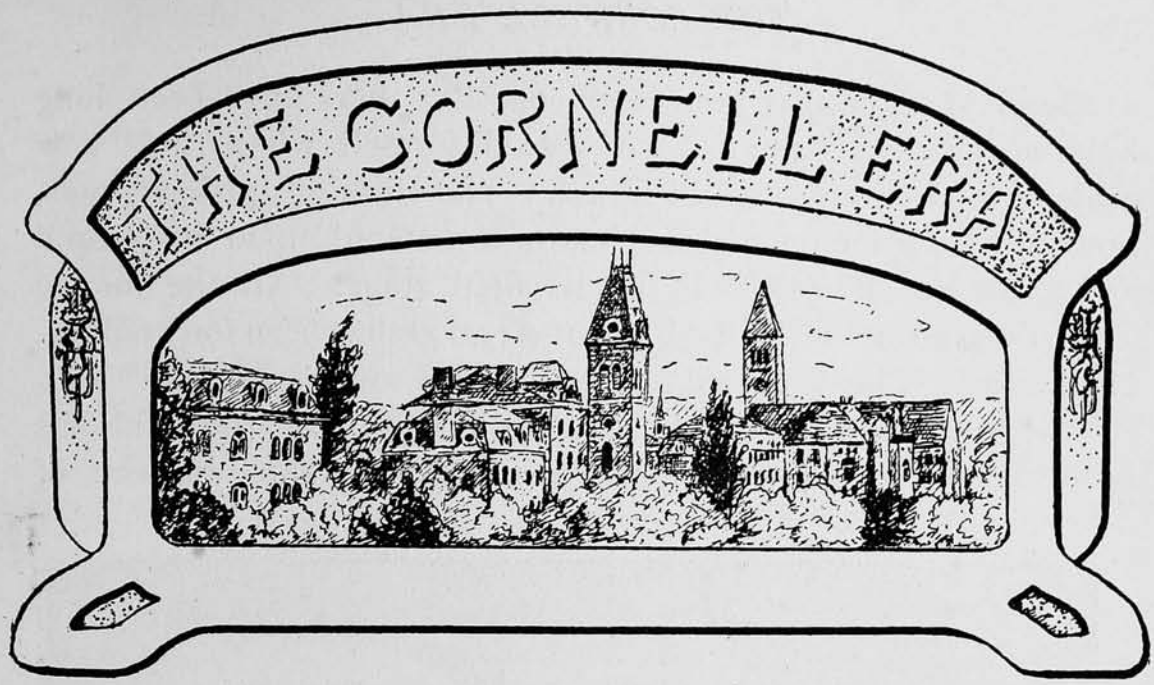
Editorially, we have attempted to commend where commendation has been deserved and have taken it upon ourselves to suggest and criticise where we found opportunity, as we thought, for improvement of some University enterprise. Again, in this respect we are frank to say that our ideals have been little realized.

But now to look ahead. While we are regretting that this work which has been a most pleasant task throughout the year must here be ended, we take no small amount of satisfaction in turning over THE ERA to the Board-elect. In the character of the men who are to take up the work we find an assurance of the greater success of the coming volume of the magazine. What we have lacked in ability and enterprise will not, we are certain, be a similar disadvantage to the incoming Board, and we are confident that THE ERA in their hands will become a greater factor in the undergraduate life of the University.

And now to our readers we extend our kindliest wishes, and to those of them who have been contributors our appreciation of their cordial co-operation.



WOODFORD PATTERSON, '95.



VOL. XLI MAY—JUNE, 1909. NO. 8—9.

ALUMNI FIELD AND WHAT IT IS.

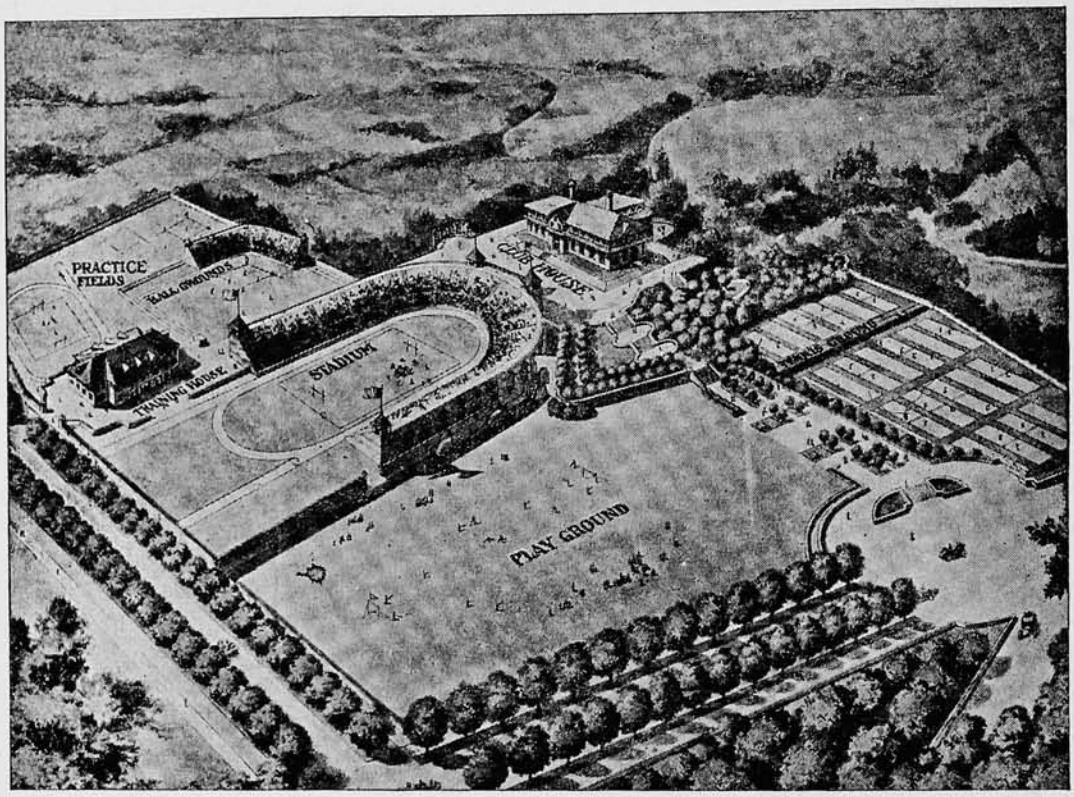
WOODFORD PATTERSON, '95, EDITOR OF THE ALUMNI NEWS.

Freshman :—What is that big field?
Senior :—That is Alumni Field.
Freshman :—Why is it called Alumni Field?
Senior :—Because the Alumni built it.
Freshman :—What is it for?
Senior :—For athletics.
Freshman :—Why don't they use it?
Senior :—Because it isn't finished yet.
Freshman :—When are they going to finish it?
Senior :—Oh! ask me something easy, kid.

That is a fair sample of undergraduate conversation about the twenty-five-acre vacant lot at the eastern end of the campus. Six years ago, less a few weeks, the Albany Construction Company sent a gang of men, teams of horses and a big grading machine upon what had been the University farm and began slicing off the knolls and filling up the valleys. Since that day in June, 1903, an area of more than thirty acres, including what is now known

as the playground, has been levelled. But there have been long halts in the work, and no man could foretell when the "new athletic field" would be put to use. The work of raising funds, however, has gone on, and has just now entered upon its second and what we all hope will be its final stage. All the money hitherto spent upon the field, about $37,000, has been for grading. Now a fund is being raised for equipment.

The purpose of this article is to tell, first, how the field has been brought to its present state; second, what the prospects of



THE PROPOSED ALUMNI FIELD.

its completion are, and third, what it will be like when it is fully equipped.

In its account of a meeting of the general alumni association in Ithaca on June 19, 1901, the *Cornell Alumni News* mentioned the following incident: "Professor Dennis brought before the meeting the action of the athletic council approving a proposition to establish an athletic field for students upon or near the university campus. If carried out the plan is to have this field comprise a large open playground for the use of the student body in

general and [an] enclosed field for the practice and intercollegiate games of the university teams. The estimated cost of this new field and its equipment is about $50,000. By a unanimous vote the alumni showed their approval of the plan presented."

This was the official beginning of Alumni Field. A committee to raise funds was appointed, with George W. Bacon, '92, an old 'varsity fullback and now a member of the engineering firm of Ford, Bacon & Davis, of New York, as chairman. Mr. Bacon has ever since had charge of the finances of the enterprise, and that the field is now in a fair way to completion is owing largely to his unflagging enthusiasm and energy. Other alumni have helped generously with time and money, so many of them that their names would make too long a list for publication here, but Mr. Bacon has been the leader.

It was a comparatively modest scheme that Bacon's committee unfolded in the fall of 1901. The field was to comprise "at least twenty acres," and the entire cost of grading it and equipping it with buildings and stands was estimated at $75,000. In its "prospectus" the committee summed up the athletic situation existing at Cornell in 1901 as follows:

When Percy Field was opened in 1891, Cornell was almost unknown in Intercollegiate Athletics, rowing excepted. There had been no facilities for practice and training except on the Campus. We had never won an important football game. The small colleges of New York State were our rivals at baseball. We seldom won even a point in the Intercollegiate Track Meet, and we had no lacrosse team. In 1891 our football team was beaten by Princeton 6–0, and every Cornellian viewed it as a signal triumph for Cornell. Now our teams are as crestfallen at a 6–0 defeat by any team as are those of Princeton, Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania. Our football team has defeated Princeton for two successive years; our baseball team has placed itself among the leaders; our lacrosse team has made a creditable record, in spite of many drawbacks; our track team has won a fourth position in the Intercollegiate Meet, scoring three firsts, and has defeated Princeton by 64–40. In every branch we have made tremendous strides. This has been accomplished in spite of difficulties greater than those confronting any other university. Students at Cornell probably work harder and have longer hours than those at any other university. Percy Field is a long distance from the campus and can be reached only by a long walk or car-ride. It is utterly

inadequate. There is room for only one baseball field and one football field. There is no opportunity for the development of class teams or college teams. These important feeders to the 'varsity teams are being absolutely neglected. And yet, in spite of these obstacles, Cornell has placed herself among the leaders in athletics.

Great as is the need of the 'varsity teams for a larger and more conveniently located field the need of the general student body is even greater. There are some 2,000 men in the University. The various 'varsity squads supply facilities for play for perhaps 200 men. The remaining 1,800 have no place to play any game—no place for recreation. The few who live in fraternity houses have, in some cases, their own tennis courts, but with this exception the student body is absolutely unprovided for. Barring certain very limited facilities on the Campus Quadrangle, there is no place for any of these 1,800 men to play a game of any kind.

There are many more students in the University now than there were in 1901, and a far larger proportion of them are engaged in athletic sport, both intercollegiate and intra-collegiate. The necessity of making provision for these increasing numbers was recognized at the start, and the field project accordingly grew in magnitude. No such large enterprise had ever before been undertaken by the Cornell alumni, but the Alumni Committee went about its task undismayed. Within a year it had obtained pledges of more than $30,000, and in October, 1902, it went before the Board of Trustees of the University with a statement of what it had accomplished and a proposition that the University donate land for a new athletic field and playground on or near the campus. The committee modestly asked for "not less than twenty acres, and if possible, in the judgment of the trustees, thirty acres." It proposed that the trustees appoint a committee of their own number and of the alumni to take charge of the building of the field, and it promised to pay to this committee $40,000 in cash as follows:

$10,000 within 90 days after the donation and designation of location of the field by the trustees.

$15,000 within one year after date of said donation.

$15,000 within three years after date of said donation.

That was the year of the typhoid fever epidemic in Ithaca, and the University Trustees had more pressing things to attend to

than the athletic needs of the students. It was not till June, 1903, that they accepted the Alumni Committee's proposition. Then they did more than they had been asked to do, and set aside for athletic purposes what is now known as Alumni Field, consisting of about fifty-seven acres of land immediately adjoining the campus on the east of Garden Avenue and to the north of South Avenue. The trustees stipulated that part of this land adjacent to South and Garden Avenues should be used as a general student playground, and they stipulated further that, of the money first collected by the Alumni Committee, the sum of $10,000, or as much thereof as might be necessary, should be expended in the construction of this playground. The Alumni Committee agreed to this, and work began without delay. The Trustees' Committee, as it is called, which is in charge of the work of construction, consists of Mr. Bacon, chairman; Henry W. Sackett, '75; Robert H. Treman, '78; Frank Irvine, '80, and Charles H. Blood, '88.

Through the summers of 1903, 1904 and 1905 the work went on, and in April, 1906, the construction committee reported to the Board of Trustees the fulfillment of the pledge of the alumni with respect to the playground, namely, the completion of the grading and final finishing of seven and one-half acres, this comprising about one-half the frontage on Garden Avenue, although the proper performance of this work had required an expenditure of over $15,000 instead of $10,000 as agreed upon with the Trustees. In executing this work approximately 45,000 cubic yards of earth and hardpan had been moved at a cost of $12,608.24 for grading, and $2,524.37 for engineering services, drainage pipes, manholes and gutters, top dressing, fertilizing, seeding and incidentals, making a total expended on the playground, as completed and delivered to the Board of Trustees, of $15,132.61.

This was only a beginning, and meanwhile work was pursued on the 'varsity fields to the eastward of the playground. Here more than 60,000 cubic yards of earth had to be moved. By the spring of 1908 the two committees were able to report: "Through the expenditure of $37,239.06 herewith reported, Alumni Field has had the playground and 'varsity fields graded and surface drained ready for buildings and equipment. This graded area, the leveling of which has necessitated the moving of approximate-

ly 100,000 cubic yards of earth and hardpan, comprises 30.71 acres, four times the area of Percy Field, of the total of 57.33 acres in the whole field." At the same time, May 6, 1908, the Alumni Committee reported that it had received from subscriptions $49,636.07. It had paid in cash to the Trustees' Committee $40,000, and the expenses of collection, from 1901 to 1908, had been more than $8,500, so that there was only a small balance on hand. The Trustees' Committee made this report:

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS TO MAY 6, 1908

Receipts

Total cash received from Alumni Committee	$40,000 00
Interest on Bank Balances	771 31
Total Receipts	$40,771 31

Disbursement

Labor and materials for engineering, grading, draining, fertilizing, seeding, sodding and general expenses in construction of Playground and 'Varsity Fields, as at present completed, as per detailed report of R. H. Treman, Treasurer	37,239 06
Cash on hand by R. H. Treman, Treasurer, May 6, 1908	$ 3,532 25

Still only a beginning had been made, and in the same report the joint committees said:

"This graded tract is practically useless for 'varsity athletics unless it is equipped with a Training House containing lockers, showers and dressing rooms, a Running Track, a Football and Baseball Field and a Stadium to serve the double purpose of grandstand and winter running track.

"The total cost of this now vitally necessary improvement is estimated at $150,000, although with $100,000 sufficient of the above improvement can be completed to make it ready for use. This amount is additional to the $37,239.06 already expended.

The necessity for this expenditure will be apparent to anyone who will compare Cornell's present athletic equipment with the reasonable requirements and n eeds of the student body. Its inadequacy is perhaps more clearly shown by the following comparisons made in the fall of 1906, of moneys invested in athletic equipment, exclusive of ground, by Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale.

	"Total Money Expended on Athletics Exclusive of Ground
"Harvard	$540,000
University of Pennsylvania	460,000
Princeton	450,000
Yale	385,000
Cornell	112,000

"It is the intention under the proposed development plan of the Field to avail ourselves by landscape gardening of the almost unsurpassable natural beauty of the Field site.

"With the Playground and 'Varsity Fields laid out as proposed and adorned with turf, trees and foliage, flanking the feet of Kite Hill capped with the Alumni Field Club-house as shown upon the proposed development plan, the whole supported by that wonderful panorama stretching from Kite Hill away for forty miles across the campus, the town and Cayuga Lake and the valleys and hills beyond, the Alumni of Cornell will have builded for all future sons and daughters an athletic inspiration, unique and without peer in modern college athletic development."

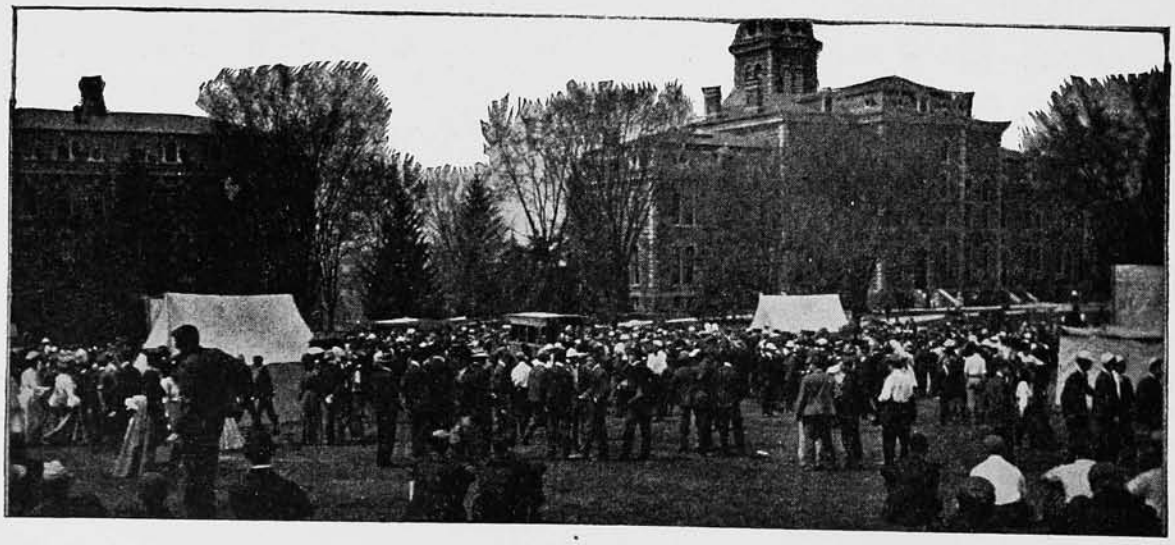
And that brings us down to date. During the past winter the Alumni Committee secured the services of a Cornell graduate who is now giving his entire time to the raising of an equipment fund of $100,000 and as much more as he can get. Under the present method of obtaining subscriptions they are coming in faster than ever before, and it looks as if the work of solicitation could be completed and the collection of the cash be begun by next fall. These subscriptions are not payable until the sum of $100,000 shall have been pledged. Under the present plan, the cost of getting subscriptions is very much less than the cost of getting them on the first fund. The new equipment fund will probably cost less than 10 per cent to raise; the cost in the other case was about 17 per cent.

A bird's-eye-view of the future field is shown herewith. Before it is finished, of course, changes in athletic needs may have made necessary many alterations in the plan. The playground will comprise the western portion of the area shown in the picture, and will include a score of tennis courts on the slope of Kite Hill, adjoining South Avenue. Whether or not there shall be a club-house on the summit of Kite Hill is not fully decided, and in either case such a house is not among the immediate needs. If built it will contain offices for the Athletic Association, head-quarters for all athletic committees, a trophy room and training tables for the 'varsity teams, and will be generally a rendezvous for all alumni and undergraduates interested in athletics. A training house is naturally among the immediate needs, and this will contain team rooms, lockers, dressing rooms, showers etc. On the plan the center of the field is occupied by a stadium enclosing a running track and football field, and to the eastward is the baseball ground. Still further eastward, on a twelve acre

piece of ground not yet levelled, it is proposed ultimately to have practice fields. The various areas are as follows:

	acres
Playground, graded	7.57
Playground, ungraded	8.18
Kite Hill, ungraded	5.87
'Varsity Fields, graded	23.14
'Varsity Field, ungraded	12.57
Alumni Field, total	57.33

And now, what is to be the purpose of the field? What end is it to serve in the training of university men? Shall most of it be set apart for the training and exhibition of a few score highly proficient athletes and the seating of several thousand indolent lookers-on, or shall the greater portion be open and free to all the students? Time and custom will answer that question, but it is evident now that we need much more room for games themselves than for seating the spectators of those games. Every pleasant afternoon the playground is crowded. There will never be, probably, any need of a "stadium" to seat ten thousand spectators on Alumni Field, and I believe there is a better use for the money such a structure would cost and the room it would take up.



A LITTLE HISTORY OF SPRING DAY.

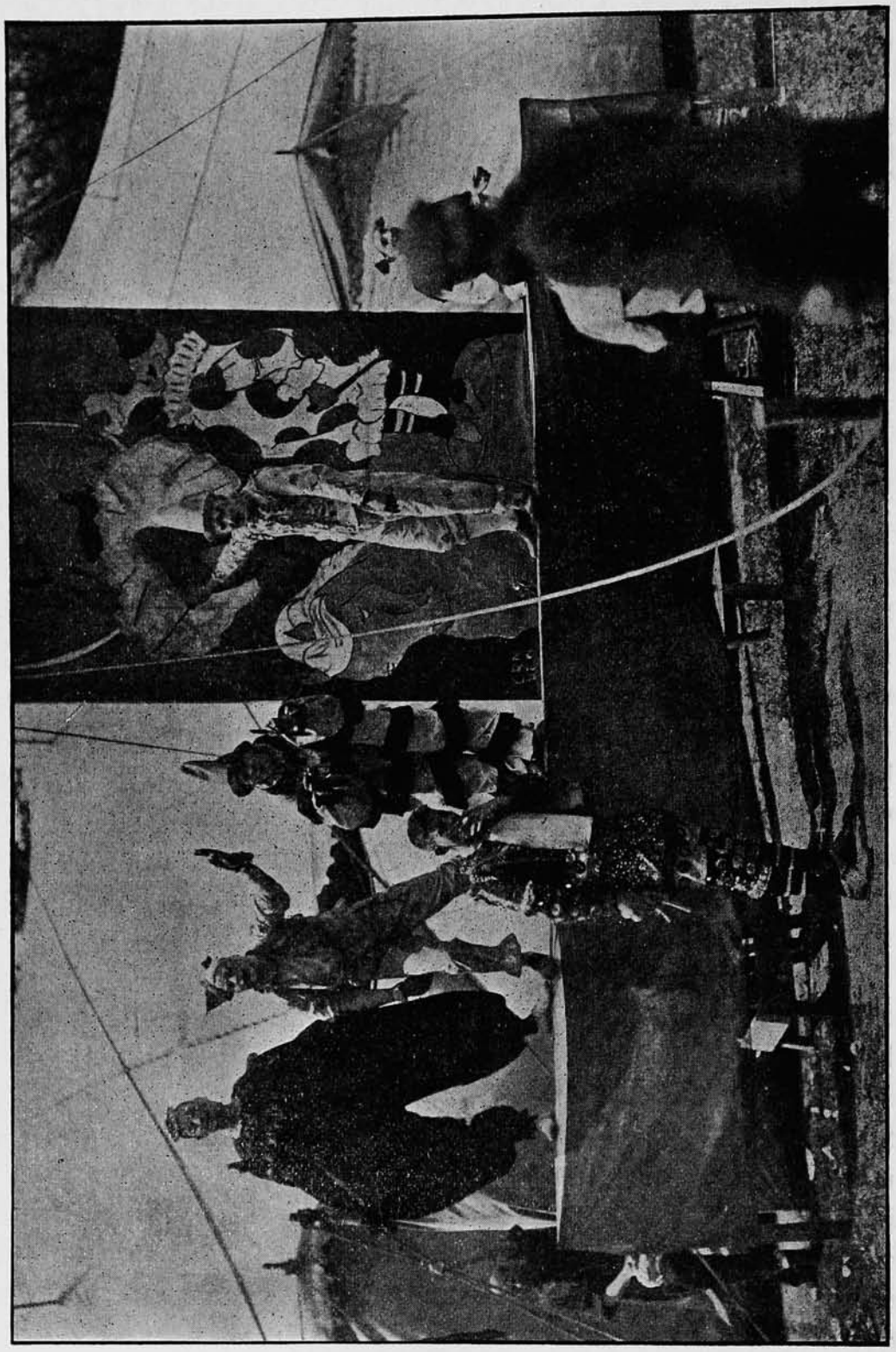
R. E. BISHOP, '09, CHAIRMAN OF SPRING DAY COMMITTEE.

ALTHOUGH Spring Day is regarded by most undergraduates as an established annual event, its history is in reality very short. Its first appearance was on April 14, 1902, and it was instituted for the purpose of bettering the conditions of the Athletic Association treasury, as the receipts from the sale of season tickets had not sufficed to meet expenses such as repairs to the boat-house, and to the club-house at Percy Field. In addition to these expenses there was a deficit resulting from a falling off in gate receipts during the football season, and it was decided that, if this indebtedness were not wiped out, Cornell could not take part in the Poughkeepsie regatta.

During the spring of 1902, every possible means was used to raise this money. Several stunts were given at the Lyceum and the proceeds from a Senior "Top Spinning" along with subscriptions from those undergraduates who had not purchased season tickets, helped to swell the athletic fund. However,as this method involved a great deal of work, with uncertain returns, it was evident that some uniform plan was needed to furnish an income to the Athletic Association. The holding of an annnal Spring Day has filled this need.

There was little of the present splendor of Spring Day in that first event. The biggest show was an Inter-College Tug of War. A large business was carried on by "fakirs" who dealt in various "imported" articles, such as shredded wheat, marbles, whistles and toy balloons. From these transactions, a profit of about two hundred dollars was realized.

Although a beginning had been made, Spring Day still was very crude; so crude, in fact, that one of the faculty hinted that the chief purpose of the occasion was to furnish the students with another holiday. Be that as it may, it is certain that the campus show was entirely eclipsed by the evening performance at the Lyceum, both as to variety, and as a successful money-mak-



ing venture. Still the ice had been broken for more elaborate and more successful Spring Days.

In 1903, after the advantage of a year's experience, the Spring Day committee announced a five-tent circus on the Quadrangle. Only two of the tents, it must be confessed, put in an appearance. The larger of these contained a marvellous menagerie said to have been gathered from the four corners of the earth. Other features of the main tent were the Mouch—Mouche—the widely heralded mystery of the day; the Hound of the Baskervilles, especially loaned by A. Conan Doyle, for the occasion; a two-headed girl, and a wild woman of the Himalayas. An oriental show, gorgeously costumed and panoplied, was displayed in the smaller tent. In the evening the usual performance at the Lyceum was held.

Despite the unlucky and cabalistic significance of the date, Friday the thirteenth, the 1904 Spring Day was attended by the usual hilarity. The mystery of the day was the "marvellous, magical and mystically mastodonic Mzupzi," who was, however, nothing other than a colored boy, six or seven years old, gorgeously attired in Turkish costume and on a seat equally oriental.

The circus consisted of one large tent, two smaller ones and a number of booths. Among the more interesting of the spectacles was the Congress of Beauty, where scrawny young men in evening gowns, impersonated famous stage beauties. The Bench show of Canines and Miss Annie Oakley, the celebrated shot, attracted large crowds.

Of course the general rule was "no change back." Most of the spectators were wise and had provided themselves with an abundance of small coins, thus eliminating any danger in this line. But some few unwary ones were "stung," among whom was a gentleman who offered a two dollar bill for a glass of lemonade. A number of gaily attired Indian braves, decked out in all the bravery of warpaint, strolled the circus grounds, and whenever one of them saw a kodak focussed on him, he at once pounced on the unhappy artist and extracted a quarter for the privilege. A novel feature of the day was the parade which prefaced the day's enjoyment.

In the evening at the Lyceum were presented eight original acts, the most clever of which was "Dew Berry" an imitation of

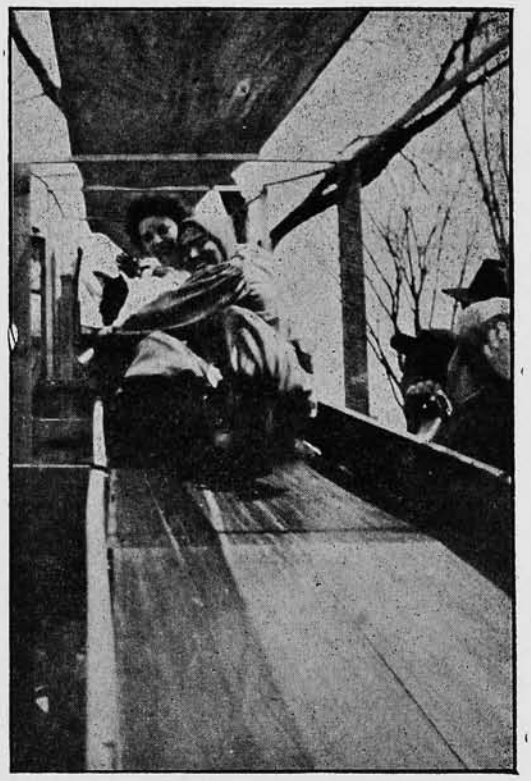
Mrs. Leslie Carter by Robert L. Dempster '04, recently seen here in "The Blue Mouse."

May eighteen, 1905, witnessed the fourth annual Spring Day, held as were its predecessors in the Quadrangle in front of Goldwin Smith Hall. The parade started from Cascadilla and was headed by the noted Apache Indians. Their chief Geronhimo was a fierce looking brave, proud in the possession of three thousand scalps, although for lack of sufficient room he did not carry them all about his person. There were also clowns galore.

When the parade reached the circus grounds it quickly broke up and its members scattered to their respective tents. The whistles blew, the barkers barked, and the annual circus was well under way.

There were a number of side shows, the most interesting of which was the Cremation of Jokoshki. The big event, however, was the fierce and much-touted Bull Fight, held in a large arena. The fierce Andalusian Bull, known by the appropriate name of Little Eva, stood seventeen hands high and struck terror into the hearts of all the beholders. The spectators were warned to bring smelling salts and not to faint. The only rule that governed the fight was "when a bull-fighter is caught and killed by the bulls,

he must lie on the ground in an artistic position." Of course the bull was not a "really and truly" one, nor was there any practice in the day's sport any more cruel or dangerous than a sham battle of the Cadet Corps. This statement is so self-evident that the very mention of it seems absurd, but the yellow press refused to entertain the only possible view of the affair. Reports were spread broadcast that Cornell University had permitted an actual bull-fight to take place upon its campus. Terrible tales were told of the baiting of the bull, how it had been done to a bloody death at the merciless hands of the students. Of course these statements were eventually disproved, but not before they had succeeded in



creating in many quarters a false impression of the University.

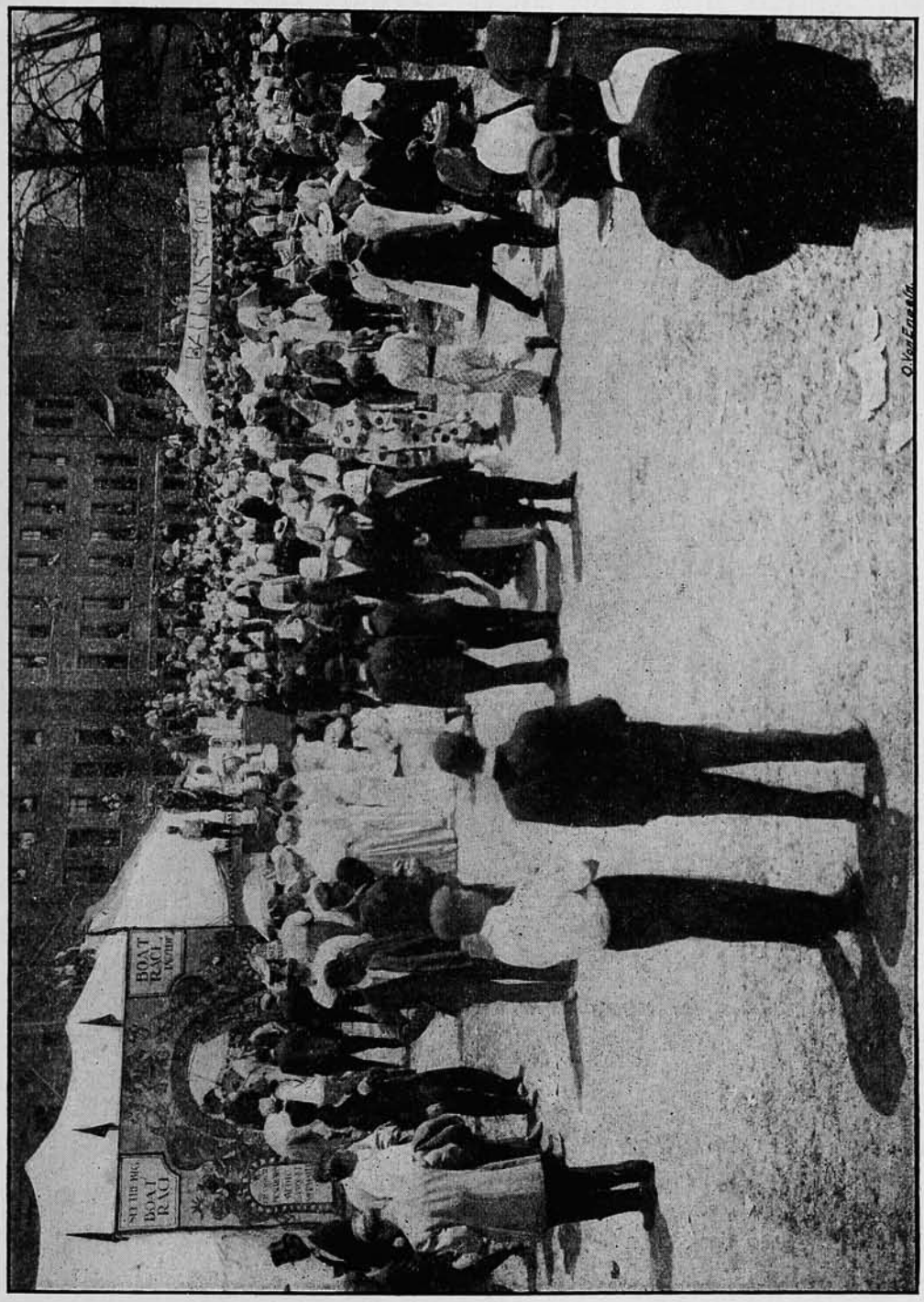
The regular evening performance at the Lyceum was accompanied by more than usual success. The most interesting numbers were the Japanese Geisha Dance, and "Muffles," an original stunt.

"The most gorgeous and glittering panoply of mirth-provoking and awe-inspiring spectacles ever assembled" was the advance

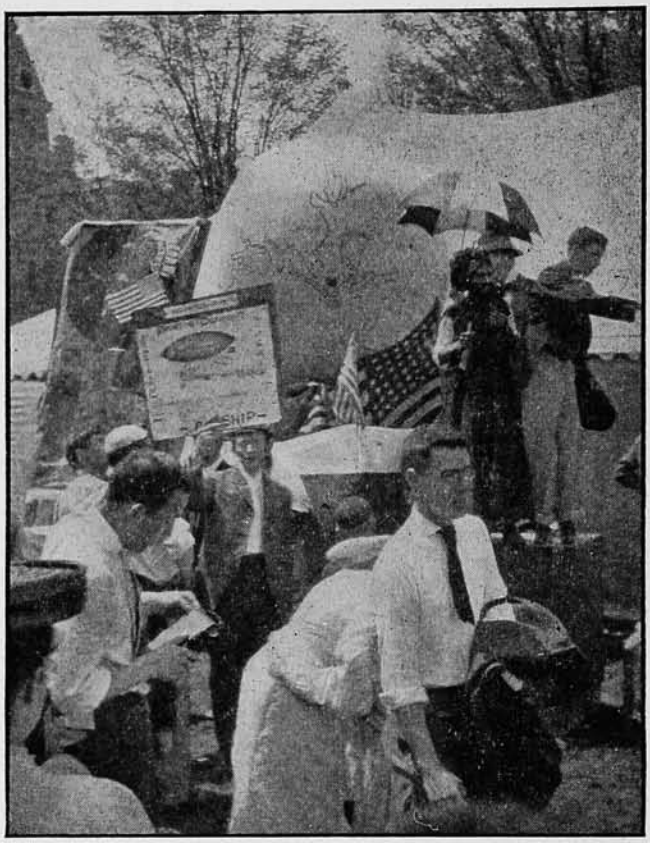
notice of B'Zing B'Zoo, Spring Day, May 18, 1906. The main feature of the day was a large three ring circus, in which the barkers assured us were gathered all the leading stars of Barnum and Bailey, Ringling Brothers, and Forepaugh and Sells Brothers brought here especially for the occasion. There were a number of side shows well worth the entrance fee. In the Architects, Tent was a clever reproduction of the Poughkeepsie Regatta, obtained by means of dummy shells and movable scenery.

The Law students set up a mock court and exacted fines from all those who did not spend their money freely enough. Much money was thus gathered in. The "Bump the Bumps" slide of the Civil Engineers was, as usual, one of the best patronized attractions. It was in 1906 that the now famous *Cornell Deadly Sin* travesty on the *Daily Sun* appeared. The Spring Day of 1906 was the most successful that had yet been held, and in many cases the patrons actually got their money's worth.

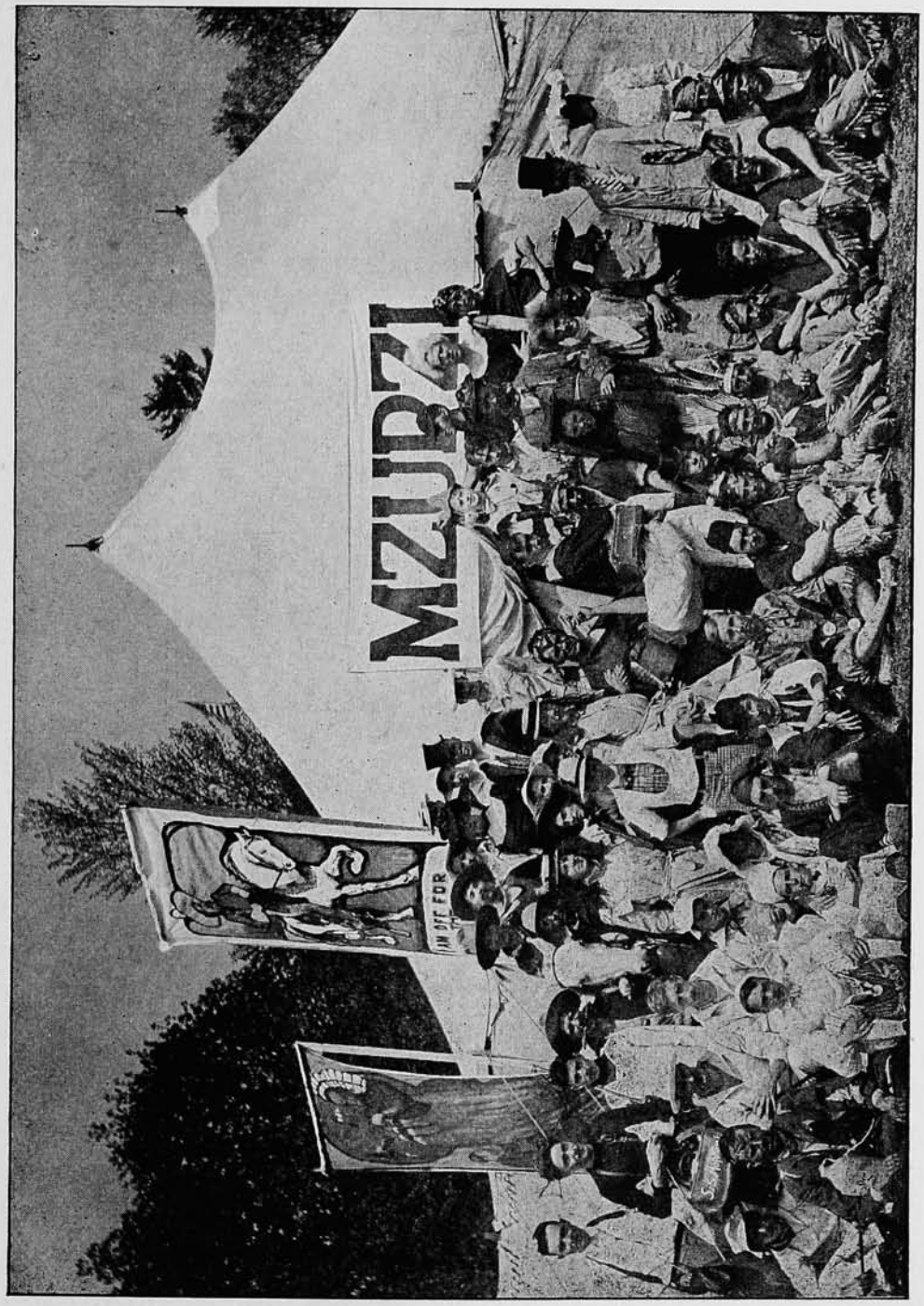
Aaka-Choo! was the title of the 1907 Spring Day. The parade started from down-town, thus offering the townsfolk an op-


BOAT RACE
BOAT RACE

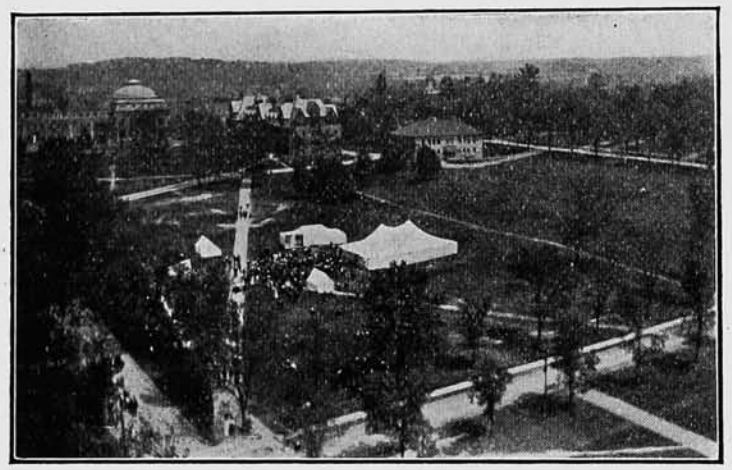
portunity to glimpse its glittering glories. It was led by the smallest man in the University, tied to a stout rope at the other end of which was big Thompson the All-American football guard. Behind him came eight stalwart Law School "cops." In their rear, tagged a few hoboes. Then came the Cosmopolitan Club dragon, mounted upon a wagon. For many feet behind stretched out its long scaly tail, which required the united effort of eight students to keep from trailing in the dust. Next in



order was Custer's gallant band, all ready for the massacre. Never were seen such gallant steeds as those that they bestrode; spirited ones of fiery mettle, "fearfully and wonderfully made" out of cheese cloth and paper. Behind them rode Sitting Bull and his Indian braves in awesome array. The members of the Mummy Club made as realistic Indians as one could desire. The rear of the parade was brought up by a closed wagon containing the mysterious Wimpus, guarded by a quartette of fierce-looking individuals, armed with Winchesters.


MZUDZI

The circus consisted of one big tent near Sage, four or five side tents and the usual number of little booths and stands. There were plenty of barkers and vendors, the latter selling ΦBK and ΣΞ keys in cardboard for fifteen cents. These were in great demand. The crowd was an immense one, and numbered fully three thousand people, who spent money freely and patronized all the shows, particularly the main tent, where General H. VanFleet Custer and his soldiers made their "last stand." "The scenery painting" said the Ithaca Daily News, "was superb. A few daubs of paint represented the mountain range of the Little Big Horn. A large white strip of cloth was labelled 'this is a river.' Two miniature horses were stuck on the plain, and a few sticks of pine



trees served as a forest. Time and again, the red-skins appeared and massacred the gallant soldiers."

In the Architects' Tent, the destruction of Ithaca and the Cornell Campus was realistically represented. The significant title given was "Hellbrokluse." The Cosmopolitan Club provided a spectacle of bloody combat, showing the fighting of all nations.

An innovation was the holding of a freshman show. In the "Nineteen Tent" were exhibited the Baby Incubator, the Kink of Spain, Pony Ballet, and the Mysterious Wimpus, a grewsome, green creature with scaly body, long ears, and a huge, painted tail. The effect of horror which the Wimpus produced, was somewhat lightened by the fact that he was smoking a cigarette, as was also the Kink of Spain, incarcerated in the incubator.

The 1908 Spring Day was scheduled for May 15, but a large downfall of rain prevented its being held. It was postponed until the 16th. More rain! The fact that a sixteen inning baseball game was played on the twentieth, without the interference of rain, gave hope for fair weather. On the twenty-second, Swowstoz was finally "pulled off." The Armory green was roped in, and for the first time in the history of Spring Day an admission fee was charged, in order to discourage "dead-heads."

One of the most amusing of the shows was the world-renowned Dinkville Derby, held in the Agriculture tent, and presided over by "Governor Hughes." There was considerable betting on the race, and excitement ran high. The horse that had the smallest purse upon it always won. A most realistic and striking scene was the "tempestuous tumult of Mt. Ipicackianai." Toward one o'clock the supply of chemicals ran out, but tickets were still sold. In the Cosmopolitan Club tent, Christopher Columbus discovered the Cornell campus.

The best show of the day was that given by the Royal Hyphenoofia Wonders in the 1911 tent. Little Melechrina, the supple contortionist brought down the tent when she tried to make her eyes behave, and couldn't. The C.E. slide was well patronized. Marriage licenses, cardboard "C's," diplomas, and many other articles were sold in large numbers. A paper cleverly got up on the lines of the ERA, and called the *Cornell Earache*, had a good sale.

Although but comparatively recent in its inception, Spring Day has become one of the most popular traditions—to use a much abused word—in Cornell. As the *Sun* well said in an editorial: "The celebration of this custom, with its relaxation and gayety, brings the undergraduate body into closer harmony of feeling, and accomplishes much for the spirit of the University."

The Fount of Youth.

PROFESSOR MARTIN W. SAMPSON.

The chimes peal out, I join the throng
  Of younger men, that, homeward bound,
Flows like a channeled stream along
  The highroad of our college ground.

Where else in all the world is this,
  What city gives this sight to see?
A crowd wherein no sorrow is,
  All young, all hopeful, and all free?

As in the fabled fount of youth,
  I bathe me in this flood of power;
And lo, the miracle of truth,
  The magic of a wholesome hour,

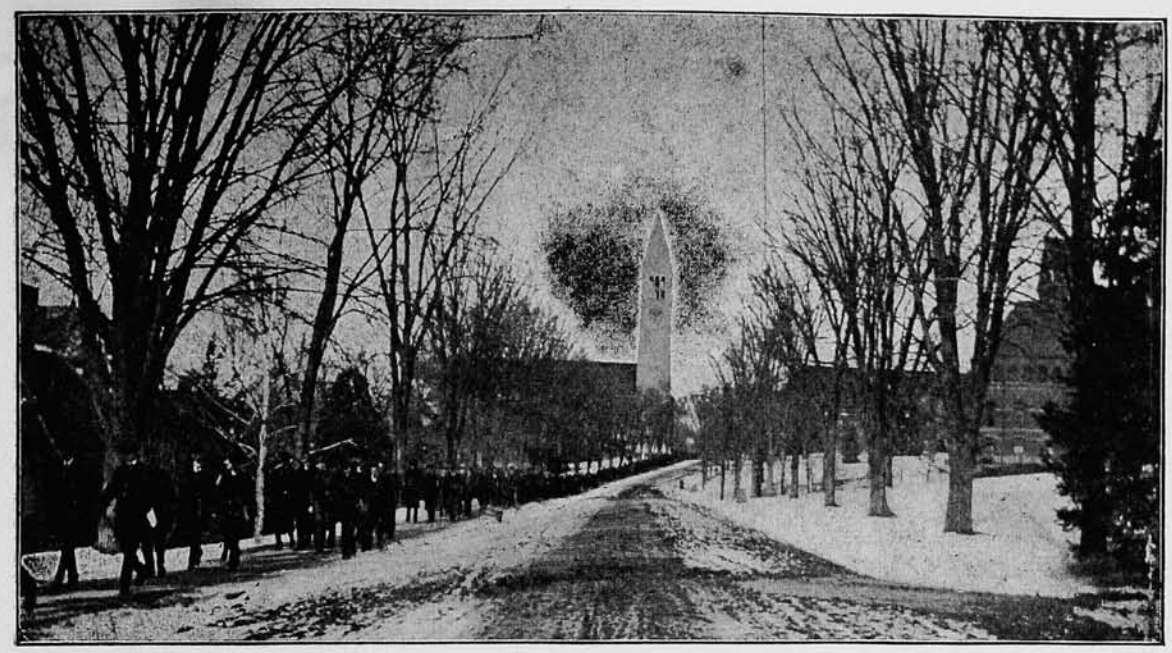
Lifts up my heart, rejuvenate,
  Renews my strength, restores my soul,
Refreshes fancy, mocks at fate,
  And shows anew my far-off goal.

To the strong music of the bells
  The tide of youth moves swiftly on,
My breast with new-born courage swells,
  My loneliness a while is gone.

And all the impulse of my mind
  Is, how return this strength I draw,
How render back this gift I find,
  As I have found, it without flaw?

My morrow's task is clearly set:
  I have received, I must repay
Some portion of my sacred debt
  To these my scarce-known friends today.

I pray I use the morrow so
  That in my heart—ah many times—
I feel the youthful rapture flow
  To music of the Cornell chimes.



End of the Morning Session.

ALBERT W. SMITH

The weary teachers drone in drowsy rooms
  Without a gleam from one responsive face ;
The morning zest is gone amid the glooms,
  And vagrant wits are wandering in space.

Weary and worn ;
Why were we born ?
  Why does Time halt at a quarter to one ?
Life is all prose ;
Wisdom's to doze ;
  All is stupidity under the sun.

But hark, the bells ring forth eight varying peals ;
  The big bell booms out once and then is still.
Into the distance stillness softly steals
  While noise and bustle waken on the Hill.

Slumberers wake !
Loiterers take
  Time by the forelock ; the clock is at one,
Life is not stale ;
Time's not a snail ;
  There is yet interest under the sun.

The lecturers sigh and smile and stop;
  The sleepers wake with startled snores;
While papers rustle, pencils drop,
  And shoes are skuffed on sandy floors.

The crowds pour out in full career,
  And jostling tread in various times;
They burst through outer doors and hear
  Unchanging changes on the chimes.

The walks resound with hurrying feet;
  Each eddying column streams and swells;
They come by all the ways and meet
  And mingle 'neath the clanging bells.

Senior and grad;
Smiling or sad;
  Chaffing or arguing; fact or fun.
Medic and ag:
Bucket or bag.
  O, the variety under the sun!

Ribbons and petticoats flutter to Sage;
  Men troop along on the way to the Town;
Youth is a-jostle with grave middle-age
  Hurrying, skurrying hungrily down.

Freshman and Soph;
Fellow and Prof;
  A sorrow or joy in the heart of each one.
Lowly and proud
Mix in the crowd.—
  Comedy, tragedy under the sun!

* * * * *

The echoes of the chimes have died away;
  The noisy crowd has vanished from the Hill.
A single lingering one is left astray;
  His lessening footfalls cease and all is still.

AN ANSWER TO EMERSON HOUGH.

WILFORD M. WILSON.

Section Director U. S. Weather Bureau.

R. EMERSON HOUGH, in an article in *Everybody's Magazine* for May, arraigns the Weather Bureau on the following charges:

1. That it is unduly expensive.
2. That it does not progress.
3. That it is excessively explanatory and excessively self-defensive.
4. That its service is general and not specific, whereas specific service is the only sort that can possibly be of value to the average individual man.
5. That it is evasive and intentionally ambiguous.
6. That it offers no well-founded hope of improvement in local forecasting.

This might, indeed, appear to be a formidable arraignment, but one who is familiar with the work of the bureau since its organization in 1871, and knows something of its development and growth in the past thirty-eight years of its existence cannot escape the conviction that Mr. Hough's article simply furnishes additional evidence of his eminent abilities as a writer of fiction. His long practice in conjuring up dramatic situations unfits him for dealing with plain facts in a plain way.

However, as *Everybody's* has assumed responsibility for his statements and has given them publication we may be allowed to deal with the charges in detail.

In support of the first charge, that the service is unduly expensive, Mr. Hough cites the fact that the annual appropriations for the Weather Bureau have been steadily increased from $15,000 in 1871 to $1,662,260 for the current fiscal year.

The appropriations for the Weather Bureau are made annually on recommendation of the committee appointed by Congress for that purpose, and it is the best possible evidence of economical administration and constantly increasing efficiency of service to the public that Congress has seen fit to increase the appropriation for this Bureau from year to year for thirty-eight years. There have been five chiefs of the Weather Service in the thirty-eight years of its existence and it does not seem reasonable to suppose that all of the five would have been able to hoodwink the com-

mittee on appropriations and Congress into granting an annual increase of appropriation without being able to show a satisfactory return for the money expended.

Mr. Hough is particularly unfortunate in his attack on the Research Observatory at Mount Weather. He complains that the service does not progress and then bitterly assails the one institution whose sole efforts are directed to finding out something new about the weather that will aid in forecasting. He says, "We have, further, an elaborate expert service at Mount Weather, originally established under a questionable or at least a questioned use of public funds."

In refuting this insinuation of dishonesty it is fortunate that two years ago Congress made an exhaustive investigation of the affairs of the Weather Bureau. No one familiar with this investigation can assert that it was an investigation of the Bureau by its "friends."

The chairman of the committee as well as some of its members were, at the first, distinctly hostile. Every item of expenditure for several years was examined, and not a single irregularity or misapplication of funds was found. The report of the committee with respect to the observatory for scientific investigations at Mount Weather is as follows:

"We are of the opinion that with so much money being actually spent in the making of forecasts and storm warnings, which every one agrees have a great value to the various industries of the country, it is a wise economy to devote a reasonable amount of money to the carrying on of experimentation at one of the many stations of the Weather Bureau, so that the science that is at the back of the art of forecasting may be improved, and that thereby the annual expenditures for the support of the Weather Bureau may have a greater value to the people. We find no evidence of extravagance or misapplication of funds in the creation of the institution at Mount Weather, which we believe to have been worthily conceived and the plans thus far to have been efficiently executed."

It would seem as though *Everybody's* might have secured an expression of opinion from various Senators and Representatives who pass upon the appropriations for the Bureau and who for fourteen years have listened to the explanations of the Chief with regard to expenditures. Its charge that the Weather Bureau does not make good and that it is not progressive does not agree with the opinion of Hon. Charles F. Scott, Chairman of House Com-

mittee on Agriculture, which can be found expressed on page 1845 of the Congressional Record of last winter. He said:

"The present Chief of the Weather Bureau has been a member of that Bureau for thirty-two years. He has been its Chief for sixteen years, and during those sixteen years he has conducted its affairs with such signal ability that the Weather Bureau of the United States undoubtedly now stands in the very front rank of similar organizations the world over and is looked to from every other country in the world as a model for such organizations. The Chief of this Bureau stands on a different footing also from the other chiefs of bureaus in the department, in that he alone is appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and in the absence of the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary he is the Acting Secretary for the Department. A great deal of responsibility rests upon him, and he discharges his duty with marked ability."

In the same issue of the *Record*, Hon. James R. Mann said in debate:

"I think, from my own knowledge of the situation, that this service is the mos economically administered service, with the work that has been done, in the governmental service anywhere; that the Chief of that service is more careful about the expenditure of money; that he gets the best results from the expenditure of money, and gives way a fewer number of times to extravagances than any other Chief in the service."

In support of the second charge, that the weather service does not progress, Mr. Hough makes some remarks and observations in regard to the cost of the American weather service and the cost of similar services in foreign countries and contends that while we pay more we get less for our money.

As against this view we offer the following testimony:

In the autumn of 1907, Dr. P. Polis, director of the Meteorological Observatory at Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany, visited the United States and made an exhastive study of the Bureau, both at its Central Office at Washington and at several of its stations elsewhere. Dr. Polis's elaborate report, published by the German Government concludes as follows:

"In closing my report, I wish especially to point out that the organization of the meteorological service in the United States is absolutely exemplary. This is true above all of the *weather service;* the method of distribution of weather reports, weather maps, and weather forcasts may well be called the best in the world. The speed with which the daily weather maps are prepared, printed, and sent out is simply astonishing, as is the dissemination of weather forecasts by telegraph, telephone, and placards. The exposure of the instruments, on platforms, however, differs from the methods employed in Germany."

L. Froc, director of the meteorological observatory of Zikawei, China, in a pamphlet on maritime weather signals has this to say:

"The truly masterly organization, so dense and so complete, of the meteorological service of the United States assures to the storm warnings a precision far superior to that attainable in the Far East."

General Rykatchew, director of the Central Physical Observatory, St. Petersburg—the official meteorological service of the Russian Empire, remarks:

"In the United States, where the weather forcasting service is the best organized, the interval between the morning and evening service, etc."

Dr. Henrik Mohn, director of the meteorological system of Norway, in speaking of an ideal meteorological service says:

"The creation of such a system would not, indeed, be an impossibility, but would involve the expenditure of a great deal of money. Only in North America is there to be found an approach to such a system. In Europe we have to content ourselves with a less costly and, it must be admitted, less complete system."

Against the testimony of these men, that, we cannot believe, were especially prejudiced in favor of the United States Weather Bureau we have the unsupported statements of the author of *The Mississippi Bubble*, *54–40 Or Fight*, etc.

The third charge that the Bureau is excessively explanatory and self-defensive may be passed with the single remark that Weather Bureau officials are common ordinary mortals and that it is asking too much of unregenerated human nature to refrain from explaining its shortcomings or defending itself against attack.

The fourth charge that the service is general and not specific, accompanied with the observation that, "specific service is the only sort that can possibly be of value to the average individual man" is somewhat hazy. The illustration that follows however, helps one to get the meaning. Let me quote; "Suppose my name is John Smith and I live at Sleepy Eye, Minnesota and I get a bulletin by act of Prof. Moore." "In the first place this bulletin was not meant for me at all." "It did not even come from my state." It came from Chicago." "I do not get any local forecast at all." "But what" asks Mr. Hough, "does John Smith of Sleepy Eye get?" "John Smith," he answers, "gets a guess or he gets nothing; that is what he gets."

Mr. Hough might have said more. He might have said that the forecaster at Chicago probably does not know that there is such a man as John Smith of Sleepy Eye in existence or that he does not even know that Sleepy Eye, Minnesota is on the map. Now, as a matter of fact, it does not in the least matter to John

Smith where his forecast comes from; whether it was made for him or not. Whether it was made by a forecaster in Chicago, Minneapolis or Halifax; whether it is a "local" or a general forecast. All that John Smith is concerned with is: is it a good forecast? If it is a good forecast, it is just as good if made in Chicago as if made in his own door-yard at Sleepy Eye. If it is a bad forecast it will not be any better because made in his own state. Mr. Hough assumes, without argument or basis of fact, that the forecast would be more valuable if made specifically for John Smith at Sleepy Eye, by a forecaster at Sleepy Eye, or at least by a forecaster in his own state than if made by the forecaster at Chicago for the section of the state in which Sleepy Eye is located. It would, at first, seem that this might be true and that the advantage would be with the man on the ground, other things being equal, but the fact is that the advantage of the local forecaster over the general forecaster is so small and the personal element in the art of forecasting is so large that thirty eight years of experience has not been sufficient to definitely settle the question of superiority between the general forecaster and the local forecaster.

If we were to admit that greater accuracy would result from such specific service as is advocated by Mr. Hough, the present machinery and appropriation for the weather Bureau would be wholly inadequate for the task. The appropriations would have to be multiplied many times to make even a beginning. The scheme is wild, impracticable and the advantage offered is, at most, questionable. Let us look into the merits of the case. Meteorology, in its present state, is not an exact science in the sense that Mathematics or Astronomy are exact sciences. We admit that we are unable to specify, in every instance, the exact time a storm will strike a given place, nor can we, in all cases, forecast with certainty the path a storm will follow nor its rate of speed. About eight out of ten storms follow general laws with which we are familiar and about two out of ten appear to be controlled by laws, the operations of which are as yet unknown. The question is, what value attaches to a forecast where there are eight chances for its fulfilment and two chances that it will fail? Let us illustrate. Suppose that the health officer of Ithaca announces that the city water supply is contaminated, that it con-

tains typhoid bacilli, and advises the citizens to boil the water before drinking. The health officer cannot specify that if I do not heed the warning, I will contract typhoid fever. He does not even know that there will be a single case of typhoid fever in the city if his instructions are disregarded. He only knows that the bacilli are present in the water and under favorable conditions will produce the disease. Has a warning of this kind any value? And how do we regard the "average individual, John Smith," who says: "That warning is not specific." "It was not meant for me at all." "The health officer does not know that if I drink the water I will contract the disease." "I have disregarded his warnings before and am none the worse." And Mr. Hough would say "What does John Smith get? John Smith gets a guess or he gets nothing; that is what he gets." Take the case of a captain of a passenger boat plying between Chicago and Grand Haven, Michigan. He leaves Chicago every morning. Suppose he receives a warning that a storm is approaching and that it will be dangerous to sail. He waits and the storm comes as forecast while he is safe in port. Suppose he receives a similar warning in a few weeks and again remains in port till the storm passes. This happens eight times. The ninth time he receives a similar warning but the storm does not come. In the mean time he has been to some trouble and expense; his passengers have grumbled at the delay and have probably said mean things about the weather service. But if he is an intelligent man, as ninety-nine out of a hundred ship-captains are, he knows the limitations of the forecaster and he further knows that had he disregarded any one of the eight warnings his ship would probably have gone down with all on board. He is therefore perfectly satisfied to remain in port even though the ninth storm does not come, and to charge the expense and trouble to profit and loss.

Mr. Hough cites the case of the Steamer *Portland* that left Boston in the face of storm warnings on November 28, 1898, and went down with 150 passengers on board. That the captain of the *Portland* received the warning there is no question, but why he disregarded a warning that hundreds of other captains on the New England coast heeded no one knows. Of this disaster the New York Times of Dec. 1, 1898, has this to say:

"In leaving Boston Saturday night the captain of the *Portland* took chances which no man in his position had a right to take. From a source that warranted implicit belief he, like every other captain on the Atlantic coast, had received warning that a storm of exceptional severity would strike him as soon as he reached open water, and he knew that his steamer, though well built and comparatively new, was of a type much better designed for entering shallow harbors than for encountering winter gales on as dangerous a coast as there is in the world. Despite all this and, according to his employers, in defiance of implicit orders, he steamed out into the gathering tempest. Why? * * * Perhaps he belonged to the class, once large, but now small and rapidly disappearing, the members of which sneer at the Government Weather Bureau, and prefer to rely upon old "signs" instead of on new science as the basis of meteorological prophecy. Perhaps a score of things. Only this is certain, he should not have sailed, and he should not have been allowed to sail."

After commenting on this event Mr. Hough remarks: "In any event, the Bureau did not save the *Portland* and that is the answer to all the Bureau's explanations." Such a remark is an insult to intelligence, and had John Smith lost his life in disregarding the warnings of the health officer, Mr. Hough would probably remark: "In any event, the health officer did not save John Smith."

In reading Mr. Hough's attack one is struck with the fact that he is unable to quote the representative of any of the numerous agricultural, commercial or marine interests as having offered a single adverse criticism of the service, and this notwithstanding the fact that the magazine publicly solicited criticisms several months in advance. The facts are that the critics of the Bureau are those who have no monetary interests at stake, whose business is not affected by weather conditions and who regard the forecasts merely from the standpoint of curiosity; while its friends are those to whom a failure of the forecasts means financial loss and to whom a success means profit. When a man engaged in a business that is affected by the weather, continuously consults the weather forecasts, day after day, year in and year out, it simply means that he has found by experience that he can make more money by so doing than by disregarding the forecasts. There are thousands of business men in this country that have been doing this for twenty years or more. It is no uncommon thing for the Weather Bureau office in any large commercial city to answer 200 or 300 telephone calls in a single day—not from those who merely have a curiosity about the weather but from hard-headed business

men who go to the trouble to find out what the Weather Bureau has to say about the weather because it pays.

The disaster at Galveston from the West India hurricane on September 8th, 1900, is cited as another instance of failure of the Weather Bureau to give specific information. It is admitted that the forcaster in this instance did not know that this storm would strike the coast at Galveston nor did he know that this storm was accompanied by a tidal wave which would cause the waters of the Gulf to rise twenty feet above their normal height and thus overwhelm the city of Galveston. It was to this tidal wave more than the storm itself that the enormous loss of life was due. He did know that this storm was in the Gulf and that it would strike the coast somewhere, and the warnings he sent out were so generally heeded that the Gulf of Mexico was practically cleared of vessels of commerce and no loss of life or property occurred on the open sea. It is not the question, did the warnings save all loss of life and property, but how much greater would the loss of life and property have been had no warnings been issued? Had Mr. Hough any knowledge of meteorology or of the Galveston hurricane in particular, he might have made a count on the Weather Bureau; not with respect to the warnings that were sent to Galveston and other ports on the Gulf of Mexico, but in regard to warnings that were sent to ports along the south Atlantic coast where the storm did not go at all. We generously call his attention to this omission. Any one familiar with meteorology knows that West India hurricanes are the most dangerous and destructive general storms that visit the United States. They originate in the tropics and move from east to west during the first part of their course, gradually working northward until they reach latitude about 30° N. where they turn to the northeast.

If the recurve takes place near Florida they almost invariably move up the Atlantic coast. This particular hurricane was first discovered on September 1st, eight days before it struck Galveston. Its movement was normal and it crossed the west end of the island of Cuba on September 5th, making the usual turn to the north. At that time it seemed practically certain that it would follow the usual course up the Atlantic coast and marine interests on the south Atlantic were accordingly warned of its approach.

But the development of a bank of cold air over the South Atlantic States blocked its progress in that direction and turned it aside into the Gulf of Mexico. Now the warnings for the South Atlantic coast failed of verification because the storm did not go that way at all. But every ship captain that stayed in port because of the warnings, and nearly all did, so far from criticising the failure was glad he stayed in port and twice glad that the storm did not come his way. He had rather stay in port a week than to take his chances on the open sea with an untagged hurricane loose anywhere between him and the equator. There was no criticism of this failure because every ship captain knows what a hurricane is and he also knows that when a hurricane turns north near the coast of Florida there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that it will go up the Atlantic coast, and when it goes up the coast he wants to be snug in port.

It is fortunate that it became plain to the forecaster, that the Galveston storm would be turned into the Gulf of Mexico in time to give ample warning to maritime interests in the Gulf, but that the bank of cold air that caused it to turn, would develop over the South Atlantic States just when it did, he could not know until it actually appeared; and it is toward the solution of just such problems that the efforts of the research observatory at Mount Weather are directed.

As Mr. Hough offers no proof of ambiguity in the statement of forecasts, that charge may be passed.

But in his last charge against the Weather Bureau he attains his climax and with the pessimistic wail that "it offers no reasonable hope of improvement" sinks into the black abyss of despair and suggests that we chuck the whole busines overboard. But he does not stay there long—not he. He says, "Employing that vast optimism which is the special salvation of the American people" we proceed "cheerfully to hope for better things." "Science," he continues, "is always in a state of hope." "It can never tell when it is going to discover radium, vaccine, serum, antitoxin, new bacilli." "Science is slow." "Let us not deride it." And then he proceeds to use a column to enumerate what progress has been made in the science of meteorology and what problems still remain to be solved. And thus Mr. Hough's uncon trollable optimism furnishes the evidence to convict his assumed pessimism of fraud.

INTERCOLLEGE ATHLETICS.

PROFESSOR JOHN CRAIG,

PRESIDENT INTERCOLLEGE ATHLETIC BOARD.

THE primary reason for organizing an Intercollege Athletic Board is to popularize physical exercises among the general student body. The students of the larger institutions of learning may be roughly divided into two classes, so far as athletics are concerned; the performers, about ten per cent, and the audience, the other ninety per cent. This deplorable condition may be regarded as a somewhat natural result of the intercollegiate system of athletics generally in vogue. The varsity team is for the few, and only the best need apply. The mediocre (unassisted by Christian Science) have little encouragement to enter the contest, and slight chance of winning recognition. This in the nature of things is quite unavoidable; the varsity teams are filled, as a matter of course, by the select few. They are our star performers, we merely their humble admirers; but is it not true that we the undistinguished, on the other hand, need the exercise just as badly as they who excel?

The Intercollege Athletic Board is composed of two faculty members, Coach Moakley, and a student representative of each of the seven colleges of the University. Ever since it was organized, this Board has held steadfastly to a definite ideal, *viz.*, to labor for the distribution of the benefits of healthy athletics throughout the student body. It stands, not for less specializing, but more generalizing. To this end an interest must be aroused, and this is not difficult in athletics. The joy of play, which involves bodily activity, is an inherent part of every normal young person. The only thing needed is an excuse or an opportunity. In earlier days when the entire University was smaller than some of its separate colleges are today, the necessary incentive of competition was wanting, and aside from any class contests the inducement for sustained interest in healthful games was slight. All this is changed, for we now have the playground, and better still the men. What more stirring picture than the playground as we

may see it almost any afternoon with its diamonds occupied, its surplus space well utilized by seekers of exercise, and the side lines filled with a good crowd of enthusiastic rooters! To those interested in promoting general participation in athletics, this is an encouraging sight, for it means building healthy bodies, developing the ability to lose as well as win cheerfully, gracefully and will certainly aid in smothering an ill-defined desire for activity, which if humored, wastes time and often smirches morals.

Intercollege athletics are also encouraged because they consist largely of outdoor sports. Our gymnasium facilities make this essential, but it is hoped that we shall all see the day when these home contests shall include indoor as well as outdoor events. The recent very successful basket ball series, so vigorously fought for by all and so gallantly captured by the civil engineers, illustrates this point. If facilities were provided, why should we not add hand ball, swimming and hockey, to the list of winter sports for intercollege competition?

The main thing, however, is to make use of our present opportunities, and to this end the committee has outlined the program now being followed. The interest in the various contests is keen and growing, far surpassing that of last year. The managment of each series is in the hands of the special representatives of the colleges, and has been characterized by fairness and liberality.

Activities of the year.—The list of intercollege events of the year—even at this tender period in its history—makes a brave showing. Many of us remember with lively interest the series of energetic soccer games played last fall for the cup offered by Mr. Sarmiento. Then followed the cross country, the basket ball, the indoor track meet when the "Vets" arrived with a carefully disciplined team and forthwith carried off the trophy; and now baseball is the center of intercollege attractions with the track meet and the crew races in the near future, or perhaps events of the past by the time this meets the reader's eye. Each series in the collection above has been keenly contested. They have piqued the desire of the non-participant for a place in the lists. There is no lack of candidates, and as time goes on, competition for places will become keener. We shall have second and third teams in our intercollege series as well as in the varsity series.

What the various events mean when measured by the particular standard of efficiency, viz., the number of men who participate, may be indicated by the figures gathered this year. I am informed by Professor Young and Mr. Moakley, who have made rough estimates, that these intercollege contests have drawn out not less than eight hundred persons. Undoubtedly a few individuals engaged in more than one series, but this number would be more than offset by those who had the benefits of the preliminary exercises but failed to get a place on the team.

It is very gratifying to record the cordial support of various interested persons who have provided cups or trophies for practically every series, as the Dean's cup for baseball, the faculty cup for track, the Barr cup for rowing, Elmira cup for basket ball, Armbach cup for cross country and the Sarmiento cup for association foot ball. The latest gift is a handsome trophy to be presented this season to the college winning the athletic supremacy for the year, given by Mr. J. I. Auerbauch, '90 of Boston.

In recounting the year's activities, we should mention the boat house enterprise now under good headway. The idea of acquiring a boat house which should be headquarters for intercollege aquatics originated with Professor Young. It was supported by the Intercollege Athletic Board, cordially aided by the student body in general, and finally was made possible by the generous gift of Dr. Andrew D. White. The boat-house scheme has now developed into an independant organization known as the Cornell Boating Association Inc. This company, acting for the student body, has purchased land on the widened inlet and is now striving to make the amount of money available cover the needed boathousing facilities. When we realize the difficulties under which the present intercollege crews are working, we can readily appreciate what the new equipment will mean to this noble sport in which Cornell occupies such a prominent position.

While intercollege athletics have made notable progress during the year, yet there is much to strive for. The growing sentiment in favor of healthy competition in athletics must be fostered, and the various college associations can do much to stimulate the movement. The Board is in need of suitable trophies which, as we all know, possess considerable potency in awakening and

sustaining interest and competition. The winning team in each series should secure for the archives of their own college a banner, or other trophy which would prominently record their prowess for that season. Here is an opportunity whereby interested alumni may aid a very worthy cause.

THE TRACK SITUATION.

C. M. FRENCH, '09.

AS soon as the University opened and the track men had returned from the Easter vacation, quarters were transferred from their close confinement of the winter in our gymnasium building, to the more remote, yet sun-lit and airy quarters in Percy Field club-house.

The labors of the team for the first few days consisted of a systematic search for the track. After the submarine investigations had located, and the assistant managers had with buoys and stakes indicated, its most probable location with respect to the stands and-club house the team cautiously, one by one, made the round trip. The water receded slowly and a few weeks later the cinder track became visable.

While we were thus watching nature, and picturing the possibilities of warmer weather Yale had her team in Virginia, training for a dual meet with the University of Virginia, and Harvard was busy getting her team into shape at the field of a neighboring preparatory school.

Now at a crucial period when the permanent possessor of the cup so long familiar to us is to be determined, we are to be met with teams who will have been developed far beyond the form that we in our short season can attain.

Cornell has, or will have, a good team at the time of the intercollegiates provided the threatened plague of mumps has not developed before that time. We will be met by superior teams but the proper distribution of our points strategically arranged will be an important factor in deciding the winner of the intercollegiates this spring.

The change of athletic policies during the past year or two has materially handicapped the team. A more liberal and less restricted policy would be to my mind a big help to Cornell's track teams. I believe a coach should be consulted in the making of agreements with other universities as to dual meets etc., etc.' and that he should be granted a voice in the meetings when the number of trips and their importance is brought up for sanction. Things such as these, of upmost importance to the team, are at present beyond his jurisdiction. The business head of Coach Moakley can be equalled by but few, and for Cornell to be deprived of his services in this line is a great sacrifice and one which I hope will soon be discovered and remedied.

FRESHMAN ATHLETICS.

COLEMAN C. KEELER, '10, FRESHMAN FOOTBALL MANAGER.

THIS year an experiment was tried in the handling of Freshman athletic teams. It was the placing of the management of the freshman baseball, football and track teams under separate managers and the relying upon the class, represented by these teams, for support.

In former years the freshman teams have received financial aid from the Athletic Association and have been managed by the assistant 'varsity managers. This plan has not met with the success that might be expected, for freshman teams have never been financially successful.

The plan now in force is to elect the managers from the competitions from which the 'varsity assistant managers are elected. The freshman athletic committee is formed by the graduate manager and the managers of baseball, football and track. It is the duty of this committee to devise ways to interest freshmen in their athletics and to find ways of financial support. This system has its advantages, as is clearly shown, that men are set aside whose duty it is to see that freshman athletics are a financial success and to devise ways to successfully finance these from the class represented.

It is hard to say just how this system will work, because the season of freshman athletics has not closed, but at the present time it is thought that the management will meet all expenses of the various teams. At the beginning of the college year, the freshmen were assembled, and the entire subject was explained to them. The athletic teams were divided into two branches, the fall branch, composed of football and cross country, and the spring branch, composed of track and baseball. The class of 1912 at its athletic meeting contributed $513 to the support of fall athletics, with the understanding that the surplus, if any, was to be used for spring athletics. The fall branch was able to turn over a substantial balance to the spring branch, and now that branch is on the road to financial success.

It is an understood fact that athletics cannot be made successful without the proper financial support and there can be no doubt that when the managing system is perfected, the Cornell freshmen teams will be equal to those of any other University.

CORNELL.

Light set on Eastern hill—
  Search-light of truth—
Fed by eternal fires,
  Kindled for youth,

To thy warm beams respond
  Those fires divine
Slumb'ring within our souls,
  Wakened by thine.

Thy penetrating rays
  Our mists will rift,
Giving a broad, clear view—
  Thy priceless gift.

Departing, we shall take
  Into the night
Of life's uncertainties
  Thy warmth and light.

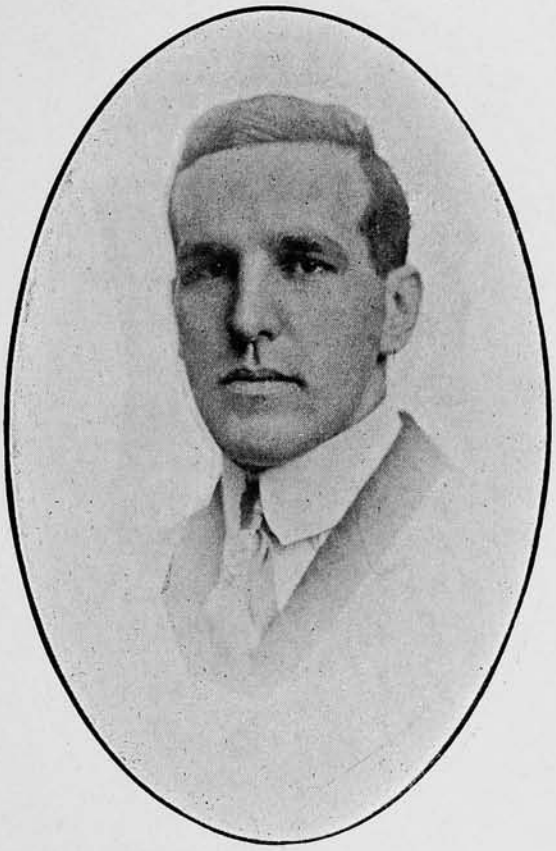
F. HOWELL,

CORNELLIANS AND

WALTER L. TODD, '09,

Todd, the retiring Editor-in-Chief of the *Era*, has won his undergraduate honors by hard work, well done. He has been one of the best Business-Managers that the *Cornellian* has ever had. The Senior Banquet, under his charge, was an eminent success.

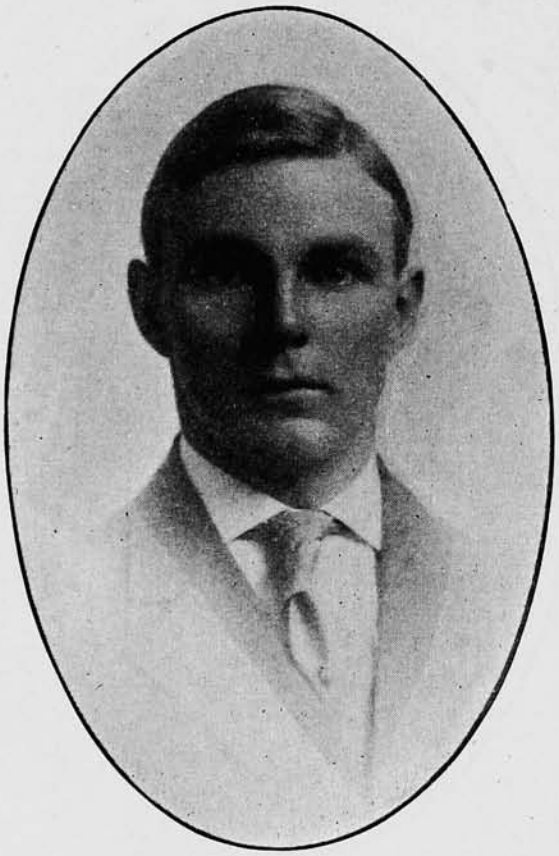
THEIR ACTIVITIES



THEODORE G. ROCKWELL, '09,

As Manager of the Track Team, Rockwell has efficiently discharged the duties of his office. As Cornell's representative in the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, he has been instrumental in maintaining good feeling with other universities.

WHAT'S DOING



CHARLES M. FRENCH, '09.

French is at present Captain of the University Track Team. Throughout his college career he has been one of the most consistent athletes in track.

AND BY WHOM

RICHARD E. BISHOP, '09.

Bishop was in charge of the 1909 Spring Day. As Editor-in-Chief of the 1909 *Cornellian*, he introduced many new features, and considerably improved the standard of that book.

WHO'S WHO

ADRIAN V. LINDSLEY, '09.

Lindsley is Chairman of the Senior Ball Committee, which has been a long time engaged in the preparation for that function. The Senior Ball will occur earlier this year than ever before.

ON THE CAMPUS

DOUGLAS J. MILLER, '10.

As Editor-in-Chief of the College Annual, Miller is to a great degree responsible for the success of that publication. The finished product is the result of much painstaking effort.

THE NEED OF ARTISTIC TRAINING AT CORNELL.

T. E. FASSETT, '09.

O man can reach his fullest development without an appreciation of art. This is a fact that has been acknowledged by the greatest thinkers and the most cultured and broad-minded men the world has known, and yet there is no subject that is so little understood and so greatly neglected in modern education.

In an essay entitled, *Universities: Actual and Ideal*, Huxley says: "The man who is all morality and intellect, although he may be good and even great, is after all, only half a man. There is beauty in the moral world and in the intellectual world; but there is also a beauty which is neither moral nor intellectual, the beauty of the world of art. There are men who are devoid of the power of seeing it, as there are men who are born deaf and blind, and the loss of those, as of these, is simply infinite. There are others in whom it is an overpowering passion; happy men born with the productive, or at lowest, the appreciative genius of the Artist. But, in the mass of mankind, the Aesthetic faculty, like the reasoning power and moral sense needs to be aroused, directed and cultivated; and I know not why the development of that side of his nature, through which man has access to a perennial spring of ennobling pleasure, should be omitted from any comprehensive scheme of University education.

"All Universities recognize Literature in the sense of the old Rhetoric, which is art incarnate in words. Some, to their credit, recognize Art in its narrower sense, to a certain extent, and confer degrees for proficiency in some of its branches. If there are doctors of music, why should there be no masters of Painting, of Sculpture, of Architecture? I should like to see Professors of the Fine Arts in every University, and instruction in some branch of their work made a part of the Arts curriculum."

Artistic training, training that will lead to an appreciation and an understanding of art is a subject that has been almost entirely neglected at Cornell, but it is one that Cornell can afford to neg-

lect no longer. It is one that is as necessary to true culture and refinement as is the study of literature, or of music.

There are two aspects of the subject; that of the historian, the philosopher, and that of the artist, the painter. But, for a true appreciation of art these two points of view are inseparable. The true appreciation of art—and by art I mean in this paper the art of painting—is, it seems to me, little understood outside of the brotherhood of painters. The combined knowledge of the historical development of art and a knowledge of its technical problems is rarely found in the layman.

To understand a picture, to appreciate its meaning, to realize its power or its weakness, to grasp its significance as a work of art, to enjoy it as a musician enjoys melody, feeling its tone, its balance, its harmony and arrangement of color requires something more intimate, something deeper and broader than a knowledge of what pictures other men have painted, of their relation to and influence on religion, or of all that mass of material, in fact, that goes to make up the historian's learning; it requires a sense of color and color value; it requires a first hand knowledge of drawing, a knowledge that fills the picture with a new meaning and a new interest; it requires a thorough knowledge of composition, an understanding of modeling, and of the meaning of technique.

Without in the least belittling the value of the historical side of art it cannot be too emphatically stated that actual experience in drawing and in color is absolutely necessary to true artistic appreciation. The study of drawing and painting is as important as the study of language. A man may enjoy Shakespeare without having studied poetry, but how small is his understanding of that great poet's genius compared to the understanding of the man who has studied the art of writing or who has tried to express himself in the medium of words. And even outside of its inestimable value as the only true road to a thorough appreciation of art the study of drawing and painting is a training that should not be neglected. It leads to a fuller and richer enjoyment of life. It broadens and deepens our appreciation of the aesthetic. It refines our sensibilities and quickens our perceptions.

A man who has never tried to paint has never seen color. This

does not mean that he is blind to the fact that grass is green and that distant hills are blue. It is the subtler gradations that he misses. The rich, intricate harmonies of nature are to him but a few unchanging notes. The ever shifting, ever changing color scheme of landscape wrought by the play of sunlight and of shadow, the soft richness of a gray day, the thousand interests that lie even in the most prosaic surroundings he passes by unnoticed. Give him a complete set of pastelles, where there is no question of mixing the colors before they can be applied, ask him to set down the color he can see in a landscape or still-life group and the result will be convincing enough of his blindness. Take the one instance of white drapery in shadow. The untrained observer will see nothing but white which he will analyze into a dull gray when he realises it is in shadow. For the painter it is a fascinating study in the most subtle play of tints; it is a delicate reflection and an echo of every surrounding color.

The man who has never studied drawing does not really appreciate the drawing in a picture. The flow of line, the arrangement of light and shade, the expression of the different planes and surfaces are things that have little interest for him in themselves; he sees merely their resultant effect. He cannot tell from his own observation whether the picture is a masterpiece or merely a good piece of work.

The man with no knowledge of technique is absolutely lost in the presence of many a great canvas and all the power of expression and deftness of touch of a master painter means very little to him. Without the knowledge that comes with experience he cannot realize the tremendous ability and absolute mastery that it takes to paint with vigor and power and freedom. He is as pleased to see a copy of Rembrandt as a Rembrandt itself. His interest, if he has any, will be an historical one, it will depend on what has gone before. He will see a modern picture in its relation to the past. He will perhaps be able to recognise in it an echo of the French school, or a strong dash of the impressionistic tendency with perhaps just a flavor of the Japanese element. All this is something to be encouraged, it is interesting, it is intellectual, but it is not an appreciation of the picture. It is not what the artist has painted it for; it is not what he has

tried to say. It has nothing to do with its true merit in the artistic sense.

From what has gone before, it must not be understood that in order to appreciate pictures it is necessary to become an artist. On the contrary a great deal can be gained through a very rudimentary knowledge of the subject and to understand this we need only to make some comparisons. The hearing of good music will develop musical taste, it will develop a love for the best of its kind, it will create a sense of discrimination, but the real appreciation of a great musician's performance belongs to those who have studied the art as he has studied it. A man may love orchestral music but if he has studied voice he will get a hundred per cent. more pleasure from a good song recital. It is the same with every thing else. The true, the deep, the sympathetic, the comprehensive appreciation comes from those who have themselves experienced at least something of what the artist has experienced. The man who is something of a poet has the only real understanding and appreciation of poetry. Others may love literature, they may take a very real delight in poetry, they may have a delicate sense of discrimination, but unless they have experienced something of the creative side of the art of expression in words they lack the one necessary bond of sympathy and understanding. It must be remembered, too, that language is an art that we are drilled in from childhood. If it is necessary to offer university courses for the still further study of this already familiar art of expression, how much more necessary it is to offer courses for the study of an art which is little understood even by men of education and refinement.

But, as has been said before, training in drawing and painting, though absolutely indispensible, is not the only training necessary. The history of art, the study of its development, its relation to the history of civilization, its aesthetic value, all this plays an important part in artistic training, and it is a part that has been recognized more and more by our universities and colleges. Through this study can be developed a love of pictures, a real delight in galleries, and an added interest in life, but that alone is not what is meant by a true appreciation of art. A thing may be enjoyed without being understood. But, without at least a

little of the painter's knowledge, a sympathetic, comprehensive appreciation of his work is impossible.

Professor W. A. Hammond occupies the chair of Philosophy of Art at Cornell. He is a man eminently qualified for the position and it is to be hoped that under his direction the department will grow to a size equal to its importance. The establishment of a chair of Philosophy of Art has been a step in the right direction and it is one that should not be allowed to halt. There should be courses of lectures on artistic appreciation; lectures by painters as well as by art critics, supplementary to regular courses in art history and aesthetics.

But, though this branch of the subject is being recognized as a necessary part of the Arts curriculum, the other and far more important branch is neglected. The College of Architecture, it is true, offers instruction in some of the most important subjects, drawing from life and from the antique, modeling and painting; but the space is so cramped and such a limited amount of time is allowed for the work that it is impossible for the student to make much progress, and so little importance is attached to the training that students outside of the College of Architecture, instead of being encouraged in its pursuit, find many impediments in their way.

If Cornell is to have a department of artistic training, if Cornell undergraduates are to be offered an opportunity to develop the aesthetic side of their character, if Cornell is to offer the future art critic an opportunity to learn something about art, this department of drawing and painting must be enlarged, it must be opened to the students of other colleges, its importance must be recognized. There are few art schools in the United States that can boast of a more able painter than Professor O. M. Brauner, who for so many years has been at the head of this department. Under his direction the department could easily be developed into an art school of which the University might well be proud.

But, by no means the least important factor in artistic training is the study of pictures, not from the historical point of view alone, but from the aspect of the student of drawing and painting. Without an opportunity to see pictures it is impossible

to develop a true appreciation of them. For this reason it is necessary for Cornell to have art exhibitions at least once a year. It must be remembered that the University is isolated from the world of art. There are no galleries within reach, the student has no opportunity to study pictures under the guidance of those who understand them, there is nothing to arouse an interest in what is going on in the art world. The man who comes here for a well-rounded, well-balanced development finds himself denied the advantages of one of the most important branches of culture. This is a mistake which ought to be remedied. Those, who are fortunate enough not to be confined to training for a profession, ought to spend their four years here in broadening their mental horizon, in developing their faculties for the appreciation and love of the aesthetic, in fitting themselves for a fuller, richer, nobler life. Art, literature, music, philosophy, history, all should have their attention, and until he has learned something of these no man should specialize.

It is to be hoped that those interested in the future of Cornell as a university of culture as well as a school of science will be aroused to action, that they will realize the value of artistic training in all its branches, and that they will coöperate in its advancement.

IN THE FACE OF PROVIDENCE.

BY HENRY BOLLMAN, '12.

DO you believe in signs, do you believe in omens? Yes? Then you are a wise man. No? Then hear the tale of Andy Martin, then see how even the mightiest of men cannot fly in the face of Providence, then see how the strongest iconoclast cannot, with impunity, break the holy traditions of the sea. Hear the tale of Andy the mighty; Andy the clever; Andy, the man who sailed on Friday.

He was the best skipper in the Gloucester fleet; a tall, powerful man. His broad chest and great brown hands, all hard and tanned, showed that Andy was as much a sailor as he was a commander. Andy was young, not more than thirty, but his face was already seamed and creased with exposure and responsibility. The deep-set eyes, small, clear, twinkling, seemed a part of the sea, set in a marine back ground. Everything about Andy stamped him a man of the sea; in his bowling walk and firm, agile movements there was not a suggestion of anything but sailor. I said he was a good skipper. From the day he set sail in an old fifty-foot sloop and brought back the largest catch ever taken from the banks by a boat of that size, Andy had been successful. That was ten years ago; the boat was bought on borrowed money. Quickly he had risen and, by careful saving, had managed to buy a larger and better boat every year, until he had at last launched the finest schooner that had ever floated in the harbor of Gloucester.

Her lines were long and graceful. She measured one hundred and seventy-five feet from bow to stern; not from tip of bowsprit to stern, mind you, for she was a modern boat of the knockabout type. The *Lucy*, that was her name, was painted black above and red below the water line.

The day came when the *Lucy* was ready to sail. For weeks her skipper had been putting on the last touches; refitting a rope here, putting in a new block there, everywhere testing, tightening, ordering. The day was Friday and Andy decided to sail on

that day; think of it, on Friday! But that wasn't all. No wise, discreet man will ever leave the old stone wharf of Gloucester, the launching wharf, without having old Uncle Pete Galoway cast off the last warp line. The help of poor old Uncle Pete is, of course useless as such, but it has another and deep significance. It is necessary if you would make a lucky trip, yes, it is even essential if you are to return at all from your maiden voyage, to have old Uncle Pete cast off the last line. Now it is a very wise rule of Uncle Pete never to see a boat off on Friday. The *Lucy*, therefore, sailed under doubly portentious conditions.

"I'll na' be changin' my sailin' day for any such longshore gag as thot," said the skipper, "the *Lucy's* a stout craft; it'll be a long day a'fore she loses time for a blasted superstition."

Even though he sailed on a Friday, it was not hard for Andy to ship a crew. The man that sailed with Andy Martin was almost sure to return with a good catch; it would take, therefore, a strong superstition that could withstand the temptation to sail in the *Lucy*.

The eventful Friday came. The schooner sailed. She was towed out of the harbor, across the bay, and into the open sea. The crowd, assembled on the wharf, was hushed. No cheer rose as the vessel swung slowly out into the channel. The awful spectacle of seeing a new schooner sail on Friday was too much for even those hardy fisher folk. Sadly they turned from the wharf and dispersed.

On the *Lucy*, the little band of sailors stood huddling at the stern, watching the roofs and spires of Gloucester sink slowly behind the hills of Cape Ann. "Toot-toot" went the tug boat. That meant cast off. The great cable was dropped over the side. The man at the wheel put down the helm. Slowly the vessel swung off into the wind. The sails bellied, flapped, bellied again, and stayed firm. The *Lucy* was off. She made a fast run to the banks.

It was fall, and the weather was clear and fresh. This is a dangerous season on the ocean. One can never tell how long the fair breezes may blow, or at what moment the winter may drop down on that wild northern sea, the Georges. This is a dangerous time of the year, but the spoils are great. Andy soon had a

good catch, it would have contented any man—any man but Andy.

"One more day," said he, "and we'll leave."

"But it'll be a bit weety I'm thinkin," said the mate, "can ye no' see those grey banks in the Wes', can ye no' see those wind ripples across the water, mon? That means we're a' goin' to have heavy weather, aye, damn heavy weather. Can ye no' tell what time o'the year it is, and the weather we may expect? Put aboot mon, put aboot!"

But Andy was firm, he was stubborn. He heeded not the signs of the heaven, or of the sea. The next day the cloud bank was thicker, the wind ripples more numerous. Yet all the crew were sent out for that last day's fishing. They were sent, as are all line-fishermen, in dories, two men in each dory. The little boats were dropped one by one, on the leeward side of the vessel. The skipper and cook were left alone on board. It needs only one man, at the wheel, to manage a schooner provided he sails up and down on the same course, and provided the wind does not change. When the dories are to be taken in, he simply slacks sheet and runs down to them. The last boat was being put over the side. Its crew were the mate and a young boy, his son. All the long life of the mate had been spent on the sea. His weather eye was keen, his weather instinct was strong. He could have told you with his eye closed that a storm was brewing, even though part of the sky was clear and the wind was fair.

He spoke once more to the skipper, "Andy, its gaeing to storm, I tell ye. Put aboot mon, put aboot!"

"Off with you," yelled Andy from his place at the wheel, "I'm the skipper o' this vessel; I know my own mind."

He put up the wheel; the boat stopped. Sadly the old man dropped over the side into the bobbing dory. The boy followed. Slowly, mechanically, they pulled across the dark heaving waves. The skipper put down the helm and the ship filled away on her course.

The cloud bank hung steady, and the sun showed clear and bright. From the east came a fresh, almost balmy, autumn breeze. The waves rolled and fell with calm peace and regularity; the schooner rolled lazily on her course. At the helm stood Andy. Great and powerful that he was, he seemed a mere pigmy beside

the enormous spread of mainsail that towered above his head. He glanced up at it. The sail was fluttering strangely at the peak. The wind had been rising rapidly and had suddenly switched to the north. For some unknown reason Andy had not noticed it. Now he looked up. His practised eye, observing the curious flutter in the canvas, saw that the immense sail was about to jibe. With a powerful twist he shot the wheel around; but too late The boat had lost her headway and the sudden stroke of the rudder had no effect. For a few awful seconds the vast sheet flapped, and then it went over with a bang. The heavy boom whisked around as though it were a straw. The sheet rope was new, it had a flaw in it; it parted. Like lightning the weighty spar swung and crashed into the mizzen stays, tearing them from their places as though they were threads. All this happened in the space of ten seconds. A sudden blast struck the boat. The skipper could not leave the wheel; the cook was penned in his cabin by the liberated spar.

The wind now rose quickly. The sun was blotted out, and over the sea came a cruel whirring sound. It grew into a roar. A white line of foam was approaching swiftly from the north; in another minute the sea around the *Lucy* was a tumbling mass of foamy waves. The wind came in terrible gusts that whistled wildly through the cordage. Hardly had the storm struck the vessel when she was stripped clean of her canvas. Under bare poles she flew. The skipper clung to the wheel, and tried with superhuman force to keep a course for the open sea, but could not. For twelve awful hours the vessel went as though driven by a demon, straight for the shoals and reefs of Newfoundland. The huge form of the skipper straining at the wheel, the black hull of the vessel, the bare poles—all dark, all gloomy, all silent—made a weird sight, flying swiftly to their doom. At one o'clock in the morning she struck; in an hour, all that remained of the fairest vessel that had ever sailed from Gloucester, was a mass of broken timbers and empty barrels. Her cook was drowned in his bunk. The skipper was found dead on the beach, clutching still at the wheel.

But what became of the crew in the dories? Strange to say they were all saved. A sea-going dory, when handled by fishermen, will stand enormous seas. They weathered out the night and were all picked up the next morning by another vessel.

* * * * *

Thus endeth the story of Andy; Andy, the mighty, Andy, the clever, Andy, the man who sailed on Friday.

THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST.

EDWARD V. BARON, '10.

"HOW long! Oh my God, how long!" This is a cry which for centuries has been going up to Heaven from the hearts of innocent young women whose fathers, brothers or husbands have been slain before their eyes, and they themselves subjected to unspeakable outrage; and from the mouths of children who have been made orphans.

Written with the blood of the Armenian people, another chapter of unutterable, and to the American mind incomprehensible, horrors has just been added to history, the like of which has never before been witnessed since time began.

To the reader of the daily press the details of the misery to which these innocent people have been subjected, must I am sure, be well known. But in a free country such as this is, it is absolutely impossible for the people to realize the meaning of it all. What does it mean to be massacred?

In order to avoid my personal feelings and prejudices in this connection, which presence during the massacres must have given me, I will let Ramsay speak.

" A Turkish massacre of Christians does not *mean merely* that *thousands are killed* in a few days by the sword, the torture or the fire. It does not *mean merely* that everything they possess is stolen, their houses and shops looted and often burned, every article worth a half penny taken, the corpses stripped. It does not *mean merely* that the survivors are left penniless—sometimes literally stark naked. *That is only the beginning*, that is only the *brighter* and *lighter* side of a massacre in Turkey. But as to the *darker* side of a Turkish massacre, *personal outrage* and *shame* are the things of which more free spoken historians have told.

"Gather together the details of the most horrible and indescribable outrages that occasional criminals of half lunatic character commit in this country; imagine those criminals collected in thousands, heated with the hard work of murder, encouraged

by the government officials with promises from the Sultan for immunity and hope of plunder. Imagine the result if you can and you will have some *faint* idea of the massacres in Turkey.

"Further, to rightly appreciate the *educative* surroundings in which the Turks grow up one must realize that such massacres are *preached* and *roused* and *led* by Moslem priests, who in 1895-6 set the example by treating the murder of Armenians as a *holy sacrifice* and promised special honor in Paradise to all who joined in the holy work; teaching that massacre and outrage of Giavours (infidels as Christians are called) is a religious merit. Besides that, the massacre had been willed by Allah and ordained by the Padishah in the name of Allah!"

There is not a shadow of a doubt now that both the wholesale massacres which covered the period of 1894–6 and those of 1909 were perpetrated by "Abdul the damned."

Here is an example of the conditions, taken from the daily press of a couple of days ago: "23,000 Armenians were killed in the Adana district. The surviving Armenians in the entire province are largely women and children numbering 25,000 souls and these are today without shelter or anything. A most pitiable and wretched multitude is passing up and down the streets of Adana like a lost people. Crowds of broken hearted women and children are coming in from the country to even greater misery in the city."

A letter received from Harni reads:

"Every man here was killed, only women and girls and boys under ten have been left alive. The churches and houses were plundered and most of them burned with people inside who had taken refuge there." The lady who wrote the letter continues: "We have nothing to eat or wear, we are all living on grass like animals. Worse than this, the Moslems are forcing the women and girls to become Mohammedans. Already many of them have been carried away to harems."

The Turk shows wonderful ingenuity in committing all these outrages and then turning around and laying the blame upon the innocent Armenians themselves. In 1895–6 when a few of the ambassadors in Constantinople showed enough mettle to inquire of the Sultan the reason for the bloodshed, they received the

polite answer that there were only a few accidental deaths of rebels in the effort of the government to put down rebellion.

And now it is related that massacres began because an Armenian had killed two Turks. *I appeal to your chivalry and manhood*, my young American comrades. *What would you have done* if just a few minutes after you had promised before Almighty God and His holy altar, to keep, honor and protect the fair one whom you loved, and as you left the church a mob of ruffians attacked you to take your bride away and subject her to treatment which neither my pen could describe, nor your ears could bear to hear.—*I repeat, what would you have done!*—And *I appeal to your purity of womanhood*, young women of America, *what would you expect of the man* to whom you had just trusted your life?

Far be it from me to justify murder of any kind, but if the newspaper stories are true, under the circumstances described, only one course of action would be open, especially since recourse to any kind of law is of no avail and even dangerous. But whatever the origin of these massacres, the fate of the bride referred to above is by no means an isolated example. It is rather typical of thousands similar.

Despatches from Constantinople say that under absolute certainty evidences have been found which prove that the massacres of April, 1909, in the Adana district were only the beginnings of a massacre on a much larger scale, which would have taken place on April 24, and which would have included even all the diplomatic representatives. *Long live the Constitutional Army* which entered Constantinople the same day and averted the unutterable bloodshed. Enough of this sickening narrative.

But one may well ask who are these people and why this everlasting misery!

To this country many races have come to add their lot. The old antagonisms between them have practically disappeared. All of them take pride in calling themselves Americans. In the Near East things are quite different. One will not find a homogeneous people, but a good many peoples all existing together in a conglomerate state, each with its own traditions and peculiaries and each hating the other as intensely as is possible. The fact that they are all under the same misrule has made no difference, for,

racially they are as far apart from each other today as they were at the time when America was discovered.

The limits of this article do not permit me to go into any great detail, but I must answer the question which is often put to me by my fellow students and others, as to what the difference is betweeen an Armenian and a Turk.

The Armenians by race and language belong to the Aryan branch of the Indo-European family. Thus they are the children of the same family to which Europeans and Americans belong. Their original home is that unfortunate part of the world in the North Eastern section of Asia Minor around Mt. Ararat on top of which the Ark of Noah is supposed to have rested, and the country is the traditional location of the Garden of Eden. At one time this was called Armenia but now like unhappy Poland it is divided among the three so-called Powers of Russia, Persia, and Turkey. The greater part under the misrule of the last. The massacres of a fortnight ago which again have startled the world have taken place in that part known as Lesser Armenia or Cilicia where an Armenian Kingdom flourished during the Middle Ages. Of the Armenians as a people I will let others speak.

Our own revered and venerable Andrew D. White says: "If I were asked to name the most desirable races to be added by immigration to the American population, I would name among the very first, the Armenian. It is one of the finest races in the world, physically, morally and intellectually. They are a people of large and noble capacities. For ages they have maintained their civilization against oppression which would have crushed almost any other people."

Wm. E. Gladstone said: "To serve Armenia is to serve civilization" while James Bryce, our friend and standby, says concerning the Armenians: "Among all those who dwell in Western Asia they stand first, they are a strong race not only with vigorous nerves and sinews, physically active and energetic, but also of conspicuous brain power."

While Lord Byron wrote: "It would be difficult to find in the annals of a nation less crime than in those of these people whose virtues are those of peace and whose vices are the result of the oppression they have undergone."

A. D. White further says: "In traveling about the world I have met many of them. In Egypt a few years since I found not only the prime minister an Armenian, but also a man of the same race minister of public instruction to whom is due one of the finest technical schools in existence. In St. Petersburg the most scholarly man was the Russian minister of public instruction, also an Armenian."

The victorious commander-in-chief for Russia in its war of 1877, was an Armenian, Loris Melikoff, who later was made prime minister for Russia. His plans of reform if carried through would have transformed Russia 30 years ago. His plans failed through the assassination of the Emperor. Tergukasoff was another Armenian whose military services to Russia at the expense of his life during the same war amazed the world.

Situated as it is, as a boundary between the eastern and western worlds, Armenia has always been a field of bloodshed; and one is almost apt to think that the wonderful fertility of its land is due to the fact that it has so often been actually irrigated by blood.

This was true even during the days when Armenia was an independent state, standing as it did between the two terrible fires of Greece and Rome on the west and Persia on the east. Bloodshed however assumed larger proportions after the year 301 when Armenia accepted Christianity as her national religion, thus carrying the distinguished honor of being the first nation of history to make Christianity her national religion. Over this very same issue some of the fiercest battles have been fought, and it is only through preference of martyrdom rather than denial of Christ and surrender of Christian ideals that the Armenian people have been able to maintain their Christianity down to the present day when they are still shedding blood over the same cause.

The Turks on the other hand belong to another race known as Turanian and are very closely related to the Mongols. They lived originally around Lake Baikal in eastern Asia. These people of Tartar origin and mainly a mighty horde of shepherds left their country and began their movement westward and through Armenia onward. During the course of their westward movement these nomads encountered the Saracens or Arabs when the latter were at the height of their glory and were sweeping

everything before them. The religion of the Arab found a rich soil in the Turk and the new converts soon surpassed their masters and become more ferocious and zealous in forcing the religion of Mohammed to the ends of the earth. The time came when Mohammedanism had its sway from the Himalayas to the Pyrenees. At this stage of undeveloped Europe the words Turk and Terror were synonymous. The tide however was soon to turn, thanks be to Chas. Martell, whose victory at the battle of Tours marked the downfall of Mohammedanism in the west; and to John Sobieski, who rescued Vienna from the Turks while the latter had laid siege to the city, in modern times. This marks the era when the Turk ceased to exist as a Terror in Europe. The only compliment which Europe ever returned to this Moslem invasion of Christian lands was the Crusades to rescue—what? not souls who were still under the mighty sword because they followed Him and for whom He had given His life—but His alleged tomb. The results are well known. But by this time another mighty power had grown up in Eurasia—I refer to Russia, whose war cry had become "On to Constantinople." The frequent wars between Russia and Turkey ensued, Russia occasionally claiming to protect the Christians from Turkish atrocities.

Having had this glimpse, now let us inquire if Christian Europe could not have prevented all these calamities wrought by human hands, and see who is responsible for the failure.

So long as the Turk remained a terror of any consequence, all Europe was willing that he should be crushed at Russia's expense, until the time came when further encroachments of the latter actually meant an outlet to the seas including possession of Constantinople, the queen of all the cities of the globe, commanding one half the commerce of the world. This of course would have been a menace to England's supremacy of the seas. So from that time on England became the protector of Turkey, and during the Crimean war England joined France in actually helping the Turk fight Russia.

After the Bulgarian massacres of 1876, Russia declared war on Turkey again and this time she was actually under the walls of Constantinople. England immediately sent a powerful fleet to Constantinople and there they, the two, England and Russia,

were waiting to fight each other at the turning of a card, if a Russian soldier or an English sailor were seen in Constantinople. While they were waiting there, victorious Russia, thanks to her brave Armenian soldiers, went ahead and made peace with Turkey, under a treaty which became known as the treaty of San Stephano. The latter name refers to the small village outside of Constantinople which has again become conspicuous during the past fortnight.

This treaty was not satisfactory to England because the 16th article allowed Russia to maintain troops in Armenia for the protection of Christians from Mohammedan barbarities. So the famous Congress of Berlin representing the great powers of Europe was called together in 1879, and its 61st article was substituted for the 16th of that of San Stephano. By this change the signatory powers assumed the responsibility of supervising the reforms to be carried on in Armenian territories. While the Berlin Congress was still in session England demanded, by threat perhaps, that Turkey should cede to her the Island of Cyprus, in return for which England would protect Turkey against Russia, and further would supervise the reforms which Turkey should institute for the safety of Armenians. This private treaty is known as the Cyprus Convention.

Now I hope you understand how it is that the good name of England is thus blotted by the blood of hundreds of thousands of innocent Armenians. If let alone Russia would have protected the Armenians and bloodshed would have stopped at least 30 years ago.

It is useless to add that nothing whatever was done to ameliorate the condition of Armenia. On the other hand the shrewd and fanatic Sultan well succeeded in cultivating a strong jealousy among the Powers themselves and a deadly hatred among the different races under his cursed dominion. Also he concluded that the only solution of the problem lay in the fact that if he annihilated the Armenians, the Powers would not need then to call for further reforms. So the systematic butchering has continued.

In 1895-6 England, or any other power, for that matter could have stopped the massacres if she so desired, thus fulfilling not

merely a moral, but also a treaty obligation. But they did not do so. Here was a chance again in 1909 for the Powers to wipe out the stain from their names; but the battleships of England and of the other Powers instead of rescuing anyone, simply wait in the harbor and count the corpses as they come down the river by the thousand. Some are nailed to crosses, women too, some burnt, some badly mutilated and I cannot say what not else.

Is it possible for anyone who has any claim to humanity at all, to witness, as he must, this criminal of bloodshed, this open bartering of Christian girls to infamy in the harems of the Turks, without his blood boiling? In the name of humanity and civilization, let this be stopped!

What under heaven is the use of all this talk about universal peace, these peace congresses, etc? Even the other day at the same moment as thousands were being ruthlessly slain, the President of our own University was one of the principal speakers at a peace congress in our western metropolis. Here is an opportunity to materialize some of these ideals. The United States of America is the only great Power which can put an end to these atrocities without showing any selfish interest. And I am sure the American people will not turn a deaf ear to the cries of the helpless.

But one may ask, are all the Turks rotten to the core? Thank God no. "Behind the clouds the sun is still shining;" and the spark of hope is the Young Turk. This party as it has come to be known represents the best element in the Ottomon Empire, Mohammedan and Christian. This party realizes that the Armenians of whom Abdul Hamid endeavored to rid the country are really the backbone of the nation. While the Turk has *subjugated the Armenian politically*, because the Armenian can bear no arms and is only one against a possible ten, yet the Armenian remains the *Turk's master economically*. He is the banker, merchant and manufacturer and supplies all the brains where skill of a higher order is required.

The Young Turks realize that the Armenians are fully as patriotic as themselves and an essential element if Turkey is to remain a sovereign state. They realize, unless I am greatly mistaken, that the time has come for the Ottoman Empire to assume

its place in the family of civilized nations. The country is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the richest in natural resources, with mines of coal, copper, silver and gold, which have remained untouched under the oppression of tyranny. These must be developed and the very Armenians who were exiled even for thinking of such enterprises are the men who can make the land flourish.

But does this realization of facts guarantee success? Whatever their good intentions the Young Turks are greatly handicapped with an ignorant, fanatic population and a state religion. The very laws of this religion are antagonistic to liberty, equality, fraternity and justice, words which they have been shouting for ten months.

The Turk has conquered but never governed. To him to administer laws over a people whose genius in law, commerce and the acquisition of property is admittedly above his own is not compatible with the Sheri Laws. Under the so called Sacred Law of the Koran no Christian has rights which a Moslem is bound to respect. Yet if the newly reestablished Constitutional government is going to be worthy of the name, this is exactly what it must mean.

Is a truly constitutional government possible under the yoke of a state religion whose very institutions are the degradation of womanhood, slavery, and superstition!

The only hope remains in its almost unsurmountable task of *educating* the people until Mohammedanism will cease to be the state religion of the land. One will only appreciate the tremendous importance of this when he realizes that the Sultan of Turkey is not only the temporal head of a vast empire, but also the spiritual head of 260,000,000 Moslems the world over.

When this task of uplifting the people through *education* is sufficiently carried on, then, and not until then, will there be any reasonable basis for optimism.

America has been the pioneer in this glorious work and we look to her with hopeful eyes to finish the task.

THE CORNELL ERA

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LOOKING AHEAD.

OF all that the retiring board of editors has done to make the ERA worthier of Cornell, we are mindful and appreciative. Cheerfully accepting the responsibility from their hands, we turn to the work of another year. In doing so, we feel there is much to overcome. Toward overcoming it, we are willing to do our share and ask for your coöperation. In the first place, we are going to put in appearance on the first of the month. The initial number next year will be ready Registration day, and a *lively* one. In the second place, we believe that the ERA exists to cultivate student thought and writing, and we intend to make it more of an undergraduate publication. We want more student ideas, more student articles. To be frank, we believe that there are many men in the University, who have sane and interesting opinions about University affairs, opinions which for no good reason have never been expressed. Candidly, we want agitation, an intellectual upheaval, a veritable landslide of gossip. Let's come out of our shell and talk things over. What do you know about athletics? What's the matter with the football team? Is Cornell a democracy? What's the matter with the English department? What do you think about the methods of the Registrar? In short, we invite open and frank discussion of any subject and on any side. Don't mind if what you want to say is

sensational. There is no harm in sensationalism, when founded on facts. Remember we are counting upon you to stir things up next year. Don't shortskate.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

FREQUENTLY in past years, and as usual during the present year, the moral sense of our democracy has been offended by reports of petty thefts committed in the Armory and Sibley locker-rooms. This noisome condition of affairs has made necessary the giving of warning to all who occupy these rooms to "look out for thieves" and "to guard everything under lock and key." Who are the conspirators in our community? The ERA hopes and believes they are not students. Not primarily because it is obnoxious to have thieves as companions in the class-room. Not chiefly because the loss of property is unbearable. But because such conduct is contrary to the spirit of the institution which it dishonors. Because, from a broader viewpoint, we must recognize that a university is a failure, when it ceases to build character and instil love of honor, as well as to educate.

CORNELL'S NEED OF MEN.

IN a few days, the student body to the strength of several thousand, will lay down pen and tab, to assume other activities, temporarily or permanently. Whether above Cayuga's waters,—the scene of triumphs hallowed by tradition and the field of achievement and freshest inspiration,—or removed from its precincts,—foremost in the minds of every loyal Cornell man should be the question of the greatest good of his Alma Mater. The ERA would like to suggest one way in which real service may be rendered the University. Good men are needed at Cornell. Watch out for good men. If you meet a man whom you would be proud to see at Cornell, make it a point to get him here, and see that you win out. We need men for our athletic teams, particularly football. If we are to better our present condition, or if we are to even maintain it, it is vital that every freshman class bring good material. No matter how excellent and efficient the coaching staff, nor how loyal the support given the teams, victory

must rest upon the developing each year of men, who *can* be developed. If a man is an athlete, or gives promise of becoming one, and is something more, turn his steps Cayugawards.

Keep on the lookout, too, for men who may not be athletes. Cornell needs scholars as well as athletes. However useful athletics may be in individual physical developement; however much they may tend to promote and perpetuate cordial relations with other universities; however much they may nourish a love of fair-play and lend enchantment to college life, we must remember that in the long run a university's reputation is not earned through the excellency or lack of excellency of its athletic teams, but by the achievements of its graduates in the world of men. What its graduates achieve must depend upon their fitness for achievement. Fitness for achievement depends upon what is derived from the college course. And what is derived from the college course, depends upon capacity for education, or among men equal in this respect, upon persistency and aggressiveness in work. Education, to educate, must have men with a capacity for education. So if you know a man who has a good mind and shows promise of doing real intellectual things, and who is something more, send him Cayugawards. Let's be a University of *brains* as well as of muscle.

WHAT'S MISSING ON THE QUADRANGLE?

CORNELL'S Campus is famed the country over for its beauty. Tributes innumerable have been showered upon it. It is the one thing that the graduate never forgets. But in one respect the Campus seems vacant and strange. The statue of the Founder is missing. The visitor looks and enquires for it, and is struck by the fact that it nowhere appears. To him it is a cause of wonderment that no shaft has been erected to commemorate the Founder's services to Cornell in some tangible form, and to express the inestimable debt of gratitude which the University owes him. Is Cornell too young? Are not sufficient funds forthcoming? Is there some other reason, unknown to alumni and undergraduates? The ERA believes that a statue of Ezra Cornell should be erected in the middle of the quadrangle. Other universities have in this manner recognized their benefactors. Why

not Cornell? The ERA suggests that the way to attain the desired end, is through class memorials. Up to the present, class memorials have been scattered and but little has been realized. The memorials of past classes cannot be changed. The class of 1909 has left its memorial for another purpose. It rests with the class of 1910 to inaugurate the movement, and make possible the final completion of a statue. It rests with 1911, 1912 and succeeding classes to co-operate with one another, and continue the work if begun.

WELCOME!

IT is rumored on the Campus, that our guests of Junior Week are to return and grace the festivities of Navy time. To them the ERA grants, as far as it has the power to grant, the freedom of the city. To the undergraduates, into whose hands falls the privilege of entertainment, the occasion is enjoyable; not only because its occurence heralds the approach of the end of the college year and the termination of long-continued work, but also because of the rare opportunity which it affords, of increasing the friendship of our guests with the University, which they honor by their presence.

THE TRUE SPIRIT.

MANY of us, if asked concerning the support tendered the baseball team, would unhesitatingly say that it was loyal and worthy of Cornell. We would openly repudiate the idea that other colleges gave better support. Now what is the true condition of affairs? Editorially we believe that the support is not what it should be. We believe that when support is most needed it is not given. When defeat is at hand applause waxes dim, and a poor play is met not by encouragement but by disheartening groans. In spite of the fact that the strongest teams in the intercollegiate world have been upon our schedule, in spite of the fact that errors made by our players are daily made in the major leagues by professional players, the stern judgment of the college press and the newspaper correspondents, harshly criticises both players and team. This destructive criticism, we hold has not the merit of

being constructive—is in fact purely destructive. We need more of the true spirit. It is easy to applaud when luck is running your way. But it takes the true spirit, to shout as lustily when things are blue. We need more sympathy, more patience, less discouragement. We need to get back of the team, and all of our teams. We need to inspire in them the confidence that, win or lose, we are squarely supporting them. Under all circumstances, we must never forget that the team is doing its best. What more can we reasonably expect?

BECAUSE of the fact, that many of our subscribers leave the University very early in June, we have combined the May and June issues into one large number.

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THE CORNELL ERA

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ARTICLES AND CONTRIBUTORS.

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

ALUMNI.

UNDERGRADUATES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Binks who ordered a pancake half an-hour ago—Er—I say! Will that pancake be long?

Waitress—No, sir; it will be round. Then he waited patiently another half hour.

"They say that charming widow is going to marry again," remarked a man to a friend.

"Hump," said the latter, "shouldn't care to be a widow's second husband, would you?"

"Well," was the reply, "I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first!"—From an Exchange.

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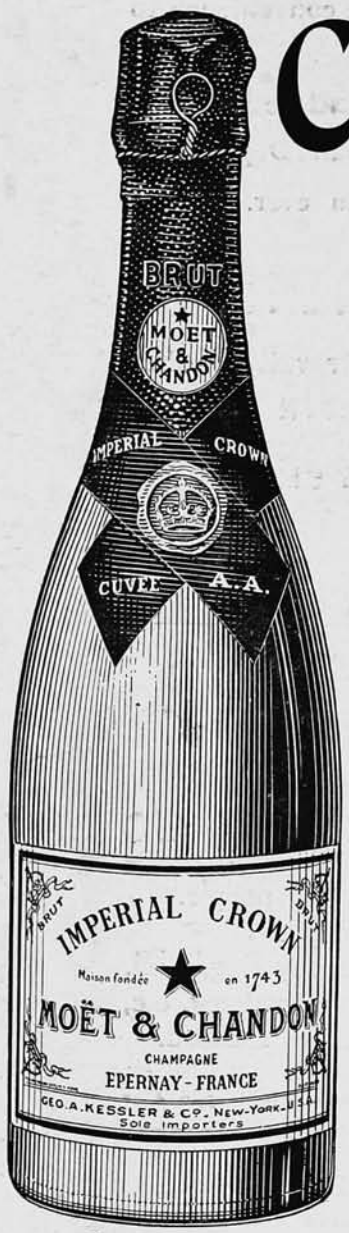
The Pre-eminent Cuvées

of

Champagne



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Campus

The Pre-eminent Cuvées

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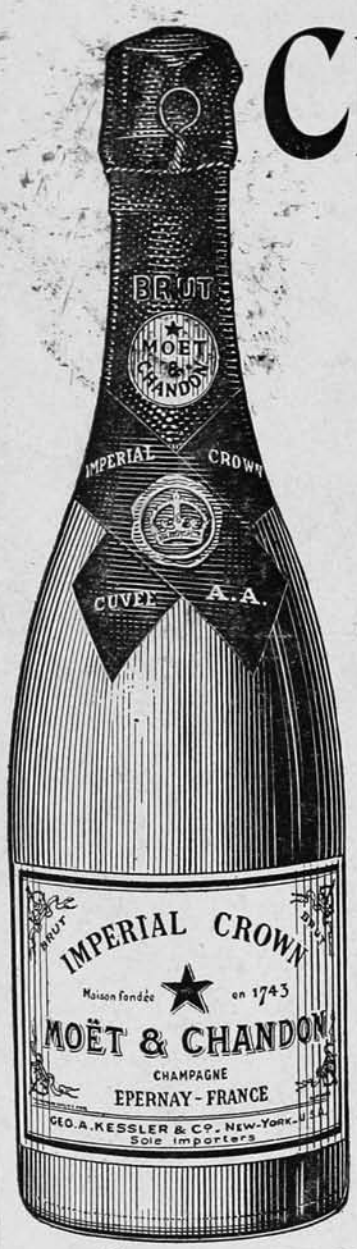

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