Literary Section
The Dedication of Washington

During the next three years, Washington University will celebrate a number of semi-centennial anniversaries in its life. The most important of these will be in 1907, the fiftieth anniversary of the formal inauguration of the University. To April 23, 1857, more than to any other one day, we may look as the time when Washington University was founded. There had been the charter for Eliot Seminary, granted in 1853; Washington Institute had been founded the following year, and the O'Fallon Polytechnic Institute and an academy for boys had been opened during the same year. But although the idea of a University had long been in the minds of Dr. Eliot and his co-workers, it was not until 1857 that the purpose was formally avowed. Mr. Eliot is authority for the statement that it was “only after much doubt and deliberation, and finally by a prodigious stride” that Eliot Seminary, by act of legislature in 1857, became Washington University.

The formal inauguration of the University took place on April 23, 1857. The day is one which has much to offer to the imagination. The exercises were most impressive. And yet it is the realization of what passed in the minds of the speakers and listeners that gives us our greatest veneration for the day. Daring, faith, and patience so long wrought into the souls of the workers pervaded the spirit of the meetings, and lent weight to the significance of those hours. And withal, the plans for the new university were sane. It was realized that “only the foundation of a great institution could be laid, and some parts of the plan matured. Those who came after them must finish the work.”

Exercises were held in the morning in the old Academic Hall, corner of Seventeenth street and Washington avenue. There was an opening address by Dr. Eliot, in which he briefly stated the purpose of the gathering. There could have been no more befitting words than those with which Dr. Eliot closed: “The time has now arrived when we may, as we think without arrogance, claim the right of being inaugurated,—to take a humble place, which we hope may become, in the course of years, an exalted place, among the Educational Institutions of the land. The sacred words of Scripture, which is the great underlying charter of education and civilization, of moral and intellectual growth and freedom, now forcibly suggest themselves to our minds: ‘Except the Lord build the houses they labor in
vain who build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in
vain.’” There could have been no more consecrated spirit, no more gra-
cious influence than that of Dr. Eliot’s to give a benediction to the new
undertaking.

Following the introductory remarks by Dr. Eliot, a prayer of inaugu-
ration and dedication was offered by Rev. Truman M. Post, D.D. Then
a series of short addresses were delivered by J. D. Low, principal of the
Academic Department, by the Hon. John How, late Mayor of St. Louis
and President of the O’Fallon Institute, by the Hon. Samuel Treat and by
Rev. Dr. Post. In the afternoon the exercises were continued in the Hall
of the Mercantile Library Association. Edward Everett delivered the ora-
tion. He had left the pressing duties of Congressman and public lecturer
and had come from Boston to St. Louis—a more formidable distance then
—at the urgent request of Dr. Eliot and the directors of the new Univer-
sity. He represented all that was scholarly and cultured in the New Eng-
land of that day. If not a great thinker, he was a wise purveyor of thought
and possessed of a poetic imagination. Pre-eminently he was an orator.

Everett chose as his theme, “Academic Education.” Introductory to
the more intimate treatment of his subject, he elaborately reviewed the set-
tling of the west, rehearsed the beauties of its scenery, and dwelt at some
length on the greatness of its promise. “And now, my friends,” he said,
“we are assembled here, at one of the foci of this great western world, to
inaugurate an institution for the highest departments of education.” The
reclamation of America to civilization had been due, in his opinion, to
“the creative power, the resistless energy, and the legitimate sway of edu-
cated mind. * * * To train and strengthen by discipline the powers
of the mind, to give still greater force and wiser direction to intellectual
energies, is the great object of institutions of education.” Self-made men
he honored and respected. They had struggled and had conquered. But
victory had come only after the greatest hardships, the bitterest trials.
Therefore, to save this life-wearing experience, Everett advocated every
means of education. Most self-made men, he thought, even of superior
gifts, feel all their lives the want of an education, a fact which is proven
when it is considered that there are found among the heartiest supporters
of higher education men who have had few educational advantages.

The speaker then proceeded to review in detail the functions of the
several departments of higher education both in relation to man’s spiritual
and material welfare. Many people had brought as an argument against
the study of languages and letters that they were useless for practical life.
Everett saw in their fullest sense the value of these so-called useless pur-
suits. The classics, he said, contained the life of nations. They breathed
life, vigor, strength—all that went to make a nation a power in the world. They
give to us the thoughts of the noblest minds in the fairest language
that the poet can conceive. Nation is united to nation through their
mighty power, and barriers of time are swept away. We realize that the
people from the midst of whom the monuments of classical literature
came, once lived as truly as we do now,—lived, suffered, toiled and died.

Mathematics hold in their principles the mysteries of the universe,
the great plan by which the world and all the heavenly bodies are con-
trolled in their movements. In the highest sense, Mr. Everett said, "God
is a geometer. * * * It is in the great truths with which mathema-
tics deals, that our limited understandings approach nearest to the concep-
tion of that absolute and infinite, toward which in most other things they
aspire in vain. In the pure mathematics we contemplate absolute truths,
which existed in the divine mind before the morning stars sang together,
and which will continue to exist there, when the last of their radiant host
shall have fallen from heaven."

The study of the greatest creation of God, the human mind, is the
work of philosophy. And here we are concerned not with anything that
we can feel or see, but with the most elusive of all subjects. It is worthy
of the noblest men ever born. As Everett phrased it, "There is in all crea-
tion, below God and the angels, no eye for the beauty, no ear for the
melody, no sense for the fragrance, no perception for the symmetry, no
comprehension for the unutterable bounty, dignity, and grandeur, but in
the rational mind." Such a beautiful, such a wonderful study is philoso-
phy.

The speaker closed with an exhortation to those assembled to go on
in the splendid work which had been begun, and to spread far and wide
in the Mississippi Valley the benefits which they enjoyed in their institu-
tions. "And above all, my friends," were his final words, "lay the corner-
stone of your institution on the Rock of Ages, and may the blessing of
Heaven rest upon it."
The Ugly Club of Old

Strange, is it not, how the nonsense of youth is remembered when more serious things are forgotten? Why did you remind me of that ancient folly? Worse, still, why did you ask me to write about it? Did you not know that all such things depend upon local color and time and place? Can the funny expression of some comical youth be put into print? Can a man eat fourteen Perry Pies for a reader with any such success as he once did it for an audience of five hundred laughing souls? No, it's all vanity to try and tell you the peculiar charm of the Ugly Club of Old. Bring me back those boys and I will make you laugh till the tears come. Give me those horns and I will make you cry; but do not expect my pen to paint for you the rollicking fun of those long lost nights.

The Ugly Club was a real Club. It had for its highest purpose nonsense, and for its motto, "Every one to his own way." It was unique among clubs because it had no ideals for its members excepting that they become sufficiently witty or even sufficiently silly to amuse. And yet, funny as these exhibitions were, it is evident to any of us who consider the changed conditions of amusement that the old Ugly Club would now be impossible. It was the grand Break Down of the year when all liberties, formerly proscribed, were allowed and when, for one glorious night, we had our day. And that somewhat Irish expression reminds me that the fun was sometimes of a high order and not the horse play and drivel that afterwards was offered in the name of the Ugly Club. There was but one Ugly Club. It can never be revived.

The preparations for the annual exhibition were begun months in advance. It was a festival of nonsense and the wits of the college were early set to work. First the orchestra was properly organized. It was made up of the entire club, each man devising and inventing, if need be, his own instrument. A leader was selected and rehearsals began in the kindling cellar, which were quite as distinctly audible on the roof. Then the hall was to be decorated and placarded and special committees on signs and ornamentation were duly appointed. These signs were, to say the least, unusual, and amused the audience while the Grand March was preparing, outside the hall.

The meetings were held in the old University Chapel on the third floor—I do not dare to say how long ago, but call it the sixties.
tive art has declined since that day. You need never expect to see the like again. Then we voted for speakers of the evening and proceeded to elect the list. There was the Ugly Man, the Pretty Man, the Hungry Man, the Wicked Man, the Goody-Goody Man, the Man Without a Country, the Dude, the Solemn Man, the College Fool, this latter plentifully represented. Other titles and characters such as the Spirit of '76, the Angel, and the Perpetual Liar, were at times introduced.

The funny signs kept the audience occupied for fifteen minutes. "Keep your feet." "Those who get any refreshments will please notify the chair." "Refreshments will be served just right. Nothing else will be served at all." "Bill of Fare—Ice Water and appetite." "Expect to find—Waterhouse on the water wagon—N-I-T." "Prof. Nipher will serve currants and Snow, ice cream." Professor A's motto—"Not so much the still small voice as the voice of the still." "Virgin"—Vir, a man and gin, a trap—Man trap." "It's a poor mule that doesn't work both ways." All along the side walls and ceiling the fun grew fast and furious, sparing no one, hurting nobody, let us believe.

Into a hall so festooned, imagine, if you please to follow them, thirty college boys, each with an instrument of his own devising, marching in full swing, led by a grand drum major of a leader, who was quite as likely to intone the heads of the audience as to baton the mouthpiece of any instrument or player within his furious reach. Each instrument, blatant with its own peculiar discord, every musician blowing for all his worth, the air vibrating with this vast jungle chorus, the like of which was never heard on land or sea. They ascend the platform and march to positions, face about. Silence—A row of thirty solemn-faced boys. Not a sound for a half minute. Two minutes of silence after that pandemonium of sound. Not a smile. Not a motion. The laughter in the audience begins in a little giggle and spreads to a final and continuous roar. Still the solemn and abused row stands motionless. When silence is restored the President says to the Ugly Man, "Harry! What do you think they were laughing at?"

How shall I describe our band leader, that monsoon of musical enthusiasm? Perhaps there never was a more perfect burlesque of orchestral leadership than his passionate spasm of volcanic activity. How he wooed the softer piccolo of the coffee pots! How he cooed and coaxed the waxed stringed tomatolos and lesser pipes! How he danced among the
wash boiler double bases and did the grand mount and the giant swing with the watering pots and cake pan drums! How he fairly scalded the ascendos and decrescendos from the rasping wash boards, and, Oh! marvel of demoniacal discord, how he looped the loop with the Hornus-Ibecus-Cantelopus, descending in a cyclonic whirl among the trumpets and rushing the growler into a frothy hysteria of fermented and demented sound. Beside him Creatore was a cooing dove, a still pond, a pink cloud, motionless upon the breast of evening.

The Orchestra had grown to be the chief attraction as the years went by until the introduction of the originally designed and specially executed horn. The Hornus-Ibecus-Cantelopus brought the development of that wing of the Ugly Club to a climax. The Hornus-Ibecus-Cantelopus occupied the middle of the stage after its somewhat tortuous journey up the narrow aisle. It was a huge tin contrivance with two vast horns, twelve feet from tip to tip, terminating in a central tin drum—terrible in its reverberations. With a man at the mouth piece of each horn there was no chance for the dead to slumber. The Symphonicus-Hornus-Ibecus-Cantelopus with obligato of the whole orchestra, furiously conducted, was the event of a life time. Watering pots were the heavy bass. Garden hose, terminating in coffee pots, wash boards rasped by flat irons, helped the undertone, while the lighter instruments were of specially made tin shop device each uttering its own peculiar wail.

Silver Threads Among the Gold—a solo by the President—full orchestra accompaniment, was sure to catch even the gallery, while “Darling, I am Growing Old,” played above a selected sample of Limburger, by the renowned Leader and Meister-toppelganger Herr Spielen-cuss-duffer, brought down the house. Between orchestral numbers refreshments were passed along the line, accompanied by a huge sheet, for napkin, used by the waiter in attendance on each mouth in succession, while in the middle sat the hungry man actually “putting away” fourteen five-cent Perry Pies in undisturbed serenity. A solo on a tin trombone constructed at a tin shop. A quartette—watering pots obligato—combus incidentalo and canus tomatolo subordinato, was a rare treat, possibly better described as a “raw treat.”

The speakers of the evening took liberties with the faculty and the audience that made half the fun. It was good-natured fun. I do not remember one mistake in this regard nor one departure from conduct becom-
ing a gentleman. The speeches were a three-cornered tilt between the orator, the President—who held him down—and the audience who silenced him with laughter or applause. The President in his introduction was free to call attention to the personal peculiarities of the individual.

"We have to shock you this evening by presenting with many apologies our Ugly Man, Mr. Killjoy. Mr. Killjoy, stand up. You are, sir, as ugly as a fit. Are you a revival or a survival?"

Answer—"I am the survival of the fit."

Continuing he might say—"But, sir, you are mistaken in giving to me the distinguished honor of being the ugliest man present. Sitting eight rows from the front and three seats from the left aisle is an uglier man than I am."

Silence, while every man in the audience locates himself anew and hundred fair eyes are turned to the location named. Was there ever a stunt more silly? But the affrontery of the thing and the manner of its doing was the secret of its success and the laughter indicated the spirit of the audience.

At the conclusion of each speech the floral offerings poured from the audience. A huge bunch of beets from the left—a bunch of cabbages decorated with flags from the right, and innumerable small tributes of vegetables from the center. Sometimes huge cakes would be presented, to be cut and eaten off hand—provided the interior did not reveal a live chicken and was as attractive as the iced exterior.

The compliment would be acknowledged by an additional musical number—

"Impromptu. Cake Walk Kerosene."

By The Standard Oil (oil can) Octette, accompanied by the "Full" orchestra, and Hornus-Ibeets-Cantelopus.

Not the least part of the entertainment was the by-play on the stage. To be funny one must be original and if memory does not deceive me by lending false value to far off things, originality was the chief claim of these wholly unique occasions.

As I write I feel the utter failure to convey the color and the spirit of pure fun that ruled these Ugly Club meetings. What ever you have to do, do it with all your heart and with all your mind and with all your body and if it be fun you will seem funny. It is self-consciousness that spoils most relaxation to-day and self-consciousness was utterly lacking in these most spontaneous annual outbursts ruled over by a pack of unrestrained youngsters. "Dulce est desipere in loco" was the somewhat scathing rebuke of Pius Aeneas, when we were guilty of silly behavior in the Latin class room.

We got even with him for that in June.
It was in 1915, I believe, that the question of separating the boys and girls first became a serious problem in Washington University. Of course you know what an endless stream of talk there was about it, both before and after, and how the thing was finally settled. And I'm sure no one will ever forget the doings out in Clayton the night it was settled. The sheriff won't forget it soon, at any rate, nor the motherless bunch of Sophs who got "pinched" and spent the night in the Clayton jail far from home and in the dark. But I don't know whether you ever knew the whole tale or not. Noticing Miss Warren's appointment as Instructor in French, in the morning's "Globe" has brought the whole thing to mind.

You know when the school was back in the old Mary Institute building, they never had much trouble with the girls. They kept themselves up on the third floor most of the time and out of the road. To be sure, they showed up at lectures occasionally and took a few notes. The fellows took them to the dances to get their votes when any class boodling was to be put through, and they let them bring sandwiches and a lot of squashy things to the spreads, twice a year. They were nice little co-eds and they got along mighty well. But then there weren't so confoundedly many of them. You didn't run into six or eight every step you took and then have to stand 'round apologizing for half an hour.

Things went on O. K. till a few years after we got into the new buildings. Then the girls started to come. And they kept a comin'. Girls from Arkansas, who talked through their noses about the Yankees. Girls from Kansas coming in fresh loads with every cyclone. Girls from Illinois, and Hoosier girls from Indiana. Blue-blooded girls from blue grass Kentucky. Cattle men-roping girls from Texas, who could lasso anybody on the Campus. Colorado girls and Missouri girls, and they didn't have to be shown much, either. In fact, about the time when the new Freshman crop was nice and green and ready to be picked it was the Missouri girls who did most of the showing, out around the girls' dormitories.

They tell me they had great times when the co-eds first began to swarm in. It got to be quite the proper thing to cut English on fine mornings in favor of a bracing walk out to Clayton and return, two by two, hand in hand or arm in arm, as it might suit the individual couple. Some-
times, when the whole class took to this sort of thing, the Dean would join in, making it a game of Hare and Hounds. But the Hounds had the wind and legs of him. Every murder case on the Clayton docket was attended by a perfect slew of co-eds. They put the town strictly on the bum. But in this the fellows helped them out considerably. The class of 1908 started the immortal custom of painting their numerals on the dome of the Clayton Court House. A Wild West Show came to Clayton once. Only once. Gee! How those Sophs did run that Baby Elephant down the Pike! And what an eternal dust he raised in the Quadrangle and Dormitory! But that is another story. Instead of an annual Soph-Fresh scrap at Christmas, both classes united for a few years in “rough-housing” Clayton, till the citizens drew up a Declaration of Independence and freed themselves from Student Rule in a long war, in which there were many Bunker Hills and Valley Forges. But there was still enough along the Skinker road to keep both boys and girls from dying of ennui.

By the time I entered college, with the class of 1915, things had settled down a great deal. The simple truth of the matter was that the distressingly great number of girls had made life a very serious problem for the Faculty and men students. In our philosophy course Dan Trude and I were the only fellows to fifteen girls and when the class gave a party, it was up to us to see them there and back. We made so darn many trips that Dan started in taking them home before they all got there. The girls filled the corridors, halls and dormitories. They even filled the air, some of them were so light. We didn’t know when we were breathing them. At last, like a clap of ball thunder, the faculty made the provisional decision, that next semester the girls would be placed in a separate college.

Rag chewing? The campus was blue with talk; lots of it in blue streaks, too. The co-eds didn’t like the idea a little bit and we men felt downright sorry for them. It was no small thing to lose such good company as ours. But somehow we felt that they were hanging on to our coat tails and that we could put up a speedier ball team, a steadier crew and a stronger eleven, as a strictly virile and masculine institution.

So the girls were to leave us in September. This was June. Those summer days were strange ones around the Quadrangle. After we had gotten the girls “segregated,” the looks we got from their tender eyes charging us with black ingratitude were almost too much. Remorse was beginning to appear on some faces. But we told ourselves it was for the
best and turned our thoughts to training. Such was the condition of af-
fairs at the end of the term.

That was, as I said, in 1915, the first year that a Washington crew
went east to the races at Poughkeepsie. I had managed to get a seat in
the 'Varsity boat and everyone of us was on edge to do his best to make a
good showing for Washington. Those long spring days stroking up
and down the course at Creve Coeur in a stiff spring wind and warming
sun had put some mighty good brawn on the 'Varsity eight. Reed, the
stroke, was a king; Samson was a broken down dyspeptic compared to
him. He pulled the longest, strongest, prettiest stroke I ever saw and a
crew that could follow him perfectly could walk away from any shell on
carth. The middle of the boat was almost equally strong and the front
trio light and as fast as an electric fan. We were good and we knew
it, but whatever conceit we ever had was long ago taken out of us by six
weeks' consecutive "cussing" shouted at us through a giant megaphone
from the trainer's launch. "Plug" Warren was the coxswain. "Plug"
was a prize. Weighed ninety-eight pounds and was worth his weight
in radium. What he didn't know about rowing wasn't worth a Confed-
erate bill, and he got more out of his men than any coxswain that ever
counted fours. His lithe body working back and forward with every
sweeping stroke seemed to send the shell onward fifty feet at a plunge.
He had eyes in the front and back of his head and knew things when he
saw them. The College had the deuce of a time pulling him through
Analyt, but somehow they got him there and when the crew pulled out for
the east, "Plug" was all there, on the back platform of the observation car,
swinging the red and green lanterns, beating time with the Pullman Com-
pany's fire-axe, and leading the mob in singing the classic old ballad:

"Oh, General George, he started a school

And they called it Washington."

When the bunch got to Poughkeepsie, the town knew it as soon as
we did. Talk about "the cynosure of neighboring eyes!" I never saw
a crowd rubber as that crowd did in the depot. There was a motley gang
of about two hundred, mostly in sweaters of all descriptions—Wisconsin,
Penn, Cornell, Georgetown and the rest of the bunch. We felt like a
company of chorus girls making our first appearance behind the foot-
lights, not exactly knowing from which direction the rotten eggs would
come. But "Plug" swelled up his chest to its fullest expansion, informed
a "guy," whom he afterwards knew as Ellis Ward, that it was a fine night,
and made a break for the carriages. The practice on the river for the next
few days was beautiful. One crew after another would launch under
the great bridge and swing down the river in stately measure, the clear
voice of the coxswain's "one, two, three stroke," sounding over the water.
And then they would come back with a whirlwind of force, tired out
and wringing wet. We showed up with the best of them. Ran alongside
of Wisconsin the last afternoon and kept abreast of her going easily, with
a longer, steadier stroke when we wished, or faster when "Plug" put it
up, following her lead. "Plug" was the lightest coxswain in the crowd
and this was decidedly to our advantage. With a heavy coxswain we
could never have made our time. I never went through anything quite like
those days. You watching everybody and everybody watching you. Play
hand-ball and row in the morning and take your nap in the afternoon.
Light supper and lights out at eight o'clock. We got through those days
with our skins whole and in our right minds, as much as we ever were at
least, and by Wednesday night were O. K. and being played only at four
to five as against Penn in some quarters. Thursday, the day before the
race, was to be absolute rest.

Wednesday night "Plug" Warren fell down the cellar steps of the
Wells House and broke his leg and collar bone. "Plug" was looking for
something to eat and missed connections. You can guess the things we
said that night. I hope we'll be forgiven, but I doubt it. I doubt it. It
was hard enough on "Plug" to have his bones set without us cussing him,
but he told us to go ahead and we did. It was sticking out all over that we
were out of the race. There wasn't an extra man along who weighed un-
der 160. Things looked as punk as an Easter egg six months old and the
whole crowd looked as if they had been sent for by the Dean.

Next morning "Plug" appeared as happy as a Prince. "She's com-
ing," he said, as we all filed in to where our broken hopes lay plastered
up in splints. There was a look in Plug's eyes like that when he passed
the Analyt. exam. "Who?" said Reed. "Misfortune? You're dern
right. She's here now." "No, not misfortune, Miss Warren. She'll be
here at two o'clock to-day. Coming from Saratoga. Weighs 92 pounds
and can yell like a steam whistle. I telegraphed her. She's coming."

She came. The first person to alight from the two o'clock train from
the North was "Peg" Warren, looking a little white and worried, it is
true, but still Peg Warren. Peggie was Plug's twin sister. Plug weighed 97 pounds. Peg weighed 92. From this you may have inferred that she was a little girl. She was a little girl. But she was a Goddess and a Soph. They had a basket ball team at Washington and Peg was Captain. They had a tennis team and Peg was on it. The Dean had a delinquent list and Peg was on that. But above all, the girls had a crew and Peg was coxswain. I wish to record it that for once a Washington crowd did a very religious thing. They thanked the Lord and took what he had sent them. We took Miss Warren to the hotel, gave her milk toast, and sent her to bed after corralled a crowd of Vassar girls as nurses. Then we informed the other crews what they were up against. Peg was a student in good standing and would call the numbers and steer the ship.

She was nervous when we drew up in position, but not as much, I think, as the rest of us were. The people on the observation train yelled themselves hoarse for her and the other crews had given her a diamond breastpin, which she wore on her blouse. She held the guide ropes tight in her hands and looked over us far down the stream. On her head was a blue sailor cap set on a crown of brown curls. She wore a sailor blouse and short skirt, myrtle and maroon stockings and white gym. shoes. Her teeth were tightly clutched on a whistle.

You know the race too well for me to tell it again. We got away well at the first by some very clever steering and hung on behind the Cornell boat, which was in the lead. We took 32 strokes a minute, but Peg lowered us to 28 for the second mile. She could surely yell like a steam whistle. Her “Stroke, one, two, three; stroke, one, two, three,” must have been heard on both sides of the Hudson. She could tell just what every man was doing, and kept us all going at just the same pace. Columbia took a spurt at the beginning of the third mile and tried to lead us out, but Peg wouldn’t bite, and hung right on at the same pace. Wisconsin bothered her. They were right behind and coming easily. “Confound it all, Wilson, can’t you sit in the middle of the boat,” she called to me, as I lurched to one side. “Slower, Reed, slower,” she called to the stroke, as she splattered his broad chest and arms with water.

We had come to the fatal pull by this time. One more mile to go, and that at our utmost limit, and almost dead tired now. Only one more mile, but in that was all the race. You know the tactics we used in that last mile. They were all hers. Penn, the general favorite, pulled up ahead of
Cornell and started on a long, long spurt to the goal. Reed would have followed, but Peg knew we could never stand it, and hung back till some 500 yards, and then! "Now, fellows, row if it kills you!" Her body was swaying to and fro, her eye was on every man at once. One glimpse of that hard-strained face was enough to send a man's oar like lightning. Forty-two strokes a minute and faster. "We've got 'em, boys, we've got 'em," she cried in a clear voice, and we pulled harder, each man doing the work of a horse, and a Lou Dillon at that. They tell me we won by a half a length. Some put it at a bare quarter. The pull had been too much for me. I heard Peg Warren give one shrill, wild cry and saw her rise to her feet, when all became black. Five thousand men went wild.

The Vassar people took care of Peg and wouldn't let any one see her till Sunday. It was a very quiet town those two days. We had sawdust put on the streets in front of the hotel and every noise was stopped. Miss Warren was quite done up, they told us, but appreciated the flowers we sent. Poor "Plug" had a relapse on hearing the news and was delirious. Neither of the twins knew how the other was. On Sunday afternoon four of us were allowed to see Peg for a minute. Her pale, blanched face on the pillow made us feel very big and awkward and words wouldn't come to our thick, slow tongues. But we looked our gratitude and love, and I'm sure Peg understood. When we had to go she turned to us and said: "Boys, will you do something for me? You won't let them turn the girls out of the University, will you?" The policy of the University was then and there decided. "No, Peggie, we won't," we said, and we meant it.

We didn't have much trouble with the faculty. They were pretty square and when the whole student body threatened to leave, they considered their proposition and decided to keep the girls in limited numbers. They stayed and have been a great success. Peg graduated with honors and is doing post-graduate work. She is growing prettier every day, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds now. I have designs on Peg.

"So he chopped down a cherry tree and with it built a school,
And they called it Washington."
The Fair Co-Ed

Ah, fair co-ed, you smiled to-night
Upon me in the dance;
Who would not give for that love-light
A soul's inheritance?
I sat beside you day by day,
You read my books the while,
For that to-night I get my pay
In one inspiring smile.

To-day I sent a single flower,
A red rose for your hair.
You do not need its magic power
To make you face more fair;
Yet in your heart it whispers low
The message which I give;
Be mine, sweetheart, I love you so,
For you alone I live.

Ah, fair co-ed, you smiled to-night
Upon me in the dance;
Who would not give for that love-light
A soul's inheritance?
The INITIATION of Phi Beta Phi at Washington University was known to be very severe, so extreme, in fact, that the faculty often called it hazing, and punished it accordingly. John Turner knew it, too. His initiation was set for November 3rd at five o'clock. At that time upon the evening of the day he was walking nervously up and down his room. Though his temperament was high-strung, he was no coward, and had made up his mind to take his medicine however bitter it might be.

At a quarter to six there sounded a knock on the door. In answer to John’s summons eighteen men entered. They all wore the Phi Beta Phi colors and pins. They bade John follow them.

The nineteen men walked single file, with John in the rear, to the Medical College. They hurriedly climbed the steps to the third story. Then they turned down the hall to the dissecting room. Of all the places in the world John hated the dissecting room in the medical college most. Not hardened to the things that physicians learn to view unflinchingly, he could not even think of the room without experiencing most severe mental creeds. The room was seventy-five feet long and forty feet wide. It was dimly lighted by the fading twilight and three small electric bulbs. Down the center of the room were two rows of marble surgical tables, on each of which there lay the dead body of a human being covered over with a sheet. The windows had been closed for a few hours and the air of the room was heavy with the strong odor of antiseptics. The men talked in smothered voices. At each end and on one side of the room there were windows. The fourth side was made up of solid wall space and doors. Down at one end between the two windows hung a clock. At the opposite end with its back to the clock was a chair. To this chair the fra-
ternity men led this uninitiated victim. Realizing John’s nervous state, the men told him to look around carefully, then to say honestly whether he wished to forego the rest of the initiation or to fulfill their commands and become a member of Phi Beta Phi. John answered most emphatically that he would bear the initiation through.

The clock struck six. Without further ceremony John Turner was seated in the chair at the end of the room. He was told that in fifteen minutes from the stroke of the clock he should turn his head around and look back through the room; wait again fifteen minutes and repeat; then another fifteen, and still another. At seven o’clock the men promised to return and to escort him to an initiation dinner at the club. So directing, the eighteen tiptoed away.

John Turner shut his eyes and waited. Feverish with excitement and with real fear in his heart, each tick of the clock startled him like the sudden prick of a pin. The fifteen minutes seemed like fifteen days. At the stroke of the first quarter he turned his head around. To him the room seemed unchanged, except that it was a little darker than at six o’clock and the bodies on the tables seemed raised a bit, as if their heads had been placed on pillows.

John’s nervousness increased. After a long, long time the clock struck half past six. Too frightened to turn, he fairly jerked around and found the room a little darker than it had been fifteen minutes earlier, but still light enough for him to see that the bodies were almost in a sitting posture, with the sheets pulled off their faces. Too weak either to struggle or to scream, he threw his head back and waited again. The nerves in his body were strained to their highest tension. He heard nothing now, nor saw nothing. At a quarter to seven he turned again. The eighteen figures had risen and were about to spring upon him. One low murmur, a wild stare, and John Turner sat as though glued to the chair. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, nine hundred times. The clock struck seven and the figures sprang to the floor, with a wild, laughing shout. They ran to release and congratulate their brother. “Turner,” they cried, slapping him on the shoulder, “you’re all right.” “John Turner, I say you’re a brick.”

“Lord, man! What’s the matter? Your hands, your eyes, your mouth! Great God, fellows, get a doctor, quick! He’s crazy!”

“Doctors! A fine time for doctors. What could a million doctors do? It was hard work, fellows, and an awful strain. But I hope I’ve taught you a lesson by my game. Untie my feet, and let’s get something to eat. I’m faint!”
To My Student Lamp

Old student lamp, we've been good friends,
But now we have to part,
For with this term my school life ends,
I seek the busy mart.
I seek the busy mart to earn
A living for myself,
No more on college sprees I'll burn
My dear old father's pelf.

Old student lamp, beneath your rays
Full many a hand I "saw,"
I learned to play in college days
The noble game of draw.
The noble game of draw would take
Sometimes my last red cent.
I'd say, in writing for a "stake,"
That they had "raised" my rent.

Old student lamp, you've seen my plight,
My brain in mem'ry whirls,
How hard it was for me to write
Love letters to three girls!
You've seen a lot with your bright eye,
But pray you keep it mum;
There's not a thing I did not try—
Oh, yes, I studied some.
A S FORSYTH saw the men round into the stretch the feeling of nervousness, which all athletes have just before a contest, left him, and he wondered at his composure. Haynes had done well; Wallace had done well; but Hastings, the third man on the team, had lost fifteen yards. If they were to win the relay, Forsyth would have to do it. He dug his foot into the cinders and stretched out his hand to the staggering runner.

The cheers of the grand stand sounded in his ears like the roar of the sea. He dared not look to right or left, always ahead he saw his opponent running with an ease which told that there would be enough left for a strong finish. The whole thing seemed a terrible dream, it was so unreal. Long training gave to his arms and legs a motion which was automatic in its regularity. He realized that he had gained on the first magnificent burst of speed; it was then that the crowd had cheered. But that same cheer had put heart into his adversary, and the gap could not be closed. The race had become a struggle between the two, for the other men were far in the rear.

When Forsyth saw that he had ceased to gain, his breath came in great sobs. He thought of the girl in the grand stand. What would she say? Her brother had run well, had held his ground, but he—what would she think of him? He wondered if she really cared. If they lost the relay Elsie Wallace would be sorry at least, because her brother would have worked in vain. That was his sole thought as he toiled painfully along the back stretch. At the turn his trainer stood to give him his last word. "He's wavering, Frank, he's wavering. Go on, boy, and win. Keep your head up. Don't let your arms drop!"
Forsyth drew one deep breath, fastened his eyes on the little knot of men at the tape, and—but to this day he remembers nothing else. It was a hero’s finish, both men throwing their last ounce of endurance, determination and nerve into the struggle. Gradually, inch by inch, Forsyth gained as they struggled through the last hundred yards. The stand was one black mass of shouting, excited humanity. He did not hear them cheer him on, he did not hear his name, but in his heart he heard a girl cry, “Win, boy; win, for I love you.”

And he did win. His room mate, good old “Polly” Willard, picked him up from the path, letting no one else touch him, although the enthusiasts wanted to carry him on their shoulders in triumph. All unaided he carried his friend to the dressing room. As soon as the hero was placed on a bundle of blankets they went to work to restore him to consciousness. The attentive Willard noticed a smile flit across the face of the runner, and a word tremble upon his bloodless lips. He bent over and heard the one word, “Elsie,” and then he knew.

“What did he say?” asked the inquisitive freshman.

“Water,” was the laconic response of the faithful “Polly.”

Around the three other men were little groups intent on reviving them. One by one they came back to consciousness. Hastings fainted again, and the doctor hurried to him. Forsyth gave a little sigh and opened his eyes. He was instantly met with congratulations and compliments on his victory.

“I had to do it,” was all he said. “It was for the college.”

But in his heart he knew that it was for her, too.

“How’s Dick Wallace?” he asked.

“He’s all right now. He put up the gamest race against his man a freshman ever ran.”

“Put me on the table with him.”

“Polly” Willard picked him up in his arms and carried him over to Wallace’s table. The two clasped hands.

“What will Elsie say to this?” cried Dick, gleefully. Although he was a freshman there were a few things he did not know. “Every man ran a corking race,” he continued. “But, say, Frank, I wouldn’t let them carry me off until I had seen that finish of yours. I’ll bet there never was a relay race like it. I knew you could do it, old man. Only this morning I said to Elsie, ‘Frank is the man to run last, he is a game finisher.’ ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘Frank hasn’t a yellow streak in him.’”
“Did she say that?” asked Forsyth.

“Well, not those words, but that is what she meant,” explained the freshman.

Then Forsyth rolled over and hid his face in the blankets, and Willard carefully covered him up. The doctor had revived Hastings, and came over to see the two men. He found Forsyth sobbing convulsively. Willard questioned him anxiously.

“Pure nervousness,” said the doctor. Although he was a doctor there were a few things he did not know.

That night the freshmen built a bonfire to celebrate the event, and the upper class men gave a dance in honor of the visiting athletes. Forsyth, still a trifle pale, came late. As the dancing had begun he felt that he would have some difficulty in filling his card. His first move was to find Miss Wallace.

“May I have a dance, Miss Wallace?” he asked. The girl was standing with her back to him, and his appearance took her by surprise.

“Oh, Mr. Forsyth, what a splendid race!” she cried. “I looked for you everywhere afterwards to tell you so, but they said that you had gone.”

“But you still have not said I may have a dance,” he answered evasively.

“Yes, indeed, you may.” She walked away a few steps from the group. “You did not come, and I had to give most of my dances away. But I put crosses opposite the eighth, ninth and tenth, so that you could take your pick. I hope you have one of those left.” Forsyth took her card. Opposite the eighth he wrote, Franklin; opposite the ninth, Henderson; and opposite the tenth, Forsyth.

“There,” he said, handing back her card.

“Franklin Henderson Forsyth.”

“Why, Mr. Forsyth,” she said in surprise, “you have taken all three.”

“Yes, I know it. I hope you do not object. If you do, just give away two, only I should like you to save the eighth.”

Her partner came for her, and Forsyth turned away to find himself overwhelmed with congratulations, which only ended when he escaped at the beginning of the eighth dance.

“Let us sit out this dance,” he suggested. “I am not yet myself, and I want to get away from this hot room with its noise and flaring lights.”
There was a bench under the steps to the gallery, and in this quiet nook, shielded from too inquisitive eyes by palms, Forsyth and Miss Wallace hid themselves to work out, all unconsciously at first, that "personal equation," which has been the most interesting of all problems since the beginning of the world.

"How does it feel in a race—in a relay race, I mean, for Dick says that it is the worst on earth?"

"I cannot tell how others feel," he replied, "but for myself I can say that the experience is very unpleasant. I shall never run again. It was my last race."

"What do you think of?"

"Think of? Oh, lots of things; of the man ahead of you, for instance."

"It was a terrible race for me, too. I know all the men on our team, Mr. Forsyth, and that makes it so different. When the race was over I was just as limp as you were. I laughed and cried and wanted to come down to the dressing room and hug and kiss every man."

The idea of the beautiful Miss Wallace taking the dressing room by storm was too much for Forsyth. He laughingly offered himself as a substitute, but Miss Wallace declared that it was too late, that she no longer had the desire to reward them in that manner. The conversation languished. The music did well enough to fill in the pauses, but nevertheless both felt that something unusual was about to happen; and, strange to say, both were frightened.

"You are through in June?" Miss Wallace ventured.

"Yes, in June play is over, and work begins. It has been the happiest time of my life, these four years here; the college life has been of great benefit to me. Then everyone has been so good to me that I cannot bear to think of leaving them."

"And you," he would have liked to add, but his courage failed him. After a longer pause than usual, Miss Wallace answered:

"We shall be sorry to have you go." She had used the plural number, but his heart interpreted her remark differently. The music ceased.

"I must take you back to your next partner," he said regretfully. It seemed as if the one opportunity of his life had been lost.

"You are my next partner," she replied.

"And the third—" he asked.

"No one asked for it," she laughed. "I shall have to become a burden upon your generosity, unless you have an engagement."

246
“Engagement! I should lose my chance of heaven to stay here with you.” It was a bold speech. He waited breathlessly for her answer, but she did not speak. The dance began—a waltz. The music served to cover his embarrassment, for he began to think he had angered her.

“Tell me,” she said, “about running. I wish I were a man. It seems so silly to do nothing but sit in the grand stand and cheer. What does one think of? What did you think of?”

“I thought of you,” he declared.

“Mr. Forsyth is pleased to flatter,” she said, with a little laugh.

“You have asked me what I thought of; I will tell you. I thought of you, only of you. In the back stretch I thought the race was lost. I thought of you then, and how disappointed you would be.”

“It seems so strange that you should think of me,” she said, in a low voice. “It may have been because my whole heart was in the race with you. You know that it was Dick’s first race. I wanted you to win for his sake.”

“Perhaps that was it.”

There was another pause. It seemed to Forsyth that the music was pleading with him to tell her that he loved her. It got into his blood and infected him with its madness. Yet he dared not speak, he was afraid that he might have misunderstood after all.

“Why do you have to go away?” she asked. “There is plenty here for you besides races. You have won more than that in four years.”

“I have to go.”

“But you will come again?”

“Yes.”

The music was not loud enough to drown the little sigh she gave. Forsyth took heart.

“Before I go I want to tell you something. I think you know it already. I am bold enough to believe that you do. If I am mistaken, it is really your fault, for you have led me to believe that you really cared.”

Forsyth had thrown discretion to the four winds, and had determined to force her to acknowledge that she really cared. She attempted to arise, she knew not why, to escape from where she was a willing prisoner. Forsyth detained her by laying his hand gently upon her arm.

“You have asked me what I thought in a race. It was of you, you only. What to me were the cheers if you did not join in them? What
to me was the joy of victory if you did not share it? When I fainted across the tape, it was your face I saw, it was your name on my lips, just Elsie, Elsie, Elsie. Don't think me foolish for saying all this. It was a hard race, perhaps my head is not right yet. But say that you do care just a little bit."

Forsyth looked at her and saw two tears trembling on her lashes. Her lips moved. But what she said he could not hear. He read her answer in the timid pressure of her hand. Then he took his fraternity pin, and she made no resistance as he pinned it on her dress.

"I love you," she whispered.

"God has been very good to me," he answered, as he kissed her.
Our Mascot

To-night let each lad lift his cup
   And drink this toast with me:
Ere we depart each loyal heart
   In this can well agree:
Here's to the maid who cheers us on,
      May heaven grant her boon,
Thro' joy or tears she loudly cheers
     The myrtle and maroon.

She has not missed a single game,
   She wears our colors, too;
Thro' thick and thin we'll always win
      While she remains true blue.
She knows each player by his name,
   And who goes out in June,
With winning ways she sings the praise
   Of myrtle and maroon.

So toast this paragon of girls,
   Our most athletic maid.
We ne'er can meet with a defeat
      While she still renders aid.
And may she get a husband brave
   And get him mighty soon;
It seems to me that he will be
      From myrtle and maroon.
SHE was dark-eyed, tall and graceful, and had rather more sense than the average summer girl. He was well built and moderately good-looking, but so monstrous a hypocrite that he completely gulled even himself. They were both cottagers, and had, since their first meeting at a hotel dance early in July, become closely attached through their numerous wood tramps and canoeing cruises.

As the vacation drew to a close, and he prepared to resume his studies at Washington, he was saddened by the thought of the long school year. For nine long, unbearable months he would not see her. He realized that he could not live through so extended a period of suffering unless he had something to look forward to. So one day early in September, when he met her, just starting out for a tramp with her Irish setter at heel, he persuaded her to join him on a cruise up Mud Creek, instead. When he had made her comfortable among the pillows in the bottom of the canoe and had her dog stowed away in front, he pushed off with the firm intention of avowing his love. He had already declared that life without her was not worth living, and had even wished for the good old days of chivalry, in order that he might prove his devotion. Suddenly in the midst of his impassioned avowal, something occurred which gave him the hoped for chance.

As they were drifting slowly across a broad, quiet pool there was a slight sound on the shore. The well-trained setter arose from the bottom of the canoe and pointed a woodcock. By so doing he tipped the boat enough to the side to allow a few drops to come in over the gunwale. They both leaned far towards the other side and the canoe capsized. She screamed, and he, with dampened ardor, swam hurriedly to shore.
There he collected his wits, took off his coat, and dove bravely in again. For a short time there was a miniature whirlpool where he had entered the waters. Then he emerged, coated from head to foot with black, slimy mud, and walked through the water to where she stood, righting the canoe. The water was three feet deep.

He paddled vigorously on the return trip, and spoke not a word, but now she paddles her own canoe.